

**"The Vanishing Glass"** Remus read.

"Accidental magic?" asked Tonks.

"I guess" replied Bill, noticing that Harry was not replying.

Harry was lost in happy memories of setting the Boa Constrictor on Dudley. The chat with the snake was quite interesting...Wait *chat*? By the end of this chapter, everyone would know about him being a parselmouth! Oh dear...

**Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all. The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and lit up the brass number four on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living room, which was almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr. Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls. Only the photographs on the mantelpiece really showed how much time had passed.**

**Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different-colored bonnets - but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a carousel at the fair, playing a computer game with his father, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.**

Many growls resounded around the room.

**Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice that made the first noise of the day.**

*She hasn't changed much then...* Snape thought with a grimace.

**"Up! Get up! Now!"**

**Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again.**

**"Up!" she screeched. Harry heard her walking toward the kitchen and then the sound of the frying pan being put on the stove. He rolled onto his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorcycle in it.**

"You remembered that?" Neville asked in awe.

"I suppose" Harry replied, blushing.

"Why don't you use that amazing memory in class Potter? I daresay it will improve your grades massively." Professor McGonagall said.

Everyone laughed.

**He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before.**

**His aunt was back outside the door.**

**"Are you up yet?" she demanded.**

**"Nearly," said Harry.**

**"Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy's birthday."**

"She made you cook?" Mrs. Weasley asked in a dangerous whisper.

"Er...yes" Harry said withering under her gaze.

"Since when have you been cooking Harry?" Hermione asked in a dangerously calm voice.

Harry mumbled something in coherent which no one could hear...Except Remus that is.

Remus was shocked. They made him cook since he was five! That was outrageous! He was about to tell Sirius about this when he thought better of it. It wouldn't do well for Sirius to be sent back to Azkaban after all...However he would definitely drop by at the Dursleys on a full moon...

**Harry groaned.**

**"What did you say?" his aunt snapped through the door.**

**"Nothing, nothing..."**

**Dudley's birthday - how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them,**

Ron gave an involuntary shudder.

**put them on. Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.**

Silence. Absolute, tangible silence.

Then hell erupted.

“HOW DARE THEY!”

“I WILL KILL THEM PERSONALLY!”

“THOSE FILTHY FREAKS!”

“I HATE THEM!”

“HOW COULD THEY DO THIS!”

All exclamations were rudely interrupted by a sudden explosion. Looking around, everyone saw Sirius surrounded by a cloud of smoke.

Sirius had tears of rage in his eyes. *How could they do this to his godson, his pup, his best friend's son? Didn't they know how special and nice Harry is?...This is all your fault. A nasty voice in Sirius's head said. If you didn't decide to change secret keepers, if you didn't chase Wormtail...Harry would have been happy today...*

Remus had not done any accidental magic like Sirius, but was in a situation quite similar to his. He couldn't believe that someone could be so mean to his cub, his surrogate nephew. Forget about Sirius and him going to Azkaban, he was going to pay a visit to the Dursleys, and the meeting would be painful and traumatic for them.

Mrs. Weasley was outraged. She was beyond anger. She couldn't believe how those *things* could treat such a sweet boy like that...how they could treat any innocent child like that. She mentally made a vow to pamper Harry even more from now on.

Professor Dumbledore was...shocked. He hadn't expected Harry to be treated like this. He knew the Dursleys didn't like magic, but when Petunia took Harry in, he thought that the family had decided to look past their hatred of magic and raise Harry as their own...This was not what he expected. It seemed like he had made the wrong decision by leaving Harry with the Dursleys. He had to make new living arrangements for his favourite pupil now...

Ron and Hermione were seething. Harry had already suffered so much in life, and the Dursleys had to make it worse! It just wasn't fair. Harry cared so much about others, never thinking about himself, and this is what he gets in return?

Everyone in the room were extremely angry too. Though Malfoy was just surprised.

Harry had many emotions flowing through him at the moment. Firstly, he was extremely embarrassed about everyone coming to know about the cupboard. He was also surprised and shocked to see how much the people in the room cared about him. Even Snape seemed to care! Lastly, he felt immense relief for the fact that no one had spoken to him yet. With tempers flowing, people seemed to have forgotten that Harry was in the room.

After everyone was done with exploding things, raging and storming, Remus decided to continue reading.

**When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had gotten the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise - unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley's favorite punching bag was Harry,**

Cue, numerous growls.

**but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast.**

"Well that's *some* consolation" Charlie sighed.

**Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair,**

"Just like his father" said Sirius beaming at Harry,

**and bright green eyes.**

"Like his mother" said Remus also beaming at Harry.

**He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Scotch tape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of lightning.**

"You liked your scar?" Ron asked surprised.

