

Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban

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Professor Trelawney's voice called, 'Harry Potter!'

The tower room was hotter than ever before; the curtains were closed, the fire was alight, and the usual sickly scent made Harry cough as he stumbled through the clutter of chairs and tables to where Professor Trelawney sat waiting for him before a large crystal ball.

'Good day, my dear,' she said softly. 'If you would kindly gaze into the Orb... take your time, now... then tell me what you see within it..'

Harry bent over the crystal ball and stared, stared as hard as he could, willing it to show something other than swirling white fog, but nothing happened.

'Well?' Professor Trelawney prompted delicately. 'What do you see?'

The heat was overpowering and his nostrils were stinging with the perfumed smoke wafting from the fire beside them. He decided to pretend.

'Er-' said Harry, 'a dark shape... um...'

'What does it resemble?' whispered Professor Trelawney. 'Think, now...'

Harry cast his mind around and it landed on Buckbeak.

'A Hippogriff,' he said firmly.

'Indeed!' whispered Professor Trelawney, scribbling keenly on the parchment perched upon her knees. 'My boy, you may well be seeing the outcome of poor Hagrid's trouble with the Ministry of Magic! Look closer... does the Hippogriff appear to... have its head?'

'Yes,' said Harry firmly.

'Are you sure?' Professor Trelawney urged him. 'Are you quite sure, dear? You don't see it writhing on the ground, perhaps, and a shadowy figure raising an axe behind it?'

'No!' said Harry, starting to feel slightly sick.

'No blood? No weeping Hagrid?'

'No!' said Harry again, wanting more than ever to leave the room and the

heat. 'It looks fine, it's-flying away...'

Professor Trelawney sighed.

'Well, dear, I think we'll leave it there... a little disappointing... but I'm sure you did your best.'

Relieved, Harry got up, picked up his bag and turned to go, but then a loud, harsh voice spoke behind him.

'It will happen tonight'.

Harry wheeled around. Professor Trelawney had gone rigid in her armchair; her eyes were unfocused and her mouth sagging.

'S-sorry?' said Harry.

But Professor Trelawney didn't seem to hear him. Her eyes started to roll. Harry stood there in a panic. He hesitated, thinking of running to the hospital wing-and then Professor Trelawney spoke again, in the same harsh voice, quite unlike her own:

'The Dark Lord lies alone and friendless, abandoned by his followers. His servant has been chained these twelve years. Tonight, before midnight, the servant will break free and set out to rejoin his master. The Dark Lord will rise again with his servant's aid, greater and more terrible than ever before. Tonight... before midnight... the servant... will set out... to rejoin... his master...'

Professor Trelawney's head fell forwards onto her chest. She made a grunting sort of noise. Then, quite suddenly, her head snapped up again.

'I'm so sorry, dear boy,' she said dreamily. 'The heat of the day, you know... I drifted off for a moment...'

Harry stood there, still staring.

'Is there anything wrong, my dear?'

'You-you just told me that the-the Dark Lord's going to rise again... that his servant's going to go back to him...'

Professor Trelawney looked thoroughly startled.

'The Dark Lord? He Who Must Not Be Named? My dear boy, that's hardly something to joke about... rise again, indeed...'

'But you just said it! You said the Dark Lord-'

'I think you must have dozed off too, dear!' said Professor Trelawney. 'I would certainly not presume to predict anything quite as far-fetched as that!'