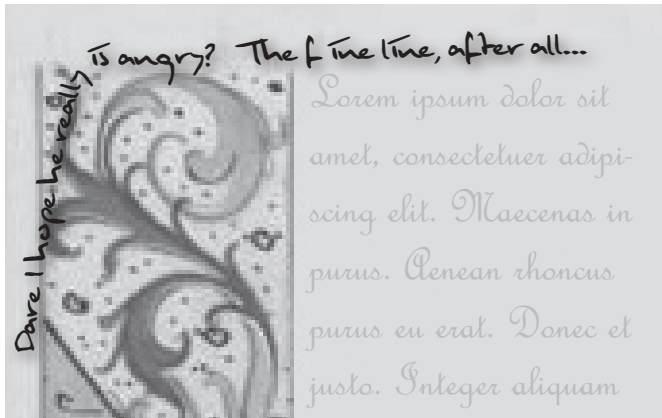


[Note scribbled in margin of MS entitled An Order for War - Albus Dumbledore, Severus Snape, and the Wizarding Wars, by R. J. Lupin]



[Note left on the kitchen table. December 22]

*You are a complete idiot. I began making the Wolfsbane Potion, salve, and tonic for you; I allowed you to put up those wretched decorations; I began communicating with you. And you left. That does not speak of caring or reliability to me.*

[Letter left on the mantle. Evening, December 22. It is creased, as though folded many times, read and reread before being placed with great care exactly in the center of the mantle]

Severus -

[Note left on the kitchen table. December 21]

*I am not angry. If anything, I am grateful for the reminder that I am meant to remain alone and not count on anyone else.*

*I'm not certain if I'll leave this for you to read; if I do, I am possibly more Gryffindor than I ever thought.*

[Letter left on the mantle. Afternoon, December 21]

Severus -

*You were counting on me? I thought I was nothing but a nuisance and a burden. Here you have been doing things for me, making me Wolfsbane and supplements and giving me salve, making my life better, and all I've done is to annoy you and make you angry with me. Really, what I wanted to do was let you know that someone does care about you. I care. Not that you will believe me, I'm sure, but I had to say it. I've given you ultimate power over me, because you know that you do have the ability to hurt me by your anger and distance.*

*Whatever I've done, I'm sorry. And you can count on me, if you want to. It helps me to know that what I do matters.*

Yours,

Remus

*So. The reason I left was because of the last letter you wrote before I went away. The one in which you said you wanted to spend the rest of your life alone. I knew you were making the Wolfsbane, the salve, and the tonic, and I thought that might mean... well, something that I was hoping it meant. But then when you wrote that you wanted to be left in peace and quiet, I felt I had been wrong, reading things into your actions that weren't there; being, as you have often accused me of being, an overly optimistic idiot who only sees what he wishes to see. I didn't know what to do. I thought perhaps I ought to give you what you had asked me for so often: solitude. And then in the end, I couldn't even do that right. I couldn't stay away. I had to come back. Not because of the house or the money. But because you were here.*

*You were right, by the way, and my Mum was wrong. Chocolate does bugger all against a broken heart.*

Yours,

Remus

[Note left on the kitchen table, written on a better quality of parchment than before. The wee hours of the morning, December 23]

Lupin,

*I did want to be left alone in peace and quiet. Then I had what I wanted, and I found it was not as pleasant as I thought it would be, which is entirely your fault for making me grow accustomed to your presence here. You should not have left for a whole week without a single word. I was concerned there was a medical issue you were not telling me about. Then I thought you had abandoned me. Then I drank all of your cocoa, which serves you right.*

S. Snape

[Note left on the kitchen table after breakfast. December 23]

Severus -

*I happily take the blame. You're right, I shouldn't have left for a week without telling you where I was going. My only excuse was that I wasn't thinking very clearly. Again, I'm sorry for that, and I will make it up to you. I promise. If, that is, you are willing. And preferably face to face.*

Yours,

Remus

[Note left on the kitchen table. Afternoon, December 23]

*That will largely depend on how you intend to make it up to me. I prefer to know the details first.*

Note left on the kitchen table before dinner. December 23]

Severus -

*I have more cocoa. And I like to sit quietly in front of a roaring fire on cold winter nights with insufferably cheerful Christmas decorations around. If you were to join me, I think we could make the face to face (literal, if you were willing. With or without the assistance of mistletoe.*

Yours,

Remus

[Note stuck to Remus' door. December 24]

*If you insist. However, you must understand I have not been "face to face" with anyone in a very long time. Moreover, you had best not expect that if I sit with you, it means I will somehow be filled with the joy of the season or any such rot or that I think you any less an idiot. It simply means I do not crave utter solitude as much as I once did.*

Severus

[Owl post to Remus Lupin, received late evening, December 24, along with a parcel of chocolates and cardigan]

Remus -

*Sorry I haven't written since that note when you got out of prison. I just needed space, you know? I had to not think about the war or Dumbledore or anything else. I just needed to be eighteen, I suppose. I've enjoyed it. I think I'm ready to come back, perhaps after the first of the year. A fresh start for a new year, I guess. Thanks for the books on Defense you sent me for Christmas - since I'm thinking of becoming an Auror, they'll be very useful.*

How is life with Snape? Does he hide in the cellar there and snap at you when you stick your head down? I can't imagine how you can abide living with the man, and it was rather a bad joke on Dumbledore's part to have made you share the place with someone who hates you. Maybe you should "forget" to lock yourself in at the full moon and deal with the problem that way. Just remember, I'd back you up on it.

See you in a few weeks. Hey, maybe that's the way we can get Snape out: tell him I'm coming for a visit, and the house will be yours.

Happy Christmas,  
Harry



[Owl sent to Harry Potter. Early morning, December 25]

Harry -

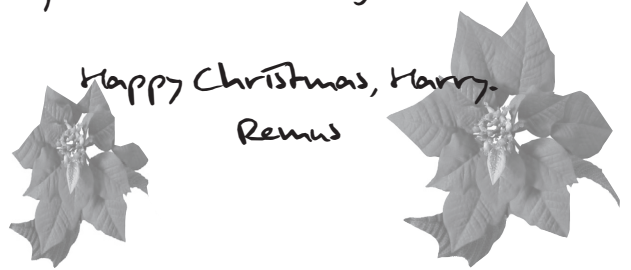
Life with Severus is rather different than you might imagine. I think Albus did me the biggest favor of my life by putting us together in this way, and I hope Severus will think so as well. I don't want to speak to soon, but I think you might be surprised at how well we get along. There will be absolutely no question about me doing anything to harm him, full moon or not; while I appreciate the support you are showing me, believe me when I say that I'd much rather be nibbling on Severus as a man than munching on him as a wolf.

No, I'm not under Imperius, nor has he slipped me a potion, or cast any sort of charm or curse

on me. Finally, for the first time that I can remember, I'm really and truly in love, and that is the most potent, wonderful magic of all. I rather think of it as a Christmas miracle, and I hope when you recover from the shock, you'll think so, too. I'm sure Albus is probably up there laughing at us all, and for once, I'm quite willing to be the butt of the joke.

Happy Christmas, Harry.

Remus



[Note left on the kitchen table along with a wrapped parcel. December 25]

Severus -

I enjoyed last night very much, and I hope you did as well. It was wonderful to actually be able to see you, and touch you, and speak to you - even if we didn't do much talking. You might not have been "face to face" with anyone in a long time, and to be honest, neither had I, but I believe we both did rather well in that regard. Or at least I believe that you did; I wouldn't want to presume anything further.

