

# The Marauders

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*A novel I'm writing about Sirius Black and his fellow animagi when they were in Hogwarts in their fourth year. It's not anywhere near done but have fun with what I have typed out so far.*

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**Chapter 1 - Chapter 1- Number Twelve, Grimmauld  
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## 1 - Chapter 1- Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place

It was a calm July night outside the old stone house at Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place. Except of course for the occasional creak of the rotting wooden floorboards and the quiet breeze blowing through the ageing Sycamore trees.

A handsome fourteen-year-old wizard lay upon his bed. He had elegant, straight, black hair, which matched perfectly with his mysterious gray eyes and sharp-featured face. The boy's dark appearance often gave others the first impression that he was rather unapproachable, though on the contrary, he was a very friendly, outgoing boy. Over all Sirius Black was growing up to be quite a handsome young man.

Sirius sat up from his usual oh-so-enthraling staring at his ceiling and glanced over at the old grandfather clock on the other side of the small room. It read almost 12:30am. Sirius saw no use in rolling over in the hard bed and closing his eyes. For he had not found it an easy task to get to sleep these days, not with the constant reminder that the first day of school wasn't more than a few weeks away. This excited Sirius tremendously.