

.-.-.-.

“*What!*” The outraged yelp that burst from Harry’s lips startled Remus into spilling his tea, and Charlie’s egg fell off his fork.

“What’s the matter?” the redhead asked worriedly. Harry scowled, turning the front page of the morning paper for the rest of the table to see.

*Rufus Scrimgeour Named Minister For Magic*

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Sirius groaned, shaking his head. “They chose that prick?”

“Who is he?”

“He was the Head Auror,” Snape drawled, voice distinctly unimpressed. “He is cut much from the same cloth as Alastor Moody. A... traditional approach to eradicating Dark magic.”

Harry looked down at the article, reading quickly; indeed, there were lots of references to Scrimgeour being the ‘*firm hand*’ the country needed in these dangerous times. “So he’ll curse first and ask questions later, basically?”

“And anything worse than a Tickling charm will have him calling someone a Death Eater,” Remus agreed, frowning. “I understand people are looking for someone a bit more... proactive, after Fudge. But really, with how corrupt the Auror Office is already, putting the head of it in charge of the whole bloody Ministry hardly seems like a good idea.”

“That would require them to admit the Auror Office is corrupt,” Snape pointed out.

“What’s all this stuff about Scrimgeour having a *rift* with Dumbledore?” Harry asked, gesturing back at the paper. Sirius snorted.

“Oh, that’s a load of codswallop. Scrimgeour’s too prideful a man to bow to Dumbledore’s whims, so he pretends they hate each other but sucks up every scrap of advice the man hands out regardless.”

“Mentioning there’s bad blood between them is probably to placate all those people who have decided they hate Dumbledore because the *Prophet*’s spent the last year telling them to hate Dumbledore,” Charlie agreed. “They’re just covering their own arses.”

Well, Harry was all for people hating Dumbledore, but this Scrimgeour bloke didn’t look any better. “I thought for sure Amelia would get it,” he sighed. Remus pat him on the shoulder.

“She’s the most qualified for the position,” he agreed. “But she’s far too progressive. And competent. There’s a reason Voldemort tried to kill her himself. Between him and Dumbledore sticking their wands in, there was no way she’d get the job.”

He was right, but it didn’t make the news any easier to swallow. Susan was going to be *furious*.