

A/N- I do not own the Harry Potter Series or their characters

What if Sirius hadn't gone after Peter and instead pleaded his case to Dumbledore. What if Harry had only spent six months at the Dursleys and then been adopted by his godfather. What if when Harry turned three Sirius was offered Professor Binn's position. How would the second of September of 1983 go? A cute one shot.

First day of classes

Harry James Potter Black had a plan and he was putting that plan in action. He was not going to lose his Daddy to the big kids without a fight. No, no, no. He had set his alarm clock to go out half an hour before he knew his Daddy would wake up. Now in his footy pajamas he was in front of the fire as close as he could get. Daddy had charmed the fireplace so he couldn't get too close. But he could get a stick through, so he took the cup holder Daddy used when he wanted to use the fireplace to warm his water or milk and put a metal cup full of water to heat. And sat there in front of the fireplace and sometimes ran around the room while the water heated. Once the water was warm he took a thermometer with a gloved hand and stuck it in the cup. A few minutes later he took the thermometer out and quickly put

the thermometer in cold water, enough for him not to get burned, he wasn't stupid, but not enough for the temperature mark to go down. He took off his gloves, went to his daddy's room and tugged lightly at his sleeve.

"Daddy!"

Now, Sirius Black was not a morning person but almost a year and a half of caring for his godson had him conditioned to waking up at a touch even if he didn't like it.

"Whas going on?" he said in a slurred voice.

"I don feww good Daddy."

That got him up at once and he picked up the little boy in a second. He was all flushed and a touch to his cheeks confirmed he was warm and sweaty.

"I put the thermoterew just wike you do Daddy."

Sirius took the offered thermometer and gave a start, that couldn't be possible. He put Harry on the bed and started dressing himself.

"I am going to take you to see Madam Pomfrey, that fever is too high."

"No, Daddy, I don't need Madam Pomfy. You take cawe of me."

"No, I need to have you checked up," said the flustered man. A knock from the door distracted him. He opened the door and there he found his best friend.

"Moony, you're here," he said ushering the man in, "I need you to tell Dumbledore I can't teach today. Harry is sick. Look at his fever!"

Remus took the offered thermometer and frowned; with such a fever Harry should be unconscious and convulsing not sitting innocently like he was.

“Padfoot, when did you take this?”

“Harry just did.”

Aha! Now Remus understood. “Why don’t you take this again, or better use a diagnostic spell.”

Sirius looked at his friend. He was right, maybe the thermometer was broken. He quickly and sureptuosly threw a diagnostic spell to Harry and frowned. The temperature was normal. He touched the boy’s cheek again. He was still sweaty but not warm anymore. He kissed the boy and told him to wait on the bed. He closed the bedroom door and found his friend in the living room holding his cup holder and the metal cup he used to make tea.

“I think Harry may have staged his illness,” Remus said.

“But why?”

“What were you about to do?”

“Take him to Madam Pomfrey”

“And?”

“And nothing.”

“Cancel your classes.”

“You think Harry wanted me to cancel classes?”

“I think he didn’t want to be away from his Daddy.”

“What do I do?”

“Go teach.”

“But Harry,”

“Harry needs to learn to be away from you for a while. Don’t get me wrong. You’re a great parent but since you had him you’ve never been apart more than a few minutes, except for sleep. Off course he’s scared but he’ll get used to it.”

Sirius pondered the question. He knew Remus was right but his heart broke for his little boy.

“Don’t worry, he only needs time. By the end of the week he’ll be OK and calling all the teachers aunt and uncle.”

“I hope not *all* the teachers,” Sirius said making a face. With a resigned face he went to his room and sat next to Harry.

“Ok, pup. I am not taking you to Madam Pomfrey,” Harry eyes lit up. “Since you’re sick you can stay here with uncle Moony in pajamas instead of going to your nursery school classes.”

“But Daddy, and you?” Harry asked in a broken voice.

“I have classes to teach. You were supposed to have classes too remember? Professor Dumbledore hired Uncle Moony to teach you because you can’t go to normal nursery school. He even set up a special classroom in the castle just for you.”

“But I want to stay wif you.”

“But you can’t ok? And I have to go have breakfast in the Great Hall. If you’re felling better tomorrow you can come too,” he said picking up the boy and handing him to Remus. “Bye” he kissed the boy and left heartbroken. Harry cried for a long time on his Uncle’s shoulder. He didn’t wail. He didn’t throw a tantrum. He never did that. Remus thought that was left over from the Dursleys even if Harry didn’t remember them much. He just cried.

Friday came and Sirius went to fetch Harry in his classroom. He was there drawing very concentrated. Remus was reading and when he saw his friend smiled and called Harry. Harry’s face broke in a great smile and he ran to hug and kiss Sirius.

“Daddy!”

“What do you say we go for a bite? There’s a great place in this areas called Le Great Hall.”

“Ok.” Harry put his things away and grabbed a bunch of drawings. They bid Remus goodbye. In the Hall Sirius asked.

“What are those?”

“I dwwaed fow aww the teachews. I made a dwawing fow Uncle Abus and Aunt Minnie and Uncle Hagwid and Uncle Sevvy and”

Sirius stopped listening, he stopped dead, and through the Halls of
Hogwarts you could hear an awful scream:

“MOOOOONNYYYYY!”