# INKHEART

leather and fabric to the right size, and re-stitched old pages that over countless years had grown fragile from the many fingers leafing through them.

Some of her books always went away with Meggie. Others were left at home because they weren't right for where she was going, or to make room for new, unknown stories that she hadn't vet read.

Meggie stroked their curved spines. Which books should she take this time? Which stories would help to drive away the fear that had crept into the house last night? I know, thought Meggie, why not a story about telling lies? Mo told her lies. He told terrible lies, even though he knew that every time he told one she looked hard at his nose. *Pinocchio*, thought Meggie. No, too sinister. And too sad. But she wanted something exciting, a story to drive all other thoughts out of her head, even the darkest. *The Witches*, yes. She'd take the baldheaded witches who turn children into mice – and *The Odyssey*, with the Cyclops and the enchantress who transforms his warriors into pigs. Her journey could hardly be more dangerous than his, could it?

On the left-hand side of the box there were two picture books that Meggie had used when she was teaching herself to read – five years old, she'd been, and you could still see where her tiny forefinger had moved over the pages – and right at the bottom, hidden under all the others, were the books Meggie had made herself. She had spent days sticking them together and cutting up the paper, she had painted picture after picture, and Mo had to write what they were underneath them. An Angel With a Happy Face, from Meggi for Mo. She had written her name herself, although back then she always left the 'e' off the end. Meggie looked at the clumsy lettering

# SECRETS

and put the little book back in the box. Mo had helped her with the binding, of course. He had bound all her home-made books in brightly patterned paper, and he had given her a stamp for the others so that she could print her name and the head of a unicorn on the title page, sometimes in black ink and sometimes in red, depending how she felt. But Mo had never read aloud to her from her books. Not once.

He had tossed Meggie up in the air, he had carried her round the house on his shoulders, he had taught her how to make a bookmark of blackbird's feathers. But he had never read aloud to her. Never once, not a single word, however often she put books on his lap. Meggie just had to teach herself how to decipher the black marks and open the treasure chest.

She straightened up. There was still a little room in the box. Perhaps Mo had a new book she could take, a specially big, fat, wonderful book . . .

The door to his workshop was closed.

'Mo?' Meggie pressed the handle down. The long table where he worked had been swept clean, with not a stamp, nor a knife in sight. Mo had packed everything. Had he been lying after all? Meggie went into the workshop and looked around. The door to the Treasury was open. The Treasury was really just a lumber-room, but Meggie had given the little cubby-hole that name because it was where her father stored his most precious materials: the finest leather, the most beautiful fabrics, marbled paper, stamps to print patterns in gold on soft leather ... Meggie put her head round the open door and saw Mo covering a book with brown paper. It was not a particularly large book, and not especially fat. The green linen binding

# English

### Harry learns he is a wizard

# CHAPTER FOUR

The Keeper of the Keys

BOOM. They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake 'Where's the cannon?' he said stupidly. There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands

now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them. 'Who's there?' he shouted. 'I warn you - I'm armed'

There was a pause. Then -SMASH!

The door was hit with such force that it swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor.

A giant of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the

Harry thought this was going a bit far. He had been u school, after all, and his marks weren't bad. 1 know some things,' he said. I can, you know, do maths and stuff

But Hagrid simply waved his hand and said, 'About our world, I mean. Your world. My world. Yer parents' world 'What world?'

Hagrid looked as if he was about to explode. 'DURSLEYI' he boomed.

Uncle Vernon, who had gone very pale, whispered something that sounded like 'Mimblewimble'. Hagrid stared wildly at Harry.

'But yeh must know about yer mum and dad,' he said. 1 mean, they're famous. You're famous.'

'What? My - my mum and dad weren't famous, were they? 'Yeh don' know ... yeh don' know ...' Hagrid ran his fingers through his hair, fixing Harry with a bewildered stare.

'Yeh don' know what yeh are?' he said finally.

Uncle Vernon suddenly found his voice.

'Stop!' he commanded. 'Stop right there, sir! I forbid you to tell the boy anything!'

A braver man than Vernon Dursley would have quailed under the furious look Hagrid now gave him; when Hagrid spoke, his every syllable trembled with rage.

