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“My dear Professor, I’ve never seen a cat sit so stiffly.” “You’d be stiff if you’d been sitting on a brick wall all day,” said Professor McGonagall. “All day? When you could have been celebrating? I must have passed a dozen feasts and parties on my way here.” Professor McGonagall sniffed angrily. “Oh yes, everyone’s celebrating, all right,” she said impatiently. “You’d think they’d be a bit more careful, but no—even the Muggles have noticed something’s going on. It was on their news.” She jerked her head back at the Dursleys’ dark living room window. “I heard it. Flocks of owls; shooting stars; Well, they’re not completely stupid. They were bound to notice something. Shooting stars down in Kent—I’ll bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense.” “You can’t blame them,” said Dumbledore gently. “We’ve had precious little to celebrate for eleven years.” “I know that,” said Professor McGonagall irritably. “But that’s no reason to lose our heads. People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumors.” She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn’t, so she went on. “A fine thing it would be if, on the very day You-Know-Who seems to have disappeared at last, the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really has gone, Dumbledore?” “It certainly seems so,” said Dumbledore. “We have much to be thankful for. Would you care for a lemon drop?” “A what?” “A lemon drop. They’re a kind of Muggle sweet I’m rather fond of.” “No, thank you,” said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn’t think this was the moment for lemon drops. “As I say, even if You-Know-Who has gone—”