

Sunday Surprise

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It started out just like any other Sunday..

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Eleanor and Michael Granger had always known that their daughter was special. She was a very good student, and she was always reading books. But they never knew exactly *how* special she really was until she was about eight years old.

It was a beautiful, warm summer day, and Hermione was up in her favorite tree reading a book. The tree was old but easy to climb, and there was nothing she liked better to do than to sit in it and enjoy the sounds of nature. Her mother sat in a chaise lounge nearby, reading a book as well, but looking up once in a while to make sure her daughter was okay.

A loud cracking noise made Eleanor look up, and with horror she saw that the branch Hermione was sitting on was breaking. She jumped up from her chair, but before she could reach the tree, the branch broke and she gasped, certain that her daughter would be hurt because the branch was at least twelve feet up. But, to her amazement, Hermione seemed to float to the ground. She landed on her feet, uninjured but startled.

"Hermione!" Eleanor said, running to her daughter. "Are you hurt?"

"No, Mum," Hermione replied, looking as surprised as her mother. "That was really strange, wasn't it?"

Eleanor put her arms around her daughter and led her into the house. "Michael, you aren't going to believe what just happened." She told him what had just happened outside.

Michael's eyes grew wide as he heard the story. "And she wasn't hurt?"

"Not at all. Not only that but she seemed to float down."

"That's not possible."

Just then, there was a knock at the door. Eleanor, still feeling dazed, went to answer it and found a woman standing there.

"Mrs. Granger?" the woman asked.

"Yes, I'm Eleanor Granger."

"May I come in a moment? I have something to tell you about Hermione."

Eleanor looked at the woman curiously. She was dressed oddly: she wore a tartan dress that was much too warm for the current weather, and she looked rather old fashioned.

"How do you know my daughter's name?" Michael asked, coming up beside his wife.

"I can assure you I mean no harm. If you will allow me to come inside, I will explain everything."

Reluctantly the Grangers allowed the woman in and invited her to sit down.

"You must be Hermione," the woman said with a smile. "I'm Professor McGonagall."

"Professor?" Hermione asked, looking at the woman.

"Yes, I am a professor at a special school that you will be invited to attend when you are eleven years old. Hermione, you are a witch."

"What?" Eleanor asked loudly.

"That's not possible!" Michael said.

"I'm a witch?" Hermione asked. "How can I be a witch? I don't have any special powers."

"Haven't you ever done something that you couldn't explain?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"Well, I did fall out of a tree without getting hurt. The branch broke and I floated down twelve feet."

Professor McGonagall nodded. "You will be taught at Hogwarts how to control your magic. When you turn eleven, you will be receiving a letter from us."

"What if we don't want her to go?" Michael asked, looking at the older woman.

"That is your choice, of course, but I would advise that you allow her to attend. Your daughter is extraordinary, as she is a Muggle-born witch."

"A what?" Eleanor asked, leaning forward.

"Muggle is the word we use for people who are not witches or wizards. Hermione was born to Muggles, so she is a Muggle-born witch." Professor McGonagall took a pamphlet out of her pocket. "Here you are. This explains about Hogwarts and about our world. Only the three of you are able to read this, however. To anyone else, it looks like a blank piece of paper." Professor McGonagall stood up and handed the pamphlet to Hermione. "I must be going. I do hope that you will come and study with us when the time comes, Hermione."

A few minutes later, the three Grangers sat in the living room and pondered what they had been told. And to think, it had started out just like any other Sunday.

For Silverdoe—How does Hermione first display her powers and how do her parents react?