

Shine On

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Shine On, You Crazy Diamond. A retelling of the story of Sirius and Remus.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun.

Shine on, you crazy diamond.

Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky.

Shine on, you crazy diamond.

You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom, blown on the steel breeze.

Come on, you target for faraway laughter, come on, you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine!

You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon.

Shine on, you crazy diamond.

Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light.

Shine on, you crazy diamond.

Well you wore out your welcome with random precision, rode on the steel breeze.

Come on, you raver, you seer of visions, come on, you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!"

--Pink Floyd, "Shine On You Crazy Diamond"

"Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun"

Remus, bookworm, outsider, lonely soul, looked on his friends with something akin to wonder. Smart, popular James. Funny, sensitive Peter. And Sirius. Witty, compassionate Sirius, for whom he had longed with the most secret and desperate parts of his heart since he was twelve and felt those first confusing twinges of attraction

deep in his belly. Longed for, lusted after, dreamt of, until that one blessedly glorious day.

It was their seventh year. Sirius had gone with the rest of the team to Quidditch practice one simply gorgeous fall afternoon. It was still warm enough to sit outside and watch, so Remus had gone along, for once without Peter glued to his side, two or three texts tucked under his arm. He spread out his cloak under one of the great trees just off to the side of the field, where he could catch the afternoon sunlight and still see the players practicing. Sirius saw him and waved once, quickly, before disappearing into the sky, calling plays and executing moves with the flair of one who had been born to the broomstick. Remus intended to study, but ... oh, how the rays of the setting sun glimmered just so in his black, wavy hair, and how the wind lifted his cloak just enough to show off his taut, lean form, and suddenly Remus found himself unable to tear his eyes away. "Daft," he thought, "you're daft, daft, daft," to stare so openly and yet not care if he were seen. This sight, this beautiful sight, was worth all the teasing he might endure, should his friends see him. And how he wanted Sirius to notice him, to finally notice *him*, not for help with essays, not for playing pranks, and certainly not for his monthly transformations. And then ... he found himself staring into his friend's eyes.

"When had that happened?" Remus wondered numbly. Then he gasped. Oh, sweet Merlin, he had seen, had seen him staring, like some punch-drunk fool. He blushed furiously, jaw snapping shut, and yet for some reason he found himself absolutely incapable of pulling his eyes away, and Sirius, he had dismounted from his broom, and was coming closer, and closer, until his very skin ached from the feel of his breath, and the golden sunlight shone behind him like some bewitching halo...

"Sirius," he choked, "I don't ... I'm ..." and Sirius, whose dark eyes seemed to reach out and swallow him whole, leaned in and whispered, "Moony," and kissed him, and he melted.

"Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky"

Sirius, prankster, smart aleck, lonely soul, looked on his friends with something akin to wonder. Smart, popular James. Funny, sensitive Peter. And Remus. Bookish, reserved, and oh, so brave. A true Gryffindor, that one. Sirius didn't know how he survived, but he whispered his thanks into Remus' unconscious ear every month after the full moon.

He snuck glances Remus' way every chance he could get, had done so since their first year, but those glances became more furtive, more frequent, from the very moment his voice began to crack and deepen. But it was during the full moon that he felt closest to Remus. He was the only one that could keep up with wolf-Remus, running at full speed across the fields and through the trees, stopping to drink icy cold spring water and curl up, backs together, guarding one another through the worst of the night. Stag-James and rat-Peter tried, but it was dog-Sirius that Remus trusted to keep him safe from himself.

Sometimes, when they were in animal form, Sirius found himself gazing at the other. He didn't mind Remus' wolf-shape, lean and virile as it was, although it bore little resemblance to his human self. Except his eyes. In human form, Remus had deep, chocolate brown eyes, with flecks of gold around the edges and the tiniest hint of pine green in the center, and they glowed with warmth and compassion even when he was angry, maybe even especially when he was angry ... as a wolf, his eyes grew darker, harder, more shuttered yet more raw, more exposed than he thought Remus could realize, would want to realize, displaying his pain, his agony, his strength, his bravery. So yet even when the moonlight glittered across deep black pupils, those eyes were still beautiful, and still Remus.

