

This is the real ending for Harry Potter and the Philosophers Stone:

It was Uncle Vernon, still purple-faced, still moustached, still looking furious at the nerve of Harry, carrying an owl in a cage in a station full of ordinary people. Behind him stood Aunt Petunia and Dudley, looking terrified at the very sight of Harry.

"You must be Harry's family!" said Mrs. Weasley.

"In a manner of speaking," said Uncle Vernon. "Hurry up, boy, we haven't got all day." He walked away.

Harry hung back for a last word with Ron and Hermione.

"See you over the summer, then."

"Hope you have -- er -- a good holiday," said Hermione, looking uncertainly after Uncle Vernon, shocked that anyone could be so unpleasant.

"Oh, I will," said Harry, and they were surprised at the grin that was spreading over his face. "They don't know we're not allowed to use magic at home. I'm going to have a lot of fun with Dudley this summer..."

This is my made up ending:

It was Uncle Vernon, still lumpy and serious looking wearing a poorly fitting grey suit. Harry wondered for a brief moment if Uncle Vernon had dressed up smartly just to pick him up from the station.

Ridiculous Harry thought. Vernon had only ever had a deep, abiding hatred for Harry.

As Uncle Vernon got closer Harry was shocked to see a smile emerge behind Vernon's thick moustache.

"Good to see you Harry." He bellowed enthusiastically.

"Um... Thanks." Harry responded. He was confused by how friendly Vernon was being.

"You must be Harry's Uncle!" said Mrs. Weasley.

"Yes I am," said Uncle Vernon with a proud look on his face. "Come on Harry let's go."

Harry waved goodbye to Ron and Hermione and walked side by side with Uncle Vernon. It was a few minutes before

Harry built up the courage to speak.

"Why are you being so nice to me?" Harry asked.

Uncle Vernon stopped. He looked embarrassed, almost ashamed. Finally he responded, "I know I haven't always been very kind to you Harry. I'm sorry. Let's go home."