

# 19-Sep

*by DawnEB*

Celebrating two events that fall on September 19

Warnings: Strange Silliness and Fluff

## Birthdays and Buccaneers

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione cracked open an eye as she heard the sound of the curtains being drawn back from the window, then immediately wished she hadn't.

"G'way, m'sleepn."

"Oh, no yeh don', me lovely. It be time ye were out o' yeh bunk an' swabbin' yeh face afore yeh grub."

Hermione blinked in the bright light as the two identical faces grinned at her. She turned her back on them, but realised there was no reprieve. Ginny Weasley grinned at her as she sat on the other bed in the room. She was wearing a large multicoloured scarf wrapped over her red hair and a white blouse with a scooped neckline and puffy capped sleeves, tied around the waist with a broad leather belt. This was over a calf-length full skirt in broad blue and white vertical stripes, which was hitched up near one hip so the layered white petticoats underneath were visible. On her feet were black slouch boots.

Glancing back over her shoulder towards Fred and George, Hermione saw that they wore matching outfits of ragged edged T-shirts with black and green horizontal stripes, and equally baggy  $\frac{3}{4}$  length trousers in black over knee high boots with big, floppy turned-over tops. They too had on leather belts, each with a big square buckle, a wicked looking dagger sticking through one side and a flintlock pistol on the other.

Sighing in defeat, Hermione sat up and stretched, causing one of the twins to splutter as the other burst out with, "Wow, Herms! Ye've a well filled topsail on yeh." Both young men ducked out of the room smartly, causing the pillows thrown simultaneously by their sister and her friend to hit the closing door with a harmless *flumpf*.

"Here you go, Hermione, my gift for you." Ginny pulled a large rectangular dress box out from under her bed and passed it across to Hermione. "Happy Birthday." Hermione grinned at the suddenly nervous young woman on the other bed, pulled the top off the box and separated out the tissue paper to reveal the garment inside. All she could do was stare at it, her mouth forming a small 'O' as she ran a finger over the fabric. As the seconds stretched out in silence Ginny became fidgety.

Suddenly, she launched herself from her bed and made a grab for the box. "I'm sorry, Hermione. I should have realised it was a bad idea. Why would you want a second-hand dress? Just let me sling this under the bed and we can forget you ever saw it. I've got a box of chocolates in my drawer, just in case you..."

Hermione grabbed Ginny's hands before they could snatch the box away, and smiled up at her friend. "Ginny, it's beautiful. I was just overcome for the moment. Besides, it's not second-hand, it's antique. Here, help me look at it properly."

As Hermione scrambled out of bed, Ginny unwrapped the long dress and held it up to her. Hermione caressed the antique silk and lace, then stood in front of the long

mirror on Ginny's wardrobe door. The fabric was in a pale green and ivory. The lace at the low-cut square neckline and the cuffs of the sleeves was a soft ivory too. Hermione suspected that when new they would have been far brighter, but the gentler, aged tones suited her colouring well. The tight fitting bodice came to a deep 'V' at the front from a relatively natural waistline at the back and sides, and the full, ankle-length skirt was gathered into it.

"I found it in a trunk in the attic at No. 12 when I was helping Harry open it up. Of course, most of the stuff was beyond salvaging, but all that was wrong with this was the need for a good cleaning." Ginny pulled out the skirt at the side. "Of course, I've remodelled it a bit. I did it all by hand magic only works well if there is a sound form to fix it to, or it's liable to let you down at a crucial moment."

Seeing the appreciative look in Hermione's eyes, Ginny warned to her subject, pointing out the relevant places. "I altered the hemline and the bodice to fit your natural shape. I didn't think you'd appreciate having to wear a period corset or panniers to make it fit. Having said that, I incorporated some corsetry charms into it; just enough to give you some support and let the dress hang well, but not enough to restrict your movement." A yell from downstairs reminded them that breakfast was ready, and Hermione ducked out to have a quick wash before putting on the dress and going down to eat.

