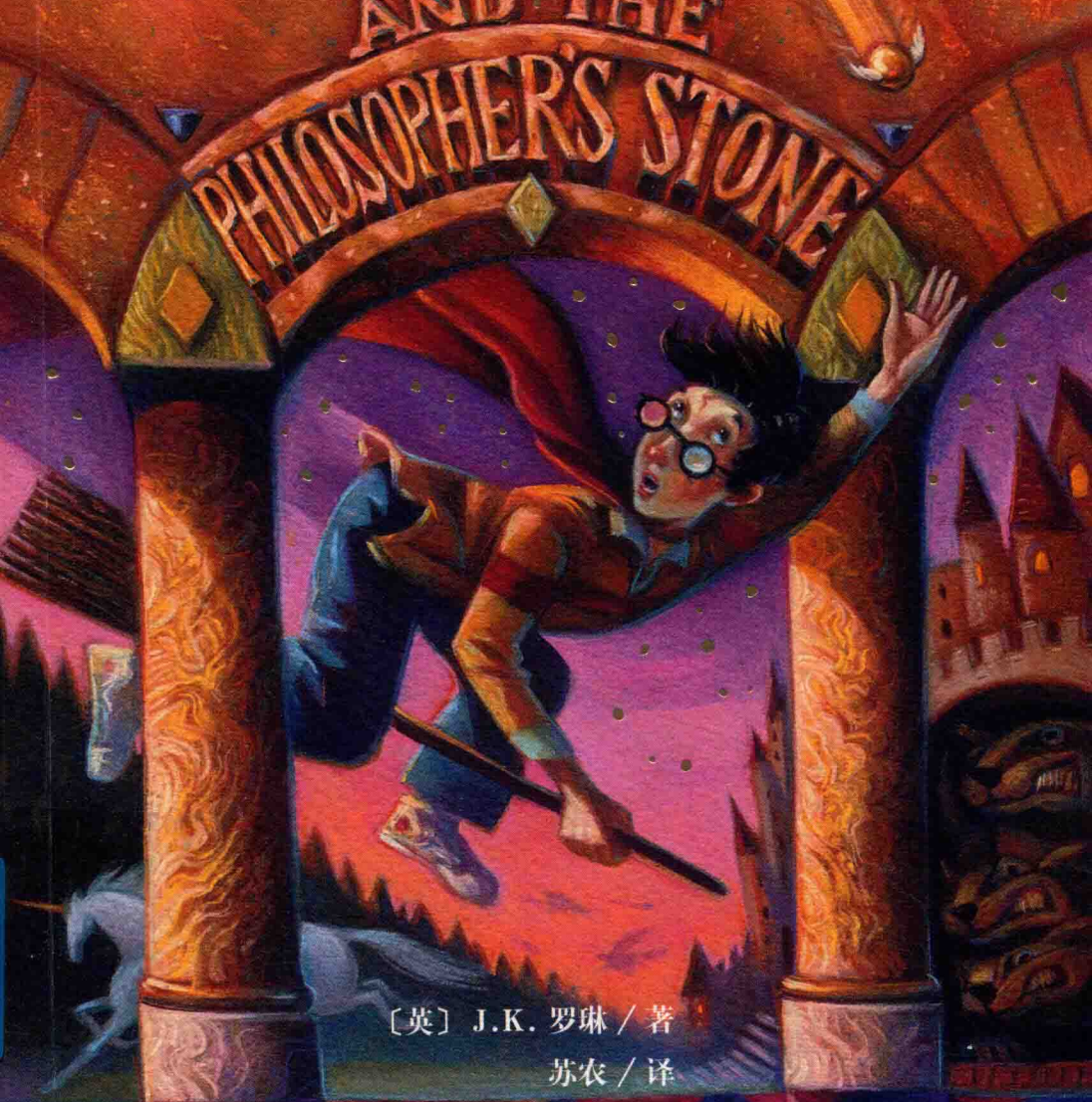


英汉对照版

哈利·波特
与魔法石

Harry Potter

AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE



[英] J.K. 罗琳 / 著

苏农 / 译

J.K. ROWLING



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