

Harry Potter 901

Chapter 901: Changes Brought About by Becoming a Prefect

Ron originally wanted a broom, but Evan had said that everyone would have one.

He'd seen Hermione and Ginny's design drawings. The new broom they made was much larger and bulkier than the mainstream brooms on the market. It seemed not very practical, but Evan had assured them that after incorporating the new design concepts, it wouldn't be much slower than a Firebolt.

Since that was the case, he could ask his Mum to buy another gift for him, certainly not too expensive, but he could try his best to get it.

A nice new set of dress robes was a good choice. Ron didn't want to be as embarrassed as he was at last year's Yule Ball, wearing a maroon velvet dress, with a moldy-looking lace frill at the collar and matching lace cuffs. Now that he had become a prefect, he would definitely attend many formal occasions in the future; so he should prepare in advance.

Alternatively, the cloth bag that could hold a lot of stuff like the one Evan was carrying with him would also be nice, Ron had long wanted one.

Although it could be made by using the Undetectable Extension Charm, the effect was definitely much worse than that of the one sold specifically for that purpose.

Besides, he also wanted to join the Gryffindor Quidditch team, so a set of necessary protective equipment and broom maintenance tools was indispensable.

After Wood graduated, the House Quidditch team would definitely recruit a new Keeper.

Ron was not sure if he could join successfully, but since he was the prefect, there should be no problem, and he could fly well...

In short, Ron felt like he needed so much!

He didn't need to use the second-hand goods already used by his brothers, but a brand new thing that belonged to him. It was exciting to think about it.

The others were not interested in paying attention to what gift Ron wanted. Their minds were still on the great news that Mrs. Weasley had just talked about. They were like being tickled by a kitten, so curious!

What was it that made Mrs. Weasley so excited?

What did Dumbledore deliberately seek from the school board, and needed Professor McGonagall to come and announce it?

Moreover, this kind of thing seemed to be related to a famous wizard more than three hundred years ago.

"I want to know more about what Mum said than about Ron becoming a prefect," said Fred.

“Give up, she definitely won’t tell us,” George followed. “The Triwizard Tournament last summer, they just kept it secret from us for the entire summer vacation and we didn’t know until after school started...”

“Evan, do you have any information?” Harry asked hopefully.

Evan always knew a lot of things they didn’t know, and Dumbledore didn’t hide much from him.

“No, I don’t know either this time,” said Evan, trying to think about it, too.

“If we were in the library, we could find out what happened at Hogwarts more than three hundred years ago, as well as the wizard that Mrs. Weasley talked about and what he did. There must be records in the books,” said Hermione.

No matter what it was, it probably wouldn’t affect her joy of becoming a prefect.

Hermione’s heart was beating fast, and now she suddenly wanted to sneak out with Evan and share the joy alone...

“Got it, I’ll see you all later... Little Ronnie, a prefect! And don’t forget to pack your trunks... A prefect... Oh, I’m all of a dither!” Mrs. Weasley gave Ron yet another kiss on the cheek, sniffed loudly, and bustled from the room.

Fred and George exchanged looks, and the same smirk appeared on their faces at the same time.

“You don’t mind if we don’t kiss you, do you, Ronnie?” said Fred in a falsely anxious voice.

“We could curtsy, if you like,” said George.

“Oh, shut up,” said Ron, scowling at them.

“Or what?” said Fred, an evil grin spreading across his face. “Going to put us in detention?”

“I’d love to see him try,” sniggered George.

“He could if you don’t watch out!” said Hermione angrily, at which Fred and George burst out laughing and Ron muttered, “Drop it, Hermione.”

“We’re going to have to watch our step, George,” said Fred, pretending to tremble, “with these two on our case...”

“Yeah, it looks like our law-breaking days are finally over,” said George, shaking his head.

“See you at dinner, let’s go and find out about the news Mum said.” Fred waved his hand, “Goodbye, prefects!”

“If we get any news, we’ll let you know,” said George, curtseying to Ron, “Goodbye!”

And with another loud crack, the twins Disapparated.

“Those two!” said Hermione furiously, staring up at the ceiling, through which they could now hear Fred and George roaring with laughter in the room upstairs. “Don’t pay any attention to them, Ron, they’re only jealous!”

“I don’t think they are,” said Ron doubtfully, also looking up at the ceiling. “They’ve always said only prats become prefects.”

“Hum, only people who can’t become prefects say that. We should study what we have to do to be good prefects. The notes Percy left me seem to be useful,” said Hermione. “By the way, I have to write a letter, Harry ... could I borrow Hedwig?” I want to tell Mum and Dad, they’ll be really pleased ... I mean, a prefect is something they can understand.”

“Sure, no problem,” said Harry, so heartily it did not sound like his voice at all. “Take her!”

He seemed to accept the fact that Ron and Hermione had become prefects, only he was not.

“I’ll get her for you!” said Evan hurriedly, noticing that Hermione was looking at him. He summoned Hedwig and followed Hermione out.

The door closed gently, leaving only Harry and Ron in the room, and the atmosphere suddenly became a bit awkward and tense.

For some reason, Harry found that he did not want to look at Ron, but it didn’t seem very good not to speak at this time.

In fact, he wanted to be quiet, but he couldn’t express this emotion...

“Well done, Ron!” Harry said, still in the horrible hearty voice that did not belong to him. “Brilliant. Prefect. Great!”

He tried not to look at Ron, turned to his bed and picked up the pile of clean robes Mrs. Weasley had laid upon it.

Harry crossed the room to his trunk, laid the robes on the bottom of it, and pretended to be rummaging for something.

“Yeah, I never thought it would be me. I thought it would be...” Ron stopped, wondering how to comfort Harry.

After all, everyone thought he would become the prefect, even Ron himself thought so.

But it didn’t matter; he was still immersed in the great joy of becoming a prefect.

Then, he remembered what he wanted his Mum to buy him. He’d forgotten to ask for something.

Ron cared no longer about Harry; he stopped talking and hurried to the living room downstairs.

Chapter 902: The Campus Bully

When the door closed again and it was confirmed that there were no other sounds around, Harry slowly shook his head.

He returned slowly to his bed and sank onto it, gazing unseeingly at the foot of the wardrobe.

In fact, he had forgotten completely about prefects being chosen in the fifth year. He had been too anxious about the possibility of being expelled to spare a thought for the fact that badges must be winging their way toward certain people. But if he had remembered ... if he had thought about it ... what would he have expected?

Not this, said a small and truthful voice inside his head.

Harry screwed up his face and buried it in his hands.

He could not lie to himself; if he had known the prefect badge was on its way, he would have expected it to come to him, not Ron.

Immediately afterwards, he shook his head again. Did this make him as arrogant as Draco Malfoy? Did he think himself superior to everyone else? Did he really believe he was better than Ron?

No, said the small voice defiantly.

Was that true? Harry wondered, anxiously probing his own feelings.

I'm better at Quidditch, said the voice. *But I'm not better at anything else.*

That was definitely true, Harry thought; he was no better than Ron in lessons.

But what about outside lessons? What about those adventures they had had together since they had started at Hogwarts?

In his first year, he had faced Quirrell and Voldemort who were about to steal the Philosopher's Stone alone, and finally defeated them.

