

The Pride of the Dark Lord is Wounded

by peskipiksi

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I swept down the steps of Malfoy Manor, ready to lead that day's Dark Revel in my shiniest mask, my blackest robes and my latest acquisition, a new wand Ollivander had made me. Under pain of Azkaban, it's true, but still, it was pretty dashed impressive. It doubled as a gentleman's cane, and the handle was a perfect replica in silver of good old Nagini's head. By Merlin, I felt like the Kneazle's pyjamas.

Snape was at the bottom of the staircase waiting for me. As he took in my appearance, one eyebrow rose half a millimetre, and I knew we were in for trouble.

'Yes, Snape?' I said in my most imperious voice. 'You disapprove of my appearance?'

'Oh no, my Lord.'

'Come on, Snape,' I said coldly. 'What's biting you?' Jolly witty, that, under the circs. 'My cane, perchance?'

'I was merely wondering, my Lord, if it were not a touch flamboyant.'

'What rot, Snape. And bally rot, at that. This natty little number is the height of fashion amongst the lads in the Dark set. Lucius Malfoy has one just like it. In fact, I got the idea from him. He's a bit miffed, as it happens. Mine's a shade larger than his. He's in his room suffering from a touch of the green-eyed monster, as Sheridan put it.'

'Shakespeare, sir,' said Snape reproachfully.

'Oh, right ho. I knew it was one of those playwright chappies beginning with "Sh".'

Snape was doing his impression of someone who'd had the Full Body Bind Curse put on him, which he always does when he disagrees with some item or other from my wardrobe.

'Surely your Lordship is not proposing to meet your followers carrying that... object?'

I had had sufficient. There are times when a Dark Lord must put his foot down. I objected strongly to being treated like a bally house-elf! I raised the cane and pointed it straight between his dashed raised eyebrows. '*Avada Kedavra!*' I cried.

And, by Merlin, nothing happened.

'Snape,' I said.

'My Lord?'

'I've been swindled. This dashed thing doesn't work. Find Ollivander and torture him!'

'Perhaps if I were to remove the cap at the extremity of the instrument, my Lord, more satisfactory results might be obtained.'

And, don't you know, I couldn't bring myself to kill him after that. *A most amazing cove*, Snape.

*

Fairfield's SND prompt suggested a wizarding Jeeves and Wooster. The 'cap at the end of the instrument' is from 'Blandings Castle: The Custody of the Pumpkin', although Lord Emsworth's problem was with a telescope. 'The Pride of the Woosters is Wounded' is a short story from 'The Inimitable Jeeves'.

'The cat's pyjamas' is an old-fashioned version of 'the bee's knees', meaning 'the best'.