

Thursday 11th June 2020

LO: Mixed comprehension.

Read chapter 5: Diagon Alley or listen to the audio clip:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2yNvMgLJMi0>



Main Task: Let's look in a bit more detail at the shops Harry bought his school items from. Answer the questions below by reading the extract beneath each set of questions.

Success Criteria

- Read the paragraphs about the shops Harry visited.
- Read the question carefully –underlining any key words.
- Look for key words in the paragraph which help to answer the question.
- Write your answer.

Madam Malkin's Robe Shop

- 1) What does Madame Malkin look like?
- 2) What impression do you get of the boy Harry meets here?
- 3) What does the boy want to smuggle into Hogwarts?

'Might as well get yer uniform,' said Hagrid, nodding towards Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions. 'Listen, Harry would yeh mind if I slipped off fer a pick-me-up in the Leaky Cauldron? I hate them Gringotts carts.' He did still look a bit sick, so Harry entered Madam Malkin's shop alone, feeling nervous. Madam Malkin was a squat, smiling witch dressed all in mauve. 'Hogwarts, dear?' she said, when Harry started to speak. 'Got the lot here – another young man being fitted up just now, in fact.' In the back of the shop, a boy with a pale, pointed face was standing on a footstool while a second witch pinned up his long black robes. Madam Malkin stood Harry on a stool next to him, slipped a long robe over his head and began to pin it to the right length. 'Hullo,' said the boy, 'Hogwarts too?' 'Yes,' said Harry.

'My father's next door buying my books and mother's up the street looking at wands,' said the boy. He had a bored, drawling voice. 'Then I'm going to drag them off to look at racing brooms. I don't see why first-years can't have their own. I think I'll bully father into getting me one and I'll smuggle it in somehow.'

Flourish and Blotts

- 1) Find and copy the words that suggest the shop had a lot of books.
- 2) Which book did Harry really want?
- 3) Invent another useful book that you think should be for sale here and explain why.

They bought Harry's school books in a shop called Flourish and Blotts where the shelves were stacked to the ceiling with books as large as paving stones bound in leather; books the size of postage stamps in covers of silk; books full of peculiar symbols and a few books

with nothing in them at all. Even Dudley, who never read anything, would have been wild to get his hands on some of these. Hagrid almost had to drag Harry away from *Curses and Counter-Curses (Bewitch your Friends and befuddle your Enemies with the Latest Revenges: Hair Loss, Jelly-Legs, Tongue-Tying and much, much more)* by Professor Vindictus Viridian. 'I was trying to find out how to curse Dudley.' 'I'm not sayin' that's not a good idea, but yer not ter use magic in the Muggle world except in very special circumstances,' said Hagrid. 'An' anyway, yeh couldn' work any of them curses yet, yeh'll need a lot more study before yeh get ter that level.'

Olivander's

- 1) What part of Harry's face did the shop owner touch?
- 2) What ingredients was Harry's wand made up of?
- 3) What did the shop owner find strange about Harry's wand?

almost nose to nose. Harry could see himself reflected in those misty eyes.

'And that's where ...'

Mr Ollivander touched the lightning scar on Harry's forehead with a long, white finger.

'I'm sorry to say I sold the wand that did it,' he said softly. 'Thirteen and a half inches. Yew. Powerful wand, very powerful, and in the wrong hands ... Well, if I'd known what that wand was going out into the world to do ...'

He shook his head and then, to Harry's relief, spotted Hagrid.

'Rubeus! Rubeus Hagrid! How nice to see you again ... Oak, sixteen inches, rather bendy, wasn't it?'

'It was, sir, yes,' said Hagrid.

'Good wand, that one. But I suppose they snapped it in half when you got expelled?' said Mr Ollivander, suddenly stern.

'Er – yes, they did, yes,' said Hagrid, shuffling his feet. 'I've still got the pieces, though,' he added brightly.

'But you don't use them?' said Mr Ollivander sharply.

'Oh, no, sir,' said Hagrid quickly. Harry noticed he gripped his pink umbrella very tightly as he spoke.

'Hmmm,' said Mr Ollivander, giving Hagrid a piercing look. 'Well, now – Mr Potter. Let me see.' He pulled a long tape measure with silver markings out of his pocket. 'Which is your wand arm?'

'Er – well, I'm right-handed,' said Harry.

'Hold out your arm. That's it.' He measured Harry from shoulder to finger, then wrist to elbow, shoulder to floor, knee to armpit and round his head. As he measured, he said, 'Every Ollivander wand has a core of a powerful magical substance, Mr Potter. We use unicorn hairs, phoenix tail feathers and the heartstrings of dragons. No two Ollivander wands are the same, just as no two unicorns, dragons or phoenixes are quite the same. And of course, you will never get such good results with another wizard's wand.'

Harry suddenly realised that the tape measure, which was measuring between his nostrils, was doing this on its own. Mr Ollivander was flitting around the shelves, taking down boxes.

'That will do,' he said, and the tape measure crumpled into a heap on the floor. 'Right then, Mr Potter. Try this one. Beechwood and dragon heartstring. Nine inches. Nice and flexible. Just take it and give it a wave.'

Harry took the wand and (feeling foolish) waved it around a

bit, but Mr Ollivander snatched it out of his hand almost at once.

'Maple and phoenix feather. Seven inches. Quite whippy. Try –'

Harry tried – but he had hardly raised the wand when it, too, was snatched back by Mr Ollivander.

'No, no – here, ebony and unicorn hair, eight and a half inches, springy. Go on, go on, try it out.'

Harry tried. And tried. He had no idea what Mr Ollivander was waiting for. The pile of tried wands was mounting higher and higher on the spindly chair, but the more wands Mr Ollivander pulled from the shelves, the happier he seemed to become.

'Tricky customer, eh? Not to worry, we'll find the perfect match here somewhere – I wonder, now – yes, why not – unusual combination – holly and phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple.'

Harry took the wand. He felt a sudden warmth in his fingers. He raised the wand above his head, brought it swishing down through the dusty air and a stream of red and gold sparks shot from the end like a firework, throwing dancing spots of light on to the walls. Hagrid whooped and clapped and Mr Ollivander cried, 'Oh, bravo! Yes, indeed, oh, very good. Well, well, well ... how curious ... how very curious ...'

He put Harry's wand back into its box and wrapped it in brown paper, still muttering, 'Curious ... curious ...'

'Sorry,' said Harry, 'but what's curious?'

Mr Ollivander fixed Harry with his pale stare.

'I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mr Potter. Every single wand. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather is in your wand, gave another feather – just one other. It is very curious indeed that you should be destined for this wand when its brother – why, its brother gave you that scar.'

Harry swallowed.

'Yes, thirteen and a half inches. Yew. Curious indeed how these things happen. The wand chooses the wizard, remember ... I think we must expect great things from you, Mr Potter ... After all, He Who Must Not Be Named did great things – terrible, yes, but great.'

Harry shivered. He wasn't sure he liked Mr Ollivander too much. He paid seven gold Galleons for his wand and Mr Ollivander bowed them from his shop.

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The late-afternoon sun hung low in the sky as Harry and Hagrid made their way back down Diagon Alley, back through the wall,