

Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

Chapter 8

The Walking Dead Arc

Harry dove over a pharmacy counter as a bullet hit the wall behind him. He landed hard on his side before sitting up and pressing his back against the inside of the counter. He quietly scooted all the way to the right with his Glock in his hand. His heart was hammering, and his mouth was dry. Harry had never felt so alive.

“Just give us your bag, and we’ll be on our way,” came the gruff voice twenty or so feet on the other side of the counter.

Harry had driven half an hour in the direction of Atlanta to find some bigger stores. He eventually found a Walmart that hadn’t been picked completely clean. Unfortunately, there were others hoping to get first dibs on the sweet loot inside. Coming across gangs of thugs was common for a scavenger like Harry. While scavengers like Glenn would hide and wait for them to pass, Harry would take them head-on. This was his territory, and he’d be damned if some stank-ass rednecks were going to take what was rightfully his.

“Promise?” Harry called out. He heard the men laugh.

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” the gruff man responded, earning even more laughs from his fellow criminals.

“Stick a penis in your eye?” Harry asked. The thugs roared with laughter, all of it at their friend’s expense. Mr. Gruff didn’t sound too amused.

“You motherfucker!” he yelled out and fired his gun. Bullet holes tore through the side of the counter, though Harry was safely off to the side.

“There’s no need to be grumpy,” Harry called back.

“Throw out the fucking bag!” the man bellowed as he ran out of patience.

“Alright, alright! Calm down. Here it comes!” Harry hollered. He pulled out a bag of flour from his sack and heaved it over the counter. As if time slowed, Harry popped up with his gun already aiming. He pointed the iron sights right at the middle of the tumbling, white sack, and he pulled the trigger. The bullet exploded from the barrel, hitting the sack of white powder directly in the middle, and splitting it wide open. Flour burst out in every direction, like one of those fancy Weasleys’ Whiz-bang bottle rockets that would explode in the night sky. The gruff-voiced man caught the worst of it. He cried out as flour hit him directly in the face. His friends coughed and choked as they breathed it in. By then, Harry was sliding over the counter and firing.

The leader of their merry group caught the first bullet directly in the forehead. Blood, brains, and chunks of skull burst out from the back of his head. Exit wounds were particularly bad when using hollow points. Another bullet hit his friend in the chest. Harry saw the tortured look on his face when the searing metal buried deep in his body. The impact pushed him back hard, and he was just beginning to fall when Harry saw another man hiding behind a medicine rack. His foot was sticking out, betraying his position to Harry. Harry fired at the rack, directly where he knew the man's body to be. Though he couldn't see the initial impact, Harry did hear the beginning of a scream. Time seemed to speed back up until he was back at a normal pace. Harry jumped and hit the ground in a combat roll as guns were pointed in his direction. He slipped behind one of the long, metal racks that made up the store aisle. The pained cries made him smile.

"Where the fuck did he go?" one of the remaining men called out while trying to get his coughing fit under control.

"How the fuck should I know? I got powder in my eyes!" another complained. Harry crept further down the aisle, following the sound of coughing. When it got louder, Harry jumped high up into the air and pulled himself up the rack. Leaning over, he shot the coughing man right on top of the head. The man dropped without making a sound. He was dead before he hit the ground.

HPTTM

Sammy watched as Johnboy dropped to the ground. He saw the fruity-sounding English guy on top of the rack with his gun aimed at his friend. The bastard then looked at him and smiled cheekily. This enraged Sammy. Though he had flour in his eyes, he could see well enough to shoot the motherfucker. He screamed and aimed his gun in his direction. He fired over and over. Fourteen rounds ripped through the thin metal rack. His heart was thumping in his chest so hard that he swore he could feel the blood flowing through his veins. Sammy quietly crept to the end of the aisle, his breathing loud and labored. His hands were shaking so badly that he would be surprised if he could hit the broad side of a barn in his state. It didn't matter though. He would be able to hit the bastard at point-blank range. Nearly pissing his pants when he reached the end, he waited for a few seconds before spinning around to the other side of the aisle, both hands gripping the gun while pointing. He saw nothing. The aisle was empty. Suddenly, something crossed his line of sight, moving fast from up above, before disappearing down below. Hearing the sound of something heavy hitting the stone-tiled floor, he looked down in confusion. On the ground at his feet were two human-looking hands and a handgun that he recognized. He lifted his own gun to compare, only to see that there was no gun in his hand. In fact, there was no hand. He lifted his other and found a stump that was squirting blood. It was then that the pain and the terror of the situation hit him. He screamed as piss began pouring down his legs, warm and uncomfortable.

