

“Leave them, I think,” Sirius decided. “Whatever Monty and Phee wanted to say to them... that’s not for us to intrude on.”

Part of Harry wanted to argue — those were his grandparents’ memories, and he wanted to know them! — But a bigger part of him wasn’t sure he had the capacity to watch his dead grandparents leave a message for his dead parents, one they would never get to hear.

“Okay, then.”

Sirius reached for the ‘our boys’ memory, pouring it into the pensieve. “Come on, then, Moons,” he said, voice choked. Together, they placed their hands in the liquid, getting sucked into the memory.

Harry had never seen someone else use a pensieve before. It was strange, seeing them blank-eyed and bent over the bowl. Watching them unnerved him, so he looked away, turning to Snape instead. “Did you, uh... did you know my other grandparents?” he asked tentatively. “My Evans grandparents?”

Slowly, Snape nodded.

“Mr and Mrs Evans — Mark and Rose, though I could never bring myself to call them by their first names no matter how many times they asked. They were... incredibly kind individuals. Every Friday, Mr Evans would stop in at the chip shop on his way home from work. He always made sure to buy enough for me to have some, and they’d insist I stay for dinner, and to watch *Come Dancing* on telly. Mrs Evans used to be a ballroom dancer, in her youth.”

Harry hung on his every word, watching the nostalgia cloud dark eyes. “They knew what things were like, with my family, and they always tried to help the best they could. I think... it confused them, once they found out about magic, wondering why my mother stayed. But I was always welcome at their house, even when I was not welcome at my own.”

“I— Remus said, once... Mum’s dad died in your sixth year.”

Snape nodded. “He was hit by a car on his walk to the shops. Drunk driver,” he explained, and *God*, that made Petunia’s lie about how Lily and James died all the more painful. “Mrs Evans didn’t last much longer, without him. She saw us graduate, and she was at the wedding, but... she passed in her sleep, only weeks before Lily found out she was pregnant with you. She was only fifty five. Broken heart, they said.”

“That’s so sad.” Petunia had never talked about her parents. Harry had only ever seen one picture of them in the house; a photo with Petunia, looking around eighteen or so, sat beneath a *Congratulations* banner at a dinner table somewhere. Harry had always assumed it was to celebrate her graduating school.

“You never would have gone to Petunia, if Mrs Evans had been alive,” Snape remarked.

Harry was saved having to figure out a response by Remus and Sirius returning to their bodies. Both of them were crying. “Are you alright?” Harry asked, eyeing them worriedly.