"You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom, blown on the steel breeze"

James. Sirius. Remus. Peter. Two pure-bloods and two half-bloods, brought together under the bonds of friendship. Such friendship would be tested many times throughout the years, often by juvenile pranks, the courage and blindness brought about by young love and petty rivalries. But the big things ... no, the big things could never destroy such a bond.

Remus had always wished for siblings, hoped beyond all hope for a playmate, a confidante, a companion. He had them now, in his friends, but it would never be the same as a blood brother. Or so he thought. He always watched Sirius, but once Regulus arrived at Hogwarts, Remus paid even closer attention. And watched them both.

No two brothers, he surmised, could ever be more different. He saw Regulus' pride in his pure-blood status, his absolute and utter joy at being proclaimed a Slytherin almost, almost enough to rival his absolute and utter disdain for his disappointment of an older brother and his choice of company. He sensed Sirius' quiet shame, the disappointment he could only bring himself to voice through jest and prank, but he also saw Sirius take joy in all, all of his friends, regardless of their blood status. He knew that Sirius truly liked him, though, for whatever reason, and so Remus could never fault him for rubbing his friends in Regulus' face, but every once in a while, when he saw Sirius flash that bright smile at James, or Lily, or even Professor McGonagall, he would wish, deeply and profoundly, that Sirius liked him for more than that.

That smile, that smile that could win him the world. It got him into the kitchens and out of detention more regularly than afternoon tea, and when he turned sixteen, it was that smile that convinced Mr. and Mrs. Potter to let him come live there with James. Those that didn't know Sirius well thought that he was the luckiest person on the planet, being able to move in with his best friend, away from his family. But Remus the watcher knew differently. He knew that it broke Sirius' heart to leave, to give up all the last trappings of childhood hopes, to know that he would never fit in. Not there, not with them. But here, with James and Remus and Peter, he could be himself, and be loved for it, for the first time in his life. With them, Remus thought, he shone brighter than any star.

"Come on, you target for faraway laughter, come on, you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine"

James. Sirius. Remus. Peter. Two pure-bloods and two half-bloods, brought together under the bonds of friendship. Such friendship would be tested many times throughout the years, often by juvenile pranks, the courage and blindness brought about by young love, petty rivalries. But the big things ... no, the big things could never destroy such a bond.

When Remus' condition was first discovered, he was so embarrassed, so ashamed, so convinced that he had just lost any and all friends he had at Hogwarts. Sirius read these emotions on his face, etched into the premature lines and scars as clearly as ink on paper, and a part of him cringed to think that Remus could possibly think for an instant that he would ever, ever abandon him. He looked at Remus for a second as though he were a stranger, the concept of parting ways over something so tragic and life-changing and so utterly meaningless absolutely foreign to him. Unfortunately, Remus was watching him from underneath his impossibly long brown eyelashes, a look that ordinarily would have sent tiny shivers down Sirius' lower back, and mistook his confusion for revulsion. Jumping out of bed, he staggered across the dorm, making it just past Peter before stumbling to his knees, hitting the floor with a small, stifled sob of infinite pain.

Before Peter or James could reach him, though, Sirius had jumped across the bed and was next to him, one arm wrapped around too-thin ribs, the other reaching blindly until it had captured one of Remus' hands. "Remus, you tosser, you right bloody bastard! Don't. You. Dare."

The finality, almost desperate but utterly sincere, in Sirius' voice caught Remus totally off guard. "Don't dare? Don't dare what, Sirius? Spare you all? You have nothing to do with this. It needn't ever be your concern again. Just ... let me go." Remus' voice dropped to a whisper.

