

"Snape wants the Stone for Voldemort ... and Voldemort's waiting in the forest ... and all this time we thought Snape just wanted to get rich. ..."

"Stop saying the name!" said Ron in a terrified whisper, as if he thought Voldemort could hear them.

Harry wasn't listening.

"Firenze saved me, but he shouldn't have done so. ... Bane was furious ... he was talking about interfering with what the planets say is going to happen. ... They must show that Voldemort's coming back. ... Bane thinks Firenze should have let Voldemort kill me. ... I suppose that's written in the stars as well."

*"Will you stop saying the name!"* Ron hissed.

"So all I've got to wait for now is Snape to steal the Stone," Harry went on feverishly, "then Voldemort will be able to come and finish me off. ... Well, I suppose Bane'll be happy."

Hermione looked very frightened, but she had a word of comfort.

"Harry, everyone says Dumbledore's the only one You-Know-Who was ever afraid of. With Dumbledore around, You-Know-Who won't touch you. Anyway, who says the centaurs are right? It sounds like fortune-telling to me, and Professor McGonagall says that's a very imprecise branch of magic."

The sky had turned light before they stopped talking. They went to bed exhausted, their throats sore. But the night's surprises weren't over.

When Harry pulled back his sheets, he found his Invisibility Cloak folded neatly underneath them. There was a note pinned to it:

*Just in case.*