

The high voice spoke again.

"Let me speak to him ... face-to-face. ..."

"Master, you are not strong enough!"

"I have strength enough ... for this. ..."

Harry felt as if Devil's Snare was rooting him to the spot. He couldn't move a muscle. Petrified, he watched as Quirrell reached up and began to unwrap his turban. What was going on? The turban fell away. Quirrell's head looked strangely small without it. Then he turned slowly on the spot.

Harry would have screamed, but he couldn't make a sound. Where there should have been a back to Quirrell's head, there was a face, the most terrible face Harry had ever seen. It was chalk white with glaring red eyes and slits for nostrils, like a snake.

"Harry Potter ..." it whispered.

Harry tried to take a step backward but his legs wouldn't move.

"See what I have become?" the face said. "Mere shadow and va-por ... I have form only when I can share another's body ... but there have always been those willing to let me into their hearts and minds. ... Unicorn blood has strengthened me, these past weeks ... you saw faithful Quirrell drinking it for me in the for-est ... and once I have the Elixir of Life, I will be able to create a body of my own. ... Now ... why don't you give me that Stone in your pocket?"

So he knew. The feeling suddenly surged back into Harry's legs. He stumbled backward.

"Don't be a fool," snarled the face. "Better save your own life and join me ... or you'll meet the same end as your parents. ... They died begging me for mercy. ..."

"LIAR!" Harry shouted suddenly.

Quirrell was walking backward at him, so that Voldemort could still see him. The evil face was now smiling.