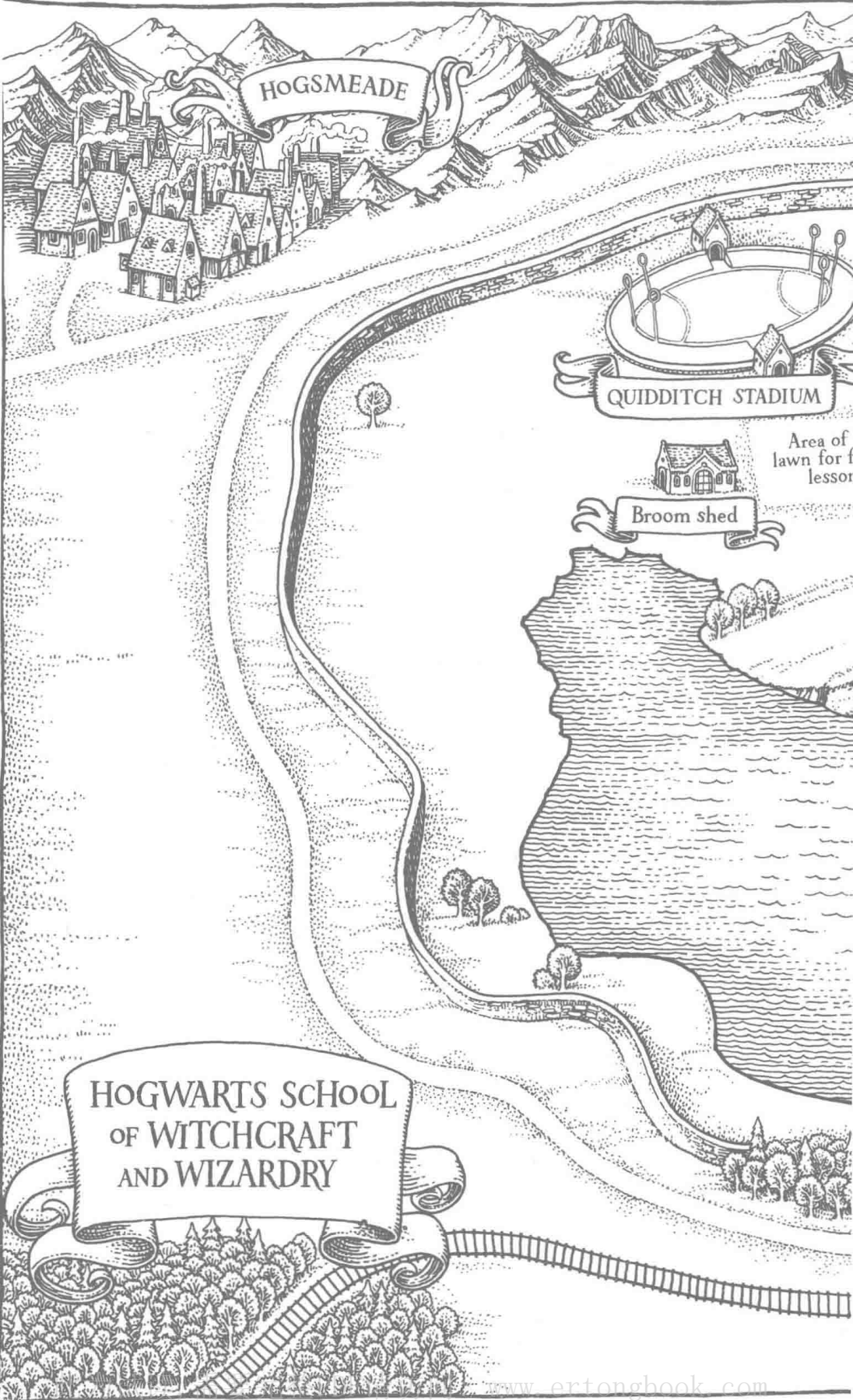
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*For Jessica, who loves stories,
for Anne, who loved them too,
and for Di, who heard this one first.*

