

# The boy who survived

## HP 7 Spoiler!

Von Kerimaya

The fall came hard but he felt no pain as he hit the ground. Nagini's bite had been precise and Snape couldn't react even if he had wanted to. But maybe it was better this way. Shortly there was a flicker of bad conscience as he lay on the cold ground. He still had a duty to fulfill. He had to inform Potter about what he was going to face. But Snape closed himself up against these thoughts. There was nothing he could possibly do.

Something rustled in the darkness and the potion's master opened his eyes. Green eyes were looking in his face.

The boy!

Snape concentrated one last time to complete his lifelong task. Hasn't this been the reason, why he got on after her death? The duty?

While he gave away his memory to her son he looked into those green eyes. "Look at me!", he demanded as the boy, James boy, wanted to shift his gaze.

Don't look away, he repeated to himself as James Potter's features melted away and left just Lily Evans' heritage. It was her who looked at him. She smiled.

Snape understood what she wanted him to know. It wasn't necessary to wear his disguise any longer. No more struggling, no more fear – no more grief over the failure he did such a long time ago.

Let Potter be the boy who survived. To Severus there was no need in surviving anymore. Now, he could live.