

General Themes of *Harry Potter* Plot Twists

“The world isn’t split into good people and Death Eaters.”

—Sirius Black
*Book 5 (Order of the Phoenix),
Chapter 14 (Percy and Padfoot)*

“There are some wizards — like Malfoy’s family — who think they’re better than everyone else because they’re what people call pure-blood. ... I mean, the rest of us know it doesn’t make any difference at all. Look at Neville Longbottom — he’s pure-blood and he can hardly stand a cauldron the right way up.”

“An’ they haven’t invented a spell our Hermione can’ do.”

—Ron Weasley & Rubeus Hagrid
*Book 2 (Chamber of Secrets),
Chapter 7 (Mudblood and Murmurs)*

Book 1: *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone*

“Severus?” Quirrell laughed and it wasn’t his usual quivering treble, either, but cold and sharp. “Yes, Severus does seem the type, doesn’t he? So useful to have him swooping around like an overgrown bat. Next to him, who would suspect p-p-poor st-stuttering P-Professor Quirrell?”

Harry couldn’t take it in. This couldn’t be true, it couldn’t.

Chapter 17 (The Man with Two Faces)

Quirrell in Diagon Alley

Quirrell’s voice trailed away. Harry was remembering his trip to Diagon Alley — how could he have been so stupid? He’d seen Quirrell there that very day, shaken hands with him in the Leaky Cauldron.

Chapter 17 (The Man with Two Faces)

“Did you hear about Gringotts? It’s been all over the *Daily Prophet*, but I don’t suppose you get that with the Muggles — someone tried to rob a high-security vault.”

—Ron Weasley
Chapter 6 (The Journey from Platform Nine and Three-Quarters)

Harry remembered Ron telling him on the train that someone had tried to rob Gringotts, but Ron hadn’t mentioned the date. “Hagrid!” said Harry. “That Gringotts break-in happened on my birthday! It might’ve been happening while we were there!”

Chapter 8 (The Potions Master)

“Professor Quirrell!” said Hagrid. “Harry, Professor Quirrell will be one of your teachers at Hogwarts.”

“P-P-Potter,” stammered Professor Quirrell, grasping Harry’s hand, “c-can’t t-tell you how pleased I am to meet you.”

“What sort of magic do you teach, Professor Quirrell?”

“D-Defense Against the D-D-Dark Arts,” muttered Professor Quirrell, as though he’d rather not think about it. “N-not that you n-need it, eh, P-P-Potter?” He laughed nervously. “You’ll be getting all your equipment, I suppose? I’ve g-got to p-pick up a new b-book on vampires, m-myself.” He looked terrified at the very thought.

Chapter 5 (Diagon Alley)

When Quirrell Met Voldemort

“He is with me wherever I go,” said Quirrell quietly. “I met him when I traveled around the world.”

Chapter 17 (The Man with Two Faces)

“Is he always that nervous?”

“Oh, yeah. Poor bloke. Brilliant mind. He was fine while he was studyin’ outta books but then he took a year off ter get some firsthand experience ... They say he met vampires in the Black Forest and there was a nasty bit o’ trouble with a hag — never been the same since. Scared of the students, scared of his own subject — now, where’s me umbrella?”

Vampires? Hags? Harry’s head was swimming.

Chapter 5 (Diagon Alley)

Quirrell’s Turban

Harry spotted Professor Quirrell, too, the nervous young man from the Leaky Cauldron. He was looking very peculiar in a large purple turban.

Chapter 7 (The Sorting Hat)

Professor Quirrell, in his absurd turban, was talking to a teacher with greasy black hair, a hooked nose and sallow skin.

Chapter 7 (The Sorting Hat)

Perhaps Harry had eaten a bit too much, because he had a very strange dream. He was wearing Professor Quirrell’s turban, which kept talking to him, telling him he must transfer to Slytherin at once, because it was his destiny.

Chapter 7 (The Sorting Hat)

His turban, he told them, had been given to him by an African prince as a thank-you for getting rid of a troublesome zombie, but they weren't sure they believed this story. For one thing, when Seamus Finnigan asked eagerly to hear how Quirrell had fought off the zombie, Quirrell went pink and started talking about the weather; for another, they had noticed that a funny smell hung around the turban, and the Weasley twins insisted that it was stuffed full of garlic as well, so that Quirrell was protected wherever he went.

