

Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 1: Thursday

Minerva McGonagall didn't smile often. Most of her smiles were small, private. They were caused by well-done pranks, good jokes and eager students. Her larger grins were reserved for special occasions like Gryffindor winning a Quidditsch game or students getting full scores on their tests.

But the smiles she wore when looking at him... no, they were not normal like that. The smiles that graced Minerva's lips whenever she looked at Sirius Black were sad. Sad and full of sorrow.

He didn't get why. He didn't understand. And most importantly, he wanted them to go away. He wanted to see her laugh, to be truly happy.

Since his first day at Hogwarts, Sirius Black has done everything in his power and even beyond to make Minerva McGonagall laugh. His very first prank had served the sole purpose to charm a smile on Minerva's face the same way every single one after that did.

Nobody knew that. Not even James. Sirius refused to share his irrational urge with anybody. They would laugh at him and for once he would not be able to bear it. For all the self irony he possessed, this was a matter he couldn't laugh about and he had not the faintest idea why.

Usually, he didn't think twice about making fun of himself, his name or family. But this, this was different. Special.

The comments about his restless flirting with McGonagall, or Minnie like they all called her, were barely manageable. He didn't even know why he did that. Once or twice it had been for the sake of a prank – like the time he had asked her out to the Yule ball and proceeded to have a fake fight over it with James. But the other times? Another irrational urge.

Sirius sat up and showed his covers away. Why the hell was he thinking about a professor during the summer holiday? Why was he thinking about a professor in such terms at all? What was wrong with him?

Sirius didn't bother switching on the lights as he searched for his shirt and pants. Wearing all black didn't make it easier but he knew where he had thrown his clothes

before going to bed.

He put the clothes on and stretched before taking his wand from the table. It wasn't safe going anywhere without a wand. Not even at home. Or, in his case, especially not at home. Home, hell, Grimmauld Place 12 was anything but home but Sirius lacked a word to describe the place in better terms. Hell hole wasn't fitting. It simply didn't convey the true horrors of living with his lovely mother.

Sirius sneaked out of his room and down the staircase to the ground floor and stopped. Where exactly was he heading?

He was sure that the houses' other inhabitants were asleep so he could do what he wanted, or go out.

For some strange reason, Sirius did not feel like leaving. Instead, he walked over to the library door and stopped. No, books didn't sound appealing either. But the attic... Yes, the attic sounded good.

Sirius stopped in the middle of the stairs. What the fuck was wrong with him today? First the thoughts about Minerva, than not wanting to leave and now a sudden urge to explore the attic? He never went up there! But... Why exactly? What kept him away from the attic? He couldn't remember.

Sirius ran up the remaining stairs quietly, stopping in front of the door. He studied it for a few seconds before testing the first spell. Nobody gave a damn about under-age magic at times of war. To his surprise, the attic was actually not guarded.

Sirius slowly opened the door, the wand still in his hand, ready to cast a quick protego at any time.

"Lumos," he whispered and entered the room before closing the door quietly behind himself.

The air was heavy and warm. Every of his movements swirled up the thick layer of dust and made it almost impossible to see anything.

Sirius walked slowly through the room, looking around curiously. Old cabinets and bookcases filled the room. Mirrors and chests, old armchairs and drawers. Sirius stepped closer to one of the bookcases and skimmed the titles. Most of them were ordinary books on magic or history but of course the occasional dark arts title was lying around as well.

Sirius grimaced and walked over to a cabinet. A bunch of old envelopes caught his attention and he put his wand between his teeth so he could pull out the parchment from the one at the top. It wasn't easy to navigate his wand with his mouth but Sirius managed to pull out the letter without dropping it. It was addressed to his mother. Sirius skimmed over it quickly before putting it back. The matters of blood-purity discussed in the letter didn't interest him and he really didn't want to know why there was no signature. The possibilities were frightening and judging from the content

from the letter he read there would be nothing useful in the others either.

Sirius continued his exploration of the room. A few steps away, he picked up a little mirror that didn't show his reflection. Sirius raised an eyebrow and put it back. He didn't feel like fucking around with dark artefacts. The next thing that caught his attention was a huge ugly necklace. It was golden with a lot of different gems on it and Sirius seriously wondered why it was lying around in the attic instead of being hidden in one of the Black vaults. Maybe it was ugly enough to assume that nobody would try and steal it? Maybe it was cursed? Or his mother thought the house safer than Gringotts? He had no idea and no intention to ask either. It could prove fatal.

