

HARRY POTTER

and the
GOBLET
of FIRE



4

J.K. ROWLING

TO PETER R OWLING,

IN MEMORY OF MR. RIDLEY

AND TO SUSAN S LADDEN,

WHO HELPED HARRY

OUT OF HIS CUPBOARD

給彼得·羅林，紀念里德利先生和蘇珊·斯拉登，她幫助哈利從他的櫥櫃中走出來。

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THE RIDDLE HOUSE

The villagers of Little Hangleton still called it “the Riddle House,” even though it had been many years since the Riddle family had lived there. It stood on a hill overlooking the village, some of its windows boarded, tiles missing from its roof, and ivy spreading unchecked over its face. Once a fine-looking manor, and easily the largest and grandest building for miles around, the Riddle House was now damp, derelict, and unoccupied.

The Little Hangletons all agreed that the old house was “creepy.” Half a century ago, something strange and horrible had happened there, something that the older inhabitants of the village still liked to discuss when topics for gossip were scarce. The story had been picked over so many times, and had been embroidered in so many places, that nobody was quite sure what the truth was anymore. Every version of the tale, however, started in the same place: Fifty years before, at daybreak on a fine summer’s morning, when the Riddle House had still been well kept and impressive, a maid had entered the drawing room to find all three Riddles dead.

小漢格爾頓的村民們仍然稱它為“里德爾屋”，即使里德爾家族已經不在那裡很多年了。它矗立在一個俯瞰村莊的山丘上，一些窗戶被鎖上，屋頂上有瓦片缺失，常春藤不斷地攀爬在它的牆面上。里德爾屋曾經是一座漂亮的莊園，也是周圍幾英里內最大最華麗的建築物，但現在卻又濕又廢棄，無人居住。小漢格爾頓的居民們都認為這所老屋很“毛骨悚然”。半個世紀前，那裡曾發生過一些奇怪且可怕的事情，當時村子裡的老居民們還喜歡在話題匱乏的時候聊聊這件事。故事被談論了很多次，在很多地方進行了編排，以至於現在已經沒有人知道真相是什麼了。然而，故事的每個版本都是從同一個地方開始的：五十年前，一個晴朗的夏日清晨，在里德爾屋還維護良好和令人印象深刻的時候，一名女僕進入客廳，發現三個里德爾家人都已經死了。

The maid had run screaming down the hill into the village and roused as many people as she could.

“Lying there with their eyes wide open! Cold as ice! Still in their dinner things!”

The police were summoned, and the whole of Little Hangleton had seethed with shocked curiosity and ill-disguised excitement. Nobody wasted their breath pretending to feel very sad about the Riddles, for they had been most unpopular. Elderly Mr. and Mrs. Riddle had been rich, snobbish, and rude, and their grown-up son, Tom, had been, if anything, worse. All the villagers cared about was the identity of their murderer — for plainly, three apparently healthy people did not all drop dead of natural causes on the same night.

The Hanged Man, the village pub, did a roaring trade that night; the whole village seemed to have turned out to discuss the murders. They were rewarded for leaving their firesides when the Riddles’ cook arrived dramatically in their midst and announced to the suddenly silent pub that a man called Frank Bryce had just been arrested.

傭人尖叫著跑下山丘找到村莊，並喚醒盡可能多的人。“他們張大著眼睛躺在那裡！冷得像冰一樣！還穿著晚餐服！”警察受到召喚，整個小漢格爾頓都充滿了震驚的好奇心和掩藏不住的興奮。沒有人浪費他們的氣力假裝對里德爾一家感到非常難過，因為他們一直以來都非常不受歡迎。年邁的里德爾夫婦富有、勢利和粗魯，而他們的兒子湯姆更是更糟糕。村民們關心的只是他們的兇手是誰—明顯地，三個貌似健康的人不可能在同一晚上突然死亡。當晚，鄉村酒吧“The Hanged Man”的生意十分火爆；整個村莊似乎都出來討論這起謀殺案。當里德爾一家的廚師戲劇性地出現在酒吧，宣告一個叫做法蘭克·布萊斯的男人剛被逮捕時，他們獲得了回報。

“Frank!” cried several people. “Never!”

Frank Bryce was the Riddles’ gardener. He lived alone in a run-down cottage on the grounds of the Riddle House. Frank had come back from the war with a very stiff leg and a great dislike of crowds and loud noises, and had been working for the Riddles ever since.

There was a rush to buy the cook drinks and hear more details.

“Always thought he was odd,” she told the eagerly listening villagers, after her fourth sherry. “Unfriendly, like. I’m sure if I’ve offered him a cuppa once, I’ve offered it a hundred times. Never wanted to mix, he didn’t.”

“Ah, now,” said a woman at the bar, “he had a hard war, Frank. He likes the quiet life. That’s no reason to —”

“Who else had a key to the back door, then?” barked the cook. “There’s been a spare key hanging in the gardener’s cottage far back as I can remember! Nobody forced the door last night! No broken windows! All Frank had to do was creep up to the big house while we was all sleeping . . .”

「弗蘭克！」幾個人喊道。「絕不可能！」弗蘭克·布萊斯是里德爾家的園丁。他獨自在里德爾屋的庭院裡一間破舊的小屋裡住著。自從從戰爭回來以來，弗蘭克的一條腿僵硬得很，對人群和嘈雜的聲音非常不喜歡，然後從此一直在為里德爾家工作。人們湧來買酒給廚師喝，更想多聽聽詳細情況。「我一直覺得他很奇怪，」在第四杯雪利酒之後，她告訴渴望聽取的村民們。「不友好，像。我敢肯定我給過他一杯熱茶，我喝過一百杯了。他不想交際。」「啊，現在，」吧臺上的一個女人說，「弗蘭克度過了一段艱苦的戰爭時光。他喜歡寧靜的生活。那沒有理由去做這種事。」「那誰還有鑰匙進後門？」廚師咆哮道。「就在我記憶深處，園丁小屋就一直掛著多餘的鑰匙！昨晚沒有人強行開門！玻璃窗也沒打碎！弗蘭克只需要趁我們都在睡覺的時候悄悄走進大房子就可以了……」

The villagers exchanged dark looks.

“I always thought he had a nasty look about him, right enough,” grunted a man at the bar.

“War turned him funny, if you ask me,” said the landlord.

“Told you I wouldn’t like to get on the wrong side of Frank, didn’t I, Dot?” said an excited woman in the corner.

“Horrible temper,” said Dot, nodding fervently. “I remember, when he was a kid . . .”

By the following morning, hardly anyone in Little Hangleton doubted that Frank Bryce had killed the Riddles.

But over in the neighboring town of Great Hangleton, in the dark and dingy police station, Frank was stubbornly repeating, again and again, that he was innocent, and that the only person he had seen near the house on the day of the Riddles’ deaths had been a teenage boy, a stranger, dark-haired and pale. Nobody else in the village had seen any such boy, and the police were quite sure that Frank had invented him.

村民們交換了沉悶的眼神。“我一直以為他長得很令人不舒服，呃，”一個男人在酒吧嘟囔。“戰爭讓他變得怪異，如果你問我的話，”房東說。“我告訴過你，我不想得罪弗蘭克的，不是嗎，點？”一個興奮的女人在角落裡說。“他的脾氣很可怕，”點頭熱烈地說，“我記得，他還是個孩子的時候……”到第二天早上，幾乎沒有人懷疑法蘭克·布萊斯殺了里德爾一家。但是在隔壁大漢格爾頓鎮的陰暗而陰沉的警察局，法蘭克卻一再固執地重複他的清白，他在里德爾一家被殺害的那天所看到的唯一一個人就是一個陌生的黑髮蒼白的十幾歲少年。村裡沒有其他人看到這樣的男孩，警察們相信法蘭克是在捏造他。

Then, just when things were looking very serious for Frank, the report on the Riddles’ bodies came back and changed everything.

The police had never read an odder report. A team of doctors had examined the bodies and had concluded that none of the Riddles had been poisoned, stabbed, shot, strangled, suffocated, or (as far as they could tell) harmed at all. In fact (the report continued, in a tone of unmistakable bewilderment), the Riddles all appeared to be in perfect health — apart from the fact that they were all dead. The doctors did note (as though determined to find something wrong with the bodies) that each of the Riddles had a look of terror upon his or her face — but as the frustrated police said, whoever heard of three people being *frightened* to death?

當事情對於弗蘭克變得非常嚴重時，報告關於里德爾一家的屍體卻改變了一切。警方從來沒有讀過比這更奇特的報告。一組醫生檢查了這些屍體後，得出的結論是里德爾一家人沒有被毒殺、刺傷、槍擊、勒頸、窒息或者（就他們所知）根本沒受到任何傷害。事實上（報告以一種無法被誤解的迷惑口氣繼續說道），除了他們都已經死亡以外，里德爾家人看上去都非常健康。醫生們雖然還是注意到（似乎是為了要找出些不對勁的東西），每個里德爾家人的臉上都有著恐懼的表情，但警方感到相當沮喪——誰聽說過有人吓死三個人的事情？

As there was no proof that the Riddles had been murdered at all, the police were forced to let Frank go. The Riddles were buried in the Little Hangleton churchyard, and their graves remained objects of curiosity for a while. To everyone’s surprise, and amid a cloud of suspicion, Frank Bryce returned to his cottage on the grounds of the Riddle House.

“S far as I’m concerned, he killed them, and I don’t care what the police say,” said Dot in the Hanged Man. “And if he had any decency, he’d leave here, knowing as how we knows he did it.”

But Frank did not leave. He stayed to tend the garden for the next family who lived in the Riddle House, and then the next — for neither family stayed long. Perhaps it was partly because of Frank that the new owners said there was a nasty feeling about the place, which, in the absence of inhabitants, started to fall into disrepair.

證據上並沒有證明瑞德爾夫婦被謀殺了，警方只好釋放弗蘭克。瑞德爾夫婦被葬在小漢格爾頓教堂附近的公墓裏，他們的墳墓成為了一段時間的好奇心話題。讓眾人意外的是，弗蘭克·布萊斯回到了瑞德爾豪宅區裏的自己的小屋。“就我看來，他殺了他們，我不在乎警方說什麼，”道特在吊死人酒館裏說，“如果他自己有點良心的話，他就應該離開這裏，因為我們知道他幹了什麼。”但是弗蘭克沒有離開，他留下來為接下來住在瑞德爾豪宅的家庭打理花園，直到下一家和後來的家庭離開。也許部分原因是因為弗蘭克，新主人說這個地方有一種不好的感覺，沒有人居住的情況下，它開始變得破敗不堪。

The wealthy man who owned the Riddle House these days neither lived there nor put it to any use; they said in the village that he kept it for “tax reasons,” though nobody was very clear what these might be. The wealthy owner continued to pay Frank to do the gardening, however. Frank

was nearing his seventy-seventh birthday now, very deaf, his bad leg stiffer than ever, but could be seen pottering around the flower beds in fine weather, even though the weeds were starting to creep up on him, try as he might to suppress them.

Weeds were not the only things Frank had to contend with either. Boys from the village made a habit of throwing stones through the windows of the Riddle House. They rode their bicycles over the lawns Frank worked so hard to keep smooth. Once or twice, they broke into the old house for a dare. They knew that old Frank's devotion to the house and grounds amounted almost to an obsession, and it amused them to see him limping across the garden, brandishing his stick and yelling croakily at them. Frank, for his part, believed the boys tormented him because they, like their parents and grandparents, thought him a murderer. So when Frank awoke one night in August and saw something very odd up at the old house, he merely assumed that the boys had gone one step further in their attempts to punish him.

現今擁有里德爾屋的富有男子既不住在那裡，也不將其用作任何用途。村裡的人說他為了“稅收原因”而保留著它，盡管沒有人非常清楚這些是什麼。然而，這位富有的擁有者繼續支付給弗蘭克進行園藝工作。弗蘭克現在即將達到77歲，聽力非常差，他的壞腿比以往更加僵硬，但在好天氣裡可以看到他在花圃裡溜達，盡管雜草越來越多，他盡力壓制也無濟於事。弗蘭克所要對付的不僅僅是雜草。村裡的男孩經常會向里德爾屋的窗戶投擲石頭。他們騎著自行車在弗蘭克努力維持平整的草坪上騎行。有時，他們會因為一時好玩而闖入這座古老的房子。他們知道老弗蘭克對房子和庭園的熱愛幾乎到了痴迷的程度，他們看著他一瘸一拐地穿過花園，揮舞他的棍子，發出嘶啞的吼叫聲，感到很有趣。弗蘭克則認為，男孩們折磨他，是因為他們和他們的父母祖父母一樣，認為他是個殺人犯。因此，當弗蘭克在八月的一個晚上醒來，看到里德爾屋上有非常奇怪的東西時，他僅僅認為男孩們在試圖對他進一步的懲罰。

It was Frank's bad leg that woke him; it was paining him worse than ever in his old age. He got up and limped downstairs into the kitchen with the idea of refilling his hot-water bottle to ease the stiffness in his knee. Standing at the sink, filling the kettle, he looked up at the Riddle House and saw lights glimmering in its upper windows. Frank knew at once what was going on. The boys had broken into the house again, and judging by the flickering quality of the light, they had started a fire.

Frank had no telephone, and in any case, he had deeply mistrusted the police ever since they had taken him in for questioning about the Riddles' deaths. He put down the kettle at once, hurried back upstairs as fast as his bad leg would allow, and was soon back in his kitchen, fully dressed and removing a rusty old key from its hook by the door. He picked up his walking stick, which was propped against the wall, and set off into the night.

弗蘭克的腿痛醒了他，比起年輕時更加劇烈。他起床後，一瘸一拐地走下樓進入廚房，打算重新裝滿熱水袋，以緩解他膝蓋的僵硬。站在洗臉盆邊，裝水壺時，他抬頭看見里德爾小屋的上層窗戶亮著燈。弗蘭克立刻知道發生了什麼。那些男孩再次闖進了屋子，從燈光的閃爍品質看，他們已經點燃了一場火災。弗蘭克沒有電話，而且他深深地不信任警察，因為他們曾經對他就里德爾夫婦的死進行過訊問。他立刻放下水壺，盡可能快地往樓上跑，不久後他已經回到廚房，穿好衣服，從門邊的鉤子上取下了一把生鏽的舊鎖匙。他拿起了靠在牆邊的拐杖，踏上了黑夜的道路。

The front door of the Riddle House bore no sign of being forced, nor did any of the windows. Frank limped around to the back of the house until he reached a door almost completely hidden by ivy, took out the old key, put it into the lock, and opened the door noiselessly.

He let himself into the cavernous kitchen. Frank had not entered it for many years; nevertheless, although it was very dark, he remembered where the door into the hall was, and he groped his way toward it, his nostrils full of the smell of decay, ears pricked for any sound of footsteps or voices from overhead. He reached the hall, which was a little lighter owing to the large mullioned windows on either side of the front door, and started to climb the stairs, blessing the dust that lay thick upon the stone, because it muffled the sound of his feet and stick.

里德爾屋的前門沒有任何被強行破開的痕迹，窗戶也是一樣。弗蘭克一瘸一拐地繞到房子的後面，直到找到一個被常春藤幾乎完全遮蓋的門，拿出舊鑰匙插進鎖里，無聲地把門打開。他走進了寬敞的廚房。弗蘭克已經多年沒進過這間廚房，即使很黑暗，他還是記得通向大廳的門在那裡，他摸索著靠近門口，鼻子里聞著腐爛的氣味，耳朵竖著聽上面有沒有脚步聲或說話聲。他走到了大廳，因為正門兩側的大窗戶，光線略微明亮一些，開始爬樓梯，慶幸石頭地面上積厚的塵土讓他的腳步和手杖發出的聲音變小了。

On the landing, Frank turned right, and saw at once where the intruders were: At the very end of the passage a door stood ajar, and a flickering light shone through the gap, casting a long sliver of gold across the black floor. Frank edged closer and closer, grasping his walking stick firmly. Several feet from the entrance, he was able to see a narrow slice of the room beyond.

The fire, he now saw, had been lit in the grate. This surprised him. Then he stopped moving and listened intently, for a man's voice spoke within the room; it sounded timid and fearful.

“There is a little more in the bottle, my Lord, if you are still hungry.”

“Later,” said a second voice. This too belonged to a man—but it was strangely high-pitched, and cold as a sudden blast of icy wind. Something about that voice made the sparse hairs on the back of Frank's neck stand up. “Move me closer to the fire, Wormtail.”

法蘭克轉向右側停在樓梯平台上，馬上發現侵入者的位置：通道盡頭有一個半開著的門，門縫內透出閃爍的燈光，形成一條在黑色地面上的長長的金色條。法蘭克一步步靠近，握緊手中的拐杖。走至門口數英尺，他可以看到房間裡的一條狹窄景象。他發現壁爐裡已點燃了火。這引起他的意外。停下動作，他全神貫注地聽著，因為房內傳來一個人的聲音；聽起來膽怯而恐懼。「那個瓶子還剩一點，閣下。如果再餓可以再吃。」「稍後。」第二個聲音也是男性的，但又異常高聲，像是冰冷的狂風一樣。那個聲音讓法蘭克後腦勺的稀疏頭髮直立起來。「Wormtail，把我移到火爐旁邊。」

Frank turned his right ear toward the door, the better to hear. There came the clink of a bottle being put down upon some hard surface, and then

the dull scraping noise of a heavy chair being dragged across the floor. Frank caught a glimpse of a small man, his back to the door, pushing the chair into place. He was wearing a long black cloak, and there was a bald patch at the back of his head. Then he went out of sight again.

“Where is Nagini?” said the cold voice.

“I — I don’t know, my Lord,” said the first voice nervously. “She set out to explore the house, I think. . . .”

“You will milk her before we retire, Wormtail,” said the second voice. “I will need feeding in the night. The journey has tired me greatly.”

Brow furrowed, Frank inclined his good ear still closer to the door, listening very hard. There was a pause, and then the man called Wormtail spoke again.

法蘭克轉動他的右耳向著門，以便更好地聽到。接著，他聽到了一瓶瓶子放到硬面上的聲音，然後是沉悶的椅子被拖過地板的聲音。法蘭克瞥見一個小男人，他背對著門，將椅子推到位。他穿著一件黑色長斗篷，頭後面有一個禿頂。然後他又消失了。“納吉尼在哪裡？”冷酷的聲音問道。“我——我不知道，主人，”第一個聲音緊張地說道，“我想她出去探索房子了……”“晚上在我們休息之前你要給她擠奶，渾蛋，”第二個聲音說道，“我半夜會需要喂食。這次旅途讓我非常疲憊。”法蘭克的眉頭皺起，他把好耳朵靠近門，非常努力地聽。有一段時間的暫停，然後是那個叫渾蛋的人再次開口。

“My Lord, may I ask how long we are going to stay here?”

“A week,” said the cold voice. “Perhaps longer. The place is moderately comfortable, and the plan cannot proceed yet. It would be foolish to act before the Quidditch World Cup is over.”

Frank inserted a gnarled finger into his ear and rotated it. Owing, no doubt, to a buildup of earwax, he had heard the word “Quidditch,” which was not a word at all.

“The — the Quidditch World Cup, my Lord?” said Wormtail. (Frank dug his finger still more vigorously into his ear.) “Forgive me, but — I do not understand — why should we wait until the World Cup is over?”

“Because, fool, at this very moment wizards are pouring into the country from all over the world, and every meddler from the Ministry of Magic will be on duty, on the watch for signs of unusual activity, checking and double-checking identities. They will be obsessed with security, lest the Muggles notice anything. So we wait.”

「閣下，我可以問問我們要在這裡待多久嗎？」「一個星期，」那冷酷的聲音說。「也許更久。這裡相當舒適，而且計劃還沒有進展。在魁地奇世界杯結束之前行動是愚蠢的。」弗蘭克把一根扭曲的手指伸到耳朵裡旋轉。毫無疑問，由於耳垢積聚，他聽到了「魁地奇」這個不是詞的詞。「魁地奇世界杯，閣下？」鼠鬚鼠尾(Wormtail)說。(弗蘭克更用力地在耳朵裡挖了挖。)「請原諒我，但我不明白，為什麼我們要等到世界杯結束？」「笨蛋，因為此時此刻，巫師從世界各地湧入這個國家，每個來自魔法部的干預者都將在值班，監視任何不尋常的活動，檢查和重複檢查身份。他們將沉迷於安全，以免麻瓜察覺到任何事情。所以，我們等待。」

Frank stopped trying to clear out his ear. He had distinctly heard the words “Ministry of Magic,” “wizards,” and “Muggles.” Plainly, each of these expressions meant something secret, and Frank could think of only two sorts of people who would speak in code: spies and criminals. Frank tightened his hold on his walking stick once more, and listened more closely still.

“Your Lordship is still determined, then?” Wormtail said quietly.

“Certainly I am determined, Wormtail.” There was a note of menace in the cold voice now.

A slight pause followed — and then Wormtail spoke, the words tumbling from him in a rush, as though he was forcing himself to say this before he lost his nerve.

“It could be done without Harry Potter, my Lord.”

Another pause, more protracted, and then —

弗蘭克停止了清理他的耳朵。他清楚地聽到了“魔法部”、“巫師”和“馬格爾”，每個詞語都意味著某種秘密，弗蘭克認為只有間諜和罪犯才會使用代碼。弗蘭克再次緊握著手杖，並更加仔細地聽著。“陛下仍然堅定不移嗎？”毛松鼠輕聲說。“當然，我堅定不移，毛松鼠。”現在，冰冷的聲音中帶著一種威脅的音調。接下來是一個稍微停頓的時刻，然後毛松鼠急急忙忙地講話，他的話像是湧出來的一樣，好像他在努力在失去勇氣之前說出這些話。“在沒有哈利•波特的情況下，也可以做到，我的主人。”又是一個更長的暫停，然後--

“Without Harry Potter?” breathed the second voice softly. “I see . . .”

“My Lord, I do not say this out of concern for the boy!” said Wormtail, his voice rising squeakily. “The boy is nothing to me, nothing at all! It is merely that if we were to use another witch or wizard — any wizard — the thing could be done so much more quickly! If you allowed me to leave you for a short while — you know that I can disguise myself most effectively — I could be back here in as little as two days with a suitable person —”

“I could use another wizard,” said the cold voice softly, “that is true. . . .”

“My Lord, it makes sense,” said Wormtail, sounding thoroughly relieved now. “Laying hands on Harry Potter would be so difficult, he is so well protected —”

“And so you volunteer to go and fetch me a substitute? I wonder . . . perhaps the task of nursing me has become wearisome for you, Wormtail? Could this suggestion of abandoning the plan be nothing more than an attempt to desert me?”

“沒有哈利波特？”第二個聲音輕聲說道。“我明白了……”“我的主啊，我這麼說並不是為了關心那個男孩！”沃姆泰爾的聲音尖尖地升高：“對我來說，那個男孩什麼都不是！只是，如果我們能夠使用另一個女巫或巫師——任何巫師——這件事情會快得多！如果您允許我離開您一段時間——您知道，我可以掩飾得非常好——我可以在短短兩天內帶回一個合適的人——”“我可以使用另一個巫師，”那個冰冷的聲音輕輕地說，“這是真的……”“我的主啊，這是合情合理的，”沃姆泰爾現在聽起來非常放心了。“要弄到哈利波特非常困難，他的保護措施非常完善——”“那麼你自願去找一個替代品給我？我在想……也許照顧我已經讓你覺得疲憊不堪了，沃姆泰爾？這個放棄計劃的建議是不是只是想要離開我？”

“My Lord! I — I have no wish to leave you, none at all —”

“Do not lie to me!” hissed the second voice. “I can always tell, Wormtail! You are regretting that you ever returned to me. I revolt you. I see you flinch when you look at me, feel you shudder when you touch me. . . .”

“No! My devotion to Your Lordship —”

“Your devotion is nothing more than cowardice. You would not be here if you had anywhere else to go. How am I to survive without you, when I need feeding every few hours? Who is to milk Nagini?”

“But you seem so much stronger, my Lord —”

“Liar,” breathed the second voice. “I am no stronger, and a few days alone would be enough to rob me of the little health I have regained under your clumsy care. *Silence!*”

Wormtail, who had been sputtering incoherently, fell silent at once. For a few seconds, Frank could hear nothing but the fire crackling. Then the second man spoke once more, in a whisper that was almost a hiss.

“我的主！我——我不想離開您，絲毫沒有——”“不要對我撒謊！”第二個聲音嘶嘶作聲。“我總是知道，測謊蟲！你後悔回到我身邊。你對我感到反感。當你看著我時會畏縮，當你碰到我時會顫抖……”“不！我對您的獻身——”“你的獻身只不過是懦弱罷了。如果你還有別的地方可去，你何必會在這裡？我怎麼能沒有你生存，當我需要每幾小時進食？誰會給納吉尼擠奶？”“但是您看起來比以前更強壯了，我的主——”“騙子，”第二個聲音喘息著。“我並沒有更強壯，幾天沒有你在身邊就足以剝奪我在你笨拙的照顧下恢復的一點點健康。閉嘴！”測謊蟲一直喃喃自語，立刻沉默了下來。幾秒鐘內，弗蘭克除了爐火作響之外什麼也沒聽到。然後第二個人再次說話，他的聲音幾乎成了嘶嘯的低語。

“I have my reasons for using the boy, as I have already explained to you, and I will use no other. I have waited thirteen years. A few more months will make no difference. As for the protection surrounding the boy, I believe my plan will be effective. All that is needed is a little courage from you, Wormtail — courage you will find, unless you wish to feel the full extent of Lord Voldemort’s wrath —”

“My Lord, I must speak!” said Wormtail, panic in his voice now. “All through our journey I have gone over the plan in my head — my Lord, Bertha Jorkins’s disappearance will not go unnoticed for long, and if we proceed, if I murder —”

“If?” whispered the second voice. “If? If you follow the plan, Wormtail, the Ministry need never know that anyone else has died. You will do it quietly and without fuss; I only wish that I could do it myself, but in my present condition . . . Come, Wormtail, one more death and our path to Harry Potter is clear. I am not asking you to do it alone. By that time, my *faithful* servant will have rejoined us —”

我使用這個男孩，我已經向你解釋過，我有我的原因，我不會使用其他人。我已經等了十三年，再等幾個月也沒有差別。至於保護男孩周圍的措施，我相信我的計劃會很有效。你只需要一點勇氣，Wormtail——你會找到勇氣，除非你想感受到Lord Voldemort的憤怒。”“我必須勸告，主人！”Wormtail的聲音中帶著恐慌。“在我們的旅途中，我一直在腦海中回想計劃——我的主人，Bertha Jorkins的失蹤不會很快被察覺，如果我們繼續，如果我謀殺——”“如果？”第二個聲音輕聲說道。“如果？如果你按照計劃行事，Wormtail，部長大人永遠不需要知道其他人死亡的消息。你會安靜地而且毫不費力地完成它；我只希望我現在能夠親自完成它，但由於我的現狀……來吧，Wormtail，再殺一個人，我們通往哈利波特的道路就清晰了。我並不要求你獨自完成它。在那個時候，我的忠誠僕人會重新加入我們——”

“I am a faithful servant,” said Wormtail, the merest trace of sullenness in his voice.

“Wormtail, I need somebody with brains, somebody whose loyalty has never wavered, and you, unfortunately, fulfill neither requirement.”

“I found you,” said Wormtail, and there was definitely a sulky edge to his voice now. “I was the one who found you. I brought you Bertha Jorkins.”

“That is true,” said the second man, sounding amused. “A stroke of brilliance I would not have thought possible from you, Wormtail — though, if truth be told, you were not aware how useful she would be when you caught her, were you?”

“I — I thought she might be useful, my Lord —”

“Liar,” said the second voice again, the cruel amusement more pronounced than ever. “However, I do not deny that her information was invaluable. Without it, I could never have formed our plan, and for that, you will have your reward, Wormtail. I will allow you to perform an essential task for me, one that many of my followers would give their right hands to perform . . .”

「我是一位忠誠的僕人，」華姆泰爾說道，聲音中帶著微微的悶悶不樂。「華姆泰爾，我需要的是一個既有頭腦又忠心耿耿的人，而你卻做不到這兩點。」「我找到了你，」華姆泰爾說道，聲音中現在明顯帶著不悅。「是我找到了你，我帶來了柏莎·喬金斯。」「的確如此，」第二個人說道，聽起來很有趣。「這真是出乎我想像之外的一招，華姆泰爾。儘管實話告訴你，你當時並沒有意識到她會有多麼有用，對吧？」「我——我當時以為她會有用，主人，」華姆泰爾嘗試辯解。「撒謊，」第二個聲音又出現了，殘忍的幽默感更加明顯。「然而，不能否認的是，她的信息是無價的。沒有她，我永遠不可能制定這個計畫，因此，你會得到你的回報，華姆泰爾。我將讓你為我執行一項重要的任務，很多追隨者都會為此而獻出他們的右手...」

“R-really, my Lord? What — ?” Wormtail sounded terrified again.

“Ah, Wormtail, you don’t want me to spoil the surprise? Your part will come at the very end . . . but I promise you, you will have the honor of being just as useful as Bertha Jorkins.”

“You . . . you . . .” Wormtail’s voice suddenly sounded hoarse, as though his mouth had gone very dry. “You . . . are going . . . to kill me too?”

“Wormtail, Wormtail,” said the cold voice silkily, “why would I kill you? I killed Bertha because I had to. She was fit for nothing after my questioning, quite useless. In any case, awkward questions would have been asked if she had gone back to the Ministry with the news that she had met you on her holidays. Wizards who are supposed to be dead would do well not to run into Ministry of Magic witches at wayside inns. . . .”

「真的嗎，我的主人？什麼——？」蟲尾的聲音再次傳來驚恐的聲音。「啊，蟲尾，你不想我破壞驚喜吧？你的角色將在最後才出現.....但我保證你，你將像貝爾塔·喬金斯一樣光榮地成為一樣有用的人。」「你.....你.....」蟲尾的聲音突然變得沙啞，好像喉嚨很乾。「蟲尾，蟲尾，」冷酷的聲音如絲綢般說道，「我為什麼要殺了你呢？我殺死貝爾塔是因為我不得不這麼做。經過我的審問後，她已經一無是處，非常沒有價值。無論如何，如果她回到魔法部與你度假時見面的消息傳回去，將會引起棘手的問題。被認為已經死亡的巫師最好不要在路邊客棧遇到魔法部女巫.....」

Wormtail muttered something so quietly that Frank could not hear it, but it made the second man laugh — an entirely mirthless laugh, cold as his speech.

“*We could have modified her memory?* But Memory Charms can be broken by a powerful wizard, as I proved when I questioned her. It would be an insult to her *memory* not to use the information I extracted from her, Wormtail.”

Out in the corridor, Frank suddenly became aware that the hand gripping his walking stick was slippery with sweat. The man with the cold voice had killed a woman. He was talking about it without any kind of remorse — with *amusement*. He was dangerous — a madman. And he was planning more murders — this boy, Harry Potter, whoever he was — was in danger —

Frank knew what he must do. Now, if ever, was the time to go to the police. He would creep out of the house and head straight for the telephone box in the village . . . but the cold voice was speaking again, and Frank remained where he was, frozen to the spot, listening with all his might.

小矮星輕聲嘀咕了些什麼，以致弗蘭克聽不到，但這話讓另一個人發出了冷冰冰的不自然笑聲。「我們本來可以修改她的記憶，不是嗎？但是有強大的巫師就能夠打破記憶咒語，我問訊她的時候已經證明過了。不使用我從她口中取出的資訊，實在挺對不起她的記憶。」在走廊裡，弗蘭克突然發現他握著拐杖的手滑溜溜的滿是汗水。那個帶著冷漠的聲音的人殺了一個女性，卻毫不悔悟，還覺得這很有趣。他是個危險的瘋子，正在計劃更多的謀殺。那個叫哈利·波特的男孩現在處於危險之中。弗蘭克知道該怎麼辦了。如果有時該去找警察的話，現在就是那個時刻了。他會悄悄離開屋子，直接走向村裡的電話亭.....但那個冷漠的聲音又開始說話了，弗蘭克不得不一動不動地站在原地，竭力傾聽。

“One more murder . . . my faithful servant at Hogwarts . . . Harry Potter is as good as mine, Wormtail. It is decided. There will be no more argument. But quiet . . . I think I hear Nagini. . . .”

And the second man’s voice changed. He started making noises such as Frank had never heard before; he was hissing and spitting without drawing breath. Frank thought he must be having some sort of fit or seizure.

And then Frank heard movement behind him in the dark passageway. He turned to look, and found himself paralyzed with fright.

Something was slithering toward him along the dark corridor floor, and as it drew nearer to the sliver of firelight, he realized with a thrill of terror that it was a gigantic snake, at least twelve feet long. Horrified, transfixed, Frank stared as its undulating body cut a wide, curving track through the thick dust on the floor, coming closer and closer — What was he to do? The only means of escape was into the room where two men sat plotting murder, yet if he stayed where he was the snake would surely kill him —

「又一起凶殺.....在霍格華茲裏忠誠服務我的僕人.....哈利波特已經是我的囊中物了，渾蛋。決定了，不會再有爭論了。」但低聲點聲...我好像聽到了納吉尼的聲音.....」第二個人的聲音發生了變化。他發出了弗蘭克從未聽過的聲音，他不斷發出嘶嘶聲、吐沫星子，絲毫不喘息。弗蘭克覺得他可能正在發作或抽搐。接著弗蘭克聽到身後的黑暗通道裏有動靜。他轉過身去看，嚇得動彈不得。一條東西沿著黑暗的走廊地面向他蠕動而來。當它逐漸靠近火光時，弗蘭克恐懼地發現它是一條巨蟒，至少有十二英尺長。弗蘭克驚恐得目瞪口呆，看著它起伏的身體在地上切出一條寬闊、彎曲的軌跡，愈來愈近——他該怎麼辦？唯一的逃生路線就在兩個人密謀謀殺的房間裏，但如果他留在原地，這條蛇肯定會殺死他——

But before he had made his decision, the snake was level with him, and then, incredibly, miraculously, it was passing; it was following the spitting, hissing noises made by the cold voice beyond the door, and in seconds, the tip of its diamond-patterned tail had vanished through the gap.

There was sweat on Frank's forehead now, and the hand on the walking stick was trembling. Inside the room, the cold voice was continuing to hiss, and Frank was visited by a strange idea, an impossible idea. . . . *This man could talk to snakes.*

Frank didn't understand what was going on. He wanted more than anything to be back in his bed with his hot-water bottle. The problem was that his legs didn't seem to want to move. As he stood there shaking and trying to master himself, the cold voice switched abruptly to English again.

但在他做出决定之前，蛇已经和他平齐了，然后，不可思议的，奇迹般的，它正在通过门外那冰冷的声音发出的吐口水声和嘶嘶声跟随着前行，仅仅几秒钟，它有钻石图案的尾巴已经通过了门缝。现在弗兰克额头上汗，拄拐杖的手也在颤抖。房间里，冰冷的声音仍在嘶嘶作响，弗兰克突然想到了一个奇怪的想法，一个不可能的想法……这个人会和蛇交谈。弗兰克不明白发生了什么。他最想做的就是回到床上，拥有自己的热水袋。问题是，他的腿似乎不想动。他站在那里发抖，试图控制自己，冰冷的声音突然又转到了英语。

“Nagini has interesting news, Wormtail,” it said.

“In-deed, my Lord?” said Wormtail.

“Indeed, yes,” said the voice. “According to Nagini, there is an old Muggle standing right outside this room, listening to every word we say.”

Frank didn't have a chance to hide himself. There were footsteps, and then the door of the room was flung wide open.

A short, balding man with graying hair, a pointed nose, and small, watery eyes stood before Frank, a mixture of fear and alarm in his face.

“Invite him inside, Wormtail. Where are your manners?”

The cold voice was coming from the ancient armchair before the fire, but Frank couldn't see the speaker. The snake, on the other hand, was curled up on the rotting hearth rug, like some horrible travesty of a pet dog.

Wormtail beckoned Frank into the room. Though still deeply shaken, Frank took a firmer grip upon his walking stick and limped over the threshold.

“那迦尼帶來了一個有趣的消息，瓦姆泰爾，”那聲音說。“是-是嗎，我們的主人？”瓦姆泰爾說。“確實如此，”聲音說。“據那迦尼所說，有一個老的麻瓜站在這個房間外面，聽我們說的每一句話。”法蘭克沒有機會藏身。有腳步聲，然後房間的門被猛力打開了。一個矮胖、灰頭髮，尖鼻子和小小的水眼的男人站在法蘭克面前，他的臉上混合著恐懼和驚慌。“把他邀進來，瓦姆泰爾。你的禮貌呢？”冷酷的聲音從火爐前的古老扶手椅上傳來，但是法蘭克看不到說話者。而蛇卻蜷縮在爛掉的壁爐地毯上，像一隻可怕的狗寵物。瓦姆泰爾示意法蘭克進入房間。儘管仍然非常震驚，法蘭克緊緊握住拐杖，一瘸一拐地走進門檻。

The fire was the only source of light in the room; it cast long, spidery shadows upon the walls. Frank stared at the back of the armchair; the man inside it seemed to be even smaller than his servant, for Frank couldn't even see the back of his head.

“You heard everything, Muggle?” said the cold voice.

“What's that you're calling me?” said Frank defiantly, for now that he was inside the room, now that the time had come for some sort of action, he felt braver; it had always been so in the war.

“I am calling you a Muggle,” said the voice coolly. “It means that you are not a wizard.”

“I don't know what you mean by wizard,” said Frank, his voice growing steadier. “All I know is I've heard enough to interest the police tonight, I have. You've done murder and you're planning more! And I'll tell you this too,” he added, on a sudden inspiration, “my wife knows I'm up here, and if I don't come back —”

房間裡的火焰是唯一的光源，牆上投下一些又長又像蜘蛛的影子。弗蘭克注視著扶手椅的背面，裡面的人看起來比他的僕人還要小，因為弗蘭克甚至無法看到他的頭。“你全都聽到了，麻瓜？”冷酷的聲音問道。“你剛才叫我什麼？”弗蘭克挺著頭回答，現在他已經進屋了，現在是時候採取行動了，所以他感到更勇敢了；在戰爭中總是這樣。“我稱你為麻瓜，”聲音冷冷地說，“這意味著你不是巫師。”“我不知道你所謂的巫師是什麼，”弗蘭克的聲音變得更加堅定，“我知道我聽到了足夠可以讓警方感興趣的事情。你犯了謀殺罪，而且你還打算殺人！還有，我可以告訴你，”他突然有了靈感，“我妻子知道我來這裡了，如果我沒有回去——”

“You have no wife,” said the cold voice, very quietly. “Nobody knows you are here. You told nobody that you were coming. Do not lie to Lord Voldemort, Muggle, for he knows . . . he always knows. . . .”

“Is that right?” said Frank roughly. “Lord, is it? Well, I don't think much of your manners, *my Lord*. Turn 'round and face me like a man, why don't you?”

“But I am not a man, Muggle,” said the cold voice, barely audible now over the crackling of the flames. “I am much, much more than a man. However . . . why not? I will face you. . . . Wormtail, come turn my chair around.”

The servant gave a whimper.

“You heard me, Wormtail.”

Slowly, with his face screwed up, as though he would rather have done anything than approach his master and the hearth rug where the snake lay, the small man walked forward and began to turn the chair. The snake lifted its ugly triangular head and hissed slightly as the legs of the chair snagged on its rug.

“你沒有妻子，”冷漠的聲音輕輕地說，“沒有人知道你在這裡。你沒有告訴任何人你要來。不要對伏地魔撒謊，凡人，因為他知道……他總是知道……”“是嗎？”弗蘭克粗暴地說，“我們的主，是嗎？我可不怎麼認同你的禮貌，我們的主。你為什麼不轉過身來像個男人面對我呢？”“但我不是個男人，凡人，”冷漠的聲音現在幾乎被爐火的響聲淹沒了，“我比男人強得多得多。然而……為什麼不呢？我會面對你的……豬尾巴，把我的椅子轉過來。”僕人發出嗚咽聲。“你聽到我說的話了，豬尾巴。”小男子慢慢地走過來，臉上皺起，好像他寧願做任何事情也不想接近他的主人和躺著蛇的壁爐地毯。他開始轉動椅子，當椅子的腳掛在地毯上時，蛇抬起醜陋的三角頭，發出輕微的嘶嘶聲。

And then the chair was facing Frank, and he saw what was sitting in it. His walking stick fell to the floor with a clatter. He opened his mouth and let out a scream. He was screaming so loudly that he never heard the words the thing in the chair spoke as it raised a wand. There was a flash of green light, a rushing sound, and Frank Bryce crumpled. He was dead before he hit the floor.

Two hundred miles away, the boy called Harry Potter woke with a start.

然後椅子轉向弗蘭克，他看到坐在上面的東西。他的拐杖啪地一聲掉在地上。他張著嘴尖叫著。他尖叫得如此之大，以至於他從未聽到椅子上的東西說的話，因為它舉起了一根魔杖。有一個綠光閃過，有一個嗖嗖聲響，弗蘭克·布萊斯就倒下去了。他在落地之前就死了。兩百英里外，名叫哈利·波特的男孩驚醒了。



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.

哈利仰躺下来，好像刚奔跑了一样，大口呼吸。他从一个生动的梦中醒来，双手压在脸上。他额头上的旧伤疤像一道闪电一样，就像有人刚刚把白热线压在他的皮肤上一样灼热。他坐了起来，一只手仍然放在疤痕上，另一只手在黑暗中摸索着床头柜上的眼镜。他戴上它们，卧室的景象变得更清晰了，透过窗帘，街灯外散发出微弱的橘色光线。哈利再次摸了摸疤痕，它仍然很疼。他打开身边的台灯，从床上爬了起来，穿过房间，打开了衣柜，向里面的镜子张望。一个14岁的瘦小男孩望着他，他那不整齐的黑色头发下疑惑的翠绿色眼睛。他更仔细地检查了自己的反射中的那道闪电伤疤。看起来很正常，但仍然会刺痛。

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 . . .

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?

哈利試圖回憶他醒來前所做的夢，它看起來很真實……他認識兩個人和一個他不知道的人……他集中精神，皺眉頭，試圖記得……一個朦朧的、黑暗的房間畫面出現了……鞦韆地氈上有一條蛇……有個叫彼得的小人，綽號“蟲尾”……還有一個冷酷、高聲的聲音……那是佛地魔的聲音。哈利感覺到一塊冰塊滑進了他的胃裡。他緊閉雙眼，試圖回憶佛地魔長什麼樣子，但這是不可能的……哈利唯一知道的是，當佛地魔的椅子轉向他，他看到椅子上坐著的東西時，他感到了一陣恐懼的痙攣，這使他醒來……或者那是他的疼痛在他的疤上嗎？

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.

那個老人是誰？哈利確定他見證了老人跌倒在地的過程。一切都變得混亂了。哈利將臉埋在手中，遮住自己的臥室，試圖將那裏昏暗的房間的樣子記住，但這就像是嘗試將水握在手中，細節正在他想要留住它們時悄悄流逝。佛地魔和獻祭者正談論著他們殺害的某個人，但哈利無法記住那個人的名字……他們正在密謀著殺害另一個人……他！哈利將手掌從臉上移開，睜開眼睛，在臥室裏四處凝視，好像期望看到不尋常的東西。事實上，這個房間裏有非常多不尋常的東西。一個大木箱子敞開著，放在他床脚下，裏面裝著一個煉金爐、掃帚、黑袍和各種法術書。在他的書桌上，雪貓頭鷹海德維克通常棲息的大而空的籠子佔

據了它不占去的部分，桌子的另一邊散落著卷軸。在床旁的地板上放著一本書，哈利昨晚入睡前正在閱讀它。這本書的圖片全部都在動。一群穿著鮮豔橙色袍子的人在掃帚上快速穿梭，互相投擲著一個紅色的球。

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 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.

哈利走向書本，拿起它，看著其中一位巫師通過五十英尺高的大圈得分一個壯觀的目標。然後他闔上書本。即使飛天魁地奇在哈利的看法中，是世界上最好的運動-他目前也無法分心。他將《飛天炮手》放在床頭櫃上，走到窗戶前，拉開窗簾，觀察下面的街道。普里弗特大道在周六早上的前幾個小時看起來跟一條典型的郊區街道一樣。所有的窗簾都關上了。就哈利所能看到的黑暗中，沒有看到任何生物，甚至沒有貓。然而.....然而.....哈利不安地回到床上坐下來，再次用手指揉他的傷疤。並不是疼痛讓他煩惱；哈利對疼痛和傷病已經司空見慣了。他曾經失去了右臂所有的骨頭，而這些骨頭在一個晚上痛苦地重生。同一只手臂不久之後被一根長達一英尺的毒牙穿了。就在去年，哈利從空中飛行的掃帚上跌落了五十英尺。如果你上霍格華茲魔法與巫術學校，並且有吸引許多麻煩的本領，那麼這些奇怪的意外和傷害是不可避免的。

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, 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.

不，真正困扰哈利的是，上一次他的疤痕痛是因为佛地魔靠近.....但现在佛地魔不可能在这里.....佛地魔在小区里潜伏是荒謬的、不可能的事情.....哈利仔細聆听着周围的寂靜。他是不是半期望听到楼梯咯吱作响或斗篷沙沙的响声？接着，他輕微地惊了一跳，因为他听见同房的表弟达德利发出了一声巨大的哼鸣。哈利在心里责备自己太傻了。除了弗农叔叔、佩妮姨和达德利之外，他身边没有其他人。他们显然还在熟睡中，梦境无忧无虑，没有痛苦。哈利最喜欢邓思利家人熟睡的时候；醒来的时候，他们对他没有什么帮助。弗农叔叔、佩妮姨和达德利是哈利唯一的亲戚。他们是麻瓜，痛恨和鄙视任何形式的魔法，这意味着哈利在他们家里就像干腐病一样受到排斥。在过去的三年里，他们解释哈利在霍格沃茨长时间缺席的原因是——他去了圣布卢特斯无法治愈罪犯少年收容中心。他们非常清楚，作为未成年的巫师，哈利不被允许在霍格沃茨之外使用魔法，但他们仍然倾向于把家里发生的任何事情归咎于他。哈利从来没能向他们倾诉关于他在巫师世界中的生活或任何事情。一旦他们醒来，告诉他们他的疤痕使他痛苦，以及他对佛地魔的担忧，这个想法就变得可笑了。

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 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.

然而，正是因為佛地魔，哈利才一開始住在德思禮小姐家中。如果不是因為佛地魔，哈利的額頭上就沒有那條閃電形的疤痕。如果不是因為佛地魔，哈利的父母也還會健在.....當年，哈利才一歲，佛地魔——一個統治黑暗系巫師百年、持續11年不斷壯大的巫師——來到他家裡殺害了他的父母。佛地魔雙手持杖對著哈利，施展了太多強大的魔法詛咒，曾經擊敗了許多成年巫師，但出乎意料地未能摧毀這名小男孩。詛咒彈回去後，佛地魔的力量被摧毀，生命垂危的他逃跑了。多年來，巫師與女巫們都因為佛地魔的恐怖而生活，而隨後，佛地魔的追隨者也隨之解散，哈利波特因而成名。

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?

哈利在他十一歲生日發現自己是一名巫師已經夠讓他震驚了，更令人不安的是發現隱藏的巫師世界裡的每個人都知道他的名字。哈利來到霍格華茲後，發現無論走到哪裡，大家都會轉過頭來窃窃私語。但現在他已經習慣了：這個夏天結束後，他將開始在霍格華茲的第四年，哈利已經開始盼望着回到城堡的日子。但在回到學校之前還有兩周的時間。他徒然地再次四處看了看房間，眼睛停留在他的兩位最好的朋友在七月底寄給他的生日卡上。如果哈利給他們寫信告訴他們他的疤痕疼痛，他們會說什麼呢？

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 *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?

霍格華茲的赫敏格蘭傑的聲音充滿了他的腦海，尖銳而焦慮。「你的傷疤痛了嗎？哈利，那真的很嚴重...寫信給鄧布利多教授！我會去查一下《常見魔法疾病與困擾》看看有沒有關於詛咒傷疤的資料...」是的，這肯定是赫敏的建議：直接去找霍格華茲的校長，同時翻閱參考書籍。哈利凝視著漆黑的天空，他懷疑書籍能否幫助他。據他所知，他是唯一一個像他一樣活過下來的人，遭受了像佛地魔那樣的詛咒，所以很難找到相關的症狀。至於通知校長，哈利沒有任何頭緒，鄧布利多教授在暑假期間去哪裡，他也不知道。他愉快地想象著鄧布利多，他那長長的銀色鬍鬚，身穿全身長袍和尖尖的巫師帽，在某個海灘上伸展開來，潤滑著他那彎曲的鼻子。然而，無論鄧布利多在哪裡，哈利確信海德薇會找到他，哈利的貓頭鷹從來沒有漏掉過發送信件的人，即使沒有地址。但他該寫些什麼呢？

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

親愛的鄧不利多教授，不好意思打擾您，但今天早上我的傷疤疼痛。致上誠摯的問候，哈利波特。即使在他的腦海裏，這些話聽起來也很蠢。於是，他試著想像他的另一個好朋友朗·衛斯理的反應，一會兒後，朗的紅髮和長鼻子、布滿斑點的臉似乎在哈利面前浮現，臉上露出困惑的表情。「你的傷疤痛了？可是.....你知道吧，現在不能有神秘人接近你，對吧？我的意思是.....你會知道，是不是？他會再試著殺你的，是吧？我不知道，哈利，可能詛咒的傷痕總是有點麻煩.....我會問問我爸爸的.....」威斯萊先生是一位資深的巫師，他在魔法部門的魔法物品濫用辦公室工作，但就哈利所知，他沒有任何特別領域的詛咒知識。無論如何，哈利並不喜歡整個威斯萊家庭都知道他感到不安，只因為幾分鐘的疼痛。韋斯萊太太會比赫敏更為擔心，而朗的十六歲雙胞胎兄弟佛萊德和喬治，可能會認為哈利失去了勇氣。威斯萊家族是哈利世界上最喜歡的家庭；他希望他們能邀請他留下來（朗曾提到過魁地奇世界杯的事），而他不想讓他的訪問充滿著對他的傷疤的擔憂詢問。

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.

哈利用指節揉揉額頭。他真正想要的（幾乎不好意思承認）是個像家長一樣的人：一個他可以向他請教而不感覺愚蠢，關心他的成年巫師，有關黑魔法的經驗等等……然後答案出現了。答案如此簡單，如此明顯，以至於他無法相信他竟然花了這麼長時間——天狼星。哈利從床上跳了起來，趕緊穿過房間，坐在他的書桌前；他向自己拉一張羊皮紙，用鷹毛筆蘸墨水，寫下了“親愛的天狼星”，然後停了下來，想著如何最好地表達他的問題，仍然感嘆他沒有馬上想起天狼星的事實是多麼令人驚訝。但是，也許這並不那麼令人驚訝——畢竟，他才兩個月前才發現天狼星是他的教父。

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 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.

天狼星與哈利之間沒有聯繫的簡單原因是，天狼星曾被關在阿茲卡班監獄，那是一個恐怖的巫師監獄，由名為攝魂怪的生物守衛著。攝魂怪是一種盲目的、吸取靈魂的魔鬼，曾經在天狼星越獄時到過霍格華茲尋找他。然而，天狼星是無辜的，他被判有罪的謀殺案是由沃姆泰爾犯下的，而沃姆泰爾是佛地魔支持者，幾乎所有人都認為他已經死了。然而，哈利、羅恩和赫敏知道事實真相，他們上一年曾與沃姆泰爾面對面，但只有鄧布利多教授相信了他們的故事。有那麼一個美好的小時，哈利相信他終於要離開德思禮一家了，因為一旦天狼星被平反，他就可以提供給哈利一個家。但是這個機會被從他面前搶走了——沃姆泰爾逃脫了，他們沒有把他帶到魔法部，天狼星為了自保不得不逃命。哈利在一隻名叫巴克比克的獨角獸翼下幫助他逃脫，從那時起，天狼星一直在逃亡。如果沒有沃姆泰爾逃脫，哈利本可以有自己的家，但這個念頭一直在他整個夏天萦繞不去。知道自己差點能夠永遠逃離德思禮家，再回到那裡，心情更加沉重。

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, 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. . . .

然而，天狼星對哈利來說還是有幫助的，即使他不能和哈利在一起。正因為有天狼星的幫助，哈利現在把所有學校用品帶到了自己的臥室。從前，德思禮一家從未允許過這種事情；他們一般的願望是讓哈利盡可能地痛苦，再加上他們對他的魔力的害怕，這使得他們以前每年夏天都把哈利的學校東西鎖在樓梯下面的櫥櫃裡。但是，在他們發現哈利有一位危險的殺人犯作為教父之後，他們的態度發生了變化——因為哈利方便地忘記告訴他們天狼星是無辜的。自從哈利回到普里福德街以來，他收到了天狼星的兩封信。這些信不是像巫師們通常使用的貓頭鷹送來的，而是由大而鮮豔的熱帶鳥類送來的。海德薇很不喜歡這些花哨的入侵者；在它們再次飛行前，它最不情願讓它們從它的水盤中喝水。然而，哈利很喜歡它們；它們讓他想起棕櫚樹和白色的沙灘，他希望，無論天狼星在哪裡（天狼星從未說過，以防信件被截獲），他都能玩得開心。不知怎麼回事，哈利很難想象影魔能在明亮的陽光下生存很久；也許這就是為什麼天狼星要往南走的原因。天狼星的信件現在藏在哈利床下非常有用的松散地板下面，聽起來很開心，他們兩個都在信中提醒哈利，如果哈利需要，可以隨時找他幫忙。好吧，他現在需要了。

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.

哈利的桌燈似乎隨著日出前的寒冷灰色光緩緩進入房間而變得暗淡。最後，太陽升起，他的臥室牆變成了金色，能聽到弗农叔叔和佩妮蒂亞阿姨的動靜聲音。哈利清理了他桌子上皺巴巴的羊皮紙，重新閱讀了他完成的信。親愛的小天狼星，謝謝你上次的信。那隻鳥真的很大，幾乎沒有辦法穿過我的窗戶。這裡情況和往常一樣。達德利的減肥進展不太順利。我姨媽昨天發現他在房間裡走私甜甜圈。他們告訴他如果繼續這樣做就會削減他的口袋錢，他就非常生氣，把他的 PlayStation 扱出了窗外。那是一種你可以在上面玩遊戲的電腦東西。非常愚蠢，現在他連大規模毀滅第三部也沒有了，無法轉移他的注意力。

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 hunting at the moment. Say hello to Buckbeak for me.

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.

我很好，主要是因為德思禮一家人很害怕你會出現，如果我讓你來了的話，他們會被變成蝙蝠。不過今天早上發生了一件奇怪的事情，我的傷疤又痛了。上次發生這種事是因為佛地魔在霍格華茲。但我想他現在不可能靠近我吧？你知道嗎，詛咒傷疤有時會多年後還會疼嗎？我會等哈利的信鴿帶回去的，現在她正在狩獵。替我向巴克比克問好。是的，哈利想，看起來還不錯。沒有必要寫上那個夢境，他不想讓人覺得他太擔心。他將信紙摺起來放在桌子上，等待信鴿回來。然後他站起來，伸了伸懶腰，再次打開衣櫥。他沒有去照鏡子，就開始穿衣服，然後走下樓去吃早餐。



THE INVITATION

By the time Harry arrived in the kitchen, the three Dursleys were already seated around the table. None of them looked up as he entered or sat down. Uncle Vernon's large red face was hidden behind the morning's *Daily Mail*, and Aunt Petunia was cutting a grapefruit into quarters, her lips pursed over her horselike teeth.

Dudley looked furious and sulky, and somehow seemed to be taking up even more space than usual. This was saying something, as he always took up an entire side of the square table by himself. When Aunt Petunia put a quarter of unsweetened grapefruit onto Dudley's plate with a tremulous "There you are, Diddy darling," Dudley glowered at her. His life had taken a most unpleasant turn since he had come home for the summer with his end-of-year report.

哈利進入廚房時，三個杜思利家的人已經圍坐在桌旁了，他們都沒有抬頭看他進來或坐下。弗农叔叔的紅臉被今天的《每日郵報》遮住了，彼得尼婭阿姨正在把西柚切成四份，嘴唇緊閉着，彷彿有著馬一樣的牙齒。達德里看起來又生氣又悶悶不樂，而且好像比平常占了更多的空間。這很奇怪，因為他總是自己坐在正方形桌子的一邊。彼得尼婭阿姨把一份無糖西柚切成四份放在了達德利的盤子上，顫抖着對他說着，“這是給你的，Diddy亲爱的。”達德里怒視着她。自从他带着年终报告回家度暑假以来，他的生活变得相当不愉快。

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia had managed to find excuses for his bad marks as usual: Aunt Petunia always insisted that Dudley was a very gifted boy whose teachers didn't understand him, while Uncle Vernon maintained that "he didn't want some swotty little nancy boy for a son anyway." They also skated over the accusations of bullying in the report — "He's a boisterous little boy, but he wouldn't hurt a fly!" Aunt Petunia had said tearfully.

However, at the bottom of the report there were a few well-chosen comments from the school nurse that not even Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia could explain away. No matter how much Aunt Petunia wailed that Dudley was big-boned, and that his poundage was really puppy fat, and that he was a growing boy who needed plenty of food, the fact remained that the school outfitters didn't stock knickerbockers big enough for him anymore. The school nurse had seen what Aunt Petunia's eyes — so sharp when it came to spotting fingerprints on her gleaming walls, and in observing the comings and goings of the neighbors — simply refused to see: that far from needing extra nourishment, Dudley had reached roughly the size and weight of a young killer whale.

舅舅弗农和姑姑佩妮亚照例找到了他的不及格的借口：佩妮亚姑姑总是坚称达德里是一个非常有才华的孩子，他的老师们不了解他，而弗农叔叔则坚称“他不想要一个书呆子儿子。”他们还躲过了报告中有失欺凌的指控——“他是一个好动的孩子，但他绝不会伤害任何人！”佩妮亚姑姑流着泪说道。然而，在报告的底部，学校医生有几处精心挑选的评论，即使弗农叔叔和佩妮亚姑姑也无法解释清楚。无论佩妮亚姑姑如何嚎啕大哭，声称达德利是一位骨骼粗大之人，他的重量实际上只是肥胖，他是需要大量食物的成长中的男孩，事实仍然是，学校的装备商没有库存足够大的短裤供他穿了。学校医生看到了佩妮亚姑姑的眼睛，这对于发现她光亮的牆壁上的指纹以及观察邻居的行踪等事情非常敏锐，但她却拒绝看到的事实：达德利远非需要额外营养，他已经达到了年轻虎鲸的大小和重量。

So — after many tantrums, after arguments that shook Harry's bedroom floor, and many tears from Aunt Petunia — the new regime had begun. The diet sheet that had been sent by the Smeltings school nurse had been taped to the fridge, which had been emptied of all Dudley's favorite things — fizzy drinks and cakes, chocolate bars and burgers — and filled instead with fruit and vegetables and the sorts of things that Uncle Vernon called "rabbit food." To make Dudley feel better about it all, Aunt Petunia had insisted that the whole family follow the diet too. She now passed a grapefruit quarter to Harry. He noticed that it was a lot smaller than Dudley's. Aunt Petunia seemed to feel that the best way to keep up Dudley's morale was to make sure that he did, at least, get more to eat than Harry.

經過多次發脾氣、震撼哈利臥室地板的爭吵和姨媽佩妮的眼淚，新的生活方式已經開始了。體育學校護士寄來的飲食建議已經被貼在冰箱上，而家中所有杜力最愛的東西——汽水、蛋糕、巧克力棒和漢堡——也全被清空，取而代之的是水果、蔬菜和弗农叔叔所稱的“兔子食品”。為了讓杜力有點好感，佩妮姨媽堅持全家人都跟著遵從這種飲食方式。她將一塊葡萄柚四分之一遞給了哈利，他發現這塊比杜力的小得多。佩妮姨媽好像認為，為了讓杜力保持好狀態，至少他的飯量應該比哈利大。

But Aunt Petunia didn't know what was hidden under the loose floorboard upstairs. She had no idea that Harry was not following the diet at all. The moment he had got wind of the fact that he was expected to survive the summer on carrot sticks, Harry had sent Hedwig to his friends with pleas for help, and they had risen to the occasion magnificently. Hedwig had returned from Hermione's house with a large box stuffed full of sugar-free snacks. (Hermione's parents were dentists.) Hagrid, the Hogwarts gamekeeper, had obliged with a sack full of his own homemade rock

cakes. (Harry hadn't touched these; he had had too much experience of Hagrid's cooking.) Mrs. Weasley, however, had sent the family owl, Errol, with an enormous fruitcake and assorted meat pies. Poor Errol, who was elderly and feeble, had needed a full five days to recover from the journey. And then on Harry's birthday (which the Dursleys had completely ignored) he had received four superb birthday cakes, one each from Ron, Hermione, Hagrid, and Sirius. Harry still had two of them left, and so, looking forward to a real breakfast when he got back upstairs, he ate his grapefruit without complaint.

但是珀妮姨母不知道樓上鬆動地板下面隱藏了什麼。她不知道哈利根本沒有遵循飲食規定。當他聽說他必須在夏天以胡蘿蔔絲生存時，他立即派海德薇前往他的朋友那裡求援，他們得以壯大良好的機會。海德薇帶著一個裝滿無糖零食的大盒子從赫敏的家回來了。（赫敏的父母是牙醫。）霍格華茲的看守哈格力也提供了他自己做的一袋岩石蛋糕。（哈利沒有碰這些蛋糕，他對哈格力的烹飪經驗太豐富了。）然而，韋斯萊夫人派了家族的貓頭鷹艾洛，帶著一個巨大的水果蛋糕和各種肉派。可憐的艾洛，年老體弱，需要整整五天的時間才能從旅行中恢復過來。然後，在哈利的生日當天（德思禮一家完全忽視了這一點），他收到了四個絕佳的生日蛋糕，分別來自羅恩，赫敏，哈格力和小天狼星。哈利還剩下其中的兩個，所以，等待著回到樓上享用豐盛早餐的他，不抱怨地吃了他的西柚。

Uncle Vernon laid aside his paper with a deep sniff of disapproval and looked down at his own grapefruit quarter.

“Is this it?” he said grumpily to Aunt Petunia.

Aunt Petunia gave him a severe look, and then nodded pointedly at Dudley, who had already finished his own grapefruit quarter and was eyeing Harry's with a very sour look in his piggy little eyes.

Uncle Vernon gave a great sigh, which ruffled his large, bushy mustache, and picked up his spoon.

The doorbell rang. Uncle Vernon heaved himself out of his chair and set off down the hall. Quick as a flash, while his mother was occupied with the kettle, Dudley stole the rest of Uncle Vernon's grapefruit.

Harry heard talking at the door, and someone laughing, and Uncle Vernon answering curtly. Then the front door closed, and the sound of ripping paper came from the hall.

舅舅弗农不滿意地嗅了一聲，把報紙放在一旁，然後看著自己的葡萄柚四分之一。「就這個嗎？」他不悅地對佩妮姑媽說。佩妮姑媽瞪了他一眼，然後標著點頭，看著已經吃完自己葡萄柚的達德利，用他那兩只小肥豬眼生氣地盯著哈利的葡萄柚四分之一。舅舅弗农發出一聲大嘆息，撩起他濃密的大鬍子，拿起勺子。門鈴響了。舅舅弗农從椅子上站了起來，走廊那邊走去。他媽媽忙著沏茶，很快，達德利搶走了舅舅弗恩剩下的葡萄柚。哈利聽到門外有人講話，有人笑了起來，舅舅弗恩板著臉回應了幾句。然後前門關上了，聽到了從走廊傳來的撕紙聲。

Aunt Petunia set the teapot down on the table and looked curiously around to see where Uncle Vernon had got to. She didn't have to wait long to find out; after about a minute, he was back. He looked livid.

“You,” he barked at Harry. “In the living room. Now.”

Bewildered, wondering what on earth he was supposed to have done this time, Harry got up and followed Uncle Vernon out of the kitchen and into the next room. Uncle Vernon closed the door sharply behind both of them.

“So,” he said, marching over to the fireplace and turning to face Harry as though he were about to pronounce him under arrest. “So.”

Harry would have dearly loved to have said, “So what?” but he didn't feel that Uncle Vernon's temper should be tested this early in the morning, especially when it was already under severe strain from lack of food. He therefore settled for looking politely puzzled.

伯母彼特尼亞把茶壺放在桌子上，好奇地四處看看叔叔華寧去哪了。她等不了多久就找到了；大約一分鐘後，他回來了。他看起來非常生氣。“你，”他對哈利大聲咆哮。“現在就到客廳去。”哈利感到困惑，不知道自己這次到底犯了什麼事，於是他就起身，跟著華寧叔叔從廚房走出去進入另一個房間。華寧叔叔回頭關上了門。“那麼，”他走向壁爐，在轉身面對哈利，好像要宣判他一樣。“那麼。”哈利很想說：“那麼什麼？”但他並不覺得這個早上該考驗華寧叔叔的脾氣，特別是當他因為食物不足而已經承受了巨大的壓力。因此，他只是禮貌地露出困惑的表情。

“This just arrived,” said Uncle Vernon. He brandished a piece of purple writing paper at Harry. “A letter. About you.”

Harry's confusion increased. Who would be writing to Uncle Vernon about him? Who did he know who sent letters by the postman?

Uncle Vernon glared at Harry, then looked down at the letter and began to read aloud:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dursley,

We have never been introduced, but I am sure you have heard a great deal from Harry about my son Ron.

As Harry might have told you, the final of the Quidditch World Cup takes place this Monday night, and my husband, Arthur, has just managed to get prime tickets through his connections at the Department of Magical Games and Sports.

I do hope you will allow us to take Harry to the match, as this really is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity; Britain hasn't hosted the Cup for thirty years, and tickets are extremely hard to come by. We would of course be glad to have Harry stay for the remainder of the summer

holidays, and to see him safely onto the train back to school.

“這剛到了，”張伯倫說。他向哈利揮舞著一張紫色的信紙。“一封關於你的信。”哈利越來越困惑了。誰會寫信給張伯倫關於他的事？他認識什麼人會用郵差寄信呢？張伯倫盯著哈利，然後低頭讀信：親愛的杜思利夫婦：我們從未見過面，但我相信你們已經從哈利那裡聽說過我兒子羅恩的事情了。如哈利可能告訴你的那樣，魁地奇世界杯的總決賽將在本週一晚上舉行，我丈夫亞瑟通過他在魔法遊戲和運動部門的人脈剛剛得到了優質的門票。我真的希望你們能讓我們帶哈利去看比賽，因為這真的是一生一次的機會。英國已經有三十年沒有舉辦世界杯了，門票非常難得。我們當然也很樂意讓哈利留下來度過餘下的暑假，並安全地送他回學校搭車。

It would be best for Harry to send us your answer as quickly as possible in the normal way, because the Muggle postman has never delivered to our house, and I am not sure he even knows where it is.

Hoping to see Harry soon,

Yours sincerely,

Molly Weasley

P.S. I do hope we've put enough stamps on.

Uncle Vernon finished reading, put his hand back into his breast pocket, and drew out something else.

“Look at this,” he growled.

He held up the envelope in which Mrs. Weasley's letter had come, and Harry had to fight down a laugh. Every bit of it was covered in stamps except for a square inch on the front, into which Mrs. Weasley had squeezed the Dursleys' address in minute writing.

“She did put enough stamps on, then,” said Harry, trying to sound as though Mrs. Weasley's was a mistake anyone could make. His uncle's eyes flashed.

最好哈利用正常方式盡快寄送您的答案給我們，因為麻瓜的郵差從未送遞郵件到我們家，我甚至不確定他是否知道它在哪裡。希望很快能見到哈利。此致 敬禮，附言：我真希望我們已經貼夠郵票了。弗农叔叔讀完了信，把手放回口袋，又拿出了另一件東西。“看這個，”他咆哮道。他舉起了韋斯萊夫人的信封，哈利不得不壓制住笑聲。除了正面的一個平方英寸，韋斯萊夫人的信封上每個角落都貼滿了郵票，韋斯萊夫人在那個平方英寸裡面縮小地寫下了德思禮家的地址。“那她確實貼夠了郵票，”哈利說，試圖聽起來好像韋斯萊夫人的錯誤是任何人都可以犯的一樣。他叔叔的眼睛閃過一絲怒氣。

“The postman noticed,” he said through gritted teeth. “Very interested to know where this letter came from, he was. That's why he rang the doorbell. Seemed to think it was funny.”

Harry didn't say anything. Other people might not understand why Uncle Vernon was making a fuss about too many stamps, but Harry had lived with the Dursleys too long not to know how touchy they were about anything even slightly out of the ordinary. Their worst fear was that someone would find out that they were connected (however distantly) with people like Mrs. Weasley.

Uncle Vernon was still glaring at Harry, who tried to keep his expression neutral. If he didn't do or say anything stupid, he might just be in for the treat of a lifetime. He waited for Uncle Vernon to say something, but he merely continued to glare. Harry decided to break the silence.

「郵差發現了。」他咬著牙說。「他對這封信來自哪裡非常感興趣，所以他按了門鈴。他覺得這很有趣。」哈利什麼也沒說。其他人可能不明白為什麼弗冥頓姨父對貼太多郵票大驚小怪，但哈利與德思禮一家人同住太久了，他很清楚他們在任何稍微有點不尋常的情況下會變得多麼脆弱。他們最大的恐懼是有人發現他們與韋斯萊夫人這樣的人有（雖然遠房的）關係。弗冥頓姨父仍然瞪著哈利，哈利試圖保持中立的表情。如果他不做出任何愚蠢的舉動或說任何愚蠢的話，他可能就會有終身難忘的好處。他等待弗冥頓姨父說些什麼，但他只是繼續瞪著。哈利決定打破沉默。

“So — can I go then?” he asked.

A slight spasm crossed Uncle Vernon's large purple face. The mustache bristled. Harry thought he knew what was going on behind the mustache: a furious battle as two of Uncle Vernon's most fundamental instincts came into conflict. Allowing Harry to go would make Harry happy, something Uncle Vernon had struggled against for thirteen years. On the other hand, allowing Harry to disappear to the Weasleys' for the rest of the summer would get rid of him two weeks earlier than anyone could have hoped, and Uncle Vernon hated having Harry in the house. To give himself thinking time, it seemed, he looked down at Mrs. Weasley's letter again.

“Who is this woman?” he said, staring at the signature with distaste.

“You've seen her,” said Harry. “She's my friend Ron's mother, she was meeting him off the Hog — off the school train at the end of last term”

“那...我可以走了嗎？”他問道。一陣微弱的痙攣掠過弗农叔叔那張大而發紫的臉，鬍子也直立了起來。哈利想知道那鬍子後面在發生什麼激烈的戰鬥：弗农叔叔內心的兩種本能能在激烈的對抗。讓哈利離開會讓哈利高興，這是弗农叔叔在十三年來一直努力抗拒的事情。另一方面，讓哈利去韋斯萊家度過整個暑假，會讓哈利比預期早兩個星期離開，而弗农叔叔非常不喜歡哈利待

在家裡。看來他需要思考一下，於是看向魔法部長夫人的信，想花點時間考慮一下。“這個女人是誰？”他問，帶著厭惡地看著簽名。“你見過她的，”哈利說：“她是我朋友羅恩的媽媽，上個學期結束時在霍格華茲的學校火車上等他下車的。”

He had almost said “Hogwarts Express,” and that was a sure way to get his uncle’s temper up. Nobody ever mentioned the name of Harry’s school aloud in the Dursley household.

Uncle Vernon screwed up his enormous face as though trying to remember something very unpleasant.

“Dumpy sort of woman?” he growled finally. “Load of children with red hair?”

Harry frowned. He thought it was a bit rich of Uncle Vernon to call anyone “dumpy,” when his own son, Dudley, had finally achieved what he’d been threatening to do since the age of three, and become wider than he was tall.

Uncle Vernon was perusing the letter again.

“Quidditch,” he muttered under his breath. “*Quidditch* — what is this rubbish?”

Harry felt a second stab of annoyance.

“It’s a sport,” he said shortly. “Played on broom—”

他差點說出“霍格華茲特快列車”，這確實會激怒他的叔叔。德思里家的人絕不會大聲提起哈利的學校名字。弗农叔叔皺起巨大的臉，像是在試圖回想起什麼很不愉快的事情。“是個矮胖女人？”他終於咆哮道，“一堆紅髮孩子？”哈利皺了皺眉頭。他認為弗农叔叔稱誰“矮胖”有些不太合適，畢竟他自己的兒子達力自三歲起就一直在威脅要長成比高還闊的身材。弗农叔叔又在閱讀信件。“魁地奇？”他喃喃自語，“魁地奇——這是什麼垃圾？”哈利又覺得有點生氣了。“那是一種運動，”他簡短地回答，“要騎掃帚玩——”

“All right, all right!” said Uncle Vernon loudly. Harry saw, with some satisfaction, that his uncle looked vaguely panicky. Apparently his nerves couldn’t stand the sound of the word “broomsticks” in his living room. He took refuge in perusing the letter again. Harry saw his lips form the words “send us your answer . . . in the normal way.” He scowled.

“What does she mean, ‘the normal way’?” he spat.

“Normal for us,” said Harry, and before his uncle could stop him, he added, “you know, owl post. That’s what’s normal for wizards.”

Uncle Vernon looked as outraged as if Harry had just uttered a disgusting swearword. Shaking with anger, he shot a nervous look through the window, as though expecting to see some of the neighbors with their ears pressed against the glass.

“好了好了！”弗农叔叔大聲說道。哈利看到，他的叔叔看起來有些驚慌失措。顯然他的神經無法承受“掃帚”這個詞在他的客廳中傳達。他躲在重新讀信中。哈利看到他的嘴唇形成“以正常方式向我們回復”這句話。哈利皺起眉頭。“她的意思是什麼，‘正常的方式’？”他咆哮道。“對我們來說是正常的方式，”哈利說道，在他叔叔阻止他之前，他又補充道，“你知道，貓頭鷹郵遞。對巫師來說，這是正常的。”弗农叔叔顯得非常憤怒，彷彿哈利剛剛說了一些可惡的污言穢語一樣。他憤怒地顫抖著，往窗外神經兮兮地看了一眼，彷彿期望看到一些鄰居貼著窗戶偷聽他們的對話。

“How many times do I have to tell you not to mention that unnaturalness under my roof?” he hissed, his face now a rich plum color. “You stand there, in the clothes Petunia and I have put on your ungrateful back —”

“Only after Dudley finished with them,” said Harry coldly, and indeed, he was dressed in a sweatshirt so large for him that he had had to roll back the sleeves five times so as to be able to use his hands, and which fell past the knees of his extremely baggy jeans.

“I will not be spoken to like that!” said Uncle Vernon, trembling with rage.

But Harry wasn’t going to stand for this. Gone were the days when he had been forced to take every single one of the Dursleys’ stupid rules. He wasn’t following Dudley’s diet, and he wasn’t going to let Uncle Vernon stop him from going to the Quidditch World Cup, not if he could help it. Harry took a deep, steady breath and then said, “Okay, I can’t see the World Cup. Can I go now, then? Only I’ve got a letter to Sirius I want to finish. You know — my godfather.”

他嘶嘶作聲：“我得告訴你多少次，不要在我家里提那種不自然的事？”他的臉現在是個深紫色。“你站在那裡，穿着彼得尼亞和我給你穿的衣服，你這個不知感恩的家伙——”“只是在鄧利完成它們以後，”哈利冷淡地說。確實，他穿着一件毛衣，對他來說太大了，他不得不把袖子卷五圈才能使用雙手，並且很長，一直延伸到他松垮的牛仔褲的膝蓋以上。“我不接受你那樣的說話！”弗农叔叔生氣地顫抖著。但哈利不會再這樣站着。強迫他接受德思禮家規的日子已經過去了。他不會遵循鄧利的飲食規定，而且他也不会讓弗农叔叔阻止他去看魁地奇世界杯，除非他有辦法。哈利深呼吸，說：“好吧，我不能去看世界杯。那我現在可以走了嗎？只是我有一封要寫給小天狼星的信。你知道——我的教父。”

He had done it. He had said the magic words. Now he watched the purple recede blotchily from Uncle Vernon’s face, making it look like badly mixed black currant ice cream.

“You’re — you’re writing to him, are you?” said Uncle Vernon, in a would-be calm voice — but Harry had seen the pupils of his tiny eyes contract with sudden fear.

“Well—yeah,” said Harry, casually. “It’s been a while since he heard from me, and, you know, if he doesn’t, he might start thinking something’s wrong.”

He stopped there to enjoy the effect of these words. He could almost see the cogs working under Uncle Vernon’s thick, dark, neatly parted hair. If he tried to stop Harry writing to Sirius, Sirius would think Harry was being mistreated. If he told Harry he couldn’t go to the Quidditch World Cup, Harry would write and tell Sirius, who would *know* Harry was being mistreated. There was only one thing for Uncle Vernon to do. Harry could see the conclusion forming in his uncle’s mind as though the great mustached face were transparent. Harry tried not to smile, to keep his own face as blank as possible. And then—

他做到了。他說出了這個魔法詞。現在他看著紫色從弗农大叔的臉上重重消退，使它看起來像混得很差的黑加侖冰淇淋。“你—你在寫信給他嗎？”大叔弗农試圖用冷靜的聲音問道，但是哈利看到他那微小的眼睛瞳孔因突然的恐懼而收縮。“嗯，對啊，”哈利漫不經心地說，“我從他那兒聽到消息已經有一段時間了，你知道，如果我不回信，他可能會覺得有什麼不對勁。”他停在那裡，享受著這些話產生的效果。他幾乎可以看到大叔弗农厚重、黑色、整齊分開的頭髮下面的齒輪在轉動。如果他試圖阻止哈利寫給小天狼星，小天狼星會認為哈利受到虐待。如果他告訴哈利他不能去魁地奇世界盃，哈利會寫信告訴小天狼星，小天狼星就會知道哈利受到虐待。大叔弗农只有一個辦法。哈利幾乎可以看到他大叔蒙着偉大的鬍鬚的臉彷彿是透明的，形成的結論。哈利試圖不露出笑容，盡可能保持他的臉盤板緊。結果——

“Well, all right then. You can go to this ruddy . . . this stupid . . . this World Cup thing. You write and tell these — these *Weasleys* they’re to pick you up, mind. I haven’t got time to go dropping you off all over the country. And you can spend the rest of the summer there. And you can tell your — your godfather . . . tell him . . . tell him you’re going.”

“Okay then,” said Harry brightly.

He turned and walked toward the living room door, fighting the urge to jump into the air and whoop. He was going . . . he was going to the *Weasleys*’，he was going to watch the Quidditch World Cup!

Outside in the hall he nearly ran into Dudley, who had been lurking behind the door, clearly hoping to overhear Harry being told off. He looked shocked to see the broad grin on Harry’s face.

“好吧，那你可以去這個該死的……這個愚蠢的……這個世界盃的東西。你要寫信告訴這些韋斯萊家人，讓他們去接你，記住了。我沒有時間到處送你。你可以在那裡度過整個夏天。還有，你可以告訴你的教父……告訴他……告訴他你要去。”“那好吧，”哈利樂呵呵地說。他轉身走向客廳的門，忍不住想跳起來歡呼。他要去了……他要去韋斯萊家了，他要去看魁地奇世界盃了！在走廊外，他差點撞上了德力，後者一直躲在門後，顯然希望聽到哈利被訓斥的聲音。他看到哈利臉上的寬慰笑容，震驚不已。

“That was an *excellent* breakfast, wasn’t it?” said Harry. “I feel really full, don’t you?”

Laughing at the astonished look on Dudley’s face, Harry took the stairs three at a time, and hurled himself back into his bedroom.

The first thing he saw was that Hedwig was back. She was sitting in her cage, staring at Harry with her enormous amber eyes, and clicking her beak in the way that meant she was annoyed about something. Exactly what was annoying her became apparent almost at once.

“OUCH!” said Harry as what appeared to be a small, gray, feathery tennis ball collided with the side of his head. Harry massaged the spot furiously, looking up to see what had hit him, and saw a minute owl, small enough to fit into the palm of his hand, whizzing excitedly around the room like a loose firework. Harry then realized that the owl had dropped a letter at his feet. Harry bent down, recognized Ron’s handwriting, then tore open the envelope. Inside was a hastily scribbled note.

“那是一頓美味的早餐，不是嗎？”哈利說道。「我感覺非常飽，你呢？」哈利看著達德利的驚異表情，笑了起來，他一口氣爬上三級階梯，然後猛地衝進自己的臥室。他看到的第一件事情是海德薇回來了。她坐在籠子裡，用她那巨大的琥珀色眼睛盯著哈利，並不斷啄嘴，這意味著她對某些事情感到惱怒。接著哈利很快就知道了是什麼惹惱了她。「哎呀！」哈利大叫著，因為一個看起來像是小小的、灰色的、帶著羽毛的網球撞上了他的腦袋。哈利憤怒地揉著這個地方，抬頭看著撞上他的東西，發現這是一個小小的貓頭鷹，在房間裡像著魔般地舞動著，就像是一支飛出了控制的煙花。哈利突然意識到，貓頭鷹已經在他腳邊掉下了一封信。哈利低頭撿起來，辨認出了羅恩的筆跡，然後撕開了信封，裡面是一張匆匆的便條。

Harry—DAD GOT THE TICKETS—Ireland versus Bulgaria, Monday night. Mum’s writing to the Muggles to ask you to stay. They might already have the letter, I don’t know how fast Muggle post is. Thought I’d send this with Pig anyway.

Harry stared at the word “Pig,” then looked up at the tiny owl now zooming around the light fixture on the ceiling. He had never seen anything that looked less like a pig. Maybe he couldn’t read Ron’s writing. He went back to the letter:

We’re coming for you whether the Muggles like it or not, you can’t miss the World Cup, only Mum and Dad reckon it’s better if we pretend to ask their permission first. If they say yes, send Pig back with your answer pronto, and we’ll come and get you at five o’clock on Sunday. If they say no, send Pig back pronto and we’ll come and get you at five o’clock on Sunday anyway.

哈利——父親拿到了票——愛爾蘭對保加利亞，星期一晚上。母親會給麻瓜寫信請你留下來的。他們可能已經收到信了，我不知道麻瓜郵件有多快。不管怎樣，還是用小天鵝寄給你了。哈利盯著“小天鵝”的字眼看了一會兒，然後抬頭看向現在在天花板上飛來飛去的小貓頭鷹。他從未見過像小貓頭鷹這樣看起來一點也不像小天鵝的東西。也許他看不懂羅恩的字跡。他又回到了信上：無論麻瓜喜不喜歡，我們都要去找你，你不能錯過這次世界杯，只有媽媽和爸爸覺得最好假裝先征求他們的許可。如

果他們答應了，就立刻用小貓頭鷹回信給我們，我們會在星期日下午五點去接你。如果他們拒絕了，也要立刻用小貓頭鷹回信給我們，我們仍會在星期日下午五點去接你。

Hermione's arriving this afternoon. Percy's started work — the Department of International Magical Cooperation. Don't mention anything about Abroad while you're here unless you want the pants bared off you.

See you soon —



“Calm down!” Harry said as the small owl flew low over his head, twittering madly with what Harry could only assume was pride at having delivered the letter to the right person. “Come here, I need you to take my answer back!”

The owl fluttered down on top of Hedwig's cage. Hedwig looked coldly up at it, as though daring it to try and come any closer.

Harry seized his eagle-feather quill once more, grabbed a fresh piece of parchment, and wrote:

Ron, it's all okay, the Muggles say I can come. See you five o'clock tomorrow. Can't wait.



He folded this note up very small, and with immense difficulty, tied it to the tiny owl's leg as it hopped on the spot with excitement. The moment the note was secure, the owl was off again; it zoomed out of the window and out of sight.

赫敏今天下午就要到了。波西已经开始工作了——国际魔法合作署。你在这里的时候不要提及任何关于国外的事情，除非你想死得很惨。待会见！“冷静点！”小猫头鹰低飞过了哈利的头顶，用它只能想象是因为成功把信送到了正确的人手中而兴奋地啁啾不已。“过来，我需要你回信！”小猫头鹰扑闪着飞到雪头宝的笼子上。雪头宝冷冷地看着它，仿佛它敢再靠近一步就会扑过来。哈利再次拿起鹰羽笔，拿出一张新的纸，写下了：罗恩，一切都好，麻瓜说我可以来了。明天5点见。我已等不及了。他把这张纸条小小地折起来，费了好大劲，将它系在小猫头鹰的腿上，小猫头鹰兴奋地在原地扑闪着。信封一旦安全地被系上，小猫头鹰马上飞了起来，它飞出窗户，消失在视线之外。

Harry turned to Hedwig.

“Feeling up to a long journey?” he asked her.

Hedwig hooted in a dignified sort of a way.

“Can you take this to Sirius for me?” he said, picking up his letter. “Hang on . . . I just want to finish it.”

He unfolded the parchment and hastily added a postscript.

If you want to contact me, I'll be at my friend Ron Weasley's for the rest of the summer. His dad's got us tickets for the Quidditch World Cup!

The letter finished, he tied it to Hedwig's leg; she kept unusually still, as though determined to show him how a real post owl should behave.

“I'll be at Ron's when you get back, all right?” Harry told her.

She nipped his finger affectionately, then, with a soft swooshing noise, spread her enormous wings and soared out of the open window.

哈利轉向哈利德。「有力量去旅行嗎？」他問她。哈利德用一種有尊嚴的方式咕嚕出聲。「你能幫我帶這個給小天狼星嗎？」他拿起他的信。「等一下...我只想完成它。」他展開羊皮紙，匆忙地加了一個附言。如果你想聯繫我，我會在我朋友朗·衛斯理的地方度過夏天其餘的時間。他爸買了我們去魁地奇世界盃的門票！信寫完了，他把它綁在哈利德的腿上。她保持著不尋常的靜止，似乎想要向他展示如何成為一只真正的郵貓頭鷹。「你回來的時候，我會在朗的地方，好嗎？」哈利告訴她。她摩挲了摩挲他的手指，然後發出一聲柔和的嗖嗖聲，展開她巨大的翅膀，飛出了開著的窗戶。

Harry watched her out of sight, then crawled under his bed, wrenched up the loose floorboard, and pulled out a large chunk of birthday cake. He sat there on the floor eating it, savoring the happiness that was flooding through him. He had cake, and Dudley had nothing but grapefruit; it was a bright summer's day, he would be leaving Privet Drive tomorrow, his scar felt perfectly normal again, and he was going to watch the Quidditch World Cup. It was hard, just now, to feel worried about anything — even Lord Voldemort.

哈利看著她離去，然後爬到床底下，拎起鬆動的地板，拿出一大塊生日蛋糕。他坐在地上吃著，品味著充滿他的幸福感。他有蛋糕，但達德利只有葡萄柚；這是一個明亮的夏日，明天他就要離開普立特路，他的傷疤感覺很正常，而且他還要看魁地奇世

界杯。現在很難感到擔憂任何事情，即使是佛地魔。



BACK TO THE BURROW

By twelve o'clock the next day, Harry's school trunk was packed with his school things and all his most prized possessions — the Invisibility Cloak he had inherited from his father, the broomstick he had gotten from Sirius, the enchanted map of Hogwarts he had been given by Fred and George Weasley last year. He had emptied his hiding place under the loose floorboard of all food, double-checked every nook and cranny of his bedroom for forgotten spellbooks or quills, and taken down the chart on the wall counting down the days to September the first, on which he liked to cross off the days remaining until his return to Hogwarts.

The atmosphere inside number four, Privet Drive was extremely tense. The imminent arrival at their house of an assortment of wizards was making the Dursleys uptight and irritable. Uncle Vernon had looked downright alarmed when Harry informed him that the Weasleys would be arriving at five o'clock the very next day.

隔天中午十二點，哈利的學校行李箱裝滿了學校物品和他最珍貴的東西，包括他從父親那裡繼承的隱形斗篷，從小天狼星那裡得到的掃帚，以及去年從弗雷德和喬治·韋斯萊那裡得到的霍格華茲魔法地圖。他已經從鬆散的地板下的藏匿處移開了所有食物，檢查了他的臥室中每個角落，以確保沒有忘記的法術書或羽毛筆，並拆下掛在牆上的倒數至九月一日的日曆，上面標註了距離他回到霍格華茲還剩下的天數。四號普里維特大道的氣氛非常緊張。一群巫師即將到他們家中，使得德思禮一家感到緊張和煩躁。哈利告訴弗冥叔叔那天下午五點韋斯萊家族會來訪時，弗冥叔叔看起來驚恐萬分。

"I hope you told them to dress properly, these people," he snarled at once. "I've seen the sort of stuff your lot wear. They'd better have the decency to put on normal clothes, that's all."

Harry felt a slight sense of foreboding. He had rarely seen Mr. or Mrs. Weasley wearing anything that the Dursleys would call "normal." Their children might don Muggle clothing during the holidays, but Mr. and Mrs. Weasley usually wore long robes in varying states of shabbiness. Harry wasn't bothered about what the neighbors would think, but he was anxious about how rude the Dursleys might be to the Weasleys if they turned up looking like their worst idea of wizards.

Uncle Vernon had put on his best suit. To some people, this might have looked like a gesture of welcome, but Harry knew it was because Uncle Vernon wanted to look impressive and intimidating. Dudley, on the other hand, looked somehow diminished. This was not because the diet was at last taking effect, but due to fright. Dudley had emerged from his last encounter with a fully-grown wizard with a curly pig's tail poking out of the seat of his trousers, and Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon had had to pay for its removal at a private hospital in London. It wasn't altogether surprising, therefore, that Dudley kept running his hand nervously over his backside, and walking sideways from room to room, so as not to present the same target to the enemy.

"我希望你告訴他們穿得得體些，這些人，"他立刻咆哮道。"我見過你們那些人穿的東西，他們最好要有禮貌，穿正常的衣服，這就夠了。"哈利感到了一絲不祥的預感。他很少看到威茲利夫婦穿任何杜思利會稱之為"正常"的衣服。他們的孩子在假期期間可能會穿麻瓜服裝，但威茲利夫婦通常穿著各種破爛的長袍。哈利不在意鄰居們會想什麼，但他擔心如果威茲利一家人出現在最糟糕的巫師形象中，杜思利一家會對他們非常粗魯。維農伯父穿上了他最好的西裝。對一些人來說，這可能看起來是歡迎的姿態，但哈利知道這是因為維農伯父想顯得更加有氣勢和威嚴。相反，達德利看起來有些渺小。這不是因為飲食最終產生了作用，而是由於害怕。達德利最後一次和一個成年巫師的相遇中，他在褲子的座位上長出了一個捲曲的豬尾巴，佩婷娜姨媽和維農伯父不得不在倫敦一家私人醫院支付了去除費用。因此，達德利總是緊張地在他的臀部上手足無措，並且側著身子從一個房間走到另一個房間，以避免成為敵人的攻擊目標。

Lunch was an almost silent meal. Dudley didn't even protest at the food (cottage cheese and grated celery). Aunt Petunia wasn't eating anything at all. Her arms were folded, her lips were pursed, and she seemed to be chewing her tongue, as though biting back the furious diatribe she longed to throw at Harry.

"They'll be driving, of course?" Uncle Vernon barked across the table.

"Er," said Harry.

He hadn't thought of that. How were the Weasleys going to pick him up? They didn't have a car anymore; the old Ford Anglia they had once owned was currently running wild in the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts. But Mr. Weasley had borrowed a Ministry of Magic car last year; possibly he would do the same today?

“I think so,” said Harry.

Uncle Vernon snorted into his mustache. Normally, Uncle Vernon would have asked what car Mr. Weasley drove; he tended to judge other men by how big and expensive their cars were. But Harry doubted whether Uncle Vernon would have taken to Mr. Weasley even if he drove a Ferrari.

午餐是一頓幾乎沉默的飯。達德里甚至沒有對食物（干酪和切碎的芹菜）提出抗議。波都妮阿姨根本什麼也沒吃。她的手臂抱著，嘴唇緊緊閉著，似乎咬著自己的舌頭，好像在忍受住內心想要對哈利發牢騷的怒火。“他們當然是開車來的，對吧？”弗農叔吼吼喳喳地問道。“呃，”哈利說。他根本沒想到這一點。韋斯萊家要怎麼接他呢？他們已經沒有車了，他們曾經擁有的老福特安吉利現在正在霍格華茲的禁林裡肆虐。但是韋斯萊先生去年借用了魔法部的車，也許今天他會再借一輛？“我想是的，”哈利說。弗農叔噴出了嘴鬚裡的氣息。通常，弗農叔會問韋斯萊先生開什麼車；他經常根據其他男人的車的大小和價值來評價他們。但是哈利懷疑，就算韋斯萊先生開著一輛法拉利，弗農叔也不會喜歡他。

Harry spent most of the afternoon in his bedroom; he couldn't stand watching Aunt Petunia peer out through the net curtains every few seconds, as though there had been a warning about an escaped rhinoceros. Finally, at a quarter to five, Harry went back downstairs and into the living room.

Aunt Petunia was compulsively straightening cushions. Uncle Vernon was pretending to read the paper, but his tiny eyes were not moving, and Harry was sure he was really listening with all his might for the sound of an approaching car. Dudley was crammed into an armchair, his porky hands beneath him, clamped firmly around his bottom. Harry couldn't take the tension; he left the room and went and sat on the stairs in the hall, his eyes on his watch and his heart pumping fast from excitement and nerves.

哈利大部分下午都呆在他的卧室里。他不能忍受看着佩妮姨妈每隔几秒钟就透过薄纱窗帘往外张望，仿佛有一只犀牛从附近逃出来一样。最后在快五点钟的时候，哈利回到楼下的客厅。佩妮姨妈一遍又一遍地摆弄着靠垫，弗农叔叔则假装在看报纸，但他那双小眼睛却一动也不动，哈利确信他真的在全力倾听着有没有接近的车声。达德利塞进了一张扶手椅里，他的肥手紧紧地抓着他的后臀。哈利无法忍受这种紧张气氛，他离开了客厅，坐在走廊的楼梯上，眼睛盯着手表，从兴奋和紧张中心跳加速。

But five o'clock came and then went. Uncle Vernon, perspiring slightly in his suit, opened the front door, peered up and down the street, then withdrew his head quickly.

“They're late!” he snarled at Harry.

“I know,” said Harry. “Maybe — er — the traffic's bad, or something.”

Ten past five . . . then a quarter past five . . . Harry was starting to feel anxious himself now. At half past, he heard Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia conversing in terse mutters in the living room.

“No consideration at all.”

“We might've had an engagement.”

“Maybe they think they'll get invited to dinner if they're late.”

“Well, they most certainly won't be,” said Uncle Vernon, and Harry heard him stand up and start pacing the living room. “They'll take the boy and go, there'll be no hanging around. That's if they're coming at all. Probably mistaken the day. I daresay *their kind* don't set much store by punctuality. Either that or they drive some tin-pot car that's broken d — AAAAAAAARRRRRGH!”

但五點過後，事情還是沒有進展。佩蒂姨夫穿著西裝微微出汗，打開前門往外張望了一下，又立刻把頭縮回去了。「他們怎麼還不來！」他對哈利咆哮道。「我知道啊。」哈利說：「或許……路上塞車了，或者什麼的。」過了十五分鐘……再過五分鐘……現在哈利也開始有些焦急了。等到半個小時過去，他聽見佩蒂姨夫連連嘀咕，和張與緊促的談話聲從客廳傳來。「這種人一點禮貌也沒有。」「我們本來還有其他活動安排的。」「或許他們想晚到一點，這樣晚飯就可以一起吃了。」「哪有這樣的。」佩蒂姨夫說完就聽到他起身在客廳走來走去的聲音。「他們會帶走那個小子就走，絕無耽擱。放學他們還會來，他們大概是把日期搞錯了吧。他們這種人根本不會重視守時。要不就是他們開一臉蹩腳的爛車……乒乓！」

Harry jumped up. From the other side of the living room door came the sounds of the three Dursleys scrambling, panic-stricken, across the room. Next moment Dudley came flying into the hall, looking terrified.

“What happened?” said Harry. “What's the matter?”

But Dudley didn't seem able to speak. Hands still clamped over his buttocks, he waddled as fast as he could into the kitchen. Harry hurried into the living room.

Loud bangings and scrapings were coming from behind the Dursleys' boarded-up fireplace, which had a fake coal fire plugged in front of it.

“What is it?” gasped Aunt Petunia, who had backed into the wall and was staring, terrified, toward the fire. “What is it, Vernon?”

But they were left in doubt barely a second longer. Voices could be heard from inside the blocked fireplace.

哈利跳了起來。從客廳門的另一邊，可以聽到三個德思禮家人驚慌失措地在房間裡亂擺動。一下子，達德里飛快地跑進了大廳，看起來嚇壞了。“發生了什麼事？”哈利問道，“怎麼了？”但達德里似乎說不出話來。手還是緊緊地捂住臀部，他盡可能快地跑著進了廚房。哈利趕忙進入客廳。巨響和刮擦聲從德思禮家的拆除煤氣爐後發出，那裡有一個假的煤火前面。“是什麼？”

彼得妮婭姑媽喘息著問道，她已經退到了牆邊，恐懼地朝著火焰看著。“是什麼，弗農？”但他們只有短短的一秒時間來懷疑。聽到從封住的壁爐裡傳來的聲音。

“Ouch! Fred, no — go back, go back, there's been some kind of mistake — tell George not to — OUCH! George, no, there's no room, go back quickly and tell Ron —”

“Maybe Harry can hear us, Dad — maybe he'll be able to let us out —”

There was a loud hammering of fists on the boards behind the electric fire.

“Harry? Harry, can you hear us?”

The Dursleys rounded on Harry like a pair of angry wolverines.

“What is this?” growled Uncle Vernon. “What's going on?”

“They — they've tried to get here by Floo powder,” said Harry, fighting a mad desire to laugh. “They can travel by fire — only you've blocked the fireplace — hang on —”

He approached the fireplace and called through the boards.

“Mr. Weasley? Can you hear me?”

The hammering stopped. Somebody inside the chimney piece said, “Shh!”

“哎呀！弗雷德，不要——回去，回去，出了什麼錯誤——告訴喬治不要——哎呀！喬治，不行，沒有空間，快回去告訴龍媽——”“或許哈利可以听到我們，爸——或許他能把我們救出來——”电火炉后面的木板上传来一阵沉闷的拳头敲打声。“哈利？哈利，你能听到我們吗？”德思礼夫妇转身盯着哈利，像一对生气的狼獾。“这是怎么回事？”弗农姨父咆哮道。“怎么回事？”“他們——他們试图用弗洛粉到這裡來，”哈利说，强忍着发狂的笑意。“他們可以通过火行走——只是你们阻止了壁炉——等等——”他走近壁炉，透过木板喊道。“韦斯莱先生？你能听到我吗？”敲打声停了下来。壁炉里传来一个声音，“嘘！”

“Mr. Weasley, it's Harry . . . the fireplace has been blocked up. You won't be able to get through there.”

“Damn!” said Mr. Weasley's voice. “What on earth did they want to block up the fireplace for?”

“They've got an electric fire,” Harry explained.

“Really?” said Mr. Weasley's voice excitedly. “Eclectic, you say? With a *plug*? Gracious, I must see that. . . . Let's think . . . ouch, Ron!”

Ron's voice now joined the others'.

“What are we doing here? Has something gone wrong?”

“Oh no, Ron,” came Fred's voice, very sarcastically. “No, this is exactly where we wanted to end up.”

“Yeah, we're having the time of our lives here,” said George, whose voice sounded muffled, as though he was squashed against the wall.

“Boys, boys . . .” said Mr. Weasley vaguely. “I'm trying to think what to do. . . . Yes . . . only way . . . Stand back, Harry.”

「韋斯萊先生，是哈利.....壁爐被堵住了。你不能通過那裡。」「該死！」韋斯萊先生的聲音說：「到底是想要封堵壁爐幹什麼？」「他們有一個電火爐，」哈利解釋道。「真的？」韋斯萊先生興奮地說：「多元化，你說？有插頭？哎呀，我必須看看.....讓我想想.....哎呀，羅恩！」現在羅恩的聲音加入了其他人。「我們在這裡幹什麼？出了什麼事嗎？」「哦不，羅恩，」弗雷德的聲音非常諷刺地說：「不，這正是我們想要到達的地方。」「是啊，我們在這裡過得非常愉快，」喬治說，他的聲音聽起來很悶，好像他被壁壘壓住了。「孩子們，孩子們.....」韋斯萊先生含糊地說：「我正試圖想做什麼.....是的.....唯一的辦法.....遠離，哈利。」

Harry retreated to the sofa. Uncle Vernon, however, moved forward.

“Wait a moment!” he bellowed at the fire. “What exactly are you going to —”

BANG.

The electric fire shot across the room as the boarded-up fireplace burst outward, expelling Mr. Weasley, Fred, George, and Ron in a cloud of rubble and loose chippings. Aunt Petunia shrieked and fell backward over the coffee table; Uncle Vernon caught her before she hit the floor, and gaped, speechless, at the Weasleys, all of whom had bright red hair, including Fred and George, who were identical to the last freckle.

“That's better,” panted Mr. Weasley, brushing dust from his long green robes and straightening his glasses. “Ah — you must be Harry's aunt and uncle!”

Tall, thin, and balding, he moved toward Uncle Vernon, his hand outstretched, but Uncle Vernon backed away several paces, dragging Aunt

Petunia. Words utterly failed Uncle Vernon. His best suit was covered in white dust, which had settled in his hair and mustache and made him look as though he had just aged thirty years.

哈利退到了沙发上。然而，弗农叔叔向前移动。“等一下！”他对着火焰大喊道，“你到底要做什么——”砰。电火炉向房间的另一边射出，封起来的壁炉向外爆裂，把韦斯莱先生、弗雷德、乔治和罗恩一起排出一堆碎石和散石。佩妮姨妈尖声尖叫着向后倒在茶几上；弗农叔叔抓住她，防止她摔倒在地，然后瞪大眼睛，无语地看着韦斯莱一家，他们所有人都有着鲜红的头发，包括弗雷德和乔治，他们完全相同，连最后一个雀斑也一样。“好多了，”韦斯莱先生喘着气，从他长长的绿袍子上刷去灰尘，整理了一下眼镜。“啊——你们一定是哈利的叔叔和姨妈！”高高瘦瘦、发福的他向弗农叔叔走去，伸出手，但弗农叔叔退了几步，拖着佩妮姨妈。弗农叔叔完全语言无法表达。他最好的西装被白色灰尘覆盖了，这些灰尘沉积在他的头发和胡子上，让他看起来好像老了三十岁。

“Er—yes—sorry about that,” said Mr. Weasley, lowering his hand and looking over his shoulder at the blasted fireplace. “It’s all my fault. It just didn’t occur to me that we wouldn’t be able to get out at the other end. I had your fireplace connected to the Floo Network, you see—just for an afternoon, you know, so we could get Harry. Muggle fireplaces aren’t supposed to be connected, strictly speaking—but I’ve got a useful contact at the Floo Regulation Panel and he fixed it for me. I can put it right in a jiffy, though, don’t worry. I’ll light a fire to send the boys back, and then I can repair your fireplace before I Disapparate.”

Harry was ready to bet that the Dursleys hadn’t understood a single word of this. They were still gaping at Mr. Weasley, thunderstruck. Aunt Petunia staggered upright again and hid behind Uncle Vernon.

“呃——是的——對不起，”韋斯萊先生說，放下手，回頭看著炸毀的壁爐。“都是我的錯。我沒想到我們到另一邊會進不來。你看，我把你的壁爐連接到了網絡通道，只是為了一個下午，你知道，我們可以接哈利。嚴格來說，麻瓜的壁爐不應該連接，但我知道網絡通道管理員可以幫我搞定。別擔心，我馬上就能修好。我會點燃一堆火，讓孩子們回去，然後我就離開前再修好你的壁爐。”哈利相信德思騰一家聽不懂其中一句話。他們仍然目瞪口呆地看著韋斯萊先生。佩妮姨媽再次站直身子，躲在弗農叔叔身後。

“Hello, Harry!” said Mr. Weasley brightly. “Got your trunk ready?”

“It’s upstairs,” said Harry, grinning back.

“We’ll get it,” said Fred at once. Winking at Harry, he and George left the room. They knew where Harry’s bedroom was, having once rescued him from it in the dead of night. Harry suspected that Fred and George were hoping for a glimpse of Dudley; they had heard a lot about him from Harry.

“Well,” said Mr. Weasley, swinging his arms slightly, while he tried to find words to break the very nasty silence. “Very—erm—very nice place you’ve got here.”

As the usually spotless living room was now covered in dust and bits of brick, this remark didn’t go down too well with the Dursleys. Uncle Vernon’s face purpled once more, and Aunt Petunia started chewing her tongue again. However, they seemed too scared to actually say anything.

“哈利，你好啊！”韋斯萊先生高興地說。“你的行李準備好了嗎？”“在樓上，”哈利咧嘴笑著回答。“我們去拿，”弗雷德馬上說。他和喬治對哈利眨眼，便離開了房間。他們知道哈利的臥室在哪裡，曾在深夜救過他一次。哈利猜想弗雷德和喬治是想偷瞄達德里的一瞥；他們從哈利那裡聽說了很多關於他的事情。“嗯，”韋斯萊先生搖擺著手臂，一邊試圖找出詞語來打破這個非常尷尬的沉默。“你這裡很漂亮啊。”由於通常一塵不染的客廳現在被灰塵和磚塊覆蓋，這句話對杜思利家族來說並不好聽。張叔叔的臉再次發紫，佩妮姨又開始嚼舌頭了。但是，他們似乎太害怕實際說出什麼來了。

Mr. Weasley was looking around. He loved everything to do with Muggles. Harry could see him itching to go and examine the television and the video recorder.

“They run off eckeltricity, do they?” he said knowledgeably. “Ah yes, I can see the plugs. I collect plugs,” he added to Uncle Vernon. “And batteries. Got a very large collection of batteries. My wife thinks I’m mad, but there you are.”

Uncle Vernon clearly thought Mr. Weasley was mad too. He moved ever so slightly to the right, screening Aunt Petunia from view, as though he thought Mr. Weasley might suddenly run at them and attack.

Dudley suddenly reappeared in the room. Harry could hear the clunk of his trunk on the stairs, and knew that the sounds had scared Dudley out of the kitchen. Dudley edged along the wall, gazing at Mr. Weasley with terrified eyes, and attempted to conceal himself behind his mother and father. Unfortunately, Uncle Vernon’s bulk, while sufficient to hide bony Aunt Petunia, was nowhere near enough to conceal Dudley.

衛斯理先生四周打量。他喜歡與麻瓜有關的一切事物。哈利可以看得出來，他迫不及待地想去檢查電視和錄像機。“它們是靠電力運行的，對吧？”他眾所周知地說。“啊，是的，我可以看到插頭。我收集插頭，”他對弗農叔叔補充道。“還有電池。我有一個非常大的電池收藏。我妻子認為我瘋了，但你們知道。”弗農叔叔顯然也認為衛斯理先生很瘋狂。他微微向右移動，把佩妮姨媽從視線中隔離開來，好像他覺得衛斯理先生可能會突然衝向他們並攻擊他們。遇到困難的達德利突然出現在房間裡。哈利可以聽到他的箱子在樓梯上發出的聲響，並知道這些聲音嚇壞了達德利，讓他從廚房跑出來。達德利沿著牆壁緩緩移動，用恐懼的眼神注視著衛斯理先生，試圖躲在他父母身後。不幸的是，弗農叔叔的體形雖然足以掩蓋細骨的佩妮姨媽，但遠遠不足以隱藏達德利。

“Ah, this is your cousin, is it, Harry?” said Mr. Weasley, taking another brave stab at making conversation.

“Yep,” said Harry, “that’s Dudley.”

He and Ron exchanged glances and then quickly looked away from each other; the temptation to burst out laughing was almost overwhelming. Dudley was still clutching his bottom as though afraid it might fall off. Mr. Weasley, however, seemed genuinely concerned at Dudley’s peculiar behavior. Indeed, from the tone of his voice when he next spoke, Harry was quite sure that Mr. Weasley thought Dudley was quite as mad as the Dursleys thought *he* was, except that Mr. Weasley felt sympathy rather than fear.

“Having a good holiday, Dudley?” he said kindly.

Dudley whimpered. Harry saw his hands tighten still harder over his massive backside.

“啊，這是你的表親，哈利？”威茲萊先生說，勇敢地又嘗試著進行談話。“對，”哈利說，“那是達德利。”他和羅恩交換了一下眼神，然後很快地就看開了對方；爆笑的衝動幾乎是不可抗拒的。達德利還在緊緊地抓著他的屁股，好像它可能會掉下來一樣。然而，威茲萊先生似乎對達德利的奇怪行為感到真正的擔憂。實際上，從他下次說話時的語調來看，哈利完全確信威茲萊先生認為達德利和德思禮一家人以為的一樣瘋狂，除了威茲萊先生感到同情而不是恐懼。“達德利，度假愉快嗎？”他友善地問道。達德利哀嚎了起來。哈利看到他的手更加緊緊地捏住他的大屁股。

Fred and George came back into the room carrying Harry’s school trunk. They glanced around as they entered and spotted Dudley. Their faces cracked into identical evil grins.

“Ah, right,” said Mr. Weasley. “Better get cracking then.”

He pushed up the sleeves of his robes and took out his wand. Harry saw the Dursleys draw back against the wall as one.

“*Incendio!*” said Mr. Weasley, pointing his wand at the hole in the wall behind him

Flames rose at once in the fireplace, crackling merrily as though they had been burning for hours. Mr. Weasley took a small drawstring bag from his pocket, untied it, took a pinch of the powder inside, and threw it onto the flames, which turned emerald green and roared higher than ever.

“Off you go then, Fred,” said Mr. Weasley.

“Coming,” said Fred. “Oh no — hang on —”

弗雷德和喬治提着哈利的行李箱走回房间。他们一进门环视了一下并发现了达德利。他们的脸上浮现出一模一样的邪恶笑容。“好了，”韦斯莱先生说，“我们最好赶紧动手。”他卷起袍袖，拿出魔杖。哈利看到德思礼夫妇一起倚在墙上。“焚火咒！”韦斯莱先生指着他身后的墙洞念道。火焰在壁炉里燃起，仿佛已经烧了几个小时，发出愉快的爆裂声。韦斯莱先生从口袋里掏出一个小口袋，解开绳结，取出少量粉末，将其撒进火焰中。火焰变成了翠绿色，比以往更高。“你去吧，弗雷德。”韦斯莱先生说。“好的。”弗雷德说，“哦不——等等——”

A bag of sweets had spilled out of Fred’s pocket and the contents were now rolling in every direction — big, fat toffees in brightly colored wrappers.

Fred scrambled around, cramming them back into his pocket, then gave the Dursleys a cheery wave, stepped forward, and walked right into the fire, saying “the Burrow!” Aunt Petunia gave a little shuddering gasp. There was a whooshing sound, and Fred vanished.

“Right then, George,” said Mr. Weasley, “you and the trunk.”

Harry helped George carry the trunk forward into the flames and turn it onto its end so that he could hold it better. Then, with a second whoosh, George had cried “the Burrow!” and vanished too.

“Ron, you next,” said Mr. Weasley.

“See you,” said Ron brightly to the Dursleys. He grinned broadly at Harry, then stepped into the fire, shouted “the Burrow!” and disappeared.

一袋糖果從弗雷德的口袋中溢出來，現在內容物正在各個方向滾動——鮮豔的包裝紙裹著又大又肥的口香糖。弗雷德急忙四處爬行，將它們塞回口袋裡，然後向德思利一家搖手致意，向前走了一步，直接走進了火堆裡，說道：“The Burrow!”佩妮姨媽嘴巴微微一抖。突然間嗖的一聲響，弗雷德消失了。“接下來是你，喬治，”威斯萊先生說，“你和箱子。”哈利幫忙喬治將箱子推入火焰中，將其垂直放好以方便拿起。然後，伴隨著第二聲劇烈的嗖聲，喬治大喊“The Burrow!”，也消失了。“羅恩，輪到你了，”威斯萊先生說。“再見，”羅恩向德思利一家輕鬆地說道。他對哈利露出了寬寬的笑容，然後走進了火焰中，大聲喊道：“The Burrow!”，消失了。

Now Harry and Mr. Weasley alone remained.

“Well . . . bye then,” Harry said to the Dursleys.

They didn’t say anything at all. Harry moved toward the fire, but just as he reached the edge of the hearth, Mr. Weasley put out a hand and held him back. He was looking at the Dursleys in amazement.

“Harry said good-bye to you,” he said. “Didn’t you hear him?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Harry muttered to Mr. Weasley. “Honestly, I don’t care.”

Mr. Weasley did not remove his hand from Harry’s shoulder.

“You aren’t going to see your nephew till next summer,” he said to Uncle Vernon in mild indignation. “Surely you’re going to say good-bye?”

Uncle Vernon’s face worked furiously. The idea of being taught consideration by a man who had just blasted away half his living room wall seemed to be causing him intense suffering. But Mr. Weasley’s wand was still in his hand, and Uncle Vernon’s tiny eyes darted to it once, before he said, very resentfully, “Good-bye, then.”

現在只剩哈利和威茲萊先生了。“那...再見了，”哈利對德思利家人說。他們根本沒說什麼。哈利走向壁爐，但就在他到達壁爐邊緣時，威茲萊先生伸出一隻手把他拉了回來。他驚訝地看著德思利家人。“哈利和你們道別了，”他說。“你們沒聽到嗎？”“沒關係，”哈利對威茲萊先生嘀咕道。“老實說，我不在乎。”威茲萊先生沒有從哈利的肩膀上拿開手。“你們要到下個夏天才能見到你的侄子，”他對弗农姨父有點不滿地說。“你不會跟他說再見嗎？”弗农姨父的臉極度憤怒。被一個剛炸掉一半起居室牆壁的男人教導到如何考慮別人，這個想法似乎給了他極大的痛苦。但威茲萊先生的魔杖還在他手上，弗农姨父的小眼睛瞥了一下它，然後很不情願地說：“那再見了。”

“See you,” said Harry, putting one foot forward into the green flames, which felt pleasantly like warm breath. At that moment, however, a horrible gagging sound erupted behind him, and Aunt Petunia started to scream

Harry wheeled around. Dudley was no longer standing behind his parents. He was kneeling beside the coffee table, and he was gagging and sputtering on a foot-long, purple, slimy thing that was protruding from his mouth. One bewildered second later, Harry realized that the foot-long thing was Dudley’s tongue — and that a brightly colored toffee wrapper lay on the floor before him.

Aunt Petunia hurled herself onto the ground beside Dudley, seized the end of his swollen tongue, and attempted to wrench it out of his mouth; unsurprisingly, Dudley yelled and sputtered worse than ever, trying to fight her off. Uncle Vernon was bellowing and waving his arms around, and Mr. Weasley had to shout to make himself heard.

哈利說：“再見。”他向着綠色的火焰邁出一隻腳，感覺像溫暖的呼吸一樣。但就在這時，一個可怕的咳嗽聲突然響起，佩妮姨媽開始尖叫。哈利轉身。達德利不再站在他的父母身後。他跪在咖啡桌旁，咳嗽和唾沫飛濺，從他口中伸出一條長達一英尺的紫色粘糊糊的東西。一秒鐘後，哈利不解地意識到這條長達一英尺的東西是達德利的舌頭，而一張鮮豔的拖肯糖紙被丟在他的腳下。佩妮姨媽沖上前，跪在達德利身旁，抓住他腫脹的舌頭，試圖把它從他嘴裡拽出來。並不奇怪，達德利比以往更激動地咳嗽和唾沫飛濺著，試圖擺脫她的控制。弗農叔叔正咆哮著擺動手臂，而韋斯萊先生只能大聲喊叫才能讓自己被聽到。

“Not to worry, I can sort him out!” he yelled, advancing on Dudley with his wand outstretched, but Aunt Petunia screamed worse than ever and threw herself on top of Dudley, shielding him from Mr. Weasley.

“No, really!” said Mr. Weasley desperately. “It’s a simple process — it was the toffee — my son Fred — real practical joker — but it’s only an Engorgement Charm — at least, I think it is — please, I can correct it —”

But far from being reassured, the Dursleys became more panic-stricken; Aunt Petunia was sobbing hysterically, tugging Dudley’s tongue as though determined to rip it out; Dudley appeared to be suffocating under the combined pressure of his mother and his tongue; and Uncle Vernon, who had lost control completely, seized a china figure from on top of the sideboard and threw it very hard at Mr. Weasley, who ducked, causing the ornament to shatter in the blasted fireplace.

“不用擔心，我可以解決他！”他叫道，揮動魔杖向達德利走去，但佩妮姨媽的尖叫聲比以往更厲害，她一屁股坐到達德利身上，保護他免受魔術師韋斯里先生的攻擊。“不，真的！”魯伯特韋斯里先生拼命地說，“這只是一個簡單的過程，是那顆太妃糖，我兒子弗雷德做的惡作劇，只是一個加大咒語，至少我是這麼認為的——請，讓我來糾正——”但杜思利一家不但沒有得到保障，反而更加恐慌。佩妮姨媽歇斯底里地哭泣，拼命拉扯達德利的舌頭，似乎要把它拔出來；達德利似乎在承受母親和舌頭的巨大壓力中窒息；完全失去控制的弗农姨父憤怒地從玄關櫥櫃上拿起一個瓷器雕像，狠狠地扔向韋斯里先生，後者躲避，結果雕像碎裂在爆炸的壁爐里。

“Now really!” said Mr. Weasley angrily, brandishing his wand. “I’m trying to *help* !”

Bellowing like a wounded hippo, Uncle Vernon snatched up another ornament.

“Harry, go! Just go!” Mr. Weasley shouted, his wand on Uncle Vernon. “I’ll sort this out!”

Harry didn’t want to miss the fun, but Uncle Vernon’s second ornament narrowly missed his left ear, and on balance he thought it best to leave the situation to Mr. Weasley. He stepped into the fire, looking over his shoulder as he said “the Burrow!” His last fleeting glimpse of the living room was of Mr. Weasley blasting a third ornament out of Uncle Vernon’s hand with his wand, Aunt Petunia screaming and lying on top of Dudley, and Dudley’s tongue lolling around like a great slimy python. But next moment Harry had begun to spin very fast, and the Dursleys’ living room was whipped out of sight in a rush of emerald-green flames.

“現在真的是這樣嗎！”韋斯萊先生生氣地揮舞著他的魔杖說道。“我是在幫忙！”像受傷的河馬一樣咆哮著，弗農姑父拿起了另外一個裝飾品。“哈利，走！就走！”韋斯萊先生大聲喊道，魔杖指向弗农姨父。“我來解決這件事！”哈利不想錯過這場狂歡，但是弗農姑父扔來的第二個裝飾品差點擦過他的左耳，綜合考慮，他認為最好還是讓韋斯萊先生處理這個情況。他走進了火爐，順手回頭說道：“波洛家！”他最後一瞥客廳的畫面是韋斯萊先生用他的魔杖把弗農姑父手中的第三個裝飾品轟飛了出去，佩妮

姨媽尖叫著躺在達德利身上，達德利的舌頭像一條巨大的粘糊糊的蟒蛇一樣伸出來。但下一刻，哈利開始快速旋轉，德思禮家的客廳在翠綠色的火焰中消失了。



WEASLEYS' WIZARD WHEEZES

Harry spun faster and faster, elbows tucked tightly to his sides, blurred fireplaces flashing past him, until he started to feel sick and closed his eyes. Then, when at last he felt himself slowing down, he threw out his hands and came to a halt in time to prevent himself from falling face forward out of the Weasleys' kitchen fire.

"Did he eat it?" said Fred excitedly, holding out a hand to pull Harry to his feet.

"Yeah," said Harry, straightening up. "What *was* it?"

"Ton-Tongue Toffee," said Fred brightly. "George and I invented them, and we've been looking for someone to test them on all summer. . . ."

The tiny kitchen exploded with laughter; Harry looked around and saw that Ron and George were sitting at the scrubbed wooden table with two red-haired people Harry had never seen before, though he knew immediately who they must be: Bill and Charlie, the two eldest Weasley brothers.

哈利越轉越快，手肘緊貼身體，模糊的壁爐從他身旁閃過，直到他開始感到噁心並閉上了眼睛。當他最終感覺到自己在減速時，他伸出雙手，及時停止自己從韋斯萊家的廚房壁爐裡向前跌倒。"他吃了嗎？"弗雷德興奮地問道，伸出手拉起哈利。
"嗯，"哈利說，站直身子。"是什麼？" "巨舌糖。"弗雷德光明正大地說道。"喬治和我發明的，整個夏天我們一直在找人來試試。" 小小的廚房裡爆發出一陣笑聲；哈利環視四周，看到羅恩和喬治坐在擦拭過的木桌旁，還有兩個紅髮人哈利從未見過，但他立刻知道他們一定是：比爾和查理，韋斯萊家兩位長子。

"How're you doing, Harry?" said the nearer of the two, grinning at him and holding out a large hand, which Harry shook, feeling calluses and blisters under his fingers. This had to be Charlie, who worked with dragons in Romania. Charlie was built like the twins, shorter and stockier than Percy and Ron, who were both long and lanky. He had a broad, good-natured face, which was weather-beaten and so freckly that he looked almost tanned; his arms were muscular, and one of them had a large, shiny burn on it.

Bill got to his feet, smiling, and also shook Harry's hand. Bill came as something of a surprise. Harry knew that he worked for the Wizarding bank, Gringotts, and that Bill had been Head Boy at Hogwarts; Harry had always imagined Bill to be an older version of Percy: fussy about rule-breaking and fond of bossing everyone around. However, Bill was — there was no other word for it — *cool*. He was tall, with long hair that he had tied back in a ponytail. He was wearing an earring with what looked like a fang dangling from it. Bill's clothes would not have looked out of place at a rock concert, except that Harry recognized his boots to be made, not of leather, but of dragon hide.

「哈利，你好嗎？」兩人中較近的那個問道，對著哈利露出笑容，伸出一只大手，哈利握著時感覺到手指下有老茧和水泡。這一定是查理，他在羅馬尼亞養龍。查理的體型和雙胞胎一樣，比珀西和羅恩矮壯，而他的臉比較圓，自然樸實，看起來似乎曬黑了；他的手臂很有肌肉，其中一隻手臂上有一個大大的閃閃發光的燒傷痕跡。比爾站了起來，露出微笑，也和哈利握手。比爾讓哈利有些驚訝，哈利知道比爾在魔法界的銀行格林哥茲工作，而且比爾曾經是霍格華茲的學生會主席，哈利一直想象比爾是一個年長版的珀西：對違反規定很在意，喜歡命令別人。然而，比爾很酷，用不了其他的詞來形容。他很高，留著一頭綁成馬尾的長髮，一只耳朵上戴著一個長得像獠牙的耳環。比爾的衣服看起來像是用來參加搖滾音樂會的，除了哈利認得他的靴子不是皮革製品，而是龍皮製的。

Before any of them could say anything else, there was a faint popping noise, and Mr. Weasley appeared out of thin air at George's shoulder. He was looking angrier than Harry had ever seen him.

"That *wasn't* funny, Fred!" he shouted. "What on earth did you give that Muggle boy?"

"I didn't give him anything," said Fred, with another evil grin. "I just *dropped* it. . . . It was his fault he went and ate it, I never told him to."

"You dropped it on purpose!" roared Mr. Weasley. "You knew he'd eat it, you knew he was on a diet —"

"How big did his tongue get?" George asked eagerly.

“It was four feet long before his parents would let me shrink it!”

Harry and the Weasleys roared with laughter again.

“It isn’t funny!” Mr. Weasley shouted. “That sort of behavior seriously undermines wizard–Muggle relations! I spend half my life campaigning against the mistreatment of Muggles, and my own sons —”

他們說什麼也來不及了，只聽到一聲微弱的砰的一聲，瓦西先生就從喬治的肩膀旁無中生有地出現了。他看起來比哈利以前見過的時候還要生氣。“弗雷德，這太沒有意思了！”他大聲喊道，“你到底給那個麻瓜男孩吃了什麼？”“我什麼也沒給他，”弗雷德辦著另一張陰森的笑臉說，“我只是把它掉在地上……他去吃那個是他自己的事，我從來沒有要求他這麼做。”“你是有目的地把它丟在地上的！”瓦西先生怒吼道，“你知道他會去吃的，你知道他正在節食——”“他的舌頭有多大？”喬治興奮地問。“在他的父母讓我把它縮小之前，有四英尺長！”哈利和韋斯萊一家人又笑成一團。“這不好笑！”瓦西先生大聲說道，“這種行為嚴重破壞了巫師和麻瓜之間的關係！我半輩子都在竭力反對對麻瓜的虐待，而我自己的兒子——”

“We didn’t give it to him because he’s a Muggle!” said Fred indignantly.

“No, we gave it to him because he’s a great bullying git,” said George. “Isn’t he, Harry?”

“Yeah, he is, Mr. Weasley,” said Harry earnestly.

“That’s not the point!” raged Mr. Weasley. “You wait until I tell your mother —”

“Tell me what?” said a voice behind them.

Mrs. Weasley had just entered the kitchen. She was a short, plump woman with a very kind face, though her eyes were presently narrowed with suspicion.

“Oh hello, Harry, dear,” she said, spotting him and smiling. Then her eyes snapped back to her husband. “Tell me *what*, Arthur?”

Mr. Weasley hesitated. Harry could tell that, however angry he was with Fred and George, he hadn’t really intended to tell Mrs. Weasley what had happened. There was a silence, while Mr. Weasley eyed his wife nervously. Then two girls appeared in the kitchen doorway behind Mrs. Weasley. One, with very bushy brown hair and rather large front teeth, was Harry’s and Ron’s friend, Hermione Granger. The other, who was small and red-haired, was Ron’s younger sister, Ginny. Both of them smiled at Harry, who grinned back, which made Ginny go scarlet — she had been very taken with Harry ever since his first visit to the Burrow.

“我們不是因為他是麻瓜才不給他的！”弗雷德憤慨地說。“不，我們是因為他是一個欺負人的傢伙才給他的，”喬治說，“對吧，哈利？”“是的，他是，韋斯萊先生，”哈利認真地說。“那不是重點！”韋斯萊先生生氣地說，“你等著我告訴你媽媽——”“告訴我什麼？”一個聲音在他們後面說。魔法防禦協會的貢微斯萊夫人剛走進廚房。她是一位矮胖的女性，臉上帶著十分和善的表情，儘管她的眼睛現在狹窄地帶著懷疑。“哦，你好，哈利，親愛的，”她看到哈利，微笑著說。然後她的目光又轉回她丈夫。“告訴我什麼，亞瑟？”韋斯萊先生猶豫了。哈利可以看出，無論他對弗雷德和喬治有多生氣，他真的沒有打算告訴魔法防禦協會的貢微斯萊夫人發生了什麼事情。有一陣沉默，韋斯萊先生緊張地注視著他的妻子。然後兩個女孩出現在貢微斯萊夫人後面的廚房門口。其中一個頭髮非常捲曲，門牙有點大，是哈利和羅恩的朋友赫敏·格蘭傑。另一個則是矮小紅髮，是羅恩的妹妹金妮。他們兩個對著哈利微笑，哈利也回了一個大大的笑容，這讓金妮臉紅——自從哈利第一次來拜訪伯羅鎮以來，她就對他非常著迷。

“Tell me *what*, Arthur?” Mrs. Weasley repeated, in a dangerous sort of voice.

“It’s nothing, Molly,” mumbled Mr. Weasley, “Fred and George just — but I’ve had words with them —”

“What have they done this time?” said Mrs. Weasley. “If it’s got anything to do with Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes —”

“Why don’t you show Harry where he’s sleeping, Ron?” said Hermione from the doorway.

“He knows where he’s sleeping,” said Ron, “in my room, he slept there last —”

“We can all go,” said Hermione pointedly.

“Oh,” said Ron, cottoning on. “Right.”

“Yeah, we’ll come too,” said George.

“*You stay where you are!*” snarled Mrs. Weasley.

Harry and Ron edged out of the kitchen, and they, Hermione, and Ginny set off along the narrow hallway and up the rickety staircase that zigzagged through the house to the upper stories.

“告訴我什麼事，亞瑟？”惡聲相向的韋斯萊夫人詢問道。“沒事，茉莉。”韋斯萊先生喃喃自語，“弗雷德和喬治只是……但我已經和他們談過了……”“他們這一次又做了什麼？”韋斯萊夫人問道，“如果那跟衛斯理魔法小玩意有關系 —”“那你為什麼不帶哈利去他的房間，羅恩？”赫敏踏進門口說道。“他知道在哪，”羅恩說道，“在我的房間，他上次住在那裡 —”“我們都可以去，”赫敏直截了當地說道。“哦，”羅恩恍然大悟，“對了。”“是啊，我們也去，”喬治說道。“你們就呆在那裡不要動！”韋斯

萊夫人咆哮道。哈利和羅恩慢慢地走出廚房，他們和赫敏、金妮一起沿著狹窄的走廊往上爬，穿過房屋的柿子樓梯，向上的樓層走去。

“What are Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes?” Harry asked as they climbed.

Ron and Ginny both laughed, although Hermione didn’t.

“Mum found this stack of order forms when she was cleaning Fred and George’s room,” said Ron quietly. “Great long price lists for stuff they’ve invented. Joke stuff, you know. Fake wands and trick sweets, loads of stuff. It was brilliant, I never knew they’d been inventing all that . . .”

“We’ve been hearing explosions out of their room for ages, but we never thought they were actually *making* things,” said Ginny. “We thought they just liked the noise.”

“Only, most of the stuff—well, all of it, really—was a bit dangerous,” said Ron, “and, you know, they were planning to sell it at Hogwarts to make some money, and Mum went mad at them. Told them they weren’t allowed to make any more of it, and burned all the order forms. . . . She’s furious at them anyway. They didn’t get as many O.W.L.s as she expected.”

「韋斯萊的巫師笑話是什麼？」哈利們爬山時問道。羅恩和金妮都笑了，但赫敏沒有。「媽媽在打掃弗雷德和喬治的房間時發現了一堆訂單。」羅恩低語道。「長長的價格清單裡有他們發明的玩意兒。你知道的，騙人用的東西，假魔杖和戲法糖果，還有很多很多。太厲害了，我從不知道他們一直在發明那些東西……」「我們從他們的房裡一直聽到爆炸聲，但我們從未想到他們實際在製造東西。」金妮說。「我們以為他們只是喜歡喧鬧。」「只不過，他們的東西大多數——其實全部——有點危險。」羅恩說。「他們想在霍格華茲賣這些東西賺點錢，結果媽媽生氣了。她說他們不允許再多製造任何一件，還把所有訂單都燒了……她對他們很生氣。他們沒有得到她預期的那麼多O(優)等。」

O.W.L.s were Ordinary Wizarding Levels, the examinations Hogwarts students took at the age of fifteen.

“And then there was this big row,” Ginny said, “because Mum wants them to go into the Ministry of Magic like Dad, and they told her all they want to do is open a joke shop.”

Just then a door on the second landing opened, and a face poked out wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a very annoyed expression.

“Hi, Percy,” said Harry.

“Oh hello, Harry,” said Percy. “I was wondering who was making all the noise. I’m trying to work in here, you know—I’ve got a report to finish for the office—and it’s rather difficult to concentrate when people keep thundering up and down the stairs.”

“We’re not *thundering*,” said Ron irritably. “We’re walking. Sorry if we’ve disturbed the top-secret workings of the Ministry of Magic.”

O.W.L.s是指普通巫師水平考試，霍格華茲學生在15歲時參加。“然後就有這場大爭議，”金妮說，“因為媽媽希望他們像爸爸一樣進入魔法部，但他們告訴她他們只想開個玩笑店。”就在這時，二樓的一扇門開了，一張戴著翹角眼鏡且表情非常惱怒的臉探出來。“嗨，珀西，”哈利說。“哦，哈利，”珀西說，“我在想是誰在發出這麼大的噪音。我在這裡工作，你知道的——我得完成辦公室的報告——當人們不斷上下樓梯時，很難集中注意力。”“我們沒有轟隆轟隆的走路，”羅恩不悅地說道，“我們只是走路而已。如果我們干擾到魔法部的絕密工作，很抱歉。”

“What are you working on?” said Harry.

“A report for the Department of International Magical Cooperation,” said Percy smugly. “We’re trying to standardize cauldron thickness. Some of these foreign imports are just a shade too thin—leakages have been increasing at a rate of almost three percent a year—”

“That’ll change the world, that report will,” said Ron. “Front page of the *Daily Prophet*, I expect, cauldron leaks.”

Percy went slightly pink.

“You might sneer, Ron,” he said heatedly, “but unless some sort of international law is imposed we might well find the market flooded with flimsy, shallow-bottomed products that seriously endanger—”

“Yeah, yeah, all right,” said Ron, and he started off upstairs again. Percy slammed his bedroom door shut. As Harry, Hermione, and Ginny followed Ron up three more flights of stairs, shouts from the kitchen below echoed up to them. It sounded as though Mr. Weasley had told Mrs. Weasley about the toffees.

哈利問道：“你在做什麼呢？”珀西得意地說：“我正在為國際魔法合作部寫一份報告。我們正試圖對鍋爐的厚度進行標準化。有些外國進口產品稍微有些薄——泄漏率每年增長幾乎達到三個百分點——”“那份報告將改變世界，我相信。”羅恩說道，“我預計這篇關於鍋爐泄漏的新聞將登上《每日預言家》的頭版。”珀西臉上微微泛紅。“你可以嘲笑我，羅恩。”他激動地說，“但除非施加某種國際法，否則我們可能會發現市場上充滿了薄而易碎、底部薄弱的產品，它們會帶來嚴重危險——”“好了好了，沒問題。”羅恩說完又上樓去了。珀西砰地一聲關上了臥室的門。哈利、赫敏和金妮跟隨羅恩再爬上三層樓梯，廚房下面傳來的喊叫聲回蕩在他們耳邊。聽起來像是韋斯萊先生告訴了韋斯萊太太有關太妃糖的事情。

The room at the top of the house where Ron slept looked much as it had the last time that Harry had come to stay: the same posters of Ron’s favorite Quidditch team, the Chudley Cannons, were whirling and waving on the walls and sloping ceiling, and the fish tank on the windowsill,

which had previously held frog spawn, now contained one extremely large frog. Ron's old rat, Scabbers, was here no more, but instead there was the tiny gray owl that had delivered Ron's letter to Harry in Privet Drive. It was hopping up and down in a small cage and twittering madly.

"Shut up, Pig," said Ron, edging his way between two of the four beds that had been squeezed into the room. "Fred and George are in here with us, because Bill and Charlie are in their room," he told Harry. "Percy gets to keep his room all to himself because he's got to work."

屋子在頂樓，那是 Ron 睡覺的地方。它看起來和上次哈利來住時一樣：牆上和斜天花板上的 Ron 最愛的魁地奇隊 Chudley Cannons 的海報仍然在旋轉和揮動，而窗台上的魚缸，之前裡面有一些青蛙的卵，現在則有一隻非常大的青蛙。Ron 的老老鼠 Scabbers 不在了，但替代它的是—隻小灰貓頭鷹，它送來了 Ron 在普立特大道給哈利的信。它正在小籠子裡跳來跳去，高聲啾啾叫著。"閉嘴，豬。"Ron 在四張床中擠過來，告訴哈利："弗雷德和喬治和我們睡在這裡，因為比爾和查理在他們的房間裡，珀西可以獨自一人住，因為他得去工作。"

"Er — why are you calling that owl Pig?" Harry asked Ron.

"Because he's being stupid," said Ginny. "Its proper name is Pigwidgeon."

"Yeah, and that's not a stupid name at all," said Ron sarcastically. "Ginny named him," he explained to Harry. "She reckons it's sweet. And I tried to change it, but it was too late, he won't answer to anything else. So now he's Pig. I've got to keep him up here because he annoys Errol and Hermes. He annoys me too, come to that."

Pigwidgeon zoomed happily around his cage, hooting shrilly. Harry knew Ron too well to take him seriously. He had moaned continually about his old rat, Scabbers, but had been most upset when Hermione's cat, Crookshanks, appeared to have eaten him.

"Where's Crookshanks?" Harry asked Hermione now.

"Out in the garden, I expect," she said. "He likes chasing gnomes. He's never seen any before."

"恩——你為什麼叫那隻貓頭鷹豬？"哈利問羅恩。"因為它很傻，"金妮說。"它的真名是皮威姬。" "是啊，這個名字一點都不傻，"羅恩諷刺地說。他向哈利解釋說，"是金妮取的名字。她認為這很甜蜜。我試著改變它，但已經太晚了，它不會回應其他的名字了。所以現在他就是豬。我得把他放在這裡，因為他會惹厄洛和赫爾墨斯生氣。他也讓我煩躁。"皮威姬高高地飛上了籠子，尖聲呼喊。哈利很了解羅恩，他沒有把羅恩的話當真。他一直嘆氣著他的老老鼠斯卡伯斯，但當赫敏的貓克魯伯斯看起來要把它吃掉時，他卻最為不安。"克魯伯斯在哪裡？"哈利現在問赫敏。"我想在花園裡，"她說。"他喜歡追逐小矮人。他從未見過任何小矮人。"

"Percy's enjoying work, then?" said Harry, sitting down on one of the beds and watching the Chudley Cannons zooming in and out of the posters on the ceiling.

"Enjoying it?" said Ron darkly. "I don't reckon he'd come home if Dad didn't make him. He's obsessed. Just don't get him onto the subject of his boss. *According to Mr. Crouch . . . as I was saying to Mr. Crouch . . . Mr. Crouch is of the opinion . . . Mr. Crouch was telling me . . . They'll be announcing their engagement any day now.*"

"Have you had a good summer, Harry?" said Hermione. "Did you get our food parcels and everything?"

"Yeah, thanks a lot," said Harry. "They saved my life, those cakes."

"And have you heard from — ?" Ron began, but at a look from Hermione he fell silent. Harry knew Ron had been about to ask about Sirius. Ron and Hermione had been so deeply involved in helping Sirius escape from the Ministry of Magic that they were almost as concerned about Harry's godfather as he was. However, discussing him in front of Ginny was a bad idea. Nobody but themselves and Professor Dumbledore knew about how Sirius had escaped, or believed in his innocence.

"珀西在享受工作呢，是吧？"哈利坐到床上看着天花板上的巫师联赛球队海报在不停地变换。"享受？简直是痴迷！"罗恩不悦地说，"如果不是爸爸逼他回家，他可能都不会回来了。千万别让他提起他的上司，就听他说柯罗奇先生的，柯罗奇先生认为.....柯罗奇对我说.....他们随时都可能公布订婚的消息。""哈利，你这个暑假过得怎么样？"赫敏问道，"你有没有收到我们寄给你的食物包裹？""谢谢，非常感谢！"哈利说，"那些蛋糕救了我的命。""还收到——"罗恩刚开口，却被赫敏瞪了一眼，他便闭上了嘴。哈利知道罗恩刚刚想问有没有听到过小天狼星的消息。罗恩和赫敏一起协助小天狼星逃离魔法部，所以他们对哈利的教父非常关心，甚至和哈利一样着急。不过，在金妮面前讨论小天狼星这个话题可不妙。除了他们自己和邓布利多教授，没有别人知道小天狼星是如何逃脱的，也没有人相信他的清白。

"I think they've stopped arguing," said Hermione, to cover the awkward moment, because Ginny was looking curiously from Ron to Harry. "Shall we go down and help your mum with dinner?"

"Yeah, all right," said Ron. The four of them left Ron's room and went back downstairs to find Mrs. Weasley alone in the kitchen, looking extremely bad-tempered.

"We're eating out in the garden," she said when they came in. "There's just not room for eleven people in here. Could you take the plates outside, girls? Bill and Charlie are setting up the tables. Knives and forks, please, you two," she said to Ron and Harry, pointing her wand a little more vigorously than she had intended at a pile of potatoes in the sink, which shot out of their skins so fast that they ricocheted off the walls and ceiling.

"我想他們已經停止爭吵了"，赫敏說，為了掩蓋尷尬的時刻，因為金妮從羅恩看向哈利。"我們下去幫你媽媽做晚餐好嗎？"

“好的，沒問題”，羅恩說。他們四個人離開了羅恩的房間回到樓下，發現韋斯萊太太一個人站在廚房裡，看起來極其暴躁。“我們要在花園裡吃飯，”他們進來時她說。“這裡沒有足夠的空間容納十一個人。女孩子們能把盤子拿到外面去嗎？比爾和查理正在布置餐桌。拿刀叉，請你們兩個，”她對著水槽裡的一堆馬鈴薯指了指她的魔杖，魔杖比她預想的更有力一些，馬鈴薯從皮中彈出來，彈了一會兒又飛回了牆壁和天花板。

“Oh for heaven’s sake，” she snapped, now directing her wand at a dustpan, which hopped off the sideboard and started skating across the floor, scooping up the potatoes. “Those two!” she burst out savagely, now pulling pots and pans out of a cupboard, and Harry knew she meant Fred and George. “I don’t know what’s going to happen to them, I really don’t. No ambition, unless you count making as much trouble as they possibly can . . .”

Mrs. Weasley slammed a large copper saucepan down on the kitchen table and began to wave her wand around inside it. A creamy sauce poured from the wand-tip as she stirred.

“It’s not as though they haven’t got brains，” she continued irritably, taking the saucepan over to the stove and lighting it with a further poke of her wand, “but they’re wasting them, and unless they pull themselves together soon, they’ll be in real trouble. I’ve had more owls from Hogwarts about them than the rest put together. If they carry on the way they’re going, they’ll end up in front of the Improper Use of Magic Office.”

“唉，到底是為了什麼，”她怒斥著，現在把她的魔杖對準了一個掃把，那個掃把從邊櫃上跳了下來，開始在地板上滑動，撿起了土豆。“那兩個！”她猛然爆發，現在從櫥櫃裡拉出鍋碗瓢盆，哈利知道她指的是弗雷德和喬治。“我真不知道他們會發生什麼事，我真的不知道。除了盡可能地制造麻煩外，他們沒有野心...”韋斯萊夫人狠狠地將一個大銅炊鍋砰地一聲摔在廚桌上，開始在裡面揮舞著她的魔杖。她攪拌時，從魔杖尖端流出了一種奶油狀醬汁。“並不是說他們沒有頭腦，”她繼續惱怒地說，把鍋子拿到爐子上，用她的魔杖再戳了一下，點燃了它，“但他們在浪費他們的智慧，除非他們很快振作起來，否則他們會陷入真正的麻煩。我收到的來自霍格華茲的貓頭鷹傳書，關於他們的信比其他人加起來還多。如果他們繼續這樣下去，他們最終會被遣送到不當使用魔法署。”

Mrs. Weasley jabbed her wand at the cutlery drawer, which shot open. Harry and Ron both jumped out of the way as several knives soared out of it, flew across the kitchen, and began chopping the potatoes, which had just been tipped back into the sink by the dustpan.

“I don’t know where we went wrong with them，” said Mrs. Weasley, putting down her wand and starting to pull out still more saucepans. “It’s been the same for years, one thing after another, and they won’t listen to — OH NOT AGAIN!”

She had picked up her wand from the table, and it had emitted a loud squeak and turned into a giant rubber mouse.

“One of their fake wands again!” she shouted. “How many times have I told them not to leave them lying around?”

She grabbed her real wand and turned around to find that the sauce on the stove was smoking.

衛斯理夫人揮舞著她的魔杖，餐具抽屜應聲打開。哈利和羅恩趕緊閃開，數把刀子從抽屜裡飛出，越過廚房，開始切馬鈴薯。馬鈴薯剛才被撇出去，現在又落回水槽裡了。“我不知道我們哪裡做錯了，”衛斯理夫人說，放下她的魔杖，開始再拿出更多的鍋子。“多年來都是這樣，一件接一件的事情，他們就是不聽——啊，又來了！”她從桌子上拿起魔杖，它發出了一聲尖叫，變成了一隻巨大的橡皮老鼠。“他們的假魔杖又來了！”她喊道。“我跟他們說過多少次不要亂放？”她抓起她的真正魔杖，轉過身去，發現爐子上的醬汁冒煙了。

“C’mɒn，”Ron said hurriedly to Harry, seizing a handful of cutlery from the open drawer, “let’s go and help Bill and Charlie.”

They left Mrs. Weasley and headed out the back door into the yard.

They had only gone a few paces when Hermione’s bandy-legged ginger cat, Crookshanks, came pelting out of the garden, bottlebrush tail held high in the air, chasing what looked like a muddy potato on legs. Harry recognized it instantly as a gnome. Barely ten inches high, its horny little feet pattered very fast as it sprinted across the yard and dived headlong into one of the Wellington boots that lay scattered around the door. Harry could hear the gnome giggling madly as Crookshanks inserted a paw into the boot, trying to reach it. Meanwhile, a very loud crashing noise was coming from the other side of the house. The source of the commotion was revealed as they entered the garden, and saw that Bill and Charlie both had their wands out, and were making two battered old tables fly high above the lawn, smashing into each other, each attempting to knock the other’s out of the air. Fred and George were cheering, Ginny was laughing, and Hermione was hovering near the hedge, apparently torn between amusement and anxiety.

“加油，”繞了一圈抽屜，快步跟哈利說，“我們去幫比爾和查理。”他們離開了魔法阿媽，走出後院。當走了幾步時，赫敏結巴的薑色貓，小蟲蟲，從花園裡疾奔而出，像泥土上的馬鈴薯一樣追趕著那個不知名的小妖精，將一根瓶刷的尾巴高高舉起。哈利立即認出那是小矮人，不到十英寸高，蹄子踏得很快，飛快地奔過院子，埋頭跳進門口散落的雨靴之一。哈利能聽到矮人瘋狂地笑聲，當小蟲蟲伸出一只爪子想抓住它時，彷彿可以感受到矮人在發抖。此時，另一邊的房子裡傳來非常大的撞擊聲。當他們進入花園時，騷動的來源顯示出來，他們看到比爾和查理都掏出了魔杖，把兩個古老的桌子飛到了空中，撞擊在一起，每個人都試圖將對方擊落。弗雷德和喬治在歡呼，金妮在笑，而赫敏在靠近籬笆旁徘徊，顯然陷入了愉悅與焦慮之間的兩難。

Bill’s table caught Charlie’s with a huge bang and knocked one of its legs off. There was a clatter from overhead, and they all looked up to see Percy’s head poking out of a window on the second floor.

“Will you keep it down?!” he bellowed.

“Sorry, Perce,” said Bill, grinning. “How’re the cauldron bottoms coming on?”

“Very badly,” said Percy peevishly, and he slammed the window shut. Chuckling, Bill and Charlie directed the tables safely onto the grass, end to end, and then, with a flick of his wand, Bill reattached the table leg and conjured tablecloths from nowhere.

By seven o’clock, the two tables were groaning under dishes and dishes of Mrs. Weasley’s excellent cooking, and the nine Weasleys, Harry, and Hermione were settling themselves down to eat beneath a clear, deep-blue sky. To somebody who had been living on meals of increasingly stale cake all summer, this was paradise, and at first, Harry listened rather than talked as he helped himself to chicken and ham pie, boiled potatoes, and salad.

Bill的桌子砰地一聲砸到Charlie的桌子上，撞斷了其中一隻腳。突然從頭頂上傳來一陣響聲，眾人抬頭朝二樓窗戶看去，看見Percy的頭從窗戶探出來。“能安靜一下嗎？！”他大聲喊道。“不好意思，Perce，”比爾咧嘴笑道，“煲底做得怎麼樣了？”“非常糟糕，”Percy不悅地說，然後重重地關上了窗戶。比爾和Charlie笑聲不斷，安全地把兩張桌子連成一排放到草地上，比爾手一揮，就從空氣中變出了桌布。到了晚上七點，兩張桌子上擺滿了Mrs. Weasley做的各種佳肴，九個Weasley、哈利和赫敏在碧藍的晴空下坐下來享用美食。對於整個夏天都在吃越來越不新鮮的蛋糕的人來說，這就是天堂，哈利先是聆聽，然後開始享用雞肉派、熟土豆和沙拉。

At the far end of the table, Percy was telling his father all about his report on cauldron bottoms.

“I’ve told Mr. Crouch that I’ll have it ready by Tuesday,” Percy was saying pompously. “That’s a bit sooner than he expected it, but I like to keep on top of things. I think he’ll be grateful I’ve done it in good time, I mean, it’s extremely busy in our department just now, what with all the arrangements for the World Cup. We’re just not getting the support we need from the Department of Magical Games and Sports. Ludo Bagman —”

“I like Ludo,” said Mr. Weasley mildly. “He was the one who got us such good tickets for the Cup. I did him a bit of a favor: His brother, Otto, got into a spot of trouble — a lawnmower with unnatural powers — I smoothed the whole thing over.”

在桌子的那一端，珀西正在驕傲地向他父親講述他關於鍋底報告的情況。「我告訴庫派先生，我會在星期二前準備好它，」珀西說道。「這比他預期的提前了一些，但我喜歡保持領先。我認為他會很感激我及時完成這件事。我們部門現在非常忙碌，因為要安排世界盃的一切事宜。我們正在遭受魔法遊戲和體育部門所需的支持不足。魯道·巴克曼……」「我喜歡魯道，」韋斯萊先生平和地說。「他給了我們那麼好的世界盃票。有一次奧托，他的兄弟，遇到了麻煩——太厲害了的草坪修剪機——我替他解決了整件事。」

“Oh Bagman’s *likable* enough, of course,” said Percy dismissively, “but how he ever got to be Head of Department . . . when I compare him to Mr. Crouch! I can’t see Mr. Crouch losing a member of our department and not trying to find out what’s happened to them. You realize Bertha Jorkins has been missing for over a month now? Went on holiday to Albania and never came back?”

“Yes, I was asking Ludo about that,” said Mr. Weasley, frowning. “He says Bertha’s gotten lost plenty of times before now — though I must say, if it was someone in my department, I’d be worried. . . .”

“Oh Bertha’s *hopeless*, all right,” said Percy. “I hear she’s been shunted from department to department for years, much more trouble than she’s worth . . . but all the same, Bagman ought to be trying to find her. Mr. Crouch has been taking a personal interest, she worked in our department at one time, you know, and I think Mr. Crouch was quite fond of her — but Bagman just keeps laughing and saying she probably misread the map and ended up in Australia instead of Albania. However” — Percy heaved an impressive sigh and took a deep swig of elderflower wine — “we’ve got quite enough on our plates at the Department of International Magical Cooperation without trying to find members of other departments too. As you know, we’ve got another big event to organize right after the World Cup.”

「啊，巴格曼人還蠻討人喜歡的，當然了。」伯希黎神情不屑地說：「不過他怎麼可以當上部門主管……跟克勞奇先生比較起來的話！如果咱們部門遺失了成員，我想克勞奇先生肯定會想辦法找出這個人的下落。你知道班雅·柔金斯失蹤已經超過一個月了嗎？她去阿爾巴尼亞度假，就沒有回來。」「對啊，我問過魯道。」韋斯萊先生皺起眉頭說：「他說班雅以前也常迷路……但我得說，如果是咱們部門的人失蹤了，我肯定會擔心……」「哦，班雅很糟糕，沒錯。」伯希黎說：「我聽說她多年來一直在部門之間流轉，麻煩不斷……但不管怎樣，巴格曼應該試著找到她。克勞奇先生一直關心她呢，她以前在我們部門工作，你知道，我想克勞奇先生很喜歡她……但巴格曼只會笑著說她可能看錯地圖，去了澳大利亞而不是阿爾巴尼亞。」然而，伯希黎做出了令人印象深刻的嘆息聲，深深地咕嚕了一口接骨木花酒，繼續說道：「在國際魔法合作部門，我們已經有太多事要做了，不需要去找其他部門的成員。你知道，世界杯之後，我們還有另一個大型活動要籌備呢。」

Percy cleared his throat significantly and looked down toward the end of the table where Harry, Ron, and Hermione were sitting. “You know the one I’m talking about, Father.” He raised his voice slightly. “The top-secret one.”

Ron rolled his eyes and muttered to Harry and Hermione, “He’s been trying to get us to ask what that event is ever since he started work. Probably an exhibition of thick-bottomed cauldrons.”

In the middle of the table, Mrs. Weasley was arguing with Bill about his earring, which seemed to be a recent acquisition.

“. . . with a horrible great fang on it. Really, Bill, what do they say at the bank?”

“Mum, no one at the bank gives a damn how I dress as long as I bring home plenty of treasure,” said Bill patiently.

“And your hair’s getting silly, dear,” said Mrs. Weasley, fingering her wand lovingly. “I wish you’d let me give it a trim . . .”

帕西重咳了一聲，看向桌子另一端的哈利、羅恩和赫敏。「你知道我說的是哪一個，父親。」他略微提高了聲音。「最高機密的那個。」羅恩翻了翻白眼，小聲對哈利和赫敏嘀咕道：「他自從上班以來就一直試圖引起我們對那個事件的注意，可能只是一個厚底鍋的展覽。」在桌子中央，瑪莉安娜正在與比爾爭吵他的耳環，這似乎是最近才買的。「……上面還有一個可怕的大獠牙。真的，比爾，他們在銀行怎麼說？」「媽媽，只要我帶回足夠的寶藏，銀行裡的人並不在意我穿成什麼樣子。」比爾有耐心地說道。「還有，你的頭髮快變得很傻了，親愛的。」瑪莉安娜摸著她心愛的魔杖說道。「我希望你讓我修剪一下……」

“I like it,” said Ginny, who was sitting beside Bill. “You’re so old-fashioned, Mum. Anyway, it’s nowhere near as long as Professor Dumbledore’s. . . .”

Next to Mrs. Weasley, Fred, George, and Charlie were all talking spiritedly about the World Cup.

“It’s got to be Ireland,” said Charlie thickly, through a mouthful of potato. “They flattened Peru in the semifinals.”

“Bulgaria has got Viktor Krum, though,” said Fred.

“Krum’s one decent player, Ireland has got seven,” said Charlie shortly. “I wish England had got through. That was embarrassing, that was.”

“What happened?” said Harry eagerly, regretting more than ever his isolation from the Wizarding world when he was stuck on Privet Drive.

“Went down to Transylvania, three hundred and ninety to ten,” said Charlie gloomily. “Shocking performance. And Wales lost to Uganda, and Scotland was slaughtered by Luxembourg.”

“我喜歡這個，”坐在比爾身邊的金妮說道。“媽媽，你真是老派。不過，這跟翁巴丁教授的比起來也差遠了……”在梅薇思·衛斯理夫人旁邊，弗雷德、喬治和查理都在熱烈談論世界杯。“應該是愛爾蘭吧，”查理用塞滿土豆的口齒不清地說道，“半決賽中他們擊敗了秘魯。”“不過保加利亞有維克多·克魯姆啊，”弗雷德說道。“克魯姆是唯一一位好球員，愛爾蘭有七位，”查理簡要地回答。“我希望英格蘭能夠晉級。那實在是太丟人了。”“發生了什麼事？”哈利急切地問道，更加後悔自己在普里韋特街被困時與巫師世界隔離開來。“我們去了特蘭西瓦尼亞，被打了三百九十九十，”查理悶悶不樂地說道。“表現太差了。威爾斯輸給了烏干達，蘇格蘭被盧森堡屠殺了。”

Harry had been on the Gryffindor House Quidditch team ever since his first year at Hogwarts and owned one of the best racing brooms in the world, a Firebolt. Flying came more naturally to Harry than anything else in the magical world, and he played in the position of Seeker on the Gryffindor House team.

Mr. Weasley conjured up candles to light the darkening garden before they had their homemade strawberry ice cream, and by the time they had finished, moths were fluttering low over the table, and the warm air was perfumed with the smells of grass and honeysuckle. Harry was feeling extremely well fed and at peace with the world as he watched several gnomes sprinting through the rosebushes, laughing madly and closely pursued by Crookshanks.

Ron looked carefully up the table to check that the rest of the family were all busy talking, then he said very quietly to Harry, “So — have you heard from Sirius lately?”

哈利自入霍格華茲第一年起便成為了格蘭芬多魁地奇隊的一員，擁有世界上最好的賽車掃帚之一 - 火種。對哈利來說，飛行比魔法世界中的任何事情都來得更自然，他在格蘭芬多隊中擔任搜尋手的位置。韋斯萊先生製造出蠟燭照亮黑暗的花園，在他們品嚐自製草莓冰淇淋之前。等他們吃完了，蛾子才開始在桌子上方低飛，暖和的空氣里充滿了草和金鈴花的香味。看著幾個小矮人穿過玫瑰叢嬉鬧嚷笑，被克魯伯斯坦克斯緊追不舍，哈利感到非常飽足，和整個世界都和平相處。羅恩仔細地往桌子的上方看了一眼，確定家裡其他人都在忙著說話，然後他很小聲地對哈利說，“那麼 - 你最近有收到小天狼星的消息嗎？”

Hermione looked around, listening closely.

“Yeah,” said Harry softly, “twice. He sounds okay. I wrote to him yesterday. He might write back while I’m here.”

He suddenly remembered the reason he had written to Sirius, and for a moment was on the verge of telling Ron and Hermione about his scar hurting again, and about the dream that had awoken him . . . but he really didn’t want to worry them just now, not when he himself was feeling so happy and peaceful.

“Look at the time,” Mrs. Weasley said suddenly, checking her wristwatch. “You really should be in bed, the whole lot of you — you’ll be up at the crack of dawn to get to the Cup. Harry, if you leave your school list out, I’ll get your things for you tomorrow in Diagon Alley. I’m getting everyone else’s. There might not be time after the World Cup, the match went on for five days last time.”

赫敏四處看看，傾聽細心。“是啊，”哈利輕聲說，‘兩次了，聽起來沒事。昨天我給他寫信了，他在我這裡的時候可能會回信。」他突然記起了寫信給小天狼星的原因，有一瞬間他想告訴羅恩和赫敏他的傷疤又痛了，以及關於喚醒他的夢境……但此時他真的不想讓他們擔心，尤其是當他自己感到如此快樂和平靜時。“看看時間，”韋斯萊夫人突然說，檢查她的手錶。“你們所有人都應該去睡覺了——你們會在天亮之前起床去看盃賽的。哈利，如果你把你的學校清單放在外面，我明天會在對角巷幫你帶好你的東西。我在幫其他人買。上次比賽持續了五天，盃賽之後可能沒有時間了。”

“Wow — hope it does this time!” said Harry enthusiastically.

"Well, I certainly don't," said Percy sanctimoniously. "I *shudder* to think what the state of my in-tray would be if I was away from work for five days."

"Yeah, someone might slip dragon dung in it again, eh, Perce?" said Fred.

"That was a sample of fertilizer from Norway!" said Percy, going very red in the face. "It was nothing *personal*!"

"It was," Fred whispered to Harry as they got up from the table. "We sent it."

"哇——希望這次會成功！"哈利興高采烈地說道。"好吧，我倒是一點都不希望成功。"珀西假正經地說道。"我簡直不敢想像，如果我離開工作五天，我的收件匣會變成什麼樣子。""是啊，誰知道會不會再塞進龍糞啊，對吧，珀斯？"弗雷德笑道。"那只是來自挪威的肥料樣本！"珀西臉紅地解釋道。"沒有什麼個人恩怨！""是有的。"弗雷德對哈利輕聲說道，當他們從桌子旁站起來時。"是我們送的。"



THE PORTKEY

Harry felt as though he had barely lain down to sleep in Ron's room when he was being shaken awake by Mrs. Weasley.

"Time to go, Harry, dear," she whispered, moving away to wake Ron.

Harry felt around for his glasses, put them on, and sat up. It was still dark outside. Ron muttered indistinctly as his mother roused him. At the foot of Harry's mattress he saw two large, disheveled shapes emerging from tangles of blankets.

"S' time already?" said Fred groggily.

They dressed in silence, too sleepy to talk, then, yawning and stretching, the four of them headed downstairs into the kitchen.

Mrs. Weasley was stirring the contents of a large pot on the stove, while Mr. Weasley was sitting at the table, checking a sheaf of large parchment tickets. He looked up as the boys entered and spread his arms so that they could see his clothes more clearly. He was wearing what appeared to be a golfing sweater and a very old pair of jeans, slightly too big for him and held up with a thick leather belt.

哈利感覺好像才躺在羅恩的房間裡睡覺，就被魔母搖醒了。「該走了，親愛的哈利。」她輕聲說，離開床邊去叫醒羅恩。哈利摸索著找眼鏡，戴上後坐起身。外面仍然很暗。當魔母叫醒羅恩時，他模模糊糊地說著。在哈利的床腳下，他看到兩個大而凌亂的身影從被子中鑽了出來。「已經到點了？」佛萊德瞌睡地說。他們無聲地穿好衣服，昏昏沉沉地走下樓來到廚房。四人打了個哈欠，伸了個懶腰。魔母正在火爐旁攬著一個大鍋子的內容，而韋斯萊先生正坐在桌子旁，檢查著一沓大型的羊皮紙票。當三個男孩進來時，他抬起頭來，伸開雙臂來展示他的衣服。他穿了一件看起來像高爾夫運動衫的衣服，和一條非常舊的牛仔褲，稍稍有些大，用厚實的皮帶系著。

"What d'you think?" he asked anxiously. "We're supposed to go incognito — do I look like a Muggle, Harry?"

"Yeah," said Harry, smiling, "very good."

"Where're Bill and Charlie and Per-Per-Percy?" said George, failing to stifle a huge yawn.

"Well, they're Apparating, aren't they?" said Mrs. Weasley, heaving the large pot over to the table and starting to ladle porridge into bowls. "So they can have a bit of a lie-in."

Harry knew that Apparating meant disappearing from one place and reappearing almost instantly in another, but had never known any Hogwarts student to do it, and understood that it was very difficult.

"So they're still in bed?" said Fred grumpily, pulling his bowl of porridge toward him "Why can't we Apparate too?"

"Because you're not of age and you haven't passed your test," snapped Mrs. Weasley. "And where have those girls got to?"

「你覺得呢？」他焦急地問道。「我們應該去化身——你覺得我看起來像麻瓜嗎，哈利？」「對啊，」哈利笑道。「很好。」「比爾、查理和珀珀...珀西在哪裡？」喬治問道，無法遏制熱烈的哈欠。「嗯，他們要進行瞬間移動，對吧？」韋斯萊夫人說著，把大鍋子抬到桌子上，開始將粥盛到碗裡。「所以他們可以多睡一會兒。」哈利知道，瞬間移動是指從一個地方消失，幾乎瞬間出現在另一個地方，但從未聽說過任何霍格沃茨的學生做到這一點，因此明白這是非常困難的。「所以他們還在睡覺？」弗雷德不悅地說道，把自己的粥碗拉到面前。「我們為什麼不能瞬間移動呢？」「因為你們還沒有成年，而且你們還沒有通過考試，」韋斯萊夫人厲聲說道。「那些女孩子去哪兒了？」

She bustled out of the kitchen and they heard her climbing the stairs.

"You have to pass a test to Apparate?" Harry asked.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Weasley, tucking the tickets safely into the back pocket of his jeans. "The Department of Magical Transportation had to fine a couple of people the other day for Apparating without a license. It's not easy, Apparition, and when it's not done properly it can lead to nasty complications. This pair I'm talking about went and Splinched themselves."

Everyone around the table except Harry winced.

“Er — *Splinched*?” said Harry.

“They left half of themselves behind,” said Mr. Weasley, now spooning large amounts of treacle onto his porridge. “So, of course, they were stuck. Couldn’t move either way. Had to wait for the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad to sort them out. Meant a fair old bit of paperwork, I can tell you, what with the Muggles who spotted the body parts they’d left behind. . . .”

她匆匆走出厨房，他们听到她爬楼梯的声音。“到处走需要通过考试吗？”哈利问。“哦是的，”威斯莱先生说，把门票安全地塞进他的牛仔裤后口袋里。“魔法运输部最近罚款了一些人没有许可证就到处传送。到处转移不容易，如果不正确地进行，可能会导致严重的后果。我在谈论的这对夫妇就弄丢了一半的身体。”桌子周围的每个人都皱了皱眉头，除了哈利。“嗯——弄丢了？”哈利问。“他们的一半身体留在了原地，”威斯莱先生说，“所以他们被卡住了。无论哪种方式都不能移动，不得不等待意外魔法逆转小组解决。我可以告诉你，这意味着相当多的文书工作，因为麻瓜看到了他们留下的身体部位。”

Harry had a sudden vision of a pair of legs and an eyeball lying abandoned on the pavement of Privet Drive.

“Were they okay?” he asked, startled.

“Oh yes,” said Mr. Weasley matter-of-factly. “But they got a heavy fine, and I don’t think they’ll be trying it again in a hurry. You don’t mess around with Apparition. There are plenty of adult wizards who don’t bother with it. Prefer brooms — slower, but safer.”

“But Bill and Charlie and Percy can all do it?”

“Charlie had to take the test twice,” said Fred, grinning. “He failed the first time, Apparated five miles south of where he meant to, right on top of some poor old dear doing her shopping, remember?”

“Yes, well, he passed the second time,” said Mrs. Weasley, marching back into the kitchen amid hearty sniggers.

哈利突然想到一對被遺棄在普立特街人行道上的雙腿和一顆眼珠。「他們還好嗎？」他驚訝地問道。「喔，還好。」韋斯萊先生理所當然地說。「但他們被罰了很重，我不認為他們會急著再嘗試了。你不能亂搞瞬間移動，有很多成年巫師不會去涉足。他們更喜歡掃帚——慢一點，但更安全。」「但比爾、查理和珀西都會瞬間移動嗎？」「查理考試失敗了兩次，」弗雷德咧嘴一笑。「第一次瞬間移動了五英里遠，剛好掉在一個可憐的老太太購物的頭上。」「是啊，嗯，他第二次考試過了，」韋斯萊太太在一片爽朗的嘲笑聲中走回廚房。

“Percy only passed two weeks ago,” said George. “He’s been Apparating downstairs every morning since, just to prove he can.”

There were footsteps down the passageway and Hermione and Ginny came into the kitchen, both looking pale and drowsy.

“Why do we have to be up so early?” Ginny said, rubbing her eyes and sitting down at the table.

“We’ve got a bit of a walk,” said Mr. Weasley.

“Walk?” said Harry. “What, are we walking to the World Cup?”

“No, no, that’s miles away,” said Mr. Weasley, smiling. “We only need to walk a short way. It’s just that it’s very difficult for a large number of wizards to congregate without attracting Muggle attention. We have to be very careful about how we travel at the best of times, and on a huge occasion like the Quidditch World Cup —”

“珀西才過了兩個星期，”喬治說道，“他自從那時起每天早上都從樓下消失，只是為了證明他能夠 *Transilating* 穿牆術。”門口傳來了腳步聲，赫敏和金妮走進廚房，兩人都顯得蒼白昏沉。“我們為什麼要這麼早起床？”金妮揉著眼睛坐在桌前說。“我們得走一段路，”韋斯萊先生說。“走？”哈利問道，“什麼，我們要步行去看世界杯嗎？”“不，不，那裡很遠。”韋斯萊先生微笑著說：“我們只需要走很短的路，但是多數巫師聚集在一起很容易吸引麻瓜的注意。就算是大型活動如魁地奇世界杯，在旅行方面我們依然需要非常小心。”

“George!” said Mrs. Weasley sharply, and they all jumped.

“What?” said George, in an innocent tone that deceived nobody.

“What is that in your pocket?”

“Nothing!”

“Don’t you lie to me!”

Mrs. Weasley pointed her wand at George’s pocket and said, “*Accio!*”

Several small, brightly colored objects zoomed out of George’s pocket; he made a grab for them but missed, and they sped right into Mrs. Weasley’s outstretched hand.

“We told you to destroy them!” said Mrs. Weasley furiously, holding up what were unmistakably more Ton-Tongue Toffees. “We told you to get rid of the lot! Empty your pockets, go on, both of you!”

It was an unpleasant scene; the twins had evidently been trying to smuggle as many toffees out of the house as possible, and it was only by using her Summoning Charm that Mrs. Weasley managed to find them all.

“喬治!”Weasley太太尖刻地說，他們都嚇了一跳。“什麼?”喬治以一種欺騙誰都看不出破綻的無辜口吻說。你口袋裡是什麼？“沒什麼東西!”“別對我撒謊!”Weasley太太用魔杖指著喬治的口袋說，“Accio!”幾個小而亮麗的物體從喬治的口袋裡飛出來，他努力去抓住它們，但是失敗了，它們直接飛進了Weasley太太伸出的手中。“我們讓你摧毁它們!”Weasley太太憤怒地說，她拿起了毫不含糊的Ton-Tongue Toffees，“我們讓你把它們全部丟掉！把你們的口袋倒出來，走吧，你們兩個！”這是一個不愉快的場面；雙胞胎明顯地一直試圖把盡可能多的糖果走出房子，只有通過使用她的Summoning Charm，Weasley太太才找到了它們全部。

“Accio! Accio! Accio!”she shouted, and toffees zoomed from all sorts of unlikely places, including the lining of George's jacket and the turn-ups of Fred's jeans.

“We spent six months developing those!” Fred shouted at his mother as she threw the toffees away.

“Oh a fine way to spend six months!” she shrieked. “No wonder you didn't get more O.W.L.s!”

All in all, the atmosphere was not very friendly as they took their departure. Mrs. Weasley was still glowering as she kissed Mr. Weasley on the cheek, though not nearly as much as the twins, who had each hoisted their rucksacks onto their backs and walked out without a word to her.

“Well, have a lovely time,” said Mrs. Weasley, “and *behave yourselves*,” she called after the twins’ retreating backs, but they did not look back or answer. “I'll send Bill, Charlie, and Percy along around midday,” Mrs. Weasley said to Mr. Weasley, as he, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny set off across the dark yard after Fred and George.

“翻譯：「Accio ! Accio ! Accio !」她大喊，果凍糖從許多不太可能的地方飛出來，包括喬治夾克的裡襯和弗雷德牛仔褲的褶皺。「我們花了六個月時間開發這些！」弗雷德對他的母親喊道，而她把那些果凍糖丟掉了。「這是一個很好的方式來度過六個月！」她尖叫道。「難怪你們沒有拿到更多的O.W.L.s！」總之，他們離開時氣氛不是很友好。雖然弗雷德和喬治並沒有對她說話，但韋斯萊夫人在親吻韋斯萊先生時還是在怒視著她，不像雙胞胎倆，他們每人都把自己的背包背在背上，沒有對她說一句話就走了。「好了，玩得愉快。」韋斯萊夫人說，「好好表現自己。」她朝向雙胞胎的背影喊道，但他們沒有回頭或回答。「我會在中午左右派比爾、查理和珀西去，」韋斯萊夫人對韋斯萊先生說，當他，哈利，羅恩，赫敏和金妮跟著弗雷德和喬治穿過黑暗的院子。

It was chilly and the moon was still out. Only a dull, greenish tinge along the horizon to their right showed that daybreak was drawing closer. Harry, having been thinking about thousands of wizards speeding toward the Quidditch World Cup, sped up to walk with Mr. Weasley.

“So how *does* everyone get there without all the Muggles noticing?” he asked.

“It's been a massive organizational problem,” sighed Mr. Weasley. “The trouble is, about a hundred thousand wizards turn up at the World Cup, and of course, we just haven't got a magical site big enough to accommodate them all. There are places Muggles can't penetrate, but imagine trying to pack a hundred thousand wizards into Diagon Alley or platform nine and three-quarters. So we had to find a nice deserted moor, and set up as many anti-Muggle precautions as possible. The whole Ministry's been working on it for months. First, of course, we have to stagger the arrivals. People with cheaper tickets have to arrive two weeks beforehand. A limited number use Muggle transport, but we can't have too many clogging up their buses and trains — remember, wizards are coming from all over the world. Some Apparate, of course, but we have to set up safe points for them to appear, well away from Muggles. I believe there's a handy wood they're using as the Apparition point. For those who don't want to Apparate, or can't, we use Portkeys. They're objects that are used to transport wizards from one spot to another at a prearranged time. You can do large groups at a time if you need to. There have been two hundred Portkeys placed at strategic points around Britain, and the nearest one to us is up at the top of Stoatshead Hill, so that's where we're headed.”

天氣很冷，月亮仍然掛在天空中。只有靠右邊的水平線上微弱的綠色光暈顯示黎明漸近。哈利一直在想著數以千計的巫師加速趕往魁地奇世界杯，於是加快步伐跟隨威茲萊先生走路。「那麼，所有人怎麼在沒有被麻瓜察覺的情況下抵達那裡呢？」他問道。「這是一個巨大的組織問題，」威茲萊先生嘆息道：「問題是，大約有十萬巫師會來到魁地奇世界杯，而且，我們根本沒有足夠大的魔法場地可以容納他們。有些地方是麻瓜無法進入的，但是你能想像將十萬巫師塞進對角巷或三號月台嗎？所以我們必須找到一個荒涼的沼澤地，並設置盡可能多的反麻瓜防護措施。整個部門已經費心研究了好幾個月。當然，首先我們必須分批次到達。便宜票的人必須提前兩周到達。有限數量的人使用麻瓜交通工具，但我們不能讓太多人阻塞他們的巴士和火車——請記住，巫師來自世界各地。當然有些人會瞬間移動，但我們必須為他們設置安全點，遠離麻瓜。我相信有一個方便的樹林被用作瞬間移動點。對於那些不想瞬間移動或無法瞬間移動的人，我們使用傳送門。傳送門是一種物體，可在預定時間將巫師從一個地方運送到另一個地方。如果有需要，你可以一次運送大量人。英國周圍放置了兩百個關鍵點，最靠近我們的就在Stoatshead Hill的頂部，所以那就是我們要前往的地方。」

Mr. Weasley pointed ahead of them, where a large black mass rose beyond the village of Ottery St. Catchpole.

“What sort of objects are Portkeys?” said Harry curiously.

“Well, they can be anything,” said Mr. Weasley. “Unobtrusive things, obviously, so Muggles don't go picking them up and playing with them... stuff they'll just think is litter. . .”

They trudged down the dark, dank lane toward the village, the silence broken only by their footsteps. The sky lightened very slowly as they made their way through the village, its inky blackness diluting to deepest blue. Harry's hands and feet were freezing. Mr. Weasley kept checking his watch.

They didn't have breath to spare for talking as they began to climb Stoatshead Hill, stumbling occasionally in hidden rabbit holes, slipping on thick black tufts of grass. Each breath Harry took was sharp in his chest and his legs were starting to seize up when, at last, his feet found level ground.

衛斯理先生指向他們前方，黑色的巨物高聳在 Otto St. Catchpole 村落的背後。哈利好奇地問道：“啥樣的東西會是飛魔法物品？”“嗯，任何東西都有可能。”衛斯理先生回答：“當然是不起眼的東西，免得麻瓜撿起來當垃圾玩。他們只會認為這是些雜物。”他們沿著黑暗潮濕的小路向村子走去，唯一的聲音只有他們的腳步聲。當他們穿過村莊時，天空緩慢地變亮，漆黑的天際漸漸變成深藍色。哈利的手和腳已經冰涼了，衛斯理先生不停地查看手錶。當他們開始爬上 Stoatshead Hill，時空定點的物品躲藏在兔洞中，草叢上的厚重黑毡上渣滓滾動。哈利的每一次呼吸都痛在他的胸口，他的雙腿開始抽筋，當他最終站穩腳跟，他屏住了呼吸。

“Whew,” panted Mr. Weasley, taking off his glasses and wiping them on his sweater. “Well, we've made good time — we've got ten minutes. . . .”

Hermione came over the crest of the hill last, clutching a stitch in her side.

“Now we just need the Portkey,” said Mr. Weasley, replacing his glasses and squinting around at the ground. “It won't be big. . . . Come on. . . .”

They spread out, searching. They had only been at it for a couple of minutes, however, when a shout rent the still air.

“Over here, Arthur! Over here, son, we've got it!”

Two tall figures were silhouetted against the starry sky on the other side of the hilltop.

“Amos!” said Mr. Weasley, smiling as he strode over to the man who had shouted. The rest of them followed.

Mr. Weasley was shaking hands with a ruddy-faced wizard with a scrubby brown beard, who was holding a moldy-looking old boot in his other hand.

「噢呼，」韋斯萊先生喘著氣，摘下眼鏡在毛衣上擦了擦。「我們行進得很順利——我們有十分鐘...」赫敏最後一個爬上山頂，手捂著脅部呼吸急促。「現在我們只需要尋找那個飛鞋儲物袋，」韋斯萊先生換上眼鏡，細心搜查著地面。「它不會很大...來吧...」他們四處分散搜尋，但才幾分鐘過去，一聲大喊打破了寧靜的夜晚。「這邊，亞瑟！這邊，兒子，我們找到了！」山頂的另一邊，兩個高大的身影在星空下顯得格外顯眼。「亞摩斯！」韋斯萊先生說著，開心地快步走向那個喊話的男子。其他人跟著走。韋斯萊先生跟一個紅潤面龐、短鬚鬍子的巫師握手，那名巫師的另一隻手中拿著一隻枯瘦、發霉的舊靴子。

“This is Amos Diggory, everyone,” said Mr. Weasley. “He works for the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. And I think you know his son, Cedric?”

Cedric Diggory was an extremely handsome boy of around seventeen. He was Captain and Seeker of the Hufflepuff House Quidditch team at Hogwarts.

“Hi,” said Cedric, looking around at them all.

Everybody said hi back except Fred and George, who merely nodded. They had never quite forgiven Cedric for beating their team, Gryffindor, in the first Quidditch match of the previous year.

“Long walk, Arthur?” Cedric's father asked.

“Not too bad,” said Mr. Weasley. “We live just on the other side of the village there. You?”

“Had to get up at two, didn't we, Ced? I tell you, I'll be glad when he's got his Apparition test. Still. . . . not complaining. . . . Quidditch World Cup, wouldn't miss it for a sackful of Galleons — and the tickets cost about that. Mind you, looks like I got off easy. . . .” Amos Diggory peered good-naturedly around at the three Weasley boys, Harry, Hermione, and Ginny. “All these yours, Arthur?”

“這位是艾莫斯·狄哥里，各位。”韋斯萊先生說，“他在魔法生物規管司工作。我想你們都認識他的兒子，塞德里克吧？”塞德里克·狄哥里是個約十七歲的極其英俊的男孩，他是霍格華茲的猛獁莊園飛天小隊的隊長和搜尋手。“嗨，”塞德里克看著眾人說。每個人都回應了他的問候，除了弗雷德和喬治，他們只點了點頭。他們還沒有完全原諒塞德里克在上一年的第一場魁地奇比賽中擊敗他們的格蘭芬多隊。“走路很遠嗎，亞瑟？”塞德里克的父親問道。“還好，”韋斯萊先生說，“我們就住在村子的另一邊。你呢？”“我們要在兩點起床，是吧，塞德？我告訴你，他通過瞬間移動測試後，我才能放心，不過還是不怨聲載道。太空球世界杯，無論如何都不能錯過，門票就算花一大堆金幣也值得。不過看起來我很幸運，這些都是你的孩子吧，亞瑟？”艾莫斯·狄哥里和善地看著韋斯萊三兄弟、哈利·赫敏和金妮，“全部都是你的？”

“Oh no, only the redheads,” said Mr. Weasley, pointing out his children. “This is Hermione, friend of Ron's — and Harry, another friend —”

“Merlin's beard,” said Amos Diggory, his eyes widening. “Harry? Harry Potter?”

“Er—yeah,” said Harry.

Harry was used to people looking curiously at him when they met him, used to the way their eyes moved at once to the lightning scar on his forehead, but it always made him feel uncomfortable.

“Ced’s talked about you, of course,” said Amos Diggory. “Told us all about playing against you last year. . . . I said to him, I said — Ced, that’ll be something to tell your grandchildren, that will. . . . *You beat Harry Potter!*”

Harry couldn’t think of any reply to this, so he remained silent. Fred and George were both scowling again. Cedric looked slightly embarrassed.

“天啊，這是哈利？哈利波特？”阿莫斯·狄哥里驚訝地說道，他的眼睛睜大了。“嗯，是的，”哈利說。當人們第一次見到哈利時，看著他時總是會感到好奇，眼睛總是會立刻轉向他額頭上的閃電疤痕，但這總是讓他感到不舒服。“當然，西德向我們講過你，”阿莫斯·狄哥里說，“講你去年對戰的事情...我對他說，我說，西德，這會是你告訴你孫子孫女的故事，你打敗了哈利波特！”哈利想不出任何回答，因此保持沉默。弗雷德和喬治再次皺眉。塞德里克看起來有些尷尬。

“Harry fell off his broom, Dad,” he muttered. “I told you . . . it was an accident. . . .”

“Yes, but *you* didn’t fall off, did you?” roared Amos genially, slapping his son on his back. “Always modest, our Ced, always the gentleman . . . but the best man won, I’m sure Harry’d say the same, wouldn’t you, eh? One falls off his broom, one stays on, you don’t need to be a genius to tell which one’s the better flier!”

“Must be nearly time,” said Mr. Weasley quickly, pulling out his watch again. “Do you know whether we’re waiting for any more, Amos?”

“No, the Lovegoods have been there for a week already and the Fawcetts couldn’t get tickets,” said Mr. Diggory. “There aren’t any more of us in this area, are there?”

“Not that I know of,” said Mr. Weasley. “Yes, it’s a minute off. . . . We’d better get ready. . . .”

“哈利從掃帚上摔下來了，爸爸，”他喃喃自語道。“我告訴過你...那是意外。”“是啊，但你沒有摔下來，對吧？”艾莫斯愉快地吼叫著，拍打兒子的背部。“我們的塞德總是謙遜，總是紳士...但最好的人贏了，我肯定哈利會這樣說，對吧？你呢？墜落在掃帚上，留在掃帚上，你不需要是天才就能看出哪個人是更好的飛行員！”“時間差不多了，”韋斯萊先生快速地說道，再次拿出手錶。“你知道我們是否還在等待其他人，艾莫斯嗎？”“不，洛夫古德一家已經在那裡一個星期了，福西特一家沒有拿到門票，”迪戈里先生說道。“這個區域裡沒有更多的人了，對吧？”“據我所知，沒有，”韋斯萊先生說道。“時間快到了...我們最好準備好了。”

He looked around at Harry and Hermione.

“You just need to touch the Portkey, that’s all, a finger will do —”

With difficulty, owing to their bulky backpacks, the nine of them crowded around the old boot held out by Amos Diggory.

They all stood there, in a tight circle, as a chill breeze swept over the hilltop. Nobody spoke. It suddenly occurred to Harry how odd this would look if a Muggle were to walk up here now . . . nine people, two of them grown men, clutching this manky old boot in the semidarkness, waiting . . .

“Three . . .” muttered Mr. Weasley, one eye still on his watch, “two . . . one . . .”

It happened immediately: Harry felt as though a hook just behind his navel had been suddenly jerked irresistibly forward. His feet left the ground; he could feel Ron and Hermione on either side of him, their shoulders banging into his; they were all speeding forward in a howl of wind and swirling color; his forefinger was stuck to the boot as though it was pulling him magnetically onward and then —

他看了看哈利和赫敏周圍。“你只需要碰一下這個移位器，只需要一根手指——”由於他們沉重的背包，九個人艱難地擠在阿莫斯·迪戈里手中的老靴子周圍。他們都站在那裡，緊緊地圍成一個圈，在山頂上一陣寒風吹過，沒有人說話。哈利突然意識到，如果現在有個麻瓜從這裡走過來，這景象會是多麼奇怪.....九個人，其中兩個是成年男子，在半黑暗中握著這隻爛靴子等待。“三.....”韋斯萊先生喃喃自語，一只眼睛仍在手錶上，“二.....一.....”這個過程瞬間發生：哈利覺得他的肚臍後方有一個鉤子突然無法抵擋地向前拉動。他的腳離開了地面；他能感覺到羅恩和赫敏站在他的兩側，他們的肩膀碰撞在一起；他們都在疾馳中，被風和旋轉的彩色物體淹沒；他的食指像磁鐵一樣黏在靴子上，把他往前拉動，然後——

His feet slammed into the ground; Ron staggered into him and he fell over; the Portkey hit the ground near his head with a heavy thud.

Harry looked up. Mr. Weasley, Mr. Diggory, and Cedric were still standing, though looking very windswept; everybody else was on the ground.

“Seven past five from Stoatshead Hill,” said a voice.

他的腳猛地踩在地上；羅恩撞到他身上，他跌倒了；移位魔法器重重地落在他頭旁的地上。哈利抬起头。韋斯萊先生、狄哥里先生和塞德里克還站着，雖然看起來很被風吹亂；其他人都倒在了地上。“來自斯托特斯山的五點七分，”一個聲音說道。



BAGMAN AND CROUCH

Harry disentangled himself from Ron and got to his feet. They had arrived on what appeared to be a deserted stretch of misty moor. In front of them was a pair of tired and grumpy-looking wizards, one of whom was holding a large gold watch, the other a thick roll of parchment and a quill. Both were dressed as Muggles, though very inexpertly: The man with the watch wore a tweed suit with thigh-length galoshes; his colleague, a kilt and a poncho.

"Morning, Basil," said Mr. Weasley, picking up the boot and handing it to the kilted wizard, who threw it into a large box of used Portkeys beside him; Harry could see an old newspaper, an empty drinks can, and a punctured football.

"Hello there, Arthur," said Basil wearily. "Not on duty, eh? It's all right for some. . . . We've been here all night. . . . You'd better get out of the way, we've got a big party coming in from the Black Forest at five-fifteen. Hang on, I'll find your campsite. . . . Weasley. . . . Weasley. . . ." He consulted his parchment list. "About a quarter of a mile's walk over there, first field you come to. Site manager's called Mr. Roberts. Diggory. . . . second field. . . . ask for Mr. Payne."

哈利擺脫了朗恩，站了起來。他們來到了一片看似荒蕪的霧氣籠罩的草地上。在他們面前是一對疲憊不堪和不高興的巫師，其中一個拿著一只大金錶，另一個手裡拿著一捲厚厚的羊皮紙和一支筆。他們兩個都穿著麻瓜的服裝，雖然非常不熟練：拿著錶的男人穿著一套粗花呢西裝，配上膝上高筒靴；而他的同事穿著蘇格蘭短裙和一件斗篷。"Weasley，早上好，"韋斯萊先生說，撿起靴子遞給穿著蘇格蘭短裙的巫師，後者把它扔進了他旁邊的一個裝滿舊跳躍門的大箱子裡；哈利可以看到一份舊報紙，一個空的飲料罐和一個漏氣的足球。"您好，亞瑟，"巴西爾疲憊地說。"沒當值，是吧？對您來說還不錯。我們昨晚就在這裡。您最好讓開，我們五點十五分有一大批人從黑森林來。等等，我找找您營地的位置.....韋斯萊...韋斯萊..."他查看了他的羊皮紙名單。"大約走一英里，第一個草地，營地經理叫羅伯茨先生。迪戈里...在第二個草地...找佩恩先生。"

"Thanks, Basil," said Mr. Weasley, and he beckoned everyone to follow him.

They set off across the deserted moor, unable to make out much through the mist. After about twenty minutes, a small stone cottage next to a gate swam into view. Beyond it, Harry could just make out the ghostly shapes of hundreds and hundreds of tents, rising up the gentle slope of a large field toward a dark wood on the horizon. They said good-bye to the Diggorys and approached the cottage door.

A man was standing in the doorway, looking out at the tents. Harry knew at a glance that this was the only real Muggle for several acres. When he heard their footsteps, he turned his head to look at them.

"Morning!" said Mr. Weasley brightly.

"Morning," said the Muggle.

"Would you be Mr. Roberts?"

