



# Dear Ginny

## Part 1, Moving In

### Part 1, Moving In

#### Letter 1

Sunday, 15 June

Dear Ginny,

It's only been a day and already I miss you. Even though we can't be together, I thought you might like it if I wrote to you regularly to tell you how we're doing. I want to thank you for being so understanding about our breaking up. I really do appreciate that you realized that I had to do this, and were willing to let me go. I hope that these letters will let you know how much you're still in my thoughts. I promise to try to be better about writing this summer than I usually am. If all else fails, I do have Hermione here to nag me about it.

It took a while to get everything sorted out at King's Cross. Sorry I didn't get to say goodbye then but I suppose people were anxious to get out of there. You can tell how scared everyone is now. There was a lot of explaining to do to get everyone to understand our plans. And of course it didn't help that the Dursleys weren't even there to pick me up. They didn't realize I was coming home early. We finally ended up using the Knight Bus. They were rather surprised when I turned up on their doorstep two weeks early.

So anyway, we're here at Privet Drive now and things have finally settled down. There was quite a bit of yelling when Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia found out that Ron and Hermione were planning to stay here with me. The typical stuff about freaks and unnaturalness and the regular abuse that I always have to put up with. It was quite a shock for Ron and Hermione though. I don't think they really understood before today just how unpleasant and nasty my aunt and uncle can be. Of course they were in no mood to put up with it. Especially Hermione. You know how she can be when she gets going about something. Whew! Did she ever go off on them! It was pretty funny, actually, to see a 300 pound man cowering from this little slip of a girl. Well, she's not so little any more actually, but she was by far the smallest person in the room. When the Dursleys found out that Ron and Hermione could legally do magic I thought they were going to wet themselves. Ron was pretty funny, too, with some of the comments he was throwing in, but it was mostly Hermione. I've never seen her so passionate. I think Ron's really going to have his hands full with her.

Anyway, they settled down when we made it clear that we would only be here for two weeks, and that we'd stay in my room, and that they wouldn't have to feed us. Since Hermione can apparate, she decided that she can easily go out and get us whatever we need. When she was ready to go out shopping for supplies she wanted Ron to go with her, and offered to side-along apparate him, but he turned red and wouldn't do it. (I think he's embarrassed that she can apparate and he can't.) So she just glared at him for a few seconds, then decided to take me instead. I've side-alonged with Dumbledore a few times, so I was used to it. It seemed different with her somehow, though. Maybe it's because I can apparate myself now, but instead of it feeling like her dragging me along it felt more like we were doing it together. I did point out to her that I'm perfectly capable of apparating myself, (heck, I could have even side-alonged her or Ron) but you know how she is about rules. Since I don't have a license she won't hear of it. But at any rate, we're better stocked up with stuff than I've ever been while staying here. She also wants to take me shopping for new clothes (you know how I always have to wear Dudley's old clothes and they fit me like a tent) but I'm not too keen on that idea.

Hermione has really done wonders with my room. I suppose you're wondering how the three of us can all fit in here. She's expanded it magically so there's plenty of room for all of us. She also conjured up two more beds and desks and (surprise, surprise) several bookshelves. As you can imagine, Ron really moaned and groaned about that! And, as you also might expect, that lead to another bit of a row between them. She asked him if he thought we were just going to relax here and goof off and do nothing but play chess and talk about quidditch. Sometimes I wish Ron would think a little before he answers one of her questions like that. But no, he just shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Why not?' Boy, did she let him have it then. She had to stop and put a silencing charm on the room when Uncle Vernon yelled up the stairs for us to keep it quiet. She calmed down after that. She also got pretty red. I'm sure she was embarrassed about the Dursleys hearing her, but I don't know why she would worry about it. They don't even know her.

I wish she and Ron would hurry up and admit that they fancy each other. Despite what I said earlier about Ron having his hands full, they still haven't done anything about it yet. It would be nice if all of this emotional energy they put into fighting with each other could go into snogging instead. Well, as long as I don't have to watch it, that is. But still, everybody says that their constant bickering is a sign that they have repressed feelings for each other. I'm not sure I get that though. You and I never yelled at each other like that, right? And when Uncle Vernon yells at me it sure doesn't mean he likes me. Oh well, I guess it's just one of those things I don't understand about men and women. It's not like I had any decent role models about loving relationships while I was growing up.

Okay, this letter got way too serious. There's not much more to tell, though. I'll write again when something interesting happens. I still miss you.

Yours,

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

#### Letter 2

Monday, 16 June

Dear Ginny,

Whoa! What brought that on? Ron says that was the closest thing he's ever seen to a Howler without actually being one. I guess I understand why what I said set you off like that, so I'll try to explain a little better.

OK, just so you know, Hermione took your side. She just told me I was being an insensitive git. Somehow she managed to include Ron in that, too. She was kind of flustered, though. She didn't say it, but I don't think she appreciated what you said about her. Anyway, after she chewed me out just now I understand better why you're so upset.

I'm sorry I didn't tell you that Ron and Hermione were coming with me. I thought it was obvious from the way we were talking on the train and at the station, but now I realize you weren't really involved in those conversations. Look, it's like this. I was planning on doing this alone when I broke up with you, but when the two of them confronted me about it I couldn't turn them down. They've been with me for six years and have always done this kind of stuff with me. I know you were my girlfriend for a few weeks but it's just not the same. I've shared everything with them about what I'm doing. And before you ask – no, I can't tell you. It's just too dangerous for you to know. Since I already told them last summer, way before you and got together, it's not like I can take it back now. If it makes you feel any better, I haven't told anyone else either. Not even McGonagall.

It's just not safe for you to be with us. I know you went along with me to the Department of Mysteries last year, and I do appreciate the support you and Neville and Luna showed, but the more people involved in this the more dangerous it will be for all of us. The only way this will work is if we keep it absolutely secret, so I just can't tell you any more. Oh yeah, Neville and Luna don't know anything about this either. Really, it's just Ron and Hermione.

I'll explain a little better about my room. Before I moved in here it was a storage room for Dudley's old stuff. Since I'm only home for a month or two during the summer, Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia still keep it pretty full of his junk. So I only have a little room for a bed and a desk, and hardly any closet or dresser space either. So Hermione used these cool spells to enlarge the room and add more furniture. It still looks the same from the outside, but it's a lot bigger inside. Your house is like that too, right? So we aren't really all sleeping together. She made two more beds (actually, she enlarged my bed a bit, too) and there's lots of space between hers and ours. She also added curtains kind of like the hangings we have around our beds at Hogwarts for privacy. We even have a little sitting space where our desks are. (and Hermione's bookshelves; can't forget about them) Her bed's on the other side of the sitting area. She's even thinking about trying to make us our own loo, so we don't have to share with Dudley, but she says that's a lot harder.

Now that I've cleared that up, I have a funny story for you. You should have seen Ron's face when Hermione came out in her nightgown this morning. I thought he was going to explode, he was so red. I mean, if he didn't know Hermione was a girl before, he sure does now! Since you roomed with her the last two summers, I'm sure you've seen it so I won't try to describe it to you. I guess you girls wear a lot less to bed during the summer. I have to agree with Ron, it really looked good on her. But, after a little while of him stuttering and staring at her, she finally gave up and went back behind her curtain and put a robe on. She gave me a little smile before she turned away, so I was pretty sure she did it on purpose to wind him up a bit.

Now I want to make it clear, I didn't make a fool out of myself about it like Ron did. Sure, I looked a bit, but I managed to keep myself under control. In fact, I tried to imagine what you would look like with that nightgown. Pretty pleasant thought, actually. I mean, it wouldn't look exactly the same on you because you're smaller than Hermione, but I think I would rather enjoy it. Anyway, that was the excitement so far today. But maybe it will give Ron enough of a push to finally say something to Hermione. Nope, the git still hasn't got up the nerve. I'm going to try to talk to him about it later when Hermione's not around. She's going to apparate home and visit with her parents for a few hours and pick up (what else?) some more books.

I did manage to hint at it to Hermione while we were out shopping this morning. I mentioned to her that her nightgown was quite an eye-opener. She blushed rather fetchingly and mumbled something about it being about time the two of us noticed that she was a girl. I'm sure she meant Ron. I've certainly always realized that she was a girl. And before you ask, yes, I always knew you were a girl too. The big difference now is that it's pretty obvious that she's not a *little* girl any more, if you know what I mean. And yes, you made it quite obvious to me during the past few weeks that you aren't either. But that conversation pretty much confirmed for me that the reason she wore that nightgown was to get Ron's attention. Now that she has it let's hope she can keep it.

