

# The Rescue

*by Amita*

A bit of silliness.

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"They've captured them!"

"Who?" asked Ron.

"Hermione," said Cho.

"Ginny went to save her, and now they have Ginny," said Lavender.

"Hermione captured someone?" asked Ron. Jealousy flared. "Another Durmstrang student?"

"No, no, Crabbe and Goyle captured Hermione. And Ginny. They may be doing unspeakable things to them."

Ron started to say that a few unspeakable things might be good for them, but he saw the look in the girls' eyes and said, "I doubt if they know what to do with a girl."

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have a terrible attitude, Mr. Weasley," said Cho.

"Not this morning," he said.

"They'll torture them," said Lavender.

He remembered yesterday's Bat Bogey hex when he had commented on Ginny's string of boyfriends and shrugged that one off. "Besides, Ginny's probably charming their pants off." Oops, that didn't come out quite right.

"Ron!" said Cho.

"We've got to do something," said Lavender, "and we haven't got time to go for help."

"I could use some help, too," said Luna as she wandered into the parlor. "The spindly-warts are hiding in the pond and won't come out."

"Oh, Luna, we have to rescue Hermione and Ginny from Crabbe and Goyle," said Lavender and Cho.

"It shouldn't be too hard if the spindly-warts haven't got them," said Luna.

A few minutes later, the four were outside the fence that surrounded the house where Crabbe and Goyle had their prisoners.

"We have to climb over. We can't use magic," said Cho.

"That's how Ginny was caught," said Lavender.

"Look," said Ron, "I'll cup my hands. I'll lift you until you can use my shoulder and step over the fence."

"We're wearing skirts."

"Don't you dare peek."

"We should blindfold him." The girls nodded agreement.

"Wait, after you three climb over, who's going to take the blindfold off?"

"We'll arrange it so you can take it off yourself."

"Then I can just take it off while you're climbing on my shoulders," said Ron.

"The rest of us will be watching," said Cho.

"But not after two of you have gone over the fence," said Ron. "Which one of you will be the last one?"

The three girls huddled for a brief argument.

"He lusts after me," said Lavender. "I can't go last."

"I'm older and deserve the most dignity," said Cho.

Lavender and Cho looked at Luna. "I won't let it bother me," she said. "A proper lady is above worrying about such things."

"You better go first while we glare at him," said Lavender and Cho.

"I'll go second," said Lavender. "You're old and brainy and don't have much of a figure, so it doesn't make any difference," she told Cho.

Luna went over with alacrity. Lavender missed the first time and landed hard on Ron's shoulder. "Ouch," went Ron.

"I tore my new sweater," said Lavender.

Cho tried not to think about the pervert she was using as a ladder.

Once over the fence, the four hid behind the shed and talked strategy.

"I'll go in, make sure Hermione and Ginny are safe, distract Crabbe and Goyle, and signal for an attack," said Ron.

"What's the signal?" asked Cho.

"I'll set the place on fire," said Ron.

"But there might be Nargles in the attic," said Luna.

"Then I'll send up sparks from my wand," said Ron.

"Blue sparks are best," said Luna.

"I've always preferred green," said Cho.

"I was hoping you'd pick a shade of purple," said Lavender.

"Sparks. Any kind of sparks at all, and you attack. Okay?" said Ron.

Ron walked boldly up to the front door, knocked, greeted Crabbe and Goyle, and walked in. "Hi, Hermione. Hi, Ginny. I came to make certain you were okay."

"Did you come alone?" asked Ginny.

"No, half the Order of the Phoenix is waiting in ambush," said Ron.

As expected, Crabbe and Goyle rushed to the window to look. As expected, they saw Lavender, too impatient to wait for the signal, peering around the shed.

"It's just one girl," said Goyle.

"That's what they want you to think," said Ron. "They found a brave Gryffindor witch to act as scout. Believe me, half the Order of the Phoenix is ready to pounce on you two poor bastards."

"All right, tell us their plans, or you'll be sorry," said Goyle.

"I refuse to rat out my brave companions," said Ron.

"Oh, yeah, *Crucio!*" Ron made a soundless scream and fell to the floor.

"Tell us, or it'll get worse," said Crabbe.

"Okay, okay," said Ron. "I send up green sparks if no one is here. I send up blue sparks to start the attack."

"That's being sensible," said Crabbe, sending up a fountain of green sparks.

"The signal to attack was any sparks at all," said Ron.

"You tricked us," said Crabbe.

"You'll pay for this, you little bugger," said Goyle.

"You'd better run," said Ron.

Luna entered the back door the wrong way, and there was a scream of hinges being torn away from the door jamb while Cho dived through a side window of the kitchen and knocked over the china cupboard just as Lavender tripped, bruised her knee, and let loose a string of curses that would curdle the blood of a basilisk.

Ron watched a rapidly vanishing Crabbe and Goyle.

"Bravely done, Ron," said Hermione and Ginny incredulously.

Later the girls were hashing and rehashing the adventure.

"He was going to burn the Nargles," said Luna.

"He made me miss going over the fence, and I tore my new sweater," said Lavender.

"It would be like him to peek when you went over the fence," said Ginny. The girls agreed Ron was hopeless.

"I don't think he peeked at all," said Luna. The girls agreed Ron was beyond hopeless.

"He thought he should scout because he's a boy," said Cho.

"Rude," they said.

"No sense of color," said Lavender, thinking about the lifeless green sparks instead of pretty light purple ones.

"Tasteless," they said.

The five witches turned on him. "Ron, you have the emotional range of a pimple on a flea."

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The prompt is from lyn\_f: Ron, you have the emotional range of a pimple on a flea.

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