

Someone Like Me

by Leilani King

Remus begins to feel that the moon's pull has become stronger, and he is having unnatural urges even when the moon is not full, so he flees Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, and the people he loves, to live amongst the Muggles. Unfortunately, he gets himself noticed.

The King of Thieves

Chapter 1 of 5

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Chapter One

They listened as a stranger approached, his footsteps muffled in the foggy night. He might be the next victim, or he could be a business associate. They waited until he was near and then stepped out to face him.

Not the man. No hat, tattered coat, clothing that probably came from a thrift store. This was clearly a waste of their time, but since they were there...

"Your money is all we want, then you can go," the tall one said.

They were surprised to see a wry smile. "I don't have much. You're wasting your time."

"Hand it over."

"I would like you to reconsider," he informed them.

They laughed, and advanced toward him.

He pulled his wand out swiftly, and used it. They were now immobile, and he quickly relieved them of all their cash and valuables. Then he erased their memory, leaving them slightly disoriented. By the time they had any idea that something may have happened, he was far away, walking and whistling, amazed at the coincidence that had filled his pockets with cash.

Now that Evelyn was dead, and had no need of new clothing, nor could she change from the ceremonial deerskin she had chosen for her death, she and Hermione had found a new use for the magic wardrobe she had received as a gift from her uncle. Any house-elf wishing to be free had only to find Ev, Ginny, or Hermione. The bashful little things need not say a word. A house-elf standing before Ev would be led to Evelyn's old rooms, which were left as they were and would belong to her as long as she "lived" at the castle, just as Severus retained his rooms in the dungeon.

Ev would then coax the creature to imagine clothes it might like. And the wardrobe would provide, as always.

On this day, however, no elf was being given freedom with a lovely new garment. Today Ev was helping Sybil, Hermione, and Ginny choose something for the Halloween

party.

During the "shopping," which had quickly been becoming a sort of party also, all four women suddenly became quiet. Evelyn cocked her head to one side and spun slowly in a circle. Ginny closed her eyes and put a look on concentration on her face that would stop even Fred and George from disturbing her. Sybil hung her head, her hair hiding her face, her hands limp in her lap. Hermione watched the others, making mental notes.

After a few moments, Ginny looked up at Ev. Then Sybil did also. Ev shook her head. Quietly, Sybil poured more tea, and they sat down. They waited.

Suddenly Ev shook her head. "The TV!" she shouted.

Sybil looked at Ev in confusion, but Hermione raced to the remote and turned on the telly, which Severus had tinkered and toiled with until he had the whole thing running on no electricity, but magic, including the satellite receiver, and the DVD player. He had also altered her stereo. Hermione glanced at Evelyn, and then began switching swiftly through the channels, while explaining to Sybil and Ginny how a telly worked and that Evelyn called it a TV because she was from the US.

When they came to a news channel, Ev instructed Hermione to stop there.

They continued drinking tea as they watched impatiently. Sybil and Evelyn were jumpy and jittery, but Ginny displayed a poker face, and and behaved as if they were waiting for a pie to come out of the oven. Hermione quietly watched the others.

After sports, and a story about the miraculous rescue of some children trapped after a hurricane, came a story of a sort of Robin Hood character that stole from those who tried to rob him. None had any memory of the actual incident. He then gave money and other "stolen" items to the homeless, and destitute. There were not many interviewees, being either criminals he had stolen from, or homeless, naturally hesitant with authority figures. But the ones who did speak claimed to have never seen his face, and were unable to provide a decent description. In fact, they could, or would, give no details at all.

The four women exchanged glances. There is something to this story...

The story had caught the attention of the public when one of the street robbers had come home desolate to find his grandmother with her rent money he had been so desperately trying to raise, albeit illegally. She had claimed a very soft-spoken gentleman in a hooded cape had knocked on her door, and then given her the money, asking in return only that she someday help someone in great need. She would give no description, claiming she had not seen the man's face. This story spread like fire and soon the newshounds were beating a trail to her door.

"So he was kind of like Robin Hood then?" the reporter had asked.

"Robin Hood?" her wayward grandson had scoffed. "I heard Robin Hood was the prince of thieves. This guy is the king!"

