

The last page

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Severus Snape's descending to hell.

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THE LAST PAGE

Everybody calls me Snivellus even though this is not my name.

Today I've turned eighteen. The only present I've been given has been the most bitter of all my miserable existence.

Lily has abandoned me.

She has ditched me for my worst enemy, that stupid and vain jerk of Potter. What the hell could she had seen in him? He's just a sack of brainless muscles, a narcissistic git whose only idea is that earth spins around him and his gang of lapdogs. How could she had fallen in love with this shabby bully? How could she despise my love this way, throw it all away as if it was a pile of shoot?

I've been so blind...! I feel like a moth that by approaching light too much, finally gets burnt. I feel powerless and betrayed. But what hurts me the most is that it's precisely her who had given me the Judas' kiss, handing them on a plate the worst of all humiliations. I've loved her so much that I was not able to see further than her. All my universe was concentrated wherever she was. My Lily... I can not forget her voice when she whispered words of love in my ear, nor the taste of her lips. Her perfume is still on my skin. It's just a week ago when we made love for the last time. How could she lie me that way?

I hate her with all my heart and however I can't stop loving her desperately. I'm consuming inside and yet I'm not able to turn over her my venom. I only can puke it all over the others.

I loathe life because it has not been generous with me. I loathe my parents because they made me feel miserable during all my existence, because they didn't love me and they never tried to hide it, because they've made me become a resented, bitter and mean human being. I loathe everybody who has let me aside without even grant me the benefit of the doubt, those who have made fun of me without mercy, and also those who have looked at me with pity and compassion. They can put their pity whenever it fits. I do not want anybody to feel sympathy for me.

I only want vengeance.

I had thought about bursting one day at Hogwarts like an "avenger angel". I've watch it on muggle television news. "Two gun-armed youngsters assault their high school and kill seventeen schoolmates on an indescribable violence act". Nevertheless I would be armed only with my wand and more than two hundred different curses that I'm able to execute, including the unforgivable ones. My bad reputation on this aspect has been underestimated. Of course Potter and company would be my first target, followed by some of the teachers. And Lily would be left to live in order to see in great detail how her beloved die under a Crucio curse.

In the end, as a finishing touch, I'd put my wand against myself and I'd get it over with once and for all.

Or maybe I would drink a poison strong enough to kill me before they could subdue me. I am perfectly able to brew any poison. I've got an A grade in Potions on every one of the six years.

The best of all would be that Lily shall have to take all these deaths on her conscience, mine included. She deserves this pain. She has not the slightest idea of the despair I am feeling right now.

But not, it would be too simple for all of them if I disappeared from their lives for ever more. And, despite I don't appreciate much life any more, even my life, I confess I am afraid of dying.

That is why I've accepted Lucius Malfoy's offering. Tomorrow I will be a death eater at Lord Voldemort's service. Lily's love was the only thing that prevented me to step forward; but she has cut herself the reins and now I am more than ready to pass beyond.

Lucius says that the Dark Lord will be very proud that someone as intelligent as me has accepted to join his ranks, though I suspect that these are only flatteries to foster my vanity. Anyway is nice to think that at last I'm going to be accepted just as I am, with no mockeries and no humiliations, that I'm going to take part in something in which I'm not going to be pushed aside as a wretched nuisance.

I confess that I am scared. The honour entails a huge responsibility. I know I'm going to be demanded a lot but also I am sure that I am able to carry out what is expected of me.

The initiation ceremony is going to be celebrated tonight. At last I will be able to know Lord Voldemort and I will have his Mark on my forearm. Lucius has told me that its imposition causes an indescribable pain followed by a pleasure so exquisite that it can not be compared with nothing within this world. He has offered me his wife Narcissa as a "welcome present", these have been his exact words. But I have not accepted. I wish my last memory to be for Lily.

I am not going to write on this diary ever again. This chapter of my life ends tonight and forever, and this is its last page.

My name is Severus Snape. Today I've turned eighteen and finally I will get what I've never received before. Respect.

Then will begin my true vengeance.