

# The Color of Love

*by Rose of the West*

One Black sister helps another with her knitting... or does she?

## one-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Disclaimer: The characters here and the world they inhabit are the creation and property of JK Rowling and her assigns.*

"DAMN it!"

Narcissa's shriek was heard across the hallway from the drawing room into the library where Andromeda sat. The darker-haired sister looked up from her book and wondered if she should do anything. Her Arithmancy text lay on her lap, and she decided to put her attention back on it. If she didn't start concentrating, she would fail her N.E.W.T. For some reason the expressions in front of her constantly turned into sandy colored hair and kind eyes.

"With all the effort I put on this jumper... and it keeps coming out wrong... Why can't I get this right?" Various comments erupted from the drawing room, punctuated by sighs of frustration.

Andromeda sighed and put down her book. It was clear that the yelling wasn't going to stop. She walked into the other room and asked, "What's the problem?"

"It's this bloody knitting charm! The pattern is a dark green with black and silver-gray pattern. Why does it keep using the red? Lucius doesn't want red! That's a Gryffindor color!" She was pulling out row after row of a complicated Fair Isle pattern.

Andromeda nodded sympathetically. "What's the spell?"

Narcissa showed her the pattern, and Andromeda turned pages back and forth to the pictures. "Oh, you used the spell for the wrong colorway. You should use this one. Just to be sure, why don't we remove everything but the three colors that you're using?" She Banished several skeins of yarn to a basket upstairs.

"I thought I did everything right!" moaned Narcissa. "Could you say the spell for me?"

Andromeda sighed and looked at the measurements noted in the margins of the pattern. "Oh, all right." She pulled out her wand and said the spell. Then she walked back to her Arithmancy.

Narcissa sighed in relief. Knitting was so stressful, but Andie had fixed it, she was sure, and she smelled the cinnamon and ginger that signaled Christmas cookies. She wandered out of the room in search of a relaxing snack.

Neither sister noticed that the gray yarn had changed to a cheerful Hufflepuff yellow.

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