

A Prize Bitch

by sunny33

Drabble inspired by peppermint at Potter Place Chat. Filius Flitwick is entering a very special competition.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Now, girls, don't let her get a hair out of place. You know how long it has taken us to prepare her for the show!" Filius squeaked urgently to his two assistants.

"But, sir, surely we could just tweak her a little... er... magically, if we need to?" asked Luna, who was still a little disgruntled that her professor wouldn't agree to her idea of a leek and radish collar.

"No, Miss Lovegood. This is Muggle show; using magic would be cheating," he replied in as stern a voice as he could muster. They had spent the morning shampooing, brushing, and otherwise making their charge look gorgeous, all done the Muggle way.

Together, the three cajoled the silky, black miniature pinscher into her cage for transporting to the Westminster Kennel Club Annual Show. Filius had his heart set on the grand prize, a magnificent Waterford crystal decanter and glasses set. He knelt down in front of the cage and spoke seriously to the little dog for a few minutes.

"Right, girls. Let's get on our way."

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Four hours later, Filius Flitwick was sitting comfortably in front of his fireplace, a new crystal glass of Firewhisky in hand. He raised his glass in a toast. "Well done, Severina. You truly were a champion today. Pity your namesake doesn't know the girls named a prize bitch after him!"

SHOW OVER

A/N: This was a response to peppermint's prompt – Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, Waterford Crystal and Filius Flitwick. Thanks to ladyinthecloak who looked it over.