

# Visions From My Inner Eye

*by sunny33*

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## Visions From My Inner Eye

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Sibyll Trelawney's proposed memoirs contain some interesting claims.

"Professor Trelawney, thank you for agreeing to this interview to discuss your draft manuscript. I'm aware you usually avoid coming into Hogsmeade."

"It's the Inner Eye, you see. Too much magical activity clouds my Vision."

"I understand. I'll get on with it then before your Inner Eye fogs up completely."

"Very well. Ask away. Of course, I've Seen your questions already."

"So, you will be able to explain why Harry Potter is demanding your memoirs be rewritten?"

"Ah, young Harry. A dear, brave boy and such a troubled soul. It was a pity Death was so fond of him. I like to think my hand of guidance eased his journey along his prophesied path."

"But he denies you had any involvement with his actions."

"Well, of course he denies it. What wizard of his stature would admit to needing advice from beyond the material realm?"

"You are refuting his denial?"

"I most certainly am not. The Inner Eye knows what the Inner Eye Sees. A true Seer, such as myself, has no need of approbation from the masses."

"Indeed. One might wonder why you wrote the book at all."

"History needs to be set down for future generations. I am merely the custodian of truth for those with eyes too clouded by the mundane to See."

"You claim to have been Potter's teacher, his mentor, his friend, and counsel. *He* claims you were a 'sherry-soused charlatan, who saw death in every teacup and doom around every corner.'"

"I can only describe the Visions as they appear. We Seers are merely conduits for the resonances of the future."

"You appear to be avoiding the question. Mr Potter states you drove him up the wall with your predictions, and your claims of friendship are hallucinations brought on by inhaling too much incense smoke."

"The poor, misguided boy must have been disoriented after his death and subsequent resurrection. The very death *I* predicted would come to pass."

"You predicted it many times over his six years at Hogwarts, if I recall correctly. Hardly a precise prognostication."

"Divination is an art, not a science. Those amongst you who lack the talent simply fear the power of the Sight. I feel for you, really I do, but the burden of the Inner Eye is not for all to bear."

"Nevertheless, the fact remains you have made statements in your book that are exaggerated at least, some would suggest completely fictitious. Can you provide any reasonable grounds for this manuscript to be published?"

"I... I..."

"Yes, Professor?"

"One moment... I must commune with the extraordinary clairvoyant vibrations I am sensing... Yes, that's it. Regretfully, I must withdraw permission for my memoirs to be prepared for public viewing. The world will suffer greatly for the loss, but the portents are clearly unfavourable. Goodbye, Miss... Granger, isn't it?"

...

"Harry, you can come out now! She's gone."

"Did it work?"

"Of course. Worked like a charm."

"You always were brilliant at charms, 'Mione."

A/N: Thanks to XX, my beta and muse. The prompt was: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.