

第二章 傷跡

仰向けに横たわったまま、ハリーはまるで疾走してきた後のように荒い息をしていた。生々しい夢で目が覚め、ハリーは両手を顔にギュッと押しつけていた。

その指の下で、稲妻の形をした額の古傷が、今しがた白熱した針金を押しつけられたかのように痛んだ。ベットに起き上がり、片手で傷を抑えながら、ハリーはもう一方の手を、暗がり、ベッド脇の小机に置いてあったメガネに伸ばした。

眼鏡をかけると寝室の様子がよりはっきり見えてきた。窓の外からカーテン越しに街灯の明かりがぼんやりと霞むようなオレンジ色の光で部屋を照らしていた。ハリーはもう一度指で傷跡をなぞった。まだうずいている。枕元の明かりを点け、ベッドからはい出し、部屋の奥にある洋筆筒を開け、ハリーは筆筒の扉裏の鏡を覗き込んだ。

やせた14歳の自分が見つめ返していた。クシャクシャの黒髪の下で、輝く緑の目が戸惑った表情をしている。ハリーは鏡に映る稲妻型の傷跡をじっくり調べた。いつもと変わりが無い。しかし、傷はまだ刺すように痛かった。目が覚める前にどんな夢を見ていたのか、思い出そうとした。余りにも生々しかった。

二人は知っている。3人目は知らない。ハリーは顔をしかめ、夢を思い出そうと懸命に集中した。暗い部屋がぼんやりと思い出された。暖炉マットに蛇がいた。小男はピーター、別名ワームテールだ。そして、冷たい甲高い声。ヴォルデモート卿の声だ。そう思っただけで、胃袋に氷の塊がすべり落ちるような感覚が走った。

ハリーは固く目を閉じて、ヴォルデモートの姿を思い出そうとしたが、できない。ヴォルデモートの椅子がぐるりこちらを向き、そこに座っている何者かが見えた。ハリー自身がそれを見た瞬間、恐ろしい戦慄で目が覚めた。それだけは覚えている。それとも傷跡の痛みで目が覚めたのだろう

Chapter 2

The Scar

Harry lay flat on his back, breathing hard as though he had been running. He had awoken from a vivid dream with his hands pressed over his face. The old scar on his forehead, which was shaped like a bolt of lightning, was burning beneath his fingers as though someone had just pressed a white-hot wire to his skin.

He sat up, one hand still on his scar, the other reaching out in the darkness for his glasses, which were on the bedside table. He put them on and his bedroom came into clearer focus, lit by a faint, misty orange light that was filtering through the curtains from the street lamp outside the window.

Harry ran his fingers over the scar again. It was still painful. He turned on the lamp beside him, scrambled out of bed, crossed the room, opened his wardrobe, and peered into the mirror on the inside of the door. A skinny boy of fourteen looked back at him, his bright green eyes puzzled under his untidy black hair. He examined the lightning-bolt scar of his reflection more closely. It looked normal, but it was still stinging.

Harry tried to recall what he had been dreaming about before he had awoken. It had seemed so real. ... There had been two people he knew and one he didn't. ... He concentrated hard, frowning, trying to remember. ...

The dim picture of a darkened room came to him. ... There had been a snake on a hearth rug ... a small man called Peter, nicknamed Wormtail ... and a cold, high voice ... the voice of Lord Voldemort. Harry felt as though an ice cube had slipped down into his stomach at the very thought. ...

か？

それに、あの老人は誰だったのだろうか？確かに年老いた男がいた。その男が床に倒れるのを、ハリーは見た。なんだかすべて混乱している。ハリーは両手に顔を埋め、今いる自分の寝室の様子を遮るようにして、あの薄明かりの部屋のイメージをしっかりとらえようとした。しかし、とらえようとすればするほど、まるで両手にくんだ水がもれるように、細かな事が指の間からこぼれて落ちていった。

