

Past, Present and Future

Von viv-heart

Kapitel 7: Wednesday

Sirius woke up seconds before Minerva's alarm clock went off. She blinked and raised her eyebrow.

"You are awake?" she asked, her voice heavy with sleep.

Sirius shrugged. "My inner clock works better than any alarm when I am looking forward to something – usually a prank," he explained with a grin.

Minerva yawned and sat up. "Well, than get ready," she said. "Is there anything special I should bring you for breakfast?"

Sirius requested some toast and eggs and watched Minerva disappear to the bathroom. She was going to get herself presentable first, before going to the kitchens to get them both something to eat. He would take a bath in the meantime and they would eat together.

Minerva was already back when Sirius walked out of the bathroom and they ate quickly.

When they finished, Sirius put a disillusionment charm over himself and they exited the room. As expected, everyone else was asleep and the way out of the Gryffindor tower was easy.

They walked down to the second floor and to the small room next to the Muggle Studies classroom. It was empty but for a huge old wardrobe, a dusty desk and two broken chairs.

Sirius and Minerva walked over to the wardrobe and Minerva opened the doors. It was empty but for an exceptionally ugly moth eaten coat and some cobwebs.

Sirius made a face. "Judging by the layer of dust, it has been hundred years at least since somebody opened this wardrobe."

"Don't complain and start cleaning," Minerva laughed and cast the first spell to remove the worst of the dust.

Sirius rolled his eyes but obeyed anyway. He had known what was coming, but Minerva hadn't told him that the wardrobe would be in such a bad shape. Sirius concluded that it didn't matter. They would have to place a few stabilising charms along the extension charms and it would work. He sighed and cast the first. Minerva followed suit and soon enough the inside of the wardrobe was the same size as the room where the wardrobe stood.

Sirius cast a few stabilising charms for good measure and looked at Minerva expectantly for further instructions.

She had fished the book out of her bag already and was skimming the text.

"Maybe we should start with the lamp," she said and walked to a spot near the back of the wardrobe.

Sirius followed and wrote "LAMP" on the floor with a piece of chalk Minerva had previously given him.

"There," she pointed at the back as she looked up from the book again, "should be the castle." Sirius followed and wrote "CASTLE" on the back of the wardrobe."

"There isn't much more. The rest are bushes," Minerva said and put the book back into her bag before taking out her wand again.

Sirius didn't wait for her and placed the piece of chalk on the marking that read lamp. He took his wand out as well and transfigured it into a lamppost.

Minerva who had thrown little pieces of parchment around the inside of the wardrobe was transfiguring them into trees and bushes in the meantime. Sirius let her handle the transfigurations and walked to the back to take care of the castle. He had earned himself the task by being the more artistic of the two.

It took him quite some time till he was happy with his work but it paid off. The castle was full of moving details and magical sparkles.

Minerva, who was finished the nature around them looked around in satisfaction, a smile on her lips. "We are almost done," she said and Sirius walked over to stand next to her. He watched as she cast a complicated spell and it started to snow. Soon enough the snow melted and flowers shot up from the ground. Sirius smiled slightly as he watched Minerva make the seasons change inside of the wardrobe.

Finally, she finished the spell and grinned at him. "What do you think?" she asked.

"If they won't like it, there is something seriously wrong with them," Sirius smiled at her.

"They'll like it," Minerva replied and pulled out a quilt from her bag. "After all, we recreated a scene from their favourite book. Like this, they'll talk about it and discover how talking with each other is easy and finally start dating after they confirmed their hopes and realized that they truly have so much in common."

Sirius laughed at the lengthy explanation. He had heard the little rant several times by that point and found it quite endearing how she was frustrated by her friends' behaviour. He took a few things from Minerva's bag and placed them on the quilt. They chatted a little as they prepared the picnic but soon enough, it was time for Minerva to go to her lessons.

She looked around the wardrobe for the last time with a proud expression before she placed the book on the quilt and they walked out of the wardrobe together.

Sirius closed the doors and stretched.

"Have fun in History of Magic," he said and glanced at Minerva who made a face.

