

Werewolf Blues

by phoenix

Rewritten and expanded! It's tough to be a werewolf in a society where you are misunderstood and feared. How does Remus Lupin, the first werewolf to attend Hogwarts, handle this responsibility? A look at the MWPP Hogwarts years.

Arrival

Chapter 1 of 7

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A/N: I normally don't do this at the start of a story, but this is such an unusual fic, I thought I'd give a brief explanation.

This initially started as a five-drabble one-shot, but after hearing back from some readers, I thought it would be fun to expand it. It is now a series of 42-100 word vignettes. I have tried my best to make each of them stand alone, which was quite difficult and did limit the storytelling a bit. I wanted to try to capture the big 'werewolf' moments during Remus' time at Hogwarts, while including his relationship with the others. I know I don't have a lot of Peter, but it's really hard to include four people in a 100 word scene, and I have the impression Peter was pretty quiet and sycophantic. This style is definitely one way to ensure you aren't using superfluous language.

I send out a great big thank you to such_heights who gave me wonderful advice about the flow of the story and some Brit-picking. Beta-ing such a constrained story was a bit of a challenge, but she did a marvellous job.

Arrival

"John, look at this! They've accepted him."

"I can't believe it – Remus! Come here, son."

Mrs. Lupin was crying as Remus entered the kitchen. "Yes, dad?"

"Son, you're going to Hogwarts this year. There will be special precautions, and you must tell no one your secret."

Remus was ecstatic. He had expected to have to stay at home and learn from his mother, but he could be like other children this time.

"You *do* understand how important this is?"

"Yes, Father. I'll tell no one." He couldn't believe it. He was going to Hogwarts. He would be a proper wizard.

"Do you have everything you need?" His mother fussed over his clothes and untidy hair.

"Yes, Mum. I didn't forget anything." Everything had been packed for days.

"And you have your money for lunch?"

His father interrupted, "Caroline, don't coddle him. He'll be fine. Remus, you'll meet with the school nurse and the headmaster tomorrow. They'll explain everything to you. Remember to do what they say."

"I will. I want to stay at school." And finally be normal, he added silently.

"That's my boy. Don't forget to write."

"I won't." He nervously boarded the train, realizing he didn't know anyone.

Having boarded the train early, he found an empty compartment. Nervous about being alone, but more nervous about having to talk to anyone, he pulled out a book.

Hearing a commotion outside, he buried his nose deeper in the book, not wanting to get involved.

"Narcissa, just leave me alone."

"Auntie told me to keep an eye on you. Get in this compartment, now!"

"I don't have to listen to you. James and I are sitting here. Stuff a toad in it!"

"Check out the bookworm," said James.

Remus ignored them, hoping they would go away. They sounded too boisterous.

Remus stood in the back, trying to go unnoticed. Everyone was looking around at their new classmates. He worried someone would see right through him, know that he had a secret, and demand that he share it.

He had been assured that no one other than the staff would know, but he feared being sent home if he was discovered and the misery that would follow.

A middle-aged witch shouted out directions, ordering them into a line and to be quiet. Taking his place in the middle, they were ushered for the Sorting. He wondered how it would be done.

Nervously, he approached the stool and placed the Hat on his head.

"Hmmm, you have a very strong heart. And it's all right to be afraid. Fear creates caution, which can keep you alive. You think you should be Hufflepuff? Well, I know differently. I can see things inside you that even you don't see. You will need brave friends to help you with your affliction..."

No one must know! Remus was horrified.

"That's what they tell you. Listen to me, you'll need strong friends in order to thrive and grow, and you can only find them one place..."

"GRYFFINDOR!"

After enjoying a marvellous dinner, Remus was ready for bed. As he and the other first years lined up, he noticed two of them were the boys from the train, James and Sirius. He was nervous about having them as dorm-mates. Everyone introduced himself, telling a little about his past. When it was his turn, Remus found he couldn't give much more than his name and hometown.

Sirius started asking questions when James elbowed him. "Leave him alone. He's shy and we've got seven years to get to know each other."

