

All the Young Dudes

MS KINGBEAN89



Volume 2

ALL THE YOUNG DUDES

BOOK TWO: Years 5-7



MsKingBean89

CONTENTS

72.....	Summer 1975	9
73.....	Fifth Year: Silver	15
74.....	Fifth Year: Pain	21
75.....	Fifth Year: The Surprise	27
76.....	Fifth Year: Moony & Co.	31
77.....	Fifth Year: Beautiful	36
78.....	Fifth Year: Wishin' And Hopin'	43
79.....	Fifth Year: Jealous Moon	51
80.....	Fifth Year: 'twas The Night Before Christmas	56
81.....	Fifth Year: Unforgivable	62
82.....	Fifth Year: Aftermath	68
83.....	Fifth Year: January	75
84.....	Fifth Year: Hurt Feelings	80
85.....	Fifth Year: Dung Bombs & Broom Cupboards	87
86.I.....	Fifth Year: Sweet Sixteen	94
86.II.....	Sirius, 1976	104
87.....	Fifth Year: Morning After	107
88.....	Fifth Year: Stale Mate	114
89.....	Fifth Year: The Week Before	121
90.....	Fifth Year: OWLs	128
91.....	Fifth Year: The Week Following	135
92.....	Fifth Year: Closing	144
93.....	Summer 1976: Part 1: London	151
94.....	Summer 1976: Part 2: The Potters'	158
95.....	Summer 1976: Part 3: Peace Talks	167
96.....	Sixth Year: September	172
97.....	Sixth Year: October	179
98.....	Sixth Year: Halloween	184
99.....	Sixth Year: Parties And Pustules	191
100.....	Sixth Year: Boundaries	197
101.....	Sixth Year: New Normal	203
102.....	Sixth Year: Mince Pies	210
103.....	Sixth Year: Twelve Nights	216
104.....	Sixth Year: Bad Moon Rising	241
105.....	Sixth Year: Spilling Secrets	248
106.....	Sixth Year: The Long Night	257

107.	Sixth Year: Negotiations	266
108.	Sixth Year: Mary, Mary	273
109.	Sixth Year: Heniokhos	280
110.	Sixth Year: Seventeen	286
111.	Sixth Year: Separation	295
112.	Sixth Year: Apparitions	301
113.	Sixth Year: The Box	308
114.	Summer 1977: Part 1	319
115.	Summer 1977: Part 2	326
116.	Summer 1977: Part 3	332
117.	Summer 1977: Part 4	343
118.I	Summer 1977: Part 5	349
118.II	Grant, 1977	361
119.	Seventh Year: Back To School	369
120.	Seventh Year: Thunder	374
121.	Seventh Year: Quill Shopping	380
122.	Seventh Year: The Mastermind	388
123.I	Seventh Year: Darkness Falls	395
123.II	Christmas Compilation	403
124.	Seventh Year: Christmas Part 1	418
125.	Seventh Year: Christmas Part 2	425
126.	Seventh Year: Christmas Part 3	432
127.	Seventh Year: Responsibilities	437
128.I	Seventh Year: Preparation	444
128.II	Padfoot And Prongs, 1978	451
129.	Seventh Year: Instinct	455
130.	Seventh Year: Castor	463
131.	Seventh Year: Interlude	473
132.	Seventh Year: Victims	485
133.	Seventh Year: Sunday Afternoon	492
134.I	Seventh Year: Valentine's Day 1978	499
134.II	Sirius, Valentine's Day 1978	507
135.	Seventh Year: The Marauder's Inter-house Prank Planning Co-operative	512
136.	Seventh Year: Mind Games	519
137.	Seventh Year: Remus The Martyr	526
138.	Seventh Year: Hope	533
139.	Seventh Year: Drunkards	542
140.	Seventh Year: Brilliant Ideas	549
141.	Seventh Year: Star Star	554
142.	Seventh Year: Hospital Visits	562
143.	Seventh Year: Breakdown	567
144.	Seventh Year: Choices	574
145.	Seventh Year: What We Lack	581
146.	Seventh Year: Superego	587
147.	Seventh Year: Night And Day	594

148.....	Seventh Year: The Final	601
149.....	Seventh Year: Legacy (Part 1)	613
150.....	Seventh Year: Legacy (Part 2)	620

5TH YEAR



SEVENTY-TWO

Summer 1975

Selected letters between the marauders:

Dear Moony,

I'm pretty sure I can get away with writing letters at least for now. I imagine they're being read, but I DON'T GIVE A SHIT, DO YOU HEAR ME, REGULUS??

