

Cloud Watching

by Hanagasume

They argue about everything, except the shapes the clouds make in the summer sky.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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She lay back, staring at the bright blue sky, the sun bright in the corner of her left eye but the rest of the sky clear save for the occasional fluffy white cloud that passed by.

It was her favourite way to spend a Saturday morning, passing the time away in the sun, watching as the clouds floated by. When she had been young, it had been a favourite pastime of hers. She would go cloud watching with her parents when they took her out for the day to the zoo, art gallery, or a museum and stopped in a park for lunch. Those days were long gone, along with any hopes of reconciliation with her family.

But that was another story for another time.

As she stared at the cloud above her, she noted it looked almost exactly like a little cauldron that was smoking from the potion within. She looked over at her companion and reached a hand over to touch his shoulder. He turned to look at her and smiled warmly, making her grin right back at him.

'Cauldron,' she said simply, and he nodded in agreement.

'Pepperup Potion,' he murmured, pointing at the little fluffy white "smoke" curling out of the cauldron-shaped cloud.

She laughed, the sound ringing out softly. 'You may be right,' she agreed.

She allowed her gaze to linger on him for just a moment more. They argued about a great many things, except for the shapes the clouds made in the summer sky. But even though they had heated debates, differences of opinion, and constantly bickered about the toilet seat lid being left up, she loved him more than watching clouds. Turning her eyes back up to the sky, she saw a new cloud formation floating past. It was shaped just like a little owl.

'Looks just like Weasley's pesky little bird,' she heard muttered from beside her.

'Pigwidgeon?' she asked, looking over with a chuckle. 'Yes, I suppose you're right, Severus. It does look a lot like Pig, now that I think about it.'

'I'm always right,' he said smugly.

She made a sound of disbelief, turning her head back up to face the sky. 'That one, over there on the right, looks just like a lightning bolt!' she exclaimed, pointing in the

direction of the cloud.

'Even as I am watching clouds, the Boy-Who-Lived continues to taunt me with his existence,' he mumbled, uttering a sharp 'Ow' when she thumped him on the arm with the hand nearest. 'You needn't be so violent, woman!'

'Watch who you go calling woman, Mr. Snape,' she scolded. 'Or it'll be the guest bedroom for you tonight.'

Chastened, her husband apologised under his breath for the 'woman' comment. They lay on the grass in the park across the road from their house until the sun began to set and the sky turned orange-purple before getting up and holding hands as they made their way home. As Hermione turned back to look at the sky once more on her way inside the house, she saw the cloud was in the shape of a baby, just like the little one growing slowly within her rounded stomach.

She and Severus would teach their little one to appreciate cloud watching.

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A/N - Prompt: They argue about everything, except the shapes the clouds make in the summer sky.