

Quidditch Dream
By Elsie Christensen
Inspired by J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire

6th Grade
Trinity Classical Academy

Beep, beep, beep! sounded Harry's alarm. The clock showed 5:15 AM.

"Harry, we don't want to be late! Today's the quidditch World Cup!"

Harry and Ron hurried down the crooked steps of the Burrow.

"Good morning," Mrs. Weasley said absent mindedly and handed them a burnt piece of toast. The two of them shoved the food in their mouth and ran out the door.

"I hope that Russian team loses for once," said Ron, hoping the British might win for the first time in a decade.

Harry wondered what it would be like to play quidditch in a stadium as big as the World Cup.

"What do you think the portkey will be?" asked Ron.

"Something ordinary," said Harry.

"Found it!" exclaimed Ron. It was an old, dried-up, corn cob. "What is that?"

"No time to investigate," Harry said and the two of them were instantly transported to a huge stadium with a big red sign exclaiming, "Welcome to the state of Nebraska! Home of the Cornhuskers!"

Harry had no idea where in the world Nebraska was. The two of them noticed a crowd of witches and wizards dressed in muggle clothing in front of a poster.

"Quidditch match postponed. British seeker Nigel Coglewood ill. New seeker required."

"Harry! You should totally try out!" said Ron excitedly.

The boys read smaller writing below. "All contestants meet in British locker room at noon."

An hour later, Harry was there.

"Harry, do you realize this is a once in a lifetime opportunity? This could make or break your future. You have to..."

"You're really not making me feel any better," said Harry cutting off Ron's "pep talk."

A young man, a little older than Harry, walked in. He was tall, had rusty brown hair, dark skin and blue eyes.

"Hello everyone. ACHOO!" Nigel was interrupted by a sneeze. Out of his nose flew a slimy, bright purple, baby snake.

"Sorry everyone. I accidentally ate a sneezing serpentine snickerdoodle from Weasley Wizarding Wheezes candy shop. I've made this mistake too often." When Nigel said this, Ron turned very red, and hid in Harry's shadow.

"As you can see, I am in no condition...ACHOO!... to play quidditch. We must find someone who knows what it feels like when you fly and dive, having seen the faintest shimmer of the golden snitch. I want...ACHOO! Sorry. As I was saying, I want someone who cares, and knows what I am talking about."

Harry looked at Ron who had tears in his eyes.

"Well then, let's get started!" exclaimed Nigel.

Out in the field, there were seven contestants, and all looked like they were about to be sick.

"Now just try to catch the snitch. Whoever gets the fastest time will take my place."

Harry just then noticed Draco Malfoy with his friends Crab and Goyle, grinning maliciously.

"Alright. ACHOO!" Another snake slid out of Nigel's nose. "I do apologize. Anyway, Rufus Nimblewimble, you're first!" Harry knew his chances were good until it was Draco's turn when he caught the snitch in 27 seconds.

"Harry Potter, you're next!"

As Harry mounted his broomstick, all anxiety melted away. He kicked off, and in a few seconds, he spotted the snitch. Harry dove, racing against the clock, and soon the golden snitch was safely in hand.

"The times were close, and I am proud to announce the winner is... ACHOO!" another snake coiled from Nigel's nose. "Harry Potter! Congratulations and good luck."

Ron was the only one who clapped.

About an hour later, Harry had butterflies as he walked out onto the field to meet a roar of applause. The referee flew into the air and Harry thought she looked oddly familiar. But maybe it was just nerves. Or was it? Harry noticed her poofy hair and buck teeth, and finally recognized her voice. It was Hermione Granger, another one of Harry's best friends from Hogwarts!

This surprised him so much he fell off his broom.

And woke to another familiar voice... professor Snape's.

But how a moment earlier Harry was in Nebraska, and now he was in the cold dark dungeons of Potions class with Professor Snape towering above him.

"Harry, wake up!" whispered Ron.

The World Cup had been just a dream.

"Did you enjoy your little nap during my class?" Professor Snape said through gritted teeth.

"Detention, and 50 points from Gryffindor!"

As Harry packed his things, he had to ask Hermione a question that had been in the back of his mind.

"Hermione, where's Nebraska?"