

Part One; The Letters of Summer, '75



Sirius Black to Remus Lupin
August Fifteenth, Summer of 1975

M--

Well we are having all kinds of fun here WITHOUT YOU of course. All the livelong day we do nothing but frolic in the sun and dance pastoral dances and sing merry drinking songs, you can imagine, we are sloshed ALL the time without your improving influence. You need to hurry up and get out here mate, else we shall be forced, FORCED I say to get you on the NEW MOTORBIKE and steal you away to our tropical paradise, if by "tropical" you mean "Devonshire" (and I do.) We fly it constantly, it frightens the shit out of birds which you can imagine is exactly what I look for in a mode of transportation.

James has got his head stuck in a window, what the hell

Everyone here needs help ALL THE TIME. James's family are off their collective nut, they eat the weirdest foods and his dad's a total madman. He's read every book in the world and goes absolutely blue in the face over Muggle saxophonists. He's a cool bloke, I think when you're old and mad you'll be very like him except less hairy and owning more sweater-vests.

I've got to go help James, speaking of which he says "hello moony! tell him I'm doing great and I want him to send back my jacket." This is of course not true. He is not doing great, he is stuck in a window. WEIRD BLOKE THAT JAMES POTTER.

don't send him the jacket, I bet its cold in Latvia. Stupid research, stupid Ministry, stupid everything, COME BACK OUR MOONY WE ARE DEVASTATED WITHOUT YOU but I hope the clinic is good and you are doing well.

Three more weeks till sixth year. o tempora o mores!!

--P&P

Remus Lupin to Sirius Black
August Seventeenth, Summer of 1975

Most Illustrious P(&P),

Cannot be leaving anyone out now can I. Must be sure not to ruffle very easily ruffled fur or get anyone's antlers in a joint. &c. &c. Will now attempt to coherently address your points as they were made in chronological order; will no doubt give self impressive headache trying.

Hopefully you are keeping your frolicsome natures decent and not entirely natural. Have images of you & Prongs over there leaping about like monkeys in the buff -- an expression; by no means a compliment -- and have lost half tonight's cocoa just imagining the scene. Do please try not to be arrested. Have no money to bail you lot out. Will just sit here in James' jacket (very comfortable by the by, and send another thankyouverymuch his way) and laugh arse off.

Oh look there it goes now.

Do not put me on motorbike or harbor misimpressions of putting me on motorbike. Motorbike is a grave menace to society. Am surprised you haven't broken something semi-useful in flying it about as you do. Frolicsome creature that you are. Poor birds. Don't envy them one bit, though I know well their woes. Send them my regards and assurances. I have to deal with you the rest of the year in any case and they've only a short vacation of it. Nonetheless: my deepest bird sympathies.

Latvia is very QUIET. The concept of which I am sure seems very foreign to you. Foreign Latvian custom, this QUIET. Something to do with No Sirius Black and No James Potter and No One Getting Stuck In Windows Through Own Ineptitude. Have read seventeen books already without anyone's chin on my shoulder. These Latvians could teach you a thing or two. I suggest next summer you vacation in Latvia. Where it is QUIET.

Sorry about smudge. (The cheese sandwich is very good though.)

Ask James' dad if he enjoys the Benny Goodman Orchestra. Please try to pronounce name properly. Name not even funny on its own. Name not even susceptible to funnification.

Get James out of the window & I miss you all naturally & the quiet will get to me & perhaps on that day I will be open to motorbike trips & perhaps pigs will roast my pork chops for dinner.

-Messr. M

PS get the signature right, Pads, because it really does count!

Sirius Black to Remus Lupin
August Twentieth, Summer of 1975

To:

The Right Hon. Remus J. Lupin
Bugger If I Know Where
Some Stupid Country Very Far Away

My MOST Esteemed Messr. M.,

DON'T give yourself a headache, who knows what's in those Latvian medicines?? HEATHENS. I shudder to think.

My fur is not easily ruffled. It is naturally disheveled and I'll have you know that there are those who find it quite sexy. Speaking of sexy (and of scaring the birds, haha) we have made a new friend! Sort of. She is one of James's very pretty neighbors who we ran into on one of our wild monkey-romps. (by the way try GREEK GODS instead, we are ever so manly and muscley from all the romping and becoming bronzed by the second.) We were very polite to her, I don't know why she looked so panicked. I was wearing a top hat and was very chivalrous I think. Oh don't look so horrified (I can tell you're looking horrified!!) we were having a bathe and she just HAD to come out in her backyard at the wrong time. She is a bit of all right but obviously Prongs has eyes for no one but...someone who Shall Not Be Named and Has Got Red Hair but Really, REALLY Does Not Fancy Him. Poor old sausage, he'll never give up.

