

Part Twenty-Five

August, 1977

TO M. M.

Keeper of my dungbombs among other things

I've got something in my teeth, if you were here I could make you tell me what it is (WITH YOUR TONGUE HAR HAR) but as it stands I just poke at it with my nails and pester James or I did before he said "Shut up shut up shut up you horrible man" and went to sleep. Actually I ought to be trying to sleep too only its impossible with this massive thing between my teeth, I am like the Princess and the Pea, only the Sirius and the Possibly A Bit of Dried Beef, or Then Again, Perhaps a Hair.

My point of course is a little analogy for your textbook: SIRIUS is to PRINCESS as TEETH is to _____? (The answer is MATTRESS by the way.) Do you even get to write bits of this fabled textbook or do you just monkey about making sure nobody has misspelled anything? Not that it matters as I'm sure you'd enjoy either, that's just your twisted sense of fun at work. I miss your twisted sense of fun. I think you probably have some idea what I'm talking about. THAT'S RIGHT. I MEAN YOU.

I haven't been not thinking about you for awhile now, it's really quite pathetic. I don't want to talk about it anymore. Let's talk more about my dashing adventures. Actually I haven't exactly had any what you might call adventures, however yesterday we came across some extremely aggressive squirrels. I would tell you more but Dumbledore would have to kill me with his beard. No in all seriousness you know I would but I can't, I'm not even meant to be writing you at all actually.

Also the ground is damp, I have no clean things, and James is drooling in my hair, not necessarily the bedfellow I would have chosen in cramped circumstances and I'm sure he feels the same about me given his inane letters which unlike his more discreet tentmate he leaves festering all over the place. "I miss your splendiferous scent which is like beautiful honeyed azaleas blooming in a field of cinnamon buns" etc. etc.

Oh forget it I hate writing this stupid nonsense to you when honestly I just want you to be around. I'm too tired even to amuse you, soon you'll have to throw me off for a Prewett brother. By the way if you throw me off for someone and it isn't a Prewett brother I will punch you in the nose which is a difficult target to miss. If it is a Prewett brother I will not only understand but endeavor to follow your excellent example.

AZALEAS is to PRONGS as SOAP AND OLD BOOKS is to

padfoot

To: Sirius Black

Thankfully Not Cinnamon or Splendiferously Scented

I figure it's only fair, considering how I demand constant and illegal updates on your glamorous lifestyle writing by candlelight with foodstuffs hanging on a string from your teeth, that I in turn educate you in the fascinating details of the editorial process. I have been charged with proper care of commas and, should I be feeling particularly daring, I am also given full control of my clandestine lover, the semi-colon. But that appears only to happen Fridays, when everyone gets a little drunk on the weekend and on power, laughing hysterically and flinging punctuation about every which way.

By which I mean to say, my life is spectacularly boring without you in it to play the starring role, though I'm assuming that by this point you have already read the first paragraph aloud to your esteemed traveling companion and you have both promptly fallen asleep. Allow me to remedy the situation and tell you a little something I've learned about the delicate intestinal system of the magically enhanced aardvark.

Ha, ha. Just kidding, of course.

The way I consider the copy-editor position, or "Grand High Yet Still Somehow Subordinate Manager of Footly Bits" as you so cleverly renamed it, is as follows. (And please, if you mock this you shall burst the bubble of my zen, and I shall end my life curled in a foetal death-ball, tragically zen-less.) There are, by my count, approximately one thousand magnificently boring jobs in this world, both magical and muggle, without the completion of which there would in fact be no magically enhanced aardvarks or properly placed commas. No one would go mad with despair over this, yet I like to believe they would notice. (One morning, your layperson number one should arrive at the breakfast table and say to his or her spouse, layperson number two, 'You know, I wonder, are there magically enhanced aardvarks frolicking about or no?' and of course the latter would have no way of answering the question, no compendium to reference, at which point they should of course divorce one another and be miserable in separate countries like, for example, Istanbul and Mozambique. Or something along those lines.)

My point being: there are men made for gallivanting and poking the beef out of their gleaming white hero teeth as they plunge head-long into adventure, and then there are men who are in fact in charge of the universe's myriad footly bits, and no I did not mean that in a naughty way. You may now stop your lewd chuckle, it is not so attractive as you think. In any case, both types of men are equally important in their own ways, are they not, and I am resigned at present to being the latter kind, or a "footly bits" man, if you will, footling his way towards an unsung but grammatically pristine existence.

