<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con, Underage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/F, F/M, Gen, M/M, Multi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>The Walking Dead (TV), The Walking Dead &amp; Related Fandoms, The Walking Dead (Comics), Fear the Walking Dead (TV)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Daryl Dixon/Rick Grimes, Andrew Grimes/Beth Greene, Beth Greene/Original Male Character(s), Maggie Greene/Glenn Rhee, Jeffrey Grimes/Patricia Taylor, Bob Stookey/Sasha Williams, Abraham Ford/Ellen Ford, Rosita Espinosa/Abraham Ford, Annette Greene/Hershel Greene, Hershel Greene/Josephine Greene, Rick Grimes/Negan, Michonne/Mike, Madison Clark/Jeffrey Grimes, Carl Grimes/Original Male Character(s), Carl Grimes/Riley Teller, Sophia Peletier/Mika Samuels, Enid/Original Male Character(s), Enid/Abel Teller, Jeffrey Grimes/Michonne, Gabriel/Original Female Character(s), Merle Dixon/Original Female Character(s), Aaron/Eric Raleigh, Tara Chambler/Denise Cloyd, Carol Peletier/King Ezekiel, Tyreese Williams/Karen, Andrea/Shaith Walsh, Javier Garcia/Jesus, Javier Garcia/Paul Rovia, Clementine/Violet, Becca Ford/Louis, Shane Walsh/Evie (Walking Dead), Daryl Dixon/Rick Grimes/Negan, Lori Grimes/Original Male Character(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Rick Grimes, Daryl Dixon, Shane Walsh, Lori Grimes, Jeffrey Grimes, Carl Grimes, Andrew Grimes, Maggie Greene, Glenn Rhee, Carol Peletier, Ezekiel (Walking Dead), Beth Greene, Merle Dixon, Andrea (Walking Dead), Patricia Taylor, Negan (Walking Dead), Duane Jones, Morgan Jones, Mika Samuels, Rosita Espinosa, Abraham Ford, Bob Stookey, Sasha Williams (Walking Dead), Tyreese Williams, A.J. Ford, Becca Ford, Ellen Ford, Billy Greene, Rachel Greene, Susie Greene, Lacey Greene, Arnold Greene, Shawn Greene, Josephine Greene, Judith Grimes, Jenny Jones, Michonne, Original Male Character(s), Original Female Character(s), Aaron (Walking Dead), Eric Raleigh, Tara Chambler, Noah (Walking Dead), Karen (Walking Dead), Evie (Walking Dead), Clementine (Walking Dead), Lee Everett, Morales (Walking Dead), Miranda Morales, Eliza Morales, Louis Morales, Louis (Walking Dead: Done Running), Violet (Walking Dead: Done Running), Jeremiah Garlitz, Rory (Walking Dead: Hilltop), Rory Thorndyke (Novel Series), Lilly Caul, Lilly Chambler, Meghan Chambler, Abel Teller, Thomas Teller II, Original Child Character(s), Original Dixon Character(s), Original Dixon Charecter(s), Original Dixon Characters, Original Grimes Character(s), Original Teller Characters(s), Opie Winston, Original Female Character(s) of Color, Original Male Character(s) of Color, Glenn Rhee's Sister(s), Riley Teller, Elias &quot;Eli&quot; Teller, Layla Teller, Harry Teller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Time Travel, Time Travel Fix-It, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Zombie Apocalypse, Past Lori Grimes/Rick Grimes, POV</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Return to the Beginning

by TheWeepingRaven

Summary

When Rick Grimes dies, he thought that was it. Until he woke up alive and well. With a redo of the apocalypse, Rick is going to change what he can and keep his people, his family, alive to the best of his abilities. He can only hope that it will go to plan this time. With a little luck on his side, he may find allies that remember too.

Notes

This is an idea that has been floating around my brain since I watched the fifth episode of season nine. As well as reading some really great time travel/redo Walking Dead stories. So, I though I'd give it a shot and see where it takes me. This also gives me an excuse of watching the Walking Dead series again.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Day 2895

Chapter Summary

In which Rick dies, but doesn’t stay dead for long.

Season Nine: Episode Five

(What Comes After)

Rick gasped for breath as he was flung backwards from the explosion that the dynamite had released, tossed backwards like a toy a child no longer wanted. His breath rasped as he inhale and exhaled slowly. Every breath was like a burning hot rod through his chest and side. His hands lightly shook, as his right hand pressed into the wound from the rebar he had fallen upon earlier in the day. His blood was a steady stream as it oozed out of it. His other hand loosely held onto his Colt Python. It’d been with him since the beginning of this hell.

“Rick!”

That was a familiar voice, he would recognize that voice from anywhere. “Daryl...” he mouthed the words, his tongue heavy and dry in his mouth. His eyesight swirled and blurred as he looked around in a daze. The sound of the horde of Walkers a distant concern now that the bridge was burning and destroyed.

His ears rang still from the deafening explosion. His senses coming in and out of focus with each slow hoarse breath. Much like his consciousness had been on his way to the bridge. He could realize now, that his hallucinations were just that. His mind merely attempting to get him to the bridge and his family, just one last time. The sudden clarity of what he had done and what was happening to him, hit him with a suddenness that made his head swim.

“Rick!”

That voice called out to him again. Brilliant blue eyes looked to his left when the sudden presence of another at his side took his notice. “Daryl,” he murmured, a soft smile curled his lips upward at the other man. Daryl, he was his love. They were two sides of the same coin. He was the love of his life and his best friend. He had loved Lori once, but Daryl, he was Rick’s world. He couldn’t honestly live in a world without him by his side. He didn’t want to have to imagine it.

Tears burned his eyes as he connected with green. “Hey, it’s okay,” he murmured gently. Tears were beginning to blur his eyesight. Rapidly he blinked, forcing them at bay as he stared at the man he loved with all his heart. “It’s okay,” he tried to reassure him, as tears finally fell from those green eyes he adored so much.

Daryl choked a sob, as his hands softly brushed his short curly graying hair from his cheek. He knew, as he looked down at the man he loved so fiercely and completely, that he wouldn’t make it. Daryl could hear it with each wheezing breath and cough he made. He could see it in his blood stained hand and the coldness that was taking over him. He could see it in Rick’s eyes, that Rick knew it too. “It’s okay,” he agreed with a sorrowful and grief-stricken expression.
“I...I did it,” he murmured with a half hearted chuckle. His eyes closed for a moment, before a fierce blinking of his eyelashes, those beautiful blue eyes opened again. “It wasn’t going to break,” he muttered in exhaustion. “It was...it was gonna hold,” his bloodied hand rose and lightly touched Daryl’s cheek. His hand raised and gripped Rick’s bloodied hand tightly in his. He held it against his cheek, uncaring of the blood staining his. He didn’t care that the others watched on in grief and silence, as the couple had their last moment together. “I...I couldn’t...I ‘ad ta’...I ‘ad ta’ stop it,” he mumbled incoherently.

The group shared a look, understanding flashing across their faces as they suddenly realized what he had done for them. He had been willing to sacrifice himself, to save them and the Hilltop. Rick was always willing to do what was needed. Even if it meant his death or injury in the end. It was one thing about Rick that they all knew, it was that he rarely considered his health when it came to doing what was needed.

“I love you,” Rick whispered, as he remained in eye contact with Daryl. They never said it often enough, he realized suddenly. They always had something else to say, about everything else, but never about them. He could feel it in his aching and throbbing body that he didn’t have much longer, but he wanted Daryl to know it. He wanted those he considered his family to know it. “I love my family...every one of you,” he muttered aloud.

During his hallucinations, he had gotten to say goodbye to his loved ones. He was finally able to get some closure with saying goodbye to Shane and Lori. He was able to apologize to Evie and Jeffrey, his baby siblings that he wasn’t able to save. He was able to say goodbye one last time to Carl. To apologize to him too, for not saving him and being there for him when he should have been.

There was so many more he wished he could have saved; Glenn, Hershel, Tyrese, Lori, Jeffrey, Evie, Patricia, Shane, Merle, Andrea, Sasha, Beth, Sophia, Amy, and so many more. If he was given the chance, he’d change what he knew.

If he had known what he knew now when he first awoke in that hospital, he would have done things differently. Starting with grabbing the supplies he could have from the hospital, and any other supplies from the town. He would have done so many things differently, if he merely had the chance.

Rick’s eyesight darkened as the world seemed to close in around him. The frantic and upset voices echoed through the air, but were a mere distant echo to Rick.

As Rick’s hand went limp in Daryl’s, his breathing finally stopped and his chest went still.
T-Minus 91 Days Until Outbreak

Chapter Summary

Rick awakens to a place he hasn't been to in years. Here he discovers that he is not as alone as he thought he was.

Chapter Notes

The chapters are going to start off kind of slow, as while Rick is going to start to get things in motion, along with some help from other characters that will make an appearance in later chapters, he's still going to have to get funding for what he has in mind.

