

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 yet 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 bald-headed 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

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.

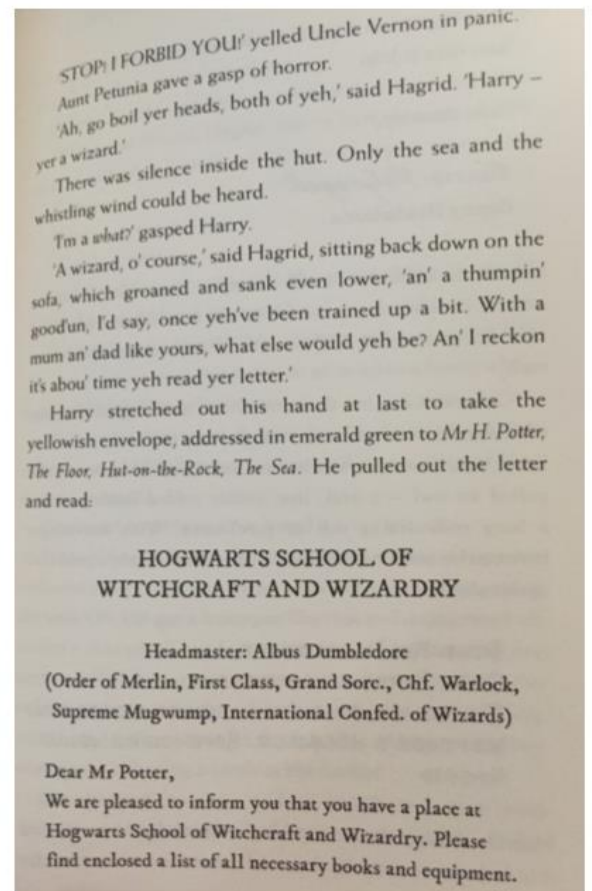
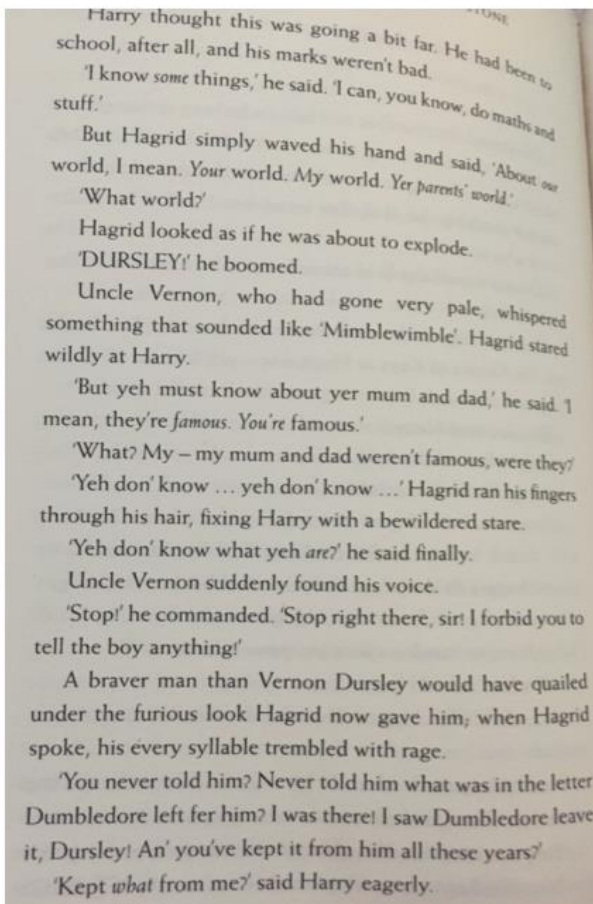
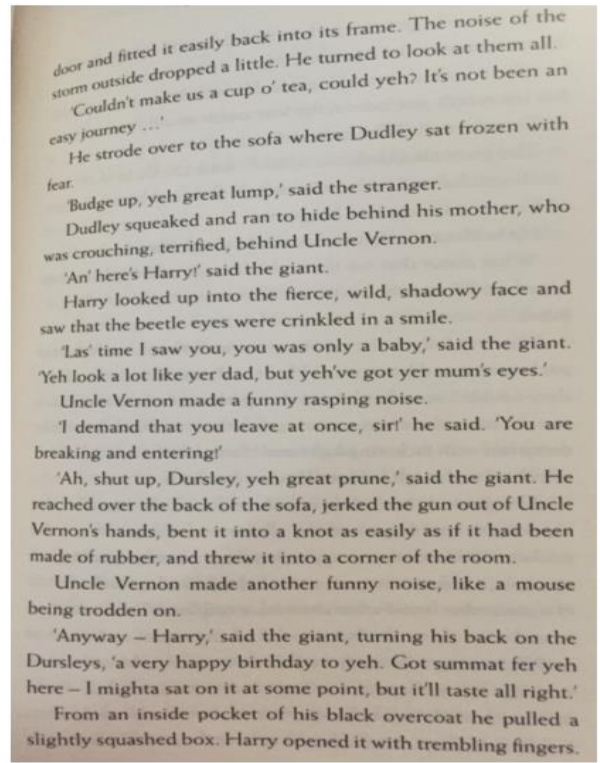
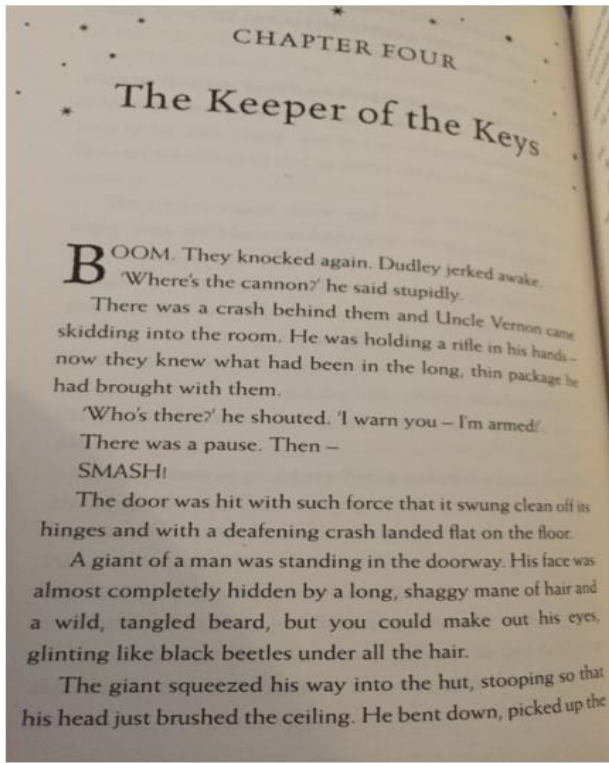
'Mo?' Meggie pressed the handle down. The long table where he worked had been swept clean, with not a stamp, nor a knife in sight. Mo had packed everything. Had he been lying after all?

