

Thursday 30th April 2020

LO: To understand vocabulary in context.

Chapter 6: The journey from platform 9 and 3 quarters.



Starter: Read the first 2 pages of chapter 6 and then give yourself 60 seconds to answer the following questions from page 96-97.

- 1) Where was Harry planning to change into his robes?
- 2) What time did Harry arrive at Kings Cross station?
- 3) Why was Harry attracting funny looks?
- 4) What time was Harry's train leaving?
- 5) What 3 things was Harry left with whilst trying to figure out how to board his train?

Main Task: Read and answer questions from page 98-103. These questions will be based on your understanding of the vocabulary used and its impact on the reader.

Success Criteria

- Read from page 98-103. Extract below.
- Read each question carefully, underlining any useful words.
- Skim and scan the indicated pages to find words from the question in the text.
- Reread the entire sentence it is written in to work out the meaning of any unfamiliar words.

Questions

- 1) Which words on page 98 tells you that Harry did not hear everything that the family were talking about?
- 2) What do you think is meant by the expression, 'heart hammering' on page 98?
- 3) 'People jostled him on the way to platforms nine and ten'. What do you think is meant by the word 'jostled' on page 99?
- 4) Look at page 99. As the reader, how do you know that Harry expected to crash into the wall?
- 5) Find and copy the sentence that suggests that the twins do not usually behave very well.
- 6) '...the poor boy isn't something for you to go and goggle at in the zoo.' What do you think is meant by the word goggle (Page 103)?
- 7) Their mother suddenly became very stern. Draw an emoji with what you think a stern face looks like? Once you have had a go double check this with the oxford dictionary definition.

Extension: What caused the mother in the story to have a stern expression? Can you think of an antonym for the word stern?

Chapter 6 Extract:

At that moment a group of people passed just behind him and he caught a few words of what they were saying. caught a few words of what they were saying. ‘– packed with Muggles, of course –’ Harry swung round. The speaker was a plump woman who was talking to four boys, all with flaming red hair. Each of them was pushing a trunk like Harry’s in front of him – and they had an owl. Heart hammering, Harry pushed his trolley after them. They stopped and so did he, just near enough to hear what they were saying. ‘Now, what’s the platform number?’ said the boys’ mother. ‘Nine and three-quarters!’ piped a small girl, also red-headed, who was holding her hand. ‘Mum, can’t I go ...’ ‘You’re not old enough, Ginny, now be quiet. All right, Percy, you go first.’ What looked like the oldest boy marched towards platforms nine and ten. Harry watched, careful not to blink in case he missed it – but just as the boy reached the divide between the two platforms, a large crowd of tourists came swarming in front of him, and by the time the last rucksack had cleared away, the boy had vanished. ‘Fred, you next,’ the plump woman said. ‘I’m not Fred, I’m George,’ said the boy. ‘Honestly, woman, call yourself our mother? Can’t you tell I’m George?’ ‘Sorry, George, dear.’ ‘Only joking, I am Fred,’ said the boy, and off he went. His twin called after him to hurry up, and he must have done, because a second later, he had gone – but how had he done it? Now the third brother was walking briskly towards the ticket barrier – he was almost there – and then, quite suddenly, he wasn’t anywhere.

There was nothing else for it. ‘Excuse me,’ Harry said to the plump woman. ‘Hullo, dear,’ she said. ‘First time at Hogwarts? Ron’s new, too.’ She pointed at the last and youngest of her sons. He was tall, thin and gangling, with freckles, big hands and feet and a long nose. ‘Yes,’ said Harry. ‘The thing is – the thing is, I don’t know how to –’ ‘How to get on to the platform?’ she said kindly, and Harry nodded. ‘Not to worry,’ she said. ‘All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Don’t stop and don’t be scared you’ll crash into it, that’s very important. Best do it at a bit of a run if you’re nervous. Go on, go now before Ron.’ ‘Er – OK,’ said Harry. He pushed his trolley round and stared at the barrier. It looked very solid. He started to walk towards it. People jostled him on their way to platforms nine and ten. Harry walked more quickly. He was going to smash right into that ticket box and then he’d be in trouble – leaning forward on his trolley he broke into a heavy run – the barrier was coming nearer and nearer – he wouldn’t be able to stop – the trolley was out of control – he was a foot away – he closed his eyes ready for the crash – It didn’t come ... he kept on running ... he opened his eyes. A scarlet steam engine was waiting next to a platform packed with people.

