

Death

by sevibaby

A lone figure stands at the grave of Severus Snape.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter nor do I make any money. I thank JKR for letting me play with these characters. I promise to put them back when I'm done (well, maybe not Severus).

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As the witch stood in front of the headstone, all she could feel was a sense of sadness and loss.

The one person who deserved to see everything that he had fought for was gone. The stone angel watching over him was not the accolades that this wizard deserved. A statue in the Ministry of Magic or even a holiday after him, but no, just a stone angel bearing his name, date of birth and death. There was nothing more, nothing less. That would have been how he'd wanted it ... or so everyone thought.

To be buried at Hogwarts was what Severus Snape received. His private papers stated that he wanted to be buried in Godric's Hollow, close to his beloved Lily. He will be mourned more than he had been liked. People will point out what a good teacher Professor Snape had been and how loyal he could have been ... no one mentioning how they, themselves, had thought he'd betrayed their way of life.

The witch had been given the task of going through his private papers, for she had shown the most respect to him not only in life but in death as well. As she went through his papers from that last year of his life all she could feel was the sense of loneliness, the despair, the ache of no one to turn to--only a portrait.

Who would have believed him anyway?

At every turn, deception from both sides. He had even begun to question his own sanity. Which master was his true master? He had even begun to see his beloved in his dreams, telling him to never give up hope--never to let go. He had to protect her son, her only child. A child he hated on principle alone because of his father. He'd wanted to be her son's father--not his most hated enemy.

He had no desire to live forever. He wanted to just let go of everything. Every promise that was made was another nail in his coffin. Every deception he had to perform was another ripping at his soul. Every time he turned around whom could he trust?

No one, that's who.

She thought his headstone should have read:

Here lies Severus Snape,

The bravest and most loyal of wizards,

A wizard who gave all and received nothing in return,

We will miss him

And so Hermione Granger walked away, with tears in her eyes, knowing that the one teacher she'd always wished had acknowledged her was truly gone. Never to sneer or to criticize her or anyone else ever again.

Author's notes: This is my first posted fic; please be kind. Thank you to Lissa for taking a chance on me and being my beta. Also thanks to Maria for giving me the encouragement to find a beta and post this.