

Minerva McGonagall

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A Harry Potter version of Mary Poppins. After being abandoned by his fiancée, Albus Dumbledore is in a quandry. His brother Aberforth helps him place an advertisement for a new wife.

A Perfect Wife

Chapter 1 of 4

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Chapter One: The Perfect Wife

Disclaimer: Most of the dialogue in this story will be taken directly from the Mary Poppins screenplay. I do not own the rights to Mary Poppins or Harry Potter. I'm just having fun!

A bright, swan-sized bird with red and gold plumage sat on a tree branch, singing cheerfully. Suddenly, he noticed our presence, and he stopped whistling.

"Oh, it's you! Hello! You wish to see Albus Dumbledore, you say? All right, come along with me. This here is Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, a rather nice school, you might say. Albus's office is just down this hallway a bit. Now, this imposing statue is what first greets the eye; this is the gargoyle that guards Albus's office. His name is Binnacle."

"Good afternoon to you, Fawkes," Binnacle said.

"Good afternoon, Binnacle. I've got some parties in tow that want to see the Headmaster."

"Aye-aye, but a word of advice: storm signals are up in his office. Bit of heavy weather brewing there."

"Thank you, Binnacle. I'll keep an eye skinned. Here we are!" Fawkes told us as we step onto the moving staircase. "Workplace of Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts. Hello, hello, hello, Binnacle's right. Heavy weather brewing up here, and no mistake!"

We came upon a rather strange sight: an elderly house-elf trying to prevent a woman from leaving the office. She had several bags in her hands, and it appeared that she was leaving.

"Leave her alone!" a portrait shouted at the house-elf.

"Headmaster Dippet is needing to shut up now!" the house-elf squeaked.

"Don't you be trying to stop that wretched creature from leaving! Let her go, that's what I say, and good riddance! I never liked her from the moment she set foot in the door," the portrait shot back.

"But I is getting stuck with taking care of Master Albus when there is being no future wife for Master Albus!" the house-elf squeaked indignantly. "You is not having to make Master Albus eat his greens! You is just but paint and canvas!"

"Her and her high and mighty ways! And that face of hers that would stop a coal barge! I don't know what Albus saw in her. She's not even that intelligent!" the portrait declared.

"Indeed, Headmaster Dippet! I wouldn't stay in this castle for another minute, not even if you heaped me with all the jewels in the Wizarding world!" the woman told the portrait as she moved towards the door. The house-elf ran and blocked the door from the woman.

"No, no, Missus Vance, don't go!" the house-elf cried.

"Stand away from that door!" the woman commanded.

"But what is I to say to Master Albus when he is returning and is not finding you here?" the house-elf asked her.

"It is no concern of mine. He has disregarded me for the last time!" the woman declared imperiously. "I've said my say and that's all I'll have to do from now on with this place. I've done with him and this wretched castle forever!"

"Well, hip, hip, hooray! Don't let Peeves catch you on the way out!" Headmaster Dippet's portrait called.

"Now, now, please, Missus Vance," the house-elf cried, stopping when singing wafted up the staircase. "Master Albus, he is returned!"

"Our daughters' daughters will adore us,

And they'll sing in grateful chorus,

'Well done, Order of the Phoenix!'"

"Good evening, Emmeline, Bloomie," Aberforth Dumbledore said. "We had a very productive meeting tonight! Dedalus Diggle chained himself in front of the Minister's office! And Elphius Doge, he was almost arrested!"

"I'm glad you're back, Aberforth," Emmeline told him. "I want you to know that I've always given my all to this..."

Aberforth cut her off. "That's brilliant, Emmeline, I always knew you were one of us!"

He breaks out into song, *"We're clearly soldiers in wizards' robes*

And dauntless crusaders for sensible votes

Though we adore some of the Ministry,

We agree that as a group they're rather stupid!"

"Aberforth," Emmeline says impatiently.

"Cast off the shackles of yesterday!

Shoulder to shoulder into the fray!

Our daughters' daughters will adore us

And they'll sing in grateful chorus

'Well done, Order of the Phoenix!'"

"Being that as it may, I do not wish to offend, but I " Emmeline tried again.

"From Kensington to Billingsgate

One hears the restless cries!

From ev'ry corner of the land:

"Wizardkind, arise!"

Political equality and equal rights again!

Take heart! For Albus Dumbledore has been sent to Azkaban!

No more the meek and mild subservients we!

We're fighting for our rights, magically!

Never you fear!"

