

Twenty Random Facts About the Extremely Handsome, Ever Charming Charlie Weasley as Told by Nymphadora Tonks

by luvshcharlie

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One-shot

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One: Even at the early age of six, Charlie Weasley had possessed "extremely superior tree-climbing skills" (if you listened to him). Of course, Tonks often pretended to be having more difficulty than she was when "racing" to the top of the tree in order to allow him to win. If not, they would only have to do it again... and again until he won. The boy really was quite clumsy if the truth were told. She only wished she had grown out of her clumsiness, as he had.

Two: Showing her a snake that he had been carrying around in his pocket when they were halfway up the tallest tree in the orchard had earned him a very quick trip to the bottom, as well as a visit to the Healer. That had ended their tree climbing for the entire summer, at least while their parents were watching.

Three: If Bill was around, Charlie was much more likely to pull her hair or push her down, even though he knew she would make him pay dearly later (and she always did). Honestly, she was glad his parents didn't have a daughter when they were younger or they might not have believed she could "accidentally" run over him with her broom three times in a single day. It was a wonder the things she could get by with if she managed a few tears in the telling of it.

Four: Charlie would do anything to make her angry, if that meant her hair would change colours without her knowledge. The strangest things fascinated boys. She learned later, they didn't grow out of that.

Five: A stick and a large bug or squishy worm that moved when poked were all it took to amuse Charlie and his older brother, Bill, for hours on end. Unfortunately, boys didn't grow out of that either.

Six: She had kissed him once when they were seven. It had resulted from a simple game of "house" that she had talked him and Bill into playing with her. He had been "leaving for work", and she had kissed him goodbye, just as her mother always did when her father left the house in the morning. It had resulted in much spitting, and wiping of his face, as well as many remarks of "ugh" and "gross" and "What'd ya go and do that for?"

Seven: She was glad to report, Charlie *had* outgrown his aversion to being kissed. In fact, by the time they were fifteen, he had become quite the accomplished kisser. Bill was an excellent kisser as well...

Eight: When embarrassed, Charlie turned the exact shade of red as his hair. She never ceased finding him adorable when embarrassed. Luckily, with Bill around, it was a shade he often adopted.

Nine: Having a birthday so close to Christmas in a family the size of his was not conducive to scoring a large present. Tonks always made sure to get him something extra special for his birthday. Their sixth year at school it had been a racing broom. She swore him to secrecy, making him promise not to tell anyone where he had gotten it, for fear that she would lose her position as Chaser on the Hufflepuff Quidditch team if her captain found out.

Ten: Charlie Weasley had a rather large mouth. Keeping secrets, she learned from her viewpoint in the Quidditch stands at school during the remainder of sixth year and the entirety of their seventh, was not to be counted among his strengths.

Eleven: Charlie Weasley learned very early in life that the dimple that played in and out of his left cheek whenever he bestowed a smile upon the nearest female was a gift that could not be adequately measured in Galleons.

Twelve: If you were charming enough, and he was, that same dimple worked equally as well on the nearest bloke.

Thirteen: No matter how charming you were, when your girlfriend caught you bestowing that dimple upon bird or bloke, it earned your bits a kick that left you rolling on the ground and moaning like a baby.

Fourteen: No one else was allowed to call Tonks 'Nymph'. She was Charlie's Nymph, and Charlie's alone. Anyone else who tried it found himself on the receiving end of a Bat-Bogey Hex the likes of which Hogwarts had never seen. Ginny Weasley learned from the best.

Fifteen: Charlie got his first tattoo on his seventeenth birthday. She watched him whinge like a baby throughout the entire procedure. Of course, he didn't remember it. He had his older brother and his first bottle of Ogden's finest to thank for that. She could tell you where the small dragon was located... but she won't.

Sixteen: Charlie doesn't love easily, and he never said 'I love you' to anyone but her. His heart was about as easy to penetrate as a dragon's thick, scaly hide, and she was the only person to ever see the man beneath for what he truly was. "A shame," she thought, "that I still couldn't compete with giant lizards."

Seventeen: Tough as he was, and she had to admit that there were few things Charlie feared, a spider on the floor, even one no larger than a fourth of a Knut, still sent him scrambling to stand in the nearest chair. Tonks was the only one who knew this, and she had been sworn to secrecy long ago. He had a reputation to uphold after all.

Eighteen: The biggest mistake Charlie ever made was assuming she would always be there and available for him. She had two choices. Remus had simply been the one that made the most sense at the time, and she loved him, albeit in a far different way. Much had changed that night she and Charlie had ended what was between them with words that they could never take back, no matter how much they wanted to. Tonks—his Nymph—had married another, even after Charlie had grabbed her chin, forced her to meet his eyes and sworn that her heart would always belong to him... and only him.

Nineteen: When Charlie was right, he was right. Her heart never belonged to another. Since they first parted, not long after school, she had compared every man she met to him, but nobody measured up to Charlie Weasley. He had simply set the bar too high. All others fell short. She had, for lack of a better word, settled. Remus was a good man, and her son needed a father.

Twenty: The first time Charlie left to begin his new job in Romania her heart shattered into a million pieces standing there on the platform waving at him until the train was little more than a spot in the distance. He promised to return, and he did, many times over the years. But he always left again, and each time he went, she died a bit more inside. Loving a man like that took a woman made of strong stuff... stronger stuff than she.

There wasn't a day she drew breath that Charlie Weasley didn't own her heart. If only, she thought, we could control whom we fall in love with, our lives would travel much less rocky paths...

But, we would be all the worse for it.

The time that she spent with Charlie, even if those moments in her life were bittersweet and far too infrequent as the years passed, stood out from all the others. Those little spots in time shone like the brightest of stars on a black, inky sea when she looked back over her life.

Her last thought before the green light that stamped out her life much too soon was of him. She wondered if Charlie would recognize the dimple that played in and out of her son's left cheek?

~Fin.~