

Rain

by chivalric

Harry bumps into Snape in the middle of a thunderstorm...

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to pipedreamer and IceAngel105 for beta-reading.

"Bye, then, see you tomorrow, Harry!"

"Right – and you two should hurry, it'll pour down any second now!"

Grinning, Harry waved and turned to head home. Above, dark clouds had gathered and thundered threateningly. *Yeah*, he thought. *A midsummer storm. Great!*

Heavy raindrops hit the cement. The city's dust got washed away. Lightning painted eerie patterns on street and houses.

Head bent low to avoid the rain and walking fast, Harry nearly ran into a man who had stopped dead in the middle of his steps. Harry only just managed not to bump into him. Looking up briefly and murmuring his apologies, Harry's eyes widened – didn't he know that man?

He cast a second look at the familiar looking figure – yes, Harry certainly knew him, and only too well. Instinctively he pulled up his shoulders in order for the man not to recognize him, but he needn't have had to worry – the man was oblivious to his surroundings.

Snape was standing still as if he had been hit by lightning. The rain was already soaking his traditional black clothes, plastered his long hair to his skull, and the wind viciously whipped raindrops directly into Snape's pale face. He didn't seem to be aware of it at all. He just stood and stared in the direction where Harry had been coming from.

He almost looks as if he's crying, Harry suddenly thought quite bewildered, seeing the silver raindrops running down the sallow cheeks of his former teacher.

Stifling a laugh, Harry went on, shaking his head at this ridiculous idea. Why on earth Snape should be shedding tears at the sight of Ron and Hermione, running out of the rain hand in hand?

A/N: There is no sequel, but a prequel, called One day, one room. But be warned - it is sad.