

# MagiParchment

from Witchipedia, the free magical encyclopedia

A **MagiParchment** (also called "MagiPar" or "Parch" for short) is a special type of parchment that has been enchanted for the purpose of computation and communication. MagiParchment were developed between 2003 and 2005 by English witch Hermione Granger. Granger, who is also well-known for her social activism and for being a close friend of Harry Potter, stated that she wanted to develop MagiParchment because "witches and wizards (...) lacked the means to record and share large volumes of data (...) and to quickly relay short messages through a long distance". (1)

Any text written on MagiParchment can be saved inside the parchment and then made to reappear at a later moment, meaning that a virtually unlimited amount of information (2) can be recorded in a single roll of parchment. Most MagiParchments are equipped with a length of string or ribbon that can be attached to the parchment with wax. When the other end of the string is placed inside a fire to which Floo Powder has been added, the MagiParchment user becomes part of the parchment interweb and can communicate with all other webbed users.

## Components and Functions

The main component of a MagiParchment is a square piece of parchment, usually varying between ten to twelve inches per side, though smaller portable models are

also in circulation. The parchment conventionally has a large coloured border, which serves to tell it apart from "normal" or "old-fashioned" parchment, and which can be enchanted to display informations such as the current time or the phases of the moon while the MagiParchment is activated.

To activate the MagiParchment, the owner must point their wand at it and say the password. This prevents others from accessing the information inside the MagiParchment, although its makers caution that "if you decide that your password should be the full Puddlemere United anthem and then you can't remember the fifth verse, don't call us on a Sunday morning and expect us to come down to your house to help".

#### Notes:

- (1) For the full 257-pages essay on why MagiParchments would be beneficial to the magical community worldwide, check "*Enchanted Parchment for the Purpose of Communication and Computation: a brief analysis of costs and benefits (both short-term and long-term)*" by Hermione Granger, February 2005.
- (2) According to its developers, the newest version of MagiParchment can store the equivalent of three billion, six hundred and thirty-one million, two hundred forty thousand and seventeen rolls of parchment. For the technical details, see the Press Release for MagiParchment Version Six And A Half.

ron (chudley34@wmail.wiz) wants to chitchat with you.

accept? Yes

Ron: Hey!

Ron: Check this site! wittyshell.iguanajournal.com/whats-wrong-with-quills.html

Harry: I hope it's not work, I just got home and haven't even eaten yet.

Ron: Mate, it's 9pm.

Harry: I needed to write the briefs for tomorrow's inter-office meeting.

Harry: It's not as if the interwebs stop working outside of office hours.

Ron: You're turning into a complete workaholic.

Ron: And trust me, I know what I'm talking about given who I married.

Harry: So what's in that link?

Ron: It's not work. I promise it's hilarious.

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# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## What's wrong with quills?

In my continued efforts to gain more understanding of those baffling Muggle elecktronicks, yesterday I ventured into one of their so-called "computer stores". From what I understand, computers are the Muggle equivalents of parches, though I didn't see anything even remotely resembling parchment or paper. The salesman showed me several flat plastic boxes - I assume that the parchment is stored there for safekeeping, though it seems like a very cumbersome way of carrying it around. Trust those Muggles to always make everything more complicated than it needs to be.

I also saw a strange device called a "key board". Like its name implies, it's a board a couple of feet wide, full of rows of buttons with letters and numbers on it. According to the salesman, Muggles use it to

write on their computers. I told him that I'd never used one of those things and that it looked very cumbersome compared to a simple quill. He seemed to understand, though for some reason he kept referring to my quill as a "stylus" and talking about "new generation" and "tablets". I do believe that the last wizard who used a stylus and tablet to write was Sumerian and lived four thousand years ago, but maybe Muggles still think it's some new and exciting technology. Who knows.

Once again, curiosity had the better of me and I let myself be talked into buying this key board. After a couple of hours of tinkering I managed to hook it to my parch and... Well, it works, and that's the most you can say about it.

tttthhhis iis nme trryinnng to write opn thhe  
lklkwwk\_\_\_\_\_ key bboarrsd. it's diffficuilt  
bevcause tthere is no eway to erase a mistake, I  
asssume it takes muggles al lot of practicve to  
learn how to hit the rihght keys alll the ti,me  
but to me it's just frustarting. theres's also no  
capital letters, maybe mugggles don't use them///

It took me half an hour to write that and I can't seem to figure out how to write a question mark. On some keys there are two different symbols, but when the key is pressed only one symbol comes out. I also want to know what's the purpose of the long dash since it's

obviously not for striking out unwanted text. Maybe my key board is defective.

The biggest issue, as it might be clear to anyone with a brain, is that using this big unwieldy thing to tap a link is next to impossible. Instead of just placing the tip of the quill on the parch, I have to hammer at the parch with a big lump of plastic and hope that I hit the right link without smashing my fingers between the board and the desk.

I'm taking this thing back to the shop tomorrow, but right now I really need a cup of tea.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on September 8th, 2009

Tagged as: [WTF](#), [Muggles get a clue already](#), [the Muggle world leaves me perplexed](#), [adventures in the outside world](#), [computers](#), [elecktronicks](#), [key boards](#)

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Ron (chudley34@wmail.wiz) wants to chitchat with you.

accept? Yes

Ron: Hey!

Ron: Check this site! wittyshell.iguanajournal.com/whats-wrong-with-quills.html

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Harry: So what's in that link?

Ron: It's not work. I promise it's hilarious.

Ron: Are you still there?

Harry: Yeah, though I just snorted out a piece of sandwich.

Ron: Ew.

Harry: But that was pretty funny. Who's this guy?

Ron: Dunno, just someone who likes Muggle stuff.

Ron: He acts like he doesn't, but he's probably got a bigger collection than my dad.

Ron: You're not going to shut him down, aren't you?

Harry: No, it doesn't seem harmful.

Harry: The Muggles are treating him like some sort of comedy blogger.

Ron: Good, I hate it when you shut down my favourite blogs.

Harry: That happened only once! And posting videos on how to raise a manticore is in violation of much more than clause 96!

Ron: Hagrid was heartbroken, he loved those videos.

# International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy, Clause 96

from Witchipedia, the free magical encyclopedia

*Redirected from: Statute of Secrecy on the Interwebs.*

Clause 96 was added to the [International Statute of Wizarding Secrecy](#) in 2007. It reads:

*"When posting written or illustrated content on Muggle web sites or on sites that Muggles have access to, wizards and witches will take care not to share any sensitive information or any details on spells, potions, and magical creatures. Each wizarding governing body will be responsible for making sure that no information that could expose the magical community is divulged via the interwebs."*

What constitutes "sensitive information" varies from country to country, but it's generally agreed that it includes the names and addresses of wizarding families and wizarding places of business.

[England](#) was one of the first countries to enforce the Statute on the interweb, following the [Mayfield](#) incident. In August 2006 Mr and Mrs Phelps of Mayfield, [East Sussex](#), decided to use the interwebs to tell everyone about their newly opened

apothecary. Unfortunately, being unfamiliar with this means of communication, they ended up posting their advertisement on a Muggle message-board. Attracted by the Phelps' promises of "Herbal Remedies To Cure Your Ails!!!" and "Essence Of Moonshine And Poppy - Free Samples", dozens of curious Muggles flocked to the address of the apothecary, where a poorly-cast Concealment Charm failed to hold them out. The Ministry of Magic had to send two teams of Obliviators to prevent the situation from escalating even further. Shortly after, Minister Kingsley Shacklebolt created the Office for the Regulamentation and Control of Interweb Publications (ORCIP) and put former Auror Harry Potter in charge of it.

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# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## An update on the key board

As I said [the other day](#), I went back to the store and told the Muggle salesman that my new key board wasn't working properly. He hooked the thing to one of his plastic boxes and tinkered with it for a while, then said that according to his tests everything was in order and he didn't know what I might have done wrong. I complained that it was impossible to use the key board because there was no way to erase and no capital letters, but he insisted that it was my fault.

According to him, to strike out unwanted text I need to press a back arrow button, and to write a capital letter I need to press another arrow button at the same time as I press that letter's button. I told him that seemed needlessly complicated to me, especially since it's already quite difficult to hit the right letter and my fingers are in a

state from swatting at my parch with the key board.

For some reason, the sight of my poor bandaged fingers gave the man a fit of hilarity, which did not particularly improve my mood. He said that I wasn't supposed to use the key board to tap links, apparently Muggles use a mouse to do that. At last something that makes sense! You can write on your key board and tell your mouse to scurry up and down the parch to tap links at your leisure, that's actually a smart idea.