"Aberforth, may I have a word," she broke in, but he ignored her and continued singing, even joined by Bloomie, Armando Dippet, and Fawkes.

"So, cast off the shackles of yesterday!"

"Aberforth!" Emmeline said loudly.

"Shoulder to shoulder into the fray!

Our daughters' daughters will adore us

And they'll sing in grateful chorus

'Well done! Well done!

Well done, Order --!'"

"Aberforth!" she finally shouted.

"What is it, Emmeline," he said, annoyed that she interrupted him. "And where's Albus?"

"I don't know where your brother is. I never know where he is, that's the problem. I'm leaving you can tell him that if he spent more time with me, he would not be in this situation."

"Emmeline, this is really too cruel of you. You won't even tell him yourself?" Aberforth asked her.

She snorted. "No, I will not. If he was here, I would; but he is not, so I won't. Goodbye, Aberforth." Emmeline walked out the door and rode the moving staircase down. The gargoyle stepped aside, and she came face-to-face with Albus.

"Good day, Emmeline," Albus said. "Let me help you with those bags." He placed a Feather Light charm on them, and she sniffed as she walked past him.

Albus turned his attention to the gargoyle. "How do things look today, Binnacle?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you weren't steering into a nasty piece of weather. Albus! Do you hear me?"

"Mmm, yes, very good," Albus murmured distractedly as he stepped onto the moving staircase.

"I feel a surge of deep satisfaction

Much as a king astride his noble steed

When I return from daily strife to my soon-to-be-wife,

How pleasant is the life I lead!" Albus sang.

"Albus, it's about Emmeline..." Aberforth began.

"Yes, yes, yes," Albus cut him off, then continued singing.

"I run my school precisely on schedule

At 6:01, I march through my door

My slippers, hot cocoa, and candy are due at 6:02

Consistent is the life I lead!"

"Albus, she's left you," Aberforth told him.

"Splendid, splendid," Albus snapped before once again breaking out in song.

"It's grand to be a wizard in 1962

The Wizarding world is stable;

And the Muggle world too.

I'm the lord of my castle

The sov'reign, the liege!

I treat my subjects: house-elves, students, soon-to-be-wife,

With a firm but gentle hand

Noblesse oblige!

It's 6:03 and the queen of my dominion

Is waiting at the door to see I'm adequately fed

And so I'll pat her on the head

Then join her in our bed

Ah! Lordly is the life I lead!" Albus concluded his song, then looked around the room.

"Aberforth, where is Emmeline?"

"She's not here, Albus," Aberforth said.

"Nonsense!" Albus exclaimed. "Of course she's here. Where else would she be?"

"She's left you, Albus," Aberforth told him. Albus sighed and sat down heavily in an armchair.

"Ah, well," he began. "We were not really happy together, after all. It's for the best."

"Well, I do know another woman..." Aberforth began. Albus held up a hand, stopping him midway through his sentence.

"Aberforth, let's admit that your judgement on matters such as my personal life has not been the best after all, you have set me up with six women in the past four years, and none of them have suited me. Choosing a wife for a wizard is an important and delicate task. It requires insight, balanced judgement, and an ability to read character. Under the circumstances, I think it might be appropriate to take it upon myself to, uh, choose my wife."

"Well, Albus, obviously the way to find a proper wife is to go about it in a proper fashion. You should put an advertisement in the *Daily Prophet*. Take this down please: Wanted. Uh, no. Uh, required. Wife: firm, respectable, no nonsense.

A wizard's wife must be a general!

Her husband's empire lies within her hands

And so the woman that you need

to mold your future breed

Is a wife who can give commands!

A Wizard school is run with precision

A Wizard's home requires nothing less!

Tradition, discipline, and rules must be the tools

Without them disorder!

Catastrophe! Anarchy!

In short, we have a ghastly mess!"

"Splendid, Aberforth! Inspirational! The *Daily Prophet* will be so pleased!" Armando Dippet exclaimed.

"No, no, no, Aberforth while that is quite a nice advertisement, how about something like this:

Wanted: A wife for one adorable Headmaster.

If you want this choice position

Have a cheery disposition

Rosy cheeks, no warts!

Play games, all sorts.

You must be kind, you must be witty;

Very sweet and fairly pretty.

Talk to me kindly, give Fawkes treats

Sing songs, like sweets

Never be cross or cruel

Never give me castor oil or gruel

Love Fawkes as a son, and you ought to

Like to wear stockings with garters

If you won't scold and dominate me

I will never give you cause to hex me

I won't hide your spectacles

So you can't see,

Put toads in our bed,

Or pepper in your tea

Hurry, Darling!

