

From *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*
by J.K. Rowling

“Listen,” said Harry.

He had sat up straight. Ron and Hermione looked at him with similar mixtures of resignation and defiance.

“I know you said after Dumbledore’s funeral that you wanted to come with me,” Harry began.

“Here he goes,” Ron said to Hermione, rolling his eyes.

“As we knew he would,” she sighed, turning back to the books. “You know, I think I *will* take *Hogwarts, a History*. Even if we’re not going back there, I don’t think I’d feel right if I didn’t have it with —”

“Listen!” said Harry again.

“No, Harry, you listen,” said Hermione. “We’re coming with you. That was decided months ago — years, really.”

“But —”

“Shut up,” Ron advised him.

“— are you sure you’ve thought this through?” Harry persisted.

“Let’s see,” said Hermione, slamming *Travels with Trolls* onto the discarded pile with a rather fierce look. “I’ve been packing for days, so that we’re ready to leave at a moment’s notice, which for your information has included doing some pretty difficult magic, not to mention smuggling Mad-Eye’s whole stock of Polyjuice Potion right under Ron’s mum’s nose.

“I’ve also modified my parents’ memories so that they’re convinced they’re really called Wendell and Monica Wilkins, and that their life’s ambition is to move to Australia, which they’ve now done. That’s to make it more difficult for Voldemort to track them down and interrogate them about me — or you, because unfortunately, I’ve told them quite a bit about you.

“Assuming I survive our hunt for Horcruxes, I’ll find Mum and Dad and lift the enchantment. If I don’t — well, I think I’ve cast a good enough charm to keep them safe and happy. Wendell and Monica Wilkins don’t know that they’ve got a daughter, you see.”

Hermione’s eyes were swimming with tears again. Ron got back off the bed, put his arm around her once more, and frowned at Harry as though reproaching him for lack of tact. Harry could not think of anything to say, not least because it was highly unusual for Ron to be teaching anyone else tact.