

“Your scar.” Trelawney’s voice was knowing. “You were clutching your scar.”

Harry didn’t need to look in a mirror to know the scar in question was red and inflamed, like it was fresh. “I think I’m going to go to the Hospital Wing.”

Trelawney tried to call him back so he could delve deeper into the beyond, but Harry ignored her, and all the people staring at him. Shoving his things in his bag, he hurried down the ladder and set off down the corridor — not towards the Hospital Wing, but to the dungeons.

He knocked on the door of Snape’s office, with no idea whether the man was teaching a class or not. Harry was in luck; the door opened, and Snape’s dark eyes met his. “Shouldn’t you be in class?”

Harry waited for Snape to lock and ward the office before he sat down, spilling everything he’d seen in his vision, watching Snape’s lips grow thinner and thinner with every word.

“I’ve been Occluding!” he finished. “My shields are always up. I even have the wardstone from Draco! Why do I still get these dreams?” Harry wasn’t sure why he was calling it a dream when they both knew what it truly was; a vision, a peek inside Voldemort’s head. What Harry had seen had happened, in real time, somewhere in the country.

“I suspect because it is not Legilimency being used,” Snape told him. “Whatever magic still resides in your scar, it evidently left you with a connection to the Dark Lord. Some sort of mental link. Now he’s regaining his strength, his mind is seeking yours more frequently. Whether he knows he’s doing it or not remains to be seen.”

“So he’s just pulling me into his head?” Harry asked, fear gripping his heart. “Will it happen every time I fall asleep while he’s still awake?” How long could a person go without sleep?

“It’s too soon to tell,” Snape confessed. “I’ve never seen anything like this before.”

“Great,” Harry bit out. “So I just have to live with the possibility of getting randomly sucked into Voldemort’s head every time I fall asleep. Fantastic.”

“You said Wormtail had failed him somehow,” Snape said, bringing him back on topic. “Was there any information as to how?”

“Someone’s dead, who wasn’t supposed to be,” Harry recounted, trying to force the dream back into his mind. “Someone sent Voldemort an owl to tell him Wormtail’s mistake had been fixed. So Wormtail must not be the only one who knows where Voldemort is. Also he wants to feed me to his snake.” That was said with a shrug, fairly low in priority compared to the rest of his concerns. “Who d’you think the owl came from?”

“It could be a number of people,” Snape murmured. “There are many Death Eaters who managed to escape judgement.”

Harry bit his lip. There was still one thing he didn’t understand. “Professor?” Snape looked up. “If… Voldemort shouldn’t have a body, right? He was just that weird shadow thing when he left Quirrell’s head. But… how did he hold the wand?”