Many thanks

Sincerely,

Albus Dumbledore."

"Thank you, most interesting," Aberforth told him. "And now I think we've had quite enough of this nonsense," he ended.

"Now, really, Aberforth!" Fawkes exclaimed. "*Albus* is looking for a wife, not you!"

"I am well aware that *Albus* is looking for a wife, Fawkes. I only congratulate myself that I decided to step in and take a hand. 'Play games, sing songs, give treats.' Ridiculous. He's not looking for a nanny! There's no question in my mind whatsoever. Now is the time for action!" Aberforth crumpled the advertisement Albus made and threw it into the wastebasket, before walking over to the fireplace to Floo the *Daily Prophet*. Unnoticed by everyone, Fawkes took hold of the advertisement and hid it. When Aberforth had left and Albus had retired for the night, Fawkes extricated the advertisement from its hiding spot and disappeared in a ball of flame, reappearing in Edinburgh.

"Hello, Fawkes," a woman with dark hair said, stroking his red-and-gold plumage softly.

"Minerva, I think this will interest you," Fawkes told her, producing the crumpled advertisement. She smoothed out the paper and read it, her face lighting up in joy as she read it.

"Is it true, Fawkes?" Minerva asked him. He nodded. "Oh, thank you! I will most certainly apply." Giving him a kiss on his soft, feathered head, Fawkes disappeared once more in a burst of flame. Minerva once more smoothed out the paper lovingly and went to her room to prepare. She had quite a job ahead of her.

Sherbet Lemon

Chapter 2 of 4

Albus finds the perfect wife, and she begins to straighten him out.

The next morning, a long line of women stretched from the gates of Hogwarts halfway to Hogsmeade.

"There's a fair queue of women outside, Albus should we have Bloomie show them in?" Aberforth asked his brother.

"It's not eight o'clock yet, Aberforth," Albus said, peering out the window and wrinkling his nose at the women he saw there. "And I said eight o'clock, and eight o'clock it shall jolly well be. You see?" he said, pulling out his watch with twelve hands and no numbers, "twelve seconds to go. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one!"

As Albus was counting, a strong wind began to pick up outside. At first, the women's clothes were blown about, but as the wind grew in strength and speed, they began to be blown away. Several women grabbed hold of the gates, but their grip failed and they were blown away too. A small silver tabby cat padded lightly up to the gates and sat down in front of them patiently. Fawkes, who was looking out the window, smiled at the sight.

"Bloomie!" Aberforth called. "You may now show them in, one at a time."

"Yes, Master Aberforth," Bloomie replied before popping down to the gates and opening them to the tabby cat, who suddenly changed into a woman.

"You may be coming in now, one at a time," Bloomie told her, looking around for the other women in confusion.

"Thank you," Minerva McGonagall said and stepped onto the grounds of Hogwarts. Bloomie led her up to the Headmaster's office. Albus was sitting in his high-backed chair, looking through his mail as she entered the office. Aberforth rose from his seat by the fire and greeted her.

"You are the brother of Albus Dumbledore, are you not?" she asked him imperiously.

"Uh, yes, yes I am," he replied, taken aback at the forthrightness of this woman. Albus looked up from his mail, his mouth dropping open at the sight of this woman.

"All right. Now then, the qualifications." She took a piece of parchment from her robe's pocket. "'Item one: a cheery disposition.' I am never cross. 'Item two: rosy cheeks.' Obviously. 'Item three: play games, all sorts.' Well, I'm sure that your brother will find my games extremely diverting."

Aberforth gaped open-mouthed at the parchment. "Eh, this parchment where did you get it from? I thought I threw it away."

"Excuse me," Minerva said. "'Item four: you must be kind.' I am kind, but extremely firm." She looked up from the paper and noticed Aberforth re-enacting taking the paper from Albus and throwing it away, much to the amusement of Fawkes and Albus. "Excuse me, have you lost something?" she asked him.

"Ah! Yes that paper, you see. I thought that I " Aberforth said, but was cut off.

"You are Aberforth Dumbledore, are you not?" she asked him.

"What?" he replied.

"And you did advertise for a wife for your brother, did you not?"

"Aberforth Dumbledore," Aberforth murmured distractedly.

"Very well, then. That seems to be settled. Now, Headmaster Dumbledore," she said, turning to him, "Will you show me to our rooms?" Albus immediately leapt out of his chair and extended his arm before leading her up a set of brass spiral stairs. Aberforth remained in the middle of the room, muttering to himself.

