

Witches of India

By The_Demon_Yuubisa_Chan

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To get away from the Dark Lord, Draco Malfoy finds himself in India. Will this be a safe haven? Or just another way of making his like a living hell?

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1 - Prologue

Title: Witches of India

Rating: PG-13

Summary: (To be written later)

Disclaimer: Do you like having Internet? So do I. They don't have Internet in jail. So please don't sue us because we so don't own Harry Potter! We aren't making money off this. It's just for fun. Thanks much.

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Prologue

The rain seemed foreign to him. He had not seen it rain in this little farm since he was six. As he ran toward the barn, the rain slammed against him like hail. The black cloak didn't help at all. The wind rushed around him as he ran, making him feel like he was caught in a twister.

When, at last, he reached the barn, he threw the door open and collapsed onto a bail of hay. "Ouch!" He screamed and stood up. He glared down at the hay and at the pitchfork sticking out of it, cursing it under his breath.

He looked around. Nothing had moved since his last visit. It smelled of horses and sheep and oil. They were scents he always connected with this place and the people he knew from here. It was deep in his soul, like magic, maybe even deeper. He breathed it in slowly, happily, as he found a freshly made rocking chair and sat in it.

The first time he had come here it had been with his mother. They'd been on a walk and wound up here. They'd snuck a peek at it, Draco wanting to know all about it. The next time it had been he and his friends, looking for trouble. And then it just became a place to go to whenever he was bored. It was his hide away.

He rocked back and forth, listening to the storm outside and waiting. The more he rocked, the more he thought about what had happened that night. He began to worry as he thought. He had been told to come here, to run here, rather. At first he hadn't understood, but now he did. This was the only place THEY couldn't find him. The only place he could hide until it was safe.

Why couldn't he kill him? He had been right there, right within reach of his goal. A goal that would have brought him glory. But he couldn't do it. Couldn't bring himself to do the deed and he hated himself for it. Now, he had risked not only his life, but the life of three other people. The only three people who had ever meant anything to him.

Thunder crashed through the sky and Draco jumped in his rocking chair. The air around him seemed filled with anger. Was his wrath so strong it could control the very air he breathed? No, however powerful

he was, he was not omnipresent.

Another crash of thunder and the barn door flew open. Draco looked up to the a hooded figure moving toward him. Draco shot up and had his wand out. "Exp-" The wand flew out of his hand. Horrified, Draco looked at the figure, who also held a wand.

"What," came a raspy voice, "have I told you about spells?"

Draco visually relaxed. "Next time I'll do it silently." He said, picking up his wand and moving his hair from his eyes. Professor Snape pulled down his hood and closed the door. "Is he angry?" Draco asked.

"I haven't seen him yet," Snape said, taking the seat that Draco had been using. "But, yes, I can feel his anger. Bellatrix is no doubt wallowing in this."

Draco sat down on the floor, feeling very much like a child. "What took you so long, then?"

"I was hiding your mother. No, I can't tell you where she is, I'm afraid I have to keep that a secret, even from you. But now we must talk. I am taking you to live with a friend of mine. She will take care of you until such a time as it is safe to return to England. I do expect you to show her the respect you failed to show me this year."

Draco blushed slightly and looked down. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

"I know you are. And I forgive you." Snape sighed and shook his head. "I am very proud of you, Draco."

"Proud? Why? I couldn't do it, you where there!"

"I know. I'm glad. I did not like that he choose you to do the task. I knew you didn't have your father's willingness to take lives. I am very glad you proved me right."

Draco looked up at him, confused. He opened his mouth to speak but Snape cut him off.

"We have no time now. Come, it is getting late." He stood up and Draco did the same. "Take hold of my arm," Draco did so. "Now, we go to India."

4 - Chapter One: Poojay

Chapter One: Poojay

The change in the weather was intense. The cold wetness of the England farm made the heat of India even more sticky and Draco was sweaty at once. They were standing in the middle of an empty street, save for some stray animals here and there. Draco took in the sights and the smells.

"Up this way," Snape tugged at Draco's arm and they where off down the street. The houses here looked expensive, this clearly must be a very rich neighborhood, which was also clearly a muggle neighborhood.

They reached a two story house with wide windows from which light flew into the semi darkness of twilight. The name on the house read Khan. Snape led them through the large white brick gate and around the back. They came to what must have been the kitchen door.

Before they knocked, Snape turned to Draco. "There are three things you must be sure never to mention in this house," he said sternly. "The first is the fact that they live in a muggle city and do most of their things in as non-magical a way as possible. There are very few witches or wizards in India and even fewer wizarding communities. They have to live this way and you will not upset them with your high nose.

