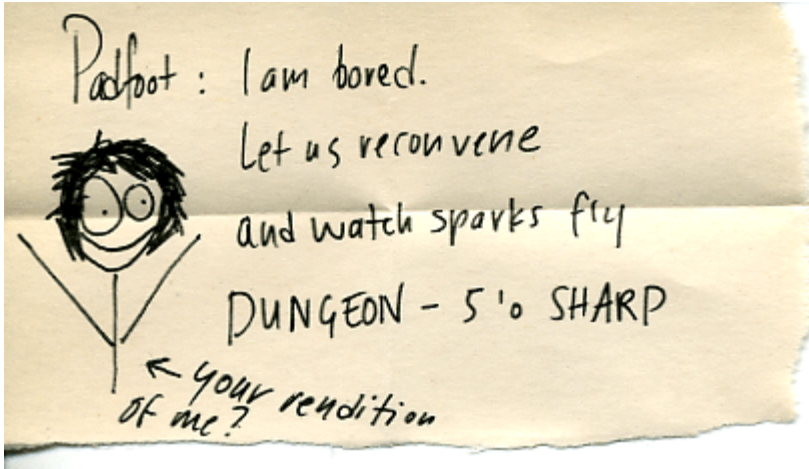


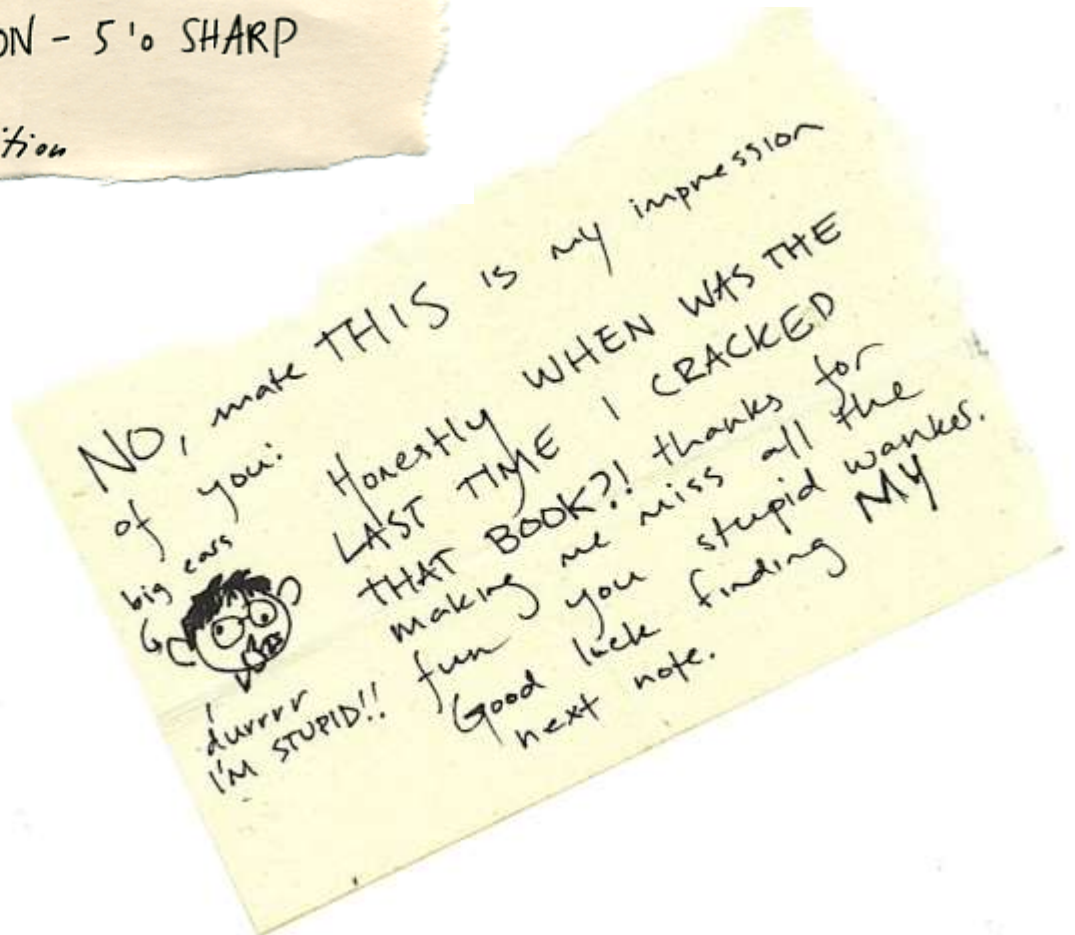
Late September, 1975
Many Notes, One Photograph, One Confrontation

Late September, 1975. It begins with a perfectly innocent note -- as perfectly innocent as notes ever are, in any case -- and spirals out of control. Needless to say, it's over a week of fun.



From James Potter to Sirius Black; found in Sirius Black's History of Magic Textbook

From Sirius Black to James Potter; hurled at his head during History of Magic.



