

Harry Potter and the Secret Treasures

#Chapter 1 The Boy and the Owl - Read Harry Potter and the Secret Treasures Chapter 1 The Boy and the Owl

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Twilight glows with a light golden color as the sunset slowly disappears from the horizon of Grand House, 6 King's Road, London.

It is a classic English style villa, Spacious, Bright and Stylish

The three-story wall is covered with creeping ivy, the roof is covered with beautiful brown tiles, the grass and the flower bed in the yard were all neatly organized, a luxury Bentley car was parked outside the garage.

It was a gorgeous sunset picture, serene and tranquil.

On the third floor balcony, a dark-haired boy is looking at an owl and can not tell the difference between it and any other owl.

Ivan Mason Looked blankly at the owl with eyes full of curiosity. The owl is not extraordinary, it is just like any other bird that can be found in any other home, but on its talons was a brown envelope composed of thick parchment.

Ivan has a peculiar feeling that the letter is for himself.

But he is not sure how to get it because the owl seems to want to get some kind of reward for itself and then it will be willing to hand over the letter.

"Hello there."

Ivan said hello, trying to communicate with the other though it made him look silly.

"Hooo~"

The owl gently shouted, tilting its head looking at the boy's brown pupils, on full alert.

"Do not be nervous, I hold no ill will."

Ivan tried to make his voice sound pleasant, he slowly extended his right hand, "I think the letter at your feet is written to me."

As he was about to voice his words, he was interrupted by a loud shout from downstairs. "My bibiche, are you ready, we're already halfway out the door."

Then there was a sound of someone coming upstairs.

"oops, it's my mother, I can not let her see you!"

Ivan suddenly snapped back to his senses, and refused to try to communicate with the owl further, he swung his right hand to try to drive it away.

"Hooo!" The Offended owl hurried aside.

"Sorry, my mom is terrified of all kinds of birds, big and small, she sees them as the devil incarnate" Ivan waved his hand while hurriedly explaining, "you have to get out of here!"

It seems that Ivan's unwarranted move, finally convinced the owl, this boy will not give you anything to eat. A second later it fluttered its wings and flew up to peck Ivan while throwing the letter to his feet.

"Ow!"

Ivan shouted a painful cry while watching the owl fly out of the balcony like a whirlwind, disappearing from his eyes.

Before his mother came in, he bent down and picked up the envelope under his feet, written in emerald green ink it clearly read: third floor, 6 King's Road, Little Surrey, Surrey, Mr. Ivan Mason.

"This letter, as well as that owl just... .."

Ivan narrowed his eyes, in front of these obviously peculiar things, let him feel a déjà vu familiarity.

"Ivan, we have to be faster, your father has been waiting for us in the car." A well dressed middle-aged woman came in with a slightly serious tone and said, "It is insulting to be late for someone's first visit."

"Got it, Mom."

Ivan did not have time to ponder, she did not pay attention to the envelope stuffed in his pants pocket.

Their family had a small family gathering tonight with his father's business partner, to be more precise his father's construction company was preparing to buy a large number of rigs from the other.

Ivan would normally not have to participate, but the other family had a child one year older who so happened to just be in the Si Mei Ting High School.

Ivan is Eleven years old this year, and in a month or so he is going to further his studies at Si Mei Ting High School, so his parents find it necessary to get him in contact with future seniors.

“Mom, you have not told me what the name of my senior is.”

Along the way, Ivan felt that he had to divert attention away from the letter in his pocket, and he was not sure if he would tell his Parents about it until he had a clear idea of what the letter contained.

Maybe it was a bad joke made by someone, and it is not necessary for my mother to worry about it.

“My bibiche, I told you last week that the child’s name is Dudley” answered Mrs. Mason, promptly

“Darling, I dare say, you’re certain to be good friends,” Mr. Mason, added while driving.

“Dudley Dursley, this really is a good name ah!” Irvin went into deep thought.

In fact, he does know a person who is also called that name.

If he remembers correctly, Dudley should have been a character in the Harry Potter Novels before he was reincarnated. In the book, Dudley is an arrogant, spoiled child, who made Harry’s childhood way more tragic then it should have been.

