

## Harry Potter 1001

Chapter 1001: Taking the OWLs exam

“You want to confiscate Evan’s wand? You can’t do that!” Everyone present was shocked, including Professor McGonagall.

“This is the authority given to me by the Ministry of Magic. I have the right to do this while he is at Hogwarts, and I must do so,” said Umbridge, smiling happily. “I know you need some time to accept this ... difficult punishment, but please trust me; it is necessary, both for your personal well-being and the well-being of those around you. Therefore, I hope to see the wand and broomsticks by seven o’clock this evening. Don’t think about giving me fakes; I will have them verified. Well, that’s it; I wish you all a pleasant day!”

And though limping, Umbridge left with a look of the utmost satisfaction, leaving a horrified silence in her wake.

Nearly a hundred Gryffindor students looked at Professor McGonagall at the same time, hoping she could say something.

“Do as she said!” Professor McGonagall almost squeezed out these words and quickly walked away.

Looking at Professor McGonagall’s back, no one spoke, and a sense of panic spread among the Gryffindor students present.

It was the same for students from the other Houses. Everyone was shocked, even the Slytherins who witnessed everything. The malicious satisfaction they had deliberately displayed hadn’t faded yet, but now it was clearly mixed with a hint of panic.

Everyone exchanged glances quietly. It was only just now that they seemed to truly realize what the position of High Inquisitor from the Ministry of Magic meant—Hogwarts was truly changing!

Before, when she removed Evan from the position of Head Boy, no one felt much.

But a ban, especially confiscating a student’s wand—even the Headmaster couldn’t do that, but Umbridge could.

Because she was not only a professor at Hogwarts but she also represented the Ministry of Magic, which granted her such authority.

“All my fault ... I dragged you into this, giving her an excuse to confiscate your wand,” said Harry regretfully to Evan.

“Don’t be silly. She would have done this sooner or later. I dare say she’s planned it for a long time,” said Evan. “Besides, it was me who willingly turned her into a toad. It’s not your fault. And Harry, you don’t really think I would give her my wand, do you?”

“What...” Harry looked at him confused.

“I have other wands here. Just find one that looks similar to my original wand for her,” said Evan. In his previous adventures, he had retrieved many wands from other wizards and had Sirius help him prepare them for emergencies.

But even Evan himself had not expected that he would use these wands for the first time in such a situation.

“But she said she would have them verified?”

“If they can verify what the core of my wand is, then I really have to thank her,” said Evan, thinking of the record he’d left at the Ministry of Magic. The traces were all undetectable substances and could not be compared at all. “So, this punishment is nothing to me. The only trouble is that I can’t take out my wand openly in school anymore!”

However, Evan felt it was a good opportunity to practice Wandless magic and see if he could cast other spells other than the usual flashy ones. Dumbledore could do a lot of things without a wand; the key was control over his magical power.

That afternoon, Evan sent the wand and the Starcatchers to Professor McGonagall and asked her to deliver them to Umbridge.

Professor McGonagall told him that she went to find Dumbledore, but still failed.

Umbridge insisted on taking Evan’s wand, perhaps for retaliation or to make her feel safer.

After all, it had happened twice in a row. If Evan could continue using magic, Umbridge might not even have a sense of security.

Under Dumbledore’s efforts, Umbridge also made certain concessions.

She said that she would find experts to evaluate Evan’s magical abilities. Once they deemed that he could control his power, she would return the wand to him. These experts were the examiners for this year’s O.W.L.s exams, all of them accomplished wizards.

In other words, Evan’s previous request had been approved and he would take part in this year’s O.W.L.s exams.

Professor McGonagall believed this was not favorable for Evan. Although his magical abilities were fine, there were many theoretical knowledge points he had not covered yet. Fortunately, it was only early November now, and there was still time. As long as he studied hard, there should be no problem.

She warned Evan to study hard and not to research those miscellaneous things anymore.

Compared to Evan’s situation, Harry, Fred, and George were even more miserable.

“Banned,” said Angelina in a hollow voice, late that evening in the common room. Although she had been complaining the whole afternoon, she still couldn’t accept this punishment. “Banned. No Seeker and no Beaters ... What on earth are we going to do?”

“We still have substitutes.”

“Humph, the three of them are immature. Besides, no one can act as a Beater,” said Angelina. “We’ve lost our best Seeker and Beaters; and having the Firebolt and the Starcatchers confiscated, all our advantages are gone in an instant!”

It did not feel as though they had won the match at all. Everywhere there were disconsolate and angry faces.

The team themselves were slumped around the fire, all apart from Ron, who had not been seen since the end of the match. The other students were mostly the same. Everyone left hurriedly, whispering, afraid of disturbing something.

“It’s just so unfair,” said Alicia numbly. “How could she do this? Take away Evan’s wand, broomsticks, and banning. I mean, what about Crabbe and that Bludger he hit after the whistle had been blown? Has she banned him?”

“No,” said Ginny miserably. “He just got lines, I heard Montague laughing about it at dinner.”

“The only thing I regret now is not stomping her to death back then,” said Fred.

He was answered with silence, and Harry stared miserably at the dark window. Snow was falling.

The Snitch he had caught earlier was now zooming around and around the common room; people were watching its progress as though hypnotized and Crookshanks was leaping from chair to chair, trying to catch it.

“I’m going to bed,” said Angelina, getting slowly to her feet. “Maybe this will all turn out to have been a bad dream... Maybe I’ll wake up tomorrow and find we haven’t played yet... maybe I’ll find none of this happened...”

Soon, the others also left in dismay, leaving only Evan, Harry and Hermione beside the fire.

They were going to wait for Ron and discuss Evan’s taking the O.W.L.s exam.