

## A HG Parody

Harry sighed and looked mournfully out the window of the Gryffindor common room. It really didn't help that the cause of his current mournfulness was flying around on a broom on a Quidditch pitch, with her long hair streaming behind her, while he had been forced to miss practice to catch up on some bloody Potions homework.

Idly, he wondered if he'd be able to master Voodoo, because stabbing an image of Snape seemed like a REALLY good idea.

He wasn't sure when he had started to fancy Ginny, and he didn't like to admit, even to himself, it was probably when he noticed she had legs -- girl-legs. These weren't the normal things that people used to get around, these were masterpieces of form and elements.

Of course, that was just the start. He already knew she was intelligent, witty, vivacious, caring, and pretty damn wonderful, all that was a given... And yeah, damn sexy too. He'd had enough shower fantasies to really put that one to shame.

But the thing he really liked about her most, more than anything else, was how natural she was. She hardly ever wore make-up, or anything even remotely similar, just the occasional lip-gloss. Strawberry, as he'd found when she'd dropped it once. He'd had to leave shortly afterwards because the idea of Ginny tasting of strawberries was almost too much for him to handle - and he'd actually reached for her before losing his courage and bolting.

The problem he had, was how to approach her - he suddenly realised that his Gryffindor courage, while perfect for dealing with insane Dark Lords, was absolutely bloody useless when dealing with red-haired witches with cute freckles across her nose.

He sighed. What he really wanted to do was grab her, push her against a wall, and snog her till she agreed to go out with him -- and hope it would take quite some time.

Before he got completely depressed, he stopped looking out the window and got back to his homework.

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"So are you ready for the Yule Ball?" Parvati asked Ginny cheerfully.

"What are you going in the 5th years girls dormitory?" Ginny asked, confused.

"Oh, nothing," Lavender said, appearing as if by magic.

"Yeah," Heminonei agreed, dropping her usual excellent diction for no apparent reason. "We thought we'd come help you out, as Lavender and Parvati are both excellent fashion designers, and I've read every book about what Men want. We've decided to give you a makeover."

"Why would I want that?" Ginny asked, her hand itching towards her wand.

"So we can show how wonderful you look to the boys, and everyone can go to together and it will be so much fun," Hermkneei said excitedly, acquiring the personality of a 1920's debutant.

Ginny slid her arm out fast, only to find that Lavender had her wand and was pointing it at her. "*Fridgid Holdus*," she said cheerfully, locking Ginny in place.

"Now, as we know, Boys are simple creatures," Lavender squealed gleefully, a noise that grated on Ginny's ears. "And as Mr 'I'm all dark and moody Potter' doesn't have a date, we'll just emphasise some of Gin's natural assets and everything will be wonderful."

"Wonderful," 'mione parroted, giving a small jump - and herself a new nickname. She reached out and forced Ginny into a standing position, happily ignoring the look of rage in the smaller girl's eyes.

"This height will have to go," she said first. She pulled out her wand, which was now decorated with a pretty pink bow. "*eglus rovgus*," she exhaled, having decided to substitute pig-Latin for real Latin as no one knew the difference, and everyone thought she was frightfully clever anyway.

Ginny felt herself starting to grow, till she was around the same height of Parvati, 5ft 8, and struggled against the spell. She liked being the height she was, damn it.

"Next," Lavender said, "We're going to have to do something about that jeans and t-shirt combination. I have just the thing."

She pulled out her wand and cast another spell. Her jeans and t-shirt seemed to sparkle, before they reformed, into a diaphanous white dress.

"Wow," Parvati and Hermoane exhaled dreamily.

"Not enough cleavage though," Parvati added.

"Oh, I can help," Hermioe said, giggling happily. "It will be ever so much fun. Ooobus rowgus," she said pointing her wand at the small girl's chest.

Ginny's breasts, once a happy A-cup, started to balloon, till she was at least a D.

"Oh well done," Parvati bounced. "You can do me later as well." She reached forwards, and pulled the front of the dress down, so that she was barely covered.

