

# A Summer To Remember

*by Lilypudding*

Lily Evans and her best friend Monica are looking forward to a relaxing summer on the beach. Even though going to the sea shore isn't the way they imagined spending their seventeenth summer, they plan on a summer of swimming, surfing, friendship, and best of all - no Marauders! However, when they spot a certain boy on the beach, things begin to change. Follow Lily, Monica and the Marauders through Lily's sister Petunia's familiar new boyfriend, a poetry battle, and much more as they journey through the summer that changed their lives.

## Summer Starting

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/n- In this fic, some characters may seem OOC. They are deliberately so, and this is explained in future chapters.

"This is the life," Monica Prewett said in a lazed, content voice as she stretched out on a vibrant colored beach towel, her mane of curly copper hair fanned out around her. Lily Evans, who sat next to her, wrapped in a wet towel, couldn't agree more. The sun was shining, bathing the beach of sunbathing teenagers and vacationing middle-aged suburbanites with a warm yellow glow. The white sand seemed as soft as a downy cotton comforter. Down in the winking, sparkling blue ocean, toddlers waded with huge smiles on their pudgy faces while teenagers gracefully slid to the shore, taming wild waves with their surfboards.

Lily couldn't believe that she and Monica were sitting there, soaking up the sun, but she couldn't enjoy it more. Way back in September, she and her outgoing best friend had made plans to go on a trip around the world once their Wizarding school, Hogwarts, had let out for the summer months. In their dreams, they had always imagined exploring the ruins of Egypt, discovering the secrets of New York City, and visiting the far corners of France during their seventeenth summer. However, their plans were ruined when Lily's older sister, Petunia, had stubbornly declared she wouldn't go trekking around the world with a bunch of wierdos. So, they had ended up on Sandy Shores beach, a haven of hairy, overweight tourists wearing overly revealing bathing suits.

Lily and Monica were, well, different from Petunia. While Petunia went to middle school and high school, Lily and Monica went to Hogwarts, a school of magic. Each summer, Lily had watched as her older sister, who used to be her best friend, grew more forlorn and detached from her family. It was obvious to any observer that each summer Lily grew more outgoing, lively and prosperous, while Petunia drifted further into a melancholy depression. Lily didn't want to take complete credit for Petunia's unhappiness, but she knew the fact her parents practically fawned over her in the summer while completely ignoring Petunia didn't really help.

Lily still couldn't get why her parents wanted to go to the beach this summer. Her dad, from whom she'd inherited her straight red hair, expressive green eyes, and fair complexion, sunburned like a fiery red lobster and was terrified of the sun. He had come out of their cool, damp, dark brown beach house for less than five minutes the entire day and a half since they had been there. Wearing two long-sleeved shirts, long sweat pants, a tacky sun hat and sneakers, he had stayed on the beach long enough to dye his face paper white with sunscreen before heading back inside. Lily's mom liked the beach, but hated the way she looked in a bathing suit, due to the pear shaped figure her daughters luckily did not inherit. For the entire vacation, she had made plans to do activities like golfing and shopping, saying she couldn't stay on the beach

unless she hid under a towel the entire time. They weren't exactly fond of the beach.

It was Petunia's begging that brought this unlikely family to Sandy Shores. Lily suspected her parents felt bad for her less talented and less beautiful elder sister, and that's why they had let Petunia make the choice as to where to go for summer vacation. Family vacations weren't really fun in Lily's family - they mostly involved Mr. and Mrs. Evans doing whatever Lily wanted and Petunia complaining. Lily and her parents figured Petunia should get a chance to actually enjoy a vacation, doing what she favored, for once. Lily didn't want to be conceited, but she knew, deep in her heart, whatever she wanted, she got. Even though this thought made her as arrogant as much of the boys she knew, it was true.

"Lily!" Monica yelled in a loud, impatient voice. "Earth to Lily!"

"What?!" asked Lily, jerked out of her daze.

"Will you pass me one of those, er, those bubbly things in a can?" Monica asked in a sweetly innocent voice.

