

# Reactions to the Legend

*by amber\_chick*

AU. Sirius is freed after the Tournament and is currently Harry's guardian. Everything is normal until Harry lets some information slip, making Sirius and Remus realize that they know know nothing about Harry's first two years at Hogwarts. Now, Harry has to explain all the death defying stunts. Oh Dear...

## Reactions: Before Hogwarts

*Chapter 1 of 3*

AU. Sirius is freed after the Tournament and is currently Harry's guardian. Everything is normal until Harry lets some information slip, making Sirius and Remus realize that they know know nothing about Harry's first two years at Hogwarts. Now, Harry has to explain all the death defying stunts. Oh Dear...

Tell me what you think and review!

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It had started out as a normal day. It really had.

Alright, so for most people, it wouldn't have been considered normal. But for these particular people living in this particular house, it was normal.

You see, Harry James Potter and his two guardians were not normal. In fact, they were rather far from normal, even by wizarding standards. That's right, Harry and his guardians happened to be wizards.

But what distinguished them from other wizards was the fact that Harry Potter happened to be the sole survivor of the Avada Kedavra curse and also happened to have defeated Lord Voldemort at the age of one. Rather impressive for a baby that could barely walk or talk.

And it wasn't just Harry James Potter that distinguished this rather odd household. You see, his primary guardian happened to be Sirius Black, the only man to have ever successfully escaped the wizarding prison, Azkaban. And also the only man to have ever been sent to Azkaban when he was innocent against all charges against him.

And then came Remus Lupin. He wasn't quite as unique as the other two if you bypassed the fact that he was a werewolf. On the other hand, perhaps he wasn't quite so normal.

Both of these two men were also, much to Harry's chagrin, rather overprotective of their charge.

However, they had a reason to be. Just last year, Harry had been forced to participate in the Triwizard Tournament, one of the deadliest competitions ever made. Harry was forced to battle dragons, water demons, merpeople and, in the end, even Voldemort himself. Harry had nearly died at this battle.

The good news was that barely a week into the summer holidays Peter Pettigrew was caught and, in a trial that rocked the wizarding world, Sirius Black, infamous mass murderer, was discovered innocent of all charges against him and given guardianship of the boy-who-lived, Harry James Potter.

So now, the Ministry was forced to admit that Voldemort had returned under testimony of Wormtail and Cornelius Fudge was facing an enquiry and would most likely be

sacked. Life was good.

Or at least it would be if Sirius Black could stop brooding over the horrors that his godson had seen less than a month ago. His only consolation was that at least he was here to help Harry through this. A common thought that passed through his head as he looked fondly at his godson was: 'At least nothing like this ever happened in his first two years'.

Right?

Sirius Black was about to get a reality check.

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As was mentioned before, it had started out as a normal day. They had gotten up and had breakfast, Harry had gone for a bit of a fly (with Sirius watching his every move like a hawk; he was not quite convinced that Harry had fully recovered from the injuries he had received in the third task), and then they played chess.

It was after lunch when Remus, Sirius and Harry were all sitting in the living room just talking about a few random things that turned this day into one that they'd never forget.

Harry and Sirius had been arguing over who the better team was at Quidditch while Remus was occasionally listening and reading at the same time. Soon enough, Remus was drawn into the good-natured argument.

"No way, Moony!" Sirius exclaimed. "The only way the Hawks would beat the Tigers is if the Tigers seeker's broom was jinxed!"

"Um, not quite," Harry interjected before Remus could answer. "I mean, I had my broom jinxed in first year, and I still caught the Snitch. Well, I nearly swallowed it when I fell off my broom but still," he amended slightly.

He looked up at his two guardians to see them both staring at him with slack jaws. "What?" he asked in slight bewilderment.

"Harry," Sirius said slowly, "Just why was your broom jinxed? And... you fell off?" His voice was normal, but inwardly he was imagining his innocent, sweet, little godson at age eleven trying to stay on a jinxed broom. The image didn't sit well with him. Remus was watching Harry carefully and wondering how on earth someone could get close enough to hurt his cub.

Harry's eyes widened when he realized that Sirius and Remus didn't know about what had happened in his first year. Or his second, come to think of it. And he really did not want to tell them. They would be even more protective than they were now, if that was even possible.

"Nothing. Forget I said anything," said Harry quickly, ducking his head.

"Harry," said Sirius, using a stern tone that he rarely bothered with.

"You know, that reminds me that Sirius and I really have no idea about your first and second years," said Remus lightly. "Perhaps you could enlighten us."

"Good idea, Moony," said Sirius approving. "And you can add just why your broom was jinxed as well."

Harry groaned and scanned the room for an escape. "Um, you know I think Ron needed help with some homework..." he said feebly, realizing that this wasn't going to work.

"Actually, I believe Ron never does his homework until the last minute," said Remus calmly.

"Just tell us, Harry," said Sirius in a softer tone than before. "I can't be that bad," he added confidently, quite sure that it wouldn't be. After all, what were the chances of Harry's life being threatened in every year at Hogwarts?

You have no idea, Harry thought as he sighed and began apprehensively, "Well, um, alright... where do I start?"

