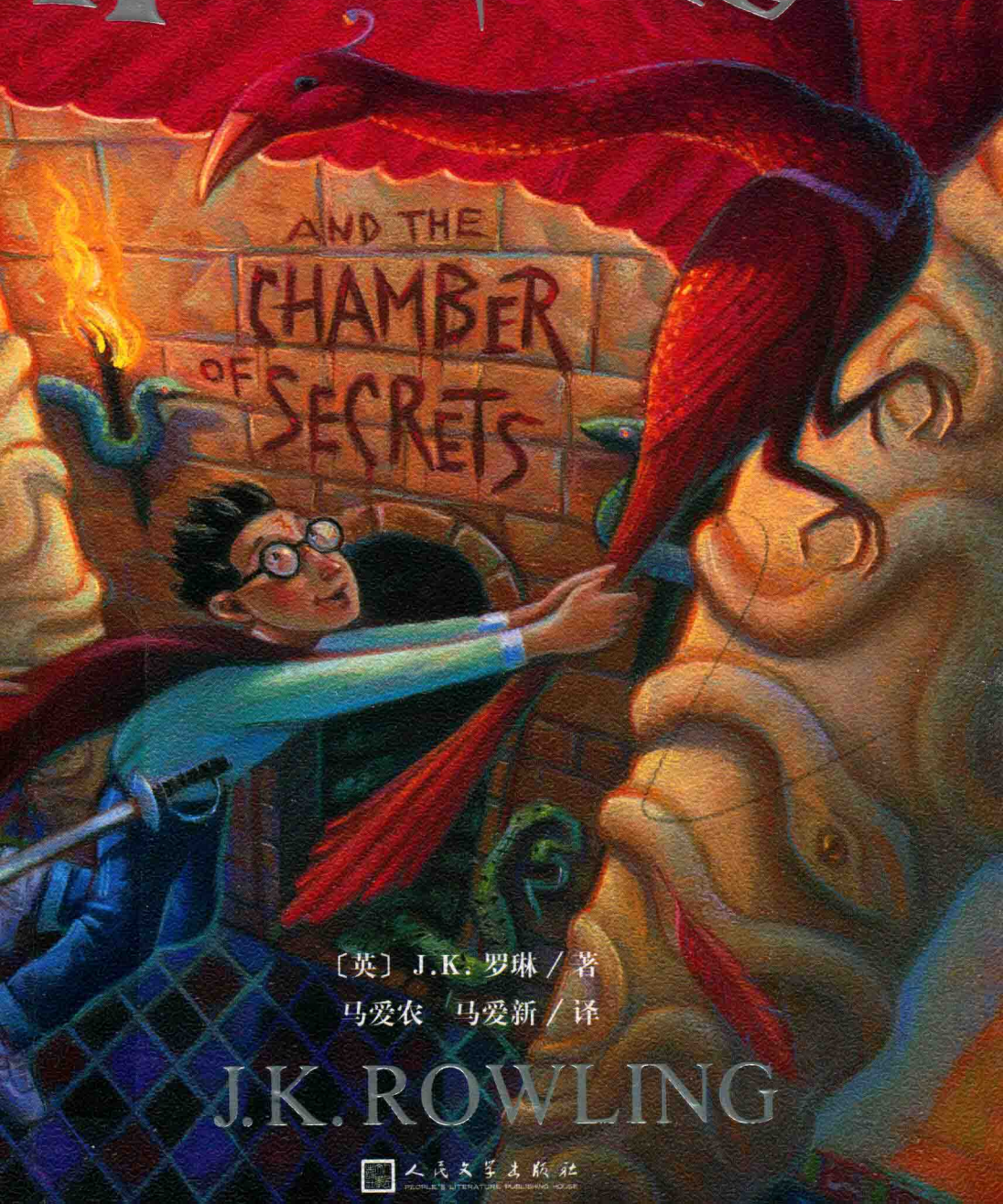


英汉对照版

哈利·波特

与密室

Harry Potter



[英] J.K. 罗琳 / 著

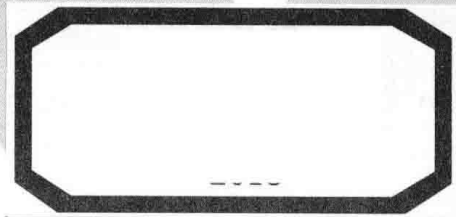
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE	The Worst Birthday	006
CHAPTER TWO	Dobby's Warning	020
CHAPTER THREE	The Burrow	038
CHAPTER FOUR	At Flourish and Blotts	064
CHAPTER FIVE	The Whomping Willow	096
CHAPTER SIX	Gilderoy Lockhart	124
CHAPTER SEVEN	Mudbloods and Murmurs	150
CHAPTER EIGHT	The Deathday Party	176
CHAPTER NINE	The Writing on the Wall	204
CHAPTER TEN	The Rogue Bludger	234
CHAPTER ELEVEN	The Duelling Club	264
CHAPTER TWELVE	The Polyjuice Potion	298
CHAPTER THIRTEEN	The Very Secret Diary	330
CHAPTER FOURTEEN	Cornelius Fudge	362
CHAPTER FIFTEEN	Aragog	386
CHAPTER SIXTEEN	The Chamber of Secrets	412
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN	The Heir of Slytherin	444
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN	Dobby's Reward	474