There will be no bashing of characters, as I will try and make this as realistic as possible. Considering it is a time travel and redo story. Possible character pairings may pop up later that haven't been already been put up in the relationships tag.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rick inhaled and exhaled violently, a hoarse ragged cough escaped from his throat as red flared beneath his closed eyelids. His throat and chest felt tight, finding it difficult to catch his breath. His chest tightened with each forceful breath as he attempted to calm his breathless coughing fit. Eyes of a bright blue flung open forcefully, as those brilliant eyes roved quickly around to scan the room he had awoken in. His mind was flashing with memories of things that shouldn’t be possible.

Gnarly, hungry dead eyes with a horrid smell of rotting death surrounding those dead things. Their growls and moans of hunger echoed in his mind. The screams and cries of innocent and corrupt both, as they were devoured by those things rang in his ears. “Walkers,” Rick murmured, as the name came to him in an abrupt flash of sudden insight.

He had died. His hand pressed down to the unbroken skin at his right side, just a couple inches above his hip, near the bottom of his rib cage. Rick could still recall the warm blood, the coppery scent of it, as it oozed steadily out of the hole in his side. Another mental conception flashed in his mind, at the realization. “I died…” he muttered, his sharp blue eyes scanned the room again. He had awoken in a room that he barely recognized. It was dark inside the room, a gloomy kind of blackness that encased everything, but not like when he had died. Before he had died, the world had contained pitch black shadows without a flashlight or candle. This darkness was a near shadowy blackness like one would find in the sunlight.

There was a dim streak of yellowish colored light coming from the drapes, that allowed him to see the shadowy outlines of a dresser, the door to what could be the bathroom or closet, and a long wooden chest at the foot of the bed. Rick finally concentrated on the occupant he had felt beside him on the bed, and paused in shock at who he saw. From the dim lighting, he could recognize the the soft naked curves of a woman. It has been a long half decade since he had slept with one, but he could still recognize the shape of a woman without clothes on. The figure sleeping beside him had
long silky brown locks covering the pillow beneath her head like a halo. The pale face he was staring at in shock, he hadn’t seen in nearly six years, not since her death.

“Lori…” he muttered in surprise. His eyes scanned her figure slowly, noticing all the little nuances he had forgotten about. In the time since her death, he had been able to make room in his heart for another to love. However, the love he felt for Daryl was completely different to what he felt for Lori. He loved his wife, and he always would. But after her affair with Shane during his coma and the trouble it had caused them, he hadn’t been able to handle being near her. His love for the mother of his children and best friend, was always going to have a piece of his heart. However, his heart was big enough to love others.

“What the fuck is going on?” Rick asked aloud in a harsh whisper as he tried to figure out why he was staring at his dead wife. Or rather, the person who had once been his dead wife. He shouldn’t be seeing her alive and well. He shouldn’t be breathing right now either. Being in a room he hasn’t seen in eight years, he didn’t know how all this was possible. He had died, he knew this without a doubt. What he had experienced, that had not been a hallucination, and he was very familiar with hallucinations by now. With what he had gone through, that had been no dream or hallucination, it had been real as he was now.

So why am I waking up beside my wife? He deliberated as he looked around the room. He could only assume that he was in his old house, before the apocalypse business happened, if he was in bed beside Lori. It had been a long time since he had laid in a bed beside her. As much as he missed Lori, he missed Daryl too. His heart and chest ached at the thought of his hunter. He could only hope that he would get to see his partner again soon. At thought of his spouse, his thoughts were bouncing back and forth at the realization that he was back in the beginning.

Did anyone else know what was going to happen? Or was it just him? The ruminations ran through his mind in a whirlwind. What was even the date? At that musing, Rick slipped out of the bed. It was an odd sensation, feeling such warm and soft bedding against his skin. It had been a rare occurrence to find something like that before he died.

Rick looked to the nightstand beside the bed and grabbed the rectangular shaped cell phone on the nightstand. He stared at the IPhone, it’s been a long time since he’d held a phone. He clicked the circular button on the bottom of the cell phone, and squinted against the bright light. Blinking rapidly, he waited for the spots dancing across his eyesight to dissipate, before he stared at the date in shock: Friday, March 5th.

That was nearly three months before the outbreak began to grow global, he realized. Rick’s mind ran with the possibilities. With that much time, perhaps he could become better prepared for the outbreak. With this preparation time, he’d be able to accumulate quite a bit of supplies and perhaps even build a safe location for everyone to live. How long would it really be safe for? He wondered to himself. Was there really such a thing as safe in the apocalypse with the Walking Dead? From his experience the sense of safety never lasted long. Something or someone always threatened that safety, because they wanted it or because the Walkers became herds.

So how am I going to be able to save them and keep them safe? Rick wondered again as he sat carefully on the side of the bed. It’s not like it was just those he considered family he had to worry about saving, it was also his family’s relatives he had to worry about. From what he remembered, his family had siblings, parents, nieces and nephews, in-laws, and cousins that they had lost during the apocalypse. Would he be able to save them too somehow? He had no idea how, unless those individuals knew what was going to happen.

Maybe I can save others too, people that have jobs that we could benefit from after the apocalypse.
Rick thought over the various people that could have uses. There was electricians, if he got a hold of solar panels. There was hunters, doctors and nurses, engineers, construction workers, plumbers, scientists, teachers, dentists, and soldiers, among numerous others. He’d save those he could, even if they didn’t have usefulness. It was just who he was. He may not trust people, as they were the worst sorts after the world essentially ended, but he knew there was still some good people that deserved saving.

Rick rubbed his temples in irritation. He would have to find something to write in to come up with a plan for what he should do. As well as writing down the names of everyone he could recall over the last eight years he had endured the world ending, he would go from there. Rick hoped there was others that remembered, otherwise it would be a hell of a lot harder to make anyone believe him.

He shivered suddenly as a cold brush of air grazed his naked skin. Rick nearly startled as the loud sound of the air conditioner turning on dragged him from his thoughts. He wasn’t used to the sounds of electricity anymore, having been away from it for so long. He had been so consumed with his contemplating, that he had forgotten he was buck ass naked and not alone. He had to stop being so careless. While it was safe now, it wouldn’t always be so.

Bright blue eyes turned back to look at Lori and her currently flat stomach. “Hmm,” he hummed in thought as he assessed the cogitations running through his mind. “Judith should be born near the end of the year,” Rick muttered as he continued to look down at Lori. “Unless she was born early,” he added to himself. Did Lori become pregnant now? They had just spent a night together, and not just once either, if his recollection of that time was to go on. It would fit the timeline. From what he could recall, it was around the third month into the first year of the apocalypse that Lori had discovered she was pregnant, and she had given birth a good six, nearly seven months later. Which would relate to their time having sex the previous night. Though he had honestly forgotten they had in his original timeline.

Considering the next day, later today actually, Rick suddenly realized, as it was a day one didn’t forget, he had been shot. Then he had been put in a medically induced coma, before slipping into an actual coma for a few months. He remembered discussing this with Lori during the first few nights after finding them again. It’s odd knowing that he had been in a coma for about two months before the global outbreak, and for two weeks following the total outbreak.

Rick wondered if Lori had been one of those woman who just hadn’t realized she was pregnant? With the stress of him being shot, falling into a coma, and then the apocalypse happening, could she have just not realized? Rick gave an irritated groan as his head throbbed. This was getting him nowhere, and he definitely didn’t want to consider that maybe Shane and Lori had been sleeping together behind his back before the apocalypse. Especially considering he and Shane’s past together. An affair was not something he wanted to add to his growing list of things to worry about.

Silently, Rick stood from the bed and picked up a carelessly tossed pair of boxer briefs from the floor. He quietly pulled them on, followed by a pair of sweatpants and t-shirt, before making his way carefully out of the bedroom. “Dad,” was called out by the voice of Carl, and it startled Rick as he was gently shutting the bedroom door. Turning around, the Sheriff deputy looked at his son with surprise.

“Carl,” he murmured with awe. Blue eyes scanned over his son with amazement. It had been a good two years since he had last seen his son. The figure he was looking at was not the eighteen-year-old he remembered, but the twelve-year-old he had been at the beginning of the apocalypse. It was disheartening and thrilling in equal measures, to see his son, but to see the differences and toll the apocalypse had done to his child, was staggering. Rick reached out and pulled him into a hug. Feeling the warmth and heartbeat of his son, his boy that he had lost to a bite. “God Carl,” Rick shed
tears as he gripped his son tight. His forehead rested upon his son’s head, as Carl’s face rested against his father’s chest.

Carl cried tears of grief, sadness, relief, and so many other conflicting emotions at seeing his father again. The last thing he remembered, was putting a bullet in his head after saying goodbye to his father, Daryl, and Michonne. He had gotten to say his goodbyes to everyone else before hand, but the three most important to him, he got his goodbyes longer. Seeing his father again, after what should have been the last time, was amazing.

“It wasn’t a nightmare was it,” Carl muttered rhetorically into his father’s shirt. “What we experienced...it really happened,” he said with teary blue eyes as he pulled away from his father. Curled fist loosened from Rick’s shirt, while his dad’s hands gripped Carl’s shoulder firmly.