Before you dismiss the gift I've left you (and no, I am not expecting anything in return, since you have given me so much already!), it's not much, really, just something that I hope you will be able to use.

Happy Christmas, Severus. If you have any desire for more cocoa, I shall be in front of the fire this evening.

Yours,

Remus



[Note left on the kitchen table. Late afternoon, December 25]

*I was not expecting a present, but the thought is appreciated. My old watch was confiscated, and I never got round to replacing it; the pocket watch will be useful. While I am not likely to be associated with Hogsmeade again - and I will be much surprised if they do not expunge my name from the records as having served as Head of Slytherin - the engraved crest serves a nostalgic purpose.*

*As for your face to face technique, I have no complaints. It was satisfactory enough to make me inclined to join you again this evening.*

Severus

[Letter left on the mantle. Morning, December 26]

Severus -

*I'm glad my technique was satisfactory enough for a repeat. I find that practice really does make perfect.*

*I'm also happy that the watch will be of use. It is rather nostalgic, I suppose, but a bit of nostalgia can be a good thing. We are, after all, the sum of our experiences.*

*I rinsed out the goblet from the Wolfsbane last evening, and I've left it in the kitchen. I hope that's all right, but I wasn't certain if I left it outside your door that you might not trip over it unawares. And speaking of the Wolfsbane, I shall leave my door unlocked that evening. If you feel so inclined, you are welcome to join me at any point you are comfortable with. Or not, of course - and I won't take offense. I just wanted you to know that the invitation is open, and it always will be.*

Yours,  
Remus

[Note left on the kitchen table along with a goblet containing the Wolfsbane potion. Afternoon, December 26]

*It would seem you were not speaking idly when you mentioned practice makes perfect; you certainly seemed intent on making up for lost practice time last night. I will remind you that just because I have spent time with you, snogging like the randiest adolescent at Hogsmeade, I am not a soppy romantic. I still want time alone, and I will not tolerate a lot of hearts and flowers rubbish.*

*As for the night of the full moon, I suppose if we are to share quarters indefinitely, I ought to face my old fears and overcome them.*

Severus

[Letter left on the kitchen table, along with a bottle of fine brandy and two glasses. Evening, December 26]

Severus -

*Facing your fears is a good thing, I've found. I shall look forward to the full moon knowing that you will be there, too.*

*If hearts and flowers are out, how about brandy and popcorn? Snogging is optional, but I'm certainly not going to turn it down. Or if you prefer an evening alone, that's fine with me; I understand the need to sometimes be by yourself, and you don't have to worry about causing me offense by taking the time when you need it.*

*If you're up for the evening, bring the brandy with you, all right?*

Yours,  
Remus



[Note left on the kitchen table along with the Wolfsbane Potion. December 27]

*Your attempt to get me drunk and seduce me was transparent, even for a Gryffindor. I suppose I should be concerned about my virtue if this continues - and if your hands continue to become ever more wayward. I expect you to find those buttons you popped off and return them to me.*

*So far, I have had sufficient alone time during the day that I do not find spending the evening with you onerous. You needn't worry; if I grow tired of your company of an evening, I will not hesitate to say so.*

Severus

[Letter left on the kitchen table, along with the empty goblet and a plate with grapes, cubes of cheese, and chocolate covered strawberries. There is also a small crystal dish holding six black buttons. December 27]

Severus -

*Transparent, perhaps, and you are very resistant to blatant attempts, I see. Your buttons are returned. All save one, that is. If you recall, there is a childhood game based upon noting a button, and so I leave it up to you to ferret out the location of the remaining one. As a hint, it might require your own hands to become somewhat wayward in the process, although I have no worries about my own virtue. As you have no doubt already been able to tell, it's yours for the taking.*

*I'm very glad that you are willing to spend evenings with me and that you are willing to speak your mind. That's very important, you know, for two people who are living together. Trust is essential, and so is communication.*

*The snacks are for this evening, if you choose to once again give me the excellent pleasure of your company. I promise I shall even peel the grapes for you, if you need an extra enticement.*

Yours,

Rennus



[Note left on the kitchen table along with the Wolfsbane Potion and a single black button. December 28]

*Very clever of you, hiding the button there.*

*I suppose you would consider me to be stating the obvious if I said neither trust nor communication come easily to me. Trust has been problematic for me since my school days; you and your friends did not help, but it was not much easier being in Slytherin House in that time either. It was all politics and prejudice, and I wanted to fit in somewhere. Trust is especially difficult now, after having been shunned and scorned by the world. Somehow, however, I seem to have gained a small measure of faith in you. Betray it at your peril.*

*As for communication, I find this easier than speaking, perhaps because of the illusion of a safe distance. Thus if you have wondered why I tend to be quiet during our evenings together and save my speech for the next day's note, now you know.*

*On the subject of virtue: games of button-finding aside, I believe it best to wait until after the full moon before proceeding further. That night will determine a great many things, and I think it best not to act in haste beforehand. I trust you understand and will agree.*

*That does not mean, however, you will be freed from grape peeling duty.*

Severus

[Letter left on the kitchen table, along with the empty goblet. December 28. The button is missing]

Severus -

*I have the grapes and a nice dessert wine I was given by Minerva for Christmas. I'd love to share it with you.*

*I do believe you are right about the full moon; it might change your mind about your involvement with me. It's been a long time since you've seen the wolf, and if you are reticent about things, it's better to find out now.*

I understand about the letters being easier as forms of communication; you can also think things out as you write them down, and it can help clarify issues even in your own mind. To be honest, it was as I was writing the history and putting down the parts pertaining to you that I realized how I was beginning to feel about you, how my own attitudes had damaged things, and how my perspective had changed. It's fascinating, really; perhaps sometime you would like to see what I've written.

Until tonight,

Yours,

Remus

[Note left on the kitchen table along with the Wolfsbane Potion. December 29]

*The wine was tolerable, and your grape peeling technique was adequate, thus I suppose we may call it a successful evening. (Dare I ask what you have in mind for tonight?) Or what nefarious plans you have for the button?*

*I am reticent when it comes to your wolf form. Before the so-called "prank", I was fascinated by Dark creatures, just as I was fascinated by the Dark Arts. I suppose in my youthful arrogance, I romanticized them, not recognizing the dangers or perhaps not believing the danger could affect me. That night proved me wrong, and it tempered my fascination somewhat to be faced with the harsh truth that yes, Dark Arts and Dark creatures are dangerous, even to clever, talented Slytherins.*

*What I saw that night haunted me, and while the passing of time has eased the primal fear instilled in me that night, I have much to overcome. I do not doubt the efficacy of my own potion, but my good sense will be at war with deeper instincts. We shall see what happens.*

*Regardless, I would indeed be interested in seeing what you have written.*

Severus

[Note left on the kitchen table., December 29. Included are several handwritten pages of manuscript, specifically detailing Severus' role in the wars, and his bravery and sacrifice.]

Severus -

Ah, now what fun would it be if I told you where the button was? Finding it is all the fun, isn't it? Well, that and the anticipation. But if you must have a hint, it's inside a piece of my clothing. That I will be wearing. To retrieve the button, the clothing will have to go as well. I leave it up to your imagination about just how far you will need to go.

