

Minerva's Great Escape

by SNeed

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(Actually, that's an appropriate summary. Because, to tell the truth, it's an explosively stinky drabble.)

A Toast to Hagrid

Chapter 1 of 1

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Minerva took a last look at the lumpy orange creature shooting pumpkin-y sparks out of what appeared to be its arse, and shuddered again. There was little question now: the half-giant was obviously a waste of genius.

Or perhaps he was simply wasted on the empty cask of fermented pumpkin juice lolling in his front garden.

As if on cue, Hagrid let out a belch and grinned. "What do ya think, Minerererva? Much more o' this and I'll have bred the world's first self-baking pies! They'll go right from the garden and onto the table!"

Minerva spared a glance at Fang as he sat loyally at Hagrid's feet. The poor old hound looked torn between staying at his master's side and going off to look for a bone he'd left curing in the compost heap out in the back.

A not-too-quiet burp broke her concentration momentarily, and Minerva tutted. Not wanting to wait around for any other, less enigmatic emissions, she started to move away, making hasty excuses. Catching a glimpse of Hagrid as he slightly twitched his left leg, raising it slowly from his log, Minerva decided that speed was preferable to manners, which would probably be wasted on Hagrid in his current intoxicated state. She made a hasty retreat, almost running to escape Hagrid's not-so-silent, and definitely deadly, fart.

Having narrowly escaped death by methane, Minerva lifted the ridiculously expensive single malt from its hiding place and settled into a comfortable chair. No crossbred skrewts or pumpkin pie would have ever made up for having her sinuses irreparably burned by Hagrid.

Lifting her glass, she offered a toast to the empty room. "To Hagrid, breeder extraordinaire of all creatures that should never, *ever* be bred."

A/N: Written by Pennfana, OzRatbag2, linlawless and TeaOli for an SND prompt by Pennfana: Hagrid finally manages to cross Blast-Ended Skrewts with pumpkins.