

## You Are

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# **You Are**

by [batsam](#)

## Summary

Ginny confronts her insecurities as she prepares to try out for the Holyhead Harpies.

## Notes

Originally posted on HPFF for the 2015 House Cup Collab "Game On"

You are fierce. You are powerful. You are Ginny Weasley.

You repeat the words to yourself slowly, breathing deeply between each statement, as you stare into the locker room mirror.

Your practice robes look feeble and tattered, their hems smeared with mud. You had absentmindedly grabbed the robes you used to play at the burrow, not realizing that every aspect of yourself was going to be judged today.

You don't normally doubt yourself, but today is different. Today you are trying out for the Holyhead Harpies.

The strange thing is that you had never thought to be nervous about it until now. When you were first approached and asked to try out, you had felt no semblance of fear. You had felt proud. You had felt fierce. You had felt powerful.

Now you feel uncertain. Beyond that, you feel an unusual degree of insecurity.

You sit down on the locker room bench in frustration. You have played Quidditch for years. You have fought and won wars, both small and large. You have conquered your demons. And in all of that, Quidditch has always been the most simple, natural thing for you. Why is it different now?

You look up at the poster of the team plastered against the wall, all seven players beaming jovially back at you, laughing among themselves.

In a moment of clarity, you see your fear. How could you ever fit in with those people? With those women?

You have played Quidditch with men for years. You have fought and won wars against and beside men. You have conquered your demons that men have pressed upon you.

You shudder at your thoughts, but you cannot deny their truth. You hadn't given it much thought before, but now you see with abundant clarity that you have never been fully comfortable among women. You merely never really had the opportunity. You grew up surrounded by six brothers, and being around men had always been the natural thing.

Women were different. They weren't necessarily bad and you could deal with a couple at a time, but you never felt truly confident when alone in an all female group.

What an irony that the only all female Quidditch team was the one to ask you to join them.

Even when you played on the Gryffindor Quidditch team there had been that discomfort that you had never fully been able to place as you struggled to navigate how to communicate with Katie and Demelza.

Beyond Quidditch, you had never truly had close female friends. Hermione would come the closest, and of course you loved her dearly, but you were most comfortable with her when Ron or Harry were around. When you were alone together you were polite and affectionate, but you simply did not know what to say or do.

With men everything was so much simpler. Just be the strongest person you could be and they would respect you. With women... Well, you never really learned what made women respect you.

With a deep breath you stand and walk out of the locker room towards the pitch where six women clad in impeccable dark green robes wait for you.

Today you will play Quidditch. Today you will fight another war. Today you will conquer your demons.

You are fierce.

You are powerful.

You are Ginny Weasley.

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