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**КОММУНИКАТИВНЫЕ ЗАДАНИЯ  
ПО КНИГЕ ДЖ. К. РОУЛИНГ  
«ГАРРИ ПОТТЕР И ФИЛОСОФСКИЙ КАМЕНЬ»**





**МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ**  
**Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение**  
**высшего образования**

**«ЮЖНО-УРАЛЬСКИЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ**  
**ГУМАНИТАРНО-ПЕДАГОГИЧЕСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ»**

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**УЧЕБНО-ПРАКТИЧЕСКОЕ ПОСОБИЕ**

Челябинск  
2020

УДК 42 – 88(021)  
ББК 81432.1 – 923  
К 17

**Калугина, Е.В. Коммуникативные задания по книге Дж. К. Роулинг «Гарри Поттер и философский камень» / Е.В. Калугина, Н.Е. Почиталкина; Южно-Уральский гос. гуманитар.-пед. ун-т. – Челябинск : Изд-во Южно-Урал. гос. гуманитар.-пед. ун-та, 2020. – 139 с.**

ISBN 978-5-907409-04-0

Предлагаемое пособие разработано в соответствии с требованиями ФГОС ВО для студентов очного отделения по направлению подготовки 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями), изучающих английский язык в качестве иностранного. Цель пособия является обогащение словарного запаса, а также развитие навыков устной речи, техники чтения и перевода.

Пособие поможет оптимизировать процесс освоения студентами следующих дисциплин: Иностранный язык, Практический курс английского языка, Практика устной и письменной речи, Домашнее чтение. Оно состоит из шестнадцати разделов, каждый из которых включает список активной лексики и серию упражнений различной направленности по произведению Дж. К. Роулинг «Гарри Поттер и философский камень».

Пособие может использоваться как дополнительный материал к основному учебнику и соответствует уровню B2 по Общеввропейской шкале уровней владения языками.

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ISBN 978-5-907409-04-0

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**Federal State Budgetary Educational Institution  
higher education**

**South Ural State Humanitarian Pedagogical University**

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**COMMUNICATION TASKS BASED  
ON THE BOOK BY J. K. ROWLING  
«HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE»**

**PRACTICAL TRAINING MANUAL**

The proposed manual has been developed in accordance with the requirements of the Federal State Educational Standard of Higher Education for full-time students studying on in the direction 44.03.05 Pedagogical education (with two profiles of training) studying English as a foreign language. The purpose of the manual is – to enrich the vocabulary, as well as develop the skills of speaking, reading and translation techniques.

The manual will help to optimize the learning process by the following disciplines: "Foreign Language", "Practical course of the English language", "The practice of oral and written language," "Reading the works of English writers." It consists of sixteen chapters, each of which includes a list of active vocabulary and a series of various exercises based on the book «Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone» by J. K. Rowling.

The manual can be used as additional material to the main textbook and corresponds to the B2 level on the Common European Framework of Reference for Languages.

# **HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE**

By J.K. Rowling

## **Chapter 1.**

### **THE BOY WHO LIVED**

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and, in their opinion, there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. Mrs. Dursley had a sister, Mrs. Potter, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, the Potters were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

Our story begins on a gray Tuesday. There was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country.

None of Dursleys noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley was ready to go to work. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed sign of something peculiar – a cat reading a map. When Mr. Dursley looked again, there was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind.

At five o'clock he hurried to his car and set off for home. But the first thing he saw was the tabby cat he'd spotted that morning now sitting on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same one; it had the same markings around its eyes.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Dursley loudly. The cat didn't move. Mr. Dursley wondered. Trying to pull himself together, he let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention anything to his wife.

Mrs. Dursley had had a nice, normal day. She told him over dinner all about Mrs. Next Door's problems with her daughter and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Won't!"). Mr. Dursley tried to act normally. When Dudley had been put to bed, he went into the living room in time to catch the last report on the evening news.

Mrs. Dursley came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. He'd have to say something to her. He cleared his throat nervously. "Er – Petunia, dear – you haven't heard from your sister lately, have you?"

As he had expected, Mrs. Dursley looked shocked and angry. After all, they normally pretended she didn't have a sister.

"No," she said sharply. "Why?"

"Funny stuff on the news," Mr. Dursley mumbled. "Owls... shooting stars... and there were a lot of funny-looking people in town today..."

"So?" snapped Mrs. Dursley.

"Well, I just thought... maybe... it was something to do with... you know... her crowd."

Mrs. Dursley sipped her tea through pursed lips. He decided he didn't dare. Instead he said, as casually as he could, "Their son - he'd be about Dudley's age now, wouldn't he?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Dursley stiffly.

"What's his name again? Howard, isn't it?"

"Harry. Nasty, common name, if you ask me."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Dursley, his heart sinking horribly. "Yes, I quite agree."

He didn't say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to bed. While Mrs. Dursley was in the bathroom, Mr. Dursley crept to the bedroom window and peered down into the front garden. The cat was still there as though it were waiting for something.

Mrs. Dursley fell asleep quickly but Mr. Dursley lay awake, turning it all over in his mind. His last, comforting thought before he fell asleep was that he couldn't see how he and Petunia could get mixed up in anything that might be going on – he yawned and turned over – it couldn't affect them....

How very wrong he was.

Mr. Dursley might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far corner of Privet Drive. It was nearly midnight before the cat moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching, appeared so suddenly and silently you'd have thought he'd just popped out of the ground. The cat's tail twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

He looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known."

He found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop. He clicked it again – the next lamp flickered into darkness. Dumbledore slipped the Put-Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He didn't look at it, but after a moment he spoke to it.

"Fancy seeing you here, Professor McGonagall."

He turned to smile at the tabby, but it had gone. Instead he was smiling at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes.

"How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, I've never seen a cat sit so stiffly."

"You'd be stiff if you'd been sitting on a brick wall all day," said Professor McGonagall.

She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn't, so she went on. "A fine thing it would be if, on the very day You-Know-Who seems to have disappeared at last, the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really has gone, Dumbledore?"

"It certainly seems so. My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this 'You-Know-Who' nonsense – for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name: Voldemort." Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two lemon drops, seemed not to notice. "It all gets so confusing if we keep saying 'You-Know-Who.' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying Voldemort's name."

"I know you haven't," said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. "But you're different. Everyone knows you're the only one You-Know- oh, all right, Voldemort, was frightened of. "You know what everyone's saying? About why he's disappeared? About what finally stopped him? What they're saying," she pressed on, "is that last night Voldemort turned up in Godric's Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumor is that Lily and James Potter are – are – that they're – dead. "

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped.

"Lily and James... I can't believe it... I didn't want to believe it... Oh, Albus..."

Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "I know... I know..." he said heavily.

Professor McGonagall's voice trembled as she went on. "That's not all. They're saying he tried to kill the Potter's son, Harry. But - he couldn't. He couldn't kill that little boy.

No one knows why, or how, but they're saying that when he couldn't kill Harry Potter, Voldemort's power somehow broke - and that's why he's gone.

Dumbledore nodded glumly.

"It's – it's true?" faltered Professor McGonagall. "After all he's done... all the people he's killed... he couldn't kill a little boy? It's just astounding... of all the things to stop him... but how in the name of heaven did Harry survive?"

"We can only guess," said Dumbledore. "We may never know."

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said, "Hagrid's late. I suppose it was he who told you I'd be here, by the way?"

"Yes," said Professor McGonagall. "And I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you're here, of all places?"

"I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now."

"You don't mean – you can't mean the people who live here?" cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four. "Dumbledore – you can't. I've been watching them all day. You couldn't find two people who are less like us. And they've got this son – I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!"

"It's the best place for him," said Dumbledore firmly. "His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter."

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed, and then said, "Yes-yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?" She eyed his cloak suddenly as though she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it.

"Hagrid's bringing him."

"You think it – wise – to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?"

"I would trust Hagrid with my life," said Dumbledore.

A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky – and a huge motorcycle fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

"Hagrid," said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. "At last. And where did you get that motorcycle?"

"Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir," said the giant, climbing carefully off the motorcycle as he spoke. "Young Sirius Black lent it to me. I've got him, sir."

"No problems, were there?"

"No, sir - house was almost destroyed, but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin' around. He fell asleep as we was flyin' over Bristol."

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

"Is that where –?" whispered Professor McGonagall.

"Yes," said Dumbledore. "He'll have that scar forever."

"Couldn't you do something about it, Dumbledore?"

"Even if I could, I wouldn't. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well – give him here, Hagrid – we'd better get this over with."

Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned toward the Dursleys' house.

"Could I – could I say good-bye to him, sir?" asked Hagrid. He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss. Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog.

"Shhh!" hissed Professor McGonagall, "you'll wake the Muggles!"

"S-s-sorry," sobbed Hagrid, taking out a large, spotted handkerchief and burying his face in it. "But I c-c-can't stand it – Lily an' James dead – an' poor little Harry off ter live with Muggles -"

"Yes, yes, it's all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we'll be found," Professor McGonagall whispered, patting Hagrid gingerly on the arm as Dumbledore

stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry's blankets, and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid's shoulders shook, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously, and the twinkling light that usually shone from Dumbledore's eyes seemed to have gone out.

"Well," said Dumbledore finally, "that's that. We've no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations."

"Yeah," said Hagrid in a very muffled voice, "I'll be takin' Sirius his bike back. G'night, Professor McGonagall – Professor Dumbledore, sir."

Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid swung himself onto the motorcycle and kicked the engine into life; with a roar it rose into the air and off into the night.

"I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall," said Dumbledore, nodding to her. Professor McGonagall blew her nose in reply.

Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver Put-Outer. He clicked it once, and twelve balls of light sped back to their street lamps so that Privet Drive glowed suddenly orange and he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

"Good luck, Harry," he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak, he was gone.

A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privet Drive, which lay silent and tidy under the inky sky, the very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen. Harry Potter rolled over inside his blankets without waking up. One small hand closed on the letter beside him and he slept on, not knowing he was special, not knowing he was famous, not knowing he would be woken in a few hours' time by Mrs. Dursley's scream as she opened the front door to put out the milk bottles, nor that he would spend the next few weeks being prodded and pinched by his cousin Dudley... He couldn't know that at this very moment, people meeting in secret all over the country were holding up their glasses and saying in hushed voices: "To Harry Potter – the boy who lived!"

## Chapter 1. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary. Translate the words:

to be involved in smth, to mix with, flutter past, peculiar [pɪ'kju:lɪə], in sight, to put smth out of its mind, to be determined, stuff, to sip, pursed lips, to peer down, to fix unblinkingly, to chuckle, to mutter, to flicker into darkness, exasperated at smb. / smth.; exasperated by smb. / smth., rumor, by the way, to get a grip on, to come in handy.

### 2. Match synonyms:

|                                      |                                 |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <b>1</b> in sight                    | <b>A</b> to stand in good stead |
| <b>2</b> to get a grip on            | <b>B</b> to twinkle in the dark |
| <b>3</b> to come in handy            | <b>C</b> to look down           |
| <b>4</b> peculiar                    | <b>D</b> report                 |
| <b>5</b> rumor                       | <b>E</b> to take control        |
| <b>6</b> to flicker into darkness    | <b>F</b> to make up one's mind  |
| <b>7</b> to put smth out of its mind | <b>G</b> nonsense               |
| <b>8</b> to be determined            | <b>H</b> within eyeshot         |
| <b>9</b> stuff                       | <b>I</b> singular               |
| <b>10</b> to peer down               | <b>J</b> to get out of its head |

### **3. Questions:**

1. What day did the story begin?
2. Why didn't the Dursleys like the Potters?
3. How did Dumbledore know that the cat was Professor McGonagall?
4. Who appeared on the corner of Privet Drive at midnight?
5. What was Mr. Dursley?
6. Why did Dumbledore want to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle?
7. Who brought Harry? How?

### **4. Describe:**

- a) Mr. Dursley
- b) Mrs. Dursley
- c) Dudley
- d) Harry Potter as a baby
- e) Professor McGonagall

### **5. Make a plan to Chapter 1.**

1. A cat was reading a map.
2. «Hagrid's brought the boy».
3. Our story began on gray Tuesday.
4. Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid with a roar rose into the air and off into the night.
5. Last night Voldemort turned up in Godric's Hollow.
6. The Dursleys had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it.
7. Albus Dumbledore came to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle.
8. Mr. Dursley got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.
9. A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching.
10. "Good luck, Harry," Dumbledore murmured.
11. Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings.
12. Albus Dumbledore was smiling at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses.
13. Dumbledore laid Harry gently on the doorstep and tucked a letter inside Harry's blankets.

### **6. Retell Chapter 1.**

## Chapter 2.

### THE VANISHING GLASS

Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all. Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different-colored bonnets – but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice that made the first noise of the day.

"Up! Get up! Now!"

Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again.

"Up!" she screeched walking toward the kitchen. He rolled onto his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorcycle in it. He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before.

His aunt was back outside the door.

"Are you up yet?" she demanded.

"Nearly," said Harry.

"Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy's birthday."

Harry groaned.

"What did you say?" his aunt snapped through the door.

"Nothing, nothing..."

Dudley's birthday – how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them, put them on.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had gotten the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise – unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley's favorite punching bag was Harry, but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast.

Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair, and bright green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Scotch tape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had gotten it.

"In the car crash when your parents died," she had said. "And don't ask questions."

Don't ask questions – that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.

"Comb your hair!" he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel – Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.

"Thirty-six," he said, going red in the face looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year." Harry saw a huge Dudley tantrum coming on. Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. 'Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair.

At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the presents, when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried.

"Bad news, Vernon," she said. "Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take him." She jerked her head in Harry's direction.

Dudley's mouth fell open in horror, but Harry's heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away.

"Now what?" said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he'd planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn't easy.

"You could just leave me here," Harry put in hopefully (he'd be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley's computer).

"And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled.

"I won't blow up the house," said Harry, but they weren't listening.

Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.

"Dinky Duddydums, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him.

"I... don't... want... him... t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp-spoils everything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

Just then, the doorbell rang – "Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically – and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

"I'm warning you now, boy – any funny business, anything at all – and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas."

"I'm not going to do anything," said Harry, "honestly..."

But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him.

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen. Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barbers looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his bangs, which she left "to hide that horrible scar." Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and taped glasses. Next morning, however, he had gotten up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old sweater of Dudley's. The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a hand puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage-smelling living room.

While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things.

"... roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums," he said, as a motorcycle overtook them.

I had a dream about a motorcycle," said Harry, remembering suddenly. "It was flying."

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beet with a mustache: "MOTORCYCLES DON'T FLY!"

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

I know they don't," said Harry. "It was only a dream."

But he wished he hadn't said anything. The Dursleys seemed to think he might get dangerous ideas.

It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice creams at the entrance and then, because the smiling lady in the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice pop.

Harry felt, afterward, that he should have known it was all too good to last.

After lunch they went to the reptile house.

Harry moved in front of the tank and looked intently at the snake. He wouldn't have been surprised if it had died of boredom itself – no company except stupid people drumming their fingers on the glass trying to disturb it all day long. The snake suddenly opened its beady eyes. Slowly, very slowly, it raised its head until its eyes were on a level with Harry's.

It winked. Harry stared.

The snake jerked its head toward Uncle Vernon and Dudley, then raised its eyes to the ceiling. It gave Harry a look that said quite plainly:

"I get that all the time."

"I know," Harry murmured through the glass, though he wasn't sure the snake could hear him. "It must be really annoying."

The snake nodded vigorously.

"Where do you come from, anyway?" Harry asked.

The snake jabbed its tail at a little sign next to the glass. Harry peered at it.

Boa Constrictor, Brazil.

"Was it nice there?"

The boa constrictor jabbed its tail at the sign again and Harry read on: This specimen was bred in the zoo. "Oh, I see – so you've never been to Brazil?"

As the snake shook its head, a deafening shout behind Harry made both of them jump.

**"DUDLEY! MR. DURSLEY! COME AND LOOK AT THIS SNAKE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT'S DOING!"**

Dudley came waddling toward them as fast as he could.

"Out of the way, you," he said, punching Harry in the ribs. Caught by surprise, Harry fell hard on the concrete floor. Piers and Dudley were leaning right up close to the glass, the next, they had leapt back with howls of horror.

Harry sat up and gasped; the glass front of the boa constrictor's tank had vanished. The great snake was uncoiling itself rapidly, slithering out onto the floor. People throughout the reptile house screamed and started running for the exits.

As the snake slid swiftly past him, Harry could have sworn a low, hissing voice said, "Brazil, here I come.... Thanksss, amigo."

"But the glass," he kept saying, "where did the glass go?"

Then Piers calming down enough to say, "Harry was talking to it, weren't you, Harry?"

\*\*\*

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. He'd lived with the Dursleys almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember, ever since he'd been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash. He couldn't remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision: a blinding flash of green light and a burning pain on his forehead. This, he supposed, was the crash, though he couldn't imagine where all the green light came from. He couldn't remember his parents at all. His aunt and uncle never spoke about them, and of course he was forbidden to ask questions. There were no photographs of them in the house.

When he had been younger, Harry had dreamed and dreamed of some unknown relation coming to take him away, but it had never happened. Yet sometimes he thought (or maybe hoped) that strangers in the street seemed to know him. A wild-looking old woman dressed all in green had waved merrily at him once on a bus. A bald man in a very long purple coat had actually shaken his hand in the street the other day and then walked away without a word. The weirdest thing about all these people was the way they seemed to vanish the second Harry tried to get a closer look.

At school, Harry had no one.

## Chapter 2. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

to vanish, to groan, not to mention, knobbly, to jerk, cabbage-smelling, to complain about/of, a van, slither ['slɪðə], vigorously ['vɪg(ə)rəʃli], a blinding flash, a hissing voice, to leap back with howls, to peer at, to murmur, a hoodlum, to force, taped glasses, scrawny, to screw up ones face and wail.

### 2. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions and adverb:

«Harry woke (1) ... a start. His aunt rapped (2) ... the door again.

"Up!" she screeched. She walking (3) ... the kitchen. He rolled (5) ... his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorcycle (6) ...it. He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before.

His aunt was back (7) ... the door. »

### 3. Questions:

1. How many years had passed since Harry began to live by the Dursleys?
2. How did Harry look? How did Dudley look?
3. Why did Dudley have a tantrum that day?
4. Who was Mrs. Figg?
5. What strange things did often happen around Harry?
6. Why was it the best morning he'd had in a long time?
7. What happened in the reptile house?

**4. Correlate the characters and their characteristics.**

|                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| <b>Harry Potter</b>   | had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head; liked to complain about things. |
| <b>Dudley Dursley</b> | a mad old lady who lived two streets away   |
| <b>Mrs. Figg</b>      | «...I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on birthday...»   |
| <b>Uncle Vernon</b>   | was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, being hugged and kissed by his mother.                       |
| <b>Piers Polkiss</b>  | had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair, and bright green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Scotch tape                              |
| <b>Aunt Petunia</b>   | was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat  |

**5. Find sentences which prove that the Dursleys disliked Harry.**

## Chapter 3.

### THE LETTERS FROM NO ONE

The escape of the Brazilian boa constrictor earned Harry his longest-ever punishment. By the time he was allowed out of his cupboard again, the summer holidays had started and Dudley had already broken his new video camera.

Harry spent as much time as possible out of the house, he was waiting for September then he would be going off to secondary school and, for the first time in his life, he wouldn't be with Dudley. Dudley had been accepted at Uncle Vernon's old private school, Smeltings. Harry, on the other hand, was going to Stonewall High, the local public school. Dudley thought this was very funny.

"They stuff people's heads down the toilet the first day at Stonewall," he told Harry. "Want to come upstairs and practice?"

"No, thanks," said Harry. "The poor toilet's never had anything as horrible as your head down it – it might be sick."

One day in July, Aunt Petunia took Dudley to London to buy his Smeltings uniform, leaving Harry at Mrs. Figg's. As he looked at Dudley in his new knickerbockers, Uncle Vernon said gruffly that it was the proudest moment of his life. Aunt Petunia burst into tears and said she couldn't believe it was her Ickle Dudleykins, he looked so handsome and grown-up. Harry didn't trust himself to speak. He thought two of his ribs might already have cracked from trying not to laugh.

There was a horrible smell in the kitchen the next morning when Harry went in for breakfast. It seemed to be coming from a large metal tub in the sink. He went to have a look. The tub was full of what looked like dirty rags swimming in gray water.

"What's this?" he asked Aunt Petunia. Her lips tightened as they always did if he dared to ask a question.

"Your new school uniform," she said.

Harry looked in the bowl again.

"Oh," he said, "I didn't realize it had to be so wet."

"DotA be stupid," snapped Aunt Petunia. "I'm dying some of Dudley's old things gray for you. It'll look just like everyone else's when I've finished."

Harry seriously doubted this, but thought it best not to argue. He sat down at the table and tried not to think about how he was going to look on his first day at Stonewall High – like he was wearing bits of old elephant skin, probably.

Dudley and Uncle Vernon came in, both with wrinkled noses because of the smell from Harry's new uniform.

They heard the click of the mail slot and flop of letters on the doormat and asked to Harry went to get the mail.

Harry went for the mail. Three things lay on the doormat: a postcard from Uncle Vernon's sister Marge, who was vacationing on the Isle of Wight, a brown envelope that looked like a bill, and – a letter for Harry.

Harry picked it up and stared at it, his heart twanging like a giant elastic band. No one, ever, in his whole life, had written to him. Yet here it was, a letter, addressed so plainly there could be no mistake:

Mr. H. Potter, The Cupboard under the Stairs, 4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

The envelope was thick and heavy, made of yellowish parchment, and the address was written in emerald-green ink. There was no stamp.

Turning the envelope over, his hand trembling, Harry saw a purple wax seal bearing a coat of arms; a lion, an eagle, a badger, and a snake surrounding a large letter H.

Harry went back to the kitchen, still staring at his letter. He handed Uncle Vernon the bill and the postcard, sat down, and slowly began to open the yellow envelope.

"Dad!" said Dudley suddenly. "Dad, Harry's got something!"

Harry was on the point of unfolding his letter, which was written on the same heavy parchment as the envelope, when it was jerked sharply out of his hand by Uncle Vernon.

"That's mine!" said Harry, trying to snatch it back.

"Who'd be writing to you?" sneered Uncle Vernon, shaking the letter open with one hand and glancing at it. His face went from red to green faster than a set of traffic lights.

"P-P-Petunia!" he gasped.

Dudley tried to grab the letter to read it, but Uncle Vernon held it high out of his reach. Aunt Petunia took it curiously and read the first line. For a moment it looked as though she might faint.

Harry didn't move.

"I WANT MY LETTER!" he shouted.

"Let me see it!" demanded Dudley.

"OUT!" roared Uncle Vernon, and he took both Harry and Dudley by the scruffs of their necks and threw them into the hall, slamming the kitchen door behind them.

"Vernon," Aunt Petunia was saying in a quivering voice, "look at the address - how could they possibly know where he sleeps? You don't think they're watching the house?"

"Watching - spying - might be following us," muttered Uncle Vernon wildly.

"But what should we do, Vernon? Should we write back? Tell them we don't want -"

"No," he said finally. "No, we'll ignore it. If they don't get an answer... Yes, that's best... we won't do anything..."

"But ... "

"I'm not having one in the house, Petunia! Didn't we swear when we took him in we'd stamp out that dangerous nonsense?"

That evening when he got back from work, Uncle Vernon did something he'd never done before; he visited Harry in his cupboard.

"Where's my letter?" said Harry, the moment Uncle Vernon had squeezed through the door. "Who's writing to me?"

"No one. it was addressed to you by mistake," said Uncle Vernon shortly. "I have burned it."

"It was not a mistake," said Harry angrily, "it had my cupboard on it."

"SILENCE!" yelled Uncle Vernon, and a couple of spiders fell from the ceiling. He took a few deep breaths and then forced his face into a smile, which looked quite painful.

"Er - yes, Harry - about this cupboard. Your aunt and I have been thinking... you're really getting a bit big for it... we think it might be nice if you moved into Dudley's second bedroom.

"Why?" said Harry.

"Don't ask questions!" snapped his uncle. "Take this stuff upstairs, now."

The Dursleys' house had four bedrooms: one for Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia, one for visitors, one where Dudley slept, and one where Dudley kept all the toys and things that wouldn't fit into his first bedroom. It only took Harry one trip upstairs to move everything he owned from the cupboard to this room. He sat down on the bed and stared around him. Nearly everything in here was broken.

From downstairs came the sound of Dudley bawling at his mother, I don't want him in there... I need that room... make him get out...."

Harry sighed and stretched out on the bed. Yesterday he'd have given anything to be up here. Today he'd rather be back in his cupboard with that letter than up here without it.

Next morning at breakfast, everyone was rather quiet.

When the mail arrived, Uncle Vernon, who seemed to be trying to be nice to Harry, made Dudley go and get it. There was another one letter for Harry! "Mr. H. Potter, The Smallest Bedroom, 4 Privet Drive."

With a strangled cry, Uncle Vernon leapt from his seat and ran down the hall, Harry right behind him. Uncle Vernon had to wrestle Dudley to the ground to get the letter from him, which was made difficult by the fact that Harry had grabbed Uncle Vernon around the neck from behind. After a minute of confused fighting, Uncle Vernon straightened up, gasping for breath, with Harry's letter clutched in his hand.

"Go to your cupboard – I mean, your bedroom," he wheezed at Harry. "Dudley – go – just go."

Harry walked round and round his new room. He had a plan how to get the letter. The repaired alarm clock rang at six o'clock the next morning. Harry turned it off quickly and dressed silently. He stole downstairs without turning on any of the lights.

He was going to wait for the postman on the corner of Privet Drive and get the letters for number four first. His heart hammered as he crept across the dark hall toward the front door..

Harry leapt into the air; he'd trodden on something big and squashy on the doormat – something alive!

Lights clicked on upstairs and to his horror Harry realized that the big, squashy something had been his uncle's face. Uncle Vernon had been lying at the foot of the front door in a sleeping bag, clearly making sure that Harry didn't do exactly what he'd been trying to do. Harry could see three letters addressed in green ink.

I want – " he began, but Uncle Vernon was tearing the letters into pieces before his eyes. Uncle Vernon didn't go to work that day. He stayed at home and nailed up the mail slot.

"See," he explained to Aunt Petunia through a mouthful of nails, "if they can't deliver them they'll just give up."

"I'm not sure that'll work, Vernon."

"Oh, these people's minds work in strange ways, Petunia, they're not like you and me," said Uncle Vernon, trying to knock in a nail with the piece of fruitcake Aunt Petunia had just brought him.

On Friday, no less than twelve letters arrived for Harry. Uncle Vernon stayed at home again. After burning all the letters, he boarded up the cracks around the front and back doors so no one could go out.

On Saturday, things began to get out of hand. Twenty-four letters to Harry found their way into the house, rolled up and hidden inside each of the two dozen eggs that their very confused milkman had handed Aunt Petunia through the living room window.

"Who on earth wants to talk to you this badly?" Dudley asked Harry in amazement.

On Sunday morning, Uncle Vernon sat down at the breakfast table looking tired and rather ill, but happy.

"No post on Sundays," he reminded them cheerfully as he spread marmalade on his newspapers, "no damn letters today – "

Something came whizzing down the kitchen chimney as he spoke and caught him sharply on the back of the head. Next moment, thirty or forty letters came pelting out of the fireplace like bullets. The Dursleys ducked, but Harry leapt into the air trying to catch one.

"Out! OUT!"

