

On Certain Tuesdays

by avvelenare

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N:

[1] Miticiel is pronounced as *Mi* (*tip, inch*) – *tigh* (*about, ado; very short syllable*) – *chel* (*chair, chain*) (*bet, egg*). (It sounds sort of Italian or Renaissance-ish [Medici] that way... hehehehe...)

[2] Thank you to Good_Witch, who betaed this story.

[3] Comments are very much welcome!

Eight years of marriage and three children later, Hermione Snape thought that she had dealt with all the most absurd things that little wizarding children, ranging from ages four to seven, could possibly come up with. It just happened that the most unusual incidents occurred on Tuesdays, the one weekday she and Severus were free from their teaching duties.

Not so long ago, she heard Miticiel, at the age of five, moan loudly about the injustice that he could not, in fact, buy his own broom. Not so that he could fly, like all the other boys his age wanted (for, like his mother, he was dreadfully afraid), but so that he could smack his little sister, Katarina, for doing her first bout of magic. This instance, unfortunately, involved having Miticiel's hair turn bright neon pink, Katarina's favorite color. Then, after he had moaned and groaned and complained for most of the day, he decided that he didn't need a broom to just smack the girl – he simply did. Consequently, the gangly little toddler ended up getting himself thoroughly reprimanded by his father, the ever-feared Severus Snape.

A week before that, Christina, the eldest of the three, thought it would be quite nice to break in and experiment with the potions she recently discovered in her daddy's laboratory. She had sneaked them out, stuffing them in her pocket and bringing them to the breakfast table. Though gifted, as she had inherited her father's brilliance for potion-making, she did not have the experience to know that if you mixed Potion A with Potion B and added it to wizarding breakfast cereal, the result would be something so much more outlandish than any of Uncle Fred and Uncle George's creations. It had immediately exploded, sending bits everywhere, thankfully not injuring anyone. Most

remarkably, it had flown into her father's open mouth, gagging him in the process. Not to mention the explosion had created a fruity, multi-colored swamp that rather traumatized Severus. Moreover, it had also turned Hermione's pristine dungeon kitchen into some sort of "Care Bear Land," according to Katarina who had giggled and poked her father's now canary yellow nose. Severus had grimaced at the obviously Muggle term and had immediately ordered his children to "stop watching that blasted show!"

On that lovely morning, however, Hermione wanted to use that free day to read a book and relax with Katarina. Severus took Miticiel and Christina to Diagon Alley to shop for supplies. However, she did not know that she would face a dilemma that did not have anything to do with pink hair, young, violent children, or painfully colored kitchens and swamps. No, this morning, Hermione had to deal with the questions that her most adorable youngest daughter could come up with. Katarina, at the age of four, was in *that* stage.

At first, she began asking simple questions, those which did not require much thought.

"Mummy, where's Daddy?"

"Mummy, what's a quill?"

"Why do the stairs move, Mummy?"

After an hour and a half of non-stop speculation, Katarina's questions evolved more to those queries which required not only some thinking but also quite a long explanation. Others were just plain annoying.

"Mummy, what's an Animagus?"

"Mummy, why aren't you teaching Potions like Daddy?"

"Mummy! I'm hungry! Why don't we eat now?! Is it lunch time yet? Mummy! Where are you going? I'm hungry!"

"Sweetheart, I told you to finish your breakfast. It's only ten in the morning. Your father is going to be furious when he finds out that I'm going to get you food. Wait here..." came Hermione's slightly exasperated mumble.

But the question that truly shocked Hermione came later that day.

For a while, it was pretty quiet. Katarina had already grown quite tired from her incessant questioning. As Hermione began to finally enjoy her book in silence, she felt someone tugging the hem of her robes.

Large brown eyes stared innocently up at her mother's. Inwardly, Hermione sighed, anticipating another one of her "Mummy, what are you reading?" inquiries. On the outside, however, Hermione beamed at her youngest.

"Mummy, how did I get here?"

Hermione blinked. What on earth? "Sweetheart, I believed you walked. Remember yesterday, when we went to Hogsmeade? You walked back."

Katarina shook her head almost violently, her pigtailed flapping on her face. "No, Mummy! Not that! How did I get *there*?"

No. Impossible... she was only four... she couldn't mean –

"I asked Christina yesterday and Christina says it was the stork. But I don't believe Christina! Now, Mummy! How did I get here?" Katarina demanded.

Hermione paled.

"Er... sweetheart..."

"Mummy, please! I really want to know! Nobody wants to tell me the truth! I asked Daddy before we left and he told me to ask you!" Tears welled up in her eyes.

"All right," Hermione gulped, thinking fast. "Er... let me see... you... er.... You came in a box. That's right! One day, I opened the door, and there you were.... In a box."

Katarina's eyes widened in fascination. She came in a box!

"Really? What about Miticiel and Christina? How'd they get here?"

Now, Hermione was more confident. Katarina obviously bought her story.

"They came the same way you did. All of you were wrapped and special and in a very pretty box... only you came in a pink box, Miticiel in a blue box, and Christina in a green one."

"Oh. Okay." Her voice was soft, very much absorbed in the information her mother had given her. She padded off to her little play area and thought hard.

A small smile appeared on her face when she realized: she came in a box... just like the ones during Christmas and her birthday. She looked up at her mummy who smiled at her. Katarina liked Tuesdays, even though sometimes Miticiel would get angry with her, Christina would ignore her, or Daddy would sometimes frown at her when she asked him too many questions; she liked Tuesdays because it was the one day that she got to spend a whole day with her mummy. Katarina grinned back. She was a gift to her mummy, and that made everything else in the world so special.

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