"That was before I knew what it was."

**He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had gotten it.**

**"In the car crash when your parents died,"**

**"CAR CRASH! LILY AND JAMES POTTER WOULD NEVER DIE IN A CAR CRASH!"**  
resounded around the room. *(A/N : PS movie reference!)*

**she had said. "And don't ask questions."**

**Don't ask questions - that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.**

**"How can you learn without asking questions?"** Hermione asked.

**Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.**

**"Comb your hair!"** he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

**About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way - all over the place.**

**"Ah well it's the Potter curse. I'm sorry but there's no escape"** said Sirius.

**"No, not the-"**

**"-Potter curse! Its-"**

**"-terrible-"**

**"-horrific-"**

**"-horrible!"**

**"Fred! George!"**

**"Sorry mum."**

**Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel - Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.**

Every one sans Dumbledore, Snape and Moody roared with laughter. Yes, Malfoy was laughing too. He was happy as long as that fat muggle was insulted.

"Brilliant! Why aren't you this funny in school?" asked Neville.

Harry just smiled mysteriously.

**Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.**

**"Thirty-six," he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year."**

"He's complaining about that? Even *I* get less than that!" Malfoy exclaimed.

"About how many presents *do* you get Malfoy?" Ginny asked skeptically.

"I only get about thirty."

"Right...Forget I ever asked."

**"Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mommy and Daddy."**

**"All right, thirty-seven then," said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.**

"Good thinking" said Tonks.

**Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger, too, because she said quickly, "And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin?"**

Many chuckles went around the room.

**Two more presents. Is that all right?" Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty ... thirty..."**

"Oh good Lord, he can't even count!" McGonagall exclaimed.

**"Thirty-nine, sweetums," said Aunt Petunia.**

**"Oh." Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then."**

**Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. 'Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair.**

"He's encouraging this? What sort of man is he?" Hermione asked in disbelief.

"He's a git. Didn't you notice?" Ron said conversationally.

**At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a video camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a VCR.**

"I'll tell you after the chapter!" Hermione said addressing all the purebloods in the room.

**He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried.**

**"Bad news, Vernon," she said. "Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take him." She jerked her head in Harry's direction.**

**Dudley's mouth fell open in horror, but Harry's heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger restaurants, or the movies. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs. Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she'd ever owned.**

"Well she does love her cats" said Harry smiling. After he had come to know about Mrs. Figg's true identity, he started liking her much more than before.

**"Now what?" said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he'd planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn't easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr. Paws, and Tufty again.**

"Harry!"

"I know! I'm sorry, I shouldn't have thought that way."

**"We could phone Marge," Uncle Vernon suggested.**

**"Don't be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy."**

**The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn't there - or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn't understand them, like a slug.**

Many people cursed under their breath at this. Even *Hermione*.

**"What about what's-her-name, your friend - Yvonne?"**

**"On vacation in Majorca," snapped Aunt Petunia.**

**"You could just leave me here," Harry put in hopefully (he'd be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley's computer).**

"Somehow, I doubt you'll be that lucky" sighed Neville.

**Aunt Petunia looked as though she'd just swallowed a lemon.**

**"And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled.**

**"I won't blow up the house," said Harry, but they weren't listening.**

"But you may blow up an aunt!" said Ron grinning.

All the people who knew about the Aunt Marge episode burst out laughing.

"Third book" Hermione told everyone who appeared to be confused.

**"I suppose we could take him to the zoo," said Aunt Petunia slowly, "...and leave him in the car...."**

**"That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone...."**

"That walrus!"

"Ginny!"

"Oh, sorry mum. I shouldn't insult walruses by comparing them to him."

**Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying - it had been years since he'd really cried - but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.**

"Spoilt brat."



**"Dinky Duddydums,**

Everyone roared with laughter.

"Brilliant!" chorused the twins.

**don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him.**

**"I... don't... want... him... t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp- spoils everything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.**

Just then, the doorbell rang - "Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically - and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

"Of course" said Tonks dryly.

Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

**"I'm warning you," he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's, "I'm warning you now, boy - any funny business, anything at all - and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas."**

Many people growled at the mention of the cupboard.

**"I'm not going to do anything," said Harry. "Honestly..."**

**But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. No one ever did.**

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen.

Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barbers looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his bangs, which she left "to hide that horrible scar." Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining

school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and taped glasses. Next morning, however, he had gotten up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old sweater of Dudley's (brown with orange puff balls)

"Yuck!" said Bill.

The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a hand puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

"Thank goodness" sighed Mr. Weasley.

On the other hand, he'd gotten into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens. Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney.

"You apparated!" said Neville in awe.

