

Arnold's Happy Day

by *dejunk*

A glimpse at the life of a Puff.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Arnold, the purple Pygmy Puff, purred happily. No one knew he was purring. He just seemed to vibrate a little, but in essence, he was purring. He was perched atop his owner's shoulder. Ginny was her name. She took him everywhere. Arnold loved it.

When he had been born, he'd been placed in a box with a lot of other Pygmy Puffs. He had quickly fallen to the bottom of the box, where it was very, very dark.

It's so scary in the dark. I hope it gets light soon.

The darkness had lasted a long time. Then one day, a little bit of light shone upon his furry little coat. He felt it and strained to feel more. Before he knew it, he was being lifted from the box. He felt warmth all around him. The warmth felt so very exquisite that he purred for the first time.

Soon, he was perched atop Ginny's shoulder. It was a place he never wanted to leave. All he'd ever wanted in life was a little perch atop a person, so he could see the world. Ginny had definitely shown him the world.

He'd marveled at how big everyone else was. He wished he would grow big like them, but instinctively he knew he wouldn't. That was okay, as long as he was on Ginny's shoulder. It was the best place to be.

Arnold purred again as warm hands fetched him from her shoulder. Soon, he felt Ginny's nose nuzzling him. He could feel the love she had for him resonating through her nerve endings. In an instant, he was filled with an intense feeling of happiness.

Pygmy Puffs didn't need much to make them happy... just a little love. With Ginny, he always got a lot of love. Maybe her shoulder wasn't the best place to be. Maybe it was right here in her hands.

He purred heavily, making his small body rumble. He was the luckiest Puff in the world.

The prompt came from silverdoe: For the Puffs.

Write a Drabble/Story about the life of a Puff. Their thoughts. Their aspirations. How they do in school. what they do in their free time. Or even what they talk about in their common room.

I think she probably meant a Hufflepuff, but you know... poetic license and all that...