

Keine Panik

by Owlbait

Grindelwald's followers attempt to leverage new technologies to give their side the advantage in their war for the Wizarding world.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Grindelwald's followers attempt to leverage new technologies to give their side the advantage in their war for the Wizarding world.

The Black Forest, circa 1936.

A group of witches and wizards cavorted in a clearing, naked in the warm spring weather. Robes and masks lay scattered under the trees. A merry, but haunting tune drifted on the air from a set of rustic pipes played by a wizard sitting cross-legged and stark naked on a rock. Several couples, also naked, were dancing about a small fire. Knees and elbows bobbed up and down to the rhythm of the music, matched by the bouncing of other bits.

Yet more were dancing a different, more horizontal, sort of dance under the shadows of the trees at the edge of the clearing.

A lithe young man with a wreath of leaves in his hair and not much else flitted about carrying an amphora of wine, making sure everyone's cup was full to overflowing.

A goat bleated, trying to escape from the arms of a heavysset gentleman. "Ruhe jetzt," he murmured to it.

With a loud *crack!*, the leader of the group Apparated into the clearing. Sunlight glinted off the snazzy buttons on the tall, blond man's robes as he stood transfixed, staring at the state of his minions, his arrogant expression replaced by one of shocked incredulity.

"Was in aller Welt?" he shouted when he could gather enough breath back for it.

The music faltered as the man with the pipes fumbled them nervously. The dancers (both types) stilled. Finally the young man with the wine stepped forward bravely and knelt before their leader, kissing the hem of his robe.

"We wished to help, Dark Lord," he said, looking up worshipfully. We learned that giving homage to Pan would strengthen our cause.

"Worshipping Pan? Where did you hear such a ridiculous thing?"

"On that newfangled contraption. The Zaubereiministerium made an announcement. It was very plain, my Lord. They said that everyone must keep calm. Panic aids the enemy. "

Gellert surveyed the clearing in amazement.

The goat kicked its way free and escaped into the forest; the heavysset man felt to his knees with a grunt, clutching himself.

He was going to need a much better class of minion, if he was to defeat Dumbledore and take over the Wizarding world.

A/N: Thank you to the wonderful ladies who beta read, cheered me on, and helped me with the German. You guys rock.

Translations:

Ruhe jetzt hush, now.

Was in aller Welt What in the world?

Zaubereiministerium Ministry for Magic

Regarding the 'newfangled contraption,' I'm assuming the Wizarding Wireless trailed the Muggle version by some decades.

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