

In Which Matilda's Office Suffers The Wrath of a Confused Populace; or, The Despairing Desk

by lady_rhian

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Chapter 1 of 1

Life can be so terribly unfair.

Matilda Flack has a neat, neat desk.
Her quills are sharpened daily.
And ev'ry Ministry owl knows
to sort lest she go crazy.
So when she walked in one fine morn and
saw Howlers stacked five feet high,
smoking, seething on her polished desk,
she thought she just might cry.
"Miss Flack!" cried Shackbolt, bounding in,
"I see my hunch is proved."
"Minister?" she asked, heart beating hard,
"My desk might burn straight through."

A flick of his wrist and off they were,
"To my advisors' office.
They thought to propose a marriage law
so I called the Daily Prophet.
I talked to Skeeter, Brown, and Potter,
and just to make sure folks knew,
I phoned a tip to the Wireless.
I think people heard, don't you?"
"My desk—" she bristled "—is singed and burnt.
It's hurt, and who's to blame?"
"But I've prevented a travesty!"
Then the desk burst into flames.
"It's been with me twenty years!" she cried.
"Why then, we'll have it sainted!
Sacrificed for a just cause," he said,
and then Matilda fainted.

A/N: Thanks to my delightful betas: sshg316, Bluestocking79, and Juniperus. Extra thanks to Juni for coming up with this title!

Prompt: A garbled message on the Wizarding Wireless causes mass panic.