"No, I think he would have flown, not apparated" said Hermione pensively. "Nevertheless, it's quite an amazing feat."

"Indeed Miss Granger. Only a powerful wizard would be able to do this" said Dumbledore, smiling at Harry.

Harry felt his face grow hot. However, something distracted him from his embarrassment. After so many months, Dumbledore had looked at him directly! Even better, he didn't feel strange and his scar didn't hurt. *Maybe it's something to do with the room.* He mused silently.

The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard) was jump behind the big trash cans outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump.

"Really Potter?" asked Malfoy derisively.

"I was eight! I'd like to see you coming up with a better reason at that age!" said Harry defending himself.

**But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage-smelling living room.**

**While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry, the bank, and Harry were just a few of his favorite subjects. This morning, it was motorcycles.**

"He seems to like you a lot" said Fred.

**"... roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums," he said, as a motorcycle overtook them.**

**I had a dream about a motorcycle," said Harry, remembering suddenly. "It was flying."**

**Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beet with a mustache: "MOTORCYCLES DON'T FLY!"**

"Over-reaction much?"

**Dudley and Piers sniggered.**

**I know they don't," said Harry. "It was only a dream."**

**But he wished he hadn't said anything. If there was one thing the Dursleys hated even more than his asking questions, it was his talking about anything acting in a way it shouldn't, no matter if it was in a dream or even a cartoon - they seemed to think he might get dangerous ideas.**

"No you are not watching any cartoons" Mrs. Weasley told the twins sternly.

Fred and George sighed, but were mentally thinking of places they could acquire these 'cartoons'.

**It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded with families. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice creams at the entrance and then, because the smiling lady in the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice pop. It wasn't bad, either,**

**Harry thought, licking it as they watched a gorilla scratching its head who looked remarkably like Dudley, except that it wasn't blond.**

Everyone laughed.

**Harry had the best morning he'd had in a long time. He was careful to walk a little way apart from the Dursleys so that Dudley and Piers, who were starting to get bored with the animals by lunchtime, wouldn't fall back on their favorite hobby of hitting him. They ate in the zoo restaurant, and when Dudley had a tantrum because his knickerbocker glory didn't have enough ice cream on top, Uncle Vernon bought him another one and Harry was allowed to finish the first.**

"Why do I think something bad is going to happen now?" asked Bill miserably.

**Harry felt, afterward, that he should have known it was all too good to last.**

"I knew it."

**After lunch they went to the reptile house.**

Harry paled. They would come to know about him being a parselmouth any time now...

**It was cool and dark in there, with lit windows all along the walls. Behind the glass, all sorts of lizards and snakes were crawling and slithering over bits of wood and stone. Dudley and Piers wanted to see huge, poisonous cobras and thick, man-crushing pythons. Dudley quickly found the largest snake in the place. It could have wrapped its body twice around Uncle Vernon's car and crushed it into a trash can - but at the moment it didn't look in the mood. In fact, it was fast asleep.**

**Dudley stood with his nose pressed against the glass, staring at the glistening brown coils.**

**"Make it move," he whined at his father. Uncle Vernon tapped on the glass, but the snake didn't budge.**

**"Do it again," Dudley ordered. Uncle Vernon rapped the glass smartly with his knuckles, but the snake just snoozed on.**

**"This is boring," Dudley moaned. He shuffled away.**

**Harry moved in front of the tank and looked intently at the snake. He wouldn't have been surprised if it had died of boredom itself - no company except stupid people drumming their fingers on the glass trying to disturb it all day long. It was worse**

than having a cupboard as a bedroom, where the only visitor was Aunt Petunia hammering on the door to wake you up; at least he got to visit the rest of the house.

The snake suddenly opened its beady eyes. Slowly, very slowly, it raised its head until its eyes were on a level with Harry's.

It winked.

"What? But snakes don't have eyelids!" said Hermione.

Harry stared. Then he looked quickly around to see if anyone was watching. They weren't. He looked back at the snake and winked, too.

"Why are you winking at a snake?" asked Ginny, sounding a little disgusted. She hated snakes. *Especially* since her first year...

The snake jerked its head toward Uncle Vernon and Dudley, then raised its eyes to the ceiling. It gave Harry a look that said quite plainly:

**"I get that all the time."**

**"I know," Harry murmured through the glass, though he wasn't sure the snake could hear him. "It must be really annoying."**

"Are you talking to the snake?" asked Tonks trying to reassure herself.

"You're a parselmouth." said Remus looking at Harry with an expressionless face.

Harry just nodded, his gaze on the floor.

"Woah! That's amazing! My godson can talk to snakes!" said Sirius happily.

"You – you're not angry with me?" asked Harry hesitantly.