It does however cheer the cockles of my heart (once again not meaning what you think it does) greatly to

learn that the life of a hero is not all reckless charging and dangerous intrigue (for what other sort of intrigue is there, I ask you) but occasionally involves food stuck in our hero's teeth. This of course would drive me even more insane than reading the same five pages every day to discover once again that no one has implemented my vital copy-edits.

Yes, I am satisfied I have chosen the proper field, though I have been known to gallivant (in my way) with the best of them. I have even been known to enjoy it, though please don't tell one Monsieur Padfoot, since the knowledge would make him insufferable *and* smelly, and then I should have to leave him for Caradoc Dearborn.

Hopefully that is an acceptable choice and you would come to forgive me, in time, for the betrayal.

You've probably fallen asleep again. How to salvage this letter from your drool as you rest your weary head upon my fond pages, saying things like "Moony! Ruination! Old fool! I knew he should come to this abject mediocrity without my guidance in the fine art of being a hooligan! But no, Mr. Potter, he has fallen behind! We must keep to the code! &c. &c. Exclamation Mark!" Or, alternately, just snoring.

Which you do and of course I miss it and all that, though there was a time I actually put a sock inside your mouth and you snored on, monstrous undeterred.

Bugger this. I have nothing at all to say. What have you and James done today? I demand that you continue the saga of **Beef Or, Possibly, A Hair** as I must know the stunning conclusion or surely perish.

Yours &c.

M.M. of The Good Ship Honking Great Honknose

M. Moony, checker-up-on of my flat, I hope?

Your letter makes absolutely no sense, I use the term in the sense of none or zero. Perhaps you are so fixated on making sure to write in complete sentences that you have forgotten a little matter I like to call content, not that I am a master of this problematic issue myself but I at least have the excuse of the fate of the world being at stake, whereas since you are a professional writing type of person I would have thought you'd have a bit more of a handle on it, extremely disappointed in you really. I had to read it seven or eight times before I had the least sense of that bit about aardvarks, I presume this is what your book is on?

Also Istanbul is a city not a country you ridiculous young idiot. Really one month without school and its as if all that eddicashun never was, were, or shall to have been.

Footly bits. That is delightful. You are a master of footly bits, and really you do not deserve the abuse I heap upon your head like coals. It was a bug by the way, at least so I presume from the delicate gossamer wing I extracted after much rooting about.

Today James and I did what we are doing. I do wish you would stop asking that in every single bloody letter when you know I can't answer you. I can tell you some things we did not do:

1. eat peppermints
2. construct an igloo
3. masquerade as a Bulgarian duke and duchess
4. form a harmonizing folk-musical duo and go on tour
5. go for five minutes at a time without somebody bringing up Lily Bloody Shut Up Evans
6. keep ourselves from making snide remarks about dominant females and the unsavory fates of the men who love them
7. manfully refrain from punching each other in the solar plexus.

No wonder we are entrusted with this extremely sensitive and important mission, obviously we are incredibly reliable mature and responsible etc. Hopefully they will give up on us soon and we can go home. At this point I think even James will welcome with open arms the desk that awaits him, and as for me the striped apron of a Fortescue's employee glows in my dreams like a sparkly emblem of nirvana, or something. I miss you rather a lot actually. Pads.

J.

I do wish you would send me an actual letter, since I know that last one was meant at least as much for Sirius as for me. Honestly, the "shining waterfall of coppery ringlets" aside, you might as well have addressed it to him. I hope it irritated him as much as you hoped it would. He is so dreadfully predictable, poor dear.

London is much as it ever was, which is to say it is raining and today I was nearly run down by a cab. My work isn't bad -- only it is tiring. I don't know how it can be, since I do so little -- only answering the Floo

really, taking down dictations and composing the occasional form letter, I'm not permitted to do any actual Healing of course -- but I get home and can do nothing but lie in bed with my arms thrown over my face.

(Alone in bed. All dreadfully alone, with my clothes all in disarray and my buttons undone and hair cascading across the sheets in a waterfall of coppery ringlets, of course.)

I'll be so glad when Minerva places me with one of the active units so I can actually do some useful work. I see the injured being brought in every day. Some of the wounds are completely horrifying, and it's understaffing as much as anything else that has caused the uptick in fatalities. I've practically begged them to let me get my hands on a wand, but they won't. The most I've been allowed to do is talk to some poor sobbing Muggles and get them to calm down a bit so some hulking man with jowls can interrogate them about the deaths of their parents or destruction of their homes. On second thought, perhaps it is rather understandable how tired I am.

