

What about the Neighbours?

by DawnEB

Lucius is having a spot of bother with the neighbour. Just what is the problem?

No, NIMBY isn't a House-elf

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Okay, I learned my lesson. People don't seem to read stories about Death Eaters without Severus and/or a (male) Malfoy. Since I still seem to be channelling DE's, and Severus isn't really one, that leaves me with a trip to Malfoy Manor.

I've been fiddling with this for a while, since I last visited Wiltshire. The mention of a Real Life character in a couple of other fics I've read in the last week spurred me on to finish it.

Narcissa Malfoy entered the Morning Room and looked out across the perfect lawns just in time to see someone departing through the gates at the end of the drive. Shortly after she had called for a pot of tea to be served, her husband came storming in. He threw himself into a chair with careless elegance despite his agitation, she noted with approval. Sensing the Master's mood, the house-elf managed to deliver the tea tray almost unnoticed, and Narcissa sat next to Lucius on the sofa and proceeded to prepare his cup just the way he liked it. She curbed her curiosity, knowing Lucius would explain everything in his own good time.

Sure enough, after taking a healthy swig from the delicate bone china, Lucius started talking. "Our neighbour came over this morning for a *little chat*," he said. "Something to do with a new 'attraction'."

Narcissa made a small sound at her enlightenment and reached across to smooth his long locks in a calming fashion. There was only one resident of any of the neighbouring properties that was likely to visit. The Malfoys had had a cordial yet distant relationship with his father, but the present incumbent was a far more outgoing and eccentric character who would pop in unannounced several times a year. This annoyed Lucius on several levels.

Whilst it was common knowledge that a small number of Muggleborn witches and wizards cropped up each year, wizard folk were not generally aware that there were also Muggleborn Squibs. These people had the random trait that produced magical ability in a non-magical community, but who had so little magic as to be overlooked by the organisations which kept an eye out for that sort of thing. These were the people who saw ghosts and strange things, had frequent flashes of *déjà vu* or had odd things happen around them, but would never be able to produce the magical strength or endurance to wield a wand.

Normally, this wasn't a problem for the magical community, as when these Squibs bred (if their superstitious neighbours didn't kill or sideline them before they got the chance), the magic was further diluted and came to nothing. However, when a Squib was born into the aristocracy, who have a concern for bloodline much like pure-bloods, it was entirely possible that these offspring were likely to be matched in subsequent generations.

In this way a family of what could be described as Muggle Squibs was created. They may occasionally throw out a full-blown witch or wizard, but otherwise the trace of magic was usually limited to the ability to see things most people couldn't, and to attract the attentions of certain magical creatures that would hang around the homes and individuals of the family. From this came all sorts of traditions regarding ghosts, ghouls, boggarts, banshee and the like. The Thynne family fell into this category.

In the Sixteenth Century John Thynne had bought the land of a monastery that had been dissolved because of, amongst other things, accusations of witchcraft. The fairly

