

Hallelujah

by Minerva

Severus Snape watches a sombre gathering from afar.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus Snape watches a sombre gathering from afar.

Author's note: All recognisable characters are owned by J.K.Rowling; I make no profit from writing this story. This little snippet is dedicated to snarkitty2 who posted the 100th review to Being Muggle-born. Many thanks also to all the other reviewers and to my lovely beta, Dreamy_Dragon. Hermione is playing Jeff Buckley's version of Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah".

Hallelujah

Severus Snape almost sneered at himself.

All things considered, he should be thousands of miles away, in his carefully prepared hideaway on Queen Charlotte's Island off the coast of Canada.

Even with building up immunity against Nagini's venom, he had had a narrow escape, with that blasted snake nearly severing his carotid artery. Essence of Dittany, Phoenix's Tears and more Blood Replenishing Potion than he ever wanted to taste again had managed to undo the damage, but the Potions master knew that he had been mere seconds away from passing out because of the blood-loss and thus unable to administer the lifesaving potions.

Instead of looking for early blueberries in Canada and mentally composing a list of ingredients and potions he wanted to research he stood here, disillusioned, watching his own memorial service.

Pathetic! Did he really want to dwell upon the fact that – despite his pivotal role in the downfall of Voldemort – he was still one of the most reviled persons in wizarding Britain? Shouldn't he leave everything behind while he could?

Everyone was still either euphoric or shocked, but eventually someone was bound to notice the inconsistencies about his supposed demise. Personally, Severus considered a tie between Lucius Malfoy and the Granger girl likely. And while his old friend would be very careful with his enquiries, the female Gryffindor could not be counted on to remain quiet when she connected the dots between his occupation, a still portrait – if they even hung one in the Headmistress' office – and a missing body.

He sighed and vowed to himself to vanish as soon as this was over.

Drawing closer to the mourners, he was surprised. By their number and by their honest grief. Mostly Order members were there, but also a surprising number of people loosely connected to him professionally – other potioners, apothecaries and the like.

Molly Weasley – of all people – took the stand next to a sombre memorial stone, simply engraved 'Severus Snape, 1960 – 1998' and delivered the first of a series of poignant and surprisingly personal statements.

Something took hold in Severus' chest, and for once he did not chide himself for an unexpected emotion. He felt himself moved by the number of people who openly

declared that they felt he had had a positive impact on their life.

Lastly, a dishevelled, waiflike-thin and hurtingly young-looking Harry Potter took the stand. His speech was short but delivered with a lot of emotion behind it. "If not for Severus Snape we would not have won against Voldemort. Don't you dare to forget that, don't you dare!"

Then the Granger girl, shot up like a willow, bluish bruises under her eyes, hair still untameable, put some Muggle contraption on the stand, tapped it with her wand and stepped back.

While the mourners bowed their heads, a lone guitar rose hauntingly above them followed by a voice never heard before by Severus. He found the song too compelling to become annoyed by his former student's presumption, and when the first chorus told about a 'cold and broken hallelujah', he mentally bowed to her intuitive perception.

Somewhat reconciled with this part of the world that he was about to leave – and the people in it – he spun on his heel and vanished.

The End