

# The New Dinner Table

*by Rose of the West*

Draco explains to Scorpius why the antique dining table at Malfoy Manor had to be replaced.

## one shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Draco explains to Scorpius why the antique dining table at Malfoy Manor had to be replaced.

*Disclaimer: The characters here and the world they inhabit are the creation and property of JK Rowling and her assigns.*

*"Avada Kedavra!"*

Draco shuddered at the sound of the curse and quickly walked out to the garden.

*"Avada Kedavra!"* The childish voice shouted it again. As Draco rounded a corner, he saw a childish form holding a toy wand and pointing it at a statue of a cherub. The cherub smiled on, oblivious to the mortal danger in which it stood.

"Scorpius Malfoy, you come here this instant!" Draco's voice was insistent.

Hearing that tone of voice, the golden-haired ten year old knew better than to argue or hide. He walked toward his father, only dragging his feet slightly. "What is it, Father?"

"Do you know what you're saying?"

The child shrugged. "It's just a Dark curse, isn't it?"

Draco knelt down and held his son's shoulders. "It's the Darkest of curses, and it can't be undone once cast. Have you any idea what it's like?"

The boy shook his head. "Uncle Greg told me about it. He said it was cool."

The father sighed. "He would. Did he tell you what it was like to see someone cursed with that spell?" He took the boy's hand and led him into the library. He sat the boy on one of his father's leather chairs and sat in a facing one. The boy seemed so small in the grown up chair, yet his feet at least reached the floor. He would be leaving for Hogwarts in ten months. Perhaps it was a good time to have a serious discussion.

"Do you really know about that spell?"

The boy shook his head. "No, Father."

Draco stared at him and pondered it for a moment. How could he describe it? Should he describe the first time he saw it cast? He shuddered. That time was too complicated.

"Scorpius, have you ever wondered why, in this house full of antiques, the dining room table is fairly new? We had one that had been in the family for centuries."

"Gran says the old one was defiled."

"That's one way to put it. Now, we've told you about the Dark Lord."

"Yes."

"And about how he spent so much time here."

"Yes."

"Well, one day, just as lunch was being cleared, one of the snatcher squads brought the Hogwarts Muggle Studies teacher here. She was picked up because of an op/ed piece she had written that was published. The Dark Lord rewarded the snatchers and used a spell Professor Snape had designed to lift her over the dining table. Then he used a spell of his own to make her turn slowly while we all pretended she wasn't there."

"Pretty creepy, Dad, but so far no *Avada Kedavra*."

"I'm getting to that part. A little while later, Professor Snape and some other Death Eaters came. We were all sitting around the table pretending not to notice anything but paying attention to every word, because if anything was said to any one of us, we might need to answer. After a while, Professor Burbage noticed Professor Snape. She kept begging him to help her."

Draco spoke almost to himself. "She should have known better. Dumbledore had begged, too. Maybe she didn't know that part."

His voice strengthened as he continued. "The Dark Lord taunted and teased everyone around the table. Then he spoke that spell and Professor Burbage fell to the table, dead. One minute she was pleading for Professor Snape to help her, and the next minute her life was over, as easily as a candle is snuffed. Then the Dark Lord stood and simply walked out of the room while his snake..."

He couldn't continue, but he saw he didn't need to. The boy's eyes were as wide as saucers. "Dad?" he said, his voice as small as the size of the boy he once was before he stopped calling Draco "Father."

"Yes, son?"

"I didn't know. I won't use that spell again."

"I know, Son. Just let me know about all the 'cool' spells that Uncle Greg teaches you, all right?"

*A/N: Written in response to a Saturday Night Drabble prompt given by christsev: Write a scene in which Draco tells someone (Pansy, Harry, Ginny, Blaise, etc) about Charity Burbage's death.*