

Year 5 Reading. Tuesday 14th July 2020 LO: To retrieve and record information from a text.

Chapter 17: The Man with 2 faces. Audio link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RC95DOjuaHs>



Today you will finish reading Harry Potter and the Philosopher's stone -Well done!

Your Task: Lots of important questions are answered towards the end of the chapter during Dumbledore and Harry's conversation. Today you will answer retrieve and record question to make sure you've grasped as much information to make your understanding of the story complete. Refer to the extracts below.

Questions:

1. Look at page 214. What happened when Quirrell touched Harry?	
2. Look at page 215. Professor Quirrell managed to retrieve the stone. True or false?	
3. What happened to the Philosopher's stone?	
4. Look at page 216. Where is Voldemort?	
5. Look at page 216. Why did Voldemort kill Harry's mum?	
6. Look at page 216. Why could Quirrell not touch Harry's face?	
7. Look at page 217. Where did the invisibility cloak come from?	
8. Look at page 217. What did Harry's father and Snape previously get along?	
9. How did the stone get into Harry's pocket?	
10. Look at page 220. What did Hagrid give Harry?	
11. Who had initially won the House Cup and with how many points?	
12. Who won Gryffindor extra points and for what reason were they given them? Look at page 221.	

by instinct, reached up and grabbed Quirrell's face –
'AAAARGH!'

Quirrell rolled off him, his face blistering too, and then Harry knew: Quirrell couldn't touch his bare skin, not without suffering terrible pain – his only chance was to keep hold of Quirrell, keep him in enough pain to stop him doing a curse.

Harry jumped to his feet, caught Quirrell by the arm and hung on as tight as he could. Quirrell screamed and tried to throw Harry off – the pain in Harry's head was building – he couldn't see – he could only hear Quirrell's terrible shrieks and Voldemort's yells of 'KILL HIM! KILL HIM!' and other voices, maybe in Harry's own head, crying, 'Harry! Harry!'

He felt Quirrell's arm wrenched from his grasp, knew all was lost, and fell into blackness, down ... down ... down ...

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Something gold was glinting just above him. The Snitch! He tried to catch it, but his arms were too heavy.

He blinked. It wasn't the Snitch at all. It was a pair of glasses. How strange.

He blinked again. The smiling face of Albus Dumbledore swam into view above him.

'Good afternoon, Harry,' said Dumbledore.

Harry stared at him. Then he remembered. 'Sir! The Stone! It was Quirrell! He's got the Stone! Sir, quick –'

'Calm yourself, dear boy, you are a little behind the times,' said Dumbledore. 'Quirrell does not have the Stone.'

'Then who does? Sir, I –'

'Harry, please relax, or Madam Pomfrey will have me thrown out.'

Harry swallowed and looked around him. He realised he must be in the hospital wing. He was lying in a bed with white linen sheets and next to him was a table piled high with what looked like half the sweet-shop.

'Tokens from your friends and admirers,' said Dumbledore, beaming. 'What happened down in the dungeons between you and Professor Quirrell is a complete secret, so, naturally, the whole school knows. I believe your friends Misters Fred and George Weasley were responsible for trying to send you a lavatory seat. No doubt they thought it would amuse you. Madam Pomfrey, however, felt it might not be very hygienic, and confiscated it.'

'How long have I been in here?'

'Three days. Mr Ronald Weasley and Miss Granger will be most relieved you have come round, they have been extremely worried.'

'But sir, the Stone –'

'I see you are not to be distracted. Very well, the Stone. Professor Quirrell did not manage to take it from you. I arrived in time to prevent that, although you were doing very well on your own, I must say.'

'You got there? You got Hermione's owl?'

'We must have crossed in mid-air. No sooner had I reached London than it became clear to me that the place I should be was the one I had just left. I arrived just in time to pull Quirrell off you –'

'It was you.'

'I feared I might be too late.'

'You nearly were, I couldn't have kept him off the Stone much longer –'

'Not the Stone, boy, you – the effort involved nearly killed you. For one terrible moment there, I was afraid it had. As for the Stone, it has been destroyed.'

'Destroyed?' said Harry blankly. 'But your friend – Nicolas Flamel –'

'Oh, you know about Nicolas?' said Dumbledore, sounding quite delighted. 'You *did* do the thing properly, didn't you? Well, Nicolas and I have had a little chat and agreed it's all for the best.'