Uncle Vernon seized Harry around the waist and threw him into the hall. When Aunt Petunia and Dudley had run out with their arms over their faces, Uncle Vernon slammed the door shut. They could hear the letters still streaming into the room, bouncing off the walls and floor.

"That does it," said Uncle Vernon, trying to speak calmly. "I want you all back here in five minutes ready to leave. We're going away."

They drove and drove. Even Aunt Petunia didn't dare ask where they were going. Every now and then Uncle Vernon would take a sharp turn and drive in the opposite direction for a while.

They didn't stop to eat or drink all day. By nightfall Dudley was howling.

Uncle Vernon stopped at last outside a gloomy-looking hotel on the outskirts of a big city. Dudley and Harry shared a room with twin beds and damp, musty sheets. Dudley snored but Harry stayed awake, sitting on the windowsill, staring down at the lights of passing cars and wondering...

They ate stale cornflakes and cold tinned tomatoes on toast for breakfast the next day. They had just finished when the owner of the hotel came over to their table.

"Scuse me, but is one of you Mr. H. Potter? Only I got about an 'undred of these at the front desk."

She held up a letter so they could read the green ink address: Mr. H. Potter, Room 17, Railview Hotel, Cokeworth.

Harry made a grab for the letter but Uncle Vernon knocked his hand out of the way. The woman stared.

"I'll take them," said Uncle Vernon, standing up quickly and following her from the dining room.

"Daddy's gone mad, hasn't he?" Dudley asked Aunt Petunia dully late that afternoon. Uncle Vernon had parked at the coast, locked them all inside the car, and disappeared.

It started to rain. Great drops beat on the roof of the car. Dudley sniveled.

"It's Monday," he told his mother. "The Great Humberto's on tonight. I want to stay somewhere with a television. "

Monday. This reminded Harry of something. If it was Monday – and you could usually count on Dudley to know the days the week, because of television – then tomorrow, Tuesday, was Harry's eleventh birthday.

Uncle Vernon was back and he was smiling. He was also carrying a long, thin package and didn't answer Aunt Petunia when she asked what he'd bought.

"Found the perfect place!" he said. "Come on! Everyone out!"

It was very cold outside the car. Uncle Vernon was pointing at what looked like a large rock way out at sea. Perched on top of the rock was the most miserable little shack you could imagine.

"Storm forecast for tonight!" said Uncle Vernon gleefully, clapping his hands together. "And this gentleman's kindly agreed to lend us his boat!" A toothless old man came ambling up to them, pointing at an old rowboat.

It was freezing in the boat. The inside was horrible; it smelled strongly of seaweed, the wind whistled through the gaps in the wooden walls, and the fireplace was damp and empty. There were only two rooms. Uncle Vernon's rations turned out to be a bag of chips each and four bananas. He tried to start a fire but the empty chip bags just smoked and shriveled up.

"Could do with some of those letters now, eh?" he said cheerfully. He was in a very good mood. Obviously he thought nobody stood a chance of reaching them here in a storm to deliver mail.

As night fell, the promised storm blew up around them. Harry couldn't sleep. He shivered and turned over, trying to get comfortable, his stomach rumbling with hunger. The lighted dial of Dudley's watch, which was dangling over the edge of the sofa on his fat wrist, told Harry he'd be eleven in ten minutes' time.

Five minutes to go. Harry heard something creak outside. Four minutes to go. Maybe the house in Privet Drive would be so full of letters when they got back that he'd be able to steal one somehow.

Three minutes to go. Was that the sea, slapping hard on the rock like that? And (two minutes to go) what was that funny crunching noise? Was the rock crumbling into the sea?

One minute to go and he'd be eleven. Thirty seconds... twenty ... ten... nine – maybe he'd wake Dudley up, just to annoy him – three... two... one... BOOM.

The whole shack shivered and Harry sat bolt upright, staring at the door. Someone was outside, knocking to come in.

## Chapter 3. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

By the time, secondary school, private school, public school, to burst into tears/laughter, an envelope, by mistake, to straighten up, to give up, to get out of hand, in amazement, every now and then, knickerbockers, gruffly, yellowish parchment, badger, wheeze, gleefully, rumble.

### 2. Choose the correct definition:

|                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| private school      | to make muffled sounds in the throat                |
| give up             | with good mood                                      |
| gleefully           | non-state educational institution                   |
| wheeze              | a school that is controlled and funded by the state |
| public school       | pants below the knees                               |
| by mistake          | to start crying hard and long                       |
| knickerbockers      | something's wrong                                   |
| to burst into tears | to yield under the influence of something           |

### 3. Questions:

- What did Harry get one day? How was the envelope?
- Why didn't Uncle Vernon want to give Harry his letter?
- Where did the Dursleys and Harry go from their house on the Privet Drive?
- Why was Uncle Vernon in a good mood?
- How looked the inside of the little shack on top of the rock?
- Why couldn't Harry sleep?

### 4. Put “+” if the sentence is right and “-” if it is wrong:

- a. The escape of the Brazilian boa constrictor earned Harry his shortest-ever punishment.
- b. Dudley had been accepted at Uncle Vernon's old public school, Smeltings.
- c. Three things lay on the doormat: a postcard from Uncle Vernon's sister Marge, a brown envelope that looked like a bill, and – a letter for Harry.

- d. That evening when he got back from work, Uncle Vernon did something he'd never done before; he bought the present for Harry.
- e. Harry was going to wait for the postman on the corner of Privet Drive and get the letters for number four first.
- f. Dudley and Harry shared a room with twin beds and damp, musty sheets.
- g. As night fell, the promised storm blew up around them and Harry can sleep calmly.

**5. Make up 5 questions to the text:**

Harry spent as much time as possible out of the house, he was waiting for September came he would be going off to secondary school and, for the first time in his life, he wouldn't be with Dudley. Dudley had been accepted at Uncle Vernon's old private school, Smeltings. Harry, on the other hand, was going to Stonewall High, the local public school. Dudley thought this was very funny.

"They stuff people's heads down the toilet the first day at Stonewall," he told Harry. "Want to come upstairs and practice?"

"No, thanks," said Harry. "The poor toilet's never had anything as horrible as your head down it – it might be sick."

One day in July, Aunt Petunia took Dudley to London to buy his Smeltings uniform, leaving Harry at Mrs. Figg's.

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)

**6. Translate the following sentences into Russian:**

- By the time he was allowed out of his cupboard again, the summer holidays had started and Dudley had already broken his new video camera.
- Uncle Vernon said gruffly that it was the proudest moment of his life.
- Every now and then Uncle Vernon would take a sharp turn and drive in the opposite direction for a while.
- On Saturday, things began to get out of hand.
- The envelope was thick and heavy, made of yellowish parchment, and the address was written in emerald-green ink.

## Chapter 4.

### THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS

Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands. "Who's there?" he shouted. "I warn you – I'm armed!"

The door swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor. The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door.

"An' here's Harry!" said the giant.

Harry looked up into the fierce, wild, shadowy face and saw that the beetle eyes were crinkled in a smile.

"Las' time I saw you, you was only a baby," said the giant. "Yeh look a lot like yet dad, but yeh've got yet mom's eyes."

"Anyway – Harry," said the giant, turning his back on the Dursleys, "a very happy birthday to yeh. Got summat fer yeh here – I mighta sat on it at some point, but it'll taste all right."

From an inside pocket of his black overcoat he pulled a slightly squashed box. Harry looked up at the giant. He meant to say thank you, but the words got lost on the way to his mouth, and what he said instead was, "Who are you?"

The giant chuckled.

"True, I haven't introduced meself. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts." He held out an enormous hand and shook Harry's whole arm.

He bent down over the fireplace; and when he drew back a second later, there was a roaring fire there. The giant took out of the pockets of his coat a copper kettle, a squashy package of sausages, a poker, a teapot, several chipped mugs before starting to make tea. Nobody said a thing while the giant was working, but as he slid the first six fat, juicy, slightly burnt sausages from the poker, Dudley fidgeted a little. Uncle Vernon said sharply, "Don't touch anything he gives you, Dudley."

The giant chuckled darkly and passed the sausages to Harry.

"Yet great puddin' of a son don' need fattenin' anymore, Dursley, don' worry."

Finally, as nobody seemed about to explain anything, Harry said, "I'm sorry, but I still don't really know who you are."

"Call me Hagrid," he said, "everyone does. An' like I told yeh, I'm Keeper of Keys at Hogwarts – yeh'll know all about Hogwarts, o' course."

"Er – no," said Harry.

Hagrid looked shocked.

"Sorry," Harry said quickly.

"Sorry?" barked Hagrid, turning to stare at the Dursleys, who shrank back into the shadows. "I knew yeh weren't gettin' yer letters but I never thought yeh wouldn't even know abou' Hogwarts, fer cryin' out loud! Did yeh never wonder where yet parents learned it all?"

"All what?" asked Harry.

Hagrid thundered. "Now wait jus' one second!" Hagrid looked as if he was about to explode. "DURSLEY!" he boomed.

Dursley commanded. "Stop right there, sit! I forbid you to tell the boy anything!"

"You never told him? Never told him what was in the letter Dumbledore left fer him? I was there! I saw Dumbledore leave it, Dursley! An' you've kept it from him all these years?"

Aunt Petunia gave a gasp of horror.

"Ah, go boil yet heads, both of yeh," said Hagrid. "Harry – yet a wizard."

There was silence inside the hut. Only the sea and the whistling wind could be heard.

" – a what?" gasped Harry.

"A wizard, o' course," said Hagrid, sitting back down on the sofa, which groaned and sank even lower, "an' a thumpin' good'un, I'd say, once yeh've been trained up a bit. With a mum an' dad like yours, what else would yeh be? An' I reckon it's abou' time yeh read yer letter."

Harry stretched out his hand at last to take the yellowish envelope, addressed in emerald green and read. After a few minutes he stammered, "What does it mean, they await my owl?" Hagrid, clapping a hand to his forehead, from yet another pocket inside his overcoat he pulled an owl. Harry realized his mouth was open and closed it quickly.

"Where was I?" said Hagrid, but at that moment, Uncle Vernon, still ashen-faced but looking very angry, moved into the firelight.

"He's not going," he said.

Hagrid grunted.

"I'd like ter see a great Muggle like you stop him," he said.

"A what?" said Harry, interested.

"A Muggle," said Hagrid, "it's what we call nonmagic folk like them."

"You knew?" said Harry. "You knew I'm a – a wizard?"

"Knew!" shrieked Aunt Petunia suddenly. "Knew! Of course we knew! Oh, my sister, Lily, got a letter just like that and disappeared off to that – that school. "

She stopped to draw a deep breath and then went ranting on. It seemed she had been wanting to say all this for years.

"Then she met that Potter at school and they left and got married and had you, and of course I knew you'd be just the same, just as strange, just as – as – abnormal – and then, if you please, she went and got herself blown up and we got landed with you!"

Harry had gone very white. As soon as he found his voice he said, "Blown up? You told me they died in a car crash!"

"CAR CRASH!" roared Hagrid, jumping up so angrily that the Dursleys scuttled back to their corner. " It's an outrage! Harry Potter not knowin' his own story when every kid in our world knows his name!"

"But why? What happened?" Harry asked urgently.

Hagrid threw a dirty look at the Dursleys. "Well, it's best yeh know as much as I can tell yeh – mind, I can't tell yeh everything, it's a great mystery, parts of it...." He sat down, stared into the fire for a few seconds, and then said, "It begins, I suppose, with a person called – but it's incredible yeh don't know his name, everyone in our world knows – "

"Who? "

"Well – I don' like saying the name if I can help it. No one does."

"Why not?"

"Harry, people are still scared. See, there was this wizard who went... As bad as you could go. His name was... Voldemort. " Hagrid shuddered. "Don' make me say it again. Anyway, this – this wizard, about twenty years ago now, started looking fer followers. Got them, too – some were afraid, some just wanted a bit o' his power, 'cause he was getting himself power, all right. He was takin' over. Of course, some stood up to him – and he killed them.

Horribly. One o' the only safe places left was Hogwarts. Reckon Dumbledore's the only one You-Know-Who was afraid of. You-Know-Who never tried to get yer parents on his side before... probably knew they were too close ter Dumbledore ter want anythin' ter do with the Dark Side. All anyone knows is, You-Know-Who turned up in the village where you was all living, on Halloween ten years ago. You was just a year old. He came to your house and..."

Hagrid suddenly pulled out a very dirty, spotted handkerchief and blew his nose with a sound like a foghorn.

"You-Know-Who killed 'em and tried to kill you, too. Never wondered how you got that mark on yer forehead? That's what yeh get when a powerful, evil curse touches yeh – but it didn't work on you, an' that's why yer famous, Harry. An' yeh'll be right famous at Hogwarts, the finest school of witchcraft and wizardry in the world. An' yeh'll be under the greatest headmaster Hogwarts ever had Albus Dumbled-."

Uncle Vernon certainly seemed to have got back his courage. "I AM NOT PAYING FOR SOME CRACKPOT OLD FOOL To TEACH HIM MAGIC TRICKS!" yelled Uncle Vernon.

But he had finally gone too far. Hagrid seized his umbrella and whirled it over his head, "NEVER," he thundered, "-- INSULT – ALBUS – DUMBLEDORE – IN – FRONT – OF – ME!"

And the next second, Dudley was dancing on the spot with his hands clasped over his fat bottom, howling in pain. When he turned his back on them, Harry saw a curly pig's tail.

Hagrid looked down at his umbrella, stroked his beard and cast a sideways look at Harry under his bushy eyebrows.

"Be grateful if yeh didn't mention that ter anyone at Hogwarts, I'm – er – not supposed ter do magic." he said.

Harry woke early the next morning. Although he could tell it was daylight, he kept his eyes shut tight. He thought it was a dream. But then he saw Hagrid. Hagrid yawned loudly, sat up, and stretched.

"Best be Off, Harry, lots ter do today, gotta get up ter London an' buy all yer stuff fer school."

Harry was turning over the wizard coins and looking at them. He had just thought of something that made him feel as though the happy balloon inside him had got a puncture.

"Um – Hagrid?"

"Mm?" said Hagrid, who was pulling on his huge boots.

"I haven't got any money – and you heard Uncle Vernon last night ... he won't pay for me to go and learn magic."

"Don't worry about that," said Hagrid, standing up and scratching his head. "D'yeh think yer parents didn't leave yeh anything?"

"They didn' keep their gold in the house, boy! Nah, first stop fer us is Gringotts. Wizards' bank. Have a sausage, they're not bad cold – an' I wouldn' say no teh a bit o' yer birthday cake, neither."

"Wizards have banks?"

"Just the one. Gringotts. Run by goblins."

Harry followed Hagrid out onto the rock. They settled down in the boat, Harry sat and thought about Gringotts while Hagrid read his newspaper, the Daily Prophet.

"Ministry o' Magic messin' things up as usual," Hagrid muttered, turning the page.

"But what does a Ministry of Magic do?"

"Well, their main job is to keep it from the Muggles that there's still witches an' wizards up an' down the country."

At this moment the boat bumped gently into the harbor wall, and they clambered up the stone steps onto the street. Passersby stared a lot at Hagrid as they walked through the little town to the station. Harry couldn't blame them. Not only was Hagrid twice as tall as anyone else, he kept pointing at perfectly ordinary things like parking meters.

They had reached the station. There was a train to London in five minutes' time. Hagrid, who didn't understand "Muggle money," as he called it, gave the bills to Harry so he could buy their tickets.

"Still got yer letter, Harry?" he asked as he counted stitches. Harry took the parchment envelope out of his pocket.

"Good," said Hagrid. "There's a list there of everything yeh need."

Harry unfolded a second piece of paper he hadn't noticed the night before, and read the list: uniform, course books, other equipment. Students might also bring an owl or a cat or a toad. Parents were reminded that first years were not allowed their own broomsticks.

"Can we buy all this in London?" Harry wondered aloud.

"If yeh know where to go," said Hagrid.

Harry had never been to London before. Although Hagrid seemed to know where he was going, he was obviously not used to getting there in an ordinary way. He got stuck in the ticket barrier on the Underground, and complained loudly that the seats were too small and the trains too slow.

"This is it," said Hagrid, coming to a halt, "the Leaky Cauldron. It's a famous place."

It was a tiny, grubby-looking pub. For a famous place, it was very dark and shabby. The low buzz of chatter stopped when they walked in. Everyone seemed to know Hagrid; they waved and smiled at him, and the bartender reached for a glass, saying, "The usual, Hagrid?"

"Can't, Tom, I'm on Hogwarts business," said Hagrid, clapping his great hand on Harry's shoulder and making Harry's knees buckle.

"Good Lord," said the bartender, peering at Harry, "is this – can this be –?"

The Leaky Cauldron had suddenly gone completely still and silent.

"Bless my soul," whispered the old bartender, "Harry Potter... what an honor." He hurried out from behind the bar, rushed toward Harry and seized his hand, tears in his eyes.

"Welcome back, Mr. Potter, welcome back."

Harry didn't know what to say. Everyone was looking at him. The old woman with the pipe was puffing on it without realizing it had gone out. Hagrid was beaming. At last, Hagrid managed to make himself heard over the babble.

"Must get on – lots ter buy. Come on, Harry." Hagrid grinned at Harry. He tapped the wall three times with the point of his umbrella.

"Three up... two across he muttered. "Right, stand back, Harry."

The brick he had touched quivered – it wriggled – in the middle, a small hole appeared – it grew wider and wider – a second later they were facing an archway large enough even for Hagrid, an archway onto a cobbled street that twisted and turned out of sight.

"Welcome," said Hagrid, "to Diagon Alley."

He grinned at Harry's amazement. They stepped through the archway. Harry looked quickly over his shoulder and saw the archway shrink instantly back into solid wall. He wished he had about eight more eyes. He turned his head in every direction as they walked up the street.

"Gringotts," said Hagrid. They had reached a snowy white building that towered over the other little shops.

A pair of goblins bowed them through the silver doors and they were in a vast marble hall.

"And I've also got a letter here from Professor Dumbledore," said Hagrid importantly, throwing out his chest. "It's about the YouKnow-What in vault seven hundred and thirteen."

The goblin read the letter carefully.

"Very well," he said, handing it back to Hagrid, "I will have Someone take you down to both vaults. Griphook!"

Griphook unlocked the door. A lot of green smoke came billowing out, and as it cleared, Harry gasped. Inside were mounds of gold coins. Columns of silver. Heaps of little bronze Knuts.

"All yours," smiled Hagrid.

All Harry's – it was incredible. Hagrid helped Harry pile some of it into a bag. He didn't have to know how many Galleons there were to a pound to know that he was holding more money than he'd had in his whole life.

"Might as well get yer uniform," said Hagrid, nodding toward Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions. "Listen, Harry, would yeh mind if I slipped off fer a pick-me-up in the Leaky Cauldron? I hate them Gringotts carts." He did still look a bit sick, so Harry entered Madam Malkin's shop alone, feeling nervous.

Madam Malkin was a squat, smiling witch dressed all in mauve.

"Hogwarts, clear?" she said, when Harry started to speak. "Got the lot here - another young man being fitted up just now, in fact."

In the back of the shop, a boy with a pale, pointed face was standing on a footstool while a second witch pinned up his long black robes. Madam Malkin stood Harry on a stool next to him slipped a long robe over his head, and began to pin it to the right length.

"Hello," said the boy, "Hogwarts, too?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"My father's next door buying my books and mother's up the street looking at wands," said the boy. He had a bored, drawling voice. "Then I'm going to drag them off to look at racing brooms. I don't see why first years can't have their own. I think I'll bully father into getting me one and I'll smuggle it in somehow."

Harry was strongly reminded of Dudley.

"Have you got your own broom? Play Quidditch at all?" the boy went on. "I do – Father says it's a crime if I'm not picked to play for my house, and I must say, I agree. Know what house you'll be in yet?"

"No," said Harry, feeling more stupid by the minute.

"Well, no one really knows until they get there, do they, but I know I'll be in Slytherin, all our family have been – imagine being in Hufflepuff, I think I'd leave, wouldn't you?"

"Mmm," said Harry, wishing he could say something a bit more interesting. He was liking the boy less and less every second.

"Well, I'll see you at Hogwarts, I suppose," said the drawling boy.

Harry was rather quiet as he ate the ice cream Hagrid had bought him (chocolate and raspberry with chopped nuts).

"What's up?" said Hagrid.

"Nothing," Harry lied. "Hagrid, what is Quidditch?"

"It's our sport. Wizard sport. It's like – like soccer in the Muggle world – everyone follows Quidditch – played up in the air on broomsticks and there's four balls – sorta hard ter explain the rules." "And what are Slytherin and Hufflepuff?"

"School houses. There's four."

They bought Harry's school books, a solid gold cauldron, and while Hagrid asked the man behind the counter for a supply of some basic potion ingredients for Harry, Harry himself examined silver unicorn horns at twenty-one Galleons each and minuscule, glittery-black beetle eyes (five Knuts a scoop).

Outside the Apothecary, Hagrid checked Harry's list again.

"Just yer wand left – A yeah, an' I still haven't got yeh a birthday present."

Harry felt himself go red. "You don't have to –"

"I know I don't have to. Tell yeh what, I'll get yer animal. I'll get yeh an owl."

Twenty minutes later, they left Eeylops Owl Emporium, Harry now carried a large cage that held a beautiful snowy owl, fast asleep with her head under her wing. He couldn't stop stammering his thanks.

A magic wand... this was what Harry had been really looking forward to.

The last shop was narrow and shabby. Peeling gold letters over the door read Ollivanders: Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C. A single wand lay on a faded purple

cushion in the dusty window. Mr. Ollivander greeted them and moved closer to Harry. He touched the lightning scar on Harry's forehead with a long, white finger and shook his head and then, to Harry's relief, spotted Hagrid.

"Rubeus! Rubeus Hagrid! How nice to see you again.... Oak, sixteen inches, rather bendy, wasn't it?"

"It was, sir, yes," said Hagrid.

"Good wand, that one. But I suppose they snapped it in half when you got expelled?" said Mr. Ollivander, suddenly stern.

"Er – yes, they did, yes," said Hagrid, shuffling his feet. "I've still got the pieces, though," he added brightly.

"Well, now – Mr. Potter. Let me see." He pulled a long tape measure with silver markings out of his pocket. "Which is your wand arm?"

"Er – well, I'm right-handed," said Harry.

"Hold out your arm. That's it." Mr. Ollivander was flitting around the shelves, taking down boxes. "That will do," he said, and the tape measure crumpled into a heap on the floor. "Right then, Mr. Potter. Try this one – unusual combination – holly and phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple, just take it and give it a wave."

Harry took the wand. He felt a sudden warmth in his fingers. Mr. Ollivander cried, "Oh, bravo! Yes, indeed, oh, very good. Well, well, well... how curious... how very curious... "

He put Harry's wand back into its box and wrapped it in brown paper, still muttering, "Curious... curious... It is very curious indeed that you should be destined for this wand when its brother why, its brother gave you that scar."

Harry paid seven gold Galleons for his wand, and Mr. Ollivander bowed them from his shop.

The late afternoon Harry and Hagrid made their way back down Diagon Alley. "Got time fer a bite to eat before yer train leaves," he said. He bought Harry a hamburger and they sat down on plastic seats to eat them. Hagrid leaned across the table. Behind the wild beard and eyebrows, he wore a very kind smile.

"Don' you worry, Harry. You'll learn fast enough. Everyone starts at the beginning at Hogwarts, you'll be just fine, just be yerself. I know it's hard. Yeh've been singled out, an' that's always hard. But yeh'll have a great time at Hogwarts – I did – still do, 'smatter of fact."

Hagrid helped Harry on to the train that would take him back to the Dursleys, then handed him an envelope.

"Yer ticket fer Hogwarts, " he said. "First o' September – King's Cross – it's all on yer ticket. Any problems with the Dursleys, send me a letter with yer owl, she'll know where to find me... See yeh soon, Harry."

The train pulled out of the station. Harry wanted to watch Hagrid until he was out of sight; he rose in his seat and pressed his nose against the window, but he blinked and Hagrid had gone.

## Chapter 4. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

ceiling ['si:lɪŋ], to be crinkled in a smile, yeh, enormous, a hut, a wizard, to gasp, a parchment, to blew up, an outrage (a scandal), to reckon, a vault, a broomstick, the Leaky Cauldron, Diagon Alley, mauve, soccer, to curse, don't mention it, to be out of sight.

### 2. Find the words:

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| k | t | a | k | e | e | p | l | h | v |
| c | c | e | j | h | v | a | u | l | t |
| i | h | k | a | s | g | t | p | t | d |
| t | o | m | a | u | v | e | a | j | w |
| s | h | i | n | e | p | s | a | g | f |
| m | o | s | u | o | m | r | o | n | e |
| o | l | c | w | g | k | u | g | y | s |
| o | a | v | c | o | c | c | r | x | v |
| r | t | u | f | e | k | z | e | d | h |
| b | w | i | z | a | r | d | y | r | x |

### **3. Questions:**

1. What did he take out of the pockets of his coat?
2. Did the Dursleys know that Harry was a wizard?
3. What happened to Harry's parents?
4. How did Harry feel that morning?
5. Where did Harry and Hagrid go? Why?
6. Whom did he meet in Madam Malkin's shop? What did this boy ask Harry about?
7. What did Hagrid buy Harry as a birthday present?
8. Did Harry go back to the Dursleys?

### **4. True/False**

1. At the beginning of Chapter Harry knew all about Hogwarts.
2. There was silence inside the hut.
3. "I'd like ter see a great Muggle like you stop him," Vernon said.
4. "BURNED OUT IN A FIRE!" roared Hagrid, jumping up so angrily that the Dursleys scuttled back to their corner.
5. "I AM NOT PAYING FOR SOME CRACKPOT OLD FOOL TO TEACH HIM MAGIC TRICKS!" yelled Uncle Vernon.
6. "And I've also got a letter here from Professor Dumbledore," said Hagrid importantly, throwing out his chest.
7. Madam Malkin was a squat, smiling witch dressed all in mauve.
8. "I know I don't have to. Tell yeh what, I'll get yer animal. I'll get you're a cat."

### **5. Make a plan to Chapter 4 in the right order**

1. Three up... two across and welcome to Diagon Alley.
2. Shop magic wands Mr. Ollivander.
3. The first acquaintance with Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts.
4. Meeting a boy in Madame Malkin's shop.
5. Gringotts. Wizards' bank.
6. The Leaky Cauldron.
7. Harry's ticket fer Hogwarts.
8. The Dursleys ' secret about Harry's origins becomes clear.
9. The story of Harry's parents.

### **6. Retell Chapter 4.**

## Chapter 5.

### THE JOURNEY FROM PLATFORM NINE AND THREE-QUARTERS

Harry's last month with the Dursleys wasn't fun. Harry kept to his room, with his new owl for company. He had decided to call her Hedwig, a name he had found in *A History of Magic*. His school books were very interesting. He lay on his bed reading late into the night, Hedwig swooping in and out of the open window as she pleased.

On the last day of August, he thought he'd better speak to his aunt and uncle about getting to King's Cross station the next day, so he went down to the living room where they were watching a quiz show on television.

"Er – Uncle Vernon?"

Uncle Vernon grunted to show he was listening.

"Er – I need to be at King's Cross tomorrow to – to go to Hogwarts."

Uncle Vernon grunted again.

"Would it be all right if you gave me a lift?"

Grunt. Harry supposed that meant yes.

"Thank you."

He was about to go back upstairs when Uncle Vernon actually spoke.

"Funny way to get to a wizards' school, the train. Magic carpets all got punctures, have they?"

Harry didn't say anything.

