

# Bonnie Wee Thing

*by Squibstress*

A witch is born. She's surprisingly opinionated for a baby. A very short story in which a witch is born and demonstrates a peculiar proclivity for getting her way

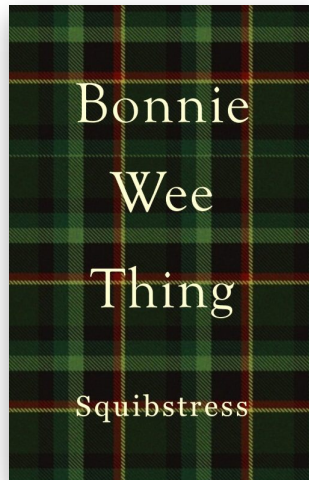
## Bonnie Wee Thing

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A witch is born. She's surprisingly opinionated for a baby. A very short story in which a witch is born and demonstrates a peculiar proclivity for getting her way

**Author's Notes:** There is no McGonagall tartan; I made it up, along with the names of Minerva's mother, father, and grandmother (Pottermore be damned.) As always, the music excerpted in this story can be found on the [music page](#) of my LiveJournal.

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"You have a wee girl!" cried the midwife, holding the squalling infant up for her new parents to see.

The big man with the ginger hair and beard wept with unabashed joy as he kissed his wife's still-damp brow.

"A girl, Morrigan. Think o' that! We have a daughter," he said, wiping his sleeve across his leaking eyes.

"Aye, and healthy as can be, by the looks of her," said the midwife, who had wiped the baby off and wrapped her in a soft blanket. After she handed the bundle to its mother, she took her wand and changed the blanket's colour from yellow to pink. "There," she said with satisfaction, "she's a properly attired little lassie."

"None of that, now," said Morrigan. "She'll be no pink, prancing princess, our daughter. Give her some swaddling more appropriate to a McGonagall witch, Thorfinn," she said to her husband.

Thorfinn McGonagall drew his wand and touched it to his daughter's blanket, which immediately filled with the ribbons of yellow, maroon, and black against a background of deep green that formed the McGonagall tartan.

"Better?" he asked.

"Aye, much," she said.

The midwife withdrew discreetly to allow the little family to get acquainted.

~oOo~

Drawing back the blanket, Morrigan McGonagall ran her fingers gently over the black fuzz that covered her baby daughter's head.

"She has your hair," remarked the child's father, reverently touching the downy head.

"Aye," said Morrigan. "But it'll fall out, and then we'll see what she ends up with."

"Not my ginger, I hope," said Thorfinn, putting a hand to his own head. "Far better she should look like her mother."

Morrigan just smiled at that.

"Her eyes are bonnie blue like yours," said Thorfinn.

"They might change, though," said Morrigan. "I rather hoped she'd have your great, brown cow's eyes."

Just then, the wee girl decided to add her two Knuts to the discussion of her appearance, issuing forth a piercing cry of indignation, her little legs attempting to kick free of the tight swaddling that held them.

"Oh, and she has your temper, too," said Thorfinn, gently teasing his wife.

"And your great, bellowing voice," rejoined Morrigan. "I think she dislikes being bound so tightly. Help me here," she added, and together they unwrapped the angry legs so they could pedal and kick freely.

The baby immediately calmed herself.

"She'll be no shrinking violet, that's certain," said Thorfinn.

~oOo~

There was a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," said Thorfinn.

The door opened to reveal his mother-in-law.

"May I see my first-born grandchild?" enquired Morna McLaughlin.

"Of course, Mother," said Morrigan. "Come have a look at her."

Morna approached the bed and took a few moments to inspect the baby. "Och, Morrigan, she's absolutely beautiful!"

"Isn't she?" said Thorfinn. "Looks like her mother, I think."

"Aye, that she does. She's the very image of Morrigan as a baby," said Morna, tears coming to her eyes. After reassuring herself that her daughter was well, she asked, "May I hold her?"

Morrigan nodded, and Morna gathered the baby in her arms. The child began to make fussing noises, and her grandmother started to sing to her:

*"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,*

*Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine*

*I would wear thee in my bosom,*

*Lest my jewel I should tine."*

The baby continued to fuss, though, and Morna said to her in hushed tones, "There now, lass. . . it's hungry you are, I think. Shall I give you back to your mother, then?"

Morrigan took the baby, and after a few false starts, put her to the breast.

~oOo~

When the baby was finished feeding, Morrigan gently rubbed her back to coax a burp from her tiny belly. The child presently obliged, making her parents and grandmother laugh in delight at her trick.

"She has a healthy appetite," remarked Morna.

"Aye," said Thorfinn. "I'll have no dainty, bird-like eaters in this house."

"You haven't held her yet, Thorfinn," said Morrigan. "Here, come take her a minute."

"Oh, no . . . I . . . I don't think so," stammered the man.

"What, afraid of a wee baby, are you, Thorfinn McGonagall?" asked Morrigan. "Here, take her. She won't break, I promise ye. You're made of stronger stuff than that, aren't you, my lamb?" she cooed at the baby. "Here, Thorfinn."

Knowing that his wife would brook no objection, Thorfinn tentatively took his daughter from Morrigan's arms. "Well, hello there," he said to the baby. "I'm your daddie," and it was clear to everyone in the room that the man was immediately smitten.

"I'll teach ye your letters and your numbers, lass," he crooned at his daughter, gently swaying back and forth on his large legs. "And I'll show ye how tae change a matchstick into a needle, and how tae . . ."

~oOo~

Thorfinn's lullaby was cut off when the midwife came back into the room.

"Sorry to interrupt," she said, "but I have to have another look at the baby now."

Thorfinn reluctantly handed his daughter over, and as the midwife examined her, she asked, "Has she fed yet?"

"Aye," said Morrigan, "and had a grand burp after."

"Excellent," said the midwife. "And now I think you're ready for a wee nap, my dove," she said to the baby.

She placed the baby back in Morrigan's arms and began to tuck the blanket back around the child's legs.

The baby let out a squawk, and the blanket suddenly, forcefully, whipped itself back and off the child's legs.

The room was quiet with shock for a moment.

"Did ye do that, lass?" enquired an awestruck Thorfinn, bending over his child.

"I think she did," said Morrigan. "She doesn't like swaddling," she explained to the midwife.

"Evidently," the astonished woman said. "It's a powerful witch ye have there, I think."

Morrigan nodded.

"Does she have a name yet?" asked the midwife. "I need to register it."

Morrigan and Thorfinn looked at one another for a moment, then Thorfinn said, "Minerva. We're calling her Minerva."

~FIN~

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