



The Wart Report



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“WE SPELL THE NEWS... NO APOLOGIES”

INFESTATION!

MAGICAL BUGS CREATE CHAOS AT FROGWARTS!!! STUDENTS BITTEN, SUFFER PECULIAR MALADIES!!!!

By S. LOBBERY, Reporter of Magic

The scene was as one from a muggle horror movie as dozens of people flopped and floundered about in various states of stupefaction, but this was no sci-fi slasher flick. This was real life, and at the gem in the crown of modern magic's education system — Hogwarts School of Wizardry. Many questions remain as to just why and how the prestigious institution was brought to it's knees, and a full investigation by the Ministry has been launched.

The afflicted ranged from “giggling-messes” to “unaware-and-blank-brained” to “full-on-and-seriously-zombied-out,” according to Hogwarts Headmistress Professor Bumblebone. Over the course of the past week, the ancient school cascaded into chaos, with some half of the student body deeply harrowed by dark magic. The cause? The reason? The whyfor? It's all because of the escape (or more accurately the unauthorized release) of a collection of rare and dangerous magical bugs that were supposed to be under the careful supervision of Hogwarts research professor Doctor Droppins.

The dangerous magical creatures made short work of attacking and infesting the student body. Symptoms began to show on Tuesday when nearly a dozen young wizards discovered that they had been bitten by “Giggle Bugs,” or *Lachenfélher* bugs that Droppins had collected during a recent field expedition across Eastern Europe, including Bulgaria (a famous breeding ground and festival site for magical bugs). A slow-boil of uncontrollable and

ceaseless giggling began within hours of the incident.

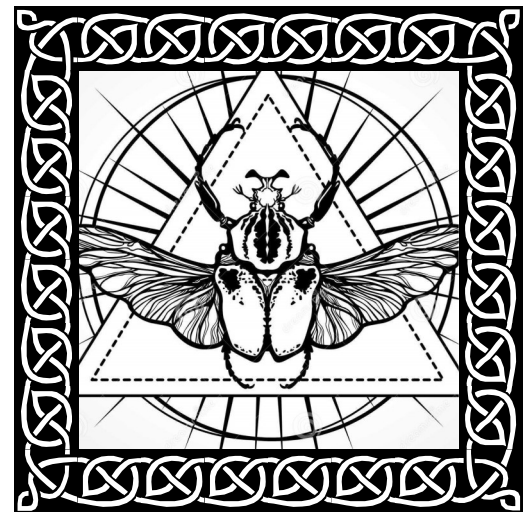
On the heels of the giggling epidemic was an even more serious and frightening mind-altering plague. According to one Hogwarts staff member speaking under the condition of anonymity, students didn't know “the way to the toilets let alone how to use them, or whether or not they owned their own wands, or even who their prefects were. It was sad. So very sad.”

To blame was another of Droppins' bugs, this time the *Heimeralz*, which is known to cause confusion and to alter thinking. Many students showed signs of forgetfulness. Hogwarts Professor Doctor Drumble related that, “it was as if they had found a ham sandwich in their pocket, but they didn't know if it was their ham sandwich, or even if it was their pocket.”

While successful attempts were made by Potions Professor Iffy Omnipota to cure the giggling malady, it was initially determined that no cure could be concocted for those forgetters (whom became known to at least one bent-minded Hogwarts wizard as “Forgetters”).

It was only after renowned Culinary Wizard Robertis Bobbrid “put the lime in the coconut” that a unique, effective and reportedly tasty curative elixir was created and minds and memories restored.

Bobbrid has been nominated for a “Distinguished Wizard” award for his actions,



while Omnipota is currently under review for reports of “unethical magical science.” Reports state that Omnipota publicly admitted to performing experiments on faeries in her desperate search for a cure.

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DRAGON WING WINS

It was a hard-fought match between Dragon Wing and Terra Tribe for the Quidditch Championship this week. Broken brooms and elusive snitches saw for great excitement as Dragon Wing soared past the perennial favorite Terra Tribe in sudden death for a narrow 10-point victory.

Dragon Wing's challenge against Hogwarts staffers on Friday ended in stalemate, the match having been called due to time restraints. It is not expected that Hogwarts staffers will be brave enough to ask for a completion of the challenge.

