

# Weasley Drabbles

*by phoenix*

Eleven 100 word looks at members of the Weasley family.

## None

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N:** The Drabbles are arranged in chronological order and cross many genres and characters. I hope you enjoy and all feedback is appreciated. While names are not given for some of them, they should be self-explanatory, and I hope you enjoy a little game of "Guess the Weasley".

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Pregnant. I can't believe it. Actually, I can. She wants a daughter and I can deny her nothing. I can only hope that this time we succeed. Money is tight as it stands now. Though, with Bill starting Hogwarts we should be able to manage. And we can expand the garden. We'll find a way. Even if it's another boy, we would try again. I know how happy it would make her.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Mollywobbles, just a little surprised, but incredibly happy. We are very blessed."

"Yes, we are. I have a good feeling about this one."

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A girl. I finally have my little girl. I've waited so long. I love my boys, but I've always wanted a daughter. She's the most beautiful baby I've seen. There's so much I want to teach her, to do with her.

I couldn't have married a better man than Arthur. He never complained when I told him I wanted another child. Our life isn't glamorous, but it's worth it for the love of the children. I couldn't imagine living without them. Perhaps he'll be promoted one day. If not, it doesn't matter. I think we're the richest family in Britain.

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Harry's here. I can't believe he's here. He looked so cute last summer. And I've never met a famous person. Ever since the boys talked about rescuing him, I've been dreading and looking forward to this day.

I should go down to breakfast, but I'm too nervous to eat. A real celebrity's in the house. I still can't believe he's Ron's friend. We've never known anyone famous. Drat, I can't find my jumper. I'll have to go ask Mum. I hope I don't look like an idiot in front of him. I wish my clothes looked better, not so poor.

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Another blackout. Too often I've come back covered in blood, exhausted, unable to remember anything. I think it must be that journal I found with my schoolbooks. I thought Tom was my friend, but maybe he's not, maybe he lied. Hopefully, by getting rid of the book, I'll stop blacking out. I need to dispose of it so it won't be found, just in

case it is the book. I'll flush it down the toilet in Myrtle's bathroom. No one goes in there. It will end up at the bottom of the lake where it can't do any more harm.

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Finally. I've graduated and can get away from that hovel. My long years of suffering are over. Father may not want to succeed in life, but why should he have punished all of us? And to keep having children? Things got considerably worse after Fred and George. I stopped getting new clothes and wore Bill and Charlie's hand-me-downs even if they didn't fit. How embarrassing for the Head Boy. I should have been the perfect model, not looking like a vagabond.

That's over now. I have an excellent job lined up. I will succeed. I will be Minister of Magic.

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It's always about Harry. No one ever pays attention to me. As if he didn't get enough attention, he had to go and find a way to put his name in the Goblet without telling me. The nerve! I thought we were friends. I guess not. If he was really my friend, he would have told me, but noooo... He denies everything. I bet he thinks I'm just his friend so I'll get some attention. Well, I'll show him he's wrong. If he doesn't want to be friends with someone as inferior as me, I'll make it easy for him.

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"I can't stand being here under that toad."

"I think this is a good time to test our new product."

"I do believe you are right. We just need a good time to do it."

"It'll make a grand exit won't it?"

"The best and I don't think we could ask for better publicity for our new shop."

"Not at all. This will be the stuff of legends. Where do you think we should unleash it?"

"Somewhere with lots of traffic. We want to make her life difficult."

"Most definitely. The opportunity will present itself when the time is right."

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"How long before the Howler arrives?"

"I say four hours."

"It'll be sooner. The Toad'll let her know right away."

"But the owl has to find us."

"Excellent point, though we are close to home."

"We could go see her."

"And risk that temper first hand? Let her calm down a day."

"And we can get our books in order, show her this was a good idea."

"When she sees the profit, she can't stay mad at us."

"And she said we wouldn't amount to anything."

"Who needed O.W.L.s, let alone N.E.W.T.s? Look at Percy."

The two shared a laugh.

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Ever since the Yule Ball, I can't stop thinking about her. She looked so...girlish; it's unbelievable. But someone like her would never be interested in someone like me. She's way too good for me. Yeah, we're prefects together, but she's going to be Head Girl and I'm not even close to being in the running for Head Boy.

And she's always belittling me. I know exactly where I stand. She's probably more interested in someone like Harry. I'm sure all the girls are more interested in someone like Harry. Who wants to be a Weasley? Everyone jokes about our family.

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"Please, Harry."

"We shouldn't."

"I love you. We may not get another chance. I've waited, been patient, but no more."

"If anyone finds out..."

"No one cares anymore. It's the nature of war." She kissed him passionately, expressing pent up emotions.

Once the kiss began, he gave in to his hormones and lowered her to the floor.

Soon they were unclothed, expressing their true feelings for each other. Their cries of passion joined those of others. Everyone wanted to feel alive one last time.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." He held her tight, willing her to stay alive.

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Molly hated funerals, especially for ones so young. Her boggart had come true. Too many members of the family were involved with the Order for them to come away unscathed. It had been the right thing to do; she had never thought of stopping them. She had thought that perhaps one or two, but not four, and not her precious Arthur. He was always so careful.

Fleur wrapped her arm around Molly. "Come. Zey would not want you to mourn in ze rain."

Fred, George, Charlie, and Ginny surrounded her.

Looking at Fleur, she was reminded Bill would live on.