

Snow Angel

by Slytherin Head

Hermione's first year at Hogwarts changes things for her and her family, how will her first Christmas at home be like?

Christmas

Chapter 1 of 1

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Since she was little, Hermione always loved spending Christmas with her mom and dad. With them working all the time, and she being busy with school work, clubs and band, there were few days when they could just sit together and talk. When her letter from Hogwarts came, her mother was afraid that they were never going to spend time together since it was a boarding school. Hermione, of course, reassured her parents that she would come back for Christmas. Even she knew she couldn't spend the whole year away from her parents.

Now, with the Christmas break upon them and the mystery of Flamel hanging above them, Hermione didn't want to go home.

She wanted to help Ron and Harry figure out who Nicholas Flamel was and what Snape was doing with that gruesome three headed dog, Fluffy. She also wanted to read more of the books that were in the library. Since she had gone through the ones in the small library in her hometown, she had been ecstatic to see all the books Hogwarts had to offer.

But when she stepped out from the Hogwarts Express and saw her father waiting for her, there was no Nicholas Flamel, no mystery for them to solve, and no library bigger than her town's library.

All there was, was her hugging her dad as he twirled her around. She even stuck out her tongue at Malfoy when he sneered at her. She didn't care what he thought; she loved her dad and wanted Malfoy to see that she was better than him. After all, she had seen his dad do nothing but give him a nod when he got off the train.

"Hello, princess, ready to go?" her father asked.

Smiling, she just nodded and walked hand in hand with her dad to their car. During the ride home, he told her how they now had two offices and that they were thinking of buying a third one. Hermione smiled, thinking about how long they had dreamed of expanding their practice. If they kept it up, in a few years her parents could retire and they would have more time to themselves and her.

Right now though, she was happy going home for Christmas. She knew the first thing she was going to do (after putting her things away) was go out and make snow angels with her dad. It was always a tradition for them to make them at the first fall of snow. But since she had been at Hogwarts for that, they had to make up for the day she missed.

Once they had pulled up to her house, she had helped her dad with her luggage and the few presents her mother had asked her dad to buy. After they placed everything where it was supposed to go, Hermione and her dad made sure both were wearing their warmest coats. Once they were standing outside on their lawn, Hermione looked at her dad and let herself fall to the ground backwards.

Her dad looked on as he laughed at seeing his daughter acting like she was still five. Settling himself on his back, they started making their snow angels. By the time

Hermione's mum had arrived home she found her lawn covered in different size angels. At least they didn't have to shovel the snow out now.

Later that night, Her parents and she sat around in their sitting room drinking some hot cider and each reading their favorite book. It was the one thing Hermione had missed the most, and the one thing she couldn't do at Hogwarts. Especially in the common room, there was never a day were the twins weren't making a racket and there would be no way Madam Pince would ever let her bring in a hot drink into the library.

So she took full advantage of being at home to do all the things she couldn't do at Hogwarts.

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On Christmas day, Hermione was the first one to wake up. She had, at an early age, discovered her dad putting out the presents around the Christmas tree. When she asked him what he was doing, he told her that Santa had asked him to put her gifts there because he was running short on time. The response the seven-year-old had given her father was a raised eye-brow and a look that said, "You can do better than that." That incident still brought tears to her mother's eyes. Not only because it had been one funny moment but because their little girl was growing up.

To make her parents feel better though, she had pretended to have been sleep walking and not remember what had happened the night before. Besides, if she pretended, then she could still jump on her parents bed screaming "IT'S CHRISTMAS! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!"

When she woke, she sneaked down to see her tree filled with presents upon presents. With a gleeful smile she ran to her parents room and jumped right on their bed. "IT'S CHRISTMAS! UP OR YOU WONT GET YOUR PRESENTS!"

After a breakfast, the Granger family sat in their sitting room waiting for Hermione to open up her presents. Had she known that would be one of the few happy Christmases she would spend with her parents during her Hogwarts years, Hermione would have never gone back to school.

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