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“No, sir” house was almost destroyed, but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarming around. He fell asleep as we were flying over Bristol. Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning. “Is that where?” she whispered Professor McGonagall. “Yes,” said Dumbledore. “He’ll have that scar forever. Couldn’t you do something about it, Dumbledore?” “Even if I could, I wouldn’t. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well, give him here, Hagrid” we’d better get this over with. Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned toward the Dursleys’ house. “Could I” could I say good bye to him, sir?” asked Hagrid. He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss. Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog. “Shh!” hissed Professor McGonagall, “you’ll wake the Muggles!”