

# Through the Darkness

*by silverdoe*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Thank you to JKR for letting me play with your toys. I promise to return them when I'm through.

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Harry Potter had just reached the Gryffindor common room, intent on taking a well deserved rest in the dormitory. The last few hours were becoming a blur. The realization that he was going to die, the taunting and subsequent defeat of Voldemort, the deaths of so many that he held dear had all left him completely exhausted. While everyone was still in the Great Hall mourning and celebrating, Harry could only think of sleep and his bed. His head had barely hit the pillow when he burst up out of the bed. There was someone missing from the mourning and though not everyone knew it, he deserved to be among the honored dead. He should be celebrated for his bravery, and Harry needed to go and retrieve him from the battlefield. All thoughts of sleep were erased from his mind as he ran out the portrait hole.

As he ran down the stairs to the Entrance Hall, he saw Ron and Hermione, his two best friends, sitting on the last step holding hands and talking quietly. His appearance startled them.

"Harry," Ron started, "what's wrong?"

"We left him out there. I need to get him; he deserves better."

"Harry, Who? What are you talking about?" Hermione said her face, showing the worry that both Ron and her were feeling.

Harry did not say anything more; he just bolted past them, out the doors and onto the grounds. A startled Hermione and Ron struggled to their feet and raced after him. Before they could catch up to him, Harry had found a discarded broom and jump on it. He flew towards Hogsmeade, not worrying about the wards for he knew that they had been destroyed during the battle. Once on the broom his head began to clear. Flying had always given him a sense of exhilaration. He flew towards the Shrieking Shack knowing that no one had thought to search there. He burst through the door, unsure at first where to look. Entering the drawing room he found who he was looking for. Professor Snape. His body lay crumpled in the corner.

Harry stood for a minute and looked at the man lying there. He had spent all of his years at Hogwarts hating this man. He had spent the last year wanting nothing more than to see him dead, wanting to be the one to cause his death. But Harry had learned the truth. He had seen Professor Snape's memories. He knew now why Professor Dumbledore had trusted him. Harry wasn't sure if his feelings of hatred had changed. There was still so much between them that could never be resolved. But he now had respect for him, and that alone had led him to come and retrieve the body.

He moved into the room to pick up the professor and realized that something was different. Harry had been here only a few hours before. Snape was lying on his back when Harry had left him. Now he seemed to be on his side. There were several empty potion bottles scattered next to him. The bite marks on his neck seemed to have been crudely healed. Upon closer inspection, Harry noticed that Snape had his wand in his hand.

"No, he couldn't. He was dead. I saw him die." A stunned Harry thought aloud. As these words left his mouth, Harry heard a shallow groan coming from Snape. He quickly dropped to his knees beside the professor. Did he really hear him breathe? It is not possible. He reached a hand slowly out towards Snape. His skin while cold was not as cold as it should be.

Gently he rolled him onto his back. Harry leaned in and tried to hear if Snape was breathing. No sound or movement came from his old professor. He reached for the professor's wrist, searching for a pulse. He felt a faint throbbing. "Is he alive or is that my own heart playing tricks on me." Still unsure what to do, he looked back at his face. Slowly a dark eye opened just a fraction and his mouth formed words that no one could hear. "Help me." Harry was frozen into silence. He was startled when he felt a slight pressure from the hand he was still holding, long fingers trying desperately to inform him that their owner was still alive. Shaking off the shock, he quickly grabbed up the professor and ran out the door. He was back on the broom and in the air, with the professor carefully placed in front of him, in a matter of minutes.

Ron and Hermione did not know what to do about Harry's sudden desire to rescue Merlin knows who. Should they chase after him? Should they get help? Ron frantically searched the grounds for another broom. He was all for chasing after him. After a few minutes his search was fruitless. He turned to Hermione.

"Where do you think he went?"

"I'm not sure. He'll be ok. I think maybe just in case we should tell someone he left."

