

Reading and Understanding: Read, Discuss + Compare

First: *Harry Potter* – Quidditch Match

- close read then watch [slides 2 - 11]
- make brief notes [annotate the text]
- writer's use of language + m [including quotes from the text as evidence]

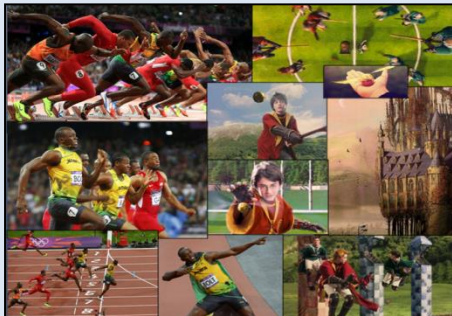
Then: *Sports Commentary Men's 100m final – London 2012 Olympics*

- close read then watch [slides 12 - 15]
- make brief notes [annotate the text]
- what do you learn about the character [including quotes from the text as evidence]

Finally: Making a Comparison

-Which event would you like to commentate at? Explain why making reference to key moments the event.

[slides 16 – 18]



What are we learning this week?

Learning Focus: To study contrasting texts on the same theme focusing on the language style for commentary writing.

First Reading Comprehension

Text 1: *Harry Potter* by J.K. Rowling [*Fiction*]

- Close read making brief notes.
- Identify and comment on the changing feelings of the main character.

Next

Text 2: *Sports Commentary men's 200m final London 2012 Olympics* [*Non-Fiction*]

- Close reading making brief notes
- Expressing a personal opinion [writing]

Finally Extended writing task -

Developing skills writing for different purposes.

Preparing for and Taking part in a Debate:

Focus: Core communication skills

'Harry Potter & the Philosopher's Stone' by J.K. Rowling. **Watch, listen to/ read then talk about this scene.** Focus: What happens first, next, then, finally – and words describing the action.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7mFyxsHIThM> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-uK5LDkET-Q>

Quidditch – it's a very **fast** and **dangerous** sport! 7 players 3 different types of balls



1 SEEKER

chases and catches the snitch to score points and end the game



2 BEATERS

use the bludgers to disrupt other players



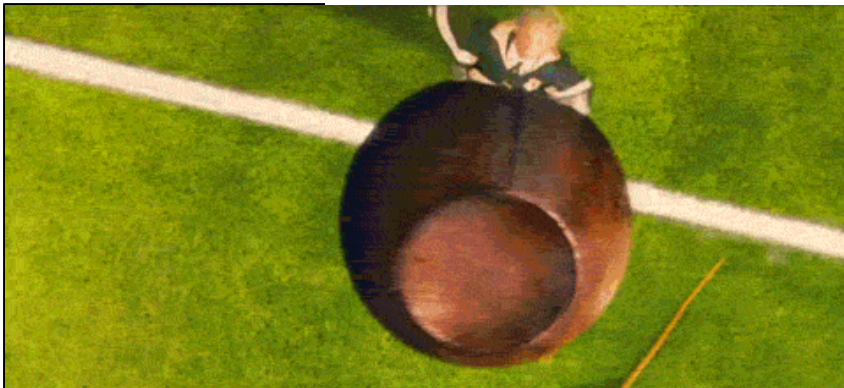
1 KEEPER

guards the hoops from opposing chasers and keepers



3 CHASERS

score goals by throwing the quaffle into the hoops



Mr. Brady has recorded this text for us. Listen to how he uses his voice to help the listener understand and keep them interested!



The morning of the match dawned bright and cold. Harry was so nervous, he couldn't eat any breakfast. Madam Hooch was refereeing. At precisely 11:00am she stood in the middle of the field waiting for the two teams, her broom in her hand.



"Now, I want a nice fair game, all of you," she said. Harry noticed that she seemed to be speaking particularly to the Slytherin Captain, Marcus Flint, a sixth year. Harry thought Flint looked as if he had some troll blood in him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the banner his friends had made fluttering high above, flashing *Potter for President* over the crowd. His heart skipped. He felt braver.

"Mount your brooms, please."

Harry clambered onto his Nimbus Two Thousand. Madam Hooch gave a loud blast on her silver whistle. Fifteen brooms rose up, high, high into the air. They were off.