"Well, is that it, then?" Armando Dippet asked curiously.

"Yes, yes, I suppose it is," Aberforth said, still going through the motions of throwing away the paper.

"Well, then, call your house-elf to dismiss the others!" Armando replied impatiently. He had no time for buffoons.

"Right, right," Aberforth muttered distractedly. "Bloomie!"

The house-elf appeared in the room with a pop. "Yes, Master Aberforth?" Bloomie asked.

"Tell the other applicants they may go. The position has been filled."

"The others, Master Aberforth?" Bloomie asked, confused.

"Yes, the others," he snapped impatiently. "How many wives do you think that Albus needs? Polygamy is illegal in Britain, after all!"

Bloomie nodded, then popped down to the main gates. Mrs. Norris, the caretaker's cat, was sitting just inside the gates.

"The position is being filled," Bloomie told her, and Mrs. Norris walked away.

"I'm afraid our rooms aren't very tidy," Albus said apologetically to Minerva. She took in the expansive, yet cluttered room with a discerning eye.

"It is rather like a bear pit, isn't it?" she asked him. He led her into the bedroom.

"This is our room, and there's a lovely view of the lake," he said nervously, watching as her sharp eyes noticed every detail.

"Hmm. Well, it's not exactly Holyhoodhouse, is it? Still, it is fairly clean. Yes, I think it will be quite suitable. It just needs a womanly touch here and there. Well, first things first," she said, putting her carpetbag on an empty table. He looked inside it was empty.

"I always say the place to hang a hat is on a hat stand," she told him, pulling a hat stand out of her bag and placing it by the doorway. His eyebrows inched upward in shock at its sudden appearance. He looked in the bag again it was still empty.

"Ah! This will never do!" she exclaimed, looking at the small mirror by the dresser. "I much prefer seeing all of my face at the same time," she said, pulling a large mirror out of her bag, waving her wand and attaching it firmly on the wall in place of the smaller one. He looked at her in shock.

"There but there was nothing in it!" Albus said confusedly, looking at her.

"You of all people should know, Albus, never judge things by their appearance. Even carpetbags. I'm quite sure that I never do."

The next item she extracted from her carpetbag was a simple golden perch. "For you, Fawkes," she told the phoenix, and he flew to it, trilling happily.

"We'd better keep an eye on this one, Fawkes," Albus murmured to him. "She's tricky."

"She's wonderful," Fawkes replied, a bit vehemently.

Their attention was drawn back to the woman as she declared, looking around the room, "Much better!"

Rummaging around in her bag, she murmured, "Now, let me see. That's funny. I always carry it with me. It must be here somewhere..."

"What?" Albus asked rather rudely.

"My tape measure," she told him patiently.

"What do you want it for?" he persisted.

"I want to see how you measure up," she said, still rummaging about in her bag. "Well, that's the funniest thing I ever saw. I know it's down here somewhere. Ah, ha-ha, ha-ha: here it is. Good. Come along, then," she told Albus, walking over to the doorway. "Quickly. Head up, Albus, and don't slouch," she said as she measured him. "Aha, just as I thought. 'Sloppy, with an extremely large sweet tooth.'"

"That's not true!" Albus protested as Fawkes chuckled.

"See for yourself," she said, showing him the measuring tape.

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore

Sloppy, With an Extremely Large Sweet Tooth

"How about you?" he asked her, rather put out that a silly tape measure could read him so accurately.

"Very well," she said, handing him one end of the tape measure. "Hold this for me, please."

She looked at the measurement. "Aha, just as I suspected. 'Minerva McGonagall, practically perfect in every way.'"

"Minerva McGonagall! Is that your name? It's lovely," Albus told her.

"Thank you, I've always liked it," she told him, blushing slightly. "Now, shall we get on with it?"

"Get on with what?" Albus asked her confusedly.

"In your advertisement, did you not specifically request to play games?" she asked him, hands on her hips.

"Oh, yes!" Albus exclaimed.

"Very well, then. Our first game is called 'well begun is half done.'"

Albus frowned. "I don't like the sound of that game."

"Otherwise entitled," Minerva continued, "'Let's tidy up our quarters.'"

"I told you she was tricky," Albus whispered to Fawkes.

"Ahem," Minerva said, looking at Albus. He blushed. "Shall we begin?"

"It is a game, isn't it, Minerva?" he asked her.

