

Monster Drabbles

by phoenix

It isn't easy being green. Okay, not all monsters are green, in fact, most aren't, but it isn't easy being misunderstood. Five 100 word looks at various 'monsters' in the wizarding world. This is part of the Diagon Alley weekly Drabblethon. Rated for implied death and violence.

None

Chapter 1 of 1

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Trolls

Man comes. We do not like men. Men hurt us. Force us from our homes. I am smart, though. I will see what the men want. Sometimes they bring gifts. If I like the gifts, I may let them live. If not... We will have fun.

They must be wizards. I do not like wizards. They always think we should be their slaves, but we have taught them different. They know we are powerful; we do what we want. And they want us to help them. Only if the price is right will we leave the safety of our mountains.

Dementors

The bell tolls. A new arrival comes. The administrator waits on the dock. He always does when new arrivals come.

They start working into a frenzy. Even here, he can feel the malice, the coldness, the excitement. It will be worse once the doors are opened. He can feel them gathering behind the heavy oak doors, hoping to be the first. He knows that in short order the new arrival will be broken. They never last long; the dementors see to that.

One day, he hopes for a transfer. Perhaps after the war. For now, there are plenty of prisoners.

Thestrals

Swiftly, silently, they make their way onto the field. They have been drawn by the scent of blood. Tonight the scent is overwhelming. None of them have been this far out of the forest in the past.

As they see the destruction, first one and then another raises its head, until they are all calling. They are calling their brethren from far and wide.

Tonight, this herd, and many others, will feast.

As the dark shapes descend, other cries are heard. The cries of human terror and sorrow. Nothing the survivors do deters the Thestrals. The bloodlust is too strong.

Vampires

I must have blood. But not just any blood. While any blood will keep me alive, sometimes living is not enough. The blood I need, that I crave, is that of the pure.

My kind will take the blood of a child, but I don't like to do that. I prefer my blood to come from someone older, someone who can provide me something more.

After a long search, I have finally found one. I will satisfy my bloodlust and my sexual desires. I don't know how many more I will find, but I will look for ones like him.

Giant Squid

The boats are here. I look forward to this time of year. I only wish that it happened more often. It gets lonely in the lake. Swimming up from the depths, I move along side them. I can feel the magic and it energizes me. I also like the sound they make slipping through the water. From time to time, someone falls in the water. I am there to make sure they come to no harm and are returned safely to the boat. Those are fun years. Normally, nothing happens, but it is my way to welcome the new students.

A/N: I thought I'd leave you on as happy a note as you can when you deal with monsters. I hope you enjoyed these.