

A Second Chance: Paradise

by Madam PUDifoot

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Prequel

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Just playing with him. J.K. Will have him back safer and sounder than she could keep him.

Summary: This takes place after *Prisoner of Azkaban*. No, it's not your typical "Sirius goes to a remote island, meets some girl, falls in love, leaves her heart-broken, and two years later she finds out that he died" story. There isn't any romance for Sirius; at least, he doesn't fall in love per say. If they did, I'd have put this in the romance category.

Warnings: In case you didn't see on the story listing, I'll give you a second warning. Language, violence, alcohol use, abuse, dubious consent, attempted murder, character death, and references to sex and rape.

Prequel

His journey from Hogwarts had been an... interesting one, albeit not as dangerous as he had thought it would be, considering the circumstances. His nights consisted of flying, and his days were spent sleeping or planning the next route of his flight.

Early on in his excursion, he had stumbled upon a small owl that had been abandoned in a tool shed in France. It was quickly bequeathed to Harry's friend, Ron, (but only after it had sent letters assuring Remus and Dumbledore that he was all right) seeing as it was his fault the boy didn't have his pet rat anymore.

It was painfully obvious why the bird had been left for dead: it had the energy level of a pixie. Although, the bird was eager to please and undeniably cute, which was redeeming enough for Sirius. Hopefully Ron would be able to tolerate the constant activity and twittering...

Shortly afterwards, in Spain, he had snuck up on a hapless tourist and allowed the woman to get a good enough look so that she would've been able to properly identify him. Luckily everything went well during that scheme, and the Ministry and Muggle authorities were scouring the area for him not even an hour after the incident.

He was far from Spain by now - on the other side of the Atlantic to be precise - and he had no intention to return any time soon. It would be far too risky, and his sanity was already being stretched to snapping point.

He didn't know exactly how long it would take to recuperate. Hopefully he would have his fill of the tropics within due time and would be able to return home by the time Harry would start his next term at Hogwarts.

He had promised when the boy was born that he would be the best damned godfather he possibly could be, but so far he hadn't done much of anything at all. Now that he was presented with the prospect of redemption, he would do everything in his power to help his godson.

True, he was a convict now, and he had nothing to offer, but at the very least he was determined to be there for Harry, should he need help or advice.

It wasn't nearly enough, but it was all the he could do for now.

He had his doubts that the boy would even want to know him; although whenever he had convinced himself of it, he would immediately recall how eager and pleased Harry had been at the thought of a new home.

No, he would do everything in his power to help his godson. Just as soon as he repaired his shattered sanity and got a feel for living and breathing like a normal human being. Or at least as normal as anyone could be if their name was Sirius Black Murderer extraordinaire and Servant of the Dark Lord Voldemort.

Oh, but he didn't plan on dying a convict no, he would find Wormtail again and make him pay for what he'd done. He would clear his name, and then Harry could stay with him (if he still wanted to), and then Sirius could finally make things right.

Just as soon as he was better...

He knew that he was worse for wear and that he was perhaps just a little more unhinged than he originally thought. But it was to be expected after having spent a quarter of his life void of all human contact.

But now he had Remus, Harry, and Dumbledore's trust; even Harry's friends believed in him. He had to pull himself back together for them, if anything.

He knew that he was a different man from his twenty-two year old counterpart: the man that was always causing trouble and lived for excitement.

He was much more quiet and solitary now; He liked to think of himself as somewhat of a philosopher. Twelve years of confinement had given him quite a lot of time to ponder some of life's more challenging questions. That wasn't to say that he was any more enlightened than he had been upon entering Azkaban, but he felt that the meditation had done him some good.

The change had proven essential to his survival, regardless of personal introspection. Very few people could lay claim to having survived a dozen years in Azkaban, and even fewer could claim to have survived with their sanity intact.

He let his thoughts dissipate as he morphed into his alter-ego and crept back into his previous hiding place just as the door swung open, allowing for a large balding man to enter, completely unaware of the animagus' presence.

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The bear-like dog shifted its weight uncomfortably.

He had been crouched down under this filthy bed for what felt like days now, but it couldn't possibly have been more than a few short hours.

It wasn't that he enjoyed hiding under beds; it was simply because there was no other place else capable of concealing such a large beast.

The reason Padfoot was in this predicament was because there was a disgusting excuse of a human sound-asleep right above him, and as soon as he woke up and put his feet on the floor, Padfoot would leap out and bite the evil man. Once he was down Sirius would come and bind and gag the man so he could get his papers, seeing as only Sirius (his silly two legged pet) had opposable thumbs.

Once Sirius got the papers, Padfoot would run away to his friend, Buckbeak, and they would fly away to an island where the three of them could play in the ocean and chase birds and fish. The evil man would be in the human Muggle pound once he was found, and no one would know that Sirius had stolen his name.

Padfoot didn't know what Sirius would want with someone else's name since Sirius seemed like a perfectly respectable and sensible name to him. All he knew was that Sirius wanted that man's name very badly, and if Sirius was this upset about it then Padfoot would sit under the bed for however long it took to get it.

The dog was left waiting long after the sun rose, which meant that he was far too eager to attack the wicked man, but Sirius kept telling him to sit still and to wait for "it."

When the man finally did wake up, he rolled around on the mattress for several minutes, bumping Padfoot's head each time, before he yawned loudly and slid clumsily onto the floor. As soon as he did, Padfoot was on it.

