

# Before The Start Of Term

*by septentrion*

Staff meeting before the start of term: a behind-the-scenes DH ficlet. It's the translation by myself of my French ficlet "La pré-rentree".

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hogwarts' teachers gathered in the staff room as usual on this August thirty-first to prepare for the students' arrival the next evening. The atmosphere was tense: everyone knew that You-Know-Who had taken over the Ministry and was acting behind Pius Thicknesse, that puppet who was the so-called Minister of Magic.

A collective gasp rose from the teachers' ranks when they saw who was entering the staff room in the wake of the school governors.

"How dare you?" McGonagall exclaimed.

"This is scandalous," Flitwick added.

The room was soon invaded by the hubbub. One of the governors raised his hand, and all became silent, though the teachers' faces kept a rather belligerent expression.

"The governors have unanimously decided to instate Severus Snape as Hogwarts' headmaster. Amycus Carrow will teach Defence Against the Dark Arts, and Alecto Carrow will teach Muggle Studies. They will both share the Deputy position."

Severus Snape, a man with pale skin and black, oily hair, stepped forth and took a seat at the table. The Carrows imitated him.

"Greetings, dear colleagues. I'm going to present to you the changes that will be introduced in the school rules this year to promote the best education and to pass on the finest values of the wizarding world."

The others listened to him silently; they had guessed that the school had completely fallen under Voldemort's control, and that the slightest slip could send them to Azkaban. And who would protect the students if all the teachers were replaced by Death Eaters?

When the meeting ended, everyone left hastily, or tried to.

"Professors Trelawney and Slughorn, I would like for you to accompany me to my office," Snape said.

Most blanched at the idea that that horrible man would occupy the beloved Dumbledore's study. With pinched lips and displeasure in their eyes, they went out of the staff room, leaving Horace Slughorn and Sybill Trelawney alone with Snape.

Without a word, the three headed to the headmaster's office. The previous heads' portraits were dozing in their frames, though all knew it was but a façade. Snape invited the two teachers—one as thin as the other was portly—to sit down in the armchairs in front of "his" desk. Curiously, Snape didn't take a seat behind said desk but remained standing.

"I've led you here so that you could meet in all discretion."

He had barely finished his sentence that an emerald green light emanated from the fireplace. A red-eyed man, his skin even paler than the Hogwarts' headmaster's, came out of it.

"Indeed, the Dark Lord wishes to speak with the both of you."

Then Snape left the office.

"My dear professors," Voldemort said in his high-pitched voice, "I think you have something to tell me..."