目次

第 1 章	最糟糕的生日	007
第 2 章	多比的警告	021
第 3 章	陋居	039
第 4 章	在丽痕书店	065
第 5 章	打人柳	097
第 6 章	吉德罗·洛哈特	125
第 7 章	泥巴种和细语	151
第 8 章	忌辰晚会	177
第 9 章	墙上的字	205
第 10 章	失控的游走球	235
第 11 章	决斗俱乐部	265
第 12 章	复方汤剂	299
第 13 章	绝密日记	331
第 14 章	康奈利·福吉	363
第 15 章	阿拉戈克	387
第 16 章	密室	413
第 17 章	斯莱特林的继承人	445
第 18 章	多比的报偿	475



*For Séan P. F. Harris,
getaway driver and foulweather friend*

献 给
开车陪我兜风、
在坏天气里跟我做伴的
谢安·哈里斯

A detailed black and white line drawing map of the Hogsmeade area. At the top left, a cluster of houses with gabled roofs and chimneys is nestled at the base of snow-capped mountains. A banner above them reads "HOGSMEADE". A winding path leads from the village towards the center. To the right of the path, there is a circular field with a goalpost, labeled "QUIDDITCH STADIUM". Below the stadium is a small house labeled "Broom shed". Further down, a large body of water is shown with a small island of trees. A banner at the bottom left reads "HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY". The bottom of the map shows a fence and a forest.

HOGSMEADE

QUIDDITCH STADIUM

Broom shed

Area of flat lawn for flying lessons

HOGWARTS SCHOOL
OF WITCHCRAFT
AND WIZARDRY



HAGRID'S HUT

FORBIDDEN
FOREST

WHOMPING WILLOW

GREENHOUSES

HOGWARTS
CASTLE

HOGSMEADE
STATION



CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE	The Worst Birthday	006
CHAPTER TWO	Dobby's Warning	020
CHAPTER THREE	The Burrow	038
CHAPTER FOUR	At Flourish and Blotts	064
CHAPTER FIVE	The Whomping Willow	096
CHAPTER SIX	Gilderoy Lockhart	124
CHAPTER SEVEN	Mudbloods and Murmurs	150
CHAPTER EIGHT	The Deathday Party	176
CHAPTER NINE	The Writing on the Wall	204
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CHAPTER TWELVE	The Polyjuice Potion	298
CHAPTER THIRTEEN	The Very Secret Diary	330
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CHAPTER FIFTEEN	Aragog	386
CHAPTER SIXTEEN	The Chamber of Secrets	412
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN	The Heir of Slytherin	444
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN	Dobby's Reward	474

目次

第 1 章	最糟糕的生日	007
第 2 章	多比的警告	021
第 3 章	陋居	039
第 4 章	在丽痕书店	065
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第 14 章	康奈利·福吉	363
第 15 章	阿拉戈克	387
第 16 章	密室	413
第 17 章	斯莱特林的继承人	445
第 18 章	多比的报偿	475

CHAPTER ONE

The Worst Birthday

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 moustache. 'I know what'll happen if that owl's let out.'

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 massive son. 'We must feed 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?'

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

第1章

最糟糕的生日



这一天，女贞路4号的早餐桌上又起了争执。一大早，弗农·德思礼先生就被他外甥哈利屋里的一阵高声怪叫吵醒了。

“这星期是第三次了！”他隔着桌子咆哮道，“如果你管不住那只猫头鹰，就让它滚蛋！”

哈利再次试图解释。

“它闷得慌，在外面飞惯了，要是我可以在晚上放它出去……”

“你当我是傻子啊？”弗农姨父吼道，一丝煎鸡蛋在他浓密的胡子上晃荡着，“我知道把一只猫头鹰放出去会有什么后果。”

他和妻子佩妮阴沉地交换了一下眼色。

哈利想反驳，但他的话被表哥达力一声又长又响的饱嗝淹没了。

“我还要一些腊肉。”

“煎锅里有的是，宝贝。”佩妮姨妈眼眶湿润地看着她的大块头儿子说道，“我们要抓紧时间把你养胖……学校的伙食让我听着不舒服……”

“胡说，我在斯梅廷上学时从来没饿过肚子。”弗农姨父情绪激动地说，“达力吃得不差，是不是，儿子？”

达力胖得屁股上的肉都从座椅的两边挂了下来。他咧嘴一笑，转身面对着哈利。

“把煎锅递过来。”

“你忘了说咒语。”哈利恼火地说。

这样简单的一句话，对家中其他人产生了不可思议的影响。达力倒吸了一口冷气，从椅子上栽下来，整个厨房都被震动了；德思礼太

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 -'

'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!'

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 *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.

He missed Hogwarts so much it was like having a constant stomach ache. He missed the castle, with its secret passageways and ghosts, his lessons (though perhaps not Snape, the Potions master), the post 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 in the grounds next to the Forbidden Forest and, especially, Quidditch, the most popular sport in the wizarding world (six tall goalposts, four flying balls and fourteen players on broomsticks).