"Where is this school, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Harry, realizing this for the first time. He pulled the ticket Hagrid had given him out of his pocket.

"I just take the train from platform nine and three-quarters at eleven o'clock," he read.

His aunt and uncle stared.

"Platform what?"

"Nine and three-quarters."

"Don't talk rubbish," said Uncle Vernon. "There is no platform nine and three-quarters."

"It's on my ticket."

"Barking," said Uncle Vernon, "howling mad, the lot of them. You'll see. You just wait. All right, we'll take you to King's Cross. We're going up to London tomorrow anyway, or I wouldn't bother."

"Why are you going to London?" Harry asked, trying to keep things friendly.

"Taking Dudley to the hospital," growled Uncle Vernon. "Got to have that ruddy tail removed before he goes to Smeltings."

Harry woke at five o'clock the next morning and was too excited and nervous to go back to sleep. Two hours later, Harry's huge, heavy trunk had been loaded into the Dursleys' car.

They reached King's Cross at half past ten. Uncle Vernon dumped Harry's trunk onto a cart and wheeled it into the station for him. Harry thought this was strangely kind until Uncle Vernon stopped dead, facing the platforms with a nasty grin on his face.

"Well, there you are, boy. Platform nine – platform ten. Your platform should be somewhere in the middle, but they don't seem to have built it yet, do they?"

He was quite right, of course. There was a big plastic number nine over one platform and a big plastic number ten over the one next to it, and in the middle, nothing at all.

"Have a good term," said Uncle Vernon with an even nastier smile. He left without another word. Harry turned and saw the Dursleys drive away. All three of them were laughing. Harry's mouth went rather dry. What on earth was he going to do? He was starting to attract a lot of funny looks, because of Hedwig. He'd have to ask someone.

He stopped a passing guard, but didn't dare mention platform nine and three-quarters. The guard had never heard of Hogwarts. According to the large clock over the arrivals board, Harry had ten minutes left to get on the train to Hogwarts and he had no idea how to do it; he was stranded in the middle of a station with a trunk he could hardly lift, a pocket full of wizard money, and a large owl.

Hagrid must have forgotten to tell him something you had to do, like tapping the third brick on the left to get into Diagon Alley.

At that moment a group of people passed just behind him and he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"– packed with Muggles, of course –"

Harry swung round. The speaker was a plump woman who was talking to four boys, all with flaming red hair. Each of them was pushing a trunk like Harry's in front of him – and they had an owl.

Heart hammering, Harry pushed his cart after them.

"Now, what's the platform number?" said the boys' mother.

"Nine and three-quarters!" piped a small girl, also red-headed, who was holding her hand, "Mom, can't I go... "

"You're not old enough, Ginny, now be quiet. All right, Percy, you go first."

What looked like the oldest boy marched toward platforms nine and ten. Harry watched, careful not to blink in case he missed it – but just as the boy reached the dividing barrier between the two platforms, a large crowd of tourists came swarming in front of him and by the time the last backpack had cleared away, the boy had vanished.

"Excuse me," Harry said to the plump woman.

"Hello, dear," she said. "First time at Hogwarts? Ron's new, too."

She pointed at the last and youngest of her sons. He was tall, thin, and gangling, with freckles, big hands and feet, and a long nose.

"Yes," said Harry. "The thing is – the thing is, I don't know how to –"

"How to get onto the platform?" she said kindly, and Harry nodded.

"Not to worry," she said. "All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Don't stop and don't be scared you'll crash into it, that's very important. Best do it at a bit of a run if you're nervous. Go on, go now before Ron."

"Er – okay," said Harry.

He pushed his trolley around and stared at the barrier. It looked very solid.

He started to walk toward it. Harry walked more quickly. He was going to smash right into that barrier and he closed his eyes ready for the crash –

It didn't come... he kept on running... he opened his eyes. A scarlet steam engine was waiting next to a platform packed with people. A sign overhead said Hogwarts Express, eleven O'clock. Harry looked behind him and saw a wrought-iron archway where the barrier had been, with the words Platform Nine and Three-Quarters on it. He had done it.

Smoke from the engine drifted over the heads of the chattering crowd. Harry pushed his cart off down the platform in search of an empty seat. He passed a round-faced boy who was saying, "Gran, I've lost my toad again."

"Oh, Neville," he heard the old woman sigh.

A boy with dreadlocks was surrounded by a small crowd.

Harry pressed on through the crowd until he found an empty compartment near the end of the train. He put Hedwig inside first and then started to shove and heave his trunk toward the train door. He tried to lift it up the steps but could hardly raise one end and twice he dropped it painfully on his foot.

"Want a hand?" It was one of the red-haired twins he'd followed through the barrier.

"Yes, please," Harry panted.

"Oy, Fred! C'here and help!"

With the twins' help, Harry's trunk was at last tucked away in a corner of the compartment.

"Thanks," said Harry, pushing his sweaty hair out of his eyes.

"What's that?" said one of the twins suddenly, pointing at Harry's lightning scar.

"Blimey," said the other twin. "Are you..."

"He is," said the first twin. "Aren't you?" he added to Harry.

"What?" said Harry.

"Harry Potter," chorused the twins.

"Oh, him," said Harry. "I mean, yes, I am."

The two boys gawked at him, and Harry felt himself turning red. Then, to his relief, a voice came floating in through the train's open door.

"Fred? George? Are you there?"

"Coming, Mom."

With a last look at Harry, the twins hopped off the train.

The oldest boy came striding into sight. He had already changed into his billowing black Hogwarts robes, and Harry noticed a shiny silver badge on his chest with the letter P on it.

"Can't stay long, Mother," he said. "I'm up front, the prefects have got two compartments to themselves -"

"Oh, are you a prefect, Percy?" said one of the twins, with an air of great surprise. "You should have said something, we had no idea."

"How come Percy gets new robes, anyway?" said one of the twins.

"Because he's a prefect," said their mother fondly. "All right, dear, well, have a good term – send me an owl when you get there."

She kissed Percy on the cheek and he left. Then she turned to the twins.

"Hey, Mom, guess what? Guess who we just met on the train?"

Harry leaned back quickly so they couldn't see him looking.

"You know that black-haired boy who was near us in the station? Know who he is?"

"Who?"

"Harry Potter!"

Harry heard the little girl's voice.

"Oh, Mom, can I go on the train and see him, Mom, eh please...."

"You've already seen him, Ginny, and the poor boy isn't something you goggle at in a zoo. Is he really, Fred? How do you know?"

"Asked him. Saw his scar. It's really there – like lightning."

"Poor dear – no wonder he was alone, I wondered. He was ever so polite when he asked how to get onto the platform."

"Never mind that, do you think he remembers what You-Know-Who looks like?"

Their mother suddenly became very stern.

"I forbid you to ask him, Fred. No, don't you dare. As though he needs reminding of that on his first day at school."

A whistle sounded.

The train began to move. Harry watched the girl and her mother disappear as the train rounded the corner. Houses flashed past the window. Harry felt a great leap of excitement. He didn't know what he was going to but it had to be better than what he was leaving behind.

The door of the compartment slid open and the youngest redheaded boy came in.

"Anyone sitting there?" he asked, pointing at the seat opposite Harry. "Everywhere else is full."

Harry shook his head and the boy sat down. He glanced at Harry and then looked quickly out of the window, pretending he hadn't looked. Harry saw he still had a black mark on his nose.

"Hey, Ron."

The twins were back.

"Listen, we're going down the middle of the train – Lee Jordan's got a giant tarantula down there."

"Right," mumbled Ron.

"Harry," said the other twin, "did we introduce ourselves? Fred and George Weasley. And this is Ron, our brother. See you later, then. "

"Bye," said Harry and Ron. The twins slid the compartment door shut behind them.

"Are you really Harry Potter?" Ron blurted out.

Harry nodded.

"Oh – well, I thought it might be one of Fred and George's jokes," said Ron. "And have you really got – you know..."

He pointed at Harry's forehead.

Harry pulled back his bangs to show the lightning scar. Ron stared.

"So that's where You-Know-Who?"

"Yes," said Harry, "but I can't remember it."

"Nothing?" said Ron eagerly.

"Well – I remember a lot of green light, but nothing else."

"Wow," said Ron. He sat and stared at Harry for a few moments, then, as though he had suddenly realized what he was doing, he looked quickly out of the window again.

"Are all your family wizards?" asked Harry, who found Ron just as interesting as Ron found him.

"Er – Yes, I think so," said Ron. "I think Mom's got a second cousin who's an accountant, but we never talk about him."

Ron reached inside his jacket and pulled out a fat gray rat, which was asleep.

"His name's Scabbers and he's useless, he hardly ever wakes up."

Harry didn't think there was anything wrong with not being able to afford an owl. After all, he'd never had any money in his life until a month ago, and he told Ron so, all about having to wear Dudley's old clothes and never getting proper birthday presents. This seemed to cheer Ron up.

"... and until Hagrid told me, I didn't know anything about being a wizard or about my parents or Voldemort"

Ron gasped.

"What?" said Harry.

"You said You-Know-Who's name!" said Ron, sounding both shocked and impressed. "I'd have thought you, of all people –"

"I'm not trying to be brave or anything, saying the name," said Harry, "I just never knew you shouldn't. See what I mean? I've got loads to learn..."

"There's loads of people who come from Muggle families and they learn quick enough."

While they had been talking, the train had carried them out of London. Now they were speeding past fields full of cows and sheep. They were quiet for a time, watching the fields and lanes flick past.

Around half past twelve there was a great clattering outside in the corridor and a smiling, dimpled woman slid back their door and said, "Anything off the cart, dears?"

Harry, who hadn't had any breakfast, leapt to his feet, but Ron's ears went pink again and he muttered that he'd brought sandwiches. Harry went out into the corridor.

He had never had any money for candy with the Dursleys. The woman did have were Bettie Bott's Every Flavor Beans, Drooble's Best Blowing Gum, Chocolate Frogs, Pumpkin Pasties, Cauldron Cakes, Licorice Wands, and a number of other strange things Harry had never seen in his life. Not wanting to miss anything, he got some of everything and paid the woman eleven silver Sickles and seven bronze Knuts.

Ron stared as Harry brought it all back in to the compartment and tipped it onto an empty seat.

"Hungry, are you?"

"Starving," said Harry, taking a large bite out of a pumpkin pasty.

Ron had taken out a lumpy package and unwrapped it.

"Go on, have a pasty," said Harry, who had never had anything to share before or, indeed, anyone to share it with. It was a nice feeling, sitting there with Ron, eating their way through all Harry's pasties, cakes, and candies (the sandwiches lay forgotten).

"What are these?" Harry asked Ron, holding up a pack of Chocolate Frogs. "They're not really frogs, are they?" He was starting to feel that nothing would surprise him.

"No," said Ron. Oh, of course, you wouldn't know – Chocolate Frogs have cards, inside them, you know, to collect – famous witches and wizards. I've got about five hundred, but I haven't got Agrippa or Ptolemy."

Harry unwrapped his Chocolate Frog and picked up the card. It showed a man's face. He wore half-moon glasses, had a long, crooked nose, and flowing silver hair, beard, and mustache. Underneath the picture was the name Albus Dumbledore.

"So, this is Dumbledore!" said Harry.

"Don't tell me you'd never heard of Dumbledore!" said Ron. "Can I have a frog? I might get Agrippa – thanks. "

Harry turned over his card and read:

ALBUS DUMBLEDORE

CURRENTLY HEADMASTER OF HOGWARTS

Considered by many the greatest wizard of modern times, Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald in 1945, for the discovery of the twelve uses of dragon's blood, and his work on alchemy with his partner, Nicolas Flamel. Professor Dumbledore enjoys chamber music and tenpin bowling.

Harry stared as Dumbledore sidled back into the picture on his card and gave him a small smile. He finally tore his eyes away from the Dumbledore, to open a bag of Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans.

The countryside now flying past the window was becoming wilder. The neat fields had gone. Now there were woods, twisting rivers, and dark green hills.

There was a knock on the door of their compartment and the round-faced boy Harry had passed on platform nine and threequarters came in. He looked tearful.

"Sorry," he said, "but have you seen a toad at all?"

When they shook their heads, he wailed, "I've lost him! He keeps getting away from me!"

"He'll turn up," said Harry.

"Yes," said the boy miserably. "Well, if you see him..."

He left.

The toadless boy was back, but this time he had a girl with him. She was already wearing her new Hogwarts robes.

"Has anyone seen a toad? Neville's lost one," she said. She had a bossy sort of voice, lots of bushy brown hair, and rather large front teeth.

"We've already told him we haven't seen it, I'm Ron Weasley," said Ron.

"Harry Potter," said Harry.

"Are you really?" said Hermione. "I know all about you, of course – I got a few extra books for background reading, and you're in *Modern Magical History* and *The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts and Great Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century*."

"Am I?" said Harry, feeling dazed.

"Goodness, didn't you know, I'd have found out everything I could if it was me," said Hermione. "Do either of you know what house you'll be in? I've been asking around, and I hope I'm in Gryffindor. You two had better change, you know, I expect we'll be there soon."

And she left, taking the toadless boy with her.

"Whatever house I'm in, I hope she's not in it," said Ron.

"What house are your brothers in?" asked Harry.

"Gryffindor," said Ron. "I don't suppose Ravenclaw would be too bad, but imagine if they put me in Slytherin."

"That's the house Vol-, I mean, You-Know-Who was in?"

"Yeah... Did you hear about Gringotts? It's been all over the Daily Prophet, but I don't suppose you get that with the Muggles – someone tried to rob a high security vault." said Ron.

Harry stared.

"Really? What happened to them?"

"Nothing, that's why it's such big news. They haven't been caught. 'Course, everyone gets scared when something like this happens in case You-Know-Who's behind it."

Harry turned this news over in his mind. He supposed this was all part of entering the magical world, but it had been a lot more comfortable saying "Voldemort" without worrying.

"What's your Quidditch team?" Ron asked.

"Er – I don't know any," Harry confessed.

"What!" Ron looked dumbfounded. "Oh, you wait, it's the best game in the world!" And he was off, taking Harry through the finer points of the game when the compartment door slid open yet again.

Three boys entered, and Harry recognized the middle one at once: it was the pale boy from Madam Malkin's robe shop.

"Is it true?" he said. "They're saying all down the train that Harry Potter's in this compartment. So, it's you, is it?"

"Yes," said Harry. He was looking at the other boys. Both of them were thickset and looked extremely mean. Standing on either side of the pale boy, they looked like bodyguards.

"Oh, this is Crabbe and this is Goyle," said the pale boy carelessly, noticing where Harry was looking. "And my name's Malfoy, Draco Malfoy."

Ron gave a slight cough, which might have been hiding a snigget. Draco Malfoy looked at him.

"Think my name's funny, do you? "

He turned back to Harry. He held out his hand to shake Harry's, but Harry didn't take it.

"I think I can tell who the wrong sort are for myself, thanks," he said coolly.

"I'd be careful if I were you, Potter," he said slowly. "Unless you're a bit politer you'll go the same way as your parents. They didn't know what was good for them, either. You hang around with riffraff like the Weasleys and that Hagrid, and it'll rub off on you."

Both Harry and Ron stood up.

"Say that again," Ron said, his face as red as his hair.

"Oh, you're going to fight us, are you?" Malfoy sneered.

"Unless you get out now," said Harry, more bravely than he felt, because Crabbe and Goyle were a lot bigger than him or Ron.

A second later, Hermione Granger had come in.

"What has been going on?" she said, looking at the sweets all over the floor.

"You've met Malfoy before?"

Harry explained about their meeting in Diagon Alley.

"I've heard of his family," said Ron darkly. "They were some of the first to come back to our side after You-Know-Who disappeared." He turned to Hermione. "Can we help you with something?"

"You'd better hurry up and put your robes on, I've just been up to the front to ask the conductor, and he says we're nearly there."

"Would you mind leaving while we change?"

"All right. And you've got dirt on your nose, by the way, did you know?"

Ron glared at her as she left. The train did seem to be slowing down.

He and Ron took off their jackets and pulled on their long black robes.

A voice echoed through the train: "We will be reaching Hogwarts in five minutes' time. Please leave your luggage on the train, it will be taken to the school separately."

The train slowed right down and finally stopped. People pushed their way toward the door and out on to a tiny, dark platform. Harry shivered in the cold night air. Then a lamp came bobbing over the heads of the students, and Harry heard a familiar voice: "Firs' years! Firs' years over here! All right there, Harry?"

Hagrid's big hairy face beamed over the sea of heads.

"C'mon, follow me – any more firs' years? Mind yer step, now! Firs' years follow me!"

Slipping and stumbling, they followed Hagrid down what seemed to be a steep, narrow path. "Ye' all get yer firs' sight o' Hogwarts in a sec," Hagrid called over his shoulder, "jus' round this bend here."

The narrow path had opened suddenly onto the edge of a great black lake. Perched atop a high mountain on the other side, its windows sparkling in the starry sky, was a vast castle with many turrets and towers.

"No more'n four to a boat!" Hagrid called, pointing to a fleet of little boats sitting in the water by the shore. Harry and Ron were followed into their boat by Neville and Hermione. "Everyone in?" shouted Hagrid, who had a boat to himself. "Right then – FORWARD!"

The castle towered over them as they sailed nearer and nearer to the cliff on which it stood. They reached a kind of underground harbor, where they clambered out onto rocks and pebbles. "Oy, you there! Is this your toad?" said Hagrid, who was checking the boats as people climbed out of them.

"Trevor!" cried Neville blissfully, holding out his hands. Then they clambered up a passageway in the rock after Hagrid's lamp, coming out at last onto smooth, damp grass right in the shadow of the castle.

They walked up a flight of stone steps and crowded around the huge, oak front door. Hagrid raised a gigantic fist and knocked three times on the castle door.

## Chapter 5. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

An owl, to swoop, to howl, ruddy, a trunk, to guard, to blink, to swarm, empty, a toad, a badge, stern, eagerly, to gasp, to unwrap, a mustache, to defeat, a passageway, dumbfounded, to daze.

### 2. Find 10 words from the vocabulary:

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | r | h | b | d | r | j | c | a | n |
| e | b | d | t | m | u | k | e | z | p |
| f | e | g | c | p | d | z | q | s | v |
| e | o | w | l | r | d | f | a | b | t |
| a | e | a | d | i | y | g | e | r | o |
| t | h | a | j | o | l | x | a | n | a |
| g | z |   | n | r | e | t | s | k | d |
| e | w | k | v | m | x | t | q | f | h |
| a | e | b | c | m | g | u | a | r | d |
| f | s | w | o | o | p | u | u | i | k |
| x | k | t | w | y | r | e | a | h | b |
| c | m | u | s | t | a | c | h | e | i |
| v | k | r | e | e | k | s | m | k | d |

### 3. Answer the question and try to retell that part of the text:

Who helped Harry find Platform Nine and Three-Quarters?

### 4. Find in the text:

- 1) Волшебные ковры все имеют проколы
- 2) Дядя Вернон снова хмыкнул
- 3) Гарри резко обернулся
- 4) Они сняли куртки и натянули длинные черные мантии
- 5) Гарри пробирался сквозь толпу, пока не нашел пустое купе в конце поезда
- 6) Не останавливайся и не бойся, что врежешься в него, это очень важно
- 7) Алый паровоз ждал рядом с платформой, заполненной людьми

### 5. Make up 5 questions to the text.

### 6. Retell the text.

## **Chapter 6.**

### **THE SORTING HAT**

The door swung open at once. A tall, black-haired witch in emerald-green robes stood there. She had a very stern face and Harry's first thought was that this was not someone to cross.

"The first years, Professor McGonagall," said Hagrid.

"Thank you, Hagrid"

They followed Professor McGonagall across the flagged stone floor. Harry could hear the drone of hundreds of voices from a doorway to the right – the rest of the school must already be here – but Professor McGonagall showed the first years into a small, empty chamber off the hall. They crowded in, standing rather closer together than they would usually have done, peering about nervously.

"Welcome to Hogwarts," said Professor McGonagall. "The start-of-term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the Great Hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room.

The four houses are called Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points. At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours. I shall return when we are ready for you," said Professor McGonagall. "Please wait quietly."

She left the chamber. Harry swallowed.

"How exactly do they sort us into houses?" he asked Ron.

"Some sort of test, I think. Fred said it hurts a lot, but I think he was joking."

Harry's heart gave a horrible jolt. A test? In front of the whole school? But he didn't know any magic yet – what on earth would he have to do? He hadn't expected something like this the moment they arrived. He looked around anxiously and saw that everyone else looked terrified, too. No one was talking much except Hermione Granger, who was whispering very fast about all the spells she'd learned and wondering which one she'd need. Harry tried hard not to listen to her. He'd never been more nervous, never, not even when he'd had to take a school report home to the Dursleys saying that he'd somehow turned his teacher's wig blue. He kept his eyes fixed on the door. Any second now, Professor McGonagall would come back and lead him to his doom.

Professor McGonagall had returned. One by one, the ghosts floated away through the opposite wall.

"Now, form a line," Professor McGonagall told the first years, "and follow me."

Feeling oddly as though his legs had turned to lead, Harry got into line behind a boy with sandy hair, with Ron behind him, and they walked out of the chamber, back across the hall, and through a pair of double doors into the Great Hall.

Harry had never even imagined such a strange and splendid place. It was lit by thousands and thousands of candles that were floating in midair over four long tables, where the rest of the students were sitting. These tables were laid with glittering golden plates and goblets. At the top of the hall was another long table where the teachers were sitting. Professor McGonagall led the first years up here, so that they came to a halt in a line facing the other students, with the teachers behind them. The hundreds of faces staring at them looked like pale lanterns in the flickering candlelight. Dotted here and there among the students, the ghosts shone misty silver. Mainly to avoid all the staring eyes, Harry looked upward and saw a velvety black ceiling dotted with stars. He heard Hermione whisper, "Its bewitched to look like the sky outside. I read about it in *Hogwarts, A History*."

It was hard to believe there was a ceiling there at all, and that the Great Hall didn't simply open on to the heavens.

Harry quickly looked down again as Professor McGonagall silently placed a four-legged stool in front of the first years. On top of the stool she put a pointed wizard's hat. This hat was patched and frayed and extremely dirty. Aunt Petunia wouldn't have let it in the house.

Maybe they had to try and get a rabbit out of it, Harry thought wildly, that seemed the sort of thing – noticing that everyone in the hall was now staring at the hat, he stared at it, too. For a few seconds, there was complete silence. Then the hat twitched. A rip near the brim opened wide like a mouth

"So, we've just got to try on the hat!" Ron whispered to Harry. "I'll kill Fred, he was going on about wrestling a troll."

Professor McGonagall now stepped forward holding a long roll of parchment.

"When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted," she said. "Abbott, Hannah!"

A pink-faced girl with blonde pigtails stumbled out of line, put on the hat, which fell right down over her eyes, and sat down. A moment's pause –

"HUFFLEPUFF!" shouted the hat.

The table on the right cheered and clapped as Hannah went to sit down at the Hufflepuff table.

"Bones, Susan!"

"HUFFLEPUFF!" shouted the hat again, and Susan scuttled off to sit next to Hannah.

"Boot, Terry!"

"RAVENCLAW!"

The table second from the left clapped this time; several Ravenclaws stood up to shake hands with Terry as he joined them.

"Granger, Hermione!"

Hermione almost ran to the stool and jammed the hat eagerly on her head.

"GRYFFINDOR!" shouted the hat. Ron groaned.

Malfoy swaggered forward when his name was called and got his wish at once: the hat had barely touched his head when it screamed, "SLYTHERIN!"

Malfoy went to join his friends Crabbe and Goyle, looking pleased with himself.

There weren't many people left now. "Moon" "Nott" "Parkinson" then a pair of twin girls, "Patil" and "Patil" then "Perks, Sally-Anne" and then, at last – "Potter, Harry!"

As Harry stepped forward, whispers suddenly broke out like little hissing fires all over the hall.

"Potter, did she say?"

The Harry Potter?"

The last thing Harry saw before the hat dropped over his eyes was the hall full of people craning to get a good look at him. Next second he was looking at the black inside of the hat. He waited.

"Hmm," said a small voice in his ear. "Difficult. Very difficult. Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad mind either. There's talent, A my goodness, yes – and a nice thirst to prove yourself, now that's interesting.... So where shall I put you?"

Harry gripped the edges of the stool and thought, Not Slytherin, not Slytherin.

"Not Slytherin, eh?" said the small voice. "Are you sure? You could be great, you know, it's all here in your head, and Slytherin will help you on the way to greatness, no doubt about that – no? Well, if you're sure – better be GRYFFINDOR!"

Harry heard the hat shout the last word to the whole hall. He took off the hat and walked shakily toward the Gryffindor table. He was so relieved to have been chosen and not put in Slytherin, he hardly noticed that he was getting the loudest cheer yet. Percy the Prefect got up and shook his hand vigorously, while the Weasley twins yelled, "We got Potter! We got Potter!"

And now there were only three people left to be sorted. "Thomas, Dean," a Black boy even taller than Ron, joined Harry at the Gryffindor table. "Turpin, Lisa," became a Ravenclaw and then it was Ron's turn. He was pale green by now. Harry crossed his fingers under the table and a second later the hat had shouted, "GRYFFINDOR!"

Harry clapped loudly with the rest as Ron collapsed into the chair next to him.

"Well done, Ron, excellent," said Percy Weasley Pompously across Harry as "Zabini, Blaise," was made a Slytherin. Professor McGonagall rolled up her scroll and took the Sorting Hat away.

Harry looked down at his empty gold plate. He had only just realized how hungry he was. The pumpkin pasties seemed ages ago.

Albus Dumbledore had gotten to his feet. He was beaming at the students, his arms opened wide, as if nothing could have pleased him more than to see them all there.

"Welcome," he said. "Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts! Before we begin our banquet, I would like to say a few words. And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!

"Thank you!"

He sat back down. Everybody clapped and cheered. Harry didn't know whether to laugh or not.

"Is he – a bit mad?" he asked Percy uncertainly.

"Mad?" said Percy airily. "He's a genius! Best wizard in the world! But he is a bit mad, yes. Potatoes, Harry?"

Harry's mouth fell open. The dishes in front of him were now piled with food. He had never seen so many things he liked to eat on one table: roast beef, roast chicken, pork chops and lamb chops, sausages, bacon and steak, boiled potatoes, roast potatoes, fries, Yorkshire pudding, peas, carrots, gravy, ketchup, and, for some strange reason, peppermint humbugs.

The Dursleys had never exactly starved Harry, but he'd never been allowed to eat as much as he liked. Dudley had always taken anything that Harry really wanted, even if it made him sick. Harry piled his plate with a bit of everything except the peppermints and began to eat. It was all delicious.

When everyone had eaten as much as they could, the remains of the food faded from the plates, leaving them sparkling clean as before. A moment later the desserts appeared. Blocks of ice cream in every flavor you could think of, apple pies, treacle tarts, chocolate eclairs and jam doughnuts, trifle, strawberries, Jell-O, rice pudding."

As Harry helped himself to a treacle tart, the talk turned to their families.

"I'm half-and-half," said Seamus. "Me dad's a Muggle. Mom didn't tell him she was a witch 'til after they were married. Bit of a nasty shock for him."

The others laughed.

Harry, who was starting to feel warm and sleepy, looked up at the High Table again. Hagrid was drinking deeply from his goblet. Professor McGonagall was talking to Professor Dumbledore. Professor Quirrell, in his absurd turban, was talking to a teacher with greasy black hair, a hooked nose, and sallow skin.

It happened very suddenly. The hook-nosed teacher looked past Quirrell's turban straight into Harry's eyes – and a sharp, hot pain shot across the scar on Harry's forehead.