"Don't you dare make yourself a martyr, Remus," Sirius whispered back. James and Peter stood to the side, mesmerized by the scene in front of them. "Don't you dare think that you can do this by yourself, that I ... that we ... would ever let you go through this alone. It's not your fault, and we don't care!" Remus tried feebly to retrieve his hand from Sirius' grip, tried to break loose, but couldn't, didn't really want to, because Sirius' arm felt so right holding him up, and he wanted so badly to lean in and rest, just rest his head on his friend's shoulder and be comforted ... But twelve-year-old boys did not do that, should not do that. He bowed his head, overcome.

"I can't let you, any of you, put yourselves at risk just for me," Remus whispered to the floor.

James walked over and sat back on his heels, gazing seriously at his two best friends. Peter followed suit, looking back and forth between the three of them. "But that's our decision, Remus. You're our best mate. What kind of bloody friends do you think we are, Slytherins?" James asked quietly. Sirius' heart quickened. "Gryffindor bravery be damned, we're your friends, Remus. I'm your friend. You are brilliant, mate. This is not your choice." Humbled, ashamed, filled with gratitude and love, Remus finally relaxed. And Sirius was there to catch him.

"You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon"

It was enough, the friendship. What James, Sirius, and Peter offered him, not just during the full moon, but at all times. Though it was tense and awkward at first, it slowly melted away until there was nothing left but an easy camaraderie and the knowledge that no matter what, they all took care of each other. There was nothing that the others could do for Remus during the full moon when they first learned, but they never left his side the day before and took turns with him the entire day after. In return, Remus helped each of them with their homework, revising essays, finding books in the library, even going over Quidditch plays with James and Sirius.

But little did he know that his extra research over the next three years was not for James' extra Transfiguration essay, or Sirius' remedial Charms class, or even for Peter's loathsome Herbology skills. Had he known what they were up to, he would have stopped. It may even have threatened their friendship, close as it was, because it was just too dangerous. And time would prove him right.

It had been Sirius' idea, he just knew it. Of course it had. Out of all of them, he was the last one to leave him in the Shrieking Shack at the full moon, he was the first one to return in the morning, and he could barely tear himself away from the window every time a howl drifted his way on the wind. But it was overhearing a conversation between James and Peter one day that clued Remus in to just what his friends were doing behind his back. "You're what?" he hissed at them, barely able to control his voice. "You can't be serious! You're all as mad as hatters, that's what you are! How dare you do this!"

"Remus, mate, I promise, we'll explain it all. Only ... now's not a great time," James said softly, shuffling his feet. "Sirius ... he's in the hospital wing."

Without another word, Remus grabbed his bag and ran.

As they raced to the hospital wing, James and Peter huffed out the barest of explanations. They had been trying to become Animagi without alerting the Ministry, but the secrets of the transformation were so carefully guarded that they had concocted a hodgepodge of spells, charms, and potions to ease the transition, so to speak. Only Sirius, so anxious for it to work, had volunteered to go first, and it hadn't worked quite as well as they would have hoped. Madame Pomfrey didn't think there would be lasting damage, but even she had momentarily lost her typical composure when he was brought in.

Remus' mind raced frantically. Was he alright? Oh, please, let him be alright. Whatever was wrong, it didn't matter, he just had to get there right now, see him with his own eyes. He didn't even remember Madame Pomfrey there at the door, looking unsurprised to see the three of them burst in the door as though they were racing against dragon fire. He raced to Sirius' bedside, almost unable to breathe, and then ... stopped. Stopped breathing, stopped moving, stopped thinking. And just looked. Looked at the rise and fall of Sirius' chest. And breathed again.

And then, and only then, did he realize that Sirius' eyes, his beautiful golden-grey eyes, were staring back at him from a face covered in thin, black fur. In fact, his face, his arms, what he could see of his chest, were all covered in coarse black hair, almost like ... a dog's fur. "Oh, Merlin, Sirius, what did you do?" Remus exhaled, eyes filling with a curious mixture of relief and concern. Sirius made a small mewling noise, almost a whine, and Remus understood and forgave him.