*From Sirius Black to James Potter;
stuck in the twigs of his broom.*

Prongsie,
THIS IS WAR.
Astronomy Tower.
1800 hours.
Don't miss out!!
ooo
Ooo

*From James Potter to Sirius Black;
hidden with his dirty socks.*

7addebrains:
If it's war you want,
It's war you've got
eh eh!
Quidditch locker. 15h30.
hop to! DD

Moony old fellow old chap old pal -
Padfoot has waged note war
are you just going to take thatch?
♥♥♥♥♥
← er ignore that paper shortage

*From James Potter to Remus Lupin;
upon his plate & salvaged from jelly
at the breakfast table.*

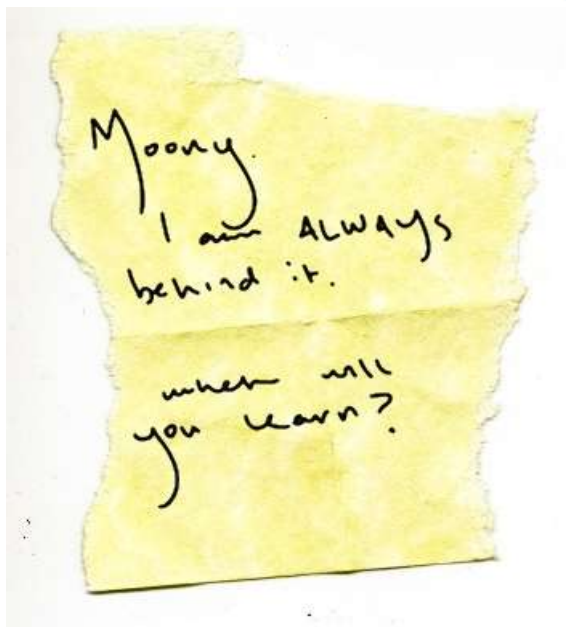
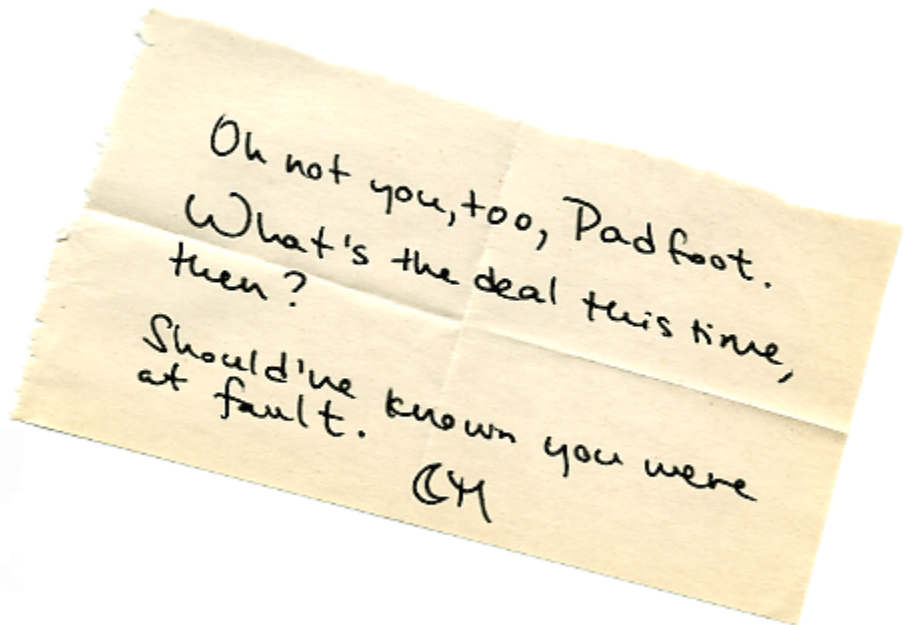
*From Remus Lupin to James Potter;
nestled inside his glasses case which he
never has cause to use, anyway.*

Yes I am just going to
take that. Do have fun.
~~REMUS.~~
floorboards
in dark
es
be trapped



From Sirius Black to Remus Lupin; falling out of his underwear in the early morning.

From Remus Lupin to Sirius Black; found perched on the bristles of his sadly neglected hairbrush.



From Sirius Black to Remus Lupin; rolled up and stuffed into a stalk of celery at dinner.

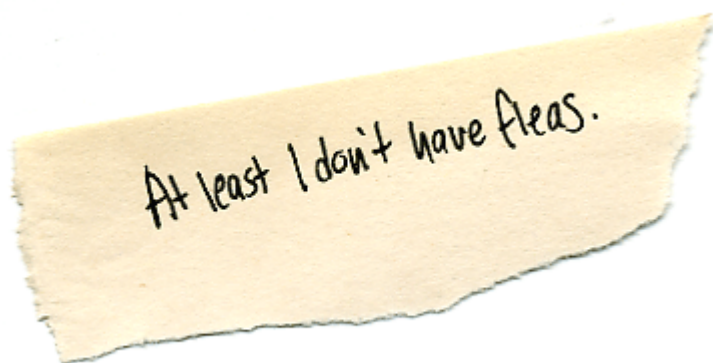
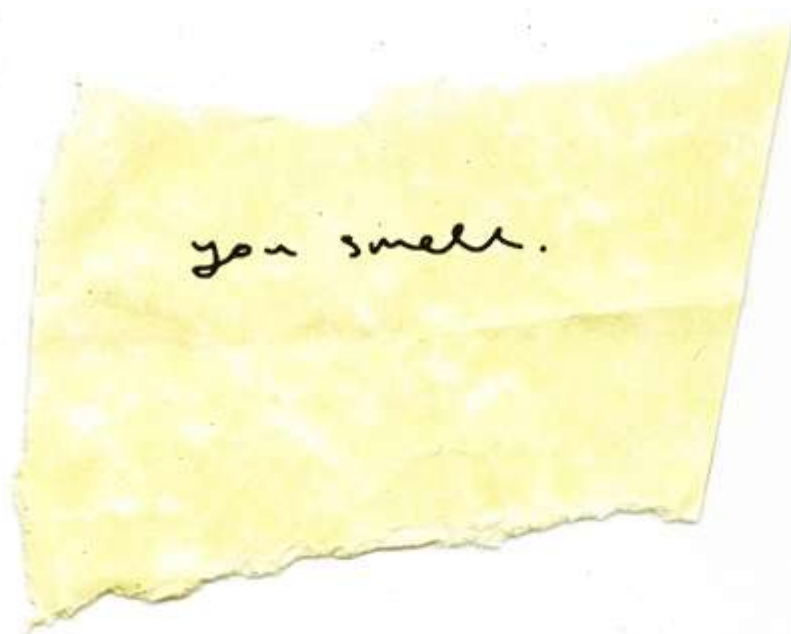
*From Remus Lupin to
Sirius Black; sitting next to
his also sadly neglected
toothbrush.*

Sirius,
Messr. Moony would
like to finish his
Arithmancy assignment

WHATS ALL THIS
THEN MATES??

