Sit a Spell
by Floris_Oren

Summary

Hermione finds herself a slow, autumn day.

Notes

time line got FUCKED up. But I think it's cute nonetheless.

For the past few years Hermione has always found herself to be busy at Hogwarts; either by keeping her friends alive with miles of research, or doing up homework assignments, or tutoring the younger classes of Ravenclaw’s and Gryffindor’s; it is nigh impossible to find Hermione at rest on a crisp autumn day, just a week before Halloween.

Yet, the girl sits in thought sitting upon a cushioned wingback chair by the fireplace. Her school work laid about her on a table and the floor. A tea tray had appeared upon another table by Dobby some time ago, it held hot apple cider, ginger bread and sugar cookies baked in the shapes of pumpkins with black eyes and wide open mouths.

Hermione abandoned her work and set in upon the snack; of course there was only enough for her; the Gryffindor Quidditch team were out practicing, so Harry and Ron had abandoned their work for their sport. Typical. She made them both a set of study notes though. Thoroughly bored with the
Goblin Wars of 1300 B.C. Hermione groused at herself as she set both piles of paper down on the books. They were the regular one’s muggles used, with the lines. Hermione liked to have a bit for studying. She never turned these in to the Teachers.

She had plenty of parchment, but tried to use it sparingly. Especially when Snape wanted six feet, exactly. Measuring had to happen. Hermione is convinced that it’s part of the learning process. That somehow knowing how to measure and cut parchment correctly for the required length was intrinsic to Potion making.

Ron and Harry cried BS on that one; they were probably right.

Hermione sighed and slipped to the floor. Her arithmancy work was done, so she packed that up and filed it away in her case. The Transfiguration homework is done. Their subject this time was turning a tablecloth into robes. Hermione practiced the spell a few times on some old tablecloths she’d actually found in some random closet in Gryffindor closet. Theys were super cute. Red, with ruffled sleeves of checkered black and gold squares. The ribbon made out of a plain gold and Hermione had even found some lace to use as well. Every Student had to write about where they had found the materials, and what they did to get it to work.

Let’s just say Ron and Harry’s capes were…..rather short. But Hermione wasn’t going to fix their mistakes if they thought a sport was more important than school work. Honestly. Boys!

Crookshanks took this opportunity to stomp all over the pages. Hermione grabbed up her pot of ink and closed the lid on it. Then the cat is lying in her lap. She pet her cat and thought about Scabbers. It was odd to be in the tower alone with Black running around. And even if the boys had made up with her about reporting the broomstick, she still had done the right thing. And to be very honest, Hermione is tired.

She decided that the rest of her work could wait until Saturday.

She’ll allow herself a single afternoon to do nothing, just pet her cat and eat sweets and read that one book on domestic charms and spells. That seemed rather interesting.

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