

"The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard —"

"— yes, their son, Harry —"

Mr. Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking ... no, he was being stupid. Potter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Pot-ter who had a son called Harry. Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry. He'd never even seen the boy. It might have been Harvey. Or Harold. There was no point in wor-rying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her — if he'd had a sister like that ... but all the same, those people in cloaks ...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"Sorry," he grunted, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realized that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me to-day! Re-joice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even Muggles like your-self should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off.