

# The End of Pure England

by

DrT

What if the Purebloods had lost the war but ‘won’ the peace? This is just a cranky one-shot plot bunny which wouldn’t go away.

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You-know-who and her countless minions own and operate Harry Potter and canon. I just kick canon around for fun. Sometimes, it screams. . . .

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Fear. Terror. Cold. Hunger. Filth.

Existence, rather than life, in a gray haze of horror.

Repeat.

Repeat.

Repeat for what seems like infinity.

Then the terror stops and the fear and cold recede a little, but rough hands, bumps and bruises, are only slightly better. The hunger remains.

Voices.

A simpering voice you almost recognize, if you could recognize anything, says, “Take yourself and your mudblood trash and get out of our country! I don’t know what the rest of the world is coming to when they insult us and save garbage like you!”

You can hear there is a reply, but for some reason can’t quite even hear the words; it is as if a feeling of safety competes with the terror, wrapping your bruised soul in warmth. Gentler hands; increasing feelings of warmth and affection, but different scents of filth. No sounds, only movement, and darkness.

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Gray haze again instead of darkness.

Fear, but no terror. Warmth. Bodily functions with no filth. Warm, wet, and rough-but-gentle hands, while feeling like being rocked in a rocking chair.

Bodily functions, still no filth; soup; hands; warmth; sun? Bodily functions; soup; softness; music; bodily functions; floral scents; soup.

Warmth and affection and cleanliness and soup; all while rocking in the best cradle imaginable. Safety.

Mix and repeat.

Mix and repeat.

Mix and repeat.

Mix and repeat.

Mix and repeat.

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Hermione Granger sat upright, hyperventilating from a nightmare.

Arms surrounded her, hugging her. “Shhh, it’s alright.”

Hermione slowly and partially calmed down, finally asking, “What happened?”

“What’s the last thing you remember?” Harry asked.

Hermione paused as she tried to remember. “Let’s see . . . you tricked Voldemort into destroying himself. We were still at Hogwarts . . . two days later?”

“Go on, if you can. If it’s too much, we can stop,” Harry told her.

Hermione swallowed nervously, but thought some more. “I just remember aurors rushing into the great hall and then. . . .” She shivered. “Harry, was I in Azkaban?”

“We were,” Harry confirmed.

“How long?” Hermione asked.

“Eighteen days.”

“Eighteen days! It felt like at least eighteen weeks, if not months!”

Harry shrugged. “You’re a good person.”

Hermione looked puzzled, which told Harry her mind was still fuzzy. “The dementors suck up your good feelings and memories, leaving your fears and bad memories. Someone like the LeStranges or Snape would be affected, but since they weren’t that good to begin with, they wouldn’t suffer like you would – you’re basically good, so most of your mind was affected.”

“And you?” Hermione asked.

Harry smirked.

“What?”

“It turns out, dementors can be used as a magical focus.”

Hermione was clearly puzzled.

“They came to administer the Kiss,” Harry explained. “As the first one touched me, I was desperate

and cast my Patronus. I couldn't do it wandlessly, but the dementor acted like a wand focus, except the Patronus went off inside the dementor, blowing it up. I destroyed three more of the suckers before they left me alone."

"Why were we even there? And why aren't we still there and where are we for that matter?" Hermione asked. It should have been a demand, but she was too weak.

"The first answer is that the Pureblood Ministry workers, the ones like Umbridge, took over the Wizengamot within hours of the final battle. They declared that people like Snape, not to mention Voldemort, on the one side were half-bloods, and most of those on the other side were Muggle-born or half-bloods, so that meant that those were the problem, the ones who caused the 'disruption in good government.' All survivors on either side of the battle not of Pureblood were to be executed."

"What!"

"Well, the International finally got off their arses and intervened to a small degree. All those not deemed of Pureblood have until the summer solstice of 1999 to be totally out of Great Britain – magical Ireland has finally followed the Muggle and declared independence, to few regrets in the UK. The International is helping to organize the evacuation."

"But. . . ." Hermione tried to protest.

"I know," Harry assured her.