Dreadful so far. Looks like Mum tried to take down my Gryffindor stuff while I was away, but I put it up with permanent sticking charms. I'm going to see if there's anything else I can put up to piss her off.

There's a big family meeting next week, posh dinner, dress robes, best behaviour etc. etc. James thinks I should keep my head down and just make note of who attends and what gets said in case it's useful later. I don't know. Sort of want to set off some dungbombs instead. What would you do?

Sirius.

* * *

Sirius,

Getting on with Reg, then? Go easy on him, you don't have anyone else on your side.

Please be careful. I don't know what I'd do, I've never been to a posh dinner. Probably make a twat of myself. Don't do anything stupid, ok? James is usually right.

Remus.

* * *

Dear Remus,

Can't believe I have to spend the whole summer without any of you. Sometimes I really hate being an only child. I bet you're never lonely, at St Edmund's.

Sirius seems ok, he checks in pretty often, I think he's bored. If boredom is the worst of it, then that's a good thing, right? I keep trying to convince him not to make a fuss – we don't know what sort of thing the Blacks are involved in. Could be nothing at all.

Hope your summer is off to a good start. Have you looked at the homework? That Charms essay looks like a right ball ache.

James.

* * *

James,

He'd be fine if he could control himself, but I doubt it. Keep talking to him, remind him he's got to get back to Hogwarts in one piece.

Summer is fine. You're right, I don't ever get lonely. I wouldn't mind a bit of privacy most of the time, but this summer's been good. Don't worry about me.

That Charms essay is a doddle and you know it. You just don't like hard work, Potter.

Remus.

* * *

Moony,

Greetings from San Francisco! I thought it would be hot here, but it's bloody freezing and rains most of the time. Merlin knows why Philomena would want to live here, it's no different than dear old Blighty.

Pete.

* * *

Dear Moony,

Caused uproar this week, it was brilliant. Found a bunch of old muggle posters in a skip down the road – pictures of girls, you know the sort. They don't even move, it's hilarious. Anyway, stuck them up on the walls with my patented sticking charm, and mum IS FURIOUS.

I think she's probably only annoyed because they're muggle girls, she couldn't care less that they've got their tits out. Anyway, now I can't go out unsupervised. Worth it, though.

Sirius.

* * *

Sirius,

You're an idiot and you know it. Posters??? Don't you feel weird with them all staring at you?

Remus.

* * *

Dear Remus,

Really worried about Sirius. I don't know if he told you about the stunt he pulled with the posters, but he's a bloody idiot for doing it. Don't believe him if he says he's fine, he'd definitely been crying when I spoke to him last with the mirror (don't tell him I told you that, obviously).

Standby in case we need to trigger the rescue mission.

James.

* * *

James,

Ready when you are.

Remus.

* * *

Moony,

Don't listen to Potter, he's an old woman. Everything's fine, nothing I can't cope with. Hope you're having a good summer. Can't wait for September.

Sirius.

* * *

Friday 22nd August 1975

Remus staggered weakly into the dorm room. It had been a bad one. Madam Pomfrey thought it must be because of the change of scenery. He had a long thick scar across his chest, now – it had been ages since he'd got a scar.

Grant sat up abruptly, looking hurt.

"Where you been?" He asked, "Thought you'd got arrested or summink."

"Sick," Remus replied.

"Sick wiv what?"

Remus sighed, flopping down on his bed. It had been a hard night, and he just wanted to sleep. He closed his eyes. He didn't feel like excuses today.

"Well, it was the full moon last night, you see." He said, calmly, "When I was five I was bitten by a werewolf and now I am one. I turn every month, and Matron locks me up so I don't hurt anyone else."

