

Splinter

by MystressXOXO

Ron finds out why Hermione doesn't want to fly on a broom and opens his big mouth.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: *Written using the word prompt 'shovel'. The setting is in Ron's backyard. Totally written for fun!*

"Ron, I'm not so sure about this."

"Come on, Hermione! You rode a broom just fine when we were in school. Why can't you do it now?"

"Yes, but... the last time I rode one... I..."

"You... what, Hermione?"

"I don't want to say!"

"You fell?"

"No."

"Ran into something?"

"No."

"Got a splinter?"

"..."

"Hermione?"

"..."

"Ha ha! Really? I was only kidding about that! Where'd you get it? On your hands or somewhere more private? Wait! Did that happen that time when you were walking

funny and... uh, Hermione?"

"Yes, *Ronald*?!"

"Why do you have that shovel in your hand?"

~Fin~