

Just Like

by Alison

A moment of grim realisation.

One shot complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Just Like

Alison Venugoban

Angry shouts could be heard ringing from the dilapidated house at Spinner's End. Other residents of the street ignored the noise as usual. Anger was the default state for most of them anyway.

Inside the house, a woman cowered before the tall hook-nosed man shouting at her. She had a wan, defeated look about her face, and she cringed back against the wall as his anger reached a crescendo.

The man took a step forward, raising his fist in rage. But as he was about to strike his wife, a strangled sob distracted his attention. A small, scrawny boy sat huddled in on himself on the floor in the corner, watching the drama between his mother and father. Wretched tears streaked his dirty face. He had his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms clutched around them protectively. He could not have been more than five years old. He was a picture of abject misery.

The man hesitated as if confused, then slowly lowered his fist and stepped carefully away from the woman, not meeting her eyes. He heard her terrified sobs as he turned and strode away, out the front door and down the empty street, walking fast.

At the corner he stopped and punched the brickwork viciously, then hit it again, ignoring the sharp pain as his knuckles lost their skin.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Severus Snape raised his bleeding hand to his face and covered his eyes. He had turned out just like his bloody father, after all.

End

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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