"Why don't we go from when you got your first Hogwarts letter," said Remus kindly, somehow sensing that his cub was not quite ready to divulge what had happened at school. He figured it would be better to start with something safe, like his first Hogwarts letter. For some reason, Harry didn't look all that comforted. In fact, his face seemed to pale a little more.

"Um, alright," Harry said hesitantly.

Sirius and Remus exchanged an uneasy glance, for some reason they had a sense of foreboding that this wouldn't go the way they wanted it to.

"Ok, so it started a few days into summer holidays," Harry began his story, debating on just where to start but realizing gloomily that his guardians would remember the inconsistencies. "I went downstairs and around about in the middle of breakfast, the post came. Uncle Vernon told me to go get it and I did," Harry continued, omitting the fact that he had to dodge Dudley's smelting stick.

"Anyway, so when I got to the front door there was a bill, a letter from Aunt Marge," (Remus and Sirius exchanged a look when Harry mentioned 'Aunt' Marge) "and then a letter for me, from Hogwarts. I took all the letters into the kitchen and began to open mine when " Here Harry hesitated, knowing that from now on his story was quite likely to ignite his guardians tempers.

"Harry? Keep going, kid," Sirius encouraged, still unsure as to why his godson looked so uncomfortable.

Harry steeled himself and continued, saying it all very quickly, "Ok, so I started to open it but then Dudley told Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon and they ripped the letter from my hand and then literally threw me and Dudley from the room."

"Wait, so the Dursleys didn't give you your Hogwarts letter?" Remus exclaimed.

"What do you mean, literally threw you out of the room?" asked Sirius, his eyes flashing.

Harry visibly winced, "You know, he might have maybe picked me up and chucked me out."

Sirius growled and went over to the couch where Harry was sitting and pulled the boy into a hug.

"Um, Sirius," said Harry, "I'm fine, it was nearly four years ago."

"I know," said Sirius unabashedly. "Anyway, Harry, keep going. What convinced them to give you your Hogwarts letter?" he asked as he moved to the other side of the couch.

Harry winced once more and, figuring that this part would be best to get over with quickly, said in one breath, "Well, see, my bedroom back then was sort of a cupboard and Uncle Vernon was sort of scared and anyway he gave me a bedroom after that but burned my letter."

"Your bedroom was a cupboard?" Sirius asked in a voice that obviously meant he was trying to keep his anger at bay.

"Yeah," said Harry in a small voice, looking down and fidgeting.

"A cupboard? A cupboard?" Remus muttered furiously. "Oh, those Muggles. Making my cub sleep in a cupboard!?! Oh, just wait till you meet me on the full moon, you despicable Muggles!"

"Um, Moony," said Harry, a little cautiously.

"Hm, oh, don't worry, Harry, I'm fine," Remus said adding silently, but they won't be! One look at his best friend's face meant that he was thinking the exact same thing.

"Keep going, kiddo," said Sirius, returning his full attention to his godson.

"Well, Uncle Vernon really didn't want me to go to Hogwarts and just kept burning all the letters. He even nailed down the mail slot and the doors and everything," said Harry, sounding upbeat in a way to take his guardians attentions from what he was actually saying. It didn't work very well.

Remus was muttering something like, "Idiots... full moon... my cub..." while Sirius had conjured a notebook and was scribbling something down. Harry had to wonder what their reactions to his second year when he had been starved would be. Somehow, he had the feeling that that year would not go well.

"Anyway, in the end, Uncle Vernon got so sick of all the letters that we all left because he thought that if we could 'shake them off' they would stop sending the letters. The day before my birthday, we ended up on this hut on a sea rock sort of place," said Harry, a lot more calmly now that the hard part was over. After all, nobody said he had to mention his sleeping conditions in the hut.

"So, we ended up staying there for the night. 'Course, Uncle Vernon didn't know how to make a fire so it was a little cold because of the storm but not that bad," Harry said, bending the truth a little.

"Where did you sleep?" asked Remus, knowing that if they had made Harry sleep in a cupboard for ten years, it was likely that it wouldn't be much better in a completely different place.

Why does he have to be so damn smart? Harry cursed silently. Outwardly, he smiled slightly and said, "It wasn't that bad, I mean I slept on the floor but I did have a blanket."

"Let me get this straight," Sirius cut in with narrowed eyes, "You slept on the floor of hut out in the sea during a raging storm with only a single blanket?"

"Um, yeah," Harry mumbled, looking down.

Sirius exhaled loudly, and the next thing that Harry knew, Sirius was in front of him and putting a blanket over him and quite literally tucking him in. Harry just looked at Sirius incredulously. Admittedly it was a very cold summer, but where had this come from?

"Um, Sirius?" said Harry tentatively.

"What? You need to stay warm; what if you get a cold?" Sirius defended. "I refuse to let my godson stay cold anymore than you already had to." Remus was nodding emphatically and even waved his wand in the direction of the fireplace to light it.

"Alright," said Harry slowly, nodding his head and looking between his guardians.

"Alright, kiddo, keep going but tell us if you're cold, ok?" Sirius said brightly, settling back down on his own couch.

Somehow, Harry doubted he would get cold but he bit his tongue. "So, at exactly midnight, Hagrid showed up and gave me my Hogwarts letter in person. He also threatened Uncle Vernon and scared him so much that he could barely talk," Harry added, hoping that this would dissuade any further attempts to harm his relatives.

