

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



THE DEATHLY HALLOWS

Harry fell, panting, onto grass and scrambled up at once. They seemed to have landed in the corner of a field at dusk; Hermione was already running in a circle around them, waving her wand.

"Protego Totalum . . . Salvio Hexia . . ."

"That treacherous old bleeder!" Ron panted, emerging from beneath the Invisibility Cloak and throwing it to Harry. "Hermione, you're a genius, a total genius, I can't believe we got out of that!"

"Cave Inimicum . . ." Didn't I say it was an Erumpent horn, didn't I tell him? And now his house has been blown apart!"

"Serves him right," said Ron, examining his torn jeans and the cuts to his legs. "What d'you reckon they'll do to him?"

"Oh, I hope they don't kill him!" groaned Hermione. "That's why I wanted the Death Eaters to get a glimpse of Harry before we left, so they knew Xenophilius hadn't been lying!"

"Why hide me, though?" asked Ron.