

flying, though. James and I used to spend half our summers on brooms. We could never convince Moony to join us.”

“You should get your own broom,” Harry suggested. “Then we could go flying together.”

“I might have to. It’s been a while since I tossed a quaffle around, but I’m sure I’ll pick it back up eventually.” He turned his face towards the fire. It wasn’t exactly cold outside, but Sirius didn’t seem to care, basking in the heat from the flames. “We’re going to have a great summer, pup. To make up for all the rubbish ones. All the ones I missed.”

“It wasn’t your fault, Sirius,” Harry insisted. Sirius grimaced.

“We’ll agree to disagree there, Harry.” He sat up, running a hand through his chin-length hair. “Are you sure you want to spend your summer having lessons? I know there’s things you wanted to learn, but if Remus is coming on a bit strong with the schedule and all, you can say so.”

“No, I honestly want to,” Harry promised. “It’s way better than spending my summers weeding the garden and cooking for the Dursleys.” He saw Sirius frown, and ploughed on quickly. “Besides, school is great and all, but there’s so much magic they don’t teach you. Magic they don’t think is important because people in wizarding households grow up with it. I want to learn everything I missed out on by being raised by muggles.” There were so many basic household charms that they never bothered to teach in school, which would be fine if all the students had parents to teach them, but not everyone did.

“You really are Lily’s boy, aren’t you?” Sirius remarked. “Moony told me, but I didn’t quite believe it. After seeing you run after your friend into the Shack, I thought you had to be James through and through.” He chuckled to himself. “Probably for the best, to be honest. James always needed Lily’s logic to balance him out. He was a bit thick by himself, bless his soul.”

“Everyone always says I’m like my dad. I think because I look like him,” Harry said, looking down at the dark skin of his hands, which was already starting to go even more brown from being out in the sun all afternoon.

“I think people forget that Lily had a Gryffindor streak a mile wide, too,” Sirius said, swinging up to sit cross-legged facing Harry. “And Merlin, she could prank with the best of them. She didn’t do it often, but every now and then someone would *really* piss her off, and you could always tell a Lily Evans masterpiece. They were beautiful. Once in fifth year this Ravenclaw bloke cheated on one of Lily’s best friends, so she hexed him to make every piece of cutlery melt as soon as he touched it. Told him to eat face-first like the pig he was. It was brilliant. She was just so studious and sweet all the rest of the time that no one ever thought she could be trouble.”

“She sounds amazing,” Harry sighed.

“She was. Far too good for our Jamie. He knew he was doing well for himself with her. But she loved him to bits, once he deflated his head a bit. Stopped bullying Snape. I think half the reason it pissed Lily off so much was because James couldn’t see how mad Remus was for