A sinking feeling settled in the pit of Rick’s stomach at his son’s words. If there was one thing he wished, it was that Carl didn’t have to remember what they went through. At the same time, he was glad his son remembered. He’d have an easier time surviving the outbreak when it happened. With Carl’s death, Rick had realize that he hadn’t been there for him as much as he should of, and that thought burned at him. To realize he had caused such a distance between them. It was going to change, if this was his second time around, he was going to be there for his son. “Come on Carl, let’s head downstairs so we don’t wake your mom up,” Rick muttered with a firm but gentle arm curled around his son’s shoulders and tucking him into his side.

Quietly, the father and son duo walked slowly down the wooden and creaky staircase in a companionable silence. They walked into the kitchen together and Rick flipped the light switch on. It still surprised him that it worked, but he could hear the hum of electricity in the air. It was amazing what years away from the ability to have electricity could do to one’s sense. The sounds of all the appliances that ran of gas and electricity was so loud. “What are we going to do dad?” Carl asked his father.

Rick searched the cabinets for where the cups were. It had been too long since he’d been in this house and not knowing where anything was, was going to cause a problem. “I have some ideas Carl,” Rick began slowly. Carl watched his father as he searched the cupboards. It had been a while since they had been here, he couldn’t recall most of anything was either. “I’m thinkin’ that if we both remember, then maybe your mom will too,” he said and forcefully shut the cupboard door that appeared to contain plates and ceramic bowls. Rick reached the next cupboard and sighed in relief when he found the cups. Pulling out two, he set them of the counter and walked over to the fridge. A cool rush of air hit his face, distracting Rick for a moment at the realization that they still had electricity. Reaching inside, he grabbed the bottle of orange juice and set it on the counter beside the glasses.

“Dad...I’m so sorry for the way I treated you,” Carl whispered in a shaky tone voice. As if he could split apart at the seams at any given moment. His blue eyes burned and his eyesight blurred with tears again when he looked across the counter at his father. His mind went through all the ways he had treated him. He had blamed his father for everything, and that blame had turned to resentment, anger, and at times hate. He had blamed him for having to kill Shane (even though he could now see Shane had been a danger to everyone), for abandoning his mother (even though he now had a better understanding of why his father rarely went around her), and for taking care of their family and concentrating on their survival more than him. Those were just the things he could think from the top of his head. He knew there was more reasons why he had been angry at his dad, but thinking back on them, he realizes now that his father had been an easy target to take his anger out on.

Tears slid slowly down Carl’s cheeks again as a sob escaped from chapped lips. Small shoulders shook with his cries as he fully began to comprehend everything that had happened and was going to
happen.

Rick quickly made the few steps it took to reach his son and pulled him into a tight hug again. Carl’s hands raised to grip the back of his father’s shirt, trying to keep it together, even as he fell apart. It had been a long time since he’d allowed himself to cry, and in the comfort of his father’s arms once again, he did just that. Rick didn’t try to console him with false platitudes, as those were pointless. But he did hold his son, his strong presence reminding Carl that no matter what, his father would be there for him and forgive him.

*Thump. Thump. Thud.*

Carl and Rick’s attention turned to the ceiling, where the noise gave from. The sound of footsteps and a bedroom door closing made them realize that Lori must have awoken. “Rick? Carl?” Lori called out with a note of alarm. Her footsteps began to make their way down the staircase in a study rhythmic thumping sound. Rick’s eyes turned to the glowing green lights of the kitchen oven: 5:27.

“In the kitchen!” Rick called back as Lori’s footsteps sounded closer until she appeared in the kitchen doorway. Her beautiful brown eyes looked between the pair, tears could be clearly seen when she laid eyes upon the pair.

“Was it a nightmare?” Lori asked Rick with her full attention on him.

The question gave him pause. *That answers my question,* Rick mused to himself. “Was what a nightmare?” Rick asked cautiously. Carl appeared too shocked to reply to his mother, as he stared at her, taking in her being alive. The last time he had seen his mom, he had to put a bullet in her skull, after she bled out from Judith’s birth, before she had the chance to change into a Walker.

“The Walkers,” Lori replied, with eyes blurring from tears. “The coma you were in after getting shot and my...affair...that I had with Shane when I thought you were dead,” she continued with an awkward expression on her face. The thought of her affair with Shane made her feel regret, disgust, and anger at herself for being so weak. She had thought her husband dead, and while that didn’t excuse her for seeking comfort in her husband’s best friend, it was truth. She would never cheat on Rick, she loved him, but it had happened in her moment of weakness. “Our attempt to find a safe place and then dying for our daughter,” Lori choked out, tears finally escaped and rapidly slid down pale cheeks at the thought. She had never gotten to know her baby girl, and the thought killed her.

Rick could never stand the thought of seeing Lori cry. Reaching out with one arm, Lori quickly walked into his. Together, the small family held each other. Lori lovingly running her right hand through her son’s hair, while the other gripped the back of Rick’s shoulder blades shirt. “Mom,” Carl whispered as he held tightly onto his mother. His hands were curled into tight fist as he held onto her nightshirt. Lori’s head rested of Rick’s shoulder as the family gathered their bearings.

*Ding Dong. Ding Dong. Ding Dong.*

The Grimes family startled at the noise of the doorbell ringing. Slowly, Rick, Lori, and Carl pulled away from each other and looked towards the kitchen doorway that led to the dining room, living room, and front door. They small trio shared a look, before Ring slowly began to make his way out of the kitchen.

*Ring. Ring. Ring. Ring.*

Rick paused when the house phone began ringing. It was hanging up on the wall beside the kitchen door. Without hesitation, Rick picked the phone up from its cradle and answered it with a press of the green phone button. He held it up to his ear as he walked down the hallway to the front door.
“Grimes Residence, Rick speaking,” Rick stated into the mouth piece. It was an old habit that he had done before the outbreak and he hadn't even considered what to say until he picked it up. It wasn’t as if he had used a phone in years.

“Rick,” A familiar voice stated into the phone.

Rick nearly dropped it at the voice that spoke. “Hershel,” he replied in surprise. The Sheriff’s deputy had never considered that Hershel would remember, but perhaps he should have. He had at hoped that the other man would be able to recall what had happened, but never truly believed that it may have been a possibility. Now that he knew Hershel did, it would certainly make things easier for his plans.

“It’s good to hear your voice Rick,” Hershel replied in a warm and fatherly tone. Hershel had always been a fatherly figure to Rick. He had been a man that many could look up to. Primarily due to his calm and caring nature towards everyone.

“It’s good to hear from you too,” Rick replied with relief. Tears burned his eyes for a moment as he recalled watching Hershel die at the hands of the Governor. The horror and anger that had gripped him at the sight was somethin’ that still gave him nightmares, even years later. "I was actually goin' to attempt to reach out to you later this morning,” Rick stated with a chuckle. Trust Hershel to be a step ahead of Rick.

Rick unlocked the front door before gripping the doorknob and turning it slowly, causing it to emit a small clicking noise. When the front door swung open, it showed the one person he had honestly not expected to see. He paused at the sight of who stood on his front porch looking awkward.

“I’m glad I was able to beat you to it then,” Hershel was saying into the phone. Rick barely heard, too surprised and distracted at the figure standing there staring at him. “We need to talk Rick, start making some plans.”

“Rick,” Shane stated in just as much surprise and shock at the sight of him. His large frame was hunched, his hands stuffed into his sweatpants pockets. It was his dark eyes however, that caught Rick’s attention. He had always been able to read his best friend, and what his eyes were displaying were conflicting emotions; happiness, relief, sadness, nervousness, and so much more as those dark eyes scanned Rick’s physique.

“Shane,” Rick muttered back in surprise.

“Shane’s there Rick?” Hershel questioned in curiosity.

Rick held up a hand to Shane, and then gestured for him to enter the house. He watched his best friend, former best friend’s?, broader frame step past the front doorway and into the house. “Take a seat Shane,” he said as he gestured to the armchair. He shut the front door behind him with a click before turning to face the room.

Lori and Carl were sitting on the sofa, cuddled up together with two glasses of range juice sitting on the table. It caused a smile to curl his lips at the sight, a remembrance of the past. However, the pair seemed startled to see Shane in their home. “Yeah, he’s here Hershel, and I have a feelin’ that there’s a conversation that is needin’ to happen,” he sighed with a glance at his wife, son, and Shane. “I’m hopin’ we’ll be able to get together later today over at yours,” Rick suggested. “I already have some plans in mind for what we could do,” Rick added as he stood between the sofa and armchair. “I’m likely goin’ to have some visitors with me,” he added as he adjusted his hold of the phone.

There was an awkward since between Lori, Carl, and Shane. The two adults appeared not wanting
to look at each other, and Carl couldn’t seem to look at Shane, especially since he had helped his father against Shane in the other timeline.