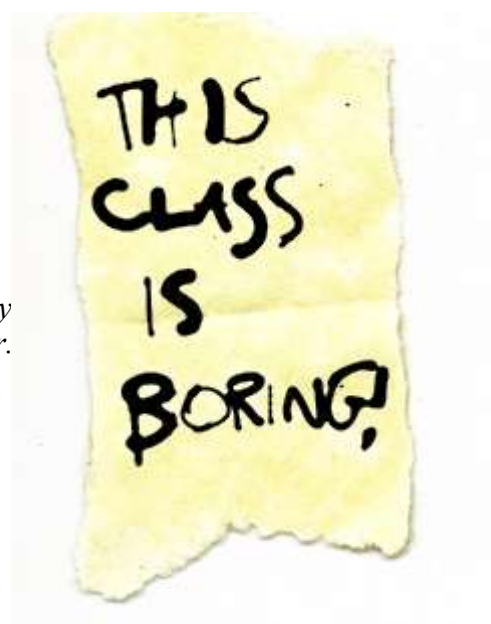
*From Peter Pettigrew to James
Potter; passed none-so-discreetly
during Transfiguration and nearly
resulting in a mass beheading
executed by one Minerva
McGonagal.*

*From Sirius Black to James Potter; most greasy
inside his jar of hair gel.*



*From James Potter to Sirius Black; on his desktop
table along with a vial of Flea-b-gone.*

*From Peter Pettigrew to James Potter; passed again none-so-discreetly
during History of Magic and noticed by everyone save the Professor.*



From Sirius Black to James Potter; in his bedside drawer beside his copy of BUSTY AND BEWITCHED, the September issue.

Evans: lingerie
drawer.
Thank me later.

You are a madman.

From James Potter to Sirius Black; stuck up his left nostril while sleeping.

From Peter Pettigrew to James Potter; yet again none-so-discreetly during Charms.

I'VE GOT
NEW SOCKS
ON!!

Well that's lovely Peter
What color are they?

*From James Potter to Peter Pettigrew;
levitated in his direction and spending
an inordinate amount of time tickling
his nose.*

BLUE!

I LIKE THEM

- WRIST HELI
- EASY TO MR
...IZARDS

*From Peter Pettigrew to James Potter; more
incompetent and public shoving.*

oh James
I love you.

Hold me.

XOXOXO
Evans

*From Sirius Black to James Potter; clipped to the back of
Lily Evan's beige bra.*



From Lily Evans to James Potter; handed coolly to James Potter over lunch.

Congratulations!
That is as close as you
will **EVER** get to
being in my drawers.
I hope you choke.

*From James Potter to Sirius Black;
in his muffin at breakfast, nearly
causing a serious choking accident.*

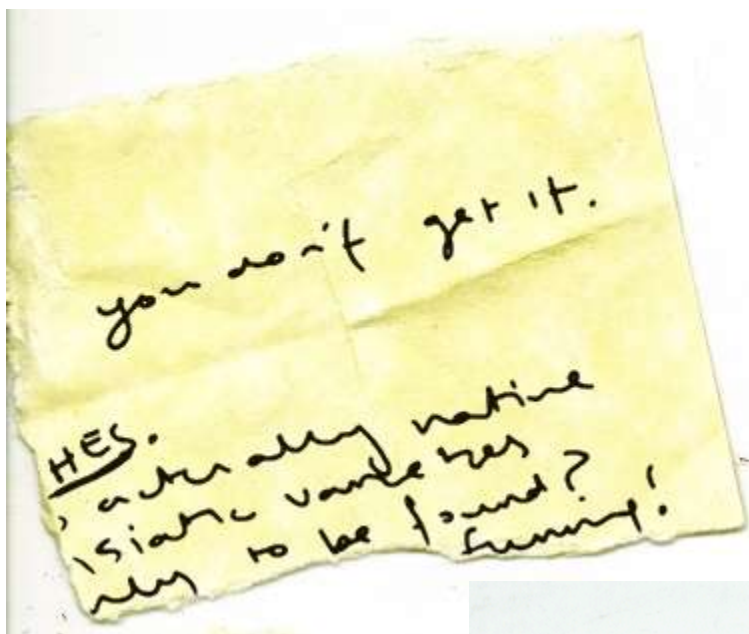
You are
DEAD!

HAH.
In all TWO of your dreams
that aren't about
having sex with me.
GIVE UP POTTER
I win.

