



Could you get the Ridgeback up the tallest tower at mid-night on Saturday? They can meet you there and take him away while it's still dark.

Send me an answer as soon as possible.

Love,
Charlie

They looked at one another.

"We've got the Invisibility Cloak," said Harry. "It shouldn't be too difficult — I think the cloak's big enough to cover two of us and Norbert."

It was a mark of how bad the last week had been that the other two agreed with him. Anything to get rid of Norbert — and Malfoy.

There was a hitch. By the next morning, Ron's bitten hand had swollen to twice its usual size. He didn't know whether it was safe to go to Madam Pomfrey — would she recognize a dragon bite? By the afternoon, though, he had no choice. The cut had turned a nasty shade of green. It looked as if Norbert's fangs were poisonous.

Harry and Hermione rushed up to the hospital wing at the end of the day to find Ron in a terrible state in bed.

"It's not just my hand," he whispered, "although that feels like it's about to fall off. Malfoy told Madam Pomfrey he wanted to borrow one of my books so he could come and have a good laugh at me. He kept threatening to tell her what really bit me — I've told her it was a dog, but I don't think she believes me — I shouldn't have hit him at the Quidditch match, that's why he's doing this."