

The Great Hogwarts Broom Race

by MsTree

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not JRK, nor do I own Warner Brothers or Scholastic. I do, however, own this plot bunny. Just saying.

Author's Notes: Much thanks must go to [inlawless](#) who beta'd this little story for me. It takes place between Chapters 20 and 21 of "Heaven or Hell". However, that story was written long before this plot bunny bit me, so here it is.

On the first morning of Summer term, Severus sat at the corner of the High Table, teasing Hermione about the Journeyman Animagus project she had to complete in order to earn her Transfiguration Mastery. The Headmistress, having finished her breakfast, tapped her juice glass with a spoon and called for attention from the students.

"Due to an anonymous donation," she said, after casting *Sonorus* on herself, "Hogwarts has been gifted with three dozen of the newest model Firebolts to be used for the school." Tapping her glass again, she reduced the students' clamour of delighted cries to whispers. "These brooms are to be used for Professor Hooch's flying classes, as well as Quidditch practice and Quidditch games." She nodded at the ecstatic teacher.

"Our benefactor has also stipulated that we hold a broom race to commemorate the fifth anniversary of Voldemort's defeat. Only the sixth- and seventh-year students will be eligible to enter this race." Cries of disappointment from the younger students met her announcement, and Minerva paused to let the noise die down. "There will be four racers allowed. Each house will hold trial races with the winner from that house becoming the entrant for the race. Your Heads of house will discuss the details with you in your common rooms this evening after dinner. You are dismissed."

Severus groaned. "She *would* have to announce that this morning," he whispered to Hermione. "We certainly won't get any work out of the older students. I'd lay odds the so-called anonymous donor is Potter."

"I think the entire school will be out of order today, and I would have said Lucius Malfoy," she whispered back with a grin as she stood and gathered up her things. "He's done it before, after all."

"For the Slytherin Quidditch team Draco's second year, yes," Severus said, also standing in preparation to leave the dais. "That doesn't mean he purchased thirty six brooms for the school as a whole. That sounds more like Potter's altruistic self." He held the staff door open for her to exit.

Walking into the back hall, she gave him an absent-minded thank you. "Maybe we can get Minerva to tell us who it is at the staff meeting this afternoon."

He groaned. "I had hoped that would be forgotten for once," he said. "Don't we hold enough meetings during term time to avoid having one on the first day back to class?"

"Apparently not," Minerva said sternly from behind them. "We have to discuss the parameters of this so-called anniversary race, among other things. Do try to attend, Severus." She brushed past them as Hermione grinned at her male companion.

"Yes, Severus, do try to attend," Hermione teased, imitating the Headmistress.

"You will attend as well, Professor Granger." Minerva swivelled her head to look at Hermione with a steely glare. "Don't get lost in a book and forget."

"Yes, Headmistress," Hermione said meekly.

Severus just smirked.

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Severus' first class, the seventh-year N.E.W.T.-level, was in an uproar when he walked in, the students roaming the classroom and discussing the announcement made at breakfast. "Silence!" he said in a take-no-prisoners voice. "Take your seats." As the room went quiet except for the sound of stools scraping across the floor, he waved at the board and the day's assignment appeared.

"I do not want to hear a word from anyone in this class unless you raise your hand and your question concerns the potion you are preparing." He glared at a student in the first row who had the temerity to smile weakly. "Anything said or done in this class not related to potions and potion making will result in points being taken from all the houses represented in this room, not just your own. Begin."

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Unnoticed by the young witch seated at the end of the long table, Severus entered the staff room. Absently rubbing her forehead, Hermione corrected essays and muttered imprecations about the number of dunderheads she was expected to teach. He reached over and set a vial down in front of her, causing her to rear back in alarm.

"Gods, you scared me," she said, pushing his hand away and picking up the potion vial. "Headache potion?"

"You looked like you needed it," he answered, pulling more of the potion vials out of the pockets of his robes and setting them on the table. "I brought extra if they're needed."

