

“*What did you say, boy?*” Snape’s voice was a venomous hiss. Harry took a step back.

“I asked you not to call me that, sir,” he said weakly. His knees were starting to shake, his eyes darting about, expecting fists to fly at any moment.

“I hate to think of the stories Lupin’s been filling your head with. Acting like James Potter was the best thing to ever happen to this school, telling you tales of glorious heroism. Did he tell you about the time your father and his *saintly* friends played a prank on me that almost cost me my life? Your father got cold feet at the last minute, but if he hadn’t, they all would’ve been expelled.” Snape smirked. “No, I don’t suppose he did share that tale.”

Snape straightened up abruptly. “Turn out your pockets, Potter!”

Harry startled, but didn’t move.

“I said, turn out your *pockets*!”

Mentally cursing, Harry did as bid, setting a handful of Fudge Flies and the Marauder’s Map on the table in front of him. “Ron gave those to me,” he said hurriedly. “After the last Hogsmeade weekend. I was just— saving them.”

“How touching. And this?” Snape held up the Marauder’s Map. Harry swallowed, refusing to make eye contact with the man.

“Just a spare bit of parchment. I was doing my Charms essay earlier.”

Snape turned the map over in his hands, studying it closely. “Rather *old* piece of parchment, isn’t it? I should perhaps just throw it away.” He made as if to throw it in the fire, and Harry lurched forwards. “Aha! What is it really, Potter? Another present from Mr Weasley? Instructions on how to get into Hogsmeade? Or— something else.” He pulled his wand, placing the tip to the paper. “Reveal your secrets.”

Harry watched in growing horror as the map’s creators took turns insulting Snape, the man’s face growing more enraged by the word. “I should’ve known,” Snape murmured. He strode across the office, tossing a handful of floo powder into his fire. “Lupin!” he called into the green flames. “I want a word!”

Within moments, Professor Lupin was in Snape’s office, looking pleasantly baffled as he stared between Harry and Snape. “Severus,” he greeted. “Harry. What can I do for you?”

“This,” Snape said, shoving the map in Lupin’s direction. “I found it in Potter’s pockets.”

For a moment, Harry could’ve sworn Lupin looked surprised. He read the words still on the map’s surface. His lips twitched. “I’m not sure what you want me to do about it, Severus.”

“Oh, you know exactly what I want, you—” Snape cut himself off, glancing back at Harry. “It’s clearly some sort of dark magic. This is supposed to be your area of expertise, Lupin. Where do you suppose Potter got such a thing?” He had his eyebrows raised pointedly. Lupin’s lips twitched again.