谨以此书献给
杰西卡，她喜欢这故事
安妮，她也喜欢这故事
戴，她是故事的第一位听众



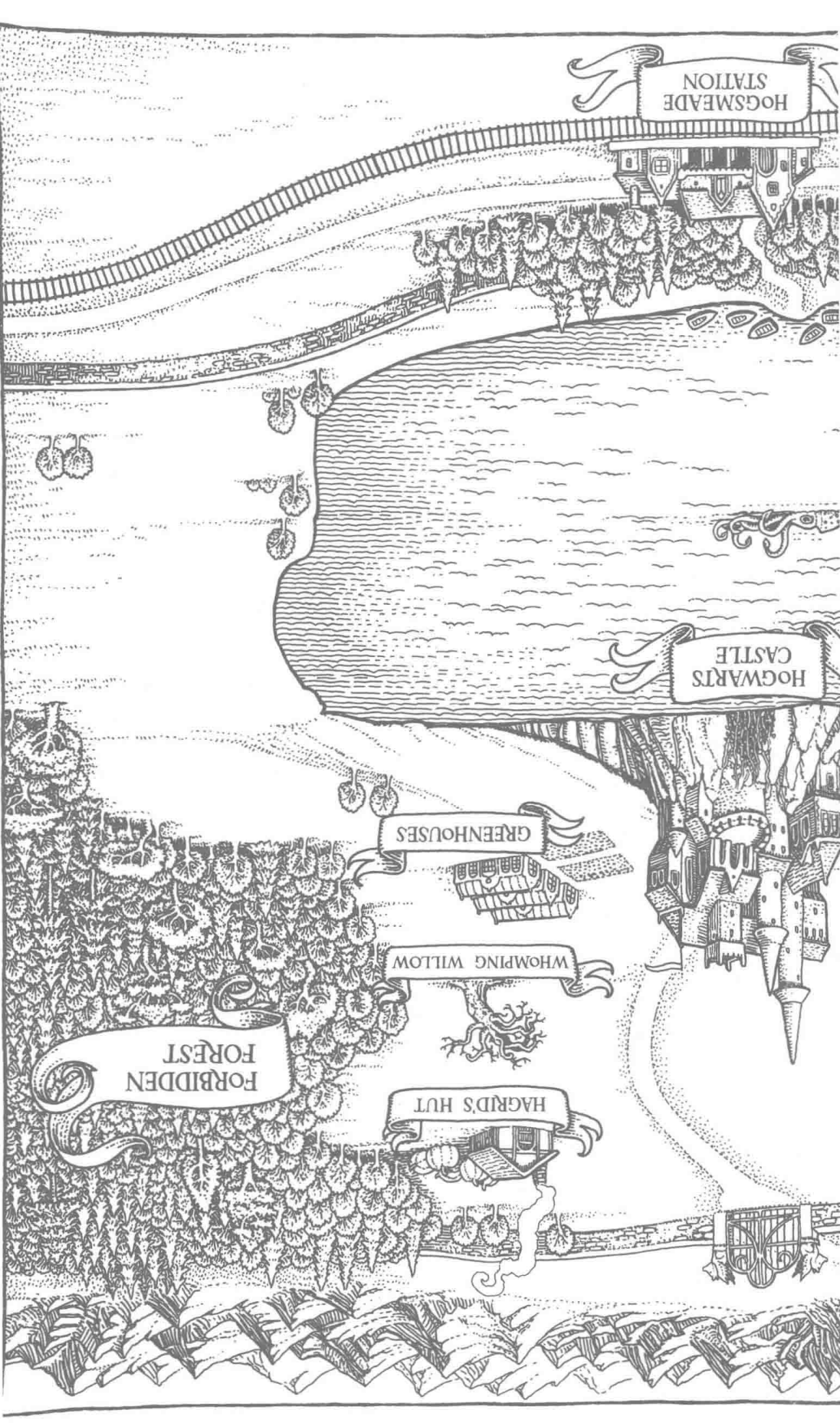
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QUIDDITCH STADIUM

