

The Silver Arrow

by Gemmika

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Chapter 1 of 1

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They had all arrived at Godric's Hollow yesterday. The house, the rooms, even the grounds emanated a feeling more intense than anything Ginny, or any of them, had ever felt in their lives. James and Lily Potter might have been dead, but their strong love lived on in their house. It was something that not even Voldemort could have destroyed.

Sirius and Remus had found a way to hire contractors to build a nearly exact replica of the Potter Place on the foundation of the old one. It had cost quite a bit of money, but no expense was spared in returning the Potter Place to its former state. Not even Harry had known that it was being rebuilt until they had arrived and seen the house fully complete. It had been an amazing sight.

Ginny was exploring the basement with Hermione, Harry and Ron. Actually, Harry hadn't wanted her coming down with them, but Hermione and Ron had over ruled him, saying that she had as much right as they did to go down. Reluctantly he had agreed, but he hadn't even looked at her since the decision had been made.

The basement was the only part of the house that had been left entirely intact after the attack, and Harry had been eager to explore it in case his parents had left something down there that might help him understand them better. So far they had found a few letters that had been written back and forth from his parents, mostly sweet little love notes, but some were powerful and filled with such emotion, longing and love that it was hard to breathe.

Ginny wandered around the dimly lit room, searching everything she could find for that one thing that would complete Harry. She wasn't sure what it was, but she desperately wanted to be the one to find it. She stepped over a broken butterbeer bottle and around an old broom stick, which she saw had the name Silver Arrow engraved on the handle.

"Harry, it's your dad's old broom," Ginny called out.

Harry was at her side quickly, and he took the broom carefully in his hands. "They don't make them like this anymore," he said softly, as if he was repeating someone rather than stating a fact.

He spared Ginny a look and her insides melted. Until that moment she had assumed that he no longer harbored any feelings for her, but now she knew that wasn't true. He still cared about her just as much as he ever had.

"Wow, Harry! A Silver Arrow! That's one of the best brooms ever made," Ron exclaimed excitedly as he made his way over. The powerful connection died away as Harry turned to show Ron the broom. The dusted it off and began making plans to try it out while Hermione and Ginny kept searching the basement.

"Of course we would rather be shifting through some dingy cellar than enjoying the fresh air," Ginny said sarcastically, and Hermione chuckled from behind her.

Ron turned to look at the girls as if seeing them for the first time. "You don't understand, Gin, this is a Silver Arrow; we have to go and try it out!"

"I think Ginny's point is that we want to get out of the cellar for a bit too," Hermione explained wryly. Ron gave her a 'why would you want to do that' look, and Hermione

sighed.

"I'd like to have a go on it if you don't mind," Ginny asked Harry softly. He looked from the broom to Ginny and an odd look crossed his face before he nodded.

"Let's all go outside then, Harry, I want to see this broom in action," Ron said eagerly and led the way out.

Ginny and Hermione sat down on the grass while the boys grabbed Harry's Firebolt and James's Silver Arrow. They kicked off and began to soar around the small city, Harry doing loops and dives whenever he looped back around to the house. Ron was content just to ride the Firebolt as Harry took the Silver Arrow to its extremes. Ginny could tell the broom was well made. It seemed to be in tune to Harry's every move... Ginny couldn't wait to try it out.

Harry came down in a steep dive just in front of her and Ginny caught his eye. He pulled up when he was a few inches from the ground and went into a spiral loop over the house. Ginny and Hermione cheered, and the boys finally came back to the earth, grinning broadly from ear to ear.

Ginny stepped up to Harry and reached for the Silver Arrow. "May I have a turn?" she asked softly. Harry once again looked from her to the broom with an odd expression in his eyes, but this time he shook his head no, and without another word to her he walked inside the house.

"What was up with Harry?" Hermione asked, touching Ginny's shoulder lightly.

"I don't know," Ginny admitted. A single tear rolled down her cheek and she made no move to brush it away.

It was nearing midnight and Ginny lay motionless on her bed, staring up at the ceiling. Something had happened to Harry today and she couldn't figure out what it was. She had thought that he would have been pleased with her for finding his dad's old broom, but all he had done was walk off on her. That hurt more than his refusal to let her ride the broom.

She rolled over in bed and looked out the window at the beautiful cloudless night. The moon was bright, casting its silvery light over the house, and Ginny had the urge to go outside. She wasn't sure why she felt compelled, but she knew that if she didn't she would regret it.

Quietly she walked downstairs and out the back door to the small grassy area where they had spent part of their afternoon earlier. The moon was settled just over the top of the house, and the Potter Place was bathed in its beauty. A shadow passed over the house and Ginny looked up to see Harry on the Silver Arrow, just gliding along over the house. She wanted to call out to him, but knew that she would wake the house. Instead she contented herself to watch him fly lazily around in the moonlight, never letting her eyes stray from him.

It was as if her unspoken need for him had called out to something inside him, because he turned around and saw her looking up at him. His face didn't register disgust or disappointment... no, she saw a fierce desire and longing in his eyes as he flew the broom down and landed at her side. They didn't say a word as Harry moved to take her in his arms. They didn't need to. Instead their lips met in a soft and sweet kiss that seemed to erase all of the negative moments of the past few weeks. It seemed as if they had never been parted.

Wordlessly Harry mounted the broom and Ginny curled up in front of him, her arms clasped tight around his neck and her legs pressing close to his. Harry kicked off and they soared up into the sky. Ginny knew that no matter what happened in the morning, she would always have this memory of Harry and the Silver Arrow, soaring through the moonlit night. She was finally where she belonged.

As Harry went to bed that night with the feeling of Ginny's lips on his, he thought back to the moment she had placed the Silver Arrow in his hands. The broom had felt so warm and alive; he could feel his father in it... and his mother too.

When Ginny had looked up at him with her big brown eyes and asked if she could have a go on the broom, Harry had brought up a memory of another red-haired witch with enchanting eyes asking to ride the broom, but it hadn't been his memory. Instead it had been his father's memory, as if the broom had kept certain memories of its life since his father had owned it.

"May I have a go on your broom, James?" Lily Evans had asked shyly as she stood behind him Christmas morning.

"I'll let you ride on it if you'll let me take you up with me," James had replied with a sly grin. Lily had blushed and shook her head no, but it had been for show.

Hours later she met him on the Quidditch pitch, her hair glowing in the moonlight. Without speaking, they had spent an exhilarating hour soaring around the pitch, clasped tightly in each other's arms as the snow fell around them. It was there, on that brand new Silver Arrow broom, that they had shared their first kiss.

Harry had seen all of this over and over again all day long. He knew that the old broom seemed to be hinting to him, and so he had gone outside in the night air, hoping that Ginny would be compelled to join him, and she had.

He looked fondly at the old broom as he put it in the corner of his room. "You have seen two generations of Potters find their perfect match; perhaps if we keep you in good condition we can make it three," Harry whispered softly, and as he turned around to get into bed, the moon passed beyond the window, making the polish on the broom gleam... as if it were winking at him. But brooms were just inanimate objects... weren't they?