"Great minds think alike," Poppy said, entering the room with a rack of vials in her hand. She glanced at what Severus had on the table as she set her burden down. "Yours look different."

"Thought you weren't supposed to be brewing for the students, Severus?" Filius commented as he came in. "I think I'll need one of those, Poppy."

"What Poppy has is calibrated for student usage," Severus remarked, handing him one of the vials he had brought. "I brewed this for the teachers. It's much stronger."

"Nuff said," Filius chirped, downing the draught in a gulp. "Teacher strength is probably what we'll all need if everyone's day was like mine."

"Indeed," Severus said with a smirk. "I had a most enjoyable time taking house points today."

"Very democratically as well, if the hourglasses are any proof," Minerva said as she entered. "I'll have one of those, if you please." She also downed it in a gulp. "Peppermint. Very nice," she commented. "If anyone else needs a headache draught, I suggest you get it now and take your seats. We have a lot to cover this afternoon."

By the time all the teachers had sat down, Severus' supply of headache remedy had disappeared. Nobody had refused a vial with the exception of Sibyll, who simply murmured, "The pain helps to open the inner eye," as she glared at Hermione, who was capping her inkwell and setting her parchments in a neat pile. Hermione glared back. Severus smirked.

After discussing timetables, schedules for making rounds, and other business normally brought up at staff meetings, Minerva called a break. "When we come back, we need to discuss how this race will be run," she said. "The donor has specific instructions for us to follow."

"Who is this mysterious donor, Minerva?" Rolanda asked. "I've been after the governors to buy new brooms for years. Why now?"

"It's not the Governors, Rolanda," the Headmistress answered. "We'll discuss it in a little while. Right now, I could use some tea. Anyone else?" She picked up the teapot the house-elves had just delivered and poured a cup for herself, then moved to an easy chair on the far side of the room. As she sat down, the other teachers also helped themselves and found comfortable chairs to sit in.

"Are you sure you can't tell us?" Filius asked.

"When we reconvene," Minerva said serenely, sipping her tea.

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Once all the teachers had resumed their seats at the long table, Minerva picked up another scroll. "This arrived yesterday afternoon," she said. "In it are the particulars for the gift of brooms to the school and instructions for holding a race to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the Final Battle. Rolanda, there will be three dozen Firebolt 2004s delivered first thing in the morning."

"2004s?" the flying instructor squeaked. "They're not even in the shops yet!"

"Indeed," Minerva said with a smile. "Our mysterious benefactor seems to have some connections within the broom industry. You will need to set up a racing course before tomorrow afternoon so the students can begin their qualifying races."

"A question, Minerva," Filius said. "Which house will go first for qualifying?"

"We will draw lots," she answered. "Now, our mysterious benefactor..."

"You don't know who it is then?" Rolanda asked. "How will we know who to thank?"

"Apparently we don't," Minerva said, growing irritable. "Will all of you please hold your questions until I'm finished? Otherwise, we'll be here until midnight." She looked around the table and nodded firmly. "Rolanda, as I was saying, our benefactor wants you to include some kind of obstacle course as part of the race. Is that possible?"

Rolanda nodded. "I can do something with the Quidditch pitch and stadium. With the proper spells, the course could change on every lap as well." She made a note on her parchment.

"Good. Hermione, are you still writing to that boy from your fourth year? The Quidditch player? What was his name? Crumb?"

"Viktor Krum, Minerva, and yes, I am. Why?"

"It was suggested you might use your influence to have him here to help officiate. Can you do that?" Minerva looked over the top of her glasses at her journeywoman.

"I can write and ask," Hermione said. "Whether he comes or not depends on his wife. She's six months pregnant."

"Do your best, dear." Minerva made a note on the scroll. "Now, according to these instructions, the race is to be a total of eight laps around the designated course. The winner will receive a gold cup engraved with his or her name and the race's date. The cup will stay with the Head of the winning house until the next race, if there is one, and the student who wins will receive a hundred Galleons and a Nimbus 2004." She held up her hand. "Don't say it, Severus."