A sign overhead said Hogwarts Express, 11 o’clock. Harry looked behind him and saw a wrought-iron archway where the ticket box had been, with the words Platform Nine and ThreeQuarters on it. He had done it. Smoke from the engine drifted over the heads of the chattering crowd, while cats of every colour wound here and there between their legs. Owls hooted to each other in a disgruntled sort of way over the babble and the scraping of heavy trunks. The first few carriages were already packed with students, some hanging out of the window to talk to their families, some fighting over seats. Harry pushed his trolley off down the platform in search of an empty seat. He passed a round-faced boy who was

Canonbury Home Learning

saying, 'Gran, I've lost my toad again.' 'Oh, Neville,' he heard the old woman sigh. A boy with dreadlocks was surrounded by a small crowd. 'Give us a look, Lee, go on.' The boy lifted the lid of a box in his arms and the people around him shrieked and yelled as something inside poked out a long, hairy leg. Harry pressed on through the crowd until he found an empty compartment near the end of the train. He put Hedwig inside first and then started to shove and heave his trunk towards the train door. He tried to lift it up the steps but could hardly raise one end and twice he dropped it painfully on his foot. 'Want a hand?' It was one of the red-haired twins he'd followed through the ticket box. 'Yes, please,' Harry panted. 'Oy, Fred! C'mere and help!' With the twins' help, Harry's trunk was at last tucked away in a corner of the compartment. 'Thanks,' said Harry, pushing his sweaty hair out of his eyes. 'What's that?' said one of the twins suddenly, pointing at Harry's lightning scar. 'Blimey,' said the other twin. 'Are you –?' 'He is,' said the first twin. 'Aren't you?' he added to Harry.

'What?' said Harry. 'Harry Potter,' chorused the twins. 'Oh, him,' said Harry. 'I mean, yes, I am.' The two boys gawped at him and Harry felt himself going red. Then, to his relief, a voice came floating in through the train's open door. 'Fred? George? Are you there?' 'Coming, Mum.' With a last look at Harry, the twins hopped off the train. Harry sat down next to the window where, half-hidden, he could watch the red-haired family on the platform and hear what they were saying. Their mother had just taken out her handkerchief. 'Ron, you've got something on your nose.' The youngest boy tried to jerk out of the way, but she grabbed him and began rubbing the end of his nose. 'Mum – geroff.' He wriggled free. 'Aaah, has ickle Ronnie got somefink on his nosie?' said one of the twins. 'Shut up,' said Ron. 'Where's Percy?' said their mother. 'He's coming now.' The oldest boy came striding into sight. He had already changed into his billowing black Hogwarts robes and Harry noticed a shiny red and gold badge on his chest with the letter P on it. 'Can't stay long, Mother,' he said. 'I'm up front, the Prefects have got two compartments to themselves –' 'Oh, are you a Prefect, Percy?' said one of the twins, with an air of great surprise. 'You should have said something, we had no idea.' 'Hang on, I think I remember him saying something about it,' said the other twin. 'Once –' 'Or twice –' 'A minute –'

'All summer –' 'Oh, shut up,' said Percy the Prefect. 'How come Percy gets new robes, anyway?' said one of the twins. 'Because he's a Prefect,' said their mother fondly. 'All right, dear, well, have a good term – send me an owl when you get there.' She kissed Percy on the cheek and he left. Then she turned to the twins. 'Now, you two – this year, you behave yourselves. If I get one more owl telling me you've – you've blown up a toilet or –' 'Blown up a toilet? We've never blown up a toilet.' 'Great idea though, thanks, Mum.' 'It's not funny. And look after Ron.' 'Don't worry, ickle Ronniekins is safe with us.' 'Shut up,' said Ron again. He was almost as tall as the twins already and his nose was still pink where his mother had rubbed it. 'Hey, Mum, guess what? Guess who we just met on the train?' Harry leant back quickly so they couldn't see him looking. 'You know that black-haired boy who was near us in the station? Know who he is?' 'Who?' 'Harry Potter!' Harry heard the little girl's voice.

'Oh, Mum, can I go on the train and see him, Mum, oh please ...' 'You've already seen him, Ginny, and the poor boy isn't something you goggle at in a zoo. Is he really, Fred? How do you know?' 'Asked him. Saw his scar. It's really there – like lightning.' 'Poor dear – no wonder he was alone. I wondered. He was ever so polite when he asked how to get

Canonbury Home Learning

on to the platform.' 'Never mind that, do you think he remembers what You-KnowWho looks like?' Their mother suddenly became very stern. 'I forbid you to ask him, Fred. No, don't you dare. As though he needs reminding of that on his first day at school.'