

# Talk to the Moose

*by peppermint*

Hermione happens on a late-night drinking game at Grimmauld Place

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I don't own it.

This could plausibly fit in canon – and if you wanted it that way, it might be a bit sad at the end.

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Hermione sleepily made her way down the several flights of stairs to the basement kitchen of Grimmauld Place, her belly rumbling. She had arrived after dinner, and Mrs Weasley had been too busy making sure she, Ron, Ginny, and the twins stayed away from the kitchen during the Order meeting to get her a snack. She thought she'd just nip down, make herself a sandwich, and head back to bed.

As she neared the kitchen, she heard raucous laughter and the clink of glass and metal. She glanced down at her attire and cursed her ridiculous fleece pajamas and their print of cavorting moose (a gift from a Canadian cousin). Sure, they kept her warm in the chilly, draughty old house – but they were hardly anything to be seen in in mixed company. She hung back for a moment in the stairwell, peeking into the kitchen.

Several Order members sat at the table, all with a drink in front of them. She could see Sirius, looking disheveled and handsome (well, a girl could look, couldn't she?); Tonks, with her short hair flushing to purple the more she drank and laughed; the dark, bald head had to be Auror Shacklebolt; normally quiet Hestia Jones, and Mr Weasley, looking more relaxed than she'd ever seen him.

Tonks had a Sickle in her hand and threw it down on the table, watching as it bounced into an... ice cube tray? It landed in the middle of the tray and Tonks laughed, picking up the glass in front of her and taking three sips of the contents.

Obviously they were playing some sort of game. Hermione watched with unabashed curiosity as Sirius twirled the Sickle in his fingers, judging the distance between himself and the ice tray. Finally, he flung the Sickle against the table, bouncing it into the furthest slot in the ice tray. Without hesitation, he made a pair of antlers alongside his head with his hands, his thumbs at his temples, and crowed, "MOOOSE!"

Hermione shrieked and fell down the final three steps into the kitchen, landing squarely on her bum in her fluffy moose pajamas.

"Hermione?" Tonks asked, "What are you doing awake at this hour? And why did you scream?"

Hermione stood up, mustering all the dignity she had left (which wasn't much). "I was hungry. And I screamed because... well... Sirius was loud. And there are moose on my pajamas."

"What about your pajamas?" inquired Tonks.

"There's, ah, moose on them," Hermione said, her face burning. She didn't think she could bear it if they all laughed at her – she was humiliated enough already. "I'll just

wait for breakfast, shall I? Have a good night," she offered, turning around and bolting up the stairs to her room where she flung the door open and threw herself on her bed, fat tears of embarrassment rolling down her crimson cheeks.

Hermione was just drying her face and getting ready to get back under the covers when Tonks appeared in the doorway.

"Hey," she said. "I brought you a sandwich. Can I come in?"

Hermione nodded, sniffing.

"They're cute pajamas. I think I might get Sirius some for Christmas – with hippogriffs," Tonks confided, the gentle tease making Hermione smile. "Don't worry about it. Tell you what – when you're finally old enough to play silly drinking games with us, you should wear these – and we'll play Moose again in your honor."

Hermione smiled. "I'd like that."

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Prompt from astopperindeath:

One of the students catches a group of Order members playing Quarters at the kitchen table of Grimmauld Place. Who is at the table, and what does the student see/hear?

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quarters>

I changed the prompt to playing "Moose" - which is another fun variation on Quarters. It's much, much, much sillier. :D

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moose\\_\(drinking\\_game\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Moose_(drinking_game))