Remus couldn't believe someone had stood up for him.

Remus crawled into bed hardly believing it was true. His parents had long warned him he probably would not be able to attend Hogwarts. Now, he was here, ready to learn magic. Of his classmates, Sirius was loud and boisterous, James was cool and confident, and Peter was even quieter and more nervous than he.

Since James had stuck up for him, he would try to befriend James first. He hoped the behaviour on the train had been an anomaly. After all, the Hat had told him he needed friends, and he would most likely make them in his house.

First Full Moon

Chapter 2 of 7

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First Full Moon

Remus ate sparingly at lunch. Tonight was the first full moon. He was terrified that his friends would work out why he was absent, even though Dumbledore had assured

him his secret was safe.

"You all right, Remus?" asked James.

"No. Not really. I'm starting to feel a bit under the weather. I'll go see Madam Pomfrey after class."

Sirius was concerned. "Are you sure? You look really pale."

Remus smiled wanly. "I'll be okay for a few more hours." Until the moon rises, he added. "I don't think it's too serious." The less time he was away, the better.

Remus stood in the headmaster's office, feeling nervous.

"Don't be frightened, Remus. Everything has been taken care of. Professor McGonagall will inform your classmates you can't have visitors. Everything will be safe at the Shack. Madam Pomfrey and I are the only ones who know the secret of the tree. The trap door is the only way in or out."

"But what about the villagers? They'll hear me."

"Already taken care of. The Shack is, after all, haunted. Do you have any other concerns?"

Remus fidgeted nervously. "I suppose not. Thank you, Professor."

Dumbledore smiled broadly. "You are quite welcome."

Wrapping her arm protectively around him, Madam Pomfrey led Remus to the Whomping Willow. "Everything will be just fine, dear. You'll be nice and safe. I'll be by after the moon sets with a Rejuvenating Potion and to treat any injuries."

Her presence made him feel calmer. "Do you have experience with werewolves?"

"Not yet, but don't you worry. After twenty years here, I've seen many amazing things. Treating you will be quite simple. You'll be back to class in no time."

Her kindness was overwhelming. And she had potions to help his recovery. "Thank you."

"That's all right, dear."

Through cracks in the walls, he could see the sky. The moon would rise soon; he could feel it. The windows were boarded up and there were no lamps, so he waited in the darkness. The shack was much larger than the shed where his parents had kept him. There were sparse furnishings, giving him something on which to expend his wolfish energy, but it was still a strange place. Listening to the wind blow through the cracks, he wondered what would happen if he got free. They had told him he couldn't escape, but the walls still looked flimsy.

Huddled in the darkness, he twitched, half-asleep and cold. He had not thought to ask for extra blankets. Madam Pomfrey should be returning soon, and he was glad. Hopefully, her potions would help him recover quickly. It had taken him days at home.

Looking at his arm, he could see the cuts where he assumed he had tried to break through the walls. When he was the wolf, he wanted to be outside and run free, but it was not possible. He was too dangerous. Hearing the scrape of the trap door, he looked up, eager to return to Hogwarts.

Two days after the full moon, Remus returned to the dormitory, still pale and weak, but he didn't dare wait longer. Madam Pomfrey had assured him that the staff would work to develop new elixirs to help him with his recovery.

That was more than he had ever anticipated. His parents had said there was nothing to be done, but perhaps it was only because they couldn't afford the treatment. He would forever be in Dumbledore's debt for affording him this opportunity at a normal life. He resolved to himself not let his headmaster down for having faith in him.

James was the first to see him. "Remus, good to have you back. Feeling better?"

"Very much, thank you."

"Damn, if this is better, I'd hate to see worse. That would be? why you couldn't have visitors, hmm?" asked Sirius.

No, you wouldn't want to see worse. "That's right. But don't worry, Madam Pomfrey has sorted me all out. I'll be good as new in no time."

"That's great. I've got notes for you to look at."

"Thanks, James. I really appreciate that."

"This illness isn't serious, is it?" asked Peter.

Remus shrugged. "Madam Pomfrey'll keep an eye on me."

