

English



10 years before - Harry arrives at his aunt and uncle's house (the Dursleys) after his parents are killed by Lord Voldemort.

Owls start bringing Harry letters



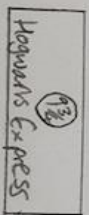
July

Harry learns he is a wizard and can go to Hogwarts

Magnus takes Harry to Diagon Alley to buy his school supplies and an owl



Harry gets the Hogwarts Express to his new school from platform 9 3/4. This is where he meets Ron and Hermione



The sorting hat puts Harry in Gryffindor House and he meets Malfoy



Harry takes a pair in a Quidditch match where Snape jinxes his broom!



Harry finds Fluffy guarding the Philosopher's Stone



Harry, Ron and Hermione battle Fluffy and a giant Devil's snare and a great dress set to rescue the Philosopher's Stone from Snape

it's not Snape - it's Quirrel!



Harry defeats Quirrel/Voldemort and rescues the stone



Gryffindor win the House Cup!

Harry gets the Hogwarts Express back home for the summer.



July

Guided Reading

leather and fabric to the right size, and re-stitched old pages that over countless years had grown fragile from the many fingers leafing through them.

Some of her books always went away with Meggie. Others were left at home because they weren't right for where she was going, or to make room for new, unknown stories that she hadn't yet read.

Meggie stroked their curved spines. Which books should she take this time? Which stories would help to drive away the fear that had crept into the house last night? I know, thought Meggie, why not a story about telling lies? Mo told her lies. He told terrible lies, even though he knew that every time he told one she looked hard at his nose. *Pinocchio*, thought Meggie. No, too sinister. And too sad. But she wanted something exciting, a story to drive all other thoughts out of her head, even the darkest. *The Witches*, yes. She'd take the bald-headed witches who turn children into mice – and *The Odyssey*, with the Cyclops and the enchantress who transforms his warriors into pigs. Her journey could hardly be more dangerous than his, could it?

On the left-hand side of the box there were two picture books that Meggie had used when she was teaching herself to read – five years old, she'd been, and you could still see where her tiny forefinger had moved over the pages – and right at the bottom, hidden under all the others, were the books Meggie had made herself. She had spent days sticking them together and cutting up the paper, she had painted picture after picture, and Mo had to write what they were underneath them. *An Angel With a Happy Face, from Meggie for Mo*. She had written her name herself, although back then she always left the 'e' off the end. Meggie looked at the clumsy lettering

and put the little book back in the box. Mo had helped her with the binding, of course. He had bound all her home-made books in brightly patterned paper, and he had given her a stamp for the others so that she could print her name and the head of a unicorn on the title page, sometimes in black ink and sometimes in red, depending how she felt. But Mo had never read aloud to her from her books. Not once.

He had tossed Meggie up in the air, he had carried her round the house on his shoulders, he had taught her how to make a bookmark of blackbird's feathers. But he had never read aloud to her. Never once, not a single word, however often she put books on his lap. Meggie just had to teach herself how to decipher the black marks and open the treasure chest.

She straightened up. There was still a little room in the box. Perhaps Mo had a new book she could take, a specially big, fat, wonderful book . . .

The door to his workshop was closed.

'Mo?' Meggie pressed the handle down. The long table where he worked had been swept clean, with not a stamp, nor a knife in sight. Mo had packed everything. Had he been lying after all?

Meggie went into the workshop and looked around. The door to the Treasury was open. The Treasury was really just a lumber-room, but Meggie had given the little cubby-hole that name because it was where her father stored his most precious materials: the finest leather, the most beautiful fabrics, marbled paper, stamps to print patterns in gold on soft leather . . . Meggie put her head round the open door and saw Mo covering a book with brown paper. It was not a particularly large book, and not especially fat. The green linen binding

How does Mo feel about reading books aloud? (3 marks)

- He likes reading books aloud
- "Mo had helped her with the reading, of course"

How does Mo feel about reading books aloud? (3 marks)

- He does not like reading books aloud
- "He had never read aloud to her. Never once, not a single word, however often she put books in his lap."

How does Mo feel about reading books aloud? (3 marks)

- He hates reading books aloud
- ““He had never read aloud to her. Never once, not a single word, however often she put books in his lap.”
- The fact that Meggie has often given him books and he refused to read all of them indicates that he really hates to read aloud. If you hate doing something, you will refuse to do it.