Other than that, the only other thing we discovered today was that Ron isn't very good at being a muggle. We went down to the kitchen this morning after the Dursleys were finished to cook breakfast for ourselves (we've worked out something of a truce where we get the kitchen for an hour 3 times a day when they're not using it). Muggle appliances are a complete mystery to him. I never really thought before about how much your mum uses magic in her cooking. So I'm in charge of cooking here, with Hermione assisting. Ron just eats, but as you know he *is* pretty good at that. We've decided that it's a good thing we didn't take him shopping with us. We think he would go nutters in a muggle grocery store.

Hermione and Ron send their regards, too. Ron still thinks it's pretty funny the way you went off on me, so maybe next time you can yell at him. Sorry again for not being clear about what we were doing.

Yours,

Harry

P.S. Hermione just found out what I was writing (she only got a glimpse of the letter, so she didn't see everything) and wanted me to tell you that her nightgown isn't *'that bad'* (her words). She says to say it has a camisole like top and it goes down nearly to her knees (looked to me like several inches short of her knees) and that it isn't at all see through. When I pointed out to her that I could tell what color her knickers were she got all red and punched me in the arm. Anyway, she says it was pretty much like the one you wore when the two of you shared that tent at the Quidditch World Cup. Hmm. It that's true I wonder if you still have that nightgown. I think I wouldn't mind seeing what it looks like on you now. (grin)

-xox-XOX-XOX-xox-



# Dear Ginny

## Part 2, Moving Forward

### Part 2, Moving Forward

#### Letter 3

Thursday, 19 June

Dear Ginny,

Well, something finally happened around here besides studying. Two things actually. First, we went to G ... to this house I own. (Hermione just explained to me why I couldn't write it down.) It's the house where you guys stayed two summers ago and had to spend a lot of time cleaning. It's my house now because Sirius left it to me in his will. Anyway, no one knew it at the time, but some of the stuff we found there that summer was quite valuable. One thing in particular. So we went there to look for it. Okay, I guess I need to explain that better. See, one of the things we're doing this summer is searching for special um ... magical items. Sort of like weapons that we might be able to use to defeat Voldemort. It turns out that one of the things we threw away back then might be useful in fighting against him.

We were pretty worried about whether it would still be there, since Sirius was going to throw all that stuff out. But if you remember, Kreacher kept going through the stuff we were throwing out and hiding some of it. Well, Hermione remembered that he had a cupboard off the kitchen where he kept his 'treasures'. (She found it when she tried to give him a Christmas present that year.) So she crawled into the cupboard and there it was! That Hermione is really something, the way she figured all of that out. I don't know what I'd do without her. We were really excited that we found it. Especially Hermione. She was so thrilled that she gave each of us a hug and a kiss!

Now, that leads me to the second bit of news. When Hermione jumped into Ron's arms and gave him a kiss, he didn't let go. The two of them just stood there staring at each other. I swear, it was just like on the telly. Being the good friend that I am (and not wanting to stay around if they were going to start snogging) I snuck out of the room and left them there. They eventually came up to the drawing room about an hour later and they were both blushing like mad. Finally!

It's kind of weird, though. I've been expecting them to get together for months, but now that they have I'm a little bit sad. I guess it's because I'm jealous of them. I mean that they're together but you and I can't be. And I'm sure now that they'll want to spend time alone together without me. That will be strange. Well, looking on the bright side, I hope this means they won't squabble with each other so much. Maybe this will give them a better outlet for some of that tension between them.

Those are the two big bits of news. Oh, I finally gave in and let Hermione take me shopping for new clothes. I know you said you wanted to do that, but she convinced me I really needed them now, and I won't see you for quite a while so I figured it was best if I just got it over with. Hermione says to tell you that you will really like the way they look on me. I can't see that I look all that much different, but she says I do.

*Trust me, he looks really yummy! HJG*

Obviously that last line was from Hermione. Geez, she makes it sound like I'm on the menu for dinner or something. That reminds me – we're invited over to the Grangers for dinner on Sunday. Hermione's chance to show off the new boyfriend, right? You should have seen the panicked look on Ron's face when I pointed that out to him. It was really funny. He's lucky you and the twins aren't around to tease him about it. Perhaps you might want to send along a letter or two for him the next time you write.

Yours,

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

#### Letter 4

Friday, 20 June

Dear Ginny,

I don't know how, but I just seem to keep getting you upset with these letters. Maybe I should stop writing for a while (just kidding).

Look, I'm sure you would have been very helpful at ... at that place the other day. You're right, you probably would have been able to figure it out, too. Now, maybe you don't think it would have been dangerous, but I didn't want to take a chance. No one has been there for a while and with Dumbledore dead we weren't sure how ... how 'protected' it still is.

You certainly don't have to be alarmed about Hermione kissing me. I told you she kissed Ron too, right? And what he did afterwards? Besides, it's not like Hermione hasn't kissed me before. She was just doing it because she was excited. Really, you don't have to worry about it. Like I said, she's with Ron now.

Yes, I know you wanted to help me shop for clothes. Yes, I know that's something girlfriends do. But really, Hermione's been my best friend for six years, so I think that probably qualifies her, too. She knows the kinds of things I like and what looks good on me. It's over and done with, so there's not much we can do about it now, is there?

Honestly, you don't have to worry about Hermoine, okay? (Great, I'm even starting to sound like her now.) There's nothing going on between us. And even if there was anything for you to worry about with us sleeping in the same room, what happened today just ended that situation. As it turns out Hermione's not living here with us any more.

What happened was that Ron and Hermione had been looking at each other with goofy smiles on their faces all morning so I finally shoed them out of the room. They weren't getting any studying done anyway – at least Ron wasn't. I don't know how she does it, but Hermione could study no matter what was distracting her. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see her holding hands with Ron with one hand while she turns pages in her book with the other. I figured they would enjoy going out into the back yard and spending some time alone together. By the way, remember what I said yesterday about feeling uncomfortable? I've discovered that if I don't have to watch them it doesn't bother me that much. I'm actually pretty used to being by myself.

Well, the problem was that Dudley saw them snogging out in the back yard and when Uncle Vernon found out he hit the ceiling. Said she couldn't stay in my bedroom with us any more because he's sure there's 'unnatural behavior' going on up here at night. Well, that embarrassed Hermione so much that she didn't even try to argue with him about it. I really felt sorry for her. She had such a horrified expression on her face when she looked at me. I tried to reassure her that I knew she'd never do something like that and that it was okay and we would be all right. Then she started crying. I had to hug her until she calmed down. I'm sure she was worried that she'd let me down. You know how she is. It seems like the one thing that shakes her up the most is when she's afraid she's let someone down. Maybe not everyone, but she's like that with me.

The odd thing about it is – I think Ron actually was thinking along those lines. I mean he was thinking that they might be doing some snuggling and – well, I'm trying not to think about what else he might have been thinking of – after the lights go out at night. I could see from the look on his face when Uncle Vernon went off that the thought had occurred to him. You know how easy it is to read Ron about things like that. And you remember how fast he moved with Lavender after they got together last year. I hope he realizes that Hermione isn't going to let him climb all over her like Lavender did last year. That's just not the way she is. Anyway, it's a good thing Hermione was looking at me at the time and didn't see that look on Ron's face just then, or she might have been even more upset.

I'm not saying I blame Ron for thinking in that direction. Like I said, I'm not interested in Hermione that way but that nightgown she wears really does look good on her. I can certainly see that it would give him ideas and make it tough for him to keep his hands to himself. I guess maybe her wearing that worked a little *too* well. But, that's something we don't have to worry about any more. It's just us two guys sleeping here now, without the distracting female.

It's not like we aren't still going to be with her every day. It's pretty inconvenient though. She apparated home to her parents' house with most of her things this evening and she's going to apparate back in the morning. She promised to bring breakfast with her. She left all her books and research materials here, so we'll still be researching spells and stuff all day. She'll be going back and forth every day. I'll just miss those evening talks we used to have. You know, how we used to sit around the fireplace in the common room after things quieted down and just talk. We've been doing that here at night after we put our work aside and got ready for bed.

Well, enough depressing thoughts for now.

Yours,

Harry

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## Letter 5

Saturday, 21 June

Dear Ginny,

You really need to get over this. Since you're making such a big deal out of it, she kissed me at King's Cross station at the end of fourth year. It was on the cheek. Satisfied? And I hugged her yesterday because she was crying. That's all.

