

## Unknown Prophecy

### Chapter 4

Harry hissed as he clenched his eyes shut. He really hoped the latest body modification ritual had gone to plan. If not, he would be in some serious trouble. Thankfully, the intense pain was a known side effect, but that didn't make it any better. What felt like having your eyeballs melted wasn't pleasant whether it was expected or not. Laying back, Harry placed a wet rag that had been previously prepared over his eyes.

The rag was soaked in diluted Essence of Dittany that had been heated up. The warm healing liquid would soak into his eyes and help with the healing. Sadly, it was a slow process, and it took several hours before Harry was able to open his eyes again. With the room mostly dark, Harry peeled the still-damp rag from his eyes and blindly tossed it aside. With a hammering heart, he opened his eyes. That was when his world was transformed into an explosion of color.

Harry blinked his eyes multiple times, making sure that everything was working properly. Magical items that once seemed dull and lifeless were now vibrant and full of life. The wall housing the many different magical ingredients was a rainbow of different colors. Unicorn hairs were now glowing a silvery-blue, powdered scarab beetles were a pulsing neon green, and even the flobberworms were a beautiful light purple. It was as if there was no darkness. Magic that radiated from the various items bled into their surroundings. The miniature cauldron containing the rest of the diluted Dittany was shining in an array of bright pinks, lighting up the area around it. The floor directly underneath the cauldron glowed a similar pink color and progressively faded away the farther it got. It was obvious that magic from the items was directly flowing into the non-magical objects around them. This needed to be looked into, Harry thought to himself.

He lifted up his hand and looked directly at it. His skin shined with a blinding light. A beautiful baby blue radiated from his skin. It was bright ... too bright, Harry thought with a sudden panic. From reading many books about Mage Sight, Harry knew that all humans shined with the same light blue color. The only difference was the intensity. Using Mage Sight, you should still be able to make out who you were looking at. That was to say that all of their features should still be identifiable. Harry couldn't see anything other than an outline of the shape of his hand. Holding out his bare hand, he silently conjured a full-length mirror. He watched in awe as a grassy-green mist ejected from the palm of his hand. It quickly floated away from him, swirling around, and sparkling slightly as though it had been dusted with glitter. It finally gathered into the shape of a mirror before becoming solid. The strange thing was that it seemed that the magic almost completely left it once it became solid. He could see only a trace of magic left within his construct. It suddenly occurred to him that the small trace of magic would likely activate and vanish the mirror after a set amount of time. The more magic left in the conjured object, the quicker it would vanish. To make something truly permanent, he would have to figure out how to completely remove all magic from the object. He would think about that later, however.

Stepping up to the mirror, his eyes widened considerably. His body appeared to be made of almost pure, blue light. He could only vaguely make out the most prominent features of his face. Waving his glowing hand in front of him, it left a trail of magical vapor in its wake. The vapor hung in the air for a moment before fading away. After a moment of thought, he concluded that his body was saturated in magic. The mixing of three souls and the various rituals likely boosted his magic output by a very large amount. Looking closely, he could actually see the magical pathways running up and down his body. They resembled arteries and veins, but instead of carrying blood, they carried magic throughout his body. Holding his hand up, he conjured a low-level ball of light in his palm. Sure enough, he could see the pathways darken just before his hand lit up. Extinguishing the light, Harry waved his hand and vanished the mirror.

The ritual for creating Mage Sight wasn't well known and was incredibly rare for anyone to complete. Most who knew about it considered it borderline insane to even attempt it. There were so many variables that could cause it to go south. Of course, Harry had spent a good portion of his life studying and creating rituals. Harry doubted there was anyone in the world more knowledgeable about rituals than him. As such, he was able to tweak the parameters enough to make it relatively safe. Even so, it took balls to even try since there was still a chance that things could go wrong.

When he caught sight of the ritual circle in the middle of the room, Harry was mesmerized by what he saw. The dozens of runes drawn on the Obsidian slab were all interconnected by lines of raw magic. The closer the magic came to the middle of the circle, the more the color changed. He could only guess what color it would produce when activated. It was just another thing that needed to be investigated. Closing his eyes, he focused on cutting off the supply of magic going into his eyes. He felt his eyes tingle before opening them. When he did, the world was back to looking normal. Harry smiled and started to clean up his mess. Now he had another tool at his disposal. He was sure it would come in handy down the road.

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Sitting on top of a sandstone building with a powerful Cooling Charm laced to his skin, Harry waited. The hot Egyptian sun was beating down on him and all the other people in the magical district of Cairo. Checking the time, he saw that he only had a few minutes to go. Standing up, he got ready.

