

# Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

## Chapter 2

### The Walking Dead Arc

Upon using the Space-Time-Turner, Harry immediately knew that Luna had been telling the truth. It was a thousand times worse than an actual Time-Turner. Instead of being hooked at the navel, it felt as though his entire body was being stretched out of shape while being spun around. The few times that he was able to force his eyes open, he had to immediately close them. The flashing of the brightest lights imaginable had his brain protesting after only a second of seeing them. The journey wasn't a quick one, at least that's what it seemed. It felt as though it had gone on forever, but after who knows how long, Harry was eventually spat out.

The sudden sensation of gravity affecting his body was a major relief to him. Less so when he hit the ground hard. Landing flat on his back, Harry rolled onto his side and held his stomach as he wheezed in pain. He was nauseated and the wind had been knocked out of him upon impact. After a few minutes of laying there all pathetic-like, Harry rolled onto his back and opened his eyes. The bright, blue sky was filled with fluffy white clouds, all of which were spinning. Harry groaned and closed his eyes again. The sun was beating down on his brain and cooking his skin. That was when Harry realized something. He touched his belly. Nothing. No clothing. His hand dipped lower until he was touching something much more important to him. That too was unclothed. "Goddamnit, Luna!" he groaned. She could have warned him that he would be showing up naked. He would have put some extra clothes in his new wallet storage. Forcing himself to sit up, Harry suddenly turned to the side and vomited all over the grass. After several more heaves, Harry wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and stood up.

He stumbled before getting his balance. Harry looked around. On one side of him, there was a row of trees, on the other, there was a blacktop road and a gas station on the opposite side of it. He was just about to walk to the gas station when he remembered one important fact. "Shit," Harry mumbled, forgetting that he was naked. That's when the panic set in. "Fuck!" he whispered, looking around at the ground. He had nothing on him besides his wallet which was securely in his hand. His wand was nowhere to be seen.

"Lose something?" a familiar voice chirped from behind. Harry yelped like a little girl in fright which made Luna burst into a giggle fit.

"Merlin be damned, Luna. Are you trying to give me a heart attack?" Luna didn't bother answering. Instead, she was looking down at his manhood.

"As long and thick as an Aquavirius Maggot," she said, breathing deeply and never taking her eyes off of it.

"Luna!" Harry called out, snapping his fingers in front of her face.

“OH! Sorry, Harry. I was distracted,” she cleared her throat. “I figured that seeing as this is your first journey through the Multiverse, I should at least meet you and fill you in on a few details.”

“That would be appreciated,” Harry responded, still looking around on the ground for his wand.

“Your wand’s in your wallet. It will always appear in your wallet upon arriving in a new universe,” she told him. “Everything else, including whatever you’re wearing, will be left behind.” Harry opened the wallet by pressing on the rune. When he opened it up, he found his wand inside. Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He waved his wand, intending to conjure up some clothes, but the wand just sputtered and shot off a few miserable sparks.

“What the ...?” he muttered in confusion. He tried it again and got the same result. He looked at Luna who was smirking.

“Remember when I said that in some worlds, you won’t have access to your magic?” she asked. Harry nodded reluctantly. “Well, this just happens to be one of them.”

“Did you intentionally bring me to a world without magic?” Harry asked, suspicious of her smirk. Luna smiled and nodded her blonde head.

“I thought that it would be good to let you get used to it right away while I’m still here to guide you in the beginning,” she said.

“So what am I going to do without my magic?” Harry complained.

“First, let me say that you can always leave and travel to a new universe, but you’ll have to wait until the Space-Time-Turner has fully recharged. It takes a lot of power to activate after all,” she told him. Harry lifted up his hand and looked at the dials.

“This dial here,” Luna said, showing him one whose hand was all the way to the left, signifying that the power was empty. “... it shows the recharging progress. When it finally reaches all the way to the right, that means that you can use it again. The recharge rate depends on the amount of ambient magic in the world. This world happens to be particularly low when it comes to magic, so it will likely take at least a few months to fully recharge. Other worlds may only take a week or so,” she explained.

“And as for not having magic ... Remember when I said that you’d be appropriately compensated for being cut off from your magic?” Harry slowly nodded.