Ivan had a big impression of him, but it was not a good impression.

However, they were characters in a novel, although he reincarnated to eighties and nineties England. But there is no evidence that this is Harry Potter’s magical world.

“Relax, it should just be the same name.”

Ivan tried hard to convince himself, but he was suspicious at the thought of seeing the owl just now.

Taking advantage of his parents not paying attention, Ivan sneakily took out the letter in his pocket, quickly flipping the envelope over, the back of the envelope had a wax seal with a shield coat of arm, capital letter H around the circle a lion, an eagle, a badger, and a snake.

Ivan widened his eyes, holding the envelope tightly, the letter read:

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore

(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock,

Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Mr. Mason

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than 31 July.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

God, this is a letter of entry to Hogwarts, he should have expected it, other than a magic school, who else would send an owl with mail.

“Dear, you do not have to be so nervous” Mrs. Mason turned and whispered, “I heard your daddy say that the Dursley’s are very friendly and Dudley is also a polite child, you will love him as a new friend.”

“Yes, mom,” Ivan replied unconsciously. “I’m not nervous, I’m just excited.”

In the past eleven years, he has been preparing himself for the future according to the familiar real world, now that he is told that this is a totally foreign world of magic. “Is this not a joke?”

Fortunately, before he reincarnated he was very fond of Harry Potter novels and familiar with the contents. Even if he could not remember all of the plots, he could more or less recall the events.

The question now is how will I tell my parents about this.

Also, if he is not wrong, he will be able to see Harry Potter in addition to the Dursley’s.

As Ivan pondered about this, his father slowly stopped the car and softly said, “Darling we’re here, Privet Drive on the 4th!”

Chapter 2 Future Senior

Ivan calmed himself down and followed his parents into the house.

The first thing he saw was Vernon Dursley in formal attire, a bow tie, and standing there sturdy and daring like a lion.

“Good evening!”

“Good evening, Mr. Mason and Mrs. Mason” There was a disgusting smirk on his face. “May I take your coats.”

“Thank you, Ivan!” Ivan’s mother pulled Ivan out from behind her and introduced her to Dudley. “This is Ivan. you should take of him once he starts school later.”

“It would be an honor, my lady.”

Seeing Dudley wanted to hug him, Ivan quickly backed half a step away from him swiftly following his parents into the living room while talking politely and quietly looking around.

For them to meet today, the room was apparently carefully organized.

Not being far from the kitchen the scent of today’s pudding dinner drifted in, the table was piled with cream cake and the sounds of a large barbecue could be heard from the oven.

But these are not what Ivan wanted to locate, as the book described there is nothing of Harry’s in plain sight, so it is clear that the Dursley Couple does not want others to know about their peculiar nephew.

Ivan slightly frowned, this unfortunate child, he should be quietly hiding in a small room upstairs, not making a single sound so that no one will be aware of his existence.

He feels that it is necessary to do something.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Dursley” Ivan interrupted the boring joke about a Japanese golfer “you know, I do not always visit other people. I’m curious about everything here. If you don’t mind, I would like Dudley to show me around before dinner.”

“No problem, let Dudley accompany you to his room and check out his new console.” It seems that considering Ivan’s age he could not understand the joke he was telling, Vernon Dursley agreed very readily, “You can go play until the food is done, I will get Petunia go up and get you once it is time.”

Dudley Very reluctantly accompanied Ivan and left the living room, according to the plan he should stay and continue to use those nauseating words to compliment the Mason couple, rather than accompany a child around the house at home.

He restrained himself from saying anything offensive, and this is a challenging task for Dudley to accomplish.

They walked up to the second floor, while Ivan listened to Dudley introducing his new console while curiously looking into a tiny room at the end of the corridor where the door was closed.

“What is that room?”

“That is my cousin’s room, he is not at home at the moment.”

Dudley’s face was a bit unnatural, “We still need to go to my room hurry up its this way..”

Before he had time to finish his words, they were interrupted by a loud banging noise from the little room. In the next second, before he had time to stop him he saw the boy beside him walking up and opening the door.

Ivan opened the door, and with dim lighting, he saw a boy standing in front of a wardrobe.

