

# Do You Believe in Magic?

*by sara lady dalian*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Just how do Muggle-borns get their letters?

AN: I've often wondered why we don't know just HOW any of the Muggle-born students get themselves set up in school. This was originally written for "30 minute fics" story #16. I've changed the wording here and there since this posting isn't for that challenge. Hope this is good – it was my first "on demand" story.

It was early one morning – just after dawn – when Minerva McGonagall sat down to look over The Book. This had been one of her most interesting duties since she had become Deputy Headmaster – the sending of the letters. And this year would be no different. She had been waiting for this day for ten years. This was the year that Harry Potter would rejoin the wizarding world.

Upon pursuing the names of the magical children born in time to come to Hogwarts this year, she noticed that there were quite a few Muggle-born students. Though she agreed with the idea and intent of including Muggle-borns in the sorting, they always brought forth an interesting problem – namely the mistaken belief that Muggles carried regarding the validity of magic. It behooved the school to send those letters, not with owls, but with people. Explanations were more properly given in person rather than by the impersonal touch of a letter.

Each of the Muggle-born students' letters were pulled from the stack that was to be delivered to the Owlery. It was up to her to assign someone to take these letters to their recipient. As the Deputy, she took her share of the letters also – but she also got the first pick.

Minerva spread the cream-colored parchment envelopes out on the desk. Slowly, she waved her wand over them. "*Apparere gryffindoria*." It was her choice after all. Her spell identified just what she was looking for – a female Muggle-born child with the potential to be a Gryffindor. Hermione Granger.

Another quick flick of her wand – "*Adlegationis*" and the other letters disappeared to appropriate teachers. She had taken both Miss Granger's letter as well as two more – both boys. She would visit them, as well, but she would see Miss Granger first. Something told her that she would find a willing student in Miss Granger. Her instinct in these matters had very rarely failed her. Maybe it was the mythology behind her name that intrigued her, but Miss Granger's presence in The Book stirred something primal in the teacher.

A month later, Professor Minerva McGonagall stood at the gate leading into the garden of a medium-sized house, located in a well-manicured neighborhood, located in a quiet town. There was a bell located on the gate latch that she rung. It was only a few minutes more that a young girl came out of the house, holding a book in her hands, her light brown hair frizzing in all directions, her eyes burning with an inner fire. Minerva looked at her and at once knew this would be her student.

"Who are you?" the young girl asked.

"I've come to ask if you believe in magic." Her tone was clipped and her message straight to the point – but behind her eyes burned a fire that matched the younger and offered so much more.