ヴォルデモートとワームテールが誰かを殺したと話していた。誰だったかハリーは名前を思い出せなかった。それに他の誰かを殺す計画を話していた。僕を。ハリーは顔から手をはなし、目を開けて自分の部屋をじっと見まわした。何か普通でないものを見つけようとしているかのように。たまたまこの部屋には、異常なほどたくさん、普通ではないものがある。

大きな木のトランクが開けばなしでベッドの足元に置いてあり、中から大鍋や箒、黒いローブの制服、呪文集が数冊覗いていた。机の上に大きな鳥籠があり、いつもながら雪のように白いふくろうのヘドウィグが止まっているのだが、今は空っぽだった。鳥籠に占領されていない机の隅に、羊皮紙の巻紙が散らばっている。ベッド脇の床に、寝る前に読んでいた本が開いたまま置かれていた。本の中の写真はみな動き回っている。鮮やかなオレンジ色のローブを着た選手たちが、箒に乗り赤いボールを投げ合いながら、写真から出たり入ったりしていた。

ハリーは本の所まで歩いていき、拾い上げた。ちょうど選手の一人が15メートルの高さにあるゴールリングに、鮮やかなシュートを決めて得点したところだった。ハリーはビシヤリと本を閉じた。クイディッチでさえ、ハリーがこれぞ最高のスポーツだと思っているものでさえ、今はハリーの気を逸らせてはくれなかった。”キャノンズと飛ぼう”をベッド脇の小机に置くと、ハリーは部屋を横切り窓のカーテンを開け

He closed his eyes tightly and tried to remember what Voldemort had looked like, but it was impossible. ... All Harry knew was that at the moment when Voldemort's chair had swung around, and he, Harry, had seen what was sitting in it, he had felt a spasm of horror, which had awoken him ... or had that been the pain in his scar?

And who had the old man been? For there had definitely been an old man; Harry had watched him fall to the ground. It was all becoming confused. Harry put his face into his hands, blocking out his bedroom, trying to hold on to the picture of that dimly lit room, but it was like trying to keep water in his cupped hands; the details were now trickling away as fast as he tried to hold on to them. ... Voldemort and Wormtail had been talking about someone they had killed, though Harry could not remember the name ... and they had been plotting to kill someone else ... *him!*

Harry took his face out of his hands, opened his eyes, and stared around his bedroom as though expecting to see something unusual there. As it happened, there were an extraordinary number of unusual things in this room. A large wooden trunk stood open at the foot of his bed, revealing a cauldron, broomstick, black robes, and assorted spellbooks. Rolls of parchment littered that part of his desk that was not taken up by the large, empty cage in which his snowy owl, Hedwig, usually perched. On the floor beside his bed a book lay open; Harry had been reading it before he fell asleep last night. The pictures in this book were all moving. Men in bright orange robes were zooming in and out of sight on broomsticks, throwing a red ball to one another.

Harry walked over to the book, picked it up, and watched one of the wizards score a spectacular goal by putting the ball through a

下の通りの様子を窺った。プリベッド通りは、土曜日の明け方に郊外のきちんとした町並みはこうでなければならない、といった模範的なたたずまいだった。

どの家のカーテンも閉まったままだ。まだ暗い街には見渡す限り人っ子一人、猫の子一匹いなかった。でも何か、何かハリーはなんだか落ち着かないままベッドに戻り、座り込んでもう一度傷跡を指でなぞった。痛みが気になったわけではない。痛みやケガなら、ハリーはイヤというほど味わっていた。

ほんの小さな子供の頃からダドリーに苛められてきたのだ。それに一度は右の腕の骨が全部なくなり一晩痛い思いをして再生させた事もある。それからほどなくその同じ右腕を三十センチもある毒牙が差し貫いた。飛行中の箒から十五メートルも落下したのはほんの一年前の事だ。とんでもない事故やケガなら、もう慣れっこだった。

ホグワーツ魔法魔術学校に学び、しかも、なぜか知らないうちに事件を呼び寄せてしまうハリーにとってそれは避けられない事だった。違うんだ。何か気になるのは前回傷が痛んだ原因がヴォルデモートが近くにいたからなんだ。しかし、ヴォルデモートが今ここにいるはずがない。ヴォルデモートがプリベッド通りに潜んでいるなんて馬鹿げた考えだ。あり得ない。ハリーはしじまの中で耳をすませた。階段の軋む音、マントの翻る音が聞こえてくるのではと、どこかでそんな気がしたのだろうか？

