

A Squib's Place

by MMADfan

Arabella Figg finds her place in the magical world.

Follows Arabella from age eleven through the events of *The Half-Blood Prince*.

A drabble series. The second is a triple drabble of 300 words; the rest are each 100 words. Characters: Arabella Figg, the Figg family, Albus Dumbledore, others.

An Arabella Figg Fic

Chapter 1 of 1

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“The Pencil Box”

Arabella folded the last shirt, laying it neatly in her brother's trunk.

“I'm going to miss you,” Barclay said, voice catching. “I wish you could come, too.”

“You won't miss me long! You'll make new friends, learn lots of new things. And it's only a few months till the hols.”

Barclay rooted around in his trunk, disturbing Arabella's neat packing, but she didn't chide him for it. Only fifteen minutes younger than she, he was still her little brother.

“I want you to have this.”

“I couldn't!” She'd always liked his rosewood pencil box.

“It's all quills at Hogwarts now.”

“Apart”

Arabella hung her coat on a hook, set her satchel at the foot of the stairs, then followed the squawking cat back to the kitchen to feed her. Mum would be home from work soon. She'd get supper ready for her on the old gas cooker: eggs, toast, a tin of beans. Arabella was glad her mother had decided against getting a fully Charmed cooker,

which would be more difficult for her to use.

Just as Arabella was setting the table, her mum popped into the hallway with a crack.

"Mmm, smells good." Doreen Grant said, sending her cloak and hat flying to the cloak rack. "I'm famished."

"How was work?" Arabella asked as they sat down to eat.

"I had to Oblivate a few Muggles up near Loch Lomond. Some centaurs decided to go walk-about. I'm going to pop up to Hogwarts tomorrow to see if Dumbledore could have a word with the chief centaur. Dumbledore seems the only one any of them will speak with. How was school?"

"Okay. Mr Bird says I should continue with English literature for A-levels, but it doesn't seem very practical." Arabella sighed. "Nothing does."

"I'd take his advice. I haven't a clue, and he seems a decent sort."

"Will you see Barclay tomorrow?"

"I thought I'd try to take him out for lunch."

"Maybe I could take the day off school, and we could—"

Doreen shook her head. "I'm Disapparating straight from the Ministry and Apparating straight back."

Arabella shoved her eggs about with a bit of toast. "Bring him some of those biscuits he likes and say they're from me?"

"I will."

"Ask if he's coming home for Easter. It's so long since Christmas."

"He owled me yesterday. He's staying to revise for his OWLs. Sorry, love."

Arabella's heart sank.

"A Part"

"Anyway, I talked to Dumbledore, and he said you're welcome," Barclay said. He bit into a somewhat-stale digestive.

"He knows I'm a Squib?" Arabella asked sceptically.

"O' course he does. He says that makes you special." Barclay grinned. "I already knew that."

"Why's it called the Order of the Phoenix?"

Barclay shrugged. "Maybe because phoenixes are all about life. They're always reborn. You-Know-Who is all about death. And phoenixes are hopeful. You can never really kill them. Just like there'll always be good people, no matter how many You-Know-Who murders."

"Okay, I'm with you!" Finally, a part of his world.

"Meeting Mr Figg"

Barclay left Mike Figg and Arabella in the Diggles' garden.

Mike smiled. "Barclay's talked a lot about you."

"You played Quidditch together?"

Mike nodded. "Your brother's good. Too bad he turned down the Falcons to work for the MLE."

"What do you do?"

"Work in my aunt's magical menagerie. I keep an eye on Diagon Alley for the Order, too. You like animals?" Mike surveyed her cat-fur covered jumper.

"Of course!"

"I'm feeding the Kneazles this evening. Come along with me?"

"I'd love to!"

"Maybe after, we could get ice cream ... if you'd like."

Arabella blushed.

"Meeting's starting!" Dedalus called.

"Loss"

"I'm very sorry, Arabella," Dumbledore said softly.

A tuxedo tom with a squashed face jumped into her lap. Another ginger cat leapt up to the cushion beside her, placing her paws on her arm.

Arabella gazed at nothing. The moment felt unreal. Brother and husband, gone. "Where ..."

"What we could find of them ... St. Mungo's. You're next of kin for both. I can help you with any arrangements—"

"Where did it happen?"

"They'd been watching a shop in Knockturn Alley, but their remains were behind the Hog's Head. I'll understand if you don't want to continue ..."

"Now more than ever!"

“Arabella’s Battle”

Arabella closed the telephone box door, swallowing hard. She’d rarely set foot in the Ministry, and never since Barclay and Mike’s deaths. But she’d promised to watch young Harry, and she felt she’d failed him. She should’ve known that Mundungus couldn’t be trusted.

The lift gave a lurch, her stomach following, as Arabella tried to remember all she knew about Dementors. Though she’d sensed the Dementors, she’d had only a vague impression of their physical presence; she hadn’t really seen them. The kernel of her testimony would be true, and Dumbledore said it was vital. This would be her battle.

“Dirge-by-Owl”

Arabella hugged Mr Cribbens; the rusty half-Kneazle purred throatily, his claws catching her jumper as he kneaded her shoulder. Tears dripped onto his fur, but he didn’t mind.

The black-bordered announcement ceased its dirge and now lay starkly between a plate of digestives and a pot of cold tea.

It seemed impossible. The wizard who had given her a place, a role, in the wizarding world, dead. Despite Dumbledore’s immense age, Arabella had always believed he’d outlive her.

Minerva had added a handwritten note to the announcement, offering any help Arabella needed to attend the funeral. Arabella would be there.

Note: Rated to avoid deluge of anonymous spam comments that afflicted some of my other fics before I raised their ratings.