The sight that greeted Hermione as she entered the kitchen was nearly enough to make her eyes water. There was the entire Weasley clan, dressed in a variety of overblown and garishly coloured garments that would have done an old Hollywood Technicolor film set proud. Lavender was sat on Ron's knee, wench-style, mindless of Molly's disapproving looks as she asked Ron if it was a belaying pin in his pocket, or was he just pleased to see her. Harry was blushing crimson as Fleur made some comment about his outfit of knee-high riding boots, tailored britches, billowing shirt and black silk scarf tied tightly over his hair, all of which had the hallmark of Ginny's touch. He looked around and, spotting Hermione, made an appreciative sound that drew everyone's attention.

Hermione had Transfigured a towel into a suitable petticoat, and a pair of plain black court shoes now sported large buckles. She had put her hair up with some antique silver combs she had also been gifted with for her birthday, and a mass of curls tumbled from the crown of her head. "Shiver m'timbers, Herms, very Kiera Knightley!" said one of the twins, while the other muttered, "Cor, she could shiver *my* timber any time she wants," which comment caused him to duck from the bread roll Charlie threw at him, only to be hit by the one from the unexpected direction of Arthur. Hermione grinned at the antics.

Kiera Knightley. As if she needed reminding of what had led to the current situation. Hermione had been house-sitting for her parents while they took a long awaited cruise during the summer. Harry and Ginny had turned up with the twins in tow one afternoon, and, after making popcorn and grabbing some lagers and a bottle of wine from the fridge, they had sat down to watch a DVD. Rifling through her parent's collection, Hermione had decided on *Pirates of the Caribbean* as a film with something for everyone.

Later, while the twins duelled each other around the living room with big rubbery cutlasses they'd Transfigured out of celery from the salad Hermione prepared to go with dinner, Harry and Ginny brought up the subject of Hermione's approaching birthday.

"Come on, Hermione. We know your birthday is after the start of term, but this year it falls at the weekend, so there's no excuse. I'm sure you can arrange for a weekend off. You've got to let us mark your quarter century in style," Ginny cajoled.

Harry joined in. "I know you don't like a fuss, but we don't see too much of you anymore, and it would be an excuse to all get together. Tell you what, why don't we use your dad's computer it has Internet access, right? and see if there is anything on that weekend to give us a few ideas?"

At the mention of the Internet, the twins dropped their swords and rushed over. "Please, dearest bushy-headed one, please take us on a trip into the Web. We promise not to offload porn onto your dad's tarred drive this time."

"You two will **not** be laying a finger on Dad's computer. You will not be given the opportunity to download porn onto his hard drive, or anywhere else, ever again. I will be the only one using it." Hermione ignored the identical exaggerated pouts and led the way into the study to boot up the computer. Harry pulled up a chair on one side and pulled a giggling Ginny onto his knee so they could both see, and the twins huddled together with all the childlike wonder of Muggle technology they had inherited from their father writ on their faces. She strongly suspected that the reason they had been spending so much time keeping her company this summer wasn't solely for her benefit.

"Well, any ideas what search term I should use?" Hermione asked as she clicked round the screen with the mouse before pulling the cover off the keyboard.

"Dunno." Harry replied. "How about 'Events in September'?"

Hermione typed and entered, and scrolled down a long list. "This is hopeless. We'll have to narrow it down in some way."

Ginny pointed at the screen. "What about that one? The 'Calendar of Events Sept '04' with a UK address. It might give us a place to start."

Hermione clicked on the link, and a list appeared. Scrolling down to the weekend of the 18th and 19th of September, there was little of interest. Suddenly, one of the twins (George?) grabbed her hand and made her click on a link. As the new Web page opened, she looked on it with horror. "No way am I going to get involved with something so, so, *asinine*, George, so you can forget it."

"But Herms, it could be so much fun. We could make it a Theme Party and hold it at the Burrow. Mum'd like that," George enthused.

"Yeah, dressing up and lots of food and drink, everyone letting their hair down a bit. It'd be a laugh. C'mon, Herms, let's have a party," wheedled Fred.

Eventually, when no other ideas presented themselves and she'd finished her glass of wine, Hermione agreed to consider the idea, hoping that everyone would forget that she shared her birthday with *Talk Like a Pirate Day* before too long. Unfortunately, the owl that dropped the party invitation into her porridge at the High Table a week after term and the new school year began dispelled that hope.