Another few steps and Sirius finally reached the cabinet standing at the back of the room. He skimmed its contents. Two books, an hour-glass, five half-empty bottles of what looked like ale, some small boxes, a bunch of rings and a silver pendant in the form of a model of the solar system – moving and all.

Sirius reached for the pendant. It was pretty. His fingers barely brushed the cold metal before everything went black.

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Sirius blinked.

He was lying on his back, somewhere outside. It was dark and the stars and moon were hidden behind thick clouds.

Sirius sat up slowly, glad that his bones were still intact. What happened? He turned around, trying to orientate himself and his mouth fell open. He was at Hogwarts! More exactly at the brim of the Forbidden Forest! He could see the lit windows and the silhouette of the castle behind the lake. How did he get there? Apparating to Hogwarts was not possible?

The pendant! Where was it? And his wand, too! Sirius searched the ground around him in panic. He found the pendant after mere seconds. He didn't dare to touch it and risk leaving his wand behind though, and put a larger stone next to it to make it easier to retrieve it at a later time.

He continued running his finger through the grass in an attempt to locate his wand, getting more and more desperate with every passing second. He crawled through the grass, his hands searching for it.

About a minute or two later, even though it felt like eternity, his right pinky grazed the familiar wood. He recognized his wand instantly. It had rolled away when he let it loose upon arriving as it seemed.

Relief washed over him as his fingers wrapped around the wand and he let out a sigh.

Sirius crawled back in the direction of the pendant, not bothering to stand up and walk. His jeans were ruined anyway and he didn't want to risk spraining his ankle in

the dark.

Knowing where he had left it, Sirius found the pendant immediately. He cast a quick lumos and eyed the jewellery warily before stretching his hand out.

Sirius' finger touched the pendant and... nothing happened. He was still in Hogwarts. Sirius cursed. This was just his luck. The pendant was obviously a one-way portkey.

He stood up and put the pendant into his pocket before turning around to walk to the castle just to come face-to-face with a pretty girl his own age he hadn't seen before.

They stood in silence for a few moments, watching each other cautiously, even though they couldn't see much in the dark.

She had shoulder-long black hair, and her eyes were burning holes into his chest. Her expression was stern and she held her wand tightly in her right hand.

There was something oddly familiar about her, but Sirius couldn't remember where he had seen her before even if his life depended on it. He was sure that it hadn't been in Hogwarts, though.

"Who are you?" they blurted out at the same time.

Neither responded and they continued staring at each other.

"Who are you?" the young woman repeated after a while, her eyes not leaving Sirius. "I haven't seen you before."

"Look, I need to talk to Dumbledore," Sirius sighed, deciding that giving away his identity to a random girl would be a bad idea. They were at war, after all. "You know, the headmaster," he continued.

"Very funny," the girl commented dryly. "Is this some sad attempt at divination? Or just your idea of a very bad joke?"

Sirius gave her a funny look. "What the hell are you talking about?"

It was the girl's place to make a face. "Dippet is headmaster, and not Dumbledore. Or at least he was when I left the castle half an hour ago."

"What are you talking about?" Sirius asked, now fully confused. He was suddenly very tired and the things that the girl said didn't make any sense. "Dippet retired before I started school. Dumbledore holds that position now!"

The girl snorted. "Sure." She stopped, studying Sirius' face for any sign that he was joking but found none. "You are serious, aren't you?"

"No, I'm Sirius," Sirius replied, before he could stop himself. Damn that stupid habit.

The young woman rolled her eyes, but a small grin appeared on her face before she

caught herself.

Sirius sighed and slumped down on the ground. "No, I'm not joking." He knew that he shouldn't let his guard down but the situation was ridiculous and for god's sake it had to be around two in the morning.

The girl hesitated only a second before sitting down opposite of him, her wand still in her hand. "You are telling me that you know a Hogwarts where Dippet is retired and Dumbledore the headmaster? That's pretty weird. After all, Dippet started only a few years ago and he was already over 300-"

"Wait!" Sirius interrupted her, eyes wide. "Dippet started only a few years ago? What year is it?"

"1952," the young woman responded slowly. "Why?"

Sirius paled. Even in the dark the young woman could see the colour drain from the face of the already pale guy.

"I – I wasn't even born then..." Sirius whispered. "How – how is it possible?"

The girl stared at him, speechless. When she finally caught herself, her voice was gravely. "How did you get here?"

Sirius ran a hand through his hair in exasperation. "I was at home. Decided to explore the attic. A very stupid idea, obviously, as I ended up here. At least I know why I never went there before," he muttered. "I looked around and found this pendant," he fished the little model of the solar system out of his pocket and held it in front of the girl, allowing her to examine it, "and touched it. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground here at Hogwarts. I wasn't here for ten minutes before you found me."

