

## When Hagrid Comes to Tea

Suddenly, there is a tremendous thudding sound, as if large boulders are being thrown rhythmically against my already flimsy, still-not-replaced, front door. Whilst I am cowering, clutching, rather than cuddling, my ancient cat, a final, huge thud results in the door being forced from its hinges with a splintering crunch, as it crashes, hingeless, to the ground, sending small splinters of wood, darting manically across the room.

Whilst the dust is still settling, the vast form of, none other than, Rubeus Hagrid, who is looking even more dishevelled than usual, is revealed. He steps gingerly over the shattered door and into my pokey living room.

“Sorry about that!” he roars, looking round at us amiably, as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened.

The cat and I are now staring open-mouthed, completely motionless; until suddenly Hagrid, who has been smiling foolishly, guffaws loudly and flops into a rather ancient, leather armchair.

“Tea?” I ask nervously.

“Very kind a yeh!” he responds pleasantly, as the ever-curious cat starts to circle his tree-trunk-like legs, purring uncontrollably.

Tea made, I return to my tiny front lounge, which seems almost overwhelmed by our enormous visitor. Despite having

chosen the largest mug in the cupboard, it is still dwarfed by the sausage-like fingers that grip it.

Meanwhile, I am still over-awed by the whole experience, but inside I am excited and searching for suitable words, which seem to tumble uncontrollably around my head, never quite reaching my tongue.

Hagrid, sensing my discomfort, reaches into one of his many pockets and draws out the most exquisite, almost translucent pastel coloured...?

DRAGON?!

“I need a home for it.” He explains, almost sheepishly. “And I thought, you, yeh know...?”

*No* I’m screaming to myself... *Know what?* But before I can even begin to respond, he continues:

“Well... you working with dragons, like! I thought one more wouldn’t hurt!!”