

Tappitytaptap

by Aurette

It could be that Hermione is cracking under stress, or it could be that her loved ones
have come up with a plan...

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Chapter 1 of 1

It could be that Hermione is cracking under stress, or it could be that her loved ones have come up with a plan...

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Skitappitytappitytappityskrip.

SkitappitytapPAPskitappityPAP.

Hermione looked up from her revision with a confused scowl. *What in the world—?* She tilted her head but the noise had stopped. Furrowing her brow, she went back to her old notes.

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Looking back up, she dropped her quill on her desk. Walking into the sitting room of the flat she now shared with Ron, she found him sitting in his favorite chair reading the *Daily Prophet*.

"What are you doing?"

"Me? Reading the paper. Why?"

"I thought I heard... tap dancing."

Ron's eyes went wide as he shook his head. "Sorry. You might just be tired. How's the revision coming?"

She blinked several times before answering. "Fine. I just have to get through Charms."

"Good. Good. Best get back to it then. The test's tomorrow after all. Not that you need it."

He lifted his paper back up, crossing his legs. She gave a last look around the room, but there was nothing to be seen, just the second-hand sofa, his and her chairs, and Crookshanks slapping his tail against the hearth. "Right then."

She was only back at her desk for five minutes before it started again.

SKRIPtappitytappitytappityPAPtapittyPAP.

Snarling, she pushed back from the table and stormed back into the sitting room. "What *is* that noise?"

"What noise? I don't hear any noise. Are you sure you simply haven't been studying too much? You've been at it all day and haven't eaten a thing. I bet you let the tea I made you go cold."

She looked back at her desk and saw the mug. "You made me tea?"

"Ages ago."

"Oh. That was so sweet of you."

"I can be sweet."

She smiled, feeling her tension fade. "Of course you can. You know? I think you're right. I *have* studied too much. I just... I think it was lovely for Minerva to let me sit my NEWTS after all, and I don't want to put in a poor showing."

Standing up, he dropped his paper into the seat of his chair, snagging her handbag off the hook by the door. "You won't. You'll be fine." He dropped a kiss on her forehead. "But do let me feed you."

She smiled. "All right."

He took her hand and led her out the door. When it shut behind them, a breeze wafted around the room.

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Crookshanks clicked over to the chair, sniffing the newspaper where it had fluttered to the floor. Rising up on his back feet, he batted at the Muggle laser pointer stuffed into the cushion. His paw clicked against it.

The door opened again as Ron called out behind him, "Won't be a moment, just forgot something!" Lifting his wand, he murmured. "Finite. Thanks, mate. Dover sole, yeh?"

"Mrraow."

"Right."

The door closed again, and Crooks looked down at his paws, then at the four now unstuck Sickles on the floor. He inspected his paw with a lick. He did so love sole.

Prompt: Disturbing sounds appear to emanate from an unlikely source.

Thank you, to not just my warm, wonderful, and this week, whip-wielding beta, Karelia, but to all the moderators, all the readers, the reviewers and the voters. Most of all, thank you to my fellow writers. Every week was a revelation and an inspiration. This has been an honor.