“That sounds fine with me Rick,” Hershel agreed. “It seems the only ones that remember here are myself, one of my oldest sons Shawn, and Beth,” the older man added with a sigh. “It’ll be interestin’ to see those plans of yours,” he remarked. If he knew Rick, the other man probably already had a book full of ideas on what they could do to prepare themselves.

“I'm glad at least you have others to remember with you,” Rick responded with a small smile. "I'd like to speak to Beth when we get to the Farm," Carl watched his father in confusion for a moment, before realization shined in his eyes. He knew exactly what his father was talking about, and he almost felt sorry for the blonde.

Hershel chuckled at his response, "Beth mentioned that you might, but she was too mortified to tell me why.” He had a feeling that he would find out later today, especially if Rick was wanting a talking to Beth.

"Considerin' what she did was foolish and caused her death, I'd say she has every right to feel that way," Hershel was quiet for a moment at Rick's statement. His mind ruminating over what that meant and mighty interested in hearing this story.

"I'm interested in hearing that story Rick," Hershel finally stated to the Sheriff Deputy over the phone. His voice was so clear through the ear piece, Rick could swear the older man was standing right beside him.

"And I'll tell you that story Hershel," Rick promised. "For now, I'l let you go. We should be headin’ out in a couple of hours,” Rick said, while his blue eyes looked between the trio sitting in the living room. “First we need to deal with stuff here, but we should be there ’round 10 or so,” The Sheriff Deputy remarked, as his mind went over everything that he wanted to start doing first, before heading over to the Greene Farm, which was about an hour and thirty minutes away.

“I'll see you then Rick,” Hershel replied before hanging up.

Rick pulled the phone from his ear and hung it up. With a sigh, he took a seat on the other arm chair and looked between Lori, Carl, and Shane. “This feels like a conversation over coffee,” Rick muttered as he rubbed his eyes tiredly.

“I've got it,” Lori suddenly stated as she stood from the couch and walked back into the kitchen.

A new silence fell over Rick, Carl, and Shane, as each of them was unsure of what to say. Shane opened his mouth and decided to be the first to speak, “Rick, I’m so sorry man.” There was an expression of deep regret and sadness when he stared at his best friend. Rick was the man that he had loved for years, since the summer of their sophomore year. They had fooled around and experimented, like most teenagers did. But he had stepped away in Freshman year of college, when Jeffrey had introduced Lori to Rick. He had seen then, that Rick had felt love at first sight with the beautiful brunette. He hadn’t wanted to ruin it for his best friend, so he had stepped back. It was something that Shane regretted.

“I don’t know if you remember,” Shane began to say. As soon as those words left his lips, Rick, Carl, and Lori, who had appeared again with cups of coffee for the adults, knew what he was talking about.

“We all remember Shane,” Rick replied evenly. His brilliant blue eyes stared steadily across at his best friend. He wasn’t yet willing to trust the other man, especially with everything that had
happened between them.

“Good, good,” Shane nodded as he roughly ran a hand through his hair. “Nothin’ ever happened between Lori and I before then,” the black haired man stated firmly. “We should have never done what we did, even after we believed you were gone,” he added with a frown. “And I’m sorry for goin’ crazy like I did. I was a mad dog that needed puttin’ down, before I caused even more damage than I already was doin’ and I realize that,” Shane said as he looked across at Rick. He could only hope that the other man believed him. What he was saying was true. He never would have done what he did, but he had lost himself once society went to hell. With his recollection of this alternate timeline, he knew himself well enough to know that his power over the group had gone to his head. He wouldn’t lead again this time. Rick was always the steady and level headed one, he should be in charge and Shane would support him completely.

Rick ruminated over everything that Shane had said. There was a sense of relief over what he had told him. Glancing at Lori showed that she was also in agreement to what Shane had said, that they had never done anything before then. It was reassuring to say the least. He wanted his best friend back, just like he wanted Daryl back at his side. If Shane wanted his forgiveness, Rick was willing to give it to him. It was a different time, what had happened last time was not going to happen this time. Rick would do whatever he had to, to make sure it didn’t occur.

“There’s nothin’ to forgive Shane,” Rick replied with a small smile. “I’m just happy to have you at my side this time,” he added with a nod. He hoped he wouldn’t regret this. “With tha’ said, I have some plans in mind to make a safe place for everyone, but we’re goin’ to need funding,” The Sheriff Deputy remarked with a sigh. “I’m thinkin’ we sell whatever we can, the house, any extra vehicles,” he mused aloud.

Lori nodded her head in agreement, selling the house was fine with her. It was no longer a home for any of them, just a place that had walls and a roof. “I can look into getting money from my parents,” she suggested. Her parents came from old money, and were always willing to give her money if she just asked.

“I have money from that one company, after mama and pops passed away,” Shane said with sigh. “I can go to the bank and look into getting that money out,” he added. Just thinking about his parents, even after nearly five years of them being dead and gone, still brought him pain. Rick shared a sad small smile with Shane. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh had been like second parents to Rick.

“Maybe we should get in contact with Aunt Evie and Uncle Jeff,” Carl suggested with a small smile. It’s been a long time since he had been able to see them. “Maybe I can get in contact with mom’s sisters and brother, Aunt Ally, Uncle Tom, Uncle Mike, and Aunt Liz,” he proposed hopefully. He hoped he could save his extended family this time.

“Those are good ideas,” Rick agreed with a nod of his head. While he and Hershel have yet to speak about Rick’s plans, he didn’t want to waste any time. The faster they got things started, the quicker they could get their plans moving. “Lori you call your parents, Shane go to the bank, and Carl call your Aunts and Uncles, and I’ll get in contact with a realtor,” he ordered and stood from the couch. The coffees remained untouched as the group of four split up, each heading in different directions to get things started.

Chapter End Notes
Reviews and kudos are always welcome.
In Which They Remember

Chapter Summary

In which, other characters remember and react to their memories of their alternate timeline. With their memories brought back, they begin to make plans to survive the outbreak.

Chapter Notes

Edited: April 26, 2019

There are some changes to this chapter that I made. There are some main characters that won't remember, unlike how I had it originally, as new ideas have come to me that wouldn't have worked with the previous version.

In this chapter, there are a quite a lot of characters that make an appearance. Not all of them are likely to be expected, but each have a connection to Rick.

Rick is the common factor for all of them. They all know Rick, have had him as a leader, acquaintance, or enemy, at one point or another. In my opinion, Rick is an individual that everyone tends to turn to when a situation is bad and they need his help. In this case, it's due to the beginning of an outbreak starting.

There is an Original Male Character, that is a primary character. The short background of him is that his name is Riley Teller. He's seventeen-years-old at the beginning of the outbreak, and was Carl Grimes' partner in the original timeline and will be in this timeline. The pair didn't start anything sexually until Carl was around 16, even though Carl wanted to when he was 14. Riley has been a part of Rick's group since the start in Atlanta. He's a badass like all of Rick's group, and you'll learn more about his past throughout the story.

I do apologize for any grammatical errors or what not. I'll likely be reading this chapter over a few times to find any I missed.

Also, I'm still trying to get some of the characters personality and what not. So I do apologize if they might seem OOC or something. I am watching the Walking Dead again to help me get into their mindsets, as best as I possibly can.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fayetteville, Georgia

Sophia whimpered as she began to stir, her eyes glistened with tears as she pulled herself from her nightmares. She had taught herself a long time ago never to wake up with a cry or scream, least it woke her daddy up. That was somethin’ she never wished for. Since she knew her daddy wasn’t a nice man and was always so mean to her and her Mama. Her dark brown eyes tore away from the
wall she had been staring at, to see that she was in a very familiar room, it was a room she hadn’t been in for a long time. Her blonde eyebrows furrowed, as her eyes looked over all the toys put neatly in her toy chest and all her clothes either neatly folded or hung up.

A frown graced her lips, curling them downwards as she slowly swung her legs over the side of her bed. *Why am I back here?* She wondered, as she cautiously stood up from her bed. Her feet padded dully against the scratchy carpeted floor as she walked cautiously to her bedroom door. Nervously, Sophia gripped the door knob and turned it slowly before pulling it carefully open. Her blonde head peaked out first, the sound of pots and pans clanging reached her ears, quickly followed by the smell of breakfast cooking.

Her stomach rumbled with hunger. She released the doorknob at the noise and gripped her stomach with her hands. As if she’d be able to silence it that way. The last time she had eaten, it was before she ran from those Walkers. A shiver ran down her spine at the thought. She hated those things, they scared and frightened her something fierce. She could remember vividly being chased by them. The relief of being found by Mr. Rick brought a smile to her lips. She sometimes wished he was her daddy. Carl always spoke very highly of him and the way Mr. Rick acted towards her was just how she imagined a daddy should act, caring, kind, and loving.

With a small smile, Sophia carefully made her way down the hallway that led to the kitchen. She paused in the doorway at the sight of her Mama cooking breakfast. A frown graced her lips again as she stared at her mother’s hunched shoulders and careful movements. It had happened again, she sighed with an upset expression.

