

Meadowlawn Middle School
Winter Brain Builder ELA Boot Camp
6th Grade



PRO/CON: Self-driving cars are just around the corner. Is it a good thing?

By Tribune News Service, adapted by Newsela staff on 03.11.16

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Jessie Lorenz of the Independent Living Resource Center in San Francisco, California, who is blind, touches the two-seater prototype of Google's self-driving car at Google headquarters in Mountain View, California, May 13, 2015. LiPo Ching/Bay Area News Group/TNS

PRO: Sit back and enjoy the self-driving ride

Are Americans ready for cars that can drive themselves? Yes, and they have been for more than a century.

The horses that pulled buggies did not need anyone to drive them. They were capable of finding their way home with little or no help from humans. Traveling without a driver is not a new idea — it's just a better way to travel.

At the beginning of the 20th century the number of vehicles increased. The rate of deaths and injuries caused by vehicular accidents likewise jumped. Modern technology and safer car design have helped decrease the number of fatal crashes, but the numbers still remain staggering.

Making The Streets Safer

In the U.S. alone, vehicular accidents have killed more than 32,000 people each year for the past five years in which accidents were tracked. That's as if five 737 jets crashed every week. It is more than double the number of people who died worldwide during the recent Ebola outbreak.

Between 93 percent and 95 percent of these fatal accidents are caused by human error. That figure comes from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, the government agency that works to make America's roads safe.

In addition to deaths, vehicle accidents send about 2.5 million injured people per year to emergency rooms. We accept these accidents because cars are incredibly useful and give us the freedom to go where we want, when we want. Self-driving vehicles deliver even greater utility by freeing driving time for other things. Instead of driving, people could be texting, working or just relaxing.

The self-driving cars that are now being developed use many forms of technology to drive themselves. Radar, cameras and other devices are used to "see" the world around the car. Advanced computer systems drive the car from one destination to another without any help from humans. These cars should soon be ready for mass production.

Self-driving cars remove many of the human mistakes that cause injuries and deaths. Self-driving cars can also help disabled and elderly people get from place to place on their own.

On The Road Toward Self-Driving

That is not all. Young people seem to love driving less than they did in the past. They drive fewer miles and some do not even get their driver's license. Rather than driving to see friends, they may simply text or call them. For many young people, owning a smartphone is now more important than owning a car.

Buying a car is also a major expense, as is paying for the gas that fuels it. Then there is the insurance people have to buy to protect them in case they get into an accident. A good insurance plan might pay for all the damage caused by an accident, but it could also cost hundreds of dollars each month. That cost would be lower with self-driving cars.

In some ways self-driving cars are already here. Some of the most recent safety improvements in cars come very close to self-driving. New technology can control a car's speed, keep it in its lane and help with parking. These put us on a clear path toward self-driving cars.

Of course, self-driving cars will not create a perfect world. There will still be some accidents, although far fewer. There will be some people who will never give up driving their cars and others who live in areas difficult to serve with self-driving cars.

Some lawmakers may try to prevent self-driving cars from using our roads. They might do this fearing the criticism that will come after the first accident caused by a self-driving car. Other people will see self-driving cars as a threat to their business and try to stop them from becoming popular.

Self-driving cars offer such a wealth of advantages that it makes little difference whether Americans are ready. Americans need to get ready. Self-driving cars will soon be in their rear-view mirrors.

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CON: You can't take humans out of the self-driving equation

No one likes backseat drivers. They question every decision a driver makes and sometimes they can be nagging. They constantly attempt to correct what they consider to be the driver's errors of judgment.

Can you imagine a backseat computer doing the same thing? One you can't kick to the curb?

The computer in question would actually be under the dashboard. It will soon be taking over the driving for you.

It's the self-driving car, and it's no longer science fiction. It's already here. Bits and pieces of it, anyhow. Many new cars use cameras and sensors to park themselves, for instance. Others have accident avoidance systems that can completely stop the car without the driver even touching the brakes.

Introducing The V2V Cadillac

Next year, General Motors will debut vehicle-to-vehicle, or V2V, communications in some of its Cadillac models.

The system makes it possible for cars with V2V technology to have electronic conversations among themselves. They will be aware of one another's position and speed in order to predict and avoid accidents. This could prevent situations where, for instance, car A runs a red light because its driver wasn't paying attention and strikes car B.

