

Vital Information

by nagandsev

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Chapter 1 of 1

The hostess of the "Witching Hour", Glenda Chittock, opens her nightly wireless broadcast.

'Thank you, Tilden and Daisy Toots of the "Toots, Shoots 'n' Roots" programme!'

Opening her radio broadcast with her signatory panache, the hostess of the "Witching Hour", Glenda Chittock giddily announced, 'Let's mount our brooms and give a slick salute to the one and only Weird Sisters and their latest hit! Oh, but before—'

An explosive sound went off which caused the station to go off-air momentarily. Then, a fuzzy, static buzz clicked and clashed, sputtering erratically.

All around Great Britain's Wizarding world, the apprehensive listeners leaned towards their wireless, expectant and concerned.

Through the crackling distortion, in and out of a scuffling disturbance of the transmitted signal, there were heard bits and pieces of a frantic announcement:

'Urgent—'

'No one is safe!'

'—as lethal as a Lethifold—'

'Grab your loved one, hold her tight!'

'Or him—'

'Or *it*, close to you!'

'—the detritus of the Wizarding world as we know it— everything will end!'

'December 21st!'

'No one will be left—'

Static erupted. A metallic twang scratched and resounded.

'—alive, sentient—consuming all!'

'The end day of all days—the end of—' high-pitched crackling '—the Ministry! December 21!'

It only took seconds for the abrupt, distorted news bulletin to cause a flood of reaction. A wild wave of 'panic flight' began to clog the Floo network throughout the land.

Stepping out of the broadcast booth, each one having received a peck on the cheek from Glenda, Fred and George ran smack into Percy.

'I'm running so late to the Ministry! Did Miss Chittock let you make the announcement on my behalf?'

'Oh, keep your knickers on, Percy. It went as smooth as a baby's bum.' Fred gave Percy a goofy smirk.

'Except for your exploding Peruvian firecracker, you clumsy git.' George couldn't keep the note of admiration out of his voice.

Percy paled. 'An explosion?'

'Not much more than an Acid Pop,' assured George.

'Yeah, it may have bungled the transmission a bit, but I'm sure everyone got the main info: The Ministry Solstice Ball on 21 December, the last bash! The end all and be all of the Wizarding world as we know it!' Fred was beaming.

Percy's eyelids twitched nervously.

'Well, Fred might have embellished a tad...' reflected George.

'And George took a few liberties with the Lethifold metaphor...' observed Fred.

As the three headed out of Hogsmeade Village station, Percy impatiently rolled his eyes and superciliously scoffed, 'As long as you two nitwits reiterated the vital information, I couldn't care less!'

'Vital information, George?' mocked Fred.

'Frightfully vital, Fred,' affirmed George.

Percy gave a resigned sigh to his hopeless younger siblings.

'What are brothers for, Percy-pants?' reassured Fred and George unanimously.

Percy huffed and Apparated back to mayhem and panic running amok at the Ministry; Fred and George returned to their wonderful world of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, wondering why their shop was momentarily lacking customers.

A/N: Thank you so much for the beta support, and for the bunny plot-line for this drabble: Weasley mayhem & announcing a Ministry ball; the one and only, wonderful Lyn_f!

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