

They Just go to Camelot

by Lady Dragonsinger

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Her mum had settled in to get some sleep and Arthur had taken Bill, Charlie and Percy home after the boys spent some time with their Grandfather Prewett and they had hugged and kissed him good night. Or was it goodbye? Molly rolled that question over in her mind. She had napped for a while before her shift with her father, and as she was just about to enter the parlor turned sick room for her father, she overheard his good night to his wife of many years.

"Good night, darling. I love you," her mother had said just before going up the stairs as she always had said to her husband, Molly's father, every night before bed for as long as Molly could remember.

"Good night, my love," he replied to his wife, adding, "I love you... Always."

Molly blinked and bit her lower lip to force herself to remain calm. He knew it was coming. *He must*, she had thought to herself. He added that always and never had before. Stepping out onto the landing, she met her mother coming up and wished her a good night before continuing on down to sit with her father for a while. Thinking he would fall asleep, she picked up her knitting and set to work on the sweater she had started for one of her sons.

"It's not frightening, you know," he said from his bed next to her.

"What? You're supposed to be resting, Papa, so you can regain your strength and get better," Molly told him, trying to be as cheerful as she could be.

A dry weak laugh came from the formerly robust gentleman in the bed. "Don't you lie to me, Molly Prewett Weasley," he told her, trying to use the same tone he had had when she was a little girl and he had caught her sneaking fresh baked mince tarts from the counter. "We both know my time is near. It's not scary to me at all."

Tears welled up in her eyes. "Nonsense. You're going to be here and play with your grandsons and... And....." Molly was unable to continue. "Papa, you're needed here. Mum needs you. I need you."

"Nonsense, you have Arthur, and your Mum knows we'll be together again one day. Besides, old wizards don't die; we just go to Avalon and a higher magic. Fabian and Gideon will be waiting for me and you'll be here to watch over Mum." Yes, Mr. Prewett knew it was inevitable, and he knew it was not long off.

Molly said nothing, just looked at her father and then at her knitting. "I love you, Papa," she finally managed.

"I love you, too, Molly," he told her, adding the 'always' silently with his eyes. "I'm tired though and am going to sleep while you knit."

With that, Molly simply nodded and set to working on her knitting, and for the night, the only sounds in the room were her father's steady but raspy breathing and the clicking of Molly's knitting needles. Her mother came down the stairs as the sun rose and came to check on things before opening the drapes. "He slept well and peacefully,

Mum," Molly told her, setting her knitting down as her mother gently covered her husband's hands with one of her own, watching him sleep.

"Molly, be a dear and put the kettle on to heat while I open the drapes," Molly's mother asked, and as her daughter went off to the kitchen to do as she was asked, her mother drew the curtains back to let in the soft morning sunlight before turning to the sleeping man. "It's time for your potion, darling," she spoke softly, but there was no response. She rested a hand on his chest and found there was no movement, no steady rising and lowering to it as he was not breathing now. The only change except for the smile that had formed when she covered his hands just a few minutes ago.

Papa had gone to Camelot.