"謝謝你，Basil，"韋斯萊先生說著，然後招手讓每個人跟隨他。他們穿過了被荒涼所包圍的草原，無法透過薄霧看到太多東西。大約二十分鐘後，他們看到了一個小石屋，旁邊是一個門，門外可以看到數以百計的帳篷模糊的形狀，在一個大草坪上向著遠方的黑暗森林上升。他們向迪戈里家道別，接近小屋的門。有一個人站在門口，注視著帳篷。哈利一眼就看出來這是幾英畝之內唯一真正的麻瓜。當他聽到他們腳步聲時，轉過頭看著他們。"早上好！"韋斯萊先生開心地說。"早上好，"麻瓜說。"你是羅伯特先生嗎？"

"Aye, I would," said Mr. Roberts. "And who're you?"

"Weasley — two tents, booked a couple of days ago?"

"Aye," said Mr. Roberts, consulting a list tacked to the door. "You've got a space up by the wood there. Just the one night?"

"That's it," said Mr. Weasley.

"You'll be paying now, then?" said Mr. Roberts.

“Ah—right—certainly—” said Mr. Weasley. He retreated a short distance from the cottage and beckoned Harry toward him. “Help me, Harry,” he muttered, pulling a roll of Muggle money from his pocket and starting to peel the notes apart. “This one’s a — a — a ten? Ah yes, I see the little number on it now. . . . So this is a five?”

“A twenty,” Harry corrected him in an undertone, uncomfortably aware of Mr. Roberts trying to catch every word.

“Ah yes, so it is. . . . I don’t know, these little bits of paper . . .”

「好的，我會的，」羅伯茨先生說。「你是誰？」「威茲萊 - 兩個帳篷，幾天前預定的？」「好的，」羅伯茨先生查看掛在門上的名單。「你的空位在樹林旁邊。只住一晚？」「對的，」威茲萊先生說。「那你現在要付款了，對嗎？」羅伯茨先生問。「啊 - 對 - 當然 - 」威茲萊先生說。他從小屋退了一步，招呼哈利跟他走。「幫幫我，哈利，」他嘀咕著，從口袋裡取出一捆麻瓜貨幣，開始拆開紙鈔。「這是一個 - 一個 - 十塊？啊，對，我現在看到上面的小數字了……那這是五塊？」「這是二十塊，」哈利低聲糾正他，不自在地意識到羅伯茨先生試圖聽清每一個字。「啊，對，是二十塊……這些小紙條我真不懂。」

“You foreign?” said Mr. Roberts as Mr. Weasley returned with the correct notes.

“Foreign?” repeated Mr. Weasley, puzzled.

“You’re not the first one who’s had trouble with money,” said Mr. Roberts, scrutinizing Mr. Weasley closely. “I had two try and pay me with great gold coins the size of hubcaps ten minutes ago.”

“Did you really?” said Mr. Weasley nervously.

Mr. Roberts rummaged around in a tin for some change.

“Never been this crowded,” he said suddenly, looking out over the misty field again. “Hundreds of pre-bookings. People usually just turn up. . . .”

“Is that right?” said Mr. Weasley, his hand held out for his change, but Mr. Roberts didn’t give it to him.

“Aye,” he said thoughtfully. “People from all over. Loads of foreigners. And not just foreigners. Weirdos, you know? There’s a bloke walking ’round in a kilt and a poncho.”

“您不是本地人？”當韋斯萊先生拿回正確的票據時，羅伯茨先生問道。“外地人？”韋斯萊先生困惑地重複。“你不是第一個購物有困難的人，”羅伯茨先生仔細地審視著韋斯萊先生，“十分鐘前，我有兩個人試圖用像車輪罩一樣大小的巨大金幣付款給我。”“真的嗎？”韋斯萊先生緊張地說。羅伯茨先生在錫罐裡尋找零錢。“從來沒有這麼擁擠過，”他突然說道，再次望向霧氣籠罩的田野，“有數百人預定了票。通常人們只是臨時起意前來……”“是這樣嗎？”韋斯萊先生伸手要求找零，但羅伯茨先生沒有給他。“是啊，”他沉思地說，“人們來自各地，有很多外國人。不只是外國人，還有怪人，你知道的。有個人穿著蘇格蘭裙和斗篷四處走來走去。”

“Shouldn’t he?” said Mr. Weasley anxiously.

“It’s like some sort of . . . I dunno . . . like some sort of rally,” said Mr. Roberts. “They all seem to know each other. Like a big party.”

At that moment, a wizard in plus-fours appeared out of thin air next to Mr. Roberts’s front door.

“*Obliviate!*” he said sharply, pointing his wand at Mr. Roberts.

Instantly, Mr. Roberts’s eyes slid out of focus, his brows unknitted, and a look of dreamy unconcern fell over his face. Harry recognized the symptoms of one who had just had his memory modified.

“A map of the campsite for you,” Mr. Roberts said placidly to Mr. Weasley. “And your change.”

“Thanks very much,” said Mr. Weasley.

The wizard in plus-fours accompanied them toward the gate to the campsite. He looked exhausted: His chin was blue with stubble and there were deep purple shadows under his eyes. Once out of earshot of Mr. Roberts, he muttered to Mr. Weasley, “Been having a lot of trouble with him. Needs a Memory Charm ten times a day to keep him happy. And Ludo Bagman’s not helping. Trotting around talking about Bludgers and Quaffles at the top of his voice, not a worry about anti-Muggle security. Blimey, I’ll be glad when this is over. See you later, Arthur.”

“難道他不應該？”韋斯萊先生焦慮地說。“就像某種……我不知道……像某種集會，”羅伯茨先生說。“他們似乎都認識彼此。像一個大派對。”就在此時，一個穿著加長短褲的巫師從羅伯茨先生的前門裡突然出現。“*Obliviate!*”他尖聲喊道，用魔杖指向羅伯茨先生。瞬間，羅伯茨先生的眼睛失焦，他的眉頭放鬆了下來，他的臉上浮現出一種夢幻般的漠不關心的表情。哈利識別出剛被修改過記憶的人的症狀。“這裡是營地地圖給你，”羅伯茨先生對著韋斯萊先生說，“還有您的零錢。”“非常感謝。”韋斯萊先生說。穿著加長短褲的巫師陪他們走向營地的門。他看起來非常疲憊：他的下巴上露出了青色的鬍渣，眼睛下方有深紫色的陰影。離開羅伯茨先生的耳邊，他對韋斯萊先生喃喃自語，“他一直很麻煩。每天需要十次記憶咒才能讓他高興。而魯多·巴格曼也沒有幫上忙。他四處趕，嘴裡大聲談論飛擊球和鐵鉤不用對防震級防範非魔幻人士上要點。嘩，我會很開心當這一切結束。再見，阿瑟。”

He Disappeared.

"I thought Mr. Bagman was Head of Magical Games and Sports," said Ginny, looking surprised. "He should know better than to talk about Bludgers near Muggles, shouldn't he?"

"He should," said Mr. Weasley, smiling, and leading them through the gates into the campsite, "but Ludo's always been a bit . . . well . . . *lax* about security. You couldn't wish for a more enthusiastic Head of the sports department though. He played Quidditch for England himself, you know. And he was the best Beater the Wimbourne Wasps ever had."

They trudged up the misty field between long rows of tents. Most looked almost ordinary; their owners had clearly tried to make them as Muggle-like as possible, but had slipped up by adding chimneys, or belpulls, or weather vanes. However, here and there was a tent so obviously magical that Harry could hardly be surprised that Mr. Roberts was getting suspicious. Halfway up the field stood an extravagant confection of striped silk like a miniature palace, with several live peacocks tethered at the entrance. A little farther on they passed a tent that had three floors and several turrets; and a short way beyond that was a tent that had a front garden attached, complete with birdbath, sundial, and fountain.

他使用消失術離開了。"我以為巴格曼先生是魔法遊戲和運動的負責人，"金妮說，看起來很驚訝。"他應該知道在麻瓜附近談論飛鏢是不對的，對吧？""是的，"韋斯萊先生笑著說，帶著他們穿過大門進入營地。"但盧多在安全方面一直都有點.....呃.....放鬆。不過，你不能希望運動系的負責人有更熱情的。你知道，他也為英格蘭打過飛天球。而且他是溫伯恩黃蜂隊有史以來最好的擊球手。"他們踩著長長的帳篷行過迷霧瀰漫的田野。大多數看起來都很普通，它們的主人顯然試圖讓它們看起來像麻瓜一樣，但卻在添加煙囪、鈴鈕或指南針時意外露了馬腳。然而，偶爾會看到一個帳篷是如此顯然的魔法，以至於哈利幾乎不能驚訝羅伯茨先生會懷疑。田野中間有一座奢華的絲綢小宮殿，有幾只活孔雀拴在門口。稍稍往上走一點，他們路過了一個有三層樓和幾個塔樓的帳篷；再往前一段路程，他們看到了一個帶有花園的帳篷，裏面有鳥盆、日規和噴泉。

"Always the same," said Mr. Weasley, smiling. "We can't resist showing off when we get together. Ah, here we are, look, this is us."

They had reached the very edge of the wood at the top of the field, and here was an empty space, with a small sign hammered into the ground that read *WEEZLY*.

"Couldn't have a better spot!" said Mr. Weasley happily. "The field is just on the other side of the wood there, we're as close as we could be." He hoisted his backpack from his shoulders. "Right," he said excitedly, "no magic allowed, strictly speaking, not when we're out in these numbers on Muggle land. We'll be putting these tents up by hand! Shouldn't be too difficult. . . . Muggles do it all the time. . . . Here, Harry, where do you reckon we should start?"

Harry had never been camping in his life; the Dursleys had never taken him on any kind of holiday, preferring to leave him with Mrs. Figg, an old neighbor. However, he and Hermione worked out where most of the poles and pegs should go, and though Mr. Weasley was more of a hindrance than a help, because he got thoroughly overexcited when it came to using the mallet, they finally managed to erect a pair of shabby two-man tents.

「老樣子，」威茲利先生微笑著說：「只要有機會聚在一起，我們就忍不住要炫耀一下。啊，來了，看，這是我們的地方。」他們已經走到了原野頂端樹林邊緣的地方，這裡是個空地，地上釘了一個小牌子寫著「威茲利」。「再好不過了，」威茲利先生高興地說：「原野就在那邊樹林另一邊，我們離得近極了。」他從肩膀上扛下背包：「好了，」他興奮地說：「這裡不許用魔法，尤其是在麻瓜土地上這麼多人的情況下。我們要手動搭帳篷！不應該太難.....麻瓜總是這麼幹的.....哈利，你認為從哪裡開始？」哈利從來沒有露營的經驗；德思禮一家從未帶他去過度假，一直都是讓老鄰居菲格太太看管他。不過他和妙麗好不容易算出支柱和釘子的大概位置，威茲利先生則是幫了倒忙，因為他用小木槌時全身心地興奮了起來。不過他們最終還是搭起了兩個破爛的雙人帳篷。

All of them stood back to admire their handiwork. Nobody looking at these tents would guess they belonged to wizards, Harry thought, but the trouble was that once Bill, Charlie, and Percy arrived, they would be a party of ten. Hermione seemed to have spotted this problem too; she gave Harry a quizzical look as Mr. Weasley dropped to his hands and knees and entered the first tent.

"We'll be a bit cramped," he called, "but I think we'll all squeeze in. Come and have a look."

Harry bent down, ducked under the tent flap, and felt his jaw drop. He had walked into what looked like an old-fashioned, three-room flat, complete with bathroom and kitchen. Oddly enough, it was furnished in exactly the same sort of style as Mrs. Figg's house: There were crocheted covers on the mismatched chairs and a strong smell of cats.

所有人都退后了几步，欣赏着他们的手工艺品。哈利想，没人看到这些帐篷会猜到它们属于巫师，但问题是一旦比尔、查理和珀西到达，他们就会成为一个十人的小组。赫敏似乎也发现了这个问题；当韦斯莱先生俯身跪下，进入第一个帐篷时，她向哈利疑惑地看了看。“我们会有点挤，”他喊道，“但我认为我们都能挤进去。过来看看吧。”哈利弯下腰，从帐篷帘门下蹲了进去，他的下巴几乎掉了下来。他走进了一个看起来像老式三居室公寓的地方，带有浴室和厨房。奇怪的是，它的装饰风格与菲格太太的房子完全一样：不匹配的椅子上有手工编织的套子，还有一股猫的气味。

"Well, it's not for long," said Mr. Weasley, mopping his bald patch with a handkerchief and peering in at the four bunk beds that stood in the bedroom. "I borrowed this from Perkins at the office. Doesn't camp much anymore, poor fellow, he's got lumbago."

He picked up the dusty kettle and peered inside it. "We'll need water. . . ."

"There's a tap marked on this map the Muggle gave us," said Ron, who had followed Harry inside the tent and seemed completely unimpressed by its extraordinary inner proportions. "It's on the other side of the field."

“Well, why don’t you, Harry, and Hermione go and get us some water then” — Mr. Weasley handed over the kettle and a couple of saucepans — “and the rest of us will get some wood for a fire?”

“But we’ve got an oven,” said Ron. “Why can’t we just —”

“嗯，不用很久，”韋斯萊先生說道，用手帕擦拭著禿頂，凝視著臥室內的四張睡床。“我從辦公室向派金斯借用的。他已經很少露營了，可憐的傢伙，得了風濕病。”他拿起灰塵飛揚的水壺，往裡面瞧。“我們需要水……”“這張地圖上的標記顯示有個水龍頭，麻瓜給了我們這張地圖，”跟隨哈利進入帳篷的羅恩說道，似乎對帳篷的奇特內部並不感到驚訝。“它在田地的另一邊。”“那哈利、赫敏和你就去取水吧，”韋斯萊先生遞給他們水壺和幾個鍋子，“其他人去找些柴火。”“但我們有烤箱啊。”羅恩說道。“我們為什麼不能……”

“Ron, anti-Muggle security!” said Mr. Weasley, his face shining with anticipation. “When real Muggles camp, they cook on fires outdoors. I’ve seen them at it!”

After a quick tour of the girls’ tent, which was slightly smaller than the boys’, though without the smell of cats, Harry, Ron, and Hermione set off across the campsite with the kettle and saucepans.

Now, with the sun newly risen and the mist lifting, they could see the city of tents that stretched in every direction. They made their way slowly through the rows, staring eagerly around. It was only just dawning on Harry how many witches and wizards there must be in the world; he had never really thought much about those in other countries.

Their fellow campers were starting to wake up. First to stir were the families with small children; Harry had never seen witches and wizards this young before. A tiny boy no older than two was crouched outside a large pyramid-shaped tent, holding a wand and poking happily at a slug in the grass, which was swelling slowly to the size of a salami. As they drew level with him, his mother came hurrying out of the tent.

“羅恩，反麻瓜安全！”韋斯萊先生臉上充滿了期待。“當真正的麻瓜露營時，他們會在室外生火煮食。我曾經看到過他們這麼做！”在快速遊覽過比男孩們的帳篷稍微小一點，但沒有貓臭味的女孩帳篷之後，哈利、羅恩和赫敏帶著水壺和鍋子穿越營地走了。現在，太陽剛剛升起，霧氣漸漸散去，他們可以看到四面八方都是帳篷城市。他們緩慢地穿過帳篷間的一排排，熱切地注視著周圍。哈利才剛剛開始意識到世界上可能有多少女巫和巫師，他從來沒有真正想過其他國家的巫師。他們的營友開始醒來了。第一批醒來的是有小孩的家庭；哈利從來沒有見過這麼小的女巫和巫師。一個年紀不到兩歲的小男孩蹲在一個大金字塔帳篷外面，手裡拿著魔杖，高興地戳著草地上的隻蛞蝓，它慢慢膨脹到了意大利臘腸的大小。當他們走到他身邊時，他的母親匆忙從帳篷裡面衝出來。

“How many times, Kevin? You don’t — touch — Daddy’s — wand — yecchh!”

She had trodden on the giant slug, which burst. Her scolding carried after them on the still air, mingling with the little boy’s yells — “You bust slug! You bust slug!”

A short way farther on, they saw two little witches, barely older than Kevin, who were riding toy broomsticks that rose only high enough for the girls’ toes to skim the dewy grass. A Ministry wizard had already spotted them; as he hurried past Harry, Ron, and Hermione he muttered distractedly, “In broad daylight! Parents having a lie-in, I suppose —”

Here and there adult wizards and witches were emerging from their tents and starting to cook breakfast. Some, with furtive looks around them, conjured fires with their wands; others were striking matches with dubious looks on their faces, as though sure this couldn’t work. Three African wizards sat in serious conversation, all of them wearing long white robes and roasting what looked like a rabbit on a bright purple fire, while a group of middle-aged American witches sat gossiping happily beneath a spangled banner stretched between their tents that read: THE SALEM WITCHES’ INSTITUTE. Harry caught snatches of conversation in strange languages from the inside of tents they passed, and though he couldn’t understand a word, the tone of every single voice was excited.

凱文，這是第幾次啊？不要——碰——爸爸的——魔杖——噁心！」她踩到了巨大的軟體，結果爆開了。她的責罵隨著他們一起傳來，夾雜著小男孩的叫聲——「你破壞了軟體！你破壞了軟體！」再往前走一點，他們看到兩個小女巫，幾乎和凱文一樣大，正在騎著玩具掃帚，只升得高到女孩腳趾輕輕擦過露水濕潤的草地。一位魔法部巫師已經發現了她們；當他匆匆走過哈利、朗和赫敏時，他心不在焉地喃喃道：「光天化日之下！也許是家長在睡懶覺吧——」這裡和那裡，成年巫師和女巫從他們的帳篷里走出來，開始煮早餐。一些人突然抬頭看看周圍後，用他們的魔杖創造火焰。另一些人則用疑惑的眼神搖搖頭，認為這不可能行得通。三位非洲巫師正在談論嚴肅的問題，他們都穿著長長的白色長袍，在一個亮紫色的火堆上烤著像兔子的東西。此時，一群中年的美國女巫正歡樂地聊天，坐在他們帳篷之間的金星懸掛的旗幟下，上面寫著：“塞勒姆女巫學院”。他們經過帳篷時，哈利聽到了一些奇怪語言的對話，雖然他聽不懂一個字，但每個人的語調都很興奮。

“Er — is it my eyes, or has everything gone green?” said Ron.

It wasn’t just Ron’s eyes. They had walked into a patch of tents that were all covered with a thick growth of shamrocks, so that it looked as though small, oddly shaped hillocks had sprouted out of the earth. Grinning faces could be seen under those that had their flaps open. Then, from behind them, they heard their names.

“Harry! Ron! Hermione!”

It was Seamus Finnigan, their fellow Gryffindor fourth year. He was sitting in front of his own shamrock-covered tent, with a sandy-haired woman who had to be his mother, and his best friend, Dean Thomas, also of Gryffindor.

“Like the decorations?” said Seamus, grinning. “The Ministry’s not too happy.”

“Ah, why shouldn’t we show our colors?” said Mrs. Finnigan. “You should see what the Bulgarians have got dangling all over *their* tents. You’ll be supporting Ireland, of course?” she added, eyeing Harry, Ron, and Hermione beadily. When they had assured her that they were indeed supporting Ireland, they set off again, though, as Ron said, “Like we’d say anything else surrounded by that lot.”

“爾……是我的眼睛出了問題還是這裡都變成了綠色？”羅恩說。這不僅僅是羅恩的眼睛出了問題。他們走進一片帳篷區，這些帳篷都長滿了茂密的三葉草，看起來就像是地上長出了一些奇怪形狀的小丘。那些帳篷門上打開的都露出了喜悅的面孔。然後從他們身後傳來了說話聲。“哈利、羅恩、赫敏！”是他們的同年級格蘭芬多同學西莫斯·芬尼根。他坐在他自己長滿三葉草的帳篷前面，旁邊坐著一位金髮婦女，那要是他的母親，還有他的最好朋友、也是格蘭芬多的丹·托馬斯。“喜歡裝飾嗎？”西莫斯咧著嘴笑道，“部長府不太快樂。”“噢，為什麼不能展現我們的顏色呢？”芬尼根太太說，“你應該看看保加利亞人用什麼懸掛在他們的帳篷上，你們當然會支持愛爾蘭，是嗎？”她狡猾地看著哈利、羅恩和赫敏。當他們向她保證他們確實支持愛爾蘭時，他們再次出發了，雖然，就像羅恩所說，“誰能在那鬼佬中間說出任何其他話？”

“I wonder what the Bulgarians have got dangling all over their tents?” said Hermione.

“Let’s go and have a look,” said Harry, pointing to a large patch of tents upfield, where the Bulgarian flag — white, green, and red — was fluttering in the breeze.

The tents here had not been bedecked with plant life, but each and every one of them had the same poster attached to it, a poster of a very surly face with heavy black eyebrows. The picture was, of course, moving, but all it did was blink and scowl.

“Krum,” said Ron quietly.

“What?” said Hermione.

“Krum!” said Ron. “Viktor Krum, the Bulgarian Seeker!”

“He looks really grumpy,” said Hermione, looking around at the many Krums blinking and scowling at them.

“Really grumpy?” Ron raised his eyes to the heavens. “Who cares what he looks like? He’s unbelievable. He’s really young too. Only just eighteen or something. He’s a *genius*, you wait until tonight, you’ll see.”

“我很好奇保加利亞人把什麼東西掛在他們的帳篷上？”赫敏說。“讓我們去看看。”哈利指著前面一大片帳篷說，那裡飄揚著保加利亞的國旗——白色、綠色和紅色。這裡的帳篷沒有被植物裝飾，但每一個帳篷都貼著同一張海報，海報上印著一張面容十分陰沉、厚重的黑眉毛。圖片當然是會動的，但它只是眨眨眼睛，怒視著人們。“克羅姆。”羅恩輕聲說。“什麼？”赫敏說。“克羅姆！”羅恩說，“維克多·克羅姆，保加利亞的搜尋手！”“他看起來真的很暴躁。”赫敏看著眼前眾多的克羅姆，眉頭深鎖。“非常暴躁？”羅恩仰天舉起雙手，“誰在意他長得什麼樣子？他是不可思議的。他還非常年輕，才十八歲左右。他是個天才，等晚上看他的表現你就知道了。”

There was already a small queue for the tap in the corner of the field. Harry, Ron, and Hermione joined it, right behind a pair of men who were having a heated argument. One of them was a very old wizard who was wearing a long flowery nightgown. The other was clearly a Ministry wizard; he was holding out a pair of pinstriped trousers and almost crying with exasperation.

“Just put them on, Archie, there’s a good chap. You can’t walk around like that, the Muggle at the gate’s already getting suspicious —”

“I bought this in a Muggle shop,” said the old wizard stubbornly. “Muggles wear them.”

“Muggle women wear them, Archie, not the men, they wear *these*,” said the Ministry wizard, and he brandished the pinstriped trousers.

“I’m not putting them on,” said old Archie in indignation. “I like a healthy breeze ’round my privates, thanks.”

場地角落的水龍頭已經有一小群人在排隊。哈利、羅恩和赫敏加入其中，就在一對正在激烈爭吵的男人後面。其中一個是一個穿著長長的花格睡袍的非常老的巫師。另一個顯然是一個部會的巫師；他拿著一條細條紋褲子，幾乎要哭出來了。「阿奇，就穿上它們，好嗎？你不能像那樣四處走動，門口的麻瓜已經很懷疑了——」「我是在麻瓜商店買的這件衣服，」老巫師固執地說。「麻瓜都穿這種。」「女麻瓜穿這種，阿奇，不是男麻瓜，男麻瓜穿這種，」部會的巫師說著，並揮舞著條紋褲子。「我不會穿上它們，」老阿奇憤慨地說。「我喜歡自由呼吸。」

Hermione was overcome with such a strong fit of the giggles at this point that she had to duck out of the queue and only returned when Archie had collected his water and moved away.

Walking more slowly now, because of the weight of the water, they made their way back through the campsite. Here and there, they saw more familiar faces: other Hogwarts students with their families. Oliver Wood, the old Captain of Harry’s House Quidditch team, who had just left Hogwarts, dragged Harry over to his parents’ tent to introduce him, and told him excitedly that he had just been signed to the Puddlemere United reserve team. Next they were hailed by Ernie Macmillan, a Hufflepuff fourth year, and a little farther on they saw Cho Chang, a very pretty girl who played Seeker on the Ravenclaw team. She waved and smiled at Harry, who slopped quite a lot of water down his front as he waved back. More to stop Ron from smirking than anything, Harry hurriedly pointed out a large group of teenagers whom he had never seen before.

赫敏此時因為大笑而完全不受控制，她不得不從隊伍中退下來，等阿奇拿到水後才回來排隊。因為水的重量，他們現在步伐較

慢慢地穿過露營區。偶爾會看到一些類似的面孔：其他霍格華茲學生和他們的家人。哈利所屬格林分隊魁地奇隊的前隊長奧利弗·伍德剛從霍格華茲離開，他把哈利拉到他父母的帳篷裡介紹，激動地告訴他自己剛被簽到了石槽聯儲備隊。接下來，埃尼·麥克米蘭，在哈弗帕夫四年級，向他們打招呼。再往前走一點，他們看到了楚·昌，一個非常漂亮的女孩，是雷文克勞隊中的尋球手。她向哈利招手微笑，哈利也向她揮手回應，但激動過度，灑了一大堆水在衣服上。哈利趕緊指著一大群他從未見過的十幾歲少年阻止憨笑的羅恩。

“Who d’you reckon they are?” he said. “They don’t go to Hogwarts, do they?”

“Spect they go to some foreign school,” said Ron. “I know there are others. Never met anyone who went to one, though. Bill had a penfriend at a school in Brazil . . . this was years and years ago . . . and he wanted to go on an exchange trip but Mum and Dad couldn’t afford it. His penfriend got all offended when he said he wasn’t going and sent him a cursed hat. It made his ears shrivel up.”

Harry laughed but didn’t voice the amazement he felt at hearing about other Wizarding schools. He supposed, now that he saw representatives of so many nationalities in the campsite, that he had been stupid never to realize that Hogwarts couldn’t be the only one. He glanced at Hermione, who looked utterly unsurprised by the information. No doubt she had run across the news about other Wizarding schools in some book or other.

“你们认为他们是谁？”他说。“他们不是霍格沃茨的人，是吗？”“我想他们可能是来自某个外国学校，”罗恩说。“我知道还有其他学校。虽然我从未见过任何人去过那里。比尔很多年前有一个来自巴西学校的笔友……他想去交换，但妈妈和爸爸付不起。他的笔友听了这个话很受伤并送给他一个被诅咒了的帽子，结果他的耳朵都缩起来了。”哈利笑了，但并没有说出他听到其他魔法学校的消息感到多么惊讶。他现在才意识到，在营地见到这么多不同国籍的人，霍格沃茨不可能是唯一的魔法学校。他看了一眼赫敏，她似乎对这个信息毫不惊讶。毫无疑问，她在某本书中已经了解到了其他魔法学校的消息。

“You’ve been ages,” said George when they finally got back to the Weasleys’ tents.

“Met a few people,” said Ron, setting the water down. “You not got that fire started yet?”

“Dad’s having fun with the matches,” said Fred.

Mr. Weasley was having no success at all in lighting the fire, but it wasn’t for lack of trying. Splintered matches littered the ground around him, but he looked as though he was having the time of his life.

“Oops!” he said as he managed to light a match and promptly dropped it in surprise.

“Come here, Mr. Weasley,” said Hermione kindly, taking the box from him, and showing him how to do it properly.

At last they got the fire lit, though it was at least another hour before it was hot enough to cook anything. There was plenty to watch while they waited, however. Their tent seemed to be pitched right alongside a kind of thoroughfare to the field, and Ministry members kept hurrying up and down it, greeting Mr. Weasley cordially as they passed. Mr. Weasley kept up a running commentary, mainly for Harry’s and Hermione’s benefit; his own children knew too much about the Ministry to be greatly interested.

喬治終於回到韋斯萊營地時說：“你一直在那裡呆了很長時間。”“遇到了幾個人，”羅恩說，放下水。“你還沒開火嗎？”“爸爸在跟火柴玩得開心，”弗萊德說。韋斯萊先生在點火方面毫無進展，但這並不是因為他沒有嘗試。他四處散落著粉碎的火柴，但他看起來好像度過了這段美好的時光。“哎呀！”他成功地點燃了一根火柴，立即驚訝地掉了下來。“來這裡，韋斯萊先生。”赫敏友善地說，從他手中拿起盒子，並向他展示如何正確地做到這一點。最後，他們點燃了火，儘管它還需要一個小時才能足夠燒熱任何東西。然而，在等待時，他們有很多東西可以觀察。他們的帳篷似乎建在聯外道旁邊，部長們不斷穿過這條道路，對韋斯萊先生表示熱情的問候。韋斯萊先生對於哈利和赫敏的好處做出了連續的評論；他自己的孩子對部長知道得太多，對此不太感興趣。

“That was Cuthbert Mockridge, Head of the Goblin Liaison Office. . . . Here comes Gilbert Wimble; he’s with the Committee on Experimental Charms; he’s had those horns for a while now. . . . Hello, Arnie . . . Arnold Peasgood, he’s an Obliviator — member of the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad, you know. . . . and that’s Bode and Croaker . . . they’re Unspeakables. . . .”

“They’re what?”

“From the Department of Mysteries, top secret, no idea what they get up to. . . .”

At last, the fire was ready, and they had just started cooking eggs and sausages when Bill, Charlie, and Percy came strolling out of the woods toward them.

“Just Apparated, Dad,” said Percy loudly. “Ah, excellent, lunch!”

They were halfway through their plates of eggs and sausages when Mr. Weasley jumped to his feet, waving and grinning at a man who was striding toward them. “Aha!” he said. “The man of the moment! Ludo!”

那是哥布林聯絡處的負責人卡斯伯特·莫里斯里奇……吉爾伯特·溫普爾走來了，他是試驗咒語委員會的成員，他已經有那些角一段時間了……嗨，阿尼……阿諾德·皮斯古德，他是一名自動消除魔法小組的人員——你知道的。那是波德和克魯克……他們是不可名狀的人員。他們來自神秘部門，極機密，不知道他們在做什麼……”“他們是什麼？”“來自神秘部門，極機密，不知道他們在做什麼……”最後，火生好了，他們開始煮蛋和香腸，當比爾、查理和珀西從樹林中漫步而出時，他們已經吃了一半了。“剛才瞬間移動來的，爸爸，”珀西大聲說，“啊，太好了，午餐！”他們吃了一半的蛋和香腸時，韋斯萊先生跳了起來，揮

舞著手，對著一個向他們走來的男人咧嘴一笑。“啊哈！”他說，“登峰造極的人！魯多！”

Ludo Bagman was easily the most noticeable person Harry had seen so far, even including old Archie in his flowered nightdress. He was wearing long Quidditch robes in thick horizontal stripes of bright yellow and black. An enormous picture of a wasp was splashed across his chest. He had the look of a powerfully built man gone slightly to seed; the robes were stretched tightly across a large belly he surely had not had in the days when he had played Quidditch for England. His nose was squashed (probably broken by a stray Bludger, Harry thought), but his round blue eyes, short blond hair, and rosy complexion made him look like a very overgrown schoolboy.

“Ahoy there!” Bagman called happily. He was walking as though he had springs attached to the balls of his feet and was plainly in a state of wild excitement.

盧多·巴格曼是哈利至今為止看到最引人注目的，甚至還包括穿著花裙衫的老阿奇。他穿著厚實橫條紋的鮮黃色和黑色魁地奇長袍，胸前印著一張大黃蜂的圖案。他看起來像是一個曾經身強力壯的人，不過有點疲憊不堪；他的長袍繩得勒緊了大肚子，肚子似乎是他曾經為英國鬥士效力時所沒有的。他的鼻子變形了（哈利想可能是被流浪魁地奇球擊中而斷了），不過他那圓圓的藍眼睛、短短的金髮和紅潤臉色讓他看起來像個略過份成長的小學生。“嘿，來了來了！”巴格曼興高采烈地叫喊著。他腳底下彷彿有彈簧，看得出他正興奮地發狂。

“Arthur, old man,” he puffed as he reached the campfire, “what a day, eh? What a day! Could we have asked for more perfect weather? A cloudless night coming . . . and hardly a hiccup in the arrangements. . . . Not much for me to do!”

Behind him, a group of haggard-looking Ministry wizards rushed past, pointing at the distant evidence of some sort of a magical fire that was sending violet sparks twenty feet into the air.

Percy hurried forward with his hand outstretched. Apparently his disapproval of the way Ludo Bagman ran his department did not prevent him from wanting to make a good impression.

“Ah — yes,” said Mr. Weasley, grinning, “this is my son Percy. He’s just started at the Ministry — and this is Fred — no, George, sorry — that’s Fred — Bill, Charlie, Ron — my daughter, Ginny — and Ron’s friends, Hermione Granger and Harry Potter.”

他喘著氣走到營火邊，說道：“老人家，亞瑟，今天夠刺激的吧？多美妙的天氣啊！一夜無雲，安排得天衣無縫……對我來說可沒什麼要做的！”身後，一群面容憔悴的部委巫師氣喘吁吁地衝過，指著遠方的某種魔法火焰證據，將紫色的火花發射到二十英尺的高空。珀西匆忙往前伸手。顯然，他對露多·巴格曼管理部門的方式不滿，但他仍希望留下好印象。“是的，”韋斯萊先生笑著說，“這是我兒子珀西。他剛剛開始在部里工作，這是弗雷德-不，是喬治，抱歉—那是弗雷德——比爾，查理，羅恩——我的女兒吉尼，還有羅恩的朋友赫敏·格蘭杰和哈利·波特。”

Bagman did the smallest of double takes when he heard Harry’s name, and his eyes performed the familiar flick upward to the scar on Harry’s forehead.

“Everyone,” Mr. Weasley continued, “this is Ludo Bagman, you know who he is, it’s thanks to him we’ve got such good tickets —”

Bagman beamed and waved his hand as if to say it had been nothing.

“Fancy a flutter on the match, Arthur?” he said eagerly, jingling what seemed to be a large amount of gold in the pockets of his yellow-and-black robes. “I’ve already got Roddy Pontner betting me Bulgaria will score first — I offered him nice odds, considering Ireland’s front three are the strongest I’ve seen in years — and little Agatha Timms has put up half shares in her eel farm on a week-long match.”

“Oh . . . go on then,” said Mr. Weasley. “Let’s see . . . a Galleon on Ireland to win?”

當巴格曼聽到哈利的名字時，他做了最小的短暫反應，並且他的眼睛慣常地向上翻了一下，看了看哈利額頭上的疤痕。“大家好，”威茲萊先生繼續說，“這位是盧多·巴格曼，你們知道他是誰，要感謝他我們才得到了這麼好的票 - ”巴格曼笑容滿面，揮手表示這並沒什麼。“亞瑟，想不想在比賽中下注？”他熱切地說，一邊晃動著口袋裡看起來非常多的金子，這穿著他的黑黃袍子。“羅迪·彭特已經拿我打賭保加利亞會先進球 - 我給了他不錯的賭率，畢竟愛爾蘭的前三名球員是我這幾年見過最強的 - 而阿嘉莎·廷姆斯則已經拿出她的鰻魚養殖場半股份，下了一個星期的比賽。”“嗯……那好吧，”威茲萊先生說，“來吧……用一個加隆下注愛爾蘭贏。”

“A Galleon?” Ludo Bagman looked slightly disappointed, but recovered himself. “Very well, very well . . . any other takers?”

“They’re a bit young to be gambling,” said Mr. Weasley. “Molly wouldn’t like —”

“We’ll bet thirty-seven Galleons, fifteen Sickles, three Knuts,” said Fred as he and George quickly pooled all their money, “that Ireland wins — but Viktor Krum gets the Snitch. Oh and we’ll throw in a fake wand.”

“You don’t want to go showing Mr. Bagman rubbish like that —” Percy hissed, but Bagman didn’t seem to think the wand was rubbish at all; on the contrary, his boyish face shone with excitement as he took it from Fred, and when the wand gave a loud squawk and turned into a rubber chicken, Bagman roared with laughter.

“Excellent! I haven’t seen one that convincing in years! I’d pay five Galleons for that!”

「西班牙金幣？」路多·巴格曼有些失望，但很快恢復了自己。「好的，好的……還有其他人要下注嗎？」「他們有點太年輕

了吧，不該賭博的，」韋斯萊先生說道。「莫莉不會喜歡的——」「我們要下注三十七個西班牙金幣，十五個希克爾，三個納特，」弗雷德說著，他和喬治匆忙地聚集了所有的錢。「我們下注愛爾蘭贏——但維克多·克魯姆得到飛賊。哦，我們還會加上一根假魔杖。」「你不想出示給巴格曼先生這樣的垃圾——」珀西啞啞地說道，但巴格曼似乎並不認為這根魔杖是垃圾；相反，他童顏鶴髮的臉上因為收到弗雷德的魔杖而充滿了興奮，在魔杖發出尖銳的尖叫聲並變成了一隻橡皮雞時，巴格曼大笑起來。「太妙了！我這麼多年沒看過這麼逼真的魔杖！我會出五個西班牙金幣買下這個！」

Percy froze in an attitude of stunned disapproval.

“Boys,” said Mr. Weasley under his breath, “I don’t want you betting . . . That’s all your savings. . . . Your mother —”

“Don’t be a spoilsport, Arthur!” boomed Ludo Bagman, rattling his pockets excitedly. “They’re old enough to know what they want! You reckon Ireland will win but Krum’ll get the Snitch? Not a chance, boys, not a chance. . . . I’ll give you excellent odds on that one. . . . We’ll add five Galleons for the funny wand, then, shall we. . . .”

Mr. Weasley looked on helplessly as Ludo Bagman whipped out a notebook and quill and began jotting down the twins’ names.

“Cheers,” said George, taking the slip of parchment Bagman handed him and tucking it away carefully. Bagman turned most cheerfully back to Mr. Weasley.

百思不解的Percy僵在那裡，不敢相信。“Weasley先生輕聲說，“孩子們，我不希望你們打賭……那是你們全部的積蓄……你媽媽——“別煞風景了，Arthur！”Ludo Bagman說，激動地撥動他的口袋，“他們已經夠大了，自己決定喜歡什麼！你想法國隊會贏，但Krum會拿到金色飛賀嗎？太沒可能了，孩子們，沒有機會……我會給你超級好的賠率……加五個吉尼的有趣魔杖，好嗎？……”Weasley先生幫助不了，Bagman用筆記本和筆馬上開始記下孪生兄弟的名字。“多謝！”George說，接過Bagman遞給他的紙條並小心地藏起來。Bagman歡欣鼓舞地轉身對Weasley先生說。

“Couldn’t do me a brew, I suppose? I’m keeping an eye out for Barty Crouch. My Bulgarian opposite number’s making difficulties, and I can’t understand a word he’s saying. Barty’ll be able to sort it out. He speaks about a hundred and fifty languages.”

“Mr. Crouch?” said Percy, suddenly abandoning his look of poker-stiff disapproval and positively writhing with excitement. “He speaks over two hundred! Mermish and Gobbledygook and Troll . . .”

“Anyone can speak Troll,” said Fred dismissively. “All you have to do is point and grunt.”

Percy threw Fred an extremely nasty look and stoked the fire vigorously to bring the kettle back to the boil.

“Any news of Bertha Jorkins yet, Ludo?” Mr. Weasley asked as Bagman settled himself down on the grass beside them all.

“Not a dicky bird,” said Bagman comfortably. “But she’ll turn up. Poor old Bertha . . . memory like a leaky cauldron and no sense of direction. Lost, you take my word for it. She’ll wander back into the office sometime in October, thinking it’s still July.”

「你能泡一杯茶給我嗎？我正在等巴蒂·克勞奇。我的保加利亞對手在製造麻煩，我一點也聽不懂他說什麼。巴蒂可以處理好這一切，他懂得超過一百五十種語言。」「克勞奇先生？」珀西突然放棄了他玩扑克時的板着臉，興奮地苟延殘喘。「他會說超過兩百種語言！包括人魚語和咕嚕咕嚕語和巨魔語……」「所有人都會說巨魔語，」弗雷德不屑地說。「你只需要指指點點，然後咕嚕咕嚕叫。」珀西瞪了弗雷德一個極其惡毒的眼神，努力搓動火堆，讓茶壺再次煮沸。「路多，伯蒂·喬金斯有什麼消息嗎？」韋斯萊先生問道。巴格曼在他們中間的草地上坐下時舒適地說道：「啥也沒有，但她會出現的，可憐的老伯蒂……記憶像漏水的蒸鍋一樣，沒有方向感。迷路了，相信我的話。她會在十月份的某個時候漫步回到辦公室，還以為現在是七月。」

“You don’t think it might be time to send someone to look for her?” Mr. Weasley suggested tentatively as Percy handed Bagman his tea.

“Barty Crouch keeps saying that,” said Bagman, his round eyes widening innocently, “but we really can’t spare anyone at the moment. Oh — talk of the devil! Barty!”

A wizard had just Apparated at their fireside, and he could not have made more of a contrast with Ludo Bagman, sprawled on the grass in his old Wasp robes. Barty Crouch was a stiff, upright, elderly man, dressed in an impeccably crisp suit and tie. The parting in his short gray hair was almost unnaturally straight, and his narrow toothbrush mustache looked as though he trimmed it using a slide rule. His shoes were very highly polished. Harry could see at once why Percy idolized him. Percy was a great believer in rigidly following rules, and Mr. Crouch had complied with the rule about Muggle dressing so thoroughly that he could have passed for a bank manager; Harry doubted even Uncle Vernon would have spotted him for what he really was.

“你不覺得現在派人去找她會更好嗎？”韋斯萊先生輕聲建議，就在波西將茶遞給巴格曼時。“巴蒂·克勞奇也常這麼說，”巴格曼說，他圓圓的眼睛天真無邪地放大了，“但我們現在實在沒有閒人。呀，說曹操，曹操就到了！巴蒂！”一個巫師剛剛快速地出現在他們火堆旁，他和盧多·巴格曼形成了極大的對比，巴格曼穿著他的舊黃蜂短褲懶散地躺在草地上。巴蒂·克勞奇是一個嚴肅、正直、年長的男人，穿著一套完美無瑕的西裝和領帶，他短短的灰色頭髮剛平整得幾乎不自然，他狹窄的小胡子看起來像他是用尺來修剪的。他的鞋子非常光亮。哈利能立刻看出為什麼珀西會崇拜他。珀西非常相信嚴格遵守規則，而克勞奇先生遵守麻瓜裝扮的規則如此之嚴格，以至於他可以被認為是一位銀行經理；哈利懷疑就算弗農叔叔也不會發現他的真正身份。

“Pull up a bit of grass, Barty,” said Ludo brightly, patting the ground beside him.

“No thank you, Ludo,” said Crouch, and there was a bite of impatience in his voice. “I’ve been looking for you everywhere. The Bulgarians are insisting we add another twelve seats to the Top Box.”

“Oh is *that* what they’re after?” said Bagman. “I thought the chap was asking to borrow a pair of tweezers. Bit of a strong accent.”

“Mr. Crouch!” said Percy breathlessly, sunk into a kind of half-bow that made him look like a hunchback. “Would you like a cup of tea?”

“Oh,” said Mr. Crouch, looking over at Percy in mild surprise. “Yes — thank you, Weatherby.”

Fred and George choked into their own cups. Percy, very pink around the ears, busied himself with the kettle.

“Oh and I’ve been wanting a word with you too, Arthur,” said Mr. Crouch, his sharp eyes falling upon Mr. Weasley. “Ali Bashir’s on the warpath. He wants a word with you about your embargo on flying carpets.”

“Barty, 給我拔一些草吧，”Ludo 燦爛地說，一邊拍打著他身旁的地面。“不用了，Ludo，”Crouch 說，聲音帶著一絲不耐煩。“我到處都找你，保加利亞人堅持我們在頂層包廂再增加十二個座位。”“哦，他們想要這個嗎？”Bagman 說。“我還以為那位先生要借根鑷子。口音太重了。”“Crouch先生！”Percy 喘著氣，一種類似獨峰驢的半鞠躬姿勢讓他顯得像個駝峰。“你喝杯茶嗎？”“哦，”Crouch先生看著Percy，略微感到驚訝。“好的，謝謝你，Weatherby。”Fred 和George 在自己的杯子裡咳嗽。Percy的耳朵附近發紅，忙於弄開水壺。“還有，我也想跟你談談，Arthur，”Crouch先生的尖銳目光落在Weasley先生身上。“Ali Bashir 現在正準備發動攻擊。他想跟你談談有關禁飛毯的禁運令。”

Mr. Weasley heaved a deep sigh.

“I sent him an owl about that just last week. If I’ve told him once I’ve told him a hundred times: Carpets are defined as a Muggle Artifact by the Registry of Proscribed Charmable Objects, but will he listen?”

“I doubt it,” said Mr. Crouch, accepting a cup from Percy. “He’s desperate to export here.”

“Well, they’ll never replace brooms in Britain, will they?” said Bagman.

“Ali thinks there’s a niche in the market for a family vehicle,” said Mr. Crouch. “I remember my grandfather had an Axminster that could seat twelve — but that was before carpets were banned, of course.”

He spoke as though he wanted to leave nobody in any doubt that all his ancestors had abided strictly by the law.

“So, been keeping busy, Barty?” said Bagman breezily.

韋斯萊先生深深地嘆了口氣。“我上週還派過貓頭鷹給他，告訴他無數次了：根據禁咒物品登記表格，地毯是麻瓜手工藝品，但他會聽嗎？”“我懷疑不會，”康奇先生接過派西遞過來的茶杯說，“他很渴望進口。”“嗯，在英國，他們永遠無法取代掃帚，對吧？”巴格曼說。“阿里認為，家庭用車市場有機會，”康奇先生說道，“我記得我祖父有一輛可坐十二人的阿克斯敏斯特地毯-當然，那是在地毯被禁止之前。”他語氣中彷彿想讓每個人都確信他的祖先嚴格遵守法律。“那麼，巴蒂，你最近有忙碌嗎？”巴格曼輕鬆地問道。

“Fairly,” said Mr. Crouch dryly. “Organizing Portkeys across five continents is no mean feat, Ludo.”

“I expect you’ll both be glad when this is over?” said Mr. Weasley.

Ludo Bagman looked shocked.

“Glad! Don’t know when I’ve had more fun. . . . Still, it’s not as though we haven’t got anything to look forward to, eh, Barty? Eh? Plenty left to organize, eh?”

Mr. Crouch raised his eyebrows at Bagman.

“We agreed not to make the announcement until all the details —”

“Oh details!” said Bagman, waving the word away like a cloud of midges. “They’ve signed, haven’t they? They’ve agreed, haven’t they? I bet you anything these kids’ll know soon enough anyway. I mean, it’s happening at Hogwarts —”

“Ludo, we need to meet the Bulgarians, you know,” said Mr. Crouch sharply, cutting Bagman’s remarks short. “Thank you for the tea, Weatherby.”

“哦，很好,”Crouch先生干巴巴地说道。“在五个大陆上组织传送门不是一件小事，Ludo。”“Weasley先生问道，“这件事结束后，您们都会感到轻松吗？”Ludo Bagman瞪大了眼睛。“轻松! 玩得开心，我不知道过去什么时候玩得更开心.....但是我们还有很多工作要做，对吧，Barty? 还有很多要组织的，对吧？”Crouch先生向Bagman举起了眉毛。“我们同意在所有细节确定之前不透露这个消息——”“啊，细节！”Bagman 挥了挥手，就像驱赶蚊子一样，“他们已经签署了，不是吗？他们已经同意了，不是吗？反正这些孩子很快就会知道了。我是说，在霍格沃茨的时候——”“Ludo，我们需要见一见保加利亚人，你知道的，”Crouch先生尖声说道，打断了Bagman的发言。“非常感谢您的茶，Weatherby。”

He pushed his undrunk tea back at Percy and waited for Ludo to rise; Bagman struggled to his feet, swigging down the last of his tea, the gold in

his pockets chinking merrily.

“See you all later!” he said. “You’ll be up in the Top Box with me — I’m commentating!” He waved, Barty Crouch nodded curtly, and both of them Disapparated.

“What’s happening at Hogwarts, Dad?” said Fred at once. “What were they talking about?”

“You’ll find out soon enough,” said Mr. Weasley, smiling.

“It’s classified information, until such time as the Ministry decides to release it,” said Percy stiffly. “Mr. Crouch was quite right not to disclose it.”

“Oh shut up, Weatherby,” said Fred.

A sense of excitement rose like a palpable cloud over the campsite as the afternoon wore on. By dusk, the still summer air itself seemed to be quivering with anticipation, and as darkness spread like a curtain over the thousands of waiting wizards, the last vestiges of pretense disappeared: The Ministry seemed to have bowed to the inevitable and stopped fighting the signs of blatant magic now breaking out everywhere.

他把沒喝完的茶推回給Percy，等著Ludo起身；Bagman掙扎著站起來，咕嚕咕嚕喝下最後一口茶，他口袋裡的金子歡快地叮鈴作響。「待會見！」他說。「你們會和我一起在頂層看比賽——我是評論員！」他揮手，Barty Crouch簡短地點頭，然後他們兩個都消失了。「霍格華茲發生了什麼事情，爸爸？」Fred立刻問道。「他們在談論什麼？」「很快你就會知道了，」Mr. Weasley微笑著說。「這是機密，除非部門決定公佈。」Percy堅定地說：「Crouch先生不公開這件事是對的。」「住嘴，Weatherby，」Fred說道。隨著下午的過去，營地上升起了一股興奮的氣氛。傍晚時分，夏日的靜謐空氣似乎越來越急切，當黑暗像一幕幕窗簾般籠罩著千千萬萬個等待的巫師們時，假面具最後的殘留也消失了：部門似乎已經低頭，停止對明顯的魔法跡象進行抵抗。

Salesmen were Apparating every few feet, carrying trays and pushing carts full of extraordinary merchandise. There were luminous rosettes — green for Ireland, red for Bulgaria — which were squealing the names of the players, pointed green hats bedecked with dancing shamrocks, Bulgarian scarves adorned with lions that really roared, flags from both countries that played their national anthems as they were waved; there were tiny models of Firebolts that really flew, and collectible figures of famous players, which strolled across the palm of your hand, preening themselves.

“Been saving my pocket money all summer for this,” Ron told Harry as they and Hermione strolled through the salesmen, buying souvenirs. Though Ron purchased a dancing shamrock hat and a large green rosette, he also bought a small figure of Viktor Krum, the Bulgarian Seeker. The miniature Krum walked backward and forward over Ron’s hand, scowling up at the green rosette above him.

推銷員隨處可見，手拿托盤和推車搭載著各種神奇的商品。有發光的襟花——愛爾蘭隊的是綠色的，保加利亞隊的是紅色的——它們會高聲叫出球員的名字；綠色的帽子上點綴著跳舞的三葉草；還有印有獅子圖案的保加利亞圍巾，獅子真的會吼叫；兩國的國旗在揮舞時還會播放國歌；還有可以真正飛起來的Firebolt迷你模型，以及名人收藏品，可以在你的手掌上炫耀自己。“我整個夏天都在攢錢，就是為了這個，”羅恩告訴哈利和赫敏，當他們在推銷員之間穿梭，買紀念品。儘管羅恩買了一頂跳舞的三葉草帽和一個大大的綠色襟花，他也買了一個小小的保加利亞搜索手維克多·克拉姆的模型。迷你版的克拉姆在羅恩的手上來回走動，怒視著在他頭上的綠色襟花。

“Wow, look at these!” said Harry, hurrying over to a cart piled high with what looked like brass binoculars, except that they were covered with all sorts of weird knobs and dials.

“Omnioculars,” said the saleswizard eagerly. “You can replay action . . . slow everything down . . . and they flash up a play-by-play breakdown if you need it. Bargain — ten Galleons each.”

“Wish I hadn’t bought this now,” said Ron, gesturing at his dancing shamrock hat and gazing longingly at the Omnioculars.

“Three pairs,” said Harry firmly to the wizard.

“No — don’t bother,” said Ron, going red. He was always touchy about the fact that Harry, who had inherited a small fortune from his parents, had much more money than he did.

“You won’t be getting anything for Christmas,” Harry told him, thrusting Omnioculars into his and Hermione’s hands. “For about ten years, mind.”

“哇，看这个！”哈利說著，匆忙跑向一辆推满了看起来像黃銅双筒望远镜的车辆，除了它们被各种奇怪的旋钮和指针覆盖。“瞬变镜，”销售巫师急切地说道。“您可以回放动作……放慢一切……如果需要，它们会闪烁播放分解赛况。便宜货——每个十个加隆。”“但愿我现在没买这个，”罗恩说道，指着他跳舞的三叶草帽子，眼巴巴地看着瞬变镜。“三副，”哈利坚定地对巫师说。“不——不必了，”罗恩脸红了。他总是很敏感，因为哈利从父母那里继承了一小笔遗产，比他有更多的钱。“你不会在圣诞节收到任何礼物，”哈利告诉他，把瞬变镜塞到他和赫敏的手中。“在接下来的十年里，记住了。”

“Fair enough,” said Ron, grinning.

“Oooh, thanks, Harry,” said Hermione. “And I’ll get us some programs, look —”

Their money bags considerably lighter, they went back to the tents. Bill, Charlie, and Ginny were all sporting green rosettes too, and Mr. Weasley was carrying an Irish flag. Fred and George had no souvenirs as they had given Bagman all their gold.

And then a deep, booming gong sounded somewhere beyond the woods, and at once, green and red lanterns blazed into life in the trees, lighting a path to the field.

“It's time!” said Mr. Weasley, looking as excited as any of them. “Come on, let's go!”

「嗯，很公平」倫說著，咧嘴笑著。「哦，謝謝，哈利，」赫敏說。「我們去拿些節目單吧——」他們的錢包變得輕了許多，他們回到帳篷。比爾、查理和金妮也戴著綠色的胸花，而韋斯萊先生則拿著愛爾蘭國旗。弗雷德和喬治沒有紀念品，因為他們把所有的金子都給了巴格曼。然後，一聲低沉、震耳欲聾的鐘聲從樹林深處響起，綠色和紅色的燈籠立刻在樹林中亮起，為通往比賽場地的路線點亮了光芒。「是時間了！」韋斯萊先生興奮地說。「快來，我們走吧！」



THE QUIDDITCH WORLD CUP

Cutching their purchases, Mr. Weasley in the lead, they all hurried into the wood, following the lantern-lit trail. They could hear the sounds of thousands of people moving around them, shouts and laughter, snatches of singing. The atmosphere of feverish excitement was highly infectious; Harry couldn't stop grinning. They walked through the wood for twenty minutes, talking and joking loudly, until at last they emerged on the other side and found themselves in the shadow of a gigantic stadium. Though Harry could see only a fraction of the immense gold walls surrounding the field, he could tell that ten cathedrals would fit comfortably inside it.

"Seats a hundred thousand," said Mr. Weasley, spotting the awestruck look on Harry's face. "Ministry task force of five hundred have been working on it all year. Muggle Repelling Charms on every inch of it. Every time Muggles have got anywhere near here all year, they've suddenly remembered urgent appointments and had to dash away again . . . bless them," he added fondly, leading the way toward the nearest entrance, which was already surrounded by a swarm of shouting witches and wizards.

握著購物物品，韋斯萊先生領頭，他們匆匆進入了樹林，跟著燈籠照亮的小徑。他們可以聽到成千上萬的人們在周圍移動，呼喊和笑聲，以及斷斷續續的歌聲。熱烈的興奮氛圍非常具有感染力；哈利情不自禁地露出了笑容。他們走過樹林，一邊大聲談笑，一邊走了二十分鐘，最終走出來，發現自己站在一個巨大體育場的陰影下。儘管哈利只能看到周圍一小部分金色巨牆，但他可以感覺到十座大教堂都可以輕鬆地容納在裡面。「可以容納十萬人，」韋斯萊先生看到哈利震撼的表情，說道：「五百名部門小組一整年都在為此工作。每一英寸都有魔法防禦麻煩裝置。今年一整年只要麻瓜們靠近此地，他們就突然記起自己的重要約會，然後撤離了……可愛的傢伙們。」他深情地說著，帶著他們走向最近的入口，已經被一群叫喊的女巫和巫師包圍。

"Prime seats!" said the Ministry witch at the entrance when she checked their tickets. "Top Box! Straight upstairs, Arthur, and as high as you can go."

The stairs into the stadium were carpeted in rich purple. They clambered upward with the rest of the crowd, which slowly filtered away through doors into the stands to their left and right. Mr. Weasley's party kept climbing, and at last they reached the top of the staircase and found themselves in a small box, set at the highest point of the stadium and situated exactly halfway between the golden goalposts. About twenty purple-and-gilt chairs stood in two rows here, and Harry, filing into the front seats with the Weasleys, looked down upon a scene the likes of which he could never have imagined.

A hundred thousand witches and wizards were taking their places in the seats, which rose in levels around the long oval field. Everything was suffused with a mysterious golden light, which seemed to come from the stadium itself. The field looked smooth as velvet from their lofty position. At either end of the field stood three goal hoops, fifty feet high; right opposite them, almost at Harry's eye level, was a gigantic blackboard. Gold writing kept dashing across it as though an invisible giant's hand were scrawling upon the blackboard and then wiping it off again; watching it, Harry saw that it was flashing advertisements across the field.

「最好的位置！」當部會的女巫檢查他們的票時，她在入口處說道：「頂層包廂！艾瑟爾，直接上樓梯，盡量往上爬。」通往體育場的樓梯鋪著鮮豔的紫色地毯。他們和其他觀眾一起攀爬，其他觀眾漸漸地分散到他們左右的看台門口。韋斯萊先生一行人一路攀爬，最後他們到達樓梯的頂端，發現自己在一個小包廂裡，這個包廂是建在體育場最高點的位置上，正好位於兩座金色球門之間的正中間。這裡擺放著二十張鮮艷的紫金色椅子，哈利跟著韋斯萊一家坐在前排座位上，眺望著這一切，他不敢相信這是真的。十萬名女巫和巫師正在坐在漸次升高的看台上。整個體育場都笼罩著神秘的金色光芒，好像這個光芒就是來自體育場本身。從他們高高的位置看下去，球場看起來光滑如天鵝絨。球場兩端各有三個五十英尺高的球門，對著他們，幾乎到了哈利的眼睛高度，有一個巨大的黑板。像隻隱形巨人的手似乎在黑板上寫字，然後擦掉，金色的字跑過球場，依次閃爍著廣告信息。

The Bluebottle: A Broom for All the Family—Safe, Reliable, and with Built-in Anti-Burglar Buzzer . . . Mrs. Skower's All-Purpose Magical Mess Remover: No Pain, No Stain! . . . Gladrag's Wizardwear—London, Paris, Hogsmeade . . .

Harry tore his eyes away from the sign and looked over his shoulder to see who else was sharing the box with them. So far it was empty, except for a tiny creature sitting in the second from last seat at the end of the row behind them. The creature, whose legs were so short they stuck out in front of it on the chair, was wearing a tea towel draped like a toga, and it had its face hidden in its hands. Yet those long batlike ears were oddly familiar. . . .

"Dobby?" said Harry incredulously.

The tiny creature looked up and stretched its fingers, revealing enormous brown eyes and a nose the exact size and shape of a large tomato. It wasn't Dobby—it was, however, unmistakably a house-elf, as Harry's friend Dobby had been. Harry had set Dobby free from his old owners,

the Malfoy family.

藍瓶：適合全家使用的掃帚- 安全，可靠，並內建反竊盜警報.....斯高女士萬能神奇清汙劑：輕鬆去汙不留痕跡！.....格萊多斯巫師服飾-倫敦，巴黎，霍格華茲村.....哈利把目光從招牌上移開，回頭看看和他們共用箱子的人。到目前為止，除了一個小生物坐在他們後面的排最後兩個座位上之外，什麼也沒有。這個生物的腿很短，伸出來觸碰椅子前面，身上圍着像toga一樣的擦碗布，臉埋在手中。然而，那對像蝙蝠般的長耳朵卻讓人感到奇怪地熟悉。“小矮人？”哈利難以置信地說。這個小生物抬起頭來，伸展手指，露出巨大的棕色眼睛和一個與大號番茄大小和形狀完全一致的鼻子。它不是多比，但卻是一個不容置疑的小精靈，就像哈利的朋友多比一樣。哈利曾經把多比從他的舊主人馬爾福家中解放出來。

“Did sir just call me Dobby?” squeaked the elf curiously from between its fingers. Its voice was higher even than Dobby’s had been, a teeny, quivering squeak of a voice, and Harry suspected — though it was very hard to tell with a house-elf — that this one might just be female. Ron and Hermione spun around in their seats to look. Though they had heard a lot about Dobby from Harry, they had never actually met him. Even Mr. Weasley looked around in interest.

“Sorry,” Harry told the elf, “I just thought you were someone I knew.”

“But I know Dobby too, sir!” squeaked the elf. She was shielding her face, as though blinded by light, though the Top Box was not brightly lit. “My name is Winky, sir — and you, sir —” Her dark brown eyes widened to the size of side plates as they rested upon Harry’s scar. “You is surely Harry Potter!”

“先生剛剛是叫我多比嗎？”小精靈好奇地從手指間發出尖叫。它的聲音比多比的聲音還高，是一種微小而顫抖的聲音，哈利猜測——雖然在妖精莊園很難確定——這一個可能是女性。羅恩和赫敏轉身看她。雖然他們從哈利的口中聽說過很多關於多比的事情，但他們實際上從未見過他。甚至韋斯萊先生也很感興趣地四周張望。“對不起，”哈利告訴小精靈，“我只是覺得你是我認識的人。”“但我也認識多比，先生！”小精靈尖叫道。她遮住臉，好像被光線燦爛得看不見東西，但頂層的箱子並不很亮。“我叫溫琪，先生——而你——”當她的深棕色眼睛看到哈利的疤痕時，它們張大了像是盤子的大小。“您肯定是哈利·波特！”

“Yeah, I am,” said Harry.

“But Dobby talks of you all the time, sir!” she said, lowering her hands very slightly and looking awestruck.

“How is he?” said Harry. “How’s freedom suiting him?”

“Ah, sir,” said Winky, shaking her head, “ah sir, meaning no disrespect, sir, but I is not sure you did Dobby a favor, sir, when you is setting him free.”

“Why?” said Harry, taken aback. “What’s wrong with him?”

“Freedom is going to Dobby’s head, sir,” said Winky sadly. “Ideas above his station, sir. Can’t get another position, sir.”

“Why not?” said Harry.

Winky lowered her voice by a half-octave and whispered, “He is wanting paying for his work, sir.”

“Paying?” said Harry blankly. “Well — why shouldn’t he be paid?”

Winky looked quite horrified at the idea and closed her fingers slightly so that her face was half-hidden again.

“是的，我是，”哈利說。“但多比先生一直都在談論您，先生！”她說，稍稍放下手，看起來驚嘆不已。他怎麼樣？”哈利問道。“自由對他有幫助嗎？”“啊，先生，”溫琪搖著頭說，“不是不尊重，我不確定您釋放他時是不是對他有利，先生。”“為什麼？”哈利吃驚地說。“他有什么問題？”“自由讓多比驕傲自大，先生，”溫琪難過地說，“他覺得自己身份尊高，卻無法得到另一份工作，先生。”“為什麼？”，哈利問道。溫琪的聲音低了一個大調，輕聲說：“他希望得到薪水，先生。”“薪水？”哈利茫然地問道。“嗯 - 他為什麼不能得到報酬呢？”溫琪對這個想法感到相當震驚，輕輕地合上手指，讓她的臉半藏起來。

“House-elves is not paid, sir!” she said in a muffled squeak. “No, no, no. I says to Dobby, I says, go find yourself a nice family and settle down, Dobby. He is getting up to all sorts of high jinks, sir, what is unbecoming to a house-elf. You goes racketing around like this, Dobby, I says, and next thing I hear you’s up in front of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, like some common goblin.”

“Well, it’s about time he had a bit of fun,” said Harry.

“House-elves is not supposed to have fun, Harry Potter,” said Winky firmly, from behind her hands. “House-elves does what they is told. I is not liking heights at all, Harry Potter” — she glanced toward the edge of the box and gulped — “but my master sends me to the Top Box and I comes, sir.”

「家內精靈不會被支付薪資，先生！」她用壓低的尖聲說。「不，不，不。我和多比說過，‘去找一個好家庭安定下來，多比。」他玩弄所有動作，先生，非常不適合家內精靈。你到處亂跑，像這樣，多比，我說，下一件事我聽到的是你在魔法生物規管司前，像普通的哥布林般出現。」「現在他有點開心也正好啦。」哈利說。「哈利波特，家內精靈不能有娛樂。」溫琪從她的手背後堅定地說。「家內精靈要聽從他們所被委託的事情。我極不喜歡高處，哈利波特。」她看向盒子的邊緣，咽了一口氣。「但是主人派我到貴賓座，我就會到，先生。」

“Why’s he sent you up here, if he knows you don’t like heights?” said Harry, frowning.

“Master — master wants me to save him a seat, Harry Potter. He is very busy,” said Winky, tilting her head toward the empty space beside her. “Winky is wishing she is back in master’s tent, Harry Potter, but Winky does what she is told. Winky is a good house-elf.”

She gave the edge of the box another frightened look and hid her eyes completely again. Harry turned back to the others.

“So that’s a house-elf?” Ron muttered. “Weird things, aren’t they?”

“Dobby was weirder,” said Harry fervently.

Ron pulled out his Omnioculars and started testing them, staring down into the crowd on the other side of the stadium.

“Wild!” he said, twiddling the replay knob on the side. “I can make that old bloke down there pick his nose again . . . and again . . . and again . . .”

“哈利，如果他知道你不喜歡高處，為什麼他會派你上來呢？”哈利皺眉著問。“主人 - 主人想要我幫他留座位，哈利波特。他很忙。”溫琪說著，將頭傾向她身旁的空位。“溫琪希望自己能回到主人的帳篷裡，哈利波特，但是溫琪會聽從命令。溫琪是一個好家內精靈。“她再次害怕地看了一眼盒子的邊緣和眼睛完全躲了起來。哈利轉回去看著其他人。“那就是家內精靈？”朗輕聲說道，“它們很奇怪，不是嗎？”“那時多比更奇怪，”哈利熱烈地說道。朗拿出他的萬能望遠鏡開始測試，盯著球場另一邊的人群看著。“太瘋狂了！”他轉動那側面的重播旋鈕，“我可以讓下面那個老頭一次又一次挖鼻孔……”

Hermione, meanwhile, was skimming eagerly through her velvet-covered, tasseled program.

“A display from the team mascots will precede the match,” she read aloud.

“Oh that’s always worth watching,” said Mr. Weasley. “National teams bring creatures from their native land, you know, to put on a bit of a show.”

The box filled gradually around them over the next half hour. Mr. Weasley kept shaking hands with people who were obviously very important wizards. Percy jumped to his feet so often that he looked as though he were trying to sit on a hedgehog. When Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic himself, arrived, Percy bowed so low that his glasses fell off and shattered. Highly embarrassed, he repaired them with his wand and thereafter remained in his seat, throwing jealous looks at Harry, whom Cornelius Fudge had greeted like an old friend. They had met before, and Fudge shook Harry’s hand in a fatherly fashion, asked how he was, and introduced him to the wizards on either side of him.

在此期間，赫敏正熱情地瀏覽其鑲有天鵝絨、配有流蘇的節目單。「『在比賽之前，有來自各隊吉祥物的表演』，」她大聲朗讀。「哦，那總是值得一看的。」威茲萊先生說。「你知道的，各國代表隊都會帶些本土生物來表演。」然後，包廂內在接下來的半小時內逐漸填滿。威茲萊先生不斷和那些明顯是非常重要的巫師握手。珀西跳起身來的頻率如此之高，以至於他看起來像是試圖坐在一只刺蝟上。當魔法部長庫魯姆·福吉親自到場時，珀西低鞠著腰，以致他的眼鏡脫落並碎裂。他感到非常尷尬，用魔杖修復後就一直坐在座位上，向哈利投以嫉妒的目光。庫魯姆·福吉像老朋友一樣和哈利打招呼，曾經見過面，用一種親切的方式與他握手，問候他的近況，並向他介紹身邊的巫師。

“Harry Potter, you know,” he told the Bulgarian minister loudly, who was wearing splendid robes of black velvet trimmed with gold and didn’t seem to understand a word of English. “Harry Potter . . . oh come on now, you know who he is . . . the boy who survived You-Know-Who . . . you *do* know who he is —”

The Bulgarian wizard suddenly spotted Harry’s scar and started gabbling loudly and excitedly, pointing at it.

“Knew we’d get there in the end,” said Fudge wearily to Harry. “I’m no great shakes at languages; I need Barty Crouch for this sort of thing. Ah, I see his house-elf’s saving him a seat. . . . Good job too, these Bulgarian blighters have been trying to cadge all the best places . . . ah, and here’s Lucius!”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione turned quickly. Edging along the second row to three still-empty seats right behind Mr. Weasley were none other than Dobby the house-elf’s former owners: Lucius Malfoy; his son, Draco; and a woman Harry supposed must be Draco’s mother.

“哈利波特，你知道”，他大聲地告訴著一位穿著黑色天鵝絨華服、飾以金色的保加利亞部長，他似乎不理解任何英語詞語。“哈利波特……噢，來吧，你知道他是誰……活下來的對方……你確定知道他是誰——”突然，這位保加利亞巫師發現了哈利的疤痕，開始大聲興奮地叽叽喳喳，指著它。“我就知道我們最終會到達這裡，”菲奇疲憊地對哈利說。“我不擅長語言；這種事情我需要巴蒂·克勞奇來幫忙。啊，我看到他的家-侍正在為他省了一個位置……太好了，這些保加利亞人一直試圖要綁架所有最好的位置，啊，這裡是盧修斯！”哈利、羅恩和赫敏迅速轉身。在第二排一路擦肩而過後，他們坐在韋斯萊先生的三個仍然空著的座位後面，沒有別人，只有多比這個家-侍的前主人：盧修斯·馬爾福；他的兒子德拉科；還有一個哈利猜想應該是德拉科的母親的女子。

Harry and Draco Malfoy had been enemies ever since their very first journey to Hogwarts. A pale boy with a pointed face and white-blond hair, Draco greatly resembled his father. His mother was blonde too; tall and slim, she would have been nice-looking if she hadn’t been wearing a look that suggested there was a nasty smell under her nose.

“Ah, Fudge,” said Mr. Malfoy, holding out his hand as he reached the Minister of Magic. “How are you? I don’t think you’ve met my wife, Narcissa? Or our son, Draco?”

“How do you do, how do you do?” said Fudge, smiling and bowing to Mrs. Malfoy. “And allow me to introduce you to Mr. Oblansk — Obalonsk — Mr. — well, he’s the Bulgarian Minister of Magic, and he can’t understand a word I’m saying anyway, so never mind. And let’s see who else — you know Arthur Weasley, I daresay?”

哈利和德拉科·馬爾福從他們第一次到霍格華茲的旅程開始就一直是敵人。德拉科是一個臉尖鼻高、頭髮金白色的蒼白男孩，與他的父親極為相像。他的母親也是金髮的；高高瘦瘦的她如果沒有帶著一種暗示她鼻子下有難聞氣味的表情，本來應該很好看。“噢，福吉，”馬爾福先生說，當他走到魔法部部長面前時伸出了手，“你好嗎？我想你還沒有見過我妻子娜西莎？或者我們的兒子德拉科？”“你好，你好，”福吉說，微笑並向馬爾福夫人鞠躬，“讓我介紹一下奧布拉安斯先生——奧巴隆斯克——先生——嗯，他是保加利亞魔法部部長，他無法聽懂我說的任何話，所以不用在意。然後我們來看看還有誰——你應該認識亞瑟·魏斯萊，對吧？”

It was a tense moment. Mr. Weasley and Mr. Malfoy looked at each other and Harry vividly recalled the last time they had come face-to-face: It had been in Flourish and Blotts bookshop, and they had had a fight. Mr. Malfoy’s cold gray eyes swept over Mr. Weasley, and then up and down the row.

“Good lord, Arthur,” he said softly. “What did you have to sell to get seats in the Top Box? Surely your house wouldn’t have fetched this much?”

Fudge, who wasn’t listening, said, “Lucius has just given a *very* generous contribution to St. Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries, Arthur. He’s here as my guest.”

“How — how nice,” said Mr. Weasley, with a very strained smile.

Mr. Malfoy’s eyes had returned to Hermione, who went slightly pink, but stared determinedly back at him. Harry knew exactly what was making Mr. Malfoy’s lip curl like that. The Malfoys prided themselves on being purebloods; in other words, they considered anyone of Muggle descent, like Hermione, second-class. However, under the gaze of the Minister of Magic, Mr. Malfoy didn’t dare say anything. He nodded sneeringly to Mr. Weasley and continued down the line to his seats. Draco shot Harry, Ron, and Hermione one contemptuous look, then settled himself between his mother and father.

這是一個緊張的時刻。韋斯萊先生和馬爾福伊先生相互凝視，哈利生動地回想起他們上次面對面的場景：那是在 Flourish and Blotts 書店裡，他們吵了一架。馬爾福伊先生冷酷的灰眼睛掃視過韋斯萊先生，然後沿著座位一邊上一邊下看了看。「我的天啊，亞瑟，」他輕聲說。「你賣了什麼才買得上貴賓席的座位？你家也不會值這麼多錢吧？」佛地魔並未在聽，他說：「盧修斯剛向魔法感應和傷痛醫院捐贈了一筆很慷慨的款項，亞瑟，他是作為我的賓客來的。」「多……多麼……好啊，」韋斯萊先生勉強地笑了笑。馬爾福伊先生的目光已轉回赫敏身上，她微微發紅，但堅定地盯著他。哈利很清楚是什麼讓馬爾福伊先生的嘴角上揚。馬爾福伊家族以純血種為自豪，也就是說，他們認為像赫敏這樣的麻瓜出身的人是二等公民。然而，在魔法部部長的注視下，馬爾福伊先生不敢說什麼。他對韋斯萊先生嗤之以鼻地點了點頭，然後走下去去找他的座位。德拉科鄙夷地瞥了哈利、羅恩和赫敏一眼，然後坐在他母親和父親中間。

“Slimy gits,” Ron muttered as he, Harry, and Hermione turned to face the field again. Next moment, Ludo Bagman charged into the box.

“Everyone ready?” he said, his round face gleaming like a great, excited Edam. “Minister — ready to go?”

“Ready when you are, Ludo,” said Fudge comfortably.

Ludo whipped out his wand, directed it at his own throat, and said “*Sonorus!*” and then spoke over the roar of sound that was now filling the packed stadium; his voice echoed over them, booming into every corner of the stands.

“Ladies and gentlemen . . . welcome! Welcome to the final of the four hundred and twenty-second Quidditch World Cup!”

The spectators screamed and clapped. Thousands of flags waved, adding their discordant national anthems to the racket. The huge blackboard opposite them was wiped clear of its last message (*Bertie Bott’s Every Flavor Beans — A Risk with Every Mouthful!*) and now showed BULGARIA: 0, IRELAND: 0.

“滑溜溜的家伙，”羅恩嘟囔着，与哈利和赫敏一起转回球场。下一秒钟，卢多·巴格曼冲进包厢。“大家准备好了吗？”他说着，他圆圆的脸闪耀着光彩，像一块兴奋的埃达姆奶酪。“部长，准备好了吗？”“卢多，你准备好了，我也准备好了，”福吉轻松地说。卢多拿出魔杖，指向自己的喉咙，说：“*Sonorus!*”然后在充满挤满了看台的声浪中发表讲话。他的声音在他们上方回荡着，在看台的每个角落都回荡着。“女士们、先生们……欢迎！欢迎来到第四百二十二届魁地奇世界杯决赛！”观众尖叫着鼓掌。成千上万的旗帜挥舞着，加入了他们不和谐的国歌声中。他们对面的巨大黑板擦掉了最后一条信息（伯蒂·波特万味豆——每个嘴巴都有风险！），现在显示着保加利亚：0，爱尔兰：0。

“And now, without further ado, allow me to introduce . . . the Bulgarian National Team Mascots!”

The right-hand side of the stands, which was a solid block of scarlet, roared its approval.

“I wonder what they’ve brought,” said Mr. Weasley, leaning forward in his seat. “Aaah!” He suddenly whipped off his glasses and polished them hurriedly on his robes. “*Veela!*”

“What are veel — ?”

But a hundred veela were now gliding out onto the field, and Harry’s question was answered for him. Veela were women . . . the most beautiful

women Harry had ever seen . . . except that they weren't — they couldn't be — human. This puzzled Harry for a moment while he tried to guess what exactly they could be; what could make their skin shine moon-bright like that, or their white-gold hair fan out behind them without wind . . . but then the music started, and Harry stopped worrying about them not being human — in fact, he stopped worrying about anything at all.

現在，不再廢話，請允許我介紹……保加利亞國家隊的吉祥物！場上的右手邊，一整塊深紅色的看台炸裂般地歡呼起來。「我想知道他們帶了什麼。」魔法部的韋斯萊先生向前傾身坐。「啊！」他突然摘下眼鏡，急忙在他的長袍上擦拭。「維拉！」「維拉是什麼？」但此時已經出現一百個維拉在球場上舞動，哈利的問題得到了答案。維拉是女人……哈利曾經見過的最美麗的女人……除了他們不是——他們不可能是——人類。哈利為此一時感到困惑，試圖猜測他們到底是什麼；什麼可以使他們的皮膚光亮如月，或者他們的白金色秀髮在沒有風的情況下扇動……但音樂開始了，哈利不再為他們不是人類而擔心——事實上，他不再為任何事情擔心了。

The veela had started to dance, and Harry's mind had gone completely and blissfully blank. All that mattered in the world was that he kept watching the veela, because if they stopped dancing, terrible things would happen . . .

And as the veela danced faster and faster, wild, half-formed thoughts started chasing through Harry's dazed mind. He wanted to do something very impressive, right now. Jumping from the box into the stadium seemed a good idea . . . but would it be good enough?

“Harry, what *are* you doing?” said Hermione's voice from a long way off.

The music stopped. Harry blinked. He was standing up, and one of his legs was resting on the wall of the box. Next to him, Ron was frozen in an attitude that looked as though he were about to dive from a springboard.

飛精靈開始跳舞了，哈利的思緒完全地和幸福地空白了。這個世界上唯一重要的事就是他繼續觀看飛精靈，因為如果它們不跳舞，糟糕的事情將會發生……隨著飛精靈跳得越來越快，野蠻且半成半就的思緒在哈利昏昏欲睡的腦海中追逐。他想要做一些非常噠眾取寵的事，現在就做。從包廂跳到體育場似乎是一個好主意……但是足夠好嗎？“哈利，你在做什麼？”赫敏的聲音從遠處傳來。音樂停止了，哈利眨了眨眼，他站起來，一條腿靠在包廂的牆上。在他旁邊，羅恩僵硬著，看起來好像即將從跳板上跳下來。

Angry yells were filling the stadium. The crowd didn't want the veela to go. Harry was with them; he would, of course, be supporting Bulgaria, and he wondered vaguely why he had a large green shamrock pinned to his chest. Ron, meanwhile, was absentmindedly shredding the shamrocks on his hat. Mr. Weasley, smiling slightly, leaned over to Ron and tugged the hat out of his hands.

“You'll be wanting that,” he said, “once Ireland have had their say.”

“Huh?” said Ron, staring openmouthed at the veela, who had now lined up along one side of the field.

Hermione made a loud tutting noise. She reached up and pulled Harry back into his seat. “*Honestly!*” she said.

“And now,” roared Ludo Bagman's voice, “kindly put your wands in the air . . . for the Irish National Team Mascots!”

憤怒的咆哮充盈了體育場。人群不想要魔法美女離開。哈利與他們在一起；當然，他會支持保加利亞，並且他有些糊塗為什麼他的胸前別了一個大大的綠色四葉草。與此同時，羅恩心不在焉地在帽子上撕破了那些草莓葉。懷著微笑的韋斯萊先生向羅恩靠近，並將帽子從他手中拉了過來。“等愛爾蘭隊發表完意見後，你就會需要它了。”他說。“啥？”羅恩怔怔地看著魔法美女，現在已經排成了一排。赫敏發出了一聲噴噴聲。她伸手把哈利拉回到座位上。“老實說！”她說。“現在！”路多·巴格曼的聲音咆哮道，“請把你們的魔杖舉起來……為愛爾蘭國家隊吉祥物！”

Next moment, what seemed to be a great green-and-gold comet came zooming into the stadium. It did one circuit of the stadium, then split into two smaller comets, each hurtling toward the goalposts. A rainbow arced suddenly across the field, connecting the two balls of light. The crowd oooohed and aaaahed, as though at a fireworks display. Now the rainbow faded and the balls of light reunited and merged; they had formed a great shimmering shamrock, which rose up into the sky and began to soar over the stands. Something like golden rain seemed to be falling from it

“Excellent!” yelled Ron as the shamrock soared over them, and heavy gold coins rained from it, bouncing off their heads and seats. Squinting up at the shamrock, Harry realized that it was actually comprised of thousands of tiny little bearded men with red vests, each carrying a minute lamp of gold or green.

下一刻，一顆巨大的綠金色彗星飛進球場。它在球場繞了一圈後，分裂成兩顆較小的彗星，分別向球門衝刺。突然，一條彩虹出現在球場，把兩個球形的光連接起來。觀眾們像觀賞燃放煙火一樣發出「哦～」和「啊～」的聲音。現在，彩虹消失了，光球重新結合，形成了一個巨大閃爍的三葉草，它升上天空飛過看台。像是金色的雨一樣，在它周圍落下金幣——「太棒了！」隆隆地說道。當那三葉草飛過他們時，沉重的金幣從天而降，碰撞在他們的頭上和座位上。哈利眯著眼睛仰望著那三葉草，他意識到它實際上是由成千上萬個身穿紅色襯衫的小鬍子男人組成，他們各自攜帶著金色或綠色的微小燈籠。

“Leprechauns!” said Mr. Weasley over the tumultuous applause of the crowd, many of whom were still fighting and rummaging around under their chairs to retrieve the gold.

“There you go,” Ron yelled happily, stuffing a fistful of gold coins into Harry's hand, “for the Omnipoculars! Now you've got to buy me a Christmas present, ha!”

The great shamrock dissolved, the leprechauns drifted down onto the field on the opposite side from the veela, and settled themselves cross-

legged to watch the match.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, kindly welcome — the Bulgarian National Quidditch Team! I give you — Dimitrov!”

A scarlet-clad figure on a broomstick, moving so fast it was blurred, shot out onto the field from an entrance far below, to wild applause from the Bulgarian supporters.

“小矮妖！”魔法部的韋斯萊先生趁著人群的熱烈掌聲喊道，很多人還在搖擺不定地在椅子下找尋黃金。“拿去吧！”羅恩高興地喊道，把一把金幣塞進哈利的手中，“給全息眼鏡用！現在你得給我買個聖誕禮物，哈！”那個巨大的三葉草消失了，小矮妖們飄落到球場另一側，交叉著大腿坐下來觀看比賽。“現在，女士們先生們，敬請歡迎——保加利亞國家飛天掃帚隊！我們的明星——狄米特羅夫！”一個身穿深紅色衣服的人，騎著掃帚如飛，從低窪的一邊飛出來，得到保加利亞球迷的熱烈掌聲。

“Ivanova!”

A second scarlet-robed player zoomed out.

“Zograf! Levski! Vulchanov! Volkov! Aaaaaand — *Krum* !”

“That’s him, that’s him!” yelled Ron, following Krum with his Omnioculars. Harry quickly focused his own.

Viktor Krum was thin, dark, and sallow-skinned, with a large curved nose and thick black eyebrows. He looked like an overgrown bird of prey. It was hard to believe he was only eighteen.

“And now, please greet — the Irish National Quidditch Team!” yelled Bagman. “Presenting — Connolly! Ryan! Troy! Mullet! Moran! Quigley! Aaaaaand — *Lynch* !”

Seven green blurs swept onto the field; Harry spun a small dial on the side of his Omnioculars and slowed the players down enough to read the word ‘Firebolt’ on each of their brooms and see their names, embroidered in silver, upon their backs.

「伊瓦諾娃！」第二個身穿猩紅色袍子的球員飛出來。「佐格拉夫！列夫斯基！布爾查諾夫！沃爾科夫！還有一——克魯姆！」「就是他，就是他！」羅恩用萬用鏡追隨著克魯姆大喊。哈利也馬上調校了自己的萬用鏡。維克多·克魯姆身材瘦削，皮膚灰暗，一雙黑眉毛下垂的大鷹鉤鼻子，看起來像是一隻過大的猛禽。令人難以置信的是，他才十八歲。「現在，請歡迎——愛爾蘭國家飛天掃帚隊！」巴格曼大聲宣佈。「由康諾利、瑞安、特洛伊、馬利特、莫蘭、奎格利和——林奇帶領！」七個綠色的模糊身影掠過球場；哈利調整了萬用鏡側邊的小盤，把球員們的速度減慢到可以看清他們掃帚上的“火焰箭”字樣，還有銀色的刺繡名字。

“And here, all the way from Egypt, our referee, acclaimed Chairwizard of the International Association of Quidditch, Hassan Mostafa!”

A small and skinny wizard, completely bald but with a mustache to rival Uncle Vernon’s, wearing robes of pure gold to match the stadium, strode out onto the field. A silver whistle was protruding from under the mustache, and he was carrying a large wooden crate under one arm, his broomstick under the other. Harry spun the speed dial on his Omnioculars back to normal, watching closely as Mostafa mounted his broomstick and kicked the crate open — four balls burst into the air: the scarlet Quaffle, the two black Bludgers, and (Harry saw it for the briefest moment, before it sped out of sight) the minuscule, winged Golden Snitch. With a sharp blast on his whistle, Mostafa shot into the air after the balls.

「現在，從埃及來的裁判，國際魁地奇聯合會的著名主席哈桑·莫斯塔法！」一個矮小且細骨幹的巫師，頭髮經已全剃光，但留著像弗農舅舅一樣的鬍子，身穿純金色袍子，與運動場地相映成趣，大步走向球場。他的鬍子下方藏著一個銀色口哨，一邊提著一個大木箱，一邊抱著飛掃，仔細地看著球場上的情況。哈利將萬用眼鏡的速度轉盤轉回正常，仔細觀察莫斯塔法騎上飛掃、開啟木箱——四個球彈射而出：深紅色的擊球、兩個黑色的打擊球以及（哈利從萬用眼鏡中短暫地瞥見了一眼，然後就消失得無影無蹤）微小的、有翅膀的金色捕魂球。莫斯塔法響了一聲尖利的口哨聲，馬上乘坐飛掃，直往四個球追去。

“Theeeeeeee’re OFF!” screamed Bagman. “And it’s Mullet! Troy! Moran! Dimitrov! Back to Mullet! Troy! Levski! Moran!”

It was Quidditch as Harry had never seen it played before. He was pressing his Omnioculars so hard to his glasses that they were cutting into the bridge of his nose. The speed of the players was incredible — the Chasers were throwing the Quaffle to one another so fast that Bagman only had time to say their names. Harry spun the slow dial on the right of his Omnioculars again, pressed the play-by-play button on the top, and he was immediately watching in slow motion, while glittering purple lettering flashed across the lenses and the noise of the crowd pounded against his eardrums.

Hawkshead Attacking Formation , he read as he watched the three Irish Chasers zoom closely together, Troy in the center, slightly ahead of Mullet and Moran, bearing down upon the Bulgarians. *Porskoff Ploy* flashed up next, as Troy made as though to dart upward with the Quaffle, drawing away the Bulgarian Chaser Ivanova and dropping the Quaffle to Moran. One of the Bulgarian Beaters, Volkov, swung hard at a passing Bludger with his small club, knocking it into Moran’s path; Moran ducked to avoid the Bludger and dropped the Quaffle; and Levski, soaring beneath, caught it —

“他們起跑了！”Bagman尖叫着。“是 Mullet! Troy! Moran! Dimitrov! 回來給 Mullet! Troy! Levski! Moran!”這是哈利從未見過的魁地奇比賽。他將自己的萬能鏡像眼鏡壓得緊緊的，以至於它們割進了他的鼻梁。球員們的速度令人難以置信 - 前鋒把飛鏢互相扔得非常快，Bagman 只有時間說出他們的名字。哈利再次轉動了萬能鏡右邊的慢快捷，按下頂部的實況按鈕，他立刻進入了慢動作，閃爍着閃爍的紫色字母在鏡片上閃現，而人群的噪音敲打在他的耳鼓中。他看到三個愛爾蘭的前鋒緊密地縱向飛行，Troy 略微領先于 Mullet 和 Moran，向保加利亞人逼近，他讀出了“鷹頭進攻陣型”這一信息。Porskoff 策略出現在下一個

鏡頭中，Troy 假裝向上飛去，帶走保加利亞前鋒 Ivanova，然後把飛鏢交給 Moran。保加利亞的一名戰士，Volkov，用他的小警棍猛烈地擊打了一個經過的鐵球，將其撞到了 Moran 的路上；Moran 避開鐵球，放下了飛鏢；Levski 在下面翱翔，抓住了它 -

“TROY SCORES!” roared Bagman, and the stadium shuddered with a roar of applause and cheers. “Ten zero to Ireland!”

“What?” Harry yelled, looking wildly around through his Omnioculars. “But Levski’s got the Quaffle!”

“Harry, if you’re not going to watch at normal speed, you’re going to miss things!” shouted Hermione, who was dancing up and down, waving her arms in the air while Troy did a lap of honor around the field. Harry looked quickly over the top of his Omnioculars and saw that the leprechauns watching from the sidelines had all risen into the air again and formed the great, glittering shamrock. Across the field, the veela were watching them sulkily.

Furious with himself, Harry spun his speed dial back to normal as play resumed.

Harry knew enough about Quidditch to see that the Irish Chasers were superb. They worked as a seamless team, their movements so well coordinated that they appeared to be reading one another’s minds as they positioned themselves, and the rosette on Harry’s chest kept squeaking their names: “*Troy — Mullet — Moran!*” And within ten minutes, Ireland had scored twice more, bringing their lead to thirty-zero and causing a thunderous tide of roars and applause from the green-clad supporters.

“特洛伊進球了！”巴格曼大喊，全場觀眾的掌聲和歡呼聲震耳欲聾。“愛爾蘭 10-0！”“什麼？”哈利狂叫，通過他的萬能望遠鏡瘋狂地四處看。“但萊夫斯基拿到了飛鏢！”“哈利，如果你不以正常速度觀看比賽，你就會錯過許多事情！”赫敏跳跳蹦蹦，揮舞著手臂大喊，特洛伊沿著球場的一圈做了一圈榮譽之旅。哈利從萬能望遠鏡的頂部迅速地看了一眼，看到從場邊觀看的小精靈們再次升空，形成一個偉大的閃閃發光的三葉草。橫跨球場，維拉們愁眉苦臉地看著他們。哈利對飛天球足夠了解，可以看到愛爾蘭主攻手都非常出色。他們像無縫的團隊一樣合作，動作協調得如同彼此在讀對方的思想般迅速定位，而哈利胸前的織帶則不斷嚷著他們的名字：“特洛伊 - 梅利特 - 莫倫！”十分鐘內，愛爾蘭又進了兩個球，他們的領先優勢達到了三十分，引起綠衣支持者的熱烈掌聲和歡呼聲。

The match became still faster, but more brutal. Volkov and Vulchanov, the Bulgarian Beaters, were whacking the Bludgers as fiercely as possible at the Irish Chasers, and were starting to prevent them from using some of their best moves; twice they were forced to scatter, and then, finally, Ivanova managed to break through their ranks; dodge the Keeper, Ryan; and score Bulgaria’s first goal.

“Fingers in your ears!” bellowed Mr. Weasley as the veela started to dance in celebration. Harry screwed up his eyes too; he wanted to keep his mind on the game. After a few seconds, he chanced a glance at the field. The veela had stopped dancing, and Bulgaria was again in possession of the Quaffle.

“Dimitrov! Levski! Dimitrov! Ivanova — oh I say!” roared Bagman.

One hundred thousand wizards gasped as the two Seekers, Krum and Lynch, plummeted through the center of the Chasers, so fast that it looked as though they had just jumped from airplanes without parachutes. Harry followed their descent through his Omnioculars, squinting to see where the Snitch was —

比賽變得更快，但也更殘酷。保加利亞的打昏球手 Volkov 和 Vulchanov 猛烈地用球棒狠狠地將瘋狂的打球狠砸向愛爾蘭的進攻球員，讓他們無法使用一些最好的技巧；他們被迫分散了兩次，最後，Ivanova 終於突破了他們的防線，甩開了守門員 Ryan，為保加利亞攻進了第一個進球。"Weasley先生大喊“塞滿耳朵！”當veela(雯娜)的跳舞慶祝開始時。Harry也緊閉雙眼，只想著比賽。幾秒鐘後，他瞥了一眼球場。Veela停止了跳舞，保加利亞再次擁有Quaffle(球隊成員持球移動時的球)。

"Dimitrov! Levski! Dimitrov! Ivanova——哦，天哪！”Bagman大喊。10萬名巫師驚呼起來，因為兩個尋球員 Krum 和 Lynch 以如此之快從進攻者中心俯衝而下，看起來就像他們剛從沒有降落傘的飛機上跳下來。Harry通過他的Omnioculars(萬能瞳仁)，跟隨他們的下降，眯著眼睛看尋找金色飛天球(此球為魁地奇中的分數計算及結束比賽的關鍵球)的方位。

“They’re going to crash!” screamed Hermione next to Harry.

She was half right — at the very last second, Viktor Krum pulled out of the dive and spiraled off. Lynch, however, hit the ground with a dull thud that could be heard throughout the stadium. A huge groan rose from the Irish seats.

“Fool!” moaned Mr. Weasley. “Krum was feinting!”

“It’s time-out!” yelled Bagman’s voice, “as trained mediwizards hurry onto the field to examine Aidan Lynch!”

“He’ll be okay, he only got ploughed!” Charlie said reassuringly to Ginny, who was hanging over the side of the box, looking horror-struck. “Which is what Krum was after, of course. . .”

Harry hastily pressed the replay and play-by-play buttons on his Omnioculars, twiddled the speed dial, and put them back up to his eyes.

「他們會撞上！」夥伴赫敏大喊道。她說穿了 - 在最後一刻，維克多·克魯姆彎身擺脫了急俯衝並螺旋向上。然而，林奇以一聲沉悶的轟隆聲撞向地面，可以在整個體育場聽到。爱尔兰座位上发出了巨大的低吼声。「傻瓜！」韦斯莱先生叫喊道。「克魯姆在故技重演！」“暫停时间！”鮑曼的声音喊道，“训练有素的医疗巫师匆忙进入场内检查艾丹·林奇！”“他会没事的，他只是挨了一下！”查理安慰吉妮说，吉妮正在悬挂在包厢的边缘，满脸惊恐。“當然那是克魯姆的目的 . . .”哈利匆忙按下他的全能魔鏡上的重播和逐幀按钮，旋转速度刻度，然後重新剔在眼前。

He watched as Krum and Lynch dived again in slow motion. *Wronski Defensive Feint — dangerous Seeker diversion* read the shining purple lettering across his lenses. He saw Krum's face contorted with concentration as he pulled out of the dive just in time, while Lynch was flattened, and he understood — Krum hadn't seen the Snitch at all, he was just making Lynch copy him. Harry had never seen anyone fly like that; Krum hardly looked as though he was using a broomstick at all; he moved so easily through the air that he looked unsupported and weightless. Harry turned his Omnipoculars back to normal and focused them on Krum. He was now circling high above Lynch, who was being revived by mediwizards with cups of potion. Harry, focusing still more closely upon Krum's face, saw his dark eyes darting all over the ground a hundred feet below. He was using the time while Lynch was revived to look for the Snitch without interference.

他看著克魯姆和林奇再次以慢動作潛入。令人聞風喪膽的沃龍斯基防守虛晃-危險的尋求者轉移穿過他的鏡片上閃爍的紫色字母。他看到克魯姆的臉因專心而扭曲，他及時退出了潛水，而林奇則被攤平，他明白了-克魯姆根本沒有看到啞鈴，他只是讓林奇仿效他。哈利從未見過任何人像那樣飛行：克魯姆幾乎看不出他在使用掃帚；他在空中移動如此自如，以至於看起來無支援和無重量。哈利將他的全景鏡片恢復為正常，並將它們對準了克魯姆。他現在正在高高盤旋在林奇上方，而魔藥師正在用杯子喚醒林奇。哈利更加密切地專注於克魯姆的臉，看到他的深邃眼睛在地面上翻著白眼，距離他們一百英尺。他正在利用林奇恢復的時間，在沒有干擾的情況下尋找啞鈴。

Lynch got to his feet at last, to loud cheers from the green-clad supporters, mounted his Firebolt, and kicked back off into the air. His revival seemed to give Ireland new heart. When Mostafa blew his whistle again, the Chasers moved into action with a skill unrivaled by anything Harry had seen so far.

After fifteen more fast and furious minutes, Ireland had pulled ahead by ten more goals. They were now leading by one hundred and thirty points to ten, and the game was starting to get dirtier.

As Mullet shot toward the goalposts yet again, clutching the Quaffle tightly under her arm, the Bulgarian Keeper, Zograf, flew out to meet her. Whatever happened was over so quickly Harry didn't catch it, but a scream of rage from the Irish crowd, and Mostafa's long, shrill whistle blast, told him it had been a foul.

林奇最終站起身來，得到綠衣支持者的熱烈歡呼聲，騎上他的火箭飛天掃帚，再次飛向天空。他的復蘇似乎給愛爾蘭帶來新的力量。當莫斯塔法再次吹哨時，衝鋒手們展現出比哈利之前見過的任何技藝都高超的活力。又過了十五分鐘快速而激烈的比賽，愛爾蘭再進十個目標，領先了一百三十分對十分，而且遊戲開始變得更加肮脏。當瑪萊特再次向球門衝刺，緊緊地抱住飛鏢球時，保加利亞的守門員佐格拉夫飛了過來。哈利沒能看清發生了什麼事情，但愛爾蘭人的怒吼聲和莫斯塔法尖銳的長哨聲告訴他這是一個犯規。

“And Mostafa takes the Bulgarian Keeper to task for cobbing — excessive use of elbows!” Bagman informed the roaring spectators. “And — yes, it's a penalty to Ireland!”

The leprechauns, who had risen angrily into the air like a swarm of glittering hornets when Mullet had been fouled, now darted together to form the words “HA, HA, HA!” The veela on the other side of the field leapt to their feet, tossed their hair angrily, and started to dance again.

As one, the Weasley boys and Harry stuffed their fingers into their ears, but Hermione, who hadn't bothered, was soon tugging on Harry's arm. He turned to look at her, and she pulled his fingers impatiently out of his ears.

“Look at the referee!” she said, giggling.

Harry looked down at the field. Hassan Mostafa had landed right in front of the dancing veela, and was acting very oddly indeed. He was flexing his muscles and smoothing his mustache excitedly.

「莫斯塔法為保加利亞的門將燙傷負責——肘部的過度使用！」巴格曼告訴嘈雜的觀眾。「對了，這是個對愛爾蘭的罰球！」當麻髮仔被犯規後，像一群閃爍的黃蜂一樣生氣地升騰起來的小妖精們現在匯聚在一起，形成了「哈哈哈！」的字樣。另一邊的維拉女郎們跳起舞來，生氣地搖著頭髮。同時，韋斯萊兄弟和哈利把手指塞進耳裡，但厄米妮沒有這麼做，很快就在拉哈利的手臂上拽了拽。他轉過頭看著她，她不耐煩地把他的手指從耳朵裡拿出來。「看看裁判！」她笑著說。哈利低頭看著球場。哈桑·莫斯塔法剛好落在跳舞的維拉女郎們面前，表現得非常奇怪。他緊繃著肌肉，興奮地撫平他的小鬍子。

“Now, we can't have that!” said Ludo Bagman, though he sounded highly amused. “Somebody slap the referee!”

A mediwizard came tearing across the field, his fingers stuffed into his own ears, and kicked Mostafa hard in the shins. Mostafa seemed to come to himself. Harry, watching through the Omnipoculars again, saw that he looked exceptionally embarrassed and had started shouting at the veela, who had stopped dancing and were looking mutinous.

“And unless I'm much mistaken, Mostafa is actually attempting to send off the Bulgarian team mascots!” said Bagman's voice. “Now there's something we haven't seen before. . . . Oh, this could turn nasty. . . .”

It did: The Bulgarian Beaters, Volkov and Vulchanov, landed on either side of Mostafa and began arguing furiously with him, gesticulating toward the leprechauns, who had now gleefully formed the words “HEE, HEE, HEE.” Mostafa was not impressed by the Bulgarians' arguments, however; he was jabbing his finger into the air, clearly telling them to get flying again, and when they refused, he gave two short blasts on his whistle.

“現在，我們可不能這樣！”露多·巴格曼說道，雖然他聽起來很開心。“有人來給裁判一巴掌！”一名醫務巫師飛過球場，他用手指塞住自己的耳朵，並猛踢了莫斯塔法的小腿。莫斯塔法似乎回過神來了。哈利再次透過萬能鏡觀察，看到他看起來非常難為情，並且開始對著薇拉大聲喊叫，而薇拉也停止跳舞，開始嘟嘟囔囔。“除非我看錯了，莫斯塔法正在試圖讓保加利亞隊的

吉祥物下場！”巴格曼的聲音說道。“這還從未出現過的事情……哦，情況可能會變得很糟糕……”果然如此：保加利亞的打擊手沃爾科夫和瓦爾查諾夫站在莫斯塔法的兩側，並開始與他激烈爭吵，手勢指向小矮妖，他們現在高興地構成了“嘿，嘿，嘿”的字樣。然而，莫斯塔法並不被保加利亞人的論點所打動；他用手指戳著空氣，明顯地告訴他們要起飛，當他們拒絕時，他用口哨吹了兩聲。

“*Two penalties for Ireland!*” shouted Bagman, and the Bulgarian crowd howled with anger. “And Volkov and Vulchanov had better get back on those brooms . . . yes . . . there they go . . . and Troy takes the Quaffle . . .”

Play now reached a level of ferocity beyond anything they had yet seen. The Beaters on both sides were acting without mercy: Volkov and Vulchanov in particular seemed not to care whether their clubs made contact with Bludger or human as they swung them violently through the air. Dimitrov shot straight at Moran, who had the Quaffle, nearly knocking her off her broom.

“*Foul!*” roared the Irish supporters as one, all standing up in a great wave of green.

“*Foul!*” echoed Ludo Bagman’s magically magnified voice. “Dimitrov skins Moran — deliberately flying to collide there — and it’s got to be another penalty — yes, there’s the whistle!”

「愛爾蘭被罰兩次！」巴格曼大喊，保加利亞人群憤怒地嗥叫著。「沃爾科夫和瓦爾查諾夫最好回到那些掃帚上……是的……他們回去了……特洛伊拿到了掌聲……。」比賽現在已經達到了他們所看到的最高激烈程度。雙方的擊球手都在毫不留情地行動：沃爾科夫和瓦爾查諾夫似乎特別不在意他們的球棒是否會與鐵球或人類發生碰撞，並將其狠狠地甩到空中。迪米特羅夫直接射向持球的莫蘭，幾乎把她從掃帚上撞下來了。「犯規！」愛爾蘭的支持者們一起大喊，所有人一起站起來，呈現一大片綠色。「犯規！」路多·巴格曼的魔法放大了的聲音回蕩。「迪米特羅夫皮膚破溜莫蘭 - 他故意飛過去撞上她- 那一定是另一個罰球- 是的，哨聲響起了！」

The leprechauns had risen into the air again, and this time, they formed a giant hand, which was making a very rude sign indeed at the veela across the field. At this, the veela lost control. Instead of dancing, they launched themselves across the field and began throwing what seemed to be handfuls of fire at the leprechauns. Watching through his Omnioculars, Harry saw that they didn’t look remotely beautiful now. On the contrary, their faces were elongating into sharp, cruel-beaked bird heads, and long, scaly wings were bursting from their shoulders —

“And *that*, boys,” yelled Mr. Weasley over the tumult of the crowd below, “is why you should never go for looks alone!”

Ministry wizards were flooding onto the field to separate the veela and the leprechauns, but with little success; meanwhile, the pitched battle below was nothing to the one taking place above. Harry turned this way and that, staring through his Omnioculars, as the Quaffle changed hands with the speed of a bullet.

小精靈們再次升上天空，這次他們組成了一只巨大的手，對著對面的維拉做了非常無禮的手勢。對此，維拉們失控了。他們沒有繼續跳舞，而是沖向球場，開始向小精靈們投擲看起來像是火焰的東西。透過他的萬能望遠鏡觀察，哈利看到維拉變得一點也不美麗，相反地，他們的臉變得又長又尖，變成了猛禽頭，並從他們的肩膀上爆出了長長的、鱗片般的翅膀。“這就是為什麼，孩子們！”韋斯萊先生大聲喊著，壓過了下面人群的嘈雜聲，“你們不能只看外表！”魔法部的巫師們湧進球場，試圖分開維拉和小精靈們，但效果甚微；與此同時，空中的戰鬥也遠比地面激烈。哈利不停地轉動萬能望遠鏡，眼睛緊盯著快如子彈的攻防轉換。

“Levski — Dimitrov — Moran — Troy — Mullet — Ivanova — Moran again — Moran — MORAN SCORES!”

But the cheers of the Irish supporters were barely heard over the shrieks of the veela, the blasts now issuing from the Ministry members’ wands, and the furious roars of the Bulgarians. The game recommenced immediately; now Levski had the Quaffle, now Dimitrov —

The Irish Beater Quigley swung heavily at a passing Bludger, and hit it as hard as possible toward Krum, who did not duck quickly enough. It hit him full in the face.

There was a deafening groan from the crowd; Krum’s nose looked broken, there was blood everywhere, but Hassan Mostafa didn’t blow his whistle. He had become distracted, and Harry couldn’t blame him; one of the veela had thrown a handful of fire and set his broom tail alight.

「列夫斯基-狄米特洛夫-莫蘭-特洛伊-馬利特-伊萬諾娃-莫蘭又回來了-莫蘭-莫蘭進球了！」但是愛爾蘭球迷的歡呼聲被維拉的尖叫聲和來自部長成員魔杖的爆炸聲以及保加利亞人的激烈咆哮聲淹沒了。比賽立即重新開始，現在列夫斯基有了攻擊球，現在是狄米特洛夫 - 愛爾蘭的打手奎格利重重地揮動球棒擊向一個經過飛擊球，並將其盡可能地狠狠地擊向克魯姆，他沒有迅速躲開。它直接撞在他的臉上。觀眾發出震耳欲聾的呻吟聲；克魯姆的鼻子看起來破了，到處都是血，但哈桑·莫斯塔法沒有吹哨。他分心了，哈利不能責怪他；其中一個維拉投擲了一把火，點燃了他的掃帚尾巴。

Harry wanted someone to realize that Krum was injured; even though he was supporting Ireland, Krum was the most exciting player on the field. Ron obviously felt the same.

“Time-out! Ah, come on, he can’t play like that, look at him —”

“*Look at Lynch!*” Harry yelled.

For the Irish Seeker had suddenly gone into a dive, and Harry was quite sure that this was no Wronski Feint; this was the real thing . . .

“He’s seen the Snitch!” Harry shouted. “He’s seen it! Look at him go!”

Half the crowd seemed to have realized what was happening; the Irish supporters rose in another great wave of green, screaming their Seeker on . . . but Krum was on his tail. How he could see where he was going, Harry had no idea; there were flecks of blood flying through the air behind him, but he was drawing level with Lynch now as the pair of them hurtled toward the ground again—

哈利希望有人意识到克魯姆受伤了；即使他是支持愛爾蘭隊的，克魯姆是場上最令人興奮的球員。羅恩顯然也持有相同想法。“暫停！啊，來吧，他不能這樣比賽，看看他---”“看看林奇！”哈利大聲喊道。愛爾蘭的追捕手突然陡降，哈利非常確信這不是個朗斯基虛晃；這是真正的事情。…“他看見搜尋器了！”哈利喊道。“他看見了！看他去！”一半的人似乎已經意識到正在發生什麼事了；愛爾蘭支持者又一次激動地站起來，瘋狂地為他們的追捕手喊加油…但克魯姆跟在他的後面。哈利不知道他如何看清他要去哪裡；有血珠飛舞在他身後的空中，但現在他趕上了林奇，一起急速墜落。

“They’re going to crash!” shrieked Hermione.

“They’re not!” roared Ron.

“Lynch is!” yelled Harry.

And he was right — for the second time, Lynch hit the ground with tremendous force and was immediately stampeded by a horde of angry veela.

“The Snitch, where’s the Snitch?” bellowed Charlie, along the row.

“He’s got it — Krum’s got it — it’s all over!” shouted Harry.

Krum, his red robes shining with blood from his nose, was rising gently into the air, his fist held high, a glint of gold in his hand.

The scoreboard was flashing BULGARIA: 160, IRELAND: 170 across the crowd, who didn’t seem to have realized what had happened. Then, slowly, as though a great jumbo jet were revving up, the rumbling from the Ireland supporters grew louder and louder and erupted into screams of delight.

“他們要撞上了！”赫敏尖叫。“不會！”朗咆哮。“林奇會！”哈利喊道。他是對的——第二次，林奇狠狠地撞到地上，立刻被一群憤怒的飛人（veela）踩踏。“求捕，求捕，求捕在哪？”查理沿著一排大喊。“他拿到了——克魯姆拿到了——全結束了！”哈利大喊。克魯姆身穿紅袍，鼻子上沾滿了鮮血，慢慢地升起來，高高舉起拳頭，手中閃閃發光的是一塊金子。計分牌閃爍著保加利亞：160，愛爾蘭：170，觀眾們似乎還沒有意識到發生了什麼。然後，就像一架巨大的單翼飛機正在加速一樣，愛爾蘭支持者的聲音越來越大，最後爆發出了歡呼聲。

“IRELAND WINS!” Bagman shouted, who like the Irish, seemed to be taken aback by the sudden end of the match. “KRUM GETS THE SNITCH — BUT IRELAND WINS — good lord, I don’t think any of us were expecting that!”

“What did he catch the Snitch for?” Ron bellowed, even as he jumped up and down, applauding with his hands over his head. “He ended it when Ireland were a hundred and sixty points ahead, the idiot!”

“He knew they were never going to catch up!” Harry shouted back over all the noise, also applauding loudly. “The Irish Chasers were too good. . . . He wanted to end it on his terms, that’s all. . . .”

“He was very brave, wasn’t he?” Hermione said, leaning forward to watch Krum land as a swarm of mediwizards blasted a path through the battling leprechauns and veela to get to him. “He looks a terrible mess. . . .”

「愛爾蘭贏了！」巴格曼大喊，就像愛爾蘭人一樣，似乎被比賽的突然結束嚇了一跳。「克魯姆抓到了搜捕器—但是愛爾蘭贏了一天啊，我想沒有一個人會預料到這個結果！」「他為什麼要抓到搜捕器？」羅恩大喊著，一邊跳著，雙手掌聲雷動。「愛爾蘭已經領先了一百六十分，這個傻瓜！」「他知道他們永遠追不上來！」哈利在噪音中回答，也大聲拍掌。「愛爾蘭的獵球員們太強了……他只是想以自己的方式結束比賽罷了……」「他非常勇敢，對不對？」妙麗向前傾身，觀看克魯姆在一群麻瓜醫生和精靈之間降落。「他看起來很狼狽……」

Harry put his Omnioculars to his eyes again. It was hard to see what was happening below, because leprechauns were zooming delightedly all over the field, but he could just make out Krum, surrounded by mediwizards. He looked surlier than ever and refused to let them mop him up. His team members were around him, shaking their heads and looking dejected; a short way away, the Irish players were dancing gleefully in a shower of gold descending from their mascots. Flags were waving all over the stadium, the Irish national anthem blared from all sides; the veela were shrinking back into their usual, beautiful selves now, though looking dispirited and forlorn.

“Vell, ve fought bravely,” said a gloomy voice behind Harry. He looked around; it was the Bulgarian Minister of Magic.

哈利再次將他的萬用鏡放在眼前。由於小妖精在整個球場上欣喜地飛來飛去，所以很難看清下面正在發生什麼，但他只能看到被醫療巫師包圍的克魯姆，他看起來比以往更不高興，並拒絕讓他們擦拭他。他的隊員們圍在他身邊，搖頭嘆氣，看起來心灰意冷；在一個不遠處，愛爾蘭球員正在金色雨中舞動著，這些金色的雨是從他們的吉祥物身上下來的。整個球場裡到處都是揮舞的旗幟，愛爾蘭國歌從四面八方響起；而飛人族現在已經恢復到他們平時美麗的樣子，但看起來意氣消沉、悲傷。“威爾，我們英勇地戰鬥了，”哈利身後傳來一個悲觀的聲音。他轉過身來看，那是保加利亞魔法部部長。

“You can speak English!” said Fudge, sounding outraged. “And you’ve been letting me mime everything all day!”

“Vell, it vos very funny,” said the Bulgarian minister, shrugging.

“And as the Irish team performs a lap of honor, flanked by their mascots, the Quidditch World Cup itself is brought into the Top Box!” roared Bagman.

Harry's eyes were suddenly dazzled by a blinding white light, as the Top Box was magically illuminated so that everyone in the stands could see the inside. Squinting toward the entrance, he saw two panting wizards carrying a vast golden cup into the box, which they handed to Cornelius Fudge, who was still looking very disgruntled that he'd been using sign language all day for nothing.

“Let's have a really loud hand for the gallant losers — Bulgaria!” Bagman shouted.

弗吉德嚷嚷道，“你會說英語！”聽起來很憤怒。“你讓我整天都在做手語！”“嗯，它很有趣，”保加利亞部長聳了聳肩。“爾時，隨著愛爾蘭隊的表現一圈榮譽，由他們的吉祥物護航，魁地奇世界盃本身進入了頂部包廂！”Bagman大叫道。頂部包廂突然被一道耀眼的白光照亮，哈利的眼睛一下子就被弄花了，看著進口處，他看到兩個氣喘吁吁的巫師抬進了一個巨大的金杯，交給依然帶著不滿的康奈留斯·弗吉德，“讓我們為英勇的失敗者保加利亞隊鼓掌！”Bagman大吼道。

And up the stairs into the box came the seven defeated Bulgarian players. The crowd below was applauding appreciatively; Harry could see thousands and thousands of Omniocular lenses flashing and winking in their direction.

One by one, the Bulgarians filed between the rows of seats in the box, and Bagman called out the name of each as they shook hands with their own minister and then with Fudge. Krum, who was last in line, looked a real mess. Two black eyes were blooming spectacularly on his bloody face. He was still holding the Snitch. Harry noticed that he seemed much less coordinated on the ground. He was slightly duck-footed and distinctly round-shouldered. But when Krum's name was announced, the whole stadium gave him a resounding, earsplitting roar.

And then came the Irish team. Aidan Lynch was being supported by Moran and Connolly; the second crash seemed to have dazed him and his eyes looked strangely unfocused. But he grinned happily as Troy and Quigley lifted the Cup into the air and the crowd below thundered its approval. Harry's hands were numb with clapping.

七名被打敗的保加利亞球員上了樓梯，進入包廂。下面觀眾掌聲不斷，哈利能看到成千上萬的全視角鏡頭閃爍並望向他們的方向。保加利亞人依次穿過包廂座椅之間的排列，巴格曼叫出每個人的名字，當他們與自己的部長以及福吉握手後。克魯姆是最後一個，看起來非常狼狽。他的臉上花了兩個黑眼圈。他仍然拿著金色飛標。哈利注意到他在地上時顯得不那麼協調。他的腳稍微外八字，肩膀下垂。但當克魯姆的名字被宣布時，整個體育場都為他發出震耳欲聾的喊聲。然後來了愛爾蘭隊。艾丹·林奇正被莫蘭和康諾利支持著，第二次碰撞似乎讓他有些暈眩，眼睛看起來奇怪地沒有聚焦。但他面帶笑容，當特洛伊和奎格利舉起盃子，下面的觀眾狂熱鼓掌。哈利的雙手因為拍掌而麻木了。

At last, when the Irish team had left the box to perform another lap of honor on their brooms (Aidan Lynch on the back of Connolly's, clutching hard around his waist and still grinning in a bemused sort of way), Bagman pointed his wand at his throat and muttered, “*Quietus*.”

“They'll be talking about this one for years,” he said hoarsely, “a really unexpected twist, that. . . shame it couldn't have lasted longer. . . Ah yes. . . yes, I owe you. . . how much?”

For Fred and George had just scrambled over the backs of their seats and were standing in front of Ludo Bagman with broad grins on their faces, their hands outstretched.

最後，當愛爾蘭隊離開箱子，騎在掃帚上進行另一個榮譽圈時（艾登·林奇騎在康諾利的後面，緊緊地抱住他的腰，仍然帶著一種困惑的微笑），巴格曼用他的手杖指著喉嚨喃喃自語，“白音”。他沙啞地說，“這場比賽會成為人們談論多年的話題，真是出人意料的結局……可惜沒有多繼續一點……啊，對了……是啊，我欠你多少錢？”因為弗雷德和喬治剛剛爬過座位的背面，站在盧多·巴格曼前面，臉上帶著寬闊的笑容，伸出手來。



THE DARK MARK

D on't tell your mother you've been gambling," Mr. Weasley implored Fred and George as they all made their way slowly down the purple-carpeted stairs.

"Don't worry, Dad," said Fred gleefully, "we've got big plans for this money. We don't want it confiscated."

Mr. Weasley looked for a moment as though he was going to ask what these big plans were, but seemed to decide, upon reflection, that he didn't want to know.

They were soon caught up in the crowds now flooding out of the stadium and back to their campsites. Raucous singing was borne toward them on the night air as they retraced their steps along the lantern-lit path, and leprechauns kept shooting over their heads, cackling and waving their lanterns. When they finally reached the tents, nobody felt like sleeping at all, and given the level of noise around them, Mr. Weasley agreed that they could all have one last cup of cocoa together before turning in. They were soon arguing enjoyably about the match; Mr. Weasley got drawn into a disagreement about cobbing with Charlie, and it was only when Ginny fell asleep right at the tiny table and spilled hot chocolate all over the floor that Mr. Weasley called a halt to the verbal replays and insisted that everyone go to bed. Hermione and Ginny went into the next tent, and Harry and the rest of the Weasleys changed into pajamas and clambered into their bunks. From the other side of the campsite they could still hear much singing and the odd echoing bang.

「不要告訴你媽你們賭博了，」威茲萊先生懇求弗雷德和喬治，當他們慢慢走下紫色地毯的樓梯時。「不用擔心，爸爸，」弗雷德歡呼道：「我們對這筆錢有大計畫。我們不想被沒收。」威茲萊先生一時間似乎想問這些大計畫是什麼，但在反思了一下後，似乎決定他不想知道。他們很快就被湧向露營地的人群所吸引。在燈籠照亮的小徑上原路返回時，夜空中傳來喧囂的歌聲，小精靈不停地越過他們的頭頂，咯咯地笑著，揮舞著他們的燈籠。當他們終於到達帳篷時，沒有人想睡覺，鑑於周圍的噪音水平，威茲萊先生同意他們在睡前再共飲一杯可可。他們很快樂地爭論著比賽；威茲萊先生被卷入了一個有關Charlie的 cobbing的爭論中，只有當吉妮在小桌子上睡著了，把熱巧克力撒了一地，威茲萊先生才叫停言語的重現，堅持大家去睡覺。赫敏和吉妮進了隔壁的帳篷，哈利和韋斯萊家其他人換上了睡衣，爬上了他們的床鋪。從營地另一邊，他們仍然可以聽到很多歌唱和奇怪的回聲。

"Oh I am glad I'm not on duty," muttered Mr. Weasley sleepily. "I wouldn't fancy having to go and tell the Irish they've got to stop celebrating."

Harry, who was on a top bunk above Ron, lay staring up at the canvas ceiling of the tent, watching the glow of an occasional leprechaun lantern flying overhead, and picturing again some of Krum's more spectacular moves. He was itching to get back on his own Firebolt and try out the Wronski Feint. . . . Somehow Oliver Wood had never managed to convey with all his wriggling diagrams what that move was supposed to look like. . . . Harry saw himself in robes that had his name on the back, and imagined the sensation of hearing a hundred-thousand-strong crowd roar, as Ludo Bagman's voice echoed throughout the stadium, "I give you . . . Potter!"

“哦，我很高興我不在值班，”韋斯萊先生昏昏欲睡地嘀咕道。“我不想去告訴愛爾蘭人他們必須停止慶祝。”哈利在龍下面的上鋪上躺著，凝視著帳篷的帆布天花板，看著偶爾飛過頭頂的一盞萊普利康燈的光芒，並再次描繪克魯姆的一些壯觀動作。他渴願回到自己的Firebolt上嘗試一下Wronski Feint...不知為何，奧利弗·伍德從未成功地用他所有扭曲的圖示傳達出這個動作應該看起來像什麼。哈利看到他身穿有他名字的長袍，並想像著聽到十萬人的觀眾咆哮，當魯多·巴格曼的聲音在體育場中回響時，“我給你....波特！”

Harry never knew whether or not he had actually dropped off to sleep — his fantasies of flying like Krum might well have slipped into actual dreams — all he knew was that, quite suddenly, Mr. Weasley was shouting.

"Get up! Ron — Harry — come on now, get up, this is urgent!"

Harry sat up quickly and the top of his head hit canvas.

"'S' matter?" he said.

Dimly, he could tell that something was wrong. The noises in the campsite had changed. The singing had stopped. He could hear screams, and the sound of people running. He slipped down from the bunk and reached for his clothes, but Mr. Weasley, who had pulled on his jeans over his own pajamas, said, "No time, Harry — just grab a jacket and get outside — quickly!"

Harry did as he was told and hurried out of the tent, Ron at his heels.

哈利不知道自己是否真的已經入睡 - 他像克魯姆一樣飛行的幻想可能已經消失在實際的夢裡 - 他只知道，相當突然地，韋斯萊先生大聲叫喊起來。“起來！朗 - 哈利 - 快，起來，這是緊急狀況！”哈利迅速坐了起來，腦袋頂上碰到了帆布。“發生什麼事了？”他問道。他能模糊地感覺到有什麼事情不對勁。營地裡的聲音已經改變了。唱歌聲停了下來。他可以聽到尖叫聲和奔跑的聲音。他從床鋪上滑了下來，伸手拿起自己的衣服，但韋斯萊先生已經穿上了他自己的睡衣上面的牛仔褲，說：“沒時間了，哈利 - 只拿件外套出去 - 快！”哈利按照他的指示做了，急忙走出帳篷，朗跟在他後面。

By the light of the few fires that were still burning, he could see people running away into the woods, fleeing something that was moving across the field toward them, something that was emitting odd flashes of light and noises like gunfire. Loud jeering, roars of laughter, and drunken yells were drifting toward them; then came a burst of strong green light, which illuminated the scene.

A crowd of wizards, tightly packed and moving together with wands pointing straight upward, was marching slowly across the field. Harry squinted at them . . . They didn't seem to have faces. . . . Then he realized that their heads were hooded and their faces masked. High above them, floating along in midair, four struggling figures were being contorted into grotesque shapes. It was as though the masked wizards on the ground were puppeteers, and the people above them were marionettes operated by invisible strings that rose from the wands into the air. Two of the figures were very small.

透過還亮著的幾個火光，他看到人們逃入樹林中，逃離一些向他們移動的東西，這些東西發出奇怪的閃光和槍聲般的噪音。大聲嘲笑、咆哮和醉漢的喊叫聲飄向他們，然後一道強烈的綠光炸裂而出，照亮了整個場景。一群巫師緊密地擠在一起，手持魔杖指向天空，緩慢地跨過田野。哈利睜起了眼睛.....他們似乎沒有臉孔.....然後他意識到他們的頭戴兜帽，臉上戴著面具。在他們上方，四個掙扎的人物在半空中被扭成了奇怪的形狀。就像地上的巫師是木偶師，而上面的人是由看不見的線操控的木偶，這些線從魔杖伸出，直上天空。其中兩個人物非常小。

More wizards were joining the marching group, laughing and pointing up at the floating bodies. Tents crumpled and fell as the marching crowd swelled. Once or twice Harry saw one of the marchers blast a tent out of his way with his wand. Several caught fire. The screaming grew louder.

The floating people were suddenly illuminated as they passed over a burning tent and Harry recognized one of them: Mr. Roberts, the campsite manager. The other three looked as though they might be his wife and children. One of the marchers below flipped Mrs. Roberts upside down with his wand; her nightdress fell down to reveal voluminous drawers and she struggled to cover herself up as the crowd below her screeched and hooted with glee.

“That's sick,” Ron muttered, watching the smallest Muggle child, who had begun to spin like a top, sixty feet above the ground, his head flopping limply from side to side. “That is really sick. . . .”

越來越多的巫師加入了遊行隊伍，他們笑著，指著漂浮在空中的那些身體。當遊行人群膨脹時，帳篷被踐踏並倒塌。哈利看到有時一些遊行者會用魔杖把帳篷炸開過道。幾個帳篷從中燃起火焰，驚叫聲越來越大。當一個燃燒的帳篷下方經過時，漂浮的人突然被照亮了，哈利認出其中一個人：營地經理羅伯茨先生。其他三個看起來像是他的妻子和孩子。下方的遊行者用魔杖把羅伯茨夫人翻過來，她的睡衣掉了下來，露出蓬鬆的內衣褲。她掙扎著遮住自己，而下方的人群卻高聲尖叫和嘲笑。“真恶心，”羅恩嘟囔着，看着最小的麻瓜孩子開始像陀螺一樣旋轉起來，身子在六十英尺的高空中軟弱無力地搖晃着，“太恶心了.....”

Hermione and Ginny came hurrying toward them, pulling coats over their nightdresses, with Mr. Weasley right behind them. At the same moment, Bill, Charlie, and Percy emerged from the boys' tent, fully dressed, with their sleeves rolled up and their wands out.

“We're going to help the Ministry!” Mr. Weasley shouted over all the noise, rolling up his own sleeves. “You lot — get into the woods, and stick together. I'll come and fetch you when we've sorted this out!”

Bill, Charlie, and Percy were already sprinting away toward the oncoming marchers; Mr. Weasley tore after them. Ministry wizards were dashing from every direction toward the source of the trouble. The crowd beneath the Roberts family was coming ever closer.

“C'mon,” said Fred, grabbing Ginny's hand and starting to pull her toward the wood. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and George followed. They all looked back as they reached the trees. The crowd beneath the Roberts family was larger than ever; they could see the Ministry wizards trying to get through it to the hooded wizards in the center, but they were having great difficulty. It looked as though they were scared to perform any spell that might make the Roberts family fall.

赫敏和金妮匆匆走向他們，穿上外衣，蓋住睡衣，韋斯萊先生跟在他們後面。同時，比爾、查理和珀西從男孩帳篷里走了出來，穿好衣服，卷起袖子，拿着魔杖。“我們要幫助魔法部！”韋斯萊先生在喧囂聲中大喊着，卷起自己的袖子。“你們趕緊到森林里去，靠在一起。等我們搞定了，我會來把你們接回去！”比爾、查理和珀西已經向前奔去，直奔迎面而來的隊伍，韋斯萊先生在他們後面。魔法部的巫師從各個方向急速趕來，向騷亂的源頭聚拢。羅伯茨家族下面的人群越來越近。“走吧，”弗萊德拉着金妮的手，開始把她拉向森林。哈利、羅恩、赫敏和喬治跟着他們。當他們到達樹林時，都回頭看了一眼。羅伯茨家族下面的人群比以往任何时候都要龐大；他們可以看到魔法部的巫師試圖穿過人群，向中心的戴兜帽的巫師靠近，但是他們面臨很大的困難。看起來他們害怕施展任何可能會讓羅伯茨家族摔倒的魔咒。

The colored lanterns that had lit the path to the stadium had been extinguished. Dark figures were blundering through the trees; children were crying; anxious shouts and panicked voices were reverberating around them in the cold night air. Harry felt himself being pushed hither and thither by people whose faces he could not see. Then he heard Ron yell with pain.

“What happened?” said Hermione anxiously, stopping so abruptly that Harry walked into her. “Ron, where are you? Oh this is stupid — *Lumos*!”

She illuminated her wand and directed its narrow beam across the path. Ron was lying sprawled on the ground.

“Tripped over a tree root,” he said angrily, getting to his feet again.

“Well, with feet that size, hard not to,” said a drawling voice from behind them.

的路上照亮體育場的彩色燈籠已經熄滅。黑暗的身影在樹林中搖搖晃晃；孩子們在哭泣；焦慮的喊叫聲和驚慌的聲音在寒冷的夜空中回響。哈利感到自己被人推來推去，卻看不到他們的臉。然後他聽到羅恩痛苦地大叫。“發生了什麼？”赫敏焦急地問道，情急之下停了下來，哈利撞上了她。“羅恩，你在哪裡？哦，這很愚蠢——發亮！”她照亮了她的魔杖，將其狹窄的光束照射在路上。羅恩躺在地上。“絆倒在樹根上，”他生氣地說，再次站起來。“嗯，有這麼大的腳，很難不絆倒，”一個延音的聲音從他們身後傳來。

Harry, Ron, and Hermione turned sharply. Draco Malfoy was standing alone nearby, leaning against a tree, looking utterly relaxed. His arms folded, he seemed to have been watching the scene at the campsite through a gap in the trees.

Ron told Malfoy to do something that Harry knew he would never have dared say in front of Mrs. Weasley.

“Language, Weasley,” said Malfoy, his pale eyes glittering. “Hadn’t you better be hurrying along now? You wouldn’t like *her* spotted, would you?”

He nodded at Hermione, and at the same moment, a blast like a bomb sounded from the campsite, and a flash of green light momentarily lit the trees around them.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” said Hermione defiantly.

“Granger, they’re after *Muggles*,” said Malfoy. “D’you want to be showing off your knickers in midair? Because if you do, hang around . . . they’re moving this way, and it would give us all a laugh.”

哈利、羅恩和赫敏急忙轉身。德拉科·馬爾福孤單地站在附近，斜靠在一棵樹上，看起來非常放鬆。他雙臂折起，似乎是透過樹林中的缺口觀察營地的情況。羅恩對馬爾福說了些哈利知道他永遠不敢當著魔法婦人太太的面說的話。「用詞文雅點，韋斯萊。」馬爾福說，他那蒼白的眼睛閃爍著光芒。「你們最好趕緊離開，不然她可樂壞了。」他向赫敏點了點頭。就在同一刻，營地傳來一聲類似炸彈的巨響，一道綠色的閃光瞬間照亮了周圍的樹林。「這是什麼意思？」赫敏挺直了身子說。「格蘭傑，他們要攻擊麻瓜。」馬爾福說。「想在半空中露出你的內褲嗎？如果你想，就留在這裡吧。他們正朝這邊靠近，這會讓我們都開懷大笑。」

“Hermione’s a witch,” Harry snarled.

“Have it your own way, Potter,” said Malfoy, grinning maliciously. “If you think they can’t spot a Mudblood, stay where you are.”

“You watch your mouth!” shouted Ron. Everybody present knew that “Mudblood” was a very offensive term for a witch or wizard of Muggle parentage.

“Never mind, Ron,” said Hermione quickly, seizing Ron’s arm to restrain him as he took a step toward Malfoy.

There came a bang from the other side of the trees that was louder than anything they had heard. Several people nearby screamed. Malfoy chuckled softly.

“Scare easily, don’t they?” he said lazily. “I suppose your daddy told you all to hide? What’s he up to — trying to rescue the *Muggles*? ”

“Where’re *your* parents?” said Harry, his temper rising. “Out there wearing masks, are they?”

“赫敏是巫師，”哈利咆哮。“你想怎麼樣就怎麼樣吧，波特，”馬爾福咧嘴陰森地笑道。“如果你認為他們分不清純血和髒血巫師，那就待在這裡吧。”“小心點說話！”羅恩大喊。在場的每個人都知道，“髒血”對於一位魔術師或巫師來說是非常冒犯的詞語。“別在意，羅恩，”赫敏迅速地說道，抓住了羅恩的手臂，制止他朝馬爾福走去。突然，從樹林另一邊傳來了一聲震耳欲聾的巨響，讓附近的幾個人尖叫起來。馬爾福輕蔑地笑了。“真容易嚇壞，不是嗎？”他懶洋洋地說道。“我猜你爸爸讓你們都躲起來了吧？他在幹什麼——試圖拯救麻瓜？”“你的父母在哪？”哈利的情緒漸漸升高。“他們也戴著面具出去了嗎？”

Malfoy turned his face to Harry, still smiling.

“Well . . . if they were, I wouldn’t be likely to tell you, would I, Potter?”

“Oh come on,” said Hermione, with a disgusted look at Malfoy, “let’s go and find the others.”

“Keep that big bushy head down, Granger,” sneered Malfoy.

“Come on,” Hermione repeated, and she pulled Harry and Ron up the path again.

“I’ll bet you anything his dad *is* one of that masked lot!” said Ron hotly.

“Well, with any luck, the Ministry will catch him!” said Hermione fervently. “Oh I can’t believe this. Where have the others got to?”

Fred, George, and Ginny were nowhere to be seen, though the path was packed with plenty of other people, all looking nervously over their shoulders toward the commotion back at the campsite. A huddle of teenagers in pajamas was arguing vociferously a little way along the path. When they saw Harry, Ron, and Hermione, a girl with thick curly hair turned and said quickly, “*Où est Madame Maxime? Nous l'avons perdue —*”

馬爾福轉向哈利，仍然面帶微笑。「如果他們真的是，我也不會告訴你，波特，對吧？」「拜託，」赫敏厭惡地看著馬爾福說。「我們去找其他人吧。」「低下你那頭亂蓬蓬的大頭髮，格蘭傑，」馬爾福嘲笑道。「走吧，」赫敏重複說，並拉著哈利和羅恩再次上路。「我敢打賭，他老爸一定是那些戴面具的人之一！」羅恩怒氣沖沖地說。「那麼，希望部裡能把他抓住！」赫敏熱情地說。「我真不敢相信，其他人去哪裡了？」弗雷德、喬治和金妮不見了，儘管路上擠滿了其他人，所有人都緊張地望向營地後方的騷動。一群穿著睡衣的少年在小路上激烈爭論著。當他們看到哈利、羅恩和赫敏時，一個頭髮卷曲的女孩轉頭迅速地說：「Maxime夫人去哪了？我們把她丟了——」

“Er — what?” said Ron.

“Oh . . .” The girl who had spoken turned her back on him, and as they walked on they distinctly heard her say, “Ogwarts.”

“Beauxbatons,” muttered Hermione.

“Sorry?” said Harry.

“They must go to Beauxbatons,” said Hermione. “You know . . . Beauxbatons Academy of Magic . . . I read about it in *An Appraisal of Magical Education in Europe*.”

“Oh . . . yeah . . . right,” said Harry.

“Fred and George can’t have gone that far,” said Ron, pulling out his wand, lighting it like Hermione’s, and squinting up the path. Harry dug in the pockets of his jacket for his own wand — but it wasn’t there. The only thing he could find was his Omnioculars.

“Ah, no, I don’t believe it . . . I’ve lost my wand!”

“You’re kidding!”

Ron and Hermione raised their wands high enough to spread the narrow beams of light farther on the ground; Harry looked all around him, but his wand was nowhere to be seen.

“呃，什麼？”羅恩說。“哦...”那個說話的女孩轉過身去，當他們走路時，他們清晰地聽到她說：“Ogwarts”。 “Boatons”赫敏嘀咕道。“抱歉？”哈利說。“他們一定去了Boatons”赫敏說。“你知道...歐洲魔法教育評估中提到的Magique魔法學院”。“哦...是啊...沒錯”哈利說。“弗雷德和喬治不可能走那麼遠”羅恩說，并掏出魔杖，像赫敏一樣點燃魔杖，眯着眼睛往前走。哈利在夾克的口袋里找到自己的魔杖-但它不在那裡。他唯一能找到的是他的萬能擺渡。“啊，不，我不信...我丟了我的魔杖！”“你在开玩笑！”羅恩和赫敏將他們的魔杖高高舉起，以將狹窄的光束更遠地照在地面上；哈利四處看着，但他的魔杖却沒見了。

“Maybe it’s back in the tent,” said Ron.

“Maybe it fell out of your pocket when we were running?” Hermione suggested anxiously.

“Yeah,” said Harry, “maybe . . .”

He usually kept his wand with him at all times in the Wizarding world, and finding himself without it in the midst of a scene like this made him feel very vulnerable.

A rustling noise nearby made all three of them jump. Winky the house-elf was fighting her way out of a clump of bushes nearby. She was moving in a most peculiar fashion, apparently with great difficulty; it was as though someone invisible were trying to hold her back.

“There is bad wizards about!” she squeaked distractedly as she leaned forward and labored to keep running. “People high — high in the air! Winky is getting out of the way!”

“或許它還在帳篷裡”孟婆說。“或許當我們奔跑的時候，從你口袋裡滑落了？”妙麗擔憂地建議道。“是啊”哈利說，“或許吧.....”在魔法世界裡，他通常會隨身攜帶魔杖，但在這樣的情況下失去了它，讓他感到非常脆弱。一陣沙沙聲使他們三個人跳了起來。家內小精靈溫琪正在努力地從附近的叢叢裡掙扎出來。她的動作非常奇特，顯然經受了巨大的困難，好像有人無形地試圖阻止她。“周圍有壞巫師！”她支吾地尖叫著，前傾著努力奔跑。“還有人在高處——高高地升空！溫琪要走開了！”

And she disappeared into the trees on the other side of the path, panting and squeaking as she fought the force that was restraining her.

“What’s up with her?” said Ron, looking curiously after Winky. “Why can’t she run properly?”

“Bet she didn’t ask permission to hide,” said Harry. He was thinking of Dobby: Every time he had tried to do something the Malfoys wouldn’t like, the house-elf had been forced to start beating himself up.

“You know, house-elves get a *very* raw deal!” said Hermione indignantly. ‘It’s slavery, that’s what it is! That Mr. Crouch made her go up to the top of the stadium, and she was terrified, and he’s got her bewitched so she can’t even run when they start trampling tents! Why doesn’t anyone do something about it?”

“Well, the elves are happy, aren’t they?” Ron said. “You heard old Winky back at the match . . . ‘House-elves is not supposed to have fun’ . . . that’s what she likes, being bossed around. . . .”

她喘著氣，發出尖叫聲，試圖抵抗束縛她的力量，消失在小路另一邊的樹叢中。「她怎麼了？」羅恩好奇地問道，望著溜走的溫琪。「打賭她沒有經過主人同意藏起來的。」哈利想起了多比，每當他嘗試做一些馬爾福家族不喜歡的事情時，這個家內小精靈就會自虐。「你知道嗎，家內小精靈的待遇很糟糕！」赫敏憤怒地說。「那是奴隸制度！那個克勞奇先生讓她爬到體育館的頂端，她嚇壞了，而且他還用魔咒使她不能在他們踩踏帳篷時奔跑！為什麼沒有人對此採取行動呢？」「嗯……小精靈們很開心啊。」羅恩說。「你聽過賽事中那個老溫琪的話嗎？『家內小精靈不應該玩樂』……這是她喜歡的，被人指揮罷了。」

“It’s people like *you*, Ron,” Hermione began hotly, “who prop up rotten and unjust systems, just because they’re too lazy to —”

Another loud bang echoed from the edge of the wood.

“Let’s just keep moving, shall we?” said Ron, and Harry saw him glance edgily at Hermione. Perhaps there was truth in what Malfoy had said; perhaps Hermione *was* in more danger than they were. They set off again, Harry still searching his pockets, even though he knew his wand wasn’t there.

They followed the dark path deeper into the wood, still keeping an eye out for Fred, George, and Ginny. They passed a group of goblins who were cackling over a sack of gold that they had undoubtedly won betting on the match, and who seemed quite unperturbed by the trouble at the campsite. Farther still along the path, they walked into a patch of silvery light, and when they looked through the trees, they saw three tall and beautiful veela standing in a clearing, surrounded by a gaggle of young wizards, all of whom were talking very loudly.

“像你這樣的人，羅恩，”赫敏激動地開始說，“是支持腐敗不公正體制的人，只是因為他們太懶惰去做——”又一聲巨響從樹林邊緣傳來。“我們繼續走吧，好嗎？”羅恩說，哈利看到他緊張地瞥了一眼赫敏。也許馬爾福所說的有些道理，也許赫敏比他們面臨的危險更大。他們再次出發了，哈利仍在搜索口袋，即使他知道他的魔杖不在那裡。他們跟隨著黑暗的小徑深入樹林，仍然留意弗雷德、喬治和金妮。他們走過一群咯咯笑著的妖精，他們正在看著一袋金子，毫不擔心營地的麻煩。更遠的小徑上，他們走進一片銀色的光芒，當他們透過樹林看去時，看到三位高大美麗的薇拉站在一個空地上，被一群年輕的巫師包圍，他們都在大聲談話。

“I pull down about a hundred sacks of Galleons a year!” one of them shouted. “I’m a dragon killer for the Committee for the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures.”

“No, you’re not!” yelled his friend. “You’re a dishwasher at the Leaky Cauldron . . . but I’m a vampire hunter, I’ve killed about ninety so far —”

A third young wizard, whose pimples were visible even by the dim, silvery light of the veela, now cut in, “I’m about to become the youngest-ever Minister of Magic, I am.”

Harry snorted with laughter. He recognized the pimply wizard: His name was Stan Shunpike, and he was in fact a conductor on the triple-decker Knight Bus. He turned to tell Ron this, but Ron’s face had gone oddly slack, and next second Ron was yelling, “Did I tell you I’ve invented a broomstick that’ll reach Jupiter?”

「我每年能賺上一百袋的加隆！」其中一個大叫，「我是負責處理危險生物委員會的殺龍者。」「你才不是！」他的朋友嚷道，「你是在漏酒壺裡的洗碗工……不過我是吸血鬼獵人，已經殺了九十多隻……」第三位青年巫師，臉上的痘痘即使在維拉陰暗的銀光下仍然可見，現在插話道，「我快成為有史以來最年輕的魔法部長了。」哈利噴笑了出來。他認出了長痘痘的巫師：他叫斯坦·珊派克，實際上是三層巴士的售票員。他轉身要告訴羅恩這件事，但羅恩的臉色變得奇怪而鬆弛，下一秒羅恩就大喊：「我跟你說嗎，我發明了一把可以飛到木星的掃帚！」

“*Honestly!*” said Hermione, and she and Harry grabbed Ron firmly by the arms, wheeled him around, and marched him away. By the time the sounds of the veela and their admirers had faded completely, they were in the very heart of the wood. They seemed to be alone now; everything was much quieter.

Harry looked around. “I reckon we can just wait here, you know. We’ll hear anyone coming a mile off.”

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when Ludo Bagman emerged from behind a tree right ahead of them.

Even by the feeble light of the two wands, Harry could see that a great change had come over Bagman. He no longer looked buoyant and rosy-faced; there was no more spring in his step. He looked very white and strained.

“Who’s that?” he said, blinking down at them, trying to make out their faces. “What are you doing in here, all alone?”

“真是的！”妙麗說道，她和哈利緊緊抓住了朗的手臂，把他轉了個身，然後把他帶走了。當維拉和他們的崇拜者的聲音完全消失了的時候，他們已經來到了樹林的中心。現在他們似乎是孤單的了，一切都安靜了許多。哈利四周張望著。“我想我們可以在這裡等待，你知道的。我們可以聽到任何人來的聲音。”話還沒有說完，魯多·巴格曼就從前面的一棵樹後面走了出來。即使在兩根魔杖微弱的光線下，哈利也能看到巴格曼發生了巨大的變化。他不再看起來充滿活力和紅潤，步伐也不再輕快。他看

起來非常蒼白和緊張。“那是誰？”他眨眨眼睛看著他們，試圖辨認出他們的臉。“你們孤單一個人在這裡做什麼？”

They looked at one another, surprised.

“Well — there’s a sort of riot going on,” said Ron.

Bagman stared at him.

“What?”

“At the campsite . . . some people have got hold of a family of Muggles. . . .”

Bagman swore loudly.

“Damn them!” he said, looking quite distracted, and without another word, he Disapparated with a small *pop*!

“Not exactly on top of things, Mr. Bagman, is he?” said Hermione, frowning.

“He was a great Beater, though,” said Ron, leading the way off the path into a small clearing, and sitting down on a patch of dry grass at the foot of a tree. “The Wimbourne Wasps won the league three times in a row while he was with them.”

He took his small figure of Krum out of his pocket, set it down on the ground, and watched it walk around. Like the real Krum, the model was slightly duck-footed and round-shouldered, much less impressive on his splayed feet than on his broomstick. Harry was listening for noise from the campsite. Everything seemed much quieter; perhaps the riot was over.

他們看著彼此，感到驚訝。“嗯，有一種搗亂事情正在進行中，”羅恩說。巴格曼盯著他看。“什麼？”“在營地上……有些人抓住了一家魔法外行人……”巴格曼大聲咒罵。“該死的！”他說，顯得非常心煩意亂，沒有再說一句話，就發出了一聲短促的消失聲音！“巴格曼先生似乎不是很在行啊，”赫敏皺著眉頭說道。“他可是個很優秀的打擊手，”羅恩說著，帶領大家離開小路，進入一個小空地，在一棵樹下的一塊乾燥草地上坐下來。“當他還在威姆本黃蜂隊效力的時候，他們三次贏得了聯賽冠軍。”他從口袋裡拿出克魯姆的小雕像，把它放在地上，看著它走來走去。就像真正的克魯姆一樣，這個模型稍微向外翻腳、肩膀圓圓的，站在腳上比坐在掃帚上不那麼印象深刻。哈利一直在聽營地的動靜。一切似乎都安靜了下來，也許暴動已經結束了。

“I hope the others are okay,” said Hermione after a while.

“They’ll be fine,” said Ron.

“Imagine if your dad catches Lucius Malfoy,” said Harry, sitting down next to Ron and watching the small figure of Krum slouching over the fallen leaves. “He’s always said he’d like to get something on him.”

“That’d wipe the smirk off old Draco’s face, all right,” said Ron.

“Those poor Muggles, though,” said Hermione nervously. “What if they can’t get them down?”

“They will,” said Ron reassuringly. “They’ll find a way.”

“Mad, though, to do something like that when the whole Ministry of Magic’s out here tonight!” said Hermione. “I mean, how do they expect to get away with it? Do you think they’ve been drinking, or are they just —”

But she broke off abruptly and looked over her shoulder. Harry and Ron looked quickly around too. It sounded as though someone was staggering toward their clearing. They waited, listening to the sounds of the uneven steps behind the dark trees. But the footsteps came to a sudden halt.

“我希望其他人都沒事，”赫敏過了一會兒說。“他們會沒事的，”羅恩說。“想像一下你爸爸逮住了盧修斯·馬爾福，”哈利說著，坐在羅恩旁邊，看著克魯姆的小身影蜷縮在落叶中。“他一直說他想找點把柄抓住他。”“那肯定會讓老德拉科的臉上挂不住，”羅恩說。“可憐那些麻瓜，”赫敏神情緊張地說。“如果他們解救不下来怎麼辦？”“他們會找到方法的，”羅恩安慰道。“他們會的。”“不過當整個魔法部今晚都到這裡的時候，這樣做還是瘋了！”赫敏說。“我的意思是，他們指望怎麼逃得了呢？你覺得他們是喝醉了，還是——”但她突然停了下来，看向了肩膀後面。哈利和羅恩也急忙轉過身來。好像有人不穩地向他們的小開闊地走來。他們等待著，聽著暗淡的樹林後面不平的腳步聲。但腳步聲突然停了下來。

“Hello?” called Harry.

There was silence. Harry got to his feet and peered around the tree. It was too dark to see very far, but he could sense somebody standing just beyond the range of his vision.

“Who’s there?” he said.

And then, without warning, the silence was rent by a voice unlike any they had heard in the wood; and it uttered, not a panicked shout, but what sounded like a spell.

“MORMORDRE!”

And something vast, green, and glittering erupted from the patch of darkness Harry's eyes had been struggling to penetrate; it flew up over the treetops and into the sky.

"What the — ?" gasped Ron as he sprang to his feet again, staring up at the thing that had appeared.

For a split second, Harry thought it was another leprechaun formation. Then he realized that it was a colossal skull, comprised of what looked like emerald stars, with a serpent protruding from its mouth like a tongue. As they watched, it rose higher and higher, blazing in a haze of greenish smoke, etched against the black sky like a new constellation.

"喂？"哈利喊道。寂静无声，哈利站起身，向四周张望。太暗了，看得很远，但他可以感觉到有人站在他能看到的范围之外。 "那是谁？"他说。突然间，寂静被一个木林中从未听过的声音撕开了，没有发出惊恐的呼喊，只是发出一个像咒语的句子。 "MORSMORDRE !"一个巨大的、绿色的、闪闪发光的东西从哈利的视线范围之外的黑暗中爆发出来，飞越了树顶，进入了天空。 "什么——？"罗恩喘了口气，再次站起身，盯着出现的东西。哈利瞬间以为这是另一只小精灵。然后他意识到，这是一个巨大的头骨，由看起来像翠绿色星星的东西组成，口中伸出一个蛇，像舌头一样。当他们看着它时，它升得越来越高，在绿色浓烟的映衬下燃起一颗新的星座，被刻在黑色天空中。

Suddenly, the wood all around them erupted with screams. Harry didn't understand why, but the only possible cause was the sudden appearance of the skull, which had now risen high enough to illuminate the entire wood like some grisly neon sign. He scanned the darkness for the person who had conjured the skull, but he couldn't see anyone.

"Who's there?" he called again.

"Harry, come on, *move* !" Hermione had seized the collar of his jacket and was tugging him backward.

"What's the matter?" Harry said, startled to see her face so white and terrified.

"It's the Dark Mark, Harry!" Hermione moaned, pulling him as hard as she could. "You-Know-Who's sign!"

"Voldemort's — ?"

"Harry, come *on* !"

Harry turned — Ron was hurriedly scooping up his miniature Krum — the three of them started across the clearing — but before they had taken a few hurried steps, a series of popping noises announced the arrival of twenty wizards, appearing from thin air, surrounding them.

突然，他們周圍的樹木傳來了尖叫聲。哈利不明白造成這種聲音的原因，但唯一可能的原因是骷髏的突然出現。現在它升得足夠高，照亮了整個森林，就像一個可怕的霓虹燈。他在黑暗中尋找著召喚骷髏的人，但是他看不到任何人。 "誰在那裡？"他再次喊道。 "哈利，快走！"赫敏抓住他夾克的領子，向後拉。 "怎麼了？"哈利驚訝地看到她臉色蒼白，充滿恐懼。 "那是黑魔標記，哈利！"赫敏哀嘆著，拼盡全力拉他。 "你知道是誰的標記！" "佛地魔的——？" "哈利，快走！" 哈利轉過身，羅恩正在匆忙地撿起他的迷你克魯姆娃娃——他們三個開始穿越空地——但是當他們走了幾步的時候，一連串的啪啪聲宣布了二十個巫師的到來，他們從空氣中出現，包圍了他們。

Harry whirled around, and in an instant, he registered one fact: Each of these wizards had his wand out, and every wand was pointing right at himself, Ron, and Hermione.

Without pausing to think, he yelled, "DUCK!"

He seized the other two and pulled them down onto the ground.

"*STUPEFY!*" roared twenty voices — there was a blinding series of flashes and Harry felt the hair on his head ripple as though a powerful wind had swept the clearing. Raising his head a fraction of an inch he saw jets of fiery red light flying over them from the wizards' wands, crossing one another, bouncing off tree trunks, rebounding into the darkness —

"Stop!" yelled a voice he recognized. "STOP! *That's my son!*"

Harry's hair stopped blowing about. He raised his head a little higher. The wizard in front of him had lowered his wand. He rolled over and saw Mr. Weasley striding toward them, looking terrified.

哈利轉身，一眼就看出：每一個巫師都拿出了自己的魔杖，指著他、羅恩和赫敏的方向。他毫不猶豫地喊道："躲起來！"他拉著另外兩個人趴在地上。 "昏迷術！"二十個聲音大吼——接連不斷地閃光，哈利感覺到頭上的頭髮像強風一樣翻飛。他微微抬起頭，看到從巫師的魔杖中飛出一道道熾紅的火光，相互交錯，撞擊在樹幹上，飛向黑暗——"停下！"他認出了那個聲音，"停下！那是我兒子！"哈利頭上的頭髮停止了翻飛。他抬起頭，前面的巫師已經放下了魔杖。他翻了個身，看到韋斯萊先生向他們走來，看起來很驚恐。

"Ron — Harry" — his voice sounded shaky — "Hermione — are you all right?"

"Out of the way, Arthur," said a cold, curt voice.

It was Mr. Crouch. He and the other Ministry wizards were closing in on them. Harry got to his feet to face them. Mr. Crouch's face was taut with

rage.

“Which of you did it?” he snapped, his sharp eyes darting between them. “Which of you conjured the Dark Mark?”

“We didn’t do that!” said Harry, gesturing up at the skull.

“We didn’t do anything!” said Ron, who was rubbing his elbow and looking indignantly at his father. “What did you want to attack us for?”

“Do not lie, sir!” shouted Mr. Crouch. His wand was still pointing directly at Ron, and his eyes were popping—he looked slightly mad. “You have been discovered at the scene of the crime!”

「朗—哈利」他聲音顫抖地說：「赫敏—你們沒事吧？」「讓開，亞瑟。」一個冰冷、簡短的聲音說。那是克勞奇先生。他和其他魔法部的巫師正向他們靠近。哈利站起來面對他們。克勞奇先生的臉上充滿了憤怒。「是你們其中一個嗎？」他怒斥道，尖銳的目光在他們之間飛快地移動：「是你們施法製造黑魔標誌的嗎？」「不是我們做的！」哈利揮了揮手，指著頭骨說。「我們什麼都沒做！」羅恩揉著手肘，憤懣地看著他父親。「你們想攻擊我們幹什麼？」「不要撒謊，先生！」克勞奇先生大喊。他的魔杖仍然指著羅恩，眼睛瞪得飛出來—他看上去有點瘋狂。「你們被發現在犯罪現場！」

“Barty,” whispered a witch in a long woolen dressing gown, “they’re kids, Barty, they’d never have been able to—”

“Where did the Mark come from, you three?” said Mr. Weasley quickly.

“Over there,” said Hermione shakily, pointing at the place where they had heard the voice. “There was someone behind the trees . . . they shouted words—an incantation—”

“Oh, stood over there, did they?” said Mr. Crouch, turning his popping eyes on Hermione now, disbelief etched all over his face. “Said an incantation, did they? You seem very well informed about how that Mark is summoned, missy—”

But none of the Ministry wizards apart from Mr. Crouch seemed to think it remotely likely that Harry, Ron, or Hermione had conjured the skull; on the contrary, at Hermione’s words, they had all raised their wands again and were pointing in the direction she had indicated, squinting through the dark trees.

「Barty，」一個穿著長毛呢浴袍的女巫輕聲說，「他們是孩子，Barty，他們從來不可能——」「你們三個的那個註記是從哪裡來的？」韋斯萊先生迅速地問道。「在那裡，」說赫敏顫抖著，指向他們聽到聲音的地方。「有人在樹林後面...他們咒語高喊...」「哦，他們在那裡站著？」卡茲先生現在轉向赫敏，他的眼睛怒視，臉上滿是不相信的表情。「他們唸了咒語？小姐，你對於如何召喚那個註記似乎很瞭解——」但除了卡茲先生之外的魔法部巫師們似乎都不認為哈利、羅恩或赫敏有可能召喚出骷髏頭；相反，聽到赫敏的話，他們都再次舉起了自己的魔杖，指向她指示的方向，透過黑暗的樹林睜眼觀察。

“We’re too late,” said the witch in the woolen dressing gown, shaking her head. “They’ll have Disapparated.”

“I don’t think so,” said a wizard with a scrubby brown beard. It was Amos Diggory, Cedric’s father. “Our Stunners went right through those trees. . . . There’s a good chance we got them . . .”

“Amos, be careful!” said a few of the wizards warningly as Mr. Diggory squared his shoulders, raised his wand, marched across the clearing, and disappeared into the darkness. Hermione watched him vanish with her hands over her mouth.

A few seconds later, they heard Mr. Diggory shout.

“Yes! We got them! There’s someone here! Unconscious! It’s—but—blimey . . .”

“You’ve got someone?” shouted Mr. Crouch, sounding highly disbelieving. “Who? Who is it?”

They heard snapping twigs, the rustling of leaves, and then crunching footsteps as Mr. Diggory reemerged from behind the trees. He was carrying a tiny, limp figure in his arms. Harry recognized the tea towel at once. It was Winky.

「太晚了，」穿着毛呢長袍的女巫搖頭說。「他們已經幻形消失了。」「我不這麼認為，」一位留著刷子般淺棕色鬍子的巫師說。那是塞德里克的父親Amos Diggory。「我們的Stunner正穿過那些樹...我們很有可能抓到他們了。」「Amos，小心！」一些巫師警告道。當Diggory先生挺起身子，舉起魔杖走過空地，消失在黑暗中時，赫敏掩住嘴巴注視著他的消失。幾秒鐘後，他們聽到Diggory先生的叫聲。「是的！我們抓到他們了！這裡有人！失去意識！這是.....但是.....天哪...」「你已經抓到人了？」Crouch先生聲音非常不信。「誰？是誰？」他們聽到樹枝斷裂的聲音，葉子 rustling作響，然後是沉重的腳步聲，Diggory先生從樹林後重新露面。他抱著一個微小、無力的身影。哈利一眼就認出那條茶巾。那是Winky。

Mr. Crouch did not move or speak as Mr. Diggory deposited his elf on the ground at his feet. The other Ministry wizards were all staring at Mr. Crouch. For a few seconds Crouch remained transfixed, his eyes blazing in his white face as he stared down at Winky. Then he appeared to come to life again.

“This—cannot—be,” he said jerkily. “No—”

He moved quickly around Mr. Diggory and strode off toward the place where he had found Winky.

“No point, Mr. Crouch,” Mr. Diggory called after him. “There’s no one else there.”

But Mr. Crouch did not seem prepared to take his word for it. They could hear him moving around and the rustling of leaves as he pushed the bushes aside, searching.

“Bit embarrassing.” Mr. Diggory said grimly, looking down at Winky’s unconscious form. “Barty Crouch’s house-elf . . . I mean to say . . .”

克勞奇先生沒有動也沒有說話，迪戈里先生把他的小精靈放在他的腳邊。其他部長在注視著克勞奇先生。克勞奇先生的目光熊熊燃燒著，他的臉色蒼白，幾秒鐘內固定在原地看著溫琪。然後他似乎又有生命力了。「這不可能」他效率地說道。「不可能---」他迅速地走過了迪戈里先生，朝他找到溫琪的地方走去。「沒有必要，克勞奇先生」迪戈里先生在他身後喊道。「那裡沒有其他人。」但克勞奇先生似乎沒有準備相信他的話。他們聽到他四處走動和推開灌木叢的聲音，尋找。「有點尷尬，」迪戈里先生沉悶地說，低頭看著昏迷中的溫琪。「巴蒂·克勞奇的家-小精靈...我的意思是...」

“Come off it, Amos,” said Mr. Weasley quietly, “you don’t seriously think it was the elf? The Dark Mark’s a wizard’s sign. It requires a wand.”

“Yeah,” said Mr. Diggory, “and she *had* a wand.”

“What?” said Mr. Weasley.

“Here, look.” Mr. Diggory held up a wand and showed it to Mr. Weasley. “Had it in her hand. So that’s clause three of the Code of Wand Use broken, for a start. *No non-human creature is permitted to carry or use a wand.*”

Just then there was another *pop*, and Ludo Bagman Apparated right next to Mr. Weasley. Looking breathless and disorientated, he spun on the spot, goggling upward at the emerald-green skull.

“The Dark Mark!” he panted, almost trampling Winky as he turned inquiringly to his colleagues. “Who did it? Did you get them? Barty! What’s going on?”

“別開玩笑，埃莫斯，”韋斯萊先生輕聲說，“你不會嚴肅地認為是那個小精靈幹的吧？這是巫師的符號，需要魔杖。”“對，”迪戈里先生說，“而且她手裡拿了魔杖。”“什麼？”韋斯萊先生說。“看，這裡。”迪戈里先生舉起魔杖，向韋斯萊先生展示，“她手裡拿著魔杖。所以，這就違反了魔杖使用法典的第三條。任何非人類生物都不得攜帶或使用魔杖。”就在這時，又傳來一聲砰的聲音，魯多·巴格曼迅速從另一邊出現，站在韋斯萊先生的身旁。他看起來氣喘吁吁，頭昏眼花，快速轉身，仰望著那綠寶石色的頭骨。“黑魔痕！”他喘息著，差點踩到溫琪，然後向同事問話，“是誰幹的？你們抓到他們了嗎？巴蒂！發生了什麼事？”

Mr. Crouch had returned empty-handed. His face was still ghostly white, and his hands and his toothbrush mustache were both twitching.

“Where have you been, Barty?” said Bagman. “Why weren’t you at the match? Your elf was saving you a seat too — gulping gargoyles!” Bagman had just noticed Winky lying at his feet. “What happened to *her*?”

“I have been busy, Ludo,” said Mr. Crouch, still talking in the same jerky fashion, barely moving his lips. “And my elf has been Stunned.”

“Stunned? By you lot, you mean? But why — ?”

Comprehension dawned suddenly on Bagman’s round, shiny face; he looked up at the skull, down at Winky, and then at Mr. Crouch.

“No!” he said. “Winky? Conjure the Dark Mark? She wouldn’t know how! She’d need a wand, for a start!”

“And she had one,” said Mr. Diggory. “I found her holding one, Ludo. If it’s all right with you, Mr. Crouch, I think we should hear what she’s got to say for herself.”

克勞奇先生空手而回。他的臉色仍然像鬼魂一樣白，他的手和小胡子都在抽搐。「巴特，你去哪裡了？」巴格曼說：「你為什麼不在比賽中？你的小精靈也替你預留了座位——鬼怪是怎麼了！」巴格曼突然發現溫琪躺在他的腳邊。「她怎麼了？」「我很忙，魯多。」克勞奇先生說，仍然用同樣的顛簸方式說話，幾乎不動嘴唇。「我的小精靈已經昏迷了。」「被你們搞暈了？可是為什麼...？」巴格曼的大圓臉突然明白了；他看著骷髏頭，又看了看溫琪，然後看著克勞奇先生。「不可能！」他說：「溫琪？召喚黑魔標誌？她不可能會啊！她要先有魔杖才行！」「可她有一根。」狄哥瑞先生說：「我發現她拿著一根，魯多。如果你們不介意，我認為我們應該聽聽她的說法。」

Crouch gave no sign that he had heard Mr. Diggory, but Mr. Diggory seemed to take his silence for assent. He raised his own wand, pointed it at Winky, and said, “*Rennervate!*”

Winky stirred feebly. Her great brown eyes opened and she blinked several times in a bemused sort of way. Watched by the silent wizards, she raised herself shakily into a sitting position. She caught sight of Mr. Diggory’s feet, and slowly, tremulously, raised her eyes to stare up into his face; then, more slowly still, she looked up into the sky. Harry could see the floating skull reflected twice in her enormous, glassy eyes. She gave a gasp, looked wildly around the crowded clearing, and burst into terrified sobs.

“Elf!” said Mr. Diggory sternly. “Do you know who I am? I’m a member of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures!”

Crouch沒有對Diggory先生聽到他的話給予任何反應，但Diggory先生似乎將他的沉默解讀為贊同。他舉起自己的魔杖，對著Winky說：“*Rennervate!*”Winky微弱地振作了一下，她那巨大的棕色眼睛睜開了，迷惑地眨了幾下。在沉默的巫師們的注視下，她顫抖地坐了起來。她看到了Diggory先生的腳，緩緩地抬起頭盯著他的臉，然後更緩慢地仰望天空。哈利可以看到飄浮的

骷髏在她巨大而湛亮的眼睛中反射了兩次。她嗚咽了一聲，狂野地四周張望著擁擠的空地，緊接著就嚇得放聲大哭。“小精靈！”Diggory先生嚴肅地說，“你知道我是誰嗎？我是魔法生物管理部的成員！”

Winky began to rock backward and forward on the ground, her breath coming in sharp bursts. Harry was reminded forcibly of Dobby in his moments of terrified disobedience.

“As you see, elf, the Dark Mark was conjured here a short while ago,” said Mr. Diggory. “And you were discovered moments later, right beneath it! An explanation, if you please!”

“I — I — I is not doing it, sir!” Winky gasped. “I is not knowing how, sir!”

“You were found with a wand in your hand!” barked Mr. Diggory, brandishing it in front of her. And as the wand caught the green light that was filling the clearing from the skull above, Harry recognized it.

“Hey — that’s mine!” he said.

Everyone in the clearing looked at him.

“Excuse me?” said Mr. Diggory, incredulously.

“That’s my wand!” said Harry. “I dropped it!”

薇琪（Winky）開始在地上向前向後搖晃，呼吸急促。哈利強烈想起多比（Dobby）害怕違抗的時刻。“你看，小精靈，在這裡不久前創造了黑魔痕。”狄高里先生說，“然後你在幾分鐘後被發現就在它下面！請解釋一下！”“我 - 我 - 我沒有做這個，先生！”薇琪喘不過氣來，“我不知道怎麼做，先生！”“你手裡拿著魔杖被發現！”狄高里先生咆哮著，把它在她面前揮舞著。當魔杖捕捉到骷髏上方所充滿的綠光時，哈利就認出了它。“嘿 - 那是我的！”他說。清場中的每個人都看著他。“請問？”狄高里先生驚訝地說。“那是我的魔杖！”哈利說，“我掉了！”

“You dropped it?” repeated Mr. Diggory in disbelief. “Is this a confession? You threw it aside after you conjured the Mark?”

“Amos, think who you’re talking to!” said Mr. Weasley, very angrily. “Is Harry Potter likely to conjure the Dark Mark?”

“Er — of course not,” mumbled Mr. Diggory. “Sorry . . . carried away . . .”

“I didn’t drop it there, anyway,” said Harry, jerking his thumb toward the trees beneath the skull. “I missed it right after we got into the wood.”

“So,” said Mr. Diggory, his eyes hardening as he turned to look at Winky again, cowering at his feet. “You found this wand, eh, elf? And you picked it up and thought you’d have some fun with it, did you?”

“I is not doing magic with it, sir!” squealed Winky, tears streaming down the sides of her squashed and bulbous nose. “I is . . . I is . . . I is just picking it up, sir! I is not making the Dark Mark, sir, I is not knowing how!”

“你掉了它？”迪戈里先生不敢相信地重複道。“这是认罪吗？你在制造魔标后把它丢了？”“阿莫斯，你在跟谁说话！”韦斯莱先生非常生气地说。“哈利波特会制造黑魔标吗？”“呃——当然不会。”迪戈里先生嘟囔着说。“对不起……有点冲动。”“无论如何，我并没有在那里丢下它。”哈利指着骷髅下面的树摇了摇拇指。“我们进入树林后我就错过了它。”“所以，”迪戈里先生转身又看着蜷缩在他脚下的温琪，眼神变得坚定。“你找到这根魔杖了，是吧，小精灵？你拾起它，想跟它玩乐，是吧？”“我没有用它施魔法，先生！”温琪尖叫着，泪水顺着她扁平且圆鼓鼓的鼻子流下来。“我是……我是……我只是把它拿起来，先生！我不会制造黑魔标，先生，我不知道怎么弄！”

“It wasn’t her!” said Hermione. She looked very nervous, speaking up in front of all these Ministry wizards, yet determined all the same. “Winky’s got a squeaky little voice, and the voice we heard doing the incantation was much deeper!” She looked around at Harry and Ron, appealing for their support. “It didn’t sound anything like Winky, did it?”

“No,” said Harry, shaking his head. “It definitely didn’t sound like an elf.”

“Yeah, it was a human voice,” said Ron.

“Well, we’ll soon see,” growled Mr. Diggory, looking unimpressed. “There’s a simple way of discovering the last spell a wand performed, elf, did you know that?”

Winky trembled and shook her head frantically, her ears flapping, as Mr. Diggory raised his own wand again and placed it tip to tip with Harry’s.

“那不是她！”赫敏说。她看起来很紧张，在这些部长巫师面前讲话，但她依然坚定。“温琪的声音很脆弱，而我们听到咒语的声音则深沉得多！”她看了看哈利和罗恩，希望得到他们的支持。“它听起来一点也不像温琪，是吗？”“是的，”哈利摇了摇头，“它绝对不像精灵。”“是啊，那是人的声音，”罗恩说。“那好，很快就会知道了，”迪戈里先生咆哮着，看起来并不赞同。“要发现魔杖上最后一个施法的咒语有一个简单的方法，精灵，你知道吗？”温琪颤抖着摇了摇头，她的耳朵拍打着，迪戈里先生再次举起自己的魔杖，并将其尖端与哈利的魔杖相接。

“*Prior Incantato!*” roared Mr. Diggory.

Harry heard Hermione gasp, horrified, as a gigantic serpent-tongued skull erupted from the point where the two wands met, but it was a mere shadow of the green skull high above them; it looked as though it were made of thick gray smoke: the ghost of a spell.

“*Deletrius!*” Mr. Diggory shouted, and the smoky skull vanished in a wisp of smoke.

“So,” said Mr. Diggory with a kind of savage triumph, looking down upon Winky, who was still shaking convulsively.

“I is not doing it!” she squealed, her eyes rolling in terror. “I is not, I is not, I is not knowing how! I is a good elf, I isn’t using wands, I isn’t knowing how!”

“*You’ve been caught red-handed, elf!*” Mr. Diggory roared. “*Caught with the guilty wand in your hand!*”

“Amos,” said Mr. Weasley loudly, “think about it . . . precious few wizards know how to do that spell . . . Where would she have learned it?”

「先拋法術！」迪哥利先生咆哮道。哈利聽到赫敏驚恐地倒抽一口氣，因為從兩根魔杖碰撞處爆發出一個巨大的蛇舌頭骷髏，但它只是高高在上的綠色骷髏的影子；它看起來像是由厚厚的灰色煙霧建成的：一個咒語的幽靈。「刪去法！」迪哥利先生大喊，煙霧般的骷髏消失了。「所以，」迪哥利先生帶著一種野蠻的勝利感說道，俯視著仍在劇烈顫抖的溫琪。「我沒有做這件事！」她尖聲叫道，驚恐地眼珠滾動著。「我不會，我不會，我不會這樣做！我是個好精靈，我不會用魔杖，我不知道怎麼做！」「精靈，你被當場抓住了！」迪哥利先生大喊。「帶著有罪的魔杖在你手上被逮住了！」「阿莫斯，」威茲萊大聲說道，「好好想想...很少有巫師知道那個咒語，她在哪裡學到的？」

“Perhaps Amos is suggesting,” said Mr. Crouch, cold anger in every syllable, “that I routinely teach my servants to conjure the Dark Mark?”

There was a deeply unpleasant silence. Amos Diggory looked horrified. “Mr. Crouch . . . not . . . not at all . . .”

“You have now come very close to accusing the two people in this clearing who are *least* likely to conjure that Mark!” barked Mr. Crouch. “Harry Potter — and myself! I suppose you are familiar with the boy’s story, Amos?”

“Of course — everyone knows —” muttered Mr. Diggory, looking highly discomforted.

“And I trust you remember the many proofs I have given, over a long career, that I despise and detest the Dark Arts and those who practice them?” Mr. Crouch shouted, his eyes bulging again.

“Mr. Crouch, I — I never suggested you had anything to do with it!” Amos Diggory muttered again, now reddening behind his scrubby brown beard.

“或許艾莫斯是在暗示，”克勞奇先生每個音節中都有著冷酷的憤怒，“我常常教導我的僕人繪製黑魔標誌？”一陣極不愉快的沉默隨之而來。阿莫斯·迪哥里看起來驚恐不安。“克勞奇先生.....並沒有.....我從沒有這個意思.....”“你現在差不多指責了在場這兩個最不可能畫那個印記的人！”克勞奇先生吼道，“哈利·波特和我自己！我猜你對這個男孩的故事很熟悉，阿莫斯？”“當然——每個人都知道——”迪哥里先生喃喃自語，看上去非常不舒服。“我相信你還記得，我在漫長的職業生涯中曾經給出過很多證據，證明我鄙視和憎惡黑魔法及其實踐者。”克勞奇先生再次眼珠鼓起地喊道。“克勞奇先生，我——我從來沒有說過你有任何關係！”阿莫斯·迪哥里再次喃喃自語，他灰褐色的鬍子下面變得通紅。

“If you accuse my elf, you accuse me, Diggory!” shouted Mr. Crouch. “Where else would she have learned to conjure it?”

“She — she might’ve picked it up anywhere —”

“Precisely, Amos,” said Mr. Weasley. “*She might have picked it up anywhere . . . Winky?*” he said kindly, turning to the elf, but she flinched as though he too was shouting at her. “Where exactly did you find Harry’s wand?”

Winky was twisting the hem of her tea towel so violently that it was fraying beneath her fingers.

“I — I is finding it . . . finding it there, sir . . .” she whispered, “there . . . in the trees, sir . . .”

“You see, Amos?” said Mr. Weasley. “Whoever conjured the Mark could have Disapparated right after they’d done it, leaving Harry’s wand behind. A clever thing to do, not using their own wand, which could have betrayed them. And Winky here had the misfortune to come across the wand moments later and pick it up.”

“如果你指責我的精靈，你就是在指責我，迪哥里！”克勞奇先生大喊道。“她去哪裡學會了這個咒語？”“她.....她可能從任何地方學到的.....”“正是如此，埃莫斯。”韋斯萊先生說。“她可能從任何地方學到了這個咒語.....溫琪？”他和善地轉向那隻小精靈，但她顯然被嚇到了，像是對她也在大聲喊叫。“你究竟從哪裡找到哈利的魔杖？”溫琪用力搓著茶巾，以至於它在她的手指下磨損了。“我.....我發現它了.....在那裡，先生.....在樹上，先生.....”“你看見了吧，埃莫斯？”韋斯萊先生說。“施展了這個標記的人可能在施法之後就立刻施放了幻影移形，留下哈利的魔杖在那裡。這樣做是很聰明的，因為他們沒有使用自己的魔杖，這可能會出賣他們。而溫琪不幸在那之後不久就偶然發現了這把魔杖並撿起了它。”

“But then, she’d have been only a few feet away from the real culprit!” said Mr. Diggory impatiently. “Elf? Did you see anyone?”

Winky began to tremble worse than ever. Her giant eyes flickered from Mr. Diggory, to Ludo Bagman, and onto Mr. Crouch. Then she gulped and said, “I is seeing no one, sir . . . no one . . .”

“Amos,” said Mr. Crouch curtly, “I am fully aware that, in the ordinary course of events, you would want to take Winky into your department for questioning. I ask you, however, to allow me to deal with her.”

Mr. Diggory looked as though he didn’t think much of this suggestion at all, but it was clear to Harry that Mr. Crouch was such an important member of the Ministry that he did not dare refuse him.

“You may rest assured that she will be punished,” Mr. Crouch added coldly.

“不过，她距离真凶只有几英尺！”迪戈里先生不耐烦地说，“精灵？你看到任何人吗？”温琪开始比以往更加颤抖。她的巨大眼睛从迪戈里先生闪烁到路多·巴格曼身上，然后又移到克劳奇先生身上。然后她叹了口气，说：“我没有看见任何人，先生……没有……”“艾莫斯，”克劳奇先生冷淡地说，“我完全知道，按照正常的程序，你会想把温琪带到你的部门询问。但我请求你让我来处理她。”迪戈里先生似乎并不太赞同这个建议，但对哈利来说，克劳奇先生是部长级别的人物，他不敢拒绝他。“你可以放心，她将受到惩罚，”克劳奇先生加冷冷地说。

“M-m-master . . .” Winky stammered, looking up at Mr. Crouch, her eyes brimming with tears. “M-m-master, p-p-please . . .”

Mr. Crouch stared back, his face somehow sharpened, each line upon it more deeply etched. There was no pity in his gaze.

“Winky has behaved tonight in a manner I would not have believed possible,” he said slowly. “I told her to remain in the tent. I told her to stay there while I went to sort out the trouble. And I find that she disobeyed me. *This means clothes.*”

“No!” shrieked Winky, prostrating herself at Mr. Crouch’s feet. “No, master! Not clothes, not clothes!”

Harry knew that the only way to turn a house-elf free was to present it with proper garments. It was pitiful to see the way Winky clutched at her tea towel as she sobbed over Mr. Crouch’s feet.

「大、大、大人……」溫琪結巴地說，仰著頭看著克勞奇先生，眼中充滿淚水。「大、大、大人，求您……」克勞奇先生盯著她，臉上有種奇怪的銳利感，每一道皺紋都刻在臉上。他的眼中沒有絲毫憐憫。「溫琪今晚的表現出乎我的意料。」他慢條斯理地說：「我告訴過她待在帳篷裡，讓我去解決麻煩。可是我發現她沒有聽從我的命令。這意味著衣服。」「不！」溫琪尖叫著，在克勞奇先生腳下跪地。「不，主人！不要衣服，不要衣服！」哈利知道唯一讓家內精靈獲得自由的方式就是贈予適當的衣服。看著溫琪抱著茶巾在克勞奇先生腳邊哭泣，實在令人心疼。

“But she was frightened!” Hermione burst out angrily, glaring at Mr. Crouch. “Your elf’s scared of heights, and those wizards in masks were levitating people! You can’t blame her for wanting to get out of their way!”

Mr. Crouch took a step backward, freeing himself from contact with the elf, whom he was surveying as though she were something filthy and rotten that was contaminating his over-shined shoes.

“I have no use for a house-elf who disobeys me,” he said coldly, looking over at Hermione. “I have no use for a servant who forgets what is due to her master, and to her master’s reputation.”

Winky was crying so hard that her sobs echoed around the clearing. There was a very nasty silence, which was ended by Mr. Weasley, who said quietly, “Well, I think I’ll take my lot back to the tent, if nobody’s got any objections. Amos, that wand’s told us all it can — if Harry could have it back, please —”

「但她很害怕！」赫敏氣憤地爆了出來，瞪著克勞奇先生。「妳的小精靈害怕高處，那些戴著面具的巫師正在施展漂浮術，你不能指責她想躲避他們！」克勞奇先生退了一步，擺脫了與他相接觸的小精靈，他盯著她，就像她是某種污穢腐爛的東西，會感染他那擦拭得亮晶晶的鞋子。「我不需要一個違抗我的家內小精靈，」他冷冷地說，看向赫敏。「我不需要一個忘恩負義、傷害自己主人與主人名譽的僕人。」溫奇哭得很傷心，她的哭聲回蕩在空曠的地方。出現了一個非常惡劣的沉默，由威茲萊先生結束了。「呃，如果沒有異議的話，我想我會帶我的家人回到帳篷裡，」他輕聲說道。「艾摩斯，那根魔杖已經告訴了我們它要告訴的一切-如果哈利可以把它還給我們的話...」

Mr. Diggory handed Harry his wand and Harry pocketed it.

“Come on, you three,” Mr. Weasley said quietly. But Hermione didn’t seem to want to move; her eyes were still upon the sobbing elf. “Hermione!” Mr. Weasley said, more urgently. She turned and followed Harry and Ron out of the clearing and off through the trees.

“What’s going to happen to Winky?” said Hermione, the moment they had left the clearing.

“I don’t know,” said Mr. Weasley.

“The way they were treating her!” said Hermione furiously. “Mr. Diggory, calling her ‘elf’ all the time . . . and Mr. Crouch! He knows she didn’t do it and he’s still going to sack her! He didn’t care how frightened she’d been, or how upset she was — it was like she wasn’t even human!”

“Well, she’s not,” said Ron.

Hermione rounded on him.

迪哥利先生將魔杖交給哈利，哈利將其收入口袋。“你們三個走吧。”韋斯萊先生輕聲說道。但赫敏似乎不想走，她的眼睛仍停

留在哭泣的小精靈身上。“赫敏！”韋斯萊先生聲音更急切了些。她轉身跟隨哈利和朗沿着樹林向外走去。“溫琪會怎麼樣？”他們走出清場後，赫敏立刻問道。“我不知道。”韋斯萊先生說。“他們待她的方式！”赫敏氣憤地說道。“迪哥利先生整天叫她‘小精靈’……克勞奇先生也是！他知道溫琪沒有做錯事，但他還是要解雇她！他不在乎她有多害怕，或者她有多難過——就好像她不是人類一樣！”“嗯，她確實不是人類。”朗說。赫敏轉身看向他。

“That doesn't mean she hasn't got feelings, Ron. It's disgusting the way —”

“Hermione, I agree with you,” said Mr. Weasley quickly, beckoning her on, “but now is not the time to discuss elf rights. I want to get back to the tent as fast as we can. What happened to the others?”

“We lost them in the dark,” said Ron. “Dad, why was everyone so uptight about that skull thing?”

“I'll explain everything back at the tent,” said Mr. Weasley tensely.

But when they reached the edge of the wood, their progress was impeded. A large crowd of frightened-looking witches and wizards was congregated there, and when they saw Mr. Weasley coming toward them, many of them surged forward.

“What's going on in there?”

“Who conjured it?”

“Arthur — it's not — *Him*?”

“Of course it's not *Him*,” said Mr. Weasley impatiently. “We don't know who it was; it looks like they Disapparated. Now excuse me, please, I want to get to bed.”

“這並不意味著她沒有感情，羅恩。這種。。。”“赫敏，我同意你的觀點。”韋斯萊先生急忙招手讓她跟上，“但現在不是討論小精靈權益的時候。我們越快返回帳篷越好。其他人怎麼了？”“在黑暗中迷路了，”羅恩說。“爸，所有人為什麼對那個頭骨那麼緊張？”“回到帳篷後我會解釋一切，”韋斯萊先生緊張地說道。但是，當他們到達樹林邊緣時，進展受到阻礙。一大群看起來驚恐的女巫和巫師聚集在那裡，當他們看到韋斯萊先生朝他們走來時，其中許多人向前湧去。“里面發生了什麼？”“是誰召喚的？”“亞瑟，這不是他吧？”“當然不是他，”韋斯萊先生不耐煩地說，“我們不知道是誰，看起來像是他們的從天而降。現在拜託你們讓開一下，我要去睡覺了。”

He led Harry, Ron, and Hermione through the crowd and back into the campsite. All was quiet now; there was no sign of the masked wizards, though several ruined tents were still smoking.

Charlie's head was poking out of the boys' tent.

“Dad, what's going on?” he called through the dark. “Fred, George, and Ginny got back okay, but the others —”

“I've got them here,” said Mr. Weasley, bending down and entering the tent. Harry, Ron, and Hermione entered after him.

Bill was sitting at the small kitchen table, holding a bedsheets to his arm, which was bleeding profusely. Charlie had a large rip in his shirt, and Percy was sporting a bloody nose. Fred, George, and Ginny looked unhurt, though shaken.

“Did you get them, Dad?” said Bill sharply. “The person who conjured the Mark?”

他帶領哈利、羅恩和赫敏穿過人群，回到營地裡。現在一切都很安靜，看不到戴面具的巫師的蹤跡，但幾個毀壞的帳篷仍在冒煙。查理的頭從男孩們的帳篷裡探出來。「爸，發生了什麼事？」他喊著問，黑暗中。「弗雷德、喬治和金妮回來了，沒事。但其他人——」「我把他們帶回來了。」韋斯萊先生說著，彎下腰進了帳篷。哈利、羅恩和赫敏跟在他後面進去了。比爾坐在小廚桌旁，拿著床單包紮著他流血不止的手臂。查理的襯衫上有一個大口子，珀西的鼻子流著血。弗雷德、喬治和金妮看起來沒有受傷，但受到了震驚。「你抓到他們了，爸？」比爾尖聲問道。「那個施展印記的人？」

“No,” said Mr. Weasley. “We found Barty Crouch's elf holding Harry's wand, but we're none the wiser about who actually conjured the Mark.”

“What?” said Bill, Charlie, and Percy together.

“Harry's wand?” said Fred.

“*Mr. Crouch's elf?*” said Percy, sounding thunderstruck.

With some assistance from Harry, Ron, and Hermione, Mr. Weasley explained what had happened in the woods. When they had finished their story, Percy swelled indignantly.

“Well, Mr. Crouch is quite right to get rid of an elf like that!” he said. “Running away when he'd expressly told her not to . . . embarrassing him in front of the whole Ministry . . . how would that have looked, if she'd been brought up in front of the Department for the Regulation and Control —”

“She didn't do anything — she was just in the wrong place at the wrong time!” Hermione snapped at Percy, who looked very taken aback. Hermione had always got on fairly well with Percy — better, indeed, than any of the others.

“不是啦，”韋斯萊先生說，“我們發現巴蒂·克勞奇的小精靈拿著哈利的魔杖，但我們對誰實際施展了標記一無所知。”“什麼？”畢爾、查理和珀西一起問。“哈利的魔杖？”弗雷德說。“克勞奇先生的小精靈？”珀西說，聽起來十分震驚。在哈利、羅恩和赫敏的協助下，韋斯萊先生解釋了在森林中發生的事情。當他們講完故事後，珀西氣得肚子都要撐爆了。“嗯，克勞奇先生處理這樣的小精靈是對的！”他說，“明明已經特別告訴她不要逃跑了……在整個部門前讓他出醜……要是她被帶到《規章和控制手冊》前又該怎麼辦？”“她什麼也沒做——她只是在錯誤的時間錯誤的地方！”赫敏對珀西吼道，珀西看起來十分吃驚。赫敏一向與珀西相處得還不錯——事實上比其他人還要好一些。

“Hermione, a wizard in Mr. Crouch's position can't afford a house-elf who's going to run amok with a wand!” said Percy pompously, recovering himself.

“She didn't run amok!” shouted Hermione. “She just picked it up off the ground!”

“Look, can someone just explain what that skull thing was?” said Ron impatiently. “It wasn't hurting anyone. . . . Why's it such a big deal?”

“I told you, it's You-Know-Who's symbol, Ron,” said Hermione, before anyone else could answer. “I read about it in *The Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts*.”

“And it hasn't been seen for thirteen years,” said Mr. Weasley quietly. “Of course people panicked . . . it was almost like seeing You-Know-Who back again.”

“I don't get it,” said Ron, frowning. “I mean . . . it's still only a shape in the sky. . . .”

“妙麗，克勞奇先生那個位置的巫師無法容忍一個會用魔杖亂竄的家內精靈！”佩西矯情地說，他恢復過來了。“她沒有亂竄！”妙麗大喊道。“她只是從地上撿起來！”“看，誰能解釋一下那個骷髏頭是什麼？”羅恩不耐煩地說。“它沒有傷害任何人……為什麼這是個大問題？”“我告訴過你了，那是你知道誰的標誌，羅恩。”在其他人回答之前，妙麗說。“我在《黑魔法的興起與垮落》中讀過。”“已經十三年沒有見到它了，”韋斯萊先生輕聲說。“當然人們會驚慌失措……這幾乎就像是再次見到你知道誰了。”“我不明白，”羅恩皺著眉頭說。“我的意思是……它仍然只是天空中的一個形狀……”

“Ron, You-Know-Who and his followers sent the Dark Mark into the air whenever they killed,” said Mr. Weasley. “The terror it inspired . . . you have no idea, you're too young. Just picture coming home and finding the Dark Mark hovering over your house, and knowing what you're about to find inside. . . .” Mr. Weasley winced. “Everyone's worst fear . . . the very worst . . .”

There was silence for a moment. Then Bill, removing the sheet from his arm to check on his cut, said, “Well, it didn't help us tonight, whoever conjured it. It scared the Death Eaters away the moment they saw it. They all Disapparated before we'd got near enough to unmask any of them. We caught the Robertses before they hit the ground, though. They're having their memories modified right now.”

「朗，你知道誰和他的追隨者每次殺人時都會發射黑魔痕，」韋斯萊先生說。「它所帶來的恐怖……你無法理解，你還太年輕。想像一下回家時發現黑魔痕盤旋在你的房子上方，並知道你即將在裡面發現什麼……」韋斯萊先生皺了皺眉。「每個人的最大恐懼……最糟糕的事情……」。一陣寂靜。然後，比爾從手臂上退出布料查看他的傷口，說：「這並沒有對我們有幫助，不管是誰施法的。當死亡飛箭手看到它時，他們就被嚇跑了。他們都在我們趕到接近任何一個人解開他們的面具之前就逃開了。不過我們成功抓到了羅伯茨夫婦。他們的記憶現在正在被修改。」

“Death Eaters?” said Harry. “What are Death Eaters?”

