

*country step into the light and be the best magical community it can be. For **all** our magical brethren, all over Britain. This summer has been a summer of change, and while as Interim Minister I have, with the help of my excellent staff and the dedicated Wizengamot, started to implement some long-overdue changes; I truly hope that now I have been elected, I will be able to continue that change for the better. All of you, all of **us**; we flourished in the face of adversity, and now it is time to reap our rewards and enjoy our peace. Thank you again, and I look forward to heralding in a better, brighter Magical Britain."*

"Oh, she is *good*," Narcissa mused quietly. "Making it seem like a community effort to put this country to rights, rather than the swarm of teenagers who secretly took over our government." She was clearly teasing, her grey eyes amused, and Susan laughed.

"Look, if the adults are gonna leave a mess, sometimes the kids have to clean it up," she joked.

Hetty the house elf appeared with several bottles of champagne, and soon everyone had a glass — except Tonks and the kids, who drank sparkling grape juice. "To Minister Bones," Kingsley declared, raising his glass. "And her secret teenage militia."

"Minister Bones!" everyone chorused happily.

"You're moving up in the world, Theo," Draco drawled playfully. "Dating the Minister's niece."

Theo smirked, green eyes cast fondly at Susan, who had stopped crying by this point. "Don't you see, Draco? That was my plan all along."

Susan laughed the loudest at that, raising an eyebrow. "And here I thought your plan was to date the future Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot."

"There's multiple stages to my plan, darling," Theo assured her. "I'm playing the long game."

Susan snorted, tugging him by the shirt collar into a kiss that had all of them whistling.

"I just can't believe we have to go back to school on Thursday," the Hufflepuff girl complained, once she had detached from her boyfriend. "Pretending to be *normal* students, ugh."

"Oh, shut up, like you aren't going to love every second of being Head Girl," Hannah teased her best friend. She was healing in leaps and bounds now she had her chair, and seemed to be quite excited to tackle seventh year.

"That will be nice," Susan agreed, "and it'll look great on my resume. I just wish I knew who McGonagall picked as Head Boy. I hope it's not someone awful. Merlin, what if it's *Ron*?"

None of the Weasleys in the room were offended by the slight to their brother, and Harry sat there quietly smirking. Susan had been so quick to assume that since none of them had immediately owned up to it, it was someone outside their social circle.