

Misinterpretation

by sunny33

What could two Death Eaters want in a dusty, old antique shop?

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Chapter 1 of 1

What could two Death Eaters want in a dusty, old antique shop?

Disclaimer: Do I look like I own them?

The two cloaked men stopped briefly before the door of the shop. Shabby and unpretentious, with a faded sign swinging from brass chains over the window, the shop had seen better days. A stack of old lampshades threatening to tumble down, dust-covered crockery, and a chipped basin and ewer were the only items on display behind glass begrimed with the passage of many years.

"Do you really think it could be here?" asked the taller of the pair.

"No idea. But it's the only place we haven't checked in town, so we might as well take a look. It was last seen in this area."

The door creaked a reluctant welcome as they pushed it open and entered the shop. Just before it swung closed a small tabby cat darted inside.

"Oi! No animals allowed!" The little, grey man matched his dusty shop.

"Not ours," began the heavy man in the flowing cloak.

"Followed us in," added the other.

A clatter was heard from a dark corner as the cat, spooked by an old framed poster, leaped onto a table and knocked over a painting of a creek.

Picking up the painting, the tall man stared at the poster leaning against the wall. "What in Merlin's name are those creatures?"

Smiling for the first time, the proprietor picked up the poster and lovingly brushed off the layer of dirt. "Aye, well, I dunno. That there poster just appeared one day outa nowhere. They're rather cute, ain't they? Ewoks, it says here, from some film I've never 'eard of. Still, if you're interested?"

The customer shook his head. "No. I just wanted to know—"

"Never mind," interrupted the other. "We were looking for an old cup – about this size." He indicated with his hands. "Has a picture of a badger on it. Have you ever seen anything of that description?"

The old man thought for a few moments. "It does ring a bell. I've seen summat like that recently."

"Where?"

“Ang on. It’ll come to me. Memory ain’t what it used to be, you know.” He hummed a little tune under his breath as the two men fidgeted under their cloaks. “That’s it. It was at Hepzibah’s place. The cottage down by the mill. Funny old trout, wears a cloak very similar to you geezers. I’m sure I saw a cup like that on her bookshelf when I called in t’other day to pick up some old books she wanted rid of.”

“Many thanks. We’ll be sure to—”

“Obliviate!”

“What’d you do that for?”

“He said to leave no witnesses. Would you rather I’d killed him and left you to clean up the mess? We just have to find out where it is and report back.” The taller man swept out of the shop without waiting for a reply. His companion followed, and with a pop they disappeared.

Picking up her paws as she made her way through the dust and dirt, the cat nudged the legs of the bemused shop owner.

“How did you get in? Go on, off with you!” He opened the door and shoved the animal out onto the street. Grumbling as he began to fuss with the locks, he did not notice the animal morph into a striking young woman wearing yet another flowing cloak.

For years, Minerva McGonagall blamed herself for the old witch’s death. How the two Death Eaters had known where to find the cottage by the mill so quickly had remained a mystery. Hepzibah Smith was dead by the time she had arrived half an hour later, malevolent traces of dark magic still lingering in the air. Years later, she and the rest of the Order of the Phoenix spent many fruitless hours puzzling over the importance of a simple teacup.

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Pennfana: Lampshades, cats, a basin and ewer, and a painting of a creek. LadyDragon Singer and Mazzy wanted Ewoks, and Janus suggested Death Eaters. They’re an odd lot in chat.

How the Return of the Jedi poster managed to find its way into a second hand shop back in the 1950’s is another story altogether.

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the look over.