The boy was thin, with a pair of bright green eyes, dark hair, and a thin lightning-shaped scar on his forehead.

Harry Potter had a surprised expression, he had just Dobby the House Elf in the closet, and the door was opened. Surprisingly, it was not uncle Vernon, but a boy who he had never seen before.

“Good evening, you must be Dudley’s cousin, I am Ivan Mason, nice to meet you!”

Ivan stretched out his right hand, his heart full of joy, for finally getting to meet Harry Potter.

“Hello, My name is Harry Potter, and its a pleasure to meet you,” Harry said hesitantly, reaching out and shaking Ivan’s hand.

If he had to guess, he should be the kid who visited the prosperous building business today, but Harry was not sure whether he should be in contact with the other. According to uncle Vernon, he should stay quiet in his room and pretend he did not exist.

For the importance of today's dinner, Harry had heard uncle Vernon say it for exactly two weeks. If the dinner was screwed up, he could not imagine how bad it would be in the days to come.

Outside the room, Dudley is urging Ivan to leave, and although he feels terrible about it Harry has to admit that it was the only thing he agreed with Dudley about During his Summer Vacation, Especially since in the wardrobe next to him, there is a house elf not suitable for Muggle eyes.

Ivan did not seem to hear Dudley because his attention shifted entirely to the birdcage next to the window which contained a snowy white owl.

"It is a pure white owl!" Ivan turned to Harry and asked, "What's her name?"

"Hedwig, she's my pet." Harry quietly closed the opening door.

"I also wanted a pet like that, but my mother is afraid of birds," Ivan turned and continued looking at Hedwig "Can I feed her?"

"No problem, but I don't have any food" Harry sighed since uncle Vernon prevented him from feeding Hedwig, Harry has been feeding her some of his food since the summer started.

"What does she eat, theirs a lot of food downstairs in the kitchen."

"Ivan, my mother shouted for us to come down and eat!" Ivan's words had yet to finish; they were abruptly interrupted, Dudley finally mustered the courage to walk into Harry's room to get Ivan

"Well, I think I can finish dinner and come back."

Ivan followed Dudley, but after two steps he saw Harry did not move. Somethings weird, "Harry are you not going with us?"

"I, I will not go, I have already had dinner!"

There was a growl coming from Harry's stomach, but he was sure aunt Petunia would not be happy to see him at the table.

"Come on, even if you have already eaten you can still have some dessert," Ivan stepped forward and grabbed Harry's arm and continued, "Then we can get something to feed Hedwig, I think she seems hungry!"

"You can not do that, he cannot eat with us" Dudley quickly stopped Ivan.

"Why, is he not your cousin?"

“That’s right, but...” Dudley struggled to find the words, explaining to Ivan. “ He’s not like us. He’s a freak.”

“Geek?!” Iran frowned as he saw Harry who was beside him, too excited to remember to keep closing the door.

In the next second, a green monster jumped out of the closet, with two large bat-like ears and a pair of prominent green eyes like tennis balls.

Ivan Immediately guessed who it is, but did not think a house elf was so ugly.

“In the presence of Dobby, how dare you insult the great Harry Potter!” Screamed Dobby as he jumped out of the closet.

Before any of them could react, he reached out his right index finger and pointed it towards Dudley.

Suddenly a light green flashed and lit up the room, a whistle-like noise, a scream, and then Dudley clutched his fat buttocks with both hands, and jumped straight up in pain and cried. As he turned around, Ivan saw a curly pigtail sticking out of the hole in his pants.

Poor Dudley, he suffered again this year following the creation of a pigtail by Hagrid last year.

Chapter 3 Be my Guest

“Mother!”

Dudley Clutched his butt while howling, stumbling and running downstairs.

Dobby seemed like he was very pleased with his masterpiece. As he bowed towards Harry, he said, “Harry Potter must not return to Hogwarts this year, sorry sir, Dobby has no other choice.”

As soon as Dobby finished he snapped his fingers and slowly disappeared leaving only the two stunned boys in the room.

“I’m sorry, I hope that did not scare you!”, sighed Harry

“What was that?”, asked Ivan curiously.