A/N: I hope you are enjoying this rather unusual way of presenting a story. It was a fun challenge for me, and I have really enjoyed trying show the Marauder's era in this fashion.

As always, reviews are deeply appreciated.

Birth of the Marauders

Chapter 3 of 7

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Birth of the Marauders

After not finding his friends in the common room, Remus headed to the dormitory and saw them huddled around James' bed, whispering.

"Why didn't you tell us you're a werewolf?" asked James

Stunned, Remus replied, "Because I knew you wouldn't like me."

Sirius said, "You've got it all wrong. We're friends no matter what. It's actually really cool."

"How'd you figure it out?"

"After two years of being gone every full moon? We aren't that thick," replied James.

"You don't hate me?"

"Of course not, mate. We'd never abandon you," said Sirius

Remus smiled, realizing the Hat had been right.

"We've decided something," announced James. "It must be lonely when you transform, so we're going to become Animagi. Peter researched it and werewolves only attack people, so we'll be safe with you as animals."

"I can't let you do that. It's too dangerous."

James had a gleam in his eye. "We've got it all worked out. Sirius nicked a book from his parents' library. It'll be brilliant."

"It won't be easy. What if something goes wrong?" He couldn't let his friends get in trouble.

"I'm top of the class." James grinned confidently. "Think of all the fun we can have."

Remus couldn't believe what his friends had told him. He couldn't make them understand. They'd argued until a Prefect said 'lights out'. James and Sirius wouldn't budge. They were adamant.

Sirius had showed him the book. It made the transformation process sound simpler than Professor McGonagall's lecture, a point he had tried to make. Once he realized arguing was futile, he had let it drop. They were his only friends, and he didn't want to risk losing them. But would this be risking making them like him? He wasn't sure. He only knew he didn't want to drive them away.

While they practiced in secret, they would give Remus regular updates on their Animagi progress. Surprisingly, none of them had suffered any serious harm, though Peter did once have a rat's tail for two days, and Sirius' hair became shaggier than normal.

He still couldn't believe his friends would go through this much effort to make his transformations more bearable. Sirius and James would talk eagerly about finally being able to explore the Forbidden Forest and have free run of the grounds. Remus smiled weakly as he listened to their plans, harbouring unspoken doubts. How could he destroy that glee?

They'd noticed Severus eyeing them warily and James grew concerned about what the greasy Slytherin knew. No one really liked 'Snivellus', so no one said anything when James decided to discourage Snivellus' snooping.

When Severus retaliated, Sirius joined the fray. Remus knew he should say something, stop his friends, but what? James and Sirius would claim Severus had it coming, and he had been snooping. Deciding there was nothing to be done, Remus remained silent.

It didn't stop that day. It almost seemed as though James and Sirius were making it a habit, but Remus continued to rationalize their behaviour.

A/N: Isn't it amazing what you can do with 100 word snippets? When I wrote the first five drabbles, I had no idea they would morph into a real story. It's been fun and I hope you are enjoying it. The original ones still haven't been posted, but they will be coming. :)

Prefect

Chapter 4 of 7

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Prefect

When Remus received his Prefect badge in the post, his parents had been very proud. He had been shocked. James was the smartest Gryffindor and a natural leader. He couldn't believe that Dumbledore was placing this level of responsibility on him. Prefects helped enforce the rules and keep the younger students in line.

Remus grew anxious. If he couldn't stop his friends, how could he be a Prefect? He briefly considered sending the badge back to Dumbledore, but what would he tell his parents? No, he had to keep the badge and do his best not to let Dumbledore down.

Hearing the trap door scraping, Remus looked up nervously. This close to moonrise, it was dangerous for anyone to be with him. "What are you doing here?" he asked his friends.

"Success, mate. We are now full-fledged Animagi," replied James smugly before transforming into a stag.

Remus was shocked. They'd really done it. "Well, you two'd better hurry, I can feel it coming, and I don't want to hurt you." As he felt the tingling turn to pain, he saw Sirius and Peter turn into a dog and rat. As the wolf took over, he hoped they would be safe.

