

Harry Potter 881

Chapter 881: Terrible Muggles

With the rapid development of the Muggle world, the fusion of magic and science was gradually accelerating.

As early as a few decades ago, everyone in the wizarding world still dismissed Muggles.

In the eyes of many wizards, Muggles were synonymous with weakness, ignorance, and backwardness, just like barbarians.

Their understanding of Muggles mostly remained rooted in the Middle Ages, thinking that Muggles were still hunting and abusing witches and wizards and burning them everywhere.

There had even been calls in the wizarding world to use Time-Turners to go back to the past to save witches and change history

But now, whether willing to admit it or not, there had been many Muggle-designed machines entering the wizarding world.

For example, the printing machine used was born from the improvement of Muggle design.

Another example was the introduction of the magical radio, which directly promoted the development of the radio industry.

Corresponding to this, various industries had also developed rapidly, and the Weird Sisters had become popular because of the radio.

There was also the flying motorcycle, which had just entered the wizarding world before Sirius was imprisoned in Azkaban. It was originally a common thing in the Muggle world, but it became a luxury in the wizarding world. It was once considered as a substitute for the broom.

Evan didn't know how much Sirius had spent on that motorcycle, but that was definitely not a small sum.

In fact, he used most of the money his uncle Alphard had left him.

Sirius had once told Evan and Harry that after he'd run away from home, his uncle left him a decent amount of gold.

Measured by the wealth base of the Black family, what he called decent was actually a large amount of money.

Unfortunately, in the end, because of the International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy, things such as flying cars and flying motorcycles were not allowed to be produced and used. Those things flying around in the sky were easily found out by Muggles.

The most direct impact of this was that the large-scale integration of magic and science came to an abrupt end and only became popular in a small area.

This was the new policy promoted by Fudge at the beginning of his coming to power, and it was also his biggest political move. It had been welcomed by many pure-blood wizards and it could be

regarded as a disguised appeasement and compromise, which was conducive to the internal stability of the wizarding world and was convenient for focusing on post-war reconstruction.

The core of the traditionally conservative pure-blood wizard family and Voldemort's theory of magical pure-blood was the complete rejection of Muggle technology. They even called for the conquest of the Muggle world and the destruction of these things called technology.

If Voldemort completely ruled the wizarding world, then it would be sooner or later to start a war with Muggles.

This was really stupid. Evan agreed to strengthen management, but this one-size-fits-all approach was not worth advocating.

Whether to admit it or not, science and machines were developing very fast and had surpassed magic in many ways.

The wizarding world should actively introduce technology to promote the development of wizarding civilization.

If he had the ability in the future, he would definitely recommend that the Ministry of Magic revise the law and promote the integration of magic and scientific products, such as the introduction of computers, televisions, and the use of mechanical engines on broomsticks.

They stared at the out of order automatic ticket machines for a while, and finally bought their Underground train tickets from a sleepy-looking guard. Evan, Harry and Hermione handled the transaction as the Weasleys were not very good with Muggle money.

Five minutes later, they were boarding an Underground train that rattled them off toward the center of London.

Mr. Weasley kept anxiously checking and rechecking the Underground map above the windows. Ron and Ginny looked as nervous as him, while Fred and George were looking unscrupulously at the sleepy Muggles. These people were ordinary office workers, and they had never seen so many Muggles.

Four stops, Harry three stops left now two stops to go, Harry should we get ready to get off? said Mr. Weasley excitedly.

Finally, they got off at a station in the very heart of London, swept from the train in a tide of besuited men and women carrying briefcases.

At this point, the Weasleys were so excited that they kept looking around.

When using the escalator, the discussion was even more endless. Looking at their expressions, the people around must be thinking that they came from the countryside and had never seen the Underground train or the escalator in their entire life; otherwise they would definitely not have made such a fuss.

Evan had to remind Fred and George not to drop what they had in their pockets

Up the escalator they went, through the ticket barrier, and there was another discussion at the stile. Mr. Weasley was delighted with the way the stile swallowed his ticket, trying to figure out the principle.

It took them ten minutes to emerge onto a broad street lined with imposing-looking buildings, already full of traffic.

Not far away was a huge square, with huge electronic signboards hanging on the outer walls of towering buildings, on which all kinds of advertisements were displayed. The high-rise buildings, signboards and crowds were mixed together, dazzling.

Ron opened his mouth wide and looked around in shock. Hed been to Kings Cross Station, but had never been to the center of London. Hed never imagined seeing such a shocking scene.

He looked up at the tall building, and suddenly felt a little dizzy, and quickly grabbed Harry to prevent himself from falling down.

In his heart, it was the first time he had such a terrible feeling about Muggles

Fascinating, isnt it? said Mr. Weasley, looking around blankly. But where are we?

For one heart-stopping moment, they all thought they had gotten off at the wrong station despite Mr. Weasleys continual references to the map.

If that were the case, it would be terrible. Seven wizards were stranded in the center of London

Evan was a little familiar with the square. His fathers company headquarters seemed to be nearby. But he hadnt been here for a long time, and he couldnt distinguish the north, south, east and west.

The last time hed gone to the Ministry of Magic, hed passed by the fireplace in Dumbledores office

Ah, I remember. This way, kids! said Mr. Weasley, leading them down a side road.

Sorry, he said, but I never come by train and it all looks rather different from a Muggle perspective. As a matter of fact Ive never even used the visitors entrance before.

They walked forward. About fifteen minutes later, the buildings on both sides of the street gradually became smaller and less imposing.

Finally, they reached a street that contained several rather shabby-looking offices, a pub, and an overflowing dumpster.

Here we are, said Mr. Weasley brightly.

Is it here? Harry thought the Ministry of magic was in a much more imposing place, just like the square they had seen earlier.

Chapter 882: Visitor Entrance

Yes, I remember this place! said Mr. Weasley brightly, pointing at an old red telephone box, which seemed to be a product of decades ago, abandoned here. It was missing several panes of glass and stood before a heavily graffitied wall.

This is much worse than I imagined the Ministry of Magic to be

Its not easy to find such a large space in central London. Besides, this is just an entrance, said Mr. Weasley cheerfully, and he opened the door of the phone box. Well after you, kids!

Evan, Harry, Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred, and George were all crowded inside. Now there was no room at all. They were pressed together tightly. The old telephone box creaked as though it could collapse at any time.

You stepped on me, Fred! Ron yelled.

Its not me, its George! Fred responded.

No, I cant move, any of you can step back! said George.

As Mr. Weasley followed in, struggling to close the door, they were crammed into the narrow space like cans.

Evan was jammed against the telephone apparatus, with Hermione in front of him and Harry behind him.

Hermiones back was against the wall, and her front body pressed tightly against Evans, and her movements were extremely ambiguous.

Whenever someone pushed Evan from behind, he would bump Hermione forward.

Seeing Hermiones appearance, he hurriedly raised himself, and was hit again soon

In the end, Evan simply hugged her directly in his arms, so that the impact force would be smaller.

