

The Making of Legends

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Does this happen to be another Marauder fanfic? Yes. Another, how the Marauders first met fanfic? Yes. Does it follow the same routine? No. What happens when a young Remus meets Andromeda Black?

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Chapter 1 - The Making of Legends

2

1 - The Making of Legends

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A/N: Hello everyone. :D This is a little one-shot fanfic that I wrote for the Celtic Myths challenge at the Live Journal community HMS Peace, which happens to be an awesome place! ^^ The link to this Live Journal community is on my profile. Anyway, the challenge is to write a Remus/Andromeda fic; though it doesn't have to be in a romantic relationship, but rather friendship or whatnot. I hope you all enjoy!

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Amber eyes scanned the school around him. The damp feeling that seemed to seep out of every crevice wrapped around every single hair on his skin; making every single one stand on edge. The school was just enormous in size and was overwhelming for the small first-year half-blood. He remembered his father telling him about the school and how complex and wonderful it was, but so far the only thing he found was that it was confusing and cold. Castles are always cold and that explained how life was in a nut shell.

He was all alone as he stood in the vast emptiness of the entrance hall. Alone, it was a word that he knew the meaning of all too well, and it was a word that he both embraced and distasted greatly. He just wished that he could know what it was like to *not* be alone. But such thoughts as these had never gotten him anywhere before and they were not getting him anywhere now.

Always, he was always alone and he hated that. He hated how he didn't know how to interact with

people, to play and kid around with friends, and so, he let himself become consumed by books.

For books did not whisper behind his back. They did not give him odd glances and stares every time he walked down the street. No, they could not see, they were not human...So they could not hurt him. Books could look at him and they did not have eyes. They had no eyes that screamed out, "Monster!" for they did not know that he was a werewolf, that he was a freak. They only knew that there was somebody turning their new or ancient pages.

On the train ride here he had sat alone. When he got sorted, no one cared to watch. When he sat down at the Gryffindor table he sat away from everyone else. And when the prefect had come to lead the Gryffindor first years to the common room, he was forgotten about and left behind. Life never seemed to change for one Remus John Lupin.

All of these so called "facts" though, were about to change in the blink of an eye. As Remus came to the conclusion that he should at least *try* and find the Gryffindor common room, rather than just stand there and look stupid, he heard a noise coming from the second floor. Slowly he walked up the amazingly long stairs and came across a rather angry seventh year.

Her hair was a deep brown that came to her mid-back and her eyes were a sharp mix between blue and grey. She was dragging a boy that looked to be his age by the hand; the boy was rather tall for his age, his eyes were a deep and mysterious grey that seemed to fit well with his longish, midnight black hair, and he was on the skinny side when it came to weight.

At first neither one seemed to realize that he was there. The girl just started up a rant, "Sirius! I can't believe you! You go out in the middle of the night and get caught by a prefect already! What were you doing anyway? You're lucky that I just happen to be Head Girl and was able to overrule that whole little fiasco..." It was at this moment that she let out a small and tired sigh and turned to the boy...Sirius.

He just looked at her with wide and innocent eyes; Remus noted all of this as he stood in the shadows unnoticed. Sirius opened his mouth in response, but was cut off almost instantly, "But, Andy..."

The girl, Andy (which Remus happened to think was an odd name for a girl, and yet, at the same time should not be talking about odd names, since, he himself had one), just gave Sirius a hard look. A hard

look that then softened. "There is no need for you to answer Sirius, I have a pretty good idea of where you were headed, and my guess is the kitchen." Both Remus and Andy took Sirius's quietness as a yes and then there was a loud commotion from one of the side corridors.

This made all three of them stop and (with Remus still in the shadows, after all, he did not want to get caught) walk over to the corridor from which the noise came. What they saw made the girl, Andy, sigh again and pinch her eyes ever so slightly with her index finger and thumb, her eyes were now closed. For the scene before them was truly pitiful.

There was two young first year's; one with a nest of unruly black hair and hazel eyes, the other a shorter, heavier, set boy with watery light blue eyes and light blonde hair. Half of their body looked as if had disappeared and Remus felt his eyes widen at that. Even though half of his family was from magical descent and he was a werewolf; his parents had mostly taken to his mother's background and environment, which happened to be muggle. So, every time he saw any kind of magic, whether it be little or small, it always seemed to amaze him.

He was snapped out of his amazement by the sound of a female voice, "I swear! All you Gryffindor first years just *love* to cause trouble, don't you? A Potter and a Pettigrew, I assume, going by both of your physical characteristics. Come on; get up the two of you! I won't report you three since it *is* only your first night here, but if anything else happens later on... You won't have my promise. You guys got that?"

It was at that moment that Remus noticed the badge that the girl wore, signifying her as a Ravenclaw. It seemed that most Ravenclaw's were sticklers for the rules, and yet, this one seemed more relaxed than the others he had heard about. He watched as she told the three boys to get a move on back to the Gryffindor common room and he even just stood there as she began to walk away. He was too shy to ask for directions to the Gryffindor common room, after all, and was a type of person (at the time) who liked to avoid confrontation.

She was almost out of sight when he finally worked up the courage to ask her, "Excuse me, Miss." He called out almost too softly for her to hear it even though he had spoken out loud.

Andy stopped in her tracks and turned around to look, Remus had forgotten that he had hidden himself in the shadows of the old castle. So, he came out of the darkness of the dimly lit lamps and into the small light part of the corridor. When he moved out into the center of the stone hallway, the girl's eyes widened in surprise.

“Another Gryffindor first year out for a little self-tour of the castle, huh?” She asked him in a voice that was a mixture of both annoyance and teasing. She smirked and then asked him another question, “Why are you out here so late? You don't seem like the type to do things like this, ya know.” Her eyes held a questioning look to them.

“I...I had gotten separated from the rest of the group when the Prefects were showing the Gryffindor first years to the common room.” He blushed as he said this, for he felt like such an idiot under this older (and more knowledgeable) girl's bluish-grey eyes. Yet, he felt less so when he saw them soften and a small smile spread across her features, making her look more her age.

“Why didn't you come tell me sooner when I was scolding those other three morons? I would have told them to take you back to the common room...Oh well, come on.” She still had her smile in place as she gently took his hand and lead him to the Gryffindor common room. As they walked they talked and Andy had told him that he should befriend those other three Gryffindor first years that she had caught wondering the halls. Because, according to her, they needed a voice of reason in the group in order to keep some form of balance among themselves.

He had also found out that her full name was Andromeda Black and that the boy named Sirius was her cousin; his full name was Sirius Black. But then their time to talk was up as they came to the portrait of the Fat Lady. Andromeda said the password and the picture swung forward to reveal a small and short passage way that lead to the common room.

The last thing Remus heard as he made his way through the small passage and the portrait swung close was, “I know I just made a hug mistake! Now I will have four little marauders on my hands...” The rest, if she had said anymore, was cut off from even Remus's keen hearing. So, shrugging his shoulders slightly Remus made his way to the boys' staircase and made his way to the door that said first years. Once he opened that door, he was never going to be alone again, whether it be in the here and now or in his memories.

As Andromeda had pointed out...She had made a mistake; a mistake that made a legend. For you see, this little tale, is the perfect example on how easily legends are made. And this legend just so happens to be of four young boys who make a pack so strong, yet still breakable, a pack that goes through thick and thin. This is the legend known as...The Marauders.

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A/N: I hope everyone liked it and please tell me what you think in a review! ;) So long for now.

~Lily~