Beware, My Son

by OhFrabjousDay

Summary

So rested he by the Tumtum tree, the Master of the Hallows three, 'til that terrifying Jabber-thing came... and then everything went to crap. Harry in Wonderland. Because he tripped. Oops.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or Alice in Wonderland. Both belong to JK Rowling and Lewis Carroll respectively. I simply thought it'd be fun to put them together!

Harry trudged slowly through the ever darkening Forbidden Forest, towards what he knew would be his death. Tightly gripping his first snitch, Invisibility cloak draped over his shoulders, Harry numbly moved forwards, his limbs mechanically taking him away from his future and home.

I open at the close. Why did Dumbledore have to always be so vague? Well, he certainly understood now, and as Harry lifted the snitch to his mouth, he tripped on a root and began to fall.

Now normally, something as little as a trip and fall would be minor and hardly worth noting, especially for our hero. But of course, because our hero IS Harry Potter, something as simple as a fall turned out to be… NOT so simple.

Oh shit! Harry thought, as a gaping hole appeared on the other side of that blasted tripping-root.

It was a big hole, but not so big that one could magically float down without hitting any sides and harming oneself, because what kind of hole is that?

No. This hole was normal(ish), and quite dirty, and as Harry tumbled and bumped and bashed and knocked his way down the large and twisty hole, he naturally began to panic. Scrabbling at the sides, he tried in vain to gain some sort of purchase in the hopes of halting his mad descent.

It hurt an awful lot, as Harry was getting cuts from stray rocks and banging against the walls of the tunnel. Harry's nails became bloody from trying to stop as he fell faster and faster, and he cried out when his ankle twisted after attempting to brace himself with his legs. He gave up after that, tucking himself into a fetal position and just hoping that it would end soon.

Finally, Harry thought he felt a gentler sloping of the tunnel, and desperately hoped he might be slowing down. Cautiously peeking his head up from where it had been tucked behind his knees, he squinted, trying to glimpse anything different as he bashed along down the hole. The last thing he saw during his quick peek was a huge, sharp looking rock sticking out from the top of the tunnel as he hurtled towards it, and with widened eyes all he had time to think was 'No-!'

CRACK!

And he knew no more.
Chapter Summary

The Twins... and a confused Harry. And Wonderland!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was white. Everything was white, and it hurt too much to look at anything. Harry felt heavy and could not move or feel anything. He heard a choked whimpering noise near him and thought he heard Dumbledore calling his name nearby before darkness swallowed him once more.

The second time he woke did not quite feel like waking should. It came too quickly to be natural, and was a clawing, aching thing that sat in his head and pushed down on his chest. He could not remember how to breathe, until he was suddenly hyperventilating, and he could not move until he was suddenly bolt upright, blinking his eyes open and grasping around for his glasses.

Opening his eyes, he found his destroyed glasses just beyond his reach. Reaching to grab the busted frames and powdered lenses, he searched his pockets for a wand with his other hand. He found his replacement wand alright, snapped in at least three places, and cracked quite badly in another. He sailed in frustration, how was he going to be able to see without a wand to repair his glasses? Or better yet, how was he to get out of this extremely deep hole without a wand?

"I thought it was rightly dead, didn't you, Tweedledum?"

"Righto, Tweedledee, I swears I saw it with a crushed skull not two minutes ago, didn't you?"

Harry whipped his head up at the exchange and choked on his breath, trying to calm himself down. Gaping at the realization that he could see perfectly fine, he patted his face in shock, his hands coming away tacky with an awful lot of half-dried blood.

Rubbing his hands on his trousers in a casual dismissal of his death that he would have to ponder later, Harry looked back up. Taking in his surroundings as he eyed the two before him, he wondered if he had truly going mad. Before him stood two boys, hand in hand, dressed identically in what he would have to identify as Victorian-era garb. They had curly light brown hair and were quite short, looking to be about seven years old. Behind and around them were giant plants as tall as twelve feet, giant mushrooms, huge dandelions, massive lilacs and enormous blades of grass to name a few. As he looked back to the two boys, they sported mischievous grins and their hair flashed red.

"Well it seems loud and alive now, eh George?"

"Right, Fred"

Wait, what? Fred had died. He saw it. What was this? Was he imagining things?

He blinked and shook his head and when he looked again their hair was the light brown it had been before. Ouch. Shaking his head had been a horrible idea.
"Shaking your head right after your bashed-in head has mended is a poorly idea, don't you think Tweedledee?"

"Oh, most definitely brother-mine! I wouldn't recommend it to anyone!"


"What's happened, he says."

"That's what we'd like to know!"

"Yes, how'd you come about Rabbit's secret magic escape hole?"

"Yes, how did you? It's supposed to stay secret!"

"Well brother, at least it punished the boy and killed him."

"True, there is that. Rabbit will be pleased to know it worked."

"But it didn't work, he's come alive again!"

"Oh. Right."

Both brothers looked back at Harry and pouted, as though he had spoiled all their fun.

"Well sorry to ruin things by not dying properly," he snarked gruffly, his frustration and confusion mounting enough to make him lash out at the boys.

"That's alright."

"-We forgive you!" The twins replied in sing-sing voices.

"Er- thanks," Harry replied cautiously. "Where am I? This cannot be at the bottom of a super deep hole!"

"Why you're in Wonderland, sir!" One of the boys replied.

"My name is Harry. Just Harry."

"What an odd name. I'm Tweedledum."

"And I'm Tweedledee"

"Right, nice to meet you," Harry said shortly. "Listen, I'm kind of in a hurry, I was on my way to go do something important, and if I don't get there soon a lot of people will die and it'll be all my fault!"

"What a lot of pressure he's under! No wonder he's so snippy, eh brother?"

"It's too bad you can't get out the way you came in."

"Right, everyone knows that."

"You'll have to go see the Queen!" They finished in unison.

Harry paled in dismay and turned to look behind him. It was true. Any sort of tunnel or opening behind him had well and truly vanished.
So... Sound good so far? How do you like the twins? Are the twins actually the twins? Or is this all just in Harry's mind? Such plans, guys... Such plans...

Hello! Yes! A Wonderland fic! I wanted something new and following the plot of the Jabberwocky poem!
And if you didn't get that just now- Harry died! Oops!
Not to worry though! He IS the Master of Death, you know. And you can't have a fic about Harry without Harry! Silly.

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