Apocalypse

by Doomspark

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Snape was finishing his solitary dinner when the half-expected knock came. He rose and walked over to the door and threw it open not bothering with his wand. "Greetings, old friend. It has been a long time."

"You were expecting me." It was a statement, not a question. The speaker was tall and lean, almost emaciated, with harsh features that might have been carved from granite. His voice was a gravelly bass.

"Of course. I can follow the stars in their courses as well as any centaur. It is the Hallows." Snape took one last look at his home and stepped outside. He closed the door but didn't bother to lock it. "Where are the others?"

"Waiting at the graveyard."

"Ah." The former Potions Master reached into the left inside pocket of his cloak and extracted a plain steel band that he fitted onto the forefinger of his right hand. As the ring seated itself, it blazed for a moment with an unholy blue-green light. The light faded quickly only to be reborn again in the back of Snape's eyes. A moment later, the two men vanished leaving only a rush of air behind them.

The two men who waited for them there were as odd a match as Snape had ever seen. The one on the left topped Snape's six feet by an easy eight inches, and had the build of a professional body-builder. He stood with arms folded, silently watching them. The other man was small and slight, pale-skinned and balding, with one leg dragging uselessly behind him. He leaned complacently on his crutch and waited for Snape and his companion to approach.

Just beyond them, four horses with blazing eyes and flaming manes and tails waited. One black, one red, one grey, and one brown. Sparks danced from their hooves as they stamped impatiently. Snape stroked the nose of the grey and swung himself up on its back. His companions followed suit.

Without a backwards glance, the Four Horsemen rode out, heralding what was to come.