"Serves him right," Remus said under his breath, nettled over the treatment of his cub. Sirius nodded in agreement with the werewolf.

"Uh, anyway, so Hagrid lit a fire and made some food and everything. Oh, and he also gave me a birthday cake!" Harry said, suddenly remembering. He smiled at the memory.

Sirius and Remus vowed to thank Hagrid for bringing some happiness into their charges life and to also thank him for threatening Dursley of course!

"So anyway, Hagrid told me about Voldemort and about how Mum and Dad died," Harry continued, making Remus' eyes narrow when he realized that the Dursleys had lied to Harry about his parents' deaths.

"And then Uncle Vernon called Professor Dumbledore a 'crackpot old fool' which made Hagrid really mad," said Harry, smiling at the memory. "And then... well, Hagrid gave my cousin Dudley a pig's tail!"

They all roared with laughter, and Remus amended his punishment slightly to not include the full moon. That didn't mean that they would go unpunished for treating Harry that way though.

"So, did Dursley decide to retreat after that then?" Sirius asked, still watching Harry like a hawk for any sign of the shivers.

"Yeah, and Hagrid gave me his coat to sleep under and then he took me for my supplies the next day," Harry said, this time with genuine happiness.

"Well, that was a bit of a rocky start," said Remus, a little more calm now that Hagrid had dealt some revenge on Vernon.

"Yep, now onto the Hogwarts' years, kid!" said Sirius happily, but still curious to know about that jinxed broom...

Harry winced a little and wondered, is it possible for me to get grounded over something that happened three years ago????

-----Authors Notes-----

So, what did you guys think of this?

Please review.

## Reactions: Year 1; Part 1

Harry starts to reveal what happened during his first year of school. But what will his guardians say when they find out he nearly got sorted into Slytherin?

**Disclaimer: Harry Potter belongs to JK Rowling. I do this purely for enjoyment.**

**Congratulations to my beta on his new, beautiful baby girl!! :)**

-----Last time on Reactions-----

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-----Reactions: Year One; Part One-----

"Alright, so, um, should I start with when Hagrid and I went to Diagon Alley?" Harry asked with something akin to hopefulness in his voice. Nothing really important had happened at the Alley, but it would be better to lay off on the dangerous stuff until he absolutely had to.

"Sure, Harry," said Remus.

"I would have wanted to hear about it anyway. I've always wanted to see the look on your face when you saw something magical," Sirius said with a wistful smile.

Harry laughed and said, "Well, I was pretty surprised. I kept on looking everywhere, and I couldn't take my eyes off the goblins when we got to Gringotts."

"I bet," Sirius said, looking at his godson fondly.

Harry blushed slightly and continued, remembering that this was actually quite a pivotal point in the story. "Anyway, so Hagrid had the key to my vault, and we went down in the carts..."

"Were you scared?" Remus interrupted curiously. "I remember James telling me about his first time, and he said he was absolutely terrified, especially since there had been rumoured to be dragons there."

Sirius looked up sharply at that one. Apparently he had not heard about the dragons. "Harry, you didn't see any dragons, did you?" he asked, trying not to let his over-protectiveness get the better of him.

Harry looked as though he didn't know quite what to answer but settled with a, "No, I didn't see any dragons that day. Hagrid mentioned that he really wanted one, though," he added as an afterthought.

"He was the same when we were at school," Sirius recalled with a laugh, a lot calmer knowing that Harry had not been in any danger at Gringotts. "Thank goodness he never got one."

Harry winced slightly as he remembered a certain Norwegian Ridgeback that would appear later on in this story. He was not looking forward to the reactions of his guardians during that part at all.

"Um, anyway, so I went to my vault, and then we had to go to another vault because Hagrid had to pick something up for Dumbledore," Harry continued, wanting to get off the uncomfortable topic for now. Uncomfortable for him, that is. His two guardians were completely oblivious. Harry really wished he could keep it that way.

"What did he have to pick up?" Remus asked curiously.

"We didn't figure it out until ages afterwards," Harry answered. "It was Vault 713, and a top-security one too. But all Hagrid got out was this grubby little package, maybe about the size of a fist."

"Wait, so Hagrid didn't know what it was?" Sirius asked, confused.

"Yeah, of course he did," Harry answered, just as confused by his godfathers question.

"But then why did you say that 'we' didn't figure it out for ages," Sirius said.

"Oh, I was talking about me, Ron, and Hermione," said Harry, comprehension dawning. "But I'll get to that part later."

"Yes, your shopping adventures next," Remus said, leaning back in his chair and taking a sip from the cup of tea next to him.

"Not that much of an adventure, truth be told," Harry admitted. *If only I could say the same for the rest of the year!* he found himself thinking. "Um, we went to Madam Malkin's first where I met another guy in the same year as me."

"Make friends?" Remus asked.

"The kid was Draco Malfoy," Harry answered in disgust towards the blond.

"Never mind," was Remus' only response.

"Well, he let slip about Quidditch and some of the Houses, which I had no clue about back then of course," Harry continued. "But he reminded me so much of Dudley, acting like he was better than everyone else."

