

Seeing Sybill

by MMADfan

Who is Sybill Trelawney? Gifted Seer, charlatan, or mad woman?

A series of drabbles from different points in Sybill's life.

A Drabble Series

Chapter 1 of 1

Who is Sybill Trelawney? Gifted Seer, charlatan, or mad woman?

A series of drabbles from different points in Sybill's life.

Note: "Belated Gift" is set when Sybill is a teenager.

"Seeing the Obvious" takes place just after Sybill is hired as Divination instructor at Hogwarts.

"Just the Cheese Before Bed" is set during *The Goblet of Fire*.

"Fortifying Sybill" is set during *The Order of the Phoenix*.

"Sybill at Her Battlements" takes place during the Battle of Hogwarts.

"Just the Cheese Before Bed" and "Fortifying Sybill" are both double drabbles; the rest are each single drabbles of 100 words.

"Belated Gift"

"Don't worry, Sybill, you're doing fine. You've a wonderful grasp of interpretation."

"But I never See what you do in the crystal ball, or anything else. Gran, what if I don't have the Gift?" Tears welled in Sybill's eyes.

"You do. I See it in you. Don't worry so about crystal gazing. You do well with the Tarot, and your tasseomancy is excellent."

"But I can't rely on cards and tea leaves!"

"Just until your Gift develops. Aunt Ada was fifty before her Sight developed."

"Thirty-five more years? I'll die!"

"No, I See a long, momentous life ahead of you!"

“Seeing the Obvious”

Sybill sipped her tea. She'd been certain Dumbledore wasn't going hire her, despite what the cards had declared the day before, then lo and behold! He was offering to get her a drink and assuring her the job was hers. The cards hadn't let her down after all! Now to see what the tea leaves had to say ...

A skull? If that was a snake ... the Dark Mark? But no, she had it upside-down. It was obviously a wine bottle with a ribbon around it. A pity; the Dark Mark would be dramatic. She reached for a bottle of red.

“Just the Cheese Before Bed”

Sybill started awake, groping for her wand and glasses, but by the time she'd lit her lamp and found her parchment and quill, which fell, splattering ink everywhere, her dream had evaporated, leaving only vague feelings of horror, and the word “homunculus.”

Ridiculous. It was just eating cheese before bedtime. From now on, she'd stick to wine ... it might dull the nightmares. She seemed to hear her gran's voice, though, admonishing her not to flee her dreams, but to delve into them. Aunt Ada's Gift first awoke in her dreams; it might be the same with her Gift.

If only her own dreams weren't so nightmarish. Ada had dreamed of the spring lambing, weddings of well-suited couples, births to the long-childless. Occasionally, Ada's dreams allowed the dead to send messages to the living, but they were the cheerful dead with instructions for finding jars of silver Sickles behind the pickled peppers.

Perhaps it wasn't the cheese; perhaps it was the Hogwarts atmosphere. After all, her most Gifted students all saw death and disaster. But they didn't dream of deformed homunculi fondling giant snakes. She shuddered. Only a nightmare, but already one too many. Sybill Summoned a glass and a bottle.

“Fortifying Sybill”

Sybill shivered, wishing for a drink. If wishes were broomsticks, beggars would ride, her grandmother used to say. In her case, beggars would drink. But she'd finished her last glass an hour ago, and Minerva had removed all the unopened bottles from her cupboard, promising to return one to her each evening. She'd said that they all had to keep their wits about them.

Minerva had been kind, warm, and comforting, staying with her while she'd settled back into her rooms, even joining her in a fortifying glass of Cabernet Sauvignon. She assured Sybill that as long as she and Dumbledore were at Hogwarts, she would have a home there. Nonetheless, Minerva had placed special Hogwarts wards on her rooms restricting entry. Neither Umbridge nor her minions could get in now. She wouldn't need to leave her tower, either; a house-elf would regularly bring her meals and see to her needs.

Sybill wondered what would happen to her if Umbridge forced out both Dumbledore and Minerva. Minerva had clucked and said that wouldn't happen, but Sybill had caught the flicker in Minerva's eye as she spoke. Minerva was no more sure that Umbridge wouldn't have her way than Sybill was.

“Sybill at Her Battlements”

Sybill waved her wand and lined up another row of crystal balls. She still had a few dozen more on her shelves. Bringing to her mind the Dark Mark, Sybil aimed a fresh barrage down among the combatants. Every missile swerved among the Hogwarts defenders, and each hit a Death Eater; some foes fell to the ground, many knocked senseless. None who were hit were left unscathed.

Sybill almost smiled as she Summoned another dozen balls to her window. As Minerva had long before advised her, she'd kept her wits about her. Her wand let loose another hail of crystal.