Great Bullshitters of Yesteryear

by scaranda

Week four of the Daily Prophet's spectacular series of interviews: *Great Bullshitters of Yesteryear*, by Lee Jordan.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's note: The twenty year rule was put in force in the UK following the Battle of Hogwarts to forbid records that were not available to the general public from being made public for twenty years. This was to avoid examination of material deemed to be of damage to the wizarding world's image or security. However, by the time the records were eventually published last year, and most of the survivors had leapt onto the money-spinning memoir writing bandwagon, nobody seemed to remember what had actually happened.

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Lee: Welcome, Lucius. (I watched him sit, toss me an odd-shaped hat, and lay a telescope at his side.)

Lucius: It wasn't me; I was under an Imperius Curse.

Lee: Your recent memoirs seem to differ slightly from some other accounts of the years leading up to the Battle. (I thought it a good idea to hurry along, in view of the fact that the large wizard accompanying Malfoy gave his pocket watch and then me a nervous look.)

Lucius: I'm a modest man.

Lee: I was wondering about the part where you mentioned that you rid us of Voldemort.

Lucius: Which part was that?

Lee: The whole book actually.

Lucius: Well, it all began some time before the Battle. I had to open the Chamber of Secrets, a terribly dangerous task which I undertook willingly to save our people.

Lee: The Death Eaters?

Lucius: Who? (Malfoy gave me a rather blank look.) I knew the Dark Lord was stirring, and I had to do something.

Lee: Something like send Ginny Weasley to a basilisk?

Lucius: Who?

Lee: Ginny Potter… Weasley. (Another blank look from Malfoy.)

Lucius: I had to draw the basilisk out, didn't I? In order to kill it?

Lee: Harry Potter killed it.

Lucius: Who?

Lee: Harry… you know? He-who-saved-the–world and all that stuff. You must have heard of him.

Lucius: I'm not looking for plaudits. Only by killing the basilisk, and allowing the boy to enjoy some fame, was I able to use its fang to destroy a very dangerous artefact and, indeed, rid myself of a troublesome traitorous servant.

Lee: Harry did all that.

Lucius: Did the basilisk die? Did I rid myself of Dobby? Did the Potter boy get the fame and the plaudits?

Lee: Erm… yes, but… (Malfoy was beginning to look dangerous, quite a feat for a man in an antique Muggle military uniform tailored with someone else in mind.)

Lucius: So what is your point? I have an Order of Merlin for my work, you know.

Lee: Very impressive. (Malfoy leaned across to me at this point, holding up a silver disc on an unbreakable chain.)

Lucius: First Class, of course.

Lee: Oh, it seems we're out of time, Lucius. (I'd just read the words *Property of St Mungo's Ward for the Criminally Insane. Attempting to remove this is very foolhardy*)

Lucius: I have to go now anyway. (He stood up, put his telescope to his eye and surveyed the room.) I have to kill Gilderoy Lockhart before teatime.

Lee: He wrote your book, didn't he? (Belated comprehension sprung upon me.)

Lucius: Give me back my Napoleon hat, you thief.

Lee: Admiral Nelson's hat, I think.

Lucius: Who?

He gave me a long scary look, put his hat on (back to front), and left with the large wizard grasping his arm, steering him away from the cupboard into which he was about to make his grand exit.

Next week: Our final instalment of *Great Bullshitters of Yesteryear*: Harry Potter.

Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.