I'm glad that you thought the evening was a success, because I certainly did. And I find I am hopeful for tomorrow evening as well. I hope that I can help you overcome the things which have haunted you. Not just those concerning my wolf form, either. If I have the opportunity, I would very much like to banish all the Darkness from your life, save those bits you might wish to keep.

As you can see, I have attached the bits of the history which pertain to you. Please feel free to correct, add, or delete anything you wish. My only stipulation is that you will be mentioned in the book. You did far too much to fade off into obscurity, or worse, to be villainized for it. Even if only one person reads it and has their opinion altered, it will be worth it in my mind.

For tonight, I thought perhaps we could share some of our favorite literature? I have obtained another bottle of brandy and some rather nice chocolate cake. Sometimes when I find my own words inadequate, reading those of others helps me to express myself.

Yours,

Remus

[Letter left on the kitchen table along with the Wolfsbane Potion and the pages of the manuscript with spelling and punctuation corrections and annotations in the margins. Morning, December 30]

*You realize most people will discount your claims where I am concerned if this manuscript is ever published, especially if word gets out that we are sharing quarters and - depending on how tonight goes - more than merely former colleagues. Friendship alone would be reason enough to cast aspersions on what you have written, much less a more intimate relationship.*

*Still, if you insist on forging ahead and including me for posterity's sake, I will not argue. Likely it will be the only recognition I receive, and I have never been one to fall back on false modesty. I did do much for Albus and the Order and both damned wars, even if everyone would like to sweep me under the rug now because what I did was covert and unpleasant, not a heroic charge on a white steed, flaming sword of righteousness in hand like some damned Gryffindor. And if what I did was any less useful or dangerous just because it was undercover and forced me to fraternize with the enemy.*

*At any rate, if you still wish to interview me for the manuscript, I will oblige. I am not optimistic about the chances of a publisher accepting a manuscript from a werewolf or an editor leaving in the more flattering descriptions of my deeds, but I will indulge you nonetheless.*

*On a different topic entirely, you really are shameless, Lupin. Putting the butt on there was quite brazen of you, and as if that wasn't enough, you had the audacity to read Donne. I'm beginning to wonder if the rumors regarding werewolf appetites are true, or if you have been celibate for too long.*

Severus

[Note left on the kitchen table, with the goblet. There is also a studded leather collar. Late afternoon, December 30]

Severus -

Frankly, I don't give a Dark Lord's arse about what other people think anymore. I know, I know, what a stunning turn around from the Lupin of old, but there you have it. I think writing this has helped me to achieve some perspective on things, something which I have lacked due to my closeness to everything that was happening. Which isn't to say that my friends don't matter to me anymore - they do. But as far as what society at large thinks, I have learned from my time in prison and among Greyback's pack that to people outside my immediate group of intimates, I will never be anything more than a werewolf. Perhaps it is your influence, but this no longer bothers me as it once would have.

I would love to interview you for the manuscript, but we can talk about that after. And yes, you were hardly the knight on the white steed, but I have found out recently that I like my heroes the same way I like my chocolate: dark, slightly bitter, and with more of a bite than sweetness. It seems you suit my tastes exactly. Perhaps after tonight, we'll find out just how true that is.

Shameless? Well, yes, I suppose I am, but I didn't hear any complaints last night. As far as my appetites, I would say that a bit of both is true. If you wish to find out how true, let me just say that the collar isn't just for the wolf.

Until tonight,

Yours,

Remus

[Letter left on Remus' bedside table along with the jar of salve and a vial of pain potion. Morning, December 31]

*I suppose you would not appreciate it if I dragged this out and kept you in suspense, thus I will come straight to the point. Last night was not as difficult as I feared it would be. It was far from easy, mind, but it could have been worse.*

*The worst part was immediately following your transformation. Even though I knew you retained human sensibility due to the potion, it was difficult to remember and quell my baser instincts to fight or flee when I first saw the beast. I am not certain how much you remember clearly, but you behaved in a non-threatening manner, which helped.*

*For a long time, I simply held the collar and braced myself to approach you. When I moved nearer at last and fastened the collar around your neck, it felt like a symbolic act: collaring old fears that had controlled me and finding a way to control them at last. It was also liberating in a sense, and I found myself regaining a spark of my old fascination.*

*I will not say I am completely at ease yet; however, I can say I was neither terrified nor appalled. Therefore, I believe we may proceed with this whatever-it-is between us.*

*I am pleased to know you have ceased caring so much about the opinion of the world. That was what always got you in trouble: trying to keep people happy with you. What did it get you in the end? You lost everything anyway, and you are only just now getting any measure of stability and security in your life. You might say I lost everything as well, but the difference between you and me is that I was not trying to cling to anything.*

*As for your shameless appetites, they will have to wait for satisfaction until you are rested. I am going to make soup, and I will bring you a tray later. Meanwhile, I expect you to stay in bed and recuperate.*

Severus -

*P.S. - I have the collar, and I will keep it until such time as I may fasten it around your neck again.*

[Note left on the beside table. December 31. The handwriting is a bit shaky]

Severus -

*I woke up and had to reply, although I don't know how long I shall be awake. I just wanted to say that I'm so very glad you faced your fears and that you are willing to proceed with us finding out where this relationship might end up. I can't find words to express how it makes me feel, so I shall simply have to show you.*

*One of the side effects of all the supplements you have been making for me is that I find I am feeling much stronger, and I recovered much more quickly from my last transformation than I had in a long time. I have a feeling that by the time you have the tray done, I shall be recovered enough to wear that collar for you. I look forward to it very much.*

*Wake me after you read this, please? As much as I need the food, I need the taste of you far more.*

Yours,  
Remus

[Note left on Remus' pillow. Early morning, January 1]

*I slept for more than four hours without the aid of a sleeping draught for the first time in years last night. Well, once you allowed me to fall asleep, that is. You are rather voracious, aren't you. You do realize we cannot make up for a long run of celibacy in one night, do you not? If this vigor is a side effect of the supplements I am making for you, perhaps I should water them down a bit.*

*Then again, perhaps not.*

*The collar makes a nice contrast to your fair skin. I find I quite like the look of it. I like the feel of leather and skin against my lips. I like the scent of it mingling with yours. I like what it represents.*

*I will return soon with breakfast, and we can continue making up for lost time. I have never cared to celebrate the death of the old year and the beginning of the new year before; to*



me, one year was just like any other. This time, however, I am glad to put the old year behind me, and I find I am looking forward to what the new year has in store.

Happy new year,  
Severus

[Note left on the night table on Severus' side of the bed.  
Late afternoon, January 1]

Severus -

Making up for lost time sounds like a good plan to me, and I'm a believer in "start as you mean to go on". A whole new year, and we have it ahead of us; I'm very glad to be at a beginning with you here. Now. It's symbolic, I think, that so much of our respective pasts has been left behind, and we have what I feel is a brilliant future to look forward to.

Don't you dare water down the supplements. If I might make a cheeky suggestion, you might like to try them yourself. Not that I have any complaints about your vigor. At all.

I, too, like the symbolism of the collar, and even more so since you enjoy it so much. I am more than willing to wear it for you any time you like. You've bound my heart, Severus; binding my body is an outward display I shall be most pleased to offer you at any time.

I'm glad that I am able to help you sleep, and it must be true as you are slumbering peacefully as I write this. I feel awake and very energetic, and so I shall put that to good use while you regain your strength. You're going to need it.

