



I'm looking for boyfriend tonight. Cklick the picture and find me. My nic Cali675

Don't ask questions that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys. Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon. "Comb your hair!" he barked, by way of a morning greeting. About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way all over the place. Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel. Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig. Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell. "Thirty six," he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year. Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mommy and Daddy." "All right, thirty seven then," said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over. Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger, too, because she said quickly, "And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that all right?" Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty! thirty! thirty nine, sweetums," said Aunt Petunia. "Oh." Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then." Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father." "Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair. At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a video camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a VCR. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried. "Bad news, Vernon," she said. "Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take him." She jerked her head in Harry's direction. Dudley's mouth fell open in horror, but Harry's heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger restaurants, or the movies. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs. Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she'd ever owned. "Now what?" said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he'd planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn't easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr. Paws, and Tufty again. "We could phone Marge," Uncle Vernon suggested. "Don't be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy." The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn't there or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn't understand them, like a slug. "What about what's her name, your friend Yvonne?" "On vacation in Majorca," snapped Aunt Petunia. "You could just leave me here," Harry put in hopefully (he'd be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley's computer). Aunt Petunia looked as though she'd just swallowed a lemon. "And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled. "I won't blow up the house," said Harry, but they weren't listening. "I suppose we could take him to the zoo," said Aunt Petunia slowly, "and leave him in the car." "That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone!" Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying. It had been years since he'd really cried but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted. "Dinky Duddys, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him. "I want! him! t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always spoils everything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms. Just then, the doorbell rang. "Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once. Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside. "I'm warning you," he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's, "I'm warning you now, boy. Any funny business, anything at all and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas. I'm not going to do anything," said Harry, "honestly!"