It's been a really stressful day here for us today, so I don't feel like writing much. Ron and Hermione are acting all weird around each other. Like they don't know if they're even allowed to touch each other without worrying if Dudley's going to go running off to Uncle Vernon saying they're being 'unnatural' again. Well, I agree it would be unnatural if that whale ever had a girl interested in him, but there's nothing wrong with it for the rest of us! I wanted for the three of us to go down to the kitchen all holding hands just to dare them to say something, but Hermione doesn't want to make any more trouble.

By the way, it didn't take long for them to start arguing with each other again. I'm hoping it's because we're all in such a bad mood about what happened yesterday. I finally left them in the room and went out for a walk. I think they must have worked something out because when I got back they were calmed down, and I noticed Hermione's hair was even messier than usual. With any luck going over to Hermione's house for dinner tomorrow will cheer us up.

I'll write more another time.

Harry

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## Letter 6

Sunday, 22 June

Dear Ginny,

What a fiasco that was! We got back from the Grangers a little while ago and Ron is lying on his bed in a foul mood, muttering and moaning about it. He's in no mood to talk about it and I'm not about to fall asleep any time soon, so I thought I'd tell you the story.

It started out just fine. Hermione came over and side-alonged first me and then Ron to her house. It took a while for her to get there with Ron, so I figured she must be giving him some last minute encouragement. Or some last minute instructions on how to behave. Anyway, I was at her house alone with her parents for a bit. They are wonderful people. We hit it off right away and I was very comfortable with them. It's funny how you can see some of Hermione's traits in each of them. Maybe that's why we got on so well. You know how Hermione and I can sit and talk to each other about anything and not be uneasy with each other? It was just like that with them. It didn't hurt that they seemed to know a lot about me already. I guess Hermione writes long letters home and has mentioned me a lot. That's not very surprising now that I think about it – since we've spent so much time together for six years it stands to reason that a lot of what she tells her parents about would involve me and Ron.

I loved their house. The amazing thing was, it doesn't look that much different than the Dursley's – maybe a little bigger – but the feel is completely the opposite. It has such a friendly, welcoming feel (a lot like your house does) whereas the Dursleys' house has always made me feel unwanted. Each room I go into here makes me feel like I'm intruding. But not the Grangers' house. Every room there is inviting and comfortable. The sitting room has these great comfortable overstuffed chairs and a sofa that are just begging you to flop down on them and make yourself at home. The kitchen and eating area is bright and cheery. Oh, and you should see Hermione's bedroom. It's exactly what you would picture her bedroom looking like. Floor to ceiling bookshelves along one wall. The rest of the decorations reflect her personality, too – practical but feminine. The whole place is so nice I'm amazed that Hermione doesn't spend more time there during the summer. You can tell her parents miss her and wish she could spend more time with them, but at the same time they're completely supportive of her and what she's doing for me. I was going to suggest to Hermione and Ron that maybe we should consider staying there for a while after our two weeks at the Dursleys are up. At least I was before everything fell apart.

There was one kinda funny incident at the beginning. Apparently Mr. and Mrs. Granger got mixed up about which one of us was Hermione's new boyfriend, and they started congratulating her and me for finally getting together. Hermione and Ron both turned red and Hermione was really stammering while she explained it was Ron and not me. If you remember two years ago, it was kind of like when Hermione thought I was the Gryffindor prefect and she got all excited, but then had to backtrack and think of something else to say when she found out it was Ron instead. It almost seemed that her parents were disappointed that it was Ron rather than me, but that was probably because they and I hit it off so well when we first met. Unfortunately, that whole scene didn't help Ron's nerves a bit and he ended up even more flustered than he already was.

Ron was really uncomfortable the whole time. Remember when I told you he wasn't very good at being a muggle? Well, it was even worse this time because he was so nervous about making a mistake. It was like he was afraid he was going to break something. It's really too bad, because Ron can be a charming and funny guy when he's relaxed. It's like it was for him in quidditch during fifth year. He would be okay sometimes when he was relaxed, but when he tightened up and got nervous he wouldn't be able to save anything. It seemed like everything he said came out wrong – even insulting sometimes. You know, wizards really ought to learn more about muggles. I never realized before how much purebloods like your family don't understand about the regular world. And with your dad being so interested in muggle things, I reckon your family is better than most.

Poor Hermione. She just sat there getting more and more anxious and upset and Ron just kept saying stupid things. Finally he just gave up and focused on eating. That didn't work out all that well either. (You know how Ron sometimes gets a little 'overenthusiastic' when he eats.) I could see Mr. and Mrs. Granger frowning at each other at his table manners and of course Hermione picked up on that too. She started really getting frantic but I reached over and put my hand on hers to calm her down some. (She was sitting between me and Ron.) She relaxed a bit then and I managed to distract everyone by asking her parents to tell us a little about what Hermione was like as a child. That got us through dinner. (They did have some pretty funny stories, too.)

Then we went into the sitting room to talk some more, but that didn't work out either. Ron must have been miffed about being ignored toward the end of dinner so he sat down right next to Hermione. I guess he was trying to prove something because he couldn't keep his hands off of her. First he tried holding her hand, then he put his arm around her. She was feeling pretty annoyed with him by now so she didn't respond and he kept pushing it. Finally she got up and came over and sat by me. By this time I could really see the worried looks on her parents' faces but by now she and Ron were both being stubborn about it and didn't seem to care any more. Finally I got up and said it was getting late and it was time we were going home. Since there was no way Hermione was going to want to side-along apparate Ron in the mood they were both in, I just told them that I could do it. Fortunately Hermione didn't complain this time about me not having a license. I guess she was really in no mood to hold onto Ron just then so that she could take us back. I did catch an appreciative look in her eyes before we left, so I'm pretty sure I made the right decision. Hopefully she'll come over tomorrow and the two of them can work it out.

Well, I really am pretty tired now, so I'll send this off with Hedwig.

Miss you,

Harry

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**Letter 7**

Monday, 23 June

Dear Ginny,

Oh Ginny, that was so mean! It was pretty funny, I have to admit, but poor Ron. I understand now why your brothers are so afraid of you! If I'd known

you were going to send him a letter like that I don't know if I would have told you about what happened. Us guys are supposed to stick together, you know. You caught him completely by surprise, too. He wasn't expecting Hedwig to have a letter from you for him, since your letters have always been for me. He was so steamed after getting it that Hermione and I had to leave him alone for a while. We went off for a walk around the block. That turned out to be a good thing, because it gave us a chance to talk about what happened. She was in a right state at first, but I managed to cheer her up. I even got her to laugh about it a little. But I don't think Ron will be laughing about it any time soon.

After last night, I decided that Ron needed to be able to apparate himself. So we're practicing today. I reckon we can pop back and forth from my room to the back yard. He's not too mad at me about last night, even though I thought he might be, especially after Hermione came over and sat by me instead of him. He said he appreciated me taking the attention away from him.

Well, time to go back to trying to get my two best friends to work things out again.

Yours,

Harry

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# Dear Ginny

## Part 3, Coming Together, Falling Apart

### Part 3, Coming Together; Falling Apart

#### Letter 8

Wednesday, 25 June

Dear Ginny,

We had another adventure today. We just got back from visiting Hogwarts. Now before you start up complaining about us not taking you along again, I'm sure you wouldn't have wanted to go where we went in the castle. We went back down into the Chamber of Secrets.

Let me explain. Hermione and I had the idea that one of the magical items we're looking for might be in the Chamber. So we all went down and explored it. As you remember, I didn't really stop to have a look around the last time – I was much more concerned with getting you to safety. Anyway, once we explained to McGonagall what we wanted to do (and Dumbledore's portrait helped us convince her that it was a good idea) we all went down. McGonagall, Flitwick, and Hagrid went with us. Everyone was fascinated to see what the Chamber was like, and frankly it I was curious to see if it was the same way I remembered it. Ron was the only one besides me who had ever been down there, and as you may recall he never made it past the rockslide. I was very thankful that Hagrid was there to move the rocks out of the way, although all of us were able to help by levitating them too. They were all impressed with how big the basilisk was (its body was still there, although it had deteriorated quite a bit). Fortunately Flitwick, McGonagall, and Hermione are very good with scourgify and air freshening charms.