When you wake up, come downstairs. I am making dinner, which we shall have on the floor in front of the fireplace. Afterward, we can

scandalize the portraits, if you are up for it. I know I am - especially since I distinctly noticed an old portrait of Albus twinkling at me.

Happy new year. The first of many, many more.

Yours,  
Remus

[Special Delivery Owl Post. Afternoon, January 2]

Ms. Amica Curae, Solicitor  
Dragon Alley

Ms. Curae -

This is to inform you, as executrix of Albus Dumbledore's will, that it is our mutual decision to continue to share Albus Dumbledore's ancestral home. We have reached an accord, and therefore, we would like the codicil removed so that we will be free to travel as we wish without fear of losing the estate. If you need further clarification, Severus says we should put it plainly: we will not merely be cohabitating; we will be partners in a committed relationship.

Please let us know as soon as possible when the codicil has been removed. As soon as Severus' house arrest is over, it is our intention to take a long vacation as something of a honeymoon.

Thank you for your prompt attention in this matter.

Sincerely,

Mr. Remus Lupin

Mr. Severus Snape

[Letter dated June 28, 1994]

*My dear boys,*

*If you are reading this, we may assume two things. One: I am dead. Two: You have decided of your own free will to share the estate and live together peaceably. For that, I extend my heartiest congratulations and well wishes for a happy future to you both.*

*You have no doubt wondered (along with the rest of the wizarding world, I am certain!) why I named the two of you as my beneficiaries. The reason is simple: you are the most deserving, and I am desirous of you putting the past to rest and learning to co-exist amicably.*

*Remus, you have suffered much deprivation due to the constraints that have been placed upon your kind. Yet you have persevered, and I applaud your strength of will. I regret that the solace I offered was only temporary, but I thought a short respite from your troubles was better than none at all, and our students needed your guidance and expertise.*

*Severus, my dear boy. I have asked much of you, and doubtless I will ask much more before the end, and you have borne it all with a strength that astounds me. I have used that strength, and it has neither broken nor faltered. There is steel at your core which will serve you well in the days to come, and I hope at the end of the coming battle, you will find peace. Consider this my contribution to that end and enjoy it with my thanks for your years of service.*

*I am not forcing your cohabitation as a punishment, I assure you. I merely wish to repair that which has been long broken. It is the prerogative of meddling old men to arrange things to their liking, especially after they are dead, and I wish to see the two of you exist in harmony after the pain and discord of the past. Perhaps I should have tried to mediate after the incident of your schooldays. Perhaps I should have tried to mediate this past year; little did I know Severus would be the instrument of the curse, thus widening the rift between you.*

*At any rate, I hope one day this letter might be delivered so that I may say it is behind you now. Enjoy the estate and each other with my blessings.*

*Sincerely,*

*A. P. W. B. Dumbledore*

"Oh. Well, I wasn't expecting something like this."

"You may imagine my surprise as well."

"It's almost like he knew, somehow. But... how could he? I mean, after that particular year and everything, I would have thought that even Albus would have given up hope of us fixing things."

"He was always annoyingly optimistic. Meddling old bastard. It wasn't enough that he pulled my strings in life. He had to find a way to do it from beyond the grave as well."

"Would it be horribly soppy of me to say I'm very glad he did?"

"Yes, it would, but I wouldn't expect it to stop you."

"Ah, and in that, you are as wise as Albus ever was. I'll try not to be too annoying about it, but... well, being a Legilimens has some disadvantages, I suppose."

"Only if I make a point of looking, but I wouldn't dream of prying. Or meddling. I know something being horribly soppy wouldn't stop you from saying it because I know you. I will find a way of coping with it somehow, I suppose."

"Why, Severus, how romantic of you. You'll turn my head with such praise!"

"Only you would find a way to see that as praise. Is this what I have in store for the next fifty years?"

"This, and much much more. Aren't you lucky? All right, all right, don't say it. How about, um... I intend that the brilliant sex will make up for any inconvenience you might suffer?"

"Brilliant sex will make up for much. Especially as voracious as your appetites have proven to be."

"Pot, couldron. Not that I'm complaining at all! Hmmm... That's a thought, though. Seeing which of us gives out first. I suppose it doesn't matter. We'd both end up winning. Or at least not care if we lost."

"It would hardly be a fair contest. You have recuperative and stamina advantages that I do not. I must make up for it in creativity."

"Ooooo. That sounds brilliant. So. When do you want to start? Is now good?"

"We just got out of bed not an hour ago."

"Has it only been that long? Seems like ages. Or perhaps it's just that you inspire me. Of course, if you aren't up to it..."

"The problem with you, Lupin, is that you talk too damned much. Now shut up and act."

## Arionrhod and McKay's Bio

Despite rumors to the contrary, McKay and Arionrhod are not Siamese twins, even though they share a love of Severus/Remus, cross dressing (the characters, that is, not themselves.

Or not that they will admit to), mpreg, and even on occasion, a brain. They have been writing together for almost three years, and this story constitutes their ninth collaborative fic - although they also have a nearly obscene word count when it comes to their Severus/Remus RPG and their collaborative serial work, Time of Storms.

Arionrhod, who freely admits to being the less grammatical of the two, started writing SS/RL in late 2003, and has authored 62 solo fics in the pairing. When not writing or roleplaying her OTP, she can usually be found building computer systems or tending to her family.

McKay is a veteran of several fandoms online and off, but she has been involved with HP fandom the longest, having written HP fic since fall, 2001. Snape/Lupin has been her OTP all this time, and she has written over 65 solo stories in addition to RPGs and collaborations. When she isn't indulging her organizational tendencies in fandom, she teaches composition and literature and serves as a pillow for her cat.

