

You're a Witch, Hermione

by phoenix

How does a Muggle-born find out that he or she is magical? See how it happened at the Granger household.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: As always, the HP universe belongs to the incredibly talented JK Rowling and I am merely borrowing them and am making no profit of this endeavor, but I am merely hoping that everyone enjoys this fic.

A/N: I had this idea while driving in the car listening to "Goblet of Fire" the other day, and I have found that not listening to my muses is not an option. I really would have rather worked on one of my many projects already in progress.

Elaine Granger sorted through the post. There was the usual assortment of bills and solicitations, a postcard from her sister - who was summering on the Riviera with her family... She stopped on a letter that had a handwritten address and appeared to be parchment. It was addressed to her and Edward.

Curious, she set the rest of the mail on the table and cracked the wax seal to see what was in the envelope.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Granger,

We at the Hogwarts School are pleased to announce that your daughter Hermione has qualified for our prestigious program. We realize that you probably have not heard of Hogwarts since it is an incredibly exclusive school that selects gifted students only by invitation. We provide the finest education in Britain for students of your daughter's caliber.

A representative will contact you shortly by telephone to arrange a meeting so that we can discuss the curriculum with you in the hopes that you will choose to let your daughter attend this autumn.

Sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

Hogwarts School

Elaine flipped the envelope over, but saw that it had no return address. "Edward, take a look at this. Have you ever heard of Hogwarts?"

He took the letter from his wife's hand. "Can't say that I have. I don't suppose it will hurt to hear what they have to say."

"I suppose not. Odd though that they have waited this late, though. It's almost too late for us to get our deposit back."

That evening the phone rang and Elaine answered it. "Granger residence."

"Good evening, Mrs. Granger. This is Richard Martin, a representative of Hogwarts School."

"Good evening, Mr. Martin."

"Mrs. Granger, I would like to meet with you and your husband tomorrow evening to discuss Hogwarts. Hermione is exactly the sort of student we are looking for."

"Where is this school? I don't know that we want her too far from home." She wanted to get as much information as she could before meeting with him.

"Perfectly understandable that you have questions. I'll answer all your questions for you tomorrow evening. I believe it will be better to discuss them in person."

"If you think so," she replied, dazed that someone from a school would personally recruit a student.

"Is eight o'clock convenient?"

"That would be fine. We'll expect you then. Will you need to meet with Hermione?"

"Not at first. I would not want to prematurely get her hopes up. Once I've answered all your questions, we can talk with her about the school. I'll see you tomorrow evening, Mrs. Granger."

Elaine told Edward that they could expect the representative from the school the following evening, and that he had been reluctant to share information over the phone. She only told Hermione that they were expecting a visitor. The girl was relieved to learn that she would not have to be present and could remain in her room working on her homework.

Once Hermione was upstairs, Elaine said quietly, "If this is an exclusive school, it might be good for her. I worry that she doesn't have any friends. She spends all her time with her books."

Edward replied cautiously, "We'll have to see. We do have a rather good school arranged for her right now, and I don't know that I want to give that up for some place I've never heard of."

"But that would be a good thing, wouldn't it? I mean, if everyone has heard of it, people would be applying, and the quality might not be as good. Mr. Martin sounded like a very pleasant man, very well spoken, too."

"We'll listen to him, but I don't want to make any promises. At least we can question him before Hermione knows about this Hogwarts."

The following evening, Elaine and Edward were quite distracted during dinner.

"Who is this visitor coming tonight?" Hermione asked.

"Someone from Dental Association. This is an important meeting, and we're just a little nervous."

"Oh. Okay," said Hermione.

The rest of the dinner was finished in silence. Hermione excused herself and went upstairs to her room.

Edward looked at Elaine. "Tea?"

"Yes, please," she replied.

They moved to the living room and nervously sipped at their tea. Neither of them had coworkers that had heard of Hogwarts or of a school sending a representative to a family's house.

It seemed to take an eternity for eight o'clock to arrive. When the clock on the mantle finally chimed eight, there was a knock at the door. Elaine stood and smoothed her skirt before heading to the door. Edward followed behind her. She opened the door and saw a nicely dressed man in his mid-forties.

"Mr. and Mrs. Granger? I'm Richard Martin. A pleasure to meet you both." He extended his hand and shook hands with both of them.

"Please, come in," Elaine said and led him to the living room. "Would you like some tea?"

"Thank you very much," he replied as he took a seat. "I appreciate you meeting me with me on such short notice. I realize that you have probably sent applications to other schools and possibly even received acceptance letters."

"I'm very curious about the school. I haven't been able to find any information on Hogwarts or anyone that's heard of it," said Edward.

"As was stated in the letter, Hogwarts is a very exclusive school and admissions are strictly by invitation only."

"Even given that, Hermione's school has not heard of it either. How would you know that she is the type of student you want if you haven't seen her grades?" Edward asked suspiciously.

