

'No, thank you,' said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn't think this was the moment for sherbet lemons. 'As I say, even if You-Know-Who *has* gone -'

'My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this "You-Know-Who" nonsense - for eleven years I have trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name: *Voldemort*.' Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two sherbet lemons, seemed not to notice. 'It all gets so confusing if we saying "You-Know-Who".' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying *Voldemort's* name.'

'I know you haven't,' said Professor McGonagall, sounding half-exasperated, half-admiring. 'But you're different. Everyone knows you're the one You-Know - oh, all right, *Voldemort* - was frightened of.'

'You flatter me,' said Dumbledore calmly. '*Voldemort* had powers I will never have.'

'Only because you're too - well - *noble* to use them.'

'It's lucky it's dark. I haven't blushed so much Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs.'

Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, 'The owls are nothing to the *rumours* that are flying around. You know what everyone's saying? About why he's disappeared? About what finally stopped ?'

It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever 'everyone' was saying, she was not going to believe it. Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another sherbet lemon and did not answer.

'What they're saying,' she pressed on, 'is that last night *Voldemort* turned up in Godric's Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumour is that Lily and James Potter are - are - that they're - *dead*.'

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped.

'Lily and James ... I can't it ... I didn't want to believe it ... Oh, Albus ...'

Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. 'I