

“That’s where you’re wrong, Minister,” Amelia replied, smiling pleasantly. “Mr Black has never given any form of Veritaserum testimony in front of a Wizengamot court. Indeed, Mr Black was never given any trial of any kind.” A few gasps rang out from the Wizengamot crowd.

“What?” Scrimgeour’s eyes narrowed. A wave of Amelia’s wand, and more parchment appeared.

“You will see the arrest record for Mr Black, and his Azkaban registration,” Amelia explained. “Eleven hours apart. Mr Black was never given the chance to defend himself in court, nor was the evidence ever processed. With the late Barty Crouch Sr’s signature on the papers, Mr Black was taken to Azkaban without trial or due process.” Her smile was dagger-sharp. “So you see, Minister, Mr Black is long overdue his testimony.”

Scrimgeour was pale, now. “Indeed,” he growled. “Very well; bring forward the Veritaserum.”

Harry tried not to smile too widely, watching one of the aurors appear with a bottle of potion, which was tested for legitimacy with a complicated-looking spell, and then three drops were placed on Sirius’ tongue. Amelia stepped forward, beginning the interrogation.

“What is your name?”

“Sirius Orion Black,” Sirius responded, in that vacant tone of one under the influence of the truth-telling potion.

“What is your date of birth?”

“November 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1959.”

“Are you, or have you ever been, a servant of the Dark Lord Voldemort?”

“No.”

Gasps echoed through the room. Amelia continued. “Were you the Secret Keeper for Lily and James Potter?”

“No.”

“Who was their Secret Keeper?”

“Peter Pettigrew.”

Harry’s hands curled in the fabric of his robes as he leant forward in his seat slightly.

“Please recount the events of the night of October 31<sup>st</sup> 1981, beginning with your arrival at the Potters’ home.”

“I arrived on my motorbike, at around nine in the evening,” Sirius stated blankly. “The house was half-destroyed, and I could hear a baby crying. So I went inside, to try and find Harry.