In the second year, he and Evan had gone deep into Slytherin's Chamber of Secrets to rescue Ron, and defeated the Basilisk with their own power.

On the night of his third year, he had participated in the rescue of Sirius, defeated so many Dementors, and saved everyone's life in an emergency.

In his fourth year, just last year, although he was not a champion of Hogwarts, he still had faced the resurrected Voldemort with Evan, and bravely dueled with him to escape again in front of him and so many Death Eaters...

Although Harry's holidays experience was not as exciting as Evan's, it was all because Dumbledore didn't let him go.

Anyway, he'd faced so many terrible dangers in school, far beyond Ron.

If only Evan and I were in the same year, I wouldn't have to worry about this, said the voice in Harry's head.

He had to admit that he was certainly not as good as Evan, but compared to Ron and others in his year...

Thinking of this, the same feeling of ill usage that had overwhelmed him on the night he had arrived rose again.

He had definitely done more, even if not as good as Evan, but far more than Ron and Hermione.

But maybe, said the small voice fairly, maybe Dumbledore doesn't choose prefects because they've got themselves into a load of dangerous situations... Maybe he chooses them for other reasons... Ron must have something you don't...

What is it? Harry opened his eyes, unable to think of anything.

He stared through his fingers at the wardrobe's clawed feet, remembering what Fred had said.

“No one in their right mind would make Ron a prefect...”

Harry gave a small snort of laughter. A second later he felt sickened with himself.

Ron had not asked Dumbledore to give him the prefect badge. This was not Ron's fault.

Yeah, this was not Ron's fault!

Besides, Ron was his best friend in the world.

Was he going to sulk because he didn't have a badge, laugh with the twins behind Ron's back, ruin this for Ron when, for the first time, he had beaten Harry at something?

Harry suddenly felt that his thoughts were too dirty. He was jealous of Ron. That was terrible!

Just then, Harry heard Ron's footsteps on the stairs again.

He stood up, straightened his glasses, and hitched a grin onto his face, as Ron bounded back through the door.

“Just caught Mum! She was about to leave,” said Ron happily.

“Listen ... Ron!” Harry said solemnly, and he was relieved to hear that his voice had stopped sounding hearty. “Well done, mate, congratulations on becoming a prefect. This is the best news I've heard this summer!”

“Oh!” Ron was stunned, the smile faded off his face. “I never thought it would be me!” he said, shaking his head, “I thought it would be you!”

“Nah, I've caused too much trouble,” Harry said, echoing Fred.

“Yeah,” said Ron, “yeah, I suppose...well, what do you think Mum said about it?”

While they were discussing this topic, Evan and Hermione were also talking about the same thing.

After the two of them left, they secretly hid in an empty room on the third floor.

Hedwig landed aside on the shelf, staring amber at them, as they were hugging tightly.

The room was obviously large. Why were they huddling in that small space? What were they doing?!

“I really didn’t expect that I would become a prefect,” said Hermione, her face still red, she raised her head and looked at Evan behind her, sharing her joy with him, “I mean ... I’m not ready yet ... it’s so sudden!”

“Have faith, Hermione, you’re Gryffindor, no, you are the best witch in Hogwarts,” said Evan cheerfully. “Think about it, who can be the first every time like you? In other respects, you are also excellent. You really deserve to be a prefect.”

“I’m not as good as you said...”

“You’re far better than I said, and better than the other prefects,” Evan continued, gently rubbing Hermione’s raised head and hugging her again. “If I were the headmaster, I would definitely appoint you Head Girl.”

“But I don’t know what to do? What should the prefect do?” Hermione said, seemingly unassuming, “I remember Percy had read a book about it back then, maybe I should look it up.”

“You don’t need this kind of thing, Hermione, trust me, you’ll get started soon,” said Evan, accentuating his tone. “If someone dares not listen to you, you can deduct points or put them in detention. If they don’t listen again, you can tell me to solve it. I guarantee that they’ll be obedient.”

“What are you talking about?” Hermione whispered. Evan was not talking about the prefect, but the campus bully. “Hum, if I were to put anyone in detention, that’d be you. And ... don’t mess with me...”

In short, because of the prefect’s affairs, the peaceful life was suddenly disrupted.

And time seemed to slow down all of a sudden. The whole afternoon was extremely long and extremely tormented. While digesting the news that Ron and Hermione became prefects, everyone was looking forward to the great news Mrs. Weasley had talked about.

Chapter 903: So It Was

Pent-up emotions were spreading, and curiosity was accumulating.

As the long time passed slowly, everyone came to accept the fact that Ron had become a prefect.

After the initial shock, Ron also began to get used to the change of identity brought by the prefect.

As Percy once did, he began to show off his prefect badge, and kept moving it around, first placing it on his bedside table, then putting it into his jeans pocket, then taking it out and laying it on his folded robes, as though to see the effect of the red on the black.

He tried his best to get everyone’s attention. Only when Fred and George dropped in and offered to attach it to his forehead with a Permanent Sticking Charm did he wrap it tenderly in his maroon socks and lock it in his trunk.

Mrs. Weasley returned from Diagon Alley around six o'clock, laden with books, food and gifts for Ron.

"Never mind unwrapping them now, people are arriving for dinner, I want you all downstairs to help," she said.

After some busy work, down in the basement Mrs. Weasley had hung a scarlet banner over the heavily laden dinner table, which read CONGRATULATIONS RON AND HERMIONE — NEW PREFECTS. She looked in a better mood than they had seen her all holiday.

"I thought we'd have a little party, not a sit-down dinner," she said, looking at the banner with satisfaction. "It looks good, doesn't it? I've prepared another one. I can't take it out until the news is announced."

"So, what on earth is that news?" Fred asked, and Mrs. Weasley ignored him.

It was not easy to get a word from her. She didn't give them a chance at all.

"Your father and Bill are on their way, Ron, I've sent them both owls and they're thrilled," said Mrs. Weasley, beaming as Ron entered the kitchen. "Minerva will come with them, and we'll get detailed information from her."

Fred rolled his eyes and made a motion that he was about to faint.

"Did you hear what Mum said?" said George in a low voice, as Mrs. Weasley went back to look after the fire. "She said there's another banner. Where do you think it would be hidden?"

"Probably in her room," said Fred, looking around. "I can't go on like this. I'm going to be depressed and crazy. We must determine what the news is."

"When we sneak into Mum's room, you should stay here to attract her attention," said George.

"You can't..." Before Hermione's words were finished, the twins had Disappeared.

Evan didn't know if they could find the banner, everyone was curious about it.

At that moment, Lupin, Tonks and Kingsley Shacklebolt arrived one after another, and everyone hurried over to greet them.

A few minutes later, Mad-Eye Moody stumped in. He hadn't been here for a long time!

"Oh, Alastor, I am glad you're here," said Mrs. Weasley brightly, as Mad-Eye shrugged off his traveling cloak. "We've been wanting to ask you for ages ... could you have a look in the writing desk in the drawing room and tell us what's inside it? We haven't wanted to open it just in case it's something really nasty."

While cleaning the old house, the writing desk had kept shaking.

Lupin thought there was a Boggart inside, but to be on the safe side, Mrs. Weasley thought it was better to ask Moody to take a look first.

“No problem, Molly...” Moody’s electric-blue eye swiveled upward and stared fixedly through the ceiling of the kitchen.