Then the four women gasped when the TV flashed a sketch of the subject, given by one person who had seen him and gotten away. The picture, of course, could have matched a thousand faces, but to anyone who knew him, the scars across his face proclaimed him none other than Remus Lupin.

"Excuse me, Sybil, Ginny, Hermione. Please continue with your tea." She smiled. "I must speak to my uncle, and I'll be right back."

Evelyn left her room and soon encountered another ghost.

"Good evening, Evelyn," he said.

"Good evening, Sir Nicholas," she replied quickly. "Have you seen my uncle?"

"In his office, my dear," Nicholas answered.

"Thank you, Sir Nicholas. I don't mean to be rude, but I must speak to him at once." She was swiftly drifting toward Albus's office as she spoke.

"Not at all, dear," he called after her.

The Search Begins

Chapter 2 of 5

Remus flees Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, to live in the Muggle world, and unfortunately, gets himself noticed.

Chapter Two

Evelyn drifted up the stairs and stood outside her uncle's office. She was about to call out, when Albus opened the door. Apparently the pictures had announced her arrival.

She was startled to see Severus there, along with Minerva.

"I don't mean to interrupt. Forgive me. I must speak to my uncle now. It could be a matter of life or death."

As Minerva moved towards the door, Evelyn called to her, "No need for you to go. I hope I need only speak for a moment and then you can get back to your meeting." Evelyn drifted toward Severus, who took her hand and squeezed it, becoming concerned. "It's not the girls, is it?" He asked.

"No," she assured him.

"So, go ahead, Evelyn," Albus told Evelyn.

Evelyn hesitated, collecting her thoughts, and choosing her words carefully.

"My wedding present," she reminded him. "I want it now."

Albus looked at Evelyn. "And this is life or death?"

"Yes, Uncle Albus, it could be!"

"Let's hear it then," Albus urged her.

"I want Remus Lupin back in this castle. NOW. And I don't care how." She stared at Albus.

His expression told the tale before his words did.

"Yes, you can do it! Surely you can!" she cried desperately.

"I regret to say, dear," he told her, "that I cannot conjure a person here. Had that been possible, we'd have had Peter Pettigrew the night he was proven to be alive at the Shrieking Shack, not to mention Voldemort, and many others."

Evelyn hung her head, and then Severus held her in his arms. "I don't know how you knew what Remus was up to, but we are working to get him back to safety before he exposes our world," he said in a rough voice.

"Or gets himself killed, or worse, captured," Minerva added.

"Evelyn," Albus mused. "How did you know what Remus has been up to?" He glanced at Severus, cleared his throat, and then looked back at Evelyn and asked her, "I don't suppose you two have been in contact during his travels?"

Severus ground his ghostly teeth.

"No, Uncle Albus! Everyone in this room would know if I had. I would have kept you all up on his adventures. Even you, Sev." She messed his hair.

"I suppose I wish you had," Severus admitted.

One of the pictures announced that Sybil, Hermione, and Ginny were approaching the office.

"Uncle Albus," Evelyn said. "Sybil, Hermione, and Ginny were with me when I felt something. Sybil and Ginny felt it too."

When they had arrived, Ev explained that Albus, Minerva, and Severus were in the planning stages of getting Remus to the castle.

Albus added, "To those of you who may not be aware of this, the werewolf may suppress the transformation, by potion, or amulet, but there are other effects. The moon...." Albus shrugged. "Some go completely mad, slowly, some develop neuroses, some may display slight eccentricities. The werewolf doesn't change only at the full moon. His life changes forever, every day of it. Let us hope that Remus is still in control of his mind."

"I feel sure that he is, Headmaster," Hermione assured him. "His actions are too logical to be mad. Rob only those who seek to rob him? Give the money to the needy?" She paused. "Unless there is some other form of madness underneath..." she trailed off.

"Let's hope not." Albus turned to Evelyn.

"Alright, Ev. What did you feel?" Albus asked her.

"At first, I just felt an odd feeling, like something was going to happen." She could feel Severus watching her closely. "Then I noticed Sybil and Ginny were feeling something too. Then I had an urge to see the TV. Hermione went through the channels till we reached the news. It felt right to me. So we watched. And saw a news broadcast about Remus. That's it."

"Sybil?" Albus urged.