• <http://asylums.insanejournal.com/blessedmoon>



# RESOLUTIONS



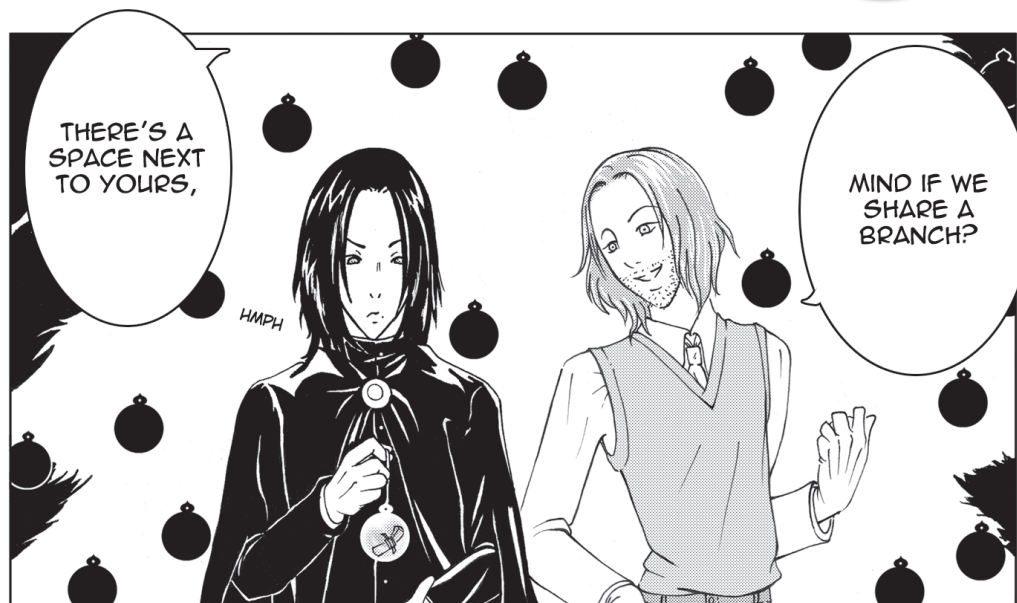
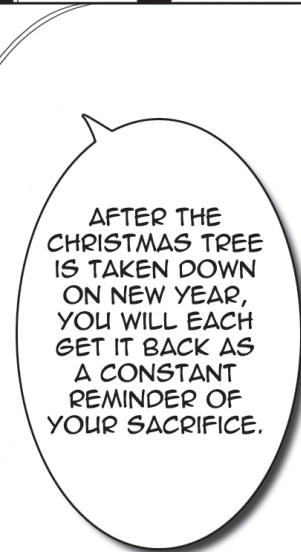
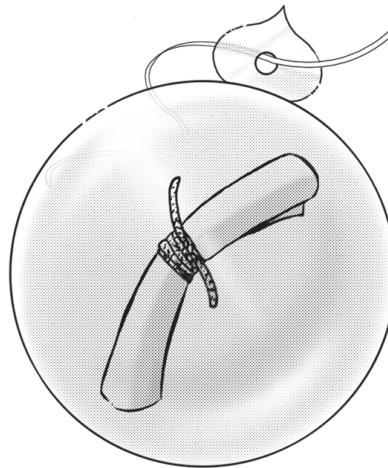
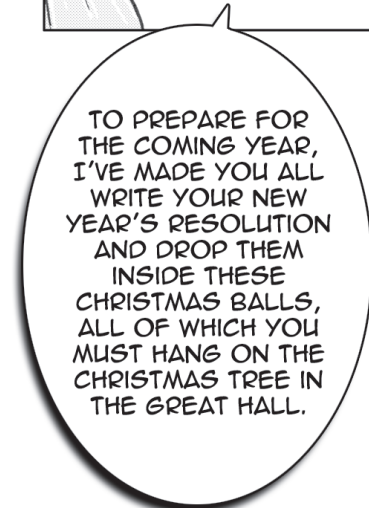
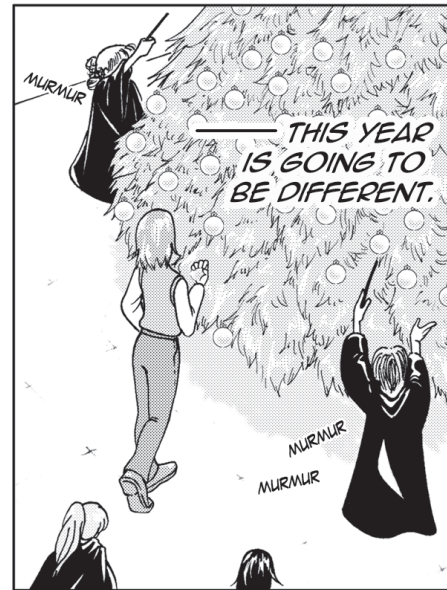
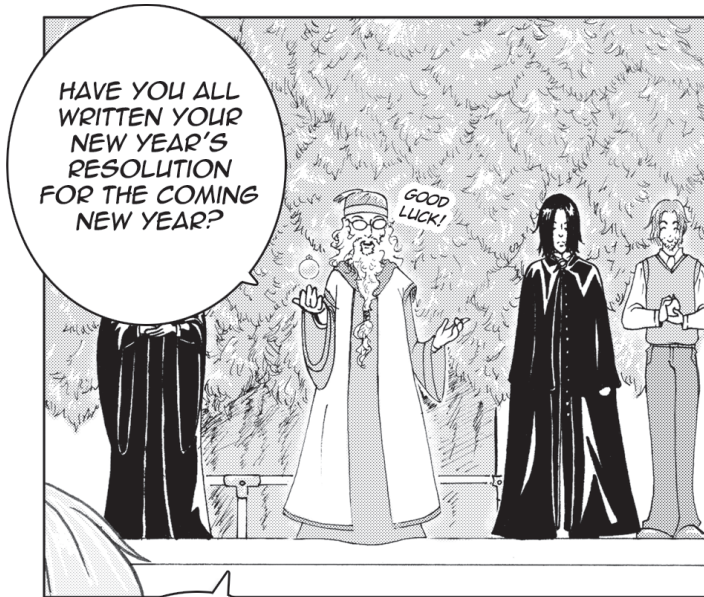
TAGAY IS A NEWLY-FORMED DOUJINSHI (FAN-COMIC) GROUP COMPOSED OF THREE WOMEN BASED IN THE PHILIPPINES. TWO OF THEM ARE MANIC SHIPPERS OF LUPIN/SNAPE WHILE THE OTHER TOLERATES THEIR BEHAVIOR. ALL OF THEM LOVE HARRY POTTER. THIS IS THEIR FIRST DOUJINSHI AS A GROUP. THEY CAN BE REACHED THROUGH TAGAYTA@GMAIL.COM