“Dobby the House Elf,” said Harry frustratedly

“I’m done, uncle Vernon will kill me over this”

“But you did not do it, and I can testify for you.”

“It would be no use, they would not believe it,” said Harry as he grabbed the wall trying to support himself.

He guessed everything correctly.

Moments later Vernon Dursley ran up the stairs into Harry’s room with a sly face, eyes like a demon, and completely ignoring Ivan as he looked at Harry and yelled, “Boy, I warned you, to not even think of using magic on Dudley...”

“I did not” argued Harry

“Read this !” He threw a letter from his hand to Harry and said, “Take it read it!”

As Ivan looked at Harry’s face he peaked at the letter, It Reads:

Dear Mr. Potter,

We have received intelligence that a Transfiguration was used at your place of residence this evening at twenty minutes past eight.

As you know, underage wizards are not permitted to perform spells outside school, and further spellwork on your part may lead to expulsion from said school (Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, Paragraph C).

We would also ask you to remember that any magical activity that risks notice by members of the non-magical community (Muggles) is a serious offense under section 13 of the International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy.

Enjoy your holidays! Yours sincerely,

Mafalda Hopkirk

IMPROPER USE OF MAGIC OFFICE

Ministry of Magic

Harry felt speechless as he looked up.

“You did not tell us that you couldn’t use magic outside of school.” There was a twinkle in Vernon’s eyes, “ Forget it, I guess...”

Like a vicious dogs grin, he said, “I have good news to tell you, boy, I will lock you up in here so you can never go back to that school! If you use magic to escape they will expel you !”

“Mr. Dursley, you can not do that”, Ivan hurriedly said trying to stop him, “I can vouch for him and say he did not do anything.”

“Kid you do not understand!” Vernon gasped for breath as he remembered who Ivan was, thinking himself for not completely losing his mind.

“I saw the entire process which involved a house elf” as Ivan looked up seeing that everyone was coming to the room, his parents looked worried about him, since Dudley was in Mrs. Dursley’s arms covering his butt and crying loudly.

“There’s no difference..” Vernon murmured.

Ivan went up to his parents and whispered something.

Harry pitifully stood there thinking of his fate.

He knew that Uncle Vernon meant it. Now that they knew that he could not use magic outside of school, he had lost his only weapon and would likely be expelled from school if trapped here.

If he tried to escape with magic, then he also faced being expelled. Ron and Hermione may find a way to save him, but Dobby cut off all communications to them.

(Note: Remember that Dobby intercepted his mail to and from his friends)

Dobby may have saved him from the terrible catastrophe of Hogwarts, but he has lost the only joy of his life, and he is not sure how the Dursleys will treat him, so he may starve to death here.

Unless Ivan can help him.

Harry obtained a small glimmer of hope when he heard what the other was saying to his parents. Ivan took out a letter out from his pants pocket and showed it to his parents.

The Mason’s expressions were first one of astonishment, but then they were persuaded by their son to do something. Then, the Mason’s and the Dursley’s got together and whispered.

Suddenly the atmosphere became a bit weird, Dudley stopped wailing and tried to make out what they were saying, Harry wanted to do the same, but then he saw Ivan turn around to reveal a reassuring smile.

Time Passed by rather quickly, after a fierce argument, nearly half an hour later, the four adults finally reached an agreement.

“Boy do not ask anything, get your stuff and get out!”, Yelled Vernon Dursley with his forehead full of veins.

“What?!” Harry wondered if he had misheard, Uncle Vernon let him out of the house while Aunt Petunia was pouting without any objection.

If Harry were not confident, the Mason couple were Muggles he would think they gave the Dursley’s a powerful confusion charm.

“Come on, what are you doing,” said Ivan as he pulled Harry

“What did you do and why do I feel something wrong,” Said Harry looking surprised while looking at the smile on Ivan’s face.

“Its Nothing, I’d like to invite you to visit my house for the summer.”

“Are you sure?!” Harry’s voice rose sharply but then dropped again, “Aunt and Uncle will not agree, I can not go anywhere, they will always shut me up.”

