

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 4-6

*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:

In or to



Hey mum/dad if you get phone calls - give your child a couple of examples of when in or to can be used:
example: can I come **in**? Can he come **to** please

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone

CHAPTER TWO - THE VANISHING GLASS

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.

"I'm warning you," he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's,

"I'm warning you now, boy — any funny business, anything at all — and you'll be **in** that cupboard from now until Christmas."

"I'm not going **to** do anything," said Harry, "honestly..."

But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. No one ever did.



Uncle Vernon

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen.

Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barbers looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his bangs, which she left "to hide that horrible scar."

Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and taped glasses. Next morning, however, he had gotten up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off.

He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old sweater of Dudley's (brown with orange puff balls). The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the

smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a hand puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry.

Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

On the other hand, he'd gotten into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens. Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney.

The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard) was jump behind the big trash cans outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump.

But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage-smelling living room.

While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry, the bank, and Harry were just a few of his favourite subjects. This morning, it was motorcycles.

"... roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums," he said, as a motorcycle overtook them.

"I had a dream about a motorcycle," said Harry, remembering suddenly. "It was flying."

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beet with a moustache: "MOTORCYCLES DON'T FLY!"

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

"I know they don't," said Harry. "It was only a dream."

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: **Aunt**

Draw a picture of a flying motorcycle?



Flying Motorcycle

I AM A WORD HUNTER & I HAVE POWER