The Day He Fell

by morgaine_dulac

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'It's too late. I've made excuses for you for years.

You and your precious little Death Eater friends – you see, you don't even deny it. You don't even deny that's what you're all aiming to be! You can't wait to join You-Know-Who, can you?

…

'I can't pretend any more. You've chosen your way, I've chosen mine.'

Lily Evans' last words to Severus Snape

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, The Prince's Tale

How long had he been staring at the portrait of the Fat Lady, the portrait that swung closed behind her? Hours? Days? Lifetimes? He did not know.

Had the portrait opened, had somebody climbed through it and bumped right into him, he would not have noticed. He would not have cared. It wouldn't have mattered. Nothing mattered anymore.

He had come to apologise. But she had not even listened to him.

He had been upset. He had been humiliated in front of the entire school. And even worse, in front of her, the only one that he cared about what she thought of him. He had not meant to call her Mudblood. But he had not wanted her to see how he was shamed. He had wanted her to go away.

A true friend would have understood. But she had turned away from him, had left him alone in the dark corridor outside the Gryffindor common room. Cold, embarrassed and alone. Oh, so alone.

What was the point now? What was there worth fighting for?

Glory he wanted none. Money he had never had and didn't have any desire for now. And power? Power over whom?

Nothing mattered anymore. It did not matter if he disappeared into the Darkness, if he ever saw the Light again. Because his light had gone.

He took the Cursed Mark during the night of the next new moon, fell into the Darkness.

She could have saved him that day. She could have listened.

But she had not.

She had let him fall.