

Chapter 1

2010

In a dark room, Harry Potter downed half a glass of firewhiskey in a single shot. If anyone deserved to lose himself in a bottle of alcohol, it was him. A few weeks past, a terrible sickness burned its way throughout the wizarding world. Everyone seemed to become ill at the same time. Fever and vomiting quickly gave way to delusions, then death, all within the span of a couple of days. From what Harry had heard, it appeared that an infected person's magic went into overdrive and burnt them from the inside out. Harry had to agree. He felt it himself. Harry too had caught the virus along with everyone else. He remembered the fire spreading through his veins. He remembered the sweats and fever. He remembered vomiting until it felt like his guts were coming out of his mouth. He had felt it all.

For some unknown reason though, he didn't die. Maybe it had something to do with the Basilisk venom and/or the phoenix tears in his blood. Either way, after passing out from the fever, he woke up several days later. It was then that he found out the price of living. He could no longer actively cast magic. He still had magic. He could feel it inside of him swirling, trying to burst free, but he couldn't release it. Harry guessed that the magical pathways in his body were damaged or altered by the disease. He really didn't think much of it at the time. He was too busy mourning the loss of everyone he knew and loved.

After crying and cursing the world, Harry got a hold of himself and did right by the Weasleys. He dug a grave for each of them, including Hermione. He spent a week at the Burrow mourning them. Finally, after running low on food, Harry took stock of the situation. He couldn't cast magic, but he could still perform magic that didn't need to be cast. He could apparate, which was a major relief, and he could still turn into his animagus form, a Golden Snidget. As the days went on, his magic being trapped inside of him began showing itself in strange ways. He woke up one morning to discover that he was more than twice as strong as he was the day before. He wasn't exactly weak before either. He worked out at least three times a week for the last ten years, mainly because the ladies really loved a six-pack. His senses became more acute as well. He could hear and see things from a much greater distance than before. He was faster with much quicker reflexes. All he could do was wait to see what happened to him next. He apparated to Grimmauld Place and found Kreacher dead. Shaking his head in sadness, Harry dug a grave for the little elf then carried him outside and gently placed him inside. After burying him and having his drink, Harry went to his room and fell into a not-so-restful slumber.

The next morning Harry had breakfast and thought about what to do next. The wizarding world was most likely gone. He checked the muggle world as well. That was truly a shock. The disease hit the muggles just as hard, only instead of dying it seemed that they turned into some type of zombie inferi. If that wasn't bad enough, the virus could be passed on if the zombie infected someone through a bite. It seemed that the world had gone to shit. The entire world was affected, and there was nowhere to run and nowhere to hide.

Harry needed supplies he decided. He apparated straight to the Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes and bypassed the Leaky Cauldron. He didn't know if he was capable of opening the wall. Witches and wizards didn't use canned food so there was no point trying to stock up on food here. He would have to venture into the muggle world for that. In the alley, Harry traveled to one specific shop. The alley was completely abandoned. Not a peep could be heard as he slowly walked the streets that he had so many times before. It brought a pain to his chest thinking about the alley filled with people shopping and children playing and yelling and begging their parents for toys or treats. Making his way to the main street, nearer Gringotts, Harry walked up to Penfry Peeper's Adventureland. Adventureland was a shop that opened around four years previous and dealt with everything that one would need when going on an adventure or vacation. He grabbed the door handle and unsurprisingly found it locked. Harry pulled out his penknife that was near identical to the one that Sirius had once given him. "Unlock

any lock and untie any knot,” Harry chuckled to himself as he used it to unlock the door.

The bell chimed as he crossed the threshold and worked his way to the items he wanted. Harry had been in this particular shop many times. In fact, this store was where Harry had bought the pen knife that he used to unlock the door. Harry was glad to see that everything was still here and that Penfry hadn't taken everything home. He went behind the counter and grabbed a backpack that Penfry had tried to sell Harry on more than one occasion. He could still hear him ...

