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“My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this “You-Know-Who” nonsense” for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name: Voldemort. Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two lemon drops, seemed not to notice. It all gets so confusing if we keep saying “You-Know-Who.” I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying Voldemort’s name. I know you haven’t, said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. “But you’re different.

Everyone knows youâ€™re the only one You Knowâ€”oh, all right, Voldemort, was frightened of.â€” You flatter me,â€” said Dumbledore calmly.â€” Voldemort had powers I will never have.â€” Only because youâ€™re tooâ€”wellâ€” noble to use them.â€” Itâ€™s lucky itâ€™s dark. I havenâ€™t blushed so much since Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs.â€” Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said,â€” The owls are nothing next to the rumors that are flying around. You know what everyoneâ€™s saying? About why heâ€™s disappeared? About what finally stopped him?â€” It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whateverâ€”everyoneâ€” was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another lemon drop and did not answer.â€” What theyâ€™re saying,â€” she pressed on,â€” is that last night Voldemort turned up in Godricâ€™s Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumor is that Lily and James Potter areâ€”areâ€”that theyâ€™reâ€” dead.â€”