



FROM *Harry Potter*
AND THE SORCERER'S STONE BY
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Christmas at Hogwarts

ILLUSTRATED BY ZIYI GAO

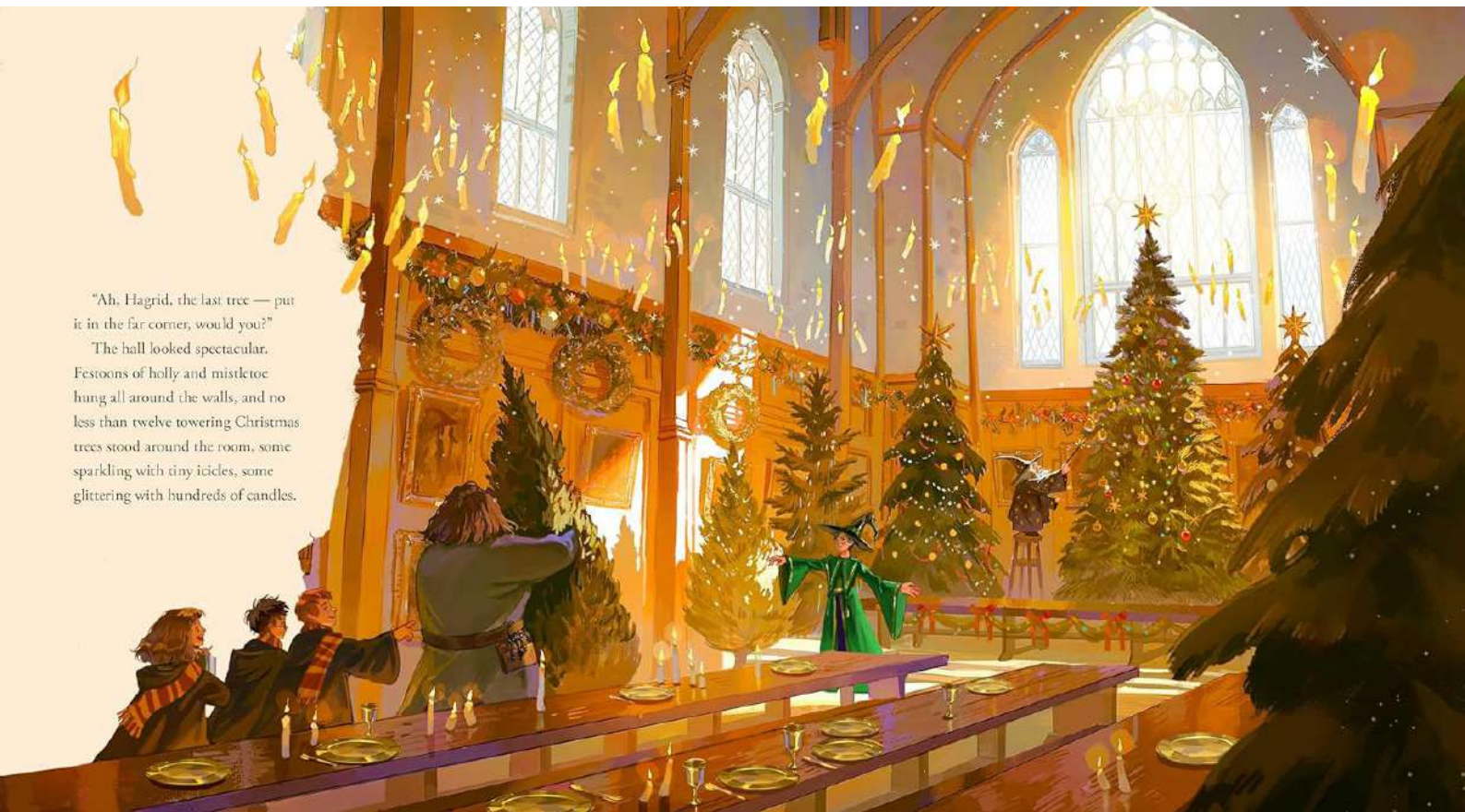


Christmas was coming. One morning in mid-December, Hogwarts woke to find itself covered in several feet of snow.



"Ah, Hagrid, the last tree — put it in the far corner, would you?"

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.



"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 mum. I told her you didn't expect any presents and — oh, no," he groaned, "she's made you a Weasley sweater."

Harry had torn open the parcel to find a thick, hand-knitted sweater in emerald green and a large box of homemade fudge.

"Every year she makes us a sweater," said Ron, unwrapping his own, "and mine's *always* maroon."

"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.

