

## Chapter 3

Jane got up early next morning eager to start term. She and Joel took no time to get dressed and went down to eat breakfast. They were soon accompanied by Stan. This time, even Harry Ron and Hermione were at the staff table. Hermione and Ron were bickering away as usual.

Harry was so used to this by now that he did not mind it now. He was nonchalantly looking at the new first years when something caught his eye.

*It can't be*, he thought.

But just when he was pondering how a girl could possess the same red hair as his beloved Ginny, the girl looked up. Harry's spoon fell. He was looking at an eleven year old Ginny, but only with spectacles like his.

*My daughter*, he thought.

He nudged Hermione. At first she did not pay attention, but when Harry nudged her harder she looked up and followed his gaze. She did not see a girl with fiery red Hair, but a girl with bushy brown hair like her and freckles like Ron.

"Harry, this can't this can't be true."

Harry was lost for words. "Hermione... that's my daughter."

"Harry, how can she be your daughter? She has hair like me and freckles like Ron."

At first, Harry did not understand what Hermione was going on about. He soon found the girl she was referring too and knew she was right. Their children at Hogwarts!!!! Even Ron realized that Harry and Hermione were discussing something important because Hermione had stopped arguing. He looked up and tried to spot the noble cause that had shut Hermione up. Instead, he saw a boy with sleek hair and gray eyes.

"Hey look, Malfoy's son. But what is he doing in Gryffindor???"

Hermione rolled up her eyes skywards and said reproachfully, "All you see is Malfoy's son? I mean can't you see our daughter?"

Ron gaped at her and tried to spot the girl. When he finally did, he was beside himself with joy.

"Listen Harry, we can't go telling them they are our children," said Ron. (For Harry had just got up.)

"Hermione.... my daughter-"

But Hermione broke in, "Even my daughter is there, but we don't know anything about their past. We need to first find out what they think of us."

Harry knew she was right, but the urge to go and hug her was overwhelming.

"So what have you planned?" asked Harry.

"We could have study-related counseling with the first years and can indirectly ask what we want to know. And remember please do not use your surnames with them or they'll know."

Soon notices were put up in the common rooms-

*All first years need to meet*

*Pr. Harry Pr. Hermione and Pr. Ronald*

*For a counseling session. Your room and timings are given below*

Malfoy and Jane had the same timing.

As Ron was busy with another student, Hermione called for Malfoy and Harry called his own daughter.

"So what picture of Hogwarts have you formed till now?" Harry asked her sweetly.

"Oh well the castle is excellent, Professor, only, I keep getting lost."

Harry grinned, remembering his first day at Hogwarts.

"It's quite normal. I am sure you'll get to know the castle well in a month's time. So, what do you expect from the teachers?"

Jane quite liked this Professor in comparison to the one she had just suffered.

"Well I have only had the Dark Arts Class with Professor Snape and he seems to be really strict and short tempered. So I expect the teachers to be a bit more sweet-" She broke off looking mortified. "Oh, I am sorry, Professor. I shouldn't have said that. Now Professor Snape will kill me."

Harry grinned even wider and making a mental note of it, he said, "No he won't. I won't tell him. At least you were honest about it. So you think the teachers should only be sweet?"

"Oh I mean they should not only be sweet but, should be able to keep control also- a good mixture of sweetness and strictness."

Harry made another mental note.

"Are both your parents wizards?" asked Harry, as he could only think of this question to approach the topic of Ginny.

"I don't know, Professor. I was brought up in the orphanage. I was very surprised to see my letter."

Harry was lost for words.

"What do you mean you were brought up in the orphanage?"

"My mother died shortly after giving me birth, and I don't know who my father is."

Harry sensed the same fiery nature as Ginny had possessed. He was numb with shock. He could not believe his ears. He said that she could go, although Hermione left Malfoy after five minutes. Harry hardly paid attention as to what he was asking the other students who turned up.

The last person to come was Joel, and Ron called her looking eager. Harry noticed Hermione give him a sharp look and knew she was warning him to watch his tongue. Ron looked pleased about something.

When Joel left, Harry and Hermione were joined by Ron and they went to eat lunch.

"What were you so happy about, Ron?" asked Harry.

"Harry, she is exactly like me-she likes to eat, she likes to sleep-"

But Hermione broke in. "Didn't you ask her anything related to studies, Ron?"

"Sure I did, but couldn't have bored her could I? How is Malfoy's son like? Equally pompous?"

"Yes he was slightly proud about being the Minister's son," said Hermione with a lot of stress on the word, "but he is of a better temperament. Of course, no wonder he turned up in Gryffindor. How is Ginny doing Harry?"

Harry had been waiting for this but did not want to share this news with them.

"She's doing fine."

Something did not convince Hermione but she kept shut.

"Let's eat. The lunch break is nearly over. Ron you better gobble up your food. You have Charms with the first years."

"I know Hermione- I've been waiting for it since the morning. Finally, my daughter will know what her dada really is." "You are not supposed to be partial, Ron!"

"I know. Can't a person even joke in this place?"

But something about his face convinced Hermione he was not joking!!