Chapter 8 (The Potions Master)

Harry was just helping himself to a jacket potato when Professor Quirrell came sprinting into the Hall, his turban askew and terror on his face.

Chapter 10 (Halloween)

Christmas was coming. One morning in mid-December, Hogwarts woke to find itself covered in several feet of snow. The lake froze solid and the Weasley twins were punished for bewitching several snowballs so that they followed Quirrell around, bouncing off the back of his turban.

Chapter 12 (The Mirror of Erised)

Next second, Quirrell came hurrying out of the classroom, straightening his turban.

Chapter 15 (The Forbidden Forest)

Petrified, he watched as Quirrell reached up and began to unwrap his turban. What was going on? The turban fell away. ... Where there should have been a back to Quirrell's head, there was a face, the most terrible face Harry had ever seen.

Chapter 17 (The Man with Two Faces)

Quirrell, Snape, and Harry's Scar

It happened very suddenly. The hook-nosed teacher looked past Quirrell's turban straight into Harry's eyes — and a sharp, hot pain shot across the scar on Harry's forehead.

"Ouch!" Harry clapped a hand to his head.

"What is it?" asked Percy.

"N-nothing."

The pain had gone as quickly as it had come. Harder to shake off was the feeling Harry had got from the teacher's look — a feeling that he didn't like Harry at all.

"Who's that teacher talking to Professor Quirrell?" he asked Percy.

"Oh, you know Quirrell already, do you? No wonder he's looking so nervous, that's Professor Snape. He teaches Potions, but he doesn't want to — everyone knows he's after Quirrell's job. Knows an awful lot about the Dark Arts, Snape."

Chapter 7 (The Sorting Hat)

Quirrell Passes By

Even worse than Peeves, if that was possible, was the caretaker, Argus Filch. Harry and Ron managed to get on the wrong side of him on their very first morning. Filch found them trying to force their way through a door which unluckily turned out to be the entrance to the out-of-bounds corridor on the third floor. He wouldn't believe they were lost, was sure they were trying to break into it on purpose and was threatening to lock them in the dungeons when they were rescued by Professor Quirrell, who was passing.

Chapter 8 (The Potions Master)

Quirrell Knocked Over

Hermione had fought her way across to the stand where Snape stood and was now racing along the row behind him; she didn't even stop to say sorry as she knocked Professor Quirrell headfirst into the row in front. Reaching Snape, she crouched down, pulled out her wand and whispered a few, well chosen words. Bright blue flames shot from her wand on to the hem of Snape's robes.

Chapter 11 (Quidditch)

Quirrell & Snape in the Forest

Below, in a shadowy clearing, stood Snape, but he wasn't alone. Quirrell was there, too. Harry couldn't make out the look on his face, but he was stuttering worse than ever. Harry strained to catch what they were saying.

"... d-don't know why you wanted t-t-to meet here of all p-places, Severus ..."

"Oh, I thought we'd keep this private," said Snape, his voice icy. "Students aren't supposed to know about the Sorcerer's Stone, after all."

Harry leant forward. Quirrell was mumbling something. Snape interrupted him.

"Have you found out how to get past that beast of Hagrid's yet?"

"B-b-but Severus, I —"

"You don't want me as your enemy, Quirrell," said Snape, taking a step towards him.

"I-I don't know what you —"

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

An owl hooted loudly and Harry nearly fell out of the tree. He steadied himself in time to hear Snape say, "— your little bit of hocus pocus. I'm waiting."

"B-but I d-d-don't —"

"Very well," Snape cut in. "We'll have another little chat soon, when you've had time to think things over and decided where your loyalties lie."

He threw his cloak over his head and strode out of the clearing. It was almost dark now, but Harry could see Quirrell, standing quite still as though he was petrified.

Chapter 13 (Nicolas Flamel)

“I think you next wanted to know,” he pressed on, a little more loudly, for Bellatrix showed every sign of interrupting, “why I stood between the Dark Lord and the Sorcerer’s Stone. That is easily answered. He did not know whether he could trust me. He thought, like you, that I had turned from faithful Death Eater to Dumbledore’s stooge. He was in a pitiable condition, very weak, sharing the body of a mediocre wizard. He did not dare reveal himself to a former ally if that ally might turn him over to Dumbledore or the Ministry. I deeply regret that he did not trust me. He would have returned to power three years sooner. As it was, I saw only greedy and unworthy Quirrell attempting to steal the stone and, I admit, I did all I could to thwart him.”