As for the telephone apparatus, it hung crookedly from the wall, as though a vandal had tried to rip it off.

If there were Muggles passing by, they would be surprised to watch this scene, thinking they were crazy.

Excuse me, give me the receiver! said Mr. Weasley.

Mr. Weasley, I think this phone might be out of order too, Harry said, taking the handset from Evan.

No, no, Im sure its fine, said Mr. Weasley, holding the receiver above his head, peering at the dial, and stretching out his other hand laboriously. Oh, no, I cant reach. Evan, you can dial the number 62442 for me.

Hermione tried to make room for him backwards, and Evan looked up and dialed the number.

As the dial whirred smoothly back into place, a cool female voice sounded inside the telephone box, not from the receiver in Mr. Weasleys hand, but as loudly and plainly as though an invisible woman were standing right beside them.

Welcome to the Ministry of Magic. Please state your name and business.

Er said Mr. Weasley, clearly uncertain whether he should talk into the receiver or not; he compromised by holding the mouthpiece to his ear, Arthur Weasley, Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office, here to escort Evan Mason and Harry Potter, who have been asked to attend a disciplinary hearing. Besides, there are Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley, Fred Weasley, and George Weasley, who are here to attend the hearing.

Thank you, said the cool female voice. Visitors, please take the badges and attach them to the front of your robes.

There was a click and a rattle, and seven badges slid out of the metal chute where returned coins usually appeared.

Evan picked them up and handed them to Harry, leaving behind his and Hermiones badges. He saw that his own was a square silver badge with Evan Mason, Disciplinary Hearing on it. On Hermiones badge were the words Hermione Granger, Visitor.

They pinned the badges to the front of their T-shirts and looked around expectantly when the female voice spoke again.

Visitors to the Ministry, you are required to submit to a search and present your wands for registration at the security desk, which is located at the far end of the Atrium.

As soon as her voice fell, the floor of the telephone box shuddered. With shouts of surprise, they were sinking slowly into the ground.

Hermione subconsciously hugged Evan hard. Shed been hugged by Evan, and the two stuck together, getting closer.

Evan had never felt so close to Hermione. It was as though they were both in the same tights.

Just like the night he had entered Hermiones pajamas, he could clearly feel her heartbeat now.

He watched apprehensively as the pavement rose up past the glass windows of the telephone box until darkness closed over their heads.

In an instant, he could see nothing at all; he could only hear a dull grinding noise as the telephone box made its way down through the earth.

No one spoke, everyone held their breath, even Mr. Weasley was a little nervous.

After about a minute, though it felt much longer to them, a chink of golden light illuminated their feet and, widening, rose up their bodies, until it hit them in the faces.

The Ministry of Magic wishes you a pleasant day, said the womans voice.

The door of the telephone box sprang open and they stepped out of it.

Wow! they looked around; their mouths wide open in surprise!

Compared to seeing the bustling scene of Muggle Central London just now, the picture before them was even more shocking.

Even though Evan had been here more than a year ago, he still couldnt help looking around curiously.

The same was true for Fred and George. They only came to the Ministry of Magic with Mr. Weasley when they were young and had not been here for many years. Harry, Ron, and Hermione were here for the first time. Although theyd heard a lot of descriptions, theyd never seen it directly.

At this moment, they were standing at one end of a very long and splendid hall with a highly polished, dark wood floor. The peacock-blue ceiling was inlaid with gleaming golden symbols that were continually moving and changing like some enormous heavenly notice board.

Evan was just watching it excitedly before, but now he recognized that this ceiling had used a lot of knowledge of alchemy and magic.

Those seemingly messy golden symbols converged into spell runes, many of which were not recorded in the research notes given to him by Nicolas Flamel.

In the hall, the walls on each side were paneled in shiny dark wood and had many gilded fireplaces set into them.

Every few seconds, a witch or wizard would emerge from one of the left-hand fireplaces with a soft whoosh.

On the right-hand side, short queues of wizards were forming before each fireplace, waiting to depart.

Halfway down the hall was a fountain. A group of golden statues, larger than life-size, stood in the middle of a circular pool.

Tallest of them all was a noble-looking wizard with his wand pointing straight up in the air. Grouped around him were a beautiful witch, a Centaur, a goblin, and a house-elf. The last three were all looking adoringly up at the witch and wizard.

Glittering jets of water were flying from the ends of the two wands, the point of the centaurs arrow, the tip of the goblins hat, and each of the house-elfs ears, so that the tinkling hiss of falling water was added to the pops and cracks of Apparators and the clatter of footsteps as hundreds of witches and wizards strode toward a set of golden gates at the far end of the hall.

Chapter 883: Testing the Wand Again

When Evan had accompanied Sirius to the Ministry of Magic before, it caused a commotion.

At that time, it happened to be the end of Sirius's incident, and many witches wanted to find Sirius for autographs or ask him about the details of what had happened.

He was surrounded by people as soon as he appeared, and Evan had to walk into the hall alone.

It was as though a certain big star came to the Ministry of Magic, along with Evan.

Now, no one looked at Evan and them again, thinking they were ordinary young wizards.

They might have heard of the fame of Evan and Harry, but they didn't know what they looked like, so naturally they wouldn't come up.

Besides, another change was that when Evan came here last time, many wizards were holding his newspaper in their hands, which was not the case now.

Obviously, this was because of Fudge's influence, no one dared to hold it in public.

Come on, kids, this way, said Mr. Weasley.

They joined the throng, wending their way between the Ministry workers.

No one looked at them, and all the wizards were wearing glum, early-morning looks.

Some of them were carrying tottering piles of parchment, others battered briefcases, some constantly stuffing toast or other things in their mouths, still others reading as they walked.

Immediately, Evan saw many people secretly reading Rita's article.

Although Rita had a bad reputation, she still had some influence.

Regardless of the authenticity of what she wrote, she would definitely be able to capture the hearts and preferences of the public and attract people to read it.

In this way, Fudges ban had not been implemented uniformly in the Ministry of Magic. Evan and Hermione hired Rita as a special reporter, which still worked, and created a lot of pressure on the Ministry invisibly.

Is this the Fountain of Magical Brethren? Hermione looked curiously at the fountain in the hall.

On the way here, shed heard Evan talk about the interior of the Ministry of Magic, which was a very famous landscape.

They stopped in front of the fountain. There were many silver Sickles and bronze Knuts glinting up at them from the bottom of the pool. A small, smudged sign beside it read:

All proceeds from the Fountain of Magical Brethren will be given to

St. Mungos Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries

Everyone looked at the statues on the fountain, and they could easily find a slight difference when getting closer.

The wizards face, which looked very handsome in the distance, gave a feeling of weakness and stupidity when they got closer. The witchs face was also covered with an empty smile, as though she were participating in a beauty contest.

As for the goblin and the Centaur, wizards with some common sense knew that they could never look adoringly up at any human beings in this way.

Only the timid servile air of the house-elf was convincing, to make one really feel bad.