If you let yourself get the least bit hurt I will unhesitatingly strangle you with my bare hands, having not technically taken the Hippocratic Oath yet.

I think of you most of the time, both when my shirt is buttoned and when it is not.

All my love (and I mean it)

L.

M. Padfoot

You left a sandwich in your flat before you left. It was half eaten. When I arrived to make sure the plants were not dead—I bought plants and hope you don't mind, or kill them when you return, either; I named them Rupert Brooke and Sylvia Plath—I discovered a new plant, which you have somehow managed to breed from a complicated substratum of cheese, another kind of cheese, a third kind of cheese, four (I think) distinct layers of meat, and the first kind of cheese again, followed by a tomato (this is only a wild guess) and then as far as I can tell a nest made entirely out of bacon. It has grown its very own forest, colonized by sandwich pixies. I hope you're happy. I'm throwing it out, I don't care how the pixies beg.

My book is not on aardvarks. I told you what it's on, it's a new edition of *Magical Creatures: A Complete Encyclopedic Compendium*, and if I make sense none or zero it is because no one will implement my

aardvark changes.

A funny thing happened last night, and by "funny thing" I mean "tragicomedy of the highest order," and by "tragicomedy of the highest order" I mean "one of my fellow editors asked me if I would like to get some dinner after I finished beating my head with the section on aardvarks." As well you already know, my stock answer is 'yes' at all times, and so I only realized much later, after the aardvarkian daze had cleared, that I had just agreed to accompany her to a restaurant in a sort of datelike fashion where food would be bought and consumed, conversation would be made, and she would no doubt realize halfway through how large my nose really is and run screaming in terror for the hills. I couldn't exactly get out of it, either, as I'd already said yes, and saying no is impossible, as we proved that one time with the prefect's bathroom. And by "one time" I mean "seven."

Anyway I thought I should tell you because I really didn't mean it and no footling went on, even when I panicked and threw quiche in her face.

I'm sorry I keep asking. I shouldn't keep asking. I know this is important business you're on and we're adults now, it's not Guess Which Seat The Dungbomb's Underneath.

As I was helping the poor girl clean quiche out of her nose and hair and suchforth I realized how much I wished it were you there, covered in quiche, in the middle of the restaurant, staring at me in horror. I know this seems ridiculous, especially as we both know I can never resist quiche. You'd never let me live it down.

Doesn't it feel odd to be writing? It does. It feels odd to be writing. I don't know why. We are epistolary geniuses, as we have proved many a time before. And I've always preferred writing, especially since lately I open my mouth and you close it with your mouth and then we don't really talk much at all. I just hope you're staying safe, keeping your socks clean, all those delightful sundries, and thinking about me as someone other than your maiden aunt who inquires as to the state of your footwear rather than how occasionally I have dreams. That dream. You know the one.

Basically this: I wish you were around so I could throw quiche on you.

Yours and all that, Moony

DEAREST LILYBEAN,

You are driving me insane stop I think about you day and night stop I love myself, I want you to love me stop all dreadfully alone with your clothes in disarray and your buttons undone and your hair cascading EXPLOSIVE AMOUNTS OF PUNCTUATION don't ever stop my pudding stop I added that one in there for himself you know how he gets when I call you all those adjectives

Scrumptious

Delectable

Irresistible

Pudding-like in the tasty way not in texture I assure you

Both creamy and dreamy

I recognize now that I should have some lunch!

This letter is a letter without any substance in it, which I think you've already noticed, being so clever and discerning and other things, such as unbuttoned. Lately Sirius and I do things we cannot under penalty of beard death—don't ask—talk about, but I'm sure you can guess considering what you've seen there whilst diligently not doing your desk-work.

I'm fine, look, I am writing with my usual unflagging good cheer and not, I assure you, because of that thing we talked about Very Seriously wherein I promised never again to become "ebullient" and "avoidant" and all the other ents in the forest whenever topics become serious and I say hideously inappropriate things that embarrass you in front of your parentals.

You should think of me more with an unbuttoned shirt and provide pictures. I promise I won't give them to Sirius unless he gives me a unicorn. But then I will give the unicorn to you, my darling, and you'll forgive me in time. No one can resist a unicorn, it is a horse with a big white horn, how about THAT eh?