*From Sirius Black to James Potter; taped
to the bedpost at the foot of his bed so it is
the first thing he sees when he awakens.*

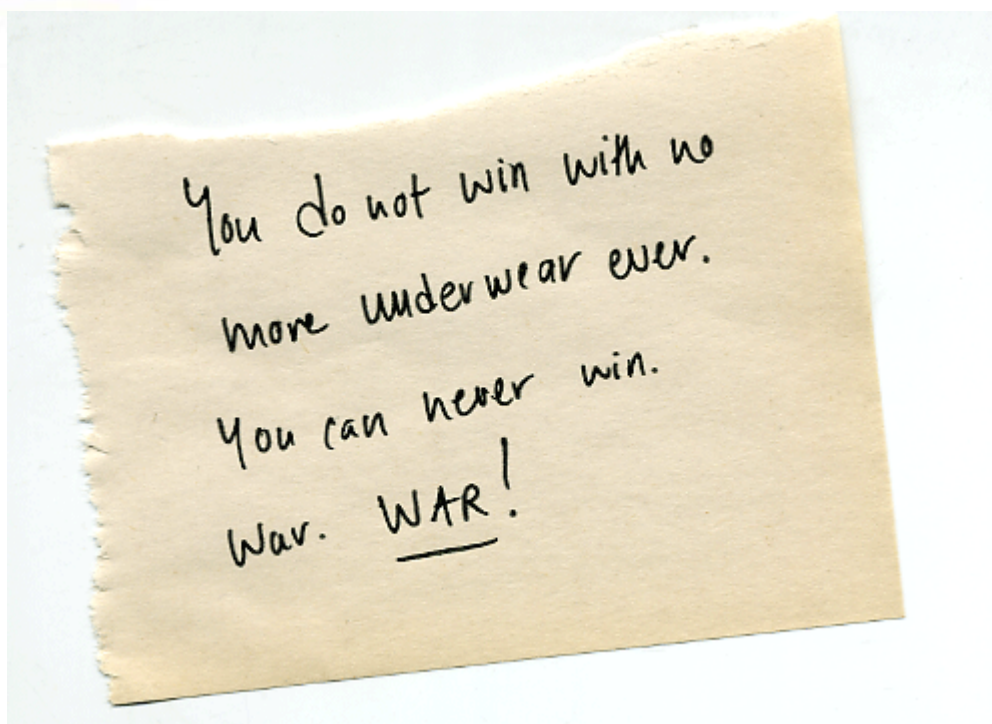
*From Peter Pettigrew to James Potter; during Herbology, in
reference to a very rare form of poison ivy, landing him in
detention for general unsubtlety.*

I'M REALLY
ITCHY!!



From Sirius Black to Peter Pettigrew; chunked at his head over dinner.

From James Potter to Sirius Black; all alone in his empty underwear drawer.



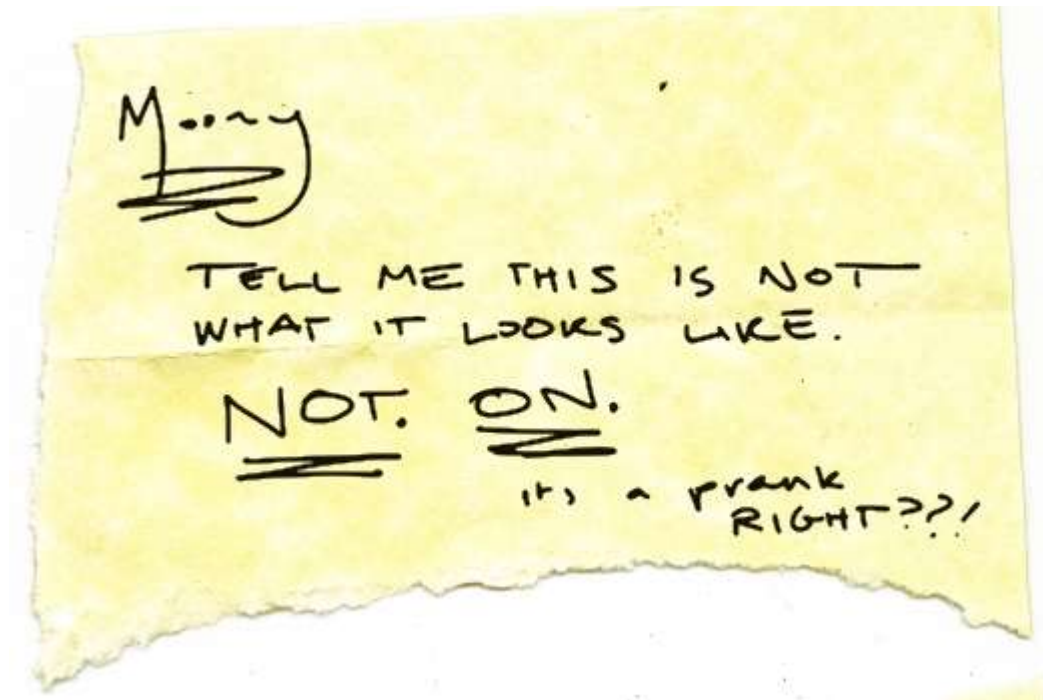
All right, push
 you up, push
 this sound. you
 who among you
 stole my last tie, thereby
 serving me to eternal defilement
 with Redwood? Speak
 and your death will be flame
 - believed &
 - to perpe
 - unrating
 the Stone
 fragment

From Sirius Black to all;
 hung up on the door of the
 boys' dormitory as a general
 warning to all.

From James Potter to Sirius Black;
 pinned to the collar of his shirt to
 serve as a makeshift tie.

Your tie is also
DEAD! (Harhar)

The following note from Sirius Black to Remus Lupin is passed in a very sneaky fashion during History of Magic, along with the following collection of notes.