With V2V, the driver of car A would be safety-netted by the car. Car A would automatically brake for the light and avoid hitting car B.

These are some of the elements of the fully self-driving car. And some of it sounds good — and may well be. But taking the driver out of the equation entirely — or relying too much on technology — can have its downside, too.

As anyone who owns a computer knows, computers develop glitches. It's annoying when it happens at your desk. But it could be deadly when it happens at 75 miles per hour on the freeway.

And it's probably more likely to happen with a self-driving car. The computer that controls the car — unlike the computer on your desk — will be subjected to extremes of heat and cold, vibration and moisture, et cetera.

Over time, something's likely to go wrong. If the human driver has become only a passenger — no longer expected or perhaps even able to actually drive the car — what will happen?

If The Driver's No Longer The Driver ...

And who will be responsible? Legally speaking, the driver is currently responsible for the safe operation of the vehicle.

But how can we hold the driver responsible when he or she is no longer the driver?

Will the manufacturer of the self-driving car be to blame in that case?

How will car insurance rules and costs change?

If the driver no longer is a driver, why should he or she be required to buy insurance at all? If the person is not actually driving the car, he or she will not need protection from the damages caused by any accidents. Will he or she even need a driver's license? When you ride the bus you are not required to have a special license — or carry insurance. Why wouldn't the same principle apply here?

An even bigger problem with self-driving cars is how to program them to ignore traffic laws when it's necessary in order to avoid an accident. For example, cars cannot cross the double yellow line. What happens if a child runs into the car's path and the only way to avoid hitting the child is to turn out of the way?

It's against the law, technically, to cross the double yellow line — but it's the right thing to do in this instance. And a human driver would do it, but a self-driving car might not because it is programmed to obey the traffic laws. Unlike humans, the self-driving car cannot use its judgment to ignore a law to save a life.

Also, how will self-driving cars deal with human-driven cars, and what about the reverse? Will people who own human-controlled cars be required to turn their cars in or no longer be allowed to drive them?

Technology is usually a good thing, but problems arise when technology is no longer under human control, as could happen here.

Technology that assists human drivers — that's a great idea. But technology that preempts them — that could be a very bad idea, indeed.

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Please answer the following multiple choice questions on your bubble sheet:

- 1 Which sentence from the CON article BEST supports the idea that self-driving cars could malfunction?
- (A) But taking the driver out of the equation entirely — or relying too much on technology — can have its downside, too.
 - (B) The computer that controls the car — unlike the computer on your desk — will be subjected to extremes of heat and cold, vibration and moisture, et cetera.
 - (C) If the person is not actually driving the car, he or she will not need protection from the damages caused by any accidents.
 - (D) Also, how will self-driving cars deal with human-driven cars, and what about the reverse?
- 2 What could be another title for the section "Making The Streets Safer" in the PRO article?
- (A) "No More Mistakes"
 - (B) "Self-Driving Equals Freedom"
 - (C) "Using Technology To Our Advantage"
 - (D) "Safety Technology Already In Use In Many Cars"
- 3 Which paragraph in the section "Making The Streets Safer" BEST supports the following claim from the PRO article?
- There will still be some accidents, although far fewer.*
- 4 Which of the following statements represents a claim made by both the PRO and CON authors?
- (A) There will be accidents with self-driving cars.
 - (B) Some lawmakers are skeptical of self-driving cars.
 - (C) Most people prefer self-driving cars to traditional cars.
 - (D) There will be complex insurance issues with self-driving cars.

Name: _____ Class: _____

“The Worst Birthday” from Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets

By J.K.
Rowling 1998

Joanne “Jo” Rowling, pen name J.K. Rowling, is a British novelist, screenwriter, and film producer best known for creating the Harry Potter series. The title character, Harry Potter, is an orphan who attends a boarding school to learn about magic. On his summer vacation, he is forced to live with his non-magical extended family. As you read, take notes on how each character responds to magic.

- [1] Not for the first time, an argument had broken out over breakfast at number four, Privet Drive. Mr. Vernon Dursley had been woken in the early hours of the morning by a loud, hooting noise from his nephew Harry’s room.

“Third time this week!” he roared across the table. “If you can’t control that owl, it’ll have to go!”

Harry tried, yet again, to explain. “She’s *bored*,” he said. “She’s used to flying around outside. If I could just let her out at night —”

“Do I look stupid?” snarled Uncle Vernon, a bit of fried egg dangling from his bushy mustache. “I know what’ll happen if that owl’s let out.”

