

"Er — no," said Harry.

Hagrid looked shocked.

"Sorry," Harry said quickly.

"*Sorry?*" barked Hagrid, turning to stare at the Dursleys, who shrank back into the shadows. "It's them as should be sorry! I knew yeh weren't gettin' yer letters but I never thought yeh wouldn't even know abou' Hogwarts, fer cryin' out loud! Did yeh never wonder where yer parents learned it all?"

"All what?" asked Harry.

"ALL WHAT?" Hagrid thundered. "Now wait jus' one second!"

He had leapt to his feet. In his anger he seemed to fill the whole hut. The Dursleys were cowering against the wall.

"Do you mean ter tell me," he growled at the Dursleys, "that this boy — this boy! — knows nothin' abou' — about ANYTHING?"

Harry thought this was going a bit far. He had been to school, after all, and his marks weren't bad.

"I know *some* things," he said. "I can, you know, do math and stuff."

But Hagrid simply waved his hand and said, "About *our* world, I mean. *Your* world. *My* world. *Yer parents' world.*"

"What world?"

Hagrid looked as if he was about to explode.

"DURSLEY!" he boomed.

Uncle Vernon, who had gone very pale, whispered something that sounded like "Mimblewimble." Hagrid stared wildly at Harry.

"But yeh must know about yer mom and dad," he said. "I mean, they're *famous*. You're *famous*."

"What? My — my mom and dad weren't famous, were they?"

"Yeh don' know ... yeh don' know ..." Hagrid ran his fingers through his hair, fixing Harry with a bewildered stare.