

Remus turned straight to Snape, burying his face in the man's black shirt. Snape blinked for a moment, but cradled him close, long fingers running through Remus' hair.

Sirius sat beside Harry with his hands clenched, tears streaming down his cheeks. Harry leaned into him. "Do you need me to get Charlie?" he broached, but Sirius shook his head, pulling Harry into a hug.

"No. I'm good. I... Merlin, pup, I wish you could've known your grandparents. Finer people you'd never find in this world."

Harry let Sirius hug him, his own heart aching. So much family he would never know.

It took several minutes for the pair to compose themselves, and even when they turned back to the pensieve Sirius had a white-knuckled grip on Harry's hand. "Think I'm gonna leave that other vial for another day," he said, voice hoarse. "Two in one go might be a bit much."

"We can do this another time," Harry offered, but Sirius shook his head.

"No, no; you promised you'd show us those shenanigans you got up to," he said, mustering a smile. "Why don't you put your first year in. The stone."

Harry wasn't sure it was the best idea for two emotionally fragile people to watch the events with Quirrell, but it was too late to turn back now. After some instruction from Snape on how to remove the memories, Harry set them in the pensieve. "I, uh, I think I'll come with you," he said uneasily. It would be interesting, watching it back with everything he knew now.

And so the four of them plunged into the pensieve, right into the moment Harry and his friends tried to convince Professor McGonagall that Snape was going after the stone.

"You thought it was me?" Snape asked, looking bewildered. Harry blushed.

"You were sort-of scary back then," he pointed out. "Definitely seemed more evil than Quirrell."

"Never mind that, look how tiny you were!" Sirius cut in, stepping up close to eleven year-old Harry Potter.

It made Harry wince, looking back at his younger self. How had no one seen his rail-thin frame, his battered glasses, the clothes that swamped him. How had everyone looked at him and thought him a perfectly happy, healthy child?

But that was the least of his worries when they headed for the third floor corridor.

The series of challenges ahead of the stone hadn't seemed nearly so terrifying when he'd faced them the first time around. Watching the three little first years on the chess board, watching Ron get flung off the board... Harry could understand the looks of fury on both his godfathers' faces. Even Snape was paler than usual, his jaw clenched tight. Though he did smirk a little when they reached his potion puzzle.