"And the Quaffle is taken immediately by Angelina Johnson of Gryffindor -- what an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive, too--"

"JORDAN!"

"Sorry, Professor."

The Weasley twins' friend, Lee Jordan, was doing the commentary for the match, closely watched by Professor McGonagall.



"And she's really belting along up there, a neat pass to Alicia Spinnet -- back to Johnson and -- no, the Slytherins have taken the Quaffle. Slytherin Captain Marcus Flint gains the Quaffle and off he goes -- Flint flying like an eagle up there -- he's going to sc -- no, stopped by an excellent move by Gryffindor Keeper Wood and the Gryffindors take the Quaffle -- that's Chaser Katie Bell of Gryffindor there, nice dive around Flint, off up the field and -- OUCH -- that must have hurt, hit in the back of the head by a Bludger -- Quaffle taken by the Slytherins -- that's Adrian Pucey speeding off toward the goal posts, but

he's blocked by a second Bludger -- sent his way by Fred or George Weasley, can't tell which -- nice play by the Gryffindor Beater, anyway, and Johnson back in possession of the Quaffle, a clear field ahead and off she goes -- she's really flying -- dodges a speeding Bludger -- the goal posts are ahead -- come on, now, Angelina -- Keeper Bletchley dives -- misses -- GRYFFINDORS SCORE!" Gryffindor cheers filled the cold air, with groans from the Slytherins.



"Budge up there, move along."

"Hagrid!" Hermione shouted.

Ron and Hermione squeezed together to give Hagrid enough space to join them.

"Bin watchin' from me hut," said Hagrid, patting a large pair of binoculars around his neck, "But it isn't the same as bein' in the crowd. No sign of the Snitch yet, eh?"

"Nope," said Ron. "Harry hasn't had much to do yet."

"Kept outta trouble, though, that's somethin'," said Hagrid, raising his binoculars and peering skyward at the speck that was Harry.



Way up above them, Harry was gliding over the game, squinting about for some sign of the Snitch.

This was part of his and Wood's game plan.

"Keep out of the way until you catch sight of the Snitch," Wood had said. "We don't want you attacked before you have to be."

When Angelina had scored, Harry had done a couple of loop-the-loops to let off his feelings. Now he was back to staring around for the Snitch. Once he caught sight of a flash of gold, but it was just a reflection from one of the Weasleys' wristwatches, and once a Bludger decided to come pelting his way, more like a cannonball than anything, but Harry dodged it and Fred Weasley came chasing after it.

"All right there, Harry?" he had time to yell, as he beat the Bludger furiously toward Marcus Flint.

"Slytherin in possession," Lee Jordan was saying, " -- wait a moment -- was that the Snitch?"

A murmur ran through the crowd as Adrian Pucey dropped the Quaffle, too busy looking over his shoulder at the flash of gold that had passed his left ear.

Harry saw it. In a great rush of excitement he dived downward after the streak of gold. Slytherin Seeker Terence Higgs had seen it, too. Neck and neck they hurtled toward the Snitch -- all the Chasers seemed to have forgotten what they were supposed to be doing as they hung in midair to watch. Harry was faster than Higgs -- he could see the little round ball, wings fluttering, darting up ahead -- he put on an extra spurt of speed --

WHAM! A roar of rage echoed from the Gryffindors below -- Marcus Flint had blocked Harry on purpose, and Harry's broom spun off course, Harry holding on for dear life.



"Foul!" screamed the Gryffindors.

Madam Hooch spoke angrily to Flint and then ordered a free shot at the goal posts for Gryffindor. But in all the confusion, of course, the Golden Snitch had disappeared from sight again. Down in the stands, Dean Thomas was yelling, "Send him off, ref! Red card!"

"What are you talking about, Dean?" said Ron.

"Red card!" said Dean furiously. "In football you get shown the red card and you're out of the game!"

"But this isn't football, Dean," Ron reminded him.

Hagrid, however, was on Dean's side.

"They oughta change the rules. Flint coulda knocked Harry outta the air."

Lee Jordan was finding it difficult not to take sides.

"So -- after that obvious and disgusting bit of cheating--"

"Jordan!" growled Professor McGonagall.



"All right, all right. Flint nearly kills the Gryffindor Seeker, which could happen to anyone, I'm sure, so a penalty to Gryffindor, taken by Spinner, who puts it away, no trouble, and we continue play, Gryffindor still in possession."

