

Worse, she held the Selwyn seat of the Wizengamot, and was responsible for most of the awful, restrictive, bullshit creature laws. Harry had heard Remus and Snape cursing her name more than once — indeed, further down the table, Snape looked like he wanted to kill her where she stood.

This was not good.

It was hard to pay attention through her long-winded, Ministry propaganda-filled speech, but Harry did his best. Throughout the hall, the other heirs were doing the same. Susan looked *furious*.

Umbridge may be smiling sweetly, but her words were poorly-disguised venom. Fudge was watching Hogwarts, now — he didn't trust Dumbledore, and he certainly didn't trust the students. Harry wondered how many of last year's quiet rebellions had made their way back to the Minister's ear. How much he knew about how ready a bunch of teenagers were to utterly destroy him.

As Umbridge finally finished, taking her seat once more, Harry caught Susan's eye intently.

Their plans were going to have to change.