

Wholes Can Come in Halves or Thirds

by JackieJLH

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Written for the Last Drabble Writer Standing competition. The rules required a drabble written from the POV of any Weasley except Ron, and it had to be a reflection on the trio's friendship, between 100 and 500 words.

Regrets? No. Not really.

Well, sort of.

It's kinda hard to explain...

Okay, George and I? We never really needed friends, is the thing. Or at least, we never thought we did. We had a few, but not like those three... I mean, we may as well have been born joined at the hip, for all the time we actually spent apart. It never seemed possible that one of us might outlive the other; we kind of figured we'd end up like you two—going out in a blaze of glory, side by side. Twins aren't supposed to be separated.... Not ever.

I'm not worried about me; I'm okay, you know? I've got you and Uncle Gideon—you're both as brilliant as Bill always said you were—and time here moves... I don't know. Not faster, just *different*. You know what I mean.

But I'm kinda jealous on George's behalf. I mean, those three... they've got *each other*. And yeah, Ron's maybe got a bit more of Hermione, and Harry's got Ginny, but in the end, it's not about who they're snogging or whatever, it's about who they've got to lean on. And... they've got each other. Always. It's why they were able to save the world, yeah?

It's funny, I remember this one time... it was summer, and the war was just starting—well, the second war—and I made some joke about Harry. I was just kidding around, you know, but Hermione and Ron would've hexed me into the floor if they'd been allowed to use magic. They're all mad protective over each other, even when they're fighting amongst themselves. Kind of like... well, like siblings. That whole 'no one can pick on my brother but me' thing.

George and I, we were like that. I mean, not quite the same—we usually didn't give each other too much hell because we were too busy driving everyone else 'round the twist, but... yeah. I miss him. You're great, Uncle Fabian, and Uncle Gideon too, but it's not the same, you know?

Listen to me, I'm getting all sappy. Been looking in on Mum too much lately.

Anyway, the point is... yeah, I have regrets. Doesn't everyone? I mean, everyone here keeps telling me I shouldn't, that life was what it was and all, it's just... I kind of wish George and I would've made other friends, so he'd have someone left to take care of him, you know? Someone who *he* could lean on. Mum tries, but... she's our mum. And Lee, yeah, he was our friend, but not... not like those three are friends. Does that make sense?

Who knows, maybe friendship like my kid brother has with Harry and Hermione is one of those things that only happen once in a lifetime, or sometimes not at all. I hope George gets another go at it, though. I hope he realizes he needs to *try*.

What? Yeah, of course. Like I said, I worry because of George. I'm fine.

Really.