Sure enough, Hermiones eyes finally fell on the house-elfs face, and her brows frowned tightly.

I dont like this statue. It is not true at all.

Those in power only want to see what they want to see and make decisions that are most in their own interests, said Evan softly.

This feature of the Ministry of Magic was vividly reflected in these statues, in such an unnoticeable way.

They didnt care about the truth and objective attempts. They only cared about power and interests.

Wizards slaves Hermione whispered. Compared to the servility of the house-elves, the wizards were blind to facts. Of course, the enslavement of the elves was the most difficult thing for her to accept. This kind of thing had to be changed.

Evan didnt anticipate that this trip to the Ministry of Magic would directly lead Hermione to decide to work at the Ministry after graduating.

Her focus had also shifted from safeguarding the legal rights of house-elves to changing the degenerate political ecology.

And many years later, she defeated the opponent in the elections and became the first female Minister of Magic, altering the course of the wizarding worlds development in many ways.

While Hermione was staring at the statues, Harry was also making a wish.

If I'm not expelled from Hogwarts, I'll put in ten Galleons, he thought desperately.

Good morning, Arthur! A bored voice sounded from behind, and a badly shaven wizard in peacock-blue robes came over. I saw you leading these children from all the way over. Are they going through security check?

Please, Eric, they're all visitors, said Mr. Weasley.

Eric nodded, and then, his gaze fell on Evan.

Ah, I remember you, kid. You came here two years ago Eric's eyes brightened.

The main reason he still remembered Evan was that when his wand had been tested, it had been found out that its core was an unknown substance.

He'd been a watch-wizard for many years, and this was the first time he'd encountered this situation, and he was naturally impressed.

Not to mention that nothing had happened in the Ministry of Magic for a long time, and it was boring to be in charge of security checks.

His only pleasure was to look at the visitors wands and see what the cores were made of.

In Britain, wizards were used to using certain parts of dragons, phoenixes and unicorns to make wands.

But this was not the case for wizards in other countries. They had different customs.

He'd even seen mysterious oriental wizards, using magical creatures he didn't know, and even the material of the wands was strange.

But anyway, it was the first time Eric encountered a situation where the core of the wand could not be detected.

He later asked the experts who came to overhaul the Wand weigher. There were only two probabilities in this situation. The first was that the Wand weigher was broken, and the second was that the substance used in the core of Evan's wand had not been recorded in the Wand weigher.

But this was simply impossible. This Wand weigher included almost all known substances.

We've got a new Wand weigher this time. It hasn't been used for a long time. Eric whispered, and the breath in his nostrils sprayed heavily. Boys, let me see what's inside your wands.

As usual, he held up a long golden rod, thin and flexible as a car aerial, and passed it up and down Evan, Harry, Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Fred and George's fronts and backs.

Wands! he grunted, putting down the golden instrument and holding out his hand.

Starting with Harry, they all produced their wands in turn.

Eric dropped Harry's wand onto a weird brass instrument, which looked something like a set of scales with only one dish.

It began to vibrate slightly, and a narrow strip of parchment came speeding out of a slit in the base.

The wizard tore off the paper and read the writing upon it.

Eleven inches, phoenix-feather core, been in use four years. That correct?

Yes, Harry said nervously.

Okay, I keep this, you get this back, said the wizard, impaling the slip of parchment on a small brass spike and thrusting the wand at Harry. All right next!.

Chapter 884: It was Still an Unknown Substance

Next to Harry was Ron, whose wand had been changed during Evans first-year summer at Hogwarts. That summer, the Weasleys had won the annual Grand Prize Galleon Draw. After traveling to Egypt to visit Bill, they still had enough money to buy a new wand for Ron.

Hed been using Charlies old wand before, and the Unicorn Hair core in it could be seen from the tip.

According to wandlore (the study of the history and the magical properties of wands), when the wizard is not using his own wand, he cannot exert his own strength.

The wizard chooses the wand, and the wand also chooses the wizard.

Rons poor casting performance before might have been related to this. Nevertheless, with a new wand, his grades were still terrible.

Snapes description of empty-headed Weasley was not groundless. If it werent for Hermiones help, he might not even pass the school year exam.

This worried Mrs. Weasley. He was not like Charlie, Bill, or Percy.

However, compared with the troublesome Fred and George, Ron was a relief, as long as he was not controlled by a Dark wizard from time to time.

After Percy ran away from home, Mrs. Weasley didnt seem to value performance as much as before.

Of course, this did not mean that she agreed with Fred and George to open some prank joke shop

The cores of all the Weasleys wands were unicorn hair, which was unexpectedly consistent.

As a family of pure blood wizards, this seemed to have something to do with their blood, which had been going on for centuries.

If he wanted, Mr. Weasley could also tell a few stories about his ancestors and the unicorn.

This kind of family history was good to listen to. In all likelihood, it was fictitious, and all pure-blood wizard families could tell it.

They all had the system of all kinds of magical creatures, but they had no blood talent magic such as Parseltongue. This showed that the Weasley family, like other pure blood wizard families, was no longer pure. The only difference was that they probably never cared.

Hermiones wand was the penultimate one to test before Evans. Her wand was made of vine wood, fourteen inches long (TN: in the original plot, it was 10 inches), and the core was the dragon heartstring. This was a very magical substance, very rare before the dragon was raised in captivity.

After all, a unicorn or a phoenix could have countless hairs, which could regenerate after being plucked. But the dragon had only one heart, and its value could be imagined.

The vine wood itself was also a very rare material. In history, the grapevine was the first tree planted by Noah after the flood, so the vine wood had been endowed with many symbols since ancient times, such as wisdom, life and love

Whats more, Evans wand was also vine wood. Of all the wizards he knew, only his own and Hermiones wands were vine wood.

His wand was half an inch longer than Hermiones, and the pattern on it was simpler.

After studying the Wandlore, Evan knew that, aside from other special meanings, only when a wandmaker obtained the precious or excellent core material would he consider using vine wood.

Well, boy, its your wands turn, let me have a look! said Eric impatiently.

He put Evans wand onto the wand weigher, and there was a flash of expectation on his face.

After a slight vibration, a narrow strip of parchment came speeding out of a slit in the base.

Eric took a look, and was stunned. It was still an unknown substance. How could that be possible?!

He could now be sure that there was absolutely no problem with the wand weigher, and that the problem was with Evans wand.

The core of this wand was a substance that had not been recorded by the brass instrument, and it might be a brand-new magical material.

With the development of the wizarding civilization to this day, this kind of thing was simply unthinkable and theoretically impossible.

Eric's expression made Evan realize that the core of his wand must still be the damn unknown substance.

Hed once asked Ollivander face to face, and the old wizard still said the same thing. This wand had been left by his ancestors. The core of the wand was the Thestral tail hair. He did not know any more information.

Evan really wanted to show Ollivander the test results. Was the Thestral tail hair an unknown substance?! Or, was the wand weigher unable to detect the Thestral tail hair?