Lily sighed. Monica's family was all wizards. When Lily had first entered the Wizarding world and met Monica, the redhead was her guide to all things Wizarding. Lily remembered admiring Monica's brilliance and thinking she could never get around as a witch with half as much ease as Monica. While she still knew a lot of things Lily didn't, Monica didn't know how to handle many Muggle objects, like soda, for instance. Lily pulled two vibrantly colored cans of Coca-Cola out of the small, blue plastic cooler, and popped the tabs on both - Monica hadn't quite gotten the hang of opening soda cans yet, and Lily couldn't risk her performing magic in front of Muggles, or worse, spilling the dark liquid on Petunia's beach towel.

"Mmm," Monica sighed, taking a huge sip from the gaudily decorated can. "I should really have some of this before a Quidditch match. It really peeps you up."

"It's called caffeine," Lily said with gritted teeth, trying to struggle with the mad desire to knock the soda can out of her best friend's hands. Monica was outgoing and crazy enough as it was, but with the caffeine, Lily was sure she would be a very dangerous person to be around.

"I bet I would be better than I even am," Monica said in a rather conceited voice. It was common knowledge Monica was the second best player in the school at the magical game of Quidditch, right under James Potter. Lily inwardly winced at the thought of the arrogant airhead. It was also common knowledge, to any Hogwarts student, that Monica had the second biggest ego in the school, again falling second to James Potter and his band of cronies.

"This is the life," Monica repeated again, taking a deep gulp from the aluminum soda can. Lily wasn't listening. She had just found a small, empty journal with a dark blue cover in the voluminous beach bag. A thin, light blue pen was tucked next to the journal.

"Lily!" Monica scolded, as Lily continued to gaze at the blank pages begging to be written on. "You're zoning again!"

"Huh?" Lily asked blankly, as words, phrases and rhymes ran like scared animals from where they had been playing happily in her mind.

"Sorry," Lily responded softly. "I had an idea for a poem."

"A poem?" asked Monica incredulously.

*No one knows me*, Lily found herself thinking desperately. Lily had always been a poet. Ever since she could write, she had often unexpectedly found words assembling into rhymes and feelings on pieces of paper. Strange words, odd rhythms and little couplets often danced in her head, in dream-like dazes. Lily could sit for hours and write down verse upon verse. Even though she knew deep in her heart her poems were good, she dared not to tell anyone about the masterpieces she had created. Her poetry was her deepest, darkest secret. Even though Monica was her best friend, she didn't know about the poetry. No one knew.

"I mean, er, what were you saying?" Lily asked quickly.

"Why do you care? You weren't paying attention before," Monica retorted in an almost bratty voice. "I mean, honestly. Poetry!"

"So I guess you like it here," Lily said with false happiness, trying to give herself time to change the subject.

"Like it?" Monica asked with a huge smile, quickly bouncing back from her curiosity marred with anger. "I love it, girl!"

"I know!" Lily gushed, trying to keep Monica far, far, far away from the sensitive subjects of poetry and writing. "It's perfect! No teachers, no school, and no annoying boys!" Her mind automatically flashed back to James Potter, her archenemy, and the band of annoying boys, nicknamed the "Marauders," he led.

James Potter was what Petunia would classify as "hot." Half of the girls in Hogwarts were in love with his rugged, messy hair, easy smile, perfect hazel eyes and strong physique, while the other half were in love with his equally good-looking but equally annoying best friend, Sirius Black. James had been in love with Lily for as long as she could remember. What Lily had done to get his attention, she couldn't fathom. It had always been that way with Lily and boys.

All her life, Lily had been regarded as the beauty of the family. With her smooth skin, straight, thick, shining red hair, and exotic green eyes, it didn't exactly take a rocket scientist to figure out why. She remembered in kindergarten, how Vernon Dursley had declared his true love to her as they dangled on the monkey bars. Lily had promptly replied, "I don't like you," to the chubby, rude bully who had a terrible habit of picking his nose and eating his findings. The next day, Vernon broke his arm when he flung himself off the swings, some say on purpose. In the next twelve years, Lily had gotten used to grown men turning to stare as she passed, guys whistling as she walked, and boys acting a little odd around her, but nothing compared to how much James Potter liked her.

