

Disintegration

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Hermione's greatest lament: love turned out to be a thing that neither she nor Ron understood.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Notes: This echos the late night breakdowns of many many young women I've known, myself included.

Once the fire settled, she began to notice that the things she loved most were the very things that set them apart.

Hermione knew deep inside that the shine had worn off, and this Ron was not something she liked. She'd loved him for his entropy and his good heart, the way she could never understand him. Ron did things in ways that never crossed Hermione's mind, and it enchanted her endlessly. Enthralled by the way they tried to catch subtle smiles and secret glances at each other, she'd walked through life in a haze.

But now that she'd finally come to know him, she found that the clearer he became, the more repulsed by his ways she was. The way he seemed to only ever give halfhearted attempts, the way he always devoured her affection, demanding more than she could give t eternally irritated her. The devil hid himself in details, and so it was the little things that gnawed at her the worst. He could wash a single dish for immediate use but not the entire sink full while he was at it. Not to mention, he always forgot to bring home that pot of fern dying in his office despite her constant requests. These were just symptoms of a greater wasting illness: neither could accept the other for who they truly were.

Hermione wanted to plan their life; Ron wanted to live it day by day. Hermione wanted to be loved through acts of service; Ron wanted to be loved through words of affirmation. They suffered that fatal downfall of naive romance ach could only manage to give what they wanted themselves, not what the other needed.

She knew, though, that it was silly to expect him to do things the way she did; it was simply not the method with which Ron thought and operated. Still, Hermione could not help but find him utterly incompatible. His shortcomings overshadowed his charm and love for her until she could no longer see him at all in the dimness.

Sometimes, when she was lost in thought alone, she would grimace bitterly at how she had become such a weak girl, unable to resist the delicious sound of their story. Childhood friends forging the love story of a century as they fought for the good of the world; it was indeed a good story, the stuff of poetic novels and legends. But it should have ended as the last page closed, not languished as it had in reality. What she wanted was not Ron, but the way Ron made her feel about herself.

Hermione had clung to him pathetically, forgiving his every fault, making excuses on his behalf when he came up short. Somehow, through the fog, she'd lost his warm hand. She'd lost the meaning of why they were together.

There was an endless divide between them.

She knew that it could be healed with much time and effort. But it would always be like a mended broken bone that ached when rain or snow was on the horizon.

It was then, with uncertainty and fear of regret, that she began to wonder if her heart were not made for him.