Broom shed

Area of
lawn for f
lesson

HOGWARTS SCHOOL
OF WITCHCRAFT
AND WIZARDRY



HOGSMEADE
STATION

HOGWARTS
CASTLE

GREENHOUSES

WHOMPING WILLOW

FORBIDDEN
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HAGRIDS HUT

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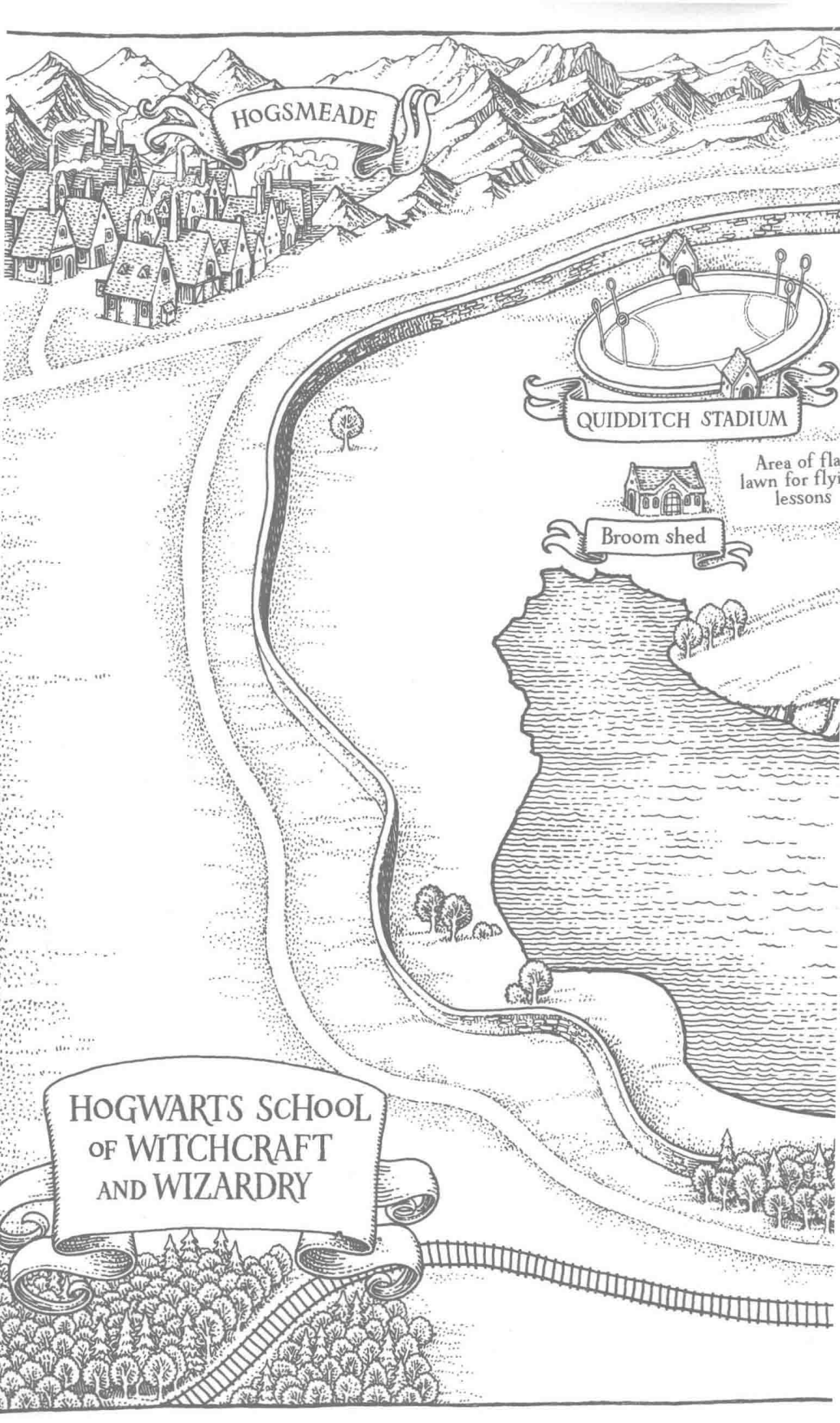
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CHAPTER ONE

The Boy Who Lived

Mr and Mrs Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large moustache. Mrs Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbours. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs Potter was Mrs Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbours would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

When Mr and Mrs Dursley woke up on the dull, grey Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work and Mrs Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his

第1章

大难不死的男孩



家住女贞路4号的德思礼夫妇总是得意地说他们是非常规矩的人家，拜托，拜托了。他们跟神秘古怪的事从来不沾边，因为他们根本不相信那些邪门歪道。

弗农·德思礼先生在一家名叫格朗宁的公司做主管，公司生产钻机。他高大魁梧，胖得几乎连脖子都没有了，却蓄着一脸大胡子。德思礼太太是一个瘦削的金发女人。她的脖子几乎比正常人长一倍。这样每当她花许多时间隔着篱墙引颈而望、窥探左邻右舍时，她的长脖子可就派上了大用场。德思礼夫妇有一个小儿子，名叫达力。在他们看来，人世间没有比达力更好的孩子了。

