Clumsiness

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Oof!"

"Sorry, Ron," Neville whispered as he firmly grasped his friend's elbow to steady him.

"*Merlin*, Neville," Ron hissed, "you'll wake the house!"

Neville sighed and gave Ron a sheepish glance. "Let's just do this, all right?" This three o'clock excursion wasn't Neville's idea and certainly not for his benefit. He yawned.

"Oi!" Ron whispered. "Stay awake!" He looked furtively around the dark room, trying to recall the location of the cabbage-rose patterned lounge suite. "This way."

They made their way to the breakfast nook where Neville placed the large vase of personally-grown blooms on the table. He took out his wand and waited while Ron carefully enlarged the sign he and George had spent a week designing. They *very quietly* levitated the sign and affixed it over the room's bay window. Ron cocked his head sharply, and Neville tip-toed out of the room.

As Ron passed through the doorway, a shot of orange ran directly in front of his feet.

"Crookshanks! Mangy pest!" Ron hissed, then stumbled into the doorjamb, stepped backwards into the sofa table (knocking over Mrs. Granger's antique Wedgwood China vase), ending up arse-over-teakettle on the back of the sofa.

The sign, as it had been carefully charmed, responded to the noise and lit up. Fireworks shot out from the text, which was writing and re-writing itself, in shimmering script; 'Hermione, will you marry me? Love, Ron.'

When the music, the syrupy chorus of a romantic ballad (warbled by Celestina Warbeck, herself!) Mrs. Weasley *insisted* that Hermione would *love*, loudly began to play on an ever-repeating loop, loud crashes and thumps could be heard upstairs.

"And you were worried about *my* clumsiness!" Neville laughed as he Apparated, leaving Ron sprawled backwards on the furniture, mouth gaping as a wild-eyed Hermione Granger appeared at the top of the stairs.