By the way, must every visitor to the Ministry of Magic test his wand here? Evans heart moved.

Of course, no matter who it is, his wand information will be recorded with me. Eric came back to his senses.

What about Dumbledore? Evan asked. Have you tested his wand?

If it had the Thestral tail hair, his wand would have the same as that of Dumbledores Elder Wand, which should have met the same situation.

Boy, are you crazy? Who would dare to test Dumbledores wand? said Eric, thrusting the wand at Evan. He looked at him carefully, as though to get a good look at the young wizard.

Then, he noticed the silver visitors badge on Evans chest, Well, Evan Mason are you that young wizard?

Currently in the wizarding world, Evans name was almost as famous as Harrys; and to some extent, even more famous.

Eric, is there any problem? said Mr. Weasley firmly.

No, but

Thank you, you know, were in a hurry, said Mr. Weasley. Hurry up, kids!

He steered them away from the desk and back into the stream of wizards and witches walking through the golden gates.

Evan, Harry, your two current identities are too sensitive, especially you, Harry. We must be careful not to be noticed. Although it doesnt matter, you can never go wrong with being careful, said Mr. Weasley cautiously, leading them to the golden elevator.

They did not ride with other wizards, but occupied a lift alone.

The lift stopped on every floor and no one came up, but several paper airplanes swooped into the lift.

They looked around curiously, feeling everything strange.

Finally, they came to the second floor, the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, including the Improper Use of Magic Office, Auror Headquarters, and Wizengamot Administration Services.

This is us, go this way, said Mr. Weasley, leading them out of the lift into a corridor lined with doors. My office is on the other side of the floor. Evan, Fred and George have been here before!

They turned a corner, walked through a pair of heavy oak doors, and emerged in a cluttered, open area divided into cubicles, which were buzzing with talk and laughter. Memos were zooming in and out of cubicles like miniature rockets.

Chapter 885: Auror Headquarters

A lopsided sign on the nearest cubicle read AUROR HEADQUARTERS.

The last time Evan came here, he didnt have a chance to have a good visit. The door of this cubicle was closed.

They met Mad-Eye Moody again at the door, and they just chatted briefly.

He followed Harry and Ron to look surreptitiously through the doorways as they passed.

The Aurors had covered their cubicle walls with everything from pictures of wanted wizards and photographs of their families, to posters of their favorite Quidditch teams and cut-out articles. It was varied and all-encompassing.

A scarlet-robed man with a ponytail longer than Bills was sitting with his boots up on his desk, dictating a report to his quill.

A little farther along, a witch with a patch over her eye was talking over the top of her cubicle wall to Kingsley Shacklebolt.

Is this the Auror Headquarters? Harry asked softly, peering in as much as possible, his eyes gleaming with curiosity.

Yes, after your hearing you and Evan is over, I can show you around the Ministry of Magic, but you cant go in and disturb others work, said Mr. Weasley, but not the Auror Headquarters. The information inside is classified

Good morning, Weasley! As though hearing them talking at the door, Kingsley came over and said carelessly, Ive been wanting a word with you, have you got a second?

Yes, if it really is a second, said Mr. Weasley, Im in rather a hurry.

They were talking to each other as though they hardly knew each other, and when Harry opened his mouth to say hello to Kingsley, Mr. Weasley stood on his foot, and Evan hurriedly stopped Ron, not letting others know that they knew Kingsley very well.

The group followed Kingsley into the Auror headquarters, along a row of cubicles, and into a large room at the very end.

Harry, Ron and the others looked around excitedly. It was a rare thing to visit the Auror headquarters.

Evan saw newspaper cuttings and old photographs papering the walls, most of which were photos of Caresius. Fudge and the Ministry of Magic seemed to blame the vampires for everything, including what had happened in the Triwizard Tournament.

After all, it was vampires who launched the attack at the Quidditch World Cup, and Cedric was finally confirmed to be a vampire.

Fudge did not want to admit the fact that Voldemort had returned, and Caresius and his people became the best scapegoats.

Among them, Evan also saw a photo of Elaine, but it had been taken many years ago. The yellowed photo showed the pale little girl about eight or nine years old, with a cute, little, fleshy face; wearing a dark Muggle elementary school uniform.

Had she not accidentally exposed two pointed tiger teeth, it would be hard to imagine that this little girl would be a vampire.

As noted below, she was a core member of the Slytherin vampire clan and extremely dangerous.

He didnt know where the Ministry of Magic found this picture, but this proved that the Aurors were not useless.

Evan had heard Elaine say that she didnt enter a wizarding school, but went to an ordinary Muggle school.

Compared with wizards, vampires seemed to bind more closely to Muggles, and were perfectly integrated into the world of ordinary people.

The only space free from newspaper cuttings and old photographs on the walls was a map of the world in which little red pins were glowing like jewels, mainly in the United States and Northern Europe.

These two places were also the most powerful areas for vampires, especially the United States. Unlike in Europe, the Dark forces such as vampires, werewolves, and Dark wizards were much stronger there.

This was mainly related to history, and the American wizards were more tolerant.

The atmosphere was more open, there were not so many so-called pure-blood wizarding families that had passed down for thousands of years, and the composition of the American Wizarding Congress was also very complex.

Weasley, I need as much information as possible on flying Muggle vehicles sighted in the last twelve months. We've received information that those vampires seem to be trying to illegally modify Muggle vehicles and flee abroad said Kingsley brusquely to Mr. Weasley, and he winked at Evan and the others, motioning them to visit at will.

Evan looked around randomly in the room, and various small notes were posted on the surrounding walls, recording all kinds of information, from trivial things in Britain to things in other countries in the world.

Recently, the Ministry of Magic seemed to be planning to send someone to the United States to find Cedrics family, and then carefully gather more information related to vampires.

In addition, there was the shaking of the Egyptian Gringotts and the riots of the Italian giants tribes.

As the most powerful country in Europe, the British Ministry of Magic had its own intelligence network all over the world.

It even included the news of a major earthquake in Osaka, Japan at the beginning of the year, which was recorded because of magical reactions.

This is the intelligence room; you guys should be more casual. Don't be so formal, said Kingsley in a whisper, and then he said in normal tones, And don't take too long, Weasley, the delay on that firelegs report held our investigation up for a month. This is a very important matter.

If you had read my report you would know that the term is firearms, said Mr. Weasley coolly. And I'm afraid you'll have to wait for the information you want, we're extremely busy at the moment. He dropped his voice and said, If you can get away before seven, Molly's making meatballs.

A few minutes later, he beckoned to Evan and the others and led them out of the Auror headquarters, through a second set of oak doors, into another passage, turned left, marched along another corridor, turned right into a dimly lit and distinctly shabby corridor, and finally reached a dead end, where a door on the left stood ajar, revealing a broom cupboard, and a door on the right bore a tarnished brass plaque reading MISUSE OF MUGGLE ARTIFACTS.

