

Surprise

by debjunk

There's something wrong with Mrs. Norris, and Filch is in for a big surprise.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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"What could be wrong with you, Mrs. Norris?" Argus Filch cried as he burst into the infirmary. He carried his beloved cat in his arms gingerly.

"Madam Pomfrey! Madam Pomfrey!" he cried.

Poppy ran out into the infirmary. "Argus! What ever is the matter?"

"It's Mrs. Norris! She's lethargic. I don't know what's wrong with her!"

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, Mr. Filch. I'm a Mediwitch, not a veterinarian! You should take her to Hagrid, that's what he's here for."

"Please... Poppy... she's seriously ill. I can't go all the way to Hagrid."

Poppy glowered at Argus. She tapped her foot in frustration. "All right!" she said finally. "Put the cat over on that bed." She pointed to a bed in the corner, and Filch rushed over and laid his cat on the bed. He stroked her back as Poppy came near with her wand extended. She swiped it over the cat several times before giving a huge, exasperated sigh.

"Argus," she growled. "This cat is pregnant!"

Argus' mouth dropped open in amazement. "But... but..." he sputtered. "That can't be!"

Poppy gave him a withering look. "I assure you, it can, and she is."

"I never let her out of my sight. She is with me always." Filch stopped his prattle quickly. "Except..."

"Except when, Argus?" Poppy asked impatiently.

"I caught her with that ugly, flat-faced, orange cat the other day. I thought he was attacking her. He was on her back, and she was hissing and spitting, and... Humping Hippogriffs... they weren't fighting at all!"

"It would seem not," Poppy muttered under her breath.

"Why, that no-good, dirty, rotten..."

Poppy raised a finger at Argus. "Mister Filch, language, please!"

Argus looked duly chastised for a quarter of a second. "I'll have that cat's masculinity, I will."

He picked up Mrs. Norris and stalked out of the infirmary.

A few minutes later, he was knocking loudly on the Head Girl's door. Hermione Granger opened it and took in the stern face of Argus Filch, looking at her menacingly.

"Do you... do you know... do you know what that four-legged monstrosity of yours did to Mrs. Norris?" he shrieked.

Hermione looked to Mr. Filch curiously. "No, Mr. Filch, what did that four-legged monstrosity of mine do to Mrs. Norris?"

"She's pregnant, and it's that feline-casanova's fault!"

Hermione's mouth dropped open. "Mr. Filch, I assure you..."

"Don't try to deny it. I saw them... I saw them together."

"Really? Do you mean that Crookshanks is going to be a father?" She turned and yelled back into her room. "Crookshanks! Come here, Crookshanks."

The cat wandered over and looked at the two humans disinterestedly. His eyes were riveted to Mrs. Norris. He froze in mid-stride and began to look embarrassed. His tail rose along with his backside, and his ears drooped. He began to back away slowly and then burst into a run back into the depths of the room.

Hermione began to call after Crookshanks, but was interrupted by Mrs. Norris' struggling in Filch's hands. She broke free of his vise-like grip and leapt out of his arms. Tearing after Crookshanks, she disappeared into the same room he'd ran to.

"Mrs. Norris!" Filch cried after her. "Get back here! You cannot cavort with that no-good, stinking, rotten..."

"Mr. Filch, stop insulting my cat, right now!"

"If your cat hadn't gone snooping around the castle in the first place, this wouldn't have happened. Why don't you keep that mangy creature locked up, where he belongs?!"

"Mr. Filch, I will not keep my cat cooped up. He deserves to be treated in the same manner as your precious feline. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to plan a wedding." She turned around. "Crookshanks, Mrs. Norris! You two need to make this official!"

Argus Filch's mouth dropped open. "Now, wait just one minute."

"Mr. Filch, there's no denying true love. You might as well just accept that you're going to be a grandfather."

The door slammed in his face. Filch stared at it for a while before turning and skulking down the hall. As he grumbled to himself, the realization of what Hermione Granger said finally struck him.

You're going to be a grandfather

He froze where he stood. "Thumping Thestrals! I'm going to be a *grandfather!*" he said in astonishment.

A wide grin came across his face. He continued on down the hall, but his steps were now light and airy. He was going to be a grandfather.

Thanks to my daughters, Lisa and Maggie, for their help with this and their ideas for colorful Wizarding metaphors.