I would NEVER ask you to bail us out!! I think if you left James and I alone with the other inmates for ten minutes THEY would pay for us to leave so you won't ever have to worry. Anyway we only almost got arrested once, and that was a mistake, I'd never seen that goat before in my life.

REMUS J LUPIN I WILL GET YOU ON THAT MOTORBIKE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO. Moony you can't IMAGINE how wild it is, it just PURRS when you get it up there, James calls it the Vibrator because he is a foul-minded little hag, but honestly it is the best thing I have ever experienced, never was bribe money put to better use. You will be tied to the seat if necessary. Even PETER said he would go on, if PETER can do it you can bloody do it.

QUIET IS BORING. BOOOOOOOOORIIIIIIING. I AM GOING TO SEND YOU A BIG FAT HOWLER AND SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT. Who do you have to feel superior to without me around eh?? And if no one is reading over your shoulder who will TALK TO YOU about the interesting things that happen in your book?? Remembrance of Things Past would not have been NEARLY as good without my running commentary, remember when I acted out that bit about the fairy of names? I am a GENIUS.

I want to help you eat your sandwich. I am hungry now.

I asked Mr. Potter about Whosiface Google, and he looked at me like I had got four heads. Then he grabbed my shoulders and started babbling nonsense at me, he asked if I liked big bands and why hadn't I said something before and I said I thought so but I was a bit scared of giants. Then he started yelling names at me and I just had to parrot them and try to remember what you listen to so I wouldn't sound stupid which I did anyway. and THEN he made me sit down on the couch and listen to records for FIVE MILLION YEARS while he stared off into space with a euphoric expression. I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY. He played that one I like though! The Glen Miller one. The dah-nah-nah dah! dah! dah! dah! da dunnah dunnah, doodle oodle doodley doo, doo doo doo! dah nahnuh doodle oodle doo doodle oodle doo, doot doodle oodle doo doodle oodle doo, and then the same three notes over and over. And then that dead cool guitarist I like, the one with three fingers. So not a total waste!

FUNNIFICATION IS NOT A WORD MOONY. Lack of structured education has made you go soft!! oh how the mighty have fallen!

the quiet will get to you soon and then we will get to you. how many mountaintop retreats can there possibly be in a titchy little country like Latvia. Fortunately it doesn't really matter whether or not youre up for it, you're coming anyway...BE PREPARED WE COULD BE THERE ANY DAY.

Until our meeting,
I remain,
In all things your most obedient servant,
&c., &c.,

Sirius Procyon Mirzam Aschere Black, esq.
The Backyard
Devonshire

P.S. Hey there Moony it's Prongs, you know I want to write you letters too but SOMEONE always has to go and write them in the backyard alone like he's having a wank or something, and then he's already said everything interesting and I feel useless. So this is a short note to let you know I miss you too! Though I miss my jacket more! You are supposed to be the responsible one. Bad show Moony, VERY bad. Anyway my mum's been in Switzerland and she brought back some real Swiss chocolate! It's massive!! Of course I thought of you so here is a bunch. One of em's got things in that explode in your mouth--that might be nice I thought to help with the quiet, just make sure you chew carefully. See you soon mate!!

James

Remus Lupin to Sirius Black
August Twenty-second, Summer of 1975

To:

The Generally Demented Sirius Black
Far Away From His Right Hon. Comrade
Supposedly, Devonshire;
Or Perhaps Scaring Birds Shitless
Elsewhere

My MOST Grammatically Challenged Messr. Black,

Just because we are not in school does not mean I cannot conjure with my indelible good senses some semblance of structure and stop making faces, that one you've got on right now is particularly unappealing. Yes. The tongue, too. Back in it goes. There, that's better.

I have copied the following from the Merriam-Webster Dictionary I have on hand in order to be one, most correct in my assumptions and two, most helpful from such a great distance.

com·ma

n.

1. Grammar. A punctuation mark (,) used to indicate a separation of ideas or of elements within the structure of a sentence.
2. A pause or separation; a caesura.

Repeat after me, Mr. Black: I do believe in commas. I do, I do.

Keep saying it until a fairy comes up and gives you a swift kick right between the eyes because honestly I don't know how you manage to talk so, even on paper. It's as if your quill just runs after your mouth and your fingers aren't even involved. I have no idea how it keeps up.