"Ouch!" Harry clapped a hand to his head.

"What is it?" asked Percy.

"N-nothing."

The pain had gone as quickly as it had come. Harder to shake off was the feeling Harry had gotten from the teacher's look – a feeling that he didn't like Harry at all.

"Who's that teacher talking to Professor Quirrell?" he asked Percy.

"Oh, you know Quirrell already, do you? No wonder he's looking so nervous, that's Professor Snape. He teaches Potions, but he doesn't want to – everyone knows he's after Quirrell's job. Knows an awful lot about the Dark Arts, Snape."

Harry watched Snape for a while, but Snape didn't look at him again.

At last, the desserts too disappeared, and Professor Dumbledore got to his feet again. The hall fell silent.

"Ahern – just a few more words now that we are all fed and watered. I have a few start-of-term notices to give you.

"First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few of our older students would do well to remember that as well."

Dumbledore's twinkling eyes flashed in the direction of the Weasley twins.

"I have also been asked by Mr. Filch, the caretaker, to remind you all that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors.

"Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested in playing for their house teams should contact Madam Hooch.

"And finally, I must tell you that this year, the third-floor corridor on the right-hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death."

Harry laughed, but he was one of the few who did.

"He's not serious?" he muttered to Percy.

"Must be," said Percy, frowning at Dumbledore. "It's odd, because he usually gives us a reason why we're not allowed to go somewhere – the forest's full of dangerous beasts, everyone knows that. I do think he might have told us prefects, at least."

The Gryffindor first years followed Percy through the chattering crowds, out of the Great Hall, and up the marble staircase. Harry's legs were like lead again, but only because he was so tired and full of food. He was too sleepy even to be surprised that the people in the portraits along the corridors whispered and pointed as they passed, or that twice Percy led them through doorways hidden behind sliding panels and hanging tapestries. They climbed more staircases, yawning and dragging their feet, and Harry was just wondering how much farther they had to go when they came to a sudden halt.

At the very end of the corridor hung a portrait of a very fat woman in a pink silk dress.

"Password?" she said. "Caput Draconis," said Percy, and the portrait swung forward to reveal a round hole in the wall. They all scrambled through it – Neville needed a leg up – and found themselves in the Gryffindor common room, a cozy, round room full of squashy armchairs.

Percy directed the girls through one door to their dormitory and the boys through another. At the top of a spiral staircase – they were obviously in one of the towers – they found their beds at last: five four-posters hung with deep red, velvet curtains. Their trunks had already been brought up. Too tired to talk much, they pulled on their pajamas and fell into bed.

"Great food, isn't it?" Ron muttered to Harry through the hangings. "Get off, Scabbers! He's chewing my sheets."

Harry was going to ask Ron if he'd had any of the treacle tart, but he fell asleep almost at once.

## Chapter 6. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

A drone, to jolt, anxiously, one by one, to halt, to rip, to brim, wrestling a troll, to scuttle off, no doubt about, vigorously, by now, peppermint, half-and-half, sallow, to be interested in, to laugh at, a marble staircase, hanging tapestries, at the very end (beginning) of.

### 2. Translate the words, write synonyms:

|                     |  |
|---------------------|--|
| Drone               |  |
| Jolt                |  |
| Anxiously           |  |
| Halt                |  |
| Rip                 |  |
| Brim                |  |
| Vigorously          |  |
| Sallow              |  |
| By now              |  |
| To be interested in |  |

### **3. Questions:**

1. Where did Professor McGonagall lead the first-year students?
2. What faculty did Abbott Hannah enroll in?
3. What were Malfoy's friends' names?
4. What did the hat think about Harry?
5. Who is Professor Quirrell?
6. What was the name of the Professor with the greasy black hair, the hooked nose, and sallow skin?
7. Which corridor was closed?
8. What password did Percy give the fat woman in the pink silk dress?

### **4. Describe the Great Hall.**

### **5. Make a plan to Chapter 6.**

### **6. Retell Chapter 6.**

## **Chapter 7.**

### **THE POTIONS MASTER**

"There, look."

"Where?"

"Next to the tall kid with the red hair."

"Wearing the glasses?"

"Did you see his face?"

"Did you see his scar?"

Whispers followed Harry from the moment he left his dormitory the next day. People lining up outside classrooms stood on tiptoe to get a look at him. Harry wished they wouldn't, because he was trying to concentrate on finding his way to classes.

There were a hundred and forty-two staircases at Hogwarts: wide, sweeping ones; narrow, rickety ones; some that led somewhere different on a Friday; some with a vanishing step halfway up that you had to remember to jump. It was also very hard to remember where anything was, because it all seemed to move around a lot. The people in the portraits kept going to visit each other, and Harry was sure the coats of armor could walk.

The ghosts didn't help, either. It was always a nasty shock when one of them glided suddenly through a door you were trying to open.

Even worse the ghosts, if that was possible, was the caretaker, Argus Filch. Harry and Ron managed to get on the wrong side of him on their very first morning. Filch found them trying to force their way through a door that unluckily turned out to be the entrance to the out-of-bounds corridor on the third floor. He wouldn't believe they were lost, was sure they were trying to break into it on purpose, and was threatening to lock them in the dungeons when they were rescued by Professor Quirrell, who was passing.

Filch owned a cat called Mrs. Norris, a scrawny, dust-colored creature with bulging, lamp like eyes just like Filch's. She patrolled the corridors alone. Break a rule in front of her, put just one toe out of line, and she'd whisk off for Filch, who'd appear, wheezing, two seconds later.

And then, once you had managed to find them, there were the classes themselves. There was a lot more to magic, as Harry quickly found out, than waving your wand and saying a few funny words.

They had to study the night skies through their telescopes every Wednesday at midnight and learn the names of different stars and the movements of the planets. Three times a week they went out to the greenhouses behind the castle to study Herbology, with a dumpy little witch called Professor Sprout, where they learned how to take care of all the strange plants and fungi, and found out what they were used for.

Professor Flitwick, the Charms teacher, was a tiny little wizard who had to stand on a pile of books to see over his desk. At the start of their first class he took the roll call, and when he reached Harry's name, he gave an excited squeak and toppled out of sight.

Professor McGonagall was again different. Harry had been quite right to think she wasn't a teacher to cross. Strict and clever, she gave them a talking-to the moment they sat down in her first class.

"Transfiguration is some of the most complex and dangerous magic you will learn at Hogwarts," she said. "Anyone messing around in my class will leave and not come back. You have been warned."

Then she changed her desk into a pig and back again. They were all very impressed and couldn't wait to get started, but soon realized they weren't going to be changing the furniture into animals for a long time. After taking a lot of complicated notes, they were each given a match and started trying to turn it into a needle. By the end of the lesson, only Hermione Granger had made any difference to her match; Professor McGonagall showed the class how it had gone all silver and pointy and gave Hermione a rare smile.

The class everyone had really been looking forward to was Defense Against the Dark Arts, but Quirrell's lessons turned out to be a bit of a joke. His classroom smelled strongly of garlic, which everyone said was to ward off a vampire he'd met in Romania and was afraid would be coming back to get him one of these days. His turban, he told them, had been given to him by an African prince as a thank-you for getting rid of a troublesome zombie, but they weren't sure they believed this story. For one thing, when Seamus Finnigan asked eagerly to hear how Quirrell had fought off the zombie, Quirrell went pink and started talking about the weather; for another, they had noticed that a funny smell hung around the turban, and the Weasley twins insisted that it was stuffed full of garlic as well, so that Quirrell was protected wherever he went.

Friday was an important day for Harry and Ron. They finally managed to find their way down to the Great Hall for breakfast without getting lost once.

Just then, the mail arrived. Hedwig hadn't brought Harry anything so far. This morning, however, she fluttered down between the marmalade and the sugar bowl and dropped a note onto Harry's plate. Harry tore it open at once. It said, in a very untidy scrawl:

Dear Harry, I know you get Friday afternoons off, so would you like to come and have a cup of tea with me around three? I want to hear all about your first week. Send us an answer back with Hedwig. Hagrid.

Harry borrowed Ron's quill, scribbled: Yes, please, see you later on the back of the note, and sent Hedwig off again.

It was lucky that Harry had tea with Hagrid to look forward to, because the Potions lesson turned out to be the worst thing that had happened to him so far.

At the start-of-term banquet, Harry had gotten the idea that Professor Snape disliked him. By the end of the first Potions lesson, he knew he'd been wrong. Snape didn't dislike Harry – he hated him.

Potions lessons took place down in one of the dungeons.

Snape, like Flitwick, started the class by taking the roll call, and like Flitwick, he paused at Harry's name.

"Ah, Yes," he said softly, "Harry Potter. Our new - celebrity."

"You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion making," he began. He spoke in barely more than a whisper, Snape had the gift of keeping a class silent without effort. "As there is little foolish wand-waving here, many of you will hardly believe this is magic. I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death – if you aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach."

"Potter!" said Snape suddenly. "What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

Powdered root of what to an infusion of what? Harry glanced at Ron, who looked as stumped as he was; Hermione's hand had shot into the air.

"I don't know, sir," said Harry.

Snape's lips curled into a sneer.

"Tut, tut – fame clearly isn't everything."

He ignored Hermione's hand.

"Let's try again. Potter, where would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?"

"I don't know, sir." "Thought you wouldn't open a book before coming, eh, Potter?"

Snape was still ignoring Hermione's quivering hand.

"What is the difference, Potter, between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

At this, Hermione stood up, her hand stretching toward the dungeon ceiling.

"I don't know," said Harry quietly. "I think Hermione does, though, why don't you try her?"

"Sit down," he snapped at Hermione. "For your information, Potter, asphodel and wormwood make a sleeping potion so powerful it is known as the Draught of Living Death. A bezoar is a stone taken from the stomach of a goat and it will save you from most poisons. As for monkshood and wolfsbane, they are the same plant, which also goes by the name of aconite. Well? Why aren't you all copying that down?"

There was a sudden rummaging for quills and parchment. Over the noise, Snape said, "And a point will be taken from Gryffindor House for your cheek, Potter."

Things didn't improve for the Gryffindors as the Potions lesson continued. Snape put them all into pairs and set them to mixing up a simple potion to cure boils. Neville had somehow managed to melt Seamus's cauldron into a twisted blob, and their potion was seeping across the stone floor, burning holes in people's shoes. Within seconds, the whole class was standing on their stools while Neville, who had been drenched in the potion when the cauldron collapsed, moaned in pain as angry red boils sprang up all over his arms and legs.

"Idiot boy!" snarled Snape, clearing the spilled potion away with one wave of his wand. "I suppose you added the porcupine quills before taking the cauldron off the fire?"

Neville whimpered as boils started to pop up all over his nose.

"Take him up to the hospital wing," Snape spat at Seamus. Then he rounded on Harry and Ron, who had been working next to Neville.

"You – Potter – why didn't you tell him not to add the quills? Thought he'd make you look good if he got it wrong, did you? That's another point you've lost for Gryffindor."

As they climbed the steps out of the dungeon an hour later, Harry's mind was racing and his spirits were low. He'd lost two points for Gryffindor in his very first week – why did Snape hate him so much? "Cheer up," said Ron, "Snape's always taking points off Fred and George. Can I come and meet Hagrid with you?"

At five to three they left the castle and made their way across the grounds. Hagrid lived in a small wooden house on the edge of the forbidden forest. A crossbow and a pair of galoshes were outside the front door.

When Harry knocked, they heard a frantic scrabbling from inside and several booming barks. Then Hagrid's voice rang out, saying, "Back, Fang – back."

Hagrid's big, hairy face appeared in the crack as he pulled the door open.

"Hang on," he said. "Back, Fang."

He let them in, struggling to keep a hold on the collar of an enormous black boarhound.

There was only one room inside. Hams and pheasants were hanging from the ceiling, a copper kettle was boiling on the open fire, and in the corner stood a massive bed with a patchwork quilt over it.

"Make yerselves at home,"

"This is Ron," Harry told Hagrid, who was pouring boiling water into a large teapot and putting rock cakes onto a plate.

"Another Weasley, eh?" said Hagrid, glancing at Ron's freckles. I spent half me life chasin' yer twin brothers away from the forest."

Harry and Ron were delighted to hear Hagrid call Fitch "that old git."

"An' as fer that cat, Mrs. Norris, I'd like ter introduce her to Fang sometime. D'yeh know, every time I go up ter the school, she follows me everywhere? Can't get rid of her - Fitch puts her up to it."

Harry told Hagrid about Snape's lesson. Hagrid, like Ron, told Harry not to worry about it, that Snape liked hardly any of the students.

"But he seemed to really hate me."

"Rubbish!" said Hagrid. "Why should he?"

Yet Harry couldn't help thinking that Hagrid didn't quite meet his eyes when he said that.

"How's yer brother Charlie?" Hagrid asked Ron. "I liked him a lot – great with animals."

Harry wondered if Hagrid had changed the subject on purpose. While Ron told Hagrid all about Charlie's work with dragons, Harry picked up a piece of paper that was lying on the table under the tea cozy. It was a cutting from the Daily Prophet:

#### GRINGOTTS BREAK-IN LATEST

Investigations continue into the break-in at Gringotts on 31 July, widely believed to be the work of Dark wizards or witches unknown.

Gringotts goblins today insisted that nothing had been taken. The vault that was searched had in fact been emptied the same day.

"But we're not telling you what was in there, so keep your noses out if you know what's good for you," said a Gringotts spokesgoblin this afternoon.

"Hagrid!" said Harry, "that Gringotts break-in happened on my birthday! It might've been happening while we were there!"

There was no doubt about it, Hagrid definitely didn't meet Harry's eyes this time. He grunted and offered him another rock cake. Harry read the story again. The vault that was searched had in fact been emptied earlier that same day. Hagrid had emptied vault seven

hundred and thirteen, if you could call it emptying, taking out that grubby little package. Had that been what the thieves were looking for?

As Harry and Ron walked back to the castle for dinner, Harry thought that none of the lessons he'd had so far had given him as much to think about as tea with Hagrid. Had Hagrid collected that package just in time? Where was it now? And did Hagrid know something about Snape that he didn't want to tell Harry?

## Chapter 7. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

A scar, a dormitory, a staircase, a ghost, a wizard, a pile, strict, to notice, without getting lost once, to flutter down, to borrow, curled into a sneer, a dungeon, foolish, a glance, a potion, to snap, a quill, a parchment, to spring up.

### 2. Make a phrase:

|              |                         |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| to borrow    | for immortality         |
| pile         | on the forehead         |
| strict       | paper                   |
| scar         | the mistake             |
| parchment    | of leaves               |
| to notice    | teacher                 |
| potion       | money                   |
| dungeon      | question                |
| foolish      | out of chair            |
| to sprang up | in a large stone castle |

### **3. Ask questions:**

- 1) Were there usual doors and staircases in Hogwarts?
- 2) What happened with Harry and Ron on the first morning?
- 3) What was Mr. Filch's cat's name,
- 4) Why did not the students believe in Quirrell's story?
- 5) Who wrote to Harry the letter and invited him to have a cup of tea?
- 6) Why did Snape take points from Gryffindor House?

### **4. Continue the sentences:**

- 1) Filch found them ...
- 2) Professor Flitwick, the Charms teacher ...
- 3) It was lucky that Harry ...
- 4) A bezoar is a stone ...
- 5) Hagrid lived in a ...
- 6) Hagrid, like Ron, told ...

### **5. Name antonyms:**

- 1) Wide –
- 2) Nasty –
- 3) Worse –
- 4) Quickly –
- 5) Powerful –
- 6) Quietly –

### **6. Retell the text.**

## Chapter 8.

### THE MIDNIGHT DUEL

Harry had never believed he would meet a boy he hated more than Dudley, but that was before he met Draco Malfoy.

Still, first-year Gryffindors only had Potions with the Slytherins, so they didn't have to put up with Malfoy much. Flying lessons would be starting on Thursday – and Gryffindor and Slytherin would be learning together.

"Typical," said Harry darkly. "Just what I always wanted. To make a fool of myself on a broomstick in front of Malfoy."

He had been looking forward to learning to fly more than anything else.

"You don't know that you'll make a fool of yourself," said Ron reasonably. "Anyway, I know Malfoy's always going on about how good he is at Quidditch, but I bet that's all talk."

Everyone from wizarding families talked about Quidditch constantly. Ron had already had a big argument with Dean Thomas, who shared their dormitory, about soccer. Ron couldn't see what was exciting about a game with only one ball where no one was allowed to fly. Harry had caught Ron prodding Dean's poster of West Ham soccer team, trying to make the players move.

Neville had never been on a broomstick in his life, because his grandmother had never let him near one. Privately, Harry felt she'd had good reason, because Neville managed to have an extraordinary number of accidents even with both feet on the ground.

He turned his broomstick sharply to face Malfoy in midair. Malfoy looked stunned.

"Give it here," Harry called, "or I'll knock you off that broom!" "Oh, yeah?" said Malfoy, trying to sneer, but looking worried.

Harry knew, somehow, what to do. He leaned forward and grasped the broom tightly in both hands, and it shot toward Malfoy like a javelin. Malfoy only just got out of the way in time; Harry made a sharp about-face and held the broom steady. A few people below were clapping.

"No Crabbe and Goyle up here to save your neck, Malfoy," Harry called.

The same thought seemed to have struck Malfoy.

"Catch it if you can, then!" he shouted, and he threw the glass ball high into the air and streaked back toward the ground.

Harry saw, as though in slow motion, the ball rise up in the air and then start to fall. He leaned forward and pointed his broom handle down – next second, he was gathering speed in a steep dive, racing the ball. He stretched out his hand – a foot from the ground he caught it, just in time to pull his broom straight, and he toppled gently onto the grass with the Remembrall clutched safely in his fist.

"HARRY POTTER!"

His heart sank faster than he'd just dived. Professor McGonagall was running toward them. He got to his feet, trembling.

"Never in all my time at Hogwarts"

Professor McGonagall was almost speechless with shock, and her glasses flashed furiously, "– how dare you – might have broken your neck –"

"It wasn't his fault, Professor –"

"Be quiet, Miss Patil"

"But Malfoy –"

"That's enough, Mr. Weasley. Potter, follow me, now."

Harry caught sight of Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle's triumphant faces as he left, walking numbly in Professor McGonagall's wake as she strode toward the castle. He was going to be expelled, he just knew it. Professor McGonagall was sweeping along without even looking at him; he had to jog to keep up. He hadn't even lasted two weeks. What would the Dursleys say when he turned up on the doorstep?

Up the front steps, up the marble staircase inside, and still Professor McGonagall didn't say a word to him. She wrenched open doors and marched along corridors with Harry trotting miserably behind her.

Professor McGonagall stopped outside a classroom. She opened the door and poked her head inside.

"Excuse me, Professor Flitwick, could I borrow Wood for a moment?"

Wood turned out to be a person, a burly fifth-year boy who came out of Flitwick's class looking confused.

"Follow me, you two," said Professor McGonagall, and they marched on up the corridor.

Professor McGonagall pointed them into a classroom that was empty. Professor McGonagall slammed the door behind him and turned to face the two boys.

"Potter, this is Oliver Wood. Wood – I've found you a Seeker."

Wood's expression changed from puzzlement to delight.

"Are you serious, Professor?"

"Absolutely," said Professor McGonagall crisply. "The boy's a natural. I've never seen anything like it. Was that your first time on a broomstick, Potter?"

Harry nodded silently. He didn't have a clue what was going on, but he didn't seem to be being expelled, and some of the feeling started coming back to his legs.

"He caught that thing in his hand after a fifty-foot dive," Professor McGonagall told Wood. "Didn't even scratch himself. Charlie Weasley couldn't have done it."

Wood was now looking as though all his dreams had come true at once.

"Ever seen a game of Quidditch, Potter?" he asked excitedly.

"Wood's captain of the Gryffindor team," Professor McGonagall explained.

"He's just the build for a Seeker, too," said Wood, now walking around Harry and staring at him. "Light – speedy – we'll have to get him a decent broom, Professor – a Nimbus Two Thousand or a Cleansweep Seven, I'd say."

"I shall speak to Professor Dumbledore and see if we can't bend the first-year rule."

"I want to hear you're training hard, Potter, or I may change my mind about punishing you."

Then she suddenly smiled.

"Your father would have been proud," she said. "He was an excellent Quidditch player himself."

It was dinnertime. Harry had just finished telling Ron what had happened when he'd left the grounds with Professor McGonagall. Ron had a piece of steak and kidney pie halfway to his mouth, but he'd forgotten all about it.

Someone far less welcome turned up: Malfoy, flanked by Crabbe and Goyle.

"Having a last meal, Potter? When are you getting the train back to the Muggles?"

"You're a lot braver now that you're back on the ground and you've got your little friends with you," said Harry coolly. There was of course nothing at all little about Crabbe and Goyle, but as the High Table was full of teachers, neither of them could do more than crack their knuckles and scowl.

"I'd take you on anytime on my own," said Malfoy. "Tonight, if you want. Wizard's duel. Wands only – no contact. What's the matter? Never heard of a wizard's duel before, I suppose?"

"Of course, he has," said Ron, wheeling around. "I'm his second, who's yours?"

Malfoy looked at Crabbe and Goyle, sizing them up.

"Crabbe," he said. "Midnight all right? We'll meet you in the trophy room; that's always unlocked."

When Malfoy had gone, Ron and Harry looked at each other. "What is a wizard's duel?" said Harry. Ron said casually "People only die in proper duels, you know, with real wizards. The most you and Malfoy'll be able to do is send sparks at each other. Neither of you knows enough magic to do any real damage. I bet he expected you to refuse, anyway."

"And what if I wave my wand and nothing happens?"

"Throw it away and punch him on the nose," Ron suggested.

"Excuse me." They both looked up. It was Hermione Granger.

"Can't a person eat in peace in this place?" said Ron.

Hermione ignored him and spoke to Harry.

"I couldn't help overhearing what you and Malfoy were saying –"

"Bet you could," Ron muttered.

"– and you mustn't go wandering around the school at night, think of the points you'll lose Gryffindor if you're caught, and you're bound to be. It's really very selfish of you."

"And it's really none of your business," said Harry.

"Good-bye," said Ron.

All the same, it wasn't what you'd call the perfect end to the day, Harry thought, as he lay awake much later.

"Half-past eleven," Ron muttered at last, "we'd better go."

They pulled on their bathrobes, picked up their wands, and crept across the tower room, down the spiral staircase, and into the Gryffindor common room. They had almost reached the portrait hole when a voice spoke from the chair nearest them, "I can't believe you're going to do this, Harry."

A lamp flickered on. It was Hermione Granger, wearing a pink bathrobe and a frown.

"You!" said Ron furiously. "Go back to bed!"

"I almost told your brother," Hermione snapped, "Percy he's a prefect, he'd put a stop to this."

Harry couldn't believe anyone could be so interfering.

"Come on," he said to Ron. He pushed open the portrait of the Fat Lady and climbed through the hole.

Hermione wasn't going to give up that easily. She followed Ron, hissing at them like an angry goose. "I'm coming with you," she said.

"I heard something," said Harry sharply. It was Neville. "Thank goodness you found me! I've been out here for hours, I couldn't remember the new password to get in to bed." Ron looked at his watch and then glared furiously at Hermione and Neville.

They sped up a staircase to the third floor and tiptoed toward the trophy room.

Malfoy and Crabbe weren't there yet. The crystal trophy cases glimmered where the moonlight caught them. Cups, shields, plates, and statues winked silver and gold in the darkness. They edged along the walls, keeping their eyes on the doors at either end of the room. Harry took out his wand in case Malfoy leapt in and started at once. The minutes crept by.

"He's late, maybe he's chickened out," Ron whispered.

Then a noise in the next room made them jump. Harry had only just raised his wand when they heard someone speak – and it wasn't Malfoy.

Filch was speaking to Mrs. Norris. Horror-struck, Harry waved madly at the others to follow him as quickly as possible; they scurried silently toward the door, away from Filch's voice. Neville's robes had barely whipped round the corner when they heard Filch enter the trophy room.

"They're in here somewhere," they heard him mutter, "probably hiding."

"This way!" Harry mouthed to the others and, petrified, they began to creep down a long gallery full of suits of armor. They could hear Filch getting nearer. Neville suddenly let out a frightened squeak and broke into a run – he tripped, grabbed Ron around the waist, and the pair of them toppled right into a suit of armor.

The clanging and crashing were enough to wake the whole castle. "RUN!" Harry yelled, and the four of them sprinted down the gallery.

"I think we've lost him," Harry panted, leaning against the cold wall and wiping his forehead. Neville was bent double, wheezing and spluttering.

"I – told – you," Hermione gasped, clutching at the stitch in her chest, "I - told – you."

"We've got to get back to Gryffindor tower," said Ron, "quickly as possible."

"Malfoy tricked you," Hermione said to Harry. "You realize that, don't you? He was never going to meet you – Filch knew someone was going to be in the trophy room, Malfoy must have tipped him off."

Harry thought she was probably right, but he wasn't going to tell her that.

"Let's go."

They hadn't gone more than a dozen paces when a doorknob rattled and something came shooting out of a classroom in front of them.

It was Peeves. He caught sight of them and gave a squeal of delight.

"Shut up, Peeves – please – you'll get us thrown out."

Peeves cackled.

"Wandering around at midnight, Ickle Firsties? Tut, tut, tut. Naughty, naughty, you'll get caughty."

"Not if you don't give us away, Peeves, please."

"Should tell Filch, I should," said Peeves in a saintly voice, but his eyes glittered wickedly. "It's for your own good, you know."

"Get out of the way," snapped Ron, taking a swipe at Peeves this was a big mistake.

"STUDENTS OUT OF BED!" Peeves bellowed, "STUDENTS OUT OF BED DOWN THE CHARMS CORRIDOR"

"This is it!" Ron moaned, as they pushed helplessly at the door, "We're done for! This is the end!" They could hear footsteps, Filch running as fast as he could toward Peeves's shouts.

"Oh, move over," Hermione snarled. She grabbed Harry's wand, tapped the lock, and whispered, 'Alohomora!'"

The lock clicked and the door swung open – they piled through it, shut it quickly, and pressed their ears against it, listening. "He thinks this door is locked," Harry whispered. "I think we'll be okay – get off, Neville!" For Neville had been tugging on the sleeve of Harry's bathrobe for the last minute. "What?"

Harry turned around – and saw, quite clearly, what. For a moment, he was sure he'd walked into a nightmare – this was too much, on top of everything that had happened so far.

They weren't in a room, as he had supposed. They were in a corridor. The forbidden corridor on the third floor. And now they knew why it was forbidden.

They were looking straight into the eyes of a monstrous dog, a dog that filled the whole space between ceiling and floor. It had three heads. Three pairs of rolling, mad eyes;

three noses, twitching and quivering in their direction; three drooling mouths, saliva hanging in slippery ropes from yellowish fangs.

It was standing quite still, all six eyes staring at them, and Harry knew that the only reason they weren't already dead was that their sudden appearance had taken it by surprise, but it was quickly getting over that, there was no mistaking what those thunderous growls meant.

Harry groped for the doorknob between Filch and death, he'd take Filch.

They fell backward – Harry slammed the door shut, and they ran, they almost flew, back down the corridor. Filch must have hurried off to look for them somewhere else, because they didn't see him anywhere, but they hardly cared – all they wanted to do was put as much space as possible between them and that monster. They didn't stop running until they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady on the seventh floor.

"Where on earth have you all been?" she asked, looking at their bathrobes hanging off their shoulders and their flushed, sweaty faces.