"Have fun at doing nothing," she replied sarcastically.

"You know, I am not sure which one is more boring," Sirius laughed. "I wish you could wait here together with me."

Minerva rolled her eyes. "It's not like a crucial part of the plan is for me to lure the lovebirds over here and I need to go to History of Magic for that."

"I know," Sirius whined and let himself fall down on the floor. "But waiting is so boring."

Minerva didn't reply and pulled another book from her bag. "Here," she said, "against your boredom."

Sirius looked at the title and started laughing. "Yeah, because reading the History of Magic textbook is so much more interesting than listening to Binns," he muttered.

Minerva winked at him before she turned around and walked out of the room.

Sirius sighed and opened the book. Despite his earlier comment, he was aware that that the book was quite interesting. He had read the previous parts even though he

would never admit that. The only one who knew was Remus and he had promised to not tell anyone.

Sirius sat there and read, occasionally throwing glances at the clock Minerva left with him. He had to be ready when the others appeared after all.

Five minutes before the lesson ended, Sirius closed the book and put it on the dusty desk. He didn't bother covering it with dust, as neither Abigail nor this Dorian would have the chance to really check it out. At least, that was the plan.

Sirius put another disillusionment charm over himself and walked over to stand right next to the wardrobe. As long as he didn't move, nobody would see him.

So he didn't move. Sirius waited patiently, slowly getting bored, but fully aware that he couldn't risk moving as Minerva could return together with Abigail at any moment. Luckily, she did. They walked through the door, chatting happily and Minerva pointed at the wardrobe.

Abigail eyed it curiously and walked over to look inside and check out the dresses Minerva had told her about. As soon as she opened the door and saw that there were no dresses, Sirius cast a charm that lifted her and moved her inside of the wardrobe. At that, Minerva cast it shut with a grin. She gave Sirius a short nod and checked her watch.

Just then, the door opened again and Dorian walked in. "Ah, here you are," he said to Minerva. "So where's the boggart?"

Sirius had to bite his cheek to not laugh aloud. Boggart. Yeah, that was one way to call your future girlfriend. Even if you didn't know that you would be stuck in a wardrobe together with her in less than a minute.

Ironically, Abigail pound against the wardrobe-door at that moment, giving a pretty good impression of a boggart.

So instead of replying, Minerva motioned to the wardrobe and Dorian walked over. He opened the door and froze, eyes wide and mouth open.

"McKinnon?" Abigail managed to squeak in surprise, before Sirius hauled Dorian inside and Minerva closed the door again, locking it permanently for the next 90 minutes of their free period.

"McKinnon?" Sirius echoed Abigail after he made himself visible again. "Dorian McKinnon?"

"Yes?" Minerva replied uncertainly. "Is something wrong with that?"

Sirius burst out laughing. "Nothing. It's just too much of a coincidence."

Minerva shot him a confused look. "Care to explain?" she asked.

"I know their daughter," Sirius explained after he stopped laughing. "When you talked about Abigail and Dorian it didn't occur to me that it was Abigail and Dorian McKinnon. I have never met them before and Marlene looks a lot like Dorian so there was nothing that gave it away."

Minerva shook her head, but there was a huge smile on her lips. "Well, seems like our match-making worked out."

"Indeed," Sirius agreed. "But what now?" he asked as he glanced at the wardrobe that was surprisingly silent. After Abigail's pounding on it just minutes before he had expected that they would at least try to get out but he had been wrong as it seemed. Minerva shrugged, looking anywhere but at Sirius. Both knew, that it was time for him to go home but neither wanted to speak up. It was weird. He had been there for less than a week and they had already grown so close. In his time even with him knowing now they couldn't be friends – not like they had been here. After all, she was his teacher and he was her student. She had to answer to Dumbledore and he to his

friends. Not to forget the war that was looming over them.

"I don't want to go," Sirius whispered suddenly. "But I miss them. James, Remus and Peter. Mrs and Mr Potter. I know that I can't stay. And I don't really want to. It's--"

He stopped talking when Minerva pulled him into a hug. She ran slow circles with her hand on his back, when the first tears started to flow.

