

# Chapter 17

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

What felt like barely fifteen minutes after he'd gone to bed, Harry was awoken by the chime of Ron's alarm clock, and a knock on the door. Mrs Weasley crept inside, smiling when she saw Harry was blinking himself awake. "Time to get up, dear," she whispered, moving to shake Ron, who was sleeping soundly through the alarm. At the foot of Harry's bed, two indistinct shapes were shuffling around. Harry reached for his glasses, seeing the twins sit up with identical groggy stretches, silhouetted in the dark. Even the sun wasn't up yet.

They dressed silently, too sleepy to attempt conversation, and shuffled down the stairs to the kitchen. "Where're the others?" Ron asked through a yawn. Mr Weasley looked up.

"The girls will be down in a minute. The other boys are old enough to apparate, so they get a bit of a lie in." He stood up, holding his arms out with a grin. "What do you think? Do I look like a muggle? We're supposed to go incognito."

He was wearing a golf jumper and a pair of baggy jeans that looked older than Harry was. "Very good," Harry approved, grinning.

Hermione and Ginny stumbled in, slumping into chairs as Mrs Weasley began to ladle out porridge for everyone. Mr Weasley sat back down and shuffled through some pieces of parchment, counting them; their tickets, Harry assumed.

"Eat up, we've got a bit of a walk," Mr Weasley told them, pocketing the tickets. Ginny looked up at him blearily.

"Walk?" she repeated, unimpressed.

"To the portkey," Mr Weasley explained. "With so many people going to the same place, they could only put out a certain number of portkeys. It's why we're up so early, I'm afraid," he added to Harry and Hermione. "Scheduled departure time and all."

"I've done worse for airport runs," Hermione assured him, rubbing at her eyes. His eyes lit up.

"I've always wondered what that was like, flying on an air-plane," he started.

"George!" Mrs Weasley said sharply, making them all jump. It was far too early for sudden loud noises. "What is that in your pockets?"

"Nothing!" The answer came too quickly. Mrs Weasley scowled, and with a quick summoning charm several brightly coloured objects were zooming into her outstretched hand. Harry braced himself for the tirade, seeing Ron do the same across the table. Several