

Death Walk

by snapeswidow

Snape appears to Harry when he goes to his death in DH.

Chapter 1

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A/N: This one shot is a response to the Death Walk challenge by ObsidianEmbrace over on Potionsandsnitches.net.

Harry closed his eyes and turned the stone over in his hand three times. He knew the exact moment it happened because he heard a slight movement, like a frail body shifting its weight and a slight rustle of robes.

Harry opened his eyes and looked at the man in front of him.

Severus Snape.

Harry couldn't believe that this man was the same person who had made his life miserable for the past six years. Snape looked so much younger without the greasy hair and sallow complexion. Snape's hair was clean and actually had waviness to it.

"Is it not enough that I had to put up with you for the last seven years, Potter, that you feel the need to pester me in death as well?" Snape asked with his trademark sneer.

"I just wanted you to know that I'm sorry I got you killed," Harry said.

"You weren't feeling so sentimental last time we were face to face, Potter. If my memory serves me correctly, you were trying to hex me," Snape replied.

"I thought you were a murderer..."

"Harry Potter can think?" mocked Snape. "One wouldn't believe that if they saw you in Potions class."

"Will you just shut the hell up and let me finish!" Harry nearly shouted.

"Such cheek, Mr. Potter," Snape said with a shake of his head.

"Gonna take points?" replied Harry. "Oh wait, you can't because you're dead. Which brings me back to what I was trying to say before you rudely interrupted me. I didn't want you to die."

"We all have to die sometime, Potter," Snape replied with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I know that, Professor. It's just that I'm tired of people dying because of me."

"I did not die because of you, Potter," Snape said. "I died because Voldemort had no more use for me. I was nothing but a pawn in this game of his. We are all pawns to Voldemort."

"I'm the biggest pawn in this damned game, Professor," Harry replied with a snort.

"Indeed you are," Snape replied with a snort of his own.

Just then, a cold breeze that seemed to come from the heart of the forest blew the fringe off Harry's forehead.

Snape turned toward the direction the breeze came from. "It's time, Potter."

"Will you walk with me, Professor?" Harry asked, suddenly feeling scared.

"If you want me to."

Harry set off into the forest, not knowing exactly where Voldemort was, but sure he would eventually find him. He didn't know how long he walked, but all too soon could hear faint whispering and what looked like fire up ahead.

Stopping a few yards from the clearing, Harry turned once more to Snape. "I want to thank you, Professor."

"For what?" asked Snape, frowning his brow.

"For always saving my arse all those years," Harry said with a faint smile.

"If it wasn't for that bloody Gryffindor bravery of yours, I wouldn't have had to save your arse quite as much as I did."

"I wouldn't mock the 'Gryffindor bravery' if I were you, Professor," Harry said, using his fingers to air quote. "It took more bravery than any Gryffindor in the history of Hogwarts to play the role of double agent so well."

"It was Slytherin cunning that helped me play my part, Potter," Snape drawled.

"Keep telling yourself that, Professor," Harry replied. "You would've made a great Gryffindor, Snape." And with that parting shot, Harry stepped into the clearing.

"And you would've made a great Slytherin, Harry," Snape whispered.