

She kissed Percy on the cheek and he left. Then she turned to the twins.

"Now, you two — this year, you behave yourselves. If I get one more owl telling me you've — you've blown up a toilet or —"

"Blown up a toilet? We've never blown up a toilet."

"Great idea though, thanks, Mom."

"It's *not* funny. And look after Ron."

"Don't worry, ickle Ronniekins is safe with us."

"Shut up," said Ron again. He was almost as tall as the twins already and his nose was still pink where his mother had rubbed it.

"Hey, Mom, guess what? Guess who we just met on the train?"

Harry leaned back quickly so they couldn't see him looking.

"You know that black-haired boy who was near us in the station? Know who he is?"

"Who?"

"*Harry Potter!*"

Harry heard the little girl's voice.

"Oh, Mom, can I go on the train and see him, Mom, oh please. ..."

"You've already seen him, Ginny, and the poor boy isn't something you goggle at in a zoo. Is he really, Fred? How do you know?"

"Asked him. Saw his scar. It's really there — like lightning."

"Poor *dear* — no wonder he was alone, I wondered. He was ever so polite when he asked how to get onto the platform."

"Never mind that, do you think he remembers what You-Know-Who looks like?"

Their mother suddenly became very stern.

"I forbid you to ask him, Fred. No, don't you dare. As though he needs reminding of that on his first day at school."

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