

## The Worst Sort of Muggles The Very Worst Sort of Muggles

The door to #4 Privet drive opened. Out stepped the newest resident of Little Whinging, the man who purchased the place from that nice Vernon Dursley fellow only the week before.

Dressed in his plaid robe and slippers, the man took a deep breath of the pristine suburban air and looked down at an unexpected noise. He was so surprised at finding a small child wrapped in blankets rather than his newspaper on the step; he barely noticed that his stylish permed hair kept moving for several seconds after his head stopped moving.

How very odd. He thought, before turning to call into the house. "Carol!"

**--10 years later.**

Hermione Granger was searching for Trevor the toad, as she passed the door of the latest compartment something caught her eye... was that a lava lamp? But how??? She worked the latch on the door and stepped into the compartment. The compartment was inexplicably carpeted in... astroturf? Beaded curtains covered the windows. What was going on? In the center of the room, was a boy approximately her own age, he seemed to be working on a bicycle. Why had he brought a bicycle?

"Excuse me?" She said. "Have you seen a toad?"

The boy turned and rose effortlessly to his feet. It was then she noticed that he was wearing denim bellbottom pants and zip up boots, his shirt was a day glow polyester paisley open to the navel with a huge collar. His head was topped by his black hair in a tight perm, from behind a pair of what Hermione thought of as 'John Lennon' glasses a pair of blazing green eyes shown.

"Hey there Pretty Lady" The boy said. "No toads here, just one amazingly cool dude!"

"If you see a toad would you let someone know? I'm Hermione Granger." she said extending her hand.

The boy immediately began an amazingly complex and completely unnecessary handshake. "My name's Harry Brady," he said with a smile. "But a groovy chick like you can call me 'Johnny Bravo!'"