

Knots

by guiltysecret79

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Ginevra's hair always did get tangled easily. I pull the brush gently through the snarls and knots, trying to ignore her squeaks of complaint. I could probably do this ten times faster with a charm, but I like the closeness I get to share with my daughter when I brush her hair. If I tried to put a comb anywhere Ron's head now, he'd struggle and turn red, and if I suggested I tamed their hair, the twins would probably make the brush explode. The oldest boys are men now, and all I have left of my time caring for them are memories.

I tease apart a particularly stubborn knot and glance at the clock. Ginny's hand is edging ever closer to 'Hogwarts Express' for the first time.

Sometimes I envy the Muggle families I see around me, as they get to keep their children all year round. But then I remind myself that if I had Fred and George at home, the Burrow would probably collapse within a month. I think Hogwarts might be a little more durable than my homey cottage. But tomorrow my nest will feel emptier than ever, and I'll wish, yet again, that they didn't have to make the long journey to Scotland each autumn.

The brush is running more smoothly now Ginny's locks are almost all combed out. I know that she'll be home at Christmas, but it feels like the knots I'm unsnagging in her hair are the last of the ties that bind her here.