

CELEBRATIONS IN 'THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE'



A. HARRY'S 11th BIRTHDAY (Chapters 3 and 4)

“After what seemed like hours they reached the rock, where Uncle Vernon led the way to the broken-down house. His rations turned out to be a packet of crisps each and four bananas /.../ As night fell, Aunt Petunia found a few mouldy blankets in the second room and made up a bed for Dudley on the moth-eaten sofa. She and Uncle Vernon went off to the lumpy bed next door and Harry was left to find the softest bit of floor he could and curl up under the thinnest, most ragged blanket /.../

‘Anyway – Harry,’ said Hagrid, turning his back on the Dursleys, ‘a very happy birthday to yeh.’ From an inside pocket of his black overcoat he pulled a slightly squashed box. Harry opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was a large, sticky chocolate cake with *Happy Birthday Harry* written on it in green icing /.../

Hagrid sat back down on the sofa, which sagged under his weight, and began taking all sorts of things out of the pockets of his coat : a kettle, a package of sausages ,a teapot, several mugs and a bottle of some amber liquid which he took a swig from before starting to make tea. Soon the hut was full of the sound and smell of sizzling sausage. He passed the sausages to Harry, who was so hungry he had never tasted anything so wonderful, but he still couldn't take his eyes off the giant.”

B. START-OF-TERM-BANQUET (Chapter 7)

“The first years walked through a pair of double doors into the Great Hall. Harry had never imagined such a strange and splendid place. It was lit by thousands and thousands of candles which were floating in mid-air over four long tables, where the rest of the students were sitting. At the top of the Hall was another long table where the teachers were sitting. Harry spotted Professor Quirrel. He was looking peculiar in a large purple turban. Harry looked upwards and saw a velvety black ceiling dotted with stars. It was hard to believe there was a ceiling there at all, and that the Great Hall didn't simply open on to the heavens /.../

After the Sorting Ceremony, the dishes were piled with food. Harry had never seen so many things he liked to eat on one table : roast beef, roast chicken, pork chops and lamb chops, sausages, bacon and steak, boiled potatoes, roast potatoes, chips, Yorkshire pudding, peas, carrots, gravy, ketchup and, for some strange reason, mint humbugs. It was all delicious.

When everyone had eaten as much as they could, the remains of the food faded from the plates, leaving them sparkling clean as before. A moment later the puddings appeared. Blocks of ice-cream in every flavour you could think of, apple pies, chocolate éclairs and jam doughnuts, trifle, strawberries, jelly, rice pudding /.../

At last, the puddings too disappeared and Professor Dumbledore got to his feet again. The Hall felt silent /.../ ‘Finally, I must tell you that this year, the third-floor corridor on the right-hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death /.../ And now, before we go to bed, let us sing the school song !’ cried Dumbledore.”

C. CHRISTMAS (Chapter 12)

“It was true that Harry wasn't going back to Privet Drive for Christmas. He didn't feel sorry for himself at all; this would probably be the best Christmas he'd ever had. Ron and his brothers were staying too, because Mr and Mrs Weasley were going to Romania to visit Charlie /.../

So Harry, Ron and Hermione followed Hagrid and his tree off to the Great Hall, where Professor McGonagall and Professor Flitwick were busy with the Christmas decorations. Festoons of holly and mistletoe hung all around the walls and no fewer than twelve towering Christmas trees stood around the room /.../

‘I've got some presents!’ said Harry. He picked up the top parcel ; *To Harry, from Hagrid*. Inside was a roughly cut wooden flute. A second, very small parcel contained a note. We received your message and enclose your Christmas present. From Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia. Sellotaped to the note was a fifty-pence piece /.../ Harry had torn open another parcel to find a thick, hand-knitted sweater in emerald green and a large box of home-made fudge from the Weasleys /.../ His next present also contained sweets – a large box of Chocolate Frogs from Hermione. This left only one parcel. Harry unwrapped it. Something fluid and silvery grey went slithering to the floor, where it lay in gleaming folds. Ron gasped. It was strange to the touch, like water woven into material. ‘It's an Invisibility Cloak,’ said Ron. Harry pulled the cloak over his head and his body became completely invisible. ‘There's a note!’ said Ron suddenly. ‘A note fell out of it!’

Harry seized the letter. Written in narrow, loopy writing he had never seen before were the following words :

Your father left this in my possession before he died.

It is time it is returned to you. Use it well. A Very Merry Christmas to you.

There was no signature/.../ Harry felt very strange. Who had sent the Cloak ? Was it really his father's ? /.../

Harry had never in all his life had such a Christmas dinner. A hundred fat, roast turkeys, mountains of roast and boiled potatoes, platters of fat chipolatas, tureens of buttered peas, silver boats of thick, rich gravy and cranberry sauce /.../ Flaming Christmas puddings followed the turkey. Harry watched Hagrid getting redder and redder in the face as he called for more wine, finally kissing Professor McGonagall on the cheek, who, to Harry's amazement, giggled and blushed /.../

It had been Harry's best Christmas day ever. Yet something had been nagging at the back of his mind all day. Not until he climbed into bed was he free to think about it : the Invisibility Cloak and whoever had sent it."



READ THE EXTRACTS AND COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING CHART :

	HARRY'S BIRTHDAY	BANQUET	CHRISTMAS
When ?			
Where ?			
Who ?			
Special OR strange guest			
Decorations			
Starters and Main Dishes			
Desserts			
Strange events			
Presents to Harry			