“It's what You-Know-Who's supporters called themselves,” said Bill. “I think we saw what's left of them tonight — the ones who managed to keep themselves out of Azkaban, anyway.”

“We can't prove it was them, Bill,” said Mr. Weasley. “Though it probably was,” he added hopelessly.

“Yeah, I bet it was!” said Ron suddenly. “Dad, we met Draco Malfoy in the woods, and he as good as told us his dad was one of those nutters in masks! And we all know the Malfoys were right in with You-Know-Who!”

“But what were Voldemort's supporters —” Harry began. Everybody flinched — like most of the Wizarding world, the Weasleys always avoided saying Voldemort's name. “Sorry,” said Harry quickly. “What were You-Know-Who's supporters up to, levitating Muggles? I mean, what was the point?”

「死食客？」哈利問道。「死食客是什麼？」「那是你知道誰的支持者自稱的名字，」比爾說。「我想今晚我們看到了他們的殘骸——最起碼是那些避開阿茲卡班的人。」「我們不能證明是他們，比爾，」韋斯萊先生說。「雖然可能是他們，」他絕望地補充道。「是啊，我敢打賭是他們幹的！」羅恩突然說。「爸，在樹林裡我們遇到了德拉科·馬爾福，他幾乎告訴我們他爸是固執的那些戴面具的瘋子之一！我們都知道馬爾福家與你知道誰勾結在一起了！」「可是，佛地魔的支持者——」哈利開始說。每個人都退縮了——就像大多數魔法世界的人一樣，韋斯萊家族總是避免說佛地魔的名字。「對不起，」哈利趕忙道。「你知道誰的支持者在做什麼，讓麻瓜漂浮在空中？我的意思是，這有什麼意義？」

“The point?” said Mr. Weasley with a hollow laugh. “Harry, that's their idea of fun. Half the Muggle killings back when You-Know-Who was in power were done for fun. I suppose they had a few drinks tonight and couldn't resist reminding us all that lots of them are still at large. A nice little reunion for them,” he finished disgustedly.

“But if they *were* the Death Eaters, why did they Disapparate when they saw the Dark Mark?” said Ron. “They'd have been pleased to see it, wouldn't they?”

“Use your brains, Ron,” said Bill. “If they really were Death Eaters, they worked very hard to keep out of Azkaban when You-Know-Who lost power, and told all sorts of lies about him forcing them to kill and torture people. I bet they’d be even more frightened than the rest of us to see him come back. They denied they’d ever been involved with him when he lost his powers, and went back to their daily lives. . . . I don’t reckon he’d be over-pleased with them, do you?”

“重點是什麼？”威茲萊先生發出空洞的笑聲，“哈利，那就是他們的娛樂方式。當你-知-道-誰掌權的時候，一半的麻瓜殺戮都是為了娛樂。我想他們今晚喝了幾杯酒，忍不住提醒我們，他們中很多人仍然逍遙法外。對他們來說這是一個很好的小聚會，”他生氣地結束了話題。“但如果他們是食死徒，他們為什麼會在看到黑魔標誌時就消失了？”羅恩說，“他們應該會很高興見到它，對吧？”“動動你們的腦子，羅恩，”比爾說，“如果他們真的是食死徒，當你-知-道-誰失去權力時，他們很努力地避免進入阿茲卡班，並謊稱他強迫他們殺人和折磨。我敢打賭，他們對看到他回來比我們其他人更害怕。當他失去權力時，他們否認與他有任何關聯，回到他們日常生活。我不認為他會對他們感到高興，你呢？”

“So . . . whoever conjured the Dark Mark . . .” said Hermione slowly, “were they doing it to show support for the Death Eaters, or to scare them away?”

“Your guess is as good as ours, Hermione,” said Mr. Weasley. “But I’ll tell you this . . . it was only the Death Eaters who ever knew how to conjure it. I’d be very surprised if the person who did it hadn’t been a Death Eater once, even if they’re not now. . . . Listen, it’s very late, and if your mother hears what’s happened she’ll be worried sick. We’ll get a few more hours sleep and then try and get an early Portkey out of here.”

Harry got back into his bunk with his head buzzing. He knew he ought to feel exhausted: It was nearly three in the morning, but he felt wide-awake — wide-awake, and worried.

Three days ago — it felt like much longer, but it had only been three days — he had awoken with his scar burning. And tonight, for the first time in thirteen years, Lord Voldemort’s mark had appeared in the sky. What did these things mean?

“嗯……那些咒出黑魔标记的人，是要表达对食死徒的支持，还是要驱散他们？”赫敏缓慢地说道。“你的猜测和我们一样好，赫敏。”韦斯莱先生说，“但我可以告诉你……只有食死徒知道如何咒出那个标记。即使这个人已经不再是食死徒，我也很惊讶这个人没有曾经是食死徒……听着，已经很晚了，如果你妈妈听到发生的事情，她会担心死的。我们会多睡几个小时，然后尝试早些用传送门离开这里。”哈利回到自己的铺位，头脑嗡嗡作响。他知道他应该感到疲惫：现在差不多是凌晨三点了，但他感觉清醒得很——非常清醒，但也很担心。三天前——虽然感觉像过去了很长时间，但实际上只有三天——他醒来时感觉眼前一亮，伤疤正在灼烧。今晚，13年来，伏地魔的标记首次出现在天空中。这些事情代表什么？

He thought of the letter he had written to Sirius before leaving Privet Drive. Would Sirius have gotten it yet? When would he reply? Harry lay looking up at the canvas, but no flying fantasies came to him now to ease him to sleep, and it was a long time after Charlie’s snores filled the tent that Harry finally dozed off.

他想起離開普里韋特大道前寫給小天狼星的信。小天狼星收到了嗎？他什麼時候回覆？哈利仰著頭看著帳篷的帆布，但此時沒有飛行的幻想來幫助他入睡，直到查理的鼾聲充滿帳篷後，哈利才終於打起了瞌睡。



MAYHEM AT THE MINISTRY

Mr. Weasley woke them after only a few hours sleep. He used magic to pack up the tents, and they left the campsite as quickly as possible, passing Mr. Roberts at the door of his cottage. Mr. Roberts had a strange, dazed look about him, and he waved them off with a vague "Merry Christmas."

"He'll be all right," said Mr. Weasley quietly as they marched off onto the moor. "Sometimes, when a person's memory's modified, it makes him a bit disorientated for a while . . . and that was a big thing they had to make him forget."

They heard urgent voices as they approached the spot where the Portkeys lay, and when they reached it, they found a great number of witches and wizards gathered around Basil, the keeper of the Portkeys, all clamoring to get away from the campsite as quickly as possible. Mr. Weasley had a hurried discussion with Basil; they joined the queue, and were able to take an old rubber tire back to Stoatshead Hill before the sun had really risen. They walked back through Ottery St. Catchpole and up the damp lane toward the Burrow in the dawn light, talking very little because they were so exhausted, and thinking longingly of their breakfast. As they rounded the corner and the Burrow came into view, a cry echoed along the lane.

韋斯萊先生只給他們幾小時的睡眠時間就把他們叫醒了。他用魔法收拾帳篷，他們盡快離開了營地，路上經過羅伯茨先生的小屋門口。羅伯茨先生看上去有點奇怪而呆滯，還帶著茫然地揮手表示“聖誕快樂”。“他會沒事的，”當他們走上荒野時，韋斯萊先生輕聲說道，“有時當一個人的記憶被修改時，他會感到有點迷失...而他們必須讓他忘記一件大事情。”當他們走向傳送魔法之處時，他們聽到緊急的聲音，當他們到達時，他們發現許多女巫和巫師聚集在傳送魔法的看守巴茲爾周圍，都在爭先恐後地離開營地。韋斯萊先生急忙與巴茲爾進行了討論，他們加入了隊列，然後能夠乘坐一個舊的橡膠輪胎返回斯托茨黑德山，在太陽真正升起之前。當他們經過奧特里·聖卡奇波爾並沿著潮濕的小巷向伯洛家走去時，他們很少說話，因為他們太疲憊了，並渴望著早餐。當他們轉過拐角，伯洛出現在視野中時，一聲尖叫回蕩在巷子裡。

"Oh thank goodness, thank goodness!"

Mrs. Weasley, who had evidently been waiting for them in the front yard, came running toward them, still wearing her bedroom slippers, her face pale and strained, a rolled-up copy of the *Daily Prophet* clutched in her hand.

"Arthur — I've been so worried — *so worried* —"

She flung her arms around Mr. Weasley's neck, and the *Daily Prophet* fell out of her limp hand onto the ground. Looking down, Harry saw the headline: *SCENES OF TERROR AT THE QUIDDITCH WORLD CUP*, complete with a twinkling black-and-white photograph of the Dark Mark over the treetops.

"You're all right," Mrs. Weasley muttered distractedly, releasing Mr. Weasley and staring around at them all with red eyes, "you're alive. . . . Oh boys . . ."

And to everybody's surprise, she seized Fred and George and pulled them both into such a tight hug that their heads banged together.

"哦，太感謝了，太感謝了！"衛斯理夫人顯然一直在前院等待著他們，穿著她的臥室拖鞋向他們奔跑而來，她臉色蒼白，神經緊張，手中握著一份捲起來的《每日預言家》。“亞瑟——我一直很擔心——非常擔心——”她扑到衛斯理先生的脖子上，手中的《每日預言家》一摔到地上。哈利低頭看見標題：魁地奇世界盃上的恐怖場面，配有一張黑白閃爍的暗記標誌照片樹梢上方。“你們沒事，”衛斯理夫人心不在焉地喃喃道，放開衛斯理，眼睛紅腫地四處望著他們，“你們還活著.....哦，孩子們.....”讓所有人驚訝的是，她抓住弗雷德和喬治，將他們都拉進一個如此緊密的擁抱中，以至於他們的頭撞在一起。

"*Ouch!* Mum — you're strangling us —"

"I shouted at you before you left!" Mrs. Weasley said, starting to sob. "It's all I've been thinking about! What if You-Know-Who had got you, and the last thing I ever said to you was that you didn't get enough O.W.L.s? Oh Fred . . . George . . ."

"Come on, now, Molly, we're all perfectly okay," said Mr. Weasley soothingly, prising her off the twins and leading her back toward the house.

“Bill,” he added in an undertone, “pick up that paper, I want to see what it says. . . .”

When they were all crammed into the tiny kitchen, and Hermione had made Mrs. Weasley a cup of very strong tea, into which Mr. Weasley insisted on pouring a shot of Ogdens Old Firewhisky, Bill handed his father the newspaper. Mr. Weasley scanned the front page while Percy looked over his shoulder.

“哎唷！媽媽——你快把我們勒死了——”“你離開之前我就喊過你了！”韋斯萊夫人哽咽地說道，“這事一直在我腦子裡轉啊！萬一神秘人抓住你，在你最後一刻，我說的竟然是你的聯考成績不夠好怎麼辦？哦，弗雷德……喬治……”“馬上停手，莫莉，我們都還好。”韋斯萊先生溫柔地說著，把雙胞胎推開，帶著她們回到屋裡。“比爾，”他小聲加道，“把那份報紙撿起來，我想看看說了什麼……”當他們擠滿了那個小小的廚房，赫敏泡了一杯非常濃的茶給韋斯萊夫人喝，韋斯萊先生加了一點奧格登德老火威士忌，比爾遞給父親一份報紙。韋斯萊先生一邊看封面，珀西就在他肩膀後面看。

“I knew it,” said Mr. Weasley heavily. “Ministry blunders . . . culprits not apprehended . . . lax security . . . Dark wizards running unchecked . . . national disgrace . . . Who wrote this? Ah . . . of course . . . Rita Skeeter.”

“That woman’s got it in for the Ministry of Magic!” said Percy furiously. “Last week she was saying we’re wasting our time quibbling about cauldron thickness, when we should be stamping out vampires! As if it wasn’t *specifically* stated in paragraph twelve of the Guidelines for the Treatment of Non-Wizard Part-Humans —”

“Do us a favor, Perce,” said Bill, yawning, “and shut up.”

“I’m mentioned,” said Mr. Weasley, his eyes widening behind his glasses as he reached the bottom of the *Daily Prophet* article.

“Where?” spluttered Mrs. Weasley, choking on her tea and whisky. “If I’d seen that, I’d have known you were alive!”

韋斯萊先生沉重地說：“我早就知道了。部長犯了錯……罪犯沒有被逮捕……安全管理混亂……黑巫師肆虐橫行……民族恥辱……這是誰寫的？啊……當然……是瑞塔·斯基特。“那個女人對魔法部很不滿！”珀西憤怒地說，“上周她還說我們浪費時間在爭論壺底厚度，而我們應該消滅吸血鬼！好像在《非巫師人類治療指南》的第十二段中沒有明確說明一樣！”“求你了，珀西，”比爾打了個哈欠，“閉嘴吧。”韋斯萊先生說：“有提到我，”他看著《每日預言家》的報道，眼睛在鏡片後睜大。“在哪裡？”夫人韋斯萊咳嗽著她的茶和威士忌，“如果我看到這個，我就知道你還活著了！”

“Not by name,” said Mr. Weasley. “Listen to this: *If the terrified wizards and witches who waited breathlessly for news at the edge of the wood expected reassurance from the Ministry of Magic, they were sadly disappointed. A Ministry official emerged some time after the appearance of the Dark Mark alleging that nobody had been hurt, but refusing to give any more information. Whether this statement will be enough to quash the rumors that several bodies were removed from the woods an hour later, remains to be seen.* ‘Oh really,’ said Mr. Weasley in exasperation, handing the paper to Percy. ‘Nobody was hurt. What was I supposed to say? Rumors that several bodies were removed from the woods . . . well, there certainly will be rumors now she’s printed that.’”

He heaved a deep sigh. “Molly, I’m going to have to go into the office; this is going to take some smoothing over.”

韋斯萊先生說，“不是用名字。”他說：“聽這個：如果那些在樹林邊緣屏息等待消息的驚恐巫師和女巫期望得到魔法部的安慰，那他們將會大失所望。在黑魔痕出現一段時間後，一名魔法部官員出現了，聲稱沒有人受傷，但拒絕提供任何其他信息。不管這句話是否足以平息謠言，即數小時後從樹林中撤走了幾具屍體，仍有待觀察。”“哦，真的嗎，”韋斯萊先生想翻牆，把報紙遞給了珀西，“沒有人受傷。我該怎麼說？樹林中撤走了幾具屍體的謠言...現在她印出來了，肯定會有謠言。”他深深地歎息了一聲。“茉莉，我得去辦公室，這需要平息一下。”

“I’ll come with you, Father,” said Percy importantly. “Mr. Crouch will need all hands on deck. And I can give him my cauldron report in person.”

He hustled out of the kitchen. Mrs. Weasley looked most upset.

“Arthur, you’re supposed to be on holiday! This hasn’t got anything to do with your office; surely they can handle this without you?”

“I’ve got to go, Molly,” said Mr. Weasley. “I’ve made things worse. I’ll just change into my robes and I’ll be off . . .”

“Mrs. Weasley,” said Harry suddenly, unable to contain himself, “Hedwig hasn’t arrived with a letter for me, has she?”

“Hedwig, dear?” said Mrs. Weasley distractedly. “No . . . no, there hasn’t been any post at all.”

Ron and Hermione looked curiously at Harry. With a meaningful look at both of them he said, “All right if I go and dump my stuff in your room, Ron?”

“我和你一起去，爸爸，”Percy自命不凡地說道：“Crouch先生需要所有人的幫助，我能亲自給他我的藥鍋報告。”他匆匆走出了廚房。Molly太太看起來很不安。“Arthur，你應該度假！這跟你的辦公室沒有任何關係，他們肯定可以在你不在的情況下處理這件事情吧？”“我得走了，Molly，”Weasley先生說道：“我把事情弄糟了，我現在就去換上禮服，就走了.....”“Mrs. Weasley，”Harry突然說道，無法控制自己的情緒，“Hedwig帶來給我的信了吗？”“Hedwig，亲爱的？”Molly太太心不在焉地說道。“沒有.....沒有，根本沒有任何信件。”Ron和Hermione好奇地看着Harry。他望了一眼Ron和Hermione，然後說，“我可以把東西放在你的房間嗎，Ron？”

“Yeah . . . think I will too,” said Ron at once. “Hermione?”

“Yes,” she said quickly, and the three of them marched out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

“What’s up, Harry?” said Ron, the moment they had closed the door of the attic room behind them

“There’s something I haven’t told you,” Harry said. “On Saturday morning, I woke up with my scar hurting again.”

Ron’s and Hermione’s reactions were almost exactly as Harry had imagined them back in his bedroom on Privet Drive. Hermione gasped and started making suggestions at once, mentioning a number of reference books, and everybody from Albus Dumbledore to Madam Pomfrey, the Hogwarts nurse. Ron simply looked dumbstruck.

“But — he wasn’t there, was he? You-Know-Who? I mean — last time your scar kept hurting, he was at Hogwarts, wasn’t he?”

“對，我也是這麼想，”羅恩立刻說。“赫敏呢？”“是的，”她迅速回答，三人一起走出廚房，上了樓梯。“怎麼了，哈利？”他們關上閣樓房間的門後，羅恩便問道。“有件事我還沒有告訴你們，”哈利說。“星期六早上，我醒來時，我的疤痕又痛了。”羅恩和赫敏的反應幾乎與哈利想像中回到普里福特德里芬家的臥室時一模一樣。赫敏倒吸了一口氣，馬上開始提出建議，提到了一些參考書籍，以及從阿不思·鄧不利多到霍格華茲護士龐佩夫人等所有人。羅恩則只是呆若木雞。“但是——他不在那裡，對吧？你懂的是誰？我的意思是——上次你的傷疤痛的時候，他在霍格華茲，對吧？”

“I’m sure he wasn’t on Privet Drive,” said Harry. “But I was dreaming about him . . . him and Peter — you know, Wormtail. I can’t remember all of it now, but they were plotting to kill . . . someone.”

He had teetered for a moment on the verge of saying “me,” but couldn’t bring himself to make Hermione look any more horrified than she already did.

“It was only a dream,” said Ron bracingly. “Just a nightmare.”

“Yeah, but was it, though?” said Harry, turning to look out of the window at the brightening sky. “It’s weird, isn’t it? . . . My scar hurts, and three days later the Death Eaters are on the march, and Voldemort’s sign’s up in the sky again.”

“Don’t — say — his — name!” Ron hissed through gritted teeth.

“And remember what Professor Trelawney said?” Harry went on, ignoring Ron. “At the end of last year?”

“我肯定他不在普維德路。”哈利說，“但我夢到了他...他和彼得 - 你知道，那個叛徒。我現在記不得全部，但他們在密謀謀殺.....某人。”他曾在猶豫一刻是否應該說“殺我”，但他寧願不讓赫敏比已經震驚的樣子更加恐懼。“只是一個夢罷了，”羅恩振作地說，“只是一場惡夢。”“是嗎？可是它真的只是一場惡夢嗎？”哈利轉身走向窗戶望著逐漸明亮的天空，“很奇怪，對吧？我的傷疤疼痛，三天後食死徒再次興風作浪，沃爾德莫特的標誌又出現在天空中。”“不 - 說 - 他 - 的 - 名 - 字！”羅恩咬緊牙關啞啞地說。“還有，你們還記得特里洛威教授去年年底說的話吧？”哈利繼續說，無視了羅恩的警告。

Professor Trelawney was their Divination teacher at Hogwarts. Hermione’s terrified look vanished as she let out a derisive snort.

“Oh Harry, you aren’t going to pay attention to anything that old fraud says?”

“You weren’t there,” said Harry. “You didn’t hear her. This time was different. I told you, she went into a trance — a real one. And she said the Dark Lord would rise again . . . *greater and more terrible than ever before* . . . and he’d manage it because his servant was going to go back to him . . . and that night Wormtail escaped.”

There was a silence in which Ron fidgeted absentmindedly with a hole in his Chudley Cannons bedspread.

“Why were you asking if Hedwig had come, Harry?” Hermione asked. “Are you expecting a letter?”

“I told Sirius about my scar,” said Harry, shrugging. “I’m waiting for his answer.”

特雷沃尼教授是霍格沃茨的占卜老師。當哈碧得到她的預言時，赫敏嚇得臉色發白，但轉瞬間她嘲諷地哼了一聲。“喚，哈利，你不會真的信任那個老騙子說的話吧？”“你當時不在那裡，”哈利說，“你沒聽到她說話。這一次很不一樣。我告訴過你，她變得失魂落魄 - 真的。她說黑魔王會再次崛起...比以往任何時候都更強大、更可怕.....而且他會成功是因為他的僕人會回到他身邊.....那天晚上鼠尾巴逃脫了。”有一陣子的沉默，羅恩心不在焉地在他的“察丹利雄鷹”床單上抓了一個洞。“哈利，你為什麼問海德薇有沒有到？”赫敏問道，“你在等一封信？”“我告訴西魯斯有關我的傷疤的事，”哈利聳了聳肩，“我在等他的回應。”

“Good thinking!” said Ron, his expression clearing. “I bet Sirius’ll know what to do!”

“I hoped he’d get back to me quickly,” said Harry.

“But we don’t know where Sirius is . . . he could be in Africa or somewhere, couldn’t he?” said Hermione reasonably. “Hedwig’s not going to manage *that* journey in a few days.”

“Yeah, I know,” said Harry, but there was a leaden feeling in his stomach as he looked out of the window at the Hedwig-free sky.

“Come and have a game of Quidditch in the orchard, Harry,” said Ron. “Come on — three on three, Bill and Charlie and Fred and George will

play. . . You can try out the Wronski Feint. . . ”

“Ron,” said Hermione, in an I-don’t-think-you’re-being-very-sensitive sort of voice, “Harry doesn’t want to play Quidditch right now. . . He’s worried, and he’s tired. . . We all need to go to bed. . . ”

“想得真周到！”罗恩说，他的表情明朗了。“我敢打赌小天狼星会知道该怎么做！”“我希望他能很快回复我，”哈利说。“但我们不知道小天狼星在哪里……他可能在非洲或其他地方，不是吗？”赫敏很有道理地说。“海德薇儿几天内赶不到那么远的路程。”“是啊，我知道，”哈利说，但他望着没有海德薇儿的天空时，胃里感到一种沉重的感觉。“哈利，到果园里踢一场魁地奇吧，”罗恩说。“来吧——3v3，比尔和查理，弗雷德和乔治会参加……你可以试试罗恩飞天。”“罗恩，”赫敏用“我觉得你不太敏感”的语气说，“哈利现在不想打魁地奇……他很担心，也很累……我们都需要去睡觉。”

“Yeah, I want to play Quidditch,” said Harry suddenly. “Hang on, I’ll get my Firebolt.”

Hermione left the room, muttering something that sounded very much like “Boys.”

Neither Mr. Weasley nor Percy was at home much over the following week. Both left the house each morning before the rest of the family got up, and returned well after dinner every night.

“It’s been an absolute uproar,” Percy told them importantly the Sunday evening before they were due to return to Hogwarts. “I’ve been putting out fires all week. People keep sending Howlers, and of course, if you don’t open a Howler straight away, it explodes. Scorch marks all over my desk and my best quill reduced to cinders.”

“Why are they all sending Howlers?” asked Ginny, who was mending her copy of *One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi* with Spellotape on the rug in front of the living room fire.

「對，我想打飛天魔法球。」哈利突然說道。「稍等，我找我的閃電2000。」赫敏嘀咕了一聲，好像在說「男孩子真是的」，便離開了房間。隨後一週間，韋斯萊先生和珀西都很少在家。每天早上他們就出門了，晚上吃飯時間之後才回來。「真是一片混亂啊。」珀西在他們回霍格華茲前一個星期天晚上獨佔重要地位地告訴了他們。「我整個星期都在搞急診。人們不停地發送憤怒信，如果你不馬上打開，信就會爆炸。我的桌子上到處都是燒傷痕跡，我的最好的筆被燒成灰燼了。」「他們為什麼都發憤怒信啊？」金妮問道。她正坐在客廳火爐前的地毯上，用膠帶修復著她的《一千種魔法草藥和菌類》這本書。

“Complaining about security at the World Cup,” said Percy. “They want compensation for their ruined property. Mundungus Fletcher’s put in a claim for a twelve-bedroomed tent with en-suite Jacuzzi, but I’ve got his number. I know for a fact he was sleeping under a cloak propped on sticks.”

Mrs. Weasley glanced at the grandfather clock in the corner. Harry liked this clock. It was completely useless if you wanted to know the time, but otherwise very informative. It had nine golden hands, and each of them was engraved with one of the Weasley family’s names. There were no numerals around the face, but descriptions of where each family member might be. “Home,” “school,” and “work” were there, but there was also “traveling,” “lost,” “hospital,” “prison,” and, in the position where the number twelve would be on a normal clock, “mortal peril.”

“抱怨世界杯的安全问题。”珀西说，“他们想要赔偿他们毁掉的财产。芒杜格斯·弗莱彻要求赔偿一座有浴缸的12间卧室的帐篷，但我知道他在用披风撑着棍子睡觉。”薇薇安夫人瞥了一眼角落里的祖父钟。哈利喜欢这个钟，如果你想知道时间，它是完全无用的，但是它非常有用。它有九个金色的指针，每个指针上都刻着韦斯莱家族的一个名字。表盘周围没有数字，而是每个家庭成员可能在的地方的描述。有“家”、“学校”和“工作”，但还有“旅行”、“迷路”、“医院”、“监狱”，在正常钟表上数字12的位置是“有生命危险”。

Eight of the hands were currently pointing to the ‘home’ position, but Mr. Weasley’s, which was the longest, was still pointing to ‘work.’ Mrs. Weasley sighed.

“Your father hasn’t had to go into the office on weekends since the days of You-Know-Who,” she said. “They’re working him far too hard. His dinner’s going to be ruined if he doesn’t come home soon.”

“Well, Father feels he’s got to make up for his mistake at the match, doesn’t he?” said Percy. “If truth be told, he was a tad unwise to make a public statement without clearing it with his Head of Department first —”

“Don’t you dare blame your father for what that wretched Skeeter woman wrote!” said Mrs. Weasley, flaring up at once.

“If Dad hadn’t said anything, old Rita would just have said it was disgraceful that nobody from the Ministry had commented,” said Bill, who was playing chess with Ron. “Rita Skeeter never makes anyone look good. Remember, she interviewed all the Gringotts Charm Breakers once, and called me ‘a long-haired pillock’?”

現在有八隻指針指向「家」位，但最長的威茲萊先生的仍指向「工作」。威茲萊太太嘆了口氣。「你父親自從-{zh-cn:黑魔王;zh-hk:佛地魔;zh-tw:佛地魔;}-那時就沒有週末要進辦公室了」，她說。「他工作太過勤奮了。如果他不趕緊回家，他的晚餐會被燒焦的。」「嗯，要是真的這麼說，父親覺得他必須彌補他在那場比賽中的錯誤，對吧？」波西說。「說實話，他在沒有先和他的主管清楚之前，在公開場合發表聲明可能有點不明智——」「你可千萬不要因為那個可惡的斯奇特女人寫的東西責怪你父親！」威茲萊太太立刻火冒三丈地說。「如果爸爸沒有說任何事情，老瑞塔也只是會說沒有任何一個部委的人發表評論是可恥的。」比爾正在和羅恩下棋。「瑞塔·斯奇特從來不會讓任何人好過。記得，她曾經採訪過所有的古靈閣破壞者，還叫我‘一個長頭髮的傻瓜’？」

“Well, it is a bit long, dear,” said Mrs. Weasley gently. “If you’d just let me —”

“No, Mum”

Rain lashed against the living room window. Hermione was immersed in *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 4*, copies of which Mrs. Weasley had bought for her, Harry, and Ron in Diagon Alley. Charlie was darning a fireproof balaclava. Harry was polishing his Firebolt, the broomstick servicing kit Hermione had given him for his thirteenth birthday open at his feet. Fred and George were sitting in a far corner, quills out, talking in whispers, their heads bent over a piece of parchment.

“What are you two up to?” said Mrs. Weasley sharply, her eyes on the twins.

“Homework,” said Fred vaguely.

“Don’t be ridiculous, you’re still on holiday,” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Yeah, we’ve left it a bit late,” said George.

“嗯，親愛的，它有點長，”懷著溫柔的心情說道，“如果你讓我來——”“不用了，媽咪。”雨水拍打著客廳的窗戶。赫敏正沉浸在《標準魔法書，四年級》當中，韋斯萊太太在尖巷給她、哈利和羅恩買了這本書。查理正在織火焰防護面罩。哈利正在擦拭他的火閃電，赫敏給他的廿三歲生日禮物，一個掃帚維修套件放在他的腳下。弗雷德和喬治坐在遠角落，墨水筆拿出來，低聲交談，低頭看著一張羊皮紙。“你們在幹嘛呢？”韋斯萊太太尖聲說道，眼睛盯著兩個孿生兄弟。“做功課啊，”積極的弗雷德回答道。“別胡說了，你們還在放假呢，”韋斯萊太太說。“是啊，我們留到最後了。”喬治回答道。

“You’re not by any chance writing out a new *order form*, are you?” said Mrs. Weasley shrewdly. “You wouldn’t be thinking of re-starting Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes, by any chance?”

“Now, Mum,” said Fred, looking up at her, a pained look on his face. “If the Hogwarts Express crashed tomorrow, and George and I died, how would you feel to know that the last thing we ever heard from you was an unfounded accusation?”

Everyone laughed, even Mrs. Weasley.

“Oh your father’s coming!” she said suddenly, looking up at the clock again.

Mr. Weasley’s hand had suddenly spun from “work” to “traveling”; a second later it had shuddered to a halt on “home” with the others, and they heard him calling from the kitchen.

“Coming, Arthur!” called Mrs. Weasley, hurrying out of the room.

“你現在不會恰好在寫新的訂單表吧？”魔法娘蓮機靈地說道，“你難道在考慮重新開始韋斯萊魔法玩具店？”“媽媽，”弗雷德看著她，臉上帶著疼痛的表情，“如果霍格華茲特快列車明天失事了，而喬治和我去世了，你會怎麼感覺，意識到我們最後聽到你的話只是一個毫無根據的指控呢？”大家都笑起來，連魔法娘蓮也笑了。“喔，你父親來了！”她突然說道，再次看著時鐘。魔法爸爸威茲利的指針突然從“工作”轉到“旅行”，一秒鐘後和其他指針一起停在了“家裡”，他們聽到他在廚房裡喊叫。“我來了，阿瑟！”魔法娘蓮匆匆離開房間喊道。

A few moments later, Mr. Weasley came into the warm living room carrying his dinner on a tray. He looked completely exhausted.

“Well, the fat’s really in the fire now,” he told Mrs. Weasley as he sat down in an armchair near the hearth and toyed unenthusiastically with his somewhat shriveled cauliflower. “Rita Skeeter’s been ferreting around all week, looking for more Ministry mess-ups to report. And now she’s found out about poor old Bertha going missing, so that’ll be the headline in the *Prophet* tomorrow. I told Bagman he should have sent someone to look for her ages ago.”

“Mr. Crouch has been saying it for weeks and weeks,” said Percy swiftly.

“Crouch is very lucky Rita hasn’t found out about Winky,” said Mr. Weasley irritably. “There’d be a week’s worth of headlines in his house-elf being caught holding the wand that conjured the Dark Mark.”

數分鐘後，威茲萊先生拿著盤子進入溫暖的客廳。他看起來非常疲憊。他在壁爐旁的扶手椅上坐下，漫不經心地玩著有些乾枯的花椰菜，對魔法部的混亂感到十分困擾。“現在事情真的糟糕透了。”他告訴威茲萊夫人。“麗塔·斯凱特這整個星期都在四處打探，尋找更多魔法部的差錯要報導。現在她發現伯莎失蹤了，所以明天的《預言家日報》就會以這個為標題。我曾告訴巴格曼，他應該早就派人去找她。”“克勞奇先生已經說了好幾個星期了。”珀西迅速地說道。“克勞奇很幸運麗塔還沒有發現溫琪的事情。”威茲萊先生惱怒地說道。“如果她知道溫琪拿著能召喚黑魔標記的魔杖，那就會在報紙上登了整整一周的頭條了。”

“I thought we were all agreed that that elf, while irresponsible, did *not* conjure the Mark?” said Percy hotly.

“If you ask me, Mr. Crouch is very lucky no one at the *Daily Prophet* knows how mean he is to elves!” said Hermione angrily.

“Now look here, Hermione!” said Percy. “A high-ranking Ministry official like Mr. Crouch deserves unwavering obedience from his servants —”

“His *slave*, you mean!” said Hermione, her voice rising passionately, “because he didn’t *pay* Winky, did he?”

“I think you'd all better go upstairs and check that you've packed properly!” said Mrs. Weasley, breaking up the argument. “Come on now, all of you . . .”

Harry repacked his broomstick servicing kit, put his Firebolt over his shoulder, and went back upstairs with Ron. The rain sounded even louder at the top of the house, accompanied by loud whistlings and moans from the wind, not to mention sporadic howls from the ghoul who lived in the attic. Pigwidgeon began twittering and zooming around his cage when they entered. The sight of the half-packed trunks seemed to have sent him into a frenzy of excitement.

“我以為我們都已經商量好那個精靈沒有召喚出印記，雖然有些不負責任。”珀西怒氣沖沖地說。“如果你問我，柯rouch先生很幸運‘每日預言報’沒有知道他對精靈如此的忍辱偷生！”赫敏生氣地說。“赫敏，你聽我說！”珀西說。“一個像柯rouch先生這樣高級的部長官員值得他的僕人無條件的服從——”“你是說他的奴隸！”赫敏激動地說，“因為他從來沒給維琪發薪水，對不對？”“我想你們最好去樓上檢查一下是否已經打包好了！”韋斯萊夫人打斷了爭吵。“現在，全部走吧 . . .”哈利重新打包他的掃帚維護工具包，把‘火箭筆’放在肩上，然後和羅恩一起回到樓上。雨聲在房子的頂部聽起來更大聲了，風伴隨著刺耳的哨聲和嘆息聲，更不用說來自閣樓的鬼怪偶爾的嚎叫聲了。當他們進入房間時，小猴頭絮琴般歡叫飛繞著他的籠子。半打包的行李似乎已經激怒了它，讓它感到極度的興奮。

“Bung him some Owl Treats,” said Ron, throwing a packet across to Harry. “It might shut him up.”

Harry poked a few Owl Treats through the bars of Pigwidgeon's cage, then turned to his trunk. Hedwig's cage stood next to it, still empty.

“It's been over a week,” Harry said, looking at Hedwig's deserted perch. “Ron, you don't reckon Sirius has been caught, do you?”

“Nah, it would've been in the *Daily Prophet*,” said Ron. “The Ministry would want to show they'd caught *someone*, wouldn't they?”

“Yeah, I suppose . . .”

“Look, here's the stuff Mum got for you in Diagon Alley. And she's got some gold out of your vault for you . . . and she's washed all your socks.”

He heaved a pile of parcels onto Harry's camp bed and dropped the money bag and a load of socks next to it. Harry started unwrapping the shopping. Apart from *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 4*, by Miranda Goshawk, he had a handful of new quills, a dozen rolls of parchment, and refills for his potion-making kit — he had been running low on spine of lionfish and essence of belladonna. He was just piling underwear into his cauldron when Ron made a loud noise of disgust behind him.

“給它些貓頭鷹零食，”羅恩說，丟了一個包裝袋給哈利。“這能讓它安靜下來。”哈利在皮格威吉恩的籠子前插了一些貓頭鷹零食，然後轉向他的行李箱。海德薇的籠子就在旁邊，但裡面還是空落落的。“已經一個多星期了，”哈利看著空蕩蕩的海德薇巢床說道，“羅恩，你不覺得小天狼星已經被逮住了吧？”“沒事，如果是這樣，魔法日報早就報道了，”羅恩說。“魔法部門會想證明他們抓到了某個人，對吧？”“對，我想是這樣……”“來，這是媽媽在對角巷為你買來的東西。她還從你的金庫裡拿出了一些錢給你……還有，她把你所有的襪子都洗好了。”他把一堆包裹扔到哈利的營床上，還放了一個錢袋和一大堆襪子在旁邊。哈利開始拆開包裝。除了米蘭達·戈肖克的《標準咒語書四年級》外，他還有一些新羽毛筆、十二捲羊皮紙和調製藥劑的配方——他的獅魚脊椎和顫籜水的庫存已經不多了。當哈利在把內衣塞進他的鍋爐時，羅恩突然發出一聲厭惡的噪音。

“What is *that* supposed to be?”

He was holding up something that looked to Harry like a long, maroon velvet dress. It had a moldy-looking lace frill at the collar and matching lace cuffs.

There was a knock on the door, and Mrs. Weasley entered, carrying an armful of freshly laundered Hogwarts robes.

“Here you are,” she said, sorting them into two piles. “Now, mind you pack them properly so they don't crease.”

“Mum, you've given me Ginny's new dress,” said Ron, handing it out to her.

“Of course I haven't,” said Mrs. Weasley. “That's for you. Dress robes.”

“What?” said Ron, looking horror-struck.

“Dress robes!” repeated Mrs. Weasley. “It says on your school list that you're supposed to have dress robes this year . . . robes for formal occasions.”

“You've got to be kidding,” said Ron in disbelief. “I'm not wearing that, no way.”

「那是什麼東西？」他拿著某物，看起來就像是一條長長的酒紅色天鵝絨長裙。裙子的領口和袖口上有一圈看起來很發霉的蕾絲花邊。敲門聲響起，薇茲萊夫人走進來，手裡拿著一大堆新洗好的霍格華茲袍子。「給你們了，」她把它們分成兩堆。

「要確保你們好好折疊，不要皺摺。」「媽咪，你給我吉妮的新裙子了，」羅恩說著，把那條裙子遞出去給她。「當然沒有，」薇茲萊夫人說：「那是給你的。晚禮服袍。」「什麼？」羅恩嚇壞了，驚呼道。「晚禮服袍！」薇茲萊夫人重複道：「學校名單上寫明了，今年你需要準備一套晚禮服袍，在正式場合穿著。」「你一定是在開玩笑？」羅恩不敢相信地說：「我才不會穿那東西呢。」

“Everyone wears them, Ron!” said Mrs. Weasley crossly. “They're all like that! Your father's got some for smart parties!”

"I'll go starkers before I put that on," said Ron stubbornly.

"Don't be so silly," said Mrs. Weasley. "You've got to have dress robes, they're on your list! I got some for Harry too . . . show him, Harry. . . ."

In some trepidation, Harry opened the last parcel on his camp bed. It wasn't as bad as he had expected, however; his dress robes didn't have any lace on them at all — in fact, they were more or less the same as his school ones, except that they were bottle green instead of black.

"I thought they'd bring out the color of your eyes, dear," said Mrs. Weasley fondly.

"Well, they're okay!" said Ron angrily, looking at Harry's robes. "Why couldn't I have some like that?"

"大家都穿這些，羅恩！"薇茲夫人不悅地說，"都是這樣的！你父親有一些適合正式場合的！" "我寧願赤裸裸地站在那裡，也不要穿那個，"羅恩固執地說。"別傻了，"薇茲夫人說，"你必須有禮服，它們在你的名單上！我也為哈利買了一些...拿給他看，哈利..." 哈利有些害怕地打開了他營床上的最後一個包裹。然而情況並沒有他預期的那麼糟，他的禮服並沒有任何蕾絲——實際上，它們與他的學校制服幾乎相同，只是顏色不同，瓶綠色而不是黑色。"我覺得它們會展現你的眼睛的顏色，親愛的，"薇茲夫人深情地說。"嗯，這些還不錯！"羅恩生氣地看著哈利的禮服，"為什麼我不能有像這樣的？"

"Because . . . well, I had to get yours secondhand, and there wasn't a lot of choice!" said Mrs. Weasley, flushing.

Harry looked away. He would willingly have split all the money in his Gringotts vault with the Weasleys, but he knew they would never take it.

"I'm never wearing them," Ron was saying stubbornly. "Never."

"Fine," snapped Mrs. Weasley. "Go naked. And, Harry, make sure you get a picture of him. Goodness knows I could do with a laugh."

She left the room, slamming the door behind her. There was a funny spluttering noise from behind them. Pigwidgeon was choking on an overlarge Owl Treat.

"Why is everything I own rubbish?" said Ron furiously, striding across the room to unstick Pigwidgeon's beak.

"嗯，因為...我必須買你的二手衣服，而且選擇不多！"魏斯莉太太臉紅地說。哈利轉過頭去。他很樂意把銀行裡的所有錢都分給魏斯莉家，但他知道他們永遠不會接受。"我永遠不會穿它們"羅恩固執地說。"好吧"，魏斯莉太太怒喝道："赤裸上身吧。哈利，確保你給他拍張照片。天曉得我需要一點娛樂。"她離開房間，砰地一聲關上門。他們身後傳來一聲有趣的噴射聲。豬奎琴正在被咕咕餅乾噎住。"為什麼我所有的東西都是垃圾？"羅恩怒氣沖沖地走到房間的另一邊，幫助豬奎琴清理喙。"



ABOARD THE HOGWARTS EXPRESS

There was a definite end-of-the-holidays gloom in the air when Harry awoke next morning. Heavy rain was still splattering against the window as he got dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt; they would change into their school robes on the Hogwarts Express.

He, Ron, Fred, and George had just reached the first-floor landing on their way down to breakfast, when Mrs. Weasley appeared at the foot of the stairs, looking harassed.

“Arthur!” she called up the staircase. “Arthur! Urgent message from the Ministry!”

Harry flattened himself against the wall as Mr. Weasley came clattering past with his robes on back-to-front and hurtled out of sight. When Harry and the others entered the kitchen, they saw Mrs. Weasley rummaging anxiously in the drawers — “I’ve got a quill here somewhere!” — and Mr. Weasley bending over the fire, talking to —

當哈利第二天早上醒來時，他感到假期的結束帶來了一種莫名的憂鬱氛圍。雨點嘩啦啦地砸向窗戶，他穿上牛仔褲和運動衫，一會兒在霍格華茲特快列車上換上校服。他、朗、佛雷德和喬治正走在一樓的樓梯間下樓吃早餐，突然慌張的梅薩·衛斯理出現在樓下，看起來很煩惱。“亞瑟！”她朝樓梯喊道。“亞瑟！緊急消息，來自部裡！”當哈利和其他人進入廚房時，他們看到梅薩·衛斯理焦急地在抽屜裡翻箱倒櫃：“我這裡有個羽毛筆！”而亞瑟·衛斯理則彎腰在火灶前，對著——

Harry shut his eyes hard and opened them again to make sure that they were working properly.

Amos Diggory’s head was sitting in the middle of the flames like a large, bearded egg. It was talking very fast, completely unperturbed by the sparks flying around it and the flames licking its ears.

“... Muggle neighbors heard bangs and shouting, so they went and called those what-d’you-call-’ems — please-men. Arthur, you’ve got to get over there —”

“Here!” said Mrs. Weasley breathlessly, pushing a piece of parchment, a bottle of ink, and a crumpled quill into Mr. Weasley’s hands.

“— it’s a real stroke of luck I heard about it,” said Mr. Diggory’s head. “I had to come into the office early to send a couple of owls, and I found the Improper Use of Magic lot all setting off — if Rita Skeeter gets hold of this one, Arthur —”

哈利閉緊了眼睛，然後再次張開它們，以確保它們正常工作。阿莫斯·迪戈里 (Amos Diggory) 的頭像一顆大大的，有著鬍子的卵一樣坐在火焰中間。它說話很快，完全不被火花和火焰燃燒著的耳朵所打擾。“... 麻瓜鄰居聽到噪音和叫喊聲，所以他們打電話叫那些你們叫甚麼 - 警察。亞瑟，你必須過去 - ”“在這裡！”穆斯·威斯萊夫人急喘吁吁地說，把一張羊皮紙，一瓶墨水和一支皺巴巴的鵝毛筆塞到威斯萊先生的手中。“這真是運氣的一筆，我聽說了，”迪戈里先生的頭像說。“我得早點進辦公室發幾只貓頭鷹，我發現違禁使用魔法的人都出門了 - 如果禮儀·史吉特 (Rita Skeeter) 得到了這個消息，亞瑟 - ”

“What does Mad-Eye say happened?” asked Mr. Weasley, unscrewing the ink bottle, loading up his quill, and preparing to take notes.

Mr. Diggory’s head rolled its eyes. “Says he heard an intruder in his yard. Says he was creeping toward the house, but was ambushed by his dustbins.”

“What did the dustbins do?” asked Mr. Weasley, scribbling frantically.

“Made one hell of a noise and fired rubbish everywhere, as far as I can tell,” said Mr. Diggory. “Apparently one of them was still rocketing around when the please-men turned up —”

Mr. Weasley groaned.

“And what about the intruder?”

“Arthur, you know Mad-Eye,” said Mr. Diggory’s head, rolling its eyes again. “Someone creeping into his yard in the dead of night? More likely there’s a very shell-shocked cat wandering around somewhere, covered in potato peelings. But if the Improper Use of Magic lot get their hands on Mad-Eye, he’s had it — think of his record — we’ve got to get him off on a minor charge, something in your department — what are exploding dustbins worth?”

“瘋眼說了什麼？”衛斯理先生問道，拧開墨水瓶，準備筆記。“迪戈里先生的頭轉了轉眼珠，‘他說他聽到有人闖入他的院子。他說那人正朝房子悄悄移動，但被他的垃圾桶伏擊了。’‘那些垃圾桶做了什麼？’衛斯理先生瘋狂地寫下筆記。迪戈里先生的頭搖了搖，“從我所知的情況來看，它們發出了巨大的噪音，發射了垃圾到遠處。”“明顯地，當警察來的時候，其中一個還在繼續轉呢。”衛斯理先生呻吟了一聲。“那入侵者呢？”“亞瑟，你知道瘋眼的性格，”迪戈里先生的頭又轉了轉眼珠，“有人在深夜潛入他的院子？更有可能是有一隻受了驚嚇的貓到處亂跑，全身沾滿馬鈴薯皮屑。但如果魔法濫用委員會抓到瘋眼的話，他就得完蛋——考慮一下他的紀錄——我們必須讓他輕罪釋放，在你的部門找點小罪名——這些爆炸的垃圾桶值多少錢呢？”

“Might be a caution,” said Mr. Weasley, still writing very fast, his brow furrowed. “Mad-Eye didn’t use his wand? He didn’t actually attack anyone?”

“I’ll bet he leapt out of bed and started jinxing everything he could reach through the window,” said Mr. Diggory, “but they’ll have a job proving it, there aren’t any casualties.”

“All right, I’m off,” Mr. Weasley said, and he stuffed the parchment with his notes on it into his pocket and dashed out of the kitchen again.

Mr. Diggory’s head looked around at Mrs. Weasley.

“Sorry about this, Molly,” it said, more calmly, “bothering you so early and everything . . . but Arthur’s the only one who can get Mad-Eye off, and Mad-Eye’s supposed to be starting his new job today. Why he had to choose last night . . .”

“Never mind, Amos,” said Mrs. Weasley. “Sure you won’t have a bit of toast or anything before you go?”

“可能是警告吧，”韋斯萊先生說，仍然很快地寫著筆記，眉頭深鎖。“瘋眼沒用他的魔杖？他甚至沒有攻擊任何人？”“我打賭他從床上跳起來，開始詛咒所有通過窗戶可以觸及的東西，”迪戈里先生說，“但他們將有困難證明這一點，因為沒有任何傷亡。”“好的，我出去了。”韋斯萊先生說，他把筆記上的紙塞進口袋里，然後又飛快地跑出了廚房。迪戈里先生的頭轉向了韋斯萊夫人。“對不起，莫莉，”他說得更加鎮靜，“這個時間打攬你了...但是只有亞瑟才能讓瘋眼離開，而瘋眼應該今天開始他的新工作。他為什麼要選擇昨晚呢...”“別介意，阿莫斯，”韋斯萊夫人說。“在你走之前，你吃不吃一點烤麵包？”

“Oh go on, then,” said Mr. Diggory.

Mrs. Weasley took a piece of buttered toast from a stack on the kitchen table, put it into the fire tongs, and transferred it into Mr. Diggory’s mouth.

“Fanks,” he said in a muffled voice, and then, with a small *pop*, vanished.

Harry could hear Mr. Weasley calling hurried good-byes to Bill, Charlie, Percy, and the girls. Within five minutes, he was back in the kitchen, his robes on the right way now, dragging a comb through his hair.

“I’d better hurry — you have a good term, boys,” said Mr. Weasley to Harry, Ron, and the twins, fastening a cloak over his shoulders and preparing to Disapparate. “Molly, are you going to be all right taking the kids to King’s Cross?”

“Of course I will,” she said. “You just look after Mad-Eye, we’ll be fine.”

「好吧，那就去吧，」迪戈里先生說道。衛斯理夫人從廚房桌子上的一摞烤面包中拿出一片，用鐵鉗將它移入火爐中，再將它移入迪戈里先生的嘴中。「謝了，」他含糊不清地說道，然後聲音微小地消失了。哈利聽到韋斯萊先生匆忙地向比爾、查理、珀西和女孩們道別的聲音。五分鐘內，他就回到廚房裡，他的長袍現在穿對了，用梳子梳理着頭髮。「我最好趕快去——你們好好度過學期，孩子們，」韋斯萊先生對哈利、羅恩和雙胞胎們說道，順手披上一件披風，準備噴頭閃現離開。「茉莉，你照顧孩子們去國王十字車站沒問題吧？」「當然可以，」她說。「你就好好照顧瘋眼，我們會沒事的。」

As Mr. Weasley vanished, Bill and Charlie entered the kitchen.

“Did someone say Mad-Eye?” Bill asked. “What’s he been up to now?”

“He says someone tried to break into his house last night,” said Mrs. Weasley.

“Mad-Eye Moody?” said George thoughtfully, spreading marmalade on his toast. “Isn’t he that nutter —”

“Your father thinks very highly of Mad-Eye Moody,” said Mrs. Weasley sternly.

“Yeah, well, Dad collects plugs, doesn’t he?” said Fred quietly as Mrs. Weasley left the room. “Birds of a feather . . .”

“Moody was a great wizard in his time,” said Bill.

“He’s an old friend of Dumbledore’s, isn’t he?” said Charlie.

“Dumbledore's not what you'd call *normal*, though, is he?” said Fred. “I mean, I know he's a genius and everything . . .”

“Who is Mad-Eye?” asked Harry.

當韋斯萊先生消失時，畢爾和查理走進了廚房。「有人說瘋眼了嗎？」畢爾問。「他現在在幹什麼？」「他說有人昨晚試圖闖入他的房子，」韋斯萊夫人說。「瘋眼？他不是那個瘋子嗎？」喬治想著，一邊在他的土司上塗果醬。「你父親很欣賞瘋眼，」韋斯萊夫人嚴厲地說。「是啊，可是我們爸爸還是收集插頭呢，對吧？」弗雷德輕聲說，當韋斯萊夫人離開房間時。「物以類聚嘛……」「瘋眼在他的年代是個偉大的巫師，」畢爾說。「他是鄧布利多的老朋友，對吧？」查理說。「但是鄧布利多並不是你所謂的正常，對吧？」弗雷德說。「我的意思是，我知道他是個天才什麼的……」「瘋眼是誰？」哈利問。

“He's retired, used to work at the Ministry,” said Charlie. “I met him once when Dad took me in to work with him. He was an Auror — one of the best . . . a Dark wizard catcher,” he added, seeing Harry's blank look. “Half the cells in Azkaban are full because of him. He made himself loads of enemies, though . . . the families of people he caught, mainly . . . and I heard he's been getting really paranoid in his old age. Doesn't trust anyone anymore. Sees Dark wizards everywhere.”

Bill and Charlie decided to come and see everyone off at King's Cross station, but Percy, apologizing most profusely, said that he really needed to get to work.

“I just can't justify taking more time off at the moment,” he told them. “Mr. Crouch is really starting to rely on me.”

“Yeah, you know what, Percy?” said George seriously. “I reckon he'll know your name soon.”

「他已經退休了，以前在部門工作，」查理說。「我跟爸爸一起去探望他時見過他，他是一位傑出的執法魔法師，抓捕了許多黑巫師。阿茲卡班裡面的很多囚犯都是因為他而被關進去的。不過他也立下了許多敵人，主要是那些被他捉拿的人的家庭。聽說他年老後變得非常偏執，不再相信任何人，覺得到處都有黑巫師。」哈利聽了大惑不解，查理解釋說他是抓捕黑巫師的執法魔法師，是最優秀的之一。比爾和查理決定到國王十字站跟大家道別，但是珀西很抱歉地表示他需要回去上班。「我現在真的無法再請假了，」他告訴他們。「克勞奇先生真的開始依賴我了。」「對啊，你知道嗎，珀西？」喬治嚴肅地說。「我覺得他很快就能記住你的名字了。」

Mrs. Weasley had braved the telephone in the village post office to order three ordinary Muggle taxis to take them into London.

“Arthur tried to borrow Ministry cars for us,” Mrs. Weasley whispered to Harry as they stood in the rain-washed yard, watching the taxi drivers heaving six heavy Hogwarts trunks into their cars. “But there weren't any to spare. . . . Oh dear, they don't look happy, do they?”

Harry didn't like to tell Mrs. Weasley that Muggle taxi drivers rarely transported overexcited owls, and Pigwidgeon was making an earsplitting racket. Nor did it help that a number of Filibuster's Fabulous Wet-Start, No-Heat Fireworks went off unexpectedly when Fred's trunk sprang open, causing the driver carrying it to yell with fright and pain as Crookshanks clawed his way up the man's leg.

韋斯萊夫人勇敢地去了村郵局打電話，訂了三輛普通的麻瓜計程車前往倫敦。「亞瑟試圖為我們借用部長車，」韋斯萊夫人在下雨的院子裡，看著司機將六個笨重的霍格華茲行李箱搬上計程車時，對哈利低聲說道。「但他們實在沒有多餘的。……哎呀，看起來他們不是很高興，對吧？」哈利不想告訴韋斯萊夫人，麻瓜計程車司機鮮少會運送興奮過度的貓頭鷹，而匹維奇發出了刺耳的噪音。此外，當弗雷德的行李箱突然翻開時，一些「泡沫巨爆彈」意外爆炸，導致攜帶行李箱的司機驚恐和痛苦地叫喊，因為庫克山克斯一路爬上他的腿。

The journey was uncomfortable, owing to the fact that they were jammed in the back of the taxis with their trunks. Crookshanks took quite a while to recover from the fireworks, and by the time they entered London, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all severely scratched. They were very relieved to get out at King's Cross, even though the rain was coming down harder than ever, and they got soaked carrying their trunks across the busy road and into the station.

Harry was used to getting onto platform nine and three-quarters by now. It was a simple matter of walking straight through the apparently solid barrier dividing platforms nine and ten. The only tricky part was doing this in an unobtrusive way, so as to avoid attracting Muggle attention. They did it in groups today; Harry, Ron, and Hermione (the most conspicuous, since they were accompanied by Pigwidgeon and Crookshanks) went first; they leaned casually against the barrier, chatting unconcernedly, and slid sideways through it . . . and as they did so, platform nine and three-quarters materialized in front of them.

旅途非常不舒服，因為他們與行李一起擁擠在出租車後座。Crookshanks花了相當長的時間從煙火的驚嚇中恢復過來，當他們進入倫敦時，哈利、朗和赫敏都被嚴重擦傷。即使雨下得比以往更劇，他們很高興在國王十字車站下車，扛著行李穿過繁忙的馬路，進入車站時已經全身濕透了。哈利現在已經習慣了走上九又四分之三站臺。只需要直接穿過貌似固體的九號和十號月台之間的隔板即可。唯一麻煩的部分是以不引起麻瓜的注意為前提，在不起眼的情況下完成這個動作。今天他們分組進行；哈利、朗和赫敏（因為他們帶著Pigwidgeon和Crookshanks最顯眼）最先進行，他們隨意地靠在隔板上聊天，然後側身滑過去……就在這樣的背景下，九又四分之三站臺出現在他們面前。

The Hogwarts Express, a gleaming scarlet steam engine, was already there, clouds of steam billowing from it, through which the many Hogwarts students and parents on the platform appeared like dark ghosts. Pigwidgeon became noisier than ever in response to the hooting of many owls through the mist. Harry, Ron, and Hermione set off to find seats, and were soon stowing their luggage in a compartment halfway along the train. They then hopped back down onto the platform to say good-bye to Mrs. Weasley, Bill, and Charlie.

“I might be seeing you all sooner than you think,” said Charlie, grinning, as he hugged Ginny good-bye.

“Why?” said Fred keenly.

“You’ll see,” said Charlie. “Just don’t tell Percy I mentioned it . . . it’s ‘classified information, until such time as the Ministry sees fit to release it,’ after all.”

霍格華茲快車是一輛閃閃發光的赤色蒸汽火車，已經停在那裡，從它的蒸氣中 billowing 雲中，透過薄霧，出現了許多霍格華茲的學生和家長，就像黑暗的鬼魂一樣。在濃霧中，因為許多貓頭鷹的鳴叫，pigwidgeon 變得比以往任何時候都要響亮。哈利，羅恩和赫敏出發去找座位，很快就把自己的行李放在了火車中間的一個車廂中。然後，他們又蹦回到月台上，向韋斯萊夫人、比爾和查理告別。“我可能比你們想象的更快地見到你們了，”查理笑著說，他擁抱了金妮。“為什麼？”弗雷德敏銳地問道。“你們會看到的，”查理說，“只要不告訴珀西我提到了這件事……畢竟，直到部門認為該發布信息為止，這都是『機密信息』。”

“Yeah, I sort of wish I were back at Hogwarts this year,” said Bill, hands in his pockets, looking almost wistfully at the train.

“Why?” said George impatiently.

“You’re going to have an interesting year,” said Bill, his eyes twinkling. “I might even get time off to come and watch a bit of it. . . .”

“A bit of *what*?” said Ron.

But at that moment, the whistle blew, and Mrs. Weasley chivvied them toward the train doors.

“Thanks for having us to stay, Mrs. Weasley,” said Hermione as they climbed on board, closed the door, and leaned out of the window to talk to her.

“Yeah, thanks for everything, Mrs. Weasley,” said Harry.

“Oh it was my pleasure, dears,” said Mrs. Weasley. “I’d invite you for Christmas, but . . . well, I expect you’re all going to want to stay at Hogwarts, what with . . . one thing and another.”

“是啊，我有點希望今年回到霍格華茲，”賓說，手插口袋，幾乎望著火車流露出思緒萬千的神情。“為什麼？”喬治不耐煩地問。“你們將會有個有趣的一年，”賓眼中閃爍著明亮的光芒，“我甚至可能有時間來看一看……”“看一看什麼？”羅恩問道。但就在這時，汽笛響起，魏斯萊夫人趕著他們走向火車門。“感謝您讓我們住在這裡，魏斯萊夫人，”他們登上車子，關上門，並探出車窗與她交談時，赫敏說。“是啊，感謝您的一切，魏斯萊夫人，”哈利也說。“哦，這是我的榮幸，孩子們，”魏斯萊夫人說，“我想邀請你們來過聖誕節，可是……唉，有那麼多事情要忙於在霍格華茲，我想你們可能不會來吧。”

“Mum!” said Ron irritably. “What d’you three know that we don’t?”

“You’ll find out this evening, I expect,” said Mrs. Weasley, smiling. “It’s going to be very exciting — mind you, I’m very glad they’ve changed the rules —”

“What rules?” said Harry, Ron, Fred, and George together.

“I’m sure Professor Dumbledore will tell you. . . . Now, behave, won’t you? Won’t you, Fred? And you, George?”

The pistons hissed loudly and the train began to move.

“Tell us what’s happening at Hogwarts!” Fred bellowed out of the window as Mrs. Weasley, Bill, and Charlie sped away from them. “What rules are they changing?”

But Mrs. Weasley only smiled and waved. Before the train had rounded the corner, she, Bill, and Charlie had Disapparated.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione went back to their compartment. The thick rain splattering the windows made it very difficult to see out of them. Ron undid his trunk, pulled out his maroon dress robes, and flung them over Pigwidgeon’s cage to muffle his hooting.

「媽媽！」羅恩不悅地說道。「你們知道什麼，而我們不知道的嗎？」「今晚你會知道的，」懷著微笑的維斯萊夫人回應道。「這將會非常刺激——當然，我很高興他們改變了規則——」「什麼規則？」哈利、羅恩、佛雷德和喬治四人一起問道。「我相信鄧布利多教授會告訴你們的……現在，表現好一點，好嗎？弗雷德，你也是；還有你，喬治？」活塞發出嗶嗶聲，火車開始前進。「告訴我們霍格華茲發生了什麼！」弗雷德從窗外喊道，當維斯萊夫人、比爾和查理越過他們的時候。「他們改變了哪些規則？」但維斯萊夫人只是微笑著揮手告別，等到火車駛過轉角，她、比爾和查理已經進行了幻影移形術。哈利、羅恩和赫敏回到了自己的包廂。雨點打在窗戶上，讓他們很難往外看。羅恩打開行李箱，拿出了自己的栗色禮服袍，把它們扔在“豬吱吱”的籠子上，壓住了牠的吱吱聲。

“Bagman wanted to tell us what’s happening at Hogwarts,” he said grumpily, sitting down next to Harry. “At the World Cup, remember? But my own mother won’t say. Wonder what —”

“Shh!” Hermione whispered suddenly, pressing her finger to her lips and pointing toward the compartment next to theirs. Harry and Ron listened, and heard a familiar drawling voice drifting in through the open door.

“. . . Father actually considered sending me to Durmstrang rather than Hogwarts, you know. He knows the headmaster, you see. Well, you know

his opinion of Dumbledore — the man's such a Mudblood-lover — and Durmstrang doesn't admit that sort of riffraff. But Mother didn't like the idea of me going to school so far away. Father says Durmstrang takes a far more sensible line than Hogwarts about the Dark Arts. Durmstrang students actually *learn* them, not just the defense rubbish we do. . . ."

"Bagman 想告訴我們霍格華茲發生了什麼事，"他不悅地說，坐在哈利旁邊。"你們還記得在世界杯時嗎？但是我的媽媽不會說。不知道....." "噓！" 赫敏突然低聲說道，用手指壓在嘴唇上，指向他們旁邊的隔間。哈利和羅恩聽了，聽到一個熟悉的慢吞吞的聲音從開著的門飄進來。".....父親其實曾經考慮過送我去德姆斯特朗，而不是霍格華茲。你知道他認識校長，你看到過他對鄧布利多的看法，這個人是一個如此熱愛麻種的人。德姆斯特朗不會接納這種下層人物。但母親不喜歡我去太遠的學校。父親說，德姆斯特朗在黑魔法方面比霍格華茲更理智。德姆斯特朗的學生真正學到了黑魔法，而不是我們所學的防禦垃圾....."

Hermione got up, tiptoed to the compartment door, and slid it shut, blocking out Malfoy's voice.

"So he thinks Durmstrang would have suited him, does he?" she said angrily. "I wish he *had* gone, then we wouldn't have to put up with him"

"Durmstrang's another Wizarding school?" said Harry.

"Yes," said Hermione sniffily, "and it's got a horrible reputation. According to *An Appraisal of Magical Education in Europe*, it puts a lot of emphasis on the Dark Arts."

"I think I've heard of it," said Ron vaguely. "Where is it? What country?"

"Well, nobody knows, do they?" said Hermione, raising her eyebrows.

"Er — why not?" said Harry.

"There's traditionally been a lot of rivalry between all the magic schools. Durmstrang and Beauxbatons like to conceal their whereabouts so nobody can steal their secrets," said Hermione matter-of-factly.

赫敏輕手輕腳地起身，足尖走到車廂門前，滑動門關上，隔絕了馬爾福的聲音。「他說杜姆斯壯一定比霍格華茲更適合他？」她生氣地說。「早知道他去了杜姆斯壯，我們就不用忍受他了。」「杜姆斯壯是另一所魔法學校？」哈利問。「是的。」赫敏不屑地說。「而且它聲名狼藉。根據《歐洲魔法教育評估》，杜姆斯壯非常重視黑魔法。」「我好像聽過它。」羅恩模糊地說。「它在哪裡？哪個國家？」「嗯，沒有人知道。」赫敏掀起眉毛說。「嗯，為什麼不知道？」哈利問。「魔法學校一向存在著激烈的競爭關係。杜姆斯壯和波巴松學院喜歡隱藏自己的所在地，這樣就沒有人能偷走他們的秘密。」赫敏理智地說道。

"Come off it," said Ron, starting to laugh. "Durmstrang's got to be about the same size as Hogwarts — how are you going to hide a great big castle?"

"But Hogwarts *is* hidden," said Hermione, in surprise. "Everyone knows that . . . well, everyone who's read *Hogwarts: A History*, anyway."

"Just you, then," said Ron. "So go on — how d'you hide a place like Hogwarts?"

"It's bewitched," said Hermione. "If a Muggle looks at it, all they see is a moldering old ruin with a sign over the entrance saying DANGER, DO NOT ENTER, UNSAFE."

"So Durmstrang'll just look like a ruin to an outsider too?"

"Maybe," said Hermione, shrugging, "or it might have Muggle-repelling charms on it, like the World Cup stadium. And to keep foreign wizards from finding it, they'll have made it Unplottable —"

"算了吧，"羅恩說著開始笑起來，"杜姆斯特朗學院差不多和霍格華茲一樣大——你怎麼隱藏一個大城堡？" "但霍格華茲是隱藏著的，"赫敏說道，有些驚訝，"所有人都知道.....好吧，至少所有讀過《霍格華茲史》的人都知道。" "只有你一個人而已，"羅恩說道，"所以說——你如何隱藏像霍格華茲這樣的地方？" "它被施了魔法，"赫敏回答道，"如果麻瓜看到它，他們只會看到一個老舊的廢墟，門口還掛著危險，嚴禁進入的警告牌。" "那麼對外來者來說，杜姆斯特朗也只會像一個廢墟？" "也許吧，"赫敏聳聳肩，"或者它可能還會施加魔法驅逐麻瓜，就像世界盃體育場一樣。另外，為了防止外國巫師找到它，他們可能會使其成為不可探測的——"

"Come again?"

"Well, you can enchant a building so it's impossible to plot on a map, can't you?"

"Er . . . if you say so," said Harry.

"But I think Durmstrang must be somewhere in the far north," said Hermione thoughtfully. "Somewhere very cold, because they've got fur capes as part of their uniforms."

"Ah, think of the possibilities," said Ron dreamily. "It would've been so easy to push Malfoy off a glacier and make it look like an accident. . . . Shame his mother likes him . . ."

The rain became heavier and heavier as the train moved farther north. The sky was so dark and the windows so steamy that the lanterns were lit by midday. The lunch trolley came rattling along the corridor, and Harry bought a large stack of Cauldron Cakes for them to share.

Several of their friends looked in on them as the afternoon progressed, including Seamus Finnigan, Dean Thomas, and Neville Longbottom, a round-faced, extremely forgetful boy who had been brought up by his formidable witch of a grandmother. Seamus was still wearing his Ireland rosette. Some of its magic seemed to be wearing off now; it was still squeaking “*Troy — Mullet — Moran!*” but in a very feeble and exhausted sort of way. After half an hour or so, Hermione, growing tired of the endless Quidditch talk, buried herself once more in *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 4*, and started trying to learn a Summoning Charm.

“再說一遍嗎？”“嗯，你可以用魔法使建築物無法顯示在地圖上，對吧？”“呃……如果你這麼說的話，”哈利說。“但我認為德姆斯特朗一定在極北地區的某個地方，”赫敏沉思地說。“一定很寒冷，因為他們的制服裡有毛皮披風。”“啊，想想看有多大的可能性，”羅恩夢幻般地說。“把馬爾福推下冰川並假裝是意外，這將會是如此容易……太遺憾他的母親喜歡他……”隨著列車往北行駛，雨越來越大。天空很暗，窗戶很濕氣，燈籠已經在中午點燃。午餐小推車沿著走廊搖晃而來，哈利買了一大堆魔法蛋糕，讓大家分享。下午進展中，他們的幾位朋友來看過他們，包括西姆斯·芬尼根、迪恩·托馬斯和尼維爾·朗伯頓，一個圓臉、非常健忘的男孩，他是通過他威風凜凜的巫婆奶奶撫養長大的。西姆斯仍然戴著他的愛爾蘭玫瑰花襟章。它的魔法似乎現在正在消失；它仍然在非常虛弱和精疲力盡的狀態下吱吱叫道：“特洛伊 - 馬利特 - 莫蘭！”過了大約半個小時，赫敏厭倦了無盡的魁地奇談話，又一次把自己埋在《標準咒語鉤4級》中，開始學習一個召喚咒語。

Neville listened jealously to the others' conversation as they relived the Cup match.

“Gran didn't want to go,” he said miserably. “Wouldn't buy tickets. It sounded amazing though.”

“It was,” said Ron. “Look at this, Neville. . . .”

He rummaged in his trunk up in the luggage rack and pulled out the miniature figure of Viktor Krum.

“Oh wow,” said Neville enviously as Ron tipped Krum onto his pudgy hand.

“We saw him right up close, as well,” said Ron. “We were in the Top Box —”

“For the first and last time in your life, Weasley.”

Draco Malfoy had appeared in the doorway. Behind him stood Crabbe and Goyle, his enormous, thuggish cronies, both of whom appeared to have grown at least a foot during the summer. Evidently they had overheard the conversation through the compartment door, which Dean and Seamus had left ajar.

尼維爾嫉妒地聽著其他人回想杯賽的對話。「我奶奶不想去，」他沮喪地說。「她不肯買票。但聽起來很棒。」「確實很棒，」羅恩說。「你看這個，尼維爾...」他在行李架上的行李箱裡翻找，然後拿出維克多·克魯姆的微型模型。「哇，」尼維爾羨慕地說，當羅恩把克魯姆倒在他圓胖的手中。「我們也看得很近，」羅恩說。「我們在高級包廂裡——」「你們這輩子第一次也是最後一次，衛斯理。」德拉科·馬爾福出現在門口。他身後站著克拉布和高爾，他那兩個龐大的暴徒同伴，在夏天長高了至少一英尺。顯然，他們是透過縫隙聽到了這個對話，而狄恩和希瑪斯留下了一個縫隙。

“Don't remember asking you to join us, Malfoy,” said Harry coolly.

“Weasley . . . what is *that*?” said Malfoy, pointing at Pigwidgeon's cage. A sleeve of Ron's dress robes was dangling from it, swaying with the motion of the train, the moldy lace cuff very obvious.

Ron made to stuff the robes out of sight, but Malfoy was too quick for him; he seized the sleeve and pulled.

“Look at this!” said Malfoy in ecstasy, holding up Ron's robes and showing Crabbe and Goyle, “Weasley, you weren't thinking of *wearing* these, were you? I mean — they were very fashionable in about 1890. . . .”

“Eat dung, Malfoy!” said Ron, the same color as the dress robes as he snatched them back out of Malfoy's grip. Malfoy howled with derisive laughter; Crabbe and Goyle guffawed stupidly.

哈利冷靜地說：“我沒有叫你加入我們，馬爾福。”“韋斯萊……那是什麼？”馬爾福問，指著班谷鳥的籠子，上面懸掛著一層霉黃的包邊袖口，隨著列車晃動不止。羅恩試著收起袍子，但馬爾福來得太快，抓住了袖口，朝外拉扯。“看看這個！”馬爾福興奮地說，舉起羅恩的袍子給克拉布和哥爾看，“韋斯萊，你不會是想穿這個，是嗎？我是說-這在大約1890年非常流行.....”“嘴巴硬點，馬爾福！”羅恩說道，他臉色變得和那件服裝一樣，從馬爾福手中奪回袍子。馬爾福嘲笑著大叫，克拉布和哥爾則愚蠢的跟著哈哈大笑。

“So . . . going to enter, Weasley? Going to try and bring a bit of glory to the family name? There's money involved as well, you know . . . you'd be able to afford some decent robes if you won”

“What are you talking about?” snapped Ron.

“Are you going to enter?” Malfoy repeated. “I suppose you will, Potter? You never miss a chance to show off, do you?”

“Either explain what you're on about or go away, Malfoy,” said Hermione testily, over the top of *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 4*.

A gleeful smile spread across Malfoy's pale face.

"Don't tell me you don't *know*?" he said delightedly. "You've got a father and brother at the Ministry and you don't even *know*? My God, *my* father told me about it ages ago . . . heard it from Cornelius Fudge. But then, Father's always associated with the top people at the Ministry. . . . Maybe your father's too junior to know about it, Weasley . . . yes . . . they probably don't talk about important stuff in front of him . . ."

“那麼，韋斯萊，你要參加比賽嗎？要為家族爭光嗎？你也知道有錢可賺，如果你贏了，你就能買些像樣的袍子……”“你在說什麼？”羅恩不耐煩地打斷。“你要參加嗎？”馬爾福重複道。“波特，你肯定不會錯過炫耀的機會吧？”“要不然你解釋一下你在說什麼，要不然就走開，馬爾福。”赫敏生氣地說，一邊翻閱《標準咒語第四級》。馬爾福臉上浮現出興奮的笑容。“你不知道嗎？”他高興地說。“你有一個在部里工作的父親和兄弟，你居然不知道？天哪，我父親很久以前就告訴我了。他是聽康奈留斯·費奇說的。不過我父親經常和部里的高級官員來往。或許你父親太菜了，不知道這事，韋斯萊。是啊。他們可能不會在他面前談論重要的事情……”

Laughing once more, Malfoy beckoned to Crabbe and Goyle, and the three of them disappeared.

Ron got to his feet and slammed the sliding compartment door so hard behind them that the glass shattered.

“*Ron!*” said Hermione reproachfully, and she pulled out her wand, muttered “*Reparo!*” and the glass shards flew back into a single pane and back into the door.

“Well . . . making it look like he knows everything and we don't. . . .” Ron snarled. “*Father's always associated with the top people at the Ministry.* . . . Dad could've got a promotion any time . . . he just likes it where he is. . . .”

“Of course he does,” said Hermione quietly. “Don't let Malfoy get to you, Ron —”

“Him! Get to me! As if!” said Ron, picking up one of the remaining Cauldron Cakes and squashing it into a pulp.

馬爾福再次笑著，招了招手召喚克拉布和古來，三人消失了。羅恩站起身來，狠狠地關上推拉式車廂門，玻璃被撞碎了。“羅恩！”赫敏責備地說，她拿出魔杖，喃喃自語地說“*Reparo!*”玻璃碎片飛回到一個窗戶並且再次被放回門上。“嗯……他讓我們看起來像萬事通一樣……”羅恩咆哮道。“父親總是和部門的高層人物來往。”……父親可以隨時升職，只是他喜歡現在這個職位……”“當然了，”赫敏輕聲說。“不要被馬爾福惹怒，羅恩——”“被他惹怒？像什麼啊！”羅恩說，拿起剩下的一塊鑄鍋蛋糕，將其搗成泥狀。

Ron's bad mood continued for the rest of the journey. He didn't talk much as they changed into their school robes, and was still glowering when the Hogwarts Express slowed down at last and finally stopped in the pitch-darkness of Hogsmeade station.

As the train doors opened, there was a rumble of thunder overhead. Hermione bundled up Crookshanks in her cloak and Ron left his dress robes over Pigwidgeon as they left the train, heads bent and eyes narrowed against the downpour. The rain was now coming down so thick and fast that it was as though buckets of ice-cold water were being emptied repeatedly over their heads.

“Hi, Hagrid!” Harry yelled, seeing a gigantic silhouette at the far end of the platform.

“All righ', Harry?” Hagrid bellowed back, waving. “See yeh at the feast if we don' drown!”

Ron的壞情緒持續了整趟旅程，當他們換上校服時，他沉默不語，到到赫奇斯美德車站時，他仍然怒視著四周。當火車門打開時，天空發出了一聲雷鳴。赫敏用她的外套把Crookshanks裹好，而Ron則把晚禮服留在了Pigwidgeon身上。他們離開火車時，低著頭，瞪著眼睛抵抗著傾盆大雨。現在下雨的速度越來越快，就好像一桶桶冰冷的水被倒在他們的頭上。“嗨，海格！”哈利看到月台另一端的一個巨大的身影，大叫道。“哈利，怎麼樣？”海格大聲回答，揮著手。“如果我們沒被淹死的話，到了晚宴再見！”

First years traditionally reached Hogwarts Castle by sailing across the lake with Hagrid.

“Oooh, I wouldn't fancy crossing the lake in this weather,” said Hermione fervently, shivering as they inched slowly along the dark platform with the rest of the crowd. A hundred horseless carriages stood waiting for them outside the station. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Neville climbed gratefully into one of them, the door shut with a snap, and a few moments later, with a great lurch, the long procession of carriages was rumbling and splashing its way up the track toward Hogwarts Castle.

傳統上，新生通常會與海格搭船橫渡湖泊前往霍格華茲城堡。“哦，我可不想在這種天氣下橫渡湖泊。”赫敏緊張地說著，和眾人一起在黑暗的月台上緩慢移動。一百輛沒有馬的馬車在車站外等候他們。哈利、羅恩、赫敏和尼維爾感激地爬進了其中一輛，車門隨著一聲「啞」響上了，幾秒鐘後，一連串的馬車隨著劇烈的顛簸聲和濺水聲換著排隊向霍格華茲城堡前進。



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Through the gates, flanked with statues of winged boars, and up the sweeping drive the carriages trundled, swaying dangerously in what was fast becoming a gale. Leaning against the window, Harry could see Hogwarts coming nearer, its many lighted windows blurred and shimmering behind the thick curtain of rain. Lightning flashed across the sky as their carriage came to a halt before the great oak front doors, which stood at the top of a flight of stone steps. People who had occupied the carriages in front were already hurrying up the stone steps into the castle. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Neville jumped down from their carriage and dashed up the steps too, looking up only when they were safely inside the cavernous, torch-lit entrance hall, with its magnificent marble staircase.

马车经过两旁有飞翔者野猪石像的大门，驶上宽阔的车道，摇摇晃晃地穿行在渐渐转为狂风暴雨的天气之中。哈利抵在车窗上，看着霍格沃茨逐渐逼近，在厚重的雨幕后，许多点亮着的窗户模糊而闪烁。当马车停在顶部有一段石阶的巨大橡木正门前，天空中闪过闪电。排在前面的人们已经匆忙地走上了石阶，进入了城堡。哈利、罗恩、赫敏和内维尔也跳下了马车，跑上石阶。只有当他们安全地进入打着火把的巨大入口大厅并站在壮丽的大理石楼梯上方后，才抬起头来看看四周。

“Blimey,” said Ron, shaking his head and sending water everywhere, “if that keeps up the lake’s going to overflow. I’m soak — ARRGH!”

A large, red, water-filled balloon had dropped from out of the ceiling onto Ron’s head and exploded. Drenched and sputtering, Ron staggered sideways into Harry, just as a second water bomb dropped — narrowly missing Hermione, it burst at Harry’s feet, sending a wave of cold water over his sneakers into his socks. People all around them shrieked and started pushing one another in their efforts to get out of the line of fire. Harry looked up and saw, floating twenty feet above them, Peeves the Poltergeist, a little man in a bell-covered hat and orange bow tie, his wide, malicious face contorted with concentration as he took aim again.

“哎呀，”罗恩搖了搖頭，把水濺得到處都是，“如果這樣繼續下去，湖水會溢出來的。我濕透了——啊！”一個大大的紅色水球從天花板上掉下來，炸在羅恩的頭上。羅恩濕透了還哈著口水，向一邊搖晃，撞到了哈利，就在這時，第二個水球扔了過來——僅僅錯過了赫敏，炸在了哈利的腳邊，把他的運動鞋和襪子都淋透了。周圍的人尖叫著，互相擠推著，想躲開火線。哈利抬頭一看，看到一個小丑穿著鈴鐺裝飾的帽子和橙色領結的波士特鬼舞空中漂浮，臉上滿是邪惡的表情，專心致志地再次瞄準。

“PEEVES!” yelled an angry voice. “Peeves, come down here at ONCE!”

Professor McGonagall, deputy headmistress and Head of Gryffindor House, had come dashing out of the Great Hall; she skidded on the wet floor and grabbed Hermione around the neck to stop herself from falling.

“Ouch — sorry, Miss Granger —”

“That’s all right, Professor!” Hermione gasped, massaging her throat.

“Peeves, get down here NOW!” barked Professor McGonagall, straightening her pointed hat and glaring upward through her square-rimmed spectacles.

“Not doing nothing!” cackled Peeves, lobbing a water bomb at several fifth-year girls, who screamed and dived into the Great Hall. “Already wet, aren’t they? Little squirts! Wheeeeeeeeeee!” And he aimed another bomb at a group of second years who had just arrived.

「小鬼！」一個憤怒的聲音大喊。「小鬼，立刻下來！」麥格教授，代理校長和格蘭芬多教授組的負責人，從大禮堂里衝了出來。她在濕滑的地板上打滑，抓住赫敏的脖子停下來。「哎呀——對不起，格蘭傑小姐——」「沒關係，教授！」赫敏喘息著，揉著喉嚨。「小鬼，現在就下來！」麥格教授尖叫道，整理了一下她的尖帽子，透過方形眼鏡上方的目光怒視著上面。「我沒做什麼呀！」小鬼咯咯叫著，朝著幾個五年級的女孩扔了一顆水彈，她們尖叫起來，跳進大禮堂裡。「他們已經濕透了，不是嗎？小傻瓜！噏噏噏！」他又將另一顆炸彈對準了一群剛到的二年級學生。

“I shall call the headmaster!” shouted Professor McGonagall. “I’m warning you, Peeves —”

Peeves stuck out his tongue, threw the last of his water bombs into the air, and zoomed off up the marble staircase, cackling insanely.

“Well, move along, then!” said Professor McGonagall sharply to the bedraggled crowd. “Into the Great Hall, come on!”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione slipped and slid across the entrance hall and through the double doors on the right, Ron muttering furiously under his breath as he pushed his sopping hair off his face.

The Great Hall looked its usual splendid self, decorated for the start-of-term feast. Golden plates and goblets gleamed by the light of hundreds and hundreds of candles, floating over the tables in midair. The four long House tables were packed with chattering students; at the top of the Hall, the staff sat along one side of a fifth table, facing their pupils. It was much warmer in here. Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked past the Slytherins, the Ravenclaws, and the Hufflepuffs, and sat down with the rest of the Gryffindors at the far side of the Hall, next to Nearly Headless Nick, the Gryffindor ghost. Pearly white and semitransparent, Nick was dressed tonight in his usual doublet, but with a particularly large ruff, which served the dual purpose of looking extra-festive, and insuring that his head didn't wobble too much on his partially severed neck.

「我要去找校長！」麥格教授喊道。「我警告你，小淘氣——」小淘氣伸出舌頭，將他最後的水彈扔進了空中，然後瘋狂地嘻嘻笑著飛走了。「好了，繼續走！」麥格教授尖聲對著濕漉漉的人群說。「進入大廳，來吧！」哈利、羅恩和赫敏在門廳里滑來滑去，穿過右側的雙扇門進入了大廳，羅恩怒氣沖沖地喃喃自語，一邊把濕漉漉的頭發推到臉上。大廳看起來和往常一樣壯觀，為期初宴而裝飾。金色的盤子和酒杯在數百支懸浮在空中的蠟燭照耀下閃閃發光。四個長桌子上擠滿了喋喋不休的學生；大廳的頂部，教師們坐在第五張桌子的一側，面對著學生。這裡要暖和多了。哈利、羅恩和赫敏走過蛇妖、烏鵲和獾派，坐到大廳的另一端，靠近格蘭芬多的其他人，旁邊是格蘭芬多的幽靈——幾乎沒有頭的尼克。珍珠般的白色和半透明的尼克今晚穿著他的常服，但是有著特別大的褶邊，既顯得更加節日氣氛，又確保他的頭不至於在部分斷頸處晃動太厲害。

“Good evening,” he said, beaming at them.

“Says who?” said Harry, taking off his sneakers and emptying them of water. “Hope they hurry up with the Sorting. I’m starving.”

The Sorting of the new students into Houses took place at the start of every school year, but by an unlucky combination of circumstances, Harry hadn’t been present at one since his own. He was quite looking forward to it. Just then, a highly excited, breathless voice called down the table.

“Hiya, Harry!”

It was Colin Creevey, a third year to whom Harry was something of a hero.

“Hi, Colin,” said Harry warily.

“Harry, guess what? Guess what, Harry? My brother’s starting! My brother Dennis!”

“Er — good,” said Harry.

“He’s really excited!” said Colin, practically bouncing up and down in his seat. “I just hope he’s in Gryffindor! Keep your fingers crossed, eh, Harry?”

“晚上好，”他笑着对他们说。“谁说的？”哈利说着，脱掉他的运动鞋并把里面的水倒出来。“希望他们快点分选。我饿坏了。”新生分选进入各自宿舍的仪式在每个新学年开始时举行，但由于一些不幸的原因，哈利自己以来一直没有参加过。他很期待这一刻。就在这时，一个非常激动、喘不过气来的声音从桌子旁传来。“哈喽，哈利！”那是柯林·克里维（Colin Creevy），一个三年级的学生，哈利在他心中像是英雄一般的存在。“嗨，柯林，”哈利警惕地说。“哈利，你猜怎么着？你猜怎么着，哈利？我弟弟也来上学了！我弟弟丹尼斯！”“嗯……好啊，”哈利说道。“他很兴奋！”柯林说着，几乎在座位上跳起来。“我只希望他被分到格兰芬多！帮我祈祷一下，好吧，哈利？”

“Er — yeah, all right,” said Harry. He turned back to Hermione, Ron, and Nearly Headless Nick. “Brothers and sisters usually go in the same Houses, don’t they?” he said. He was judging by the Weasleys, all seven of whom had been put into Gryffindor.

“Oh no, not necessarily,” said Hermione. “Parvati Patil’s twin’s in Ravenclaw, and they’re identical. You’d think they’d be together, wouldn’t you?”

Harry looked up at the staff table. There seemed to be rather more empty seats there than usual. Hagrid, of course, was still fighting his way across the lake with the first years; Professor McGonagall was presumably supervising the drying of the entrance hall floor, but there was another empty chair too, and Harry couldn’t think who else was missing.

“Where’s the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher?” said Hermione, who was also looking up at the teachers.

“喔，好吧，”哈利說道。他轉身看向赫敏、羅恩和幾乎透明的尼克。“兄弟姐妹通常會進入同一個學院，對吧？”他說。他以魏斯萊家族為樣本，他們的七位成員都被分到了格蘭芬多學院。“哦不，並不一定是這樣的，”赫敏說道。“帕瓦蒂·帕蒂爾的雙胞胎兄弟就在拉文克勞學院，他們長得一模一樣。你會想他們會在同一個學院，不是嗎？”哈利抬頭看向教師的長桌。似乎比平常空著的座位要多一些。當然，海格還在帶著新生學生穿越湖泊；麥康娜教授可能正在監督大廳地板的風乾，但還有一個空椅子，哈利想不起來還有誰缺席。“新的黑魔法防禦術老師在哪裡？”赫敏問道，她也在向老師們望去。

They had never yet had a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher who had lasted more than three terms. Harry’s favorite by far had been Professor Lupin, who had resigned last year. He looked up and down the staff table. There was definitely no new face there.

“Maybe they couldn’t get anyone!” said Hermione, looking anxious.

Harry scanned the table more carefully. Tiny little Professor Flitwick, the Charms teacher, was sitting on a large pile of cushions beside Professor

Sprout, the Herbology teacher, whose hat was askew over her flyaway gray hair. She was talking to Professor Sinistra of the Astronomy department. On Professor Sinistra's other side was the sallow-faced, hook-nosed, greasy-haired Potions master, Snape — Harry's least favorite person at Hogwarts. Harry's loathing of Snape was matched only by Snape's hatred of him, a hatred which had, if possible, intensified last year, when Harry had helped Sirius escape right under Snape's overlarge nose — Snape and Sirius had been enemies since their own school days.

他們從未有過一位持續超過三個學期的黑魔法防禦教師。哈利最喜歡的教授是去年辭職的盧平教授。他在職工桌上來回看了看。顯然沒有新面孔。“也許他們找不到人！”赫敏說，看起來有點焦急。哈利更仔細地掃了掃桌子。小巧玲瓏的魔法學教授費立維奇坐在一堆墊子上，旁邊是草藥學教授斯普勞特，她的帽子歪斜在飄逸灰髮上。她正在和天文系的辛斯特拉教授說話。在辛斯特拉教授的另一邊是蒼白臉孔，瘦鼻，油膩頭髮的魔藥學教授斯涅普 - 哈利在霍格沃茨最討厭的人物。哈利對斯涅普的憎恨只比斯涅普對他的仇恨強烈，去年哈利在斯涅普的大鼻子底下幫助小天狼星逃脫，這個仇恨進一步加劇了-斯涅普和小天狼星從自己的學校時代起就是敵人。

On Snape's other side was an empty seat, which Harry guessed was Professor McGonagall's. Next to it, and in the very center of the table, sat Professor Dumbledore, the headmaster, his sweeping silver hair and beard shining in the candlelight, his magnificent deep green robes embroidered with many stars and moons. The tips of Dumbledore's long, thin fingers were together and he was resting his chin upon them, staring up at the ceiling through his half-moon spectacles as though lost in thought. Harry glanced up at the ceiling too. It was enchanted to look like the sky outside, and he had never seen it look this stormy. Black and purple clouds were swirling across it, and as another thunderclap sounded outside, a fork of lightning flashed across it.

“Oh hurry up,” Ron moaned, beside Harry, “I could eat a hippogriff!”

斯內普的另一邊是一個空座位，哈利猜測應該是麥格教授的。在那旁邊，位於桌子正中央的是校長邓布利多教授，他優美的銀色頭髮和鬍子在燭光下閃閃發亮，他壯觀的深綠色長袍上繡有許多星星和月亮。邓布利多的長而細的手指末端緊扣在一起，他把下巴放在手指上，穿半月形的眼鏡仰望著天花板，彷彿陷入了思考中。哈利也抬起頭看天花板，它被施了魔法，看起來像室外的天空，他從未見過它如此狂暴。黑色和紫色的雲繚繞其上。當外面又一聲雷鳴響起時，一道閃電劃過天空。“快一點，”哈利旁邊的羅恩抱怨道，“我已經餓到食草龍了。”

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than the doors of the Great Hall opened and silence fell. Professor McGonagall was leading a long line of first years up to the top of the Hall. If Harry, Ron, and Hermione were wet, it was nothing to how these first years looked. They appeared to have swum across the lake rather than sailed. All of them were shivering with a combination of cold and nerves as they filed along the staff table and came to a halt in a line facing the rest of the school — all of them except the smallest of the lot, a boy with mousy hair, who was wrapped in what Harry recognized as Hagrid's moleskin overcoat. The coat was so big for him that it looked as though he were draped in a furry black circus tent. His small face protruded from over the collar, looking almost painfully excited. When he had lined up with his terrified-looking peers, he caught Colin Creevey's eye, gave a double thumbs-up, and mouthed, *I fell in the lake!* He looked positively delighted about it.

話還沒說完，大禮堂的門便打開了，寂靜降臨。麥格教授帶領一大群新生來到了大禮堂頂部。如果說哈利、羅恩和赫敏淋濕了，那這些新生看起來就像是游泳過湖泊，而非坐船渡過。他們全身顫抖著，既因為寒冷又因為緊張，依次走過教職員餐桌，然後排成一列，站在其他學生面前，除了最小的一個男孩，他有著赤鼠色的頭髮，身穿哈格力的鼴鼠皮大衣，彷彿裹在一個黑色毛茸茸的馬戲團帳篷裡。他的臉從領口上方露出，看起來非常興奮。當他和害怕的同儕排成一列時，他瞥見了科林·克里維，雙手竖起了大拇指，嘴巴動了動，彷彿在說“我掉進湖里了！”他看起來非常高兴。

Professor McGonagall now placed a four-legged stool on the ground before the first years and, on top of it, an extremely old, dirty, patched wizard's hat. The first years stared at it. So did everyone else. For a moment, there was silence. Then a long tear near the brim opened wide like a mouth, and the hat broke into song:

A thousand years or more ago,

When I was newly sewn,

There lived four wizards of renown,

Whose names are still well known:

Bold Gryffindor, from wild moor,

Fair Ravenclaw, from glen,

Sweet Hufflepuff, from valley broad,

Shrewd Slytherin, from fen.

They shared a wish, a hope, a dream,

They hatched a daring plan

To educate young sorcerers

Thus Hogwarts School began.

Now each of these four founders

Formed their own House, for each

Did value different virtues

麥康娜教授現在在新生面前放置了一個四條腿的凳子，上面放了一頂非常古老、骯髒、縫補過的巫師帽子。新生們注視著它。其他人也是。有一會兒，寂靜無聲。帽沿附近的一個長裂縫像嘴巴一樣張開，帽子唱起了歌：一千年甚至更久以前，當我是新縫的時候，有四位著名的巫師，他們的名字如今仍然廣為人知：從荒野來的勇敢的格林芬多，從峽谷來的美麗的雷文克勞，從寬廣的山谷來的甜蜜的赫夫帕夫，從費恩地來的精明的斯萊特林。他們分享了一個愿望，一個希望，一個夢想，他們孕育了一個大膽的計劃，培育年輕的巫師，霍格華茲學校由此開始。現在，這四位創始人分別成立了自己的學院，每一個都重視不同的品德。

In the ones they had to teach.

By Gryffindor, the bravest were

Prized far beyond the rest;

For Ravenclaw, the cleverest

Would always be the best;

For Hufflepuff, hard workers were

Most worthy of admission;

And power-hungry Slytherin

Loved those of great ambition.

While still alive they did divide

Their favorites from the throng,

Yet how to pick the worthy ones

When they were dead and gone?

'Twas Gryffindor who found the way,

He whipped me off his head

The founders put some brains in me

So I could choose instead!

Now slip me snug about your ears,

I've never yet been wrong,

I'll have a look inside your mind

And tell where you belong!

The Great Hall rang with applause as the Sorting Hat finished.

“That’s not the song it sang when it Sorted us,” said Harry, clapping along with everyone else.

在教導學生方面，勇敢的格蘭芬多最受推崇，他們比其他人更受珍視；聰明的雷文克勞最有才華，他們總是最好的選擇；努力工作的赫夫帕夫最值得錄取；而貪權者史萊哲林愛好有雄心壯志的人。他們在世時已經將他們最喜愛的學生挑選出來，但當他們離世，該如何挑選有資格的人？格蘭芬多找到了辦法，他將我從他的頭上拿了下來，創始人們將一些智慧注入我，讓我可以做出選擇！現在將我緊貼在你的耳朵旁，我從未犯過錯，我會看看你的思想，告訴你屬於哪個學院！當分配帽完成時，大禮堂中爆發出掌聲。“當我們被分配時，它唱的不是這首歌，”哈利說道，像其他人一樣鼓掌。

“Sings a different one every year,” said Ron. “It’s got to be a pretty boring life, hasn’t it, being a hat? I suppose it spends all year making up the next one.”

Professor McGonagall was now unrolling a large scroll of parchment.

“When I call out your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool,” she told the first years. “When the hat announces your House, you will go

and sit at the appropriate table.

“Ackerley, Stewart!”

A boy walked forward, visibly trembling from head to foot, picked up the Sorting Hat, put it on, and sat down on the stool.

“RAVENCLAW!” shouted the hat.

Stewart Ackerley took off the hat and hurried into a seat at the Ravenclaw table, where everyone was applauding him. Harry caught a glimpse of Cho, the Ravenclaw Seeker, cheering Stewart Ackerley as he sat down. For a fleeting second, Harry had a strange desire to join the Ravenclaw table too.

「每年都唱不同的歌。」羅恩說。「當一頂帽子得是個相當無聊的生活，不是嗎？我想它所有的一年都用來準備下一頂帽子。」麥格教授現在正在展開一卷大羊皮紙。「當我叫出你們的名字時，你們就要戴上帽子坐到凳子上。」她對新生們說。「當帽子宣布你們的學院時，你們就去坐在對應的桌子上。『艾克利，斯圖爾特！』一個男孩走上前，明顯從頭到腳顫抖著，拿起分類帽戴上，坐到凳子上。『拉文克勞！』帽子大喊。斯圖爾特·艾克利拿下帽子，匆忙坐到拉文克勞桌子上，那裡的每個人都在為他喝彩。哈利瞥見了拉文克勞的尋找者喬，在喊著斯圖爾特·艾克利落座時為他加油打氣。哈利一瞬間有一種奇怪的渴望，也喜歡加入拉文克勞的桌子。

“Baddock, Malcolm!”

“SLYTHERIN!”

The table on the other side of the hall erupted with cheers; Harry could see Malfoy clapping as Baddock joined the Slytherins. Harry wondered whether Baddock knew that Slytherin House had turned out more Dark witches and wizards than any other. Fred and George hissed Malcolm Baddock as he sat down.

“Branstone, Eleanor!”

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

“Caudwell, Owen!”

“HUFFLEPUFF!”

“Creevey, Dennis!”

Tiny Dennis Creevey staggered forward, tripping over Hagrid's moleskin, just as Hagrid himself sidled into the Hall through a door behind the teachers' table. About twice as tall as a normal man, and at least three times as broad, Hagrid, with his long, wild, tangled black hair and beard, looked slightly alarming — a misleading impression, for Harry, Ron, and Hermione knew Hagrid to possess a very kind nature. He winked at them as he sat down at the end of the staff table and watched Dennis Creevey putting on the Sorting Hat. The rip at the brim opened wide —

“巴多克，馬爾科姆！”“斯萊特林！”大廳另一邊的桌子爆發出歡呼聲；哈利可以看到馬爾福在為巴多克打氣，加入了斯萊特林學院。哈利想知道巴多克是否知道斯萊特林學院出產過比其他任何學院都多的黑魔法師。弗雷德和喬治在巴多克坐下時嘶嘶作聲。“布蘭斯通，埃莉諾！”“赫奇帕夫！”“考德維爾，歐文！”“赫奇帕夫！”“克里維，丹尼斯！”小小的丹尼斯·克里維搖晃著向前走，絆倒在海格的麻織物上，就在海格從教師桌後面的一道門口悄悄走進禮堂。海格比普通人高一倍多，至少寬三倍，他長長的，野生的，糾結的黑色頭髮和胡須，看起來稍微有些嚇人，但對哈利、羅恩和赫敏來說，他的性情非常友好。他對他們眨了眨眼，坐在教師桌的底部，看著丹尼斯·克里維戴上分類帽。帽緣的裂口張開了——

“GRYFFINDOR!” the hat shouted.

Hagrid clapped along with the Gryffindors as Dennis Creevey, beaming widely, took off the hat, placed it back on the stool, and hurried over to join his brother.

“Colin, I fell in!” he said shrilly, throwing himself into an empty seat. “It was brilliant! And something in the water grabbed me and pushed me back in the boat!”

“Cool!” said Colin, just as excitedly. “It was probably the giant squid, Dennis!”

“Wow!” said Dennis, as though nobody in their wildest dreams could hope for more than being thrown into a storm-tossed, fathoms-deep lake, and pushed out of it again by a giant sea monster.

“Dennis! Dennis! See that boy down there? The one with the black hair and glasses? See him? *Know who he is, Dennis?*”

Harry looked away, staring very hard at the Sorting Hat, now Sorting Emma Dobbs.

“葛來分多！”帽子大喊。哈格力跟著葛來分多的學生們鼓掌，丹尼斯·克里維依興高采烈地拿下帽子，放回到凳子上，然後匆忙走向他的兄弟。“柯林，我掉進去了！”他尖聲說道，一屁股坐在一個空位上，“真是太棒了！還有一些東西在水裡抓住我，把我推回小船裡！”“酷！”柯林興奮地說，“那可能是巨型烏賊，丹尼斯！”“哇！”丹尼斯說，就好像沒有人能夢想被一個巨大的海怪扔進風暴激烈、深不可測的湖裡，然後再被它推出來一樣。“丹尼斯！丹尼斯！看下面那個男孩嗎？那個黑髮、帶著眼

鏡的男孩！看見他了嗎？知道他是誰嗎，丹尼斯？”哈利轉過頭去，努力盯著正在進行分類的艾瑪·多布斯的分選帽。

The Sorting continued; boys and girls with varying degrees of fright on their faces moving one by one to the four-legged stool, the line dwindling slowly as Professor McGonagall passed the L's.

“Oh hurry up,” Ron moaned, massaging his stomach.

“Now, Ron, the Sorting's much more important than food,” said Nearly Headless Nick as “Madley, Laura!” became a Hufflepuff.

“Course it is, if you're dead,” snapped Ron.

“I do hope this year's batch of Gryffindors are up to scratch,” said Nearly Headless Nick, applauding as “McDonald, Natalie!” joined the Gryffindor table. “We don't want to break our winning streak, do we?”

Gryffindor had won the Inter-House Championship for the last three years in a row.

“Pritchard, Graham!”

“SLYTHERIN!”

“Quirke, Orla!”

“RAVENCLAW!”

And finally, with “Whitby, Kevin!” (“HUFFLEPUFF!”), the Sorting ended. Professor McGonagall picked up the hat and the stool and carried them away.

分類仍在繼續，男孩和女孩們帶著不同程度的驚恐表情，一個接一個走向四腳凳，當麥格教授經過 L 的時候，隊伍緩慢地減少。“喚，快點吧，”羅恩嘆息著，揉著他的肚子。“現在，羅恩，分類比食物重要得多，”幾乎透明的尼克說道，“現在是‘馬德雷，洛拉！’去成為一個赫夫帕夫人的時候了。”“當然，如果你是死了的話，”羅恩說。“我真希望今年的獅子榮譽學生能夠達到要求，”幾乎透明的尼克說道，當“麥克唐納，娜塔莉！”加入了獅子榮譽學生之列時，其邊拍掌，“我們可不想打破我們的連勝紀錄，是嗎？”獅子榮譽學生已經連續三年贏得了家院錦標賽。“普里查德，格雷厄姆！”“斯萊特林！”“奎克，奧拉！”“雷文克勞！”最後，“惠特比，凱文！”（“赫夫帕夫！”）分類結束。麥格教授拿起帽子和凳子，把它們帶走了。

“About time,” said Ron, seizing his knife and fork and looking expectantly at his golden plate.

Professor Dumbledore had gotten to his feet. He was smiling around at the students, his arms opened wide in welcome.

“I have only two words to say to you,” he told them, his deep voice echoing around the Hall. “Tuck in.”

“Hear, hear!” said Harry and Ron loudly as the empty dishes filled magically before their eyes.

Nearly Headless Nick watched mournfully as Harry, Ron, and Hermione loaded their own plates.

“Aaah, 'at's be'er,” said Ron, with his mouth full of mashed potato.

“You're lucky there's a feast at all tonight, you know,” said Nearly Headless Nick. “There was trouble in the kitchens earlier.”

“Why? Wha' 'appened?” said Harry, through a sizable chunk of steak.

“時間到了，”羅恩說著，抓起刀叉，期待地看著他的金盤。鄧布利多教授站起身來。他朝著學生們微笑著，雙臂張開，熱情地歡迎大家。他告訴他們說：“我只有兩個詞要對你們說。”他的聲音在大廳裡回蕩。“開動吧！”“聽，聽！”哈利和羅恩大聲喊道，空盤子在他們眼前神奇地填滿了。幾乎沒有頭的尼克哀戚地看著哈利、羅恩和赫敏把自己的盤子裝滿。“啊，真好吃，”羅恩說著，口中塞滿了馬鈴薯泥。“你們很幸運今晚會有宴會，你知道嗎？”幾乎沒有頭的尼克說，“廚房之前發生了麻煩。”“為什麼？發生了甚麼事？”哈利咕嚕咕嚕地說著，他嘴裡塞著一大塊牛排。

“Peeves, of course,” said Nearly Headless Nick, shaking his head, which wobbled dangerously. He pulled his ruff a little higher up on his neck. “The usual argument, you know. He wanted to attend the feast — well, it's quite out of the question, you know what he's like, utterly uncivilized, can't see a plate of food without throwing it. We held a ghost's council — the Fat Friar was all for giving him the chance — but most wisely, in my opinion, the Bloody Baron put his foot down.”

The Bloody Baron was the Slytherin ghost, a gaunt and silent specter covered in silver bloodstains. He was the only person at Hogwarts who could really control Peeves.

“Yeah, we thought Peeves seemed hacked off about something,” said Ron darkly. “So what did he do in the kitchens?”

當然是皮維斯，”幾乎沒有頭的尼克說著，搖晃著他輕輕晃動的頭，“你知道常常為這些事情爭吵。他想參加大餐——哎呀，這完全不可能。你知道他那樣子，像個野蠻人，一看到食物就會亂扔。我們召開了一次幽靈會議——胖修士完全同意給他機會——但在我看來，最英明的是血腥男爵否決了這個提議。”血腥男爵是斯萊特林的鬼魂，一個憔悴、沉默而身上布滿銀色血跡的幽靈。在霍格沃茨，只有他能夠真正控制皮維斯。“是啊，我們覺得皮維斯對什麼事情感到生氣，”羅恩陰沉地說，“那他在

廚房裡幹了什麼？”

“Oh the usual,” said Nearly Headless Nick, shrugging. “Wreaked havoc and mayhem. Pots and pans everywhere. Place swimming in soup. Terrified the house-elves out of their wits —”

Clang.

Hermione had knocked over her golden goblet. Pumpkin juice spread steadily over the tablecloth, staining several feet of white linen orange, but Hermione paid no attention.

“There are house-elves *here*?” she said, staring, horror-struck, at Nearly Headless Nick. “Here at *Hogwarts*?”

“Certainly,” said Nearly Headless Nick, looking surprised at her reaction. “The largest number in any dwelling in Britain, I believe. Over a hundred.”

“I’ve never seen one!” said Hermione.

“Well, they hardly ever leave the kitchen by day, do they?” said Nearly Headless Nick. “They come out at night to do a bit of cleaning . . . see to the fires and so on . . . I mean, you’re not supposed to see them, are you? That’s the mark of a good house-elf, isn’t it, that you don’t know it’s there?”

「沒啥特別的，」快斷首騎士聳肩說。「繼續製造混亂和騷亂，到處都是鍋碗瓢盆。餐桌上充滿著湯，讓那些家內小精靈嚇傻了。」當當。赫敏打翻了她的金色酒杯。南瓜汁不斷地在桌布上流淌，把幾英尺的白色亞麻布染成了橙色，但赫敏卻毫不關心。「這裡有家內小精靈？」她驚恐地盯著快斷首騎士問道。「在霍格華茲？」」「當然有，」快斷首騎士驚訝地看著她的反應。「我相信在英國任何地方，家內小精靈的數量都最多了。有超過一百個。」「我從來沒見過！」赫敏說。「嗯，他們不會在白天離開廚房，對吧？」快斷首騎士說。「他們晚上才出來打掃一下，瞧瞧火源之類的。我的意思是，你不應該看到他們，對吧？這是家內小精靈好壞的標誌，你不知道它存在，對吧？」

Hermione stared at him.

“But they get *paid*?” she said. “They get *holidays*, don’t they? And — and sick leave, and pensions, and everything?”

Nearly Headless Nick chortled so much that his ruff slipped and his head flopped off, dangling on the inch or so of ghostly skin and muscle that still attached it to his neck.

“Sick leave and pensions?” he said, pushing his head back onto his shoulders and securing it once more with his ruff. “House-elves don’t want sick leave and pensions!”

Hermione looked down at her hardly touched plate of food, then put her knife and fork down upon it and pushed it away from her.

“Oh c’mon, ’Er-my-knee,” said Ron, accidentally spraying Harry with bits of Yorkshire pudding. “Oops — sorry, ’Arry —” He swallowed. “You won’t get them sick leave by starving yourself!”

赫敏凝視著他。「但是他們會拿薪水？」她說。「他們有假期，對吧？還有——病假、退休金，還有其他甚麼？」幾乎失腦漏切糠笑得五體投地，襟襦滑落頭顱，只有一小截幽靈般的皮肉連接著他的脖子。「病假和退休金？」他說，把頭套回原位，再次戴上襟襦以固定。「家內精靈不需要病假和退休金！」赫敏看著幾乎未動的盤子，把刀叉放在上面，再把它從她身邊推開。「得了吧，艾瑪呢，」羅恩說道，不小心噴了些約克郡布丁到哈利身上。「啊，對不起，哈利。」他嚥了口口水。「你不可能透過餓肚子為他們留下病假的。」

“Slave labor,” said Hermione, breathing hard through her nose. “That’s what made this dinner. *Slave labor.*”

And she refused to eat another bite.

The rain was still drumming heavily against the high, dark glass. Another clap of thunder shook the windows, and the stormy ceiling flashed, illuminating the golden plates as the remains of the first course vanished and were replaced, instantly, with puddings.

“Treacle tart, Hermione!” said Ron, deliberately wafting its smell toward her. “Spotted dick, look! Chocolate gateau!”

But Hermione gave him a look so reminiscent of Professor McGonagall that he gave up.

When the puddings too had been demolished, and the last crumbs had faded off the plates, leaving them sparkling clean, Albus Dumbledore got to his feet again. The buzz of chatter filling the Hall ceased almost at once, so that only the howling wind and pounding rain could be heard.

“做這頓晚餐的是奴隸勞工。”赫敏說著，從鼻子喘著粗氣，她拒絕再吃一口。雨仍然猛烈地敲打著高大的暗色玻璃，雷聲隆隆，暴風雨天花板一閃而過，金色的盤子隨即被替換，第一道菜的殘留物消失了，被布丁取代。“樹糖果撻，赫敏！”羅恩有意地向她搖晃著它的味道，“點心，看！巧克力蛋糕！”但是赫敏給了他一個非常像麥格教授的眼神，讓他放棄了。當布丁也被吃光了，最後一個碎屑從盤子上消失了，只留下閃閃發光的盤子，阿不思·鄧不利多再次站起來。大廳裡充滿了喧囂聲，幾乎立刻停止，只能聽到颳起的風聲和敲打窗戶的雨聲。

“So!” said Dumbledore, smiling around at them all. “Now that we are all fed and watered,” (“Hmph!” said Hermione) “I must once more ask for

your attention, while I give out a few notices.

“Mr. Filch, the caretaker, has asked me to tell you that the list of objects forbidden inside the castle has this year been extended to include Screaming Yo-yos, Fanged Frisbees, and Ever-Bashing Boomerangs. The full list comprises some four hundred and thirty-seven items, I believe, and can be viewed in Mr. Filch’s office, if anybody would like to check it.”

The corners of Dumbledore’s mouth twitched. He continued, “As ever, I would like to remind you all that the forest on the grounds is out-of-bounds to students, as is the village of Hogsmeade to all below third year.

“It is also my painful duty to inform you that the Inter-House Quidditch Cup will not take place this year.”

「那麼！」鄧布利多笑著看著眾人說道。「現在我們都吃飽喝足了。」（「哼！」赫敏咕噥道。）「我必須再次請求你們的注意，我要宣佈一下幾條通知。「看守人菲爾奇先生要我告訴大家，禁止進入城堡的物品列表今年已經擴展至包括尖叫溜溜球、犬牙飛盤和永遠戳人回力標。據我所知，完整的列表包括四百三十七項，如果有人想要查看，可以到菲爾奇先生的辦公室查看。」鄧布利多的嘴角扭曲了一下。他繼續說道：「我想再次提醒大家，校園上的森林對學生是禁止進入的，三年級以下的學生也不能進入霍格莫德村。「我也很遺憾地告訴你們，本年度的學院間魁地奇杯比賽將不會舉行。」

“What?” Harry gasped. He looked around at Fred and George, his fellow members of the Quidditch team. They were mouthing soundlessly at Dumbledore, apparently too appalled to speak. Dumbledore went on, “This is due to an event that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking up much of the teachers’ time and energy — but I am sure you will all enjoy it immensely. I have great pleasure in announcing that this year at Hogwarts —”

But at that moment, there was a deafening rumble of thunder and the doors of the Great Hall banged open.

A man stood in the doorway, leaning upon a long staff, shrouded in a black traveling cloak. Every head in the Great Hall swiveled toward the stranger, suddenly brightly illuminated by a fork of lightning that flashed across the ceiling. He lowered his hood, shook out a long mane of grizzled, dark gray hair, then began to walk up toward the teachers’ table.

“什麼？”哈利倒抽了一口氣。他看看弗雷德和喬治，他們是魁地奇隊的成員。他們向鄧布爾無聲地嘟囔著，顯然太驚訝了，不能說話。鄧布爾繼續說：“這是由於從十月開始，並持續整個學年，耗費了老師很多時間和精力的一個事件——但我相信你們都會非常喜歡它。我非常高興宣布，今年在霍格華茲——”但就在這時，一聲震耳欲聾的雷聲響起，大廳的門被砰地一聲打開了。一個男子站在門口，靠著一根長杖，身穿一件黑色的旅行斗篷。大廳裡的所有人都轉向陌生人，突然被一道閃電照亮。他放下帽子，搖了搖灰白色的長髮，然後開始走向老師們的桌子。

A dull *chunk* echoed through the Hall on his every other step. He reached the end of the top table, turned right, and limped heavily toward Dumbledore. Another flash of lightning crossed the ceiling. Hermione gasped.

The lightning had thrown the man’s face into sharp relief, and it was a face unlike any Harry had ever seen. It looked as though it had been carved out of weathered wood by someone who had only the vaguest idea of what human faces are supposed to look like, and was none too skilled with a chisel. Every inch of skin seemed to be scarred. The mouth looked like a diagonal gash, and a large chunk of the nose was missing. But it was the man’s eyes that made him frightening.

One of them was small, dark, and beady. The other was large, round as a coin, and a vivid, electric blue. The blue eye was moving ceaselessly, without blinking, and was rolling up, down, and from side to side, quite independently of the normal eye — and then it rolled right over, pointing into the back of the man’s head, so that all they could see was whiteness.

每走一步，就會傳出沉悶的撞擊聲回音。他走到高桌的另一頭，轉向右邊，跛著腳重重地向鄧布利多走去。天花板上又閃過一道閃電，赫敏驚呼出聲。閃電照亮那人的臉，把它呈現在大家面前。那張臉絕不同於哈利曾經見過的任何臉孔。它看上去像是被風化的木塊刻成，刻工匠不知道人類長相為何，技術也並不高超。每一寸皮膚看起來都被疤痕覆蓋。嘴巴像是斜割的傷口，鼻子有一塊很大的部位都不見了。但使他令人害怕的是眼睛。其中一隻眼睛又小又黑，像豆子一樣。另外一隻眼睛則大得像一枚硬幣，鮮明的電藍色。藍眼睛在不停地移動、眨都不眨一下，獨立於另一隻眼睛之外，轉上下左右，然後它猛然向上翻轉，轉到頭後面，讓大家只看到白色的眼球。

The stranger reached Dumbledore. He stretched out a hand that was as badly scarred as his face, and Dumbledore shook it, muttering words Harry couldn’t hear. He seemed to be making some inquiry of the stranger, who shook his head unsmilingly and replied in an undertone. Dumbledore nodded and gestured the man to the empty seat on his right-hand side.

The stranger sat down, shook his mane of dark gray hair out of his face, pulled a plate of sausages toward him, raised it to what was left of his nose, and sniffed it. He then took a small knife out of his pocket, speared a sausage on the end of it, and began to eat. His normal eye was fixed upon the sausages, but the blue eye was still darting restlessly around in its socket, taking in the Hall and the students.

陌生人走到鄧布利多面前。他伸出了一只跟他臉一樣嚴重疤痕的手，鄧布利多握了握，嘀咕了一些哈利聽不到的話。他似乎在向這個陌生人問問題，但那位陌生人面無表情地搖了搖頭，低聲回答了他。鄧布利多點了點頭，示意這個人坐到他右邊的空位上。陌生人坐下，甩了甩他那灰色鬃狀頭髮，把一盤香腸拉到自己面前，把它放到他那破碎的鼻子上聞了聞。然後他從口袋里掏出一把小刀，在叉子末端插了一根香腸，開始吃了起來。他的正常眼睛盯著香腸，但那只藍色的眼睛仍然不安地在眼窩裡不停地轉動，觀察位於飯廳中的學生們。

“May I introduce our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher?” said Dumbledore brightly into the silence. “Professor Moody.”

It was usual for new staff members to be greeted with applause, but none of the staff or students clapped except Dumbledore and Hagrid, who both put their hands together and applauded, but the sound echoed dismally into the silence, and they stopped fairly quickly. Everyone else seemed too transfixed by Moody's bizarre appearance to do more than stare at him.

“Moody?” Harry muttered to Ron. “*Mad-Eye Moody*? The one your dad went to help this morning?”

“Must be,” said Ron in a low, awed voice.

“What happened to him?” Hermione whispered. “What happened to his *face*?”

“Dunno,” Ron whispered back, watching Moody with fascination.

Moody seemed totally indifferent to his less-than-warm welcome. Ignoring the jug of pumpkin juice in front of him, he reached again into his traveling cloak, pulled out a hip flask, and took a long draught from it. As he lifted his arm to drink, his cloak was pulled a few inches from the ground, and Harry saw, below the table, several inches of carved wooden leg, ending in a clawed foot.

教授在沉默中說：“我可以介紹一下我們的新黑魔法防禦教授嗎？”穆迪教授。“那些新教職工通常會受到掌聲的歡迎，但除了鄧布利多和海格之外，沒有教職員或學生鼓掌，他們都掌起了手，但聲音在沉默中回蕩，很快停了下來。其他人似乎對穆迪的奇怪外表太過固定而不能做任何多於凝視他的事。”“穆迪？”哈利向羅恩嘀咕道，“瘋眼穆迪？你爸爸今天早晨去幫忙的那位？”“一定是，”羅恩低聲而肅穆地說。“他的臉怎麼了？”赫敏低聲說，“他的臉怎麼了？”“不知道，”羅恩低聲說，迷戀地看著穆迪。穆迪對自己受到的冷淡歡迎似乎完全不在意。他無視了桌前的南瓜汁瓶，再次伸手進去旅行披風裡，拿出一個臀部飲料瓶，從中將之飲了一大口。當他舉起手臂喝酒時，他的披風從地上拉了幾英寸，哈利看到了桌子下面幾英寸長的雕刻木腿，末端是一只有爪子的腳。

Dumbledore cleared his throat.

“As I was saying,” he said, smiling at the sea of students before him, all of whom were still gazing transfixed at Mad-Eye Moody, “we are to have the honor of hosting a very exciting event over the coming months, an event that has not been held for over a century. It is my very great pleasure to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place at Hogwarts this year.”

“You’re JOKING!” said Fred Weasley loudly.

The tension that had filled the Hall ever since Moody’s arrival suddenly broke. Nearly everyone laughed, and Dumbledore chuckled appreciatively.

“I am *not* joking, Mr. Weasley,” he said, “though now that you mention it, I did hear an excellent one over the summer about a troll, a hag, and a leprechaun who all go into a bar . . .”

鄧布利多清了清喉嚨。他微笑著看著眼前凝視著瘋眼穆迪的學生，並說：「正如我剛才所說，我們將在接下來的幾個月裡，舉辦一個非常激動人心的活動，這個活動已經有一個世紀沒有舉行了。非常榮幸地告訴大家，三巫鬥法大賽將在霍格華茲舉行。」「你在開玩笑吧！」弗雷德·衛斯理大聲說道。自從穆迪來臨以來，充滿大廳的緊張氣氛突然破了。幾乎每個人都笑了起來，鄧布利多也欣賞地笑了。「我沒有開玩笑，衛斯理先生，」他說，「不過既然你提到這個，我暑假時聽說過一個關於巨魔、女妖和妖精進入一家酒吧的笑話……」

Professor McGonagall cleared her throat loudly.

“Er — but maybe this is not the time . . . no . . .” said Dumbledore, “where was I? Ah yes, the Triwizard Tournament . . . well, some of you will not know what this tournament involves, so I hope those who *do* know will forgive me for giving a short explanation, and allow their attention to wander freely.

“The Triwizard Tournament was first established some seven hundred years ago as a friendly competition between the three largest European schools of wizardry: Hogwarts, Beauxbatons, and Durmstrang. A champion was selected to represent each school, and the three champions competed in three magical tasks. The schools took it in turns to host the tournament once every five years, and it was generally agreed to be a most excellent way of establishing ties between young witches and wizards of different nationalities — until, that is, the death toll mounted so high that the tournament was discontinued.”

麥格教授清了清喉嚨。「呃——但可能現在不是合適的時候...不...」鄧布利多說,“我話說到哪兒了？啊，對了，三強魔法大賽.....有些人可能不知道這個大賽是幹什麼的，我希望那些知道的人原諒我做簡短的介紹，讓他們的注意力自由遊走。「三強魔法大賽於七百年前首次成立，是三所歐洲最大的魔法學校之間的友好比賽：霍格華茲、波巴頓和德姆斯特蘭。三強分別選擇一名代表參賽，並在三次魔法任務中競爭。這三所學校輪流主辦大賽，每五年舉辦一次，人們普遍認為這是一種建立不同國籍年輕女巫和男巫之間關係的極好方式——直到，死亡人數上升到了無法承受的高度，大賽才被取消。」

“*Death toll?*” Hermione whispered, looking alarmed. But her anxiety did not seem to be shared by the majority of students in the Hall; many of them were whispering excitedly to one another, and Harry himself was far more interested in hearing about the tournament than in worrying about deaths that had happened hundreds of years ago.

“There have been several attempts over the centuries to reinstate the tournament,” Dumbledore continued, “none of which has been very successful. However, our own Departments of International Magical Cooperation and Magical Games and Sports have decided the time is ripe for another attempt. We have worked hard over the summer to ensure that this time, no champion will find himself or herself in mortal danger.

“The Heads of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving with their shortlisted contenders in October, and the selection of the three champions will take place at Halloween. An impartial judge will decide which students are most worthy to compete for the Triwizard Cup, the glory of their school, and a thousand Galleons personal prize money.”

「死亡人數？」赫敏小聲問道，看起來很驚慌。但大多數學生似乎沒有分享她的焦慮；許多人在悄聲興奮地交談著，而哈利本人對聽到有關比賽的消息更感興趣，而不是擔心發生在數百年前的死亡事件。「幾個世紀以來，一直有幾次重啟比賽的嘗試，」鄧布利多繼續說道。「但這些嘗試都沒有取得多大的成功。然而，我們的國際魔法合作和魔法遊戲及體育部門決定時機成熟，再做一次嘗試。我們在暑假期間努力工作，確保這次沒有任何冠軍會面臨致命危險。」波巴松學院和杜姆斯特朗學院的校長們將會帶著他們的候選人在十月份到達，而選出三名冠軍的工作將在萬聖節舉行。一位公正的裁判將決定哪些學生最有資格參加三強盃比賽，贏得學校的榮耀和一千加隆的獎金。

“I’m going for it!” Fred Weasley hissed down the table, his face lit with enthusiasm at the prospect of such glory and riches. He was not the only person who seemed to be visualizing himself as the Hogwarts champion. At every House table, Harry could see people either gazing raptly at Dumbledore, or else whispering fervently to their neighbors. But then Dumbledore spoke again, and the Hall quieted once more.

“Eager though I know all of you will be to bring the Triwizard Cup to Hogwarts,” he said, “the Heads of the participating schools, along with the Ministry of Magic, have agreed to impose an age restriction on contenders this year. Only students who are of age — that is to say, seventeen years or older — will be allowed to put forward their names for consideration. This” — Dumbledore raised his voice slightly, for several people had made noises of outrage at these words, and the Weasley twins were suddenly looking furious — “is a measure we feel is necessary, given that the tournament tasks will still be difficult and dangerous, whatever precautions we take, and it is highly unlikely that students below sixth and seventh year will be able to cope with them. I will personally be ensuring that no underage student hoodwinks our impartial judge into making them Hogwarts champion.” His light blue eyes twinkled as they flickered over Fred’s and George’s mutinous faces. “I therefore beg you not to waste your time submitting yourself if you are under seventeen.

「我要參加！」弗雷德·韋斯萊在桌旁嘶喊，熱情洋溢地想像著取得這樣的榮耀和財富。他並不是唯一一個似乎把自己想像為霍格華茲冠軍的人。哈利可以看到在每個學院的桌子前，都有人或者全神貫注地凝視著鄧布利多，或者在與鄰桌密謀。但是接著，鄧布利多又開口了，大廳又一次變得安靜了起來。「我知道你們都十分渴望把三強盃帶回霍格華茲。」他說道：「但是，參賽學校的校長以及魔法部都已經同意對今年的參賽者設定年齡限制。只有那些到了法定年齡——也就是十七歲或者以上的學生——才能提交他們的名字參賽。」這時，鄧布利多的聲音揚起來，因為有幾個人對這些話表示了憤怒，而韋斯萊兄弟也突然變得很生氣：「我們認為設定這樣的限制是有必要的，因為無論我們採取了多少預防措施，比賽的任務都仍然是困難而危險的，而六年級和七年級以下的學生幾乎不可能應對得來。我將親自確保沒有未成年的學生欺騙公正的評審，成為霍格華茲的冠軍。」他的淺藍色眼眸在弗雷德和喬治的反抗臉龐上閃爍著。「因此，如果你未滿十七歲，請不要浪費時間提交申請書。」

“The delegations from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving in October and remaining with us for the greater part of this year. I know that you will all extend every courtesy to our foreign guests while they are with us, and will give your whole-hearted support to the Hogwarts champion when he or she is selected. And now, it is late, and I know how important it is to you all to be alert and rested as you enter your lessons tomorrow morning. Bedtime! Chop chop!”

Dumbledore sat down again and turned to talk to Mad-Eye Moody. There was a great scraping and banging as all the students got to their feet and swarmed toward the double doors into the entrance hall.

“They can’t do that!” said George Weasley, who had not joined the crowd moving toward the door, but was standing up and glaring at Dumbledore. “We’re seventeen in April, why can’t we have a shot?”

「Beauxbatons和Durmstrang代表團將於十月抵達並與我們同住大部分的這一年。我相信當他們和我們在一起時，你們將會給予所有的禮遇和支持霍格華茲的冠軍選手。現在，時間已晚，明天早上進入課堂時你們都要注意精神和休息狀況。該上床了！跳跳跳！」鄧布利多再次坐下並轉向瑪德·艾-穆迪談話。同學們都站起身來，爭先恐後地向通向入口大廳的雙扇門湧去，發出一陣巨大的刮刮聲。「他們不能這樣做！」喬治·韋斯萊說道，他並沒有加入向門口移動的人群，但站起來盯著鄧布利多發怒。「我們今年四月就滿十七歲了，為什麼我們沒有機會？」

“They’re not stopping me entering,” said Fred stubbornly, also scowling at the top table. “The champions’ll get to do all sorts of stuff you’d never be allowed to do normally. And a thousand Galleons prize money!”

“Yeah,” said Ron, a faraway look on his face. “Yeah, a thousand Galleons . . .”

“Come on,” said Hermione, “we’ll be the only ones left here if you don’t move.”

Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred, and George set off for the entrance hall, Fred and George debating the ways in which Dumbledore might stop those who were under seventeen from entering the tournament.

“Who’s this impartial judge who’s going to decide who the champions are?” said Harry.

“Dunno,” said Fred, “but it’s them we’ll have to fool. I reckon a couple of drops of Aging Potion might do it, George. . . .”

「他們沒有阻止我進去，」費德頑固地說，也向上面的桌子皺眉。「冠軍們能做所有你通常不允許做的事。而且有千加隆的獎金！」「對啊，」羅恩的臉上露出遙遠的神情。「對啊，有千加隆...」「來吧，」赫敏說道：「如果你們不動的話，這裡就只剩下我們了。」哈利、羅恩、赫敏、費德和喬治向入口大廳出發，費德和喬治討論鄧布利多可能如何阻止未滿十七歲的人進入比賽。「誰是這個公正的評委，將決定冠軍？」哈利問。「不知道，」費德說：「但是我們得欺騙他們。我想幾滴老化

藥水就可以了，喬治...」

“Dumbledore knows you’re not of age, though,” said Ron.

“Yeah, but he’s not the one who decides who the champion is, is he?” said Fred shrewdly. “Sounds to me like once this judge knows who wants to enter, he’ll choose the best from each school and never mind how old they are. Dumbledore’s trying to stop us giving our names.”

“People have died, though!” said Hermione in a worried voice as they walked through a door concealed behind a tapestry and started up another, narrower staircase.

“Yeah,” said Fred airily, “but that was years ago, wasn’t it? Anyway, where’s the fun without a bit of risk? Hey, Ron, what if we find out how to get ’round Dumbledore? Fancy entering?”

“What d’you reckon?” Ron asked Harry. “Be cool to enter, wouldn’t it? But I s’pose they might want someone older. . . . Dunno if we’ve learned enough. . . .”

“邓布利多知道你们还没有成年，”罗恩说。“是啊，但他不是决定冠军的人，是吧？”弗雷德精明地说道。“听起来，一旦这位评判员知道谁想参赛，他就会从每个学校中选出最好的，不在乎他们年龄多大。邓布利多试图阻止我们透露自己的名字。”“但是人们已经死了！”赫敏担心地说，当他们走过一扇藏在挂毯后面的门，开始爬上另一个更狭窄的楼梯时。“是啊，”弗雷德漫不经心地说，“但那是多年前的事了，不是吗？反正，没有一点冒险怎么好玩呢？嘿，罗恩，如果我们找到方法绕过邓布利多，参赛怎么样？”“你怎么想？”罗恩问哈利。“参赛很酷，对吧？但我想他们可能希望找到一个更年长的人。...不知道我们有没有学到足够的知识.....”

“I definitely haven’t,” came Neville’s gloomy voice from behind Fred and George.

“I expect my gran’d want me to try, though. She’s always going on about how I should be upholding the family honor. I’ll just have to—oops. . . .”

Neville’s foot had sunk right through a step halfway up the staircase. There were many of these trick stairs at Hogwarts; it was second nature to most of the older students to jump this particular step, but Neville’s memory was notoriously poor. Harry and Ron seized him under the armpits and pulled him out, while a suit of armor at the top of the stairs creaked and clanked, laughing wheezily.

“Shut it, you,” said Ron, banging down its visor as they passed.

They made their way up to the entrance to Gryffindor Tower, which was concealed behind a large portrait of a fat lady in a pink silk dress.

「我絕對沒有，」傑出的佛雷德和喬治背後傳來尼維爾憂鬱的聲音。 「但我奶奶肯定要我試試看。她一直都在說我應該為家族的榮譽而戰。我只能.....哎呀.....」尼維爾的腳穿過了樓梯中途的一個臺階。霍格沃茨有很多這樣的詭計樓梯；對大多數老學生來說，跳過這個特定的臺階是司空見慣的，但尼維爾的記憶極其貧弱。哈利和羅恩抓住他的腋下，把他拉了出來，而樓梯頂部的一套盔甲發出嘎吱嘎吱的聲音，喘息著大笑。「閉嘴，你這個家夥，」羅恩說著，敲下了它的面甲，他們路過時。他們向格蘭芬多塔的入口走去，這個入口被一個穿著粉紅色絲質連衣裙的胖女人的大畫像所掩蓋。

“Password?” she said as they approached.

“Balderdash,” said George, “a prefect downstairs told me.”

The portrait swung forward to reveal a hole in the wall through which they all climbed. A crackling fire warmed the circular common room, which was full of squashy armchairs and tables. Hermione cast the merrily dancing flames a dark look, and Harry distinctly heard her mutter ‘*Slave labor*,’ before bidding them good night and disappearing through the doorway to the girls’ dormitory.

Harry, Ron, and Neville climbed up the last, spiral staircase until they reached their own dormitory, which was situated at the top of the tower. Five four-poster beds with deep crimson hangings stood against the walls, each with its owner’s trunk at the foot. Dean and Seamus were already getting into bed; Seamus had pinned his Ireland rosette to his headboard, and Dean had tacked up a poster of Viktor Krum over his bedside table. His old poster of the West Ham football team was pinned right next to it.

當他們走近時，她說：“密碼？”“胡言亂語，”喬治說，“一個監督下樓告訴我的。”肖像畫向前搖擺，顯示出牆上的一個洞，他們都攀爬了進去。一股熊熊火焰讓圓形的公共休息室變得溫暖舒適，裡面擺滿了軟墊沙發和桌子。赫敏看著火焰愉快地跳舞，還發了一聲暗罵，“奴隸勞動”，然後跟他們道晚安，消失在女宿舍的門口。哈利、羅恩和納威魯爬上最後一段螺旋樓梯，來到他們自己的宿舍，這個宿舍位於塔的頂部。五張深紅色幔子的四柱床靠著牆，每張床腳下都有著它的主人的箱子。迪安和席維斯已經在上床睡覺了；席維斯把他的愛爾蘭織花章釘在了床頭板上，而迪安則在床頭櫃上掛了維克多·克拉姆的海報。他以前的西漢姆足球隊海報就掛在旁邊。

“Mental,” Ron sighed, shaking his head at the completely stationary soccer players.

Harry, Ron, and Neville got into their pajamas and into bed. Someone — a house-elf, no doubt — had placed warming pans between the sheets. It was extremely comfortable, lying there in bed and listening to the storm raging outside.

“I might go in for it, you know,” Ron said sleepily through the darkness, “if Fred and George find out how to . . . the tournament . . . you never know, do you?”

“S’pose not. . .”

Harry rolled over in bed, a series of dazzling new pictures forming in his mind’s eye. . . . He had hoodwinked the impartial judge into believing he was seventeen. . . . he had become Hogwarts champion. . . . he was standing on the grounds, his arms raised in triumph in front of the whole school, all of whom were applauding and screaming. . . . he had just won the Triwizard Tournament. . . . Cho’s face stood out particularly clearly in the blurred crowd, her face glowing with admiration. . . .

羅恩嘆了口氣，看著那些完全靜止的足球選手搖了搖頭。哈利、羅恩和尼維爾換上睡衣上床。家內的小精靈無疑已經在床單間放了溫暖的餡飽。躺在床上，聽著外面風暴肆虐，感覺非常舒適。「如果弗雷德和喬治知道. . . .我可能會參加那場比賽。」羅恩躺在床上困意漸起地說。「你永遠不知道，對吧？」「是啊. . . .」哈利在床上翻了個身，腦海中浮現出一系列令人驚艷的新畫面. . . .他成功地蒙騙了公正的評委，讓他相信自己已經十七歲. . . .他成為了霍格沃茨的冠軍. . . .他站在霍格沃茨的操场上，兩臂高舉，整個學校的人都在為他鼓掌吶喊. . . .他贏得了三巨头锦标赛. . . .在那一片朦胧的人群中，最為明顯的是楚？她滿臉崇拜地看著他. . . .

Harry grinned into his pillow, exceptionally glad that Ron couldn’t see what he could.

哈利對著枕頭露出了微笑，他感到格外高興，因為羅恩看不到他所看到的東西。



MAD-EYE MOODY

The storm had blown itself out by the following morning, though the ceiling in the Great Hall was still gloomy; heavy clouds of pewter gray swirled overhead as Harry, Ron, and Hermione examined their new course schedules at breakfast. A few seats along, Fred, George, and Lee Jordan were discussing magical methods of aging themselves and bluffing their way into the Triwizard Tournament.

“Today’s not bad . . . outside all morning,” said Ron, who was running his finger down his schedule. “Herbology with the Hufflepuffs and Care of Magical Creatures . . . damn it, we’re still with the Slytherins. . . .”

“Double Divination this afternoon,” Harry groaned, looking down. Divination was his least favorite subject, apart from Potions. Professor Trelawney kept predicting Harry’s death, which he found extremely annoying.

暴風雨在隔天早上已經平息，但是大廳的天花板仍然滿是陰沉沉的。當哈利、羅恩和妙麗在早餐時檢查他們的新課程表時，沉重的斑鳩灰色云彩在他們頭頂上盤旋。幾個座位外，弗雷德、喬治和李·喬登正在討論魔法老化技巧和如何虛張聲勢進入三巨頭魔法比賽。「今天還不錯.....整個上午都可以在外面」，羅恩看著他的課程表說。「與赫夫帕夫人一起上草藥學和魔法生物飼養.....該死，我們還是和史萊哲林一起。.....」「今天下午是兩節預言課」，哈利低聲抱怨著。「除了魔藥學，這是我最不喜歡的科目。特利教授總是預測我的死亡，這真的很煩人。」

“You should have given it up like me, shouldn’t you?” said Hermione briskly, buttering herself some toast. “Then you’d be doing something sensible like Arithmancy.”

“You’re eating again, I notice,” said Ron, watching Hermione adding liberal amounts of jam to her toast too.

“I’ve decided there are better ways of making a stand about elf rights,” said Hermione haughtily.

“Yeah . . . and you were hungry,” said Ron, grinning.

There was a sudden rustling noise above them, and a hundred owls came soaring through the open windows carrying the morning mail. Instinctively, Harry looked up, but there was no sign of white among the mass of brown and gray. The owls circled the tables, looking for the people to whom their letters and packages were addressed. A large tawny owl soared down to Neville Longbottom and deposited a parcel into his lap — Neville almost always forgot to pack something. On the other side of the Hall Draco Malfoy’s eagle owl had landed on his shoulder, carrying what looked like his usual supply of sweets and cakes from home. Trying to ignore the sinking feeling of disappointment in his stomach, Harry returned to his porridge. Was it possible that something had happened to Hedwig, and that Sirius hadn’t even got his letter?

“你應該像我一樣放棄魁地奇，對吧？”赫敏切揚地說，一邊給自己抹上奶油多士。“這樣你就能做些明智的算術了。”“我發現你又開始吃東西了，”羅恩說著，看著赫敏慷慨地往多士上抹果醬。“我已經決定有更好的方式為小精靈的權益發聲了，”赫敏驕傲地說。“是啊...而且你又餓了，”羅恩咧嘴笑著。突然，他們頭頂上傳來急促的聲響，一百隻貓頭鷹從敞開的窗戶中翱翔而進，攜帶著早晨的信件。哈利本能地抬頭望去，但在大量棕色和灰色中沒有看到白色的影子。貓頭鷹圍繞著桌子飛舞，尋找信封和包裹收件人。一只大型的赤褐色貓頭鷹飛到尼維爾·朗底的身邊，在他膝上交付了一個包裹——尼維爾幾乎總是會忘記帶一些東西。在大廳另一邊，德拉科·馬爾福的鷹頭貓咪降落在他肩上，攜帶著看起來像是來自家裡的糖果和蛋糕。嘗試無視胃裡的失望感，哈利回到了他的燕麥粥。是不是發生了甚麼事情，海德薇出了甚麼問題，小天狼星連信都沒收到？

His preoccupation lasted all the way across the sodden vegetable patch until they arrived in greenhouse three, but here he was distracted by Professor Sprout showing the class the ugliest plants Harry had ever seen. Indeed, they looked less like plants than thick, black, giant slugs, protruding vertically out of the soil. Each was squirming slightly and had a number of large, shiny swellings upon it, which appeared to be full of liquid.

“Bubotubers,” Professor Sprout told them briskly. “They need squeezing. You will collect the pus —”

“The *what*?” said Seamus Finnigan, sounding revolted.

“Pus, Finnigan, pus,” said Professor Sprout, “and it’s extremely valuable, so don’t waste it. You will collect the pus, I say, in these bottles. Wear

your dragon-hide gloves; it can do funny things to the skin when undiluted, bubotuber pus."

他一路走到溼漉漉的菜園，心煩意亂一直持續到他們到達了溫室三，但這裡，他被Sprout教授展示的是哈利曾經見過的最醜的植物所吸引了。它們看起來更像是從土壤中垂直突出的厚厚的黑色巨型獸蛤蝓，而不是植物。每個都稍微扭動了一下，而且有很多大而亮的腫塊，似乎充滿了液體。“這是泡泡桶根，”Sprout教授迅速告訴他們。“需要擠壓。你們將收集膿——”“什麼？”西蒙·芬尼根噁心地說。“膿，芬尼根，膿，”Sprout教授說，“它非常有價值，所以不要浪費它。我說你們要收集膿，在這些瓶子中。戴上你們的龍皮手套；未稀釋的泡泡桶根汁液對皮膚可能會造成奇怪的影響。”

Squeezing the bubotubers was disgusting, but oddly satisfying. As each swelling was popped, a large amount of thick yellowish-green liquid burst forth, which smelled strongly of petrol. They caught it in the bottles as Professor Sprout had indicated, and by the end of the lesson had collected several pints.

"This'll keep Madam Pomfrey happy," said Professor Sprout, stoppering the last bottle with a cork. "An excellent remedy for the more stubborn forms of acne, bubotuber pus. Should stop students resorting to desperate measures to rid themselves of pimples."

"Like poor Eloise Midgen," said Hannah Abbott, a Hufflepuff, in a hushed voice. "She tried to curse hers off."

"Silly girl," said Professor Sprout, shaking her head. "But Madam Pomfrey fixed her nose back on in the end."

擠Bubotuber很噁心，但是有一種奇怪的滿足感。每次擠壓時，會噴出大量厚厚的黃綠色液體，散發著強烈的汽油味。依照斯普勞特教授所指示的，他們將它們收集在瓶子中，在課程結束時已經收集了幾品脫。“這可以讓波姆弗雷女士高興起來，”斯普勞特教授用一個軟木塞關上最後一個瓶子說。“對於那些比較頑固的痤瘡，Bubotuber膿是一種極好的治療方法。應該可以防止學生採取不必要的措施來擺脫粉刺。”“像可憐的伊洛伊茲·米奇一樣，”哈娜·阿伯特低聲說道，她是一個赫夫帕夫的學生。“她試圖詛咒掉她的痘痘。”“愚蠢的女孩”斯普勞特教授搖著頭說：“不過波姆弗雷女士最終還是治好了她的鼻子。”

A booming bell echoed from the castle across the wet grounds, signaling the end of the lesson, and the class separated; the Hufflepuffs climbing the stone steps for Transfiguration, and the Gryffindors heading in the other direction, down the sloping lawn toward Hagrid's small wooden cabin, which stood on the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

Hagrid was standing outside his hut, one hand on the collar of his enormous black boarhound, Fang. There were several open wooden crates on the ground at his feet, and Fang was whimpering and straining at his collar, apparently keen to investigate the contents more closely. As they drew nearer, an odd rattling noise reached their ears, punctuated by what sounded like minor explosions.

"Mornin'!" Hagrid said, grinning at Harry, Ron, and Hermione. "Be'er wait fer the Slytherins, they won' want ter miss this — Blast-Ended Skrewts!"

一聲悠遠的鐘聲從潮濕的地面上跟城堡傳出，標誌著課程的結束，班上的學生分頭行動；Hufflepuff的學生爬上石階學習變形術，Gryffindor的學生則向另一個方向前進，沿著傾斜的草坪走向Hagrid的小木屋，該小木屋位於被禁止進入的森林邊緣。Hagrid站在他的小屋外，一只手握著他巨大的黑豬獵犬Fang的頸圈。他的腳邊有幾個打開的木箱，Fang四處嗅探著，顯然熱衷於更仔細地調查其中的內容。當他們走近時，奇怪的格格聲和似乎是小爆炸的聲音傳入他們的耳朵。「早哇！」Hagrid對哈利、羅恩和赫敏露出了笑容。「最好等等 Slytherins，他們不會想錯過這個——爆尾蠍！」

"Come again?" said Ron.

Hagrid pointed down into the crates.

"Eurgh!" squealed Lavender Brown, jumping backward.

"Eurgh" just about summed up the Blast-Ended Skrewts in Harry's opinion. They looked like deformed, shell-less lobsters, horribly pale and slimy-looking, with legs sticking out in very odd places and no visible heads. There were about a hundred of them in each crate, each about six inches long, crawling over one another, bumping blindly into the sides of the boxes. They were giving off a very powerful smell of rotting fish. Every now and then, sparks would fly out of the end of a skrewt, and with a small *phut*, it would be propelled forward several inches.

"On'y jus' hatched," said Hagrid proudly, "so yeh'll be able ter raise 'em yerselves! Thought we'd make a bit of a project of it!"

“咦？”罗恩问道。海格指着箱子。“呀！”拉文德·布朗尖叫着向后跳。在哈利看来，“呀”差不多是对爆尾斯克鲁茨的总结。它们看起来像是变形的、没有壳的龙虾，皮肤惨白而滑溜溜的，腿奇怪地长在了各种奇怪的地方，看不出来有头部。每个箱子里大约有一百只，每只约六英寸长，在彼此爬行，盲目地碰到箱子的侧面。它们散发着非常强烈的腐烂鱼的味道。偶尔，火花会从斯克鲁茨的尾部飞出来，伴随着咕嘟一声，它就会被推进数英寸。“刚刚孵化出来，”海格骄傲地说，“所以你们可以亲手抚养它们！我想这会是一个很有趣的项目！”

"And why would we *want* to raise them?" said a cold voice.

The Slytherins had arrived. The speaker was Draco Malfoy. Crabbe and Goyle were chuckling appreciatively at his words.

Hagrid looked stumped at the question.

"I mean, what do they *do*?" asked Malfoy. "What is the *point* of them?"

Hagrid opened his mouth, apparently thinking hard; there was a few seconds' pause, then he said roughly, "Tha's next lesson, Malfoy. Yer jus' feedin' 'em today. Now, yeh'll wan' ter try 'em on a few diff'rent things — I've never had 'em before, not sure what they'll go fer — I got ant eggs an' frog livers an' a bit o' grass snake — just try 'em out with a bit of each."

"First pus and now this," muttered Seamus.

Nothing but deep affection for Hagrid could have made Harry, Ron, and Hermione pick up squelchy handfuls of frog liver and lower them into the crates to tempt the Blast-Ended Skrewts. Harry couldn't suppress the suspicion that the whole thing was entirely pointless, because the skrewts didn't seem to have mouths.

"我們為什麼想要養它們呢？"一個冷酷的聲音說。斯萊特林家族到了。說話的人是德拉科·馬爾福。克拉布和高爾對他的話感到欣賞，並發出了嘲笑聲。海格對這個問題感到困惑。"我的意思是，它們有什麼用？"馬爾福問道。"它們的目的是什麼？"海格張開嘴，顯然在努力思考；過了幾秒鐘的時間，然後他粗略地說：'那是下一課，馬爾福。今天你只需餵它們食物。現在，你需要試試幾種不同的食物——我從來沒有養過它們，不知道它們喜歡什麼——我有螞蟻蛋和青蛙肝和一點草蛇——只需要每種食物試試就好。'"先是膿，現在又是這個，"西莫斯嘟囔道。只有對海格懷有深厚感情的哈利，羅恩和赫敏才會舉起泥泞的青蛙肝，把它們放進籠子裡引誘爆裂斯克魯特。哈利無法壓制自己的懷疑，認為整件事情完全沒有意義，因為斯克魯特似乎沒有嘴。

"Ouch!" yelled Dean Thomas after about ten minutes. "It got me!"

Hagrid hurried over to him, looking anxious.

"Its end exploded!" said Dean angrily, showing Hagrid a burn on his hand.

"Ah, yeah, that can happen when they blast off," said Hagrid, nodding.

"Eurgh!" said Lavender Brown again. "Eurgh, Hagrid, what's that pointy thing on it?"

"Ah, some of 'em have got stings," said Hagrid enthusiastically (Lavender quickly withdrew her hand from the box). "I reckon they're the males. . . . The females've got sorta sucker things on their bellies. . . . I think they might be ter suck blood."

"Well, I can certainly see why we're trying to keep them alive," said Malfoy sarcastically. "Who wouldn't want pets that can burn, sting, and bite all at once?"

"Just because they're not very pretty, it doesn't mean they're not useful," Hermione snapped. "Dragon blood's amazingly magical, but you wouldn't want a dragon for a pet, would you?"

「哎喲！」十分鐘後，迪恩·托馬斯大聲叫道。「它咬到我了！」海格匆匆走過去，神情焦急。「它的尾端爆炸了！」迪恩生氣地說，給海格看他手上的一個燒傷。「啊，射出時這種事情很常見。」海格點頭說。「噁心！」拉文德·布朗再次說道。「噁心，海格，它身上那尖銳的東西是什麼？」「啊，一些會長蟲針。」海格熱情地說道（拉文德迅速從盒子裡收回手來）。「我想這是公蟲。雌蟲的腹部有些吸盤狀的東西……我想它們也許是吸血的。」「好吧，我當然知道為什麼我們要把牠們留下來。」馬福揶揄地說道。「誰不想要一些可以燒傷、蟄傷和咬人一氣呵成的寵物呢？」「只是因為牠們不太漂亮，並不意味著牠們沒有用處。」赫敏厲聲說道。「龍血非常神奇，但你不可能把龍當作寵物，對吧？」

Harry and Ron grinned at Hagrid, who gave them a furtive smile from behind his bushy beard. Hagrid would have liked nothing better than a pet dragon, as Harry, Ron, and Hermione knew only too well — he had owned one for a brief period during their first year, a vicious Norwegian Ridgeback by the name of Norbert. Hagrid simply loved monstrous creatures, the more lethal, the better.

"Well, at least the skrewts are small," said Ron as they made their way back up to the castle for lunch an hour later.

"They are *now*," said Hermione in an exasperated voice, "but once Hagrid's found out what they eat, I expect they'll be six feet long."

"Well, that won't matter if they turn out to cure seasickness or something, will it?" said Ron, grinning slyly at her.

"You know perfectly well I only said that to shut Malfoy up," said Hermione. "As a matter of fact I think he's right. The best thing to do would be to stamp on the lot of them before they start attacking us all."

哈利和羅恩滿臉笑容地望著海格，海格從他叢生的鬍子後面朝他們偷偷笑了一下。海格最想擁有一隻寵物龍，哈利、羅恩和赫敏太了解了——在他們的第一年裡，他曾經擁有過一隻狂暴的挪威脊背龍，名叫諾伯特。海格就是熱愛這種怪獸，越兇猛越好。一個小時後，他們回到城堡吃午飯，羅恩說："至少這些曲柄蟲很小。""現在是這樣，"赫敏用一種煩惱的口氣說道，"但是一旦海格弄清楚他們吃什麼，我想他們會長到六英尺長。""這沒關係，如果它們能治好暈船什麼的，對吧？"羅恩狡猾地對她笑着說。"你很清楚我只是這麼說是為了閉上馬爾福的嘴，"赫敏說，"事實上我認為他是對的。最好的辦法是在它們開始攻擊我們之前全部踩死。"

They sat down at the Gryffindor table and helped themselves to lamb chops and potatoes. Hermione began to eat so fast that Harry and Ron stared at her.

"Er — is this the new stand on elf rights?" said Ron. "You're going to make yourself puke instead?"

“No,” said Hermione, with as much dignity as she could muster with her mouth bulging with sprouts. “I just want to get to the library.”

“What?” said Ron in disbelief. “Hermione — it’s the first day back! We haven’t even got homework yet!”

Hermione shrugged and continued to shovel down her food as though she had not eaten for days. Then she leapt to her feet, said, “See you at dinner!” and departed at high speed.

When the bell rang to signal the start of afternoon lessons, Harry and Ron set off for North Tower where, at the top of a tightly spiraling staircase, a silver stepladder led to a circular trapdoor in the ceiling, and the room where Professor Trelawney lived.

他們坐在格蘭芬多桌旁，自己來了羊排和馬鈴薯。赫敏開始吃得如此之快，以至於哈利和羅恩都盯著她看。「呃——這是對精靈權利的新態度嗎？」羅恩說。「你要吃成嘔吐嗎？」「不，」赫敏說，她的嘴裡塞滿了豆子，盡可能地保持尊嚴。「我只是想去圖書館。」「什麼？」羅恩不敢相信地說。「赫敏——我們才剛開學！我們還沒有功課呢！」赫敏聳了聳肩，繼續狼吞虎嚥地吃著，好像好幾天沒有吃過一樣。然後她跳起身來，說：「晚飯見！」然後飛快地離開。當下午課開始的時候，哈利和羅恩前往北塔，在一個緊密螺旋的樓梯頂部，一個銀色的梯子通向天花板上的一個圓形活板門，以及特雷拉尼教授住的房間。

The familiar sweet perfume spreading from the fire met their nostrils as they emerged at the top of the stepladder. As ever, the curtains were all closed; the circular room was bathed in a dim reddish light cast by the many lamps, which were all draped with scarves and shawls. Harry and Ron walked through the mass of occupied chintz chairs and poufs that cluttered the room, and sat down at the same small circular table.

“Good day,” said the misty voice of Professor Trelawney right behind Harry, making him jump.

A very thin woman with enormous glasses that made her eyes appear far too large for her face, Professor Trelawney was peering down at Harry with the tragic expression she always wore whenever she saw him. The usual large amount of beads, chains, and bangles glittered upon her person in the firelight.

當他們爬上梯階到達頂端時，熟悉的甜香味從火中散開，抵達他們的鼻腔。像往常一樣，窗簾都關上了；圓形房間被許多燈籠照亮，投射出微弱的紅色光線，所有燈籠上都掛著圍巾和披肩。哈利和朗走過擁擠的花邊椅和蒲團，坐在同一個小圓桌旁。“好的，”特里勞妮教授霧氣般的聲音從哈利身後傳來，嚇了他一跳。特里勞妮教授是一位非常苗條的女人，戴著巨大的眼鏡，讓她的眼睛看起來遠遠超過了她的臉。她一如既往地用悲慘的表情凝視著哈利，身上的珠子、鏈子和手鐲在火光中閃爍。

“You are preoccupied, my dear,” she said mournfully to Harry. “My inner eye sees past your brave face to the troubled soul within. And I regret to say that your worries are not baseless. I see difficult times ahead for you, alas . . . most difficult . . . I fear the thing you dread will indeed come to pass . . . and perhaps sooner than you think. . . .”

Her voice dropped almost to a whisper. Ron rolled his eyes at Harry, who looked stonily back. Professor Trelawney swept past them and seated herself in a large winged armchair before the fire, facing the class. Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil, who deeply admired Professor Trelawney, were sitting on poufs very close to her.

“My dears, it is time for us to consider the stars,” she said. “The movements of the planets and the mysterious portents they reveal only to those who understand the steps of the celestial dance. Human destiny may be deciphered by the planetary rays, which intermingle . . .”

「你心煩意亂了，親愛的。」特雷拉娜悲傷地對哈利說：「我的心眼看穿了你勇敢面具下的煩憂靈魂。不幸的是，你的擔心是有根有據的。我看到了你面臨著艱難的時刻，非常艱難.....恐怕你所擔心的事情確實會發生.....或許比你想象的還要快.....」她的聲音幾乎變成了耳語。羅恩瞪了哈利一眼，而哈利則一臉木然。特雷拉娜教授走過他們，坐在大型綴有翼扶手的壁爐椅上，面對全班。十分敬佩特雷拉娜教授的拉文德·布朗和帕瓦蒂·帕提爾坐在她旁邊的小墊子上。「親愛的孩子們，現在是我們考慮星象的時候了。」她說：「行星運動和它們揭示的神秘徵兆，只有懂得天上舞蹈知道它們含義的人才能看得見。人類的命運可以透過星體的光芒來揭示.....」

But Harry’s thoughts had drifted. The perfumed fire always made him feel sleepy and dull-witted, and Professor Trelawney’s rambling talks on fortune-telling never held him exactly spellbound — though he couldn’t help thinking about what she had just said to him. “*I fear the thing you dread will indeed come to pass . . .*”

But Hermione was right, Harry thought irritably, Professor Trelawney really was an old fraud. He wasn’t dreading anything at the moment at all . . . well, unless you counted his fears that Sirius had been caught . . . but what did Professor Trelawney know? He had long since come to the conclusion that her brand of fortune-telling was really no more than lucky guesswork and a spooky manner.

Except, of course, for that time at the end of last term, when she had made the prediction about Voldemort rising again . . . and Dumbledore himself had said that he thought that trance had been genuine, when Harry had described it to him . . .

但是哈利的思緒已經飄遠了。那香氣四溢的火總是讓他感到昏昏欲睡和遲鈍，而特里勞尼教授關於占卜的繞口令談話從來沒有讓他完全著迷，但他不禁想起她剛剛對他說的話。“我害怕你所擔心的事情確實會發生....”但是赫敏是對的，哈利感到惱怒，特里勞尼教授確實是個老騙子。他現在根本不害怕任何事情.....除非你算上他擔心西弗斯已經被捕的恐懼。但特里勞尼教授知道什麼呢？他早就得出結論，她的占卜方式只是幸運的猜測和神秘的風格。當然，除了上學期末她預言佛地魔再次崛起的那次，那次鄧布利多還說過當哈利向他描述時，他認為那次恍惚是真實的...

“Harry!” Ron muttered.

“What?”

Harry looked around; the whole class was staring at him. He sat up straight; he had been almost dozing off, lost in the heat and his thoughts.

“I was saying, my dear, that you were clearly born under the baleful influence of Saturn,” said Professor Trelawney, a faint note of resentment in her voice at the fact that he had obviously not been hanging on her words.

“Born under — what, sorry?” said Harry.

“Saturn, dear, the planet Saturn!” said Professor Trelawney, sounding definitely irritated that he wasn’t riveted by this news. “I was saying that Saturn was surely in a position of power in the heavens at the moment of your birth. . . . Your dark hair . . . your mean stature . . . tragic losses so young in life . . . I think I am right in saying, my dear, that you were born in midwinter?”

“哈利！”罗恩咕哝道。“什么？”哈利四处看了看，整个班级都在盯着他。他坐直了身子，他几乎要打瞌睡了，沉浸在炎热和他的思绪中。“我是说，亲爱的，你显然是在萨图恩星的不祥影响下出生的，”特里劳妮教授说，她的声音中带着一丝怨气，因为他显然没有听她的话。“出生在——什么？对不起。”哈利说。“萨图恩，亲爱的，就是萨图恩星！”特里劳妮教授说，听起来明显很生气，因为他对这个消息不够感兴趣。“我是说，在你出生的那一刻，萨图恩星无疑处于天上的有力地位……你的黑发……你的身材矮小……你年轻时的悲惨损失……我想我说得没错吧，亲爱的，你是在隆冬出生的？”

“No,” said Harry, “I was born in July.”

Ron hastily turned his laugh into a hacking cough.

Half an hour later, each of them had been given a complicated circular chart, and was attempting to fill in the position of the planets at their moment of birth. It was dull work, requiring much consultation of timetables and calculation of angles.

“I’ve got two Neptunes here,” said Harry after a while, frowning down at his piece of parchment, “that can’t be right, can it?”

“Aaaaah,” said Ron, imitating Professor Trelawney’s mystical whisper, “when two Neptunes appear in the sky, it is a sure sign that a midget in glasses is being born, Harry. . . .”

Seamus and Dean, who were working nearby, sniggered loudly, though not loudly enough to mask the excited squeals from Lavender Brown — “Oh Professor, look! I think I’ve got an unanticipated planet! Oooh, which one’s that, Professor?”

「不，」哈利說：「我七月份出生。」羅恩急忙把笑聲變成咳嗽聲。半個小時後，他們每人得到一份複雜的圓形圖表，並試圖填寫出他們出生時行星的位置。這是單調乏味的工作，需要大量翻閱時間表和計算角度。「我這裡有兩個海王星，」哈利過了一會兒之後說道，皺著眉頭看著他的羊皮紙，「這不對，對吧？」「啊啊啊，」羅恩模仿特里洛尼教授神秘的低語說：「當天空出現兩個海王星時，這必定是有個戴眼鏡的侏儒正在出生，哈利……」西默斯和迪恩在旁邊工作的人咯咯地笑，但聲音不夠大以掩蓋薰衣草·布朗的興奮尖叫聲——「哦，教授，看！我想我找到了一個未有相位的行星！哦，那是哪一個，教授？」

“It is Uranus, my dear,” said Professor Trelawney, peering down at the chart.

“Can I have a look at Uranus too, Lavender?” said Ron.

Most unfortunately, Professor Trelawney heard him, and it was this, perhaps, that made her give them so much homework at the end of the class.

“A detailed analysis of the way the planetary movements in the coming month will affect you, with reference to your personal chart,” she snapped, sounding much more like Professor McGonagall than her usual airy-fairy self. “I want it ready to hand in next Monday, and no excuses!”

“Miserable old bat,” said Ron bitterly as they joined the crowds descending the staircases back to the Great Hall and dinner. “That’ll take all weekend, that will. . . .”

“Lots of homework?” said Hermione brightly, catching up with them. “Professor Vector didn’t give *us* any at all!”

「親愛的，那是天王星，」特里洛尼教授低頭看著星盤說道。「Lavender，我也可以看看天王星嗎？」羅恩說道。非常不巧的是，特里洛尼教授聽到了他的話，也許是因為這個，她在課堂結束時給了他們太多的功課。「詳細分析未來一個月行星運動對您的影響，並參照您的個人星盤，」她厲聲說道，聽起來更像是麥格教授而不是她平時的飄渺自如。「我希望下週一前準備好交上來，不要給我藉口！」「可憐的老蝙蝠，」他們跟隨著眾人下樓梯回到大禮堂和晚餐，羅恩痛苦地說道。「那會花費整個週末的時間。」「有很多功課嗎？」赫敏順便追上來問道。「Vector教授一點都沒有給我們！」

“Well, bully for Professor Vector,” said Ron moodily.

They reached the entrance hall, which was packed with people queuing for dinner. They had just joined the end of the line, when a loud voice rang out behind them.

“Weasley! Hey, Weasley!”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione turned. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were standing there, each looking thoroughly pleased about something.

“What?” said Ron shortly.

“Your dad’s in the paper, Weasley!” said Malfoy, brandishing a copy of the *Daily Prophet* and speaking very loudly, so that everyone in the packed entrance hall could hear. “Listen to this!

FURTHER MISTAKES AT THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC

It seems as though the Ministry of Magic’s troubles are not yet at an end, writes Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent. Recently under fire for its poor crowd control at the Quidditch World Cup, and still unable to account for the disappearance of one of its witches, the Ministry was plunged into fresh embarrassment yesterday by the antics of Arnold Weasley, of the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office.”

「喚，Vector教授真厲害。」羅恩郁悶地說道。他們到了入口大廳，人潮排隊等待晚餐。他們剛加入排隊隊伍，就聽到一個高聲傳來。「韋斯萊！嘿，韋斯萊！」哈利、羅恩和赫敏轉過身。馬爾福、克拉布和戈伊正在那裡，每個人看起來都對某件事情感到非常高興。「什麼事？」羅恩短暫地問道。「你爸爸在報紙上，韋斯萊！」馬爾福揮舞著《每日預言家》的一份副本，大聲說道，讓入口大廳內所有人都能聽到。「聽聽這個！魔法部再度犯錯《特約記者》瑞塔·史凱特撰文稱，魔法部的麻煩還沒有完，最近因為魁地奇世界杯的糟糕場地控制而遭到猛烈批評，仍然無法解釋其中一位女巫的失蹤，在昨天因濫用麻瓜物品處的員工 Arnold Weasley 的行為陷入新的尷尬境地。」

Malfoy looked up.

“Imagine them not even getting his name right, Weasley. It’s almost as though he’s a complete nonentity, isn’t it?” he crowed.

Everyone in the entrance hall was listening now. Malfoy straightened the paper with a flourish and read on:

Arnold Weasley, who was charged with possession of a flying car two years ago, was yesterday involved in a tussle with several Muggle law-keepers (“policemen”) over a number of highly aggressive dustbins. Mr. Weasley appears to have rushed to the aid of “Mad-Eye” Moody, the aged ex-Auror who retired from the Ministry when no longer able to tell the difference between a handshake and attempted murder. Unsurprisingly, Mr. Weasley found, upon arrival at Mr. Moody’s heavily guarded house, that Mr. Moody had once again raised a false alarm. Mr. Weasley was forced to modify several memories before he could escape from the policemen, but refused to answer *Daily Prophet* questions about why he had involved the Ministry in such an undignified and potentially embarrassing scene.

馬爾福抬起頭。「你看，威斯萊，他們甚至拼錯了名字。這幾乎就像他根本不存在一樣，不是嗎？」他得意洋洋地說道。進入大廳的每個人都在聽著。馬爾福翻了翻報紙，然後繼續讀下去：阿諾德·威斯萊兩年前曾因擁有一架飛行汽車而被控。昨天，他與幾名麻瓜警察發生了激烈的爭鬥，爭奪一些極具攻擊性的垃圾箱。威斯萊先生似乎是急於幫助「瘋眼」穆迪，這位老年前魔法執法官因無法分辨握手和企圖謀殺而退休。毫不意外的是，當威斯萊先生到達穆迪先生嚴密守衛的住所時，發現穆迪先生又一次發出了虛假警報。在逃脫警察之前，威斯萊先生被迫修改了幾個記憶，但拒絕回答《每日預言報》有關為什麼他在這樣一個沒有尊嚴且可能令人尷尬的場面中涉及到魔法部的問題。

“And there’s a picture, Weasley!” said Malfoy, flipping the paper over and holding it up. “A picture of your parents outside their house — if you can call it a house! Your mother could do with losing a bit of weight, couldn’t she?”

Ron was shaking with fury. Everyone was staring at him.

“Get stuffed, Malfoy,” said Harry. “C’mon, Ron . . .”

“Oh yeah, you were staying with them this summer, weren’t you, Potter?” sneered Malfoy. “So tell me, is his mother really that porky, or is it just the picture?”

“You know *your* mother, Malfoy?” said Harry — both he and Hermione had grabbed the back of Ron’s robes to stop him from launching himself at Malfoy — “that expression she’s got, like she’s got dung under her nose? Has she always looked like that, or was it just because you were with her?”

「你看，衛斯理，有一張照片！」馬爾福翻轉報紙，把它舉起來。「是你父母站在他們的房子外面的照片——如果你能稱它為一間房子的話！你母親需要減肥，是不是？」羅恩氣得直顫抖著。眾人都在盯著他。「滾蛋，馬爾福，」哈利說。「快走，羅恩……」「哦，對了，波特，你這個夏天跟他們住在一起吧？」馬爾福嘲笑著。「告訴我，他媽媽真的那麼豬嗎，還是只是照片上的效果？」「你認識你母親，馬爾福？」哈利問道——他和妙麗一起拉住了羅恩的袍子，防止他向馬爾福撲過去。「她那種表情，好像她的鼻子下面有糞便一樣？她一直像這樣，還是只是和你在一起的時候才這樣？」

Malfoy’s pale face went slightly pink.

“Don’t you dare insult my mother, Potter.”

“Keep your fat mouth shut, then,” said Harry, turning away.

BANG!

Several people screamed — Harry felt something white-hot graze the side of his face — he plunged his hand into his robes for his wand, but before he’d even touched it, he heard a second loud BANG, and a roar that echoed through the entrance hall.

“OH NO YOU DON’T, LADDIE!”

Harry spun around. Professor Moody was limping down the marble staircase. His wand was out and it was pointing right at a pure white ferret, which was shivering on the stone-flagged floor, exactly where Malfoy had been standing.

There was a terrified silence in the entrance hall. Nobody but Moody was moving a muscle. Moody turned to look at Harry — at least, his normal eye was looking at Harry; the other one was pointing into the back of his head.

馬爾福（Malfoy）蒼白的臉微微泛紅。“波特，不要侮辱我母親。”“那就保持你肥胖的嘴巴閉上，”哈利轉身離開。轟隆！幾個人尖叫—哈利感覺到什麼東西熾熱地擦過他的臉側—他伸手到他的袍子裡拿魔杖，但他甚至還沒碰到，他聽到了第二聲巨響，一個回聲響過了門廳。“你敢逃跑，小子！”哈利轉身。穆迪教授開始蹣跚地走下大理石階梯。他拿出了他的魔杖，把它指向了一只全白色的貂，它正在石板地板上顫抖，在馬爾福站立的地方。門廳里一片驚恐的沉默。除了穆迪之外，沒有人動彈。穆迪轉身看著哈利，至少他的正常眼睛看著哈利；另一只眼睛指向了他的頭後。

“Did he get you?” Moody growled. His voice was low and gravelly.

“No,” said Harry, “missed.”

“LEAVE IT!” Moody shouted.

“Leave — what?” Harry said, bewildered.

“Not you — him!” Moody growled, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at Crabbe, who had just frozen, about to pick up the white ferret. It seemed that Moody’s rolling eye was magical and could see out of the back of his head.

Moody started to limp toward Crabbe, Goyle, and the ferret, which gave a terrified squeak and took off, streaking toward the dungeons.

“I don’t think so!” roared Moody, pointing his wand at the ferret again — it flew ten feet into the air, fell with a smack to the floor, and then bounced upward once more.

“I don’t like people who attack when their opponent’s back’s turned,” growled Moody as the ferret bounced higher and higher, squealing in pain. “Stinking, cowardly, scummy thing to do. . . .”

“穆迪咆哮道：“他抓到你了吗？”他的声音低沉而嘶哑。“没有，”哈利说，“没打中。”“走开！”穆迪吼道。“走开——什么？”哈利惊慌地说。“不是你——是他！”穆迪咆哮着，一边用拇指指着克拉布，他刚刚冻住了，准备捡起白色的雪貂。看来穆迪的转动眼睛是有魔力的，可以看到他头的后面。穆迪开始一瘸一拐地向克拉布、戈伊尔和雪貂走去，雪貂发出了一声惊恐的尖叫声，朝地牢里飞奔而去。“别想跑！”穆迪咆哮着，再次对着雪貂挥动魔杖——它飞了十英尺高，摔在地上，然后又弹了起来。“我不喜欢那些趁对手背过头就攻击的人，”穆迪咆哮着，雪貂越来越高地弹跳着，发出痛苦的尖叫声。“卑鄙无耻、懦弱龌龊的事情……”

The ferret flew through the air, its legs and tail flailing helplessly.

“Never — do — that — again —” said Moody, speaking each word as the ferret hit the stone floor and bounced upward again.

“Professor Moody!” said a shocked voice.

Professor McGonagall was coming down the marble staircase with her arms full of books.

“Hello, Professor McGonagall,” said Moody calmly, bouncing the ferret still higher.

“What — what are you doing?” said Professor McGonagall, her eyes following the bouncing ferret’s progress through the air.

“Teaching,” said Moody.

“Teach — Moody, is that a student?” shrieked Professor McGonagall, the books spilling out of her arms.

“Yep,” said Moody.

“No!” cried Professor McGonagall, running down the stairs and pulling out her wand; a moment later, with a loud snapping noise, Draco Malfoy had reappeared, lying in a heap on the floor with his sleek blond hair all over his now brilliantly pink face. He got to his feet, wincing.

貂蟬飛躍著，它的腿和尾巴無助地揮舞著。「不要再這樣做了。」穆迪說道，貂蟬碰撞在石地板上，然後又彈了起來。「穆迪教授！」一個震驚的聲音響起。麥格教授正拿著一堆書從大理石樓梯走下來。「你好，麥格教授。」穆迪冷靜地說，貂蟬仍在高高彈起。「你在做什麼？」麥格教授問道，她的眼睛跟著貂蟬在空中彈跳。「教學。」穆迪說。「穆迪，那是一個學生嗎？」麥格教授尖叫道，書掉落在地。「是的。」穆迪說。「不！」麥格教授哭喊著，跑下樓梯，拿出魔杖，一瞬間，德拉科·馬爾福又出現了，在地板上成了一團，現在他原本光滑的金色頭髮全都變成靚麗的粉色。他站起來，面露痛苦。

“Moody, we *never* use Transfiguration as a punishment!” said Professor McGonagall weakly. “Surely Professor Dumbledore told you that?”

“He might’ve mentioned it, yeah,” said Moody, scratching his chin unconcernedly, “but I thought a good sharp shock —”

“We give detentions, Moody! Or speak to the offender’s Head of House!”

“I’ll do that, then,” said Moody, staring at Malfoy with great dislike.

Malfoy, whose pale eyes were still watering with pain and humiliation, looked malevolently up at Moody and muttered something in which the words “my father” were distinguishable.

“Oh yeah?” said Moody quietly, limping forward a few steps, the dull *chunk* of his wooden leg echoing around the hall. “Well, I know your father of old, boy. . . . You tell him Moody’s keeping a close eye on his son. . . . you tell him that from me. . . . Now, your Head of House’ll be Snape, will it?”

「穆迪，我們從不將變形術用作懲罰！」麥格教授虛弱地說。「那麼，邓布利多教授沒有告訴你這一點嗎？」「他可能提過，對啊，」穆迪不在意地撓著下巴說，「但我想透過一個利落的教訓——」「我們會留堂，穆迪！或者找罪犯所屬學院的院長！」「那我就這麼做，」穆迪說著，厭惡地盯著馬爾福。馬爾福的蒼白雙眼仍然因疼痛和屈辱而含淚，他怨毒地抬起頭，嘀咕了一句“我父親”的話。「哦，是嗎？」穆迪輕聲說著，一跛一跛地走了幾步，他的木製義腿在大廳裡發出鈍錫聲響。「噢，我很熟悉你的父親，小子……你告訴他，穆迪緊盯著他的兒子……你從我這裡告訴他。現在，他所屬的學院院長是斯內普，對吧？」

“Yes,” said Malfoy resentfully.

“Another old friend,” growled Moody. “I’ve been looking forward to a chat with old Snape. . . . Come on, you. . . .”

And he seized Malfoy’s upper arm and marched him off toward the dungeons.

Professor McGonagall stared anxiously after them for a few moments, then waved her wand at her fallen books, causing them to soar up into the air and back into her arms.

“Don’t talk to me,” Ron said quietly to Harry and Hermione as they sat down at the Gryffindor table a few minutes later, surrounded by excited talk on all sides about what had just happened.

“Why not?” said Hermione in surprise.

“Because I want to fix that in my memory forever,” said Ron, his eyes closed and an uplifted expression on his face. “Draco Malfoy, the amazing bouncing ferret. . . .”

「是的。」馬爾福怨恨地說道。「又一個老朋友，」穆迪咆哮道。「我一直期待著和老斯內普聊天...來吧，你。」他抓住了馬爾福的上臂，把他帶向地下室。數分鐘後，哈利、赫敏和朗坐在格蘭芬多桌旁，周圍充滿了關於剛才發生的事情的激動人心的討論，麥格教授焦急地注視著他們，然後用她的魔杖對著她掉落的書籍揮舞，使它們飛到空中，回到她的手中。「別跟我說話，」朗安靜地對哈利和赫敏說，他們幾分鐘後坐在格蘭芬多桌旁，四周都是關於剛才發生的事情的興奮交談。「為什麼不呢？」赫敏驚訝地說。「因為我想永遠記住那個場景。」朗閉上眼睛，臉上露出欣喜的表情。「德拉科·馬爾福，神奇的彈跳雪貂...」

Harry and Hermione both laughed, and Hermione began doling beef casserole onto each of their plates.

“He could have really hurt Malfoy, though,” she said. “It was good, really, that Professor McGonagall stopped it —”

“Hermione!” said Ron furiously, his eyes snapping open again, “you’re ruining the best moment of my life!”

Hermione made an impatient noise and began to eat at top speed again.

“Don’t tell me you’re going back to the library this evening?” said Harry, watching her.

“Got to,” said Hermione thickly. “Loads to do.”

“But you told us Professor Vector —”

“It’s not schoolwork,” she said. Within five minutes, she had cleared her plate and departed. No sooner had she gone than her seat was taken by Fred Weasley.

“Moody!” he said. “How cool is he?”

“Beyond cool,” said George, sitting down opposite Fred.

哈利和赫敏都笑了起來，而赫敏開始在他們每個人的盤子上舀烤牛肉燉菜。「他真的可能會嚴重傷害馬爾福，」她說。「麥格教授停止這場戰鬥實在是很好——」「赫敏！」羅恩生氣地說，他的眼睛再次睜開，「你正在毀掉我一生中最好的時刻！」赫敏發出不耐煩的聲音，又開始了極速進食。「你不會告訴我你今晚還要回圖書館吧？」哈利問道，看著她。「一定要。」赫敏含混地說。「還有很多事要做。」「但你告訴我們維克多教授的功課——」「這不是學校的功課，」她說。不到五分鐘，她就把盤子清空了，離開了。她一走，弗雷德·韋斯萊便坐在了她的座位上。「穆迪！」他說。「他有多酷？」「超酷。」喬治坐在弗雷德對面說。

“Supercool,” said the twins’ best friend, Lee Jordan, sliding into the seat beside George. “We had him this afternoon,” he told Harry and Ron.

“What was it like?” said Harry eagerly.

Fred, George, and Lee exchanged looks full of meaning.

“Never had a lesson like it,” said Fred.

“He *knows*, man,” said Lee.

“Knows what?” said Ron, leaning forward.

“Knows what it’s like to be out there *doing* it,” said George impressively.

“Doing what?” said Harry.

“Fighting the Dark Arts,” said Fred.

“He’s seen it all,” said George.

“Mazing,” said Lee.

Ron dived into his bag for his schedule.

“We haven’t got him till Thursday!” he said in a disappointed voice.

「太酷了，」雙胞胎最好的朋友李·喬丹說，滑到喬治旁邊的座位。「我們今天下午才認識他，」他對哈利和羅恩說。「他上課是怎樣的？」哈利興奮地問道。弗雷德、喬治和李交換了一些意味深長的眼神。「從來沒有像這樣的課，」弗雷德說。「他知道的，老兄，」李說。「知道什麼？」羅恩向前傾身問道。「知道在那裡做這事是什麼感覺，」喬治給人留下深刻的印象說道。「做什麼？」哈利問。「打擊黑魔法，」弗雷德說。「他見識過一切，」喬治說。「太神奇了，」李說。羅恩探手進袋中找時間表。「我們要等到星期四才上他的課！」他失望地說。



THE UNFORGIVABLE CURSES

The next two days passed without great incident, unless you counted Neville melting his sixth cauldron in Potions. Professor Snape, who seemed to have attained new levels of vindictiveness over the summer, gave Neville detention, and Neville returned from it in a state of nervous collapse, having been made to disembowel a barrel full of horned toads.

“You know why Snape’s in such a foul mood, don’t you?” said Ron to Harry as they watched Hermione teaching Neville a Scouring Charm to remove the toad guts from under his fingernails.

“Yeah,” said Harry. “Moody.”

It was common knowledge that Snape really wanted the Dark Arts job, and he had now failed to get it for the fourth year running. Snape had disliked all of their previous Dark Arts teachers, and shown it — but he seemed strangely wary of displaying overt animosity to Mad-Eye Moody. Indeed, whenever Harry saw the two of them together — at mealtimes, or when they passed in the corridors — he had the distinct impression that Snape was avoiding Moody’s eye, whether magical or normal.

接下來的兩天過去了，除了發生威利在魔藥學課融化了他的第六個釜爐，並被翁教授處以懲罰外，並沒有什麼大事發生。翁教授在暑假達到了新的報復高峰，給了威利一個懲罰，而威利因被迫剖開一桶角蟾而回到了一種神經崩潰的狀態。“你知道為什麼翁教授心情如此惡劣，對吧？”當他們看著赫敏教威利一個去除蟾蜍內臟的咒語時，羅恩對哈利說。“對，”哈利說，“穆迪。”眾所周知，翁教授非常想要黑魔法教學的工作，而他已經連續四年沒成功獲得。翁教授對所有以前的黑魔法老師都不喜歡，而且表現出來了——但他似乎很警惕向瘋眼穆迪表現出明顯的敵意。實際上，每當哈利看到他們在一起時——在用餐時間或者他們在走廊裡走過時——他總有一種明確的感覺，那就是翁教授避開穆迪的目光，無論是魔法的還是正常的。

“I reckon Snape’s a bit scared of him, you know,” Harry said thoughtfully.

“Imagine if Moody turned Snape into a horned toad,” said Ron, his eyes misting over, “and bounced him all around his dungeon. . .”

The Gryffindor fourth years were looking forward to Moody’s first lesson so much that they arrived early on Thursday lunchtime and queued up outside his classroom before the bell had even rung. The only person missing was Hermione, who turned up just in time for the lesson.

“Been in the —”

“Library.” Harry finished her sentence for her. “C’mon, quick, or we won’t get decent seats.”

They hurried into three chairs right in front of the teacher’s desk, took out their copies of *The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection*, and waited, unusually quiet. Soon they heard Moody’s distinctive clunking footsteps coming down the corridor, and he entered the room, looking as strange and frightening as ever. They could just see his clawed, wooden foot protruding from underneath his robes.

“我覺得斯內普有點怕他，你知道的，”哈利思索著說。“想像一下，如果穆迪把斯內普變成一隻有角的蟾蜍，”羅恩說著，眼睛迷離，“然後在他的地牢裡把他彈來彈去。. . .”格蘭芬多四年級的學生非常期待穆迪的第一堂課，以至於他們在星期四午餐時間早早就來到他的教室外面，甚至在鈴聲響之前就排隊了。唯一缺席的人是赫敏，她在上課的時候剛好來到。“去哪了？”“圖書館。”哈利替她完成了句子。“快，否則我們就沒有好位置了。”他們匆忙走到教師桌前的三把椅子上，拿出《黑暗勢力：自我保護指南》的副本，安靜地等待著。不久，他們聽到穆迪獨有的吱嘎聲從走廊響起，他走進教室，看起來仍然奇怪驚人。他們隱約看到他的鉤爪般木制的腳從長袍下露出來。

“You can put those away,” he growled, stumping over to his desk and sitting down, “those books. You won’t need them.”

They returned the books to their bags, Ron looking excited.

Moody took out a register, shook his long mane of grizzled gray hair out of his twisted and scarred face, and began to call out names, his normal eye moving steadily down the list while his magical eye swiveled around, fixing upon each student as he or she answered.

“Right then,” he said, when the last person had declared themselves present, “I’ve had a letter from Professor Lupin about this class. Seems you’ve had a pretty thorough grounding in tackling Dark creatures — you’ve covered boggarts, Red Caps, hinkypunks, grindylows, Kappas, and werewolves, is that right?”

There was a general murmur of assent.

他嗓门沉沉地说：“你们可以收起那些书了。”然后跺着脚走过去，坐回他的桌子前。“你们不需要它们。”他们把书放回书包里，罗恩看上去很兴奋。穆迪拿出一本登记册，将他那乱糟糟、有很多伤疤的脸上散乱的灰色长发甩在一边，开始点名。他的正常眼睛稳定地在名单上滑动，而他的魔法眼则在四处扫描，每当一个学生回答时，它就会扫视到他们。“好了，”当最后一个人宣布自己到场时，他说：“我收到了卢平教授关于这门课的信。看来你们已经受过很彻底的训练来应对黑暗生物——你们已经接触过魔怪、红帽精、鬼火、草海怪、河童和狼人，是吗？”有一般的低语声。

“But you’re behind — very behind — on dealing with curses,” said Moody. “So I’m here to bring you up to scratch on what wizards can do to each other. I’ve got one year to teach you how to deal with Dark —”

“What, aren’t you staying?” Ron blurted out.

Moody’s magical eye spun around to stare at Ron; Ron looked extremely apprehensive, but after a moment Moody smiled — the first time Harry had seen him do so. The effect was to make his heavily scarred face look more twisted and contorted than ever, but it was nevertheless good to know that he ever did anything as friendly as smile. Ron looked deeply relieved.

“You’ll be Arthur Weasley’s son, eh?” Moody said. “Your father got me out of a very tight corner a few days ago. . . . Yeah, I’m staying just the one year. Special favor to Dumbledore. . . . One year, and then back to my quiet retirement.”

“不过，你在应对诅咒方面远远落后于人，”穆迪说，“所以我来带你了解巫师之间可以做些什么。我有一年的时间教你如何应对黑暗……”“什么，你不打算留下来？”罗恩脱口而出。穆迪的魔法眼转了转，盯着罗恩看，罗恩看起来非常担心，但经过一会儿穆迪笑了——这是哈利第一次见到他这么做。这使他那个布满疤痕的脸看起来比以往更扭曲，更扭曲，但好在他至少做了一些友好的事，比如微笑。罗恩感到非常宽慰。“你是亚瑟·韦斯莱的儿子，对吧？”穆迪说，“几天前你父亲帮了我一次大忙……是的，我只打算呆一年。这是给邓布利多的一个特别请求。一年后，我就可以回到我的宁静退休生活了。”

He gave a harsh laugh, and then clapped his gnarled hands together.

“So — straight into it. Curses. They come in many strengths and forms. Now, according to the Ministry of Magic, I’m supposed to teach you countercurses and leave it at that. I’m not supposed to show you what illegal Dark curses look like until you’re in the sixth year. You’re not supposed to be old enough to deal with it till then. But Professor Dumbledore’s got a higher opinion of your nerves, he reckons you can cope, and I say, the sooner you know what you’re up against, the better. How are you supposed to defend yourself against something you’ve never seen? A wizard who’s about to put an illegal curse on you isn’t going to tell you what he’s about to do. He’s not going to do it nice and polite to your face. You need to be prepared. You need to be alert and watchful. You need to put that away, Miss Brown, when I’m talking.”

他发出一聲刺耳的笑聲，然後用他粗糙的手拍了一下。“那就直接說吧。詛咒有多種力量和形式。根據魔法部的規定，我只應該教你反詛咒，然後就到此為止。直到你上六年級，我才能向你展示非法黑暗詛咒。你尚未年滿，還無法應對。但是，邓布利多教授認為你的神經比較強大，他認為你能應對，我也這樣認為。你越早了解你將面對什麼，就越能做好準備。你怎麼能防禦一種你從未學過的魔法？一個即將對你使用非法詛咒的巫師是不會告訴你他要做什么的，更不會對你客客氣氣。你需要準備好。你需要警覺和警惕。當我在說話時，你需要把它放下，布朗小姐。”

Lavender jumped and blushed. She had been showing Parvati her completed horoscope under the desk. Apparently Moody’s magical eye could see through solid wood, as well as out of the back of his head.

“So . . . do any of you know which curses are most heavily punished by Wizarding law?”

Several hands rose tentatively into the air, including Ron’s and Hermione’s. Moody pointed at Ron, though his magical eye was still fixed on Lavender.

“Er,” said Ron tentatively, “my dad told me about one. . . . Is it called the Imperius Curse, or something?”

“Ah, yes,” said Moody appreciatively. “Your father *would* know that one. Gave the Ministry a lot of trouble at one time, the Imperius Curse.”

Moody got heavily to his mismatched feet, opened his desk drawer, and took out a glass jar. Three large black spiders were scuttling around inside it. Harry felt Ron recoil slightly next to him — Ron hated spiders.

薰衣草嚇了一跳並臉紅了。她一直在桌子下給帕瓦蒂展示她完成的星座。顯然，穆迪的魔法眼可以穿透實木，也可以看到他背後的東西。“那麼……你們有沒有人知道哪些咒語是巫法最嚴重懲罰的？”幾個手膽較小的人舉起手來，包括羅恩和赫敏。穆迪指著羅恩，但他的魔法眼仍然注視著薰衣草。“呃，”羅恩小心翼翼地說，“我爸爸告訴過我其中一個……叫做鏈魔咒，還是什麼的？”“啊，是的，”穆迪欣賞地說，“你父親會知道那個。鏈魔咒讓魔法部門曾經頭疼很長時間。”穆迪重重地站起來，打開桌子抽屜，拿出一個玻璃罐。裡面有三隻大黑蜘蛛在爬來爬去。哈利感覺到他旁邊的羅恩略微後退了一步，因為羅恩討厭蜘蛛。

Moody reached into the jar, caught one of the spiders, and held it in the palm of his hand so that they could all see it. He then pointed his wand at it and muttered, ‘*Imperio!*’

The spider leapt from Moody's hand on a fine thread of silk and began to swing backward and forward as though on a trapeze. It stretched out its legs rigidly, then did a back flip, breaking the thread and landing on the desk, where it began to cartwheel in circles. Moody jerked his wand, and the spider rose onto two of its hind legs and went into what was unmistakably a tap dance.

Everyone was laughing — everyone except Moody.

"Think it's funny, do you?" he growled. "You'd like it, would you, if I did it to you?"

The laughter died away almost instantly.