Mr. Weasley's dingy office seemed to be slightly smaller than the broom cupboard. There was no way to compare it with the Auror headquarters, nor with the spacious office of the Department of

Magical Law Enforcement they just passed by. It was the department with the largest number of people in the Ministry of Magic, and the place was much larger.

Not to mention the office of the Wizengamot Administration Services on the same floor which was the most luxurious place in the entire Ministry of Magic after the Ministers office.

Dad, this is the smallest office of the Ministry of Magic, said Fred. The Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office is not valued at all.

Yeah generally only people who are about to retire will be assigned here. George also whispered. Fudge doesnt like Dad, its no secret, and he also volunteered to stay here

Chapter 886: The Hearing

Mr. Weasley was considered an oddity among the wizards at the Ministry of Magic because of his strong fascination with Muggles and Muggle-related items.

In the eyes of other wizards, this was a sign of undue diligence.

Mrs. Weasley often said that his obsession with the Muggle world made it difficult for him to be promoted under Fudges administration. However, it had to be acknowledged that Mr. Weasley was a good man, and regulating the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office was a hard thankless job.

They had to deal with too many things, too cumbersome, but the number of personnel was far from enough.

In fact, Mr. Weasley had a lot of power to some extent, because he was responsible for all the magical items related to Muggles in the wizarding world, and today, this kind of bewitched Muggle items included almost everything.

In theory, Mr. Weasley had the power to search and deal with any wizard he believed was misusing Muggle objects.

Who didnt have some contraband, especially a family of pure-blood wizards like the Malfoys, which was almost evident?

Therefore, most wizards in the Ministry respected Mr. Weasley, and even Fudge had a friendly attitude before.

Of course, the situation had taken a turn for the worse. Fudge believed that Dumbledores friends were his enemies, but he couldnt find a suitable post for Mr. Weasley, so he had to let him stay in this position.

Dad likes this job! said Ginny with a sigh. Hes obsessed with Muggle stuff.

Yeah, Mum has advised him many times, but he never intended to give up. Percy thinks its bad Ron followed.

He obviously thought it was terrible, and his eyes flicked across the dingy office with dissatisfaction.

In front of them, two desks had been crammed inside it and there was barely room to move around them because of all the overflowing filing cabinets lining the walls, on top of which were tottering piles of files.

The little wall space available bore witness to Mr. Weasleys obsessions; there were several posters of cars, including one of a dismantled engine, two illustrations of postboxes he seemed to have cut out of Muggle childrens books, and a diagram showing how to wire a plug.

Sitting on top of Mr. Weasleys overflowing in-tray was an old toaster that was hiccuping in a disconsolate way and a pair of empty leather gloves that were twiddling their thumbs.

A photograph of the Weasley family stood beside the in-tray. Percy appeared to have walked out of it.

Well, kids, its a bit crowded with such a lot of people, said Mr. Weasley apologetically. Lets just be patient for a while. The Department of Magical Law Enforcement is next to us, and theyll have the hearing there soon.

Dad, wheres Percys office? asked Fred, leaning against the wall.

Oh, hes on Level One, outside the Ministers office Mr. Weasleys expression was obviously a little unnatural.

Evan had heard that Percy now saw Mr. Weasley at the Ministry of Magic and barely greeted him, as though he didnt know him.

In order to make his stand clear, he had completely distanced himself from the Weasleys, and he had done it thoroughly.

From this perspective, Percy was ambitious and possessed all the qualities of a good politician and official.

This was probably the result of elite education that Mrs. Weasley had always hoped for the childrens development.

Only Percy carried out her will to the end. Although the others were excellent, they had a too independent character to work at the Ministry of Magic. But who would have thought that he would make such a decision on such a matter?

Ill prepare some tea for you, and dont run around until Evan and Harrys affairs are finished. And, dont bother Percy at work Mr. Weasley paused, obviously changing the subject. Im a little muffled here, because we havent got a window, weve asked, but they dont seem to think we need one. Come on, sit down; dont stand there.

He took out his wand and turned out some old chairs around his desk. Evan and the others squeezed themselves into the chairs. They looked at one another and smiled bitterly. Especially Ron and Ginny, their faces could not hide their disappointment. That was very different from what they had expected.

I have some interesting magazines here. If you have nothing to do, you can flip through them. Mr. Weasley was preparing tea for them. I think the joke about broomsticks above Oh dear, whats this now?

A memo had just zoomed in through the open door and fluttered to rest on top of the hiccuping toaster.

Mr. Weasley unfolded it and read aloud, Fourth spitting dustbin reported in Wimbledon, kindly investigate immediately. This is really hell, even worse than the previous regurgitating public toilet incident.

Evan was in Mr. Weasleys office at the time, and the situation was similar. This was probably the normal work of Mr. Weasley.

The so-called regurgitating public toilet was a series of magical pranks.

As soon as the Muggles were pulling the flush, the dirt not only didnt disappear, but instead came out and sprayed on their faces. The feeling of those poor Muggles could be imagined.

It was done by anti-Muggle pranksters. These guys are really a headache, said Mr. Weasley.

Will it be Aurors who catch them? Harry asked.

I hope to catch them all, but its obviously not the case. This kind of trivial matter does not require Aurors to be dispatched. The ordinary Magical Law Enforcement Patrol can deal with it. Ah, kids, this is Perkins.

A stooped, timid-looking old wizard with fluffy white hair had just entered the room, panting. He was the only employee in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office besides Mr. Weasley.

Oh Arthur! he said desperately. Thank goodness, I didnt know what to do for the best, whether to wait here for you or not, Ive just sent an owl to your home but youve obviously missed it an urgent message came ten minutes ago

I already know about the dustbins spitting out rubbish, said Mr. Weasley. Ill investigate later.

No, no, its not about this, its the Potter boys hearing they want to integrate Masons questioning with Potters hearing and theyve changed the time and venue it starts at eight oclock now and its down in old Courtroom Ten

Down in old but they told me Merlins beard Mr. Weasley looked at his watch, let out a yelp, and leapt from his chair.

Quick, Evan, Harry, were late, we should have been there ten minutes ago! he said anxiously, and ran out with them both. Perkins, please take care of the others for me. We must hurry now.

Sure enough, Fudge had tampered with the hearing, and if they didnt arrive in time, they could deal with it in their absence.

Fudges calculations were obvious. When the time came, Harry would be expelled from Hogwarts and Evan would be blocked.

Even if Evan and Harry appealed, it could be delayed as much as possible.

Within the scope of the law, it could be delayed for months

Chapter 887: Old Courtroom Ten

Evan didnt really mind; even if he were temporarily expelled from Hogwarts, it wouldnt matter much.

He could take advantage of this time to explore other places, or go directly to Norway to find Sirius to solve the vampires troubles.

Hed really thought about leaving Hogwarts for a while some time ago

Anyway, he had nothing to deal with urgently at Hogwarts. Naturally, it went without saying that the fourth year course was too simple for his current level, without any difficulty or significance.