—Severus Snape
*Book 6 (Half-Blood Prince),
Chapter 2 (Spinner’s End)*

Quirrell in the Classroom

Walking back from the library on his own one afternoon, he heard somebody whimpering from a classroom up ahead. As he drew closer, he heard Quirrell’s voice.

“No — no — not again, please —”

It sounded as though someone was threatening him. Harry moved closer.

“All right — all right —” he heard Quirrell sob.

Next second, Quirrell came hurrying out of the classroom, straightening his turban. He was pale and looked as though he was about to cry. He strode out of sight; Harry didn’t think Quirrell had even noticed him. He waited until Quirrell’s footsteps had disappeared, then peered into the classroom. It was empty, but a door stood ajar at the other end. Harry was halfway towards it before he remembered what he’d promised himself about not meddling.

All the same, he’d have gambled twelve Sorcerer’s Stones that Snape had just left the room, and from what Harry had just heard, Snape would be walking with a new spring in his step — Quirrell seemed to have given in at last.

Chapter 15 (The Forbidden Forest)

Quirrell’s Troll

“... — that leaves Quirrell’s spell, and Snape’s ...”

...

A disgusting smell filled their nostrils, making both of them pull their robes up over their noses. Eyes watering, they saw, flat on the floor in front of them, a troll even larger than the one they had tackled, out cold with a bloody lump on its head.

...

He pulled open the next door, both of them hardly daring to look at what came next — but there was nothing very frightening in here, just a table with seven differently shaped bottles standing on it in a line. “Snape’s,” said Harry.

Chapter 16 (Through the Trapdoor)

Book 2: Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets

“Haven’t you guessed yet, Harry Potter?” said Riddle softly. “Ginny Weasley opened the Chamber of Secrets. She strangled the school roosters and daubed threatening messages on the walls. She set the Serpent of Slytherin on four Mudbloods, and the Squib’s cat.”

“No,” Harry whispered.

“Yes,” said Riddle, calmly.

Chapter 17 (The Heir of Slytherin)

Flourish & Blotts

“Busy time at the Ministry, I hear,” said Mr. Malfoy. “All those raids ... I hope they’re paying you overtime?”

He reached into Ginny’s cauldron and extracted, from amid the glossy Lockhart books, a very old, very battered copy of *A Beginner’s Guide to Transfiguration*.

...

He was still holding Ginny’s old Transfiguration book. He thrust it at her, his eyes glittering with malice.

“Here, girl — take your book — it’s the best your father can give you —”

Chapter 4 (At Flourish and Blotts)

Ginny’s Diary

Mr. Weasley started up the engine and they trundled out of the yard, Harry turning back for a last look at the house. He barely had time to wonder when he’d see it again when they were back — George had forgotten his box of Filibuster fireworks. Five minutes after that, they skidded to a halt in the yard so that Fred could run in for his broomstick. They had almost reached the highway when Ginny shrieked that she’d left her diary. By the time she had clambered back into the car, they were running very late, and tempers were running high.

Chapter 5 (The Whomping Willow)

Ginny Reacts

[Harry hears disembodied voice for the first time]

Madam Pomfrey, the nurse, was kept busy by a sudden spate of colds among the staff and students. Her Pepperup Potion worked instantly, though it left the drinker smoking at the ears for several hours afterward. Ginny Weasley, who had been looking pale, was bullied into taking some by Percy. The steam pouring from under her vivid hair gave the impression that her whole head was on fire.

Chapter 8 (The Deathday Party)

[Mrs. Norris is Petrified]

Ginny Weasley seemed very disturbed by Mrs. Norris's fate. According to Ron, she was a great cat lover.

"But you haven't really got to know Mrs. Norris," Ron told her bracingly. "Honestly, we're much better off without her." Ginny's lip trembled. "Stuff like this doesn't often happen at Hogwarts," Ron assured her. "They'll catch the maniac who did it and have him out of here in no time. I just hope he's got time to Petrify Filch before he's expelled. I'm only joking —" Ron added hastily as Ginny blanched.

Chapter 9 (The Writing on the Wall)

"Why shouldn't we be here?" said Ron hotly, stopping short and glaring at Percy. "Listen, we never laid a finger on that cat!"

