

WHEN Dudley returned from cleaning up, Drake was sitting on the bed, tapping one of those sticks against his thigh. “So you’re magic too,” said Dudley.

Drake looked up in alarm. “Muggles aren’t supposed to see,” he said. “I thought I Charmed it.”

“Yeah, guess it doesn’t work on me,” said Dudley. “They let me and Mum and Dad through for some protection thing. My cousin’s magic, there were people after us.”

“Really?” said Drake, visibly intrigued.

“Yeah, they said Harry was the Chosen One,” said Dudley matter-of-factly.

Drake’s face fell, and then he laughed. “Oh, fuck. You’re *Potter’s* cousin.”