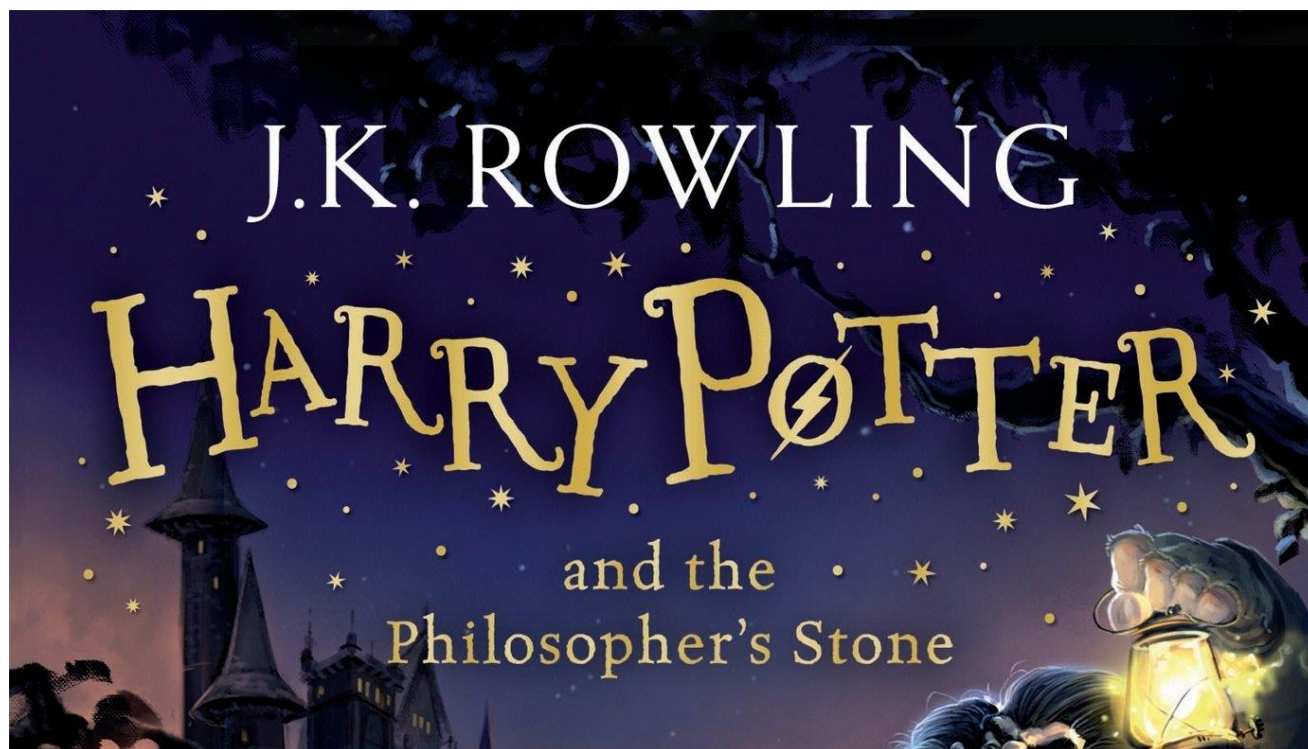


Guided Reading

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone by J.K Rowling

Chapter One: The Boy Who Lived.



Wednesday: Questions

Inference and summarising

1. What does it mean when it says, 'because they just didn't hold with such nonsense'? (1 mark)
They don't believe in anything different or out of the ordinary/ they are normal people
2. How would you describe Mrs Dursley's neck? (1 mark)
long
3. What are Mr and Mrs Dursley scared of? (1 mark)
People finding out that they are related to the Potters/people seeing the Potters. (do not accept any mention of Harry or that they are scared of witches and wizards – they are scared of ruining their reputation).
4. 'The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.' Find two examples from the text support this statement. (3 marks)
They don't seem to notice/choose to ignore his behaviour.
Mrs Dursley 'gossiped away happily' as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his highchair, apparently still happy even when he is misbehaving.
They also ignore his behaviour and dismiss it with an affectionate 'Little tyke' when he is having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls.
5. What impression do you get of Mr Dursley? Use evidence from the text to support your answer. (3 marks)

<u>point</u>	<u>evidence</u>
He is quite a boring person and he likes his routine	He hums as he picks out his most boring tie for work – his life is dull but he enjoys it

	At half past eight he picks up his briefcase, kisses his wife and leaves for work – routine He is flustered and then outraged by things that are different to usual (any example will suffice)
He does not like change.	He is flustered and then outraged by things that are different to usual like people in cloaks.
He enjoys his job	Hums as he picks out a tie for work Thinks a lot about drills

Any reference to him being a generally angry man are not accepted as he is only outraged at one thing in this text and generally seems to enjoy his life.

6. 'He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.' Why do you think Mr Dursley makes this decision? Use evidence from the text to support your answer. (2 marks)

He wants to pretend he didn't hear it	Their relation to the Potters is a secret 'in fact Mrs Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister.' He is scared of people knowing 'They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters' 'Their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it'
He is scared to ask because of what they might say	

7. Do you think Mr and Mrs Dursley are happy people? Support your answer with evidence from the text. (3 marks)

Yes	They are proud 'proud to say that they were perfectly normal' They 'had everything they wanted' 'hummed as his picked out his tie... gossiped happily... chortled'.
No	Mr Dursley is easily angered by the people who are dressed differently 'enraged to see that the couple weren't young at all' 'he eyed them angrily'. Mrs Dursley pretends her sister doesn't exist and lives in fear that someone will find out their secret.

— CHAPTER ONE —

The Boy Who Lived

Mr and Mrs Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large moustache. Mrs Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbours. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs Potter was Mrs Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbours would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

When Mr and Mrs Dursley woke up on the dull, grey Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work and Mrs Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair.

None of them noticed a large tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs Dursley on the cheek and tried to kiss Dudley goodbye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls. 'Little tyke,' chortled Mr Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar – a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr Dursley didn't realise what he had seen – then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. It was now reading the sign that said *Privet Drive* – no, *looking* at the sign; cats couldn't read maps or signs. Mr Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove towards town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks. Mr Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes – the get-ups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Mr Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! The nerve of him! But then it struck Mr Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt – these people were obviously collecting for something ... yes, that would be it. The traffic moved on, and a few minutes later, Mr Dursley arrived in the Grunnings car park, his mind back on drills.

Mr Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. *He* didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at night-time. Mr Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunch-time, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy himself a bun from the baker's opposite.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy. This lot were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

'The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard –'

'– yes, their son, Harry –'

Mr Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

