

Life of the Nimbus 2000

By Aimee Phelan



Chapter 1: The Beginning

Hello! As you probably guessed, I'm Harry Potter's Nimbus 2000! I'm here to tell you how my life was.

So, where should I start...? Oh yeah, at the start. Alright, so the start's a bit confusing, so bare with me.

When Minerva McGonagall got me, I knew she wasn't going to fly me, 'cause, c'mon, she's really old. Probably in her late 60's, but she's not as old as Dumbledore though. He's probably in his late 100's.

When Minerva brought me to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, she just threw me into the storage room, the happiest, jolliest place in the world! Then, after a few "happy" days, Minerva took me out of the storage room, wrapped me up real tight with... I don't even know what it was... but anyway, then she tied me to a cute little owl called Hedwig and stuck a name on me that said 'Harry Potter'.

Chapter 2: An Exciting Delivery

I felt a thump. I had landed on a long, oversized table and the wrappers were getting looser. Once they were off, I saw so many faces! Then there he was - Harry Potter. He had green eyes, messy jet black hair, full moon glasses and a very odd scar in the shape of a lightning bolt on his forehead.

People all around were saying "Harry, that's a Nimbus 2000! That's the best kind of broom there is!" I felt so proud of myself for... being a good broomstick I guess.

Everyone was pushing and shoving just to catch one glimpse of me! A skinny boy with red hair and freckles shouted "C'mon Harry, let's go out and test it!" I always get offended when someone calls me 'That' or 'It', but what can I say? I'm a broomstick for crying out loud!

Everybody came outside just to have a go of flying me. That red haired boy flew me but it didn't end too well. He was about 30 feet into the air when his hands starting getting sweaty. His hands slipped and he fell off, but luckily a girl named Hermoine pointed her wand at him and loudly said "*Wingardium Leviosa!*" and he started floating. "You could have gotten yourself killed!" she shouted. "Think I didn't know?" he shouted back.

Chapter 3: Time to Fly

Harry and the red haired boy (who I think is named Ron Weasley, as Harry called him that) took me outside to the Quidditch Training Grounds to fly me. The area was so big and the sun was just rising. It was fairly cold out there and I just wanted to get flying so I could warm up. Then it happened. I was soaring through the cold air with Harry on top of me. I was starting to warm up because... how do I say this normally... nope, can't say it normally! I was warming up because Harry was sitting on me! What do you expect? How is Harry going to fly me otherwise?

Anyway, Harry was a natural at flying. he turned me so lightly aswell. I mean, yeah, he had a tight grip on my face, (the part were you hold on) but c'mon, your flying 100 feet up in the air on a broomstick! If I where a human, I'd probably fall and break a bone.

There was this weird thing Harry was trying to catch. It was a gumball sized ball. It was a shiny gold colour and it had skinny little wings that were making it fly. I heard Ron calling "Harry! It's over there! The Snitch!", so, I guess it's called a 'Snitch'.

Also, I overheard someone explaining the rules of Quidditch, so here they are: There are 3 people who are Chasers, 2 who are Beaters, 1 Goalkeeper and 1 Seeker (that's Harry).

The Chasers pass around a ball called a Quaffle and they throw it through the opposing team's hoops. Beaters use something like a baseball bat to hit balls called Bludgers away from the Chasers or Seeker because the ball would try to hit them. Goalkeepers try save Quaffles from going through their team's hoops and Seekers try catch the Snitch to end the match and score a whopping 120 points, so it's nearly always an automatic win. Oh, and I forgot; a goal with the Quaffle is worth 10 points.

Harry was speeding around the pitch, so I guessed that he had seen the Snitch. He took a very tight turn to the right, then to the left, then to the right again and so on. He stretched his hand out as far as he could and gripped the Snitch tightly in his hand. "Great job, Harry!" There was a 17 year old boy below me and Harry. "Thanks, Oliver!" Harry shouted.

"Quidditch match tomorrow at 12 AM. Will you make it?"

"What do you think?"

"Just checking."

"Ugh, I'm late for Potions class..."

"You'd better get going then, or else you're in for a beating by Snape."

"Bye, Oliver."

"Bye, Harry. Don't forget the Quidditch match tomorrow!"

"Don't worry, I won't!"

Chapter 4: The Quiditch Match

I was so excited! My first Quiditch match was on today! Harry seemed to be more excited than me, but he seemed nervous too. We were playing Slytherin today and they play DIRTY. Me, Harry and Oliver then went to the Training Grounds to practice for the big game. "Harry, when we're playing, fly up high above everybody and keep an eye out for the Snitch." said Oliver. He seemed to be really determined to win. Then Oliver let the Snitch out of its box and it flew up into the air.

Harry flew up and raced after it. He took a tight U-Turn as the Snitch did, put out his hand, and caught the Snitch. "Great catch, Harry!" shouted Oliver. Harry gave Oliver the Thumbs Up.

It was time. The Gryffindor Quiditch team were walking out onto the pitch. Madam Hooche, the referee, was out on the pitch already. "Now, I want a nice clean match!" she said, looking directly at the Slytherin Captain, Flint. "On your brooms!"

Harry climbed on top of me and all of a sudden, we were in the sky. We were high above the rest of the team, when Gryffindor scored an amazing goal. "10-0 to Gryffindor!" shouted Lee Jordan, the commentator.

Then Harry must have seen the Snitch. He was speeding all around the pitch. Then, once again, Harry put out his hand and grabbed the golden Snitch. "GRYFFINDOR WIN, 130 POINTS TO 0!" Lee Jordan screamed. He was a Gryffindor, so you could imagine how hard it would have been for him to have said that Slytherin won, but luckily, they didn't! All the Gryffindors in the crowd were going mental, and there were flags with the golden Gryffindor Lion on them all over the place.

"You did great, Harry!" said Ron

"Thanks."

"That was an *amazing* catch, Harry!" said Hermione as she walked over.

"Thanks."

Harry seemed to be getting overwhelmed by all the praise, so he went to his common room, got into his pajamas, and went to bed.

Chapter 5: 2 Years Later and a Sad Ending

Harry was now 13 years old. There was another Quidditch match on against Hufflepuff. Harry was flying high in the air and it was looking like we were going to win. Harry was racing against Cedric Diggory, the Hufflepuff Seeker, to catch the Snitch. Then, something really bad happened. Cedric was ahead of Harry and these things called Dementors were coming onto the pitch. Then, all of a sudden, Cedric had caught the Snitch. But, he only caught it because Harry had fainted. He was falling and falling, and since nobody was flying me, I couldn't control myself. Then the next minute, I had crashed into the Whomping Willow... and after that, I was just shards of wood. And that's the end of my story. Thank you so much for reading.

THE END

THANK YOU FOR
READING