"Oh, *ha ha*." Grant replied, climbing onto Remus' bed, straddling him. They were both so skinny they fit easily together on the narrow bunk. "Very funny, clever clogs. Fine, don't tell me."

He leaned forward and kissed Remus.

Remus opened his eyes, freezing for a moment. “S’fine,” Grant assured him, stroking his cheek, “They’re all outside, I checked.”

Remus kissed him back.

It had been a strange sort of summer, but one of the most pleasant Remus had ever had. He hadn’t been lonely, for once; hadn’t counted down the days until the first of September.

In the beginning, he and Grant had bonded over David Bowie, T-Rex and Neil Young – even Deep Purple, who Grant was crazy about and Remus thought Sirius would probably like. They both hated football – and the other boys – so they sloped off together around town, or sat behind the big empty portakabins smoking stolen packs of fags.

They had been sitting there on the hot gravel one day in mid-July, flicking stones and debating the finer points of *Electric Warrior*, when suddenly Grant’s hand was on Remus’ knee, then at his waist, pulling him closer.

“What are you-!?”

“It’s all right,” Grant whispered, desperation edging his voice, pressing his forehead against Remus’s hot cheek, “No one’s gonna find out.” He tasted like cigarettes and sunburn.

After that, whenever they were alone together they were snogging.

It was sort of a surprise, but mostly not. Remus quickly realised that he had always wanted it – this, or something like it. Like a fog lifting. All things considered, he was grateful to Grant for having taken the initiative.

It wasn’t what you could call romantic, or affectionate. More like a necessary thing. Something Remus knew that he had to push as far as it would go, so that he could identify all of the hard edges and sharp limits of it. He was mapping out his own desires, and using Grant as a compass.

His full name was Grant Chapman. He had just turned sixteen, and he’d been at St. Edmund’s since May, though it was by no means his first Home. Both of Grant’s parents were living, and he even had some extended family – grandparents and aunts and uncles and grown-up cousins. But none of them seemed to want to keep him on for very long,

“Too much of a handful,” Grant would grin, cheekily. “Everyone gets sick of me in the end.”

Like most of the boys at St Edmund’s, he did badly at school and had been in trouble with the police a few times on minor offences, though he’d never been officially arrested. He wasn’t violent, but he had a mouth on him and a tendency to talk back. But there wasn’t a threatening bone in his body, he was so clearly good all over.

He had a spectacular smile; it creased his whole face and made you like him at once. One of his canine teeth was a bit wonky and it was nothing short of endearing. Remus couldn't see why no one wanted him around. He was a bit silly sometimes; a bit immature, but that was ok – Remus knew he could be too serious a lot of the time. Something about Grant's chirpy, happy-go-lucky nature made Remus more confident – comfortable. And Grant just *liked* Remus so much. Really liked him.

"You're the funniest bloke I ever met." Grant laughed, when Remus hadn't even said anything that amusing. "Mind you, never copped off with anyone from a *private* school before."

"I'm no different from you," Remus replied, "A care home yob."

"Piss off," Grant shoved him, playfully, "You're going places, anyone can see that."

Remus didn't have a response to that, but it made him smile. Grant often made him smile.

Besides all of these things, Grant was a really, really good kisser. At least, Remus assumed as much, considering that Grant was the only person he had ever kissed. The first time, he'd felt a wild thrill as he thought to himself; *so THIS is what all the fuss is about!*

He could snog Grant all day long, without coming up for air. Sometimes he found himself compulsively pursing his lips in the night, hot with withdrawal pangs. Remus had expected kissing to be scary and awkward, but – as with so many things – Grant just put him ease. He made it *fun*, right from the beginning; no fuss, no questions.

"If you're only here for the summer then we might as well enjoy it, eh?" He would say, cheerfully, "Don't worry, I ain't exactly about to propose, sweet as you are."

"Sweet!" Remus scoffed.

"Sweet," Grant winked, "And too bloody good for me by half."

Remus hated that kind of talk, and shut him up with another kiss.