"Where's Ron?"

Harry sighed.

"Are Purebloods forbidden to leave?" Hermione asked.

"Oh, no; blood-traitors are welcome to leave, and anyone who wants to leave is considered a blood-traitor," Harry answered. "The twins are pulling up stakes and moving to Ontario. As you probably know, the London Gringotts is their version of corporate headquarters, and Bill has a movement exemption. . . ."

"A what?" Hermione asked.

"After the summer of 1999, the borders will basically be sealed for most magical people," Harry answered. "Magical adults of the 'wrong-kind' will likely be executed when found, and the remaining Purebloods can no longer leave after that. A few Purebloods, like Bill, have exemptions. Fleur has moved back to France, and for the time being Bill will be spending weekends with her and then working in London. As any Muggleborn come into the system, they will be contacted by a group of European Purebloods and educated overseas. If they perform underage magic from the time they start school, they, well, I don't want to know. They and their families will be helped to emigrate at any time, but they will not be allowed into the country after their eighteenth birthday."

"And the International is allowing this?" Hermione demanded.

"Better this than hunting down the 'impure' and killing them outright, which is what the new minister

wanted.”

“Who is the new minister?”

“Umbridge.”

Hermione sighed.

“Percy is her under secretary.”

Hermione was too tired to sigh again.

Harry went on, “They also had to agree to let everyone remove their assets, not to bother the Muggles, and to keep the Statute of Secrecy even more strictly.”

“And what about Ron? Not to mention Ginny, Neville, and Luna?” Hermione demanded.

“Ginny is not of age until August,” Harry reminded her. “Even if she wanted to leave, which she apparently doesn’t, she couldn’t.”

“But. . . .”

“But dreaming of the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’ isn’t much fun when he’s also the ‘Boy-Who-Is-Exiled,” Harry retorted. “Ron looked torn, but he ended up taking a contract with the Canons.”

Hermione frowned, partially from disappointment. Still, she had to ask, “Will there even be enough Pureblood players to field the teams?”

Harry shrugged. “Probably four of them, anyway. The Harpies have already announced that they are moving to some place called Moose Jaw.” He frowned. “There’s probably some joke there, somewhere.”

Hermione shivered and leaned into Harry.

“Luna and her father have moved to Bermuda, but she said she’d visit us soon.” Hermione curled up a bit as she wriggled into Harry’s lap. “Apparently, many magical people enjoy ocean travel. As some of the ocean liners lost money, they were bought up by a Greek company actually owned by a consortium of magicals. The Potter Trust owns a very small piece. They own nine liners. The four smaller ones are ferrying people between Britain and either Ireland or France. Four others are taking people to the Americas or Morocco. We’re on the last and largest one, and we’re going to India, followed by Australia and then on to New Zealand. The house elves that used to be at Hogwarts are moving possessions and personal effects.”

“And we’re going to. . . ?” Hermione asked drowsily as she cocooned herself in Harry’s lap and arms.

“The Australians have located your parents, and I just got word this morning they removed the memory charms. You can stop at Perth and visit them, or you can come along with me to the South Island of New Zealand.” He tightened his hug. “You don’t have to decide right now, and your parents should be in direct contact with you in a day or two. In part because of the stopover in India, we’re still more than

twelve days from Perth.”

“Did you feed me soup?”

“I did.”

“Did you bathe me?”

Harry shrugged. “And changed your adult diapers, albeit with magic. It had to be done.”

“I want solid food when I wake up,” Hermione said even more drowsily.

“Steak and eggs?”

“Eggs . . . lots of bacon . . . cream. . . .”

Hermione fell asleep.

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When the International did a very thorough census in August, 1998, (via magic, of course, to get a truly accurate return), they found 19,842 magical people (by their liberal definition) still in England, Wales, and Scotland. Over 7,000 people had already left the country and it was suspected that a few thousand more had been killed over the previous year. Thousands had emigrated since the early 1970s. Each of the 19,842 (or their guardians) was given the new definition of a magical citizen of Britain (ie, Pureblood) as they were worked out so they would know if they had to leave. This term, for the first time, was legally defined.