德思礼一家什么都不缺，但他们拥有一个秘密，他们最害怕的就是这秘密会被人发现。他们想，一旦有人发现波特一家的事，他们会承受不住的。波特太太是德思礼太太的妹妹，不过姐妹俩已经有好几年不见面了。实际上，德思礼太太佯装自己根本没有这么个妹妹，因为她妹妹和她那一无是处的妹夫与德思礼一家的为人处世完全不一样。一想到邻居们会说波特夫妇来了，德思礼夫妇就会吓得胆战心惊。他们知道波特也有个儿子，只是他们从来没有见过。这孩子也是他们不与波特夫妇来往的一个很好的借口，他们不愿让达力跟这种孩子厮混。

我们的故事开始于一个晦暗、阴沉的星期二，德思礼夫妇一早醒来，窗外浓云低垂的天空并没有丝毫迹象预示这地方即将发生神秘古怪的事情。德思礼先生哼着小曲，挑出一条最不讨人喜欢的领带戴着上班，德思礼太太高高兴兴，一直絮絮叨叨，把唧哇乱叫的达力塞到了儿童椅里。

high chair.

None of them noticed a large tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs Dursley on the cheek and tried to kiss Dudley goodbye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls. 'Little tyke,' chortled Mr Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar – a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr Dursley didn't realise what he had seen – then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. It was now reading the sign that said *Privet Drive* – no, *looking* at the sign; cats couldn't read maps *or* signs. Mr Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove towards town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks. Mr Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes – the get-ups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Mr Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! The nerve of him! But then it struck Mr Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt – these people were obviously collecting for something ... Yes, that would be it. The traffic moved on, and a few minutes later, Mr Dursley arrived in the Grunnings car park, his mind back on drills.

Mr Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. *He* didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed

他们谁也没留意一只黄褐色的猫头鹰扑扇着翅膀从窗前飞过。

八点半，德思礼先生拿起公文包，在德思礼太太面颊上亲了一下，正要亲达力，跟这个小家伙道别，可是没有亲成，小家伙正在发脾气，把麦片往墙上摔。“臭小子。”德思礼先生嘟哝了一句，咯咯笑着走出家门，坐进汽车，倒出4号车道。

在街角上，他看到了第一个异常的信号——一只猫正在看地图。一开始，德思礼先生没明白他看到了什么，于是又回过头去。只见一只花斑猫正站在女贞路街角，但是没有看见地图的踪影。他到底在想些什么？很可能是光线使他产生了错觉吧。德思礼先生眨了眨眼，盯着猫看，猫也回瞪着他。当德思礼先生拐过街角继续上路的时候，他从后视镜里看了看那只猫。猫这时正在读女贞路的标牌，不，是在看标牌；猫是不会看地图或是读标牌的。德思礼先生定了定神，把猫从脑海里赶走了。他开车进城，一路上想的是希望今天能得到一大批钻机的订单。

但快进城时，另一件事又把钻机从他脑海里赶走了。当他的车汇入清晨拥堵的车流时，他突然看见路边有一群穿着奇装异服的人。他们都披着斗篷。德思礼先生最看不惯别人穿得怪模怪样，瞧年轻人的那身打扮！他猜想这大概又是一种无聊的新时尚吧。他用手指敲击着方向盘，目光落到了离他最近的一大群怪物身上。他们正兴致勃勃，交头接耳。德思礼先生很生气，因为他发现他们中间有一对根本不是年轻人了，那个男的显得比他年龄还大，竟然还披着一件翡翠绿的斗篷！真不知羞耻！接着，德思礼先生突然想到这些人大概是在为什么事募捐吧，不错，就是这么回事。车流再次开始移动了，几分钟后，德思礼先生来到格朗宁公司的停车场，他的思绪又回到了钻机上。

德思礼先生在他十楼的办公室里，总是习惯背窗而坐。如果不是这样，他可能会发现这一天早上更难把思想集中到钻机的事情上了。他没有看见成群的猫头鹰在光天化日之下从天上飞过，可街上的人都看到了；他们目瞪口呆，指指点点，盯着猫头鹰一只接一只从头顶上掠过。他们大多数人甚至在夜里都从没见过猫头鹰。不过，德思礼先