Milton-born

by coldfusion9797

Summary

An unexpected visitor arrives with a letter for John and Margaret's eleven-year-old daughter.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

John Thornton sat ensconced in his office surrounded by the usual piles of paperwork. Of course too many papers were preferable to not enough, so he diligently worked his way through each task.

At the sound of his wife's voice he looked up.

"John," Margaret addressed him in a bit of a fluster which was unusual for his sensible wife, "there is someone at the door."

The routine announcement didn't seem to merit her level of discomfort so he rose immediately to investigate.

There was indeed someone at the door, someone Margaret had been astute enough to usher inside out of sight.

An uncommon gentleman stood in the entryway dressed in strange and colourful foreign clothes with a pointed hat atop his head the likes of which John had never seen.

"Mr and Mrs Thornton?" the unusual caller enquired, to which John acquiesced. "I have a letter here concerning your family. Shall we discuss it over tea?"
The man did not wait for a reply before promptly inviting himself in.

John shared a puzzled look with his wife who looked just as helpless as he was to know what was going on.

By the time they'd gathered themselves and joined him in the sitting room the unorthodox man was already helping himself to some tea.

But there was something wrong with the picture, and it was that the tea appeared to be pouring itself. John blinked and checked again to find the teapot still hovering inches above the table filling cups of its own accord.

"Sugar, my dear?" the stranger asked, as though such things as levitating crockery were an everyday occurrence to him.

"Yes, please," Margaret said, recovering herself remarkably well John thought.

"Why don't you both take a seat?" The visitor offered pulling out two chairs for them with the wave of a crooked little stick he pulled from his sleeve.

They gingerly seated themselves upon the bewitched furniture.

Once the strange man was satisfied that everyone had the beverage they desired, he addressed the matter for which he had come.

"Your daughter has just turned eleven, I understand?"

The mention of one of his children caused John to become defensive.

"I fail to see what business of yours that is."

"Quite right. I think I've gone about this all the wrong way. I do apologise, I've never been given the task of delivering a letter before. Perhaps if you read it? Then I could answer any questions you may have?"

He passed the letter to Margaret to read whilst John kept a careful eye on the eccentric intruder.

"Dear Miss Thornton," Margaret read aloud, "We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry..." Margaret paused and looked up. "But we haven't applied for any school," she pointed out.

"Oh there's no need to apply, her name's been down for attendance since she was born."

"But how?" Margaret pressed.

"The Book and the Quill of course, but never mind the details, it is a great honour I assure you. Hogwarts is the finest school of magic in the world."

John had heard enough. It was all lunacy. They'd be laughed out of Milton if even a word of this conversation ever got out.

"I don't know why you are really here, but if it supposed to be a joke it is not a funny one. I'll kindly ask you to leave now Mr?"

"Elphick."
"Mr Elphick and please don’t trouble us again with this utter nonsense."

"Oh Mr Thornton, I assure you it is no joke. Hannah was born with magical ability, it happens sometimes in non-magic families. I think you know what I mean. Think carefully, Hannah has done things, hasn’t she? Things you cannot explain rationally. Things like you’ve seen me perform just now." As though to emphasise his point the teapot twitched suddenly.

John and Margaret shared a worried look. There were things they had noticed, things they’d been very careful to keep from others, such as the time Hannah had turned the daffodils red with the touch of her finger because she’d have preferred the roses to be in bloom.

"Hogwarts is a place she can learn to control her abilities. I am a teacher there."

"Margaret," said John, "perhaps you’d best continue reading."

End Notes

So yeah, just a random little one-shot. No promises but I will probably write a second part for this at some stage. Thanks for reading :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!