It took the young girl a moment, before she recognized the sounds of the television playing, the voices of a newscaster speaking about the daily going on’s. Once that notice occurred, Sophia began to notice the other sounds, the hum of the lights and clicking of the gas on coming from the stove. It surprised her, as it had been awhile since she’s been faced with working electricity and gas. The surprise of them working distracted the blonde girl from her surroundings.

“Oomph,” Sophia grunted suddenly when her father appeared from behind her and shoved her out of his way and into the wall. It always amazed her that her father could be so quiet when he had such a loud presence. She watched her father silently, noticing his expression was different today, he seemed lost in his thoughts.

“Where’s my food woman?” Ed grumbled to Carol as he took a seat at their small kitchen table. The chair gave a squeak when he took a seat.

“Right here,” Carol replied quietly while setting his plate in front of him. “Sophia hunny, come an’ eat,” she greeted with a small smile at her daughter. Her own blue eyes showed love, warmth, and awe for her daughter. As if just the sight of her, brought tears to her pretty blue eyes. She loved her daughter, and seeing her standing there, it took Carol’s breath away.

“Mornin’ Mama,” Sophia greeted quietly. A smile graced her lips when her mother kissed her on the forehead. It always sent a warmth of emotion through her chest whenever her mother gave her a kiss like that. At least she had one parent that loved and cared about her. “Thank you Mama,” she picked up her fork after her mother set her breakfast down in front of her. It had been a long time since she had eaten like this. The fluffy yellow scrambled eggs, crisp bacon, golden hash browns, and buttered toast made her stomach growl again. With little hesitation, she began to eat the delicious breakfast with a happy hum.

She wanted to ask her Mama if she remembered too, but she wasn’t sure if Mama did or not. With the way she was actin’, it didn’t seem like it, but her Mama had always been good at hidin’ her emotions behind a mask. It’s somethin’ that she’s learned to do too when home or out in the public.
She always had to make sure the teachers and staff at her school didn’t notice anything wrong.

Sophia’s attention turned to her father, watching him as he grumbled to himself about “nothin’ showin’ dead walkin’ ‘round” while he read his newspaper. The young girl’s heart constricted at those words. Afraid her father would see her expression, Sophia looked back down at her plate and slowly continued to eat. She fought her hands from shaking as her mind ran over the knowledge that while her Mama didn’t remember, but her father did.

*What should I do? What could I do?* Sophia mused to herself as she watched her parents from the corner of her eyes. An idea popped in her head suddenly, making a small smile curl her lips upwards, she knew what she was going to do. She would get rid of her father somehow, but first she’d call Mr. Rick and see what he could do. He must know what to do, he was a police officer after all. She just knew he’d be able to help her and her Mama. All she had to do is find his number and contact him...somehow.

With her plan in mind, Sophia continued to eat her breakfast in a content silence. She’d protect herself and her Mama, if her Mama couldn’t do it for them.

**Duluth, Georgia**

“Gods damn motha’ fucker!” Merle Dixon bellowed abruptly as he jolted up and stumbled out of his bed with a loud crash. His icy blue colored eyes looked rapidly around the small cabin bedroom he was in. “Wha’ the fuckin’ god damn hell is goin’ on?” He demanded as he stood from his bedroom floor. He shouldn’t have been anywhere near this godforsaken hellhole. He looked down at having two working hands in surprise. “I’d be damned and fucked sideways, how’s in the hell do I have two fuckin’ ‘ands ‘gain?” The man’s blue eyes roved over his hands, curling the hand he had lost with shock. This should not be fucking possible.

The last thing he could remember was the pig ass mother fucker of a Governor shooting him in the fucking heart. It shouldn’t be possible, that he was awake and back in his old bedroom from before the apocalypse bullshit. He had died, he knew he had, and yet he had woken up here? If this was some reaction from a bad trip he was fuckin’ callin’ off the drugs. He wasn’t goin’ to die this time and he was certainly not going to work with that shit stain Governor again.

Within the small house the Dixon brothers lived in, was quiet. The hum of electricity could be heard, like a buzzing of thousands insects just out of eyesight. The dim lighting of the sun filtered through the window, giving the room a yellow golden glow. The distant sounds of motor vehicles could be heard, along with the sounds of nature. It was off putting, to hear electricity again, when silence had been commonplace.

“What the fuck is yer pro’lem Merle!” His baby brother hollered as he stood in the door with an irritated expression. His hair was neatly brushed, as if he’d been awake for awhile already. He was dressed in his usual dark blue jeans, a plain black shirt, with his angel wings vest over it, and his brown biker boots. Incensed green eyes burned into Merle, but the older man couldn’t find himself caring worth a damn. He was alive and gettin’ a second chance and he wasn’t gonna screw it up this time and he was certainly not going to work with that shit stain Governor again.

“Baby bro’ yer up earlier than usual,” he replied cheekily with a smile that he knew got under his baby brothers skin. He ignored his younger brothers question. It was the older Dixon’s duty to irritate his baby brother, otherwise he wasn’t doin’ his job as big brother. Merle searched the room and began to pick up a pair of blue jeans, a plain black shirt followed by a plaid shirt, and some socks for his feet.
“No thanks to yer dumb ass,” Daryl replied darkly. Merle was always stirring some shit up. Or causin’ some sort ah trouble, it didn't matter what it was, it was always something. “What's got ya fucked up head in a mess now?” He questioned exasperatedly. If it was because Merle was coming off of somethin’ again, he was gonna be pissed. Stupid asshole was always causin’ them some sort of trouble. Whether it be knockin’ up some fling of his, gettin’ arrested, or nearly gettin’ them killed, it was always somethin’ with him.

“Bad fuckin’ nigh’mare,” The older Dixon responded as he plopped down on the bed. The bed squeaked and groaned at his weight, appearing to be only second away from collapsing. “Yer wouldn’ ‘appen tah ‘ave any nigh’mare ‘bout dead fucks eatin’ humans huh?” Merle asked his brother in his southern drawl. His dark eyebrow raised in question at his baby brother.

Daryl stared blankly at his brother, no recollection showed in his bright green eyes. There was confusion and irritation shining in his emerald green colored eyes, when he looked at his big brother. “Yah high or somethin’?” He asked his older brother with annoyance. "There ain't no thang 'bout dead eatin' humans Merle. Yah need tah lay off the drugs,” he replied to Merle with a grumble. He hated his brother when he did drugs, the guy was a bigger asshole then usual.

“W'at I dreamed was no fuckin’ joke Darlena. If w'at I dreamed is gonna ‘appen, I ain’t gonna die this time 'round,” He decided with a nod of his head as he stood from the bed and grabbed the clothes he had scavenged up from the floor. He slid his jeans on and buttoned them before sliding his black t-shirt and plaid long sleeve on. Slipping into his aged brown biking boots he glanced at Daryl, who merely looked back at his older brother with a raised eyebrow.

“W'at the 'ell yah talkin' ‘bout it Merle?” Daryl demanded as he followed his big brother out of the small bedroom and back into the main area of the cabin. It merely held an open spaced small kitchenette, a living room, dining area, and a bathroom through a door to the right of the cabin. It was nothing special, just a small place that they lived in.

“Gonna give Officer Friendly a call, tha’ wa’ I’ma do,” Merle decided as he grabbed his truck keys from the wooden dining table while he walked past the table to the front door.

Daryl’s eyebrows raised at Merle’s statement. Officer Friendly? Who the fuck was that? Was his brother gonna call some cop? What the hell was up with Merle? His brother was a loose canon when he wasn’t clean. The younger Dixon followed his big brother, their booted feet making dull thuds as they walked across the wooden floors. While he didn't understand what the hell Merle was talkin’ ‘bout, he wasn’t about to let the dumbass go by himself. Gods know he would wind up causin’ some sort of trouble if he did as gettin’ arrested in the process. He always caused some sorta trouble when he was let out in public.

Atlanta, Georgia

Midtown

Jacqui Prescott stirred awake in a sweat induced terror. Dark brown, nearly black eyes, scanned her darkened bedroom with fear thrumming through her body. Her heart raced rapidly in her chest at the terror she was feeling. With a shaky hand, she pressed it to her chest, feeling its brisk beating against her clammy hand. Her mind was consumed with memories of something that shouldn’t be possible. She had to have dreamed it all...right? Her mind went over everything she remembered and it made the terror raise anew once again.

“It has to have been real,” she murmured to herself. She swung her feet over the bed and pushed
herself to stand. From within her apartment, she could hear the sounds of a television playing as voices laughed, the noise of cars honking and people hollering, and doors opening and closing. The noise was something that startled Jacqui, as it had been a long time since she’d heard such life outside. Often times, it was the deadly sounds of groans from the Walkers and screams from people dying that rang in her ears.

Jacqui walked unsteadily to her desk. She was caught off balanced at the sounds and sight of her laptop and desk lamp innocently sitting on top of it. The older woman carefully touched the objects, feeling their smoothness against her palm, before pulling the supple leather desk chair out from beneath the desk and taking a seat. She pushed the laptop screen up and pressed the power button on and waited for it to load. Reaching out with a shaking hand, she turned the light switch on with a flick of her middle and pointer finger, and squinted against the sudden bright yellow glow it emitted.