When Remus returned to the dormitory, his friends met him with raucous cheers, recounted the fun they'd had, and how much better it would be next month. He couldn't really remember, but he had impressions of running free.

"We came up with nicknames, too. I'm Prongs, Peter's Wormtail, Sirius' Padfoot, and you, naturally, are Moony. What d'you think?"

Remus was overwhelmed.

"I still think we need a group name," added Sirius.

James thought a moment. "How about Marauders? We'll be our own private club."

Remus couldn't help the sick feeling in his stomach, but there had been no harm, right?

Knowing what they did had been wrong, he had barely slept the night before. He never should have let them join him. What if he had got free? He had never been careless about his transformation before, and he had promised Dumbledore he would stay in the Shack. Never before had he felt so miserable. Surely, he would be expelled if anyone found out what he had done. And what would happen to him if the other parents found out? He had to put a stop to this now, before it became a habit. Surely, they would listen to him.

Pulling his friends to the side at breakfast, Remus said, "We can't do that again. What if I'd hurt someone?"

"Wasn't going to happen. James and I are big enough to keep you at bay."

"And we'll stay well away from the village," added James.

"You started to remember last night, and we can tell you had fun. Do you really want to be a prisoner in that creaky old shack?"

He had to admit being free had been wonderful. The grass had been soft and fragrant. "I suppose not."

"Good! The Marauders ride in a month," said James triumphantly.

Sirius slammed the book down. "I've been thinking."

"That would be a first," quipped James.

"Ha-ha. Seriously, if we're going to sneak around, we need a way to avoid getting caught. What if we make a map of the school?"

"What good would that do?" asked Remus, not entirely liking the idea of breaking more rules.

"If the map could tell us where everyone is, a lot."

"How do we do that?" asked Peter.

"We have James and Remus, our Charms geniuses. I'm sure they'll work something out. A variation of a Locator Charm, perhaps?"

James grinned at the challenge.

It took them months. James finally convinced Remus to get a note allowing him access to the Restricted Section since no one would question Remus' research motives; after all, he was a Prefect.

Sometimes, Remus thought he was being used, but he reminded himself that friends helped each other. And what he was doing was not really hurting anyone. Besides, this could be incredibly useful magic. When they finished the Map, he couldn't help feeling proud of his accomplishment. Even though they were planning on using the Map to break rules, it was still a very elegant piece of magic.

A/N: I hope you are still enjoying this one. This will go through until the end of his time at Hogwarts and hopefully provide some insight into his character.

Run of the Marauders

Chapter 5 of 7

Rewritten and expanded! It's tough to be a werewolf in a society where you are misunderstood and feared. How does Remus Lupin, the first werewolf to attend Hogwarts, handle this responsibility? A look at the MWPP Hogwarts years.

A/N: For those that caught the original version, this is pretty much the chapter that was posted before. There were a few minor changes made to this one to make it less repetitive.

Run of the Marauders

Full moon was tonight. The others thought it was fun. As usual, they would join him, run with him, keep him safe. While they thought they were like him, they weren't. They could never understand what he went through. They could control their transformations; his came with the moon, completely unbidden.

Madam Pomfrey led him to the Whomping Willow and escorted him to the Shack. "I'll be back in the morning, dear."

He nodded and sat in the silence, waiting. He could feel it coming. It wasn't long now. There was nothing he hated or feared more than the moon.

"Is it time, yet?"

James checked the window. "Not quite, Padfoot."

Sirius paced restlessly. "You know what you have to do, Wormtail?"

"Same thing I do every month. And I can ride on you this time, right?"

"Yeah, sure. The moon'll be up soon. Let's go now, and he'll be transformed by the time we get there."

James sighed.

"There's no reason for us to wait. He won't attack us as animals."

"Fine. But we wait in the tunnel until he's done. You know he doesn't like us watching."

"All right! Let's go." Sirius grabbed the cloak and headed downstairs.

Remus started hyperventilating. It was starting. Even though he didn't remember life before his affliction, the transformation terrified him. Not only did it hurt, but he could also feel his mind slip away. He hated losing control. When he regained human form, he always had a hard time remembering what he had done.

