

Character descriptions:

Professor McGonagall:

“A rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes. She, too, was wearing a cloak, an emerald one. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun.

Professor McGonagall almost always showed a sternness and was held in great respect (and some fear) by nearly all students and staff. She didn't tolerate audacity nor silliness from her pupils and was known to turn cold towards people who said or did things in front of her that were stupid. However, she did have a dry sense of humour which usually came out when times were tough.”

The BFG:

“In the moonlight, Sophie caught a glimpse of an enormous long pale wrinkly face with the most enormous ears. The nose was as sharp as a knife, and above there were two bright flashing eyes, and the eyes were staring straight at Sophie. There was a fierce and devilish look about them.”

“The giant took off his black cloak and hung it against the wall. Sophie saw that under the cloak he was wearing a sort of collarless shirt and a dirty old leather waistcoat that didn't seem to have any buttons. His trousers were faded green and were far too short in the legs. On his bare feet he was wearing a pair of ridiculous sandals that for some reason had holes cut along each side, with a large hole at the end where his toes stuck out.”

Miss Honey:

“The teacher was called Miss Honey, and she could not have been more than twenty-three or twenty-four. She had a lovely pale oval Madonna face with blue eyes and her hair was light-brown. Her body was so slim and fragile one got the feeling that if she fell over she would smash into a thousand pieces, like a porcelain figure.

Miss Jennifer Honey was a mild and quiet person who never raised her voice and was seldom seen to smile, but there is no doubt she possessed that rare gift for being adored by every small child under her care.”

Miss Trunchbull:

“Miss Trunchbull, the Headmistress, was something else altogether. She was a gigantic holy terror, a fierce tyrannical monster who frightened the life out of the pupils and teachers alike. When she marched along a corridor you could actually hear her snorting as she went, and if a group of children happened to be in her path, she ploughed right on through them like a tank, with small people bouncing off her to the left and right.

She had an obstinate chin, a cruel mouth and small arrogant eyes. She always had on a brown cotton smock which was pinched in at the waist with a wide leather belt. The belt was fastened in front with an enormous silver buckle.”

Setting descriptions:

Hogwart's halls:

“There are 142 staircases: wide sweeping ones; narrow, rickety ones; some that led somewhere different on a Friday; some with vanishing step halfway up that you had to remember to jump. They are known to move around in the massive castle which is set upon huge rocks above a magnificent lake. Then there were doors that wouldn't open unless you asked politely, or tickled them in exactly the right place, and doors that weren't doors at all, but solid walls just pretending. It was also very hard to remember where everything was, because it all seemed to move around a lot. The people in the portraits kept going to visit each other and Harry was sure the coats of armour could walk. The halls are full of classrooms, secret corridors, and trapdoors, and some parts of the castle are even forbidden.”

Hogwart's 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.”

The 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 panelled 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.”

Oz:

“The cyclone had set the house down, in the midst of a country of marvellous beauty. There were lovely patches of green grassland all about, with large trees bearing rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant feathers sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between green banks and dazzling vibrant flowers.”