

# Harry Potter

## And the Goblet of Fire

Continued

### Chapter Thirty-Eight

#### The Dursley Dilemma

As the Dursleys' car drove away from Kings Cross, Harry grinned at all the fun he was going to have threatening the Dursleys with the new spells he'd learned. Then, Uncle Vernon said, "You were with those people again."

"What people?" asked Harry.

"The ones who made Dudley's tongue grow long," he said, furiously.

"So?" said Harry.

"So, you're hanging out with wretched people," Vernon raged.

"THEY AREN'T BAD PEOPLE!!" Harry yelled. Suddenly, a car honked, and Uncle Vernon yanked the wheel sideways, dodging a semi-truck rushing past. Aunt Petunia screamed and Dudley whimpered. The car skidded sideways and steered off the road. Uncle Vernon fumed and started yelling at Harry as if it was his fault. Harry said he didn't do it, but Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. As they drove back home, Vernon kept going on about how Harry did it. Harry got so mad that suddenly the car windows shattered as they pulled into their driveway. Harry got out of the car slamming the door behind him. He ran up to his room and locked himself in. He sat on the bed and stared at the wall thinking about how he would love to be back at Hogwarts with Ron and Hermione. Then, as he got up to grab his spell book, he tripped over a loose board that he was sure wasn't there before. He lifted it up and saw a doll. He picked it up and studied it. Then he noticed that underneath it there was a picture and note. He picked up the picture and saw two young girls hugging each other, with the doll in the younger girl's hand, and their parents standing behind them. He read the note. It said:

*Dear Petunia,*

*I miss you so much. I hope to see you soon. Love you!*

*From Lily*

Harry stared at the stuff astonished. Then he heard Uncle Vernon's thunderous footsteps storming up the stairs. He bellowed, "Harry you better explain yourself. I am going to keep you locked up in your room for the rest of the summer because of the racket you caused. All the neighbors came out and stared at us." Then Uncle Vernon stormed back downstairs. Harry looked back at the doll, picture, and letter. Suddenly, his door burst open, and he saw Uncle Vernon holding a key with Aunt Petunia standing behind him. Aunt Petunia saw what Harry was holding and started crying. Uncle Vernon said, "What is that?"

Harry responded, "Nothing."

"Give it here," said Vernon.

"No," said Harry.

"What do you mean, 'no'?"

"It was my mother's, so I should get it," yelled Harry. All of a sudden, Uncle Vernon grabbed the things out of Harry's hands. Harry got furious and lunged at Vernon, but Vernon moved, and Harry fell. Suddenly, the items magically flew out of Uncle Vernon's grasp and landed on Harry. Then Harry drew his wand and pointed it at the two saying, "Explain what these are."

Aunt Petunia said, "Your mother sent me that stuff during her last year at school. That year was the last year I ever saw or spoke to her," she said. "The next year I married Vernon, and we lost touch," she explained. Then she ran across the hallway with Uncle Vernon following her. Harry laid on his bed staring at the picture of his mother, Aunt, and Grandparents. He thought about how his life would be now if he still had his family. Then, he drifted off into a deep sleep. That night, he dreamt of himself and his parents standing in front of the Hogwarts Express on his first year. He could hear his mother's soft voice saying, "I'll miss you, and I love you honey."

Then, his dad said, "Good luck son." Then they both hugged him and waved as he climbed onto the train.

Suddenly, Harry was startled awake by his Uncle's voice saying, "Here's your food boy, you're lucky you even got some." Harry sat up rubbing his eyes and saw a plate with a sliver of grapefruit on it. After finishing his breakfast, Harry thought about his dream. If his parents hadn't died everything would be so different. Suddenly, his stomach groaned, and he made sure to remember to ask his friends for food. Harry was so eager to see his friends again. He was already counting down the days till he went back to Hogwarts.

*Spelling and grammar*