“Drawing room ...” he growled, as the pupil contracted. “Desk in the corner? Yeah, I see it... Yeah, it’s a Boggart... Want me to go up and get rid of it, Molly.”

“No, no, I’ll do it myself later,” beamed Mrs. Weasley. “You have your drink. We’re having a little bit of a celebration, actually...” She gestured at the scarlet banner. “Fourth prefect in the family!”

“Prefect?” growled Moody, his normal eye on Ron and his magical eye swiveling around to gaze into the side of his head. “Well, congratulations, authority figures always attract trouble, but I suppose Dumbledore thinks you can withstand most major jinxes or he wouldn’t have appointed you...”

Ron looked rather startled at this view of the matter, and the smug expression on his face faded instantly. Just then, he was saved the trouble of responding by the arrival of his father and eldest brother.

Professor McGonagall was accompanying them. She was wearing a very strange Muggle suit; her face was as serious as usual, even more serious.

“Minerva, has the news been confirmed? Mrs. Weasley asked hurriedly.

“Confirmed ... Dumbledore has just left the Board of Governors. He asked me to announce it. To be honest, I didn’t expect...”

Everyone looked up at Professor McGonagall, eager to know the important news she was about to announce.

Evan had the illusion that Professor McGonagall, Mr. Weasley, and Bill had been staring at him since they came in.

Their faces were beaming with joy, and the big news about to be announced seemed to have something to do with him.

With a crack, Fred and George suddenly appeared out of nothing, flustered, with a look of extreme shock on their faces.

They seemed to have seen something incredible. They were thrilled, holding a scarlet banner in their hands.

“Oh, Merlin, Evan, I can’t believe it...” Fred said.

“Look at what we found, it’s incredible. How could they do that?!” George shook the banner in his hand vigorously.

Everyone in the kitchen looked at them in astonishment, still not figuring out what was going on.

The next second, Fred and George said at the same time, “Evan, you’ve been elected Head Boy!”

What, Head Boy?!

Evan was stunned for a moment before realizing what they were talking about, and hurriedly turned around to look at Professor McGonagall.

How was that possible, that was simply incredible!

“Yes, Dumbledore specifically sought the school board, Evan!” Professor McGonagall also smiled, very happy for him. “After a few days of discussion, they finally agreed that you’ll become the new Head Boy, the youngest elected candidate in nearly a thousand years...”

After a brief silence, the kitchen suddenly became lively, and everyone came to congratulate Evan.

That was simply a miracle. They had never heard of a fourth-year student becoming the Head Boy.

The ceiling of the entire kitchen was almost overturned by the sound of celebration. Compared with this news, Ron and Hermione becoming prefects was nothing. It was a matter of course, and it was far less shocking than the fact that Evan became the Head Boy...

Chapter 904: The Head Boy

“Congratulations, Evan!”

“That’s amazing!”

“It’s incredible, like a dream.”

“I knew it, that’s Evan, nothing is impossible with him.”

Evan looked up and saw everyone around him smiling. Hermione even showed more happiness than him.

Everyone was surprised at first that he could become the Head Boy, and then became thrilled.

“The Head Boy is appointed from all the male students at Hogwarts. Only the best wizard can become a Head Boy. There’s no age limit in theory, but in fact, there has been no student under the seventh year for many years!” Professor McGonagall took out a brand new silver badge and looked at Evan with satisfaction. “This is what Dumbledore has won for you. We must admit, Evan, you are the best student I have ever taught. This is the School’s recognition of you.”

“Thank you, professor!” Evan took the badge. It was true that he was still a little confused and did not react.

This outcome was so sudden, completely beyond his expectation. What did Dumbledore want to do?!

To make him the Head Boy of Hogwarts was quite pushing him from within the School to the public.

Coming to think of it, it was a miracle in itself for a fourth-year student to become Head Boy. After spreading out, everyone would talk about it and pay close attention to Evan's every move.

A new legend was rising, and Evan's name would spread throughout the wizarding world very fast.

First of all, everyone would be concerned about why he became the Head Boy; was he really qualified to that?

Evan's past experience was enough to prove all of that. It was to recall that he also had the title of "Hope Star" in the wizarding world. In the Quidditch World Cup, he staged a high-level performance in front of a hundred thousand wizards. It was the battle of the century.

The strength shown in the duel with Caresius was enough to prove that Evan was qualified to serve as the Head Boy.

He had become the Hogwarts Head Boy at the age of only fourteen, and he would completely live up to the claim of Dumbledore's successor.

Even Voldemort did not have such a privilege at his age.

After becoming the Head Boy, with the endorsement of the whole Hogwarts, Evan's status and influence would be greatly improved. He could justly set up his own team and use this influence to do a lot of things.

In theory, he now had the qualifications to lead and manage all Hogwarts students.

Finally, considering his fourteen-year-old age, he was too young. Not surprisingly, Evan would remain in this position for the next four years until graduation. He would certainly leave his own indelible mark in Hogwarts.

As the youngest Head Boy in nearly a thousand years, this event alone was enough to make him remembered by history.

After a brief thought, Evan realized that Dumbledore had made the decision.

After listening to him talk about his trip to Italy, Dumbledore should have also understood that the greatest enemy facing the wizarding world was no longer Voldemort, but a terrible evil god, and Evan was the best person to fight the evil gods.

He was now launching Evan to help him build up influence and accumulate enough capital as soon as possible.

In the face of powerful enemies, only a qualified leader could become the only beacon in the dark, guiding the wizards forward and giving them the courage to continue fighting, just like Dumbledore had now done.

No matter how evil and terrible Voldemort was, as long as he was there, people would not completely lose hope and firmly believe that the ultimate victory would come.

Voldemort would not be unbridled, but qualmish.

When facing the invasion of the evil gods in the future, there would still be a need for such a leader, namely Evan...

Undoubtedly, there were many advantages brought to Evan to do this, but there were also many disadvantages.

In the short term, the most direct pressure was probably Fudge and the Ministry of Magic, and they would definitely try their best to counter the rise of Evan.

Among other things, Umbridge, who was about to arrive at Hogwarts, would definitely regard him as the main target of suppression.

With Voldemort and the Death Eaters, Evan's threat level would also increase rapidly.

In the future, it would not be so easy for him to keep a low profile and pretend to be an ordinary fourteen-year-old wizard fishing in troubled waters.

Of course, with Evan's current strength, none of these would be a problem...

"The negotiations between Dumbledore and the Board of Governors went on until the last minute. Those people did not intend to agree, but Dumbledore said that if they disagree with the appointment, there will be no Head Boy until Evan graduates, because there are no students better than him in the school," said Professor McGonagall. She told them all the details about the meeting of Dumbledore and the Board of Governors, which had been deadlocked for a long time.

That was also why this year's letter from the school was exceptionally late and had been delayed until the last day of the holidays.

"Under the current special situation, Dumbledore believes that the most important thing is to gather people and get them united," said Professor McGonagall, her lips pursed. "Evan, he has high hopes for you..."

Evan nodded, looking as though he really wanted to figure out what to do.

Next to him, Hermione's little hand was holding his hand excitedly, her body trembling slightly because of the excitement.

It looked as though she herself had become the Head Girl.

In fact, Evan deserved to become the Head Boy, and she wouldn't have been more delighted if she had received this honor.