In a building nearby, Khufu Mostafa was checking over his inventory before the shipment was to be picked up later that day. His buyers would not be pleased if they were short-changed, nor would his cousin Hassan who had set up the entire deal.

"Three juvenile Ashwinders ..." he counted, kicking the box which earned him a menacing hiss from within. "Half a dozen Erumpent horns ... freshly procured," he laughed in his weasely voice. "And the star of the show!" He smiled and kicked a very large wooden crate, thinking that the beast inside was still unconscious. However, his smile disappeared when a low, rumbling growl met his ears. Khufu took a step back as the massive crate jerked to the side. The beast

within didn't seem too pleased. He could hear it inside, thrashing around while trying to break free of his prison. Even though the wooden crate was charmed to be unbreakable, he was still nervous. The beast was clearly angry. "AFU!" he called out loudly. From the back of the dilapidated building, his brother came over and joined him.

"What's wrong with it?" Afu asked as the crate shook violently, banging up against the stone walls.

"I thought I told you to charm it to remain asleep!" Khufu hissed, stepping back again as the crate flipped ninety degrees with a loud bang.

"Sadaah took care of it when he charmed the crate," Afu confessed. He had been too busy chatting up his neighbor's wife to do it himself.

"Sadaah?!" Khufu angrily hissed. "You fool! Sadaah couldn't charm a woman if he were the last man on Earth! He flunked out of school in only his second year! Why do you think he became a poacher? His own father ..."

Before he could finish, the brothers heard a very loud crack. They turned and watched in horror as the boards on one side of the crate cracked and splintered. A very large and furry paw exited the hole and began ripping the crate to pieces. It appeared that Sadaah had done a very poor job indeed. They looked at each other and gulped loudly.

"Perhaps we should go ..." Khufu said, slowly backing up as nearly the entire leg broke through the crate.

"Far, far away from here ... I agree, brother!" he yelled and turned. His brother quickly followed him out the back door just as the crate splintered into a thousand pieces.

Up high, Harry was still waiting, not sure of the exact time it was supposed to happen. From the newspaper clippings, it said that it had happened only minutes past noon. He was about to check the time again when he heard mass screaming from down below. Harry waved his hand at the magical camera by his side and watched as it lifted up into the air and hovered somewhere over his head. This was a spell invented by Cursebreakers of all people at some point in Harry's future. It wouldn't shock anyone to find out that Cursebreakers loved attention and accolades. They loved to document their work, so they created a spell that gave a camera semi-sentience. It would follow them around and could even decide on the exact right time and position to capture the perfect picture. The spell was quickly adopted by not only journalists but the Quidditch leagues as well. All in all, it was a very nifty and useful spell and one that Harry planned to abuse heavily in the coming years. When he saw that the spell was locked in and the camera was ready, Harry smiled wickedly. It was time to introduce the magical world to the new and improved Boy-Who-Lived.

The crowd of mid-day shoppers screamed as one stall was knocked over, and the man selling amulets meant for tourists was mauled. With only the laziest of tugs, the man's arm was torn from the socket. He screamed in pain and horror as the beast devoured his arm. The crunching of the bones was enough to make him pass out in shock. More high-pitched screams from behind made the big cat forget all about the dying man. It turned and lunged, letting out a fearsome roar of rage. An old woman's chest was shredded by the large paw, but the cat didn't bother finishing her off. Enraged, it jumped on a man's back who was just about to bolt in fright. His head popped like a grape when powerful jaws crushed it. Everyone around them was screaming, pushing each other out of the way, and even knocking over people and stalls as they fought to get away. The cat opened its mouth and hissed. A strong-smelling toxin-filled the lane and caused many to vomit and go into convulsions. Only the bravest among the crowd pulled out their wands and tried to subdue the beast. Sadly, it only ended in their deaths as their bodies were sliced into ribbons. The beast was just crunching on the thick thigh of a nearby dead man when the scream of a little girl caught its attention. A large party of people did not know what was going on and exited a restaurant where they had been having an early lunch only to see pure carnage laid out before them. It locked eyes with those of the screaming little girl. "NUNDU!" someone nearby shouted. "RUN!"

The mother of the little girl grabbed her hand and tore down the stall-lined lane as fast as her feet could carry her, which was, unfortunately, not that fast. With so many people trying to escape the same way, everyone was pushing and shoving. When a large, beefy man pushed his way from an alley, he accidentally knocked over mother and child. Not bothering to stick around, he left them struggling on the floor as everyone ran past them. The little girl trembled and cried as the beast stalked closer. The Nundu was a massive, hulking killer who stepped closer and closer, keeping its head down. On its rosette-spotted back, the fur stuck up, giving off a menacing sight. The little girl was suddenly pulled back by her mother who was still on the ground. She was hugged tightly as the beast snarled and pounced.

