

# A Vision in Darjeeling

*by Keppiehed*

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## A Vision in Darjeeling

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Sometimes Sybill is on the mark.

**Disclaimer:** This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

**Warnings:** Flower metaphors. So sorry.

**Prompt:** an object typically used in divination or ESP

**A/N:** This was written for Snape LDWS.

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"Oh, I see you're playing Wands and Wizards!" Sybill gazed myopically at the cards on the table. "Mind if I join?"

"On the contrary, it's rummy, and it's a two-player game."

"Severus!" Minerva peered at him over the rim of her spectacles. "You know the game is able to accommodate three."

Severus sighed.

Sybill sat down. "You're the new Potions teacher."

"I am." Severus nodded in acknowledgment and dealt.

"Oh, my," Sybill moaned. "I have never seen such doom in a hand. All clubs, given to me by a man in black. 'Tis not a good sign."

"It's your turn, Sybill," Minerva pointed out, having just played.

"My choices are limited, but I shall select a nine—the best of the lot," Sybill said.

Severus snorted and laid his hand.

Sybill gasped. "Ill luck! It foretells of a fell deed when three threes are laid! Take it back, Potions Master!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I believe I am finished with this game. Minerva," Severus rose to leave.

"Before you go I must read your tea leaves. Bergamot—the root of all evil!"

"I was drinking Darjeeling." Severus turned. "Good evening."

Sybill seized his cup and swirled the dregs with vigor. "An apocalypse. I can see it. The Grim? Yes!"

Severus strode to the door. Minerva pinched the bridge of her nose between thumb and forefinger.

"No, wait. I had it turned counterclockwise. *Now* I see. Not ill *for* you—ill done *to* you. In your past."

Severus paused.

"Yes, it's clear. Red hair, it says that here in the stems. Someone meant a great deal to you. It started with her—her name was ... Rose? Iris?—and it is for her that you will save the son."

Severus clenched his fists. "You don't know what you're talking about."

Sybill wasn't looking at the cup, but had her head cocked to the side, as if listening to some sixth-sense known only to her. "The son will be your thorn. He will be your greatest pain and your healing. He is the seed, the stem and the flower of your redemption. Only after it's too late will you know how much you really care, that you've done it for him all along, not for the shadow of her memory. He'll be more than the world's salvation against this darkness that is to come—he'll be yours."

"Severus?"

He jerked, unaware that Minerva was beside him. "She's always spouting doomsday theories; it's rubbish," he said with forced nonchalance.

"It's not!" Sybill shook herself awake.

He turned on his heel and left before they could see how close the truth hit. He could only hope the Divination teacher was mistaken, because he doubted he had strength enough to deal with Lily's son. He prayed that he would never have to find the limits of his fortitude.

She had to be wrong.