

Celebrity Deathmatch

by Hechicera

Muggle Studies? We don't need no stinkin' Muggle Studies!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Faithful ssubjectsss," he intoned, "the hour of our triumph is almost upon usss. Within hours, we shall—"

There was a distinct *pop* of Disapparition.

Followed by another.

And then another.

Among the crowd, the faint susurrations of whispering swelled to a restless murmur.

He turned his furious, lidless stare upon a figure in the front row.

"Luciusss," he demanded, "what insolence is thisss?"

Malfoy hesitated, and in the brief resulting silence, there were several more *pops*.

Voldemort raised his wand and pointed it. "Do not try my patience."

"It—it was on the Wireless, my Lord." The last words were drowned out by the rising hum of voices and another staccato burst of Disapparitions.

"Ssilence!" His gaze swept the remaining crowd. "The next person to leave this hall will bitterly regret it!"

Pop.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

"My—my Lord," Malfoy stammered, "they have resurrected the Great Wizard."

"Impossible! I saw the old fool in his coffin when I relieved him *of thisss!*" He brandished the wand in the air before pointing it back at Malfoy.

"Not Dumbledore, my Lord." He swallowed hard. "M-M-Merlin. They've brought back Merlin."

There was an instant of stunned silence, followed by an agitated buzz of voices and the rapid-fire sound of an even greater number of Disapparitions.

Voldemort froze.

"Sssssod it," he said at last, and vanished.

"Let me get this straight, Harry," Hermione said. "We're hiding out in this wretched tent, we haven't got any food, or any idea of what to do next, our lives are in constant danger... and you want me to get in touch with my cousin and ask her to videotape a *cartoon* on Muggle *television*."

"It's not a cartoon," he said defensively. It's one of those claymation things."

She sniffed. "I expect you mean *clay animation*. *Claymation* is a trademark. And of course that's a different matter entirely—a cultural order of magnitude removed from a mere *cartoon*."

"There's no need to get sarky. I can't very well ring Dudley up and ask him to do it, now can I?" A note of pleading entered his voice, and he held out a scrap of parchment. "Look, I wrote down all the details. Dead easy."

"Come on, 'Mione," Ron wheedled. "Justin was talking about it on the Wireless, and it sounded hilarious—Merlin and Frankenstein knocking lumps off each other in the boxing ring."

"You don't mean Frankenstein," she said primly. "You mean Frankenstein's *monster*. Dr Frankenstein was the *inventor*."

"You just can't help yourself, can you?" said Ron, rolling his eyes. "Please, tell us a few more of the fascinating things that you know and we don't."

"My pleasure," she snapped, pulling her wand from her pocket and pointing it at him. "How about these? *Scrotum scrofulare! Dingus minusculus!*"

She turned to Harry and held out her hand. "All right, then, give it to me," she said. "I'll see what I can do."

A/N: I have the best beta/britpick team in the Wizing world!

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