

Harry would meditate continuously until Saturday if it meant finding out his animagus form.

Sirius explained the basics to him, and sat opposite him to help him through it to begin with. "You can't just think about being an animagus," he said softly, his hands in Harry's. Harry's eyes were closed, and his breathing was steady. "You have to let your magic do the talking. Breathe into it, let it search your mind until it can find the form waiting to be unlocked. Everyone has one; some are just a bit shit." Harry snickered, his concentration broken, and he opened one eye to glare at Sirius. "Oops, sorry," he said with a grin.

"Don't expect it to happen instantly. These things take time," Remus murmured.

Harry tried to focus, do what Sirius and the book said; let his magic reach within him. But it was a lot easier said than done. After a while, he began to get a headache, so he opened his eyes and told Sirius as much.

"Good, that means you're doing it right," Sirius assured. "Like Moony said, it takes time. You've got five days before the potion will be ready, and we don't have to do it as soon as it's brewed; it'll keep for a month. There's no rush to this, Harry." He glanced over Harry's shoulder, and frowned. "You alright there, Moons?"

Harry turned around, catching Remus quickly wiping at his eyes. "Yes, yes, I'm fine," he insisted. "It's just... Merlin, it's like looking in a pensieve." Sirius' mouth twisted in a grimace, but he covered it with a smile.

"It can't be, I was way better looking when I was sixteen," he insisted jovially. "And Prongsy was never that short." He got to his feet, striding over to Remus and pressing their foreheads together for a minute. "If James can't teach him, he'd be happy to know we are."

"Do you think I'll be a stag, like my dad?" Harry asked softly, not wanting to interrupt their moment. Both men turned to look at him.

"I don't think so. James needed those antlers to hold his massive ego," Sirius joked, making Remus choke on a laugh. "It wouldn't surprise me if you're something with wings, the way you are on a broom."

"That would be cool," Harry agreed, but it didn't feel quite right. Privately, he hoped he was something that could run with Moony and Padfoot on full moons. He wanted to be part of that.

Sirius insisted that Harry shouldn't push through his headache to continue, so they gave up on the meditation for now. Instead, Harry pleaded for stories about Sirius and his dad learning to transform.

"When you start working on the transformation itself, it comes in stages, yeah?" Sirius said, grinning. Remus groaned; he knew where the story was going. "So your dad, right, he was dead set on transforming before me, so he'd work on it any spare minute he got. Including in the dorm between meals. And one day, I hear a crash, so I run up to the dorm thinking he's become a great big stag in the middle of the room, only to find him perfectly human but for the massive set of antlers on his head, all tangled up in his bed curtains!" Sirius howled with