

# A Few Good Wizards

*by Lady Dragonsinger*

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## None

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Good wizards and witches, I present to you," the master of ceremonies intoned after casting the sonorous spell, "Mr. Harry Potter."

The Great Hall burst into applause as the former student wizard, now a young man, made his way to the podium from his seat at the head table. As he walked, Harry mused on the fact that he had sat staring up at others who spoke at this podium, most notably Albus Dumbledore. Clearing his throat and casting a sonorous spell of his own, Harry began.

"Thank you," he spoke as the applause died down. "I feel strange standing here tonight. For many years, I sat where you are now, listening to encouragement and announcements from others standing here. Some of those others are now sitting and listening to my words. Some," Harry paused a moment and then continued, "will never sit among us again. Why?"

The young man paused again, letting his question reverberate in his audiences mind before he went on to answer it. "Because some short-minded, stodgy idiots couldn't see beyond the ends of their own noses and could not care less about others. Sure, tonight you all sit out there and applaud me as a hero, but how many of you condemned me as a half blood and still would if you could get away with it? All to protect your boring little jobs in your boring little Ministry offices instead of using those positions to make a difference?"

Harry was just beginning to get wound up now. He really had no idea what he was going to say in praise of the Ministry's war efforts, but apparently, it had been buried within him too long to go unsaid. "Thanks to you, a few brave Ministry workers are dead; Tonks, Mad Eye, and others whom you all know and walked the halls with every day. Thanks to you, families lost sons, daughters, parents, loved ones. Praise the Ministry's efforts? No, tonight all I can do is praise the efforts of a courageous few who stepped forward when others needed them and condemn the rest of you quill-pushing twats."

With that Harry then left the podium, made his way down the steps of the dais and out the doors of the Great Hall once more.

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Based on a prompt from MuseAmusant: The wizarding world gets an earful when Harry is forced to make a speech praising the Ministry's war effort.