

# Alone

by sunny33

Snape lies dying in the Shrieking Shack.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Snape lies dying in the Shrieking Shack.

Disclaimer: The characters and settings belong to JKR.

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Their footsteps fade into the distance, and once more he is left alone.

Dying is a curious thing. He has always wondered whether scenes of his life would pass before his eyes as he died as many people believe. But there are no flickering, cinematic images passing through his mind. He had been sure he'd see his Lily once more before the end.

He feels cheated.

Then, the noises begin. His ears are filled with sounds as familiar as his own voice playing a lament – his own personal requiem.

The drone of mosquitoes hovering above still pools formed by children over the summer. Occasional passing vehicles, the distant clattering from the mill, and, above all, the plop of stones skimming over the murky river surface. He recalls summer evenings sitting on the riverbank, avoiding the dismal pile of bricks he is supposed to call home until long after darkness has cloaked his misery in its velvet comfort.

No Lily, laughing as she swung so high. Where is Lily? Why can't he remember her voice?

Winter yielding its icy grip on the walls of Hogwarts; meltwater trickling down stones smoothed by the passage of years. The soothing sound of the endless drip, drip, dripping as he hides away in his secret niche. No taunting Gryffindor Marauders, no housemates condescending to speak to him, just parchment pages turning and whispered spells practised in peace. And cold, clean water.

These are sounds he knows.

His eyes have failed now. He begins to panic, listening for voices, people, even the whining of idiotic students, anything to confirm he still lives. All he can hear is the soft pop of bubbles rising to the surface of a simmering cauldron, ever the balm he sought after days spent treading the edge of betrayal.

As his life force drips relentlessly onto the floor, memories wrap him in their gentle embrace, banishing the shroud of obligation and guilt he has carried for years. No longer aware of the increasing chill, he smiles as he leaves life the way he has learned to live.

Alone.

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A/N: Written for the third challenge of the second round of [Snape\\_Idws](#) on LiveJournal. The prompt was the sense of hearing, and a song had to be used for inspiration.

Thank you to KingPhilipsWench for looking this over.

*Learn to Be Lonely*, was written by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Charles Hart for the Phantom of the Opera movie.

Lyrics:

*Child of the wilderness*

*Born into emptiness*

*Learn to be lonely*

*Learn to find your way in darkness*

*Who will be there for you*

*Comfort and care for you*

*Learn to be lonely*

*Learn to be your one companion*

*Never dreamed out in the world*

*There are arms to hold you*

*You've always known your heart was on its own*

*So laugh in your loneliness*

*Child of the wilderness*

*Learn to be lonely*

*Learn how to love life that is lived alone*