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THIS AWFULNESS?

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As the week progressed, more and more students became infected, most notably the student group known as the "Salts," who were all bitten by the dangerous *Steurangfehler* bug. That most awful creature takes over its victim's mind, turning whomever it bites into a most-ghastly, zombie-like fool.

Other students received bites from the *Weltzchmerz* or "depression bug," the same bug responsible for the well-remembered "Terribly Down Times" or "Trist Times" across Scandinavia in 1889. An entire student class known as the Paprikas suffered this awful fate after having been bitten while on a hike around the Frogwarts grounds. They moped and pouted about the place, their tears splashing mournfully on the Great Hall floor.

"They (the Paprikas) were real bummers. Real drags. Like, kind of boring. Not at all a hoot, hey." said former House Elf Atleigh Little Goose.

Despite the vastness of magic and our knowledge of magical cures, the only apparent cure for the awfulness caused by the *Weltzchmerz* is patience and time; to wait out the doldrums, even though one may feel as if drowning in utter "ugh."

Had it not been for the Paprika student Longbeard, this whole affair would have surely descended into complete, unrecoverable disaster. The well-loved wizard arrived a few days after the rest of his student group had been bitten by the *Weltzchmerz*, and thus



avoided getting ill. His unaffected nature allowed him to play a crucial role in the restoration of normalcy to the school.

By Thursday afternoon, the Salt group had become varicose-veined, gory-eyed and lip-trembling zombie-like ghouls who answered completely to the bidding of their overlord *Steurangfehler*. It is believed that they were possibly controlled via telekinesis.

Near the end of the glorious Frogwarts Transfiguration Ball, the Salts completely lost control and captured student Nameless, stealing his shoes so he couldn't run away. Some believe this kidnapping was in order to feed a rogue Dementor that had been attracted to the school grounds by the utter despair of the Paprikas. The Dementor, hungry for energy, was in cahoots with the *Steurangfehler*, and may have convinced it to have the Salt minions bring it a tasty snack. To order in some food, if you will. Nameless, a wizard

with a lot of energy, would make a perfect meal for any Dementor.

By the following morning as the red summer sun o'er the green mountain rose, the Paprikas had recovered enough from their darkness to follow glorious Longbeard into battle against the Salts. Using their highly-developed fighting skills as well as strong magic, the Salts were subjugated. Longbeard, oh-so glorious and dashing with his incredible skills, quick-wit, and powerful patronus, rescued Nameless just as the Dementor was sitting down to breakfast. May songs be sang through the ages of Longbeard's glory!

Following the battle, all able wizards of the Frogwarts school used the powerful spell "expecto effluvium insectica" to remove the toxin from the Salts, who wriggled and vomited out their poisons and were thus restored to their previous sunshiny selves.

A complete investigation is ongoing.

The following is a spell from the album *The Lost Words: Spell Songs* album, which was released on July 12, MMXIX. Originally appearing in the beautiful book *The Lost Words: A Spell Book* by Robert Macfarlane and Jackie Morris, this piece was performed as a song on the album by the Song Wizard Karine Polwart (whom Frogwarts students may know for her song "Follow the Heron Home.") - Drumble

Blessings

Enter the wild with care, my love, And speak the things you see
Let new names take and root and thrive and grow
And even as you travel far from heather, crag and river
May you like the little fisher, set the stream alight with glitter
May you enter now as otter without falter into water

Look to the sky with care, my love, And speak the things you see

Let new names take and root and thrive and grow
And even as you journey on past dying stars exploding
Like the gilded one in flight, leave your little gifts of light
And in the dead of night my darling, find the gleaming eye of starling
Like the little aviator, sing your heart to all dark matter

Walk through the world with care, my love, and sing the things you see
Let new names take and root and thrive and grow
And even as you stumble through machair sands eroding
Let the fern unfurl your grieving, let the heron still your breathing
Let the selkie swim you deeper, oh my little silver-seeker
Even as the hour grows bleaker, be the singer and the speaker
And in city and in forest, let the larks become your chorus
And when every hope is gone, let the raven call you home