“Don’t worry about it, you heard your uncle just now!” Ivan blinked his eyes, “My mother and father would be delighted to have you come to our house until the end of the summer after my dad promised to order a lot of rigs.”

“Ow my God! Thak You Ivan!” Harry did not think something like this would happen to him, “I would love to as long as I can leave but why do you want to help me, we just met for the first time.....”

“Hahaha, it’s nothing, but I think as my senior you would not mind talking to your friend about Hogwarts.”

While looking at Harry’s surprised expression, Ivan pulled out the letter from his pocket and said: “I want to use Hedwig for a moment, you know I don’t have my own owl to reply to the school.”

“Ivan your actually a freshman at Hogwarts, that’s fantastic!” Harry was pleased he never thought he would be so lucky.

He felt like today was his lucky day. First, it was unlucky, but now he will not be punished, and he will also get rid of the Dursley’s a month ahead of schedule, but the luckiest one of all he actually met a new classmate.

“Let’s go, unless you want to stay and bid farewell to the Dursley’s.”

Chapter 4 Diagon Alley

For the time being, Harry Potter lived in Ivan’s Home.

Compared to the Dursley's it is basically paradise. Moreover, the Mason Couples soon accepted the fact that their son has become a wizard.

Additional, they are also very good to Harry.

Every time Mrs. Mason ate she made Harry's favorite dishes. Here he could finish his summer work without any qualm, and when he's free, he can play video games with Ivan or talk about Hogwarts.

Harry loves this feeling, he is free to talk about the magical world.

In fact, Ivan likes Harry very much.

For a week Harry gave a general introduction to each class.

It can be seen that Harry has a prejudice against Professor Snape, the potions teacher, he has a high talent in Defense against the dark arts.

Harry also introduced Ivan to Hogwarts castles, secret passages, ghost, the banquet, Gryffindor common room, Hagrid, his friends Ron and Hermione, and Quidditch, the most Popular wizarding sport in the world.

"Ivan you have to come to Gryffindor its the best house in Hogwarts, its where Dumbledore was sorted." After a week Harry finally summed everything up at breakfast.

"Well, After listening to everything, I also feel Slytherin is pretty horrible, not to mention my parents are muggles so I shouldn't be sorted into that house." Ivan paused, " But I'm not sure, I might not be able to enter Gryffindor, I may be assigned to Hufflepuff."

"Be at ease the level of fresh wizards are all about the same, besides Hermione I have never seen anyone learn as fast as you."

Harry was honest, and when Ivan heard about Professor Snape embarrassing his students in the class, he spent a week or so, going over the material for potions class.

It's incredible because the only textbook for potion class was the O.W.L.s(Ordinary Wizarding Level) exam book, Harry also started on his homework, but he even stopped to ask Ivan's advice.

Just as Harry was about to ask him something two owls flew in threw Ivan's balcony one after the other, it was Hedwig and another owl with beautiful brown feathers, that he had never seen before.

"If my mother saw them, she would faint.", joked Ivan

“I hope Mrs. Mason doesn’t see them”, said Harry. From his short stay he found out that Mrs. Mason had an extreme fear of birds, so he had to let Hedwig stay at Ron’s house.

“Ivan take care of Hedwig for me.”

Harry turned to look at the other owl, “This is a school owl which brings the supply lists.”

Ivan fed some food to Hedwig, and Ivan looked together with Harry at the list which read,

Second-year students will require:

The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2 by Miranda Goshawk

Break with a Banshee by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

Gadding with Ghouls by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

Holidays with Hags by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

Travels with Trolls by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

Voyages with Vampires by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

Wanderings with Werewolves by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

Year with the Yeti by Gilderoy Lockhart (Term of 92-93 only)

“These are the textbooks needed for Defense against the dark arts class, which were also required for the first year too, I bet the new teacher is a Lockhart admirer.”

“They seem like novels instead of magic textbooks.”

Harry remembered Quirrell and what happened last year, he had Voldemort on the back of his head, but he luckily stopped his conspiracy. It is said that The Defense against the dark art class was cursed by Voldemort, and no one could teach for more than a year.

“Just think of something happy and see what the letter that Hedwig brought says.”

“Its Ron’s Reply!”