"Never mind that – pig snout, pig snout," panted Harry, and the portrait swung forward. They scrambled into the common room and collapsed, trembling, into armchairs.

It was a while before any of them said anything. Neville, indeed, looked as if he'd never speak again.

"What do they think they're doing, keeping a thing like that locked up in a school?" said Ron finally. "If any dog needs exercise, that one does."

Hermione had got both her breath and her bad temper back again. "You don't use your eyes, any of you, do you?" she snapped. "Didn't you see what it was standing on."

"The floor?" Harry suggested. "I wasn't looking at its feet, I was too busy with its heads."

"No, not the floor. It was standing on a trapdoor. It's obviously guarding something."

She stood up, glaring at them.

"I hope you're pleased with yourselves. We could all have been killed – or worse, expelled. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to bed."

Ron stared after her, his mouth open.

"No, we don't mind," he said. "You'd think we dragged her along, wouldn't you? "

But Hermione had given Harry something else to think about as he climbed back into bed. The dog was guarding something.... What had Hagrid said? Gringotts was the safest place in the world for something you wanted to hide except perhaps Hogwarts.

It looked as though Harry had found out where the grubby little package from vault seven hundred and thirteen was.

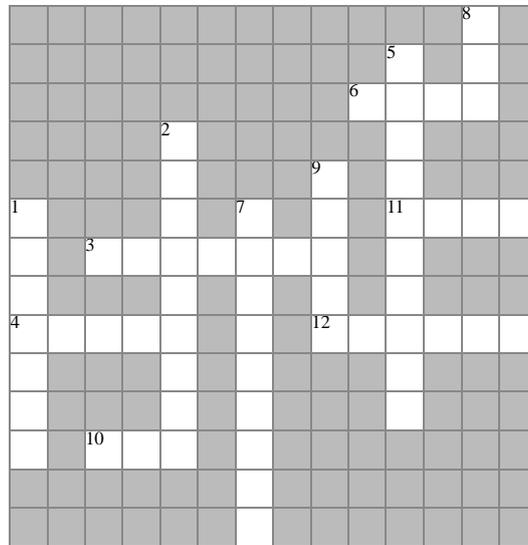
## Chapter 8. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

none of your business, a javelin, to jog, a broomstick, to scratch, to crept, to tiptoe, a shield, a cup, minutes crept by, twitching and quivering, an armor, to topple into, clanging, gasped, clutching, to cackle, to moan, saliva, fangs, growls, trapdoor.

### 2. Translate the words, name synonyms.

### 3. Find the words from vocabulary



### 4. Who's older than Harry Potter or Ron Weasley? Prove your answer.

### 5. Questions:

- 1) Why didn't the midnight duel take place?
- 2) What was a monstrous dog standing on?
- 3) How many heads did the monster dog have?
- 4) Why wasn't Harry expelled for misconduct?
- 5) Why had Hermione followed Harry and Ron?
- 6) What were the names of Crabbe and Goyle?
- 7) What a Patronus is McGonagall have?

### 6. Make up another 5 questions to the text.

## Chapter 9.

# HALLOWEEN

Malfoy couldn't believe his eyes when he saw that Harry and Ron were still at Hogwarts the next day, looking tired but perfectly cheerful. Indeed, by the next morning Harry and Ron thought that meeting the three-headed dog had been an excellent adventure, and they were quite keen to have another one. In the meantime, Harry filled Ron in about the package that seemed to have been moved from Gringotts to Hogwarts, and they spent a lot of time wondering what could possibly need such heavy protection. "It's either really valuable or really dangerous," said Ron. "Or both," said Harry.

But as all they knew for sure about the mysterious object was that it was about two inches long, they didn't have much chance of guessing what it was without further clues.

As the owls flooded into the Great Hall as usual, everyone's attention was caught at once by a long, thin package carried by six large screech owls. Harry was just as interested as everyone else to see what was in this large parcel, and was amazed when the owls soared down and dropped it right in front of him, knocking his bacon to the floor. They had hardly fluttered out of the way when another owl dropped a letter on top of the parcel.

Harry ripped open the letter first, which was lucky, because it said:

**DO NOT OPEN THE PARCEL AT THE TABLE.**

It contains your new Nimbus Two Thousand, but I don't want everybody knowing you've got a broomstick or they'll all want one. Oliver Wood will meet you tonight on the Quidditch field at seven o'clock for your first training session.

Professor McGonagall

Harry had difficulty hiding his glee as he handed the note to Ron to read.

"A Nimbus Two Thousand!" Ron moaned enviously. "I've never even touched one."

Harry bolted his dinner that evening without noticing what he was eating, and then rushed upstairs with Ron to unwrap the Nimbus Two Thousand at last.

"Wow," Ron sighed, as the broomstick rolled onto Harry's bedspread.

Even Harry, who knew nothing about the different brooms, thought it looked wonderful. Sleek and shiny, with a mahogany handle, it had a long tail of neat, straight twigs and Nimbus Two Thousand written in gold near the top.

As seven o'clock drew nearer, Harry left the castle and set off in the dusk toward the Quidditch field.

"Hey, Potter, come down!"

Oliver Wood had arrived. He was carrying a large wooden crate under his arm. Harry landed next to him.

"Very nice," said Wood, his eyes glinting. "I see what McGonagall meant... you really are a natural. I'm just going to teach you the rules this evening, then you'll be joining team practice three times a week."

He opened the crate. Inside were four different-sized balls.

"Right," said Wood. "Now, Quidditch is easy enough to understand, even if it's not too easy to play. There are seven players on each side. The last member of the team is the Seeker. That's you. And you don't have to worry about the Quaffle or the Bludgers unless they crack my head open."

"Don't worry, the Weasleys are more than a match for the Bludgers – I mean, they're like a pair of human Bludgers themselves."

Wood reached into the crate and took out the fourth and last ball. Compared with the Quaffle and the Bludgers, it was tiny, about the size of a large walnut. It was bright gold and had little fluttering silver wings.

"This," said Wood, "is the Golden Snitch, and it's the most important ball of the lot. It's very hard to catch because it's so fast and difficult to see. It's the Seeker's job to catch it. You've got to weave in and out of the Chasers, Beaters, Bludgers, and Quaffle to get it before the other team's Seeker, because whichever Seeker catches the Snitch wins his team an extra hundred and fifty points, so they nearly always win. That's why Seekers get fouled so much. A game of Quidditch only ends when the Snitch is caught, so it can go on for ages - I think the record is three months, they had to keep bringing on substitutes so the players could get some sleep. "Well, that's it – any questions?"

Harry shook his head. He understood what he had to do all right, it was doing it that was going to be the problem.

On Halloween morning they woke to the delicious smell of baking pumpkin wafting through the corridors. Even better, Professor Flitwick announced in Charms that he thought they were ready to start making objects fly, something they had all been dying to try since they'd seen him make Neville's toad zoom around the classroom.

"Now, don't forget that nice wrist movement we've been practicing!" squeaked Professor Flitwick, perched on top of his pile of books as usual. "Swish and flick, remember, swish and flick. And saying the magic words properly is very important, too – never forget Wizard Baruffio, who said 's' instead of 'f' and found himself on the floor with a buffalo on his chest."

It was very difficult.

Ron, at the next table, wasn't having much more luck.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" he shouted, waving his long arms like a windmill.

"You're saying it wrong," Harry heard Hermione snap. "It's Wing-gar-dium Levi-o-sa, make the 'gar' nice and long."

"You do it, then, if you're so clever," Ron snarled.

Hermione rolled up the sleeves of her gown, flicked her wand, and said, "Wingardium Leviosa!"

Their feather rose off the desk and hovered about four feet above their heads.

"Oh, well done!" cried Professor Flitwick, clapping. "Everyone see here, Miss Granger's done it!"

Ron was in a very bad mood by the end of the class. "It's no wonder no one can stand her," he said to Harry as they pushed their way into the crowded corridor, "she's a nightmare, honestly."

On their way down to the Great Hall for the Halloween feast, Harry and Ron overheard Parvati Patil telling her friend Lavender that Hermione was crying in the girls' bathroom and wanted to be left alone. Ron looked still more awkward at this, but a moment later they had entered the Great Hall, where the Halloween decorations put Hermione out of their minds.

A thousand live bats fluttered from the walls and ceiling while a thousand more swooped over the tables in low black clouds, making the candles in the pumpkins stutter. The feast appeared suddenly on the golden plates, as it had at the start-of-term banquet.

Harry was just helping himself to a baked potato when Professor Quirrell came sprinting into the hall, his turban askew and terror on his face. Everyone stared as he reached Professor Dumbledore's chair, slumped against the table, and gasped, "Troll – in the dungeons – thought you ought to know."

Harry suddenly grabbed Ron's arm.

"I've just thought – Hermione."

"What about her?"

"She doesn't know about the troll."

Ron bit his lip.

"Oh, all right," he snapped. "But Percy'd better not see us."

Ducking down, they joined the Hufflepuffs going the other way, slipped down a deserted side corridor, and hurried off toward the girls' bathroom. They had just turned the corner when they heard it – a low grunting, and the shuffling footfalls of gigantic feet. Ron pointed – at the end of a passage to the left, something huge was moving toward them. The troll was holding a huge wooden club. They shrank into the shadows and watched as it emerged into a patch of moonlight.

The troll stopped next to a doorway and peered inside. It wagged its long ears, making up its tiny mind, then slouched slowly into the room.

"The keys in the lock," Harry muttered. "We could lock it in."

Flushed with their victory, they started to run back up the passage, but as they reached the corner they heard something that made their hearts stop – a high, petrified scream – and it was coming from the chamber they'd just chained up.

"Oh, no," said Ron, pale as the Bloody Baron.

"It's the girls' bathroom!" Harry gasped.

"Hermione!" they said together.

It was the last thing they wanted to do, but what choice did they have? Wheeling around, they sprinted back to the door and turned the key, fumbling in their panic. Harry pulled the door open and they ran inside.

Hermione had sunk to the floor in fright; Ron pulled out his own wand – not knowing what he was going to do he heard himself cry the first spell that came into his head: "Wingardium Leviosa!"

The club flew suddenly out of the troll's hand, rose high, high up into the air, turned slowly over – and dropped, with a sickening crack, onto its owner's head. The troll swayed on the spot and then fell flat on its face, with a thud that made the whole room tremble.

Harry got to his feet. He was shaking and out of breath. Ron was standing there with his wand still raised, staring at what he had done.

Sudden loud footsteps made the three of them look up. Professor McGonagall had come bursting into the room, closely followed by Snape, with Quirrell bringing up the rear.

"What on earth were you thinking of?" said Professor McGonagall, with cold fury in her voice. Harry looked at Ron, who was still standing with his wand in the air. "You're lucky you weren't killed. Why aren't you in your dormitory?"

Snape gave Harry a swift, piercing look. Harry looked at the floor. He wished Ron would put his wand down.

Then a small voice came out of the shadows.

"Please, Professor McGonagall – they were looking for me."

"Miss Granger!"

Hermione had managed to get to her feet at last.

"I went looking for the troll because I – I thought I could deal with it on my own – you know, because I've read all about them."

Ron dropped his wand. Hermione Granger, telling a downright lie to a teacher? "If they hadn't found me, I'd be dead now. Harry stuck his wand up its nose and Ron knocked it out with its own club. They didn't have time to come and fetch anyone. It was about to finish me off when they arrived."

Harry and Ron tried to look as though this story wasn't new to them.

"Miss Granger, five points will be taken from Gryffindor for this," said Professor McGonagall. "I'm very disappointed in you. If you're not hurt at all, you'd better get off to Gryffindor tower. Students are finishing the feast in their houses."

Hermione left.

Professor McGonagall turned to Harry and Ron.

"Well, I still say you were lucky, but not many first years could have taken on a full-grown mountain troll. You each win Gryffindor five points. Professor Dumbledore will be informed of this. You may go."

The common room was packed and noisy. Everyone was eating the food that had been sent up. Hermione, however, stood alone by the door, waiting for them. There was a very embarrassed pause. Then, none of them looking at each other, they all said "Thanks," and hurried off to get plates.

But from that moment on, Hermione Granger became their friend. There are some things you can't share without ending up liking each other, and knocking out a twelve-foot mountain troll is one of them.

## Chapter 9. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

A screech owl, a parcel, to bolt, to unwrap, sleek, a crate, a walnut, toad, a wrist, to swish, to flick, to snap, a feast, ducking, to chain up, a club, a thud, downright lie, to fetch, an embarrassed pause.

### 2. Translate the words, write synonyms.

### 3. Questions:

1. How many owls were carrying the parcel?
2. Why was it lucky to open the letter first?
3. Who did send the parcel to Harry?
4. What was Oliver Wood carrying under his arm?
5. How did the Golden Snitch look like?
6. Which smell did Harry wake up to?
7. What was the plan for defeating the troll for the first time?
8. How did Ron knock out the troll?

### 4. Find the words from the vocabulary:

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| s | o | p | u | t | h | u | d | e | f |
| h | c | a | b | k | j | a | w | e | e |
| a | f | r | m | k | p | r | t | l | a |
| t | q | c | e | t | l | c | j | a | s |
| e | w | e | f | e | h | z | b | e | t |
| a | l | l | m | i | c | e | t | t | n |
| s | s | o | u | l | v | h | l | i | o |
| n | o | s | e | o | o | h | o | r | r |
| a | p | p | l | c | l | u | b | w | e |
| p | u | n | i | a | h | c | h | a | l |

### 5. Make a plan to Chapter 9.

### 6. Retell Chapter 9.

## Chapter 10.

### QUIDDITCH

As they entered November, the Quidditch season had begun. On Saturday, Harry would be playing in his first match after weeks of training: Gryffindor versus Slytherin. Hardly anyone had seen Harry play because Wood had decided that, as their secret weapon, Harry should be kept, well, secret. Harry didn't know which was worse – people telling him he'd be brilliant or people telling him they'd be running around underneath him holding a mattress.

It was really lucky that Harry now had Hermione as a friend. He'd have gotten through all his homework without her. She had also given him *Quidditch Through the Ages*, which turned out to be a very interesting read. Harry learned that there were seven hundred ways of committing a Quidditch foul.

The day before Harry's first Quidditch match Hermione, Harry and Ron were out in the freezing courtyard during break, and she had conjured them up a bright blue fire that could be carried around in a jam jar. They were standing with their backs to it, getting warm, when Snape crossed the yard. Harry noticed at once that Snape was limping.

"What's that you've got there, Potter?"

It was *Quidditch Through the Ages*. Harry showed him.

"Library books are not to be taken outside the school," said Snape. "Give it to me. Five points from Gryffindor."

"He's just made that rule up," Harry muttered angrily as Snape limped away. "Wonder what's wrong with his leg?"

"I don't know, but I hope it's really hurting him," said Ron bitterly.

The Gryffindor common room was very noisy that evening. Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat together next to a window. Harry felt restless. He wanted *Quidditch Through the Ages* back, to take his mind off his nerves about tomorrow. He made his way down to the staffroom and knocked. He pushed the door ajar and peered inside – and a horrible scene met his eyes.

Snape and Filch were inside, alone. Snape was holding his robes above his knees. One of his legs was bloody and mangled. Filch was handing Snape bandages.

"Blasted thing," Snape was saying. "How are you supposed to keep your eyes on all three heads at once?"

Harry tried to shut the door quietly, but –

"POTTER!"

Harry gulped.

"I just wondered if I could have my book back."

"GET OUT! OUT!"

Harry left, before Snape could take any more points from Gryffindor. He sprinted back upstairs.

"Did you get it?" Ron asked as Harry joined them. "What's the matter?"

In a low whisper, Harry told them what he'd seen.

"You know what this means?" he finished breathlessly. "He tried to get past that three-headed dog at Halloween! That's where he was going when we saw him – he's after whatever it's guarding! And I'd bet my broomstick he let that troll in, to make a diversion!"

Hermione's eyes were wide.

"No – he wouldn't". She said.

"Honestly, Hermione, you think all teachers are saints or something," snapped Ron. "I'm with Harry. I wouldn't put anything past Snape. What's that dog guarding?"

The next morning dawned very bright and cold. Harry felt terrible. In an hour's time he'd be walking onto the field.

By eleven o'clock the whole school seemed to be out in the stands around the Quidditch pitch. Many students had binoculars. The seats might be raised high in the air, but it was still difficult to see what was going on sometimes. Ron and Hermione joined Neville, Seamus Finnigan, and Dean the West Ham fan up in the top row.

Meanwhile, in the locker room, Harry and the rest of the team were changing into their scarlet Quidditch robes (Slytherin would be playing in green).

Harry followed Fred and George out of the locker room and, hoping his knees weren't going to give way, walked onto the field to loud cheers.

Madam Hooch was refereeing. She stood in the middle of the field waiting for the two teams, her broom in her hand.

"Now, I want a nice fair game, all of you," she said, once they were all gathered around her. Harry noticed that she seemed to be speaking particularly to the Slytherin Captain, Marcus Flint.

Out of the corner of Harry's eye he saw the fluttering a large banner high above, flashing Potter for President over the crowd. His heart skipped. He felt braver.

"Mount your brooms, please."

Harry clambered onto his Nimbus Two Thousand. Madam Hooch gave a loud blast on her silver whistle. Fifteen brooms rose up, high, high into the air. They were off. The Weasley twins' friend, Lee Jordan, was doing the commentary for the match, closely watched by Professor McGonagall.

"Nice play by the Gryffindor Beater, anyway, and Johnson back in possession of the Quaffle, a clear field ahead and off she goes – she's really flying – dodges a speeding Bludger – the goal posts are ahead – come on, now, Angelina – Keeper Bletchley dives – misses – GRYFFINDORS SCORE!"

Gryffindor cheers filled the cold air, with howls and moans from the Slytherins.

"Hagrid!" Ron and Hermione squeezed together to give Hagrid enough space to join them.

"Bin watchin' from me hut," said Hagrid, patting a large pair of binoculars around his neck, "But it isn't the same as bein' in the crowd. No sign of the Snitch yet, eh?"

"Nope," said Ron. "Harry hasn't had much to do yet."

Way up above them, Harry was gliding over the game, squinting about for some sign of the Snitch. This was part of his and Wood's game plan.

"Keep out of the way until you catch sight of the Snitch," Wood had said. "We don't want you attacked before you have to be."

A murmur ran through the crowd as Adrian Pucey dropped the Quaffle, too busy looking over his shoulder at the flash of gold that had passed his left ear. Harry saw it. In a great rush of excitement, he dived downward after the streak of gold. Slytherin Seeker Terence Higgs had seen it, too. Neck and neck, they hurtled toward the Snitch. Harry was faster than Higgs – he could see the little round ball, wings fluttering, darting up ahead – he put on an extra spurt of speed. Marcus Flint had blocked Harry on purpose, and Harry's broom spun off course, Harry holding on for dear life.

"All right, all right. Flint nearly kills the Gryffindor Seeker, which could happen to anyone, I'm sure, so a penalty to Gryffindor, taken by Spinner, who puts it away, no trouble, and we continue play, Gryffindor still in possession."

Harry's broom gave a sudden, frightening lurch. For a split second, he thought he was going to fall. He gripped the broom tightly with both his hands and knees.

Then Harry realized that his broom was completely out of his control. He couldn't turn it. He couldn't direct it at all. It was zigzagging through the air, and every now and then making violent swishing movements that almost unseated him.

The Slytherins were cheering. No one seemed to have noticed that Harry's broom was behaving strangely. It was carrying – him slowly higher, away from the game, jerking and twitching as it went.

"Did something happen to it when Flint blocked him?" Seamus whispered.

"Can't have," Hagrid said, his voice shaking. "Can't nothing interfere with a broomstick except powerful Dark magic – no kid could do that to a Nimbus Two Thousand."

At these words, Hermione seized Hagrid's binoculars, but instead of looking up at Harry, she started looking frantically at the crowd.

"What are you doing?" moaned Ron, gray-faced.

"I knew it," Hermione gasped, "Snape – look."

Snape had his eyes fixed on Harry and was muttering nonstop under his breath.

"What should we do?"

"Leave it to me."

Before Ron could say another word, Hermione had disappeared.

"Come on, Hermione," Ron muttered desperately.

Reaching Snape, Hermione crouched down, pulled out her wand, and whispered a few, well-chosen words. Bright blue flames shot from her wand onto the hem of Snape's robes. It took perhaps thirty seconds for Snape to realize that he was on fire. It was enough. Up in the air, Harry was suddenly able to clamber back on to his broom.

Harry was speeding toward the ground when the crowd saw him clap his hand to his mouth as though he was about to be sick – he hit the field on all fours – coughed – and something gold fell into his hand.

"I've got the Snitch!" he shouted, waving it above his head, and the game ended in complete confusion.

Lee Jordan was still happily shouting the results – Gryffindor had won by one hundred and seventy points to sixty. Harry heard none of this, though. He was being made a cup of strong tea back in Hagrid's hut, with Ron and Hermione.

"It was Snape," Ron was explaining, "Hermione and I saw him. He was cursing your broomstick, muttering, he wouldn't take his eyes off you."

"Rubbish," said Hagrid, who hadn't heard a word of what had gone on next to him in the stands. "Why would Snape do somethin' like that?"

Harry decided on the truth. "I found out something about him," he told Hagrid. "He tried to get past that three-headed dog on Halloween. It bit him. We think he was trying to steal whatever it's guarding."

Hagrid dropped the teapot.

"How do you know about Fluffy?" he said.

"Fluffy?"

"Yeah – he's mine – bought him off a Greek chappie I met in the pub las' year – I lent him to Dumbledore to guard the... Now, don't ask me anymore," said Hagrid gruffly. "That's top secret, that is."

"So why did Snape just try and kill Harry?" cried Hermione. The afternoon's events certainly seemed to have changed her mind about Snape.

"I know a jinx when I see one, Hagrid, I've read all about them! You've got to keep eye contact, and Snape wasn't blinking at all, I saw him!"

"I'm tellin' yeh, yer wrong!" said Hagrid hotly.

"I don' know why Harry's broom acted like that, but Snape wouldn't try kill a student! Now, listen to me you are meddling in things that don't concern you. It's dangerous. You forget that dog, an' you forget what it's guarding, that's between Professor Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel"

"Aha!" said Harry, "so there's someone called Nicolas Flamel involved, is there?"

Hagrid looked furious with himself.

## Chapter 10. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary

secret weapon, foul, common room, restless, door ajar, to peer, to be bloody and mangled, bandage, blasted thing, binoculars, top row, large banner, to ruin, every now and then, locker room, knee, to walk onto the field, to cheer, to skip.

### 2. Translate the words, name synonyms.

### 3. Match the words and its compare:

|                |  |
|----------------|--|
| 1. courtyard   | a) a long, loose outer garment reaching to the ankles.   |
| 2. robe        | b) expressing gratitude or acknowledgement for something.  |
| 3. broom       | c) an area of flat ground outside that is partly or completely surrounded by the walls of a building |
| 4. locker room | d) a long-handled brush of bristles or twigs, used for sweeping.                                     |
| 5. cheers      | e) room where you can change clothes   |

### 4. Answer the questions:

1. What was the name of the book Hermione gave Harry?
2. Who was in the staffroom when Harry knocked?
3. Whose leg was bloody and mangled?
4. What was written on banner have Ron and Hermione?
5. Which team first opened the score of the game?
6. What color did the flame shoot from Hermione's wand?

### 5. Describe the situation:

What happened to Harry's broom during the match?

### 6. Mark the sentences as true (T), false (F) or not stated (NS).

1. Hardly anyone had seen Harry play.
2. Harry asked for more Quidditch practice.

3. Seven hundred ways of committing a Quidditch foul and that all of them had happened during a World Cup match in 1474.
4. The day before Harry's first Quidditch match the three of them were out in the freezing courtyard during break, and Hermione had conjured them up a bright blue fire that could be carried around in a jam jar.
5. Harry clambered onto his Nimbus Three Thousand.
6. Flint nearly kills the Gryffindor Seeker.

**7. Arrange the events in the right order.**

1. the preparation for the match;
2. attempt to take the book;
3. meeting with Snape;
4. Hagrid's house;
5. Quidditch match.

## **Chapter 11.**

### **THE MIRROR OF ERISED**

Christmas was coming. No one could wait for the holidays to start. Harry wasn't going back to Privet Drive for Christmas. Professor McGonagall had come around the week before, making a list of students who would be staying for the holidays, and Harry had signed up at once. This would probably be the best Christmas Harry'd ever had. Ron and his brothers were staying, too.

When they left the dungeons at the end of Potions, they found a large fir tree blocking the corridor ahead.

"Hi, Hagrid, want any help?" Ron asked, sticking his head through the branches.

"Nah, I'm all right, thanks, Ron."

"Would you mind moving out of the way?" came Malfoys cold from behind them. "Are you trying to earn some extra money, Weasley? Hoping to be gamekeeper yourself when you leave Hogwarts, I suppose – that hut of Hagrid's must seem like a palace compared to what your family's used to."

Ron dived at Malfoy just as Snape came up the stairs.

"WEASLEY!"

Ron let go of the front of Malfoy's robes.

"He was provoked, Professor Snape," said Hagrid, sticking his huge hairy face out from behind the tree. "Malfoy was insulting his family."

"Be that as it may, fighting is against Hogwarts rules, Hagrid," said Snape silkily. "Five points from Gryffindor."

"I hate them both," said Harry later, "Malfoy and Snape."

"Come on, cheer up, it's nearly Christmas," said Hagrid. "Tell yeh what, come with me an' see the Great Hall, looks a treat."

The hall looked spectacular. Festoons of holly and mistletoe hung all around the walls, and no less than twelve towering Christmas trees stood around the room, some sparkling with tiny icicles, some glittering with hundreds of candles.

"How many days you got left until yer holidays?" Hagrid asked.

"Just one," said Hermione. "And that reminds me – Harry, Ron, we've got half an hour before lunch, we should be in the library."

"The library?" said Hagrid, following them out of the hall. "Just before the holidays? Bit keen, aren't yeh?"

"Oh, we're not working," Harry told Hagrid brightly. "Ever since you mentioned Nicolas Flamel we've been trying to find out who he is."

"You what?" Hagrid looked shocked. "Listen here – I've told yeh – drop it."

"We just want to know who Nicolas Flamel is, that's all," said Hermione.

"Unless you'd like to tell us and save us the trouble?" Harry added. "We must've been through hundreds of books already and we can't find him anywhere – just give us a hint – I know I've read his name somewhere."

"I'm saying nothing", said Hagrid flatly.

They left Hagrid looking disgruntled and hurried off to the library. Hermione took out a list of subjects and titles she had decided to search while Ron strode off down a row of books and started pulling them off the shelves at random. Harry wandered over to the Restricted Section. Unfortunately, Harry needed a specially signed note from one of the teachers to look in any of the restricted books, and he knew he'd never get one.

Harry left the library. He waited outside in the corridor to see if the other two had found anything, but he wasn't very hopeful. Five minutes later, Ron and Hermione joined him, shaking their heads. They went off to lunch.

Once the holidays had started, Ron and Harry were having too good a time to think much about Flamel. They had the dormitory to themselves and the common room. Boys sat by the hour eating anything they could spear on a to a sting fork and plotting ways of getting Malfoy expelled, which were fun to talk about even if they wouldn't work.

Ron also started teaching Harry wizard chess. This was exactly like Muggle chess except that the figures were alive, which made it a lot like directing troops in battle.

When Harry woke early in the morning, the first thing he saw was a small pile of packages at the foot of his bed.

"Merry Christmas," said Ron sleepily as Harry scrambled out of bed and pulled on his bathrobe.

