

Chapter 52

After an excellent weekend, Harry was smiling as he made his way to breakfast on Monday. He'd played quidditch; made out with his boyfriend; finished all his homework *and* finally spoken to Sirius. His godfather had the mirror back, and Harry was satisfied he was doing okay by himself — apparently Mr and Mrs Weasley had moved back to the Burrow now the kids were at school, so it was easier for Sirius to spend more time at Seren Du.

Harry's good mood died as soon as he saw the front page of the *Prophet*.

Susan grabbed him on his way to the Gryffindor table, redirecting him to Hufflepuff instead, and as soon as he sat down she thrust the newspaper in his direction. Reading the headline made his heart sink. "Oh, she *didn't*."

"She did." Susan's glare was enough that Harry was surprised the paper didn't burst into flames.

Umbridge had made herself 'Hogwarts High Inquisitor'. Which, Harry learned as he read the article, basically meant she could create whatever school rules she wanted, and decide which teachers were deemed *suitable* for their positions.

"Look," Susan urged, pointing to the very end of the article. '*Wizengamot elders Griselda Marchbanks and Tiberius Ogden have resigned in protest*'.

"Resigned?" Harry echoed quietly. "What does that even mean?" How could someone *resign* from a hereditary seat?

"They've given their seats to Dumbledore by proxy," Susan explained, a sour look on her face. "As a gesture of *support*."

Harry's stomach squirmed. While he was all for thumbing noses up at the Ministry, he didn't want Dumbledore to get more power in the process. "Great." That was two more seats they'd have to try and wrestle out of Dumbledore's control. Worse; two seats they were currently unaware of the heirs for. "Marchbanks is the Tremblay seat, right?" he checked, and Susan nodded.

Tremblay and Ogden were both lines who had not made any public record of their family trees in the last century. Neither Marchbanks nor Ogden had kids that anyone knew of, and both of them were somewhat elderly.

If anything happened to them while Dumbledore held their seats, it would be nigh on impossible to reclaim them from the headmaster.

"Mr Potter." Harry straightened up, turning to see Umbridge stood in front of him, eyes cold. Her gaze darted down to the paper in his hand for a moment, and a tiny, smug smile crossed her lips. Harry hated her. "Might I ask what you're doing?"