The Howler

by BB_Roin

Summary

Crossover with OotP where Hiccup took over Care of Magical Creatures when Hagrid was away. Then someone decided to embarrass his boyfriend in front of the whole school with a howler.

Notes

Originally posted on Lofter in Chinese. Some details are different. No beta. Lots of confusing phrases and grammar errors are on their way.

"Blimey! Look up mate!"

It's the reflex of a seeker that saved Ron's pumpkin juice from spilling over the table. Harry had to take another moment to check nothing was ruined before he could raise his eyes.

Then he couldn't help but stare.

The thing looked like an eagle, though Harry was pretty sure no eagle was normally made of ice even in the magical world. Flapping its wings, it glided through the great hall gracefully under the
astonished looks from people below, leaving a trace of snowflakes on its way. Its crystal feathers glistened beautifully in the morning light that cast through Hogwarts' bewitched ceiling.

But the appearance of the ice eagle was not the only thing that caught everyone's attention.

Clutched on one of its claws, was one of the worst things you could receive as a Hogwarts student during your breakfast: a bright red howler.

Harry turned to see who was at the end of the eagle's flight route, then, somehow not so surprised, found Professor Haddock sit there with a quickly paling face.

His shock died down a little bit. After all, it was not the first time a peculiar messenger showed up to deliver something to the said professor. Harry still clearly remembered the day when a Terrible Terror decided to bang into the hall without any warning, causing as much mayhem as a troll could have done until Haddock came in. He would have enjoyed the show much more if he hadn't had a complexed feeling for the professor at that time.

Haddock was the new professor who took Hagrid's teaching spot when the half-giant was who knew where. Harry knew it was irrational to hold a grudge against the young professor when the other probably didn't have anything to do with his friend's missing, but he just couldn't help but feel like he had stolen Hagrid's place. It certainly didn't help that the fact Haddock was a pretty good teacher had given some people (especially Slytherin) an excuse to openly suggest they dump Hagrid once and for all.

What's more frustrating was that Harry couldn't really find much to go against those similar opinions since himself enjoyed Haddock's class too. He missed Hagrid, really, but the same phrase could not use to some (most) of his creatures and class.

Back to the present, the ice eagle had already reached Haddock's seat at the front table. It dropped the howler right into his plate, circled for one more round before let out a cheerful chirp and busted into small flakes. The professor was instantly covered by the ice pieces from head to toe.

Patting the ice off his shoulder and head, Haddock looked grim and was glaring at the howler at high alert. He also seemed very uneasy under everyone's attention and was not sure whether he should open the howler right here and now.

That slight hesitation proved to be unnecessary since the letter decided to burst itself open. Haddock only managed to put himself backwards with a hard push before that happened, others didn't even have time to cover their ears.

"HI HICCUP DEAREST!"

After the initial boom, a male voice yelled and hurt everyone's ear drums with its loudness, but in a carefree tone no one expected to hear from a howler.

It was not polite to evade someone else's privacy, but it was impossible to ignore such a loud letter. Only a few were still pretending their focus was on the breakfast while most of them just gave up and leaned forward to have a better view.

Haddock facepalmed.

"DUDE, WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? YOU NEVER CALL, YOU NEVER WRITE... OKAY, I KNOW TECHNICALLY YOU CAN'T USE YOUR PHONE THERE, BUT THERE IS STILL NO EXCUSE FOR THE LACK OF LETTERS. I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR DAY AND NIGHT AND WHAT HAVE I GOT? NOTHING! SERIOUSLY? THIS IS HOW YOU TREAT ME?"
Although it was strange to hear the word "phone" saying out loud inside Hogwarts, it was just downright weird to hear someone pouting through a howler. Ron made a disgusted face beside Harry.