"That's what I told Ginny," said Percy fiercely, "but she still seems to think you're going to be expelled, I've never seen her so upset, crying her eyes out, you might think of *her*, all the first years are thoroughly overexcited by this business —"

Chapter 9 (The Writing on the Wall)

[Colin Creevey is Petrified]

Ginny Weasley, who sat next to Colin Creevey in Charms, was distraught, but Harry felt that Fred and George were going the wrong way about cheering her up. They were taking turns covering themselves with fur or boils and jumping out at her from behind statues. They only stopped when Percy, apoplectic with rage, told them he was going to write to Mrs. Weasley and tell her Ginny was having nightmares.

Chapter 11 (The Dueling Club)

[Justin Finch-Fletchley & Nearly Headless Nick Creevey are Petrified]

Fred and George, however, found all this very funny. They went out of their way to march ahead of Harry down the corridors, shouting, "Make way for the Heir of Slytherin, seriously evil wizard coming through. ..."

Percy was deeply disapproving of this behavior.

"It is *not* a laughing matter," he said coldly.

"Oh, get out of the way, Percy," said Fred. "Harry's in a hurry."

"Yeah, he's off to the Chamber of Secrets for a cup of tea with his fanged servant," said George, chortling.

Ginny didn't find it amusing either.

“Oh, *don't*,” she wailed every time Fred asked Harry loudly who he was planning to attack next, or when George pretended to ward Harry off with a large clove of garlic when they met.

Chapter 12 (The Polyjuice Potion)

[Harry finds the diary; Harry receives an anonymous Valentine from Ginny]

Harry, glancing over, saw Malfoy stoop and snatch up something. Leering, he showed it to Crabbe and Goyle, and Harry realized that he'd got Riddle's diary.

“Give that back,” said Harry quietly.

“Wonder what Potter's written in this?” said Malfoy, who obviously hadn't noticed the year on the cover and thought he had Harry's own diary. A hush fell over the onlookers. Ginny was staring from the diary to Harry, looking terrified.

Chapter 13 (The Very Secret Diary)

[Hermione is Petrified; Hagrid is arrested; Dumbledore is dismissed]

Fred and George challenged Harry and Ron to a few games of Exploding Snap, and Ginny sat watching them, very subdued in Hermione's usual chair.

Chapter 15 (Aragog)

Ginny Almost Tells

“I've got to tell you something,” Ginny mumbled, carefully not looking at Harry.

“What is it?” said Harry.

Ginny looked as though she couldn't find the right words.

“*What?*” said Ron.

Ginny opened her mouth, but no sound came out. Harry leaned forward and spoke quietly, so that only Ginny and Ron could hear him.

“Is it something about the Chamber of Secrets? Have you seen something? Someone acting oddly?”

Ginny drew a deep breath and, at that precise moment, Percy Weasley appeared, looking tired and wan.

“If you've finished eating, I'll take that seat, Ginny. I'm starving, I've only just come off patrol duty.”

Ginny jumped up as though her chair had just been electrified, gave Percy a fleeting, frightened look, and scampered away. Percy sat down and grabbed a mug from the center of the table.

“Percy!” said Ron angrily. “She was just about to tell us something important!”

Halfway through a gulp of tea, Percy choked.

“What sort of thing?” he said, coughing.

“I just asked her if she'd seen anything odd, and she started to say —”

“Oh — that — that’s nothing to do with the Chamber of Secrets,” said Percy at once.

“How do you know?” said Ron, his eyebrows raised.

“Well, er, if you must know, Ginny, er, walked in on me the other day when I was — well, never mind — the point is, she spotted me doing something and I, um, I asked her not to mention it to anybody. I must say, I did think she’d keep her word. It’s nothing, really, I’d just rather —”

Harry had never seen Percy look so uncomfortable.

“What were you doing, Percy?” said Ron, grinning. “Go on, tell us, we won’t laugh.”

Percy didn’t smile back.

“Pass me those rolls, Harry, I’m starving.”

Chapter 16 (The Chamber of Secrets)

Percy’s Girlfriend

“So then I tried to borrow Hermes —”

“*Who?*”

“The owl Mum and Dad bought Percy when he was made prefect,” said Fred from the front.

“But Percy wouldn’t lend him to me,” said Ron. “Said he needed him.”

“Percy’s been acting very oddly this summer,” said George, frowning. “And he *has* been sending a lot of letters and spending a load of time shut up in his room. ... I mean, there’s only so many times you can polish a prefect badge.”

Chapter 3 (The Burrow)

They had asked Percy if he wanted to join them, but he had said he was busy. Harry had only seen Percy at mealtimes so far; he stayed shut in his room the rest of the time.