Lily had gone on dates and had boyfriends before, but none of them had turned out quite right. Scott McLaggin, her first boyfriend, whom she dated in fourth year on a dare from Monica, turned out to be a conceited jerk that cared more about the Wizarding game of Quidditch than he did about his girlfriend. Richard Pippin, a very cute Gryffindor seventh-year Lily dated in her fifth year, had left the school to marry the girl he had been cheating with for the entire time he and Lily were together. Octavier Macmillan, who was neither handsome nor talented but hopelessly in love with Lily, acted so stalker-like to her the brief time they were together at the end of their fifth year that Lily spent most of the time while she was in his presence trying to think of ways to chuck him kindly. Only Ian Newcomb, the Ravenclaw seeker on the Quidditch team, had really hit it off with her. They had been going out steadily for nearly five months before the final Quidditch match of the season, when James Potter had "accidentally" flown into Ian, knocking him off his broom and giving him a concussion so terrible Ian forgot who his girlfriend was. Lily just had no luck with boys.

"Lily, stop zoning like that! You're scaring me!" Monica whined, jerking Lily back to life.

"Sorry," Lily said quickly, wincing slightly. Lily was stubborn, but she was no match against a Monica who was mad.

Monica, funnily enough, wasn't paying attention. Instead, she was scanning the beach lazily over the tops of the stylish, over-sized sunglasses Lily knew she had nicked from Petunia's dresser the night before. Suddenly, her sky blue eyes widened.

"No way," she said slowly. Lily felt a jolt of fear, and scanned the edge of the water, afraid Monica had spotted a drowning child or a giant squid. However, the calm ocean seemed the picture of serenity - the surfers rode with grace, the small children all had looks of joy in bright eyes with wave upon wave reflected inside, and the tall, handsome lifeguard sat, relaxed, in his high white perch.

"What?" Lily asked in a nervous voice, trying to calm the quiver. *Trust me to get all exited over nothing*, she scolded herself.

"No way," repeated Monica, more to herself than to Lily. "It can't be." Lily, sensing Monica wasn't about to respond, tried looking in the direction Monica was gazing. She gasped audibly. Down by the water's edge, she saw her sister Petunia, a thin, bony blond girl with a long neck, chatting amicably with a tall boy who had his back turned to Lily and Monica. Even with his head turned, there was no mistaking the signature messy hair. Lily's elder sister was talking to James Potter, head of the Marauders and idiot extraordinaire.

Lily and Monica sat still in shock, barely daring to look at each other, as Petunia gave them a huge wave, noticing their horror-stricken gaze. She threw back her thin, limp blond hair in a sad attempt of the move Lily used to win the attention of handsome passersby, and walked to their towel while moving her bony hips excessively. To Lily and Monica's horror and disgust, she grabbed James by the hand and dragged him with her.

"Hey, sis!" Petunia laughed in an overly-excited voice. To James, who made no sign of acknowledgement of his two fellow classmates, she said in an extremely sugary voice, "This is my sister, Lily, and her friend, Monica."

"Nice to meet you," James said in a deep, formal voice. Lily couldn't believe he was trying to get away with acting like they had never met. Hadn't he had the exact same schedule as her for what was it, five years now? Hadn't he and Monica been Quidditch teammates since their second year at Hogwarts? And most importantly, Lily thought in a furious rush marked with an odd pang of what could have been pain, hadn't he been in love with her since they had met, six long years ago?

"Monica, Lily, I'd like you to meet my new boyfriend, James Potter," Petunia giggled.

Monica and Lily both gasped and glanced at each other in horror. Lily finally asked, in a voice of numb disbelief, "What?"

A/n- Thanks to my amazing betas, butterflykisses and shopaholic24! You guys rock!