"Total control," said Moody quietly as the spider balled itself up and began to roll over and over. "I could make it jump out of the window, drown itself, throw itself down one of your throats . . ."

穆迪把手伸进罐子里，抓住一只蜘蛛，把它放在手掌上让大家看清楚。然后，他用魔杖指着它喃喃道：“控制咒！”蜘蛛跳离了穆迪的手，用一根细丝荡来荡去，像在杂技台上表演一样。它僵硬地伸出腿，然后翻了一个跟头，断掉了丝线，落在桌子上，开始围着圈子翻滚。穆迪晃了晃魔杖，蜘蛛站到了两条后腿上，开始跳着明显是踢踏舞。每个人都在笑——除了穆迪。“你们觉得很好笑？”他咆哮道，“我用这个对待你，你们也这么觉得？”笑声几乎瞬间消失了。“完全控制，”穆迪安静地说道，蜘蛛卷成一团，开始翻滚。“我可以让它跳出窗户，淹死自己，把自己扔进你们喉咙里....”

Ron gave an involuntary shudder.

"Years back, there were a lot of witches and wizards being controlled by the Imperius Curse," said Moody, and Harry knew he was talking about the days in which Voldemort had been all-powerful. "Some job for the Ministry, trying to sort out who was being forced to act, and who was acting of their own free will."

"The Imperius Curse can be fought, and I'll be teaching you how, but it takes real strength of character, and not everyone's got it. Better avoid being hit with it if you can. CONSTANT VIGILANCE!" he barked, and everyone jumped.

Moody picked up the somersaulting spider and threw it back into the jar.

"Anyone else know one? Another illegal curse?"

Hermione's hand flew into the air again and so, to Harry's slight surprise, did Neville's. The only class in which Neville usually volunteered information was Herbology, which was easily his best subject. Neville looked surprised at his own daring.

羅恩不由自主地打了個哆嗦。「幾年前，有很多女巫和巫師被控制了權力咒，」穆迪說道，哈利知道他在談論佛地魔當時統治萬物的時代。「這是部部監察的重要任務，要分辨誰是被迫行動的，誰是自願行動的。「權力咒是可以抵抗的，我會教給你們如何抵抗，但這需要真正的人格力量，而且不是每個人都擁有這種力量。如果可能，最好避免中招。經常保持警惕！」他大聲說道，眾人都嚇了一跳。穆迪把打了個翻筋斗的蜘蛛撿起來，扔回了瓶子裡。「還有誰知道其他的咒語？又是一個非法的咒語？」赫敏馬上舉手，哈利有點驚訝的是，納威也舉了手。只有在草藥學這門課上，納威通常會主動發言，而且這門課也是他最擅長的。納威對自己的大膽行為感到驚訝。

"Yes?" said Moody, his magical eye rolling right over to fix on Neville.

"There's one — the Cruciatus Curse," said Neville in a small but distinct voice.

Moody was looking very intently at Neville, this time with both eyes.

"Your name's Longbottom?" he said, his magical eye swooping down to check the register again.

Neville nodded nervously, but Moody made no further inquiries. Turning back to the class at large, he reached into the jar for the next spider and placed it upon the desktop, where it remained motionless, apparently too scared to move.

"The Cruciatus Curse," said Moody. "Needs to be a bit bigger for you to get the idea," he said, pointing his wand at the spider. "*Engorgio!*"

The spider swelled. It was now larger than a tarantula. Abandoning all pretense, Ron pushed his chair backward, as far away from Moody's desk as possible.

「什麼事？」穆迪說，他的魔法眼轉過來盯著內維爾。「會咒」內維爾小聲卻明顯地說道。穆迪非常密切地看著內維爾，這次用雙眼注視他。「你叫龍巴頓？」他說，他的魔法眼又看了看註冊表。內維爾緊張地點頭，但穆迪沒有進一步的詢問。他轉回大班，伸手從瓶子裡拿出下一隻蜘蛛，放在課桌上，蜘蛛一動不動，顯然太害怕了。「會咒」穆迪說，「需要再大一些，才能體會到它的恐怖。」他指著蜘蛛說：「*Engorgio!*！」蜘蛛膨脹了起來，現在比一隻大蜘蛛還要大。放棄了所有的假裝，羅恩把椅子向後推動，盡可能遠離穆迪的課桌。

Moody raised his wand again, pointed it at the spider, and muttered, "*Crucio!*"

At once, the spider's legs bent in upon its body; it rolled over and began to twitch horribly, rocking from side to side. No sound came from it, but Harry was sure that if it could have given voice, it would have been screaming. Moody did not remove his wand, and the spider started to shudder and jerk more violently —

“Stop it!”Hermione said shrilly.

Harry looked around at her. She was looking, not at the spider, but at Neville, and Harry, following her gaze, saw that Neville’s hands were clenched upon the desk in front of him, his knuckles white, his eyes wide and horrified.

Moody raised his wand. The spider’s legs relaxed, but it continued to twitch.

“*Reducio*,” Moody muttered, and the spider shrank back to its proper size. He put it back into the jar.

穆迪舉起魔杖，再次對著蜘蛛指著，喃喃自語，“*Crucio*！”蜘蛛的腿立刻朝內彎曲；它翻轉過來，開始可怕地抽搐，從側面搖晃。它沒有發出聲音，但哈利確信，如果它能發出聲音，它就會尖叫。穆迪沒有移開他的魔杖，蜘蛛開始更加劇烈地顫抖和抽搐。“停止！”赫敏尖聲說。哈利望向她。她不是在看蜘蛛，而是在看納威爾，哈利跟著她的目光看到，納威爾的手緊緊握住桌子，他的指關節白了，眼睛瞪得大大的，充滿驚恐。穆迪舉起魔杖。蜘蛛的腿放鬆了，但它仍在抽搐。“*Reducio*，”穆迪喃喃自語，蜘蛛縮回了它的正確大小。他把它放回罐子裡。

“Pain,” said Moody softly. “You don’t need thumbscrews or knives to torture someone if you can perform the *Cruciatus Curse*. . . . That one was very popular once too.

“Right . . . anyone know any others?”

Harry looked around. From the looks on everyone’s faces, he guessed they were all wondering what was going to happen to the last spider. Hermione’s hand shook slightly as, for the third time, she raised it into the air.

“Yes?” said Moody, looking at her.

“*Avada Kedavra*,” Hermione whispered.

Several people looked uneasily around at her, including Ron.

“Ah,” said Moody, another slight smile twisting his lopsided mouth. “Yes, the last and worst. *Avada Kedavra* . . . the *Killing Curse*.”

He put his hand into the glass jar, and almost as though it knew what was coming, the third spider scuttled frantically around the bottom of the jar, trying to evade Moody’s fingers, but he trapped it, and placed it upon the desktop. It started to scuttle frantically across the wooden surface.

「痛苦，」穆迪輕聲說道。「如果你能施展痛苦咒，就不需要拿着拷棍或刀子來折磨別人……那也曾經非常流行。」
「對……還有誰知道其他的呢？」哈利四處看了看。從眾人的表情來看，他猜測他們都在想最後一只蜘蛛會發生什麼事情。赫敏的手輕輕顫抖著，她提高了手，已經是第三次了。「怎麼了？」穆迪看向她。「阿瓦達凱德拉，」赫敏低聲說道。包括羅恩在內，幾個人皆不安地看了看她。「啊，」穆迪說道，嘴角微微上揚。「對，這是最後而且最糟的咒語。阿瓦達凱德拉……殺人咒。」他將手伸進玻璃瓶裡，第三隻蜘蛛彷彿知道會發生什麼事，它在瓶底上瘋狂地爬動著，嘗試躲著穆迪的手指，但它被困住了，被放在桌面上。它開始在木桌上狂奔。

Moody raised his wand, and Harry felt a sudden thrill of foreboding.

“*Avada Kedavra!*” Moody roared.

There was a flash of blinding green light and a rushing sound, as though a vast, invisible something was soaring through the air — instantaneously the spider rolled over onto its back, unmarked, but unmistakably dead. Several of the students stifled cries; Ron had thrown himself backward and almost toppled off his seat as the spider skidded toward him.

Moody swept the dead spider off the desk onto the floor.

“Not nice,” he said calmly. “Not pleasant. And there’s no countercurse. There’s no blocking it. Only one known person has ever survived it, and he’s sitting right in front of me.”

Harry felt his face redden as Moody’s eyes (both of them) looked into his own. He could feel everyone else looking around at him too. Harry stared at the blank blackboard as though fascinated by it, but not really seeing it at all. . . .

穆迪舉起魔杖，哈利感到突然的不祥之感。「阿瓦達·卡達瓦！」穆迪怒吼一聲。一道耀眼的綠光閃過，伴隨著一陣沉重的聲音，彷彿一個巨大的無形東西正飛越空中——瞬間，蜘蛛翻倒在地，完好無損，卻毫無疑問地已經死了。其中幾個學生忍不住尖叫，羅恩往後一倒，差點從座位上跌下來。穆迪把死蜘蛛從桌子上掃到地上。「不好聽，」他冷靜地說，「不舒服。也沒有反咒語可以阻擋。唯一已知存活過這個咒語的人，就坐在我面前。」穆迪的雙眼（兩只）盯著哈利，哈利感到臉頰發紅。他能感覺到其他人也在看著他。哈利盯著空白的黑板，彷彿著了魔一般，卻實際上什麼也沒有看到...

So that was how his parents had died . . . exactly like that spider. Had they been unblemished and unmarked too? Had they simply seen the flash of green light and heard the rush of speeding death, before life was wiped from their bodies?

Harry had been picturing his parents’ deaths over and over again for three years now, ever since he’d found out they had been murdered, ever since he’d found out what had happened that night: Wormtail had betrayed his parents’ whereabouts to Voldemort, who had come to find them at their cottage. How Voldemort had killed Harry’s father first. How James Potter had tried to hold him off, while he shouted at his wife to take

Harry and run . . . Voldemort had advanced on Lily Potter, told her to move aside so that he could kill Harry . . . how she had begged him to kill her instead, refused to stop shielding her son . . . and so Voldemort had murdered her too, before turning his wand on Harry. . . .

那就是他的父母去世的方式。就像那隻蜘蛛一樣。他們也是毫發無損的嗎？他們是否只是看到了綠光閃過，聽到了速度飛快的死亡聲音，生命就從他們的身體中被抹去了？哈利已經一遍又一遍地想著他的父母三年了，自從他發現他們被謀殺了，自從他發現那晚發生了什麼：肉眼已死的勇士把他們的下落告訴了佛地魔，後者來到他們的小屋找到了他們。佛地魔先殺了哈利的父親。詹姆·波特試圖阻攔他，同時尖聲喊著讓他的妻子帶著哈利逃跑……佛地魔走向莉莉·波特，告訴她讓開，讓他可以殺了哈利……她懇求他殺了她，而不是停止保護她的兒子……於是佛地魔也殺了她，然後轉向哈利。……

Harry knew these details because he had heard his parents' voices when he had fought the dementors last year — for that was the terrible power of the dementors: to force their victims to relive the worst memories of their lives, and drown, powerless, in their own despair. . . .

Moody was speaking again, from a great distance, it seemed to Harry. With a massive effort, he pulled himself back to the present and listened to what Moody was saying.

“*Avada Kedavra*’s a curse that needs a powerful bit of magic behind it — you could all get your wands out now and point them at me and say the words, and I doubt I’d get so much as a nosebleed. But that doesn’t matter. I’m not here to teach you how to do it.

“Now, if there’s no countercurse, why am I showing you? *Because you’ve got to know*. You’ve got to appreciate what the worst is. You don’t want to find yourself in a situation where you’re facing it. CONSTANT VIGILANCE!” he roared, and the whole class jumped again.

哈利知道這些細節，因為當他去年與催狂魔戰鬥時，他聽到了父母的聲音——因為催狂魔的可怕力量是強迫受害者重溫他們生命中最糟糕的記憶，無力地陷入自己的絕望中……墨迪又在說話了，對哈利來說好像是很遠的距離。他努力回到現在，傾聽墨迪講的話。「阿瓦達•咒殺需要強大的魔法支持，你們現在拿出魔杖瞄準我說出這個咒語，我甚至都不會流鼻血。但這沒有關係，因為我不是來教你們怎麼做的。」「現在，如果沒有反咒，我為什麼要告訴你們呢？因為你們必須知道。你必須要欣賞最糟糕的事情。你不想自己陷入這種情況中。時刻保持警惕！」他吼道，整個班級又被嚇了一跳。

“Now . . . those three curses — *Avada Kedavra*, *Imperius*, and *Crucius* — are known as the Unforgivable Curses. The use of any one of them on a fellow human being is enough to earn a life sentence in Azkaban. That’s what you’re up against. That’s what I’ve got to teach you to fight. You need preparing. You need arming. But most of all, you need to practice *constant, never-ceasing vigilance*. Get out your quills . . . copy this down . . .”

They spent the rest of the lesson taking notes on each of the Unforgivable Curses. No one spoke until the bell rang — but when Moody had dismissed them and they had left the classroom, a torrent of talk burst forth. Most people were discussing the curses in awed voices — “Did you see it twitch?” “— and when he killed it — just like that!”

現在...那三種詛咒——阿瓦達葛拉、魅惑術和十字架詛咒——被稱為不可饒恕的詛咒。在同胞人類身上使用其中任何一種都足以讓你被判終身監禁在阿茲卡班。這就是你要面對的。這就是我必須教你對抗的東西。你需要備戰。你需要武裝自己。但最重要的是，你需要經常、不間斷地保持警惕。取出你的筆... 抄下這些。他們把整節課的時間都花在了對不可饒恕的詛咒進行筆記上。直到鐘聲響起，沒有人說話——但當穆迪把他們驅逐出教室後，一連串的談話爆發了。大多數人都在敬畏的聲音中討論詛咒——“你看到它抽搐了嗎？”“——當他殺了它——就像那樣！”

They were talking about the lesson, Harry thought, as though it had been some sort of spectacular show, but he hadn’t found it very entertaining — and nor, it seemed, had Hermione.

“Hurry up,” she said tensely to Harry and Ron.

“Not the ruddy library again?” said Ron.

“No,” said Hermione curtly, pointing up a side passage. “Neville.”

Neville was standing alone, halfway up the passage, staring at the stone wall opposite him with the same horrified, wide-eyed look he had worn when Moody had demonstrated the *Crucius* Curse.

“Neville?” Hermione said gently.

Neville looked around.

“Oh hello,” he said, his voice much higher than usual. “Interesting lesson, wasn’t it? I wonder what’s for dinner, I’m — I’m starving, aren’t you?”

“Neville, are you all right?” said Hermione.

他們在談論那堂課，哈利想，彷彿那是一個壯觀的表演，但他並沒有找到它很有趣，似乎赫敏也是如此。「快點，」她緊張地對哈利和羅恩說。「不是再去那該死的圖書館了吧？」羅恩說。「不，」赫敏板著臉，指了指旁邊的一條小路。「是尼威爾。」尼威爾獨自站在小路中間，看著對面的石牆，眼神恐懼、睜大，就跟穆迪示範禁咒時的神色一樣。「尼威爾？」赫敏輕聲說。尼威爾轉過頭來。「哦，妳好，」他說，聲音比平時高了很多。「有趣的課程，不是嗎？我在想今晚是吃什麼，我餓了，你呢？」「尼威爾，你還好嗎？」赫敏說。

“Oh yes, I’m fine,” Neville gabbled in the same unnaturally high voice. “Very interesting dinner — I mean lesson — what’s for eating?”

Ron gave Harry a startled look.

“Neville, what — ?”

But an odd clunking noise sounded behind them, and they turned to see Professor Moody limping toward them. All four of them fell silent, watching him apprehensively, but when he spoke, it was in a much lower and gentler growl than they had yet heard.

“It’s all right, sonny,” he said to Neville. “Why don’t you come up to my office? Come on . . . we can have a cup of tea. . . .”

Neville looked even more frightened at the prospect of tea with Moody. He neither moved nor spoke. Moody turned his magical eye upon Harry.

“You all right, are you, Potter?”

“Yes,” said Harry, almost defiantly.

「啊，沒事，」納威在同樣不自然的高聲音中囁嚅道。「非常有趣的晚餐——我是說，課程——要吃什麼？」羅恩驚愕地看著哈利。「納威，你——怎麼了？」但在他們背後傳來了一聲奇怪的叮咚聲，他們轉身看見穆迪教授一瘸一拐地往他們走來。他們四個都靜默不語，戒備地注視著他，但他說話時的聲音比他們之前聽到的聲音要低得多，更加溫和。「沒事了，小子，」他對著納威說。「你為什麼不來我辦公室呢？來吧……我們可以喝杯茶……」納威聽到和穆迪喝茶這件事更害怕了。他既不移動也不說話。穆迪用他的魔法眼注視著哈利。「你沒事吧，波特？」「是的，」哈利幾乎是挑釁地說。

Moody’s blue eye quivered slightly in its socket as it surveyed Harry. Then he said, “You’ve got to know. It seems harsh, maybe, *but you’ve got to know*. No point pretending . . . well . . . come on, Longbottom, I’ve got some books that might interest you.”

Neville looked pleadingly at Harry, Ron, and Hermione, but they didn’t say anything, so Neville had no choice but to allow himself to be steered away, one of Moody’s gnarled hands on his shoulder.

“What was that about?” said Ron, watching Neville and Moody turn the corner.

“I don’t know,” said Hermione, looking pensive.

“Some lesson, though, eh?” said Ron to Harry as they set off for the Great Hall. “Fred and George were right, weren’t they? He really knows his stuff, Moody, doesn’t he? When he did *Avada Kedavra*, the way that spider just *died*, just snuffed it right —”

穆迪藍色的眼睛略微顫動，注視著哈利。然後他說：“你必須知道。這可能有點嚴厲，但你必須知道。假裝沒事是沒有用的...好了，隆巴頓，我有一些書可能會讓你感興趣。”奈維爾懇求地看著哈利、羅恩和赫敏，但他們沒有說什麼，所以奈維爾別無選擇，只能讓穆迪的一隻粗糙的手放在他的肩膀上，帶他走開。“那是什麼意思？”羅恩問道，看著奈維爾和穆迪轉過了彎角。“我不知道，”赫敏沉思地說。“不過是個好課程，對吧？”當他施展「阿瓦達命令」時，那隻蜘蛛死得這麼快，弗雷德和喬治是對的，對吧？穆迪真的很懂他的東西，是不是？”哈利和羅恩踏上了前往大廳的路。

But Ron fell suddenly silent at the look on Harry’s face and didn’t speak again until they reached the Great Hall, when he said he supposed they had better make a start on Professor Trelawney’s predictions tonight, since they would take hours.

Hermione did not join in with Harry and Ron’s conversation during dinner, but ate furiously fast, and then left for the library again. Harry and Ron walked back to Gryffindor Tower, and Harry, who had been thinking of nothing else all through dinner, now raised the subject of the Unforgivable Curses himself.

“Wouldn’t Moody and Dumbledore be in trouble with the Ministry if they knew we’d seen the curses?” Harry asked as they approached the Fat Lady.

“Yeah, probably,” said Ron. “But Dumbledore’s always done things his way, hasn’t he, and Moody’s been getting in trouble for years, I reckon. Attacks first and asks questions later — look at his dustbins. Balderdash.”

但是當哈利的表情使羅恩突然靜默時，他直到他們到達大餐廳之前都沒有再說話，而這時他說他們今晚最好開始進行特里樂威教授的預言，因為這需要好幾個小時。午餐時，赫敏沒有參與哈利和羅恩的對話，但食物卻吃得非常快，然後再次離開去圖書館。哈利和羅恩走回了格蘭芬多塔，哈利整個午餐時間都在想著這件事，現在他自己提出了不可饒恕詛咒的話題。「如果穆迪和鄧布利多知道我們看到了詛咒，他們會不會有麻煩？」哈利問道，當他們走向胖夫人時。「嗯，可能吧。」羅恩說。「但鄧布利多一直是按自己的方式做事，對吧，而穆迪已經因此犯了很多麻煩，我猜。先攻擊再問問題-看看他的垃圾桶。胡言亂語。」

The Fat Lady swung forward to reveal the entrance hole, and they climbed into the Gryffindor common room, which was crowded and noisy.

“Shall we get our Divination stuff, then?” said Harry.

“I s’pose,” Ron groaned.

They went up to the dormitory to fetch their books and charts, to find Neville there alone, sitting on his bed, reading. He looked a good deal calmer than at the end of Moody’s lesson, though still not entirely normal. His eyes were rather red.

“You all right, Neville?” Harry asked him.

“Oh yes,” said Neville, “I’m fine, thanks. Just reading this book Professor Moody lent me. . . .”

He held up the book: *Magical Water Plants of the Mediterranean*.

“Apparently, Professor Sprout told Professor Moody I’m really good at Herbology,” Neville said. There was a faint note of pride in his voice that Harry had rarely heard there before. “He thought I’d like this.”

胖女人向前搖擺以揭示入口處，他們爬進了擠擁喧嘩的格蘭芬多公共房間。“我們去拿占卜材料，好嗎？”哈利說。“我想是吧，”羅恩哼了一聲。他們去了宿舍取書和圖表，發現納威爾獨自一人坐在床上看書。他比結束魔杖·穆迪的課時冷靜得多，但還不完全正常。他的眼睛有些紅。“你還好吧，納威爾？”哈利問他。“哦，沒事，謝謝。”納威爾說，“只是讀穆迪教授借給我的這本書……”他舉起書來，上面寫著“地中海的魔法水生植物”。“顯然，斯普勞特教授告訴穆迪教授我在草藥學方面真的很厲害，”納威爾說。哈利很少在他的聲音裡聽到自豪的語氣。“他認為我會喜歡這個。”

Telling Neville what Professor Sprout had said, Harry thought, had been a very tactful way of cheering Neville up, for Neville very rarely heard that he was good at anything. It was the sort of thing Professor Lupin would have done.

Harry and Ron took their copies of *Unfogging the Future* back down to the common room, found a table, and set to work on their predictions for the coming month. An hour later, they had made very little progress, though their table was littered with bits of parchment bearing sums and symbols, and Harry’s brain was as fogged as though it had been filled with the fumes from Professor Trelawney’s fire.

“I haven’t got a clue what this lot’s supposed to mean,” he said, staring down at a long list of calculations.

“You know,” said Ron, whose hair was on end because of all the times he had run his fingers through it in frustration, “I think it’s back to the old Divination standby.”

告訴 Neville 刚才 Sprout 教授說了什麼，對於讓 Neville 高興一些來說，這是一種非常圓滑的方式，因為 Neville 很少聽到他在任何事情上都很出色。這是 Lupin 教授會做的事情。哈利和 Ron 拿着自己的 *Unfogging the Future*，回到了公共活動室，找到了一張桌子，並開始為接下來的一個月做預測。一個小時後，他們幾乎沒有取得任何進展，盤子上擺滿了計算和符號，而哈利的大腦也變得模糊不清，好像被 Trelawney 教授的火藥燃燒散發的煙霧給填滿了一樣。“我完全不知道這些是什麼意思，”他盯着一長串的計算式說道。“你知道嗎？”身上的頭髮因他一次次用手指插進去摸索中變得凌亂無比的 Ron 說：“我認為這是回歸到老式的占卜方式。”

“What — make it up?”

“Yeah,” said Ron, sweeping the jumble of scrawled notes off the table, dipping his pen into some ink, and starting to write.

“Next Monday,” he said as he scribbled, “I am likely to develop a cough, owing to the unlucky conjunction of Mars and Jupiter.” He looked up at Harry. “You know her — just put in loads of misery, she’ll lap it up.”

“Right,” said Harry, crumpling up his first attempt and lobbing it over the heads of a group of chattering first years into the fire. “Okay . . . on Monday, I will be in danger of — er — burns.”

“Yeah, you will be,” said Ron darkly, “we’re seeing the skrewts again on Monday. Okay, Tuesday, I’ll . . . erm . . .”

“Lose a treasured possession,” said Harry, who was flicking through *Unfogging the Future* for ideas.

「什麼？隨便編？」「對，」羅恩說著，一邊清理桌子上亂七八糟的筆記，一邊將筆蘸入墨水，開始寫作。「下週一，」他邊寫邊說，「因為火星和木星的不幸共同相位，我很可能會咳嗽起來。」他向哈利看去。「你知道她的性格，只要寫得夠悲慘，她就會完全相信。」「好的，」哈利說著，壓折了一次的稿紙向一群躁動的一年級生扔過去，落進火盆裏。「好吧……星期一，我將危在旦夕，可能會被……嗯……燒傷。」「對嘛，」羅恩深沉地說，「星期一我們又要見到那些怪物蟲了。好，星期二我會……嗯……失去一件寶貴的東西。」哈利正在翻閱《未來攸關》尋找靈感。

“Good one,” said Ron, copying it down. “Because of . . . erm . . . Mercury. Why don’t you get stabbed in the back by someone you thought was a friend?”

“Yeah . . . cool . . .” said Harry, scribbling it down, “because . . . Venus is in the twelfth house.”

“And on Wednesday, I think I’ll come off worst in a fight.”

“Aaah, I was going to have a fight. Okay, I’ll lose a bet.”

“Yeah, you’ll be betting I’ll win my fight. . . .”

They continued to make up predictions (which grew steadily more tragic) for another hour, while the common room around them slowly emptied as people went up to bed. Crookshanks wandered over to them, leapt lightly into an empty chair, and stared inscrutably at Harry, rather as Hermione might look if she knew they weren’t doing their homework properly.

「不錯，」羅恩說著，抄寫下來。「因為……呃，水星。為什麼不讓你被你認為是朋友的人從背後刺殺？」「對，聽起來不錯。」哈利匆忙地寫下來。「因為，金星在第十二宮。」「然後星期三，我想我會在一場打鬥中輸。」「啊啊，我本來要找

人打架的。好吧，我來賭輸了。」「對，你會賭我會贏得那場打鬥。」他們繼續杜撰預言（逐漸變得更加悲劇），又玩了一個小時，而他們周圍的公共休息室慢慢地空了下來。Crookshanks漫步到他們面前，輕輕地跳上了一張空椅子，盯著哈利看，有些看法像赫敏知道他們沒有好好寫作業時的樣子。

Staring around the room, trying to think of a kind of misfortune he hadn't yet used, Harry saw Fred and George sitting together against the opposite wall, heads together, quills out, poring over a single piece of parchment. It was most unusual to see Fred and George hidden away in a corner and working silently; they usually liked to be in the thick of things and the noisy center of attention. There was something secretive about the way they were working on the piece of parchment, and Harry was reminded of how they had sat together writing something back at the Burrow. He had thought then that it was another order form for Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, but it didn't look like that this time; if it had been, they would surely have let Lee Jordan in on the joke. He wondered whether it had anything to do with entering the Triwizard Tournament.

哈利四處張望，嘗試想出一種他還沒使用過的不幸，他看到弗雷德和喬治坐在對面的牆邊，頭靠在一起，鵝毛筆在手上，仔細閱讀一張卷軸。弗雷德和喬治躲在角落裡，默默工作，這是很不尋常的。通常，他們喜歡置身於事情的重心和喧鬧的中心。他們在編寫那張卷軸的方式有些神秘，哈利想起他們在Burrow寫了一些東西。當時他以為那是Weasleys的Wizard Wheezes的另一個訂單，但這次看起來並不像。如果是那樣的話，他們肯定會讓李喬丹知道。他想知道這是否與參加三強鬥士大賽有關。

As Harry watched, George shook his head at Fred, scratched out something with his quill, and said, in a very quiet voice that nevertheless carried across the almost deserted room, "No — that sounds like we're accusing him. Got to be careful . . ."

Then George looked over and saw Harry watching him. Harry grinned and quickly returned to his predictions — he didn't want George to think he was eavesdropping. Shortly after that, the twins rolled up their parchment, said good night, and went off to bed.

Fred and George had been gone ten minutes or so when the portrait hole opened and Hermione climbed into the common room carrying a sheaf of parchment in one hand and a box whose contents rattled as she walked in the other. Crookshanks arched his back, purring.

"Hello," she said, "I've just finished!"

當哈利看著的時候，喬治對弗雷德搖了搖頭，用羽毛筆劃掉了些東西，並以非常安靜的聲音說：“不——那聽起來像是我們在指責他。必須小心……”然後，喬治看到哈利正在看著他。哈利笑了笑，迅速回到了他的預測上——他不想讓喬治認為他在偷聽。不久之後，雙胞胎捲起他們的羊皮紙，說了晚安，去睡覺了。離開大約十分鐘後，畫像洞口打開了，赫敏攜著一捆羊皮紙和一個盒子走進了公共房間。克魯恩斯弓起背，發出喉嚨的聲音。“你好，”她說，“我剛完成了！”

"So have I!" said Ron triumphantly, throwing down his quill.

Hermione sat down, laid the things she was carrying in an empty armchair, and pulled Ron's predictions toward her.

"Not going to have a very good month, are you?" she said sardonically as Crookshanks curled up in her lap.

"Ah well, at least I'm forewarned," Ron yawned.

"You seem to be drowning twice," said Hermione.

"Oh am I?" said Ron, peering down at his predictions. "I'd better change one of them to getting trampled by a rampaging hippogriff."

"Don't you think it's a bit obvious you've made these up?" said Hermione.

"How dare you!" said Ron, in mock outrage. "We've been working like house-elves here!"

Hermione raised her eyebrows.

"It's just an expression," said Ron hastily.

Harry laid down his quill too, having just finished predicting his own death by decapitation.

“我也是！”羅恩得意地扔下羽毛筆。赫敏坐下來，把她提着的東西放到空着的扶手椅上，把羅恩的預測拉到她面前。“你這個月不太走運啊，對吧？”她挖苦地說着，當她的貓咪Crookshanks在她的膝蓋上盤成一團。“啊，不管怎樣，至少我有預警了。”“羅恩打了一個哈欠。“你好像要溺死兩次，”赫敏說。“啊，是嗎？”羅恩睜着眼睛看他的預測。“我最好換一個——被狂暴的角馬踩踏。”“你不覺得這些預測有點太明顯了吗？”赫敏說。“你膽子還真大！”羅恩裝作憤怒地說。“我們在這裡就像家養的精靈一樣辛苦地工作！”赫敏挑起眉毛。“只是一個說法，”羅恩匆忙解釋道。哈利也放下了他的羽毛筆，剛剛預測自己會被砍頭致死。

"What's in the box?" he asked, pointing at it.

"Funny you should ask," said Hermione, with a nasty look at Ron. She took off the lid and showed them the contents.

Inside were about fifty badges, all of different colors, but all bearing the same letters: S.P.E.W.

"Spew?" said Harry, picking up a badge and looking at it. "What's this about?"

"Not spew," said Hermione impatiently. "It's S-P-E-W. Stands for the Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare."

“Never heard of it,” said Ron.

“Well, of course you haven’t,” said Hermione briskly, “I’ve only just started it.”

“Yeah?” said Ron in mild surprise. “How many members have you got?”

“Well — if you two join — three,” said Hermione.

“And you think we want to walk around wearing badges saying ‘spew,’ do you?” said Ron.

他指著盒子問道：“裡面有什麼？”“有趣的是你問了這個問題，”赫敏說著，對著羅恩露出不悅的表情。她打開蓋子，向他們展示了盒子裡的東西。裡面有約五十個徽章，顏色各異，但都印著同樣的字母：S.P.E.W.。“‘Spew’？”哈利拿起一個徽章看著問道，“這是什麼？”“不是spew，”赫敏不耐煩地解釋道，“是S-P-E-W。代表妖精福利促進協會。”“我從沒聽說過，”羅恩說。“當然你沒聽說過，”赫敏幹脆利落地說，“因為我剛成立這個協會。”“是嗎？”羅恩輕輕地驚訝著，“那妳現在有多少成員？”“嗯……如果你們兩個加入的話……就三個，”赫敏說。“妳以為我們想戴著‘spew’這個字樣的徽章到處走嗎？”羅恩說。

“S-P-E-W!” said Hermione hotly. “I was going to put *Stop the Outrageous Abuse of Our Fellow Magical Creatures and Campaign for a Change in Their Legal Status* — but it wouldn’t fit. So that’s the heading of our manifesto.”

She brandished the sheaf of parchment at them

“I’ve been researching it thoroughly in the library. Elf enslavement goes back centuries. I can’t believe no one’s done anything about it before now.”

“Hermione — open your ears,” said Ron loudly. “They. Like. It. They *like* being enslaved!”

“Our short-term aims,” said Hermione, speaking even more loudly than Ron, and acting as though she hadn’t heard a word, “are to secure house-elves fair wages and working conditions. Our long-term aims include changing the law about non-wand use, and trying to get an elf into the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, because they’re shockingly underrepresented.”

“S-P-E-W！”赫敏憤怒地說道。“我原本想寫『制止對我們的同類魔法生物的虐待和倡導對其法律地位的改變』，但這樣太長，放不下。所以這就是我們宣言的標題。”她向他們展示了一疊羊皮紙。“我在圖書館裡做了徹底的研究。奴隸制度已經延續了數世紀。我不能相信之前居然沒有人做任何事情。”“赫敏，聽好了，”羅恩大聲說道。“他們。喜。歡。被奴役！”“我們的短期目標，”赫敏說話的聲音比羅恩更大聲，好像她根本沒有聽到他的話，“是確保家內傭兵得到公平的薪水和工作條件。我們的長期目標包括改變非魔杖使用的法律，並試圖讓一位家內傭兵進入魔法生物規管及控制部門，因為他們的代表性非常低。”

“And how do we do all this?” Harry asked.

“We start by recruiting members,” said Hermione happily. “I thought two Sickles to join — that buys a badge — and the proceeds can fund our leaflet campaign. You’re treasurer, Ron — I’ve got you a collecting tin upstairs — and Harry, you’re secretary, so you might want to write down everything I’m saying now, as a record of our first meeting.”

There was a pause in which Hermione beamed at the pair of them, and Harry sat, torn between exasperation at Hermione and amusement at the look on Ron’s face. The silence was broken, not by Ron, who in any case looked as though he was temporarily dumbstruck, but by a soft *tap, tap* on the window. Harry looked across the now empty common room and saw, illuminated by the moonlight, a snowy owl perched on the windowsill.

“那我們該怎麼做呢？”哈利問道。“我們先招募成員，”赫敏高興地說。“我想加入需要兩個仙界銀西可幣-可以買到徽章-之後所得的款項可以資助我們的傳單運動。你是出納員，羅恩，我在樓上為你準備了一個收款罐。哈利，你是秘書，所以你可能想要把我現在說的一切都寫下來，作為我們第一次會議的記錄。”赫敏笑得很灿烂，哈利坐在那裡，一邊對赫敏感到厭煩，一邊對望著羅恩臉上的表情感到有趣。在這個時間裡，有一個短暫的停頓。羅恩看上去暫時言語不得，不過這段沉默被窗外輕輕的敲打打破了——顯然是一只雪鶲停在窗外，月光下它的樣子清晰可見。

“Hedwig!” he shouted, and he launched himself out of his chair and across the room to pull open the window.

Hedwig flew inside, soared across the room, and landed on the table on top of Harry’s predictions.

“About time!” said Harry, hurrying after her.

“She’s got an answer!” said Ron excitedly, pointing at the grubby piece of parchment tied to Hedwig’s leg.

Harry hastily untied it and sat down to read, whereupon Hedwig fluttered onto his knee, hooting softly.

“What does it say?” Hermione asked breathlessly.

The letter was very short, and looked as though it had been scrawled in a great hurry. Harry read it aloud:

Harry —

I’m flying north immediately. This news about your scar is the latest in a series of strange rumors that have reached me here. If it hurts

again, go straight to Dumbledore — they're saying he's got Mad-Eye out of retirement, which means he's reading the signs, even if no one else is.

“海德維！”他喊道，然後他從椅子上跳出來，穿過房間拉開窗戶。海德維飛進來，翱翔過整個房間，落在哈利的預言書桌上。“終於來了！”哈利匆匆跟上。“她有回應了！”羅恩興奮地指著海德維腿上髒污的羊皮紙。哈利匆忙解開它，坐下來讀起來，海德維飛到他的膝蓋上，輕輕咕嚕著。“它說什麼？”赫敏喘不過氣來地問。信很短，看起來像是匆匆寫下的。哈利大聲讀了出來：哈利——我立刻往北飛。有關你傷疤的這條消息是我收到的一系列奇怪謠言中的最新消息。如果再有疼痛，直接去找鄧布利多——他們說他已經讓瘋眼退休了，這意味著他正在解讀這些跡象，即使沒有其他人。

I'll be in touch soon. My best to Ron and Hermione. Keep your eyes open, Harry.

Sirius

Harry looked up at Ron and Hermione, who stared back at him.

“He's flying north?” Hermione whispered. “He's coming back?”

“Dumbledore's reading what signs?” said Ron, looking perplexed. “Harry — what's up?”

For Harry had just hit himself in the forehead with his fist, jolting Hedwig out of his lap.

“I shouldn't've told him!” Harry said furiously.

“What are you on about?” said Ron in surprise.

“It's made him think he's got to come back!” said Harry, now slamming his fist on the table so that Hedwig landed on the back of Ron's chair, hooting indignantly. “Coming back, because he thinks I'm in trouble! And there's nothing wrong with me! And I haven't got anything for you,” Harry snapped at Hedwig, who was clicking her beak expectantly, “you'll have to go up to the Owlery if you want food.”

我會很快聯絡你。代我向羅恩和赫敏問好。哈利，保持警覺。哈利抬頭看了看羅恩和赫敏，他們也盯著他看。「他往北飛？」赫敏低聲說。「他要回來？」「鄧布利多在看什麼跡象？」羅恩感到困惑。「哈利——怎麼了？」哈利用拳頭敲了一下自己的額頭，讓海德薇各飛了出去。「我不應該告訴他！」哈利生氣地說。「你說什麼了？」羅恩驚訝地問。「他以為我有麻煩，所以要回來！」哈利說，現在用力在桌子上拍了一下，使海德薇不滿地鳴叫地落在羅恩椅子的背上。「他要回來，因為他以為我有麻煩！但我沒事！我也沒有東西給你，」哈利對著期待著食物的海德薇嚴厲說道：「如果你想要食物，你就得去鳥舍。」

Hedwig gave him an extremely offended look and took off for the open window, cuffing him around the head with her outstretched wing as she went.

“Harry,” Hermione began, in a pacifying sort of voice.

“I'm going to bed,” said Harry shortly. “See you in the morning.”

Upstairs in the dormitory he pulled on his pajamas and got into his four-poster, but he didn't feel remotely tired.

If Sirius came back and got caught, it would be his, Harry's, fault. Why hadn't he kept his mouth shut? A few seconds' pain and he'd had to blab. . . . If he'd just had the sense to keep it to himself. . . .

He heard Ron come up into the dormitory a short while later, but did not speak to him. For a long time, Harry lay staring up at the dark canopy of his bed. The dormitory was completely silent, and, had he been less preoccupied, Harry would have realized that the absence of Neville's usual snores meant that he was not the only one lying awake.

海德薇格怒視哈利，然後飛到敞開的窗戶，同時伸出翅膀在他頭上打了一巴掌。“哈利，”妙麗撫慰地開口道。“我去睡覺了，”哈利簡短地說，“明天見。”在樓上的宿舍裡，他換上了睡衣，爬進了他的四柱床，但他並不感到疲倦。如果小天狼星回來並被抓住，那就會是他，哈利的錯。為什麼他沒有閉上嘴巴？只需要忍受幾秒的痛苦，他就不能守口如瓶。如果他只是有足夠的頭腦把它留給自己。他聽到幾分鐘後會有朗進到宿舍裡，但沒有跟他說話。很長一段時間，哈利望著他的床的黑暗頂篷。宿舍是完全寂靜的，如果他不那麼沉迷於自己的想法，哈利會發現尼威爾的鼾聲的缺席意味著他不是唯一一個沒睡著的人。



BEAUXBATONS AND DURMSTRANG

Early next morning, Harry woke with a plan fully formed in his mind, as though his sleeping brain had been working on it all night. He got up, dressed in the pale dawn light, left the dormitory without waking Ron, and went back down to the deserted common room. Here he took a piece of parchment from the table upon which his Divination homework still lay and wrote the following letter:

Dear Sirius,

I reckon I just imagined my scar hurting, I was half asleep when I wrote to you last time. There's no point coming back, everything's fine here. Don't worry about me, my head feels completely normal.

Harry

He then climbed out of the portrait hole, up through the silent castle (held up only briefly by Peeves, who tried to overturn a large vase on him halfway along the fourth-floor corridor), finally arriving at the Owlcave, which was situated at the top of West Tower.

第二天一大早，哈利已經有了一個完整的計劃，彷彿他的睡眠期間已經在思考它。在微暗的晨光中，他起床穿好衣服，不打擾睡在身旁的朋友羅恩，從寢室下去回到了空無一人的公共休息室。他隨手抓了一張作業桌上還留著的占卜作業，寫下了這封信：親愛的小天狼星：我想我只是想像中感到頭痛而已，上次我寫信給你時，我當時半夢半醒。你不用回來了，這裡一切都好。不用擔心我，我的頭現在感覺很正常。哈利寫完信，從畫像洞中爬了出去，穿過靜謐的城堡（只被皮維斯在四樓走廊中途試圖將他推倒的一個大花瓶卡住一會兒），最終到達了位於西塔頂部的貓頭鷹巢。

The Owlcave was a circular stone room, rather cold and drafty, because none of the windows had glass in them. The floor was entirely covered in straw, owl droppings, and the regurgitated skeletons of mice and voles. Hundreds upon hundreds of owls of every breed imaginable were nestled here on perches that rose right up to the top of the tower, nearly all of them asleep, though here and there a round amber eye glared at Harry. He spotted Hedwig nestled between a barn owl and a tawny, and hurried over to her, sliding a little on the dropping-strewn floor.

It took him a while to persuade her to wake up and then to look at him, as she kept shuffling around on her perch, showing him her tail. She was evidently still furious about his lack of gratitude the previous night. In the end, it was Harry suggesting she might be too tired, and that perhaps he would ask Ron to borrow Pigwidgeon, that made her stick out her leg and allow him to tie the letter to it.

貓頭鷹書房是一個圓形的石頭房間，相當冷颼颼的，因為窗戶上都沒有玻璃。整個地面都被稻草、貓頭鷹的糞便和吐出的老鼠和田鼠骨骼覆蓋著。數不勝數的各種品種的貓頭鷹都躺在架上，幾乎都在睡覺，雖然偶爾會有一只圓圓的琥珀色眼睛盯著哈利。他發現海德薇正躺在一只谷倉貓頭鷹和一只褐色貓頭鷹之間，便趕緊走過去，踩在覆滿鳥糞的地上有些滑。他花了一點時間才說服她醒來，然後看著他，因為她不斷地在架上踱步，向他炫耀她的尾巴。她顯然仍然對前一晚他的不禮貌感到憤怒。最後，哈利建議她可能太疲倦了，也許他會去問朗借一個來替代她，這才使她伸出腿來，讓他將信綁在腿上。

“Just find him, all right?” Harry said, stroking her back as he carried her on his arm to one of the holes in the wall. “Before the dementors do.”

She nipped his finger, perhaps rather harder than she would ordinarily have done, but hooted softly in a reassuring sort of way all the same. Then she spread her wings and took off into the sunrise. Harry watched her fly out of sight with the familiar feeling of unease back in his stomach. He had been so sure that Sirius's reply would alleviate his worries rather than increasing them.

“That was a *lie*, Harry,” said Hermione sharply over breakfast, when he told her and Ron what he had done. “You *didn't* imagine your scar hurting and you know it.”

“So what?” said Harry. “He's not going back to Azkaban because of me.”

“找到他就行了，好吗？”哈利一边轻拍着她的后背，一边抱着她，走向墙上的一个洞穴。“先比收魂怪快一步找到他。”她咬了咬哈利的手指，比平常接受的程度要狠得多，但仍然用柔和的方式呜咽着，安抚着他。然后她展开翅膀，在日出时起飞了。哈

利看着她消失在视野，胃中又回到了那种熟悉的不安感。早餐时，哈利告诉赫敏和罗恩他所做的事情时，赫敏十分尖锐地说：“那是谎言，哈利。你不是想象出头疼的感觉，你心里很清楚。”“那又怎样？”哈利说。“他不是因为我而回去阿兹卡班的。”

“Drop it,” said Ron sharply to Hermione as she opened her mouth to argue some more, and for once, Hermione heeded him, and fell silent.

Harry did his best not to worry about Sirius over the next couple of weeks. True, he could not stop himself from looking anxiously around every morning when the post owls arrived, nor, late at night before he went to sleep, prevent himself from seeing horrible visions of Sirius, cornered by dementors down some dark London street, but betweentimes he tried to keep his mind off his godfather. He wished he still had Quidditch to distract him; nothing worked so well on a troubled mind as a good, hard training session. On the other hand, their lessons were becoming more difficult and demanding than ever before, particularly Moody's Defense Against the Dark Arts.

“罷了吧，”羅恩尖刻地對赫敏說道，當她要再爭辯時，赫敏竟然順從了他，一聲不吭。在接下來的幾個星期裡，哈利盡力不讓自己擔心小天狼星。當郵鴨送來信件時，他無法克制自己每天早上焦慮地四處張望，而在晚上入睡前，他無法防止自己想像小天狼星被黑魔法師圍攻在倫敦某個黑暗的街道上的可怕情景，但在這之間，他試著不去想他的教父。他希望自己仍有魁地奇可以轉移注意力，沒有什麼比一次良好而艱苦的訓練課程更能讓人振作了。另一方面，他們的課程正變得比以往任何時候都更加困難和苛刻，尤其是穆迪的黑魔法防禦。

To their surprise, Professor Moody had announced that he would be putting the Imperius Curse on each of them in turn, to demonstrate its power and to see whether they could resist its effects.

“But — but you said it's illegal, Professor,” said Hermione uncertainly as Moody cleared away the desks with a sweep of his wand, leaving a large clear space in the middle of the room. “You said — to use it against another human was —”

“Dumbledore wants you taught what it feels like,” said Moody, his magical eye swiveling onto Hermione and fixing her with an eerie, unblinking stare. “If you'd rather learn the hard way — when someone's putting it on you so they can control you completely — fine by me. You're excused. Off you go.”

He pointed one gnarled finger toward the door. Hermione went very pink and muttered something about not meaning that she wanted to leave. Harry and Ron grinned at each other. They knew Hermione would rather eat bubotuber pus than miss such an important lesson.

令他們驚訝的是，穆迪教授宣布將依次對他們使用魅惑咒，以展示其力量，並查看他們是否能夠抵抗其影響。“但是——但是您說這是非法的，教授，”當穆迪用魔杖掃掉桌子，讓課室中央留下一個大空地時，赫敏不確定地說道。“您說——對另一個人使用它是——”“邓布利多想讓你們知道那種感覺，”穆迪說，他的魔法眼轉向赫敏，並用怪異、不眨眼的凝視盯著她。“如果你寧願學會一個人完全控制你的方式——也就是當有人對你使用魅惑咒而你無法自拔時——那我也沒意見。你可以走了。”他用粗糙的手指指向門。赫敏的臉變得通紅，嘀咕著不是想要離開。哈利和羅恩相視而笑。他們知道赫敏寧願吃肚子痛的瘤根汁，也不想錯過這麼重要的課程。

Moody began to beckon students forward in turn and put the Imperius Curse upon them. Harry watched as, one by one, his classmates did the most extraordinary things under its influence. Dean Thomas hopped three times around the room, singing the national anthem. Lavender Brown imitated a squirrel. Neville performed a series of quite astonishing gymnastics he would certainly not have been capable of in his normal state. Not one of them seemed to be able to fight off the curse, and each of them recovered only when Moody had removed it.

“Potter,” Moody growled, “you next.”

Harry moved forward into the middle of the classroom, into the space that Moody had cleared of desks. Moody raised his wand, pointed it at Harry, and said, “*Imperio!*”

It was the most wonderful feeling. Harry felt a floating sensation as every thought and worry in his head was wiped gently away, leaving nothing but a vague, untraceable happiness. He stood there feeling immensely relaxed, only dimly aware of everyone watching him.

穆迪開始示意學生輪流走過來，施加強制魔咒。哈利看著自己的同學在咒語的影響下做出了最不可思議的事情。迪恩·湯馬斯在房間裡跳了三次，唱起了國歌。薰衣草·布朗模仿松鼠的樣子。尼威爾表現出了一系列非常驚人的體操動作，在正常狀態下他絕對不可能做到這一點。他們每個人都似乎無法抵抗這種咒語，只有在穆迪解除咒語後才會恢復正常。“波特，”穆迪咆哮道，“輪到你了。”哈利走到教室的中央，走進穆迪清空桌子的空間。穆迪舉起魔杖，對著哈利指了指，說：“強制魔咒！”這是最美妙的感覺。哈利感到自己漂浮起來，腦海中的所有思想和煩惱都被輕輕地抹去，只剩下一種模糊而難以追蹤的快樂。他站在那裡，感覺非常放鬆，只能模糊地感覺到大家在觀察他。

And then he heard Mad-Eye Moody's voice, echoing in some distant chamber of his empty brain: *Jump onto the desk . . . jump onto the desk . . .*

Harry bent his knees obediently, preparing to spring.

Jump onto the desk . . .

Why, though? Another voice had awoken in the back of his brain.

Stupid thing to do, really, said the voice.

Jump onto the desk. . .

No, I don't think I will, thanks, said the other voice, a little more firmly . . . no, I don't really want to. . .

Jump! NOW!

The next thing Harry felt was considerable pain. He had both jumped and tried to prevent himself from jumping — the result was that he'd smashed headlong into the desk, knocking it over, and, by the feeling in his legs, fractured both his kneecaps.

"Now, *that's* more like it!" growled Moody's voice, and suddenly, Harry felt the empty, echoing feeling in his head disappear. He remembered exactly what was happening, and the pain in his knees seemed to double.

然後，他聽到瘋眼穆迪的聲音，在他空虛的大腦的某個遠處回蕩：“跳到桌子上...跳到桌子上...”。哈利聽從地彎著膝蓋，準備跳躍。跳到桌子上...。但為什麼？另一個聲音在他的腦海中醒來。傻事，真是傻事，聲音說。跳到桌子上...。不，謝謝，我不想這麼做，另一個聲音有點更堅決地說道...不，我真的不想。跳！現在！哈利接下來感覺到的是極大的疼痛。他跳了起來，卻又試圖阻止自己跳起來。結果是他頭朝下地猛撞在桌子上，將桌子撞翻，而根據他腿部的感覺，他的兩個膝蓋都斷裂了。穆迪的聲音咆哮道：“現在就是這樣！”突然間，哈利感覺到他腦海中空虛、混亂的感覺消失了。他確切地記得發生了什麼事情，他的膝蓋上的疼痛似乎加倍了。

"Look at that, you lot . . . Potter fought! He fought it, and he damn near beat it! We'll try that again, Potter, and the rest of you, pay attention — watch his eyes, that's where you see it — very good, Potter, very good indeed! They'll have trouble controlling *you*!"

"The way he talks," Harry muttered as he hobbled out of the Defense Against the Dark Arts class an hour later (Moody had insisted on putting Harry through his paces four times in a row, until Harry could throw off the curse entirely), "you'd think we were all going to be attacked any second."

"Yeah, I know," said Ron, who was skipping on every alternate step. He had had much more difficulty with the curse than Harry, though Moody assured him the effects would wear off by lunchtime. "Talk about paranoid . . ." Ron glanced nervously over his shoulder to check that Moody was definitely out of earshot and went on. "No wonder they were glad to get shot of him at the Ministry. Did you hear him telling Seamus what he did to that witch who shouted 'Boo' behind him on April Fools' Day? And when are we supposed to read up on resisting the Imperius Curse with everything else we've got to do?"

“看那个，你们这些家伙……波特战斗了！他抵抗住了咒语，差一点就赢了！我们再来一遍，波特，你们其他人，注意力集中——看他的眼睛，那里是你看到的地方——非常好，波特，非常好！他们会有麻烦掌控住你！”“听他说话的方式，”一个小时后，哈利跛着脚走出黑魔法防御术课堂时嘟囔道（穆迪坚持让哈利连续四次应对咒语，直到哈利完全抵御住它），“你会认为我们随时都会遭受攻击。”“是啊，我知道，”罗恩跳着每个交替步伐说。他比哈利更难应对这个咒语，尽管穆迪向他保证，这种影响会在午餐时间消失。“这也太偏执了吧……”罗恩紧张地向后瞥了一眼，以确保穆迪确实听不见，并继续说道。“难怪他们在部里很高兴甩开他。你听到他告诉希腊组学员他在愚人节背后被一个女巫喊叫“咻”的时候所做的了吗？而我们被要求读什么以对抗心灵控制魔法，加上我们已经其他那么多事情要做？”

All the fourth years had noticed a definite increase in the amount of work they were required to do this term. Professor McGonagall explained why, when the class gave a particularly loud groan at the amount of Transfiguration homework she had assigned.

"You are now entering a most important phase of your magical education!" she told them, her eyes glinting dangerously behind her square spectacles. "Your Ordinary Wizarding Levels are drawing closer —"

"We don't take O.W.L.s till fifth year!" said Dean Thomas indignantly.

"Maybe not, Thomas, but believe me, you need all the preparation you can get! Miss Granger remains the only person in this class who has managed to turn a hedgehog into a satisfactory pincushion. I might remind you that *your* pincushion, Thomas, still curls up in fright if anyone approaches it with a pin!"

所有四年級的學生都注意到他們這學期需要完成的作業量明顯增加了。麥崔根教授解釋了原因，當她指派的變形術功課量引起全班尤其嘈雜的嘆息聲時。“你們現在正在進入魔法教育中最重要的階段！”她告訴他們，她方形眼鏡後的眼睛閃著危險的光芒。“你的普通巫師等級考試即將到來——”“我們不是在五年級才參加O.W.L.s嗎！”迪恩·湯馬斯憤怒地說。“也許不是，湯馬斯，但相信我，你需要盡可能多的準備！格蘭傑小姐仍然是這個班級中唯一成功把一只刺猬變成滿意針墊的人。我可能提醒你，你的針墊，湯馬斯，如果有人拿著一根針靠近它，它仍會驚恐地蜷縮起來！”

Hermione, who had turned rather pink again, seemed to be trying not to look too pleased with herself.

Harry and Ron were deeply amused when Professor Trelawney told them that they had received top marks for their homework in their next Divination class. She read out large portions of their predictions, commending them for their unflinching acceptance of the horrors in store for them — but they were less amused when she asked them to do the same thing for the month after next; both of them were running out of ideas for catastrophes.

Meanwhile Professor Binns, the ghost who taught History of Magic, had them writing weekly essays on the goblin rebellions of the eighteenth century. Professor Snape was forcing them to research antidotes. They took this one seriously, as he had hinted that he might be poisoning one of them before Christmas to see if their antidote worked. Professor Flitwick had asked them to read three extra books in preparation for their lesson

on Summoning Charms.

妙麗臉蛋又泛起紅暈，看起來似乎在努力掩飾自己的得意心情。當特雷拉娜教授告訴哈利和羅恩他們在下一次占卜課中的功課得到頂尖的分數時，哈利和羅恩忍不住大笑。她大聲朗讀了他們預測的大部分內容，讚揚他們對將來可能發生的恐懼畏懼毫不退縮的態度，但當她要求他們為下下個月做同樣的事情時，他們感到有些不好笑。他們兩個都已經想不出更多的災難預測了。與此同時，授課鬼魂賓斯教授教授他們撰寫關於十八世紀哥布林起義的週報。斯內普教授強制他們研究解毒劑。他們非常認真對待這個任務，因為他曾暗示他可能會在聖誕節前毒死他們中的一個，以查看他們的解毒劑是否有效。弗里特威克教授要求他們閱讀三本額外的書籍，以準備他們的嬰咒課程。

Even Hagrid was adding to their workload. The Blast-Ended Skrewts were growing at a remarkable pace given that nobody had yet discovered what they ate. Hagrid was delighted, and as part of their “project,” suggested that they come down to his hut on alternate evenings to observe the skrewts and make notes on their extraordinary behavior.

“I will not,” said Draco Malfoy flatly when Hagrid had proposed this with the air of Father Christmas pulling an extra-large toy out of his sack. “I see enough of these foul things during lessons, thanks.”

Hagrid’s smile faded off his face.

“Yeh’ll do wha’ yer told,” he growled, “or I’ll be takin’ a leaf outta Professor Moody’s book. . . . I hear yeh made a good ferret, Malfoy.”

The Gryffindors roared with laughter. Malfoy flushed with anger, but apparently the memory of Moody’s punishment was still sufficiently painful to stop him from retorting. Harry, Ron, and Hermione returned to the castle at the end of the lesson in high spirits; seeing Hagrid put down Malfoy was particularly satisfying, especially because Malfoy had done his very best to get Hagrid sacked the previous year.

就连海格也给了他们更多工作量。除了没有人发现它们吃什么之外，Blast-Ended Skrewts的生长速度惊人。海格感到高兴，并建议他们作为他们的“项目”，每隔一个晚上去他的小屋观察这些怪物并记录下它们的特异行为。“我不会这么做的，”德拉科·马尔福断然说道，当海格带着圣诞老人的姿态从他的袋子里掏出一件更大的玩具时提议这个项目。“在课堂上我已经看够了这些肮脏的东西，谢谢。”海格的微笑从他脸上消失了。“你会按照指示而行，”他 growled，“否则我会照穆迪教授的做法去做。. . . 我听说你在做一只漂亮的雪貂，马尔福。”格兰芬多队员们大笑起来。马尔福因愤怒而面红耳赤，但显然穆迪给他的惩罚仍然足以阻止他反驳。哈利、罗恩和赫敏高兴地返回城堡；看到海格打败马尔福特别是因为马尔福在前一年竭尽全力想让海格下课，这格外令人满意。

When they arrived in the entrance hall, they found themselves unable to proceed owing to the large crowd of students congregated there, all milling around a large sign that had been erected at the foot of the marble staircase. Ron, the tallest of the three, stood on tiptoe to see over the heads in front of them and read the sign aloud to the other two:

TRIWIZARD TOURNAMENT

THE DELEGATIONS FROM BEAUXBATONS AND DURMSTRANG WILL BE ARRIVING AT 6 O’CLOCK ON FRIDAY THE 30TH OF OCTOBER. LESSONS WILL END HALF AN HOUR EARLY—

“Brilliant!” said Harry. “It’s Potions last thing on Friday! Snape won’t have time to poison us all!”

STUDENTS WILL RETURN THEIR BAGS AND BOOKS TO THEIR DORMITORIES AND ASSEMBLE IN FRONT OF THE CASTLE TO GREET OUR GUESTS BEFORE THE WELCOMING FEAST.

當他們到達入口大廳時，發現他們因為聚集在那裡的大量學生群體而無法前進，所有人都圍繞著豎立在大理石階梯腳下的一個大牌子，來來回回。三人中最高的羅恩踮起腳尖，看過他們前面的人頭並向其他兩人大聲朗讀那個牌子上的內容：魔法三強賽，法國貝蜜奧學院和斯堪地那維亞杜姆斯特朗魔法學院的代表團將於10月30日星期五下午6點抵達。課程會提前半小時結束——“太好了！”哈利說。“星期五最後一節是魔藥學！斯內普沒時間招待我們了！”學生們需要將他們的書包和書本帶回宿舍，並在歡迎宴會前集合在城堡前迎接我們的客人。

“Only a week away!” said Ernie Macmillan of Hufflepuff, emerging from the crowd, his eyes gleaming. “I wonder if Cedric knows? Think I’ll go and tell him . . .”

“Cedric?” said Ron blankly as Ernie hurried off.

“Diggory,” said Harry. “He must be entering the tournament.”

“That idiot, Hogwarts champion?” said Ron as they pushed their way through the chattering crowd toward the staircase.

“He’s not an idiot. You just don’t like him because he beat Gryffindor at Quidditch,” said Hermione. “I’ve heard he’s a really good student — and he’s a prefect.”

She spoke as though this settled the matter.

“You only like him because he’s *handsome*, ” said Ron scathingly.

“Excuse me, I don’t like people just because they’re *handsome*!” said Hermione indignantly.

Ron gave a loud false cough, which sounded oddly like “Lockhart!”

「只有一個星期了！」來自赫夫帕夫的厄尼·麥克米蘭從人群中出現，他的眼睛閃閃發光。「我想知道西德里克知道了嗎？我想去告訴他...」「西德里克？」羅恩茫然地問，當厄尼匆匆離去。「迪戈里，」哈利回答。「他一定要參加這個錦標賽。」「那個白痴，霍格華茲的冠軍？」他們穿過聒噪的人群，向樓梯前進，羅恩說。「他不是白痴。只是因為他在魁地奇比賽中擊敗了格蘭芬多，你才不喜歡他而已，」赫敏說。「我聽說他是個優秀的學生，而且他是個學生領袖。」她似乎說得很有道理。「你只喜歡他因為他長得好看，」羅恩不屑地說。「對不起，我不會因為一個人長得好看就喜歡他！」赫敏憤慨地回答。羅恩故意清了清喉嚨，發出奇怪的「洛哈特！」聲。

The appearance of the sign in the entrance hall had a marked effect upon the inhabitants of the castle. During the following week, there seemed to be only one topic of conversation, no matter where Harry went: the Triwizard Tournament. Rumors were flying from student to student like highly contagious germs: who was going to try for Hogwarts champion, what the tournament would involve, how the students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang differed from themselves.

Harry noticed too that the castle seemed to be undergoing an extra-thorough cleaning. Several grimy portraits had been scrubbed, much to the displeasure of their subjects, who sat huddled in their frames muttering darkly and wincing as they felt their raw pink faces. The suits of armor were suddenly gleaming and moving without squeaking, and Argus Filch, the caretaker, was behaving so ferociously to any students who forgot to wipe their shoes that he terrified a pair of first-year girls into hysterics.

入口大廳的招牌出現，對城堡的居民產生了明顯的影響。接下來的一周，無論哈利走到哪裡，似乎只有一個話題：三強魔法大賽。謠言像高度傳染的細菌一樣從學生中傳播：誰會在霍格華茲競爭冠軍，這項比賽會包括什麼，Bo Beauxbatons和德姆斯特朗的學生如何與他們自己不同。哈利還注意到，城堡似乎正在進行額外徹底的清潔。幾幅骯髒的肖像畫已被擦洗，這讓他們的主角們非常不滿，在畫框裡蜷縮著咕哝著，感覺到自己的生痛鮮紅的臉。盔甲套裝突然閃閃發亮，動作也不再吱吱作響，照管員阿古斯·費奇對任何忘記擦鞋的學生都表現得非常兇猛，他把一對一年級女孩嚇得陷入歇斯底里。

Other members of the staff seemed oddly tense too.

“Longbottom, kindly do *not* reveal that you can’t even perform a simple Switching Spell in front of anyone from Durmstrang!” Professor McGonagall barked at the end of one particularly difficult lesson, during which Neville had accidentally transplanted his own ears onto a cactus.

When they went down to breakfast on the morning of the thirtieth of October, they found that the Great Hall had been decorated overnight. Enormous silk banners hung from the walls, each of them representing a Hogwarts House: red with a gold lion for Gryffindor, blue with a bronze eagle for Ravenclaw, yellow with a black badger for Hufflepuff, and green with a silver serpent for Slytherin. Behind the teachers’ table, the largest banner of all bore the Hogwarts coat of arms: lion, eagle, badger, and snake united around a large letter H.

教職員中的其他成員也顯得異常緊張。在一節特別困難的課結束時，麥格教授大聲喊道：“隆巴頓，請勿在從杜姆斯特朗來的人面前透露您甚至不能執行簡單的轉化咒語！”在這堂課中，奈威不慎將自己的耳朵移植到了一棵仙人掌上。十月三十日早餐時，他們發現大禮堂已在隔夜裝飾。巨大的絲質橫幅掛在牆上，每個橫幅代表一所霍格華茲的院系：紅色金獅子代表格蘭芬多，藍色青銅鷹代表拉文克勞，黃色黑獾代表赫夫帕夫，綠色銀蛇代表史萊特林。在教師席後面，最大的橫幅掛著霍格華茲的紋章：獅子，鷹，獾和蛇圍繞著一個大寫字母H。

Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat down beside Fred and George at the Gryffindor table. Once again, and most unusually, they were sitting apart from everyone else and conversing in low voices. Ron led the way over to them.

“It’s a bummer, all right,” George was saying gloomily to Fred. “But if he won’t talk to us in person, we’ll have to send him the letter after all. Or we’ll stuff it into his hand. He can’t avoid us forever.”

“Who’s avoiding you?” said Ron, sitting down next to them.

“Wish you would,” said Fred, looking irritated at the interruption.

“What’s a bummer?” Ron asked George.

“Having a nosy git like you for a brother,” said George.

“You two got any ideas on the Triwizard Tournament yet?” Harry asked. “Thought any more about trying to enter?”

“I asked McGonagall how the champions are chosen but she wasn’t telling,” said George bitterly. “She just told me to shut up and get on with Transfiguring my raccoon.”

哈利、羅恩和赫敏坐在格蘭芬多桌旁的弗雷德和喬治身旁，這很不尋常，他們又一次獨自一人並低聲交談着。羅恩帶領大家走向他們。“真是煩人啊，”喬治悶悶不樂地對弗雷德說道：“但如果他不肯與我們當面交談，我們將不得不寄信給他。或者只好塞到他手裏。他不能一直躲開我們。”“是誰躲開了你們？”羅恩說著坐在他們旁邊。“希望是你，”弗雷德不悅地看了看羅恩。“什麼是煩人的事？”羅恩問喬治。“像你這樣窺探八卦的弟弟，”喬治說。“你們有關魔法三巨頭還有什麼想法嗎？”哈利問道：“有沒有考慮過試著參加比賽？”“我問麥格教授那些霸主是如何被選出來的，但她沒有告訴我，”喬治憤憤地說：“她只是讓我閉嘴，好好變出我的浣熊。”

“Wonder what the tasks are going to be?” said Ron thoughtfully. “You know, I bet we could do them, Harry. We’ve done dangerous stuff before. . . .”

“Not in front of a panel of judges, you haven’t,” said Fred. “McGonagall says the champions get awarded points according to how well they’ve done the tasks.”

“Who are the judges?” Harry asked.

“Well, the Heads of the participating schools are always on the panel,” said Hermione, and everyone looked around at her, rather surprised, “because all three of them were injured during the Tournament of 1792, when a cockatrice the champions were supposed to be catching went on the rampage.”

She noticed them all looking at her and said, with her usual air of impatience that nobody else had read all the books she had, “It’s all in *Hogwarts: A History*. Though, of course, that book’s not *entirely* reliable. *A Revised History of Hogwarts* would be a more accurate title. Or *A Highly Biased and Selective History of Hogwarts, Which Glosses Over the Nastier Aspects of the School*.”

“不知道任務會是什麼？”羅恩若有所思地說道，“你知道嗎，哈利，我想我們會完成它們。我們以前做過危險的事情.....”“可是你們以前不是在評委面前完成的，”弗雷德說道，“麥格教授說冠軍得到的分數根據他們完成任務的好壞而定。”“評委是誰？”哈利問道。“參賽學校的校長總是在評委會上，”妙麗說，所有人都非常驚訝地看着她，“因為他們三個都在1792年「三強爭霸賽」參賽者應該抓住的雞蛇出走時受傷了。”她注意到他們都在看着她，並用她通常的不耐煩口氣說道，沒有人像她讀過所有的書，“這都在《霍格華茲的歷史》中。當然，那本書並不十分可靠。《霍格華茲修訂史》是更準確的標題。或者是《霍格華茲極具偏見和選擇性的歷史》，這本書掩蓋了學校更陰暗的方面。”

“What are you on about?” said Ron, though Harry thought he knew what was coming.

“*House-elves!*” said Hermione, her eyes flashing. “Not once, in over a thousand pages, does *Hogwarts: A History* mention that we are all colluding in the oppression of a hundred slaves!”

Harry shook his head and applied himself to his scrambled eggs. His and Ron’s lack of enthusiasm had done nothing whatsoever to curb Hermione’s determination to pursue justice for house-elves. True, both of them had paid two Sickles for a S.P.E.W. badge, but they had only done it to keep her quiet. Their Sickles had been wasted, however; if anything, they seemed to have made Hermione more vociferous. She had been badgering Harry and Ron ever since, first to wear the badges, then to persuade others to do the same, and she had also taken to rattling around the Gryffindor common room every evening, cornering people and shaking the collecting tin under their noses.

「你在說什麼？」羅恩問道，然而哈利認為他已經知道接下來會發生什麼。「家內精靈！」赫敏說道，她的眼睛閃閃發光。「在超過一千頁的《霍格華茲：歷史與類型》中甚至沒有提到我們正在勾結壓迫一百名奴隸！」哈利搖了搖頭，專注於吃他的炒蛋。他和羅恩的缺乏熱情對於赫敏追求家內精靈正義的決心根本沒有起到任何作用。當然，他們兩個都付了兩個西可幣買了一個S.P.E.W.徽章，但他們只是為了讓她安靜下來而這麼做的。然而，他們的西可幣白白浪費了；如果有什麼作用的話，那就是看起來赫敏變得更加強烈了。自那以後，她一直纏著哈利和羅恩，要他們戴著徽章，然後說服其他人也這麼做，她還開始每天晚上在格蘭芬多的公共休息室裡走來走去，找人攔住他們然後在他們面前搖晃著捐款罐。

“You do realize that your sheets are changed, your fires lit, your classrooms cleaned, and your food cooked by a group of magical creatures who are unpaid and enslaved?” she kept saying fiercely.

Some people, like Neville, had paid up just to stop Hermione from glowering at them. A few seemed mildly interested in what she had to say, but were reluctant to take a more active role in campaigning. Many regarded the whole thing as a joke.

Ron now rolled his eyes at the ceiling, which was flooding them all in autumn sunlight, and Fred became extremely interested in his bacon (both twins had refused to buy a S.P.E.W. badge). George, however, leaned in toward Hermione.

“Listen, have you ever been down in the kitchens, Hermione?”

“No, of course not,” said Hermione curtly, “I hardly think students are supposed to —”

「你有沒有意識到你的床單換過、火生了、教室打掃好，飯菜煮好的工作，全都是由一群被奴役、不受薪水的魔法生物在幹？」她說得十分憤怒。像奈威爾這樣的人已經付錢停止了赫敏瞪他們的眼神。一些人似乎對她所說的事情有些興趣，但仍不太願意在運動中扮演更積極的角色。許多人則將整件事視為一個笑話。現在，羅恩朝著一片洋溢秋日陽光的天花板翻了翻白眼，弗雷德對自己的培根極感興趣（這兩位孪生兄弟都拒絕購買S.P.E.W.的徽章）。然而，喬治卻向赫敏貼近了一些。「聽著，赫敏，你有下過廚房嗎？」「沒有，當然沒有，」赫敏板起臉回答道：「我都不認為學生可以——」

“Well, we have,” said George, indicating Fred, “loads of times, to nick food. And we’ve met them, and they’re *happy*. They think they’ve got the best job in the world —”

“That’s because they’re uneducated and brainwashed!” Hermione began hotly, but her next few words were drowned out by the sudden whooshing noise from overhead, which announced the arrival of the post owls. Harry looked up at once, and saw Hedwig soaring toward him. Hermione stopped talking abruptly; she and Ron watched Hedwig anxiously as she fluttered down onto Harry’s shoulder, folded her wings, and held out her leg wearily.

Harry pulled off Sirius’s reply and offered Hedwig his bacon rinds, which she ate gratefully. Then, checking that Fred and George were safely immersed in further discussions about the Triwizard Tournament, Harry read out Sirius’s letter in a whisper to Ron and Hermione.

“我們嘗試過很多次了，”喬治指了指弗雷德說，“為了偷食物。我們遇到他們，他們很開心。他們認為自己有世界上最好的工

作——“那是因為他們沒受教育，被洗腦！”赫敏憤怒地開始講話，但她的話在頭頂上突然嗖嗖作響的聲音中被淹沒了，那是郵貓咪的到來聲。哈利馬上抬起頭，看見海德薇正朝他飛翔而來。赫敏立刻停止講話，她和羅恩焦急地注視著海德薇，看著她疲憊地飛落在哈利的肩膀上，摺疊翅膀，伸出疲憊的腿部。哈利拆開了瑟瑞斯的回信，把培根裏子遞給海德薇，她感激地吃了起來。接著他檢查弗雷德和喬治是否仍然忙於討論三巫鬥法大賽，然後輕聲給羅恩和赫敏讀瑟瑞斯的信。

Nice try, Harry.

I'm back in the country and well hidden. I want you to keep me posted on everything that's going on at Hogwarts. Don't use Hedwig, keep changing owls, and don't worry about me, just watch out for yourself. Don't forget what I said about your scar.

Sirius

“Why d'you have to keep changing owls?” Ron asked in a low voice.

“Hedwig'll attract too much attention,” said Hermione at once. “She stands out. A snowy owl that keeps returning to wherever he's hiding . . . I mean, they're not native birds, are they?”

Harry rolled up the letter and slipped it inside his robes, wondering whether he felt more or less worried than before. He supposed that Sirius managing to get back without being caught was something. He couldn't deny either that the idea that Sirius was much nearer was reassuring: at least he wouldn't have to wait so long for a response every time he wrote.

哈利，你做得很好。我已經回到國內並藏好了。我想你保持對霍格華茲學校上下的一切都要通報我。不要使用哈利得，改用其他的貓頭鷹，不要擔心我，只要保重自己。不要忘記我所說的關於你的疤痕的事情。萊恩低聲問道：“為什麼你要經常更換貓頭鷹？”“哈利得太引人注目了，”赫敏立刻說道，“她太顯眼了。一隻白色貓頭鷹經常回到他藏身的地方……我是說，它們並不是當地的鳥類，是吧？”哈利將信摺疊起來，塞進他的袍子裡，想知道他比以前更擔心還是更放心了。他想，小天狼星能夠順利返回而不被抓住是件好事。他也不能否認小天狼星更接近的想法讓他感到安心。至少他不必每次寫信都等那麼長時間才得到回應了。

“Thanks, Hedwig,” he said, stroking her. She hooted sleepily, dipped her beak briefly into his goblet of orange juice, then took off again, clearly desperate for a good long sleep in the Owlery.

There was a pleasant feeling of anticipation in the air that day. Nobody was very attentive in lessons, being much more interested in the arrival that evening of the people from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang: even Potions was more bearable than usual, as it was half an hour shorter. When the bell rang early, Harry, Ron, and Hermione hurried up to Gryffindor Tower, deposited their bags and books as they had been instructed, pulled on their cloaks, and rushed back downstairs into the entrance hall.

The Heads of Houses were ordering their students into lines.

“Weasley, straighten your hat,” Professor McGonagall snapped at Ron. “Miss Patil, take that ridiculous thing out of your hair.”

「謝謝，赫奇維奇。」他撫摸著牠。赫奇維奇打了個困意的呼嚙，輕輕地喝了一口橙汁，接著就飛走了，顯然非常需要在貓頭鷹屋裡好好睡一覺。那天，空氣中充滿了美好的期待感。人們都不太在意課堂，更加關注的是晚上Beauxbatons和Durmstrang來的人。就連魔藥學課也比往常舒服，因為縮短了半小時。當鐘聲早早響起時，哈利、羅恩和赫敏匆忙地爬上了格蘭芬多的塔樓，按照指示放下了他們的袋子和書籍，套上了斗篷，然後匆忙跑回了樓下的入口大廳。各個院長正在指揮他們的學生排成一列。「威茲利，把帽子戴正。」麥格教授對著羅恩說道。「帕蒂爾小姐，把頭上那個荒唐的東西取下來。」

Parvati scowled and removed a large ornamental butterfly from the end of her plait.

“Follow me, please,” said Professor McGonagall. “First years in front . . . no pushing . . .”

They filed down the steps and lined up in front of the castle. It was a cold, clear evening; dusk was falling and a pale, transparent-looking moon was already shining over the Forbidden Forest. Harry, standing between Ron and Hermione in the fourth row from the front, saw Dennis Creevey positively shivering with anticipation among the other first years.

“Nearly six,” said Ron, checking his watch and then staring down the drive that led to the front gates. “How d'you reckon they're coming? The train?”

“I doubt it,” said Hermione.

“How, then? Broomsticks?” Harry suggested, looking up at the starry sky.

帕瓦蒂皺眉，從她的辮子上拿下一只大裝飾蝴蝶。“請跟我來，”麥格教授說。“新生在前面……不要推擠……”他們走下臺階，在城堡前排成了一排。晚上很冷，天已經暗了下來，一輪蒼白透明的月亮已經在禁忌的森林上空閃耀。哈利站在第四排的羅恩和赫敏之間，看到丹尼斯·克裡維在其他新生中緊張地發抖。“快六點了，”羅恩說著看了看手錶，然後凝視著通向前門的驅車徑。“你認為他們是怎麼來的？火車？”“我懷疑不是，”赫敏說。“那是什麼？掃帚？”哈利建議道，仰望星空。

“I don't think so . . . not from that far away . . .”

“A Portkey?” Ron suggested. “Or they could Apparate — maybe you’re allowed to do it under seventeen wherever they come from?”

“You can’t Apparate inside the Hogwarts grounds, how often do I have to tell you?” said Hermione impatiently.

They scanned the darkening grounds excitedly, but nothing was moving; everything was still, silent, and quite as usual. Harry was starting to feel cold. He wished they’d hurry up. . . . Maybe the foreign students were preparing a dramatic entrance. . . . He remembered what Mr. Weasley had said back at the campsite before the Quidditch World Cup: “always the same — we can’t resist showing off when we get together. . . .”

And then Dumbledore called out from the back row where he stood with the other teachers —

「我不這麼認為...從那麼遠的距離還是不行。」「傳送魔法道具？」羅恩建議。「或者他們可以瞬間移動，在他們來的地方或許可以在十七歲以下使用？」「霍格華茲學校內部禁止任何人使用瞬間移動魔法，我已經跟你說過多少次了？」赫敏不耐煩地說。他們興奮地掃描著漸暗的院子，但什麼也沒有動，一切都很安靜，如同往常一樣。哈利開始感到寒冷，希望他們趕緊來。也許這些外國學生正在準備一個戲劇性的入場...他想起韋斯萊先生在魁地奇世界杯前在營地裡所說的話：「總是一樣——當我們聚在一起時，我們無法抗拒炫耀。」然後，邓布利多從後排喊出來，他和其他老師站在那裡：

“Aha! Unless I am very much mistaken, the delegation from Beauxbatons approaches!”

“Where?” said many students eagerly, all looking in different directions.

“There!” yelled a sixth year, pointing over the forest.

Something large, much larger than a broomstick — or, indeed, a hundred broomsticks — was hurtling across the deep blue sky toward the castle, growing larger all the time.

“It’s a dragon!” shrieked one of the first years, losing her head completely.

“Don’t be stupid . . . it’s a flying house!” said Dennis Creevey.

Dennis’s guess was closer. . . . As the gigantic black shape skimmed over the treetops of the Forbidden Forest and the lights shining from the castle windows hit it, they saw a gigantic, powder-blue, horse-drawn carriage, the size of a large house, soaring toward them, pulled through the air by a dozen winged horses, all palominos, and each the size of an elephant.

「噢！除非我大錯特錯，這就是來自波巴蓬的代表團！」「哪裡？」許多學生迫不及待地問，各自看向不同的方向。「那裡！」一個六年級哈利大喊，指著林子那邊。有什麼東西在穿過深藍色的天空，越來越大，比掃帚還大—實際上，比一百支掃帚還大。「是龍！」一個一年級尖叫，完全失去理智。「別傻了.....是飛行屋！」丹尼斯·克里維說。丹尼斯的猜測更接近了.....當巨大的黑影掠過禁林的樹梢，從城堡窗口射出的光線照射到它時，他們看到了一輛巨大的粉藍色馬車，拉著十二匹翼馬，在空中飛翔，每匹馬都像大象一樣大。

The front three rows of students drew backward as the carriage hurtled ever lower, coming in to land at a tremendous speed — then, with an almighty crash that made Neville jump backward onto a Slytherin fifth year’s foot, the horses’ hooves, larger than dinner plates, hit the ground. A second later, the carriage landed too, bouncing upon its vast wheels, while the golden horses tossed their enormous heads and rolled large, fiery red eyes.

Harry just had time to see that the door of the carriage bore a coat of arms (two crossed, golden wands, each emitting three stars) before it opened.

A boy in pale blue robes jumped down from the carriage, bent forward, fumbled for a moment with something on the carriage floor, and unfolded a set of golden steps. He sprang back respectfully. Then Harry saw a shining, high-heeled black shoe emerging from the inside of the carriage — a shoe the size of a child’s sled — followed, almost immediately, by the largest woman he had ever seen in his life. The size of the carriage, and of the horses, was immediately explained. A few people gasped.

前三排的學生向後退，馬車一路跌落到極低處 - 隨後以驚人的速度著陸，並發出震耳欲聾的聲響，尼威爾退了一步，踏在了一個史萊哲林的五年級學生的腳上，比飯盤還大的馬蹄撞在了地面上。一秒鐘後，馬車也降落了，其巨大的輪子彈跳著，金色的馬隻搖擺著巨大的頭，翻滾著火紅的大眼睛。哈利來得及看見馬車的門上有一個紋章（兩支交叉的金杖，每支發出三顆星星），然後門打開了。一個穿淺藍色長袍的男孩從馬車上跳下來，彎腰在車廂地板上摸了一會兒，然後展開了一組金色的階梯，恭敬地退後。然後，哈利看到一只閃亮的高跟黑色鞋子從馬車內部露出來了——這只鞋子有一個孩子的雪橇那麼大——幾乎立刻，他看到了他一生中見過的最大的女人，車廂和馬隻的大小被立即解釋清楚了。有些人驚呼出聲。

Harry had only ever seen one person as large as this woman in his life, and that was Hagrid; he doubted whether there was an inch difference in their heights. Yet somehow — maybe simply because he was used to Hagrid — this woman (now at the foot of the steps, and looking around at the waiting, wide-eyed crowd) seemed even more unnaturally large. As she stepped into the light flooding from the entrance hall, she was revealed to have a handsome, olive-skinned face; large, black, liquid-looking eyes; and a rather beaky nose. Her hair was drawn back in a shining knob at the base of her neck. She was dressed from head to foot in black satin, and many magnificent opals gleamed at her throat and on her thick fingers.

Dumbledore started to clap; the students, following his lead, broke into applause too, many of them standing on tiptoe, the better to look at this woman.

哈利一生中只看過一個和這位女人一樣高大的人，那就是海格；他懷疑他們的身高差距只有一英寸。不過不知道是因為習慣了

海格，還是別的原因，這位女人（現在已經走到臺階底部，看著等待、瞪大雙眼的人群四處張望）似乎更加不自然地高大。當她走入從入口大廳傾瀉出的光芒時，她的臉呈現出漂亮的橄欖色，她的眼睛又大又黑，看起來像液體；她的鼻子有一點鷹勾。她的頭髮在脖子下方光亮地扎成一個圓形。她從頭到腳穿著黑緞子，許多華麗的蛋白石閃爍在她的喉嚨和厚重的手指上。鄧布利多開始鼓掌，學生們跟著起哄，許多人站立在腳趾上，更好地看著這個女人。

Her face relaxed into a gracious smile and she walked forward toward Dumbledore, extending a glittering hand. Dumbledore, though tall himself, had barely to bend to kiss it.

“My dear Madame Maxime,” he said. “Welcome to Hogwarts.”

“Dumbly-dorr,” said Madame Maxime in a deep voice. “I ’ope I find you well?”

“In excellent form, I thank you,” said Dumbledore.

“My pupils,” said Madame Maxime, waving one of her enormous hands carelessly behind her.

Harry, whose attention had been focused completely upon Madame Maxime, now noticed that about a dozen boys and girls, all, by the look of them, in their late teens, had emerged from the carriage and were now standing behind Madame Maxime. They were shivering, which was unsurprising, given that their robes seemed to be made of fine silk, and none of them were wearing cloaks. A few had wrapped scarves and shawls around their heads. From what Harry could see of them (they were standing in Madame Maxime’s enormous shadow), they were staring up at Hogwarts with apprehensive looks on their faces.

她的面容放鬆成優雅的微笑，向鄧布利多走去，伸出闪闪發光的手。鄧布利多雖然自己很高，但只需稍稍彎腰就可以親吻她的手。“我亲爱的馬克西姆夫人，”他说。“欢迎来到霍格沃茲。”“唐布佛多爾，”馬克西姆夫人用沉重的声音说。“我希望你一切安好？”“我非常好，谢谢你，”鄧布利多说。“我的学生，”馬克西姆夫人隨意地揮了揮她那巨大的手说。哈利一直全神貫注地看著馬克西姆夫人，現在才注意到大約有十幾個男男女女，看上去都是十幾歲的，已經從馬車里出來，站在馬克西姆夫人後面。他們正在顫抖，這一點也不奇怪，因為他們的袍子似乎是用絲綢製成的，沒有一個人穿外套。有幾個人在頭上裹著圍巾和披肩。從哈利能看到的他們（他們正站在馬克西姆女巨大的陰影里），臉上帶著憂慮的表情，朝霍格沃茲仔細看去。

“As Karkaroff arrived yet?” Madame Maxime asked.

“He should be here any moment,” said Dumbledore. “Would you like to wait here and greet him or would you prefer to step inside and warm up a trifle?”

“Warm up, I think,” said Madame Maxime. “But ze ’orses —”

“Our Care of Magical Creatures teacher will be delighted to take care of them,” said Dumbledore, “the moment he has returned from dealing with a slight situation that has arisen with some of his other — er — charges.”

“Skrewts,” Ron muttered to Harry, grinning.

“My steeds require — er — forceful ’andling,” said Madame Maxime, looking as though she doubted whether any Care of Magical Creatures teacher at Hogwarts could be up to the job. “Zey are very strong . . .”

“I assure you that Hagrid will be well up to the job,” said Dumbledore, smiling.

“卡卡洛夫先生來了嗎？”瑪黛姆·馬克西姆問道。「他隨時會到這裡，」鄧不利多說。「你想在這裡等他還是進去暖和一下呢？」「我想進去暖和一下，」瑪黛姆·馬克西姆說。「但是我的馬……」「我們的魔法生物學老師會很樂意照顧他們的，」鄧不利多說，「他會回來處理一些其他事情的一個輕微情況之後，——啊——動物。」「壞蟲。」羅恩對哈利咧嘴笑道。「我的種馬需要——啊——強有力的手，」瑪黛姆·馬克西姆說，看起來好像懷疑霍格華茲的任何魔法生物學老師都能勝任這項工作。「他們非常強壯。……」「我保證海格能勝任這份工作，」鄧不利多微笑著說道。

“Very well,” said Madame Maxime, bowing slightly. “Will you please inform zis ’Agrid zat ze ’orses drink only single-malt whiskey?”

“It will be attended to,” said Dumbledore, also bowing.

“Come,” said Madame Maxime imperiously to her students, and the Hogwarts crowd parted to allow her and her students to pass up the stone steps.

“How big d’you reckon Durmstrang’s horses are going to be?” Seamus Finnigan said, leaning around Lavender and Parvati to address Harry and Ron.

“Well, if they’re any bigger than this lot, even Hagrid won’t be able to handle them,” said Harry. “That’s if he hasn’t been attacked by his skrewts. Wonder what’s up with them?”

“Maybe they’ve escaped,” said Ron hopefully.

“Oh don’t say that,” said Hermione with a shudder. “Imagine that lot loose on the grounds. . . .”

“非常好，”瑪克席夫人微微鞠躬道。“請告訴那位阿格里德他的馬只喝單一純麥威士忌。”“會照辦的，”鄧布利多也鞠躬道。

“來吧，”瑪克席夫人威嚴地對她的學生們說道，霍格華茲的人群為她們讓出道路，讓她和她的學生們走上石階。“你猜德姆斯特朗的馬會有多大？”席姆斯·芬尼根探出身來對著哈利和朗恩說。“如果比這些馬還要大，甚至海格也無法應付它們，”哈利說。“除非他還沒有被他的斯庫魯茲襲擊。不知道他們怎麼了？”“也許它們已經逃跑了，”朗恩滿心希望地說。“哦不要這樣說，”赫敏打了個寒戰，“想象一下它們自由在校園裡遊蕩……”

They stood, shivering slightly now, waiting for the Durmstrang party to arrive. Most people were gazing hopefully up at the sky. For a few minutes, the silence was broken only by Madame Maxime's huge horses snorting and stamping. But then —

“Can you hear something?” said Ron suddenly.

Harry listened; a loud and oddly eerie noise was drifting toward them from out of the darkness: a muffled rumbling and sucking sound, as though an immense vacuum cleaner were moving along a riverbed. . . .

“The lake!” yelled Lee Jordan, pointing down at it. “Look at the lake!”

From their position at the top of the lawns overlooking the grounds, they had a clear view of the smooth black surface of the water — except that the surface was suddenly not smooth at all. Some disturbance was taking place deep in the center; great bubbles were forming on the surface, waves were now washing over the muddy banks — and then, out in the very middle of the lake, a whirlpool appeared, as if a giant plug had just been pulled out of the lake's floor. . . .

他們站在那兒，現在微微顫抖，等著德姆斯特朗的一行人到來。大多數人都滿懷希望地仰望著天空。幾分鐘內，唯一能聽到的聲音就是麥克西姆夫人的大馬的哼聲和跺腳聲。但是——“你聽到什麼了嗎？”羅恩突然說。哈利聽了聽；一個響亮而古怪的聲音從黑暗中飄向他們：一種混沌的轟鳴和吸入聲，就像一個巨大的吸塵器沿著河床移動。. . . . “湖！”李·喬丹大喊，指著它。“看湖！”從他們俯瞰場地的草坪上的位置，他們可以清楚地看到水面的光滑黑面——但是水面突然一點也不平滑。一些騷動正在深處進行；巨大的泡沫正在水面上形成，波浪現在正在沖刷泥濘的岸邊——然後，在湖的正中央，一個漩渦出現了，彷彿一個巨大的插頭剛被從湖底拔出。. . . .

What seemed to be a long, black pole began to rise slowly out of the heart of the whirlpool . . . and then Harry saw the rigging . . .

“It's a mast!” he said to Ron and Hermione.

Slowly, magnificently, the ship rose out of the water, gleaming in the moonlight. It had a strangely skeletal look about it, as though it were a resurrected wreck, and the dim, misty lights shimmering at its portholes looked like ghostly eyes. Finally, with a great sloshing noise, the ship emerged entirely, bobbing on the turbulent water, and began to glide toward the bank. A few moments later, they heard the splash of an anchor being thrown down in the shallows, and the thud of a plank being lowered onto the bank.

People were disembarking; they could see their silhouettes passing the lights in the ship's portholes. All of them, Harry noticed, seemed to be built along the lines of Crabbe and Goyle . . . but then, as they drew nearer, walking up the lawns into the light streaming from the entrance hall, he saw that their bulk was really due to the fact that they were wearing cloaks of some kind of shaggy, matted fur. But the man who was leading them up to the castle was wearing furs of a different sort: sleek and silver, like his hair.

似乎一個漆黑的長竿，緩緩地從渦漩的中心崛起……然後哈利看到了索具。“這是一根桅杆！”他告訴朗恩和赫敏。船慢慢地、壯觀地從水中升起，在月光下閃閃發光。它有一個奇怪的骷髏外觀，就像一艘復活的殘骸，而門瞄透孔上映照出的昏暗、霧蒙若隱若現的燈光看起來像是幽靈眼睛。最後，船完全浮出水面，渾沌的水中搖晃著，開始向岸邊滑行。幾秒鐘後，他們聽到錨被拋進淺灘的入水聲和木板被放低在岸邊的聲響。人們正在下船；他們可以看到他們的剪影從船瞄透孔中通過燈光。哈利注意到，他們所有人似乎都像克拉伯和高爾的樣子……但是，當他們走近，走上草坪進入入口大廳的光線時，他看到他們的體型實際上是由於他們穿著某種毛茸茸的袍子。但是，帶領他們走向城堡的人穿著不同類型的毛皮：豹紋銀色，細膩光滑，就像他的頭髮一樣。

“Dumbledore!” he called heartily as he walked up the slope. “How are you, my dear fellow, how are you?”

“Blooming, thank you, Professor Karkaroff,” Dumbledore replied.

Karkaroff had a fruity, unctuous voice; when he stepped into the light pouring from the front doors of the castle they saw that he was tall and thin like Dumbledore, but his white hair was short, and his goatee (finishing in a small curl) did not entirely hide his rather weak chin. When he reached Dumbledore, he shook hands with both of his own.

“Dear old Hogwarts,” he said, looking up at the castle and smiling: his teeth were rather yellow, and Harry noticed that his smile did not extend to his eyes, which remained cold and shrewd. “How good it is to be here, how good. . . . Viktor, come along, into the warmth . . . you don't mind, Dumbledore? Viktor has a slight head cold. . . .”

“鄧布利多！”他在走上山坡的時候熱情地喊道。“你好嗎，我親愛的朋友，你好嗎？”“繁榮，謝謝，卡卡洛夫教授，”鄧布利多回答道。卡卡洛夫有著果味和油膩的聲音；當他走進城堡前門的光線中時，他們發現他和鄧布利多一樣高而瘦，但他的白色頭髮很短，他的山羊胡（尾端彎曲）並沒有完全隱藏他相當薄弱的下巴。當他到達鄧布利多時，他用自己的雙手握了手。“親愛的舊霍格沃茨，”他抬頭看著城堡，微笑著；他的牙齒相當黃，哈利注意到他的微笑沒有延伸到他的眼睛，這些眼睛仍然是冷酷和狡猾的。“在這裡真是太好了，太好了……維克多，跟我來，進入溫暖的地方……你不介意吧，鄧布利多？維克多有些輕微的感冒……”

Karkaroff beckoned forward one of his students. As the boy passed, Harry caught a glimpse of a prominent curved nose and thick black eyebrows. He didn't need the punch on the arm Ron gave him, or the hiss in his ear, to recognize that profile.

“Harry — it's Krum !”

Karkaroff挑了一名學生。當男孩經過時，哈利瞥見了一個凸出的彎鼻子和濃密的黑眉毛。他不需要羅恩在他臂上給他的拳打，或者耳邊的嘶嘶聲，就可以認出那張臉。“哈利——那是克魯姆！”



THE GOBLET OF FIRE

I don't believe it!" Ron said, in a stunned voice, as the Hogwarts students filed back up the steps behind the party from Durmstrang. "Krum, Harry! *Viktor Krum!*"

"For heaven's sake, Ron, he's only a Quidditch player," said Hermione.

"*Only a Quidditch player?*" Ron said, looking at her as though he couldn't believe his ears. "Hermione — he's one of the best Seekers in the world! I had no idea he was still at school!"

As they recrossed the entrance hall with the rest of the Hogwarts students heading for the Great Hall, Harry saw Lee Jordan jumping up and down on the soles of his feet to get a better look at the back of Krum's head. Several sixth-year girls were frantically searching their pockets as they walked —

"Oh I don't believe it, I haven't got a single quill on me —"

「我不相信！」羅恩驚呼道，震驚的聲音讓霍格華茲的學生跟隨從德姆斯壯學院的學生聚會後再次爬上階梯。「克魯姆，哈利！維克多·克魯姆！」「我的天啊，羅恩，他只是一個魁地奇球員而已。」赫敏說。「只是一個魁地奇球員？」羅恩看著她，好像他不相信自己的耳朵。「赫敏，他是世界上最好的搜尋手之一！我不知道他還在上學！」當他們和其他霍格華茲的學生重新穿過入口大廳前往大禮堂時，哈利看到李·喬丹正在蹠著腳尖跳動，想要更好地看到克魯姆後面的情況。幾個六年級的女孩在走路時瘋狂地在口袋裡搜索——「哦，我不相信，我身上一個筆尖都沒有——」

"D'you think he'd sign my hat in lipstick?"

"*Really,*" Hermione said loftily as they passed the girls, now squabbling over the lipstick.

"*I'm* getting his autograph if I can," said Ron. "You haven't got a quill, have you, Harry?"

"Nope, they're upstairs in my bag," said Harry.

They walked over to the Gryffindor table and sat down. Ron took care to sit on the side facing the doorway, because Krum and his fellow Durmstrang students were still gathered around it, apparently unsure about where they should sit. The students from Beauxbatons had chosen seats at the Ravenclaw table. They were looking around the Great Hall with glum expressions on their faces. Three of them were still clutching scarves and shawls around their heads.

"It's not *that* cold," said Hermione defensively. "Why didn't they bring cloaks?"

「你認為他會用口紅在我的帽子上簽名嗎？」「嗯……」當他們走過正在為口紅爭吵的女孩時，赫敏居高臨下地說。「如果我可以，我要拿到他的簽名，」羅恩說。「哈利，你有羽毛筆嗎？」「沒有，它們在我包裡的樓上。」哈利說。他們走到了格蘭芬多桌前坐下。羅恩特別注意坐在朝向門口的那邊，因為克魯姆和他的杜姆斯特朗同學仍然聚集在門口，顯然不確定該坐在哪裡。而帕巴蒂·帕提爾的學生已經選擇在拉文克勞的桌子上坐了下來。他們悶悶不樂地四處張望。他們中的三個仍然纏著圍巾和披肩。「這沒有那麼冷啊，」赫敏為他們辯護道。「他們為什麼不帶斗篷呢？」

"Over here! Come and sit over here!" Ron hissed. "Over here! Hermione, budge up, make a space —"

"What?"

"Too late," said Ron bitterly.

Viktor Krum and his fellow Durmstrang students had settled themselves at the Slytherin table. Harry could see Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle looking very smug about this. As he watched, Malfoy bent forward to speak to Krum.

“Yeah, that’s right, smarm up to him, Malfoy,” said Ron scathingly. “I bet Krum can see right through him, though . . . bet he gets people fawning over him all the time. . . . Where d’you reckon they’re going to sleep? We could offer him a space in our dormitory, Harry . . . I wouldn’t mind giving him my bed, I could kip on a camp bed.”

Hermione snorted.

“They look a lot happier than the Beauxbatons lot,” said Harry.

“過來！來這裡坐！”羅恩咄咄逼人地說道。“過來！妙麗，挪一點位置——”“什麼？”“太晚了。”羅恩咕噥道。維克多·克魯姆和他的杜姆斯壯學生已經坐在史萊輪桌旁。哈利看到馬爾福、克拉布和高爾得意洋洋地看著這一幕。就在他看著的時候，馬爾福俯身對克魯姆說話。“對啊，巴結他吧，馬爾福，”羅恩狠狠地說道。“我敢打賭克魯姆看穿了他，不過他肯定會有一堆人巴結他……你覺得他們會住在哪裡？我們可以把我們宿舍給他睡，哈利……我的床隨便他用，我可以睡個營床。”赫敏哼了一聲。“他們看起來比鮑巴松的人高興多了，”哈利說。

The Durmstrang students were pulling off their heavy furs and looking up at the starry black ceiling with expressions of interest; a couple of them were picking up the golden plates and goblets and examining them, apparently impressed.

Up at the staff table, Filch, the caretaker, was adding chairs. He was wearing his moldy old tailcoat in honor of the occasion. Harry was surprised to see that he added four chairs, two on either side of Dumbledore’s.

“But there are only two extra people,” Harry said. “Why’s Filch putting out four chairs, who else is coming?”

“Eh?” said Ron vaguely. He was still staring avidly at Krum.

When all the students had entered the Hall and settled down at their House tables, the staff entered, filing up to the top table and taking their seats. Last in line were Professor Dumbledore, Professor Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime. When their headmistress appeared, the pupils from Beauxbatons leapt to their feet. A few of the Hogwarts students laughed. The Beauxbatons party appeared quite unembarrassed, however, and did not resume their seats until Madame Maxime had sat down on Dumbledore’s left-hand side. Dumbledore remained standing, and a silence fell over the Great Hall.

德姆斯特朗的學生們正脫下沉重的毛皮外套，仰望著星空般的黑色天花板，表情激動。其中一些人正在撿起金色的盤子和高腳杯檢查，顯然被深深地震撼了。在禮席上，看守人費琪正在加椅子。為了這個場合，他穿上了他那件發霉的老燕尾服。哈利看到他加了四張椅子，兩張在鄧布利多兩旁。「可是只多了兩個人呀。」哈利說。「費琪為什麼要放四張椅子？還有誰要來？」「嗯？」羅恩茫然地說。他還在熱切地盯著克魯姆。當所有學生都進入大廳，在他們的宿舍桌子上落座後，教職員工便進入大廳，在最高的大桌子旁輪流坐下。最後一排是鄧布利多教授，卡卡洛夫教授和瑪默絲麗女士。當他們的校長出現時，布歐巴松的學生們跳起來了。其中一些霍格華茲的學生嘲笑了起來。但布歐巴松學生的隊伍看起來相當自在，只有在瑪默絲麗女士坐在鄧布利多的左側後，他們才重新坐下。鄧布利多仍然站着，大廳陷入了沉默。

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ghosts and — most particularly — guests,” said Dumbledore, beaming around at the foreign students. “I have great pleasure in welcoming you all to Hogwarts. I hope and trust that your stay here will be both comfortable and enjoyable.”

One of the Beauxbatons girls still clutching a muffler around her head gave what was unmistakably a derisive laugh.

“No one’s making you stay!” Hermione whispered, bristling at her.

“The tournament will be officially opened at the end of the feast,” said Dumbledore. “I now invite you all to eat, drink, and make yourselves at home!”

He sat down, and Harry saw Karkaroff lean forward at once and engage him in conversation.

The plates in front of them filled with food as usual. The house-elves in the kitchen seemed to have pulled out all the stops; there was a greater variety of dishes in front of them than Harry had ever seen, including several that were definitely foreign.

“晚上好，女士們、先生們、鬼魂們，特別歡迎各位賓客來到霍格華茲學校，”鄧布利多笑容滿面地對著外國學生們說道。“我非常高興地歡迎您們的到來，希望和相信您們在這裡的逗留會非常舒適和愉快。”其中一個邦巴頓女孩還抱著一條圍巾，發出了明顯的嘲笑聲。“沒有人強迫你留下！”赫敏不悅地對她說道。“晚宴結束後，比賽將正式開始，”鄧布利多說道，“現在我邀請大家吃喝、盡情享受！”他坐下來，哈利看到卡卡洛夫立刻前傾過來，與他交談。他們面前的盤子像往常一樣滿滿地堆滿了食物。廚房裡的家內精靈似乎已經竭盡所能，他們面前出現了比哈利以往見過的更多種類的菜肴，其中幾道肯定是外國菜。”

“What’s *that*?” said Ron, pointing at a large dish of some sort of shellfish stew that stood beside a large steak-and-kidney pudding.

“Bouillabaisse,” said Hermione.

“Bless you,” said Ron.

“It’s French,” said Hermione, “I had it on holiday summer before last. It’s very nice.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” said Ron, helping himself to black pudding.

The Great Hall seemed somehow much more crowded than usual, even though there were barely twenty additional students there; perhaps it was because their differently colored uniforms stood out so clearly against the black of the Hogwarts robes. Now that they had removed their furs, the Durmstrang students were revealed to be wearing robes of a deep bloodred.

Hagrid sidled into the Hall through a door behind the staff table twenty minutes after the start of the feast. He slid into his seat at the end and waved at Harry, Ron, and Hermione with a very heavily bandaged hand.

“那是什麼？”羅恩指著一大盤貝殼類海鮮燉菜，它的旁邊還有一大碗牛肉腎餅。“布伊雅貝斯灣魚湯。”赫敏說。“保佑你。”羅恩說。“是法國菜。”赫敏說，“我去年夏天度假時吃過，很好吃。”“我相信你的話。”羅恩說著，夾了一塊黑布丁。大禮堂似乎比往常擁擠了許多，即使只有不到二十名額外的學生，也許是因為他們不同顏色的制服在霍格華茲袍子的黑色背景下顯得格外鮮明。現在他們已經脫下毛皮大衣，杜姆斯特朗學校的學生穿著深紅色的袍子。20分鐘後，海格從教師桌後面的門進入了大禮堂。他滑著屁股坐到底座上，用一只包紮得很厚的手向哈利，羅恩和赫敏招手。

“Skrewts doing all right, Hagrid?” Harry called.

“Thrivin’,” Hagrid called back happily.

“Yeah, I’ll just bet they are,” said Ron quietly. “Looks like they’ve finally found a food they like, doesn’t it? Hagrid’s fingers.”

At that moment, a voice said, “Excuse me, are you wanting ze bouillabaisse?”

It was the girl from Beauxbatons who had laughed during Dumbledore’s speech. She had finally removed her muffler. A long sheet of silvery-blonde hair fell almost to her waist. She had large, deep blue eyes, and very white, even teeth.

Ron went purple. He stared up at her, opened his mouth to reply, but nothing came out except a faint gurgling noise.

“Yeah, have it,” said Harry, pushing the dish toward the girl.

“You ’ave finished wiz it?”

“Yeah,” Ron said breathlessly. “Yeah, it was excellent.”

「哈利，斯庫魯特還好嗎？」海格喊道。「一切都……好！」海格愉快地回答。「嗯，我就知道他們會好的。」羅恩輕聲說道。「看起來它們終於找到了自己喜歡的食物，不是嗎？就是海格的手指。」就在這時，一個聲音問道：「對不起，你想要南法海鮮湯嗎？」這是那個在鄧布利多演講中笑的貝克巴松女生。她終於把圍巾拿下來了。一披長長的銀白色秀髮幾乎垂到了腰間，她有一雙深藍色的大眼睛，牙齒也非常白，整齊。羅恩臉都快紫了。他呆呆地看著她，張了張嘴想要回答，但只發出了一聲輕微的咕嚕聲。「好了，你來吃吧。」哈利把湯拱向女生。「你吃完了嗎？」「嗯，吃完了。」羅恩上氣不接下氣地說。「真美味。」

The girl picked up the dish and carried it carefully off to the Ravenclaw table. Ron was still goggling at the girl as though he had never seen one before. Harry started to laugh. The sound seemed to jog Ron back to his senses.

“She’s a veela!” he said hoarsely to Harry.

“Of course she isn’t!” said Hermione tartly. “I don’t see anyone else gaping at her like an idiot!”

But she wasn’t entirely right about that. As the girl crossed the Hall, many boys’ heads turned, and some of them seemed to have become temporarily speechless, just like Ron.

“I’m telling you, that’s not a normal girl!” said Ron, leaning sideways so he could keep a clear view of her. “They don’t make them like that at Hogwarts!”

“They make them okay at Hogwarts,” said Harry without thinking. Cho happened to be sitting only a few places away from the girl with the silvery hair.

女孩拿起盤子小心地走向雷文克勞桌，並將其放下。羅恩仍然呆若木雞地凝視著女孩，彷彿他從未見過女孩一般。哈利開始笑起來，聲音似乎把羅恩從麻木中拉了回來。「她是個維拉！」他嘶啞地對哈利說。「當然不是！」赫敏尖酸地說。「我沒看到其他人像白癡一樣盯著她看！」但她並不完全對。當女孩穿過大廳時，許多男孩的頭轉了過去，其中一些男孩似乎變得暫時無言，就像羅恩一樣。「我告訴你，那不是一個普通的女孩！」羅恩靠在椅背上，這樣他就可以清楚地看到她。「霍格沃茨沒有這樣的人！」「霍格沃茨也有美女啊。」哈利不假思索地說。恰好，咒咒也坐在銀白頭髮女孩的旁邊，只隔了幾個位置。

“When you’ve both put your eyes back in,” said Hermione briskly, “you’ll be able to see who’s just arrived.”

She was pointing up at the staff table. The two remaining empty seats had just been filled. Ludo Bagman was now sitting on Professor Karkaroff’s other side, while Mr. Crouch, Percy’s boss, was next to Madame Maxime.

“What are *they* doing here?” said Harry in surprise.

“They organized the Triwizard Tournament, didn’t they?” said Hermione. “I suppose they wanted to be here to see it start.”

When the second course arrived they noticed a number of unfamiliar desserts too. Ron examined an odd sort of pale blancmange closely, then moved it carefully a few inches to his right, so that it would be clearly visible from the Ravenclaw table. The girl who looked like a veela appeared to have eaten enough, however, and did not come over to get it.

“當你們把眼珠放回去時，”赫敏輕快地說，“你們就能看到誰剛剛到達了。”她指向教師席。剩下的兩個空位剛剛被填滿。魯多·巴格曼現在坐在卡卡洛夫教授的另一邊，而珀西的上司，克勞奇先生，則坐在馬克西姆夫人旁邊。“他們在這裡做什麼？”哈利驚訝地問道。“他們組織了三巫鬥法大賽，是吧？”赫敏說，“我想他們想在開始前在這裡看看。”當第二道菜上桌時，他們注意到了一些陌生的甜點。羅恩仔細地察看了一種奇怪的淡色白奶凍，然後小心翼翼地將它移動了幾英寸，使它可以清楚地從拉文克勞的餐桌上看到。看起來像貝拉精靈的女孩已經吃夠了，並沒有過來拿它。

Once the golden plates had been wiped clean, Dumbledore stood up again. A pleasant sort of tension seemed to fill the Hall now. Harry felt a slight thrill of excitement, wondering what was coming. Several seats down from them, Fred and George were leaning forward, staring at Dumbledore with great concentration.

“The moment has come,” said Dumbledore, smiling around at the sea of upturned faces. “The Triwizard Tournament is about to start. I would like to say a few words of explanation before we bring in the casket —”

“The what?” Harry muttered.

Ron shrugged.

“— just to clarify the procedure that we will be following this year. But first, let me introduce, for those who do not know them, Mr. Bartemius Crouch, Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation” — there was a smattering of polite applause — “and Mr. Ludo Bagman, Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports.”

黃金盤子擦得乾乾淨淨之後，丹波爾重新站起身來。大廳裡彷彿充滿愉悅的緊張氣氛，哈利感到一陣微妙的興奮，心想究竟會發生什麼事情。菲德與喬治在他們幾個座位之外向前探著頭，全神貫注地盯著丹波爾。「現在時機到了，」丹波爾朝著數以百計的觀眾微笑。「三強鬥士杯要開始了。在我們開始抽籤之前，我想先闡明今年比賽的流程，所以我們在這裡引進了一個小箱子。」「什麼箱子？」哈利低聲問。羅恩聳了聳肩膀。「我們先介紹一下兩位來賓：內政部國際魔法協作司司長巴底摩·克勞奇先生，他們的表現光彩照人。以及魔法運動與遊戲司的負責人魯多·巴格曼先生。」說完這番話，大家紛紛鼓掌。

There was a much louder round of applause for Bagman than for Crouch, perhaps because of his fame as a Beater, or simply because he looked so much more likable. He acknowledged it with a jovial wave of his hand. Bartemius Crouch did not smile or wave when his name was announced. Remembering him in his neat suit at the Quidditch World Cup, Harry thought he looked strange in wizard's robes. His toothbrush mustache and severe parting looked very odd next to Dumbledore's long white hair and beard.

“Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch have worked tirelessly over the last few months on the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament,” Dumbledore continued, “and they will be joining myself, Professor Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime on the panel that will judge the champions' efforts.”

鮑曼(Bagman)被掌聲包圍得更為響亮，這或許是因為他作為一名擊球手的名聲，或者只是因為他看起來更加討人喜歡。他用輕鬆友好的手勢回應著掌聲。柏帝摩斯·克勞奇(Bartemius Crouch)的名字宣布時他並沒有笑或招手。哈利記得他在魁地奇世界盃上穿著整齊的衣服，他穿著巫師袍子看起來很奇怪。他的鬍子和嚴肅的分頭在鄧布利多長長的白髮和鬍子旁顯得非常奇怪。“鮑曼先生和克勞奇先生在過去幾個月中為三強魔法大賽作出了不懈的努力，”鄧布利多繼續說道，“他們將與我、柯卡洛夫教授和馬克西姆女士一起組成評委會，共同對選手們的表現進行評分。”

At the mention of the word “champions,” the attentiveness of the listening students seemed to sharpen. Perhaps Dumbledore had noticed their sudden stillness, for he smiled as he said, “The casket, then, if you please, Mr. Filch.”

Filch, who had been lurking unnoticed in a far corner of the Hall, now approached Dumbledore carrying a great wooden chest encrusted with jewels. It looked extremely old. A murmur of excited interest rose from the watching students; Dennis Creevey actually stood on his chair to see it properly, but, being so tiny, his head hardly rose above anyone else's.

“The instructions for the tasks the champions will face this year have already been examined by Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman,” said Dumbledore as Filch placed the chest carefully on the table before him, “and they have made the necessary arrangements for each challenge. There will be three tasks, spaced throughout the school year, and they will test the champions in many different ways . . . their magical prowess — their daring — their powers of deduction — and, of course, their ability to cope with danger.”

提及“冠軍”一詞，聆聽的學生注意力似乎變得更加集中。或許鄧布利多已經注意到了他們突然的靜止，因為他微笑著說：“如你所願，費奇先生，把那個櫃子拿來。”費奇一直潛伏在大廳遠處，沒有被注意到，現在他攜帶著一個鑲有珠寶的巨大木制箱子走向了鄧布利多。這看起來非常古老。觀眾學生中傳來一片興奮的嗡嗡聲，丹尼斯·克里維真的站在椅子上好好看它，但由於他實在太小了，他的頭幾乎沒有超過其他人。“本年度冠軍將面對的任務的指示已經由克勞奇先生和巴格曼先生檢查過了。”鄧布利多在費奇小心地將盒子放在他面前的桌子上時說道，“他們已經為每一個挑戰做好了必要的安排。本學年將有三個任務，它們會從多個方面考驗冠軍們……他們的魔法能力——他們的勇氣——他們的推理能力——當然，還包括他們應對危險的能力。”

At this last word, the Hall was filled with a silence so absolute that nobody seemed to be breathing.

“As you know, three champions compete in the tournament,” Dumbledore went on calmly, “one from each of the participating schools. They will

be marked on how well they perform each of the tournament tasks and the champion with the highest total after task three will win the Triwizard Cup. The champions will be chosen by an impartial selector: the Goblet of Fire.”

Dumbledore now took out his wand and tapped three times upon the top of the casket. The lid creaked slowly open. Dumbledore reached inside it and pulled out a large, roughly hewn wooden cup. It would have been entirely unremarkable had it not been full to the brim with dancing blue-white flames.

Dumbledore closed the casket and placed the goblet carefully on top of it, where it would be clearly visible to everyone in the Hall.

最后这句话说完，大厅里的寂静如此之深，似乎没有人在呼吸。“如你所知，比赛中会有来自参赛学校的三名选手竞争，”邓布利多平静地说，“他们将根据表现每项比赛任务的好坏进行打分，第三项任务后得分最高的冠军将赢得三强杯。选择冠军的是公正的选择者：火盏杯。”邓布利多取出魔杖，在棺材顶端敲了三下。棺盖慢慢地开了。邓布利多伸手进去，拿出一个粗糙的大木杯。它本来毫不起眼，但杯中已经注满了跳动的蓝白色火焰。邓布利多合上棺盖，将酒杯小心地放在上面，每个人都可以清晰地看到它。

“Anybody wishing to submit themselves as champion must write their name and school clearly upon a slip of parchment and drop it into the goblet,” said Dumbledore. “Aspiring champions have twenty-four hours in which to put their names forward. Tomorrow night, Halloween, the goblet will return the names of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The goblet will be placed in the entrance hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all those wishing to compete.

“To ensure that no underage student yields to temptation,” said Dumbledore, “I will be drawing an Age Line around the Goblet of Fire once it has been placed in the entrance hall. Nobody under the age of seventeen will be able to cross this line.

“Finally, I wish to impress upon any of you wishing to compete that this tournament is not to be entered into lightly. Once a champion has been selected by the Goblet of Fire, he or she is obliged to see the tournament through to the end. The placing of your name in the goblet constitutes a binding, magical contract. There can be no change of heart once you have become a champion. Please be very sure, therefore, that you are wholeheartedly prepared to play before you drop your name into the goblet. Now, I think it is time for bed. Good night to you all.”

“任何希望成為冠軍的人都必須在一張羊皮紙上清楚地寫下他們的名字和學校，然後將其放入高腳杯中，”邓布利多说。“有抱负的冠軍候選人有24小时的时间提交自己的姓名。明晚，即万圣节之夜，高腳杯将返回评定最有价值代表他们学校的三个人的名字。高腳杯将于今晚放置在入口大厅，所有想要竞争的人都可以自由地接近它。“为了确保没有未成年的学生屈服于诱惑，”邓布利多说，“在将高腳杯放置在入口大厅后，我将在其周围划出一个年龄线。17岁以下的人将无法跨越该线。“最后，我想向所有参赛者印象深刻，这项比赛不会轻易进入。一旦高腳杯选出了冠军，他或她就必须坚持到比赛结束。把你的名字放在高腳杯中构成了一个约束性的魔法合同。一旦你成为冠军，就不能改变心意。因此，在你把你的名字放入高腳杯之前，请非常确信你已经完全准备好参加比赛。现在，我认为是上床睡觉的时间了。祝大家晚安。”

“An Age Line!” Fred Weasley said, his eyes glinting, as they all made their way across the Hall to the doors into the entrance hall. “Well, that should be fooled by an Aging Potion, shouldn’t it? And once your name’s in that goblet, you’re laughing — it can’t tell whether you’re seventeen or not!”

“But I don’t think anyone under seventeen will stand a chance,” said Hermione, “we just haven’t learned enough . . .”

“Speak for yourself,” said George shortly. “You’ll try and get in, won’t you, Harry?”

Harry thought briefly of Dumbledore’s insistence that nobody under seventeen should submit their name, but then the wonderful picture of himself winning the Triwizard Tournament filled his mind again. . . . He wondered how angry Dumbledore would be if someone younger than seventeen did find a way to get over the Age Line. . . .

「年齡限制線！」弗雷德·衛斯理說，眼睛閃著光芒，當他們越過大廳到入口大廳的門口時。「那應該可以被年齡改性藥水騙過去吧？一旦你的名字出現在那個高錐裡，你就笑了——它分不清你是否已經十七歲了！」「但我不認為任何十七歲以下的人有機會，」赫敏說：「我們只是還沒有學到足夠的知識……」「你說你自己吧，」喬治生硬地說。「你會試著進去的，對吧，哈利？」哈利簡短地想起達姆伯頓堅持說沒有十七歲以下的人應該提交自己的名字，但然後他腦海中又浮現出自己贏得三巫鬥法大賽的美好畫面.....他想知道如果有人年齡不到十七歲的人找到了越過年齡限制線的方法，達姆伯頓會有多生氣.....

“Where is he?” said Ron, who wasn’t listening to a word of this conversation, but looking through the crowd to see what had become of Krum. “Dumbledore didn’t say where the Durmstrang people are sleeping, did he?”

But this query was answered almost instantly; they were level with the Slytherin table now, and Karkaroff had just hustled up to his students.

“Back to the ship, then,” he was saying. “Viktor, how are you feeling? Did you eat enough? Should I send for some mulled wine from the kitchens?”

Harry saw Krum shake his head as he pulled his furs back on.

“Professor, I vood like some vine,” said one of the other Durmstrang boys hopefully.

“I wasn’t offering it to you, Poliakoff,” snapped Karkaroff, his warmly paternal air vanishing in an instant. “I notice you have dribbled food all down the front of your robes again, disgusting boy —”

「他在哪裡？」羅恩問道。他沒有聽透這段對話，而是透過人群去尋找克魯姆的下落。「鄧布利多沒有說德姆斯特朗的人住在哪裡，對嗎？」這個問題幾乎立刻得到答案；他們現在已經走到了史萊輪桌子旁邊，卡卡洛夫正匆匆忙忙地走向他的學生。「回去船上，那麼，」他說。「維克托，你感覺怎麼樣？吃夠了嗎？我應該叫人從廚房裡送來一些熱紅酒嗎？」哈利看到克魯姆穿上他的皮毛時搖了搖頭。「教授，我想要一些酒。」另一個德姆斯特朗男孩充滿希望地說道。「我不是在給你提供酒，波連柯夫，」卡卡洛夫厲聲說道，他溫暖的親切氛圍一瞬間消失了。「我注意到你的袍子前面又沾滿了食物，令人作嘔的孩子——」

Karkaroff turned and led his students toward the doors, reaching them at exactly the same moment as Harry, Ron, and Hermione. Harry stopped to let him walk through first.

“Thank you,” said Karkaroff carelessly, glancing at him.

And then Karkaroff froze. He turned his head back to Harry and stared at him as though he couldn't believe his eyes. Behind their headmaster, the students from Durmstrang came to a halt too. Karkaroff's eyes moved slowly up Harry's face and fixed upon his scar. The Durmstrang students were staring curiously at Harry too. Out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw comprehension dawn on a few of their faces. The boy with food all down his front nudged the girl next to him and pointed openly at Harry's forehead.

“Yeah, that's Harry Potter,” said a growling voice from behind them.

Karkaroff轉身帶領他的學生走向門口，正好與哈利，羅恩和赫敏同時到達。哈利停下來讓他先走。“謝謝，”Karkaroff漫不經心地說，看了看他。然後Karkaroff凍住了。他轉過頭來盯著哈利，好像不敢相信自己的眼睛。在他們的校長的背後，來自德姆斯特朗的學生也停了下來。Karkaroff的眼睛緩慢地移到哈利的臉上並集中在他的傷疤上。德姆斯特朗的學生也好奇地盯著哈利。哈利用眼角的餘光看到他們中幾個人開始理解。衣服上滿是食物的男孩推了一下他旁邊的女孩，毫不遮掩地指著哈利的前額。“對，那是哈利波特。”背後傳來一個咆哮的聲音。

Professor Karkaroff spun around. Mad-Eye Moody was standing there, leaning heavily on his staff, his magical eye glaring unblinkingly at the Durmstrang headmaster.

The color drained from Karkaroff's face as Harry watched. A terrible look of mingled fury and fear came over him.

“You!” he said, staring at Moody as though unsure he was really seeing him.

“Me,” said Moody grimly. “And unless you've got anything to say to Potter, Karkaroff, you might want to move. You're blocking the doorway.”

It was true; half the students in the Hall were now waiting behind them, looking over one another's shoulders to see what was causing the holdup.

Without another word, Professor Karkaroff swept his students away with him. Moody watched him until he was out of sight, his magical eye fixed upon his back, a look of intense dislike upon his mutilated face.

卡爾卡羅夫教授轉身。瘋眼穆迪站在那裡，他沉重地靠在自己的杖上，他的魔法眼毫不眨眼地盯著德姆斯特朗的校長。當哈利看著時，卡爾卡羅夫的臉色變得蒼白，他的臉上出現了可怕的憤怒和恐懼。“你！”他盯著穆迪說，彷彿不確定他是否真的看到了他。“是我，”穆迪冷酷地說道，“如果你對波特沒有任何話要說的話，卡爾卡羅夫，你可能要移開。你擋住了大門口。”這是真的；大廳中的一半學生現在都在他們的身後等待，看著導致停滯的原因。沒有再說一句話，卡爾卡羅夫教授帶著他的學生離開了。穆迪一直看著他，直到他走出視線，他的魔法眼盯著他的背部，他殘缺的臉上露出了強烈的厭惡。

As the next day was Saturday, most students would normally have breakfasted late. Harry, Ron, and Hermione, however, were not alone in rising much earlier than they usually did on weekends. When they went down into the entrance hall, they saw about twenty people milling around it, some of them eating toast, all examining the Goblet of Fire. It had been placed in the center of the hall on the stool that normally bore the Sorting Hat. A thin golden line had been traced on the floor, forming a circle ten feet around it in every direction.

“Anyone put their name in yet?” Ron asked a third-year girl eagerly.

“All the Durmstrang lot,” she replied. “But I haven't seen anyone from Hogwarts yet.”

“Bet some of them put it in last night after we'd all gone to bed,” said Harry. “I would've if it had been me . . . wouldn't have wanted everyone watching. What if the goblet just gobbed you right back out again?”

由於隔天是星期六，大多數學生通常會晚些吃早餐。然而，哈利、朗恩和赫敏在週末時習慣起床得比平常早。當他們走到樓下的入口大廳時，看到約有二十人在四處逡巡，有些人在吃著吐司，所有人正評估著魔法杯。它被放置在大廳中央的凳子上，那個凳子通常承載著分類帽。一條薄金色的線在地板上繪出，形成一個圓圈，每個方向都有十英尺長。“有人已經丟進名字了嗎？”朗恩急切地問一名三年級的女孩。“都是德姆斯壯的人，”她回答道。“但我還沒看見來自霍格華茲的人。”“如果是我，我會在昨晚我們都去睡覺後才丟進名字，”哈利說。“我不想讓每個人都看著。如果魔法杯把你吐回來怎麼辦？”

Someone laughed behind Harry. Turning, he saw Fred, George, and Lee Jordan hurrying down the staircase, all three of them looking extremely excited.

“Done it,” Fred said in a triumphant whisper to Harry, Ron, and Hermione. “Just taken it.”

“What?” said Ron.

“The Aging Potion, dung brains,” said Fred.

“One drop each,” said George, rubbing his hands together with glee. “We only need to be a few months older.”

“We’re going to split the thousand Galleons between the three of us if one of us wins,” said Lee, grinning broadly.

“I’m not sure this is going to work, you know,” said Hermione warningly. “I’m sure Dumbledore will have thought of this.”

Fred, George, and Lee ignored her.

“Ready?” Fred said to the other two, quivering with excitement. “C’mom, then—I’ll go first—”

有人在哈利背後笑了。他轉頭一看，看到弗雷德、喬治和李·喬登急忙從樓梯下來，三人看起來都非常興奮。“做到了，”弗雷德對哈利、羅恩和赫敏得意地耳語道。“拿到了。”“什麼？”羅恩說。“那個變老藥，蠢貨，”喬治說。“每人一滴，”喬治興高采烈地揮著手。“我們只需要大幾個月就行了。”“如果我們中的任何一個人贏了，我們要把一千加隆分給我們三個人，”李寬慰地笑了。“我不確定這會不會行得通，你知道嗎，”赫敏警告說。“我相信鄧布利多已經想到了這一點。”弗雷德、喬治和李都沒理會她。“準備好了嗎？”弗雷德興奮地顫抖著對其他兩人說。“好了，我先去——”

Harry watched, fascinated, as Fred pulled a slip of parchment out of his pocket bearing the words *Fred Weasley — Hogwarts*. Fred walked right up to the edge of the line and stood there, rocking on his toes like a diver preparing for a fifty-foot drop. Then, with the eyes of every person in the entrance hall upon him, he took a great breath and stepped over the line.

For a split second Harry thought it had worked — George certainly thought so, for he let out a yell of triumph and leapt after Fred — but next moment, there was a loud sizzling sound, and both twins were hurled out of the golden circle as though they had been thrown by an invisible shot-putter. They landed painfully, ten feet away on the cold stone floor, and to add insult to injury, there was a loud popping noise, and both of them sprouted identical long white beards.

哈利睜大眼睛，入迷地看着弗雷德从口袋里掏出一张写着“弗雷德·韋斯萊——霍格華茲”的羊皮紙條。弗雷德走到線的邊緣，像一個站在五十英尺高的臺子上的跳水選手一樣踮起腳尖，然後急促地呼吸著跨越線。接著，每個人在大廳裡的眼睛都盯著他，他帶著不屈不撓的信念踏過了那條線。哈利瞬間以為這行得通——喬治顯然也是這麼認為的，因為他高聲歡呼，跟著弗雷德一起跳過去——但接下來，突然響起了一聲嘶嘶聲，兩個孪生像被看不見的鉛球手扔出去一樣被拋出了金色圓圈外。他們痛苦地落在了十英尺遠的冷石地上，然後更加糟糕的是，又響起一聲巨響，他們兩人的臉上長出了一樣的長白鬍子。

The entrance hall rang with laughter. Even Fred and George joined in, once they had gotten to their feet and taken a good look at each other’s beards.

“I did warn you,” said a deep, amused voice, and everyone turned to see Professor Dumbledore coming out of the Great Hall. He surveyed Fred and George, his eyes twinkling. “I suggest you both go up to Madam Pomfrey. She is already tending to Miss Fawcett, of Ravenclaw, and Mr. Summers, of Hufflepuff, both of whom decided to age themselves up a little too. Though I must say, neither of their beards is anything like as fine as yours.”

Fred and George set off for the hospital wing, accompanied by Lee, who was howling with laughter, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione, also chortling, went in to breakfast.

The decorations in the Great Hall had changed this morning. As it was Halloween, a cloud of live bats was fluttering around the enchanted ceiling, while hundreds of carved pumpkins leered from every corner. Harry led the way over to Dean and Seamus, who were discussing those Hogwarts students of seventeen or over who might be entering.

入口大廳中充滿歡笑聲。甚至弗雷德和喬治也跟著笑了起來，當他們站起來看著彼此的鬍子時。“我已經警告過你們了，”一個深沉、愉快的聲音說道，眾人轉頭看見鄧布利多教授走出大廳。他凝視著弗雷德和喬治，眼神中閃爍著光芒。“我建議你們倆去找龐弗雷夫人。她已經在照顧拉文克勞的福塞特小姐和赫夫帕夫的薩莫斯先生，他們都決定讓自己變老一些。儘管我必須說，他們的鬍子都沒有你們的好看。”弗雷德和喬治帶著李克拉下大笑聲，前往醫院病房，而哈利、羅恩和赫敏笑著進食廳。今天早上大廳的裝飾變了。因為是萬聖節，一群活蝙蝠在魔法天花板上飛舞，而數百個雕刻的南瓜凝視著每個角落。哈利帶著迪安和希維斯走過去，他們正在討論那些十七歲或以上的霍格沃茨學生可能會進入的事情。

“There’s a rumor going around that Warrington got up early and put his name in,” Dean told Harry. “That big bloke from Slytherin who looks like a sloth.”

Harry, who had played Quidditch against Warrington, shook his head in disgust.

“We can’t have a Slytherin champion!”

“And all the Hufflepuffs are talking about Diggory,” said Seamus contemptuously. “But I wouldn’t have thought he’d have wanted to risk his good looks.”

“Listen!” said Hermione suddenly.

People were cheering out in the entrance hall. They all swiveled around in their seats and saw Angelina Johnson coming into the Hall, grinning in an embarrassed sort of way. A tall black girl who played Chaser on the Gryffindor Quidditch team, Angelina came over to them, sat down, and said,

“Well, I’ve done it! Just put my name in!”

「有謠言說華靈頓一早起床就去報名了。」迪恩告訴哈利。「那個長得像樹懶的史萊哲林巨漢。」哈利曾和華靈頓在魁地奇比賽中交手，聽了冷哼一聲。「絕不能讓史萊哲林獲勝！」「赫奇帕夫的人也在講迪戈里。」席默斯輕蔑地說。「但我原以為他不願冒這個風險。」「聽！」赫敏突然說。大廳外傳來歡呼聲。他們全都轉頭看去，發現安洁莉娜·強森一臉尷尬地走進了大廳。身材高大的黑人女孩擔任格蘭芬多魁地奇隊的接球手，安洁莉娜走到他們這邊，坐下來說：「我做到了！剛填報了我的名字！」

“You’re kidding!” said Ron, looking impressed.

“Are you seventeen, then?” asked Harry.

“Course she is, can’t see a beard, can you?” said Ron.

“I had my birthday last week,” said Angelina.

“Well, I’m glad someone from Gryffindor’s entering,” said Hermione. “I really hope you get it, Angelina!”

“Thanks, Hermione,” said Angelina, smiling at her.

“Yeah, better you than Pretty-Boy Diggory,” said Seamus, causing several Hufflepuffs passing their table to scowl heavily at him.

“What’re we going to do today, then?” Ron asked Harry and Hermione when they had finished breakfast and were leaving the Great Hall.

“We haven’t been down to visit Hagrid yet,” said Harry.

“Okay,” said Ron, “just as long as he doesn’t ask us to donate a few fingers to the skrewts.”

A look of great excitement suddenly dawned on Hermione’s face.

「你在開玩笑吧！」羅恩驚嘆地說道。「妳是十七了嗎？」哈利問道。「當然啊，難道看不出來嗎，我沒有胡子呀！」羅恩說。「我上週慶生的，」安潔莉娜說。「太好了，獅心學院總算有人報名了。」赫敏說，「我真心希望你能得到那個位置，安潔莉娜！」「謝謝，赫敏。」安潔莉娜笑著回答。「是啊，選你總比選那個帥哥迪戈利好。」希瑪斯說，讓幾個胡夫帕夫路過他們的桌子時臉上露出不悅之色。「那我們今天要做什麼？」早餐過後，哈利和赫敏準備離開大廳時，羅恩問道。「我們還沒去看過海格呢。」哈利說。「好啊，」羅恩說，「只要他不要讓我們給那種金龍蝦捐幾根手指就行。」赫敏臉上突然浮現出一抹興奮的神色。

“I’ve just realized — I haven’t asked Hagrid to join S.P.E.W. yet!” she said brightly. “Wait for me, will you, while I nip upstairs and get the badges?”

“What is it with her?” said Ron, exasperated, as Hermione ran away up the marble staircase.

“Hey, Ron,” said Harry suddenly. “It’s your friend . . .”

The students from Beauxbatons were coming through the front doors from the grounds, among them, the veela-girl. Those gathered around the Goblet of Fire stood back to let them pass, watching eagerly.

Madame Maxime entered the hall behind her students and organized them into a line. One by one, the Beauxbatons students stepped across the Age Line and dropped their slips of parchment into the blue-white flames. As each name entered the fire, it turned briefly red and emitted sparks.

「我突然想到 --- 我還沒邀請海格加入 S.P.E.W.！」她歡快地說。「你們等我一下，我上樓去拿徽章。」「她是怎麼了？」羅恩氣憤地說，當妙麗沿著大理石樓梯跑上去時。「嘿，羅恩，是你的朋友……」從操場走來，前門的法國貝魯巴頓魔法學院的學生們，包括那個維拉女孩。圍在火焰杯周圍的人們退後，熱切地注視他們。馬克西姆夫人帶領著她的學生們進入大廳，將他們排成一排。一個接一個，貝魯巴頓學生穿過年齡線，把紙條扔到藍白色的火焰中。當每個名字進入火焰時，火焰會短暫地變成紅色，並發出火花。

“What d’you reckon’ll happen to the ones who aren’t chosen?” Ron muttered to Harry as the veela-girl dropped her parchment into the Goblet of Fire. “Reckon they’ll go back to school, or hang around to watch the tournament?”

“Dunno,” said Harry. “Hang around, I suppose. . . . Madame Maxime’s staying to judge, isn’t she?”

When all the Beauxbatons students had submitted their names, Madame Maxime led them back out of the hall and out onto the grounds again.

“Where are they sleeping, then?” said Ron, moving toward the front doors and staring after them.

A loud rattling noise behind them announced Hermione’s reappearance with the box of S.P.E.W. badges.

“Oh good, hurry up,” said Ron, and he jumped down the stone steps, keeping his eyes on the back of the veela-girl, who was now halfway across the lawn with Madame Maxime.

你想不想知道沒有被選中的人會發生什麼事情？”當維拉女孩將她的紙條放進火盆時，羅恩嘟囔著對哈利說。“他們會回學校，還是留下來觀看比賽？”“不知道，”哈利說道。“我想他們會留下來...瑪克西姆夫人會留下來當評委，對吧？”當所有的Bobatons學生都提交了自己的名字後，瑪克西姆夫人帶領他們回到大廳外，再次走回了操場。“那他們睡哪裡？”羅恩走向大門，盯著他們的背影問到。他們背後傳來一聲巨響，是赫敏帶著S.P.E.W.徽章盒子重新出現了。“哦，好的，快快快，”羅恩說，他跳下了石階，眼睛緊盯著那位維拉女孩的背影，此時她正與瑪克西姆夫人走過操場的中央。

As they neared Hagrid's cabin on the edge of the Forbidden Forest, the mystery of the Beauxbatons' sleeping quarters was solved. The gigantic powder-blue carriage in which they had arrived had been parked two hundred yards from Hagrid's front door, and the students were climbing back inside it. The elephantine flying horses that had pulled the carriage were now grazing in a makeshift paddock alongside it.

Harry knocked on Hagrid's door, and Fang's booming barks answered instantly.

“Bout time!” said Hagrid, when he'd flung open the door. “Thought you lot'd forgotten where I live!”

“We've been really busy, Hag—” Hermione started to say, but then she stopped dead, looking up at Hagrid, apparently lost for words.

Hagrid was wearing his best (and very horrible) hairy brown suit, plus a checked yellow-and-orange tie. This wasn't the worst of it, though; he had evidently tried to tame his hair, using large quantities of what appeared to be axle grease. It was now slicked down into two bunches — perhaps he had tried a ponytail like Bill's, but found he had too much hair. The look didn't really suit Hagrid at all. For a moment, Hermione goggled at him, then, obviously deciding not to comment, she said, “Erm— where are the skrewts?”

當他們靠近海格的小屋，位於嚴禁之森的邊緣時，貝歐巴松的寢室之謎得以解決。他們抵達時乘坐的巨大粉藍色馬車停在了離海格前門兩百碼的地方，學生們正在重新爬回馬車內。拉馬車的巨大飛馬現在正在旁邊的臨時馬場裡吃草。哈利敲了敲海格的門，芳格的沉重吠聲立即響起。“終於來了！”海格打開門時說道，“以為你們都忘了我住在哪裡了！”“我們一直非常忙，海格——”赫敏開口說，但她突然停了下來，看著海格，似乎失去了言語。海格穿著他最好的（而且非常可怕的）毛茸茸的棕色西裝，還帶著黃色和橙色相間的格子領帶。但這還不是最糟的；他顯然試圖控制他的頭髮，使用了大量看起來像車軸潤滑脂的東西。現在，他的頭髮被油滑成了兩束——也許他曾試過像比爾一樣扎個馬尾，但發現自己的頭髮太多了。這個造型實在不太適合海格。赫敏一度瞪大了眼睛看著他，然後明顯決定不發表評論，她說，“那個——斯科魯特在哪裡？”

“Out by the pumpkin patch,” said Hagrid happily. “They're gettin' massive, mus' be nearly three foot long now. On'y trouble is, they've started killin' each other.”

“Oh no, really?” said Hermione, shooting a repressive look at Ron, who, staring at Hagrid's odd hairstyle, had just opened his mouth to say something about it.

“Yeah,” said Hagrid sadly. “S' okay, though, I've got 'em in separate boxes now. Still got abou' twenty.”

“Well, that's lucky,” said Ron. Hagrid missed the sarcasm.

Hagrid's cabin comprised a single room, in one corner of which was a gigantic bed covered in a patchwork quilt. A similarly enormous wooden table and chairs stood in front of the fire beneath the quantity of cured hams and dead birds hanging from the ceiling. They sat down at the table while Hagrid started to make tea, and were soon immersed in yet more discussion of the Triwizard Tournament. Hagrid seemed quite as excited about it as they were.

“在南瓜田外面，”海格高興地說。“牠們已經長得巨大了，差不多有三英尺長。唯一的問題是，牠們開始相互殺害。”“噢不，真的嗎？”赫敏厭煩地看著羅恩，他正在凝視著海格奇怪的髮型，剛想發表一些言論。“是啊，”海格傷心地說。“沒事了，我現在把它們分別放在盒子裡。還剩下二十左右。”“那真是太幸運了，”羅恩說。海格沒有意識到其中的諷刺。海格的小屋只有一個房間，一個角落有一張巨大的床，上面鋪著一個拼布被子。一個同樣巨大的木桌和椅子放在火爐前面，天花板上懸掛著許多製成火腿類和死鳥類的骨架。他們坐在桌子前，海格開始泡茶，不久就陷入了更多有關三巫鬥龍比賽的討論當中。海格似乎和他們一樣對此非常興奮。

“You wait,” he said, grinning. “You jus' wait. Yer going ter see some stuff yeh've never seen before. Firs' task . . . ah, but I'm not supposed ter say.”

“Go on, Hagrid!” Harry, Ron, and Hermione urged him, but he just shook his head, grinning.

“I don' want ter spoil it fer yeh,” said Hagrid. “But it's gonna be spectacular, I'll tell yeh that. Them champions're going ter have their work cut out. Never thought I'd live ter see the Triwizard Tournament played again!”

They ended up having lunch with Hagrid, though they didn't eat much — Hagrid had made what he said was a beef casserole, but after Hermione unearthed a large talon in hers, she, Harry, and Ron rather lost their appetites. However, they enjoyed themselves trying to make Hagrid tell them what the tasks in the tournament were going to be, speculating which of the entrants were likely to be selected as champions, and wondering whether Fred and George were beardless yet.

“你等著瞧，”他咧嘴笑道。“你等著瞧。你們會看到一些你們從未見過的東西。第一個任務...啊，但我不應該透漏。”“繼續講，海格！”哈利、羅恩和赫敏力勸他，但他只是搖頭笑著。“我不想為你們謀福利，”海格說。“不過，我可以告訴你們，這將會是壯觀的。那些冠軍們將會很難打敗。從沒想過我還能見證三強大會再次舉辦！”最後，他們後來和海格一起吃午飯，但他們沒有吃多少——海格做了他所說的牛肉燉菜，但赫敏在發現自己的食物裡有一個大爪子後，她、哈利和羅恩都失去了食慾。然而，

他們喜歡讓哈格告訴他們比賽的任務會是什麼，猜想參賽者中誰有望成為冠軍，以及想知道弗雷德和喬治是否已經刮鬍子了。

A light rain had started to fall by midafternoon; it was very cozy sitting by the fire, listening to the gentle patter of the drops on the window, watching Hagrid darning his socks and arguing with Hermione about house-elves — for he flatly refused to join S.P.E.W. when she showed him her badges.

“It'd be doin' 'em an unkindness, Hermione,” he said gravely, threading a massive bone needle with thick yellow yarn. “It's in their nature ter look after humans, that's what they like, see? Yeh'd be makin' 'em unhappy ter take away their work, an' insultin' 'em if yeh tried ter pay 'em”

“But Harry set Dobby free, and he was over the moon about it!” said Hermione. “*And we heard he's asking for wages now!*”

“Yeah, well, yeh get weirdos in every breed. I'm not sayin' there isn't the odd elf who'd take freedom, but yeh'll never persuade most of 'em ter do it — no, nothin' doin', Hermione.”

到了下午，开始下起了细雨。坐在壁炉旁，听着雨点轻轻拍打着窗户，看着海格补着袜子，与赫敏争论着家养小精灵，感觉非常舒适。“那会让他们感到不舒服，赫敏，”他一边认真地用厚实的黄色线头穿针在一根巨大的骨针上，“它们天生就喜欢照顾人类，这就是它们的本性，你明白吗？你若夺去了它们的工作，就会让它们不开心，你若想雇佣它们，它们会觉得受到侮辱。”“但哈利释放了多比，而他非常高兴！”赫敏说，“我们还听说他现在要工资了！”“是啊，每个品种都有怪人。我不是说没有那么少数的小精灵会追求自由，但你永远不可能说服大部分的小精灵去这么做——这是不可能的，赫敏。”

Hermione looked very cross indeed and stuffed her box of badges back into her cloak pocket.

By half past five it was growing dark, and Ron, Harry, and Hermione decided it was time to get back up to the castle for the Halloween feast — and, more important, the announcement of the school champions.

“I'll come with yeh,” said Hagrid, putting away his darning. “Jus' give us a sec.”

Hagrid got up, went across to the chest of drawers beside his bed, and began searching for something inside it. They didn't pay too much attention until a truly horrible smell reached their nostrils. Coughing, Ron said, “Hagrid, what's that?”

“Eh?” said Hagrid, turning around with a large bottle in his hand. “Don' yeh like it?”

“Is that aftershave?” said Hermione in a slightly choked voice.

赫敏看起來十分生氣，把她的徽章盒子塞回她的斗篷口袋裡。到了五點半天色已暗，羅恩、哈利和赫敏決定回城堡參加萬聖節的宴會——更重要的是學校冠軍的公佈。“我會一起去的，”海格說，收起他的織補工具。“給我一分鐘。”海格站起來，走到床邊的抽屜櫃，開始在裡面找東西。他們一開始沒有太在意，直到一陣臭味傳到他們的鼻子裡。咳嗽著，羅恩說：“海格，那是什麼？”“嗯？”海格轉過身，手裡拿著一個大瓶子。“你們不喜歡嗎？”“那是古龍水嗎？”赫敏用有點沙啞的聲音說。

“Er — eau de cologne,” Hagrid muttered. He was blushing. “Maybe it's a bit much,” he said gruffly. “I'll go take it off, hang on . . .”

He stumped out of the cabin, and they saw him washing himself vigorously in the water barrel outside the window.

“Eau de cologne?” said Hermione in amazement. “*Hagrid?*”

“And what's with the hair and the suit?” said Harry in an undertone.

“Look!” said Ron suddenly, pointing out of the window.

Hagrid had just straightened up and turned 'round. If he had been blushing before, it was nothing to what he was doing now. Getting to their feet very cautiously, so that Hagrid wouldn't spot them, Harry, Ron, and Hermione peered through the window and saw that Madame Maxime and the Beauxbatons students had just emerged from their carriage, clearly about to set off for the feast too. They couldn't hear what Hagrid was saying, but he was talking to Madame Maxime with a rapt, misty-eyed expression Harry had only ever seen him wear once before — when he had been looking at the baby dragon, Norbert.

“那個，古龍水，”哈格里德咕噥道，臉上泛紅，“也許有點過分了。”他嘶啞地說道，“我去把它弄掉，等等……”他從小屋裡走出去了，他們看到他在窗外的水桶裡猛烈地清洗自己。“古龍水？”赫敏驚訝地說道，“哈格里德？”“還有他的頭發和西裝怎麼了？”哈利小聲問道。“快看！”羅恩突然指著窗外說。哈格里德剛剛站直了身子，轉了個身。如果他之前在臉上有些發紅，現在已經相形見拙。哈利、羅恩和赫敏非常謹慎地站起來，透過窗戶往外看，他們看到馬德姆·馬克西姆和波巴脫學院的學生們剛從馬車裡走出來，顯然也要前往晚宴。他們聽不到哈格里德在說什麼，但他正在以一種迷醉的、朦朧的表情與馬德姆·馬克西姆交談，哈利只在哈格里德以前看到他一次的表情——那時他正看著小龍寶寶諾伯特。

“He's going up to the castle with her!” said Hermione indignantly. “I thought he was waiting for us!”

Without so much as a backward glance at his cabin, Hagrid was trudging off up the grounds with Madame Maxime, the Beauxbatons students following in their wake, jogging to keep up with their enormous strides.

“He fancies her!” said Ron incredulously. “Well, if they end up having children, they'll be setting a world record — bet any baby of theirs would weigh about a ton.”

They let themselves out of the cabin and shut the door behind them. It was surprisingly dark outside. Drawing their cloaks more closely around themselves, they set off up the sloping lawns.

“Ooh it’s them, look!” Hermione whispered.

The Durmstrang party was walking up toward the castle from the lake. Viktor Krum was walking side by side with Karkaroff, and the other Durmstrang students were straggling along behind them. Ron watched Krum excitedly, but Krum did not look around as he reached the front doors a little ahead of Hermione, Ron, and Harry and proceeded through them.

“他跟她一起去城堡了！”赫敏不满地说道，“我还以为他在等我们呢！”海格毫不回头，与麦斯教授一同沿草地前行，前面跟着法国贝欧巴顿魔法学院的学生，小跑着以跟上他们巨大的步伐。“他喜欢她！”罗恩难以置信地说，“那如果他们要生孩子，它们一定会打破世界纪录——赌一下，他们的任何一个孩子都会有大约一吨重。”他们走出小屋，关上门。外面意外地黑暗。他们更紧地裹上斗篷，沿着缓坡往上走。“哦，是他们，看！”赫敏轻声说。杜姆斯特朗派对从湖边往城堡走去。维克多·克鲁姆与卡卡罗夫并肩走着，其他杜姆斯特朗的学生也跟在后面。罗恩兴奋地注视着克鲁姆，但克鲁姆在到达前门时没有回头看赫敏、罗恩和哈利，径直穿过大门。

When they entered the candlelit Great Hall it was almost full. The Goblet of Fire had been moved; it was now standing in front of Dumbledore’s empty chair at the teachers’ table. Fred and George — clean-shaven again — seemed to have taken their disappointment fairly well.

“Hope it’s Angelina,” said Fred as Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat down.

“So do I!” said Hermione breathlessly. “Well, we’ll soon know!”

The Halloween feast seemed to take much longer than usual. Perhaps because it was their second feast in two days, Harry didn’t seem to fancy the extravagantly prepared food as much as he would have normally. Like everyone else in the Hall, judging by the constantly craning necks, the impatient expressions on every face, the fidgeting, and the standing up to see whether Dumbledore had finished eating yet, Harry simply wanted the plates to clear, and to hear who had been selected as champions.

當他們進入燭火照耀的大廳時，幾乎已經坐滿了人。火盆已經被移開，現在放在教師桌前達姆伯利的空位上。弗雷德和喬治——再次剃鬚的——似乎已經相當接受了失望。“希望是安吉利娜，”哈利、羅恩和赫敏坐下來時，弗雷德說道。“我也希望！”赫敏喘息地說，“嗯，我們很快就會知道了！”萬聖節的晚宴似乎比平常要長很多時間。也許因為這是他們兩天來的第二個宴會，哈利似乎對這些盛餐並不像平常那樣感到非常喜歡。就像大廳裡的每個人一樣，他們的脖子不斷地伸出，每個人的表情都很不耐煩，不停地移動和站起來看達姆伯利是否已經吃完了。哈利只是想讓餐具清空，然後聽聽誰被選為冠軍。

At long last, the golden plates returned to their original spotless state; there was a sharp upswing in the level of noise within the Hall, which died away almost instantly as Dumbledore got to his feet. On either side of him, Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime looked as tense and expectant as anyone. Ludo Bagman was beaming and winking at various students. Mr. Crouch, however, looked quite uninterested, almost bored.

“Well, the goblet is almost ready to make its decision,” said Dumbledore. “I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions’ names are called, I would ask them please to come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber”—he indicated the door behind the staff table — “where they will be receiving their first instructions.”

最終，金色板重新恢復了原本的清潔狀態；大廳內的噪音瞬間飆升，之後很快就消失了，因為鄧布利多站起來了。在他的兩側，卡卡洛夫教授和瑪克西姆夫人跟其他人一樣緊張而期待。盧多·巴格曼正在對各個學生眨眨眼，充滿笑容。然而，克勞奇先生看起來相當不感興趣，幾乎無聊。「好的，高盃即將做出它的決定，」鄧布利多說。「我估計還需要一分鐘。現在，當選手的名字被叫出來時，我希望他們能請上來到大廳頂端，沿著教師桌走，並進入下一個房間，」他指向教師桌後面的門。「他們會在那裡收到第一批指示。」

He took out his wand and gave a great sweeping wave with it; at once, all the candles except those inside the carved pumpkins were extinguished, plunging them into a state of semidarkness. The Goblet of Fire now shone more brightly than anything in the whole Hall, the sparkling bright, bluey-whiteness of the flames almost painful on the eyes. Everyone watched, waiting. . . . A few people kept checking their watches. . . .

“Any second,” Lee Jordan whispered, two seats away from Harry.

The flames inside the goblet turned suddenly red again. Sparks began to fly from it. Next moment, a tongue of flame shot into the air, a charred piece of parchment fluttered out of it — the whole room gasped.

Dumbledore caught the piece of parchment and held it at arm’s length, so that he could read it by the light of the flames, which had turned back to blue-white.

他拿出了他的魔杖，用它做了一個大大的揮動；立刻，除了那些在雕刻南瓜裡的蠟燭以外，所有的蠟燭都熄滅了，把他們陷入了半暗的狀態。火盆現在比整個大廳裡的任何東西都更加明亮，閃爍著明亮的藍白色火焰，幾乎令人疼痛。每個人都在等待着……一些人一直看着手表……“馬上了，”李·喬登在哈利兩個椅子的距離上低聲說道。火盆裡的火焰突然又變成了紅色。火花從中飛出。下一秒，一股火焰射入空中，一塊燒焦的羊皮紙飄了出來——整個房間都倒吸了一口涼氣。鄧布利多抓住了羊皮紙，把它伸開到臂長的距離，這樣他就可以藉着火焰的光線來閱讀了，火焰已經變回了藍白色。

“The champion for Durmstrang,” he read, in a strong, clear voice, “will be Viktor Krum.”

“No surprises there!” yelled Ron as a storm of applause and cheering swept the Hall. Harry saw Viktor Krum rise from the Slytherin table and

slouch up toward Dumbledore; he turned right, walked along the staff table, and disappeared through the door into the next chamber.

“Bravo, Viktor!” boomed Karkaroff, so loudly that everyone could hear him, even over all the applause. “Knew you had it in you!”

The clapping and chatting died down. Now everyone’s attention was focused again on the goblet, which, seconds later, turned red once more. A second piece of parchment shot out of it, propelled by the flames.

“The champion for Beauxbatons,” said Dumbledore, “is Fleur Delacour!”

“鐸姆士蘭的冠軍，”他用有力、清晰的聲音朗讀道，“將是維克多·克魯姆。”“沒有驚喜！”羅恩大喊，歡呼聲和掌聲席捲全場。哈利看到維克多·克魯姆從斯萊特林桌上站起來，向鄧布利多那裡走去；他向右轉，沿著教師桌走，然後消失在下一個房間的門裡。“好極了，維克多！”卡卡洛夫咆哮著，聲音大到每個人都能聽到，即使是在所有掌聲中也能聽到。“知道你有這樣的實力！”掌聲和交談逐漸靜了下來。現在，每個人的注意力再次集中在聖杯上，幾秒鐘後，它再次變成了紅色。接著，第二張紙條被火焰推出。“鮑巴松的冠軍，”鄧布利多說，“是弗勒·德拉庫爾！”

“It’s her, Ron!” Harry shouted as the girl who so resembled a veela got gracefully to her feet, shook back her sheet of silvery blonde hair, and swept up between the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables.

“Oh look, they’re all disappointed,” Hermione said over the noise, nodding toward the remainder of the Beauxbatons party. “Disappointed” was a bit of an understatement, Harry thought. Two of the girls who had not been selected had dissolved into tears and were sobbing with their heads on their arms.

When Fleur Delacour too had vanished into the side chamber, silence fell again, but this time it was a silence so stiff with excitement you could almost taste it. The Hogwarts champion next . . .

And the Goblet of Fire turned red once more; sparks showered out of it; the tongue of flame shot high into the air, and from its tip Dumbledore pulled the third piece of parchment.

“是她，朗！”哈利大喊著，那個像貝拉仙女一樣的女孩優雅地站起身來，甩動她銀色的金髮，穿過了拉文克勞和赫夫帕夫的桌子之間。“噢，看，他們都失望了，”妙麗說道，趁著噪音點頭向博巴松學院的其他人。哈利覺得“失望”這個詞有點保守。兩個沒有被選中的女孩流淚失聲，頭埋在手臂上哭泣。當菲樂·德拉庫爾也消失在側面的房間裡時，寂靜再次降臨，但這一次的沉默中充滿了興奮，你幾乎可以嘗到它的味道。下一個選手出現了……而魔法大賽的聖杯再次變成了紅色。火花在其中激盪，火焰的尖端高高地射出，鄧布利多從中拉出了第三張羊皮紙。

“The Hogwarts champion,” he called, “is Cedric Diggory!”

“No!” said Ron loudly, but nobody heard him except Harry; the uproar from the next table was too great. Every single Hufflepuff had jumped to his or her feet, screaming and stamping, as Cedric made his way past them, grinning broadly, and headed off toward the chamber behind the teachers’ table. Indeed, the applause for Cedric went on so long that it was some time before Dumbledore could make himself heard again.

“Excellent!” Dumbledore called happily as at last the tumult died down. “Well, we now have our three champions. I am sure I can count upon all of you, including the remaining students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, to give your champions every ounce of support you can muster. By cheering your champion on, you will contribute in a very real—”

「霍格華茲的冠軍是 Cedric Diggory！」他喊道。「不！」羅恩大聲說道，但除了哈利，沒有人聽到他的聲音；來自隔壁桌的喧鬧聲太大了。每個赫夫帕夫都跳起來，尖叫著，隨著塞德里克向教師桌後面走去，咧著嘴笑得很開心。事實上，對塞德里克的掌聲持續了很長時間，直到鄧布利多能再次讓自己的聲音被聽見之前都還沒有停下來。「太妙了！」鄧布利多高興地喊道，當喧鬧終於平息之後。「現在，我們有了三位冠軍。我相信我能指望你們所有人，包括那些來自布歐巴松和德姆斯特朗的學生，盡你們所能地支持你們的冠軍。通過為你們的冠軍加油打氣，你們將會真正地做出貢獻——」

But Dumbledore suddenly stopped speaking, and it was apparent to everybody what had distracted him.

The fire in the goblet had just turned red again. Sparks were flying out of it. A long flame shot suddenly into the air, and borne upon it was another piece of parchment.

Automatically, it seemed, Dumbledore reached out a long hand and seized the parchment. He held it out and stared at the name written upon it. There was a long pause, during which Dumbledore stared at the slip in his hands, and everyone in the room stared at Dumbledore. And then Dumbledore cleared his throat and read out —

“Harry Potter.”

但鄧布利多突然停止說話，大家都知道是什么分散了他的注意力。酒杯里的火焰又變成了紅色。火花四濺。一束長長的火焰突然冲天而起，上面飛着另一張紙。似乎是下意識地，鄧布利多伸出一只長手，抓住了那張紙。他把它舉起來，盯着上面寫的名字。接下來有很長的一段時間，鄧布利多都盯着手上的紙條，房間里每個人都盯着鄧布利多。然後鄧布利多清了清嗓子，讀出了——“哈利·波特。”



THE FOUR CHAMPIONS

Harry sat there, aware that every head in the Great Hall had turned to look at him. He was stunned. He felt numb. He was surely dreaming. He had not heard correctly.

There was no applause. A buzzing, as though of angry bees, was starting to fill the Hall; some students were standing up to get a better look at Harry as he sat, frozen, in his seat.

Up at the top table, Professor McGonagall had got to her feet and swept past Ludo Bagman and Professor Karkaroff to whisper urgently to Professor Dumbledore, who bent his ear toward her, frowning slightly.

Harry turned to Ron and Hermione; beyond them, he saw the long Gryffindor table all watching him, openmouthed.

“I didn’t put my name in,” Harry said blankly. “You know I didn’t.”

Both of them stared just as blankly back.

哈利坐在那裡，意識到大廳的每個人都轉過頭來看他。他感到震驚，麻木。他一定在做夢。他沒有聽錯。沒有掌聲。一陣嗡鳴聲，彷彿生氣的蜜蜂正在填補大廳；有些學生站起來更好地觀察哈利，他坐在座位上動彈不得。在上桌上，麥格教授已經站起來，從魯多·巴吉曼和卡卡羅夫教授旁邊走過，向鄧布利多教授匆忙耳語，他向她耳語，眉頭微皺。哈利轉向羅恩和赫敏；在他們之外，他看到長長的格蘭芬多桌子都在看著他，張大嘴巴。“我沒有放我的名字進去，”哈利茫然地說道。“你知道我沒有。”他倆都是茫然地盯著他回來了。

At the top table, Professor Dumbledore had straightened up, nodding to Professor McGonagall.

“Harry Potter!” he called again. “Harry! Up here, if you please!”

“Go on,” Hermione whispered, giving Harry a slight push.

Harry got to his feet, trod on the hem of his robes, and stumbled slightly. He set off up the gap between the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff tables. It felt like an immensely long walk; the top table didn’t seem to be getting any nearer at all, and he could feel hundreds and hundreds of eyes upon him, as though each were a searchlight. The buzzing grew louder and louder. After what seemed like an hour, he was right in front of Dumbledore, feeling the stares of all the teachers upon him.

“Well . . . through the door, Harry,” said Dumbledore. He wasn’t smiling.

在高高的桌子旁，鄧布利多教授挺直了身子，向麥格教授點了點頭。“哈利波特！”他再次喊道，“哈利！請上這裡來！”“去吧，”赫敏低聲說著，輕輕地推了一下哈利。哈利站了起來，踩到長袍的邊沿，有些踉蹌。他走上了格蘭芬多和赫奇帕奇桌子之間的通道。這走起來感覺像是漫長的一步；高桌似乎絲毫沒有靠近，而他感覺到數百雙眼睛落在他身上，彷彿每雙眼睛都是一盞探照燈。嗡嗡聲越來越響。聽起來像是一个小时之後，他站在了鄧布利多面前，感覺到所有老師的目光都在注視著他。“嗯……通過門去，哈利，”鄧布利多說。他並沒有微笑。

Harry moved off along the teachers’ table. Hagrid was seated right at the end. He did not wink at Harry, or wave, or give any of his usual signs of greeting. He looked completely astonished and stared at Harry as he passed like everyone else. Harry went through the door out of the Great Hall and found himself in a smaller room, lined with paintings of witches and wizards. A handsome fire was roaring in the fireplace opposite him.

The faces in the portraits turned to look at him as he entered. He saw a wizened witch flit out of the frame of her picture and into the one next to it, which contained a wizard with a walrus mustache. The wizened witch started whispering in his ear.

Viktor Krum, Cedric Diggory, and Fleur Delacour were grouped around the fire. They looked strangely impressive, silhouetted against the flames. Krum, hunched-up and brooding, was leaning against the mantelpiece, slightly apart from the other two. Cedric was standing with his hands behind his back, staring into the fire. Fleur Delacour looked around when Harry walked in and threw back her sheet of long, silvery hair.

哈利走過教師們的桌子。海格坐在盡頭。他沒有對哈利眨眼，揮手或給任何他平常打招呼的信號。像其他人一樣，他看起來完全驚訝，盯著哈利。哈利走出了大廳的門，來到了一個較小的房間，房間裡排著女巫和巫師的畫像。對面壁爐裡正燃燒著壯麗的火焰。哈利進來時，畫裡的人物都轉過頭來看他。他看到一位皺巴巴的女巫從她的畫框裡飛出來，進到旁邊的畫框裡，那裡有一個留有海豹胡的巫師。那位皺巴巴的女巫開始在他的耳邊耳語。維克多·克魯姆，賽德維克·狄哥里和芙蕾·德拉庫爾圍著壁爐。他們顯得格外印象深刻，如火焰的剪影。克魯姆弓著背，神情沉郁，靠在壁爐上，與其他兩個人保持著一定距離。狄哥里雙手交握，凝望著火。哈利走進房間，芙蕾·德拉庫爾回頭看了看，她捲曲的銀髮披在背後。

“What is it?” she said. “Do zey want us back in ze Hall?”

She thought he had come to deliver a message. Harry didn't know how to explain what had just happened. He just stood there, looking at the three champions. It struck him how very tall all of them were.

There was a sound of scurrying feet behind him, and Ludo Bagman entered the room. He took Harry by the arm and led him forward.

“Extraordinary!” he muttered, squeezing Harry's arm. “Absolutely extraordinary! Gentlemen . . . lady,” he added, approaching the fireside and addressing the other three. “May I introduce — incredible though it may seem — the *fourth* Triwizard champion?”

Viktor Krum straightened up. His surly face darkened as he surveyed Harry. Cedric looked nonplussed. He looked from Bagman to Harry and back again as though sure he must have misheard what Bagman had said. Fleur Delacour, however, tossed her hair, smiling, and said, “Oh, vairy funny joke, Meester Bagman.”

“這是什麼？”她問道。“他們想讓我們回到大廳嗎？”她以為他來傳遞消息。哈利不知道如何解釋剛才發生的事情。他就這樣站著，看著三個冠軍。他突然想到他們都有多麼高大。他身後傳來輕快的脚步聲，魯多·巴格曼進了房間。他把哈利的手臂攬住，帶著他前進。“非凡！”他低聲說著，握住哈利的手臂，“絕對非凡！先生們……女士們，”他說著，走向壁爐，對其他三人說道，“我可不敢相信，我要介紹——雖然似乎不可思議——這位四巨頭的冠軍？”維克多·克魯姆挺直了身子。他陰沉的臉色在看著哈利的時候更加陰沉。塞德里克看起來很迷惑。他從巴格曼轉向哈利，再轉回去，好像確定他一定聽錯了巴格曼說的話。不過，弗勒·德拉庫爾卻擺動著長髮微笑著說道：“哦，巴格曼先生，真是個好笑的玩笑。”

“Joke?” Bagman repeated, bewildered. “No, no, not at all! Harry's name just came out of the Goblet of Fire!”

Krum's thick eyebrows contracted slightly. Cedric was still looking politely bewildered. Fleur frowned.

“But evidently zair 'as been a mistake,” she said contemptuously to Bagman. “E cannot compete. 'E is too young.”

“Well . . . it is amazing,” said Bagman, rubbing his smooth chin and smiling down at Harry. “But, as you know, the age restriction was only imposed this year as an extra safety measure. And as his name's come out of the goblet . . . I mean, I don't think there can be any ducking out at this stage. . . . It's down in the rules, you're obliged . . . Harry will just have to do the best he —”

The door behind them opened again, and a large group of people came in: Professor Dumbledore, followed closely by Mr. Crouch, Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Professor McGonagall, and Professor Snape. Harry heard the buzzing of the hundreds of students on the other side of the wall, before Professor McGonagall closed the door.

“開玩笑？”巴格曼迷惑地重複道。“不，不，絕對不是！哈利的名字剛剛從火盃中出現！”克魯姆的厚眉毛微微皺起。塞德里克仍然平靜地看著。弗勒皺眉。但是，她輕蔑地對巴格曼說：“顯然犯了一個錯誤。他不能競爭。他太年輕了。”“嗯……這真是令人驚訝，”巴格曼摸著他光滑的下巴對哈利微笑著說道。“但是，你知道的，年齡限制只是今年作為額外的安全措施加強的。而且既然他的名字從火盃中出現……我的意思是，我不認為現在還有任何借口逃避。在規則中已經有規定，你必須……哈利只能盡力而為——”他們身後的門再次打開，一大群人進來了：鄧布利多教授率先走進，密切跟隨著克拉奇先生，卡卡洛夫教授，瑪達姆·馬克西姆，麥格教授和斯內普教授。哈利聽到了牆那邊數百名學生的嗡嗡聲，在麥格教授关闭門之前。

“Madame Maxime!” said Fleur at once, striding over to her headmistress. “Zey are saying zat zis little boy is to compete also!”

Somewhere under Harry's numb disbelief he felt a ripple of anger. *Little boy?*

Madame Maxime had drawn herself up to her full, and considerable, height. The top of her handsome head brushed the candle-filled chandelier, and her gigantic black-satin bosom swelled.

“What is ze meaning of zis, Dumbly-dorr?” she said imperiously.

“I'd rather like to know that myself, Dumbledore,” said Professor Karkaroff. He was wearing a steely smile, and his blue eyes were like chips of ice. “Two Hogwarts champions? I don't remember anyone telling me the host school is allowed two champions — or have I not read the rules carefully enough?”

He gave a short and nasty laugh.

“馬德姆·麥克西姆！”弗勒一邊大步走向校長，一邊說道：“他們說這個小男孩也要參賽！”在哈利的麻木和不信任之下，他感到了一絲憤怒。小男孩？馬德姆·麥克西姆已經站得筆直了，她高大的頭部擦到了吊燈，身穿巨大的黑色緞子胸衣。“這是什麼意思，鄧布利多先生？”她威嚴地說道。“我也很想知道，鄧布利多先生，”卡卡洛夫教授說道。他帶著鋼鐵般的微笑，藍色的眼睛像冰片一樣。“霍格沃茨有兩個冠軍？我不記得有人告訴我主辦學校可以有兩個冠軍——或者我沒有仔細閱讀規則？”他嗤笑了一聲。

“C'est impossible,” said Madame Maxime, whose enormous hand with its many superb opals was resting upon Fleur's shoulder. “Ogwarts cannot 'ave two champions. It is most injust.”

“We were under the impression that your Age Line would keep out younger contestants, Dumbledore,” said Karkaroff, his steely smile still in place, though his eyes were colder than ever. “Otherwise, we would, of course, have brought along a wider selection of candidates from our own schools.”

“It's no one's fault but Potter's, Karkaroff,” said Snape softly. His black eyes were alight with malice. “Don't go blaming Dumbledore for Potter's determination to break rules. He has been crossing lines ever since he arrived here —”

“Thank you, Severus,” said Dumbledore firmly, and Snape went quiet, though his eyes still glinted malevolently through his curtain of greasy black hair.

“這是不可能的，”瑪克西姆夫人說道。她那巨大的手上有許多優美的蛋白石，垂在芙蕾的肩膀上。“霍格華茲不能有兩位勇士。這非常不公平。”“我們原本以為，您的年齡線將避免年幼的參賽者，鄧布利多，”卡卡洛夫說道，他的鋼鐵般的微笑仍然存在，雖然他的眼睛比以往更冷。“否則，我們會當然從我們自己的學校帶來更廣泛的候選人選。”“這不是鄧布利多的錯，而是波特的錯，”斯內普輕聲說道。他的黑眼睛閃爍著惡意。“不要因為波特打破規則而指責鄧布利多。他自從來到這裡以來就一直在越過限制。”“謝謝您，賽弗勒斯，”鄧布利多堅定地說道。斯內普沉默了，儘管他的眼睛仍然透過他髮間的油亮黑髮閃爍著惡意。

Professor Dumbledore was now looking down at Harry, who looked right back at him, trying to discern the expression of the eyes behind the half-moon spectacles.

“Did you put your name into the Goblet of Fire, Harry?” he asked calmly.

“No,” said Harry. He was very aware of everybody watching him closely. Snape made a soft noise of impatient disbelief in the shadows.

“Did you ask an older student to put it into the Goblet of Fire for you?” said Professor Dumbledore, ignoring Snape.

“No,” said Harry vehemently.

“Ah, but of course 'e is lying!” cried Madame Maxime. Snape was now shaking his head, his lip curling.

“He could not have crossed the Age Line,” said Professor McGonagall sharply. “I am sure we are all agreed on that —”

“Dumbly-dorr must 'ave made a mistake wiz ze line,” said Madame Maxime, shrugging.

鄧布利多教授現在正俯視着哈利，哈利也注視着他，試圖辨別眼鏡後半月形的表情。「哈利，你有把你的名字放进火盃嗎？」他平靜地問道。「沒有，」哈利說。他非常意識到每個人都在仔細觀察着他。斯內普在陰影中不耐煩地發出了軟綿綿的不信任的聲音。「你有請一個年長的學生替你把它放进火盃嗎？」鄧布利多教授說，无视斯內普。「沒有，」哈利義正言辭地說。「啊，但他當然在撒謊！」瑪德姆·馬克西姆叫道。斯內普現在搖着頭，嘴唇扭曲。「他不可能越過年齡線，」麥康娜教授尖銳地說。「我相信我們都同意這一點——」「鄧布利多一定在划線時犯了錯，」瑪德姆·馬克西姆聳聳肩。

“It is possible, of course,” said Dumbledore politely.

“Dumbledore, you know perfectly well you did not make a mistake!” said Professor McGonagall angrily. “Really, what nonsense! Harry could not have crossed the line himself, and as Professor Dumbledore believes that he did not persuade an older student to do it for him, I'm sure that should be good enough for everybody else!”

She shot a very angry look at Professor Snape.

“Mr. Crouch . . . Mr. Bagman,” said Karkaroff, his voice unctuous once more, “you are our — er — objective judges. Surely you will agree that this is most irregular?”

Bagman wiped his round, boyish face with his handkerchief and looked at Mr. Crouch, who was standing outside the circle of the firelight, his face half hidden in shadow. He looked slightly eerie, the half darkness making him look much older, giving him an almost skull-like appearance. When he spoke, however, it was in his usual curt voice.

當然是有可能的，”鄧布利多有禮貌地說。「鄧布利多，你清楚你沒有犯錯！」麥格教授生氣地說。「真是胡言亂語！哈利不可能自己越過線，而且鄧布利多教授相信他沒有說服一位年長的學生幫他越過。我相信這對於其他人來說應該是足夠了！」她生氣地瞪了西卡路夫教授一眼。「克勞奇先生...巴格曼先生，」卡卡洛夫的聲音再次油膩，「你們是客觀的評判。你們一定會同意這是非常不規則的吧？」巴格曼用手帕擦拭他圓滾滾的少年臉龐，看著身處火光圈外、半面藏在陰影中的克勞奇先生。他顯得有些詭異，半明半暗使他看起來更老，幾乎像個骷髏。然而，當他說話時，他用的還是他平時的簡短口吻。

“We must follow the rules, and the rules state clearly that those people whose names come out of the Goblet of Fire are bound to compete in the tournament.”

“Well, Barty knows the rule book back to front,” said Bagman, beaming and turning back to Karkaroff and Madame Maxime, as though the matter was now closed.

“I insist upon resubmitting the names of the rest of my students,” said Karkaroff. He had dropped his unctuous tone and his smile now. His face wore a very ugly look indeed. “You will set up the Goblet of Fire once more, and we will continue adding names until each school has two champions. It’s only fair, Dumbledore.”

“But Karkaroff, it doesn’t work like that,” said Bagman. “The Goblet of Fire’s just gone out — it won’t reignite until the start of the next tournament —”

“我們必須遵守規則，規則清楚地規定，所有從火盃中名字被抽出的人都必須參加比賽。”“好吧，巴蒂確實把規則書翻來覆去看了好幾遍，”巴格曼笑嘻嘻地說，然後轉向卡卡洛夫和馬德姆·馬克席姆，似乎這件事現在已經解決了。“我堅持重新提交我的其他學生的名字，”卡卡洛夫說。他不再是那種油腔滑舌的語氣，現在笑容消失了。他的臉看起來非常難看。“你將再次設置火盃，然後我們將繼續添加名字，直到每所學校都有兩名冠軍。這只是公平的，鄧布利多。”“但是，卡卡洛夫，它不會這樣工作，”巴格曼說。“火盃剛剛熄滅了，直到下一屆比賽開始它才會重新點燃——”

“— in which Durmstrang will most certainly not be competing!” exploded Karkaroff. “After all our meetings and negotiations and compromises, I little expected something of this nature to occur! I have half a mind to leave now!”

“Empty threat, Karkaroff,” growled a voice from near the door. “You can’t leave your champion now. He’s got to compete. They’ve all got to compete. Binding magical contract, like Dumbledore said. Convenient, eh?”

Moody had just entered the room. He limped toward the fire, and with every right step he took, there was a loud *chunk*.

“Convenient?” said Karkaroff. “I’m afraid I don’t understand you, Moody.”

Harry could tell he was trying to sound disdainful, as though what Moody was saying was barely worth his notice, but his hands gave him away; they had balled themselves into fists.

「杜姆斯特蘭肯定不會參賽！」卡卡洛夫爆炸了。「在我們所有的會面、談判和妥協之後，我真的沒想到會發生這樣的事情！我有半個心思現在就離開！」「空洞的威脅，卡卡洛夫」，門口傳來一聲咆哮。「你現在不能離開你的冠軍。他必須參賽。他們都必須參賽。就像鄧布利多說的那樣，有一份有約束力的魔法契約，方便吧？」穆迪剛走進房間。他一瘸一拐地走向火爐，每走一步都會發出響亮的撞擊聲。「方便？」卡卡洛夫說。「恐怕我不理解你，穆迪。」哈利能看出他試圖聽起來輕蔑，好像穆迪說的根本不值得他注意，但他的手卻出賣了他；他們握成了拳頭。

“Don’t you?” said Moody quietly. “It’s very simple, Karkaroff. Someone put Potter’s name in that goblet knowing he’d have to compete if it came out.”

“Evidently, someone ‘oo wished to give ’Ogwarts two bites at ze apple!” said Madame Maxime.

“I quite agree, Madame Maxime,” said Karkaroff, bowing to her. “I shall be lodging complaints with the Ministry of Magic *and* the International Confederation of Wizards —”

“If anyone’s got reason to complain, it’s Potter,” growled Moody, “but . . . funny thing . . . I don’t hear *him* saying a word. . . .”

“Why should ‘e complain?” burst out Fleur Delacour, stamping her foot. “E ‘as ze chance to compete, ‘asn’t ‘e? We ‘ave all been ‘oping to be chosen for weeks and weeks! Ze honor for our schools! A thousand Galleons in prize money — zis is a chance many would die for!”

“不是嗎？”穆迪靜靜地說道。“很簡單，卡卡洛夫。有人把波特的名字放在那個魔杖裡，知道他必須競爭才能出來。”“顯然，有人希望給霍格華茲兩次機會！”瑪克西姆夫人說道。“我完全同意，瑪克西姆夫人，”卡卡洛夫向她鞠躬說道，“我將向魔法部和國際巫師聯盟提出抗議——”“如果有人有理由抱怨，那就是波特，”穆迪咆哮道，“但是……有趣的是……我沒有聽到他說過一句話……”“他為什麼要抱怨？”弗勒·德拉庫爾怒氣沖沖地踩著腳說道，“他有機會參加比賽，不是嗎？我們所有人都希望被選中了幾個星期！為我們的學校帶來榮譽！一千加隆的獎金——這是很多人都會為之而死的機會！”

“Maybe someone’s hoping Potter *is* going to die for it,” said Moody, with the merest trace of a growl.

An extremely tense silence followed these words. Ludo Bagman, who was looking very anxious indeed, bounced nervously up and down on his feet and said, “Moody, old man . . . what a thing to say!”

“We all know Professor Moody considers the morning wasted if he hasn’t discovered six plots to murder him before lunchtime,” said Karkaroff loudly. “Apparently he is now teaching his students to fear assassination too. An odd quality in a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Dumbledore, but no doubt you had your reasons.”

“Imagining things, am I?” growled Moody. “Seeing things, eh? It was a skilled witch or wizard who put the boy’s name in that goblet. . . .”

“Ah, what evidence is zere of zat?” said Madame Maxime, throwing up her huge hands.

「也許有人希望波特為此而死，」穆迪說，帶著微不足道的嗥叫聲。這些話之後，極度緊張的沉默緊隨其後。非常擔心的魯多·巴格曼神情焦慮地上下跳動，說：「穆迪老兄……這話怎麼能說呢！」「我們都知道，穆迪教授如果在午餐前沒有發現六個謀殺他的陰謀，他就覺得早上浪費了，」卡卡羅夫大聲說。「顯然他現在也在教他的學生們害怕暗殺。這是一位黑魔法防禦術老師的奇異品質，但毫無疑問，那麼做也有原因，鄧布利多。」「我在想像嗎？」穆迪嗥叫道。「我在看到幻影嗎？是一位熟練的女巫或男巫將男孩的名字放進了那個魔杯中。」「啊，有什麼證據嗎？」馬克西姆夫人舉起她巨大的手說。

“Because they hoodwinked a very powerful magical object!” said Moody. “It would have needed an exceptionally strong Confundus Charm to bamboozle that goblet into forgetting that only three schools compete in the tournament. . . . I’m guessing they submitted Potter’s name under a fourth school, to make sure he was the only one in his category. . . .”

“You seem to have given this a great deal of thought, Moody,” said Karkaroff coldly, “and a very ingenious theory it is — though of course, I heard you recently got it into your head that one of your birthday presents contained a cunningly disguised basilisk egg, and smashed it to pieces before realizing it was a carriage clock. So you’ll understand if we don’t take you entirely seriously. . . .”

“There are those who’ll turn innocent occasions to their advantage,” Moody retorted in a menacing voice. “It’s my job to think the way Dark wizards do, Karkaroff — as you ought to remember. . . .”

「因為他們欺騙了一個非常強大的魔法物品！」穆迪說。「這需要一個非常強大的迷惑咒才能讓那個高腳杯忘記只有三所學校參加比賽...我猜他們在第四所學校的名下提交了波特的名字，以確保他是他的類別中唯一的...」「穆迪，你似乎非常認真地考慮了這個問題，」卡卡洛夫冷冷地說。「這是一個非常巧妙的理論 - 當然，我最近聽說你有一個生日禮物，你以為這是一個巧妙地偽裝成蛇蛋的鳥籠鐘，但實際上是一個鍾錶。所以，你要理解我們不會全然信任你。」「有些人會把無辜的場合轉為自己的優勢，」穆迪用威脅的聲音反駁道。「我的工作是像黑魔導士一樣去思考，卡卡洛夫 - 你應該記得這一點...」

“Alastor!” said Dumbledore warningly. Harry wondered for a moment whom he was speaking to, but then realized “Mad-Eye” could hardly be Moody’s real first name. Moody fell silent, though still surveying Karkaroff with satisfaction — Karkaroff’s face was burning.

“How this situation arose, we do not know,” said Dumbledore, speaking to everyone gathered in the room. “It seems to me, however, that we have no choice but to accept it. Both Cedric and Harry have been chosen to compete in the tournament. This, therefore, they will do. . . .”

“Ah, but Dumbly-dorr —”

“My dear Madame Maxime, if you have an alternative, I would be delighted to hear it.”

Dumbledore waited, but Madame Maxime did not speak, she merely glared. She wasn’t the only one either. Snape looked furious; Karkaroff livid; Bagman, however, looked rather excited.

「愛拉斯杜！」鄧布利多警告道。哈利疑惑地思考著他與誰在講話，但接著意識到「瘋眼」不可能是穆迪真正的名字。穆迪沉默下來，但仍滿意地打量著卡卡洛夫，卡卡洛夫的臉熱得發紅。「我們不知道這種情況是怎麼發生的。」鄧布利多對在房間裡的所有人說。「但我想，我們沒有選擇，只能接受它。塞德里克和哈利都被選中參加這個比賽。因此，他們將會這樣做.....」「但，但是鄧不利多先生.....」「貴賓，如果你有其他選擇，我很樂意聽聽。」鄧布利多等待著，但麥克西姆女士沒有發言，只是怒視著他。她不是唯一一個這樣的人，斯內普看起來非常生氣；卡卡洛夫憤怒不已；而巴格曼看起來相當興奮。

“Well, shall we crack on, then?” he said, rubbing his hands together and smiling around the room. “Got to give our champions their instructions, haven’t we? Barty, want to do the honors?”

Mr. Crouch seemed to come out of a deep reverie.

“Yes,” he said, “instructions. Yes . . . the first task . . .”

He moved forward into the firelight. Close up, Harry thought he looked ill. There were dark shadows beneath his eyes and a thin, papery look about his wrinkled skin that had not been there at the Quidditch World Cup.

“The first task is designed to test your daring,” he told Harry, Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor, “so we are not going to be telling you what it is. Courage in the face of the unknown is an important quality in a wizard . . . very important. . . .”

“The first task will take place on November the twenty-fourth, in front of the other students and the panel of judges.

“那我们继续吧？”他说着，揉了揉双手，笑着环视着整个房间。“我们得给我们的冠军们讲讲说明吧，是不是？巴蒂，您愿意做这个任务吗？”库夫先生似乎从沉思中走了出来。“是的，”他说，“说明。是的.....第一项任务.....”他向火光中走去。近距离看，哈利觉得他看起来很不舒服。他的眼圈下有深深的阴影，皱纹的皮肤显得薄而无力，这在魁地奇世界杯时并不存在。他对哈利、塞德里克、芙蓉和维克多说：“第一项任务旨在测试你的勇气，所以我们不会告诉你是什么任务。在未知面前保持勇气是巫师的一项重要素质.....非常重要。“第一项任务将于十一月二十四日在其他同学和评委会面前举行。”

“The champions are not permitted to ask for or accept help of any kind from their teachers to complete the tasks in the tournament. The champions will face the first challenge armed only with their wands. They will receive information about the second task when the first is over. Owing to the demanding and time-consuming nature of the tournament, the champions are exempted from end-of-year tests.”

Mr. Crouch turned to look at Dumbledore.

“I think that’s all, is it, Albus?”

“I think so,” said Dumbledore, who was looking at Mr. Crouch with mild concern. “Are you sure you wouldn’t like to stay at Hogwarts tonight, Barty?”

“No, Dumbledore, I must get back to the Ministry,” said Mr. Crouch. “It is a very busy, very difficult time at the moment. . . . I’ve left young

Weatherby in charge. . . . Very enthusiastic . . . a little overenthusiastic, if truth be told. . . .”

冠軍不得向其老師請求或接受任何形式的幫助來完成比賽中的任務。冠軍們只能手持他們的魔杖面對第一個挑戰。第二個任務的信息將在第一個任務結束後公佈。由於比賽的要求很高且耗時，冠軍們不需要參加年末考試。Crouch先生轉向鄧布利多。

「這就是全部了，對吧，阿不思？」「我想是的。」鄧布利多說，他看著Crouch先生，帶著些許關切。「你確定你不想今晚在霍格華茲過夜嗎，巴蒂？」「不，鄧布利多，我必須回到部裡。」Crouch先生說：「現在是非常繁忙、非常困難的時期.....我已經把年輕的韋瑟比委任為負責人.....他非常熱情.....如果說真話，有點過於熱情了。」

“You’ll come and have a drink before you go, at least?” said Dumbledore.

“Come on, Barty, I’m staying!” said Bagman brightly. “It’s all happening at Hogwarts now, you know, much more exciting here than at the office!”

“I think not, Ludo,” said Crouch with a touch of his old impatience.

“Professor Karkaroff—Madame Maxime — a nightcap?” said Dumbledore.

But Madame Maxime had already put her arm around Fleur’s shoulders and was leading her swiftly out of the room. Harry could hear them both talking very fast in French as they went off into the Great Hall. Karkaroff beckoned to Krum, and they, too, exited, though in silence.

“Harry, Cedric, I suggest you go up to bed,” said Dumbledore, smiling at both of them. “I am sure Gryffindor and Hufflepuff are waiting to celebrate with you, and it would be a shame to deprive them of this excellent excuse to make a great deal of mess and noise.”

「你走之前至少來喝一杯吧？」鄧不利多說。「來吧，巴蒂，我會留下來的！」巴格曼燦爛地說道。「現在在霍格華茲裡才是真正精彩的事情，比辦公室有趣多了！」「我不這麼想，盧多。」柯羅奇有些不耐煩地說。「卡卡洛夫教授 - 馬克西姆夫人 - 來一杯熱飲嗎？」鄧不利多說。但馬克西姆夫人已經把手臂搭在費樂的肩膀上，迅速地帶她離開了房間。哈利能聽到她們兩人說著很快的法語，當她們進入大廳時，聲音漸漸遠去。卡卡洛夫示意克魯姆，他們也離開了，但沒有說話。「哈利，錢德里克，我建議你們去睡覺了。」鄧不利多對他們兩個微笑著說道。「我相信格蘭芬多和哈夫帕夫已經在等著和你們一起慶祝了，現在是一個很好的理由讓他們大喧嘩，大弄髒的。」

Harry glanced at Cedric, who nodded, and they left together.

The Great Hall was deserted now; the candles had burned low, giving the jagged smiles of the pumpkins an eerie, flickering quality.

“So,” said Cedric, with a slight smile. “We’re playing against each other again!”

“I s’pose,” said Harry. He really couldn’t think of anything to say. The inside of his head seemed to be in complete disarray, as though his brain had been ransacked.

“So . . . tell me . . .” said Cedric as they reached the entrance hall, which was now lit only by torches in the absence of the Goblet of Fire. “How did you get your name in?”

“I didn’t,” said Harry, staring up at him. “I didn’t put it in. I was telling the truth.”

“Ah . . . okay,” said Cedric. Harry could tell Cedric didn’t believe him. “Well . . . see you, then.”

哈利瞥了一眼塞德里克，他点了点头，他们一起离开了。大礼堂现在已经空无一人了。蜡烛已经烧得很低，灯泡南瓜的锯齿状微笑显得毛骨悚然，闪烁着。塞德里克微笑着说：“所以.....我们又要彼此比赛了！”“我想是吧，”哈利说。他真的想不出要说什么了。他的脑袋里面好像被抢劫了一样乱糟糟的。“那么.....告诉我.....”当他们走到入口大厅时，只有火把照明，没有火盆之后，塞德里克就这么说道：“你是怎么带进去的？”“我没有，”哈利盯着他说。“我说的是实话。”“啊.....好的，”塞德里克说。哈利可以告诉塞德里克并不相信他。“好吧.....那我们见了。”

Instead of going up the marble staircase, Cedric headed for a door to its right. Harry stood listening to him going down the stone steps beyond it, then, slowly, he started to climb the marble ones.