Lily I love you full stop

J

Moony (you don't get a Monsieur, I'm too grateful to make you French)

THANK YOU FOR SAYING HOW THIS IS WEIRD. This is so very very weird. I thought it was just me and everything in my existence is a bit peculiar, you know, since we haven't slept or eaten or done anything properly really since we left, and I thought Don't be ridiculous Sirius, you are only a bit lightheaded and delirious, this is all perfectly normal because it's Moony and how many times have you written fatuous letters to Moony, dozens, hundreds, thousands? But it was weird all the same! and then I thought, well, perhaps we've forgotten how to actually talk to each other, as you say, because of all the Well You Know that happens whenever we try. Which was perfectly terrifying because you know that talking to you (or talking at you I suppose) is one of my favorite things in the world, second only to daydreaming of Minerva McGonagall, and to sand.

So anyway it's an awful relief to hear that I am not the only one who is rather unnerved. I suppose we will get over it? Or if we don't, I will just have to get home as quickly as possible so I can do things to your mouth that aren't talking. (YES.) Does it ever strike you that we are in an extremely odd situation? Not that I don't like it, because I do as I think I've made pretty clear, but it is odd and not normal. I don't know if I want to tell everybody, I mean grabbing strangers by their collars and painting big words in the sky and that, or shut it in a corner and never tell anybody. That's not fair to tell you but it's not really fair to not tell you I guess. Oh agh this is far too thoughtful a paragraph for me, blame it on the sobering influence of the woods if you like.

I TELL YOU ONE PERSON WHO OUGHT TO KNOW THOUGH, THIS QUICHE-COVERED TROLLOP OF YOURS. WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU COULDN'T SAY NO. A TWO YEAR OLD CAN SAY NO. AND DOES. Do you mean that all this slobbery nonsense of the past few months is merely a result of the fact that you have no standards?? I feel so betrayed.

You could even have said "I am ill," or "I am busy," or "I don't own any trousers." Anything would do! I absolutely cannot believe you. Did she try to kiss you? Did you let her? I bet you did, she was all quichey and you CANNOT RESIST QUICHE. You are abominable and should be chaperoned at all times.

You know what though it isn't even that I mind, I think you ought to go and spill things on people as much as possible if only to eliminate the pool of those who like you so you will come to need me more. But I do wish I could have seen it and taken pictures.

Evidently I should be a Herbologist. Have you tested my sandwich for medicinal properties?

Here's something I can tell you. We're meant to be looking for something, so we've been doing a lot of anti-cloaking work, finding traces of hiding spells and similar, and the other day James's (NOT MY) revelation

ritual went awry and left us both transparent. We couldn't fix it for half a day so we were hopping about, panicking, our viscera jiggling about in the open for anyone to goggle at. I can still see my kidneys dimly through my abdomen. IF THAT DOESN'T GET YOU ALL STEAMY I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL.

You know what I miss, my motorbike, HAVE YOU CHECKED ON MY MOTORBIKE I know Kingsley is a very dependable young man but I worry all the time, poor thing all alone and trembly in the dark without me please just go and stroke it and tell it it is loved. You can be bereft together, the two of you.

You can throw quiche on me any time.

together in a great strangeness,
Pads.

J.

You ranting lunatic, I hate it when I really, really want to kiss you and you're not here.

Don't ever stop being ebullient, please don't. In fact I insist upon your continued ebullience under all reasonable circumstances.

I've been to see Remus a few times -- I didn't know how much I could tell him, but I thought he'd want to know you were all right, so I've tried to obliquely communicate my access to Private Sources. You know how he is, though: the very definition of a stiff upper lip. I say things like "Don't worry about them," and he says, "Oh, er, no, of course," and gives me that wobbly smile of his. He's not eating properly, though. I spoke to Peter several times as well, but I don't think he's comfortable with me when you're not about to protect him. Something about me suggests dirty intentions, I suppose.

I've actually got to run. I'm so sorry this is such an inadequate letter, but I include two pictures, with the caveat that if we ever have a child, you are required to burn them, for reasons that should be obvious unless we want the poor thing to grow up with a complex. (Before you ask, I took them myself, and a painstaking operation it was, too, but Remus refused to get involved.) I feel sort of deliciously War Bride-y -- without the Bride, I mean. Oh dear, that didn't come out right. "War Mistress." I'm not trying to express any discontent with the situation -- the Mistress situation, I mean, of course I'm discontented with the War one. Bother! Well, you probably know what I mean, as usual.

