

Harry felt sick. He quickly turned the page, not wanting to look into those sparkling grey eyes anymore. He forced himself to look for other familiar names, refusing to dwell on what he'd just discovered. If he thought too hard about it, he'd just work himself up.

Greengrass, Fenella. Lupin, Remus.

*Wait.*

Harry did a double-take, staring down at the boy with dark blond hair and honey eyes, a bashful grin tugging at his lips, a faint scar across the bridge of his nose.

*Lupin, Remus*

*Gryffindor House*

*Gryffindor Prefect*

*Top of class in Ancient Runes, Defence Against the Dark Arts*

Professor Lupin seemed far too old to have gone to school with his parents. He was already going grey! Desperate, Harry kept going, wondering who else he'd recognise in there. Who next, Cornelius Fudge?!

When he reached the 1979 graduating class, Harry slammed the book shut, the sound echoing in the empty library. He vaguely heard Madam Pince shushing him from her desk, but ignored it, his heart still pounding.

Before he could really think about it, Harry was stuffing the book back on its shelf and running from the library, ignoring Pince's reprimand. The hallways were practically empty as he ran, only slowing down when he reached Lupin's office. The door was open, and the man looked up, surprise in his eyes. "Harry? Is everything alright?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Lupin stiffened. "I, uh, Harry, why don't you come in, shut the door behind you." Harry did so, staring at his professor with a look of betrayal.

"Why didn't you tell me you knew them?" The hurt was clear in Harry's tone. Lupin blinked at him.

"I beg your pardon?"

"My parents. You went to school with them, I saw it in the yearbook. You were all in Gryffindor together. You, and them — and Sirius Black."

Lupin's face drained of what little colour it had, and he put a hand against the desk for support. "Harry," he breathed, looking a little like he'd been shot. "Harry, I thought you knew."

"How could I have known? No one told me! No one ever tells me anything about them!"