“In this world, you’re faster, stronger, and more resilient than even the strongest human ... by a decent margin, I’d imagine. You’ll have to discover how much on your own though. Keep in mind that these enhancements will change whenever you move onto a different reality,” Luna warned.

"I will," Harry promised, flexing his arm. He didn't feel any different. "Can you tell me anything about this world?"

"Not a lot," Luna said. "But the planet has just found itself at the beginning of some kind of zombie apocalypse," Luna smiled excitedly while bouncing on her dainty, little feet. "It should be great fun." Harry snorted. "No really!" Luna went on. "Look over there," she said, pointing to the gas station.

Harry looked at what she was pointing at. She was, indeed, correct. A zombie-like person came lumbering around from the side of the building. It looked human ... only worse. It looked like a walking corpse, which technically it was if Luna was correct. "Go kill it," she ordered. "Headshots are always the best." Harry cleared his throat and shook his hips.

"Aren't we forgetting something?" he asked as his meat flopped around. Luna giggled.

"Oh, yeah. I'll give you some clothes just this once. The next time you'll have to rustle some up on your own upon entry. Luna wiggled her fingers at him, and Harry suddenly felt clothing covering his body. He looked down and examined himself.

"T-shirt, jeans, boxers, socks, and steel-toed boots. It should be enough to keep you covered while avoiding overheating. It's really hot here in Georgia," she said, looking up at the blazing sun. Harry stuffed his wand back in his wallet and put it in his back pocket. It looked like he wouldn't be needing it for a while.

"Georgia?" he asked. "The country?"

"The state of Georgia in the United States. You're near the city of Atlanta to be more precise," she corrected him.

"That's good to know ... and by the way, I can feel the heat, but I don't feel hot," he told her. Luna rubbed her chin.

"Probably just another part of your enhancements. I'm sure you'll discover more about them in time. Now ..." she said, snapping her fingers. A metal baseball bat appeared in Harry's hand. "... go knock that zombie on his ass."

Harry shrugged and strolled across the street. As soon as the zombie saw him, it growled and sprinted after him. Harry's hands tightened around the handle, and he waited for the perfect moment. With a powerful swing, the zombie's head exploded in a shower of gore. Luna squealed and clapped excitedly.

"See!" she chirped, joining his side. "Are you going to tell me that that wasn't super fun?" she asked. The corner of Harry's mouth tilted up.

“It was fun.”

He had to give it to her. It felt really good taking that thing's head off. And to top it off, Harry felt strong ... way stronger than he had before. Excitement began flooding Harry's body.

“Told you,” she smirked. “Anyway, that's all I wanted to say. You should be good to go. Keep an eye on the recharge dial and have fun. Kill a few for me!” she happily told him, kissing him on the cheek before she finished. “Remember that having stuff to trade is always a good idea. I'm sure we'll meet again.” And with that, Luna was gone.

Harry stood there by the unmoving corpse and took a moment to think things through. Luna was gone, and it was unlikely that she would be offering any more help any time soon. His magic was gone while he was in this weird world, but he had physical attributes that should make up for it. From what she said, it was likely that he would have to remain here for at least a few months. He had no food, no weapons, no extra clothes, and no transportation. The transportation problem was a major one for him. Apparition was probably the most useful piece of magic that a witch or wizard had. Harry would have to do without that for now. To make up for it, he would need a car or truck. Now knowing what he would need in the short term, he made his way the short distance to the gas station. He pulled on the door and found it locked. Off to the side, one of the large windows was smashed in. Harry decided to test his strength. He pulled hard and with the sound of snapping metal, the door lock broke and it opened up. Walking in, Harry could tell that it had already been ransacked. Most of the food and drinks were gone, the cigarettes and beer were completely gone, and a lot of other things were scattered all over the place like someone just came in and started shoveling shit into their bag. Still, Harry took the time to look around.

