

“No, Harry, you cannot have the map back. Yes, I know it’s a map,” Lupin added when Harry’s jaw dropped. “I’m incredibly disappointed in you, Harry; not only did you sneak into Hogsmeade unsupervised, where anything could’ve happened to you, but you’ve had this map for Merlin knows how long with Sirius Black on the loose and you never turned it in.”

The way Lupin looked at him made him feel about three inches tall. “I’m sorry, sir. I didn’t think it was that important.”

“Not that important? Harry, you’ve already seen what Black can do with things left lying about!” Neville was only just allowed to be told the password to the common room, even now.

“But he wouldn’t know how to use it! It’d just insult him, like it did to Snape!”

“Are you so sure about that?” Lupin pulled the map out of his pocket, laying it flat on his desk. “*I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.*”

Harry gaped at him as the map jumped to life. “But... how...”

“When I told you months ago that you used to call me Uncle Remus, I suppose I was lying to you a little,” Lupin told him, making Harry blink at the change of subject. “Remus is a little hard for a one year-old to say, after all. You much preferred to call me Uncle Moony. Well,” he added, smiling wryly, “it came out more like ‘Uncle Mooey’, you struggled with your N’s, you see.”

Dragging his eyes down to the greeting at the top of the map, Harry stared back up at his professor in dawning shock.

“Remus Lupin, Peter Pettigrew, Sirius Black and James Potter. Also known as Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs. The Marauders,” Lupin announced, offering a little bow. “At your service. Well, what’s left of us, at least.”

“What?” Harry could hardly believe it. “The map was my dad’s?”

“Not solely his. It took all four of us to figure the spells out. Three, really; Peter was never that great with a wand. We finished it early in our fifth year, to help aid in our mischief-making ways. It got confiscated in our seventh year. I hadn’t expected Filch to keep it.” Lupin looked at him curiously. “I have to ask, Harry — how did you come to own the map?”

“A friend gave it to me,” he said evasively, not wanting to get anyone in trouble. Lupin stared him down for a long moment, then smiled.

“The Weasley twins, I presume? That would explain an awful lot about them. Well, I suppose I can’t ask for a much better successor. Some of their work is really quite fantastic. I thought Severus would never get his hair back the right colour after that little prank they pulled before Christmas.”

“They worship you,” Harry blurted. “The Marauders, I mean. Think you’re the best thing ever.” He wondered what the twins would do if he told them they were being taught by a real