

Molly and the Bard

by Lady Dragonsinger

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None

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Forsooth! Ye olde yarn shoppe," she exclaimed with delight, pausing but a moment before entering the doors of the establishment. Silently, she meandered amongst the various wares the good merchant had to offer, occasionally caressing a skein of fine wool to judge the softness and ply. The colors were but a kaleidoscope of the rainbow, the morning light that broke through the shoppe's windows dancing off the mohair and alpaca.

When at last, she found the perfect skein, she held it up, perusing the many possible outcomes that could result from the crafting of such fine threads.

To knit, or not to knit; that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler of the craft to suffer

The knits and purls of a Weasley sweater,

Or to crochet another table covering of lace

And, by crocheting, cover it. To knit, to purl

No more – and yet to combine in patterns

The sweater and the thousand natural scarves

That family is heir to – 'tis a consummation '

Devoutly to be wished. To knit, to purl

To crochet, perchance to design. Ay, there's the rub,

For in that design of craft what gauges may exist,

When we have shuffled off this checking gauge

Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes calamity of so many wips.

He stood alone, watching at the front of ye olde yarn shoppe, patiently waiting for his dear lady as the respected merchant perchance to ask, "She going to actually buy any of that?"

With a weary smile and making a mental note to not take her to a Shakespearean festival the night before shopping again, Arthur nodded to the shopkeeper and called out, "Mollywobbles, just get as many as you want and we will find a pattern for it later."

A/N: Based on Shakespeare's Hamlet speech