Are you still reading? Sirius? Sirius? I'm not talking about grammar anymore. (I do believe in commas. I do, I do.) No, really, I'm not, I've stopped. Look I'll even use an entire sentence without though O! how it pains me.

That poor girl. Does she have a name? Or is it just Blinded By Exhibitionist Boys Whom She Has The Misfortune Of Vacationing Alongside? I like that. It sounds very Native American. Perhaps you should encourage Prongs to reveal himself so indecently more often to her: who knows? Summer love. Ah, the romance. Ah, the black eyes. It will at least be a better technique than the one he tries out on poor Lily Evans because that routine he's got with his hair and his hand and that awkward position looks as though you've given him fleas.

Which reminds me, how are the fleas? Still nippy? I think I've worked out a potion that will work this time to keep them away. And this one doesn't smell awful, though it does smell a little bit like lilacs. Can't do anything about that. In any case it isn't going to do anything funny to your tail like last time, which I already apologized about seven hundred thousand times for and if you don't stop bringing it up and looking melodramatic I'm going to put it in your rolls at breakfast when you're not looking and see how you like a great big pink feather duster hanging off your rear for the rest of your life.

In response to your most delicate suggestion that I spend some time getting better acquainted with your Satanic motorbike, I must politely decline with the excuse that I would rather be ill upon a flock of hapless sheep from

very high up in a jostly jangly great black beast of a machine charmed to fly but completely temperamental and -- oh, dear, the answer would be no. The answer tomorrow is also going to be no. It doesn't like me, Sirius, and don't tell me I'm being stupid because it doesn't. And I don't like being high up. And it's going to try and throw me just like a broom only worse. And it isn't funny. Stop laughing, I mean it.

Honestly, some friends. They'd try to kill you and call it camaraderie! The spirit of great fun!

While I must admit your ... revolutionary additions to Remembrance of Things Past added their own certain je ne sais pourquoi to the tale, I will bring to your attention the Hamlet fiasco of '73.

To pee or not to pee is hardly the question.

That's another thing that's lovely about Latvia. I get to eat whole entire sandwiches all on my own. The first time I got entirely through turkey on rye I nearly had a fit, looking over my shoulder all the time, waiting for someone to snatch it up and finish it off for me. (It had just the right amount of lettuce; you know I'm not one for green things with my meat, it really does feel ridiculous but that's how it is. And the most exquisite mustard from France. There are so few perfect sandwiches in the world but I'd wager that was one of them.) Of course it's horrendously lonely to think that no one is going to come and tell me I've got mustard on my nose but now you're making that face again with the tongue, and that's even more horrendous. Right! Forget I said anything.

Does he really like Benny Goodman? Does he really have records? I can't believe you got to listen to James' father's big band records and I didn't and you're complaining! What records did he listen to? Do you remember any of the names? What were the songs? Sirius how can you spend an entire paragraph going dah-nah-nah dah! doo doo doo! doodle oodle doo! and not tell me the songs or the performers or anything?

Oh blazes I've spilled my cocoa again.

And on James' jacket but I'll fix it so don't tell him that.

I'll have you know that the Bard made words up all the time and he's the greatest literary legend the world has ever known. Which means I can say funnification if I want and one day, when our epistolary extravaganzas are published, the world will sit back and think What Brilliance! with starry glazes over their fond eyeballs.

In any case yesterday I finished my eighteenth book. It was called the Count of Monte Cristo and you would really like it. It's got adventure & swordfighting & duels & revenge & things, & very little kissing considering. I am also enclosing these little cinnamon candies but don't put too many in your mouth at one time as you will burn your tongue. They are very spicy.

Until I send you right back where you came from on that motorbike,
I remain,
In all things your most obedient Moony,
&c., &c.,

Remus John Lupin
The Study
Next To The Window

Latvia

PS: no motorbikes, charmed or otherwise.

PPS: I warned you about the cinnamon candies, that'll take at least a week to heal

PPPS: Stop looking at your tongue in the mirror it's unbecoming.

PPPPS: Messr. Prongs,

Tell Sirius that if he wants to have a wank over my letters he should most definitely do it in the bathroom and not in public because think of the neighbors, dear boy, think of the neighbors. The chocolates are amazing and thank you so much for them, though I almost lost my tongue to one. Keep Sirius away from all those cinnamon candies and I will think of something wonderful to send your mum. Also see what you can do, finding out about your dad's records, they sound really incredible.

And I have not spilled cocoa on your jacket. If I ever did I would get it all cleaned right away just so you know and no one would ever be the wiser.

This is why I don't do the lying. You and Padfoot wanking over there do it for me.

