

It Wasn't Supposed to End Like This

by GinnyW

The end of the war comes, but is it an ending all can live with?

The Ending

Chapter 1 of 1

The end of the war comes, but is it an ending all can live with?

Disclaimer: JK Rowling owns it all, I am merely playing on her playground. It's a good thing she doesn't mind sharing.

It wasn't supposed to end like this.

As I look across the field, all I can see is death and destruction.

Not more than five meters away is the place where the Dark Lord fell. His body had melted, much like I remember from a film that I saw when I was a child. Sadly, however, in real life today when the wicked villain died, he took the hero with him.

It wasn't supposed to *end* like this.

The third member of our trio is lying in a heap on the ground right at my feet. He died valiantly, stepping in front of a curse that was meant for me. I screamed when the flash of green light hit him, and he fell instantly to the hard earth.

I don't have time to mourn him. There is still too much chaos, and I need to make certain that Lucius Malfoy pays for what he has done to Ron.

I am not typically a vengeful person. I try to think things through rationally, logically, but...

It wasn't supposed to end like this!

Lucius has been incapacitated by a someone else's deep Slicing Hex, but before I can have the pleasure of finishing him off, a man in Death Eater robes appears from behind a nearby tree and shoots the Killing Curse at Malfoy. Lifting his mask, the Death Eater nods at me slightly and sneers, "Though you may have wanted to take his life, Miss Granger, you do not need to debase yourself to the level of a *Death Eater* by casting an Unforgivable."

My former Potions professor storms past me before I can reply and is soon hidden again amongst the trees, leaving me at a momentary loss. Perhaps he isn't *on their* side after all...

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There seems to be no one left alive on this battlefield. That is, until a groan from the distance tells me that I am not alone. Urging myself to move, I go to investigate the sound. There among the brush, I find Remus Lupin.

"The fighting seems to be over," I reassure him as I crouch beside his body. "Voldemort is dead."

Opening his eyes, he looks up at me. "Harry?" he croaks out.

I shake my head.

Remus closes his eyes again, a tear sliding down his face as he resigns himself to the loss of yet another Potter. "Is there anyone else?"

"I don't know," I reply as I mend some of his obvious injuries. I'm not a Healer, but I did learn some basic healing spells in preparation for this battle. When he appears to be stable, I tell him that I'll look for anyone else from our side.

Remus nods slightly as I go in search of others. I find a few, although most of the warriors have already passed on to what Dumbledore had once referred to as "the next great adventure."

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO END LIKE THIS!

Neville, Ginny, Molly, and Fred are the only others that I can find from our side.

No George – his twin will have to learn to live without him.

Only seven Order members left, only seven survived. Of course, that means I'm counting Professor Snape as one of ours, though one can never tell about him.

Seven, a magic number indeed.

Molly is now tending to Remus, and Ministry officials begin appearing just down the hill. Their wands are drawn, ready for a fight. The only thing they don't realize is that there is no one left to put up a struggle.

Neville, Ginny, and I walk down to talk with someone that appears to be in charge – a grumpy little wizard barking instructions at the others. Once he spies us, he seems to mellow a touch. If three relatively young people are slowly and calmly walking down to meet them, then the threat has likely passed.

It takes some convincing for me to dissuade him from killing Severus Snape on sight. I had debated not telling Mr. Robards that Snape may be alive at all, but I rather they don't kill the man just because they see him weaving his way through the woods. The Confining Boundary Spell that we'd cast on those bearing the Dark Mark is still in effect. Snape can't be far.

We give the Ministry officials instructions for where to find key bodies from both sides, and other wounded Death Eaters that I'd come across, before we go back to Molly, Fred, and Remus. Mr. Robards had just given us a Portkey to get Remus and Fred to St. Mungo's. None of us feels quite in the condition to Apparate right now.

Neville squeezes my hand as we walk past Bellatrix Lestrange's unconscious form. I can just barely make out the rise and fall of her chest... That horrid woman is still alive.

Approaching the clearing with the remainder of our group, I look back near where Ron's body still lay, near Malfoy's, and can make out a dark robed figure moving amongst the brush again. The figure stops for a moment and turns towards me, as if he can sense my eyes upon him. He nods to me in acknowledgement, and I return the gesture in kind just as the group around reaches out to touch the hairbrush in my hands.

The Portkey activates, and we are tugged away from the nightmare. I pray that we can find a way to go on.

The words in my head that kept repeating themselves over and over again are now but a soft whisper as we reach our destination *it wasn't supposed to end like this*.

A/N: Thanks go to JuneW and cocoachristy for beta-reading this story.

Yes, this is a one shot... for now. ;) I originally wrote this as a drabble for Mugglenet Fan Fiction Beta Boards, but the challenge limited me to less than 500 words and I had more that I wished to say. So, this is the longer version of that drabble. I can easily picture a continuation; however I need to complete my other projects first. :)