Doubling over in pain as the moon rose, he tried to suppress the cries, but it hurt too much. His body stretched and pinched, and he writhed, unable to control anything. He could feel his mind slipping away; the cries turned to howls as the wolf arrived.

Anyone who looked out the windows of Hogwarts castle would see a very unusual sight on full moon nights. Thankfully, the castle was dark and all were asleep. Near the Quidditch pitch, three large shapes ran across the grass. At first, one might think that stag was in trouble as two large dogs chased it. A closer look would show that the dogs were not chasing it, but playing with it.

A Muggle would be incredibly confused by this dichotomous sight, but a wizard would immediately suspect magic was at work, and that those animals were more than they seem.

Remus rolled over, utterly exhausted. As always, he couldn't remember anything. Shivering, he buried himself deeper against the warm furry mass next to him. Suddenly, that furry mass moved and he opened his eyes. A boy was shaking the dog.

James urged, "Padfoot, we need to get up. It's nearly morning."

The dog stretched.

"Hurry up! Madam Pomfrey will be back for me soon. We don't want to be expelled," Remus said urgently.

Peter shuffled nervously.

Padfoot finally transformed. "All right, already. There's still time. See you in a couple of days?"

"Yeah. Thanks, guys." Sadly, he watched them go.

Secret Uncovered

Chapter 6 of 7

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Secret Uncovered

While in the library studying, Remus thought he saw a familiar dark shape peering around the corner. It seemed that everywhere he looked lately, he caught a glimpse of Severus. It was almost as though the Slytherin was following them, spying on them.

Of course, he couldn't really blame Severus. Sirius and James had stepped up their retaliation. Severus had been randomly hexing them for months. Remus knew he should stop them, but they were justified in their revenge, right? He couldn't even remember how the feud had started. He didn't mention this to the others, trying to protect Severus.

Sirius leaned across the common room table and whispered. "Snivellus has been hanging around a lot. I think he's spying on us."

"What for?" asked Remus.

"To get us in trouble. He's jealous. I'll teach him a lesson." Sirius grinned mischievously.

"Haven't you done enough to him already?" asked Remus.

"Moony, this is Snivellus, you can never do too much to him," added James.

"You aren't going to hurt him?"

"Naw. Just scare him a little. Don't worry."

Remus could help but worry after seeing the grin on Sirius' face and resigned himself to keeping an eye on his friend.

"Hey, Sni... Severus!" called Sirius.

"What do you want?" snapped Snape, levelling his wand at Sirius.

"Whoa! Wand down. I'm not here to cause trouble. I've just noticed you following us around. I figured you might want to know what we're up to."

"Why would you tell me?" he asked suspiciously.

Sirius shrugged. "If you don't want to know... I just thought we could stop fighting, and as a goodwill gesture, I'll tell you about this amazing secret passage we found."

Intrigued, Snape asked, "What passage?"

"Well, it's under the Willow, and you can only open it during full moon..."

"You did *what*?" shouted James.

"It's just Snivellus. It'll teach him to leave us alone."

"Moony might kill him... or turn him into a werewolf." He was aghast.

"Come on, this is *Snivellus*. It'll just rid us of one more Dark wizard. You know he'll turn."

"Yeah? What happens to us? Do you think Dumbledore could turn a blind eye to that? And what about Remus? He'd be expelled! Do you ever think?" James ran out of the dormitory and toward the Whomping Willow, hoping he wasn't too late. Sirius had been reckless before, but this was going too far.

Seeing Snape holding the stick, James shouted, "Severus, no!" It was too late. James watched Snape slip under the tree. Sprinting across the lawn, he dove into the tunnel as the tree reanimated.

In the distance, he could see Snape's wand glowing. Running for all he was worth, James knew he had to catch up. If anything happened to Snape...

He tackled Snape just before he opened the trap door.

Severus struggled. "Let go of me!"

"I can't let you go in there."

"Keeping your treasure all to yourself?"

"It's dangerous."