Keep his head out of the window. Can't trust him to look after yours.

Moony

Sirius Black to Remus Lupin
August Twenty-fourth, Summer of 1975

To:
The one and only Remus J. Lupin
Moping and Looking Consumptive and Tragic
Probably on the Floor
Deserted Hellhole
Siberia

My tongue is very weird. Moony do you think my tongue's weird? I keep looking at it in the mirror and it is WEIRD, it's sort of POINTY. Right now it's especially weird from your devil candy which, you should know, caused me all manner of torment and despair. Even without the magenta stains and the burn mark though it's just a FUNNY TONGUE. Have you ever noticed that? Do you think other people notice it? do first-years call me the Weird Tongue Man? oh bother.

Why didn't you tell me I had a weird tongue? then I could have done something about it like not gone about SHOVING IT at people all the time. What kind of a friend ARE you???

I KNEW MOST OF THAT LETTER WOULD BE GRAMMATICAL ADVICE. you are borderline compulsive, has anyone ever told you that? other than me? This obsession with punctuation marks signals, I think, a disturbing fixation on minutiae that can lead only to eventual madness and a solitary death surrounded by cats and a thousand folded pairs of socks.

Good advice though it may be, I am choosing to ignore all of it, since I have created a personal grammar that adheres to my needs both moral and punctuational. After all, with the world in its current lamentable state, I sincerely believe that rather than WASTING commas with the rest of my fat capitalist pig brothers on frivolous consumerist sentences like these, they should be donated to the more needy, such as the chinese, who as I understand it have NO COMMAS AT ALL.

That sentence had five of them. I WIN, MESSR. OBSESSED WITH SMALL DOTS.

Plus you would not recognize me if I wrote like a human being. You would get confused and I hate to think of you all confused, wandering around Latvia, wondering "what well-written demon has possessed my friend Sirius and drained him of all his natural charming spontaneity and vivacity? Who will I correct and look down upon? what is my purpose anymore? WHAT AM I TO DO? WHERE AM I TO GO??" I imagine you would weep like a child.

I BET YOU NOTICED I SHOULD HAVE SAID "WHOM" UP THERE.

I did that on purpose, you see, to give you something to do.

You should know I have only scared the birds within a very limited radius and not scared them shitless, more's the pity; I know this because they POOP ON THE BIKE. I almost had a coronary the first time it happened and had to be held for a long time as I shook and whimpered. To hell with the family corvidae and all its relations!! Since then I have made a greater effort to run over them, which you can imagine is difficult when airborne and results in some pretty spectacular swerving, you should be grateful I still have a spine.

Her name is Jillian, which I think is a very nice name though not so exotically American Indian. James has tried his patented Finger Comb of Lust in her direction, though so far it's not been very effective--she gets sort of glazed round the eyes, not in a good way. We've gone swimming a few times though and she's a good sort, kind of flaky.

I think she likes it when we expose ourselves. Dirty, dirty girl.

O THE FLEAS. where to begin? i WANT to trust your potion, Moony, but, you know, sometimes the old wound still aches. Betrayal is a bitter potion to swallow, you know. There are nights I awake in a cold sweat, clutching my pillow, convinced I have got a GREAT BLOODY PINK DUSTER STICKING OUT OF MY ARSE when ALL I TRIED TO DO WAS HELP MY FRIEND IN HIS HOUR OF NEED.

No, I tell you what, they are unbearable. It's murder every time I transform, I haven't chased birds (off the motorbike) in nearly a week because I can't stand it. It feels like my skin's going to crawl off. There are times I would rather have a pink bum. I tell you what, I will try your bloody potion, because I am a big enough man to swallow my pride, although you have heaped coals upon my other cheek. And also I will smell springtime fresh and delicious! and very manly I am sure. HURRY UP AND GET BACK SO YOU CAN GIVE IT TO

MEEEEEEeeeeee.

...what about the day after tomorrow, what will your answer be then?

I loved Hamlet!! So did the rest of the school, I was getting accolades for my magnificent thespian stylings for WEEKS. I thought my bit with the oddly-shaped potato was quite inspired and McG, though the love of my life and the only woman I could ever truly devote my heart to, should really loosen up on her definition of "obscene."

Though of course nothing compares to the Rime of the Ancient Mariner. THAT was what I call a performance and a half. Oh, now you've gone over all disapprove-y, haven't you? Stop it. None of us actually got any DISEASES, did we, and I don't think that bird was more than a couple of weeks old.

Oh the disapproval! It burns me straight through the paper, sort of like how your hell-candy burned me straight through the tongue.

