

# A Letter by Snape

*by everygoodun*

Snape's last written thoughts before the final battle.

## goodbye

*Chapter 1 of 2*

Snape's last written thoughts before the final battle.

**Disclaimer:** No... Snape will never belong to anyone other than JK, damn her possessiveness! \*g\*

**AN:** *This was originally a one shot. It still is. The short epilogue that will come is entirely optional as I wrote the letter intending ambiguity of plot (since when do letters have plots?). I didn't want to reveal anything besides Snape's feelings. Cheers!*

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My Dear Miss Granger,

If you are reading this it is because I'm no longer there to answer all of your insufferable questions. I have finally reached a state of rest that allows no interlopers. I do not believe a ghostly fate is mine; even I'm not that perverse.

You have vexed me now for nearly seven years. No. I exaggerate. You have only truly vexed me for the last term. Before that you were a mere annoyance, a baby screaming for attention, no matter how much I didn't give a damn. I hope my behavior did not change with my newer attitude toward you, as my professional responsibilities were the last shreds of dignity I possessed.

Last term you outgrew your role in my eyes as the annoying twerp with a penchant for trouble, metamorphosing into a force to be reckoned with. You became a woman. I know puberty hit you far earlier. I noticed, and even appreciated (deep down, buried well below my respectable veneer) how your form grew into womanhood and then how you grew to fit your new body. I was not dead yet, after all. No, it was last term that your transformation became complete.

I have encountered minds as bright as yours before in my teaching. Your grades, though excellent, are not unheard of, even in my short tenure. You're not exceptional in your talents, nor did you, or will you, ever achieve perfection. However, I grudgingly admit, and only because I am dead and therefore will not be around to face the numerable questions this statement will undoubtedly inspire, that you captivated my attention more thoroughly than anyone else has ever done.

While you are only slightly above average in all manners, you somehow managed to shine so brightly that you could penetrate the darkest corners. I only say this because that is where I resided, hidden as far away from the revealing light as I could without retreating into Hell. I noticed your light shining like a distant star, and it was your light that beckoned me forth, curious to find out what could possibly infiltrate my gloom.

I crept out of my corner, along the shadowy walls, trying to define what I saw in that starry light. There was so much hope hidden in those beams you emit, it managed to touch my soul. The longer I watched you, the closer I wanted to get. I knew that I could never fully come out into the world you inhabit, but I was able to free myself enough to see beyond the shadows. I could finally appreciate the paradise to which you belong.

Oh, how I wanted to belong in your life! I wanted to bask in your brilliance, even if you burned me. I would have happily worshipped under your sunny eyes and never asked

for the shade again, just to be able to experience one day with you as I saw you. The fears that kept me tied to the shadows were strong, though. One was plain. If I revealed myself for you, I wouldn't be stepping free, but dragging you back with me beyond the horizon. My very nature, along with my profession, would have extinguished your light faster than simply killing you would have.

I have never been a nice man, nor did I ever have the hope of achieving that dubious title. I had my uses, and I allied myself wisely to avoid further corruption, but my fate has always been to be a plague rather than a pleasure. Not even your light could have saved me from myself. Instead I would have dragged you down. Your light would have dimmed under my insidious nature until finally I would have become a jealous vampire and drained the last bit out. If it didn't kill you it would have made you into a person like myself, and trust me, the world does not need any replicas of me.

Another fear was simple: rejection. How could even you be able to accept me for who I am? You are all things I am not. If I had somehow managed the Herculean task of erecting a ladder to reach your heaven, only to find the last rung missing, I would have fallen and shattered beyond repair. I would have lashed out, calculating how to hurt you the most, and I would have succeeded even if it cost us the war. Opposites may attract, but they rarely lead to nourishing relationships. Logically, it was impossible for me to be with you.

However, you always provided me with unknowing hope. I always told myself that if I lived through the war, your existence was proof that there was life out there, and that it might be possible for me to join in, eventually. You also gave me a reason to fight. Keeping you alive became my mantra, my reason. I could not imagine life being viable without you.

That was the final reason I refused to reveal my regard to you. Somewhere along the way, without ever achieving perfection, you became perfect to me. I had placed you on a pedestal so high that I could no longer see your human flaws. I knew that you always had been a mere mortal, and would remain that way for the entirety of your life, but to me you became the sun and all the stars. Getting closer would have revealed your humanity, along with your flaws, and I was too weak to accept that. It would have broken me as thoroughly as your rejection.

I suppose that I may have weakened my tactical position by venturing toward you as far as I did. I was no longer sheathed in complete darkness. I became more vulnerable as my obsession grew, as I had to exert more energy to conceal you from them. Whether I shortened my life by loving you was not important, however, as long as you survived. I know that you were constantly renewing my drive to win the war, and so I believe even if I did reveal myself, that I did a better job because I felt your light.

I selfishly hope that you read this and shed a few tears for me, as I would hate to leave this earth with no mourners. If, by chance, you do mourn me and by some miracle have regrets of "what might have been," please remember that nothing would ever have happened had I lived. Death is a welcome chance for this declaration that I never would have taken in life. The hope that lets me rest, however, is that I did my best to help you live, and be who you are. Shine on, love, and be loved. Be yourself, for that is the most you could ever offer the world, and the most the world could ever receive.

Forever yours,

Severus Snape

## Epilogue: Saying Goodbye

*Chapter 2 of 2*

A 100 word epilogue following up. Not necessary to read.

*AN: If you were satisfied by the Letter alone, then I encourage you not to read this, or at the least, not be influenced by it. This is just my musing on what happened afterwards, but shouldn't replace your own.*

Epilogue: *Saying Goodbye*

Standing by the fireplace alight with warmth, he shivered as he read the letter again. He'd been so sure he wouldn't survive.

He wished he hadn't.

The shadows were closing in around him once more and he knew this time he wouldn't find his way out. Her light was gone now.

He looked over his foolish "last words" one more time before tossing the letter into the flames. He refused to keep a record of what might have been. He watched as the parchment curled and caught fire, obliterating all evidence of his lovesick drooling.

No one would ever know.