

Spilt Ketchup

by ayerf

Written for the 'Grocery Shopping' challenge on GS100.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR owns Harry Potter.

AN: Thanks to septentrion for betaing.

"Such a high price for a bottle of tomato ketchup," Snape murmured, looking down at the shattered bottle beside the corpse. The spilt ketchup blended with the blood still trickling from the cuts inflicted by the glass.

'Don't I know it! I really should have told Ron to get his own ruddy ketchup, an unseen ghost thought, watching as Snape bent down to close her body's glassy eyes in an unexpected tender gesture.

"For what it's worth, Granger, I'm sorry it had to be this way. But Potter cannot have such a powerful weapon as your mind in his arsenal."