

# Memories(original version)

## Mein Orginal in Englisch, wers lesen will!

Von Zwiesi

She looked at the little grave hidden deep in the Forbidden Forest. A single tear ran over her cheek and fell in the flowers that were blooming protected from the cold of the winter by charms she had worked. She laid the bunch of flowers she had brought down. Roses and lilies, his favourite flowers. He had loved roses because of their filigree beauty protected by vicious thorns. And lilies because of her. The woman he had loved beyond death. Just because of Lily Potter he had sacrificed himself. He had never broken free from the charms she had laid upon him way back, when they were children. Just because of her he had had to die. She winced. It still hurt. The person she loved most, even more than her self, was dead.

She had often heard him talk to Lily as if she had been standing right beside him, listening to him, understanding him. She had seen him like nobody else on earth had did. She had seen him smile, laugh, cry, when she had hidden in his private rooms down in the dungeons. Sometimes she had just come to feel herself near to him, surrounded by his smell, his aura, himself present in every peace of his furniture.

She turned away and walked out of the Forbidden Forest, back to the castle. She had buried him near where he had died, hidden from the world. As if anyone would care where he had found his last rest. She looked at the castle, shimmering in the dark. It would never be the same without him. She could barely bear the thought that she would never see him again, strolling through class, giving her an cynical smile, searching for a lack in her answer that would cost Griffindor points. The glare in his eyes, when he spoke from his potions like they were beloved children. She would never again see his black cloak floating around him like wings. Never again see those pitch black eyes pinning her down. Never again would she find another goal to live for. Her live had lost the purpose. She stepped up to the edge of the plateau the castle stood on like a throne within the sea, the waves crushing thunder like at the stone.

She thought of her parents. She had visited them right after their victory but they had seemed to be happier without her, living a new live. Although she hadn't seen Harry and Ron for a while she knew they were doing quite fine.

A black raven flew over her head out at the open see, coming back, resting himself on a branch of a tree nearby. He glanced at her out of his black eyes. His shining black feathers remembered her of him again.

She remembered trying everything to please him. She had done excellent in every test, had done every potion with the best grades, but never even a kind word. In the

end she had sometimes done forbidden things just to get detention and be near him. And when she finally had joined the Order of the Phoenix she had thought he might forget that she was a Gryffindor and would see her as a fellow in the war against the Dark Lord. But he had never even given her a glance, ignoring her and her friends as good as possible. He had never overcome the memory of her, not able to bear the sight of her son who resembled James like one egg another just the eyes had marked the boy as Lily's son. And because of them he had lost his life, letting the Dark Lord believe that he was the true master of the Elderly Wand.

She thought about the man hidden beneath his sarcastic facade. The sensible, from life disappointed man, trusting nobody, still longing for his one and only love. Oh, she understood him quite well. Having to hide one's true feeling from the world, knowing that your feelings would never be returned. She recalled the thousand times she had hidden inside his private rooms, protected by strong spells just an inch away from him watching him preparing classes for the next day, mixing new potions or just enjoying being near him. But then waking up every morning alone in her bed, feeling lonelier and sadder than ever. And then every day waling down to the dungeons, seeing him, but always keeping distance, never letting even the smallest sign showing up that she felt different about him than any other Gryffindor, appearing to despise him. But the love she felt for her burned deep inside her, sometimes burning like a bonfire, sometimes flickering like a little flame, but never ceasing.

She took a deep breath. This would be her last step to join him forever in death. And even if there wasn't a life after death she would never have to feel this emptiness, this pain again. With a last murmured "I love you, Snape!" She took the final step, falling and falling. Before she lost consciousness she thought she had heard the cry of the raven.