

Escaping my Past: Harry Potter

By Melody-the-pink-haired-freak

Submitted: March 19, 2007

Updated: March 19, 2007

Harry Potter has run away. He's running away from his friends, and the war. He has been in hiding for a year now, and has tried to forget his past, but it refuses to let him go. Now Harry is forced to return to England to face victory or certain death.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Melody-the-pink-haired-freak/44300/Escaping-my-Past-Harry-Potter>

Chapter 1 - Begining Again

2

1 - Begining Again

Escaping from my past
A Harry Potter story

Disclaimer: Sorry I don't own Harry Potter, and I know this is a lame title, but hey give me credit, I tried. (Sighs while trying to think of a new title) well, give it time, it will grow on you. Also I don't own McDonalds&

Note: I am adding my old character in this, I promise though, no Mary-Sue s&I'm not a fan of writing them. (Also don't attack her last name; it's been like that for years, so I'm not changing it. And just so you know, it's not the same Melody from the other fanfics, but I am very uncreative in names, and all my female characters have this name, unless someone else names them for me.)

Also I have nothing against those who work at McDonalds, but what I mean in this Fic, is that most jobs you can get when you don't have much of an education are jobs in the fast food business.

Summery

Harry failed miserably, but instead of getting killed when fighting Voldemort, he escaped, so what is he to do now? He runs for his life, and having nowhere else to go he escapes to America where they have no idea who he is, since Voldemort's reign of terror had not touched their shores yet, but with Harry arriving there will that only cause trouble for the U.S. or will it cause more problems for Harry?

Italics- Thoughts

Talking

Chapter 1 start

Harry Potter had to run. He knew that now, after all of his adventures, and getting into the whole I'm gonna destroy the Death Eaters thing. Now though, at age 17 he was in danger, he realized too late that facing them head on would be a mistake, and now, he was running, running from his home, friends, enemies, and the places that needed him the most. He was traveling far away to be where they had never heard of him before, to America. Yes, he knew, it was a bad thing to do, because since he wasn't known, it would be hard for him to live and get a job, and he wouldn't live as Harry Potter, the boy who Lived or Harry Potter the Chosen One. No, he would just be Harry Potter, a guy who just came out of nowhere, from England. As he boarded the plane, he kept his eyes open for any dark wizards that he knew, but none showed, no one he knew came to stop him, (not that they knew anyway) and Harry

walked onto the plane with his carry on, which was a small bag with a few of his belongings, and his broom was in the luggage compartment.

While flying in the air, Harry took one look back at his old home, and placed his head on the window there was a light rain pelting the windows, and no one noticed the teenager with the odd scar quietly crying to himself. With a shock, he realized he had never told Hermione and Ron that he was leaving, he didn't tell anyone, but he thought, that if anything they should know he isn't dead, but Harry realized he couldn't the plan was to escape, if they knew, he would never truly be free.

So many hours later

Harry felt someone shaking his arm gently, Excuse me, young man, it's time to get off the plane. An elderly woman of about 70 woke Harry up; she had a kind smile on her face, and when Harry turned his head to her she smiled, Come on now, it's time to get off the plane. And with that, she walked back down the aisle. Harry stood up and stretched for a while, not remembering his dreams at all, and opened his luggage rack and took down his bag, and then he walked out into the airport and took his luggage from where it was, and left.

About a year later

December

I would like one bacon cheeseburger, a large fry and a Coke please. Harry punched the order into the register. As much as he couldn't believe it, getting a job in the Muggle world, when your education had been Hogwarts was very hard. If you were like Harry, no license, no real history, and no Muggle education, the best job you could get, was at McDonalds and that is where he worked at least at night. At the end of his grueling shift Harry went home to his one room apartment, in the slums of a Town he just moved into. Slowly Harry walked to the dump he called a bed and removed his shirt, and crawled into his bed. The room was cold, and his sheets were thin, but he had to make due. He held his body in a tight ball trying to keep all the warmth that his body could offer near him, and then suddenly he was asleep.

That morning Harry, who not only was very cold, saw that the sky was unusually bright outside. Looking he saw it had snowed. Still he had to go to work. Harry walked into his bathroom, very small and cramped, took his shower (Cold, it seemed nothing in this apartment could be warm) brushed his teeth, and got dressed into his uniform and with more than an hour left, took his dirty clothing down to the laundry, located in the basement. On his way down he ran into his landlady she too had a load of laundry. Hello Harry! She smiled at him kindly, but she too was shivering from the cold, I am so sorry about the lack of

heat, I don't know what's going on with this damn system!