Sirius felt a surge of hatred towards Harry's so-called relatives.

"So what happened next," Remus asked, wanting to get out of dangerous territory. He was not about to let Padfoot go and hex Harry's relatives. Not without him there to help.

"Hagrid and I went for ice-cream where Hagrid enlightened me a little more about Quidditch and Hogwarts," Harry answered. "After that, we went and got my school supplies. Oh, and Hagrid gave me Hedwig, my first real birthday present," Harry added, his eyes glowing with happiness.

"Harry," Remus said with a raised eyebrow, "just what do you mean by 'your first real birthday present?'"

Harry instantly realized his mistake. How was he supposed to get out of this one without the result being his relatives grave bodily harm? "Well, what I meant was that

Hedwig was the first gift that I actually liked."

"Why, what sort of gifts did you get beforehand?" Sirius asked with a raised eyebrow.

Harry mumbled something incoherently. At least it was supposed to be incoherent. Remus' enhanced werewolf senses meant that he was able to hear it. He narrowed his golden eyes and said, slightly coolly, "What do you mean they gave you socks on your birthday or just ignored it?"

"What?" Sirius said sharply.

Harry shied away slightly and said in a soft voice, "It really doesn't matter. The point is I got Hed...mmp!" The second part of his sentence was incomprehensible because Sirius had gotten up and crushed Harry in a hug.

"Um, Sirius?" came Harry's muffled voice from where his head was nestled in Sirius' strong chest.

Sirius drew back, muttering something about Muggles and Azkaban being too good for them with the way they had treated his precious godson.

"Sirius?" Harry said again, fearing for his godfather's sanity.

"Don't worry, Harry, I'm fine," Sirius said with false cheerfulness. He started fussing over the blanket again, as it had come loose while Sirius had been hugging (or suffocating, depending on the way you looked at it) Harry.

"Sirius, I'm fine," Harry objected after Sirius had been fiddling with the blanket for a good few minutes. "I'm not cold! If anything, I'm hot!"

That was really the wrong thing to say as Sirius immediately started feeling Harry's forehead for any sign of fever. "Honestly, I'm fine!" Harry half-begged, trying to get his godfather to stop fussing.

"Hmph," was Sirius' only response. It took at least five minutes for the dog Animagus to be satisfied that his godson was not sick and was not going to get cold. Sirius then went back to his own couch and made a mental note to completely spoil Harry come July 31st.

"Keep going, cub, I believe it's only your wand left," Remus said encouragingly.

"Oh, right, we went to Ollivanders after that, and I got my wand. Ollivander completely freaked me out though," Harry added as an afterthought.

"What do you mean, freaked you out?" Sirius said with a low growl.

Harry groaned almost imperceptibly. He loved living with Sirius and Remus a lot more than he did living with the Dursleys, but really, this protective thing was getting ridiculous! "He was just sort of scary," he said, rolling his eyes. "And he was really weird when he told me that my wand is the brother to Voldemort's."

Both Sirius and Remus looked disbelieving that this was why Harry had been 'freaked out', but let it go and nodded to show Harry to continue.

"So that was my first trip to Diagon Alley," Harry concluded that part of his story. Now came the hard parts.

"So, Hogwarts next!" Sirius exclaimed happily. After all, nothing too bad could have happened with Dumbledore there, right?

"Right. So obviously I stayed at the Dursleys for the rest of the summer, and they took me to King's Cross on the first of September," said Harry.

"That was kind of them," said Remus, sounding rather surprised.

Harry just nodded, not mentioning that the only reason they had taken him was because they had to go up to London anyway. That would just mean that his guardians would be hell bent on revenge... even more than they were now, that is.

"Yeah..." Harry said, trailing off slightly. "Anyway, I had absolutely no clue how to get onto the platform..." Here, he was interrupted once more.

"You mean Petunia didn't tell you? Because she was there when Lily was dropped off and walked through the barrier," Remus said; his eyes, flecks of gold evident in them, were narrowed.

"Uh, no," said Harry, wincing slightly. Unfortunately, Padfoot saw the wince and immediately thought that Harry was in some type of pain.

"You okay, Pronglet," he asked, getting over to Harry's part of the couch in less than a heartbeat. He felt Harry's forehead with his hand and added worriedly, "You seem a little hot."

"I'm fine," said Harry through gritted teeth.

"Anyway, so I ended up asking the Weasleys for help," Harry said loudly, hoping that the continuing of the story would stop Sirius from going about the cold. He shuddered (not literally. Sirius would probably give him about another five blankets if he thought Harry was cold) to think what would happen when they found out about the fact that he had been starved by the Dursleys.

"Did you know the Weasleys back then?" Remus asked curiously.

"No, I just ran into them, and I asked Mrs Weasley how to get onto the platform," Harry answered, "She was really nice about it."

"I bet Mrs Weasley just couldn't resist those big, innocent, green eyes and the..." Sirius rambled on fondly, making his godson blush.

"So!" Harry said loudly, making Remus laugh a little and Sirius stop his rambling about just how cute his godson must have been at eleven.

"I got onto the platform and, with some help from Fred and George, got my trunk into a carriage. Um, afterwards I sort of eavesdropped on the Weasleys," Harry continued, looking down at the last part.

