

History repeats itself, but sometimes it comes different

Von Couscous

Today was supposed to be the luckiest day of his life.

At least his manager Philbert Deverill had said that a few days ago, after he had told him, that the keeper of Puddelmere United had fallen ill and could'nt play against the Chudley Canonns coming Saturday. So now, he had went on, it was his, Oliver's, turn to show what he was made of.

Oliver had nodded enthusiastically and had written a letter to Katie in Hogwarts immediately after Philert had left.

He remembered the tingle that had went through his whole body, when he imagined playing a real game in a real league against real opponents. He had waited over a year for this to happen.

And today was the day. The day that would probably decide his later life. And somehow Oliver felt sick and he was sure, he would throw up soon.

So he sat down, face completely white and bloodless, and knew he was supposed to feel happy and excited, but he couldn't help feeling lost. What on earth was he doing here? What made him think, he was good enough for the national league? He was just a little keeper of Gryffindor house, who could win against the team of Slytherin, but never against professional Quidditch players, who had been playing their whole lives long.

Apart from that, there were way to many people out there, he was used to keep the quaffel away from the rings while being watched from approximately 300 pupils plus staff, but outside the changing rooms were thousands of folks waiting to see his team play.

He would mess it up. He just knew he would, he always messed up when he should be brilliant.

Like his first match in school. He had passed out after three minutes because a bludger had hit him.

Oliver winced. What if exactly that would happen again? He would fall of his broom and the people would laugh, laugh and laugh on. And then the headline of the Daily Prophet tomorrow would be: "Keeper keeps falling" and he would never ever find a job in a Quidditch team again and he would have to clean at the Leaky Cauldron or something similar.

No, he couldn't do it. He picked up his broom, determined to go back home and never come out again, and went to Philbert, who beamed confidently at him. „Philbert, we need to talk“, Oliver murmured, too quiet for Philber to hear and understand, though

he was standing only centimeters away.

„Oliver, you look great. So, excited? Well, I pretty was at my first match. Just don't think about it. That'll do the trick. Come on it's time now.“ Philbert didn't leave him time to protest and tugged his shoulder towards the entrance to the pitch. Then he gave him a pat on the shoulder, which was pretty hard.

Oliver tumbled forward and fell. One moment later he was flying on his broomstick, feeling the wind, seeing the blue, cloudless sky and hearing the crowd cheering behind him.

Still slightly nervous he swerved towards the rings and positioned himself there. Almost immediately the match started.

Chasers whizzed around him, but no Quaffle came towards him. Luckily, as Oliver seemed to be frozen on his broomstick.

Suddenly he realized a black spot coming quickly nearer. A bludger flew straight towards the rings and Oliver. Pictures, memories of his first match whirled around his mind and he just couldn't remember what to do.

As the bludger drew nearer, he noticed loud screams below him. Looking down he recognized his former team mates and friends. They had somehow managed to leave school to support him.

„Watch out. The bludger is coming“, that was Fred calling and his twin brother George finished the advice: „Dodge to your right.“

„You have done that a thousand times before, Oliver. Just move“, encouraged Angelina him. And Alicia shouted: „Go, Oliver!“

But loudest of all Katie's voice reached him. „If you don't move in one second, I'll come up there and push you out of way!“ She sounded very angry and Oliver knew, she really would put her words into action, if he didn't do something soon.

At last second he flew to his right and avoided the bludger. Suddenly he began to feel safer and more confident. He was in the air and he knew what to do. He was Oliver Wood and he would show them, how good he was. And he had his friends at his side. He wasn't alone. He really could do this.