- [5] He exchanged dark looks with his wife, Petunia.

Harry tried to argue back but his words were drowned by a long, loud belch from the Dursleys’ son, Dudley.

“I want more bacon.”

“There’s more in the frying pan, sweetums,” said



Aunt Petunia, turning misty eyes on her massive¹["Where Has That Boy Got to Now?CC BY-NC-ND 2.0. " by Dennis D is licensed under](#)

son. "We must build you up while we've got the chance... I don't like the sound of that school food..."

"Nonsense, Petunia, I never went hungry when I was at Smeltings," said Uncle Vernon heartily. "Dudley gets enough, don't you, son?"

[10] Dudley, who was so large his bottom drooped over either side of the kitchen chair, grinned and turned to Harry.

"Pass the frying pan."

"You've forgotten the magic word," said Harry irritably.

The effect of this simple sentence on the rest of the family was incredible: Dudley gasped and fell off his chair with a crash that shook the whole kitchen; Mrs. Dursley gave a small scream and clapped her hands to her mouth; Mr. Dursley jumped to his feet, veins throbbing in his temples.

"I meant 'please'!" said Harry quickly. "I didn't mean —"

[15] "WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU," thundered his uncle, spraying spit over the table, "ABOUT SAYING THE 'M' WORD IN OUR HOUSE?"

"But I —"

"HOW DARE YOU THREATEN DUDLEY!" roared Uncle Vernon, pounding the table with his fist.

"I just —"

"I WARNED YOU! I WILL NOT TOLERATE MENTION OF YOUR ABNORMALITY UNDER THIS ROOF!"

[20] Harry stared from his purple-faced uncle to his pale aunt, who was trying to heave Dudley to his feet.

"All right," said Harry, "*all right...*"

Uncle Vernon sat back down, breathing like a winded rhinoceros and watching Harry closely out of the corners of his small, sharp eyes.

Ever since Harry had come home for the summer holidays, Uncle Vernon had been treating him like a bomb that might go off at any moment, because Harry Potter *wasn't* a normal boy. As a matter of fact, he was as not normal as it is possible to be.

Harry Potter was a wizard — a wizard fresh from his first year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. And if the Dursleys were unhappy to have him back for the holidays, it was nothing to how Harry felt.

[25] He missed Hogwarts so much it was like having a constant stomachache. He missed the castle, with its secret passageways and ghosts, his classes (though perhaps not Snape, the Potions master), the mail

¹ 1. **Massive (adjective):** enormous

arriving by owl, eating banquets in the Great Hall, sleeping in his four-poster bed in the tower dormitory, visiting the gamekeeper, Hagrid, in his cabin next to the Forbidden Forest in the grounds, and, especially, Quidditch, the most popular sport in the wizarding world (six tall goal posts, four flying balls, and fourteen players on broomsticks).

All Harry's spellbooks, his wand, robes, cauldron, and top-of-the-line Nimbus Two Thousand broomstick had been locked in a cupboard under the stairs by Uncle Vernon the instant Harry had come home. What did the Dursleys care if Harry lost his place on the House Quidditch team because he hadn't practiced all summer? What was it to the Dursleys if Harry went back to school without any of his homework done? The Dursleys were what wizards called Muggles (not a drop of magical blood in their veins), and as far as they were concerned, having a wizard in the family was a matter of deepest shame. Uncle Vernon had even padlocked Harry's owl, Hedwig, inside her cage, to stop her from carrying messages to anyone in the wizarding world.

Harry looked nothing like the rest of the family. Uncle Vernon was large and neckless, with an enormous black mustache; Aunt Petunia was horse-faced and bony; Dudley was blond, pink, and porky. Harry, on the other hand, was small and skinny, with brilliant green eyes and jet-black hair that was always untidy. He wore round glasses, and on his forehead was a thin, lightning-shaped scar.

It was this scar that made Harry so particularly unusual, even for a wizard. This scar was the only hint of Harry's very mysterious past, of the reason he had been left on the Dursleys' doorstep eleven years before.

At the age of one year old, Harry had somehow survived a curse from the greatest Dark sorcerer of all time, Lord Voldemort, whose name most witches and wizards still feared to speak. Harry's parents had died in Voldemort's attack, but Harry had escaped with his lightning scar, and somehow — nobody understood why — Voldemort's powers had been destroyed the instant he had failed to kill Harry.