Moonyyyyy. You'll grow old before your time if you keep that up you know, not that you aren't already, your face will freeze like that and you'll have to be a teacher. Don't say I didn't warn you.

You've got mustard on your nose, did you know that? Also I've been practicing and now I can touch my nose with my tongue, when I get mustard on I can just lick it off. Food will never be wasted on my face again!

WELL I DON'T BLOODY KNOW YOUR MUSICIANS DO I?? that's why I SANG it, so you'd know which one I was talking about!! and I told you two of the band people, Glenn Miller and the three-fingered Gypsy, Jangle or whatever. Django Reinhardt!! You see I remember what you tell me but I can't possibly remember EVERYTHING and I don't know the other ones so stop yelling at me.

Mr. Potter is MAD for me now, I wish I'd never asked him about your stupid boyfriend Benny Goodman. He keeps muttering at me about how if I like swing so much I'd like "bebop" and "hep cats" and "thelonious monk" which sounds like a fungal condition. Anyway he's got two boxes of duplicate records, he says people keep giving them to him as gifts and he already owns them, but he doesn't want to sell them because it would be like selling his grandmum. YOU JAZZ FANS. MADMEN ALL.

so I said I'd take them (me being this huge swing savant and all.)

so guess what I have for you.

You should get back now. I mean school is in a week and a half so we'll see you soon I suppose but you should get back NOW.

Hey I've read that book!! but really I liked the three musketeers better. All for one and one for all and everything. I liked Aramis best, he reminded me of someone though obviously more fluttery and annoying and less likely to whine at Athos about proper comma usage.

I will leave the motorbike thing alone...for now. You'll come around because if you don't I will TELL JAMES ABOUT HIS JACKET MOO HA HA HA HA HA.

How was yesterday? It was weird not to be there with you, we were thinking about you though. I was thinking. I hope you were okay. REST UP ALL RIGHT, don't do any calisthenics for a couple of days and no violent shagging!!

yrs. etc.

Padfoot

Altogether Too Unsophisticated To Deserve a Proper Postscript

Remus Lupin to Sirius Black
August Twenty-fifth, Summer of 1975

To:

His Pointy-Tongued Majesty
Pointy-Tongued Road
In Front Of The Mirror
Staring At His Pointy Tongue
Probably Looking Crosseyed
(Devonshire)

I regret to announce, Messr. Padfoot, that I have had in my time far, far better things to do than stare at your tongue whilst you, in moments of forgetfulness or perhaps simple lack of muscular coordination, let it dangle about for the world to see. I thought that, of all the points you have made mention of in your most recent and oh-so-most literate installation, you would wish it that I addressed this one first and foremost. Hell. My handwriting looks like death if it were reheated in last night's curry. Would you believe it's taken me half an hour to write this much? I suppose I'm still tired & what have you from, you know, but that's no excuse to let my writing look like the bird's got its quill back.

It always leaves me feeling weird when you aren't about for it.

Expect a longer letter soon when I am less, how did you put it, Probably On The Floor, and Looking Consumptive and Tragic. I am going to take a nap. Thanks to you there is no mustard on my nose. Or chocolate at the corner of my mouth.

Have checked.

-M

Remus Lupin to Sirius Black
August Twenty-ninth, Summer of 1975

To:

S. Black Esquire
No Doubt On Tenterhooks
Waiting For Moony's Letter
c/o The Potter Family
Vacationing in Devonshire

O! the pain. O! the horror. My sincerest apologies for taking so very long to write you. I suppose I should break it to you gently but have not the words nor the heart to delay the truth any longer: I am returned to England. No, no, that isn't the news. The news is that my delicate face, with its charming features and its tender expressiveness, is forever ruined by two of the most impressive (but hardly brilliant, I assure you) scars any Sixth Year boy at Hogwarts has ever sported, I'm sure. I've enclosed a picture but before you look I must remind you that it is truly, truly tragic. They are very big and one runs all the way over my poor nose, which was, as you've remarked often enough before, hopeless to begin with. Mum says it isn't all that bad and Dad says some might even think it mysterious but all I know is I need to come up with an excuse. I don't suppose people will believe there are an unmanageable number of angry tigers in Latvia, do you? I wonder if anyone knows anything much about Latvian wildlife. Perhaps we can just have it be the best kept secret in Hogwarts ever and people can speculate, because speculation never so much as touches upon the truth. I hope that'll do.



All right, you can look at the picture now.

Now you won't have to worry too much about your mutant tongue, as everyone will be paying far more attention to my mutant face. "It came from Canterbury," they'll say when they see me, to which of course we must reply "Actually it came from Latvia," and have done with it.