Was anyone except Ron and Hermione going to believe him, or would they all think he’d put himself in for the tournament? Yet how could anyone think that, when he was facing competitors who’d had three years’ more magical education than he had — when he was now facing tasks that not only sounded very dangerous, but which were to be performed in front of hundreds of people? Yes, he’d thought about it . . . he’d fantasized about it . . . but it had been a joke, really, an idle sort of dream . . . he’d never really, seriously considered entering . . .

But someone else had considered it . . . someone else had wanted him in the tournament, and had made sure he was entered. Why? To give him a treat? He didn’t think so, somehow. . . .

塞德里克沒有爬上大理石樓梯，而是向右邊的一扇門走去。哈利聽著他走過門外的石階，然後慢慢地開始爬那大理石樓梯。除了羅恩和赫敏，還有其他人會相信他嗎？或者他們都會認為他自己報名參加比賽？但是，當他面對的競爭對手比他多三年的魔法教育時，當他現在要面對的任務不僅聽起來很危險，而且要在數百人面前完成時，任何人怎麼可能會這麼想呢？是的，他想過了，他幻想過了，但那只是一個玩笑，一種空想，他從來沒有真的、認真地考慮過參加比賽。但是，有人考慮過這個問題。有人希望他參加比賽，並確保他已經報名了。為什麼？給他一個驚喜？他不這麼認為。

To see him make a fool of himself? Well, they were likely to get their wish. . . .

But to get him *killed*?

Was Moody just being his usual paranoid self? Couldn't someone have put Harry's name in the goblet as a trick, a practical joke? Did anyone really want him dead?

Harry was able to answer that at once. Yes, someone wanted him dead, someone had wanted him dead ever since he had been a year old . . . Lord Voldemort. But how could Voldemort have ensured that Harry's name got into the Goblet of Fire? Voldemort was supposed to be far away, in some distant country, in hiding, alone . . . feeble and powerless. . . .

Yet in that dream he had had, just before he had awoken with his scar hurting, Voldemort had not been alone . . . he had been talking to Wormtail . . . plotting Harry's murder. . . .

看他自取其辱？這個可能會成真.....但是逼死他？是不是穆迪又在發瘋了？有人會把哈利的名字放進火盃裡當作惡作劇嗎？真的有人要殺了他嗎？哈利馬上回答了這個問題。是的，有人想殺他，自從他一歲的時候就有了.....那個佛地魔。但是佛地魔怎麼能確保哈利的名字被放進火盃裡呢？佛地魔應該在遙遠的、僻靜的國度裡，獨自躲藏起來，身體虛弱，無力防禦.....然而，在他剛剛做的夢裡，在他的傷疤讓他驚醒之前，佛地魔並不孤單.....他正在和瓦松密謀著如何殺死哈利.....

Harry got a shock to find himself facing the Fat Lady already. He had barely noticed where his feet were carrying him. It was also a surprise to see that she was not alone in her frame. The wizened witch who had flitted into her neighbor's painting when he had joined the champions downstairs was now sitting smugly beside the Fat Lady. She must have dashed through every picture lining seven staircases to reach here before him. Both she and the Fat Lady were looking down at him with the keenest interest.

"Well, well, well," said the Fat Lady, "Violet's just told me everything. Who's just been chosen as school champion, then?"

"Balderdash," said Harry dully.

"It most certainly isn't!" said the pale witch indignantly.

"No, no, Vi, it's the password," said the Fat Lady soothingly, and she swung forward on her hinges to let Harry into the common room.

哈利眼睛睜大。他被送到胖夫人面前時幾乎沒有注意到自己的腳在帶他去哪兒。他又驚又奇地發現，胖夫人身邊不是孤身一人。那位被說成意氣傳遞到樓下訪問他的人的老巫婆，現在正傲慢地坐在胖夫人旁邊。除了飛越七級樓梯上掛的每一幅畫之外，她必須在比他早之前抵達這裡。她和胖夫人都非常關心地望著他。"好啊，好啊，好啊"，胖夫人說："維奧莉特告訴我一切了。學校冠軍是誰呀？" "胡言亂語，"哈利沉悶地說道。"絕對不是！"蒼白的女巫憤憤不平地說道。"不，不，維，這是密碼，"胖夫人平和地說道。她轉向哈利並向前搖晃著，讓他進入公共房間。

The blast of noise that met Harry's ears when the portrait opened almost knocked him backward. Next thing he knew, he was being wrenched inside the common room by about a dozen pairs of hands, and was facing the whole of Gryffindor House, all of whom were screaming, applauding, and whistling.

"You should've told us you'd entered!" bellowed Fred; he looked half annoyed, half deeply impressed.

"How did you do it without getting a beard? Brilliant!" roared George.

"I didn't," Harry said. "I don't know how —"

But Angelina had now swooped down upon him: "Oh if it couldn't be me, at least it's a Gryffindor —"

"You'll be able to pay back Diggory for that last Quidditch match, Harry!" shrieked Katie Bell, another of the Gryffindor Chasers.

"We've got food, Harry, come and have some —"

畫像打開時所發出的巨響讓哈利幾乎被震倒。接著，他就被約莫十幾雙手臂猛力拉進了公共休息室，然後面對整個格蘭芬多學院的師生，他們此刻正高聲歡呼、拍掌和尖叫。「你竟然連我們都沒告訴就參加了比賽！」弗雷德大聲咆哮，神情一半是不悅，一半是深深的敬佩。「你到底是怎麼辦到不長鬍子的？真厲害！」喬治也跟著興奮地叫道。「我不知道該怎麼解釋.....」哈利難得覺得有些無言以對。不過此時，安吉莉娜已經飛撲到他面前，「哦，就算讓我沒有機會，至少我們學院贏了！」「哈利，你現在可以有機會報答迪戈利在上次魁地奇比賽的羞辱了！」另一位格蘭芬多的翼手Katie Bell尖叫道。「哈利，快來吃點東西！」

"I'm not hungry, I had enough at the feast —"

But nobody wanted to hear that he wasn't hungry; nobody wanted to hear that he hadn't put his name in the goblet; not one single person seemed to have noticed that he wasn't at all in the mood to celebrate. . . . Lee Jordan had unearthed a Gryffindor banner from somewhere, and he insisted on draping it around Harry like a cloak. Harry couldn't get away; whenever he tried to sidle over to the staircase up to the dormitories, the crowd around him closed ranks, forcing another butterbeer on him, stuffing crisps and peanuts into his hands. . . . Everyone wanted to know how he had done it, how he had tricked Dumbledore's Age Line and managed to get his name into the goblet. . . .

"I didn't," he said, over and over again, "I don't know how it happened."

「我不餓了，在宴會上吃飽了。」但沒有人想聽他說他不餓；沒有人想聽他說他沒有把名字放進高腳杯裡；沒有一個人似乎注意到他完全沒有心情慶祝。李·喬登從某個地方挖出了一面格蘭芬多的旗幟，他堅持把它當作披風掛在哈利身上。哈利逃不了，每當他試圖朝上到樓上宿舍去的時候，圍繞他的人群就會合攏起來，強迫他再喝一杯奶油啤酒，往他手裡塞洋芋片和花生米。每個人都想知道他是怎麼做到的，他是怎麼欺騙了鄧布利多的年齡限制，並設法把他的名字放進高腳杯里。「我沒有這麼做」，他一遍又一遍地說，「我不知道發生了什麼事。」

But for all the notice anyone took, he might just as well not have answered at all.

“I’m tired!” he bellowed finally, after nearly half an hour. “No, seriously, George — I’m going to bed —”

He wanted more than anything to find Ron and Hermione, to find a bit of sanity, but neither of them seemed to be in the common room. Insisting that he needed to sleep, and almost flattening the little Creevey brothers as they attempted to waylay him at the foot of the stairs, Harry managed to shake everyone off and climb up to the dormitory as fast as he could.

To his great relief, he found Ron was lying on his bed in the otherwise empty dormitory, still fully dressed. He looked up when Harry slammed the door behind him.

“Where’ve you been?” Harry said.

“Oh hello,” said Ron.

但就算他回答，似乎也沒有人注意到。半個小時過去了，他總算是大喊一聲：“我累了！說真的，喬治，我要去睡覺了。”他最想找到羅恩和赫敏，找到一點理智，但他們倆似乎都不在公共房間。為了堅持要睡覺，當著小克里維兄弟的面幾乎要把他們踩扁，哈利設法擺脫所有人，盡快爬到了宿舍。令他非常欣慰的是，他發現羅恩躺在他的床上，宿舍裡除了他們兩個沒有其他人。哈利砰地關上門時，他抬起頭來。“你去哪裡了？”哈利問。“噢，你好啊，”羅恩說道。

He was grinning, but it was a very odd, strained sort of grin. Harry suddenly became aware that he was still wearing the scarlet Gryffindor banner that Lee had tied around him. He hastened to take it off, but it was knotted very tightly. Ron lay on the bed without moving, watching Harry struggle to remove it.

“So,” he said, when Harry had finally removed the banner and thrown it into a corner. “Congratulations.”

“What d’you mean, congratulations?” said Harry, staring at Ron. There was definitely something wrong with the way Ron was smiling. It was more like a grimace.

“Well . . . no one else got across the Age Line,” said Ron. “Not even Fred and George. What did you use — the Invisibility Cloak?”

“The Invisibility Cloak wouldn’t have got me over that line,” said Harry slowly.

他露出了笑容，但是这是一种非常奇怪而勉強的笑容。哈利突然意识到他仍然穿着李尔红色的格兰芬多队旗，他急忙想要脱下来，但是旗子已经被扎得很紧了。罗恩躺在床上一动不动，看着哈利挣扎着想要脱下旗子。“那么，”当哈利最终脱下旗子并且扔到了角落时，“祝贺你”。“你是什么意思，祝贺我？”哈利盯着罗恩问道。罗恩的笑容明显有些奇怪，更像是一种痛苦的表情。“唉，”罗恩说道，“没有人能穿越年龄线，甚至弗雷德和乔治也没有。你用的是什么——隐形斗篷？”“隐形斗篷也不能让我穿越那条线的，”哈利慢慢地说道。

“Oh right,” said Ron. “I thought you might’ve told me if it was the Cloak . . . because it would’ve covered both of us, wouldn’t it? But you found another way, did you?”

“Listen,” said Harry, “I didn’t put my name in that goblet. Someone else must’ve done it.”

Ron raised his eyebrows.

“What would they do that for?”

“I dunno,” said Harry. He felt it would sound very melodramatic to say, “To kill me.”

Ron’s eyebrows rose so high that they were in danger of disappearing into his hair.

“It’s okay, you know, you can tell me the truth,” he said. “If you don’t want everyone else to know, fine, but I don’t know why you’re bothering to lie, you didn’t get into trouble for it, did you? That friend of the Fat Lady’s, that Violet, she’s already told us all Dumbledore’s letting you enter. A thousand Galleons prize money, eh? And you don’t have to do end-of-year tests either. . . .”

“對了，”羅恩說。“我還以為如果袍子是真的，你應該會告訴我的...因為那樣我們就都可以遮住了，不是嗎？但你還是找到了其他方法，對吧？”“聽我說，”哈利說，“我沒有把我的名字放進那個魔杖盃裡。肯定是有人幫我報名的。”羅恩抬起了眉毛。“那他們為什麼要這麼做？”“我不知道，”哈利說。他覺得這樣說可能會太戲劇化了，“可能是為了殺了我。”羅恩的眉毛抬得很高，差點消失在他的頭髮裡。“你知道嗎，你可以告訴我真相，沒關係的。如果你不想讓其他人知道，那也沒問題。但我不知道你為什麼要撒謊，你又沒因此惹上麻煩。那個胖夫人的朋友，維奧萊特，她已經告訴我們都是鄧布利多讓你參加的。一千加隆的獎金呢？而且你還不用參加期末考試。”

“I didn’t put my name in that goblet!” said Harry, starting to feel angry.

“Yeah, okay,” said Ron, in exactly the same skeptical tone as Cedric. “Only you said this morning you’d have done it last night, and no one would’ve seen you. . . . I’m not stupid, you know.”

“You’re doing a really good impression of it,” Harry snapped.

“Yeah?” said Ron, and there was no trace of a grin, forced or otherwise, on his face now. “You want to get to bed, Harry. I expect you’ll need to be up early tomorrow for a photo-call or something.”

He wrenched the hangings shut around his four-poster, leaving Harry standing there by the door, staring at the dark red velvet curtains, now hiding one of the few people he had been sure would believe him.

“那個高腳杯並不是我放進去的！”哈利嚷道，開始感到生氣。“好吧，”羅恩以和塞德里克完全一樣的懷疑口氣說，“你早上還說，你昨晚就可以做了，沒人會看到你……我不傻，知道嗎。”“你現在的表現真的很接近了，”哈利咆哮道。“是嗎？”羅恩說，他的臉上已經沒有逼出的笑容了。“你得去睡覺了，哈利。我猜明天你得早點起來拍照或什麼的。”他拉上他的四柱床的帷幔，讓哈利站在那裡，盯著深紅色的天鵝絨窗簾，現在這裡只剩下少數幾個他曾經相信的人。



THE WEIGHING OF THE WANDS

When Harry woke up on Sunday morning, it took him a moment to remember why he felt so miserable and worried. Then the memory of the previous night rolled over him. He sat up and ripped back the curtains of his own four-poster, intending to talk to Ron, to force Ron to believe him — only to find that Ron's bed was empty; he had obviously gone down to breakfast.

Harry dressed and went down the spiral staircase into the common room. The moment he appeared, the people who had already finished breakfast broke into applause again. The prospect of going down into the Great Hall and facing the rest of the Gryffindors, all treating him like some sort of hero, was not inviting; it was that, however, or stay here and allow himself to be cornered by the Creevey brothers, who were both beckoning frantically to him to join them. He walked resolutely over to the portrait hole, pushed it open, climbed out of it, and found himself face-to-face with Hermione.

哈利在星期天早上醒來時，花了一會兒才回想起他為什麼感到這麼痛苦和擔憂。然後他想起了前一晚的事情。他坐起身來，撕開自己的四柱床簾，準備和羅恩談談，強迫羅恩相信他——只發現羅恩的床是空的，他顯然已經去吃早餐了。哈利穿好衣服，走下螺旋樓梯進入公共活動室。一出現，已經吃完早餐的人們又開始鼓掌歡迎。面對其他格蘭芬多的同學們，都把他當成英雄一樣對待，這個前景並不吸引人。但這還是比待在這裡，讓克里維兄弟逼近他，兩人都一直招手要他加入他們，要好得多。他毅然走向畫像洞口，推開它，爬了出來，便和赫敏面對面了。

“Hello,” she said, holding up a stack of toast, which she was carrying in a napkin. “I brought you this. . . . Want to go for a walk?”

“Good idea,” said Harry gratefully.

They went downstairs, crossed the entrance hall quickly without looking in at the Great Hall, and were soon striding across the lawn toward the lake, where the Durmstrang ship was moored, reflected blackly in the water. It was a chilly morning, and they kept moving, munching their toast, as Harry told Hermione exactly what had happened after he had left the Gryffindor table the night before. To his immense relief, Hermione accepted his story without question.

“Well, of course I knew you hadn’t entered yourself,” she said when he’d finished telling her about the scene in the chamber off the Hall. “The look on your face when Dumbledore read out your name! But the question is, who *did* put it in? Because Moody’s right, Harry . . . I don’t think any student could have done it . . . they’d never be able to fool the goblet, or get over Dumbledore’s —”

她拿着一摞面包，用餐巾包裹着。“你要不要一起去散步？”她问道。“好主意。”哈利感激地说道。他们下楼，迅速穿过入口大厅，没有停留在大餐厅里，很快便走到了草坪上，朝着湖边大步走去。德姆斯特朗的船停泊在湖中，黑色的倒影映照在水面上。这是一个寒冷的早晨，他们边走边吃面包，哈利详细告诉他离开格兰芬多桌子后发生的一切。赫敏毫不怀疑地接受了他的故事，让哈利无比宽慰。“当然，我知道你没有自己报名，”在听完哈利讲述大厅外的场景后，她说道，“当邓布利多宣布你的名字时，你脸上的表情就很明显了！但问题是，是谁把名字投进去的？因为穆迪是对的，哈利……我不认为学生能做到这一点……他们永远无法欺骗选龙杯，或者越过邓布利多的……”

“Have you seen Ron?” Harry interrupted.

Hermione hesitated.

“Erm . . . yes . . . he was at breakfast,” she said.

“Does he still think I entered myself?”

“Well . . . no, I don’t think so . . . not *really*,” said Hermione awkwardly.

“What’s that supposed to mean, ‘not *really*’?”

“Oh Harry, isn’t it obvious?” Hermione said despairingly. “He’s jealous!”

“*Jealous?*” Harry said incredulously. “Jealous of what? He wants to make a prat of himself in front of the whole school, does he?”

“Look,” said Hermione patiently, “it’s always you who gets all the attention, you know it is. I know it’s not your fault,” she added quickly, seeing Harry open his mouth furiously. “I know you don’t ask for it . . . but — well — you know, Ron’s got all those brothers to compete against at home, and you’re his best friend, and you’re really famous — he’s always shunted to one side whenever people see you, and he puts up with it, and he never mentions it, but I suppose this is just one time too many . . .”

“你見過羅恩嗎？”哈利打斷了。赫敏猶豫了一下。“嗯...是的...他在早餐時在。”她說。“他還是覺得我是自己報名的嗎？”“嗯...我不這麼認為...不是真的，”赫敏尷尬地說。“這是什麼意思，‘不是真的’？”“噢，哈利，這不明顯嗎？”赫敏絕望地說，“他嫉妒！”“嫉妒？”哈利不可置信地說，“嫉妒什麼？他想在全校人面前顯得愚蠢嗎？”“聽我說，”赫敏有耐心地說，“總是...你受到所有人的關注，你知道的。我知道這不是你的錯，”她很快地補充說，看到哈利生氣地張口，“我知道你沒有要求...但是...嗯...你知道，羅恩在家裡有那麼多兄弟要競爭，你是他最好的朋友，你真的很有名...每當人們看到你時他總是被推到一旁，他忍受了，從來沒提起過，但我想這只是太多的一次.....”。

“Great,” said Harry bitterly. “Really great. Tell him from me I’ll swap any time he wants. Tell him from me he’s welcome to it. . . . People gawping at my forehead everywhere I go. . . .”

“I’m not telling him anything.” Hermione said shortly. “Tell him yourself. It’s the only way to sort this out.”

“I’m not running around after him trying to make him grow up!” Harry said, so loudly that several owls in a nearby tree took flight in alarm. “Maybe he’ll believe I’m not enjoying myself once I’ve got my neck broken or —”

“That’s not funny,” said Hermione quietly. “That’s not funny at all.” She looked extremely anxious. “Harry, I’ve been thinking — you know what we’ve got to do, don’t you? Straight away, the moment we get back to the castle?”

“Yeah, give Ron a good kick up the —”

“太好了。”哈利嘶啞地說。“真是太好了。替我跟他說我隨時都可以交換。替我告訴他，他隨時都可以隨便——我到哪兒都被...人盯著額頭看.....”“我不會告訴他任何事的，”赫敏冷冷地說。“你自己去告訴他，這是解決問題的唯一辦法。”“我不會跟著他到處跑，試圖讓他成熟！”哈利大聲說，以致附近一棵樹上的幾只貓頭鷹驚慌地飛走了。“也許他會相信，當我的脖子折斷或....”“這可不好笑，”赫敏輕聲說。“一點都不好笑。”她看上去非常焦急。“哈利，我一直在想——你知道我們必須做什麼，不是嗎？回到城堡的那一刻，就立刻開始做？”“是啊，給羅恩狠狠一腳——”

“Write to Sirius. You’ve got to tell him what’s happened. He asked you to keep him posted on everything that’s going on at Hogwarts. . . . It’s almost as if he expected something like this to happen. I brought some parchment and a quill out with me —”

“Come off it,” said Harry, looking around to check that they couldn’t be overheard, but the grounds were quite deserted. “He came back to the country just because my scar twinged. He’ll probably come bursting right into the castle if I tell him someone’s entered me in the Triwizard Tournament —”

“He’d want you to tell him,” said Hermione sternly. “He’s going to find out anyway —”

“How?”

“Harry, this isn’t going to be kept quiet,” said Hermione, very seriously. “This tournament’s famous, and you’re famous. I’ll be really surprised if there isn’t anything in the *Daily Prophet* about you competing. . . . You’re already in half the books about You-Know-Who, you know . . . and Sirius would rather hear it from you, I know he would.”

寫信給天狼星吧。你得告訴他發生了什麼事情。他曾要求你隨時向他匯報在霍格華茲的一切.....他似乎早已預料到會發生這樣的事情。我帶了一些羊皮紙和一支筆出來——“別開玩笑了，”哈利說，四處張望，以確定他們不會被偷聽，但是這個地方相當冷清。“我只是因為我感到頭痛就回了國。如果我告訴他有人把我報名進入三強爭霸賽，他可能會衝進城堡——”“他會希望你告訴他的，”赫敏嚴厲地說。“不管怎樣，他也會發現的——”“怎麼發現？”“哈利，這件事不可能保密，”赫敏非常認真地說。“這個比賽非常有名，而你也很有名。如果《每日先驅報》沒有關於你比賽的報導，我會非常驚訝.....你已經出現在一半關於食死徒的書籍中，你知道這一點.....天狼星寧願從你口中得知，我知道他會的。”

“Okay, okay, I’ll write to him,” said Harry, throwing his last piece of toast into the lake. They both stood and watched it floating there for a moment, before a large tentacle rose out of the water and scooped it beneath the surface. Then they returned to the castle.

“Whose owl am I going to use?” Harry said as they climbed the stairs. “He told me not to use Hedwig again.”

“Ask Ron if you can borrow —”

“I’m not asking Ron for anything.” Harry said flatly.

“Well, borrow one of the school owls, then, anyone can use them,” said Hermione.

They went up to the Owlery. Hermione gave Harry a piece of parchment, a quill, and a bottle of ink, then strolled around the long lines of perches, looking at all the different owls, while Harry sat down against a wall and wrote his letter.

「好的，好的，我會寫信給他的。」哈利丟完最後一塊土司進湖裡說。他們兩個站在那裡看了一會兒，一隻大觸手從水中竄出，把土司擰進水裡。然後他們回到了城堡。「我用誰的貓頭鷹？」哈利問道，他們爬樓梯的時候。「他告訴我不要再用哈

奇了。」「問問羅恩能不能借——」「我才不會跟羅恩要什麼呢。」哈利板著臉說。「那借校園裡的貓頭鷹，任何人都能用。」妙麗說。他們來到了貓頭鷹巢。妙麗給了哈利一張羊皮紙、一支羽毛筆和一瓶墨水，然後繞過一排排貓頭鷹的巢位散步，看著所有不同的貓頭鷹，而哈利坐在牆邊，寫起了他的信。

Dear Sirius,

You told me to keep you posted on what's happening at Hogwarts, so here goes—I don't know if you've heard, but the Triwizard Tournament's happening this year and on Saturday night I got picked as a fourth champion. I don't know who put my name in the Goblet of Fire, because I didn't. The other Hogwarts champion is Cedric Diggory, from Hufflepuff.

He paused at this point, thinking. He had an urge to say something about the large weight of anxiety that seemed to have settled inside his chest since last night, but he couldn't think how to translate this into words, so he simply dipped his quill back into the ink bottle and wrote,

Hope you're okay, and Buckbeak —

A handwritten signature of the name 'Harry' in a cursive, slightly slanted font.

“Finished,” he told Hermione, getting to his feet and brushing straw off his robes. At this, Hedwig came fluttering down onto his shoulder and held out her leg.

親愛的天狼星，你讓我知道在霍格華茲發生的事情，所以這裡就開始了——我不知道你有沒有聽說過，但今年有魁地奇世界杯，而我在星期六晚上被選為第四位冠軍。我不知道誰將我的名字放進火盃裡，因為我沒有這樣做。另一位霍格華茲的冠軍是來自赫夫帕夫的塞德里克·迪戈里。他在這個時候停下來想了想。他有一種必須說些關於自從昨晚以來似乎在他胸口定居的巨大壓力的衝動，但他不知道如何用言語來表達，所以他只是將筆尖沾到墨水瓶里，寫下：“完成了，”他告訴赫敏，站起來擦掉他的袍子上的稻草。這時，哈維奇從空中飛回他的肩膀，伸出她的腿。

“I can't use you,” Harry told her, looking around for the school owls. “I've got to use one of these. . . .”

Hedwig gave a very loud hoot and took off so suddenly that her talons cut into his shoulder. She kept her back to Harry all the time he was tying his letter to the leg of a large barn owl. When the barn owl had flown off, Harry reached out to stroke Hedwig, but she clicked her beak furiously and soared up into the rafters out of reach.

“First Ron, then you,” said Harry angrily. “*This isn't my fault.*”

If Harry had thought that matters would improve once everyone got used to the idea of him being champion, the following day showed him how mistaken he was. He could no longer avoid the rest of the school once he was back at lessons — and it was clear that the rest of the school, just like the Gryffindors, thought Harry had entered himself for the tournament. Unlike the Gryffindors, however, they did not seem impressed.

“我不能用你，”哈利告訴她，四處尋找學校的貓頭鷹。“我必須用其中之一……”海綠格發出一聲震天的咕嚕，突然起飛，鉤爪劃破了他的肩膀。當大谷鴞飛走時，海綠格一直背對著哈利。哈利在把信綁在一隻大營鴞的腿上時，她都保持這個姿勢。當大谷鴞飛走後，哈利伸手想撫摸海綠格，但她氣呼呼地啄了他一下，飛到了他夠不到的梁柱上。“先是羅恩，現在又是你，”哈利生氣地說。“這不是我的錯。”如果哈利認為一旦所有人都習慣了他成為冠軍的想法，情況會有所改善，那麼第二天就向他展示了他有多麼錯誤。他回到課堂後不能再避開學校，這清楚地表明了和格林德沃的巫師一樣，學校的其他學生也認為哈利參加了比賽。然而，與格林德沃不同的是，他們似乎對此不感興趣。

The Hufflepuffs, who were usually on excellent terms with the Gryffindors, had turned remarkably cold toward the whole lot of them. One Herbology lesson was enough to demonstrate this. It was plain that the Hufflepuffs felt that Harry had stolen their champion's glory; a feeling exacerbated, perhaps, by the fact that Hufflepuff House very rarely got any glory, and that Cedric was one of the few who had ever given them any, having beaten Gryffindor once at Quidditch. Ernie Macmillan and Justin Finch-Fletchley, with whom Harry normally got on very well, did not talk to him even though they were repotting Bouncing Bulbs at the same tray — though they did laugh rather unpleasantly when one of the Bouncing Bulbs wriggled free from Harry's grip and smacked him hard in the face. Ron wasn't talking to Harry either. Hermione sat between them, making very forced conversation, but though both answered her normally, they avoided making eye contact with each other. Harry thought even Professor Sprout seemed distant with him — but then, she was Head of Hufflepuff House.

常常和格蘭芬多學院相處融洽的赫夫帕夫學院，已經對他們全部變得冷淡。在一次草藥學的課堂上，這種情況已經明顯。赫夫帕夫學員們明顯感到哈利偷走了他們的冠軍榮譽，這種感覺或許因為赫夫帕夫學院很少獲得任何榮耀，而錢德里克卻是少數幾位給予他們榮譽的人之一，曾經在飛天掃帚比賽中擊敗了格蘭芬多學院。而哈利平常關係很好的艾尼·麥克米蘭和賈斯汀·芬奇-弗盧特利，即使他們正在同一個盤子裡培植跳躍球根，也不和他交談，當哈利手中的跳躍球根掉出來撞到他臉上時，他們卻笑得很不舒服。羅恩也沒有和哈利說話。妙麗坐在他們中間，強迫自己聊天，雖然兩人都正常回答她，但是他們避免互相眼神接觸。哈利甚至覺得斯普勞特教授也對他保持距離，但是她是赫夫帕夫學院的院長。

He would have been looking forward to seeing Hagrid under normal circumstances, but Care of Magical Creatures meant seeing the Slytherins too — the first time he would come face-to-face with them since becoming champion.

Predictably, Malfoy arrived at Hagrid's cabin with his familiar sneer firmly in place.

“Ah, look, boys, it's the champion,” he said to Crabbe and Goyle the moment he got within earshot of Harry. “Got your autograph books? Better

get a signature now, because I doubt he's going to be around much longer. . . . Half the Triwizard champions have died . . . how long d'you reckon you're going to last, Potter? Ten minutes into the first task's my bet."

Crabbe and Goyle guffawed sycophantically, but Malfoy had to stop there, because Hagrid emerged from the back of his cabin balancing a teetering tower of crates, each containing a very large Blast-Ended Skrewt. To the class's horror, Hagrid proceeded to explain that the reason the skrewts had been killing one another was an excess of pent-up energy, and that the solution would be for each student to fix a leash on a skrewt and take it for a short walk. The only good thing about this plan was that it distracted Malfoy completely.

在平常情況下，哈利會很期待看到海格，但是魔法生物學意味著他也要看到史萊特林家的人，那是自從他成為冠軍後第一次與他們面對面。果然，馬爾福帶著熟悉的嘲笑來到海格的小屋。「啊，看啊，這是冠軍，」他一進入哈利的聽力範圍，就對著克拉布和高爾說：「準備了簽名冊了嗎？那你最好現在就簽上名，因為我可不認為他能再撐多久了……三強賽的冠軍已經有一半死掉了……你猜你還能存活多久，波特？我打賭，第一項任務的前十分鐘。」克拉布和高爾諂媚地哈哈大笑，但馬爾福不得不停下來，因為海格從小屋後面出現了，手裡堆滿了箱子，上面裝滿了很大的結束噴射蟲。讓全班大感震驚的是，海格解釋說蟲子互相殺死的原因是過多的壓抑能量，解決方法就是讓每個學生給蟲子系上繩子，帶走遛一遛。這個計畫唯一好的一點是完全轉移了馬爾福的注意力。

"Take this thing for a walk?" he repeated in disgust, staring into one of the boxes. "And where exactly are we supposed to fix the leash? Around the sting, the blasting end, or the sucker?"

"Roun' the middle," said Hagrid, demonstrating. "Er — yeh might want ter put on yer dragon-hide gloves, jus' as an extra precaution, like. Harry — you come here an' help me with this big one. . . ."

Hagrid's real intention, however, was to talk to Harry away from the rest of the class. He waited until everyone else had set off with their skrewts, then turned to Harry and said, very seriously, "So — yer competin', Harry. In the tournament. School champion."

"One of the champions," Harry corrected him.

Hagrid's beetle-black eyes looked very anxious under his wild eyebrows.

他厭惡地重複著：“牽這個東西去散步？”盯著其中一個盒子看。“那我們應該在哪裡固定繩索？繫在刺上，炸藥尾端，還是吸盤上？”“在中間繫上，”哈格力示範著。“呃- 你最好戴上龍皮手套，這樣會多一份保障。哈利，你過來幫我搬這個大的...”然而，哈格力真正的意圖是讓哈利遠離其他學生與他交談。他等待著其他人都帶著他們的蠍蟲走後，轉向哈利很嚴肅地說：“所以，哈利，你參賽了。參加比賽。學校的冠軍。”“其中一位冠軍，”哈利糾正他。哈格力（Hagrid）在他狂野的眉毛下，看著他的甲蟲黑色的雙眼很擔心。

"No idea who put yeh in fer it, Harry?"

"You believe I didn't do it, then?" said Harry, concealing with difficulty the rush of gratitude he felt at Hagrid's words.

"Course I do," Hagrid grunted. "Yeh say it wasn' you, an' I believe yeh — an' Dumbledore believes yer, an' all."

"Wish I knew who *did* do it," said Harry bitterly.

The pair of them looked out over the lawn; the class was widely scattered now, and all in great difficulty. The skrewts were now over three feet long, and extremely powerful. No longer shell-less and colorless, they had developed a kind of thick, grayish, shiny armor. They looked like a cross between giant scorpions and elongated crabs — but still without recognizable heads or eyes. They had become immensely strong and very hard to control.

“不知道是誰冤枉你的，哈利？”“你相信我沒有做過這事嗎？”哈利難掩對哈格力語的感激。“當然相信，”哈格力哼了一聲，“你說你沒有做，我們相信你——還有達姆伯利也相信你。”“不過我真希望知道是誰做的，”哈利憤怒地說。他們兩個朝著草坪看去，班上的同學分散了，大家都面臨巨大的困難。書櫬蟲已經長到了三英尺長，力量非常強大。它們不再是無殼無色的，長出了一種厚厚的灰色亮甲。它們看起來像是巨大的蠍子和螃蟹的混合體，但仍然沒有可識別的頭和眼睛。它們變得非常強壯，很難控制。

"Look like they're havin' fun, don' they?" Hagrid said happily. Harry assumed he was talking about the skrewts, because his classmates certainly weren't; every now and then, with an alarming *bang*, one of the skrewts' ends would explode, causing it to shoot forward several yards, and more than one person was being dragged along on their stomach, trying desperately to get back on their feet.

"Ah, I don' know, Harry," Hagrid sighed suddenly, looking back down at him with a worried expression on his face. "School champion . . . everythin' seems ter happen ter you, doesn' it?"

Harry didn't answer. Yes, everything did seem to happen to him . . . that was more or less what Hermione had said as they had walked around the lake, and that was the reason, according to her, that Ron was no longer talking to him.

“看起來他們很開心，不是嗎？”海格高興地說。哈利認為他指的是天狗蟲，因為他的同學們肯定沒有；每隔一段時間，隨著一聲驚人的巨響，天狗蟲的一端就會爆炸，使它向前射出幾碼，不止一個人正被拖著肚子，拼命試圖站起來。“啊，我不知道，哈利，”海格突然嘆了口氣，帶著擔憂的表情看著他。“學校冠軍……似乎每件事都發生在你身上，不是嗎？”哈利沒有回答。是的，似乎每件事都發生在他身上……就像走過湖邊時赫敏所說的那樣，這也是她說羅恩不再和他說話的原因。

The next few days were some of Harry's worst at Hogwarts. The closest he had ever come to feeling like this had been during those months, in his second year, when a large part of the school had suspected him of attacking his fellow students. But Ron had been on his side then. He thought he could have coped with the rest of the school's behavior if he could just have had Ron back as a friend, but he wasn't going to try and persuade Ron to talk to him if Ron didn't want to. Nevertheless, it was lonely with dislike pouring in on him from all sides.

He could understand the Hufflepuffs' attitude, even if he didn't like it; they had their own champion to support. He expected nothing less than vicious insults from the Slytherins — he was highly unpopular there and always had been, because he had helped Gryffindor beat them so often, both at Quidditch and in the Inter-House Championship. But he had hoped the Ravenclaws might have found it in their hearts to support him as much as Cedric. He was wrong, however. Most Ravenclaws seemed to think that he had been desperate to earn himself a bit more fame by tricking the goblet into accepting his name.

接下來的幾天是哈利在霍格華茲最糟的日子之一。他曾經感受到這樣的感覺是在二年級的時候，當整個學校都懷疑他攻擊他的同學。但當時會有朋友陪在他身邊。他認為如果能再有朋友的話，他可以應對學校其他的行為。但如果朋友不想和他說話，他不會去說服他。然而，他孤單地接受其他人的不滿。他能理解赫夫帕夫學院的態度，即使他不喜歡；他們有自己的冠軍要支持。他預計史萊哲林會狠狠地侮辱他 - 他在那裡非常不受歡迎，因為他幫助格蘭芬多在飛天掃帚和宿舍杯賽中打敗他們那麼多次。但他希望拉文克勞人能像支持塞德里克一樣支持他。然而，他錯了，大多數拉文克勞人似乎認為他為了獲得更多的名氣而試圖讓高盃接受他的名字。

Then there was the fact that Cedric looked the part of a champion so much more than he did. Exceptionally handsome, with his straight nose, dark hair, and gray eyes, it was hard to say who was receiving more admiration these days, Cedric or Viktor Krum. Harry actually saw the same sixth-year girls who had been so keen to get Krum's autograph begging Cedric to sign their school bags one lunchtime.

Meanwhile there was no reply from Sirius, Hedwig was refusing to come anywhere near him, Professor Trelawney was predicting his death with even more certainty than usual, and he did so badly at Summoning Charms in Professor Flitwick's class that he was given extra homework — the only person to get any, apart from Neville.

“It's really not that difficult, Harry,” Hermione tried to reassure him as they left Flitwick's class — she had been making objects zoom across the room to her all lesson, as though she were some sort of weird magnet for board dusters, wastepaper baskets, and lunascopes. “You just weren't concentrating properly —”

塞德里克長得比維克多·克魯姆更像一個冠軍，這是事實。他非常英俊，直鼻子，黑色頭髮和灰色的眼睛，很難說現在誰更受讚揚，塞德里克還是維克多·克魯姆。哈利實際上看到了那些曾經非常渴望得到克魯姆簽名的六年級女孩中的同樣的女孩，有一次午餐時間她們請求塞德里克簽名他們的書包。與此同時，天狼星沒有回復，海德薇拒絕接近他，特里萊妮教授比平常更確定地預言了他的死亡，他在弗立克教授的召喚魔咒課上表現很糟糕，被給予了額外的家庭作業-除了內維爾之外，這是唯一一個被分配額外作業的人。“哈利，這真的不難，”赫敏在他們離開弗立克的課堂時試圖安慰他-她整節課都在讓物體在教室裡滑動遠，就像她是某種怪異的磁鐵，可以控制黑板刷子，廢紙籃和月亮鏡。“你只是沒有正確集中注意力。”

“Wonder why that was,” said Harry darkly as Cedric Diggory walked past, surrounded by a large group of simpering girls, all of whom looked at Harry as though he were a particularly large Blast-Ended Skrewt. “Still — never mind, eh? Double Potions to look forward to this afternoon. . . .”

Double Potions was always a horrible experience, but these days it was nothing short of torture. Being shut in a dungeon for an hour and a half with Snape and the Slytherins, all of whom seemed determined to punish Harry as much as possible for daring to become school champion, was about the most unpleasant thing Harry could imagine. He had already struggled through one Friday's worth, with Hermione sitting next to him intoning “ignore them, ignore them, ignore them” under her breath, and he couldn't see why today should be any better.

“不知道為什麼，”哈利黑暗地說道，當塞德里克·迪戈里走過，被一大群嬌媚的女孩包圍，所有女孩看著哈利，就像他是一個特別大的爆裂末端蟲一樣。“不過——算了，對吧？下午期待雙倍魔藥學……”雙倍魔藥學總是一個可怕的經驗，但現在卻變成了一種折磨。與斯納普和蛇魔們一起被關在地牢裡一個半小時，他們所有人似乎都決定盡可能懲罰哈利，因為他敢成為學校冠軍，這是哈利能想像到的最不愉快的事情。他已經努力度過了一個星期五，赫敏坐在他旁邊低聲說著“不要理會他們，不要理會他們，不要理會他們”，他看不出今天為什麼會好轉。

When he and Hermione arrived at Snape's dungeon after lunch, they found the Slytherins waiting outside, each and every one of them wearing a large badge on the front of his or her robes. For one wild moment Harry thought they were S.P.E.W. badges — then he saw that they all bore the same message, in luminous red letters that burnt brightly in the dimly lit underground passage:

**SUPPORT CEDRIC DIGGORY—
THE REAL HOGWARTS CHAMPION!**

“Like them, Potter?” said Malfoy loudly as Harry approached. “And this isn't all they do — look!”

He pressed his badge into his chest, and the message upon it vanished, to be replaced by another one, which glowed green:

POTTER STINKS

The Slytherins howled with laughter. Each of them pressed their badges too, until the message *POTTER STINKS* was shining brightly all around

Harry. He felt the heat rise in his face and neck.

當哈利和赫敏午餐後到達斯內普的地牢時，他們發現史萊哲林的學生們正在外面等待，每一個人都在他們的袍子前面戴著一個大徽章。哈利狂野地想到了S.P.E.W.徽章——然後他看到他們都帶著同樣的信息，在昏暗的地下通道中發出耀眼的紅色光芒：“喜歡它們嗎，波特？”馬爾福大聲說道，當哈利靠近時，“這還不是全部——看這個！”他將徽章按到胸前，上面的信息消失了，取而代之的是另一個發出綠光的信息：史萊哲林的學生們大笑起來。他們每個人都按下他們的徽章，直到“波特臭”這條信息就在哈利周圍閃耀著。他感覺到臉和脖子上的熱度上升了。

“Oh very funny,” Hermione said sarcastically to Pansy Parkinson and her gang of Slytherin girls, who were laughing harder than anyone, “really witty.”

Ron was standing against the wall with Dean and Seamus. He wasn’t laughing, but he wasn’t sticking up for Harry either.

“Want one, Granger?” said Malfoy, holding out a badge to Hermione. “I’ve got loads. But don’t touch my hand, now. I’ve just washed it, you see; don’t want a Mudblood sliming it up.”

Some of the anger Harry had been feeling for days and days seemed to burst through a dam in his chest. He had reached for his wand before he’d thought what he was doing. People all around them scrambled out of the way, backing down the corridor.

“Harry!” Hermione said warningly.

“Go on, then, Potter,” Malfoy said quietly, drawing out his own wand. “Moody’s not here to look after you now — do it, if you’ve got the guts —”

“喔，非常有趣，”赫敏諷刺地對帕西·帕金森和她的史萊輪女孩們說，他們笑得比任何人都歡暢，“真是富有機智。”羅恩和迪安和西莫斯站在牆邊。他沒有笑，但他也沒有為哈利辯護。“想要一個，格蘭杰？”馬爾福遞給赫敏徽章。“我有很多，但現在別碰我的手了。你瞧，我剛洗過手，可不想被泥巴種族沾上。”哈利多日來積累的憤怒似乎滔滔不絕地從他胸中爆發出來。他伸手拿起魔杖之前還沒想過要做什么。周圍的人們都趕快躲開，順着走廊後退。“哈利！”赫敏警告道。“好啊，那來吧，波特，”馬爾福輕聲說着，掏出自己的魔杖。“穆迪不在這裡保護你了——如果你有膽量——就去做吧。”

For a split second, they looked into each other’s eyes, then, at exactly the same time, both acted.

“*Furnunculus!*” Harry yelled.

“*Densaugeo!*” screamed Malfoy.

Jets of light shot from both wands, hit each other in midair, and ricocheted off at angles — Harry’s hit Goyle in the face, and Malfoy’s hit Hermione. Goyle bellowed and put his hands to his nose, where great ugly boils were springing up — Hermione, whimpering in panic, was clutching her mouth.

“Hermione!”

Ron had hurried forward to see what was wrong with her; Harry turned and saw Ron dragging Hermione’s hand away from her face. It wasn’t a pretty sight. Hermione’s front teeth — already larger than average — were now growing at an alarming rate; she was looking more and more like a beaver as her teeth elongated, past her bottom lip, toward her chin — panic-stricken, she felt them and let out a terrified cry.

他們的目光交錯了一瞬間，然後，正好在同一時間，兩人都行動了。“癰瘍術！”哈利大喊。“齒骨增長術！”馬爾福尖叫道。兩根魔杖射出一道道光芒，在半空中相撞，然後以不同的角度彈射開來——哈利的光芒擊中了高爾的臉，而馬爾福的則擊中了赫敏。高爾咆哮著捂住了鼻子，在那裡生出了一個個醜陋的疙瘩——赫敏嚎啕大哭，緊緊地捂住了自己的嘴巴。“赫敏！”羅恩匆匆前來查看她的情況；哈利轉身看到羅恩撥開赫敏的手。這不是一個好看的場景。赫敏的門牙——本來就比平均值要大——現在正以令人驚慌的速度生長著，它們越長越像海狸的門牙，超過了她的下唇，伸向她的下巴——她驚恐地摸了摸牙齒，發出了一聲驚恐的哭聲。

“And what is all this noise about?” said a soft, deadly voice.

Snape had arrived. The Slytherins clamored to give their explanations; Snape pointed a long yellow finger at Malfoy and said, “Explain.”

“Potter attacked me, sir —”

“We attacked each other at the same time!” Harry shouted.

“— and he hit Goyle — look —”

Snape examined Goyle, whose face now resembled something that would have been at home in a book on poisonous fungi.

“Hospital wing, Goyle,” Snape said calmly.

“Malfoy got Hermione!” Ron said. “Look!”

He forced Hermione to show Snape her teeth — she was doing her best to hide them with her hands, though this was difficult as they had now

grown down past her collar. Pansy Parkinson and the other Slytherin girls were doubled up with silent giggles, pointing at Hermione from behind Snape's back.

“這是什麼鬧聲？”聽到這樣柔軟而致命的聲音，斯內普已經到了。蛇崽們爭先恐後地解釋，斯內普用一根又長又黃的手指指向馬爾福，說：“解釋一下。”“波特先生攻擊我，先生——”“我們同時互相攻擊！”哈利大聲喊道：“——他打了戈依爾——看——”斯內普檢查了戈依爾，他現在的臉看起來像是一本關於有毒真菌的書中的東西。“去醫務室，戈依爾，”斯內普平靜地說。“馬爾福抓到了赫敏！”羅恩說：“看！”他強迫赫敏向斯內普展示她的牙齒——盡管這很困難，因為牙齒現在已經長到了她的衣領以下。潘西·帕金森和其他蛇崽女孩翻倍地無聲地笑了起來，從斯內普的背後指著赫敏。

Snape looked coldly at Hermione, then said, "I see no difference."

Hermione let out a whimper; her eyes filled with tears, she turned on her heel and ran, ran all the way up the corridor and out of sight.

It was lucky, perhaps, that both Harry and Ron started shouting at Snape at the same time; lucky their voices echoed so much in the stone corridor, for in the confused din, it was impossible for him to hear exactly what they were calling him. He got the gist, however.

"Let's see," he said, in his silkiest voice. "Fifty points from Gryffindor and a detention each for Potter and Weasley. Now get inside, or it'll be a week's worth of detentions."

Harry's ears were ringing. The injustice of it made him want to curse Snape into a thousand slimy pieces. He passed Snape, walked with Ron to the back of the dungeon, and slammed his bag down onto the table. Ron was shaking with anger too — for a moment, it felt as though everything was back to normal between them, but then Ron turned and sat down with Dean and Seamus instead, leaving Harry alone at his table. On the other side of the dungeon, Malfoy turned his back on Snape and pressed his badge, smirking. *POTTER STINKS* flashed once more across the room.

斯內普冷淡地看著赫敏，然後說：“我看不出什麼差別。”赫敏發出抽泣聲，眼淚在眼裡打轉，她轉身跑開了，一路跑上了走廊消失在了視線中。也許很幸運，哈利和朗在同時向斯內普大喊大叫，而他們的聲音在石頭走廊裡回蕩，讓斯內普無法聽清楚他們在罵他什麼。不過他大致明白了。“看看，”他用絲滑的聲音說，“格蘭芬多扣50分，波特和衛斯理都留校察看。現在進去，否則你們要被留校一週。”哈利的耳朵嗡嗡作響，這種不公正讓他想把斯內普咒成一千條蛇。他走過斯內普，和朗一起走到地下室的後面，將書包砰地一聲丟在桌子上。朗也氣得發抖——一切似乎都回到了他們之間的平常，但然後朗轉身坐在了迪安和西莫斯的桌子那邊，讓哈利一個人坐在了自己的桌子上。在地下室的另一邊，馬爾福轉過身去，按了按他的徽章，得意地咧嘴笑了。*POTTER STINKS*的字又在教室中閃爍了一次。

Harry sat there staring at Snape as the lesson began, picturing horrific things happening to him . . . If only he knew how to do the *Cruciatu*s Curse . . . he'd have Snape flat on his back like that spider, jerking and twitching . . .

“Antidotes!” said Snape, looking around at them all, his cold black eyes glittering unpleasantly. “You should all have prepared your recipes now. I want you to brew them carefully, and then, we will be selecting someone on whom to test one . . .”

Snape's eyes met Harry's, and Harry knew what was coming. Snape was going to poison *him*. Harry imagined picking up his cauldron, and sprinting to the front of the class, and bringing it down on Snape's greasy head —

And then a knock on the dungeon door burst in on Harry's thoughts.

It was Colin Creevey; he edged into the room, beaming at Harry, and walked up to Snape's desk at the front of the room.

哈利盯著斯涅普，看著課程開始了，想像著他發生可怕的事情...如果他只知道如何施展刑咒，他會使斯涅普扁平在他背上，像那隻蜘蛛一樣顫抖著...“解毒劑!”斯涅普看著他們，冰冷的黑眼睛令人不快地閃閃發光。“你們都應該已經準備好你們的配方了。我希望你們仔細地煮，然後我們會挑選一個人來進行測試...”斯涅普的眼神遇到了哈利的，哈利知道接下來要發生什麼了。斯涅普要毒害他。哈利想像著拿起他的煲，沖到教室前面，把它放在斯涅普油脂般的頭上 - 突然，地下室的門被敲響了，打斷了哈利的想法。是科林·克里維；他開心地走進房間，朝哈利走來，走到教室前面斯涅普的桌子旁。

“Yes?” said Snape curtly.

“Please, sir, I'm supposed to take Harry Potter upstairs.”

Snape stared down his hooked nose at Colin, whose smile faded from his eager face.

“Potter has another hour of Potions to complete,” said Snape coldly. “He will come upstairs when this class is finished.”

Colin went pink.

“Sir — sir, Mr. Bagman wants him,” he said nervously. “All the champions have got to go, I think they want to take photographs. . . .”

Harry would have given anything he owned to have stopped Colin saying those last few words. He chanced half a glance at Ron, but Ron was staring determinedly at the ceiling.

“Very well, very well,” Snape snapped. “Potter, leave your things here, I want you back down here later to test your antidote.”

“Please, sir — he’s got to take his things with him,” squeaked Colin. “All the champions —”

“什麼事？”斯內普簡短地說。“請問，先生，我應該帶哈利波特上樓。”斯內普仔細地盯著柯林的鼻梁，柯林的面容變得沒有之前的興奮和笑容了。“波特還有一個小時的魔藥課要完成，”斯內普冷冷地說，“等這門課結束了，他再上樓。”柯林臉紅了。“先生，巴格曼先生想見他，”他緊張地說，“所有的冠軍都必須去，我想他們要拍照……”哈利真希望他能阻止柯林說出那幾個字。他瞥了一眼朗，但朗決定地盯著天花板。“好吧，好吧，”斯內普咆哮道，“波特，把你的東西留在這裡，待會兒我要讓你下來測試你的解藥。”“請問，先生——他得帶著東西一起走，”柯林尖聲說，“所有的冠軍——”

“Very well!” said Snape. “Potter — take your bag and get out of my sight!”

Harry swung his bag over his shoulder, got up, and headed for the door. As he walked through the Slytherin desks, *POTTER STINKS* flashed at him from every direction.

“It’s amazing, isn’t it, Harry?” said Colin, starting to speak the moment Harry had closed the dungeon door behind him. “Isn’t it, though? You being champion?”

“Yeah, really amazing,” said Harry heavily as they set off toward the steps into the entrance hall. “What do they want photos for, Colin?”

“The *Daily Prophet*, I think!”

“Great,” said Harry dully. “Exactly what I need. More publicity.”

“Good luck!” said Colin when they had reached the right room. Harry knocked on the door and entered.

He was in a fairly small classroom; most of the desks had been pushed away to the back of the room, leaving a large space in the middle; three of them, however, had been placed end-to-end in front of the blackboard and covered with a long length of velvet. Five chairs had been set behind the velvet-covered desks, and Ludo Bagman was sitting in one of them, talking to a witch Harry had never seen before, who was wearing magenta robes.

「很好！」斯內普說道。「波特——帶上你的袋子，離開我的視線！」哈利將背包拎起，起身走向門口。當他穿過史萊哲林的桌子時，從四面八方都會有「波特有臭味」的字眼閃爍著。「真是太神奇了，哈利？」柯林趁哈利關上地下室的門就開口了。「是啊，你成為冠軍了？」「是啊，太神奇了。」哈利沈重地說著，和柯林一起走向通往入口大廳的階梯。「他們為什麼要拍照呢，柯林？」「我想是《每日預言家》吧！」「太好了，」哈利無精打采地說。「正是我需要的，更多的曝光率。」「祝你好運！」他們來到了正確的房間，哈利敲了敲門然後進去了。他來到了一個相對較小的教室。大多數的桌子都被推到了房間的後面，留下了一個大中間空間。然而，其中三張桌子被擺放在黑板前，將長長的絲絨布蓋在上面。五張椅子放在了被絲絨覆蓋的桌子後面，盧多·巴格曼坐在其中一張上，和一個哈利從未見過的女巫在談話，她身著深紫色的長袍。

Viktor Krum was standing moodily in a corner as usual and not talking to anybody. Cedric and Fleur were in conversation. Fleur looked a good deal happier than Harry had seen her so far; she kept throwing back her head so that her long silvery hair caught the light. A paunchy man, holding a large black camera that was smoking slightly, was watching Fleur out of the corner of his eye.

Bagman suddenly spotted Harry, got up quickly, and bounded forward.

“Ah, here he is! Champion number four! In you come, Harry, in you come . . . nothing to worry about, it’s just the wand weighing ceremony, the rest of the judges will be here in a moment —”

“Wand weighing?” Harry repeated nervously.

“We have to check that your wands are fully functional, no problems, you know, as they’re your most important tools in the tasks ahead,” said Bagman. “The expert’s upstairs now with Dumbledore. And then there’s going to be a little photo shoot. This is Rita Skeeter,” he added, gesturing toward the witch in magenta robes. “She’s doing a small piece on the tournament for the *Daily Prophet* . . .”

維克多·克魯姆像往常一樣情緒低落地站在角落裡，沒有和任何人說話。塞德里克和弗萊爾正在交談。弗萊爾看起來比哈利以前見過的時候開心多了；她不停地仰著頭，讓她的長銀髮抓住了光線。一個肚子圓圓的男人手裡拿著一架冒著煙的大黑相機，偷偷瞄著弗萊爾。巴格曼突然發現哈利，迅速站起來，向前跳了幾步。“啊，這裡他來了！第四位參賽者！進來吧，哈利，進來吧……不用擔心，只是測驗魔杖重量，其他評判馬上就會來……”“測驗魔杖重量？”哈利緊張地重複道。“我們必須檢查你們的魔杖是否完全正常，沒有問題，因為在接下來的任務中，它們是最重要的工具之一，”巴格曼說。“專家現在和鄧布利多在樓上。然後，還會有一個小小的拍照環節。這是瑞塔·斯卡特，”他指著穿著洋紅色袍子的女巫。“她正在為《每日預言家》做一個小報導。”

“Maybe not *that* small, Ludo,” said Rita Skeeter, her eyes on Harry.

Her hair was set in elaborate and curiously rigid curls that contrasted oddly with her heavy-jawed face. She wore jeweled spectacles. The thick fingers clutching her crocodile-skin handbag ended in two-inch nails, painted crimson.

“I wonder if I could have a little word with Harry before we start?” she said to Bagman, but still gazing fixedly at Harry. “The youngest champion, you know . . . to add a bit of color?”

“Certainly!” cried Bagman. “That is — if Harry has no objection?”

“Er —” said Harry.

“Lovely,” said Rita Skeeter, and in a second, her scarlet-taloned fingers had Harry’s upper arm in a surprisingly strong grip, and she was steering him out of the room again and opening a nearby door.

“或許沒有那麼小，魯道夫，”蕾塔·史凱特說，她的眼睛盯著哈利。她的頭髮做成了繁複奇特的螺旋捲，和她厚實的下巴形成了奇怪的對比。她戴著寶石眼鏡，厚實的手指緊握著她的鱷魚皮手袋，指甲長達兩英寸，塗著深紅色。“在我們開始之前，我想與哈利交談一下，問問他的意見，最年輕的冠軍知道嗎……可以增加一些色彩？”她對巴格曼說，但目光仍然牢牢地注視著哈利。“當然可以！”巴格曼大喊，“只要哈利不反對？”“呃——”哈利說。“太好了，”蕾塔·史凱特說。轉眼間，她紅色的爪子竟然用力地抓住哈利的上臂，帶他走出房間，打開了一扇附近的門。

“We don’t want to be in there with all that noise,” she said. “Let’s see . . . ah, yes, this is nice and cozy.”

It was a broom cupboard. Harry stared at her.

“Come along, dear — that’s right — lovely,” said Rita Skeeter again, perching herself precariously upon an upturned bucket, pushing Harry down onto a cardboard box, and closing the door, throwing them into darkness. “Let’s see now . . .”

She unsnapped her crocodile-skin handbag and pulled out a handful of candles, which she lit with a wave of her wand and magicked into midair, so that they could see what they were doing.

“You won’t mind, Harry, if I use a Quick-Quotes Quill? It leaves me free to talk to you normally. . . .”

“A what?” said Harry.

Rita Skeeter’s smile widened. Harry counted three gold teeth. She reached again into her crocodile bag and drew out a long acid-green quill and a roll of parchment, which she stretched out between them on a crate of Mrs. Skower’s All-Purpose Magical Mess Remover. She put the tip of the green quill into her mouth, sucked it for a moment with apparent relish, then placed it upright on the parchment, where it stood balanced on its point, quivering slightly.

“我們不想待在那個嘈雜的地方，”她說，“讓我們看看……啊，是的，這裡很舒適。”那是一個掃帚櫥。哈利盯著她。“來吧，親愛的——對的——很棒，”麗塔·斯基特再次說道，她不穩地坐在一個倒置的桶上，把哈利按進一個紙箱裡，然後關上門，把它们投入黑暗中。“現在我們來看看……”她打開了她那個鱷魚皮的手袋，拿出一把蠟燭，用她的魔杖點燃了它們，讓它們懸浮在半空中，這樣他們就可以看到自己在幹什麼了。“哈利，如果我使用一支快速引言筆，你不介意嗎？這樣我就可以自由地和你交談了。”“什麼？”哈利問道。麗塔·斯基特的微笑變寬了。哈利數了數她三顆金牙。她再次伸手進她的鱷魚皮包裡，拿出一支長長的酸綠色羽毛筆和一卷羊皮紙，在一箱斯考爾夫全用途魔法清潔液上伸展開來。她把酸綠色羽毛筆的尖端放進嘴裡，似乎很享受地吸了一會兒，然後把它豎起放在羊皮紙上，它平衡地站在它的尖端上，微微地顫動著。

“Testing . . . my name is Rita Skeeter, *Daily Prophet* reporter.”

Harry looked down quickly at the quill. The moment Rita Skeeter had spoken, the green quill had started to scribble, skidding across the parchment:

Attractive blonde Rita Skeeter, forty-three, whose savage quill has punctured many inflated reputations —

“Lovely,” said Rita Skeeter, yet again, and she ripped the top piece of parchment off, crumpled it up, and stuffed it into her handbag. Now she leaned toward Harry and said, “So, Harry . . . what made you decide to enter the Triwizard Tournament?”

“Er —” said Harry again, but he was distracted by the quill. Even though he wasn’t speaking, it was dashing across the parchment, and in its wake he could make out a fresh sentence:

An ugly scar, souvenir of a tragic past, disfigures the otherwise charming face of Harry Potter, whose eyes —

「測試...我叫莉達·史奇特，是「每日預言家」的記者。」哈利急忙看向筆。莉達·史奇特一開口，綠色的筆尖便開始活躍地在羊皮紙上亂寫一通：萬眾矚目的金髮美女莉達·史奇特，現年四十三歲，她的銳利筆鋒曾幾次戳破虛偽的名聲——「太好了，」莉達·史奇特再次開口，她撕下第一張羊皮紙，把它揉成一團，塞進她的手提包。現在她向哈利俯身，問道：「那麼，哈利...是什麼促使你決定參加三強魔法大賽呢？」「呃...」哈利又說了一遍，但他被筆分心了。即使他沒說話，它還是奔跑在羊皮紙上，留下了一句新的話：哈利·波特是一個擁有慘痛過去的男孩，臉上留下了一條難看的傷疤，儘管如此，哈利·波特的眼睛萬能活靈活潑——

“Ignore the quill, Harry,” said Rita Skeeter firmly. Reluctantly, Harry looked up at her instead. “Now — why did you decide to enter the tournament, Harry?”

“I didn’t,” said Harry. “I don’t know how my name got into the Goblet of Fire. I didn’t put it in there.”

Rita Skeeter raised one heavily penciled eyebrow.

“Come now, Harry, there’s no need to be scared of getting into trouble. We all know you shouldn’t really have entered at all. But don’t worry about that. Our readers love a rebel.”

“But I didn’t enter,” Harry repeated. “I don’t know who —”

“How do you feel about the tasks ahead?” said Rita Skeeter. “Excited? Nervous?”

“I haven’t really thought . . . yeah, nervous, I suppose,” said Harry. His insides squirmed uncomfortably as he spoke.

“Champions have died in the past, haven’t they?” said Rita Skeeter briskly. “Have you thought about that at all?”

“不要理會那枝羽毛，哈利，”莉塔·斯基特堅定地說。哈利不情願地抬起頭，看著她。“現在，哈利，你為什麼決定參加錦標賽？”“我沒有，”哈利說。“我不知道我的名字怎麼進了火盃裡，我沒有放進去。”莉塔·斯基特舉起一根眉毛。“來吧，哈利，沒有必要害怕麻煩。我們都知道你根本不應該參加。但是不用擔心，我們的讀者喜歡反叛者。”“但是我沒有進去，”哈利重複道。“我不知道是誰——”“你對接下來的任務有什麼感觸？”莉塔·斯基特問道。“興奮？緊張？”“我還沒有真正想過.....是的，我想是緊張吧，”哈利說。當他說話時，他的內心感到不安。“冠軍們在過去曾經死亡，是嗎？”莉塔·斯基特干脆利落地說。“你有沒有想過這一點？”

“Well . . . they say it’s going to be a lot safer this year,” said Harry.

The quill whizzed across the parchment between them, back and forward as though it were skating.

“Of course, you’ve looked death in the face before, haven’t you?” said Rita Skeeter, watching him closely. “How would you say that’s affected you?”

“Er,” said Harry, yet again.

“Do you think that the trauma in your past might have made you keen to prove yourself? To live up to your name? Do you think that perhaps you were tempted to enter the Triwizard Tournament because —”

“*I didn’t enter,*” said Harry, starting to feel irritated.

“Can you remember your parents at all?” said Rita Skeeter, talking over him.

“No,” said Harry.

“How do you think they’d feel if they knew you were competing in the Triwizard Tournament? Proud? Worried? Angry?”

“嗯.....他們說今年比較安全，”哈利說道。筆尖在他們之間的紙上飛快地移動着，就像是溜冰一般。“當然，你之前曾經面對過死亡，是嗎？”裘塔·史奇特細心地觀察着他，“你會說這對你有什麼影響嗎？”“呃.....”哈利再次說道。“你認為過去的創傷會讓你渴望證明自己嗎？想要履行你的名字嗎？你有沒有因為這樣而想參加三強魔法大賽？”“我並沒有報名參加，”哈利開始感到有些煩躁。“你還記得你的父母嗎？”裘塔·史奇特打斷了他的話。“不，”哈利回答道。“你認為他們知道你參加了三強魔法大賽會有什麼感覺？驕傲？擔心？生氣？”

Harry was feeling really annoyed now. How on earth was he to know how his parents would feel if they were alive? He could feel Rita Skeeter watching him very intently. Frowning, he avoided her gaze and looked down at words the quill had just written:

Tears fill those startlingly green eyes as our conversation turns to the parents he can barely remember.

“I have NOT got tears in my eyes!” said Harry loudly.

Before Rita Skeeter could say a word, the door of the broom cupboard was pulled open. Harry looked around, blinking in the bright light. Albus Dumbledore stood there, looking down at both of them, squashed into the cupboard.

“*Dumbledore!*” cried Rita Skeeter, with every appearance of delight — but Harry noticed that her quill and the parchment had suddenly vanished from the box of Magical Mess Remover, and Rita’s clawed fingers were hastily snapping shut the clasp of her crocodile-skin bag. “How are you?” she said, standing up and holding out one of her large, mannish hands to Dumbledore. “I hope you saw my piece over the summer about the International Confederation of Wizards’ Conference?”

哈利現在感到非常惱火。他怎麼可能知道如果他的父母還活著，他們會有什麼感覺？他能感覺到裘蒂·史卡特正在非常專心地觀察著他。皺眉頭，他避開了她的目光，低頭看著筆尖剛寫下的字：當談及他幾乎記不起來是甚麼樣子的父母時，那雙令人驚艷的綠眼裡充滿了淚水。“我眼裡沒有淚水！”哈利大聲說道。在裘蒂·史卡特開口之前，掃帚櫥門被拉開了。哈利四處張望，眼睛因為強烈的光芒而眯起來。阿不思·鄧不利多站在那裡，俯視著他們兩個人，被擠進了櫥櫃裡。“鄧不利多！”裘蒂·史卡特大喊道，看上去非常高興——但是哈利注意到她的筆和紙張突然從魔法清潔液的盒子裡消失了，裘蒂的有爪的手指急忙關上了她鱷魚皮包的扣子。“你好嗎？”她站起來，伸出她那又大又像男人的手之一向鄧不利多。“我希望你在夏天看到我關於國際巫師聯盟會議的文章了嗎？”

“Enchantingly nasty,” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling. “I particularly enjoyed your description of me as an obsolete dingbat.”

Rita Skeeter didn’t look remotely abashed.

“I was just making the point that some of your ideas are a little old-fashioned, Dumbledore, and that many wizards in the street —”

“I will be delighted to hear the reasoning behind the rudeness, Rita,” said Dumbledore, with a courteous bow and a smile, “but I’m afraid we will have to discuss the matter later. The Weighing of the Wands is about to start, and it cannot take place if one of our champions is hidden in a broom cupboard.”

Very glad to get away from Rita Skeeter, Harry hurried back into the room. The other champions were now sitting in chairs near the door, and he sat down quickly next to Cedric, looking up at the velvet-covered table, where four of the five judges were now sitting — Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Mr. Crouch, and Ludo Bagman. Rita Skeeter settled herself down in a corner; Harry saw her slip the parchment out of her bag again, spread it on her knee, suck the end of the Quick-Quotes Quill, and place it once more on the parchment.

「真是迷人地刻薄，」鄧不利多說道，眼睛閃爍著。「我特別喜歡你把我描述為過時的呆子。」瑞塔·思凱特一臉不羞慚地看著他。「我只是想說，你有些觀念有點古老董，而且很多巫師在街上——」「瑞塔，我很樂意聽聽你的理由，」鄧不利多說道，客氣地鞠了一躬，笑了笑。「但我恐怕我們得稍後再討論這個問題了。揮魔棒鑑定即將開始，如果我們的其中一位勇士躲在掃帚櫥裡的話，便無法進行。」哈利很高興能逃離瑞塔·思凱特，急忙回到房間裡。其他的勇士現在坐在門口的椅子上，他趕緊坐到了塞德里克旁邊，仰望著鑲有天鵝絨的桌子，這裡現在坐著四位裁判——卡卡洛夫教授、馬迷迷、克勞奇先生和路多·巴格曼。瑞塔·思凱特在角落裡落座；哈利看見她又把羊皮紙從包裡拿了出來，攤在膝蓋上，吸了吸Quick-Quotes Quill的筆尖，然後再次把它放在羊皮紙上。

“May I introduce Mr. Ollivander?” said Dumbledore, taking his place at the judges’ table and talking to the champions. “He will be checking your wands to ensure that they are in good condition before the tournament.”

Harry looked around, and with a jolt of surprise saw an old wizard with large, pale eyes standing quietly by the window. Harry had met Mr. Ollivander before — he was the wandmaker from whom Harry had bought his own wand over three years ago in Diagon Alley.

“Mademoiselle Delacour, could we have you first, please?” said Mr. Ollivander, stepping into the empty space in the middle of the room.

Fleur Delacour swept over to Mr. Ollivander and handed him her wand.

“Hmmm . . .” he said.

He twirled the wand between his long fingers like a baton and it emitted a number of pink and gold sparks. Then he held it close to his eyes and examined it carefully.

「我可以介紹奧里凡德先生嗎？」鄧不利多說道，他坐回評判席並與選手交談。「他會檢查你們的魔杖，確保在比賽前魔杖狀態良好。」哈利四處看了看，忽然驚訝地看到一個老巫師，帶著大而淡的眼睛靜靜地站在窗邊。哈利以前曾見過奧里凡德先生——他是三年前在對角巷買下自己魔杖的製杖師。「德勒克爾小姐，可以先來嗎？」奧里凡德先生說道，走到房間中央的空地上。弗勒·德勒克爾朝奧里凡德先生走去，把魔杖交給他。「嗯……」他說。他像揮舞指揮棒一樣用長長的手指轉動魔杖，它發出一些粉紅色和金色的火花。然後他將它靠近眼睛仔細檢查。

“Yes,” he said quietly, “nine and a half inches . . . inflexible . . . rosewood . . . and containing . . . dear me . . .”

“An ‘air from ze ‘ead of a veela,” said Fleur. “One of my grandmuzzer’s.”

So Fleur was part veela, thought Harry, making a mental note to tell Ron . . . then he remembered that Ron wasn’t speaking to him.

“Yes,” said Mr. Ollivander, “yes, I’ve never used veela hair myself, of course. I find it makes for rather temperamental wands . . . however, to each his own, and if this suits you . . .”

Mr. Ollivander ran his fingers along the wand, apparently checking for scratches or bumps; then he muttered, “*Orchideous!*” and a bunch of flowers burst from the wand-tip.

“Very well, very well, it’s in fine working order,” said Mr. Ollivander, scooping up the flowers and handing them to Fleur with her wand. “Mr. Diggory, you next.”

「是的，」他輕聲說道，「九又半英寸.....不能彎曲.....紅木.....還有.....天哪.....」「一根維拉的頭髮製成，」芙蕾說。「是我祖母的其中一根。」哈利心想，原來芙蕾也有維拉的血統，於是記下要告訴羅恩.....然後他想起羅恩正在對他冷言冷語。「嗯，」奧利凡德先生說：「好的，當然我自己從沒用過維拉的頭髮做魔杖。我覺得這會使魔杖變得非常任性.....當然，這是因人而異，如果這根魔杖適合你.....」奧利凡德先生用手指沿著魔杖滑過，看起來在檢查是否有刮痕或凸起；然後他嘀咕了一聲，說：「*Orchideous!*」一束花從魔杖的尖端迸發而出。「很好，很好，這根魔杖狀態良好，」奧利凡德先生說。他把花捧起來，拿起了芙蕾的魔杖。「下一位是迪戈里先生。」

Fleur glided back to her seat, smiling at Cedric as he passed her.

“Ah, now, this is one of mine, isn’t it?” said Mr. Ollivander, with much more enthusiasm as Cedric handed over his wand. “Yes, I remember it well. Containing a single hair from the tail of a particularly fine male unicorn . . . must have been seventeen hands; nearly gored me with his horn after I plucked his tail. Twelve and a quarter inches . . . ash . . . pleasantly springy. It’s in fine condition . . . You treat it regularly?”

“Polished it last night,” said Cedric, grinning.

Harry looked down at his own wand. He could see finger marks all over it. He gathered a fistful of robe from his knee and tried to rub it clean

surreptitiously. Several gold sparks shot out of the end of it. Fleur Delacour gave him a very patronizing look, and he desisted.

美勒輕巧地滑回座位，對西德里克微笑著，他路過時示意自己的魔杖是自己的。「啊，現在換我了，對吧？」奧利凡德先生更加熱情，西德里克遞上他的魔杖。「是的，我還記得清楚。這裡有一根來自一隻特別好的雄性獨角獸的尾巴上的一根毛髮……那隻獸大約有十七手高，我在拔它的尾巴時差點被它的角刺傷。長十二英寸又四分之一……是櫸木做的……有彈性。它的狀態很好……你有定期保養它嗎？」「昨晚我還擦亮它呢。」西德里克咧嘴一笑。哈利低頭看了看自己的魔杖，發現上面有許多指紋。他扯起自己的袍子，試圖暗地裡把魔杖擦乾淨。幾個金色的火花從魔杖的末端飛出。芙勒•德拉庫給了他一個非常老成的眼神，他放棄了。

Mr. Ollivander sent a stream of silver smoke rings across the room from the tip of Cedric's wand, pronounced himself satisfied, and then said, "Mr. Krum, if you please."

Viktor Krum got up and slouched, round-shouldered and duck-footed, toward Mr. Ollivander. He thrust out his wand and stood scowling, with his hands in the pockets of his robes.

"Hmm," said Mr. Ollivander, "this is a Gregorovitch creation, unless I'm much mistaken? A fine wandmaker, though the styling is never quite what I . . . however . . ."

He lifted the wand and examined it minutely, turning it over and over before his eyes.

"Yes . . . hornbeam and dragon heartstring?" he shot at Krum, who nodded. "Rather thicker than one usually sees . . . quite rigid . . . ten and a quarter inches . . . *Avis!*"

歐利凡先生從塞德里克的魔杖尖端傳送出一串銀色的煙圈，表達了滿意之情，然後說：“克魯姆先生，請過來。”維克多·克魯姆站起來，駝背、鴨步般地走向歐利凡先生。他伸出魔杖，雙手插在袍子口袋裡，一臉怒容。“嗯，”歐利凡先生說，“這是格列戈洛維奇的作品，除非我弄錯了？他是個優秀的魔杖製造師，雖然風格從來不是我想要的……不過……”他舉起魔杖，仔細地檢查著，不斷地在手中翻轉。“是的……角木和龍心絲？”他問克魯姆，克魯姆點了點頭。“比一般的要粗一些……相當堅硬……長十又四分之一吋……*Avis!*”

The hornbeam wand let off a blast like a gun, and a number of small, twittering birds flew out of the end and through the open window into the watery sunlight.

"Good," said Mr. Ollivander, handing Krum back his wand. "Which leaves . . . Mr. Potter."

Harry got to his feet and walked past Krum to Mr. Ollivander. He handed over his wand.

"Aaaah, yes," said Mr. Ollivander, his pale eyes suddenly gleaming. "Yes, yes, yes. How well I remember."

Harry could remember too. He could remember it as though it had happened yesterday. . . .

Four summers ago, on his eleventh birthday, he had entered Mr. Ollivander's shop with Hagrid to buy a wand. Mr. Ollivander had taken his measurements and then started handing him wands to try. Harry had waved what felt like every wand in the shop, until at last he had found the one that suited him—this one, which was made of holly, eleven inches long, and contained a single feather from the tail of a phoenix. Mr. Ollivander had been very surprised that Harry had been so compatible with this wand. "Curious," he had said, "curious," and not until Harry asked what was curious had Mr. Ollivander explained that the phoenix feather in Harry's wand had come from the same bird that had supplied the core of Lord Voldemort's.

角木樹魔杖發出像槍聲的一聲巨響，一些小鳥從杖頭飛出，穿過打開的窗子飛進了陽光燦爛的房間裡。"很好，"奧利凡德先生說，把魔杖交還給克魯姆，"接下來是……波特先生。"哈利站起來，走過去，在克魯姆身邊走到奧利凡德先生那裡，把魔杖交給了他。"啊，是的，"奧利凡德先生說，他蒼白的眼睛突然發出光芒，"是的，是的，是的，我記得得多麼清楚啊。"哈利也記得得很清楚，就好像昨天才發生的事情一樣。四年前的夏天，在他十一歲生日的時候，他和海格一起進入奧利凡德先生的店鋪買魔杖。奧利凡德先生拿了他的尺寸，然後開始給他拿魔杖試。哈利揮舞著這家店裡所有的魔杖，直到最後他找到了適合他的那一根——這一根，由冬青木製成，長11英寸，內藏一根鳳凰尾羽。奧利凡德先生非常驚訝哈利能和這根魔杖兼容。"奇怪，"他說，"奇怪"，直到哈利問出是什麼奇怪，奧利凡德先生才解釋說，哈利魔杖中的鳳凰羽毛和佛地魔的魔杖中心來自同一隻鳥。

Harry had never shared this piece of information with anybody. He was very fond of his wand, and as far as he was concerned its relation to Voldemort's wand was something it couldn't help — rather as he couldn't help being related to Aunt Petunia. However, he really hoped that Mr. Ollivander wasn't about to tell the room about it. He had a funny feeling Rita Skeeter's Quick-Quotes Quill might just explode with excitement if he did.

Mr. Ollivander spent much longer examining Harry's wand than anyone else's. Eventually, however, he made a fountain of wine shoot out of it, and handed it back to Harry, announcing that it was still in perfect condition.

"Thank you all," said Dumbledore, standing up at the judges' table. "You may go back to your lessons now — or perhaps it would be quicker just to go down to dinner, as they are about to end —"

哈利從未和任何人分享這個信息。他非常喜歡他的魔杖，對於它與佛地魔的魔杖的關係，他認為沒有什麼需要幫助的——就像他不能避免和佩妮姨媽有關系一樣。然而，他真的希望奧利凡德先生不會向房間裏的人講這件事。如果他這樣做了，他有一種

很有趣的感覺，瑞塔·斯基特（Rita Skeeter）的“快速引用筆”（Quick-Quotes Quill）可能會因此而爆炸。奧利凡德先生檢查哈利的魔杖比任何人都長。然而，最終他讓一個噴泉的葡萄酒從裏面噴出來，然後把它交還給哈利，宣布它仍然是完好的。“謝謝大家，”鄧布利多站在裁判桌旁說道，“現在你們可以回去上課了——或者也許最好是直接去吃晚飯，因為馬上就要結束了——”

Feeling that at last something had gone right today, Harry got up to leave, but the man with the black camera jumped up and cleared his throat.

“Photos, Dumbledore, photos!” cried Bagman excitedly. “All the judges and champions, what do you think, Rita?”

“Er — yes, let’s do those first,” said Rita Skeeter, whose eyes were upon Harry again. “And then perhaps some individual shots.”

The photographs took a long time. Madame Maxime cast everyone else into shadow wherever she stood, and the photographer couldn’t stand far enough back to get her into the frame; eventually she had to sit while everyone else stood around her. Karkaroff kept twirling his goatee around his finger to give it an extra curl; Krum, whom Harry would have thought would have been used to this sort of thing, skulked, half-hidden, at the back of the group. The photographer seemed keenest to get Fleur at the front, but Rita Skeeter kept hurrying forward and dragging Harry into greater prominence. Then she insisted on separate shots of all the champions. At last, they were free to go.

哈利感覺今天終於有些事情做對了，準備離開時，拿著黑色相機的男子卻站起來清了清喉嚨。“拍照片，鄧布利多，拍照片！”巴格曼興奮地喊道：“所有評委和冠軍，你覺得呢，莉塔？”“嗯——好的，我們先拍這些，”莉塔·斯基特說道，目光再次落在了哈利身上，“然後也許再拍一些個人照。”拍攝照片的過程非常漫長。在馬德姆·馬克西姆站立的位置，其他人都被她擠到了陰影裡，攝影師也站不到足夠的距離讓她出現在鏡頭裡；最終，大家都站在她的周圍，她坐在了地上。卡卡洛夫不停地用手指旋轉自己的山羊胡子，為其增加卷曲感；哈利本以為克魯姆對這種事情應該已經很習慣了，但他卻隱藏在組後方，只露出一半身體。攝影師似乎最想讓弗勒站在最前面，但莉塔·斯基特一直快步前行，把哈利拖到更多的焦點位置。然後她堅持要為所有冠軍拍獨立的照片。最終，他們終於獲得自由。

Harry went down to dinner. Hermione wasn’t there — he supposed she was still in the hospital wing having her teeth fixed. He ate alone at the end of the table, then returned to Gryffindor Tower, thinking of all the extra work on Summoning Charms that he had to do. Up in the dormitory, he came across Ron.

“You’ve had an owl,” said Ron brusquely the moment he walked in. He was pointing at Harry’s pillow. The school barn owl was waiting for him there.

“Oh — right,” said Harry.

“And we’ve got to do our detentions tomorrow night, Snape’s dungeon,” said Ron.

He then walked straight out of the room, not looking at Harry. For a moment, Harry considered going after him — he wasn’t sure whether he wanted to talk to him or hit him, both seemed quite appealing — but the lure of Sirius’s answer was too strong. Harry strode over to the barn owl, took the letter off its leg, and unrolled it.

哈利下去吃晚餐時，赫敏不在那裡——他猜想她還在醫院翼治療她的牙齒。他一人坐在桌子一端吃飯，然後回到了格蘭芬多塔，想著他必須完成更多的祈請咒語的額外作業。在寢室裡，他遇到了朗恩。「你收到一封信鴉了，」朗恩一進門就粗魯地說道。他指著哈利的枕頭。學校的紅鳶鳥在那裡等候著他。「哦——對。」哈利說。「然後我們得在明晚做我們的懲罰，史納皮的地牢，」朗恩說。他然後直接走出房間，沒有看哈利一眼。有一瞬間，哈利考慮追他後面——他不確定他是否想跟他說話還是揍他，兩者都很吸引——但小天狼星的回信卻讓他很心動。哈利走到紅鳶鳥那裡，從它的腿上取下信，然後展開它。

Harry —

I can’t say everything I would like to in a letter, it’s too risky in case the owl is intercepted — we need to talk face-to-face. Can you ensure that you are alone by the fire in Gryffindor Tower at one o’clock in the morning on the 22nd of November?

I know better than anyone that you can look after yourself, and while you’re around Dumbledore and Moody I don’t think anyone will be able to hurt you. However, someone seems to be having a good try. Entering you in that tournament would have been very risky, especially right under Dumbledore’s nose.

Be on the watch, Harry. I still want to hear about anything unusual. Let me know about the 22nd of November as quickly as you can.

Sirius



THE HUNGARIAN HORNTAIL

The prospect of talking face-to-face with Sirius was all that sustained Harry over the next fortnight, the only bright spot on a horizon that had never looked darker. The shock of finding himself school champion had worn off slightly now, and the fear of what was facing him had started to sink in. The first task was drawing steadily nearer; he felt as though it were crouching ahead of him like some horrific monster, barring his path. He had never suffered nerves like these; they were way beyond anything he had experienced before a Quidditch match, not even his last one against Slytherin, which had decided who would win the Quidditch Cup. Harry was finding it hard to think about the future at all; he felt as though his whole life had been leading up to, and would finish with, the first task. . . .

與天狼星面對面交談的前景，是哈利在接下來的兩周中所依賴的唯一亮點，也是一個從未如此黯淡的地平線上唯一的曙光。被選為學校冠軍的驚訝感已經略微消退了，而面對即將到來的挑戰的恐懼已經開始沉澱。第一項任務正逐漸逼近；他感覺它就像一個可怕的怪物蹲在前方，阻礙了他的道路。他從未有過如此緊張的情緒；它們遠遠超出了他在魁地奇比賽之前所經歷過的任何事情，甚至超過了對決斯萊特林的最後一場魁地奇比賽，那場比賽決定了魁地奇杯的勝利者。哈利發現自己很難思考未來；他感覺自己的整個生命都是為第一項任務而努力，也將以此告終...

Admittedly, he didn't see how Sirius was going to make him feel any better about having to perform an unknown piece of difficult and dangerous magic in front of hundreds of people, but the mere sight of a friendly face would be something at the moment. Harry wrote back to Sirius saying that he would be beside the common room fire at the time Sirius had suggested, and he and Hermione spent a long time going over plans for forcing any stragglers out of the common room on the night in question. If the worst came to the worst, they were going to drop a bag of Dungbombs, but they hoped they wouldn't have to resort to that — Filch would skin them alive.

In the meantime, life became even worse for Harry within the confines of the castle, for Rita Skeeter had published her piece about the Triwizard Tournament, and it had turned out to be not so much a report on the tournament as a highly colored life story of Harry. Much of the front page had been given over to a picture of Harry; the article (continuing on pages two, six, and seven) had been all about Harry, the names of the Beauxbatons and Durmstrang champions (misspelled) had been squashed into the last line of the article, and Cedric hadn't been mentioned at all.

他承認，他不知道天狼星打算如何幫助他渡過在眾人面前進行困難而危險的魔法的心理壓力，但現在見到一張友善的臉孔對他來說已經是很重要的了。哈利回信告訴天狼星他會在天狼星建議的時間待在公共休息室的火爐旁邊，他和赫敏花了很長時間計劃如何趕走晚上還留在公共休息室裡的學生。如果情況最糟，他們打算丟一袋糞便彈，但他們希望不必採取這種極端的手段——費琪肯定會讓他們身處地獄。同時，在城堡內的日子對哈利而言變得更加糟糕，因為麗塔·斯凱特發布了關於三強鬥陣的文章，而這篇文章不僅關於比賽的報導，更像是哈利的生平故事。文章的大部分版面都是哈利的照片，文章（在第二頁、第六頁和第七頁）都是關於哈利的內容，波巴脫與德姆斯特朗的冠軍名字（被拼錯了）只被擠到文章的最後一行，而塞德裏克幾乎沒有被提到。

The article had appeared ten days ago, and Harry still got a sick, burning feeling of shame in his stomach every time he thought about it. Rita Skeeter had reported him saying an awful lot of things that he couldn't remember ever saying in his life, let alone in that broom cupboard.

I suppose I get my strength from my parents. I know they'd be very proud of me if they could see me now. . . . Yes, sometimes at night I still cry about them, I'm not ashamed to admit it. . . . I know nothing will hurt me during the tournament, because they're watching over me. . . .

But Rita Skeeter had gone even further than transforming his “er’s” into long, sickly sentences: She had interviewed other people about him too.

Harry has at last found love at Hogwarts. His close friend, Colin Creevey, says that Harry is rarely seen out of the company of one Hermione Granger, a stunningly pretty Muggle-born girl who, like Harry, is one of the top students in the school.

這篇文章已經出現了十天了，哈利仍然對它感到噁心和羞愧的燒灼感，每次想起來都是如此。麗塔·斯基特報導了他說了很多他根本不記得自己說過的話，更不用說在那個掃帚櫥裡了。我想我從我的父母身上得到了力量。我知道如果他們現在能看到我，他們會非常自豪.....是的，有時晚上我還是會哭他們，我不會因此感到羞愧.....我知道比賽期間不會有任何傷害，因為他們一直在看護著我.....但麗塔·斯基特甚至還進一步把他的“啊嗯”變成了漫長而病態的句子：她還採訪了其他人關於他的事情。哈利終於在霍格沃茨找到了愛情。他的好朋友科林·克里維說，哈利很少離開漂亮的麥格爾出身的女孩赫敏·格蘭傑的身旁，就像哈利一樣，她也是學校中最優秀的學生之一。

From the moment the article had appeared, Harry had had to endure people — Slytherins, mainly — quoting it at him as he passed and making sneering comments.

“Want a hanky, Potter, in case you start crying in Transfiguration?”

“Since when have you been one of the top students in the school, Potter? Or is this a school you and Longbottom have set up together?”

“Hey — Harry!”

“Yeah, that’s right!” Harry found himself shouting as he wheeled around in the corridor, having had just about enough. “I’ve just been crying my eyes out over my dead mum, and I’m just off to do a bit more. . . .”

“No — it was just — you dropped your quill.”

It was Cho. Harry felt the color rising in his face.

“Oh — right — sorry,” he muttered, taking the quill back.

“Er . . . good luck on Tuesday,” she said. “I really hope you do well.”

自從那篇文章出現以來，哈利便不得不忍受人們（主要是斯萊特林學院的人）在他走過時引用那篇文章，並做出嘲笑的評論。“波特，你需要手帕嗎？以防你在變形術課上哭泣？”“波特，你什麼時候成為學校的尖子學生了？還是這是你和隆巴頓共同創立的一所學校？”“嘿 - 哈利！”“對，就是你！”哈利發現自己在走廊裡轉身尖叫，已經足夠了。“我剛剛一直在為我死去的媽媽哭泣，現在正準備去哭更多……”“不——只是，你掉了你的鵝毛筆。”是嘉文。哈利感到臉上漲紅。“噢-對-對不起。”他嘀咕著，把筆拿回來。“祝你星期二好運。”她說，“我真的希望你表現出色。”

Which left Harry feeling extremely stupid.

Hermione had come in for her fair share of unpleasantness too, but she hadn’t yet started yelling at innocent bystanders; in fact, Harry was full of admiration for the way she was handling the situation.

“*Stunningly pretty? Her?*” Pansy Parkinson had shrieked the first time she had come face-to-face with Hermione after Rita’s article had appeared. “What was she judging against — a chipmunk?”

“Ignore it,” Hermione said in a dignified voice, holding her head in the air and stalking past the sniggering Slytherin girls as though she couldn’t hear them. “Just ignore it, Harry.”

But Harry couldn’t ignore it. Ron hadn’t spoken to him at all since he had told him about Snape’s detentions. Harry had half hoped they would make things up during the two hours they were forced to pickle rats’ brains in Snape’s dungeon, but that had been the day Rita’s article had appeared, which seemed to have confirmed Ron’s belief that Harry was really enjoying all the attention.

這讓哈利感到極其愚蠢。儘管赫敏也受到了她的公平份額的不愉快，但她還沒開始對無辜的旁觀者大喊大叫；實際上，哈利對她處理這種情況的方式充滿了欽佩。“美得驚人？她？”潘西·帕金森在第一次與萊塔文章出現後與赫敏面對面時尖叫道。“她在用什麼來評判，花栗鼠？”“忽略它，”赫敏用莊重的聲音說，高高地舉著頭，經過嘲笑的斯萊特林女孩們，彷彿她聽不到他們的話。“只是忽略它，哈利。”但哈利無法忽略它。自從他告訴羅恩有關斯納普的懲罰以來，羅恩根本沒有與他說話。哈利曾經半希望他們會在斯納普的地牢中被迫浸泡老鼠的大腦期間和好，但當天萊塔的文章出現了，這似乎證實了羅恩的觀點，即哈利真的很享受所有的關注。

Hermione was furious with the pair of them; she went from one to the other, trying to force them to talk to each other, but Harry was adamant: He would talk to Ron again only if Ron admitted that Harry hadn’t put his name in the Goblet of Fire and apologized for calling him a liar.

“I didn’t start this,” Harry said stubbornly. “It’s his problem.”

“You miss him!” Hermione said impatiently. “And I *know* he misses you —”

“*Miss him?*” said Harry. “I don’t *miss him* . . .”

But this was a downright lie. Harry liked Hermione very much, but she just wasn’t the same as Ron. There was much less laughter and a lot more hanging around in the library when Hermione was your best friend. Harry still hadn’t mastered Summoning Charms, he seemed to have developed something of a block about them, and Hermione insisted that learning the theory would help. They consequently spent a lot of time poring over books during their lunchtimes.

赫敏對他們兩個人感到非常憤怒，她轉而跑到另一個人那裡，試圖強迫他們互相交談，但哈利堅持：只有當羅恩承認哈利沒有把自己的名字放入火盃並道歉稱他撒謊時，哈利才會再次與羅恩交談。“我沒有開始這個，”哈利固執地說。“這是他的問題。”“你想念他！”赫敏不耐煩地說。“我知道他也想念你-”“想念他？”哈利說。“我不想念他……”但這是一個完全的謊言。哈利非常喜歡赫敏，但她並不像羅恩那樣，沒有那麼多的笑聲，而且當赫敏是你最好的朋友時，經常會在圖書館晃來晃去。哈利仍然沒有掌握 Summoning Spells（召喚咒語），他似乎對它們開始有些障礙，赫敏堅持學習理論將有所幫助。因此，他們花了很多時間在午餐時間翻閱書籍。

Viktor Krum was in the library an awful lot too, and Harry wondered what he was up to. Was he studying, or was he looking for things to help him through the first task? Hermione often complained about Krum being there — not that he ever bothered them — but because groups of giggling girls often turned up to spy on him from behind bookshelves, and Hermione found the noise distracting.

“He’s not even good-looking!” she muttered angrily, glaring at Krum’s sharp profile. “They only like him because he’s famous! They wouldn’t look twice at him if he couldn’t do that Wonky-Faint thing —”

“Wronski Feint,” said Harry, through gritted teeth. Quite apart from liking to get Quidditch terms correct, it caused him another pang to imagine Ron’s expression if he could have heard Hermione talking about Wonky-Faints.

維克多·克魯姆也很常在圖書館，哈利不知道他在做什麼。他是在讀書還是在尋找幫助他完成第一個任務的東西？赫敏經常抱怨克魯姆在那裡——不是因為他會打擾他們——而是因為一些咯咯笑笑的女孩常常從書架後面偷看他，讓赫敏覺得噪音很分心。“他長得一點都不帥！”她生氣地嘟囔著，怒視著克魯姆的清晰側臉。“他們只是因為他有名才喜歡他！如果他不能完成那個韋恩斯基假動作，他們都不會看他一眼——”“韋恩斯基假動作，”哈利咬著牙說。除了喜歡把魁地奇術語用對外，想到羅恩聽到赫敏說『歪曲假動作』會是什麼表情，他就更心痛了。

It is a strange thing, but when you are dreading something, and would give anything to slow down time, it has a disobliging habit of speeding up. The days until the first task seemed to slip by as though someone had fixed the clocks to work at double speed. Harry’s feeling of barely controlled panic was with him wherever he went, as ever-present as the snide comments about the *Daily Prophet* article.

On the Saturday before the first task, all students in the third year and above were permitted to visit the village of Hogsmeade. Hermione told Harry that it would do him good to get away from the castle for a bit, and Harry didn’t need much persuasion.

“What about Ron, though?” he said. “Don’t you want to go with him?”

“Oh . . . well . . .” Hermione went slightly pink. “I thought we might meet up with him in the Three Broomsticks. . . .”

當你害怕某件事情時，希望時間能放慢，但卻不幸加快了。直到首項任務開始的日子彷彿是有人把時鐘調快了一倍。哈利幾乎無時無刻都感到緊張得無法控制，就像《每日先驅報》上的損人評論一樣常伴左右。在首項任務之前的那個星期六，三年級及以上的學生都被允許造訪霍格斯梅德村莊。妙麗告訴哈利，離開城堡一下對他有好處，而哈利毫不猶豫。“但羅恩呢？”他問。“你不想和他一起去嗎？”“哦……嗯……”妙麗臉紅了一下。“我想我們可以在三把掃帚酒館會面……”

“No,” said Harry flatly.

“Oh Harry, this is so stupid —”

“I’ll come, but I’m not meeting Ron, and I’m wearing my Invisibility Cloak.”

“Oh all right then . . .” Hermione snapped, “but I hate talking to you in that Cloak, I never know if I’m looking at you or not.”

So Harry put on his Invisibility Cloak in the dormitory, went back downstairs, and together he and Hermione set off for Hogsmeade.

Harry felt wonderfully free under the Cloak; he watched other students walking past them as they entered the village, most of them sporting *Support Cedric Diggory!* badges, but no horrible remarks came his way for a change, and nobody was quoting that stupid article.

“People keep looking at *me* now,” said Hermione grumpily as they came out of Honeydukes Sweetshop later, eating large cream-filled chocolates. “They think I’m talking to myself.”

“不行，”哈利平淡地说。“哦，哈利，这太愚蠢了——”“我会来，但我不会见罗恩，我会穿着隐形斗篷。”“好吧。。。赫敏咆哮道，“但我讨厌在那件斗篷里跟你说话，我永远不知道我是否在看着你。”于是哈利在宿舍里穿上了隐形斗篷，回到楼下，和赫敏一起出发去霍格斯迈德。哈利在斗篷下感到自由自在；在他们进入村庄时，他看着其他学生经过，大多数人都戴着支持赛德里克·迪戈里的徽章，但这一次没有什么可怕的言语袭击他，也没有人引用那篇愚蠢的文章。“现在人们一直看着我，”当他们后来从甜点店里出来时，正在吃着大块蛋糕巧克力的赫敏不满地说，“他们认为我在自言自语。”

“Don’t move your lips so much then.”

“Come on, please just take off your Cloak for a bit, no one’s going to bother you here.”

“Oh yeah?” said Harry. “Look behind you.”

Rita Skeeter and her photographer friend had just emerged from the Three Broomsticks pub. Talking in low voices, they passed right by Hermione without looking at her. Harry backed into the wall of Honeydukes to stop Rita Skeeter from hitting him with her crocodile-skin handbag. When they were gone, Harry said, “She’s staying in the village. I bet she’s coming to watch the first task.”

As he said it, his stomach flooded with a wave of molten panic. He didn’t mention this; he and Hermione hadn’t discussed what was coming in the first task much; he had the feeling she didn’t want to think about it.

「唇不要動得這麼多。」「拜託，就脫下你的斗篷一下，這裡沒有人會打擾你的。」「是嗎？」哈利說。「看看你身後。」里塔·史卡特和她的攝影師朋友剛剛從三把魔杖酒館裡出來。他們低聲交談，從赫敏身邊經過而沒有看她一眼。哈利退到甜餅

屋的牆邊，以免里塔·史卡特用她的鱷魚皮手袋碰到他。等他們走了以後，哈利說：「她留在村裡了，我打賭她是來看第一場比賽的。」他說的時候，他的胃裡充滿了一股熔岩般的恐懼。他沒有提及這件事，他和赫敏沒有太多討論第一場比賽的事情，他感覺她不想去想。

“She's gone,” said Hermione, looking right through Harry toward the end of the street. “Why don't we go and have a butterbeer in the Three Broomsticks, it's a bit cold, isn't it? You don't have to talk to Ron!” she added irritably, correctly interpreting his silence.

The Three Broomsticks was packed, mainly with Hogwarts students enjoying their free afternoon, but also with a variety of magical people Harry rarely saw anywhere else. Harry supposed that as Hogsmeade was the only all-wizard village in Britain, it was a bit of a haven for creatures like hags, who were not as adept as wizards at disguising themselves.

It was very hard to move through crowds in the Invisibility Cloak, in case you accidentally trod on someone, which tended to lead to awkward questions. Harry edged slowly toward a spare table in the corner while Hermione went to buy drinks. On his way through the pub, Harry spotted Ron, who was sitting with Fred, George, and Lee Jordan. Resisting the urge to give Ron a good hard poke in the back of the head, he finally reached the table and sat down at it.

“她走了，”赫敏说着看着哈利的身后，眼神在街尾彷彿穿越了过去。“我们去三把扫帚酒吧喝杯黃油啤酒，有点冷，不是吗？你也不用和罗恩说话！”她有些恼怒地补充道，正确地解释了哈利的沉默。三把扫帚酒吧里挤满了霍格沃茨的学生，他们正享受着这个自由的下午，还有一些哈利很少在别的地方见到的不同种类的魔法人。哈利猜想，由于霍格斯梅德是英国唯一的全巫师村庄，因此对于像女巫这样不擅长伪装的生物来说，那里是一个避风港。在隐形衣的掩护下穿梭在人群中非常困难，以免你不小心踏到了别人身上，这往往会引起尴尬的问题。赫敏去买饮料的时候，哈利慢慢地朝一个角落里的空桌子挪动。在酒吧里走过时，哈利看见了罗恩，他正和弗雷德、乔治和李·乔丹坐在一起。哈利抑制住了戳罗恩后脑勺的冲动，最终到达了桌子并坐下来。

Hermione joined him a moment later and slipped him a butterbeer under his Cloak.

“I look like such an idiot, sitting here on my own,” she muttered. “Lucky I brought something to do.”

And she pulled out a notebook in which she had been keeping a record of S.P.E.W. members. Harry saw his and Ron's names at the top of the very short list. It seemed a long time ago that they had sat making up those predictions together, and Hermione had turned up and appointed them secretary and treasurer.

“You know, maybe I should try and get some of the villagers involved in S.P.E.W.,” Hermione said thoughtfully, looking around the pub.

“Yeah, right,” said Harry. He took a swig of butterbeer under his Cloak. “Hermione, when are you going to give up on this spew stuff?”

“When house-elves have decent wages and working conditions!” she hissed back. “You know, I'm starting to think it's time for more direct action. I wonder how you get into the school kitchens?”

赫敏一會兒後加入了他，並在他的斗篷下滑了一個奶油啤酒。“我一個人坐在這裡看起來像個白癡，真是太幸運了我帶了些東西做。”她嘀咕著。她拿出一本筆記本，裡面記錄了自遊脫線組織成員的名單。哈利看到他和羅恩的名字排在這個非常短的名單的頂部。他們一起坐在那裡制定這些預測的時候似乎已經很久了，當時赫敏來了並任命他們為秘書和財務主管。“你知道，也許我應該試著讓一些村民參與自遊脫線組織，”赫敏沉思地說，環顧酒吧。“是啊，對啊，”哈利說。他在斗篷下喝了一口奶油啤酒。“赫敏，你什麼時候放棄這個組織？”“當家傭得到合理的工資和工作條件時！”她咆哮回答。“你知道嗎，我開始覺得是時候進行更直接的行動了。我想知道怎麼進入學校的廚房？”

“No idea, ask Fred and George,” said Harry.

Hermione lapsed into thoughtful silence, while Harry drank his butterbeer, watching the people in the pub. All of them looked cheerful and relaxed. Ernie Macmillan and Hannah Abbott were swapping Chocolate Frog cards at a nearby table, both of them sporting *Support Cedric Diggory!* badges on their cloaks. Right over by the door he saw Cho and a large group of her Ravenclaw friends. She wasn't wearing a Cedric badge though. . . . This cheered up Harry very slightly. . . .

What wouldn't he have given to be one of these people, sitting around laughing and talking with nothing to worry about but homework? He imagined how it would have felt to be here if his name *hadn't* come out of the Goblet of Fire. He wouldn't be wearing the Invisibility Cloak, for one thing. Ron would be sitting with him. The three of them would probably be happily imagining what deadly dangerous task the school champions would be facing on Tuesday. He'd have been really looking forward to it, watching them do whatever it was . . . cheering on Cedric with everyone else, safe in a seat at the back of the stands. . . .

“沒有辦法，去問弗雷德和乔治吧。”哈利說。赫敏陷入思考的沉默中，而哈利喝著他的牛油啤酒，看著酒吧裡的人們。他們都看起來很快樂和放鬆。厄尼·麥克米蘭和漢娜·艾伯特在附近的桌子上交換著巧克力青蛙卡片，他們的斗篷上都戴著「支持塞德里克·迪戈里！」的徽章。在門口的右邊，他看到了妮娜和她的一大群雷文克勞朋友。不過她沒有戴塞德里克的徽章……這讓哈利稍微高興起來了。他無比羨慕這些人，坐在一起笑談，唯一需要擔心的就是功課。他想像著如果他的名字沒有從火盃中被抽出來，他會是什麼樣子在這裡。他不會戴著隱形斗篷，會和羅恩坐在一起。他們三個人可能會開心地想像校內冠軍將在星期二面對什麼致命的危險任務。他真的很期待這個，看著他們做任何事情……和其他人一起為塞德里克加油，坐在看臺後面的座位上享受安全的感覺。

He wondered how the other champions were feeling. Every time he had seen Cedric lately, he had been surrounded by admirers and looking

nervous but excited. Harry glimpsed Fleur Delacour from time to time in the corridors; she looked exactly as she always did, haughty and unruffled. And Krum just sat in the library, poring over books.

Harry thought of Sirius, and the tight, tense knot in his chest seemed to ease slightly. He would be speaking to him in just over twelve hours, for tonight was the night they were meeting at the common room fire — assuming nothing went wrong, as everything else had done lately. . . .

“Look, it’s Hagrid!” said Hermione.

The back of Hagrid’s enormous shaggy head — he had mercifully abandoned his bunches — emerged over the crowd. Harry wondered why he hadn’t spotted him at once, as Hagrid was so large, but standing up carefully, he saw that Hagrid had been leaning low, talking to Professor Moody. Hagrid had his usual enormous tankard in front of him, but Moody was drinking from his hip flask. Madam Rosmerta, the pretty landlady, didn’t seem to think much of this; she was looking askance at Moody as she collected glasses from tables around them. Perhaps she thought it was an insult to her mulled mead, but Harry knew better. Moody had told them all during their last Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson that he preferred to prepare his own food and drink at all times, as it was so easy for Dark wizards to poison an unattended cup.

他想知道其他冠軍現在的感受。他最近每次見到塞德里克時，總是被一群崇拜者圍繞著，看起來又緊張又興奮。哈利偶爾能在走廊上看到費爾·德拉古爾，她看起來和平常一樣，高傲冷靜。庫拉姆就只坐在圖書館裡，埋頭苦讀。哈利想起小天狼星，他緊張的心結似乎稍微放鬆了一些。再過12個小時他就能見到他了，因為今晚他們會在公共房間的火爐旁見面——前提是再沒有什麼意外發生，就像最近的所有事情一樣。“看，是海格！”赫敏說。海格巨大而毛茸茸的背後——他終於放棄了辮子——從人群中浮現出來。哈利不知為何沒有馬上看到他，因為海格太大了，但他小心地站起身，看到海格一直低著頭，和穆迪教授講話。海格面前擺著他習慣的巨大啤酒杯，但穆迪卻喝著他的臀部酒瓶。漂亮的房東羅斯梅塔似乎對此不以為意，她在收拾桌子上的杯子時斜眼看著穆迪。也許她認為這是對她冰糖燉酒的侮辱，但哈利知道得更好。穆迪在上一堂黑魔法防禦術課上告訴他們，他喜歡隨時自己準備食物和飲料，因為黑巫師很容易在無人照料的杯子中下毒。

As Harry watched, he saw Hagrid and Moody get up to leave. He waved, then remembered that Hagrid couldn’t see him. Moody, however, paused, his magical eye on the corner where Harry was standing. He tapped Hagrid in the small of the back (being unable to reach his shoulder), muttered something to him, and then the pair of them made their way back across the pub toward Harry and Hermione’s table.

“All right, Hermione?” said Hagrid loudly.

“Hello,” said Hermione, smiling back.

Moody limped around the table and bent down; Harry thought he was reading the S.P.E.W. notebook, until he muttered, “Nice Cloak, Potter.”

Harry stared at him in amazement. The large chunk missing from Moody’s nose was particularly obvious at a few inches’ distance. Moody grinned.

“Can your eye — I mean, can you — ?”

當哈利看著時，他看到海格和穆迪起身離開。他揮手，然後想起海格看不見他。然而，穆迪停下來，他的魔法眼睛在哈利所站的角落裡。他在海格背部輕拍了一下（無法夠到肩膀），對他咕噥了一些話，然後他們兩個人向酒館的另一邊走回來，朝哈利和赫敏的桌子走去。“你好，赫敏？”海格大聲說道。“你好，”赫敏回答，微笑著回答。穆迪繞過桌子蹦跳著，彎下腰來，哈利以為他在讀S.P.E.W.的筆記，直到他咕噥著，“好披風，波特。”哈利驚愕地看著他。從幾英寸的距離看去，穆迪鼻子上的一大塊缺陷尤其明顯。穆迪露出笑容，“你的眼睛——我的意思是，你能——？”

“Yeah, it can see through Invisibility Cloaks,” Moody said quietly. “And it’s come in useful at times, I can tell you.”

Hagrid was beaming down at Harry too. Harry knew Hagrid couldn’t see him, but Moody had obviously told Hagrid he was there. Hagrid now bent down on the pretext of reading the S.P.E.W. notebook as well, and said in a whisper so low that only Harry could hear it, “Harry, meet me tonight at midnight at me cabin. Wear that Cloak.”

Straightening up, Hagrid said loudly, “Nice ter see yeh, Hermione,” winked, and departed. Moody followed him.

“Why does Hagrid want me to meet him at midnight?” Harry said, very surprised.

“Does he?” said Hermione, looking startled. “I wonder what he’s up to? I don’t know whether you should go, Harry. . . .” She looked nervously around and hissed, “It might make you late for Sirius.”

「對，它能看穿隱形衣，」穆迪輕聲說。「有時候很有用，我能告訴你。」哈格力也對哈利露出笑容。哈利知道哈格力看不到他，但穆迪顯然告訴了哈格力他在那裡。哈格力現在為了讀S.P.E.W.筆記本而彎腰，並低聲對哈利說：「哈利，今晚半夜在我的小屋見面。穿上那件隱形衣。」哈格力站直身子，大聲說：「很高興見到你，赫敏。」眨了眨眼，就離開了。穆迪跟隨著他。「哈格力為什麼要我半夜見他？」哈利很驚訝地說。「他嗎？」赫敏看起來驚訝。「我不知道他在搞什麼鬼。我不知道你是否該去，哈利……」她緊張地四處看了看，嘶嘶聲說：「這可能會讓你遲到獵狗星。」

It was true that going down to Hagrid’s at midnight would mean cutting his meeting with Sirius very fine indeed; Hermione suggested sending Hedwig down to Hagrid’s to tell him he couldn’t go — always assuming she would consent to take the note, of course — Harry, however, thought it better just to be quick at whatever Hagrid wanted him for. He was very curious to know what this might be; Hagrid had never asked Harry to visit him so late at night.

At half past eleven that evening, Harry, who had pretended to go up to bed early, pulled the Invisibility Cloak back over himself and crept back downstairs through the common room. Quite a few people were still in there. The Creevey brothers had managed to get hold of a stack of *Support Cedric Diggory!* badges and were trying to bewitch them to make them say *Support Harry Potter!* instead. So far, however, all they had managed to do was get the badges stuck on *POTTER STINKS*. Harry crept past them to the portrait hole and waited for a minute or so, keeping an eye on his watch. Then Hermione opened the Fat Lady for him from outside as they had planned. He slipped past her with a whispered “Thanks!” and set off through the castle.

在半夜前往海格住处确实会让哈利和小天狼星的会面进度变得十分紧张；赫敏建议让哈利派海格去告诉他无法前往——当然前提是小天狼星同意传递信件——然而哈利认为最好还是尽快去满足海格的要求。他非常好奇这是什么事情；海格从来没有邀请哈利在深夜拜访他过。当晚十一点半的时候，哈利假装早早地上床睡觉，然后披上隐形斗篷，从公共休息室悄然回到了楼下。还有很多人留在那里，克里维兄弟设法弄到了一堆支持赛迪克·狄哥里的徽章，他们试图将它们使用咒语变成支持哈利波特的，但目前他们所做的只是让徽章卡在“波特臭虫”上。哈利悄悄地穿过他们，来到肖像的洞口，等了一两分钟，看着手表。然后，他们提前计划好的，赫敏从外面为他打开了肥胖夫人的入口。他对她轻声道“谢谢”，然后穿过城堡出发了。

The grounds were very dark. Harry walked down the lawn toward the lights shining in Hagrid’s cabin. The inside of the enormous Beauxbatons carriage was also lit up; Harry could hear Madame Maxime talking inside it as he knocked on Hagrid’s front door.

“You there, Harry?” Hagrid whispered, opening the door and looking around.

“Yeah,” said Harry, slipping inside the cabin and pulling the Cloak down off his head. “What’s up?”

“Got summat ter show yeh,” said Hagrid.

There was an air of enormous excitement about Hagrid. He was wearing a flower that resembled an oversized artichoke in his buttonhole. It looked as though he had abandoned the use of axle grease, but he had certainly attempted to comb his hair — Harry could see the comb’s broken teeth tangled in it.

場地非常黑暗。哈利走下草坪，往哈格力小屋內閃耀的燈光走去。巨大的波巴頓馬車內部也亮了起來；哈利聽到馬德姆·瑪克西姆在車內說話，當他敲了哈格力的前門時。「哈利，在那裡嗎？」哈格力低聲說著，打開門四周張望。「是的，」哈利說著，溜進小屋內，將斗篷從頭上取下。「發生了什麼事？」「有東西要給你看，」哈格力說。哈格力身上充滿了極大的興奮。他身上戴著一朵像是超大號的洋薺的花朵，看上去似乎已經不再使用軸承油，但他確實試著梳理他的頭髮——哈利可以看到梳子上糾結著斷掉的牙齒。

“What’re you showing me?” Harry said warily, wondering if the skrewts had laid eggs, or Hagrid had managed to buy another giant three-headed dog off a stranger in a pub.

“Come with me, keep quiet, an’ keep yerself covered with that Cloak,” said Hagrid. “We won’ take Fang, he won’ like it. . . .”

“Listen, Hagrid, I can’t stay long . . . I’ve got to be back up at the castle by one o’clock —”

But Hagrid wasn’t listening; he was opening the cabin door and striding off into the night. Harry hurried to follow and found, to his great surprise, that Hagrid was leading him to the Beauxbatons carriage.

“Hagrid, what — ?”

“Shhh!” said Hagrid, and he knocked three times on the door bearing the crossed golden wands.

Madame Maxime opened it. She was wearing a silk shawl wrapped around her massive shoulders. She smiled when she saw Hagrid.

“你給我看什麼？”哈利警戒地問道，他想著是不是那些巨蟲產了蛋，或者海格從一個陌生人手中買了另一個巨大的三頭犬。“跟我來，保持安靜，把你自己的斗篷蓋住，”海格說，“我們不帶芬恩，他不會喜歡. . . .”“聽我說，海格，我不能待太久. . . .我必須在一點前回到城堡. . . .”但海格沒有聽，他打開小屋的門，走向黑夜。哈利趕緊跟上去，大吃一驚的是他發現海格帶着他來到了布克巴頓魔法學院的馬車前。“海格，這是. . . .？”“噓！”海格說，他敲了敲帶有十字金杖的門三次。馬克西姆女士打開了門，她的肩膀上裹着一條絲綢披肩，看到海格時微笑了。

“Ah, ’Agrid . . . it is time?”

“Bong-sewer,” said Hagrid, beaming at her, and holding out a hand to help her down the golden steps.

Madame Maxime closed the door behind her, Hagrid offered her his arm, and they set off around the edge of the paddock containing Madame Maxime’s giant winged horses, with Harry, totally bewildered, running to keep up with them. Had Hagrid wanted to show him Madame Maxime? He could see her any old time he wanted . . . she wasn’t exactly hard to miss. . . .

But it seemed that Madame Maxime was in for the same treat as Harry, because after a while she said playfully, “Wair is it you are taking me, ’Agrid?”

“Yeh’ll enjoy this,” said Hagrid gruffly, “worth seein’, trust me. On’y — don’ go tellin’ anyone I showed yeh, right? Yeh’re not s’posed ter know.”

“啊，阿格力德. . . .該是時候了嗎？”“白秀人啊，”海格笑容滿面地說著，伸出手幫助她走下金黃色的臺階。馬德莫莉女士關上

門，海格向她伸出手臂，他們圍繞著馬德莫莉女士的巨型翼馬的草地邊緣前進，而哈利則完全困惑，跑著跟上他們。海格想給他看馬德莫莉女士嗎？他隨時都可以看到她……她真的很難錯過。但似乎馬德莫莉女士也能得到和哈利一樣的福利，因為過了一會她開玩笑地說，「你要帶我去哪裡，阿格力德？」「你會喜歡這個的，」海格咕噥著，「相當值得一看，相信我。只有一點——別告訴別人我帶你來了，對嗎？你不應該知道。」

「Of course not,」 said Madame Maxime, fluttering her long black eyelashes.

And still they walked, Harry getting more and more irritated as he jogged along in their wake, checking his watch every now and then. Hagrid had some harebrained scheme in hand, which might make him miss Sirius. If they didn't get there soon, he was going to turn around, go straight back to the castle, and leave Hagrid to enjoy his moonlit stroll with Madame Maxime. . . .

But then — when they had walked so far around the perimeter of the forest that the castle and the lake were out of sight — Harry heard something. Men were shouting up ahead . . . then came a deafening, earsplitting roar. . . .

Hagrid led Madame Maxime around a clump of trees and came to a halt. Harry hurried up alongside them — for a split second, he thought he was seeing bonfires, and men darting around them — and then his mouth fell open.

「當然不會，」瑪黛姆·馬克西姆夫人說著，她搖曳了她長長的黑色睫毛。他們繼續走著，哈利一邊氣喘吁吁地跑著，一邊對他們的行進變得越來越煩躁，不時地查看手錶。海格手上有一個瘋狂的計劃，這可能會讓他錯過小天狼星。如果他們不快點到達目的地，哈利就會轉身回城堡，讓海格與瑪黛姆·馬克西姆夫人享受他們皎潔的月夜散步……但當他們繞過森林邊緣走了很長一段路，以至於城堡和湖泊消失不見時，哈利聽到了一些聲音。前方有人大喊……接著，轟隆一聲巨響，耳膜都快炸開了……海格領著瑪黛姆·馬克西姆夫人繞過一堵樹叢停了下來。哈利趕上他們——他一瞬間以為看到了篝火和人們圍著它們嬉戲——然後他的嘴巴張大了。

Dragons.

Four fully grown, enormous, vicious-looking dragons were rearing onto their hind legs inside an enclosure fenced with thick planks of wood, roaring and snorting — torrents of fire were shooting into the dark sky from their open, fanged mouths, fifty feet above the ground on their outstretched necks. There was a silvery-blue one with long, pointed horns, snapping and snarling at the wizards on the ground; a smooth-scaled green one, which was writhing and stamping with all its might; a red one with an odd fringe of fine gold spikes around its face, which was shooting mushroom-shaped fire clouds into the air; and a gigantic black one, more lizard-like than the others, which was nearest to them.

At least thirty wizards, seven or eight to each dragon, were attempting to control them, pulling on the chains connected to heavy leather straps around their necks and legs. Mesmerized, Harry looked up, high above him, and saw the eyes of the black dragon, with vertical pupils like a cat's, bulging with either fear or rage, he couldn't tell which. . . . It was making a horrible noise, a yowling, screeching scream . . .

龍。四條已經長大、巨大且凶猛的龍正在一個被厚厚木板圍起來的圈中，站立在後腿上，咆哮和喘息著——從它們伸直的脖子上，高達五十英尺的高度，它們張開的、帶著尖銳犬齒的口中噴射出湧動的火焰，射向漆黑的天空。其中有一條銀藍色的，帶著尖角，對著地上的巫師咬牙切齒地吼叫著；還有一條光滑鱗片的綠色龍，正在全力扭動和踩踏；還有一條紅龍，臉上有一圈奇怪的細金色刺，向空中噴射蘑菇形狀的火雲；最靠近他們的是一條巨大的黑色龍，比其他龍更像蜥蜴。至少有三十名巫師，每條龍七到八名，嘗試控制牠們，拉著鏈條，連接著牠們脖子和腿上的重皮帶。哈利神魂顛倒，抬頭往上看，看到那巨大黑龍的眼睛，竖著貓眼瞳孔，因恐懼或憤怒而鼓出眼眶……它發出可怕的噪音，一種尖叫、尖銳的叫聲……

「Keep back there, Hagrid!」 yelled a wizard near the fence, straining on the chain he was holding. «They can shoot fire at a range of twenty feet, you know! I've seen this Horntail do forty!»

「Is'n' it beautiful?」 said Hagrid softly.

「It's no good!」 yelled another wizard. «Stunning Spells, on the count of three!»

Harry saw each of the dragon keepers pull out his wand.

「*Stupefy!*」 they shouted in unison, and the Stunning Spells shot into the darkness like fiery rockets, bursting in showers of stars on the dragons' scaly hides —

Harry watched the dragon nearest to them teeter dangerously on its back legs; its jaws stretched wide in a silent howl; its nostrils were suddenly devoid of flame, though still smoking — then, very slowly, it fell. Several tons of sinewy, scaly-black dragon hit the ground with a thud that Harry could have sworn made the trees behind him quake.

「小心點，海格！」附近的一位巫師對著籬笆大喊，他嘶力地拉住手中的鏈子。「你知道他們可以在二十英尺外噴火嗎？我曾經看過這條角尾龍噴到四十英尺遠！」「這不是美麗嗎？」海格輕聲說道。「沒有用的！」另一位巫師大喊道。「三，二，一，昏迷咒！」哈利看到每個飼龍人都掏出了魔杖。「昏迷咒！」他們齊聲喊道，昏迷咒像火箭般射向黑暗，炸裂成星星點點，在龍鱗上綻放 - 哈利看著最靠近他們的那條龍危險地搖搖欲墜，它的下巴無聲地張開，鼻孔突然失去了火焰，雖然還在冒煙 - 然後，非常緩慢地，它倒下了。幾噸有肌肉質地的黑鱗龍撞擊地面，哈利可以發誓，他身後的樹木在搖晃。

The dragon keepers lowered their wands and walked forward to their fallen charges, each of which was the size of a small hill. They hurried to tighten the chains and fasten them securely to iron pegs, which they forced deep into the ground with their wands.

「Wan' a closer look?」 Hagrid asked Madame Maxime excitedly. The pair of them moved right up to the fence, and Harry followed. The wizard

who had warned Hagrid not to come any closer turned, and Harry realized who it was: Charlie Weasley.

“All right, Hagrid?” he panted, coming over to talk. “They should be okay now — we put them out with a Sleeping Draught on the way here, thought it might be better for them to wake up in the dark and the quiet — but, like you saw, they weren’t happy, not happy at all —”

“What breeds you got here, Charlie?” said Hagrid, gazing at the closest dragon, the black one, with something close to reverence. Its eyes were still just open. Harry could see a strip of gleaming yellow beneath its wrinkled black eyelid.

龍飼育員放下他們的魔杖向前走向他們倒下的巨龍，每一隻都有一個小山那麼大。他們趕緊收緊鎖鏈，並將它們牢牢地固定在鐵釘上，用他們的魔杖將它們深深地插入地下。“想更近一點看看嗎？”海格興奮地問馬克西姆夫人。他們兩人走到了籬笆旁邊，而哈利跟著走了過去。警告海格不要再靠近的巫師轉過身來，哈利注意到那是查理·韋斯萊。“海格，沒事吧？”他喘了口氣過來說話。“他們現在應該沒事了——我們在來到這裡的路上給他們灌下了鎮靜劑，我想他們在黑暗和安靜中醒來會更好——但是，就像你看到的，他們並不高興，一點也不高興——”“你們這裡有什麼品種的龍，查理？”海格凝視著最靠近他們的龍，黑色的那一隻，近乎崇敬。它的眼睛還沒有完全閉上，哈利可以看見在它皺巴巴的黑色眼瞼下閃爍著一條閃亮的黃色。

“This is a Hungarian Horntail,” said Charlie. “There’s a Common Welsh Green over there, the smaller one — a Swedish Short-Snout, that blue-gray — and a Chinese Fireball, that’s the red.”

Charlie looked around; Madame Maxime was strolling away around the edge of the enclosure, gazing at the Stunned dragons.

“I didn’t know you were bringing her, Hagrid,” Charlie said, frowning. “The champions aren’t supposed to know what’s coming — she’s bound to tell her student, isn’t she?”

“Jus’ thought she’d like ter see ‘em,” shrugged Hagrid, still gazing enraptured, at the dragons.

“Really romantic date, Hagrid,” said Charlie, shaking his head.

“Four . . .” said Hagrid, “so it’s one fer each o’ the champions, is it? What’ve they gotta do — fight ‘em?”

“Just get past them, I think,” said Charlie. “We’ll be on hand if it gets nasty, Extinguishing Spells at the ready. They wanted nesting mothers, I don’t know why . . . but I tell you this, I don’t envy the one who gets the Horntail. Vicious thing. Its back end’s as dangerous as its front, look.”

“這是匈牙利角尾龍，”查理說。“那邊有一隻普通威爾斯綠，小一點的 - 一隻瑞典短嘴，那個藍灰色 - 還有一個中國火球，那是紅色的。”查理四處看了看；馬德琳·麥克斯姆繞著圍欄的邊緣漫步，凝視著昏迷的龍。“我不知道你帶她來了，海格，”查理皺起眉頭說。“冠軍們不應該知道發生了什麼 - 她肯定會告訴她的學生，不是嗎？”“只是想讓她看看它們，”海格聳聳肩，仍然陶醉地凝視著龍。“真浪漫的約會，海格，”查理說，搖頭。“四個……”海格說，‘那麼每個冠軍可以得到一個？他們得做什麼 - 與它們戰鬥？”“我想只需要越過它們，”查理說。“如果情況變得危險，我們會準備好滅火咒語的。他們想要築巢的母親，我不知道為什麼……但我告訴你，我不羨慕得到角尾龍的人。兇猛的東西。它的背部和前面一樣危險，看。”

Charlie pointed toward the Horntail’s tail, and Harry saw long, bronze-colored spikes protruding along it every few inches.

Five of Charlie’s fellow keepers staggered up to the Horntail at that moment, carrying a clutch of huge granite-gray eggs between them in a blanket. They placed them carefully at the Horntail’s side. Hagrid let out a moan of longing.

“I’ve got them counted, Hagrid,” said Charlie sternly. Then he said, “How’s Harry?”

“Fine,” said Hagrid. He was still gazing at the eggs.

“Just hope he’s still fine after he’s faced this lot,” said Charlie grimly, looking out over the dragons’ enclosure. “I didn’t dare tell Mum what he’s got to do for the first task; she’s already having kittens about him . . .” Charlie imitated his mother’s anxious voice. “*How could they let him enter that tournament, he’s much too young! I thought they were all safe, I thought there was going to be an age limit!*” She was in floods after that *Daily Prophet* article about him. ‘*He still cries about his parents! Oh bless him, I never knew!*’”

查理指向獨角怪的尾巴，哈利看到每隔幾英寸就有長長的青銅色尖刺突出來。就在那時，查理的五名同伴蹣跚著來到獨角怪身邊，攜帶著一捆用毛毯包裹的巨大花崗岩灰色蛋。他們小心地將它們放在獨角怪的身旁。海格發出了一聲渴望的呻吟。“我已經數過了，海格，”查理嚴厲地說。然後他問：“哈利怎麼樣？”“好的，”海格說。他仍然凝視著那些蛋。“只是希望他面對這些東西後還能保持正常，”查理沉悶地說著，眺望著龍舍。“我不敢告訴媽媽他在第一場比賽中要做什麼；她已經對他很擔心了……”查理模仿著他母親焦慮的聲音，“他怎麼能參加那個比賽，他太年輕了！我原以為他們都安全，我還以為會有年齡限制！”她在讀到關於他的那篇《每日預言家》文章之後淚如泉湧。‘他還為他的父母哭泣！噢，可憐的孩子，我從來不知道！’”

Harry had had enough. Trusting to the fact that Hagrid wouldn’t miss him, with the attractions of four dragons and Madame Maxime to occupy him, he turned silently and began to walk away, back to the castle.

He didn’t know whether he was glad he’d seen what was coming or not. Perhaps this way was better. The first shock was over now. Maybe if he’d seen the dragons for the first time on Tuesday, he would have passed out cold in front of the whole school . . . but maybe he would anyway. . . . He was going to be armed with his wand — which, just now, felt like nothing more than a narrow strip of wood — against a fifty-foot-high, scaly, spike-ridden, fire-breathing dragon. And he had to get past it. With everyone watching. *How?*

Harry sped up, skirting the edge of the forest; he had just under fifteen minutes to get back to the fireside and talk to Sirius, and he couldn’t

remember, ever, wanting to talk to someone more than he did right now — when, without warning, he ran into something very solid.

哈利已經受夠了。他信任海格不會想念他，因為四只龍和馬克西姆夫人可以占據他的注意力。他靜靜地轉身，開始往回走，回到城堡裡去。他不知道他是否很高興看到了即將發生的事情。也許這樣做更好。第一個衝擊現在已經過去了。也許如果他在周二第一次看到龍的話，他會在學校的全體人員面前暈倒.....但也許他會暈倒。他要拿著他的魔杖——現在只感覺像一根狹長的木條——對付一只五十英尺高、佈滿鱗片、充滿尖刺、吐火的龍。他必須要過去。眾目睽睽之下。怎麼辦？哈利走得更快了，繞過了森林的邊緣；他只有不到十五分鐘的時間回到火爐邊，和小天狼星談話。他不記得自己曾經比現在更想和某個人談話了——當他突然無預警地撞上了什麼堅硬的東西。

Harry fell backward, his glasses askew, clutching the Cloak around him. A voice nearby said, "Ouch! Who's there?"

Harry hastily checked that the Cloak was covering him and lay very still, staring up at the dark outline of the wizard he had hit. He recognized the goatee . . . it was Karkaroff.

"Who's there?" said Karkaroff again, very suspiciously, looking around in the darkness. Harry remained still and silent. After a minute or so, Karkaroff seemed to decide that he had hit some sort of animal; he was looking around at waist height, as though expecting to see a dog. Then he crept back under the cover of the trees and started to edge forward toward the place where the dragons were.

Very slowly and very carefully, Harry got to his feet and set off again as fast as he could without making too much noise, hurrying through the darkness back toward Hogwarts.

哈利倒下，眼鏡歪斜，緊握斗篷。附近的一個聲音說：“嗯！誰在那裡？”哈利急忙確認斗篷是否遮住他，然後保持靜止，仰望著他撞到的巫師的黑色輪廓。他認出那海軍頭.....是卡卡洛夫。“誰在那裡？”卡卡洛夫再次非常猜測地說，四處在暗處張望。哈利保持靜止和沉默。大約一分鐘後，卡卡洛夫似乎決定他撞到了某種動物；他正在腰部高度附近周圍看，好像期待看到狗。然後，他悄悄地回到樹影下，開始緩緩地向龍所在的地方靠近。哈利非常緩慢，非常小心地站起來，盡可能不發出太多噪音，匆匆穿過黑暗，返回霍格華茲。

He had no doubt whatsoever what Karkaroff was up to. He had sneaked off his ship to try and find out what the first task was going to be. He might even have spotted Hagrid and Madame Maxime heading off around the forest together — they were hardly difficult to spot at a distance . . . and now all Karkaroff had to do was follow the sound of voices, and he, like Madame Maxime, would know what was in store for the champions.

By the looks of it, the only champion who would be facing the unknown on Tuesday was Cedric.

Harry reached the castle, slipped in through the front doors, and began to climb the marble stairs; he was very out of breath, but he didn't dare slow down . . . He had less than five minutes to get up to the fire . . .

"Balderdash!" he gasped at the Fat Lady, who was snoozing in her frame in front of the portrait hole.

他毫不懷疑卡卡洛夫的意圖。他從船上偷溜出來，試圖找出第一項任務是什麼。他甚至可能已經注意到海格和瑪德姆·馬克西姆一起走向森林-從遠處看起來他們很容易被發現.....現在卡卡洛夫只需要跟著聲音走，他和馬克西姆一樣，就會知道冠軍們將會面對什麼。從外觀來看，唯一會在星期二面臨未知的冠軍是塞德里克。哈利到了城堡，從正門進入，開始爬上大理石樓梯，他非常喘不過氣，但他不敢放慢速度.....他只有不到五分鐘的時間到達火堆。“胡言亂語！”他喘息著對著睡在畫框前的胖太太說。

"If you say so," she muttered sleepily, without opening her eyes, and the picture swung forward to admit him. Harry climbed inside. The common room was deserted, and, judging by the fact that it smelled quite normal, Hermione had not needed to set off any Dungbombs to ensure that he and Sirius got privacy.

Harry pulled off the Invisibility Cloak and threw himself into an armchair in front of the fire. The room was in semidarkness; the flames were the only source of light. Nearby, on a table, the *Support Cedric Diggory!* badges the Creeveys had been trying to improve were glinting in the firelight. They now read *POTTER REALLY STINKS*. Harry looked back into the flames, and jumped.

Sirius's head was sitting in the fire. If Harry hadn't seen Mr. Diggory do exactly this back in the Weasleys' kitchen, it would have scared him out of his wits. Instead, his face breaking into the first smile he had worn for days, he scrambled out of his chair, crouched down by the hearth, and said, "Sirius — how're you doing?"

她昏沉地喃喃自語，“如果你这样说。”她沒有睜開眼睛，画面向前蕩開，讓他進來。哈利爬了進去。客廳里空無一人，從空气中散發著普通的氣味，赫敏不需要放鼠屎炸彈以確保他們和小天狼星有隱私。哈利脫下隱形斗篷，並坐在壁爐前的扶手椅上。房間半暗，火光是唯一的光源。附近的桌子上，拉德克里夫家的支持瑟德里克·迪戈里的徽章，裡面一直在做功夫的克里維姆家族，此時在火光照射下闪闪發亮，上面寫著“波特真臭”。哈利回頭看著火焰，忽然吓了一跳。小天狼星的頭頸正坐在火中。如果哈利之前沒有在韋斯萊家的廚房裡看到迪戈里先生做過這件事，他的心臟會被吓得停止跳動。哈利臉上綻放出數天來的第一個微笑，從扶手椅上爬出來，蹲在壁爐旁邊說：“小天狼星-你過得怎樣？”

Sirius looked different from Harry's memory of him. When they had said good-bye, Sirius's face had been gaunt and sunken, surrounded by a quantity of long, black, matted hair — but the hair was short and clean now, Sirius's face was fuller, and he looked younger, much more like the only photograph Harry had of him, which had been taken at the Potters' wedding.

"Never mind me, how are you?" said Sirius seriously.

“I’m—”For a second, Harry tried to say “fine”—but he couldn’t do it. Before he could stop himself, he was talking more than he’d talked in days—about how no one believed he hadn’t entered the tournament of his own free will, how Rita Skeeter had lied about him in the *Daily Prophet*, how he couldn’t walk down a corridor without being sneered at—and about Ron, Ron not believing him, Ron’s jealousy . . .

小天狼星的样子和哈利记忆中的不同了。当他们告别时，小天狼星面颊憔悴，周围缠绕着一大堆黑色的蓬松头发——但现在头发短而干净，小天狼星的脸更饱满，看起来更年轻，更像哈利有过的他预计家园婚礼的照片。“别管我了，你怎么样？”小天狼星认真地说。“我——”哈利试图说“很好”——但他做不到。他不自觉地大谈特谈，讲述了他自己并不是自己自由意志下的参赛者，在《每日先驱报》上丽塔·斯基特（Rita Skeeter）对他撒了谎，他不能在走廊里走动而不被嘲笑——以及罗恩，罗恩不相信他，罗恩嫉妒他……

“. . . and now Hagrid’s just shown me what’s coming in the first task, and it’s dragons, Sirius, and I’m a goner,” he finished desperately.

Sirius looked at him, eyes full of concern, eyes that had not yet lost the look that Azkaban had given them—that deadened, haunted look. He had let Harry talk himself into silence without interruption, but now he said, “Dragons we can deal with, Harry, but we’ll get to that in a minute—I haven’t got long here . . . I’ve broken into a Wizarding house to use the fire, but they could be back at any time. There are things I need to warn you about.”

“What?” said Harry, feeling his spirits slip a further few notches. . . . Surely there could be nothing worse than dragons coming?

“Karkaroff,” said Sirius. “Harry, he was a Death Eater. You know what Death Eaters are, don’t you?”

“. . . 現在海格剛向我展示了第一場比賽的內容，是龍，天哪，我死定了，”他絕望地說完。天狼星注視著他，滿心關懷，那雙眼睛仍然保持著阿茲卡班所賜予的那種死氣沉沉、充滿恐懼的神情。他讓哈利自顧自地說完，沒有打斷他，但現在他說道：“龍我們可以克服，哈利，但等等再說——時間不多了. . . . 我已經闖進一所巫師的家裡，借來火爐，但他們隨時可能回來。我有些事要警告你。”“什麼事？”哈利感覺自己的情緒再次下降了幾個檔次. . . . 難道還有比龍更糟的事情嗎？“卡卡洛夫。”天狼星說，“哈利，他曾是一名食死徒。你知道食死徒是什麼吧？”

“Yes—he—what?”

“He was caught, he was in Azkaban with me, but he got released. I’d bet everything that’s why Dumbledore wanted an Auror at Hogwarts this year—to keep an eye on him. Moody caught Karkaroff. Put him into Azkaban in the first place.”

“Karkaroff got released?” Harry said slowly—his brain seemed to be struggling to absorb yet another piece of shocking information. “Why did they release him?”

“He did a deal with the Ministry of Magic,” said Sirius bitterly. “He said he’d seen the error of his ways, and then he named names . . . he put a load of other people into Azkaban in his place. . . . He’s not very popular in there, I can tell you. And since he got out, from what I can tell, he’s been teaching the Dark Arts to every student who passes through that school of his. So watch out for the Durmstrang champion as well.”

「對——他——什麼？」「他被抓了，和我一起在阿茲卡班裡，但他被釋放了。我敢打賭，這就是為什麼鄧布利多想要一位傳送員在霍格沃茨監視他的原因，穆迪抓住了卡卡洛夫。一開始就把他送進阿茲卡班。」「卡卡洛夫被釋放了？」哈利慢慢地說道——他的大腦似乎正在努力接受另一個令人震驚的消息。「他們為什麼釋放他？」「他和魔法部達成了協議，」西里斯嘴角帶著痛苦。「他說他已經認識到自己的錯誤，然後透露了名字. . . . 他用自己的位置換取了其他很多人進入阿茲卡班. . . . 他在那裡不是很受歡迎，我可以告訴你。從他出獄到現在，據我所知，他一直在向通過他的那所學校的每一個學生教授黑魔法。所以也要小心杜姆斯特朗冠軍。」

“Okay,” said Harry slowly. “But . . . are you saying Karkaroff put my name in the goblet? Because if he did, he’s a really good actor. He seemed furious about it. He wanted to stop me from competing.”

“We know he’s a good actor,” said Sirius, “because he convinced the Ministry of Magic to set him free, didn’t he? Now, I’ve been keeping an eye on the *Daily Prophet*, Harry—”

“—you and the rest of the world,” said Harry bitterly.

“—and reading between the lines of that Skeeter woman’s article last month, Moody was attacked the night before he started at Hogwarts. Yes, I know she says it was another false alarm,” Sirius said hastily, seeing Harry about to speak, “but I don’t think so, somehow. I think someone tried to stop him from getting to Hogwarts. I think someone knew their job would be a lot more difficult with him around. And no one’s going to look into it too closely; Mad-Eye’s heard intruders a bit too often. But that doesn’t mean he can’t still spot the real thing. Moody was the best Auror the Ministry ever had.”

“好的，”哈利慢慢地說，“但是你是說卡卡洛夫把我的名字放進了火盆里？因为如果是這樣，他真的是一个很好的演員。他似乎对此很生气。他想阻止我参赛。”“我们知道他是一个好演员，”小天狼星說，“因为他说服了魔法部让他自由，不是吗？现在，哈利，我一直在关注着《每日先驱报》——”“——和全世界其他人一样，”哈利痛苦地说。“——并且在那个司汀女士上个月的文章里读出了些什么，穆迪在到霍格沃茨之前的那个晚上遭受了袭击。是的，我知道她说那又是一个虚假的警报，”小天狼星急忙說，看到哈利要开口，“但我不这么认为。我认为有人试图阻止他去霍格沃茨。我认为有人知道如果他在那里，他们的工作会更加困难。而且没有人会过多地深入调查这件事；疯眼老头听到入侵者的次数有点太多了。但这并不意味着他不能发现真正的事情。穆迪是魔法部历史上最好的咒术师。”

“So . . . what are you saying?” said Harry slowly. “Karkaroff’s trying to kill me? But — why?”

Sirius hesitated.

“I’ve been hearing some very strange things,” he said slowly. “The Death Eaters seem to be a bit more active than usual lately. They showed themselves at the Quidditch World Cup, didn’t they? Someone set off the Dark Mark . . . and then — did you hear about that Ministry of Magic witch who’s gone missing?”

“Bertha Jorkins?” said Harry.

“Exactly . . . she disappeared in Albania, and that’s definitely where Voldemort was rumored to be last . . . and she would have known the Triwizard Tournament was coming up, wouldn’t she?”

“Yeah, but . . . it’s not very likely she’d have walked straight into Voldemort, is it?” said Harry.

“Listen, I knew Bertha Jorkins,” said Sirius grimly. “She was at Hogwarts when I was, a few years above your dad and me. And she was an idiot. Very nosy, but no brains, none at all. It’s not a good combination, Harry. I’d say she’d be very easy to lure into a trap.”

“那你的意思是什麼？”哈利緩慢地問。“卡卡洛夫想殺我？可是……為什麼呢？”西里斯猶豫了一下。他緩慢地說：“我聽到了一些非常奇怪的事情。那些食死徒最近似乎比平常活躍得多，他們在魁地奇世界杯上露了面，是嗎？有人發出了黑魔標記……那個魔法部的女巫失踪了，你有聽說過嗎？”“伯莎·喬金斯？”哈利說。“對的……她在阿爾巴尼亞失踪了，那明顯就是佛地魔上次出現的地方……而且她知道三強鬥士錦標賽即將舉行，不是嗎？”“是的，但……她很不可能直接走進佛地魔的陷阱，是嗎？”哈利說。“聽我說，我認識伯莎·喬金斯。”西里斯嚴肅地說。“當我還在霍格華茲的時候，她比你爸爸和我大幾歲。她是一個笨蛋，又多管閒事，卻一點腦子也沒有。這可不是一個好結合，哈利。我想她很容易被誘進陷阱中。”

“So . . . so Voldemort could have found out about the tournament?” said Harry. “Is that what you mean? You think Karkaroff might be here on his orders?”

“I don’t know,” said Sirius slowly, “I just don’t know . . . Karkaroff doesn’t strike me as the type who’d go back to Voldemort unless he knew Voldemort was powerful enough to protect him. But whoever put your name in that goblet did it for a reason, and I can’t help thinking the tournament would be a very good way to attack you and make it look like an accident.”

“Looks like a really good plan from where I’m standing,” said Harry, grinning bleakly. “They’ll just have to stand back and let the dragons do their stuff.”

“Right — these dragons,” said Sirius, speaking very quickly now. “There’s a way, Harry. Don’t be tempted to try a Stunning Spell — dragons are strong and too powerfully magical to be knocked out by a single Stunner, you need about half a dozen wizards at a time to overcome a dragon —”

“這麼說，佛地魔可能知道這次比賽的事情？”哈利問道：“你的意思是卡卡洛夫是奉佛地魔的命令來的嗎？”“我不知道，”小天狼星慢慢地說：“我真的不知道……我不覺得卡卡洛夫會回到佛地魔那裡，除非他知道佛地魔有能力保護他。但是，誰把你的名字放進那個銅鑼裡是有原因的，我認為這次比賽是攻擊你的很好的機會，而且還可以把它看做是一場意外。”“從我這裡的角度來看，這看起來是一個真正好的計劃。”哈利冷靜地說道：“他們只需要退後，讓那些龍做它們的事情就行了。”“對的，就是這些龍。”小天狼星的話語變得非常快：“有個方法，哈利。不要試圖用昏迷咒——龍很強壯，也很強大，一個昏迷咒不足以讓它失去理智。你需要約半打巫師一起克服一頭龍。”

“Yeah, I know, I just saw,” said Harry.

“But you can do it alone,” said Sirius. “There is a way, and a simple spell’s all you need. Just —”

But Harry held up a hand to silence him, his heart suddenly pounding as though it would burst. He could hear footsteps coming down the spiral staircase behind him.

“Go!” he hissed at Sirius. “Go! There’s someone coming!”

Harry scrambled to his feet, hiding the fire — if someone saw Sirius’s face within the walls of Hogwarts, they would raise an almighty uproar — the Ministry would get dragged in — he, Harry, would be questioned about Sirius’s whereabouts —

Harry heard a tiny *pop!* in the fire behind him and knew Sirius had gone. He watched the bottom of the spiral staircase. Who had decided to go for a stroll at one o’clock in the morning, and stopped Sirius from telling him how to get past a dragon?

“是的，我知道，我剛剛看到了，”哈利說。“但你可以獨自完成，”小天狼星說。“有一種方法，只需要一個簡單的咒語就可以了——”但哈利舉起手示意他保持安靜，他的心臟突然劇烈跳動。他聽到有人從他身後的螺旋樓梯走下來。“走！”他對小天狼星咆哮道。“走！有人來了！”哈利爬起身，藏起火——如果有人在霍格沃茨的牆壁內看到小天狼星的臉，他們會掀起一片轟動——魔法部會卷入其中——他哈利會被問及小天狼星的下落——哈利聽到後面火焰中傳來一聲微小的砰！他知道小天狼星已經離開了。他看著螺旋樓梯的底部。是誰決定在凌晨一點去散步，阻止小天狼星告訴他如何越過一條龍呢？

It was Ron. Dressed in his maroon paisley pajamas, Ron stopped dead facing Harry across the room, and looked around.

“Who were you talking to?” he said.

“What’s that got to do with you?” Harry snarled. “What are you doing down here at this time of night?”

“I just wondered where you —” Ron broke off, shrugging. “Nothing. I’m going back to bed.”

“Just thought you’d come nosing around, did you?” Harry shouted. He knew that Ron had no idea what he’d walked in on, knew he hadn’t done it on purpose, but he didn’t care — at this moment he hated everything about Ron, right down to the several inches of bare ankle showing beneath his pajama trousers.

“Sorry about that,” said Ron, his face reddening with anger. “Should’ve realized you didn’t want to be disturbed. I’ll let you get on with practicing for your next interview in peace.”

他是羅恩。羅恩穿著深紅色印花的睡衣直視哈利站在房間的另一側，四處張望。“你在跟誰說話？”他問道。“這關你什麼事？”哈利咆哮道。“你半夜跑來這裡幹嘛？”“我只是想知道你——”羅恩打斷了，聳了聳肩。“沒事了。我回去睡覺了。”“你只是想來偷聽嗎？”哈利喊道。他知道羅恩不知道自己撞見了什麼，知道他沒有惡意，但此刻他討厭羅恩的一切，從他睡衣褲子下露出的幾英寸光腳踝到他的一切。“對不起，”羅恩說，臉色因憤怒而變紅。“應該意識到你不想被打擾。我讓你繼續享受你的練習，為下一次面試做準備吧。”

Harry seized one of the *POTTER REALLY STINKS* badges off the table and chucked it, as hard as he could, across the room. It hit Ron on the forehead and bounced off.

“There you go,” Harry said. “Something for you to wear on Tuesday. You might even have a scar now, if you’re lucky. . . . That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

He strode across the room toward the stairs; he half expected Ron to stop him, he would even have liked Ron to throw a punch at him, but Ron just stood there in his too-small pajamas, and Harry, having stormed upstairs, lay awake in bed fuming for a long time afterward and didn’t hear him come up to bed.

哈利抓住一個「波特真臭」徽章，並且猛力將它扔到房間的另一側。它擊中了羅恩的前額，然後反彈出去了。「給你東西穿。上星期二了。」哈利說，「如果你幸運的話，甚至會有一個傷疤……這不是你想要的嗎？」他穿過房間走向樓梯，他甚至期望羅恩會阻止他，他甚至希望羅恩能用拳頭打他，但羅恩只是穿著太小的睡衣站在那裡。哈利暴躁地躺在床上，沉思了很長時間，他沒有聽到羅恩上床。



THE FIRST TASK

Harry got up on Sunday morning and dressed so inattentively that it was a while before he realized he was trying to pull his hat onto his foot instead of his sock. When he'd finally got all his clothes on the right parts of his body, he hurried off to find Hermione, locating her at the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall, where she was eating breakfast with Ginny. Feeling too queasy to eat, Harry waited until Hermione had swallowed her last spoonful of porridge, then dragged her out onto the grounds. There, he told her all about the dragons, and about everything Sirius had said, while they took another long walk around the lake.

Alarmed as she was by Sirius's warnings about Karkaroff, Hermione still thought that the dragons were the more pressing problem.

"Let's just try and keep you alive until Tuesday evening," she said desperately, "and then we can worry about Karkaroff."

哈利星期天早上起床，穿衣的時候無精打采，結果踹了半天才發現他試圖把帽子套在襪子上。當他終於穿好了所有衣服，開始匆匆忙忙地找赫敏的時候，赫敏正在大廳的格蘭芬多桌吃早餐，和金妮在一起。哈利感到太噁心了，無法吃東西，因此等到赫敏吞下最後一勺粥後，就把她拉到了操場上。在那裡，他把龍的事情和西里斯說的一切告訴了她，同時他們繞着湖邊又走了一圈。即使赫敏被西里斯對卡卡洛夫的警告驚嚇得很嚴重，她仍認為龍是更迫切的問題。「讓我們試著保持你的生命到星期二晚上吧，」她絕望地說，「然後我們可以擔心卡卡洛夫的問題。」

They walked three times around the lake, trying all the way to think of a simple spell that would subdue a dragon. Nothing whatsoever occurred to them, so they retired to the library instead. Here, Harry pulled down every book he could find on dragons, and both of them set to work searching through the large pile.

"*Talon-clipping by charms . . . treating scale-rot . . .* ' This is no good, this is for nutters like Hagrid who want to keep them healthy. . . ."

"*Dragons are extremely difficult to slay, owing to the ancient magic that imbues their thick hides, which none but the most powerful spells can penetrate . . .* ' But Sirius said a simple one would do it. . . ."

"Let's try some simple spellbooks, then," said Harry, throwing aside *Men Who Love Dragons Too Much*.

他們圍著湖走了三圈，一路上試圖想出能夠征服龍的簡單咒語，可卻毫無頭緒，於是他們轉而進入了圖書館。在這裡，哈利拉下了每一本他能找到的有關龍的書籍，然後兩人開始搜索這大堆書本。“用魔法修剪爪子.....治療鱗片腐爛.....”這些都是給像海格那樣想要讓他們健康的怪人看的。.....”“由於古老的魔法滲入了厚厚的龍皮，只有最強大的咒語才能穿透，因此，征服龍類極為困難.....”但西里斯說只需要一個簡單的咒語就行了。.....”“那麼現在我們試試一些簡單的咒語書。”哈利說著，把《愛龍癖者》扔到了一旁。

He returned to the table with a pile of spellbooks, set them down, and began to flick through each in turn, Hermione whispering nonstop at his elbow.

"Well, there are Switching Spells . . . but what's the point of Switching it? Unless you swapped its fangs for wine-gums or something that would make it less dangerous. . . . The trouble is, like that book said, not much is going to get through a dragon's hide. . . . I'd say Transfigure it, but something that big, you really haven't got a hope, I doubt even Professor McGonagall . . . unless you're supposed to put the spell on *yourself*? Maybe to give yourself extra powers? But *they're* not simple spells, I mean, we haven't done any of those in class, I only know about them because I've been doing O.W.L. practice papers. . . ."

他拿著一堆法術書回到桌子旁，放下來，然後開始依次翻閱，赫敏一直在他身邊小聲說著話。「嗯，有變形法術.....但改變它有什麼意義呢？除非你把牠的毒牙換成葡萄糖軟糖或其他能讓牠變得不那麼危險的東西.....問題是，就像那本書上說的，幾乎沒有什麼能穿透龍的皮膚.....我想變形，但像那麼大的東西，你真的沒有希望，我甚至懷疑麥康娜教授.....除非你打算在自己身上使用這個咒語？或許是給自己額外的能力？但它們並不是簡單的咒語，我的意思是，我們沒有在課堂上做過這些，我只知道這些是因為我一直在做O.W.L.的練習。」

"Hermione," Harry said, through gritted teeth, "will you shut up for a bit, please? I'm trying to concentrate."

But all that happened, when Hermione fell silent, was that Harry's brain filled with a sort of blank buzzing, which didn't seem to allow room for

concentration. He stared hopelessly down the index of *Basic Hexes for the Busy and Vexed. Instant scalping . . .* but dragons had no hair . . . *pepper breath . . .* that would probably increase a dragon's firepower . . . *horn tongue . . .* just what he needed, to give it an extra weapon . . .

"Oh no, he's back *again*, why can't he read on his stupid ship?" said Hermione irritably as Viktor Krum slouched in, cast a surly look over at the pair of them, and settled himself in a distant corner with a pile of books. "Come on, Harry, we'll go back to the common room . . . his fan club'll be here in a moment, twittering away. . . ."

"妙麗，"哈利咬牙切齒地說道，“你能不能安靜一會兒？我在集中注意力。”但當妙麗沉默下來時，哈利的腦袋裡只剩下了一片空白和嗡嗡的聲音，似乎無法再集中注意力。他無助地盯著《忙碌和煩惱巫咒基本法則》的索引。瞬間剃光頭……但龍是沒有頭髮的……胡椒呼吸……那可能會增加龍的威力……角舌……正是他需要的，為其提供額外的武器……“哦不，他又回來了，為什麼他不能在無聊的船上閱讀？”妙麗惱怒地說道，當維克多·克魯姆沉重地走進來，瞥了他們兩個一眼，便在遠處一角落定下來，拿起一堆書。“來吧，哈利，我們回去公共休息室……他的風頭團隊馬上就會來了，咿咿呀呀地亂叫……”

And sure enough, as they left the library, a gang of girls tiptoed past them, one of them wearing a Bulgaria scarf tied around her waist.

Harry barely slept that night. When he awoke on Monday morning, he seriously considered for the first time ever just running away from Hogwarts. But as he looked around the Great Hall at breakfast time, and thought about what leaving the castle would mean, he knew he couldn't do it. It was the only place he had ever been happy . . . well, he supposed he must have been happy with his parents too, but he couldn't remember that.

Somehow, the knowledge that he would rather be here and facing a dragon than back on Privet Drive with Dudley was good to know; it made him feel slightly calmer. He finished his bacon with difficulty (his throat wasn't working too well), and as he and Hermione got up, he saw Cedric Diggory leaving the Hufflepuff table.

當他們離開圖書館時，一群女孩悄悄地經過他們，其中一個系著保加利亞圍巾。哈利幾乎沒有睡覺。當他星期一早上醒來時，他嚴肅地考慮過第一次從霍格華茲逃走。但當他在早餐時間環顧大廳，思考離開城堡所意味著的一切，他知道他不能這麼做。這是他唯一感到快樂的地方……好吧，他想他和他的父母在一起時也可能很快樂，但他無法記得那些時光。不知何故，知道他寧願在這裡面對龍，也不願意回到普里韋特大街和達德利在一起的事實讓他感到相對平靜。他很難咀嚼完他的培根（因為他的喉嚨不太好），當他和赫敏站起來時，他看到塞德里克·狄高里離開獨角獸桌。

Cedric still didn't know about the dragons . . . the only champion who didn't, if Harry was right in thinking that Maxime and Karkaroff would have told Fleur and Krum . . .

"Hermione, I'll see you in the greenhouses," Harry said, coming to his decision as he watched Cedric leaving the Hall. "Go on, I'll catch you up."

"Harry, you'll be late, the bell's about to ring—"

"I'll catch you up, okay?"

By the time Harry reached the bottom of the marble staircase, Cedric was at the top. He was with a load of sixth-year friends. Harry didn't want to talk to Cedric in front of them; they were among those who had been quoting Rita Skeeter's article at him every time he went near them. He followed Cedric at a distance and saw that he was heading toward the Charms corridor. This gave Harry an idea. Pausing at a distance from them, he pulled out his wand, and took careful aim.

塞德里克仍然不知道龍的存在……如果哈利想得對，瑪克西姆和卡卡洛夫會告訴佛樓和克魯姆，塞德里克是唯一不知情的挑戰者……“赫敏，我們在溫室見，”哈利說，當他看著塞德里克離開大廳時做出了決定。“你先走，我會隨後來的。”“哈利，你要遲到了，鐘馬就要響了——”“沒關係，我會來的。”當哈利到達大理石樓梯下面時，塞德里克已經在上面了，和一群六年級的朋友在一起。哈利不想在他們面前和塞德里克說話；他們是那些每次看到他就會引用利塔·斯基特文章的人之一。他在一定距離處跟著塞德里克，看到他朝著咒語走廊走去。這給了哈利一個主意。他停在一定距離處，拿出魔杖，仔細瞄準。

"*Diffindo!*"

Cedric's bag split. Parchment, quills, and books spilled out of it onto the floor. Several bottles of ink smashed.

"Don't bother," said Cedric in an exasperated voice as his friends bent down to help him. "Tell Flitwick I'm coming, go on . . ."

This was exactly what Harry had been hoping for. He slipped his wand back into his robes, waited until Cedric's friends had disappeared into their classroom, and hurried up the corridor, which was now empty of everyone but himself and Cedric.

"Hi," said Cedric, picking up a copy of *A Guide to Advanced Transfiguration* that was now splattered with ink. "My bag just split . . . brand-new and all . . ."

"Cedric," said Harry, "the first task is dragons."

"What?" said Cedric, looking up.

"Dragons," said Harry, speaking quickly, in case Professor Flitwick came out to see where Cedric had got to. "They've got four, one for each of us, and we've got to get past them."

“Diffindo！”塞德里克的包破了。羊皮纸、鹅毛笔和书掉到了地板上。几瓶墨水碎了。“不用管了，”塞德里克的朋友俯身帮他时，他沮丧地说道。“告诉弗利特威克我来了，去吧……”这正是哈利一直希望看到的。他把魔杖插回长袍里，等到塞德里克的朋友们消失在教室里后，匆忙走过了这个现在只剩他和塞德里克的走廊。“嗨，”塞德里克说着，拿起了《高级变形术指南》的一本，上面沾满了墨水。“我的包刚刚破了……刚刚买的。”“塞德里克，”哈利说，“第一项任务是龙。”“什么？”塞德里克抬起头来问。“龙，”哈利快速地说道，以防弗利特威克教授出来看看塞德里克去了哪里。“他们有四只，每个人一只，我们必须走过它们。”

Cedric stared at him. Harry saw some of the panic he'd been feeling since Saturday night flickering in Cedric's gray eyes.

“Are you sure?” Cedric said in a hushed voice.

“Dead sure,” said Harry. “I've seen them.”

“But how did you find out? We're not supposed to know. . . .”

“Never mind,” said Harry quickly—he knew Hagrid would be in trouble if he told the truth. “But I'm not the only one who knows. Fleur and Krum will know by now—Maxime and Karkaroff both saw the dragons too.”

Cedric straightened up, his arms full of inky quills, parchment, and books, his ripped bag dangling off one shoulder. He stared at Harry, and there was a puzzled, almost suspicious look in his eyes.

“Why are you telling me?” he asked.

Harry looked at him in disbelief. He was sure Cedric wouldn't have asked that if he had seen the dragons himself. Harry wouldn't have let his worst enemy face those monsters unprepared—well, perhaps Malfoy or Snape . . .

賽德力克盯著他看。哈利看到自從星期六晚上以來他一直感到恐慌，現在也在賽德力克灰色的眼中閃閃發亮。「你確定？」賽德力克輕聲說。「非常肯定，」哈利說。「我已經看到了。」「但你怎麼知道？我們不應該知道. . .」「別管了，」哈利迅速地說 - 他知道如果他說實話，海格會遇到麻煩。「但並不是只有我知道。弗勒和克魯姆現在也知道了 - 馬克西姆和卡卡羅夫也都看到了龍。」賽德力克挺直身子，雙臂擠滿了墨水筆、羊皮紙和書，破爛的背包斜懸在一肩上。他盯著哈利，眼中有些疑惑，幾乎是懷疑的表情。「你為什麼告訴我？」他問。哈利難以置信地看著他。他相信如果賽德力克自己看到了那些龍，他不會問那個問題。哈利不會讓他最壞的敵人毫無準備地面對那些怪物 - 好吧，也許是馬爾福或斯內普...

“It's just . . . fair, isn't it?” he said to Cedric. “We all know now . . . we're on an even footing, aren't we?”

Cedric was still looking at him in a slightly suspicious way when Harry heard a familiar clunking noise behind him. He turned around and saw Mad-Eye Moody emerging from a nearby classroom.

“Come with me, Potter,” he growled. “Diggory, off you go.”

Harry stared apprehensively at Moody. Had he overheard them?

“Er — Professor, I'm supposed to be in Herbology —”

“Never mind that, Potter. In my office, please. . . .”

Harry followed him, wondering what was going to happen to him now. What if Moody wanted to know how he'd found out about the dragons? Would Moody go to Dumbledore and tell on Hagrid, or just turn Harry into a ferret? Well, it might be easier to get past a dragon if he were a ferret, Harry thought dully, he'd be smaller, much less easy to see from a height of fifty feet . . .

「這很公平，不是嗎？」他對塞德里克說。「我們現在都知道了……我們處於同等地位，不是嗎？」塞德里克仍然用有些懷疑的眼神看著他，這時哈利聽到身後傳來熟悉的金屬撞擊聲。他轉過身來，看到瘋眼穆迪從附近的教室中出現。「跟著我來，波特。」他低聲咆哮。「迪戈里，你回去吧。」哈利惴惴不安地看著穆迪。他聽到了他們的對話嗎？「呃，教授，我應該去草藥學課——」「別管那個，波特。請到我的辦公室來。」哈利跟著他走，心裡想著接下來會發生什麼。萬一穆迪問他如何發現有關龍的消息呢？穆迪會去告訴鄧布利多指責海格嗎？還是只是把哈利變成鼴鼠？哈利無精打采地想著，如果變成鼴鼠的話，也許更容易通過龍的考驗，他會變得更小，要從五十英尺高的地方看到他就更難了……

He followed Moody into his office. Moody closed the door behind them and turned to look at Harry, his magical eye fixed upon him as well as the normal one.

“That was a very decent thing you just did, Potter,” Moody said quietly.

Harry didn't know what to say; this wasn't the reaction he had expected at all.

“Sit down,” said Moody, and Harry sat, looking around.

He had visited this office under two of its previous occupants. In Professor Lockhart's day, the walls had been plastered with beaming, winking pictures of Professor Lockhart himself. When Lupin had lived here, you were more likely to come across a specimen of some fascinating new Dark creature he had procured for them to study in class. Now, however, the office was full of a number of exceptionally odd objects that Harry

supposed Moody had used in the days when he had been an Auror.

他跟著穆迪進了他的辦公室。穆迪把門關上，轉過身來看著哈利，他的魔法眼和正常的眼睛都盯著他。“波特，你剛才做的那件事非常體面，”穆迪輕聲說道。哈利不知道該說什麼，這完全不是他預期的反應。“坐下，”穆迪說，哈利坐下來四處看著。他以前曾經拜訪過這個辦公室的兩個前任。在洛哈特教授的時代，牆上貼滿了他自己的開心和眨眼照片。當魯平住在這裡時，你更有可能會遇到他為他們準備的一些奇特新的黑暗生物標本，以供課堂研究。然而，現在，辦公室裡擺滿了哈利猜想穆迪在當他是男爵時使用過的一些非常奇特的物品。

On his desk stood what looked like a large, cracked, glass spinning top; Harry recognized it at once as a Sneakoscope, because he owned one himself, though it was much smaller than Moody's. In the corner on a small table stood an object that looked something like an extra-squiggly, golden television aerial. It was humming slightly. What appeared to be a mirror hung opposite Harry on the wall, but it was not reflecting the room. Shadowy figures were moving around inside it, none of them clearly in focus.

“Like my Dark Detectors, do you?” said Moody, who was watching Harry closely.

“What's that?” Harry asked, pointing at the squiggly golden aerial.

“Secrecy Sensor. Vibrates when it detects concealment and lies . . . no use here, of course, too much interference — students in every direction lying about why they haven't done their homework. Been humming ever since I got here. I had to disable my Sneakoscope because it wouldn't stop whistling. It's extra-sensitive, picks up stuff about a mile around. Of course, it could be picking up more than kid stuff,” he added in a growl.

他的桌子上擺放著一個看起來像是一個大型的、破裂的、玻璃打磨出來的陀螺；哈利立刻認出它是一個偵測魔法器，因為他自己也擁有一個，只不過比魔迪的小得多。在一張小桌子的角落上，擺著一個看起來像一個額外彎曲的、金色的電視天線的物體，微微地發出了嗡嗡聲。對面牆上掛著一面鏡子，但它並沒有反射出房間。模糊的身影在其中來回移動，沒有一個能夠清晰辨識。「你喜歡我的暗黑魔法探測器嗎？」魔迪盯著哈利，問道。「那是什麼？」哈利指著彎曲的金色天線問道。「封印嗅覺器。當它探測到隱藏和謊言時會震動……當然，這裡沒用，有太多的干擾——到處都是學生在謊稱為什麼沒有寫作業。我來到這裡以來它一直在嗡嗡聲。我不得不失能我的偵測魔法器，因為它一直在哨聲。它的靈敏度特別高，可以探測區域約為一英里範圍內的東西。當然，它也可能探測到的不只是孩子的東西。」他生氣地補充道。

“And what's the mirror for?”

“Oh that's my Foe-Glass. See them out there, skulking around? I'm not really in trouble until I see the whites of their eyes. That's when I open my trunk.”

He let out a short, harsh laugh, and pointed to the large trunk under the window. It had seven keyholes in a row. Harry wondered what was in there, until Moody's next question brought him sharply back to earth.

“So . . . found out about the dragons, have you?”

Harry hesitated. He'd been afraid of this — but he hadn't told Cedric, and he certainly wasn't going to tell Moody, that Hagrid had broken the rules.

“It's all right,” said Moody, sitting down and stretching out his wooden leg with a groan. “Cheating's a traditional part of the Triwizard Tournament and always has been.”

「那鏡子是做什麼用的？」「哦，那是我的仇敵鏡。看到他們在那裡潛伏嗎？只有看到他們的眼白時，我才會真正陷入麻煩。那時我才會打開我的行李箱。」他發出一聲短促而刺耳的笑聲，指著窗底下的大行李箱。它上面排列著七個鑰匙孔。哈利好奇地想知道裡面有些什麼，直到魔迪的下一個問題讓他驚醒。「你知道龍的事情了，對吧？」哈利猶豫了。他很害怕這個問題——但他沒有告訴塞德里克，當然也不會告訴魔迪，海格犯了規。“没关系，”魔迪說道，坐下來用木腿伸展。“作弊是三強爭霸賽的傳統，并一直如此。”

“I didn't cheat,” said Harry sharply. “It was — a sort of accident that I found out.”

Moody grinned. “I wasn't accusing you, laddie. I've been telling Dumbledore from the start, he can be as high-minded as he likes, but you can bet old Karkaroff and Maxime won't be. They'll have told their champions everything they can. They want to win. They want to beat Dumbledore. They'd like to prove he's only human.”

Moody gave another harsh laugh, and his magical eye swiveled around so fast it made Harry feel queasy to watch it.

“So . . . got any ideas how you're going to get past your dragon yet?” said Moody.

“No,” said Harry.

“Well, I'm not going to tell you,” said Moody gruffly. “I don't show favoritism, me. I'm just going to give you some good, general advice. And the first bit is — *play to your strengths.*”

“我没有作弊，”哈利尖刻地说：“那只是一种我意外发现的意外情况。”魔迪咧嘴一笑。“我并不是在指责你，小子。我一直在告诉邓布利多，他可以如他所愿地高傲自大，但你可以肯定，卡卡洛夫和马克西姆不会。他们会把他们的冠军告诉他们所知道的一切。他们想要赢。他们想要打败邓布利多。他们想要证明他只是个普通人。”魔迪又发出了一声刺耳的笑声，他的魔法眼

转得飞快，看着它让哈利感到恶心。“那么……你有想法怎么突破你的龙吗？”魔迪问。“没有，”哈利说。“嗯，我不会告诉你的，”魔迪咆哮着说：“我不会偏袒任何人。我只会给你一些好的、通用的建议。第一点是，发挥你的长处。”

“I haven’t got any,” said Harry, before he could stop himself.

“Excuse me,” growled Moody, “you’ve got strengths if I say you’ve got them. Think now. What are you best at?”

Harry tried to concentrate. What was he best at? Well, that was easy, really—

“Quidditch,” he said dully, “and a fat lot of help—”

“That’s right,” said Moody, staring at him very hard, his magical eye barely moving at all. “You’re a damn good flier from what I’ve heard.”

“Yeah, but . . .” Harry stared at him. “I’m not allowed a broom, I’ve only got my wand—”

“My second piece of general advice,” said Moody loudly, interrupting him, “is to use a nice, simple spell that will enable you to get what you need.”

Harry looked at him blankly. What did he need?

“Come on, boy . . .” whispered Moody. “Put them together . . . it’s not that difficult. . . .”

“我什麼都沒有，”哈利邊說邊嘴巴便失言了。“對不起，”穆迪咆哮道，“你有你的優勢，只要我說你有。想一想，你最擅長什麼？”哈利試著集中注意力。他最擅長什麼？這很簡單，真的——“魁地奇，”他沉悶地說，“但根本沒什麼用——”“你說對了，”穆迪盯著他看，他的魔法眼幾乎沒有動。“據我所知，你飛得非常好。”“是啊，但是...”哈利盯著他说，“我不能用掃帚，我只有魔杖——”“我的第二個通用建議，”穆迪大聲中斷他，“是使用一個簡單的咒語，使你可以得到你需要的東西。”哈利茫然地看著他。他需要什麼？“來吧，孩子...”穆迪低語道，“把它們放在一起...這並不難...”

And it clicked. He was best at flying. He needed to pass the dragon in the air. For that, he needed his Firebolt. And for his Firebolt, he needed—

“Hermione,” Harry whispered, when he had sped into the greenhouse three minutes later, uttering a hurried apology to Professor Sprout as he passed her. “Hermione—I need you to help me.”

“What d’you think I’ve been trying to do, Harry?” she whispered back, her eyes round with anxiety over the top of the quivering Flutterby Bush she was pruning.

“Hermione, I need to learn how to do a Summoning Charm properly by tomorrow afternoon.”

And so they practiced. They didn’t have lunch, but headed for a free classroom, where Harry tried with all his might to make various objects fly across the room toward him. He was still having problems. The books and quills kept losing heart halfway across the room and dropping like stones to the floor.

它有點明白了。他最擅長飛行。他需要在空中通過龍。為此，他需要他的閃電魔杖。為了他的閃電魔杖，他需要——“赫敏，”哈利匆匆走過三分鐘後湧進溫室，向綠色植物學教授快速道歉時低聲說道，“赫敏——我需要你幫我。”“哈利，你以為我一直在努力做什麼？”她低聲回答，她在修剪顫動的飛蠻灌木時，焦慮的雙眼瞪著他。“赫敏，我需要在明天下午之前學會如何正確使用召喚咒。”於是他們練習了。他們沒有吃午飯，而是前往一個免費的教室，在那裡，哈利試圖想盡力讓各種物品飛向他。他還在遇到問題。書和筆記本通過了一半的時候就失去了勇氣，像石頭一樣掉在地上。

“Concentrate, Harry, concentrate. . . .”

“What d’you think I’m trying to do?” said Harry angrily. “A great big dragon keeps popping up in my head for some reason. . . . Okay, try again. . . .”

He wanted to skip Divination to keep practicing, but Hermione refused point-blank to skive off Arithmancy, and there was no point in staying without her. He therefore had to endure over an hour of Professor Trelawney, who spent half the lesson telling everyone that the position of Mars with relation to Saturn at that moment meant that people born in July were in great danger of sudden, violent deaths.

“Well, that’s good,” said Harry loudly, his temper getting the better of him, “just as long as it’s not drawn-out. I don’t want to suffer.”

Ron looked for a moment as though he was going to laugh; he certainly caught Harry’s eye for the first time in days, but Harry was still feeling too resentful toward Ron to care. He spent the rest of the lesson trying to attract small objects toward him under the table with his wand. He managed to make a fly zoom straight into his hand, though he wasn’t entirely sure that was his prowess at Summoning Charms — perhaps the fly was just stupid.

「專注，哈利，專注.....」「你以為我在幹嘛？」哈利生氣地說。「腦子裡不知道為什麼一直浮現一隻巨龍.....好了，再試試看.....」他想跳過占卜課繼續練習，但赫敏堅決拒絕逃避算術課，而沒有她在，留在課堂上也是毫無意義的。因此，他不得不忍受特里勞妮教授一個多小時的授課，她在課堂上花了一半的時間告訴大家當時的火星和土星的位置關係意味著七月出生的人將面臨突然、暴力的死亡。「那挺好的啊。」哈利大聲說，他的脾氣控制不住了。「只要不太拖沓。我不想痛苦。」羅恩看上去好像要笑了，他第一次在幾天裡注視到哈利的眼睛，但哈利對他仍然抱著怨念，所以無動於衷。他餘下的時間都在試

圖用魔杖在桌子下面把小東西往自己這邊吸引。他成功地把一只蒼蠅吸到了手中，雖然他並不完全確定那是他召喚魔咒的技能，也許這只蒼蠅只是太笨了。

He forced down some dinner after Divination, then returned to the empty classroom with Hermione, using the Invisibility Cloak to avoid the teachers. They kept practicing until past midnight. They would have stayed longer, but Peeves turned up and, pretending to think that Harry wanted things thrown at him, started chucking chairs across the room. Harry and Hermione left in a hurry before the noise attracted Filch, and went back to the Gryffindor common room, which was now mercifully empty.

At two o'clock in the morning, Harry stood near the fireplace, surrounded by heaps of objects: books, quills, several upturned chairs, an old set of Gobstones, and Neville's toad, Trevor. Only in the last hour had Harry really got the hang of the Summoning Charm.

"That's better, Harry, that's loads better," Hermione said, looking exhausted but very pleased.

他在占卜课后吃了点晚饭，然后和赫敏回到空教室里，利用隐形斗篷躲避老师。他们练习到深夜。他们本可以再呆一会儿，但皮维斯出现了，装作认为哈利想要东西扔向他，开始把椅子扔到房间里。哈利和赫敏在噪声引起菲尔奇之前赶紧离开，回到了现在幸好空无一人的格兰芬多公共休息室。凌晨两点，哈利站在壁炉旁，周围堆着各种物品：书籍、羽毛笔、几把倒过来的椅子、一套旧高仑石游戏和尼维尔的蟾蜍特里弗。直到最后一个钟头，哈利才真正掌握了咒语。“哈利，这样做更好了，这样做好多了，”赫敏说着，看上去很疲惫但非常高兴。

"Well, now we know what to do next time I can't manage a spell," Harry said, throwing a rune dictionary back to Hermione, so he could try again, "threaten me with a dragon. Right . . ." He raised his wand once more. "*Accio Dictionary!*"

The heavy book soared out of Hermione's hand, flew across the room, and Harry caught it.

"Harry, I really think you've got it!" said Hermione delightedly.

"Just as long as it works tomorrow," Harry said. "The Firebolt's going to be much farther away than the stuff in here, it's going to be in the castle, and I'm going to be out there on the grounds. . . ."

"That doesn't matter," said Hermione firmly. "Just as long as you're concentrating really, really hard on it, it'll come. Harry, we'd better get some sleep . . . you're going to need it."

"嗯，現在我們知道下次我無法施展法術時該怎麼做了，"哈利說，將符文詞典扔給赫敏，然後再試一遍，"威脅我要召喚一頭龍。對，就是這樣....."他再次舉起魔杖。"*Accio辭典！*"沉重的書從赫敏的手中飛起，飛過房間，哈利抓住了它。"哈利，我真的覺得你做到了！"赫敏高興地說道。"只要明天可以用，"哈利說。"火箭飛天掃帚會比這裡的東西遠得多，它會在城堡裡，而我會在外面的草地上....." "那沒關係，"赫敏堅定地說。"只要你非常、非常專注，它就會出現。哈利，我們最好去睡覺了.....你會需要它的。"

Harry had been focusing so hard on learning the Summoning Charm that evening that some of his blind panic had left him. It returned in full measure, however, on the following morning. The atmosphere in the school was one of great tension and excitement. Lessons were to stop at midday, giving all the students time to get down to the dragons' enclosure — though of course, they didn't yet know what they would find there.

Harry felt oddly separate from everyone around him, whether they were wishing him good luck or hissing "*We'll have a box of tissues ready, Potter*" as he passed. It was a state of nervousness so advanced that he wondered whether he mightn't just lose his head when they tried to lead him out to his dragon, and start trying to curse everyone in sight. Time was behaving in a more peculiar fashion than ever, rushing past in great dollops, so that one moment he seemed to be sitting down in his first lesson, History of Magic, and the next, walking into lunch . . . and then (where had the morning gone? the last of the dragon-free hours?), Professor McGonagall was hurrying over to him in the Great Hall. Lots of people were watching.

哈利當晚專心致志地學習召喚咒語，以至於他的一些盲目恐慌已經離開了他。然而，它在隔天早上回來了。學校的氛圍緊張而興奮。課程將在中午停止，給所有學生時間到龍的圍欄——當然，他們還不知道在那裡會找到什麼。哈利感到奇怪的孤獨，無論他們是祝他好運，還是當他經過時發出“波特，我們已經準備好一盒面紙了”的嘶嘶聲，他都感到與周圍的人離群索居。他的神經狀態非常不安，以至於他不知道當他們試圖帶他走見他的龍時，他是否會失去理智，開始試圖咒語眼前的每個人。時間的行為比以往更加奇怪，大塊地匆匆而過，因此一刻他似乎坐在他的第一堂課，魔法史上，然後，他來到午餐...然後（早上去哪裡了？最後一個沒有龍的小時？），麥格教授匆忙來到大廳。很多人都在看著。

"Potter, the champions have to come down onto the grounds now. . . . You have to get ready for your first task."

"Okay," said Harry, standing up, his fork falling onto his plate with a clatter.

"Good luck, Harry," Hermione whispered. "You'll be fine!"

"Yeah," said Harry in a voice that was most unlike his own.

He left the Great Hall with Professor McGonagall. She didn't seem herself either; in fact, she looked nearly as anxious as Hermione. As she walked him down the stone steps and out into the cold November afternoon, she put her hand on his shoulder.

"Now, don't panic," she said, "just keep a cool head. . . . We've got wizards standing by to control the situation if it gets out of hand. . . . The main thing is just to do your best, and nobody will think any the worse of you. . . . Are you all right?"

“波特，冠军们现在必须下到操场上。你必须为你的第一个任务做好准备。”“好的，”哈利站起来，他的叉子啪地一聲掉在了盤子上。“好運，哈利，”赫敏低聲說道。“你會沒事的！”“是啊，”哈利用一種非常不像自己的聲音回答道。他跟麥格教授離開了大禮堂。她似乎也不像她自己，事實上，她看起來幾乎和赫敏一樣焦急。當她帶著他走下石梯，走進寒冷的十一月午後時，她把手放在他的肩膀上。“現在，不要慌張，”她說，“保持冷靜。如果局面失控，我們有巫師在旁邊掌控情況。最重要的是盡你最大的努力，沒有人會說你不好。你沒問題吧？”

“Yes,” Harry heard himself say. “Yes, I’m fine.”

She was leading him toward the place where the dragons were, around the edge of the forest, but when they approached the clump of trees behind which the enclosure would be clearly visible, Harry saw that a tent had been erected, its entrance facing them, screening the dragons from view.

“You’re to go in here with the other champions,” said Professor McGonagall, in a rather shaky sort of voice, “and wait for your turn, Potter. Mr. Bagman is in there . . . he’ll be telling you the — the procedure. . . . Good luck.”

“Thanks,” said Harry, in a flat, distant voice. She left him at the entrance of the tent. Harry went inside.

Fleur Delacour was sitting in a corner on a low wooden stool. She didn’t look nearly as composed as usual, but rather pale and clammy. Viktor Krum looked even surlier than usual, which Harry supposed was his way of showing nerves. Cedric was pacing up and down. When Harry entered, Cedric gave him a small smile, which Harry returned, feeling the muscles in his face working rather hard, as though they had forgotten how to do it.

“是的，”哈利听到自己说，“是的，我很好。”她带他走向龙所在的地方，在森林的边缘转弯，但当他们接近树丛时，哈利看到一顶帐篷已经建立起来，帐篷的入口朝向他们，遮住了龙所在的场景。“你要与其他的冠军一起进去，”麦格教授声音有些颤抖，“等待你的轮流表演，波特。巴格曼先生在里面……他会告诉你……程序。祝你好运。”“谢谢，”哈利用一种平淡、遥远的声音说着。她把他带到帐篷的入口处。哈利走了进去。弗尔·德拉库正坐在木凳上的一个角落里。她看起来一点也不像平时那么沉着，相反，有些苍白和冷汗淋漓。维克多·克鲁姆看起来比平时更为脾气暴躁，哈利想这可能就是他表现紧张的方式。塞德里克正在走来走去。哈利进来的时候，塞德里克微微一笑，哈利也回了一笑，感觉脸上的肌肉很紧绷，好像已经忘记了如何放松。

“Harry! Good-o!” said Bagman happily, looking around at him. “Come in, come in, make yourself at home!”

Bagman looked somehow like a slightly overblown cartoon figure, standing amid all the pale-faced champions. He was wearing his old Wasp robes again.

“Well, now we’re all here — time to fill you in!” said Bagman brightly. “When the audience has assembled, I’m going to be offering each of you this bag” — he held up a small sack of purple silk and shook it at them — “from which you will each select a small model of the thing you are about to face! There are different — er — varieties, you see. And I have to tell you something else too . . . ah, yes . . . your task is to *collect the golden egg!*”

Harry glanced around. Cedric had nodded once, to show that he understood Bagman’s words, and then started pacing around the tent again; he looked slightly green. Fleur Delacour and Krum hadn’t reacted at all. Perhaps they thought they might be sick if they opened their mouths; that was certainly how Harry felt. But they, at least, had volunteered for this. . . .

“哈利！太好了！”巴格曼高兴地说着，看着他四处张望。“进来，进来，把自己当家人！”巴格曼站在面色苍白的冠军们中间，有点像一个略微夸张的卡通人物。他又穿上了他的老黄蜂袍子。“现在我们都在这里了——是时候把情况告诉你们了！”巴格曼眉开眼笑地说着。“当观众都到齐后，我会给你们每个人一个袋子。”他拿起一个紫色丝绸小袋子晃了晃。“你们每个人将从袋子里选出一个模型，代表你们将要面对的东西！你们会看到有不同的——呃——品种。我还要告诉你们一些其他的事……啊，对了……你们的任务是收集金色的龙蛋！”哈利环视了一下周围。塞德里克点了点头，表示他理解了巴格曼的话，然后又开始在帐篷里踱来踱去；他看起来有点恶心。菲乐·德拉库尔和克鲁姆没有做出任何反应。也许他们觉得张口说话会让他们想吐；哈利肯定就是这样感觉的。但他们至少是自愿来参加这个比赛的……

And in no time at all, hundreds upon hundreds of pairs of feet could be heard passing the tent, their owners talking excitedly, laughing, joking. . . . Harry felt as separate from the crowd as though they were a different species. And then — it seemed like about a second later to Harry — Bagman was opening the neck of the purple silk sack.

“Ladies first,” he said, offering it to Fleur Delacour.

She put a shaking hand inside the bag and drew out a tiny, perfect model of a dragon — a Welsh Green. It had the number two around its neck. And Harry knew, by the fact that Fleur showed no sign of surprise, but rather a determined resignation, that he had been right: Madame Maxime had told her what was coming.

The same held true for Krum. He pulled out the scarlet Chinese Fireball. It had a number three around its neck. He didn’t even blink, just sat back down and stared at the ground.

眨眼之间，帐篷外可以聽到數以百計的腳步聲，他們談笑、開玩笑，興高采烈。哈利感覺自己跟這群人類似極了。接著——好像只過了一秒時間，巴格曼就拉開了紫色絲綢袋的頸口。「女士們優先，」他對菲樂·狄拉庫說，把袋子遞給她。她戰戰兢兢地伸手進袋子，抽出了一個嬌小而完美的龍模型——威爾士青龍，身上掛著編號2。哈利知道，由於菲樂沒有表現出任何驚訝的跡象，而是表現出堅定的順從，他是對的：馬克西姆夫人已經告訴她會出現什麼。克魯姆也是如此。他拿出了火紅色的中國

火球龍，身上掛著編號3。他甚至沒有眨眼，只是坐回去盯著地面。

Cedric put his hand into the bag, and out came the blueish-gray Swedish Short-Snout, the number one tied around its neck. Knowing what was left, Harry put his hand into the silk bag and pulled out the Hungarian Horntail, and the number four. It stretched its wings as he looked down at it, and bared its minuscule fangs.

“Well, there you are!” said Bagman. “You have each pulled out the dragon you will face, and the numbers refer to the order in which you are to take on the dragons, do you see? Now, I’m going to have to leave you in a moment, because I’m commentating. Mr. Diggory, you’re first, just go out into the enclosure when you hear a whistle, all right? Now . . . Harry . . . could I have a quick word? Outside?”

“Er . . . yes,” said Harry blankly, and he got up and went out of the tent with Bagman, who walked him a short distance away, into the trees, and then turned to him with a fatherly expression on his face.

塞德里克把手伸进袋子里，拿出蓝灰色的瑞典短噴火龍，脖子上系着第一张标签。知道剩下什么后，哈利把手伸进丝绸袋子里，拿出匈牙利角尾龍和第四个标签。当他低头看着它时，它伸展着翅膀，露出微小的尖牙。“好了，你们拿出了要应战的龙，号码指的是你们应打龙的顺序，明白吗？现在，我得马上走了，因为我要做评论。迪戈里先生，你先出去到大花园里，听到口哨就开始吧？哈利……我能和你谈一下吗？出去一下？”“嗯……行。”哈利茫然地说着，站起身和巴格曼一起走出帐篷，巴格曼领着他走了一小段距离，到了树林里，然后露出一副慈父的神情看着他。

“Feeling all right, Harry? Anything I can get you?”

“What?” said Harry. “I — no, nothing.”

“Got a plan?” said Bagman, lowering his voice conspiratorially. “Because I don’t mind sharing a few pointers, if you’d like them, you know. I mean,” Bagman continued, lowering his voice still further, “you’re the underdog here, Harry. . . . Anything I can do to help . . .”

“No,” said Harry so quickly he knew he had sounded rude, “no — I — I know what I’m going to do, thanks.”

“Nobody would *know*, Harry,” said Bagman, winking at him.

“No, I’m fine,” said Harry, wondering why he kept telling people this, and wondering whether he had ever been less fine. “I’ve got a plan worked out, I —”

A whistle had blown somewhere.

“Good lord, I’ve got to run!” said Bagman in alarm, and he hurried off.

“哈利，感覺還好嗎？有需要我幫忙的嗎？”“什麼？”哈利說，“我——不，沒事。”“有計劃了嗎？”Bagman陰險地低聲說，“如果你需要的話，我不介意分享幾個提示給你知道。我的意思是，”Bagman繼續降低聲音，“你是弱者，哈利... 我可以做些什麼幫助你的...”“不需要，”哈利這麼快地說，他知道自己聽起來很粗魯，“沒事，謝謝。”“哈利，沒人會知道，”Bagman對他眨眼睛。“我沒事，”哈利說，想知道為什麼他一直告訴人們這個，想知道自己是否曾經比現在更不好。遠處響起哨聲。“天啊，我必須要跑了！”Bagman驚慌地說，然後匆忙離開了。

Harry walked back to the tent and saw Cedric emerging from it, greener than ever. Harry tried to wish him luck as he walked past, but all that came out of his mouth was a sort of hoarse grunt.

Harry went back inside to Fleur and Krum. Seconds later, they heard the roar of the crowd, which meant Cedric had entered the enclosure and was now face-to-face with the living counterpart of his model. . . .

It was worse than Harry could ever have imagined, sitting there and listening. The crowd screamed . . . yelled . . . gasped like a single many-headed entity, as Cedric did whatever he was doing to get past the Swedish Short-Snout. Krum was still staring at the ground. Fleur had now taken to retracing Cedric’s steps, around and around the tent. And Bagman’s commentary made everything much, much worse. . . . Horrible pictures formed in Harry’s mind as he heard: “Oooh, narrow miss there, very narrow” . . . “He’s taking risks, this one!” . . . “*Clever move — pity it didn’t work!*”

哈利走回帳篷，看到塞德里克從帳篷裡走出來，臉色比以往任何時候都要蒼白。哈利試著在走過他時祝他好運，但他口中發出的只是一種嘶啞的聲音。哈利重新回到帳篷裡與芙蕾和克魯姆相會。幾秒鐘後，他們聽到了觀眾們的歡呼聲，這意味著塞德里克已經進入了競技場，現在正面對著他的模型活物.....這比哈利想像中的要糟糕得多，坐在那裡聆聽著。觀眾群尖叫聲響起.....吼叫聲.....喘息聲齊聲合唱，當塞德里克做著任何讓瑞典短嘴龍失敗的操作時。克魯姆仍然盯著地面。芙蕾現在開始繞著帳篷走塞德里克的步伐。而巴格曼的評論使一切變得更加糟糕.....哈利的腦海中浮現出可怕的畫面，他聽到：“哦，非常危險，差點失敗了”.....“他很冒險！”.....“聰明的舉動——可惜沒有奏效！”

And then, after about fifteen minutes, Harry heard the deafening roar that could mean only one thing: Cedric had gotten past his dragon and captured the golden egg.

