

# Postcard From Mexico

*by Jenwryn*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The first postcard arrived in her third year. He'd just gone into hiding, and she'd thought little more than *Oh, that's such a shame for Harry and, He was actually really interesting, wasn't he?* But then Harry had received post, and Hermione, to her surprise, had been delivered a perfectly ordinary postcard with a cheerful-looking Mexican beach on the front. After that, the cards had come regularly. She'd started a collection. A postcard improved her mood for days; her friends looked forwards to them too, just for that. She wrote back, of course, and the cheerful banter skipped between them.

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On her seventeenth birthday the postcard (from Cornwall) wished her a pleasant day, much drunkenness now she was of-age, and lamented that the weather could have been better where he was. But then, then, the postcards from Ireland arrived... Suddenly she was a woman. The postcards from Ireland curved in his strange, fine handwriting and told her things of the heart and mind. With the postcards from Ireland, she wanted to fall in love with him, but realised she couldn't, because she already had, how many years ago, and without even noticing, upon the delivery of a postcard from Mexico.