"I did not say a word, Headmistress," Severus said in an even tone. "However, if I were..."

"You won't," Minerva said. "Just keep your opinions to yourself for the nonce, please. Now, here's Winky with the bag for drawing lots. Filius, since you asked, why don't you go first?"

Once the Heads of house drew their lots for the qualifying races, Minerva rolled up her scroll and sighed. "Now, it will be the duty of the Prefects for each house to make sure that none of the younger students get any ideas of trying to enter the race themselves. The donor was most specific; only sixth- and seventh-years are eligible. Please stress this when you speak with your students after dinner. I wouldn't want to upset this donor. It could open the doors for others to follow."

"Is Hogwarts hurting that much, Minerva?" Hermione said. "I know Poppy's budget was shot the last few years because she had to go to outside suppliers for her potions, but what of everyone else?"

"No, dear," Minerva said with a sigh. "Basically, everyone else's class budget is fine. The Board of Governors hasn't raised our total school budget in quite a number of years, but we're managing. With fewer students entering school every year, however, our revenue is not keeping up with expenses as well as we would like. Speaking of expenses, I'll need this term's budget sheets from all of you before the end of the week. And *no* requesting of gourmet teas, Sibyll. Plain Earl Grey will be good enough for your classes. Remember, we've only a week from this Friday to pull this race together. That's less than ten days. Make them count. This meeting is adjourned." She rapped her knuckles on the table and started for the door.

"A measly hundred Galleons, Minerva?" Severus asked with a sneer. "After gifting the school with three dozen brand new brooms, a gold cup, and a brand new broom for the winner of this ludicrous race, he or she offers only a hundred Galleons?"

"There was no explanation as to why that particular amount was chosen, Severus," Minerva said. "Perhaps our benefactor was looking to the future." She smiled at some secret amusement.

"Probably ran out of cash," Pomona said with a hoot, jabbing Rolanda in the ribs with her elbow. "At least one of my Hufflepuffs could make good use of the money, and a gold cup would look nice in my office on the shelf next to Helga's cup."

"My Ravenclaws will run rings around your Hufflepuffs," Filius boasted. "I intend to have that cup in my office for the coming year. What say you, Severus?"

"I will let my Slytherins do the talking for me," he said, holding the door for Minerva and Hermione to exit. "The Gryffindors do enough boasting for all the houses; wouldn't you say so, Septima?"

"My Gryffindors are consummate ladies and gentlemen," Septima said, "Unlike a certain Slytherin who stole my apprentice away from me." She winked at Hermione, who grinned. "At least we get first shot at Rolanda's race course tomorrow. The Slytherins have to wait until Friday. Which reminds me, Minerva, once we have our entrants, will they have a chance to practice before race day?"

"I certainly hope so," Filius muttered to Pomona, who grinned at the diminutive teacher.

"As much as possible, dear," Minerva answered, "as long as they keep up with their schoolwork."

"There won't be much practicing, then," Severus remarked to Hermione. "Not with the dunderheads/ve got this year for Potions."

"Well, the upper level Transfiguration classes are Minerva's headache," Hermione said. "I'm happy to just teach the lower levels right now."

"Indeed."

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By the following Monday, it was evident that the best students academically were not exactly the best flyers. Even the Ravenclaw candidate had not received any Outstandings on his O.W.L.s and only four Exceeds Expectations. However, all the house candidates played on the various Quidditch teams in one position or another.

"Interesting group," Rolanda muttered to Minerva as the two witches sat in the teacher's box and watched the candidates practice the obstacle course. "The best one of the lot is that Slytherin girl."

"My Gryffindor isn't doing too badly," Septima said, settling in next to them. "She might actually do well come race day. How often does the course change, Rolanda?" she asked, watching as the tall poles outlining the course rearranged themselves once the last broom passed.

"Every lap," Rolanda chortled. "And it's totally random, so there's no predicting where they will be on the next lap. Even your Arithmancy couldn't tell you." She winced as the lead broom almost clipped a pole. "I certainly hope the brooms survive this."

