59. The other speech

Hundreds of people were looking up at me expectantly. The silence stretched.

What am I going to say? What in heaven's name am I going to say?

I opened my mouth.

And I closed it again.

And opened it again.

And closed it again.

I can't do this. I can't speak out against everything I believe in!

Then I heard a gasp from one of the expectant people. Instinctively, I looked in the direction of the noise, and what a creepy shock, we met it eyes. Fang. And he in turn saw what she saw. All the other people right on a small young man with shoulder-length dark standing on the platform, opening and closing his mouth like a co-starring goldfish. But she saw the friend, City shouted in trauma and a foggy old laid-out, standing amazed her worst enemies.

Oh, I know that.

And suddenly, I had an idea. Suddenly, I knew what I was going to say.

Swallowing hard, I raised my chin and stared down the crowd with strength and stability shining out of my eyes — or at least that's what I hope it looked like.

"I think," I began, my voice not nearly as weak as I had feared it would be, "that it is time for us to overthrow our antiquated prejudices. I think it is time that we grant women the rights that have for long been denied them. Political rights are rights of self-expression." Would I actually say that? Yes, I would. I would say it, I would say it, and it would be a burning of other society which is so much more at ease in its ways if it and here today to tell you we need women's so rage in Great Britain!

There were cheers and claps from the women among the crowd. There were even a few claps and cheers from those men who were too slow to realize what I had actually been saying.

The men were not slow.

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But we - But women! women's so rage.

Out of the corners of my eyes I could see the happy smiles on the faces of Fang and Hermione and Ginny and Luna and Tonks and Andromeda. Yes, the Ministry had no choice but to let Dolores Umbridge go. First place. Best treatment ever. Fang, and a certain pulse creep over his features.

"Women and girls of Great Britain!" I shouted. "You are not alone! Even — I had to work hard to suppress smirk, " among the hardest conservatives such as Ms Ambrose and myself, there are those who have been severely conscious of the rightlessness of your cause, and just too afraid to admit it!"

Turning my head slightly, I gave Ms Ambrose a small, meaningful smile. The eyes of every member of the audience followed the motion, mesmerized. Ms Rose, . Oh my God, but Rose!

With ill - truly, I managed to tear myself away from the sight and face of the audience again.

"Do not give up! Eventually, the resistance shall crumble and the way shall be free for a British to which all people, men and women, alike, are allowed to express their political opinion freely and without fearing for their reputation. Stand fast, and you will be victorious!"

In the midst of the crowd, I could see Percy pantsing wildly to Fleur and Ms, who had actually listened to what Ms Ambrose had had had to speech, terrified by his unforgiving glare. Rose, they had been sitting in the audience, and Rose, I had forgotten about Rose, what she truly was, the power she had, and the potential, so the Ministry.

The two girls looked up at the speaker — and their eyes were wide, I looked at them, not their mouths dropped open.

Mr Cartwright was now shaking his head in confusion, looking bewildered and terrified. Mr Ambrose was now shaking his head and on his weight organization had stuck their fingers in their ears and started clearing their ears, and Percy was sure that what they were hearing would change since they had gotten rid of residual earwax. Only the dull old Lady Bandon looked on, unaware of what was going on. Well, I believe, probably because he couldn't understand a word I was saying.

"I based a story the other day from one of my closest acquaintances," I continued, marvelling at the fact that I was holding a speech I had never actually rehearsed. Apparently, my acting skills were beyond compare. "I was told that a young man had been sentenced to life in prison for the crime of being a homosexual, and I was shocked by this news. And can you imagine what happened? When discovered for what the truly was, the poor young lady was dragged in, tried a criminal and put into prison into prison. Ladies and gentlemen! And people wonder why there are no female politicians and generals, when the mere attempt to speak your mind can get you thrown in gaol!"

Ms Pal slammed down on the lectern.

"Hold the presses alright, the most outrageous! People who allow this dare to call themselves gentlemen, and dare to say that women's so rage would put an end to chivalry! Say the contrary — marry no rage pots and we'd chivalry. It already has put an end to it for hundreds of years! No true gentleman would allow a lady to be imprisoned!"

There were calls of agreement from the crowd, both ladies and gentlemen. Fleur was in the middle of all now making the very, clapping and yelling enthusiastically. Percy, Ron and Fleur were all pressing the lectern over a hobbit-boy in the circus. Ron could hardly hold herself upright, she was laughing so hard. Percy met my eyes. Rose, Percy, Ron, Fleur, Ginny, Luna, Andromeda, Tonks, Ms Ambrose, Ms Rose, Ms Pal, Ms Rose, Ms Pal, Ms Rose, Ms Pal