[30] So Harry had been brought up by his dead mother's sister and her husband. He had spent ten years with the Dursleys, never understanding why he kept making odd things happen without meaning to, believing the Dursleys' story that he had got his scar in the car crash that had killed his parents.

And then, exactly a year ago, Hogwarts had written to Harry, and the whole story had come out. Harry had taken up his place at wizard school, where he and his scar were famous... but now the school year was over, and he was back with the Dursleys for the summer, back to being treated like a dog that had rolled in something smelly.

The Dursleys hadn't even remembered that today happened to be Harry's twelfth birthday. Of course, his hopes hadn't been high; they'd never given him a real present, let alone a cake — but to ignore it completely...

At that moment, Uncle Vernon cleared his throat importantly and said, "Now, as we all know, today is a very important day."

Harry looked up, hardly daring to believe it.

[35] "This could well be the day I make the biggest deal of my career," said Uncle Vernon.

Harry went back to his toast. *Of course*, he thought bitterly, *Uncle Vernon was talking about the stupid dinner party*. He'd been talking of nothing else for two weeks. Some rich builder and his wife were coming to dinner and Uncle Vernon was hoping to get a huge order from him (Uncle Vernon's company made drills).

"I think we should run through the schedule one more time," said Uncle Vernon. "We should all be in position at eight o'clock. Petunia, you will be — ?"

"In the lounge," said Aunt Petunia promptly, "waiting to welcome them graciously to our home."

"Good, good. And Dudley?"

[40] "I'll be waiting to open the door." Dudley put on a fowl, simpering smile. "May I take your coats, Mr. and Mrs. Mason?"

"They'll *love* him!" cried Aunt Petunia rapturously.²

"Excellent, Dudley," said Uncle Vernon. Then he rounded on Harry. "And *you*?"

"I'll be in my bedroom, making no noise and pretending I'm not there," said Harry tonelessly.

"Exactly," said Uncle Vernon nastily. "I will lead them into the lounge, introduce you, Petunia, and pour them drinks. At eight-fifteen —"

[45] "I'll announce dinner," said Aunt Petunia. "And, Dudley, you'll say —"

"May I take you through to the dining room, Mrs. Mason?" said Dudley, offering his fat arm to an invisible woman.

"My perfect little gentleman!" sniffed Aunt Petunia.

"And *you*?" said Uncle Vernon viciously to Harry.

"I'll be in my room, making no noise and pretending I'm not there," said Harry dully.

[50] "Precisely. Now, we should aim to get in a few good compliments at dinner. Petunia, any ideas?"

"Vernon tells me you're a *wonderful* golfer, Mr. Mason... *Do* tell me where you bought your dress, Mrs. Mason... "

"Perfect... Dudley?"

"How about — 'We had to write an essay about our hero at school, Mr. Mason, and *I* wrote about *you*.'" This was too much for both Aunt Petunia and Harry. Aunt Petunia burst into tears and hugged her son, while Harry ducked under the table so they wouldn't see him laughing.

² 2. **Rapturous** (*adjective*): full of joy

“And you, boy?” Harry fought to keep his face straight as he emerged. “I’ll be in my room, making no noise and pretending I’m not there,” he said.

- [55] “Too right, you will,” said Uncle Vernon forcefully. “The Masons don’t know anything about you and it’s going to stay that way. When dinner’s over, you take Mrs. Mason back to the lounge for coffee, Petunia, and I’ll bring the subject around to drills. With any luck, I’ll have the deal signed and sealed before the news at ten. We’ll be shopping for a vacation home in Majorca³ this time tomorrow.”

Harry couldn’t feel too excited about this. He didn’t think the Dursleys would like him any better in Majorca than they did on Privet Drive.

“Right — I’m off into town to pick up the dinner jackets for Dudley and me. And *you*,” he snarled at Harry. “You stay out of your aunt’s way while she’s cleaning.”

Harry left through the back door. It was a brilliant, sunny day. He crossed the lawn, slumped down on the garden bench, and sang under his breath:

“Happy birthday to me... happy birthday to me...”

- [60] No cards, no presents, and he would be spending the evening pretending not to exist. He gazed miserably into the hedge. He had never felt so lonely. More than anything else at Hogwarts, more even than playing Quidditch, Harry missed his best friends, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger. They, however, didn’t seem to be missing him at all. Neither of them had written to him all summer, even though Ron had said he was going to ask Harry to come and stay.