“Wish I knew what he was up to,” said Fred, frowning. “He’s not himself. His exam results came the day before you did; twelve O.W.L.s and he hardly gloated at all.”

Chapter 4 (At Flourish and Blotts)

Back outside on the marble steps, they all separated. Percy muttered vaguely about needing a new quill.

Chapter 4 (At Flourish and Blotts)

As Harry passed the library, Percy Weasley strolled out of it, looking in far better spirits than last time they’d met.

Chapter 11 (The Dueling Club)

Percy, who disapproved of what he termed their childish behavior, didn’t spend much time in the Gryffindor common room. He had already told them pompously that *he* was only staying over Christmas because it was his duty as a prefect to support the teachers during this troubled time.

Chapter 12 (The Polyjuice Potion)

“The Slytherins always come up to breakfast from over there,” said Ron, nodding at the entrance to the dungeons. The words had barely left his mouth when a girl with long, curly hair emerged from the entrance.

“Excuse me,” said Ron, hurrying up to her. “We’ve forgotten the way to our common room.”

“I beg your pardon?” said the girl stiffly. “*Our* common room? I’m a Ravenclaw.”

She walked away, looking suspiciously back at them.

...

“Ha!” said Ron excitedly. “There’s one of them now!”

The figure was emerging from a side room. As they hurried nearer, however, their hearts sank. It wasn’t a Slytherin, it was Percy.

“What’re you doing down here?” said Ron in surprise.

Percy looked affronted.

“That,” he said stiffly, “is none of your business. It’s Crabbe, isn’t it?”

“Wh — oh, yeah,” said Ron.

“Well, get off to your dormitories,” said Percy sternly. “It’s not safe to go wandering around dark corridors these days.”

“You are,” Ron pointed out.

“I,” said Percy, drawing himself up, “am a prefect. Nothing’s about to attack *me.*”

A voice suddenly echoed behind Harry and Ron. Draco Malfoy was strolling toward them, and for the first time in his life, Harry was pleased to see him.

...

He and Ron hurried after Malfoy, who said as they turned into the next passage, “That Peter Weasley —”

“Percy,” Ron corrected him automatically.

“Whatever,” said Malfoy. “I’ve noticed him sneaking around a lot lately. And I bet I know what he’s up to. He thinks he’s going to catch Slytherin’s heir single-handed.”

Chapter 12 (The Polyjuice Potion)

Madam Pomfrey was bending over a sixth-year girl with long, curly hair. Harry recognized her as the Ravenclaw they’d accidentally asked for directions to the Slytherin common room. And on the bed next to her was —

“*Hermione!*” Ron groaned.

Chapter 14 (Cornelius Fudge)

Percy Weasley was sitting in a chair behind Lee, but for once he didn’t seem keen to make his views heard. He was looking pale and stunned.

“Percy’s in shock,” George told Harry quietly. “That Ravenclaw girl — Penelope Clearwater — she’s a prefect. I don’t think he thought the monster would dare attack a *prefect*.”

Chapter 14 (Cornelius Fudge)

“Ginny — what did you see Percy doing, that he didn’t want you to tell anyone?”

“Oh, that,” said Ginny, giggling. “Well — Percy’s got a *girlfriend*.”

Fred dropped a stack of books on George’s head.

“*What?*”

“It’s that Ravenclaw prefect, Penelope Clearwater,” said Ginny. “That’s who he was writing to all last summer. He’s been meeting her all over the school in secret. I walked in on them *kissing* in an empty classroom one day. He was so upset when she was — you know — attacked. You won’t tease him, will you?” she added anxiously.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” said Fred, who was looking like his birthday had come early.

“Definitely not,” said George, sniggering.

Chapter 18 (Dobby’s Reward)

Just For Fun

“I wish I knew why someone *did* try to chuck it,” said Harry. “I wouldn’t mind knowing how Riddle got an award for special services to Hogwarts either.”

“Could’ve been anything,” said Ron. “Maybe he got thirty O.W.L.s or saved a teacher from the giant squid. Maybe he murdered Myrtle; that would’ve done everyone a favor. ...”

Chapter 13 (The Very Secret Diary)

Try looking for quotes on your own!

Check out this awesome video about plot twists: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xmlwZlyhf8I>
 (“How To Write Plot Twists (Spoilers)” by Just Write)