## Draco's Goodbye to Lucius

by kyriaofdelphi

Draco talks to his father one last time

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## Chapter 1 of 1

Draco talks to his father one last time

Draco Malfoy stood at the marble grave marker and looked at his father's final resting place.

- "Father, I'm sorry I never lived up to your standards. I just couldn't. I never had the hate in my soul that you did. Bravery was something more suited to a Gryffindor than a Slytherin--of that I am living proof.
- "The marriage you arranged for me with Astoria Greengrass fell apart after three years. I didn't live up to her standards either. We had one son, Scorpius; he lives with his mother. She won't let me see him too often.
- "I married again. The Lovegood girl, but she was widowed, having married Rolf Scamander and lost him in the jungles of South America.
- "We have two children beside her two sons, Lorcan and Lysander Scamander. Our son is named Thuban; our daughter is named Celeste. Thuban is a gentle soul. You would have loathed him. Celeste has your arrogance, for all that she is only three.
- "Mother remarried last year, to a Muggle. She has turned her back on the Wizarding world. She adores all her grandchildren, though.
- "I'm sorry you died when you did. You might have eventually have been proud of the fact that I have redeemed the Malfoy name and it stands for honour and compassion now.
- "My best friend is Harry Potter. Our neighbours are the Krums, Viktor and Hermione. We have all worked diligently to rebuild the wreck of the Ministry and Hogwarts.
- "I am a governor of the school, as you were, but I do not try to meddle in the workings of the school, only see it has funding enough for all the things they should be teaching.
- "Goodbye, Father, I don't think I'll come back to visit you again. Luna said I should come and make peace with my past. I love her and she loves me. I play with my children; I enjoy them. I finally learned what a real family is like."

He walked away from the graveyard, whistling as two small children and a pretty lady with blonde hair waited for him at the gate.

This was written for Karelia's birthday. I hope she likes it.