"Why should I be? This is one cool talent!" said Sirius winking at Harry.

Harry smiled.

In all honesty, Sirius was shocked at this revelation. But it didn't change his opinion of Harry in the slightest. So what if Harry knew a dark art? He wasn't using it for dark deeds.

Seeing Sirius' cheerful reaction, the others who were oblivious to Harry's parsletongue ability relaxed. It wasn't such a big deal after all...

**The snake nodded vigorously.**

**"Where do you come from, anyway?" Harry asked.**

**The snake jabbed its tail at a little sign next to the glass. Harry peered at it.**

**Boa Constrictor, Brazil.**

**"Was it nice there?"**

**The boa constrictor jabbed its tail at the sign again and Harry read on: This specimen was bred in the zoo. "Oh, I see - so you've never been to Brazil?"**

**"I can't believe you're talking to a Boa Constrictor about Brazil, mate!" said Ron faintly.**

**As the snake shook its head, a deafening shout behind Harry made both of them jump.**

**"DUDLEY! MR. DURSLEY! COME AND LOOK AT THIS SNAKE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT'S DOING!"**

**Dudley came waddling toward them as fast as he could.**

**"Out of the way, you," he said, punching Harry in the ribs. Caught by surprise, Harry fell hard on the concrete floor. What came next happened so fast no one saw how it happened - one second, Piers and Dudley were leaning right up close to the glass, the next, they had leapt back with howls of horror.**

**"What happened?" asked Tonks excitedly.**

**Harry sat up and gasped; the glass front of the boa constrictor's tank had vanished. The great snake was uncoiling itself rapidly, slithering out onto the floor.**

**Everyone roared with laughter.**

**"That's amazing!" said Charlie, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes.**

**People throughout the reptile house screamed and started running for the exits.**

**As the snake slid swiftly past him, Harry could have sworn a low, hissing voice said, "Brazil, here I come...Thanksss, amigo."**

**"Who knew the snake had a sense of humour!" said Remus appreciatively,**

The keeper of the reptile house was in shock.

"But the glass," he kept saying, "where did the glass go?"

The zoo director himself made Aunt Petunia a cup of strong, sweet tea while he apologized over and over again. Piers and Dudley could only gibber. As far as Harry had seen, the snake hadn't done anything except snap playfully at their heels as it passed, but by the time they were all back in Uncle Vernon's car, Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg, while Piers was swearing it had tried to squeeze him to death.

"Honestly!" Hermione huffed.

But worst of all, for Harry at least, was Piers calming down enough to say, Harry was talking to it, weren't you, Harry?"

Everyone groaned.

Uncle Vernon waited until Piers was safely out of the house before starting on Harry. He was so angry he could hardly speak. He managed to say, "Go - cupboard - stay - no meals," before he collapsed into a chair, and Aunt Petunia had to run and get him a large brandy.

"WHAT!"

"NO!"

"HOW COULD HE DRINK BRANDY!"

"Fred!"

"Sorry mum. Just trying to diffuse the tension."

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn't risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food.

He'd lived with the Dursleys almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember, ever since he'd been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash. He couldn't remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision: a blinding flash of green light and a burning pain on his forehead.

"You remember that!"

"Once again Potter, I beg you to use this memory in class" said McGonagall, trying to diffuse the tension in the room.

**This, he supposed, was the crash, though he couldn't imagine where all the green light came from. He couldn't remember his parents at all. His aunt and uncle never spoke about them, and of course he was forbidden to ask questions. There were no photographs of them in the house.**

Everyone looked sad at this.

**When he had been younger, Harry had dreamed and dreamed of some unknown relation coming to take him away, but it had never happened; the Dursleys were his only family. Yet sometimes he thought (or maybe hoped) that strangers in the street seemed to know him. Very strange strangers they were, too. A tiny man in a violet top hat had bowed to him once while out shopping with Aunt Petunia and Dudley. After asking Harry furiously if he knew the man, Aunt Petunia had rushed them out of the shop without buying anything. A wild-looking old woman dressed all in green had waved merrily at him once on a bus. A bald man in a very long purple coat had actually shaken his hand in the street the other day and then walked away without a word. The weirdest thing about all these people was the way they seemed to vanish the second Harry tried to get a closer look.**

"Honesty, these people need to be more careful!" Moody growled.

**At school, Harry had no one. Everybody knew that Dudley's gang hated that odd Harry Potter in his baggy old clothes and broken glasses, and nobody liked to disagree with Dudley's gang.**

"That's the end of the chapter" said Remus with a sigh. This was not a good chapter. He hoped the following chapters would be better. "Who would like to read next?"

"Do you mind if I read next?" asked Tonks, going slightly pink.