ちょうどその時、隣の部屋から従兄弟のダドリーが。巨大な躰をかく音が聞こえハリーはびっくりとした。ハリーは心の中でかぶりを振った。なんてバカな事を、この家にいるのはハリーの他に、バーノンおじさん、ペチュニアおばさんとダドリーだけだ。悩みも痛みもない夢をむさぼり全員まだ眠りこけている。ハリーはダーズリー一家が眠っているときが一番気に入っていた。起きていたからといってハリーのために何かしてくれるわけではない。バーノンおじさん、ペチュニアおばさん、ダドリー

fifty-foot-high hoop. Then he snapped the book shut. Even Quidditch — in Harry's opinion, the best sport in the world — couldn't distract him at the moment. He placed *Flying with the Cannons* on his bedside table, crossed to the window, and drew back the curtains to survey the street below.

Privet Drive looked exactly as a respectable suburban street would be expected to look in the early hours of Saturday morning. All the curtains were closed. As far as Harry could see through the darkness, there wasn't a living creature in sight, not even a cat.

And yet ... and yet ... Harry went restlessly back to the bed and sat down on it, running a finger over his scar again. It wasn't the pain that bothered him; Harry was no stranger to pain and injury. He had lost all the bones from his right arm once and had them painfully regrown in a night. The same arm had been pierced by a venomous foot-long fang not long afterward. Only last year Harry had fallen fifty feet from an airborne broomstick. He was used to bizarre accidents and injuries; they were unavoidable if you attended Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and had a knack for attracting a lot of trouble.

No, the thing that was bothering Harry was that the last time his scar had hurt him, it had been because Voldemort had been close by. ... But Voldemort couldn't be here, now. ... The idea of Voldemort lurking in Privet Drive was absurd, impossible. ...

Harry listened closely to the silence around him. Was he half-expecting to hear the creak of a stair or the swish of a cloak? And then he jumped slightly as he heard his cousin Dudley give a tremendous grunting snore from the next room.

Harry shook himself mentally; he was being stupid. There was no one in the house with him except Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley,

はハリーにとって唯一の親戚だった。一家はマグルで魔法と名がつくものは何でも忌み嫌っていた。つまりハリーはまるで犬の糞扱いだった。この三年間ハリーがホグワーツにいて長期不在だった事は、「セント ブルータス更生不能非行少年院」に入っただけと言いつくして取り繕っていた。

ハリーのように半人前の魔法使いはホグワーツの外では、魔法を使ってはいけない事を一家はよく知っていた。それでもこの家で何かがおかしくなると、やはりハリーがとがめられる羽目になった。魔法世界での生活がどんなものか、ハリーはただの一度もこの一家に打ち明ける事も話す事もできなかった。この連中が朝になって起きてきた時に、傷が痛むだとか、ヴォルデモートの事が心配だとか打ち明けるなんてまきにお笑い種だ。だがそのヴォルデモートこそそもそもハリーがダーズリー一家と暮らすようになった原因なのだ。ヴォルデモートがいなければハリーは額に稲妻型の傷を受ける事もなかったろう。ヴォルデモートがいなければハリーは今でも両親と一緒にいたろうに。あの夜、ハリーはまだ一歳だった。

ヴォルデモート、十一年間、徐々に勢力を集めていった。今世紀最強の闇の魔法使いが、ハリーの家にやってきて父親と母親を殺したの夜、ヴォルデモートは杖をハリーに向け呪いをかけた。勢力を伸ばす過程で何人もの大人の魔法使いや魔女を処分したその呪いを。

ところが信じられない事に呪いが効かなかった。幼児を殺すところか、呪いはヴォルデモート自身に跳ね返った。ハリーは額に稲妻のような切り傷を受けただけで生き残り、ヴォルデモートはかろうじて命を取り止めるだけの存在になった。力は失せ、命も絶えなんとする姿でヴォルデモートは逃げ去った。隠された魔法社会で魔法使いや魔女が何年にも渡り戦々恐々と生きてきた。その恐怖が取り除かれヴォルデモートの家来は散り散りになりハリー ポッターは有名になった。十一歳の誕生日に初めて

and they were plainly still asleep, their dreams untroubled and painless.

