Harry regretted his decision to go with them when they came to the part where Quirrell unravelled his turban. Seeing the grotesque face of Voldemort made his stomach churn — and he almost lost his dinner when Quirrell burned to ashes beneath his hands. The memory went black as eleven year-old Harry fell unconscious, and they were ejected from the pensieve. A long silence stretched between them.

"I'm going to murder Albus Dumbledore," Sirius growled vehemently. "Setting that up for a bunch of bloody *first years!*"

"So you, ah, don't want to see my second year, then?" Harry asked hopefully. Sirius narrowed his eyes at him.

"Put it in, pup."

Harry obediently reclaimed his first year memory and replaced it with his second, though he declined the trip this time. He wasn't in the mood for seeing teenage Tom Riddle try and win him over with how similar they were.

His knee bounced anxiously as the three adults were inside the memory, and he yelped as soon as they were out; Sirius had immediately grabbed him in a strangling hug. "You could've died," he muttered into Harry's hair. "You could've died before I ever even met you!"

"But I didn't!" Harry pointed out, arms trapped at his sides. "I'm still here, Pads. Things got better after that year!"

"You say that," Remus drawled, looking very much like he'd like to give Harry a hug himself. "But we still haven't seen the graveyard. If you're up for it."

Harry swallowed thickly. "I— I suppose."

"Last one, then we'll show you some good memories, promise," Sirius rasped, reluctantly letting Harry go.

Harry took a deep breath, and replaced the memories. He *definitely* wasn't going with them on this one.

The wait was excruciating. But it was worse to see the looks in their eyes when they came out of the memory; that haunted, horrified, *pitying* look.

"Oh, pup," Sirius breathed. Harry shook his head.

"I'm fine," he insisted. Sirius' lips pursed, but to Harry's utter relief, there was no interrogation.

He'd done his grieving for Cedric. He wasn't sure he could stand to reopen that wound.

"Take it back, we'll give you one each," Sirius instructed. Harry did so, the memory somehow even sharper now it was in his mind once more. He forced it away, watching Remus place his wand to his temple.