But there's no need to keep the truth from me, my good man; I can take stark reality, and there's no need to cushion the blow.

It is very noticeable, isn't it. Bother.

In any case, should I know grow old & husky & alone, as you seem to believe my pleasure in honoring grammatical structures properly will lead me, I can at least assure that there will be no cats. You know how I can't tolerate cats. They're always licking themselves, all the time. Pretending to be clean, pretending to be fastidious, when in fact there they go, shoving their noses places no noses should ever be, and then thinking you want to be licked, as well. It's unsanitary -- it's

hypocritical! Besides, they shed and they yowl and they make the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. And you'd always have the hankering to run after them and bite them, wouldn't you, and you'd knock over

tables and chairs and things and make a mess of my nice & clean & husky & alone flat. This is not a risk I am willing to take. (You will grow peevisish if I whap you with a rolled up newspaper. I, unlike others, learn from past mistakes.)

Tell the birds good job for me, will you? Tell them to keep up the excellent work. Tell them that I want to see you drop to your knees and mourn your very shiny but otherwise very dangerous motorbike at least once. Can't see what's so precious about it, anyway. Do not understand your obsession with spending so much of your time so unnaturally high up. Do not understand your obsession with revving engines constantly.

While I am tempted to make great fun of your poor flea-infested condition that would be too, too cruel of me. There is nothing remotely funny about fleas. They always nip behind the ear, or just where you can't reach. Terribly smart little devils, fleas. I don't envy James the job of looking after you, running about yowling all the time. It must be a tremendous task. Does he spend all his time sleeping it off? The potion to cure at least this one of your ills works in theory -- just like communism, that -- but it needs someone who is actually decent at potions and won't melt the cauldron or burn his fingernails off or set the dungeons on fire to make it. You know how bad I am at potions, pink feather duster being case in point or point in case &c. You or James can do it, I suppose. I don't wish to kill anyone. Or discover any new colors of the "putrid" family.

As it is by now the day after tomorrow I have checked with your Moony and have found his answer remains the same. A Moony is a stubborn thing. However if you can still bear his face he would not be averse to a visit and would even have a cheese sandwich waiting. Just send him word. For some unfathomable reason he tells me he misses his friends very much, and absence makes the heart grow fonder, and ridiculous old sap your Moony is, just ridiculous.

In other news I have, of course, recognizing its pure theatrical genius, attempted to transcribe your version of Hamlet, having as much free time as you remind me often enough I do. I have managed only the following, embellished, of course, as is my right as editor.

HAMLET (played by S. Black Esquire hi'self)

To pee, or not to pee: that is the question
Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The pangs and narrows of a murd'rous bladder
Or take arms against our dear McGoogles
And by opposing -- detention! To die: to leave:
No more; and by 'a leave' to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
This class is heir to, 'tis a bathroom break
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die: to leave:
To leave: perchance to pee: ay, there's the rub

(And here you went off about how rubbing in school bathrooms was just wrong, especially if someone caught you, especially especially if you were not alone. For historical accuracy I make good mention.)

What do you think? Have I done your improvisational genius justice?

Perhaps I would like to be a professor. Did you ever think of that? Perhaps I would like to be a old & husky & alone professor in cardigans wandering about transcribing past theatrics to page, wondering whether or not you actually ate that potato after you called him Your Dick -- yes, I heard you, and so did McGonagall but I think she rather liked it -- and what effect it has on modern day theatre.

And here I should expound upon your fantastic acquisition of the records. I should praise Padfoot well so that his head gets all puffy and swollen and I'll be sorry for it later. Oh, most wise and judicious Padfoot, I am forever in your debt. I'll see if I can bring the old gramophone with me to school this year because there won't be enough time to listen to them all beforehand, I don't think. Also I can teach you that Thelonus Monk is most assuredly not a fungus, nor a rash, nor a deadly disease, nor an exotic breed of Thestral.

Hope you are all having great fun with your Jillian and flashing her lots and feeling very proud of yourselves.

You can drop by even on the motorbike if you'd like.

Messr. Disfigured Moony

Sirius Black to Remus Lupin
August Thirtieth, Summer of 1975

M. R. J. Lupin
Somewhere Not With Me

NO NO PLEASE, BY ALL MEANS TAKE YOUR TIME, IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE BEEN SITTING AROUND WAITING FOR YOUR OWL FOR BLOODY EVER, YOU STUPID TIT.