I love you, in defiance of common sense. Come back as soon as you can, please.

L.





Padfoot, c/o “the wild”

I’m not really sure how to reply to your letter since it runs all over the place like the pixies, and shall I mention hideous diseases, from your sandwich rainforest. (I took a picture, by the way, as knowing you it would make you so very depressed not to be able to see the fruit of your looms. Your poisonous children, as

it were. I have named all the pixies, as well as all the diseases, only I believe I got them mixed up seeing as how there is a pixie who answers to “Salmonella” and an airborne virus who hops to whenever I say the name “Bob.”)

Her name was Amelia and she seemed very nice, even covered in quiche. Despite all the pastry upon her person she still endeavored to kiss me—and I tell you this because apparently I have decided to make you wildly jealous, yet remain incapable of hiding my motives from you; it seems too cruel—and as her face bore down upon mine I let out a strangled cry of “TULIPS!”

“What?” Amelia inquired, having been thoroughly distracted by my deranged outburst. (And so you see my plan was successful after all.)

“OXFORD,” I added. “MONKEYWRENCH. AARDVARK. CHECK PLEASE.”

Then, I promptly paid for my quiche as well as for hers—being a gentleman and a quiche destroyer both—and fled the scene. I’m very glad we have never gone on a “date” together. Which is a funny detail that hadn’t crossed my mind until now.

Except, of course, that is a terrible lie.

In any case, I thought you should know all the sordid details of my ignominy in order to judge me and despise me at will. Amelia has since refused to work with me on aardvarks, which means I continue to struggle on with my footly bits all alone. That sentence came out differently that I imagined it would. Please don’t share it with Prongs, though I know of course you will not, considering all the implications.

As to your other thing: well. I don’t know, Sirius, I don’t. Does it really need to be flung about all over the place, skywriting, clowns, cakes, announcements, parades? If you grabbed strangers and told them about how you and Moony and footly bits and the sandwich rainforests, you would be committed to an asylum, to Azkaban perhaps, for being a danger to society, and then there should be no footly bits at all in your future. I would naturally throw quiche on Caradoc Dearborn in my desperation and loneliness.

Only now and then, don’t you think—don’t you wonder—that if it didn’t matter, skywriting or not skywriting—that would be very nice? That made no sense at all. I’m an editor, not a writer, and this is very blatantly why. Forget it all; it’s not important. I hope you’re safe and no longer see-through and that I shall be able to see (through) you soon. Just remember: we don’t have to, you know. We don’t have to tell anyone. Anything. When in conversation would it come up, that’s what I want to know. It would be like when James and Lily first came together with all the fireworks and the rejoicing in the streets and the improperly quoted Byron and

the never being apart even when they went to the toilets. It would be like that horrible time of which we do not ever speak except with bowed head and signs against the devil, that time when you'd say "Good morning, James" and James would say "Do you know who else uses the word 'good?' My girlfriend!" Or you would come to dinner and say, "Is that a new jumper, James," and James would say "Do you know who else wears the occasional jumper? My girlfriend!" And so on and so forth, including, I believe, the sentence "Do you know who else has hands? My girlfriend!" at which point I think I threw a book at his head. The poor book. I'll never be so cruel to literature again.

Anyway, I know it's hard and you've never kept secrets from James before, but it's just us, that's all. I don't really know. Tulips?

Your Monsieur Footly Bits

P.S. Yes, I tried to check on your motorbike, and it tried to run me over, and my trousers are ruined, as is my favorite not-already-ruined shirt. It hates me. What have you been telling it? Because I didn't really mean that thing I said that time. About the junkyard. Or I did but not very seriously.

Salmonella

Bob



Trichinosis

E. coli

(Apologies: I should have taken the picture
sooner, before the whole thing
EXPLODED.)

Lily “The Legs” Evans

You should take this show on the road that’s what. And then when we walk down the streets men will stop and stare and say Isn’t that Lily “The Legs” Evans from Busty and Bewitched, the centerfold what ruined me for all other women in the world, and then other men would say Why yes it is and there’s no other woman in the world for me, so busty and bewitched is Lily “The Legs.” And then I would break all their noses and carry you away whereupon I would ravish you in our boudoir of leggy love.