One of the first things he took was a map of Georgia. Harry knew very little about the geography of the U.S. A map might come in handy, he thought to himself. As far as food went, it was very slim pickings. He tossed the few cans of non-perishable foods that were left into his wallet along with any of the drinks that hadn't been looted already. After that, he loaded up with all of the medications, Tylenol, Advil, condoms, and even tampons that he could find. He took Luna's last words to heart because he knew that she was right. Having extra supplies to trade may very well come in handy down the road. There were about a dozen or so cigarette lighters scattered across the ground. Harry took a few minutes to find all that he could and put them away. Without being able to start a fire with his wand, lighters were a must. Harry finished up by scraping together anything that he thought was useful. With that done, he ventured out into his new world.

## **Harry Potter Through the Multiverse**

The good thing about a zombie apocalypse, Harry thought, was that he had his choice in vehicles. Many American families had multiple vehicles, and when they evacuated, they were forced to leave some of them behind. One of the first things Harry did after leaving the gas station was to find the most affluent neighborhood and go from house to house. Rich people

always had the best stuff and the most stocked pantries. While there, he came across a beautiful, black Range Rover that looked brand new. It even had the new car smell when he finally found the keys for it. Needless to say, Harry absolutely refused to leave it behind.

Down on his knee, Harry sucked hard on the clear plastic tube until he saw the liquid nearing his mouth. He was ready for the mouthful of gasoline as it began to pour out of the tip of the tube. Harry spat out the gas and quickly stuffed the tube into his five-gallon, red, plastic gas can. Keeping the can on the ground so that the gasoline would keep flowing, Harry poured water into his mouth and spat it out. Siphoning gas was his least favorite thing about "owning" a car. Unfortunately, it was something that had to be done. His new ride certainly wasn't the best when it came to gas mileage. Once he had drained the car, he placed the gas can in the far back cargo area of the SUV. Jumping into the front seat, Harry started it up and hit the gas.

As he drove down the street, he saw a small group of zombies lumbering down the road. He fought every instinct he had to tug on the wheel a bit and run them all down. Luckily for them, he didn't want zombie stink on his car if he could help it. When he passed them, they growled and began running after him. He continued down the road keeping an eye out for anything interesting. He was just about to pull over and study the map when he spotted something down the road a bit. When he pulled into the parking lot, he waited a moment to make sure that no one was around. Rolling down the window, he listened carefully. It wasn't just his strength that had increased, but his senses as well. He heard the shuffling footsteps of the undead a bit further down the road, but he heard nothing inside the building. Getting out of his ride, Harry studied the front of the building. It was a long concrete shell with a row of black windows running the length of the building. In front of it were three flag poles with the flags still attached. An oval sign read, "Sandy Springs Police".

"Brilliant!" Harry said, grabbing his baseball bat. The one thing that he had been looking for was a gun. It seemed that most people took them when they evacuated. The most that he had found were a few boxes of shotgun shells. Going up to the main doors, he gave the handle a tug, and unsurprisingly, he found them locked. Harry had quickly learned to avoid making noise if at all possible. He went around to the side of the building and found a metal door that was also locked. Just as before, he pulled on it hard enough to snap the bolt holding it shut. He slowly closed the door behind him.

Never having been to a police station, Harry didn't know what to expect. There wasn't a whole lot to see upfront. There was a counter that was empty with papers scattered all over the place. Chairs were turned over and laying on their sides. Being a small station, there weren't very many jail cells. All of them were empty with their sliding doors wide open. There wasn't much to find upfront. It wasn't until he made his way to the back that he finally struck gold. This was where the armory was located. Sadly, it had been picked over pretty well. Harry guessed that the cops that were stationed there had taken their choice of weapons and hadn't been shy about doing so. Even picked over, there were a few left for him. There were two leather cop belts with holsters. In each holster was a handgun. Harry pulled them out and saw that they

were identical. On the side, each said, "Glock 22 Gen4 Austria .40". Having seen plenty of American movies involving guns, he knew the name Glock and guessed that it was a forty caliber. "Cool!" Harry called out happily. He took one belt and removed the unnecessary shit from it. He didn't exactly need a radio holster or a can of pepper spray. Strapping it around his waist made him feel like he was in an old western movie. Finding a duffle bag nearby, he grabbed it and tossed the other belt and gun inside. There was a shotgun, which he took, and several tasers, which he left. The one thing that there was plenty of was ammo. Harry grabbed every box of bullets and shotgun shells that he could find. Next, he grabbed all of the handgun clips and tossed them into the bag as well. When the room was empty and the bag was nearly bursting, Harry grabbed the straps and hefted it over his shoulder. Had he been normal, the bag would have been much too heavy to carry with one hand. Instead, the weight hardly bothered him. Excited about finally finding a gun, Harry decided to find a secluded spot and practice shooting.