'But that means he and his wife will die, won't they?'

'They have enough Elixir stored to set their affairs in order and then, yes, they will die.'

Dumbledore smiled at the look of amazement on Harry's face.

'To one as young as you, I'm sure it seems incredible, but to Nicolas and Perenelle, it really is like going to bed after a very, very long day. After all, to the well-organised mind, death is but the next great adventure. You know, the Stone was really not such a wonderful thing. As much money and life as you could want! The two things most human beings would choose above all – the trouble is, humans do have a knack of choosing precisely those things which are worst for them.'

Harry lay there, lost for words. Dumbledore hummed a little and smiled at the ceiling.

'Sir?' said Harry. 'I've been thinking ... Sir – even if the Stone's

gone, Vol- ... I mean, You-Know-Who -'

'Call him Voldemort, Harry. Always use the proper name for things. Fear of a name increases fear of the thing itself.'

'Yes, sir. Well, Voldemort's going to try other ways of coming back, isn't he? I mean, he hasn't gone, has he?'

'No, Harry, he has not. He is still out there somewhere, perhaps looking for another body to share ... not being truly alive, he cannot be killed. He left Quirrell to die; he shows just as little mercy to his followers as his enemies. Nevertheless, Harry, while you may only have delayed his return to power, it will merely take someone else who is prepared to fight what seems a losing battle next time - and if he is delayed again, and again, why, he may never return to power.'

Harry nodded, but stopped quickly, because it made his head hurt. Then he said, 'Sir, there are some other things I'd like to know, if you can tell me ... things I want to know the truth about ...'

'The truth.' Dumbledore sighed. 'It is a beautiful and terrible thing, and should therefore be treated with great caution. However, I shall answer your questions unless I have a very good reason not to, in which case I beg you'll forgive me. I shall not, of course, lie.'

'Well ... Voldemort said that he only killed my mother because she tried to stop him killing me. But why would he want to kill me in the first place?'

Dumbledore sighed very deeply this time.

'Alas, the first thing you ask me, I cannot tell you. Not today. Not now. You will know, one day ... put it from your mind for now, Harry. When you are older ... I know you hate to hear this ... when you are ready, you will know.'

And Harry knew it would be no good to argue.

'But why couldn't Quirrell touch me?'

'Your mother died to save you. If there is one thing Voldemort cannot understand, it is love. He didn't realise that love as powerful as your mother's for you leaves its own mark. Not a scar, no visible sign ... to have been loved so deeply, even though the person who loved us is gone, will give us some protection for ever. It is in your very skin. Quirrell, full of hatred, greed and ambition, sharing his soul with Voldemort, could not touch you for this reason. It was agony to touch a person marked by something so good.'

Dumbledore now became very interested in a bird out on the windowsill, which gave Harry time to dry his eyes on the sheet. When he had found his voice again, Harry said, 'And the Invisibility Cloak - do you know who sent it to me?'

'Ah - your father happened to leave it in my possession and I thought you might like it.' Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. 'Useful things ... your father used it mainly for sneaking off to the kitchens to steal food when he was here.'

'And there's something else ...'

'Fire away.'

'Quirrell said Snape -'

'Professor Snape, Harry.'

'Yes, him - Quirrell said he hates me because he hated my father. Is that true?'

'Well, they did rather detest each other. Not unlike yourself and Mr Malfoy. And then, your father did something Snape could never forgive.'

'What?'

'He saved his life.'

'What?'

'Yes ...' said Dumbledore dreamily. 'Funny, the way people's minds work, isn't it? Professor Snape couldn't bear being in your father's debt ... I do believe he worked so hard to protect you this year because he felt that would make him and your father quits. Then he could go back to hating your father's memory in peace ...'

Harry tried to understand this but it made his head pound, so he stopped.

'And sir, there's one more thing ...'

'Just the one?'

'How did I get the Stone out of the Mirror?'

