

# CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE	1
<b>THE BOY WHO LIVED</b>	
CHAPTER TWO	19
<b>THE VANISHING GLASS</b>	
CHAPTER THREE	33
<b>THE LETTERS FROM NO ONE</b>	
CHAPTER FOUR	50
<b>THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS</b>	
CHAPTER FIVE	66
<b>DIAGON ALLEY</b>	
CHAPTER SIX	94
<b>THE JOURNEY FROM PLATFORM NINE AND THREE-QUARTERS</b>	
CHAPTER SEVEN	121
<b>THE SORTING HAT</b>	
CHAPTER EIGHT	140
<b>THE POTIONS MASTER</b>	
CHAPTER NINE	153
<b>THE MIDNIGHT DUEL</b>	

CHAPTER TEN	175
<b>HALLOWE'EN</b>	
CHAPTER ELEVEN	193
<b>QUIDDITCH</b>	
CHAPTER TWELVE	208
<b>THE MIRROR OF ERISED</b>	
CHAPTER THIRTEEN	231
<b>NICOLAS FLAMEL</b>	
CHAPTER FOURTEEN	245
<b>NORBERT THE NORWEGIAN RIDGEBACK</b>	
CHAPTER FIFTEEN	260
<b>THE FORBIDDEN FOREST</b>	
CHAPTER SIXTEEN	281
<b>THROUGH THE TRAPDOOR</b>	
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN	310
<b>THE MAN WITH TWO FACES</b>	

## **Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone**

**By J.K. Rowling**

### **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 mustache. 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 neighbors. 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 neighbors 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, gray 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 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 good-bye but missed,



tick nearer, wondering if the Dursleys would remember at all, wondering where the letter writer was now.

Five minutes to go. Harry heard something creak outside. He hoped the roof wasn't going to fall in, although he might be warmer if it did. Four minutes to go. Maybe the house in Privet Drive would be so full of letters when they got back that he'd be able to steal one somehow.

Three minutes to go. Was that the sea, slapping hard on the rock like that? And (two minutes to go) what was that funny crunching noise? Was the rock crumbling into the sea?

One minute to go and he'd be eleven. Thirty seconds... twenty... ten... nine — maybe he'd wake Dudley up, just to annoy him — three... two... one...

BOOM.

The whole shack shivered and Harry sat bolt upright, staring at the door. Someone was outside, knocking to come in.

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

**The**

### **Keeper of the Keys**

BOOM. They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake.

"Where's the cannon?" he said stupidly.

There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands — now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them.

"Who's there?" he shouted. "I warn you — I'm armed!"

There was a pause. Then —

SMASH!

The door was hit with such force that it swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor.

A giant of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door, and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the storm outside dropped a little. He turned to look at them all.



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