

Spoon Handle Wands

by JackieJLH

After Greyback's attack, Bill has an unexpected visitor in the hospital wing.

Spoon Handle Wands

Chapter 1 of 1

After Greyback's attack, Bill has an unexpected visitor in the hospital wing.

Author's Notes: Written for the Gen HP Last Drabble Writer Standing competition. The rules required a drabble from Luna, Neville, or Ginny's POV, set during HBP, between 100 and 500 words. Many thanks to Annie Talbot for her wonderful advice and beta work.

On bare and silent feet, Luna slipped into the hospital wing, approaching Bill's bed quietly so as not to wake him.

As it turned out, she needn't have bothered with silence; he was sitting up in bed, staring blankly out the window. His torn, damaged face was still bleeding slightly, glistening like spilled wine in the candlelight. It would've been beautiful if it weren't so terrible.

"Hi, Bill. Where'd everyone go?"

He turned around in surprise, his eyes widening at the sight of her, then turned away again.

"I told them to go home and sleep." His expression twisted into a look that was half fondness, half exasperation. "I think Fleur and my mum bullied McGonagall into letting them stay here somewhere tonight." He regarded her critically. "Isn't it a bit late for you to be awake?"

"Sleeping felt rude, what with the castle being so upset." Bill smiled sadly at this, and because she doubted he'd truly understood what she meant, she explained, "She's a little worried about you, you see."

That drew Bill's gaze back to her again, and his eyebrows furrowed in disbelief.

"Hogwarts is probably more worried about its headmaster having been murdered," he answered dryly. "Besides, I'm fine, Luna."

Luna would have nodded in agreement if she thought that he believed his own words *at all*, but that wasn't quite the way of things, and so she just shrugged and answered, "She still worries."

Sinking onto the edge of his bed, she followed his gaze as it drifted back to his reflection in the window.

"I look like Mad-Eye Moody," he said suddenly.

"You were always Mad-Eye, and Charlie was You-Know-Who. You'd defeat him with your mum's wooden spoon handle," Luna recalled, and Bill stared at her in surprise for a moment, as if he'd forgotten that she'd spent her childhood lingering at the edge of his family, never quite included, but not quite excluded, either.

Then he let out a small laugh, reaching up to gingerly prod at the gash across his forehead. "Maybe I should've pretended to be Harry."

Luna just shook her head. "You made a better Mad-Eye. Brave, strong. Protector of the rest of us." Offering him a grin, she added, "Though I suggest stopping before the wooden leg; it wouldn't suit you."

"And the scars do?" he asked, suddenly serious.

"Yes. Hasn't anyone said?" she answered as if it were rather obvious.

He shrugged, but now there was a hint of belief in his eyes. Luna leaned over to pat his hand.

"I should go to bed now; the castle's quieted a little. Maybe she's tired," she said. "Goodnight, Bill."

She was nearly out of the room when she heard him call her back. Turning around, she waited patiently.

"Hogwarts is a girl?" he asked finally, though she suspected that wasn't what he'd intended to say.

"Of course she is. I thought everyone knew that?" And with a secretive smile, she slipped out into the hallway.