It was as Harry dodged another Bludger, which went spinning dangerously past his head, that it happened. His broom gave a sudden, frightening lurch. For a split second, he thought he was going to fall. He gripped the broom tightly with both his hands and knees. He'd never felt anything like that. It happened again. It was as though the broom was trying to buck him off. Harry tried to turn back toward the Gryffindor goal-posts -- and then he realized that his broom was completely out of his control. He couldn't direct it at all. It was zigzagging through the air, and every now and then making violent swishing movements, carrying him slowly higher, away from the game.

"Dunno what Harry thinks he's doing," Hagrid mumbled. He stared through his binoculars. "If I didn' know better I'd say he'd lost control of his broom..."



Suddenly, people were pointing up at Harry all over the stands. His broom had started to roll over and over, with him only just managing to hold on. Then the whole crowd gasped. Harry's broom had given a wild jerk and Harry swung off it. He was now dangling from it, holding on with only one hand.

"Did something happen to it when Flint blocked him?" Seamus whispered.

"Can't have," Hagrid said, his voice shaking. "Can't nothing interfere with a broomstick except powerful Dark magic -- no kid could do that to a Nimbus Two Thousand."

At these words, Hermione seized Hagrid's binoculars, but instead of looking up at Harry, she started looking frantically at the crowd. "I knew it," Hermione gasped, "Snape -- look."

Ron grabbed the binoculars. Snape was in the middle of the stands opposite them. He had his eyes fixed on Harry and was muttering nonstop under his breath.

Ron turned the binoculars back on Harry. His broom was vibrating so hard, it was almost impossible for him to hang on much longer. The whole crowd was on its feet, watching, terrified, as the Weasleys flew up to try and pull Harry safely onto one of their brooms, but it was no good - every time they got near him, the broom would jump higher still. They dropped lower and circled beneath him, obviously hoping to catch him if he fell. Marcus Flint seized the Quaffle and scored five times without anyone noticing.



"Come on, Hermione," Ron muttered desperately.

Hermione had fought her way across to the stand where Snape stood.

She crouched down, pulled out her wand, and whispered a few, well-chosen words. Bright flames shot from her wand onto the hem of Snape's robes. It took perhaps thirty seconds for Snape to realize that he was on fire. A sudden yelp told her she had done her job. Scooping the fire off him into a little jar in her pocket, she scrambled back along the row.

It was enough. Up in the air, Harry was suddenly able to clamber back on to his broom. Harry was speeding toward the ground when the crowd saw him clap his hand to his mouth as though he was about to be sick -- he hit the field on all fours -- coughed -- and something gold fell into his hand.

"I've got the Snitch!" he shouted, waving it above his head.

"He didn't catch it, he nearly swallowed it," Flint was still howling twenty minutes later, but it made no difference -- Harry hadn't broken any rules and Lee Jordan was still happily shouting the results --



Gryffindor had won by one hundred and seventy points to sixty. Harry heard none of this, though. He was being made a cup of strong tea back in Hagrid's hut, with Ron and Hermione.



List some of the **action words** the writer has used in this story [verbs]:

List some **examples** of the good **descriptive language** the writer has used. [eg adverbs, adjectives, onomatopoeia , emotive language or just words you think are good.]

See the 'help box' for a reminder about what these descriptive terms mean.

Harry's emotions change during the match. Find THREE examples of this. Explain how he feels, why – don't forget to prove the points you make using the text.

e.g. At the start of the game Harry was feeling 'so nervous, he couldn't eat his breakfast'. This could be because this is Harry's first ever Quidditch match, he is only a first year and is playing against the Slytherin Captain, Marcus Flint. The writer creates a sense of danger and further explains why Harry is feeling so frightened through drawing a comparison between Flint and an aggressive and violent creature, 'Harry thought Flint looked like he had some troll blood in him'. This mood is intensified by the serious warning the referee, Madam Hooch, feels is needed at the start of the match, 'Now I want some nice fair game, all of you' and that Harry thinks she is particularly looking at Flint when she is talking. Harry is a seeker and therefore a target for the opposing team.