Remus did not leave his side for three days, and he swept up the fur when it fell, and he threatened to hex anyone who dared make fun of his condition. And when it was over, he whispered, "Why, Sirius? Why couldn't you just tell me?"

And Sirius replied, "I just wanted to be with you, Remus." He sighed. "I hate the moon."

"Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light"

For so long at Hogwarts, James, Sirius and Peter kept Remus' secret. Remus had never felt the need to swear any of them to secrecy. He just knew, knew that none of them would ever betray him. He trusted them all implicitly. But he had not counted on one thing, one person, and that was Severus Snape.

Out of all four of them, he had the least reason to dislike Snape. He understood why the others did, of course, but he saw Snape more as an outcast, a fellow intellect, and thus had a harder time pushing aside the compassion he felt, the same compassion his friends showed him. For whatever reason, Sirius hated Snape almost as much as he cared for Remus, or so it seemed, and one cruel, cruel night, they all found out just how much that was.

The next day, Remus had (as usual) no recollection of what had happened, but it did not take long to realize that something important had taken place. On those rare occasions when one of them risked being seen, or when some of them had had a rougher time of it than usual, the next morning was usually spent in quiet laughter at their escape and larger than normal doses of Pain-killing Potion and a little Pepper-up. This, this was different. There was no laughter. Sirius sat in one corner, avoiding everyone's eyes but particularly his own. James paced back and forth, his facial expressions changing quicksilver-fast between absolute rage and utter remorse. Peter, as usual, flitted his eyes from face to face to face, hands twitching, but not even a nervous chuckle escaped his lips.

Remus struggled to sit up, bracing himself against the waves of pain as his joints popped and his skin stretched over newly reconfigured bones. Pressing one hand against his head in a vain attempt to stop the world from spinning, he glanced around at each of his friends, and his blood chilled. "Dear Merlin, did I attack someone? Has someone been hurt? What did I do?" he thought, trying against all hope to remember. He groaned. Why was no one speaking?

At the sound of his groan, the three young men swung their heads around. They were in such perfect tandem that at any other time, Remus would have laughed. As it were, he was merely on the verge of hysterics. He managed to choke out a gurgled demand. "Tell me. Now."

The story was laid out. Peter did most of the talking, with brief interruptions, clarifications, from James. Sirius never spoke. Remus sat, astounded. He didn't know which hurt worse: the idea that he might have inadvertently hurt someone, anyone, especially a person that under different circumstances could have been ... a friend, or the idea that the one person he thought he could trust with anything, the one person who had gone the furthest and given up the most to be his friend, had betrayed him. Completely, utterly, and irrevocably. He stared at Sirius, mind spinning and eyes empty.

Sirius did not meet his gaze.

"Well, you wore out your welcome with random precision, rode on the steel breeze"

It took the better part of two weeks after the "Snape incident," as they took to calling it, before Sirius would be in the same room alone with Remus. It took three weeks before Sirius dared to glance at Remus, not when Remus could see, not even in a mirror's reflection or on the back of his breakfast spoon. It was well over a month before either of them spoke to the other.

It was tentative at first, more like an accident, a force-of-habit reaction to an offhanded comment that one of them made to James. After the words had left their mouths, they froze, unsure of how to react. After a while, one of them relaxed, then the other, and they continued on, ignoring each other yet more finely attuned to each other than a pair of matched wands.

Weeks passed, and then months, until their sixth year was spinning out behind them like so much ribbon on a spool. James and Peter, unsure of how best to patch things up between them, drifted off toward other friends, although Sirius, Remus, and the Marauders were always, always foremost in their minds. It just ... wasn't the same, though.

