

Desperately Seeking Ronald

by Amita

A day in the life of Ronald Weasley.

Chapter 1 of 1

A day in the life of Ronald Weasley.

"Where's Ron? We're going to be late for class."

"He's still getting dressed. "He can't find any pants that don't itch."

"Itch?" asked Hermione.

"There he is," said Harry,

"Ron, you look strange."

This is the morning I'm really alive.

For a new adventure I must survive.

What it might be

I cannot see

But I think my boxers are full of jive.

"Did you hear that?" Lavender whispered to Parvati. "Didn't I tell you that when I did the stars last night, the Ram was moving past the cusp?"

"It's time for breakfast, Ron," said Hermione.

Ron shrugged.

'Tis mortal food that will not last.

I need to break a longer fast.

My soul cries out;

I fish about.

My rod will make its wildest cast.

"You look more absorbed than usual in your work, Mr. Weasley" observed Professor Slughorn later that morning.

"We don't think Ron is quite himself today," interjected Hermione.

"Come, come, Mr. Weasley can speak for himself," said Slughorn.

Ron spoke for himself.

There once was a boy mixing potion
Who was struck by a stirring notion:
Grab a sweet girl
Give her a twirl
And brew up a bolder emotion.

"Yes," agreed Slughorn, "the two activities are remarkably similar. Both potions and the opposite sex require bravery and dedication."

"Isn't he brilliant," whispered Lavender

At lunch, Hermione stopped trying to talk to Ron and went to the library.

"What's so interesting across the room?" Harry asked Ron.

There once was a girl Astoria
Whose smile would give one euphoria
In your sleep
She would creep
And tempt you with Secrets Victoria.

"Uh-oh," said Harry.

As lunch ended, Ron waved and tried to catch her eye, but she breezed past without noticing him.

There was a certain Slytherin
Who left your hopes a' witherin'
But it's so lame
To call the game
When she still might join you in sinnin'.

"Ron, it's not a good idea to prowl around the dungeon on the off chance of meeting her," said Harry later that evening.

Ron spoke directly.

When I think of lovely Greengrass,
I'm harder and bolder than brass.
I want to take
Down by the lake
A fine thing that often sounds crass.

Harry shook his head as his friend headed for the lower depths.

As he rounded a corner, Ron ran into an ethereal vision, and eloquence burst from his lips.

My love is like a red red rose
That reaches clear down to my toes.
But do I dare
To lay it bare
And say that my soul has unfroze?

"Eek," went Astoria, turning and running.

Ron watched his vision of loveliness vanish from sight.

What heart in yonder castle breaks
In one who played to catch high stakes?
Staked out plain
Streaked with pain

Despair complete with hellish aches.

Some time later, Harry found Ron wandering through the corridors and took him by the hand back to the common room.

I never thought that I would see

A day that had the best of me.

But that did end

By a fair friend

With kindness full to set me free.

"Isn't he gracious?" Lavender whispered to Parvati.

After soaking in the tub and changing into a robe, Ron was staring out the window at the stars.

There once was a boy romantic

Whose acts were often frantic.

But he could say

I'm here to stay

And on a journey fantastic.

"The essence of soul," whispered Lavender.

"The Archer is moving into the Eighth House," sighed Parvati.

"He hasn't started his Charms essay yet," said Hermione.

A perversion of a prompt from Fairfield: Desperately seeking Ronald.