'Ah, now, I'm glad you asked me that. It was one of my more brilliant ideas, and between you and me, that's saying something. You see, only one who wanted to *find* the Stone - find it, but not use it - would be able to get it, otherwise they'd just see themselves making gold or drinking Elixir of Life. My brain surprises even me sometimes ... Now, enough questions. I suggest you make a start on these sweets. Ah! Bertie Bott's Every-Flavour Beans! I was unfortunate enough in my youth to come across a vomit-flavoured one, and since then I'm afraid I've rather lost my liking for them - but I think I'll be safe with a nice toffee, don't you?'

he stopped crying. 'I've met him and I'm calling him by his name. Please cheer up, Hagrid, we saved the Stone, it's gone, he can't use it. Have a Chocolate Frog, I've got loads ...'

Hagrid wiped his nose on the back of his hand and said, 'That reminds me. I've got yeh a present.'

'It's not a stoat sandwich, is it?' said Harry anxiously and at last Hagrid gave a weak chuckle.

'Nah. Dumbledore gave me the day off yesterday ter fix it. 'Course, he shoulda sacked me instead – anyway, got yeh this ...'

It seemed to be a handsome, leather-covered book. Harry opened it curiously. It was full of wizard photographs. Smiling and waving at him from every page were his mother and father.

'Sent owls off ter all yer parents' old school friends, askin' fer photos ... Knew yeh didn' have any ... D'yeh like it?'

Harry couldn't speak, but Hagrid understood.

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Harry made his way down to the end-of-year feast alone that night. He had been held up by Madam Pomfrey's fussing-about, insisting on giving him one last check-up, so the Great Hall was already full. It was decked out in the Slytherin colours of green and silver to celebrate Slytherin's winning the House Cup for the seventh year in a row. A huge banner showing the Slytherin serpent covered the wall behind the High Table.

When Harry walked in there was a sudden hush and then everybody started talking loudly at once. He slipped into a seat between Ron and Hermione at the Gryffindor table and tried to ignore the fact that people were standing up to look at him.

Fortunately, Dumbledore arrived moments later. The babble died away.

'Another year gone!' Dumbledore said cheerfully. 'And I must trouble you with an old man's wheezing waffle before we sink our teeth into our delicious feast. What a year it has been! Hopefully your heads are all a little fuller than they were ... you have the whole summer ahead to get them nice and empty before next year starts ...'

'Now, as I understand it, the House Cup here needs awarding and the points stand thus: in fourth place, Gryffindor, with three hundred and twelve points; in third, Hufflepuff, with three hundred and fifty-two; Ravenclaw have four hundred and twenty-six and Slytherin, four hundred and seventy-two.'

A storm of cheering and stamping broke out from the Slytherin table. Harry could see Draco Malfoy banging his goblet on the table. It was a sickening sight.

'Yes, yes, well done, Slytherin,' said Dumbledore. 'However, recent events must be taken into account.'

The room went very still. The Slytherins' smiles faded a little.

'Ahem,' said Dumbledore. 'I have a few last-minute points to dish out. Let me see. Yes ...'

'First – to Mr Ronald Weasley ...'

Ron went purple in the face; he looked like a radish with bad sunburn.

'... for the best-played game of chess Hogwarts has seen in many years, I award Gryffindor house fifty points.'

Gryffindor cheers nearly raised the bewitched ceiling; the stars overhead seemed to quiver. Percy could be heard telling the other Prefects, 'My brother, you know! My youngest brother! Got past McGonagall's giant chess set!'

At last there was silence again.

'Second – to Miss Hermione Granger ... for the use of cool logic in the face of fire, I award Gryffindor house fifty points.'

Hermione buried her face in her arms; Harry strongly suspected she had burst into tears. Gryffindors up and down the table were beside themselves – they were a hundred points up.

'Third – to Mr Harry Potter ...' said Dumbledore. The room went deadly quiet. '... for pure nerve and outstanding courage, I award Gryffindor house sixty points.'

The din was deafening. Those who could add up while yelling themselves hoarse knew that Gryffindor now had four hundred and seventy-two points – exactly the same as Slytherin. They had drawn for the House Cup – if only Dumbledore had given Harry just one more point.

Dumbledore raised his hand. The room gradually fell silent.

'There are all kinds of courage,' said Dumbledore, smiling. 'It takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to our enemies, but just as much to stand up to our friends. I therefore award ten points to Mr Neville Longbottom.'

Someone standing outside the Great Hall might well have thought some sort of explosion had taken place, so loud was the noise that erupted from the Gryffindor table. Harry, Ron and Hermione stood up to yell and cheer as Neville, white with shock,