

Question of Identity

by dracontia

No one can really tell twins apart.

one shot/large drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: J.K. Rowling had the right to dispose of them as she pleased. I only borrow them to turn the whole business on its nonexistent ear.

"George! Are you ready?"

Old man, you simply must do something about your wife yelling up the stairs. Reminds me of Mum.

"I'm always ready, Angel," he yelled back, straightening the tie that clashed (loudly) with his red hair. *You try to stop her, brother, and see how far you get.*

Alas, I'm in no position.

Too right.

"Well, you certainly never quit." Angelina's voice filtered through the door in fond exasperation. He could hear her footsteps approach, then recede down the hall; could imagine the swish her dress robes would make, the click of her heels on the wooden floor that he could detect if his good ear was turned towards her.

He returned his full attention to the silent Muggle mirror. "Not that bad."

Well, she doesn't look like Mum.

"It's all your fault that I'm in this mess, you know."

Wasn't me that got our dear Angel up on the duff.

"Of course it was. Six of one, half-dozen of the other."

Even Mum could never tell us apart.

"Damn you for leaving me with no one to blame for everything."

You don't mean that.

"Of course not. Still mad about having to fucking run the shop without you."

You seem to be managing.

"Do you know how hard it is to start a sentence? Or finish one?"

We did have a fine collaboration going.

"I wish I'd been there to hear Percy tell a joke," he murmured, making one last pass of the comb through his hair.

It was like seeing the face of God.

"How is he?"

Percy?

"God."

Oh, spiffing, just spiffing, brother. We went out for drinks just this arvo.

"What a coincidence."

You went out with God for drinks?

"No, with Percy."

Well, at least one of them would be flattered by the comparison.

"It was quite a trick, wooing our Angel."

I can imagine.

"Had to convince her one was as good as the other, didn't I?"

Even if it isn't true. Everyone knows I'm the better twin.

"Ah, but we're one in the same, brother. Even the Muggles with their science could never figure it out. The beauty of being twins."

No one will ever know.

"Too right, no one will ever know."

I was damned clever with that Glamour, if I do say so myself.

"Trade places one more time, for old time's sake, you said. Best laid plans and all that..."

Turned out it was two more times. Or perhaps just one extended time. You pulled it off brilliantly, brother. Not even our Angel suspects.

"I suppose we're lucky no one noticed that the Glamour disappeared when you died—what with the debris and all. No one wanted to look at the hole in your head, fascinating though it was."

Why?

"Why didn't they want to look at the hole in your head?"

Why didn't you tell anyone?

"Lee didn't notice... thus, the plan was born. Our last grand illusion, as it were."

What's it like? Being both of us?

"Like having you with me constantly, except that I can't see you."

Must be bloody annoying.

"Worth it though, to have you around still."

We're always worth it, brother.

"You know, it hurt like hell, George old boy... cutting off this ear." He carefully adjusted his hair over the hole, just as George had done. "But I couldn't very well lie and say that I'd helped bury Fred if nothing of Fred was in the box."

FIN

Author's Notes:

Arvo=Afternoon.

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