"On my life, Severus," Remus vowed. "I have no clue how he managed to get a hold of it. Foolish boy. If he'd left this lying around…" He swallowed thickly. If the map got back in Sirius' hands, it was all over.

"Potter has never been particularly good at using his brain," Severus retorted acidly. Remus gave him a reproachful look.

"He's thirteen, Severus. How much did you use your brain back then?" He shook his head, running a hand through his hair. "I suppose he was in Hogsmeade, then?"

"Somehow. Malfoy said it was just his floating head. I seem to recall several similar instances from our school years." Severus' gaze was pointed, and Remus chuckled.

"James' cloak. I didn't know he had that, either." He thought it over for a second. "That one must have been Dumbledore. James let him borrow it for an Order thing before he…"

Severus scoffed. "Of course. The headmaster does love to encourage Potter to get himself into trouble." With a sigh, Severus reached up for the hidden bottle of whisky on his top shelf. Remus' stomach warmed when the man summoned two glasses. "I take it Potter has no idea about the origin of the map?"

"If he does, he hasn't asked me about it." Remus accepted the whisky with a grateful look. "I'm going to have to tell him, if he asks. He'll need a good reason why I'm not giving it back." He perched in his usual spot on the edge of the desk, setting his glass down and stroking a fond hand over the map. "Why didn't you open it in front of him? I can't see you passing up a chance to terrorise the poor boy."

Severus' pale cheeks flushed faintly. "Despite many attempts, I never learned the password."

Remus barked out a laugh. "Really? I always assumed you must've heard us, one of those times. You always talked about it like you knew exactly how it worked." He pulled his wand from his pocket, setting the tip against the parchment. His gaze met Severus'. "*I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.*"

Watching the ink flow out over the map was like a physical punch to the gut, and he had to close his eyes for several moments at the fresh wave of grief. Cool fingers touched the back of his hand for a brief moment. Enough to ground him in the present. "Our pride and joy," he breathed, opening his eyes again and looking over the map. Several floors above them, the dot labelled '*Harry Potter*' walked alongside the dot labelled '*Ron Weasley*', walking away from the statue of the one-eyed witch. Remus stifled a smile. Legacy of the Marauders, indeed. "Merlin, James would be thrilled. His little boy, using the map and cloak to sneak to Hogsmeade. That's all his dreams come true."

"Yes, I'm sure he'd be *delighted* to hear his son put himself in danger with a mass-murdering lunatic skulking about the place," Severus retorted sharply. Remus' smile faltered. "The map could be useful. If Black decides to return."

He wasn't sure what he'd do if he ever saw the little dot labelled '*Sirius Black*' reappear on the paper. But he owed it to Harry to keep an eye out, just in case. "I'll keep it with me.