She kept talking about it, as did everyone else. The focus of attention in the kitchen shifted from her and Ron to Evan.

No one mentioned her becoming the prefect, but she didn't care at all.

It wasn't until more than twenty minutes later that the warm atmosphere calmed down a bit.

"Well, I think a toast is in order," said Mr. Weasley with a smile, when everyone had a drink. He raised his goblet. "To Evan, the new Head Boy ... to Ron and Hermione, the new Gryffindor prefects!"

Everyone drank to them and then applauded warmly. They were all staring at Evan.

Although everyone had known him for a long time, they still wanted to see how he was different.

“It’s incredible, the Head Boy!” said Tonks brightly as everybody moved toward the table to help themselves to food. “This is a big man in the school. When I was a student, I could only look up to them silently in the corner.”

Her hair was tomato-red and waist length today; she looked like Ginny’s older sister.

“Of course, the prefect is also great. Although it’s still far from the Head Boy or Girl, not everyone has the opportunity,” Tonks continued, staring enviously at Evan’s badge, “You know, I could maybe have been a prefect, but my Head of House said I lacked certain necessary qualities.”

Chapter 905: The Deal and the Old Photo of the Order of the Phoenix

“Like what?” said Ginny, who was choosing a baked potato, and she scanned Evan from time to time.

“Like the ability to behave myself,” said Tonks, and Ginny laughed.

Hermione looked as though she did not know whether to smile or not and compromised by taking an extra large gulp of butterbeer and choking on it.

Evan quickly thumped her on the back to help her smooth her breath.

Across the table, Harry and Ron were also staring at Evan’s Head Boy badge.

It was expected that Evan could become the Head Boy. His strength and performance had been recognized by everyone, but everyone thought it would be when Evan was in the seventh year four years later, not now.

For boys in years above Evan’s, this was really unfortunate news.

This meant that they did not have the opportunity to become Head Boys before Evan graduated, even if they were prefects.

Fred and George didn’t care about being Head Boys at all. They had even bewitched Percy’s Head Boy badge to read “Bighead Boy.”

But this time, they would not mock Evan and laugh at him...

As the dinner progressed, the topic at the table gradually shifted to other aspects.

Ginny and Tonks were talking about school and girls, occasionally erupting into silvery laughter.

Lupin told Harry about his father’s history at Hogwarts. James had also been Head Boy, but he’d not been prefect. Lupin was the prefect of their group. Dumbledore might have hoped that he would be able to exercise some control over his best friends.

As a result, he failed dismally and spent a lot of time in detention with James and Sirius.

After knowing that his father had not been a prefect, Harry’s mood lifted somewhat.

Hermione began to discuss her views of elf rights with Mr. Weasley and Moody. After visiting the Ministry of Magic, she came up with many new ideas, and firmly believed that all this was due to the terrible prejudice of wizards.

Believing to be superior to other creatures was exactly the same as the discrimination that pure-blood wizards had against other wizards.

Judging from Hermione's appearance, she seemed to be planning to take action to stop this long-standing racial and lineage discrimination in the wizarding world.

Mrs. Weasley and Bill were having their usual argument: Bill's hair.

Fred and George took Evan out and came to a dark corner of the stairwell. After a while, Mundungus also sneaked up, and they were conducting an illegal transaction.

Inspired by Evan who'd asked Mundungus to purchase broom materials, they also asked him for dangerous materials.

"Did you get it for us?" George asked eagerly.

"It took me a lot of effort to get this!" Mundungus said, taking out a bag from his pocket.

He opened it to them, and it was full of what looked like shriveled black pods. A faint rattling noise was coming from them, even though they were completely stationary.

"Venomous Tentacula seeds!" Evan raised his eyebrows. Mundungus could get anything.

"Yeah, we need them for the Skiving Snackboxes!" Fred explained, grabbing a handful of seeds in his hand and checking it carefully, "but they're a Class C Non-Tradeable Substance so we've been having a bit of trouble getting hold of them."

"Ten Galleons the lot, then, Dung?" said George.

"No, lads," said Mundungus hurriedly, shaking his head vigorously and his saggy, bloodshot eyes stretched even wider. "With all the trouble I went through to get them, I'm not taking a Knut under twenty."

"Dung likes his little joke," Fred said to Evan.

"Yeah, his best one so far has been six Sickles for a bag of knarl quills," said George.

"We'd better be careful, trading here is not safe!" said Evan, warning them three.

"What's the matter, Head Boy?" said Fred jokingly. "Don't worry, Mum's busy cooing over Prefect Ron, we're okay."

"But Moody could have his eye on us," said Evan, curling his lips.

Hearing what he said, Mundungus turned his head and looked nervously.

“Good point, that,” he grunted. “All right, lads, ten it is, if you’ll take them quick.”

“Cheers, Evan!” said Fred delightedly, getting the leather bag from Mundungus.

“Well, I also need something here. In addition to the materials for making the broom, there are also some potions and alchemy materials. If you can find them, there’ll be no problem with the price.” Evan also took out a list and handed it to Mundungus.

“No problem, I’ll definitely get them for you,” said Mundungus respectfully.

Evan was now his biggest customer, and he naturally dared not neglect him.

Fred and George went upstairs to hide the Venomous Tentacula seeds. Evan and Mundungus returned to the kitchen and saw Ron talking to Mr. Weasley, and Mrs. Weasley was not there. Ginny and Tonks were still whispering. Harry and Hermione were gathered around Moody, looking at a small photograph in his hand.

He leaned over and saw a small crowd of people, some of them waving, others lifting their glasses.

“There’s me,” said Moody unnecessarily, pointing at himself. The Moody in the picture was unmistakable, though his hair was slightly less gray and his nose was intact.

“And there’s Dumbledore beside me, Dedalus Diggle on the other side ... That’s Marlene McKinnon, she was killed two weeks after this was taken, they got her whole family. That’s Frank and Alice Longbottom...”

“Neville’s parents?” Hermione asked in a low voice.

“Yeah ... poor devils, better dead than what happened to them,” growled Moody, “and that’s Emmeline Vance, you’ve met her, and that there’s Lupin, obviously ... Benjy Fenwick ... yeah, a very nice little guy. He copped it too, we only ever found bits of him ... shift aside there,” he added, poking the picture, and the little photographic people edged sideways, so that those who were partially obscured could move to the front.

“Oh, that’s Dumbledore’s brother, Aberforth, only time I ever met him, strange bloke.”

Evan looked at the guy in the photo who looked like Dumbledore. He didn’t wave his hand and quickly hid behind the others.

“That’s Dorcas Meadowes, a very talented witch. Voldemort killed her personally...” said Moody simply. “That’s Sirius when he still had short hair ... and Gideon and Fabian Prewett, Molly’s brothers.”

“I’ve never seen them...” said Ginny sadly.

“You weren’t born yet. The death of the two of them was a great loss for us, and...” said Moody, sliding his finger, “Yeah, Harry ... there you go, I thought that would interest you!”

Harry’s heart turned over. His mother and father were beaming up at him, sitting on either side of a small, watery-eyed man Harry recognized at once as Wormtail.

He was the one who had betrayed their whereabouts to Voldemort and so helped bring about their deaths.

This was a group photo of the original members of the Order of the Phoenix. There were many wizards on it, but they were all gone now!