It had taken the Wizengamot several weeks to define the term, as their first definition had, they had discovered, actually given them a magical population of 0 (100% proven magical and fully human ancestors back to the year 1200). Finally, after weeks of double-checking their own ancestry, the remaining members of the Wizengamot defined ‘Pureblood’ as: seven of one’s eight great-grand parents had to be magical (the eighth could be a squib, but not a Muggle) and all sixteen of one’s great great-grandparents had to at least have been thought born fully human (this kept in one family with a member who was turned as a werewolf late in life). At first, it was thought that this would have dropped the approved population of Britain to 4,011, many of them the so-called ‘hedgerow and bog wizards’ – magical families that lived on the margins of magical society, too poor to really participate – wizards living, in short, lives much like the Gaunts had a few generations previously. Then it was realized that many of those families and clans, although pretty in-bred, would not meet the ‘at-most-one-squib-great-grandparent rule’. As it turned out, most of them lived in Scotland or Wales (or at least near the borders), and nearly all the rest lived in Cornwall and western Devonshire. With some fudging those areas were allowed to join Ireland in ‘the Celtic Nations of Wizarding Pritannia’ (although everyone just called it Britain) while ‘Wizarding England’ maintained itself as the ‘true home of the Pure’.

With the new borders, Wizarding England was spared having to worry about areas like Dragon Preserves. True, they had also lost Hogsmeade and Hogwarts, and granted Diagon Alley was in a very few years very much a ghost town, with only an apparition point, floo, and Gringotts, but the Pureblood elite was at first happy the others were all gone, as it turned out that most of the merchant families,

while pure in their paternal lines, had interbred with Muggleborn, who had been quietly allowing easy trade across the magical divide. Hogsmeade flourished in the new country north of the Border, while the goblins quietly bought and preserved the rest of the buildings in Diagon Alley for future resale. All together, 'Wizarding England – Home of the Pure' had a grand population of 756 'certified' Purebloods, average age, 67. Through the influence of Percy Weasley, the Burrow stayed well in 'Wizarding England.'

The Wizengamot voted themselves Orders of Merlin for purifying England and ended all their taxes.

Most of the people forced out of Wizarding England went to (or stayed in if they had already gotten so far) Ireland, Scotland, Wales, or the expanded Cornwall. It took the people of Wizarding Britain just over a year to readjust their polices to accommodate the new reality – blood status was removed from all government forms and statistics, and more civil servants hired (mostly to keep an eye on the borders with England, and to collect excise taxes on goods going into England). With a great deal of extra work, Hogwarts and the regional schools that educated through the O.W.L.s were opened on-time. Over the next ten years, there were many curriculum and personnel changes.

In less than two years, the economy of Wizarding England was gone, but the Purebloods left inside could not legally leave very easily, nor would the majority of them condescend to join the rest of the magical world if they could. Those who would have been otherwise happy to join Wizarding Britain were unwilling to leave their lands behind. Now unable to work through squib-based investment firms (which had cut their ties to Magical England as they were not welcome in 1998), well-off families like the Malfoys had to work through Gringotts to access their investments in the Muggle world (which they were not about to give up). While Gringotts charged higher fees, there was little those Purebloods could do except watch their budgets more carefully.

The elite could afford to pay the taxes Wizarding Britain and France charged to bring in items like food, clothing, and potion ingredients – Wizarding England could no longer produce enough to sustain itself, although a few families were closer to self-sufficiency than others. By 2001, Neville Longbottom had organized a consortium of families that bartered surpluses amongst each other. Those unwilling to join one of the three family consortiums that developed and unable to pay the import fees had to learn to make do without, putting them into the downward spiral towards become new 'hedgerow and bog' families. Many either did the first or could afford the second, or at least associated with the second group.

