

# Ron's Ears

by Fanny T

Ron's ears are hard workers.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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### Ears

He's a nice boy. But I do worry about his poor ears.

They have to do so much work for him. I can't imagine having my ears do anymore for me than they do already—and all they have to do is listen and carry my earrings for me—but his have to help out with speaking with others as well. It must be terribly difficult, learning all those different means of expressing themselves. I asked him once if it had taken very long time to teach them, but I'm not sure he understood me, because he did look very confused.

Perhaps he didn't hear. It might be that he has to give his ears time off, now and again.

It must be hardest when he is embarrassed, because then his ears are so very, very red all over. I think it must be stressful, mustn't it? One can't help but worry that he is going to run out of the colour. But then, that's the thing about being red-haired, isn't it? Having extra supplies of red, I mean. It must be very practical. I always run out of red when I'm drawing, and it really is very annoying.

I'm sure I don't show it half as well as he does, however.

Mm, yes. When he is annoyed, you can always tell.

It starts at the ears, of course—there's never a break for them, dear things. It is the tops of his ears one should watch when he is angry: a fight with Hermione, the kind that is about quills or sugar or scuffed shoes, means only a light blush; a long-gone fight with his mother or a professor makes them darkly pink, and one of those ugly fights he sometimes has with Harry always makes me concerned about his hair as well, because I'm certain that one day it *will* catch on fire.

I have warned him about the risk, but I'm afraid he didn't take me seriously.

He laughed that time, but he didn't mean anything by it, I am sure. As I said, he is a nice boy. (Even if, sometimes, I believe he should stay silent and let his ears do the talking. They express themselves better than he does, and because they have no feet, they are less likely to put them in their mouths. For that matter, they don't have any mouths either. *Very well thought-out, that.*) Although he isn't very good at thinking before he speaks, he would never laugh only to be mean.

And he is pretty when he laughs, so I like when he does it, even if it's at me.

When he laughs, his nose wrinkles and his cheeks turn pink, and so do his ears. They look very happy when he laughs, his ears. I think it must be their favourite thing to express. And I can understand them, too. If I were his ears, I'd be wishing he would laugh all the time, because it looks like so much fun. I think they would dance, if they had legs—but then, the risk of them putting feet in mouths would immediately increase. It would probably also be very impractical if they ran off and didn't want to come

back again. He would have to put up notices and offer rewards for finding them, and of course one ear looks very much like another when you part it from its owner.

No, it's probably better not to give them legs. I'll advise him not to.

There's one more emotion: the best and greatest one of all, one could argue (at least if one's name is Harry Potter—Harry likes to say grand things about love). It's the one that makes his earlobes go pink—not very pink, not very obviously. Just a private sort of pink, a little statement of devotion. Not one that has to be shouted from castle tops, because it's larger than that. It's one that can live forever, without asking much.

It's a quiet little emotion, and it has been growing for some time.

I'm not jealous. To be jealous, I'd have to have had hope for myself, I think.

But I hope she knows what she's got.