

Lovesick?

by MMADfan

Ron is behaving very abnormally. Could he be lovesick, or is there another explanation?

Lovesick?

Chapter 1 of 2

Ron is behaving very abnormally. Could he be lovesick, or is there another explanation?

Note: Flashfic written for Drabble Night at Potter Place. Prompt words are at the end.



Something was definitely wrong with Ron. They were in the Great Hall having breakfast, and not just any breakfast, but the special Valentine's Day brunch. Heart-shaped pancakes, surprising scones pink with cherry juice and bits of cherry, sugary doughnuts filled with raspberry jam, festive omelettes with tomato and red peppers, pomegranate preserves—in short, all manner of lovely goodies. Even the toast was heart-shaped. But Ron wasn't eating a thing. He kept looking around, occasionally poking his fork at his plate, but never taking a bite. Given that Ron normally ate like an ill-mannered Hippogriff, this was highly unusual behaviour.

Finally, licking a bit of raspberry jam from her lower lip, Hermione kicked Ron under the table, getting his attention.

"Oi! What did you do that for, Hermione?"

"You aren't eating. Are you sick?" she asked.

"Or just lovesick?" Harry added with a smirk, eliciting laughter from the other boys at the table.

"No, no, it's just that Lavender gave me a present yesterday," he said in a low whisper.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Big hairy deal!" Dean Thomas said.

"No, it's a little hairy deal," Ron said, still in a whisper. "And I've lost it."

"Well, what was it?" Hermione asked impatiently and without a whit of sympathy.

At the head table, there was a minor kerfuffle as Severus Snape pushed his plate away and stood, turning and scowling at Sybil Trelawney, who had been trying to get him to eat pomegranate preserves throughout breakfast. Flitwick, on Sybil's other side, appeared to be trying to appease the other two staff members.

Pomona Sprout plucked something from Snape's plate, stood, pointed her wand at her throat, then announced in a voice amplified by the *Sonorous*, "Has anyone lost a pink Puffskein?"

The entire Gryffindor table burst into laughter – only Lavender scowled. Ron turned Valentine's Day red.

Prompt Words: Ron Weasley, the Great Hall, pink Puffskein (*requested by mazyzzy_bl, who wanted pink!*)

The "Prequel"

Chapter 2 of 2

How Ron came to receive a pink Puffskein from Lavender.



The "Prequel"

"Oh, Won-Won! How dreadfully sad!" Lavender exclaimed, putting her arms around Ron and squeezing him.

"Well, it was a long time ago, but that's the sort of thing I've always had to put up with from those two," Ron said, in hopes of getting more than just a sympathetic hug. "I bear up, but that's the twins for you."

Lavender had a tear in her eye as she kissed him on the cheek.

Two weeks later, Ron met Lavender in a secluded nook partially obscured by a suit of armour.

"I know it's a day early, but I just couldn't wait!" Lavender squealed in excitement. "Open it, Won-Won!"

Ron removed the loose top from the plain pink box. He blinked. A Puffskein. A pink Puffskein.

"Oh, Lavender, it's . . . it's . . . it's . . . it's a Puffskein. It's such a surprise. You really shouldn't have," Ron said. He looked up to see disappointment on Lavender's face. How did a girl think a chap would react to a pink Puffskein? "But it's very pink. And soft. Like you." He smiled the winning Weasley smile. "It will always remind me of you."

He was rewarded for the apparently correct response by one of the most heated kisses Lavender had yet bestowed on him.

Note: In *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*, Ron makes a note that he had a Puffskein until one of the twins used it for *Bludger practice*, which is where my idea for the original drabble came from. Someone on another site wanted to know why he received a pink Puffskein in the first place, and so I wrote this little "prequel" for her.