“Very good indeed!” Bagman was shouting. “And now the marks from the judges!”

But he didn’t shout out the marks; Harry supposed the judges were holding them up and showing them to the crowd.

“One down, three to go!” Bagman yelled as the whistle blew again. “Miss Delacour, if you please!”

Fleur was trembling from head to foot; Harry felt more warmly toward her than he had done so far as she left the tent with her head held high and her hand clutching her wand. He and Krum were left alone, at opposite sides of the tent, avoiding each other's gaze.

The same process started again. . . . “Oh I'm not sure that was wise!” they could hear Bagman shouting gleefully. “Oh . . . nearly! Careful now . . . good lord, I thought she'd had it then!”

然後，大約十五分鐘後，哈利聽到震耳欲聾的吼叫聲，那只可能意味著一件事：塞德里克已經通過他的龍並捕獲了金色的蛋。“非常好！”巴格曼喊道。“現在是評委的評分！”但他沒有喊出分數；哈利猜想評委們正在舉起它們並向觀眾展示。“完成一個，還有三個！”巴格曼再次吹哨喊道。“德拉庫爾小姐，請！”芙蕾爾從頭到腳都在顫抖；哈利對她的好感比之前更加溫暖，因為她昂首闊步，手握魔杖離開了帳篷。他和克拉姆留在帳篷裡，站在帳篷的兩側，避免彼此的目光。同樣的過程再次開始。他們聽到巴格曼歡呼地喊道：“哦，我不確定那樣做是否明智！”“噢...差點了！小心...真是老天啊，我以為她獲勝了！”

Ten minutes later, Harry heard the crowd erupt into applause once more. . . . Fleur must have been successful too. A pause, while Fleur's marks were being shown . . . more clapping . . . then, for the third time, the whistle.

“And here comes Mr. Krum!” cried Bagman, and Krum slouched out, leaving Harry quite alone.

He felt much more aware of his body than usual; very aware of the way his heart was pumping fast, and his fingers tingling with fear . . . yet at the same time, he seemed to be outside himself, seeing the walls of the tent, and hearing the crowd, as though from far away. . . .

“Very daring!” Bagman was yelling, and Harry heard the Chinese Fireball emit a horrible, roaring shriek, while the crowd drew its collective breath. “That's some nerve he's showing — and — yes, he's got the egg!”

十分鐘後，哈利再次聽到觀眾爆發出掌聲聲響……芙蓉肯定也成功了。然後，停頓片刻，展示芙蓉的成績……再次掌聲……第三次響起哨聲。「現在出場的是庫拉姆先生！」巴格曼大聲喊道，庫拉姆慵懶地走出去，讓哈利獨自一人。他比平常更加意識到自己的身體，心臟的急速跳動和手指的恐懼刺痛感覺非常明顯……但與此同時，他好像超脫出自己的身體，遠離篷房的牆壁和觀眾，觀看著整個場面。「非常大膽！」巴格曼咆哮著，哈利聽到了中國火球龍發出可怕的嚎叫聲，觀眾們紛紛倒吸一口氣。「他真是有勇氣……是的，他拿到了龍蛋！」

Applause shattered the wintry air like breaking glass; Krum had finished — it would be Harry's turn any moment.

He stood up, noticing dimly that his legs seemed to be made of marshmallow. He waited. And then he heard the whistle blow. He walked out through the entrance of the tent, the panic rising into a crescendo inside him. And now he was walking past the trees, through a gap in the enclosure fence.

He saw everything in front of him as though it was a very highly colored dream. There were hundreds and hundreds of faces staring down at him from stands that had been magicked there since he'd last stood on this spot. And there was the Horntail, at the other end of the enclosure, crouched low over her clutch of eggs, her wings half-furled, her evil, yellow eyes upon him, a monstrous, scaly, black lizard, thrashing her spiked tail, leaving yard-long gouge marks in the hard ground. The crowd was making a great deal of noise, but whether friendly or not, Harry didn't know or care. It was time to do what he had to do . . . to focus his mind, entirely and absolutely, upon the thing that was his only chance. . . .

掌聲如同玻璃碎裂般撕裂冬日的空氣，克魯姆結束了，哈利隨時都要上場了。他站起來，感覺他的腿似乎是由棉花糖製成的。他等待著。然後，他聽到哨聲響起。他穿過帳篷的入口，恐懼在他的內心中迅速攀升。現在，他正在穿過樹林，穿過圍欄的一個缺口。他看到面前的一切就像是一個非常顯色的夢境。從他上次站在這個地方以來，已經魔法般地建造出數百個看台，數百張臉向他凝視。另一端，有著眾多孵化的蛋的角龍，低蹲著，雙翼半展開，邪惡的黃眼睛盯著他，一條龐大的、帶著鱗片的黑色蜥蜴，用尾巴猛擊地面，留下碼長的痕跡。觀眾正在發出很大的聲音，但哈利不知道或不在意是否友善。這是做他必須要做的事情的時候了...要完全且絕對地專注於他唯一的機會。

He raised his wand.

“Accio Firebolt!” he shouted.

Harry waited, every fiber of him hoping, praying . . . If it hadn't worked . . . if it wasn't coming . . . He seemed to be looking at everything around him through some sort of shimmering, transparent barrier, like a heat haze, which made the enclosure and the hundreds of faces around him swim strangely. . . .

And then he heard it, speeding through the air behind him; he turned and saw his Firebolt hurtling toward him around the edge of the woods, soaring into the enclosure, and stopping dead in midair beside him, waiting for him to mount. The crowd was making even more noise. . . . Bagman was shouting something . . . but Harry's ears were not working properly anymore . . . listening wasn't important. . . .

他舉起魔杖。“阿基歐·飛天掃帚！”他喊道。哈利等著，全身充滿了希望和祈禱。如果這不起作用的話，如果它沒有來的話.....他似乎通過某種模糊的，透明的屏障看著他周圍的一切，就像一種熱氣霧一樣，使圍欄和他周圍數百個人的臉怪異地移動著.....然後他聽到了它，穿過他身後的空氣飛快飛來。他轉過身，看到他的飛天掃帚沿著樹林的邊緣向他飛來，在圍欄內翱翔，停在他旁邊的半空中，等他騎上它。人群更加吵雜.....巴格曼正在喊什麼.....但哈利的耳朵已經不正常了.....聽已經不重要了.....

He swung his leg over the broom and kicked off from the ground. And a second later, something miraculous happened. . . .

As he soared upward, as the wind rushed through his hair, as the crowd's faces became mere flesh-colored pinpricks below, and the Horntail shrank to the size of a dog, he realized that he had left not only the ground behind, but also his fear. . . . He was back where he belonged. . . .

This was just another Quidditch match, that was all. . . . just another Quidditch match, and that Horntail was just another ugly opposing team. . . .

He looked down at the clutch of eggs and spotted the gold one, gleaming against its cement-colored fellows, residing safely between the dragon's front legs. "Okay," Harry told himself, "diversionary tactics. . . . let's go. . . ."

他一跨上掃帚，從地上踢開。一秒鐘之後，令人驚嘆的事情發生了。當他飛越上空時，當風吹過他的頭髮，當人群的臉底下只剩下肉色的針孔大小，而角尾龍縮小到狗的大小時，他意識到不僅已經超越了地面，而且也超越了他的恐懼。他回到了他應該屬於的地方……這只是又一場魁地奇比賽，而那個角尾龍只是另一支醜陋的對手……他看著那一窩蛋，發現了一顆金色的蛋，在龍的前腿之間安全地居住在水泥色的小伙伴中。"好的，"哈利對自己說，"分散注意力的戰術……讓我們走吧……"

He dived. The Horntail's head followed him; he knew what it was going to do and pulled out of the dive just in time; a jet of fire had been released exactly where he would have been had he not swerved away. . . . but Harry didn't care. . . . that was no more than dodging a Bludger. . . .

"Great Scott, he can fly!" yelled Bagman as the crowd shrieked and gasped. "Are you watching this, Mr. Krum?"

Harry soared higher in a circle; the Horntail was still following his progress; its head revolving on its long neck — if he kept this up, it would be nicely dizzy — but better not push it too long, or it would be breathing fire again —

Harry plummeted just as the Horntail opened its mouth, but this time he was less lucky — he missed the flames, but the tail came whipping up to meet him instead, and as he swerved to the left, one of the long spikes grazed his shoulder, ripping his robes —

他飛奔而下。獨角野猛龍跟隨著他的身影，他明白它打算做什麼，剛好在時限內拉扯身形避開，一股火焰正好釋放出來，就在他躲避的位置……但哈利並不在意，這不過是閃避魁地奇糰子的表現。"天啊，他飛的好厲害！"巴格曼尖叫，人群發出了尖叫聲和驚嘆聲。"克魯姆先生，您看到這個了嗎？"哈利在空中高舉，獨角野猛龍仍在追蹤著他的動向，長長的脖子轉動著——如果他不斷上升，就能讓它好暈——但不要太貪，否則它就會再次噴出火焰。哈利正當獨角野猛龍開口噴火時猛然墜落，但這次他就沒那麼幸運了——他閃過了火焰，但是野猛龍的尾巴卻揮舞而起，撞在了他的肩膀上，撕開了他的衣服。

He could feel it stinging, he could hear screaming and groans from the crowd, but the cut didn't seem to be deep. . . . Now he zoomed around the back of the Horntail, and a possibility occurred to him. . . .

The Horntail didn't seem to want to take off; she was too protective of her eggs. Though she writhed and twisted, furling and unfurling her wings and keeping those fearsome yellow eyes on Harry, she was afraid to move too far from them. . . . but he had to persuade her to do it, or he'd never get near them. . . . The trick was to do it carefully, gradually. . . .

He began to fly, first this way, then the other, not near enough to make her breathe fire to stave him off, but still posing a sufficient threat to ensure she kept her eyes on him. Her head swayed this way and that, watching him out of those vertical pupils, her fangs bared. . . .

他感覺到疼痛，聽到觀眾的尖叫和呻吟聲，但傷口似乎不太深。現在他繞到角龍的後面，有一種可能出現在他的腦海中。角龍似乎不想起飛，她太保護自己的蛋了。儘管她扭動身體，翻捲翅膀，用那可怕的黃色眼睛盯著哈利，她還是害怕離開她的蛋太遠……但他必須說服她這樣做，否則他永遠不可能靠近它們……訣竅是要小心、逐漸地來……他開始飛行，先這樣，再那樣，不靠近得讓她噴火把他趕開，但仍然造成足夠的威脅，以確保她繼續盯著他。她的頭朝這邊搖晃，朝那邊搖晃，用垂直的瞳孔盯著他，露出她的獠牙……

He flew higher. The Horntail's head rose with him, her neck now stretched to its fullest extent, still swaying like a snake before its charmer. . . .

Harry rose a few more feet, and she let out a roar of exasperation. He was like a fly to her, a fly she was longing to swat; her tail thrashed again, but he was too high to reach now. . . . She shot fire into the air, which he dodged. . . . Her jaws opened wide. . . .

"Come on," Harry hissed, swerving tantalizingly above her, "come on, come and get me. . . . up you get now. . . ."

And then she reared, spreading her great, black, leathery wings at last, as wide as those of a small airplane — and Harry dived. Before the dragon knew what he had done, or where he had disappeared to, he was speeding toward the ground as fast as he could go, toward the eggs now unprotected by her clawed front legs — he had taken his hands off his Firebolt — he had seized the golden egg —

他飛得更高了。角尾龍的頭也隨著他上升，她的脖子已經伸展到了極致，仍然搖晃著，像是一條被馴服的蛇。哈利再上升了幾英尺，她發出了一聲沮喪的咆哮。對她來說，他就像一只蒼蠅，一只她渴望拍死的蒼蠅；她的尾巴再次猛擊，但現在他已經飛得太高了，她到不了了。她朝空中噴射火焰，哈利躲開了。她的嘴張得大大的。"來啊，"哈利嘶嘶著，在她的上方誘人地擺蕩著，"來啊，來抓我……你上來啊……"然後，她站立起來，展開了她浩大的、黑色的、皮革質的翅膀，同樣寬大，如同一架小飛機——哈利俯衝而下。在龍還不知道他做了什麼或者他到底消失在哪裡的時候，他正以他最快的速度朝著地面飛去，這是他此時最需要去保護那現在脫離了她的爪子保護的金色龍蛋——他已經把他的火弩騎上放手了——他抓住了金色的龍蛋。

And with a huge spurt of speed, he was off, he was soaring out over the stands, the heavy egg safely under his uninjured arm, and it was as though somebody had just turned the volume back up — for the first time, he became properly aware of the noise of the crowd, which was screaming and applauding as loudly as the Irish supporters at the World Cup —

"Look at that!" Bagman was yelling. "Will you look at that! Our youngest champion is quickest to get his egg! Well, this is going to shorten the

odds on Mr. Potter!"

Harry saw the dragon keepers rushing forward to subdue the Horntail, and, over at the entrance to the enclosure, Professor McGonagall, Professor Moody, and Hagrid hurrying to meet him, all of them waving him toward them, their smiles evident even from this distance. He flew back over the stands, the noise of the crowd pounding his eardrums, and came in smoothly to land, his heart lighter than it had been in weeks. . . . He had got through the first task, he had survived. . . .

他一個巨大的加速開始了，他翱翔出站台，他的未受傷的手臂安全地抱著沉重的蛋，彷彿有人突然把音量調高 - 他第一次正確地意識到觀眾的嘈雜聲，愛爾蘭球迷在世界杯上尖叫和鼓掌一樣響亮。“你看那個！”Bagman在喊叫，“你看那個！我們最年輕的冠軍最快得到他的蛋！好吧，這會縮短 Potter 先生的賠率！”哈利看到龍飼養員匆忙前來制服 Horntail，在圍欄入口處，麥康娜教授、麥教授和海格匆忙走來迎接他，他們都向他招手，即使在這麼遠的地方，他們的微笑也很明顯。他飛回站台上空，觀眾的噪音撞擊著他的耳鼓，平穩地降落，心情比前幾周輕鬆了許多...他度過了第一個任務，他活下來了...

“That was excellent, Potter!” cried Professor McGonagall as he got off the Firebolt — which from her was extravagant praise. He noticed that her hand shook as she pointed at his shoulder. “You’ll need to see Madam Pomfrey before the judges give out your score. . . . Over there, she’s had to mop up Diggory already. . . .”

“Yeh did it, Harry!” said Hagrid hoarsely. “Yeh did it! An’ agains’ the Horntail an’ all, an’ yeh know Charlie said that was the wors’ —”

“Thanks, Hagrid,” said Harry loudly, so that Hagrid wouldn’t blunder on and reveal that he had shown Harry the dragons beforehand.

Professor Moody looked very pleased too; his magical eye was dancing in its socket.

“Nice and easy does the trick, Potter,” he growled.

“Right then, Potter, the first aid tent, please . . .” said Professor McGonagall.

「真是太好了，波特！」麥格教授一邊下了火箭，一邊歡呼——對她來說，這是極高的讚揚。他注意到她指著他的肩膀時手在發抖。「在評委發放你的分數之前，你需要去找龐弗雷夫人。那邊，她已經不得不擦拭迪戈里了。」「你做到了，哈利！」海格嘶啞地說。「你做到了！而且還對付了角龍，你知道查理說那是最麻煩的——」「謝謝，海格。」哈利大聲地說，這樣海格就不會繼續犯錯，透露出他之前給哈利展示過龍的事情。穆迪教授也非常高興；他的魔法眼在眼窩裡舞動。「好，波特，慢慢緩緩地就能成功。」他咆哮道。「好的，那麼，波特，去急救帳篷吧。」麥格教授說。

Harry walked out of the enclosure, still panting, and saw Madam Pomfrey standing at the mouth of a second tent, looking worried.

“Dragons!” she said, in a disgusted tone, pulling Harry inside. The tent was divided into cubicles; he could make out Cedric’s shadow through the canvas, but Cedric didn’t seem to be badly injured; he was sitting up, at least. Madam Pomfrey examined Harry’s shoulder, talking furiously all the while. “Last year dementors, this year dragons, what are they going to bring into this school next? You’re very lucky. . . . this is quite shallow. . . . it’ll need cleaning before I heal it up, though. . . .”

She cleaned the cut with a dab of some purple liquid that smoked and stung, but then poked his shoulder with her wand, and he felt it heal instantly.

哈利走出圍欄時還在喘氣，看到龍婆在第二個帳篷口站著，看起來很擔心。“龍！”她厭惡地說，把哈利拉進去。營帳被分成小隔間；哈利能透過帆布看到斯德里克的影子，但他似乎沒有受傷太嚴重；他至少坐著。龍婆檢查了哈利的肩膀，一邊生氣地說話。“去年是墮魔，今年是龍，他們下一步會在這所學校裡帶來什麼？你非常幸運……這個傷口很淺……不過在我治癒它之前需要清潔……”她用一滴冒煙刺痛的紫色液體清潔傷口，然後用她的魔杖探了一下他的肩膀，他立即感到傷口痊愈了。

“Now, just sit quietly for a minute — sit! And then you can go and get your score.”

She bustled out of the tent and he heard her go next door and say, “How does it feel now, Diggory?”

Harry didn’t want to sit still: He was too full of adrenaline. He got to his feet, wanting to see what was going on outside, but before he’d reached the mouth of the tent, two people had come darting inside — Hermione, followed closely by Ron.

“Harry, you were brilliant!” Hermione said squeakily. There were fingernail marks on her face where she had been clutching it in fear. “You were amazing! You really were!”

But Harry was looking at Ron, who was very white and staring at Harry as though he were a ghost.

“Harry,” he said, very seriously, “whoever put your name in that goblet — I — I reckon they’re trying to do you in!”

“現在，請靜靜地坐一分鐘——坐！然後你就可以去查看你的分數了。”她匆忙地走出帳篷，他聽到她走到隔壁說：“狄戈里現在感覺如何？”哈利不想坐著不動，因為他充滿著腎上腺素。他站起身想看看外面發生了什麼事，但還沒有到帳篷的入口，兩個人就跑進來了——先是赫敏，緊隨其後的是羅恩。“哈利，你太棒了！”赫敏尖叫道。她的臉上有指甲痕，因為她一直在恐懼中抓自己的臉。“你太厲害了！你真的是！”但哈利卻看著羅恩，他臉色很白，盯著哈利，像看鬼一樣。“哈利，”他非常認真地說，“把你的名字放進那個魔杯的人——我——我想他們是想害你！”

It was as though the last few weeks had never happened — as though Harry were meeting Ron for the first time, right after he’d been made

champion.

“Caught on, have you?” said Harry coldly. “Took you long enough.”

Hermione stood nervously between them, looking from one to the other. Ron opened his mouth uncertainly. Harry knew Ron was about to apologize and suddenly he found he didn’t need to hear it.

“It’s okay,” he said, before Ron could get the words out. “Forget it.”

“No,” said Ron, “I shouldn’t’ve —”

“Forget it,” Harry said.

Ron grinned nervously at him, and Harry grinned back.

Hermione burst into tears.

“There’s nothing to cry about!” Harry told her, bewildered.

“You two are so *stupid!*” she shouted, stamping her foot on the ground, tears splashing down her front. Then, before either of them could stop her, she had given both of them a hug and dashed away, now positively howling.

仿佛最近几周从未发生过一样——仿佛哈利是在成为冠军后第一次见到罗恩。“明白了吗？”哈利冷冷地说，“你花了好长时间。”赫敏紧张地站在他们中间，看着两人。罗恩迟疑着张开嘴。哈利知道罗恩即将道歉，突然发现自己不需要听。“没事了，”他在罗恩说话前说，“算了吧。”“不，”罗恩说，“我不应该……”“算了吧，”哈利说。罗恩紧张地朝他咧嘴笑，哈利也朝他笑了笑。赫敏突然哭了起来。“没什么好哭的！”哈利惊讶地告诉她。“你们两个太傻了！”她喊着，在地上跺了跺脚，泪水溅在她的衣服上。然后，在两人都没能阻止她的情况下，她抱住了他们俩，转身跑开了，现在大声哭泣着。

“Barking mad,” said Ron, shaking his head. “Harry, c’mɒn, they’ll be putting up your scores. . . .”

Picking up the golden egg and his Firebolt, feeling more elated than he would have believed possible an hour ago, Harry ducked out of the tent, Ron by his side, talking fast.

“You were the best, you know, no competition. Cedric did this weird thing where he Transfigured a rock on the ground . . . turned it into a dog . . . he was trying to make the dragon go for the dog instead of him. Well, it was a pretty cool bit of Transfiguration, and it sort of worked, because he did get the egg, but he got burned as well — the dragon changed its mind halfway through and decided it would rather have him than the Labrador; he only just got away. And that Fleur girl tried this sort of charm, I think she was trying to put it into a trance — well, that kind of worked too, it went all sleepy, but then it snored, and this great jet of flame shot out, and her skirt caught fire — she put it out with a bit of water out of her wand. And Krum — you won’t believe this, but he didn’t even think of flying! He was probably the best after you, though. Hit it with some sort of spell right in the eye. Only thing is, it went trampling around in agony and squashed half the real eggs — they took marks off for that, he wasn’t supposed to do any damage to them.”

“瘋狂地吠叫”，朗說，搖了搖頭。“哈利，來吧，他們將公佈你的成績……”Harry檢起金色的蛋和他的火閃，比起一個小時前更高興，哈利與羅恩一起蹲下帳篷，快速地說話。“你是最好的，沒有競爭。塞德里克做了這個奇怪的事情，他使地上的一塊岩石變成了一條狗……他試圖讓龍攻擊狗而不是他。嗯，這是一個非常酷的變形，它有點奏效，因為他確實得到了蛋，但他也被燒傷了，龍半途改變了主意，決定他寧願抓住他而不是那條拉布拉多犬；他勉強逃走了。弗萊爾女孩嘗試了這種魅惑，我想她試圖把龍變成恍惚狀態……那也有點奏效，它變得很困，但然後它打了個呼嚕，一股巨大的火焰射出，她的裙子著火了，她用魔杖上的一點水撲滅了火。克魯姆 - 你不會相信這個，但他甚至沒有想到飛！他可能是你之後最好的人。用某種咒語直接擊中它的眼睛。唯一的問題是，它在痛苦中踩踏四處，壓碎了一半的真實蛋 - 他們扣了分，他不應該造成任何損害。”

Ron drew breath as he and Harry reached the edge of the enclosure. Now that the Horntail had been taken away, Harry could see where the five judges were sitting — right at the other end, in raised seats draped in gold.

“It’s marks out of ten from each one,” Ron said, and Harry, squinting up the field, saw the first judge — Madame Maxime — raise her wand in the air. What looked like a long silver ribbon shot out of it, which twisted itself into a large figure eight.

“Not bad!” said Ron as the crowd applauded. “I suppose she took marks off for your shoulder. . . .”

Mr. Crouch came next. He shot a number nine into the air.

“Looking good!” Ron yelled, thumping Harry on the back.

Next, Dumbledore. He too put up a nine. The crowd was cheering harder than ever.

Ludo Bagman — *ten*.

羅恩和哈利到達圍欄邊緣時，羅恩深呼吸。現在惡龍已被拿走，哈利可以看到五位評委坐在另一端，坐在金色的高座上。“每個評委給十分。”羅恩說，哈利斜眼看著田野，看到第一位評委——麥克希教授——舉起她的魔杖。一个长长的银色丝带从魔杖中射出，缠成一个大号的八字形。“不错！”人群鼓掌，罗恩说：“我想她因为你的肩膀扣分了吧。. . .”Crouch先生接下来，

他用数字9拍了个手势。“表现得不错！”罗恩拍打哈利的背。接下来是邓布利多，他也给了九分。人群比以往更加欢呼。而鲁多·巴格曼得到了10分。

“Ten?” said Harry in disbelief. “But . . . I got hurt. . . . What’s he playing at?”

“Harry, don’t complain!” Ron yelled excitedly.

And now Karkaroff raised his wand. He paused for a moment, and then a number shot out of his wand too — four.

“What?” Ron bellowed furiously. “Four? You lousy, biased scumbag, you gave Krum ten!”

But Harry didn’t care, he wouldn’t have cared if Karkaroff had given him zero; Ron’s indignation on his behalf was worth about a hundred points to him. He didn’t tell Ron this, of course, but his heart felt lighter than air as he turned to leave the enclosure. And it wasn’t just Ron . . . those weren’t only Gryffindors cheering in the crowd. When it had come to it, when they had seen what he was facing, most of the school had been on his side as well as Cedric’s. . . . He didn’t care about the Slytherins, he could stand whatever they threw at him now.

「十？」哈利驚訝地問道：「但……我受了傷……他到底在耍什麼花招？」「哈利，別抱怨！」羅恩興奮地大喊。此時，卡卡洛夫舉起魔杖。他停頓了一會兒，然後又射出了一個數字——四。「什麼？」羅恩憤怒地吼道：「四？你這個卑鄙、有偏見的垃圾，你給克魯姆十分！」但哈利不在乎，即使卡卡洛夫給他零分，他也不在乎。羅恩為他的不滿值得他一百分。當然，他沒有告訴羅恩，但他的心比空氣還輕盈，他轉身離開了場地。而且，不僅僅是羅恩……人群中歡呼的不只是格蘭芬多的人。當情況變得嚴峻時，他面對的不僅是塞德里克，大多數學校也站在他和塞德里克這一邊……他不再在乎斯萊特林人，現在無論他們投擲什麼，他都能承受得住。

“You’re tied in first place, Harry! You and Krum!” said Charlie Weasley, hurrying to meet them as they set off back toward the school. “Listen, I’ve got to run, I’ve got to go and send Mum an owl, I swore I’d tell her what happened — but that was unbelievable! Oh yeah — and they told me to tell you you’ve got to hang around for a few more minutes. . . . Bagman wants a word, back in the champions’ tent.”

Ron said he would wait, so Harry reentered the tent, which somehow looked quite different now: friendly and welcoming. He thought back to how he’d felt while dodging the Horntail, and compared it to the long wait before he’d walked out to face it. . . . There was no comparison; the wait had been immeasurably worse.

Fleur, Cedric, and Krum all came in together. One side of Cedric’s face was covered in a thick orange paste, which was presumably mending his burn. He grinned at Harry when he saw him.

“哈利，你和克魯姆並列第一！”查理·韋斯萊匆忙跑來迎接他們，當他們往學校返回時說。“聽著，我得走了，我得去給我媽發一封信鴿，我發誓我要告訴她發生了什麼事——但那太不可思議了！哦是的——他們告訴我要告訴你，你還得再等幾分鐘。貝格曼想找你談談，到冠軍帳篷那裡去。”羅恩說他會等，所以哈利重新進入帳篷，現在它看上去有些不同：友好和熱烈。他回想起躲避角斗士時的感覺，並將其與走出帳篷面對角斗士之前的漫長等待相比較。沒有可比性；等待更加糟糕。弗勒，塞德里克和克魯姆一起進來。塞德里克的一邊臉上裹著濃濃的橙色膏劑，應該是在治療燒傷。他看到哈利時對他笑了笑。

“Good one, Harry.”

“And you,” said Harry, grinning back.

“Well done, *all* of you!” said Ludo Bagman, bouncing into the tent and looking as pleased as though he personally had just got past a dragon. “Now, just a quick few words. You’ve got a nice long break before the second task, which will take place at half past nine on the morning of February the twenty-fourth — but we’re giving you something to think about in the meantime! If you look down at those golden eggs you’re all holding, you will see that they open . . . see the hinges there? You need to solve the clue inside the egg — because it will tell you what the second task is, and enable you to prepare for it! All clear? Sure? Well, off you go, then!”

Harry left the tent, rejoined Ron, and they started to walk back around the edge of the forest, talking hard; Harry wanted to hear what the other champions had done in more detail. Then, as they rounded the clump of trees behind which Harry had first heard the dragons roar, a witch leapt out from behind them.

“好棒，哈利。”哈利笑嘻嘻地回答道：“你也是。”“干得好！”卢多·巴格曼跳进帐篷里，看起来像是他刚刚亲自挑战了一条龙一样高兴。“现在，我只想简单跟大家说几句话。在第二个任务开始前，你们有充足的时间休息，这个任务将在二月二十四日早上九点半开始。但这期间，我们还会让你们思考一些问题！如果你们仔细观察你们手中那些金色的龙蛋，你们会发现它们是可以打开的……看到那里面的铰链了吗？你们需要解决蛋里面的谜题，因为它会告诉你们第二个任务是什么，并让你们做好准备！明白了吗？确定吗？那么现在就可以出发了！”哈利离开了帐篷，重新和罗恩会合，他们开始绕着森林边缘走，并且一直谈论其他大赛选手的表现。接着，当他们绕过哈利第一次听到龙咆哮声的那一丛树林时，一个女巫从他们身后跳了出来。

It was Rita Skeeter. She was wearing acid-green robes today; the Quick-Quotes Quill in her hand blended perfectly against them.

“Congratulations, Harry!” she said, beaming at him. “I wonder if you could give me a quick word? How you felt facing that dragon? How you feel now, about the fairness of the scoring?”

“Yeah, you can have a word,” said Harry savagely. “Good-bye.”

And he set off back to the castle with Ron.

那是瑞塔·史凱特。她今天穿了酸橙色的長袍，手中還持著捷報筆，完美地融入了衣服。瑞塔笑著對哈利說：“恭喜你！我想問你一下，你面對那條龍時的心情是怎樣的？現在對於評分的公正性你有什麼看法呢？”哈利狠狠地說：“你可以問一句。”然後他和羅恩便往城堡裡走去。



THE HOUSE-ELF LIBERATION FRONT

Harry, Ron, and Hermione went up to the Owlery that evening to find Pigwidgeon, so that Harry could send Sirius a letter telling him that he had managed to get past his dragon unscathed. On the way, Harry filled Ron in on everything Sirius had told him about Karkaroff. Though shocked at first to hear that Karkaroff had been a Death Eater, by the time they entered the Owlery Ron was saying that they ought to have suspected it all along.

“Fits, doesn’t it?” he said. “Remember what Malfoy said on the train, about his dad being friends with Karkaroff? Now we know where they knew each other. They were probably running around in masks together at the World Cup. . . . I’ll tell you one thing, though, Harry, if it *was* Karkaroff who put your name in the goblet, he’s going to be feeling really stupid now, isn’t he? Didn’t work, did it? You only got a scratch! Come here — I’ll do it —”

哈利、羅恩和赫敏那天晚上前往信鴟屋尋找小矮自負鳥，好讓哈利可以寫信告訴小天狼星他已經安全地通過了龍的考驗。在路上，哈利向羅恩講述了小天狼星關於卡卡洛夫的一切。雖然一開始聽到卡卡洛夫曾是食死徒讓羅恩大吃一驚，但等到他們進入信鴟屋時，他已經說出了他們應該一直懷疑這件事的話。「正合適啊。」他說。「還記得瑪福伊在火車上說他爸跟卡卡洛夫是朋友嗎？現在我們知道他們是在哪認識的了。他們可能在世界盃比賽時一起戴著面具跑來跑去...不過有一件事我得告訴你，哈利，如果是卡卡洛夫把你的名字放進了那個魔杯裡，現在他一定會覺得特別傻。不起作用吧？你只受了一點擦傷！過來，我來幫你處理—」

Pigwidgeon was so overexcited at the idea of a delivery he was flying around and around Harry’s head, hooting incessantly. Ron snatched Pigwidgeon out of the air and held him still while Harry attached the letter to his leg.

“There’s no way any of the other tasks are going to be that dangerous, how could they be?” Ron went on as he carried Pigwidgeon to the window. “You know what? I reckon you could win this tournament, Harry, I’m serious.”

Harry knew that Ron was only saying this to make up for his behavior of the last few weeks, but he appreciated it all the same. Hermione, however, leaned against the Owlery wall, folded her arms, and frowned at Ron.

“Harry’s got a long way to go before he finishes this tournament,” she said seriously. “If that was the first task, I hate to think what’s coming next.”

豬頭小精靈聽說要送信，就激動得在哈利的頭上旋轉著叫個不停。羅恩撲了起來，把小精靈抓住，讓哈利在他的腿上綁好信。「其他比賽肯定不會有這麼危險了，不可能吧？」羅恩說著，一邊把小精靈送到窗邊。「你知道嗎？我認為你可以贏得這個比賽，哈利，我是認真的。」哈利知道羅恩只是想彌補過去幾周的行為，但他還是很感激。赫敏卻站在負鳥樓的牆邊，抱著手臂皺起眉頭。「哈利還有很長的路要走，才能完成比賽。如果這只是第一個任務，接下來還有什麼呢？」她認真地說。

“Right little ray of sunshine, aren’t you?” said Ron. “You and Professor Trelawney should get together sometime.”

He threw Pigwidgeon out of the window. Pigwidgeon plummeted twelve feet before managing to pull himself back up again; the letter attached to his leg was much longer and heavier than usual — Harry hadn’t been able to resist giving Sirius a blow-by-blow account of exactly how he had swerved, circled, and dodged the Horntail. They watched Pigwidgeon disappear into the darkness, and then Ron said, “Well, we’d better get downstairs for your surprise party, Harry — Fred and George should have nicked enough food from the kitchens by now.”

Sure enough, when they entered the Gryffindor common room it exploded with cheers and yells again. There were mountains of cakes and flagons of pumpkin juice and butterbeer on every surface; Lee Jordan had let off some Filibuster’s Fireworks, so that the air was thick with stars and sparks; and Dean Thomas, who was very good at drawing, had put up some impressive new banners, most of which depicted Harry zooming around the Horntail’s head on his Firebolt, though a couple showed Cedric with his head on fire.

「你可真是個陽光男孩呢！」羅恩說，「你和特雷拉威教授應該有機會見個面。」他把皮瓜一丟，皮瓜墜落了12英尺之後才勉強抓回了自己，綁在他腿上的信比平常長得多且重得多——哈利沒有忍住，他詳細地給小天狼星講述了他如何擰曲、盤旋和躲避

角鬥龍的全過程。他們看著皮瓜消失在黑暗中，羅恩說：“好了，我們最好下樓去參加你的驚喜派對，哈利——弗雷德和喬治現在應該已經從廚房裡搬了足夠的食物了。”確實，當他們進入格蘭芬多公共間時，房間爆發出歡呼聲和叫聲。每個表面上都有成堆的蛋糕和南瓜汁和牛油啤酒；李·喬丹放了一些蓋蓋難堪的煙火，使空氣中滿是星星和火花；而擅長繪畫的迪恩·托馬斯張貼了一些新的令人印象深刻的橫幅，其中大多數描繪了哈利在他的火弓騎手上繞著角鬥龍的頭部快速飛行，雖然有幾幅畫上了塞德里克頭上著火的畫面。

Harry helped himself to food; he had almost forgotten what it was like to feel properly hungry, and sat down with Ron and Hermione. He couldn't believe how happy he felt; he had Ron back on his side, he'd gotten through the first task, and he wouldn't have to face the second one for three months.

“Blimey, this is heavy,” said Lee Jordan, picking up the golden egg, which Harry had left on a table, and weighing it in his hands. “Open it, Harry, go on! Let's just see what's inside it!”

“He's supposed to work out the clue on his own,” Hermione said swiftly. “It's in the tournament rules. . . .”

“I was supposed to work out how to get past the dragon on my own too,” Harry muttered, so only Hermione could hear him, and she grinned rather guiltily.

“Yeah, go on, Harry, open it!” several people echoed.

哈利幫自己盛裝食物；他幾乎忘記如何感到飢餓，並坐下與朗恩和赫敏。他無法相信自己感到多麼開心；他已經把朗恩挽回了，他已經通過了第一項任務，並且他不必三個月內面對第二個任務。「哇塞，這真是很重啊！」李·喬丹說，拿起哈利放在桌子上的金色蛋，提起來試著權衡。「打開它，哈利，來嘛！讓我們看看裡面有什麼！」「他該自己解開謎題，」赫敏迅速說。「這是競賽規則。. . . .」「我也該自己想辦法打敗那頭龍，」哈利嘟囔道，只有赫敏聽到，而她略帶內疚地笑了笑。「是啊，去打開啊，哈利！」幾個人附和道。

Lee passed Harry the egg, and Harry dug his fingernails into the groove that ran all the way around it and pried it open.

It was hollow and completely empty—but the moment Harry opened it, the most horrible noise, a loud and screechy wailing, filled the room. The nearest thing to it Harry had ever heard was the ghost orchestra at Nearly Headless Nick's deathday party, who had all been playing the musical saw.

“Shut it!” Fred bellowed, his hands over his ears.

“What was that?” said Seamus Finnigan, staring at the egg as Harry slammed it shut again. “Sounded like a banshee. . . . Maybe you've got to get past one of those next, Harry!”

“It was someone being tortured!” said Neville, who had gone very white and spilled sausage rolls all over the floor. “You're going to have to fight the Cruciatius Curse!”

李把蛋遞給哈利，哈利用指甲抠開它周圍的凹槽。蛋內是空的，沒有任何東西——可是哈利一開口，渾厚而尖銳的死叫聲充滿了房間。哈利聽到類似的聲音是在尼克頭顱幾乎斷裂那天他們去參加那個鬼魂生日慶典時，聽到一隊用音樂鋼琴演奏的鬼魂樂隊時。“關上它！”佛萊德大喊，雙手捂住耳朵。“那是什麼聲音？”西蒙·芬尼根問道，盯著哈利封住蛋。“聽起來像女妖……也許下一步你要打敗的是女妖，哈利！”“那是某人被酷刑折磨的聲音！”耐威爾說，變得非常蒼白，腳下的沙腸掉了一地，“你將必須對抗痛楚咒！”

“Don't be a prat, Neville, that's illegal,” said George. “They wouldn't use the Cruciatius Curse on the champions. I thought it sounded a bit like Percy singing . . . maybe you've got to attack him while he's in the shower, Harry.”

“Want a jam tart, Hermione?” said Fred.

Hermione looked doubtfully at the plate he was offering her. Fred grinned.

“It's all right,” he said. “I haven't done anything to them. It's the custard creams you've got to watch—”

Neville, who had just bitten into a custard cream, choked and spat it out. Fred laughed.

“Just my little joke, Neville. . . .”

Hermione took a jam tart. Then she said, “Did you get all this from the kitchens, Fred?”

“Yep,” said Fred, grinning at her. He put on a high-pitched squeak and imitated a house-elf. “Anything we can get you, sir, anything at all!” They're dead helpful . . . get me a roast ox if I said I was peckish.”

“不要愚蠢，Neville，那是不合法的，”George說。“他們不會用Cruciatius咒詛來對付冠軍的。我覺得聽起來有點像Percy唱歌時的聲音……或許你必須在他洗澡時攻擊他，Harry。”“要一個果餡撻，Hermione嗎？”Fred說。Hermione懷疑地看著他提供給她的盤子。Fred露出了微笑。“沒關係，”他說。“我沒有對它們做什麼事。你必須小心的是奶油餅乾-”正在咬奶油餅乾的Neville嗆到了，然後吐了出來。Fred笑了。“只是我的小玩笑，Neville……”Hermione拿了一個果餡撻。然後她說：“你是從廚房得到這些的，Fred嗎？”“對的，”Fred笑著對她說。他還模仿一個家庭小精靈發出尖叫聲：“任何我們可以為您做的，先生，任何事

情！”他們很有幫助……如果我說我餓了，他們會拿給我一隻燒烤牛。”

“How do you get in there?” Hermione said in an innocently casual sort of voice.

“Easy,” said Fred, “concealed door behind a painting of a bowl of fruit. Just tickle the pear, and it giggles and —” He stopped and looked suspiciously at her. “Why?”

“Nothing,” said Hermione quickly.

“Going to try and lead the house-elves out on strike now, are you?” said George. “Going to give up all the leaflet stuff and try and stir them up into rebellion?”

Several people chortled. Hermione didn’t answer.

“Don’t you go upsetting them and telling them they’ve got to take clothes and salaries!” said Fred warningly. “You’ll put them off their cooking!”

Just then, Neville caused a slight diversion by turning into a large canary.

“Oh — sorry, Neville!” Fred shouted over all the laughter. “I forgot — it *was* the custard creams we hexed —”

“你怎麼進去的？”妙麗用無邪的口吻問道。“很簡單，”弗雷德說，“一幅水果碗的畫後面藏著一道秘密門。只要碰一下梨子，它就會咯咯地笑著，然後……”他話鋒一轉，懷疑地看著她，“怎麼了？”“沒事，”妙麗急忙說。“你是不是想要讓家內精靈罷工？”喬治說，“不再發傳單了，現在要煽動他們叛變？”幾個人笑了起來，而妙麗沒有回答。“你可別激怒他們，告訴他們他們得穿衣和拿薪水！”弗雷德警告道，“你會毀了他們的烹飪技巧！”就在這時，尼威成了一隻大金絲雀，分散了大家的注意力。“對不起，尼威！”弗雷德在眾人的笑聲中大喊，“我忘了，是我們把卡士達餅幻化掉的……”

Within a minute, however, Neville had molted, and once his feathers had fallen off, he reappeared looking entirely normal. He even joined in laughing.

“Canary Creams!” Fred shouted to the excitable crowd. “George and I invented them — seven Sickles each, a bargain!”

It was nearly one in the morning when Harry finally went up to the dormitory with Ron, Neville, Seamus, and Dean. Before he pulled the curtains of his four-poster shut, Harry set his tiny model of the Hungarian Horntail on the table next to his bed, where it yawned, curled up, and closed its eyes. *Really*, Harry thought, as he pulled the hangings on his four-poster closed, *Hagrid had a point . . . they were all right, really, dragons. . . .*

The start of December brought wind and sleet to Hogwarts. Drafty though the castle always was in winter, Harry was glad of its fires and thick walls every time he passed the Durmstrang ship on the lake, which was pitching in the high winds, its black sails billowing against the dark skies. He thought the Beauxbatons caravan was likely to be pretty chilly too. Hagrid, he noticed, was keeping Madame Maxime’s horses well provided with their preferred drink of single-malt whiskey; the fumes wafting from the trough in the corner of their paddock was enough to make the entire Care of Magical Creatures class light-headed. This was unhelpful, as they were still tending the horrible skrewts and needed their wits about them.

不過，僅過了一分鐘，威斯萊就換了羽毛，一旦他的羽毛脫落後，他就重新出現，看起來完全正常。他甚至加入了笑聲中。“金絲雀餅幹！”弗萊德對那些興高采烈的群眾喊道。“喬治和我發明了這種餅干-每個只要七個西可，太划算了！”直到凌晨一點，哈利才和羅恩、納威爾、西莫和迪安一起上了宿舍。在他拉上他四柱床的窗簾之前，哈利把他那個小小的匈牙利天蠍模型放在了床邊的桌子上。它打了個哈欠，卷了起來，閉上了眼睛。實際上，哈利想，當他拉上四柱床的帷幕時，海格說過的話有點道理……他們沒錯，真正的龍……十二月初，風雨襲擊霍格沃茨。儘管城堡在冬天總是很冷，但哈利每次經過湖泊上的德姆斯特朗船時都很高興有它的壁爐和厚厚的牆壁，船在高風中搖晃，黑色的帆對著晦暗的天空翻騰。他想博巴頓的大篷車可能也很寒冷。哈格很注意，讓瑪默克絲夫人的馬有充足的喜愛的單麥芽威士忌，從他們的圍欄角落裡散發出的氣味足以讓整個魔法生物護理課程讓人頭昏眼花。由於他們還在照顧可怕的困蟲，這是沒有幫助的，他們需要集中精力。

“I’m not sure whether they hibernate or not,” Hagrid told the shivering class in the windy pumpkin patch next lesson. “Thought we’d jus’ try an’ see if they fancied a kip . . . we’ll jus’ settle ‘em down in these boxes. . . .”

There were now only ten skrewts left; apparently their desire to kill one another had not been exercised out of them. Each of them was now approaching six feet in length. Their thick gray armor; their powerful, scuttling legs; their fire-blasting ends; their stings and their suckers, combined to make the skrewts the most repulsive things Harry had ever seen. The class looked dispiritedly at the enormous boxes Hagrid had brought out, all lined with pillows and fluffy blankets.

“We’ll jus’ lead ‘em in here,” Hagrid said, “an’ put the lids on, and we’ll see what happens.”

“我不確定它们是否冬眠，”海格在下一堂风大的南瓜地里告诉颤抖的学生。“我想我们可以试试看它们是否想要休息...我们只需要把它们安置在这些盒子里...“现在只有十只钻壳虫留下了，显然它们想互相残杀的欲望还没有被消耗完。它们每只都已经接近六英尺长。它们厚实的灰色装甲、强劲的爬行腿、喷火的尾巴、刺和吸盘，使它们成为哈利见过的最令人反感的东西。班上令人沮丧地看着海格带出来的巨大盒子，都垫着枕头和毛茸茸的毯子。“我们把它们带进来，”海格说，“盖上盖子，然后我们看看会发生什么。”

But the skrewts, it transpired, did *not* hibernate, and did not appreciate being forced into pillow-lined boxes and nailed in. Hagrid was soon yelling, “Don’ panic, now, don’ panic!” while the skrewts rampaged around the pumpkin patch, now strewn with the smoldering wreckage of the boxes.

Most of the class — Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle in the lead — had fled into Hagrid's cabin through the back door and barricaded themselves in; Harry, Ron, and Hermione, however, were among those who remained outside trying to help Hagrid. Together they managed to restrain and tie up nine of the skrewts, though at the cost of numerous burns and cuts; finally, only one skrewt was left.

“Don' frighten him, now!” Hagrid shouted as Ron and Harry used their wands to shoot jets of fiery sparks at the skrewt, which was advancing menacingly on them, its sting arched, quivering, over its back. “Jus' try an' slip the rope 'round his sting, so he won' hurt any o' the others!”

可是，事实证明，天蠍鬼不会冬眠，而且不喜欢被强行装进枕头衬里的箱子里。海格很快大喊“不要慌，不要慌！”而天蠍鬼则在南瓜地里肆虐，现在到处都是箱子烧焦的残骸。大多数人——马尔福、克拉布和戈伊尔走在前面——已经逃进海格的小屋里锁上了门；然而，哈利、罗恩和赫敏是留在外面帮助海格的人之一。他们一起设法制服绑起了九只天蠍鬼，但代价是多次被烧伤和割伤；最后，只剩下一只天蠍鬼了。“不要吓唬它！”海格大声喊道，罗恩和哈利用他们的魔杖向天蠍鬼射出火花，这只天蠍鬼正在威胁地向他们靠近，它的针刺弯曲、颤抖着在它的背上。“试着把绳子套在它的螯刺上，这样它就不会伤到其他任何人了！”

“Yeah, we wouldn't want that!” Ron shouted angrily as he and Harry backed into the wall of Hagrid's cabin, still holding the skrewt off with their sparks.

“Well, well, well . . . this *does* look like fun.”

Rita Skeeter was leaning on Hagrid's garden fence, looking in at the mayhem. She was wearing a thick magenta cloak with a furry purple collar today, and her crocodile-skin handbag was over her arm.

Hagrid launched himself forward on top of the skrewt that was cornering Harry and Ron and flattened it; a blast of fire shot out of its end, withering the pumpkin plants nearby.

“Who're you?” Hagrid asked Rita Skeeter as he slipped a loop of rope around the skrewt's sting and tightened it.

“Rita Skeeter, *Daily Prophet* reporter,” Rita replied, beaming at him. Her gold teeth glinted.

「對啊，我們可不想那樣！」羅恩氣急敗壞地喊道，他和哈利背靠著海格的小屋牆壁，還用火花攻擊著那隻多足蠍。「好啊，好啊……這看起來好像挺有趣的。」丽塔·斯基特 (Rita Skeeter) 靠在海格的圍牆上，看著這場混亂。她今天穿了一件帶著毛茸茸的紫色領子和厚重的品紅色披風，鱷魚皮手袋懸掛在她的手臂上。海格衝上前去，壓制住正逼近哈利和羅恩的多足蠍，一道火光射出，燒壞了附近的南瓜植物。「你是誰？」海格問丽塔·斯基特，一邊用一圈繩索將多足蠍的尾巴勒緊。「丽塔·斯基特，《每日預言報》的記者，」丽塔回答道，對著他微笑。她的金牙閃閃發光。

“Thought Dumbledore said you weren' allowed inside the school anymore,” said Hagrid, frowning slightly as he got off the slightly squashed skrewt and started tugging it over to its fellows.

Rita acted as though she hadn't heard what Hagrid had said.

“What are these fascinating creatures called?” she asked, beaming still more widely.

“Blast-Ended Skrewts,” grunted Hagrid.

“Really?” said Rita, apparently full of lively interest. “I've never heard of them before . . . where do they come from?”

Harry noticed a dull red flush rising up out of Hagrid's wild black beard, and his heart sank. Where *had* Hagrid got the skrewts from? Hermione, who seemed to be thinking along these lines, said quickly, “They're very interesting, aren't they? Aren't they, Harry?”

“What? Oh yeah . . . ouch . . . interesting,” said Harry as she stepped on his foot.

“邓布利多說你不能再進校園了，不是嗎？”海格皺眉說道，他從有點被壓扁的Skrewt上下來，開始將它拖移到其他的Skrewt旁邊。瑞塔似乎沒有聽到海格說的話。“這些迷人的生物叫什麼名字？”她問道，臉上的笑容更加燦爛。“爆裂尾巴蠍蟲，”海格咕哝道。“真的嗎？”瑞塔顯然很感興趣，“我從來沒聽說過它們……它們是從哪裡來的？”哈利注意到海格的黑鬚鬚上冒出了灰暗的紅色，他的心沉了下去。海格從哪裡弄來了Skrewt？赫敏似乎也想到了這個問題，急忙說道：“它們非常有趣，不是嗎？哈利？”“什麼？對啊……哎呀……很有趣，”哈利說，當她踩在他的腳上時。

“Ah, *you're* here, Harry!” said Rita Skeeter as she looked around. “So you like Care of Magical Creatures, do you? One of your favorite lessons?”

“Yes,” said Harry stoutly. Hagrid beamed at him.

“Lovely,” said Rita. “Really lovely. Been teaching long?” she added to Hagrid.

Harry noticed her eyes travel over Dean (who had a nasty cut across one cheek), Lavender (whose robes were badly singed), Seamus (who was nursing several burnt fingers), and then to the cabin windows, where most of the class stood, their noses pressed against the glass waiting to see if the coast was clear.

“This is on'y me second year,” said Hagrid.

“Lovely . . . I don’t suppose you’d like to give an interview, would you? Share some of your experience of magical creatures? The *Prophet* does a zoological column every Wednesday, as I’m sure you know. We could feature these — er — Bang-Ended Scoots.”

“啊，哈利，你来啦！”麗塔·史凱特看了看周圍說，“你喜歡魔法生物飼養學，對吧？是你最喜歡的課之一？”“是的，”哈利堅定地說道。海格對他露出了微笑。“太好了，”麗塔說，“真是太好了。你教了很長時間了嗎？”她又問海格。哈利看到她的目光掃過了狄安（臉上有一道很嚴重的傷口）、拉文德（衣角被燒得很嚴重）、西默斯（幾根手指被燒傷了）、然後到小屋的窗戶，那裡大多數的學生都站在玻璃窗前，看著海岸線是否安全。“這才是我第二年呢，”海格說。“太好了……我想你願不願意接受一個採訪呢？分享一下你經歷過的魔法生物？『預言家報』每周三都有一個動物專欄，我相信你知道。我們可以介紹一下這些，呃，邦德斯庫特（Bang-Ended Scoots）。”

“Blast-Ended Skrewts,” Hagrid said eagerly. “Er — yeah, why not?”

Harry had a very bad feeling about this, but there was no way of communicating it to Hagrid without Rita Skeeter seeing, so he had to stand and watch in silence as Hagrid and Rita Skeeter made arrangements to meet in the Three Broomsticks for a good long interview later that week. Then the bell rang up at the castle, signaling the end of the lesson.

“Well, good-bye, Harry!” Rita Skeeter called merrily to him as he set off with Ron and Hermione. “Until Friday night, then, Hagrid!”

“She’ll twist everything he says,” Harry said under his breath.

“Just as long as he didn’t import those skrewts illegally or anything,” said Hermione desperately. They looked at one another — it was exactly the sort of thing Hagrid might do.

「爆頭天狗蟲，」海格熱切地說。「嗯...為什麼不呢？」哈利對此有一種非常不好的感覺，但沒有辦法在瑞塔·史凱特看到的情況下告訴海格，所以他只能無聲地站著，看著海格和瑞塔·史凱特安排下周在三把掃帚酒館進行一場長時間的採訪。然後，城堡上面的鐘聲響起，標誌著課程的結束。「好了，哈利，再見！」瑞塔·史凱特高興地對他大喊著，當他和羅恩、赫敏一起出發時。「那就到星期五晚上，海格！」「她會歪曲他所說的一切，」哈利小聲地說。「只要他不是非法引進那些蟲類就好了，」赫敏拼命地說。他們相互看著——這正是海格可能做的事情。

“Hagrid’s been in loads of trouble before, and Dumbledore’s never sacked him,” said Ron consolingly. “Worst that can happen is Hagrid’ll have to get rid of the skrewts. Sorry . . . did I say worst? I meant best.”

Harry and Hermione laughed, and, feeling slightly more cheerful, went off to lunch.

Harry thoroughly enjoyed double Divination that afternoon; they were still doing star charts and predictions, but now that he and Ron were friends once more, the whole thing seemed very funny again. Professor Trelawney, who had been so pleased with the pair of them when they had been predicting their own horrific deaths, quickly became irritated as they sniggered through her explanation of the various ways in which Pluto could disrupt everyday life.

“I would *think*,” she said, in a mystical whisper that did not conceal her obvious annoyance, “that *some* of us” — she stared very meaningfully at Harry — “might be a little less *frivolous* had they seen what I have seen during my crystal gazing last night. As I sat here, absorbed in my needlework, the urge to consult the orb overpowered me. I arose, I settled myself before it, and I gazed into its crystalline depths . . . and what do you think I saw gazing back at me?”

“海格以前也犯了好幾次錯，但鄧布利多從未炒過他，”羅恩安慰地說道。“最壞的情況是海格得把那些食死亡蟲銷毀。對不起...我剛才說的是最壞的情況嗎？我是指最好的情況。”哈利和赫敏哈哈大笑，感覺好多了，便一起去吃午餐了。當天下午哈利很享受雙倍占卜課程；他們仍在做星座和預測，但現在哈利和羅恩重新做朋友了，整個過程再次變得非常有趣。崔勒瓦尼教授曾經對他們預測自己恐怖的死亡所感到非常高興，但現在他們咯咯笑著，無法專注地聆聽她解釋冥王星如何破壞日常生活的各種方式。“我會認為，”她用一種神秘的耳語說道，卻掩藏不了她的明顯惱怒，“如果有些人（她注視著哈利）昨晚看到我透過水晶球所見到的東西，他們會少些輕浮。當我還在這裡沉迷於自己的織錦時，痴迷占卜術的衝動迫使我不得不使用水晶球。我起身，坐在它前面，凝視著它晶瑩剔透的深處……你猜我看到什麼東西注視著我。”

“An ugly old bat in outsize specs?” Ron muttered under his breath.

Harry fought hard to keep his face straight.

“Death, my dears.”

Parvati and Lavender both put their hands over their mouths, looking horrified.

“Yes,” said Professor Trelawney, nodding impressively, “it comes, ever closer, it circles overhead like a vulture, ever lower . . . ever lower over the castle. . . .”

She stared pointedly at Harry, who yawned very widely and obviously.

“It’d be a bit more impressive if she hadn’t done it about eighty times before,” Harry said as they finally regained the fresh air of the staircase beneath Professor Trelawney’s room. “But if I’d dropped dead every time she’s told me I’m going to, I’d be a medical miracle.”

“You’d be a sort of extra-concentrated ghost,” said Ron, chortling, as they passed the Bloody Baron going in the opposite direction, his wide eyes

staring sinistly. “At least we didn’t get homework. I hope Hermione got loads off Professor Vector, I love not working when she is. . . .”

“一隻穿著超大眼鏡的醜老蝙蝠？”羅恩嘀咕著。哈利使勁保持著面無表情。“死亡，親愛的。”帕瓦蒂和拉文德都捂著嘴，看起來非常震驚。“是的，”特里洛威教授令人印象深刻地點了點頭，“它靠近了，它像禿鷹一樣盤旋在上方，每次盤旋都更低....在城堡上方更加低落.....”她用尖銳的眼神盯著哈利，哈利非常大方地打了個哈欠。“如果她之前沒有說過八十次，這會讓人更印象深刻，”他們最終回到了特里洛威教授房間下的樓梯口，“但如果每次她告訴我我要死了，我都死了，我會成為一個醫學奇蹟。”“你會成為一種特別濃縮的鬼魂，”羅恩咯咯笑道，當他們路過血腥男爵朝相反方向走去時，他的寬眼睛陰森地盯著。“至少我們沒有作業。我希望赫敏從維克托教授那裡得到了許多作業，我喜歡在她不工作的時候。”

But Hermione wasn’t at dinner, nor was she in the library when they went to look for her afterward. The only person in there was Viktor Krum. Ron hovered behind the bookshelves for a while, watching Krum, debating in whispers with Harry whether he should ask for an autograph—but then Ron realized that six or seven girls were lurking in the next row of books, debating exactly the same thing, and he lost his enthusiasm for the idea.

“Wonder where she’s got to?” Ron said as he and Harry went back to Gryffindor Tower.

“Dunno . . . balderdash.”

But the Fat Lady had barely begun to swing forward when the sound of racing feet behind them announced Hermione’s arrival.

“Harry!” she panted, skidding to a halt beside him (the Fat Lady stared down at her, eyebrows raised). “Harry, you’ve got to come—you’ve got to come, the most amazing thing’s happened—please—”

但赫敏晚餐時沒來，之後他們去圖書館找她時她也不在。裡面唯一的人是維克多·克魯姆。羅恩在書架後面盤旋了一會兒，看著克魯姆，和哈利低聲嘀咕著是否應該要求簽名——但是隨後羅恩意識到，六七個女生在下一排書架後面徘徊，也在同樣的思考，他對這個主意失去了熱情。“不知她去哪裡了？”羅恩說著，當他們回到格蘭芬多塔時。“不知道...胡謔。”但當胖夫人剛開始關上時，身後奔跑的腳步聲宣告了赫敏的到來。“哈利！”她氣喘吁吁地停在他身旁（胖夫人眨眼望著她）。“哈利，你必須來——發生了最令人驚奇的事情——請——”

She seized Harry’s arm and started to try to drag him back along the corridor.

“What’s the matter?” Harry said.

“I’ll show you when we get there—oh come on, quick—”

Harry looked around at Ron; he looked back at Harry, intrigued.

“Okay,” Harry said, starting off back down the corridor with Hermione, Ron hurrying to keep up.

“Oh don’t mind me!” the Fat Lady called irritably after them “Don’t apologize for bothering me! I’ll just hang here, wide open, until you get back, shall I?”

“Yeah, thanks!” Ron shouted over his shoulder.

“Hermione, where are we going?” Harry asked, after she had led them down through six floors, and started down the marble staircase into the entrance hall.

“You’ll see, you’ll see in a minute!” said Hermione excitedly.

She turned left at the bottom of the staircase and hurried toward the door through which Cedric Diggory had gone the night after the Goblet of Fire had regurgitated his and Harry’s names. Harry had never been through here before. He and Ron followed Hermione down a flight of stone steps, but instead of ending up in a gloomy underground passage like the one that led to Snape’s dungeon, they found themselves in a broad stone corridor, brightly lit with torches, and decorated with cheerful paintings that were mainly of food.

她抓住哈利的手臂，開始試圖把他拉回走廊。“怎么了？”哈利問。“到了我再告訴你——快，跟我來——”哈利看了看羅恩；他回头看着哈利，感到好奇。“好的，”哈利說著，帶着赫敏向走廊的另一端走去，羅恩趕緊跟上。“別管我！”胖夫人在他們走後憤憤地喊道。“不要因為打扰我而道歉！我就挂這裡，敞開着，等你們回來，好吗？”“好的，謝謝！”羅恩大聲回道。“赫敏，我們要去哪？”哈利問，跟在她身後走了六層樓，開始走下大理石樓梯，進入入口大廳。“你等着，你馬上就能看到！”赫敏興奮地說。她在樓梯底部左轉，急匆匆地朝那扇門走去，這是塞德里克·狄哥里在火盒倒吐出他和哈利的名字之後那個晚上走過的門。哈利從未走過這裡。他和羅恩跟着赫敏走下一段石階，但不是走向像通向斯內普地牢的陰暗地下通道一樣的地方，他們發現自己走進了一個寬敞的石走廊，明亮的火炬照耀著，裝飾著歡快的畫作，主要是有食物的。

“Oh hang on . . .” said Harry slowly, halfway down the corridor. “Wait a minute, Hermione. . . .”

“What?” She turned around to look at him, anticipation all over her face.

“I know what this is about,” said Harry.

He nudged Ron and pointed to the painting just behind Hermione. It showed a gigantic silver fruit bowl.

“Hermione!” said Ron, cottoning on. “You’re trying to rope us into that spew stuff again!”

“No, no, I’m not!” she said hastily. “And it’s not *spew*, Ron —”

“Changed the name, have you?” said Ron, frowning at her. “What are we now, then, the House-Elf Liberation Front? I’m not barging into that kitchen and trying to make them stop work, I’m not doing it —”

“I’m not asking you to!” Hermione said impatiently. “I came down here just now, to talk to them all, and I found — oh come *on*, Harry, I want to show you!”

“等等……”哈利慢慢地说道，走在走廊中间。“等一下，赫敏……”“什么？”她转身看着他，满脸期待。“我知道这是关于什么的，”哈利说。他拍了拍罗恩，指向赫敏身后的画像，那是一个巨大的银色水果碗。“赫敏！”罗恩说道，“你又想把我们卷进那个自由家养小精灵组织的事情里了！”“不是的，不是的！”她急忙解释，“而且那个名字已经不是自由家养小精灵组织了，罗恩——”“你已经改了名字了？”罗恩皱眉看着她，“那现在我们是什么，家养小精灵解放战线吗？我不会冲进厨房试图让他们停止工作，我做不到——”“我没有让你去！”赫敏不耐烦地说道。“我刚刚下来是要跟他们谈谈，结果我发现——哦，拜托了，哈利，我想给你看看！”

She seized his arm again, pulled him in front of the picture of the giant fruit bowl, stretched out her forefinger, and tickled the huge green pear. It began to squirm, chuckling, and suddenly turned into a large green door handle. Hermione seized it, pulled the door open, and pushed Harry hard in the back, forcing him inside.

He had one brief glimpse of an enormous, high-ceilinged room, large as the Great Hall above it, with mounds of glittering brass pots and pans heaped around the stone walls, and a great brick fireplace at the other end, when something small hurtled toward him from the middle of the room, squealing, “Harry Potter, sir! *Harry Potter!*”

Next second all the wind had been knocked out of him as the squealing elf hit him hard in the midriff, hugging him so tightly he thought his ribs would break.

她再次抓住他的胳膊，将他拉到巨型水果碗的画面前，伸出食指，挠了一下巨大的绿色梨子。它开始扭动，笑个不停，突然变成了一个巨大的绿色门把手。赫敏抓住它，拉开门，猛地将哈利推进去。他只看了一眼一个巨大的高天花板房间，大得像上面的大厅，石墙上堆满了闪闪发光的黄铜锅和锅，另一端有一个巨大的砖石壁炉，当他中间的房间里东西向他飞奔而来时，尖叫着，“哈利波特，先生！哈利波特！”下一秒钟，他的所有风都被击散了，因为尖叫着的小精灵猛然撞向他的腹部，紧紧地抱住他，他觉得自己的肋骨都要断了。

“D-Dobby?” Harry gasped.

“It is Dobby, sir, it is!” squealed the voice from somewhere around his navel. “Dobby has been hoping and hoping to see Harry Potter, sir, and Harry Potter has come to see him, sir!”

Dobby let go and stepped back a few paces, beaming up at Harry, his enormous, green, tennis-ball-shaped eyes brimming with tears of happiness. He looked almost exactly as Harry remembered him; the pencil-shaped nose, the batlike ears, the long fingers and feet — all except the clothes, which were very different.

When Dobby had worked for the Malfoys, he had always worn the same filthy old pillowcase. Now, however, he was wearing the strangest assortment of garments Harry had ever seen; he had done an even worse job of dressing himself than the wizards at the World Cup. He was wearing a tea cozy for a hat, on which he had pinned a number of bright badges; a tie patterned with horseshoes over a bare chest, a pair of what looked like children’s soccer shorts, and odd socks. One of these, Harry saw, was the black one Harry had removed from his own foot and tricked Mr. Malfoy into giving Dobby, thereby setting Dobby free. The other was covered in pink and orange stripes.

“多比？”哈利喘气着。“是多比先生，是的！”来自他的肚子附近的声音尖叫着。“多比一直都很希望和哈利波特见面，先生，而哈利波特现在来见他了！”多比松开了手，向后退了几步，眼睛像绿色网球一样大，充满了幸福的泪水，欣喜若狂地望着哈利。他几乎和哈利记忆中的一样；那铅笔形状的鼻子、蝙蝠耳朵、长长的手指和脚——除了衣服，衣服完全不同了。当多比曾经为马尔福家族工作时，他总是穿着同一件肮脏的旧枕套。然而，现在，他穿着哈利曾经见过的最奇怪的服装；他穿着一个茶壶套作为帽子，上面别了许多鲜亮的徽章；他的胸前系着一条带有马蹄图案的领带，穿着一条像儿童足球短裤的裤子和不同的袜子。哈利看到他穿的一只是自己脚上取下来的黑色袜子，当时他骗了马尔福先生给了多比，从而让多比自由了。另一只袜子则有粉色和橙色条纹。

“Dobby, what’re you doing here?” Harry said in amazement.

“Dobby has come to work at Hogwarts, sir!” Dobby squealed excitedly. “Professor Dumbledore gave Dobby and Winky jobs, sir!”

“Winky?” said Harry. “She’s here too?”

“Yes, sir, yes!” said Dobby, and he seized Harry’s hand and pulled him off into the kitchen between the four long wooden tables that stood there. Each of these tables, Harry noticed as he passed them, was positioned exactly beneath the four House tables above, in the Great Hall. At the moment, they were clear of food, dinner having finished, but he supposed that an hour ago they had been laden with dishes that were then sent up through the ceiling to their counterparts above.

At least a hundred little elves were standing around the kitchen, beaming, bowing, and curtsying as Dobby led Harry past them. They were all

wearing the same uniform: a tea towel stamped with the Hogwarts crest, and tied, as Winky's had been, like a toga.

「Dobby，你在這裡做什麼？」哈利驚訝地說。「Dobby來到霍格華茲工作，先生！」Dobby興奮地尖叫著。「鄧布利多教授給了Dobby和Winky工作，先生！」「Winky？」哈利說。「她也在這裡？」「是的，先生，是的！」Dobby說著就拉著哈利的手，把他帶到了壹個廚房里，在那裡有四張長木桌。當哈利經過它們時，他注意到它們每張桌子下方都恰好對應著上方大廳裡的四張聯排桌子。此刻它們沒有食物，晚餐已經結束了，但他想壹個小時以前它們上面還擺滿了盤子，當時這些盤子被送上天花板通過通道派送到上面對應的桌子上。至少有壹百個小精靈圍著廚房站著，當Dobby帶哈利走過去的時候，這些小精靈們都在微笑、鞠躬和躬身行禮。它們都穿著相同的制服：霍格華茲紋章的茶巾，就像Winky的制服壹樣，被綁成裹著身子的樣子。

Dobby stopped in front of the brick fireplace and pointed.

“Winky, sir!” he said.

Winky was sitting on a stool by the fire. Unlike Dobby, she had obviously not foraged for clothes. She was wearing a neat little skirt and blouse with a matching blue hat, which had holes in it for her large ears. However, while every one of Dobby's strange collection of garments was so clean and well cared for that it looked brand-new, Winky was plainly not taking care of her clothes at all. There were soup stains all down her blouse and a burn in her skirt.

“Hello, Winky,” said Harry.

Winky's lip quivered. Then she burst into tears, which spilled out of her great brown eyes and splashed down her front, just as they had done at the Quidditch World Cup.

“Oh dear,” said Hermione. She and Ron had followed Harry and Dobby to the end of the kitchen. “Winky, don't cry, please don't . . .”

多比停在磚頭壁爐前指著。「維基，先生！」他說。維基坐在火爐旁的搖椅上。和多比不同的是，她顯然沒有到處找衣服。她穿著一條整潔的迷你裙和一件配套的藍色襯衫，帽子上有洞，適合她大大的耳朵。然而，儘管多比奇怪的衣服收藏中每一件都是如此清潔和呵護得好，看起來像嶄新一樣，維基顯然一點也不照顧她的衣服。她的襯衫上有著整個湯漬，裙子上有著燒痕。「你好，維基，」哈利說。維基的嘴唇顫抖著，然後她突然哭了起來，眼淚從她那棕色的大眼睛中流出，濺在她的前面，就像她在魁地奇世界盃上所做的一樣。「哦，天啊，」赫敏說。她和羅恩跟著哈利和多比到了廚房的盡頭。「維基，別哭，請別...」

But Winky cried harder than ever. Dobby, on the other hand, beamed up at Harry.

“Would Harry Potter like a cup of tea?” he squeaked loudly, over Winky's sobs.

“Er — yeah, okay,” said Harry.

Instantly, about six house-elves came trotting up behind him, bearing a large silver tray laden with a teapot, cups for Harry, Ron, and Hermione, a milk jug, and a large plate of biscuits.

“Good service!” Ron said, in an impressed voice. Hermione frowned at him, but the elves all looked delighted; they bowed very low and retreated.

“How long have you been here, Dobby?” Harry asked as Dobby handed around the tea.

“Only a week, Harry Potter, sir!” said Dobby happily. “Dobby came to see Professor Dumbledore, sir. You see, sir, it is very difficult for a house-elf who has been dismissed to get a new position, sir, very difficult indeed —”

但溫琪比以往哭得更慘。多比卻笑嘻嘻地看著哈利。“哈利·波特要不要喝杯茶？”他高聲地說著，壓過了溫琪的哭聲。“嗯——好的，”哈利說。立刻，大約六個小精靈跟在他後面，端著裝滿茶壺，哈利、羅恩和赫敏的茶杯，一個牛奶罐和一個大盤子餅乾的大銀盤。“好服務！”羅恩以感嘆的語氣說。赫敏皺起了眉頭，但小精靈們都看起來很高興；他們非常低地鞠躬，然後退了出去。“你來這裡多久了，多比？”哈利問著，當多比分發茶水時。“只有一個星期，哈利波特先生！”多比高興地說，“多比來見鄧布利多教授，先生。你看，先生，對一個被解雇了的家養小精靈來說，找到一份新工作非常困難，非常困難——”

At this, Winky howled even harder, her squashed-tomato of a nose dribbling all down her front, though she made no effort to stem the flow.

“Dobby has traveled the country for two whole years, sir, trying to find work!” Dobby squeaked. “But Dobby hasn't found work, sir, because Dobby wants paying now!”

The house-elves all around the kitchen, who had been listening and watching with interest, all looked away at these words, as though Dobby had said something rude and embarrassing. Hermione, however, said, “Good for you, Dobby!”

“Thank you, miss!” said Dobby, grinning toothily at her. “But most wizards doesn't want a house-elf who wants paying, miss. ‘That's not the point of a house-elf’ they says, and they slammed the door in Dobby's face! Dobby likes work, but he wants to wear clothes and he wants to be paid, Harry Potter. . . . Dobby likes being free!”

溫基聽到這個消息，哭聲更大了，她的鼻子像被擠扁的蕃茄一樣汁流滿面，但她沒有試圖阻止流淚。「杜比先生已經走遍全國兩年了，試圖尋找工作！」杜比尖叫道。「但杜比沒有找到工作，因為杜比現在要有報酬！」在廚房裡四處觀望的家內精靈們聽到這些話後都移開視線，好像聽到了什麼不禮貌和尷尬的話。然而，赫敏卻說：“很好，杜比！”「謝謝您，小姐！」杜

比咧嘴一笑。「但多數巫師不想要一個要求報酬的家內精靈。他們說『這不是家內精靈的目的』，然後把門狠狠地關上杜比的臉！杜比喜歡工作，但他想穿衣服，並希望得到報酬，哈利波特……杜比喜歡自由！」

The Hogwarts house-elves had now started edging away from Dobby, as though he were carrying something contagious. Winky, however, remained where she was, though there was a definite increase in the volume of her crying.

“And then, Harry Potter, Dobby goes to visit Winky, and finds out Winky has been freed too, sir!” said Dobby delightedly.

At this, Winky flung herself forward off her stool and lay facedown on the flagged stone floor, beating her tiny fists upon it and positively screaming with misery. Hermione hastily dropped down to her knees beside her and tried to comfort her, but nothing she said made the slightest difference. Dobby continued with his story, shouting shrilly over Winky’s screeches.

“And then Dobby had the idea, Harry Potter, sir! ‘Why doesn’t Dobby and Winky find work together?’ Dobby says. ‘Where is there enough work for two house-elves?’ says Winky. And Dobby thinks, and it comes to him, sir! *Hogwarts!* So Dobby and Winky came to see Professor Dumbledore, sir, and Professor Dumbledore took us on!”

霍格華茲的家內精靈現在開始從多比身邊變得遠離，就像他帶著某種傳染病一樣。維妮卻依舊站在原地，儘管她的哭聲明顯變大了。“然後，哈利波特，多比去拜訪維妮，發現維妮也被釋放了，先生！”多比高興地說。聽到這裡，維妮突然從凳子上跌落下來，趴在鋪滿石塊的地面上，用小拳頭狠狠地敲打著地面，哭聲更大了。赫敏匆忙跪在她身邊，試著安慰她，但她所說的一切都沒有絲毫效果。多比繼續講他的故事，壓低嗓音，在維妮的尖叫聲中高聲呼喊。“然後，哈利波特先生，多比想到了一個主意！為什麼多比和維妮不可以一起找工作呢？‘多比問道，‘哪裡有兩個家內精靈都能工作呢？’維妮問。然後多比想了想，終於想到了！霍格華茲！所以多比和維妮便去見達姆布爾多教授了，然後達姆布爾多教授收留了我們！”

Dobby beamed very brightly, and happy tears welled in his eyes again.

“And Professor Dumbledore says he will pay Dobby, sir, if Dobby wants paying! And so Dobby is a free elf, sir, and Dobby gets a Galleon a week and one day off a month!”

“That’s not very much!” Hermione shouted indignantly from the floor, over Winky’s continued screaming and fist-beating.

“Professor Dumbledore offered Dobby ten Galleons a week, and weekends off,” said Dobby, suddenly giving a little shiver, as though the prospect of so much leisure and riches were frightening, “but Dobby beat him down, miss. . . . Dobby likes freedom, miss, but he isn’t wanting too much, miss, he likes work better.”

“And how much is Professor Dumbledore paying *you*, Winky?” Hermione asked kindly.

If she had thought this would cheer up Winky, she was wildly mistaken. Winky did stop crying, but when she sat up she was glaring at Hermione through her massive brown eyes, her whole face sopping wet and suddenly furious.

多比非常開心，眼中也流著快樂的淚水。「杜伯利教授說如果多比想拿報酬的話，他會付給多比，先生。所以多比現在是一個自由的精靈，可以每週拿到一個金幣和一個月假期一天！」他笑得更開心了。「這可不多啊！」赫敏對著正在繼續哭泣和揮拳的溫琪大聲抱怨。「杜伯利教授一開始提供了十個金幣一週，還有周末假期，」多比突然打了個冷戰，好像那麼多休閒和財富的前景讓他感到害怕，「但是多比把他的要求降低了，小姐……多比喜歡自由，但他並不想太多，他更喜歡工作。」「溫琪，杜伯利教授支付你多少報酬？」赫敏友好地問道。如果她認為這會讓溫琪高興起來，那她就大錯特錯了。溫琪不再哭泣，但當她坐起來時，她用她巨大的棕色眼睛盯著赫敏，整張臉都濕透了，忽然變得充滿怒火。

“Winky is a disgraced elf, but Winky is not yet getting paid!” she squeaked. “Winky is not sunk so low as that! Winky is properly ashamed of being freed!”

“Ashamed?” said Hermione blankly. “But — Winky, come on! It’s Mr. Crouch who should be ashamed, not you! You didn’t do anything wrong he was really horrible to you —”

But at these words, Winky clapped her hands over the holes in her hat, flattening her ears so that she couldn’t hear a word, and screeched, “You is not insulting my master, miss! You is not insulting Mr. Crouch! Mr. Crouch is a good wizard, miss! Mr. Crouch is right to sack bad Winky!”

“Winky is having trouble adjusting, Harry Potter,” squeaked Dobby confidentially. “Winky forgets she is not bound to Mr. Crouch anymore; she is allowed to speak her mind now, but she won’t do it.”

「溫琪是一個失寵的小精靈，但溫琪還沒有得到報酬！」她尖聲說道。「溫琪還沒有降到那種地步！溫琪因被釋放感到懺悔！」「感到懺悔？」赫敏茫然地說。「但是——溫琪，別這樣！應該感到懺悔的是克勞奇先生，而不是你！他對你很惡劣——」但是，聽到這些話，溫琪用帽子上的洞把手掌壓在自己的耳朵上，尖叫道：「你不能侮辱我的主人，小姐！你不能侮辱克勞奇先生！克勞奇先生是個好巫師，小姐！克勞奇先生開除溫琪是對的！」「哈利·波特，溫琪正在適應中，」多比機密地尖叫。「溫琪忘了她不再受束縛，而現在可以坦率地表達自己的想法，但她不會這麼做。」

“Can’t house-elves speak their minds about their masters, then?” Harry asked.

“Oh no, sir, no,” said Dobby, looking suddenly serious. “Tis part of the house-elf’s enslavement, sir. We keeps their secrets and our silence, sir. We upholds the family’s honor, and we never speaks ill of them — though Professor Dumbledore told Dobby he does not insist upon this. Professor Dumbledore said we is free to — to —”

Dobby looked suddenly nervous and beckoned Harry closer. Harry bent forward. Dobby whispered, "He said we is free to call him a — a barmy old codger if we likes, sir!"

Dobby gave a frightened sort of giggle.

"But Dobby is not wanting to, Harry Potter," he said, talking normally again, and shaking his head so that his ears flapped. "Dobby likes Professor Dumbledore very much, sir, and is proud to keep his secrets and our silence for him."

“那家养小精灵为什么不能对他们的主人说出自己的想法呢？”哈利问道。“哦不，先生，不行。”多比突然变得认真起来，“这是家养小精灵被奴役的一部分，先生。我们保守他们的秘密和保持沉默，先生。我们维护家族的荣誉，我们从不说他们的坏话-虽然邓布利教授告诉多比他并不坚持这一立场。邓布利教授说我们可以-可以-”多比突然变得紧张，招手让哈利靠近一点。哈利弯下腰。多比小声说：“他说我们可以自由地叫他老顽固或疯子，先生！”多比吓得发出一种非常害怕的笑声。“但是多比不想这样做，哈利波特，”他又恢复了正常的说话，并摇着头，使他的耳朵拍打，“多比非常喜欢邓布利教授，先生，而我们为他保守秘密和保持沉默感到自豪。”

"But you can say what you like about the Malfoys now?" Harry asked him, grinning.

A slightly fearful look came into Dobby's immense eyes.

"Dobby — Dobby could," he said doubtfully. He squared his small shoulders. "Dobby could tell Harry Potter that his old masters were — were — bad Dark wizards!"

Dobby stood for a moment, quivering all over, horror-struck by his own daring — then he rushed over to the nearest table and began banging his head on it very hard, squealing, "Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!"

Harry seized Dobby by the back of his tie and pulled him away from the table.

"Thank you, Harry Potter, thank you," said Dobby breathlessly, rubbing his head.

"You just need a bit of practice," Harry said.

"Practice!" squealed Winky furiously. "You is ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dobby, talking that way about your masters!"

“但現在你可以說馬爾福家族的壞話了嗎？”哈利眨眨眼，問道。多比的眼中露出略顯恐懼的神色。“嗯……多比大概可以說。”他猶豫地說。他挺直了微小的肩膀。“多比可以告訴哈利波特，他的老主人們是……是……壞的黑暗巫師！”多比停了一會兒，全身顫抖，對自己的大膽舉動感到驚恐，然後他跑到最近的桌子跟前，非常用力地敲了一下自己的頭，尖叫著，“壞的多比！壞的多比！”哈利抓住多比的領帶後面，將他拉離桌子。“謝謝你，哈利波特，謝謝你。”多比上氣不接下氣地說，揉著自己的頭。“你只需要再多練習一下。”哈利說。“練習！”溫琪氣得尖叫起來，“你有沒有羞愧心呀，多比，這樣講你的主人！”

"They isn't my masters anymore, Winky!" said Dobby defiantly. "Dobby doesn't care what they think anymore!"

"Oh you is a bad elf, Dobby!" moaned Winky, tears leaking down her face once more. "My poor Mr. Crouch, what is he doing without Winky? He is needing me, he is needing my help! I is looking after the Crouches all my life, and my mother is doing it before me, and my grandmother is doing it before her . . . oh what is they saying if they knew Winky was freed? Oh the shame, the shame!" She buried her face in her skirt again and bawled.

"Winky," said Hermione firmly, "I'm quite sure Mr. Crouch is getting along perfectly well without you. We've seen him, you know —"

"You is seeing my master?" said Winky breathlessly, raising her tearstained face out of her skirt once more and goggling at Hermione. "You is seeing him here at Hogwarts?"

「他們不再是我的主人了，溫琪！」多比堅定地說。「多比不再在意他們的想法了！」「哦，你是個壞精靈，多比！」溫琪哀嚎著，淚水再次滑落臉龐。「可憐的克勞奇先生，沒有溫琪怎麼辦？他需要我，需要我的幫助！我一直在照顧克勞奇家族，我的母親也是，我的祖母也是……哦，如果他們知道溫琪被釋放了，會怎麼說？太丟臉了，真丟臉！」她再次把臉埋進裙子裡哭泣。「溫琪，」赫敏堅定地說：「我很確定克勞奇先生沒有你也能生活得很好。我們見過他，你知道的——」「你見過我的主人？」溫琪屏息地說，再次從帶淚的臉龐中抬起頭來，瞪大了眼睛看著赫敏。「你看到他在霍格沃茨了？」

"Yes," said Hermione, "he and Mr. Bagman are judges in the Triwizard Tournament."

"Mr. Bagman comes too?" squeaked Winky, and to Harry's great surprise (and Ron's and Hermione's too, by the looks on their faces), she looked angry again. "Mr. Bagman is a bad wizard! A very bad wizard! My master isn't liking him, oh no, not at all!"

"Bagman — bad?" said Harry.

"Oh yes," Winky said, nodding her head furiously. "My master is telling Winky some things! But Winky is not saying . . . Winky — Winky keeps her master's secrets. . . ."

She dissolved yet again in tears; they could hear her sobbing into her skirt, "Poor master, poor master, no Winky to help him no more!"

They couldn't get another sensible word out of Winky. They left her to her crying and finished their tea, while Dobby chatted happily about his life

as a free elf and his plans for his wages.

“是的，”赫敏说，“他和巴格曼先生是三巫鬥龍大賽的評判。”“巴格曼先生也來了？”溫琪尖叫道，令哈利感到非常驚訝（從朋友們的表情中也可以看出），她又生氣了。“巴格曼先生是個壞巫師！非常壞的巫師！我的主人不喜歡他，絲毫不喜歡！”“巴格曼-壞？”哈利問。“是的，”溫琪說，猛搖頭。“我的主人告訴溫琪一些事情！但溫琪不說……溫琪——溫琪保守主人的秘密……”她又流淚了；他們聽到她哭泣並用裙子擦淚，“可憐的主人，可憐的主人，沒有溫琪再來幫他了！”他們無法再從溫琪那裡得到任何有意義的話。他們讓她繼續哭泣，喝完茶後，Dobby高興地閒聊他作為一個自由精靈的生活和他賺錢的計劃。

“Dobby is going to buy a sweater next, Harry Potter!” he said happily, pointing at his bare chest.

“Tell you what, Dobby,” said Ron, who seemed to have taken a great liking to the elf, “I’ll give you the one my mum knits me this Christmas, I always get one from her. You don’t mind maroon, do you?”

Dobby was delighted.

“We might have to shrink it a bit to fit you,” Ron told him, “but it’ll go well with your tea cozy.”

As they prepared to take their leave, many of the surrounding elves pressed in upon them, offering snacks to take back upstairs. Hermione refused, with a pained look at the way the elves kept bowing and curtsying, but Harry and Ron loaded their pockets with cream cakes and pies.

“Thanks a lot!” Harry said to the elves, who had all clustered around the door to say good night. “See you, Dobby!”

「多比下一個要買的就是毛衣，哈利波特！」他開心地指著自己的光禿禿的胸口說。「告訴你吧，多比，」羅恩說。他似乎對這個小精靈情有獨鍾。「我聖誕節的時候媽媽總是給我織一件。我可以給你那件，你不介意酒紅色吧？」多比高興極了。「可能得把它縮小一點才能適合你，」羅恩告訴他。「但它和你的茶壺套很配呢。」正當他們準備離開時，許多周圍的小精靈湧了過來，提供小食回到樓上。赫敏扭頭望著小精靈們不斷的鞠躬，皺了皺眉，拒絕了，但哈利和羅恩卻把口袋裡塞滿了奶油蛋糕和派。「非常感謝！」哈利對著聚集在門口為他們道晚安的小精靈們說。「再見，多比！」

“Harry Potter . . . can Dobby come and see you sometimes, sir?” Dobby asked tentatively.

“Course you can,” said Harry, and Dobby beamed.

“You know what?” said Ron, once he, Hermione, and Harry had left the kitchens behind and were climbing the steps into the entrance hall again. “All these years I’ve been really impressed with Fred and George, nicking food from the kitchens — well, it’s not exactly difficult, is it? They can’t wait to give it away!”

“I think this is the best thing that could have happened to those elves, you know,” said Hermione, leading the way back up the marble staircase. “Dobby coming to work here, I mean. The other elves will see how happy he is, being free, and slowly it’ll dawn on them that they want that too!”

“Let’s hope they don’t look too closely at Winky,” said Harry.

“哈利波特……Dobby可以偶爾來見你嗎，先生？”Dobby小心翼翼地問道。“當然可以，”哈利說，Dobby露出了微笑。“你知道嗎？”羅恩說，當他、赫敏和哈利離開廚房，再次爬上入口大廳的臺階時。“這些年來，我一直對弗雷德和喬治印象深刻，他們從廚房偷東西——嗯，這不是很容易嗎？他們迫不及待地想要分贈給別人！”“我覺得這是那些小精靈可以發生的最好的事情，你知道嗎？”赫敏帶著大家重新走回大理石樓梯。「Dobby來這裡工作，我是這個意思。其他小精靈會看到他是多麼開心，終於可以自由，慢慢地他們會覺得他們也想要這樣！」“希望他們不會仔細看Winky，”哈利說。

“Oh she’ll cheer up,” said Hermione, though she sounded a bit doubtful. “Once the shock’s worn off, and she’s got used to Hogwarts, she’ll see how much better off she is without that Crouch man.”

“She seems to love him,” said Ron thickly (he had just started on a cream cake).

“Doesn’t think much of Bagman, though, does she?” said Harry. “Wonder what Crouch says at home about him?”

“Probably says he’s not a very good Head of Department,” said Hermione, “and let’s face it . . . he’s got a point, hasn’t he?”

“I’d still rather work for him than old Crouch,” said Ron. “At least Bagman’s got a sense of humor.”

“Don’t let Percy hear you saying that,” Hermione said, smiling slightly.

“Yeah, well, Percy wouldn’t want to work for anyone with a sense of humor, would he?” said Ron, now starting on a chocolate eclair. “Percy wouldn’t recognize a joke if it danced naked in front of him wearing Dobby’s tea cozy.”

“赫敏说：“她会振作起来的”，尽管她听起来有些不确定。“一旦冲击消失，她适应了霍格沃茨，她会意识到没有克劳奇这个人，她会好很多。”“她似乎喜欢他，”罗恩咕噜着说，他刚刚开始吃奶油蛋糕。“她对巴格曼没什么好感，是吗？”哈利说。“想知道克劳奇在家里怎么评价他？”“可能会说他不是一个很好的部门主管，”赫敏说，“让我们面对现实……他说的有道理，没有吗？”“我仍然宁愿为他工作而不是为老克劳奇工作，”罗恩说。“至少巴格曼有幽默感。”“别让珀西听到你这么说，”赫敏微笑着说。“是啊，珀西不想为有幽默感的人工作，是吗？”罗恩说，现在他开始吃巧克力馅夹心甜甜圈。“如果有人穿着多比的茶渍在他面前跳着舞，他也不会认出一个笑话。”



THE UNEXPECTED TASK

P otter! Weasley! *Will you pay attention?* ”

Professor McGonagall’s irritated voice cracked like a whip through the Transfiguration class on Thursday, and Harry and Ron both jumped and looked up.

It was the end of the lesson; they had finished their work; the guinea fowl they had been changing into guinea pigs had been shut away in a large cage on Professor McGonagall’s desk (Neville’s still had feathers); they had copied down their homework from the blackboard (“*Describe, with examples, the ways in which Transforming Spells must be adapted when performing Cross-Species Switches*”). The bell was due to ring at any moment, and Harry and Ron, who had been having a sword fight with a couple of Fred and George’s fake wands at the back of the class, looked up, Ron holding a tin parrot and Harry, a rubber haddock.

波特！韋斯萊！你們能專心點嗎？”星期四，在變形術課上，麥格教授不悅的聲音猛然傳來，哈利和羅恩都嚇了一跳，抬起頭。課結束了，他們已經完成了作業，他們將原本想變成豚鼠的珍珠鷄鳥關進了麥格教授書桌上的一個大籠子裡（尼維爾的還帶著羽毛），他們從黑板上抄下了功課（“描述變形咒語在跨物種轉換時需要如何適應，並提供例如”）。鐘聲隨時會響，哈利和羅恩兩人一直在教室後面用弗雷德和喬治的假魔杖打劍，兩人抬頭看了看，此時，羅恩手捧一只錫製鸚鵡，哈利的手中則拿著一條橡皮尼鯊魚。

“Now that Potter and Weasley have been kind enough to act their age,” said Professor McGonagall, with an angry look at the pair of them as the head of Harry’s haddock drooped and fell silently to the floor — Ron’s parrot’s beak had severed it moments before — “I have something to say to you all.

“The Yule Ball is approaching — a traditional part of the Triwizard Tournament and an opportunity for us to socialize with our foreign guests. Now, the ball will be open only to fourth years and above — although you may invite a younger student if you wish —”

Lavender Brown let out a shrill giggle. Parvati Patil nudged her hard in the ribs, her face working furiously as she too fought not to giggle. They both looked around at Harry. Professor McGonagall ignored them, which Harry thought was distinctly unfair, as she had just told off him and Ron.

現在波特和衛斯理已經很善意的表現出他們的年齡了，”麥格教授說，同時凝視了他們倆的背影，哈利的鮭魚頭悄然滑落在地 — 羅恩的鸚鵡剛剛咬破了它。“現在，聖誕舞會即將到來，這是三強魔法大賽傳統的一部份，也是與我們的外國客人交際的好機會。現在，只有四年級以上的學生才能參加 — 但如果你想的話，你可以邀請一年級以下的學生參加 —” 拉文德·布朗發出尖聲笑。帕瓦蒂·帕蒂爾狠狠地碰了她一下，她的臉勉強地保持著不發笑的樣子。他們都看著哈利。麥格教授無視了他們，哈利覺得這很不公平，因為她剛才責備了他和羅恩。

“Dress robes will be worn,” Professor McGonagall continued, “and the ball will start at eight o’clock on Christmas Day, finishing at midnight in the Great Hall. Now then —”

Professor McGonagall stared deliberately around the class.

“The Yule Ball is of course a chance for us all to — er — let our hair down,” she said, in a disapproving voice.

Lavender giggled harder than ever, with her hand pressed hard against her mouth to stifle the sound. Harry could see what was funny this time: Professor McGonagall, with her hair in a tight bun, looked as though she had never let her hair down in any sense.

“But that does NOT mean,” Professor McGonagall went on, “that we will be relaxing the standards of behavior we expect from Hogwarts students. I will be most seriously displeased if a Gryffindor student embarrasses the school in any way.”

「請穿上舞袍，」麥格教授繼續說道，「聖誕節當天晚上八點在大禮堂開始，午夜結束。好，接下來——」麥格教授有意地盯著全班看。「尤爾舞會當然是一個讓我們——呃——放鬆的機會，」她以不滿的聲調說道。薰衣草笑得更厲害了，她用力按住嘴巴，以免發出聲音。這一次，哈利明白她為什麼這麼好笑了：麥格教授把頭髮扎成緊緊的髮髻，看起來從未放鬆過。

「但那並不表示，」麥格教授繼續說道，「我們會放寬對霍格華茲學生的行為要求。如果任何一個格蘭芬多學生以任何方式讓學校出醜，我絕對不會滿意。」

The bell rang, and there was the usual scuffle of activity as everyone packed their bags and swung them onto their shoulders.

Professor McGonagall called above the noise, "Potter — a word, if you please."

Assuming this had something to do with his headless rubber haddock, Harry proceeded gloomily to the teacher's desk. Professor McGonagall waited until the rest of the class had gone, and then said, "Potter, the champions and their partners —"

"What partners?" said Harry.

Professor McGonagall looked suspiciously at him, as though she thought he was trying to be funny.

"Your partners for the Yule Ball, Potter," she said coldly. "Your *dance partners*."

Harry's insides seemed to curl up and shrivel.

"Dance partners?" He felt himself going red. "I don't dance," he said quickly.

鐘聲響起，所有人都忙碌地打包行李，把它們甩到肩上。麥格教授高聲叫道：“波特——請留步。”哈利以為這與他的斷頭橡皮鱗片有關，便沮喪地走到老師的課桌前。麥格教授等到其他同學走後，才說：“波特，冠軍和他們的舞伴——”“什麼舞伴？”哈利說。麥格教授懷疑地看著他，好像認為他在開玩笑。“你參加聖誕舞會時的舞伴，波特，”她冷冷地說。“你的舞伴。”哈利的内心感覺像是捲縮了起來。“舞伴？”他感覺自己臉紅了。“我不跳舞，”他趕緊說。

"Oh yes, you do," said Professor McGonagall irritably. "That's what I'm telling you. Traditionally, the champions and their partners open the ball."

Harry had a sudden mental image of himself in a top hat and tails, accompanied by a girl in the sort of frilly dress Aunt Petunia always wore to Uncle Vernon's work parties.

"I'm not dancing," he said.

"It is traditional," said Professor McGonagall firmly. "You are a Hogwarts champion, and you will do what is expected of you as a representative of the school. So make sure you get yourself a partner, Potter."

"But — I don't —"

"You heard me, Potter," said Professor McGonagall in a very final sort of way.

A week ago, Harry would have said finding a partner for a dance would be a cinch compared to taking on a Hungarian Horntail. But now that he had done the latter, and was facing the prospect of asking a girl to the ball, he thought he'd rather have another round with the dragon.

“對，你需要參加，”麥崔根教授惱怒地說道，“這就是我告訴你的。傳統上，冠軍和他們的舞伴會開始跳舞。”哈利突然想像自己身穿禮帽和燕尾服，與女孩一同跳著姨媽佩婷妮亞總是穿去弗農大叔公司聚會的那種褶邊裙舞。“我不跳舞”，他說。“這是傳統的，”麥崔根教授堅定地說，“你是霍格沃茨的冠軍，作為學校的代表，你必須遵守預期的規定。所以確保你找到一個舞伴，波特。”“但是——我不——”“你聽到我說了什麼，波特，”麥崔根教授以一種非常絕對的口氣說道。一個星期前，哈利會說比起面對匈牙利角尾龍來說，找個舞伴簡直是輕而易舉的。但現在，他已經面對了後者，且不得不向女孩邀約參加舞會，他覺得自己寧願再與那條龍搞一輪。

Harry had never known so many people to put their names down to stay at Hogwarts for Christmas; he always did, of course, because the alternative was usually going back to Privet Drive, but he had always been very much in the minority before now. This year, however, everyone in the fourth year and above seemed to be staying, and they all seemed to Harry to be obsessed with the coming ball — or at least all the girls were, and it was amazing how many girls Hogwarts suddenly seemed to hold; he had never quite noticed that before. Girls giggling and whispering in the corridors, girls shrieking with laughter as boys passed them, girls excitedly comparing notes on what they were going to wear on Christmas night. . . .

"Why do they have to move in packs?" Harry asked Ron as a dozen or so girls walked past them, sniggering and staring at Harry. "How're you supposed to get one on their own to ask them?"

哈利從未看過這麼多人報名留在霍格華茲過聖誕節，當然他總是報名，因為另一個選擇通常就是回普里韋特大街，但以前他很少這麼做。然而，今年四年級以上的所有人似乎都打算留下，對於即將舉行的舞會，他們所有人似乎都狂熱——至少所有女孩都是這樣，霍格華茲有多少女孩子讓哈利驚訝，他以前從未注意到。女孩們在走廊裡咯咯地笑，耳語低語，當男孩子們經過時，女孩們開心地尖叫，興奮地討論著聖誕夜穿什麼衣服的事情...，"為什麼她們一定要成群結伴呢？"哈利問羅恩，當十幾個女孩子從他們身旁走過時，窃笑並盯著哈利看，“你要怎麼抓住她們中的一個跟她約會呢？”

"Lasso one?" Ron suggested. "Got any idea who you're going to try?"

Harry didn't answer. He knew perfectly well whom he'd *like* to ask, but working up the nerve was something else. . . . Cho was a year older than he was; she was very pretty; she was a very good Quidditch player, and she was also very popular.

Ron seemed to know what was going on inside Harry's head.

"Listen, you're not going to have any trouble. You're a champion. You've just beaten a Hungarian Horntail. I bet they'll be queuing up to go with

you.”

In tribute to their recently repaired friendship, Ron had kept the bitterness in his voice to a bare minimum. Moreover, to Harry's amazement, he turned out to be quite right.

A curly-haired third-year Hufflepuff girl to whom Harry had never spoken in his life asked him to go to the ball with her the very next day. Harry was so taken aback he said no before he'd even stopped to consider the matter. The girl walked off looking rather hurt, and Harry had to endure Dean's, Seamus's, and Ron's taunts about her all through History of Magic. The following day, two more girls asked him, a second year and (to his horror) a fifth year who looked as though she might knock him out if he refused.

“去捉一個？”羅恩建議道。“你打算試試問誰呢？”哈利沒有回答。他很清楚想問誰，但要鼓起勇氣則是另外一回事……。周妃比他大一歲，她很漂亮，是一名很出色的魁地奇球員，而且她也很受歡迎。羅恩似乎知道哈利腦子裡在想什麼。“聽著，你不會有什麼困難的。你是冠軍，你剛打敗了匈牙利角龍。我敢打賭，她們會排隊找你去的。”為了致敬他們最近修復的友誼，羅恩把他的嫉妒心情壓得很低。而且，讓哈利很驚訝的是，他說得很對。一個卷髮的三年級哈夫普夫女孩，哈利從未與她講過話，竟然在隔天問他要不要和她一起去跳舞。哈利如此吃驚，以至於他在停下來考慮之前就拒絕了。這個女孩走開時看起來很受傷，哈利不得不經受迪恩、希摩斯和羅恩對她的嘲笑，一路上忍受著這些嘲笑，聽歷史課。接下來一天，又有兩個女孩問他，一個是二年級，另一個是（讓他感到恐懼的）五年級，她看起來好像如果他拒絕的話會把他打暈。

“She was quite good-looking,” said Ron fairly, after he'd stopped laughing.

“She was a foot taller than me,” said Harry, still unnerved. “Imagine what I'd look like trying to dance with her.”

Hermione's words about Krum kept coming back to him. “They only like him because he's famous!” Harry doubted very much if any of the girls who had asked to be his partner so far would have wanted to go to the ball with him if he hadn't been a school champion. Then he wondered if this would bother him if Cho asked him.

On the whole, Harry had to admit that even with the embarrassing prospect of opening the ball before him, life had definitely improved since he had got through the first task. He wasn't attracting nearly as much unpleasantness in the corridors anymore, which he suspected had a lot to do with Cedric—he had an idea Cedric might have told the Hufflepuffs to leave Harry alone, in gratitude for Harry's tip-off about the dragons. There seemed to be fewer *Support Cedric Diggory!* badges around too. Draco Malfoy, of course, was still quoting Rita Skeeter's article to him at every possible opportunity, but he was getting fewer and fewer laughs out of it—and just to heighten Harry's feeling of well-being, no story about Hagrid had appeared in the *Daily Prophet*.

「她長得還不錯，」羅恩笑過之後說道。「她比我高了一英尺，」哈利感到有些緊張。「想象一下我跟她跳舞的樣子。」赫敏對克魯姆的話又浮現在哈利腦海中。「她們只是因為他有名氣才喜歡他！」哈利很懷疑，如果他不是學校冠軍的話，那些想和他跳舞的女孩會不會同樣喜歡他。然後他又想，如果是崔問他去跳舞，他會不會在意。總的來說，哈利必須承認，即使在開舞會這種尷尬的事情面前，自從他完成第一個任務之後，生活肯定有所改善。他不再在走廊裡引起那麼多不愉快的事情了，他認為這很大程度上要歸功於塞德里克——他有一種想法，因為哈利給出了有關龍的提示，塞德里克可能已經告訴了赫夫帕夫學院的學生不要去打擾哈利。周圍的「支持塞德里克·迪戈里！」的徽章也似乎越來越少了。當然，德拉科·馬爾福還在利用裡塔·斯基特的文章向他引述，但他越來越少從這裏得到笑聲——為了加強哈利的幸福感，沒有有關海格的故事在《每日預言家》上出現。

“She didn't seem very interested in magical creatures, ter tell yeh the truth,” Hagrid said, when Harry, Ron, and Hermione asked him how his interview with Rita Skeeter had gone during the last Care of Magical Creatures lesson of the term. To their very great relief, Hagrid had given up on direct contact with the skrewts now, and they were merely sheltering behind his cabin today, sitting at a trestle table and preparing a fresh selection of food with which to tempt the skrewts.

“She jus' wanted me ter talk about you, Harry,” Hagrid continued in a low voice. “Well, I told her we'd been friends since I went ter fetch yeh from the Dursleys. 'Never had to tell him off in four years?' she said. 'Never played you up in lessons, has he?' I told her no, an' she didn't seem happy at all. Yeh'd think she wanted me to say yeh were horrible, Harry.”

“說實話，她似乎對魔法生物不大感興趣。”在上一學期的魔法生物課中，當哈利、羅恩和赫敏問海格與瑞塔·史凱特的面談進展時，海格這樣說道。令他們非常欣慰的是，海格現在已經放棄了直接接觸天狗蝠蝠蟲，今天他們只是躲在他的小屋後面，坐在腳手架桌旁，準備新鮮食物來誘惑天狗蝠蝠蟲。“她只是想讓我談談你，哈利。”海格低聲繼續說道，“我告訴她自從我從德思禮家族帶你走後，我們就成了朋友。‘他四年來從未被罵過？’她問。‘他沒有在課堂上找麻煩過，對吧？’我告訴她沒有，她似乎一點也不高興。你會認為她想讓我說你是可怕的，哈利。”

“Course she did,” said Harry, throwing lumps of dragon liver into a large metal bowl and picking up his knife to cut some more. “She can't keep writing about what a tragic little hero I am, it'll get boring.”

“She wants a new angle, Hagrid,” said Ron wisely as he shelled salamander eggs. “You were supposed to say Harry's a mad delinquent!”

“But he's not!” said Hagrid, looking genuinely shocked.

“She should've interviewed Snape,” said Harry grimly. “He'd give her the goods on me any day. 'Potter has been crossing lines ever since he first arrived at this school. . . .’”

“Said that, did he?” said Hagrid, while Ron and Hermione laughed. “Well, yeh might've bent a few rules, Harry, bu' yeh're all righ' really, aren'

you?"

"Cheers, Hagrid," said Harry, grinning.

"當然她這麼做了，"哈利說着，他拿起刀子開始切龍肝並將它們扔進一個大金屬碗中，"她不能一直寫我是一個悲劇性的小英雄，這樣會變得無聊。" "哈格力，她需要一個新的角度，"羅恩明智地說道，他正在剝山椒魚蛋，"你應該說哈利是一個瘋狂的問題少年！" 但是哈格力真的很震驚地談到："他不是！" "她應該去採訪斯內普，"哈利嚴肅地說道，"他會提供關於我的東西的。" 波特從來沒有遵守過任何規則....." "他說了嗎？" 哈格力問道，而羅恩和赫敏開懷大笑。"好吧，哈利，你可能有些違反規則，但你還是好孩子，對吧？" "謝謝，哈格力，"哈利咧嘴一笑。

"You coming to this ball thing on Christmas Day, Hagrid?" said Ron.

"Though' I might look in on it, yeah," said Hagrid gruffly. "Should be a good do, I reckon. You'll be openin' the dancin', won' yeh, Harry? Who're you takin'?"

"No one, yet," said Harry, feeling himself going red again. Hagrid didn't pursue the subject.

The last week of term became increasingly boisterous as it progressed. Rumors about the Yule Ball were flying everywhere, though Harry didn't believe half of them—for instance, that Dumbledore had bought eight hundred barrels of mulled mead from Madam Rosmerta. It seemed to be fact, however, that he had booked the Weird Sisters. Exactly who or what the Weird Sisters were Harry didn't know, never having had access to a wizard's wireless, but he deduced from the wild excitement of those who had grown up listening to the WWN (Wizarding Wireless Network) that they were a very famous musical group.

"哈格力，你聖誕節會來參加這個舞會嗎？"羅恩問道。"我想我會去看看的，是啊"，哈格力咕嚕地說，"我想應該很棒的。哈利，你會開始跳舞，對不對？你帶誰去？" "還沒有人，"哈利回答，感覺自己又有些臉紅。哈格力沒有深入談論這個話題。學期的最後一周越來越喧囂。到處都傳簡聞，關於聖誕舞會的傳聞，不過哈利並沒有相信其中的一半—例如邓布利多從罗斯梅爾塔夫人那里購買了八百桶熱酒。然而，他似乎已經預定了怪姆姐妹。哈利並不知道怪姆姐妹是誰或是什么，因為他從未聽過巫師的無線電，但從那些一直聽着魔法姓名列廣播網（Wizarding Wireless Network）長大的人们的狂熱兴奋中推斷出，他們應該是一個非常著名的音樂組合。

Some of the teachers, like little Professor Flitwick, gave up trying to teach them much when their minds were so clearly elsewhere; he allowed them to play games in his lesson on Wednesday, and spent most of it talking to Harry about the perfect Summoning Charm Harry had used during the first task of the Triwizard Tournament. Other teachers were not so generous. Nothing would ever deflect Professor Binns, for example, from plowing on through his notes on goblin rebellions—as Binns hadn't let his own death stand in the way of continuing to teach, they supposed a small thing like Christmas wasn't going to put him off. It was amazing how he could make even bloody and vicious goblin riots sound as boring as Percy's cauldron-bottom report. Professors McGonagall and Moody kept them working until the very last second of their classes too, and Snape, of course, would no sooner let them play games in class than adopt Harry. Staring nastily around at them all, he informed them that he would be testing them on poison antidotes during the last lesson of the term.

像小弗力特維博士這樣的教師發現學生們的心思顯然在別處，索性放任他們在星期三的課堂中玩遊戲，並花了大部分時間和哈利談論三強魔法錦標賽第一項任務中哈利使用的完美召喚魔法。其他教師就不那麼寬容了。比如說賓斯教授，他從不受什麼干擾，繼續講授關於哥布林叛亂的筆記——既然賓斯自己的死亡都沒有阻礙他繼續教學，那麼聖誕節這種小事當然更不會讓他分心。他甚至能讓血腥、兇猛的哥布林暴動聽起來和珀西的藥膳報告一樣無聊。麥格教授和穆迪教授也讓他們在課堂最後一刻保持專注學習，至於斯涅普，他當然不會試圖讓學生在課堂上玩遊戲，正如他不可能收養哈利一樣。他尖刻地瞪著大家，告訴他們他將在學期最後一課測試他們的解毒劑知識。

"Evil, he is," Ron said bitterly that night in the Gryffindor common room. "Springing a test on us on the last day. Ruining the last bit of term with a whole load of studying."

"Mmm... you're not exactly straining yourself, though, are you?" said Hermione, looking at him over the top of her Potions notes. Ron was busy building a card castle out of his Exploding Snap pack—a much more interesting pastime than with Muggle cards, because of the chance that the whole thing would blow up at any second.

"It's Christmas, Hermione," said Harry lazily; he was rereading *Flying with the Cannons* for the tenth time in an armchair near the fire.

Hermione looked severely over at him too. "I'd have thought you'd be doing something constructive, Harry, even if you don't want to learn your antidotes!"

「他真的很壞，」那天晚上在格蘭芬多公共休息室，羅恩嘴裡咕嚕著。「在最後一天給我們測驗，破壞了整個學期的最後一段時間，還得多學一大堆。」「嗯.....不過你現在也沒有負荷過於劇烈，對吧？」赫敏看著他的藥水筆記，說道。而羅恩正忙於用他的爆炸玩具卡牌堆建造一座卡牌城堡——與麻瓜卡牌不同，因為它隨時有可能爆炸而更加有趣。「現在是聖誕節，赫敏，」哈利懶洋洋地說道。他坐在火爐附近的扶手椅上，第十次重讀《和加農小炮一起飛翔》。赫敏也嚴肅地看著他。「我原以為，即使你不想學抗毒藥，哈利，你還會做一些有意義的事情！」

"Like what?" Harry said as he watched Joey Jenkins of the Cannons belt a Bludger toward a Ballycastle Bats Chaser.

"That egg!" Hermione hissed.

“Come on, Hermione, I’ve got till February the twenty-fourth,” Harry said.

He had put the golden egg upstairs in his trunk and hadn’t opened it since the celebration party after the first task. There were still two and a half months to go until he needed to know what all the screechy wailing meant, after all.

“But it might take weeks to work it out!” said Hermione. “You’re going to look a real idiot if everyone else knows what the next task is and you don’t!”

“Leave him alone, Hermione, he’s earned a bit of a break,” said Ron, and he placed the last two cards on top of the castle and the whole lot blew up, singeing his eyebrows.

「像什麼？」哈利問著，他看著炮手隊的喬伊·詹金斯將鐵球狠狠打向貝利卡斯爵士隊的追擊手。「那個蛋！」妙麗咬牙切齒地說。「別逼我，妙麗，我還有到二月二十四號的時間呢。」哈利說。他把金色的蛋放在樓上的箱子裡，自從第一項任務的慶祝派對結束以來一直沒有打開它。實際上，還有兩個半月的時間可以知道那尖叫聲意味著什麼。「可是可能需要幾個星期才能搞清楚！」妙麗說。「如果每個人都知道下一個任務是什麼，你還不知道，你就會看起來很笨！」「放過他吧，妙麗，他應該得到一點休息。」羅恩說，然後他把最後兩張牌放在城堡的頂部，整個城堡炸開了，燒焦了他的眉毛。

“Nice look, Ron . . . go well with your dress robes, that will.”

It was Fred and George. They sat down at the table with Harry, Ron, and Hermione as Ron felt how much damage had been done.

“Ron, can we borrow Pigwidgeon?” George asked.

“No, he’s off delivering a letter,” said Ron. “Why?”

“Because George wants to invite him to the ball,” said Fred sarcastically.

“Because we want to send a letter, you stupid great prat,” said George.

“Who d’you two keep writing to, eh?” said Ron.

“Nose out, Ron, or I’ll burn that for you too,” said Fred, waving his wand threateningly. “So . . . you lot got dates for the ball yet?”

“Nope,” said Ron.

“Well, you’d better hurry up, mate, or all the good ones will be gone,” said Fred.

“Who’re you going with, then?” said Ron.

“Angelina,” said Fred promptly, without a trace of embarrassment.

“好看，Ron……和你的晚禮服很相配呢。”那是弗雷德和喬治。他們和哈利、羅恩和赫敏一起坐在桌前，而羅恩感受到了損失有多嚴重。「Ron，我們可以借用皮吉恩嗎？」喬治問道。「不行，它正在投遞信件。」羅恩說。「為什麼？」「因為喬治想邀請它去舞會。」弗雷德諷刺地說。「因為我們要寄信，你這個笨蛋嚴重缺心眼啊。」喬治說。「你們倆寫信給誰了啊？」羅恩說。「少管閒事，否則我也輪不到燒掉你的信件。」弗雷德揮舞著他的魔杖，威脅著。「那麼……你們有舞會約會了嗎？」「還沒有呢。」羅恩說。「那你最好趕緊，兄弟，不然好的都被預定了。」弗雷德說。「那你打算和誰一起去呢？」羅恩問。「安吉莉娜。」弗雷德爽快地回答，完全沒有尷尬的跡象。

“What?” said Ron, taken aback. “You’ve already asked her?”

“Good point,” said Fred. He turned his head and called across the common room, “Oi! Angelina!”

Angelina, who had been chatting with Alicia Spinnet near the fire, looked over at him.

“What?” she called back.

“Want to come to the ball with me?”

Angelina gave Fred an appraising sort of look.

“All right, then,” she said, and she turned back to Alicia and carried on chatting with a bit of a grin on her face.

“There you go,” said Fred to Harry and Ron, “piece of cake.”

He got to his feet, yawning, and said, “We’d better use a school owl then, George, come on . . .”

They left. Ron stopped feeling his eyebrows and looked across the smoldering wreck of his card castle at Harry.

“We *should* get a move on, you know . . . ask someone. He’s right. We don’t want to end up with a pair of trolls.”

“什麼？”羅恩感到意外，“你已經問過她了？”“說得對，”弗雷德說。他轉過頭對著共同的房間大喊，“嘿！安吉莉娜！”安吉莉

娜正和艾莉莎·斯賓奈特在爐火旁聊天，她朝他看了過來。“怎麼了？”她回答道。“你願意和我一起去參加舞會嗎？”安吉莉娜斜睨了弗雷德一眼。“好吧，那就這樣吧，”她說，然後轉回去和艾莉莎聊天，臉上帶著一絲微笑。“看吧，”弗雷德對哈利和羅恩說，“輕而易舉。”他站起身，打了個哈欠，說：“我們最好使用學校貓頭鷹，喬治，來吧……”他們走了。羅恩停止撓眉毛，望著哈利，看著他正盯著牌堆的廢墟。“你知道的，我們應該趕緊行動……找人。他說得對。我們不想和一對巨魔一起去。”

Hermione let out a sputter of indignation.

“A pair of . . . what, excuse me?”

“Well — you know,” said Ron, shrugging. “I’d rather go alone than with — with Eloise Midgen, say.”

“Her acne’s loads better lately — and she’s really nice!”

“Her nose is off-center,” said Ron.

“Oh I see,” Hermione said, bristling. “So basically, you’re going to take the best-looking girl who’ll have you, even if she’s completely horrible?”

“Er — yeah, that sounds about right,” said Ron.

“I’m going to bed,” Hermione snapped, and she swept off toward the girls’ staircase without another word.

The Hogwarts staff, demonstrating a continued desire to impress the visitors from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, seemed determined to show the castle at its best this Christmas. When the decorations went up, Harry noticed that they were the most stunning he had yet seen inside the school. Everlasting icicles had been attached to the banisters of the marble staircase; the usual twelve Christmas trees in the Great Hall were bedecked with everything from luminous holly berries to real, hooting, golden owls, and the suits of armor had all been bewitched to sing carols whenever anyone passed them. It was quite something to hear ‘O Come, All Ye Faithful’ sung by an empty helmet that only knew half the words. Several times, Filch the caretaker had to extract Peeves from inside the armor, where he had taken to hiding, filling in the gaps in the songs with lyrics of his own invention, all of which were very rude.

赫敏氣得噴出口水。「一對……什麼？抱歉？」「唔...你知道的，」羅恩聳了聳肩。「我寧願自己去，也不要和.....艾略斯·密芝恩一起去。」「她的痘痘最近都好了很多，而且她真的很好人！」「她的鼻子有點偏。」羅恩說。「哦，我明白了，」赫敏板起臉來。「所以你想帶最好看的女孩去，哪怕她再可怕？」「嗯.....差不多就是這樣，」羅恩說。「我去睡覺了。」赫敏撂下一句話，轉身朝女生們的樓梯走去。霍格華茲的教職員為了展現給來自波巴脫和德姆斯特朗的訪客看到最好的城堡，決定在今年的聖誕節裝飾上下功夫。當哈利看到整個學校內最迷人的裝飾時，他知道這是近年來最美麗的一次。萬年冰柱掛在大理石樓梯的欄杆上；大廳內的十二棵聖誕樹上掛滿了從發光的冬青果到叫人驚奇的金色貓頭鷹擺件，除此之外，整排排的盔甲也被變幻著更換和唱起了聖誕頌歌。聽著一個空盔甲的「O Come, All Ye Faithful」（聖誕歡樂歌）唱出半段歌詞，的確令人嘆為觀止。幾回，看守人費奇還得在盔甲裡面抓出皮維斯，他總是躲在那裡，把歌曲的空白處填滿了他自己所創作的不雅歌詞。

And still, Harry hadn’t asked Cho to the ball. He and Ron were getting very nervous now, though as Harry pointed out, Ron would look much less stupid than he would without a partner; Harry was supposed to be starting the dancing with the other champions.

“I suppose there’s always Moaning Myrtle,” he said gloomily, referring to the ghost who haunted the girls’ toilets on the second floor.

“Harry — we’ve just got to grit our teeth and do it,” said Ron on Friday morning, in a tone that suggested they were planning the storming of an impregnable fortress. “When we get back to the common room tonight, we’ll both have partners — agreed?”

“Er . . . okay,” said Harry.

But every time he glimpsed Cho that day — during break, and then lunchtime, and once on the way to History of Magic — she was surrounded by friends. Didn’t she *ever* go anywhere alone? Could he perhaps ambush her as she was going into a bathroom? But no — she even seemed to go there with an escort of four or five girls. Yet if he didn’t do it soon, she was bound to have been asked by somebody else.

然而，哈利還沒有邀請妙麗參加舞會。現在他和羅恩都變得非常緊張，盡管哈利指出來，沒有舞伴的話，羅恩看起來會比他不那麼笨拙；哈利還要和其他的冠軍一起開始跳舞。他沮喪地說：“我想總還有嚎啕哭泣的默蒂。”他指的是在二樓女廁所裡出沒的鬼魂。“哈利——我們必須咬緊牙關去做，”星期五上午，羅恩以一種暗示他們正在計劃攻取一個難以攻陷的堡壘的語氣說。“今晚回到公共活動室，我們兩個都會有舞伴——同意嗎？”“呃.....好的，”哈利說。但那天每當他一瞥妙麗——休息時間、午餐時間和去修歷史魔法課的路上——她都被朋友圍繞著。她從來不獨自一人嗎？他能不能在她進入洗手間的時候埋伏她呢？但沒有——她甚至似乎有四五個女孩的護衛陪同上廁所。然而，如果他不快點邀請，她肯定會被其他人邀請了。

He found it hard to concentrate on Snape’s Potions test, and consequently forgot to add the key ingredient — a bezoar — meaning that he received bottom marks. He didn’t care, though; he was too busy screwing up his courage for what he was about to do. When the bell rang, he grabbed his bag, and hurried to the dungeon door.

“I’ll meet you at dinner,” he said to Ron and Hermione, and he dashed off upstairs.

He’d just have to ask Cho for a private word, that was all . . . He hurried off through the packed corridors looking for her, and (rather sooner than he had expected) he found her, emerging from a Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson.

“Er — Cho? Could I have a word with you?”

Giggling should be made illegal, Harry thought furiously, as all the girls around Cho started doing it. She didn't, though. She said, "Okay," and followed him out of earshot of her classmates.

他發現很難集中精神應付斯內普的魔藥測驗，因此忘了加上關鍵成分——毛石膏——導致他得到最低分。雖然他不在意；他正忙於為自己即將要做的事情鼓起勇氣。鐘聲響起時，他拿起書包，匆忙走向地下室的門口。“我會在晚餐時見你們的，”他對羅恩和赫敏說完，便飛快地跑上樓去。他只需要向嘉兒私下談談，那就是全部了……他匆忙穿過擁擠的走廊尋找她，在他所期望的時間之前，他找到了她，她正從黑魔法防禦術課出來。‘那個……嘉兒？我能和你說句話嗎？’哈利心想女孩子咯咯笑應該是不合法的，當周圍的女孩都開始這樣做時，他感到非常生氣。不過嘉兒並沒有，她說：“好啊。”並跟著他走到同學們聽不到的地方。

Harry turned to look at her and his stomach gave a weird lurch as though he had missed a step going downstairs.

“Er,” he said.

He couldn't ask her. He couldn't. But he had to. Cho stood there looking puzzled, watching him

The words came out before Harry had quite got his tongue around them

“Wangoballwime?”

“Sorry?” said Cho.

“D'you — d'you want to go to the ball with me?” said Harry. Why did he have to go red now? *Why?*

“Oh!” said Cho, and she went red too. “Oh Harry, I'm really sorry,” and she truly looked it. “I've already said I'll go with someone else.”

“Oh,” said Harry.

It was odd; a moment before his insides had been writhing like snakes, but suddenly he didn't seem to have any insides at all.

“Oh okay,” he said, “no problem.”

“I'm really sorry,” she said again.

哈利轉過身看著她，他的肚子像是下樓梯時該走的那一步給漏了一樣，產生了一種怪異的顫動感。「呃，」他說。他無法問她。他無法。但他必須這樣做。綺婷站在那裡，看著他，不解。哈利說出了話，甚至還沒有機會完全念清它們。

「Wangoballwime？」「對不起？」綺婷問道。「妳，妳要和我一起去參加舞會嗎？」哈利說道。為什麼他現在會臉紅呢？為什麼？「哦！」綺婷說，她也變得臉紅了。「哦哈利，我真的很抱歉。」她真心表示了歉意。「我已經答應和別人一起去了。」「哦，」哈利說。這很奇怪；就在一會兒前，他的內心還像蛇一樣扭動，但突然間他似乎完全沒有內心了。「好的，」他說、「沒關係。」「我真的很抱歉，」她再次說道。

“That's okay,” said Harry.

They stood there looking at each other, and then Cho said, “Well —”

“Yeah,” said Harry.

“Well, 'bye,” said Cho, still very red. She walked away.

Harry called after her, before he could stop himself.

“Who're you going with?”

“Oh — Cedric,” she said. “Cedric Diggory.”

“Oh right,” said Harry.

His insides had come back again. It felt as though they had been filled with lead in their absence.

Completely forgetting about dinner, he walked slowly back up to Gryffindor Tower, Cho's voice echoing in his ears with every step he took.

“Cedric — Cedric Diggory.” He had been starting to quite like Cedric — prepared to overlook the fact that he had once beaten him at Quidditch, and was handsome, and popular, and nearly everyone's favorite champion. Now he suddenly realized that Cedric was in fact a useless pretty boy who didn't have enough brains to fill an eggcup.

“沒關係，”哈利說道。他們站在那裡對視著，然後趙說，“好吧——”“對啊，”哈利說道。“那好了，再見，”趙說道，仍然很紅臉。她走開了。哈利在自己停止之前叫著她。“你和誰一起去？”“哦——賽德里克，”她說。“賽德里克·迪戈里。”“哦，對啊，”哈利說道。他的內心再次回來了。感覺他們的離開之後充滿了鉛的存在。完全忘記晚餐，他慢慢地走回了格蘭芬多塔，每走一步都能聽到趙的聲音回響在他的耳中。“賽德里克——賽德里克·迪戈里。”他一直以來一直很喜歡賽德里克——願意忽略他曾經在魁地奇比賽中打敗他，他又高大又英俊，几乎是每个人最喜欢的冠军。現在他突然意识到，賽德里克实际上是一個沒有足夠智慧去填滿一個蛋杯的無用美男子。

“Fairy lights,” he said dully to the Fat Lady—the password had been changed the previous day.

“Yes, indeed, dear!” she trilled, straightening her new tinsel hair band as she swung forward to admit him.

Entering the common room, Harry looked around, and to his surprise he saw Ron sitting ashen-faced in a distant corner. Ginny was sitting with him, talking to him in what seemed to be a low, soothing voice.

“What’s up, Ron?” said Harry, joining them.

Ron looked up at Harry, a sort of blind horror in his face.

“Why did I do it?” he said wildly. “I don’t know what made me do it!”

“What?” said Harry.

“He—er—just asked Fleur Delacour to go to the ball with him,” said Ginny. She looked as though she was fighting back a smile, but she kept patting Ron’s arm sympathetically.

「彩燈，」他無精打采地對胖夫人說——密碼已經在前一天更改了。「是啊，的確是啊，親愛的！」她高聲喊道，一邊微微揚起身子，讓他進去。進入公共休息室後，哈利四處張望，驚訝地看到羅恩臉色蒼白地坐在遠處，吉妮坐在他身邊，低聲安慰。「怎麼啦，羅恩？」哈利走過去問。羅恩仰起頭，臉上一種盲目的恐懼。「我為什麼要這樣做？」他瘋狂地說道。「我不知道是什麼促使我這樣做！」「什麼？」哈利問道。「他——呃——只是問費勒·德拉庫去舞會，」吉妮說道。她看起來好像在忍住笑，但她一直同情地拍著羅恩的手臂。

“You what?” said Harry.

“I don’t know what made me do it!” Ron gasped again. “What was I playing at? There were people—all around—I’ve gone mad—everyone watching! I was just walking past her in the entrance hall—she was standing there talking to Diggory—and it sort of came over me—and I asked her!”

Ron moaned and put his face in his hands. He kept talking, though the words were barely distinguishable.

“She looked at me like I was a sea slug or something. Didn’t even answer. And then—I dunno—I just sort of came to my senses and ran for it.”

“She’s part veela,” said Harry. “You were right—her grandmother was one. It wasn’t your fault, I bet you just walked past when she was turning on the old charm for Diggory and got a blast of it—but she was wasting her time. He’s going with Cho Chang.”

“你做了什麼？”哈利說。“我不知道我怎麼會這麼做！”羅恩喘著氣說。“我在玩什麼？周圍都是人——我瘋了——每個人都看著！我只是在入口大廳走過她身邊——她和狄哥里在那裡談話——然後它突然就發生了——然後我問她了！”羅恩哀嚎著，把臉埋在雙手裡。儘管字句不甚清晰，他還是在說話。“她像看待海蛞蝓或什麼東西一樣看著我。甚至沒有回答。然後——我不知道——我就突然醒悟過來了，然後就開始逃跑了。”“她是部分維拉人，”哈利說。“你說得對——她的祖母就是維拉人。不是你的錯，我敢打賭你只是在狄哥里被魅惑時經過，並受到了影響——不過她浪費了時間。他正在和崔峰在一起。”

Ron looked up.

“I asked her to go with me just now,” Harry said dully, “and she told me.”

Ginny had suddenly stopped smiling.

“This is mad,” said Ron. “We’re the only ones left who haven’t got anyone—well, except Neville. Hey—guess who he asked? *Hermione!*”

“What?” said Harry, completely distracted by this startling news.

“Yeah, I know!” said Ron, some of the color coming back into his face as he started to laugh. “He told me after Potions! Said she’s always been really nice, helping him out with work and stuff—but she told him she was already going with someone. Ha! As if! She just didn’t want to go with Neville . . . I mean, who would?”

“Don’t!” said Ginny, annoyed. “Don’t laugh—”

Just then Hermione climbed in through the portrait hole.

“Why weren’t you two at dinner?” she said, coming over to join them.

羅恩抬起了頭。“我剛才問她會不會和我一起去，”哈利悶悶地說，“但她拒絕了。”金妮突然停止了微笑。“這太荒唐了，”羅恩說。“我們是唯一沒有拍攝對象的人—嗯，除了納威。嘿—你猜他問了誰？赫敏！”“什麼？”哈利完全被這個令人震驚的消息分心了。“對啊，我知道！”羅恩說，一些顏色恢復到他的臉上，他開始笑了。“他在魔藥學課後告訴我的！說她一直非常友好，幫助他完成工作和其他東西—但她告訴他她已經和人去了。哈！就像！她只是不想和納威去……我的意思是，誰會啊？”“不要！不要笑—”金妮生氣地說。就在這時，赫敏從畫像洞爬了進來。“為什麼你們倆沒有去吃晚飯？”她說，走過來加入了他們。

“Because—oh shut up laughing, you two—because they’ve both just been turned down by girls they asked to the ball!” said Ginny.

That shut Harry and Ron up.

“Thanks a bunch, Ginny,” said Ron sourly.

“All the good-looking ones taken, Ron?” said Hermione loftily. “Eloise Midgen starting to look quite pretty now, is she? Well, I’m sure you’ll find someone *somewhere* who’ll have you.”

But Ron was staring at Hermione as though suddenly seeing her in a whole new light.

“Hermione, Neville’s right — you *are* a girl . . .”

“Oh well spotted,” she said acidly.

“Well — you can come with one of us!”

“No, I can’t,” snapped Hermione.

“Oh come on,” he said impatiently, “we need partners, we’re going to look really stupid if we haven’t got any, everyone else has . . .”

“I can’t come with you,” said Hermione, now blushing. “because I’m already going with someone.”

“因為-喔，你們別再笑了-因為他們倆都剛被他們邀請參加舞會的女孩拒絕了！”金妮說。哈利和羅恩停止說話。“謝謝你，金妮，”羅恩不悅地說。“所有長相好看的都被人搶走了，羅恩？”赫敏高傲地說。“伊洛伊斯·米奇珍現在看起來相當漂亮，是嗎？好吧，我相信你會找到某個地方有人會願意和你在一起的。”但是羅恩像突然看到全新的赫敏一樣盯著她看。“赫敏，尼維爾說得對-你是女孩……”“喔，你發現了，”她尖刻地說。好吧-你可以和我們中的一個人一起來！”“不，我不能，”赫敏咬牙切齒地說。“來吧，”他不耐煩地說，“我們需要伴侶，如果我們沒有的話，我們看起來會很愚蠢，每個人都有……”“我不能和你一起來，”現在羞紅的赫敏說，“因為我已經和別人約好了。”

“No, you’re not!” said Ron. “You just said that to get rid of Neville!”

“Oh *did* I?” said Hermione, and her eyes flashed dangerously. “Just because it’s taken *you* three years to notice, Ron, doesn’t mean no one *else* has spotted I’m a girl!”

Ron stared at her. Then he grinned again.

“Okay, okay, we know you’re a girl,” he said. “That do? Will you come now?”

“I’ve already told you!” Hermione said very angrily. “I’m going with someone else!”

And she stormed off toward the girls’ dormitories again.

“She’s lying,” said Ron flatly, watching her go.

“She’s not,” said Ginny quietly.

“Who is it then?” said Ron sharply.

“I’m not telling you, it’s her business,” said Ginny.

“Right,” said Ron, who looked extremely put out, “this is getting stupid. Ginny, *you* can go with Harry, and I’ll just —”

“不，你不是！”羅恩說道。“你只是說那些話是為了擺脫納威爾！”“噢，是嗎？”赫敏說道，她的眼睛危險地閃爍著。“羅恩，即使你花了三年時間才注意到，也不代表沒有其他人發現我是個女孩！”羅恩盯著她看。然後他又露出了笑容。“好的，好的，我們知道你是個女孩了，”他說道。“行了吧？你現在會來嗎？”“我已經告訴過你了！”赫敏非常生氣地說道。“我會跟別人一起去！”然後她氣呼呼地走向女生宿舍。“她在說謊，”羅恩板著臉看著她離開。“她沒有在說謊，”金妮輕聲說道。“那是誰？”羅恩厲聲問道。“我不告訴你，這是她的事情，”金妮說道。“好吧，”羅恩非常不悅地說道，“這太荒唐了。金妮，你可以和哈利一起去，而我只能……”

“I can’t,” said Ginny, and she went scarlet too. “I’m going with — with Neville. He asked me when Hermione said no, and I thought . . . well . . . I’m not going to be able to go otherwise, I’m not in fourth year.” She looked extremely miserable. “I think I’ll go and have dinner,” she said, and she got up and walked off to the portrait hole, her head bowed.

Ron goggled at Harry.

“What’s got into them?” he demanded.

But Harry had just seen Parvati and Lavender come in through the portrait hole. The time had come for drastic action.

“Wait here,” he said to Ron, and he stood up, walked straight up to Parvati, and said, “Parvati? Will you go to the ball with me?”

Parvati went into a fit of giggles. Harry waited for them to subside, his fingers crossed in the pocket of his robes.

“我不行。”金妮說，她臉紅得發紫。“我要和——和尼維爾一起去。當赫敏拒絕後，他問了我，我想……好吧……要不然我就去不成了，我不是四年級的學生。”她看起來非常悲慘。“我想我要去吃晚飯。”她說完就走到肖像洞口，低著頭離開了。羅恩瞪大了眼睛看著哈利。“他們到底怎麼了？”他要求解釋。但哈利剛看到帕瓦蒂和拉文德回到肖像洞口。現在是採取激烈行動的時候了。“你在這等著。”他對羅恩說，然後站起來，直奔帕瓦蒂，“帕瓦蒂？你願意跟我一起去舞會嗎？”帕瓦蒂突然大笑起來。哈利等待她們平息下來，雙手交叉在他袍子的口袋裡。

“Yes, all right then,” she said finally, blushing furiously.

“Thanks,” said Harry, in relief. “Lavender — will you go with Ron?”

“She’s going with Seamus,” said Parvati, and the pair of them giggled harder than ever.

Harry sighed.

“Can’t you think of anyone who’d go with Ron?” he said, lowering his voice so that Ron wouldn’t hear.

“What about Hermione Granger?” said Parvati.

“She’s going with someone else.”

Parvati looked astonished.

“Ooooh — *who*?” she said keenly.

Harry shrugged. “No idea,” he said. “So what about Ron?”

“Well . . .” said Parvati slowly, “I suppose my sister might . . . Padma, you know . . . in Ravenclaw. I’ll ask her if you like.”

“Yeah, that would be great,” said Harry. “Let me know, will you?”

And he went back over to Ron, feeling that this ball was a lot more trouble than it was worth, and hoping very much that Padma Patil’s nose was dead center.

「好的，就這樣吧。」她最後終於說道，臉紅得厲害。「謝謝，」哈利松了一口氣地說。「Lavender，妳跟羅恩去吧？」「她要跟Seamus去。」Parvati說道，然後她們兩個比以往更難掩住笑聲。哈利嘆了口氣。「不能想到有誰會跟羅恩去嗎？」他輕聲問道，以免羅恩聽到。「赫敏·格蘭傑呢？」Parvati是議道。「她正在和別人一起去。」Parvati看起來很驚訝。「哦，是嗎？跟誰？」她熱切地問道。哈利聳了聳肩。「不知道。所以，羅恩怎麼辦？」「嗯……」Parvati慢慢地說。「我猜我的妹妹可能……Padma，妳知道的，她在Ravenclaw。如果妳願意的話，我可以問問她。」「好的，那太好了，」哈利說。「知道了之後告訴我。」他回到了羅恩身旁，覺得這場舞會比它值得的麻煩得多，很希望Padma Patil的鼻子正中間。



THE YULE BALL

Despite the very heavy load of homework that the fourth years had been given for the holidays, Harry was in no mood to work when term ended, and spent the week leading up to Christmas enjoying himself as fully as possible along with everyone else. Gryffindor Tower was hardly less crowded now than during term-time; it seemed to have shrunk slightly too, as its inhabitants were being so much rowdier than usual. Fred and George had had a great success with their Canary Creams, and for the first couple of days of the holidays, people kept bursting into feather all over the place. Before long, however, all the Gryffindors had learned to treat food anybody else offered them with extreme caution, in case it had a Canary Cream concealed in the center, and George confided to Harry that he and Fred were now working on developing something else. Harry made a mental note never to accept so much as a crisp from Fred and George in future. He still hadn't forgotten Dudley and the Ton-Tongue Toffee.

儘管四年級學生在假期中分配了極重的功課，但哈利下學期結束時沒有心情去做功課，而是與其他人一樣充分享受聖誕節前的一週。格林芬多塔現在幾乎和在學期期間一樣擁擠，而且它似乎縮小了一些，因為它的居民比平常要吵鬧得多。弗雷德和喬治的金絲雀糖取得了巨大的成功，在假期的前幾天，人們經常在不同的地方爆炸掉羽毛。然而，很快所有的格林芬多人都學會了謹慎對待其他人提供的食物，以防裡面有隱藏的金絲雀糖，以及喬治向哈利透露，他和弗雷德正在開發其他產品。哈利心裡記住了他再也不會接受弗雷德和喬治的零食。他仍然沒有忘記達德里和巨舌太妃糖所帶來的後果。

Snow was falling thickly upon the castle and its grounds now. The pale blue Beauxbatons carriage looked like a large, chilly, frosted pumpkin next to the iced gingerbread house that was Hagrid's cabin, while the Durmstrang ship's portholes were glazed with ice, the rigging white with frost. The house-elves down in the kitchen were outdoing themselves with a series of rich, warming stews and savory puddings, and only Fleur Delacour seemed to be able to find anything to complain about.

"It is too 'eavy, all zis 'Ogwarts food," they heard her saying grumpily as they left the Great Hall behind her one evening (Ron skulking behind Harry, keen not to be spotted by Fleur). "I will not fit into my dress robes!"

"Oooh there's a tragedy," Hermione snapped as Fleur went out into the entrance hall. "She really thinks a lot of herself, that one, doesn't she?"

現在，城堡及其周圍圍著濃密的雪。蒼白色的Beaubatons馬車看起來像是一個巨大的，寒冷的，霜冰覆蓋的南瓜，旁邊是海格的小木屋，就像一個冰糖薑餅屋。而Durmstrang船的舷窗被冰覆蓋，索具上覆滿了霜。廚房裡的小精靈正在製作一系列豐盛、溫暖的燉菜和美味的布丁，只有美樂黛拉·德拉庫伊抱怨得聲嘶力竭。他們一個晚上離開大廳的時候（羅恩躲在哈利的身後，不想被美樂黛拉發現），聽到她抱怨道：“這'霍格華茲食物太重了，我穿不下我的禮服了！”“噢，真是悲劇呢，”赫敏厭煩地咕哝道，美樂黛拉走進門廳。“她真是太自以為是了，不是嗎？”

"Hermione — who are you going to the ball with?" said Ron.

He kept springing this question on her, hoping to startle her into a response by asking it when she least expected it. However, Hermione merely frowned and said, "I'm not telling you, you'll just make fun of me."

"You're joking, Weasley!" said Malfoy, behind them. "You're not telling me someone's asked *that* to the ball? Not the long-molared Mudblood?"

Harry and Ron both whipped around, but Hermione said loudly, waving to somebody over Malfoy's shoulder, "Hello, Professor Moody!"

Malfoy went pale and jumped backward, looking wildly around for Moody, but he was still up at the staff table, finishing his stew.

"Twitchy little ferret, aren't you, Malfoy?" said Hermione scathingly, and she, Harry, and Ron went up the marble staircase laughing heartily.

「赫敏，你跟誰一起去參加舞會啊？」羅恩問道。他經常問這個問題，希望能在赫敏毫不留意時聽到她的回答。然而，赫敏只是皺起眉頭說，「我不告訴你，你只會嘲笑我。」「你開玩笑，韋斯萊！」馬爾福從他們後面出聲說。「你不會告訴我，有人邀請‘長牙泥巴血’去參加舞會吧？」哈利和羅恩都轉過身去，但赫敏卻大聲打招呼，揮手向馬爾福背後的某個人說：「Molly教授，你好！」馬爾福臉色蒼白地往後退，四處張望著Molly教授的位置，但他還在教師席上，盡情品嚐他的燉菜。「你這個神

經質的小雪貂，馬爾福？」赫敏厭惡地說道，然後帶著哈利和羅恩爽朗地笑著，走上了大理石樓梯。

“Hermione,” said Ron, looking sideways at her, suddenly frowning, “your teeth . . .”

“What about them?” she said.

“Well, they’re different . . . I’ve just noticed. . .”

“Of course they are — did you expect me to keep those fangs Malfoy gave me?”

“No, I mean, they’re different to how they were before he put that hex on you. . . They’re all . . . straight and — and normal-sized.”

Hermione suddenly smiled very mischievously, and Harry noticed it too: It was a very different smile from the one he remembered.

“Well . . . when I went up to Madam Pomfrey to get them shrunk, she held up a mirror and told me to stop her when they were back to how they normally were,” she said. “And I just . . . let her carry on a bit.” She smiled even more widely. “Mum and Dad won’t be too pleased. I’ve been trying to persuade them to let me shrink them for ages, but they wanted me to carry on with my braces. You know, they’re dentists, they just don’t think teeth and magic should — look! Pigwidgeon’s back!”

“赫敏，”羅恩斜眼望著她，突然皺起眉頭，“你的牙齒……”“怎麼了？”她說。“哦，它們不一樣了……我剛才才發現……”“當然不同——你以為我能留住馬爾福給我的獠牙嗎？”“不是這個意思，是說跟他下詛咒之前的不同……它們全都……齊齊整整的，大小正常。”赫敏突然露出非常淘氣的微笑，哈利也注意到了這一點：這與他記得的微笑完全不同。“當我到波樂夫人校護那裡將牙齒縮小時，她拿起了一面鏡子，告訴我在看到它們恢復正常時要告訴她停手，”她說。“然後我就……讓她繼續做了一會兒。”她笑得更加開心了。“媽媽和爸爸不會太高興。我一直在嘗試說服他們讓我把牙齒縮小，但他們希望我繼續戴牙套。你知道，他們是牙醫，他們認為牙齒和魔法不應該……看！皮琪維奇回來了！”

Ron’s tiny owl was twittering madly on the top of the icicle-laden banisters, a scroll of parchment tied to his leg. People passing him were pointing and laughing, and a group of third-year girls paused and said, “Oh look at the weeny owl! Isn’t he *cute*?”

“Stupid little feathery git!” Ron hissed, hurrying up the stairs and snatching up Pigwidgeon. “You bring letters to the addressee! You don’t hang around showing off!”

Pigwidgeon hooted happily, his head protruding over Ron’s fist. The third-year girls all looked very shocked.

“Clear off!” Ron snapped at them, waving the fist holding Pigwidgeon, who hooted more happily than ever as he soared through the air. “Here — take it, Harry,” Ron added in an undertone as the third-year girls scuttled away looking scandalized. He pulled Sirius’s reply off Pigwidgeon’s leg, Harry pocketed it, and they hurried back to Gryffindor Tower to read it.

羅恩的小貓頭鷹正在冰柱垂掛的欄杆頂部瘋狂啁啾，腳上繫著一卷羊皮紙。經過他的人都指著他笑，一群三年級女生停下來說：“哦，看看這隻小貓頭鷹！它多可愛啊！”“愚蠢的小毛球！”羅恩發出嘶嘶聲，匆忙走上樓梯，抓起貝奎忒它。“你要把信送到收件人手中，而不是漂在這裡炫耀！”貝奎忒它高興地咕嚕著，頭從羅恩的手指間探出來。三年級女孩們都露出了震驚的表情。“趕快滾！”羅恩對她們咆哮，揮舞著拿著貝奎忒它的拳頭，貝奎忒它在空中飛翔時更加快樂地咕嚕著。“給你，哈利，”當第三年級女孩們仍然露出煽動的表情時，羅恩在低聲鬆口，他從貝奎忒它的腳上拿下了小天狼星的回復。哈利將其插入口袋，他們匆忙回到格蘭芬多塔閱讀。

Everyone in the common room was much too busy in letting off more holiday steam to observe what anyone else was up to. Ron, Harry, and Hermione sat apart from everyone else by a dark window that was gradually filling up with snow, and Harry read out:

Dear Harry,

Congratulations on getting past the Horntail. Whoever put your name in that goblet shouldn’t be feeling too happy right now! I was going to suggest a Conjunctivitis Curse, as a dragon’s eyes are its weakest point — “That’s what Krum did!” Hermione whispered — but your way was better, I’m impressed.

Don’t get complacent, though, Harry. You’ve only done one task; whoever put you in for the tournament’s got plenty more opportunity if they’re trying to hurt you. Keep your eyes open — particularly when the person we discussed is around — and concentrate on keeping yourself out of trouble.

每個人在公共休息室都非常忙著發洩更多的假期情緒，沒有注意到其他人在忙什麼。羅恩、哈利和赫敏坐在一個漸漸被雪填滿的黑色窗戶旁邊，哈利大聲讀著：親愛的哈利，恭喜你通過了角鯊龍的挑戰。把你的名字放進那個鐵盆的人現在肯定不會感到開心！我原本想建議你使用眼結膜炎咒，因為龍的眼睛是它最軟弱的地方——“克魯姆就是這麼做的！”赫敏低聲說道——但你的方法更好，我很佩服。不過，哈利，別掉以輕心。你只完成了一個任務；把你推選進這個錦標賽的人還有很多機會想傷害你。保持警覺——尤其是當我們討論過的那個人在身邊時——集中精力讓自己遠離麻煩。

Keep in touch, I still want to hear about anything unusual.

Sirius

“He sounds exactly like Moody,” said Harry quietly, tucking the letter away again inside his robes. “Constant vigilance!” You’d think I walk around with my eyes shut, banging off the walls. . . .”

“But he’s right, Harry,” said Hermione, “you *have* still got two tasks to do. You really ought to have a look at that egg, you know, and start working out what it means. . . .”

“Hermione, he’s got ages!” snapped Ron. “Want a game of chess, Harry?”

“Yeah, okay,” said Harry. Then, spotting the look on Hermione’s face, he said, “Come on, how’m I supposed to concentrate with all this noise going on? I won’t even be able to hear the egg over this lot.”

“Oh I suppose not,” she sighed, and she sat down to watch their chess match, which culminated in an exciting checkmate of Ron’s, involving a couple of recklessly brave pawns and a very violent bishop.

保持联系，我仍想听到任何不同寻常的事情。“他听起来就像是穆迪，”哈利轻声说着，将信件再次塞进他的袍子里。“时刻保持警惕！”你会以为我闭着眼睛，在墙上碰来碰去的……”“但他是对的，哈利，”赫敏说，“你还要完成两项任务。你真的应该看一看那个龙蛋，开始想想它的意思……”赫敏，他还有很长时间！”罗恩怒气冲冲地说，“哈利，想下一盘棋吗？”“好啊，”哈利说。然后看到赫敏的表情，他说，“得了吧，这么多噪音，我怎么集中注意力？我甚至听不到龙蛋是怎么个意思。”“哦，我想你是不可能的，”她叹了口气，坐下来观看他们的棋局，最后以罗恩的一次关键胜利而告终，其中包括几个鲁莽勇敢的兵和一个非常凶猛的主教。

Harry awoke very suddenly on Christmas Day. Wondering what had caused his abrupt return to consciousness, he opened his eyes, and saw something with very large, round, green eyes staring back at him in the darkness, so close they were almost nose to nose.

“*Dobby!*” Harry yelled, scrambling away from the elf so fast he almost fell out of bed. “Don’t *do* that!”

“*Dobby is sorry, sir!*” squeaked Dobby anxiously, jumping backward with his long fingers over his mouth. “*Dobby is only wanting to wish Harry Potter ‘Merry Christmas’ and bring him a present, sir!* Harry Potter did say Dobby could come and see him sometimes, sir!”

“It’s okay,” said Harry, still breathing rather faster than usual, while his heart rate returned to normal. “Just — just prod me or something in future, all right, don’t bend over me like that. . . .”

哈利在聖誕節非常突然地醒來。他好奇是什麼原因讓他突然清醒過來，他睜開眼睛，看到一個非常大而圓的綠色眼睛在黑暗中逼視著他，他們的距離如此之近，幾乎是鼻子對鼻子。“多比！”哈利喊道，邊掙扎邊快速躲避精靈，他幾乎從床上掉下來。“別這樣做！”“多比很抱歉，先生！”焦慮地叫喊著，用長長的手指捂住嘴巴跳了回去。“多比只想祝哈利波特‘聖誕快樂’，給他帶份禮物，先生！哈利波特說過，多比可以來看他，先生！”“沒關係，”哈利說著，心跳恢復正常，呼吸還有些急促。“只是……下次可以輕輕碰我或者幫我喊醒，別跳下來這樣子……”

Harry pulled back the curtains around his four-poster, took his glasses from his bedside table, and put them on. His yell had awoken Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville. All of them were peering through the gaps in their own hangings, heavy-eyed and tousle-haired.

“Someone attacking you, Harry?” Seamus asked sleepily.

“No, it’s just Dobby,” Harry muttered. “Go back to sleep.”

“Nah . . . presents!” said Seamus, spotting the large pile at the foot of his bed. Ron, Dean, and Neville decided that now they were awake they might as well get down to some present-opening too. Harry turned back to Dobby, who was now standing nervously next to Harry’s bed, still looking worried that he had upset Harry. There was a Christmas bauble tied to the loop on top of his tea cozy.

“Can Dobby give Harry Potter his present?” he squeaked tentatively.

哈利拉开他的帷幔，取下床头柜上的眼镜戴上。他的叫声吵醒了罗恩、西莫、迪安和内维尔。他们都透过自己床帷子的缝隙张望着，睡意朦胧、头发凌乱。“有人攻击你了，哈利？”西莫困倦地问道。“没有，只是多比而已。”哈利嘟囔道，“回去睡觉吧。”“不行……礼物啊！”西莫发现床脚堆了一大堆礼物，兴奋地叫道。罗恩、迪安和内维尔决定既然都已经醒了，那么就一起开礼物吧。哈利又转过头去看多比，他现在紧张地站在哈利床边，仍然担心自己惹哈利不高兴。他的茶保温套顶部系着一颗圣诞装饰球。“多比可以送哈利·波特礼物吗？”他小心翼翼地吱吱叫道。

“Course you can,” said Harry. “Er . . . I’ve got something for you too.”

It was a lie; he hadn’t bought anything for Dobby at all, but he quickly opened his trunk and pulled out a particularly knobbly rolled-up pair of socks. They were his oldest and foulest, mustard yellow, and had once belonged to Uncle Vernon. The reason they were extra-knobbly was that Harry had been using them to cushion his Sneakoscope for over a year now. He pulled out the Sneakoscope and handed the socks to Dobby, saying, “Sorry, I forgot to wrap them . . .”

But Dobby was utterly delighted.

“Socks are Dobby’s favorite, favorite clothes, sir!” he said, ripping off his odd ones and pulling on Uncle Vernon’s. “I has seven now, sir. . . . But sir . . .” he said, his eyes widening, having pulled both socks up to their highest extent, so that they reached to the bottom of his shorts, “they has made a mistake in the shop, Harry Potter, they is giving you two the same!”

“當然可以，”哈利說。“呃...我也有東西送給你。”這是個謊言，他其實並沒有為多比買任何東西，但他很快打開了皮箱，拿出了一雙特別粗糙的襪子。它們是他最老舊、最真的襪子，芥末黃色，曾經屬於弗农叔叔。它們特別粗糙的原因是哈利已經用它們來墊他的竊聽儀一年多了。他拿出竊聽儀，將襪子遞給多比，說：“對不起，我忘了包裝它們.....”但多比無比高興。“襪子是多比最喜愛的衣服，先生！”他說著，扯下他奇怪的襪子，穿上弗农叔叔的襪子。“我現在有七個了，先生.....但是先生.....”他說著，眼睛瞪大了，把兩隻襪子拉到最高點，直到達到他短褲的底部，“他們在商店犯了一個錯誤，哈利·波特，他們給你們兩個相同的襪子！”

“Ah, no, Harry, how come you didn't spot that?” said Ron, grinning over from his own bed, which was now strewn with wrapping paper. “Tell you what, Dobby—here you go—take these two, and you can mix them up properly. And here's your sweater.”

He threw Dobby a pair of violet socks he had just unwrapped, and the hand-knitted sweater Mrs. Weasley had sent. Dobby looked quite overwhelmed.

“Sir is very kind!” he squeaked, his eyes brimming with tears again, bowing deeply to Ron. “Dobby knew sir must be a great wizard, for he is Harry Potter's greatest friend, but Dobby did not know that he was also as generous of spirit, as noble, as selfless —”

“They're only socks,” said Ron, who had gone slightly pink around the ears, though he looked rather pleased all the same. “Wow, Harry —” He had just opened Harry's present, a Chudley Cannon hat. “Cool!” He jammed it onto his head, where it clashed horribly with his hair.

“啊，不行，哈利，你怎麼不注意到那個啊？”羅恩咧嘴一笑，从他的床上看过来，那裡現在散落著包裝紙。“等等，多比，給你這兩個——你可以把它們好好混合一下。還有，這是你的毛衣。”他把他剛拆開的一雙紫色襪子和韋斯萊太太寄來的毛織毛衣丟給了多比。多比顯得很不知所措。“先生太好了！”他尖叫著，眼睛再次充滿了淚水，對著羅恩深深鞠躬。“多比知道先生肯定是一位了不起的巫師，因為他是哈利波特最好的朋友，但多比不知道他也同樣慷慨，高尚和無私——”“這只是襪子，”羅恩說，他的耳朵變得略微發紅，但仍然看起來相當高興。“哇，哈利——”他剛打開哈利的禮物——一頂查德利加農隊的帽子。“酷！”他將帽子狠狠地戴在頭上，與他的頭髮極不協調。

Dobby now handed Harry a small package, which turned out to be — socks.

“Dobby is making them himself, sir!” the elf said happily. “He is buying the wool out of his wages, sir!”

The left sock was bright red and had a pattern of broomsticks upon it; the right sock was green with a pattern of Snitches.

“They're . . . they're really . . . well, thanks, Dobby,” said Harry, and he pulled them on, causing Dobby's eyes to leak with happiness again.

“Dobby must go now, sir, we is already making Christmas dinner in the kitchens!” said Dobby, and he hurried out of the dormitory, waving goodbye to Ron and the others as he passed.

Harry's other presents were much more satisfactory than Dobby's odd socks — with the obvious exception of the Dursleys', which consisted of a single tissue, an all-time low — Harry supposed they too were remembering the Ton-Tongue Toffee. Hermione had given Harry a book called *Quidditch Teams of Britain and Ireland*; Ron, a bulging bag of Dungbombs; Sirius, a handy penknife with attachments to unlock any lock and undo any knot; and Hagrid, a vast box of sweets including all Harry's favorites: Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans, Chocolate Frogs, Drooble's Best Blowing Gum, and Fizzing Whizbees. There was also, of course, Mrs. Weasley's usual package, including a new sweater (green, with a picture of a dragon on it — Harry supposed Charlie had told her all about the Horntail), and a large quantity of homemade mince pies.

Dobby現在遞給哈利一個小包裹，原來是一雙襪子。“多比正自己製作它們，先生！”小精靈高興地說道。“他拿他的工資買羊毛！”左襪子是亮紅色，上面有掃帚的圖案；右襪子是綠色的，上面有搜捕的圖案。“它們... 它們真的... 哟，謝謝，多比。”哈利拉上它們，又讓多比的眼睛再度流淚。“現在，多比必須走了，先生，我們已經在廚房裡準備聖誕大餐了！”多比說道，匆忙離開了眾人的宿舍，經過羅恩和其他人的時候，向他們揮手道別。哈利收到的其他禮物比多比送的奇怪襪子要令人滿意得多——當然除了德思魯家人的禮物，那只有一張紙巾，是有史以來最低的禮物——哈利猜想他們也在記得湯巨舌糖。赫敏給了哈利一本名為《不列顛和愛爾蘭的魁地奇隊》的書；羅恩給了他一袋裝滿臭彈的袋子；小天狼星給了他一把方便的小刀，可以打開任何鎖，解開任何結，還有海格送給他一大箱糖果，包括他所有喜歡的：波希斯每一種口味的糖豆，朱古力蛙，果凍口香糖和嗡嗡飛天球。當然，還有韋斯萊夫人的例行禮物包裹，包括一件新的毛衣（綠色，上面有一隻龍的圖案——哈利猜測查理一定告訴了她那個角尾咆哮龍的事情），還有大量的自製肉餡餡餅。

Harry and Ron met up with Hermione in the common room, and they went down to breakfast together. They spent most of the morning in Gryffindor Tower, where everyone was enjoying their presents, then returned to the Great Hall for a magnificent lunch, which included at least a hundred turkeys and Christmas puddings, and large piles of Cribbage's Wizarding Crackers.

They went out onto the grounds in the afternoon; the snow was untouched except for the deep channels made by the Durmstrang and Beauxbatons students on their way up to the castle. Hermione chose to watch Harry and the Weasleys' snowball fight rather than join in, and at five o'clock said she was going back upstairs to get ready for the ball.

“What, you need three hours?” said Ron, looking at her incredulously and paying for his lapse in concentration when a large snowball, thrown by George, hit him hard on the side of the head. “Who're you going with?” he yelled after Hermione, but she just waved and disappeared up the stone steps into the castle.

哈利和羅恩在公共房間遇見赫敏，然後一起去吃早餐。他們大部分時間都待在格蘭芬多塔樓裡，那裡的每個人都很喜歡自己的禮物，然後回到大禮堂享受美妙的午餐，其中包括至少100隻火雞和聖誕布丁，以及一大堆克里巴吉的巫師爆竹。他們下午走

到操場上，雪都是原封不動的，除了往城堡上到路上Durmstrang和Beauxbatons學生鑿出的深溝。赫敏選擇觀看哈利和韋斯利家族的雪仗，而不是加入其中，在五點鐘時說她要回樓上準備參加舞會。“什麼，你需要三個小時？”羅恩看著她，感到難以置信，當一個由喬治扔出的大雪球猛烈地擊中他的頭側時，他瞪大了眼睛。“你和誰一起去？”他大喊著問赫敏，但她只是揮了揮手，消失在城堡的石階之中。

There was no Christmas tea today, as the ball included a feast, so at seven o'clock, when it had become hard to aim properly, the others abandoned their snowball fight and trooped back to the common room. The Fat Lady was sitting in her frame with her friend Violet from downstairs, both of them extremely tipsy, empty boxes of chocolate liqueurs littering the bottom of her picture.

“Lairy fights, that's the one!” she giggled when they gave the password, and she swung forward to let them inside.

Harry, Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville changed into their dress robes up in their dormitory, all of them looking very self-conscious, but none as much as Ron, who surveyed himself in the long mirror in the corner with an appalled look on his face. There was just no getting around the fact that his robes looked more like a dress than anything else. In a desperate attempt to make them look more manly, he used a Severing Charm on the ruff and cuffs. It worked fairly well; at least he was now lace-free, although he hadn't done a very neat job, and the edges still looked depressingly frayed as the boys set off downstairs.

今天沒有聖誕茶會，因為舞會包含了一場盛宴，所以當時間到了七點，其他人放棄了他們的雪仗，依次回到公共休息室。肥皂泡夫人和她樓下的朋友維奧莉特，兩人都喝醉了，空的朱古力利口酒盒擺放在她的畫框底部。“歡鬧的戰鬥，就是這個！”當他們輸入密碼時，她咯咯地笑著，然後向前搖晃，讓他們進去。哈利、羅恩、西莫斯、迪安和尼維爾在他們的宿舍換上了他們的禮服，他們看起來非常不自在，但沒有任何人像羅恩那樣自覺，他在角落的長鏡子前自視甚高。無論如何，他的禮服看起來更像一件連衣裙。在絕望的嘗試下，他在荷領和袖口上使用了切斷咒語。這個切斷咒語起作用了；至少他現在沒有花邊，雖然他沒有做得很整齊，邊緣看起來令人沮喪地毛躁，當男孩們下樓時，他們還是看起來很傷心。

“I still can't work out how you two got the best-looking girls in the year,” muttered Dean.

“Animal magnetism,” said Ron gloomily, pulling stray threads out of his cuffs.

The common room looked strange, full of people wearing different colors instead of the usual mass of black. Parvati was waiting for Harry at the foot of the stairs. She looked very pretty indeed, in robes of shocking pink, with her long dark plait braided with gold, and gold bracelets glimmering at her wrists. Harry was relieved to see that she wasn't giggling.

“You—er—look nice,” he said awkwardly.

“Thanks,” she said. “Padma's going to meet you in the entrance hall,” she added to Ron.

“Right,” said Ron, looking around. “Where's Hermione?”

Parvati shrugged. “Shall we go down then, Harry?”

「我仍然無法理解你們兩個怎麼在這一年級裡找到了最漂亮的女孩。」迪恩嘟囔道。「動物磁性。」羅恩愁眉苦臉地說著，拔掉袖口上的松散線頭。公共休息室看起來很奇怪，充滿穿著不同顏色的人，而不是一般的黑色大塊頭。帕瓦蒂在樓梯下等著哈利。她看起來非常漂亮，穿著震撼粉色長袍，長黑髮辯成金色，金手鐲在手腕閃爍。哈利看到她沒有傻笑，感到放心。「你，嗯，看起來很好看。」他笨拙地說。「謝謝。」她說。「帕德瑪會在入口大廳和你們會面，」她又對羅恩說道。「好的，」羅恩四處張望。「赫敏在哪裡？」帕瓦蒂聳了聳肩。「那我們下去好嗎，哈利？」

“Okay,” said Harry, wishing he could just stay in the common room. Fred winked at Harry as he passed him on the way out of the portrait hole.

The entrance hall was packed with students too, all milling around waiting for eight o'clock, when the doors to the Great Hall would be thrown open. Those people who were meeting partners from different Houses were edging through the crowd trying to find one another. Parvati found her sister, Padma, and led her over to Harry and Ron.

“Hi,” said Padma, who was looking just as pretty as Parvati in robes of bright turquoise. She didn't look too enthusiastic about having Ron as a partner, though; her dark eyes lingered on the frayed neck and sleeves of his dress robes as she looked him up and down.

“Hi,” said Ron, not looking at her, but staring around at the crowd. “Oh no . . .”

“好吧，”哈利說著，希望自己能在公共休息室里待著。弗雷德從肖像洞穴出去時向哈利眨了眨眼。入口大廳也擠滿了人，所有人都圍着等待八点钟，當時大廳的門會被打開。那些和不同學院的伙伴見面的人正在通過人群試圖找到彼此。帕瓦蒂找到了她的妹妹帕德瑪，帶著她走向哈利和羅恩。“嗨，”帕德瑪說著，身穿鮮明的藍綠色長袍，看起來和帕瓦蒂一樣漂亮。不過，她對羅恩做搭檔似乎不太熱情；她的深色眼睛在檢查他穿着禮服的領口和袖口時停頓了一下。“嗨，”羅恩說著，沒有看她，但卻一直在周圍觀望。“不好了...”

He bent his knees slightly to hide behind Harry, because Fleur Delacour was passing, looking stunning in robes of silver-gray satin, and accompanied by the Ravenclaw Quidditch Captain, Roger Davies. When they had disappeared, Ron stood straight again and stared over the heads of the crowd.

“Where is Hermione?” he said again.

A group of Slytherins came up the steps from their dungeon common room. Malfoy was in front; he was wearing dress robes of black velvet with a high collar, which in Harry's opinion made him look like a vicar. Pansy Parkinson in very frilly robes of pale pink was clutching Malfoy's arm. Crabbe and Goyle were both wearing green; they resembled moss-colored boulders, and neither of them, Harry was pleased to see, had managed to find a partner.

他微微弯膝躲在哈利身后，因为弗雷尔·德拉库正在经过，身穿银灰色缎子礼服，由瑟铁家的魁地奇队长罗杰·戴维斯陪同。当他们消失后，罗恩重新挺直身子，盯着人群中的人。“赫敏呢？”他又问一遍。一群斯莱特林学生从地下室的公共休息室走上台阶。马尔福走在前面；他穿着黑色天鹅绒礼服，高领领口让哈利觉得他像个牧师。粉色蕾丝礼服的潘西·帕金森抓着马尔福的胳膊。克拉布和高尓都穿着绿色；他们像青苔色的巨石，值得哈利高兴的是，他们俩都没有找到伴侣。

The oak front doors opened, and everyone turned to look as the Durmstrang students entered with Professor Karkaroff. Krum was at the front of the party, accompanied by a pretty girl in blue robes Harry didn't know. Over their heads he saw that an area of lawn right in front of the castle had been transformed into a sort of grotto full of fairy lights — meaning hundreds of actual living fairies were sitting in the rosebushes that had been conjured there, and fluttering over the statues of what seemed to be Father Christmas and his reindeer.

Then Professor McGonagall's voice called, "Champions over here, please!"

Parvati readjusted her bangles, beaming; she and Harry said "See you in a minute" to Ron and Padma and walked forward, the chattering crowd parting to let them through. Professor McGonagall, who was wearing dress robes of red tartan and had arranged a rather ugly wreath of thistles around the brim of her hat, told them to wait on one side of the doors while everyone else went inside; they were to enter the Great Hall in procession when the rest of the students had sat down. Fleur Delacour and Roger Davies stationed themselves nearest the doors; Davies looked so stunned by his good fortune in having Fleur for a partner that he could hardly take his eyes off her. Cedric and Cho were close to Harry too; he looked away from them so he wouldn't have to talk to them. His eyes fell instead on the girl next to Krum. His jaw dropped.

橡木大門打開了，所有人都轉過頭去看那些杜姆斯特朗的學生跟卡卡洛夫教授一起進來。克魯姆帶著一個穿著藍袍的美女走在最前面，哈利不認識她。他們的頭上有一片草坪被變成了一個類似鐘乳石洞的地方，到處都是仙女燈——意思是成百上千的真實的活著的仙女坐在那裡的玫瑰叢中，飛舞在聖誕老人和他的馴鹿的雕像上。接著麥格教授的聲音喊道，“選手們，請到這邊來！”帕娃蒂笑容滿面地調整她的手鐲；她和哈利對龍妮和帕德瑪說：“待會見！”走向教授麥格教授，正在穿著紅色蘇格蘭裙子的晚禮服，花了些醜陋的薊花環繞帽沿，告訴他們要在門的一邊等著，等所有其他學生坐下之後才進入大禮堂。弗樂·德拉庫和羅傑·戴維斯站在門口附近；戴維斯對有弗樂這樣的搭檔感到非常震驚，他幾乎無法將目光從她身上移開。塞德里克和卓靈也靠近哈利；他移開目光，不想跟他們說話，註意到克魯姆旁邊的女孩。他的下巴掉了下來。

It was Hermione.

But she didn't look like Hermione at all. She had done something with her hair; it was no longer bushy but sleek and shiny, and twisted up into an elegant knot at the back of her head. She was wearing robes made of a floaty, periwinkle-blue material, and she was holding herself differently, somehow — or maybe it was merely the absence of the twenty or so books she usually had slung over her back. She was also smiling — rather nervously, it was true — but the reduction in the size of her front teeth was more noticeable than ever; Harry couldn't understand how he hadn't spotted it before.

"Hi, Harry!" she said. "Hi, Parvati!"

Parvati was gazing at Hermione in unflattering disbelief. She wasn't the only one either; when the doors to the Great Hall opened, Krum's fan club from the library stalked past, throwing Hermione looks of deepest loathing. Pansy Parkinson gaped at her as she walked by with Malfoy, and even he didn't seem to be able to find an insult to throw at her. Ron, however, walked right past Hermione without looking at her.

赫敏出現了。但她看起來完全不像赫敏。她把頭髮弄了些什麼；不再毛茸茸的，但光滑而亮麗，並且在她的頭後端成一個優雅的髻。她穿著一件用飄忽的、海藍色材料製成的長袍，並以某種方式保持著自己——或者可能僅僅是她平常隨身攜帶的二十多本書消失了。她也在微笑——而且相當緊張，這是真的——但她前牙的大小縮小更顯著了，哈利不明白他為什麼以前沒有注意到這一點。她說：“嗨，哈利！”“嗨，帕瓦蒂！”帕瓦蒂用不屑的懷疑凝視著赫敏。她不是唯一一個；當大廳的門打開時，來自圖書館的克魯姆的粉絲俱樂部經過，深深地憎恨地看著赫敏。帕西·帕金森在和馬爾福走過時凝視著她，甚至馬爾福也似乎找不到一個侮辱她的話。然而，羅恩直接從赫敏身邊走過，沒有看她一眼。

Once everyone else was settled in the Hall, Professor McGonagall told the champions and their partners to get in line in pairs and to follow her. They did so, and everyone in the Great Hall applauded as they entered and started walking up toward a large round table at the top of the Hall, where the judges were sitting.

The walls of the Hall had all been covered in sparkling silver frost, with hundreds of garlands of mistletoe and ivy crossing the starry black ceiling. The House tables had vanished; instead, there were about a hundred smaller, lantern-lit ones, each seating about a dozen people.

Harry concentrated on not tripping over his feet. Parvati seemed to be enjoying herself; she was beaming around at everybody, steering Harry so forcefully that he felt as though he were a show dog she was putting through its paces. He caught sight of Ron and Padma as he neared the top table. Ron was watching Hermione pass with narrowed eyes. Padma was looking sulky.

其他人都入座後，麥格教授告訴冠軍和他們的搭檔成對排隊跟隨她。他們這樣做，每個人在進入並走到大廳頂部的大圓桌旁向上走時，全體大廳的人都鼓掌喝采，裝扮得亮麗的評審們就坐在那裡。大廳的牆壁都被覆蓋著閃閃發光的銀霜，上面掛滿了成百上千的槲寄生和常春藤花環，交錯織成了一個星空般的黑色天花板。各個學院的餐桌消失了，取而代之的是約一百張小小的、裝飾有燈籠的桌子，每張桌子可以坐十幾個人。哈利集中精神，不想絆倒。帕瓦蒂似乎玩得很開心，她對著眾人笑嘻

嘻，拉著哈利，他感覺自己就像是她訓練的表演狗。當他走近頂部的桌子時，他瞥見了羅恩和帕德瑪。羅恩正盯著走過去的赫敏瞪眼看著，帕德瑪看起來有點悶悶不樂。

Dumbledore smiled happily as the champions approached the top table, but Karkaroff wore an expression remarkably like Ron's as he watched Krum and Hermione draw nearer. Ludo Bagman, tonight in robes of bright purple with large yellow stars, was clapping as enthusiastically as any of the students; and Madame Maxime, who had changed her usual uniform of black satin for a flowing gown of lavender silk, was applauding them politely. But Mr. Crouch, Harry suddenly realized, was not there. The fifth seat at the table was occupied by Percy Weasley.

When the champions and their partners reached the table, Percy drew out the empty chair beside him, staring pointedly at Harry. Harry took the hint and sat down next to Percy, who was wearing brand-new, navy-blue dress robes and an expression of such smugness that Harry thought it ought to be fined.

鄧不利多高興地微笑著迎接冠軍們走向高桌，但卡卡洛夫的表情與龍威相似，當克魯姆和赫敏逼近時。今晚身穿鮮艷紫色長袍並飾有大黃星的盧多·巴格曼像學生一樣熱情地鼓掌；而瑪黛姆·瑪克斯姆女士換下黑色銷魂緞的制服，穿了一件流著薰衣草色絲綢的流蘇禮服，禮貌地為他們喝彩。但是哈利突然意識到，歐布·克勞奇沒有出現。桌子上的第五個位置由珀西·衛斯理佔據。當冠軍和他們的搭檔到達桌子時，珀西拉開了他旁邊的空椅子，用指點著哈利。哈利領悟到了，坐在珀西旁邊，他穿著嶄新的海軍藍禮服，表情如此得意，以至於哈利認為他應該被罰款。

"I've been promoted," Percy said before Harry could even ask, and from his tone, he might have been announcing his election as supreme ruler of the universe. "I'm now Mr. Crouch's personal assistant, and I'm here representing him."

"Why didn't he come?" Harry asked. He wasn't looking forward to being lectured on cauldron bottoms all through dinner.

"I'm afraid to say Mr. Crouch isn't well, not well at all. Hasn't been right since the World Cup. Hardly surprising—overwork. He's not as young as he was—though still quite brilliant, of course, the mind remains as great as it ever was. But the World Cup was a fiasco for the whole Ministry, and then, Mr. Crouch suffered a huge personal shock with the misbehavior of that house-elf of his, Blinky, or whatever she was called. Naturally, he dismissed her immediately afterward, but—well, as I say, he's getting on, he needs looking after, and I think he's found a definite drop in his home comforts since she left. And then we had the tournament to arrange, and the aftermath of the Cup to deal with—that revolting Skeeter woman buzzing around—no, poor man, he's having a well-earned, quiet Christmas. I'm just glad he knew he had someone he could rely upon to take his place."

“我已升遷了，”Percy說。在哈利還沒問他之前，他就已經宣布了，聽他的口吻，好像他當選為宇宙至尊大帝一樣。“我現在是Crouch先生的個人助理，我代表他來這裡。”“他為什麼沒來呢？”哈利問。他不想在晚餐期間受到繼續講課的煩惱。“我很抱歉，Crouch先生病了，他一點也不好。自從世界盃以來，他就一直不對勁。這很正常，因為工作太過勞累了。他已經不再年輕了-當然，他的頭腦還像以前一樣偉大。但世界杯對整個部門來說都是一場災難，然後，Crouch先生因為他的那個小精靈Blinky的行為受到了巨大的個人打擊，當然，事後他立刻解雇了她，但是從那以後，他的生活舒適度明顯下降。然後我們要安排比賽，處理世界盃的後果，那個可怕的Skeeter人到處騷擾。可憐的人呀，他的聖誕假期過得寧靜。我只是很高興他知道有人可以依靠代替他。”

Harry wanted very much to ask whether Mr. Crouch had stopped calling Percy "Weatherby" yet, but resisted the temptation.

There was no food as yet on the glittering golden plates, but small menus were lying in front of each of them. Harry picked his up uncertainly and looked around—there were no waiters. Dumbledore, however, looked carefully down at his own menu, then said very clearly to his plate, "Pork chops!"

And pork chops appeared. Getting the idea, the rest of the table placed their orders with their plates too. Harry glanced up at Hermione to see how she felt about this new and more complicated method of dining—surely it meant plenty of extra work for the house-elves?—but for once, Hermione didn't seem to be thinking about S.P.E.W. She was deep in talk with Viktor Krum and hardly seemed to notice what she was eating.

哈利非常想問克勞奇先生是否已經停止叫珀西“威辛比”，但他抑制住了這種誘惑。閃閃發光的金色盤子上還沒有食物，但每個人面前都放著小菜單。哈利不確定地拿起他的菜單四處看了看，並沒有服務員。然而，鄧布利多仔細地看了看自己的菜單，然後大聲對著他的盤子說，“豬排！”豬排出現了。其他人也開始用盤子點餐。哈利抬頭看了看赫敏，想知道她對這種新而複雜的用餐方法有什麼感覺，肯定這會給家內精靈帶來很多額外的工作 - 但從她深入與維克多·克拉姆的交談中可以看出，這次她一點也不像平時那樣考慮S.P.E.W. 事務。

It now occurred to Harry that he had never actually heard Krum speak before, but he was certainly talking now, and very enthusiastically at that.

"Well, we have a castle also, not as big as this, nor as comfortable, I am thinking," he was telling Hermione. "We have just four floors, and the fires are lit only for magical purposes. But we have grounds larger even than these—though in winter, we have very little daylight, so we are not enjoying them. But in summer we are flying every day, over the lakes and the mountains—"

"Now, now, Viktor!" said Karkaroff with a laugh that didn't reach his cold eyes, "don't go giving away anything else, now, or your charming friend will know exactly where to find us!"

Dumbledore smiled, his eyes twinkling. "Igor, all this secrecy... one would almost think you didn't want visitors."

現在哈利想起他以前從未聽聞過克魯姆說話，但他現在正講得很熱烈。「我們也有一座城堡，不像這麼大，也不像這麼舒適，我想，」他告訴赫敏。「我們只有四層樓，而火只燃點用於魔法的。但我們有比這還要大的園區，雖然在冬天，我們幾乎

沒有多少日光，所以我們無法享受它們。但在夏天，我們每天都在湖泊和山脈上飛翔。」「別再多說了，維克托！」卡卡洛夫笑著說，卻未能掩飾他冷漠的眼神。「不要再泄露任何消息，否則你那迷人的朋友就會知道我們的蹤跡了！」鄧布利多微笑著，眼中閃爍著光芒。「伊戈爾，這麼多的保密工作……你幾乎使人覺得你不歡迎客人了。」

“Well, Dumbledore,” said Karkaroff, displaying his yellowing teeth to their fullest extent, “we are all protective of our private domains, are we not? Do we not jealously guard the halls of learning that have been entrusted to us? Are we not right to be proud that we alone know our school’s secrets, and right to protect them?”

“Oh I would never dream of assuming I know all Hogwarts’ secrets, Igor,” said Dumbledore amicably. “Only this morning, for instance, I took a wrong turning on the way to the bathroom and found myself in a beautifully proportioned room I have never seen before, containing a really rather magnificent collection of chamber pots. When I went back to investigate more closely, I discovered that the room had vanished. But I must keep an eye out for it. Possibly it is only accessible at five-thirty in the morning. Or it may only appear at the quarter moon — or when the seeker has an exceptionally full bladder.”

「嗯，鄧布利多。」卡卡洛夫展示他發黃的牙齒，「我們都保護我們自己的私人領域，不是嗎？我們不會緊守任人寄予的學府教學大廳？我們作為內部人對保護學府的機密感到驕傲，這是正當的，對吧？」「呵呵，伊戈爾，我決不會假定自己知道霍格華茲的所有秘密。」鄧布利多友好地說，「就在今天早上，我走錯路去洗手間，繞到了一個比例很好的房間，我從未見過，裡面有令人驚豔的收藏室。當我回去仔細調查時，我發現房間不見了。但我必須留意它。也許只能在凌晨五點半進入。或者只有在季度月亮上出現，或者當尋找者膀胱非常滿時才會出現。」

Harry snorted into his plate of goulash. Percy frowned, but Harry could have sworn Dumbledore had given him a very small wink.

Meanwhile Fleur Delacour was criticizing the Hogwarts decorations to Roger Davies.

“Zis is nothing,” she said dismissively, looking around at the sparkling walls of the Great Hall. “At ze Palace of Beauxbatons, we ’ave ice sculptures all around ze dining chamber at Chreestmas. Zey do not melt, of course . . . zey are like ’uge statues of diamond, glittering around ze place. And ze food is seemply superb. And we ’ave choirs of wood nymphs, ’oo serenade us as we eat. We ’ave none of zis ugly armor in ze ’alls, and eef a poltergeist ever entaired into Beauxbatons, ’e would be expelled like zat.” She slapped her hand onto the table impatiently.

哈利聞到了自己盤子裡的古拉什味，不禁哼了一聲。珀西皺眉，但哈利可以發誓鄧布利多給了他一個微不足道的眨眼。與此同時，弗勒·德拉庫正在批評霍格華茲的裝飾對羅傑·戴維斯說道。「這算什麼，」她不屑地說，看著大禮堂閃閃發亮的牆壁。「在貝歐巴松宮，我們在聖誕節時，用冰雕布置整個餐廳。當然不會融化……它們像巨大的鑽石雕像一樣，在周圍閃爍著。而且食物簡直美味無比。我們還有數隊的木靈合唱團，一邊在我們享用美食一邊伴唱。我們的牆上絕不會有這醜陋的盔甲，要是有任何作祟的幽靈進入貝歐巴松，它就會像這樣被驅逐。」她不耐煩地拍了拍桌子。

Roger Davies was watching her talk with a very dazed look on his face, and he kept missing his mouth with his fork. Harry had the impression that Davies was too busy staring at Fleur to take in a word she was saying.

“Absolutely right,” he said quickly, slapping his own hand down on the table in imitation of Fleur. “Like *that*. Yeah.”

Harry looked around the Hall. Hagrid was sitting at one of the other staff tables; he was back in his horrible hairy brown suit and gazing up at the top table. Harry saw him give a small wave, and looking around, saw Madame Maxime return it, her opals glittering in the candlelight.

Hermione was now teaching Krum to say her name properly; he kept calling her “Hermy-own.”

“Her-my-oh-nee,” she said slowly and clearly.

“Herm-own-ninny.”

羅傑·戴維斯看著她說話，臉上目瞪口呆，不停地用叉子失誤。哈利感覺戴維斯一直盯著芙蓉看，根本沒聽進她說的話。“完全正確，”他趕緊說道，模仿芙蓉的動作，拍打著自己的手。“就是這樣，沒錯。”哈利在大廳裡四處看了看。海格坐在其他教職員工作桌旁，他穿著可怕的毛茸茸棕色套裙，凝望著頂席。哈利看到他微微揮手，四周看了看，看到瑪黛姆·馬克西姆回應，她的蛋白石在燭光下閃閃發亮。現在赫敏正在教克魯姆正確地發音，他一直稱呼她為“赫米雍”。“赫敏妮，”她慢慢而清晰地說。“赫敏妮。”

“Close enough,” she said, catching Harry’s eye and grinning.

When all the food had been consumed, Dumbledore stood up and asked the students to do the same. Then, with a wave of his wand, all the tables zoomed back along the walls leaving the floor clear, and then he conjured a raised platform into existence along the right wall. A set of drums, several guitars, a lute, a cello, and some bagpipes were set upon it.

The Weird Sisters now trooped up onto the stage to wildly enthusiastic applause; they were all extremely hairy and dressed in black robes that had been artfully ripped and torn. They picked up their instruments, and Harry, who had been so interested in watching them that he had almost forgotten what was coming, suddenly realized that the lanterns on all the other tables had gone out, and that the other champions and their partners were standing up.

“夠接近了，”她說，抓住哈利的眼神並露齒而笑。所有的食物都被消耗完了，鄧布利多站起來要求學生們也站起來。然後，他用魔杖一揮，所有的桌子沿牆飛快退回，地板清空，接著他在右牆上施展魔法，創造出一個舞台。幾只鼓，幾把吉他，一把鳴琴，一把大提琴和幾只風笛被放在舞台上。古怪姊妹們現在踩著舞台上，迎來了熱烈的掌聲；他們全身絨毛，身穿黑袍，

袍子上巧妙地撕下了幾處。他們撿起自己的樂器，哈利一直專注地盯著他們，差點忘記了接下來要發生什麼事情，突然意識到其他桌子上的燈籠已經熄滅，其他的冠軍和他們的伴侶們也站了起來。”

“Come on!” Parvati hissed. “We’re supposed to dance!”

Harry tripped over his dress robes as he stood up. The Weird Sisters struck up a slow, mournful tune; Harry walked onto the brightly lit dance floor, carefully avoiding catching anyone’s eye (he could see Seamus and Dean waving at him and sniggering), and next moment, Parvati had seized his hands, placed one around her waist, and was holding the other tightly in hers.

It wasn’t as bad as it could have been, Harry thought, revolving slowly on the spot (Parvati was steering). He kept his eyes fixed over the heads of the watching people, and very soon many of them too had come onto the dance floor, so that the champions were no longer the center of attention. Neville and Ginny were dancing nearby—he could see Ginny wincing frequently as Neville trod on her feet—and Dumbledore was waltzing with Madame Maxime. He was so dwarfed by her that the top of his pointed hat barely tickled her chin; however, she moved very gracefully for a woman so large. Mad-Eye Moody was doing an extremely ungainly two-step with Professor Sinistra, who was nervously avoiding his wooden leg.

“來吧！”帕瓦蒂嘶嘶地說，“我們應該跳舞！”哈利穿上長禮服，站了起來卻絆了一下。怪異姐妹開始演奏一首慢悲的曲子；哈利走上亮燈的舞池，小心翼翼避免引起任何人的注意（他能看到西莫斯和迪恩朝他揮手咯咯地笑著），接著一瞬間，帕瓦蒂攬住了他的手，一只擋在她的腰上，另一只緊握著他的手。哈利轉動著身體，緩慢地旋轉著（帕瓦蒂在掌控），他視線盡可能地放在觀眾人群的頭頂上，很快，他們中的許多人走上了舞池，以至於冠軍們不再是關注的中心。內維爾和金妮在附近跳舞——他可以看到金妮頻繁地皺眉，因為內維爾踩在她的腳上——鄧布利多正在和馬德姆·馬克西姆跳華爾茲。他被她的身材嚇到了，他的尖帽子的頂端僅僅輕輕撓著她的下巴；儘管如此，對於一個如此龐大的女人來說，她移動起來非常優雅。瘋狂眼子穿著不協調的衣裳和辛卓兒教授兩步舞，辛卓兒教授緊張地躲避著他的假腿。

“Nice socks, Potter,” Moody growled as he passed, his magical eye staring through Harry’s robes.

“Oh—yeah, Dobby the house-elf knitted them for me,” said Harry, grinning.

“He is so *creepy*!” Parvati whispered as Moody clunked away. “I don’t think that eye should be *allowed*!”

Harry heard the final, quavering note from the bagpipe with relief. The Weird Sisters stopped playing, applause filled the hall once more, and Harry let go of Parvati at once.

“Let’s sit down, shall we?”

“Oh—but—this is a really good one!” Parvati said as the Weird Sisters struck up a new song, which was much faster.

“No, I don’t like it,” Harry lied, and he led her away from the dance floor, past Fred and Angelina, who were dancing so exuberantly that people around them were backing away in fear of injury, and over to the table where Ron and Padma were sitting.

“波特，好酷的襪子，”穆迪咆哮著從旁邊經過，他的魔眼透過哈利的袍子盯視著他。“哦——是啊，這是那個家傳戶曉的小精靈Dobby編織的，”哈利咧嘴一笑。“他真是太可怕了！”帕瓦蒂小聲地說道，當穆迪轉身離去時，“我認為他的眼睛應該被禁止！”哈利聽到蘇格蘭風笛演奏的最後一個顫抖音符，便松了一口氣。怪奇姐妹經過演奏，掌聲再次響起，哈利馬上放開了帕瓦蒂。“我們坐下來，好嗎？”“哦——但是——這是一首很好的曲子！”帕瓦蒂說道，怪奇姐妹演奏了一首更快的新歌曲。“不，我不喜歡，”哈利撒謊道，他帶著帕瓦蒂走開了舞池，經過弗雷德和安傑利娜，他們在狂熱舞蹈，四周的人都退後了，擔心被傷到，然後走到了朗和帕德瑪坐的桌子旁。

“How’s it going?” Harry asked Ron, sitting down and opening a bottle of butterbeer.

Ron didn’t answer. He was glaring at Hermione and Krum, who were dancing nearby. Padma was sitting with her arms and legs crossed, one foot jiggling in time to the music. Every now and then she threw a disgruntled look at Ron, who was completely ignoring her. Parvati sat down on Harry’s other side, crossed her arms and legs too, and within minutes was asked to dance by a boy from Beauxbatons.

“You don’t mind, do you, Harry?” Parvati said.

“What?” said Harry, who was now watching Cho and Cedric.

“Oh never mind,” snapped Parvati, and she went off with the boy from Beauxbatons. When the song ended, she did not return.

Hermione came over and sat down in Parvati’s empty chair. She was a bit pink in the face from dancing.

哈利問羅恩：「最近如何？」，一邊坐下來打開一瓶奶油啤酒。羅恩沒有回答，他凝視著跳舞的赫敏和克魯姆。帕德瑪雙臂交握、雙腿交叉，一只腳隨著音樂跳動，不時投向羅恩不悅的眼神。帕瓦蒂坐在哈利的另一邊，也雙臂交握、雙腿交叉，幾分鐘內就被來自波巴脫學院的男孩請起舞來了。帕瓦蒂說：「你不介意吧，哈利？」哈利說：「什麼？」，此時他正在看著秋和塞德里克。帕瓦蒂怒氣沖沖地說：「算了吧！」，然後她和來自波巴脫學院的男孩離開了。當歌曲結束時，她沒有回來。赫敏走過來坐在帕瓦蒂剛才坐的椅子上，她跳舞跳得有點臉紅。

“Hi,” said Harry. Ron didn’t say anything.

“It’s hot, isn’t it?” said Hermione, fanning herself with her hand. “Viktor’s just gone to get some drinks.”