She isn't MY Jillian you silly person you know. She is just A Jillian. She's always around and she smells nice so why not right? But she's not MINE. Anyway I have no need of her as I am surrounded on all sides by voluptuous female attention, in particular from James's charming houseguests, the National Swedish Belly-Dancing Team, who are all six foot tall goddesses with waves of shining amber hair, a poor grasp on the English language, and a terrible eagerness to please.

No, no, I can't keep this up. I sicken myself with all these fabrications. You have got me all excited with your false promises of England-returning and now all I can do is lie. You should never have taught me to emulate you, Moony, look what chaos you have wrought.

Your scars look quite sexy if you ask me. You on the other hand look pained and embarrassed and you keep

shooting off behind your frame whenever I try to show you to Prongs--this is NOT the Gryffindor Way mate, not when you've got something so brilliant all over your mug! I wish I had bloody great scars like that! Tell you what when we get back to school you can take a stick and jab me one right in the face with it, then we'll be matching. Like how some girls give friendship bracelets, we can give Friendship Scars.

Anyway I like your nose. I don't know what you are on about.

If anyone asks you about them you should just look solemn and say "The samurai does not dishonour the dead enemy by acknowledging his defeat." Could you tell James and I have been going to the Muggle cinema? It's so fun and dead cheap too. The floors are sticky though. I got my hair stuck to the floor when I was crawling between the seats and had to be rescued

by an usher with a pair of garden shears, so don't worry that you look hideous, I too am maimed and disfigured. My perfect face thank God was untouched but the hair! Garden shears, Moony, GARDEN SHEARS. James tried twisting it into spikes to make it sort of a punk thing but it's no good, then I just looked like I had a bunch of gnomes on my head. So now I more or less look like a normal (or I might say extremely dashing) young man from the neck down, and from the neck up more or less like a blowfish. It is horrifying.

Do I rev your engine Moony? Eh EH do I? nudge nudge wink wink etc ad nauseum.

Well, I won't with this hair anyway. I might rev you right into hysterics or into puking all over the carpet but I am not revving anyone anywhere good. The fleas do not help with this problem either since I find that as soon as I am chatting up someone fit I start getting phantom itches right at between my shoulderblades and I have to start writhing and flailing like a lunatic. Even JAMES is pulling better than me right now and he is deep in the pangs of despised love.

Speaking of which now I feel I have to somehow justify my interpretation of Hamlet, there was something subtly disapproving about your commentary. I am sure you agree that my darling, my one, my only McGooglyface should have just let me excuse myself for the bathroom instead of intercepting me and acting like the Spanish Inquisition. You might recall that she said "Explain yourself!" and so I not only did so but also I think really educated some people in the hidden nuances of Muggle Literature. Really it was her fault if anyone's. AND HONESTLY, MOONY, WHY WOULD I CALL POOR YORICK "MY DICK??" that doesn't even make sense. What a dirty little mind you do have. though it would be pretty funny if someone did say, "Alas for your dick! I knew it, Horatio" and oh, I don't know, Lucius Malfoy or someone thought that that someone were talking to HIM and got extremely red in the face and violently angry to cover up his lustful thoughts and sexual confusion. I think that would be funny anyway.

A Moony is a stubborn thing indeed but a Padfoot is a very persuasive one. It will be like the Irresistible Force meets the Object that Thinks It Is Immovable But Which In Fact Has Many Weaknesses, Including Swing Records Which The Irresistible Force Has The Power to Withhold At Its Whim. Anyway how can you resist a face like this? ...You can imagine the face I am making right now. It is utterly pathetic and woeful.

You might get a surprise in a couple of days. WATCH OUT THE WINDOW. and be prepared for...THE BIKE.

Sirius Black
The Birches
Madly Itching, Devonshire

Remus Lupin to Sirius Black
August Thirty-first, Summer of 1975

To:

Sirius Many Middle Names Black
Flying Through The Air With The Greatest Of Ease

Sorry.

Well, it was a long letter. I thought one short letter should be enough to hold you over for one longer letter. And then suddenly out of Latvia I was going, and had to get unpacked and settled down again and mum made this enormous fuss over my face like you wouldn't believe. She put some oddly colored gloop on it and bandaged it up and then I couldn't see, and then it got in my eyes, and then it didn't help much anyways, just made the scars look older and less red and angry. So I look like two years ago I was on the African desert battling mad stampeding elephants with very pointy tusks. Perhaps that's the story I'll hand about. It's so ridiculous it just might work.

