

Monday 27th April 2020

LO: To write a summary based on more than 1 paragraph.



Stater: Use the first 2 pages of chapter 5 'Diagon Alley' to answer these 5 questions, aim to complete within 60 seconds!



1. Where id Harry think he would be when he opened his eyes?
2. Where was Hagrid sleeping?
3. What did the owl deliver to Harry?
4. List the 6 items that came out of Hagrid's pockets.
5. Which city were Harry and Hagrid travelling to purchase Harry's school uniform?

Main task: Read the extract below from chapter 4, which details Harry's exciting experience at Gringotts – The Wizards' Bank. Write a diary entry of this in role of Harry.

Success Criteria

Include information on the following:

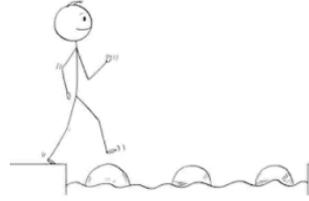
- Description of the outside of the building, including the goblin
- Description of how Harry felt throuout his time in the bank
- Information on what Harry saw as he moved through the bank
- Reported speech for the characters Harry spoke to
- Information on what was taken from the vaults

Sentence Starters

- Dear diary, Today was the not just my birthday but the best day of my life so far...
- Hagrid and I visited... for
- From the outside of the building...
- I was absolutely mesmerised by the amount of goblins... a few of them...
- Hagrid inform tem that we had come to...
- Griphook navigated us through bank to my vault. On the way I saw...
- From my vault we took.... And then journeyed to vault 713
- When we had finally arrived, Hagrid and I were told to stand back. Griphook brought out of the vault a...
- Imagine, they are only allowed inside once every 10 years!
- We left Gringnotts with a bag full of _____ and a mysterious _____ that I

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Main task: Read the extract below from chapter 4, which details Harry's exciting experience at Gringotts – The Wizards' Bank. Write bullet pointed notes about the key events that take place.

Year 6 Reading Extract: Page 78-82.

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 – ‘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.’ ‘You have his key, sir?’ ‘Got it here somewhere,’ said Hagrid and he started emptying his pockets on to the counter, scattering a handful of mouldy dogbiscuits over the goblin’s book of numbers. The goblin wrinkled his nose. Harry watched the goblin on their right weighing a pile of rubies as big as glowing coals. ‘Got it,’ said Hagrid at last, holding up a tiny golden key. The goblin looked at it closely. ‘That seems to be in order.’ ‘An’ 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 was yet another goblin. Once Hagrid had crammed all the dog-biscuits back inside his pockets, he and Harry followed Griphook towards one of the doors leading off the hall. ‘What’s the You-Know-What in vault seven hundred and thirteen?’ Harry asked. ‘Can’t tell yeh that,’ said Hagrid mysteriously. ‘Very secret. Hogwarts business. Dumbledore’s trusted me. More’n my job’s worth ter tell yeh that.’

Griphook held the door open for them. Harry, who had expected more marble, was surprised. They were in a narrow stone passageway lit with flaming torches. It sloped steeply downwards and there were little railway tracks on the floor. Griphook whistled and a small cart came hurtling up the tracks towards them. They climbed in – Hagrid with some difficulty – and were off. At first they just hurtled through a maze of twisting passages. Harry tried to remember, left, right, right, left, middle fork, right, left, but it was impossible. The rattling cart seemed to know its own way, because Griphook wasn’t steering. Harry’s eyes stung as the cold air rushed past them, but he kept them wide open. Once, he thought he saw a burst of fire at the end of a passage and twisted around to see if it was a dragon, but too late – they plunged even deeper, passing an underground lake where huge stalactites and stalagmites grew from the ceiling and floor. ‘I never know,’ Harry called to Hagrid over the noise of the cart, ‘what’s the difference between a stalagmite and a stalactite?’ ‘Stalagmite’s got an “m” in it,’ said Hagrid. ‘An’ don’ ask me questions just now, I think I’m gonna be sick.’

He did look very green and when the cart stopped at last beside a small door in the passage wall, Hagrid got out and had to lean against the wall to stop his knees trembling. 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. The Dursleys couldn't have known about this or they'd have had it from him faster than blinking. How often had they complained how much Harry cost them to keep? And all the time there had been a small fortune belonging to him, buried deep under London. Hagrid helped Harry pile some of it into a bag. 'The gold ones are Galleons,' he explained. 'Seventeen silver Sickles to a Galleon and twenty-nine Knuts to a Sickle, it's easy enough. Right, that should be enough for a couple o' terms, we'll keep the rest safe for yeh.' He turned to Griphook. 'Vault seven hundred and thirteen now, please, and can we go more slowly?' 'One speed only,' said Griphook.

They were going even deeper now and gathering speed. The air became colder and colder as they hurtled round tight corners. They went rattling over an underground ravine and Harry leant over the side to try and see what was down at the dark bottom but Hagrid groaned and pulled him back by the scruff of his neck. Vault seven hundred and thirteen had no keyhole. 'Stand back,' said Griphook importantly. He stroked the door gently with one of his long fingers and it simply melted away. 'If anyone but a Gringotts goblin tried that, they'd be sucked through the door and trapped in there,' said Griphook. 'How often do you check to see if anyone's inside?' Harry asked. 'About once every ten years,' said Griphook, with a rather nasty grin. Something really extraordinary had to be inside this topsecurity vault, Harry was sure, and he leant forward eagerly, expecting to see fabulous jewels at the very least – but at first he thought it was empty. Then he noticed a grubby little package wrapped up in brown paper lying on the floor. Hagrid picked it up and tucked it deep inside his coat. Harry longed to know what it was, but knew better than to ask. 'Come on, back in this infernal cart, and don't talk to me on the way back, it's best if I keep me mouth shut,' said Hagrid. * One wild cart-ride later they stood blinking in the sunlight outside Gringotts. Harry didn't know where to run first now that he had a bag full of money. 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 – more money than even Dudley had ever had.