

Snow

Von abgemeldet

Snow.

There he lay in front of me; his tall, slim figure stretched out on that cold pillow, his robes darkening from the melting snow.

His long white hair surrounded his death pale face like an aurora.

The silver eyes were covered by his lids with their long, curved, white lashes.

His faint breath formed little clouds in front of his nose.

I watched his face, strangely peaceful and relaxed.

Suddenly I became aware of how beautiful he was, his face not contorted with anger or hate.

We had fought for what seemed like hours.

He had learned a lot since our last duel. Too much, in fact, since he had defeated Kingsley without much effort and then he had turned towards me.

He had had me there, and then he hesitated.

I did not.

A faint moaning woke me from my trance.

I forced myself to loosen my glance from his face and searched for the fallen Auror.

A dark heap lay not far from where I stood; small clouds were rising from his face, too.

The man was unconscious but seemed not badly hurt.

I cast a warming spell over him.

Why don't you wake him?

I didn't know.

I didn't care.

Something drew me back to the figure of my enemy... something important.

I turned and made my way back through the knee-deep snow to where Malfoy lay.

His face was getting still paler than it normally was, and his lips were blue.

Without much thinking I cast a warming spell on him, too.

His lips slowly turned to their usual rosy shade.

I knelt, not caring about the cold wetness which soaked my trousers, examining his face from close up.

He had a long, straight nose over beautifully swung lips; his pallor and the white hair were not disturbing but instead they underlined his noble features. High cheekbones lay under his now closed eyes, and somewhere not very deep inside of me I wondered how it would have been looking into these silver eyes which had always watched me with hatred.

But then why had he hesitated?

I saw a hand stroking a long, wet strand of white hair out of his face and realized it was mine.

Now that was too much!

I had to think about more important things right now; Lord Voldemort was in that castle behind the little forest in which I currently was staring uselessly at the face of one of my worst enemies, and he was probably killing and hurting only the gods knew how many of my friends and allies!

Hermione was there, and Ron, too.

I had to hurry.

Don't leave him like that...

Malfoy wasn't badly injured.

I spread my father's invisibility cloak over the tall young man, only marginally wondering why I did not worry about the fact that he was my enemy and I left him one of my most useful and precious possessions, and ran over to Kingsley.

"Enervate"

Kingsley woke up immediately, shaking his head and then scanning the surroundings in order to find whoever dangerous might be hiding around.

The highly trained Auror muttered a thanks when I helped him to his feet.

"Malfoy...?"

"Disappareted..." I answered.

You're lying, why are you lying to him??!

Kingsley nodded.

"Are you OK?"

"Yeah", I answered, holding my shoulder, where a curse had hit me hard. Blood dropped from my fingertips onto the flawless snow, but I ignored the red spreading spots.

"Let's go, then."

We called our brooms with an Accio-charm, for searching them in the high snow would have been but a waste of time, and set off.

I watched back to the hollow in the snow where I knew Malfoy lay, and once more saw his pale face in front of my inner eye.

He had been looking so peaceful ... so ... *beautiful?*

But there was no time for thinking about what had happened down there.

I turned and put on my flying glasses, for the icy wind cut painfully into my skin.

The sky was deep red where the setting sun touched the horizon and Voldemort's castle lay right in front of us.

There would be more defence spells and Deatheaters above, waiting for us.
But they were no real danger, we would easily defeat them.
And then we would finally face him, and I would be able to revenge all the people I
had lost by his hands.
My parents. Cedric. Professor Dumbledore. Charley Weasley. And so many others...

I would kill him.
And later, if I survived, I would have all the time in the world to find Malfoy.
I would have all the time in the world to ask him why he had hesitated.
To look into his silver eyes.
And maybe they would even watch me without hatred...?

Snow.

He had been looking as if the gods had formed him using freshly fallen snow...

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Change of POV

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Wet...

When I woke up the first thing I noted was that dreadful wetness soaking my clothes
and hair.
Only then I wondered why I did not feel cold at all.
It was a real effort to open my eyes.
My lids were heavy as steel and my yet insufferable light sensibility seemed to have
multiplied during the time I had been unconscious. I fought the impulse to sit up
and tear away that ominous tissue which seemed to cover my whole body, thinking
that it might have been placed there with a purpose, and forced myself to look
around carefully through hurting and streaming eyes, in case anyone was around.
This was a battlefield, after all.

The sunlight was reflected a million times on every icy surface, and it was a real
torture to keep my eyes ajar.
It took a couple of minutes to convince me that I was alone.
I lay back my head, eyes eventually closed, and relaxed.
The tissue which covered me was soaked as well, but it still carried the scent of its
owner.
It was a perfume like a forest after an autumn shower.
I took a deep breath and wondered whose cloak it was.

Fumbling around I could not find my wand, and now that was a reason to be alarmed.
I sat up and tore the cloak off my face.
Then, looking at where my hands should have been holding it, I realized what it was ...
and froze.
There was only one person I knew on this world who owned an invisibility cloak, and

the last thing Potty would do was to leave it with me.
But, thinking better of it, why was I still alive?
Was Potter dead? Had I killed him in the end, without even noticing?

