

# Fear

by JackieJLH

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Author's Notes:** Written for the genhp\_idws LJ community's Last Drabble Writer Standing competition. The prompt was "A Conversation About What the Future Holds", and required two drabbles, each exactly 250 words—one from Molly Weasley's POV, and one from the POV of one of her children, showing the same conversation from two different perspectives. The quote from the summary, "Courage is not the absence of fear, but rather the judgment that something else is more important than fear," is by Ambrose Redmoon.

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You're eight years old, and already you understand that the world is a really scary place. There's War happening, and War means fear and not being able to play outside, and tonight it means waking up after midnight to find your Mum crying in the kitchen. The last one is the scariest of them all.

You're not sure what to say, but hugging her feels right, so that's what you do. She holds you tightly, and you think there's nowhere that feels as safe as your Mum's arms.

"Why are you crying?" you ask.

Mum snuffles, then answers, "Some friends of mine died tonight, sweetie."

Oh. You understand Death; your uncles died last year. Death scares you, not just because *you* could die, but because there are so many *other* people who could die—Mum and Dad, your four little brothers and the new one on the way.

"The Death Eaters got them?"

Mum nods sadly.

You almost don't go on because you don't want to upset her, but you want—no, you *need*—to know. You're afraid.... Lately, it seems like you're always afraid. "What if they get *us*?"

"They won't, Billy," Mum says immediately, and she sounds certain, but how can she know?

"What if they *do*?"

She hugs you closer. "Then your father and I will protect you," she replies. She doesn't really sound sad now, but angry, and you know, somehow, that *you're* not the one she's angry with at all. "We'll protect all of you."

~\*~

You're twenty-seven years old, but the war's made you older, somehow. It weighs down on you, and you can't remember the last time an owl at the window didn't terrify you.

They never bring good news, and this one isn't any different. Your friend Clarice and her husband are both dead, along with their son. *hurts*, it's terrifying, and you wonder for the millionth time if you're completely mad, bringing so many children into this dangerous, uncertain world.

Bill appears in the doorway, and before you can dab away your tears, he's throwing himself into your arms. You hold him close, wishing you could hold him forever.

"Why are you crying?" he asks.

You almost don't tell him the truth because he's so young, too young to be dealing with such things... but in the end, you say quietly, "Some friends of mine died tonight, sweetie."

In your mind flashes an image of Clarice's little boy, barely younger than Bill, and you find yourself blinking back new tears.

"The Death Eaters got them?" he asks. You nod.

"What if they get *us*?" he asks. He sounds so afraid that it breaks your heart.

"They won't, Billy." You wish you believed your own words.

"What if they *do*?"

"Then your father and I will protect you," you say, meaning it with everything in you. You pray it won't come to that, but if it does, you'll die before you'll let those ~~people~~ hurt your children. "We'll protect all of you."