He saw the man step out from the side, a black machete in his hand. A manic look covered his handsome face. He didn't have time to beg before the machete tore into his body, over and

over, hacking and cutting. Thankfully, his end came quickly, and he was spared much of the pain and suffering that the man inflicted upon his body.

HPTTM

Harry gathered all their guns, leaving behind two of the men who were still alive but slowly dying. He exited through a side door that he had parked by and crept around to the front of the store. Sure enough, there was a van parked right against the curb with a single man guarding it. He was wearing dirty, acid-washed jeans and a Harley Davidson T-shirt with the sleeves cut off. On his head was a pair of headphones, and he was bobbing along to some song that Harry couldn't hear. In his mouth, a cigarette burned, and he leaned against the side of the van puffing away as though he didn't have a care in the world. This made it easy to sneak up on him. He never stood a chance. Harry captured him in a choke hold, and with his enhanced body, the man's neck snapped as easily as breaking a popsicle stick. He let the grubby man fall to the ground where he landed facefirst. Stuffed in the back of his jeans was a handgun. Harry pulled it out and stuffed it down the back of his own trousers. Opening the van's sliding door, Harry looked in. His nose immediately wrinkled from the smell. It stank of body odor. Rummaging through the van, Harry found some extra ammo, a few packs of cigarettes, and a few cans of peaches. Taking all of it, he went and dropped it off in his SUV before going back into the store to continue looting. When he was finally done, Harry siphoned the gas from the van and left the store before anyone else could come.

HPTTM

Jimmy tried to be as quiet as possible. It wasn't easy considering he had a clucking chicken under his arm. Making sure no one was watching, he climbed up to the loft and was immediately hit by the pungent smell of the infected. Their soft groans always gave him the chills. Though he never said anything, he always hated going up there to feed them. It made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. As much as he liked and respected Hershel, he sometimes wondered if the old man was starting to go senile. The newcomers definitely didn't think the way that Hershel did about the infected. To them, they were nothing more than dead husks of the formerly living. In the end, he decided to follow Hershel's way of thinking. The old man hadn't steered him wrong yet, and besides, he was dating his youngest.

The old floorboards creaked as he stepped up to the ledge. From there, he could see at least three dozen standing around or slowly lumbering in circles. Not wanting to stay there any longer than necessary, he tossed the chicken down where it flapped around making loud noises. It was quickly grabbed by them and torn apart as they fought for what little meat that was available. As he turned to leave, he heard another creak of the wood, only this one was louder. His brain didn't comprehend what was happening until he heard a crack, and his body experienced the sensation of freefall. Slamming hard into the ground, he choked out a cough. The wind had been knocked out of him. Had he been a bit quicker of the mind, he would have realized the very, very bad situation that he suddenly found himself in.

It wasn't until he felt rotting hands clawing at his bare arms that he knew he was in serious trouble. As quick as a flash, he was on his feet and backing up from the infected. As one got a little too close for comfort, he kicked it in the chest, sending it tumbling back. He frantically looked around as he began hyperventilating. The ladder to the loft was gone. It had been removed by Hershel. They didn't want the infected to escape after all. Spinning around, he saw the barn doors. He ran over and pushed on them. They bowed inward but were stopped from opening. He knew that the doors were latched and locked from the outside. “