The Muggle offered to sell me a mouse but I turned him down because I don't trust his shop all that much. Should I ever change my mind, I know of a pet store whose mice are likely smarter and faster than those of a Muggle shop, but given the results of my experiment I very much doubt that I'll ever feel the need to try Muggle-style computing ever again.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on September 10th, 2009

Tagged as: [WTF](#), [adventures in the outside world](#), [sometimes I can't stand salesmen](#), [and by sometimes I mean most times](#), [computers](#), [elecktronicks](#), [key boards](#), [mice](#)

[9 comments](#) - [Post new comment?](#)

you have sent ron ([chudley34@wmail.wiz](mailto:chudley34@wmail.wiz)) an invitation to chitchat.  
ron is now chitchatting with you.

Harry: Hello!

Ron: If it's about your email, yes I read it.

Ron: But it's the weekend, can't all Ministry stuff wait until Monday?

Harry: Yeah, I know, I just wanted to send you the documents and get it out of the way. Didn't have anything better to do anyway.

Ron: ...Harry, you're my best mate so I'm going to be honest with you.

Ron: You need a hobby.

Harry: Maybe I should start collecting Muggle stuff too.

Ron: Speaking of! Did you read the new blog post?

Harry: Yes! It was brilliant.

Ron: Haha, mice! Sometimes Wittyshell isn't so witty after all.

Harry: I know, right?

Ron: He didn't even see that the salesman was pulling his leg. As if Muggles would keep mice around.

Harry: Uh. Yeah. You should probably talk with Hermione about that.

Ron: Gotta go now, I have tickets for the Cannons' game tonight!

Ron: I have a good feeling about this quidditch season.

Harry: Let's cross our fingers and hope for the best!

to: HARRY POTTER [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
from: HERMIONE GRANGER [HERMIONE.GRANGER@magiparchment.wiz]  
date: Monday, September 14th, 2009 at 8:03 am  
subject: You need to see this!

Harry,

I'm not sure if you've read the newspaper yet, but when I saw this I knew you'd want to be told straight away. Even though it's not on the front page, word is spreading fast and I'm already looking at some very alarmed comments from the interweb community.

Here's the link: [news.dailyp prophet.wiz/lucius-malfoy-speaks-up](http://news.dailyp prophet.wiz/lucius-malfoy-speaks-up)

Sorry you have to start the week like this, I know it'll mean a lot of overtime for your department.

Good luck!

Hermione

P.S. I'll send a list of potentially troublesome web pages later on.

HERMIONE GRANGER  
founder & managing director  
magiparchment ltd.  
3 shunbtumps lane  
exeter, devon

# The Daily Prophet

Online Edition - September 14th, 2009 - page 8

## Lucius Malfoy Speaks Up Against "Corrupting Muggle Devices"

The annual ceremony in honour of St Mungo's donors was disrupted yesterday afternoon when Lucius Malfoy made what Chief Healer Smethwyck described as "a rather startling speech".

Mr Malfoy (55), whose family is among the hospital's staunchest supporters, was asked to say some words after being presented with the Silver Stool in recognition of his generosity. After a passing remark on the newly-renovated long-term residents' ward, Mr Malfoy launched into a tirade against the corruption brought forth by "new and untested devices", which our reporter in the audience managed to capture almost in full.

"Those so-called MagiParchments," Mr Malfoy said, "are purportedly inspired by Muggle technology such as computers and telephones to appeal to the everyday Muggle-lover wizard. The truth that Ms Granger won't reveal is that

MagiParchments are dark artifacts, copies of the enchanted diary that the Dark Lord himself created decades ago." He went on to argue that MagiParchments are a danger to society and called for a nationwide interweb shutdown, but he had to interrupt his speech as a small riot broke out in the audience. He was then escorted out of the hall by his son and two Healers, and the ceremony resumed shortly after.

Chief Healer Smethwyck (67) refused to confirm or deny the rumours that Mr Malfoy has recently been treated in St Mungo's for some form of illness, and likewise refused to elaborate on Mr Malfoy's current mental faculties. Neither Mr Malfoy nor his family were available for further comments.

MagiParchments have been an immediate success ever since their first release to the general public in 2007. While most witches and wizards would never dream of getting rid of their beloved family owl, it's estimated that nowadays over 60% of written communication goes through MagiParchments, and this figure is expected to reach 75% within the next three years. Jackson Inkpotts chronicled the decline in the usage of owls to carry messages in last year's heartrending novel "*Owltdated*".

Other recent news:

- > Price of unicorn horn to go up say market experts, potions community in an uproar
- > Tutshill Tornadoes wins 320 to 70 against Chudley Cannons in first game of the season

to: office for the regulation and control of interweb publications  
[ORCIP.mailinglist@mom.wiz]  
from: harry potter [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
date: monday, september 14th, 2009 at 9:17 am  
subject: Memo - give priority to Malfoy case

Everyone, I assume you're already familiar with the situation. We got three Howlers already and I'd rather not have any more desks catch fire, so I'll be brief and then we can get to work and try to contain the situation before it escalates even further.

Albert, call a press conference for this afternoon, I want all major news outlets - the Prophet, the WWN, even the Quibbler. And see if you can get in touch with Malfoy and explain how donating hundreds of galleons to charity doesn't give him leave to whip people into a frenzied mob by feeding them conspiracy theories.

Millie and Stubbs, I'm going to need your help setting up protective spells in case extremist groups decide to take matters into their own hands and attack the interwebs network. I'll see you in Conference Room C as soon as I'm back from my meeting with the Minister.

Everyone else, pay special attention to the traffic on the interwebs

(especially on the Ministry, MagiPar and Daily Prophet pages) and report any signs of tampering or sabotage to me at once.

The official MoM answer to all inquiries is going to be: NO, parches and interwebs are NOT the product of dark magic and they are NOT harmful, they're just damn handy. If people insist, you can tell them to look at the records of all the tests the Ministry did back when they were still setting up the interwebs network. It's before our Office was created but we should have a copy of everything in our archives.

Please try to address concerned witches and wizards in a somewhat polite way, unless it's Balbridge. I give you leave to insult Balbridge. There might be prizes later for especially creative insults.

H.P.

harry james potter  
head of the office for the regulation  
and control of interweb publications  
department of magical law enforcement  
ministry of magic

you have sent hermione ([hermione.granger@majiparchment.wiz](mailto:hermione.granger@majiparchment.wiz)) an invitation to chitchat.

hermione is now chitchatting with you.

Harry: Hello!

Hermione: Hello Harry!

Hermione: How's the situation at the Ministry?

Harry: Could be better.

Harry: The owls have slowed down but someone's been defacing Witchipedia pages.

Harry: Thanks for your help, me and the guys really appreciate it.

Hermione: Don't mention it, my company was under fire too.

Harry: Malfoy is a git.

Hermione: The elder or the younger?

Harry: Both.

Harry: They barricaded behind their attorneys and insist that Malfoy senior was just stating an opinion.

Hermione: You have to admit that from a legal standpoint Lucius Malfoy didn't do anything wrong.

Harry: He knew that people would panic!

Harry: We've had flocks of owls for days and more exploded Howlers than I cared to count.

Harry: Stubbs is still crying over his missing eyebrows.

Ron (chudley34@wmail.wiz) wants to chitchat with you.  
accept? Yes

Hermione: I know, but what can you do about it?

Ron: Punch Malfoy on the nose?

Harry: Good idea.

Hermione: Harry! You're a senior officer of the Ministry, you can't go around punching people!

Harry: The best part is that half of the letters complain that parches are bad because they're dark magic items.

Harry: And the other half complain that parches are bad because they're Muggle items!

Hermione: Try not to pay them any mind.

Hermione: Most people understand that Malfoy's allegations are baseless, and Muggle haters are only a small but vocal minority.

Hermione: Get your mind off of Malfoy for a while.

Ron: Yeah, you should check Wittyshell's latest blog post, it's funny.

Hermione: Ron, I don't think that's how Harry wants to spend his

evening after having to read all of those interweb sites for work...

Harry: Actually I like that blog, it doesn't even compare to the crap I see at work.

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## Tellyvision programmes

Lately I've been reading about Muggle tellyvision, which is something like a box that you can use to watch videos. So far I've been holding out on buying one because I could already watch videos on my parch, but I kept getting comments about how much better the pictures look on the tellyvision, and it is true that the parch's audio is awfully scratchy.

(Side note: MagiParch promised time and again that they would fix the audio spells with Version Six. We're now on Version Six And Two Thirds and it still sounds as if there's banshees screeching in the background. How hard can one simple reverberation spell be?)

As I was saying, I've been watching a lot of videos lately as a distraction and I grew annoyed with their bad quality on parch. So I decided to try this tellyvision thingie. This time I didn't want to have

anything to do with other salesmen because if they someone tried to be smart with me I might have hexed them, so I did all my shopping on the interwebs. There's hundreds of different models of tellyvision and they all look the same to me, so I selected a smaller white model. Small because my room is starting to get cramped with all of the Muggle crap I accumulated, and white because it goes with the rest of the furniture.

