

No One Is Ever Too Old For Toys

by MomoDesu

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Narcissa was so homesick. Seeing her sisters on a daily basis made things a bit better, but she would have rather been at home with her mother. Bella had done nothing but taunt her since the sorting. Running to either her mother or Andromeda would have been her first move were she at home, and now both options had been taken away to an extent. Mother wasn't at Hogwarts, and Andromeda was in another house. She couldn't exactly run to her every time Bella did something out of line. Sometimes she wanted to run to Professor Dumbledore and beg to be moved to Ravenclaw, or even Gryffindor. Anywhere but Slytherin.

She sat in a secluded corner of the common room, playing with one of the only comforts she brought from home: a doll that her uncle had given her for her fourth birthday. Uncle Alphard had told her it was a porcelain doll for his porcelain doll, a perfect little beauty with blonde hair and blue eyes just like she had. Ever since that day she had cherished the doll.

Curling the doll's little ringlets around her fingers, Narcissa began to think about her first two months at Hogwarts. Other than her few encounters with Bella, Hogwarts was wonderful. She liked her teachers very much and tried her hardest to make sure she kept her marks high. The other Slytherins she wasn't very fond of. The other first years like her weren't all so bad, but the older students could be down right wicked! Did the Sorting Hat see this wickedness in her? Was that why she was placed in Slytherin house?

She felt the cushions of the sofa shift and looked up. The blond boy that she had met her first day was sitting next to her with a small grin on his arrogant-looking face. It seemed very clear to Narcissa that this boy was placed properly from day one. "That's a pretty doll you have there," he said in a tone that made Narcissa unsure if he was being rude or if he was really complimenting her doll.

"I've had it since childhood," she replied, still curling the doll's ringlets around her fingers like she was clutching a security blanket, wishing that the boy with the air of cool arrogance would leave her be. Bella had already poked fun of her for bringing the doll with her, and she didn't want to deal with this boy and any harsh words he brought with him.

"You know, I had a teddy that my father gave to me when I was two. I carried him with me everywhere," he said, moving his hand from his knee to take the doll from her. "My mother took it from me the first year I attended Hogwarts because she claimed I was too old for toys. She took Steven, that was his name, from me and handed me a racing broom. She said I was destined to be a top notch Quidditch player for Slytherin, just like my father was when he attended Hogwarts."

Narcissa wasn't quite sure what to say. Her mother wasn't the most loving woman in the world, yet she never decided when the girls were 'too old' for their childhood toys. She watched him look the doll over, turning it over and over in his hands, playing with its blonde ringlets much like she had.

A clock on the other side of the common room chimed. The boy cursed softly. "I'm late for practice. Will I see you at the game tomorrow? Slytherin versus Gryffindor." He chuckled. "It will be an easy victory."

Narcissa nodded. "I'll be there."

"Fabulous! See you later then."

She followed the boy with her eyes as he left her secluded corner and left through the main door and into the dark dungeon hallway.

Not long after the boy left Narcissa flew to her room and began digging through her trunk. Stuffed underneath the box containing her dress robes was a tiny, worn teddy. Narcissa cherished the teddy, a gift from Andromeda when she left for her first year at Hogwarts, but there was someone else who needed it far more than she did.

She wrapped the bear up in one of her silk handkerchiefs and tied the parcel with one of her hair ribbons. As a last thought she snatched a quill and her stationary set from the drawer of her bedside table and scribbled a quick note.

Later that night, after most of the girls in her room had gone to sleep, she snuck into the boy's dormitory and found the arrogant-looking blond boy's room. Luckily there was no one there. She left the parcel on what she hoped was his bed and left the room.

Some time after midnight two dead-tired Slytherin Quidditch players stumbled into their room.

"What's that, mate?" the tall, dark haired boy asked, pointing at the parcel that lay on the bed.

Lucius looked over at his companion. "No clue."

He picked up the small bundle and untied the ribbon. Tucked neatly inside was a small, worn teddy bear and a note.

No one is ever too old for toys. I hope this makes up for your bear that your mother took from you.

Good luck tomorrow.

- Narcissa Black

"Gift from one of your many admirers?" his friend asked jokingly.

Lucius smiled thoughtfully and tucked the bear, handkerchief, and ribbon under his pillow. "You could say that."