

The Tadger Tax

by sunny33

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Static punctuated the Wizing Wireless Network News reporter's words as he announced the latest decree from the office of the Ministry of Magic.

The dark-haired man relaxing in the armchair before his hearth snorted and looked down into his lap. "Well, that shouldn't be a great burden. They may get us on size, but lack of use will offset that problem." He switched off the wireless and turned back to sneer at the ineptitude of the current editor of *The Practical Potioneer*.

Miles away, in Ottery St. Catchpole, one plaintive voice was heard above the clamour of reaction to the news. "But... but... it wasn't serious. They were all just meaningless flings. Surely the Ministry won't tax me for that?"

"Don't worry, Ronald; size counts as well. You'll be fine."

"Thanks a bloody lot, 'Mione. Did you really have to broadcast that to everyone in the room?"

"But fancy calling it a Pole Tax. That's a bit crass."

"Almost as crass as your Masturbation Inflation Potion, George Weasley." Ginny smiled sweetly at her brother as his cheeks flamed scarlet.

"You're not supposed to know that exists!"

"You shouldn't try to sell it to your brother-in-law then. As if Harry needs any help in that department."

"Ginny! Not in front of your parents! It's bad enough we'll have to pay a fortune without the whole family hearing about it."

Arthur Weasley's intended quip died in his throat as he paled and met his wife's eyes. "We're going to have to cut back, Mollywobbles; it's too excessive."

"Surely not. Every couple is entitled to an active sex life, dear."

"No, I meant the food budget. Something's going to have to give to pay this tax."

In Wiltshire, the news barely ruffled a hair on a perfectly coiffed blond head.

"What nonsense these politicians prate. A tax on our manly attributes. A pittance, really."

"But, father, our endowments *are* rather impressive."

"Not as impressive as our Gringott's vault, my son. Now, run along; you have women to please. Do not disappoint them. We Malfoys have a reputation to uphold."

Neville Longbottom's pleas fell on deaf ears in his Hogsmeade flat. "Come on, Hannah, you can't leave me like this. If they find out I don't have to pay anything, I'll be the laughing stock of the village."

Hannah laughed. "I always wondered whether that Mimulus mimbletonia you love so much was a sign you were overcompensating for something."

Kingsley Shacklebolt frowned as he read through the reports of mass panic amongst the wizards of Britain. "What is the matter with people nowadays? You'd think a simple Poll Tax like the Muggles used, calculated on the size and usage of their premises, would not be considered so unreasonable."

The newly-created Junior Assistant in Charge of Media Releases gulped.

"Poll tax? Premises? Oh... *fuck!*"

The Minister of Magic clapped the younger wizard on the shoulder. "Now, now, Percy. There's no need to bring sex into it, is there?"

A/N: Thanks to my beta, XXX. The prompt this week was: A garbled message on the Wizarding Wireless causes mass panic.

Tadger = penis

And yes, I know The UK Poll Tax was ditched in 1993 and was based on the number of people living in a house rather than the size and usage of said house, but I couldn't help myself.