Severus:
Tonight at eight all
right for you? I'm so sorry
to still be such a bother.
One more night should do it.
Remus

Lupin,
Stop apologizing. It is unfeeling.
8, then. Sharp time.
Snape

Severus,
Thank you again for clearing
all that mess up last night.
I had probably better give up
on Potions because good help
can only do so much.
Remus

Lupin,
Are you bloody Gryffindor quitter too then?
I should have assumed.
Snape

Severus,
That isn't what I had
intended - I just didn't wish to
take up your time with my own
incompetence. I would like to
continue, if it isn't too much
trouble.
Remus

Lupin,
You are again apologising for yourself.
~~STOP IT.~~
8 tonight. You know where.
Snape

Severus,
We must be getting some-
where; I didn't poison you,
myself, or light anything on
fire last time. I think you are
more patient than any
professor, really.
8 tonight?
Remus

Lupin,
Yes yes 8 tonight. You're progressing.
If only you weren't such an irascible
Gryffindor.
Snape

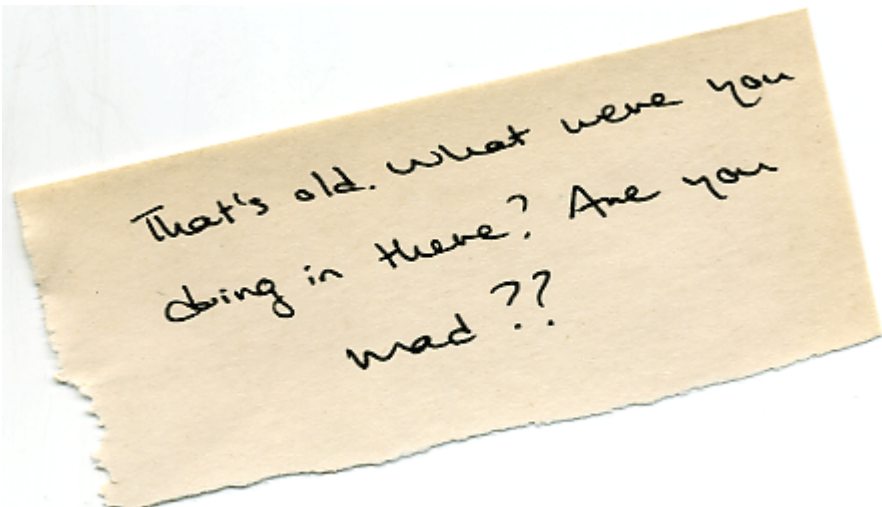
Severus,
I passed the exam. I
passed the exam. I couldn't
have done it without you.
Thank you.
Remus

Lupin,
It's not as if you're completely
hopeless.
Almost but not quite.
8 tonight?
Snape

Receiving no answer beyond the sudden rigidity of the Moony back in front of him, Sirius Black is forced to write the following two notes. He passes them along as well, to keep the first note and the evidence in question company.

HAVE YOU
BEEN RUNNING
WITH SNARKY
ON THE STREET
I broke in
pen just with
D. H.

answer me
Moony
god damn it

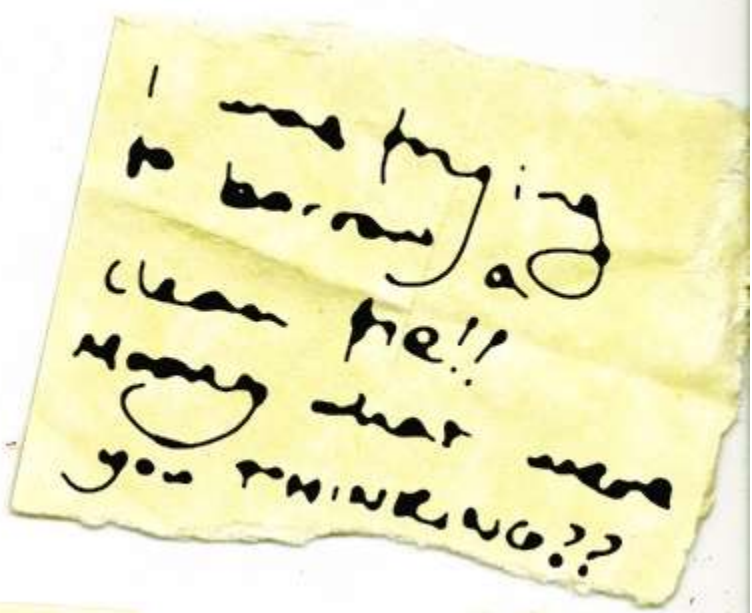


That's old. what were you
doing in there? Are you
mad??

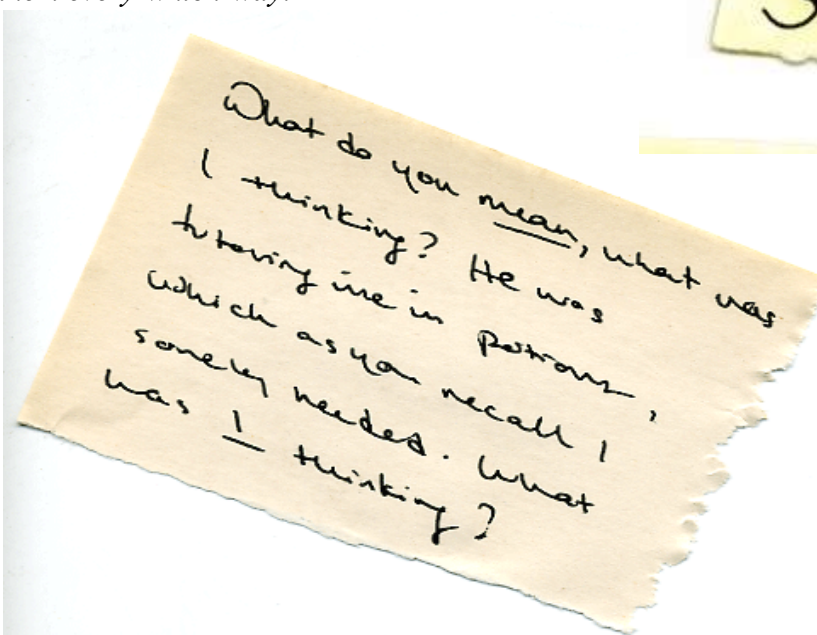
After a long time of watching the immobile, rigid Moony back, and squirming impressively in his seat, Sirius sees Remus' shoulders hunch and the tip of his quill can start bobbing just over his right shoulder. Remus' response slides with paper-slick intent across the floor, nearly escaping the blockade of Sirius' toes.