HELP!” he screamed. “I'M IN HERE! HELP ME!” he begged, banging on the wooden doors with all his might. Nothing. With nothing left to lose, he began kicking the doors as hard as humanly possible. The door bowed, and he thought he heard a crack. Something grabbed him from behind. He turned and pushed the woman away as she clicked her jaws at him. Kicking the doors again, they held firm. Again, he kicked with all his might, and they began to buckle. He gave it everything he had, and the doors crashed open with a thunderous boom. As he lurched forward to freedom, something grabbed his ankle and tripped him up. Hitting the floor again, he looked back and saw an infected crawling along the ground. He screamed and kicked in a panic. His foot contacted over and over with its face, but it held firm. He pulled hard, and his foot was wrenched from its grip. Stumbling to his feet, he was suddenly grabbed from behind, and he felt a sharp pain in his shoulder.

HPTTM

Beth Greene was passing out some fruit that was freshly plucked from their trees when she heard a loud bang coming from the area of the barn. Looking over, she saw the door fly open, and her stomach dropped. Her immediate thought was that they had broken the door down. She ran over there to see what had happened. She vaguely heard others joining her. She skidded to a halt just in time to see her boyfriend, Jimmy, get bitten on the shoulder as he tried to escape from inside the barn. Before she could scream in fright, Jimmy's eyes opened wide, and he let out a blood-curdling scream of terror.

He was grabbed by another, and his arm was bitten into. Large chunks of flesh were pulled from his arm. She saw the meat stretch before tearing off the bone. The thing began chewing and devouring the human flesh in the same way that she and Maggie used to eat turkey legs at the county fair. As it went in for another bite, more joined in, sinking their rotting teeth into him. She could see him looking at her with desperation, silently begging her for help. However, Beth was frozen with shock and fear. Those that couldn't get a taste of his flesh spilled out of the now-open barn, spreading out in every direction. At some point, she screamed in horror.

HPTTM

Harry turned right down the long, dirt driveway of the Greene farm. He parked right next to the little tent village that they had created on the left side of the driveway which was shielded from the sun by the copse of trees towering over them. As he got out, he was met by several members of the group, all eager to see if he had found anything useful. Daryl was more than

happy to accept the packs of cigarettes that he had taken from the dead men. He pulled a canvas bag out of the back seat while the others were digging through the food, clothes, and medicines that he had brought back. Walking over to Rick, he opened the bag while Shane joined them. They reached in and pulled out several handguns.

"Where'd you get these?" Rick asked quietly.

"Met a group of guys at the local Walmart," Harry told him. Shane felt something slippery on one of the guns and looked at his hand. There was blood on it.

"Things get messy?" he asked. Harry nodded.

"It seems like every day, the survivors out there are becoming more savage," Harry told them.

"I guess we're lucky that Hershel ..." Rick was cut off by the sound of a girl screaming. They immediately turned and saw dozens of walkers bursting out from the open barn. The walkers ran in every direction while one went directly for the little blonde. Harry, however, was too quick for it. He snatched one of the guns from the bag and fired. A quarter of the walker's head ripped apart, spraying dark and dirty blood behind it. It immediately fell forward, its momentum causing it to slide on the grass a few feet before stopping.

"SHIT!" Shane cried out, pointing the gun in his hand. "WALKERS!" he yelled as he started firing.

"WALKERS! WALKERS!" Rick yelled, trying to warn everyone. By then, terrified screams ripped across the farm's usually pleasant atmosphere. Harry fired until the gun was empty. Running back to the car, Harry grabbed his guns and got to work.

HPTTM

Hershel heard screaming and immediately got up from the kitchen table. "What in the world?" Patricia said as she also got up and followed her host out of the kitchen and through the front door.

Hershel just exited his home and looked toward the commotion before something rammed into him, knocking him hard to the ground. "AAAAAH!" he cried out as his knee twisted. Not even a second later, he saw Patricia being grabbed by two infected. Even as the woman screamed and struggled, they held on tight and bit down on her face, tearing a meaty chunk right from her cheek. The other one bit her hand and arm, its bites traveling upward as though her arm was a juicy ear of corn on the cob. As the woman's dress was torn, she was blocked from his vision by another one crawling on top of him. Hershel screamed loudly. He had never felt such terror. Shoving his arms out, he pushed its chest hard enough that its chomping teeth were unable to get at his neck. Still, the thing struggled, desperately trying to bite down on him. Its boney fingers swiped at his face, and its foul-smelling hair tickled Hershel's eyes as it leaned over him.

