

Oh, Pink Feathers!

by Stefdarin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Filius and Pomona passed Hagrid's hut as they partook of an evening stroll. From inside they heard shuffling and crashing, followed by a sorrowful wail which was unmistakably Hagrid. A concerned look passed between them, and they moved toward the door. As they knocked, they heard shuffling and crashing once more from within. To their astonishment, the door swung open, and a red-faced Hagrid stood there, covered in bright pink feathers. In fact, pink feathers were floating throughout his home like confetti falling from the ceiling.

Quickly, he cleared his throat, and his eyes lit in surprise. "P—Perfessor Flitwick, a—and P—Perfessor Sprout, lovely... lovely ter see you!" Hagrid's large body filled the doorway, making it no longer possible to see inside.

"Are you alright, Hagrid?" Filius asked in his squeaky voice, a smile coming to his lips at the feathers. He leaned to the side, trying to see in, but Hagrid leaned to obstruct his view.

"Er... yeah! Never better, never better," Hagrid mumbled.

Pomona looked up at Hagrid and bestowed a kind smile upon him. "Hagrid, how is the Diricawl? Have you named it yet?"

Filius looked at Pomona, who looked back at him, and he nodded. "Oh yes, good fellow! How is the bird?"

Suddenly, Hagrid burst into tears and covered his face with his hands. "Oh, it is ter'ble, just ter'ble! I am not fit ter be a father! And... after you both... were so nice ter bring it fer me all the way from... Holland," he managed between sobs.

A knowing look passed between Pomona and Filius. "I'm sure you are taking very good care of it. May we come in? Perhaps we can help you put it back in the cage?" Pomona asked.

Hagrid sniffed and looked down in regret. Slowly, he nodded and moved aside to let them in. Inside, pink feathers floated gracefully. There was a pan of light brown lumps lying on the scrubbed table, and as Pomona's eyes traveled, she spotted the bird over on the window sill. It was about two feet tall and bright pink. Its bright blue eyes gazed over its largely hooked beak and stared at her with an obtuse tilt of its head.

Pomona beamed. "There it is!" She pointed enthusiastically and then frowned. "Um, Hagrid? Wasn't the bird blue?"

New howling erupted from the gamekeeper. "Y—Yes! Ter'ble, ter'ble, its all my fault," he moaned and continued covering his face.

With a 'poof,' there was an eruption of feathers as the bird disappeared, then reappeared back inside its cage. Filius reached over quickly and shut the door. Bobbing its head up and down, the bird let out a confused twittering, then stared out at all of them with a dumbfounded, blue gaze.

Pomona moved to Hagrid and rubbed his back reassuringly. "It's alright, Hagrid. Tell us what happened," she coaxed.

Through muffled tears and weeping, Hagrid managed to explain he had accidentally hit the bird with a permanent coloring spell. He had made snowball cookies, which rested on the pan, and they were supposed to be pink. To correct that error, he had brought out his pink umbrella to make them pink, but the spell had bounced off the pan and hit the bird instead.

Pomona and Filius looked at each other over the ailing man and smiled, but placed looks of concern on their faces when they moved in to comfort Hagrid. "There's really no harm done, Hagrid. And just think, you will be the owner of the only pink Diricawl in existence," Filius stated.

Hagrid looked at the small Charms professor and gave a loud sniff. "Y—Ye mean ye aren't mad at me?" Hagrid questioned timidly.

Filius closed his eyes, smiled and let out a sigh. "Of course not! The bird is fine. All you did was change the color. Have you thought of a name?" Hagrid looked at Filius and shook his head, still sniffing slightly.

Filius gazed at the bird, and a thought struck him. He looked at Hagrid with a bright smile and suggested, "Well, you could name it Pinkie."

Hagrid gasped and looked at the smaller man with surprise. Then his face scrunched up again, and he let out another moan. He slumped over on the table and buried his head in his arms, sobbing. "B—But Perfessor, he's a boy!" Hagrid exclaimed, heartbroken once more.

Pomona rubbed Hagrid's back again in comfort and glared at her husband. Filius looked at her, a blush on his face, and shrugged his shoulders in bafflement. He would never understand Hagrid, or his wife for that matter.

As Hagrid bawled, a slow, silly-sounding squeak came from the birdcage exclaiming, "Pinkie, Pinkie!" This caused Hagrid's moans to increase, and Filius simply put his face in his hand and shook his head.

End

Thank you, Sempra, for your guidance. ~Hugs to you.~

A/N: Diricawl is another name for "Dodo". This flightless bird is thought extinct by Muggles, but it actually has a defense mechanism which allows it to disappear in a poof of feathers when it feels threatened. (Information obtained from the HP Lexicon.)