After looking around quite a while, and finding several secret hiding places, we finally found what we were looking for. I also found the basilisk fang that I used to destroy the diary, and in addition Hagrid broke off the other fang that was still on the basilisk skeleton for me. The first one will make a good souvenir, and I think the second one will be very useful for one of the things we have to do this summer. Hagrid explained to us that basilisk venom never goes bad, and the second fang still has some in it.

McGonagall also wanted to talk to Hermione and me privately. She wanted to know if we would be willing to be Head Boy and Head Girl next year! Can you believe it? Me, Head Boy? (Obviously Hermione was going to be Head Girl. I'm sure she was the only one in the school who didn't think that was a sure thing.) But with all the trouble I've gotten into over the years I would never have thought they would want me. I hope Ron won't be too jealous. I know being Head Boy was a dream of his, but honestly, can you imagine anyone from our class who they would be less likely to pick? With his attitude toward schoolwork? OK, Crabbe and Goyle for sure, but not too many others.

Now, it's not official, so you can't tell anyone. There are some reasons why Hermione and I might have to turn them down. Yes, I'm sure you've guessed – it has to do with me going after Voldemort. McGonagall was not happy at all when we told her we might not accept. She looked so distressed that we decided that we couldn't just reject her outright so we left it up in the air. We told her we'd let her know next month.

Afterwards, we all celebrated by having dinner in the Great Hall. It sure is different there in the summer. In one way, it was like it was during Christmas break, when there were only enough of us for one table. But it was warmer during the summer and the whole atmosphere was brighter. Most of the teachers are gone for the summer and of course there were no students there (besides us). It sure seemed like a more pleasant place to spend the summer than it is here at the Dursleys! For one thing, I could actually practice magic there instead of having to sit here waiting for my birthday before I can do any magic. Just think of all the spells we could learn.

That brings up something else we've been discussing. We're trying to figure out where we're going to go once my time at the Dursleys' is up. Ron, of course, thinks we should go to the Burrow for the rest of the summer. Hermione would like us to go to her house for a bit. I can see both of their points. Like I said in another letter, Hermione hardly ever gets to spend time with her parents. And Ron hasn't spent any time at home with you guys since Christmas. On the other hand, we were all at the Burrow for most of the summer last year. Yet another problem is that Ron is tired of living like a muggle, and his last experience at Hermione's house wasn't too pleasant. Oh well, we still have several days to decide.

Well, that's the big news. Let's see, what else is there to mention? Oh yeah – Ron and Hermione are back to normal. Of course for them, normal these days means alternating arguing and then making up. I always have to leave the room for the make-up sessions. (Or should I say 'make out' sessions – grin.) I'm still playing referee. Maybe mediator is a better word for it. Ron will get me alone and complain about Hermione, and I'll try to calm him down and talk up her good points. To hear me try to convince him sometimes you'd think I was the one who was going out with her. Then Hermione will bend my ear while we're down in the kitchen fixing something to eat and I'll try to remind her of why she likes Ron so much. That sure seems like a weird relationship to me.

Ron's gotten really good at apparating. I don't think he's ready to try to side-along anyone, but he's just fine by himself. I think he's going to go for his license next week instead of waiting for me and my birthday. It's a real pain having our birthdays be near the end of the summer and being the youngest ones in our classes isn't it? I shouldn't complain, since yours is even later than mine.

That's all for now.

Yours,

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

#### Letter 9

Thursday, 26 June

Dear Ginny,

Come on, this is getting ridiculous. It seems like I can't write anything without you getting upset and going off on me. Look, I told you before that you can't do these things with us. I had no idea that you would want to go back into the Chamber. I guess maybe I don't know you as well as I thought I did. I just figured that it would have too many bad memories for you. If you feel that strongly about it, I'll take you back down there sometime when we're at Hogwarts.

And I never said we were coming to the Burrow as soon as we left here. I realize that's what you would like, but I'm not sure that's the best thing for me. I mean for this task I'm working on. I don't know how much research and training we'd be able to get done there. I'm not sure your mum would approve of what we're doing. And it's going to be getting pretty busy there, what with all the wedding preparations, right? Okay, maybe it would be fun to have a break from our work, and sure it would be nice to see you again, but we can't stay there all summer. Once I turn seventeen I'm going to be spending all my time practicing spells. You know what I'm up against. Remember what I told you about how badly I did against Snape? Well, don't you think Voldemort will be an even tougher opponent than Snape? Look, we're going to come for the wedding, certainly, and I'm sure we'll stay there for a while then. We'll just have to see how things work out. I'm thinking I might want to get a flat for us to stay in where no one knows where we are. Like I said, we have to really get serious about our training.

I do appreciate the nice things you said about me being Head Boy. I hope you can understand why I might have to turn it down. I'm going to be very busy next year and I might not even have time for school, much less all the duties involved with being Head Boy. I'm glad to hear that you agree with me about Ron, but don't you dare tell him I said that. I don't think the comments you made about Hermione were very funny, though. I think all that studying she does has been very helpful over the years. I can't count how many times she's come through for me because she's known a spell that was just what I needed to get out of a jam. And she's loosened up a lot after hanging out with Ron and me for six years.

Time to get back to work. I really wish we could stop having these misunderstandings.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

## Letter 10

Saturday, 28 June

Dear Ginny,

What a disaster! What a complete and utter catastrophe! I have no idea how I'm going to fix this. Well, I assume Ron is there now, so he probably told you what happened. I've been trying to pick up the pieces all day, and I'm worn out. I'm writing this all down now because I'm too wound up to do anything else, and maybe if I sit here and write it out I'll calm down.

I don't know what Ron told you, but he really bollixed it up this time. I don't think Hermione's ever going to forgive him for this one. I told you we were trying to decide where to go when we leave here, and Ron and Hermione disagreed on where we should go. The disagreement started getting personal, and they both got more and more upset the more they argued. Louder and louder too. Fortunately Hermione put a silencing charm on the room before the yelling started. I almost wonder if she expected it to go that far beforehand.

Basically, Ron finally said he had no intention spending any more time around a bunch of stupid muggles. Hermione reminded him that these were her PARENTS he was talking about, and he said he was quite aware of that because they were just as bad as she was. She was too stunned to answer that for a minute, but Ron wouldn't shut up. He said one know-it-all was all he could handle. Of course Hermione was in tears by now and she asked why he ever wanted her as a girlfriend if he didn't even like her. He said that he didn't know either and that Lavender was a lot better kisser than she was and Lavender also didn't mind showing some affection. I don't suppose you remember what I wrote back when they first got together. About hoping he realized that Hermione wouldn't let him climb all over her like Lavender did. Well, apparently that's exactly what he wanted from her and she hasn't been 'putting out' (Ron's words). I guess this has been a sore point between them all week.

Well, as soon as Ron brought up Lavender it was the final straw. Hermione slapped him, then pulled back and started sobbing. This is where I finally stepped in between them but when I did she latched onto me and wouldn't let go. Well, I certainly wasn't going to push my best friend away when she was in that state, so I tried to comfort her as best I could, while also glaring at Ron. He just glared back and then said something like 'Oh sure, go to Harry. He's the one you wanted all along anyway.' At that I lost it and started to yell at him, but Hermione really went spare. She pulled out her wand and stood there pointing it at him shaking like a leaf. Finally she just growled at him to get out.

This was the first point in the whole business where Ron actually showed some sense. I don't even want to think about what kind of hexes Hermione would have hit him with if he'd stayed in that room another minute. He apparated away in a blink. I'm not really sure where he went, but it might have just been to the back yard.

It took me a long time to get Hermione calmed down and get her to let go of me but I finally got her sitting down and drinking some tea. We talked for a bit (well, mostly I talked and she listened and either nodded or shook her head) and finally decided that she would go back to her parents' house. Since she was still a bit shaky, I side-alonged her.

When I got back Ron was in the room and had cooled off pretty much. I think he knew he had ended it with Hermione for good, and may have seen it coming even before today, but it took a while for him to realize how much he had just messed up our mission. I had settled down enough that we were able to have a civil conversation, but only because I forced myself not to say anything about the things he had said to Hermione. He mumbled an apology for saying what he said about her and me and also for messing everything else up. Then he packed up and left. Since we were

planning to leave tomorrow anyway, a lot of our stuff was already packed in our trunks. He asked me what I was going to do next, but I just shook my head. Then he said he hoped I would come to the Burrow but he understood if I didn't right away.

