

Bedtime Story

by Arabella Bloodgood

Ron isn't home again, and Hermione must get Hugo to go to sleep.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Prompts given by Melenka and sabrebabe are as follows: counting, up past bedtime, bastard, full moon, a wheel of cheese, and cow-tipping.

To my wonderful beta; you know who you are, and you are the best.

Hermione put the wheel of cheese away. Hugo had wanted a cube of cheddar for a snack before he'd gone to bed. Her bastard of a husband was working late again. At least that's what his excuse had been lately.

Her son called from the bedroom, "Mom! Will you tell me a bedtime story? Please!"

Hermione walked into his room and sat on the bed next to him. "Hugo, have you tried counting sheep? You know you are up past bedtime." Hermione looked at her son sadly, knowing he was missing his father.

"I did, but it isn't working, and you know I like it when you read to me. Please, Mom," begged Hugo with a sad puppy dog face he knew she couldn't resist.

"All right, son, here it goes," said Hermione, trying to come up with something good.

"Once upon a time in this country town, there were three southern boys. As it was late in the evening, the full moon was out and there was not much to do around such a small town, they decided to go cow-tipping. One boy knew where a farm was that had a really large pasture with a few hundred cattle, so they headed over to the farm. Once inside the farm, the three boys found the perfect cow to tip. It was standing off by itself and its head hanging low. One boy started towards the cow and step into something hot and soft. He looked down and said, 'Shit, and I stepped in it too!' The other two boys tried to keep their laughter down, so not to disturb the sleeping cow. Another boy walked up to the cow and said, 'Come on, fellows, this ought to be funny.'

Hermione looked at her now sleeping son and smiled. Thank goodness she didn't have to finish that crazy story. At least it got her mind off Ron.