He hadnt studied the devil altar under the kitchens yet. Considering the power of the demon hed seen in Dijon, he felt it was best not to summon the demon easily until everything was clear.

The treasure key and the Time-Turner left by Ravenclaw could wait until the time was right.

With the war looming, Evan did not intend to waste a precious year dealing with the obnoxious Umbridge.

He was looking for an opportunity to temporarily leave Hogwarts for a while, but there was no good reason.

Under Umbridges watch, Dumbledore could not give him a few months of vacation for no reason like last term.

Pretending to be sick was not a good way, although there were many infectious diseases that could make Evan isolated in his home.

Not long ago, hed specially read about the student exchange programme between schools, but the most basic condition for him to become part of the programme was to pass the Ordinary Wizarding Level, and Sirius didnt approve of Evan leaving school at this time.

Evan hadnt spoken to Dumbledore yet. He hadnt seen him at all recently, and he hadnt thought about what to say.

Evan had no good reason, and with his understanding of Dumbledore, the latter would certainly not agree.

Finally, after thinking about it, he decided to use this time to help Hermione and the others improve their strengths. He would also seize the time to fully grasp alchemy and other magic books of the Black family. By then he would act according to circumstances.

With Umbridges ability to make trouble, it was only a matter of time before Dumbledore would be driven away.

Then, he would find another chance to leave Hogwarts.

But unlike Evan, Harry could not leave Hogwarts, it was not safe, and he had nowhere else to go. So, they couldnt let Fudge expel him

Mr. Weasley dragged them out, skidded to a halt beside the lifts and jabbed impatiently at the down button.

Come on! He said anxiously, I really dont understand why theyve changed the time and place before the hearing and used old Courtroom Ten. But thank goodness we got here so early, if youd missed it, it would have been catastrophic!

The lift clattered into view and they hurried inside. Every time it stopped Mr. Weasley cursed furiously and pummelled the number nine button.

Those courtrooms havent been used in years, said Mr. Weasley angrily. I cant think why theyre doing it down there. Those people are crazy, why are they doing that? Unless but no

A plump witch carrying a smoking goblet entered the lift at that moment, and Mr. Weasley did not elaborate and kept urging her to hurry up.

The Atrium, said the cool female voice and the golden grilles slid open. The plump witch got out and a sallow-skinned wizard with a very mournful face got in.

Morning, Arthur, he said in a sepulchral voice as the lift began to descend. Dont often see you down here

Urgent business, Bode, said Mr. Weasley, who was bouncing on the balls of his feet and throwing anxious looks over at Evan and Harry.

Evan and Harry ignored Bode, who looked at the two curiously and his eyes finally fell on Harry.

Department of Mysteries, said the cool female voice, and left it at that.

Quick, Evan, Harry, said Mr. Weasley as the lift doors rattled open.

They sped up a corridor that was quite different from those above. The walls were bare; there were no windows and no doors apart from a plain black one set at the very end of the corridor.

Mr. Weasley seized them by the arm and dragged them to the left, where there was an opening leading to a flight of steps.

Down here, down here, panted Mr. Weasley, taking two steps at a time. Evan must have been here before when he got to Azkaban. The lift doesnt even come down this far why theyre doing it there; I really

Azkaban?! snapped Harry abruptly, as if someone had punched him hard.

He wanted to know what was going on, but no one explained it to him.

They reached the bottom of the steps and ran along yet another corridor, which bore a great resemblance to that which led to Snapes dungeon at Hogwarts, with rough stone walls and torches in brackets. The doors they passed here were heavy wooden ones with iron bolts and keyholes.

Courtroom ten I think were nearly yes.

Mr. Weasley stumbled to a halt outside a grimy dark door with an immense iron lock and slumped against the wall, clutching at a stitch in his chest.

Go on, he panted, pointing his thumb at the door. Get in there. Theyve put the two hearings together. Indeed, its the same thing, so be careful.

Arent arent you coming with ? Harry asked.

No, no, Im not allowed. Good luck! said Mr. Weasley.

Come on, Harry, its nothing we cant do, were not guilty anyway, said Evan. He turned the heavy iron door handle and pulled Harry inside the courtroom.

Evan looked around, nodding not really surprised, this place was really big. Behind him, Harry gasped visibly, unable to help himself.

The large dungeon he had entered was horribly familiar. He had not only seen it before, he had been here before.

This was the place he and Evan had visited inside Dumbledores Pensieve, the place where he had watched the Lestranges sentenced to life imprisonment in Azkaban, and where the madman Barty Crouch Jr, had been tried

The walls were made of dark stone, dimly lit by torches.

Empty benches rose on either side of them, but ahead, in the highest benches of all, were many shadowy figures, looking at them indifferently, looking extremely scary.

They had been talking in low voices, but as the heavy door swung closed behind Harry an ominous silence fell.

Chapter 888: Dumbledore and Fudge's Contest

Youre late. A cold male voice rang across the courtroom.

Sorry, said Harry nervously. I we didnt know the time had changed.

He dropped his gaze to the two chairs in the center of the room, the arms of which were covered in chains.

He had seen those chains spring to life and bind whoever sat between them.

Harry looked up again, and there were about fifty people, all, as far as he could see, wearing plum-colored robes with an elaborately worked silver W on the left-hand side of the chest and all staring down their noses at him and Evan, some with very austere expressions, others looks of frank curiosity.

In the very middle of the front row sat Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic.

Fudge was a portly man who often sported a lime-green bowler hat, though today he had dispensed with it; he had dispensed too with the indulgent smile he had once worn when he spoke to Evan and Harry. Instead, he wore a cold expression, to make apathetic people feel scared. Maybe that was his true face.

A broad, square-jawed witch with very short gray hair sat on Fudges left; she wore a monocle and looked forbidding.

On Fudges right was another witch, but she was sitting so far back on the bench that her face was in shadow.

That is not the Wizengamots fault, said Fudge. An owl was sent to you this morning.

Obviously, weve not received a letter from the Wizengamot, Mr. Minister! Evan looked around, and his eyes fell on Fudge too. In fact, we probably did not think that an underage using magic and a matter of the authenticity of reports would actually be tried by the Wizengamot, the High Court of Law and Parliament. I have read a lot on this subject, but this has never been mentioned in books.

There was an awkward silence, and Evan noticed several wizards moving nervously in their chairs. They didnt expect that Evan would say something like that, and they were not prepared at all. Obviously, his words hit the point.

If this incident were to be spread today, it would be a shame for the Ministry of Magic and the Wizengamot to set up such a battle against the two young wizards.

Also, if I remember correctly, our special correspondent Rita Skeeter applied to the Ministry of Magic to report on this trial, but I dont see her. Evan continued, pursuing victory.

Her application was not approved. Dont think I dont know what you plan to do, said Fudge irritably.

Our plan is to truthfully and objectively report the detailed progress of this case. As far as I know, cases of this level can allow others to accompany and observe. For the sake of fairness, the Ministry of Magic does not seem to have the right to reject Ritas report, said Evan, smiling from the corner of his mouth.

