Please Rate my story. It will help me a lot.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

(Hermione POV)

"Beatris you have to eat something" I kind of requested her

"I am not hungry" She replied nervously

"Fine by me. Just pass that Turkey leg to me. I am starving." Ron said stuffing food in his mouth

"you can't run on an empty stomach. Gotta take your fuel" Said Seamus trying to help Beatris. Like seriously, the girl had been on edge since a week. And finally today was her first Quidditch match. The girl had been extremely edgy since the morning and right now we trying to make her eat something which was not going very well.

"Come on" I said holding a spoon of rice to her mouth. "Say aaah"

"Stop it Hermione, you are embarassing me" She said as she pushed the spoon away, turning a little red

"Well you are not eating so I thought that maybe"

"Just leave it guys, I am not hungry at all"

"huh okay"

The weather was surprisingly fine today. Sure it was cold but the sun was out and there were no signs of any bad weather anywhere. Beatris had been practicing since she received her nimbus right before the dog incident (Not so pleasant memories). The whole of the previous week was a snowy one. The hills around the school turned to icy grey. The lake was frozen solid. Every day Hagrid could be seen defrosting the brooms at the grounds. And after a whole week of blizzards, today was surprisingly clear. Today was the first match and Beatris would be playing as the Gryffindor seeker against Slytherin. If we won, the Gryffindor would move up. At eleven we all moved to the grounds. Many students had binoculars. The seats might be raised high in the air, but it was still difficult to see what was going on sometimes. Me and Ron joined Neville, Seamus, and Dean the West Ham fan up in the top row. As a surprise for Beatris we had painted a large banner on one of the sheets Scabbers had ruined. It said Potter for President, and Dean, who was good at drawing, had done a large Gryffindor lion underneath. Then I myself had performed a tricky little charm so that the paint flashed different colors. We waited only a moment before both the teams walked into the ground. Loud cheers erupted from the crowed.

Madam Hooch was refereeing. She stood in the middle of the field waiting for the two teams, her broom in her hand.

"Now, I want a nice fair game, all of you," she said, once they were all gathered around her. She had a chest with her that probably held the balls for the game.

"Mount your brooms, please."

Beatris clambered onto his Nimbus Two Thousand.

Madam Hooch gave a loud blast on her silver whistle.

Fifteen brooms rose up, high, high into the air. They were off.

"And the Quaffle is taken immediately by Angelina Johnson of Gryffindor -- what an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive, too--"

"JORDAN!"

"Sorry, Professor."

The Weasley twins' friend, Lee Jordan, was doing the commentary for the match, closely watched by Professor McGonagall.

"And she's really belting along up there, a neat pass to Alicia Spinnet, a good find of Oliver Wood's, last year only a reserve -- back to Johnson and -- no, the Slytherins have taken the Quaffle, Slytherin Captain Marcus Flint gains the Quaffle and off he goes -- Flint flying like an eagle up there -- he's going to sc -- no, stopped by an excellent move by Gryffindor Keeper Wood and the Gryffindors take the Quaffle -- that's Chaser Katie Bell of Gryffindor there, nice dive around Flint, off up the field and -- OUCH -- that must have hurt, hit in the back of the head by a Bludger -- Quaffle taken by the Slytherins -- that's Adrian Pucey speeding off toward the goal posts, but he's blocked by a second Bludger -- sent his way by Fred or George Weasley, can't tell which -- nice play by the Gryffindor Beater, anyway, and Johnson back in possession of the Quaffle, a clear field ahead and off she goes -- she's really flying -- dodges a speeding Bludger -- the goal posts are ahead -- come on, now, Angelina -- Keeper Bletchley dives -- misses -- GRYFFINDORS SCORE!"

Gryffindor cheers filled the cold air, with howls and moans from the Slytherins.

"Budge up there, move along."

"Hagrid!"

I squeezed against Ron to give space to Hagrid.

"Bin watchin' from me hut," said Hagrid, patting a large pair of binoculars around his neck, "But it isn't the same as bein' in the crowd. No sign of the Snitch yet, eh?"

"Nope," said Ron. "Beatris hasn't had much to do yet."

"Kept outta trouble, though, that's somethin'," said Hagrid, raising his binoculars and peering skyward at the speck that was Beatris

Beatris was hovering high above the other players and the active game. She had told me that this was her and woods game plan. She had explained it to me in the words like

"Wood told me to stay out of trouble. [we don't want you attacked before you have to be] he said"

(looks like Beatris is following the game plan she discussed with Oliver)

Once or twice a Bludger decided to come swirling her way but she would dodged each and every single one of em. There was that one time when the Bludger got uncomfortably close to her. I was dreadfully sure that it was going to hit her but then she quickly tilted and got upside down on her broom only to come back up in the next moment. The Bludger passed by her like a cannonball followed by Fred Weasley chasing after it.

"All right there, Beatris?" he had time to yell, as he beat the Bludger furiously toward Marcus Flint.

