

Acting the Goat

by sunny33

Severus inherits Aberforth Dumbledore's goats.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Severus inherits Aberforth Dumbledore's goats.

Disclaimer: They're not mine. Not even the goats.

"Severus?"

"Mmm. Yes, dear?"

"That letter looks awfully officious. What's it about?"

"Here, you take a look at it. I'm not sure I'm seeing correctly. I thought it said I had inherited bloody Aberforth Dumbledore's bloody goats. I'm going to find my glasses."

"Don't bother. You're not seeing things. You are apparently now the proud owner of a dozen assorted goats. They need to be picked up by next Wednesday."

"Oh, sweet Merlin's twisted testicles! What the hell am I going to do with a dozen goats?"

"Stew them?"

"Don't be crass, Hermione. You know one only uses the youngest, most tender goat meat for cooking."

"Potions ingredients?"

"Hardly. Goats just aren't that useful. No magical properties. Although, they may be harbouring a bezoar or two..."

"Now you're being crass. I was just joking. Aberforth loved those goats. I forbid you to cause them any harm. The old bugger would probably haunt us for eternity if you did."

"Old bugger, indeed. Do you have any idea what he used to get up to with those animals?"

"*Severus!* That's just unsubstantiated speculation. I thought you were above that sort of behaviour!"

"Well, you have to admit it is a little suspicious."

"Did you manage to get them here safely?"

"Yes."

"Any forms to sign?"

"Yes."

"Where are they now?"

"Outside."

"Severus?"

"What?"

"Do you think you can answer in more than single word sentences? Because I'm beginning to worry. And don't raise that eyebrow at me, my husband, I'm not thirteen anymore."

"If you must know, I signed a mountain of fucking parchment, promised to care for the damned goats as if they were my own progeny, and was forced to memorise their bloody names. Gertrude, Grace, Georgina, Gabriella, Ginevra (that was concerning), Gail, Geraldine, Glennis, Genevieve, Glenda, Gretel, and Geoffrey are currently in the back garden decimating the grass as we speak."

"Geoffrey?"

"Yes, Geoffrey."

"I thought they were all female goats."

"They are."

"Oh. Did you—"

"Yes. I checked. Geoffrey is a nanny goat, just like all the rest."

"Perhaps he couldn't think of any more girls' names beginning with a G."

"Or perhaps he really was barking mad."

"Did you tell the lawyer you didn't want the goats?"

"Yes. Apparently, under wizarding law the legatee is responsible for said property and its ultimate disposal. To wit, it's my problem. They didn't want to know."

"Oh, bugger."

"Exactly."

"Bloody, stubborn, infuriating, gluttonous goats!"

"Have they found a way into your Potions garden again, dear?"

"Yes. And they ate all the alihotsy leaves. For the third time. I swear, they must all have bezoars in their stomachs, or they would all be dead. Are you sure I can't—"

"No, Severus. You can't kill them for their bezoars."

"But they are worth a fortune. Imagine if they had one each."

"No. No. No! You'll just have to contain them better. You're the one who said they were not the least bit magical. Surely, a great powerful wizard like Severus Snape isn't going to let a few daft goats beat him?"

"Hermione, my love. Why is it whenever you sound like you are complimenting me, I always feel insulted?"

"I've learned from the best, darling. Now, come here and let me kiss you. I'm sure I can think of something to take your mind off your little problem."

"Little problem? There're twelve of them, and they weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds apiece!"

"Hush. I think you need to loosen your clothing. You're getting all hot and bothered."

"Hermione. I have better things... Oh... OH... No, no, don't stop..."

"Severus? Why is Geoffrey inside?"

"Er... she was cold."

"She has a fur coat, Severus. Why would she be cold?"

"I don't know. She was shivering and kept nuzzling under my coat. So I brought her inside."

"She's a goat, darling. She belongs outside."

"Yes, dear. Come on, Geoffrey, out you go. Oh, stop nuzzling my bollocks, you stupid creature!"

"That's a charming blush you have there, love."

"Oh, go and torment some more house-elves with hats, woman!"

"Perhaps I should knit Geoffrey a hat. I'm sure she'd look lovely in a nice Gryffindor striped beanie."

"You will not! That goat is a Slytherin through and through! Nothing but green and silver for her."

"Severus?"

"Yes?"

"I was only kidding about knitting a hat."

"I knew that."

"Good. I was beginning to wonder if those goats are charmed. You seem to have become very attached to them all in the last three months."

"They have their moments."

"And what is it with Geoffrey? You really seem to favour her."

"I do not!"

"Do so! You'd never have brought any of the others inside."

"But the other girls weren't cold."

"Girls?"

"Goats. I meant goats."

"Sure you did, Severus."

"I did!"

"She's inside again."

"She is."

"It's twenty degrees out there. She can't be cold."

"Perhaps I just like her company?"

"Severus, she's not a dog. She's not a cat. She's not an owl. She's a goat!"

"I know. But she has personality."

"A goat has personality? Now I know they must be charmed. I'm calling Filius tomorrow."

"What's so different about a goat? They are just as intelligent as cats and dogs."

"Now she's intelligent. Next thing you'll be telling me she's pretty. Severus? Oh, for fuck's sake, you *do* think she's pretty!"

"Well, she has lovely brown eyes. Just like yours, dear."

"Is there anything else you want to tell me, love? You haven't been—"

"No! Good grief, woman! What do you take me for? Besides, one wanton female is quite enough for this old man."

"Thank Merlin for that. I was beginning to wonder if I had to scratch her eyes out. I'm not having any other female, human or otherwise, getting ideas about *my* wizard."

"Did I ever tell you how much I love you?"

"Frequently. But not in front of the goat. She is *not* watching!"

"Sorry, Geoffrey. You heard the boss. Off you go!"

"There. Just keep still a moment while I adjust the ribbon. That's a good girl. Beautiful!"

"That's a bonnet."

"Very perceptive."

"You just put a bonnet on a goat. A goat named Geoffrey. A bloody female goat named Geoffrey."

"Your point being?"

"Severus, can you not see a problem here?"

"No."

"I swear, when I die, I'm going to hunt Aberforth fucking Dumbledore down and kill him."

"How do you kill someone who's already dead?"

"I'll find a way."

"Do you think she looks better with the lace or the ruffle?"

"SEVERUS!"

"WHAT!"

"Goats and bonnets DON'T MIX!"

"Why?"

"Because she's a goat, not a person, and she'll just end up eating it."

"Oh, ye of little faith. She will not eat it. She likes it."

"She certainly appears to."

"Fuck, Geoffrey, did you *have* to do that?"

"Told you so. And you still haven't explained exactly *why* you were putting a bonnet on Geoffrey."

"I... I... don't know. It seemed like a good idea at the time."

"I've heard that plenty of times before. Usually from redheads."

"Don't compare me to—"

"Don't behave like him then. I'm getting to the bottom of this. Where's the Floo powder? FILIUS!"

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble Prompt from ApollinaV: Severus inherits Aberforth's goats. He decides to keep them.

My son took a photo of a goat at a farm park some years ago. He made it my cellphone wallpaper, because he thought the goat was pretty. It was quite cute for a goat.

This has six parts of 200 words each, just for the hell of it.

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta. Watch out for a sequel to this, coming soon to a screen near you, courtesy of KingPhilipsWench, who just couldn't leave Geoffrey and Severus in peace.