"You, too," said Harry. "Will you look at this? I've got some presents!"

Harry picked up the top parcel. Inside was a roughly cut wooden flute. Hagrid had obviously whittled it himself.

A second, very small parcel contained a note. "We received your message and enclose your Christmas present. From Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia". Taped to the note was a fifty pence piece.

Ron was fascinated by the fifty pence.

"Weird!" he said, "What a shape! This is money?"

"You can keep it," said Harry, laughing at how pleased Ron was. "Hagrid and my aunt and uncle – so who sent these?"

"I think I know who that one's from," said Ron, turning a bit pink and pointing to a very lumpy parcel. "My mom".

Harry had torn open the parcel to find a thick, hand-knitted sweater in emerald green and a large box of homemade fudge.

"That's really nice of her," said Harry, trying the fudge, which was very tasty.

His next present also contained candy – a large box of Chocolate Frogs from Hermione.

This only left one parcel. Harry picked it up and felt it. It was very light. He unwrapped it. Something fluid and silvery gray went slithering to the floor where it lay in gleaming folds.

Harry picked the shining, silvery cloth off the floor. It was strange to the touch, like water woven into material.

"It's an invisibility cloak," said Ron, a look of awe on his face. "I'm sure it is – try it on."

Harry threw the cloak around his shoulders and Ron gave a yell.

"It is! Look down!"

Harry looked down at his feet, but they were gone. Just his head suspended in midair, his body completely invisible. He pulled the cloak over his head and his reflection vanished completely.

"There's a note!" said Ron suddenly. "A note fell out of it!"

Harry pulled off the cloak and seized the letter: "Your father left this in my possession before he died. It is time it was returned to you. Use it well. A Very Merry Christmas to you". There was no signature.

Fred and George Weasley bounded in the dormitory. Harry stuffed the cloak quickly out of sight.

"Merry Christmas!"

"Hey, look – Harry's got a Weasley sweater, too!"

Fred and George were wearing blue sweaters one with a large yellow F on it, the other a G.

"Harry's is better than ours, though," said Fred, holding up Harry's sweater. "She obviously makes more of an effort if you're not family."

"Why aren't you wearing yours, Ron?" George demanded. "Come on, get it on, they're lovely and warm."

"I hate maroon," Ron moaned halfheartedly as he pulled it over his head.

"You haven't got a letter on yours," George observed. "I suppose she thinks you don't forget your name. But we're not stupid – we know we're called Gred and Forge."

Percy Weasley stuck his head through the door, looking disapproving. He had clearly gotten halfway through unwrapping his presents as he, too, carried a lumpy sweater over his arm.

Harry had never in all his life had such a Christmas dinner. A lot of tasty food and stacks of wizard crackers every few feet along the table. These fantastic party favors were nothing like the feeble Muggle ones the Dursleys usually bought. Harry pulled a wizard cracker with Fred and it went off with a blast like a cannon and engulfed them all in a cloud of blue smoke, while from the inside exploded a rear admiral's hat and several live, white mice.

Harry and the Weasleys spent a happy afternoon having a furious snowball fight on the grounds. Then, cold, wet, and gasping for breath, they returned to the fire in the Gryffindor common room.

It had been Harry's best Christmas day ever. Yet something had been nagging at the back of his mind all day. Not until he climbed into bed was he free to think about it: the invisibility cloak and whoever had sent it. Harry leaned over the side of his own bed and pulled the cloak out from under it. He let the material flow over his hands, smoother than silk, light as air. Use it well, the note had said.

He slipped out of bed and wrapped the cloak around himself. He set off, drawing the invisibility cloak tight around him as he walked.

Suddenly, Harry felt wide-awake. The whole of Hogwarts was open to him in this cloak. Excitement flooded through him. He'd be able to go to The Restricted Section in the library and read as long as he liked, as long as it took to find out who Flamel was.

The library was pitch-black. Harry lit a lamp to see his way along the rows of books. The lamp looked as if it was floating along in midair, and even though Harry could feel his arm supporting it, the sight gave him the creeps.

The Restricted Section was right at the back of the library. Step ping carefully over the rope that separated these books from the rest of the library, he held up his lamp to read the titles.

The hairs on the back of Harry's neck prickled. Maybe he was imagining it, maybe not, but he thought a faint whispering was coming from the books, as though they knew someone was there who shouldn't be.

A large black and silver volume caught his eye. He pulled it out with difficulty, let it fall open. A piercing, bloodcurdling shriek split the silence – the book was screaming!

He stumbled backward and knocked over his lamp, which went out at once. Panicking, he heard footsteps coming down the corridor outside – stuffing the shrieking book back on the shelf, he ran for it. He passed Filch in the doorway and Harry slipped under Filch's outstretched arm and streaked off up the corridor.

He came to a sudden halt in front of a tall suit of armor.

"You asked me to come directly to you, Professor, if anyone was wandering around at night, and somebody's been in the library Restricted Section."

Harry felt the blood drain out of his face, and to his horror, it was Snape who replied, "The Restricted Section? Well, they can't be far, we'll catch them."

Harry backed away as quietly as he could. A door stood ajar to his left. It was his only hope.

It looked like an unused classroom. Propped against the wall facing him was a magnificent mirror, as high as the ceiling, with an ornate gold frame, standing on two clawed feet. There was an inscription carved around the top: Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi.

Harry moved nearer to the mirror and stepped in front of it. His heart was pounding far more furiously than when the book had screamed – for he had seen not only himself in the mirror, but a whole crowd of people standing right behind him.

He looked in the mirror again. A woman standing right behind his reflection was smiling at him and waving. She was a very pretty woman. She had dark red hair and her eyes – her eyes are just like mine, Harry thought, edging a little closer to the glass. Harry noticed that she was smiling, but crying at the same time. The tall, thin, black-haired man standing next to her put his arm around her. He wore glasses, and his hair was very untidy. It stuck up at the back, just as Harry's did.

"Mom?" he whispered. "Dad?"

The Potters smiled and waved at Harry and he stared hungrily back at them, his hands pressed flat against the glass

The reflections did not fade and he looked and looked until a distant noise brought him back to his senses. He couldn't stay here, he had to find his way back to bed.

"I'll come back," and hurried from the room.

"You could have woken me up," said Ron, crossly.

"You can come tonight, I'm going back, I want to show you the mirror."

"I'd like to see your mom and dad," Ron said eagerly.

Harry couldn't eat. He had seen his parents and would be seeing them again tonight. He had almost forgotten about Flamel.

"Are you all right?" said Ron. "You look odd."

With Ron covered in the cloak, too, they had to walk much more slowly the next night. They tried retracing Harry's route from the library, wandering around the dark passageways for nearly an hour.

"It's here – just here – yes!"

They pushed the door open. Harry dropped the cloak from around his shoulders and ran to the mirror. There they were. His mother and father beamed at the sight of him.

"See?" Harry whispered.

"I can't see anything."

"Look! Look at them all... there are loads of them...."

"I can only see you."

Ron, though, was staring transfixed at his image.

"Look at me!" he said.

"Can you see all your family standing around you?"

"No – I'm alone – but I'm different – I look older – and I'm head boy!"

Ron tore his eyes away from this splendid sight to look excitedly at Harry. A sudden noise outside in the corridor put.

"Quick!"

Ron threw the cloak back over them as the luminous eyes of Mrs. Norris came round the door.

"This isn't safe – she might have gone for Filch, I bet she heard us. Come on." And Ron pulled Harry out of the room.

The snow still hadn't melted the next morning. But Harry only had one thought in his head, which was to get back in front of the mirror, and Ron wasn't going to stop him.

That third night he found his way more quickly than before. He was walking so fast he knew he was making more noise than was wise, but he didn't meet anyone. And there were his mother and father smiling at him again, and one of his grandfathers nodding happily.

"So – back again, Harry?"

Harry felt as though his insides had turned to ice. He looked behind him. Sitting on one of the desks by the wall was none other than Albus Dumbledore.

" – I didn't see you, sir."

"Strange how nearsighted being invisible can make you," said Dumbledore, and Harry was relieved to see that he was smiling.

"So," said Dumbledore, slipping off the desk to sit on the floor with Harry, "you, like hundreds before you, have discovered the delights of the Mirror of Erised."

"I didn't know it was called that, Sir."

"Let me explain. The happiest man on earth would be able to use the Mirror of Erised like a normal mirror, that is, he would look into it and see himself exactly as he is. Does that help?"

Harry thought. Then he said slowly, "It shows us what we want...whatever we want..."

"Yes and no," said Dumbledore quietly. "It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desire of our hearts."

"The Mirror will be moved to a new home tomorrow, Harry, and I ask you not to go looking for it again. Now, why don't you put that admirable cloak back on and get off to bed?"

Harry stood up.

"Sir – Professor Dumbledore? Can I ask you something?"

"Obviously, you've just done so," Dumbledore smiled. "You may ask me one more thing, however."

"What do you see when you look in the mirror?"

"I? I see myself holding a pair of thick, woolen socks."

Harry stared.

"One can never have enough socks," said Dumbledore. "Another Christmas has come and gone and I didn't get a single pair. People will insist on giving me books."

## **Chapter 11. Tasks**

### **1. Vocabulary:**

A dungeon, gasping, a drawl, to earn, a hut, to compare, to treat, a hint, strode off down, a dormitory, a fork, holly and mistletoe, a flute, a parcel, to yell, to vanish, maroon, nagging, creeps, a rope, to faint.

### **2. Question.**

- a. Describe Harry's parents. What did Harry see in them that looked like him?
- b. In what sequence did Harry open the presents?
- c. Why did Snape take from Gryffindor five points?
- d. What were Harry and his friends searching for in the library?
- e. With whom did Harry remain on holidays in Hogwarts?

- f. Who gave Harry invisibility cloak?  
 g. What did Harry see in the mirror? What did Ron see in it?

**3. Put it in the right order parts of the chapter:**

- The Restricted Section
- In the library
- Christmas holiday at Hogwarts
- The mirror
- After the lesson of Snape

**4. Find the words from the Chapter**

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**5. Retell Chapter 11 according to plan which you did in the previous exercise.**

**6. Imagine if you found The Mirror of Erised, too, what would you see in it?**

## Chapter 12

### NICOLAS FLAMEL

Dumbledore had convinced Harry not to go looking for the Mirror of Erised again, and for the rest of the Christmas holidays the invisibility cloak stayed folded at the bottom of his trunk. Harry wished he could forget what he'd seen in the mirror as easily, but he couldn't. He started having nightmares. Over and over again he dreamed about his parents disappearing in a flash of green light, while a high voice cackled with laughter.

"You see, Dumbledore was right, that mirror could drive you mad," said Ron, when Harry told him about these dreams.

Hermione, who came back the day before term started, took a different view of things. She was torn between horror at the idea of Harry being out of bed, roaming the school three nights in a row ("If Filch had caught you!"), and disappointment that he hadn't at least found out who Nicolas Flamel was. They had almost given up hope of ever finding Flamel in a library book, even though Harry was still sure he'd read the name somewhere. Once term had started, they were back to skimming through books for ten minutes during their breaks. Harry had even less time than the other two, because Quidditch practice had started again.

Wood was working the team harder than ever.

Then, during one particularly wet and muddy practice session, Wood gave the team a bit of bad news. He'd just gotten very angry with the Weasleys, who kept dive-bombing each other and pretending to fall off their brooms.

"Will you stop messing around!" he yelled. "That's exactly the sort of thing that'll lose us the match! Snape's refereeing this time, and he'll be looking for any excuse to knock points off Gryffindor!" George Weasley really did fall off his broom at these words.

"It's not my fault," said Wood. "We've just got to make sure we play a clean game, so Snape hasn't got an excuse to pick on us."

The rest of the team hung back to talk to one another as usual at the end of practice, but Harry headed straight back to the Gryffindor common room, where he found Ron and

Hermione playing chess. Chess was the only thing Hermione ever lost at, something Harry and Ron thought was very good for her.

"Don't talk to me for a moment," said Ron when Harry sat down next to him, "I need to concen –" He caught sight of Harry's face. "What's the matter with you? You look terrible."

Speaking quietly so that no one else would hear, Harry told the other two about Snape's sudden, sinister desire to be a Quidditch referee.

At that moment Neville toppled into the common room. How he had managed to climb through the portrait hole was anyone's guess, because his legs had been stuck together with what they recognized at once as the Leg-Locker Curse.

"What happened?" Hermione asked him, leading him over to sit with Harry and Ron.

"Malfoy," said Neville shakily. "I met him outside the library. He said he'd been looking for someone to practice that on."

"Go to Professor McGonagall!" Hermione urged Neville. "Report him!"

"You've got to stand up to him, Neville!" said Ron. "He's used to walking all over people, but that's no reason to lie down in front of him and make it easier."

Neville shook his head. "I don't want more trouble," he mumbled.

"You're worth twelve of Malfoy," Harry said.

As Neville walked away, Harry looked at the Famous Wizard card. "Dumbledore again," he said, "He was the first one I ever –" He gasped. He stared at the back of the card. Then he looked up at Ron and Hermione.

"I've found him!" he whispered. "I've found Flamel! I told you I'd read the name somewhere before, I read it on the train coming here – listen to this: 'Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald in 1945, for the discovery of the twelve uses of dragon's blood, and his work on alchemy with his partner, Nicolas Flamel!'"

Hermione jumped to her feet. She hadn't looked so excited since they'd gotten back the marks for their very first piece of homework.

"Stay there!" she said, and she sprinted up the stairs to the girls' dormitories. Harry and Ron barely had time to exchange mystified looks before she was dashing back, an enormous old book in her arms.

"Nicolas Flamel," she whispered dramatically, "is the only known maker of the Sorcerer's Stone!" This didn't have quite the effect she'd expected.

"The what?" said Harry and Ron.

"Oh, honestly, don't you two read? Look – read that, there." She pushed the book toward them, and Harry and Ron read: The ancient study of alchemy is concerned with making the Sorcerer's Stone, a legendary substance with astonishing powers. The stone will transform any metal into pure gold. It also produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal. There have been many reports of the Sorcerer's Stone over the centuries, but the only Stone currently in existence belongs to Mr. Nicolas Flamel, the noted alchemist and opera lover. Mr. Flamel, who celebrated his six hundred and sixty-fifth birthday last year, enjoys a quiet life in Devon with his wife, Perenelle (six hundred and fifty-eight).

"See?" said Hermione, when Harry and Ron had finished. "The dog must be guarding Flamel's Sorcerer's Stone! I bet he asked Dumbledore to keep it safe for him, because they're friends and he knew someone was after it, that's why he wanted the Stone moved out of Gringotts!"

The next morning in Defense Against the Dark Arts, Harry told Ron and Hermione "I'm going to play, if I don't, all the Slytherins will think I'm just too scared to face Snape. I'll show them... it'll really wipe the smiles off their faces if we win."

Harry knew, when they wished him good luck outside the locker rooms the next afternoon, that Ron and Hermione were wondering whether they'd ever see him alive again. This wasn't what you'd call comforting. Harry hardly heard a word of Wood's pep talk as he pulled on his Quidditch robes and picked up his Nimbus Two Thousand.

Ron and Hermione, meanwhile, had found a place in the stands next to Neville, who couldn't understand why they looked so grim and worried, or why they had both brought their wands to the match.

"Now, don't forget, it's Locomotor Mortis," Hermione muttered as Ron slipped his wand up his sleeve.

"I know," Ron snapped. "Don't nag."

Back in the locker room, Wood had taken Harry aside.

"Don't want to pressure you, Potter, but if we ever need an early capture of the Snitch it's now. Finish the game before Snape can favor Hufflepuff too much."

"The whole school's out there!" said Fred Weasley, peering out of the door. "Even – blimey – Dumbledore's come to watch!" Harry's heart did a somersault.

Someone had poked Ron in the back of the head. It was Malfoy. "Oh, sorry, Weasley, didn't see you there." Malfoy grinned broadly at Crabbe and Goyle. "Wonder how long Potter's going to stay on his broom this time? Anyone want a bet? What about you, Weasley? You know how I think they choose people for the Gryffindor team?" said Malfoy loudly a few minutes later, as Snape awarded Hufflepuff another penalty for no reason at all. "It's people they feel sorry for. See, there's Potter, who's got no parents, then there's the Weasleys, who've got no money – you should be on the team, Longbottom, you've got no brains."

Ron snapped. Before Malfoy knew what was happening, Ron was on top of him, wrestling him to the ground. Neville hesitated, then clambered over the back of his seat to help.

"Come on, Harry!" Hermione screamed, leaping onto her seat to watch as Harry sped straight at Snape – she didn't even notice Malfoy and Ron rolling around under her seat, or the scuffles and yelps coming from the whirl of fists that was Neville, Crabbe, and Goyle. Up in the air, Snape turned on his broomstick just in time to see something scarlet shoot past him, missing him by inches – the next second, Harry had pulled out of the dive, his arm raised in triumph, the Snitch clasped in his hand.

The stands erupted; it had to be a record, no one could ever remember the Snitch being caught so quickly.

"Ron! Ron! Where are you? The game's over! Harry's won! We've won! Gryffindor is in the lead!" shrieked Hermione, dancing up and down on her seat and hugging Parvati Patil in the row in front.

Harry jumped off his broom, a foot from the ground. He couldn't believe it. He'd done it – the game was over; it had barely lasted five minutes. As Gryffindors came spilling onto the field, he saw Snape land nearby, white-faced and tight-lipped – then Harry felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up into Dumbledore's smiling face.

"Well done," said Dumbledore quietly, so that only Harry could hear. "Nice to see you haven't been brooding about that mirror... been keeping busy... excellent..."

Harry left the locker room alone some time later, to take his Nimbus Two Thousand back to the broom shed. He couldn't ever remember feeling happier... A hooded figure came swiftly down the front steps of the castle. Clearly not wanting to be seen, it walked as fast as possible toward the forbidden forest. Harry's victory faded from his mind as he watched. He recognized the figure's prowling walk. Snape, sneaking into the forest while everyone else was at dinner – what was going on?

Harry jumped back on his Nimbus Two Thousand and took off. Gliding silently over the castle he saw Snape enter the forest at a run. He followed. The trees were so thick he couldn't see where Snape had gone. He flew in circles, lower and lower, brushing the top branches of trees until he heard voices. He glided toward them and landed noiselessly in a towering beech tree.

"... d-don't know why you wanted t-t-to meet here of all p-places, Severus..."

"Oh, I thought we'd keep this private," said Snape, his voice icy.

"Students aren't supposed to know about the Sorcerer's Stone, after all."

Harry leaned forward. Quirrell was mumbling something. Snape interrupted him.

"Have you found out how to get past that beast of Hagrid's yet?"

"B-b-but Severus, I –"

"You don't want me as your enemy, Quirrell," said Snape, taking a step toward him.

"I-I don't know what you..."

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

An owl hooted loudly, and Harry nearly fell out of the tree. He steadied himself in time to hear Snape say, "– your little bit of hocus-pocus. I'm waiting."

"B-but I d-d-don't –"

"Very well," Snape cut in. "We'll have another little chat soon, when you've had time to think things over and decided where your loyalties lie." He threw his cloak over his head and strode out of the clearing. It was almost dark now, but Harry could see Quirrell, standing quite still as though, he was petrified.

## Chapter 12. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary

The invisibility cloak, at the bottom of his trunk, over and over again, roaming, to give up, to look for any excuse, to pretend, to walk all over people, to lose at, sinister, to topple, to manage, to be worth of, to be petrified, the stands, nag, one's heart did a somersault, to leap, barely, little bit of hocus-pocus, to be petrified.

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### 2. Questions:

1. Who had convinced Harry not to go looking for the Mirror of Erised again?
2. Where did the invisibility cloak stay folded for the rest of the Christmas holidays?
3. Who had even less time than the other two?
4. With what did Hermione dash back to boys?
5. What did Harry tell Ron and Hermione next morning?
6. Why did Harry's heart do a somersault?
7. How long did the game last?
8. When did Harry leave the locker room alone?

**3. Work in pairs and play the dialogue between Severus Snape and Quirrel.**

**4. Make a plan to Chapter 12.**

**5. Retell Chapter 12.**

## Chapter 13

### NORBERT THE NORWEGIAN RIDGEBACK

Quirrell, however, must have been braver than they'd thought. Every time they passed the third-floor corridor, Harry, Ron, and Hermione would press their ears to the door to check that Fluffy was still growling inside. Snape was sweeping about in his usual bad temper, which surely meant that the Stone was still safe. Whenever Harry passed Quirrell these days he gave him an encouraging sort of smile, and Ron had started telling people off for laughing at Quirrell's stutter. Hermione, however, had more on her mind than the Sorcerer's Stone. She had started drawing up study schedules and color-coding all her notes. Harry and Ron wouldn't have minded, but she kept nagging them to do the same.

"Hermione, the exams are ages away."

"Ten weeks," Hermione snapped. "That's not ages, that's like a second to Nicolas Flamel."

Unfortunately, the teachers seemed to be thinking along the same lines as Hermione. They piled a lot of homework on them. Moaning and yawning, Harry and Ron spent most of their free time in the library.

"I'll never remember this," Ron burst out one afternoon, throwing down his quill and looking longingly out of the library window. It was the first really fine day they'd had in months. The sky was a clear, forget-me-not blue, and there was a feeling in the air of summer coming. Harry, who was looking up "Dittany" in *One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi*, didn't look up until he heard Ron say, "Hagrid! What are you doing in the library?" Hagrid shuffled into view, hiding something behind his back. He looked very out of place in his moleskin overcoat.

"Jus' looking," he said, in a shifty voice that got their interest at once. "An' what're you lot up ser?" He looked suddenly suspicious. "You not still looking fer Nicolas Flamel, are you?"

"Oh, we found out who he is ages ago," said Ron impressively. "And we know what that dog's guarding, it's a Sorcerer's St..."

"Shhhh!" Hagrid looked around quickly to see if anyone was listening. "Don' go shouting about it, what's the matter with you?"

"There are a few things we wanted to ask you, as a matter of fact," said Harry, "about what's guarding the Stone apart from Fluffy..."

"SHHHH!" said Hagrid again. "Listen – come and see me later, I'm not promising I'll tell yeh anythin', mind, but don' go rabbiting about it in here, students aren't supposed ter know. They'll think I've told you..."

"See you later, then," said Harry. Hagrid shuffled off.

"What was he hiding behind his back?" said Hermione thoughtfully.

"Do you think it had anything to do with the Stone?"

"I'm going to see what section he was in," said Ron, who'd had enough of working. He came back a minute later with a pile of books in his arms and slammed them down on the table.

"Dragons!" he whispered. "Hagrid was looking up stuff about dragons! Look at these: Dragon Species of Great Britain and Ireland; From Egg to Inferno, A Dragon Keeper's Guide."

"Hagrid's always wanted a dragon, he told me so the first time I ever met him" said Harry.

"But it's against our laws," said Ron. "Dragon breeding was outlawed by the Warlocks' Convention of 1709, everyone knows that. It's hard to stop Muggles from noticing us if we're keeping dragons in the back garden – anyway, you can't tame dragons, it's dangerous. You should see the burns Charlie's got off wild ones in Romania."

"But there aren't wild dragons in Britain?" said Harry.

"Of course, there are," said Ron. "Common Welsh Green and Hebridean Blacks."

"So, what on earths Hagrid up to?" said Hermione.

When they knocked on the door of the gamekeeper's hut an hour later, they were surprised to see that all the curtains were closed. Hagrid called "Who is it?" before he let them in, and then shut the door quickly behind them. It was stifling hot inside. Even though it was such a warm day, there was a blazing fire in the grate.

"So – you wanted to ask me something?"

"Yes," said Harry. "We were wondering if you could tell us what's guarding the Sorcerer's Stone apart from Fluffy." Hagrid frowned at him.

"O' course I can't," he said. "Number one, I don' know meself. Number two, you know too much already, so I wouldn't tell you if I could. I suppose you've worked that out an' all? Beats me how you even know about Fluffy."

"Oh, come on, Hagrid, you might not want to tell us, but you do know, you know everything that goes on round here," said Hermione in a warm, flattering voice. Hagrid's beard twitched and they could tell he was smiling. "We only wondered who had done the guarding, really." Hermione went on. "We wondered who Dumbledore had trusted enough to help him, apart from you." Hagrid's chest swelled at these last words. Harry and Ron beamed at Hermione.

"Well, I don' suppose it could hurt ter tell you that... let's see... he borrowed Fluffy from me... then some of the teachers did enchantments... Professor Sprout – Professor Flitwick – Professor McGonagall – «he ticked them off on his fingers, "Professor Quirrell – and Dumbledore himself did somethin', o' course. Hang on, I've forgotten someone. Oh yeah, Professor Snape."

"Snape?"

"Yeah – you not still on about that, are you? Look, Snape helped protect the Stone, he's not about ter steal it."

Harry knew Ron and Hermione were thinking the same as he was. If Snape had been in on protecting the Stone, it must have been easy to find out how the other teachers had guarded it. He probably knew everything – except, it seemed, Quirrell's spell and how to get past Fluffy.

"You're the only one who knows how to get past Fluffy, aren't you, Hagrid?" said Harry anxiously. "And you wouldn't tell anyone, would you? Not even one of the teachers?"

"Not a soul knows except me and Dumbledore," said Hagrid proudly.

"Well, that's something," Harry muttered to the others. "Hagrid, can we have a window open? I'm boiling."

"Can't, Harry, sorry," said Hagrid and looked at the fire.

"Hagrid – what's that?" There was a black egg.

"Ah," said Hagrid, fiddling nervously with his beard, "That's er..."

"Where did you get it, Hagrid?" said Ron. "It must've cost you a fortune."

"Won it," said Hagrid. "Last night. I was down in the village having a few drinks and got into a game of cards with a stranger. Think he was quite glad ter get rid of it, ter be honest."

"But what are you going to do with it when it's hatched?" said Hermione.

"Well, I've been doing some reading," said Hagrid, pulling a large book from under his pillow. Keep the egg in the fire, because their mothers breathe on I am, see, an' when it hatches, feed it on a bucket o' brandy mixed with chicken blood every half hour. An' see here – how ter recognize different eggs – what I got there's a Norwegian Ridgeback. They're rare, them." He looked very pleased with himself, but Hermione didn't.

"Hagrid, you live in a wooden house," she said. But Hagrid wasn't listening. So now they had something else to worry about: what might happen to Hagrid if anyone found out he was hiding an illegal dragon in his hut.

"Wonder what it's like to have a peaceful life," Ron sighed, as evening after evening they struggled through all the extra homework they were getting. Then, one breakfast time, Hedwig brought Harry another note from Hagrid. He had written only two words: It's hatching.

Ron wanted to skip Herbology and go straight down to the hut. Hermione wouldn't hear of it.

"Hermione, how many times in our lives are we going to see a dragon hatching?"

"We've got lessons, we'll get into trouble, and that's nothing to what Hagrid's going to be in when someone finds out what he's doing."

"Shut up!" Harry whispered.

Malfoy was only a few feet away and he had stopped dead to listen. Ron and Hermione argued all the way to Herbology and in the end, Hermione agreed to run down to Hagrid's with the other two during morning break. Hagrid greeted them, looking flushed and excited.

"It's nearly out." He ushered them inside. The egg was lying on the table. There were deep cracks in it. Something was moving inside; a funny clicking noise was coming from it. They all drew their chairs up to the table and watched with bated breath. All at once, there was a scraping noise and the egg split open. The baby dragon flopped onto the table. It wasn't exactly pretty; Harry thought it looked like a crumpled, black umbrella. Its spiny wings were

huge compared to its skinny jet body; it had a long snout with wide nostrils, the stubs of horns and bulging, orange eyes. It sneezed. A couple of sparks flew out of its snout.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Hagrid reached out a hand to stroke the dragon's head. Dragon snapped at his fingers, showing pointed fangs.