Sirius' handwriting becomes blotchily impassioned; or, rather, impassionedly blotchy.

Before Remus writes the answering note he dares a glance backward. Sirius is slouched in his seat, his face a warning storm. Remus is lucky Sirius isn't wrapping his notes up in rocks and chucking them every-which-way.



I'm trying
to be a
cleaner
He!!
Mum
you THINKING??



What do you mean, what was
I thinking? He was
tutoring me in Potions,
which as you recall I
sorely needed. What
was I thinking?

Remus takes a deep breath and tries to keep his hand steady enough to write. He holds the note behind him, hand low, fingers cold.

Having snapped his quill, Sirius works with an old ballpoint pen found on the classroom floor. He scratches out his answer hurriedly and flings the crumpled up ball of scrap paper forward. The distinct lack of aim sends the note directly into Remus' neck, whereupon it rolls down beneath his collar and Remus spends the next five minutes trying to fish it out of his trousers.

~~WHAT~~ I COULD HAVE
TUTORED YOU. OR JAMES,
HE'S ACE AT POTIONS.
WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK
ONE OF US?!

We were partnered together
by Professor Rathbone in
the first place! It was merely
logical, that's why.

Remus' valiant efforts to remain calm go unnoticed.

Figures.

Sirius' less-than-valiant efforts to turn purple do not go unnoticed.

James leans over and asks him if that vein in his forehead is going to pop out yet or what.

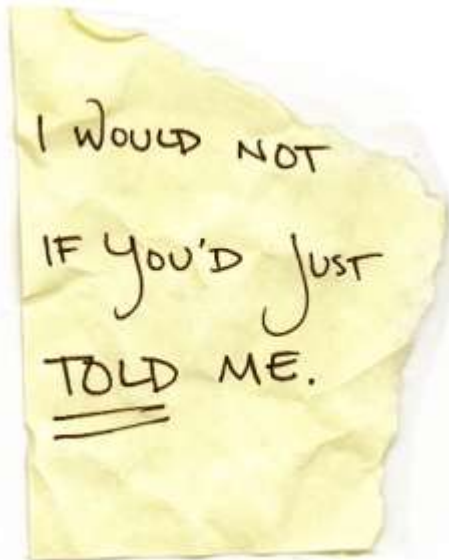
Sirius is not amused.

But Peter is.

NOTHING IS LOGICAL
THAT INVOLVES YOU
SLAGGING OFF WITH
SNAPE. WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL US??

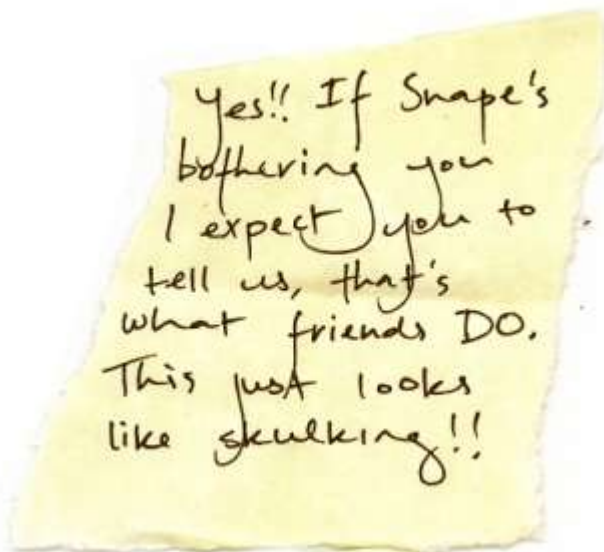
Never before has Remus indulged in such blatant impertinence during class before. His class notes are lacking. He will never know the very important formative years of peace talks between the Goblins after their eight hundred and second war.

He writes his note to Sirius dutifully, though his left eye is twitching.

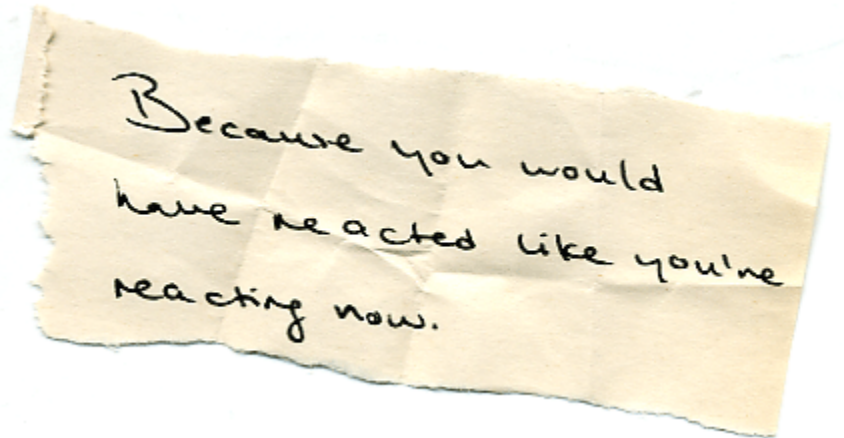


I WOULD NOT
IF YOU'D JUST
TOLD ME.

Remus is not best pleased.

