

Crookshanks the Vampire Slayer

by blue artemis

Crooks is dreaming again.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Crooks is dreaming again.

"Once a generation, a familiar is called to protect the innocent students of Hogwarts. Only one, brave of heart, has the strength to repel the vampires that live in the Forbidden Forest. This chosen one is known as the Slayer."

Crookshanks looked up, wondering where the voice-over was coming from. He glanced around and shrugged. It was time to patrol again.

He picked up his little bag of stakes and headed out for the Forbidden Forest. He had made it to the front steps when all of a sudden he was joined by a toad and a small, fidgety owl.

"Hsst, pssst, hshssshssh," hissed Crookshanks. "Pig, Trevor, go back to the dorms!"

"Whoo!" responded Pig. "Not on your life. You aren't the only one who likes to hunt!"

"Ribbit," said Trevor. "This is better than Potions class, and less dangerous."

Crookshanks decided to let them come along, as it was easier than arguing, and Mrs. Norris was less likely to want to join in.

The little band of familiars was walking (or flying, or hopping) the perimeter of the lake when all of a sudden, a large shadow fell over them. The three moved behind the nearest bush to see what was causing the shadow.

A dark man was cutting some plants from the edge of the lake. He was pale, dressed in black, and had a prominent nose.

"Miaow, miaow, yowwl!" said Crooks. "Trevor, Pig, get out there and distract him. I will stake him from behind!"

The two sidekicks dutifully went about their business. Pig batted his wings around the dark man's head, while Trevor came up behind him and tripped him as he was trying to get Pig away from him.

The man went down hard, and Crookshanks leaped upon him and jabbed him with the stake. The man went up in a cloud of dust.

Crookshanks and his gang returned to the castle happily, secure in the knowledge that they had made the school just that much safer.

Severus felt a small pinprick of pain on his thigh, set aside his book and looked down to see Hermione's arthritic, old half-Kneazle poking him and snoring at the same time.

"Hermione, would you please tell me why your cat has decided to pounce on me in his sleep while holding a toothpick?"

"I'm sorry, Severus. His dreams have gotten far more physical as he's gotten older."

A/N: This was written for droxy's birthday. She said she liked Crookshanks and vampires, and well, I'm a weirdo.

A/N2: Many thanks to Annie for the beta!