He needn't have worried. Sirius' only reaction was, "My little marauder!" and a proud sniff.

*Maybe that's the reaction I'll get when I get to the serious rule-breaking later on,* Harry thought to himself hopefully. However, the other part of him said, *With the amount of times you could have gotten killed? Not a chance.*

"So, did you make any friends on the train?" Sirius asked.

"Uh, yeah," Harry said, snapping out of his previous thoughts. "Ron asked if we could share the compartment, and we ended up talking heaps and made fast friends."

"Did you have lots of chocolates and lollies?" Sirius asked mock sternly.

Harry laughed and answered, "Yes, Sirius, I had lots of stuff off the trolley."

"Good," said Sirius, satisfied.

"What about Hermione?" Remus prompted.

"Er, well, we met her," Harry admitted. "But she was acting all know-it-all, so Ron and I didn't really like her much. Not yet, anyway."

Sirius and Remus exchanged a knowing glance. The same had actually happened between James and Sirius as they hadn't bothered to look beyond the last name. That had changed when Sirius had been sorted into Gryffindor, and then when James had stood up for Sirius when a few Slytherins started to tease him because he was a 'blood-traitor'.

"Then when we got to Hogwarts oh, no, wait, I forgot, Ron also mentioned that there had been a break-in at Gringotts," Harry added suddenly, having just remembered this fact.

"Wait, there was a break-in at Gringotts?" Sirius asked in surprise.

"Yes, I remember reading about that," Remus said, nodding. "Come to think of it, it was on your birthday, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, it was, but we didn't find that out till later," Harry said.

"So, you went on the boats with Hagrid up to the castle wait, you didn't fall in, did you?" Sirius said, the first part casually, but the second part in what Harry had recently dubbed 'overprotective Padfoot voice'.

"No, Sirius," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

"Good," Sirius said, nodding.

"And then Professor McGonagall informed you about the Houses and gave her normal speech, right?" asked Remus.

"Yeah," said Harry. "Ron kept going on about having to fight a troll."

Remus tried (unsuccessfully) to stifle a snicker and said, "James and Sirius tried to do the same thing and ended up terrifying everybody."

"Says the one who said we were going to have to do magic and made everyone have nervous breakdowns," Sirius retorted.

"So, I'm guessing you were surprised when you found out about the Sorting Hat," Remus said, looking over at his surrogate nephew and completely ignoring what his best friend had just said.

"That's an understatement," Harry laughed. "Well, like you know, both Neville and Hermione got sorted into Gryffindor, and Malfoy into Slytherin."

Both of his guardians nodded, and Harry bit his lip, wondering how much to reveal about what the Sorting Hat had said to him.

After a pause, Remus said encouragingly, "Harry? Keep going, cub. What did the Sorting Hat say?"

"Well," Harry said, hesitating and biting his lip in worry.

"Come on, kiddo, Remus and I always want to hear what you've got to say," Sirius said, comfortingly.

"Um, well, the Hat sort of wanted to put me in Slytherin," Harry mumbled.

Sirius and Remus exchanged a look of surprise, and then Sirius went over and knelt down in front of Harry so that they were eye to eye. "Hey, Pronglet, it doesn't matter if the Hat wanted to put you in Slytherin. Nothing would ever make me or Moony stop loving you. Even if you were a Death Eater, we would still love you. We would be mad at you, but we'd love you," he said sincerely, putting a finger under Harry's chin and using it to tip his godson's chin up so that Harry was looking him in the eyes.

Remus also came over and gave Harry a reassuring hug.

Harry smiled and, after a few seconds, drew back. Remus returned to one of the sofa's closer to Harry so that he would be close in case his cub needed more reassurance.

Sirius, on the other hand, stood up from his position in front of Harry and then sat down next to him on the couch with one arm around the boy.

"So, kiddo, you've been sorted! What's next?" Sirius asked cheerfully, but also inwardly vowing to curse whoever had made his godson so insecure.

Harry smiled and thought to himself, *Maybe the protective guardians thing isn't that bad. No, wait, scratch that. Death defying stunts is next.*

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*Thank you to everyone who reviewed!*

## Reactions: Year One, Part Two

*Chapter 3 of 3*

The second part of Harry's retelling of his first year.

A/N: Thanks to Zeropolis79 for beta-ing.

Oh, and since several people have asked me this... no, Sirius will not be getting sent to Azkaban for mothering his godson to death :-)

-----**Last time on Reactions**-----

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-----Reactions: Year One Part Two-----

"Right, so... where should I start," Harry asked, fidgeting a little.

Remus laughed slightly and said in a slightly teasing tone, "Well, your first day of classes would be a good place to begin."

"Er, right," said Harry, wondering if it would be possible to skip Potions. On second thoughts, he didn't really mind if Snape was on the marauders' bad side. Maybe he would get to see what they did to him...

"Harry?" Sirius prompted, looking at the boy nestled under the covers.

"Er, right," said Harry, blinking. "So, um, nothing really interesting happened on the first day. I mean, we were late for Transfiguration and McGonagall took off points."

"It was your first day!" Sirius exclaimed incredulously. "Surely they can't fault you for getting lost!" Harry just shrugged in response.