It's alright, Harry began but his landlady interrupted him

No it's not okay Harry, many of the tenants are freezing, you are the only one who says that it is okay to be freezing in the night, and not even having a hot shower! She hit the boiler (which wasn't working) in the basement. Harry walked over to the washing machine, and after setting it started to put his cloths in, his landlady started doing the same. Then they both heard a sickening noise of the water not flowing, and the quiet of the basement. His landlady moaned This place is just falling apart! Oh Harry I'm sorry& she reached in her pocket and pulled out a ten Take this, and go to the Laundromat on the corner, wash your cloths there. Silently she started to curse to herself. How am I going to get all of this stuff repaired? Harry felt bad, he knew that he could help, but for the sake of not being found, he no longer used his magic.

It's alright, He handed her back her money I can pay for my own laundry, but thank you, Melody. Melody moved her dark hair out of her face and looked at Harry with deep red eyes; she smiled fondly Harry, she began as Harry gently put the money back in her hands Thank you.

Harry left his apartment complex and walked down the sidewalk, and then making a few turns came upon the laundry mat. It took over a half hour for his cloths to wash, and he had to run home so that he could make it to work on time.

Melody had very little luck in owning this apartment. She had even less luck with people, they couldn't keep their patience with her, and she the same with them. The one person in the apartment she could stand though was Harry Potter, a boy who had appeared out of no where. He was the best tenant she ever had, he was never rude, and always managed to pay his rent on time, the only time he didn't pay on time was when he had just started living there, and didn't have a job. He followed all the laws (to her knowledge) and didn't hang out with a bad crowd. His rent was low, (she made sure of this) since his lack of a good job, but he saved whatever he could. He was all in all a good kid. I sound like an old woman she muttered to herself while thinking of how kind he was to give her back her money, even though he was down on his luck. So what shocked her as odd, was as she was leaving the apartments to meet with someone to fix the heat, and water was that she had walked right into a very important looking man, and before she could even apologize for bumping into him, he had already looked down at her and imminently she knew something was wrong. He asked, Does a boy by the name of Harry Potter live here?

Meanwhile as Harry worked his shift at his first job, in the mornings from 11:00 AM to 5:00 PM he worked at a diner, from 5:30 PM to 11:00 PM he worked at McDonalds. He wiped his brow as he walked into the kitchens to grab the next order of brunch. We need Eggs Benedict, with a side of bacon, Chip Beef, and an Order of Pancakes. Harry shouted to one of cooks while putting the order over their head. Harry over here! one of the other waiters called him over with a tray of food ready to be delivered, This goes to table six. Harry nodded and took the large tray of food to table six, Harry noted that there must be a lot of people ordering, since there were other waiters taking food to that table as well. When the table came into view not only did Harry's scar start to tingle, but the faces of those at the table caused him to almost jump out of his skin. Even though it had only been a year, Harry could not forget the faces of Vincent Crabb, Gregory Goyle, Bellatrix Lestrange, Blaise Zabini, Fenrir Greyback (that sent chills down his spine) Peter Pettigrew, and his old potions teacher, Professor Severus Snape.

Harry made a quick u-turn and walked back into the kitchen and handed the tray to someone else. *Why are they here!* Harry thoughts were flooding his mind, *Why were they there?* Harry quickly grabbed his coat and rushed out of the diner. *I have to get home* he decided quickly. Soon he ran one block, two, three, he was home. He rushed upstairs and into his room, locking the door behind him. *How*, Harry thought, *How did they find me&*

To Be Continued (I promise!)

Hmm was this good? I don t know I hope it is, I ended it the way I did because I didn t know if I should go further then that with chapter one&.oh I hope it came out well& Also, again, nothing against McDonalds&(and yes I know there were many death eaters, but that s how it works&I needed to put that many, but who was the person who talked???) I hope you liked it please R&R and I will update sooner, I want at least 5& (That is very easy to achieve I hope.)

Also, my other fan-fictions are not on hold, they just aren t getting updated as soon I as I want them to&. Because I m slow at writing, please don t kill me!!!!

Hope you liked!
MelodysmilesAlot