Jacqui’s hands anxiously tapped the desk table, her eyes flickering over the pictures on her desk, and stared at the ones of her mother and baby brothers. Her mother Nadine, looked so full of life in that moment. She was sitting in a chair, hands loosely laying in her lap, as she looked up towards a hummingbird that was drinking from the bird feeder. She looked so happy and in awe at that moment, that it brought tears to Jacqui’s eyes. How long has it been since she had seen her mother and heard her voice? It felt like such a long time to have gone without.

She turned her eyes to the next picture on her desk, where her younger brothers, Raoul, Laurent, and Auguste. All three of her brothers hand their arms thrown over each other’s shoulders. In the background was their grandmother’s farmhouse. It was a white charming house, with its rustic appearance of dark green shutters and wood paneling with a wrap around porch. But it was the sight of her brothers in the front of it, cackling over a crude joke Laurent most likely had told, that had her attention. Knowing her brothers, it was likely that Laurent had caused them to laugh. He was like that, always the one breaking the tension that built up between them all with a well played pun or joke.

A smile graced her lips at the thought of her brothers. She loved her family fiercely and having lost them like she had, it had broken something inside of her. It caused her to resort to committing suicide in the CDC, but she didn’t think she’d be able to do it this time. Not if she had the chance to save her family, and she would save them if she had the chance.

Jacqui drew her attention back to the laptop and clicked the icon with her name, which quickly loaded and opened to her account. Jacqui’s eyes were drawn to the date of the bottom right hand corner of the screen. Her eyes grew wide in shock at what it displayed: 3/5/2010. The time showed it was 5:18 AM.

With her index finger she used the mouse to open a browser and quickly typed in a name: Rick Grimes. It was one person she could vividly recall. As Rick had made a lasting impression. The response that came with searching his name was immediate. Google loaded pages worth of information on Sheriff Deputy Rick Grimes from Kings County Georgia. “It was real,” she muttered with shock. Her lean frame inclined back into her desk chair at the realization. “That means I’m back, but why?” Jacqui asked herself with a frown.

Her hands trembled as she typed in, Rick Grimes phone number. If there was anyone that could or would help her, it had to be Rick. He was a good man and had saved them when they were locked in that store. She grabbed the phone that was plugged and charging beside her laptop and pulled the cord out. It displayed a 100% sign in the upper right corner of the phone. Good, that meant she could give Rick a call and figure out what to do.
“Papa! Mama! It’s time to wake up!” A young innocent child’s voice called out through the closed bedroom door. A banging knock on the door disturbed the couple sleeping within the bedroom.

“Oh, Jed, I’ll be up in a minute,” Jim Rothenberg muttered tiredly from his position beneath the comforter and sheet covers. It took the older man a few seconds to realize what he had heard and muttered sleepily. He jolted abruptly with a start at his son’s voice. The comforter and sheet fell into his lap as dark brown eyes looked rapidly around the familiar master bedroom of his home. He had to abandon it, he remembered, when the dead started walking, he had to leave but...Jim’s thoughts trailed off as he looked to the left to see his wife. Her chest was raising up and down in a sign of sleep.

“Jessie,” he muttered with a voice thick of awe, love and emotion. His eyes burned fiercely with tears he wasn’t willing to shed as he stared at his beautiful wife.

“Mmm? Jim, you okay baby?” Jessica Rothenberg asked tiredly. Her brilliant steel gray eyes connected to his dark brown with worry and concern.

“I’m fine Hun, just got startled by Jed’s hollerin’,” Jim replied. He reached out with a calloused hand, caused from long days in the mechanic garage using his hands, and gently cupped his wife’s cheek. “I love ya somethin’ fierce Jessie,” he said while leaning down and giving her a small tender and loving kiss. It was something he hadn’t been able to do for a long while. Not after he lost her and his kids. The thought of his children brought tears to his eyes again.

“I love you too Jimmy,” Jessica muttered in their kiss. Slowly the married couple pulled away at the sounds of their children hollering and fighting with each other down the hallway. “It never ends,” she sighed fondly, her red hair curled around her shoulders in messy waves. Her grey eyes sparkled as she stood from the bed. While passing the closet she grabbed her robe that was hanging on a hook and slid it on over her flowing nightgown. “I best go gather the youngin’s, least they cause mass mayhem,” she joked with a smile over her shoulder before she walked out the bedroom door. “Come done for breakfast in a bit!” Jessica hollered over her shoulder to her husband.

“Will do Jessie love!” He hollered back with a smile. Was it all a dream? Jim wondered as he stood from the bed and grabbed his pajama bottoms and shirt to slide on. It couldn’t have been, the grief was too intensely present to be anything else. The knowledge that he may lose his wife and children, along with his sister and her family again, it caused an ache in his heart. He wasn’t going to lose them this time, he was going to save them.

Jim looked around the room, noticing the little things. The alarm clock glowed with red letters, depicting the time as 5:58. The early morning sunlight was filtering through the curtains, permitting rays of light to shine in the room. The electricity’s hum and the sound of rushing water distracted Jim for a moment. How long had it been before he died, that they had running water and electricity? It was like being in a whole new world, and with this knew world, he had another chance to save his family and he knew just the man to call; Rick Grimes.

“Glenn! Glenn! Glenn!” A young female voice called out through Glenn Rhee’s sleeping nightmares. The sleeping twenty-two-year old groaned and awoke. His dark brown, nearly black
eyes, connected with sea green eyes.

“Lily,” Glenn muttered in shock as he pushed himself slowly up from the couch he had fallen asleep on. “What’s going on?” He asked with a yawn. He rubbed his tired face, his mind going back to the nightmares he had. That couldn’t have been real...right? The vivid nightmares flashed again in his mind, the pain he had experienced couldn’t be faked. The emotional pain of losing a loved one to the Walkers or living, was too intense to be anything else but real.

Then there was the physical pain. His whole body flinched at the remembrance of being bludgeoned to death by Negan and his bat Lucille. He could vividly recall the stifled cries of his family, as they tried to stop Negan but couldn’t. Glenn’s heart rate raised as his stomach turned violently at the lucid recollection of the extreme pain he had experienced. Without warning, he gagged and turned on his side, bile spilling from his mouth and onto the floor beside the couch. His stomach muscles clenched and spasmed as he dry heaved over the floor.

“Glenn! Are you okay?” His little sister Lily cried out in alarm. Her concerned sea green eyes were shadowed by her black bangs. Her hands wrung together in distress, unsure how to help her big brother.

“I’m okay, Lils,” he choked out. His stomach still twisted at the horrific memory of his death, before remembering he had left behind two very important someones. “Maggie,” Glenn groaned with tears in his eyes. He had left behind his pregnant wife. Did the baby survive? Did Maggie get help? His head pounded with his racing heart as tears slid free and down his pale cheeks. Was anyone else remembering this? Glenn glanced at his youngest sister and chuckled weakly. “I’m okay Lily, I promise,” he wanted to believe it too, but his head was still consumed with his worries and concerns.

“Who’s Maggie?” The twelve-year-old asked with furrowed eyebrows and confusion shining bright in her eyes.

Glenn ignored her question. He was too lost in the realization that he was alive, back before everything started. Now that the panic and recollection was lessening a little, he started to hear traffic outside the apartment building, the sounds of voices and electricity thrummed loud in his ears. It was off putting, to such clear signs if life. Especially since when he died, they barely had a full community worth of people. The largest group he’d seen before he died, was Negan’s Saviors.

The fact that he was alive with another chance, it meant that his sister’s were alive still, his older sisters and their families, and his younger sisters, made his chest constrict. He hadn’t been able to save them last time, but he had to save them this time. He didn’t think he’d be able to handle seeing them die this time, not when he had the chance to save them, but how? How can I get them to believe me and go with me when leave? He asked himself as he considered all the supplies he would need to get. Maybe his older sisters and their spouses, who worked in the medical field, would be able to help him get a hold of all that? When he was able to get them to believe...if he was able to.

He knew he would need to get in contact with Rick. He was the only one Glenn could think of that might believe him about everything that would happen and had happened. Rick was a good man and leader. He had saved their lives countless times and protected them all at one point or another. He was also good with speeches, and seemed to have some sort of power to get people to agree with him through that ability. Glenn nodded to himself in agreement with his thoughts. Yeah, he’ll call Rick...as soon as he cleaned himself up a bit first.

**Macon, Georgia**

Macon “Mike” Hardison has had a pretty good life for the most part. He has his girlfriend Michonne and their adorable little boy Andre Anthony. He has best friend and a nice house.
Growing up in a foster home with his twin brother led Mike to desiring a better life for himself. So he went about acquiring that ability by using any methods he could, even if at times it wasn’t legal methods, it worked.

