

**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 3-6.

*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:

# it or him



Hey mum/dad if you get phone calls - give your child a couple of examples of when **it** or **him** can be used:  
example: is that **it**? or can you give him a **go** please

## Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone

### CHAPTER TWO - THE VANISHING GLASS

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

At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer **it** while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a video camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a VCR. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried.

“Bad news, Vernon,” she said. “Mrs. Figg’s broken her leg. She can’t take **him**.” She jerked her head in Harry’s direction.

Dudley’s mouth fell open in horror, but Harry’s heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley’s birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger restaurants, or the movies.

Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs. Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she’d ever owned.

“Now what?” said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he’d planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn’t easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr. Paws, and Tufty again.

“We could phone Marge,” Uncle Vernon suggested.

“Don’t be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy.”

The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn’t there — or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn’t understand them, like a slug.

“What about what’s-her-name, your friend — Yvonne?”

“You could just leave me here,” Harry put in hopefully (he’d be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley’s computer).

Aunt Petunia looked as though she'd just swallowed a lemon.

"And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled.

"I won't blow up the house," said Harry, but they weren't listening.

"I suppose we could take him to the zoo," said Aunt Petunia slowly, "... and leave him in the car..."



Aunt Petunia

"That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone..." said Uncle Vernon. Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying — it had been years since he'd really cried — but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.

"Dinky Duddydums, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him.

"I... don't... want... him... t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp-spoils everything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

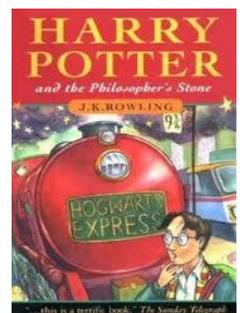
Just then, the doorbell rang — "Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically — and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother.

Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

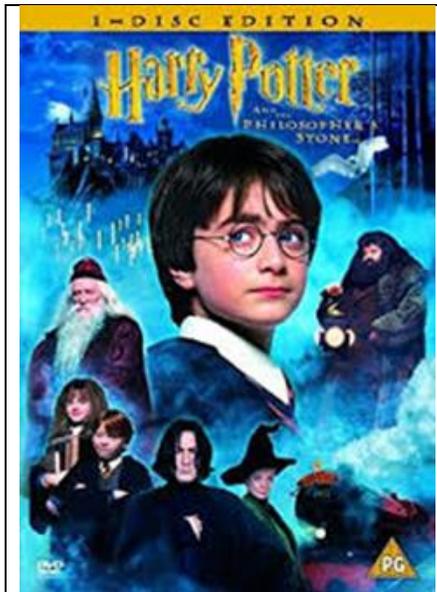
Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

**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: **Zoo**



*Draw a picture of you and Harry Potter playing:*



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