Asleep was the way Harry liked the Dursleys best; it wasn't as though they were ever any help to him awake. Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley were Harry's only living relatives. They were Muggles who hated and despised magic in any form, which meant that Harry was about as welcome in their house as dry rot. They had explained away Harry's long absences at Hogwarts over the last three years by telling everyone that he went to St. Brutus's Secure Center for Incurably Criminal Boys. They knew perfectly well that, as an underage wizard, Harry wasn't allowed to use magic outside Hogwarts, but they were still apt to blame him for anything that went wrong about the house. Harry had never been able to confide in them or tell them anything about his life in the wizarding world. The very idea of going to them when they awoke, and telling them about his scar hurting him, and about his worries about Voldemort, was laughable.

And yet it was because of Voldemort that Harry had come to live with the Dursleys in the first place. If it hadn't been for Voldemort, Harry would not have had the lightning scar on his forehead. If it hadn't been for Voldemort, Harry would still have had parents. ...

Harry had been a year old the night that Voldemort — the most powerful Dark wizard for a century, a wizard who had been gaining power steadily for eleven years — arrived at his house and killed his father and mother. Voldemort had then turned his wand on Harry; he had performed the curse that had disposed of many full-grown witches and wizards in his steady rise to power — and, incredibly, it had not worked. Instead of killing the small boy, the curse had rebounded upon Voldemort. Harry had survived with nothing but a lightning-shaped cut on his

自分が魔法使いだと分かった事だけでも、ハリーにとっては十分なショックだった。その上隠された社会である魔法界では、誰もが自分の名前を知っているのだと知った時は更に気まずい思いだった。 hogwarts 校に着くとどこに行ってもみんながハリーを振り返り囁き交わした。しかし、今ではハリーもそれに慣れっこになっていた。この夏が終わればハリーは hogwarts 校の4年生になる。 hogwarts のあの城に戻る日をハリーは今から指を折り数えて待っていた。しかし学校に戻るまでにまだ二週間もあった。ハリーはやりきれない気持ちで部屋の中を見回し、誕生祝カードに目をとめた。七月末の誕生日に二人の親友から送られたカードだ。あの二人に手紙を書いて傷跡が痛むと言ったらなんと言うだろう？

たちまち、ハーマイオニー グレンジャーが驚いて甲高く叫ぶ声がハリーの頭の中で鳴り響いた。

しかも指を突きつけ、目を爛々と輝かせながら言い募る姿の幻まで見えた。

「傷跡が痛むんですって？ ハリー、それって、大変な事よ。ダンブルドア先生に手紙を書きなきゃ！

それから、私、”よくある魔法病と傷害”を調べるわ。呪いによる傷跡に関して、何が書いてあるかもしれない」

そう、それこそハーマイオニーらしい忠告だ。すぐ hogwarts の校長のところに行く事、その間に本で調べる事。ハリーは窓から群青色に塗り込められた空を見つめた。この場合本が役に立つとは到底思えなかった。ハリーの知る限りヴォルデモートの呪いほどのものを受けて生き残ったのは自分一人だけだ。つまり、ハリーの症状が”よくある魔法病と傷害”に載っているとはほとんど考えられない。校長先生に知らせるといっても、ダンブルドアが夏休みをどこで過ごしているのかハリーには見当もつかない。長い銀色の髭を蓄えたダンブルドアが、あの踵まで届く丈の長いローブを着て三角帽を被り、どこかのビーチに寝そべっ

forehead, and Voldemort had been reduced to something barely alive. His powers gone, his life almost extinguished, Voldemort had fled; the terror in which the secret community of witches and wizards had lived for so long had lifted, Voldemort's followers had disbanded, and Harry Potter had become famous.