“Lightweight and sturdy and damn near indestructible! It appears to be a regular muggle backpack ...,” he said, opening the backpack to show Harry that it was normal sized inside. “Everything put in here will add normal weight to trick the muggles! But what they don't know is ... “ He zipped the bag back up and pressed a secret button and unzipped it again and showed Harry that it was in fact expanded inside. “Over 100 times the space and no added weight, and it can be yours for the low, low price of 500 Galleons!”

Harry shook his head and grabbed the backpack. It was too useful not to take. Harry felt bad about stealing from Penfry. He was a good guy and didn't deserve what happened to him, but then again, no one did. “It's not like he'll need any of this stuff,” Harry said to himself. Harry opened the backpack and put several pairs of dragon hide boots in. He looked around. There wasn't much else that he would need, he thought until he laid eyes on a machete hanging on the wall. The sign underneath stated that it was enchanted to be incredibly sharp and never dull or rust. It was a long, black blade with a white dragon bone handle. Harry quickly grabbed it along with the scabbard and clipped it to his dragon hide belt. He needed protection if he was going into the muggle world. Scouring the rest of the shop, Harry didn't find anything useful except a book on edible plants from around the world. At least he thought so until he found the portkey box with one portkey inside. It was labeled New York. Harry knew this was one of his two-way portkeys. Harry always got his portkeys from Penfry, so he already knew how to use them. The only question was, should he? The portkey would likely take him to the American Ministry in the Woolworth building in Manhattan. When Harry thought about it he couldn't find a reason why he shouldn't. He could go to New York and see if there were any magical survivors. The biggest reason to go was just so Harry could get away. Everywhere he went reminded him of his loved ones, and it was really eating away at him. Besides, it was a two-way portkey! If and when he wanted to return, he could. Grabbing it, he stuffed it in his backpack and apparated back home.

He prepared some sandwiches and tossed them along with some fruit and bottles of water into his bag. He then gathered anything he thought he would need. He purposely left out any pictures of anyone he knew. He didn't think he had the strength to handle it at the moment. He left behind his broom since he could no longer use it. He had his animagus form, so it wasn't a major loss. He grabbed his medical supplies and invisibility cloak and tossed them in. His throat got a little tight as he looked around. 'I'm being stupid. I'll be back eventually,' Harry thought and swallowed hard. Shaking off the feeling of sadness, he pulled out the portkey, which turned out to be an old Converse sneaker, and stated loudly, “New York, New York!”, and was magically whisked away.

One Month Later

A much hardened Harry Potter made his way down the east coast of the United States into the deep south. What he had found in the American Ministry wasn't anything different from back home. Harry had very little hope that any of his kind survived.

“Fuck! Sometimes I wish my senses weren't so damn good!” Harry said to himself as he covered his nose in a handkerchief. Rotted corpses baking in the Georgia heat damn sure didn't smell like a bed of tulips, that's for sure! He had been ransacking Atlanta for the last few days. He had been extra careful. Big cities were the most dangerous places in the world now. They were filled to the brim with zombies and would converge on you from the slightest mistake. If they didn't get you then the bandits would.

The people who dared to live in the city were the most hardened, and likely the most dangerous people you would come across. Thankfully it was easy for Harry to avoid both.

The dead soldiers on the ground were clearly killed by the infected. Luck was on his side and they appeared to remain dead as he slipped inside a military Humvee. Looking throughout the vehicle didn't grant him any loot until he checked under the seat and found another 9mm pistol to add to his weapons collection. Upon entering America, Harry quickly taught himself how to use firearms. It was too dangerous not to use them. There really wasn't much to it. The hardest part was learning how to take them apart and put them back together for a proper cleaning. He of course still carried his trusty machete, but in a shoulder holster, he held a Glock 19 with sixteen 9mm rounds and several spare clips. Also, held by a strap over his shoulder was his pride and joy, an FN SCAR-L with an EOTech holographic sight and a barrel-mounted flashlight. Hearing some groaning coming from around a street corner, Harry slipped out of the Humvee and quietly made his way further down to some apartment blocks. Apartments were good for essentials like canned goods, medicine, and fire-starting equipment, like matches or lighters.

