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(Beatris POV)

We all went to Hagrid's hut at his invitation.

\*Knock Knock\*

"Who's there. Oh Beatris its you come on in what you standing out here for" Hagrid opened the door for us. We went inside his hut

"And who might you be" Hagrid asked pointing toward the other two.

"Oh these are my friends"I said" that's Hermione"

"pleasure to meet you Mr.Hagrid" she greeted politely

"and this is Ron Weasley" I pointed at him and he nodded in response

"another Weasley eeh, spent half my time chasing your brothers away from the forbidden forest" He laughed " quiet the trouble makers. Now I wanna know all about your fir's week at Hogwar's."

And so our conversation began. We chatted about all that had happened to me in my time at Hogwarts.

"I am telling you ... Snape hates me" I insisted

"Stop that, why would he. He is a professor here, sure he can be a bit harsh sometimes nut that doesn't mean he hates ya." He flatly refused to believe me.

"Oh Blimey !!!!!! look here. It says that someone broke into Gringotts. Seems Like even the greatest bank isn't safe anymore. Listen here it says that [seems like the work of dark wizards or witches. A successful heist at the great bank of Gringotts. Only a single vault was infiltrated. The vault in question, vault number 713' was emptied the following morning. So luckily nothing was stolen. The goblins refuse to tell about the contents of the vault "NOTHING WAS STOLEN SO KEEP YOUR NOSES OUT OF OUR BUSINESS" says the manager]" Ron vocalized the statements off the news paper.

"What ??? Really" I asked and grabbed "Hmmmmm ... Hagrid is it not the same vault we went to in Diagon Alley"

Hagrid clearly averted our gazes. HE was absolutely worst at these type of things

"Hey , why you averting our gazes. tell us what was in that vault." I pleaded

"you should not put you noses into business where they do not belong"

"Oh come on Hagrig, just a little"

"Oh look at the time, I got to go and seems like like its time for your class as well"

"but we do not ..... " Hagrid never let me complete my sentence and we were pushed out of his hut

"Well that went well" Hermione said sarcastically

"Could have been worse you know" I replied

"Like what ?" Ron dropped in on our conversation

And just like that having some small talk we went back to the main hall.

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"hey Neville what's that "I asked him pointing at the round transparent ball in his hands

"What ? This ? oh this is a remembrall" He replied

"I have read about those"Said a now very interested Hermione "They say if the smoke inside turns red it means you have forgotten something"

I eyed the ball that was already turning bright red then I looked back towards Hermione

"but the only problem is I can't remember what I have forgotten." said Neville

"you know what Hermione, its amusing to see how your whole attitude changes once you see some thing study related. And before meeting you I thought that I studied a lot."

\*SMACK\*

"OW ... why'd you hit me" I inquired holding my arm and in response she just showed me her tongue."Meanie" I pouted back at her.

Today was our first flying lesson and we were on our way towards the grounds for our lesson. I was extremely excited for this lesson but this excitement was mostly turned to mush when I herd that our lesson was with the Slytherin.I never thought that I would find a boy that I hated more than Duddly but that was before I had met Malfoy. He had made it his habit to make fun of me and try to beat me in every single thing. You know as they say that 'If you can't join em, beat em' wait or is it the other way around. Doesn't matter. As I was saying that he tried his hardest to be above me, I must say that I was not that easy of an opponent. Except for potions all my other subjects were pretty decent. Well the same thing could not have been said for the flying. According to him, he was a genius inn flying and he would tell long stories about how he would fly high into the sky for hours and each of his story ended up by a narrow escape from muggles in helicopters. Every child from some magical family had ridden a broom before. Just my luck.

Soon we arrived a the grounds for our lessons

(Man ... living in a magical world and these guyz can't even set up a ride or something. I mean come on, the castle is huge and I am tired just from walking. How would I perform in class)

"Now hurry up every one line up line up." The professor appeared out of nowhere."My name is Madam Hooch. And I will teach you how to mount a broom. Now every one stand on the left side of your brooms and with your right hands above the broom say up" ALL of us did as were instructed.

"UP" several voices were heard at once. Some brooms moved, some lifted a bit. Mine flew instantly to my hands. I was impressed. I looked around half expecting all the class to have there brooms in there hands. But none were seen so far well except for two. One was the most obvious being Nathan. He was holing his broom with one hand and reading his book with the other.

(Damn he is so good at magic)

And the other was, well .... MALFOY. My lips twitched.

When every one had caught there brooms in their hands Madam Hooch said"now I want every one of you to mount on your broom, kick off the ground, stay in the air for a moment and come back down.

(Huh ... that's it, But its so vague)

"ready, on three, ONE. TWO and ....."

Before she could shout three a broom rose into the air. NEVILLE. "Mr. Longbottom come down right now" Madam Hooch ordered but his broom was out of control. He did not had even the slightest control over his broom which flew him high.

"OH NO .... we have to do some thing professor"

But Neville was rising up like a gas inflated balloon. 12 feet , 20 feet, 35 feet and then we all saw it, he fell from his broom like a broken twig. nearing the ground at high speeds.

