

# Out for a Duck

*by peskipiksi*

Who was that masked bloke running starkers through the Ministry of Magic?!

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Written on an interminable train journey on Saturday night, and only just able to be uploaded.

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Rufus Scrimgeour jumped up from his desk and out of his office. He was convinced he had just seen, through the glass of his office door, a strange man streaking down the corridor. Literally. As he flung the door open, his worse fears were confirmed. The stranger capering before him was stark naked. Except for a mask depicting a duck's face. Several harassed members of Scrimgeour's staff were attempting to corner him.

'What in the name of Merlin is going on?' Scrimgeour roared, only to be interrupted by an outburst of quacking from the strange man.

Kingsley Shacklebolt, wearing a sober black suit rather than wizards' robes, stepped forward. 'This is Herbert Chorley, the Muggle Prime Minister's Junior Minister, Minister,' he said smoothly.

'What the hell's wrong with him?' demanded Scrimgeour.

*'He has clearly reacted to a poorly performed Imperius Curse. I believe he followed me here from the Prime Minister's office.'*

Herbert Chorley waddled up to Kingsley, flapping his arms, then turned round and shook his 'tail' at his unwitting guide.

Mafalda Hopkirk fainted.

'You mean he walked along Downing Street... like that?' Scrimgeour asked weakly.

'No, Minister,' Shacklebolt assured him. 'He... er... removed his clothes in the Atrium.'

'Well, where the hell are Muggle Liaison?' Scrimgeour bellowed, recovering his lion-like demeanour.

At that moment, a harassed Muggle Liaison Officer burst into the corridor, *holding a pair of pinstriped trousers, and almost crying with exasperation.* 'Just put them on Herbert, *there's a good chap; you can't walk around like that.*'

Herbert stopped quacking and looked mutinous. *'I'm not putting them on,'* he said clearly. 'Ducks don't wear clothes.'

'I think you'll find they do.' A calm voice broke through the chaos. Arthur Weasley emerged from the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office, holding out what appeared to be a

Muggle comic. On the cover was a cartoon of a duck wearing a blue shirt with a sailor collar, a red bow tie and a blue beret with a black ribbon. In his other hand, Arthur held a set of the exact same clothes, bearing a label proclaiming them to be from "The Disney Store".

'I believe you are Mr. Donald Duck?' asked Arthur, keeping his face resolutely straight.

Herbert quacked his assent.

'Then these belong to you,' Arthur told him kindly.

Herbert quacked again, grabbed the clothes and put them on.

Scrimgeour looked at Arthur with new respect. Really, the man was wasted in the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office. He deserved a medal. Or at least a promotion. Especially if he could get Chorley into a pair of trousers before they carted him off to St Mungo's.

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A.N: Prompt from Muse Amusant: Who was that masked bloke running starkers through the Ministry of Magic?! The quotes are from HBP Ch 1, and GoF Ch 7.