Ron gave her a withering look. “*Viktor?*” he said. “Hasn’t he asked you to call him *Vicky* yet?”

Hermione looked at him in surprise. “What’s up with you?” she said.

“If you don’t know,” said Ron scathingly, “I’m not going to tell you.”

Hermione stared at him, then at Harry, who shrugged.

“Ron, what — ?”

“He’s from Durmstrang!” spat Ron. “He’s competing against Harry! Against Hogwarts! You — you’re — ” Ron was obviously casting around for words strong enough to describe Hermione’s crime, “*fraternizing with the enemy*, that’s what you’re doing!”

Hermione’s mouth fell open.

“Don’t be so stupid!” she said after a moment. “The *enemy*! Honestly — who was the one who was all excited when they saw him arrive? Who was the one who wanted his autograph? Who’s got a model of him up in their dormitory?”

“嗨，”哈利说。罗恩什么也没说。“很热，不是吗？”赫敏用手扇着自己说。“维克多去拿些饮料了。”罗恩不屑地看着她。“维克多？”他说。“他还没让你叫他维基吗？”赫敏惊讶地看着他。“你怎么了？”她说。“如果你自己都不知道，”罗恩轻蔑地说，“我也不会告诉你。”赫敏盯着他，然后看着哈利，哈利耸了耸肩。“罗恩，怎么了——？”“他来自杜姆斯特朗！”罗恩大声说。“他要对抗哈利！对抗霍格沃茨！你——你正在跟敌人混在一起！”赫敏张大了嘴巴。“别这么愚蠢！”她说了一会儿。“敌人！老实说，当他到达时，谁是唯一一个兴奋的人？谁是想要他的签名的人？谁把他的模型放在他们的宿舍里？”

Ron chose to ignore this. “I suppose he asked you to come with him while you were both in the library?”

“Yes, he did,” said Hermione, the pink patches on her cheeks glowing more brightly. “So what?”

“What happened — trying to get him to join *spew*, were you?”

“No, I wasn’t! If you *really* want to know, he — he said he’d been coming up to the library every day to try and talk to me, but he hadn’t been able to pluck up the courage!”

Hermione said this very quickly, and blushed so deeply that she was the same color as Parvati’s robes.

“Yeah, well — that’s his story,” said Ron nastily.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?”

“Obvious, isn’t it? He’s Karkaroff’s student, isn’t he? He knows who you hang around with. . . . He’s just trying to get closer to Harry — get inside information on him — or get near enough to jinx him — ”

羅恩決定忽略這件事。“我猜他在圖書館的時候問你要不要和他一起去？”“對，他問了我，”赫敏說，她的臉頰上的粉紅色更加明亮。“那又怎樣？”“發生了什麼事——是試圖讓他加入SPEW嗎？”“不是，我不是！你真的想知道，他——他說他每天都來圖書館，想和我講話，但他沒有勇氣！”赫敏說得很快，臉色變得像帕瓦蒂的袍子一樣紅。“是啊，那就是他的故事。”羅恩惡意地說道。“這是什麼意思？”“很明顯吧？他是卡卡洛夫的學生，不是嗎？他知道你的朋友是誰……他只是想靠近哈利——獲取有關他的消息——或者靠近到足以詛咒他——”

Hermione looked as though Ron had slapped her. When she spoke, her voice quivered.

“For your information, he hasn’t asked me *one single thing* about Harry, not one — ”

Ron changed tack at the speed of light.

“Then he’s hoping you’ll help him find out what his egg means! I suppose you’ve been putting your heads together during those cozy little library sessions — ”

“I’d *never* help him work out that egg!” said Hermione, looking outraged. “*Never*. How could you say something like that — I want Harry to win the tournament, Harry knows that, don’t you, Harry?”

“You’ve got a funny way of showing it,” sneered Ron.

“This whole tournament’s supposed to be about getting to know foreign wizards and making friends with them!” said Hermione hotly.

“No it isn’t!” shouted Ron. “It’s about winning!”

赫敏看起來像被羅恩打了一巴掌一樣。她說話的聲音顫抖著。“告訴你吧，他根本沒問過我一個關於哈利的問題，一個都沒有——”羅恩立刻轉變方向。“那他希望你會幫他找出那顆蛋的意義！我想你們在那些舒適小圖書館的會議上已經合作研究過了——”“我永遠都不會幫他解開那個蛋！”赫敏憤怒地說，“永遠都不會。你怎麼能說出這樣的話——我希望哈利贏得比賽，哈利知道的，對吧，哈利？”“你表現的可真有趣，”羅恩嘲笑。“整個比賽本來就是讓我們認識外國巫師並與他們交朋友！”赫敏激

動地說。“不是的！”羅恩大聲喊道，“這是關於贏的！”

People were starting to stare at them

“Ron,” said Harry quietly, “I haven’t got a problem with Hermione coming with Krum—”

But Ron ignored Harry too.

“Why don’t you go and find Vicky, he’ll be wondering where you are,” said Ron.

“*Don’t call him Vicky!*”

Hermione jumped to her feet and stormed off across the dance floor, disappearing into the crowd. Ron watched her go with a mixture of anger and satisfaction on his face.

“Are you going to ask me to dance at all?” Padma asked him.

“No,” said Ron, still glaring after Hermione.

“Fine,” snapped Padma, and she got up and went to join Parvati and the Beauxbatons boy, who conjured up one of his friends to join them so fast that Harry could have sworn he had zoomed him there by a Summoning Charm.

“Vare is Herm-own-ninny?” said a voice.

人們開始盯著他們看。“朗恩，”哈利輕聲說，“我對赫敏和克魯姆在一起沒有意見——”但朗恩也忽略了哈利。“你為什麼不去找維琪，他會想知道你在哪裡的，”朗恩說。“別叫他維琪！”赫敏站起來，怒氣沖沖地走過舞池，消失在人群中。朗恩看著她走，臉上帶著憤怒和滿足的神情。“你會邀請我跳舞嗎？”帕德瑪問他。“不會，”朗恩說，仍然盯著赫敏。“好吧，”帕德瑪咆哮道，她站起來去加入帕瓦蒂和波巴松男孩，他很快就召喚出一個朋友加入他們，讓哈利可以發誓他已經用召喚咒將他帶到那裡。“赫敏在哪裡？”一個聲音說。

Krum had just arrived at their table clutching two butterbeers.

“No idea,” said Ron mulishly, looking up at him. “Lost her, have you?”

Krum was looking surly again.

“Well, if you see her, tell her I haff drinks,” he said, and he slouched off.

“Made friends with Viktor Krum, have you, Ron?”

Percy had hustled over, rubbing his hands together and looking extremely pompous. “Excellent! That’s the whole point, you know — international magical cooperation!”

To Harry’s displeasure, Percy now took Padma’s vacated seat. The top table was now empty; Professor Dumbledore was dancing with Professor Sprout, Ludo Bagman with Professor McGonagall; Madame Maxime and Hagrid were cutting a wide path around the dance floor as they waltzed through the students, and Karkaroff was nowhere to be seen. When the next song ended, everybody applauded once more, and Harry saw Ludo Bagman kiss Professor McGonagall’s hand and make his way back through the crowds, at which point Fred and George accosted him.

克拉姆拿着两杯奶油啤酒，刚到他们的桌子旁。“你不知道她去哪儿了吗？”罗恩一脸倔强地仰视着他。克拉姆的脸色又阴沉了。“如果你见到她了，就告诉她我来喝饮料了，”他说着，就慢吞吞地离开了。“和维克多·克鲁姆交上朋友了，是吗，罗恩？”珀西匆匆走过来，双手揉着，一脸自以为是的样子。“太好了！你知道，这正是我们的目的——加强国际魔法合作！”让哈利不高兴的是，珀西现在坐在帕德玛离开的位置上。高桌现在空了。邓布利多教授和斯普劳特教授跳舞，鲁多·巴格曼和麦康娜教授跳着华尔兹，马德姨和海格在学生们中穿越广阔的舞池，而卡卡洛夫则不见了踪影。当下一首歌结束时，每个人都再次鼓掌，哈利看到鲁多·巴格曼亲吻麦康娜教授的手，然后穿过人群回到原来的位置，弗雷德和乔治便拦住了他。

“What do they think they’re doing, annoying senior Ministry members?” Percy hissed, watching Fred and George suspiciously. “*No respect . . .*”

Ludo Bagman shook off Fred and George fairly quickly, however, and, spotting Harry, waved and came over to their table.

“I hope my brothers weren’t bothering you, Mr. Bagman?” said Percy at once.

“What? Oh not at all, not at all!” said Bagman. “No, they were just telling me a bit more about those fake wands of theirs. Wondering if I could advise them on the marketing. I’ve promised to put them in touch with a couple of contacts of mine at Zonko’s Joke Shop. . . .”

Percy didn’t look happy about this at all, and Harry was prepared to bet he would be rushing to tell Mrs. Weasley about this the moment he got home. Apparently Fred and George’s plans had grown even more ambitious lately, if they were hoping to sell to the public. Bagman opened his mouth to ask Harry something, but Percy diverted him.

“他們是怎麼想的，煩擾高級部長們？”珀西咆哮著，懷疑地看著弗雷德和喬治。“沒有尊重……”但路多·巴格曼很快便擺脫了弗雷德和喬治的騷擾，並且看到了哈利，就揮手走到他們的桌子旁。“我的兄弟沒有騷擾你吧，巴格曼先生？”珀西馬上問道。

“什麼？哦，當然沒有，當然沒有！”巴格曼說：“不，他們只是向我介紹他們的假魔杖。想知道我是否能就市場營銷給他們提供一些建議。我已經答應把他們介紹給我的兩個朋友，在桑可玩具店工作……”看樣子珀西對此不太滿意，哈利敢打賭他一回到家就會立刻告訴韋斯萊夫人。顯然，弗雷德和喬治的計劃最近變得更加宏大，如果他們希望對公眾推銷的話。巴格曼打算問哈利一些問題，但珀西轉移了話題。

“How do you feel the tournament's going, Mr. Bagman? Our department's quite satisfied — the hitch with the Goblet of Fire” — he glanced at Harry — “was a little unfortunate, of course, but it seems to have gone very smoothly since, don't you think?”

“Oh yes,” Bagman said cheerfully, “it's all been enormous fun. How's old Barty doing? Shame he couldn't come.”

“Oh I'm sure Mr. Crouch will be up and about in no time,” said Percy importantly, “but in the meantime, I'm more than willing to take up the slack. Of course, it's not all attending balls” — he laughed airily — “oh no, I've had to deal with all sorts of things that have cropped up in his absence — you heard Ali Bashir was caught smuggling a consignment of flying carpets into the country? And then we've been trying to persuade the Transylvanians to sign the International Ban on Dueling. I've got a meeting with their Head of Magical Cooperation in the new year —”

「巴格曼先生，你對這個比賽的進展感覺如何？我們部門對此相當滿意——當然，火盃出了點差錯」——他瞥了哈利一眼——「但自從以後似乎一切順利，你不這麼認為嗎？」「哦，是的，」巴格曼愉快地說：「這一切非常有趣。巴蒂老先生怎麼樣了？真可惜他沒能來。」「噢，我相信 Crouch 先生很快就會康復的，」珀西說得非常重要，「但同時，我也十分樂意接替他的工作。當然，這不僅僅是參加舞會」——他輕輕笑了笑——「哦不，他不在時我得處理各種出現的問題——你聽說 Ali Bashir 被抓到走私一批飛毯進入國內了嗎？還有，我們一直在試圖說服特蘭西瓦尼亞人簽署關於鬥爭的國際禁令。新年我要和他們的魔法合作負責人開會。」

“Let's go for a walk,” Ron muttered to Harry, “get away from Percy. . . .”

Pretending they wanted more drinks, Harry and Ron left the table, edged around the dance floor, and slipped out into the entrance hall. The front doors stood open, and the fluttering fairy lights in the rose garden winked and twinkled as they went down the front steps, where they found themselves surrounded by bushes; winding, ornamental paths; and large stone statues. Harry could hear splashing water, which sounded like a fountain. Here and there, people were sitting on carved benches. He and Ron set off along one of the winding paths through the rosebushes, but they had gone only a short way when they heard an unpleasantly familiar voice.

“. . . don't see what there is to fuss about, Igor.”

“我們去散步吧。”羅恩對哈利嘟囔道，“遠離珀西。. . . .”哈利和羅恩假裝需要更多的飲料，離開了桌子，繞過舞池，溜出了入口大廳。前門敞開著，玫瑰花園裡飄動的妖精燈一邊眨眼一邊閃爍，當他們走下前台階時，周圍是灌木叢，迂迴曲折的裝飾小徑和大型石雕。哈利可以聽到濺濕的聲音，聽起來像噴泉。在一些地方，人們坐在雕刻的長椅上。他和羅恩沿著玫瑰花叢其中一條彎曲的小路走去，但是當他們走了只有很短的一段路程時，就聽到了一個非常熟悉且不愉快的聲音。“. . . .不明白為什麼要大驚小怪，伊戈爾。”

“Severus, you cannot pretend this isn't happening!” Karkaroff's voice sounded anxious and hushed, as though keen not to be overheard. “It's been getting clearer and clearer for months. I am becoming seriously concerned, I can't deny it —”

“Then flee,” said Snape's voice curtly. “Flee — I will make your excuses. I, however, am remaining at Hogwarts.”

Snape and Karkaroff came around the corner. Snape had his wand out and was blasting rosebushes apart, his expression most ill-natured. Squeals issued from many of the bushes, and dark shapes emerged from them.

“Ten points from Ravenclaw, Fawcett!” Snape snarled as a girl ran past him. “And ten points from Hufflepuff too, Stebbins!” as a boy went rushing after her. “And what are you two doing?” he added, catching sight of Harry and Ron on the path ahead. Karkaroff, Harry saw, looked slightly discomposed to see them standing there. His hand went nervously to his goatee, and he began winding it around his finger.

賽佛勒斯，你不能假裝這一切沒有發生！卡卡羅夫的聲音聽起來焦急而低調，好像怕被人聽到。這已經越來越明顯了幾個月了。我變得非常擔心，我不能否認這一點——那麼就逃走，”斯內普的聲音冷淡地說道，“逃走 - 我會幫你找借口的。然而，我會留在霍格華茲。”斯內普和卡卡羅夫轉過了拐角。斯內普握著魔杖，開始炸毀玫瑰灌木，臉色很不好看。許多灌木中發出尖叫声，黑暗的影子從中出現。“從拉文克勞扣十分，福塞特！”斯內普咆哮道，一個女孩從他身邊跑過。“從赫夫帕夫扣十分，斯特賓斯！”當一個男孩跑過時，“你們兩個在做什麼？”他補充道，看到哈利和羅恩在前面的路上。哈利看到，卡卡羅夫看到他們站在那裡有些不安。他緊張地抚摸著山羊胡子，開始把它纏繞在手指上。

“We're walking,” Ron told Snape shortly. “Not against the law, is it?”

“Keep walking, then!” Snape snarled, and he brushed past them, his long black cloak billowing out behind him. Karkaroff hurried away after Snape. Harry and Ron continued down the path.

“What's got Karkaroff all worried?” Ron muttered.

“And since when have he and Snape been on first-name terms?” said Harry slowly.

They had reached a large stone reindeer now, over which they could see the sparkling jets of a tall fountain. The shadowy outlines of two enormous people were visible on a stone bench, watching the water in the moonlight. And then Harry heard Hagrid speak.

“Momen’ I saw yeh, I knew,” he was saying, in an oddly husky voice.

Harry and Ron froze. This didn’t sound like the sort of scene they ought to walk in on, somehow. . . . Harry looked around, back up the path, and saw Fleur Delacour and Roger Davies standing half-concealed in a rosebush nearby. He tapped Ron on the shoulder and jerked his head toward them, meaning that they could easily sneak off that way without being noticed (Fleur and Davies looked very busy to Harry), but Ron, eyes widening in horror at the sight of Fleur, shook his head vigorously, and pulled Harry deeper into the shadows behind the reindeer.

“我們在走路，”羅恩冷冷地告訴斯納普，“這不違法吧？”“就讓你們繼續走路！”斯納普咆哮道，他掠過他們，他的長黑色斗篷在他身後翻飛。卡果洛夫急急忙忙地跟著斯納普離開。哈利和羅恩繼續沿著小路走下去。“卡果洛夫到底在擔心什麼？”羅恩喃喃自語。“和斯納普這個人名詞書上怎麼從來沒有提過？”哈利慢慢地說道。他們現在到了一個巨大的石製馴鹿旁邊，他們可以看見高高的噴泉，噴泉的水在月光下閃閃發光，兩個巨人的影子出現在一個石製長椅上，他們在夜色中觀看著水。然後哈利聽到海格說話了。“當我第一眼看到你們的時候，我就知道了，”他用嘶啞的聲音說道。哈利和羅恩一動不動。這不像是他們應該看到的場景。哈利環顧四周，仰頭看了看路上，看到芙蕾爾·德拉庫和羅傑·戴維斯站在附近的玫瑰叢中，隱藏了一半。他拍了拍羅恩的肩膀，向他點了點頭，意思是他們可以輕鬆地走掉，不被注意到（哈利看起來芙蕾爾和戴維斯很忙），但羅恩看到芙蕾爾覺得驚恐，激烈地搖著頭，把哈利拉到了馴鹿的背後，藏在陰影中。

“What did you know, ’Agrid?’” said Madame Maxime, a purr in her low voice.

Harry definitely didn’t want to listen to this; he knew Hagrid would hate to be overheard in a situation like this (he certainly would have) — if it had been possible he would have put his fingers in his ears and hummed loudly, but that wasn’t really an option. Instead he tried to interest himself in a beetle crawling along the stone reindeer’s back, but the beetle just wasn’t interesting enough to block out Hagrid’s next words.

“I jus’ knew . . . knew you were like me. . . . Was it yer mother or yer father?”

“I — I don’t know what you mean, ’Agrid. . . .”

“It was my mother,” said Hagrid quietly. “She was one o’ the las’ ones in Britain. ’Course, I can’ remember her too well . . . she left, see. When I was abou’ three. She wasn’ really the maternal sort. Well . . . it’s not in their natures, is it? Dunno what happened to her . . . might be dead fer all I know. . . .”

“你知道什麼，艾格利？”瑪德姆·馬克西姆小聲地咕嚕著說。哈利絕對不想聽這個；他知道哈格不喜歡在這種情況下被偷聽（他肯定也是），如果有可能他會把手指放在耳朵裡大聲哼，但那不是真正的選擇。相反，他試圖對著爬在石麋鹿背上的甲蟲感興趣，但是甲蟲並不夠有趣，無法遮擋哈格的下一句話。“我就知道.....知道你和我一樣.....是你的母親還是你的父親？”“我.....我不知道你在說什麼，艾格利.....”“是我母親，”哈格輕聲說道。“她是英國最後的幾個巨人之一。當然，我記不清楚她.....她走了。我約三歲時。她不是那種母性的人。好.....這不是他們的天性，是嗎？不知道她發生了什麼事.....甚至可能已經死了。”

Madame Maxime didn’t say anything. And Harry, in spite of himself, took his eyes off the beetle and looked over the top of the reindeer’s antlers, listening. . . . He had never heard Hagrid talk about his childhood before.

“Me dad was broken-hearted when she wen’. Tiny little bloke, my dad was. By the time I was six I could lift him up an’ put him on top o’ the dresser if he annoyed me. Used ter make him laugh. . . .” Hagrid’s deep voice broke. Madame Maxime was listening, motionless, apparently staring at the silvery fountain. “Dad raised me . . . but he died, o’ course, jus’ after I started school. Sorta had ter make me own way after that. Dumbledore was a real help, mind. Very kind ter me, he was. . . .”

Hagrid pulled out a large spotted silk handkerchief and blew his nose heavily.

馬克西姆夫人沒有說話。哈利不由自主地把目光從甲蟲上移開，從馴鹿的鹿角上方看過去，聽著。他從來沒有聽過海格談論他的童年時光。“我父親從她離開時就傷心欲絕。我父親是個毛孩子，差不多到我六歲的時候，我就能把他舉起來放到櫥櫃上，如果他激怒了我，我用這個惹他笑。”海格的低沉的聲音斷了。馬克西姆夫人靜靜地聽著，似乎凝視著銀色的噴泉。“父親養育了我...但他死了，當然，在我開始上學後不久。之後就得靠自己了。達姆伯爵真正的幫助了我。他對我非常好。”海格掏出一個大的斑點絲手帕，沉重地擤了擤鼻子。

“So . . . anyway . . . enough abou’ me. What about you? Which side you got it on?”

But Madame Maxime had suddenly got to her feet.

“It is chilly,” she said — but whatever the weather was doing, it was nowhere near as cold as her voice. “I think I will go in now.”

“Eh?” said Hagrid blankly. “No, don’ go! I’ve — I’ve never met another one before!”

“Anuzzer what, precisely?” said Madame Maxime, her tone icy.

Harry could have told Hagrid it was best not to answer; he stood there in the shadows gritting his teeth, hoping against hope he wouldn’t — but it was no good.

“Another half-giant, o’ course!” said Hagrid.

“Ow dare you!” shrieked Madame Maxime. Her voice exploded through the peaceful night air like a foghorn; behind him, Harry heard Fleur and

Roger fall out of their rosebush. ‘I ’ave nevair been more insulted in my life! ’Alf-giant? Moi? I ’ave — I ’ave big bones!’

“嗯……不管怎樣……關於我夠了。你呢？你在哪一邊？”但瑪黛姆·瑪克西姆突然站起身來。“有點冷，”她說，但無論天氣怎樣，也比不上她的冷漠聲音。“我想我現在要走了。”“嗯？”海格茫然地說。“不，別走！我-我從來沒有遇到過另一個人！”“確切地說，另一個什麼？”瑪黛姆女士的語氣冰冷。哈利可以告訴海格最好不要回答；他在暗處磨牙切齒地站著，希望自己不會，但是沒用了。“當然是另一個半巨人！”海格說。“你怎麼敢！”瑪黛姆女士尖叫道。她的聲音像一個霧角一樣爆炸在平靜的夜空中；在他身後，哈利聽到弗萊爾和羅傑從玫瑰叢裡跌出來。“我這輩子從來沒有受過這麼大的侮辱！半巨人？我？我-我有大骨頭！”

She stormed away; great multicolored swarms of fairies rose into the air as she passed, angrily pushing aside bushes. Hagrid was still sitting on the bench, staring after her. It was much too dark to make out his expression. Then, after about a minute, he stood up and strode away, not back to the castle, but off out into the dark grounds in the direction of his cabin.

“C’mon,” Harry said, very quietly to Ron. “Let’s go. . . .”

But Ron didn’t move.

“What’s up?” said Harry, looking at him.

Ron looked around at Harry, his expression very serious indeed.

“Did you know?” he whispered. “About Hagrid being half-giant?”

“No,” Harry said, shrugging. “So what?”

He knew immediately, from the look Ron was giving him, that he was once again revealing his ignorance of the Wizarding world. Brought up by the Dursleys, there were many things that wizards took for granted that were revelations to Harry, but these surprises had become fewer with each successive year. Now, however, he could tell that most wizards would not have said “So what?” upon finding out that one of their friends had a giantess for a mother.

她生氣地走開了；當她經過時，大量多彩的小精靈群體在空中升起，生氣地推開灌木叢。海格仍然坐在長椅上，盯著她的背影。天黑得看不出他的表情。然後，大約過了一分鐘，他站起來，大步走開，不是朝著城堡回去，而是向著他的小木屋的方向走去。“來吧，”哈利對羅恩輕聲說道。“讓我們走吧……”但是羅恩動也沒動。“怎麼了？”哈利看著他說。羅恩朝哈利看了一圈，他的表情非常嚴肅。“你知道嗎？”他低聲問道，“海格是半巨人？”“不，”哈利聳聳肩，“那又怎樣？”他立刻從羅恩看著他的眼神中知道，他又一次透露出對魔法世界的無知。在德思禮家庭的撫養下，對巫師們理所當然的事情對哈利來說都是大驚小怪，但這些驚喜隨著每個年紀的增長而變得越來越少。現在，他可以告訴大多數巫師得知他們的一個朋友有一個巨人女巨人當母親時，不會說“那又怎樣？”

“I’ll explain inside,” said Ron quietly, “c’mon. . . .”

Fleur and Roger Davies had disappeared, probably into a more private clump of bushes. Harry and Ron returned to the Great Hall. Parvati and Padma were now sitting at a distant table with a whole crowd of Beauxbatons boys, and Hermione was once more dancing with Krum. Harry and Ron sat down at a table far removed from the dance floor.

“So?” Harry prompted Ron. “What’s the problem with giants?”

“Well, they’re . . . they’re . . .” Ron struggled for words. “. . . not very nice,” he finished lamely.

“Who cares?” Harry said. “There’s nothing wrong with Hagrid!”

“I know there isn’t, but . . . blimey, no wonder he keeps it quiet,” Ron said, shaking his head. “I always thought he’d got in the way of a bad Engorgement Charm when he was a kid or something. Didn’t like to mention it. . . .”

“我們到裡面講解吧，”羅恩輕聲說，“來吧……”弗勒和羅傑·戴維斯已經消失了，可能是跑到了更隱秘的灌木叢。哈利和羅恩回到了大禮堂。帕瓦蒂和帕德瑪現在坐在一個遠處的桌子旁，與一群布歇巴松男孩在一起，赫敏再次和克魯姆跳舞。哈利和羅恩坐在遠離舞池的桌子旁。“所以？”哈利促使羅恩。“什麼是關於巨人的問題？”“嗯，他們……他們……”羅恩掙扎著用詞。“就是不太友善，”他最後無力地說。“誰在乎啊？”哈利說，“哈格力沒有錯！”“我知道他沒錯，但是……天啊，難怪他保持沉默，”羅恩搖了搖頭，“我總是以他在孩提時期碰巧被誤施了一個壞的變大咒，或者類似的事情。他不喜歡提起……”

“But what’s it matter if his mother was a giantess?” said Harry.

“Well. . . no one who knows him will care, ’cos they’ll know he’s not dangerous,” said Ron slowly. “But. . . Harry, they’re just vicious, giants. It’s like Hagrid said, it’s in their natures, they’re like trolls. . . they just like killing, everyone knows that. There aren’t any left in Britain now, though.”

“What happened to them?”

“Well, they were dying out anyway, and then loads got themselves killed by Aurors. There’re supposed to be giants abroad, though. . . They hide out in mountains mostly. . . .”

“I don't know who Maxime thinks she's kidding.” Harry said, watching Madame Maxime sitting alone at the judges' table, looking very somber. “If Hagrid's half-giant, she definitely is. Big bones . . . the only thing that's got bigger bones than her is a dinosaur.”

“但如果他媽媽是個巨人，那又有什麼關係呢？”哈利說。“嗯...誰認識他都不會在意，因為他們知道他不會危險，”羅恩慢慢地說道，“但是，哈利，他們很兇猛，是巨人。就像海格說的，這是他們本性，他們像巨魔一樣...他們喜歡殺人，每個人都知道這一點。不過現在英國已經沒有巨人了。”“他們怎麼了？”“嗯，他們本來就要滅亡了，然後很多人被獵魔人殺死。不過據說外國還有巨人，他們大多在山區躲藏。”“我不知道麥克西姆想騙誰，”哈利看著瑪德姆·麥克西姆孤單地坐在裁判席上，顯得非常嚴肅，“如果海格是半個巨人，那她絕對也是。骨頭大得像恐龍！”

Harry and Ron spent the rest of the ball discussing giants in their corner, neither of them having any inclination to dance. Harry tried not to watch Cho and Cedric too much; it gave him a strong desire to kick something.

When the Weird Sisters finished playing at midnight, everyone gave them a last, loud round of applause and started to wend their way into the entrance hall. Many people were expressing the wish that the ball could have gone on longer, but Harry was perfectly happy to be going to bed; as far as he was concerned, the evening hadn't been much fun.

Out in the entrance hall, Harry and Ron saw Hermione saying good night to Krum before he went back to the Durmstrang ship. She gave Ron a very cold look and swept past him up the marble staircase without speaking. Harry and Ron followed her, but halfway up the staircase Harry heard someone calling him.

哈利和朗在舞会的剩余时间里都在讨论巨人，两人都没有跳舞的意愿。哈利试图不去看乔和塞德里克太多；这只会让他强烈地想要踢一些东西。当“怪奇姐妹”乐队在午夜演奏结束时，每个人都给予他们最后一轮热烈的掌声，然后开始往入口大厅走去。许多人表达了希望舞会能够再进行一会儿的愿望，但是哈利非常高兴能够去睡觉；在他看来，这个晚上并不是很有趣。在入口大厅，哈利和朗看到了赫敏在向库拉姆告别，然后他回到了德姆斯特朗的船上。她给了朗一个非常冷淡的眼神，然后径直走过了他，往大理石楼梯上走去，没有说话。哈利和朗跟着她走，但是在楼梯中途，哈利听到有人在叫他。

“Hey — Harry!”

It was Cedric Diggory. Harry could see Cho waiting for him in the entrance hall below.

“Yeah?” said Harry coldly as Cedric ran up the stairs toward him.

Cedric looked as though he didn't want to say whatever it was in front of Ron, who shrugged, looking bad-tempered, and continued to climb the stairs.

“Listen . . .” Cedric lowered his voice as Ron disappeared. “I owe you one for telling me about the dragons. You know that golden egg? Does yours wail when you open it?”

“Yeah,” said Harry.

“Well . . . take a bath, okay?”

“What?”

“Take a bath, and — er — take the egg with you, and — er — just mull things over in the hot water. It'll help you think. . . . Trust me.”

Harry stared at him.

“Tell you what,” Cedric said, “use the prefects' bathroom. Fourth door to the left of that statue of Boris the Bewildered on the fifth floor. Password's 'pine fresh.' Gotta go . . . want to say good night —”

「嗨——哈利！」那是塞德里克·迪戈里。哈利能看到妙銃在下面的入口大廳等他。「什麼事？」哈利冷冷地說，當塞德里克沿著樓梯跑向他時。塞德里克看起來好像不想在羅恩面前說任何話，而羅恩聳了聳肩，看起來臉色不太好，繼續往上爬樓梯。「聽著……」當羅恩消失的時候，塞德里克的聲音降了下來。「我欠你一個人情，因為你告訴了我有關龍的事情。你那個金蛋呢？你打開它時會哀鳴嗎？」「對啊。」哈利說。「嗯……」塞德里克低聲說道，當羅恩消失後。「洗個澡，好嗎？帶上那個蛋，然後在熱水裡默想一下。這會幫助你思考……相信我。」哈利盯著他看。「告訴你吧，」塞德里克說：「去使用學生監督的浴室吧。在五樓，繼承者博里斯的雕像左邊第四扇門，密碼是『松林清新』。我得走了……想跟你說晚安——」

He grinned at Harry again and hurried back down the stairs to Cho.

Harry walked back to Gryffindor Tower alone. That had been extremely strange advice. Why would a bath help him to work out what the wailing egg meant? Was Cedric pulling his leg? Was he trying to make Harry look like a fool, so Cho would like him even more by comparison?

The Fat Lady and her friend Vi were snoozing in the picture over the portrait hole. Harry had to yell “Fairy lights!” before he woke them up, and when he did, they were extremely irritated. He climbed into the common room and found Ron and Hermione having a blazing row. Standing ten feet apart, they were bellowing at each other, each scarlet in the face.

“Well, if you don't like it, you know what the solution is, don't you?” yelled Hermione; her hair was coming down out of its elegant bun now, and her face was screwed up in anger.

他又朝哈利咧嘴一笑，便急匆匆地回到了找嘉。哈利獨自走回了格蘭芬多塔。那是非常奇怪的建議。為什麼泡澡會幫助他弄清楚哀鳴的蛋是什麼意思呢？難道是塞德里克在開玩笑嗎？他是不是想讓哈利顯得很蠢，這樣找嘉就會更加喜歡他？胖夫人和她的朋友維正在畫中打瞌睡，哈利必須大喊“仙女燈！”才能喚醒她們，醒來後，兩個人都非常惱怒。他爬進了公共房間，發現羅恩和赫敏正在激烈地爭吵。他們相距十英尺，各自面紅耳赤地大聲嚷嚷。“好吧，如果你不喜歡，你知道解決方法是什麼了，對吧？”赫敏大聲喊道。她的頭髮從優雅的髮髻中垂落下來，臉上憤怒地扭曲着。

“Oh yeah?” Ron yelled back. “What’s that?”

“Next time there’s a ball, ask me before someone else does, and not as a last resort!”

Ron mouthed soundlessly like a goldfish out of water as Hermione turned on her heel and stormed up the girls’ staircase to bed. Ron turned to look at Harry.

“Well,” he sputtered, looking thunderstruck, “well — that just proves — completely missed the point —”

Harry didn’t say anything. He liked being back on speaking terms with Ron too much to speak his mind right now — but he somehow thought that Hermione had gotten the point much better than Ron had.

“我是嗎？”龍大聲喊道。「那是什麼？」“下次有球賽時，在別人找我之前找我，而不是最後一招！”當赫敏轉身怒氣沖沖地走向女孩樓梯上床時，羅恩像一條水中的金魚無聲地張嘴。羅恩轉身看著哈利。「好吧，」他結巴地說，神情驚愕，「好吧-這證明了-完全沒有點-」哈利什麼也沒說。他太喜歡和羅恩重新恢復交流，現在還不能表達自己的意見-但他不知何故認為赫敏比羅恩更理解這一點。



RITA SKEETER'S SCOOP

Everybody got up late on Boxing Day. The Gryffindor common room was much quieter than it had been lately, many yawns punctuating the lazy conversations. Hermione's hair was bushy again; she confessed to Harry that she had used liberal amounts of Sleekeazy's Hair Potion on it for the ball, "but it's way too much bother to do every day," she said matter-of-factly, scratching a purring Crookshanks behind the ears.

Ron and Hermione seemed to have reached an unspoken agreement not to discuss their argument. They were being quite friendly to each other, though oddly formal. Ron and Harry wasted no time in telling Hermione about the conversation they had overheard between Madame Maxime and Hagrid, but Hermione didn't seem to find the news that Hagrid was a half-giant nearly as shocking as Ron did.

節禮日，每個人都睡到很晚才起來。格蘭芬多公共休息室比之前安靜得多，許多哈欠透過懶洋洋的對話。赫敏的頭髮又變得蓬鬆了；她坦承說在舞會上她使用寇斯基頭髮膏使用得很多，“但這太過繁瑣了，我每天都無法做到，”她理直氣壯地說着，並撫摸着咕咕叫的克魯伎斯貓。羅恩和赫敏似乎已達成一種心照不宣的協議，不再討論他們的爭執。他們對彼此相當友好，但卻有點奇怪的拘謹。羅恩和哈利毫不浪費時間告訴赫敏他們聽到了馬克西姆夫人和海格之間的對話，但赫敏似乎沒有像羅恩那樣對發現海格是半巨人感到震驚。

"Well, I thought he must be," she said, shrugging. "I knew he couldn't be pure giant because they're about twenty feet tall. But honestly, all this hysteria about giants. They can't *all* be horrible. . . . It's the same sort of prejudice that people have toward werewolves. . . . It's just bigotry, isn't it?"

Ron looked as though he would have liked to reply scathingly, but perhaps he didn't want another row, because he contented himself with shaking his head disbelievingly while Hermione wasn't looking.

It was time now to think of the homework they had neglected during the first week of the holidays. Everybody seemed to be feeling rather flat now that Christmas was over — everybody except Harry, that is, who was starting (once again) to feel slightly nervous.

「嗯，我想他肯定不是純血巨人了」她聳聳肩說。「因為純血巨人大概有二十英尺高。但是說真的，那些對巨人的歇斯底里是很不必要的。他們不可能都是壞人……這跟人們對狼人的偏見是一樣的……這只是偏見，不是嗎？」羅恩看起來似乎想要嘲諷地回答，但也許他不想再引起爭吵，所以他在赫敏不注意的時候搖搖頭，表示不信。現在該想想他們在假期第一週忽略的功課了。聖誕節過去後，每個人似乎都感到有些沮喪——除了哈利，他（再一次）開始感到有些緊張。

The trouble was that February the twenty-fourth looked a lot closer from this side of Christmas, and he still hadn't done anything about working out the clue inside the golden egg. He therefore started taking the egg out of his trunk every time he went up to the dormitory, opening it, and listening intently, hoping that this time it would make some sense. He strained to think what the sound reminded him of, apart from thirty musical saws, but he had never heard anything else like it. He closed the egg, shook it vigorously, and opened it again to see if the sound had changed, but it hadn't. He tried asking the egg questions, shouting over all the wailing, but nothing happened. He even threw the egg across the room — though he hadn't really expected that to help.

問題在於從聖誕節這邊來看，2月24日似乎越來越近了，但他還沒有做任何關於金蛋裡謎語的研究。他因此每次上樓回到宿舍時都會從箱子裡拿出蛋，打開它，專注地聆聽，希望這次它會變得有意義。他努力回想那聲音讓他想起了什麼，除了30把音樂鋸的聲音，可他沒聽過任何用這種聲音的東西。他關上蛋，用力搖晃著，然後再次打開蛋，看聲音是否有變化，但是沒有。他試著問蛋問題，甚至大聲喊叫，但什麼也沒發生。他甚至把蛋擲向房間的另一邊——雖然他並沒有真正期望這會有所幫助。

Harry had not forgotten the hint that Cedric had given him, but his less-than-friendly feelings toward Cedric just now meant that he was keen not to take his help if he could avoid it. In any case, it seemed to him that if Cedric had really wanted to give Harry a hand, he would have been a lot more explicit. He, Harry, had told Cedric exactly what was coming in the first task — and Cedric's idea of a fair exchange had been to tell Harry to take a bath. Well, he didn't need that sort of rubbishy help — not from someone who kept walking down corridors hand in hand with Cho, anyway. And so the first day of the new term arrived, and Harry set off to lessons, weighed down with books, parchment, and quills as usual, but also with the lurking worry of the egg heavy in his stomach, as though he were carrying that around with him too.

哈利沒有忘記塞德里克給他的提示，但他現在對塞德里克的不友好情緒意味着他很想避免接受他的幫助。無論如何，他覺得如果塞德里克真的想幫哈利，他會更明確地表明。他向塞德里克講清楚了第一個任務的來龍去脈——而塞德里克公平交換的想法卻是告訴哈利去洗個澡。好吧，他不需要那種廢話幫助——尤其是從那些經常手拉手走在走廊裡的喬身邊得到幫助的人。因此，新學期的第一天到了，哈利照例背負著書、羊皮紙和羽毛筆，但他的心中也萦繞著那個彷彿連同他一起攜帶的沉重蛋的憂

慮。

Snow was still thick upon the grounds, and the greenhouse windows were covered in condensation so thick that they couldn't see out of them in Herbology. Nobody was looking forward to Care of Magical Creatures much in this weather, though as Ron said, the skrewts would probably warm them up nicely, either by chasing them, or blasting off so forcefully that Hagrid's cabin would catch fire.

When they arrived at Hagrid's cabin, however, they found an elderly witch with closely cropped gray hair and a very prominent chin standing before his front door.

"Hurry up, now, the bell rang five minutes ago," she barked at them as they struggled toward her through the snow.

"Who're you?" said Ron, staring at her. "Where's Hagrid?"

"My name is Professor Grubbly-Plank," she said briskly. "I am your temporary Care of Magical Creatures teacher."

地上的雪仍然很厚，溫室的窗戶被濃濃的霧氣覆蓋著，在藥草學課上他們看不出外面的情況。在這種天氣裡，沒有人會期待魔法生物學課，雖然羅恩說，斯克魯茲蟲可能會通過追逐或強力射擊讓他們暖和起來，甚至可能會把海格的小屋燒掉。然而，當他們到達海格的小屋時，他們發現一位頭髮短促的老女巫和一個非常突出的下巴站在他的前門前。「快點，鐘響了五分鐘了。」她在雪地裡向他們吠叫著。「你是誰？」羅恩盯著她問道。「海格在哪裡？」「我叫格萊布利-普蘭克教授，」她爽快地說。「我是你們的臨時魔法生物學老師。」

"Where's Hagrid?" Harry repeated loudly.

"He is indisposed," said Professor Grubbly-Plank shortly.

Soft and unpleasant laughter reached Harry's ears. He turned; Draco Malfoy and the rest of the Slytherins were joining the class. All of them looked gleeful, and none of them looked surprised to see Professor Grubbly-Plank.

"This way, please," said Professor Grubbly-Plank, and she strode off around the paddock where the Beauxbatons horses were shivering. Harry, Ron, and Hermione followed her, looking back over their shoulders at Hagrid's cabin. All the curtains were closed. Was Hagrid in there, alone and ill?

"What's wrong with Hagrid?" Harry said, hurrying to catch up with Professor Grubbly-Plank.

"Never you mind," she said as though she thought he was being nosy.

“海格在哪裡？”哈利大聲重複。“他有事了，”格拉布利-普蘭克教授短暫地說道。哈利聽到軟弱而不愉快的笑聲，在他的耳邊環繞。他轉過身，德拉科·馬爾福和史萊特林的其他人加入了這個班級。他們看起來都很高興，沒有人對看到普蘭克教授感到驚訝。“請這邊走，”普朗克教授說道，然後她穿過了貝克斯巴頓（Beauxbatons）馬房周圍的溜馬場。哈利，羅恩和赫敏跟著她前進，回頭看看海格的小屋。所有的窗簾都關著。海格在那裡，獨自生病嗎？“海格怎麼了？”哈利說，急忙趕上格拉布利-普蘭克教授。“不用你管，”她說，好像她認為他是多管閒事。

"I do mind, though," said Harry hotly. "What's up with him?"

Professor Grubbly-Plank acted as though she couldn't hear him. She led them past the paddock where the huge Beauxbatons horses were standing, huddled against the cold, and toward a tree on the edge of the forest, where a large and beautiful unicorn was tethered.

Many of the girls "ooooohed!" at the sight of the unicorn.

"Oh it's so beautiful!" whispered Lavender Brown. "How did she get it? They're supposed to be really hard to catch!"

The unicorn was so brightly white it made the snow all around look gray. It was pawing the ground nervously with its golden hooves and throwing back its horned head.

"Boys keep back!" barked Professor Grubbly-Plank, throwing out an arm and catching Harry hard in the chest. "They prefer the woman's touch, unicorns. Girls to the front, and approach with care, come on, easy does it. . . ."

“我很在意！”哈利生氣地說到，“他怎麼了？”格拉布利-普蘭教授就好像聽不到他的话一样。她帶着他們經過那些擠在寒冷中的波巴頓的巨大馬匹所在的小圈地，走向森林边缘的一棵大树，在那里有一匹美丽的独角兽被栓住了。许多女孩子看到独角兽都发出“哦哦”的叫声。“它太美了！”拉文德·布朗低声说道，“它是怎么被抓到的？抓起来应该很难吧！”这匹独角兽闪闪发亮的白色让周围的雪看起来都變得灰暗。它的金色蹄子在不安地刨动着，角也不停地甩动。“男孩子们退后！”格拉布利-普蘭教授吼了一声，伸出一只胳膊，用力地推了一下哈利的胸口，“独角兽更喜欢女性的问候。女孩子们到前面来，小心靠近，慢点，小心翼翼地...”

She and the girls walked slowly forward toward the unicorn, leaving the boys standing near the paddock fence, watching. The moment Professor Grubbly-Plank was out of earshot, Harry turned to Ron.

"What d'you reckon's wrong with him? You don't think a skrewt — ?"

"Oh he hasn't been attacked, Potter, if that's what you're thinking," said Malfoy softly. "No, he's just too ashamed to show his big, ugly face."

“What d'you mean?” said Harry sharply.

Malfoy put his hand inside the pocket of his robes and pulled out a folded page of newsprint.

“There you go,” he said. “Hate to break it to you, Potter. . . .”

He smirked as Harry snatched the page, unfolded it, and read it, with Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville looking over his shoulder. It was an article topped with a picture of Hagrid looking extremely shifty.

她和女孩們緩慢地向前走，往獨角獸那裡走去，讓站在畜欄圍欄旁的男孩們在旁觀望。當格羅布萊-普蘭教授聽不到的時候，哈利轉向羅恩說道。「你認為他怎麼了？你不認為是螺絲狗-」「哦，波特，他沒有被攻擊，如果那是你所想的話，」馬爾福輕聲說道。「不，他只是太羞愧了，所以不敢露出他那巨大丑陋的臉孔。」「你是說什麼？」哈利尖聲道。馬爾福將手伸進他的袍子口袋，拿出了一張折好的報紙。「給你，」他說。「好不想打擊你，波特……」當哈利攫取了頁面，展開了它並閱讀它時，羅恩、西莫斯、迪恩和尼維爾都在他的肩膀上看著他。這是一篇文章，上頭有一張讓哈格力顯得非常可疑的照片。

DUMBLEDORE'S GIANT MISTAKE

Albus Dumbledore, eccentric headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, has never been afraid to make controversial staff appointments, writes Rita Skeeter, *Special Correspondent*. In September of this year, he hired Alastor “Mad-Eye” Moody, the notoriously jinx-happy ex-Auror, to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts, a decision that caused many raised eyebrows at the Ministry of Magic, given Moody’s well-known habit of attacking anybody who makes a sudden movement in his presence. Mad-Eye Moody, however, looks responsible and kindly when set beside the part-human Dumbledore employs to teach Care of Magical Creatures.

Rubeus Hagrid, who admits to being expelled from Hogwarts in his third year, has enjoyed the position of gamekeeper at the school ever since, a job secured for him by Dumbledore. Last year, however, Hagrid used his mysterious influence over the headmaster to secure the additional post of Care of Magical Creatures teacher, over the heads of many better-qualified candidates.

鄧布利多的嚴重錯誤 霍格華茲魔法與巫術學校古怪的校長阿不思·鄧布利多從未害怕做出有爭議的聘任決定，特約記者莉塔·史凱特寫道。今年9月，他聘請了聲名狼藉、以咒語攻擊人的前奧羅做家阿拉斯托·“瘋眼”穆迪，擔任黑魔法防禦術教師，這個決定在魔法部引起了許多人的反感，因為穆迪以在他身旁有任何突然動作的人為攻擊對象，眾所皆知。然而，在鄧布利多雇用半人類授課的魔法生物學教師方面，瘋眼穆迪看起來負責和友好。魁地奇的看守員魯伯斯·海格，承認在他的第三年被霍格華茲開除，自那以後就一直在這所學校擔任著看守員的職務，這份工作是由鄧布利多為他謀取的。然而去年，海格利用他對校長的神秘影響力，獲得了其他更合格候選人的支持下，擔任了魔法生物學老師的額外職務。

An alarmingly large and ferocious-looking man, Hagrid has been using his newfound authority to terrify the students in his care with a succession of horrific creatures. While Dumbledore turns a blind eye, Hagrid has maimed several pupils during a series of lessons that many admit to being “very frightening.”

“I was attacked by a hippogriff, and my friend Vincent Crabbe got a bad bite off a flobberworm,” says Draco Malfoy, a fourth-year student. “We all hate Hagrid, but we're just too scared to say anything.”

Hagrid has no intention of ceasing his campaign of intimidation, however. In conversation with a *Daily Prophet* reporter last month, he admitted breeding creatures he has dubbed “Blast-Ended Skrewts,” highly dangerous crosses between manticores and fire-crabs. The creation of new breeds of magical creature is, of course, an activity usually closely observed by the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. Hagrid, however, considers himself to be above such petty restrictions.

一個看起來令人害怕的巨大男子，海格利用他的新權力用一系列可怕的生物來嚇唬他負責照顧的學生。儘管鄧布利多視而不見，海格在一系列令人“十分驚嚇”的課程中傷害了幾名學生。“我被一個獨角獸鷹襲擊了，我朋友文森特·克拉布被一條厚蟲咬了，”四年級學生德拉科·馬爾福說。“我們都討厭海格，但我們只是太害怕了，不敢說什麼。”然而，海格並沒有打算停止他的恐嚇活動。上個月，他在與《每日預言家》記者的交談中承認，他還繁殖了一些他所稱的“爆頂蠍尾”，這是獅身人面獸和火蟹的高度危險的交配品種。當然，創造新的魔法生物品種通常都會受到魔法生物監管部門的密切觀察。然而，海格認為自己高人一等，超脫於這些瑣碎的限制之上。

“I was just having some fun,” he says, before hastily changing the subject.

As if this were not enough, the *Daily Prophet* has now unearthed evidence that Hagrid is not—as he has always pretended—a pure-blood wizard. He is not, in fact, even pure human. His mother, we can exclusively reveal, is none other than the giantess Fridwulfa, whose whereabouts are currently unknown.

Bloodthirsty and brutal, the giants brought themselves to the point of extinction by warring amongst themselves during the last century. The handful that remained joined the ranks of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and were responsible for some of the worst mass Muggle killings of his reign of terror.

While many of the giants who served He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named were killed by Aurors working against the Dark Side, Fridwulfa was not among them. It is possible she escaped to one of the giant communities still existing in foreign mountain ranges. If his antics during Care of Magical Creatures lessons are any guide, however, Fridwulfa's son appears to have inherited her brutal nature.

他說：“我只是在玩而已。”然後匆忙改變話題。現在，《每日預言家》揭露哈格力並不是——他一直假扮的——純血巫師。

事實上，他甚至不是純正人類。我們可以獨家披露，他的母親是巨人弗里德維爾法，她的下落目前不明。血腥和殘暴的巨人在上個世紀因自相殘殺使自己走向滅絕。最後幾個倖存者加入了那個不可言喻的他-知道他是誰，負責了他恐怖統治期間最嚴重的謀殺事件之一。雖然許多為他-知道他是誰服役的巨人被逆光師殺死，但弗里德維爾法並不在其中。她可能逃到還在外國山脈中存在的某些巨人社區。然而，如果他在魔法生物學課程中的花招是什麼指南，弗里德維爾法的兒子似乎已經繼承了她的殘忍本性。

In a bizarre twist, Hagrid is reputed to have developed a close friendship with the boy who brought around You-Know-Who's fall from power — thereby driving Hagrid's own mother, like the rest of You-Know-Who's supporters, into hiding. Perhaps Harry Potter is unaware of the unpleasant truth about his large friend — but Albus Dumbledore surely has a duty to ensure that Harry Potter, along with his fellow students, is warned about the dangers of associating with part-giants.

Harry finished reading and looked up at Ron, whose mouth was hanging open.

“How did she find out?” he whispered.

But that wasn't what was bothering Harry.

“What d’you mean, ‘we all hate Hagrid’?” Harry spat at Malfoy. “What’s this rubbish about *him*”—he pointed at Crabbe—“getting a bad bite off a flobberworm? They haven’t even got teeth!”

奇怪的是，有傳言說海格和那個推翻你-知道-誰的勢力的男孩發展出了親密的友誼，這讓海格自己的母親，就像其他你-知道-誰的支持者一樣，躲藏起來了。也許哈利波特不知道關於他那位大朋友不好的真相，但阿不思·鄧布利多肯定有責任確保哈利波特和他的同學們被警告關於與巨人的繆合的危險性。哈利讀完之後抬頭看著羅恩，羅恩嘴巴張大了。“她怎麼知道的？”他輕聲說。但這不是困擾哈利的事情。“你說什麼，‘我們都討厭海格？’”哈利對馬爾福咆哮道，“這是什麼胡說八道？”他指著克拉布，“他咬了花鼠蠹蟲，那是什麼鬼？他們甚至沒有牙齒！”

Crabbe was sniggering, apparently very pleased with himself.

"Well, I think this should put an end to the oaf's teaching career," said Malfoy, his eyes glinting. "Half-giant . . . and there was me thinking he'd just swallowed a bottle of Skele-Gro when he was young . . . None of the mummies and daddies are going to like this at all. . . . They'll be worried he'll eat their kids, ha, ha . . ."

“You—”

“Are you paying attention over there?”

Professor Grubblly-Plank's voice carried over to the boys; the girls were all clustered around the unicorn now, stroking it. Harry was so angry that the *Daily Prophet* article shook in his hands as he turned to stare unseeing at the unicorn, whose many magical properties Professor Grubblly-Plank was now enumerating in a loud voice, so that the boys could hear too.

Crabbe傻笑，看起來很滿意。馬爾福說：“我想這應該會結束那個蠢貨的教學生涯了。”他的眼睛閃爍著。“半個巨人...我還以為他年輕時只是吞下了一瓶骨骼再生藥.....沒有任何家長會喜歡這個消息。他們會擔心他會吃了他們的孩子，哈哈.....”“你——”“你是在那邊注意力集中嗎？”Grubbly-Plank教授的聲音傳到男孩們的耳朵裡；女孩們現在都圍着獨角獸，撫摸它。哈利如此生氣，以至於《每日先驅報》的文章在他手中顫抖，他轉身盯着那只獨角獸，聽Grubbly-Plank教授用洪亮的聲音列舉它的許多魔法屬性，以便男孩們也可以聽到。

“I hope she stays, that woman!” said Parvati Patil when the lesson had ended and they were all heading back to the castle for lunch. “That’s more what I thought Care of Magical Creatures would be like . . . proper creatures like unicorns, not monsters. . . .”

“What about Hagrid?” Harry said angrily as they went up the steps.

“What about him?” said Paryati in a hard voice. “He can still be gamekeeper, can’t he?”

Parvati had been very cool toward Harry since the ball. He supposed that he ought to have paid her a bit more attention, but she seemed to have had a good time all the same. She was certainly telling anybody who would listen that she had made arrangements to meet the boy from Beauxbatons in Hogsmeade on the next weekend trip.

"That was a really good lesson," said Hermione as they entered the Great Hall. "I didn't know half the things Professor Grubbly-Plank told us about uni—"

「我希望那個女人能留下來！」帕瓦蒂·帕迪爾在課結束時說，他們都在回城堡吃午飯。「這才是我想象中的魔法生物護理課……正經的生物像獨角獸，而不是怪物……」「那麼海格呢？」哈利生氣地問，當他們走上臺階時。「他怎麼了？」帕瓦蒂用一種嚴肅的聲音說。「他還能當看守森林的，對不對？」自跳舞會後，帕瓦蒂對哈利一直冷淡。他想他應該多留意她，但她似乎仍然過得很愉快。她肯定在告訴任何想聽的人，她已經安排好在下個週末的霍格沃茲之旅中在霍格斯密德與貝歐巴松男孩會面。「那是真的好課！」當他們進入大廳時，赫敏說。「我不知道另一半事關獨角獸的事情，空姐斯普蘭克教授告訴我們……」

“Look at this!” Harry snarled, and he shoved the *Daily Prophet* article under Hermione’s nose.

Hermione's mouth fell open as she read. Her reaction was exactly the same as Ron's.

"How did that horrible Skeeter woman find out? You don't think Hagrid *told* her?"

"No," said Harry, leading the way over to the Gryffindor table and throwing himself into a chair, furious. "He never even told us, did he? I reckon she was so mad he wouldn't give her loads of horrible stuff about me, she went ferreting around to get him back."

"Maybe she heard him telling Madame Maxime at the ball," said Hermione quietly.

"We'd have seen her in the garden!" said Ron. "Anyway, she's not supposed to come into school anymore, Hagrid said Dumbledore banned her. . . ."

"Maybe she's got an Invisibility Cloak," said Harry, ladling chicken casserole onto his plate and splashing it everywhere in his anger. "Sort of thing she'd do, isn't it, hide in bushes listening to people."

“看這個！”哈利咆哮著將《每日預言家》文章塞到妙麗的鼻子底下。當妙麗閱讀時，她張大了嘴巴，反應與朗恩完全相同。“那個可怕的斯基特女人怎麼知道的？你不覺得是海格告訴她的吧？”“不是的，”哈利生氣地帶路到格蘭芬多桌子，並把自己扔進椅子上。“他甚至沒有告訴我們，對吧？我想她是由於他不給她一堆關於我的可怕事情，所以她去搜尋一下來打擊他。”“也許她在舞會上聽到他跟瑪克西姆夫人說的，”妙麗輕聲說道。“我們應該在花園裡見到她！”羅恩說道。“不管怎樣，杜姆布爾多禁止她進入學校……”“也許她有隱形斗篷，”哈利說道，舀起雞肉砂鍋菜到自己的盤子裡，因憤怒而到處亂濺。“這是她會做的事情，對不對？躲在灌木叢裡聽別人說話。”

"Like you and Ron did, you mean," said Hermione.

"We weren't trying to hear him!" said Ron indignantly. "We didn't have any choice! The stupid prat, talking about his giantess mother where anyone could have heard him!"

"We've got to go and see him," said Harry. "This evening, after Divination. Tell him we want him back . . . you *do* want him back?" he shot at Hermione.

"I — well, I'm not going to pretend it didn't make a nice change, having a proper Care of Magical Creatures lesson for once — but I do want Hagrid back, of course I do!" Hermione added hastily, quailing under Harry's furious stare.

So that evening after dinner, the three of them left the castle once more and went down through the frozen grounds to Hagrid's cabin. They knocked, and Fang's booming barks answered.

“就像你和羅恩那樣，你是指那樣做？”赫敏說。“我們不是故意要聽他講話的！”羅恩氣憤地說道。“我們沒有任何選擇！那個蠢貨，在任何人都可能聽到的地方講論關於他的巨人媽媽！”“我們必須去見他，”哈利說。“在占卜課後，今晚去告訴他我們想要他回來……你想要他回來嗎？”他瞪著赫敏生氣地問。“我……好吧，我不會假裝沒有一次得到一節真正的魔法生物護理課是很好的轉變——但我當然想讓海格回來！”赫敏補充說，在哈利的狂怒目光下退縮了。所以那天晚上吃完晚飯後，他們三人再次離開城堡，穿過冰冷的場地到達海格的小屋子。他們敲門，斐恩發出沉重的吠聲。

"Hagrid, it's us!" Harry shouted, pounding on the door. "Open up!"

Hagrid didn't answer. They could hear Fang scratching at the door, whining, but it didn't open. They hammered on it for ten more minutes; Ron even went and banged on one of the windows, but there was no response.

"What's he avoiding *us* for?" Hermione said when they had finally given up and were walking back to the school. "He surely doesn't think we'd care about him being half-giant?"

But it seemed that Hagrid did care. They didn't see a sign of him all week. He didn't appear at the staff table at mealtimes, they didn't see him going about his gamekeeper duties on the grounds, and Professor Grubbly-Plank continued to take the Care of Magical Creatures classes. Malfoy was gloating at every possible opportunity.

"哈格力，是我們啊！"哈利敲打著門大叫："開門吧！"哈格力沒有回應。他們聽到芳狗在門上刨挖、哭叫，但卻沒有開門。他們又敲打了十分鐘，羅恩甚至去敲打窗戶，但都沒得到回答。當他們最終放棄，回到學校時，赫敏問道："他為什麼躲著我們？難道他以為我們會介意他是半巨人嗎？"但事實就是哈格力確實介意。整個星期他都沒有露面。在就餐時間，他沒出現在教師桌旁。他也沒在校園裡執行看守遊戲的職責，哈格力養護魔法生物的課程仍由格拉布麗·帕蘭教授教授。馬爾福在任何可能的情況下都得意洋洋地譏笑著。"

"Missing your half-breed pal?" he kept whispering to Harry whenever there was a teacher around, so that he was safe from Harry's retaliation. "Missing the elephant-man?"

There was a Hogsmeade visit halfway through January. Hermione was very surprised that Harry was going to go.

"I just thought you'd want to take advantage of the common room being quiet," she said. "Really get to work on that egg."

"Oh I — I reckon I've got a pretty good idea what it's about now," Harry lied.

“Have you really?” said Hermione, looking impressed. “Well done!”

Harry's insides gave a guilty squirm, but he ignored them. He still had five weeks to work out that egg clue, after all, and that was ages . . . whereas if he went into Hogsmeade, he might run into Hagrid, and get a chance to persuade him to come back.

“想念你那个混血朋友了吗？”他每当有老师在场时，都会对哈利低声说，以避免哈利反击。“想念那个大象人吗？”一月中旬时，霍格华茨的旅行又来了。赫敏很惊讶哈利要去。“我只是觉得你想利用寝室的安静，”她说。“真正地去解决那个蛋。”“噢，我猜我现在已经有一个很好的想法了，”哈利说了谎。“真的吗？”赫敏看上去很印象。“干得好！”哈利的内心感到有些内疚，但他无视了它们。他仍有五周的时间来解开那个蛋的谜题，这已经足够多了，但如果他去霍格华茨，他可能会遇到海格，并有机会说服他回来。

He, Ron, and Hermione left the castle together on Saturday and set off through the cold, wet grounds toward the gates. As they passed the Durmstrang ship moored in the lake, they saw Viktor Krum emerge onto the deck, dressed in nothing but swimming trunks. He was very skinny indeed, but apparently a lot tougher than he looked, because he climbed up onto the side of the ship, stretched out his arms, and dived, right into the lake.

“He's mad!” said Harry, staring at Krum's dark head as it bobbed out into the middle of the lake. “It must be freezing, it's January!”

“It's a lot colder where he comes from,” said Hermione. “I suppose it feels quite warm to him.”

“Yeah, but there's still the giant squid,” said Ron. He didn't sound anxious — if anything, he sounded hopeful. Hermione noticed his tone of voice and frowned.

他、罗恩和赫敏在星期六一起離開了城堡，穿過寒冷潮濕的場地朝大門走去。當他們經過停泊在湖中的杜姆戰魔船時，他們看到維克多·克魯姆穿著泳裝走到甲板上。他非常瘦弱，但似乎比看起來強壯得多，因為他爬上了船邊，伸出手臂，然後跳進湖中。“他瘋了！”哈利盯著克魯姆的深色頭部，看著他游出到湖的中心，說道。“現在是一月份，湖水一定很冷！”“他來自更冷的地方，”赫敏說。“對他而言，這可能感覺相當溫暖。”“是啊，但還有那巨型烏賊。”羅恩說，他聽起來一點也不焦慮-如果有的話，他聽起來很有希望。赫敏注意到他的口氣，皺起了眉頭。

“He's really nice, you know,” she said. “He's not at all like you'd think, coming from Durmstrang. He likes it much better here, he told me.”

Ron said nothing. He hadn't mentioned Viktor Krum since the ball, but Harry had found a miniature arm under his bed on Boxing Day, which had looked very much as though it had been snapped off a small model figure wearing Bulgarian Quidditch robes.

Harry kept his eyes skinned for a sign of Hagrid all the way down the slushy High Street, and suggested a visit to the Three Broomsticks once he had ascertained that Hagrid was not in any of the shops.

The pub was as crowded as ever, but one quick look around at all the tables told Harry that Hagrid wasn't there. Heart sinking, he went up to the bar with Ron and Hermione, ordered three butterbeers from Madam Rosmerta, and thought gloomily that he might just as well have stayed behind and listened to the egg wailing after all.

她说：“他真的很好。”“他不像你从杜姆斯特朗学院出来的人想象的那样。他告诉我，他在这里喜欢得多。”罗恩什么也没说。自从舞会以来，他就没有提到维克托·克鲁姆，但是哈利在节礼日在他的床底下发现了一只小臂，非常像是从穿着保加利亚魁地奇装的小模型人身上折断的。哈利一路关注着海格的迹象穿过了泥泞的高街，并建议在确定海格不在任何商店之后去三个扫帚酒吧参观。这家酒吧和往常一样拥挤，但是哈利在所有桌子上快速地看了一眼，发现海格不在那里。他的心沉了下来。他和罗恩、赫敏一起走到酒吧，从罗斯默塔夫人那里点了三杯牛油啤酒。他沮丧地想：他可能还不如留在那里听蛋子的哀号。

“Doesn't he ever go into the office?” Hermione whispered suddenly. “Look!”

She pointed into the mirror behind the bar, and Harry saw Ludo Bagman reflected there, sitting in a shadowy corner with a bunch of goblins. Bagman was talking very fast in a low voice to the goblins, all of whom had their arms crossed and were looking rather menacing.

It was indeed odd, Harry thought, that Bagman was here at the Three Broomsticks on a weekend when there was no Triwizard event, and therefore no judging to be done. He watched Bagman in the mirror. He was looking strained again, quite as strained as he had that night in the forest before the Dark Mark had appeared. But just then Bagman glanced over at the bar, saw Harry, and stood up.

“In a moment, in a moment!” Harry heard him say brusquely to the goblins, and Bagman hurried through the pub toward Harry, his boyish grin back in place.

“他不去辦公室嗎？”妙麗突然低聲說道，“看！”她指著酒吧後面的鏡子，哈利在那里看到盧多·巴格曼的倒影，他坐在一個陰暗的角落里，身邊有一群嘟嘟族人。巴格曼低聲向嘟嘟族人們講話，他們都抱著手臂，看起來相當威脅。哈利覺得很奇怪，巴格曼在三把掃帚酒吧出現在周末時，卻沒有三強魔法比賽，因此也沒有什麼要評判的。他在鏡子里看著巴格曼，他看起來再次很緊張，就像在森林里出現黑魔標記之前那個夜晚一樣。但就在這個時候，巴格曼瞥了一眼酒吧，看到了哈利，就站起來了。“等一下，等一下！”哈利聽到他粗魯地對嘟嘟族人說，然後巴格曼急忙穿過酒吧向哈利走來，他年輕的笑容又回來了。

“Harry!” he said. “How are you? Been hoping to run into you! Everything going all right?”

“Fine, thanks,” said Harry.

“Wonder if I could have a quick, private word, Harry?” said Bagman eagerly. “You couldn’t give us a moment, you two, could you?”

“Er — okay,” said Ron, and he and Hermione went off to find a table.

Bagman led Harry along the bar to the end furthest from Madam Rosmerta.

“Well, I just thought I’d congratulate you again on your splendid performance against that Horntail, Harry,” said Bagman. “Really superb.”

“Thanks,” said Harry, but he knew this couldn’t be all that Bagman wanted to say, because he could have congratulated Harry in front of Ron and Hermione. Bagman didn’t seem in any particular rush to spill the beans, though. Harry saw him glance into the mirror over the bar at the goblins, who were all watching him and Harry in silence through their dark, slanting eyes.

“哈利！”他說。“你好嗎？一直希望能碰到你！一切都還好嗎？”“很好，謝謝，”哈利說。“我能不能私下和你談談，哈利？”巴格曼急切地說。“你們兩個能給我們一點時間嗎？”“呃 - 好的，”羅恩說，然後他和赫敏去找桌子了。巴格曼帶著哈利沿著酒吧走到距離Madam Rosmerta最遠的地方。“嗯，我只是想再次祝賀你對付那隻角龍的出色表現，哈利，”巴格曼說。“真是太棒了。”“謝謝，”哈利說，但他知道這不可能是巴格曼想說的全部，因為他本可以在羅恩和赫敏面前祝賀哈利。不過巴格曼似乎不急著洩漏秘密。哈利看見他朝酒吧上的妖精們瞥了一眼，他們用黑色的斜眼注視著他和哈利的沉默。

“Absolute nightmare,” said Bagman to Harry in an undertone, noticing Harry watching the goblins too. “Their English isn’t too good . . . it’s like being back with all the Bulgarians at the Quidditch World Cup . . . but at least *they* used sign language another human could recognize. This lot keep gabbling in Gobbledygook . . . and I only know one word of Gobbledygook. *Bladvak*. It means ‘pickax.’ I don’t like to use it in case they think I’m threatening them”

He gave a short, booming laugh.

“What do they want?” Harry said, noticing how the goblins were still watching Bagman very closely.

“Er — well . . .” said Bagman, looking suddenly nervous. “They . . . er . . . they’re looking for Barty Crouch.”

“Why are they looking for him here?” said Harry. “He’s at the Ministry in London, isn’t he?”

“絕對是個噩夢，”Bagman對Harry輕聲說道，注意到Harry也在看小妖精們。“他們的英文不太好...就像在魁地奇世界盃時和保加利亞人在一起一樣...但至少他們使用的是其他人能夠識別的手語。這些小妖精一直在說著Gobbledygook ...我只知道一個單詞Bladvak。它的意思是「鐵鎚」。我不想使用它，以免他們認為我在威脅他們。”他發出一聲響亮的短暢笑聲。“他們想要什麼？”Harry說道，注意到小妖精仍在非常密切地觀察著Bagman。“嗯...呃...”Bagman說，突然顯得緊張起來。“他們...他們正在尋找巴蒂·克勞奇。”“為什麼他們在這裡尋找他？”Harry說道。“他不是在倫敦的部裡嗎？”

“Er . . . as a matter of fact, I’ve no idea where he is,” said Bagman. “He’s sort of . . . stopped coming to work. Been absent for a couple of weeks now. Young Percy, his assistant, says he’s ill. Apparently he’s just been sending instructions in by owl. But would you mind not mentioning that to anyone, Harry? Because Rita Skeeter’s still poking around everywhere she can, and I’m willing to bet she’d work up Barty’s illness into something sinister. Probably say he’s gone missing like Bertha Jorkins.”

“Have you heard anything about Bertha Jorkins?” Harry asked.

“No,” said Bagman, looking strained again. “I’ve got people looking, of course . . .” (*About time, thought Harry*) “and it’s all very strange. She definitely *arrived* in Albania, because she met her second cousin there. And then she left the cousin’s house to go south and see an aunt . . . and she seems to have vanished without trace en route. Blowed if I can see where she’s got to . . . she doesn’t seem the type to elope, for instance . . . but still . . . What are we doing, talking about goblins and Bertha Jorkins? I really wanted to ask you” — he lowered his voice — “how are you getting on with your golden egg?”

「嗯...事實上，我不知道他在哪裡，」巴格曼說。「他好像停止上班了，已經缺席好幾個星期了。年輕的助手派西說他病了。顯然他只是用貓頭鷹寄指示。但哈利，你能不能不要跟任何人提這個嗎？因為臭名昭著的瑞塔·史凱特還在到處打聽消息，我敢打賭她會把巴蒂的病情誇大成什麼陰謀。可能會說像伯莎·喬金斯那樣失蹤了。」「你有聽到關於伯莎·喬金斯的什麼消息嗎？」哈利問。「沒有，」巴格曼說，臉色再次變得緊張。「當然我已經派人去找。」（該是時候了，哈利想）「這一切都很奇怪。她肯定到了阿爾巴尼亞，因為她在那裡見到了她的表妹。然後她離開了表妹的家去南方看望一位姑媽... 但她似乎在行進中就不見蹤影了。我真的想不通她去哪兒了... 例如說她不像是私奔的人... 但還是...在說哥布林和伯莎·喬金斯做什麼呢？我真的很想問你...」他壓低聲音說：「你的金蛋進展如何？」

“Er . . . not bad,” Harry said untruthfully.

Bagman seemed to know he wasn’t being honest.

“Listen, Harry,” he said (still in a very low voice), “I feel very bad about all this . . . you were thrown into this tournament, you didn’t volunteer for it . . . and if . . .” (his voice was so quiet now, Harry had to lean closer to listen) “if I can help at all . . . a prod in the right direction . . . I’ve taken a liking to you . . . the way you got past that dragon! . . . well, just say the word.”

Harry stared up into Bagman’s round, rosy face and his wide, baby-blue eyes.

“We’re supposed to work out the clues alone, aren’t we?” he said, careful to keep his voice casual and not sound as though he was accusing the

Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports of breaking the rules.

“嗯……還不錯，”哈利不誠實地說。巴格曼似乎知道他不是誠實的。“聽著，哈利，”他說（仍然用很低的聲音），“我對這一切都感到非常難受……你被扔進這個比賽中，你沒有自願參加……而如果……”（他的聲音現在非常低，哈利不得不更加靠近才能聽見）“如果我能幫到你……給你一個正確的方向……我對你產生了好感……你是如何越過那條龍的啊！……那……你就說句話吧。”哈利凝視著巴格曼圓圓的紅潤臉龐和他那雙寬大而湛藍的眼睛。“我們不是應該自己解決線索嗎？”他說，小心翼翼地保持聲音輕鬆，不要聽起來像在指責魔法遊戲和體育部的負責人違反規則。

“Well . . . well, yes,” said Bagman impatiently, “but — come on, Harry — we all want a Hogwarts victory, don’t we?”

“Have you offered Cedric help?” Harry said.

The smallest of frowns creased Bagman’s smooth face. “No, I haven’t,” he said. “I — well, like I say, I’ve taken a liking to you. Just thought I’d offer . . .”

“Well, thanks,” said Harry, “but I think I’m nearly there with the egg . . . couple more days should crack it.”

He wasn’t entirely sure why he was refusing Bagman’s help, except that Bagman was almost a stranger to him, and accepting his assistance would feel somehow much more like cheating than asking advice from Ron, Hermione, or Sirius.

Bagman looked almost affronted, but couldn’t say much more as Fred and George turned up at that point.

“Hello, Mr. Bagman,” said Fred brightly. “Can we buy you a drink?”

“嗯 . . . 好，没错，”贝古很不耐烦地说道，“但是——哈利，我们都希望霍格沃茨取得胜利，不是吗？”“你有没有提供帮助给塞德里克？”哈利问到。贝古的脸上微微皱起了愁眉。“没有，我没有，”他说，“就像我说的，我对你很有好感，只是想提供一下帮助 . . .”“好的，谢谢，”哈利说，“但我认为我差不多快摆脱这个龙蛋了 . . . 再过几天应该就能打开了。”他不太确定为什么拒绝贝古的帮助，只是因为贝古几乎是个陌生人，接受他的帮助会感觉像作弊一样，而向罗恩、赫敏或小天狼星请教就不会感到那么不自在。贝古看起来几乎有些生气了，但此时弗雷德和乔治赶到了。“你好，贝古先生，”弗雷德开心地说道，“我们请你喝一杯怎么样？”

“Er . . . no,” said Bagman, with a last disappointed glance at Harry, “no, thank you, boys . . .”

Fred and George looked quite as disappointed as Bagman, who was surveying Harry as though he had let him down badly.

“Well, I must dash,” he said. “Nice seeing you all. Good luck, Harry.”

He hurried out of the pub. The goblins all slid off their chairs and exited after him. Harry went to rejoin Ron and Hermione.

“What did he want?” Ron said, the moment Harry had sat down.

“He offered to help me with the golden egg,” said Harry.

“He shouldn’t be doing that!” said Hermione, looking very shocked. “He’s one of the judges! And anyway, you’ve already worked it out — haven’t you?”

“Er . . . nearly,” said Harry.

“Well, I don’t think Dumbledore would like it if he knew Bagman was trying to persuade you to cheat!” said Hermione, still looking deeply disapproving. “I hope he’s trying to help Cedric as much!”

“嗯……不用了，”巴格曼说道，最后再次失望地看了哈利一眼，“谢谢各位，孩子们……”弗雷德和乔治看上去和巴格曼一样失望，巴格曼则像是对哈利很失望一样观察着他。“好了，我必须得走了，”他说，“很高兴见到你们。哈利，祝你好运。”他匆匆离开了酒吧。所有的妖精都滑下了椅子，跟着他走了出去。哈利走去和罗恩、赫敏会合。“他想要什么？”哈利一坐下，罗恩就问道。“他提供帮我解决金蛋的问题，”哈利说。“他不应该这么做！”赫敏很震惊地说，“他是评委之一！而且，你已经解决了——对吧？”“嗯……差不多了，”哈利说。“那好吧，如果邓布利多知道巴格曼在劝说你作弊，他一定会不高兴的！”赫敏看上去仍然深表反感，“我希望他也在尽力帮助赛德里克！”

“He’s not, I asked,” said Harry.

“Who cares if Diggory’s getting help?” said Ron. Harry privately agreed.

“Those goblins didn’t look very friendly,” said Hermione, sipping her butterbeer. “What were they doing here?”

“Looking for Crouch, according to Bagman,” said Harry. “He’s still ill. Hasn’t been into work.”

“Maybe Percy’s poisoning him,” said Ron. “Probably thinks if Crouch snuffs it he’ll be made Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation.”

Hermione gave Ron a don’t-joke-about-things-like-that look, and said, “Funny, goblins looking for Mr. Crouch. . . . They’d normally deal with the

Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures."

"Crouch can speak loads of different languages, though," said Harry. "Maybe they need an interpreter."

"他不是，我问过了，"哈利说。"谁在乎迪戈里得到了帮助？"罗恩说。哈利暗自同意。"那些地精看起来不太友好，"赫敏喝着奶油啤酒说。"他们在这里干什么？"寻找克劳奇，据巴格曼说，"哈利说。"他还病着，没有去上班。""也许是珀西在毒害他，"罗恩说。"他可能认为如果克劳奇挂了，他就会被任命为国际魔法合作部的负责人。"赫敏斜了罗恩一眼，示意他不要开玩笑，然后说："有趣的是，地精在寻找克劳奇……他们通常与魔法生物调节与监控部打交道。""可克劳奇会说很多不同的语言，"哈利说。"也许他们需要一位口译员。"

"Worrying about poor 'ickle goblins, now, are you?" Ron asked Hermione. "Thinking of starting up S.P.U.G. or something? Society for the Protection of Ugly Goblins?"

"Ha, ha, ha," said Hermione sarcastically. "Goblins don't need protection. Haven't you been listening to what Professor Binns has been telling us about goblin rebellions?"

"No," said Harry and Ron together.

"Well, they're quite capable of dealing with wizards," said Hermione, taking another sip of butterbeer. "They're very clever. They're not like house-elves, who never stick up for themselves."

"Uh-oh," said Ron, staring at the door.

Rita Skeeter had just entered. She was wearing banana-yellow robes today; her long nails were painted shocking pink, and she was accompanied by her paunchy photographer. She bought drinks, and she and the photographer made their way through the crowds to a table nearby, Harry, Ron, and Hermione glaring at her as she approached. She was talking fast and looking very satisfied about something.

"你現在擔心可憐的小妖精們了嗎？"羅恩問赫敏。"考慮建立什麼保護醜陋妖精的協會嗎？"赫敏諷刺地說："哈哈哈，妖精不需要保護。你有沒有聽過賓恩斯教授告訴我們有關妖精起義的事情？""沒有，"哈利和羅恩一起回答。"嗯，他們完全可以應付巫師，"赫敏說，又喝了一口奶油啤酒，"他們非常聰明，不像家內的小精靈，從不為自己辯護。""糟了，"羅恩看著門說。瑞塔·斯凱特進來了。今天她穿著香蕉黃的長袍，她的長指甲被塗成了震撼的粉色。她帶著她的臃腫攝影師，買了飲料，然後他們穿過人群走到附近的一個桌子前。當她走近時，哈利、羅恩和赫敏對她盯得很嚴厲。她說話很快，看起來對什麼事情都很滿意。"

"... didn't seem very keen to talk to us, did he, Bozo? Now, why would that be, do you think? And what's he doing with a pack of goblins in tow anyway? Showing them the sights . . . what nonsense . . . he was always a bad liar. Reckon something's up? Think we should do a bit of digging? 'Disgraced Ex-Head of Magical Games and Sports, Ludo Bagman . . .' Snappy start to a sentence, Bozo — we just need to find a story to fit it —"

"Trying to ruin someone else's life?" said Harry loudly.

A few people looked around. Rita Skeeter's eyes widened behind her jeweled spectacles as she saw who had spoken.

"Harry!" she said, beaming. "How lovely! Why don't you come and join — ?"

"I wouldn't come near you with a ten-foot broomstick," said Harry furiously. "What did you do that to Hagrid for, eh?"

".....他好像不太想跟我们说话，对吧，波佐？那是为什么呢，你觉得呢？他带着一群小精灵在干嘛？带他们参观.....真是废话.....他一向不会说谎。你认为有什么阴谋吗？我们该深入了解一下吗？'魔法运动与游戏前任主管，鲁多·巴格曼.....'这是一个简要的开头，波佐——我们只需要找到一个与之相符的故事.....""试图毁了别人的生活？"哈利高声说。几个人转过身来。丽塔·斯基特戴着眼镜，瞪大了眼睛，看到是谁在说话。"哈利！"她笑着说。"太好了，你为什么不过来参加——？""我才不会用十英尺的扫帚杆接近你，"哈利愤怒地说。"你为什么那样对海格？"

Rita Skeeter raised her heavily penciled eyebrows.

"Our readers have a right to the truth, Harry. I am merely doing my —"

"Who cares if he's half-giant?" Harry shouted. "There's nothing wrong with him!"

The whole pub had gone very quiet. Madam Rosmerta was staring over from behind the bar, apparently oblivious to the fact that the flagon she was filling with mead was overflowing.

Rita Skeeter's smile flickered very slightly, but she hitched it back almost at once; she snapped open her crocodile-skin handbag, pulled out her Quick-Quotes Quill, and said, "How about giving me an interview about the Hagrid *you* know, Harry? The man behind the muscles? Your unlikely friendship and the reasons behind it. Would you call him a father substitute?"

Hermione stood up very abruptly, her butterbeer clutched in her hand as though it were a grenade.

黛塔·史基特扬起笔画浓重的眉毛。"我们的读者有权知道真相，哈利。我只是在做我的.....""谁在乎他是半巨人？"哈利大

喊，“他没做错任何事！”整个酒馆变得非常安静，罗丝梅尔塔夫人从吧台后面盯着他看，显然没有注意到她正在注满蜂蜜酒的酒杯已经溢出来了。黛塔·史基特微微地笑了笑，但她马上把笑容收了回来。她打开鳄鱼皮手袋，拿出她的“快引语笔”，说：“哈利，给我谈谈你所认识的海格，关于他的内心世界、你们不太可能的友情以及背后的原因。你会把他当做替代父亲吗？”赫敏突然站了起来，手紧握着她的奶油啤酒，好像它是一枚手榴弹。

“You horrible woman,” she said, through gritted teeth, “you don’t care, do you, anything for a story, and anyone will do, won’t they? Even Ludo Bagman—”

“Sit down, you silly little girl, and don’t talk about things you don’t understand,” said Rita Skeeter coldly, her eyes hardening as they fell on Hermione. “I know things about Ludo Bagman that would make your hair curl . . . *not* that it needs it—” she added, eyeing Hermione’s bushy hair.

“Let’s go,” said Hermione, “c’mom, Harry—Ron . . .”

They left; many people were staring at them as they went. Harry glanced back as they reached the door. Rita Skeeter’s Quick-Quotes Quill was out; it was zooming backward and forward over a piece of parchment on the table.

“She’ll be after you next, Hermione,” said Ron in a low and worried voice as they walked quickly back up the street.

「你這個可怕的女人！」她咬牙切齒地說道，「你不關心任何事情，只為了寫故事，不管是誰都可以，不是嗎？即使是魯多·巴格曼——」「閉嘴，你這個愚蠢的小姑娘，不要談論你不懂的事情。」里塔·斯基特冷冷地說道，她的眼神變得堅毅起來，直接瞪向赫敏。「我知道關於魯多·巴格曼的事情，足以讓你毛髮倒豎……雖然現在它已經豎了起來。」她注視著赫敏蓬鬆的頭髮，加上了這一句。「我們走吧，」赫敏說道，「來吧，哈利——羅恩……」他們走了，許多人一邊注視著他們一邊離開。當走到門口時，哈利回頭看了一眼。里塔·斯基特的“魔法筆筆記快引”已經拿了出來，在桌子上的一張羊皮紙上來回飛舞著。「下一個目標是你，赫敏。」羅恩壓低聲音，憂心忡忡地說道，他們快步走回了街上。

“Let her try!” said Hermione defiantly; she was shaking with rage. “I’ll show her! Silly little girl, am I? Oh, I’ll get her back for this. First Harry, then Hagrid . . .”

“You don’t want to go upsetting Rita Skeeter,” said Ron nervously. “I’m serious, Hermione, she’ll dig up something on you—”

“My parents don’t read the *Daily Prophet*. She can’t scare me into hiding!” said Hermione, now striding along so fast that it was all Harry and Ron could do to keep up with her. The last time Harry had seen Hermione in a rage like this, she had hit Draco Malfoy around the face. “And Hagrid isn’t hiding anymore! He should *never* have let that excuse for a human being upset him! Come on!”

Breaking into a run, she led them all the way back up the road, through the gates flanked by winged boars, and up through the grounds to Hagrid’s cabin.

“讓她來試試！”妙麗不屈不撓地說道，她怒得發抖。“我會向她展示的！我是愚蠢的小女孩？哦，我會讓她為此付出代價。先是哈利，然後是海格……”“你可別得罪了黛咪·斯基特，”羅恩神經兮兮地說道，“我是認真的，妙麗，她會挖出你的什麼隱私——”“我父母不讀《每日先驅報》。她嚇不到我！”妙麗說道，這時她已經迅速地走開了，哈利和羅恩只好拼命跟上她。上一次哈利看到妙麗這樣生氣還是當她朝德拉科·馬爾福的臉上打的那次。“海格也不再躲了！他絕不該讓那些不成材的家伙激怒他！快來！”她狂奔著，帶著他們沿著路返回，在兩邊都有翼豬的大門通過，穿過整座院子，來到了海格的木屋前。

The curtains were still drawn, and they could hear Fang barking as they approached.

“Hagrid!” Hermione shouted, pounding on his front door. “Hagrid, that’s enough! We know you’re in there! Nobody cares if your mum was a giantess, Hagrid! You can’t let that foul Skeeter woman do this to you! Hagrid, get out here, you’re just being—”

The door opened. Hermione said, “About t—!” and then stopped, very suddenly, because she had found herself face-to-face, not with Hagrid, but with Albus Dumbledore.

“Good afternoon,” he said pleasantly, smiling down at them.

“We — er — we wanted to see Hagrid,” said Hermione in a rather small voice.

“Yes, I surmised as much,” said Dumbledore, his eyes twinkling. “Why don’t you come in?”

“Oh . . . um . . . okay,” said Hermione.

窗簾仍然拉著，當他們走近時，可以聽到方正在吠叫。“海格！”赫敏大聲喊道，敲著他的前門。“海格，夠了！我們知道你那裡！沒人在乎你媽媽是個巨人，海格！你不能讓那個惡心的史基特女人這麼對待你！海格，出來吧，你只是——”門打開了。赫敏說：“關於——！”然後突然停了下來，因為她發現自己面對面地站著的不是海格，而是阿不思·鄧不利多。“下午好，”他友好地說，微笑著看著他們。“我們——呃——我們想見海格，”赫敏用相當小的聲音說。“是啊，我猜到了，”鄧不利多說，眼睛閃爍。“你們為什麼不進來呢？”“哦……呃……好吧，”赫敏說。

She, Ron, and Harry went into the cabin; Fang launched himself upon Harry the moment he entered, barking madly and trying to lick his ears. Harry fended off Fang and looked around.

Hagrid was sitting at his table, where there were two large mugs of tea. He looked a real mess. His face was blotchy, his eyes swollen, and he had gone to the other extreme where his hair was concerned; far from trying to make it behave, it now looked like a wig of tangled wire.

“Hi, Hagrid,” said Harry.

Hagrid looked up.

“Lo,” he said in a very hoarse voice.

“More tea, I think,” said Dumbledore, closing the door behind Harry, Ron, and Hermione, drawing out his wand, and twiddling it; a revolving tea tray appeared in midair along with a plate of cakes. Dumbledore magicked the tray onto the table, and everybody sat down. There was a slight pause, and then Dumbledore said, “Did you by any chance hear what Miss Granger was shouting, Hagrid?”

她、羅恩和哈利走進了小屋；芳歡呼著衝向哈利，瘋狂地吠叫並試圖舐他的耳朵。哈利抵擋著芳，四周張望著。海格坐在桌旁，那裡有兩個大茶杯。他看起來很糟糕。他的臉上布滿了斑點，眼睛腫脹，頭髮看起來像糾結的電線假髮。“哈囉，海格，”哈利說。海格抬起頭。“你好，”他用嘶啞的聲音說。“我想再來一些茶，”鄧布利多說，關上哈利、羅恩和赫敏身後的門，拿出他的魔杖，轉動著它；一個旋轉的茶盤和一盤蛋糕出現在半空中。鄧布利多魔法地將茶盤放在桌上，大家都坐下來。稍微停頓了一下，然後鄧布利多說：“你有沒有聽到赫敏小姐喊什麼，海格？”

Hermione went slightly pink, but Dumbledore smiled at her and continued, “Hermione, Harry, and Ron still seem to want to know you, judging by the way they were attempting to break down the door.”

“Of course we still want to know you!” Harry said, staring at Hagrid. “You don’t think anything that Skeeter cow — sorry, Professor,” he added quickly, looking at Dumbledore.

“I have gone temporarily deaf and haven’t any idea what you said, Harry,” said Dumbledore, twiddling his thumbs and staring at the ceiling.

“Er — right,” said Harry sheepishly. “I just meant — Hagrid, how could you think we’d care what that — woman — wrote about you?”

Two fat tears leaked out of Hagrid’s beetle-black eyes and fell slowly into his tangled beard.

“Living proof of what I’ve been telling you, Hagrid,” said Dumbledore, still looking carefully up at the ceiling. “I have shown you the letters from the countless parents who remember you from their own days here, telling me in no uncertain terms that if I sacked you, they would have something to say about it —”

赫敏臉微微發紅，但鄧布利多朝她微笑著繼續說道：‘赫敏、哈利和羅恩仍然希望認識你。從他們試圖撞開門的方式判斷，可以看出來。’‘當然啊，我們還是想了解你！’哈利盯著海格說，‘你不會相信那個史奇特婊子說的任何話——對不起，教授，’他立刻改口，看著鄧布利多說。‘哈利，我暫時變聾了，不知道你在說什麼，’鄧布利多揉揉手指，盯著天花板看著說道。‘啊——對，’哈利羞澀地說，‘我只是想說——海格，你怎麼能相信我們會在乎那個——女人——寫的關於你的東西？’兩滴胖胖的淚珠從海格的甲蟲一般黑色的眼睛裡滑出來，緩慢地落進他亂糟糟的鬍子裡。‘這恰好證明了我一直在告訴你的事情，海格，’鄧布利多仍然仔細地看著天花板說，‘我向你展示了無數家長的信件，他們還記得你在他們在這裡的日子裡的表現，告訴我如果我解僱你，他們會對此提出意見——’

“Not all of ’em,” said Hagrid hoarsely. “Not all of ’em wan’ me ter stay.”

“Really, Hagrid, if you are holding out for universal popularity, I’m afraid you will be in this cabin for a very long time,” said Dumbledore, now peering sternly over his half-moon spectacles. “Not a week has passed since I became headmaster of this school when I haven’t had at least one owl complaining about the way I run it. But what should I do? Barricade myself in my study and refuse to talk to anybody?”

“Yeh — yeh’re not half-giant!” said Hagrid croakily.

“Hagrid, look what I’ve got for relatives!” Harry said furiously. “Look at the Dursleys!”

“An excellent point,” said Professor Dumbledore. “My own brother, Aberforth, was prosecuted for practicing inappropriate charms on a goat. It was all over the papers, but did Aberforth hide? No, he did not! He held his head high and went about his business as usual! Of course, I’m not entirely sure he can read, so that may not have been bravery. . . .”

「不是所有人都不要我留下來，」海格沙啞地說。「不是所有人。」「真的，海格，如果你想要受到普遍的歡迎，我恐怕你會在這個小屋裡待很長一段時間，」達姆伯利多說，此時他的半月鏡眼鏡嚴厲地注視著。「自從我成為這所學校的校長以來，每週至少有一只貓頭鷹抱怨我管理學校的方式。但我該怎麼辦？封鎖自己在書房裡，拒絕和任何人談話？」「你，你沒有一半是巨人！」海格嘶啞地說。「海格，看看我有什麼樣的親戚！」哈利氣憤地說。「看看德思魯家人！」「很好的觀點，」鄧不利多教授說。「我自己的兄弟艾伯福斯，因為在山羊上施展不當的咒語而遭到起訴。那在報紙上都有報道，但艾伯福斯隱藏嗎？沒有，他沒有！他昂首闊步，像平常一樣做著自己的事情！當然，我不確定他會不會讀書，所以那可能不是勇氣……」

“Come back and teach, Hagrid,” said Hermione quietly, “please come back, we really miss you.”

Hagrid gulped. More tears leaked out down his cheeks and into his tangled beard.

Dumbledore stood up. “I refuse to accept your resignation, Hagrid, and I expect you back at work on Monday,” he said. “You will join me for

breakfast at eight-thirty in the Great Hall. No excuses. Good afternoon to you all.”

Dumbledore left the cabin, pausing only to scratch Fang's ears. When the door had shut behind him, Hagrid began to sob into his dustbin-lid-sized hands. Hermione kept patting his arm, and at last, Hagrid looked up, his eyes very red indeed, and said, “Great man, Dumbledore . . . great man . . .”

“Yeah, he is,” said Ron. “Can I have one of these cakes, Hagrid?”

“Help yerself,” said Hagrid, wiping his eyes on the back of his hand. “Ar, he's righ', o' course — yeh're all righ' . . . I bin stupid . . . my ol' dad woulda bin ashamed o' the way I've bin behavin' . . .” More tears leaked out, but he wiped them away more forcefully, and said, “Never shown you a picture of my old dad, have I? Here . . .”

“海格，回來教書吧，”赫敏輕聲說道，“回來吧，我們真的很想你。”海格擤了擤鼻子，淚水還是止不住地滑落下來，留在他的纏結鬍鬚上。邓布利多站起身來。“我不批准你的辭職，海格，我期望你星期一回來上班，”他說道，“早餐我們在大廳8:30見，不許辭退。祝你們下午好。”邓布利多離開了木屋，只在門口停了一下，摸了摸方的耳朵。當門關上時，海格開始用他巨大的污桶般的手捂著臉痛哭起來。赫敏不停地拍著他的臂膀，最終，海格抬起頭，眼睛非常的紅，說道：“邓布利多是個偉大的人……一個偉大的人……”“是啊，他真的是，”羅恩也附和道，“海格，能給我一塊蛋糕嗎？”“當然可以，”海格用手背擦了擦眼淚，“我錯了……我父親會為我的所作所為感到羞愧……”更多的淚水流出來，他用力擦了擦，然後說：“你們沒見過我父親的照片吧？這裡……”

Hagrid got up, went over to his dresser, opened a drawer, and pulled out a picture of a short wizard with Hagrid's crinkled black eyes, beaming as he sat on top of Hagrid's shoulder. Hagrid was a good seven or eight feet tall, judging by the apple tree beside him, but his face was beardless, young, round, and smooth — he looked hardly older than eleven.

“Tha' was taken jus' after I got inter Hogwarts,” Hagrid croaked. “Dad was dead chuffed . . . thought I migh' not be a wizard, see, 'cos me mum . . . well, anyway. 'Course, I never was great shakes at magic, really . . . but at least he never saw me expelled. Died, see, in me second year. . . .”

“Dumbledore was the one who stuck up for me after Dad went. Got me the gamekeeper job . . . trusts people, he does. Gives 'em second chances . . . tha's what sets him apar' from other Heads, see. He'll accept anyone at Hogwarts, s'long as they've got the talent. Knows people can turn out okay even if their families weren' . . . well . . . all tha' respectable. But some don' understand that. There's some who'd always hold it against yeh . . . there's some who'd even pretend they just had big bones rather than stand up an' say — I am what I am, an' I'm not ashamed. 'Never be ashamed,' my ol' dad used ter say, 'there's some who'll hold it against you, but they're not worth botherin' with.' An' he was right. I've bin an idiot. I'm not botherin' with *her* no more, I promise yeh that. Big bones . . . I'll give her big bones.”

海格站起來，走到梳妝台，打開抽屜，拿出一張照片，上面是一個矮個子巫師，他有海格那深深的黑眼睛，坐在海格肩上，笑容滿面。從站在他身旁的蘋果樹來判斷，海格高達七八英尺，但他的臉上沒有胡須，年輕、圓潤、光滑，看起來幾乎不到十一歲。“那張照片是我進霍格沃茨之後拍的，爸爸當時非常高興……他以為我不會成為一名巫師，因為我媽媽……不管怎樣。當然，我在魔法方面一直不太行……但至少他沒看到我被開除。後來我爸爸就去世了，在我讀二年級的時候……”“達姆伯頓在我父親去世後曾經為我護航。讓我得到照料動物的工作……他很信任人，給予他們第二次機會……這就是使他與其他校長不同的地方。只要有才能，他就會接受任何一個學生。他知道人們即使不是來自……那些所謂的體面背景，也可能成為好人。但有些人不理解這一點。有些人總會把它歸咎於你……有些人甚至會假裝只是擁有略大的骨頭，而不是站起來說——我就是我，我並不感到羞愧。”我父親常常這樣說，‘有些人會對你抱怨的，但他們不值得理會。’他是對的。我是個白癡。我不會再去打擾她了，我向你保證。略大的骨頭……我會給她大骨頭。”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at one another nervously; Harry would rather have taken fifty Blast-Ended Skrewts for a walk than admit to Hagrid that he had overheard him talking to Madame Maxime, but Hagrid was still talking, apparently unaware that he had said anything odd.

“Yeh know wha', Harry?” he said, looking up from the photograph of his father, his eyes very bright, “when I firs' met you, you reminded me o' me a bit. Mum an' Dad gone, an' you was feelin' like yeh wouldn' fit in at Hogwarts, remember? Not sure yeh were really up to it . . . an' now look at yeh, Harry! School champion!”

He looked at Harry for a moment and then said, very seriously, “Yeh know what I'd love, Harry? I'd love yeh ter win, I really would. It'd show 'em all . . . yeh don' have ter be pureblood ter do it. Yeh don' have ter be ashamed of what yeh are. It'd show 'em Dumbledore's the one who's got it righ', lettin' anyone in as long as they can do magic. How you doin' with that egg, Harry?”

哈利、羅恩和赫敏神經地看著對方。哈利寧願牽著五十隻爆裂斯克魯特散步也不想讓海格知道他聽到了他和瑪默·麥克西姆的談話。然而海格還在說話，似乎沒有意識到自己說了奇怪的話。「妳知道嗎，哈利？」他說，從父親的照片上抬起頭，眼睛閃閃發光。「我第一次見到妳的時候，妳讓我想起了我自己。母親和父親都走了，妳當時也覺得來霍格華茲學校不適應了，還記得嗎？當時不太確定妳是否能勝任……可是現在看看妳，哈利！學校的冠軍！」他看了哈利一會兒，然後認真地說：「妳知道吧，哈利？我很希望妳能贏。真的，我會很高興的。這樣能證明給所有人看，妳不需要純正的血統才行。妳不必為自己的出身感到羞愧。這樣可以證明鄧布利多是對的，只要會施法就可以來這裡。那個蛋，做得怎麼樣了，哈利？」

“Great,” said Harry. “Really great.”

Hagrid's miserable face broke into a wide, watery smile.

“Tha's my boy . . . you show 'em, Harry, you show 'em. Beat 'em all.”

Lying to Hagrid wasn't quite like lying to anyone else. Harry went back to the castle later that afternoon with Ron and Hermione, unable to banish the image of the happy expression on Hagrid's whiskery face as he had imagined Harry winning the tournament. The incomprehensible egg weighed more heavily than ever on Harry's conscience that evening, and by the time he had got into bed, he had made up his mind — it was time to shelve his pride and see if Cedric's hint was worth anything.

"真的很棒，"哈利說道。海格悲痛的臉上露出了一個燦爛的、水濕濕的微笑。"那就對了，我的孩子……你向他們展示，哈利，打敗他們所有人。"對海格說謊不完全像對任何其他人說謊。當天下午，哈利和羅恩、赫敏一起回到了城堡，無法忘記海格胡子上的快樂表情，他想象著哈利贏得比賽的場景。那個難以理解的蛋負擔更加沉重了，到了晚上，哈利已經下定決心——是時候擺脫自己的驕傲，看看塞德里克的提示是否有用了。"



THE EGG AND THE EYE

As Harry had no idea how long a bath he would need to work out the secret of the golden egg, he decided to do it at night, when he would be able to take as much time as he wanted. Reluctant though he was to accept more favors from Cedric, he also decided to use the prefects' bathroom; far fewer people were allowed in there, so it was much less likely that he would be disturbed.

Harry planned his excursion carefully, because he had been caught out of bed and out-of-bounds by Filch the caretaker in the middle of the night once before, and had no desire to repeat the experience. The Invisibility Cloak would, of course, be essential, and as an added precaution, Harry thought he would take the Marauder's Map, which, next to the Cloak, was the most useful aid to rule-breaking Harry owned. The map showed the whole of Hogwarts, including its many shortcuts and secret passageways and, most important of all, it revealed the people inside the castle as minuscule, labeled dots, moving around the corridors, so that Harry would be forewarned if somebody was approaching the bathroom.

哈利不知道要花多长时间才能弄清金蛋的秘密，所以他决定在夜晚进行，可以尽情地花费时间。尽管他不愿接受来自赛德里克的更多帮助，但他还是决定使用学生会长浴室；那里不允许进入的人很少，所以他不太可能被打扰。哈利认真地计划着他的旅程，因为他曾经在半夜被看守人费尔奇发现离开床上和越界过，他不想重蹈覆辙。隐形斗篷当然是必不可少的，为了作为一个额外的预防措施，哈利认为他会带上骗徒地图，除了隐形斗篷，这是哈利所拥有的最有用的违反规定的辅助工具。地图显示全霍格沃茨的情况，包括其许多捷径和秘密通道，最重要的是，它将城堡内的人们显示为微小的标记点，沿着走廊移动，这样哈利就会被预警到如果有人靠近浴室。

On Thursday night, Harry sneaked up to bed, put on the Cloak, crept back downstairs, and, just as he had done on the night when Hagrid had shown him the dragons, waited for the portrait hole to open. This time it was Ron who waited outside to give the Fat Lady the password ("banana fritters"). "Good luck," Ron muttered, climbing into the room as Harry crept out past him.

It was awkward moving under the Cloak tonight, because Harry had the heavy egg under one arm and the map held in front of his nose with the other. However, the moonlit corridors were empty and silent, and by checking the map at strategic intervals, Harry was able to ensure that he wouldn't run into anyone he wanted to avoid. When he reached the statue of Boris the Bewildered, a lost-looking wizard with his gloves on the wrong hands, he located the right door, leaned close to it, and muttered the password, "Pine fresh," just as Cedric had told him.

星期四晚上，哈利偷偷爬上床，穿上斗篷，又蹑手蹑脚地走回楼下，就像哈格里夫教他看龙的那个晚上一样，等着肖像的门洞打开。这次，等在外面给胖女士报密码（“香蕉油炸饼”）的是罗恩。「祝你好运，」罗恩嘀咕着，爬进房间，哈利从他身旁蹑手蹑脚溜了出去。今晚在斗篷下行动有些尴尬，因为哈利的一只手臂下托着沉重的鸟蛋，另一只手拿着地图放在鼻子前面。然而，月光下的走廊空无一人，一片寂静，而通过在关键位置查看地图，哈利能够确保自己不会碰到任何想要避开的人。当他到达迷惑的鲍里斯雕像时，那个戴错手套的迷路巫师，他找到了正确的门，靠近它，嘟哝着密码，“松木清香”，就像赛迪克告诉他的那样。

The door creaked open. Harry slipped inside, bolted the door behind him, and pulled off the Invisibility Cloak, looking around.

His immediate reaction was that it would be worth becoming a prefect just to be able to use this bathroom. It was softly lit by a splendid candle-filled chandelier, and everything was made of white marble, including what looked like an empty, rectangular swimming pool sunk into the middle of the floor. About a hundred golden taps stood all around the pool's edges, each with a differently colored jewel set into its handle. There was also a diving board. Long white linen curtains hung at the windows; a large pile of fluffy white towels sat in a corner, and there was a single golden-framed painting on the wall. It featured a blonde mermaid who was fast asleep on a rock, her long hair over her face. It fluttered every time she snored.

門吱嘎作響地開了。哈利溜了進去，將門關上，拿下隱形斗篷，四處張望。他的第一反應是，成為學監會員也值得為了能使用這間浴室。它被華麗的燭臺柔和地照亮，一切都是雪白色的大理石，包括中央的一個看起來像是個空的矩形游泳池。大約有一百個金色的龍頭環繞在池子周圍，每個龍頭的手柄上都鑲有不同顏色的寶石。還有一個跳板。長長的、白色的亞麻窗簾掛在窗戶上。在一個角落裡堆著一堆蓬鬆的白色毛巾，牆上僅掛著一幅金色的畫框。畫中是一位金髮美人睡在石頭上，長長的頭髮

蓋在臉上，每次呼嚕時都會輕輕飄動。

Harry moved forward, looking around, his footsteps echoing off the walls. Magnificent though the bathroom was — and quite keen though he was to try out a few of those taps — now he was here he couldn't quite suppress the feeling that Cedric might have been having him on. How on earth was this supposed to help solve the mystery of the egg? Nevertheless, he put one of the fluffy towels, the Cloak, the map, and the egg at the side of the swimming-pool-sized bath, then knelt down and turned on a few of the taps.

He could tell at once that they carried different sorts of bubble bath mixed with the water, though it wasn't bubble bath as Harry had ever experienced it. One tap gushed pink and blue bubbles the size of footballs; another poured ice-white foam so thick that Harry thought it would have supported his weight if he'd cared to test it; a third sent heavily perfumed purple clouds hovering over the surface of the water. Harry amused himself for a while turning the taps on and off, particularly enjoying the effect of one whose jet bounced off the surface of the water in large arcs. Then, when the deep pool was full of hot water, foam, and bubbles, which took a very short time considering its size, Harry turned off all the taps, pulled off his pajamas, slippers, and dressing gown, and slid into the water.

哈利略微感到西德里克可能一直在哄騙自己，儘管這裡的浴室非常壯觀，而他也渴望試試其中的一些水龍頭。但當他來到這裡時，他不禁有些抑制不住的感覺——這個浴室究竟如何幫助解決龍蛋的謎團呢？儘管如此，他把一條毛巾、隱形衣、地圖和龍蛋放在了游泳池大小的浴缸邊上，然後跪下打開了一些水龍頭。他能立刻感覺到它們混在水中不同種類的泡泡浴液，雖然這已經不是哈利曾經體驗過的泡浴液。其中一個水龍頭噴出了足球大小的粉紅色和藍色泡泡；另一個注入的泡沫如此之厚，以至於哈利認為如果他想要測試它能否承受他的重量，那絕對沒問題的；第三個水龍頭噴出了劇烈芳香的紫色雲層飄蕩在水面上。哈利開了許多水龍頭，並玩得津津有味，特別是那種水流能在水面上形成大弧形弧度的水龍頭。然後，當這個深邃的泳池充滿了熱水、泡沫和泡泡時，考慮到它的大小，所需的時間很短，哈利關掉了所有的水龍頭，脫掉了他的睡衣、拖鞋和浴袍，並滑進了溫水中。

It was so deep that his feet barely touched the bottom, and he actually did a couple of lengths before swimming back to the side and treading water, staring at the egg. Highly enjoyable though it was to swim in hot and foamy water with clouds of different-colored steam wafting all around him, no stroke of brilliance came to him, no sudden burst of understanding.

Harry stretched out his arms, lifted the egg in his wet hands, and opened it. The wailing, screeching sound filled the bathroom, echoing and reverberating off the marble walls, but it sounded just as incomprehensible as ever, if not more so with all the echoes. He snapped it shut again, worried that the sound would attract Filch, wondering whether that hadn't been Cedric's plan — and then, making him jump so badly that he dropped the egg, which clattered away across the bathroom floor, someone spoke.

水太深了，他的腳連底部都碰不到，他游了幾圈才游回來站在邊緣，開始在水面上練習踩水，盯著那顆魔蛋。儘管在熱騰騰、泡沫騰騰、五彩繽紛的水汽中游泳非常愉快，但他沒有頓悟、沒有瞬間了解。哈利伸出手臂，用濕潤的手接住了魔蛋，打開它。哀嚎、尖叫聲充滿了整個浴室，回響在大理石牆壁上，但它聽起來仍然一點也不可理解，所有的回聲使情況變得更加糟糕。他把它重新關上，擔心聲音會吸引菲爾奇的注意，並思考是否這不是塞德里克的計劃 - 然後，讓他大吃一驚，再次掉落了魔蛋，嘣嘣作響地滑動過浴室地板，有人開口說話。

“I'd try putting it *in* the water, if I were you.”

Harry had swallowed a considerable amount of bubbles in shock. He stood up, sputtering, and saw the ghost of a very glum-looking girl sitting cross-legged on top of one of the taps. It was Moaning Myrtle, who was usually to be heard sobbing in the S-bend of a toilet three floors below.

“Myrtle!” Harry said in outrage, “I'm — I'm not wearing anything!”

The foam was so dense that this hardly mattered, but he had a nasty feeling that Myrtle had been spying on him from out of one of the taps ever since he had arrived.

“I closed my eyes when you got in,” she said, blinking at him through her thick spectacles. “You haven't been to see me for *ages*.”

“Yeah . . . well . . .” said Harry, bending his knees slightly, just to make absolutely sure Myrtle couldn't see anything but his head, “I'm not supposed to come into your bathroom, am I? It's a girls' one.”

「要是我的話，我會試著把它放進水中。」哈利因驚訝而吞下了相當數量的泡沫。他站起來，噴著水，看到一個非常悶悶不樂的女孩的鬼魂盤腿坐在其中一個水龍頭上。那就是經常在三樓下的馬寧·默蒂爾，哭泣聲常常響徹整個廁所。「默蒂爾！」哈利憤怒地說：「我——我什麼都沒穿！」泡沫非常濃密，這幾乎不重要，但他有一種不祥的感覺，自從他到達以來，默蒂爾一直從其中一個水龍頭偷窺他。「你進來的時候我閉上了眼睛，」她透過厚厚的眼鏡看著他眨巴著眼睛說：「你好久沒來看我了。」「是啊.....嗯.....」哈利略微彎曲了膝蓋，只是為了絕對確定默蒂爾看不到任何東西，除了他的頭，「我不應該進你的浴室，對吧？這是女生的浴室。」

“You didn't used to care,” said Myrtle miserably. “You used to be in there all the time.”

This was true, though only because Harry, Ron, and Hermione had found Myrtle's out-of-order toilets a convenient place to brew Polyjuice Potion in secret — a forbidden potion that had turned him and Ron into living replicas of Crabbe and Goyle for an hour, so that they could sneak into the Slytherin common room.

“I got told off for going in there,” said Harry, which was half-true; Percy had once caught him coming out of Myrtle's bathroom. “I thought I'd better not come back after that.”

“Oh... I see...” said Myrtle, picking at a spot on her chin in a morose sort of way. “Well... anyway... I’d try the egg in the water. That’s what Cedric Diggory did.”

“Have you been spying on him too?” said Harry indignantly. “What d’you do, sneak up here in the evenings to watch the prefects take baths?”

“你以前不在意的，”默特爾沮喪地說，“你經常來這裡。”這是真的，雖然只是因為哈利、羅恩和赫敏發現默特爾壞了的廁所成了他們秘密煮波利裘斯藥水的方便地點——一種被禁止的藥水，能讓哈利和羅恩變成一小時的克拉布和瑟墨，以便他們可以溜進史萊哲林的公共房間。“我因為去那裡被斥責了，”哈利說，這是半對的；珀西曾經抓到他從默特爾的浴室出來。“我想我最好不要再回來了。”“喫，我明白了，”默特爾悶悶不樂地說著，玩弄著下巴上的一個痘。“無論如何，你應該試試水裡放蛋。那是塞德里克·迪哥裡做的。”“你也在偷窺他嗎？”哈利氣憤地說，“你是幹嘛的，晚上偷偷溜上來偷看學生領袖洗澡？”

“Sometimes,” said Myrtle, rather slyly, “but I’ve never come out to speak to anyone before.”

“I’m honored,” said Harry darkly. “You keep your eyes shut!”

He made sure Myrtle had her glasses well covered before hoisting himself out of the bath, wrapping the towel firmly around his waist, and going to retrieve the egg. Once he was back in the water, Myrtle peered through her fingers and said, “Go on, then... open it under the water!”

Harry lowered the egg beneath the foamy surface and opened it... and this time, it did not wail. A gurgling song was coming out of it, a song whose words he couldn’t distinguish through the water.

“You need to put your head under too,” said Myrtle, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying bossing him around. “Go on!”

Harry took a great breath and slid under the surface — and now, sitting on the marble bottom of the bubble-filled bath, he heard a chorus of eerie voices singing to him from the open egg in his hands:

有時候，”妙麗聰明地說，“但我以前從沒跟任何人說過話。”“我感到榮幸，”哈利陰森地說，“你閉上眼睛！”他確保眼鏡被徹底遮住，然後才從浴缸中爬起來，用毛巾緊緊包住腰部，去取那個蛋。他回到水裡後，妙麗透過手指瞪大眼睛，說：“那麼.....在水下打開吧！”哈利把蛋擡到泡沫的水面下，打開了它.....這次，它沒有尖叫。有一首咕咕聲的歌從蛋裡傳來，他通過水聽不清歌詞。“你也需要把頭伸進去，”妙麗似乎非常喜歡指揮他，“快點！”哈利深吸了一口氣，滑入水面下，在湯泡滿布的浴缸大理石底下坐了下來，他從手中的開著的蛋裡聽到了一個陰森的合唱聲：

*Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you’re searching, ponder this:
We’ve taken what you’ll sorely miss,
An hour long you’ll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour — the prospect’s black,
Too late, it’s gone, it won’t come back.”*

Harry let himself float back upward and broke the bubbly surface, shaking his hair out of his eyes.

“Hear it?” said Myrtle.

“Yeah... ‘Come seek us where our voices sound...’ and if I need persuading... hang on, I need to listen again...”

He sank back beneath the water. It took three more underwater renditions of the egg’s song before Harry had it memorized; then he trod water for a while, thinking hard, while Myrtle sat and watched him.

“I’ve got to go and look for people who can’t use their voices above the ground...” he said slowly. “Er... who could that be?”

“Slow, aren’t you?”

He had never seen Moaning Myrtle so cheerful, apart from the day when a dose of Polyjuice Potion had given Hermione the hairy face and tail of a cat. Harry stared around the bathroom, thinking... if the voices could only be heard underwater, then it made sense for them to belong to underwater creatures. He ran this theory past Myrtle, who smirked at him.

哈利讓自己漂浮回到水面上，搖了搖頭晃出眼前的頭髮。“聽到了嗎？”默特爾問。“對.....‘聲線傳來處，遠去尋找我們吧.....’如果我需要說服.....等等，我需要再聽一遍.....”他再次沉入水中。在水下演唱了三次龍蛋之歌之後，哈利終於記住了歌詞；然後，他在水中嘗試了一段時間，努力思考，而默特爾看著他。“我得去找那些不能在地面上使用他們的聲音的人.....”他慢慢地說道。“那.....誰會是那些人呢？”“你真慢！”他從未看過默特爾如此愉快，除了那天多蘿西·格蘭傑因服用了妙麗的驚奇藥水而長出了貓的面和尾巴。哈利注視著浴室四周，思考著.....如果聲音只能在水下聽到，那麼它們應該屬於水下生物。他向默特爾提出了這一理論，默特爾對他冷笑。

“Well, that’s what Diggory thought,” she said. “He lay there talking to himself for ages about it. Ages and ages... nearly all the bubbles had gone...”

“Underwater...” Harry said slowly. “Myrtle... what lives in the lake, apart from the giant squid?”

“Oh all sorts,” she said. “I sometimes go down there . . . sometimes don’t have any choice, if someone flushes my toilet when I’m not expecting it. . . .”

Trying not to think about Moaning Myrtle zooming down a pipe to the lake with the contents of a toilet, Harry said, “Well, does anything in there have a human voice? Hang on —”

Harry’s eyes had fallen on the picture of the snoozing mermaid on the wall.

“Myrtle, there aren’t *merpeople* in there, are there?”

“Oooh, very good,” she said, her thick glasses twinkling, “it took Diggory much longer than that! And that was with *her* awake too” — Myrtle jerked her head toward the mermaid with an expression of great dislike on her glum face — “giggling and showing off and flashing her fins. . . .”

「嗯，那就是Diggory的想法，」她說。「他躺在那裡對著自己談了很久。很久很久...幾乎所有的泡泡都消失了...」「在水下...」哈利慢慢地說。「Myrtle...除了巨型烏賊，那個湖裡還有什麼生物？」「呃，有各種各樣的生物，」她說。「我有時會下去那裡...有時候沒有選擇，如果有人在我沒有預料到的時候沖我的馬桶...」哈利試著不去想哀號的Myrtle帶著馬桶的內容滑入湖中，他說：「那麼，裡面有沒有人類的聲音？等等——」哈利的眼睛落在牆上打瞌睡的美人魚的畫像上。「Myrtle，那裡沒有人魚吧？」「哦，非常好，」她說，厚厚的眼鏡閃耀著。「Diggory花了比這更長的時間！而且她當時還醒著」——Myrtle向著表情極不悅的美人魚搖了搖頭，說道——「咯咯地笑著，炫耀她的鰭...」

“That’s it, isn’t it?” said Harry excitedly. “The second task’s to go and find the merpeople in the lake and . . . and . . .”

But he suddenly realized what he was saying, and he felt the excitement drain out of him as though someone had just pulled a plug in his stomach. He wasn’t a very good swimmer; he’d never had much practice. Dudley had had lessons in his youth, but Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon, no doubt hoping that Harry would drown one day, hadn’t bothered to give him any. A couple of lengths of this bath were all very well, but that lake was very large, and very deep . . . and merpeople would surely live right at the bottom . . .

“Myrtle,” Harry said slowly, “how am I supposed to *breathe*?”

At this, Myrtle’s eyes filled with sudden tears again.

“Tactless!” she muttered, groping in her robes for a handkerchief.

“就是這樣，對吧？”哈利興奮地說。“第二項任務是去湖裡找美人魚.....”但他突然想到自己的水性不佳，興奮的感覺就像有人突然從肚子中拔掉塞子一樣消失了。他游泳並不太好，練過的次數也不多。達力在年幼時曾經上過游泳課，但是佩妮姨媽和弗農姨父肯定希望哈利有一天會淹死，所以從來沒有給他練習的機會。在浴缸裡幾下還好，但那個湖很大，又很深.....而美人魚肯定就住在湖底。"默提爾，"哈利慢慢地說，"我要怎麼呼吸？"聽到這裡，默提爾的眼睛又突然充滿了淚水。"不夠委婉啊!"她喃喃自語，並在袍子裡瞎摸，想找手帕。

“What’s tactless?” said Harry, bewildered.

“Talking about breathing in front of *me*!” she said shrilly, and her voice echoed loudly around the bathroom “When I can’t . . . when I haven’t . . . not for ages . . .”

She buried her face in her handkerchief and sniffed loudly. Harry remembered how touchy Myrtle had always been about being dead, but none of the other ghosts he knew made such a fuss about it.

“Sorry,” he said impatiently. “I didn’t mean — I just forgot . . .”

“Oh yes, very easy to forget Myrtle’s dead,” said Myrtle, gulping, looking at him out of swollen eyes. “Nobody missed me even when I was alive. Took them hours and hours to find my body — I know, I was sitting there waiting for them. Olive Hornby came into the bathroom — ‘Are you in here again, sulking, Myrtle?’ she said, ‘because Professor Dippet asked me to look for you —’ And then she saw my body . . . ooooh, she didn’t forget it until her dying day, I made sure of that . . . followed her around and reminded her, I did. I remember at her brother’s wedding —”

“什么是不得体？”哈利困惑地问道。“在我面前谈论呼吸！”她尖叫着，声音在浴室里回荡。“当我不...我已经好久没有....”她用手绢掩住脸，大声地抽泣着。哈利记得梅尔特尔一直对自己已经死亡这件事非常敏感，但他认识的其他鬼魂并没有像她这样大惊小怪。“对不起，”他不耐烦地说。“我不是有意的，我只是忘了....”“哦，对，忘了梅尔特尔已经死了，很容易吧。”梅尔特尔道，咽下口水，用肿胀的眼睛看着他。“甚至连我还活着的时候，也没有人想念过我。他们花了好几个小时才找到我的尸体——我知道，我一直坐在那里等他们。奥利弗·霍恩比进了浴室——‘你又在这里生闷气了，梅尔特尔？’她说，‘因为迪佩特教授让我来找你——’然后她看到了我的尸体.....噢，她永远不会忘记，我保证.....我一直跟着她，提醒她。我记得在她哥哥的婚礼上——”

But Harry wasn’t listening; he was thinking about the merpeople’s song again. “*We’ve taken what you’ll sorely miss.*” That sounded as though they were going to steal something of his, something he had to get back. What were they going to take?

“— and then, of course, she went to the Ministry of Magic to stop me stalking her, so I had to come back here and live in my toilet.”

“Good,” said Harry vaguely. “Well, I’m a lot further on than I was. . . . Shut your eyes again, will you? I’m getting out.”

He retrieved the egg from the bottom of the bath, climbed out, dried himself, and pulled on his pajamas and dressing gown again.

“Will you come and visit me in my bathroom again sometime?” Moaning Myrtle asked mournfully as Harry picked up the Invisibility Cloak.

“Er . . . I’ll try,” Harry said, though privately thinking the only way he’d be visiting Myrtle’s bathroom again was if every other toilet in the castle got blocked. “See you, Myrtle . . . thanks for your help.”

但是哈利没有在听，他正在重新想起蝌蚪人的歌唱。“我们将会拿走你必须珍惜的东西。”这听起来好像他们要偷他的东西，他必须把它找回来。他们要拿走什么？“当然，她后来去了魔法部，想阻止我跟踪她，所以我不得不回来住在我的厕所里。”“好的，”哈利含糊地说，“我比以前更进了一步……再闭上你的眼睛吧，我要出去了。”他从浴缸底部取出蛋，爬了出去，擦干身体，再次穿上睡衣和浴袍。“你会再来我的浴室看我吗？”，哀怨地问道。“呃……我会尽力的，”哈利说，尽管私底下认为他再次拜访梅尔特的浴室的唯一方法是如果城堡内的所有厕所都被堵塞了。“再见，梅尔特……谢谢你的帮助。”

“Bye, ’bye,” she said gloomily, and as Harry put on the Invisibility Cloak he saw her zoom back up the tap.

Out in the dark corridor, Harry examined the Marauder’s Map to check that the coast was still clear. Yes, the dots belonging to Filch and his cat, Mrs. Norris, were safely in their office . . . nothing else seemed to be moving apart from Peeves, though he was bouncing around the trophy room on the floor above. . . . Harry had taken his first step back toward Gryffindor Tower when something else on the map caught his eye . . . something distinctly odd.

Peeves was *not* the only thing that was moving. A single dot was flitting around a room in the bottom left-hand corner — Snape’s office. But the dot wasn’t labeled “Severus Snape” . . . it was Bartemius Crouch.

「拜拜，拜拜。」她愁眉苦脸地说道。哈利穿上隐形斗篷，看到她飞快地回到水龙头上方。在黑暗的走廊里，哈利检查了魔法地图，以确认情况是否仍然安全。是的，菲尔奇和他的猫咪诺里斯夫人的点在他们的办公室里安全着陆……除了皮维斯在跳跃的奖杯室外，好像没有其他东西在移动。哈利第一步回到格兰芬多塔时，地图上的另一件事引起了他的注意……一些明显奇怪的东西。皮维斯并不是唯一在动的事物。地图上左下角的一个房间里有一个点在飞舞——斯内普的办公室。但是这个点并没有标为「塞弗鲁斯·斯内普」……而是巴蒂米乌斯·克劳奇。

Harry stared at the dot. Mr. Crouch was supposed to be too ill to go to work or to come to the Yule Ball — so what was he doing, sneaking into Hogwarts at one o’clock in the morning? Harry watched closely as the dot moved around and around the room, pausing here and there. . . .

Harry hesitated, thinking . . . and then his curiosity got the better of him. He turned and set off in the opposite direction toward the nearest staircase. He was going to see what Crouch was up to.

Harry walked down the stairs as quietly as possible, though the faces in some of the portraits still turned curiously at the squeak of a floorboard, the rustle of his pajamas. He crept along the corridor below, pushed aside a tapestry about halfway along, and proceeded down a narrower staircase, a shortcut that would take him down two floors. He kept glancing down at the map, wondering . . . It just didn’t seem in character, somehow, for correct, law-abiding Mr. Crouch to be sneaking around somebody else’s office this late at night. . . .

哈利凝視著那個點。應該說克勞奇先生因病而無法上班，也無法來到聖誕舞會，那他半夜一點 *sneaking* 進霍格華茲又是在搞什麼鬼？哈利緊緊注視著點緩緩地在房間裡移動，時而停留，時而再起。哈利猶豫了片刻，想…然後他的好奇心勝過了正義感。他轉身向著最近的樓梯反方向走去，他要去看克勞奇在搞什麼鬼。哈利盡量輕聲下樓，但在一些肖像畫的臉孔仍然驚奇地瞪著脆響的地板聲和睡衣沙沙作響的聲音。他在下面的走廊上躡手躡腳地走著，推開了一個掛毯，沿著一個更窄的樓梯繼續走，這是一個縮短路徑，可以讓他順利地下到兩層樓的地下。他不斷地看著地圖，想著…似乎正直、遵守法律的克勞奇先生這麼晚 *sneaking* 在別人的辦公室裡，還是不夠像他的風格…。

And then, halfway down the staircase, not thinking about what he was doing, not concentrating on anything but the peculiar behavior of Mr. Crouch, Harry’s leg suddenly sank right through the trick step Neville always forgot to jump. He gave an ungainly wobble, and the golden egg, still damp from the bath, slipped from under his arm. He lurched forward to try and catch it, but too late; the egg fell down the long staircase with a bang as loud as a bass drum on every step — the Invisibility Cloak slipped — Harry snatched at it, and the Marauder’s Map fluttered out of his hand and slid down six stairs, where, sunk in the step to above his knee, he couldn’t reach it.

The golden egg fell through the tapestry at the bottom of the staircase, burst open, and began wailing loudly in the corridor below. Harry pulled out his wand and struggled to touch the Marauder’s Map, to wipe it blank, but it was too far away to reach —

忽然，哈利正走在樓梯上半途，完全沒有想到自己在做什麼，全神貫注地只是關注克勞奇先生奇怪的舉動，他的腳突然穿過經常被納威疏忽而忘記跳過的特殊階梯，哈利踉蹌了一下，還濕漉漉的金色蛋從他臂下滑出。他向前衝想要接住，但已經太晚了。金色蛋往下墜落，每一階的聲音像低音鼓一樣嘈雜，隱形衣鬆了，哈利趕緊伸手要接，但地圖已然從他手中滑落，在台階間滑行了六階，然後陷入步階上過膝的地方，他夠不著了。金色蛋掉穿過樓梯底下的掛毯，發出大聲哭叫。哈利抽出魔杖，想要碰到地圖，把它抹成空白，但是它對於他來說太遠了，根本碰不到。

Pulling the Cloak back over himself, Harry straightened up, listening hard with his eyes screwed up with fear . . . and, almost immediately —

“PEEVES!”

It was the unmistakable hunting cry of Filch the caretaker. Harry could hear his rapid, shuffling footsteps coming nearer and nearer, his wheezy voice raised in fury.

“What’s this racket? Wake up the whole castle, will you? I’ll have you, Peeves, I’ll have you, you’ll . . . and what is this?”

Filch’s footsteps halted; there was a clink of metal on metal and the wailing stopped — Filch had picked up the egg and closed it. Harry stood very still, one leg still jammed tightly in the magical step, listening. Any moment now, Filch was going to pull aside the tapestry, expecting to see Peeves . . . and there would be no Peeves . . . but if he came up the stairs, he would spot the Marauder’s Map . . . and Invisibility Cloak or not, the map would show “Harry Potter” standing exactly where he was.

哈利將斗篷拉回身上，伏在地上，緊張地聽著。很快，他聽到了不可錯認的聲音——“皮維斯！”這是看守員菲爾奇狩獵般的叫聲。哈利可以聽到他雜亂無序的脚步聲越來越近，他氣急敗壞的聲音越來越大。“這是什麼聲音？會把整個城堡都吵醒，你這個皮維斯，我要抓到你，我一定要抓到你，你……這是什麼？”菲爾奇的腳步聲停了下來；聲音中傳來金屬與金屬之間的碰撞聲，嚎啕大哭聲也停了下來——菲爾奇撿起了蛋並把它關上。哈利站得很穩，他的一條腿仍然卡在神奇階梯上，仔細聽著。現在，隨時都有可能，菲爾奇會拉開掛毯，期望看到皮維斯……可是沒有皮維斯……但如果他朝樓上走來，他會發現終幕地圖……即使有隱形斗篷，地圖也會顯示“哈利·波特”正站在他現在的位置上。

“Egg?” Filch said quietly at the foot of the stairs. “My sweet!” — Mrs. Norris was obviously with him — “This is a Triwizard clue! This belongs to a school champion!”

Harry felt sick; his heart was hammering very fast —

“PEEVES!” Filch roared gleefully. “You’ve been stealing!”

He ripped back the tapestry below, and Harry saw his horrible, pouchy face and bulging, pale eyes staring up the dark and (to Filch) deserted staircase.

“Hiding, are you?” he said softly. “I’m coming to get you, Peeves. . . . You’ve gone and stolen a Triwizard clue, Peeves. . . . Dumbledore’ll have you out of here for this, you filthy, pilfering poltergeist. . . .”

Filch started to climb the stairs, his scrawny, dust-colored cat at his heels. Mrs. Norris’s lamp-like eyes, so very like her master’s, were fixed directly upon Harry. He had had occasion before now to wonder whether the Invisibility Cloak worked on cats. . . . Sick with apprehension, he watched Filch drawing nearer and nearer in his old flannel dressing gown — he tried desperately to pull his trapped leg free, but it merely sank a few more inches — any second now, Filch was going to spot the map or walk right into him —

“蛋？”費爾奇輕聲說道，在樓梯腳下。“我的寶貝！”- 看起來Mrs. Norris和他在一起 - “這是一個三強挑戰的線索！這屬於學校冠軍！”哈利感到噁心，他的心跳非常快 - “皮維斯！”費爾奇欣喜若狂地吼叫道。“你在偷東西！”他撕下下面的掛毯，哈利看到他可怕的盒狀臉和突出的蒼白眼睛盯著黑暗和（對費爾奇來說）荒蕪的樓梯。“躲藏，對吧？”他輕聲說道。“我來找你了，皮維斯...你偷了一個三強挑戰線索，皮維斯...達姆波多爾會把你趕出去的，你這個污穢的賊鬼...”費爾奇開始爬樓梯，他瘦骨嶙峋的、灰色的貓跟在他的腳跟後面。Norris夫人的像燈籠一樣的眼睛，與主人的眼睛非常相似，直接盯著哈利。他以前有過這樣的情況，不知道隱形斗篷對貓管用嗎... 由於擔心，他緊盯著費爾奇穿著他的舊法蘭絨睡袍愈來愈近，並努力使自己的被困腳自由，但它卻只是沈了幾英寸...現在費爾奇隨時可能會發現地圖，或者直接走到他身上...

“Filch? What’s going on?”

Filch stopped a few steps below Harry and turned. At the foot of the stairs stood the only person who could make Harry’s situation worse: Snape. He was wearing a long gray nightshirt and he looked livid.

“It’s Peeves, Professor,” Filch whispered malevolently. “He threw this egg down the stairs.”

Snape climbed up the stairs quickly and stopped beside Filch. Harry gritted his teeth, convinced his loudly thumping heart would give him away at any second. . . .

“Peeves?” said Snape softly, staring at the egg in Filch’s hands. “But Peeves couldn’t get into my office. . . .”

“This egg was in your office, Professor?”

“Of course not,” Snape snapped. “I heard banging and wailing —”

“Yes, Professor, that was the egg —”

“— I was coming to investigate —”

費爾奇？發生了什麼事？費爾奇停下了幾步，轉過身來。在樓梯腳下站著能讓哈利更加麻煩的人：斯內普。他穿著一件灰色的長睡衣，看起來很憤怒。“是皮維斯，教授，”費爾奇陰險地低聲說，“他把這個蛋扔下了樓梯。”斯內普迅速爬上了樓梯，停在了費爾奇身旁。哈利咬緊牙關，以為自己大聲跳動的心臟隨時會出賣他。... “皮維斯？”斯內普輕聲說，盯著費爾奇手中的蛋。“但皮維斯進不了我的辦公室.....”“這個蛋在你的辦公室里，教授？”“當然不是，”斯內普咆哮道，“我聽到了敲打聲和哀號聲.....”“是的，教授，那聲音正是蛋.....”“——我正要去調查.....”

“— Peeves threw it, Professor —”

“— and when I passed my office, I saw that the torches were lit and a cupboard door was ajar! Somebody has been searching it!”

“But Peeves couldn’t —”

“I know he couldn’t, Filch!” Snape snapped again. “I seal my office with a spell none but a wizard could break!” Snape looked up the stairs, straight through Harry, and then down into the corridor below. “I want you to come and help me search for the intruder, Filch.”

“I — yes, Professor — but —”

Filch looked yearningly up the stairs, right through Harry, who could see that he was very reluctant to forgo the chance of cornering Peeves. *Go, Harry pleaded with him silently, go with Snape . . . go . . .* Mrs. Norris was peering around Filch’s legs. . . . Harry had the distinct impression that she could smell him . . . Why had he filled that bath with so much perfumed foam?

“——皮維斯扔了它，教授——”“——當我經過我的辦公室時，我看到燈火通明，一個櫥櫃門是開著的！有人正在搜尋它！”“但皮維斯不可能——”我知道他不能，費奇！”斯內普再次厲聲說道。“我用一種咒語封鎖了我的辦公室，只有巫師才能打破它！”斯內普抬頭看著樓梯，直接穿過了哈利，然後又看向下面的走廊。“我想要你來幫我搜尋闖入者，費奇。”“我——是的，教授——但是——”費奇渴望地朝樓梯上方看了一眼，直接穿過了哈利，哈利可以看出他非常不情願放棄逮住皮維斯的機會。走吧，哈利暗暗懇求他，跟隨斯內普去吧.去吧.妙麗·歐威恩正從走廊的盡頭向他們望來，邁著輕盈的步伐。梅朵拉·樂墨尼緊隨其後，法諾·湯瑪斯散漫地走在最後面。腳步聲漸行漸遠，直到消失在黑暗中。妙麗離開了他。費奇與斯內普來到了樓梯口。妙麗消失不見了。麥格教授大聲喊叫著：“斯拉轟？”斯內普默唸了一句咒語，然後打了個寒戰。HBoxLayout

“The thing is, Professor,” said Filch plaintively, “the headmaster will have to listen to me this time. Peeves has been stealing from a student, it might be my chance to get him thrown out of the castle once and for all —”

“Filch, I don’t give a damn about that wretched poltergeist; it’s my office that’s —”

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk.

Snape stopped talking very abruptly. He and Filch both looked down at the foot of the stairs. Harry saw Mad-Eye Moody limp into sight through the narrow gap between their heads. Moody was wearing his old traveling cloak over his nightshirt and leaning on his staff as usual.

“Pajama party, is it?” he growled up the stairs.

“Professor Snape and I heard noises, Professor,” said Filch at once. “Peeves the Poltergeist, throwing things around as usual — and then Professor Snape discovered that someone had broken into his off —”

“事情是這樣的，教授，”菲爾奇哀傷地說，“這次校長將不得不聽我說話。皮維斯偷了一個學生的東西，這可能是讓我把從城堡裡趕出去的機會——”“菲爾奇，我才不在乎那個可憐的搗蛋鬼呢；我在意的是我的辦公室——”咣。咣。咣。斯內普很突然地停了下來。他和菲爾奇一起低頭看著樓梯腳。哈利看到瘋眼穆迪穿著他舊的旅行外套，照樣靠著手杖一瘸一拐地走進了他們的視線。“睡衣派對，是吧？”他隆隆地對著樓梯上面吼。“教授，我們聽到了聲響，皮維斯又在照常扔東西——然後斯內普教授發現有人闖進了他的辦公室——”菲爾奇馬上解釋道。

“Shut up!” Snape hissed to Filch.

Moody took a step closer to the foot of the stairs. Harry saw Moody’s magical eye travel over Snape, and then, unmistakably, onto himself.

Harry’s heart gave a horrible jolt. *Moody could see through Invisibility Cloaks . . . he alone could see the full strangeness of the scene: Snape in his nightshirt, Filch clutching the egg, and he, Harry, trapped in the stairs behind them.* Moody’s lopsided gash of a mouth opened in surprise. For a few seconds, he and Harry stared straight into each other’s eyes. Then Moody closed his mouth and turned his blue eye upon Snape again.

“Did I hear that correctly, Snape?” he asked slowly. “Someone broke into your office?”

“It is unimportant,” said Snape coldly.

“On the contrary,” growled Moody, “it is very important. Who’d want to break into your office?”

“閉嘴！”斯內普低聲對費奇斥責。穆迪跨了一步靠近樓梯底部。哈利看到穆迪的魔法眼在斯內普身上掃視，然後毫不含糊地轉移到了他自己身上。哈利的心猛地一跳。穆迪能看穿隱形斗篷...他是唯一能看見這一場景的奇異：穿著睡衣的斯內普，緊握著龍蛋的費奇，以及他自己，哈利，被困在他們後面的樓梯上。穆迪嘴巴不對稱地張開，感到驚訝。他和哈利正面相覬了幾秒鐘。然後穆迪關上嘴，再次轉向斯內普的藍眼睛。“我聽對了嗎，斯內普？”他慢慢地問道，“有人闖進了你的辦公室？”“這不重要，”斯內普冷冷地說。“相反，”穆迪咆哮道，“這很重要。誰會想闖進你的辦公室呢？”

“A student, I daresay,” said Snape. Harry could see a vein flickering horribly on Snape’s greasy temple. “It has happened before. Potion ingredients have gone missing from my private store cupboard . . . students attempting illicit mixtures, no doubt . . .”

“Reckon they were after potion ingredients, eh?” said Moody. “Not hiding anything else in your office, are you?”

Harry saw the edge of Snape’s sallow face turn a nasty brick color, the vein in his temple pulsing more rapidly.

“You know I’m hiding nothing, Moody,” he said in a soft and dangerous voice, “as you’ve searched my office pretty thoroughly yourself.”

Moody’s face twisted into a smile. “Auror’s privilege, Snape. Dumbledore told me to keep an eye —”

“Dumbledore happens to trust me,” said Snape through clenched teeth. “I refuse to believe that he gave you orders to search my office!”

「我敢說這是某個學生的所作所為，」斯內普說。哈利看到一條靜脈在斯內普油膩的太陽穴上不斷跳動。「這種事之前也發生過，我的私人貯藏室中的魔藥材料不翼而飛...毫無疑問是學生試圖製作非法混合物...」「猜想他們是來拿魔藥材料的吧？」穆迪說。「不會在你辦公室藏其他東西吧？」哈利看到斯內普灰色的臉龐變得惡劣，太陽穴上的靜脈更快地跳動。「你知道我沒有隱藏任何東西，穆迪，」他用一種柔和卻危險的聲音說道。「因為你自己曾經徹底搜索過我的辦公室。」穆迪的臉扭曲成一個微笑。「阿洛珂的特權，斯內普。鄧布利多告訴我要留意你...」「鄧布利多相信我，」斯內普緊咬著牙齒說。「我拒絕相信他會下令讓你搜索我的辦公室！」

“Course Dumbledore trusts you,” growled Moody. “He’s a trusting man, isn’t he? Believes in second chances. But me — I say there are spots that don’t come off, Snape. Spots that never come off, d’you know what I mean?”

Snape suddenly did something very strange. He seized his left forearm convulsively with his right hand, as though something on it had hurt him. Moody laughed. “Get back to bed, Snape.”

“You don’t have the authority to send me anywhere!” Snape hissed, letting go of his arm as though angry with himself. “I have as much right to prowl this school after dark as you do!”

“Prowl away,” said Moody, but his voice was full of menace. “I look forward to meeting you in a dark corridor some time. . . . You’ve dropped something, by the way. . . .”

With a stab of horror, Harry saw Moody point at the Marauder’s Map, still lying on the staircase six steps below him. As Snape and Filch both turned to look at it, Harry threw caution to the winds; he raised his arms under the Cloak and waved furiously at Moody to attract his attention, mouthing “It’s mine! Mine!”

“當然，鄧布利多相信你，”穆迪咆哮道，“他是個信任人的人，不是嗎？相信給人第二次機會。但是我——我說有些污點是洗不掉的，斯內普。你知道我在說什麼嗎？”斯內普突然做了一件非常奇怪的事情，他用右手痙攣地抓住了自己的左前臂，好像上頭有什麼痛他。穆迪笑了，“回到床上去，斯內普。”“你沒有權力讓我去任何地方！”斯內普咆哮道，好像對自己很生氣地放開手，“在黑夜裡，我在這所學校的遊走權和你一樣！”“去遊走吧，”穆迪說，但他的聲音充滿了威脅，“我期待著在某個黑暗的走廊裡見到你.....順便說一聲，你掉了一樣東西。”哈利驚恐地看到穆迪指著那張萬聖節地圖，它仍然躺在他下面的台階上。斯內普和費爾奇都轉過頭去看。哈利毫不顧慮地舉起了斗篷下的雙臂，狂舞著引起穆迪的注意，嘴巴動著說‘那是我的！我的！’

Snape had reached out for it, a horrible expression of dawning comprehension on his face —

“Accio Parchment!”

The map flew up into the air, slipped through Snape’s outstretched fingers, and soared down the stairs into Moody’s hand.

“My mistake,” Moody said calmly. “It’s mine — must’ve dropped it earlier —”

But Snape’s black eyes were darting from the egg in Filch’s arms to the map in Moody’s hand, and Harry could tell he was putting two and two together, as only Snape could. . . .

“Potter,” he said quietly.

“What’s that?” said Moody calmly, folding up the map and pocketing it.

“Potter!” Snape snarled, and he actually turned his head and stared right at the place where Harry was, as though he could suddenly see him. “That egg is Potter’s egg. That piece of parchment belongs to Potter. I have seen it before, I recognize it! Potter is here! Potter, in his Invisibility Cloak!”

斯內普伸手去抓那張紙，臉上露出可怕的領悟表情——“Accio Parchment！”地圖飛到空中，從斯內普伸出的手指間滑過，然後飛到穆迪的手中。“我的錯，”穆迪平靜地說。“這是我的——可能是之前掉了——”但是斯內普的黑眼睛正從費爾奇懷抱中的蛋到穆迪手中的地圖飛快地掃視著，哈利可以看出他正在像只有他這樣的人一樣將一加一加起來.....“波特，”他輕聲說。“什麼？”穆迪平靜地問著，疊好地圖並將它放進口袋裡。“波特！”斯內普咆哮著，他真的轉過頭看著哈利所在的地方，彷彿突然看見了他。“那個蛋是波特的蛋。那張紙屬於波特。我以前見過，我認得！波特在這裡！波特用他的隱形衣！”

Snape stretched out his hands like a blind man and began to move up the stairs; Harry could have sworn his over-large nostrils were dilating, trying to sniff Harry out — trapped, Harry leaned backward, trying to avoid Snape’s fingertips, but any moment now —

“There’s nothing there, Snape!” barked Moody, “but I’ll be happy to tell the headmaster how quickly your mind jumped to Harry Potter!”

“Meaning what?” Snape turned again to look at Moody, his hands still outstretched, inches from Harry’s chest.

“Meaning that Dumbledore’s very interested to know who’s got it in for that boy!” said Moody, limping nearer still to the foot of the stairs. “And so am I, Snape . . . very interested. . . .” The torchlight flickered across his mangled face, so that the scars, and the chunk missing from his nose, looked deeper and darker than ever.

斯内普像一個盲人般伸出手，開始沿著樓梯上移；哈利似乎能發誓他那過大的鼻孔在擴張，試圖聞出哈利來了——哈利被困住了，向後擠，試圖避開斯内普的指尖，但現在任何時刻——‘那裡什麼也沒有，斯内普！’穆迪吼道，‘但我很樂意告訴校長你多麼快地想到哈利·波特！’‘什麼意思？’斯内普轉身看向穆迪，他的手仍然伸出，離哈利的胸只有幾英寸。‘意思是邓布利多非常有興趣知道是誰對那個孩子下了毒手！’穆迪說道，一瘸一拐地靠近樓梯的腳下。‘我也很感興趣，斯内普……非常感興趣……’手電筒的光芒在他那受過損傷的臉上閃爍，使傷疤和鼻子上缺了一塊的傷口看起來比以往更深更黑。

Snape was looking down at Moody, and Harry couldn't see the expression on his face. For a moment, nobody moved or said anything. Then Snape slowly lowered his hands.

“I merely thought,” said Snape, in a voice of forced calm, “that if Potter was wandering around after hours again . . . it’s an unfortunate habit of his . . . he should be stopped. For — for his own safety.”

“Ah, I see,” said Moody softly. “Got Potter’s best interests at heart, have you?”

There was a pause. Snape and Moody were still staring at each other. Mrs. Norris gave a loud meow, still peering around Filch’s legs, looking for the source of Harry’s bubble-bath smell.

“I think I will go back to bed,” Snape said curtly.

“Best idea you’ve had all night,” said Moody. “Now, Filch, if you’ll just give me that egg —”

斯内普低頭看著穆迪，哈利看不到他臉上的表情。一時間，沒有人移動或說話。然後斯内普慢慢放下手。“我只是想，”斯内普用一種被迫的冷靜聲音說，“如果波特再一次在課後四處逛蕩……這是他不好的習慣……他應該被阻止，為了-為了他自己的安全。”“啊，我懂了，”穆迪輕聲說，“你關心波特的最大利益？”有一個停頓。斯内普和穆迪還在互相凝視。諾禮斯夫人發出了一聲大喵，仍然從費爾奇的腿邊向外張望，尋找哈利泡沫浴香味的來源。“我想我會回去睡覺了，”斯内普板著面孔說。“這是你這個晚上有過的最好主意，”穆迪說，“現在，費爾奇，如果你能把那個蛋給我-”

“No!” said Filch, clutching the egg as though it were his firstborn son. “Professor Moody, this is evidence of Peeves’ treachery!”

“It’s the property of the champion he stole it from,” said Moody. “Hand it over, now.”

Snape swept downstairs and passed Moody without another word. Filch made a chirruping noise to Mrs. Norris, who stared blankly at Harry for a few more seconds before turning and following her master. Still breathing very fast, Harry heard Snape walking away down the corridor; Filch handed Moody the egg and disappeared from view too, muttering to Mrs. Norris. “Never mind, my sweet . . . we’ll see Dumbledore in the morning . . . tell him what Peeves was up to . . .”

A door slammed. Harry was left staring down at Moody, who placed his staff on the bottommost stair and started to climb laboriously toward him, a dull *clunk* on every other step.

“不！”费尔奇大叫着，紧紧抓住那个蛋，仿佛这是他的亲生儿子。“穆迪教授，这是皮维斯背叛的证据！”“这是那名冠军的财产，他从他那里偷走了，”穆迪说。“现在交出来。”斯内普走下楼梯，默默地从穆迪身边走过。费尔奇对着夫人·诺里斯发出了一声啾啾的声音，她呆呆地看着哈利几秒钟，然后转身跟着她的主人离开了。哈利还在急促地呼吸着，听到斯内普在走廊里走远了。费尔奇将那个蛋递给穆迪，然后也从视线中消失了，在对着夫人·诺里斯嘟囔着。“别管它了，我的甜心……明天早上我们去找邓布利多……告诉他皮维斯在干什么……”一扇门砰地一声被关上了。哈利还站在那里，看着穆迪，他把他的铁杖搁在最底层的台阶上，费力地向他爬去，每走一步时都有一个沉闷的声响。

“Close shave, Potter,” he muttered.

“Yeah . . . I — er . . . thanks,” said Harry weakly.

“What is this thing?” said Moody, drawing the Marauder’s Map out of his pocket and unfolding it.

“Map of Hogwarts,” said Harry, hoping Moody was going to pull him out of the staircase soon; his leg was really hurting him.

“Merlin’s beard,” Moody whispered, staring at the map, his magical eye going haywire. “This . . . this is some map, Potter!”

“Yeah, it’s . . . quite useful,” Harry said. His eyes were starting to water from the pain. “Er — Professor Moody, d’you think you could help me —?”

“What? Oh! Yes . . . yes, of course . . .”

Moody took hold of Harry’s arms and pulled; Harry’s leg came free of the trick step, and he climbed onto the one above it. Moody was still gazing at the map.

「好险，波特。」他嘀咕道。「是啊，嗯……谢谢。」哈利虚弱地说。「这是什么玩意？」穆迪说着，从口袋里掏出路障图，并展开它。「霍格沃茨地图，」哈利希望穆迪能尽快把他从楼梯里拉出来，他的腿真的很疼。「梅林的胡子，」穆迪喃喃自语，盯着地图看，他的魔法眼开始疯狂。「这……这是个什么地图，波特！」「是啊，它很……很有用，」哈利说。他的眼睛开始因疼痛而流泪。「呃——穆迪教授，您能帮帮我吗？」「什么？哦！是啊……当然可以……」穆迪抓住哈利的手臂，拉扯着；哈利的腿从机关阶梯上脱离了，他爬到了上面的一层。穆迪仍然注视着地图。

“Potter . . .” he said slowly, “you didn’t happen, by any chance, to see who broke into Snape’s office, did you? On this map, I mean?”

“Er . . . yeah, I did . . .” Harry admitted. “It was Mr. Crouch.”

Moody’s magical eye whizzed over the entire surface of the map. He looked suddenly alarmed.

“Crouch?” he said. “You’re — you’re sure, Potter?”

“Positive,” said Harry.

“Well, he’s not here anymore,” said Moody, his eye still whizzing over the map. “Crouch . . . that’s very — very interesting . . .”

He said nothing for almost a minute, still staring at the map. Harry could tell that this news meant something to Moody and very much wanted to know what it was. He wondered whether he dared ask. Moody scared him slightly . . . yet Moody had just helped him avoid an awful lot of trouble. . . .

“波特……”他慢慢地說道，“你沒有碰巧看到是誰闖進斯內普的辦公室，對吧？指的是在這張地圖上？”“嗯……是的，我看到了……”哈利承認道。“是克勞奇先生。”穆迪的神奇眼睛在整張地圖上迅速掃過。他突然顯得有些驚慌。“克勞奇？”他說。“波特，你可確定是他？”“當然，我敢肯定。”哈利回答道。“好了，他已經不在這了，”穆迪說道，眼睛仍然在地圖上快速移動。“克勞奇……這非常非常有意思……”他沉默了將近一分鐘，仍然凝視著地圖。哈利可以感覺到，這個消息對穆迪來說意義重大，他非常想知道這意味著什麼。他不知道自己是否敢問。穆迪有點嚇到他……可是穆迪剛剛幫了他免了一場大麻煩……”

“Er . . . Professor Moody . . . why d’you reckon Mr. Crouch wanted to look around Snape’s office?”

Moody’s magical eye left the map and fixed, quivering, upon Harry. It was a penetrating glare, and Harry had the impression that Moody was sizing him up, wondering whether to answer or not, or how much to tell him.

“Put it this way, Potter,” Moody muttered finally, “they say old Mad-Eye’s obsessed with catching Dark wizards . . . but I’m nothing — *nothing* — compared to Barty Crouch.”

He continued to stare at the map. Harry was burning to know more.

“Professor Moody?” he said again. “D’you think . . . could this have anything to do with . . . maybe Mr. Crouch thinks there’s something going on . . .”

“Like what?” said Moody sharply.

Harry wondered how much he dare say. He didn’t want Moody to guess that he had a source of information outside Hogwarts; that might lead to tricky questions about Sirius.

「呃……穆迪教授……您認為克勞奇先生為什麼要在斯內普的辦公室四處看呢？」穆迪的魔法眼離開地圖，定格在哈利身上，注視著。那是一種穿透性的凝視，哈利有種穆迪在評估他，不知道是否要回答，或者說多少的感覺。「這樣說吧，波特。」穆迪最終喃喃道，「他們說老的瘋眼一心想要抓住黑巫師……但是我，與巴蒂·克勞奇相比，全然不足。」他繼續凝視著地圖。哈利想更多地了解。「穆迪教授？」他再次問道。「您認為……這可能與……克勞奇先生認為有事情發生有關嗎……？」「像什麼？」穆迪迅速問道。哈利在想自己能說多少。他不想讓穆迪猜到他在霍格沃茨以外有消息來源；這可能會引起有關小天狼星的棘手問題。

“I don’t know,” Harry muttered, “odd stuff’s been happening lately, hasn’t it? It’s been in the *Daily Prophet* . . . the Dark Mark at the World Cup, and the Death Eaters and everything . . .”

Both of Moody’s mismatched eyes widened.

“You’re a sharp boy, Potter,” he said. His magical eye roved back to the Marauder’s Map. “Crouch could be thinking along those lines,” he said slowly. “Very possible . . . there have been some funny rumors flying around lately — helped along by Rita Skeeter, of course. It’s making a lot of people nervous, I reckon.” A grim smile twisted his lopsided mouth. “Oh if there’s one thing I hate,” he muttered, more to himself than to Harry, and his magical eye was fixed on the left-hand corner of the map, “it’s a Death Eater who walked free. . . .”

“我不知道,”哈利喃喃自語道, “最近發生了一些奇怪的事情是吧？這已經被《每日先驅報》報導了……世界盃上的黑魔藍，和食死徒等等……”穆迪的兩個不同的眼睛瞪大了。“你是個聰明的男孩，波特,”他說。他的魔法眼重新移回了魔法地圖上的“歹徒地圖”，“Crouch可能正在考慮這些，”他緩慢地說道，“非常有可能……最近有一些有趣的傳言在飛，當然由 Rita Skeeter 幫忙推波助瀾。我想這讓很多人感到不安了。”一個冷峻的微笑扭曲了他那歪斜的嘴巴。“哦，如果有一件事我討厭的話,”他喃喃道，更多地對自己說，而不是對哈利說，他的魔法眼一直盯著地圖的左下角, “那就是一個逍遙法外的食死徒……”

Harry stared at him. Could Moody possibly mean what Harry thought he meant?

“And now I want to ask *you* a question, Potter,” said Moody in a more businesslike tone.

Harry’s heart sank; he had thought this was coming. Moody was going to ask where he had got this map, which was a very dubious magical object — and the story of how it had fallen into his hands incriminated not only him, but his own father, Fred and George Weasley, and Professor

Lupin, their last Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. Moody waved the map in front of Harry, who braced himself—

“Can I borrow this?”

“Oh!” said Harry.

He was very fond of his map, but on the other hand, he was extremely relieved that Moody wasn’t asking where he’d got it, and there was no doubt that he owed Moody a favor.

哈利盯著他看。穆迪可能指的是哈利所想的嗎？“現在我想問你一個問題，波特，”穆迪用一種更商業化的口氣說。哈利的心沉了下去；他曾想過會有這種情況。穆迪要問他得到這個地圖的地方，這是一種非常可疑的魔法物品——而它落入他手中的故事不僅使他自己受到指控，還有他自己的父親、弗雷德和喬治·韋斯萊，以及他們上一個黑魔法防禦術老師盧平教授。穆迪將地圖在哈利面前揮舞著，哈利做好了心理準備——“我能借用這個嗎？”“哦！”哈利說。他非常喜歡他的地圖，但另一方面，他非常感激穆迪沒有問他從哪裡得到它，並且毫無疑問，他欠穆迪一個人情。

“Yeah, okay.”

“Good boy,” growled Moody. “I can make good use of this . . . this might be *exactly* what I’ve been looking for. . . . Right, bed, Potter, come on, now. . . .”

They climbed to the top of the stairs together, Moody still examining the map as though it was a treasure the like of which he had never seen before. They walked in silence to the door of Moody’s office, where he stopped and looked up at Harry.

“You ever thought of a career as an Auror, Potter?”

“No,” said Harry, taken aback.

“You want to consider it,” said Moody, nodding and looking at Harry thoughtfully. “Yes, indeed . . . and incidentally . . . I’m guessing you weren’t just taking that egg for a walk tonight?”

“Er — no,” said Harry, grinning. “I’ve been working out the clue.”

Moody winked at him, his magical eye going haywire again.

「好的，好的。」「乖孩子。」穆迪低聲說道：「我能好好利用這個……這可能正是我一直在尋找的東西……好了，睡覺去，波特，現在跟我走……」他們一起走上了樓梯頂部，穆迪仍然在像從未見過的寶物一樣仔細檢查著地圖。他們沉默不語地走到穆迪辦公室的門口，他停下來仰望著哈利。「波特，你有沒有想過成為一名神秘巫師？」「沒有，」哈利感到吃驚。「你應該考慮一下，」穆迪點頭看著哈利，沉思著說：「是的，實在是……順便一提……我猜你今晚不僅僅是帶著那個蛋去散步了吧？」「呃——沒有。」哈利笑著說：「我正在解決那個線索。」穆迪眨了眨眼，他的魔法眼又開始瘋狂。

“Nothing like a nighttime stroll to give you ideas, Potter. . . . See you in the morning. . . .”

He went back into his office, staring down at the Marauder’s Map again, and closed the door behind him.

Harry walked slowly back to Gryffindor Tower, lost in thought about Snape, and Crouch, and what it all meant. . . . Why was Crouch pretending to be ill, if he could manage to get to Hogwarts when he wanted to? What did he think Snape was concealing in his office?

And Moody thought he, Harry, ought to be an Auror! Interesting idea . . . but somehow, Harry thought, as he got quietly into his four-poster ten minutes later, the egg and the Cloak now safely back in his trunk, he thought he’d like to check how scarred the rest of them were before he chose it as a career.

夜晚漫步往往會激發思路，波特。明天見。他走回辦公室，再次凝視著成年快樂小隊地圖，他關上門。哈利慢慢走回格蘭芬多塔，心中想著斯內普、克勞奇，以及這意味著什麼……為什麼克勞奇要假裝生病，如果他想來霍格華茲，他一定可以來。他認為斯內普在他的辦公室中掩蓋了什麼？還有穆迪曾經認為他，哈利，應該成為一名神秘部特工！有趣的想法……但哈利鬆了口氣，把龍蛋和隱形衣安全地放回他的箱子裡，他想在決定未來職業之前，再看看其他人的傷疤有多深。



THE SECOND TASK

You said you'd already worked out that egg clue!" said Hermione indignantly.

"Keep your voice down!" said Harry crossly. "I just need to — sort of fine-tune it, all right?"

He, Ron, and Hermione were sitting at the very back of the Charms class with a table to themselves. They were supposed to be practicing the opposite of the Summoning Charm today — the Banishing Charm. Owing to the potential for nasty accidents when objects kept flying across the room, Professor Flitwick had given each student a stack of cushions on which to practice, the theory being that these wouldn't hurt anyone if they went off target. It was a good theory, but it wasn't working very well. Neville's aim was so poor that he kept accidentally sending much heavier things flying across the room — Professor Flitwick, for instance.

你剛才說你已經解開那顆蛋的線索了！”傑夫說得非常生氣。“小聲一點！”哈利生氣地說道。“我只需要 - 做一些微調，好嗎？”他、羅恩和妙麗坐在最後面的咒語課上，桌子上只擺了他們一人。今天他們應該練習顛倒咒，這樣不會把物品吸過來，而是把物品送出去。由於這種咒語的潛在危險性，當物品在教室裡飛來飛去的時候，弗利威克教授給每個學生都發了一堆靠墊，理論上說，如果這些物品沒發揮正確作用，就不會對任何人造成傷害。這是一個好理論，但實際效果並不理想。納威的目標太差了，以至于他不斷把更重的東西扔到了教室里，比如弗利威克教授。

"Just forget the egg for a minute, all right?" Harry hissed as Professor Flitwick went whizzing resignedly past them, landing on top of a large cabinet. "I'm trying to tell you about Snape and Moody. . . ."

This class was an ideal cover for a private conversation, as everyone was having far too much fun to pay them any attention. Harry had been recounting his adventures of the previous night in whispered installments for the last half hour.

"Snape said Moody's searched his office as well?" Ron whispered, his eyes alight with interest as he Banished a cushion with a sweep of his wand (it soared into the air and knocked Parvati's hat off). "What . . . d'you reckon Moody's here to keep an eye on Snape as well as Karkaroff?"

"Well, I dunno if that's what Dumbledore asked him to do, but he's definitely doing it," said Harry, waving his wand without paying much attention, so that his cushion did an odd sort of belly flop off the desk. "Moody said Dumbledore only lets Snape stay here because he's giving him a second chance or something. . . ."

“暫時別想那個蛋，好不好？”當費立維教授無奈地從他們身旁急速飛過，摔在了一個大櫃子上時，哈利的嘴裡嘶嘶聲音：“我在告訴你關於斯涅普和穆迪的事情……”這堂課是進行私人對話的理想場所，因為每個人都非常喜歡，沒有人留意他們。過去半個小時裡，哈利一直在低聲傳遞他昨晚的冒險故事。“斯涅普說穆迪也搜過他的辦公室？”當羅恩用魔杖來驅逐一個靠墊時（它飛到了空中，撞落了帕瓦蒂的帽子），他充滿興趣地問道。“你猜穆迪是來監視斯涅普和卡卡羅夫的嗎？”“嗯，我不知道邓布利多是不是讓他這麼做的，但他肯定在這樣做，”哈利說道，揮舞魔杖，並沒有太在意，結果他的靠墊很奇妙地從桌子上肚皮朝下摔了下來。“穆迪說邓布利多只讓斯涅普留在這裡是因為他給了他第二次機會之類的東西……”

"What?" said Ron, his eyes widening, his next cushion spinning high into the air, ricocheting off the chandelier, and dropping heavily onto Flitwick's desk. "Harry . . . maybe Moody thinks *Snape* put your name in the Goblet of Fire!"

"Oh Ron," said Hermione, shaking her head skeptically, "we thought Snape was trying to kill Harry before, and it turned out he was saving Harry's life, remember?"

She Banished a cushion and it flew across the room and landed in the box they were all supposed to be aiming at. Harry looked at Hermione, thinking . . . it was true that Snape had saved his life once, but the odd thing was, Snape definitely loathed him, just as he'd loathed Harry's father when they had been at school together. Snape loved taking points from Harry, and had certainly never missed an opportunity to give him punishments, or even to suggest that he should be suspended from the school.

「什麼？」羅恩說，他的眼睛睜大了，他的下一個靠墊飛高了，從吊燈上反彈，沉重地落在弗利特維克的桌子上。「哈利...也許穆迪覺得是斯涅普放你的名字進了火盃！」「哦，羅恩，」赫敏搖頭表示懷疑地說：「我們之前也以為斯涅普試圖殺害哈利，但結果卻是他在拯救哈利的生命，記得嗎？」她把一個靠墊驅逐出去，它飛過房間，落在他們都應該瞄準的盒子中。哈利看著赫敏，想著...斯涅普確實曾經救過他一命，但奇怪的是，斯涅普真的非常憎恨他，就像當他們在一起上學時，他曾經憎

恨哈利的父親一樣。斯涅普喜歡扣哈利的分數，絕對不會錯過任何一個給他懲罰的機會，甚至建議他被停學。

“I don’t care what Moody says,” Hermione went on. “Dumbledore’s not stupid. He was right to trust Hagrid and Professor Lupin, even though loads of people wouldn’t have given them jobs, so why shouldn’t he be right about Snape, even if Snape is a bit —”

“— evil,” said Ron promptly. “Come on, Hermione, why are all these Dark wizard catchers searching his office, then?”

“Why has Mr. Crouch been pretending to be ill?” said Hermione, ignoring Ron. “It’s a bit funny, isn’t it, that he can’t manage to come to the Yule Ball, but he can get up here in the middle of the night when he wants to?”

“You just don’t like Crouch because of that elf, Winky,” said Ron, sending a cushion soaring into the window.

“*You just want to think Snape’s up to something*” said Hermione, sending her cushion zooming neatly into the box.

“穆迪说什么我不在乎，”赫敏接着说。“邓布利多不笨，他信任海格和卢平教授是正确的尽管很多人不愿意给他们工作，那么他为什么不能对斯内普也是正确的，即使斯内普有些——”“——邪恶，”罗恩迅速打断。“走了，赫敏，那所有这些黑巫师追捕者为什么要搜他的办公室呢？”“为什么克劳奇先生一直装病？”赫敏无视了罗恩的话，“有点滑稽，他无法参加圣诞舞会，但他可以在半夜过来吧？”“你只是因为那只小精灵温琪而不喜欢克劳奇，”罗恩说着，把一张靠垫扔向窗户。“你只是想认为斯内普在干什么，”赫敏说着，她的靠垫整齐地飞进盒子里。

“I just want to know what Snape did with his first chance, if he’s on his second one,” said Harry grimly, and his cushion, to his very great surprise, flew straight across the room and landed neatly on top of Hermione’s.

Obedient to Sirius’s wish of hearing about anything odd at Hogwarts, Harry sent him a letter by brown owl that night, explaining all about Mr. Crouch breaking into Snape’s office, and Moody and Snape’s conversation. Then Harry turned his attention in earnest to the most urgent problem facing him: how to survive underwater for an hour on the twenty-fourth of February.

Ron quite liked the idea of using the Summoning Charm again — Harry had explained about Aqua-Lungs, and Ron couldn’t see why Harry shouldn’t Summon one from the nearest Muggle town. Hermione squashed this plan by pointing out that, in the unlikely event that Harry managed to learn how to operate an Aqua-Lung within the set limit of an hour, he was sure to be disqualified for breaking the International Code of Wizarding Secrecy — it was too much to hope that no Muggles would spot an Aqua-Lung zooming across the countryside to Hogwarts.

“我只是想知道斯内普第一次有机会时干了什么，如果他现在又有第二次机会的话。”哈利沉声说道，他的坐垫却突然飞到了房间的另一边，整齐地落在了赫敏的床上。按照小天狼星听说霍格沃茨任何奇怪的事情都要知道的要求，哈利在那个晚上就派了一只棕色猫头鹰给他写信，讲述库罗奇进入斯内普的办公室以及穆迪和斯内普的谈话。然后哈利着手认真解决他最紧迫的问题：如何在2月24日在水下生存一个小时。罗恩非常喜欢再次使用召唤咒语的想法——哈利已经解释了水肺的事情，罗恩不明白为什么哈利不能从最近的麻瓜小镇召唤一个。然而，赫敏驳回了这个计划，指出如果哈利在一个小时的规定时间内学会了如何使用水肺，他肯定会因违反国际巫师保密法而被取消资格——没有麻瓜看到水肺在乡间飞驰到霍格沃茨的希望太过渺茫。

“Of course, the ideal solution would be for you to Transfigure yourself into a submarine or something,” Hermione said. “If only we’d done human Transfiguration already! But I don’t think we start that until sixth year, and it can go badly wrong if you don’t know what you’re doing . . .”

“Yeah, I don’t fancy walking around with a periscope sticking out of my head,” said Harry. “I s’pose I could always attack someone in front of Moody; he might do it for me . . .”

“I don’t think he’d let you choose what you wanted to be turned into, though,” said Hermione seriously. “No, I think your best chance is some sort of charm”

So Harry, thinking that he would soon have had enough of the library to last him a lifetime, buried himself once more among the dusty volumes, looking for any spell that might enable a human to survive without oxygen. However, though he, Ron, and Hermione searched through their lunchtimes, evenings, and whole weekends — though Harry asked Professor McGonagall for a note of permission to use the Restricted Section, and even asked the irritable, vulture-like librarian, Madam Pince, for help — they found nothing whatsoever that would enable Harry to spend an hour underwater and live to tell the tale.

“當然，你最理想的解決方案就是變成潛艇或是什麼的，”赫敏說，“但我們沒有學過人變形術！直到六年級才學，如果你不熟悉的話，那就會失敗。”“嗯，我可不想在腦袋上長個潛望鏡，”哈利說，“我想我可以在穆迪面前攻擊某人；他或許可以幫我做到……”“但我不認為他會讓你選擇你想變成什麼，”赫敏認真地說，“你最好的機會是某種魅力法術。”所以哈利想，他很快就會對圖書館厭倦終身，在塵土飛揚的卷宗中埋頭苦幹，尋找任何可以讓人在沒有氧氣的情況下存活的咒語。然而，雖然他、羅恩和赫敏通過午餐時間、晚上和整個週末的時間搜尋，哈利向麥格教授索取了使用限制區的許可，甚至向易怒的禿鷲一樣的圖書館員品斯女士求助，但他們什麼也找不到，使哈利能夠在水下生存一個小時並活著訴說此事。

Familiar flutterings of panic were starting to disturb Harry now, and he was finding it difficult to concentrate in class again. The lake, which Harry had always taken for granted as just another feature of the grounds, drew his eyes whenever he was near a classroom window, a great, iron-gray mass of chilly water, whose dark and icy depths were starting to seem as distant as the moon.

Just as it had before he faced the Horntail, time was slipping away as though somebody had bewitched the clocks to go extra-fast. There was a week to go before February the twenty-fourth (there was still time) . . . there were five days to go (he was bound to find something soon) . . . three days to go (please let me find something . . . please) . . .

With two days left, Harry started to go off food again. The only good thing about breakfast on Monday was the return of the brown owl he had sent to Sirius. He pulled off the parchment, unrolled it, and saw the shortest letter Sirius had ever written to him.

熟悉的恐慌不安開始困擾哈利，他又開始難以集中精力上課。湖泊一直是校園裡的另一個特色，哈利總是視之為理所當然，但現在每當他靠近教室的窗戶就會注視著它，冰冷的水域像一座巨大的、灰色的鐵塊，其深邃冰冷的深處似乎比月球還遙遠。就像他面對角龍時一樣，時間又像被施了咒語一樣快速地流逝著。還有一周就到了二月二十四日（還有時間）……剩下五天（他一定會找到東西的）……三天（請讓我找到什麼吧……拜託）……只剩下兩天，哈利又開始食慾不振。星期一早餐唯一美好的事情就是他送給小天狼星的棕色獎章回來了。他拿下羊皮卷軸，打開來，看到小天狼星寫給他的最簡短的信。

Send date of next Hogsmeade weekend by return owl.

Harry turned the parchment over and looked at the back, hoping to see something else, but it was blank.

“Weekend after next,” whispered Hermione, who had read the note over Harry’s shoulder. “Here — take my quill and send this owl back straight away.”

Harry scribbled the dates down on the back of Sirius’s letter, tied it onto the brown owl’s leg, and watched it take flight again. What had he expected? Advice on how to survive underwater? He had been so intent on telling Sirius all about Snape and Moody he had completely forgotten to mention the egg’s clue.

“What’s he want to know about the next Hogsmeade weekend for?” said Ron.

“Dunno,” said Harry dully. The momentary happiness that had flared inside him at the sight of the owl had died. “Come on . . . Care of Magical Creatures.”

請返回貴方信鳥下次霍格斯密德周末的日期。哈利翻轉羊皮紙，在背面找尋其他資訊，但是什麼也沒有。「下下週末。」赫敏在哈利肩上看了看信，輕聲說：「給，用我的筆，立刻回信。」哈利在小狗頭黑的信封背面寫下日期，綁在信鳥的腳上，看著牠再次飛起。他期望得到什麼？如何在水下生存的建議？他太專注於和小天狼星談及斯內普和穆迪，完全忘了蛋裡的線索。「他為什麼要知道下次霍格斯密德周末？」羅恩問道。「不知道。」哈利無聲無息地說。他內心剛剛湧起的瞬間快樂已經消逝。「走吧……魔法寵物護理課。」

Whether Hagrid was trying to make up for the Blast-Ended Skrewts, or because there were now only two skrewts left, or because he was trying to prove he could do anything that Professor Grubbly-Plank could, Harry didn’t know, but Hagrid had been continuing her lessons on unicorns ever since he’d returned to work. It turned out that Hagrid knew quite as much about unicorns as he did about monsters, though it was clear that he found their lack of poisonous fangs disappointing.

Today he had managed to capture two unicorn foals. Unlike full-grown unicorns, they were pure gold. Parvati and Lavender went into transports of delight at the sight of them, and even Pansy Parkinson had to work hard to conceal how much she liked them.

“Easier ter spot than the adults,” Hagrid told the class. “They turn silver when they’re abou’ two years old, an’ they grow horns at aroun’ four. Don’ go pure white till they’re full grown, ’round about seven. They’re a bit more trustin’ when they’re babies . . . don’ mind boys so much . . . C’mon, move in a bit, yeh can pat ‘em if yeh want . . . give ‘em a few o’ these sugar lumps. . . .

不知道是因為哈比特想補回火爆末氣的橫須賀蠍，還是現在只剩下兩隻橫須賀蠍，還是他想證明他能做到垂鬚樹坊教授能做的任何事情，哈利不知道，但哈比特自從回到工作崗位以來一直在繼續她對獨角獸的課程。事實證明，哈比特對獨角獸的了解和他對怪物的了解一樣多，儘管很明顯，他對它們沒有毒牙感到失望。今天他成功地抓住了兩個獨角獸幼崽。與成年獨角獸不同，它們是純金色的。帕瓦蒂和薰衣草的眼中充滿了喜悅，甚至潘西·帕金森也不得不努力隱藏她的喜愛。“比成年的容易看出來，”哈格力告訴班級。“它們大約兩歲時就會變成銀色，四歲左右長出角。他們直到成年才會變成純白色，大約七歲左右。在它們還是小孩子的時候，它們更容易信任人……不介意男孩子。來吧，再靠近一些，你們可以摸摸它們……給它們幾塊糖。”

“You okay, Harry?” Hagrid muttered, moving aside slightly, while most of the others swarmed around the baby unicorns.

“Yeah,” said Harry.

“Jus’ nervous, eh?” said Hagrid.

“Bit,” said Harry.

“Harry,” said Hagrid, clapping a massive hand on his shoulder, so that Harry’s knees buckled under its weight, “I’d’ve bin worried before I saw yeh take on tha’ Horntail, but I know now yeh can do anythin’ yeh set yer mind ter. I’m not worried at all. Yeh’re goin’ ter be fine. Got yer clue worked out, haven’ yeh?”

Harry nodded, but even as he did so, an insane urge to confess that he didn’t have any idea how to survive at the bottom of the lake for an hour came over him. He looked up at Hagrid — perhaps he had to go into the lake sometimes, to deal with the creatures in it? He looked after everything else on the grounds, after all —

“哈利，你沒事吧？”海格輕聲說道，稍微讓開了一些，而大部分人群在圍觀小獨角獸。“沒事，”哈利說。“只是緊張嘛？”海格說。“有點兒，”哈利說。“哈利，”海格拍了拍他的肩膀，巨大的手掌讓哈利的膝蓋在其重量下發軟，“在看到你對付那頭角尾龍之前，我會擔心的，但現在我知道你可以做任何你想做的事情。我一點都不擔心。你會沒事的。你已經解開了提示，對

吧？”哈利點了點頭，但就在這時，一種瘋狂的衝動湧上他的心頭，他想坦白他不知道如何在湖底生存一個小時。他望著海格——也許他有時候不得不進入湖中，處理其中的生物？畢竟他照顧著場地上的所有其他東西——

“Yeh’re goin’ ter win,” Hagrid growled, patting Harry’s shoulder again, so that Harry actually felt himself sink a couple of inches into the soft ground. “I know it. I can feel it. Yeh’re goin’ ter win, Harry.”

Harry just couldn’t bring himself to wipe the happy, confident smile off Hagrid’s face. Pretending he was interested in the young unicorns, he forced a smile in return, and moved forward to pat them with the others.

By the evening before the second task, Harry felt as though he were trapped in a nightmare. He was fully aware that even if, by some miracle, he managed to find a suitable spell, he’d have a real job mastering it overnight. How could he have let this happen? Why hadn’t he got to work on the egg’s clue sooner? Why had he ever let his mind wander in class — what if a teacher had once mentioned how to breathe underwater?

“妳會贏的，”海格咆哮著，再次拍了拍哈利的肩膀，使哈利感覺自己的腳陷入了軟軟的地面。“我知道。我能感覺到。妳會贏的，哈利。”哈利無法讓自己擦掉海格臉上幸福自信的微笑。他假裝對幼小的獨角獸感興趣，勉強笑了笑，和其他人一起向牠們拍拍。到第二輪考試前的晚上，哈利感覺自己像是困在噩夢中。他完全意識到，即使以某種奇蹟的方式，他設法找到了合適的法術，他也需要花費很長時間來掌握它。他怎麼會讓這種情況發生呢？為什麼他沒有更早地開始研究龍蛋的線索？為什麼他曾讓自己的思緒在上課時漫遊 - 如果有一位老師曾經提過如何在水下呼吸呢？

He sat with Hermione and Ron in the library as the sun set outside, tearing feverishly through page after page of spells, hidden from one another by the massive piles of books on the desk in front of each of them. Harry’s heart gave a huge leap every time he saw the word “water” on a page, but more often than not it was merely “Take two pints of water, half a pound of shredded mandrake leaves, and a newt . . .”

“I don’t reckon it can be done,” said Ron’s voice flatly from the other side of the table. “There’s nothing. *Nothing*. Closest was that thing to dry up puddles and ponds, that Drought Charm, but that was nowhere near powerful enough to drain the lake.”

“There must be something” Hermione muttered, moving a candle closer to her. Her eyes were so tired she was poring over the tiny print of *Olde and Forgotten Bewitchments and Charms* with her nose about an inch from the page. “They’d never have set a task that was undoable.”

他與赫敏和羅恩坐在圖書館裡，陽光西斜，他瘋狂翻閱著一頁又一頁的法術書，被在桌子前的巨大書堆隱藏著互相不見。每當他看到“水”的字眼時，哈利的心就會飛躍起來，但往往都只是“拿兩品脫水，半磅切碎的曼德拉草葉和一只蠍子……”“我覺得不可能做到，”羅恩的聲音在桌子另一邊平淡地說道，“沒有什麼接近的了。最接近的就是那個能乾燥水坑和池塘的干旱咒語，但那遠遠不夠強大，不能排乾湖泊。”“一定有辦法的。”赫敏喃喃自語著，把蠟燭移近。她的眼睛太疲勞了，正用鼻子約一英寸的距離，細讀著古老和被遺忘的咒語和魔法的小字印刷。“他們不可能設置一個不可能完成的任務。”

“They have,” said Ron. “Harry, just go down to the lake tomorrow, right, stick your head in, yell at the merpeople to give back whatever they’ve nicked, and see if they chuck it out. Best you can do, mate.”

“There’s a way of doing it!” Hermione said crossly. “There just has to be!”

She seemed to be taking the library’s lack of useful information on the subject as a personal insult; it had never failed her before.

“I know what I should have done,” said Harry, resting, facedown, on *Saucy Tricks for Tricky Sorts*. “I should’ve learned to be an Animagus like Sirius.”

An Animagus was a wizard who could transform into an animal.

“Yeah, you could’ve turned into a goldfish any time you wanted!” said Ron.

“Or a frog,” yawned Harry. He was exhausted.

“It takes years to become an Animagus, and then you have to register yourself and everything,” said Hermione vaguely, now squinting down the index of *Weird Wizarding Dilemmas and Their Solutions*. “Professor McGonagall told us, remember . . . you’ve got to register yourself with the Improper Use of Magic Office . . . what animal you become, and your markings, so you can’t abuse it . . .”

“他們肯定有辦法的，”羅恩說。“哈利，明天去湖邊，把頭插進去，對水怪大聲喊，讓他們歸還他們偷的東西，看看他們會不會丟出來。這是你能做的最好的了，老兄。”“一定有其他方法！”赫敏生氣地說。“一定有！”她似乎將圖書館對這個話題缺乏有用信息視為個人侮辱；對她來說，這從未失敗過。“我知道我應該做什麼，”哈利躺在《魔法寶典》上，臉朝下。“我應該像小天狼星一樣學會變形。”變形魔法是指魔法師可以變成動物的能力。“是啊，你什麼時候都可以變成一條金魚！”羅恩說。“或者變成青蛙，”哈利打了一個呵欠。他非常疲憊。“學會變形要花好幾年時間，然後你還得去註冊，”赫敏含糊地說，此時正仔細查閱《怪異巫師困境及其解決方案》的索引。“麥格教授告訴我們那些地方，記住...你必須向魔法不當使用辦公室註冊...你變成的動物和標記，這樣你才能避免濫用。”

“Hermione, I was joking,” said Harry wearily. “I know I haven’t got a chance of turning into a frog by tomorrow morning . . .”

“Oh this is no use,” Hermione said, snapping shut *Weird Wizarding Dilemmas*. “Who on earth wants to make their nose hair grow into ringlets?”

“I wouldn’t mind,” said Fred Weasley’s voice. “Be a talking point, wouldn’t it?”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked up. Fred and George had just emerged from behind some bookshelves.

“What’re you two doing here?” Ron asked.

“Looking for you,” said George. “McGonagall wants you, Ron. And you, Hermione.”

“Why?” said Hermione, looking surprised.

“Dunno . . . she was looking a bit grim, though,” said Fred.

“We’re supposed to take you down to her office,” said George.

Ron and Hermione stared at Harry, who felt his stomach drop. Was Professor McGonagall about to tell Ron and Hermione off? Perhaps she’d noticed how much they were helping him, when he ought to be working out how to do the task alone?

「赫敏，我只是開玩笑而已。」哈利疲倦地說道：「我知道我沒有機會在明天早上變成青蛙。」「這沒有用。」赫敏關上《怪異的巫師困境》說。「到底誰想讓自己的鼻毛變成小卷呢？」「我不介意。」弗雷德·韋斯萊的聲音出現了。「那不是一個引人注目的話題嗎？」哈利、羅恩和赫敏抬起頭，弗雷德和喬治剛從書架後面走出來。「你們兩個在這裡幹嘛？」羅恩問道。「找你們兩個。」喬治說。「麥格教授想見你，羅恩。還有你，赫敏。」「為什麼？」赫敏感到驚訝。「不知道……不過她看起來有些不悅。」弗雷德說。「我們要帶你們到她辦公室去。」喬治說。羅恩和赫敏盯著哈利看，他感到了胃的下墜。是麥格教授要責備羅恩和赫敏嗎？也許她已經注意到他們幫了他太多，他應該努力自己完成這個任務呢？

“We’ll meet you back in the common room,” Hermione told Harry as she got up to go with Ron — both of them looked very anxious. “Bring as many of these books as you can, okay?”

“Right,” said Harry uneasily.

By eight o’clock, Madam Pince had extinguished all the lamps and came to chivvy Harry out of the library. Staggering under the weight of as many books as he could carry, Harry returned to the Gryffindor common room, pulled a table into a corner, and continued to search. There was nothing in *Madcap Magic for Wacky Warlocks* . . . nothing in *A Guide to Medieval Sorcery* . . . not one mention of underwater exploits in *An Anthology of Eighteenth-Century Charms*, or in *Dreadful Denizens of the Deep*, or *Powers You Never Knew You Had and What to Do with Them Now You’ve Wised Up*.

“走，我們回大家庭間見面，”赫敏告訴哈利，當她起身跟羅恩走的時候，他們兩個看起來非常焦急。“你能帶多少書就帶多少書，好嗎？”“好，”哈利不安地說。八點鐘時，潘斯夫人熄滅了所有燈，讓哈利離開了圖書館。哈利撐住幾本書的重量，回到了格萊分多的大家庭間，把一張桌子放到角落，繼續搜尋。《瘋狂魔法的瘋狂巫師》裡沒有任何東西……《中世紀巫術指南》裡也沒有……《十八世紀魔術選集》中沒有關於水下展開的事情，或是《深海的可怕居民》或是《你從未意識到自己擁有的力量以及如何處理》。

Crookshanks crawled into Harry’s lap and curled up, purring deeply. The common room emptied slowly around Harry. People kept wishing him luck for the next morning in cheery, confident voices like Hagrid’s, all of them apparently convinced that he was about to pull off another stunning performance like the one he had managed in the first task. Harry couldn’t answer them, he just nodded, feeling as though there were a golf ball stuck in his throat. By ten to midnight, he was alone in the room with Crookshanks. He had searched all the remaining books, and Ron and Hermione had not come back.

It’s over, he told himself. You can’t do it. You’ll just have to go down to the lake in the morning and tell the judges. . . .

He imagined himself explaining that he couldn’t do the task. He pictured Bagman’s look of round-eyed surprise, Karkaroff’s satisfied, yellow-toothed smile. He could almost hear Fleur Delacour saying “*I knew it . . . he is too young, he is only a little boy.*” He saw Malfoy flashing his *POTTER STINKS* badge at the front of the crowd, saw Hagrid’s crestfallen, disbelieving face. . . .

克魯金斯爬進哈利膝上並蜷縮起來，深深地呼嚕著。所有人逐漸離開哈利的公共房間，一路向他祝福，像海格一樣充滿信心和喜慶，口氣都似乎認為他明天又會像第一場比賽一樣表現出色。哈利無法回答他們，他只會點頭，感覺喉嚨裡塞上了一個高爾夫球。到晚上十點差十分鐘時，他和克魯金斯獨自一人。他已經搜尋了所有剩下的書，羅恩和赫敏也沒有回來。“結束了。”他對自己說，“你辦不到。你只能明天去湖邊告訴裁判人員……”他想象自己解釋說他辦不到任務。他想象巴格曼驚訝的表情，卡卡洛夫滿意的露出黃牙的微笑。他幾乎能聽到芙蓉·德拉庫說“我就知道……他太年輕了，只是個小男孩。”他看到馬爾福在人群前方閃爍著他的“波特臭味”徽章，看到海格失望而不可思議的臉龐……

Forgetting that Crookshanks was on his lap, Harry stood up very suddenly; Crookshanks hissed angrily as he landed on the floor, gave Harry a disgusted look, and stalked away with his bottlebrush tail in the air, but Harry was already hurrying up the spiral staircase to his dormitory. . . . He would grab the Invisibility Cloak and go back to the library, he’d stay there all night if he had to. . . .

“*Lumos*,” Harry whispered fifteen minutes later as he opened the library door.

Wand-tip alight, he crept along the bookshelves, pulling down more books — books of hexes and charms, books on merpeople and water monsters, books on famous witches and wizards, on magical inventions, on anything at all that might include one passing reference to underwater survival. He carried them over to a table, then set to work, searching them by the narrow beam of his wand, occasionally checking his watch. . . .

哈利忘記克魯香克斯在他的膝蓋上，他非常突然地站起來，克魯香克斯對著他發出憤怒的嘶嘶聲，跳下地面，然後非常厭惡地

看著哈利，帶著他的瓶刷尾巴，氣呼呼地走開了。但哈利已經匆忙地沿著漩渦樓梯爬到了他的寢室……他會拿著隱形衣去回到圖書館，如果必要的話，他會在那裡待一整夜……15分鐘後，哈利打開圖書館的門，低聲喃喃地說：“Lumos。”他用魔杖點燃，蹑手蹑腳地走在書架上，拿下更多的書籍—有關於咒語和魔法咒語的書籍、有關於人魚和水怪的書籍、關於著名女巫和巫師的書籍、有關於魔法發明的書籍、甚至任何可能包含有關水下生存的一個議題的書籍，他把它們放在桌子上，然後開始工作，用狹窄的魔杖光線搜尋，偶爾查看手錶。

One in the morning . . . two in the morning . . . the only way he could keep going was to tell himself, over and over again, *next book . . . in the next one . . . the next one . . .*

The mermaid in the painting in the prefects' bathroom was laughing. Harry was bobbing like a cork in bubbly water next to her rock, while she held his Firebolt over his head.

“Come and get it!” she giggled maliciously. “Come on, jump!”

“I can't,” Harry panted, snatching at the Firebolt, and struggling not to sink. “Give it to me!”

But she just poked him painfully in the side with the end of the broomstick, laughing at him.

“That hurts — get off — ouch —”

“Harry Potter must wake up, sir!”

“Stop poking me —”

“Dobby must poke Harry Potter, sir, he must wake up!”

Harry opened his eyes. He was still in the library; the Invisibility Cloak had slipped off his head as he'd slept, and the side of his face was stuck to the pages of *Where There's a Wand, There's a Way*. He sat up, straightening his glasses, blinking in the bright daylight.

