

The Fight

by teshara

A drunken Trelawney decides to have it out with Firenze, once and for all. Mayhem ensues.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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"I really think they might kill each other this time. All you can hear is yelling and the pounding of hoof beats."

"All this over the position of Venus?" Headmistress McGonagall squeezed her eyes shut and pinched the bridge of her nose.

"The position of Venus a hundred and eleven years ago, actually," Professor Sinistra added sarcastically. "I swear, if they bring the tower down, I don't want to hear about it."

McGonagall sighed and rang a small bell on her desk. A house-elf popped into existence, and McGonagall smiled down at it. "Will you please send two bottles of our highest proof wine to the Astronomy Tower? I believe there's a lively debate underway, and the participants may be there for awhile."

The elf bowed before it disappeared with a loud *'CRACK.'*

"Are you sure about that?" Sinistra worried.

"Neither of them can resist, and if they're going to actually bring the tower down, I'd rather it be before midnight." McGonagall shrugged.

Sinistra turned to go, but McGonagall stopped her before turning to a bookshelf. She selected a tome and handed it over. "If you're headed back, give them this. It might not stop it, but it might get them to quiet down."

"Thank Merlin," Sinistra said with a sigh.

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Professor McGonagall gently woke up as her wand began glowing brighter in the dark beneath her canopy. It had been a restful night, and she was grateful. She was getting too old for dawn patrol. Flitwick had suggested it, and she had given him a stare that could have melted steel. Now she was regretting it. All she wanted right now was two more hours of sleep and a cup of tea.

She groaned as she slipped out of bed and took a swig from the little black bottle on her night stand. She felt the stiffness in her joints relax, and she took a deep breath of the cold air. Her mind must be slipping. Too old, indeed. Well, perhaps the tea idea wasn't such a bad one.

She dressed quickly and began the descent to one of the faculty rooms, but was met on her landing by an out-of-breath Professor Flitwick who had been running as fast as his short legs could take him.

"This is all *your* fault!" he squeaked at her accusingly.

"What? What have I done?" she asked with a bewildered look.

"It took me the better part of an hour to charm all the windows facing the forest!" he grouched at her.

"That's quite a feat," McGonagall said, impressed.

"Like I had a choice!" Flitwick exploded. Then he turned on his heel, and McGonagall was too curious not to follow.

He made his way to a door leading to the outside and swung it open wide.

Her eyes bugged out at the sight before her.

Firenze was galloping wildly through a field, beating his chest rhythmically and shouting out some sort of tune. There was a person on his back: a slight figure with wild brown hair who appeared to be singing. They ignored Flitwick and McGonagall completely as they did some wild form of dance. They bounded by, and McGonagall was shocked to see Trelawney was completely naked and clinging to Firenze's back. Their song became clearer:

Walters was a genius!

He plotted the track of Venus!

Now nothing will come between us!

Except for a great big—

"This is not the way Hogwarts professors are supposed to behave!" McGonagall thundered uselessly at their backs as they headed towards the forest.

"So, whose idea was it to give them wine, again? I forget," Flitwick managed to choke out as he struggled to keep his composure.

"Shut it, you," McGonagall said grouchily.

"Can I be the one to write the description down in the school records? I think I memorized all the words to their little song. They've been singing it since before I found them. There are twelve verses." Flitwick started to giggle.

McGonagall opened her mouth, but closed it again. "Let's just hope they stay in the forest until they've sobered up."

"Well, you never told the elves to ignore any orders to 'keep 'em coming,'" Flitwick said dryly.

McGonagall groaned loudly.

"As I said, I charmed the windows. We just have to keep everyone inside. It's easier for Hagrid to deal with. He can get a search going on in the forest before they cause much trouble."

As if on cue, Hagrid and Professor Sinistra walked out of the forest, the giant boarhound, Fang, at their sides. Hagrid looked at the pair of teachers and pointed back into the forest as if to say 'did you just see that?'

"See, all that bloody racket got them up as well," Flitwick said soothingly as he patted McGonagall's hand.

"I'll have a talk with the house-elves."

"I think you'd better."

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For MuseAmusant, from her prompts from February 25:

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