

“You’re two whole inches shorter than me, Lupin,” Sirius reminded him. “I bet you’re not *that* huge, even as a wolf.”

“Besides, if Dumbledore knows, then I’m sure it’s alright,” Pettigrew added.

Remus wriggled his way out of the hug, staring at the trio incredulously, cheeks still damp with tears. “You— you don’t mind? You won’t tell anyone?”

“It’ll be our secret,” James promised, beaming. “You’re not getting rid of us that easily, Remus Lupin. We’re *best friends*.”

“Forever,” Sirius added with a decisive nod.

Harry saw the wide, wondrous smile cross young Remus’ face, and then the memory began to fade, and he was back in the living room once more, a smile on his own face. Remus looked at him expectantly.

“You were all so tiny and adorable! When was that, second year?”

“End of first,” Remus supplied, retrieving his memory with a fond grin. “I thought for sure it would be my last, too. But they kept my secret, no matter what.”

“We told you, best friends forever,” Sirius insisted, grinning. “My turn, now! Don’t worry, Harry; the rat’s not in this one.” He plucked a memory from his head, dropping it into the pensieve. “Go on, pup.”

So once again, Harry plunged into a memory.

This time he found himself in the living room at the Pottery, decorated for Christmas. Three of the four Marauders were sprawled on a huge Persian rug on the floor, staring up at the ceiling. This time, Harry put them at about seventeen or so; older than they had been in the memory of tormenting Snape, but still students. Christmas of their sixth year, or maybe even seventh.

“I hope Lily likes the gift I sent her,” James sighed, and Sirius let out a groan.

“You’ll find out when we get back to school,” he droned, kicking James’ hip lightly. “Can you stop thinking about her for five whole minutes, Prongs?”

“We all know he can’t,” Remus said dryly. He sat up, his shaggy hair flopping into his eyes. It was definitely the 70s, even by their wizarding fashion; all three had impressive feathered mops of hair, though Sirius’ was cut more stylishly than the other two. Then again, Sirius was also wearing eyeliner, and a red tartan kilt.

“You boys look far too sedentary for my liking,” Harry’s breath caught in his throat; in the doorway stood a beautiful Indian woman, her face lined with age but her eyes bright and warm. “I’m always suspicious when you sit still for too long.”

“We’re *bored*, Mum,” James whined. The woman — Euphemia Potter — laughed lightly. Harry’s heart stuttered.