Inside the Great Hall everyone was still gathered in groups, mourning and celebrating the dead. Slowly they made their way towards the Weasley family. Their loss was etched in every face. Mrs. Weasley sat hugging her youngest and only girl Ginny. Charlie and Bill sat on either side of George trying to comfort him. Percy and Mr. Weasley sat talking quietly. Ron and Hermione decided it was best to approach Mr. Weasley. They told him all that had happened. He assured them that Harry would be fine, but thought his behavior was a little odd. He told them to get Hagrid and meet him in the entrance hall.

A few moments later Ron, Hermione and Hagrid made their way to the entrance hall. Mr. Weasley, Charlie and Percy were waiting for them. They were joined by Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick. Mr. Weasley spoke to them all.

"We have decided to look for Harry. I am sure he is fine," sounding more like he was saying this to reassure himself as well as the others. "We do not want to alert everyone in the Great Hall, so it will be just us. Hagrid, you and Charlie can start in the forest."

With a nod to Charlie, Hagrid headed to the doors. Just then the doors opened, and Harry came through struggling to carry someone.

Hagrid rushed over to Harry just before he collapsed. He managed to place Snape gently on the floor. Exhaustion was quickly overcoming him. Just as he looked up to speak he heard Professor McGonagall scream. "Snape! You risk life and limb to rush out and retrieve this traitor's body. Never would I believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. He murdered..."

"Professor," Hermione interrupted, "he only did that because Dumbledore ordered him to. He was on our side all the time. We have proof."

Harry looked up and saw that several people had started to filter out of the Great Hall after hearing McGonagall's explosion. Mrs. Weasley and Ginny rushed to his side. Lucius, Narcissa and Draco Malfoy were at the head of the congregation. Draco's mouth stood agape at the sight of Snape's body. He could hear McGonagall and Hermione arguing and Professor Flitwick trying to calm the two women down. He needed to tell them, but no words were coming out of his mouth.

"Quiet, all of you," Mrs. Weasley bellowed. "Harry dear, what is it?"

"Alive." The only word he could say before he passed out.

Silence. The faces on everyone in the entrance hall read the same stunned expression. Then Bill and Mr. Weasley seemed to register what Harry had said. They both turned and knelt at Snape's side.

"He's barely breathing. Somebody quick get Madame Pomfrey."

Lucius was the first to move. He quickly turned and strode into the Great Hall. He returned a few minutes later with Madame Pomfrey on his heels. She stopped briefly when she saw the bizarre sight and then rushed to where Bill was kneeling. After running her wand above him for a few moments, she spoke to no one in particular.

"He is alive, just barely. I need to get him to the hospital wing quickly, and Mr. Potter as well."

Bill and Mr. Weasley both conjured stretchers and began to move Harry and Snape through the crowd and up the stairs. Madame Pomfrey followed, along with Professor McGonagall, Mrs. Weasley, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. The rest of the spectators parted and watched them all pass.

Once in the hospital wing, Madame Pomfrey examined Snape more closely. She determined that while he had obviously lost a lot of blood, he had somehow managed to replenish several pints as well. She healed his wound and gave him several different potions. She felt he would recover in a few months time. Harry was just totally and completely exhausted. She woke him briefly to give him the Dreamless Sleep Potion and allowed him to slip quietly back to sleep. The Weasley's all remained around the beds of the two heroes, talking quietly. McGonagall and Hermione made their way to the Headmaster's Office to view the contents of Snape's memories.

With the morning sun, Harry woke to a new day and a new world. He felt as if this was where his life would begin. He now controlled what was once controlled by destiny. He looked at the bright sun light blazing through the windows, amazed that they had finally made it through the darkness.

A/N: I wrote this shortly after I finished reading DH. I couldn't stand to see my favorite professor dead. I have a sort of sequel to this story planned. Thanks for reading.

Thanks to my beta, lilywillow.