Hermione sat at the large wooden table. Molly had finally agreed to have the cosy kitchen enlarged when the growing numbers of her extended family could no longer fit around the old well-scrubbed table for Sunday lunch, although most days it was large enough for whomever was around at the time. Like much of The Burrow, the extension was just tacked on the side, and was still rather new looking compared to the rest of the house. It had a large sideboard, a matching table (which magically extended when needed rather than needing to add leaves) and twelve ladder-back chairs.

As yet, it was barren of the usual Weasley touches, but Hermione looked over at Fleur stroking her gently swollen stomach and realised that it was only going to be a matter of time before the Weasleys would spill over into this and make it unquestionably their own, no matter how unlikely the joining looked at first.

A polite if somewhat pompous sounding 'Ahem' broke her from her reverie, and she thanked Percy as he passed her a plate of toast. Molly had been overjoyed to discover that Percy had been working as a spy for the Order within the ranks of the Ministry, and he had been welcomed back as the Prodigal Son. Although obviously pleased to be back on good terms with his family, Percy was still a bit of a prig. He had opted today to dress more as a Colonial Governor: a brown suit and wig of Eighteenth Century style, with white silk stockings and high heeled, buckled shoes. Hermione thanked him and set to her breakfast.

After everyone had eaten their fill and the table had been cleared, Hermione was treated to her presents. Molly had knitted her some hair nets of the type that would hold her hair neatly in a loose bag at the back of her neck while she was working, and Ron and Lavender had given her some handkerchiefs in a velvet drawstring purse. Remus and Tonks sent their apologies, and a T-shirt with 'Official Snake Charmer' printed across it.

The only book was from Fred and George, who gave her a leather-bound journal that had been charmed in the same way as the Marauder's Map; to reveal the entries you spoke a keyword, another made the writing invisible, and anyone using the wrong keywords made insulting comments appear. Everyone else gave her stationery supplies of different kinds quills, parchment and inks for which she was always thankful.

The gift giving over and breakfast having settled, the gathering began *Talking Like Pirates* in earnest, laughing merrily at each silly phrase, Salty Sea Dog story and ribald joke until after lunch, when Harry had inadvertently yelled out, "Avast behind!" at the same moment both Ginny and her mother had bent over to put away the clean dishes. The familiar looks of outrage on both women's faces as Harry blushed bright red and tried to explain himself left everyone else paralysed with laughter, mother and

daughter joining in after a minute, and Harry joining in ruefully shortly after.

Things moved on as George demonstrated the latest *Wheezes* product. He'd claimed to have got the idea from Muggle entertainment called 'cartoons'. Pointing his pistol at Charlie, George pulled the trigger, and a little flag shot out with the word 'BANG' printed on it. Percy had huffed in derision at the 'pathetic display', so Fred offered to show him a variation they were working on. Pointing his flintlock at Percy and pulling the trigger, a loud report and billow of white smoke issued from the pistol.

As the smoke cleared, Percy was revealed, his face a uniform pitch black only relieved by his slowly blinking eyes, which stood out big and bright. His wig now stood out in a corona of long, black and smouldering spikes around his face. Everyone but the twins managed to hold their amusement in until Molly, true to mothers everywhere, spat on a hankie and attempted to scrub her son's face clean. While Percy tried to squirm away from his mum, the twins managed to stop giggling long enough to explain it was just a short-lived *glamour*, which allowed the rest of the family to give in to their mirth.

During a lull in conversation, Lavender admired Hermione's dress; apparently the style was becoming quite popular in fashionable circles, with witches opting to wear the more traditional robes open over such dresses to restaurants and less formal events. Fleur agreed, and lamented the fact that she would not be able to wear a fitted style for sometime, although there was a contented smile on her face as she placed her hand over her tummy and looked over at Bill. Shortly thereafter, Ron and Harry started to organise some party games, starting off with one called 'Walk the Plank', which they insisted Hermione began, being the Birthday Girl.

