

Didn't Mean to Go to Sea

by Gelsey

Really, Harry, Ron and Hermione didn't mean to go to sea ... or did they?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Drip, drip, drip.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione stood in the middle of the front hall, dripping wet. They hung their heads, water-darkened hair falling into each face, obscuring features. Molly Weasley and Minerva McGonagall stood in front of them, looking quite stern.

Drip, drip, drip.

"But we didn't mean to go to sea!" Hermione protested. Under the mass of tangled, wet curls, a slightly pouting lip could be seen. Harry and Ron nodded on each side of her.

Drip, drip, drip.

The water was oddly loud in the disbelieving and disapproving silence, not even Mrs. Black shouting. In fact, she was listening quite keenly. "So you ended up in the middle of the Mediterranean ..."

"In a yacht ..."

"With a picnic basket with wine ..."

"By accident," McGonagall finished.

Drip, drip, drip.

The sound punctuated everything as Hermione's mind whirled for an answer. "Um ... yes, ma'ams," she said. Again, her bookends nodded agreement. She pushed her hair back, baring her face, eyes widened in innocence.

Drip, drip.

"You're never going to admit otherwise, are you?" Molly Weasley stated more than asked, sighing wearily.

"No, ma'am."

Drip, drip.

McGonagall threw her hands up in the air and stalked out of the room, followed by a more sedate and disapproving Weasley matriarch.

Drip.

“So, do I get to be captain next time?” Harry asked hopefully in the silence that followed.