The tellyvision arrived today and I was rather excited about getting to see all the Muggle programmes everyone keeps talking about, especially the one about the Healer with the Time-Turner and the nice hair. However it seems that in my haste I forgot to order the special plastic wand that Muggles use to control tellyvisions, so I'm stuck on the same "channel".

The only programme I've seen so far is exceedingly boring. There's a dish spinning under a yellow light, and it hums, and sometimes it goes "ding!" and the light above the dish turns off. I believe it's some sort of avant-garde Muggle art form, but I don't really get it. I've always been more fond of classical art, myself.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on September 17th, 2009

Tagged as: [the Muggle world leaves me perplexed](#), [MagiParch more like MagiPoop](#), [tellyvision](#), [programmes](#)

**10 comments** - [Post new comment?](#)

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# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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10 comments for the entry: Tellyvision programmes

**chocovanillaberry said:**

wow dude your really dedicated to your act  
how do you come up with all the stories about magic  
parchment?

**wittysheLL said:**

"My really dedicated"? I hope you have a spellcheck quill for  
schoolwork

**chocovanillaberry said:**

XDDDD

**a-crescendo-of-roses said:**

Ahahaha good one Witty. Crazy Muggles, eh?

**gingertea said:**

I've got an old crystal ball in the attic, maybe it'll  
work better than this telly of yours. ;)

**xcloudyxskyx95x said:**

OMG R U SRS THATS A MICROWAVE OVEN YOU DUMBASS

**wittyshell said:**

Insulting me while at the same time proving your intellectual inferiority, yes, I can see that this scathing comment will keep me up at night. I will weep into my pillow at length, bemoaning my lack of understanding and my crippling insecurities, forever envying such enlightened individuals such as yourself.

Or maybe not.

Get lost, loser.

**adieumabelle said:**

Regarding the audio issue, I have found that by dampening the back of the parchment slightly with a mixture of murtlap essence and rosemary oil the sound loses most of its scratchy quality.

**camelot-23 said:**

At least the audio is not as bad as it used to be. I'm still using an old Blueribbon V5 and I've given up on watching any videos since the neighbours called the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures thinking I was breeding basilisks in the

kitchen.

**wittyshell said:**

Interesting... I'll get back to you on that.

**Post a new comment:**

My friend showed me your blog a few days ago and I made an account to say thank you. Your post made me smile after a lousy day at work, I really needed that.

[Post](#) [Cancel](#)

evening after having to read all of those interweb sites for work...

Harry: Actually I like that blog, it doesn't even compare to the crap I see at work.

Ron: You're just upset because Witty complains about your firm all the time.

Hermione: First of all, calling himself "Witty" is so pretentious.

Hermione: Especially when his so-called knowledge of Muggle electronics is a bunch of wild speculation and ridiculous assumptions.

Hermione: There's nothing factually correct on his blog!

Ron: If I wanted to learn about Muggle electronics, I'd read your Muggle Studies textbooks.

Hermione: It's spelled electronics! Electronics!

Ron: He is right about the audio though, I was trying to watch something the other day and it sounded really crappy.

Hermione: MagiParch is a tool for writers and scholars to collect and store information, to have thousands of books at their fingertips.

Hermione: It wasn't devised as a way to waste time watching videos of Muggle cats playing the piano!

Hermione: I only threw in the video function as an afterthought, I never expected it would be so popular.

Ron: Told you, the average wizard doesn't need thousands of books full of boring stuff.

Ron: He just wants to chitchat with his mates who live at the other end of the country without having to stick his head in a fireplace.

Ron: And maybe watch a couple of funny cat videos when he's bored at work.

Hermione: Ronald Weasley, sometimes you can be so stubborn...

Harry: Er, you guys realize I can read all you're writing, right?

to: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
from: iguanajournal comment notification [notify@iguanajournal.com]  
date: Friday, September 18th, 2009 at 1:03 am  
subject: Reply to your comment in "Tellyvision programmes"

wittyshell replied to a comment you left on a post.

The comment they replied to was:

My friend showed me your blog a few days ago and I made an account to say thank you. Your post made me smile after a lousy day at work, I really needed that.

Their reply was:

I'm glad my suffering caused you joy. Welcome to this little corner of the interwebs.

This is an automated email.

[Reply](#) to this comment.

[View all comments](#) to the entry.

# Lucius Malfoy

from Witchipedia, the free magical encyclopedia

**Lucius Malfoy** (b. 1954), son of [Abraxas Malfoy](#) and his wife, is an English philanthropist and the current head of the [Malfoy family](#). Malfoy was educated at [Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry](#) where he was a prefect in [Slytherin House](#). He was awarded the [Order of Merlin](#), Third Class, in 2004 for his contribution to charitable causes.

## Death Eaters controversy

Malfoy and his family were associated with the [dark magic](#) users known as the [Death Eaters](#) during the two [Wizarding Wars against Voldemort](#), but in both cases they were cleared of all charges. In 1980-1981 he was under the influence of the [Imperius Curse](#) <sup>(1)</sup> and during the [Great Trials of 1998](#) it was proven that Voldemort coerced him into helping the dark side by threatening his family. <sup>(2)</sup> The Malfoys were [acquitted](#) of all charges though they remain under close Ministry scrutiny.

He is NOT a dark wizard!

He is a KINDRED SPIRIT and muggle-loving minions of the ministry such as Potter and his friend Granger will NEVER force us to give up our BELIEFS!!!

## Recent events

Malfoy currently lives in the family manor in Wiltshire with his wife Narcissa and his son Draco. He has often spoken against the wizarding world's habit of adopting Muggle customs, citing "not an hatred of Muggles (...) but an effort to preserve our long-standing traditions". (3) He used to be a regular guest at galas and fundraisers, but he recently stopped making public appearances due to health troubles.

## Notes:

- (1) "Wizengamot's verdict in the trial of Lucius Malfoy", DMLE records, August 1981
- (2) "Trial of Draco Malfoy, witness statements, Harry Potter", DMLE records, February 1998
- (3) See the Daily Prophet article "*If it's good enough for Muggles, then it's not good enough for us*" by Lionel Balbridge, April 2007

you have sent ron [chudley34@wmail.wiz] and hermione [hermione.granger@magiparchment.wiz] an invitation to chitchat.  
ron is now chitchatting with you.

Harry: Hey Ron.

Ron: Hey!

Ron: Wow what's happened?

Ron: You never chitchat at work.

Harry: Yeah I'm home early.

Ron: ?

Harry: The good news is that we caught the nutcases who were leaving the anti-Muggle messages on Witchipedia.

Ron: Awesome!

Ron: I hated having to look at that crap every time I was on the Cannons' page. Who even cares that their new Keeper is Muggle-born, I hear he's brilliant.

Ron: Wait, what's the bad news?

Harry: I was with the Aurors when they made the arrest, I broke my arm and a couple of ribs.

Ron: Ouch. What were you even doing there?

Harry: It was my case, I wanted to see it through!

Harry: And I have Auror training so I wasn't a liability.

Ron: I know, I know, but my mum's going to fuss something terrible when she sees you for Sunday lunch.

Harry: Don't worry, Healers already fixed it.

HERMIONE IS NOW CHITCHATTING WITH YOU.

Hermione: Harry! I just read, are you all right? Shouldn't you be in St Mungo's?

Harry: Yes, everything's fine, it was just broken bones.

Harry: So guess who I saw in St Mungo's?

Ron: Lockhart?

Hermione: Neville?

Harry: Draco Malfoy.

Ron: That git. Was it something painful? Tell me he was there because of something painful.

Hermione: Was he there to have the rod up his arse removed?

Harry: Sadly, he was just taking his father in for a check-up.

Ron: MERLIN'S PANTS, HERMIONE!

Hermione: What, he's got to have one. Please don't write all in caps, Ron, it's against the interwebs' etiquette.

Harry: I didn't get to see Lucius, but in between snide remarks Draco half-promised that he wouldn't cause any more trouble.

Harry: So with that and the arrest I think the worst is over.

Hermione: That is good news.

Harry: What about going out to celebrate tonight?

Ron: Err. We kind of already have dinner plans.

Hermione: Sorry, Harry! Maybe next week?

Hermione: I've got to get back to work now.

hermione is no longer chitchatting with you.

Ron: Sorry mate.

Harry: It's okay.

Ron: You should try asking out that clerk who's always making eyes at you.

Harry: Yeah.

Harry: Maybe I will.

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## About

My name is Wittyshell. I also go by Wit or Witty, but never by Shelly so don't try. My favourite thing is mercilessly mocking everything that deserves it. If you want to know my age or where I live or my favourite colour you'll have to buy me dinner first.

