

Namesakes

by ConstantComment

Fred Weasley looked nothing like his uncle...Albus Severus and Fred Weasley Jr. at the Burrow. Rated T for f-bombs.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: *In this fic, Albus Severus is a Slytherin and is currently going into his seventh year at Hogwarts. Fred Weasley (the younger) is going into his sixth as a Gryffindor. The two boys have been relatively close because they are similar in age, often sharing rooms during their stays at the Burrow.*

Wrote this for a prompt on LJ. Thought it would be cool, although it was supposed to be a lot angstier than it turned out to be.

Namesakes

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Fred looked nothing like his father. Mum had always said that her eldest was a good-looking fellow, but that didn't stop him from hating his name. It didn't matter much that he didn't look like his father, though; the problem was he looked nothing like his dead uncle. Fred looked closely at himself in the washroom mirror, a dark-haired boy glaring back at him through the foggy glass--hazel eyes, curly black hair, two ears.

He snorted.

"What's so funny?" Albus Severus shoved the shower curtain aside and wandered over to the vanity for his toothbrush, still holding his towel around his waist.

Fred instead remarked, "You look a lot like Uncle Harry."

"Shpittin' image dey shay." The older boy looked slightly ridiculous trying to talk around a mouthful of toothbrush-and-paste.

"Cept for the glasses."

"Shept for de glashes." Albus spit into the sink, turning toward his cousin, tapping his toothbrush absently against the side of the basin. "You look a lot like your dad, too."

"You're not serious."

"Nope. Name's Albus Severus." The older boy sniggered. "You do, though."

"More like me mum."

Al shrugged. "You've got his big ol' nose, Freddie. No avoiding that."

"Augh, stuff it. It's not that big."

"Surely not as big as the infamous Severus Snape's, but..." Al dodged a washcloth and tossed his toothbrush on the counter. He became serious in the next moment. "What exactly are you on about, Fred?"

"Dunno. Just thinking."

"Are we going to have this talk again? About all this namesake business?"

"How do you fucking know what I'm thinking all the time? It's bloody creepy."

"Language, Freddie." Albus' eyes twinkled freakishly and he threw some clothes on.

Fred sighed, eventually, sitting up again and fiddling with the cuffs of his sleeves (something that his uncle used to do when he was younger, but no one had ever mentioned it before). "I hate my name, Al."

"S'not as bad as a double name. Do you know how fucking long it took me to learn how to pronounce it--let alone spell it?"

"Yeah, but you're just like those blokes."

Albus shrugged.

"Stop shrugging."

His cousin laughed. "You're fretting like Aunt Hermione."

"Gah. I know." He flopped onto his bed a little roughly.

"I don't want to look like Dumbledore. Or Snape. Yeck, one's a bearded pouf and the other had hygienic problems. Fred, you don't need to look like your uncle."

"I know."

"The thing about my namesakes is--they both were very brave, and I try my best not to act the Slytherin and be brave, too. My dad told me that when I first left for Hogwarts. I was worried I'd be sorted into Slytherin." Albus guffawed lightly.

"I know."

"George and Aunt Angie are proud of you, you berk. Get over it. Yeah, your dad was a bit disappointed you wouldn't work with him in the shop, but who cares? Teddy's a fresh perspective. George'll get over it quickly. Besides, you're rubbish at Potions. It wouldn't work out."

"I know," Fred said glumly. Al helped him up from the bed, and they headed for the door, stopping when they reached the landing.

"Your uncle was brave, Fred."

"Yeah, he was."

"You're exactly like your uncle, Freddie."

"Thanks, cuz."

"No problem, mate. Now, who d'you think we should prank, this time?"

"Not Grandma. That was a bad idea, Albus."

"Hey, but it was funny. How about Rose, this time?"

"Ooh. Very brave, Al."

"I know," Albus laughed as they jogged down the stairs. "I try."

Fred felt a little better, and as he passed by the talking mirror on the second floor, it said in a sing-song voice, "You look well-put-together, this morning, young lad."

"Yeah, for once!" Albus yelled up the stairs, his eyes twinkling again.

"Al!!!" Fred groaned, but couldn't quite keep the grin off his face.

A/N: *Hope you enjoyed!*