"Keep going, cub," said Remus.

"Then we had Potions," said Harry, shuddering at the thought.

"Are you cold?" Sirius asked immediately, looking at his godson concernedly.

"No, just remembering that particular Potions experience," Harry answered innocently, thinking that there were a few up-sides to over-protective guardians.

"Why?" Sirius growled. "What did that greasy git do to you?" Remus threw Sirius a reproaching look for bad-mouthing a teacher in front of Harry but the dog Animagus just ignored it.

"Well, first he called me a 'celebrity'," said Harry in disgust, remembering how much he actually hated that so-called title. "Then, he asked me a whole bunch of questions that I had absolutely no clue what the answers were, and then he took off points because I told him that Hermione had the answers, and also because I happened to be sitting next to Neville," Harry ranted, getting completely lost in the memory.

Sirius' eyes were narrowed, and he was muttering furiously under his breath, "Greasy git... deserves... gonna kill him... taunting my godson!"

Harry inwardly rejoiced. He was finally going to get revenge on Snape for all those years of hell in his classroom.

Remus' eyes had glints of gold in them, and it was obvious he was none too happy with his former colleague but still said calmly, "Keep going, Harry."

"Um, after the lesson Ron and I went down to see Hagrid," said Harry, trying to recall his memories. "Oh, now I remember," Harry said. "That was where I found out that the Gringotts break-in was on the same day as my birthday. When I asked Hagrid about it, he changed the subject, not very well I might add."

Remus and Sirius both laughed, it was true; Hagrid was an absolutely horrible liar. You couldn't find a more loyal man anywhere, but subtlety was definitely not his strong point.

"Oh!" said Harry, "I nearly forgot to mention our flying lesson!"

"Do tell, Pronglet," said Sirius, smiling at the carefree attitude his godson was currently showing. This was far better than the haunted teen from the last few weeks; it seemed as though this was a good idea.

Which it was... for Harry. Not for Sirius' and Remus' hearts though...

"Well, we were with the Slytherins," Harry started, rolling his eyes. Sirius grinned, anticipating some Malfoy humiliation.

"So, first we got the whole lecture on how to hold a broom and mount it properly. But then," Harry began his sentence.

Sirius and Remus threw a glance at each other, wondering if this was where the jinxed broom came in. Sirius was sitting up a little more tense as he listened carefully to Harry's next words.

"Neville got scared and rose up on his broom too early," Harry completed, looking slightly confused when Sirius let out an audible sigh of relief.

Sirius, noticing Harry's look of confusion, said, "Don't worry about it, Pronglet, just keep going."

"Right, anyway, so Madam Hooch tells all of us that if we even think about flying while she took Neville up to the hospital wing, then we're good as expelled," Harry explained.

"That was an... interesting lesson," Remus said, nodding.

"I'm not done yet," Harry said.

"Why, what happened next?" Sirius asked curiously.

"Draco Malfoy," Harry answered simply.

"Of course," said Sirius, rolling his eyes. "I should have known. What did he do?"

"Well, first I should say that Neville's gran had sent him a Remembrall as a gift," Harry explained before continuing on to the actual story. "Anyway, it must have fallen out while Neville had been flying because next thing we knew Malfoy had got a hold of it and was calling Neville an idiot and all this other stuff."

Sirius growled softly. No good Slytherin scum.

"Well, I defended Neville," Harry continued, either not hearing Sirius or choosing to ignore him.

Sirius smiled at Harry and said affectionately, "Defending your friends?"

Harry smiled before continuing, "Of course. Malfoy, the git, decided to hide it up a tree or something so flew off with it." Harry hesitated a moment here.

Remus caught the pause and said, slightly wearily, "Did you go up after him?"

"Well... yes," Harry admitted.

"And what did Malfoy do," Sirius asked calmly, trying not to let his imagination of what had happened run away with him.

"Well, we argued a bit in the air," Harry answered. "But then Malfoy chucked it..."

"Harry," Remus said, sounding as though he was dreading the answer to the question he was about to ask, "you didn't go after it... did you?"

Harry winced slightly and said, "Well, yeah, I did. But I caught it, and I didn't get hurt!" he added hurriedly, hoping this would stop any lectures.

"What happened next," Sirius asked, glad that this was not the jinxed broom moment.

"Erm, well, McGonagall appeared," said Harry, wincing as he remembered how it had felt at the time.

Remus whistled and said, "Well, I don't envy you, Harry. McGonagall is definitely the worst when it comes to handing out punishments."

Harry smiled mischievously and said, "Well, that's what I thought. But first she told me to go with her, ignoring what everyone was saying."

Sirius was now scowling; he liked McGonagall, but sometimes she cared too much about the rules, especially if she would punish his godson for helping a friend. Remus, on the other hand, was looking thoughtful. Harry didn't seem too unhappy thinking about it. In fact, he seemed nearly... happy. Hopefully that meant that McGonagall let him get away with the flying.

"So she took me up to the castle and first went to Quirrell's class to get 'Wood'," Harry continued.

Sirius rose an eyebrow and was about to ask just what he meant by 'wood' when Remus spoke up. "Wood? Wasn't he a seventh-year the year that I taught? And the Gryffindor Quidditch Captain as well, if I recall correctly."