Until that night. It was the full moon again, and James and Peter had been given detention the entire week for yet another backfired prank in Potions class designed to win Lily Evans' affection. And Remus was alone, unless Sirius ... So of course he came. He came, and he sat beside Moony as he transformed, and he oh so easily slipped into his dog form, as though nothing had happened, and they ran through the woods, free for the first time in months. And when the night was over, and they made their way back to the Shrieking Shack, Sirius stayed with him until it was done, and Remus lay, naked and shivering as he always was, almost unconscious with the pain, and he held him, and stroked his hair, and finally, just once, allowed himself to look at Remus' face, at his beautiful, gold-flecked eyes, and he broke. He never remembered what he said, only that he had apologized, again and again, and that there were tears, and that at one point, he had gingerly pushed back Remus' sandy brown hair from his face and had lingered just a shade too long on his forehead, fingers whisper-soft against the faint scars few knew he had.

The next day, they spoke. And by the end of the year, things were more or less normal.

But it was never exactly the same.

"Come on, you raver, you seer of visions, come on, you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine"

Having some time apart during the summer between their sixth and seventh years proved to be more of a boon than a burden, for once. They both had time to think, and they wrote, of course. There was even a week-long visit to James' house, where the four of them sipped purloined Firewhisky and talked about Lily. But always, always underneath the easiness and the camaraderie, there was this tiny kernel of fear, of apprehension, of awkwardness.

Their seventh year was so busy, between exams and Quidditch and girls and detentions, that that tiny bit of awkwardness never fully got ironed out. Not even after that one glorious, perfect kiss that Sirius and Remus shared that fall afternoon.

They would regret, later, not taking the time to do so.

When the Death Eater attacks rose daily and their peaceful student world began to turn upside down, Sirius suspected Remus of turning spy. Rationally, he knew that there was no way Remus would ever, could ever, support You-Know-Who, but he missed his friend, missed him desperately, and that part of him that did not understand what was happening began to fear what he did not know, and what he did not know anymore was Remus. Not completely. And so fear turned to suspicion.

And when James and Lily, and baby Harry, were in danger, Remus doubted. He doubted Sirius' fidelity, his ability to keep a secret, because after all, had he not betrayed him, his best friend, once before? And he missed his friend, missed him desperately, and that part of him that did not understand what was happening began to fear what he did not know, and what he did not know anymore was Sirius. Not completely. And so fear turned to suspicion.

And Peter, unsuspecting, invisible Peter, betrayed them all.

But suspicions, once secretly harbored, are difficult to excise, and Peter, unsuspecting, invisible Peter, had never made himself present enough to arouse any. No, even Remus believed Sirius to have committed the unthinkable, to have betrayed his friends. Again. And it almost killed him. And Sirius knew why Remus believed it, believed the lie, and once again he despised his foolishness and mourned a love lost. And it almost killed him.

Almost.

Twelve years later, Remus ... no, Professor Lupin ... was tired. Exhausted. Bone-achingly drained, to be precise. James was dead. Peter was dead. Sirius ... well, Sirius was as good as dead. And for twelve years, Remus had had no one. No one who could help, not to sit with him as the moon rose, not to change with him and run through the Forbidden Forest, not to hold him as he reverted to human form, to tend his wounds, self-inflicted or not, to brush his hair back from his face ...

He shook his head. Once again he had caught himself daydreaming while he should have been grading papers, but it was so hard sometimes, looking at Harry, and now, their Marauder's Map had been handed back to him. Well. Small wonder that old memories rose unbidden. He stood, lost for a minute, almost deaf to Harry's words, until a name he had not heard spoken aloud in twelve years floated by his ears. And he took a deep breath, and he tried to quell the sudden beating of his heart, the unfamiliar flutter that felt almost like hope.

And when all was said and done, he and Sirius stood facing each other in the Shrieking Shack, both gaunt and greying and more than a little crazy and more than a bit dirtier than they had ever managed to get as students, and they shook with the very nearness of one another. And after Sirius fled, Remus went to him, found him, and they were seventeen again, and they said all the things that they-at-seventeen should have managed to say. They choked out apologies dusty with time, and spilled tears from wells that had long since gone dry, and spoke words of forgiveness, and as the sun set behind them, the golden sunlight shining behind them like some bewitching halo, they whispered words of love long dying to have been spoken. Their eyes grew dark and swallowed each other whole, and at last, at long last, they kissed, and they melted.