

Cat Claws: An out-take to <i>Hexed!</i> by TeaOli

by noodle

In which Hagrid's first task of the morning goes horribly wrong.

Out-take

Chapter 1 of 1

In which Hagrid's first task of the morning goes horribly wrong.

A/N's

This little scenario evolved during a decorous exchange of deeply contemplative e-mails. It is reproduced in a slightly more structured form as an out-take to *Hexed!* by TeaOli (2013) with the author's kind persuasion permission.

The cat's description is as presented in [Hexed!](#) chapter five: *Lost in Translation*.

Canon characters are the property of J.K. Rowling.

Thank you, TeaOli, for inspiring and beta-reading this tribute to the *Hexed!* universe.

As the eastern sky began to ready itself for the break of a new day, Hagrid stirred and rolled onto his back, oblivious to the warning growls issuing from a very angry, very dishevelled, largish cat with silvery tabby markings.

Outside, birds began to warm up their singing voices in preparation for the dawn chorus. The Giant Squid surfaced briefly, animating the glassy surface of the lake with slow, limpid ripples. A young Thestral protested volubly as his dam nudged him out of his warm bier to receive his morning bath.

It was this ear-shredding racket that caused Hagrid to open his eyes, stretch, and yawn. Because he was yawning – and, in the process, making far more noise than the outraged young Thestral – he didn't hear the wrathful hiss that his right forearm emitted as he suspended it in the cold air above the bare floor.

Indeed, Hagrid had completely forgotten that his right forearm and hand were in a very different shape than what they had been yesterday morning... and the morning before... and the morning before that... All the way back to the day he first discovered that adjusting his *equipment* was an essential part of his morning routine. As any intact male will attest, *equipment* is especially in need of attention during the process of waking up – and requires a precise application of lazy scratching, positional manipulations and, on occasion, judiciously applied friction.

It should not be said that Hagrid was at all conscious of the reasoning behind this masculine ritual – because he wasn't. It was pure, half-asleep habit that had him reach beneath the covers with his right hand and fumble with—

Even the stones of Hogwarts gave a startled jump as the silence of the breaking dawn was shattered by a full-throated roar of pure anguish. Thestrals snorted and took to the air, vying with flocks of alarmed birds for a position from which to spot the danger. Hippogriffs reared and screamed, wondering what new peril they should bravely face. Merpeople raised their heads from the lake and looked around in bewilderment, while centaurs immediately set out to patrol the Forest with their bows at the ready.

In the castle, portraits exchanged grievances on how their walls used to be such quiet places, and how standards really were ruined beyond redemption. House-elves clustered together and wondered if they had done anything deserving of punishment. Argus boldly shouldered his mop and, with Mrs Norris stalking by his side, set out to see what sort of mess had been created *this* time.

Minerva sat up fuzzily, night-cap askew. She *should* have been gripping her wand... But her fingers were fixedly curled... like claws in a hunk of—

As the last echoes of the roar were overtaken by howls of mere agony, the headmistress shook her head. Somewhere in the less-than-peaceful dawn, she thought – just for a moment – that she had heard the words “cat” and “claws”. She groaned as she recalled the hexing of Hagrid, and summoned her dressing gown. She knew that she was in for “one of those days”.