

Resources

English

1 - Harry Potter (Hogwarts)

"Yeh'll get yer firs' sight o' Hogwarts in a sec," Hagrid called over his shoulder, "Jus' round this bend here."

There was a loud "Ooooooh!"

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!"

And the fleet of little boats moved off all at once, gliding across the lake, which was as smooth as glass. Everyone was silent, staring up at the great castle overhead. It towered over them as they sailed nearer and nearer to the cliff on which it stood.

"Heads down!" yelled Hagrid as the first boat reached the cliff; they all bent their heads and the little boats carried them through a curtain of ivy which hid a wide opening in the cliff face. They were carried along a dark tunnel, which seemed to be taking them right underneath the castle, until they reached a kind of underground harbour, where they clambered out on to the rocks and pebbles.

"Oy, you there! Is this your toad?" said Hagrid, who was checking his 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 on to 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.

"Everyone here? You there, still got yer toad?"

Hagrid raised a gigantic fist and knocked three times on the castle door.

2 - Harry Potter (Diagon Alley)

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 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.

3 - Harry Potter (The Great Hall)

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 which 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 half 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 around the students, the ghosts shone misty silver. Mainly to avoid all the staring eyes, Harry looked upwards and saw a velvety black ceiling dotted with stars. He heard Hermione whisper, "It's bewitched to look like the sky outside, I read 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.

4 - The Hobbit (Bilbo Baggin's Hobbit Hole)

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.

It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with paneled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats—the hobbit was fond of visitors.

The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill—The Hill, as all the people for many miles around called it—and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage.

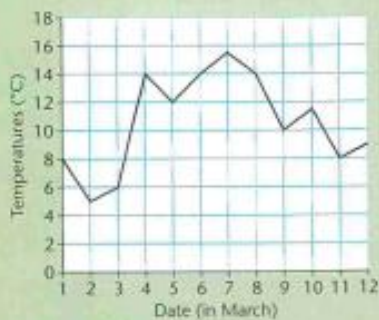
The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in) for these were the only ones to have windows—deep-set round windows looking over his garden and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

This hobbit was a very well-to-do hobbit, and his name was Baggins. The Baggins had lived in the neighbourhood of The Hill for time out of mind.

Maths

A

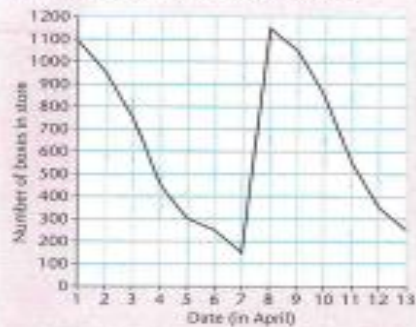
This line graph shows the daily maximum temperature for the first 12 days of March.



- On which day was there:
 - the highest temperature
 - the lowest temperature?
- What was the temperature on:
 - 6th March
 - 12th March?
- On which day was the temperature:
 - 6°C
 - 10°C?
- On which two days was the temperature 8°C?
- How much higher was the temperature on the 8th than on the 9th?
- How much lower was the temperature on the 5th than on the 6th?
- On which day was there:
 - the largest rise in temperature
 - the largest fall in temperature?
- On how many days was the temperature:
 - below 10°C
 - above 12°C?

B

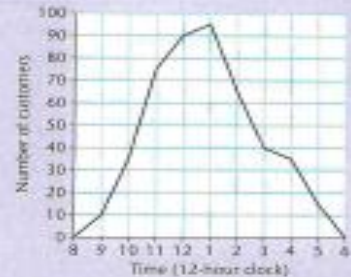
This graph shows the number of boxes of cornflakes a supermarket has in stock recorded each morning before the store opens.



- On which day is there a delivery of new stock?
- How many boxes are there in stock at the start of:
 - 7th April
 - 5th April?
- At the start of which day was the number of boxes in stock:
 - 450
 - 850?
- How many more boxes were in stock on the 1st than on the 2nd?
- How many fewer boxes were in stock on the 7th than on the 8th?
- How many boxes were sold on:
 - the 3rd
 - the 9th?
- How many more boxes were sold on the 10th than on the 11th?
- How many fewer boxes were sold on the 3th than on the 6th?
- One hundred boxes were sold on the 7th. How many boxes were delivered?

C

A High Street shop is open from 8 am to 6 pm on a Saturday. This line graph shows the number of customers in the shop recorded at hourly intervals.



- When was the shop most crowded?
- How many customers were in the shop at:
 - 2 pm
 - noon?
- At what time were there:
 - 40 customers
 - 75 customers?
- How many more customers were in the shop at 4 pm than 5 pm?
- How many fewer customers were in the shop at 9 am than 10 am?
- Estimate the number of customers in the shop at:
 - 10.30 am
 - 1.30 pm?
- In which hour was there:
 - the largest rise in customers
 - the largest fall in customers?
- Between 11 am and noon 117 customers entered the shop. How many left?
- Between 3 pm and 4 pm 56 customers left the shop. How many entered?

Maths - Answers

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A

- | | | |
|------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| 1 a) 7th | 4 1st, 11th | 8 a) 5 |
| b) 2nd | 5 4° | b) 4 |
| 2 a) 14°C | 6 2° | |
| b) 9°C | 7 a) 4th | |
| 3 a) 3rd | b) 9th | |
| b) 9th | | |

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B

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1 7th | 4 150 | 8 50 |
| 2 a) 150 | 5 1000 | 9 1100 |
| b) 300 | 6 a) 300 | |
| 3 a) 4th | b) 200 | |
| b) 10th | 7 100 | |

C

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------------|
| 1 1 pm | 4 20 | 7 a) 10 am–11 am |
| 2 a) 65 | 5 25 | b) 1 pm–2 pm |
| b) 90 | 6 a) 55 | 8 102 |
| 3 a) 3 pm | b) 80 | 9 51 |
| b) 11 am | | |

Guided reading

Kidnapped

Somebody was coming up the stairs! Ducking down behind an old crate, we waited. I could feel my heart thumping like a bass drum. What if we were caught? The strange girl glanced at me through the semi-gloom and grinned.

Gradually, the door opened and we could hear someone tiptoeing in. There was a pause and then a torch flickered on. After a few moments, the light switched off. Then the door shut and the footsteps clicked back down the stairs. Relieved, I let out a sigh. As we clambered out of the window and slithered down the wet roof, I was trying to remember how I had got into such a mess.

It had only been half an hour ago when Mum had sent me down to the chippie with a tenner. When I reached the roundabout, I couldn't help looking at the old house, although it wasn't much to look at. It was then that I'd seen it: a light at the window. Then I saw a face. I stood there staring. It was a girl; she was mouthing a word and the word was, 'HELP'.

That's how it happened. I'd broken in round the back through a smashed window, despite the risk of being cut. Half a minute later and I'd found her, a trapped prisoner in an upstairs room. She'd only just finished telling me that she was the American ambassador's daughter, when the kidnappers returned!

So there we were, balancing on the roof, as if we were walking the tight rope. Gripping the loose, creaking guttering desperately, I lowered myself down. Five minutes later and we were back at Mum's cosy kitchen. "So Ron, where's the fish and chips?" she asked, eyeing the girl suspiciously. Half an hour after that, her Dad arrived in a shiny embassy limousine. That night it wasn't just chips for tea. He took us all out for a huge banquet. Amazingly, the next day, there I was in the local paper. A hero.