Chapter 906: The Mind and the Boggart

Once the war started, it was inevitable that many people would die.

Evan raised his head and looked at the room full of talking and laughter, but he couldn’t say how many people would survive.

Even if he were as strong as Dumbledore, he couldn’t protect everyone. He could only ensure Hermiones safety

This was his bottom line and something that he had to do with his best.

Evan turned his head and saw Hermione looking at him. He held her right hand, and his heart became more or less steadfast.

Regardless of what the future held, no matter what risks he faced, he would not let go of this girls hand.

Harry took the photo with mixed feelings in his heart, and he looked at the happy faces in it.

he had seen his parents pictures before, and he had met Wormtail but to have them sprung on him like that, when he was least expecting it No one would like that, he thought angrily

And then, to see them surrounded by all those other happy faces Benjy Fenwick, who had been found in bits, and Gideon and Fabian Prewett, who had died like heroes, and the Longbottoms, who had been tortured into madness all waving happily out of the photograph forevermore, not knowing that they were doomed

Well, Moody might find that interesting he, Harry, found it disturbing

He was determined to learn a few more spells with Evan to improve his strength and protect the people around him.

Evan had proved his strength. Harry had never seen or heard of a fourteen-year-old wizard becoming the Head Boy. Hed almost watched Evan grow up step by step, from a Muggle who knew nothing to a powerful wizard.

Harry was humbled by the effort Evan had put into his magical studies, as well as the help from the Philosophers Stone and Slytherins Locket.

Since fighting Voldemort was his established destiny, he had to do his best to be as strong as possible

At the same time, Ron, who was chatting with Mr. Weasley, was thinking about it. He watched secretly as Evan and Hermione stood there holding hands, and hurriedly looked back.

After Evan became the Head Boy, being a prefect was nothing, and there was a great difference.

Everyone cared about Evan, and apart from his mother, no one was talking about him becoming the prefect.

It was a relief to Ron, but at the same time he felt a little lost and disappointed in his heart.

He still remembered Percy saying that the prefect was only the first step, and only by becoming the prefect could he be qualified to become the Head Boy.

But now, before Evan graduated, no one else was qualified, not even prefects.

Ron didn't care about being a prefect or the Head Boy, but that was not good news after all, was it?

In fact, he also thought that Evan was qualified to serve as the Head Boy. In terms of pure magical strength, there was no student stronger than Evan in the school. As for why Evan was so strong, he had summarized it many times before.

In Ron's opinion, it was mainly because of the help of the Philosophers Stone and Slytherin's Locket.

If other people could have these magical items, and work harder, they would become as strong as Evan.

Unfortunately, the remaining three Philosophers Stones left by the Four Founders had disappeared. They had discussed it many times and there was no answer. Ron even had no clue. As for Slytherin's Locket, there was only one

Immediately, Ron thought of Evan's previous exploration in the Acromantula's Lair.

The slate engraved with the map of Greece, in addition to the Locket, contained Slytherin's wand, ring and double snake scepter, which seemed to be powerful magical items. If he could get one of them

Ron shook his head hard. The items left by the old madman Slytherin were too dangerous, and only Evan could use them.

However, if he wanted to become as powerful as Evan, it seemed that there was only one feasible way.

After handing the photo to Harry, Moody went over to talk to Professor McGonagall, Lupin, and Kingsley. Harry stared at the photo in a daze, while Evan and Hermione left the kitchen hand in hand. They had a lot to say now.

Although they had been talking all afternoon, it was not enough. If they could, Evan and Hermione would now talk all night without getting bored or tired.

In the afternoon, Evan was still helping Hermione figure out how to be a good prefect. Now the situation was just reversed. She wanted to help Evan do a good job as the Head Boy and live up to the hopes of Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall.

Tomorrow was the first day of school, and Evan had to give instructions to the prefects

Compared to Hermiones nervousness, Evan didnt care. He had only one rule here: Dont ask for trouble.

If anyone wanted to do something, he didnt mind practicing magic with them.

But since Hermione wanted to talk, Evan had no reason to refuse. He could go back to the third-floor room they had used in the afternoon and chat leisurely.

The night was long and there was a lot of time. He even thought they could change positions later

They held hands and walked up the stairs in the hall, past the stuffed elf heads. Hermione kept talking and offering advice to Evan, but stopped suddenly when approaching the first landing.

They heard a voice, someone was sobbing in the drawing room, and Evan and Hermione looked at one another.

Isnt it Mrs. Weasleys voice? Hermione said, Whats going on?

They climbed the remaining stairs two at a time, walked across the landing, and opened the drawing-room door.

Someone was cowering against the dark wall, her wand in her hand, her whole body shaking with sobs. Sprawled on the dusty old carpet in a patch of moonlight, clearly dead, was Ron.

Ron, whats the matter?! Hermiones eyes widened and she held Evans right hand tightly.

Ron dead, how could it be? Theyd seen him downstairs when they came up just now

Hold on, Hermione, its a Boggart! said Evan, feeling the magic reaction in the air, Mrs. Weasley?

R-r-riddikulus! Mrs. Weasley sobbed, pointing her shaking wand at Rons body.

Crack! Rons body turned into Bills, spread-eagled on his back, his eyes wide open and empty, his hollow eyes widened.

Seeing Bills body, Mrs. Weasley sobbed harder than ever.

R-riddikulus! she sobbed again.

Crack! Mr. Weasleys body replaced Bills, his glasses askew, a trickle of blood running down his face.

No! Mrs. Weasley moaned. No riddikulus! Riddikulus! RIDDIKULUS!

Crack. Dead twins. Crack. Dead Percy. Crack. Dead Harry. Crack. Dead Evan

All right, Mrs. Weasley, get out of here! Evan said, taking a step forward and pulling out his wand.

Crack! The Boggart in front of him had changed. It was Hermiones body!

Riddikulus! Evan said very firmly and clearly.

Hermione's body vanished, this Boggart was making his last struggle, and the evil god appeared

Chapter 907: The Desire to Protect

The rotten, horrible body full of gullies appeared in front of Evan, getting bigger and bigger, and vanished in a puff of smoke in the blink of an eye.

A dark creature of the Boggart's level couldn't transform into the evil god. Even if without Evan's spell, it would be finished. However, when the huge body of the "evil god" disappeared, it still shook the whole house slightly.

"What was the last monster that appeared?" Hermione asked in a low voice. There was no other sound but Mrs. Weasley's sobbing voice in the room.

"The evil god I've been telling you about, the Noumenon I saw in my vision." Evan put the wand back.

There was a brief silence. Hermione had imagined the appearance of the evil god countless times, but she'd never thought it would be so terrible.

"Thank you, Evan, thank you ... I thought I could deal with that Boggart!" said Mrs. Weasley, tears falling uncontrollably, and then she broke into a storm of crying, her face in her hands.

Evan and Hermione had never seen her like that. In everyone's eyes, she had always been a shrewd and capable figure.

"I see them d-d-dead all the time!" she moaned. "All the t-t-time! I d-ddream about it ... sometimes I'm busy, and the terrible idea pops in my head..."

Just then, the door of the drawing-room was knocked open, and everyone downstairs ran up in a panic.

Lupin rushed in first, holding his wand in his hand, followed by Kingsley and Mr. Weasley, then Tonks, Harry, Ron, Ginny, Fred and George, and finally, Moody also stumped along behind them.