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Eventually, Harry found an open field and tested out his new gun. He sort of knew what to do from so many movies, but there was still a learning curve. In the end, he figured out how to properly reload a clip, and he made sure that he knew how to use the safety. He stood there pointing his gun, his hands not shaking or trembling in the slightest. He squeezed the trigger. PING! He heard the metallic clang of his bullet hitting the steel light post. His vision was perfect ... better than perfect actually. His hands and arms were strong and felt almost no recoil. He pulled the trigger again. His shot hit very close to the first. A spark erupted from the post as his bullet ricocheted off. Taking a deep breath, he pulled the trigger repeatedly until the magazine was empty. Every shot hit the post. Harry smiled wickedly. "This is awesome!" he cried out. He quickly pressed the button to eject the spent clip and popped in a new one. Once again, he fired off every bullet, hitting different targets at various distances. Either he was a natural, or more likely, his enhancements were really helping him out. Harry didn't care which one was true. All that mattered was that he was a good shot.

By then, a crowd began forming. A group of a dozen or so zombies burst through the shrubs, coming his way. Harry's heart began to beat rapidly, and his body was filled with excitement. Was he strange to be excited to exist in such a world? Harry didn't think so. Perhaps it was because he had an escape if he grew tired of it. The poor souls of this world had no other choice but to carry on, no matter how bad it got. Harry decided to do his part while he was still here. Aiming his Glock, he squeezed the trigger. Brains and blood burst in every direction as every bullet hit a zombie right in the forehead. One after another, the lumbering corpses dropped down, never to move again. After taking them all out, Harry came to his senses, quickly reloaded his gun, and jumped back in his SUV. Surely, more would be coming his way.

Over the next week, Harry slowly made his way closer and closer to Atlanta. Harry knew that there would be a lot of resources in the major city, but there would also be a lot of danger. He could only imagine the number of zombies in the city. He would wait and come up with a better plan than just going in, guns blazing. Though that did sound fun. Driving through another small

town, he came across a sports and outdoors store. He hoped that it hadn't been picked clean. So with his trusty bat in hand, Harry silently crept into the store whose doors were wide open ... not a good sign. Remaining as quiet as possible, Harry walked around the inside perimeter, keeping an eye out for any zombies. He found one just standing there in an aisle that held fishing equipment. It was slightly wobbling from side to side but kept its head down as though it was looking at the selection of lead weights on the bottom row. Harry's nose wrinkled. It stunk to high hell ... especially with his enhanced senses. It smelled like roadkill baking in the hot, summer sun with just a hint of garbage juice that always seemed to collect at the bottom of a waste bin. Even the maggots didn't want to touch that thing. Gripping his bat tightly, he spun around the corner and swung. The metallic clank of his bat cracking its skull was loud, but definitely not louder than a gunshot. Harry had learned that he didn't always need to swing as hard as he could. Just a small portion of his strength was enough to split their skulls. He also learned that their bones were gradually rotting along with their flesh. It made their bones softer and easier to break or penetrate. A sickening crunch later and the corpse dropped to the ground. Harry heard a hissing growl from one aisle over. Moving toward the noise, he found another that was coming to investigate the noise. Harry swung his bat and this time, the entire head detached from the neck. It was a bit shocking to see the head still moving its jaws, desperately trying to take a bite of his foot. A moment later and the head was a smear of disgusting paste across the dirty floor. He only came across one more as he explored the store.

The store had definitely been looted, but there was still lots of stuff to choose from. Harry had to be picky, unfortunately. He only had so much room in his SUV, so it didn't make sense to lug around big, bulky items. That being said, he did grab himself a large, high-quality tent. He had been sleeping in his vehicle every night as a form of security, but if he ever got the chance, he would definitely prefer sleeping in a tent. Next, he grabbed himself an expensive fishing pole that broke down into pieces and was stored in a black, plastic case. Harry was always trying to think two steps ahead. There would come a day when canned food was scarce and hunting would be one of the only ways to get food. Harry grabbed all of the spools of fishing line and packets of hooks that he could. His fishing equipment, he placed in his wallet. Harry kept only the most essential things in there since there was limited space. The only things he had in there right then were packets of beef jerky, some choice cans of food, and his extra handgun along with some boxes of ammo. The most important thing in there, however, was extra toilet paper.