"I felt as if I should listen closely, like I could almost hear something. Like someone calling... I, I don't know. I felt frantic. My heart in my throat." Sybil still looked shaken.

Evelyn looked at Minerva, and asked, "Is it not true that he can only be killed by a silver bullet?"

"Yes," she answered. She shook her head, and then went on. "And while I am thankful that he is somewhat safe because of that, it also makes him that much more conspicuous."

Albus turned to Ginny. "And Ginerva? Tell me everything." Suddenly everyone was quiet and all eyes were on Ginny.

Ginny looked at the faces surrounding her. She was completely comfortable with Ev, Hermione, and Sybil, even though Sybil and Ev were much older, and although Hermione was now a professor, and Ginny was still a student, they remained best friends. Even Professor McGonagall was ok, but she found the Headmaster and Professor Snape unnerving. Both were listening and watching her face as if she were about to give the meaning of life, the universe, and everything. And she wasn't even sure how to explain what she did know.

"Uncle Albus! Severus! Give the girl a minute!" Evelyn scolded.

"It is not an easy thing to put into words," Sybil agreed.

Ginny turned her eyes away from the men and looked at Professor McGonagall.

She lifted her chin slightly and began, "First, I could feel that Evelyn and Professor Trelawney were feeling something. Then I felt a presence toward the south. Far. I felt a longing for home, or something like a home. I also felt that this presence was lost, not literally, but spiritually, and yes, madness overtakes him slowly. Then, as I looked ahead, I felt this presence could not be captured, but must be lured here. Some sort of beacon will draw him here. If only I could see what it is..."

"That is something for us all to ponder," Albus declared. "Anything else?"

"No."

"Alright. Thank you, Ginerva."

Severus added, "May I suggest we meet again tomorrow evening. Perhaps by then at least one of us will have had some sort of helpful idea."

"Excellent, Severus," Minerva remarked. "Same time?"

They all agreed to meet again, and left Albus's office.

Severus and Evelyn returned to find their house-elf waiting for instructions.

"Popsy is wanting to know if Miss Evelyn and the other ladies is finished with the party," the creature inquired politely.

"Yes, dear," Evelyn answered. "And they didn't touch the cake. Please take that home if you would like. Or give it to someone who would like it. You know Severus and I can't eat it."

"Miss Evelyn is too good to Popsy, giving her so much money, and new clothes all the time, and cake!" Popsy smiled bashfully.

Evelyn smiled and answered, "Popsy is too good to us. Cleaning, and opening the door for visitors, things we cannot do. And this place would be so dull without you, Popsy. Isn't that right, Sev?"

"True," he agreed, smiling at the elf.

Popsy went about her cleaning duties, humming and smiling, as Evelyn and Severus moved toward the den. By unspoken agreement, they had decided not to discuss tonight's developments, but to engage in their normal mid-evening ritual. The film tonight was a Stephen King. The Stand, a film so long that tonight they would be watching only the first part of it.

As they began watching, snuggled together on the sofa, Evelyn tried to concentrate entirely on the film, but couldn't. Somewhere in her mind was the thought of Remus, not quite in his right mind, putting himself among criminals. She knew Severus had Remus on his mind too, although not with as much sympathy.

The Room of Requirement

Chapter 3 of 5

Contact is made with Remus, who, for reasons he will not reveal, will not return.

Chapter Three

The next day Evelyn went to the Room of Requirement, which today became a meadow with a grassy hilltop, where Evelyn sat to think. There was a slight breeze through the poplar trees growing on one side of the hill.

Evelyn was quiet for a long time thinking, and she smiled as her mind returned to the first time she had come here. It was Neville's present to her last Christmas. Strawberry Fields Forever.

Suddenly Evelyn gasped. She had asked Neville about basketball and he had said for her not to wish Muggles into the Room of Requirement. He said Muggles. Not people. Maybe it could be done.

Evelyn rushed to Albus's office. She explained her theory to him as they descended the stairs and made their way back to the Room of Requirement.

"Wait," Albus cautioned her. "Let me think this through before we do anything rash."

"You think, Uncle Albus," Evelyn teased, and drifted through the door.