By 2001, St Mungo's had to close, both for lack of a large enough Pureblood staff and lack of funding, as the government had cancelled almost every tax and surcharge that actually brought in money. The Prophet closed two weeks later, as it was losing money. That was also the month Wizengamot (there was by then no other government left) turned the floo over to the goblins to run, along with the former Ministry building (with no tax money, after all, there was nothing to pay the Ministry workers with once the previous coffers had run dry). The regional magical school, which had once taught through the O.W.L.s, closed in 2003 – children would now have to be home taught, but who could teach Pureblood children better than the families themselves? The last semi-professional Quidditch game was played that November, with the Cannons beating the Wasps 220-190. Cannon Captain Ron Weasley took the League Trophy home to gaze at it adoringly. That game was also the last time any Wizarding Wireless in England received anything other than static – it had been a special broadcast, authorized by the last act of the Wizengamot. The Pure had no one to complain to, and none bothered to order sets which would pick up 'foreign muck' (or at least admitted to it).

In 2005, having completed the buying up of all the other properties, Gringotts closed the floo accesses in the rest of Diagon Alley, as well as the Leakey Cauldron and its access to the Alley. All citizens of Wizarding England who wanted to access the bank had to come via a new floo building, giving access to a smaller business lobby.

The 'elite' Purebloods could merely sniff in derision when the three family consortiums simply seceded between 2013 and 2016 – there was no way to stop them, and those few Purebloods who had gone out to have a little fun Muggle-baiting after 2005 had simply never returned, increasing the Purebloods' fear of the rest of the world. Nearly every remaining 'estate' (none of the families lived in towns or cities any longer, although a few aging eccentrics still lived in or near villages) was by then totally hidden – their owners taking advantage of an offer by Gringotts for special warding schemes. The poorest families either swallowed their pride and joined a departing consortium, swallowed their pride and subjugated themselves to one of the wealthy elite families, or became so poor and isolated that they were soon forgotten. Those few of the latter families that stubbornly remained isolated died out by the early 2100s.

By 2020, except for the 27 remaining elite families and 51 isolated-but-wealthy individual Purebloods, Wizarding England was dead, except in name. With a total population of 186, there was no way the Purebloods could enforce anything, other than on their own lands, where they held absolute sway. Still, the only people on those lands were those families and anyone who had chosen to associate with them. The rest of the magical world merely rolled their collective eyes and ignored them.

2020 was the year that Diagon Alley reopened to the rest of the world. The 'Purebloods' never even noticed, caught up as they were with an ever-evolving world of protocols and family squabbles. By 2025, even the fiction of the Wizengamot was ended, as thirty-three individuals claimed to be in charge of it. Also by 2020, the Purebloods had all stopped paying any real attention to their accounts. They or their immediate predecessors had determined their budgets (by 2020, all 27 families had heads who had succeeded over the previous 12 years, their predecessors having been 'missing' while Muggle-baiting, killed in an honor duel, or simply murdered by their successor), and saw no reason to do anything but stay within them – yet somehow, 'little' expenditures could always be excused. What harm would some imported sugar quills or even a gilt-detailed broom or a custom-ordered wand hurt once in a while?

Because they had collectively stopped watching their ledgers, other than ready cash, none noticed the slow rise in import taxes and Gringotts fees. By 2025, the goblins could close the floo access to the bank, as the Pure simply had goblins take items to and from their vaults as needed – for a small fee, of course.

By 2030, none had noticed that they all had signed 'continuing agreements' 'for our favored clients' with Gringotts which allowed them to borrow cash against their property just in case it was needed. None believed it would be needed, but it came with a 1/1000 reduction in their Gringotts' fees – for the day the agreement was signed.

No one looked to see those kinds of details, because they were the elite, the Pure – they didn't need to bother with details, for they were above such common things.

Right?

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July 15, 2048

Two weeks before, the remaining Pureblood families had been surprised to receive a notice that there would be a fiftieth anniversary ball commemorating 'Pure England' at the old Ministry of Magic. Rumors and gossip had erupted, but the prospect of a ball and banquet had drawn 126 of the remaining 147 members of the self-proclaimed elite of the magical world. There were nine true holdouts who didn't come to the event – eight misanthropic warlocks and one very cranky and eccentric witch. The remaining twelve were the children under the age of eleven, ten who were left with family elves and two left with squib slaves.

