

# I'll Wake Up Soon, Right?

*by BrenaMarie*

Hermione's mum talks about the strange happenings at her home.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**From The Desk Of**

**Dr. Elizabeth Granger, DMD**

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Sometimes I wonder if I'm going to wake up anytime soon. The strangest things have happened at my home over the last few days, and I still feel as though I must be experiencing some frightfully long dream. I wouldn't call the events a nightmare per-se. Let me explain.

It all started three days ago. My four-year-old daughter, Hermione, was sitting on the floor in front of the television. She was watching a very cute cartoon about fuzzy creatures that could roll themselves up into balls... I think they're called Popples. I told her that it was time for Daddy to watch the news, and she became highly agitated. John did manage to change the channel, but after he sat back down, the fuzzy balls were bouncing on the screen again. I know he changed the channel, I watched him do it. He got up to change the channel again. He clicked the dial the right amount of times. I even noticed that the news caster's toupee was looking rather good today. Then before my eyes, the channel was changing without anyone touching it. Hermione was clapping and giggling, and I couldn't shake the feeling that she had something to do with the television being on the fritz.

The next day Hermione had her toys all over the floor, but it was time for dinner. I told her it was time to clean up, and I took a step towards the kitchen. My little girl simply said, "Okay, Mommy". I watched as the toys went back to their trunk in the corner of the room. By themselves! I was completely dumbfounded. I think I stared at her for what felt like hours. Is my girl possessed? Is my house haunted? Is this really happening, or am I losing my mind? I screamed for my husband. John came rushing down the stairs and into the living room.

*"What is it, Liz? You sounded like someone was being murdered in here. I hope this isn't just because I forgot to take out the trash again..."*

*"John, there's something wrong with Hermione."*

*"Liz, she looks fine. Are you just having another 'mom' moment? You know what the doctor said..."*

*"No, John, I'm telling you she can move things with her mind. The toys, they were there, and now they're gone..."*

*"Well, you told her to put them away, didn't you?"*

*"She didn't move! She simply said okay! And then they just moved themselves! I was standing right here. I watched it happen!"*

"Liz, are you feeling okay? Seriously, do you have a fever?"

"NO, I DON'T! I'm telling you..."

At that moment there was a knock at our front door. My husband insisted that I at least sit down and rest for a second, and he'd go see to our visitor. A few minutes later, he walked back into our living room with an extremely severe looking woman. At first glance I thought her hair was pulled back so tight that it was pulling her face back with it. Instead of scrutinizing this woman's choice of hair styles, I really needed to know who she was and what she wanted. The sooner I dealt with her, the sooner I could convince my husband that there was something seriously wrong with our daughter.

To put it very simply, our guest introduced herself as Minerva McGonagall. She's apparently a professor at a secret school for gifted children and was recently notified that Hermione will be invited to attend her school before she turns twelve. This professor stated that our baby is a witch and has very special powers and that they will teach Hermione how to use them at this school.

How can I not feel as though I'm dreaming after hearing someone tell me that? Either I'm dreaming, or at any moment someone's going to jump out and say, "Smile, you're on candid camera!" At this point, I think I'd be happy with either.

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**A/N:** This is a response to the Saturday night drabble prompt by silverdoe. *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.*

I'd also like to thank debjunk for the quick beta work since I'm awful when it comes to commas. And I'd also like to thank her for telling me all about this wonderful group of writers who gather to drabble. Please Review! This Hufflepuff needs love too.