"Well, it depends on your point of view. You see." Albus was startled as she broke into song.

"In ev'ry job that must be done

There is an element of fun

you find the fun and snap!

The job's a game

And ev'ry task you undertake

Becomes a piece of cake

A lark! A spree!

It's very clear to see

That a...

Sherbet lemon helps the potion go down

The potion go down-own

The potion go down

Just a sherbet lemon helps the potion go down

In a most delightful way

A phoenix feathering his nest

Has very little time to rest

While gathering his bits of twine and twig

Though quite intent in his pursuit

He has a merry tune to toot

He knows a song

Will move the job along

For a...

Sherbet lemon helps the potion go down

The potion go down-own

The potion go down

Just a sherbet lemon helps the potion go down

In a most delightful way

The honeybees that fetch the nectar

From the flowers to the comb

Never tire of ever buzzing to and fro

Because they take a little nip

From every flower that they sip

And hence," she sang, standing in front of the mirror.

"And hence," her reflection repeated.

"They find," Minerva sang.

"They find," her reflection repeated again.

"Their task is not a grind," Minerva and her reflection sang in harmony.

"Ah, ah ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah!" her reflection sang. Minerva glared at it.

"Cheeky."

For a...

Sherbet lemon helps the potion go down

The potion go down-own

The potion go down

Just a sherbet lemon helps the potion go down

In a most delightful way," Minerva finished.

During the song, Minerva and Albus had gone about the room and snapped their fingers, causing the items in disarray to put themselves back in their proper places.

When they had finished, Minerva turned to Albus. "Now, are you ready for our outing?" she asked him.

"I don't want an outing," he whinged. "I want to tidy up our rooms again."

"Enough is as good as a feast," she told him, glaring. "Come along, now."

She walked into their bedroom and rummaged about in her carpetbag again, extracting a sketchbook.

"Where are we going?" Albus asked.

Fawkes flew over and landed on Minerva's shoulder as she flipped through the pages. "Ooh, 'Punting on the Thames.' That's always good if you like an outing." She turned the page.

"The circus. How about a lovely circus?" Fawkes asked Albus. "Lions and tigers. World-famous artistes performing death-defying feats of dexterity and skill before your very eyes."

Albus walked over and looked at the pages as Minerva turned them. Suddenly, he placed his hand over hers, ignoring the tingle that shot through his body at their first skin-to-skin contact, and pointed at the picture.

"Oh, that's lovely. If we can, I'd much rather go there."

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Fawkes asked, as proud as if he had sketched the picture himself. "A typical English countryside, as done by a true and loving hand. Though you can't see it, there's a little country fair down that road and, uh, over the hill."

"Please may we go, Minerva? Please? It's such a lovely place don't you think it's lovely, Minerva?" Albus questioned her.

"Now's the time, Minerva, no one is here to bother us," Fawkes told her.

"I have no intention of making a spectacle of myself, thank you," she told the phoenix and the man primly.

"All right, then, I'll do it myself," Fawkes said stubbornly.

"Do what?" she asked him.

"A bit of magic," he replied, to her great amusement. "It's easy!" he said defiantly. "Let's see. You think. You wink. You do a double blink. You close your eyes and... jump!" Fawkes jumped onto the picture. Nothing happened.

"Is something supposed to happen?" Albus asked Fawkes, laughing.

"Fawkes, what utter nonsense! Oh, why do you always complicate things that are really quite simple? Give me your hand, please, Albus. Grab on to my shoulder, please, Fawkes. All right? One, two, three!"

Jolly Holiday

Chapter 3 of 4

Albus, Minerva, and Fawkes have a "jolly holiday".

Chapter Three: Jolly Holiday

Albus, Minerva, and Fawkes opened their eyes.

"Minerva, you look beautiful!" Albus exclaimed.

Minerva's emerald green robes had changed into a lovely tea-length white dress with a red bodice. Her plain black boots were changed into ankle-length white calfskin boots, and she was wearing a white hat and carrying a frilly white parasol.

"Do you really think so?" she asked, spinning around so he could see the entire outfit.

Albus nodded, and Fawkes chimed in, "Cross my heart you do. Like the day I met you." Minerva smiled and blushed before turning to Albus and taking his proffered arm.

"You look fine, too, Albus," she told him, smiling up at him. His robes had changed into a pair of white trousers, a white shirt, and a red-and-white striped jacket. He was wearing white shoes as well, though a purple bowtie, purple socks, and a purple handkerchief offset the white.

They began wandering down the road, and Albus began to sing.