"It will be fine," she whispered as she cupped his face. They were looking each other in the eyes, long intense stares, conveying all that hiding in their hearts without the need for words. A silent agreement was made. They were to bury the feelings that the short week had planted in them as deep as possible. They couldn't speak about them again. After all, when they got the chance, she was an older widow and he just a teenage boy.

Sirius tore his eyes away. "Thank you," he whispered again and squeezed Minerva.

She smiled sadly, the smile she would smile at him in the future, before she whispered a soft "Always."

Neither didn't want to let go, but Minerva forced herself after a reminder that she would see him again. Twenty years was a long time but he would be there, waiting for her in the future.

"Do you have everything?" she asked and watched as Sirius ran a list of things through his head.

"Almost," he said suddenly, his eyes gleaming.

He walked over to her in two fast strides and crashed his lips against hers. They had agreed to not speak about what could have been if things were different, if Sirius wasn't from another time, but he wasn't going to miss his last chance to get at least a taste of the love they had to bury alive as soon as it came to life.

He broke the kiss gently and stroke a strand of loose hair behind her ear and placed one last kiss on her forehead. "See you later," he whispered before turning around.

Sirius held his head high as he cut his finger open with his wand. He didn't look back as he pulled the pendant from his pocket and touched it with his injured hand.

Minerva watched silently as Sirius disappeared, her eyes dry, her expression neutral. She took her copy of History of Magic from the dusty desk and put it back into her bag. She checked the spells on the wardrobe that guaranteed that it opened itself on the end of the free period one last time and left the room, not turning around once. She walked up to the Gryffindor tower calmly, as if everything was as always. And it was. Now that Sirius was gone there was nothing reminding her of the strange week she had had.

Yes, Sirius had been there for less than a week and yet he had managed to change her life forever.

Minerva reached the portrait of the Fat Lady and said the password. She stepped through the opening and walked through the common room in swift steps. She walked up the stairs to her dormitory and went to her desk.

Minerva grabbed her transfiguration textbook and turned around to walk back to the common room to finish the homework due to the next period, but stopped as a piece of parchment that fell from the book caught her eye.

She bend down to pick it up and her eyes lit up when she saw what it was. Minerva put the book down on the desk and studied Sirius' drawing, a smile on her lips. She cast a preserving charm on it and pinned it over her desk.

She picked up her book again and left for the common room as a girl with a bright smile and a huge black dog watched her.

oOo

Sirius blinked. It was dark. The floor underneath him as hard and his finger stung. Everything indicated that he was back in his time.

Sirius sat up and searched for his wand in the darkness. Luckily the floor was even and it hadn't rolled away like it had when he had arrived at Hogwarts.

Sirius cast a quick lumos and looked at the pendant. Not thinking, he reached his injured hand out to take it.

His fingers touched the cold metal and he picked it up. He inspected it once again, almost dropping it when he realized what he had done. And yet, nothing happened.

If it wasn't for his bleeding finger, Sirius may have thought that he had hit his head and dreamt the whole thing but the little elastics around his wrist and the pendant in his hand proved that it had been real.

Slowly, Sirius stood up, not really trusting his legs after the events of the past week and walked slowly to the attic door, careful to not touch anything.

He opened it slowly and peeked out. It was dark outside. Still or again he asked himself.

Sirius crept from the attic and towards his room. He pay attention to every step he made as he walked even more carefully than usual to his room. He wasn't sure how much time had passed and didn't want to risk his mother to find him if he had been gone for a week or even longer.

When he opened his door, everything was as he had left it. The alarm clock on his bed side table told him it was in the middle of the night but that wasn't proof enough that no time had passed. Sirius was too careful for that.

He crept downstairs and into the kitchen. His father kept the week's Daily Prophets there. Kreecher got rid of them every Sunday evening. Checking the date of the top Prophet would answer all his question and banish his fears. After all, the house elf of the most noble and ancient house of Black performed his duties perfectly.

A quick look at the date on the top of the Newspaper and Sirius let out a breath he hadn't known he was holding. No time had passed.

