

All The Young

Dudes

Part 2



Year 5

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# Chapter 1

## Summer 1975

Dear Moony,

I'm pretty sure I can get away with writing letters at least for now. I imagine they're being read, but I DON'T GIVE A SHIT, DO YOU HEAR ME, REGULUS??

Dreadful so far. Looks like Mum tried to take down my Gryffindor stuff while I was away, but I put it up with permanent sticking charms. I'm going to see if there's anything else I can put up to piss her off.

There's a big family meeting next week, posh dinner, dress robes, best behaviour etc. etc. James thinks I should keep my head down and just make note of who attends and what gets said in case it's useful later. I don't know. Sort of want to set off some dungbombs instead. What would you do?

Sirius.

\* \* \*

Sirius,

Getting on with Reg, then? Go easy on him, you don't have anyone else on your side.

Please be careful. I don't know what I'd do, I've never been to a posh dinner. Probably make a twat of myself. Don't do anything stupid, ok? James is usually right.

Remus.

Dear Remus,

Can't believe I have to spend the whole summer without any of you. Sometimes I really hate being an only child. I bet you're never lonely, at St Edmund's.

Sirius seems ok, he checks in pretty often, I think he's bored. If boredom is the worst of it, then that's a good thing, right? I keep trying to convince him not to make a fuss – we don't know what sort of thing the Blacks are involved in. Could be nothing at all.

Hope your summer is off to a good start. Have you looked at the homework? That Charms essay looks like a right ball ache.

James.

\* \* \*

James,

He'd be fine if he could control himself, but I doubt it. Keep talking to him, remind him he's got to get back to Hogwarts in one piece.

Summer is fine. You're right, I don't ever get lonely. I wouldn't mind a bit of privacy most of the time, but this summer's been good. Don't worry about me.

That Charms essay is a doddle and you know it. You just don't like hard work, Potter.

Remus.

\* \* \*

Moony,

Greetings from San Francisco! I thought it would be hot here, but it's bloody freezing and rains most of the time. Merlin knows why Philomena would want to live here, it's no different than dear old Blighty.

Pete.

\* \* \*

Dear Moony,



Caused uproar this week, it was brilliant. Found a bunch of old muggle posters in a skip down the road – pictures of girls, you know the sort. They don't even move, it's hilarious. Anyway, stuck them up on the walls with my patented sticking charm, and mum IS FURIOUS.

I think she's probably only annoyed because they're muggle girls, she couldn't care less that they've got their tits out. Anyway, now I can't go out unsupervised. Worth it, though.

Sirius.

\* \* \*

Sirius,

You're an idiot and you know it. Posters??? Don't you feel weird with them all staring at you?

Remus.

\* \* \*

Dear Remus,

Really worried about Sirius. I don't know if he told you about the stunt he pulled with the posters, but he's a bloody idiot for doing it. Don't believe him if he says he's fine, he'd definitely been crying when I spoke to him last with the mirror (don't tell him I told you that, obviously).

Standby in case we need to trigger the rescue mission.

James.

\* \* \*

James,

Ready when you are.

Remus.

\* \* \*

Moony,

Don't listen to Potter, he's an old woman. Everything's fine, nothing I can't cope with. Hope you're having a good summer. Can't wait for September.

Sirius.

\* \* \*

Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> August 1975

Remus staggered weakly into the dorm room. It had been a bad one. Madam Pomfrey thought it must be because of the change of scenery. He had a long thick scar across his chest, now – it had been ages since he'd got a scar.

Grant sat up abruptly, looking hurt.

"Where you been?" He asked, "Thought you'd got arrested or summin'."

"Sick," Remus replied.

"Sick wiv what?"

Remus sighed, flopping down on his bed. It had been a hard night, and he just wanted to sleep. He closed his eyes. He didn't feel like excuses today.

"Well, it was the full moon last night, you see." He said, calmly, "When I was five I was bitten by a werewolf and now I am one. I turn every month, and Matron locks me up so I don't hurt anyone else."

"Oh, ha ha." Grant replied, climbing onto Remus' bed, straddling him. They were both so skinny they fit easily together on the narrow bunk. "Very funny, clever clogs. Fine, don't tell me."

He leaned forward and kissed Remus.

Remus opened his eyes, freezing for a moment. "S'fine," Grant assured him, stroking his cheek, "They're all outside, I checked."

Remus kissed him back.