"Yep." Harry nodded. "So she asked for Wood and then took us to an abandoned classroom where she told me that," here Harry stopped to take a breath, "that I made the Quidditch team as Seeker!"

"You're joking!" Sirius exclaimed, giving Harry a huge hug. "I knew you were brilliant but I never knew that you made the team on your first year!"

"Harry, that's wonderful," said Remus warmly. "You have no idea how much Sirius and your father tried to get Minerva to break that rule."

"Yeah, and you managed it without even trying," Sirius said proudly, ruffling his hair.

Harry nodded and said, "Yep, it was wicked. Ron was so surprised when I told him, but then, well, Malfoy showed up."

"Ha, what was the look on his face when he found out that you made Seeker?" Sirius asked, a proud glint still evident in his eyes. Harry found himself hoping that it would stay there for the next part or two.

"Well, Wood wanted us to keep it a secret, so we couldn't tell him," Harry began. "But he started taunting us again and ended up challenging me to a wizards duel in the trophy room... at midnight."

Sirius looked torn as to what to think about this while Remus said, "The trophy room? The one on the third floor next to the forbidden corridor?"

Sirius looked up sharply at that; as much as he wanted Harry to get one up over on Malfoy, he would prefer that it happened in a way there wasn't such a high chance that Harry get hurt. "Did you agree?" he asked, knowing that even if he said yes he couldn't really tell him off, seeing as he had done far worse.

"Well, no," Harry admitted. Sirius' face lit up until Harry added, "Ron agreed for me." Sirius' expression fell, and he just hoped that Harry wasn't that close to that corridor.

"So what happened?" Remus asked almost cautiously.

"Well, Ron and I stayed up and went down at about quarter to," Harry began this part of the tale, "but then we ran into Hermione, who kept on trying to tell us off. She followed us outside the portrait hole where we met Neville, who had forgotten the password. Of course, with our luck, the Fat Lady had gone for a nighttime stroll!" Harry said exasperatedly.

Sirius nodded sympathetically. "She always does that at the worst times."

Remus agreed and added, "Yes, you wouldn't believe how many times we got caught out after curfew because we couldn't get into the common room."

"So, what, all of you had to go together?" Sirius asked.

"Yeah," Harry sighed. "Worst thing was that I didn't even have my invisibility cloak yet. Or the Marauder's Map for that matter. So we somehow ended up getting there without getting caught, but then Malfoy didn't show up! And we heard Filch just around the corner."

"Wait, so Malfoy tipped Filch off?" Sirius asked, sounding slightly disbelieving. At Harry's nod he also added, "That kid is a right idiot. At least Snape always kept his word. Even though he tried to get us expelled, he still did it in slightly less underhanded ways."

"It seems as though Malfoy is slightly too spoiled," Remus added disgustedly, remembering Malfoy from his classes with the Slytherin.

"Yeah," Harry said, shrugging. "Anyway, we obviously decided to run away but then we ran into Peeves!"

Sirius groaned and said, "Kid, I'm beginning to think you have the worst luck."

"You have no idea," Harry agreed, rolling his eyes. "So, as I'm sure you can guess, Peeves told Filch where we were. We ran even harder when we got to a sort of a dead end. It only had one door and it was locked. Luckily Hermione had read ahead and unlocked it with an Alohomora charm."

Remus looked uneasy; he didn't like where this was going. Sirius remained oblivious.

"Well, we heard Peeves taunting Filch and, in the only stroke of luck that night, he didn't tell on us," Harry said before pausing, wondering if there was any way to put this to make it seem less dangerous.

Remus sighed at the pause. Looked like he was right after all. Sirius also seemed to string the clues together at the prominent pause... Third floor... locked door...

"We turned around," Harry said hesitantly, "and we sort of saw a giant three-headed dog that was snarling at us."

Harry looked at his guardians hesitantly and saw that Sirius looked pale and was about to faint. Remus wasn't faring much better. Even if he had expected the corridor to be the forbidden one, there was no way that he would have ever guessed that something like that would be in it.

Sirius seemed to have gone along the same train of thought, for he said incredulously, and also slightly angrily, "What on earth was Dumbledore thinking, putting a... a... thing like that in a castle full of children!"

Harry shrugged and realized belatedly that he had probably gotten the Headmaster in trouble. But then again, Dumbledore was already in trouble with the two marauders for his decision regarding Harry's guardianship. And, Harry reflected, this most likely wouldn't be the last time that Dumbledore had done something that his guardians wouldn't approve of.

Remus was muttering as well, quite angry himself, "He let *my cub* be in the same room as something that could kill him!?! That senile old fool!"

Harry looked slightly startled at the extent of his guardian's anger and was very glad that he wasn't Dumbledore.



"Pronglet, please tell me that you got out of there straight away," Sirius said in a voice of forced calm. He knew Harry seemed to have a 'saving people' thing and wouldn't have put it past him to get everyone else out and forget about himself.

"Uh, of course," Harry said, "we all ran straight out the second we comprehended what we had seen. Ran straight to the Gryffindor Tower without looking back."

"Smart," Sirius praised, looking highly relieved as he ruffled the dark hair next to him.

