

# The Real Final Battle

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Albus Dumbledore stormed into his office, his characteristic twinkle gone from his eyes. He had just fought with Minerva McGonnagal over his plans for Severus and Harry. It had gotten so heated he had to *Oblivate* her, and he did not really like doing that.

She was right about some things, though. The Hallows were truly calling to him. He almost regretted giving the Cloak back to Harry, but after the temptation he had fallen into with the ring, he could see Minerva's point.

He stared at his blackened hand and sighed. He had been hoping to come out of this whole mess the aging hero, ready to pass the wand over to the next generation. Alas, it was not to be. He sat at his desk, twirling his wand between his fingers, when suddenly an orange blur jumped onto his desk, batted his wand out of his hands, bit his thumb, and jumped to the floor.

"Crookshanks, for heaven's sake, why would you do that?"

"Miaow?" Crookshanks looked up at the headmaster with big, innocent eyes. Then, to Albus' disbelief, he put his paw on the Elder Wand and quite deliberately said, "Miaow!" Sparks shot out of the wand, hit one of the thingamajiggys on a lower shelf and turned it into a mouse. The mouse ran, and Crooks dropped the wand and chased after it.

Dumbledore picked up his wand, looked at it, and shook his head.

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Draco disarmed Dumbledore on the tower, then Harry disarmed Draco in Malfoy Manor, but no one disarmed Crookshanks.

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Crookshanks enjoyed staying in the castle with Severus. The tall, dark man talked to him and fed him tuna and even dangled string when he had too many of the children harmed. Crooks could smell that he meant no harm, so he willingly played kitten games for the man when he thought it would help.

That fateful night, when Voldemort took aim with the Elder Wand and encased the dark man in a bubble with the snake, Crookshanks pounced, bursting the bubble of magic and biting Nagini on the tail. She only managed to graze the dark man with her fangs, rendering him unconscious. His person, *oh, his fuzzy-haired one was back!* gave the dark man some potions, then covered him with something to keep him from being harmed. Crookshanks approved.

He followed his person into the castle, Crooks definitely didn't like to see her cry, even if he did like the taste of her salty tears, and saw that her dark-haired friend was playing dead.

"Miaow!"

"Oh, Crooksie, I know you are trying to make me feel better, but Harry's dead!"

"Mieaaaaoow!"

"You know, 'Mione, I think that cat was disagreeing with you!"

"I hope you are right, Ron. He is rather intelligent."

Crookshanks ran toward the front of the Great Hall, where the dark-haired friend was yelling at the snakey-man. *Hey! That is my toy stick! I want it back* He charged the snakey-man and went for the stick. He startled the snakey-man into dropping the stick. Crookshanks remembered that he liked the sparks that came out of the stick the last time he got to play with it. He stepped on the stick, and just as he was about to miaow, the snakey-man came after him. *He needs to go away!* "Miaow!"

A red stream shot out of the Elder Wand and threw Voldemort back. Harry took the opportunity and cast *Reducto!* Voldemort's head and upper body exploded against the stone wall. His body fell down dead.

Harry stood there with his mouth hanging open. "The power he knew not was a cat?"

Ron came up and patted him on the back. "Whatever worked, mate."

Crookshanks played contentedly with the wand on the floor. He was one happy cat.

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This was written for droxy's birthday. She requested Crookshanks biting Dumbledore. This is the result.