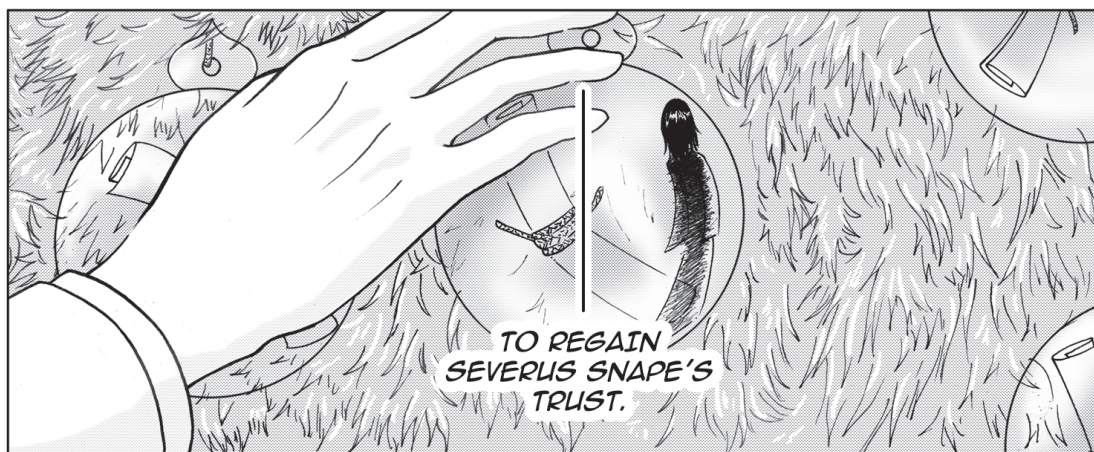
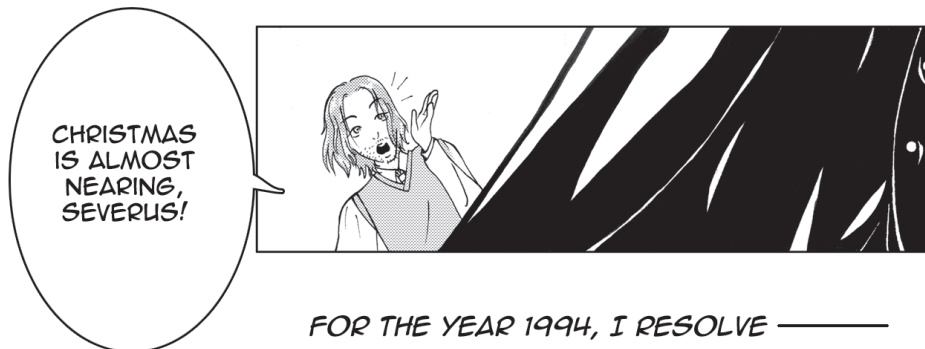
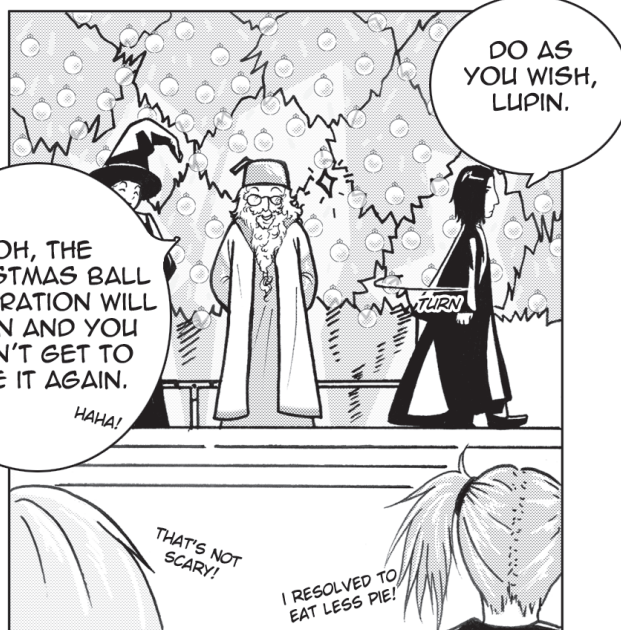
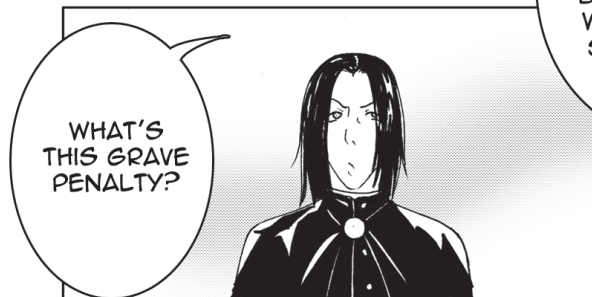
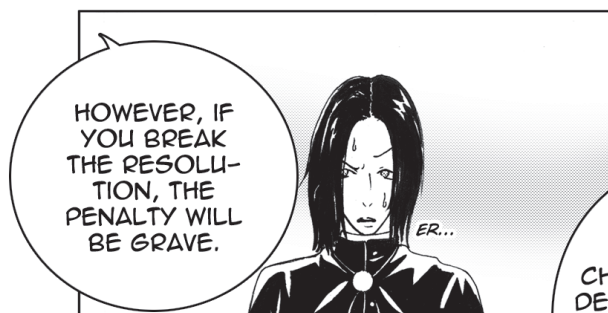


TAGAY IS:

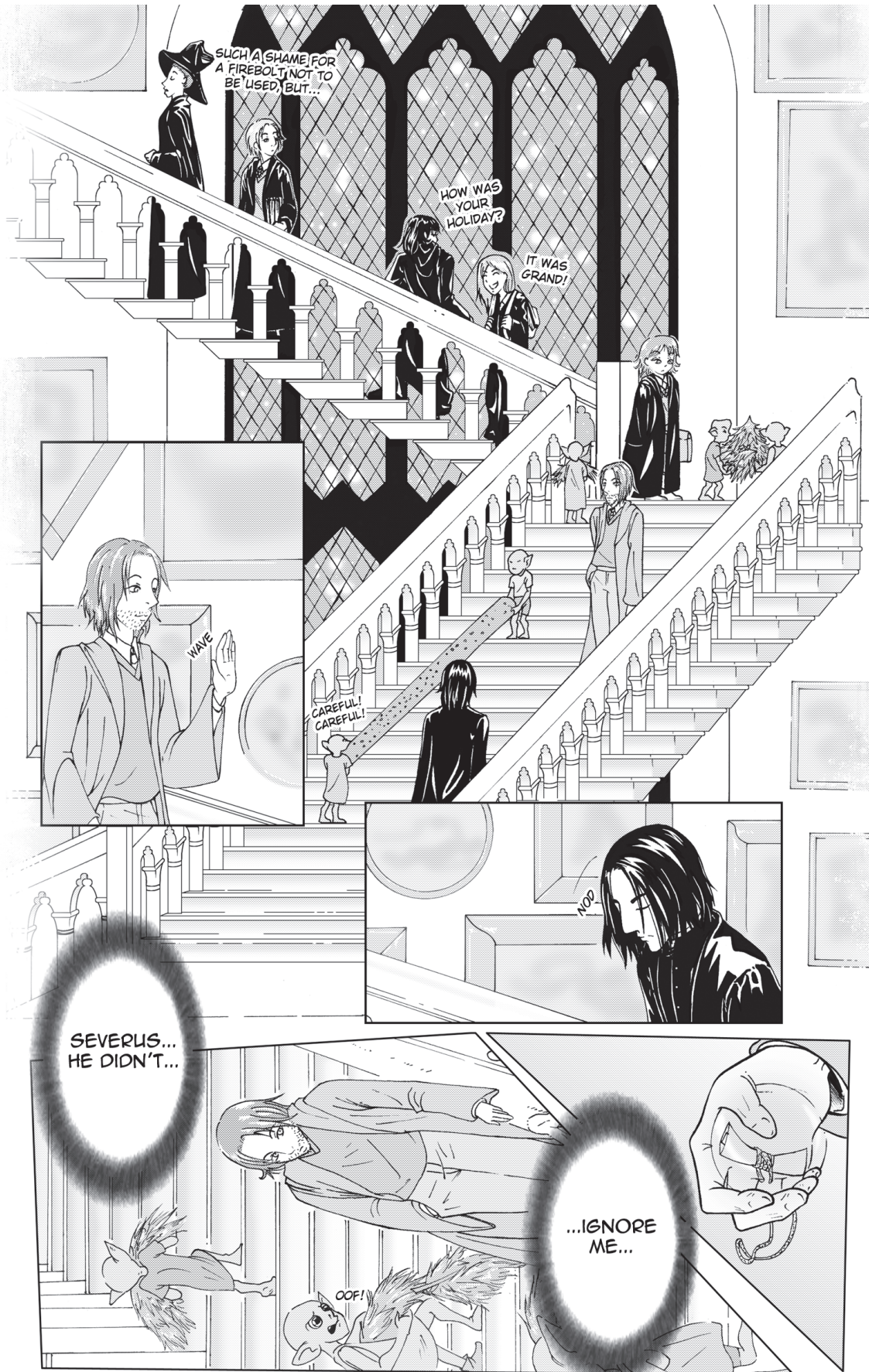
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ZHYNCHAN	: BACKGROUND ART, TONING, QUALITY CHECK
SIN	: CHARACTER ART, BACKGROUND ART, TONING



