

# A Bad Distraction

*by norwegianeyes*

*He always worried about Remus, especially on these nights.*

## A Bad Distraction

*Chapter 1 of 1*

*He always worried about Remus, especially on these nights.*

Ron was tense as he stared at the sunset. He had never really looked at it before. It reminded him of paintings by a Muggle artist, Jackson Pollock, splashed with orange, pink, and blue.

He turned away; the sunset was pretty but not a fantastic distraction. His young mind was occupied with a certain werewolf: Remus. Tonight was the full moon, and as usual, Ron was babysitting Teddy. He always worried about Remus, especially on these nights. He would wonder what the transformation was like, since Remus never wanted to discuss it.

The second youngest Weasley stopped when he noticed a ragged cloak on the floor. He smiled and bent to pick it up. He hugged it to his chest, burying his long nose in the soft fabric, inhaling Remus' scent. His face relaxed. Yes, Remus would be safe tonight. He had to come home sometime, and Ron would be there to greet him.