

The Wooly Klavin

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Travels with Luna are always... interesting.

Written for LJ's portus_envy.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"A Wooly Klavin!"

"Are you sure? It looks an awful lot like a sheep."

"Yes," she whispered. "They often use large flocks like this for cover."

Harry scrunched his brows together and tilted his head. It really looked like a sheep. He followed her across the pasture nonetheless. Something squished under his foot. He didn't want to look; the smell told him it was something that was going to take a number of *Scourgifies* to get rid of. In an attempt to keep his mind off the fact that he could be back at the rented cottage with the others instead of stalking some poor innocent sheep, he attempted conversation.

"How can you tell it is a Wooly Kelvin, Kliven—whatever?"

"Their ears are a different shape, sort of pointed at the tip." Harry failed to see the difference. "They are much more aggressive as well, but their wool has healing properties! It's quite valuable—" She reached out to stop him. "She's spotted us. Be still."

Harry froze in place as ordered. It came to his attention that it had a rather menacing stare. For a sheep.

"Now, you keep her distracted while I get a closer look."

"What? Distract—how?"

Resigning himself, Harry entered into a strange dance with the creature. It would dally toward Luna, he would jump forward, waving his arms if necessary to draw its attention and so on until he was a few feet away from it. That's when he noticed the stranger approaching them.

Strange was the right word to describe him. He was smiling widely and appeared to be wearing lederhosen.

"I see you two have been tracking the same Wooly Klavin I have." Harry stared blankly at him. Surely there could not be someone else deluded about this sheep. "Are you all right? Wrackspurt got you?"

Oh no.

"Fine... I, uh, just didn't expect, uh..."

"He's all right." She lowered her voice. "Happens all the time."

"The name's Rolf." He held out a hand to Luna. "Rolf Scamander."

"Luna Lovegood."

Harry would have thought he'd become invisible if it wasn't for the snarling animal in front of him.

Wait a minute. Can sheep snarl?

"Uh, guys? Do you—Ack!"

Shove! Snap! Kick! Punch!

"How about a little help here?"

Struggle! Punt! Roll! Smack!

"Oh, Harry, be careful, they're very rare."

"Wand... Caught in pocket... Help... Please!"

Gasp! Thrash! Thump! Flail!

"*Stupefy!*"

"Oof," Harry panted, as all seventeen stone of what was inarguably a Woolly Klavin collapsed on him. "Thanks, Rolf." He tried to free himself with little success. "Uh, guys?"

They weren't paying attention again. Rolf was giving Luna an impromptu bouquet of thistles and dandelions.

"I'll just lie here then. Let me up in a few hours... if you remember. Guys?"