



"Ah — your father happened to leave it in my possession, and I thought you might like it." Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. "Useful things ... your father used it mainly for sneaking off to the kitchens to steal food when he was here."

"And there's something else ..."

"Fire away."

"Quirrell said Snape —"

"*Professor* Snape, Harry."

"Yes, him — Quirrell said he hates me because he hated my father. Is that true?"

"Well, they did rather detest each other. Not unlike yourself and Mr. Malfoy. And then, your father did something Snape could never forgive."

"What?"

"He saved his life."

"*What?*"

"Yes ..." said Dumbledore dreamily. "Funny, the way people's minds work, isn't it? Professor Snape couldn't bear being in your father's debt. ... I do believe he worked so hard to protect you this year because he felt that would make him and your father even. Then he could go back to hating your father's memory in peace. ..."

Harry tried to understand this but it made his head pound, so he stopped.

"And sir, there's one more thing ..."

"Just the one?"

"How did I get the Stone out of the mirror?"