They had to hide most of the time, of course. From the other boys, and from the staff. Remus couldn't imagine what would happen if they were found out – they'd be separated, definitely, even if they weren't beaten to a pulp. Would Matron tell Dumbledore? Could they expel you, for being a... well, for kissing other boys? Fortunately, Grant had some experience in covert operations, and they never even came close to being disturbed.

"How many times have you done this sort of thing?" Remus got up the courage to ask, one day. They were behind some disused bike sheds at the local secondary school.

"Few times," Grant shrugged, "Not enough. You?"

“Never!” Remus replied, shocked. “I didn’t even...”

“Oh bless ya,” Grant laughed lightly, tugging one of Remus’s curls, “You didn’t know.”

Remus shook his head, his ears growing hot. Grant tutted, “Never look at another bloke a bit too long? Never get that feeling about a film star, or a teacher?”

“...Oh my god!” Remus gasped, images of Ferox crashing down on him. Grant laughed again.

“And I thought you were all at it, you boarding school lads.”

Remus just shook his head again in disbelief, wondering if there was anything else he didn’t know about himself.

As September approached Remus found himself trying to ignore it. He felt guilty for not having spent the summer worrying about the war, for being distracted by his own selfish urges, especially at a time like this. But at the same time, he felt that he might never have this opportunity again.

The other marauders sent letters, as they did every summer – Remus diligently wrote back, not wanting them to worry. He said nothing at all about Grant. He didn’t know *what* to say, sure that if he put pen to paper it would all come spilling out, and the other boys would never speak to him again. Or worse; they’d try to understand it, without looking him in the eye.

That was part of it. On the other hand, Remus just *liked* the idea of keeping it to himself. The marauders didn’t have to know *everything* about him, and he was allowed to have other friends, wasn’t he?

SEVENTY-THREE

Fifth Year: Silver

*Hey, hey mama said the way you move -
Gon' make you sweat, gon' make you groove.
Ah ah child way ya shake that thing -
Gon' make you burn, gon' make you sting.
Hey, hey baby when you walk that way -
Watch your honey drip, I can't keep away...*

Monday 1st September 1975

Remus shifted uncomfortably as he waited for a quiet moment to run at the ticket barrier. He was glad Matron hadn't come with him this year. Glad to have had the time alone to prepare himself. Grant had wanted to come, but Matron said no, and wouldn't give him the fare anyway.

They'd managed a quick goodbye locked inside a bathroom at St. Edmund's – one of their many hiding places. Neither of them had said any of the things they'd wanted to say – actually, they'd hardly spoken at all – but with minutes left, Remus promised he'd try to write.

"I'm crap at writing," Grant complained, "Can't you give me the phone number?"

"Er... it's a really old fashioned school. We don't get to use the phone much." Remus blagged. He thought there *might* be a phone box in Hogsmeade, or maybe the next village over, which was non-magical. He could try.

Now, as he took aim at the grey ticket barrier and started forward, he had that usual sensation of leaving the muggle world – and everyone in it – behind for another year. Grant did not exist on this side of the platform. Grant had never happened, and Remus was the same old Remus.

Nothing has changed, he told himself. *Nothing is different*. Matron hadn't insisted he cut his hair this time, so he wasn't beginning the term looking like an oik. He was taller, again – he wondered if he'd ever *stop* growing sometimes – but other than these silly, superficial things, everything was as it had been. As it should be.

No one would notice, because there was nothing *to* notice, Remus told himself, firmly. Nothing at all. He rubbed the back of his head, absent-mindedly, then – remembering Grant's fingers having been there only hours before, wiped his lips self-consciously. Shit.

"All right you tosser?!" James slapped him on the back out of nowhere.

“James, really!” Mrs Potter chastised her son, standing beside him. She beamed up at Remus, “Just look at you! You’ve grown inches!” She pulled him into a hug, “Still far too skinny for my liking!” She began to straighten his clothes, peppering him with questions – did he have something to eat for the journey? Had he come alone? Did he want help getting his things aboard?

