

broccoli

by bellarossi

Hermione has a migraine; Draco hates broccoli. DHR drabble.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Sorry for disappearing off of the face of the earth! I'm still busy, but thought I would upload some stuff I've had lying around here in the meantime until I can get back to writing.

I've left the speech marks out on purpose, to try out the effect. (You might have seen the same thing in 'Blind Assassin' by Margaret Atwood, which is where I first came across the technique.) Also, this is my very first DHR ever, I think.

Hugs and kisses to **Katie**, my superstar beta.

Are you alright?

It's... just a migraine.

He closes the curtains with a flick. She lies down on the sofa, her brown eyes dulled with pain.

Do you need anything?

(His mother suffered from migraines; it's one thing he knows how to deal with. He strokes her damp forehead and closes her eyes with gentle fingers.)

She smiles weakly and finds his fingers, entwining them, circling the swirls and whorls of his fingerprints.

Draco?

Yes?

Tell me something true.

I hate broccoli.

She giggles. I know.

He kisses her gently on her forehead.

It doesn't seem to hurt much now.