Mike awoke that morning to memories of a hellish world, sweat cling to his skin while his heart pounded away in his chest. He abruptly realized that maybe he should cut the drugs from his life, after the memories of his other life settled in his mind. His addiction the last time had caused more than just his death. Dark brown eyes glanced over at the right side of the bed and saw the sleeping figure of Michonne. Her dreadlocks were splayed out around her head like a halo. Her breathing was calm and steady with her chest rising on every restful breath.

Mike stood slowly from the bed, his toes curling inwards into the soft comfortable carpet. He reached into the dresser drawer, and grabbed the small bag filled with white powder inside it. He rubbed his head as he walked into the bathroom and dumped it into the toilet. There was no hesitate in his movement when he flushed the toilet, allowing the coke that was his addiction flush away.

He was startled at the soft touch of his girlfriend’s hand on his shoulder. “You okay?” she asked softly. It was not a question filled with concern. With brown eyes that he loved so much, Mike knew he had to do this for his family and for himself.

“Yeah...I want to get clean,” Mike replied softly. His hand raised and gently squeezed hers, where it was still on his shoulder. “I can’t let these drugs consume me,” he continued with grief and regret clear in his tone. His mind went back to his baby boy. How I could have been so irresponsible with his safety? He felt disgusted with himself. He was going to do things different this time. He wasn’t going to allow himself to hear the sounds of his son’s dying screams happen again. His son wasn’t going to die if he had anything to say about it.

Michonne stared at her lover, not understanding why he was so upset. She knew the drugs he took was no good, but she didn’t understand this grief and regret Mike was feeling. “Will you go to the rehabilitation clinic I found for you?” Michonne asked her boyfriend. She had already found a drug rehabilitation center in a small town known as Kings County, it was a good six hours away from where they lived, but the money they had at their disposal, she wasn’t worried about the cost of finding a place to rent. The only reason she chose that particular location was because it had loser guidelines and rules that individuals had to follow. And it didn’t take a long process to be able to sign up for it.

Mike nodded his head at Michonne's question. He was going to go, not just for himself, but for his girlfriend and son. He had a feeling that Michonne had everything planned out already. Before he could ask about it, the sound of fierce knocking on their front door drew their attention away from each other. “I’ll get it,” he stated with a small smile. Michonne acknowledged him with a nod before she disappeared down the hallway and into Andre’s bedroom, the sound of their son awakening having caught her attention. “I’m comin’!” He hollered when the pounding knocking started up again. He unlocked the doors and opened them to the sight of Terry in a distraught mess.

“I don’t know what was in that shit, but after what I dreamed, I ain’t takin’ it again. I can’t let my nephew die,” Terry said with tears in his eyes.

“You don’t have to man. Come with me to the rehab clinic.” Mike replied with a firm squeeze to Terry’s shoulder. He brought him into the apartment and shut the door behind him.

**Center For Disease Control**

Edwin Jenner awoke to the sounds of activity. The murmuring sounds of voices, the clattering of objects being moved, and doors shutting and closing. Brown eyes opened and stared at the plain
white ceiling above him. He pushed himself slowly up into a sitting position. His eyes roved around
the room, studying the small queen bed he lay in, the small desk in the right corner, and the clock on
the wall, that was ticking away with the time.

The last thing he remembered was Rick Grimes and his group. They had stayed for a few days,
before learning about the truth. Had that really happened?, Dr. Jenner asked himself. Could I change
what happens? He wonders as he thinks of what had happened to his wife and some of his co-
workers. He considered the options he had. His first option was that he could stay here in the CDC
and work on the disease, but there wasn’t going to be much success with that after most of the other
scientists and army deserted. His second option was to leave. He could wait until everyone else ran
off, and then grab one of the abandoned trucks and pack it up with all the food, medical supplies, and
science equipment that was left here. These supplies would be helpful in future situations.

Edwin began to consider his third option when the sounds of the doors knob turning and then being
pushed open, snapped his eyes to the figure standing in the doorway. “Cyn?” He gasped out, his
dark brown eyes brimmed with tears as he stared at his beautiful wife. Those hazel eyes he loved so
much, stared back at him tearsfully. There was recognition in them, a remembrance of a time when
they had to say goodbye to each other, after she was bitten. Watching her burn from the inside out
because of the disease. It had killed whatever was left of him in the inside. He had nothing left to live
for after she died.

“You have a plan” Cynthia murmured to her husbands chest. Her cheeks were tear streaked. Her
hazel eyes glittered in the bright overhead lights. There was a strength of steel in them, showing she
was ready to follow him, whatever he decided.

“I have a plan,” he agreed, his mind going back to Rick Grimes and his group. Maybe it was time to
take up the other man's invitation to join them. And maybe he’d be able to save some of the soldiers
and scientists here. More brilliant minds would do wonders for what he was already considering
doing.

Jacksonville, Florida

Tyreese Williams groaned as he awoke from his slumber. Dark brown eyes looked around the
bedroom he was in with confusion. He could vaguely recall being in this room before. He rubbed his
hands over his eyes, and slowly sat up. He froze as he recognized the pictures and awards hung upon
the walls. He quickly looked to the left, where his nightstand was, to see the time in bright red light:
5:39. From the dim darkness shown outside the windows, he could only assume it was early
morning. Shaking his head Tyreese looked around his warmly furnished bedroom.

It had been a long time since he’s woken up in his old bed. He’s almost forgotten what it feels like to
sleep on something so comfortable. There was a loud crash, thump and thud that comes from the
other room, right next to his. From what Tyreese recalls, it was Sasha’s bedroom that was making
those noises. It’s only a few minutes later and his bedroom is slamming open. It bounces against the
wall, leaving an indent in the gray painted walls, and nearly swinging shut again before his younger
sister catches it.

The siblings share a look, both silently recognizing that they each remembered what happened
before. It can be clearly seen in the haunted looks in their eyes. “What happened to you?” Tyreese
asked in concern and worry for his sister. He can see it in her eyes, glazed over with tears and turbulent emotions that show a hardship she’s gone through.

Sasha released a choked laugh, tears finally slipping free as she walked further into the bedroom and took a sleep beside her brother. “I lost Bob, you, Abraham, and a lot of others we considered family,” she replied sadly. “I lost myself to the grief, it was suffocating. The anger...the sadness...the hate,” Sasha shook her head at her remembered emotions. “It felt pointless to keep living,” she remarked with quirk of her lips. It wasn’t a happy smile or sad frown, but just a way to express herself.

Tyreese looked over at his sister sadly. He never wanted her to have to deal with losing anyone else after Bob. His mind went back to those dreams he had, of the dead walking again and killing others. To the thought of how he lost Karen, to the disease that spread in the prison, who was then killed by Carol. He wanted to look for her. Her last name was Delgado and she lived in Denver, Colorado before everything started. He had learned this information during a conversation about their family and where they had both lived before. They had talked about more, but those conversations weren’t important at the moment. The knowledge of where Karen was, that was important.

“We should find Bob and get him cleaned,” Sasha remarked as she glanced over at her brother. There was a hesitancy at her suggestion. As if she expected Tyreese to say that they shouldn’t.

Dark brown, nearly black eyes, looked over at her. His eyebrow raised in question. “Do you know where he is?” The big man asked.

“He used to live in Billings, Minnesota,” Sasha replies with a small smile. “Born there actually. He lives in Jefferson City, Missouri with a couple of friends now,” she added with a slight smile. “He moved their when he was in her mid twenties, and should still be there now,” Sasha considered aloud with a small smile at the thought.

Tyreese gripped her hand in his, and nodded slowly. “I’d like to find Karen too, I know where she lives,” he stated as he looked over at Sasha. The younger sibling nodded slowly in agreement. She remembered how devastated Tyreese had been to lose Karen. “I also want get in contact with Rick too, before we go. If anyone would remember, I bet it’d be him,” The former NFL player added. “Then we’ll go look for Bob and Karen,” he finished with a gentle squeeze of Sasha’s hand.

Sasha nodded at her brother in agreement and understanding. She can do that, as long as they do finally get to leave and find Bob. When they find Bob and Karen, they’ll start getting ready and preparing for what will happen.

Houston, Texas

Abraham Ford used his left hand to rub his eyes tiredly as he leaned his right hand against the bathroom counter. His red hair was damp from the hot shower he had just taken. Water dripping down his face and onto the bathroom counter. He had almost forgotten what hot water felt like. At Alexandria it was refreshing to experience it, but he hadn’t used the hot water as intensely as he just had now. In the distance he could hear the sounds of his wife Ellen cooking breakfast. He could hear AJ and Becca laughing and talking as they played around in the living room.

It had been disorienting for Abraham to wake up to the sight of his wife and children alive and well. After their deaths, he had been able to really think about his family, and realized that they had been afraid of him even before then.

He can recall now the flinches and wary looks sent his way when they thought he wasn’t looking. The silences and shared glances, it all pointed to his family having been frightened of him before he
murdered those men. He knew it was because of his wartime experiences, and how he had gradually formed into an incredibly brutal and malicious person. It wasn’t just the dead walking that made him this way. He knows his aggressive demeanor has heavily strained the relationship between him and his family a great deal, but he loved his family, he would never hurt them. He would do whatever he could to ensure that they survived this time.