It had been enough of a shock for Harry to discover, on his eleventh birthday, that he was a wizard; it had been even more disconcerting to find out that everyone in the hidden wizarding world knew his name. Harry had arrived at Hogwarts to find that heads turned and whispers followed him wherever he went. But he was used to it now: At the end of this summer, he would be starting his fourth year at Hogwarts, and Harry was already counting the days until he would be back at the castle again.

But there was still a fortnight to go before he went back to school. He looked hopelessly around his room again, and his eye paused on the birthday cards his two best friends had sent him at the end of July. What would they say if Harry wrote to them and told them about his scar hurting?

At once, Hermione Granger's voice seemed to fill his head, shrill and panicky.

“Your scar hurt? Harry, that's really serious. ... Write to Professor Dumbledore! And I'll go and check Common Magical Ailments and Afflictions. ... Maybe there's something in there about curse scars. ...”

Yes, that would be Hermione's advice: Go straight to the headmaster of Hogwarts, and in the meantime, consult a book. Harry stared out of the window at the inky blue-black sky. He doubted very much whether a book could help him now. As far as he knew, he was the only living person to have survived a curse like Voldemort's; it was highly unlikely, therefore, that he would find his symptoms listed in

てあの曲った鼻に日焼けクリームを塗り込んでいる姿を一瞬想像して、ハリーは可笑しくなった。ダンブルドアがどこにしようとも、ハリーのペットふくろうのヘドウィグは今まで一度も手紙を届け損なった事はない。でもなんと書けばいいんだろう？

『ダンブルドア先生。休暇中にお邪魔してすみません。でも今朝、傷跡が疼いたので。さようなら。ハリー ポッター』

頭の中で考えただけでもこんな文句は馬鹿げている。ハリーはもう一人の親友ロン・ウィーズリーがどんな反応を示すか想像してみた。ソバカスだらけの鼻の高いロンの顔が、フーッと目の前に現れた。当惑した表情だ。『傷が痛いって？ だけど、けど例のあの人が今君のそばにいるわけないよ。そうだろ？ だって、もしいるなら、君、わかるはずだろ？ また君を殺そうとするはずだろ？

ハリー、僕、わかんないけど、呪いの傷跡って、いつでも少しはズキズキするものなんじゃないかなあ。パパに聞いてみるよ』

ロンの父親は魔法省の”マグル製品不正使用取締局”に勤めるれっきとした魔法使いだが、ハリーの知る限り呪いに関しては特に専門家ではなかった。いずれにせよ、たった数分間傷がうずいたからといって自分がびくびくしているなどと、ウィーズリー家の全員に知られたくは無い。ウィーズリー夫人はハーマイオニーよりも大騒ぎして心配するだろうし、ロンの双子の兄、十六歳になるフレッドとジョージは、ハリーが意気地なしだと思えるかもしれない。ウィーズリー一家はハリーが世界中で一番好きな家族だった。明日にもウィーズリー家から泊まりに来るようにと招待が来るはずだ

ロンが何かクイディッチ ワールドカップの事を話していたし。折角の滞在中に傷跡はどうかと心配そうに何度も聞かれたりするのハリーは何だか嫌だった。

ハリーは拳で額を揉んだ。本当は、自分でそうだと認めるのは恥ずかしかったが、誰か父親や母親のような人が欲しかった。大

Common Magical Ailments and Afflictions. As for informing the headmaster, Harry had no idea where Dumbledore went during the summer holidays. He amused himself for a moment, picturing Dumbledore, with his long silver beard, full-length wizard's robes, and pointed hat, stretched out on a beach somewhere, rubbing suntan lotion onto his long crooked nose. Wherever Dumbledore was, though, Harry was sure that Hedwig would be able to find him; Harry's owl had never yet failed to deliver a letter to anyone, even without an address. But what would he write?

Dear Professor Dumbledore, Sorry to bother you, but my scar hurt this morning. Yours sincerely, Harry Potter.