"It doesn't look like a time-turner," the young woman stated, studying the pendant Sirius held in front of her face.

"And it doesn't work like one either. I didn't set a time nor was I wearing it. I simply touched it. Sounds more like a port-key to me with the travelling upon touch," Sirius replied, looking at the jewellery closely for the first time as well.

"But port-keys don't allow you to travel in time," she retorted.

"I am aware of that. For all I know this could be some sort of dark artefact. Even if it has quite the unusual form. It's a lot prettier than most of the shit lying around at home."

She rose an eyebrow at that. "Why the hell would you have dark artefacts lying around at home?! Who the hell are you?!" the young woman demanded and raised her arm so her wand was pointing at Sirius' chest.

Sirius didn't move, used to that reaction by now. His name was enough for people to be vary around him, thanks to his wonderful family.

"Calm down. My mother is batshit crazy. That's all," he sighed.

"Explain," she ordered with a steady voice, the end of her wand still above his heart. Somehow, it was more intimidating when one pointed at the opponents heart, even if it didn't really matter where a spell hit somebody. Simple psychology and all that.

Sirius pinched the bridge of his nose, not minding the wand. She wanted answers and if he cooperated, she wouldn't hex him. So much was clear as she hadn't bothered hexing him when she first saw him. She wasn't a Slytherin for sure. Nor a Huffelpuff judging by her behaviour.

"What house are you in?" he blurted out.

"You didn't answer my question, why should I answer yours?" she asked him coldly.

"It's not fair that I have to explain to a total stranger who doesn't even want to tell me in what bloody Hogwarts house she is!" Sirius glared at her. "If you want information, you'll have to share some with me as well!"

"You know, you are in no position to demand anything. After all, you've trespassed on Hogwarts' grounds using dark magic! Have fun explaining that!" she stared at him.

"Actually, I can!" Sirius barked back.

"That do it! Explain!" The girl demanded.

"Tell me your name and I will!"

The young woman didn't respond for a while as she thought about the exchange, her eyes and wand not leaving him.

"Minnie," she muttered finally.

"Minnie? What does it stand for?" Sirius asked with a very bad feeling.

"I told you. It's time for you to fulfil your part of the bargain," Minnie interrupted, ignoring his questions.

"I'm from an old pure-blood family," Sirius offered reluctantly. "As such, my relatives are a bunch of bigots. Well, most at least." He almost whispered the last sentence as his thoughts shifted to his cousin Andromeda for a moment and an uncomfortable feeling settled into his stomach.

"And you are different?" Minnie questioned with obvious scepticism. "Why should I believe you that?"

"I am a Gryffindor among Slytherins. The first and only," Sirius explained theatrically. "If you don't believe me, we can go and kidnap the sorting-hat and ask him," he winked at her, not sure if she could see it in the dark. If he had to be honest he tried to distract himself, not her. He missed Andy.

"And which almighty family did you disgrace in that way, Sirius?" Minnie asked with scepticism.

"Which house?" Sirius countered as Minnie's hand sank down a little. Holding the wand up for such a long time was draining.

She huffed but answered nevertheless. "Gryffindor."

"Black," he muttered.

"You have to be kidding!" Minnie jumped up, staring at him with wide eyes. "I don't believe that! A Black in Gryffindor?"

"The first and only," Sirius repeated, grinning at her as he stood up as well.

"No way. We are going to get the hat! I want to hear it with my own ears!" Minnie declared, still staring at Sirius in awe.

oOo

The way to the castle had been easy with no patrolling teachers or aurors around. The luxury of peace, Sirius thought. Inside it was a different matter. The first patrolling professor passed them even before they reached the second floor. It was a pity that he didn't have the Marauder's map there. It would have made things easier.

Sirius noted with interest, that Minnie had moved into the alcove behind the same statue he had without him saying her to.

It seemed that she was used to sneaking around at night.

"Wait," he caught her arm and pulled her back behind the statue when she wanted to move, after the professor disappeared behind a corner. "Something occurred to me just now. We can't be caught no matter what!"

Minnie rolled her eyes. "I am fully aware of that. Look," she pointed at her prefects-badge, "Do you think I got this by getting caught?"

"You don't get it! I've travelled in time! It could change the future! Especially if somebody I know sees me! Like Dumbledore or my mother or-" he felt silent for a moment, his eyes wide. "What's your full name?"

Minnie frowned. Finally, she whispered back, "Minerva McGonagall."

"Shit." Sirius stepped back.

"You know me?" she asked.

