

All Ron, Ginny, Fred, and George wanted to do was cut class, since they had Divination from nine to twelve in the morning, but they joined each other there anyhow to avoid losing points for Gryffindor. As usual, they couldn't make sense of their individual tea leaves, but the dotty old Professor Trelawney looked at the quartet and dashed back in fright. What did she foresee?









pivination





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