"Slytherin in possession," Lee Jordan was saying, "Chaser Pucey ducks two Bludgers, two Weasleys, and Chaser Bell, and speeds toward the -- wait a moment -- was that the Snitch?"

A murmur ran through the crowd as Adrian Pucey dropped the Quaffle, too busy looking over his shoulder at the flash of gold that had passed his left ear.

Beatris saw it too. In a great rush of excitement se dived downward after the streak of gold. Slytherin Seeker Terence Higgs had seen it, too. Neck and neck they hurtled toward the Snitch -- all the Chasers seemed to have forgotten what they were supposed to be doing as they hung in midair to watch.

Beatris was faster than Higgs -- she could see the little round ball, wings fluttering, darting up ahead -- Closing in on the small golden blur she put on an extra spur of speed

WHAM! A roar of rage echoed from the Gryffindors below -- Marcus Flint had blocked Beatris on purpose, and her broom spun off course, with Beatris holding on for her dear life.

"Foul!" screamed the Gryffindors.

(Be careful Beatris. Just don't hurt yourself)

Madam Hooch spoke angrily to Flint and then ordered a free shot at the goal posts for Gryffindor. But in all the confusion, of course, the Golden Snitch had disappeared from sight again.

Down in the stands, Dean Thomas was yelling, "Send him off, ref! Red card!"

"What are you talking about, Dean?" said Ron.

"Red card!" said Dean furiously. "In soccer you get shown the red card and you're out of the game!"

"But this isn't soccer, Dean," Ron reminded him.

Hagrid, however, was on Dean's side.

"They oughta change the rules. Flint coulda knocked Beatris outta the air."

Lee Jordan was finding it difficult not to take sides.

"So -- after that obvious and disgusting bit of cheating--"

"Jordan!" growled Professor McGonagall.

"I mean, after that open and revolting foul..."

"Jordan, I'm warning you--"

"All right, all right. Flint nearly kills the Gryffindor Seeker, which could happen to anyone, I'm sure, so a penalty to Gryffindor, taken by Spinner, who puts it away, no trouble, and we continue play, Gryffindor still in possession."

Beatris moved back to her spot waiting for the snitch to make its appearance again. It was then that her broom gave a sudden jolt. No one really paid attention. There was another one, than another and Beatris' broom spun out of control. It was as if the broom it self was trying to knock her off. I saw her turn to the goal posts. maybe she was going to ask wood to call of the game but then her broom turned again and it started to go higher, away from all the other players. What was happening? I did not know at that time.

"Hey Ron what do you think she is doing" I asked him

"I donnknow. maybe some kind off her Quidditch trick that she planned with wood"

(I highly doubt that)

"I don't know Ron but it feels as if she lost control over her broom" I laid across a statement.

Lee was still commentating.

"Slytherin in possession -- Flint with the Quaffle -- passes Spinnet -- passes Bell -- hit hard in the face by a Bludger, hope it broke his nose -- only joking, Professor -- Slytherins score -- A no..."

"What is she doing" Now even Ron was a bit worried. "She couldn't have lost control. It's the nimbus 2000 we are talking about. They don't just lose control like that"

At this point several fingers were pointing at Beatris.Her broom had started to roll over and over, with her only just managing to hold on. The whole crowed let out a loud gasp as her broom gave a great jerk and slid of it. Now she was hanging from her sazzling broom with both her hands trying to get up.

(Why doesn't anyone tries anything. Stop the game. What the hell is wrong with you people)

"Is it possible that something malfunctioned when Flint Blocked"I heard Seamus

"Can't have," Hagrid said, his voice shaking. "Can't nothing interfere with a broomstick except powerful Dark magic, no kid could do that to a Nimbus Two Thousand."

It struck me."Give me those" I pulled the binoculars from Ron and started to look around the crowd.

(Where are you where are you. Aaha .... OH No)

"IT'S SNAPE, HE is jinxing her broom" I shouted. Different gazes turned towards me

"What ?" Ron asked but I did not have any time to explain. It was up to me to save her. Quickly squeezing out of the crowed I darted towards the sitting area of the professors. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me and then I was there. Ducking behind his seat I whispered

"lacarnum inflamarae"

A bright blue flame shot from my wand and his Robes immediately caught fire. My work there was done so I skedaddled. I ran from the seats back to mine. Only half way there I Heard Lee say

"Doesn't look so good. The Gryffindor seeker is down and it looks kind of bad"

I immediately searched for a place to look and quickly found one close by. Beatris was standing in the middle of the ground clutching her belly.

(Was I too late. What happened?)

And then suddenly she coughed and something golden fell in her hands. The crowed fell quiet upon this somewhat serendipitous development. All were shaken out of the trauma by Madam Hooch

"Beatris has caught the snitch and gains one hundred and fifty points. Gryffindor wins"

Howls and Howls of cheers and laughters were sounded from the Gryffindor stands while mourners were herd from the Slytherins.

(whew. That was a close one)