

Stitch and Witch

by Lady Dragonsinger

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It was a crisp, cool autumn evening at The Burrow, the perfect kind of evening that spoke of a crackling fire, spiced pumpkin juice and her latest project. Everyone had gone out to tend to something or other, and while it was quiet and peaceful, Molly was settled in her chair with a scarf she was currently trying to start for Arthur to have for work when the knock sounded at the door and she set her crocheting aside to answer it.

"Oh, this is a surprise," she greeted her caller cheerfully. "Come in, come in. Would you like something warm to drink?"

"Yes, that would be nice. I hope you don't mind me dropping by?" the visitor asked Molly, a note of hope in her voice that she would be welcome to stay.

"Of course not. Come in; please warm yourself by the fire," Molly invited the visitor in, and once both were settled in front of the fireplace, each now with a mug of spiced pumpkin juice, Molly asked her caller, "So what brings you here tonight?"

Indicating the project that was back in Molly's hands, her visitor began to explain. "That. I've seen how much you do with it and..." There was a moment's hesitation. "Well, I want to learn." Pulling out a magazine from the bag she carried, she indicated a pattern on an earmarked page. "I want to make that."

Molly set her project down and looked at the pattern, a smile forming on her face. Reaching into the basket she kept by her chair, she pulled out a hook and some wool and passed them to her. "Well, then, Narcissa, there's no time like the present.

A/N: Taken from a prompt from Fairfield: An evening in front of a fireplace after a hard day - can be alone or with someone.