Stopping in front of one set of apartments, Harry assessed the situation. The apartment wasn't high class, nor was it run down. It was likely that they were apartments for lower middle-class households which was good for Harry. Rich people threw away stuff they didn't need, and poor people couldn't afford to save extra stuff. He snuck around back and found a fire escape. Harry avoided going from bottom to top floors if possible. He preferred starting from the top and working his way down. If something happened, then he could go back to the roof and make his way down the fire escape, or simply apparate away. It had saved him more than once. Harry was able to quickly and smoothly scale the fire escape all the way to the roof which was around fifteen floors if he had to guess. He thanked his lucky stars that his magic had altered his body so much. His stamina was off the charts, and he seemed to never get overheated or sweat. Harry hypothesized that his magic was keeping his body cool and would likely keep it warm in the winter months. The door to exit the roof was unlocked so he methodically made his way from room to room, clearing out each floor. '1404,' he read. His handy dandy pen knife unlocked the door in a jiff, and he slipped through, machete in hand. He stopped and listened. His advanced hearing was dead useful for clearing out places like this. He heard it ... the slight rustle of movement in the furthest room. The thick carpeting helped muffle his slight footsteps as he slowly crept to the offending bedroom. Taking a deep breath, Harry opened the door and found two pitiful excuses for zombies. They looked to have been an elderly couple once, but now, they were rotted skin and bones. They growled and hissed and slowly dragged their corpses across the bedroom floor hoping for a nice meal. Two swings of his machete put them out of their misery. Clearing out the rest of the place, Harry began looting the now-empty apartment.

He started with the pantries and found several cans of soup, cans of beans, and cans of assorted veggies. All things Harry was more than happy to eat. Quickly he stashed them in his pack and moved on. The various drawers didn't hold anything too great. A few boxes of matches and a large wet stone were the only items of interest. The bathroom was completely ransacked. Tylenol, Advil, toothpaste, toilet paper, and anything else useful went into his pack. The bedroom closet held a pretty good find. A Remington 12 gauge shotgun and a box of shells quickly found their way into his collection. He also swiped one of those collapsible camping chairs that came in a bag. He really liked those. They were light and easy to set up, and fairly comfortable to sit in. His backpack was getting full so Harry knew he would have to unload before continuing to scavenge. He apparated to an abandoned army bunker from the 60's that he had come across while traveling through northeast Georgia.

The entrance was a solid three inches of steel that he had locked from the inside. The outside of the entrance was swarming with a zombie horde. That suited him just fine since he could apparate in. The horde would dissuade anyone with half a brain from poking around his bunker. The bunker itself was 150 feet below ground and unfortunately, not suitable for habitation. Furniture had long since rotted and some walls were infested with black mold. The bunker was good for storage, however. There

were a few rooms that were mold-free, and Harry used them to keep his loot safe and dry. There was the added bonus of slight refrigeration since the air was always a constant 50F to 60F this far below ground level. This was the second stash that he had created. The first was close to Boston and was smaller in size. Harry planned to have a belt of stashes from the east coast to the west and would use them as apparation points. Harry looked at his stash and nodded. Toilet paper as far as the eye could see! He damn sure didn't want to run out of toilet paper anytime soon. His food stash was looking good as well. At the moment, Harry could feed himself for a decade or more. He emptied out his backpack and organized everything into its place. Now lightened of his burden, Harry apparated back to the apartment he just left and continued.

HPxWD

Flying in his animagus form was one of the few things that still brought joy into Harry's life. His Golden Snidget form was very small, fat, and round with a long beak, not unlike a hummingbird's. His golden feathers reflected the sunlight spectacularly, and even though a normal snidget's eyes were red, his eyes retained their emerald green color. The best part was the speed, acceleration, and ability to change direction at the drop of a hat! Basically, he was a living golden snitch!