Unfortunately, the guns and ammo were completely gone. There wasn't a single box of bullets or shotgun shells to be seen, and he looked everywhere. 'That's a damn shame,' Harry thought. With hunting still on his mind, he saw that close by were racks of compound bows. Harry went over and checked them all out. It seemed that no one wanted to loot the bows. It wasn't surprising to him. Most people didn't know how to properly use one, and even then, accurate aiming was a very difficult skill to learn. Of course, Harry had a few tricks up his sleeve. He suspected that his enhancements might just give him a leg up, just as they had done with his shooting. Grabbing the most expensive compound bow which he assumed was of the highest quality, he hung it over his shoulder. Seeing an empty shopping cart nearby, he pushed it over to the section and loaded it up with dozens of arrows, razor-sharp, metal arrowheads, and extra bowstrings. He was on his way out when he stopped short. There, in an aisle, was a row of

machetes. He walked down the aisle, checking them all out until he came upon one that was inside of a black sheath. He undid the latch button and pulled it out. The blade was long and black, and the sharp edge was shiny and metallic. The handle was olive green, and it had a good weight to it. It felt high-quality. He put it back in the sheath and strapped it to his belt with the velcro straps. He jumped up and down a few times to test it. It wasn't going anywhere, Harry thought happily. He removed it and placed it in his basket before leaving the store.

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Harry's eyes flew open wide as he was awoken by thumps on the side of his vehicle. The front seat was tilted all the way back, so Harry lifted his body slightly to see what had woken him up. As he did, he heard the wheezing of a walking corpse as it passed by his front window. Before he could react, another followed close behind it, bumping into his door as he went. 'Shit!' Harry thought as he quickly but quietly leaned back again. He stayed quiet while his heart hammered in his chest. When he could clearly hear that they had passed him by, he sat up again slowly and fixed his seat.

As it grew late, Harry had pulled over onto the side of a backwoods road, not expecting anything to find him while he slept the night away. He waited a few minutes before getting out of his car. He spotted a small horde that sometimes formed from wandering zombies. They usually grouped up near highways where there was little food to be found. They would walk in search of something to eat and group up with other small hordes to form larger ones.

His vision wasn't just better during the day, but at night as well. He could see quite well even though the moon was covered by clouds that night. The horde was walking with determination as they peeled off of the road. It was then that Harry spotted the flickering lights of a campfire in the distance. It was now clear where they were heading. Without even thinking, Harry reached into the passenger seat and strapped his new machete onto his belt. He then grabbed the loaded shotgun that he kept beside him and closed the door. He quietly ran after the horde, his footsteps near-silent as he flew past them with long, fast strides. Even after all these years, Harry's "saving-people thing" still remained as strong as ever. Besides, he was here for an adventure after all.

The horde had reached the campsite just as Harry did. He thought that these people were complete idiots the way they openly flaunted their own security. Sleeping in tents with a campfire burning bright in the middle of the night. It was a recipe for disaster, as the attacking horde had just proved. Harry jumped out of the brush and saw a group of zombies ripping open a tent and biting down on the unexpected inhabitant. The wet, squishy sounds of tearing flesh made Harry's stomach turn. These were sounds that usually went unheard by normal human ears. His ears, however, could hear more than he bargained for. The muffled scream of the masculine voice told Harry that it was an adult male being eaten. The door to a camper van opened up near the tent, and a blonde girl came out asking about toilet paper or some such nonsense. 'Merlin, these people were stupid,' he thought as a zombie grabbed her outstretched arm. Harry saw her eyes turn toward the corpse that had grabbed her. When the realization of her situation

had dawned on her, her eyes suddenly became wide with terror. The corpse lowered its head while lifting her arm up. Harry took aim. Just as its rotten teeth opened for a big, meaty bite, Harry pulled the trigger.