"SO I AM THINKING: WELL SINCE SOMEONE IS SO SHY MAYBE I SHOULD BE THE ONE TAKE THE LEAD. BUT USING NORMAL OWLS IS JUST SO LAME. NO MINE HAS TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL. I TAKE YOU HAVE MET MY BEAUTIFUL CREATION? ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY? IT TOOK ME HOURS TO MAKE THE CHARMS WORK. I HOPE I WILL GET SOME OVERDUE PRAISES HERE."

Professor Flitwick actually looked impressed. Harry guessed whatever it took to make an ice eagle was worth high recognition. The only one thought otherwise seemed to be Haddock. He was busy sending daggers at the screaming letter with a flushed face.

"OKAY BACK TO THE POINT, HICCUP I MISS YOU! IT WAS HARD TO SEE YOU BEFORE BUT NOW IT IS JUST UNACCEPTABLE. YOU SAID IT WOULD ONLY BE FEW DAYS, NOW IT'S ALREADY WEEKS! I REALLY HOPE IT WON'T BECOME MONTHS 'CAUSE FOR MANNY'S SACK I WON'T SURVIVE THAT. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THE LAST TIME WE SAW EACH OTHER? MY HEART IS BLEEDING, HIC."

Some girls giggled at the nickname. Even Harry quirked his month. It was oblivious that the two of them were close.

Haddock wasn't deaf or blind and he clearly saw the crowd's reaction, which might be why he looked like he was considering tearing the letter apart right now.

If he was really thinking about that, he probably should have taken action sooner, because then the howler shouted:

"I KNOW YOU WOULD GET MAD AFTER THIS, BUT COME ON, CAN'T I MISS MY BOYFRIEND??"

The great hall suddenly became very quiet despite the booming voice, which made the situation much more awkward than it already was. People either stared or dropped their jaw, or both, and Harry once again had to save Ron's pumpkin juice. Even Dumbledore, who had been polite enough to continue his breakfast like nothing happened, also raised his eyebrows.

And Haddock was doing a very good job imitating a tomato.

"I AM NOT HAPPY WITH YOU, YOUNG ONE, YOU MUST CONTACT ME RIGHT NOW." the seriousness in the tone dropped as soon as it came, "OR YOU MAY FIND HANDSOME ME RIDING THE WIND TO VISIT YOU AT MIDNIGHT IN THE NEAR FUTURE. OR YOU CAN JUST VISIT ME WITH TOOTHLESS. IT'S NOT THAT FAR FROM THE NORTH POLE. WITH THE INSANE SPEED OF YOUR NIGHTFURY, WE MIGHT EVEN HAVE SPARE TIME TO SEE YOUR DAD. PERHAPS THIS TIME HE WILL LET ME TAKE YOUR HAND."

Harry would have been more surprised if he hadn't been startled first by the squealing coming from several directions. Some girls had to cover their month to stop themselves. They were all red-faced like they were the one being proposed. Harry couldn't understand them sometimes.

"BUT I STILL VOTE FOR THE FIRST OPTION. WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY SECRET DATE AFTER WE GRADUATED. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO REFRESH SOME GOOD MEMORIES!"

Now Haddock was staring at the air with a desperate look. Harry almost pitied him.
"OH DAMN I SHOULDN'T HAVE RAMBLED SO MUCH. I GUESS I HAVE TO FINISH THIS RIGHT NOW. EXPECT ME TO SHOW UP AT ANYTIME! BYE HIC! FROM JACK WITH LOVE!"

The howler burnt itself as soon as it yelled out the last word. The hall fell back into deadly silence.

Haddock looked calm, alarming calm, consider how red he was just moments ago. And it was terrifying. Harry almost flinched when he glanced at those green eyes and found nothing but burning fury. Things would be very ugly for certain someone.

No wonder they said love was always bittersweet.

Haddock stood up slowly without saying anything or looking at anyone. He then left through the side door. The chatting and noise took few more seconds to be back.

Harry and Ron looked at each other, both wondering where to start.

"That's the weirdest howler I have ever seen." Ron said eventually, "And belief me, mate, I KNOW howlers."

Harry could only nod.

Fin.

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