"Yes. No. It doesn't matter." Sirius responded weakly, cursing himself for his idiocy. He should have noticed sooner. Hell, they called her Minnie themselves!

"Tell me!" she demanded.

Sirius shook his head. "Come on, we should get the stupid hat and I'll go to the library

afterwards to find a way to get back."

Minerva sighed. "If you are saying the truth, I will help you find a way back," she promised. "But you will have to tell me how we met in your time. What year is it, by the way?"

Sirius closed his eyes. The help of Minerva McGonagall would improve his chances of getting back considerably. And she would know who he was and what he had done at some point anyway as he had given her his full name. Well, except of the middle-name nobody used, but that didn't change anything. It didn't matter if she found out tomorrow or 20 years later.

"Alright. I promise. And 1976," he said as he opened his eyes.

Minerva nodded and moved from behind the statue and this time, Sirius followed. They dodged another patrolling professor and reached the third floor without further problems.

Not far away from the Gargoyle statue that lead to the headmaster's office, Minerva slipped into an empty classroom.

"We need a plan," she announced, like it wasn't the most obvious thing in the world.

It was Sirius' time to roll his eyes. "You are not the only one who sneaks around." Minerva snorted. "I might not be the only one, but I am the best prankster Hogwarts has ever seen, or," she paused for a moment, staring Sirius down with a challenging smirk, "will see."

Sirius erupted in laughter.

"Don't you believe me?" Minerva asked, glaring him down.

He shook his head, unable to speak. It was not that he didn't believe her. No, he just thought that that statement would bite her in the ass when she started teaching. More specifically, when she started teaching him and his friends.

He stopped laughing. Thinking about it, Minerva's statement explained a lot. After all, she had never actually investigated a prank unless she caught them at it or somebody got hurt. Only a few minutes ago she had told him, that she didn't get caught! She had been challenging them silently all along!

"I didn't laugh because I doubted that you were the best till now. It was just the absurdity of the situation. I am sorry," he grinned at her. He was so going to ask her about this when he got back. After all, they needed to choose a winner!

It was then, when it struck him that he didn't doubt that he was going back to his time, that they would manage to get him back!

"Any suggestions on how we get the hat on my head without waking up half of the castle?" Sirius asked, grinning.

"I am not head-girl but I have the password for the Gargoyle. Getting inside is therefore easy and the portraits should be asleep at this hour. If we don't make unnecessary noise or use light they shouldn't be an obstacle either," she answered after a short contemplation.

"Sounds like the biggest challenge will be to shut the hat up," Sirius muttered. "The thing is ridiculously loud. Do you think a simple Silencio would work?"

"I have no idea. It would be surprising if anybody tried it before. We should try to sneak it out here so we don't accidentally wake up Professor Dippet before waking it up. He's a heavy sleeper but I don't want to risk it," Minerva replied, leaning against a desk.

"How about we levitate it from the office? It shouldn't wake since it is a fluent motion. James - my friend," he added after the confused look Minerva shot him, realizing that she didn't know his friends yet, "used a simple Leviosa to move me to the bed of another friend, Remus, once. I am quite the light sleeper and I didn't notice until I woke up," Sirius suggested, smirking at that memory.

Minerva contemplated the idea for a moment, before nodding. "We could try that. But I'm doing the levitating. Don't trust your abilities just yet."

Sirius grinned and walked over to the door, holding it open for her.

Minerva peered out cautiously before stepping out in the corridor and Sirius followed closely behind. They walked to the Gargoyle in silence, listening for any sounds indicating a teacher close by.

"Formatogoria," Minerva whispered and the statue moved without objection. The young woman grinned at Sirius and walked past him and through the now open door. He followed closely behind her, grinning as well. They walked up the stairs and down the corridor and stopped in the luckily already open door to the office from where they could see the hat on the usual shelf, sleeping.

"Silencio," Sirius whispered, his wand pointing at the hat, while Minerva performed a perfect Leviosa. The hat rose into the air and didn't even stir as Minerva navigated it through the study in their direction.

Sirius cast a cushioning charm around the door just in case before Minerva levitated the hat through it. They walked back to the entrance of the headmaster's study, grinning proudly. They had managed to kidnap the sorting hat! Sirius opened the door and froze. One of the professors was standing in the corridor, his back turned to them, but it was clear that he was waiting for something.

Sirius didn't hesitate and transformed into his dog form. A quiet gasp escaped Minerva's lips but he didn't give a damn and shot forwards instead. He passed the professor, who shrieked in surprise before he caught himself and chased after Sirius.