Even inside his head the words sounded stupid.

And so he tried to imagine his other best friend, Ron Weasley's, reaction, and in a moment, Ron's red hair and long-nosed, freckled face seemed to swim before Harry, wearing a bemused expression.

“Your scar hurt? But ... but You-Know-Who can't be near you now, can he? I mean ... you'd know, wouldn't you? He'd be trying to do you in again, wouldn't he? I dunno, Harry, maybe curse scars always twinge a bit. ... I'll ask Dad. ...”

Mr. Weasley was a fully qualified wizard who worked in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office at the Ministry of Magic, but he didn't have any particular expertise in the matter of curses, as far as Harry knew. In any case, Harry didn't like the idea of the whole Weasley family knowing that he, Harry, was getting jumpy about a few moments' pain. Mrs. Weasley would fuss worse than Hermione, and Fred and George, Ron's sixteen-year-old twin brothers, might think Harry was losing his nerve. The Weasleys were Harry's favorite family in the world; he was hoping that they might invite him to stay any time now (Ron

人の魔法使いで、こんな馬鹿な事を、と思わずにハリーが相談できる誰か、自分の事を心配してくれる誰か、闇の魔術の経験がある誰か。

するとふっと答えが思い浮かんだ。こんな簡単な、こんな明白な事を思いつくのになんかに時間がかかるなんて。

シリウスだ。ハリーはベッドから飛び降り急いで部屋の反対側にある机に座った。羊皮紙を一巻引きよせ、鷲羽ペンにインクを含ませ『シリウス、元気ですか』と書き出した。そこでペンが止まった。どうやら上手く説明できるのだろう。初めからシリウスを思い浮かべなかった事にハリーは自分でもまだ驚いていた。しかしそんなに驚く事ではないのかもしれない。そもそもシリウスが自分の名付け親だと知ったのはほんの二ヵ月前の事なのだから。

シリウスがそれまでハリーの人生に全く姿を見せなかった理由は簡単だった。シリウスはアズカバンにいたのだ。ディメンターという目を持たない魂を吸い取る鬼に監視された恐ろしい魔法界監獄のアズカバンだ。そこを脱獄したシリウスを追ってディメンターはホグワーツにやってきた。しかしシリウスは無実だった。殺人の罪に問われていたが、まさにその殺人を犯したのはヴォルデモートの家来ワームテールだった。

ワームテールは死んだのだとほとんどのみんながそう思っている。しかしハリー、ロン、ハーマイオニーはそうではない事を知っている。前の学年のとき、三人は真正面からワームテールと対面したのだ。でも三人の話信じたのはダンブルドア校長だけだった。

あの輝かしい一時間の間だけに、ハリーはついにダーズリーたちと別れる事ができると思った。シリウスが汚名を濯いだら一緒に暮らそうとハリーに言ってくれたからだ。しかしそのチャンスはたちまち奪われてしまった。ワームテールを魔法省に引き渡す前に逃してしまったのだ。

had mentioned something about the Quidditch World Cup), and he somehow didn't want his visit punctuated with anxious inquiries about his scar.

Harry kneaded his forehead with his knuckles. What he really wanted (and it felt almost shameful to admit it to himself) was someone like — someone like a *parent*: an adult wizard whose advice he could ask without feeling stupid, someone who cared about him, who had had experience with Dark Magic. ...

And then the solution came to him. It was so simple, and so obvious, that he couldn't believe it had taken so long — *Sirius*.

Harry leapt up from the bed, hurried across the room, and sat down at his desk; he pulled a piece of parchment toward him, loaded his eagle-feather quill with ink, wrote *Dear Sirius*, then paused, wondering how best to phrase his problem, still marveling at the fact that he hadn't thought of Sirius straight away. But then, perhaps it wasn't so surprising — after all, he had only found out that Sirius was his godfather two months ago.

