

Reflections

“Gin?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Your elbow is digging into my leg. And it hurts.”

“Oh! Sorry.”

“Doesn’t matter. It didn’t hurt *that* much, anyway.”

“It probably wouldn’t have hurt so much if I wasn’t so fat.”

“How many times have I told you? Stop saying you’re fat! It’s not fat, it’s a baby.”

“I know. It’s just a little disheartening to look down every morning and not be able to see your feet.”

“Well just think. In four weeks it’ll all be over!”

“No, it’ll just be the beginning. Don’t forget what has to happen to make me un...pregnant.”

“What?”

“Harry, are you being dense on purpose? The baby will be born! We’ll have a baby to look after.”

“Oh. OH! That! Yes, I knew that.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“But you love me anyway.”

“Sometimes I wonder why...”

“Hey!”

“I’m only teasing, Harry.”

“I know.”

“Everything’s going to change though, after the baby’s born, isn’t it?”

“Change isn’t always bad, Gin.”

“I didn’t say it would be. Things will just be...different. I don’t think I’m ready to be a parent.”

“Well it’s a bit late to be thinking that now.”

“Don’t be mean! If anything, it’s *your* fault we’re in this mess. Forgetting the contraceptive charm...”

“You could have remembered too. But...aren’t you happy, Gin? Okay, we may be young, and we’re not married, but things could be worse. Just think. We’re going to have a baby. *Our* baby.”

“I know. Things could be a whole lot worse. But I’m only nineteen! I can’t be a Mother!”

“My Mum was only nineteen when she had me. Your Mum was barely twenty when Bill was born.”

“That’s different. I just know I’m going to mess this up.”

“I’ll be here.”

“Fat lot of good you’ll be, if your household skills are anything to go by!”

“Now who’s being mean?”

“Be quiet. I’ve got an excuse to be grumpy.”

“And what’s that?”

“I’m pregnant! Hormones...and stuff. I’m allowed to be in a bad mood. You, on the other hand, should be off running me hot baths, answering to my every whim, bringing me ice-cold pumpkin juice and massaging my feet.”

“Is it not enough that I’m acting as your pillow?”

“And a very nice pillow you are too. Very comfy, big strong arms to keep me warm.”

“See, I knew I was useful for something!”

“You know I love you really, don’t you? When I moan at you it’s not because I don’t love-”

“Gin, I know you love me. I love you too. There’s no need to sound so worried.”

“I know, I know. It’s my hormones.”

“What are you going to do when you’ve had the baby, and you can’t blame your bad moods on hormones any more?”

“Oh! Are you saying I’m normally moody?”

“Hey! I was just teasing!”

“Of course you were. Don’t you wish there could have been more days like this when we were at Hogwarts?”

“Sunny days?”

“Kind of. You know, days where we could have just sat by the lake together, talking and kissing and cuddling. Like now.”

“Yeah, that would have been great. If there’s anything I regret about Hogwarts, it was breaking up with you when...”

“Me too. I should have refused.”

“You tried. It was me, far too stubborn. I just didn’t want to see you hurt.”

“Well your resolve didn’t last long, did it Harry?”

“No. And I’m glad it didn’t. I don’t think I’ve ever been more grateful to Fleur than when she made you wear that dress at her wedding.”

“Oh? So you’re saying you got back together with me because of a low-cut dress?”

“No, of course not. Though that did help. Seeing you that day...well, it made me realise how much you meant to me. How much I didn’t want to lose you, how much I wanted to keep you safe. But it also made me realise how much I wanted to be with you, that I couldn’t go and hunt for the Horcruxes and leave things the way they were between us.”

“Aww, you’ve gone all sappy.”

“It’s just the truth Gin. And I’m not sappy, I’m very manly.”

“Of course you are. Who was it who cried when I told them I was going to have a baby?”

“Those were tears of fear, Gin. I was just imagining what your brothers were going to do to me.

“Oh, sure. And being scared of my brothers makes you more of a man.”

“Well. Er...you’ve got me there.”

“Of course I have, I’m brilliant. Just one of the many reasons why you love — oh!”

“What?”

“The baby, it just kicked. Here, give me your hand.”

“Where? I can’t feel it.”

“Just wait...there! Did you feel it?”

“Yes, I did that time. Wow...he’s certainly strong.”

“He? What makes you so sure it’s a boy?”

“I just know it is. I have a feeling.”

“Well we’ll just have to wait and see. Not long now.”

“Gin?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Everything *will* be all right, won’t it?”

“Yes, everything will go right, you’ll see. We’ll be fine, the three of us.”

“I like the sound of that. The three of us.”