

Harry inhaled the familiar smell and felt his spirits soar. . . . He was really going back. . .

“Nice dog, Harry!” called a tall boy with dreadlocks.

A porter’s cap pulled low over his mismatched eyes, Moody came limping through the archway pushing a cart full of their trunks.

“All okay,” he muttered to Mrs. Weasley and Tonks. “Don’t think we were followed . . .”

George, and Ginny turned up with Lupin.

“Well, look after yourselves,” said Lupin, shaking hands all round. He reached Harry last and gave him a clap on the shoulder. “You too, Harry. Be careful.”

“It’s been great meeting all of you,” said Tonks, hugging Hermione and Ginny. “We’ll see you soon, I expect.”