

Life imitates Art

by peskipiksi

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Chapter 1 of 1

Remus Lupin never thought he'd find a Muggle book so interesting.

"When you can live forever, what do you live for?" The words on the book's cover struck an instant chill into Remus' heart. These days, the words "live forever" were synonymous with Lord Voldemort. But when Remus took the chunky paperback down from the shelf in Flourish & Blott's, he realised it wasn't a biography of He Who Must Not Be Named, but an omnibus set of novels by a Muggle author. Intrigued, Remus sat down in a squashy armchair and began reading.

Remus didn't normally come to Diagon Alley; he didn't have the money, and window-shopping only served to remind him of his impecunious state. But the one advantage of 'living among his fellows' for the Order was that he didn't have bills to pay. For once, he had some spare cash, and, having been invited to the Weasleys' for Christmas, wanted to buy a gift for his host and hostess.

Two hours later, he was still there. Despite its having been written for Muggle teenagers, there was so much in the book he identified with that it was fascinating. Remus was not impressed by the portrayal of werewolves; Jacob Black appeared to have been born, not bitten; he could transform at will and without the agony Remus endured every month. But, despite this fanciful depiction, Jacob was a good and honourable man, and this view of werewolves came as a welcome change from the prejudice Remus had suffered all his life.

But it was the central character, Edward, with whom he identified most. Very much older than the girl who adored him, Edward knew himself to be too dangerous to be allowed near Isabella, and yet he couldn't keep away from her. To keep her safe from him, he broke off their relationship, which caused her to become extremely depressed. The parallels with Remus' own life were almost painful, and yet he kept reading. Despite the difficulties and dangers of their relationship, Edward and Bella were back together and were making it work, and that gave Remus hope for himself. He was hoping, desperately hoping, for a happy ending, and he knew that if there was one, he would buy the book for his own Bella Swann.

He knew Molly Weasley wouldn't mind her Christmas present being given to Nymphadora Tonks.

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A/N The prompt was: Remus Lupin; Flourish & Blott's; The 'Twilight' saga.

Many thanks to sandlapper for the title, which is a quote from Oscar Wilde's *The Decay of Lying*: 'Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.'