The room was a very cozy and comfortable den with a large fireplace and tea on the table. Had she been alive, Evelyn would have breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Remus sitting on a chair next to the fire.

Albus rushed into the room.

"Hello, Albus, Evelyn," Remus greeted them. "It's good to see you. Really, it is. But how did I get here?"

"I wished you into the Room of Requirement," Evelyn answered.

"Ahh. I see."

That afternoon they learned that Remus could only come to the room in a ghostly state. Despite Albus's insistence that he come to Hogwart's immediately, Remus was set on remaining transient. Nor would he listen to Evelyn. He assured them that he was in no danger, nor was he in violation of Muggle relation laws, as he did not initiate the robberies and was only defending himself. He was unconcerned with Albus's argument that the robberies committed by Remus were indeed in violation of both their laws and Muggle laws. There was no choice but to wait for another day to convince him.

They told the others about Remus in the Room of Requirement, and suggested that each try to convince Remus to return if possible. Evelyn had high hopes for Hermione, with her logic, and with Remus's respect for her mind. Severus would not even try; neither he nor Remus had any wish to be in the presence of the other, if they had any choice in the matter. Severus agreed to put his mind to the task of finding Remus in some other way.

Unfortunately, Hermione's logic failed to sway Remus's decision to remain away. And as long as he retained his amulet, he could stay away indefinitely. So he did.

Of all the people who summoned Remus to the Room of Requirement, only Sybil did not try to persuade or frighten him into coming to the castle.

"So you don't want to come back, is that it, Remus?" she asked.

"No, Sybil. I don't. Not at the moment."

"So... are you happy?"

Remus stared at her in amazement. She was the first person who had thought to ask something like that. They all worried about his health and safety, but none cared whether he was happy.

He decided that although this may be just another wacky Sybil statement, he would take it as it seemed to be, and so he told her some of his exploits in the Muggle world.

After a few moments of stories about the robberies and some of the close calls he had had, he turned to see Sybil staring at him in horror.

"It's not all like that, Sybil," he assured her. "I have met some really wonderful people in my travels. Muggles are just like us, you know, only without magic. Not so different really."

Sybil told him she would rather hear about the good times. "But please be careful, Remus," she added. "We do worry."

So Remus complied, telling her of the people, but modestly never mentioning how their lives had changed because of his help.

Evelyn drifted through the door to Severus's office and was surprised to find Ginny sitting there near tears.

"What the Hell is going on here, Sev?"

"Miss Weasley is going to help me find Remus. But she seems to be somewhat upset by this notion," Severus answered her.

Evelyn could see that Ginny was upset by Severus.

"Dammit, Sev! Go get Hermione."

He looked at her in confusion.

"GO!" she shouted, making Ginny flinch.

"Oh, I am so sorry, dear," she told Ginny. "I just wanted him to go, now." She whispered to Ginny, "He always listens when I yell at him."

Ginny smiled.

Severus fumed as he drifted toward the Potions classroom and his old office. He door was open but she was riveted to a book, as usual. Since it took extreme concentration and effort to knock, he called out softly, "Professor Granger..."

She looked up. "Good afternoon, Professor Snape."

"Good afternoon, Professor Granger," he replied. "Evelyn would like to see you in my office when you have a moment."

Startled by being summoned by Evelyn to Professor Snape's office, Hermione stood and announced, "I have time now. What's going on?"

Severus explained as they made their way back to his office.

By the time they got there, Hermione knew exactly what was bothering her best friend. Ginny had grown up hearing the stories about Snape. And had been his student for years. It would be a long time before everyone believed how changed he was now that he was dead.

In the office, Hermione mentioned that it was getting near dinnertime, and perhaps they should meet later. Anything to get Ginny out of the office.

The rest of the evening was spent in Evelyn explaining to Severus that he remained scary to most of the students, and Hermione trying to convince Ginny that he was harmless.

"After all, Ginny, you are the top student in Defense Against the Dark Arts. Does he ridicule you in class? Ignore you? Take points from Gryffindor?"

"No," Ginny admitted.

"He did me," Hermione told her. "I wanted to throw a potion at him, or a large book or something. We all know what an ass he was, when he was alive."