"Ain't it a glorious day?

Right as a morning in May

I feel like I could fly!" Albus placed his hands on a fencepost and spun around, levitating himself in the air. Minerva giggled.

"Now, Albus, none of your larking about!"

He grinned at her, then continued singing.

"Have you ever seen,

The grass so green?

Or a bluer sky?"

Fawkes chimed in, too. "Oh, it's a jolly holiday with Minnie,

Minnie makes your heart so light!"

"You haven't changed a bit, have you, Fawkes?" Minerva asked, smiling.

Albus and Fawkes continued. "When the day is gray and ordinary,

Minnie makes the sun shine bright!"

"Oh, honestly!" she interjected.

"Oh, happiness is blooming all around her,

The daffodils are smiling at the dove!

When Minnie holds your hand, you feel so grand,

Your heart starts beating like a big brass band!"

"You are light-headed!" she said in mock disapproval.

"Oh, it's a jolly holiday with Minnie,

No wonder that it's Minnie that I love!" Albus sang.

Fawkes rejoined Albus in singing as they passed under a grove of trees.

"Oh, it's a jolly holiday with Minnie,

Minnie makes your heart so light!

When the day is gray and ordinary,

Minnie makes the sun shine bright!

Oh, happiness is blooming all around her,

The daffodils are smiling at the dove!

When Minnie holds your hand, you feel so grand,

Your heart starts beating like a big brass band!"

They reached a stream and Minerva and Albus grabbed onto Fawkes's tail, and he flew them across.

"It's a jolly holiday with Minnie,

No wonder that it's Minnie that I love!" Albus finished as they reached the other side of the stream.

"Thank you," Minerva told Fawkes graciously, inclining her head.

"My pleasure, Minerva," he responded.

Looking at Albus, Minerva then broke out into song.

"Oh, it's a jolly holiday with you, Al,

Gentlemen like you are few,"

"A vanishing breed, that's me," Albus interjected.

"Though you're just a diamond in the rough, Al,

Underneath your blood is blue!"

"Common knowledge," Albus added.

"You'd never think of pressing your advantage,

Forbearance is the hallmark of your creed," Minerva sang.

"True!" agreed Albus.

"A lady needn't fear

When you are near,

Your sweet gentility is crystal clear,

Oh, it's a jolly holiday with you, Al,

A jolly, jolly holiday with you!" she finished. They had arrived at a small café, and Albus pulled out a chair for her. She sat down gracefully, and he pulled out his own chair before looking around.

"Waiter! Waiter!" he cried. A penguin rushed up to their table and handed them each a menu.

"Now then, what would be nice?" Minerva pondered.

"We'll start with some lemony ice,

And then some cakes and tea," she sang.

"Order what you will,

There'll be no bill

It's complimentary!" the waiter told her.

"You're very kind," Minerva said to the penguin. He blushed.

"Anything for you, Minerva. You are our favourite person!"

"Right you are!" chimed Fawkes, and he and the penguin sang,

"It's true that Molly and Sybill have ways that are winning

And Poppy and Pomona set your heart spinning

Serena's delightful, Rita's disarming

Alecto, Rosemerta, Bellatrix charming

Hestia's dashing, Emmeline's sweet

Nymphadora is smashing, Bathsheba a treat

Arabella, Millicent, Alice, Marlene

Convivial company, time and again

Dorcas and Irma and Dilys are sorts

I'll agree are three jolly good sports

But cream of the crop, tip of the top

It's Minnie McGonagall, and there we stop!"

Then Albus joined in, "When Minnie holds your hand,

You feel so grand,

Your heart starts beating like a big brass band.

It's a jolly holiday with Minnie,

No wonder that it's Minnie that we love!

No wonder that it's Minnie that we love!

No wonder that it's Minnie that we love!"

As they finished the song, music began playing nearby. Minerva, Albus, and Fawkes went over to investigate.

"Our own private merry-go-round!" Albus exclaimed. They each chose a horse, and Fawkes settled down as though he would drift off to sleep.

"Very nice. Very nice, indeed, if you don't want to go anywhere," he mumbled, tucking his head under his wing.

Minerva smiled, looking as though she had something up her sleeve. "Who says we're not going anywhere? Oh, guard!" she called out, and a window leading to the centre of the merry-go-round opened.

"Right-o, Minerva," the guard winked and pulled a lever, causing the horses to detach themselves from the merry-go-round and move along the road.