Minerva smiled. "The delivery people took all the old brooms, didn't they?" she asked.

Rolanda nodded, her eyes still on the racers and the course below. "They did," she said. "Do you know what they said when I asked what was going to happen to them?"

"Yes," the Headmistress said. "The donor told me in the letter. They'll be refurbished and the flying charm renewed, then donated to a new school."

"A new school, Minerva?" Severus asked, escorting Hermione to a seat in the front of the stands where they could watch the practice. "Where would that be?"

"South Africa, I believe, or was it South Australia?" Minerva mused. "I'm given to understand the Headmaster and Board of Governors are looking for a Potions teacher. Are you interested?"

Severus smirked. "And leave Hogwarts before my probation is over? I think not, Headmistress." He looked over the pitch in time to see his house candidate take the lead from the Hufflepuff student. "Nicely done, Greengrass," he said lightly. "She's an excellent Quidditch player as well, wouldn't you say, Septima?" He glanced at his Gryffindor rival. "It's too bad your candidate didn't do so well this year. A Chaser, isn't she?"

"Don't count the other houses out yet, Severus," Filius said from his seat further down the stands. "Boot is an excellent Chaser and I expect to see him on the team this summer for the Student-Alumni match."

"Hmm, yes," Severus said. "When will the student team members be announced, Rolanda? I need to start planning my strategies for this year."

"The last week of term, as usual," Rolanda answered. "When did you plan to announce your team members?"

"As soon as Lucius or I receive acceptances from all of them," Severus said, his eyes on the ever-changing racecourse. "Here, Pomona, your candidate is about to..." He

groaned as the young Hufflepuff fell from his broom and ploughed into the grass of the field, face-first.

The other students turned as one and raced back to their fallen comrade, reaching him at the same time as the teachers and Poppy, who pushed her way through the small crowd to her newest patient. "Mr ap Dai," she scolded, "I should have known. Who else would be so accident-prone? Now, let me look at you." She waved her wand in a diagnostic pattern over his head, observing the aura that resulted, while he grimaced in pain.

"Hmmm, broken collarbone and a slight concussion. You'll live," she said offhandedly. "You're lucky you weren't that high off the ground. You three..." she pointed at the other racers "...help him up to the infirmary. You'll need some Skele-gro for that collar bone and a night in the Infirmary for the concussion. I'm afraid today's practice is over for you."

"It's over for all of us," Minerva said as the clock in the Astronomy tower chimed the hour. "Dinner will be served soon. Everyone needs to return his or her brooms to the shed and get cleaned up. I'll see everyone in the Great Hall for dinner." Poppy cleared her throat. "With the exception of Mr ap Dai, of course. I'll have a house-elf bring you something for your dinner."

"Tough luck, Pomona," Filius said. "But I'm sure he'll be fine by tomorrow's practice."

"Only if he manages to get his assignments done," Severus said with a smirk. "At least he's not in any of my Potions classes."

"Lucky for him," Pomona said, smiling at the thought of not having to worry about Potions assignments. "We'll work something out. You know us Hufflepuffs. We're always ready to help our fellow students."

Hermione couldn't help but roll her eyes, and Minerva actually laughed as Severus gave a parting shot. "Indeed," he said dryly.

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The day of the race dawned cloudy with the promise of rain later in the day. Earlier that morning, Filius and Hermione cast weather charms over the Quidditch stadium for protection...just in case. Lunch was hectic as excited students offered conflicting advice to the racers. With classes cancelled for the afternoon, even the younger students could not sit still in their seats.

Kingsley Shacklebolt, as Minister for Magic, was scheduled to give a speech marking the anniversary, as were several other dignitaries, most of whom joined the Hogwarts staff for lunch. Minerva and Hermione enlarged the staff table so everyone could sit on one side facing the student tables. Viktor sat between Hermione and Rolanda, who usurped Severus' usual seat in order to talk to the Quidditch star.