She looked at Ginny and told her, "He is very different now. Surely if you think on it you will see that he changed when he died, or maybe a few months before his death. Because of Ev. Did you know that their mothers were best friends and they were together from birth until the age of five? Evelyn told me that they used to think they were brother and sister, until they were almost four. At five, they were separated when Ev's mother ran away to the US. That is part of the reason he was the person he was. He never got over losing Evelyn. I think he lost half his heart when she left. Evelyn told me that her mother gave no warning, but left with her in the middle of the night. She left nothing but a note for Aberforth, her father, and a note for Eve, Severus's mother.

"Evelyn was something of a rebel in her youth, as was Professor Snape." Hermione grinned. "You should really hear the whole story one day. You would see him in a whole new light. We'll get Evelyn to tell it one day. It's so Romeo and Juliet. You'll love it."

Hermione laughed. "Of course, though, we know how it ends."

Caged

Chapter 4 of 5

Remus has been captured by Muggles.

Chapter Four

Ginny entered the Room of Requirement and found Remus there. Although his face was impassive, she could feel the disappointment in him. Slowly and carefully she skimmed the edge of his mind and found nothing but adventures with muggles.

Greeting Remus politely, she delved deeper and still found no reason for him to be disappointed. He was not unhappy to be here, in fact she could see that he found it comforting to be within the walls of the castle, and it was more than pride and obstinacy which kept him away.

She poured a cup of tea to conceal the fact that she was concentrating on his mind. Throwing herself fully into it, she found one small thought. So small he was as yet unaware of it himself. Ginny was relieved her back was to him. Her face would reveal her robbery of his thoughts, and the surprise she felt at that one little thought, the one that told her that although he didn't realize it himself, he wanted to see Sybil Trelawney, and had, deep inside him, been hoping that it was Sybil who was summoning him here.

Ginny stayed for about an hour, talking to Remus, although she couldn't wait to get away to think about what to do, and to go to Ev and let her know what was going on.

When she left, she went straight to Ev's apartment. Professor Snape was not there, to Ginny's relief. It would take awhile to disregard the stories she heard from her brothers, as well as her experiences during her first years here, but she was really trying, for Evelyn's sake.

"Evelyn, I have just come back from talking to Professor Lupin."

"How is he?" Evelyn asked.

"The same. But there is something I have to tell you."

Evelyn listened intently.

"I think I know how to get him back here."

"Tell me, Ginny! Let's do it!"

"Wait, wait, Evelyn. This is not possible at this moment, but may be in the future... Let me just tell you the whole thing."

So Ginny admitted to invading Lupin's mind, and then told Evelyn what she had found there.

"I think it would be best if neither of them find out what we know. Let fate take it's course and hope for the best," Ginny suggested.

Evelyn agreed, but added, "If this doesn't happen soon enough, we may have to take off the kid gloves and put matters into our own hands."

"Ok," Ginny agreed, "but I am going to tell Hermione. She can be trusted of course, and she may have some ideas that could help."

The weeks passed. Sybil brought Remus to the Room of Requirement nearly every day. They would stay for hours, each wondering why they hadn't been friends when Remus still lived at the castle

Then came the day she summoned him and he arrived wounded, his clothing torn, and his amulet missing.

"Send me back! Send me back!" he cried.

Sybil hastily left the room to release him, and stood trembling, with her back to the door.

After several minutes, she decided that she should tell Albus what she had seen. Albus, of course, was concerned.

"He wouldn't give up that amulet," Albus assured her. He'd give up his life first. It not only has it's purpose, but it was also a gift from Sirius."

This did not reassure Sybil, on the contrary, and she was still shaken when she left Albus's office. Unsure what to do, she went to her room and lay on the bed.

She woke the next morning, and sprang from her bed. She had slept all afternoon and night. While she was getting ready for her morning classes, she kept looking toward the bed. She wanted to get in and pull the blankets over her head.

That afternoon when Sybil summoned Remus, she brought Evelyn along. This time Remus was unconscious, but breathing. They left quietly, and went in search of Ginny.

Ginny was in Defense Against the Dark Arts class, and was surprised to be interrupted during her lesson. More so than Professor Snape, although that was understandable. He might be a snotty jerk sometimes, but he had a soft spot in that black heart of his for Evelyn.

Ginny left the room and they quickly explained the situation.

