

Freestyle Note: Kia ora whanau - use this space to write a message & let your loved one know why you thought they'd be interested in word hunt 2-6

*During my first five years at school I only learnt to recognise two words. The first word was **ZOO** & the second was **POO**. I still recall how proud I felt when I made a **connection** between a 'something' & a 'word.'*

If your child's finding the whole reading & writing thing hard then try this resource. Take this as slow as you need to go. If your child learns one new word in a month – that's great! Because it took me 5 years to learn ZOO and POO!

Tips: Don't 'mark or 'judge' your child's efforts - just praise them for getting anything right. They don't have to be able to read anything else in the text – they only have to 'hunt' down the two words given & please - don't be tempted to jump ahead & introduce harder words because that just adds too much pressure. **Final tip** - Don't bombard your child with too many WORD HUNTS or other educational activities week after week. Introduce these resources softly & slowly as a key to learning is removing the potential to fail.

Arohanui - Darly

Let's go on a **WORD HUNT**

Grab a pencil, pen or highlighter and circle or highlight any word that looks like:

He or **he**
and



Hey mum/dad if you get phone calls - give your child a couple of examples of when **He** or **and** can be used:
example: I thought **he** was nice or can I have a cake **and** drink please

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone

CHAPTER TWO - THE VANISHING GLASS

Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents.

It looked as though Dudley had gotten the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike.

Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise — unless of course it involved punching somebody.

Dudley's favourite punching bag was Harry, but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast.

Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age.

He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobby knees, black hair, and bright green eyes.

He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Scotch tape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of lightning.

He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had gotten it.

"In the car crash when your parents died," she had said. "And don't ask questions."

Don't ask questions — that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.

“Comb your hair!” he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way — all over the place.

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head.

Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel — Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.

“Thirty-six,” he said, looking up at his mother and father. “That's two less than last year.”

“Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mummy and Daddy.”

“All right, thirty-seven then,” said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.

Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger, too, because she said quickly, “And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that all right?”

Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, “So I'll have thirty... thirty...”

“Thirty-nine, sweetums,” said Aunt Petunia.

“Oh.” Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. “All right then.”

Uncle Vernon chuckled.

“Little tyke wants his money’s worth, just like his father. ‘Atta boy, Dudley!” He ruffled Dudley’s hair.

Ask Mum or Dad to send you the next part! Hey & if you want an extra task, hunt down and mark anything that looks like: **Dudley**

Draw a picture of Dudley and Harry for your mum or dad:



**I AM A
WORD
HUNTER
&
I HAVE
POWER**

