

# The Ballad of Hermione and Ron

*by keske*

A rather sad one-shot song-fic done to the tune of Brad Paisley's "Whiskey Lullaby" told from an anonymous relative's point of view. Ron-bashing, passing mentions of suicide/alcohol abuse.

## A Somber Whiskey Lullaby

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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She thought she was coming home to her beloved husband, Ronald Weasley, after a three month long mission for the Order.

What she saw upon entering their bedroom to stow her bags changed her life...forever...

He put her out like the burnin' end of a midnight cigarette. He broke her heart and she spent her whole life tryin' to forget.

Until the night she put that wand up to her head and said the trigger and finally cursed away his memory. Life is short, but this time it was bigger than the strength she had to get up off her knees. We found her with her face down in the pillow with a note that said "I'll love him till I die." And when we buried her beneath the willow, the angels sang a somber lullaby.

Ron had called after her and ran for her as she calmly went downstairs to the Burrow's door. By the time he reached her, having left Lavender behind on the bed, she had already opened the door and was looking around as if committing the place to memory before turning to look at the man who had been cheating on her for the last two and a half months. With dignity, Hermione Granger lifted broken chocolate eyes to his and backed away from the house.

Out in the yard, several other relatives were returning home from some Quidditch game or another and noticed their "sister". George and Fred reached her first, wondering why she was slowly backing up. When the twins looked towards the doorway, they were shocked to see a pleading Ron standing there in hastily thrown on boxers and a disheveled-looking Lavender Brown peeking over his shoulder in just a bra and panties.

Hermione took a deep breath and silently vanished. We weren't able to find her for the next 28 years. By then, however, it was far too late...

We watched her bury pain away a little at a time but she never could feel dead enough to *getthem* off her mind...

Until the night she put that wand up to her head and said the trigger and finally cursed away his memory. Life is short but this time it was bigger than the strength she had to get up off her knees. We found her with her face down in the pillow with a note that said "I'll love him till I die." And when we buried her beneath the Willow, the angels sang a somber lullaby.

Ron was disgraced and shamed, even more so when an angry Lavender gave an interview with the Prophet. The rumors flew but nobody know how much he blamed

himself.

For a long time, we lost contact with him too. When we saw him again, he was standing a long way off, watching as we lay Hermione to rest under the old Whomping Willow near the Hogwarts lake. That tree never moved again, save to protect those who rested under it.

For years and years he tried to hide the whiskey on his breath. He finally drank his pain away a bottle at a time. But he never could get drunk enough to get her off his mind...

Until the night he put that wand up to his head and said the trigger and finally cursed away his memory. Life is short but this time it was bigger than the strength he had to get up off his knees. We found him with his face down in the pillow clinging to her picture for dear life. We laid him next to her beneath the Willow while the angels sang a whiskey lullaby.