I write about Muggle elecktronics items. This blog started as a way to vent my frustration when I bought a novelty teapot at a Muggle garage sale on a whim in 2007, and somehow it never stopped.

I'm still unsure as to why Muggles would need me to tell them that their world doesn't make sense, because they should get plenty of proof on a daily basis. But, as they say, curiosity killed the kneazle. Or kept it blogging in this case.

Disclaimer for any ORCIP minion who might have stumbled in here by mistake: I made up all of the strange words on this blog. I'm actually a nut-job who likes to pretend I'm a wizard but really I'm a Muggle, please don't report, blah, blah, blah.

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## Adventures in Muggle botany

Today I braved the summer heat and the restless crowds to venture into a terrifying place: a Muggle shopping center. I've already blogged at length about my hate/hate relationship with these infernal locations, but it appears that I am unable to make good life choices. Nothing new on that front.

This particular shopping center has a theme of "nature", though from what I could see the only contact with nature that Muggles like to have is when they hack it down using motorized contraptions called "lawn mowers" - more like lawn destroyers, if you ask me.

As usual it was crowded with Muggles, though I managed to fit in very well this time thanks to my new pair of tinted glasses. A repeat of last year's swimsuit incident was thankfully avoided, which is good since I didn't fancy being banned from yet another place of business.

it's not my fault that Muggle dress code is so fickle and unpredictable.

Almost all the pet shops sold small domesticated rodents, with some cats and dogs here and there. No owls at all to be found. The Muggle idea of a "pet" doesn't seem very broad. I navigated through all those shops and braved not one but two escalators, and finally found myself on the botany floor.

Muggles have a lot of different varieties of decorative flowers for sale, possibly because they haven't discovered many species to start with. I couldn't even find Giggling Gardenias, though the salesgirl did start giggling when I asked her. A first-year student would have been less useless. She also gave me her number, for some reason, which only goes to prove that her "gaydar" is about as accurate as her knowledge of plants.

The strangest thing, though, was that when I examined some of the plants more closely I discovered that they weren't real plants but just imitations made of cheap plastic. Not just single ornamental flowers, but entire potted plants! I told the girl, thinking that maybe there had been a mix-up, but she insisted that the fake plastic plants were indeed for sale. I thought maybe she was a new employee and didn't press the matter any further.

I did purchase a couple of specimen of white roses that I think my mother will find very interesting when she comes back from her holiday, so it wasn't a complete waste of time.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on July 19th, 2009

Tagged as: [adventures in the outside world](#), [did all Muggles fail herbology?](#), [shopping centers](#), [plants](#)

**26 comments** - [Post new comment?](#)

? [wittyshell@wmail.wiz] wants to chitchat with you.

accept? Yes

wittyshell@wmail.com: Hah! I knew you were a wizard.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: How did you know my email address?

wittyshell@wmail.com: Please, everyone and their house-elf has a Wmail address.

wittyshell@wmail.com: You used the same screenname as your IguanaJournal, it wasn't difficult to guess.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Why are you contacting me?

wittyshell@wmail.com: Are you an Auror in training? Slow down with the questions.

wittyshell@wmail.com: It's 3am on a Saturday night and I'm bored, so I'm playing Muggle or Wizard.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: And what's that?

wittyshell@wmail.com: Again with the questions.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Sorry.

wittyshell@wmail.com: It's a stupid game, really.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Just trying to guess if the people who comment on my blog are Muggles or wizards.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: And?

wittyshell@wmail.com: And nothing, that's it.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Most times I guess right, sometimes I guess wrong, and there's a couple of regulars I'm not sure about.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: I see.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: So which ones haven't you guessed yet?

wittyshell@wmail.com: I don't know. Gingertea and some others. Why?

cupboardkid@wmail.com: You said it yourself, it's 3am on a Saturday and I've been sitting here reading your blog all night.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Am I supposed to be flattered or feel pity for your non-existent social life?

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Funny you should mention that since we've already established that you have nothing better to do too.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: So let's find out whether Gingertea is a Muggle or a witch.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Good luck with that. She's been following me for months and I still don't know for sure.

wittyshell@wmail.com: I checked and gingertea@wmail.wiz doesn't exist, but maybe she has a different screenname than on LJ.

wittyshell@wmail.com: She let on that works in a small shop but she never gave out any details about what it sells or where it's located.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Impressive research. Who's the Auror in training now?

wittyshell@wmail.com: But she keeps talking about crystal balls and she has a dozen different books about tarots, so the evidence points to her being a witch.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: But I think she's a Muggle.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: ...

wittyshell@wmail.com: Okay, Sherlock, tell me how you came by that conclusion.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: I see your study of Muggle pop culture was very thorough.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Don't be an arse, everyone knows who Sherlock Holmes is, he's the Muggle detective who's married to his doctor.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Now tell me why you think Gingertea is a witch.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: In this post you made about going to a Muggle shopping center, she made a comment about Giggling Gardenias. Here, look:

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Poor Witty! Maybe that Giggling Girl was standing too close to those Giggling Gardenias? I've caught a case of the giggles too while reading your post.

wittyshell@wmail.com: And I see you have been thorough in stalking my blog. I'm flattered.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Don't, I told you I was bored.

wittyshell@wmail.com: So what's your point?

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Giggling Gardenias don't cause giggling fits.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Yeah, unless the leaves are used in a Giggling Potion, hence the name. Everyone knows that.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Exactly, you said it yourself that first-years

at Hogwarts know that. But Gingertea didn't, she just wrote "standing too close". If a witch was making that joke, she would have said "too much Giggling Potion" or something like that.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Maybe she failed Herbology. And Potions.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Maybe. Ask her to read your future in the cards.

wittyshell@wmail.com: Don't tell me you're a Divination nut too, that stuff is all rubbish.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: I know that only too well.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: But if you ask her, I bet you anything that Gingertea will give you a reading Muggle-style.

cupboardkid@wmail.com: That should prove that she isn't a witch, just a fan of the occult.

wittyshell@wmail.com: That had never occurred to me.

wittyshell@wmail.com: I probably wouldn't be able to tell apart a Muggle tarot reading and a real one. I didn't know there were differences. How come you know a lot about tarots?

cupboardkid@wmail.com: Let's just say I made some bad choices in the past.

wittyshell@wmail.com: All right, I'll ask Gingertea, but I still don't buy your theory.

to: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
from: wittyshell [wittyshell@wmail.wiz]  
date: Sunday, September 20th, 2009 at 5:47 pm  
subject: Ten points for you

Gingertea just sent me a reply. The opening spiel about the major arcana was taken straight from some Muggle manual called "Tarots For Dummies" and there was a whole paragraph saying that I should eat raspberries and wear red because it's my colour. I hate red.

I have to concede that you were right on this one, however the match is far from over. Any thoughts on Gilezzzz653 or Indigosky?

Witty

my BLOG: [a study in muggle weirdness](#)

you have sent wittyshell ([wittyshell@wmail.wiz](mailto:wittyshell@wmail.wiz)) an invitation to chitchat.  
wittyshell is now chitchatting with you.

Cupboardkid: Hi.

Cupboardkid: Witty?

Cupboardkid: Are you there?

Wittyshell: Hello. Sorry it took me so long to reply, I was... dealing with things.

Cupboardkid: Am I interrupting something important?

Wittyshell: Not at all, there isn't anything more important than our interwebs date.

Wittyshell: Which is probably the best thing that will happen in this whole fucking week.

Cupboardkid: Sorry to hear about that.

Cupboardkid: Bad day?

Wittyshell: More like bad year, but I don't want to bore you with that.

Wittyshell: It would destroy my image of classy, sophisticated gentleman that I've been carefully building through my blog.

Cupboardkid: Yeah, if that's the case you shouldn't have mentioned that you blew up your kitchen while trying to make breakfast.

Cupboardkid: Picturing you with your pants on fire might have spoiled the gentleman image a bit.

Wittyshell: How is one supposed to manage both toaster and coffee machine at the same time? It's pure chaos!

Wittyshell: Don't even get me started on how you're supposed to cook bacon and eggs at the same time, and on an elecktrical stove too.

Wittyshell: For your information, though, I didn't set my pants on fire. Only the pan.

Cupboardkid: It's not difficult when you get the hang of it, I used to make breakfast without magic all the time.

Cupboardkid: It only takes a bit longer.

Wittyshell: Thank Merlin I have magic.

Wittyshell: So you grew up in a Muggle family?

Cupboardkid: Yeah.

Wittyshell: And your house never burned up in a stove-related incident?

Cupboardkid: Nope.

Wittyshell: It still sounds like madness to me.

Wittyshell: At least you agree that a magical breakfast is better than a Muggle breakfast?

Cupboardkid: If you want to put it like that, it's quicker.

Cupboardkid: But most days I don't have time for either so I just grab a coffee and a pumpkin pastry from the place next to my office.