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

Guided Reading

English

Harry learns he is a wizard



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 I? 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.'

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 *Eeylops 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 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.'

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

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* 11 o'clock. Harry looked behind him and saw a wrought-iron archway where the ticket box 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, 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 shrieked and yelled as something inside poked out a long, hairy leg.

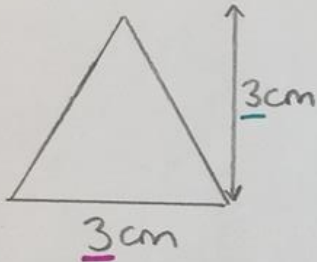
Harry pressed on through the crowd until he found an empty compartment near the end of the train. He put Hedwig inside first and then started to shove and heave his trunk towards the train door. He tried to lift it up the steps but could hardly raise one end and twice he dropped it painfully on his foot.

Maths

Triangles



Area



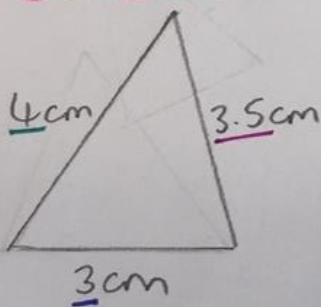
$$3 \div 2 = 1.5$$

$$\frac{1}{2} \text{ base} \times \text{height}$$

$$1.5 \times 3 = 4.5 \text{ cm}^2$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1.5 \\ \times 3 \\ \hline 4.5 \\ \times \end{array}$$