I don't know what to do now. There's no way the two of them are going to be able to even be in the same room together, much less work together. If we thought it was bad between them last year for those two months after he started snogging Lavender, that was nothing like this is going to be. You know, I remember when it first looked they might get together last fall I wondered a bit what would happen if they got together and then broke up. I guess I'm going to find out now.

Ginny, I need both of them but when I'm honest about it I know I need Hermione more. She's the one who always figures things out for us, and she's the one knows how to research things. And right now that's what I need most.

I guess I succeeded in calming myself down while writing this letter. I think I'll pop over to Hermione's house to make sure she's all right, then come back here for my last night. I'll write again when I figure out what I'm going to do.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

## **Letter 11**

Sunday, 29 June

Dear Ginny,

Just stop it already. I'm not in the mood for this. You know I had nothing to do with them breaking up. You know Ron was just saying that. And I can't believe you said those things about Hermione. She is certainly not a frigid prude. I think she can be plenty affectionate. Just because she doesn't want to writhe around like a pair of eels with a guy. Good grief, they'd only been going together for a week. You wouldn't jump right into that stuff with a guy either, right? You and I certainly never did that and you seemed pretty disgusted with Ron and Lavender when they acted like that. I don't know, though, from what I saw of you and Dean that time in the corridor, maybe you are like that and I never realized it. There seems to be a lot about you that I don't know.

Look, I'm not too happy with Ron right now and if you're going to take his side then I'm not too happy with you either. If either of you care I'm going to be staying at the Grangers' for a while. I've cleared all of my stuff out of the Dursleys' (and good riddance to that lot!) and moved it over here. Hermione needs me right now and I need her and if you can't handle that then too bad.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

## **Letter 12**

Tuesday, 1 July

Dear Ginny,

I'm very sorry for those things I said about you in my last letter. I accept your apology and I hope you will accept mine. Things were so emotional last weekend that I just wasn't thinking straight. I know you care about what happens to me. I don't know why I said that. Again, I'm sorry.

Hermione suggested that I try to keep this letter more positive, so I'll talk about what we've been doing here and not dwell on that other stuff. We're getting along pretty good. Like I said before, I like Hermione's parents a lot. They're really nice people, ESPECIALLY when compared to the people I was forced to live with before. Whoops, started getting negative there. Okay, here's something positive about that. Fred and George are planning some little surprises for that family I used to stay with, showing their 'appreciation' for how they treated me for all of those years. Perhaps you would enjoy helping them out. Ouch! Hermione just hit me on the shoulder. I guess that's not the kind of positive thing she was talking about. (grin)

The Grangers had an extra bedroom, so I'm staying in there. I'm across the hall from Hermione's room and we share a bathroom. She's used to getting up earlier than I do so there's been no problem with that. Mr. and Mrs. Granger are both dentists, so they are gone for most of the day. Hermione and I are in charge of cooking and other than that we have the whole day to ourselves. She's been teaching me a lot of useful spells. I suppose you are aware of this, being from a wizarding family, but since the Ministry can't distinguish who is casting a spell at a given location, I can do magic here because Hermione is of age. I bet that's how you got so good at your Bat Bogey hex. You never had to worry about getting a Ministry owl for doing underage magic (you just had to hide from your mum and brothers!).

Our big project so far as been putting up wards and protective charms on the Granger house. Of course, you know Hermione – never does anything half way. By the time we're done this house will have more protective spells on it than Gringotts, I bet! Ouch! She just hit me on the other arm.

In addition to studying and practicing spells, we've been exercising. Remus and Moody came over to visit us yesterday and they suggested that. They said the better physical condition you're in, the more stamina you have and the longer you can cast spells in a fight without tiring out. Oh, Moody was pretty impressed with the protective spells we're planning. Hermione was positively glowing when she heard that. You know if 'Constant Vigilance' Moody thinks we're doing well, that's quite a compliment.

Anyway, for exercise we're running and swimming and we're going to start lifting weights as soon as we get the weight training equipment we

ordered. I don't remember if I told you, but the Grangers have a backyard swimming pool. Is swimming something wizards do? I guess it must be, because Cedric, Krum and Fleur were able to swim in the lake during the Second Task. Were they all wearing swimming costumes? I know I just waded in wearing my robes, but I remember seeing Krum in swim trunks the week before. I never noticed what Fleur wore. Anyway, Hermione wears bikinis like most muggle girls do, but she says she doesn't think witches do. She just told me that Fleur wore a swim costume that went out of style in the muggle world 50 years ago. If you and I ever go swimming together, I sure wouldn't mind if you wore a suit like one of Hermione's. I've never even owned swim trunks, so Hermione took me shopping again and I bought some. She's also taught me how to swim. Now that I know how, it's pretty enjoyable. Lying out in the sun afterward to dry off is quite enjoyable too.

In the evenings we spend time with Mr. and Mrs. Granger. Sometimes we play cards and sometimes we watch movies. Okay, I guess you wouldn't know what movies are. I'll have to show you sometime. We also spend a lot of time just sitting and visiting. I could really get used to this. It's so much less stressful than my normal summers. But we know it isn't going to last. Next month Remus and Moody are going to start teaching us combat spells, and teaching us how to duel. I think we're going to need plenty of healing potions once that starts.

We still haven't decided how long we're going to stay here. I still think it might be useful to rent a flat somewhere, but Hermione's enjoying being with her parents for a while. We'll for sure make it to the Burrow for the wedding, if not sooner.

Still thinking about you.

Harry

-xox-XOX-XOX-xox-



# Dear Ginny

## Part 4, Situations Change

### Part 4, Situations Change

#### Letter 13

Thursday, 10 July

Dear Ginny,

I'm so sorry that it's been so long since I've written. I can't believe that more than a week went by. We've been very busy here. I'm learning an incredible amount of magic. That's what comes from hanging around with Hermione all day every day without anyone else around to distract me. Now I understand how she knows so many spells. I think we've been studying at least 8 hours every day. Don't tell Ron, he'd never let me hear the end of it. Probably tell me I'm turning into Hermione! Actually, you should tell him the things we're doing. I think he's probably interested even if he's refusing to write to us right now. I really am sorry for the way things turned out with him and Hermione, and that I had to choose between the two of them. But I'm certain that I made the right choice, because we're definitely making progress on our 'project'.

We're not studying ALL the time. I'm sure that would drive me nuts. We mix up the studying with exercise during the day, and spend an hour relaxing by the pool if the weather's nice. We've also learned that as we get physically stronger, combined with practicing spells over and over, our spells get more powerful. And like I said in my last letter, we spend time with the Grangers during the evenings. I've even gotten her dad to tell some embarrassing Hermione stories from when she was little. She always turns red and crosses her arms and pouts when he does. She looks so cute that her mum always laughs and teases her about it. I can usually get her to come out of it by giving her a hug and telling her we all love her anyway.

We finish up by practicing Occlumency and Legilimency with each other right before bed. Hermione found a couple of books about it and we're learning how to do it right. (Instead of how Snape pretended to teach me – that evil git!) She tests my shields and I test hers. She teased me by threatening to try to find my memories of kissing Cho and I got her back by threatening to find her memories of kissing Krum. She didn't realize that I only kissed Cho once, and I had already described that one to her. And I didn't realize that she never actually kissed Krum.

One of the results of all of this is that I'm learning a lot about Hermione that I never knew before. In that regard staying here and getting to know her parents definitely helps. I'm really starting to understand her better – what makes her act the way she does. I'm thinking that if Ron understood some of these things about her it might have gone better between them.

We've also had a couple of major excursions. The first was to Gringotts. I haven't been to my vault since before third year. Hermione reminded me that Sirius had left me some things, and we decided that I should really find out what all was involved in that. Boy was I in for a shock. When we got there we were sure there would be a long wait because of what Bill said last year, but as soon as I identified myself one of the goblins took us to a conference room. At first they didn't want Hermione there, since it was confidential estate stuff and only family are usually allowed to be present, but I convinced them to let her stay by telling them she was a very close friend.

The second shock was that not only was I left quite a bit by Sirius, but I was also mentioned in Dumbledore's will. When we heard that we were overwhelmed a bit from recalling his death, and realizing that he thought that much of me, and they had to wait for us to pull ourselves back together. The main thing that Dumbledore left me was his pensieve and an enormous collection of memories. It took Hermione and me an entire day to sort through them all. And Ginny, guess what? Some of them were of my parents when they were students! I couldn't believe it. Those were the ones we looked at first. (Please don't tell Ron this part – I actually cried a bit afterwards. Hermione was really nice about it. She just held me and didn't make fun of me or anything.) It was so wonderful to finally learn more about them. It's pretty interesting how much my mum was like Hermione. Seeing the way she scolded my dad and Sirius in one memory was just like watching Hermione scold me and Ron.

