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The advertisement features a woman in a red dress on the right side, surrounded by floating gold coins and playing cards (aces of spades, diamonds, and hearts). The background is a vibrant red with a subtle grid pattern. The text is bold and yellow/white, creating a high-contrast, eye-catching design.

Score__anywhere__anytime!

“I know somethings,” he said. “I can, you know, do math and stuff.” But Hagrid simply waved his hand and said, “About our world, I mean. Yourworld. Myworld. Yer parents’ world.” “What world?” Hagrid looked as if he was about to explode. “DURSLEY!” 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 yet mom and dad," he said. "I mean, they're famous. You're famous."
"What? My 'my mom and dad weren't famous, were they?" "Yeh don't know! yeh don't know!" Hagrid ran his fingers through his hair, fixing Harry with a bewildered stare. "Yeh don't know what yeh are?" he said finally. Uncle Vernon suddenly found his voice. "Stop!" he commanded. "Stop right there, sit! 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 me?" said Harry eagerly. "STOP! I FORBID YOU!" yelled Uncle Vernon in panic. Aunt Petunia gave a gasp of horror. "Ah, go boil yet heads, both of yeh," said Hagrid. "Harry's yer a wizard." There was silence inside the hut. Only the sea and the whistling wind could be heard. "I'm a what?" gasped Harry. "A wizard, o' course," said Hagrid, sitting back down on the sofa, which groaned and sank even lower, "an' a thumpin' good'un, I'd 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 about 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