"Thank you!" she called, waving back at him from over her shoulder. He smiled and pulled out a bullhorn, beginning to comment on the race.

"They're off! It's Minerva McGonagall leading by two lengths. Fawkes is second by a length, Albus third."

Albus urged his horse onwards, soon outstripping Fawkes and gaining on Minerva. As he passed her, she grabbed hold of his reins and scolded him. "Really, Albus. You're as bad as a child!"

"Sorry. Just a bit of high spirits, Minerva," he replied sheepishly.

"Well, please control yourself. We are not on a racecourse," she replied sternly as they rode into a hunting party. Minerva's horse gingerly picked its way between the hunters. "Good morning," she said to them.

"Oh, yes, quite," an absent-minded hunter said before realising that she wasn't on the hunting expedition. "What I say. Have you ever?" he asked his horse.

"Neeeh-ver!" it neighed in response. The hunter suddenly sat up straight and pulled out his field glasses.

"View halloo!" he called. The horse squinted in the direction of the fox.

"Oh, yes, definitely. A view halloo," the horse nodded sagely.

The fox, sitting on the hill, perked its ears up at the hunter's cry. "View halloo?" it asked, confused. The sound of the hunter's horn informed the fox of the meaning of "view halloo."

"Faith and begorra! 'Tis them redcoats again!" it cried before running as fast as it could away from the hunting party. The hounds were on its tail, braying "view halloo!" As Albus, Minerva, and Fawkes passed him, Albus scooped him up.

"Poor little bloke, let's give him a hand," he said to Minerva. She nodded encouragingly.

"Saints preserve us! Yikes!" the fox cried as Albus Summoned it. When the fox settled himself in Albus's lap, he looked around.

"Would you look at that now? 'Tis an elegant merry-go-round horse. Come on and fight, you dirty omadhauns!" the fox cried, shaking his paw at the braying hounds. "I can lick the lot of you." The fox turned back towards the horse and patted it encouragingly on the neck. "Faster, me beauty! Faster!"

They had leapt a fence and entered a racetrack, leaving the hounds behind them. A race was in progress, but Minerva paid them no mind. As her merry-go-round horse approached the two horses in the lead, she called out to them.

"Oh, riders, would you be so kind as to let me pass?"

They tipped their hats and responded, "Certainly, ma'am."

"Thank you!" she called as she passed them.

"Not at all, ma'am," the riders responded.

As Minerva crossed the finish line, a spectator pressed down on his stopwatch.

"Excellent time, gentlemen," he told his companions.

"Oh, yes, quite perfect day for it, of course," one of his companions responded.

At the finish line, Minerva was given a large bouquet of flowers, and her merry-go-round horse was draped in a blanket of blossoms.

"Oh. Oh, how nice," she said gratefully. The crowd cheered as she waved to them.

A gaggle of reporters and photographers approached her.

"Hold still now," the photographer told her. "Watch for the dickie bird."

A large flash and a popping sound signalled the successful shot.

"Uh, how does it feel, Minerva, winning the race?" a reporter asked her.

"Oh, well I " she was cut off by another reporter.

"...gaining fame and fortune."

"Uh, yes," Minerva responded.

A third reporter jumped in. "Having your picture taken for the newspaper."

"Uh, oh, actually, I'm delighted," she replied.

"Besides having your extreme good looks, if I may say so," a fourth reporter added.

"Oh, well," Minerva began modestly, "I wouldn't go "

The third reporter interrupted her again. "There probably aren't words to describe your emotions," he said.

She held up a hand to cut them off. "Now, now, now, now, gentlemen, please. On the contrary, there's a very good word. Am I right, Fawkes?" she asked the phoenix.

"Tell 'em what it is!" Fawkes exclaimed, ruffling his feathers in excitement.

"Right! It's...

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!"

A musical group that had been lurking in the back of the crowd joined in.

"Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay,"

Fawkes took up the song.

"Because he was afraid to speak when he was just a lad,

His father gave his nose a tweak and told him he was bad

But then today he learned a word to save his crooked nose,"

Minerva joined Fawkes in singing.

"The biggest word you ever heard, and this is how it goes,

Oh, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay,"

The musical group took up the chorus.

"Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay,"

And then Minerva took over.

"He's travelled all around the world and everywhere he went,

He should've used this word and all would've said, 'there goes a clever gent,'"

Fawkes jumped in.

"When dukes and maharajahs passed the time of day with thee,
You should've said this word and then they'd ask you out to tea!"

Minerva and Fawkes sang the chorus.

"Ooh, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay

Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay."

