

Guessing Games

“Fred?”

“Yes George?”

“There’s been an interesting new development up at Hogwarts.”

“Don’t tell me ickle Ronniekins finally got his act together and played tonsil tennis with Hermione?”

“Nope. Keep guessing.”

“We’re not going to have another of those guessing games George!”

“What? Didn’t you like the last one?”

“No. It got a little boring after the ninety-second guess.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“Did too.”

“Did not.”

“Hah! So you admit it!”

“I hate it when you do that.”

“You didn’t guess yet.”

“Guess what George? In case you hadn’t noticed, I’m trying to read this book.”

“That’s not a book dear brother, that’s a Playwizard.”

“Potato, patata, tomato, tamata.”

“Are you on drugs Fred?”

“I did eat one of our new inventions earlier.”

“Ah. That might explain it. Now, are you going to guess or not?”

“Fine, I’ll play your little guessing game. Um, did Professor McGonagall run away with Hagrid, get married in Las Vegas and have several hairy children?”

“Be serious Fred.”

“George, brother dear, I am always serious.”

“That’s debatable. Any more guesses?”

“No. I refuse to play your stupid game.”

“Fine then. I won’t tell you about Ginny’s new boyfriend.”

“Good. Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like to get back to reading this interview with Sabrina Silver- hold on! Ginny’s got a new boyfriend! Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

“You can’t say I didn’t try.”

“Who is it? Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me!”

“Are you sure you want to know?”

“Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me!”

“No, I don’t think I will, Fred. You obviously don’t want to know. Mind if I take a look at that Playwizard?”

“Tell me now, or so help me!”

“Or so help you what?”

“Or so help me- so help me- oh, I don’t know! It’s just an expression, isn’t it!”

“That Sabrina’s an interesting lady, isn’t she?”

“George!”

“You can definitely see why she became famous. Two very good reasons, I’d say!”

“Stop ignoring me.”

“I’m not ignoring you. I am simply taking an interest in current affairs.”

“Looking at pictures of Sabrina Silver is not classified as ‘taking an interest in current affairs’, George.”

“I beg to differ.”

“Look, are you going to tell me who Ginny’s new boyfriend is, or not?”

“No, I don’t think I will.”

“Fine. I’ll just ask Mum.”

“She doesn’t know.”

“How can she not know? Mum’s better than Sherlock Holmes when it comes to finding out about the private lives of her children!”

“Who’s Sherlock Holmes?”

“Muggle defective.”

“Don’t you mean detective?”

“No, I mean defective.”

“Okay then. But Mum doesn’t know. Ginny only told her favouritest brother.”

“Is that even a word? And anyway, George, you’re not her favourite brother, that’s Bill.”

“Well how do you think I know then?”

“I don’t. Actually, I think you’re probably bluffing George. You don’t really know who her new boyfriend is.”

“I do!”

“You don’t!”

“I do!”

“You don’t! Hold on, we’re not going to get into that again.”

“Well, I’m still not telling you. If you want to know, you’re going to have to guess.”

“Fine! I’ll play your stupid guessing game! Is it Neville Longbottom?”

“Eh-ur.”

“What the hell was that?”

“Eh-ur wrong answer!”

“You are seriously insane, George.”

“Right back at you, dear brother!”

“So it’s not Neville. Um...is it that Muggleborn? Whatsisname? Colin someone?”

“Nope.”

“The Irish dude? Finnegan?”

“Guess again.”

“I don’t know anybody else! It won’t be a Slytherin, and I didn’t pay attention to the males in the other houses. Only the girls.”

“There’s one Gryffindor you haven’t mentioned.”

“No. It cannot be! Don’t tell me our baby sister has gone and landed herself Harry Potter?”

“Yep. Took you long enough to guess.”

“Bloody hell.”

“My sentiments exactly.”

“Are we going to have to beat him up?”

“Nah, I like Potter.”

“Imagine if they get married? We’d be related to ‘The Chosen One’”

“Ha, ha, Fred. I don’t think Harry’d appreciate you calling him that.”

“Harry doesn’t have to appreciate it, George. He’s going out with our little sister, he should be shaking in his boots at the mere thought of us!”

“You do know he’s faced Voldemort several times, killed a basilisk and battled numerous Death Eaters in a bid to save the world as we know it?”

“Good point, dear brother.”

“I know, I’m brilliant. Now, guess which band Bill’s managed to get to play at his wedding?”

“Oh, here we go again!”