Dumbledore also left me quite a collection of books. As you can imagine, that was Hermione's favorite part. She's going to be looking through them for anything that might be helpful while I scan through the rest of the memories. All in all, on top of the things I mentioned before, it's been keeping us incredibly busy.

Back to my inheritance. It turns out Sirius's estate included quite a bit of money as well as some properties other than 'that house'. I decided that some of the money should go to the members of the Order to show my gratitude for everything they've done, including taking time out of their lives to keep watch on me and all that. That means your family will be getting some along with the others. (Keep this part to yourself since I don't want your parents to try to give it back – I made it so they would get quite a bit extra. I really wanted to do something special for your guys in return for all that you've done for me. You've practically made me a member of the family.) We might be able to use one or more of the properties, too. We're thinking they might be good places to live and train after I come of age. That sounds better than the idea of renting a flat. We'll be looking into that more next month.

The other major excursion was a visit to a muggle orphanage. Please make sure Ron knows about this, even if he doesn't want to hear about the rest of this letter. It's part of our project. Tell him it was successful. What happened was, we got the idea that this orphanage might have some valuable information that we could use. It was the orphanage where Tom Riddle lived before he went to Hogwarts and during the summers while he was a student. (In a way life was the same for him as it was for me at the Dursleys. Scary thought that.)

So anyway, Hermione and I went there, and our cover story was that we were married and were thinking of adopting a child. Hermione was brilliant. First, she came up with some glamour spells that made us look older, and then she put on an act about being unable to have children and how she loved me so much and that I wanted so badly to be a father and she was devastated when she found out she couldn't give me a child. She broke down crying and everything. She was so good she almost had me convinced.

Well, they bought it. Hermione insisted that we be allowed to look the place over to assure ourselves that the kids were well taken care of – so that there wouldn't be a lot of psychological damage to overcome. It was pretty clear to the staff member interviewing us that she was the decision maker in our family, so they pretty much ignored me and let me wander around on my own. I used a locating spell Hermione found in one of Dumbledore's books and found what we were looking for. There was a dangerous part because it had a nasty trap on it, but we figured it out (i.e. – Hermione figured it out) and neither of us got hurt. It was incredible that everything worked out so well. The only downside was that I feel kinda bad that there are orphans there who need homes that we won't be able to give one to, since we were only pretending. Hermione didn't get their hopes up, though. She left it that we just weren't sure and would have to think about it some more.

We were so excited afterward that we couldn't even think about anything else. Hermione was hugging everyone in sight when we got home. We even took her parents out to dinner to celebrate. For me it was also a way to show my appreciation for them letting me stay here for a couple of weeks.

That was yesterday, and we decided to declare a day off today. That's when I decided it would be a good chance to write some letters. I promised to keep Remus and McGonagall informed of how we're doing too. Herminone's writing the one to McGonagall and I'm going to write the one to Remus after I finish this one.

Hope your summer's going all right and the wedding plans are coming along on schedule. Looking forward to seeing you then.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

### Letter 14

Saturday, 12 July

Dear Ginny,

I'm starting to wonder if maybe writing these letters to you isn't such a good idea. It seems like no matter what I write I manage to say something to set you off. I didn't say I was in love with Hermione, I just said I understood her better. Look, I'll see you at Bill's wedding next week. Hopefully we can work this out then.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

### Letter 15

Sunday, 20 July

Dear Ginny,

Wow, that was quite an experience! I had no idea that weddings were that chaotic. Hermione says that muggle weddings are like that to some extent, but that this one was even crazier than any she's ever heard of. I'm really sorry we didn't get to spend very much time together. I had no idea that your being in the wedding party would keep you so busy. Ron too. I mean I know you wanted to talk to me, and I was hoping for that too, but it just didn't seem like there was any good time. And I couldn't just go off and leave Hermione by herself. She was already pretty uncomfortable being there after breaking up with Ron. At least we did get to dance that one dance together.

I do think that there are some things that we need to get straight about our relationship. I've been thinking about this quite a bit lately. I have a feeling that you don't understand what I meant when I broke up with you. It seems that you thought it meant that I was going off without you, but whenever I came to the Burrow we would be able to be together again like nothing had happened. When I said back at Hogwarts that we couldn't be together anymore, I meant we weren't going to be boyfriend/girlfriend at all – not just when I wasn't around. The whole point was that we couldn't be as close as we were at the end of the school year because it wasn't safe to be a couple any more. If any of the wedding guests had seen us acting like we were together it would have made the whole thing pointless. So it couldn't look like I was any more attached to you than to anyone else. That's why I danced with some of the other girls as much as I did with you. It's true that I spent more time with Hermione, but I was her escort to the wedding after all, and we were seated together. Of course I danced with her more. Just like you spent more time with Fleur's cousin who was your official escort.

All of that aside, I really had a great time. I couldn't believe how nice and fixed up the Burrow looked. Fleur, of course, looked incredible in her wedding gown, but I thought the bridesmaids' gowns looked smashing too. You especially were stunning in yours. I don't think I've ever seen you look so pretty. Hermione says that in muggle weddings the bridesmaids often think their dresses look horrible, but that sure didn't appear to be the case at this wedding. By the way, tell Ron that Hermione and I thought he looked quite dashing in his wedding robes as well.

Please thank you mum for inviting us and be sure to tell her how much we enjoyed it and that she did an incredible job in putting everything together. The food, of course, was out of this world. The flowers were lovely and the fairy lights just made the whole atmosphere magical. Like I said, it was just an incredible day. (Hermione spent two hours describing it to her mum!) Bill and Fleur are so fortunate to have each other. It's obvious that they're very good for each other.

We'll be back to our regular routine now. We don't have any special excursions planned for a while. It will be mostly working out, learning spells, and training. We're still thinking of moving out of here after my birthday, to one of the other properties I now own. Moody is checking them out for us. Wherever we go, it will probably be unplotable, and maybe even under a secrecy charm, so it will be harder for people to get messages to me. Don't worry, Hedwig will always be able to find me so we'll still be able to keep in touch.



I think that's all for now. We're pretty tired from all the excitement and ready to head to bed.

Harry

-xox-XOX-XOX-xox-



# Dear Ginny

## Part 5, Moving On

### Part 5, Moving On

#### Letter 16

Friday, 1 August

Dear Ginny,

Thank you so much for the wand holder you sent for my birthday! I had no idea the twins were making things like this now. You're right, it will be incredibly useful. Hermione says the charms that must have gone into making both it and the wand invisible are very advanced magic.

I've thought a lot about all the things you said in your letter. I appreciate your confidence in me. It is good to know that you believe in me, and you're right that I sometimes doubt myself too much. It's just that I've never been comfortable with the way the wizarding world looks at me. Remember how you acted when you first found out who I was? You were so excited to meet The Boy Who Lived that you couldn't even talk coherently around me. Heck, you sometimes even ran out of the room. It wasn't just you, of course. I got the same kind of hero treatment from the adult wizards I met. The first time I went into the Leaky Cauldron with Hagrid I was swarmed all over with everyone wanting to shake my hand.

It's just gotten worse over the years. Hardly anyone has made any attempt to know the real me, instead of what they read in the paper or in the history books. Even some of my friends were that way from time to time. Fifth year especially was difficult, when everyone was acting like I was a nutter for saying 'You Know Who' was back. And that's another thing. It really gets me that almost no one in the wizarding world can say his name. Even your whole family is still that way. It's been so refreshing here at the Grangers' that we can all say the name Voldemort in conversation.

But back to what I was saying. The kids at Hogwarts, including Ron for a while during fourth year, have a hard time distinguishing the real me from the image of the Hero of the Wizarding World that they learned about growing up. All except Hermione that is. She's always seen me as just her friend Harry (who she has to consistently keep after to do his homework). So it makes me a little uneasy when you say things like 'you always wanted to be with me' or 'you waited for years for me to notice you' or 'you never gave up on me'. At what point during that time did I stop being 'The Boy Who Lived' from the stories your mum told you when you were little and start being Harry? When did I change from the knight in shining armor who saved you from the Chamber to a real flesh and blood person that you like in spite of all my moodiness?