Minerva said thoughtfully over the music, "You know, you can say it backwards, which is Dociousaliexpiisticfragilicalirupus, but that's going a bit too far, don't you think?"

"Indubitably," Fawkes replied.

Minerva picked up the tune again.

"So, when this tabby's got your tongue, there's no need to dismay,

Just summon up this word and then you've got a lot to say.

But better use it carefully, or it could change your life..."

The drummer of the musical group interrupted.

"For example..."

"Yes?" Minerva replied.

"One night I said it to me girl, and now me girl's me wife." His wife hit him on the head with her tambourine. "Ow! And a lovely thing she is too," he said, and his wife batted her eyes at him.

She's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious

If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious,

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!"

Suddenly an owl flew into the picture with a letter for Albus tied on its leg.

"All right, time to go, I suppose," Albus said sadly.

"Unfortunately, yes," Minerva replied. "Stay close now..." They popped back out of the picture, and Albus went off to respond to the owl.

Stay Awake

Chapter 4 of 4

After their "jolly holiday", Albus Dumbledore begins to realise some of Minerva's special magic.

Chapter Four: Stay Awake

DISCLAIMER: Still don't own HP or Mary Poppins.

After Albus finished the work that had accumulated during their outing, he returned to their rooms and was greeted by Minerva wearing an emerald silk quilted dressing gown, sitting on their bed, reading a book. Fawkes was perched on her shoulder. She looked up as he walked in and opened his wardrobe, taking out his nightshirt and his own dressing gown. He went into the bathroom to change, and when he emerged, she was no longer reading her book, but had a bottle of potion, two spoons, and a small cup out.

"Time for your medicine," she said to Fawkes and Albus.

Albus groaned. "No, I don't want to take any nasty potions, Minerva! I'm a grown man – I can take care of myself!"

"Do we have to, Minerva," Fawkes asked.

"People who overwork themselves must learn to take their potions," she replied.

"I don't want it. I'm not going to –" Albus began as Minerva poured a bit into the small cup for Fawkes. It was a bright green colour.

"Oh! Lime cordial! Delicious!" he exclaimed as he gulped it down. Minerva handed Albus a spoon and poured some into it for him. It was yellow.

"Sherbet lemons! Mmm!" he exclaimed as he swallowed the potion. Minerva poured a final spoonful for herself. It was dark red.

"R-r-rum punch," she said, and hiccupped. "Quite satisfactory." She turned down the covers and climbed between the sheets, Albus joining her.

"Minerva, you won't ever leave us, will you?" Albus asked her. She avoided the question by taking off her glasses and letting down her hair.

"Will you stay if I promise to be good?" Fawkes asked.

"Och! That's a piecrust promise – easily made, easily broken," she told him.

"But what would we do without you?" Albus asked.

"I shall stay until the wind changes," she told him.

"But, Minerva, how long with that be?" Albus asked.

"Quiet, please, Albus," she said. "It's time to go to sleep."

"Oh, but I couldn't possibly go to sleep! So many lovely things happened today!" Albus exclaimed.

"Did they?" Minerva asked coolly.

"Yes! When we jumped into the picture in your sketchbook! And we rode the merry-go-round, and all the horses jumped off, and we all went riding in the countryside! Tally ho! Tchung! Tchung! Yikes!"

"Really?" Minerva asked him.

"Minerva, don't you remember? You won the horserace!" Albus questioned her.

"A respectable person like me in a horserace? How dare you suggest such a thing."

"But I saw you do it!" Albus exclaimed, confused.

"Now, not another word or I shall have to summon an Auror. Is that clear?" she told him sternly.

"It did happen! I saw it!" he exclaimed.

"Go to sleep," said Minerva.

"No, I don't want to go to sleep – I'm much too excited!" Albus said stubbornly.

"Very well," Minerva told him. "Suit yourself." Fawkes began to hum a melody, and Minerva began to sing softly.

"Stay awake, don't rest your head,

Don't lie down upon your bed.

While the moon drifts in the skies,

Stay awake, don't close your eyes."

Albus began to yawn, and his eyes began to flutter closed.

"Though the world is fast asleep,

Though your pillow's soft and deep,

You're not sleepy as you seem.

Stay awake, don't nod and dream.

Stay awake, don't nod and dream..."

Albus had fallen asleep, and so had Fawkes. Minerva smiled tenderly at both of them and gently removed Albus's glasses from his nose, giving him a light kiss on the cheek before she turned over and fell asleep as well.