

Dead Dark Lord Pushing Up Daisys

This story opens with a furtive Lucius Malfoy attempting to make his way covertly down Knockturn Alley while nonchalantly levitating a coffin sized box. He paused outside one particular shop, and after glancing in all directions to ensure he was unobserved, he entered, the box following him.

"Hello," the aristocratic man said in a dismissive tone, "I wish to register a complaint."

After several seconds and no response, he coughed. "Hello? Miss?"

"What do you mean "miss"?" the grizzled storekeeper growled.

"I'm sorry," Lucius sniffed. "I have a cold. I wish to register a complaint!"

"We're closin' for lunch," the storekeeper said, while attempting to usher Malfoy toward the door.

"Never mind that, you insufferable fool," Lucius said dangerously. "I wish to complain about this Dark Lord that I purchased not half an hour ago from this very boutique."

"Oh yes, the, uh, Voldemort..." the shopkeeper said proudly. "What's,uh...What's wrong with him?"

"I'll tell you what's wrong with him," Lucius said with an imperious tone as he opened the box to display its contents, "He's dead, that's what's wrong with him!"

"No, no, 'e's uh, he's resting," the shopkeeper insisted.

"Look, fool," Lucius snarled. "I know a dead Dark Lord when I see one, and I'm looking at one right now."

"No, no, he's not dead," the shopkeeper insisted. "He's, he's restin'! Remarkable Wizard, Voldemort, beautiful magic!"

"The magic doesn't enter into it," Lucius noted. "He's stone dead."

"Nononono," the shopkeeper disagreed, "no, no! 'E's resting!"

Lucius raised a single sculpted eyebrow. "All right then, if he's "restin'", as you put it, I'll wake him up! 'Ello, My Dark Lord!" He screamed shaking the corpse. "I've got a lovely fresh Muggle for you if

you wake.."

The shopkeeper covertly nudged the box with his elbow. "There," he said triumphantly, "he moved!"

"No, he didn't, that was you hitting the Dark Lord Transport Enclosure, which you sold me claiming it was the only way to transport a Dark Lord safely!"

"I never!!" the shopkeep protested.

"Yes, you did!" Malfoy insisted.

"I never, never did anything..."

Malfoy grabbed the corpse by the robes and hauled it out of the Dark Lord Transport Enclosure, and began shaking the formerly living being energetically "HELLO VOLDIE!!!! Testing! Testing! Testing! Testing! This is your nine o'clock alarm call!" He then began slamming the corpse against the counter, and then with a mighty heave, threw the body into the air, only to watch it plummet to the floor.

"Now that's what I call a dead Dark Lord," Lucius declared.

"No, no.....No," the shopkeeper insisted. "'e's stunned!"

"STUNNED?!?"

"Yeah! You stunned him, just as he was wakin' up! Voldemorts stun easily," the shopkeeper explained.

"Um...now look...now look you fool, I've definitely had enough of this. That Dark Lord is definitely deceased, and when I purchased it not half an hour ago, you assured me that his total lack of movement was due to his being tired and shagged out following a prolonged curse."

An expression of embarrassment fixed itself on the shopkeeper's face, "Well, he's...he's, ah...probably pining for Hogwarts."

"PINING for HOGWARTS?!?!?!? What kind of talk is that?" Lucius raged before calming himself. "Look, why did he fall flat on his back the moment I got him home?"

"Everyone knows Voldemort prefers keepin' on his back! Remarkable Wizard, id'eh, squire? Lovely magic!"

"Look, I took the liberty of examining that Dark Lord when I got it home, and I discovered the only reason that it had been sitting on his Dark Lord Transport Enclosure in the first place was that he had been NAILED there."

"Well, o'course he was nailed there!" the Shopkeeper acknowledged after a short pause. "If I hadn't nailed a Wizard that powerful down, he would have burst right out of that box with his bare hands,

and been gone, VOOM!"

"VOOM"?!? You fool, this Wizard wouldn't "voom" if you put four million volts through him! He's bleedin' demised!" Lucius thundered.

"No no! 'E's pining!" the Shopkeeper insisted.

If was finally too much for Lucius. "He's not pining He's passed on! This Dark Lord is no more! He has ceased to be! He's expired and gone to meet his maker! He's a stiff! He's burning in Hell! He's a stiff! Bereft of life, he rests in peace! If you hadn't nailed him into his box he'd be pushing up the daisies! His metabolic processes are now history! Hes off the twig! He's kicked the bucket, He's shuffled off this mortal coil, run down the curtain and joined the fucking choir invisible!! THIS IS AN EX-DARK LORD!!"

Another short pause before the Shopkeeper nodded. "Well, I'd better replace it, then." The man quickly looked behind the counter. Sorry squire, I've had a look 'round the back of the shop, and uh, we're right out of Dark Lords."

"I see," Lucius nodded. "I see, I get the picture."

"I got a Blast-ended Skrewt."

Lucius face palmed. "Pray, does it want to wage war with the goal of world domination?"

"Nnmnot really."

"WELL IT'S HARDLY A BLOODY REPLACEMENT, IS IT?!?!?!?!?" Lucius demanded.

"N-no, I guess not," the shopkeeper admitted.

"Well?" Lucius demanded impatiently.

"D'you.... d'you want to come back to my place?"

Lucius looked about the shop, "Yeah, all right, sure."