

An Un-Familiar Tail

by TeaOli

A loyal Hogwarts house-elf works for the greater good.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Although Sopie, Sloppy and Golchi are my creation, they are based on concepts created by J.K. Rowling. I make no profit from using Ms Rowling's concepts or for setting my characters free in the universe she created.

"If you sees the tangling thread, you is being full of dread!" Sopie is shouting over the hiss-y noise of the fires that is heating the wash-tubs.

But nobody is hearing Sopie.

"A houseless elf is not herself!"

Nobody is *ever* hearing Sopie. Well, maybe they hears her, but they isn't liking what she says, so they isn't doing what is telling them to be doing. Everybody ~~is~~ always not hearing Sopie and doing what she is telling them to be doing.

"If she is having a Kneazle cat, she is deciding to do just that!" Sopie takes a big breath and looks around the laundry. "I sees it!"

"Too much soap in Sherry-drinker's eyes!" The others is laughing at Golchi's teasing. Golchi is the unkindest house-elf in the laundry, but everybody is always being nice and making up to him and laughing at his jokes.

"Sopie is serious! Very serious. We must—"

Sloppy puts a hand on Sopie's shoulder. Sloppy's hand is grimy, not clean like Sopie's hands. Sloppy sometimes is liking to clean the kitchen rubbish bins without magic when there isn't familiars needing him at Hogwarts because that is more work, and he is not liking to be idle. But now there is bits of spice cake and something else under Sloppy's fingernails. Sopie doesn't know what that something is, and she isn't wanting to know, either, even if it isn't dirty somethings from familiars.

Sopie wants to be *clean* like the pretty scarfs she washes for Professor Sybill. Sloppy is not being quiet, even when Sopie yanks her shoulder away from Sloppy's grimy hand and stomps back to her favourite washing tub.

"—and we is *Hogwarts* elves," he is saying, soft like soap bubbles.

Sometimes, when nobody is hearing her, Sloppy will listen. Sloppy doesn't usually do what Sopie is telling him to do either – like washing his filthy hands before he is coming to her laundry – but he is listening.

"But Missy Bushy-hair Muggle-mum Gryffindor is a very *bad* girl in the future. Maybe *you* all too afraid to stop her getting a Kneazle cat, but Sopie knows we must!"

"Even if you is seeing true, we is having to stay here. We is not able to stop her."

Sopie is not *wanting* to fight with Sloppy. Sloppy is the only one who never laughs at what Sopie sees. The other house-elves is always calling Sopie "Sherry-drinker" or "Big Spectacles" because they is thinking what she is seeing is fake, and they is thinking the same thing about Professor Sybill, but Sopie loves Professor Sybill best of all.

"But we can! If Sopie tells Professor Sybill, Professor Sybill will send Sopie to Diagon Alley to stop Missy Bushy-hair!"

There is being only one small problem with that.

"There is being a big problem," Sloppy is whispering, his eyes big and kind. "You *isafraid* of familiars, Sopie!"

But Sloppy *is* kind, and Sopie is knowing he will help her!

"You is not afraid, Sloppy!"

Sloppy frowned. "I loves familiars," he tells her. "Missy Muggle-mum Gryffindor is needing a familiar."

Sopie's eyes starts leaking from the steam. Not even Golchi's worst teasing makes her eyes leak from steam.

Then Sloppy says, "But I is loving Sopie more than I is loving familiars."

His smile is so big that Sopie's eyes don't even remember it is being so steamy here!

Soon as Sopie is done washing Professor Sybill's scarfs and table-covers, Sloppy and Sopie Apparate to the North Tower.

But Professor Sybill is smelling funny like cooking sherry, and her eyes are queer like she is seeing one of Sopie's sights, so they can't be asking her then.

Professor Sybill is smelling funny and her eyes are queer the next day and the next and the next and the next, and finally, Sopie has another Sight.

"Kneazle cat hates the rat that loves the snake that makes you quake! The pussy clears the thing you fears, but beware! Curiosity killed the cat."

Nobody but Sloppy hears her shout, so nobody isn't hearing Sopie. And when Sloppy conjures catnip balls and bells on felt straps and makes trees covered in carpets and all sorts of things to stop a cat asking *too* many questions, Sopie shivers, but she is smiling and not telling him to stop.

A/N: This is ficlet was written as a Review-A-Thon prize for mick42.

Her prompt was:

When the Familiars arrive at Hogwarts, how do the House elves, help them with their plans for their "pets", or keep them from doing too much damage.