

Being Remus

by MMADfan

A series of drabbles focussing on Remus Lupin.

A Drabble Series

Chapter 1 of 1

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Note: The first drabble, "Of the Family Canidae," takes place at the beginning of Remus's third year at Hogwarts. The second drabble takes place during the sixth year, the third one, just before his Leaving Feast. "Just Business" shows us Lupin during his first year out of school. The final drabble is set at the end of *Prisoner of Azkaban*, the end of Harry's third year. The first two are double drabbles; the rest are singles.

"Of the Family Canidae"

Remus sat back against the shed's rough wood, the ground hard beneath him, the misting drizzle dampening his hair.

Unlike a certain Slytherin, he never cried. But he felt like crying now, his gut tangled, his throat constricted. Two weeks in Care of Magical Creatures, already he knew he'd Troll out.

"Lupin?"

Remus sighed. "Yes, Professor Kettleburn?"

"You're still out here? Class ended three hours ago."

Remus shrugged. Kettleburn creaked down beside him.

"We're getting a new creature next week."

"Probably'll die or run away from me, just like the others."

"Oh, don't take that to heart! Besides, the Flobberworm wasn't dead. It just excreted flobber-stink to make you think it was. It woke a couple hours ago. And Professor Slughorn was quite happy to receive a dozen Billywig stings last week. As for the Bowtruckle on Monday, they always run for it."

"I guess."

"Besides, next week we'll be watching a litter of Crup puppies with their dam."

"She'll probably warn me off."

"Not at all. Crups are discerning creatures of the family Canidae. They're certain to like you."

Kettleburn stood.

“Come, Lupin! Dinner now; next week, Cruppies.”

“Okay, Professor.” Crups might be okay. They *were* family, after all.

“Making a Memory”

“What’s wrong, Remus?”

“Nothing.” He threw his sandwich to the giant squid.

Sitting beside him on the big flat rock, Lily put her hand on his shoulder. “You only come here when something’s bothering you.”

“Judy’s going to break up with me. I know it.”

“How? Did she say—”

“She’s tired of just holding hands.”

“If you don’t want to do more, maybe you shouldn’t go out with her.”

“I do, but ... it’s no use. It’s not like anyone will ever marry me.”

“Don’t say that. Besides, who’s thinking about marriage? Do a little snogging, have a few laughs.”

Remus turned red.

“Don’t you like girls?” Lily asked gently.

“Course I do. It’s just ... I’ve never kissed one. I could do it all wrong.”

“You’re a really nice guy. I’m sure you’ll kiss just fine.”

“She might laugh at me. A couple girls were laughing about Ned, saying his lips were like jelly.”

“I wouldn’t laugh at you. Kiss me.”

“What about Roger?”

“We’re not serious.”

“Or James?”

Lily rolled her eyes. “Just kiss me. I’d like it if I were your first kiss. It’d be a nice memory.”

Remus turned and kissed her slowly. It was a good memory.

“Constant Care”

Remus wasn’t sure where he’d be next month. He’d go stay with Sirius for a week, but no longer. He didn’t want to be beholden. James had invited him to his place in Godric’s Hollow, but Lily would be moving in soon, even before the wedding. He’d be a third wheel. But he’d see his friends again often, he was sure.

There was one person he might never see again ...

Madam Pomfrey was in her office. She stood, smiling. “Remus! You’re well?”

“I wanted to say ...” Throwing his arms around her, he swallowed and blinked back tears. “I’ll miss you.”

“Just Business”

“You wanted to see me, sir?” Remus asked, as the door closed behind him.

“I’ve got to let you go, Lupin.”

“Sacked?”

“It’s not your work. And I don’t have anything against your kind, you understand. But it’s my customers. I can’t afford to lose them.”

Remus stepped back. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve worked here four months. Been sick three times, come into work ragged after. I’m no astronomer, but I can see the night sky.”

“But my work—”

“If I noticed, customers will too, eventually.” He waved his wand, opening the door. “It’s just business, Lupin.”

“Just ... business.”

“Leaving Hogwarts ... Again”

“We both knew something would happen, Professor.” Remus smiled wanly. “I lasted the year, and I’m not dead. And things could have gone much worse last night.”

“I know that in the scheme of things, this was not the worst outcome, but I wish it were a better one for you.”

Remus shrugged. “More people know. It could’ve happened anyway, for another reason, maybe a worse one. I didn’t hurt anyone. I just wish we hadn’t lost Peter.”

“I do not believe we have seen the last of him,” Dumbledore said, “nor that his fate will be an enviable one.”

Note: Although "drabble" has come often to be used for any short fic, technically, a drabble is exactly one hundred words, not including titles. This count can be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, etc., for double drabbles, triple drabbles, and so on, but each one should be a multiple of one hundred.

Rather than count by hand, I've left that up to my word processor. Different word processors count words differently -- hyphenated words may count as either one word or two. I consistently use the same word processor, which I believe counts hyphenated words as one word.