"We are so delighted you could join us, Krum," Rolanda said, reaching for the mashed turnips. "I think you'll enjoy the course I've laid out."

"Vhat exactly is my role in dhis race, Hermyninny?" he asked, turning to his friend. "Vilhelmina vill vant to hear everything when I return home."

"I'm sorry she couldn't come with you," Hermione said. "She might have enjoyed this. But, to answer your question, our anonymous donor asked that you officiate the race. I take that to mean you'll start the race and declare the winner at the end, as well as watch for any fouls."

Victor nodded. "Dhat makes goot sense," he said. "I can do dhat easily."

Rolanda cackled from his other side. "It doesn't hurt that you're a big star, either," she said. "It'll bring in more spectators. Where are they giving the speeches, Hermione?"

Hermione swallowed her mouthful of tea. "On the Quidditch pitch," she said. "Hagrid's spent the morning building a stage for the high muckety-mucks to sit on. Don't worry," she continued, as Rolanda glared. "It isn't anywhere near the course. Hagrid's using one of the viewing stands for a stage. They want to watch the race, just like everyone else."

Rolanda grinned. "That's all right, then." She raised her glass of pumpkin juice. "Here's to a good race."

"I will drink to dhat," Viktor said, clinking his goblet to hers. "Here's to a goot race."

A commotion at the entrance to the Great Hall brought everyone's heads around. Harry and Ron strode through the heavy double doors, followed by the Malfoys and the rest of the Weasleys. Minerva threw a glance at Hermione, who grimaced at the sight of her redheaded frenemy, but rose and joined the Headmistress as she hurried forward to greet their guests. Molly sniffed in annoyance as Hermione hugged Harry, but only shook hands with Ron.

Ron looked at Hermione with bright blue puppy dog eyes. "I'm really sorry," he said petulantly. "I should know better than to believe anything Skeeter writes about you. Friends?" He opened his arms wide.

Hermione sighed in frustration. "Friends," she said magnanimously, briefly stepping into his hug. Then, moving back, she slugged him in the shoulder.

"Ow!" he yelped, rubbing away the pain. "What was that for?"

"For being such a prat," Hermione said. "Next time, ask me before you come storming in here and accuse me of something because Skeeter's being a bitch."

"Okay, okay." He grimaced and made a rude gesture as she turned away.

"I suppose I should also apologize," Molly said ungraciously. "You're still like a daughter to me despite everything." She grabbed Hermione and pulled her into a bear hug.

"Uh, Mrs Weasley?" Hermione's voice was muffled, her face all but invisible buried in Molly's chest. "I can't breathe!"

Molly released her. "I'm sorry, dear. Are you all right?" Hermione nodded. "Good." Molly quickly turned away to talk with Minerva as the students streamed out of the hall and towards the Quidditch pitch, followed by the teachers and their honoured guests.

"Interesting," Draco whispered in Hermione's ear. "What do you think she'll do if you don't marry the Weasel?"

"Behave yourself," Hermione whispered back. "And what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in Cambridge right now?" She turned to look at him.

"It's a holiday," he said, spreading his arms. "The entire Wizarding world is celebrating today. Don't you remember? We've had no classes on May second the last four years."

"Oh, yeah." Hermione blushed. "I never paid attention to the date, just spent it in the library studying."

"Figures." Harry snorted good-humouredly. "Only you would turn a holiday into a study session." He looked over his shoulder at the empty Great Hall. "We'd better get out to the Quidditch pitch. I'm supposed to give a speech." He grimaced at the thought. "If Kingsley weren't such a good friend, I'd have just said *no*."

"Make it a short one," Draco suggested. "Everyone else will just be speaking to hear themselves talk. Most of them are puffed up..."

"Draco!" Narcissa swooped down on her son and his friends. "We've taught you better than that."

"I'm sorry, Mother," he said in apology. "But you know I'm right."

"You should still keep your opinions to yourself," Lucius said, joining the small group. "Most of those blowhards can help you further your career."