"What was the sound just now... God, Molly ... are you all right?"

"Mum, why are you crying?"

"What's going on?" Mr. Weasley hurried over.

In the blink of an eye, Mrs. Weasley was sobbing her heart out on his shoulder.

"It's the Boggart hiding in the desk, it..." Hermione explained to everyone what had just happened.

"Well, it's all right, Molly, it was just a Boggart!" said Mr. Weasley soothingly, patting her on the back, and handing her a handkerchief. "Nothing of what you've seen was real!"

“Being silly ... not even able to get rid of a Boggart,” Mrs. Weasley said, blowing her nose.

“Don’t be stupid, you’re just too worried!”

“Yeah, I’m just s-s-so worried,” she said, tears spilling out of her eyes again. “Half the f-f-family’s in the Order, it’ll b-b-be a miracle if we all come through this... Gideon and Fabian were just like that. They just went out to perform a common task and never came back... and PP-Percy’s not talking to us... What if something d-ddreadful happens and we had never m-m-made up? And what’s going to happen if Arthur and I get killed, who’s g-g-going to look after Ron and Ginny?”

Seeing her, Evan, Harry, and Hermione remembered the old photo of the Order of the Phoenix that Moody had just taken out. They all had smiling faces, but who, at that time, could have thought that most of them would be no longer here now.

“Molly, that’s enough,” said Lupin firmly. “This isn’t like last time. The Order is better prepared, we’ve got a head start, we know what Voldemort’s up to...”

Mrs. Weasley gave a little squeak of fright at the sound of the name.

“Oh, Molly, come on, it’s about time you got used to hearing it ... look, I can’t promise no one’s going to get hurt, nobody can promise that, but we’re much better off than we were last time, you weren’t in the Order then, you don’t understand the death of your brothers... last time we were outnumbered twenty to one by the Death Eaters and they were picking us off one by one.”

Would it really be that easy?

Voldemort was not a fool. He would continue to expand his army and seek powerful forces. The number of Death Eaters didn’t mean much.

Regardless of the mysterious and terrifying evil gods, even in the original plot, many people had died after the war started again, including Sirius, Moody, Snape, Fred, Colin, Lupin, Tonks, and even Dumbledore...

Evan admitted that he knew the remaining Voldemort’s Horcruxes. But it was not as simple as finding them out and reading an Avada Kedavra to Voldemort to kill him or eliminating his weapons to solve everything.

Voldemort could continue to split his soul to make Horcruxes. Anyway, he was already a lunatic.

“Don’t worry about Percy, Molly,” said Mr. Weasley, hugging Mrs. Weasley tightly. “He’ll come round. It’s a matter of time before Voldemort moves into the open; once he does, the whole Ministry’s going to be begging us to forgive them.”

“I’m not sure I’ll be accepting his apology,” Fred added.

“If he admits that he’s a hopeless fool...” George said.

“That’s it. And as for who’s going to look after Ron and Ginny if you and Arthur died,” said Lupin, smiling slightly, “what do you think we’d do, let them starve?”

Mrs. Weasley smiled tremulously and looked at Ron and Ginny, who were still standing there.

“Being silly,” she muttered again, mopping her eyes.

“Don’t be sad, Mum, we won’t let what you’ve seen happen with us.”

“Yeah, everything’s going for the better, Ron has also become a prefect.”

“I can take care of myself now, not as bad as you think...” Ginny added hastily.

Evan, Harry, Hermione and the others retired and gave the drawing-room to the Weasley’s. They must have a lot to say.

When this kind of thing happened, no one had the heart to do anything else. Lupin asked Evan, Harry, and Hermione to go back to bed. They went back to the kitchen and seemed to discuss escorting everyone to the train station tomorrow morning.

Evan accompanied Hermione back to her room. It could be seen that she was also worried, with a preoccupied look. She did not mention the Head Boy and prefect any more. She just hugged Evan silently in the dark. This could make her feel at ease.

None of them spoke. There had already been enough guarantees and discussions.

Evan had also proved with facts that he was trustworthy, and he hoped Hermione could leave everything to him. Although this was not in line with her character, at least when she was alone with him, she could do so and be completely reassured.

Maybe, that was what could be called the desire to protect, wasn’t it?

Chapter 908: Departure to School

Even after Ginny came back, Evan didn’t leave.

He had turned into a kitten lying in Hermione’s arms, quietly accompanying her, just like what had happened on the first night here.

Every last night before the start of the new term seemed to be a sleepless night, and so was this evening.

Harry returned to the dark room alone, and when he closed his bedroom door behind him, he had to admit that he couldn’t think Mrs. Weasley silly, because he’d almost thought the same.

He fell heavily on his bed. Even in the thick darkness, he could still see his parents beaming at him from the tattered old photograph, unaware that their lives, like so many of those around them, were drawing to a close.

Hermione had told him about the Boggart, and the image of the creature posing as the corpse of each member of Mrs. Weasley’s family in turn kept flashing before his eyes.

Without warning, the scar on his forehead seared with pain again and his stomach churned horribly.

“Cut it out,” he said firmly, rubbing the scar as the pain receded again.

“First sign of madness, talking to your own head,” said a sly voice from the empty picture on the wall.

Harry didn’t know where the person of the portrait had gone. He hadn’t seen him show up for the entire holidays.

He didn’t have the mind to see who the owner of this portrait was now. He felt older than he had ever felt in his life.

He had never felt this way before, and it seemed extraordinary to him that barely an hour ago he had been worried about who had gotten a prefect’s badge, and what Evan should do after he became the Head Boy.

Harry had a troubled night’s sleep, he forced himself to sleep, but it was difficult.

About half an hour later, Ron came back and gently called him a few times, but Harry pretended to be asleep. He didn’t want to discuss with Ron about Voldemort, the prefect or the Head Boy...

He didn’t know how long it took, but Harry didn’t hear the sound of Evan coming back, and his consciousness gradually blurred.

His parents wove in and out of his dreams, never speaking.

The scene changed, and Mrs. Weasley sobbed over Kreacher’s dead body, watched by Evan, Ron, and Hermione, who were wearing crowns.

And yet again Harry found himself walking down a dark and deep corridor ending in a locked door...

“No!” He woke up abruptly, with his scar prickling.

He was panting hard, and looked up to find Ron already dressed and talking to him.

“Evan didn’t seem to have come back last night!” he muttered, looking at Evan’s bed, there was no trace that anyone had slept on it, “Or he came back, but got up early again. Okay, better hurry up, Mum just came up and told us to be quick. She’s going ballistic; she says we’re going to miss the train.”

When Harry put on his clothes and walked downstairs at top speed, Evan and Hermione had already finished breakfast!

Evan hadn’t been back last night. He’d turned into a kitten lying in Hermione’s arms all night.

After the two tossed about, Hermione finally fell asleep in the second half of the night, but he didn’t sleep well.

He wasn’t used to sleeping on other people’s bodies, and the smell of Hermione’s body always made him crazy and he couldn’t sleep.

Whoever would have kept that kind of posture and lay in that kind of place would have probably been the same.

For those who do not believe it, just become a cat and feel it yourselves, then you'll know what it was all about.

For the next half hour, there was a lot of commotion in the house.