Abraham pushes away from the bathroom and wiped his face before stepping out of the decently sized room. A towel was wrapped around his waist, slowing the cool breeze of the air conditioner to brush his skin. He shivered at the feel and quickly picked out his outfit for the day. He tossed the clothes on the bed, and was consumed with the plans his mind was running through. He was forcing himself to ignore the sounds coming from outside. The sounds of cars driving, people talking, and children laughing as they walked to school. Everything was so loud, after he had lived with so much silence around him daily. Walkers honestly didn’t make as much noise as one thought, unless they were stirred like a hornets nest. Their groans and moans only really kicked up when they saw a person they considered dinner.

The red haired man considered what he should do next. He’d need to start stockpiling on supplies. Probably should get in contact with the others, see if they remembered. If Rick recalled their other lives, he was most likely already making plans and figuring shit out. It’s why Abraham likes and respected a man like Rick. He was what people called a good strong leader. He knew what to do and how to get it done when it was needed. He wasn’t afraid to get his hands dirty and dish out punishment or justice when it was called for. But he wasn’t a dictator like the fucked up asshole Negan,. Rick actually listened to others opinions and was willing to hear their sides before making a decision. Rick was certainly someone he would get in contact with.

Abraham dressed swiftly into the clothes he’d chosen for himself. A pair of his jeans, plain shirt, and boots were Putin quickly. He forced himself to ignore the residual pains of how he died. Being beaten to death by a bat wrapped in barbed wire? It was a fucked up way to go and it wasn’t something he needed on his mind right now. Especially since he had other things to worry about, like getting started on getting shit ready for when the apocalypse happened.

Charlottesville, Virginia

Riley Teller had been born into a family of outlaws, criminals, manipulators, and killers. He had been witness to many of the atrocities that had occurred within his family's legacy as part of an illegal biker Club. As the oldest child, it had always been Riley’s duty as the big brother to take care of his younger siblings. Once his adoptive/step-mother had been murdered, followed by his grandmother and step-grandfather, then his father committing suicide, all falling within a short seven month time span, had left the young man reeling. He had seen the disastrous cycle occurring and could only watch helplessly as his life spun out of control. Following the death's of his family and the disappearance of his Uncle Opie, Riley had waited just long enough to get through the funerals and legal proceedings, before leaving his hometown behind. He had driven across the country, with his younger siblings in the backseat of his biological mother's black 1967 Shelby Mustang GT500 Fastback, to a new place to stay. Until he found a place for them to officially settle down.

He hadn’t wanted to remain in his hometown, in a place that only held bad memories for him. So he left and ended up in Virginia, living in a small city that he passed by once. He had taken it upon himself to take care of his siblings, but he had never expected to awaken to memories of another life that morning. To have memories of the dead rising and ripping people apart. Of being shown the deaths of those he cared about, of meeting strangers while he was in Georgia, and came to consider them his family. When he started travelling with them, he grew to have a larger family, where they all protected and killed for each other, if they need came for it.
Rick, Daryl, Michonne, were like the parents that he didn’t have any longer. Negan had ended up becoming a father like figure to him, after Rick, Daryl, and Michonne all died. The older man was related to him, as he had found out, and hadn't known what to do with that information. Glenn and Maggie had been like older siblings to him. They teased and joked with him, protected him and pulled him out of his head when he began to sink too deep. Carl, he had truly been someone special to him. Just the flickering thought of Carl sent his heart skipping a beat. He and Carl had a love like their parents had before they died. They had been through thick and thin through the apocalypse together. They fought and argued like all couples did, but they preserved and saved each other too. Losing him like he had, had nearly destroyed Riley. He had lost himself to the madness of his grief. He had lost most of his younger siblings over the seven years he had Carl. The only ones in his memory that hadn't died was Eli and Layla, but they were his kids, he'd do anything for them. Abel, Thomas, and Harry had all died at some point in that alternate timeline.

Riley roughly wiped his eyes as he sat on the stoop of the small Virginian house he’s currently renting. How am I going to do this? How am I possibly going to save my baby brothers and keep them safe? How am I even going to raise them? He asked himself with a growing sense of frustration. While he had the memories of his alternate life, It had only been a long year where he lost everyone he cared and loved. He didn’t know what to do now. He didn't know how he going to manage any of what was going to happen, especially when he was back to looking like a seventeen-year-old kid. He knew how to fight and use weapons, but it was hard to fight while having to take care of kids on your own. Especially against a shit storm that was supposed to occur in just a few months. He's dragged from his thoughts by the sound of the house phone ringing. He stumbled to his feet and walked back into the house. The screen door slammed shut behind him, as his rough calloused hands picked up the phone and held it to his ear.

"Hello?" He asked into the phone.

"Riley?" That voice nearly sent Riley to his knees, as he forcefully sat down on the chair behind him with a dull thump. His hands shook at that voice and his eyes blurred with tears.

“Carl?” The blonde haired teen choked out through a tight throat. He was so glad that Carl had remembered. God, he had fears that his partner wouldn't have remembered. Even though his younger lover was currently in his twelve-year-old body, now that he thought about it. “How did you find my number?” Riley asked curiously.

“Yeah, it's me Ri,” his voice sounded choked up when he spoke. As if he was fighting not to cry. “I'm so glad you remember.” Carl added thankfully. There’s a tearful smile that could be heard in his tone.

Riley hadn’t been so thankful to hear someone's voice then he was now. By the time of his death, Riley had been in his thirties. It had been around eleven years since he'd last seen or heard Carl's voice. He’d started to forget the little things about his younger lover. It had been so long since his death that his memories had begun to blur. He had hated that he was starting to forget things about his younger partner, when he had really nothing left of his lover. He’d longed to hold him in his arms, hear his laugh and see his smile one last time. To get that scent that reminded him of fall and fresh cut grass after a rainfall. A trembling smile curled his lips upwards as he listened to his lover speak.

"I missed you Carl, so much," Riley replied with a wet laugh as the tears finally slipped free and slid down his cheeks. He shakily wiped them away and chuckled at his own lack of control over his emotions. It'd been a long time since he’d recalled crying or laughing much, after losing so many loved ones, it felt difficult to find anything to be happy about. The children were the only ones that could ever really bring him happiness.
“Me too,” Carl responded with clear concern in his youthful voice. "Are you going to be coming to Georgia?" the younger boy asked in interest and hope. Riley could imagine the look of delight shining in his beautiful blue eyes, his smile stretching his lips into a wide grin. “Dad, Mom, and Shane remember everythin’,” the brown haired added with a small smile. "Dad's already makin' plans and everythin' for us,” Carl added with a chuckle. Everyone who knew Rick Grimes, knew he always made plans and tried to prepare for all types of scenarios.

“Yay, I actually have some suggestions to give Rick. I want to see what he thinks 'bout them,” Riley replied with a hum as his mind went over his plans. “There's ideas I've come up with, over the years before I died,” the seventeen-year-old stated to his younger partner. His bright green eyes looked to the clock ticking away on the wall. All the furniture in the place came with the rental. So it wasn't anything special if he and his siblings had to suddenly pack up and move. He would keep his biological mother's black 1967 Shelby Mustang GT500 Fastback and use it to drive to Senoia, Georgia. The car was something that his parents had built together when they were teenagers. He also has his father's black 2003 Harley Davidson Dyna Super Glide Sport in the garage with the car. It was his father’s second spare bike, and not the one he used to commit suicide with. He'd just buy a trailer and put the bike and any supplies in the back.

“She'll be glad to hear any idea, I think,” Carl replied with a smile. "When do you think you'll get here?" “I should be down in about nine, almost ten, hours. Likely around the evening or nearing midnight, depending on rest stops and traffic. I’m planning on stocking the fuck up on shit on the way down and on the way to Georgia,” Riley had quiet a few ideas on what sort of things he should buy now, on his way down to Georgia.

“Okay, I'll let dad know you're going to be on your way here,” Carl replied with some excitement. He had missed Riley and he wanted his older boyfriend, where they still boyfriends?, back at his side. Before Riley could say anything else, Carl hung up. Shaking his head in amusement, the young man placed the phone back in its cradle before calling out to Abel and Thomas, “Abel, Tommy! Get ready and dressed, we're going out!” With the rather vast fortune that Riley had at his disposal; from the life insurance money from his parents (his mother mainly), his grandmother and Clay, and the money that his father had hidden away (that had been the Clubs), Riley was happily willing to spend it all before the end. It wasn’t like he wanted it in the first place. It was all blood money as far as he was concerned.

With the sounds of his younger brothers getting ready, Riley prepared his youngest brother and infant son to get ready to go. They had a shopping trip to prepare for and a trip to Georgia that was going to be interesting, to say the least.

Chapter End Notes

I always enjoy receiving kudos and reviews! XD

They're always appreciated.

End Notes
Reviews and kudos are always welcome and appreciated. XD

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!