Hermione giggled. "I think you're as bad as he is," she teased the older wizard. "Blowhards, huh?"

Lucius smiled. "I *only* admit to that in the present company." He grinned toothily. "If it gets back to me that someone leaked the information, I shall be *extremely* annoyed." He looked down his nose at Harry.

"I've got no problem with that," Harry said, raising his hands in surrender. "I happen to agree with you, as weird as that sounds."

"Good. Shall we?" Lucius offered his arm to Narcissa, leading her out of the Great Hall as Draco bowed Hermione out ahead of Harry and himself.

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"Good afternoon, listeners of the WWN. This is Lee Jordan, reporting from the Quidditch stadium at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Today, we are celebrating the fifth anniversary of the defeat of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named with speeches from the Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt, as well as various members of the Ministry, and Harry Potter. Also on today's schedule is a broom race between the four houses here at Hogwarts. The students will race on Firebolt 2004s recently donated to the school."

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"Wasn't that an *interesting* talk on cauldron thicknesses? Thank you, Mr Percy Weasley. Now, here's the Chief Wizard of the Wizengamot to say a few words..."

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"Wasn't that *fascinating*? I'm sure we all appreciate the time and effort the members of the Wizengamot take to make sure we are safe from dangerous felons and evil-doers. Now, let me introduce the Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt, who would like to say a few words."

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"... and in conclusion, it behooves all of us to maintain eternal vigilance lest we once again entertain a Dark Lord unawares."

"Thank *you*, Minister Shacklebolt. Now, may I introduce the Saviour of the Wizarding World, Harry Potter!"

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"Uh, hi? I didn't really plan to make any kind of speech, but the Minister asked me to say something. I'm not really a hero, you know. There were a lot more... uh... people who were more heroic than I was who couldn't be here today because they're... er... dead. Maybe we could just take a moment to remember all of them for what they did?"

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"Thank you, Harry. That was a very heartfelt and short...really short...speech. We appreciate it. Now, let me introduce the Headmistress of Hogwarts, Minerva McGonagall."

"Thank you, Mr Jordan. I just want to thank the people who donated the new brooms to our school as well as the prizes for the winner of the race. All of the students who will be racing today are proud to represent their individual houses, and all I can say is: Let the best student win!"

"Thank you, Headmistress McGonagall. Now, ladies and gentlemen, here's Quidditch superstar and Seeker for the Bulgarian National Team, Mr Viktor Krum!"

"Dank you, Mr Jordan. I hev come vit the invitation of my goot friend, Hermyninny Granger, to be referee dhis race and see dhat it is run fairly and squarely. Is for Harry Potter to start race, so I go officiate now."

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"Viktor Krum and Harry Potter have taken brooms down to the Quidditch pitch where the four students are waiting to start this race. A quick rundown of the rules: The students will start ninety-one-point-five meters away from their brooms. At the signal, they will run to their brooms, jump on, and fly off onto the race course. There will be eight laps of the Quidditch pitch with half of each lap being an obstacle course. The student who crosses the finish line first will win a hundred Galleons and a new Nimbus 2004 model broom. His or her house will receive a gold trophy cup to display until the next race.

"Harry has the racers lined up on the starting line, and Viktor has taken flight in the centre of the Quidditch pitch. From there, he will be able to watch the racers as they manoeuvre through the obstacle course and down the straightaway.

"Harry's raising his wand. There's the signal: a spray of gold sparks! *My*, those students are fast on their feet! Hufflepuff is first off the ground, closely followed by Ravenclaw, Slytherin and Gryffindor! They're at the first turn and now into the obstacle part of the race! Ravenclaw has pulled ahead by a nose! Here comes Slytherin from behind! Look out! Whew, that was close! The poles marking the obstacle course have started moving, as the racers move into the straightaway and start the second lap! The course is rearranging itself, and here comes Slytherin in the lead, followed by Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw and Gryffindor! Ravenclaw is moving up on Hufflepuff, but Gryffindor is approaching fast! Oooh! Just missed that pole, Slytherin! Here comes Ravenclaw, but Hufflepuff has cut him off! Viktor calls a foul on Hufflepuff! He'll have a five second penalty before starting the third lap!

