

Trixie's Gift

by Rose of the West

Bellatrix Black gets a special gift for her twelfth birthday. For the "Through the Eyes of a Child" Promptfest on the Yahoo/hp_refugees group.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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He tapped on the box with his wand and it turned golden. Another tap and it had a nice green bow. No, that wouldn't do. He tapped the box and the gold turned silver. He looked at it again. It was perfect.

He thought of the recipient. She was as beautiful as the gift to him. She had spent her first year at Hogwarts and had just confided to him that she found it a little beneath her skill for dominance. The prefects were entirely too easy to manage and the children her own age couldn't decide whether to fear or love her.

She would serve his purposes well, and he found that he connected with her emotionally, too. She had the same sense of destiny that he had. She was meant to have her greatness, in service of his own of course. They were cut from the same cloth, he decided. He remembered a time when Hogwarts had seemed almost too easily to him as well. The thought of her there almost made him nostalgic. He smiled to himself. He would soon share in her enjoyment of the school.

Belatrix smiled in greeting to her grown up guest and turned to stick her tongue out at her younger sister. *Goody Two-Shoes Andie. Let's see her match this for a birthday. Besides which, she still has to wait to go to Hogwarts. For now she's stuck with baby Cissy and Mother and Father.*

She kept his box for last, knowing it would be by far the best gift. He watched her with that odd gleam in his eye that she found thrilling and, when she admitted it to herself, just a bit frightening. She wasn't sure what to think when she opened it. It was just an old fashioned cup.

"Wow," said Father. "That must be solid gold." Trixie smiled in satisfaction. *Gold is always good.*

Mother said, "Look at those elegant handles." *It must be special. The way he's looking at me says so.*

Bellatrix finally smiled at the giver. "Thank you very much. It's lovely."

He smiled back. "The young recipient is equally lovely. I would be honored if you took it to school with you. Take it out at night, use it to drink some water, and think of me."

For some reason, she waited until those Rosier and Wilkes cows were out of the room before she took the cup out of its box the first night. Somehow the water was more delicious than plain water. A delightful feeling came over her, and the next thing she knew was waking up in the morning.

It was a bit odd to look through the eyes of a child after so many years, but he adapted. Wouldn't Dumbledore, that suspicious old fool, have a fit if he knew that his best efforts to keep him out of the school had failed. His gift to Trixie would be a gift to himself.

A/N: Thanks to Trickie Woo for beta reading and Lady Whitehart for such an interesting prompt.