You know funny thing about Remus, I have a picture of him where it looks like his lower lip is launching a mounted attack against the upper one. Mysterious man that Remus Lupin. Tell him and Pete we are all in excellent form, except of course that we are BESEIGED BY BUGS, and so long as the mosquito lives in this world ours is a life plagued by injustice and scratching inappropriately in public. So in other words Ha Ha What Else Is New.

Lily, speaking of pictures, these pictures will never be burnt. You are the loveliest female-shaped person on the planet and in the future when you have born children and you complain of all the imperfections which I of course will be completely blind to I shall take out these photographs and hand them to you with a flourish and then we shall have more INCREDIBLE SEX. Old person sex but SEX nonetheless. It’ll be a good day, then. You’ll see. And do I know how to sweet-talk a woman or what?!

I turned myself transparent the other day. I asked Sirius if he could see your name written upon the ventricles of my heart and he hit me with a large piece of firewood. Then he spent the rest of the day as we slowly regained our opaque...hood with an oven mitt in front of his chest, though where he got that oven mitt I have no idea.

Love is the defiance of common sense, commonly, and et cetty rah. Feeling’s mutual. Legs, PHWOAR, have I mentioned?

Yours daily and nightly and ever so rightly, James Potter

Pumpkin stuffing*,

Children?! Good God Moony you know I am very young and irresponsible to be suddenly saddled with offspring, not to mention delinquent blue offspring, and right after you tell me that some--some editor is competing with me for your affections. The strain is considerable. A lesser man would cry aloud.

You know also they might not be poisonous. Perhaps the viruses are benign and the pixies are friendly little shoemaking creatures who only wish to lead you to their pots of fairy gold. You seem positively determined to see the worst in me.

We have never been on a date because the concept is repulsive, as it appears you have learned to your sorrow. However if you wish to be spirited off to some romantic countryside retreat where a man with a creative moustache plays you Italian love songs upon a violin, I exist merely to serve your whims and fancies. "Ah, my darling Footly," I will say to you as we row about in our quaint little wooden boat through a pond abloom with floating lilypads**, "you are like a red, red rose that walks in beauty like the night of a summer's day, but more temperate." (Or something equally romantic.) Is that what you want from me?

I know. About the thing. Of course I wish it didn't matter, and it's one of those things where if you convince yourself it doesn't matter, and act like it doesn't matter, the rest of the universe will play along for fear of embarrassing itself. Only I can't do that because it does matter, of course--I mean that the thing matters, the you and me thing, not that whether we talk about it matters. You know. Oh, I only get less and less helpful the more I bring it up, I never will again.


You should know that I cried with laughter at your reaction to poor Quiche Tart's attempts to molest you. As a previous offender myself, I take some delight in seeing my fellows fail. (I note that you did not yell "BLUEBERRY! PIGLET! CHECK PLEASE!" when I called you rocks on the platform that time.) The only problem here of course is that she is sure to find you even more irresistible in your strangeness than she did before, only now she thinks you don't like her, which only fuels the fire. I ought to know.

I expect we'll be sent home in disgrace a few days after you receive this, having been entirely unsuccessful in everything we ever set out to do. My hair is too long. I have actually had to resort to yanking it back in an extremely womanly fashion and securing it with a piece of vine to keep it out of my sweat and eyeballs. It's disgusting. Or perhaps very manly in the model of the Last of the Mohicans? Unlikely.



soon soon soon don't go anywhere
Pads

*James and I are in a competition to see who can come up with the most nauseating nickname, only he doesn't know it or at least for him it is a competition of one.

**This word suddenly suggests disturbing, yet not altogether unpleasant, ideas -- pleasant because of how miserable it would make You Know Who, not because of any aspiration on my part. My affection could never be swayed by a mere woman. UNLIKE SOME PEOPLE.

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Cowritten by  [dorkorific](#) and  [ladyjaida](#).



 [dorkorific](#) specializes in **Sirius**;  [ladyjaida](#) specializes in **Remus**.

 [dorkorific](#) is **Mlle. Artiste**;  [ladyjaida](#) is **Mlle. Bits-n-bats**.

The handwriting of Remus J. Lupin, Severus Snape and James Potter is done by  [ladyjaida](#).

The handwriting of Sirius Black, Peter Pettigrew and Lily Evans is done by  [dorkorific](#).

Don't worry; Peter won't be stupidified. **Trust us** on that one.

We would like to take a moment to thank  [windjinn](#) for leaping down the stairs with  [ladyjaida](#)'s bra on his head.

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