Harry finally smiled, “Ron and Hermione are going to buy textbooks from Diagon Alley next Wednesday, and are asking if we should go together that day too.”

"I have no objection" Ivan could not wait to see the streets of Diagon Alley, and saw that Harry was a little hesitant, Ivan said in a somewhat strange way, "What did he say in the letter?"

Ron asked me if I wanted to stay at his house for a while, "Harry was a little embarrassed and obviously concerned about how the Mason family would feel,"

"Really, that's great, I would like to see what a wizard's home would look like," said Ivan, " Don't worry about my mother, I'll convince her."

In no time it was already next Wednesday, Mrs. Mason woke both of them up early, the two packed their bags, and after a hasty meal, Mr. Mason drove them to the Leaky Cauldron.

" Here it is!" Harry said, pointing to dirty, narrow bar, "This is the entrance to the Leaky Cauldron and Diagon Alley."

"I never thought there would be a place like this in this city, it looks like a building from last century," Mrs. Mason sighed, and with Harry's advice, she seemed to notice a small bar sandwiched between a big bookstore and a record store.

"Mom, The Leaky Cauldron is a very famous place, there are a protection spell and Muggle deportation curse, it cannot be marked on a map, Muggles that don't know the address cannot see it...." Ivan said while trying to recall what he saw in the Magical theory book.

"Well, my dear little wizard, I think it's not the best idea for us to stand on the street and discuss a dirty pub." Mr. Mason stopped Ivan and pushed him and Harry into the bar.

But for a famous place, it is too dark and dirty.

With the dim candlelight, Ivan saw a few strange dresses, like an old medieval looking witch sitting in a corner drinking a small glass of sherry, sitting at the edge of the bar was a sneaky looking man with bandages, in front of him a little dish of raw liver.

"Welcome, Mr. Potter!" The bartender was a hunchback old man who quietly appeared in front of them.

"Hello"

It wasn't just the Mason family, but even Harry seemed cautious of him because when he was here last year, Hagrid was with him.

They quickly returned to there usual selves, they were out of there element.

"Harry, Harry!"

Hermione quickly ran from the other side of the bar to greet them, not far behind her, was the Granger couple standing there with a bizarre expression.

“Harry, I heard that you would come today, and wait here very early, thankfully you look good, Ron said that you have been to the Ministry of Magic because of use of Transfiguration Magic, I was anxious, I hope they didn’t mistreat you.”

“Thank you, Hermione, I’m fine!” “This is Ivan Mason, the New Year’s freshman, and thanks to his help, I escaped from the Dursley’s this summer,” Harry smiled, pointing to Ivan. Ivan this is Hermoine Granger, I told you about her a while back.”

Looking at the girl with the bushy brown head of hair in front of him, Ivan knew it, that she was the brain of the three-man group.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Granger!” Ivan stretched out his right hand, “ I heard Harry say that you placed first in the final exam last year.”

“It was nothing but a little cleverness from being a bookworm!” Miss Granger said with her face blushing, then Miss Granger shook his hand and said, “ you can call me Hermione, so can I Call you Ivan?”

“No Problem, Hermione, actually, I’ve been flipping through Harry’s textbooks for a while, and I have a lot of question for you.”

Harry had a headache from listening to the topic of these two people gradually change into textbook trivia; fortunately, it did not last long, Ron soon arrived to save him.

The fireplace flashed green fire, with the Weasley family coming out of the fireplace.

Chapter 5 The Weasley Family

I have to admit the Weasley’s are a lovely family.

Mr. Weasley, who has extensive experience dealing with Muggles, after being introduced to Ivan and Hermione eased the anxiety of both couples, but he did occasional show his obsession with muggle items.

As for Mrs. Weasley, the first thing she did once out of the fireplace was to give hugs to a few children including Ivan whose hug was even longer than Harry, she also repeatedly thanked him for helping Harry, Ivan was a bit embarrassed though.

As for the Weasley’s few children, Percy Weasley Courteously gave Ivan and Hermione a meticulous gesture reminding Ivan of an aristocrat.

Behind Percy are Fred and George, A interesting pair of twins, except for the occasional prank they are really hard to hate.