There was a simple reason for Sirius's complete absence from Harry's life until then — Sirius had been in Azkaban, the terrifying wizard jail guarded by creatures called dementors, sightless, soul-sucking fiends who had come to search for Sirius at Hogwarts when he had escaped. Yet Sirius had been innocent — the murders for which he had been convicted had been committed by Wormtail, Voldemort's supporter, whom nearly everybody now believed dead. Harry, Ron, and Hermione knew otherwise, however; they had come face-to-face with Wormtail only the previous year, though only Professor Dumbledore had believed their story.

For one glorious hour, Harry had believed that he was leaving the Dursleys at last, because

シリウスは身を隠さなければ命を落とすところだった。ハリーはシリウスがバックビークという名のヒッポグリフの背に乗って逃亡するのを助けた。それ以来ずっとシリウスは逃亡生活が続いている。ワームテールさえ逃さなかったらシリウスと暮らせたのになという思いが、夏休みに入ってずっとハリーの頭を離れなかった。

もう少しでダーズリーのところから永久に逃れる事ができたのにとすると、この家に戻るのは二倍も辛かった。一緒に暮らせはしないが、それでもシリウスはハリーの役に立っていた。

学用品を全部自分の部屋に持ち込む事ができたのもシリウスのお陰だった。これまではダーズリー一家が決してそれを許してくれなかった。常々ハリーをなるべくじめにしておきたいという思いもあり、その上ハリーの力を恐れていたのもダーズリーたちは夏休みになると、ハリーの学校用のトランクを階段下の物置に入れて鍵をかけておいたものだった。

ところが、その危険な殺人犯がハリーの名付け親だと分かるとダーズリーたちの態度が一変した。シリウスは無実だとダーズリーたちに告げるのをハリーは都合よく忘れる事にした。プライベート通りに戻ってからハリーはシリウスの手紙を二通受け取った。

二回ともふくろうが届けたのではなく派手な色をした大きな南国の鳥が持ってきた。ヘドウィグはけげんばしい侵入者が気に入らず、鳥が帰路につく前に自分の水受け皿から水を飲むのをなかなか承知なかった。

ハリーはこの鳥たちが気に入っていた。ヤシの木や白い砂浜の気分にはさせてくれるからだ。シリウスがどこにしようとも、(手紙が途中で他人の手に渡る事も考えられるので、シリウスは居場所を明かさなかった)、元気で暮らしてほしいとハリーは願った。

強烈な太陽の光の下では何故かディメンターが長生きしないような気がした。たぶん

Sirius had offered him a home once his name had been cleared. But the chance had been snatched away from him — Wormtail had escaped before they could take him to the Ministry of Magic, and Sirius had had to flee for his life. Harry had helped him escape on the back of a hippogriff called Buckbeak, and since then, Sirius had been on the run. The home Harry might have had if Wormtail had not escaped had been haunting him all summer. It had been doubly hard to return to the Dursleys knowing that he had so nearly escaped them forever.

Nevertheless, Sirius had been of some help to Harry, even if he couldn't be with him. It was due to Sirius that Harry now had all his school things in his bedroom with him. The Dursleys had never allowed this before; their general wish of keeping Harry as miserable as possible, coupled with their fear of his powers, had led them to lock his school trunk in the cupboard under the stairs every summer prior to this. But their attitude had changed since they had found out that Harry had a dangerous murderer for a godfather — for Harry had conveniently forgotten to tell them that Sirius was innocent.

Harry had received two letters from Sirius since he had been back at Privet Drive. Both had been delivered, not by owls (as was usual with wizards), but by large, brightly colored tropical birds. Hedwig had not approved of these flashy intruders; she had been most reluctant to allow them to drink from her water tray before flying off again. Harry, on the other hand, had liked them; they put him in mind of palm trees and white sand, and he hoped that, wherever Sirius was (Sirius never said, in case the letters were intercepted), he was enjoying himself. Somehow, Harry found it hard to imagine dementors surviving for long in bright sunlight; perhaps that was why Sirius had gone south. Sirius's letters, which were now hidden beneath the highly useful loose floorboard under Harry's bed,

