“Look—” he murmured, holding out his arm to stop Malfoy. Something bright white was gleaming on the ground. They inched closer.

It was the unicorn all right, and it was dead. Harry had never seen anything so beautiful and sad. Its long, slender legs were stuck out at odd angles where it had fallen and its mane was spread pearly-white on the dark leaves.

Harry had taken one step toward it when a slithering sound made him freeze where he stood. A bush on the edge of the clearing quivered. . . . Then, out of the shadows, a hooded figure came crawling across the ground like some stalking beast. Harry, Malfoy, and Fang stood transfixed. The cloaked figure reached the unicorn, lowered its head over the wound in the animal’s side, and began to drink its blood.

“AAAAAAAAAAAARGH!”

Malfoy let out a terrible scream and bolted—so did Fang. The hooded figure raised its head and looked right at Harry—unicorn blood was dribbling down its front. It got to its feet and came swiftly toward Harry—he couldn’t move for fear.