

Trevor and the Queen

by MMADfan

One warm summer evening at the Grangers', Mrs Granger is preparing dinner as Hermione and her friends spend some time together after their third year at Hogwarts, and Trevor has an adventure . . .

A flashfic in response to a prompt challenge on the CR board.

An Evening at the Grangers'

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Written in response to Sprinkles' Triplet Challenge on the Charming Roots Board. Challenge prompts at the end.



An Evening at the Grangers'

"Hermione!" Mrs Granger called. "Hermione?" She stepped into the living room. "Has one of your friends lost something?"

Hermione looked up from the chessboard. "Ron? Did you lose anything?"

Ron shook his head.

"Neville—Neville?" Hermione looked around.

Neville's head popped out from behind the armchair beside the credenza. "Yes, Hermione?" he squeaked nervously.

"Oh, no, Neville! Not again!" Hermione moaned.

"If the frog is your friend's, the last I saw it, it had hopped into the space between the refrigerator and the wall. Crooks was looking rather fascinated, so you might want to come see if you can find it before he does."

"He's not a frog," Neville protested, crawling out from behind the chair and standing. "He's Trevor and he's a toad."

"Let me know when you're done in there. I'll be in the study with your father and a bottle of wine," Mrs Granger said. "And I do hope he hasn't hopped into the ratatouille I was preparing for dinner."

Neville blanched and he dashed toward the kitchen, Hermione and Ron following close on.

"Your mum wouldn't cook Trevor, would she?" Neville asked, unsure of the ways of Muggles.

"Don't be ridiculous. She just doesn't want toad slime in her food," Hermione said, rolling her eyes.

"Toads aren't slimy," Neville said as he dropped to his knees and started looking under the table. "They're quite lovely. And dry. And their tummies are wonderfully soft. They're not slimy at all."

"Mental, that one, completely mental," muttered Ron, who had taken a long-handled spoon and was using the handle end to pull dust bunnies from the space between the wall and the refrigerator.

Hermione sighed and rolled a butcher block cart away from the wall and looked behind it.

"Trevor! Trevor! It's me, your Neville! Trevor?" Neville looked up as something brushed his face. Crookshanks was looking at him intently over the edge of the table, the tip of his bushy tail twitching. "Aaaaah! Hermione! Get him out of here!"

Crookshanks made a throaty trill.

"He's growling at me! He wants to eat Trevor!"

"I'd think that if he'd wanted to eat your toad, Neville, he would have already," Hermione said, pointing at the tabletop.

Neville stood too quickly and banged his head on the edge of the table. "Ow!" He rubbed his head. "Trevor!" His pain was forgotten in his elation at seeing his friend alive and well—though beside a large, carnivorous creature. He snatched Trevor up from his precarious position and cradled him to his chest, cooing to him in soothing tones.

Ron stood up and dusted off his knees. "I found some paper money under there." He held out a wrinkled, dusty banknote. "Who's the Muggle on the front?"

Hermione looked at him in disbelief. "You don't know who that is?"

Ron shook his head. "Nope. Do you, Neville?" He asked, holding the folded note up for his friend to see the picture.

"Um, yeah, it's the queen. Queen somebody-or-other. Of England," Neville said, sounding pleased with the breadth of his knowledge of the world.

"I can't believe you two! That's Queen Elizabeth!"

"Didn't she have lots of red hair and wear those big funny collars, though?" Ron asked in puzzlement as he looked at the image again.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "That was Queen Elizabeth the *first*. She's been dead for . . . for hundreds of years. This is Queen Elizabeth the *second*. The queen of England." Hermione took in their blank expressions. "*Our* queen *now*."

"Oh," Ron said.

"I thought she was a lot older," Neville said. "Funny stuff, Muggle money."

The two boys gazed at the picture for a moment, then Ron held it up next to Trevor. He grinned. "Hey, Neville, look at that! I think we've found one of Trevor's long-lost relatives!"

"Boys!" Hermione stomped off, leaving Ron and Neville dissolved in paroxysms of laughter.

Crookshanks followed her, tail high. Silly humans . . .

– **The End** –

Author's Note: No offense intended to fans of QE!!

Challenge Prompts: the Queen of England, the kitchen, and Trevor, the toad

There is a link to the Charming Roots board in my author's profile here.