

# A Promotion?

*by Mistress of Sick*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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This is my very first fic, and I hope you like it. Please leave a review so I know if I'm on the right track.

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'I have gone through all your previous work here at the Ministry of Magic and have concluded that you might indeed be up for a promotion.'

Percy Weasley looked up at Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic, with a hopeful look in his eyes.

'However, there are many candidates to consider for this particular post. In order for someone to get this promotion, I have to see something special in that person. Something... the other ones don't have.'

Percy just kept his eyes fixed on the Minister. He couldn't believe that he was finally up for a promotion. His hard work had finally been noticed.

'I believe that you could be that person, Weatherby. Do not think that your... hard work has gone unnoticed. Come by my office on Monday morning, and we shall discuss further details.'

Percy got up from the floor he had been kneeling on and buttoned the Minister's robes.

'I really got that promotion?'

'As I said, come by my office on Monday to discuss the details.' Suddenly, the Minister frowned. 'You should really wipe your mouth.'

And with that, the Minister was gone and the door closed behind him, leaving Percy staring at the door with an absent look on his face. He slowly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He had succeeded.