

Harry hurriedly flicked through several pages until he came to the ‘P’ names. His breath caught in his throat. He could certainly see why so many people said he looked just like his father.

*Potter, James*

*Gryffindor House*

*Head Boy*

*Quidditch Captain (Chaser)*

*Top of class in Transfiguration*

Gently, Harry ran his finger over his father’s face, eyes burning as he looked at that rakish grin. He was only eighteen, and yet only a few years away from death.

Absently, Harry scanned the rest of the page, remembering what Hannah Abbott had said about all the purebloods trying to have kids that went to school at the same time. He saw a Macmillan — Ernie’s dad, maybe? Or an uncle? — And a Nott, and— wait a second.

*Snape, Severus*

*Slytherin House*

*Top of class in Potions*

Sure enough, there was a picture of a surly-looking teenager with a hooked nose and black hair that hung into his eyes. His Potions Master, age eighteen. He knew, of course, that Snape hated his father — he hadn’t realised they’d gone to school together.

He flicked back to the beginning, curious to see if he’d recognise any other names. The very first page made his jaw drop.

*Black, Sirius*

*Gryffindor House*

*Top of class in Astronomy*

He could hardly believe the winsome, grinning black-haired teenager in the picture was the same hollow-eyed face staring back at him from the wanted posters. Sirius Black had gone to school with his parents? Had been in the same house, even! Had his father known, even then, that he was evil?

The man looked familiar, wanted posters aside, and it took Harry a minute to realise why. The photo Hagrid had given him years ago, from his parents’ wedding. Sirius Black was in it.

*Sirius Black had been their best man.*