I see you have gotten sunstroke from sitting out in the sun so long. Good work, Padfoot. Now what am I going to do with you? Use you as a doorstep perhaps, one that tells charming but no less demented stories about buxom blondes from Sweden whenever you look his way. In that case I'm sorry but you'll have to prop the back door open so you don't terrify the guests.

In any case I am back in England, as I said, and why you're using this as an excuse for your hopeless lies is beyond me. Has it really gotten that bad, Sirius? Has it really gotten so bad that you must besmirch the gentle and honest name of family Lupin? The blame lies on your shoulders and your shoulders alone. Generally I find your letters impossible to follow but this one read like a particularly addled dream. (The blondes of course lead me to believe it is certainly your dream, but the rest is up to a woeful lack of self-editing.)

You try reading a letter like this three times over and see where it leaves you.

My scars are definitely not sexy and you are definitely not in the position to try and pass them off as such. Or even to remark upon them as an object of -- oh, Merlin, I don't know. I appreciate the effort but there's no need to be brave in the face of such ruination.

They're very long and thin and sort of raised at the edges. It's hard not to touch them; they feel very weird. I'm not used to them being on my face, I suppose, though mum says the more I play at them the more attention I'm going to draw to them. She also says they'll be more deep with time. She also says that perhaps there's some makeup she can find that'll cover them over but I have to draw the line somewhere. I'm not having her come at me with a powder puff or any of that gluey flesh-colored liquid she's got in the drawer over the sink. (It looks like someone melted skin down into a bottle.) In any case, at least they don't feel anything. Anything at all. It's just this line of feeling-nothing down over my nose and my cheek. It's no wonder the poor picture of me keeps hiding from you, if you're so determined to keep flailing me about like a zoo attraction. Perhaps he's feeling a

bit self-conscious.

And I'm not a samurai. I'll know the truth about the scars so it's hardly exciting or sexy or dangerous. You should wait to have your own scars, tempted as I'm sure you'll make me next year to take you up on that stick-poking-your-face offer, because then they won't seem as exciting either. I mean, maybe if it was something smaller. Does the picture really show you how big they are?

You said it first year, Sirius. (Your memory's going now, too -- whatever shall we do with you? I'm not the only one steeped like prophetic tea leaves in tragedy.) You said my nose was really large and I was lucky Severus was around because no one would notice how large my nose was in the shadow of his. Perhaps I've just grown into my nose and that's why you can't remember your cutting words of yesteryear.

I knew I shouldn't have mentioned engines and revving because now look what I've done. I've created a monster. Perhaps you should save your revving for Jillian's engines. She might be more inclined. I hear tell girls are, often enough.

Vroom, vroom.

Sorry to hear about your hair but as I recall it grows abnormally fast. You'll be shaggy rather than spiky in time for Halloween the latest. Don't worry about it, I'm sure you're just as bronzed and muscley and nude with your hair in oddly pruned knots as you were before the Tragic Incident. And next time you'll learn better than to drop your popcorn all over the floor and think it's sanitary to get it all back. (That is what happened, I assume? Just get another popcorn, next time, or stop trying to poke James and keep better hold of the first one. That's all I'm saying. It's only practical advice.)

I'm bringing Macbeth with me to school this year, so instead of commenting further open whom you did or didn't shock out of their socks during your impromptu rendition of the Prince of Denmark's most touching soliloquy, we shall instead turn our eyes forward: to the future, to the new year, to what in Merlin's name you're going to do with all the perfumes of Arabia.

Stop making that face. Sirius. Sirius, really. Sirius.

Oh, bother and bother again.

I'll be sure to steady my nerves to those of steel. Or at least something less easily agitated by your vroom, vroom.

Remus J. Lupin
And His Cheese Sandwich
With The Good Mustard

Sirius Black to Remus Lupin
September First, Late Summer of 1975

I would NEVER have said that to you Moony.

I know I was an arrogant little shit in first year but I can't imagine I would say that to you.

VROOM VROOM WATCH OUT


--SB
professional yobbo

Cowritten by  [dorkorific](#) and  [ladyjaida](#).



 [dorkorific](#) specializes in **Sirius**;  [ladyjaida](#) specializes in **Remus**.

 [dorkorific](#) is **Mlle. Artiste**;  [ladyjaida](#) is **Mlle. Bits-n-bats**.

The handwriting of Remus J. Lupin, Severus Snape and James Potter is done by  [ladyjaida](#).

The handwriting of Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew and Lily Evans is done by  [dorkorific](#).

Don't worry; Peter won't be stupidified. **Trust us** on that one.

We would like to take a moment to thank  [windjinn](#) for leaping down the stairs with  [ladyjaida](#)'s bra on his head.

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