All Harry's spellbooks, his wand, robes, cauldron and top-of-the-range 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 in the house Quidditch team because he hadn't practised all summer? What was it to the Dursleys if Harry went

太尖叫一声，迅速捂住嘴巴；德思礼先生跳起来，太阳穴上青筋暴露。

“我的意思是‘请’！”哈利连忙说，“我不是指——”

“我没跟你说吗，”姨父厉声怒斥，唾沫星子溅到了桌上，“在我们家不许说那方面的词。”

“可我——”

“你怎么敢威胁达力！”弗农姨父捶着桌子咆哮。

“我只是——”

“我警告过你！我不能容忍你在我家里提到你的特异功能！”

哈利来回扫视着脸涨得通红的姨父和面无血色的姨妈，后者正试图把达力从地上拉起来。

“好吧，”哈利说，“好吧……”

弗农姨父坐了下来，像一头气短的犀牛一样喘着粗气，那双精明的小眼睛紧盯着哈利。

自从哈利放暑假回家之后，弗农姨父一直把他当成一颗定时炸弹来看待，因为哈利不是一个正常的孩子。实际上，他可是相当不正常。

哈利·波特是一个巫师——刚在霍格沃茨魔法学校上完一年级。如果德思礼家对他回来过暑假感到不快，那么他们的不快和哈利的感觉相比根本不值一提。

哈利真想念霍格沃茨，想得五脏六腑都发痛。他想念那个城堡，想念那些秘密通道和幽灵，想念他的课程（也许除了魔药老师斯内普的课），还有猫头鹰捎来的信件、礼堂里的宴会，想念他宿舍楼里的四柱床，想念禁林边上那间小木屋和猎场看守海格，更想念魁地奇球——魔法世界里最流行的体育运动（六根高高的门柱、四个会飞的球、十四名骑着扫帚的球员）。

哈利刚一到家，弗农姨父就把他的咒语书、魔杖、长袍、坩埚和最先进的飞天扫帚的光轮2000锁进了楼梯下那又小又暗的储物间里。至于哈利会不会因为一个暑假没练习而被学院魁地奇球队开除，德思礼一家才不管呢。哈利的家庭作业一点都没做，回学校时无法交差，跟他们又有什么关系？德思礼一家是巫师们所说的“麻瓜”（血管里没

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 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 moustache; 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, 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.

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 which 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 proper 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.

有一滴巫师的血液)。在他们看来，家里有一个巫师是莫大的耻辱。弗农姨父甚至把哈利的猫头鹰海德薇也锁在了笼子里，不让它给魔法世界的任何人送信。

哈利跟这家人长得一点也不像。弗农姨父膀大腰圆，没有脖子，蓄着异常浓密的胡子；佩妮姨妈长了一张马脸，骨节粗大；达力头发金黄，皮肤白里透红，体形肥胖。而哈利却身材瘦小，长着一双明亮的绿眼睛，漆黑的头发总是乱蓬蓬的，额头上还有一道细长的闪电形伤疤。

就是这道伤疤使哈利即使在巫师中也是如此与众不同。这道伤疤是哈利神秘过去留下的唯一痕迹，是推测他十一年前为什么会被放在德思礼家门槛上的唯一线索。

哈利一岁半时，居然在中了伏地魔的咒语之后幸存下来。伏地魔是有史以来最厉害的黑巫师，大多数巫师都不敢提到他的名字。哈利的父母就死在这个黑巫师手下，可是哈利大难不死，只留下了这道闪电形伤疤。而且，不知怎的，好像自从那个恶毒的咒语在哈利身上失灵之后，伏地魔的法力就被摧毁了。

所以，哈利是由他的姨妈和姨父养大的。他在德思礼家住了十年，一直搞不懂他为什么能在无意中导致一些古怪的事情发生，因为德思礼一家只说他的父母死于车祸，他的伤疤也是那次车祸留下的。

一年前，霍格沃茨魔法学校写信给哈利，他才了解到自己的身世。他上了魔法学校，在那里他和他的伤疤赫赫有名……可现在学年结束了，他回到德思礼家过暑假，他们却把他当成一条在邈邈地方打过滚的狗来对待。

德思礼一家忘记了这一天恰好是哈利的十二岁生日。当然，哈利也没有寄予多么大的希望，他们从来不会送他什么像样的礼物，更别提生日蛋糕了——但是，完全忘掉未免……

正在这时，弗农姨父煞有介事地清了清嗓子，说道：“我们都知道，今天是个非常重要的日子。”

哈利抬起头，简直不敢相信自己的耳朵。

“今天我可能会谈成平生最大的一笔交易。”弗农姨父说。

‘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 a fortnight. 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?’

‘I’ll be waiting to open the door.’ Dudley put on a foul, simpering smile. ‘May I take your coats, Mr and Mrs Mason?’

‘They’ll *love* him!’ cried Aunt Petunia rapturously.

‘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 –’

‘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.

‘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*.”’