Evan and Hermione's things were all in the bag he carried with him, but the others couldn't do it, and there was no bag to hold their entire luggage, so they had to drag their trunks strenuously.

Fred and George had bewitched their trunks to fly downstairs to save the bother of carrying them, with the result that they had hurtled straight into Ginny and knocked her down two flights of stairs into the hall.

Suddenly, Mrs. Black and Mrs. Weasley were both screaming at the top of their voices.

"COULD HAVE DONE HER A SERIOUS INJURY, YOU IDIOTS!"

"FILTHY HALF-BREEDS, BESMIRCHING THE HOUSE OF MY FATHERS!"

Fred and George hurried over to apologize to Ginny, and Mrs. Weasley patched her up.

The others looked nervous, and Harry and Ron took a few bites and went upstairs to get their trunks.

Hermione realized that she didn't know where Crookshanks had gone, and followed upstairs to find him.

After a while, Hedwig flew in staggeringly, bringing back a letter from Hermione's parents.

At Hermione's insistence, Evan had also written a letter to his parents last night, telling them that he'd become the Head Boy. He tied his letter to Hedwig's leg. He and Harry had already talked about it.

Hedwig seemed to be very dissatisfied with being sent out as soon as she came back.

Although Evan said a lot of good things, she gave him a good peck on the finger before flapping her wings and flying out.

Finally, everyone was ready and there was not much time left, but Mad-Eye Moody blocked the door and insisted not to set off. He was complaining that they couldn't leave unless Sturgis Podmore was here, otherwise the guard would be one short.

Moody seemed to be very dissatisfied with Sturgis Podmore. When he escorted Harry before, he'd borrowed Moody's invisibility cloak and hadn't returned yet.

"Guard?" said Harry thoughtlessly, dragging his heavy trunk. "We have to go to King's Cross with a guard?"

"You have to go to King's Cross with a guard," Hermione corrected him, carrying a squirming Crookshanks in her arms.

"Why?" Harry said impatiently, suddenly becoming inexplicably irritated. "I thought Voldemort was supposed to be lying low, or are you telling me he's

going to jump out from behind a dustbin to try and do me in? Or, are the Dementors being mixed in the crowd?"

"Mad-eye obviously thinks so," said Evan, telling him about Hedwig's return.

"Seriously!" said Hermione distractedly, looking at her watch. "If we don't leave soon we're definitely going to miss the train!"

"Please, Alastor, we have to go!" Mrs. Weasley Obviously thought the same.

She pulled the simply bandaged Ginny out of the kitchen. Fred and George kept following Ginny, making her laugh.

Everyone was crowded in the narrow hall. Mrs. Black's portrait was howling with rage but nobody was bothering to close the curtains over her; all the noise in the hall was bound to rouse her again anyway.

"Well, let's go, remember our plan last night?" groaned Moody.

"The plan is simple, Evan, Harry, Hermione, and the others, you're to come with me, Remus and Tonks," shouted Mrs. Weasley over the repeated screeches of "MUDBLOODS! SCUM! CREATURES OF DIRT!" "Especially you, Harry, you'll be in the middle. Leave your trunk and your owl's cage. Alastor's going to deal with the luggage."

Chapter 909: The Disguise and the Hogwarts Express

Everyone left their luggage to Moody, who helped to take them to the station. When the door slammed behind them, and Mrs. Black's screeches were cut off instantly, everyone felt that their ears were immediately cleaned and relaxed a lot, and they were glad to finally leave the place.

In the weak September sunlight, they went down the stone steps of number twelve, which vanished the moment they reached the pavement!

"Where's Tonks?" Harry asked. "Why don't I see her?"

In fact, they saw no other guards this morning except Moody and Lupin, who hadn't left last night.

"She's waiting for us just up here," said Mrs. Weasley stiffly. "We have to hurry up."

"Apart from her, no one else will show up. They'll be following us in the dark in disguise," said Lupin gently, he was also wearing a Muggle suit. "This is Mad-eye's idea. Too many people are easy to attract attention. We originally planned to set out in three teams, but there were not enough guards."

"Disguise?" Harry thought instantly of the Polyjuice Potion.

Not long ago, Evan had surprised him after he used the Polyjuice Potion to turn into Gabrielle.

"Yeah, this is a skill that the Auror must master," said Lupin simply. "It's important not to show your true colors when fighting Dark Wizards."

The group took a few steps forward and at the corner, an old woman greeted them. She had tightly curled gray hair and wore a purple hat shaped like a porkpie.

If she hadn't taken the initiative to greet them, it would have been almost impossible to recognize her as Tonks.

"Wotcher," she said, winking. "Better hurry up, hadn't we, Molly?"

"I know, I know," moaned Mrs. Weasley, lengthening her stride, "but Mad-Eye wanted to wait for Sturgis... If only Arthur could have got us cars from the Ministry again ... but Fudge wouldn't let him borrow so much as an empty ink bottle these days... How Muggles can stand traveling without magic?"

Evan didn't know what happened to the Portable Swamp Fred and George had left under Percy's seat, but since the trial ended, Mr. Weasley's situation had obviously gotten worse and Fudge was forcing him to resign voluntarily.

It took them twenty minutes to reach King's Cross by foot, and nothing more eventful happened on the way.

Once inside the station they lingered casually beside the barrier between platforms nine and ten until the coast was clear, then each of them leaned against it in turn and fell easily through onto platform nine and three quarters unnoticed.

The Hogwarts Express stood there, belching sooty steam over a platform packed with departing students and their families.

Evan, Harry, Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred, and George all became excited; inhaling the familiar smell and felt their spirits soar... They were really going back to Hogwarts!

The summer vacation seemed to have been extremely long this year, especially for Evan, who had not been in school for more than half a year.

When they appeared, the atmosphere on the lively platform changed drastically, and many people noticed them at once.

Evan saw many Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students secretly pointing at him and talking to their parents.

Most of the Slytherins directly looked at them with hostile eyes, avoiding them from a distance.

Even the Gryffindors were full of disagreements. Some avoided them in fear, while others greeted them directly.

There were only a few wizards who came by. They supported Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix, such as Neville and his grandmother.

She was very old, wearing a long green dress, a moth-eaten fox fur, and a pointed hat decorated with a stuffed vulture that looked terrible. She was one of the few people Evan had seen who could directly say Voldemort's name.

She made it clear that she supported Evan and the others, and she already knew that the Order of the Phoenix was back in action!

This old lady's regret was that no one from the Longbottoms had joined the Order of the Phoenix to fight Voldemort this time. She kept saying that Neville was so much worse than Evan, Harry, and his father. She hoped her grandson could become brave.

Neville, as before, dared not refute a word of what his grandmother said.

They all stood and talked for a while, until the train made a long warning whistle and began to emit white steam.

"I really hope Arthur and Alastor make it in time," said Mrs. Weasley anxiously. "Ah, here they are!"

Mr. Weasley and Moody came through the archway pushing a cart full of their trunks. Moody was limping, a porter's cap pulled low over his mismatched eyes.

"No trouble?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Weasley.

"All okay," Moody muttered to Lupin, Mrs. Weasley, and Tonks. "I don't think we were followed..."

"That's good!" They hurriedly unloaded Moody's luggage cart and put them on the train.

