

Perhaps Perhaps Perhaps

by ApollinaV

Answer to the question: What does the Giant Squid do for fun on Saturday Night?

Perhaps Perhaps Perhaps

Chapter 1 of 1

Answer to the question: What does the Giant Squid do for fun on Saturday Night?

Disclaimer: I anything your recognize belongs to JKR and is proprietary to her, not me. And I'm not making money off of this fanfic.

The Giant Squid has many notable features. For example, squids have the largest eyes of any living creature. Their nervous system is impossibly complex, and their brain capacity defies science. They are the world's largest invertebrate, and their wide range of migration can take them into all of the world's oceans. Given this, it's possible that a brilliant student might occasionally pause to wonder about the magical cephalopod inhabiting the freshwater loch, but none had. There were too many other unexplained mysteries about the castle to mull over how the squid got there, or why it lobbed pebbles with unexplained accuracy at students' heads.

Argus knew of course. He was there when the lumbering lad Rubeus had brought li'l Verne into Hogwarts. The sniffing boy, who in those days only towered head and shoulders over him, had made him promise to look after the creature. And since Argus wasn't in a habit of pissing off half-giants, he'd agreed. Even when the boy returned the next week to take on the gamekeeper duties, Argus kept his word.

For years, Argus trudged through snowdrifts and muddy water to throw some nice mashed-up fishy bits to the hungry, growing squid from the jutting shoal. In return, Verne never grabbed his ankle for a quick game of 'Does it float?' The arrangement suited both until *she* returned to the castle.

Aye. Argus remembered the lass.

But she was just a gel then.

She returned a woman, and Argus wondered if there weren't Veela blood flowing through her delicate veins. Her low melodic voice was like the warbling coo of turtledoves. Her beatific brown eyes held such warmth and tenderness, Argus shied like a gelding when her gaze settled on him. Her nebulous twisting hair whispered promises that she was free and uninhibited – a wild and untamed spirit, an earth-bound goddess.

It was enough to set all his man-bits a quivering.

But she kept herself close to the celestial deities who had fashioned her and remained in her tower. There were a few times when Argus caught sight of his princess, when she descended, walking gently as if buoyed on a cloud to her rightful place at the High Table, and Argus always made sure he was available to lurk nearby during those feasts.

Crumbs from her table – that's all he could ask for. There were moments when he twisted his cap up into knots, watching, waiting for a nod. A look. Some form of acknowledgment that she could see him. She could look into the very depths of the universe, see souls in crystal balls, but Argus' poor heart would stop if she'd spare a glance for him, but she did not. It would have crushed him entirely if she'd gotten along with *them*, those ungrateful professors who thought they were soooo damned special because they had magic, but they never spoke to her, and his princess never deigned to speak to them.

Argus held out hope.

She paid them no mind. Perhaps having magic wasn't everything. Perhaps... Argus lived for perhaps.

And that was when his treks to visit Verne became more frequent, more ritualistic. It happened on a warm, moonlit night when he'd been out chasing ruddy kids in the forest, the sniveling scar-faced twit, and the useless poor little rich boy. He emerged from the foliage, his lantern held high when his sharp eyes spied a figure walking along the lakeside. He grinned, his thin lips splitting his face wide as he hastened to grab the wretched miscreant by an ear. He was already imagining the piteous cries of the soon-to-be-damned when he stopped short and fumbled to hide from her.

Sibyll turned her large mooncalf eyes upon him and strolled off, the wind murmuring whispers and sweet promises in her wake. From thereon he learned she descended from her golden tower on Saturday evenings and walked the lake. He knew because he stayed at the shoal every Saturday night, smelling of dead fish and feeding Verne, who was always patiently waiting for him.

Argus scowled on nights when she walked with her arms crossed about her, a thin unsubstantial shawl or scarf pulled around her shoulders, and the wind moved across her frail body, pushing her to take flight. But only held his breath when she passed him, her gorgeous big eyes reflecting off of his oil lamp, and he thought perhaps he might say something, anything... and never did.

Sibyll's mournful eyes always trailed after him, calling him like a siren before she returned to the castle. Argus always cursed himself for being a fool, and Verne always cleaned the bucket of warm, mashed fishies. It was the way of the world.

One sticky summer night, when Verne was restless because there weren't any students to play boat-tag with, Argus lugged the bucket to his shoal and resigned himself yet again to a night as empty as the castle on the hill. He waited to hear the sweet tinkling of her bangles and sighed.

Until a wet splash and a shrieking cry caught his ear. Argus dashed up the shoal and ran through the hip-deep water to save his lady-love caught in the beast's angry snaking tentacles. Just as he reached out towards her, Verne slunk off. Sibyll sputtered and gasped, pulling her drenched hair back from her face as Argus led her safely to the shore. He pulled her tightly into his chest, rubbing comforting circles into her back as she sobbed. She needed a hero, someone to see her back to the castle. 'Perhaps,' Argus thought, 'Perhaps I could be her hero.'

From the shoal Verne grabbed his bucket, helped himself to fish, and tossed the empty bucket back to shore. The whispering couple didn't notice.

Funny thing about Giant Squids, they're supposed to be very clever, and nobody was able to ever figure out why Verne did such a thing, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Filch ever minded much.

A/N:

Big thank yous all around:

To debjunk, and her 15 year old for the original prompt: "What does the Giant Squid do on Saturday Night? Must include Snape, Trelawney, or Filch ... or a combo of all three."

Story title: Perhaps Perhaps Perhaps, by Joe Davis, sung by Doris Day.

Wikipedia: For the cool Giant Squid facts.

Jules Verne: Who wrote 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea and provided the perfect answer to the question, 'What name do you give to a Giant Squid?'

Christev20: My beta. Love you girl – whole big bunches. Thank you so much.