

# It COULD Have Happened Like This

*by fizzabella*

The outcome of a tired writer listening to too many movie soundtracks while working at the computer.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### Author's Note:

Okay, maybe it wasn't such a good idea to listen to the theme music from "Raiders of the Lost Ark" while reading Fan Fiction. With any luck, JK Rowling, Indiana Jones and John Williams will NOT be out for my blood.

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Witches and wizards formed a half-circle, oddly silent, around the main steps of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. In the center of the arc, dazed and sprawling on the steps, lay the Savior of the wizarding world. Harry Potter blinked up at Tom Riddle, the dreaded Lord Voldemort, glasses askew and vision blurry. The silence around them was almost a tangible thing, seeming to vibrate the very air around them. Everyone could see that Potter was as good as dead, as his enemy gloated over him, a glittering, goblin-wrought scimitar gripped in his long, spidery fingers.

Weasley and Granger were to Potter's left and right, both standing slightly ahead of Harry with their wands pointed at Harry's nemesis. Neither of them believed they had a chance to loose a spell before Riddle could, but Granger had already cast a protective shield, and a dozen curses trembled on the edge of Weasley's tongue.

The shadows behind Potter roiled and writhed, and a tall figure seemed to materialize out of the shadows, shifting and morphing into the gothic black robes worn by Severus Snape. He held a magical lash looped in his left hand, and everyone in the crowd tensed as Snape stepped in front of Potter.

"Well, well, it's the traitor. Showing your true loyalty at last, Snivellus?" Voldemort's voice was a hissing sneer.

Snape said nothing, simply fingered the whip. It was whispered that he could cut a leather shield to ribbons with a few lashes of the whip, and several onlookers drew in their breath, a tingle of anticipation sweeping through the crowd.

Riddle brandished the sword, his mouth split in a wide, taunting grin. His eyes glittered in maniacal glee as he waved it, even tossed it from hand to hand, his evil laughter echoing off the stone steps and the stone walls of the castle. He dropped into ready position, the scimitar poised, and raised it to shoulder height, preparing to strike.

Out of nowhere, Fawkes, Dumbledore's phoenix, flew over the crowd, a trilling melody pouring from his throat. The tune was oddly familiar, at least to those in the crowd who were Muggle-born.

Hermione Granger stared at Severus Snape, and suddenly she grinned, fountains of giggles spilling out of her mouth. He inclined his head in her direction, a tiny, mysterious smile curving his lips for an instant.

No one moved.

No one breathed.

Snape stood, silent and impassive before the Dark Lord.

Everyone knew that the only chance they had rested in the hands of this man.

Then he rolled his eyes, raised his hands, and pushed back his sleeves as if preparing for battle. The crowd continued to watch, fascinated.

In an instant, it was all over.

Snape reached, but with his right hand. His left hand, holding the whip, remained still.

Riddle was watching his traitorous servant with a puzzled expression as Snape's right hand dropped to his hip, then reappeared holding an old-fashioned long-barreled pistol.

With a smooth flourish, the gun came up, there was a loud bang and a flash from the muzzle, then a puff of smoke.

Riddle slumped to the ground, bleeding from the throat. With nothing more than a surprised gurgle, the Dark Lord's head turned to the side and the witnesses could see his eyes cloud over in death.

Snape shoved the pistol back into his belt, and with a silent lash, the whip looped around the branch of a tree close by on the edge of the clearing. Snape stepped to the side and swept his arm around Hermione Granger. Then, as she wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, he gathered her in closer with one arm, wrapped the lash of the whip around his other arm and pushed off the ground with both feet. The watchers saw a swirl of long black robes, heard another fountain of giggles, and then the enigmatic Bat of the Dungeons and the Brightest Witch of Her Age swung off into the night, leaving everyone goggling behind them.

"Wot was that?" Ron Weasley was staring after them into the darkness, eyes wide and jaw dropped in shock. His father walked over to him and casually draped his arm across his son's shoulders.

"I think Severus has been watching Muggle movies again," said Arthur, as he began to hum "The Raider's March" under his breath.

Harry's scar, which had been throbbing, stopped, and never bothered Harry Potter again.

All was well.