The landscape stretched out before him as he zipped between buildings looking for interesting things to loot. Harry had spent the winter traveling the state, stocking up on supplies, and searching for survivors. Most people he had met were either pieces of shit or people who had very little trust in their fellow man. He couldn't say that he blamed them. Life was very difficult for most people and some just wanted to take what didn't belong to them. Harry had to kill more than a few men for just that reason. He had felt bad at first until he sat down and thought about it. He was in a world where it was kill or be killed. Eventually, he would come across another person looking to take what Harry had. Harry could either be a pussy and give up, or he could be a man and fight back. Harry fought back. Quite a few men died because of it. After a while, he no longer felt too bad about it. It was just something that had to happen now.

Everything within sight looked to have been looted. Harry knew that as time went on it was going to get more difficult to find places to scavenge. The weather was starting to become hot and humid once more as spring was soon to give way to summer. Hearing the sound of vehicles in the distance, Harry flew over to take a gander. He spotted a small caravan driving through an abandoned neighborhood. A man driving a motorcycle was in the lead followed by a gray hatchback car, a silver pick-up truck, and a red and white SUV.

The sad group that exited the vehicles looked worn and weary. 'That's what life did to you these days,' Harry thought sadly, landing in a tree to spy on them. There were five men, four women (one pregnant), and a kid. 'A kid and a pregnant woman. Goddammit,' Harry cursed to himself. Those people looked half-starved, and he knew he could help them. Even in this shit hole of a world, he couldn't help but do the right thing, even though it usually came back to bite him in the ass. As they went inside the house brandishing their weapons, Harry apparated back to his vehicle and started it up.

His Honda dirt bike was a godsend in his opinion. It was fast, got great gas mileage, and could travel just about anywhere. He rode the few miles toward the group. Harry stopped and parked his bike right behind the parked caravan. He snickered to himself as he saw them peeking out the windows. He waited until a single man exited through the front door. Harry saw that the man was quite hesitant to come over. He guessed that they didn't have the best track record when it came to meeting new people.

"You don't have to be nervous. I don't mean your group any harm. I was scavenging nearby when I saw your group drive past. It's been a while since I've seen any people. Well, living people at least," Harry smiled.

The man nodded his head and said, "So, you're alone?"

"Been alone since day one. Met a few people in my travels. Not the kind of guys you share a roof with if you catch my drift," Harry replied. "Harry Potter by the way."

"Rick Grimes. Nice to meet you," he answered. Rick was a tough-looking fellow that looked like the world had beat him down.

"You as well. Anyway, as you drove by I saw that you had a kid with you."

"That's right. My son. Why?" he asked suspiciously.

"I figure I should do something good for a change and make sure the boy eats a half-decent meal," Harry said, hanging his rifle on the handlebars of his bike and opened up the special compartment in his backpack and pulled out three big bags of beef jerky and a few cans of vegetable soup. He placed them on the hood of the gray car and backed up so Rick wouldn't feel threatened.

"That's mighty generous of you. Especially since food ain't exactly easy to come by," he said, not going for the food yet.

"I'm not hurting for food if that's what you're asking. Anyway, if your group is looking for a semi-permanent place to stay, then I suggest the prison about ten minutes down the road. I'm heading there now to see if it's worth looting. There are more than a few zombies behind the fences, but it's nothing I can't handle. If you clear the place out, I imagine it would be quite secure."

"Thank you for the suggestion and the food Harry. I appreciate it," he nodded in thanks.

Harry nodded back. "I'm heading there now. I'll likely be there for the next few hours. If I don't see you again, then good luck my friend." Harry threw the strap of his rifle over his shoulder and climbed on his bike. Harry didn't wait for a reply. He just kick-started his bike and took off toward the prison. If their group was smart, they would join him, if not, then there was nothing he could do about it. He did what he could, and the rest was up to them.