Hermione left the house while everyone was embroiled in the party games and walked in the cool air of the approaching evening. As she walked alongside the hedge by the old broom shed, a figure emerged from the shadows. Hermione gasped. He was dressed in black knee-high boots and tight-fitting britches. His shirt, with its full sleeves and neckline open for a hand's breadth, was black too. More startling was the waistcoat; the thigh-length front a brocade of silver sea serpents writhing in a deep green sea. As he twisted to see if anyone else was within sight, she could see the shorter, waist-length back was a plain green satin and that his black hair was tied back at the nape of his neck with a silver snake, its coils wrapped around the short queue three times.

"Severus, I see you're wearing my gift, at last." Hermione's fingers reached up to touch the snake before lingering on his neck.

"And I see you wore mine," Snape nodded at the silver combs in Hermione's hair. Before she could reply, he stepped forward and pulled her into a passionate kiss. After a while he released her mouth, although he kept their bodies tight pressed. "Happy Birthday, Hermione."

"It is now you're here, Severus." Hermione closed her eyes as he reached down and kissed her tenderly on one side of her mouth, then the other, her cheek and just below her ear before moving down to ravish her neck with his mouth.

A squeal brought their heads up, and, as people become visible farther down the garden, Snape pulled Hermione deeper into the sheltering shadows of the overgrown hedge. They watched as Fred struggled out across the garden, a vocal and kicking Lavender slung across his shoulder. George acted as rearguard, wielding a rubbery sword to fend off the rescue attempts of Ron and Percy, the latter almost succeeding in incapacitating Fred when he called out for him to 'stop tarnishing the good reputation of the witch'; which comment made both Hermione and Snape snort in amusement.

As the merrymakers tussled good-naturedly and returned to the house, Hermione turned to Severus. "You'd be welcome to join us. I know you got an invitation."

Snape squeezed her hand gently before he raised it to his lips. "Hermione, during both the year we have been together and the preceding three years that it took you to convince me that not only were you serious about pursuing a relationship with me, but I would be a fool to turn you down, your friends and family have come to accept me as being part of your life. However, accepting me and being comfortable with me are not the same thing. I feel the same way. Maybe, in time, things will change. For now, I will snatch a few moments of your company on this special day before I release you back to your friends."

Hermione accepted the truth of what he said with a sigh, then looked him over with a gleam in her eye. "Then I thank you for making the effort to dress the part, even if I'm the only one to see you. I must say, Severus, that the look suits you, or should I say, 'I like the cut o' yer jib'? I hope I can get you to wear it again for me in future maybe a little private role play?"

Severus growled and pulled her against him. "I can't say I'm averse to that idea." He paused and looked at her dress with a critical eye. "Although I think we will need to get you something else to wear."

Hermione looked down at her dress in dismay. "You don't like the dress? What's wrong with it?"

Severus stopped sucking on her earlobe long enough to murmur in her ear "The dress is exquisite, just like you, which is why I'm sure you would prefer to be wearing something more commonplace when I rip your clothes off you in true blackguard style."

Hermione felt a pulse shoot through her. "Maybe I ought to thank the boys for insisting on the Pirate theme, after all?" she said as she ran a finger down the long row of silver buttons.

It was twenty minutes later when a rosy cheeked Hermione re-entered the kitchen. Molly looked up and smiled distractedly as she fussed with a pile of side plates and paper napkins. "There ye be! I was about t' send out a shore party t' search for 'ee. Time t' be blowing out the candles and slicing the cake."

Ginny sipped at a glass of grog and cast a knowing look her way as Harry asked, "What've you been up to outside for so long, Hermione?"

"Oh, just helping a buccaneer bury his treasure." She replied nonchalantly, causing Ginny to snort rum out of her nose. Yes, definitely a birthday to remember, Hermione thought with a smile.

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AN: Arrr, 'Appy Birthday, 'Ermione, yer saucy wench.

I make no apologies for this, but will hide behind the sofa in case of cannon fire.

Some links for Talk Like A Pirate day:

<http://www.yarr.org.uk/talk/> (TLAPD UK HQ)

<http://talklikeapirateday.com/wordpress/> (link to a nice little educational film on how to talk like a pirate)

<http://www.talklikeapirate.com/howto.html#pickup> (scroll down to the pick up lines, I dare you)