That's one of the reasons I've been so comfortable living with the Grangers for the past month, and why I'm so reluctant to leave. It's just been so normal. They treat me like a good friend of their daughter's – nothing more, nothing less. But it's time to move on. I think I've imposed on them long enough, although they would never agree with that. Today we move into another house. It's out in the country so it will be a lot easier for us to practice spells. And we're going to start learning some dangerous ones. Like I said before, most owls won't be able to find us, so mail will be difficult, but Hedwig will still be available. Pigwidgeon too, if Ron joins us. That reminds me, please make sure Ron reads the letter that's enclosed for him. Put him in a body bind and read it to him if you have to. In case you're wondering why it's so long, Hermione wrote it. (That's the girl who always has trouble keeping her homework assignments *short* enough, while the rest of us are trying to figure out how we're ever going to fill the whole scroll.) But we're really hoping that he will come back and join us. We really need him with us here on this 'project'.

The last thing I want to be sure to tell you is that we've decided for certain that we're not going back to Hogwarts in the fall. We just have too much to do. I know McGonagall will be disappointed, as well as some of the other students (I know, you especially). I'm sorry, but that's just the way it has to be. I'm sure that Padma and Ernie will do a fine job as Head Girl and Head Boy.

Take care Ginny and have a good year at school.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

#### Letter 17

Monday, 11 August

Dear Ginny,

Happy birthday! You may have noticed that there's no gift with this letter, but that's because your present is waiting for you to pick up at Quality Quidditch Supplies. I just figured that the best quidditch player at Hogwarts ought to have the fastest broom at Hogwarts. Don't you dare try to turn it down. You've earned it. And congratulations on being named Gryffindor quidditch captain this year. You deserve it and I know you'll do a good job. (Probably a lot better job than the last Gryffindor captain did – hopefully you'll at least manage to play in all the games this year.) Have you decided whether you're going to be a chaser or seeker yet? You're great at both. Ron and I are counting on you to find some good replacements for us and Katie, and we expect to see that Quidditch Cup stay in Gryffindor's hands for at least two more years.

I'm not ignoring the question you asked in your last letter. I just thought I'd get the other stuff out of the way first. Yes, I think you should go ahead and date other guys this year. I just want you to be happy and I know you're not happy with the situation that's developed between us. But I want you to know that I enjoyed every minute that I was with you and I wouldn't trade that experience for anything. For at least a few weeks last year it was nice to be able to feel like a normal person. You did that for me and I thank you for it, even if it didn't work out. Deep down I realized that my life was never going to be normal, and once Dumbledore was gone – well, we both knew what I would have to do.

Please don't feel at all guilty about wanting to date someone else. You're a great girl and you deserve whatever happiness you can find. I really hope that we can stay good friends. Even if we can't be together I still consider you one of my best and most loyal friends. I'll never forget everything you did for me.

I also need to be honest with you and tell you that Hermione and I have become much closer in the last month. I don't know if it will turn into a romantic relationship or not. With everything else that's going on in my life we're being very cautious about this. While we both acknowledge that there are strong feelings between us we aren't going to push it. We both need each other too much to risk what happened between her and Ron. Plus there isn't really any time for something like dating and to be honest, having finally got Ron back in our lives we don't want to alienate him by going off for private time by ourselves.

Happy birthday again. Hope you have a great year.

Harry

-oooOOOooo-

## Letter 18

31 October

Dear Ginny,

Where does the time go? We have been so caught up in everything we're doing it's hard to believe it's Halloween already. Did anything special happen at Hogwarts this year? It seems like so many major events have occurred in my life on this day that I'm always on edge wondering what's going to happen this time.

I'm sorry to hear that things didn't work out between you and Seamus. (Ron told us – he heard about it from your mum.) It occurs to me that now Neville is the only Gryffindor guy in my year that you haven't dated yet. Is he going to be next? Actually, I was kidding just then but in fact, Neville continues to impress me more every year. He's one of the nicest and most loyal guys I've ever met, and I think he's turning into a pretty good wizard. I've heard that he and you are doing a great job leading the DA. I think that was a good idea, by the way, starting it up again. After everything we've learned the past several months, I now realize that Hogwarts students really need improvement in their defense skills.

We have been doing very heavy training with Moody and with Dumbledore's brother, Aberforth. Did you know he was the barman at the Hog's Head? We only saw him that one time when we had the organizational meeting of the DA, and I didn't make the connection then. I only realized it when he introduced himself when he started training us. Believe it or not, he's even barmier than Professor Dumbledore was.

Here's something that I'm sure won't surprise you a bit. Hermione's making us study the material we would have covered during seventh year so we can take our NEWT's. Ron and I are doing Charms, Transfiguration, and of course Defense Against the Dark Arts. I'm also going to try for a NEWT in Potions. Ron's not sure about that one. Hermione's also trying to finish up in Arithmency and Ancient Runes. She's even got me studying Arithmency with her. I think I'm almost up to OWL level, but I doubt if I'll be ready for a NEWT in that subject. Ron and I are getting her back by making her come out flying with us every day.

I should also mention that Ron's finally gotten used to the idea that Hermione and I are together. Yeah, we're together now. We aren't making a big deal about it but – it's hard to explain but we just sort of came together. It was like we gradually grew closer to each other and eventually we just knew. Kind of that we realized that everything we've been through for six years has been inevitably leading to this and it was always meant to be. We understand each other so well it's scary sometimes, the way we each know what the other's thinking. Ron gives us a hard time about being able to communicate without talking. Oh yeah, by the way, today is the sixth anniversary of the day Ron and I became friends with Hermione so we had a little celebration.

-- later --

Okay, remember what I said about things happening to me on Halloween? Well, add another one. While I was in the middle of writing this letter we got called out on another mission. This one was especially significant because it finishes our preliminary project. Remember that snake that bit your dad? Well, it's dead now.

Now that all that's done with, we can finally start making preparations for going after Voldemort. I'm afraid that now things are really going to get serious. I'm not sure if I'll be able to tell you anything more until it's over. Like Moody keeps telling us, secrecy is absolutely essential. (Constant Vigilance!)

I don't think there's anything more to say now. I just hope this ends soon.

Harry

-xox-XOX-XOX-xox-



# Dear Ginny

## Part 6, Ending, and Beginning

### Part 6, Ending, and Beginning

#### Letter 19

December 20

Dear Ginny,

I have to let this out or I'm going to go mad. It's over Ginny! We did it! We killed him! But Ginny, I don't know if I can bear it. Harry's hurt really bad. He's in a coma and they don't know if he's going to live. Oh God, Ginny what am I going to do? I don't think I can live without him. He's my whole life! If he doesn't come through this I think I'll just curl up and die!

I'm sorry. I've got to try to pull myself together. I hope I didn't smear the parchment too much. Let me try again.

The three of us are here in this hospital. I don't know where it is though. It's a secret location Moody set up for us. Ron is unconscious but will be all right. I'm injured, but okay. Harry is ...

I'm sorry, I lost it there again. Harry was hurt so badly that they don't know if he can recover. He killed Voldemort but not before Voldemort almost killed him. Please tell all of our friends at Hogwarts that it's finally over, but don't tell everyone about Harry. Just those you can trust to keep quiet. There are still some Death Eaters about and we don't want them coming after him. Hedwig is the only owl who can find us, and the wards here won't let her in if she's carrying anything but a single scrap of parchment, so you can send a short reply with her but that's all. And no one can come and visit us either. I promise to let you know as soon as that changes. Be sure to tell your mum that Ron will be all right.

Is everyone celebrating like the last time? I read that back then they were toasting the 'Boy Who Lived' for days. (Did you know how much Harry hated that nickname?) And meanwhile there was Harry, who had just had both of his parents murdered, being dropped off on the doorstep of a couple who would hate him all of his life. It makes me cry every time I think about it. But now I'm living that all over again. I just can't even think about celebrating now, not while Harry is like this.

I'm afraid I'm going to go mad with worry. I think it will help if I have someone to tell it to, even if it's only a letter, so I hope you don't mind if I ramble on a bit. Writing seems to be helping me calm down.

I'll try to start at the beginning. The big secret that we couldn't tell you before was that Voldemort made himself immortal by splitting his soul into seven pieces. Six were placed into various objects and the seventh was him. Dumbledore figured this out and told Harry about it last year. That's what they were doing in those private lessons he had.

