

# Executioner

*by Pyttan*

Someone has found Igor Karkaroff.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Someone has found Igor Karkaroff.

Originally written when inspiration struck following the Dark Arts LDWS contest. I didn't participate. The prompt was just too good not to use, and I really couldn't pass such an opportunity by. The prompt was Igor Karkaroff/Avada Kedavra. This drabble conforms to movie canon more than book canon, even if the book doesn't go against it.

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Many thanks to my beta, Diabólica, who encourages me so much.

"I has been looking for you, Mr Karkaroff, sir."

Any voice was a threat. This voice – squeaky and shy as it was – was frightening due to its sheer unexpectedness.

Igor turned fast, wand raised and ready. Then he stiffened and stared at the creature standing in the doorway. A house-elf? A female, if the filthy clothes were an indication.

"Why are you looking for me?"

"I is Winky, sir." The elf smiled an oddly distressed little smile.

"Who sent you? Tell me." He flicked his wand as a demonstration of intent, and her smile vanished.

"No one sent Winky, sir. I is all alone. Winky has lost her family, sir."

Then it started to sob, tears and snot running down its face.

Igor looked at the distraught creature and then cast a quick look at the shed that was his current hiding place. It was filthy and miserable. A house-elf could be useful.

"Why are you looking for me, elf?" he said, lowering his wand.

The elf looked at him and then the wand, her lips trembling. Then it snapped its fingers, and his wand flew into the elf's hand.

"You kills young Master, sir. You kills him dead with your treason. Now poor Winky has no one." The elf's voice broke.

Igor snorted with contempt at the pathetic creature.

"Who was your young Master, elf? I have killed many young Masters and don't remember them all."

He laughed when the elf's dirty, unkempt body shook with despair. How easily riled it was.

The elf surprised him by giving him a sly look right then.

"Winky knows spells, sir."

"Spells?"

"Winky knows Morsmordre. Winky saws young Master do it."

"So you can place a picture in the sky, elf. So can I."

"Winky knows another one, sir." The elf fell quiet and that smile reappeared. "Winky knows the one called Avada Kedavra."

Igor felt uneasy. Maybe because of that smile.

"You are not allowed to touch a wand, elf. Not allowed to ..."

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The Kneazel was hunting.

He lost his prey, distracted by the screaming and the green light escaping through the cracks of the shed he had just passed.

He crouched in the grass as a small figure staggered out of the door. It pointed at the sky, screeched something, and the sky started to shine just above the shed. The figure fell to the ground then, howling and sniffing.

He watched as it crawled to a stone close by, watched as it grabbed the stone and watched as it methodically started to crush all the fingers on its right hand.