

Tough Little Boy

by MsTree

Ron Weasley reminisces about Rose as she leaves for her first year at Hogwarts

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Harry Potter characters. If I did, I'd be sitting on a warm beach somewhere.

A/N: My gratitude to beawesley2, blue artemis and Anijade for their extra pairs of eyes. More virtual chocolate to Southern_Witch_69 for her exemplary beta skills.

Tough Little Boy

Ron Weasley watched the Hogwarts Express steam out of King's Cross Station, taking his little girl to Hogwarts. As he waved good-bye along with his wife and friends, all he wanted to do was grab a broom and follow the train to make sure his baby got to school in one piece.

His wife smiled at him as if she knew what he was thinking. "Tough little boys," she whispered in his ear. He looked at her, confused, until he realized she was talking about the song that had been playing in the car as they drove to the station, and he started to remember:

She scared me to death every time she took a step when she was learning to walk. Every time she fell, I felt like it was me. I wanted to wrap her in cotton wool and cushioning charms.

Her first days of primary school, I wanted to follow her then as well. Just to make sure she got there okay. I wanted to keep her home, not let her go down the hill into the village with other children.

One of these days, she's going to find someone else to take care of her, and I'll have to give her away. I'm not looking forward to that, but I'll do it and smile. Then I'll go home and sit in her room, missing her and wondering if he'll ever be good enough for her.

He smiled at his wife, not realizing she could read his every thought by watching the expressions on his face.

As she took his arm, snuggling up to his side, she smiled at him and whispered, "When tough little boys become dads, they turn into big babies again."

A/N: This story's idea came from the song "Tough Little Boys" sung by Gary Allan and written by Don Sampson and Harley Allen.

Well, I never once backed down from a punch.

I'd take it square on the chin.

But I found out fast a bully's just that,

And you've got to stand up to him.

So I didn't cry when I got a black eye,

As bad as it hurt I just grinned.

But when tough little boys grow up to be dads

They turn into big babies again.

Scared me to death, when you took your first steps,

Well, I'd fall every time you fell down.

And your first day of school, I cried like a fool, and

I followed your school bus to town.

Well, I didn't cry when Old Yeller died,

At least not in front of my friends.

But when tough little boys grow up to be dads

They turn into big babies again.

Well I'm a grown man but as strong as I am,

Well, sometimes its hard to believe,

How one little girl with little blonde curls,

Can totally terrify me.

If you were to ask, my wife would just laugh,

She'd say, "I know all about men,

And how tough little boys grow up to be dads

They turn into big babies again."

Well, I know one day I'll give you away,

And I'm gonna stand there and smile.

But when I get home and I'm all alone,

Well, I'll sit in your room for a while.

Well, I didn't cry when Old Yeller died,

At least not in front of my friends.

But when tough little boys grow up to be dads

They turn into big babies again.

When tough little boys grow up to be dads

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