Just as the beast left its feet, a whip of pure light cracked through the air and wrapped around the Nundu's neck. The little girl watched with wide, amazed eyes as the Nundu was pulled back and slammed into a brick wall. The wall crumbled from the brutal impact, sending up a cloud of dust. Through the choking dust, however, she was able to see an outline coming down from above. When the dust cleared, she could see a handsome boy with his robes fluttering wildly in the nonexistent wind. In his hand was the other end of the whip which was still wrapped around the beast's neck. A loud snarl made her lower her eyes. The mighty cat was back on its four legs, and it didn't look happy. Its upper half lowered until it was flat against the stone ground while its back end rose. It pounced high into the air, directly at the young boy. She wanted to yell at her savior to run, but she could barely keep herself from fainting. Nonetheless, it didn't matter. Just as the Nundu reached him, legs splayed and claws extended, the boy swiped his hand to the side and with the sound of a thunderclap, a bright, explosive light temporarily blinded her. The Nundu was sent flying, crashing through half a dozen walls before her mother snatched her up and ran. She was barely able to look back over her shoulder for one last glance at her newest hero.

As the Nundu exploded through the wall into another crowd of people, they screamed as the cat landed on its back and thrashed around, trying to right itself. Thankfully, only a couple of people were crushed by the mass tonnage of the thrashing cat. Everyone began backing up as far as they could, still in shock at seeing a Nundu in real life. When the cat got to its feet, it was hit again by another explosion that came from the same half-destroyed wall. Dozens of bricks slammed into the Nundu, sending it tumbling again. They quickly swiveled their heads and saw a black-haired boy floating in through the rubble. Hearing a hiss, they turned and saw the Nundu open its mouth and exhale a toxic, green breath. At that exact moment, the boy threw out his hand and an inferno erupted from his palm. The fire met the green mist which caused a bright flash as the toxins were burnt off. Then, in a split second, the beast charged.

Harry was a bit shocked at the speed and explosiveness of the Nundu. Not only that, but its resilience was off the charts. In almost the blink of an eye, it was nearly on top of him. Harry was just able to apparate behind the lunging beast. Knowing that simple school-taught spells wouldn't do anything to the enraged animal, Harry decided to break out the big guns. With a wave of his hand, every piece of brick on the ground suddenly transformed into birds and flew up in the air. Harry then pointed at the Nundu, and the birds began dive-bombing it. The Nundu swiped and pawed at the birds, giving Harry just enough of a distraction. Holding his hand out, he concentrated while a small, black ball of swirling energy appeared in his palm. The ball grew larger and larger until it reached the size of Bludger. When he felt it become unstable, Harry threw out his hand, and a bolt of black lightning cracked through the air. Nearly uncontrollable, the lightning hit the ground near the beast and vaporized anything in its path. Unbeknownst to the beast, the bolt continued its trajectory, arching through the air. Only in the last possible second, the Nundu jumped aside, sparing its life. Windows shattered as the Nundu roared in pain as its tail, rump, and part of its flank were hit. Instantly, the meat and bone grew rotten as parts began to fall from the magical cat's backside.

Harry had learned that cool, little spell from Voldemort after their melding of minds and souls ... though he had never used it due to its inaccuracy. Harry, however, was all about making a scene, and that included using flashy spells. As the lightning cut off, the Nundu backed away with a serious limp. It seemed to know that Harry was a deadly foe, never taking his eyes off of him.

Harry didn't give it a second to recover. The trick to taking down a Nundu was to constantly bombard it with different attacks while slowly chipping away at its health. They were very smart, so you needed to keep them on their toes. All around Harry, stones and debris rose into the air while being Transfigured into spears. Harry banished them straight at the injured cat. The Nundu dodged to the side, but due to its injury, it wasn't fast enough. One spear pierced its side, lodging itself deep in its flesh. Yowling and thrashing, Harry was forced to duck as the spear was wrenched from its side and spun through the air right over his head. Instead of attacking, it turned tail and ran, likely looking for a safe place to heal.

The magical section of Cairo was one of the largest in the world. It spanned many streets and lanes, many bazaars and back alleys, and housed thousands of Northern African witches and

wizards. Because of the heavy population, a wild animal running loose through the streets was particularly dangerous, especially if that animal was a Class XXXXX. By then, the Egyptian Ministry had heard about the uproar and had sent a group of their best hit wizards to help take care of the problem, expecting a smaller but still dangerous beast. Had they known the problem was a rampaging Nundu, they perhaps would have sent a few more. Just as soon as the group of fighters apparated in, they saw the wounded beast running straight at them. The leader of the group, too shocked to do anything, was pushed aside by the bravest in the group. With a shaky hand, he raised his wand and fired the first spell that came to mind.