Wittyshell: I hope for your sake it's not a Muggle bakery, it might burn down overnight. Be careful.

Cupboardkid: Ha ha.

to: harry potter [[h.potter@mom.wiz](mailto:h.potter@mom.wiz)]  
from: wizalerts [[news@wizalerts.wiz](mailto:news@wizalerts.wiz)]  
date: monday, september 28th, 2009 at 6:57 am  
subject: New alert!

You are receiving this automated email because a news story has been published on the website **dailyprophet.wiz** that contains the keyword **Malfoy**.

**Malfoy and Greengrass heirs on romantic weekend outing**

by Phyllis Sweeting

After their dance at the Masquerade Ball and then at Mrs MacDougal's party, Draco Malfoy and Astoria Greengrass weren't seen together for a while, and so we thought that the summer fling had come to an end. But my tender-hearted readers will be pleased to know that the young couple was recently spotted promenading on a beach in Cornwall, not far from the Greengrasses' home. Perhaps the lovers' spat has finally been mended?

The elusive blonde has been on *Witch Weekly's* list of Britain's Most Eligible Bachelors for six years running, but he's never found the witch capable of holding him down. Maybe the eldest of the two Greengrass daughters will be the one. Can you hear wedding bells ringing? We sure do! [Read more...](#)

Tap here to [remove](#) this alert.

Tap here to [manage](#) your alerts.

you have sent wittyshell ([wittyshell@wmail.wiz](mailto:wittyshell@wmail.wiz)) an invitation to chitchat.  
wittyshell is now chitchatting with you.

Cupboardkid: Remember when I said that there were a lot of things I liked about my job?

Cupboardkid: I lied. I hate my job.

Cupboardkid: It makes me want to hex things.

Wittyshell: What happened now?

Cupboardkid: Okay, well, it's not all bad.

Cupboardkid: And lately I've been spending most of my time on this fucking assignment.

Wittyshell: The one you keep working overtime for?

Wittyshell: It sounds positively dreadful.

Cupboardkid: There's this wanker who caused a lot of trouble and we've been working to fix it.

Cupboardkid: But he might still cause some accidents so I need to monitor the news 24/7 in case something happens and I need to rush into work.

Cupboardkid: And now I keep getting Wizalerts on a bunch of news that aren't even related to my assignment, so I can never really get it out of my mind.

Wittyshell: This guy sounds like a handful. I'm sorry.

Cupboardkid: No, I'm sorry for ranting like that.

Cupboardkid: It's just that sitting behind a desk all day makes me restless, I used to do something very different before being transferred.

Wittyshell: Can't you ask for your old job back?

Cupboardkid: Yeah, but this office job was supposed to be a big promotion.

Cupboardkid: My boss keep talking about my career, if I give it up we'll be so disappointed.

Wittyshell: It's your life, though, isn't it?

Wittyshell: Not that I'm one to talk about disappointment.

Cupboardkid: Why?

Wittyshell: My father. Since we're on the subject of rants, if you've thoroughly stalked my blog, you'll know I've been disappointing him ever since I started talking.

Cupboardkid: You seem to have a... rocky relationship with him.

Wittyshell: Understatement!

Wittyshell: Every time I visit him he goes on and on about how I'm never going to get married and give him children.

Wittyshell: I'd rather marry a merman than one of his friends' daughters that he keeps pushing on me.

Cupboardkid: Sorry to hear that.

Wittyshell: I can't believe he's still harping about it, especially with everything else that's going on right now.

Wittyshell: He's been sick for months and we've been having family

problems.

Wittyshell: And his favourite subject of conversation is still my choice of bed partners.

Wittyshell: Sorry, I didn't mean to bore you with my tale of woe.

Cupboardkid: It's okay, really.

Cupboardkid: You look as if you needed a good rant.

Cupboardkid: I mean. Your handwriting does.

Wittyshell: I feel much better now, though.

Cupboardkid: Why is it easier to talk to a complete stranger than my friends?

Wittyshell: It's the magic of the interwebs. Just accept it and move on.

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## Batman has nothing on me

You might recall that some time ago I blogged about that useless waste of space called a Muggle refridgerator, and there was also the small problem of my comic book collection getting out of hand. Thanks to my genius, I've just brewed two potions with one cauldron.

How? It's brilliant, if I might say so myself.

All I had to do was put the comic books inside the 'fridgerator and then close the door. I can't believe I didn't think of it sooner. In fact I believe that "refridgerator" is the Muggle way of saying "smallish metallic bookcase with a door", and I wish someone would have explained it to me sooner.

The only problem is that I'll have to hide the refridgerator if someone comes to visit, because it is rather shiny and clashes with the rest of

the furniture, but at least now my comic books are out of the way. I was getting tired of seeing their gaudy covers on every available surface in my room.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on October 3rd, 2009

Tagged as: [the Muggle world leaves me perplexed](#), [I marvel at my own brilliance](#), [refridgerators](#), [comic books](#)

**22 comments** - [Post new comment?](#)

wittyshell ([wittyshell@wmail.wiz](mailto:wittyshell@wmail.wiz)) wants to chitchat with you.

accept? Yes

Wittyshell: I'm bored.

Wittyshell: Find a way to entertain me.

Cupboardkid: You're such a needy date.

Wittyshell: But I'm so worth it.

Cupboardkid: In your dreams.

Cupboardkid: Hold on though, there's a funny video that I saw just the other day.

Wittyshell: What is it?

Cupboardkid: Found it! Is there anyone else in the house with you?

Wittyshell: No. Why? What are you going to make me watch?

Cupboardkid: [mutube.com/watch-video/the-internet-is-for.html](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=video/the-internet-is-for.html)

Cupboardkid: Let me know if it was entertaining enough for your standards.

Wittyshell: ...

Wittyshell: What.

Wittyshell: The.

Wittyshell: Fuck.

Wittyshell: What did you just make me watch?

Cupboardkid: That was the same reaction I had when my friend showed me.

Wittyshell: I compliment you on your choices of friends.

Cupboardkid: Thanks.

Cupboardkid: He's the same bloke who linked me to your blog, by the way.

Wittyshell: Thus confirming that he's devoid of any taste whatsoever.

Wittyshell: What was that video?

Wittyshell: Why would Muggles sing about porn??

Cupboardkid: I think it's a parody.

Cupboardkid: But it's true, the interwebs are full of porn.

Wittyshell: Have you thoroughly investigated that too?

Cupboardkid: Not like that!

Cupboardkid: It's part of my job.

Wittyshell: And you say your job is boring.

Cupboardkid: Git.

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## The internet is for... well...

I haven't had much time to tinker with electronic items lately, but fortunately my new best friend Cupboardkid came to the rescue with a plethora of links to stupid Muggle websites. He claims that his job is looking at stupid Muggle websites, which I think proves that he's bonkers, but he's entertaining so I haven't called St Mungo's yet.

So far the best thing (or the worst depending on your perspective) has been [this video](#). It's completely ludicrous and proves that Muggles are crazy and at the same time very perceptive. Fair warning, don't watch if there are family members or friends around who might judge you.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on October 18th, 2009

Tagged as: [WTF](#), [the Muggle world leaves me perplexed](#), [and the Muggle interwebs too](#), [I blame cupboardkid](#), [video](#)

**51 comments - [Post new comment?](#)**

to: harry potter [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
from: ron weasley [r.weasley@mom.wiz]  
date: friday, october 16th, 2009 at 3:21 pm  
subject: OMG HARRY!

Wittyshell mentioned you in his last blog post! Look here!  
[wittyshell.iguanajournal.com/the-internet-is-for.html](http://wittyshell.iguanajournal.com/the-internet-is-for.html)

Did you really link that video to him? Haha it's the best. I can't believe you didn't tell me you two are friends now. Should've known that you would get along with the interwebs celebrities too. I bet Witty lost his shit when he found out that famous Harry Potter is a fan of his blog.

Don't worry, I understand. I'd trade you with a cooler best friend like Witty if I had the chance to.

RONALD BILBUS WEASLEY  
IMPROPER USE OF MAGIC OFFICE  
DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL LAW ENFORCEMENT  
MINISTRY OF MAGIC

to: harry potter [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
from: ron weasley [r.weasley@mom.wiz]  
date: friday, october 16th, 2009 at 3:22 pm  
subject: P.S.

Is there any way to get rid of the spell that adds text at  
the bottom of the emails? It's stupid.

ronald bilious weasley  
improper use of magic office  
department of magical law enforcement  
ministry of magic

to: RON WEASLEY [r.weasley@mom.wiz]  
from: HARRY POTTER [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
date: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16TH, 2009 AT 3:29 PM  
subject: RE: OMG HARRY!

You could've used my other email to link me a page that contains a discussion of Muggle porn. Hope nobody's reading over my shoulder.

