

Mondays

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

Sundays used to be fun, but Ron loves Mondays best of all.

I like Mondays.

Mondays mean Sunday is completely over.

I used to love Sundays. Who wouldn't love a Weasley Sunday dinner? Mum's cooking is amazing!

Nowadays, I don't even want to go to dinner.

Even Mum's cooking can't erase all the things she said. Says. They say. Ginny and Pansy. Yes, Parkinson. Don't even get me started on what Mum thinks about that. Gin and Pansy have been "dating" (if by dating, you mean snogging in dark corners at pubs and in alleyways) for about six weeks, and Pansy's been coming to dinner for the past four.

To an outside observer, what they say probably doesn't sound all that bad, but when you can see how they look at each other, you know everything has a double meaning. Take yesterday. I didn't even catch on until Fred started sniggering.

"Pansy, could you pass me that dish of potatoes?" Ginny asked.

"I'd be happy to give it to you, Ginny!" Pansy replied, handing the dish across the table.

"Thank you. It's so nice of you to put yourself out for me," Ginny answered, serving herself a spoonful. "Potatoes, anyone?"

Later, Pansy was working on some calculations for her job at Gringotts while the rest of us were attempting to enjoy pudding.

"Do you want me to check your figures, Pansy?"

"No thanks, Gin. I assure you, they're perfectly rounded."

That one had Bill spitting coffee all over the table and Fleur giving the two of them a dirty look as she clapped her hands over Victoire's ears.

As much as I don't want to know about what my baby sister and her girlfriend get up to in private, I can't deny that I haven't seen Ginny this happy in a long time. If I have to put up with the ridiculous things they say to each other at dinner to make each other blush (and the rest of us cringe), I suppose that's all right – but if Mum ever serves ripe peaches for pudding again, I'm done with Sundays.