"Me next," Lavender clapped. She reached out and tore off the bottom of the dress - miraculously making it appear perfectly tailored that way, so that it barely covered her bottom.

"All we need now is a new pair of shoes," Hermione said, "Stiletto's, I think."

"What a wonderful idea," the two girls chorused together, as Hermione changed Ginny's comfortable trainers into patent black leather heels, adding another four inches to her height.

Mentally, Ginny decided that she was going to make all three of them suffer a fate worse than death as soon as she was free. She couldn't believe that they would do this to her. She was more than happy with her appearance, even if some boys hadn't yet noticed her.

"We're going to have to do something about her hair, perhaps an elegant pony tail, with a few wisps down her face. Speaking of which, pass the makeup, we need to get rid of the freckles."

A few minutes work later, and Ginny's complexion was crystal clear, and her lips looked slightly bigger than normal, and more pouty.

"She looks perfect," Hermoone sighed, her hand on her heart. "The boys will simply flip."

"She doesn't look happy though," Lavender pointed out.

"That's ok," Hermeene bounced, "I can fix that." A second later a wide, vapid smile appeared on Ginny's face.

"Now, let's get dressed ourselves, and prepare for Ginny's grand coming out party."

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"You going tonight?" Ron asked.

"M'eh," Harry responded casually. He wanted to go with Ginny -- however, he didn't want to tell Ron that.

"Dude, have you ever thought of hooking up with Gin?"

Harry looked at him strangely. "I thought you were English?"

"I am mate," Ron assured him, "I just like to use slang from other cultures at key moments."

"Outrageous," Harry noted.

"That's the spirit, me old mucker," Ron said, delving into a stereotyped version of himself. "Anyway, about our Gin, you should date her."

"Why?" Harry looked curious.

"I've not thought that through, but it makes sense."

"So you don't mind if I ask her out?"

"That would be cowabunga," Ron replied cheerfully. "Now let me get my threadbare robes out so I can be totally outshone by my sister miraculously getting new robes."

Harry nodded, wondering if Ron was under some form of spell. He walked over to his chest, and noticed a new dress robe he'd never seen before. It was in a green so dark he wondered why it wasn't just called Black, till he realised that A, it was the name of his dead godfather and he had a habit of sulking over that death, and two (he forgot how he was counting half way through) that it was like what the Death Eaters wearing.

He walked over to the mirror, and managed to get his hair spiking up, and absently changed the tips blue, to offset everything neatly. It was strange, he thought to himself, how his hair only ever did this for balls.

With a cursory glance to check his teeth were clean, he walked into the cOMMON rOOM, not noticing his caps lock key was pressed down, and waited.

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Hermmyohknee, her hair now perfectly straight and coiffured, was giggling merrily as they prepared. "Is everyone ready and happy and thinking of cute little puppies?" She asked.

Lavender and Parvati bounced together, "Oh yes. We're ever so looking forward to it."

Ginny, her face locked in a painful smile, found she couldn't do or say anything negative.

Herme opened the door, and stepped out. "My lords," she curtsied prettily. "May I present the new Ginny Weasley!"

All the boys, including some from other houses who happened to be passing, turned to look as Ginny stepped out into the door way.

The white dress showed more of her legs than anyone had ever seen, the heels stretching the calf muscles, showing them off to perfection. As their eyes slowly moved up, admiring her thighs, they paused at her massive breasts and their jaws opened.

Realising the effect was good, but not great, Lavender cast a spell on them, allowing their jaws to separate like a snakes, and swing merrily a good foot lower than normal.

Well, for everyone but Harry, who was staring at her intently, his jaw tightly clenched.

Ginny watched as he walked towards her, wondering if it would be that hard to stay like this, if he finally noticed her. Not that she liked it, but if he did, maybe she could live with it.

"What the FUCKING hell have you done to her?" Harry demanded, his sparkling jade green eyes were not looking at her with pleasure.

