

# The Wonders of the Internet

*by Mandela*

Ginny and Draco stumble across...(bum bum buh)--the internet and the many wondrous (and not so wondrous) things it holds. A single chapter parody, the result of some inspiration and too much coffee. Told mostly via IM conversations.

## Capitulo Uno

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer: Ginny, Draco and the world of Harry Potter are not mine in any way, shape or form. They all belong to the wonderful J.K. Rowling.**

**And please remember, this fic is a parody. I mean no offence to any Wiccans, bored teenagers going through a phase and thinking they are Wiccans or obsessive chatroom users.**

**This is a kind of spin-off of Silene's challenge on WIKTT "Hermione on the Internet." It was inspired by that, but obviously Hermione was not the main character. I just found the idea of canon characters using the internet quite amusing.**

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Eyes shifting suspiciously, Draco glanced over his shoulder once more, assuring himself that he had not been followed. Nonchalantly he looked around, trying to walk as normally as he could in those Muggle pants. Really, what were those Muggle fashions designers thinking? A man liked to have a bit of air around his privates. And at the moment, the jeans were riding up in the most uncomfortable places.

Settling down on the nearest park bench (and quite unaware that he had sat on a bit of bird droppings), Draco removed his brand new laptop from a little carrying bag. Much to his utter shame and eternal humiliation, he'd found himself staggering home and falling asleep on the couch of one of his Muggle drinking buddies after having one (or five) drinks too many.

That had been his first time. Using a computer, that is. And he was hooked. It was sorely tempting to throw away the Malfoy name and all that it stood for, move into a Muggle apartment and play tetris all day long. However, the rational side of his brain had argued, he was a Malfoy. He could have both, if he so pleased.

That afternoon, with the worst hangover known to man, he had exchanged a handful of Galleons for that odd Muggle money, and bought himself his very own laptop. It had only taken Draco an hour to discover the wonder that is the internet, and better yet, chatrooms. From that moment on, he was addicted.

*Platinum\_Prince has signed on to Magic!Chat.*

*Hot\_Chick69: Hey PP!!1 a/s/l*

*xXxWiccanBabexXx: so like i was sayin...im gonna hex my exboyfriend*

*jAdErOsE: hey Platinum, which luv spell do u think is the best 1 if i want a really hot guy to lyke me?*

*Platinum\_Prince: ...the hell?*

Every single hex and ward Ginny Weasley knew was now imbedded in her bedroom door. She'd like to see Fred and George try and barge in and read her instant message conversations now!

She couldn't thank Hermione enough for the gift of the second hand laptop. The two girls had been staying at the Granger's during the summer, when Hermione had logged on to check a very rarely used email account. She'd allowed Ginny to poke around on the computer for a bit, and the witch was enthralled with the games, the new pages she could access with a click of a button. The older, Muggle-born girl had seen her friend's fascination, and for her next birthday Ginny had received her very own laptop.

Now all she had to do was find something for Hermione's birthday that would be as good a present as the laptop had been. And Ginny was going to these millions of new resources to find something extraordinary. But first, she needed advice on what to get Hermione.

*WeaselQueen has signed on to Magic!Chat.*

*WeaselQueen: Hi! I need opinions from people; what should I get my best friend for her birthday?*

*xXxWiccanBabexXx: try a magickal love potion so she can fall in luv with the man of her dreams*

*WeaselQueen: Um...I'm pretty sure magical love potions are illegal.*

*xXxWiccanBabexXx: no their not!!1 i use them all the time!*

*MagickChica: and its magicK. not magic. stop being such a freaking poser!*

*WeaselQueen: Uh...sorry. I just thought that love potions were a kind of mind-control and that they were outlawed about a hundred years ago.*

*jAdErOsE: shows how much u kno about magick poser*

Ginny blinked a few times, staring at the screen. What was magick? And what the hell was a poser? She was distracted, however, by the private conversation window popping up. As soon as she could, she exited the chatroom and pulled up the private window.

*Platinum\_Prince: Hey there. Couldn't help noticing you seemed to be the only sane person in Magic!Chat.*

*WeaselQueen: It appears so. Who were those people anyway?*

*Platinum\_Prince: From what I gathered from a few minutes in there, they seem to be delusional teenagers that think they can practice magic.*

*WeaselQueen: How...absurd.*

*Platinum\_Prince: Tell me about it. All they ever did was talk about how they were going to use their magick to make people fall in love with them.*

*WeaselQueen: You should have seen it yesterday. They spent hours whining about how their parents wouldn't let them stay up til all hours of the night to practice their so-called rituals.*

*Platinum\_Prince: HAH! But did you honestly spend hours reading that?*

*WeaselQueen: Erm...I had nothing else to do.*

*Platinum\_Prince: You're pretty tough, then. I'd need at least five anti-Sleeping droughts an hour to keep me from falling asleep.*

Draco looked as the last sentence appeared on the screen, then winced. He'd forgotten. He was talking to a Muggle. She wouldn't know what an anti-Sleeping drought was. Oops.

