

Flying Witch

by luvsev

Hermione finds out that she's a witch.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In a cool and darkened room, a little girl in pink pyjamas lay sleeping. She was having the most fantastic dreams of flying above the clouds. She flew alongside the birds until she saw an enormous castle in the distance and decided to land.

Just as she had entered the castle, she awoke abruptly. The sun was shining on her face as she moved to get out of bed, only there was nothing under her feet. The floor had disappeared! She glanced down and realised that she was floating above her bed.

'Mum! Mummy!' the little girl cried out. 'I'm flying!'

Her mother and father dashed into the room and discovered their daughter floating near the ceiling.

'Hermione, how on earth did you get up there?' her mother said shakily.

'I don't know, Mummy, but I'm scared. I don't know how to come down.'

'Darling, I want you to close your eyes and focus on falling. Don't worry, I will catch you,' her father said in a fairly confident voice.

Hermione shut her eyes tightly and fell directly into her father's awaiting arms. He stumbled slightly and chuckled as she looked at him.

'Well, my darlings, I believe it is time we call on Dumbledore. He can explain this better than anyone else at the moment,' her father said.

A few days later, a friendly man who reminded her of her favourite grandfather arrived at their house. His eyes twinkled behind half-moon glasses that sat on his crooked nose, and he had a long beard.

'Why hello there, you must be Hermione,' Dumbledore said jovially.

'I am, sir.'

'Your father told me that you were floating in your sleep the other day. I bet you were pretty scared.'

'I was, sir. I didn't know how to get down, but Daddy told me to close my eyes and try to fall. It worked too!'

'You were very brave, Hermione. Do you want to know why you were floating?'

Hermione shook her head in the affirmative, which set her curls to bouncing.

'Well, my dear, you are very special... You are a witch. And with training, you will be quite brilliant indeed.'

'What kind of training will I need, sir? Is there some sort of special school I will go to? Like a castle?'

'Yes, Hermione. Once you turn eleven, you will be admitted to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry where you will attend classes for seven years.'

Hermione smiled as she continued to listen to Dumbledore talk. In just three years she would be on her way to becoming a witch, though perhaps not one who flew. The floating experience had been more than enough.

A/N: Silverdoe issued the following prompt: In what way does Hermione first display her magic and how do her parents react? You may also add in a visit from another witch/wizard to talk to them about it.