The 126 were resplendent in fancy robes – some new, others family heirlooms. All wore jewelry, taken out of vaults for the first time in years, if not decades or longer. As they had gathered in the atrium, they marveled at how marvelous and perfectly preserved it seemed, although the statuary group of the 'magical brethren' was missing, and the elevators and other exits were sealed off. Still, they had all flooded in and house elves had quickly cleaned them off. There was a table of refreshments (and three currently empty tables which would presumably soon fill with other goodies as the evening progressed), sets of rest rooms, and a bandstand.

Less than a minute after the last wizard arrived (Draco Malfoy, making a dramatic entrance), there was a bright flash, and everyone collapsed into unconsciousness.

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135 magical people awoke at the same moment. It took the 126 party goers some time to realize that they were no longer in the atrium of the old Ministry of Magic, but were instead magically stuck to very solid stone chairs, dressed only in long rough plain-spun robes, and, worst of all, they were all in the fabled 'death chamber' – all could see the Veil, the ragged curtain blowing in a non-existent (at least in this plain of existence) wind. The nine hermit holdouts were even more confused.

Nearly all tried to make some sound of distress – scream, moan, shout, whimper – but none could make a sound. They could barely do more than move their heads freely and make faces, the magic confining them was so powerful.

Some noise past the Veil drew the Purebloods attention, and twenty goblins marched in. Draco and the few others nearest his age recognized at least two of the dozen people who entered at the base of the small stone Odeon after the goblins. Hermione Granger was one, and she had aged fairly well. Even the most critical Muggle woman would have judged her in early fifties rather than her late sixties, and that she looked very fine. Most of the older magical recognized Neville Longbottom. Depending on the judgment of the individual, he might have been judged either burley or a bit portly, and if he didn't carry his age quite as well as Hermione he still looked to be in his late fifties.

One person Draco could not believe could be who he appeared to be was a slim man who looked to be at most in his early thirties. No, this had to be Potter's son; it could not possibly be 'the Chosen One' himself.

"Back in my first year at Hogwarts," the Potter-clone stated, "I should have learned a lesson. It was a lesson repeated by bigots and open-minded magical throughout the next few years. Yes, magic is a great and wondrous gift, and it helps make any one of us more powerful and even independent than nearly any Muggle could ever be. However, the lesson was this: living completely in a magical

environment either stops your development or completely eliminates common sense, not to mention logic. Usually, of course, it causes both.”

Harry shook his head. “Look at you. At most, there are a hundred and forty-seven of you.” Hermione elbowed Harry. He frowned for a moment in thought and then added, “If you are worried, by the way, the twelve children are safe.” Hermione nodded her approval.

“A hundred and forty-seven. Ron, Ginny, if you two had produced the usual one child like these others instead of three sets of triplets – and may I add on a personal note that in my opinion the fact that you two doing that together seems to me pretty, well, yech, even for a pair of Purebloods – the number would be under a hundred and forty. If you take out the fact that six of them have so far had fifteen children with each other in some combination. . . .” Everyone up front shuddered to some degree. “. . . that takes care of fifteen of the twenty-seven of you under the age of twenty. And every one of you under the age of twenty-two has at least one Weasley as a parent. While I generally like Weasleys. . . .”

“Although not as much as Weasleys seem to like each other,” someone muttered, making the only red head at the front scowl.

“As I was saying, if we take out the Weasleys – Molly, Ron, Ginny, their children, and their grandchildren – that leaves a grand total of a hundred and two of you, with a average age of eighty! Even given that three of the Weasley-brood are pregnant, two of them have Weasleys as both parents! That is a pretty limited breeding population.”

Harry let that sink into the brains of his audience. Since the entire redheaded population in the seats merely looked proud that Molly’s plan to take over Wizarding England through better (or at least frequent) breeding and most of the others still looked more confused than anything else, few would have taken a bet on any of this sinking in so far.