As for Harry's best friend, freckled, and clumsy in appearance, he intended to drive a car a week ago to save Harry, with Hermione's strong dissatisfaction.

Ginny, who is staying with Mrs. Weasley, is the same age as Ivan, A beautiful Girl with a head of red hair, but she's too shy to say a word around Harry.

After a brief introduction, they prepared to go to Gringotts Wizarding Bank to exchange their money.

This is the first time Ivan sees the goblins, they are not much better than the house elves, but he realized that they are very different to house elves from seeing their cunning eyes flash.

The walked up white stone steps into a tall marble hall.

About a dozen goblins are sitting behind the long counter, some counting coins, others are inspecting gems. Countless doors lead to different places, with many goblin guides coming and going.

Harry and the Weasley's, led by a goblin called a handcar, they are going to withdraw money from their vault, Ivan and Hermione needed to change pounds into the wizarding world money in the hall.

The Grangers exchanged £10, and the Masons traded for a large sack of galleons, far beyond the total value of the items on the school's shopping list.

After about fifteen minutes, Harry and the Weasleys came out from the underground vault.

Outside of the bank on the marble steps, Percy was muttering about buying a new feather pen, Fred and George saw there friend Lee Jordan, and as for Mr. Weasley, he insisted on taking the Mason couple and the Granger couple for a drink at the Leakey Cauldron.

Ivan looked at Harry, he seemed to have something to say to Ron and Hermione privately, and when he thought about it, Ivan decided to go with Mrs. Weasley and Ginny to buy school robes and wands.

"In an hour gather at Flourish & Blotts," Mrs. Weasley said, leaving with Ginny and Ivan.

"Also, do not go down Knockturn Alley!" she shouted at the back of the twin brothers.

"Mrs. Weasley, where are we going to buy wands, as you know this is my first time at Diagon Alley?" Ivan said.

“Dear, we are going to Ollivanders since you and Ginny both need a wand.” Mrs. Weasley turned and looked at Ivan with a smile, “But we have to seize the moment, there are so many things to buy, and today there is a signature signing of the new book by Gilderoy Lockhart, and we cannot be late.”

“Gilderoy Lockhart?” Ivan frowned. “I saw the books I needed on my school’s list, and I did not know what the new Defense against the dark arts professor was thinking, the prices of those books aren’t cheap.”

“Yeah, maybe your new teacher is a Lockhart admirer, after all, he’s so great, but they are really overpriced to buy five Lockhart books at once.” Mrs. Weasley looks a little sad, “I’m sorry, Ginny, I think you have to buy a lot of second-hand goods this year.”

“It does not matter, mom!” It seems Ginny could not see how depressed Mrs. Weasley was about it. She blinked at Ivan and whispered. “My mom is hooked on Lockhart and really adores him.”

“Do not talk nonsense, Ginny!”

Mrs. Weasley blushed, “You have to admit it’s really fascinating to be such a great wizard.”

It is particularly attractive to middle-aged to elderly women, Ivan slapped his forehead thinking about how big of a liar Lockhart is, he did not have any goodwill toward him, anyway sooner or later he will be exposed, he did not want to continue thinking about this topic.

What surprised him was Ginny.

The little girl was not as shy as she was when he first saw her. As long as Harry was away, she immediately returned to normal, a very talkative and energetic little girl.

Along the way, she told Ivan a lot of thing about her home.

It can be discerned that unlike Ron she does not really care about using second-hand items that her brother have used. Except for one thing and that is to use a second-hand school uniform which makes her very frustrated.

The three came to an old small shop while chatting.

The signboard on the door was peeling off, and says: “Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C.”

In the dusty window, a wand was placed all alone on a faded purple cushion.

When they entered the shop, a chime came from the back of the room. Ivan looked around, the shop is tiny, there was only a bench in front of the counter.

Not far away, were almost a thousand small cardboard boxes nearly reaching the ceiling.

There were all kinds of wands in them, and somehow Ivan felt that the dust and silence of the place seemed to hold mysterious magic.

Mrs. Weasley led them to sit on the bench and shortly afterward, a gentle voice came from the shop.