"There is more to a student than grades, especially students that we want at Hogwarts. I'm sure that you are aware that Hermione is a very special girl. You may also have noticed that she is a bit odd. Perhaps she has had trouble making friends?"

Edward became defensive. "What does that have to do with her education?"

"Quite a bit as far as Hogwarts is concerned. We specialize in students like her."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Edward asked angrily.

"Calm down, dear," Elaine said quietly. "Mr. Martin, are you from the Health Ministry, and are trying to tell us that Hermione has some sort of disease?"

"Goodness no. She is special in a way that you have never imagined. What I am about to tell you will come as quite a shock, but rest assured, what I tell you is one-hundred percent fact. Hogwarts is a school of witchcraft and wizardry. We are inviting Hermione as a student because she is a witch."

The Grangers were momentarily stunned silent. Edward spoke first. "A witch? You mean like those nutters that go up to Stonehenge every year?"

"That is a common misperception, but no. People that you think of as witches are self-proclaimed and possess no magic. Hermione is quite different from them. If you will

allow me to demonstrate, I will show you that magic is quite real." He pulled his wand from inside his suit and waved it at the ottoman, which turned into a cocker spaniel right before their eyes.

Elaine gasped and covered her mouth with her hand.

Edward said, "Goodness gracious." The dog came over and nudged at him. "That-that-that's impossible!"

Martin smiled. "I assure you it's quite real." With another flourish of his wand, the cocker spaniel transformed back into the ottoman and levitated back to where it belonged. "For obvious reason, magical citizens prefer to keep their existence hidden from the non-magical folk, like yourself. Each year, several families are blessed with babies who have magical powers. When those children turn eleven, someone like me from the Ministry of Magic meets with those families to explain how special their child is and invite that child to be a student at Hogwarts."

"What if we don't want her to go?" Edward asked.

"Then we will respect that decision. We strongly encourage parents to allow their children to attend Hogwarts, though. Allowing a magical child to grow up without learning how to control her magic can lead to disastrous consequences. At Hogwarts, Hermione will learn how to control her magic and use it to her advantage. She will fit in much better. Many magical children have problems making friends in the non-magical world because of bursts of uncontrolled magic."

"I think we need some time to make this decision," Elaine replied softly.

"Of course." He reached back into his suit and produced some brochures. "These should answer most of your questions. I will call you in a few days when you have had time to make your decision. It really is the best choice for her. Thank you for your time." He rose and bowed slightly before letting himself out.

"Magic? You don't think?" Elaine whispered.

Edward flipped through the brochures. "I have no idea. It would explain some things, and I don't think that dog was an illusion."

"He said it would be the best for her. She might finally fit in somewhere," Elaine said hopefully.

He sighed. "I know. Let's take a look through what he left us and then go speak with her. It should be as much her decision as ours."

They spent the next hour going through the literature Martin had left them. They discussed how they wanted to go about telling her. They finally agreed that Elaine should be the one to do most of the talking.

Once upstairs, they knocked on her door before entering.

Hermione set down her book. "Come in," she called. She had expected her parents to stop by, telling her it was time for bed, but from the expressions on their faces, that was not why they were there. Her mother and father sat side by side on her bed.

"Hermione," Elaine said, "our visitor tonight was not from the Dental Association. He was a representative from an exclusive school that is interested in having you as a student."

"But I thought we already had my school sorted out?" She had spent weeks convincing her parents to let her choose her school, and she couldn't believe they would change their minds now.

"We did, but we think you might fit in better at this new school. I know that you will probably have a hard time believing what I'm about to tell you. Goodness knows that your father and I did, but you know that we would never lie to you, right?"

"Of course, Mum." She could tell that her parents were very nervous and wondered what they were about to tell her.

"You're a witch, Hermione. A real magical witch and the school we would like you to attend is a magical school. One where you will learn to use your magic."

"Magic? But that's preposterous. There's no such thing as magic." She started out adamant in her assertion, but when she realized that her parents were not joking, she began to have doubts.

"Mr. Martin, a school representative, came to speak with us this evening. He proved to us that magic does exist. He turned the ottoman into a cocker spaniel. There is no denying that magic is real." She held out the brochures, her hand shaking slightly. "These answer the questions you are probably asking yourself. After reading them, your father and I are convinced that this is the best school for you. You can be with people like you and make friends. People won't call you a freak when odd things happen."

When Hermione looked at the brochures, she was surprised to see that the pictures were moving. The only explanation was that they were magical. "It does explain some things, doesn't it?" she asked quietly.

Elaine sunk to her knees and wrapped her arms around Hermione. "It does. And we still love you. You are still our daughter, and we will always want what is best for you."

Edward added, "Think it over and let us know what you have decided. Take your time." He kissed her goodnight and led Elaine from the room.

Hermione stared at the brochures and she could hear her mother's words echoing in her mind. 'You're a witch, Hermione.'

~The End~