He dug his fangs deep into the man's ankle and refused to let go. The man screamed and swore and tried to beat him away, but it was useless. Realizing that he didn't stand a chance against the huge mutt, he flipped onto his belly and tried to crawl away to the door, but Sirius was too quick for him. He changed and grabbed the table light and smashed it against the man's head.

It didn't knock him out the first time, but after a few more whacks he was out cold on the floor with a bloodied ankle and a headache like death. Or so Sirius imagined it would be, once he woke up.

He tied the man's hands and feet with the bed sheets and stuffed his own socks into his mouth to keep him from crying out if he awoke before Sirius could leave.

Once he was done with that, he began searching the man's pockets, suitcase, throughout all the beddings, and on and through all of the furniture only to come to the conclusion that there were no papers to be found.

He hung his head and leaned wearily on the washroom sink. Heneeded those papers for his alibi. That was the only thing he needed, and there didn't seem to be any trace of them...

It had all started in Spain when he had been searching for food in an alleyway to get him and Buckbeak through the day when he (as Padfoot of course) had overheard a very interesting conversation.

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He snuffed into the rubbish bin once more, hoping to catch the scent of something tastier than those slimy meat globs that Muggles liked to eat. Buckbeak didn't seem to like them very much, and Sirius' stomach didn't always agree with them...

He whined and buried his snout into the next rubbish heap when two male voices washed over him. He started and leapt away, avoiding the whack of a broomstick that usually came with humans; but there was none.

The two continued to talk after assuring themselves that they were alone. He crouched down behind a mattress and perked his ears in order to properly listen, still sniffing out food.

They rambled on about nonsense human gibberish like work and housing and bid each other adieu, but instead of leaving they turned solemn and lowered their voices to a whisper.

"Right, Gary, was it?"

"Yeah."

"Right... Um... let's see here." He dug into his jacket pocket and pulled out a sheet of paper. "You got a light? I can't read the damned thing..."

The second man pulled out a lighter and held it up so the first, an American, could see his writings.

He read aloud to himself (although it was all in a mumble) before crumpling the paper up and shoving it back into his pocket.

"I'm not reading that damned legal shit again. You already know the rules, and if you don't then you'll figure it out soon enough. The boat will leave at 16:00, and if you're late then you don't get another chance, and if you even think about squealing then you'd better be damned ready for death. Because we'll be all over you, you little shit." He cleared his throat and made sure that no one was listening.

"Where was I? Right, you know the rules and which boat to board..."

He pulled his papers out again and smoothed them down before thumbing through them. "Yeah, alright, just need the location now. And this is the importantest part 'cause if you don't remember the exact directs then you won't be able to see the place, even if you're on the boat."

He waved his hand at the inquisitive look the other was giving him. "I can't explain why. It's the rules."

Padfoot was still dominant physically, but Sirius' mind had completely taken over, and he was damned sure that he knew just how that was possible. The Fidelius Charm...

This meant that that man was a wizard and he was the Secret Keeper for that island. The island that could very well be his one shot at a guaranteed, secluded holiday!

All he had to do was listen carefully and memorize the location, then he'd be able to get in, and he wouldn't need to worry about Dementors or the Ministry!

"The location of the United States sanctioned island, Inkululeko, is located at 250 N, 700 W. I'm not repeating the damned thing so you'd better 'ave been listening."

That was it then? Perhaps he had been waiting for something magical to happen, like sparks or lights or a bang or something of the sort.

It all seemed so anti-climatic.

What if he had given the wrong coordinates or he was trying to bring this man to an early grave? Maybe he wasn't the Secret Keeper or even a wizard and was just setting this man up? There were a million possibilities, all just as likely as the next. Or perhaps that was just how the Fidelius Charm worked...

He had never actually witnessed it before, so it was likely, probable really, that there was no sign of having acquired that information.

"Anyway, once you're there, the only way to get out is by the boat. No, I can't say why because it's the damned rules. So don't bother trying a plane or anything else because it won't work."

"Yeah, I've got it. How long will I be there? Three years, right?"

"Why, I don't fuckin' know! I don't make the rules; I just enforce 'em!"

The two exchanged goodbyes and then wondered off, just as suddenly as they had come.

Padfoot was left a little dazed at his good fortune. He didn't know if the two had been telling the truth. He would just have to nick a map and find out for himself...

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And thus his great adventure had begun. He had been following the man ever since then, trying to get more information about the island.

Now all he needed was the bastard's papers so he could pose as him at the island. On the off-chance that if anyone asked about him, he would be able to spit out a few facts about *this* sod, and he'd be off scot-free.

But it seemed that this man was either smarter than he was, or he had simply done away with them, figuring that they would be useless from this point on.

He was positive that there were papers; he had seen them. It wasn't essential to have them perhaps, but they would certainly make life easier.

He ran his hands through his hair, causing them to get stuck in the numerous tangles. He swore and tore through his hair trying to free himself, pausing briefly to study the mess of a man he had become in the mirror.

Perhaps he should be more worried about getting a decent haircut and shave rather than stealing someone's identity... He was starting to scare himself, looking the way he did.

He couldn't help but pity anyone that had been forced to look at him when they were unaware; Harry and his friends and the poor tourist, for example.

But he would have to worry about that later. For now he would just make sure the man was nice and cozy before he made his escape with Buckbeak.

If there were no papers then he couldn't afford to hang around hoping that they would magically come to him. He simply didn't have the time or energy.

He was going to this mysterious island, and he was going to recover from life with or without a ready alibi.

He was going to be free, and nothing in this world or the next could stop him.