

Afternoon Tea

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Pomona Sprout and Irma Pince sit down and remember the old days.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Pomona Sprout, although most of her time was spent in the greenhouses tending to her plants, enjoyed visiting the library once in a while. Madam Pince, who she knew as Irma, had been her friend for a great many years.

"Good afternoon, Irma," Pomona said brightly as she entered the library.

"Good afternoon, Pomona. It's been quite a while since you came in for a visit." Irma went over and gave her friend a hug.

"I know, but you could come out and visit me once in a while as well."

"Would you like a cup of tea? The library is rather quiet today – the weather is too nice, and I imagine most students are skivving off their studies in favor of enjoying the warm weather."

"I would love a cup of tea, thank you."

Irma brought out some biscuits, a pot of tea, and some cups, and soon they were sitting, talking about the old days.

"Do you remember that day at Ollivanders?" Pomona asked, a twinkle in her eye.

"How could I forget? I thought he'd never recover from the fire that you caused!"

"Hey, I wasn't the only one causing mayhem that day. You were the one who shattered the glass in the window!"

The two women laughed and shook their heads, the memories of days gone by making the time a bit more merry.