Dont remind us what to do, you

Minister! the witch on the right next to him reminded softly, she showed a toad-like face forward, I hope you two can sit down first, Mr. Mason, we have to judge Potters use of magic first. You can watch, but please keep silent.

No problem, obviously, you have the final say here, said Evan.

There was another awkward silence, and his footsteps echoed loudly as he walked across the stone floor.

Harry followed him, and when he sat gingerly on the edge of the chair the chains clinked rather threateningly but did not bind him.

He swallowed, feeling dizzy and nauseous. He looked at Evan, then looked up at the people seated at the bench above.

In just a few seconds, Fudge and Umbridge seemed to have agreed that, regardless of Evan, Harry should be convicted first.

As long as Harry was proved to have used magic illegally, then Evans report was naturally false. Thus, it would be much easier to solve everything.

Otherwise, if Evan continued to ask questions like this, todays trial was likely to become a joke.

Evan asked two questions in a row. Many members of the Wizengamot were already getting uncomfortable. They felt that the show of force against two children today was indeed excessive. They did not approve of Fudges doing this, and now, a child was pointing it out to their faces.

Very well, said Fudge angrily, trying not to look at Evan. The accused being present finally let us begin.

By the way, are you ready? he called down the row.

Yes, sir, said an eager familiar voice.

Evan squinted and saw Rons brother Percy sitting at the very edge of the front bench.

Harry also looked at Percy, expecting some sign of recognition from him, but none came.

Percys eyes, behind his horn-rimmed glasses, were fixed on his parchment, a quill poised in his hand.

Disciplinary hearing of the twelfth of August, said Fudge in a ringing voice, and Percy began taking notes at once, into offenses committed under the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery and the International Statute of Secrecy by Harry James Potter, resident at number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. Court Scribe, Percy Ignatius Weasley

Witness for the defense, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, said a quiet voice from behind them, and Harry turned his head so fast he cricked his neck.

Evan also turned his head and saw Dumbledore striding over serenely.

He seemed to have just Apparated, and he didnt know how hed calculated the time so just right.

He was wearing long midnight-robos and a perfectly calm expression.

His long silver beard and hair gleamed in the torchlight as he drew level with Evan and Harry and looked up at Fudge through the half-moon spectacles that rested halfway down his very crooked nose.

In the next second, the members of the Wizengamot were muttering. All eyes were now on Dumbledore.

Some looked very annoyed, others slightly frightened; two elderly witches in the back row, however, raised their hands and waved in welcome.

At the sight of Dumbledore, Evan knew he didnt need to say anything more today. He could just sit and watch a good show.

When Harry saw Dumbledore, a powerful emotion rose in his chest, making him feel at ease and full of hope, just like the feeling that Phoenix song once gave him. He wanted to look at Dumbledores eyes, but Dumbledore was not looking his way; he was continuing to look up at the obviously flustered Fudge.

This was the most direct frontal contest between him and Fudge. It had not yet started, but in terms of momentum, Fudge had already lost!

Chapter 889: Hogwarts Education Quality

Ah, said Fudge, who looked thoroughly disconcerted. Dumbledore. Yes. You er got our er message that the time and er place of the hearing had been changed, then?

I must have missed it, said Dumbledore cheerfully. However, due to a lucky mistake I arrived at the Ministry three hours early, so no harm done.

Yes well I suppose well need another chair I Weasley, could you?

Not to worry, not to worry, said Dumbledore pleasantly.

He took out his wand, gave it a little flick, and a squashy chintz armchair appeared out of nowhere next to Harry.

Dumbledore sat down, put the tips of his long fingers together, and looked at Fudge over them with an expression of polite interest.

The Wizengamot was still muttering and fidgeting restlessly.

Fudge was terrified to the extreme. Evans previous intervention had already taken him out of breath, and now seeing Dumbledore appear, he became even more panicked, not at all what the Minister of Magic should be.

Yes, said Fudge again, shuffling his notes. Well, then. So. The charges. Yes.

He extricated a piece of parchment from the pile before him, took a deep breath, and read, The charges against the accused are as follows: That he did knowingly, deliberately, and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions, having received a previous written warning from the Ministry of Magic on a similar charge, produce a Patronus Charm in a Muggle-inhabited area, in the presence of a Muggle, on August the second at twenty-three minutes past nine, which constitutes an offense under paragraph C of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, and also under section thirteen of the International Confederation of Wizards Statute of Secrecy. So, you are Harry James Potter, of number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey? Fudge said, glaring at Harry over the top of his parchment, trying to calm himself down.

Yes, Harry said.

You received an official warning from the Ministry for using illegal magic three years ago, did you not?

Yes, but

And yet you conjured a Patronus on the night of the second of August? said Fudge.

Yes! said Harry, but

Knowing that you are not permitted to use magic outside school while you are under the age of seventeen?

Yes, but

Knowing that you were in an area full of Muggles?

Yes, but

Fully aware that you were in close proximity to a Muggle at the time?

Yes, said Harry angrily. Fudge never let him finish. But I only used it because we were

Madam Bones cut across him in a booming voice, You produced a fully fledged Patronus?

Yes, said Harry, because

A corporeal Patronus?

Yes, said Harry, feeling both impatient and slightly desperate, Evan taught me. Its a stag, its always a stag.

Always? You have produced a Patronus before now? boomed Madam Bones, and then she turned her gaze to Evan, Can Mr. Mason next to you also produce a Patronus?

Yes, Ive been doing it for over a year, said Harry, Evan had mastered it before I did, he

And you are fifteen years old? Madam Bones paused, Mr. Mason is one year younger than you?

Yes, we

You learned this at school?

Yes, I learned it in my third year, and I practiced a lot. Harry said.

Every time he talked, the murmurs were louder. The members of the Wizengamot were surprised that they could conjure a corporeal Patronus. This was magic of very high level.

Impressive, said Madam Bones, staring down at them, a true Patronus at that age very impressive indeed!

In fact, there are already many students in Hogwarts who can conjure their own corporeal Patronuses. This is nothing to make a fuss about, said Evan. Speaking of it, thanks to the Ministers arrangement of Dementors to protect the school, we could find such a good practice object and had the opportunity to master this spell.

I remember it was mentioned in the story about you catching Peter Pettigrew. Many people saw two corporeal Patronuses appear and drive away hundreds of Dementors Madam Bones nodded.

The two Patronuses were a stag and a doe. The stag was summoned by Harry, but he didnt know who had summoned the doe. The person didnt show up later, and Harry suspected that it might be his mother.

My niece also told me about this. She came back from school and told me that she could produce a corporeal Patronus, said a witch in the back row. To be honest, I was really surprised.

The wizards above began to whisper again, and it seemed that many of their children had learned the Patronus Charm.

Amazing, really amazing! The level of education at Hogwarts is better than I thought, said Madam Bones, Dumbledore I have to express my sincere admiration for you. Its not easy for so many young wizards to learn the Patronus Charm, is it?