Minerva didn't waste time and emerged from the tunnel. She walked over to the classroom they had used for planning earlier and set down the hat carefully. She cast another silencing charm around it and sat down. Minerva was not the most patient witch, but she knew that there would be no use in looking for Sirius.

She was half asleep when the door opened and Sirius sneaked in half an hour later.

"Sorry," he muttered, "it took longer than expected to get rid of him since I didn't know his weaknesses."

"You are an animagus," Minerva stated, staring him down.

Sirius shrugged, not impressed at all. She hadn't perfected her glare yet. "So are you." Minerva raised an eyebrow at that, managing to hide the shock completely. She would get her answers soon enough – no matter if the hat confirmed Sirius' claims or not. She would make him talk if he had lied.

Minerva stood up and stretched before checking if the door was properly closed while Sirius rolled his eyes. They nodded at each other and both cast a silencing charm around them. Better safe than sorry and all that – Dippet's punishments really weren't desirable.

Minerva approached the hat slowly and petted it gently. Once, twice, and it stirred in its sleep. Minerva continued the stroking until the hat yawned.

"Why am I out of the headmaster's office?" the hat asked, suddenly fully awake.

"You'll be returned immediately after you help me out with something," Minerva said, going straight to business.

In the few moments of silence that followed, the hat studied the two youngsters in front of him. "Why isn't the boy sorted?" the hat asked finally. "If the explanation is sufficient and I agree that you need my help, I'll sort him and won't tell Professor Dippet about this incident, Miss McGonagall."

Sirius looked at Minerva in surprise. She replied with a quick nod and an indication that he should tell his story. And he did. The hat nodded at some points and asked questions.

After Sirius finished his explanation, the hat fell silent again.

Sirius pulled absent-mindedly at his shirt while Minerva stared at the wall in front of them while they waited for its decision.

"I'll help you," the hat announced and Minerva let out a relieved sigh. She picked up the hat and placed it on Sirius' head after announcing his name.

When the hat called out "Gryffindor!" she almost fell over, gaping.

"Why are you surprised?" Sirius teased her. "I told you I was something special," he winked at her.

"Black in Gryffindor is truly unheard of," the hat commented, obviously quite surprised itself.

Minerva shut her mouth and glared at Sirius. "We should bring you back," she said to the hat. "Wingardium Leviosa."

They sneaked the hat back into the headmaster's study the same way they had sneaked it out without further complications and returned back to the empty classroom to discuss how to proceed.

Or at least that had been their intention, but Sirius yawned even before they closed the door.

Minerva giggled at that, sat down, checked her pocket watch and yawned as well, making Sirius giggle as well. With their adrenaline levels going down, they noticed how tired they truly were and their giggling showed clearly that no serious work could be done before they got some rest.

"We should get some sleep. The books will wait for us," Minerva said as she leaned back in her chair.

Sirius wanted to protest, but yawned again instead. Sleep was probably really necessary. "Sounds good to me. But where can I sleep? The Forbidden Forest isn't appealing at all." he wondered. She couldn't take him to her dormitory as several charms prevented that. Besides it would be awkward as hell for him to share the bed with a teacher, even though it was his favourite one and currently his age. The Shrieking Shack wasn't built yet and sleeping on one of the couches in the Gryffindor common room sounded like a very bad idea since somebody could see him there.

"The obvious choice would be my bed," Minerva stated, not looking at him.

"But the charms-

"They'll let you in in your animal form," Minerva explained in a bored voice as she played with her hands in her lap, still not looking at him.

Sirius barely hid his surprise. He didn't know that. He wasn't really happy with that, but he had no other options. He really didn't feel like sleeping outside. "Alright," he muttered finally and transformed into his dog form.

Minerva stood up and turned into a cat. Since Sirius knew about her being an animagus, there was no reason to not use her ability. They made their way to the Gryffindor tower where Minerva transformed a corridor away from the portrait of the Fat Lady back into her human self.

She walked over to the portrait and it opened without complaint as she gave it the

correct password. Minerva stepped through the opening and Sirius followed, still in his dog form.

They walked through the deserted common room and up the stairs to the girls' dormitory. To Sirius' astonishment the stairs really didn't turn into a slide when he walked up as a dog and he was able to follow Minerva to the room she shared with another four girls.

She used a quick charm to change into her nightclothes while Sirius jumped on the bed and curled up at the far end of it.

"You know, you can change back if you want," Minerva whispered as she pulled the curtains around the bed shut. "There are silencing charms and some to prevent the curtains being opened from the outside in place."

Sirius raised his head and shook it, indicating that he was going to stay a dog. It was awkward enough as it was.