"Bless him, look, he knows his mommy!" said Hagrid.

"Hagrid," said Hermione, "how fast do Norwegian Ridgebacks grow, exactly?" Hagrid was about to answer when the color suddenly drained from his face – he leapt to his feet and ran to the window.

"What's the matter?"

"Someone was looking through the gap in the curtains – it's a kid – he's running back up ter the school." Harry bolted to the door and looked out. Even at a distance, there was no mistaking him. Malfoy had seen the dragon.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione spent most of their free time in Hagrid's darkened hut, trying to reason with him.

"Just let him go," Harry urged. "Set him free."

"I can't," said Hagrid. "He's too little. He'd die."

They looked at the dragon. It had grown three times in length in just a week. Hagrid hadn't been doing his game keeping duties because the dragon was keeping him so busy.

"I've decided to call him Norbert," said Hagrid.

"Hagrid," said Harry loudly, "Malfoy could go to Dumbledore at any moment." Hagrid bit his lip.

"I – I can't just dump him, I can't."

Harry suddenly turned to Ron. "Charlie", he said.

"I'm Ron, remember?"

"No – Charlie – your brother, Charlie. In Romania. Studying dragons. We could send Norbert to him. Charlie can take care of him and then put him back in the wild!"

"Brilliant!" said Ron. "How about it, Hagrid?"

And in the end, Hagrid agreed that they could send an owl to Charlie to ask him. The following week dragged by. Wednesday night found Hermione and Harry sitting alone in the common room. Ron appeared out of nowhere as he pulled off Harry's invisibility cloak. He had been down at Hagrid's hut, helping him feed Norbert.

"It bit me!" he said, showing them his hand, which was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief. "I'm not going to be able to hold a quill for a week. "

There was a tap on the dark window.

"It's Hedwig!" said Harry, hurrying to let her in. "She'll have Charlie's answer!" The three of them put their heads together to read the note.

Dear Ron,

How are you? Thanks for the letter – I'd be glad to take the Norwegian Ridgeback, but it won't be easy getting him here. I think the best thing will be to send him over with some friends of mine who are coming to visit me next week. Trouble is, they mustn't be seen carrying an illegal dragon. Could you get the Ridgeback up the tallest tower at midnight on Saturday? They can meet you there and take him away while it's still dark.

Send me an answer as soon as possible. Love, Charlie.

They looked at one another.

"We've got the invisibility cloak," said Harry. "It shouldn't be too difficult – I think the cloaks big enough to cover two of us and Norbert."

By the next morning, Ron's bitten hand had swollen. He didn't know whether it was safe to go to Madam Pomfrey – would she recognize a dragon bite? By the afternoon, though, he had no choice. The cut had turned a nasty shade of green. It looked as if Norbert's fangs were poisonous. Harry and Hermione rushed up to the hospital wing at the end of the day to find Ron in a terrible state in bed.

"It's not just my hand," he whispered, "although that feels like it's about to fall off. Malfoy told Madam Pomfrey he wanted to borrow one of my books so he could come and have a good laugh at me. He kept threatening to tell her what really bit me – I've told her it was a dog, but I don't think she believes me – I shouldn't have hit him at the Quidditch match, that's why he's doing this." Harry and Hermione tried to calm Ron down.

"Oh no oh no – I've just remembered – Charlie's letter was in that book Malfoy took, he's going to know we're getting rid of Norbert."

Harry and Hermione didn't get a chance to answer. Madam Pomfrey came over at that moment and made them leave, saying Ron needed sleep.

"It's too late to change the plan now," Harry told Hermione. "We'll have to risk it. And we have got the invisibility cloak, Malfoy doesn't know about that."

They went to tell Hagrid, who opened a window to talk to them.

"I won't let you in," he puffed. "Norbert's at a tricky stage – nothing I can't handle."

When they told him about Charlie's letter, his eyes filled with tears, although that might have been because Norbert had just bitten him on the leg.

"Aargh! It's all right, he only got my boot – jus' playing – he's only a baby, after all."

The baby banged its tail on the wall, making the windows rattle. It was a very dark, cloudy night. Hagrid had Norbert packed and ready in a large crate.

"Bye-bye, Norbert!" Hagrid sobbed, as Harry and Hermione covered the crate with the invisibility cloak and stepped underneath it themselves. "Mommy will never forget you!"

How they managed to get the crate back up to the castle, they never knew.

"Nearly there!" Harry panted as they reached the corridor beneath the tallest tower. Then a sudden movement ahead of them made them almost drop the crate.

Professor McGonagall, in a tartan bathrobe and a hair net, had Malfoy by the ear.

"Detention!" she shouted. "And twenty points from Slytherin! Wandering around in the middle of the night, how dare you –"

"You don't understand, Professor. Harry Potter's coming – he's got a dragon!"

"What utter rubbish! How dare you tell such lies! Come on – I shall see Professor Snape about you, Malfoy!"

The steep spiral staircase up to the top of the tower seemed the easiest thing in the world after that. Not until they'd stepped out into the cold night air did they throw off the cloak, glad to be able to breathe properly again. Hermione did a sort of jig.

"Malfoy's got detention! I could sing!"

"Don't," Harry advised her.

About ten minutes later, four broomsticks came swooping down out of the darkness. Charlie's friends were a cheery lot. They all helped buckle Norbert safely into harness and then Harry and Hermione shook hands with the others and thanked them very much.

At last, Norbert was going... going... gone.

They slipped back down the spiral staircase and as they stepped into the corridor, Filch's face loomed suddenly out of the darkness.

"Well, well, well," he whispered, "we are in trouble." They'd left the invisibility cloak on top of the tower.

## Chapter 13. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary:

Suspicious, to shuffle off, forget-me-not, moan, yawn, nag, to color-code, thoughtfully, slam, tame, stifling, to blaze, anxiously, to hatch, to usher, nostril, stub, horn, bulging, fang, to get rid of.

### 2. Translate the words and make word combinations with new worlds.

### 3. Mark the sentences as True (T) or False (F):

- 1) Hagrid won the egg in cards.
- 2) Hermione wanted to see the birth of a dragon, despite her studies.
- 3) Malfoy was indifferent to the fate of Harry and his friends.
- 4) Ron remembered his brother Charlie and offered to give the dragon to him.
- 5) When Harry and Hermione were dragging the dragon, they saw Professor McGonagall scolding Malfoy.
- 6) After Harry and Hermione parted from the dragon they quietly returned to their rooms.

### 4. Change sentences from direct speech to indirect speech:

Hagrid shuffled into view, hiding something behind his back. He looked very out of place in his moleskin overcoat.

"Just looking," he said, in a shifty voice that got their interest at once. "And what are you lot up ser?" He looked suddenly suspicious. "You not still looking fer Nicolas Flamel, are you?"

"Oh, we found out who he is ages ago," said Ron impressively. "And we know what that dog's guarding, it's a Sorcerer's St..."

"Shhhh!" Hagrid looked around quickly to see if anyone was listening. "Don' go shouting about it, what's the matter with you?"

"There are a few things we wanted to ask you, as a matter of fact," said

Harry, "about what's guarding the Stone apart from Fluffy..."

"SHHHH!" said Hagrid again. "Listen - come and see me later, I'm not promising I'll tell you anything, mind, but don' go rabbiting about it in here, students aren't supposed ter know. They'll think I've told you..."

"See you later, then," said Harry. Hagrid shuffled off.

### 5. Describe:

- 1) The fate of the dragon.
- 2) Preparation for the exams.
- 3) Hagrid's emotions for the dragon.

### 6. Retell the text.

## Chapter 14

### THE FORIBIDDEN FOREST

Filch took them down to Professor McGonagall's study on the first floor, where they sat and waited without saying a word to each other. They were cornered. How could they have been so stupid as to forget the cloak? There was no reason on earth that Professor McGonagall would accept for their creeping around the school in the dead of night and being up the tallest astronomy tower. Had Harry thought that things couldn't have been worse? He was wrong. When Professor McGonagall appeared, she was leading Neville.

"Harry!" Neville burst out, the moment he saw the other two. "I was trying to find you to warn you, I heard Malfoy saying he was going to catch you, he said you had a drag..."

Professor McGonagall looked more likely to breathe fire than Norbert as she towered over the three of them. "I would never have believed it of any of you. Mr. Filch says you were up in the astronomy tower. It's one o'clock in the morning. Explain yourselves."

Hermione was staring at her slippers, as still as a statue.

"I think I've got a good idea of what's been going on," said Professor McGonagall. "You fed Draco Malfoy some cock-and-bull story about a dragon. I've already caught him. I suppose you think it's funny that Longbottom here heard the story and believed it, too?"

Harry caught Neville's eye and tried to tell him without words that this wasn't true.

"I'm disgusted," said Professor McGonagall. "Nothing gives you the right to walk around school at night, especially these days – and fifty points will be taken from Gryffindor."

"Fifty?" Harry gasped.

"Fifty points each," said Professor McGonagall.

"Professor – please. You can't ..."

A hundred and fifty points lost. That put Gryffindor in last place in one night. At first, Gryffindors passing the giant hourglasses that recorded the house points the next day thought there'd been a mistake. And then the story started to spread.

From being one of the most popular and admired people at the school, Harry was suddenly the most hated, but Slytherins, on the other hand, clapped as he walked past them, whistling and cheering, "Thanks Potter, we owe you one!"

Only Ron stood by him.

It was a bit late to repair the damage, but Harry swore to himself not to meddle in things that weren't his business from now on. He felt so ashamed of himself that he went to Wood and offered to resign from the Quidditch team. Even Quidditch had lost its fun. Hermione and Neville didn't have as bad a time as Harry, because they weren't as well-known, but nobody would speak to them, either.

All the studying Harry had to do kept his mind off his misery. He, Ron, and Hermione kept to themselves, working late into the night, trying to remember the ingredients in complicated potions, learn charms and spells by heart, memorize the dates of magical discoveries and goblin rebellions....

Then, about a week before the exams walking back from the library on his own one afternoon, Harry heard somebody whimpering from a classroom up ahead. As he drew closer, he heard Quirrell's voice.

"No – no – not again, please ..." It sounded as though someone was threatening him. Harry moved closer. "All right – all right –" he heard Quirrell sob.

Next second, Quirrell came hurrying out of the classroom straightening his turban. Harry peered into the classroom. It was empty, but a door stood ajar at the other end. Harry was halfway toward it before he remembered what he'd promised himself about not meddling.

He went back to the library, where Hermione was testing Ron on Astronomy. Harry told them what he'd heard.

"So, what do we do, Harry?" The light of adventure was kindling again in Ron's eyes, but Hermione answered before Harry could.

"Go to Dumbledore. That's what we should have done ages ago. If we try anything ourselves we'll be thrown out for sure."

"But we've got no proof!" said Harry.

The following morning, notes were delivered to Harry, Hermione, and Neville at the breakfast table. They were all the same: Your detention will take place at eleven o'clock tonight. Meet Mr. Filch in the entrance hall. Professor McGonagall. At eleven o'clock that

night, they said good-bye to Ron in the common room and went down to the entrance hall with Neville. Filch was already there – and so was Malfoy.

They marched off across the dark grounds. Ahead, Harry could see the lighted windows of Hagrid's hut. Then they heard a distant shout.

"Is that you, Filch? Hurry up, it is time to start."

Harry's heart rose; if they were going to be working with Hagrid it wouldn't be so bad. Hagrid came striding toward them out of the dark, Fang at his heel. He was carrying his large crossbow, and a quiver of arrows hung over his shoulder.

Malfoy now turned to Hagrid. "I'm not going in that forest," he said, and Harry was pleased to hear the note of panic in his voice.

"Yeh are if yeh want ter stay at Hogwarts," said Hagrid fiercely. "Yeh've done wrong an' now yeh've got ter pay fer it."

Malfoy didn't move. He looked at Hagrid furiously, but then dropped his gaze.

"Right then," said Hagrid, "now, listen carefully, 'cause it's dangerous what we're gonna do tonight. Follow me over here a moment."

He led them to the very edge of the forest.

"Look there," said Hagrid, "see that stuff shinin' on the ground? That is unicorn blood. I found one dead last Wednesday. We're gonna try an' find the poor thing. We might have ter put it out of its misery."

The forest was black and silent. A little way into it, they reached a fork in the earth path, and Harry, Hermione, and Hagrid took the left path while Malfoy, Neville, and Fang took the right. They walked in silence, their eyes on the ground. Every now and then a ray of moonlight through the branches above lit a spot of silver-blue blood on the fallen leaves. Harry saw that Hagrid looked very worried.

"Could a werewolf be killing the unicorns?" Harry asked.

"Not fast enough," said Hagrid. "It's not easy to catch a unicorn."

Suddenly, in a clearing ahead, something definitely moved. Hagrid seized Harry and Hermione and hoisted them off the path behind a towering oak. He pulled out an arrow and fitted it into his crossbow, raising it, ready to fire.

"Who's there?" Hagrid called. "Show yerself – I'm armed!"

To the waist it was a man, with red hair and beard, but below that was a horse's gleaming chestnut body.

"Oh, it's you, Ronan," said Hagrid in relief. "How are yeh?" He walked forward and shook the centaur's hand.

"Good evening to you, Hagrid," said Ronan. He had a deep, sorrowful voice. "Were you going to shoot me?"

"Can't be too careful, Ronan," said Hagrid, patting his crossbow. "There is something bad loose in this forest. This is Harry Potter an' Hermione Granger, An' this is Ronan, you two. He's a centaur."

"Good evening," said Ronan. "Students, are you?"

"Yeah," said Hagrid, glancing up, too. "Ronan, there is a unicorn bin hurt – you seen anything?"

Ronan didn't answer immediately.

"Always the innocent are the first victims," he said. "So, it has been for ages past, so it is now."

"Yeah," said Hagrid, "but have you seen anythin' unusual?"

"Mars is bright tonight," Ronan repeated, while Hagrid watched him impatiently. "Unusually bright."

"Yeah, but", said Hagrid. "So, you haven't noticed anything strange?"

Yet again, Ronan took a while to answer. At last, he said, "The forest hides many secrets." A movement in the trees behind Ronan made Hagrid raise his bow again, but it was only a second centaur, Bane, black-haired and -bodied and wilder-looking than Ronan.

Harry and Hermione followed Hagrid out of the clearing, staring over their shoulders at Ronan and Bane until the trees blocked their view.

They walked on through the dense, dark trees. They had just passed a bend in the path when Hermione grabbed Hagrid's arm.

"Hagrid! Look! Red sparks, the others are in trouble!"

"You two wait here!" Hagrid shouted. "Stay on the path, I will come back for you!"

They heard him crashing away through the undergrowth and stood looking at each other, very scared, until they couldn't hear anything but the rustling of leaves around them. Harry's seemed to be picking up every sigh of the wind, every cracking twig. What was going on?

At last, a great crunching noise announced Hagrid's return. Malfoy, Neville, and Fang were with him. Hagrid was fuming. Malfoy, it seemed, had sneaked up behind Neville and grabbed him as a joke. Neville had panicked and sent up the sparks.

"Right, we're changing groups – Neville, you stay with me and Hermione, Harry, you go with Fang and this idiot."

So, Harry set off into the heart of the forest with Malfoy and Fang. They walked for nearly half an hour, deeper and deeper into the forest. Harry could see a clearing ahead, through the tangled branches of an ancient oak.

"Look –" he murmured, holding out his arm to stop Malfoy. Something bright white was gleaming on the ground. They inched closer. It was the unicorn all right, and it was dead. Its long, slender legs were stuck out at odd angles where it had fallen and its mane was spread pearly-white on the dark leaves.

A bush on the edge of the clearing quivered.... Then, out of the shadows, a hooded figure came crawling across the ground like some stalking beast. Harry, Malfoy, and Fang stood transfixed. The cloaked figure reached the unicorn, lowered its head over the wound in the animal's side, and began to drink its blood.

Malfoy let out a terrible scream and bolted – so did Fang. The hooded figure raised its head and looked right at Harry – unicorn blood was dribbling down its front. It got to its feet and came swiftly toward Harry – he couldn't move for fear. Then a pain like he'd never felt before pierced his head. Something jumped clean over Harry, charging at the figure. When Potter looked up, the figure had gone. A centaur was standing over him, not Ronan or Bane; this one looked younger; he had white-blond hair and a palomino body.

"Are you all right?" said the centaur, pulling Harry to his feet.

"Yes – thank you – what was that?"

The centaur didn't answer.

"You are the Potter boy," he said. "The forest is not safe at this time – especially for you. Can you ride? It will be quicker this way. My name is Firenze," he added, as he lowered himself on to his front legs so that Harry could clamber onto his back. And Firenze whisked around; with Harry clutching on as best he could.

They made their way through the trees in silence for so long that Harry thought Firenze didn't want to talk to him anymore. They were passing through a particularly dense patch of trees, however, when Firenze suddenly stopped.

"Harry Potter, do you know what unicorn blood is used for?"

"No," said Harry, startled by the odd question.

"That is because it is a monstrous thing, to slay a unicorn," said Firenze. "Only one who has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, would commit such a crime. The blood of a unicorn will keep you alive, even if you are an inch from death, but at a terrible price. You have slain something pure and defenseless to save yourself, and you will have but a half-life, a cursed life, from the moment the blood touches your lips."

"But who'd be that desperate?" he wondered aloud. "If you're going to be cursed forever, death's better, isn't it?"

"It is," Firenze agreed, "unless all you need is to stay alive long enough to drink something else – something that will bring you back to full strength and power – something that will mean you can never die. Mr. Potter, do you know what is hidden in the school at this very moment?"

"The Sorcerer's Stone! Of course – the Elixir of Life!"

"Can you think of nobody who has waited many years to return to power, who has clung to life, awaiting their chance?"

"Do you mean," Harry croaked, "that was Vol..."

"Harry! Harry, are you all right?" Hermione was running toward them down the path, Hagrid puffing along behind her.

"I'm fine," said Harry, hardly knowing what he was saying. "The unicorn's dead, Hagrid, it's in that clearing back there."

"This is where I leave you," Firenze murmured as Hagrid hurried off to examine the unicorn. "You are safe now." Harry slid off his back.

"Good luck, Harry Potter," said Firenze. He turned and cantered back into the depths of the forest, leaving Harry shivering behind him.

Ron had fallen asleep in the dark common room, waiting for them to return. He shouted something about Quidditch fouls when Harry roughly shook him awake. In a matter of seconds, though, he was wide-eyed as Harry began to tell him and Hermione what had happened in the forest. Harry couldn't sit down. He paced up and down in front of the fire. He was still shaking.

"Snape wants the stone for Voldemort... and Voldemort's waiting in the forest... and all this time we thought Snape just wanted to get rich.... Firenze saved me, but he shouldn't have done so.... Bane was furious... he was talking about interfering with what the planets say is going to happen.... They must show that Voldemort's coming back.... Bane thinks Firenze should have let Voldemort kill me.... I suppose that's written in the stars as well."

"Will you stop saying the name!" Ron hissed.

"So, all I've got to wait for now is Snape to steal the Stone," Harry went on feverishly.

Hermione looked very frightened, but she had a word of comfort. "Harry, everyone says Dumbledore's the only one You-Know-Who was ever afraid of With Dumbledore around, You-Know-Who won't touch you. Anyway, who says the centaurs are right? It sounds like fortune-telling to me, and Professor McGonagall says that's a very imprecise branch of magic."

The sky had turned light before they stopped talking. They went to bed exhausted, their throats sore. But the night's surprises weren't over. When Harry pulled back his sheets, he found his invisibility cloak folded neatly underneath them. There was a note pinned to it:

Just in case.

## **Chapter 14. Tasks**

### **1. Vocabulary**

To feed smb. a cock-and-bull story, just in case, hourglasses, a spell, detention, a crossbow, furiously, misery, a path, a ray, sorrowful, dense, a twig, to grab, an oak, to gleam, a bush, to quiver, palomino, to commit.

### **2. Translate the words, name synonyms.**

### **3. Questions:**

1. Who took Harry and Hermione to Professor McGonagall's office?
2. How many points did the Gryffindor faculty lose?
3. Whose voice Harry heard from a classroom up ahead, returning from the library?
4. What weapons did Hagrid carry?
5. What were the centaurs' names?
6. Which of the guys found the unicorn?

**4. Mark the sentences as true (T), false (F) or not stated (NS).**

1. Professor McGonagall led the third contestant and it was Neville
2. After losing points, Gryffindor were in second place.
3. Even though he lost his glasses, everyone loved him.
4. The next morning, Harry, Hermione, and Neville were served notes at Breakfast.
5. The unicorn's bloodstains were silver
6. It was the unicorn all right, and it was dead. Its long, slender legs were stuck out at odd angles where it had fallen and its mane was spread pearly-white on the dark leaves.

**5. Explain:**

1. What happened to Malfoy and Neville?
2. Why did Neville issue a red light?

**6. Retell chapter 14**

## **Chapter 15.**

### **THROUGH THE TRAPDOOR**

In years to come, Harry would never quite remember how he had managed to get through his exams when he half expected Voldemort to come bursting through the door at any moment. Yet the days crept by, and there could be no doubt that Fluffy was still alive and well behind the locked door. It was sweltering hot, especially in the large classroom where they did their written papers. They had been given special, new quills for the exams, which had been bewitched with an AntiCheating spell. They had practical exams as well.

Their very last exam was History of Magic. One hour of answering questions about batty old wizards who'd invented self-stirring cauldrons and they'd be free, free for a whole wonderful week until their exam results came out. When the ghost of Professor Binns told them to put down their quills and roll up their parchment, Harry couldn't help cheering with the rest.

"That was far easier than I thought it would be," said Hermione.

"No more studying," Ron sighed happily, stretching out on the grass.

Harry was rubbing his forehead. "I wish I knew what this means!" he burst out angrily. "My scar keeps hurting – it's happened before, but never as often as this."

"Go to Madam Pomfrey," Hermione suggested.

"I'm not ill," said Harry. "I think it's a warning... it means danger's coming...."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione didn't speak to each other at all until they came to a halt in the entrance hall, which seemed very cold and gloomy after the grounds.

"We've got to go to Dumbledore," said Harry. "Hagrid accidentally told that stranger how to get past Fluffy, and it was either Snape or Voldemort under that cloak – it must've been easy, once he'd got Hagrid drunk. "

They had never been told where Dumbledore lived, nor did they know anyone who had been sent to see him.

"We'll just have to..." Harry began, but a voice suddenly rang across the hall.

"What are you three doing inside?" It was Professor McGonagall, carrying a large pile of books.

"We want to see Professor Dumbledore," said Hermione, rather bravely, Harry and Ron thought.

"Professor Dumbledore left ten minutes ago," she said coldly. "He received an urgent owl from the Ministry of Magic and flew off for London at once."

"He's gone?" said Harry frantically. "Now?"

"Professor Dumbledore is a very great wizard, Potter, he has many demands on his time."

"Look," said Harry, throwing caution to the winds, "Professor – it's about the Sorcerer's stone ..."

Whatever Professor McGonagall had expected, it wasn't that. The books she was carrying tumbled out of her arms, but she didn't pick them up.

"How do you know –?" she spluttered.

"Professor, I think – I know – that Sn... that someone's going to try and steal the Stone. I've got to talk to Professor Dumbledore."

She eyed him with a mixture of shock and suspicion. "Professor Dumbledore will be back tomorrow," she said finally.

"But Professor ..."

"Potter, I know what I'm talking about," she said shortly. She bent down and gathered up the fallen books. I suggest you all go back outside and enjoy the sunshine."

But they didn't. When they wheeled round, Snape was standing there.

"You want to be more careful," said Snape. "Hanging around like this, people will think you're up to something."

Harry flushed. They turned to go outside, but Snape called them back. "Be warned, Potter – any more nighttime wanderings and I will personally make sure you are expelled. Good day to you." He strode off in the direction of the staffroom.

Out on the stone steps, Harry turned to the others. "Right, here's what we've got to do," he whispered urgently. "One of us has got to keep an eye on Snape – wait outside the staff room and follow him if he leaves it. Hermione, you'd better do that."

"Why me?"

"It's obvious," said Ron. "You can pretend to be waiting for Professor Flitwick, you know." He put on a high voice, "Oh Professor Flitwick, I'm so worried..."

But that part of the plan didn't work. No sooner had they reached the door separating Fluffy from the rest of the school than Professor McGonagall turned up again and this time, she lost her temper. "I suppose you think you're harder to get past than a pack of enchantments!" she stormed. "Enough of this nonsense! If I hear you've come anywhere near here again, I'll take another fifty points from Gryffindor! Yes, Weasley, from my own house!" Harry and Ron went back to the common room, Harry had just said, "At least Hermione's on Snape's tail," when the portrait of the Fat Lady swung open and Hermione came in.

"I'm sorry, Harry!" she wailed. "Snape came out and asked me what I was doing, so I said I was waiting for Flitwick, and Snape went to get him, and I've only just got away, I don't know where Snape went."

"I'm going out of here tonight and I'm going to try and get to the Stone first." said Harry.

"Don't you understand? If Snape gets hold of the Stone, Voldemort's coming back! Haven't you heard what it was like when he was trying to take over? There won't be any Hogwarts to get expelled from! "

"You're right Harry," said Hermione in a small voice.

"I'll use the invisibility cloak," said Harry. "It's just lucky I got it back."

"How do you think you'd get to the Stone without us? I'd better go and look through my books, there might be something useful..." said Hermione grimly. "I won't be expelled. Flitwick told me in secret that I got a hundred and twelve percent on his exam. They're not throwing me out after that."

After dinner the three of them sat nervously apart in the common room. Slowly, the room emptied as people drifted off to bed. "What are you doing?" said a voice from the corner of the room. Neville appeared from behind an armchair. "I won't let you do it," he said, hurrying to stand in front of the portrait hole. "I'll – I'll fight you!"

Hermione stepped forward. "Neville," she said, "I'm really, really sorry about this." She raised her wand. "Petrificus Totalus!" she cried, pointing it at Neville. Neville's arms snapped to his sides. His legs sprang together. His whole body rigid, he fell flat on his face, stiff as a board. Hermione ran to turn him over. Neville's jaws were jammed together so he couldn't speak. Only his eyes were moving, looking at them in horror.

In their nervous state, every statue's shadow looked like Filch, every distant breath of wind sounded like Peeves swooping down on them.

Harry pushed the door open. As the door creaked, low, rumbling growls met their ears. All three of the dog's noses sniffed madly in their direction, even though it couldn't see them.

"What's that at its feet?" Hermione whispered.

"Looks like a harp," said Ron. "Snape must have left it there."

"It must wake up the moment you stop playing," said Harry. "Well, here goes..." He put Hagrid's flute to his lips and blew. The dog slumped to the ground, fast asleep.

"Keep playing," Ron warned Harry as they slipped out of the cloak and crept toward the trapdoor. They could feel the dog's hot, smelly breath as they approached the giant heads. "I think we'll be able to pull the door open," said Ron, peering over the dog's back. "Want to go first, Hermione?"

"No, I don't!"

"All right." Ron gritted his teeth and stepped carefully over the dog's legs. He bent and pulled the ring of the trapdoor, which swung up and open.

Harry, who was still playing the flute, waved at Ron to get his attention and pointed at himself.

"You want to go first? Are you sure?" said Ron. "I don't know how deep this thing goes. Give the flute to Hermione so she can keep him asleep."