I was really tempted to watch around and look for his dead body, but then I realized what a stupid idea that was.

Stupid indeed.

You do not cast a deadly curse without suffering the consequences, and I felt fine.
And then, someone had clearly cast a warming spell over me, otherwise I would not sit here, alive, thinking stupid thoughts.
But this was still a battlefield, and I had to find my wand.
I dug for an hour in the knee deep snow, worrying about what would happen to a defenceless Deatheater if surprised by a group of angry Aurors – *You know exactly what Deatheaters would do with an Auror* - , before I finally found it. It had been lying on my side for the whole time.

The first thing I did was to dry my clothes and hair.
Then I picked up my broom and disappeared.

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When the pressure on my ears faded I opened my eyes.  
I was inside the castle. Unlike any other wizard, as a Deatheater, I could apparate directly into any of its rooms. One of the few Advantages of carrying the Dark Mark was that you could directly enter every meeting place of the Deatheaters'.  
I left my broom in some corner and set off towards the noises that were audible across the whole place.  
The noises of a battle.  
Cracking spells, moans and screams, the indescribable noise human bodies make when they hit the ground.  
They were near the great hall, where our great Lord would undoubtedly await those who survived the attacks of his followers in order to finish them off.  
I turned around a corner and saw bodies lying in strange angles on the cold stone.  
Some were still alive, and I knew many of the faces, but I did not have the time to bother.

Trying to avoid stepping on any of them or allowing them to get a hold on me I hurried on.  
Around another corner I found myself in the middle of the battle.  
For a moment I had problems to distinguish friends from foes, for I knew nearly all of them from my school days, but the black Deatheater robes helped me out of that embarrassment and I launched myself towards the nearest Auror.

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I fought my way through the core of the battle towards the gates of the great Hall. Over the falling silhouette of an Auror I saw the saviour of the wizarding world, apparently badly injured on one shoulder – *That was you, don't you remember?* – opening the gates and entering the Hall behind them. Nobody besides me seemed to notice.

I jumped over the figure at my feet and followed him as quick as I could, for the gates were already closing again.

There was a Bang. I was in.

And there he was, the Dark Lord, sitting on his throne and awaiting his worst enemy, Harry Potter.

He was laughing.

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## Change of POV

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There I was, unbelievably still alive, and facing Voldemort. Eventually.

If only I had killed him before.

How many lives would have been spared?

Now it was late. I had arrived this far, but I was aware of the fact that I was cut from my friends.

I would have to face him on my own, and my wound was worse than I had suspected.

Malfoy had done a fine job.

I heard the gate closing behind me and turned, only to see my worst fears come true.

There he was, Malfoy again, alive – *And that's entirely your fault, pal.* I was encircled by my enemies.

What a death. I had never thought about what I would have done if I survived my fight with Voldemort, but somehow I had always been convinced that I would have killed him in the end.

I wanted to die taking him with me.

But there was no way I could defeat him exhausted and injured as I was and with Malfoy in my back.

The thing on the throne laughed, and I knew I had to try.

I would not die like a coward.

Both wizards raised their wands. I stood exactly between the two.

Both cast their curses.

Time seemed to slow down, when I jumped.

Voldemort's "*Crucio*" echoed from the high ceiling, together with Malfoy's "*Avada Kedavra*".

I saw the red light of Voldemort's torturing curse burn the floor where I had been

standing just the blink of an eye before.

He wanted to play with me.

The green light of the killing curse passed over where my shoulder would have been and continued its way until it found its objective.

I saw the Dark Lords surprised ruin of a face, when his body contorted and faltered and he fell from his throne.

Without thinking I focused all the hatred of my entire being – it was far too much - and laid it into a curse.

Voldemort himself had once said that you could not cast a killing curse if you did not truly desire one's death.

Well, in this moment there was nothing I desired more than ending Tom Riddle's wasted life.

My first and last killing curse hit him, and he died unspectacularly like any common man would have died under the *Avada Kedavra*.

I turned on my heel, facing Malfoy, wand at the ready.

He was standing there, pale as chalk – *Snow, not chalk* – and looked at me, eyes wide, shocked.

His wand dropped from his fingers, and after a moment I lowered mine.

Why? Why has he done that?

I sacked to my knees, too exhausted to face anyone else, and frankly I didn't care, for my job was done, and there had never been a plan for what came afterwards.

I looked up and into my arch enemy's face, and to my great surprise a single tear ran down his left cheek.

He watched me in return – *They're wonderful. His eyes are wonderful* - , shivering.

"Why?" I finally managed.

"To end that torture."

I was not sure if that response satisfied me, I was too tired to argue right now.

"Thank you", I muttered and sank back, stretching out on the cold stone floor.

There were still the sounds of a distant battle outside the gates. And Malfoy was here, on my side. He could have killed me many times during the last two hours, but he had decided to save me two times already, and now that my job was done I was willing to return the favour offering my life to him. Whatever he decided to do with it was OK for me.