Evelyn hesitated and then told Ginny. "Perhaps you can do that thing you did, you know that thing?" She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "I don't want to say."

"Ah, yes," Ginny answered.

They made their way to the Room of Requirement. Remus was there, still unconscious. Ginny lightly skimmed the outer edges of his mind and found the answer. He had been captured, not by the police, but by a group of thugs tired of playing Robin Hood.

He was being kept in a basement, tortured, interrogated, and deprived of food and water.

And the full moon was tomorrow.

Sad But True

Chapter 5 of 5

Ginny learns the truth about why Remus left.

Chapter Five

Remus detested violence. The things he had done as a werewolf, those times he had slipped up and let the full moon catch him unprotected, had haunted his dreams for years, but when the violent thoughts crept into his waking mind, he knew he could no longer remain among those he loved. It was the sight of blood dripping from Molly Weasley's hand that drove him to a decision.

The sight of blood nauseated him, and when Molly cut her hand making something in the kitchen at Number Twelve Grimmaud Place, nauseated him it did, at first. But after a moment he was certain he could smell it, and began to taste it in the very air around them. Being nauseated by that would not have bothered Remus. It was the fact that he was enjoying the smell of it, and had a slight urge to taste the blood on Molly's hand that caused him to panic. He left the next day, after a sleepless night. It broke his heart to leave all his friends and the people he loved, but he could no longer assume he was "safe" outside the full moon.

And lusting for blood while not in the form of a werewolf was something that terrified him, but even worse was there was something erotic about it too. It was wrong of him. He was sick and immoral. How could he ever face dear little Molly Weasley again? And Arthur? And where would it end? One day licking spilt blood, the next, tearing out someone's throat? But he had found that no matter where he went, he could not run from himself and his immoral thoughts.

He wished he were dead, but such would not be the case this time. He already knew how it would play out. He would change with the moon. The idiots would rush in, shooting to no avail. Remus would kill them all, and continue until dawn. Perhaps, if he were lucky, they would lock the doors behind them, thus locking Remus in until morning, reducing the number of killings, and then he would recover his amulet and his wand.

Tears streamed down Ginny's cheeks as she listened to the thoughts of the unconscious man lying on the floor. Sybil knelt beside his ghostly form, white-knuckled and

trembling.

Remus's eyes opened just as Ginny spoke.

"Sybil, the moon will rise soon. We must go now."

"Yes, Sybil," Remus agreed in a barely audible voice. "You ladies must go now."

"But Remus," Sybil choked the words out. "Your amulet! You don't have it." Tears spilled from her eyes, and she removed her glasses, and wiped her tears with the hem of her sleeve.

"Go," he insisted. And in a softer voice he asked her, "Please come back tomorrow?"

"Yes," she promised.

"Now go!"

Sybil took Ginny's outstretched hand and they left, and headed to Dumbledore's office, where the others waited to implement Severus's plan to find Remus.

Ginny knew Professor Snape's plan would not work, not because of any flaw in the plan, but because she could see that it wouldn't, but they were going to try it anyway. Hermione and Snape had pinpointed Remus's location to within a reasonable area, based on his answers to certain questions conceived when Hermione's logic was paired with Snape's craftiness. Most of the members of the Order of the Phoenix would be riding the skies tonight, looking for Remus or any trace of him.

Fortunately for Remus, and unknown others, the idiot thugs did lock the door. Those not killed inside with him fled, thinking that he would get out. Fortunately again, Remus was beyond being capable of simple reasoning, so he remained locked up all night with the key, his amulet, his wand, and several dead men with guns.

The next morning Sybil could hardly sit still during breakfast. They had all agreed that they would give Remus a few hours to recuperate, and get away from the scene of the crime.

Severus sulked all morning. His plan would have worked. He knew it. Evelyn was talking to Hermione and Sybil, and not noticing him. When Albus came in, she looked up, and then glanced over at Sev. He gave her his most hurt and soulful look, and then half turned away.

Minerva walked into Evelyn's apartment, and began whispering urgently to Albus. Evelyn took that opportunity to go to Severus and lavish her love and attention on him, if only for a few moments.

She was interrupted in the midst of her sweetness by Minerva's sudden question. "Where is Miss Weasley?"