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Test 1

1. Proper Noun _____
2. Proper Noun _____
3. Proper Noun _____

Test 1

Just over a year had passed since they'd made their escape from the wizarding world and in that time _____Proper Noun_____ and _____Proper Noun_____ had changed from the scared teenagers betrayed by the world they loved so much into cautious young adults. They considered themselves extremely lucky - they were survivors after all.

Life in _____Proper Noun_____ London had proved to be a success even though they'd had a couple of narrow escapes lately. On the very day of the anniversary of Harry's disappearance the area around the Leaky Cauldron and Charing Cross Road had suddenly became full of weirdly dressed strangers and new posters with grainy unrecognisable photographs were pasted everywhere they looked. It could have been worse. As expected, video footage purporting to be from close circuit cameras appeared on the news just after their disappearance, but Harry was sure they'd been taken from some wizarding photographs. The search had died down when a bigger news story had emerged.

It wasn't unexpected, but after a year of wandering within feet of the entrance to the wizarding world, the pair of young wizards had relaxed their vigilance a little. No one had found them. In Harry's opinion no one had even come close to finding them. Not until two weeks ago.

Ginny had gone to work her usual shift in the small caf near the flat where they lived, when the caf door had opened

and in had walked Remus Lupin, Nymphadora Tonks and a tall broad man dressed in Muggle clothing. Making an educated guess, Ginny deduced that by his age, the man was probably the young Auror's father. She couldn't quite remember what the Metamorphmagus actually looked like when she wasn't playing with her appearance so it was difficult to tell if Tonks resembled either of her parents closely.

Ginny had frozen behind the serving counter, her panicking brain trying to think of a way of escaping the situation. With her heart pounding in her chest, she'd turned away as they sat at a table in the corner close, to where the frightened Ginny stood.

"What makes you think Harry is still in the area?" Tonks was speaking quietly but Ginny was close enough to hear as she crouched behind the counter pretending to search out more cups. She strained to hear Lupin's soft voice.

Remus shook his greying head. "I can't say."

"What do you mean 'you can't say'? Do you know where he is?" Tonks asked, her forehead creased with concern. The restrictions on werewolves had not been relaxed even with Fudge out of office and if Remus knew and hadn't told anyone, he was in big trouble. She was fond of the man - more than fond if the truth was known. "If you know where he is and the authorities found out..."

The werewolf held up his hands defensively. "I don't know why or how I think that Harry's still around but I do - it's just a feeling. It could be something to do with Moony's enhanced senses or it could just be wishful thinking. I hope he's alright. I don't think he was well when he left us and I'm worried about him."

"You think there was something wrong?"

Remus stared at the white plastic tabletop as if it provided the answers to what he sought. "Yes. I remember how he was after the death of Sirius and this was worse."

Tonks had looked worried. "Surely Dumbledore would have said..."

Remus shook his head. "Unlikely. There was certainly a dispute between them before he disappeared. I heard Harry shouting at him on more than one occasion in the weeks before he vanished. I couldn't discover why. It's possibly because the headmaster was still attempting to control Harry despite his attaining his majority. Albus gives very little away where Harry is concerned. He says that it's to keep him safe but..." He gave a heavy sigh. " Sometimes I wonder if he forgets about the boy. Harry is a boy."

"That's what Dumbledore does - thinks about the 'greater good' business. He moves us all around his giant magical chessboard," Tonks murmured matter-of-factly. "We should be used to it by now. We let him do it and Remus,

Harry is not a child any longer. Harry is a fully grown wizard."

"Albus Dumbledore isn't always right, Dora, I may not be a very powerful wizard but even I can see that he does things to suit himself."

"I know." Tonks turned to her father. "I'm sorry, Dad. This was supposed to be our time together and we spend it talking over business matters."

"It's alright love," her father clapped her reassuringly on the shoulder. "It's not really business, is it? Not when such an important young man in the eyes of the wizarding world is still missing."

"It's been a whole year," Tonks murmured sadly. "A whole year."

"I never met young Harry but from what you've said, Remus, he has a good head on his shoulders."

The werewolf's eyes had flashed amber. "Yes, he does and sometimes he uses it. On this occasion, I'm not sure if he did, especially if he knows where Ginny Weasley is. Her brother Percy is still out for Harry's blood."

"Percy is a..." Tonks' hair changed from bubblegum-pink to red and back again as she bit off the word she wanted

to say. "I hope they're together," she said. "It was clear to me from the time that I met him that Harry loved her and would look after her. He was distraught when she left. Molly's out of St. Mungo's but she's never picked up the way she should have. She's understandably frantic about her daughter."

"Your mother always says that Molly is a strong woman, Dora," Ted Tonks stated firmly.

"Didn't he know that we'd be worried about him?" Remus declared. "Didn't Harry realise we want to know that he's safe?"

"Of course he did," Tonks murmured. It wasn't the first time she'd heard this.

"But to leave without a word..." Remus clenched his fist. "Why? What made him run?"

It was too much hearing this. Without the magical trio spotting her, Ginny had immediately taken her long overdue break and had sat in the small back room shaking with nerves and forcing back tears. It had suddenly rammed it home to her that their friends and family missed them - that her great adventure was hurting the people she loved the most.

"The service in this place isn't very good," Ted muttered looking around him. "There was a girl standing behind the

counter when we came in."

"Didn't notice," admitted Remus. "There's no sign of her now. Oh, here she is." He raised his hand. "Excuse me !" he said to the waitress. "I'll have a coffee...Dora?"

Ginny had sent the other waitress out to serve them and stayed out of sight until they had left the premises. The same thing had happened the following weekend, minus Ted Tonks. It had just been Remus and Nymphadora. The pair took a seat in the window gazing out at the passing weekend crowds.

As for Harry, he had narrowly avoided the Auror, Dawlish, as he'd gone shopping in the market that very same afternoon. But he didn't think that Dawlish was looking for him. If he was, the wizard wasn't expecting to find him. Instead of dying down and becoming more isolationist, the wizards were encroaching into more and more into Muggle territory even for something as mundane as fresh fruit from the weekend market. Luckily it was easy to spot most of them, dressed as they were in their robes or weird combinations of clothes that no Muggle would ever willingly put together.

Harry made sure his hat was pulled firmly over his messy hair and made his way to the flat as quickly as he could. As he opened the main entrance door, he grabbed his mobile phone from his pocket and flipped it open. " I'm on my way up," he

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