And it's not like that, you complete arse, we just chitchat sometimes. I didn't tell you because I didn't think you'd care. We don't even know each other's real name.

P.S. No, there isn't. It's an automated signature so that others will know which office and department you belong to, for better personal relations with the public and between offices, blah blah. At least it's not like the obnoxious purple banners on top of Muggle websites.

---

HARRY JAMES POTTER  
HEAD OF THE OFFICE FOR THE REGULAMENTATION  
AND CONTROL OF INTERWEB PUBLICATIONS  
DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL LAW ENFORCEMENT  
MINISTRY OF MAGIC

to: harry potter [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
from: ron weasley [r.weasley@mom.wiz]  
date: friday, october 16th, 2009 at 3:36 pm  
subject: RE: RE: OMG HARRY!

If they're reading over your shoulder then they deserve to read about porn. Snoopers.

Yeah, sure, don't tell me, he's just my favourite interwebs person ever and his blog is just one of the most popular ever. His last post has only been up for one hour and it's got over 50 comments already!

Urgh, spare me the lecture. If you had a middle name like Billius you'd be trying to blast that damn signature off the page too.

RONALD BILLIUS WEASLEY  
IMPROPER USE OF MAGIC OFFICE  
DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL LAW ENFORCEMENT  
MINISTRY OF MAGIC

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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53 comments for the entry: The internet is for... well...

**dreams0are0forever said:**

Witty! You're alive! You didn't post anything for AGES, are you ok??

**knottylicious said:**

Hahahaha what was that? I laughed so much.

**theducessanabel said:**

Cannot. Breathe.

**gingertea said:**

So can we expect a special on Muggle sex toys now? ;)  
Pleeease!

**ilikeapplepie said:**

I lost it when the Muggles made the silly faces at the end.

**justlavenderandthyme** said:  
This song will never not be funny.

**idk156742** said:  
The internet is really really great!

**maggieoxoxo** said:  
For porn!

**pixiedustmagic** said:  
I've got a fast connection so I don't have to wait

**princegeekthethird** said:  
FOR PORN!

**xcloudyxskyx95x** said:  
STFU THIS IS OLD AS FUQ AND ITS SHITTY QUALITY TOO  
WATCH TEH ORIGINAL VIDEO ITS 10000 TIMES BETTER!!!!

**pixiedustmagic** said:  
So are you and Cupboardkid dating now? OMG!

**wittyshell** said:  
Whatever gave you that (completely wrong, by the way) idea?

[\[Previous comments\]](#) [\[Next comments\]](#)

to: wittyshell [wittyshell@wmail.wiz]  
from: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
date: Friday, October 16th, 2009 at 9:29 pm  
subject: Hey

I tried to start a chitchat but I guess you aren't around. Just letting you know that I won't be on tonight because I'm going to the pub with a couple of friends.

Some people emailed me asking if we were dating, just because you mentioned me in your blog post. That's bonkers. I have a newfound respect for how you never tried to hex any of your commenters.

Talk to you soon!

Cupboardkid

to: wittyshell [wittyshell@wmail.wiz]  
from: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
date: saturday, october 17th, 2009 at 4:17 am  
subject: And also I think that

you're definitely my new best friend even though my old best friend is jealous but he'll get over it. Because if he doesn't it's not fair because he already has a girlfriend it's not fair. Wife they got married years ago. I forgot

I'm not drunk though

I only had 3 4 maybe drinks that's not drunk. So I was saying my friend not you my friend who's married he said we're famous interwebs celebs celeb celebites but I think he was joking. he hates his name.

But the point I was trying to make my point is that he's jealous but he shouldn't. Because it's not as if I've ever seen you so I don't know you could be old and ugly and wrinkled and ugly.

You're not ugly though at least I don't think you are I never seen you but I don't think you are. I think you're very attractive except we're

like interwebs friends so you're' maybe interwebs attractive is that even a thing

I think it is

So I know its moving too fast and we have never met the best part of my day is chitchatting with you because you're funny and you're funny and you're always mean to people but really you're very nice even though you're nice. I think I would like to go out with you

this message is an unsaved draft and hasn't been sent.  
Delete unsent message?

to: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
from: wittyshell [wittyshell@wmail.wiz]  
date: tuesday, october 20th, 2009 at 10:32 am  
subject: Re: Hey

Sorry for the late reply, it was a busy weekend.

Yes, Muggles are bonkers, did you only just notice? And who says I never tried to hex anyone?

Talk to you tonight on chitchat.

Witty

my BLOG: [a study in muggle weirdness](#)

# A Study In Muggle Weirdness

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## Rubber ducks

I have acquired what might be the most useless Muggle artifact ever: a rubber duck.

For the princely sum of 99p (Muggle currency, about 3 sickles) I have acquired a piece of bright yellow plastic that does absolutely nothing. It has a rather dumb expression on its face (for comedy value I assume) and it squeaks if you squeeze it, and that's all.

I put it in the bathtub since that's what a quick research on the interwebs told me to do. I assumed it would start swimming around or blow bubbles or at least change colour, but it did nothing whatsoever. It just stood there floating and bobbed up and down. Useless.

Posted by [wittyshell](#) on October 24th, 2009

Tagged as: [why](#), [I don't even have witty tags for this](#), [rubber ducks](#)

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wittyshell (wittyshell@wmail.wiz) wants to chitchat with you.

accept? Yes

Wittyshell: You're Muggle-born.

Wittyshell: Riddle me this.

Wittyshell: What are rubber ducks for?

Cupboardkid: Hello to you too.

Wittyshell: It's been bothering me all week.

Wittyshell: They're so widespread that there must be a cultural significance to them, but I can't figure it out.

Cupboardkid: I think they're just for fun.

Cupboardkid: They're just bath toys.

Wittyshell: Wait. Please don't tell me that's another way of saying sex toys. I'm tired of people giving me links to Muggle porn sites to "review".

Cupboardkid: What? No!

Cupboardkid: Merlin's pants, rubber ducks are for kids to play with!

Wittyshell: Good.

Wittyshell: Though I still don't get why, they're just as entertaining as a piece of driftwood.

Wittyshell: Now my fingertips are wrinkly from staying in the water too long.

Wittyshell: ...

Wittyshell: I know you're laughing at me! Don't laugh!

to: harry potter [h.potter@mom.wiz]  
from: kingsley shacklebolt [k.shacklebolt@mom.wiz]  
date: thursday, october 29th, 2009 at 11:08 am  
subject: Upcoming Malfoy inspection

Harry,

The Auror department is short-handed at the moment (though Healer Smethwyck assures me that most limbs can be reattached or regrown), so I would regard it as a personal favour if you could take care of the yearly Auror visit to the Malfoy manor.

It's not one of your Office's responsibilities, but as you did remind me not too long ago, you do have Auror training and you're ever so eager to put it to good use.

I let Lucius Malfoy know that a Ministry official will be there tomorrow at 4.30pm sharp, so make sure you arrive around 5pm.

K. Shacklebolt

kingsley shacklebolt  
minister for magic

to: wittyshell [wittyshell@wmail.wiz]  
from: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
date: thursday, october 29th, 2009 at 3:10 pm  
subject: Something came up

Sorry, I have to cancel our standing Friday date because I have to work late tomorrow. I shouldn't have talked to my boss about field assignments, now he's sending me away on one and I can't talk my way out of it.

I don't even know when I'll get home, though I bet it will be very late, and that's if I manage to exercise restraint and not kill anyone.

Cupboardkid

to: cupboardkid [cupboardkid@wmail.wiz]  
from: wittyshell [wittyshell@wmail.wiz]  
date: thursday, october 29th, 2009 at 3:57 pm  
subject: Re: *Something came up*

Restraint is overrated.

As a matter of fact I was about to tell you that I wouldn't be able to make it either because I found out I'll have some surprise guests over tomorrow.

Why are you complaining, though? You're the one who wanted to get out of the office so badly. I, on the other hand, did nothing to deserve my horrible fate.

Now I'm going to spend all evening tidying up the place.

Witty

my blog: [a study in muggle weirdness](#)

The rain was pouring down on the grounds of the Malfoy estate when Harry arrived, Apparating as close to the manor's entrance as the protective wards would let him. He wrapped his cloak more tightly around himself and shivered involuntarily. The *Impervius* spell he'd cast before leaving the Ministry was doing a good job of keeping the rain away but it did nothing against the cold evening air, and after his office's warmth Harry felt chilled.

He walked briskly along a path lined with rose bushes, listening to the crunch of the gravel under his feet and the pounding of heavy droplets against his back. The manor rose up slowly out of the mist and rain, a gray blur lost in a sea of gray rain. Almost all the windows were dark, with just a few flickers of light here and there. It wasn't a particularly welcome sight, but at least it meant getting out of the cold rain.