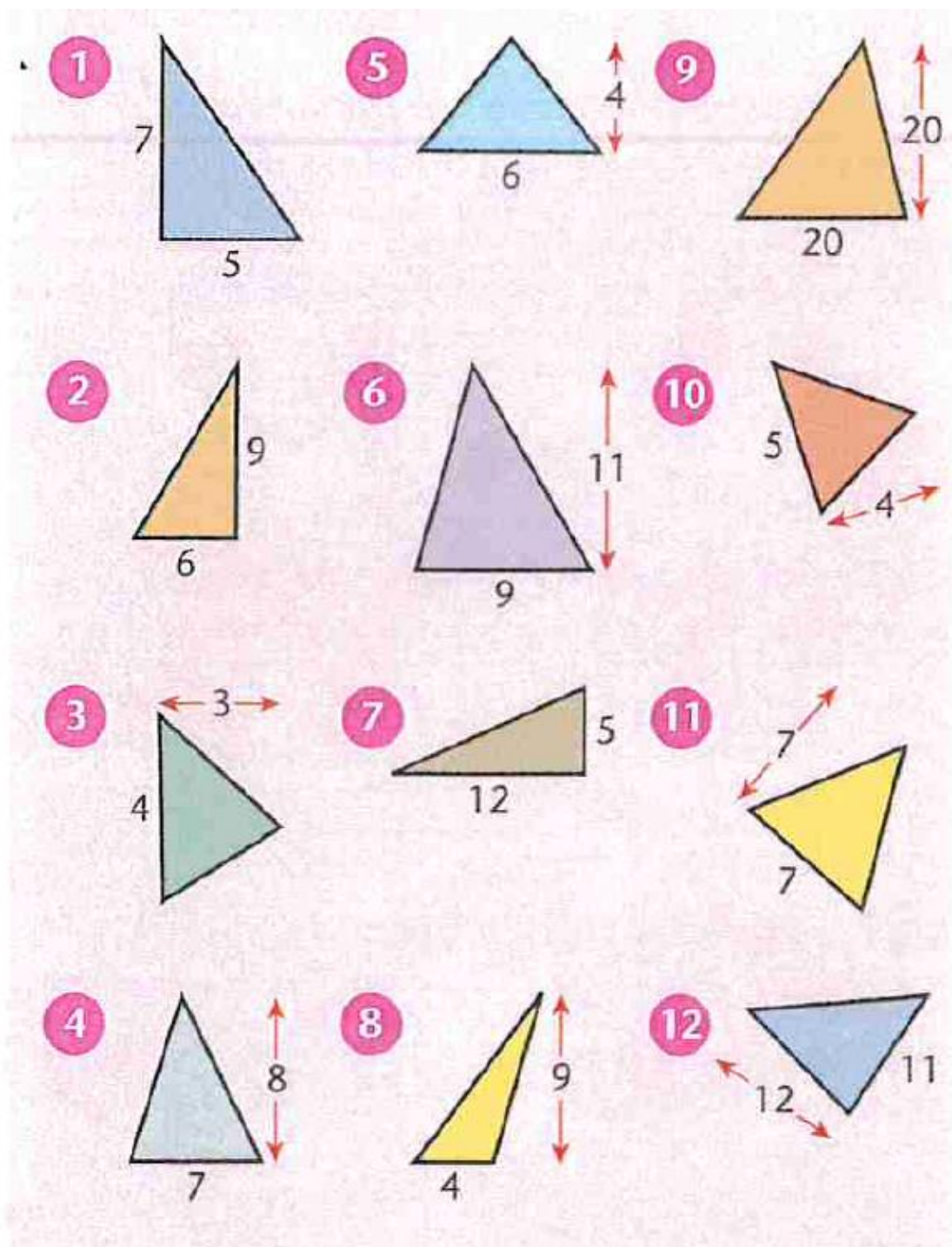
Perimeter



$$\text{length} + \text{length} + \text{length}$$

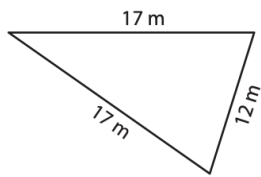
$$4 + 3 + 3.5 = 11.5 \text{ cm}$$

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**.



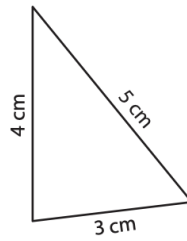
Find the perimeter of these triangles.

1)



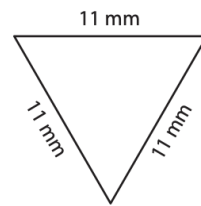
Perimeter = _____

2)



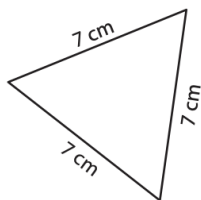
Perimeter = _____

3)



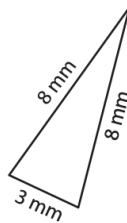
Perimeter = _____

4)



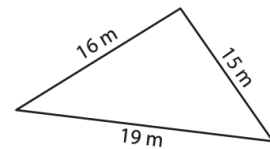
Perimeter = _____

5)



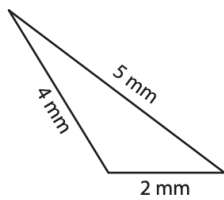
Perimeter = _____

6)



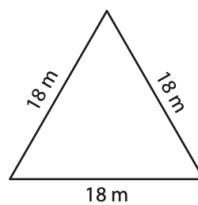
Perimeter = _____

7)



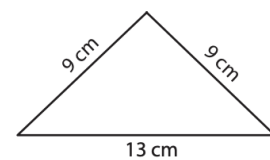
Perimeter = _____

8)



Perimeter = _____

9)



Perimeter = _____