"Into the third lap now, with Slytherin and Ravenclaw neck and neck, Gryffindor a close second, and Hufflepuff bringing up the rear! I've got to hand it to Hufflepuff! He's really making that broom fly!

"Ravenclaw has passed Slytherin, but Gryffindor is close behind! And here they come into the straightaway and the start of the fourth lap! It's really interesting how the course keeps rearranging itself after each lap! Makes it harder for the racers to memorize the course! Gryffindor's in the lead going into the obstacle course, with Slytherin a close second. Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff are battling it out for third place!

"Fifth lap, now, and Slytherin has a slight lead on Gryffindor! Ravenclaw is third with Hufflepuff a close fourth! Yes! Gryffindor has just passed Slytherin and taken the lead for the first time in the race! Slytherin is still second, but Hufflepuff has passed Ravenclaw to take third!

"Here they come into the straightaway, and Slytherin has moved up even with Gryffindor as they enter the obstacle course! Wow! That was close! Gryffindor almost clipped one of the poles, losing some momentum! Hufflepuff is now in second place with Ravenclaw in third, and Gryffindor coming up fast on the inside.

"We're in the seventh lap, and this has been an extremely close race! Hufflepuff has passed Slytherin on the straightaway, and Ravenclaw is fighting with Gryffindor for third! I'm really surprised that none of these young witches and wizards have crashed into the poles marking the course...they're moving so fast! Here they come for the eighth and final lap!

"The four racers are neck and neck down the straightaway and into the obstacle course! This is where the race will be decided! Ravenclaw has taken a slight lead, followed by Slytherin, Gryffindor, and Hufflepuff! It's Slytherin on the inside, moving past Ravenclaw! Here comes Gryffindor, with Hufflepuff close behind! There's the signal for the end of the race and the winner is...Ravenclaw! How 'bout that!

"Let me get down to the field for the presentation of the awards. Headmistress McGonagall is waving the racers down onto the field. Here comes Harry Potter and...*George*

Weasley? What's Lucius Malfoy doing on the field? Ladies and gentlemen, here's Headmistress McGonagall to present the prize to the winning racer from Ravenclaw."

"Thank you, Mr Jordan, but the prize is to be awarded by our donors. Mr Harry Potter convinced the Firebolt Company to donate three dozen new brooms to the school and purchased the Nimbus 2004 being presented to the winner. Mr George Weasley is donating the gold cup that will reside in Professor Flitwick's office until the next race. Mr Lucius Malfoy has donated the one hundred Galleons to the winner and has pledged the same amount each year we have a race. Gentlemen?"

"Er... yes, you ran a good race. It's my happy duty to award you this Nimbus 2004 broom. May you enjoy your flights on it."

"Thank you, Mr Potter, sir."

"Great race, Mr... er...?"

"Boot, sir."

"Any relation to Terry?"

"My brother, Mr Weasley, sir."

"Good man. Anyway, I want to present you with this gold cup representing the Broom Race. It has a self-etching charm on it...see there, it just wrote your name and the date...so it will automatically update itself every year. Congratulations."

"Thank you, sir. Professor Flitwick will love this."

"Ahem. Quite. It is my great honour to present you with a hundred Galleons to help ease your way for the next school year, Mr... er... Boot. Use them wisely."

"Thank you, Mr Malfoy. This will buy a great many books."

"Well, there you have it, folks. The First Annual Great Hogwarts Broom Race is a flying success..."

"Mr Jordan!"

"Well, how else can I describe a broom race, Headmistress? Stay tuned for Celestina Warbeck, the Singing Sorceress, and her backup bansheesOw! *Professor!*"

A/N: 91.5 meters translate roughly to 100 yards, give or take about 6 inches.