As he hauled ass down the road, he saw the prison come up on his right. Harry pulled off the road and drove up next to the outer fence. The outer edge of the prison yard had double chain-link fences with some tall, concrete guard towers in between. Harry pulled out some bolt cutters and cut his way through the outer layer. He would have to seal that up if anyone planned to stay there. Immediately zombies were right up against the inner fence trying to get at him. He climbed up one of the towers and dug through his bag. Harry pulled out three X-25 fifty round drum magazines and popped one into his beloved SCAR-L. He wasted no time and pulled the trigger over and over. Heads exploded in a burst of blood and brains as he emptied nearly all three 50 round magazines to clear out the yard. As he spent a while on the tower reloading his magazines with 5.56 rounds, he heard Rick and his crew drive up. After finishing up with his reload, Harry waved them over and pointed to the cut in the fence near his bike.

Harry watched them move as a group toward the fence, and Rick held the fence open while everyone climbed through.

"Hey, Rick! Long time no see," Harry called down, slinging his rifle over his shoulder before climbing down to meet them. He had to be careful as the barrel of his rifle was still incredibly hot.

"Hey, Harry. Me and my people talked it over and decided to check this place out. You weren't joking.

This place could be a fortress if done right,” Rick answered excitedly as Harry climbed down and shook his hand.

“No kidding. I already cleared out the yard, though you still may want to be careful. Might be some stragglers hiding around.”

Rick nodded. “Harry, this is my wife Lori and my son Carl. This is Daryl, Glenn, Carol, and T-Dog. This is Herschel and his two daughters, Maggie and Beth,” Rick introduced them. “Everyone, this is Harry Potter.”

“Nice to meet everyone,” he said as they all greeted each other. “So you want to make our way inside? Not sure what we’ll find there.”

“Yeah may as well. C’mon guys. Everyone stay together and stay close.”

Harry stayed slightly apart from their group. He didn’t know how they fought or if they even could fight. He didn’t want to get in their way, and he didn’t want them getting into his. It turned out that they could fight pretty well as a group. They couldn’t kill zombies on Harry’s level but still did fairly well for themselves. Once they cleared out a cell block, they stopped to analyze the situation. The cell block was safe and secure and would be a good place to stay once they cleaned up a bit. Seeing that they had everything under control, Harry decided to leave, having done his good deed for the day. He’d leave the looting of the prison to them since they needed the supplies more than him.

“Seems like you lot can handle things from here. Just do one room at a time, and you guys should be fine,” Harry declared, securing his weapons.

“You takin’ off?” asked an old, white-haired man with a thick beard that Harry remembered was named Herschel.

“Might as well,” Harry answered. “Gotta keep on scavenging, and it’ll be dark in a few hours. I’ll need to be back at my hidey-hole before the sun sets.

“Why not stay here? Obviously, you can handle yourself just fine, but there’s safety in numbers. Our group may be down on our luck at the moment, but now that we got this prison, it seems our luck’s turned for the better. The yard out there has some good, rich soil. Soon we’ll start plantin’ some crops and have a steady supply of food.”

“Herschel’s right, Harry. This place can be something great for all of us ... including you. It’s going to take a lot of hard work though, and we can use your help,” Rick added.

Harry thought about it. He certainly didn’t need them to survive. Quite the opposite in fact. Surviving would be more difficult for him in a semi-large group since he would have to share his supplies. There were other things to consider though, like the fact that eventually, he would become lonely. Harry was fine for the time being, but eventually, he would desire human contact. Being in a largish group was definitely better for his mental well-being. He couldn’t spend the rest of his life traveling. Sooner or later there would be nothing left to loot, and when that time came, it would be nice if he had somewhere more permanent to live. He decided to give it a shot. If things didn’t work out, he could always leave.

“Alright. We can try it out, see how it goes,” Harry said, earning a smile from the old man. Rick nodded his head and held out his hand. Harry shook it.

“Welcome aboard.”