He ran up the stairs back to his room and was about to sit down on his bed when he stopped in his tracks. Minerva's face flashed in front of his inner eye, followed by Abigail and Pomona. His own friends appeared just after that.

In that moment, Sirius made a resolution.

He pulled his trunk from under his bed and cast a number of spells that packed his things into it. When he was finished, he took a long look around his room, making sure he hadn't missed anything.

For the moment, Sirius let the trunk in his room and walked out of it and to Regulus'. He raised his hand to knock but stopped just before his knuckles hit the wood.

He lowered his hand slowly and simply pulled the handle down. The door opened smoothly and Sirius stepped into his brother's room.

He closed the door carefully and walked to his sleeping form.

Sirius squatted down next to the bed and gently shook Regulus awake.

Regulus blinked, looking at Sirius with big confused eyes. But before he could open his mouth, Sirius spoke up. "I am leaving," he said calmly. "I can't and I won't stay here any longer. I am going to the Potters. You should leave too. You can come with me."

Regulus sat up and stared at Sirius in shock. "Why?" he whispered.

Sirius gave him a sad smile. "I haven't been happy here for a long time. I don't make mother and father happy. It's best if I leave. But I don't want to leave you here alone." "Why now?" Regulus asked.

"A bunch of friends opened my eyes," Sirius said as he thought back to the talk the

girls' had had with Abigail.

"You have set your mind." It wasn't a question.

"I have," Sirius confirmed. "Are you coming with me?"

When Regulus shook his head, Sirius smiled sadly once again. He stood up and opened his mouth to say something. Instead he leaned down again and kissed Regulus on the forehead. It seemed this night was made for it. "I know we had our differences but you are my little brother. No matter what, you can always come to me."

When Regulus nodded, Sirius turned on his heel and walked out of the room. He went to his own, grabbed his trunk and his beloved leather jacket and levitated it down the stairs.

He walked out of the house, out of his old life, not looking back, the silver pendant dangling around his neck.

oOo

A half asleep James Potter raced down the stairs of his parents' house, wondering who the hell was knocking on their door in the middle of the night. His parents were upstairs, making themselves somewhat presentable as it was hard to tell what was happening. Was it an emergency?

James peeked through the peep-hole on the door and tried to pull it open immediately, forgetting that it was locked.

He cursed loudly, causing his mother to ask from upstairs what was wrong in a concerned voice.

"Sirius is here!" he yelled back as he unlocked the door before finally opening it.

Sirius was grinning at him and pulled James into a hug as soon as he could.

"What are you doing here?" James asked as they let go.

"I ran away from home," Sirius explained, grinning cheekily at James.

Before James could answer, his mother's voice came from behind him. "Come in, Sirius. Let's have tea and talk."

Sirius shot her a thankful smile and carried his trunk through the door.

Inside, Mrs Potter pulled him into a hug before hushing him, James and her husband to the kitchen where Sirius was to explain his sudden appearance.

And he did. He explained his family situation and his feelings about it, filling any gaps James and his parents had had. He let out the pendant and the whole story about it and it didn't matter. After all, it had only given the push he had needed to finally let go.

"Of course you can stay," Mrs Potter said as he finished his story. "You can have the guest room next to James' bedroom. It's yours. Decorate it however you want."

Sirius thanked her a thousand times and let himself be pulled into another hug, before Mr Potter announced that it was time to sleep for them all.

At that, Sirius spoke up once again. "Can I borrow your owl?" he asked.

When Mr Potter agreed they all said their Good-nights and James helped Sirius carry his trunk upstairs.

In the Potter household, underage magic was forbidden. Sirius didn't care. It was worth it.

Finally alone in his new room, Sirius took a piece of parchment from his trunk.

He scribbled his short message down and reread it quickly.

Dear Minnie,

I ran away from home. I am at the Potter's now.

S.

He fold the parchment together and went down to send it of. As he attached the

letter to the owl's foot, he made another decision. He took the pendant from where it had been hanging around his neck and tied it around the letter.

It was a message worth more than a thousand words.

The End