"He'll die" someone shrieked from the crowd and I can't even fathom but madam Hooch had somehow managed to misplace her wand at such a crucial time. Neville was decreasing his proximity to the ground and madam Hooch couldn't find her wand while all of us did not know how to do any kind of levitation magic. His proximity was decreasing quickly. 30 feet, 25 feet, 20 feet and then somehow his fall was broken. WHAT ?

(HOW ???)

What happened was that he slowed down in mid air, only for a moment but that was all needed. Neville fell from a height of 10 feet and

\*BAM\* \*SHATTER\*

We all ran towards the boy

"OH no . Broken wrist" Said Hooch."I am going to take him to the hospital wing and if i see even one broom in the air, you will be out of Hogwarts before you can say Quidditch" she said as se took him away.

Most students had not seen the slight change in speed that had broken his fall and saved his life.

(what was that magic and who caste it)

No sooner were they out of sight Malfoy burst out in laughter

"Did you guys see his face" he said "This will be quiet an entertaining memory for me for a long time" he laughed again and the rest of the Slytherin joined in

"Shut up Malfoy" shouted Parvati, another Gryffindor

"oooooo I never knew you liked weak assed mama's boys Parvati" said Pansy, A hard faced Slytherin girl.

"Oh look look" said Malfoy skipping towards a shining object on the ground. "Its the ball that Longbottom's stupid Gran sent him" He snickered "Bet if he had seen this he would have remembered that the broom couldn't handle his fat ass"

"Give it back Malfoy" I was brimming with rage

"I am sorry is it yours Ms.Potter"

"Its not yours either"

"okay, Than I shall leave it someplace where tat fatzo can find it. Maybe on topof the castle"

I wanted to punch him but he mounted his broom and flew away

"What you waiting for Potter, come and get it. Oh wait ..... you can't cuz your Father never taught you how to ride a broom. Hmmm I wonder why?"

The whole Slytherin laughed

(That's it I am killing him) Blood was flowing through my veins like a bullet train and my face was hot from anger. I mounted my broom

"No Beatris, think about it Madam Hooch forbade us to fly and you don't even know how" Hermione mentioned somewhat worried. But I wasn't paying attention. There was but only a single thought on my mind, KILLING THAT RASCAL. My feet left the ground and soon I was in front of him

"Give it here Malfoy"

"Here you go" He stretched his hand. (suspicious) . As I tried to take the ball from him, he turned and threw the ball with all his might. Annoyed beyond what words can muster, I sped up towards the ball. the sound of the wind in my ears, air hitting my face, my eyes focused towards the ball and the rest of the world blurring around me, It was the best feeling.

\*TIC\*

I caught the ball and stopped near a window. Oh that look on Malfoy's face was all the prize I needed. He was stupefied.

"YES" I shouted and cheers broke out from below me. I raised my hand showing off a bit. I mean a little bit wouldn't hurt, but I was wrong, Something flew by me with great speed slightly touching my shoulder and before I knew it

(Huh , why is he sky moving away)

I was falling

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(Hermione POV)

Beatris had done the impossible and I was genuinely releived. She rode her broom for the first time and she beat Malfoy. Well in this magical world nothing is impossible so I don't think this counts.

"What's a big deal about it. Any one can do it. Humph ..... even I can fly better than her" declared Ron and he mounted his broom

(Oh no you don't)

"Ron don't be an Idiot. I know that you can fly. so, you don't need to prove anything" I divulge. He looked at me.

"I am not trying to prove anything to you. So stay away from me you bookish muggle worm"

( That hurt. He did not mean it right)

Ron mounted his broom and I moved out of his way. He kicked the ground and started to float.

"now watch me as I..."

"yeah we are watching you" A Slytherin cut his sentence in the middle and kicked him in his butt, Ron lost his balance and fell but his broom shot up. Without a driver I flew at a high speed and its trajectory was .... Oh no

"BEATRIS LOOK OUT" I shouted but my voice was drowned in the cheers of the crowed. the broom hit her in the shoulder and she lost her balance, falling from the broom. I closed my eyes (I cant watch). But nothing happened. I looked again and saw that she had grabbed hold of the broom with her hand and was now hanging from it. Then she pulled herself up. I let Out a breath I didn't even knew I was holding. Turning around I looked angrily at Ron but he was already gone, mixed in the crowed somewhere. I looked away again and that was when something intriguing caught my eye. It was the rememberall. I bet Beatris let it go when she fell but it should have been broken if it fell from that height but here it was , safe and sound, floating up and down near the grass. And then it fell. I quickly looked to find the caster of the magic. There was no one who had a wand. but my eyes were glued to a single person. He was laying on his broom, Floating about two feet above the ground, reading his book and one of his hands was stretched towards hat ball which he then pulled back. Some hing in my mind said, He is the one who cast the magic but at the same time I was thinking

(I know that you are the same one who broke Neville's fall but how can you levitate something without any chant or a wand. Just what are you Nathanial Morningstar)

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A/N please tell me about the story so far. How is it ? and also review and rate my story, It will greatly help me.

Next chapter, paying visits to a doggie and then we shall move to the troll incident.