

A Man and his Goats

by Lady Dragonsinger

Aberforth reflects on his pets

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"They laughed at me, you know. Even now, people think my goats following me around are funny. Really though, is it any funnier than someone walking around with a puff of fur on their shoulder? At least goats are safer than dragons as Hagrid showed us.

"It began as a child and mother reading me the tale of *Grumble the Grubby Goat* from our *Beedle the Bard* book. My brother used to always want a different one, but this was the one I asked for all the time. Sure it was about a goat who attracted flies, but it was a goat. Who wouldn't want to hear a tale about such a useful creature?

"Of course they're useful. I mean, look, you can get milk and cheese from them, and people rave about the eggs and chèvre I serve at the Hogshead. What? Just cause the pub isn't classy looking doesn't mean I don't serve good nutritious meals to my customers. It's not all about fire whiskey and butterbeer, you know.

"Besides, they're loyal. They don't double cross you or forget about what's important in life. They just trust and follow. Can't complain about that."