"Yeah, but then Hermione mentioned something else about the dog," Harry added.

Remus rose an eyebrow and said slightly disbelievingly, "I know she always managed to catch all the details, but she still managed to do so in front of a massive three-headed dog?!"

"Yep," said Harry off-handedly.

"Well, what else did she notice?" Sirius asked, thinking that if it was another crazy animal then he would personally lead Moony to Dumbledore's office under the light of a full moon.

"That the dog happened to be standing on a trapdoor," Harry said. "Ron and I figured that it was"

"The package from Vault 713," Remus completed, looking thoughtful. For those who knew him, it was quite clear that Remus had in no way forgotten his anger with the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

Harry nodded. "Ron and I were really curious as to what it could be but it was driven out of our minds during breakfast the next morning."

"Was it the look on Malfoy's face?" Sirius asked, hoping so. That little blond idiot could have gotten his godson killed!

"Well, that too," Harry admitted with a laugh, remembering Draco's look of disbelief quite vividly. "But what I originally meant to say was that I got my broomstick!"

Sirius laughed and ruffled his godson's hair fondly, masking the regret that he felt over the fact that he hadn't been the one to buy Harry's first broom.

Harry laughed once more as he suddenly recalled what had happened next. "The funniest thing was when Malfoy noticed that I had a broom and told on me only to have the teacher congratulate me on getting the 'special permission' to have one!" Harry was laughing at the memory, and his two guardians laughed as well, knowing that Malfoy must have been absolutely furious, especially since, in a roundabout way, it had been because of the blond that Harry had gotten onto the team.

"So, what next?" Remus asked, suppressing his laughter.

Harry cocked his head to one side as he tried to sort out the memories of that year. "Well, nothing really important happened after that until Halloween. Well, I had my first Quidditch practice," he added as an afterthought.

"So what happened on Halloween?" Sirius asked, slightly dreading the answer. Ever since the death of Lily and James, he had believed that Halloween was cursed. The fact that Harry's name had come out of the Goblet of Fire on the so-called holiday had only fueled this belief.

"Well, I suppose it started in the Charms lesson that day," Harry said thoughtfully. "We were learning how to levitate objects."

Remus nodded and said, "One of the most interesting lessons in Charms. Although I recall James and Sirius decided to levitate their feathers under people's noses to make them sneeze."

"Me?" Sirius asked innocently. "I think you might be losing your memory in your old age."

"But aren't you both the same age?" Harry asked innocently, hoping to prolong their argument so that he could wait longer until he had to tell them about the troll.

"Yes, but Moony has grey hairs, so he's older," Sirius said, as though this made perfect sense.

Remus snorted and rolled his eyes at his best friend's logic and said, "Well, as much as I would love to argue over who's older, I believe Harry has a story to finish."

*Damn*, Harry thought as both marauders turned back to him.

"So, you were telling us about your Charms lesson?" Remus prompted.

"Yeah," Harry said, sighing before continuing with slight reluctance, "I ended up pairing with Dean, while Ron got stuck with Hermione."

Remus winced and said slightly sarcastically, "That must have ended well."

Harry gave a slight grin and said, "Well, actually, it ended up with Hermione crying in the girls' toilets because Ron had basically said that she was a know-it-all with no friends."

Sirius winced as he said, "Ouch."

"Yeah." Harry nodded. "She didn't even end up going to classes! She didn't show up to the feast either."

"Poor thing," Remus said sympathetically, "Ron must have really hurt her feelings."

"Did you find her?" Sirius asked.

"Well, sort of," Harry said slowly.

"What do you mean 'sort of?'" Sirius asked warily, just knowing that he wasn't going to like the answer.

Harry took a deep breath and closed his eyes before opening them and saying all in one breath, "Well, Quirrell had burst in and told us that a troll had gotten into Hogwarts. We were told to go to our dormitories when Ron and I remembered that Hermione didn't know about the troll, and we kind of found her, and we all kind of... fought off the troll together."

Sirius and Remus sat in stunned silence for a moment before comprehending what they had just heard.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER!!!" they both yelled simultaneously, jumping up from their respective seats.

Harry winced and ducked his head down to prepare for the tirade.

"WHAT ON EARTH WERE YOU THINKING, GOING WITHIN ONE HUNDRED FEET OF A FULLY GROWN TROLL?!" Sirius ranted, thinking about how close his godson must have been to getting killed.

"Do you know how dangerous that was?" Remus asked incredulously.

"We had to, or Hermione would have gotten killed," Harry protested, not actually looking his guardians in the eye. He wondered vaguely how Mrs Weasley had reacted when Ron had told her about this.

Remus narrowed his eyes and said angrily, "Sirius and I will be having a word with Dumbledore about this, you can rest assured."

Sirius nodded vehemently but also added to his godson sternly, "Even if Dumbledore was a completely idiotic moron, that doesn't mean that you go and fight trolls on your own!"

Harry knew better than to say that Ron and Hermione had been with him. Somehow, he didn't think that this was what Sirius wanted to hear.

"You are so grounded for that, kiddo," Sirius also added, sitting back down on the couch.

"But it was nearly four years ago!" Harry protested.

"Don't care," was the only answer he got.