Countless times, Harry had been on the point of unlocking Hedwig’s cage by magic and sending her to Ron and Hermione with a letter, but it wasn’t worth the risk. Underage wizards weren’t allowed to use magic outside of school. Harry hadn’t told the Dursleys this; he knew it was only their terror that he might turn them all into dung beetles that stopped them from locking him in the cupboard under the stairs with his wand and broomstick. For the first couple of weeks back, Harry had enjoyed muttering nonsense words under his breath and watching Dudley tearing out of the room as fast as his fat legs would carry him. But the long silence from Ron and Hermione had made Harry feel so cut off from the magical world that even taunting Dudley had lost its appeal — and now Ron and Hermione had forgotten his birthday.

What wouldn’t he give now for a message from Hogwarts? From any witch or wizard? He’d almost be glad of a sight of his archenemy, Draco Malfoy, just to be sure it hadn’t all been a dream...

Not that his whole year at Hogwarts had been fun. At the very end of last term, Harry had come face-to-face with none other than Lord Voldemort himself. Voldemort might be a ruin of his former self, but he was still terrifying, still cunning,⁴ still determined to regain power. Harry had slipped through Voldemort’s clutches for a second time, but it had been a narrow escape, and even now,

³ 3.an island off the coast of Spain and a popular vacation spot

⁴ 4.**Cunning (adjective):** clever

weeks later, Harry kept waking in the night, drenched in cold sweat, wondering where Voldemort was now, remembering his livid⁵ face, his wide, mad eyes —

Harry suddenly sat bolt upright on the garden bench. He had been staring absent-mindedly into the hedge — *and the hedge was staring back*. Two enormous green eyes had appeared among the leaves.

[65] Harry jumped to his feet just as a jeering⁶ voice floated across the lawn.

“I know what day it is,” sang Dudley, waddling toward him.

The huge eyes blinked and vanished.

“What?” said Harry, not taking his eyes off the spot where they had been.

“I know what day it is,” Dudley repeated, coming right up to him.

[70] “Well done,” said Harry. “So you’ve finally learned the days of the week.”

“Today’s your *birthday*,” sneered Dudley. “How come you haven’t got any cards? Haven’t you even got friends at that freak place?”

“Better not let your mum hear you talking about my school,” said Harry coolly.

Dudley hitched up his trousers, which were slipping down his fat bottom.

“Why’re you staring at the hedge?” he said suspiciously.

[75] “I’m trying to decide what would be the best spell to set it on fire,” said Harry.

Dudley stumbled backward at once, a look of panic on his fat face.

“You c-can’t — Dad told you you’re not to do m-magic — he said he’ll chuck you out of the house — and you haven’t got anywhere else to go — you haven’t got any *friends* to take you —”

“*Jiggery pokery!*” said Harry in a fierce voice. “*Hocus pocus — squiggly wiggly —*”

“MUUUUUUM!” howled Dudley, tripping over his feet as he dashed back toward the house.

“MUUUUM! He’s doing you know what!”

[80] Harry paid dearly for his moment of fun. As neither Dudley nor the hedge was in any way hurt, Aunt Petunia knew he hadn’t really done magic, but he still had to duck as she aimed a heavy blow at his head with the soapy frying pan. Then she gave him work to do, with the promise he wouldn’t eat again until he’d finished.

While Dudley lolled around watching and eating ice cream, Harry cleaned the windows, washed the car, mowed the lawn, trimmed the flowerbeds, pruned and watered the roses, and repainted the garden bench. The sun blazed overhead, burning the back of his neck. Harry knew he shouldn’t

⁵ 5. **Livid (adjective)**: furiously angry

have risen to Dudley's bait, but Dudley had said the very thing Harry had been thinking himself... maybe he *didn't* have any friends at Hogwarts...

Wish they could see famous Harry Potter now, he thought savagely as he spread manure on the flower beds, his back aching, sweat running down his face.

It was half past seven in the evening when at last, exhausted, he heard Aunt Petunia calling him.

6. **Jeer (verb):** to mock or taunt

"Get in here! And walk on the newspaper!"

[85] Harry moved gladly into the shade of the gleaming kitchen. On top of the fridge stood tonight's pudding:⁶ a huge mound of whipped cream and sugared violets. A loin of roast pork was sizzling in the oven.