Harry handed the flute over. In the few seconds' silence, the dog growled and twitched, but the moment Hermione began to play, it fell back into its deep sleep. Harry climbed over it and looked down through the trapdoor. There was no sign of the bottom. He lowered himself through the hole until he was hanging on by his fingertips. Then he looked up at Ron and said, "If anything happens to me, don't follow. Go straight to the owlery and send Hedwig to Dumbledore, right?"

"Right," said Ron.

"See you in a minute, I hope..." And Harry let go. With a funny, muffled sort of thump, he landed on something soft. He sat up and felt around, his eyes not used to the gloom. It felt as though he was sitting on some sort of plant.

"It's okay!" he called up to the light the size of a postage stamp, which was the open trapdoor, "it's a soft landing, you can jump!"

Ron followed right away. He landed, sprawled next to Harry. "What's this stuff?" were his first words.

"Dunno, some sort of plant thing. I suppose it's here to break the fall. Come on, Hermione!"

The distant music stopped. There was a loud bark from the dog, but Hermione had already jumped. She landed on Harry's other side. "We must be miles under the school," she said.

"Lucky this plant thing's here, really," said Ron.

"Lucky!" shrieked Hermione. "Look at you both!" She leapt up and struggled toward a damp wall. She had to struggle because the moment she had landed, the plant had started to twist snakelike tendrils around her ankles. As for Harry and Ron, their legs had already been bound

tightly in long creepers without their noticing. Hermione had managed to free herself before the plant got a firm grip on her. Now she watched in horror as the two boys fought to pull the plant off them, but the more they strained against it, the tighter and faster the plant wound around them.

"Stop moving!" Hermione ordered them. "I know what this is – it's Devil's Snare!"

"Oh, I'm so glad we know what it's called, that's a great help," snarled Ron, leaning back, trying to stop the plant from curling around his neck. "Shut up, I'm trying to remember how to kill it!" said Hermione.

"Well, hurry up, I can't breathe!" Harry gasped, wrestling with it as it curled around his chest.

"Devil's Snare, Devil's Snare... what did Professor Sprout say? – it likes the dark and the damp."

"So light a fire!" Harry choked.

"Yes – of course – but there's no wood!" Hermione cried, wringing her hands.

"HAVE YOU GONE MAD?" Ron bellowed. "ARE YOU A WITCH OR NOT?"

"Oh, right!" said Hermione, and she whipped out her wand, waved it, muttered something, and sent a jet of the same bluebell flames she had used on Snape at the plant. In a matter of seconds, the two boys felt it loosening its grip as it cringed away from the light and warmth. Wriggling and flailing, it unraveled itself from their bodies, and they were able to pull free.

"Lucky you pay attention in Herbology, Hermione," said Harry as he joined her by the wall, wiping sweat off his face.

"Yeah," said Ron, "and lucky Harry doesn't lose his head in a crisis – 'there's no wood,' honestly."

"This way," said Harry, pointing down a stone passageway, which was the only way forward. All they could hear apart from their footsteps was the gentle drip of water trickling down the walls. The passageway sloped downward, and Harry was reminded of Gringotts. With an unpleasant jolt of the heart, he remembered the dragons said to be guarding vaults in the wizards' bank. If they met a dragon, a fully-grown dragon – Norbert had been bad enough...

"Can you hear something?" Ron whispered. Harry listened. A soft rustling and clinking seemed to be coming from up ahead.

"Do you think it's a ghost?"

"There's light ahead – I can see something moving. They're keys! Winged keys – look carefully."

They reached the end of the passageway and saw before them a brilliantly lit chamber, its ceiling arching high above them. It was full of small, jewel-bright birds, fluttering and tumbling all around the room. On the opposite side of the chamber was a heavy wooden door.

Ron examined the lock on the door. "We're looking for a big, old-fashioned key – probably silver, like the handle. We've got to catch the key to the door!"

They each seized a broomstick and kicked off into the air, soaring into the midst of the cloud of keys.

"That one!" Harry called to the others. "That big one – there – no, there – with bright blue wings – the feathers are all crumpled on one side."

"We've got to close in on it!" Harry called, not taking his eyes off the key with the damaged wing. "Ron, you come at it from above – Hermione, stay below and stop it from going down and I'll try and catch it. Right, NOW!" Ron dived, Hermione rocketed upward, the key dodged them both, and Harry streaked after it; it sped toward the wall, Harry leaned forward and with a nasty, crunching noise, pinned it against the stone with one hand. Ron and Hermione's cheers echoed around the high chamber. They landed quickly, and Harry ran to the door, the key struggling in his hand. He rammed it into the lock and turned – it worked. The moment the lock had clicked open, the key took flight again, looking very battered now that it had been caught twice.

"Ready?" Harry asked the other two, his hand on the door handle. They nodded. He pulled the door open. The next chamber was so dark they couldn't see anything at all. But as they stepped into it, light suddenly flooded the room to reveal an astonishing sight. They were standing on the edge of a huge chessboard, behind the black chessmen, which were all taller than they were and carved from what looked like black stone. Facing them, way across the chamber, were the white pieces. Harry, Ron and Hermione shivered slightly – the towering white chessmen had no faces.

"Now what do we do?" Harry whispered.

"It's obvious, isn't it?" said Ron. "We've got to play our way across the room." Behind the white pieces, they could see another door.

"How?" said Hermione nervously.

"I think, we're going to have to be chessmen. White always plays first in chess," said Ron, peering across the board. "Yes... look..." A white pawn had moved forward two squares.

Ron started to direct the black pieces. They moved silently wherever he sent them. Harry's knees were trembling. What if they lost?

"Harry – move diagonally four squares to the right."

Their first real shock came when their other knight was taken. The white queen smashed him to the floor and dragged him off the board, where he lay quite still, facedown.

"Had to let that happen," said Ron, looking shaken. "Leaves you free to take that bishop, Hermione, go on."

Every time one of their men was lost, the white pieces showed no mercy. Soon there was a huddle of limp black players slumped along the wall. Twice, Ron only just noticed in time that Harry and Hermione were in danger. He himself darted around the board, taking almost as many white pieces as they had lost black ones.

"We're nearly there," he muttered suddenly. "Let me think let me think..." The white queen turned her blank face toward him. "Yes..." said Ron softly, "It's the only way... I've got to be taken."

"NO!" Harry and Hermione shouted.

"That's chess!" snapped Ron. "You've got to make some sacrifices! I take one step forward and she'll take me – that leaves you free to checkmate the king, Harry!"

"But ..."

"Do you want to stop Snape or not?"

"Ron ..."

"Look, if you don't hurry up, he'll already have the Stone!" There was no alternative. "Ready?" Ron called, his face pale but determined. "Here I go – now, don't hang around once you've won." He stepped forward, and the white queen pounced. She struck Ron hard across the head with her stone arm, and he crashed to the floor – Hermione screamed but stayed on her square – the white queen dragged Ron to one side. He looked as if he'd been knocked out. Shaking,

Harry moved three spaces to the left. The white king took off his crown and threw it at Harry's feet. They had won. The chessmen parted and bowed, leaving the door ahead clear. With one last desperate look back at Ron, Harry and Hermione charged through the door and up the next passageway.

They stepped over the threshold – but there was nothing very frightening in here, just a table with seven differently shaped bottles standing on it in a line, and immediately a fire sprang up behind them in the doorway. It wasn't ordinary fire either; it was purple. At the same instant, black flames shot up in the doorway leading onward. They were trapped.

"Look!" Hermione seized a roll of paper lying next to the bottles and read the rhyme. She let out a great sigh and Harry, amazed, saw that she was smiling, the very last thing he felt like doing. "Brilliant," said Hermione. "This isn't magic – it's logic – a puzzle. A lot of the greatest wizards haven't got an ounce of logic, they'd be stuck in here forever."

"But so will we, won't we?" "Of course not," said Hermione. "Everything we need is here on this paper. Seven bottles: three are poison; two are wine; one will get us safely through the black fire, and one will get us back through the purple."

"But how do we know which to drink?"

"Give me a minute." Hermione read the paper several times. Then she walked up and down the line of bottles, muttering to herself and pointing at them. At last, she clapped her hands. "Got it," she said. "The smallest bottle will get us through the black fire – toward the Stone."

"GO!" Hermione turned and walked straight through the purple fire. Harry took a deep breath and picked up the smallest bottle. He turned to face the black flames.

"Here I come," he said, and he drained the little bottle in one gulp. It was indeed as though ice was flooding his body. He put the bottle down and walked forward; he braced himself, saw the black flames licking his body, but couldn't feel them – for a moment he could see nothing but dark fire – then he was on the other side, in the last chamber. There was already someone there – but it wasn't Snape. It wasn't even Voldemort.

## Chapter 15. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary

A cauldron(s), urgent, to splutter, flute, to peer over, to creak, a rumbling growl, to creep, a twitch, with a muffled sort of thump, tendrils, chest, a passageway, a vault, a chamber, in the midst of, crunching, astonishing, mercy, a trapdoor.

### 2. Translate the words, name synonyms.

### 3. Questions:

1. What was the very last exam?
2. Who did Hermione, Ron and Harry meet on the way to Dumbledore?
3. Who played chess the best of all?
4. How did characters pass to the dungeon?
5. What was flying in the dungeon?
6. Who solved the mystery of bottles?

### 4. Mark the sentences as true (T), false (F) or not stated (NS).

1. Professor McGonagall helped the characters to find the Dumbledore.
2. Professor Snape was faced with the characters near the common room.
3. Harry Potter caught the key.
4. Hermione played the flute.
5. Harry go to the dungeon alone.
6. Fluffy can sleep only after the eating something sweet.

### 5. Explain:

1. Why was Dumbledore absent in the Hogwarts?
2. Tell about the play chess.

### 6. Retell chapter 15

## Chapter 16.

### THE MAN WITH TWO FACES

It was Quirrell.

"You!" gasped Harry.

Quirrell smiled. His face wasn't twitching at all. "Me," he said calmly. "I wondered whether I'd be meeting you here, Potter."

"But I thought – Snape –"

"Severus?" Quirrell laughed, and it wasn't his usual quivering treble, either, but cold and sharp. "Yes, Severus does seem the type, doesn't he? Next to him, who would suspect p-p-poor, st-stuttering P-Professor Quirrell?"

Harry couldn't take it in. This couldn't be true, it couldn't.

"I tried to kill you. Your friend Miss Granger accidentally knocked me over. She broke my eye contact with you. I'd have managed it before then if Snape hadn't been muttering a countercurse, trying to save you."

Quirrell snapped his fingers. Ropes sprang out of thin air and wrapped themselves tightly around Harry. "You're too nosy to live, Potter. Scurrying around the school on Halloween like that, for all I knew you'd seen me coming to look at what was guarding the Stone."

"You let the troll in?"

"Certainly. Unfortunately, Snape, who already suspected me, went straight to the third floor to head me off – and not only did my troll fail to beat you to death, that three-headed dog didn't even manage to bite Snape's leg off properly. Now, wait quietly, Potter. I need to examine this interesting mirror. "

It was only then that Harry realized what was standing behind Quirrell. It was the Mirror of Erised.

"This mirror is the key to finding the Stone," Quirrell murmured, tapping his way around the frame. "I'll be far away by the time Dumbledore gets back...."

All Harry could think of doing was to keep Quirrell talking and stop him from concentrating on the mirror.

"I saw you and Snape in the forest –" he blurted out.

"Yes," said Quirrell idly, walking around the mirror to look at the back. "He suspected me all along – as though he could frighten me, when I had Lord Voldemort on my side...." Quirrell came back out from behind the mirror and stared hungrily into it.

"I see the Stone... I'm presenting it to my master... but where is it?"

Harry struggled against the ropes binding him, but they didn't give. He had to keep Quirrell from giving his whole attention to the mirror.

"But I heard you a few days ago, sobbing – I thought Snape was threatening you...."

For the first time, a spasm of fear flitted across Quirrell's face.

"Sometimes," he said, "I find it hard to follow my master's instructions – he is a great wizard and I am weak ..."

"You mean he was there in the classroom with you?" Harry gasped.

"He is with me wherever I go," said Quirrell quietly. "I met him when I traveled around the world. Since then, I have served him faithfully." Quirrell shivered suddenly. "He does not forgive mistakes easily. When I failed to steal the stone from Gringotts, he was most displeased. He decided he would have to keep a closer watch on me...."

Harry's mind was racing. What I want more than anything else in the world at the moment, he thought, is to find the Stone before Quirrell does. So if I look in the mirror, I should see myself finding it – which means I'll see where it's hidden! But how can I look without Quirrell realizing what I'm up to?

Quirrell was still talking to himself. "What does this mirror do? How does it work? Help me, Master!"

And to Harry's horror, a voice answered, and the voice seemed to come from Quirrell himself. "Use the boy... Use the boy..." Quirrell rounded on Harry. "Yes – Potter – come here."

Harry walked toward him. I must lie, he thought desperately. I must look and lie about what I see, that's all.

He closed his eyes, stepped in front of the mirror, and opened them again. He saw his reflection, pale and scared-looking at first. But a moment later, the reflection smiled at him. It put its hand into its pocket and pulled out a blood-red stone. It winked and put the Stone back in its pocket – and as it did so, Harry felt something heavy drop into his real pocket.

Somehow – incredibly – he'd gotten the Stone.

"Well?" said Quirrell impatiently. "What do you see?"

Harry screwed up his courage. "I see myself shaking hands with Dumbledore," he invented. "I – I've won the house cup for Gryffindor."

Quirrell cursed again. "Get out of the way."

A high voice spoke, though Quirrell wasn't moving his lips. "He lies... He lies..."

"Potter, come back here!" Quirrell shouted. "Tell me the truth! What did you just see?"

The high voice spoke again. "Let me speak to him... face-to-face..."

"Master, you are not strong enough!"

"I have strength enough... for this..."

The turban fell away. Then Quirrell turned slowly on the spot. Where there should have been a back to Quirrell's head, there was a face, the most terrible face Harry had ever seen. It was chalk white with glaring red eyes and slits for nostrils, like a snake.

"Harry Potter..." it whispered.

Harry tried to take a step backward but his legs wouldn't move.

"See what I have become?" the face said. "Mere shadow and vapor ... Unicorn blood has strengthened me, these past weeks... you saw faithful Quirrell drinking it for me in the forest... and once I have the Elixir of Life, I will be able to create a body of my own.... Why don't you give me that Stone in your pocket?"

The feeling suddenly surged back into Harry's legs. He stumbled backward.

"Don't be a fool," snarled the face. "Better save your own life and join me... or you'll meet the same end as your parents.... They died begging me for mercy..."

"LIAR!" Harry shouted suddenly.

"I always value bravery... I killed your father first; and he put up a courageous fight... your mother was trying to protect you.... Now give me the Stone."

"NEVER!" Harry sprang toward the flame door, but Voldemort screamed "SEIZE HIM!" and the next second, Harry felt Quirrell's hand close on his wrist. At once, a needle-sharp pain seared across Harry's scar. Quirrell let go of him. Harry looked around wildly to see where Quirrell had gone, and saw him hunched in pain, looking at his fingers – they were blistering before his eyes.

"Seize him! SEIZE HIM!" shrieked Voldemort again, and Quirrell lunged, knocking Harry clean off his feet' landing on top of him, both hands around Harry's neck. "Master, I cannot hold him – my hands – my hands!" And Quirrell, though pinning Harry to the ground with his knees, let go of his neck and stared, bewildered, at his own palms.

"Then kill him, fool, and be done!" screeched Voldemort. Quirrell raised his hand to perform a deadly curse, but Harry reached up and grabbed Quirrell's face. Quirrell rolled off him, his face blistering, too, and then Harry knew: Quirrell couldn't touch his bare skin, not without suffering terrible pain. Harry jumped to his feet, caught Quirrell by the arm, and hung on as tight as he could. Quirrell screamed and tried to throw Harry off – the pain in Harry's head was building – he couldn't see – he could only hear.

He felt Quirrell's arm wrenched from his grasp and fell into blackness. Something gold was glinting just above him. The Snitch! He blinked. It wasn't the Snitch at all. It was a pair of glasses. How strange. He blinked again. The smiling face of Albus Dumbledore swam into view above him.

"Good afternoon, Harry," said Dumbledore. Harry stared at him. Then he remembered: "Sir! He's got the Stone! Sir, quick ..."

"Calm yourself, dear boy, you are a little behind the times," said Dumbledore. "Quirrell does not have the Stone."

Harry swallowed and looked around him. He realized he must be in the hospital wing.

"What happened down in the dungeons between you and Professor Quirrell is a complete secret, so, naturally, the whole school knows."

"How long have I been in here?"

"Three days. Mr. Ronald Weasley and Miss Granger will be most relieved you have come round, they have been extremely worried."

"But sir, the Stone..."

"Professor Quirrell did not manage to take it from you. I arrived in time to prevent that, although you were doing very well on your own, I must say. "

"You got there? You got Hermione's owl?"

"We must have crossed in midair. I arrived just in time to pull Quirrell off you."

"It was you."

"I feared I might be too late."

"You nearly were, I couldn't have kept him off the Stone much longer ..."

"Not the Stone, boy, you – the effort involved nearly killed you. For one terrible moment there, I was afraid it had. As for the Stone, it has been destroyed."

"Destroyed?" said Harry blankly. "But your friend – Nicolas Flamel –"

"Oh, you know about Nicolas?" said Dumbledore, sounding quite delighted. "You did do the thing properly, didn't you? Well, Nicolas and I have had a little chat, and agreed it's all for the best. "

Harry lay there, lost for words. Dumbledore hummed a little and smiled at the ceiling.

"Sir?" said Harry. "I've been thinking... sir – even if the Stone's gone, Vol-, I mean, You-Know-Who ..."

"Call him Voldemort, Harry. Always use the proper name for things."

"Yes, sir. Well, Voldemort's going to try other ways of coming back, isn't he?"

"No, Harry, he has not. He is still out there somewhere, perhaps looking for another body to share... if he is delayed again, and again, why, he may never return to power."

Harry said, "Sir, there are some other things I'd like to know, if you can tell me... things I want to know the truth about...."

"The truth." Dumbledore sighed. "It is a beautiful and terrible thing. However, I shall answer your questions. I shall not, of course, lie."

"Well... Voldemort said that he only killed my mother because she tried to stop him from killing me. But why would he want to kill me in the first place?"

Dumbledore sighed very deeply this time. "Alas, the first thing you ask me, I cannot tell you. Not now. You will know, one day... when you are ready, you will know."

And Harry knew it would be no good to argue. "But why couldn't Quirrell touch me?"

"Your mother died to save you. If there is one thing Voldemort cannot understand, it is love. He didn't realize that love as powerful as your mother's for you leaves its own mark. It is in your very skin. Quirrell, sharing his soul with Voldemort, could not touch you for this reason. It was agony to touch a person marked by something so good."

When Dumbledore had found his voice again, Harry said, "And the invisibility cloak – do you know who sent it to me?"

"Ah – your father happened to leave it in my possession, and I thought you might like it." Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. "Useful things..."

Harry tried to understand this but it made his head pound, so he stopped. "And sir, there's one more thing..."

"Just the one?"

"How did I get the Stone out of the mirror?"

"Ah, now, I'm glad you asked me that. It was one of my more brilliant ideas, and between you and me, that's saying something. You see, only one who wanted to find the Stone – find it, but not use it – would be able to get it, otherwise they'd just see themselves making gold or drinking Elixir of Life. Now, enough questions. I suggest you make a start on these sweets."

Madam Pomfrey, the nurse, was a nice woman, but very strict.

"Just five minutes," Harry pleaded.

"Absolutely not."

"You let Professor Dumbledore in..."

"Well, of course, that was the headmaster, quite different. You need rest."

"I am resting, look, lying down and everything. Oh, go on, Madam Pomfrey..."

"Oh, very well," she said. "But five minutes only." And she let Ron and Hermione in.

"Harry!" Hermione looked ready to fling her arms around him again.

"Oh, Harry, we were sure you were going to – Dumbledore was so worried ..."

"The whole school's talking about it," said Ron. "What really happened?"

Harry told them everything: Quirrell; the mirror; the Stone; and Voldemort.

"So what happened to you two?" said Harry.

"Well, I got back all right," said Hermione. "And we were dashing up to the owlery to contact Dumbledore when we met him he already knew – he just said, 'Harry's gone after him, hasn't he?' and hurtled off to the third floor."

"Yeah, Dumbledore's off his rocker, all right," said Ron proudly. "Listen, you've got to be up for the end-of-year feast tomorrow. The points are all in and Slytherin won, of course – you missed the last Quidditch match, we were steamrollered by Ravenclaw without you – but the food will be good."

At that moment, Madam Pomfrey bustled over. "You've had nearly fifteen minutes, now OUT" she said firmly.

After a good night's sleep, Harry felt nearly back to normal. "I want to go to the feast," he told Madam Pomfrey. "I can, can't I?"

"Professor Dumbledore says you are to be allowed to go," she said stiffly. "And you have another visitor."

"Oh, good," said Harry. "Who is it?"

Hagrid sidled through the door as he spoke. "It's – all – my – ruddy – fault!" he sobbed, his face in his hands." I told the evil git how ter get past Fluffy! I told him! It was the only thing he didn't know, an' I told him! Yeh could've died! All fer a dragon egg! I'll never drink again! I should be chucked out an' made ter live as a Muggle!"

"Hagrid!" said Harry, shocked to see Hagrid shaking with grief and remorse, great tears leaking down into his beard. "Hagrid, he'd have found out somehow, this is Voldemort we're talking about, he'd have found out even if you hadn't told him."

Hagrid wiped his nose on the back of his hand and said, "That reminds me. I've got yeh a present."

It seemed to be a handsome, leather-covered book. Harry opened it curiously. It was full of wizard photographs. Smiling and waving at him from every page were his mother and father.

"Sent owls off ter all yer parents' old school friends, askin' fer photos... knew yeh didn' have any... d'yeh like it?"

Harry couldn't speak, but Hagrid understood. Harry made his way down to the end-of-year feast alone that night. Fortunately, Dumbledore arrived moments later.

"Another year gone!" Dumbledore said cheerfully. Now, as I understand it, the house cup here needs awarding, and the points stand thus: In fourth place, Gryffindor, with three hundred and twelve points; in third, Hufflepuff, with three hundred and fifty-two; Ravenclaw has four hundred and twenty-six and Slytherin, four hundred and seventy-two."

A storm of cheering and stamping broke out from the Slytherin table. Harry could see Draco Malfoy banging his goblet on the table. It was a sickening sight.

"Yes, Yes, well done, Slytherin," said Dumbledore. "However, recent events must be taken into account."

The room went very still. The Slytherins' smiles faded a little.

"Ahem," said Dumbledore. "I have a few last-minute points to dish out. Let me see. Yes... First – to Mr. Ronald Weasley..." Ron went purple in the face; he looked like a radish with a bad sunburn. "...for the best-played game of chess Hogwarts has seen in many years, I award Gryffindor house fifty points."

"Second – to Miss Hermione Granger... for the use of cool logic in the face of fire, I award Gryffindor house fifty points." Hermione buried her face in her arms; Harry strongly suspected she had burst into tears. Gryffindors up and down the table were beside themselves – they were a hundred points up. "Third – to Mr. Harry Potter..." said Dumbledore. The room went deadly quiet for pure nerve and outstanding courage, I award Gryffindor house sixty points."

"There are all kinds of courage," said Dumbledore, smiling. "It takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to our enemies, but just as much to stand up to our friends. I therefore award ten points to Mr. Neville Longbottom."

"Which means," Dumbledore called over the storm of applause, for even Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were celebrating the downfall of Slytherin, "we need a little change of decoration." He clapped his hands and a towering Gryffindor lion took its place. It was the best evening of Harry's life, better than winning at Quidditch, or Christmas, or knocking out mountain trolls... he would never, ever forget tonight.

Harry had almost forgotten that the exam results were still to come, but come they did. To their great surprise, both he and Ron passed with good marks; Hermione, of course, had the best grades of the first years.

And suddenly, their wardrobes were empty, their trunks were packed, Neville's toad was found lurking in a corner of the toilets; notes were handed out to all students, warning them not to use magic over the holidays ("I always hope they'll forget to give us these," said Fred Weasley sadly); Hagrid was there to take them down to the fleet of boats that sailed across the lake; they were boarding the Hogwarts Express; talking and laughing as the countryside became greener and tidier; eating Bettie Bott's Every Flavor Beans as they sped past Muggle towns; pulling off their wizard robes and putting on jackets and coats; pulling into platform nine and three-quarters at King's Cross Station.

It took quite a while for them all to get off the platform.

"You must come and stay this summer," said Ron, "both of you – I'll send you an owl."

"Thanks," said Harry, "I'll need something to look forward to." People jostled them as they moved forward toward the gateway back to the Muggle world. Some of them called:

"Bye, Harry!"

"See you, Potter!"

## Chapter 16. Tasks

### 1. Vocabulary

To twitch, accidentally, to knock over, desperately, to wink, to screw up, a slit, nostrils, to spring toward, to hunch in pain, to wrench, strict, to fling arms around, an owlery, to bustle over, stiffly, remorse, to wipe nose, a goblet, a fleet of boats.

### 2. Find 10 words.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| c | g | o | b | l | e | t | h | r | n |
| r | n | w | y | s | c | j | q | s | d |
| u | i | o | l | t | m | x | c | u | x |
| e | r | g | s | a | v | r | m | e | j |
| y | p | f | y | t | e | s | z | w | t |
| r | s | k | k | w | r | e | n | c | h |
| e | p | n | q | i | o | i | b | h | i |
| l | i | l | n | t | e | e | l | f | a |
| w | k | d | t | c | i | r | t | s | z |
| o | p | z | i | h | g | b | o | f | v |

### 3. Questions:

1. Whom did Harry Potter expect to see at the beginning of the Chapter?
2. When did Quirrell meet Voldemort?
3. What lie did Harry invent to hide the truth about the philosopher's stone?
4. What was Voldemort's face like when Quirrell took off his turban?
5. What did Harry demand from Voldemort?
6. What were the first words Harry said when he saw Dumbledore?

**4. True/False:**

1. This mirror is the key to find the Stone.
2. You saw faithful Quirrell drinking it for me in the forest and once I have the Elixir of Life, I will be able to create a body of my own.
3. At the time when Harry woke up he was lying in the hospital wing for 4 days.
4. After the fight, Dumbledore hid the stone back in the mirror.
5. If there is one thing Voldemort cannot understand, it is love.
6. Thanks to Ronald Weasley the Gryffindor faculty was awarded 50 points for the best game of chess.

**5. Make a plan to Chapter 16.**

**6. Retell Chapter 16.**

Учебное издание

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**КОММУНИКАТИВНЫЕ ЗАДАНИЯ  
ПО КНИГЕ ДЖ. К. РОУЛИНГ  
«ГАРРИ ПОТТЕР И ФИЛОСОФСКИЙ КАМЕНЬ»**

**Учебно-практическое пособие**

ISBN 978-5-907409-04-0

Работа рекомендована РИС ЮУрГГПУ  
Протокол № 21, 2020 г.

Редактор Е.М. Сапегина  
Технический редактор В.В. Мусатов

Издательство ЮУрГГПУ  
454080, г. Челябинск, пр. Ленина, 69

Подписано в печать 08.10.2020 г.  
Объем 12,1 усл.п.л. 6,4 уч.-изд.л.  
Формат 84x108/16 Тираж 100 экз.  
Бумага типографская. Заказ №

Отпечатано с готового оригинал-макета в типографии ЮУрГГПУ  
454080, г. Челябинск, пр. Ленина, 69