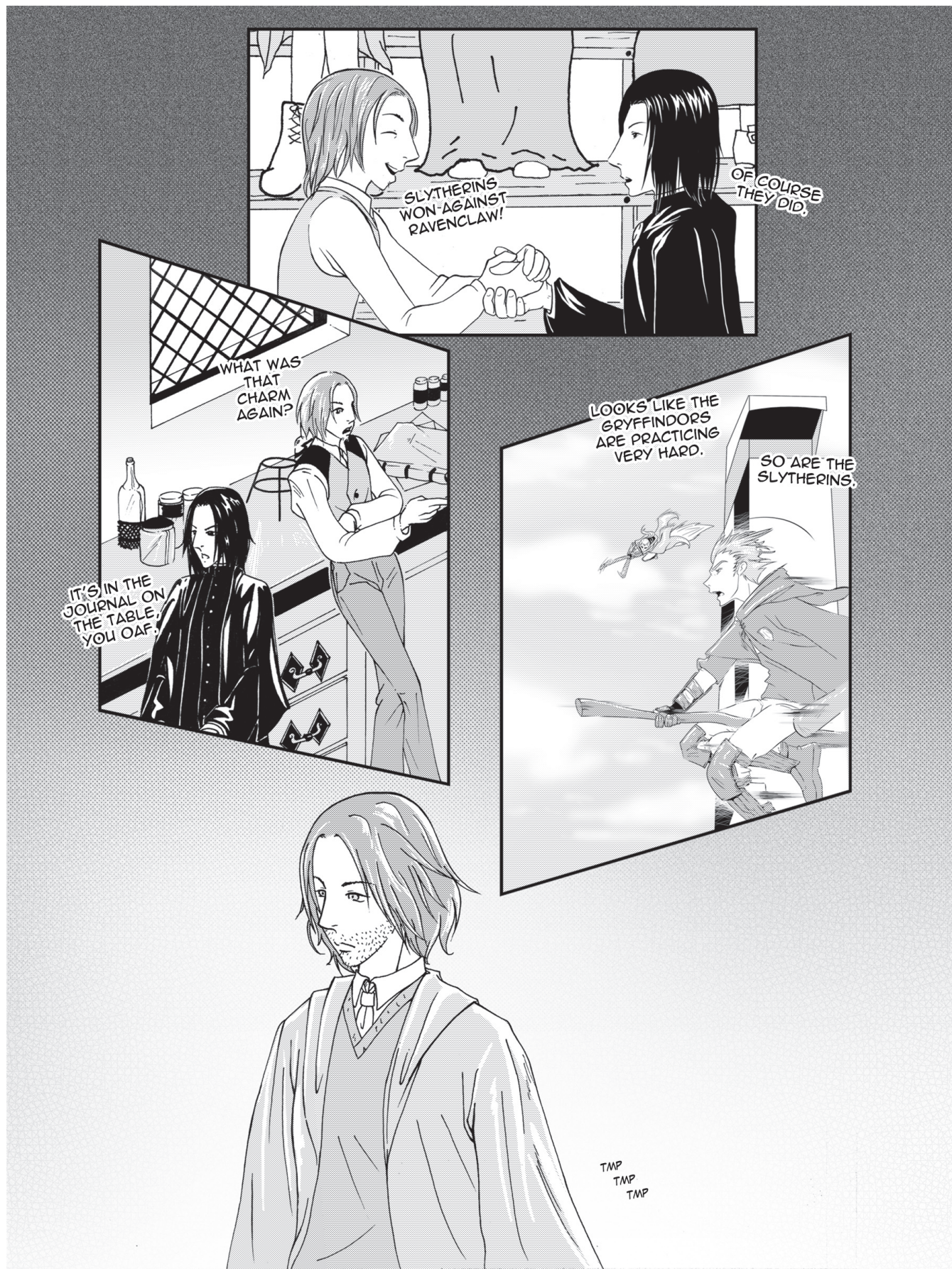




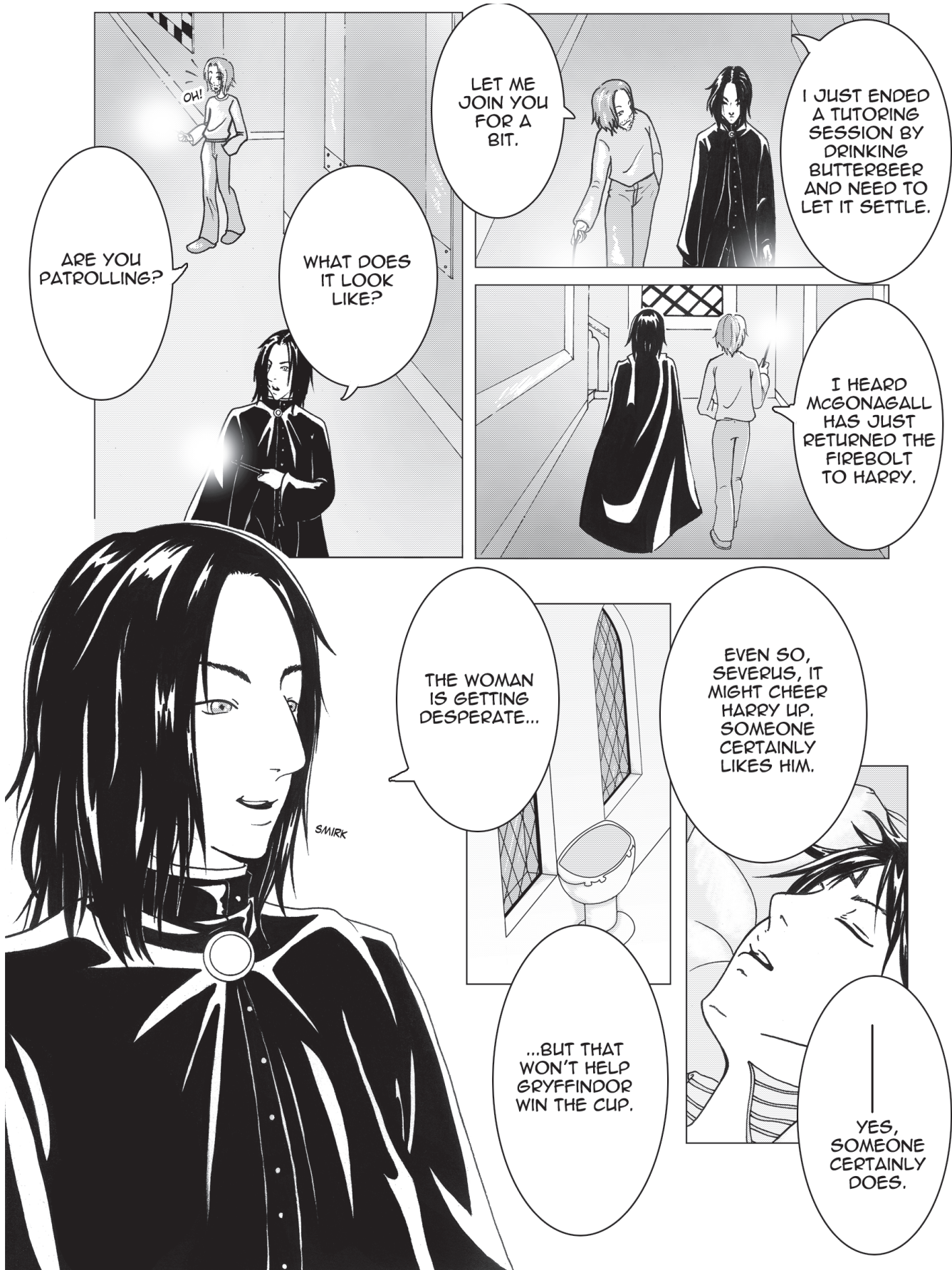




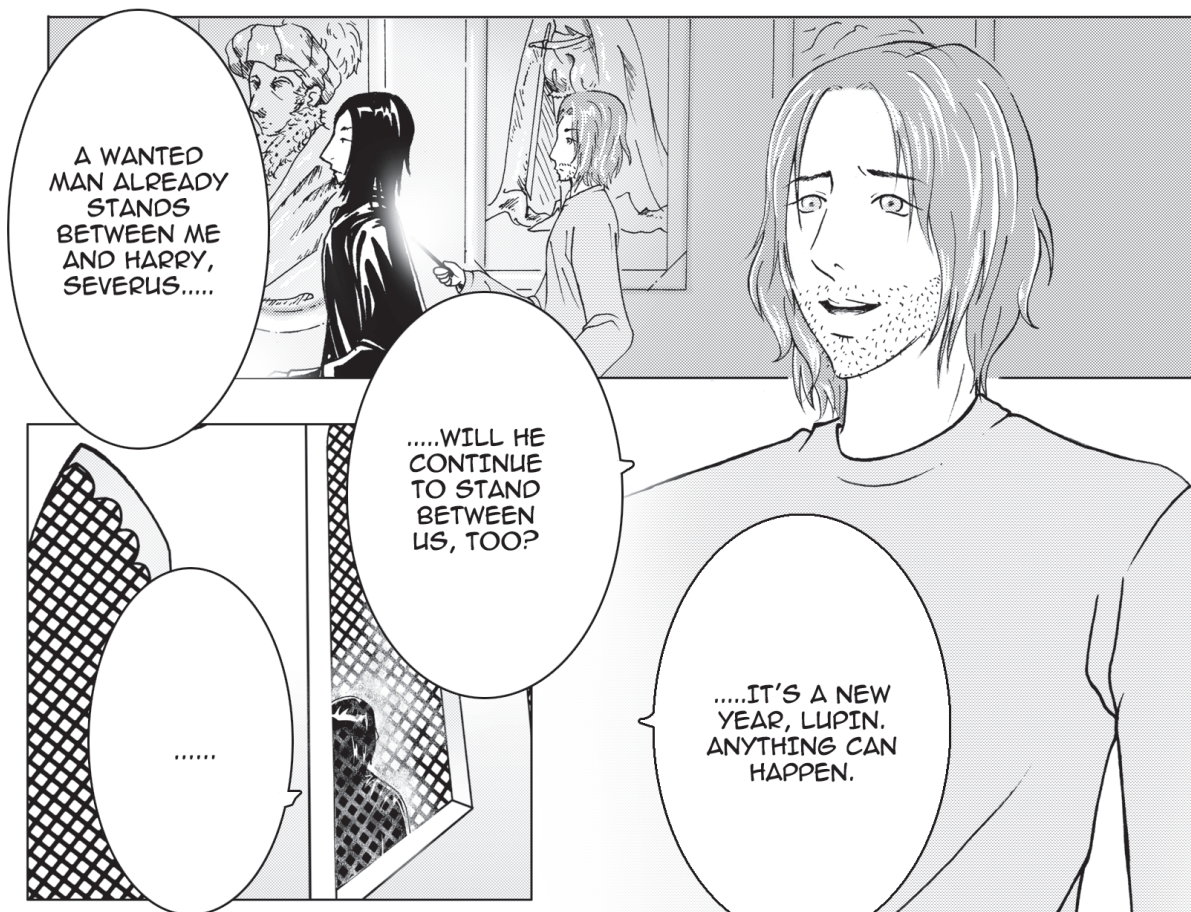




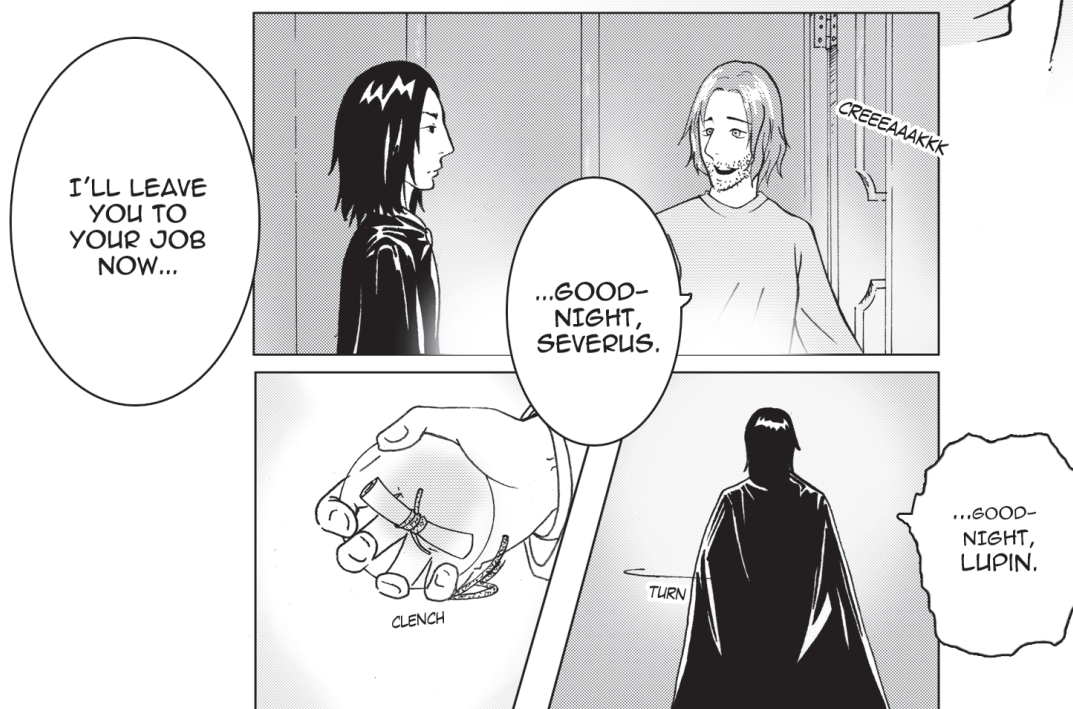








AND MAYBE YOU'LL SMILE AT ME THIS YEAR.



JUST A  
LITTLE  
MORE

WE'RE ON  
THE SAME  
SIDE OF  
THIS WAR

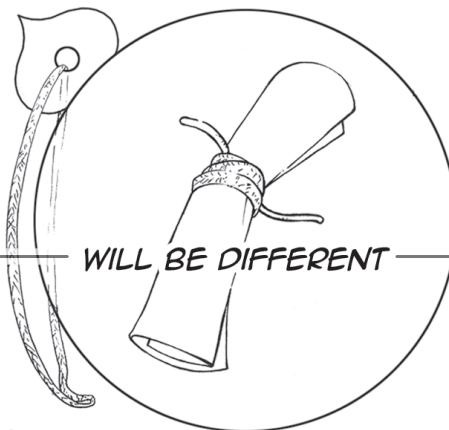
AFTER ALL  
THESE YEARS,  
MAYBE WE CAN  
STILL CHANGE



AND  
THE  
REST



OF  
THE  
YEAR



WILL BE DIFFERENT



