



HARRY POTTER

And the Philosopher's Stone

ALSO BY J.K ROWLING

Harry Potter and the Sorcerers Stone

Year One at Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets

Year Two at Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban

Year Three at Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire

Year Four at Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Oder of the Phoenix

Year Five at Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince

Year Six at Hogwarts

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

Year Seven at Hogwarts

For Sean D. F Harris

Getaway Driver and Foul-Weather Friend

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Donec pellentesque libero id tempor aliquam. Maecenas a diam at metus
varius

rutrum vel in nisl. Maecenas a est lorem. Vivamus tristique nec eros ac
hendrerit. Vivamus imperdiet justo id lobortis luctus. Sed facilisis
ipsum ut

tellus pellentesque tincidunt. Mauris libero lectus, maximus at mattis
ut,

venenatis eget diam. Fusce in leo at erat varius laoreet. Mauris non ipsum
pretium, convallis purus vel, pulvinar leo. Aliquam lacinia lorem dapibus
tortor imperdiet, quis consequat diam mollis.

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CONTENTS Sections

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TWO

The second item

THREE

The third etc \ldots

CHAPTER ONE



THE BOY WHO LIVED

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 mustache. "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 build 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.

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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 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.

Dudley hitched up his trousers, which were slipping down his fat bottom. "Why're you staring at the hedge?"

he said suspiciously. "I'm trying to decide what would be the best spell to set it on fire," said Harry.

Dudley stumbled backward at once, a look of panic on his fat face. "You c-can't — Dad told you you're not to do m-magic — he said he'll chuck you out of the house — and you haven't got anywhere else to go — you haven't got any friends to take you —" "Jiggery pokery!" said Harry in a fierce voice.

"Hocus pocus — squiggly wiggly —" "MUUUUUUM!" howled Dudley, tripping over his feet as he dashed back toward the house. "MUUUUM! He's doing you know what!" Harry paid dearly for his moment of fun.

As neither Dudley nor the hedge was in any way hurt, Aunt Petunia knew he hadn't really done magic, but he still had to duck as she aimed a heavy blow at his head with the soapy frying pan.

Then she gave him work to do, with the promise he wouldn't eat again until he'd finished.

While Dudley lolled around watching and eating ice cream, Harry cleaned the windows, washed the car, mowed the lawn, trimmed the flowerbeds, pruned and watered the roses, and repainted the garden bench. The sun blazed overhead, burning the back of his neck.

Harry knew he shouldn't have risen to Dudley's bait, but Dudley had said the very thing

Harry had been thinking himself . . . maybe he didn't have any friends at Hogwarts. . . .

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Wish they could see famous Harry Potter now, he thought savagely as he spread manure on the flower beds, his back aching, sweat running down his face. It was half past seven in the evening when at last, exhausted, he heard Aunt Petunia calling him. "Get in here! And walk on the newspaper!" Harry moved gladly into the shade of the gleaming kitchen. On top of the fridge stood tonight's pudding: a huge mound of whipped cream and sugared violets. A loin of roast pork was sizzling in the oven. "Eat quickly! The Masons will be here soon!" snapped Aunt Petunia, pointing to two slices of bread and a lump of cheese on the kitchen table. She was already wearing a salmon-pink cocktail dress. Harry washed his hands and bolted down his pitiful supper. The moment he had finished, Aunt Petunia whisked away his plate. "Upstairs! Hurry!"

As he passed the door to the living room, Harry caught a glimpse of Uncle Vernon and Dudley in bow ties and dinner jackets. He had only just reached the upstairs landing when the doorbell rang and Uncle Vernon's furious face appeared at the foot of the stairs. "Remember, boy — one sound —" Harry crossed to his bedroom on tiptoe, slipped inside, closed the door, and turned to collapse on his bed. The trouble was, there was already someone sitting on it.