A Proud Tradition

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Before Teddy goes to Hogwarts, Harry has a talk with him about his parents.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR's characters. Not mine.

Author's notes: I had fun writing this story. Thanks go to my lovely beta (name hidden until the reveal).

Harry stood in the graveyard, looking at the gravestones that stood side by side. So many had died, but to him the death of Tonks and Remus hit him the hardest of all, he thought. It had been a year since the battle of Hogwarts, but the pain was still fresh.

Tonks had always been so full of life, so full of fun. He could still clearly hear her saying, "Wotcher, Harry." In his mind's eye, he could see her taking a tumble, then laughing it off as if it was nothing.

And Remus… He sighed as his eyes filled with tears. The year that Remus had taught Defence at Hogwarts was one of the ones that he remembered the best. From talking to him it felt as if his father was alive. And his mother…

"Down," Teddy said insistently.

Harry smiled as he put the little boy on the ground and watched to make sure that he didn't hurt himself. Along with the fact that he was a Metamorphmagus, Teddy had inherited his mother's clumsiness and was forever falling.

Teddy toddled over and stood before the two graves. "Daddy?"

Harry knew that he was only repeating what he had said to him on the times that he had brought him here before, but to hear him say it out loud just broke Harry's heart in two. Going over to the little boy, he bent down. "Yes, Teddy, this is where your Mummy and Daddy are. And one day I'll tell you all about them."

That day had come. Teddy was eleven years old and was getting ready for his first year at Hogwarts. Harry had told him things here and there about his parents, but he wanted to save the best for when he was old enough to understand.

"Thanks for taking me shopping for Hogwarts, Harry," Teddy said with a smile.

"You're welcome. Do you want to go get a butterbeer before I take you back to your grandmother's house?"

"Yeah! Grandmum doesn't have any at home!"

They went into the Leaky Cauldron, and Harry asked for a quiet table, away from the crowds. Although it had been over a decade since the battle, he still drew a crowd sometimes, and he wanted to be able to talk to Teddy where it was quiet.

They had been sitting there for a few minutes when Harry realized that Teddy had said something.

"What was that, Teddy?" Harry asked.

"Are you OK? Did I do something wrong?" Teddy asked, tipping over his bottle.

Harry laughed and ordered Teddy another butterbeer. "I'm fine. I just – wanted to talk to you about something."

"Okay." Teddy took a sip from his butterbeer bottle and looked at Harry expectantly.

Taking a deep breath, Harry smiled at his godson. "You're going to Hogwarts soon, and I wanted to have this talk with you before you went. I know that you have questions about your parents, and I wanted to give you the chance to ask them."

Teddy looked uncomfortable for a moment and then got a really serious look on his face. "Did Mum and Dad love me?"

Harry hadn't been prepared for that question right off and didn't answer right away. Finally, he said, "Teddy, your parents loved you very much. I remember the first time I saw you in your mum's arms. I have never seen her so happy. And your dad… he would be very proud of you."

Teddy smiled, and then scrunched up his face in thought. "How did Mum and Dad meet?"

That question was a little bit easier. "Well, your mum and dad met when she came over to your cousin Sirius' house. But it took them a while to get together."

"Cause Dad was a werewolf, right?"

"Yes, your dad was a werewolf. He was afraid that he would hurt your mum. But when they finally figured out that they loved one another, I never saw two happier people."

"I wish I had known them," Teddy said sadly.

His confession touched Harry. "Well, anytime you want to talk about them, I'm only an owl or Floo call away." Harry reached into his pocket and took out a picture. "Here, Teddy, I want you to have this."

Teddy looked at the framed picture of his parents. "Thank you, Harry." Teddy got mischievous look on his face as he said, "Is it true that my dad, your dad, and Sirius were part of a group of troublemakers at Hogwarts?"

"Where did you hear that?" Harry was surprised; he had planned to tell Teddy that himself.

"George told me."

That figures, Harry thought to himself. "Yes, they were Marauders. And you know what? George told me about the Marauder's too. In fact, I have something of your dad's that I'm going to pass on to you." He took a piece of parchment out of his pocket. "This is the Marauder's Map. To activate it you say, 'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good' and tap it with your wand. Then, when you are done, you tap it again with your wand and say 'Mischief managed.'"

Looking at his godson, Harry got a mischievous smile on his face.

"It's time for the next generation of Marauders to take over. You know, it's a proud tradition that you must uphold. And this is very important, so don't forget it." Harry leaned in and gestured for Teddy to do the same. "Marauders never, ever get caught!"

Harry joined his godson in laughing, and somewhere he thought he could hear the four original Marauders joining in.

I chose the following prompt:

16. Harry tells Teddy Tonks about his mum and dad when he's older. What does he say?