

Hey, Fred. It's me. It's been a while since you left, with a laugh on your face. I'm so glad that that's how you left - laughing. I miss you. A second hasn't gone by that I don't feel hollow. It never even occurred to us that one would ever be without the other. It never came to mind that maybe we should have prepared ourselves for that possibility. I still don't know what to do. They might not be able to tell, but you and I both know that you led and I followed. Now I don't have someone to lead me. I don't have my best friend to follow. I don't have my own twin brother anymore.

I miss the person you were. You were me, everyone thought, but you weren't. Not quite. You took charge and made decisions. You are the reason WWW exists. You made it happen. You're the planner, the logistics guy. You always said what you meant. And you were the only one who really understood who I was. And I was the only one who really understood who you were.

Everyone misses you. Mum and Dad, of course, and all of our brothers and Ginny. Harry and Hermione, too. I think even little Victoire misses you, even though you never got to meet her. She's beautiful, by the way. Percy still struggles from time to time. I don't think Mum's ever going to be the same. Dad has aged; he's tired now. Ron helps me out in the shop every now and then! It's nice to have him. It's not quite the same, but it's better than before. He and Hermione are doing better than most people expected, as our little brother apparently still makes Hermione happy. Ginny and Harry seem quite happy, or as happy as you can be if you've gone through all we have.

Do you know that I can't produce a patronus anymore? Corporeal or incorporeal. Well, at least I haven't been able to since then. I wonder if I ever will again... Would you be terribly upset if I can't? I hope not. I can't make any promises.

Angelina Johnson wants to have tea next week. I don't know if I'll go. Would you mind if I did? I remember when you asked her to the Yule Ball just because Ron asked you if you had a date. Do you think... Do you think she just wants me to be you? Because I'm not and I can't be. Ha, I can practically hear you telling me to go, that I won't lose out by doing it. It's almost like you're here again; I can recall you so easily.

Are you happy there, wherever you are? I hope so.

I miss you, Freddie.

- George