

# Dark Lord Rising

*by LivingTheDream*

What could be worse than being thought to be the next Dark Lord?

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### DARK LORD RISING

"...Order of the Phoenix... perished. Sybill Trelawney... prophecies... Severus Snape... next... Dark Lord."

Severus Snape looked up from his firewhiskey, bewildered. The other patrons of the pub began to give him sidelong glances, and he could feel the energy in the room morph to something hostile.

He set his glass down rather forcefully and glared.

"I'd like to point out that if I were the next Dark Lord... I wouldn't be drinking in a dingy pub with you lot."

"Maybe you're trying to be all... incognito or summat. And my pub ain't dingy." The bar keep, who'd always been a friendly sort, edged toward him menacingly.

"Bloody hell." Severus stormed out of the pub, his first thought to go to his solicitor. As he rounded the corner, however, he saw an angry mob heading straight towards him, complete with torches.

*How did they get torches so fast? Do they carry them around with them in case the sudden need for an angry mob comes up?*

With that random thought, Severus considered whether perhaps he'd had one too many firewhiskeys to have Chased by Angry Mob on his agenda for the afternoon. Instead he Apparated to the offices of the Wizarding Wireless, taken by surprise when the young woman at the desk said, "Oh, hello, Professor Snape. Aren't you supposed to be at Flourish & Blotts?"

He stared.

"There's an angry mob outside about to set me on fire, and I'm supposed to be at a book shop?"

She stared back at him.

"I'm sorry, Professor Snape, I'm confused. Dingo just said you were next to sign autographs at Flourish and Blotts."

"No, he didn't, he just said I was prophesied to be the next Dark Lord."

She pulled out a piece of parchment and handed it to him.

"There must have been a problem with the wireless. This is the print that he just read."

Reading the parchment, Severus groaned.

"...signing copies of the collective memoirs of the Order of the Phoenix. Remember, the money from sales will help the families of those who perished. Sybill Trelawney is here, she had several profound prophesies integral to the war. Severus Snape will be the next to sign autographs. Definitely a treat there, to meet the man who was essential in vanquishing the Dark Lord..."

"Oh. No, that's much worse."

He Apparated to the front of Flourish and Blotts where he was horrified to see a poster of himself smiling and winking in the window display. He waited.

*Any minute now...*

"There he is!" Another mob began moving toward him. He ducked inside the shop, Disillusioning himself. His doppelganger was sitting at a table with a queue of matronly witches. The mob descended on the unsuspecting imposter, and chaos ensued as Severus slipped out the back door.

Severus smirked into his whiskey as he read the paper the next day.

"Static on the wireless causes Dark Lord scare! Gilderoy Lockhart arrested for impersonating a war hero!"

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The Prompt: A garbled message on the Wizarding Wireless causes mass panic.

A/N: Thanks as always to my lovely and talented beta, Sempra.