"That's too much. I'll still be reporting Sturgis to Dumbledore," said Moody, seemingly very dissatisfied. "That's the second time he's not turned up in a week. He's getting as unreliable as Mundungus."

"Well, look after yourselves," said Lupin, shaking hands all round.

"This year Hogwarts is a bit different. Be careful and remember to watch Harry." He walked up to Evan and whispered.

"I will!" Evan raised his eyebrows, hoping it wouldn't be too boring to confront Umbridge.

Lupin reached Harry last and gave him a clap on the shoulder. "You too, Harry. Be careful."

"Yeah, keep your head down and your eyes peeled," said Moody. "Don't forget what I taught you last term, and don't forget, all of you, be careful what you put in writing. If in doubt, don't put it in a letter at all. In fact, I think you'd better not write to the outside world, especially Sirius..."

"It's been great meeting all of you," said Tonks, hugging Hermione and Ginny. "We'll see you soon, I expect."

The warning whistle sounded; and the students still on the platform started hurrying onto the train.

“Quick, quick,” said Mrs. Weasley distractedly, hugging them at random. “Be good. If you’ve forgotten anything we’ll send it on... Onto the train, now, hurry...”

They hurriedly got on the train, and waved their hands out of the open window.

The figures of Tonks, Lupin, Moody, and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley shrank rapidly.

“School finally starts. What should we do now?”

“We’ve got business to discuss with Lee!” Fred said, “Coming with us, Evan?”

“No, don’t forget Evan’s the Head Boy ...” said Hermione directly.

“Yeah, yeah, see you later, Head Boy!” Fred waved, and he and George disappeared down the corridor to the right.

Chapter 910: The Prefects’ Carriage

The train was gathering still more speed, so that the houses outside the window flashed past and they swayed where they stood.

“What does the Head Boy do?” Harry asked curiously.

“Professor McGonagall told me last night that it’s mainly to maintain order, manage the prefects, participate in the formulation of specific school policies, plan activities, and so on. In fact, there’s not much specific work,” said Evan.

In his opinion, most things could be handled by the prefects, and he didn’t want to care about trivial matters.

He didn’t have enough time. The status of the Head Boy was more symbolic. When he wanted to do something, it provided a good shelter and a good reason, rather than actually doing specific practical work.

“We can’t just stand here forever...” Ginny reminded.

“Yeah, we should find a compartment.” Harry nodded hurriedly.

“Well ... Harry ... Evan, Ron and I are supposed to go into the prefect carriage,” Hermione said awkwardly.

“Before the start of the term, everyone meet up and by the way, talk about guiding the first-years for a while,” said Evan.

Ron wasn’t looking at Harry; he seemed to have become intensely interested in the fingernails on his left hand.

“Prefect carriage?!” Harry said, reacting immediately, “Oh, right. Fine.”

“I don’t think we’ll have to stay there all journey,” said Hermione quickly. “Our letters said the prefects just get instructions from the Head Boy and Girl and then patrol the corridors from time to time.”

“I forgot about it if you didn’t tell me, I have to lecture the prefects...” said Evan, and Hermione gave him a disgruntled look.

“Fine, you go, I’ll see you later.” Harry said again.

“Well, see you later, Harry, Ginny!” Evan waved.

“You know, it’s a pain having to go down there, I’d rather...” said Ron hesitantly, casting a shifty, anxious look at Harry, as though he had betrayed him, “but we have to ... I mean, I’m not enjoying it. I’m not Percy, and I don’t care about the prefect or the Head Boy,” he finished defiantly.

“I know you’re not,” said Harry and he grinned. “Go ahead and remember to support Evan.”

But when Evan, Hermione and Ron walked toward the engine end of the train, Harry felt an odd sense of loss. He had never traveled on the Hogwarts Express without Ron.

“Come on,” Ginny told him, “if we get a move on we’ll be able to save them places.”

“Right,” said Harry, picking up Hedwig’s cage in one hand and the handle of his trunk in the other.

After separating from Harry and Ginny, the three of them walked straight to the engine end of the train, where the prefects’ carriage was located.

“The main task of the Head Boy is to manage the prefects. Evan, as the youngest Head Boy in centuries, others may raise objections...” Hermione said with concern, reminding him what he should pay attention to later. “It’s okay for the others, but Manfred Gleeson (*T.N.: I found this name nowhere in the books or the movies. It should be a personage created by the author. But Gleeson is in fact the name of the actor who played Mad-Eye Moody in the movies*), the prefect of Slytherin, needs special attention.”

“Manfred Gleeson?!” Evan recalled a tall, somewhat sturdy boy.

He had had no contact with this guy before; he only knew that he was the prefect of Slytherin, and was three years older than him.

“Like other Slytherin students, Gleeson is a nasty guy,” said Ron. “Do you remember the time when all Slytherin students boycotted Professor Lupin two years ago? He was one of the leaders at the time.”

If Cedric Diggory was still there, this year’s Head Boy would have been none other than him. After he became a vampire and moved to another school, the most promising person to become the Head Boy was Slytherin seventh year student Manfred Gleeson.

In fact, even Gleeson himself thought so.

Among the students in the seventh year, no one was better than him, and he was the most qualified to be the Head Boy!

Compared with the prefect, the Head Boy was not only a symbol of identity and status, but also represented a great honor. This was the highest position that Hogwarts could give to students. After graduation, he would be highly regarded and given preferential treatment when entering the Ministry of Magic.

Before the news of Cedric's transfer came out, he'd never thought he would be so lucky.

But after a whole summer vacation, he waited until the beginning of school, eager for the news that he'd become the Head Boy. Then, last night, he learned from others that a fourth-year Gryffindor boy had become the Head Boy. Evan Mason, the young wizard from a Muggle family, who'd made a lot of noise every year.

Gleeson felt exceptionally angry when he thought of this. In his opinion, it was Evan who'd stolen the Head Boy that should have belonged to him through disgraceful means. After Cedric's accident, this position was originally his.

Although he could not go against Dumbledore's wishes, Gleeson did not intend to listen to the orders of a fourteen-year-old wizard.

He even planned to teach Evan a lesson to prove himself. Although he knew Evan was strong, he couldn't say how strong he was. Actually, Evan's strength had always been the hottest topic in the school.

But when he thought of the difference in age between them, he had some confidence in himself.

Not to mention, there were those powerful old pure-blood wizard families supporting him.

In these seven years in Slytherin, Gleeson had fully understood the power and influence of these families.

His parents were just ordinary wizards, and if he wanted to develop after graduation, he couldn't do without their help.

In fact, as a prefect, he even noticed the abnormal behavior of the most powerful students in the House in the last part of the previous term, and then linked to those things that Dumbledore had said, he could be sure that You-Know-Who had really come back!

Gleeson was not opposed to taking refuge with Voldemort, although this kind of thing was crazy enough just to think about it...

Malfoy was as preoccupied as he was. He was the first to know that Evan had become the Head Boy.

Most of the members of the Hogwarts Board of Governors were from pure-blood wizard families. Although they might not necessarily support Voldemort, they had very close ties with other families of pure-blood wizards. The news that Evan had become the Head Boy was first known to the upper wizarding circles.

Malfoy couldn't tell how he felt. There must be jealousy and anger. Compared with Evan being the Head Boy, his election as a prefect was nothing. Dumbledore was too partial!

