

Hallie Potter

# Observance

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# Inhaltsangabe

ENGLISH

Ron must have been pondering a lot over the emotional mess that was his life in HBP, right?

## Vorwort

Ein weiterer englischer OneShot!

# Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. Observance

# Observance

*Usually*, Ron didn't necessarily notice details about Hermione's appearance. She would sometimes wear her hair in a ponytail or something like that, sure, but other than that he had never been too observant about these kinds of things. However, *usually*, Ron and Hermione didn't ignore, didn't despise each other, take turns glaring at each other across the common room, imitate each other at their expense ... So this time, it was different when Ron looked up to see Hermione descend the spiral staircase, her nose held up high, her eyes darting around the room, probably looking for McLaggen ...

So as to not draw Lavender's attention (his current girlfriend who was sat on his lap, in deep conversation with her friend Parvati), he tilted his head ever so slightly around her blonde curls to catch a better glance at Hermione, who was now standing in front of the portrait hole. And she looked beautiful, he had to admit, but yet he sensed something was different from last time with Krum. She was sporting blue robes again, and although they looked different from the ones she had worn to the Yule Ball, he would not have been able to tell the exact difference. What he did notice, however, was her hair – she hadn't gone through the same trouble as last time, apparently, for her bushy brown mane looked like it did every day, gigantic and tangled and as if she could fit a whole little library inside of it. Was it the occasion that wasn't important enough to straighten her hair, or was it her *date*? Another question crept up inside Ron and made him feel guilty, anxious, and yet curious, desperate for an answer: would she have gone through the trouble had *he*, Ron, been her date? The mere thought made him bite his lips because this could have become reality, it could have happened. They could have gone to stupid Slughorn's party together, could have had a fun evening with Harry and Loony Lovegood, and who knew what else might have happened ...

But there it was, the jarring laughter that left his girlfriend's mouth and brought him back to what his life had become: one full of Lavender snogs but with no Hermione whatsoever – and he wasn't sure he liked it that way. He shook his head slightly and quickly forced a smile on his lips when Lavender grinned at him, the feeling of guilt inside of him growing, because her face seemed to practically glow with affection. And he knew deep inside that he could never look at her that way, for he already had his person, his very own favourite person in the whole wide world that he wanted to look at like this, and she was currently waiting for her date with someone else.

This had to stop, he had to put himself out of this self-made misery, at least for now, so he put a hand on Lavender's shoulder and told her he was tired, he would go to bed. And when she kissed him good night, he thought, he *hoped* he sensed Hermione's stare on his back. Without another look back, he got up and made his way through the obstacle course made up of other Gryffindors sat on the floor, not anticipating the real hurdle ahead of him: tall McLaggen, all dressed up and dapper, a smug look on his face and probably no brain cells in his head, or so Ron thought. He kept his head down when climbing up the staircase to the boys' dorms, avoiding the spectacle unfolding at the portrait hole, and he was just about to open the door and leave this mess of an evening behind him, when he just couldn't help it and looked over his shoulder. And he met her gaze and they locked eyes for a split second - as he had apparently not been the only one unable not to look back - and what a second it was. One that made his head spin with emotion, with regret, with anger, guilt, jealousy. One that made him realise what was really going on here, and yet left him just as confused the moment it was over. And just as quickly as it had come, it had gone, and Hermione was out of the door with McLaggen, and Ron inside his dorm, alone.

Thank god, for it gave him the freedom to do things he would have not wanted anyone to see, like bury his face in his hands and groan and rub his eyes and finally have his palms rest on the top of his head, making him look lankier than he already did, and he turned around again to look at the closed door, not really seeing it though. Was he the only one caught up in a hurricane of feelings, not knowing how to cope with any of them? Hermione's face, her slight frown, her wrinkled forehead, her narrow eyes – did the same kind of turmoil hide behind her face, when their eyes met? He snorted at this question because it seemed he pondered over it every

day – what did Hermione think, how did Hermione feel, did her heart ever skip beats when she looked at him, did her hands become weirdly numb when their elbows touched in class or in the library?

Another groan left his throat because he was not supposed to wonder any of these things anymore – what about his relationship, what about Lavender? He took a deep breath, let his arms fall to his sides and closed his eyes. He had to do something about ... well, about all of this. About not talking to Hermione, about talking way too much to Lavender, about the mess his life had become. Christmas was coming closer ... maybe he would be able to talk to Hermione before the break started, before they left for the Burrow? Slightly more hopeful, yet still almost suffocating at the thought of Hermione and McLaggen under the mistletoe, he took off his clothes, slipped into his pyjamas and under his blanket. And he couldn't help but think about her hair. And how he was almost positive that just maybe she would have gone the extra mile for him, would have magically altered it – but he wouldn't have cared, he would have loved it either way. All he wanted, really, was for his life to go back to normal, to have his boring afternoons in the library back. To go back to not being too observant about these kinds of things about Hermione anyway, but instead get lost in the limb-numbing feeling that would emerge when their elbows touched ...