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?' 'Kept what from me7' said Harry eagerly.

door and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the door and more dropped a little. He turned to look at them all. Couldn't make us a cup o' tea, could yeh? It's not been an

He strode over to the sofa where Dudley sat frozen with casy journey

Budge up, yeh great lump,' said the stranger.

Dudley squeaked and ran to hide behind his mother, who was crouching, terrified, behind Uncle Vernon.

'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 yer dad, but yeh've got yer mum's eyes."

Uncle Vernon made a funny rasping noise.

I demand that you leave at once, sirl' he said. 'You are breaking and entering!

'Ah, shut up, Dursley, yeh great prune,' said the giant. He reached over the back of the sofa, jerked the gun out of Uncle Vernon's hands, bent it into a knot as easily as if it had been made of rubber and threw it into a corner of the room.

Uncle Vernon made another funny noise, like a mouse being trodden on.

'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 opened it with trembling fingers.

STOP: I FORBID YOU!' yelled Uncle Vernon in panic Aunt Petunia gave a gasp of horror. Ah, go boil yer heads, both of yeh,' said Hagrid. 'Harry –

There was silence inside the hut. Only the sea and the yer a wizard."

whistling wind could be heard.

Tm a shat?' gasped Harry.

'A wizard, o' course,' said Hagrid, sitting back down on the sofa, which groaned and sank even lower, 'an' a thumpin' goodun, Id 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 to Mr H. Potter, The Floor, Hut-on-the-Rock, The Sea. He pulled out the letter and read:

### HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Headmaster: Albus Dumbledore (Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

#### Dear Mr Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

## Harry and Hagrid go to Diagon Alley to buy Harry's school items

Doris Crockford shook Harry's hand one last time and Hagrid led them through the bar and out into a small, walled courtyard, where there was nothing but a dustbin and a few weeds.

Hagrid grinned at Harry.

Told yeh, didn't 12 Told yeh you was famous. Even Professor Quirrell was tremblin' ter meet yeh – mind you, he's usually tremblin'.'

'Is he always that nervous?'

'Oh, yeah. Poor bloke. Brilliant mind. He was fine while he was studyin' outta books but then he took a year off ter get some first-hand experience ... They say he met vampires in the Black Forest and there was a nasty bit o' trouble with a hag – never been the same since. Scared of the students, scared of his own subject – now, where's me umbrella?'

Vampires? Hags? Harry's head was swimming. Hagrid, meanwhile, was counting bricks in the wall above the dustbin.

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

He tapped the wall three times with the point of his umbrella.

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 on to a cobbled street which twisted and turned out of sight.

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

## Harry and Hagrid go to Gringotts

Yeah, that's a goblin,' said Hagrid quietly as they walked up the white stone steps towards him. The goblin was about a head shorter than Harry. He had a swarthy, clever face a pointed beard and, Harry noticed, very long fingers and feet He bowed as they walked inside. Now they were facing a second pair of doors, silver this time, with words engraved upon them:

ENTER, STRANGER, BUT TAKE HEED OF WHAT AWAITS THE SIN OF GREED, FOR THOSE WHO TAKE, BUT DO NOT EARN. MUST PAY MOST DEARLY IN THEIR TURN, SO IF YOU SEEK BENEATH OUR FLOORS A TREASURE THAT WAS NEVER YOURS, THIEF, YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED, BEWARE OF FINDING MORE THAN TREASURE THERE.

'Like I said, yeh'd be mad ter try an' rob it,' said Hagrid.

A pair of goblins bowed them through the silver doors and they were in a vast marble hall. About a hundred more goblins were sitting on high stools behind a long counter, scribbling in large ledgers, weighing coins on brass scales, examining precious stones through eyeglasses. There were too many doors to count leading off the hall, and yet more goblins were showing people in and out of these. Hagrid and Harry made for the counter.

'Morning,' said Hagrid to a free goblin. 'We've come ter take some money outta Mr Harry Potter's safe.' 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.

The sun shone brightly on a stack of cauldrons outside the nearest shop. Cauldrons – All Sizes – Copper, Brass, Pewter, Silver – Self-Stirring – Collapsible said a sign hanging over them.

Yeah, you'll be needin' one,' said Hagrid, 'but we gotta get yer money first.'