"What do you mean?" Hermione simpered. "Isn't she heavenly?"

"She looks like a whore," Harry stated. He looked into Ginny's eyes closely, staring intently.

"Nonsense," Hermione said crossly, stamping her foot. "She's perfect."

"Finite Incacateum," Harry mispronounced the cancellation spell, having not bothered to look it up recently at the Lexicon. His powers, that he had acquired around fifteen seconds ago, ensured that it worked.

Hermione seemed to rock, before her eyes went wide, and she burst into tears. "What the hell happened to me? Why couldn't I get my name right?"

"Shh," Ron said, appearing in a convenient plot hole, pulling her into his arms. "Your name has more than two syllables, you can't expect people to get it right."

Ginny, in the mean time suddenly found that she could move again. "Oh thank Merlin," she said, despite the fact he was a Muggle myth. "Can you get rid of these?" She asked hopefully, looking distastefully at her appendages.

"With pleasure," Harry nodded, using his brand new wandless magic to return her to normal. "You don't need any of that stuff to look beautiful," he said, shyly. "You look perfect the way you are."

Ginny blinked. Repeatedly, till her eyelash was out of her eye. "Why haven't you told me that before?"

"I wanted to, but I was shy," he admitted, looking down at his feet.

"So you like me?"

Harry shook his head, "I think I love you, just the way you are."

"Ahhh," Lavender and Parvati simpered together.

"Finite whatever," Harry mumbled at them.

"I don't think they're under a spell," Ginny whispered, drawing his attention back to her.

"Huh?" Ron said, not liking the way his sister and his friend were looking at each other, or the way he was suddenly sharing his perspective for no apparent reason, and why he had a gap in his memory.

"I think I'm going to kiss you now," Harry whispered, his hand going to her cheek.

She slapped his hand away, "You don't get to touch my bum till after we've kissed."

"Oh, sorry," he replied, leaning, and kissed her.

Bells rang in his ears, and lightning seemed to explode in his mind. "Will you stop that?" He asked the twins, who had appeared to break the tension.

"Sorry," They said, mimicking each other perfectly. Gred, who had changed his name to be uniquely funny, put away his hand bell, while Forge did the same with his miniature lightning maker candy - despite the fact he wasn't sure what candy actually was.

They disappeared, their roles down, leaving Harry and Ginny to get back to their mind blowing kiss.

Eventually, they separated, mainly because the author couldn't be bothered to explain the kiss, having never actually received one, and looked at Hermione.

"It was Draco, he cursed me," she sniffed.

"Why that little rat fucker," Ron swore, "I'll rip his mother fucking balls off and ram them so far up his throat he'll be spitting gonads for a bloody month."

"Ron!" the three of them said together. "This is a kid's book; you're not allowed to swear!"

"Ooh, yeah, sorry," he replied. "I'll get the little git," he stated.

"Much better," Hermione said. "I've got an idea. I was supposed to bring the new Gin to him. Why don't we make Harry look like Gin was, then we can have some fun."

"Why don't I just beat the shit out of him and be done with it? You got to punch him, so why can't I?"

"My idea is much more complicated and prone to failure," Hermione pointed out. "And I am a lot cleverer than you."

Harry rolled his eyes, and wrapped his arms around Ginny. "You make a good point, but as a sign of my new independence, I'm going to ignore you completely. Come on Gin."

All of this explains why the next morning, Draco was found hanging by his feet, wearing only a small dress, from the flagpole with two broken arms, two black eyes, the words "Rat Fuckler" drawn on his naked chest, while crying his eyes out.

As for Harry and Ginny, well, they kissed, till Harry had another adventure and he forgot about Ginny for a bit, till he remembered they were sole-mates at the end, and they got hitched, and she started popping out babies - which was quite a surprise for Harry as he thought they'd have to have some form of sex before hand - but he soon realised that this was a kids book, and grumpily, realised it meant he wouldn't be getting any till someone wrote an outtake.

"Come on BasilM," he shouted as loud as he could. "Please!"