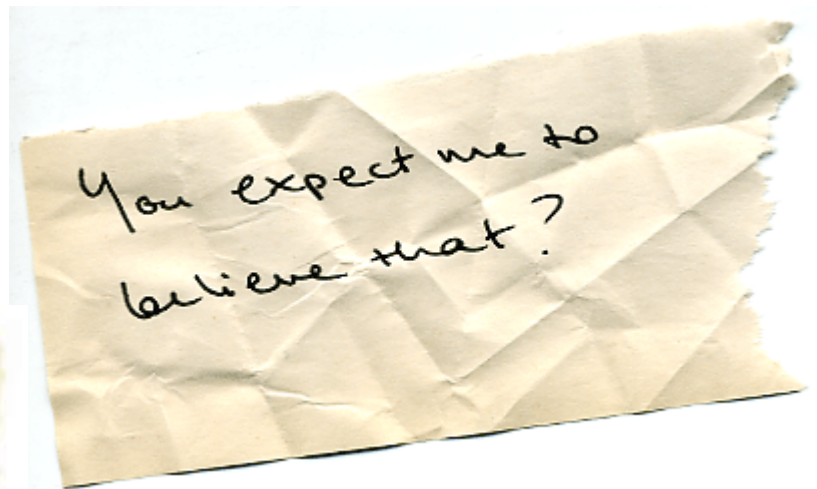


Yes!! If Snape's
bothering you
I expect you to
tell us, that's
what friends DO.
This just looks
like skulking!!



Because you would
have reacted like you're
reacting now.

While Sirius is writing his next note the Professor kindly asks Remus if he is well. It's Remus' turn to go a violent shade of purple. Sirius uses the distraction that ensues to lean forward and shove the note onto Remus' desk.



You expect me to
believe that?

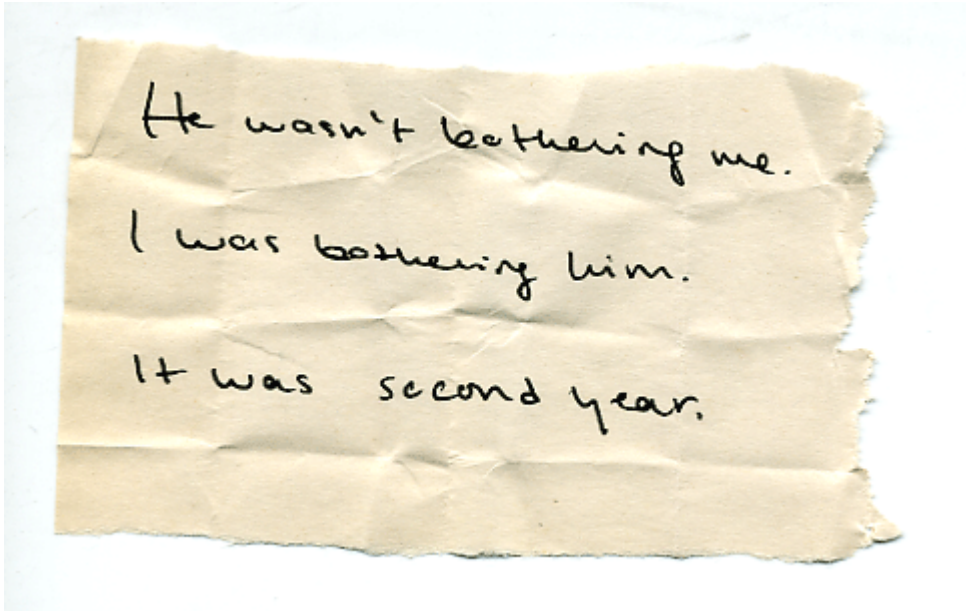
Sirius abuses exclamation marks without a second thought as to their well-being.

Remus fights off the desperate urge to comment on Sirius' over-punctuation.

Sirius is running out of paper.

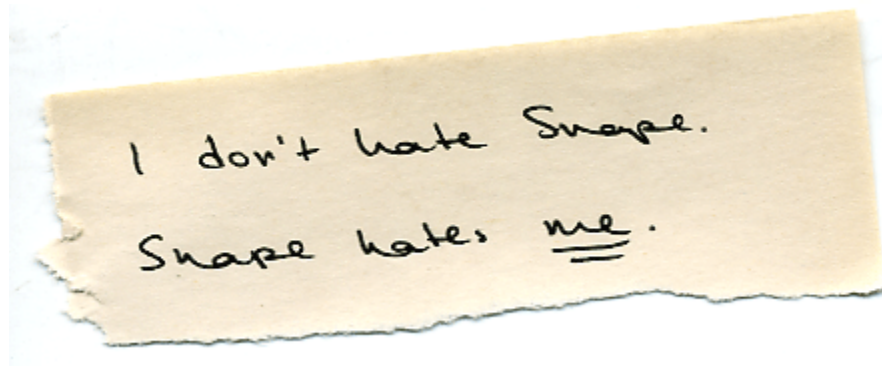
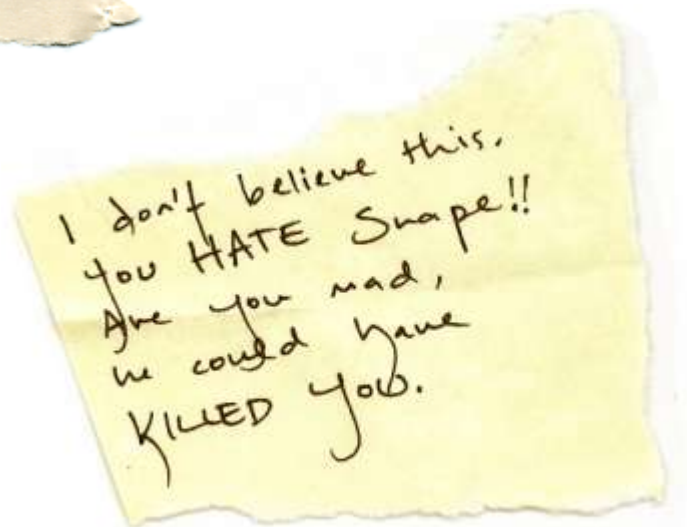


Remus' folds are growing messy, and his sentences terse. This is a grave warning sign that he is truly upset. Sirius is too busy attempting to get the ink stains from his snapped quill out of his nose to notice. (It is most unfortunate to be comically enraged.)