Harry wished he had about eight more eyes. He turned his head in every direction as they walked up the street, trying to look at everything at once: the shops, the things outside them, the people doing their shopping. A plump woman outside an apothecary's was shaking her head as they passed, saying. Dragon liver, sixteen Sickles an ounce, they're mad

A low, soft hooting came from a dark shop with a sign saying Ecylops Owl Emporium – Tawny, Screech, Barn, Brown and Snowy. Several boys of about Harry's age had their noses pressed against a window with broomsticks in it. 'Look,' Harry heard one of them say, 'the new Nimbus Two Thousand – fastest ever –' There were shops selling robes, shops selling telescopes and strange silver instruments Harry had never seen before, windows stacked with barrels of bat spleens and eels' eyes, tottering piles of spell books, quills and rolls of parchment, potion bottles, globes of the moon ...

'Gringotts,' said Hagrid.

They had reached a snowy-white building which towered over the other little shops. Standing beside its burnished bronze doors, wearing a uniform of scarlet and gold, was -

## Harry goes to Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$

It didn't come ... he kept on running ... he opened his even A scarlet steam engine was waiting next to a platon packed with people. A sign overhead said Hogwart Even 11 o'clock. Harry looked behind him and saw a wrought in archway where the ticket box had been, with the word Platform Nine and Three-Quarters on it. He had done it

Smoke from the engine drifted over the heads of the chattering crowd, while cats of every colour wound here and there between their legs. Owls hooted to each other in a disgruntled sort of way over the babble and the scraping of heavy trunks.

The first few carriages were already packed with students, some hanging out of the window to talk to their families, some fighting over seats. Harry pushed his trolley 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.'

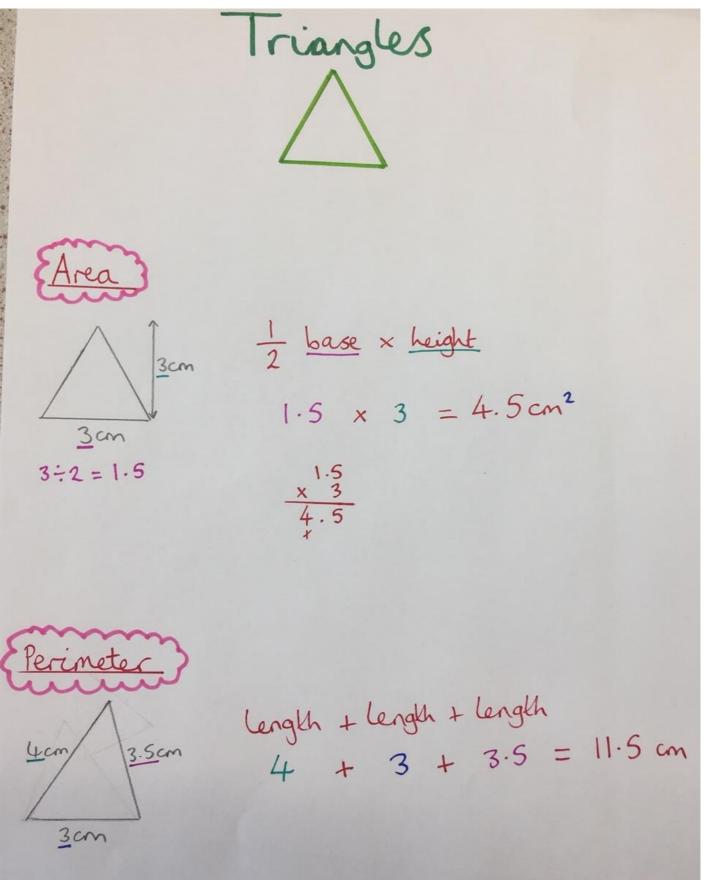
'Oh, Neville,' he heard the old woman sigh.

A boy with dreadlocks was surrounded by a small crowd. 'Give us a look, Lee, go on.'

The boy lifted the lid of a box in his arms and the people around him shricked and yelled as something inside poked out a long, hairy leg.

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 towards 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.

# **Maths**



Find the area of these triangles. They are all measured in cm. The red lines with the arrows give you the **height** of each triangle, the other number is the **base**.