By the end of this motherly assault, Remus was grinning from ear to ear, relaxed in the knowledge that everything was, indeed, fine. Nothing was different at all. He cheerfully boarded the train with James and Peter, chattering about their summers and their excitement for the year ahead. James had a silver pin on his chest, emblazoned with a large ‘C’ (Remus could smell it the second James came close, an irritating sting in his nostrils) he had got his dearest wish and was now quidditch captain.

They sat in their usual compartment and Remus pulled his book from his bag, settling in with a satisfied sigh.

Then Sirius walked in, and Remus’s stomach dropped through the floor.

He was *almost* the same as ever – height-wise he had nearly caught up with James now, and he was broader about the chest. His jaw had squared, and perhaps his nose had lengthened – but he had the same glossy black hair, the same arresting eyes and high cheekbones.

He was still *Sirius*, but he was somehow... other. As if Remus was seeing him through new eyes. The heat of desire flared up in his chest out of nowhere, settling in his cheeks as a heavy blush. He looked away, quickly, before anyone noticed.

“Gentlemen,” Sirius nodded graciously, entering the carriage like a prince.

“Alright?” The other two grinned and Remus mumbled.

Sirius sat directly opposite Remus, his hair and uniform purposefully untidy – no doubt for the benefit of Walpurga Black – and flung out his legs, as if he didn’t expect them to be as long as they were. His ankle bumped against Remus’s, and Remus shot up, suddenly, sitting bolt upright and tucking his own gangly legs neatly under his seat. Sirius gave him a funny look, then a smirking grin which caused a sharp tug behind Remus’s naval.

Oh god, he thought, *no no no!*

“Half expected you not to be here,” James said, relieved.

“Couldn’t have the Black heir not turning up for his first day of school,” Sirius rolled his dark blue eyes, raising an artful eyebrow, “Couldn’t have the whole wizarding world knowing that there’s strife in my noble family.”

“How are you?” James asked, earnestly, “Did they... how are you?”

“Fine,” Sirius nodded, a bit stiffly, “Don’t want to talk about it now. Can we just pretend it’s a normal first day?”

“Yeah, all right mate,” James nodded, unconvincingly. “Pete was just telling us about California,”

“We didn’t manage to find Phil,” Peter said, “Her housemates said she’d moved on, everywhere we looked. Mum was... well she was really upset, it was crap.”

Remus felt a stab of guilt. It was so long ago now, but he had once told Philomena that she could run away if she wanted – ‘no one says you have to use magic’. After his own, blissfully simple, magic-free summer, Remus was starting to envy Peter’s sister.

The train had pulled out of the station, and the grey London buildings were whooshing by, soon to give way to the lush green fields of the home counties.

“How was your summer, Moony?” James asked, suddenly, and Remus realised Peter had stopped talking some time ago.

“Yeah, fine,” Remus had practiced this in his head on the way to King’s Cross. But he hadn’t counted on Sirius looking so... it was difficult to stay focussed. “Usual. Nothing exciting. Um. Football, homework. Er... yeah, fine. Not great. But... well, fine, not bad. Fine.”

Thankfully, the door to their carriage slid open, putting a stop to his blabbering. Lily Evans stood in the doorway, beaming with delight, her hair a fiery halo.

“Evans!” James boomed, eagerly, “You found me!”

“As if it’s hard, Potter,” Lily rolled her eyes, “You lot are always in the same car. Anyway, I’m not here for you, I’m here for *you*!” She pointed at Remus, still grinning.

“Me?!” Remus frowned, confused for a moment, then it dawned on him. He sighed, heavily, wanting to sink into his chair and disappear. The other three marauders and Lily were all staring at him with varying expressions, all expectant.

“You got it, didn’t you?” Lily said, impatiently, “Come on, we have to go for a meeting in the—”

“Merlin!” Sirius suddenly exclaimed, slapping his forehead comically. “How did we forget?! Moony, are you a...”

“A prefect!” James yelled. Remus hung his head.

“Yeah...”

“And you didn’t tell us immediately so that we could rip the piss out of you?!” Sirius’s face had lit up, some of the old eleven-year-old mischief maker showing through.

“You’re just jealous,” Lily said, haughtily, “Come on Remus, where’s your badge?”

