

You and the Sorcerer's Stone

You've made up your mind. You are going out of here tonight and you are going to try and get to the Stone first!

Under the cover of your invisibility cloak, you find yourself outside the third-floor corridor--and the door is already ajar!

You push the door open.

As the door creaks, low, rumbling growls meet your ears. All three of the dog's noses sniff madly in your direction, even though it can't see you. You see a harp at the dog's feet and surmise that it must fall asleep the moment the music starts playing.

You reach into your back pocket and pull out your trusty recorder that you always have on you. You put the recorder to your lips and blow a lovely little tune, *Hedwig's Theme*, to be exact. (Stop here for recorder challenge.)

From the first note the beast's eyes begin to droop. Slowly, the dog's growls cease--it totters on its paws and falls to its knees, then it slumps to the ground, fast asleep.

You slip out from under the cloak and creep toward the trapdoor in the floor. You can feel the dog's hot, smelly breath as you approach the giant sleeping heads.

You climb over Fluffy and look down through the trapdoor. There is no sign of the bottom. You lower yourself through the hole until you are hanging on by your fingertips. You let go. Cold, damp air rushes past you as you fall down, down, down and ---

FLUMP. With a funny, muffled sort of thump you land on something soft. You sit up and feel around, your eyes are not used to the darkness. It feels as though you are sitting on some sort of plant.

Unfortunately, the plant has started to twist snake-like tendrils around your ankles, and soon your entire legs are already bound tightly in long creepers.

You struggle to pull the plant off yourself, but the more you strain against it, the tighter and faster the plant winds around you.

You reach into your back pocket and pull out your trusty UV flashlight that you always have on you. You wave it at the Devil's Snare and send a jet of white-blue light at the plant. In a matter of seconds, you feel it loosening its grip as it cringes away from the ultraviolet light. Wriggling

and flailing, it unravels itself from your body and you pull free. It is still blocking your path, however, and you cannot find a way through it. Your light shines on something peculiar on the plant. As you look closer at the leaves, you realize little words are written on the leaves. The words seem curiously familiar, like you've heard Professor Dumbledore utter them before. (Stop here for plant puzzle.)

Yes, sure enough, reciting the phrase in your mind, you follow the words in order and find the only safe path through the devil's snare.

You head down a stone passageway, which is the only way forward. You stop to listen. A soft rustle and clinking seems to be coming from up ahead. You reach the end of the passageway and see before you a brilliantly lit chamber, its ceiling arching high above you. It is full of small, jewel-bright birds, fluttering and tumbling all around the room. On the opposite side of the chamber is a heavy wooden door.

You sprint across the room and pull at the handle of the door, but it is locked. You look at the birds soaring overhead and realize that they're not birds--they're keys! You notice a note pinned to the door that you missed the first time you looked at it. You read the note:

To open this door, you need the right key.

To find the right key, you need the correct number.

To find the correct number, you must answer this following puzzle--

Sure enough, when you look closer at the flying keys, you see they have small numbers written on them. You take a minute to spot the number you need and grab it out of the air. (Stop here for key puzzle.)

You ram the squirming bugger into the lock and hold your breath. You turn the key. It works! You pull the door open.

The next chamber is so dark you can't see anything at all. But as you step into it, light suddenly floods the room to reveal an astonishing sight.

You are standing on the edge of a huge chessboard, behind the black chessmen, which are all taller than you and carved from what looks like black stone. Facing you, way across the chamber, are the white pieces. Behind the white pieces you can see another door. You see now that you will have to play your way across the room. You take the place of the missing black King and immediately the white pawn springs forward two squares to signal the start of the game. You direct the black pieces and they move silently wherever you send them. You play out your chess game. (Stop here for chess puzzle.)

The white king takes off his crown and throws it at your feet. You have won the game! The chessmen part and bow, leaving the door ahead clear.

You charge through the door and up the next passageway. You have reached another door. You push it open.

A disgusting smell fills your nostrils, making you pull your robe up over your nose. Eyes watering, you see, flat on the floor in front of you, a troll even larger than the one you tackled before, out cold with a bloody lump on its head.

You are so glad you didn't have to fight this one, you think, as you carefully step over one of its massive legs.

You pull open the next door, scared of what you'll find next--but there is nothing very frightening in here, just a table with fourteen differently shaped bottles standing on it in a line. You step over the threshold, and immediately a fire springs up behind you in the doorway. It isn't ordinary fire either, it is purple. At the same instant, black flames shoot up in the doorway leading onward. You are trapped.

You look around and seize a roll of paper lying next to the bottles. You read it. You look at the bottles on the table. You pick up the bottle you think is the answer to the puzzle. (Stop here for the potion puzzle.)

You take a deep breath and turn to face the black flames. "Here I come," you say aloud, and you take a swig of the bottle. It is like ice water flooding your body. You put the bottle down and walk forward.

You brace yourself, see the black flames licking your body, but you can't feel them--for a moment you can see nothing but dark fire--then you are on the other side, in the last chamber.

There is already someone in here.

It is Quirrell.