The massive entrance doors swung open as soon as Harry rang the bell, and a harried house-elf peered at him.

"Hello," said Harry with a tired smile. "I'm here from the Ministry."

"Emmy knows, sir," the house-elf piped up, bowing at the waist. "Master was waiting for you. Come, sir, let Emmy show you to the sitting room."

Another couple of elves were waiting inside to take Harry's soaked cloak, which he relinquished gratefully. He was glad he had decided to go with plain but warm Muggle clothes that day instead of the more formal Ministry robes: the house was not as chilly as the outside, but it was still cold and drafty.

He also cleaned up most of the mud on his shoes with a quick spell before following Emmy. Not that he cared about tracking mud on the manor's polished wood floors, but it would be the house-elves who had to clean up the mess. They were all free elves, as shown by the odd garments and accessories that they wore, but Harry didn't kid himself that their working conditions had improved all that much in the past few years.

The house-elf led Harry along a gloomy high-vaulted corridor lined with portraits of centuries-old Malfoys. Harry could hear them muttering behind his back about "snoops from the Ministry" and "filthy scoundrels" and decided he didn't like the dead Malfoys any more than the live ones.

Emmy opened a door at the end of a corridor and bowed again, so low that the tip of her nose touched the orange pom-poms on her slippers. "The sir from the Ministry is come, Master," she announced as Harry walked in, and she withdrew closing the door behind her. A large fireplace warmed the room and shed some light along with half a dozen candles, revealing a tall figure sitting primly on a high-backed chair.

Draco Malfoy tossed aside the book that he'd been reading and got to his feet. "You," he said, the corners of his mouth turned down in a grimace. "I would have thought that the Ministry's darling was too busy to bother with this kind of grunt work."

Harry just shrugged. "Where's your father? It's him I expected to meet." He was glad for the lack of pleasantries on Malfoy's part, at least he wouldn't have to pretend to act nice.

"He's busy," Malfoy replied. He crossed his arms, glaring at Harry. "And I am too, so hurry up with your inspection."

"This is not a social call, Malfoy," Harry snapped. "The terms of your family's acquittal included restrictions on the kinds of magical items you could own and yearly inspections from the Auror's office for the following twenty years to check that..."

"...that we aren't casting the killing curse in our basement, I *know*," Malfoy said, talking over Harry. "I know the fucking terms."

"Then summon your father. Now."

Lightning flashed outside the window. "My father is in St Mungo's long-term residents' wards," Malfoy said, flatly. "I'm sure the Healers will be overjoyed to find out that you want them to release a patient who's been bedridden for the past month."

That explained the lack of recent articles on the Prophet. "Sorry," Harry said, even though he couldn't care less about Lucius Malfoy's health. "I didn't know that."

"Why would you? It's none of the Ministry's business." Malfoy tapped his fingers on his arm

irritably. "Mother's with him. But I could call her if you'd like, so you can ask her stupid questions and make her watch as you snoop around the house."

"It's fine," Harry snapped. "Let's get this over with."

He was pissed at Malfoy for making it seem as if Harry would have insisted on seeing his father even if he'd known he was ill. In his head, he was already composing a lengthy letter to Witty to complain about his day. Maybe he could meet with Ron and Hermione for a drink tonight, he had a feeling that he'd need more than one before he was done with Malfoy.

Harry chased off those thoughts as he got his wand from his jeans' pocket. The spell he had to do was a tricky one he'd mastered only recently, and the last thing he wanted was to look like a fool in front of Malfoy.

Waving the wand in an intricate pattern he turned on himself slowly, muttering the incantation under his breath. The tip of the wand left a trail of silver sparks. Out of the corner of his eye he thought he could see Malfoy look almost curious instead of annoyed.

"What's that?" Malfoy asked, as the sparks dissolved into a pink mist that started to fill the room. He stepped back when the mist concentrated around the armchair where he'd been sitting.

"New detector spell," Harry said, smugly, as if it hadn't spent the previous night practicing it in his living room. "Perfectly harmless. It reveals places where magic was used recently."

The mist slowly coalesced into pink ribbons, some paler and some brighter. Harry gave them a quick look and then walked out of the room. Malfoy followed, taking care not to step through any of the strands that were now floating in mid-air.

"Pink means that all magic used in that room was on the approved Ministry list," Harry explained as he walked down the corridor. There was a network of pink around the portraits, who seemed none too pleased by the disturbance. "Orange means unknown magic, and black means forbidden spells or dark magic artifacts, so you'll want to hope I don't see any black traces during my visit."

Malfoy turned around to ignore a particularly nagging ancestor with a plumed hat and a large

blonde moustache."As if," he said, rolling his eyes. "This is a waste of time, Potter."

Harry was inclined to agree, but at least he had the consolation that Malfoy found this inspection just as annoying as he did, if not more. "Just be grateful that the Auror department discovered this spell, this way it's going to take only a couple of hours as opposed to several." Malfoy didn't seem impressed.

Not counting that time during the War that Harry wasn't going to think about, Harry had been in the Malfoy's manor a few times already, always on Ministry business or Ministry-related fundraisers. He remembered the last visit very well. It had taken place when he was still with the Aurors and the Malfoy trial was recent enough to warrant the dispatch of a team with no less than five inspectors.

Lucius Malfoy had been glaring all the time as Harry and his four colleagues cast the revealing spell in each one of the manor's rooms, a grueling task that had taken them the best part of a day. Everything had been spotless clean, as expected in a house that still had several house-elves in service, but there had been books left around in the library, fresh potion ingredients cut up and ready for use in the lab, a pile of half-written letters in the office, decorations for an upcoming dinner party in the hall. Now the rooms were almost devoid of traces of magic, or indeed any sign that showed that they had been used recently.

The largest amount of pink traces that Harry found on the ground floor was clustered around the kitchen, where half a dozen house-elves had stopped in the middle of making dinner and were staring at the ribbons floating around their workstations. Malfoy harangued them and made them go back to work, while Harry made a mental note to talk to Hermione. MagiParchment was a huge sponsor of house-elf welfare groups, and she was always looking for an excuse to hand out more pamphlets about decent workplace conditions.

By the time Harry and Malfoy made their way up the huge marble staircase, it was completely dark outside and the thunderstorm had turned into heavy rain. The rooms on the first floor looked more lived in, judging by the number of pink ribbons floating around. Several times Harry had to pause and investigate an orange ribbon, but all the magical artifacts he found were fairly normal, such as self-folding robes and a tea set that automatically poured and added milk and sugar.

All the time Malfoy hovered behind Harry and faked yawns. "Have you checked there's no

runespoors in the fireplace?" he said occasionally, or, "Careful, that nightgown might try to strangle the unwary," or, most often, "I'm glad to see our tax galleons are put to good use." For the most part Harry tried to ignore him, but privately he had to admit that even the most paranoid Auror would have been hard pressed to find anything suspicious.

The last room Harry checked was Malfoy's bedroom. It was larger than the room Harry had shared with another four boys at Hogwarts, and all the furniture was old blackened oak. There was a bed, a wardrobe, a writing desk piled with books, and a couple of chests pushed against the wall. Aside from those, the room was empty: there were no ornaments or knick-knacks in these rooms that could tell anything about their occupant's personality, even though the numerous pink and orange ribbons indicated that Malfoy spent quite a lot of time in there.

On the bedroom's mantelpiece there was a single framed photograph, showing a younger Draco holding his parents' hands. Harry thought it must have been taken around the time when he started Hogwarts, but before he could get a closer look Malfoy snatched it away. "Stop wasting time," he said, tossing the photo in a large iron-and-wood chest and shutting the lid. "Hurry up so we can both be done with this farce for another few months."

Maybe Malfoy thought that by this point Harry would have been so tired and bored that he would have given the room no more than a cursory glance, but if so he was going to be disappointed. Harry took his time, checking every single item that the spell marked, while Malfoy fussed and complained that he was putting everything back in the wrong place.

The thing that took him the longest to inspect was Malfoy's pile of dusty books on sub-molecular dissociating charms: only deadly if one attempted to read them. Malfoy had scribbled in the margins with magical ink, so Harry felt a kind of childish glee in picking them up one by one and putting them back on their pile slightly out of place.

Harry was nearly done when he noticed something else hidden behind the books. He pushed the pile aside, much to Malfoy's annoyance, and saw that the strange items were a rolled-up parchment, completely blank, and a ball of silvery yarn. "Strange place to store your writing and knitting supplies, Malfoy," he commented.

Malfoy just shrugged. "So what?" he said, but there was an edge to his voice, and nobody went

through the Auror program without becoming naturally suspicious of everything.

The parchment didn't have any elaborate border and it was rectangular rather than square, but together with the yarn it looked very familiar. Harry had a sudden realization. "It's MagiParchment!" he exclaimed.

