

# Cooking with Gred and Forge

by TeaOli

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She was a hard act to follow. In the early days of marriage, each of Molly Weasley's daughters-in-law put forth an effort to emulate the goddess of culinary economy and delight. Wiser witches wouldn't have even tried.

As it was, Fleur Weasley gave up a month after taking up residence at Shell Cottage. Fortunately for her, there was a war going on, so she didn't need to come up with a better excuse than helping to bring about the defeat of Voldemort and his fearsome followers. It was easier for all concerned if she and Bill took their meals the Burrow.

Percy's Audrey *did* try, but when – one week after the wedding! – Ethel, her great-aunt, died without issue, leaving behind a horde of House-elves without a home, she couldn't by rights deny them their right to cook and keep house whilst she had a house for them to keep.

Hermione Weasley disagreed, but she didn't fare much better in the cooking department. Just as well Ron wasn't had the palate of a Dickensian orphan. She was an excellent organiser and not afraid of hard work, so at least her home was far neater than her husband's childhood home.

Only Angelina Weasley persevered in her pursuit of mastering the kitchen arts. Not because she was particularly fond of cooking, mind. She enjoyed a good meal, but didn't think *she* needed to be the one to provide it.

No, Angelina wasn't motivated by a misguided sense of a witch's "place"; she was accustomed to *winning* and wasn't about to stop just because she'd added "Wife" to her list of titles. (Among others, these were "War Veteran" and "Champion Quidditch Chaser". She wasn't as proud of "Wizard Quarterly model" – it wasn't down to *her* that she was so beautiful, though the fit body did take a *little* work – as she was of "Businesswitch of the Year", but counted it anyway.)

Unfortunately, being married to half of the Weasley family's notorious double dose of mischievous amusement makers wasn't really conducive to successful home management. Nor did it help that the spirit – "Don't call me a ghost!" – of the other half of that pestiferous pair had taken up permanent residence in the home she was attempting to manage. Between her husband and his dead-but-not-gone twin, Angelina's kitchen were too often the site of mayhem for her to complete with their mother.

~WWW~

Angelina choked back angry tears as she stared at the squashed and charred remains of what had once been a rather promising roast.

*Throw in the twins and a kitchen appliance and you have a disaster begging to happen* Molly Weasley had told her once.

*Be wary when a Weasley comes bearing Muggle-inspired gifts*, Angelina's own mother had warned her before the wedding.

*Marriage to any man takes a sense of humour*; both older women had advised.

She tried to see the funny side of things. She really, really tried as harsh winter moonlight glared down the new hole in the high ceiling.

Living in a flat above the joke shop's Diagon Alley branch meant they didn't have a second storey of room for furniture to ruin, but it also meant a single culinary catastrophe had left their home open to the elements.

A good kick sent the agent of her most recent difficulties clear across the room. The magical worktop convection oven had been Fred's grand idea.

"S'all right, Ange," her husband said, not at all reassuringly. "You can get us take-away."

Her wand was in her hand before she knew it. Suddenly dry eyes begged him to give her a reason to use it.

Catching on (too few realised the genius he had been in life), the Phantom of Fred said, "Or, me an' George could maybe repair the roof and make dinner tonight."

The dead man's offer brought a calculating smile to her lips.

"You do that, but it's best *you* do the cooking, handsome," she told her brother-in-law, surprising both him and his brother. *You* put those lovely muscles to use on the DIY."

Why should she mind that dying had worsened Fred's cooking by ruining his sense of taste? Molly Weasley always saved back meals for her daughters-in-law.

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**A/N:** This was originally supposed to be an answer to two prompts for the *Saturday Night Drabbles* challenge for December 10, 2011. But I fell asleep before posting.

Fairfield's prompts were:

- a home repair disaster
- invention of a magic kitchen appliance

Obviously, I took liberties.

Thanks to Lyn\_F for the idea of the work top [oven](#)

Molly's advice to Angelina was a direct quote from Lady Dragonsinger in chat.