

The Finality of an Avada Kedavra

It was a gut-wrenching feeling. It was like the whole world had turned itself inside out, and spat the remains out onto the ground with a shattering finality.

No one could quite believe it. After everything they had done, everything they had fought for, everything they had sacrificed, it was over.

It was the end.

They had lost.

In a single moment, hope gave way to all-consuming despair.

Harry Potter was dead. Killed by Voldemort with a single spell. A single evil spell. The *Avada Kedavra*.

The robed figure stood on the hill and laughed. He laughed and laughed. A sound chilling in its lack of humour, in its promise of pain and suffering, in its guarantee of cruelty.

"Behold your saviour," he hissed, his red eyes glaring malevolently at the world.

He raised his hands and cast a spell, proving his dominance over the elements. Dark hateful clouds gathered over his head, and a frigid wind cut through the robes of the people watching.

Simultaneously, a loud bang shattered the silence, and a bolt of lightning struck the body of Harry Potter. For a second, the body glowed, before it rested where it had fell.

Voldemort lowered his arms and surveyed the field. "Kill them all," he order coldly.

The Death Eaters cheered, Snape was the first to move. He raised his wand, and pointed it directly at Minerva McGonagall. "Here kitty, kitty," the yellowed-teethed ex-Professor called merrily.

Ron and Hermione stepped in front of her, their wands pointed at Snape, the expressions on their face that of people who just realised that they had nothing left to live for, but had decided that if they were going to die, they were going to take as many of the bastards with them as they could.

"*Avada Kedavra*," they shouted together.

Severus Snape crumpled to the ground.

There was no celebration, no looks of triumph, just a steely determination on their faces.

It was a look that was mirrored on the faces of the defenders of the light, as they mentally kissed their loved ones goodbye, and prepared themselves to kill and be killed.

"What are yo...gggghhhhhk." Voldemort's yell trailed out to a surprised burble.

Every face on the field jerked to look up the hill.

Impossibly, improbably, the Boy Who Still Lived had one arm around Voldemort's neck. Through the Dark Lord's chest was a wetly gleaming steel blade - that Harry seemed to be using to conduct a through investigation of all of Riddle's internal organs.

Harry released Voldemort and as the Dark Lord stumbled to his knees, clutching his chest, he removed Voldemort's head with a single huge sweep of his sword.

Not content, Harry pointed his sword at the decapitated body, and whispered a spell. A bright light shot out from his sword and incinerated the body.

The flames shot high into the air, and everyone shivered as a scream of malevolent evil echoed around.

And it was over. The storm clouds vanished and bright sunlight shone down.

As one, the Death Eaters started to scream, before they collapsed to the ground. From their arms, from the Dark Mark, the symbol of their obedience, came a single white light.

Like a laser, each light focused on Harry, illuminating him in a glowing halo of power.

Inside the light he seemed to rise of the ground, his arms outstretched as he spun.

There was a blast of power, and the light exploded, knocking everyone still standing from their feet.

Ron and Hermione climbed to their feet, and looked around. Harry was walking down the hill calmly.

"Hey guys," he said cheerfully. "Anyone up for a picnic?"

"What about the Death Eaters?" Ron asked, grinning.

"Muggles," Harry smirked. "Voldemort's final booby trap. It was meant to kick in if they ever killed him. But with him having lost his head, it focused on my instead."

He paused for a second, and looked around. "Which was nice," he finished.

"What happened?" Hermione asked, her eyes wide.

"A question we are all anxious to hear the response," McGonagall said, her lips threatening to break out into a smile.

Harry absently waved his wand, transfiguring Snape's body into a rock, and sat on it. "I was dead," he explained. "And well on my way to seeing my parents. And well, it wasn't exactly a cheerful feeling, realising that I'd failed. In fact, it was quite a depressing death.

"Anyway, Voldemort then had to show off. He hit me with the lightning."

"And like a Muggle defibrillator, it restarted your heart?" Hermione gasped.

"Bingo," Harry smirked. "So, I had a choice - go into the light or come back and kick some scaly ass, and well, as attractive as the light was, seeing you two kill Snape like that was much more interesting."

Less than a second later, the Boy Who Lived was flat on his back again, this time as a small brunette barrelled into his chest, hugging him tightly.

"Jeez Hermione, make a guy jealous, why don't you," Ron grinned. "And let him breathe, won't you."

Hermione blushed and climbed off Harry, helping him back to his feet.

"Thanks," he said dryly - or at least tried to, as Ron picked him up and squeezed him in a huge bear hug.

"We knew you'd do it," Ron crowed to the sky, dancing around with him.

"Let me breath you great," Harry gasped, and then continued. "Lummox."

"What's a lummo?" Ron asked, as he eventually released him.

"A clumsy or stupid person," Hermione interposed.

"Oh," Ron grinned. "But I'm still lovable, right."

"Absolutely, Mr Weasley," McGonagall said formally, causing Ron to blush.

"Well," Harry said, looking around at the assembled Order of the Phoenix. "I believe now it's time to call the Right of the Victor."

"And what is that?" McGonagall asked.

Harry grinned and wrapped his arms around Ron and Hermione. "That we get to go party while you tidy up the mess we made and deal with Ministry."

He winked and vanished with his two friends.

McGonagall smiled slightly and turned around. "Well, you heard them," she grinned. "Lets get these new Muggles under control and start the paperwork."

"What about Snape?" Charlie Weasley asked.

"He can stay here," Fred replied.

"With one modification," George added.

"Quite," Fred agreed. "Would you care for the honours, brother-mine?"

"I'd be delighted." George cast a spell.

On the side of the rock, in writing that would never fade, a legend appeared.

"In eternal memory of James and Lily Potter - thank you for giving us Harry."

And if you had listened closely, somewhere in the bowels of Hell, a soul already in torment screamed louder as it realised it's mortal remains would forever be an epitaph for its hated enemy.