Gunshots were going off all around him, but that was of little concern to him at that moment. As the thing struggled harder, he felt his strength leaving him. Very soon his grip would slip, and it would be the end of him. Then he heard another gunshot, though this one was much louder. It was so loud that his ears began to ring. The thing in his arms stopped struggling and went limp. Hershel rolled his body to the side and let it fall off of him. With the weight gone, he sat up and saw the horrified look on his daughter's face. Maggie was holding the gun that Harry had given her, and she was pointing it in the direction that she had just fired. It was then that Hershel noticed that she wasn't looking at him. He followed her line of sight and saw what she was staring at. The rotting corpse that was once his wife, Annette, was lying on the porch floor right beside him with a bullet hole right between the eyes.

HPTTM

Harry's shotgun went off, taking a walker's head with it. Firing again, he took down another as he made his way to Maggie's sister. The girl was just standing there, not moving. "Hey!" Harry called out, grabbing her arm. There was still no reply. Harry pulled her back, and she stumbled. Looking at her while Rick and Shane called out orders and the rest of the group fired their weapons, he saw that her eyes finally found his. "Stay behind me," Harry ordered and pulled her back.

Harry took the heads off three more before his shotgun ran empty. Pulling his Glock out, he fired at the ones running away. It was then that he saw what was happening on the front porch. Harry ran over and pulled himself over the white railing. The woman named Patricia was dead. Two walkers were feasting on her spilled guts. Two quick shots put them right down. He saw another walker dead right beside a downed Hershel. Maggie had her gun out, and she was breathing heavily.

"Did you get bit?" Harry asked, not in the mood for niceties. Hershel seemed to be in shock. "Well? Did you?" Harry asked again, this time louder.

"Uhh ... well ... I ..." he said in a strained voice. Harry eyed him up and down. He didn't see any bites or scratches.

"He didn't," Maggie answered for him.

"MOM!" said a distressed voice from behind Harry. He turned and saw Beth walk up and kneel down beside her father, though she was looking at the dead walker. She began sniffing before bursting into tears. Harry let her be and pulled Maggie to the side.

"What the hell's going on?" he asked. By then, the gunshots were few and far between. He guessed that most if not all the walkers were dead by that point. "Where did all the walkers come from?"

"I don't ..." she began, also sounding distressed.

"It's my fault," said Hershel in a defeated voice. "It's all my fault," he repeated. Harry pulled Maggie further away.

"Well?" he asked quietly.

"My father was keeping them in the barn. He thinks that they're just sick people, and he hopes that there will be a cure one day. I tried to talk him out of it, but ..." She looked back at her devastated father and sister.

"Your mom was one of them?" Harry asked. Maggie shook her head.

"My stepmom ... Beth's mother ... Dad's wife," she explained. Harry shook his head. The others weren't going to be pleased.

"Make sure your sister's okay. I need to make sure no one else is hurt," he told the girl. She nodded sadly and joined her sister. Harry joined Rick and the others as they continued to clean up.

"What the hell happened out here?" Shane asked. Harry filled them in on what he had found out. Just as he suspected, neither was pleased ... Shane less so. He wanted to immediately pack up and leave "old, psychotic Hershel" to the mess he created. Rick was more even-headed and knew that the farm was the best place for the group. Harry let them argue amongst themselves and walked over to poor Jimmy. His clothes were torn and bloody, and there were great big chunks of meat missing from various parts of his body. His face, neck, and shoulders were particularly nasty. Harry couldn't help but think that the boy got what was coming to him. Only an idiot would partake in anything so horribly dangerous, and it ended up biting him in the ass. That was a bit ironic since his ass was probably the only place that he wasn't bitten. Shaking his head sadly, Harry aimed his gun right between his eyes. A pull of the trigger made sure that he would remain among the dead.