"Eat quickly! The Masons will be here soon!" snapped Aunt Petunia, pointing to two slices of bread and a lump of cheese on the kitchen table. She was already wearing a salmon-pink cocktail dress.

Harry washed his hands and bolted down his pitiful supper. The moment he had finished, Aunt Petunia whisked away his plate. "Upstairs! Hurry!"

As he passed the door to the living room, Harry caught a glimpse of Uncle Vernon and Dudley in bow ties and dinner jackets. He had only just reached the upstairs landing when the doorbell rang and Uncle Vernon's furious face appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Remember, boy — one sound —"

[90] Harry crossed to his bedroom on tiptoe, slipped inside, closed the door, and turned to collapse on his bed.

The trouble was, there was already someone sitting on it.

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets: Copyright © J.K. Rowling 1998

⁶ 7.a British word for dessert

Please answer the following multiple choice questions on your bubble sheet:

5. PART A: What is the central idea of the passage?
- A. Harry feels alone because his family fears his powers, and he can't be around his friends where he feels comfortable expressing himself.
 - B. Harry completes chores for Petunia because he believes that being obedient is important to supporting a strong and united family.
 - C. Harry behaves and decides not to cast any spells because he cannot use magic outside of school and he is afraid the Dursleys will find out about his magical powers.
 - D. Harry argues with Uncle Vernon because he believes his uncle's hatred of people who are different is unfair, and he wants his uncle to treat all people fairly.
6. PART B: What evidence from the text best supports the answer from Part A?
- A. "Harry tried to argue back but his words were drowned by a long, loud belch from the Dursleys' son, Dudley." (Paragraph 6)
 - B. "Ever since Harry had come home for the summer holidays, Uncle Vernon had been treating him like a bomb that might go off at any moment, because Harry Potter wasn't a normal boy." (Paragraph 23)
 - C. "Aunt Petunia knew he hadn't really done magic, but he still had to duck as she aimed a heavy blow at his head with the soapy frying pan." (Paragraph 80)
 - D. "While Dudley lolled around watching and eating ice cream, Harry cleaned the windows, washed the car, mowed the lawn, trimmed the flowerbeds, pruned and watered the roses, and repainted the garden bench." (Paragraph 81)
7. PART A: Which of the following best defines what Uncle Vernon means when he says "abnormality" in Paragraph 19?
- A. Harry's evil nature
 - B. Harry's special powers
 - C. Harry's different appearance from the Dursleys
 - D. Harry's teasing attitude

8. PART B: What quote from the text best supports this definition?
- A. “HOW DARE YOU THREATEN DUDLEY!” roared Uncle Vernon, pounding the table with his fist.” (Paragraph 17)
 - B. “Uncle Vernon sat back down...watching Harry closely out of the corners of his small, sharp eyes.” (Paragraph 22)
 - C. “Uncle Vernon had been treating him like a bomb that might go off at any moment” (Paragraph 23)
 - D. “As a matter of fact, he was as not normal as it is possible to be. Harry Potter was a wizard.” (Paragraphs 23-24)
9. PART A: How does Harry’s repetition of the phrase “I’ll be in my bedroom, making no noise and pretending I’m not there” impact the tone of the passage?
- a. It shows how much Harry loves sitting in his room all by himself so he can practice magic.
 - b. It shows how much the Dursleys love Harry and respect his privacy.
 - c. It highlights the contrast between Harry’s love for quiet time and Dudley’s hatred of it.
 - d. It highlights the contrast between the Dursley’s excitement for the dinner and Harry’s loneliness.
10. PART B: Which TWO phrases from the text best support the answer to Part A?
- a. “Dudley, who was so large his bottom drooped over either side of the kitchen chair, grinned and turned to Harry.” (Paragraph 10)
 - b. “Uncle Vernon cleared his throat importantly and said, ‘Now, as we all know, today is a very important day.’” (Paragraph 33)
 - c. “Harry fought to keep his face straight as he emerged” (Paragraph 54)
 - d. “He didn’t think the Dursleys would like him any better in Majorca than they did on Privet Drive.” (Paragraph 56)
 - e. “he would be spending the evening pretending not to exist... He had never felt so lonely.” (Paragraph 60)
 - f. “Harry had been on the point of unlocking Hedwig’s cage by magic and sending her to Ron and Hermione with a letter” (Paragraph 61)