I closed my eyes.

There was still that image of him in front of my inner eye, stretched out on a pillow of snow, pale, and his white hair shimmering in the sunlight and surrounding his noble features like an Aurora.

He looked so peaceful in my vision.

Beautiful.

Pale like fresh snow.

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Change of POV

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I was still standing in the middle of the Great Hall.

I had just killed the Dark Lord, together with Harry Potter, the saviour of the wizarding world.

My curse would not have sufficed, and he would not have managed to do it without my surprise manoeuvre.

But if Potter was the hero of the wizarding world, what did that make me?

A traitor? A hero?

But who cared? We were free, eventually.

He asked me why I had turned against my hated master, and I told the truth.

I had never noticed the deep and calming timbre of his voice. Probably because usually he shouted at me.

I felt the great urge to embrace someone. Not very Malfoish, so I contained myself from doing so.

I felt even more alone then I had felt during my school days.

But there was no room for loneliness right now.

There were dungeons full of people who had to be freed.

And my mother was among them.

I collected the rests of my strength, knelt down and took up my wand.

I trembled. Then I came to my feet.

There lay Harry Potter. The saviour of the wizarding world. My arch enemy ever since we had arrived at Hogwarts, so many years ago.

His slim figure lay in front of me, dark hair fussy, the scar on his forehead fading, his face relaxed like I had never ever seen him.

There was a faint smile on it.

Then he opened those green eyes of his, and since his ugly glasses had slid from his nose I was now able to see their whole beauty.

It was breathtaking; I had never seen such a green. It was a bit like the green of the killing curse, and yet it was unbelievably beautiful.

I could not help it and sank to my knees once more, leaning over his outstretched body.

He was a bit shorter than me, but athletic.

His hands were big and seemed to be made for gripping a broomstick, his shoulders

broad, his waist slender.

His face was covered by a thin layer of cold sweat, and his unnatural pallor was accentuated by his black hair.

He had straight brows and a mouth that was made for smiling, high cheekbones, a high, straight forehead and those beautiful eyes – *Clouded with pain*.

I took a bit of my robes and carefully dried his face, bit by bit, like he were my best friend or my brother, or...

Then I remembered the reason for his suffering and cast a healing spell over the wound I had inflicted on his right shoulder.

It was a wonder that he had been able to continue fighting and even to ride his broomstick.

He closed his eyes, but I saw a blink of relief in them before the green irises were covered by lids with long, black lashes.

I could not resist the urge.

I bent down and placed a light kiss on his forehead, where from his lightning scar was nothing left but a faint shadow.

The urge was still there, the urge to continue, but I could not stay.

It was too much for my mind; too much for one day.

I came to my feet and made a few steps towards the middle of the room.

"Why have you spared me?"

"Because you are the saviour of the wizarding world. You are the boy who lived. I could not do it without you."

"You have never killed anyone before."

"No."

"Neither have I..."

His voice was fading, he was about to pass out.

"You will find your cloak where you left me."

He gave an understanding grunt.

I took another step, turned, and watching him for one last time, and disappeared.

There were dungeons to find and people to free.

And there would be a whole life to think about why I had truly spared him, out there, in the snowy forest.

That moment, when he had watched me, and I had seen my reflection in his glasses-seeing me for what I was:

Cold, living without a purpose, feeding on hate and following the orders of a monster. I had been a puppet, nothing more.

A puppet made of ice and snow.
But now the strings that had led me were cut, and the ice was melting.
And I had to think on my own. And that was not easy, but it was what people called freedom, and I was going to savour it.

I apparated in the forest, in that place where I had woken up not long ago.
There was still his cloak, soaked and spread on the ground.
I took it up, dried it and held it to my face.
It perfumed like a forest after an autumn shower. It was his scent.
I inhaled deeply, and then I folded it and laid it on the ground, protecting it against the wetness with another spell.

I had to go.
There were dungeons to find and people to be freed.

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### Change of POV

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I heard his steps approaching, but I did not open my eyes.
Then his robes rustled, but I still did not open my eyes. He must have been kneeling over me; I felt his warm breath on my cheeks. I opened my eyes.
I had to look at him.
My glasses had slid off my nose, but he was close enough, and so I drowned in these silver eyes of his, not aware of anything else in this world.
Not caring about anything else.

Then he dried the sweat on my face with careful touches of his cloak, and I could smell his perfume, like musk and a forest after a long, hot summer's day.
There was also a note of sweat, but it was not disturbing at all.
I heard him mutter something with his soft, deep voice. It was the first time I heard him speak without imagining a smirk.
The unbearable pain in my shoulder ceased - and thinking that I had barely been aware of it before it stopped...
I felt my eyes close; I was going to pass out...

Then there was his touch on my forehead. It must have been a kiss...
I was sure, there had been his breath stroking over my face - *sweet breath* – and then this touch...
Light like a feather ... *or like a snow flake*.
There might have been a few words ... I was not sure of what had been said, but I would remember later.
I was lying there, and he left.
But I still felt his kiss when I lost my senses.
Light and cool –

Just like snow...