それでシリウスは南へ行ったのだろう。シリウスの手紙はベッド下の床板のゆるくなったところに隠してあった。この隙間はとても役に立つ。二通とも元気そうならいいが必要な時にはいつでも連絡するようにと念を押ししていた。

そうだ。今こそシリウスが必要だ。よし。夜明け前の冷たい灰色の光がゆっくりと部屋に忍びこみ机の明かりが薄暗くなるように感じられた。太陽が上り部屋の壁が金色に映え、バーノンおじさんとペチュニアおばさんの部屋から人の動く気配がしはじめたとき、ハリーはくしゃくしゃに丸めた羊皮紙を片づけ机をきれいにして、いよいよ書き終えた手紙を読み直した。

『シリウス、元気ですか。この間はお手紙をありがとう。あの鳥はとても大きくて、窓から入るのがやっとでした。こちらは何も変わっていません。ダドリーのダイエットはあまりうまくいってはいません。昨日、ダドリーはこっそりドーナツを部屋に持ち込もうとするのを、おばさんが見つめました。こんな事が続くようなら小遣いを減らすないといけなくなると、二人がダドリーに言うと、ダドリーはものすごく怒って、プレイステーションを窓から投げ捨てました。これはゲームをして遊ぶコンピューターのようなものです。バカな事をしたものです。だって、もうダドリーの気を紛らわすものは何もないんです。メガ ミューテーション パート3で遊べなくなってしまったのですから。僕は大丈夫です。それというのも、僕が頼めばあなたがやってきて、ダーズリー一家をコウモリに変えてしまうかもしれないと、みんな怖がっているからです。でも、今朝、気味の悪い事が起こりました。傷跡がまだ痛んだのです。この前痛んだのは、ヴォルデモートがホグワーツにいたからでした。でも、今は僕の身近にいるとは考えられません。そうでしょう？ 呪いの傷跡って、何年も後に痛む事があるのですか？

ヘドウィグが戻ってきたら、この手紙を持たせます。今は餌を取りに出かけていま

sounded cheerful, and in both of them he had reminded Harry to call on him if ever Harry needed to. Well, he needed to now, all right. ...

Harry's lamp seemed to grow dimmer as the cold gray light that precedes sunrise slowly crept into the room. Finally, when the sun had risen, when his bedroom walls had turned gold, and when sounds of movement could be heard from Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia's room, Harry cleared his desk of crumpled pieces of parchment and reread his finished letter.

Dear Sirius,

Thanks for your last letter. That bird was enormous; it could hardly get through my window.

Things are the same as usual here. Dudley's diet isn't going too well. My aunt found him smuggling doughnuts into his room yesterday. They told him they'd have to cut his pocket money if he keeps doing it, so he got really angry and chucked his PlayStation out of the window. That's a sort of computer thing you can play games on. Bit stupid really, now he hasn't even got Mega-Mutilation Part Three to take his mind off things.

I'm okay, mainly because the Dursleys are terrified you might turn up and turn them all into bats if I ask you to.

A weird thing happened this morning, though. My scar hurt again. Last time that happened it was because Voldemort was at Hogwarts. But I don't reckon he can be anywhere near me now, can he? Do you know if curse scars sometimes hurt years afterward?

I'll send this with Hedwig when she gets back; she's off hunt-ing at the moment. Say hello to Buckbeak for me.

す。バックビークによろしく。ハリーより』

よし、これでいい、とハリーは思った。夢の事を書いてもしようがない。ハリーはあんまり心配しているように思われたくわなかった。羊皮紙を畳み机の脇に置き、ヘドウィグが戻ったらいつでも出せるようにした。それから立ち上がり、伸びをしてもう一度洋ダンスを開けた。扉裏の鏡に映る自分を見もせず、ハリーは朝食に降りていくために着替えはじめた。

Harry

Yes, thought Harry, that looked all right. There was no point putting in the dream; he didn't want it to look as though he was too worried. He folded up the parchment and laid it aside on his desk, ready for when Hedwig returned. Then he got to his feet, stretched, and opened his wardrobe once more. Without glancing at his reflection, he started to get dressed before going down to breakfast.