"Last time I checked," Malfoy said without meeting Harry's eyes, "the Ministry was rather adamant that it was not the product of dark magic."

"Yeah, it's just fucking hypocritical to have one after all the crap your father gave us," Harry replied, tossing everything back into the cabinet and slamming the door shut.

"Mind your own business!" Malfoy's hand went to his wand, but then he stopped and he just clenched and unclenched his fist nervously.

Harry wouldn't have minded an excuse to hex him, but he forced himself to go back to work. According to the revealing spell the room was clear, but there was a smaller door at the back of the room. "What's that?" he said, pointing with his wand.

"My bathroom," Malfoy snapped. "Where I cast Unforgivable Curses on a daily basis and brew potions made with the tears and blood of Muggles. Don't you have anything better to do tonight?"

"No, I really don't," Harry said, stomping over to the bathroom door and opening it. Inside there were plenty more orange and pink traces, mostly hovering in front of a huge mirror or above a row of coloured glass bottles. "Why do you even need to use this much magic in here?"

Malfoy bristled. "It's skin and hair care potions," he snapped. "Also perfectly legal."

Harry picked one at random and wrinkled its nose at the intense smell of rosewood that it let off. "I'd still like to check everything, just in case," he said.

"Stop jerking me around," Malfoy said, crossing his arms and leaning back against the sink. "We both know you're not going to find anything, you're just wasting my time."

"Like your father wasted my time with the interwebs scare?" Harry opened a random cupboard and started sorting through a pile of what looked like scented soap bars. "You might think Ministry workers do nothing all day but..."

His finger closed around something rubbery, and Harry paused. Malfoy was muttering something indistinct but Harry's brain failed to register the actual words. When he squeezed the yellow thing in his hands, it squeaked feebly. There even was a sticker on the bottom, almost completely ruined by now, but Harry could still make out the printed '99'. It reminded him of something, or rather someone, but that was impossible.

He ran through the list in his head. There was the parch, and now the rubber duck. Both Malfoy and Witty were from a magical family, both lived with their parents, both had a sick father. They both liked roses (though a lot of people did) and highly-specialized charms (and very few people did). But that all counted for nothing, because it was impossible for Witty and Malfoy to be the same person.

Witty had a sharp tongue but also a sense of humour, and he was always friendly in his own strange way, and he listened to all of Harry's rants, and he made up silly games to pass the time when he felt lonely in the middle of the night. He couldn't be Malfoy, because Malfoy was a git.

Harry realized that Malfoy had stopped talking and was staring at the rubber duck. He had no idea how to phrase the question. "Are you...?" he started, but trailed off. What could he ask? Are you my interwebs friend?

He didn't need to say anything, though, because the expression on his own face was answer enough for Malfoy. "It was *you*," he said, stepping away. "Fuck you, Potter, you're Cupboardkid. Is this why the Ministry sent you? To spy on me in person instead of on the interwebs?"

Harry snorted a laughter and tossed the rubber duck away. It bounced off the mirror and landed on the floor with a sad squeak. "You're out of your mind if you think the Ministry had anything to with this."

"Fuck you," Malfoy said again. He aimed his wand at Harry's chest and pointed towards the door with the other hand. His fingers were shaking. "Get out of my house. I don't want to see your lying

face ever again."

"Fuck you too," said Harry, pushing past him. He stormed out of the bathroom and the bedroom, not even bothering to close the door, and almost ran down the corridor. All he wanted was to get home, have a butterbeer and complain about his day. But he couldn't, could he? Ron and Hermione wouldn't understand. He'd told them about Witty, but he wouldn't be able to explain how close the two of them they'd grown over the past few weeks. He wouldn't be able to explain to anyone. And the only person who could understand had just cut him off for good.

The corridor was dimly-lit, but Harry didn't even bother to cast Lumos. He felt as if there was a weight over his chest that made it hard to breathe. Half-way down the staircase, the realization hit him that he wasn't going to talk to Witty ever again.

Last night Witty hadn't been on chitchat because he needed to tidy up for his guests. Harry hadn't even said goodbye. He had been looking forward to linking Witty to some Muggle cooking websites that explained how to cook the perfect breakfast. Harry swore under his breath, turned around and ran up the stairs.

The door was still half-open, but Harry wouldn't have cared if it had been locked. Malfoy was sitting on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands and didn't even look up when Harry entered. "I'm not hungry, Emmy," he said in a dull voice. "Put out the candles, I'll go to sleep."

"It wasn't a lie," Harry said. Malfoy's head jerked up and his eyes went wide when he saw him. "It wasn't a lie for me, so fuck you, I'm not going to leave and let you think that I was just spying on you for the Ministry."

"Is this your pet stalking project, then?" Malfoy snapped. His voice was shaking with rage and there were two red blotches on the tip of his cheekbones. "Hoping for yet another quick promotion?"

"I told you I didn't want to leave the Aurors to start with!" Harry replied. "And I wouldn't have told you anything at all if I'd known it was *you*!"

Malfoy snorted. "You'd have me think that Saint Potter spends his time befriending random strangers off the interwebs?"

"It's not harder to believe than Draco Malfoy attempting to cook breakfast on a Muggle stove."

Judging from his face, Malfoy was thinking along the same lines. "What about that... what about that... *drunken love letter*?"

Harry froze. He vaguely remembered writing something a letter that, one night when he'd gone out with some friends and had had one too many, and Ginny had mentioned something about setting him up with one of his teammates, and to get out of it Harry had told her that there was someone else that he'd been meaning to ask out for some time.

Then, while fending off Ron and Hermione's inquiries, he'd realized that it was Witty he'd been thinking of when he talked about his imaginary crush. He had written him a letter in the middle of the night, had sobered up just enough to realize that it was a terrible idea, and he'd deleted the thing without sending it.

Except, from what Malfoy was saying, he had sent the letter after all. "You weren't supposed to read that!" Harry yelled. His brain was racing to try and remember what he'd written.

"I should have known it was too good to be true!" Malfoy yelled back. "I bet you had a good laugh about it with Granger and Weasel!"

Harry's fingers clenched around his wand. "You're the one who started it, not me," he said.

Malfoy lunged towards the dresser where he'd put his wand, but Harry's reflexes were quicker. He knocked the wand away with a backhand slap and pushed Malfoy backwards, pinning him against the wall, as if he could make Malfoy disappear inside the wall and then he'd have Witty back. "I meant everything I said."

"Why?" Malfoy asked, almost in a gasp. "Why should I believe you?"

Harry leaned forward and suddenly they were kissing, Harry's fingers tangled in the front of Malfoy's robes, Malfoy panting into Harry's mouth. It was one of the messies and most uncoordinated kisses that Harry remembered, and he couldn't get enough of it.

They were both short of breath when they pulled apart, and Malfoy's shoulders were shaking in Harry's grip. Or maybe it was Harry who was shaking.

"Because I thought we were friends," he replied, staring into Malfoy's eyes. "Because I don't lie to my friends, okay? I care about my friends. About *you*."

"*Merlin*," Malfoy said, as if something inside him had given out, and then they were kissing again.

In the low light cast by a couple of candles, Malfoy's half-closed eyes were almost black. One of Malfoy's arms wrapped around Harry's waist and pulled them flush together, dispelling any remaining doubts that this was what Malfoy wanted. Harry made a little noise in the back of his throat and pushed one leg between Malfoy's, and Malfoy threw back his head and moaned.

The bed just a couple of feet away, but Harry didn't want to move, not with Malfoy rutting against his leg and saying the filthiest things against his lips. It sent shivers down his body. Malfoy broke the kiss and Harry made a noise of loss, but he was only trying to push him towards the bed. They fell in a tangle of limbs, Malfoy bracketing Harry's head with his arms and pulling him closer for another open-mouthed kiss.

Malfoy grabbed the back of Harry's tight and squeezed so hard that Harry was sure he'd have bruises on the next day. He couldn't bring himself to care. "Stay," Malfoy said, so quickly that Harry almost didn't get his words. "I know you've got nothing better to do tonight."

Harry bit his lips and grabbed Malfoy's waist, rolling them over with a quick move so that their positions were reversed, pressing Malfoy to the mattress. "That was the idea," he said, and kissed Malfoy again to wipe the smirk off his face.

wittyshell (wittyshell@wmail.wiz) wants to chitchat with you.

accept? Yes

Wittyshell: I need entertainment.

Wittyshell: Come over.

Wittyshell: Now.

Cupboardkid: Again with the unreasonable requests.

Cupboardkid: Why don't YOU come over for a change?

Wittyshell: Your bed is too small.

Wittyshell: And lumpy.

Cupboardkid: Such a smooth talker.

Cupboardkid: Git.

Wittyshell: Swine.

Cupboardkid: Be there in ten minutes.

Wittyshell: I'm waiting.

you have logged off.