A purple blade flew from the tip of his wand right at the beast. At the last second, the roaring Nundu jumped over the spell, allowing it to fly underneath him. The spell continued on before cutting half a dozen onlookers in half. The hit wizard didn't have time to be horrified by his misjudgment, because only a second later, he and his accomplices' guts were strewn over the cobbled road. The smartest people stayed in their homes and businesses while looking down at the chaos. What they saw was the Nundu pulling the intestines from one of the dead Ministry workers before swallowing them down. More than a few leaned over their window sills and vomited on anyone unlucky enough to be below them.

What most didn't know was that the Nundu had a form of advanced healing. Eating helped speed up the already fast process, making an injured Nundu even more dangerous. As it quickly took another bite, a torrent of fire rained down from above. The massive stream hit the Nundu dead center and mushroomed out in every direction. The already panicked onlookers panicked even more as the beast jumped out of the flames, its fur burning and smoking. The beast thrashed and rolled around on the ground, extinguishing the flames. When it got up, still smoking, Harry was immediately on its back.

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Bassel Lateef knew that he should be running like everyone else. The Nundu was monstrous in size and had a murderous disposition. That being said, he was a young up-and-comer at the wizard's newspaper, the Cairo Gazette. He desperately wanted to make a name for himself, and now he was presented with the opportunity of a lifetime. Just as the beast was hit by fire, he pulled out his camera and got a wonderful shot of the cat jumping from the flames. What confused him was when a young boy fell from the sky and landed on the Nundu's back. He lifted his camera again and started shooting. He caught the boy conjuring a sword and driving down into the cat's back. He got the perfect shot as the Nundu reared up in pain, its mouth wide open exposing its massive jaws and teeth the size of knives. On its back was the young boy, looking as though he were having the time of his life. 'Who is this crazy boy?' he wondered as he continued to take picture after picture. When he zoomed in for a close-up of the boy, he noticed a mark on the kid's forehead. "Lightning bolt ..." Bassel said quietly. There was only one boy in the magical world with a mark like that. Even all the way in Egypt they had heard the stories of the Dark Lord and the Boy-Who-Lived.

“Harry Potter,” he whispered, his hands shaking and his mouth going dry. This story had suddenly become a much bigger deal for him.

He made sure to capture every moment on film. When Potter was tossed into the air by the bucking Nundu, he didn't fall but floated mid-air. He raised his hands to the sky, and his robes began flapping in the wind. Thunder crashed in the distance, and when he dropped his hands, several bolts of lightning tore through the air and struck the beast. Bassel nearly pissed himself as he caught the perfect photo.

The Nundu, though severely injured, didn't look as though it were even close to being defeated. Even so, it turned and ran down a long, straight alley. Living in this area of the magical district, Bassel knew it very well. He quickly apparated to the far end of the alley and looked on. The beast was running straight for him, its sides scraping the walls of the narrow alley and knocking loose bricks free as it ran. Again, he lifted up his camera, began taking pictures, and waited for the right moment to apparate to safety.

When he was just about to apparate away, Potter popped into existence right in front of the beast with a spear in hand. He thrust the spear forward, driving it into the Nundu's chest. The momentum of the beast pushed the back end of the spear into the ground, launching it into the air. It flew over Harry's head and slammed into the ground, taking out a portion of the wall as well. It tried to get up, but the narrowness of the alley prevented it from doing so. On its back and vulnerable, Harry took the opportunity to wave his hand and Transfigure the ground underneath it. Huge, needle-sharp spikes erupted from the ground, tearing through the beast's body. An ungodly sound left the beast's mouth as blood sprayed the walls around it. Even being so damaged, it still thrashed while trying to get free. Taking mercy on the beast, Harry held out his hand and conjured a sword made of light. Bassel held the camera steady as Harry Potter drove the sword into the top of its massive head. The tip exited through its neck, and the beast gave one last pitiful cry before it fell limp.

“Harry Potter!” Bassel cried out, holding the camera. The boy turned his way and smiled handsomely. It almost looked as though he was posing for the pictures that he was taking. After a moment, the crowds began closing in, and Harry Potter disappeared. Without wasting a moment, Bassel disappeared as well, going straight to the office to develop the film and show his editor.

Meanwhile, back in France, Harry Potter was developing his own film. “Brilliant!” he exclaimed and smiled as he looked through the small pile of moving photos. These would be sent to all major magical newspapers in Europe. There was little doubt that they would then spread throughout the rest of the magical world.

“It's a start,” Harry said, checking his schedule for the next event.