

# Once Upon a Goldfish

*by debjunk*

The Giant Squid chats with a friend.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Disclaimer: These characters, except the sea cucumber and goldfish, belong to JKR. Derek belongs to the movie Zoolander.*

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Moaning Myrtle squeezed herself through the pipe with a grunt. She always had to make herself so thin to get through this particular pipe. But, her friend awaited her, and this was the only way to get to him.

It seemed to take forever, but finally she emerged from the pipe into the wide-openness of the lake. She floated along the bottom until a large shape formed before her.

"You're late!" the Giant Squid chided.

"Well," Myrtle huffed in squid-speak. "If you had to squeeze yourself through that tiny pipe, you'd take a long time too!"

The squid blinked at her. "So, what's new in the castle?" he asked her.

"Everyone makes fun of me because I tell them I speak squid with you. They just don't believe me! All I want to do is help them understand just how well-rounded I am!" Myrtle's eyes were as large as saucers as she nodded her head at the squid.

"But that adorable Harry Potter always listens to me. He's sooooo understanding!"

The squid waved a tentacle in agreement.

"He knows all about speaking to animals. He speaks to snakes, you know."

"I know how you feel," commiserated the squid. "No one believes I talk to a ghost either. They think the ghosts are too snobby to talk with me."

"How dreadful!" Myrtle replied.

"Derek always believes me, though," he said thoughtfully. "He gets mad at me, though, because I call him a mermaid. He scowls at me and says... *Merman! Merman!*"

"Well, Harry listens to me too. I think he's so very handsome. I hope he dies soon. I want him to join me in my toilet."

"Sounds like someone's in love!" said the squid in a sing-song voice.

"Oh, heavens! We're just good friends. What about you? Are there any new fish in your life?"

"There is a mermaid that's particularly beautiful, but mermaids are a bit too human for my tastes."

"I used to be a mermaid before I died," Myrtle moaned.

The squid gave her a curious look, but being used to her ramblings continued on. "I did see a very lovely purple, giant sea cucumber. She had spines all over her cylindrical body. You don't see many spiny, giant sea cucumbers nowadays."

"I used to be a sea cucumber before I died."

"Now, how can you have been both?" the squid retorted with a huff.

She ignored him completely. "It sounds like you're a player," Myrtle mumbled.

"Heavens no! I'm a one-woman man. Of course, there are lots of women to choose from. Just the other day I was speaking with a goldfish that got dumped into the lake by its owner. Now that was a dorsal fin I'd like to get under. She was a bit small, though." The squid narrowed its eyelids in thought as he remembered the tiny orange creature.

"Speaking of dorsal fins I'd like to get under, I'm pretty sure I met that same goldfish when it was flushed down my toilet last week. In fact, maybe I was the goldfish. After all, I used to be a goldfish before I died."

The squid gave her a confused look.

"Oh! Look at the time!" Myrtle moaned as she looked at an imaginary watch on her wrist. "It's prime student gossip time. I need to get back to the prefects bathroom. The most delicious boys take baths there around now. They never even notice me as I sit under the water and stare at their you-know-whats."

"Their feet?"

"Exactly!"

**The End**

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*This was written for ApollinaV who wanted a story which featured a Giant Squid reference. Thanks to Lisa for beta-ing, and to Maggie and Lisa for their help.*