"The second is anything to do with the death eaters or the Dark Lord. This family knows as little about those affairs as I can help. I will not have you leaking any information to them, for their own good, and yours.

"Lastly, you are never to ask about the father of this house. He has long since left this family for a new life and it is a topic of great heartach to the woman and her daughter. So never bring it up and only talk about it if they start to first. Even then, don't say much or ask to many questions. Do you understand?"

Draco nodded. "Yes, I do. No comments about the muggle lifestyle, no comments about the Dark Lord, and nothing about the father."

Snape nodded and knocked on the door.

From inside Draco could here someone moving and speaking in Indi. The door flew open and from the light in the kitchen Draco could make out the woman. She was tall, about 5'9". Her hair was long and gray. This hair was pulled into a messy bun. Her brown eyes flashed with a wisdom and power. She was hardly dressed but had a shaw wraped round the top of her dressing gown. She reminded Draco of a meaner Professor McGonagall.

When the woman saw Snape, she smiled slowly, the smile of a woman who found little to smile about. She nodded to Snape and spoke a few words in Indi that Draco did not understand, but Snape clearly did. For five minutes they spoke in this way, Draco only guessing as to what they were saying.

Then Snape looked down at Draco. "This is Poojay. Poojay, this is the one I told you about, Draco."

Poojay nodded slowly. "Yes of course," she said then something else in Indi to Snape. "Well," she said, "You should come in. Snape, I will see you soon, then?"

Snape nodded. "With any lucky I'll be back here by Wednesday."

Poojay held up her arm and crossed her fingers. Snape smiled a knowing smile.

Draco blinked. "What? You are leaving? Just like that?" He didn't want to be here alone. For all he knew this witch was crazy.

Snape nodded. "I have to. He is already angry. I need to appease him as much as I can if you ever have any hope of coming out of hiding. You will stay here and out of trouble." He turned his eyes once again on Poojay. "Tell Priya I shall see her then."

Poojay nodded. "I will. Good luck," and she and Snape crossed their fingers again. Then, just like that, Snape was gone. "Come, lets get you inside."

Draco followed her inside. The kitchen was warm and smelled of something spicy. It was dimly lit and full of signs of life. The oven was on, the dishes where soaking in the sink, and there was ingrediants for something laying on the countertop. It remind Draco very much of the kitchen in Hogwarts he'd managed to sneak into one or five times.

"I imagine you are tired, correct?" Poojay was whiping her hands on a paper towel. "Come along, I'll show you to your room."

Draco didn't question, nor answer her. He followed her through a door that led into a large living space. The lights were off, but he could see the large sofas. They turned sharply and were met by a flight of stairs. They moved up and then turned down a hall. Draco took notice of all the doors and paintings on the wall. Most of them where modern and a few depicted a girl who grew up with the pictures until at last they became Poojay herself only slightly younger.

"Here we are then," Poojay stopped in front of the second to last door on the left. She opened the door and stepped in, switching on the lights. "I hope you like it. We didn't have much notice, you see."

Draco walked in, expecting the worst. What he found, however, was not half so bad as he had thought. It was a large, white room with a desk, a trunk, a wardrobe, and a large, fluffy white bed that had more pillows on it then Draco had ever seen in one place. There was also a large window with a window seat. There was a door that lead to a bathroom, as well.

"It's fine." He said, forcing his voice to stay calm, but Poojay smiled a knowing smile.

"Sleep well. I'll wake you up if you sleep past noon," she headed for the door. "Don't let the bed bugs bite," she warned sternly before closing the door.

Draco could only guess if she was serious or joking. "Snape, where did you send me?"

He sighed and walked over to the trunk, flipping it open. Somehow, a lot of his own clothes were in here. He rolled his eyes. "He's been planning this. He knew I would fail." He at first was angry at the thought then he calmed down slightly. At least he wasn't dead, thanks to Snape. But why had Snape hidden him and his mother? Why would he do that instead of turning him in?

Draco walked over to the window and flung the shades open. The warm twilight air met him. He sank down into the window seat and leaned his head on the wall. What was Snape doing now? Was he being killed for helping him? What about his mother? Was she safe? And... and what about the others at the school? Did they all already know what he almost did? Did they all know it was his fault? No, it wasn't his fault. It was his father's. It was the first time Draco had been truly angry at his father for doing anything. Sure, his father wasn't perfect, but he had never caused such a horrible thing to fall upon his own wife and son.

"Thanks, dad." Draco hissed, closing the windows tightly. He took off his shoes and shirt and fell into the warm and fluffy bed. He closed his eyes and sighed. He was tired... he hadn't noticed until just now. He felt like he could sleep for a year.

As he finally began to fall asleep, one thought drifted through his mind:

"Am I going to die?"