Help Box

This is tricky work so don't worry if you still need to check – *most adults do too!*

verb = doing word *e.g. dive, flying, dodged*

adjective = describing word *e.g. **strong**, **black tea*** [The words 'strong, black' describe the tea]

onomatopoeia = are words that sound like the sound they are describing *e.g. gasp, blast*

adverb = tells you more about the verb *e.g. the bludger was spinning **dangerously**...*

Challenge Word:

emotive language – any words that cause an emotional reaction in the reader. *e.g. after that **disgusting** bit of cheating...*

Sports Commentary: [Non-fiction text] Men's 200m final London 2012 Olympic Games.

Watch, listen to/ read then talk about this event. Focus: What happens first, next, then, finally – and the way the commentator uses words to describe the action.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LWZQAVtkMBo>

Some Key Facts:

What: Olympic Men's 200m final

Who: Usain Bolt

Where: London

When: 10th August 2012

Details:

Usain Bolt defended the gold medal that he won at the previous Olympic games and won a gold medal.

He set a new Olympic record.



MEN'S 200M	
START LIST - FINAL	
1	
2	FRA CHRISTOPHE LEMAITRE
3	ECU ALEX QUINONEZ
4	JAM YOHAN BLAKE
5	NED CHURANDY MARTINA
6	USA WALLACE SPEARMON
7	JAM USAIN BOLT
8	JAM WARREN WEIR
9	RSA ANASO JOBODWANA



'And the next up on the track the Men's 200m Final. Previous winners, Jess Owens in Berlin, Mel Patten in London in 1948, Tommy Smith, Don Quarry, Carl Lewis almost won it twice. No one's actually won their title and retained their title in the history of the Olympic games. I wonder. Michael Johnson won it in 1996, I think the World Record and Usain beat that record in Beijing 4 years ago. The cameras flashing over the far side. And it is an interesting lane draw with Yohan Blake in 4 and Bolt in 7. *[The Commentator goes through who the runners are, giving brief background information and statistics as the camera pans across participants for this race. The crowd cheer as the runners are announced. There is an almighty cheer for Usain Bolt and he acknowledges the crowd, giving his fan-pleasing trade-mark moves and walking up to the camera. His face however remains serious, he is clearly focused on the race to come.] Usain Bolt then, attempting to retain his title and write a little bit of Olympic history. And what will Yohan Blake have to say about that? [Bolt signals to the crowd to quieten down.]* The final of the Men's 200 meters. *[The runners move to their blocks. Stretch and then settle ready for the race. Usain Bolt briefly holds the cross on his necklace, touches it to his lips and points, looks upward and mouths a silent prayer.*

The sound of the crowd dies down until there are just a few final calls of encouragement for individual runners. Everyone silently waits. The runners are still, poised in their blocks. Waiting. Tense. Heads down, ready to spring, straining their ears to hear the gun.]



'Set ' *[starter's voice]*

'BANG' *[starting pistol fires. The runners power out of their blocks, heads down, straining every muscle.]*

'So at the start of this race Blake has gone ahead and so has Bolt. These two are ahead of the field and Usain Bolt is just flying around the top bend into the straight – And Yohan Blake in second place, these two are running away! And Blake's challenging but Bolt is there – I'm sure. Yohan Blake is coming through but Bolt gets it again!

And the time – 19.32 – and Usain Bolt just holds off Yohan Blake, a brilliant run by Blake too but my goodness me what a bend Bolt ran, and what a transition into the straight and one can say the same about Yohan Blake, he is a tough cookie and no doubt about it! Ha ha! [Bolt is on the floor playing up to the screaming fans by doing push-ups.] And another fantastic, fantastic run by Bolt. And a Jamaica 1, 2, 3 with Weir taking the bronze. And Bolt's time equals Johnson's time from Atlanta . He is the first man in history to retain the 200 metre Olympic title. No one's done it before. Carl Lewis almost did it. And the Jamaicans applaud, once again, a demonstration of superb power over the full 200m distance. He is such a showman, he was so relaxed . And I thought he would come under pressure, and he did come under a bit of pressure because Blake was really motoring down the home straight – 19.32 and Blake 19.34 and Weir 19.84 –

Wow what a race! Wonderful stuff!

Usain Bolt, the champion at 100 and now the champion at 200, retains his title in both!

[Usain Bolt kneels down to kiss the Olympic track.]



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