

Lesson Learned

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Today was the day that Ron had been waiting for. Hermione and Ginny were out shopping in Diagon Alley for Christmas gifts and he was alone in Grimmauld Place. He knew that Hermione kept a diary; he just had to go find it.

Opening the door to the room that Ginny and Hermione shared, he looked around at the impossibly neat room and rolled his eyes. He might have known that Hermione and Ginny would be this neat. His room at Grimmauld Place that he shared with Harry was not nearly as neat, and Mum was always after him to clean up his mess.

"Now, if I was a diary, where would I be?" he asked himself out loud. He looked under Hermione's pillow and found nothing. He looked under the bed, under the mattress, and in several other places before slapping his forehead. "Duh! *Accio diary!*" he said, pointing his wand. Nothing happened. "Shoulda known that she would guard against that."

Resuming his search for the diary, he looked in the closet and in her bottom drawer in her dresser. Finally he felt something that was like a book beneath her knickers and he pulled it out.

It was a copy of Playwitch.

Curious, Ron flipped through the pages and was shocked to find pictures of naked wizards. One wizard in particular had been viewed more than once, as he could tell by the dogeared page. It was a picture of Viktor Krum.

Hearing footsteps outside the room, Ron tried to hurry and put the magazine back where he had found it. Unfortunately, he wasn't quick enough to do it before the door opened.

"I can't believe I forgot my —" Hermione stopped talking when she saw him in their room with the magazine in his hand. "What the heck are you doing in our room, Ron?" she asked, putting her hands on her hips.

"What the hell are you doing looking at naked pictures of Viktor Krum?" Ron asked, not trying to hide the fact that he had found the magazine.

She gave him a look and shrugged her shoulders. "What, you think that we don't have needs too?"

Ron's ears burned as he realized what she was saying. "Well, yeah... I mean, I never really thought about it."

"You only thought about coming in our room and snooping through our stuff, is that it?" Hermione asked, taking the magazine from him. "This will teach you to go snooping in our room," Hermione said, waving her wand over the magazine and revealing its true form. It was her diary. "Next time you go looking for my diary, I may just turn it into

something not as innocent. Maybe I'll take a page out of your brothers' book and make it look like a spider."

Hermione's laughter followed him quickly out the door. He had learned his lesson. At least, for now.