

Harry's chest felt a little tight, finally seeing the dark corridor from his dreams in person, the flickering torches and plain black door that had haunted him for so long.

A shoulder pressed against his arm, and he glanced down to see Luna stood beside him, looking up with a surprisingly determined smile. "We're with you," she said simply.

It was enough.

Harry led the way, unsurprised when the door opened easily for him. And there was the circular room with its many doors and blue-flame torches.

What he wasn't expecting was for the room to start spinning as soon as the door closed behind them.

Instantly, all six of them had their wands out, huddling close to make sure no one was left uncovered. But nothing jumped out at them. The walls span until the blue flames were just thin neon lines in Harry's vision, and eventually slowed to a halt; all the doors were completely identical, and Harry had no idea where to go. "It didn't do that in my vision," he admitted. Now, they couldn't tell which door they had come from, let alone which door led to the Hall of Prophecies.

"Aunt Amelia says the trick is just to ask," Susan whispered, fear colouring her voice. Harry frowned; it was worth a try.

"Would you show me the way to the Hall of Prophecies? Please," he added, in case the room was a stickler for manners.

Abruptly, a door off to his right flung open, and through it Harry could see the same dancing lights he'd seen in his dream. "That's the one," he confirmed, grinning as he strode towards it. "Brilliant, Susan."

The Hufflepuff blushed happily, following him into the room.

"Oh," Ginny gasped softly, once they were inside. "It's beautiful."

It took a moment for Harry's eyes to adjust to such brightness after the dark antechamber room, but when they did he realised the room was full of timepieces. Clocks in all shapes and sizes, from tiny little pocket watches on stands to a huge grandfather clock against one wall, hundreds of them, all ticking away in near-perfect unison. The light was coming from an enormous crystal bell jar at the far end of the room, and Harry found himself drawn to it curiously.

It sparkled almost painfully bright with some kind of ethereal wind — and in the very centre was a tiny, jewel-bright egg. The students watch the egg drift upwards, beginning to hatch as it moved; soon there was a beautiful hummingbird within the jar, but once it was carried all the way up to the top it began to sink slowly, feathers turning bedraggled, until soon it was an egg once more. The process was mesmerising, and it took several cycles for Harry to tear his eyes away.