"Yeah, right."

"There's a werewolf."

"But, Lupin..." Comprehension dawned.

The blood drained from Remus' face.

"Then you knew nothing of this?"

"No, headmaster. I would never want to hurt anyone, not even Snape. I knew Sirius wanted to teach him a lesson..."

Dumbledore wrapped an arm around Remus' shoulder. "I know the young do many cruel things. Sirius is being severely punished for his poor judgment."

"And I'll be expelled?"

"Of course not, you did nothing wrong. I have explained the situation to Severus, and he has agreed not to reveal your secret. New precautions will be added to ensure no one can reach you while you are transformed."

Guilt weighing heavily on his conscience, Remus sought out Severus. After two days, he got Severus alone. "I want to apologize..."

"Do you think your apology means anything to me? I know how you feel about me. The only thing you're sorry about is that your plan didn't succeed," Severus snapped bitterly.

"That's not fair! I have never hurt anyone, not even you..."

"Not directly, but how many times have you stopped your *friends* from attacking me? I don't want your apology, or your pity. If you don't leave me alone, I may change my mind about keeping your *secret*."

A/N: Thanks again to those that have reviewed. The muses very much appreciate hearing your thoughts. I know the story seems rushed, but I thought this would be a good way to look at the major moments of Remus' time at Hogwarts. Hopefully, you are finding that all the characters are staying in character, though getting across nuances in so few words is very difficult.

One more chapter to go and it should be up soon.

Nearing the End

Chapter 7 of 7

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Nearing the End

Like his classmates, Remus had sent out job applications. With You-Know-Who wreaking terror across the land, job opportunities were sparse, and Remus expected his to be more so. James and Sirius didn't need to worry about work - they had money - but he didn't. He wouldn't live off his parents. His marks were high, and Dumbledore had written him a glowing recommendation. If only it would be enough to overcome the discrimination he received because of his condition. All he could do was hope for the best and send out more applications. One of them had to result in a job.

The owls swooped down, and Remus looked up expectantly. He'd already received a dozen rejections. They had all been polite, yet impersonal. "We aren't currently hiring." "We are looking for more experienced personnel." "We don't have a job for anyone with your skills at the moment." They were all variations of the same thing.

Three owls dropped letters before him. He eagerly tore into his first letter, and the second. He opened the third more slowly before dropping them all to the table. It was more of the same.

"It'll get better, Remus," said James.

"Yeah, thanks," he replied weakly.

Remus reported to the Headmaster's office. "You wanted to see me, Professor?"

"Have a seat, my boy. I hear that you've been receiving nothing but bad news."

"About what, Professor?" Remus asked innocently.

"It is difficult to find work, especially for you. I had hoped my word would be enough to find employment for you. I'm sorry I failed you."

"You didn't fail me. You did more than anyone else ever has."

"And I'm about to do more. As you know, there is a group outside the Ministry, which is working against Voldemort. I'd like you to join that group."

Remus' step was lighter as he departed the headmaster's study. Joining his friends in the common room, he cautiously asked, "What are you three doing after school?"

"Fighting You-Know-Who," replied James quickly.

"Absolutely," echoed Sirius.

"Me, too," replied Peter. "What about you?"

"I'm thinking about the same thing," said Remus triumphantly.

"The Ministry finally offer you a job?" asked James hopefully.

"Not them, Dumbledore, and I think I'm going to take it." It might not be a real job, but it was a chance for him to make a difference, to prove werewolves were not evil, to be a man.

For the first time in weeks, Remus felt like he could finally get some sleep. The stress of his lack of post-school employment had overwhelmed him. He had even had a hard time studying for N.E.W.T.s, though he was careful not to let his friends know. Knowing them, they would take pity on him and find creative ways to help him. He did not want their help. He was a man, and he would fend for himself.

Now, he wouldn't have to worry about that. He had a job, and he was sure that it would lead to better things.

The End

I hope that you all enjoyed this unique little fic. I'm not sure I'll be writing another one quite this long, but this format is fun.

Thanks again to such_heights for beta reading and Brit-picking.