“Of course, while that explains why you lot had no real future as a group, that doesn’t explain why you are here.” Harry suddenly grinned. “It seems like the last time any of you ‘Pure’ fully read a Gringotts contract was around 2006 – Lucius was not good for much but he was thorough. Too bad he died so suddenly.” Harry smirked at Draco. “Thanks for taking care of that, unless he really did die from falling down the stairs.” Draco paled at the accusation.

Harry’s finger swept the group accusingly. “Except for Draco and eight of you semi-hermits, you all far over-spent your resources. Ron, you were by far the worst. Did you really think the hundred Galleons you got for winning the Quidditch Cup so many decades ago supply all the needs for you and your tribe since?” There was of course no answer, but everyone could see that Ron was confused by the fact his Quidditch winnings had in fact run out in 2002.

“Still, nearly all of you were nearly as stupid as Ron there. Even you eight, who mostly kept yourselves in budget, were foolish, as you were Draco. No goblin would ever go back on their written contracts, but what they tell you about their contracts are negotiation stances, not their final word on the matter. Every single one of you signed one or more contracts taking on the debts of the other ‘Pure.’ I see you don’t believe me. Well, to take just one of the eighteen different categories of such contracts, do you at least remember signing contracts which made you eligible for any estates, Pure or otherwise, which fell open because proper wills were not filed? Ah, I see that you do. Well, to become eligible, you had to take on the debts of those estates. The Weasleys alone spent most of the money, especially once they married into some of the other families – the Gringotts marriage agreements made certain of that. By

three months ago, the total worth of all of you, minus the debts you owed, was nothing.”

The goblins were heard chortling through this.

“Now, the goblins did all this for a cut of the transactions but they would not foot the loans which kept you all going. Be glad of that, by the way, because if they had, you’d all be off to the mines as goblin slaves. Instead, you’re ours, and by your own laws that you never got around to getting rid of when you still more or less had a government.” That got everyone’s attention.

“Yes, you are our slaves. But what could you useless, underpowered, untrained lot actually do for us? Nothing. But we are not totally heartless, although you will likely not agree with that. You have two choices.”

Harry saw he still had their attention. “First of all, those under eleven have been separated out and sent to various countries around the world. They will be raised under probation. If they live their lives within the laws – including the laws saying you shouldn’t reproduce with your siblings, parents, or your parents’ siblings – they should be alright. Unfortunately, those with wand rights, that is those eleven and older, have to be judged with the rest of you. So, choice one for you lot – we have bound your magic, and will insure it stays bound. You will be separated into different buildings. . . .”

“We might as well call them prisons,” Hermione pointed out.

“True, although they are pretty soft for prisons,” Harry agreed. “You will be fed and given clothes suitable for your status as slaves. If you choose to keep your rooms and common areas clean, they will be clean. If you choose not to clean up after yourself, then and only then will you live in filth. That is largely up to you. You are being split apart so that near-relatives won’t be reproducing! You may, however, write to each other freely. If those of you who are not first cousins or closer choose to reproduce, you may, but your children will be taken away either at the age of three or if their health is endangered by whatever living conditions you choose to live in. Weasleys of reproducing ages may only live with each other if they agree to sterilization. There will be educational opportunities, and your cases will be looked at, at first every year and then every three years. Those who seem able to deal with the rest of the world may be let back into it to try, but commit any crimes and you will be punished. That also goes without saying for those who are slaves. No abuse of each other will be allowed!”

Harry stepped up to the wizened toad that was Dolores Umbridge. “You, however, are the exception. For the crimes you committed before the succession of Pure England from the rest of the world, you are condemned to death.”

Two flashes of Harry’s wand, and Umbridge was first freed from her chair, and then sent through the Veil.

“That is all your second choices. Those sixteen and older may choose today. Those who choose to cooperate today may choose the Veil in the future, no matter what your age. Once you turn sixteen, you may also choose the Veil. Now, Draco Malfoy, you get to choose first. What do you choose . . . slavery or death?”

Draco found himself unbound, but still unable to speak.

“Either walk through the Veil, or kneel, accepting your position as a slave.”

Draco took half a step forward, but then knelt down.

‘Wizarding England,’ the ‘true home of the Pure,’ was no more.