

Do You Remember...

by juniperus

Arthur and Molly sit, swing, and reminisce.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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One freckled, work-worn hand entwined with another, larger and with ink-stained fingertips, but just as freckled. The two hands sat on a broad thigh (half-covered with a faded cotton apron), which sat next to another (encased in threadbare corduroy that had seen many years of tinkering with Muggle engines).

“Do you remember how they argued over the color of the fireworks for the wedding? Fred was so adamant about blue chrysanthemums to match Fleur’s eyes—so much attention to detail, even *after* I forbade their plan to disrupt the reception. Such a sensitive soul, at the heart of him.”

“Yes, I remember.” The two thighs worked in tandem to rock the old swing, the creak of the chain and groan of the wood behind their backs keeping time with their heartbeats.

“And do you remember how they would trade jumpers and confuse us all? And the way they would trade chores—Fred was always the one sweeping the attic because George was afraid of the Ghoul for so long.”

“Yes, Molly, I remember.” The larger hand gave the smaller a tight squeeze.

“And do you remember how... ”

“...they would finish each other’s sentences? Yes, Molly, I do.”