

Will I Lose

by tonksinger

As Severus Snape lies dying, what thoughts pass through his head? Based on the song "Will I" from the musical *Rent*.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Many thanks to laiksmarei for her lightning-fast beta and wonderful comments. I do not own Severus Snape (shame) and neither do I own the lyrics to "Will I."

Will I lose my dignity?

He had survived for years. Dealing, double-dealing, lying... all the little tactics for living to spy another day that had become as natural to him as breathing. All that misery, fear, and plain hard work was mocked by the blood that now poured out of his throat and pooled on the filthy floor, congealing in his hair and soaking his robes.

And here was Potter, bending over him like a nurse from a nightmare; behind him, bushy brown hair evidenced the Granger girl. These were to be the witnesses to his death, the ones who would tell the world that he had been killed by a lowly fucking snake, the symbol of his precious Slytherin House. The irony would no doubt keep them slapping their thighs for many a night to come, if they survived this one.

Will someone care?

It was ridiculous to think he would be mourned. Even the memories he released into the warm air, silvery and graceful, like his Patronus, would probably not exonerate him from his actions. At the very least, they might take a bit of the gloss off Albus's marble tomb, tarnish the old man's epitaph just a little.

But the only person who might ever have mourned his death, had been mourned by him for years.

The eyes he now stared into were the same green, but the warmth that had first left them when he said "Mudblood" was gone and would never return.

Will I wake tomorrow from this nightmare?

There was nothing left to do but to let go; to let go of the past, the war, the years of self-hatred, the thought of "what if" that clung to his memories like a leech and made his life a hell.

He sank into the pain, reveling in the agony in his throat and the ache in his heart for as long as he could still feel them.

Darkness flared over his eyes, and the pain went away.

Light pierced them, and it came back.

