

Mischief Managed

by IrishEspressoGirl

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bill and Charlie were excited! Mum and Dad had finally agreed to take them to see their uncles Fabian and Gideon play in a real, live Hogwarts Quidditch match. Sporting scarlet and gold jumpers that their mum had knitted for the February match, the boys dashed ahead into the crowd.

Molly held fast to eighteen-month-old Percy. "Boys!" she warned, to no avail.

Arthur took her hand in his. "Ah, let them have fun, dear," he said comfortingly.

The happy family found their seats just as the scarlet-clad players entered the stadium. Percy clung to his mother's robes as the players flew around the pitch, assuming their positions. The balls were released, and the players were off! Bill and Charlie leapt from their seats instantly, cheering for their uncles.

Molly was pleased that her sons were enjoying themselves, but as she watched her brothers swinging clubs at some ferocious-looking Bludgers, she began to regret coming to the game.

Players on too-small broomsticks and uncontrollable flying balls had her stomach in knots, and her unborn babies seemed to be jumping for joy at their mother's distress. Molly looked down at her extended belly and chastised her unborn sons.

Hearing her, Arthur chuckled. "Are the twins giving you trouble, dear?"

Pressing his palm gently against Molly's belly, Arthur could feel his sons' excitement! The tiny kicks seemed to him the insistent beat of butterfly wings, but he knew that to their mother, it must feel as if the boys were wrestling.

Arthur kissed his wife's temple lovingly and squeezed her hand. She already had to endure four Weasley men, and two more were on the way! His heart swelled with love and admiration for Molly. He kissed her again and spoke into her ear, just loud enough to be heard over the roaring crowd. "I love you, my Mollywobbles."

Arthur looked up to see his three sons turned and gawking at their parents. Arthur flushed. "What's wrong, boys? Nothing you haven't seen. Back to the match," he admonished.

The boys didn't turn back to Quidditch; instead, they continued to stare at Molly, mouths open. Only when Percy burst into tears and pointed a quivering finger at his mum did Arthur notice.

His wife's eyelashes, now rainbow-coloured, were growing alarmingly fast! It seemed someone had cast--badly--a Faux Eyelash Charm on her.

"Molly, your eyelashes are decorated," he said, winking. "Much prettier this time; they're getting better at this."

Molly blinked confusedly before realising she could see her own eyelashes--again! Her face flushing red, she murmured a counter-charm, hoping no one else had seen.

The babies seemed to sense their mother's embarrassment at their magical prenatal antics, and the thumping became more insistent. *While in utero* magic wasn't unheard of, Molly knew it was rare. The little rascals were something special, indeed--already troublemakers, and they were poking fun at her!

Molly laughed at her little mischief-makers, and smiling up at Arthur, she predicted, "These two are going to be an adventure!"

Author's Notes: First and foremost, thanks to Sea Isle Witch for beta-reading and to Lady WhiteHart for proof-reading. And thanks to the lovely ladies of Romancing The Wizard for hosting such a fabulous challenge and LJ-community!

And a bit about the magic in my story: As we know from canon, young children can show signs of magical ability. This ability, which is raw talent, can manifest itself particularly when the child is feeling some sort of strong emotion. Magic and Nature seem to mesh well together, and childbearing is probably one of the more Natural phenomena that humans, Muggles and Magicals alike, experience. My assertion here is that an expectant mother, in being close to Nature, is drawn even closer to Magic. Molly's two sons, who exhibit quite a bit of magical power--particularly with charms--in HP canon, are in the most Natural state of their lives. And so, the twins' combined excitement in teasing their mother, together with Molly's feelings of stress and embarrassment, are enough to shape raw magic into a simple, mis-cast charm.

While the idea that the twins' magic can manifest itself through their mother is my idea (as far as I know), the Magic and Nature theory is not my own, so I must give credit where credit is due. You can find Connie Ann Kirk's essay on Imagi(c)nation at [HP Lexicon](#).

Mischief Managed was written for RTW's *Challenge Thirteen: Marauder's Map*. It had to be set during the 1970s and take place at a specific location around Hogwarts; I chose the Quidditch pitch. The story needed to be 500 words, incorporate the prompt "Faux-Eyelash Charm," and show some magic.

Mischief Managed was the recipient of an Enchanted Quill for being a Memorable Fiction.