James once again asks Sirius if that vein should be checked up on by Madam Pomfrey and Sirius is once again emphatically not amused.

Peter still is, however, and James nearly falls out of his seat trying not to laugh.



Remus' sentences grow ever shorter. Danger is nigh.

Remus is again tempted to comment on the questionable reasoning behind using both a question mark and an exclamation point together at the end of the same sentence.

There is nearly a great tragedy with the following note, as a sneeze almost knocks it off course, into an innocent bystander's lap. Swift thinking on Sirius' part nearly impales his stomach on his desk, but he rescues the note from certain danger.

What?!
You told me you
hated him!! We all
hate him!!

Anyway Snape hates
everyone, that's why
he's SNAPE.

What does it matter,
then? Snape hates every-
one, Snape hates me,
and all he was doing was
tutoring me in Potions
because I was hopeless.

The lesson continues to the second round of peace talks between the goblins and more goblins and angry goblins and goblins that drool overly much.

*More exclamation points and capital letters.
Remus ponders a career in editing.*

WHAT DID I JUST SAY,
HE COULD HAVE KILLED
YOU. Maybe he
sabotaged your stuff!!

He didn't. I'm still alive,
aren't I?

*Sirius wonders if getting up right now and
punching Severus Snape's nose into teeny-
tiny smithereens would get him expelled,
and just how worth it that unwise course
of action would be.*

*Conspiracy theories gnaw away
at Sirius' insides.*

MAYBE YOU ARE BEING
SLOWLY EATEN AWAY FROM
THE INSIDE.

And anyway that's not the point.

Then I've missed the point,
Sirius, or it's just as
ridiculous as I feared.

At last, the damning word ridiculous comes into play. James does fall out of his seat this time, leaning over to read the formidable collection of notes by Sirius' right elbow.

Sirius figures it's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it: the dread Meeting After Class is suggested.

The point is ~~you~~ ~~his~~
Bugger all. Are you
busy after class? I
want to talk to you,
this is stupid.

Fine. No. I'm not.
All right.

The tables are turned. Doom impends.
Remus quails.

But says yes anyway.

The class is full of fidgeting.

And the Goblins have seventeen more peace talks before they again go to war.

Good, I'll catch
you outside there.

Sirius is waiting when he gets out of class, shifting twitchily from foot to foot with an expression of noble suffering in the face of terrible betrayal on his face. This is going to be hard for Remus. Everyone knows he can't stand up in the face of a confrontation, but his friends most of all. There's a pinched wrinkle furrowing the center of his brow.

"All right," Sirius says angrily, folding his arms tight across his chest. "The point is you should have just told us you had to study with him."

Remus' face tightens, self-chastisement unreadable across his features. "All right," he agrees. "All right."

"Well, why didn't you--" Sirius starts, and then blinks. "Say what?"

"All right." Remus holds up his hands, pressing his books against his chest with his elbows. "I said all right. I should have told you I had to study with him, so you and James could have interrupted us every two minutes, and I could have blown the entire dungeon up." A slight flicker of wickedness replaces the worry lines tugging his scars over the bridge of his nose and the angle of his chin.

"Yes!" Sirius says, with great vehemence that seems somehow misplaced. "Yes, you should have." Some part of him suspects that he has been tricked, and he does not appreciate it.

Remus is watching him, injured innocence writ large across his features.

"And--and you shouldn't have--thrown that last note so hard!" he adds, feeling stupider by the minute.

"I thought you looked rather dashing, nearly snorting it up into your nose like that." Remus pauses, licking his lips. Relief shows in the backs of his eyes, dark, the color of murky mahogany. "At least, you and James aren't the only ones with good aim, you know."

Sirius twitches and glares, but without real feeling behind it. "You should have been a Beater."

"Don't be silly." Remus fusses with his collar, scratches the back of his neck, and shifts his shoulders back to comfort, all while keeping an impressive number of books steady against himself. "I didn't enjoy fishing that first one out of my underwear, either. Let's just say we're even."

"Fine," Sirius says, deflating. "I'm hungry anyway."

Remus closes his eyes, fingers easing against bindings, relaxing against pages. "Then let's go eat. If," he adds, "Peter's left anything over for us."

"Doubtful," Sirius says with a barking laugh. He slings an easy arm around Remus' shoulders--and then freezes. "Hang on, aren't we in a fight?"

Bugger.

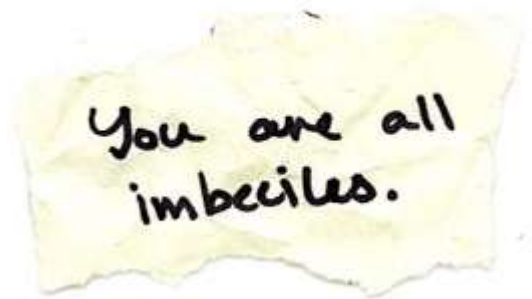
Remus nearly says it. His shoulders definitely say it.

Bugger.

"Not anymore?" he ventures. "We've been very mature. We've definitely resolved the issue at hand."

"Yes!" Sirius says, immensely relieved. "Maturity being our middle name. Our collective middle name. Sirius and Remus Maturity Black-Lupin. What's for lunch I wonder?"

"Peter's leftovers," Remus replies, and nearly leaks relief all the way down the hallway.



From Lily Evans to All; wrapped up in James Potter's invisibility cloak.

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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