Thank you for the compliment, Amelia! said Dumbledore gently, but these are all self-studied by the students. As Mr. Mason said, if you need to thank someone, I think Mr. Minister has contributed a lot to this.

Fudges face had turned purple, which was a great humiliation and irony to him.

The young wizards learned the Patronus Charm because hed sent Dementors to Hogwarts as guards.

What would people say if the outside world knew this?

Because of his incompetence, the young wizards had to protect themselves spontaneously

Later facts proved that his decision to send the Dementors to Hogwarts was stupid.

I think Hogwarts education is far better than expected. It does not have the problems we were worried about before, said Madam Bones. In this case, send to Hogwarts

Enough, its not a question of how impressive the magic was, nor is it a question of discussing the teaching reform at Hogwarts, said Fudge in a testy voice. Now its a trial. In fact, the more impressive the worse it is, given that the boy did it in plain view of a Muggle!

Many wizards murmured in agreement, but it was Percys sanctimonious little nod that goaded Harry into speech.

I did it because of the Dementors! he said loudly, before anyone could interrupt him again.

He had expected more muttering, but the silence that fell seemed to be somehow denser than before.

Chapter 890: The Squib

Evan had reported the details of the incident, and he believed that everyone present had read the report.

However, judging from their current expressions, they should not have believed it.

Even Madam Bones, who had been in their favor all the time, raised her thick eyebrows so that her monocle looked in danger of falling out.

In the early days of Voldemorts power, the Bones family was one of the most powerful pure blood wizard families. Like the Weasleys, they were willing to trust Dumbledore rather than support Voldemort.

Amelia Boness brother Edgar Bones was also one of the founders of the Order of the Phoenix. He was a very great wizard.

Because of the influence of the Bones family, Voldemort personally killed Edgars family, and only Amelia survived.

Voldemort used this to let the wizarding world know his horror and succumb to his power.

Madam Bones never married, and there was only one member of the Bones left, her niece, Susan Bones. She was a classmate of Evan and Harry, a Hufflepuff student in the same year as Harry. She was a girl with a ruddy face, wearing her hair in a long plait down her back. She was a little nervous, but she was pretty good.

Dementors? Ms. Bones murmured.

Yes, there were two Dementors down that alleyway and they went for me and my cousin!

Ah, said Fudge again, smirking unpleasantly as he looked around at the Wizengamot, as though inviting them to share the joke. Yes, I thought wed be hearing such nonsense. Im not surprised. This time, its Dementors attacking you!

Dementors in Little Whinging? Madam Bones said in tones of great surprise.

Madam Bones, you should have read that report in the newspaper, said Evan.

Yes, I did read it, but I don't understand

Don't you, Amelia? said Fudge, still smirking. Let me explain. These two boys had been thinking it through and decided Dementors would make a very nice little cover story, very nice indeed. Muggles can't see Dementors, can they? Highly convenient, highly convenient so it's just your word and no witnesses. Then you find a reporter who is good at making up lies to publish it in that ridiculous newspaper, causing panic in the whole wizarding world, so as to prove your greatness. A 15-year-old wizard can defeat two Dementors. How amazing!

Looking at his expression, it was as though he was really thinking that was all the truth.

I'm not lying! said Harry loudly, over another outbreak of muttering from the court. There were two of them, coming from opposite ends of the alley, everything went dark and cold and my cousin felt them and ran for it

Enough, enough! said Fudge with a very supercilious look on his face. I'm sorry to interrupt what I'm sure would have been a very well-rehearsed story. We shouldn't be listening to this boy making it all up

Just then, Dumbledore cleared his throat, and the Wizengamot fell silent again.

We do, in fact, have a witness to the presence of Dementors in that alleyway, he said quietly, other than Harry's cousin Dudley Dursley, I mean.

Fudge's plump face seemed to slacken, as though somebody had let air out of it.

You have a witness?

Yes! said Dumbledore with a smile.

How could there be a witness, this incident was purely made up by these two boys he murmured, staring down at Dumbledore for a while, then, with the appearance of a man pulling himself back together, said, We haven't got time to listen to more taradiddles, I'm afraid, Dumbledore. I want this dealt with quickly

I may be wrong, said Dumbledore pleasantly, but I am sure that under the Wizengamot Charter of Rights, the accused has the right to present witnesses for his or her case? Isn't that the policy of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement?

True, said Madam Bones. Perfectly true.

Oh, very well, very well, where is this person? snapped Fudge. How long will it take us to see him?

I brought her with me, said Dumbledore. She's just outside the door. Should I?

No Weasley, you go, Fudge barked at Percy, who got up at once, hurried down the stone steps from the judge's balcony, and hastened past Dumbledore, Evan and Harry without glancing at them.

Immediately, there was a loud noise outside the door, and Evan was sure he'd heard Rita Skeeter's voice.

Under her inquiry, Percy dared not say a word.

Fudge gasped heavily, staring at them impatiently, and the discussion around him grew louder.

Judging from the current situation, today's trial had become a complete joke. Now all he needed was a reporter to add to the story, and then it was screwed, which was great!

He glared at Evan fiercely, then turned and whispered to Umbridge next to him.

A moment later, Percy returned, followed by Mrs. Figg. She looked scared and more eccentric than ever.

Dumbledore stood up and gave Mrs. Figg his chair, conjuring a second one for himself.

Full name? said Fudge loudly, when Mrs. Figg had perched herself nervously on the very edge of her seat.

Arabella Doreen Figg, said Mrs. Figg in her quavery voice.

And who exactly are you? said Fudge, in a bored and lofty voice.

I'm a resident of Little Whinging, close to where Harry Potter lives, said Mrs. Figg.

We have no record of any witch or wizard living in Little Whinging other than Harry Potter, said Madam Bones at once. That situation has always been closely monitored, given given past events.

I'm a Squib, said Mrs. Figg. So you wouldn't have me registered, would you?

A Squib, eh? said Fudge, eyeing her suspiciously. We'll be checking that. You'll leave details of your parentage with my assistant, Weasley. Incidentally, can Squibs see Dementors? he added, looking left and right along the bench where he sat.

Yes, we can! said Mrs. Figg indignantly.

Fudge looked back down at her, his eyebrows raised.

The Squibs were a very special group in the wizarding world, referring to people born to wizarding families but with no magic powers, just the opposite of Muggle-born wizards.

Their identities were very embarrassing, and most of them had spent a mediocre and impoverished life.

Indeed, because of his parents and family, a Squib understood some magic knowledge, but had no chance to participate.

This was a sad thing; they belonged neither to the wizarding world, nor to the Muggle world.

The only consolation was that the number of squibs was very small. Experts generally believed that it was rare for future generations to be unable to use magic because the magic genes were dominant and active.

Correspondingly, this had greatly increased the misfortune of the Squibs.

Getting Squibs to learn to use magic had always been one of the difficult problems in healing magic, and there had been a lot of research on the matter.

In addition, it was worth noting the difference between the Squib and the Obscurial