

but the dementors came. I cast a Patronus to keep them at bay, and then I passed out.”

“A Patronus, able to keep a hundred dementors at bay, at the age of thirteen?” Scrimgeour blustered. “Preposterous!”

“Minister, if I may.” It was Madam Marchbanks, raising her hand. “I saw Mr Potter perform a Patronus myself, in his recent OWL examinations. It certainly had the strength for such a task, and I fully believe his story.”

Scrimgeour didn’t like that, as an impressed wave of whispers scattered through the room.

“I can perform the spell right now, if you’d like,” Harry offered, but Scrimgeour scowled at him

“Underage magic will not be necessary,” he snapped.

“I have a few further questions for Mr Potter, if I may?” Amelia continued, making Harry tense. What else could she possibly have to ask him? “Mr Potter; would you please describe, to the best of your knowledge, the events of your arrival at the home of Mr and Mrs Dursley, on the night of October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1981?”

“Objection!” Dumbledore cut in. “This questioning is irrelevant to the case, and a breach of Mr Potter’s privacy.”

“It is relevant, Minister, I promise,” Amelia assured.

“I’m happy to answer,” Harry added. Scrimgeour gave a curt nod. “I only know what I’ve been told, since, y’know, I was a baby,” Harry admitted, and a few people snickered. “My aunt found me on the doorstep on the morning of November 1<sup>st</sup> when she went to get the milk delivery. I was left with a letter, explaining that my parents had been killed, and for my own safety my aunt and uncle had to take me in.”

“Do you know who wrote this letter?” Amelia pressed.

“Albus Dumbledore, Ma’am.”

“So Albus Dumbledore instructed Rubeus Hagrid to bring you to your muggle relatives immediately after the murder of your parents, where he left you on a doorstep overnight in freezing cold weather, with nothing but a letter as explanation.” Amelia’s tone was even, but her eyes were bright.

“Yes, as far as I know.”

“Albus Dumbledore is not the one on trial,” Scrimgeour cut in. Amelia’s smile widened.

“One more question, Minister.” She turned back to Harry. “Mr Potter, are you aware that both the wills of Lily and James Potter expressly forbid your guardianship being turned over to Mrs Potter’s muggle sister?”