*Platinum\_Prince: Anti-Sleeping drought being coffee, that is.*

*WeaselGirl: LOL! I don't see how you can drink that stuff in the morning. I prefer Pumpkin Juice.*

*Platinum\_Prince: I can't stand Pumpkin Juice. The color reminds me of someone I know's hair. Ugh.*

*WeaselGirl: My hair used to be that color, but it's more reddish now.*

*Platinum\_Prince: I bet yours looks nice. But this boy, he was quite an idiot.*

*WeaselGirl: How so?*

*Platinum\_Prince: Well, lets just say that his head was so far up his arse that I was surprised he managed to navigate his way through the hall.*

*WeaselGirl: Hehe lol.*

*Platinum\_Prince: But his sister was really fine.*

*WeaselGirl: Oh, was she now?*

*Platinum\_Prince: Yeah, definitely. But he definitely would have hexed me if he'd known. Or at least he'd try to.*

*WeaselGirl: Geez, boys are so pigheaded like that! (No offense, of course). My brother is all over-protective too.*

*Platinum\_Prince: What did he do?*

*WeaselGirl: Well, he didn't do anything. But I had to pretend to like his best friend just so he would get all suspicious of the boy I really fancied.*

*Platinum\_Prince: Sounds like a prat (no offense). Who was this boy you fancied?*

*WeaselGirl: Well, he was really good looking. And I mean, REALY. I totally would have shagged him while we were still at school, but my idiot of a brother kept me from even getting close enough to say 'hello.' Blonde and beautiful. Too bad he and my brother were practically arch-enemies.*

*Platinum\_Prince: We should get him and that idiot I know together and lock them in a supply closet somewhere.*

*WeaselGirl: If only! And speak of the devil...he's come home and wants to know why I've been locked in my room for hours. Talk to you later!*

*WeaselGirl has signed off.*

*Platinum\_Prince has signed off.*

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*Platinum\_Prince has signed on.*

*WeaselGirl has signed on.*

*Platinum\_Prince: Hey! Long time no chat!*

*WeaselGirl: Yeah, its been a really hectic week.*

*Platinum\_Prince: I was wondering if you were trying to ignore me.*

*WeaselGirl: Lol. Its only been four days.*

*Platinum\_Prince: I know, but I've been bored. And I refuse to go back into Magic!Chat. I don't have the willpower you do. I can already feel half of my brain cells dying from a minute spent in there.*

*WeaselGirl: I know. I think my brain is fried completely. I can only hope to recover before school starts up again.*

*Platinum\_Prince: Yeah, about school. I was thinking...you live in London, right?*

*WeaselGirl: Yep.*

A lie. But that problem could easily be solved by Floo powder.

*Platinum\_Prince: I was thinking, in a few weeks I'm going to be back at boarding school in the countryside. Maybe we could meet up before then.*

*WeaselGirl: That sounds like an excellent idea!*

*Platinum\_Prince: Great! Do you know where the London Tea House is?*

*WeaselGirl: On the corner of Birch and Langdon, right?*

*Platinum\_Prince: Yeah! Do you go there a lot?*

*WeaselGirl: Occasionally. I love it there, though. It's so quaint.*

*Platinum\_Prince: What do you say we meet there on Thursday, around three?*

*WeaselGirl: That sounds fine. I'll see you then!*

*Platinum\_Prince: I have to go...but I'll see you there!*

*Platinum\_Prince has signed off.*

*WeaselGirl has signed off.*

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The next three days couldn't pass fast enough for Ginny. She spent approximately eight hours in front of her mirror, trying to find a suitable outfit. It wasn't until Fred and George threatened to turn all of her clothing a hideous bright pink that she reluctantly set down her skirt and joined them outside for a game of two-on-two Quidditch.

"Why'd you spend so much time looking at clothes anyway?" George asked, chucking the quaffle to her.

"Got a date," she replied, swerving so as not to crash into Ron's broom.

"A what?!" The youngest male Weasley hollered.

Ginny rolled her eyes. "A date. Kind of. Meeting some I met on the internet."

"The inter-what?"

"Nothing."

"Oy! Ron, watch the quaffle!" Fred hollered from across the field as Ginny scored. Ron was staring at his sister, and had not moved an inch.

"Yeah, she'll be fine," George added, giving her a high-five. "It isn't like Malfoy is who she's meeting."

Ron grumbled, and Ginny had the urge to lock him in the closet with whoever Platinum\_Prince's annoying classmate was.

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Draco had never met anyone from online before in a pub, and thus was unsure of the protocol for such an event. Was he supposed to dress up? Bring flowers? Show up early, or arrive fashionably late? In the end, he opted for the uncomfortable Muggle jeans and that horribly ugly thing Muggles called a t-shirt.

He had just been seated in a booth when the door opened, and in walked a rather pretty redhead. *A reddish, Pumpkin juice color*, Draco remembered, figuring this must be WeaselGirl. Smiling she stood as she was ushered over to his table.

"Good da"

No. No no no no no no. That was not WeaselGirl. Nonononononono. Not possible. The Weasley's didn't even have a computer. Unfortunately, he could tell by her

confused expression that she was thinking the exact same thing.

"Platinum Prince?" She managed to say, while he brain repeated a steady chorus of 'No!'s.

"Weasel Girl," he replied, looking slightly horrified. Wait a minute! His brain hollered. Weasel Girl. Blonde and beautiful. Arch-enemy. Ron Weasley. It wasn't possible, was it?

"I hope you don't think I actually wanted to shag you," Ginny declared defensively, horribly embarrassed that she'd admitted that fact to Draco Malfoy himself. He'd probably laugh at her for the next week and a half.

Draco suddenly looked slightly disappointed. "Damn. I was hoping I could take you up on that offer."

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**Author's Note: If you couldn't understand the chatroom conversations of the other users, it's all good. I don't think anyone can really understand them. In fact, it probably helps you to understand Ginny and Draco's confusion upon entering the chatroom.**

~Mandela =)