

# Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone

## CHAPTER TWO: THE VANISHING GLASS

moment since four showed pictures frying game still door dream

Nearly ten years had passed \_\_\_\_\_ the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly \_\_\_\_\_ (change) at all. The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and \_\_\_\_\_ (light) up the brass number \_\_\_\_\_ on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living room, which \_\_\_\_\_ (be) almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr. Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls. Only the photographs on the mantelpiece really \_\_\_\_\_ how much time had passed. Ten years ago, there had been lots of \_\_\_\_\_ of what looked like a large pink beach ball \_\_\_\_\_ (wear) different-colored bonnets -- but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a carousel at the fair, playing a computer \_\_\_\_\_ with his father, being \_\_\_\_\_ (hug) and \_\_\_\_\_ (kiss) by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Yet Harry Potter was \_\_\_\_\_ there, asleep at the \_\_\_\_\_, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia \_\_\_\_\_ (be) awake and it was her shrill voice that \_\_\_\_\_ (make) the first noise of the day.

"Up! Get up! Now!"

Harry \_\_\_\_\_ (wake) with a start. His aunt rapped on the \_\_\_\_\_ again.

"Up!" she screeched.

Harry \_\_\_\_\_ (heard) her walking toward the kitchen and then the sound of the \_\_\_\_\_ pan being \_\_\_\_\_ (put) on the stove. He rolled onto his back and tried to \_\_\_\_\_ (remember) the dream he had \_\_\_\_\_ (be) having. It had \_\_\_\_\_ (be) a good one. There had been a flying motorcycle in it. He had a funny feeling he \_\_\_\_\_ (have) had the same \_\_\_\_\_ before.