

things are being suppressed so as not to offend muggleborns who don't understand it. But that doesn't mean that they shouldn't get to have a say in how things are run, just because they don't have magical parents."

"If the purebloods are the only ones with power to make legal changes, we risk going too far in the other direction," Justin explained. "Forcing the muggleborns and half-bloods to abandon any trace of their muggle heritage. Or worse, removing them entirely from the muggle world, like the Americans used to do — Obliviating their parents and stealing them away, banning people from interacting with muggles, all that rot."

"That's definitely not what we want." Harry couldn't imagine how bad things might get if the pureblood supremacists felt even more validated than they were already.

"Exactly. And the muggles have some really great technology and stuff that we could do with adapting — you know how I feel about pens, Harry," Susan added with a rueful smile.

"We're already dangerously unaware of modern muggle society; the last thing we need is to be separated even further. Not while the muggles are working on all those surveillance cameras and stuff. *So*," she said, patting her law book, "Justin and I have been talking about how we can adjust the Wizengamot to make it more representative of the community. We can't get rid of any of the existing seats — except the five that have totally died out — not without causing an absolute riot. So my plan is to add *more* seats, that are a bit like the muggle ones. People run for office, get elected to join the Wizengamot, if they've a mind for that sort of thing. New-bloods, half-bloods, muggleborns — even creatures, maybe, one day. If we can get the law to allow it."

Justin puffed out his chest. "I'm as much of a politician as my father is, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let being a muggleborn keep me out of the profession." There was a challenge in his voice, his blue eyes daring Harry to argue.

"I think that's a brilliant idea," Harry enthused. "You're right that it's not fair to keep all the power in pureblood hands. Do you really think you can make it happen?"

Susan reached over, patting the back of his hand in a fondly patronising manner. "Chief Warlock by the time I'm thirty, remember?" she said. "I'll get it done."

Harry absolutely believed her.

"Well, you know where I'm at if you need me to throw my weight around. I get enough grief for being the Boy-Who-Lived, might as well use the name for good," he joked. Opposite him, Justin's pale cheeks flushed faintly; the curly-haired boy was no doubt remembering the way he'd treated Harry after the Chamber of Secrets debacle.

Wishing the pair luck, Harry left them to it — Susan was a girl on a mission, and he had far too many missions of his own to get sucked into that aspect of her crusade as well.

He had Potions homework to complete.

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