

in his yearbook photo. Was he lost to Voldemort already, then? Did he know what he was planning to do?

Harry tore his eyes away, scanning the rest of the photo. In the background, hiding half out of sight, was Remus Lupin. His dress robes were a little worn at the elbows, but he was young and beaming, his dark blond hair neat and his face clean-shaven, a shallow cut healing across his cheekbone. He certainly had no idea what was coming.

He wondered if any of the other people in the picture were Peter Pettigrew. He vaguely remembered the boy's picture in the yearbook; chubby, mousy-haired, looking a little like he would jump at his own shadow. Harry remembered being surprised he was a Gryffindor, with that kind of fear in his eyes. That cowardly boy had stood up to Sirius, and paid the worst price for it.

The album fell shut with a loud noise, and Harry tugged his curtains closed with a flick of his wand, setting his privacy charm. He wasn't angry at Ron and Hermione. He wasn't sad about his parents, or angry at Sirius Black; they were all emotions he'd processed the first time he'd heard about it.

The main feeling twisting him up inside was the overwhelming sensation of guilt. That was one less secret to keep from his friends, but they still didn't know the truth of how he'd heard about it. They didn't know about the map.

The secrets were just piling up on top of each other, and Harry was dreading the day they all came crashing down.

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Remus knocked on the door, nudging it open and smiling a little at the scowl that greeted him. "I just got rid of the students, Lupin, and I was hoping to get at least a little peace and quiet. What do you want?"

Easing the door shut behind him, Remus strode towards Severus' desk, perching on the end of it and ignoring the glare it earned him. That had stopped working on him years ago. "What do you know about Harry's home life, Severus?"

Severus raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Potter? What does it matter. Albus sent him somewhere safe. Probably some squib family that turned him into a pampered little prince, filled his head with stories of the Boy-Who-Lived, making him think he's something special."

Honey-brown eyes stared incredulously. "You don't know Harry at all, do you?" Remus remarked, shaking his head. Pampered little prince... that didn't sound anything like the Harry he knew. "He's not James, Severus. Believe me. Yes, he has his moments, but...there's so much of Lily in that boy. It actually hurts me to see it sometimes." The way Harry had reached out to him almost immediately, desperate for some kind of connection to his parents, trying to cheer Remus up even when he'd just given the boy some of the worst news of his life. His determination not to let the dementors get the better of him.