Oh, I need to go back even further than that. You know that prophecy that we found at the Department of Mysteries? The one that smashed so no one heard it? It was about Harry and Voldemort. It turns out it wasn't completely lost because it was originally given to Dumbledore and he remembered it. He told it to Harry right after we got back from the Ministry that night. Harry told it to Ron and me the summer before sixth year. No one else knew about it, not even anyone in the Order or any of the other professors. What it said was that Harry would have the power to destroy Voldemort, and that one of them would have to kill the other. That's why he tried to kill Harry as a baby and he's been trying to kill him ever since. Harry's been living with that for a year and a half now. I hope you can understand why he didn't tell anyone else. Now that I've told you, you're the only one besides the three of us that know it.

Anyway, that's the mission we've been on since June. Since Harry was the one who had to kill Voldemort, he felt that he was also the one who had to destroy all the pieces of his soul. And he had to do that first. That's what those 'magical objects' were that he wrote to you about last summer. Oh, by the way, the first one was the diary from your first year. That's how Tom was able to possess you. No one knew that at the time though. By the end of the summer we had found and destroyed all of them but one. The last one was Voldemort's snake, and we killed it on Halloween. Since then we've been training to go after Voldemort himself, and learning spells to use against him. We finally found a way get him by himself without any Death Eaters with him and went after him last night.

Oh Ginny, it was so horrible. I'm sure I'll have nightmares about it for the rest of my life. I had spent most of my time learning how to block unforgiveables. I know they're supposed to be impossible to block, but Harry discovered that marble stone would stop them, so I've been practicing conjuring those as fast as I can. So I was able to stop Voldemort from hitting us with killing curses, but I couldn't stop all his other hexes. Ron and I were set up on either side of Harry behind a low wall where we were mostly protected, but Harry was out in the open. Ron got in several good shots and managed to hurt Voldemort quite a bit before he got knocked out.

Harry held his own with our help for a long time, but finally Voldemort wore him out. He just knew too many different curses and was too powerful. I just couldn't block them all! If Harry dies it will be because I wasn't good enough!

I'm sorry, I'm getting all wound up again. I know Harry won't blame me and he would probably yell at me if he heard me say that, but I just feel so helpless right now. I failed him because I couldn't stop everything. And then Voldemort managed to petrify me and I had to watch him try to finish Harry off.

Oh Ginny, it was the most awful experience of my life. Harry tried to hold him off, but he was hurt so bad. I've never seen him suffer so much but he never gave up. Then, when Voldemort had him down and bleeding all over the place and with I don't know how many bones broken he hit him with *Cruciatus*. I couldn't stop screaming, Harry was in such agony. Finally Voldemort stopped it and walked up to him to finish him off. That's when Harry somehow pulled himself together and blocked out the pain enough to get up to his knees. Then he looked at me and I could see in his eyes

that he knew he was going to die. I tried to send him as much strength as I could.

The next part was incredible. Just when Voldemort had his wand to Harry's head and was about to cast his final spell the sword of Gryffindor appeared out of nowhere in Harry's hands and he grabbed it and thrust it with all his strength right through Voldemort's chest. There was a bright light and a horrible scream and then he collapsed and his body disintegrated. I think it was because it was being held together by magic. As soon as that happened Harry collapsed too and he passed out. I almost think he decided he had accomplished his task and felt like it was all right to die now.

But he can't die, Ginny! He just can't! I need him so much!

I can't write any more. I'm going to go back to see him again. Sometimes the Healer lets me lie down beside him and hold him. I think it helps. I know it helps me.

I'll write more as soon as we learn anything about him.

Love from,

Hermione

-oooOOOooo-

## Letter 20

December 24

Dear Ginny,

He's going to live!! Ginny, he's going to be all right! He woke up for just a few minutes and looked at me. I could tell he knew who I was from the look in his eyes. He can't talk or anything yet, and he's still too weak to move, but he's alive! Oh my God, Ginny this is the best Christmas present ever! Be sure to tell everyone.

Ron says to tell you he'll be coming home for Christmas. He woke up the other day and he's up and around now. He's been waiting to find out about Harry, but now that Harry's going to be okay he thinks it will be all right to go home for a while. He'll be able to fill you in a little better on the sorts of things we've been doing for the last five months. I'm going to stay here with Harry.

I'm going to stop here and send this off right away. I was sure you and the others would want to know as soon as possible. I'll be going back into his room now. I want to be there in case he wakes up again. I'll try to write more tomorrow.

Love from,

Hermione

-oooOOOooo-

## Letter 21

December 25,

Dear Ginny,

Happy Christmas! This is such a wonderful feeling. We're finally free after so many months of having such a heavy burden hang over our heads. I'm so happy I want to sing and dance!

I got the note you sent back with Hedwig. I'm sorry I couldn't tell you any more. I know it must have been so frustrating for you to read that out of the blue after not hearing anything from us for so long. I'm glad that the story that the public heard was more or less accurate. Now that I know that Harry is going to survive I'm much more in the mood to hear about all the celebrations going on. I'm also relieved to hear that the Death Eaters haven't caused any trouble for any of you. I pray that the Aurors can round the rest of them up without too much more bloodshed.

Harry continues to improve. He woke up several more times, the most recent one for more than an hour. He can't talk yet, but he moans a little and I've been able to understand what he's trying to say. (Ron has been teasing the two of us this year about communicating without words – now that ability is coming in pretty handy!) He was pretty alert the last time. I told him I wrote to you and let you know what happened and he seemed relieved.

Now that I know he's going to be all right, I have some things I need to tell you. First, Harry and I aren't going to be coming back to Hogwarts. It will just be too awkward. As you know, Harry has always hated all the attention he gets and after this people just aren't going to leave him alone. I'm afraid he'll go crazy with all of the publicity. He'll probably agree to make a few public appearances, just to stop any rumors that he's dead, and I think I'll be able to persuade him to accept the medal the Ministry will want to give him, but that's about it. I know you're desperate to see him, and so are all the rest of your family and our other friends. When he gets well enough I'll have Moody lift the protective spells on this place enough that you can come to see him. I'm sure he'll want to come to the Burrow at least once, too, but we'll have to talk about that when he's feeling better.

But that will be about it. We discussed this during the last month and pretty much figured out what we wanted to do when it was over. We just need to get away. We're going to go off to a place where no one knows us and just try to relax and live a normal life for once. We both have a lot of horrible experiences to come to terms with, especially him. It won't last forever, I'm sure. We'll be back eventually. I just can't say when right now.

The second thing is that I hope you and I can somehow become friends again. I know you must have been so angry with me over the way things turned out last summer. I'm deeply sorry that you were hurt by it all. I mean I'm not sorry that I ended up with Harry, but I'm sorry for the way it happened. I didn't intend to fall in love with Harry, I just did. I couldn't help myself. Even while we were growing closer to each other I held back as long as I thought the two of you had any chance to get back together.

If I had had any sense at all I would have realized how I felt about him a year ago while you were still going out with Dean and I wouldn't have wasted time going after Ron (what a mistake THAT was!). Of course, at that time Harry didn't realize how he felt about me either so maybe it wouldn't have mattered. Perhaps things had to happen the way they did. Be that as it may, I sincerely apologize that you had to have your heart broken for us to be together. As nice as it was having Ron and Harry as best friends, you were the best female friend I ever had and I needed that too. I really hope we can get that back.

I'm sure I'll see you a few times before we leave, but this is probably the last letter you'll get from me for quite a while. Things will probably be quite hectic so if I don't get a chance to tell you this when I see you – take care Ginny. I love you like the sister I never had.

Love from,

Hermione

-xox-XOX-XOX-xox-



## Dear Ginny Postscript

### Postscript

The final letter in this story arrived at the Burrow six months later. This time, instead of a scroll of parchment Hedwig was carrying several muggle style envelopes. One of them read:

Miss Ginevra Weasley,  
The Burrow  
Ottery St. Catchpole, Devon

Inside was an ornate card with formalized printing.

*Drs. Daniel and Emma Granger  
request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter*

*Hermione Jane  
to  
Mr. Harry James Potter*

*on Saturday the first of August  
Nineteen hundred and ninety eight  
at one thirty in the afternoon  
St Elizabeth Church  
Boundary Road and Barnfield Road, Crawley*

A handwritten note had been added beneath the printed message.

Dear Ginny,

You once promised that you would be my maid of honor. I know these aren't exactly the circumstances you envisioned when we talked about it back then, but I'd still like to have you stand up for me. Please say yes.

Hermione

-xox-XOX-XOX-xox-