“The badge!” Sirius burst out laughing, “I forgot about the badge! Oh please, Moony, show us the badge!”

Peter and James’s shoulders were shaking too, and Remus shook his head, trying to look disapproving.

“It’s in my trunk.”

“Well put it on!” Lily said, “C’mon, we have our own carriage and everything.”

“Hey Evans, I’m quidditch captain, y’know,”

“Yes, Marlene said.” Lily said, without so much as glancing in James’s direction, “Come on, Remus!”

“Ugh, ok. But the badge is right in the bottom of the trunk, I’ll wear it tomorrow.” Remus said, getting up.

“Oh, no, we can look for it, if you want?”

“No, I can’t be bothered.” Remus shrugged, not looking at her.

“Oh, go on,” Sirius wheedled, getting up and reaching for Remus’s trunk, “We want to see you in your nice, shiny badge...”

“No!” Remus snapped, glaring at Sirius – thank goodness it was still easy to get annoyed with him – he raised his eyebrows, so Lily couldn’t see, and said very pointedly, “Silver isn’t my colour.”

Sirius’s eyes widened immediately in realisation. Remus raised his eyebrows and followed Lily out. He glanced back through the glass door just in time to see James quickly removing his own pin.

* * *

Being a prefect was as bad as Remus had expected. The letter had come as much as a surprise to him as to everyone else – the pin fell out of his usual Hogwarts reading list and into his lap one summer morning. He’d hissed with pain as the silver burned his fingers, and dropped it on the floor. Grant picked it up,

“What the bloody hell is this?!”

“I’m a prefect.” Remus said, not believing it himself.

“A... a what?! Jesus, sometimes I think I’ve made you up.”

“You don’t know the half of it,” Remus had groaned, “My friends are never going to let me live this down...”

“Ha! Good!” Grant stuck out his pink tongue.

Remus just shook his head again, and resolved to write a letter to Dumbledore about this, demanding that someone else be given the job. James would be good. Even *Peter* would be better than Remus. Dumbledore had not responded. He

tried McGonagall, who did respond, simply saying that the decision was final. Remus decided to try again once term started.

On the train, Lily and Remus had to attend an extremely tiresome meeting with all of the other prefects, led by the interminably boring Head boy and girl. After that, they were expected to 'patrol' the corridors, stopping anyone from having any fun. Unfortunately Lily took this duty very seriously, and Remus got the feeling it was going to be a very long year. Still, it was much preferable to sitting in a confined space with Sirius – he would have to do his best to steer clear for a while, until he'd worked out this latest revelation.

The feast was ok. It felt less merry than previous years – Remus didn't know if that was his own turmoil, or the pallor of the war. There were less students than usual; only a handful of first years. No one was mentioning it.

After dinner, Lily made Remus patrol again, and he actually didn't mind. He hoped that if he could stay away long enough the others would be in bed; then he wouldn't have to see them until lessons the next morning – if James and Sirius left early for quidditch practice.

"You're still not wearing your pin," Lily said, as they walked the length of the fourth floor hall.

"Yeah, sorry," Remus yawned, "I'll find it tomorrow, promise."

"So, how was summer?"

"Yeah, great!" Remus grinned wider than he meant to. Lily smiled back at him, looking genuinely pleased.

"Oh, that's lovely! What did you do?"

"Um... oh nothing. Loads of homework."

"Weirdo." Lily elbowed him, laughing, "Even I don't like homework that much."

* * *

He was right, by the time he got back to the common room, everyone had gone to bed, and the marauder's bedroom was dark and quiet. He padded quietly into the bathroom, brushed his teeth and pulled on his pyjamas, then crept over to his bed, drawing the curtains tight. It felt as though he had only just relaxed properly, when he heard Sirius get out of bed. He knew each of his roommates by their footsteps now. He used to like knowing it – now it felt like a peculiar kind of torture, as Sirius drew closer, and hissed;

"Moony? Psst... oi, even you don't fall asleep that easily!"

Remus groaned, crawled to the edge of the bed and opened the curtains.

"What??"