早上一點……早上兩點……唯一能讓他繼續前進的方式就是一遍又一遍地告訴自己，下一本書……下一本書……下一本書……學監浴室裡畫著的美人魚在笑。哈利漂浮在她的岩石旁，像個塞滿氣泡的軟木塞，而她把他的火箭飛天掃把舉在頭上。「來拿啊！」她邪惡地咯咯笑著。「跳啊！」「我跳不起來。」哈利氣喘吁吁地說著，企圖不讓自己沉下去，同時伸手去抓火箭飛天掃把。「還給我！」但她卻用掃把的一端痛苦地戳了他一下，對他笑個不停。「那好痛啊——放開我——啊——」「哈利波特先生必須起來了！」「別戳我——」「多比必須戳哈利波特先生，他必須起來！」哈利睜開了眼睛。他還在圖書館裡，隱形斗篷在他睡著時滑落了下來，他的臉貼在《有意者得法杖》的頁面上。他坐起身來，整理了一下眼鏡，在明亮的陽光下眨眨眼睛。

“Harry Potter needs to hurry!” squeaked Dobby. “The second task starts in ten minutes, and Harry Potter —”

“Ten minutes?” Harry croaked. “Ten — *ten minutes* ?”

He looked down at his watch. Dobby was right. It was twenty past nine. A large, dead weight seemed to fall through Harry's chest into his stomach.

“Hurry, Harry Potter!” squeaked Dobby, plucking at Harry's sleeve. “You is supposed to be down by the lake with the other champions, sir!”

“It's too late, Dobby,” Harry said hopelessly. “I'm not doing the task, I don't know how —”

“Harry Potter *will* do the task!” squeaked the elf. “Dobby knew Harry had not found the right book, so Dobby did it for him!”

“What?” said Harry. “But *you* don't know what the second task is —”

“Dobby knows, sir! Harry Potter has to go into the lake and find his Wheezy —”

哈利波特需要趕緊了！Dobby尖叫道：“第二場比賽十分鐘後開始，哈利波特——”“十分鐘？”哈利嘶聲道。“十——十分鐘？”他看著手錶。Dobby說得對。現在是九點二十分。一種沉重的感覺穿過哈利的胸口墜入腹中。“快點，哈利波特！”Dobby尖叫著，撮動哈利的袖子。“您應該和其他冠軍在湖邊！”“太晚了，Dobby，”哈利無望地說。“我不做任務，我不知道該怎麼做——”“哈利波特將會完成任務！”小精靈尖叫道。“Dobby知道哈利找不到正確的書，所以Dobby幫他找到了！”“什麼？”哈利說。“但是你不知道第二個任務是什麼——”“Dobby知道，先生！哈利波特必須進入湖中並找到他的Wheezy——”

“Find my what?”

“— and take his Wheezy back from the merpeople!”

“What's a Wheezy?”

“Your Wheezy, sir, your Wheezy — Wheezy who is giving Dobby his sweater!”

Dobby plucked at the shrunken maroon sweater he was now wearing over his shorts.

“What?” Harry gasped. “They’ve got . . . they’ve got Ron?”

“The thing Harry Potter will miss most, sir!” squeaked Dobby. “*But past an hour—*”

“—*the prospect’s black,*” Harry recited, staring, horror-struck, at the elf. “*Too late, it’s gone, it won’t come back.*” Dobby—what’ve I got to do?”

“You has to eat this, sir!” squeaked the elf, and he put his hand in the pocket of his shorts and drew out a ball of what looked like slimy, grayish-green rat tails. “Right before you go into the lake, sir—gillyweed!”

“What’s it do?” said Harry, staring at the gillyweed.

“找我的什麼？”“收回他的呼吸急促從人魚身邊帶回的東西！”“呼吸急促是甚麼？”“你的呼吸急促先生，你的呼吸急促，就是給Dobby的毛衣的呼吸急促！”Dobby扯了扯他現在穿在短褲上面的縮小的栗色毛衣。“什麼？”哈利噴氣（驚訝）。“他們有...他們有倫嗎？”“這是哈利波特先生最會想念的東西，先生！”Dobby尖叫著說。“但過了一個小時——”“——前景灰暗。”哈利朗讀著，驚恐地注視著這個小精靈。“太晚了，它已經消失了，不會回來了。Dobby——我該怎麼辦？”“您必須吃這個，先生！”小精靈尖叫著，將手伸進短褲的口袋裡，取出了一團像是又滑又灰綠色的老鼠尾巴般的軟泥。“就在您進湖之前，先生——水草！”“它是做什麼的？”哈利盯著水草問道。

“It will make Harry Potter breathe underwater, sir!”

“Dobby,” said Harry frantically, “listen— are you sure about this?”

He couldn’t quite forget that the last time Dobby had tried to “help” him, he had ended up with no bones in his right arm.

“Dobby is quite sure, sir!” said the elf earnestly. “Dobby hears things, sir, he is a house-elf, he goes all over the castle as he lights the fires and mops the floors. Dobby heard Professor McGonagall and Professor Moody in the staffroom, talking about the next task. . . . Dobby cannot let Harry Potter lose his Wheezy!”

Harry’s doubts vanished. Jumping to his feet he pulled off the Invisibility Cloak, stuffed it into his bag, grabbed the gillyweed, and put it into his pocket, then tore out of the library with Dobby at his heels.

“這可以讓哈利波特在水下呼吸，先生！”“Dobby，”哈利拼命說，“聽我說——你確定嗎？”他仍然沒辦法忘掉上次Dobby試圖“幫助”他時的情景，他的右臂沒有骨頭。“Dobby非常肯定，先生！”精靈誠懇地說道。“Dobby聽到一些事情，先生，他是家內的精靈，他點燃火爐，擦地板，到城堡的各處走動。Dobby在教職員室聽到麥格和穆迪教授講下一個任務.....Dobby不能讓哈利波特失去他的優劣勢！”哈利的懷疑消失了。他跳起來，脫掉隱形斗篷，把它塞進包裡，拿起藻草，放進口袋裡，然後帶著Dobby跑出圖書館。

“Dobby is supposed to be in the kitchens, sir!” Dobby squealed as they burst into the corridor. “Dobby will be missed—good luck, Harry Potter, sir, good luck!”

“See you later, Dobby!” Harry shouted, and he sprinted along the corridor and down the stairs, three at a time.

The entrance hall contained a few last-minute stragglers, all leaving the Great Hall after breakfast and heading through the double oak doors to watch the second task. They stared as Harry flashed past, sending Colin and Dennis Creevey flying as he leapt down the stone steps and out onto the bright, chilly grounds.

As he pounded down the lawn he saw that the seats that had encircled the dragons’ enclosure in November were now ranged along the opposite bank, rising in stands that were packed to the bursting point and reflected in the lake below. The excited babble of the crowd echoed strangely across the water as Harry ran flat-out around the other side of the lake toward the judges, who were sitting at another gold-draped table at the water’s edge. Cedric, Fleur, and Krum were beside the judges’ table, watching Harry sprint toward them.

“Dobby應該在廚房裡，先生！”當他們沖進走廊時，Dobby尖叫著。“如果不在的話，他會不見的——祝你好運，哈利波特，先生，祝你好運！”“再見，Dobby！”哈利大喊，他沿著走廊飛奔，三步一跨地下了樓梯。入口處有幾個最後落後的人，在早餐後離開大廳，穿過雙重橡木門觀看第二個任務。當哈利飛速通過時，他們盯著他，他一踩石階，飛身衝出明亮而寒冷的操場。當他沿著草坪狂奔時，他看到十一月份圍繞著龍的圈子現在排在對岸，成排的看台擠滿了人群，並在下方的湖面上反射。觀眾們興奮的喧囂聲在水面上奇怪地回響著，哈利沿著湖的另一邊全速奔跑，朝著裁判們的金色布帷桌飛奔而去。塞德里克，弗勒和克魯姆站在裁判桌旁，看著哈利向他們狂奔。

“I’m . . . here . . .” Harry panted, skidding to a halt in the mud and accidentally splattering Fleur’s robes.

“Where have you been?” said a bossy, disapproving voice. “The task’s about to start!”

Harry looked around. Percy Weasley was sitting at the judges’ table — Mr. Crouch had failed to turn up again.

“Now, now, Percy!” said Ludo Bagman, who was looking intensely relieved to see Harry. “Let him catch his breath!”

Dumbledore smiled at Harry, but Karkaroff and Madame Maxime didn’t look at all pleased to see him . . . It was obvious from the looks on their faces that they had thought he wasn’t going to turn up.

Harry bent over, hands on his knees, gasping for breath; he had a stitch in his side that felt as though he had a knife between his ribs, but there was no time to get rid of it; Ludo Bagman was now moving among the champions, spacing them along the bank at intervals of ten feet. Harry was on the very end of the line, next to Krum, who was wearing swimming trunks and was holding his wand ready.

「我在這裡...」哈利氣喘吁吁地說，在泥潭中滑倒，不小心弄髒了芙蕾爾的袍子。「你去哪了？」一個專橫、不滿的聲音問道。「任務即將開始！」哈利四處張望，看見珀西·韋斯萊坐在評委席上——柯羅奇先生再次沒有出現。「別急，珀西！」魯多·巴特曼說，看到哈利感到極度寬慰。「讓他喘口氣！」鄧布利多對哈利微笑，但卡卡羅夫和瑪德姆·馬克西姆看起來一點也不高興見到他。。。從他們臉上的表情可以看出，他們認為他不會出現。哈利彎下腰，雙手扶著膝蓋，喘著氣；他的肋間劇痛感覺就像他的肋骨中間插著一把刀，但沒有時間解決；魯多·巴特曼現在正在移動那些選手，把他們分成十英尺的間距排在河岸上。哈利在最後一排，旁邊是克魯姆，他穿著泳褲，準備好了魔杖。

“All right, Harry?” Bagman whispered as he moved Harry a few feet farther away from Krum “Know what you’re going to do?”

“Yeah,” Harry panted, massaging his ribs.

Bagman gave Harry’s shoulder a quick squeeze and returned to the judges’ table; he pointed his wand at his throat as he had done at the World Cup, said, “*Sonorus!*” and his voice boomed out across the dark water toward the stands.

“Well, all our champions are ready for the second task, which will start on my whistle. They have precisely an hour to recover what has been taken from them. On the count of three, then. One . . . two . . . *three!*”

The whistle echoed shrilly in the cold, still air; the stands erupted with cheers and applause; without looking to see what the other champions were doing, Harry pulled off his shoes and socks, pulled the handful of gillyweed out of his pocket, stuffed it into his mouth, and waded out into the lake.

“你好，哈利？”巴格曼小声地问道，他将哈利移到了库鲁姆几英尺远的地方，“你知道你要干什么吗？”“知道，”哈利气喘吁吁地说着，揉着肋骨。巴格曼轻拍了哈利的肩膀，回到了评委席上；他用魔杖指着喉咙，就像在世界杯比赛上一样喊道：“*Sonorus!*”他的声音在黑暗的湖面上回响，传到了看台上。“好了，所有的选手都已准备好迎接第二关任务了，在我的哨声下开始。他们只有一小时时间来找回被夺走的东西。那么开始倒数了。一……二……三！”哨声在寒冷、静止的空气中回荡，看台上爆发出欢呼和掌声。哈利没有看其他选手在干什么，他脱掉鞋袜，从口袋里掏出一把菜冬葵，塞进嘴里，然后走进了湖里。

It was so cold he felt the skin on his legs searing as though this were fire, not icy water. His sodden robes weighed him down as he walked in deeper; now the water was over his knees, and his rapidly numbing feet were slipping over silt and flat, slimy stones. He was chewing the gillyweed as hard and fast as he could; it felt unpleasantly slimy and rubbery, like octopus tentacles. Waist-deep in the freezing water he stopped, swallowed, and waited for something to happen.

He could hear laughter in the crowd and knew he must look stupid, walking into the lake without showing any sign of magical power. The part of him that was still dry was covered in goose pimples; half immersed in the icy water, a cruel breeze lifting his hair, Harry started to shiver violently. He avoided looking at the stands; the laughter was becoming louder, and there were catcalls and jeering from the Slytherins. . . .

冷得讓他感覺到腿上的皮膚就像是火一樣發灼，而不只是冰水。濕透的長袍讓他走得更緩慢沉重。現在深入水中，水已經漫過了他的膝蓋，而他逐漸麻木的雙腳滑過淤泥和平滑的又滑又膩的石頭。他就像是壓垮一樣狂嚼著菜葉草，感覺非常不舒服，它像章魚觸手一樣又膩又彈牙。立足於冰冷的水中，深至腰部，他停下來，吞下菜葉草，等待著發生什麼事情。他能聽到人群中的嘲笑聲，並知道他必須看起來很愚蠢，走進湖中卻沒有表現出任何魔法能力。他身上那還沒有沾濕的部分被雞皮疙瘩覆蓋著。在冰水中半身浸泡，一股殘酷的寒風吹拂著他的頭髮，哈利開始猛烈地顫抖。他避免看向觀眾席；嘲笑聲越來越大聲，那些史萊哲林的人發出貓叫和嘲諷聲...

Then, quite suddenly, Harry felt as though an invisible pillow had been pressed over his mouth and nose. He tried to draw breath, but it made his head spin; his lungs were empty, and he suddenly felt a piercing pain on either side of his neck —

Harry clapped his hands around his throat and felt two large slits just below his ears, flapping in the cold air. . . . *He had gills.* Without pausing to think, he did the only thing that made sense — he flung himself forward into the water.

The first gulp of icy lake water felt like the breath of life. His head had stopped spinning; he took another great gulp of water and felt it pass smoothly through his gills, sending oxygen back to his brain. He stretched out his hands in front of him and stared at them. They looked green and ghostly under the water, and they had become webbed. He twisted around and looked at his bare feet — they had become elongated and the toes were webbed too: It looked as though he had sprouted flippers.

突然間，哈利感覺像是有一個看不見的枕頭壓在他的嘴和鼻子上。他試著吸氣，但讓他的頭暈；他的肺被掏空，他突然感到兩側的脖子上又一陣刺痛——哈利抱住喉嚨，感覺到他的耳朵下方有兩個大裂縫在冷空氣中飄動..... 他有鰓了。不犹豫地，他做了唯一有意義的事情——他向前扑入水中。第一口冰湖水感覺像是重獲新生。他的頭停止了旋轉；他又吸了一口水，感覺到它平穩地通過鰓，將氧氣送回他的大腦。他伸出手在面前看著它們。在水下，它們看起來是綠色的幽靈，手指也長出了蹼。他扭過身看著他赤裸的腳——它們變得極長，腳趾也長出了蹼：看起來像是他長出了鰭片。

The water didn’t feel icy anymore either . . . on the contrary, he felt pleasantly cool and very light. . . . Harry struck out once more, marveling at how far and fast his flipper-like feet propelled him through the water, and noticing how clearly he could see, and how he no longer seemed to need to blink. He had soon swum so far into the lake that he could no longer see the bottom. He flipped over and dived into its depths.

Silence pressed upon his ears as he soared over a strange, dark, foggy landscape. He could only see ten feet around him, so that as he sped through the water new scenes seemed to loom suddenly out of the oncoming darkness: forests of rippling, tangled black weed, wide plains of mud littered with dull, glimmering stones. He swam deeper and deeper, out toward the middle of the lake, his eyes wide, staring through the eerily gray-lit water around him to the shadows beyond, where the water became opaque.

水不再感覺冰冷……反而，他感到愉快地涼爽和非常輕盈……哈利再次揮動腳鰭游向前方，惊叹于腳鰭能帶他穿越水下的距離和速度，不再需要眨眼就能清晰地看到周遭的景象……他游得越來越遠，湖底的景色也隨之變化……他翻滾着，讓自己沉入深處，耳朵中充滿沉默……在神秘而朦胧的黑暗景色中，他只能看到十英尺遠的景象……似乎隨著他飛快游動，那些景象就從遠處徐徐浮現……如同一片片草木繁盛的黑色水草海洋，廣闊的泥沼散落着暗淡的、發光的石头……他越游越深，直到到达湖的中心，眼睛瞪得大大的，透過身邊奇異的灰光觀察着四周……在那些漂浮的陰影和不透明的水底世界深處，呈現出一幅風景畫卷。

Small fish flickered past him like silver darts. Once or twice he thought he saw something larger moving ahead of him, but when he got nearer, he discovered it to be nothing but a large, blackened log, or a dense clump of weed. There was no sign of any of the other champions, merpeople, Ron — nor, thankfully, the giant squid.

Light green weed stretched ahead of him as far as he could see, two feet deep, like a meadow of very overgrown grass. Harry was staring unblinkingly ahead of him, trying to discern shapes through the gloom . . . and then, without warning, something grabbed hold of his ankle.

Harry twisted his body around and saw a grindylow, a small, horned water demon, poking out of the weed, its long fingers clutched tightly around Harry's leg, its pointed fangs bared — Harry stuck his webbed hand quickly inside his robes and fumbled for his wand. By the time he had grasped it, two more grindylows had risen out of the weed, had seized handfuls of Harry's robes, and were attempting to drag him down.

小魚像銀箭一樣閃過他。他曾經以為看見什麼更大的東西在他前面移動，但當他靠近時，才發現它不過是一塊被燒黑的大木頭或一簇繁密的水草。除了一些水人、朗和幸好沒有巨型烏賊，其他冠軍選手的蹤跡全無。淺綠色的水草向前伸展，直到他的視野極限，有兩英尺之深，像一片過度生長的草地。哈利盯著他的前方，試圖透過昏暗的光線辨識出形狀……突然，一個東西無預警地抓住了他的腳踝。哈利扭動身體，看到了一隻磨牙小魔鬼——一隻小小的、有角的水中惡魔，伸出水草，其長指頭緊緊地抓住哈利的腿，尖牙露出——哈利迅速將蹼狀的手伸進袍子裡，摸索著他的魔杖。當他抓住它時，又有兩只磨牙小魔鬼從水草中升起，抓住哈利的袍子，企圖將他拉下去。

“*Relashio!*” Harry shouted, except that no sound came out. . . . A large bubble issued from his mouth, and his wand, instead of sending sparks at the grindylows, pelted them with what seemed to be a jet of boiling water, for where it struck them, angry red patches appeared on their green skin. Harry pulled his ankle out of the grindylow's grip and swam, as fast as he could, occasionally sending more jets of hot water over his shoulder at random; every now and then he felt one of the grindylows snatch at his foot again, and he kicked out, hard; finally, he felt his foot connect with a horned skull, and looking back, saw the dazed grindylow floating away, cross-eyed, while its fellows shook their fists at Harry and sank back into the weed.

Harry slowed down a little, slipped his wand back inside his robes, and looked around, listening again. He turned full circle in the water, the silence pressing harder than ever against his eardrums. He knew he must be even deeper in the lake now, but nothing was moving but the rippling weed.

“繩身咒！”哈利喊道，但沒有任何聲音。一個大泡泡從他的嘴裡冒出來，他的魔杖不是向綠黏魚噴灑火花，而是用一股似乎是開水的噴射物襲擊它們，每當它擊中綠黏魚的綠色皮膚時，會出現怒紅色的斑點。哈利從綠黏魚的掌控中拉開他的腳，盡可能地快速游泳，不時地隨意向後噴出更多熱水柱；每隔一段時間他感覺到有一隻綠黏魚再次抓住他的腳，他用力踢了出去；最後，他感覺到他的腳撞上了一個有角的頭骨，回頭看時，看到目瞪口呆的綠黏魚漂浮著，它的同伴揮著拳頭向哈利示意，然後消失在了水草中。哈利放慢了速度，把魔杖塞回長袍裡，再次四周旋轉，沉默對他的耳膜壓力更大了。他知道自己現在一定比以前更深入湖中了，但除了波動的水草外，什麼都沒有動。

“How are you getting on?”

Harry thought he was having a heart attack. He whipped around and saw Moaning Myrtle floating hazily in front of him, gazing at him through her thick, pearly glasses.

“Myrtle!” Harry tried to shout — but once again, nothing came out of his mouth but a very large bubble. Moaning Myrtle actually giggled.

“You want to try over there!” she said, pointing. “I won't come with you . . . I don't like them much, they always chase me when I get too close. . . .”

Harry gave her the thumbs-up to show his thanks and set off once more, careful to swim a bit higher over the weed to avoid any more grindylows that might be lurking there.

He swam on for what felt like at least twenty minutes. He was passing over vast expanses of black mud now, which swirled murkily as he disturbed the water. Then, at long last, he heard a snatch of haunting mersong.

你怎麼樣啊？哈利以為他心臟病發了。他轉身看見慘叫鬼沙沙流浪在他面前，透過她厚厚的珍珠眼鏡凝視著他。“鬼沙沙！”哈利試圖喊叫——但他的嘴巴再次沒有出聲，只有一個非常大的泡泡。慘叫鬼竟然咯咯笑了起來。“你要試試那裡！”她指著一邊說。“我不會跟你一起去的……我不太喜歡他們，每當我靠得太近時他們總是追我……”哈利向她豎起了大拇指表示感謝，再度踏上旅程，小心游過莎草，以避免任何潛藏在草中的更多的穴居人。他前進了至少二十分鐘的感覺。現在他正在通過一大片黑色的泥濘，他所攬擾的水在其中混濁地旋繞。然後，終於，在漫長的等待後，他聽到了一小段令人難忘的美人魚之

歌。

“An hour long you’ll have to look, And to recover what we took . . .”

Harry swam faster and soon saw a large rock emerge out of the muddy water ahead. It had paintings of merpeople on it; they were carrying spears and chasing what looked like the giant squid. Harry swam on past the rock, following the mersong.

“. . . your time’s half gone, so tarry not Lest what you seek stays here to rot. . . .”

A cluster of crude stone dwellings stained with algae loomed suddenly out of the gloom on all sides. Here and there at the dark windows, Harry saw faces . . . faces that bore no resemblance at all to the painting of the mermaid in the prefects’ bathroom . . .

The merpeople had grayish skin and long, wild, dark green hair. Their eyes were yellow, as were their broken teeth, and they wore thick ropes of pebbles around their necks. They leered at Harry as he swam past; one or two of them emerged from their caves to watch him better, their powerful, silver fish tails beating the water, spears clutched in their hands.

「你必須游一小時，才能找回我們所取走的...」哈利游得更快，很快就看到一塊巨石從泥濘的水中浮現出來。上面繪有人魚的畫像，他們手拿長矛，追趕著看起來像是巨型烏賊。哈利繼續游過巨石，跟隨著人魚的歌聲。「你的時間已經過半，不要耽擱，否則你所尋找的會在這裡腐爛...」一群住處用海藻染色，粗陋的石屋突然從陰暗中出現在四周。哈利透過暗窗看到了一些面孔...這些面孔與守衛浴室中人魚的繪畫完全不同... 人魚皮膚灰色，長而野性的深綠色頭髮。他們的眼睛是黃色的，像是斷牙一樣，脖子上掛著厚實的卵石繩。他們看著哈利，咧嘴一笑，有幾個還從洞穴中走出，用手中緊握的長矛更好地觀看哈利，他們強而有力的銀色魚尾在水中拍打著。

Harry sped on, staring around, and soon the dwellings became more numerous; there were gardens of weed around some of them, and he even saw a pet grindylow tied to a stake outside one door. Merpeople were emerging on all sides now, watching him eagerly, pointing at his webbed hands and gills, talking behind their hands to one another. Harry sped around a corner and a very strange sight met his eyes.

A whole crowd of merpeople was floating in front of the houses that lined what looked like a mer-version of a village square. A choir of merpeople was singing in the middle, calling the champions toward them, and behind them rose a crude sort of statue; a gigantic merperson hewn from a boulder. Four people were bound tightly to the tail of the stone merperson.

Ron was tied between Hermione and Cho Chang. There was also a girl who looked no older than eight, whose clouds of silvery hair made Harry feel sure that she was Fleur Delacour’s sister. All four of them appeared to be in a very deep sleep. Their heads were lolling onto their shoulders, and fine streams of bubbles kept issuing from their mouths.

哈利加快速度，四處張望，不久後，屋子變得更加密集。有些房子周圍有雜草園，他甚至看到一隻寵物綁在一扇門外的柵欄上，那是一隻小短腳水怪。此刻，人魚們從四面八方湧現出來，渴望地觀察他，指著他的蹼手和鰓，用手指對著對方輕聲說話。哈利轉過一個彎，看到了一幅極其奇怪的景象。一大群人魚漂浮在眼前，他們圍繞在一些看起來像水族鎮廣場的房子前。中間一個人魚合唱團在唱歌，召喚著那些冠軍，而他們身後則矗立著一個粗糙的雕像，一個從大岩石上雕刻而成的巨大人魚。四個人被緊緊綁在那個石製人魚的尾巴上。羅恩被綁在赫敏和張秋的中間，還有一個看起來不到八歲的女孩，她的銀色頭髮像雲一樣，讓哈利相信她就是芙蓉·德拉庫的妹妹。他們四個人都處於極度熟睡的狀態，頭部低垂在肩膀上，細小的氣泡從他們的嘴裡冒出。

Harry sped toward the hostages, half expecting the merpeople to lower their spears and charge at him, but they did nothing. The ropes of weed tying the hostages to the statue were thick, slimy, and very strong. For a fleeting second he thought of the knife Sirius had bought him for Christmas — locked in his trunk in the castle a quarter of a mile away, no use to him whatsoever.

He looked around. Many of the merpeople surrounding them were carrying spears. He swam swiftly toward a seven-foot-tall merman with a long green beard and a choker of shark fangs and tried to mime a request to borrow the spear. The merman laughed and shook his head.

“We do not help,” he said in a harsh, croaky voice.

“Come ON!” Harry said fiercely (but only bubbles issued from his mouth), and he tried to pull the spear away from the merman, but the merman yanked it back, still shaking his head and laughing.

哈利快速游向人質，他半期望魚人會放下長矛向他衝來，但他們什麼都沒做。捆綁人質到雕像上的海草繩子又粗又滑又堅固。短暫的一瞬間他想起天狼星為他買的那把刀——現在鎖在他離這裡四分之一英里的城堡內，對他完全沒有用處。他環顧四周，很多圍繞著他們的魚人手裡都拿着長矛。他迅速游向一個七英尺高，有長長綠色胡須，戴着鯊魚牙飾的魚人，試圖打手勢向他借長矛。魚人笑了，搖搖頭。“我們不會幫忙，”他用粗糙嘶啞的聲音說。“拜託了！”哈利發出怒吼（但他的嘴裡只冒出了泡泡），試圖從魚人手中奪下長矛，但魚人奪回了長矛，仍然搖頭笑着。

Harry swirled around, staring about. Something sharp . . . anything . . .

There were rocks littering the lake bottom. He dived and snatched up a particularly jagged one and returned to the statue. He began to hack at the ropes binding Ron, and after several minutes’ hard work, they broke apart. Ron floated, unconscious, a few inches above the lake bottom, drifting a little in the ebb of the water.

Harry looked around. There was no sign of any of the other champions. What were they playing at? Why didn’t they hurry up? He turned back to Hermione, raised the jagged rock, and began to hack at her bindings too —

At once, several pairs of strong gray hands seized him. Half a dozen mermen were pulling him away from Hermione, shaking their green-haired heads, and laughing.

哈利轉身四處盯著。任何銳利的東西…都行。湖底散落著許多石頭。他潛下去，抓起一塊特別鋸齒狀的石頭，然後返回到雕像邊。他開始砍斷綁住羅恩的繩子，經過幾分鐘的努力後，它們最終斷開。羅恩昏迷著，漂浮在湖底幾英寸的地方，在水流中漂浮著。哈利四處看了看，沒有其他競爭者的蹤影。他們在幹什麼？為什麼不趕緊？他轉身來看赫敏，舉起鋸齒狀的石頭，然後開始砍斷她的綁繩——當下，幾對強健的灰色手抓住了他。半打人魚拉著他，將他從赫敏身旁拉開，搖著綠色的頭笑著。

“You take your own hostage,” one of them said to him. “Leave the others . . .”

“No way!” said Harry furiously — but only two large bubbles came out.

“Your task is to retrieve your own friend . . . leave the others . . .”

“*She’s my friend too!*” Harry yelled, gesturing toward Hermione, an enormous silver bubble emerging soundlessly from his lips. “And I don’t want *them* to die either!”

Cho’s head was on Hermione’s shoulder; the small silver-haired girl was ghostly green and pale. Harry struggled to fight off the mermen, but they laughed harder than ever, holding him back. Harry looked wildly around. Where were the other champions? Would he have time to take Ron to the surface and come back down for Hermione and the others? Would he be able to find them again? He looked down at his watch to see how much time was left — it had stopped working.

「你得自己做人質，」他們中的一個對他說。「離開其他人……」「絕不可能！」哈利氣憤地說 - 只冒出兩個大氣泡。「你的任務是拯救你的朋友……離開其他人……」「她也是我的朋友！」哈利尖叫，向赫敏劃了個手勢，一個巨大的銀色氣泡無聲地從他的嘴唇中冒出。「我也不想讓他們死！」秋茜的頭靠在赫敏的肩膀上；那個小銀髮女孩面色蒼白。哈利努力抵抗人魚，但他們笑得更厲害，把他拉了回去。哈利狂野地四處看。其他冠軍在哪裡？他有時間把羅恩帶到水面上，再下來接赫敏和其他人嗎？他還能找到他們嗎？他看了看手錶，想知道還剩多少時間 - 手錶停止運作了。

But then the merpeople around him started pointing excitedly over his head. Harry looked up and saw Cedric swimming toward them. There was an enormous bubble around his head, which made his features look oddly wide and stretched.

“Got lost!” he mouthed, looking panic-stricken. “Fleur and Krum’re coming now!”

Feeling enormously relieved, Harry watched Cedric pull a knife out of his pocket and cut Cho free. He pulled her upward and out of sight.

Harry looked around, waiting. Where were Fleur and Krum? Time was getting short, and according to the song, the hostages would be lost after an hour. . . .

The merpeople started screeching animatedly. Those holding Harry loosened their grip, staring behind them. Harry turned and saw something monstrous cutting through the water toward them: a human body in swimming trunks with the head of a shark. . . . It was Krum. He appeared to have transfigured himself — but badly.

但接著他周圍的人魚開始興奮地指著他的頭。哈利抬頭一看，看到了塞德里克向他們游來。他的頭周圍有一個巨大的泡泡，使他的面容顯得奇怪地寬大和拉長。他手劃了一個圈，看起來有些慌張。“迷路了！”他嘴巴動著說。“弗勒和克魯姆現在也要來了！”哈利非常欣慰地看著塞德里克從口袋裡拿出刀子，把崔采從綁繩中解救出來。他把她往上拉，不見了。哈利四處張望，等待著。弗勒和克魯姆在哪裡？時間越來越短了，而根據歌曲，人質在一個小時後就會失蹤。. . . 水族人開始尖叫起來。那些抓著哈利的人鬆開了手，轉身朝後看。哈利轉身一看，看到一個巨大的東西正穿過水朝他們游來：一個穿著泳裝、頭部卻長得像鯊魚的人體。那是克魯姆。他似乎把自己變成了魔物——但是變得很糟糕。

The shark-man swam straight to Hermione and began snapping and biting at her ropes; the trouble was that Krum’s new teeth were positioned very awkwardly for biting anything smaller than a dolphin, and Harry was quite sure that if Krum wasn’t careful, he was going to rip Hermione in half. Darting forward, Harry hit Krum hard on the shoulder and held up the jagged stone. Krum seized it and began to cut Hermione free. Within seconds, he had done it; he grabbed Hermione around the waist, and without a backward glance, began to rise rapidly with her toward the surface.

Now what? Harry thought desperately. If he could be sure that Fleur was coming . . . But still no sign. There was nothing to be done except . . .

He snatched up the stone, which Krum had dropped, but the mermen now closed in around Ron and the little girl, shaking their heads at him. Harry pulled out his wand.

鯊魚人直接游到了妙麗身邊，開始咬斷她的繩索。問題在於，克拉姆的新牙齒位於咬小於海豚的任何東西時非常尷尬的位置，哈利相當確定如果克拉姆不小心，他就會把妙麗撕裂成兩半。哈利迅速朝前一沖，重重地撞向克拉姆的肩膀，然後拿起凹凸不平的石頭。克拉姆抓住石頭開始解開妙麗的綁繩。不到幾秒鐘，他就解開了，抓起妙麗的腰，沒有回頭地開始快速往水面上升去。現在該怎麼辦？哈利緊急思考。如果他能確定芙蕾爾會來就好了……但仍然沒有任何跡象。除了……他抓起克拉姆掉下來的石頭，但人魚現在正包圍著朗和小女孩，搖頭示意他。哈利掏出魔杖。

“Get out of the way!”

Only bubbles flew out of his mouth, but he had the distinct impression that the mermen had understood him, because they suddenly stopped

laughing. Their yellowish eyes were fixed upon Harry's wand, and they looked scared. There might be a lot more of them than there were of him, but Harry could tell, by the looks on their faces, that they knew no more magic than the giant squid did.

"You've got until three!" Harry shouted; a great stream of bubbles burst from him, but he held up three fingers to make sure they got the message. "One . . ." (he put down a finger) "two . . ." (he put down a second one) —

They scattered. Harry darted forward and began to hack at the ropes binding the small girl to the statue, and at last she was free. He seized the little girl around the waist, grabbed the neck of Ron's robes, and kicked off from the bottom.

“快讓路！”他的嘴裡只冒出泡泡，但他清楚地感覺到人魚們已經懂他的意思了，因為他們突然停止了笑聲。他們黃色的眼睛盯著哈利的魔杖，看起來很害怕。他們可能比他人數多很多，但哈利可以從他們的表情中看出，他們和那個巨魚一樣，一樣一竅不通。“我數到三！”哈利大喊一聲，一大串泡泡從口中噴出，但他舉起了三隻手指，以確保他們都理解了。“一，二……”（他放下一個手指）“二……”（他放下第二個手指）——他們四散開來。哈利向前衝去，開始砍斷小女孩綁在雕像上的繩索，最後她終於自由了。他抱住小女孩的腰，抓住羅恩袍子的領口，從底部蹬開。

It was very slow work. He could no longer use his webbed hands to propel himself forward; he worked his flippers furiously, but Ron and Fleur's sister were like potato-filled sacks dragging him back down. . . . He fixed his eyes skyward, though he knew he must still be very deep, the water above him was so dark. . . .

Merpeople were rising with him. He could see them swirling around him with ease, watching him struggle through the water. . . . Would they pull him back down to the depths when the time was up? Did they perhaps eat humans? Harry's legs were seizing up with the effort to keep swimming; his shoulders were aching horribly with the effort of dragging Ron and the girl. . . .

He was drawing breath with extreme difficulty. He could feel pain on the sides of his neck again. . . . he was becoming very aware of how wet the water was in his mouth. . . . yet the darkness was definitely thinning now. . . . he could see daylight above him. . . .

工作非常緩慢。他不能再用蹼手推進自己；他瘋狂地拍打著鰭片，但朗和佛樂的姐妹就像裝滿馬鈴薯的袋子，拉住他。他盯著天空看，雖然他知道他必須還很深，上面的水是那麼黑暗。人魚正在和他一起升起。他可以看到他們輕鬆地在他周圍旋轉，看著他費力地在水中掙扎。時間到了他們會把他拉回深處嗎？他們會不會吃人？哈利的腿因為保持游泳而抽筋，他的肩膀因為拖著朗和那個女孩而非常疼痛。他非常困難地呼吸。他又感到脖子的側面疼痛……他非常清楚他口中的水有多濕……然而黑暗現在明顯變薄了……他可以看到上方的日光。

He kicked hard with his flippers and discovered that they were nothing more than feet. . . . water was flooding through his mouth into his lungs. . . . he was starting to feel dizzy, but he knew light and air were only ten feet above him. . . . he had to get there. . . . he had to. . . .

Harry kicked his legs so hard and fast it felt as though his muscles were screaming in protest; his very brain felt waterlogged, he couldn't breathe, he needed oxygen, he had to keep going, he could not stop —

And then he felt his head break the surface of the lake; wonderful, cold, clear air was making his wet face sting; he gulped it down, feeling as though he had never breathed properly before, and, panting, pulled Ron and the little girl up with him. All around him, wild, green-haired heads were emerging out of the water with him, but they were smiling at him.

他用他的蛙鞋努力踢着，发现它们不过是双脚而已……水灌进了他的嘴巴和肺里……他开始感到头晕，但他知道光线和空气只有十英尺高……他必须到那里去……他必须……。哈利用力快速地踢腿，感觉他的肌肉在尖叫抗议；他的头脑感觉被水浸湿，他无法呼吸，他需要氧气，他必须继续前进，不能停下——然后他感到头部破水面而出；美妙清爽、清晰的空气让他的湿脸刺痛；他大口地呼吸着，感觉好像以前从未呼吸过那样，喘着气，拉着罗恩和小女孩一起上来。在他周围，野生的、翠绿色的头顶随着他一起冒出水面，但他们都对他微笑着。

The crowd in the stands was making a great deal of noise; shouting and screaming, they all seemed to be on their feet; Harry had the impression they thought that Ron and the little girl might be dead, but they were wrong. . . . both of them had opened their eyes; the girl looked scared and confused, but Ron merely expelled a great spout of water, blinked in the bright light, turned to Harry, and said, "Wet, this, isn't it?" Then he spotted Fleur's sister. "What did you bring her for?"

"Fleur didn't turn up, I couldn't leave her," Harry panted.

"Harry, you prat," said Ron, "you didn't take that song thing seriously, did you? Dumbledore wouldn't have let any of us drown!"

"The song said —"

"It was only to make sure you got back inside the time limit!" said Ron. "I hope you didn't waste time down there acting the hero!"

看台上的人群喧囂不已，喊叫声和尖叫声充斥着，他们似乎都站了起来；哈利的印象是他们认为罗恩和那个小女孩可能死了，但是他们错了……两个人都睁开了眼睛；女孩看起来害怕和困惑，而罗恩只是呕出了一大口的水，在明亮的光线下眨着眼睛转向哈利，说：“湿了，这是真的吗？”然后他发现了弗勒的妹妹。“你为什么带她来？”“弗勒没有出现，我不能把她留下，”哈利喘着气说。“哈利，你这个蠢货，”罗恩说，“你没有认真对待那首歌吧？邓布利多不会让我们任何人都淹死的！”“那首歌说——”“那只是为了确保你在规定时间内回到里面！”罗恩说。“我希望你在那里没有浪费时间去扮演英雄！”

Harry felt both stupid and annoyed. It was all very well for Ron; he'd been asleep, he hadn't felt how eerie it was down in the lake, surrounded by spear-carrying merpeople who'd looked more than capable of murder.

“C'mon,” Harry said shortly, “help me with her, I don't think she can swim very well.”

They pulled Fleur's sister through the water, back toward the bank where the judges stood watching, twenty merpeople accompanying them like a guard of honor, singing their horrible screechy songs.

Harry could see Madam Pomfrey fussing over Hermione, Krum, Cedric, and Cho, all of whom were wrapped in thick blankets. Dumbledore and Ludo Bagman stood beaming at Harry and Ron from the bank as they swam nearer, but Percy, who looked very white and somehow much younger than usual, came splashing out to meet them. Meanwhile Madame Maxime was trying to restrain Fleur Delacour, who was quite hysterical, fighting tooth and nail to return to the water.

哈利感到既蠢又煩。對羅恩來講還行，他一直都在睡覺，沒有體驗到在湖底被持矛的美人魚們包圍的詭異感覺，他們看上去很有殺氣。「來吧，」哈利短暫地說道，「幫我把她拉上來，我覺得她游泳不太好。」他們將芙樂的妹妹拉到了岸邊，裁判們在那裡觀看，二十隻美人魚像護衛一樣陪伴著他們，唱著難聽的尖叫歌曲。哈利看到龐費慈夫人正在關注赫敏、克拉姆、塞德里克和喬，他們都裹著厚厚的毯子。鄧布利多和盧多·巴格曼在岸邊笑容滿面地看著哈利和羅恩游近，但是看上去非常蒼白，比平時年輕許多的パーシー衝著他們跳躍起來。與此同時，被馬克西姆夫人制止的芙樂·德拉庫正在極度歇斯底里，不顧一切地想要回到水中。

“Gabrielle! Gabrielle! Is she alive? Is she 'urt?”

“She's fine!” Harry tried to tell her, but he was so exhausted he could hardly talk, let alone shout.

Percy seized Ron and was dragging him back to the bank (“Gerroff, Percy, I'm all right!”); Dumbledore and Bagman were pulling Harry upright; Fleur had broken free of Madame Maxime and was hugging her sister.

“It was ze grindylows . . . zey attacked me . . . oh Gabrielle, I thought . . . I thought . . .”

“Come here, you,” said Madam Pomfrey. She seized Harry and pulled him over to Hermione and the others, wrapped him so tightly in a blanket that he felt as though he were in a straitjacket, and forced a measure of very hot potion down his throat. Steam gushed out of his ears.

“Harry, well done!” Hermione cried. “You did it, you found out how all by yourself!”

“加百利！加百利！她還活著嗎？她受傷了嗎？”“她沒事！”哈利試著告訴她，但他非常筋疲力盡，連說話都難以開口，更不用說大喊大叫。珀西抓住羅恩，把他拉回了岸邊（“別碰我，珀西，我沒事！”）；鄧布利多和巴格曼將哈利拉了起來；弗萊爾擺脫了馬德姆·美克茜的束縛，正在擁抱她的妹妹。“是格林迪洛·魁地奇球員襲擊你的...我以為加百利...我以為...”“過來，你這個傢伙，”波夫萊夫夫人說。她抓住哈利，把他拉到赫敏和其他人那裡，用毯子緊緊地包住他，讓他感覺像是被束縛，然後強迫他喝下一些非常熱的藥劑。蒸汽從他的耳朵裡冒出來。“好樣的，哈利！”赫敏喊道。“你做到了，你自己發現了事情的真相！”

“Well —” said Harry. He would have told her about Dobby, but he had just noticed Karkaroff watching him. He was the only judge who had not left the table; the only judge not showing signs of pleasure and relief that Harry, Ron, and Fleur's sister had got back safely. “Yeah, that's right,” said Harry, raising his voice slightly so that Karkaroff could hear him.

“You haff a water beetle in your hair, Herm-own-ninny,” said Krum. Harry had the impression that Krum was drawing her attention back onto himself; perhaps to remind her that he had just rescued her from the lake, but Hermione brushed away the beetle impatiently and said, “You're well outside the time limit, though, Harry. . . . Did it take you ages to find us?”

“No . . . I found you okay. . . .”

Harry's feeling of stupidity was growing. Now he was out of the water, it seemed perfectly clear that Dumbledore's safety precautions wouldn't have permitted the death of a hostage just because their champion hadn't turned up. Why hadn't he just grabbed Ron and gone? He would have been first back. . . . Cedric and Krum hadn't wasted time worrying about anyone else; they hadn't taken the mersong seriously. . . .

“嗯——”哈利說。他本来想告诉赫敏有关多比的事，但是他突然发现卡卡罗夫在观察他。他是唯一一位没有离开餐桌的评委；也是唯一一位没有显示出哈利、罗恩和弗雷的妹妹安全归来的愉悦和欣慰的评委。“对的，没错，”哈利说，将声音稍微提高一点，让卡卡罗夫能够听到。“库拉姆说你头发里有一只水龟。”哈利觉得库拉姆是在把赫敏的注意力重新吸引到他自己身上；也许是想提醒她，他刚刚从湖里救她出来；但赫敏不耐烦地拍掉了甲虫，说：“不过你已经超时了，哈利。你花了很多时间找到我们吗？”“没有……我找到你们了……”哈利感到自己越来越愚蠢。现在他已经离开水了，很清楚，邓布利多的安全措施不会因为他们的代表没有露面而允许人质死亡。为什么他没抓住罗恩去？他会第一个回来的……塞德里克和库拉姆没有浪费时间担心其他人；他们没有认真对待美人鱼。

Dumbledore was crouching at the water's edge, deep in conversation with what seemed to be the chief merperson, a particularly wild and ferocious-looking female. He was making the same sort of screechy noises that the merpeople made when they were above water; clearly, Dumbledore could speak Mermish. Finally he straightened up, turned to his fellow judges, and said, “A conference before we give the marks, I think.”

The judges went into a huddle. Madam Pomfrey had gone to rescue Ron from Percy's clutches; she led him over to Harry and the others, gave him a blanket and some Pepperup Potion, then went to fetch Fleur and her sister. Fleur had many cuts on her face and arms and her robes were torn, but she didn't seem to care, nor would she allow Madam Pomfrey to clean them.

邓布利多蹲在水边，与一个看起来是水怪首领的特别野性而凶猛的女怪物深入交谈。当它们在水面上时，他发出了和水怪发出

的那种尖叫声。显然，邓布利多可以说鱼鳞语。最后，他站起来，转向他的其他评委，说：“我想在我们给分数之前开个会议。”评委们一起聚在一起商讨。庞弗雷夫人已经去拯救罗恩脱离珀西的掌控，她带他过来见哈利和其他人，给了他一条毯子和一些Pepperup药剂，然后去请弗蕾尔和她的姐姐。弗蕾尔的脸和手臂上有很多伤口，她的长袍也被撕烂了，但她似乎并不在意，也不让庞弗雷夫人给她清洗。

“Look after Gabrielle,” she told her, and then she turned to Harry. “You saved ’er,” she said breathlessly. “Even though she was not your ’ostage.”

“Yeah,” said Harry, who was now heartily wishing he’d left all three girls tied to the statue.

Fleur bent down, kissed Harry twice on each cheek (he felt his face burn and wouldn’t have been surprised if steam was coming out of his ears again), then said to Ron, “And you too — you ’elped —”

“Yeah,” said Ron, looking extremely hopeful, “yeah, a bit —”

Fleur swooped down on him too and kissed him. Hermione looked simply furious, but just then, Ludo Bagman’s magically magnified voice boomed out beside them, making them all jump, and causing the crowd in the stands to go very quiet.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we have reached our decision. Merchieftainess Murcus has told us exactly what happened at the bottom of the lake, and we have therefore decided to award marks out of fifty for each of the champions, as follows. . . .

「照顧好Gabrielle，」她對她說，然後轉向了哈利。「妳救了她，」她喘不過氣地說。「即使她不是妳的人質。」「是的，」哈利說，現在他真心希望把三個女孩都綁在雕像上。Fleur彎下腰，親吻哈利每邊臉兩次(他感到臉上發燙，如果他的耳朵再冒出蒸汽讓他也不會感到驚訝)，然後對Ron說：「妳也是—你有幫忙—」「是的，」羅恩表現得非常有希望，「是的——一點點——」Fleur也向他俯身親吻了一下。赫敏看起來很生氣，但就在這時，經過魔法放大的Ludo Bagman的聲音在他們旁邊咆哮，讓他們都嚇了一跳，觀眾席上的人都非常安靜。「女士們，先生們，我們已經做出了決定。Mucus族長已經告訴我們湖底發生了什麼事，因此我們決定為每個冠軍評分，最高分為五十分。. . .」

“Fleur Delacour, though she demonstrated excellent use of the Bubble-Head Charm, was attacked by grindylows as she approached her goal, and failed to retrieve her hostage. We award her twenty-five points.”

Applause from the stands.

“I deserved zero,” said Fleur throatily, shaking her magnificent head.

“Cedric Diggory, who also used the Bubble-Head Charm, was first to return with his hostage, though he returned one minute outside the time limit of an hour.” Enormous cheers from the Hufflepuffs in the crowd; Harry saw Cho give Cedric a glowing look. “We therefore award him forty-seven points.”

Harry’s heart sank. If Cedric had been outside the time limit, he most certainly had been.

“Viktor Krum used an incomplete form of Transfiguration, which was nevertheless effective, and was second to return with his hostage. We award him forty points.”

“Fluer Delacour 雖然展示出極佳的泡泡頭魔法，但當她接近目標時遭到了Grindylows的攻擊，未能成功救回人質。我們給她25分。”看台上爆發出掌聲。“我應該一分都沒得，”Fleur魂不附體地說著，搖了搖壯麗的頭髮。“Cedric Diggory 也使用了泡泡頭魔法，他是第一個帶回人質的人，但回來的時間超出了一小時的時限。Hufflepuff的觀眾在歡呼聲中爆發了，Harry看到Cho 喜愛地看著Cedric。因此，我們給予他47分。”Harry的心垂了下來。如果Cedric超時了，他肯定也超時了。“Viktor Krum 使用了不完整的變形術，但是非常有效，他是第二個帶回人質的人。我們給予他40分。”

Karkaroff clapped particularly hard, looking very superior.

“Harry Potter used gillyweed to great effect,” Bagman continued. “He returned last, and well outside the time limit of an hour. However, the Merchieftainess informs us that Mr. Potter was first to reach the hostages, and that the delay in his return was due to his determination to return all hostages to safety, not merely his own.”

Ron and Hermione both gave Harry half-exasperated, half-commiserating looks.

“Most of the judges,” and here, Bagman gave Karkaroff a very nasty look, “feel that this shows moral fiber and merits full marks. However . . . Mr. Potter’s score is forty-five points.”

Harry’s stomach leapt — he was now tying for first place with Cedric. Ron and Hermione, caught by surprise, stared at Harry, then laughed and started applauding hard with the rest of the crowd.

卡卡洛夫猛拍巴掌，顯得十分傲慢。“哈利波特使用睡菇草效果十分出色，”巴格曼繼續說道，“他最後一個返回，已經遠超過了一小時的時間限制。然而，女酋長告訴我們，波特先生是第一個到達人質的人，而他返回延遲的原因是他堅決想要將所有的人質安全返回而不僅僅是自己。”羅恩和赫敏都對哈利投以了一半氣餒一半同情的眼神。“大部分評判，”在這裡，巴格曼給了卡卡洛夫一個非常討厭的眼神，“認為這展示了道德品質，值得滿分。但是……波特先生的分數是45分。”哈利的胃口大起——他現在與塞德里克並列第一。被驚訝的羅恩和赫敏盯著哈利，然後笑著開始與人群的其他人一起熱烈鼓掌。

“There you go, Harry!” Ron shouted over the noise. “You weren’t being thick after all — you were showing moral fiber!”

Fleur was clapping very hard too, but Krum didn’t look happy at all. He attempted to engage Hermione in conversation again, but she was too busy cheering Harry to listen.

“The third and final task will take place at dusk on the twenty-fourth of June,” continued Bagman. “The champions will be notified of what is coming precisely one month beforehand. Thank you all for your support of the champions.”

It was over, Harry thought dazedly, as Madam Pomfrey began herding the champions and hostages back to the castle to get into dry clothes . . . it was over, he had got through . . . he didn’t have to worry about anything now until June the twenty-fourth . . .

「哈利，棒極了！」羅恩大喊著，競賽環節嘈雜的聲響沉頂著。（你不是蠢蛋，你有道德品格！）佛樂也起立鼓掌，可是庫拉姆看起來一點都不開心。他再次想要跟赫敏聊天，但赫敏正忙著為哈利歡呼，完全聽不進去庫拉姆的話。「第三個也是最後一個任務會在六月二十四日傍晚舉行。挑戰者們會在一個月前收到通知。謝謝大家對挑戰者的支持。」巴格曼繼續說。這整個比賽結束了，哈利茫然地想著。醫療部主任潘芙麗開始把所有挑戰者和人質駛回城堡，換上乾衣服……結束了，他度過了這一關。現在他不用擔心任何事情了，一直到六月二十四日為止。

Next time he was in Hogsmeade, Harry decided as he walked back up the stone steps into the castle, he was going to buy Dobby a pair of socks for every day of the year.

下次哈利進入霍格華茲村時，當他走回石階進入城堡時，他決定要為多比買下一年每天都有襪子穿。



PADFOOT RETURNS

One of the best things about the aftermath of the second task was that everybody was very keen to hear details of what had happened down in the lake, which meant that Ron was getting to share Harry's limelight for once. Harry noticed that Ron's version of events changed subtly with every retelling. At first, he gave what seemed to be the truth; it tallied with Hermione's story, anyway — Dumbledore had put all the hostages into a bewitched sleep in Professor McGonagall's office, first assuring them that they would be quite safe, and would awake when they were back above the water. One week later, however, Ron was telling a thrilling tale of kidnap in which he struggled single-handedly against fifty heavily armed merpeople who had to beat him into submission before tying him up.

第二次任務後最好的事情之一是每個人都很渴望聽到有關在湖底發生的事情的細節，這意味著羅恩有機會和哈利一起分享光芒。哈利注意到，羅恩對事件的描述在每次講述時都有微妙的變化。一開始，他講述了似乎是真相的事情；無論如何，它都與赫敏的故事吻合 - 鄧布爾多爾先把所有人員都置於麥格教授辦公室的被魔法催眠的睡眠中，並保證他們完全安全，並在回到水面之後醒來。然而，一週後，羅恩講述了一個激動人心的綁架故事，他在其中獨自與五十名武裝嚴重的人魚搏鬥，他們不得不在他打倒後才將他綁起來。

“But I had my wand hidden up my sleeve,” he assured Padma Patil, who seemed to be a lot keener on Ron now that he was getting so much attention and was making a point of talking to him every time they passed in the corridors. “I could’ve taken those mer-idiots any time I wanted.”

“What were you going to do, snore at them?” said Hermione waspishly. People had been teasing her so much about being the thing that Viktor Krum would most miss that she was in a rather tetchy mood.

Ron's ears went red, and thereafter, he reverted to the bewitched sleep version of events.

As they entered March the weather became drier, but cruel winds skinned their hands and faces every time they went out onto the grounds. There were delays in the post because the owls kept being blown off course. The brown owl that Harry had sent to Sirius with the dates of the Hogsmeade weekend turned up at breakfast on Friday morning with half its feathers sticking up the wrong way; Harry had no sooner torn off Sirius's reply than it took flight, clearly afraid it was going to be sent outside again.

“但是我把魔杖藏在袖子里，”他向帕德玛·帕蒂尔保证道。自从罗恩备受关注并且每次经过走廊时都要与他交谈时，帕德玛·帕蒂尔对罗恩更感兴趣。“我可以随时对付那些愚蠢的人鱼。”“你是想对着他们打呼噜吗？”赫敏尖酸刻薄地说道。人们一直在取笑她是维克多·克鲁姆最想念的东西，她的情绪变得有些烦躁。罗恩的耳朵变红了，从那时起，他就回到了被咒语迷惑的睡眠状态。随着进入三月，天气逐渐干燥，但每次他们走出场地时，残酷的风都会让他们的手和脸受到伤害。由于信鸟经常被风吹偏，所以邮件会有所延迟。哈利用来寄送霍格莫德周末日期的棕色信鸟周五早餐时到达，有一半的羽毛朝着错误的方向竖立着，哈利刚撕开西里斯的回信，信鸟便飞走了，显然它很害怕再次被送到室外。

Sirius's letter was almost as short as the previous one.

Be at stile at end of road out of Hogsmeade (past Dervish and Bangs) at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Bring as much food as you can.

“He hasn’t come back to Hogsmeade?” said Ron incredulously.

“It looks like it, doesn’t it?” said Hermione.

“I can’t believe him,” said Harry tensely, “if he’s caught . . .”

“Made it so far, though, hasn’t he?” said Ron. “And it’s not like the place is swarming with dementors anymore.”

Harry folded up the letter, thinking. If he was honest with himself, he really wanted to see Sirius again. He therefore approached the final lesson of the afternoon — double Potions — feeling considerably more cheerful than he usually did when descending the steps to the dungeons.

Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were standing in a huddle outside the classroom door with Pansy Parkinson's gang of Slytherin girls. All of them were looking at something Harry couldn't see and sniggering heartily. Pansy's pug-like face peered excitedly around Goyle's broad back as Harry, Ron, and Hermione approached.

天狼星的信幾乎和上一封一樣短。在周六下午兩點之前到霍格斯密德（經過德維什和平恩傢伙）的路末端的樣板出現。儘量帶上多一點食物。“他還沒回霍格斯密德？”羅恩難以置信地問道。“的確是這樣，是不是？”赫敏說。“那我真的不敢相信他，”哈利緊張地說，“如果他被抓住了...”“不過他已經走得這麼遠了，是不是？”羅恩說，“而且現在這裡也沒有現形魔了。”哈利收起了信，想著。如果他對自己誠實，他真的很想再見天狼星。因此，他在下午最後一節課——雙倍藥膳——走下地牢的時候，感覺比平常要高興得多。馬爾福、克拉布和戈伊爾在教室門外聚集在一起，和帕西·帕金森的史萊哲林女孩為伍。他們都在看著哈利看不到的東西，咯咯地笑著。帕西的狗一樣的臉在戈伊爾寬闊的背後興奮地窺視著，當哈利、羅恩和赫敏走近時。

“There they are, there they are!” she giggled, and the knot of Slytherins broke apart. Harry saw that Pansy had a magazine in her hands — *Witch Weekly*. The moving picture on the front showed a curly-haired witch who was smiling toothily and pointing at a large sponge cake with her wand.

“You might find something to interest you in there, Granger!” Pansy said loudly, and she threw the magazine at Hermione, who caught it, looking startled. At that moment, the dungeon door opened, and Snape beckoned them all inside.

Hermione, Harry, and Ron headed for a table at the back of the dungeon as usual. Once Snape had turned his back on them to write up the ingredients of today's potion on the blackboard, Hermione hastily rifled through the magazine under the desk. At last, in the center pages, Hermione found what they were looking for. Harry and Ron leaned in closer. A color photograph of Harry headed a short piece entitled:

“Harry Potter's Secret Heartache.” The article went on to discuss Harry's rumored crush on Ginny Weasley and speculate about their relationship status. “他們在那裡，他們在那裡！”她咯咯笑著，斯萊特林結黨分開了。哈利看到潘西手中拿著一本雜誌——《女巫周刊》。封面上的動人圖片顯示了一個卷髮巫女，她微笑著，用魔杖指著一個大海綿蛋糕。「格蘭傑，你可能會在那裡找到一些你感興趣的東西！」潘西大聲說道，她把雜誌扔給了赫敏，赫敏接住了，神情驚訝。就在那時，地牢的大門打開了，司各特招手讓他們都進去。赫敏，哈利和羅恩像往常一樣走向地牢後面的桌子。當司各特背對他們在黑板上寫今天藥水的成分時，赫敏急忙在桌子下翻閱著雜誌。最後，在中心頁面，赫敏找到了他們要找的內容。哈利和羅恩靠近了一些。一篇短文以哈利的彩色照片為首，標題為“哈利波特的秘密心碎”。文章繼續探討哈利對金妮·衛斯理的猜測關注和他們的關係狀態。

Harry Potter's Secret Heartache

A boy like no other, perhaps — yet a boy suffering all the usual pangs of adolescence, writes Rita Skeeter. Deprived of love since the tragic demise of his parents, fourteen-year-old Harry Potter thought he had found solace in his steady girlfriend at Hogwarts, Muggle-born Hermione Granger. Little did he know that he would shortly be suffering yet another emotional blow in a life already littered with personal loss.

Miss Granger, a plain but ambitious girl, seems to have a taste for famous wizards that Harry alone cannot satisfy. Since the arrival at Hogwarts of Viktor Krum, Bulgarian Seeker and hero of the last World Quidditch Cup, Miss Granger has been toying with both boys' affections. Krum, who is openly smitten with the devious Miss Granger, has already invited her to visit him in Bulgaria over the summer holidays, and insists that he has “never felt this way about any other girl.”

哈利波特的秘密傷痛 可能是一個非同凡響的男孩，但他正在經歷所有青春期的煩惱，瑞塔·斯基特寫到。自從他的父母悲劇逝世以來，這位十四歲的哈利波特早已失去了愛，他以為在霍格華茲有一個穩定的女友，麻瓜出身的赫敏·格蘭傑，可以緩解他內心的孤獨。他不知道的是，他即將在自己已充斥個人損失的人生中再次遭受情感打擊。格蘭傑小姐是一個平凡但充滿抱負的女孩，她似乎對著名巫師有濃厚的興趣，而哈利是唯一無法滿足她的人。自從保加利亞搜捕手，上屆魁地奇世界杯的英雄維克多·克魯姆來到霍格華茲後，格蘭傑小姐一直在玩弄兩個男孩的感情。已經對詭計多端的格蘭傑小姐著迷的克魯姆已經邀請她在暑假期間去保加利亞拜訪他，並堅稱他“從未對其他任何女孩產生過這樣的感覺”。

However, it might not be Miss Granger's doubtful natural charms that have captured these unfortunate boys' interest.

“She's really ugly,” says Pansy Parkinson, a pretty and vivacious fourth-year student, “but she'd be well up to making a Love Potion, she's quite brainy. I think that's how she's doing it.”

Love Potions are, of course, banned at Hogwarts, and no doubt Albus Dumbledore will want to investigate these claims. In the meantime, Harry Potter's well-wishers must hope that, next time, he bestows his heart on a worthier candidate.

“I told you!” Ron hissed at Hermione as she stared down at the article. “I told you not to annoy Rita Skeeter! She's made you out to be some sort of — of scarlet woman!”

Hermione stopped looking astonished and snorted with laughter. “Scarlet woman?” she repeated, shaking with suppressed giggles as she looked around at Ron.

然而，可能不是格蘭傑小姐那些令人懷疑的自然魅力引起了這些不幸男孩的興趣。「她長得真的很醜，」一位漂亮而充滿活力的四年級學生潘西·帕金森說道，「但她很適合製作愛情藥水，她很聰明。我想這就是她做的。」當然，霍格華茲禁止使用愛情藥水，毫無疑問，阿不思·鄧不利多將要調查這些指控。與此同時，哈利·波特的擁護者們必須希望，下一次他能將他的心交給一個更值得的候選人。「我告訴過你！」當妙麗注視著那篇文章時，羅恩在她耳邊嘶嘶說道。「我告訴過你不要惹怒黛塔·史基特！她把你描述成某種.....紅衣女人！」妙麗停止了驚訝的表情，發出了噗嗤一聲的笑聲。「紅衣女人？」她重複著，伸手指向羅恩，忍不住的笑了出來。

“It's what my mum calls them,” Ron muttered, his ears going red.

“If that's the best Rita can do, she's losing her touch,” said Hermione, still giggling, as she threw *Witch Weekly* onto the empty chair beside her. “What a pile of old rubbish.”

She looked over at the Slytherins, who were all watching her and Harry closely across the room to see if they had been upset by the article. Hermione gave them a sarcastic smile and a wave, and she, Harry, and Ron started unpacking the ingredients they would need for their Wit-Sharpening Potion.

“There's something funny, though,” said Hermione ten minutes later, holding her pestle suspended over a bowl of scarab beetles. “How could Rita Skeeter have known . . . ?”

“Known what?” said Ron quickly. “You *haven't* been mixing up Love Potions, have you?”

“那是我媽媽叫它們的名字，”羅恩嘀咕著，耳朵紅了。“假如這就是麗塔的最佳表現，那就代表她已經不行了，”妙麗邊笑邊說著，將《女巫週刊》丟在她旁邊的空椅上。“真是老舊的廢物。”她看過去看著史萊哲林的學生們，他們都在關注著她和哈利，看看他們是否被這篇文章打擾到。妙麗將她的一股諷刺的笑容和擺手一揮送到他們那裡，她、哈利和羅恩開始將他們需要的油漆分開包裝。“然而，有些事很有趣，”十分鐘後，妙麗邊舉著她的杵子懸掛在一碗糊蟲上時說道。“麗塔·斯基特怎麼可能知道呢...？”“知道什麼？”羅恩快速地說。“妳沒有混和愛情藥水，對吧？”

“Don't be stupid,” Hermione snapped, starting to pound up her beetles again. “No, it's just . . . how did she know Viktor asked me to visit him over the summer?”

Hermione blushed scarlet as she said this and determinedly avoided Ron's eyes.

“What?” said Ron, dropping his pestle with a loud clunk.

“He asked me right after he'd pulled me out of the lake,” Hermione muttered. “After he'd got rid of his shark's head. Madam Pomfrey gave us both blankets and then he sort of pulled me away from the judges so they wouldn't hear, and he said, if I wasn't doing anything over the summer, would I like to —”

“And what did you say?” said Ron, who had picked up his pestle and was grinding it on the desk, a good six inches from his bowl, because he was looking at Hermione.

“And he *did* say he'd never felt the same way about anyone else,” Hermione went on, going so red now that Harry could almost feel the heat coming from her, “but how could Rita Skeeter have heard him? She wasn't there . . . or was she? Maybe she *has* got an Invisibility Cloak; maybe she sneaked onto the grounds to watch the second task. . . .”

“不要傻了，”赫敏厉声道，又开始使劲敲打着她的毒金龟虫。“不对啊……她怎么知道维克多要邀请我暑假去他那？”赫敏说这话时脸直发红，目光坚定地避开了罗恩的眼睛。“什么？”罗恩把他手里的量杯重重地砸在桌子上，发出巨大的声响。“他是在把我拉出湖里之后问的，”赫敏低声说。“在他拆掉鲨鱼头之后。医生给我们俩都拿来了毯子，然后他把我拉开，不让评委们听到，他说，如果我暑假没事的话，是否想去——”“你说了什么？”罗恩问道，他捡起手里的杵和碗，放在六英寸远的桌上，盯着赫敏看。“他说，他从来没有对其他女孩有过这样的感觉，”赫敏继续说，她的脸红得让哈利感觉到了她身上散发出的热量，“但是，丽塔·斯基特怎么会听到他说的话呢？她没有在场……难道她有隐形衣，溜进去看第二个任务了……”

“And what did you say?” Ron repeated, pounding his pestle down so hard that it dented the desk.

“Well, I was too busy seeing whether you and Harry were okay to —”

“Fascinating though your social life undoubtedly is, Miss Granger,” said an icy voice right behind them, and all three of them jumped, “I must ask you not to discuss it in my class. Ten points from Gryffindor.”

Snape had glided over to their desk while they were talking. The whole class was now looking around at them; Malfoy took the opportunity to flash *POTTER STINKS* across the dungeon at Harry.

“Ah . . . reading magazines under the table as well?” Snape added, snatching up the copy of *Witch Weekly*. “A further ten points from Gryffindor . . . oh but of course . . .” Snape's black eyes glittered as they fell on Rita Skeeter's article. “Potter has to keep up with his press cuttings. . . .”

「你說了什麼？」羅恩重複道，把乳杵狠狠地敲在桌子上，還留下了一個凹痕。「啊，我太忙於確認你和哈利是否安全了。」「格蘭傑小姐，儘管你的社交生活無疑很迷人，」一個冰冷的聲音在他們身後說道，他們三個都嚇了一跳，「但請不要在我的課堂上討論這些。從格蘭分多扣十分。」斯納普在他們談話時滑向了他們的桌子。整個班級現在都在看著他們；馬爾福趁機在地牢裏向哈利閃了一眼「波特臭死了」。「啊...還在桌子下看雜誌？」斯納普補充道，拿起了《女巫週刊》的副本。「再從格蘭分多扣十分.....當然.....」斯納普的黑眼睛閃耀著，落在里塔·斯基特的文章上。「波特必須跟上他的新聞剪報...」

The dungeon rang with the Slytherins' laughter, and an unpleasant smile curled Snape's thin mouth. To Harry's fury, he began to read the article aloud.

“‘Harry Potter's Secret Heartache’ . . . dear, dear, Potter, what's ailing you now? ‘A boy like no other, perhaps . . .’”

Harry could feel his face burning. Snape was pausing at the end of every sentence to allow the Slytherins a hearty laugh. The article sounded ten times worse when read by Snape. Even Hermione was blushing scarlet now.

“...Harry Potter's well-wishers must hope that, next time, he bestows his heart upon a worthier candidate. 'How very touching,' sneered Snape, rolling up the magazine to continued gales of laughter from the Slytherins. 'Well, I think I had better separate the three of you, so you can keep your minds on your potions rather than on your tangled love lives. Weasley, you stay here. Miss Granger, over there, beside Miss Parkinson. Potter — that table in front of my desk. Move. Now.' ”

地牢里傳來了史萊哲林的笑聲，斯內普的嘴角露出了一個不悅的微笑。哈利氣得臉都發紅，他開始高聲地朗讀起來：“哈利波特的秘密心痛’.....親愛的波特，你又有什麼煩惱呢？‘異樣的男孩，也許.....’”哈利感覺自己的臉在發燙。斯內普每句話末都會暫停一下，讓史萊哲林學生們大笑不止。這篇文章被斯內普朗讀出來聽起來要讓人想死。連赫敏此時臉都紅得像蘋果一樣了。“.....哈利波特的朋友們必須希望下一次他能把自己的心交給一個更值得的人。’多麼感人啊。”斯內普嘲諷地說道，同時把雜誌捲了起來，史萊哲林學生們忍不住又開始了大笑。“好了，我想我最好把你們三個分開，這樣你們就能把心思放在你們的藥水上，而不是你們纏綿不清的愛情生活上。韋斯萊，你留在這裡。格蘭傑小姐，你坐到帕金森小姐旁邊去。波特，站到我桌前那張桌子上。現在動起來。”

Furious, Harry threw his ingredients and his bag into his cauldron and dragged it up to the front of the dungeon to the empty table. Snape followed, sat down at his desk and watched Harry unload his cauldron. Determined not to look at Snape, Harry resumed the mashing of his scarab beetles, imagining each one to have Snape's face.

“All this press attention seems to have inflated your already overlarge head, Potter,” said Snape quietly, once the rest of the class had settled down again.

Harry didn't answer. He knew Snape was trying to provoke him; he had done this before. No doubt he was hoping for an excuse to take a round fifty points from Gryffindor before the end of the class.

“You might be laboring under the delusion that the entire Wizarding world is impressed with you,” Snape went on, so quietly that no one else could hear him (Harry continued to pound his scarab beetles, even though he had already reduced them to a very fine powder), “but I don't care how many times your picture appears in the papers. To me, Potter, you are nothing but a nasty little boy who considers rules to be beneath him”

哈利非常生氣，把他的原料和袋子都扔進了鍋裡，然後把鍋子拖到了地牢前面的空桌子上。斯內普跟著走了過來，坐在他的桌子旁觀察哈利倒出了鍋裡的東西。哈利下定決心不看斯內普，繼續搗碎他的甲蟲，想像每一只都有斯內普的臉孔。“波特，所有的這些新聞關注似乎已經讓你的自大更加猖獗了。”斯內普安靜地說道，課堂上其他人已經安靜下來了。哈利沒有回答。他知道斯內普在試圖激怒他，他以前也這樣做過。毫無疑問，他希望在課結束前找到借口從格蘭芬多扣除五十分。“你可能錯誤地認為整個巫師世界都對你印象深刻。”斯內普繼續說道，聲音非常低，其他人聽不到（哈利繼續搗碎他的甲蟲，盡管他們已經被他弄成了極細的粉末），“但是對我來說，波特，你只是一個視規則為無物的討厭小子。”

Harry tipped the powdered beetles into his cauldron and started cutting up his ginger roots. His hands were shaking slightly out of anger, but he kept his eyes down, as though he couldn't hear what Snape was saying to him.

“So I give you fair warning, Potter,” Snape continued in a softer and more dangerous voice, “pint-sized celebrity or not — if I catch you breaking into my office one more time —”

“I haven't been anywhere near your office!” said Harry angrily, forgetting his feigned deafness.

“Don't lie to me,” Snape hissed, his fathomless black eyes boring into Harry's. “Boomslang skin. Gillyweed. Both come from my private stores, and I know who stole them.”

Harry stared back at Snape, determined not to blink or to look guilty. In truth, he hadn't stolen either of these things from Snape. Hermione had taken the boomslang skin back in their second year — they had needed it for the Polyjuice Potion — and while Snape had suspected Harry at the time, he had never been able to prove it. Dobby, of course, had stolen the gillyweed.

哈利將粉狀蟲倒進鍋裡，開始切薑根。他的手因為憤怒而微微顫抖，但他垂下眼睛，彷彿聽不到斯納普對他說話一樣。「波特，我提醒你，」斯納普用更柔和、更危險的聲音繼續說「不管是些微名人還是甚麼——如果我再發現你闖進我的辦公室——」「我從來沒有去過你的辦公室！」哈利生氣地說，忘記了自己裝聾作啞。「別跟我撒謊。」斯納普嘶嘶地說，他那深不見底的黑眼睛盯著哈利。「龍腹鱗片和蓮藕葉。這兩樣都是我私人儲藏的，我知道是誰偷的。」哈利注視著斯納普，下定決心不眨眼，也不讓自己顯得有罪。事實上，這些東西哈利都沒有從斯納普那裡偷。在他們的第二年，赫敏拿了龍腹鱗片——他們需要用它製作口耐ポーション。而斯納普當時嫌疑哈利，但他從未能證明。當然，多比偷了蓮藕葉。

“I don't know what you're talking about,” Harry lied coldly.

“You were out of bed on the night my office was broken into!” Snape hissed. “I know it, Potter! Now, Mad-Eye Moody might have joined your fan club, but I will not tolerate your behavior! One more nighttime stroll into my office, Potter, and you will pay!”

“Right,” said Harry coolly, turning back to his ginger roots. “I'll bear that in mind if I ever get the urge to go in there.”

Snape's eyes flashed. He plunged a hand into the inside of his black robes. For one wild moment, Harry thought Snape was about to pull out his wand and curse him — then he saw that Snape had drawn out a small crystal bottle of a completely clear potion. Harry stared at it.

“Do you know what this is, Potter?” Snape said, his eyes glittering dangerously again.

“我不知道你在說什麼，”哈利冷冷地說著謊話。“你在我辦公室被闖進的那個晚上離開床了！”斯內普咆哮道。“我知道，波特！現在，瘋眼穆迪可能已加入了你的粉絲俱樂部，但我不會容忍你的行為！波特，再出現一次在我辦公室的夜晚漫步，你就會付出代價！”“好吧，”哈利冷靜地說，轉身回到他的薑色根。“如果我真的有進去的衝動，我會牢記在心的。”斯內普的眼睛閃爍著。他伸手進入他黑袍的裡面。哈利一瞬間想到斯內普要拿出他的魔杖把他咒醒，然後他看到斯內普拿出了一個完全透明的小水晶瓶。哈利盯著它。“你知道這是什麼，波特？”斯內普說，他的眼睛再次危險地閃爍著。

“No,” said Harry, with complete honesty this time.

“It is Veritaserum—a Truth Potion so powerful that three drops would have you spilling your innermost secrets for this entire class to hear,” said Snape viciously. “Now, the use of this potion is controlled by very strict Ministry guidelines. But unless you watch your step, you might just find that my hand *slips*”—he shook the crystal bottle slightly—“right over your evening pumpkin juice. And then, Potter . . . then we’ll find out whether you’ve been in my office or not.”

Harry said nothing. He turned back to his ginger roots once more, picked up his knife, and started slicing them again. He didn’t like the sound of that Truth Potion at all, nor would he put it past Snape to slip him some. He repressed a shudder at the thought of what might come spilling out of his mouth if Snape did it . . . quite apart from landing a whole lot of people in trouble—Hermione and Dobby for a start—there were all the other things he was concealing . . . like the fact that he was in contact with Sirius . . . and—his insides squirmed at the thought—how he felt about Cho. . . . He tipped his ginger roots into the cauldron too, and wondered whether he ought to take a leaf out of Moody’s book and start drinking only from a private hip flask.

“不，”哈利誠實地回答。“這是真實愛情藥水——它是一種非常強大的真相藥水。只要三滴就能讓你在整個課堂上傾吐你最內心的秘密，”斯耐普惡狠狠地說道。“現在，這種藥物的使用受到非常嚴格的部門指引，但是，如果你不小心，你可能會發現我的手會——他輕輕地搖晃水晶瓶——鬆開你的晚上南瓜汁。那麼，波特……那時我們就會發現你是否曾經進入我的辦公室了。”哈利一言不發。他又回頭看著他的薑根，拿起刀子，又開始切了起來。他一點也不喜歡那種真實愛情藥水的聽起來，哈利也不會覺得斯耐普會放過他。他一想到斯耐普可能這樣做會說出什麼來，就感到害怕……不僅令他們陷入麻煩的人會變多，比如說赫敏和多比，還有他所隱藏的其他秘密……比如他和小天狼星的聯繫……還有——他一想到就感到雞皮疙瘩——他對崔的感覺……他把薑根倒進了鍋裡，想知道他是否應該把穆迪的風格學起來，開始從自己的私人魔瓶中喝水。

There was a knock on the dungeon door.

“Enter,” said Snape in his usual voice.

The class looked around as the door opened. Professor Karkaroff came in. Everyone watched him as he walked up toward Snape’s desk. He was twisting his finger around his goatee and looking agitated.

“We need to talk,” said Karkaroff abruptly when he had reached Snape. He seemed so determined that nobody should hear what he was saying that he was barely opening his lips; it was as though he were a rather poor ventriloquist. Harry kept his eyes on his ginger roots, listening hard.

“I’ll talk to you after my lesson, Karkaroff,” Snape muttered, but Karkaroff interrupted him.

“I want to talk now, while you can’t slip off, Severus. You’ve been avoiding me.”

“After the lesson,” Snape snapped.

地牢的門傳出敲門聲。「進來。」斯內普用他平常的聲音說。班上的學生四處看了看，門打開了。卡卡洛夫教授走進來，每個人都看著他走向斯內普的桌子。他用手指髮鬚轉來轉去，看起來很焦急。「我們需要談一下。」卡卡洛夫走到斯內普身邊時突然說道，他似乎極力讓別人聽不到他在說什麼，他幾乎沒有張開嘴唇，就像個相當差的口技表演者。哈利努力聽著，注視著他的薑色頭髮。「我上完課之後再和你談，卡卡洛夫。」斯內普咆哮道，但卡卡洛夫打斷了他。「我現在就要談，你不能溜掉，西弗勒斯。你一直在躲避我。」「下課後再談。」斯內普吼道。

Under the pretext of holding up a measuring cup to see if he’d poured out enough armadillo bile, Harry sneaked a sidelong glance at the pair of them. Karkaroff looked extremely worried, and Snape looked angry.

Karkaroff hovered behind Snape’s desk for the rest of the double period. He seemed intent on preventing Snape from slipping away at the end of class. Keen to hear what Karkaroff wanted to say, Harry deliberately knocked over his bottle of armadillo bile with two minutes to go to the bell, which gave him an excuse to duck down behind his cauldron and mop up while the rest of the class moved noisily toward the door.

“What’s so urgent?” he heard Snape hiss at Karkaroff.

“This,” said Karkaroff, and Harry, peering around the edge of his cauldron, saw Karkaroff pull up the left-hand sleeve of his robe and show Snape something on his inner forearm.

在假借拿著量杯檢查是否倒出足夠的犰狳膽汁時，哈利悄悄地向他們側眼一瞥。卡卡洛夫看起來非常擔心，而斯奈普看起來很生氣。卡卡洛夫在接下來的課程時間裡一直盤旋在斯奈普的桌子後面，似乎想防止斯奈普在課後溜走。哈利很想聽聽卡卡洛夫想要說什麼，於是故意在鐘聲響起前兩分鐘撞倒了他的犰狳膽汁瓶，藉此有借口蹲在自己的爐子後面擦拭，而其他同學則嘈雜地走向門口。“有什麼急事嗎？”哈利聽到斯奈普對卡卡洛夫咆哮。“這個，”卡卡洛夫說道。哈利從爐子邊往外偷看，看到卡卡洛夫拉起他袍子的左袖，向斯奈普展示了他胳膊內側的東西。

“Well?” said Karkaroff, still making every effort not to move his lips. “Do you see? It’s never been this clear, never since —”

“Put it away!” snarled Snape, his black eyes sweeping the classroom.

“But you must have noticed —” Karkaroff began in an agitated voice.

“We can talk later, Karkaroff!” spat Snape. “Potter! What are you doing?”

“Clearing up my armadillo bile, Professor,” said Harry innocently, straightening up and showing Snape the sodden rag he was holding.

Karkaroff turned on his heel and strode out of the dungeon. He looked both worried and angry. Not wanting to remain alone with an exceptionally angry Snape, Harry threw his books and ingredients back into his bag and left at top speed to tell Ron and Hermione what he had just witnessed.

They left the castle at noon the next day to find a weak silver sun shining down upon the grounds. The weather was milder than it had been all year, and by the time they arrived in Hogsmeade, all three of them had taken off their cloaks and thrown them over their shoulders. The food Sirius had told them to bring was in Harry’s bag; they had sneaked a dozen chicken legs, a loaf of bread, and a flask of pumpkin juice from the lunch table.

「嗯？」卡卡洛夫說道，仍然努力不讓嘴唇動。「你看見了嗎？從來沒有像現在這樣清晰過，從來沒有自——」「收起來！」斯內普咆哮著，他的黑眼睛掃視著教室。「但你一定注意到了——」卡卡洛夫以焦躁的聲音開始說。「我們之後可以談，卡卡洛夫！」斯內普咆哮著。「波特！你在做什麼？」「整理我的犰狳膽汁，教授，」哈利無辜地說道，直起身子，將他握著的濕布向斯內普展示。卡卡洛夫轉身離開了地牢。他看起來既擔心又生氣。哈利不想留在與極其生氣的斯內普獨處，他把書和材料塞回書包裡，以最快的速度離開，去告訴羅恩和赫敏他剛剛目睹的一切。第二天中午，他們離開了城堡，發現陽光灑在地面上，溫和的天氣是全年中最溫和的。當他們到達霍格沙德時，他們三個都把斗篷脫下來，扔在肩膀上。席琳·布拉德利叫他們帶來的食物在哈利的書包裡；他們從午餐桌上偷了一打雞腿、一條麵包和一瓶南瓜汁。

They went into Gladrags Wizardwear to buy a present for Dobby, where they had fun selecting the most lurid socks they could find, including a pair patterned with flashing gold and silver stars, and another that screamed loudly when they became too smelly. Then, at half past one, they made their way up the High Street, past Dervish and Banges, and out toward the edge of the village.

Harry had never been in this direction before. The winding lane was leading them out into the wild countryside around Hogsmeade. The cottages were fewer here, and their gardens larger; they were walking toward the foot of the mountain in whose shadow Hogsmeade lay. Then they turned a corner and saw a stile at the end of the lane. Waiting for them, its front paws on the topmost bar, was a very large, shaggy black dog, which was carrying some newspapers in its mouth and looking very familiar. . . .

他們走進 Gladrags Wizardwear 買禮物給多比，挑選最花哨的襪子，包括一雙印有閃爍金色和銀色星星圖案，另一雙則會發出尖銳聲響提醒臭味太大。然後，到了下午一點半，他們走過 Dervish and Banges 道路往上，向村子的邊緣走去。哈利從未往這個方向走過，彎曲的小巷漸漸帶著他們進入霍格斯美德周圍的野外。這裡的小屋比較少，花園也更大，他們正走向山脈的脚下，霍格斯美德就在這座山的陰影下。然後，他們轉個彎，看到了巷子盡頭有個船梯。一隻非常大、蓬鬆的黑狗，前爪支撐在最上面的橫木上，口中咬著報紙看著他們，非常熟悉...

“Hello, Sirius,” said Harry when they had reached him

The black dog sniffed Harry’s bag eagerly, wagged its tail once, then turned and began to trot away from them across the scrubby patch of ground that rose to meet the rocky foot of the mountain. Harry, Ron, and Hermione climbed over the stile and followed.

Sirius led them to the very foot of the mountain, where the ground was covered with boulders and rocks. It was easy for him, with his four paws, but Harry, Ron, and Hermione were soon out of breath. They followed Sirius higher, up onto the mountain itself. For nearly half an hour they climbed a steep, winding, and stony path, following Sirius’s wagging tail, sweating in the sun, the shoulder straps of Harry’s bag cutting into his shoulders.

Then, at last, Sirius slipped out of sight, and when they reached the place where he had vanished, they saw a narrow fissure in the rock. They squeezed into it and found themselves in a cool, dimly lit cave. Tethered at the end of it, one end of his rope around a large rock, was Buckbeak the hippogriff. Half gray horse, half giant eagle, Buckbeak’s fierce orange eye flashed at the sight of them. All three of them bowed low to him, and after regarding them imperiously for a moment, Buckbeak bent his scaly front knees and allowed Hermione to rush forward and stroke his feathery neck. Harry, however, was looking at the black dog, which had just turned into his godfather.

他們走到他身邊時，哈利說：“哈囉，天狼星。”黑狗熱情地嗅了嗅哈利的袋子，搖了一次尾巴，然後轉身小跑，越過荒地，向山腳下的岩石趕去。哈利、羅恩和赫敏爬過欄門，跟隨著他向上攀爬。天狼星帶他們來到山脚下，那裡地上滿是大石頭和岩石。對他來說，這很容易，四隻腳可以輕鬆地行走，但哈利、羅恩和赫敏很快就喘不過氣來了。他們跟隨著天狼星，向更高的地方攀爬到山上。他們爬了將近半個小時，沿著陡峭、曲折而崎嶇的小路攀爬，跟隨著天狼星搖擺的尾巴，在陽光下汗流浹背，哈利肩上的背包帶割進了他的肩膀。最後，天狼星消失了，當他們到達他消失的地方時，他們看到岩石中有一個窄小的裂縫。他們擠進去，發現自己置身在一個涼爽、昏暗的洞穴裡。綁在裡面的一塊大石頭上，是一隻叫巴克比克的飛馬。巴克比克半身是灰色的馬，半身是巨型的鷹，他猛烈的橙色眼睛看到他們，閃爍著光芒。他們三個人都向他鞠躬，經過短暫的高傲凝視之後，巴克比克彎下有鱗片的前腿，讓赫敏衝上前去撫摸他的羽毛頸部。然而，哈利在看著那只黑色的狗，那只狗剛剛變成了他的教父。

Sirius was wearing ragged gray robes; the same ones he had been wearing when he had left Azkaban. His black hair was longer than it had been when he had appeared in the fire, and it was untidy and matted once more. He looked very thin.

“Chicken!” he said hoarsely after removing the old *Daily Prophet*s from his mouth and throwing them down onto the cave floor.

Harry pulled open his bag and handed over the bundle of chicken legs and bread.

“Thanks,” said Sirius, opening it, grabbing a drumstick, sitting down on the cave floor, and tearing off a large chunk with his teeth. “I’ve been living off rats mostly. Can’t steal too much food from Hogsmeade; I’d draw attention to myself.”

He grinned up at Harry, but Harry returned the grin only reluctantly.

“What’re you doing here, Sirius?” he said.

天狼星穿著破舊的灰色袍子；這是他離開阿茲卡班時穿著的那件。他的黑髮比他在火中出現時要長，而且又凌亂又糾結。他看起來非常的瘦。「雞肉！」他沙啞地說道，拿走口中舊的《每日預言家》丟到洞穴地上。哈利拉開他的袋子，交出一捆雞腿和麵包。「謝謝。」天狼星說，打開包裹，拿起一根鼓棒，在洞穴地上坐下，用牙齒撕下一大塊。「我大部分時間靠老鼠為生。不能從霍格斯米德偷太多食物，否則會引起注意。」他朝哈利咧嘴一笑，但哈利卻勉強地回了一個笑容。「你在這裡幹嘛，天狼星？」他問道。

“Fulfilling my duty as godfather,” said Sirius, gnawing on the chicken bone in a very doglike way. “Don’t worry about it, I’m pretending to be a lovable stray.”

He was still grinning, but seeing the anxiety in Harry’s face, said more seriously, “I want to be on the spot. Your last letter . . . well, let’s just say things are getting fishier. I’ve been stealing the paper every time someone throws one out, and by the looks of things, I’m not the only one who’s getting worried.”

He nodded at the yellowing *Daily Prophet*s on the cave floor, and Ron picked them up and unfolded them. Harry, however, continued to stare at Sirius.

“What if they catch you? What if you’re seen?”

“You three and Dumbledore are the only ones around here who know I’m an Animagus,” said Sirius, shrugging, and continuing to devour the chicken leg.

西里斯啃著雞骨頭，以狗的方式說：“履行我作教父的職責。別擔心，我正假裝成一隻可愛的流浪狗。”他還在咧著嘴笑，但見到哈利臉上的焦慮，他更認真地說：“我想當個現場監督。根據你的最後一封信……嗯，就是說情況變得越來越妙不可言。每當有人扔報紙時我都會去偷偷拿走，情況看來，我不是唯一一個感到擔憂的人。”他點了點洞穴地板上泛黃的《每日預言家》報紙，羅恩撿起並打開了報紙。然而，哈利仍然凝視著西里斯。“如果他們抓到你怎麼辦？如果你被看到了？”“你們三個和鄧布利多是這裡唯一知道我是變形者的人，”西里斯聳聳肩，繼續啃雞腿。

Ron nudged Harry and passed him the *Daily Prophet*s. There were two: The first bore the headline *Mystery Illness of Bartemius Crouch*, the second, *Ministry Witch Still Missing — Minister of Magic Now Personally Involved*.

Harry scanned the story about Crouch. Phrases jumped out at him: *hasn’t been seen in public since November . . . house appears deserted . . . St. Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries decline comment . . . Ministry refuses to confirm rumors of critical illness . . .*

“They’re making it sound like he’s dying,” said Harry slowly. “But he can’t be that ill if he managed to get up here. . . .”

“My brother’s Crouch’s personal assistant,” Ron informed Sirius. “He says Crouch is suffering from overwork.”

“Mind you, he *did* look ill, last time I saw him up close,” said Harry slowly, still reading the story. “The night my name came out of the goblet. . . .”

羅恩用肘輕推哈利，把《每日預言家》遞了給他。裡面有兩份報紙：第一份的標題是巴蒂摩·柯羅奇神秘疾病，第二份的標題是魔法部女巫失蹤——魔法部部長現在親自介入。哈利瀏覽了一下關於柯羅奇的報導，他發現有一些詞語非常引人注目：自11月以來沒有公開露面……家裡看起來空蕩蕩的……魔法異常和傷害的聖蒙果醫院拒絕發表評論……魔法部拒絕證實關於他病情嚴重的傳言……“他們把他描述得像快死了一樣，”哈利慢慢地說。“但如果他還能爬上來這裡，也不能病的這麼嚴重……”“我哥哥是柯羅奇的私人秘書，”羅恩告訴天狼星。“他說柯羅奇是因為工作過度而生病的。”“不過，說實話，上次我近距離看到他的時候，他的確很虛弱，”哈利慢慢地說，邊讀邊看報紙。“那是當我名字從魔杯裡跳出來的那晚……”

“Getting his comeuppance for sacking Winky, isn’t he?” said Hermione, an edge to her voice. She was stroking Buckbeak, who was crunching up Sirius’s chicken bones. “I bet he wishes he hadn’t done it now — bet he feels the difference now she’s not there to look after him.”

“Hermione’s obsessed with house-elves,” Ron muttered to Sirius, casting Hermione a dark look. Sirius, however, looked interested.

“Crouch sacked his house-elf?”

“Yeah, at the Quidditch World Cup,” said Harry, and he launched into the story of the Dark Mark’s appearance, and Winky being found with Harry’s wand clutched in her hand, and Mr. Crouch’s fury. When Harry had finished, Sirius was on his feet again and had started pacing up and down the cave.

“Let me get this straight,” he said after a while, brandishing a fresh chicken leg. “You first saw the elf in the Top Box. She was saving Crouch a

seat, right?"

“他將被解雇溫奇的命運算是自作孽不可活，是吧？”赫敏說，她的聲音帶著一絲尖酸刻薄的口吻。她撫摸著巴克比克，它正在咬著小雞骨頭。“我敢打賭現在他一定後悔了——沒有溫奇照顧他，他一定感覺到了差別。”“赫敏對家內傭兵真是著迷，”羅恩咕噥著對小天狼星說，神情陰沉地瞪了赫敏一眼。小天狼星卻很感興趣。“克勞奇開除了他的家內傭兵？”“是的，在魁地奇世界盃期間，”哈利說，並開始講述黑魔標的出現以及溫奇發現握著哈利的魔杖以及克勞奇的憤怒。當哈利講完時，小天狼星站起身來，在石洞裡來回踱步。“讓我確認一下，”他說，揮舞著一隻新鮮的雞腿。“你們第一次看到這個傭兵是在貴賓席。她為克勞奇留了個座位，對吧？”

“Right,” said Harry, Ron, and Hermione together.

“But Crouch didn’t turn up for the match?”

“No,” said Harry. “I think he said he’d been too busy.”

Sirius paced all around the cave in silence. Then he said, “Harry, did you check your pockets for your wand after you’d left the Top Box?”

“Erm . . .” Harry thought hard. “No,” he said finally. “I didn’t need to use it before we got in the forest. And then I put my hand in my pocket, and all that was in there were my Omnioculars.” He stared at Sirius. “Are you saying whoever conjured the Mark stole my wand in the Top Box?”

“It’s possible,” said Sirius.

“Winky didn’t steal that wand!” Hermione insisted.

“The elf wasn’t the only one in that box,” said Sirius, his brow furrowed as he continued to pace. “Who else was sitting behind you?”

「好的，」哈利、朗恩和赫敏一起說。「但考奇沒有來看比賽？」「沒有，」哈利說。「我想他說他太忙了。」小天狼星沉默著在洞穴內走來走去。然後他說：「哈利，你離開頂層包廂後有沒有檢查過你的口袋找 wand？」「嗯……」哈利認真考慮了一下。「沒有，」他最終說。「在我們進入森林之前我不需要使用它。然後我把手放在口袋裡，裡面只有我的萬能眼鏡。」他盯著小天狼星。「你是說施法畫符的人在頂層包廂偷了我的 wand？」「有可能，」小天狼星說。「溫琪沒有偷那支魔杖！」赫敏堅稱。「那個小精靈不是那個包廂裡唯一的人，」小天狼星說，他的眉頭緊皺著，邊走邊說。「在你們後面坐的還有誰？」

“Loads of people,” said Harry. “Some Bulgarian ministers . . . Cornelius Fudge . . . the Malfoys . . .”

“The Malfoys!” said Ron suddenly, so loudly that his voice echoed all around the cave, and Buckbeak tossed his head nervously. “I bet it was Lucius Malfoy!”

“Anyone else?” said Sirius.

“No one,” said Harry.

“Yes, there was, there was Ludo Bagman,” Hermione reminded him.

“Oh yeah . . .”

“I don’t know anything about Bagman except that he used to be Beater for the Wimbourne Wasps,” said Sirius, still pacing. “What’s he like?”

“He’s okay,” said Harry. “He keeps offering to help me with the Triwizard Tournament.”

“Does he, now?” said Sirius, frowning more deeply. “I wonder why he’d do that?”

“Says he’s taken a liking to me,” said Harry.

“Hm,” said Sirius, looking thoughtful.

「好多人呢，」哈利說。「一些保加利亞的部長、庫德萊思·費奇、還有馬爾福家族。」「馬爾福家族！」羅恩突然大叫，聲音在洞穴裡回響，巴古汗神經兮兮地搖著頭。「我敢打賭是盧修斯·馬爾福幹的！」「還有嗎？」西里斯問。「沒人了，」哈利說。「有的，還有洛多·巴格曼。」赫敏提醒他。「哦，對了。」「我對巴格曼一無所知，只知道他曾是溫波恩蜂巢的擊球手，」西里斯邊走邊說。「他是什麼人？」「還算不錯，」哈利說。「他老跟我說要幫我參加三強盃競賽。」「是嗎？」西里斯皺著眉頭，表情越來越嚴肅。「不知他為什麼要這麼做？」「他說是喜歡我，」哈利說。「恩。」西里斯沈思了一會兒。

“We saw him in the forest just before the Dark Mark appeared,” Hermione told Sirius. “Remember?” she said to Harry and Ron.

“Yeah, but he didn’t stay in the forest, did he?” said Ron. “The moment we told him about the riot, he went off to the campsite.”

“How d’you know?” Hermione shot back. “How d’you know where he Disapparated to?”

“Come off it,” said Ron incredulously. “Are you saying you reckon Ludo Bagman conjured the Dark Mark?”

“It's more likely he did it than Winky,” said Hermione stubbornly.

“Told you,” said Ron, looking meaningfully at Sirius, “told you she's obsessed with house —”

But Sirius held up a hand to silence Ron.

“When the Dark Mark had been conjured, and the elf had been discovered holding Harry's wand, what did Crouch do?”

“Went to look in the bushes,” said Harry, “but there wasn't anyone else there.”

“我們在黑印記出現前就在森林看到過他，”赫敏告訴小天狼星。“你記得嗎？”她對哈利和羅恩說。“對啊，但他沒留在森林，對吧？”羅恩說。“我們告訴他暴動的事情，他就去了營地。”“你怎麼知道？”赫敏反問。“你怎麼知道他傳送到哪裡去了？”“別開玩笑了，”羅恩不可思議地說。“你是說你認為盧多·巴格曼咒了黑印記？”“比溫琪更可能是他，”赫敏固執地說。“我就跟你說嘛，”羅恩意味深長地看著小天狼星說，“我就跟你說她痴迷於家—”但小天狼星舉起手讓羅恩安靜下來。“當黑印記出現，妖精被發現拿著哈利的魔杖時，克勞奇做了什麼？”“去查了查樹叢，”哈利說，“但那裡沒有其他人。”

“Of course,” Sirius muttered, pacing up and down, “of course, he'd want to pin it on anyone but his own elf . . . and then he sacked her?”

“Yes,” said Hermione in a heated voice, “he sacked her, just because she hadn't stayed in her tent and let herself get trampled —”

“Hermione, will you give it a rest with the elf?” said Ron.

Sirius shook his head and said, “She's got the measure of Crouch better than you have, Ron. If you want to know what a man's like, take a good look at how he treats his inferiors, not his equals.”

He ran a hand over his unshaven face, evidently thinking hard.

“All these absences of Barty Crouch's . . . he goes to the trouble of making sure his house-elf saves him a seat at the Quidditch World Cup, but doesn't bother to turn up and watch. He works very hard to reinstate the Triwizard Tournament, and then stops coming to that too. . . . It's not like Crouch. If he's ever taken a day off work because of illness before this, I'll eat Buckbeak.”

“當然，”天狼星嘟囔著，踱步著，“當然，他會想把責任歸咎於任何人，而不是他自己的小精靈……然後他解雇了她？”“是的，”赫敏激動地說，“他解雇了她，只因為她沒有呆在帳篷裡讓自己被踩踏—”“赫敏，你能不能停止拿小精靈說事啊！”羅恩說。天狼星搖了搖頭說，“她比你了解克勞奇更好，羅恩。如果想知道一個人是什麼樣子，看看他如何對待他的下屬，而不是他的同等身份。”他伸手摸了摸沒有刮鬍子的臉，顯然在深思。“巴蒂·克勞奇的所有缺席……他特別確定他的家內小精靈為他保留了看魁地奇世界杯的座位，但自己卻沒有麻煩過去觀看。他非常努力地恢復三強爭霸賽，然後也停止了參加……這不像克勞奇。如果他這之前因為生病而請假休息過一天，那我就吃巴克比克。”

“D'you know Crouch, then?” said Harry.

Sirius's face darkened. He suddenly looked as menacing as he had the night when Harry first met him, the night when Harry still believed Sirius to be a murderer.

“Oh I know Crouch all right,” he said quietly. “He was the one who gave the order for me to be sent to Azkaban — without a trial.”

“What?” said Ron and Hermione together.

“You're kidding!” said Harry.

“No, I'm not,” said Sirius, taking another great bite of chicken. “Crouch used to be Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, didn't you know?”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione shook their heads.

“He was tipped for the next Minister of Magic,” said Sirius. “He's a great wizard, Barty Crouch, powerfully magical — and power-hungry. Oh never a Voldemort supporter,” he said, reading the look on Harry's face. “No, Barty Crouch was always very outspoken against the Dark Side. But then a lot of people who were against the Dark Side . . . well, you wouldn't understand . . . you're too young . . .”

“你認識克勞奇嗎？”哈利問。小天狼星的臉色變得很陰沉。他突然看起來就像是哈利第一次見到他的晚上那樣邪惡，那個晚上哈利還認為小天狼星是個殺人犯。“喔，我很了解克勞奇，”他說得很安靜。“他下令把我送到阿茲卡班——沒有審判。”“什麼？”羅恩和赫敏異口同聲地說到。“你在开玩笑！”哈利說。“不，我不是。”小天狼星又大口吃起了鸡肉。“克勞奇曾經是魔法執法部的負責人，你們不知道嗎？”哈利、羅恩和赫敏搖搖頭。小天狼星說：“他曾被提名为下一任魔法部長，他是一個了不起的魔法師，強大的魔法——並且貪得無厭。哦，他從來沒有支持過伏地魔，”他看著哈利的表情說道。“沒有，巴蒂·克勞奇一直很堅定地反對黑暗勢力。但是，有很多反對黑暗勢力的人，你們不會明白的……你們太年輕了……”

“That's what my dad said at the World Cup,” said Ron, with a trace of irritation in his voice. “Try us, why don't you?”

A grin flashed across Sirius's thin face.

“All right, I'll try you . . .” He walked once up the cave, back again, and then said, “Imagine that Voldemort's powerful now. You don't know

who his supporters are, you don't know who's working for him and who isn't; you know he can control people so that they do terrible things without being able to stop themselves. You're scared for yourself, and your family, and your friends. Every week, news comes of more deaths, more disappearances, more torturing . . . the Ministry of Magic's in disarray, they don't know what to do, they're trying to keep everything hidden from the Muggles, but meanwhile, Muggles are dying too. Terror everywhere . . . panic . . . confusion . . . that's how it used to be.

「這就是我爹在世界杯上說的，」羅恩說道，聲音帶著一絲惱怒。「試試看吧，為什麼不呢？」西瑞斯的瘦臉上閃過一抹笑意。「好啊，我來試試你們。」他走了一遍洞穴，然後說道：「想像一下，現在佛地魔變得非常強大。你不知道誰是他的支持者，誰在為他工作，誰不是；你知道他可以控制人們，讓他們做出可怕的事情而無法自拔。你為你自己、你的家人和朋友感到害怕。每週都有更多的死亡、失蹤和酷刑的消息……魔法部混亂不堪，他們不知道該怎麼做，他們正在試圖把一切都隱藏起來不讓麻瓜知道，但與此同時，麻瓜也在死亡。恐懼無處不在，驚慌失措……這就是以前的情況。」

“Well, times like that bring out the best in some people and the worst in others. Crouch's principles might've been good in the beginning—I wouldn't know. He rose quickly through the Ministry, and he started ordering very harsh measures against Voldemort's supporters. The Aurors were given new powers—powers to kill rather than capture, for instance. And I wasn't the only one who was handed straight to the dementors without trial. Crouch fought violence with violence, and authorized the use of the Unforgivable Curses against suspects. I would say he became as ruthless and cruel as many on the Dark Side. He had his supporters, mind you—plenty of people thought he was going about things the right way, and there were a lot of witches and wizards clamoring for him to take over as Minister of Magic. When Voldemort disappeared, it looked like only a matter of time until Crouch got the top job. But then something rather unfortunate happened. . . .”Sirius smiled grimly. “Crouch's own son was caught with a group of Death Eaters who'd managed to talk their way out of Azkaban. Apparently they were trying to find Voldemort and return him to power.”

“好吧，这种时候会激发某些人的优点和某些人的缺点。我不知道Crouch的原则一开始可能是好的。他在部长管理层迅速崛起，并开始对墨菲斯托的支持者采取非常严厉的措施。例如，奥罗斯被赋予了新的权力，例如杀人而不是逮捕。我不是唯一一个没有接受审判直接被送到心魔手中的人。Crouch用暴力对抗暴力，并批准使用不可饶恕的诅咒来对付嫌疑犯。我会说他变得像黑暗面上的许多人一样无情和残忍。他有他的支持者，知道你 - 很多人认为他以正确的方式进行，有很多女巫和巫师呼吁他接管魔法部长。当Voldemort消失时，看起来只是时间问题，直到Crouch得到最高职位。但接着发生了一些不太令人愉快的事情……”西里斯瑟姆莱恩奸笑着说道：“Crouch自己的儿子被抓住了，和一群从阿兹卡班里出来的食死徒在一起。显然他们试图找到Voldemort并让他重新掌权。”

“Crouch's son was caught?” gasped Hermione.

“Yep,” said Sirius, throwing his chicken bone to Buckbeak, flinging himself back down on the ground beside the loaf of bread, and tearing it in half. “Nasty little shock for old Barty, I'd imagine. Should have spent a bit more time at home with his family, shouldn't he? Ought to have left the office early once in a while . . . gotten to know his own son.”

He began to wolf down large pieces of bread.

“Was his son a Death Eater?” said Harry.

“No idea,” said Sirius, still stuffing down bread. “I was in Azkaban myself when he was brought in. This is mostly stuff I've found out since I got out. The boy was definitely caught in the company of people I'd bet my life were Death Eaters — but he might have been in the wrong place at the wrong time, just like the house-elf.”

“克劳奇的儿子被抓了？”赫敏吃驚地說。“是的。”西瑞斯說，把雞骨扔給巴克比克，然後回到地上旁邊的麵包上，把它撕成了兩半。“這對老巴蒂來說是個令人不快的驚喜，我想。他應該多花點時間和他的家人在一起，對吧？他應該偶爾早點下班……了解一下自己的兒子。”他開始狼吞虎嚥地吃麵包。“他的兒子是食死徒嗎？”哈利問。“不知道，”西瑞斯還在狼吞虎嚥地吃著麵包說。“當他被帶到監獄時，我自己也在阿茲卡班。這主要是我出了牢房後發現的。這個男孩肯定是和我可以拿自己的生命保證是食死徒的人在一起被抓的，但他可能像家內的小精靈一樣，只是在錯誤的時間錯誤的地點。”

“Did Crouch try and get his son off?” Hermione whispered.

Sirius let out a laugh that was much more like a bark.

“Crouch let his son off? I thought you had the measure of him, Hermione! Anything that threatened to tarnish his reputation had to go; he had dedicated his whole life to becoming Minister of Magic. You saw him dismiss a devoted house-elf because she associated him with the Dark Mark again — doesn't that tell you what he's like? Crouch's fatherly affection stretched just far enough to give his son a trial, and by all accounts, it wasn't much more than an excuse for Crouch to show how much he hated the boy . . . then he sent him straight to Azkaban.”

“He gave his own son to the dementors?” asked Harry quietly.

“That's right,” said Sirius, and he didn't look remotely amused now. “I saw the dementors bringing him in, watched them through the bars in my cell door. He can't have been more than nineteen. They took him into a cell near mine. He was screaming for his mother by nightfall. He went quiet after a few days, though . . . they all went quiet in the end . . . except when they shrieked in their sleep. . . .”

“Crouch試圖幫兒子脫罪嗎？”妙麗輕聲問道。西弗倫發出更像是吠聲的笑聲。“Crouch讓他的兒子脫罪？我以為你已經了解他了，妙麗！任何可能玷污他聲譽的東西都得清除；他一生都致力於成為魔法部部長。你看過他因為家內精靈再次將他與黑魔標誌聯繫起來而解僱一個忠誠的家內精靈——這難道不告訴你他是什麼樣子的人嗎？Crouch的父愛僅僅夠給他兒子一個審判，而按照所有的說法，那只不過是Crouch展示他多麼恨自己兒子的藉口……然後他把他送到了阿茲卡班。”“他把自己的兒子交給了

噬魂怪？”哈利輕聲問道。“沒錯，”西弗倫說，現在他看起來一點都不好笑。“我看到噬魂怪把他帶進來了，透過牢房門口的棒子看到了它們。他可能還不到十九歲。他們把他關進了我旁邊的一間牢房。他到傍晚的時候就尖叫著喊媽媽了。不過幾天後他就安靜下來了……他們最後都安靜了……除了在睡夢中尖叫之外……”

For a moment, the deadened look in Sirius's eyes became more pronounced than ever, as though shutters had closed behind them

“So he's still in Azkaban?” Harry said.

“No,” said Sirius dully. “No, he's not in there anymore. He died about a year after they brought him in.”

“He died?”

“He wasn't the only one,” said Sirius bitterly. “Most go mad in there, and plenty stop eating in the end. They lose the will to live. You could always tell when a death was coming, because the dementors could sense it, they got excited. That boy looked pretty sickly when he arrived. Crouch being an important Ministry member, he and his wife were allowed a deathbed visit. That was the last time I saw Barty Crouch, half carrying his wife past my cell. She died herself, apparently, shortly afterward. Grief. Wasted away just like the boy. Crouch never came for his son's body. The dementors buried him outside the fortress; I watched them do it.”

片刻間，天狼星眼中那昏沉的表情變得更加明顯，彷彿在他的眼後緊閉了百葉窗。“那他還在阿茲卡班？”哈利問道。“不，”天狼星無力地說，“他現在不在裡面了。他被押進去後一年就死了。”“他死了？”“不只是他，”天狼星痛苦地說，“大多數人待在那裡都會變成瘋子，到最後可能都停止進食，失去生存的意志。你總是能感覺到死亡的來臨，因為摯滴魂魔會感知到，它們會興奮。當那個男孩到達時，他看起來相當憔悴。克勞奇是一位重要的部長，他和妻子被允許探病。那是我最後一次見到貝蒂·克勞奇，克勞奇還扶著她走過了我的牢房。她自己不久之後就去世了。悲痛。就像那個男孩一樣發福了。克勞奇從未過問他兒子的屍體。那些摯滴魂魔把他埋在堡壘外面，我看著它們這麼做的。”

Sirius threw aside the bread he had just lifted to his mouth and instead picked up the flask of pumpkin juice and drained it.

“So old Crouch lost it all, just when he thought he had it made,” he continued, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “One moment, a hero, poised to become Minister of Magic . . . next, his son dead, his wife dead, the family name dishonored, and, so I've heard since I escaped, a big drop in popularity. Once the boy had died, people started feeling a bit more sympathetic toward the son and started asking how a nice young lad from a good family had gone so badly astray. The conclusion was that his father never cared much for him. So Cornelius Fudge got the top job, and Crouch was shunted sideways into the Department of International Magical Cooperation.”

天狼星把他剛剛送進嘴巴的麵包扔到一邊，拿起南瓜汁的酒瓶狂灌了一口。“那位老克勞奇把一切都失去了，就在他以為他已經成功之際，”他繼續說著，用手背擦了擦嘴巴。“一瞬間，他是英雄，準備成為魔法部長……下一刻，兒子死了，妻子死了，家族名譽受損，而且，我逃出來之後聽說，聲望也大幅下滑。一旦那孩子死了，人們開始對兒子感到有些同情，並開始問一個好家庭出身的好少年怎麼會走上邪路。結論是他的父親從來不怎麼在乎他。所以科尼留斯·費奇得到了高層的工作，而克勞奇則被調到了國際魔法合作部門。”

There was a long silence. Harry was thinking of the way Crouch's eyes had bulged as he'd looked down at his disobedient house-elf back in the wood at the Quidditch World Cup. This, then, must have been why Crouch had overreacted to Winky being found beneath the Dark Mark. It had brought back memories of his son, and the old scandal, and his fall from grace at the Ministry.

“Moody says Crouch is obsessed with catching Dark wizards,” Harry told Sirius.

“Yeah, I've heard it's become a bit of a mania with him,” said Sirius, nodding. “If you ask me, he still thinks he can bring back the old popularity by catching one more Death Eater.”

“And he sneaked up here to search Snape's office!” said Ron triumphantly, looking at Hermione.

“Yes, and that doesn't make sense at all,” said Sirius.

長時間的沈默。哈利想起了克勞奇在魁地奇世界盃的森林裡發現不服從的家內精靈時，凸出的眼珠。這就是為什麼克勞奇對溫琪被發現在黑魔標誌下反應過度的原因。這讓他想起了他的兒子，以及舊醜聞和他在部內的失勢。“穆迪說克勞奇著迷於追緝黑巫師，”哈利告訴天狼星。“是的，我聽說他已經有點瘋了，”天狼星點點頭。“如果你問我的話，他仍然認為他可以通過抓住一個更多食死徒來重獲古時的聲望。”“他偷偷摸摸地來搜尋斯內普的辦公室！”羅恩得意地說，看著赫敏。“是的，這一點根本沒有道理，”天狼星說道。

“Yeah, it does!” said Ron excitedly, but Sirius shook his head.

“Listen, if Crouch wants to investigate Snape, why hasn't he been coming to judge the tournament? It would be an ideal excuse to make regular visits to Hogwarts and keep an eye on him.”

“So you think Snape could be up to something, then?” asked Harry, but Hermione broke in.

“Look, I don't care what you say, Dumbledore trusts Snape —”

“Oh give it a rest, Hermione,” said Ron impatiently. “I know Dumbledore's brilliant and everything, but that doesn't mean a really clever Dark wizard couldn't fool him —”

“Why did Snape save Harry’s life in the first year, then? Why didn’t he just let him die?”

“I dunno — maybe he thought Dumbledore would kick him out —”

“What d’you think, Sirius?” Harry said loudly, and Ron and Hermione stopped bickering to listen.

「是啊，確實如此！」羅恩興奮地說道，但小天狼星搖了搖頭。「你聽著，如果克劳奇想調查斯內普，為什麼他沒來審判比賽呢？那會是一個理想的藉口，可以經常來霍格華茲並監視他。」「那麼你認為斯內普可能正在策劃什麼事情嗎？」哈利問道，但赫敏插嘴了。「你看，我不在意你說什麼，但達姆布爾多相信斯內普——」「好啦，赫敏，別再說了。」羅恩不耐煩地說道。「我知道達姆布爾多很出色，但這並不意味著一個非常聰明的黑暗巫師無法欺騙他——」「那麼為什麼斯內普在第一年救了哈利的命呢？他為什麼不讓他死去呢？」「我不知道——也許他以為達姆布爾多會把他趕出去——」「你覺得呢，小天狼星？」哈利大聲說道，羅恩和赫敏停止了爭吵，聽著他的意見。

“I think they’ve both got a point,” said Sirius, looking thoughtfully at Ron and Hermione. “Ever since I found out Snape was teaching here, I’ve wondered why Dumbledore hired him. Snape’s always been fascinated by the Dark Arts, he was famous for it at school. Slimy, oily, greasy-haired kid, he was,” Sirius added, and Harry and Ron grinned at each other. “Snape knew more curses when he arrived at school than half the kids in seventh year, and he was part of a gang of Slytherins who nearly all turned out to be Death Eaters.”

Sirius held up his fingers and began ticking off names.

“Rosier and Wilkes — they were both killed by Aurors the year before Voldemort fell. The Lestranges — they’re a married couple — they’re in Azkaban. Avery — from what I’ve heard he wormed his way out of trouble by saying he’d been acting under the Imperius Curse — he’s still at large. But as far as I know, Snape was never even accused of being a Death Eater — not that that means much. Plenty of them were never caught. And Snape’s certainly clever and cunning enough to keep himself out of trouble.”

小天狼星若有所思地看着羅恩和赫敏说：“我认为他们两个都说得对。自从我知道斯内普在这里教书，我就一直想知道邓布利多为什么雇用了他。斯内普一直对黑魔法着迷，他在学校里是出了名的。他是一个滑溜溜、油腻的头发小孩。”哈利和羅恩面面相觑，小天狼星接着说：“当斯内普来到学校时，他知道的咒语比七年级的学生还要多一半，并且他还是一个被几乎所有人认为是食死徒的斯莱德林学院的团伙成员。”小天狼星举起手指，开始数名字。“罗瑟尔和威尔克斯 - 他们在伏地魔倒台前的那一年被神秘部的巫师杀死。莱斯特兰奇夫妇 - 他们在阿兹卡班。艾弗里 - 据听说，他用说自己是受到暴君诅咒指挥的方式摆脱了麻烦 - 他现在仍然在逍遥法外。但据我所知，从来没有人指控过斯内普是食死徒 - 这并不意味着什么。许多人从未被抓到。而且斯内普肯定聪明狡猾到可以自己脱身。”

“Snape knows Karkaroff pretty well, but he wants to keep that quiet,” said Ron.

“Yeah, you should’ve seen Snape’s face when Karkaroff turned up in Potions yesterday!” said Harry quickly. “Karkaroff wanted to talk to Snape, he says Snape’s been avoiding him. Karkaroff looked really worried. He showed Snape something on his arm, but I couldn’t see what it was.”

“He showed Snape something on his arm?” said Sirius, looking frankly bewildered. He ran his fingers distractedly through his filthy hair, then shrugged again. “Well, I’ve no idea what that’s about . . . but if Karkaroff’s genuinely worried, and he’s going to Snape for answers . . .”

Sirius stared at the cave wall, then made a grimace of frustration.

“There’s still the fact that Dumbledore trusts Snape, and I know Dumbledore trusts where a lot of other people wouldn’t, but I just can’t see him letting Snape teach at Hogwarts if he’d ever worked for Voldemort.”

“史納伯很了解卡卡洛夫，但他想保持沉默，”羅恩說道。 “嗯，你應該看到卡卡洛夫昨天在魔藥學課上出現時，史納伯的表情！”哈利迅速地說道。 “卡卡洛夫想跟史納伯談話，他說史納伯一直在躲避他。卡卡洛夫看起來非常擔心。他向史納伯展示了他手臂上的東西，但我看不清是什麼。” “他向史納伯展示了他手臂上的東西？”西布斯不知所措地看著，他心不在焉地撥弄著髒髒的頭髮，然後再次聳了聳肩。 “我不知道那是關於什麼.....但如果卡卡洛夫真的感到擔心，他想找答案向史納伯求教.....” 西布斯盯著洞穴的牆壁，然後沮喪地皺了皺眉頭。 “還有一個事實是，邓布利多信任史納伯，我知道邓布利多信任許多其他人都不會信任的人，但如果史納伯曾經為佛地魔工作，我就無法想象邓布利多會讓他在霍格華茲教書。”

“Why are Moody and Crouch so keen to get into Snape’s office then?” said Ron stubbornly.

“Well,” said Sirius slowly, “I wouldn’t put it past Mad-Eye to have searched every single teacher’s office when he got to Hogwarts. He takes his Defense Against the Dark Arts seriously, Moody. I’m not sure *he* trusts anyone at all, and after the things he’s seen, it’s not surprising. I’ll say this for Moody, though, he never killed if he could help it. Always brought people in alive where possible. He was tough, but he never descended to the level of the Death Eaters. Crouch, though . . . he’s a different matter . . . is he really ill? If he is, why did he make the effort to drag himself up to Snape’s office? And if he’s not . . . what’s he up to? What was he doing at the World Cup that was so important he didn’t turn up in the Top Box? What’s he been doing while he should have been judging the tournament?”

“究竟為什麼穆迪和克勞奇那麼想進入斯內普的辦公室呢？”羅恩固執地問道。“嗯，”西瑞斯慢慢地說，“我不會覺得瘋眼會到了霍格華茲就沒將每位老師的辦公室搜查一遍，他對抗黑魔法是非常認真的。瘋眼不太信任任何人，尤其是經歷了那麼多的事情之後，也不奇怪。不過我得說，瘋眼從不主動殺人。除非沒辦法，他總是會盡可能將人帶回來活著。他很堅強，但他不會像食死徒那樣降低他的水平。不過克勞奇.....他是另一回事.....他真的生病了嗎？如果是，他為什麼還要努力拖著自己到斯內普的辦公室？如果不是.....他在搞什麼鬼？在世界盃上他到底在做什麼那麼重要卻沒來出現在貴賓席上？在他應該評判比賽的時候他又在做什麼？”

Sirius lapsed into silence, still staring at the cave wall. Buckbeak was ferreting around on the rocky floor, looking for bones he might have overlooked. Finally, Sirius looked up at Ron.

“You say your brother’s Crouch’s personal assistant? Any chance you could ask him if he’s seen Crouch lately?”

“I can try,” said Ron doubtfully. “Better not make it sound like I reckon Crouch is up to anything dodgy, though. Percy loves Crouch.”

“And you might try and find out whether they’ve got any leads on Bertha Jorkins while you’re at it,” said Sirius, gesturing to the second copy of the *Daily Prophet*.

“Bagman told me they hadn’t,” said Harry.

“Yes, he’s quoted in the article in there,” said Sirius, nodding at the paper. “Blustering on about how bad Bertha’s memory is. Well, maybe she’s changed since I knew her, but the Bertha I knew wasn’t forgetful at all — quite the reverse. She was a bit dim, but she had an excellent memory for gossip. It used to get her into a lot of trouble; she never knew when to keep her mouth shut. I can see her being a bit of a liability at the Ministry of Magic . . . maybe that’s why Bagman didn’t bother to look for her for so long . . .”

天狼星默默沉默，仍然凝视着洞穴的墙壁。巴基奇在岩石地板上四处搜索，寻找可能遗漏的骨头。最后，天狼星抬起头看着罗恩说道。“你说你兄弟是克劳奇的个人助理？你能问问他最近是否见到过克劳奇吗？”“我可以试试，”罗恩怀疑地说，“但最好别让人觉得我认为克劳奇在做什么狡猾的事情。柏西爱克劳奇是珂茉尔的死忠支持者。”“你可以试着问问他们有没有关于伯莎·约金斯的线索，”天狼星指着《每日先驱报》的副本说道。“巴格曼告诉我他们没有，”哈利说。“是的，他在里面的一篇文章中被引用了，”天狼星朝报纸点点头说。“大吹特吹着伯莎记忆力有多差。嗯，也许她自从我认识她以来就改变了，但我认识的伯莎根本不会忘记东西，恰恰相反，她记得八卦特别好。这常常让她陷入麻烦，因为她永远不知道该保持沉默。我能想象她在魔法部会成为个大隐患……也许这就是巴格曼为什么很久以前就没再去找她的原因……”

Sirius heaved an enormous sigh and rubbed his shadowed eyes.

“What’s the time?”

Harry checked his watch, then remembered it hadn’t been working since it had spent over an hour in the lake.

“It’s half past three,” said Hermione.

“You’d better get back to school,” Sirius said, getting to his feet. “Now listen . . .” He looked particularly hard at Harry. “I don’t want you lot sneaking out of school to see me, all right? Just send notes to me here. I still want to hear about anything odd. But you’re not to go leaving Hogwarts without permission; it would be an ideal opportunity for someone to attack you.”

“No one’s tried to attack me so far, except a dragon and a couple of grindylows,” Harry said, but Sirius scowled at him.

“I don’t care . . . I’ll breathe freely again when this tournament’s over, and that’s not until June. And don’t forget, if you’re talking about me among yourselves, call me Snuffles, okay?”

天狼星嘆了一口氣，揉了揉黑眼圈。「幾點了？」哈利看了看錶，然後想起它在湖裡浸泡了一個多小時後就壞了。「三點半了，」赫敏說。「你們最好回學校去，」天狼星站起來說。「聽著——」他特別盯著哈利。「我不想你們偷溜出學校來看我，知道嗎？只要在這裡給我寫信就好了。我還是想聽到任何奇怪的事情。但是你們不可以未經許可就離開霍格華茲；那會是有人攻擊你們的完美機會。」「除了龍和幾只水怪，沒有人試圖攻擊我，」哈利說，但是天狼星對他皺起了眉頭。「我不在乎。這場比賽結束之前，我都會心驚膽戰的，那要到六月才結束。還有，如果你們在自己之間提到我，叫我『包子』好嗎？」

He handed Harry the empty napkin and flask and went to pat Buckbeak good-bye. “I’ll walk to the edge of the village with you,” said Sirius, “see if I can scrounge another paper.”

He transformed into the great black dog before they left the cave, and they walked back down the mountainside with him, across the boulder-strewn ground, and back to the stile. Here he allowed each of them to pat him on the head, before turning and setting off at a run around the outskirts of the village. Harry, Ron, and Hermione made their way back into Hogsmeade and up toward Hogwarts.

“Wonder if Percy knows all that stuff about Crouch?” Ron said as they walked up the drive to the castle. “But maybe he doesn’t care . . . it’d probably just make him admire Crouch even more. Yeah, Percy loves rules. He’d just say Crouch was refusing to break them for his own son.”

他把空餐巾和酒瓶交給哈利，然後走去和巴克比克道別。“我會陪你走到村莊邊緣，”席瑞斯說，“看看我能不能搜到另一份報紙。”他們離開洞穴前，他變成了這隻偉大的黑狗，然後和他們一起下山，穿越布滿巨石的地面，回到踏板處。在這裡，他允許每個人摸摸他的頭，然後轉身在村莊外圍奔跑。哈利，羅恩和赫敏回到霍格華茲，往上走。“不知道珀西是否知道關於克勞奇的那些事？”羅恩說，當他們走向城堡的路上。“但也許他不在乎……這可能只會讓他更欣賞克勞奇。是的，珀西喜歡規則。他只會說，克勞奇為了自己的兒子而拒絕打破它們。”

“Percy would never throw any of his family to the dementors,” said Hermione severely.

“I don’t know,” said Ron. “If he thought we were standing in the way of his career . . . Percy’s really ambitious, you know. . .”

They walked up the stone steps into the entrance hall, where the delicious smells of dinner wafted toward them from the Great Hall.

“Poor old Snuffles,” said Ron, breathing deeply. “He must really like you, Harry. . . . Imagine having to live off rats.”

“珀西絕不會把他的家人交給魂魄噬咬者，”赫敏嚴厲地說。“我不知道，”羅恩說。“如果他認為我們在阻礙他的事業……你知道，珀西真的很有野心……”他們走上石階，進入入口大廳，從大飯廳飄來了美味的飯菜香味。“可憐的瘋眼狂犬，”羅恩深深地呼吸著說。“他一定很喜歡你，哈利……想像一下只能靠老鼠維生的日子。”



THE MADNESS OF MR. CROUCH

Harry, Ron, and Hermione went up to the Owlery after breakfast on Sunday to send a letter to Percy, asking, as Sirius had suggested, whether he had seen Mr. Crouch lately. They used Hedwig, because it had been so long since she'd had a job. When they had watched her fly out of sight through the Owlery window, they proceeded down to the kitchen to give Dobby his new socks.

The house-elves gave them a very cheery welcome, bowing and curtsying and bustling around making tea again. Dobby was ecstatic about his present.

“Harry Potter is too good to Dobby!” he squeaked, wiping large tears out of his enormous eyes.

“You saved my life with that gillyweed, Dobby, you really did,” said Harry.

“No chance of more of those eclairs, is there?” said Ron, who was looking around at the beaming and bowing house-elves.

哈利、羅恩和赫敏在星期天早餐後來到鳥舍，用海德薇傳送信件給珀西，詢問他是否最近見過柯羅奇先生，就像小天狼星建議的那樣。他們使用海德薇，因為她已經有很長一段時間沒有工作了。當他們看著她飛出鳥舍窗戶消失後，他們前往廚房給多比他的新襪子。家內小精靈非常歡迎他們，鞠躬、行禮，並再次忙碌地泡茶。多比對他的禮物感到狂喜。「哈利·波特太好了，對待多比太好了！」他尖叫著，擦拭著他巨大的眼淚。「用那個水草拯救了我的生命，多比，你真的做到了，」哈利說。

「沒有更多蛋卷的機會了嗎？」羅恩說，他正在看著那些笑容滿面、鞠躬對他們的家內小精靈。

“You've just had breakfast!” said Hermione irritably, but a great silver platter of eclairs was already zooming toward them, supported by four elves.

“We should get some stuff to send up to Snuffles,” Harry muttered.

“Good idea,” said Ron. “Give Pig something to do. You couldn't give us a bit of extra food, could you?” he said to the surrounding elves, and they bowed delightedly and hurried off to get some more.

“Dobby, where's Winky?” said Hermione, who was looking around.

“Winky is over there by the fire, miss,” said Dobby quietly, his ears drooping slightly.

“Oh dear,” said Hermione as she spotted Winky.

Harry looked over at the fireplace too. Winky was sitting on the same stool as last time, but she had allowed herself to become so filthy that she was not immediately distinguishable from the smoke-blackened brick behind her. Her clothes were ragged and unwashed. She was clutching a bottle of butterbeer and swaying slightly on her stool, staring into the fire. As they watched her, she gave an enormous hiccup.

“你才剛吃完早餐！”赫敏不悅地說道，但一個由四個小精靈支撐的巨大銀盤子裡已經放滿了義式泡芙，正朝他們迅速飛來。“我們應該給小狼狗帶一些東西上去。”哈利嘀咕道。“好主意！”羅恩說道，“讓豬頭去幹點事吧。你能給我們多裝一點食物嗎？”他對周圍的小精靈說，他們高興地鞠躬，匆匆忙忙去取更多的食物。“多比，溫琪在哪裡？”赫敏四處張望。“溫琪在火爐那邊，小姐。”多比輕聲說道，他的耳朵微微下垂。“噢，親愛的，”赫敏發現溫琪時說道。哈利也看向了壁爐。溫琪正坐在上次的凳子上，但她已經把自己弄得骯髒不堪，一眼很難分辨她和她身後被煙染黑的磚牆。她的衣服破破爛爛、沒有洗過。她緊緊抱著一瓶牛油啤酒，在凳子上搖晃著，凝視著火爐。當他們看著她時，她打了一個巨大的嗝。

“Winky is getting through six bottles a day now,” Dobby whispered to Harry.

“Well, it's not strong, that stuff,” Harry said.

But Dobby shook his head. “Tis strong for a house-elf, sir,” he said.

Winky hiccuped again. The elves who had brought the eclairs gave her disapproving looks as they returned to work.

“Winky is pining, Harry Potter,” Dobby whispered sadly. “Winky wants to go home. Winky still thinks Mr. Crouch is her master, sir, and nothing Dobby says will persuade her that Professor Dumbledore is her master now.”

“Hey, Winky,” said Harry, struck by a sudden inspiration, walking over to her, and bending down, “you don’t know what Mr. Crouch might be up to, do you? Because he’s stopped turning up to judge the Triwizard Tournament.”

Winky’s eyes flickered. Her enormous pupils focused on Harry. She swayed slightly again and then said, “M — Master is stopped — *hic* — coming?”

「現在Winky每天喝六瓶了，」Dobby對哈利輕聲說。「那東西其實不是很濃烈，」哈利說。但Dobby搖著頭。「對家內精靈來說已經夠濃了，先生，」他說。Winky又打了個嗝。送來泡芙的精靈們看著她投以反感的眼神，然後又回到工作崗位。「哈利波特，Winky很掛念，」Dobby傷心地低聲說，「Winky想回家。Winky仍然認為克勞奇先生是她的主人，先生，而且Dobby怎麼說也說不服她，現在教授-鄧布利多是她的主人了。」「嘿，Winky，」哈利萌生了一個突然的靈感，走向她，彎下腰說：「你不知道克勞奇先生在做什麼嗎？因為他已經不再出現為三強盃比賽評委了。」Winky的眼神動了一下。她的巨大瞳孔聚焦在哈利身上。她再次搖晃著，然後說：「主-主人不-不來了？」

“Yeah,” said Harry, “we haven’t seen him since the first task. The *Daily Prophet* ’s saying he’s ill.”

Winky swayed some more, staring blurrily at Harry.

“Master — *hic* — ill?”

Her bottom lip began to tremble.

“But we’re not sure if that’s true,” said Hermione quickly.

“Master is needing his — *hic* — Winky!” whimpered the elf. “Master cannot — *hic* — manage — *hic* — all by himself . . .”

“Other people manage to do their own housework, you know, Winky,” Hermione said severely.

“Winky — *hic* — is not only — *hic* — doing housework for Mr. Crouch!” Winky squeaked indignantly, swaying worse than ever and slopping butterbeer down her already heavily stained blouse. “Master is — *hic* — trusting Winky with — *hic* — the most important — *hic* — the most secret —”

“What?” said Harry.

“對，”哈利說，“自從第一場比賽以來我們沒有見過他。《每日先驅報》說他生病了。”溫琪晃來晃去，朦朧地望著哈利。“主人——嗝——病了？”她的下唇開始顫抖。“但我們不確定那是否屬實，”赫敏快速說道。“主人需要——嗝——溫琪！”小精靈哀嚎道，“主人無法獨自——嗝——管理——嗝——一切……”“你知道，溫琪，其他人能夠自己做家務，”赫敏嚴厲地說道。“溫琪不僅僅是幫Cr籐先生做家務！”溫琪氣鼓鼓地尖叫著，晃得更厲害，把奶油啤酒洒在她已經沾滿的衬衫上，“主人——嗝——信任Winky——嗝——負責最重要的——嗝——最祕密的——”“什麼？”哈利問道。

But Winky shook her head very hard, spilling more butterbeer down herself.

“Winky keeps — *hic* — her master’s secrets,” she said mutinously, swaying very heavily now, frowning up at Harry with her eyes crossed. “You is — *hic* — nosing, you is.”

“Winky must not talk like that to Harry Potter!” said Dobby angrily. “Harry Potter is brave and noble and Harry Potter is not nosy!”

“He is nosing — *hic* — into my master’s — *hic* — private and secret — *hic* — Winky is a good house-elf — *hic* — Winky keeps her silence — *hic* — people trying to — *hic* — pry and poke — *hic* —”

Winky’s eyelids drooped and suddenly, without warning, she slid off her stool into the hearth, snoring loudly. The empty bottle of butterbeer rolled away across the stone-flagged floor. Half a dozen house-elves came hurrying forward, looking disgusted. One of them picked up the bottle; the others covered Winky with a large checked tablecloth and tucked the ends in neatly, hiding her from view.

但溫琪拼命地搖頭，讓更多的奶油啤酒灑在她身上。「溫琪不願意——嗝——泄露主人的秘密，」她莫名其妙地說道，身體不斷晃動，雙眼交錯着不滿地瞪著哈利。「你是一——嗝——目光不良，你是。」「溫琪不可以這樣對哈利波特說話！」多比生氣地說。「哈利波特勇敢高貴，而且他不是目光不良的人！」「他是一——嗝——窺探我主人的一——嗝——私人和機密的人，」溫琪聲音低沉地說道。「溫琪是一個好巫婆，她保守她的秘密，不讓那些窺探和挖苦的人知道。」溫琪的眼皮垂下來，突然間，她沉重地從凳子上滑下來，打起鼾來。空瓶的奶油啤酒在石地板上滾動。半打家內小精靈匆匆而來，看著她感到厭惡。其中一個人撿起瓶子，其他人則用一塊格子布蓋住溫琪，把她裹得整整齊齊，不讓她被看見。

“We is sorry you had to see that, sirs and miss!” squeaked a nearby elf, shaking his head and looking very ashamed. “We is hoping you will not judge us all by Winky, sirs and miss!”

“She’s unhappy!” said Hermione, exasperated. “Why don’t you try and cheer her up instead of covering her up?”

“Begging your pardon, miss,” said the house-elf, bowing deeply again, “but house-elves has no right to be unhappy when there is work to be done and masters to be served.”

“Oh for heaven’s sake!” Hermione cried. “Listen to me, all of you! You’ve got just as much right as wizards to be unhappy! You’ve got the right to wages and holidays and proper clothes, you don’t have to do everything you’re told — look at Dobby!”

“Miss will please keep Dobby out of this,” Dobby mumbled, looking scared. The cheery smiles had vanished from the faces of the house-elves around the kitchen. They were suddenly looking at Hermione as though she were mad and dangerous.

「對不起，先生和小姐，讓您們看到了那樣的情況！」一個附近的小精靈尖叫道，搖著頭，顯得非常羞愧。「希望您們不會因為溫琪而判斷我們所有人，先生和小姐！」「她不開心！」赫敏感到極度沮喪。「為什麼不試著讓她高興起來，而不是遮起來呢？」「請恕我，小姐。」那個家庭精靈再次深深地鞠躬道。「但在有工作要做、主人要服務的時候，家庭精靈就沒有不開心的權利。」「我真是的！」赫敏大喊。「聽我說，你們大家都和巫師一樣有權不開心！你們有權薪水、假期和合適的衣服，不必聽從所有命令——看看多比！」「小姐請不要提多比。」多比嘟哝著，看起來很害怕。廚房裡其他家庭精靈臉上的愉快笑容不見了，他們突然看著赫敏，像她是一個瘋子和危險人物。

“We has your extra food!” squeaked an elf at Harry’s elbow, and he shoved a large ham, a dozen cakes, and some fruit into Harry’s arms. “Good-bye!”

The house-elves crowded around Harry, Ron, and Hermione and began shunting them out of the kitchen, many little hands pushing in the smalls of their backs.

“Thank you for the socks, Harry Potter!” Dobby called miserably from the hearth, where he was standing next to the lumpy tablecloth that was Winky.

“You couldn’t keep your mouth shut, could you, Hermione?” said Ron angrily as the kitchen door slammed shut behind them. “They won’t want us visiting them now! We could’ve tried to get more stuff out of Winky about Crouch!”

“Oh as if you care about that!” scoffed Hermione. “You only like coming down here for the food!”

「我們有多餘的食物！」一個小精靈在哈利的肘部尖叫著，他把一塊大火腿、十幾塊蛋糕和一些水果塞進哈利的手臂裡。「再見！」家內的小精靈圍著哈利、羅恩和赫敏，開始把他們從廚房中排出去，許多小手推在他們背部的小小部位。「哈利波特，謝謝你的襪子！」多比哀怨地從爐灶那裡叫喊著，他站在瘤狀桌布旁邊的溫琪身旁。「你就是不能閉上嘴巴，是吧，赫敏？」羅恩生氣地說，當廚房門在他們身後砰然關閉時。「現在他們不會再想讓我們來拜訪了！我們本來可以從溫琪那裡試著更多地了解克勞奇的事情！」「哦，也就只是食物吸引你！」赫敏嘲笑道。

It was an irritable sort of day after that. Harry got so tired of Ron and Hermione sniping at each other over their homework in the common room that he took Sirius’s food up to the Owlery that evening on his own.

Pigwidgeon was much too small to carry an entire ham up to the mountain by himself, so Harry enlisted the help of two school screech owls as well. When they had set off into the dusk, looking extremely odd carrying the large package between them, Harry leaned on the windowsill, looking out at the grounds, at the dark, rustling treetops of the Forbidden Forest, and the rippling sails of the Durmstrang ship. An eagle owl flew through the coil of smoke rising from Hagrid’s chimney; it soared toward the castle, around the Owlery, and out of sight. Looking down, Harry saw Hagrid digging energetically in front of his cabin. Harry wondered what he was doing; it looked as though he were making a new vegetable patch. As he watched, Madame Maxime emerged from the Beauxbatons carriage and walked over to Hagrid. She appeared to be trying to engage him in conversation. Hagrid leaned upon his spade, but did not seem keen to prolong their talk, because Madame Maxime returned to the carriage shortly afterward.

那之後的日子讓人煩躁。哈利非常厭煩羅恩和赫敏在公共休息室因功課而互相挖苦，於是他在晚上一個人前往寄鳥屋送去小天使的食物。小天使太小了，不可能一個人抬著一整塊火腿爬上山，所以哈利還找了兩隻校內貓頭鷹協助。當牠們攜帶這大包裹走向夕陽的時候，哈利斜倚在窗台上，凝望向外面的景色，看著禁林裡黑色而沙沙作響的樹頂，以及饗堂湖浪漫的波光。一隻鷹頭貓在海格的煙囪旁盤旋，飛往城堡、繞過寄鳥屋，最後消失不見。哈利看到海格正精力充沛地在他的小屋前挖土，他好奇地想著海格在做什麼，看起來他好像正在種新的蔬菜。就在他注視著的時候，馬德姆·馬克西姆從貝克巴松的馬車裡走出來，向海格走去，試圖與他交談。海格撐著鏟子來來回回地看著馬克西姆，但看起來他並不想多說話，因為馬克西姆不久後就返回馬車了。

Unwilling to go back to Gryffindor Tower and listen to Ron and Hermione snarling at each other, Harry watched Hagrid digging until the darkness swallowed him and the owls around Harry began to awake, swooshing past him into the night.

By breakfast the next day Ron’s and Hermione’s bad moods had burnt out, and to Harry’s relief, Ron’s dark predictions that the house-elves would send substandard food up to the Gryffindor table because Hermione had insulted them proved false; the bacon, eggs, and kippers were quite as good as usual.

When the post owls arrived, Hermione looked up eagerly; she seemed to be expecting something.

“Percy won’t’ve had time to answer yet,” said Ron. “We only sent Hedwig yesterday.”

“No, it’s not that,” said Hermione. “I’ve taken out a subscription to the *Daily Prophet*. I’m getting sick of finding everything out from the

Slytherins.”

不願回到格蘭芬多塔聽羅恩和赫敏互相爭吵，哈利看著海格挖掘，直到黑暗將他吞沒，而哈利周圍的貓頭鷹開始甦醒，掠過他飛進夜晚。第二天早餐時，羅恩和赫敏的壞心情已經消失了，讓哈利感到欣慰的是，羅恩黑暗的預言被證明是錯誤的，家內精靈沒有因為赫敏侮辱他們而在格蘭芬多桌上提供次級食物；培根、雞蛋和鯖魚仍然和往常一樣美味。當貓頭鷹投遞信件時，赫敏興致勃勃地抬起頭；她似乎在期待著什麼。「珀西可能還來不及回覆，」羅恩說：「我們昨天才派赫敏去送信。」「不，不是這個原因，」赫敏說：「我訂閱了《每日預言報》，我已經厭倦了從史萊哲林那裡得知所有消息。」

“Good thinking!” said Harry, also looking up at the owls. “Hey, Hermione, I think you’re in luck —”

A gray owl was soaring down toward Hermione.

“It hasn’t got a newspaper, though,” she said, looking disappointed. “It’s —”

But to her bewilderment, the gray owl landed in front of her plate, closely followed by four barn owls, a brown owl, and a tawny.

“How many subscriptions did you take out?” said Harry, seizing Hermione’s goblet before it was knocked over by the cluster of owls, all of whom were jostling close to her, trying to deliver their own letter first.

“What on earth — ?” Hermione said, taking the letter from the gray owl, opening it, and starting to read. “Oh really!” she sputtered, going rather red.

“What’s up?” said Ron.

“It’s — oh how ridiculous —”

“好主意！”哈利說着，也抬頭看着那些貓頭鷹。“嘿，赫敏，我想你遇到好事了——”一只灰色的貓頭鷹飛向赫敏。“可惜它沒有報紙，”她失望地說，“它——”但令她困惑的是，灰色的貓頭鷹落在她的盤子前，後面跟着四只倉鴞、一只褐色的貓頭鷹和一只黃褐色的貓頭鷹。“你訂了多少份？”哈利搶過赫敏的酒杯，以免它被擠到一邊。“到底怎麼回事？”赫敏接过灰色貓頭鷹的信，打開來看。“噢，真可笑！”她有點發紅。“怎麼了？”羅恩問。“這太——太荒謬了——”

She thrust the letter at Harry, who saw that it was not handwritten, but composed from pasted letters that seemed to have been cut out of the *Daily Prophet*.

You are a WickEd giRL. HarRy PoTTER desErves BeTteR. GO back wherE you cAMe from mUGgle.

“They’re all like it!” said Hermione desperately, opening one letter after another. “Harry Potter can do much better than the likes of you. . . . ‘You deserve to be boiled in frog spawn. . . . ’ Ouch!”

She had opened the last envelope, and yellowish-green liquid smelling strongly of petrol gushed over her hands, which began to erupt in large yellow boils.

“Undiluted bubotuber pus!” said Ron, picking up the envelope gingerly and sniffing it.

“Ow!” said Hermione, tears starting in her eyes as she tried to rub the pus off her hands with a napkin, but her fingers were now so thickly covered in painful sores that it looked as though she were wearing a pair of thick, knobbly gloves.

她把信塞給哈利，哈利看到這並不是手寫的，而是由貼在上面的字母組成，這些字母似乎是從《每日先驅報》上剪下來的。你是一個邪惡的女孩，哈利波特應該得到更好的。回去你來的地方，麻瓜。“它們全部都是這樣的！”赫敏拼命地說著，一封接著一封地打開着。“哈利波特可以找到比你更好的人。”‘你配被放在青蛙的卵中沸煮。’喔！”她打開了最後一個信封，一種帶有強烈橙味的黃綠色液體噴灑在她的手上，手開始長出大大小小的黃色疙瘩。“純淨的泡泡芙蕾汁！”羅恩輕輕拿起信封，聞了聞。“哎！”赫敏說，淚水開始流出來，她試圖用餐巾紙擦掉膿液，但她的手指現在已經被厚厚的疼痛性瘡瘍覆蓋，看起來像戴了一副厚厚的、多節的手套。

“You’d better get up to the hospital wing,” said Harry as the owls around Hermione took flight. “We’ll tell Professor Sprout where you’ve gone. . . .”

“I warned her!” said Ron as Hermione hurried out of the Great Hall, cradling her hands. “I warned her not to annoy Rita Skeeter! Look at this one . . .” He read out one of the letters Hermione had left behind: “I read in Witch Weekly about how you are playing Harry Potter false and that boy has had enough hardship and I will be sending you a curse by next post as soon as I can find a big enough envelope. ’ Blimey, she’d better watch out for herself.”

Hermione didn’t turn up for Herbology. As Harry and Ron left the greenhouse for their Care of Magical Creatures class, they saw Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle descending the stone steps of the castle. Pansy Parkinson was whispering and giggling behind them with her gang of Slytherin girls. Catching sight of Harry, Pansy called, “Potter, have you split up with your girlfriend? Why was she so upset at breakfast?”

「她最好去醫院翼。」哈利說，當赫敏周圍的貓頭鷹飛走時。「我們會告訴斯普勞特教授她去哪了……」「我警告過她！」赫敏慌忙離開大禮堂時，羅恩說。「我警告她不要惹瑞塔·史基特！看這封信……」他讀出赫敏留下的其中一封信：「『我在女巫週刊上讀到你正在對哈利波特撒謊，那個孩子已經遭受了足夠的苦難，我會在下次郵寄時寄一封詛咒信給你，只要我找到

足夠大的信封就行。』天啊，她最好小心一點。』赫敏缺席了香草學課。當哈利和羅恩從溫室離開，前往他們的魔法生物學課時，他們看到馬爾福、克拉布和戈伊爾從城堡的石階下降。潘西·帕金森和她的一群史萊哲林女孩在他們身後窃窃私語並咯咯笑著。看見哈利，潘西叫道：「波特，是不是和你女朋友分手了？她為什麼早餐時那麼傷心？」

Harry ignored her; he didn't want to give her the satisfaction of knowing how much trouble the *Witch Weekly* article had caused.

Hagrid, who had told them last lesson that they had finished with unicorns, was waiting for them outside his cabin with a fresh supply of open crates at his feet. Harry's heart sank at the sight of the crates — surely not another skrewt hatching? — but when he got near enough to see inside, he found himself looking at a number of fluffy black creatures with long snouts. Their front paws were curiously flat, like spades, and they were blinking up at the class, looking politely puzzled at all the attention.

“These're nifflers,” said Hagrid, when the class had gathered around. “Yeh find 'em down mines mostly. They like sparkly stuff . . . There yeh go, look.”

哈利無視了她；他不想讓她滿足地知道《女巫週刊》的文章帶來了多少麻煩。上一節課，已經告訴他們和獨角獸的任務已經完結了，海格正在他的小屋外面等他們，一堆新的打開的箱子放在他的腳邊。哈利看到這些箱子的時候，心中一沉——難道還有另外一種斯克魯特正在孵化嗎？但是，當他靠近一看，他發現自己看到了一些有著長吻的黑色毛茸茸的動物。它們的前腿像鏟子一樣扁平，而且眨巴著眼睛看著全班，對這些關注感到有點困惑。“這是尼福獸，”當全班人聚集在一起，海格解釋道。“你們主要能在礦井裡找到牠們。它們喜歡閃閃發光的東西……看，你們來瞧瞧吧。”

One of the nifflers had suddenly leapt up and attempted to bite Pansy Parkinson's watch off her wrist. She shrieked and jumped backward.

“Useful little treasure detectors,” said Hagrid happily. “Thought we'd have some fun with 'em today. See over there?” He pointed at the large patch of freshly turned earth Harry had watched him digging from the Owlery window. “I've buried some gold coins. I've got a prize fer whoever picks the niffler that digs up most. Jus' take off all yer valuables, an' choose a niffler, an' get ready ter set 'em loose.”

Harry took off his watch, which he was only wearing out of habit, as it didn't work anymore, and stuffed it into his pocket. Then he picked up a niffler. It put its long snout in Harry's ear and sniffed enthusiastically. It was really quite cuddly.

其中一隻貓鼬突然跳起來，試圖咬下 Pansy Parkinson 手腕上的手錶。她尖叫著向後跳。“非常有用的寶藏探測器，”哈格力開心地說道。“我們今天玩玩看它們。看那邊？”他指著哈利從工藝室窗戶看到他在挖的一大片新翻起的泥土。“我挖了一些金幣。誰挑出的貓鼬挖到的最多，就有獎品。把你們所有的貴重物品都拿下來，選一隻貓鼬，準備把它們放出去。”哈利拿下手表，他只是出於習慣戴著，因為它已經不工作了，然後將它塞進口袋裡。然後他挑了一隻貓鼬。它把長長的吻放進哈利的耳朵裡，熱情地吸氣。它真的是相當可愛。

“Hang on,” said Hagrid, looking down into the crate, “there's a spare niffler here . . . who's missin'? Where's Hermione?”

“She had to go to the hospital wing,” said Ron.

“We'll explain later,” Harry muttered; Pansy Parkinson was listening.

It was easily the most fun they had ever had in Care of Magical Creatures. The nifflers dived in and out of the patch of earth as though it were water, each scurrying back to the student who had released it and spitting gold into their hands. Ron's was particularly efficient; it had soon filled his lap with coins.

“Can you buy these as pets, Hagrid?” he asked excitedly as his niffler dived back into the soil, splattering his robes.

“Yer mum wouldn't be happy, Ron,” said Hagrid, grinning. “They wreck houses, nifflers. I reckon they've nearly got the lot, now,” he added, pacing around the patch of earth while the nifflers continued to dive. “I on'y buried a hundred coins. Oh there y're, Hermione!”

“等等！”哈格力說著，低頭看著箱子，“這裡還有一隻多餘的貓鼬...誰不見了？赫敏在哪裡？”“她必須去醫院翼，”羅恩說。“等一下我們再解釋，”哈利嘟囔道；潘西·帕金森正在聽。這是他們在魔法生物學上玩得最開心的時候。貓鼬像在水中一樣在土地間穿梭，每個貓鼬都會爬回釋放它的學生身邊，把金幣吐到他們的手中。羅恩的貓鼬特別有效；它很快就填滿了他的膝蓋。“哈格力，您能買這些作為寵物嗎？”他興奮地問道，看著他的貓鼬在土壤中潛水，濺得他的袍子上滿是土。“你媽媽不會高興的，羅恩，”哈格力咧嘴笑道，“貓鼬會毀掉房子。我想這些貓鼬幾乎都有了，”他一邊在土壤間走動，一邊說道，而貓鼬繼續潛水，“我只埋了一百枚硬幣。噢，赫敏，你在這裡啊！”

Hermione was walking toward them across the lawn. Her hands were very heavily bandaged and she looked miserable. Pansy Parkinson was watching her bearily.

“Well, let's check how yeh've done!” said Hagrid. “Count yer coins! An' there's no point tryin' ter steal any, Goyle,” he added, his beetle-black eyes narrowed. “It's leprechaun gold. Vanishes after a few hours.”

Goyle emptied his pockets, looking extremely sulky. It turned out that Ron's niffler had been most successful, so Hagrid gave him an enormous slab of Honeydukes chocolate for a prize. The bell rang across the grounds for lunch; the rest of the class set off back to the castle, but Harry, Ron, and Hermione stayed behind to help Hagrid put the nifflers back in their boxes. Harry noticed Madame Maxime watching them out of her carriage window.

赫敏正穿过草坪向他們走來。她的手包扎得非常嚴實，看起來很痛苦。潘西·帕金森愁眉苦臉地看著她。“好吧，讓我們看看

你们的成绩！”海格说道：“数一数你们的硬币！无论怎样，不要试图盗窃，格尔，”他补充道，他甲虫一般的黑眼睛眯着。“这是小妖金子。几个小时后就消失了。”格尔倾倒着口袋，看起来非常的乖戾。事实证明，罗恩的寻财仙鼬最成功，所以海格给了他一大块仙女糖作为奖品。铃声在草坪上响起，是午餐时间了；其他的同学返回城堡，但是哈利、罗恩和赫敏留下来帮助海格把寻财仙鼬放回盒子里。哈利注意到玛克西姆夫人从马车窗户里看着他们。

“What yeh done ter your hands, Hermione?” said Hagrid, looking concerned.

Hermione told him about the hate mail she had received that morning, and the envelope full of bubotuber pus.

“Aaah, don’ worry,” said Hagrid gently, looking down at her. “I got some o’ those letters an’ all, after Rita Skeeter wrote abou’ me mum. ‘Yeh’re a monster an’ yeh should be put down.’ ‘Yer mother killed innocent people an’ if you had any decency you’d jump in a lake.’”

“No!” said Hermione, looking shocked.

“Yeah,” said Hagrid, heaving the niffler crates over by his cabin wall. “They’re jus’ nutters, Hermione. Don’ open ’em if yeh get any more. Chuck ’em straigh’ in the fire.”

“You missed a really good lesson,” Harry told Hermione as they headed back toward the castle. “They’re good, nifflers, aren’t they, Ron?”

“赫敏，你的手怎麼了？”海格看起來很擔心。赫敏告訴他有個憎恨信在早上送到她的信箱，還有一個充滿膿的信封。“啊，別擔心，”海格輕聲說，看著她。他把niffler的箱子拖到了小木屋的牆邊，“我也收到過那種信，當Rita Skeeter寫了關於我母親的文章之後。‘你是一個怪物，應該被處死。’‘你的母親殺害了無辜的人，如果你有點道德覺悟，你應該跳到湖裡去。’”“不！”赫敏驚訝地說。“對啊，”海格說，把niffler的箱子拖到他的小木屋旁邊，“他們只是瘋了，赫敏。如果你再收到信，不要打開它們。直接扔進火裡。”“你錯過了一堂真正有趣的課，”回到城堡的路上，哈利告訴赫敏，“Niffler真的很棒，對嗎，朗？”

Ron, however, was frowning at the chocolate Hagrid had given him. He looked thoroughly put out about something.

“What’s the matter?” said Harry. “Wrong flavor?”

“No,” said Ron shortly. “Why didn’t you tell me about the gold?”

“What gold?” said Harry.

“The gold I gave you at the Quidditch World Cup,” said Ron. “The leprechaun gold I gave you for my Omnioculars. In the Top Box. Why didn’t you tell me it disappeared?”

Harry had to think for a moment before he realized what Ron was talking about.

“Oh . . .” he said, the memory coming back to him at last. “I dunno . . . I never noticed it had gone. I was more worried about my wand, wasn’t I?”

They climbed the steps into the entrance hall and went into the Great Hall for lunch.

“Must be nice,” Ron said abruptly, when they had sat down and started serving themselves roast beef and Yorkshire puddings. “To have so much money you don’t notice if a pocketful of Galleons goes missing.”

然而，羅恩對哈格力送他的巧克力感到不滿。他看起來對某件事非常不悅。“怎麼了？”哈利問道。“口味不對嗎？”“不是的，”羅恩冷冷地說。“你為什麼沒有告訴我金子的事？”“什麼金子？”哈利問。“我在魁地奇世界盃上送給你的金子，為了得到我的萬能望遠鏡所送的那個小矮人的金子。在頂層的包廂裡。你為什麼不告訴我它不見了？”哈利得想了一會兒才意識到羅恩在說什麼。“哦.....”最後，他想起了記憶。“我不知道.....我從沒注意到它不見了。當時我更擔心我的魔杖，不是嗎？”他們爬上臺階，進入入口大廳，走進了大禮堂吃午餐。“有這麼多錢，口袋里的金幣被偷了都不會察覺，一定很舒服。”他們坐下來開始吃燒烤牛肉和約克郡布丁。“羅恩突然說。

“Listen, I had other stuff on my mind that night!” said Harry impatiently. “We all did, remember?”

“I didn’t know leprechaun gold vanishes,” Ron muttered. “I thought I was paying you back. You shouldn’t’ve given me that Chudley Cannon hat for Christmas.”

“Forget it, all right?” said Harry.

Ron speared a roast potato on the end of his fork, glaring at it. Then he said, “I hate being poor.”

Harry and Hermione looked at each other. Neither of them really knew what to say.

“It’s rubbish,” said Ron, still glaring down at his potato. “I don’t blame Fred and George for trying to make some extra money. Wish I could. Wish I had a niffler.”

“Well, we know what to get you next Christmas,” said Hermione brightly. Then, when Ron continued to look gloomy, she said, “Come on, Ron, it could be worse. At least your fingers aren’t full of pus.” Hermione was having a lot of difficulty managing her knife and fork, her fingers were so stiff and swollen. “I hate that Skeeter woman!” she burst out savagely. “I’ll get her back for this if it’s the last thing I do!”

“聽著，當晚我腦子裡有其他事情！”哈利不耐煩地說道，“我們所有人都有，記得嗎？”“我不知道妖精的金子會消失，”羅恩嘟囔道，“我以為我是在還你的錢。你不應該在聖誕節送我那頂查德利·卡儂隊帽。”“算了，好不好？”哈利說。羅恩用叉子叉了一個烤土豆，怒視著它。然後他說，“我討厭窮人。”哈利和赫敏看著對方，都不知道該說什麼。“真是胡扯，”羅恩仍然盯著土豆生氣地說，“我不怪弗雷德和喬治想賺些額外的錢。我也希望我能。希望我有一只搜財鼠。”“好吧，我們知道下一個聖誕節該送你什麼了，”赫敏開心地說道。然後，當羅恩繼續神情沮喪時，她說，“來吧，羅恩，事情還有更糟的。至少你的手指沒有被膿充滿。”赫敏的手指僵硬而腫脹，用刀叉吃東西很困難。她爆喊道，“我討厭那個斯基特女人！我要報復她，即使這是我所做的最後一件事！”

Hate mail continued to arrive for Hermione over the following week, and although she followed Hagrid's advice and stopped opening it, several of her ill-wishers sent Howlers, which exploded at the Gryffindor table and shrieked insults at her for the whole Hall to hear. Even those people who didn't read *Witch Weekly* knew all about the supposed Harry-Krum-Hermione triangle now. Harry was getting sick of telling people that Hermione wasn't his girlfriend.

“It'll die down, though,” he told Hermione, “if we just ignore it. . . . People got bored with that stuff she wrote about me last time —”

“I want to know how she's listening into private conversations when she's supposed to be banned from the grounds!” said Hermione angrily.

Hermione hung back in their next Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson to ask Professor Moody something. The rest of the class was very eager to leave; Moody had given them such a rigorous test of hex-deflection that many of them were nursing small injuries. Harry had such a bad case of Twitchy Ears, he had to hold his hands clamped over them as he walked away from the class.

在接下来的一周，仇恨邮件继续涌向赫敏，尽管她遵循海格的建议停止打开邮件，但她的一些恶意发送者发送了哭泣声，它们在格兰芬多桌上爆炸，尖叫着侮辱她，全厅都听得到。即使那些不读巫女周报的人现在也都知道所谓的哈利-克鲁姆-赫敏三角关系。哈利已经厌倦了告诉人们赫敏不是他的女朋友了。“如果我们只是不理会它，它会消失的，”他告诉赫敏，“人们觉得上次那些她在我身上写的事情很无聊——”“我想知道她是如何监听私人对话的，当她应该被禁止进入校园时！”赫敏生气地说。在下一节黑魔法防御课上，赫敏落后了，询问魔咒师穆迪。整个班都非常渴望离开；穆迪给了他们一次严格的魔咒偏转测试，其中许多人都受了轻伤。哈利的情况很糟糕，他耳朵抽搐的厉害，走出课堂时不得不紧紧捂住它们。

“Well, Rita's definitely not using an Invisibility Cloak!” Hermione panted five minutes later, catching up with Harry and Ron in the entrance hall and pulling Harry's hand away from one of his wiggling ears so that he could hear her. “Moody says he didn't see her anywhere near the judges' table at the second task, or anywhere near the lake!”

“Hermione, is there any point in telling you to drop this?” said Ron.

“No!” said Hermione stubbornly. “I want to know how she heard me talking to Viktor! *And* how she found out about Hagrid's mum!”

“Maybe she had you bugged,” said Harry.

“Bugged?” said Ron blankly. “What . . . put fleas on her or something?”

Harry started explaining about hidden microphones and recording equipment. Ron was fascinated, but Hermione interrupted them

“呃，莉塔肯定沒有使用隱形斗篷！”五分鐘後，赫敏跟上哈利和羅恩，拉開哈利握著的一只扭動的耳朵，讓他能聽見她的話語，“穆迪說他在第二次任務時完全沒有看到她在裁判席旁邊，也沒看到她在湖邊附近！”“赫敏，告訴你不去追究這個事情有意義嗎？”羅恩說。“沒有！”赫敏固執地說，“我想知道她是怎麼聽到我跟維克多說話的！還有她是怎麼知道海格的媽媽的事情的！”“也許她找了你的bug，”哈利說。“bug？”羅恩茫然地說，“什麼.....放跳蚤給她？”哈利開始講解隱藏的麥克風和錄音設備。羅恩很感興趣，但赫敏打斷了他們。

“Aren't you two ever going to read *Hogwarts: A History*?”

“What's the point?” said Ron. “You know it by heart, we can just ask you.”

“All those substitutes for magic Muggles use — electricity, computers, and radar, and all those things — they all go haywire around Hogwarts, there's too much magic in the air. No, Rita's using magic to eavesdrop, she must be. . . . If I could just find out what it is . . . ooh, if it's illegal, I'll have her . . .”

“Haven't we got enough to worry about?” Ron asked her. “Do we have to start a vendetta against Rita Skeeter as well?”

“I'm not asking you to help!” Hermione snapped. “I'll do it on my own!”

She marched back up the marble staircase without a backward glance. Harry was quite sure she was going to the library.

“What's the betting she comes back with a box of *I Hate Rita Skeeter* badges?” said Ron.

“你們還沒有讀過霍格華茲史嗎？”「有什麼意義？」羅恩說。「你全記在心裡，我們只要問你就好了。」所有那些用來替代魔法的現代科技——電力，電腦，雷達等等——都在霍格華茲周圍失靈。這裡的魔力太過強大了。不，黛塔肯定是用魔法來竊聽我們的。如果我能找到她用的是什麼魔法咒語.....哦，如果那是非法行為，那麼我肯定會抓住她.....」「我們已經夠憂心忡忡的了吧？」羅恩問道。「難道還要跟黛塔·史卡德展開一場血feud嗎？」「我不讓你們幫忙！」赫敏怒斥道。「我會獨自完成的！」她沒回頭，頂著高高的石梯向上走去。哈利很確定她是去了圖書館。「打賭她回來會拿著一盒『我恨黛塔·史卡德』

的徽章。」羅恩說道。

Hermione, however, did not ask Harry and Ron to help her pursue vengeance against Rita Skeeter, for which they were both grateful, because their workload was mounting ever higher in the days before the Easter holidays. Harry frankly marveled at the fact that Hermione could research magical methods of eavesdropping as well as everything else they had to do. He was working flat-out just to get through all their homework, though he made a point of sending regular food packages up to the cave in the mountain for Sirius; after last summer, Harry had not forgotten what it felt like to be continually hungry. He enclosed notes to Sirius, telling him that nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and that they were still waiting for an answer from Percy.

Hedwig didn't return until the end of the Easter holidays. Percy's letter was enclosed in a package of Easter eggs that Mrs. Weasley had sent. Both Harry's and Ron's were the size of dragon eggs and full of homemade toffee. Hermione's, however, was smaller than a chicken egg. Her face fell when she saw it.

不過赫敏沒有要求哈利和朗幫她對抗瑞塔·斯基特復仇，他們倆都很感激，因為在復活節假期前幾天，他們的工作量越來越大。哈利真的很驚訝，赫敏能夠研究偷聽的魔法方法和其他所有必須做的事情。他正在全力以赴地完成所有功課，儘管他堅持定期向山洞裡的天狼星寄送食物包裹；去年夏天後，哈利沒有忘記持續飢餓的感覺。他還附上便條給天狼星，告訴他沒有發生什麼不尋常的事情，他們仍在等候珀西的答覆。雪貂直到復活節假期結束才回來。珀西的信被放入美莉·衛斯理送來的復活節彩蛋包裡。哈利和羅恩的大小像龍蛋，裡面滿是自製太妃糖，然而赫敏的比一個雞蛋還小。她看到後臉色很不好。

“Your mum doesn't read *Witch Weekly*, by any chance, does she, Ron?” she asked quietly.

“Yeah,” said Ron, whose mouth was full of toffee. “Gets it for the recipes.”

Hermione looked sadly at her tiny egg.

“Don't you want to see what Percy's written?” Harry asked her hastily.

Percy's letter was short and irritated.

As I am constantly telling the Daily Prophet, Mr. Crouch is taking a well-deserved break. He is sending in regular owls with instructions. No, I haven't actually seen him, but I think I can be trusted to know my own superior's handwriting. I have quite enough to do at the moment without trying to quash these ridiculous rumors. Please don't bother me again unless it's something important. Happy Easter.

The start of the summer term would normally have meant that Harry was training hard for the last Quidditch match of the season. This year, however, it was the third and final task in the Triwizard Tournament for which he needed to prepare, but he still didn't know what he would have to do. Finally, in the last week of May, Professor McGonagall held him back in Transfiguration.

“妳媽媽沒有看巫女周刊吧，羅恩？”她輕聲問。“有啊，”嘴巴裡滿是太妃糖的羅恩說，“為了食譜才買的。”赫敏難過地看著她的小蛋。“妳不想看看珀西寫了什麼？”哈利急忙問她。珀西的信很短，很惱火。我一直在跟《每日預言家》說，克勞奇先生正在休息，他用貓頭鷹定期發指示。不，我沒有真的見到他，但我認為我可以相信自己上司的筆跡。我現在已經有足夠的事要做，不想試圖打擊這些荒唐的謠言了。請不要再打擾我，除非是重要的事情。復活節愉快。夏季學期的開始通常意味著哈利要為季末的魁地奇比賽作出艱苦的訓練。然而，今年他需要準備三強巡迴賽的第三個和最後一個任務，但他仍然不知道他必須做什麼。最後，在五月的最後一個星期，麥崔珂教授在變形術課上留住了他。

“You are to go down to the Quidditch field tonight at nine o'clock, Potter,” she told him. “Mr. Bagman will be there to tell the champions about the third task.”

So at half past eight that night, Harry left Ron and Hermione in Gryffindor Tower and went downstairs. As he crossed the entrance hall, Cedric came up from the Hufflepuff common room.

“What d'you reckon it's going to be?” he asked Harry as they went together down the stone steps, out into the cloudy night. “Fleur keeps going on about underground tunnels; she reckons we've got to find treasure.”

“That wouldn't be too bad,” said Harry, thinking that he would simply ask Hagrid for a niffler to do the job for him.

They walked down the dark lawn to the Quidditch stadium, turned through a gap in the stands, and walked out onto the field.

她告诉他：“晚上九点你要去魁地奇场地，波特，巴格曼先生会在那里告诉冠军们关于第三个任务的。”所以那天晚上八点半，哈利告别罗恩和赫敏，下楼去了。当他穿过入口大厅时，塞德里克从赫夫帕夫公共住所走了过来。“你觉得会是什么？”他们一起走下石阶，走出了阴云密布的夜晚。“菲勒一直在说地下隧道，她认为我们必须找到宝藏。”“那也不错，”哈利想他会简单地向海格借一只獾做这项工作。他们走过黑暗的草坪来到魁地奇体育场，穿过看台上的缝隙，走进球场。

“What've they done to it?” Cedric said indignantly, stopping dead.

The Quidditch field was no longer smooth and flat. It looked as though somebody had been building long, low walls all over it that twisted and crisscrossed in every direction.

“They're hedges!” said Harry, bending to examine the nearest one.

“Hello there!” called a cheery voice.

Ludo Bagman was standing in the middle of the field with Krum and Fleur. Harry and Cedric made their way toward them, climbing over the hedges. Fleur beamed at Harry as he came nearer. Her attitude toward him had changed completely since he had saved her sister from the lake.

“Well, what d’you think?” said Bagman happily as Harry and Cedric climbed over the last hedge. “Growing nicely, aren’t they? Give them a month and Hagrid’ll have them twenty feet high. Don’t worry,” he added, grinning, spotting the less-than-happy expressions on Harry’s and Cedric’s faces, “you’ll have your Quidditch field back to normal once the task is over! Now, I imagine you can guess what we’re making here?”

“他們對它做了什麼?”塞德里克憤慨地說，停了下來。魁地奇球場不再平整，看起來好像有人在上面建造了長而低的牆壁，這些牆壁在各個方向上扭曲並交錯。“它們是樹籬！”哈利彎腰檢查最近的一個時說。“你好！”一個愉快的聲音傳來。魯多·巴格曼和克魯姆、弗勒站在球場中央。哈利和塞德里克爬過樹籬朝他們靠近。弗勒向走近的哈利微笑。自从哈利从湖里救出她的姐姐以来，她对他的态度完全改变了。“那你们觉得怎么样？”当哈利和塞德里克越过最后一根樹籬时，巴格曼高兴地问道，“它们长得很好，不是吗？再过一个月，海格就会把它们种到20英尺高。不要担心，”他补充说，笑着看到哈利和塞德里克脸上不太高兴的表情，“任务结束后，你们的魁地奇运动场就会恢复正常！现在，我想你们可以猜到我们在这里做什么了？”

No one spoke for a moment. Then —

“Maze,” grunted Krum.

“That’s right!” said Bagman. “A maze. The third task’s really very straightforward. The Triwizard Cup will be placed in the center of the maze. The first champion to touch it will receive full marks.”

“We seemly ’ave to get through the maze?” said Fleur.

“There will be obstacles,” said Bagman happily, bouncing on the balls of his feet. “Hagrid is providing a number of creatures . . . then there will be spells that must be broken . . . all that sort of thing, you know. Now, the champions who are leading on points will get a head start into the maze.” Bagman grinned at Harry and Cedric. “Then Mr. Krum will enter . . . then Miss Delacour. But you’ll all be in with a fighting chance, depending how well you get past the obstacles. Should be fun, eh?”

沒有人說話了一會兒。然後——“迷宮，”克拉姆咕哝道。“沒錯！”巴格曼說。“迷宮。第三個任務非常簡單。三巨頭杯將放置在迷宮的中心。第一位冠軍觸碰它將獲得滿分。”“我們只需要通過迷宮嗎？”菲勒說。“將有障礙物，”巴格曼高興地說，雙腳跳躍。“海格提供了許多生物...然後必須破解咒語...你知道的那種事情。現在，積分領先的冠軍將在迷宮中獲得頭顱的開始。”巴格曼對哈利和塞德里克笑了笑。“然後克魯姆先生進入...然後是德拉庫爾小姐。但您都有擊敗障礙物的機會，這取決於您的表現。應該很有趣，對吧？”

Harry, who knew only too well the kind of creatures that Hagrid was likely to provide for an event like this, thought it was unlikely to be any fun at all. However, he nodded politely like the other champions.

“Very well . . . if you haven’t got any questions, we’ll go back up to the castle, shall we, it’s a bit chilly. . . .”

Bagman hurried alongside Harry as they began to wend their way out of the growing maze. Harry had the feeling that Bagman was going to start offering to help him again, but just then, Krum tapped Harry on the shoulder.

“Could I haff a vord?”

“Yeah, all right,” said Harry, slightly surprised.

“Vill you valk vith me?”

“Okay,” said Harry curiously.

Bagman looked slightly perturbed.

“I’ll wait for you, Harry, shall I?”

“No, it’s okay, Mr. Bagman,” said Harry, suppressing a smile, “I think I can find the castle on my own, thanks.”

哈利對哈格力可能會為像這樣的活動提供什麼樣的生物了然於胸，他認為這根本不會有任何有趣的東西。然而，就像其他的冠軍一樣，他禮貌地點了點頭。「很好.....如果你們沒有任何問題，我們就回城堡，天有些冷了。」當他們開始穿過越來越密集的迷宮時，巴格曼匆匆跟在哈利旁邊。哈利覺得巴格曼又要開始提供幫助了，但這時クラム在哈利的肩膀上輕輕拍了拍他。「能和你說句話嗎？」「好的，」哈利有些驚訝地說。「你能和我一起走嗎？」「好啊，」哈利好奇地說。巴格曼看起來有些不安。「我等你，哈利，好嗎？」「沒關係，巴格曼先生，」哈利忍住笑說，「謝謝你的好意，但我自己回城堡可以了。」

Harry and Krum left the stadium together, but Krum did not set a course for the Durmstrang ship. Instead, he walked toward the forest.

“What’re we going this way for?” said Harry as they passed Hagrid’s cabin and the illuminated Beauxbatons carriage.

“Don’t vont to be overheard,” said Krum shortly.

When at last they had reached a quiet stretch of ground a short way from the Beauxbatons horses' paddock, Krum stopped in the shade of the trees and turned to face Harry.

"I vant to know," he said, glowering, "vot there is between you and Hermy-own-ninny."

Harry, who from Krum's secretive manner had expected something much more serious than this, stared up at Krum in amazement.

"Nothing," he said. But Krum glowered at him, and Harry, somehow struck anew by how tall Krum was, elaborated. "We're friends. She's not my girlfriend and she never has been. It's just that Skeeter woman making things up."

哈利和庫魯姆一起離開了體育場，但庫魯姆沒有設定方向前往杜姆斯特朗號船。相反地，他走向了森林。「我們這樣走是為了什麼？」當他們經過海格的小屋和亮起的魁地奇馬車時，哈利問道。「不想被監聽到，」庫魯姆簡短地說道。當他們終於走到離魁地奇馬車圈不遠的寧靜土地時，庫魯姆在樹蔭下停了下來，轉身面對哈利。「我想知道，」他怒視著哈利說：「你和荷敏妮之間的關係是什麼。」哈利從庫魯姆神祕的態度中預期到會有比這更嚴重的事情，所以他驚訝地注視著庫魯姆。

「沒有什麼，」他說。但是庫魯姆盯著他，哈利重新意識到庫魯姆有多高，於是解釋道：「我們只是朋友。她不是我的女朋友，也從來不是。只是那個史奇特女人在胡說八道。」

"Hermy-own-ninny talks about you very often," said Krum, looking suspiciously at Harry.

"Yeah," said Harry, "because we're *friends*."

He couldn't quite believe he was having this conversation with Viktor Krum, the famous International Quidditch player. It was as though the eighteen-year-old Krum thought he, Harry, was an equal — a real rival —

"You haff never . . . you haff not . . ."

"No," said Harry very firmly.

Krum looked slightly happier. He stared at Harry for a few seconds, then said, "You fly very vell. I vos votching at the first task."

"Thanks," said Harry, grinning broadly and suddenly feeling much taller himself. "I saw you at the Quidditch World Cup. The Wronski Feint, you really —"

But something moved behind Krum in the trees, and Harry, who had some experience of the sort of thing that lurked in the forest, instinctively grabbed Krum's arm and pulled him around.

“赫敏總是常提起你，”克魯姆猜疑地看著哈利說。“是啊，”哈利說，“因為我們是朋友。”他無法相信他正在與著名國際魁地奇球員維克多·克魯姆進行這樣的對話。彷彿十八歲的克魯姆認為他，哈利，是平起平坐的——一個真正的對手——“你從來沒有...你沒有...”“沒有，”哈利非常堅定地說。克魯姆看起來有點高興。他盯著哈利看了幾秒鐘，然後說：“你飛得非常好。我在第一場比賽時看到了。”“謝謝，”哈利寬心地笑了，突然自己也感覺高大了許多。“我在魁地奇世界杯上看到你了。龍蛇翻滾，你真的...”但是樹林後面有什麼東西動了一下，哈利，對於棲息在森林中的怪物有些經驗，本能地抓住了克魯姆的手臂，然後把他拉了過來。

"Vot is it?"

Harry shook his head, staring at the place where he'd seen movement. He slipped his hand inside his robes, reaching for his wand.

Suddenly a man staggered out from behind a tall oak. For a moment, Harry didn't recognize him . . . then he realized it was Mr. Crouch.

He looked as though he had been traveling for days. The knees of his robes were ripped and bloody, his face scratched; he was unshaven and gray with exhaustion. His neat hair and mustache were both in need of a wash and a trim. His strange appearance, however, was nothing to the way he was behaving. Muttering and gesticulating, Mr. Crouch appeared to be talking to someone that he alone could see. He reminded Harry vividly of an old tramp he had seen once when out shopping with the Dursleys. That man too had been conversing wildly with thin air; Aunt Petunia had seized Dudley's hand and pulled him across the road to avoid him; Uncle Vernon had then treated the family to a long rant about what he would like to do with beggars and vagrants.

“這是什麼？”哈利搖了搖頭，凝視著他曾經看到有活動的地方。他把手放在袍子裡，伸出手法杖。突然，一個人蹣跚地從一棵高大的橡樹後面走了出來。哈利有一瞬間沒有認出他.....然後他意識到這是克勞奇先生。他看起來像是旅行了幾天。他的袍子膝蓋處被扯破了，血淋淋的，他的臉上刮傷了；他沒有刮鬍子，筋疲力盡，臉色灰暗。他整齊的頭髮和小鬍子都需要洗洗剪剪。然而，他的奇怪外貌並不及他的行為怪異。克勞奇先生喃喃自語著，手勢也很奇怪，似乎在和他獨自能看到的人交談。這使哈利緊張不安，讓他想起他和德思禮一家逛街時曾經看過的一個老流浪漢。那個人也在同空氣不停地說話；佩婷妮姍拽著達德利的手把他拉過馬路去，以避免與他相遇；弗农姨夫隨後對家人大發雷霆，說出他想對乞丐和流浪漢做的事情。

"Vosn't he a judge?" said Krum, staring at Mr. Crouch. "Isn't he with your Ministry?"

Harry nodded, hesitated for a moment, then walked slowly toward Mr. Crouch, who did not look at him, but continued to talk to a nearby tree.

"... and when you've done that, Weatherby, send an owl to Dumbledore confirming the number of Durmstrang students who will be attending the tournament, Karkaroff has just sent word there will be twelve . . ."

“Mr. Crouch?” said Harry cautiously.

“… and then send another owl to Madame Maxime, because she might want to up the number of students she’s bringing, now Karkaroff’s made it a round dozen … do that, Weatherby, will you? Will you? Will …”

Mr. Crouch’s eyes were bulging. He stood staring at the tree, muttering soundlessly at it. Then he staggered sideways and fell to his knees.

“他不是一名法官嗎？”克魯姆盯著克勞奇說。“他是和你們的部門在一起的吧？”哈利點了點頭，猶豫了一會兒，然後緩緩走向克勞奇，克勞奇沒有看他，而是繼續和一棵樹談話。“……當你完成那些事情後，韋德比，給鄧布利多送一個貓頭鷹，確認那些參加比賽的杜姆斯特教師學生的數量，卡卡洛夫方才派來消息說有12個……”“克勞奇先生？”哈利謹慎地說。“……然後再送一個貓頭鷹給瑪德姆·瑪希姆，因為她可能希望增加她所帶的學生人數，現在卡卡洛夫又增加了一個人頭……韋德比，你去辦這些，好嗎？你會的，你會的，你會的……”克勞奇的眼珠突出。他站著盯著那棵樹，無聲地喃喃自語。然後他向一邊搖晃，跪伏在地。

“Mr. Crouch?” Harry said loudly. “Are you all right?”

Crouch’s eyes were rolling in his head. Harry looked around at Krum, who had followed him into the trees, and was looking down at Crouch in alarm.

“What is wrong with him?”

“No idea,” Harry muttered. “Listen, you’d better go and get someone —”

“Dumbledore!” gasped Mr. Crouch. He reached out and seized a handful of Harry’s robes, dragging him closer, though his eyes were staring over Harry’s head. “I need … see … Dumbledore. …”

“Okay,” said Harry, “if you get up, Mr. Crouch, we can go up to the —”

“I’ve done … stupid … thing …” Mr. Crouch breathed. He looked utterly mad. His eyes were rolling and bulging, and a trickle of spittle was sliding down his chin. Every word he spoke seemed to cost him a terrible effort. “Must … tell … Dumbledore …”

“克勞奇先生？”哈利大声說道，“你還好吗？”克勞奇的眼睛在眼眶里打轉。哈利環顧四周，發現克魯姆（Krum）已經跟着他進入了樹林，並且非常擔憂地看着克勞奇。“他怎麼了？”“不知道，”哈利嘀咕道，“聽着，你最好去找別人——”“鄧布利多！”克勞奇喘息着。“我需要……見……鄧布利多……”“好的，”哈利說，“如果您能站起來，克勞奇先生，我們可以去方——”“我做了……一件愚蠢的……事情……”克勞奇喘息着。他看上去瘋狂至極，眼睛在眼眶里滾動和突出，口水滴了下來。他說的每個字都似乎需要極大的努力。“必須……告訴……鄧布利多……”

“Get up, Mr. Crouch,” said Harry loudly and clearly. “Get up, I’ll take you to Dumbledore!”

Mr. Crouch’s eyes rolled forward onto Harry.

“Who … you?” he whispered.

“I’m a student at the school,” said Harry, looking around at Krum for some help, but Krum was hanging back, looking extremely nervous.

“You’re not … his?” whispered Crouch, his mouth sagging.

“No,” said Harry, without the faintest idea what Crouch was talking about.

“Dumbledore’s?”

“That’s right,” said Harry.

Crouch was pulling him closer; Harry tried to loosen Crouch’s grip on his robes, but it was too powerful.

“Warn … Dumbledore …”

“I’ll get Dumbledore if you let go of me,” said Harry. “Just let go, Mr. Crouch, and I’ll get him. …”

“Thank you, Weatherby, and when you have done that, I would like a cup of tea. My wife and son will be arriving shortly, we are attending a concert tonight with Mr. and Mrs. Fudge.”

“克勞奇先生，起床了，”哈利清晰而響亮地說道。“我帶你見鄧布利多！”克勞奇先生的眼睛滾向哈利。“你是誰？”他輕聲說道。“我是學校的學生，”哈利說道，望向克倫姆尋求幫助，但克倫姆卻猶豫不決，顯得極其緊張。“你不是……他的？”克勞奇輕聲喃喃，嘴巴垂落。“不是，”哈利毫無頭緒地回答。“鄧布利多的？”“對，”哈利說道。克勞奇拉近他的距離，哈利試圖放鬆克勞奇拽住他袍子的手，但卻力不從心。“警告……鄧布利多……”“你讓我走，我就帶鄧布利多來，”哈利說道。“你放手，克勞奇先生，我就去找他……”“謝謝你，韋瑟比，等你完成這個後，我想喝杯茶。我的妻子和兒子馬上就會到了，我們今晚要和法奇先生和夫人一起去聽音樂會。”

Crouch was now talking fluently to a tree again, and seemed completely unaware that Harry was there, which surprised Harry so much he didn’t

notice that Crouch had released him.

“Yes, my son has recently gained twelve O.W.L.s, most satisfactory, yes, thank you, yes, very proud indeed. Now, if you could bring me that memo from the Andorran Minister of Magic, I think I will have time to draft a response. . . .”

“You stay here with him!” Harry said to Krum. “I’ll get Dumbledore, I’ll be quicker, I know where his office is —”

“He is mad,” said Krum doubtfully, staring down at Crouch, who was still gabbling to the tree, apparently convinced it was Percy.

“Just stay with him,” said Harry, starting to get up, but his movement seemed to trigger another abrupt change in Mr. Crouch, who seized him hard around the knees and pulled Harry back to the ground.

Crouch現在又在和一棵樹自然而然地說話了，似乎完全沒有察覺到哈利的存在，哈利感到很驚訝，以至於他沒有注意到Crouch已經釋放了他。“是的，我的兒子最近獲得了12個O.W.L.s，非常滿意，謝謝，非常感到驕傲。現在，如果你能給我帶來安道爾魔法部長的備忘錄，我想我會有時間起草回應……”“你留在這裡看著他！”哈利對克魯姆說，“我去找鄧布利多，我會更快的，我知道他的辦公室在哪裡——”“他瘋了，”克魯姆疑惑地說，盯著Crouch，他仍在向樹喋喋不休，顯然相信那是Percy。“只是留在這裡看著他，”哈利說，開始站起來，但他的動作似乎引發了Crouch另一個突然的變化，Crouch猛然用力抱住他的膝蓋，把哈利拉回地上。

“Don’t . . . leave . . . me!” he whispered, his eyes bulging again. “I . . . escaped . . . must warn . . . must tell . . . see Dumbledore . . . my fault . . . all my fault . . . Bertha . . . dead . . . all my fault . . . my son . . . my fault . . . tell Dumbledore . . . Harry Potter . . . the Dark Lord . . . stronger . . . Harry Potter . . .”

“I’ll get Dumbledore if you let me go, Mr. Crouch!” said Harry. He looked furiously around at Krum. “Help me, will you?”

Looking extremely apprehensive, Krum moved forward and squatted down next to Mr. Crouch.

“Just keep him here,” said Harry, pulling himself free of Mr. Crouch. “I’ll be back with Dumbledore.”

“Hurry, von’t you?” Krum called after him as Harry sprinted away from the forest and up through the dark grounds. They were deserted; Bagman, Cedric, and Fleur had disappeared. Harry tore up the stone steps, through the oak front doors, and off up the marble staircase, toward the second floor.

「不……不要離開我！」他喃喃自語，眼睛再度凸出。「我……逃掉了……必須警告……必須告訴……見過鄧布利多……都是我的錯……都是我的錯……柏莎……死了……都是我的錯……我的兒子……我的錯……告訴鄧布利多……哈利波特……黑魔王……強大了……哈利波特……」「如果你讓我走，我會去找鄧布利多！」哈利說。他憤怒地看著克拉姆。「幫我，好嗎？」克拉姆擔心地走近，蹲在克勞奇先生旁邊。「替我看著他，」哈利說，推開克勞奇先生。「我會帶鄧布利多來。」當哈利從森林奔跑出來，穿過黑暗的校園時，失望地發現草地上消失了巴格曼、塞德里克和美樂。他狂奔上石階，穿過橡木大門，快速爬上大理石樓梯，往二樓跑去。

Five minutes later he was hurtling toward a stone gargoyle standing halfway along an empty corridor.

“Lem— lemon drop!” he panted at it.

This was the password to the hidden staircase to Dumbledore’s office — or at least, it had been two years ago. The password had evidently changed, however, for the stone gargoyle did not spring to life and jump aside, but stood frozen, glaring at Harry malevolently.

“Move!” Harry shouted at it. “C’mom!”

But nothing at Hogwarts had ever moved just because he shouted at it; he knew it was no good. He looked up and down the dark corridor. Perhaps Dumbledore was in the staffroom? He started running as fast as he could toward the staircase —

“POTTER!”

Harry skidded to a halt and looked around. Snape had just emerged from the hidden staircase behind the stone gargoyle. The wall was sliding shut behind him even as he beckoned Harry back toward him.

五分鐘後，他沖向一個石製的石像，在一條空無一人的走廊中間。「檸檬糖！」他氣喘吁吁地對著它喊道。這是通往鄧布利多辦公室的秘密樓梯的密碼——或者至少在兩年前是這樣。然而，密碼顯然已經改變，因為石像沒有活過來並跳開，而是凝固在那裡，邪惡地盯著哈利。「走開！」哈利大喊。「快走！」然而，在霍格華茲，從來沒有東西僅僅因為他喊叫就動過，他知道這是沒用的。他往上往下看了看黑暗的走廊。也許鄧布利多在教職員休息室裡？他盡可能地快跑著朝樓梯跑去——「波特！」哈利突然停下來四處張望。斯納普剛從石像後面的秘密樓梯中出來。牆在他身後滑動著，他一邊示意哈利回到他身邊。

“What are you doing here, Potter?”

“I need to see Professor Dumbledore!” said Harry, running back up the corridor and skidding to a standstill in front of Snape instead. “It’s Mr. Crouch . . . he’s just turned up . . . he’s in the forest . . . he’s asking —”

“What is this rubbish?” said Snape, his black eyes glittering. “What are you talking about?”

“Mr. Crouch!” Harry shouted. “From the Ministry! He’s ill or something — he’s in the forest, he wants to see Dumbledore! Just give me the password up to —”

“The headmaster is busy, Potter,” said Snape, his thin mouth curling into an unpleasant smile.

“I’ve got to tell Dumbledore!” Harry yelled.

“Didn’t you hear me, Potter?”

Harry could tell Snape was thoroughly enjoying himself, denying Harry the thing he wanted when he was so panicky.

「波特，你在這做什麼？」「我需要見鄧布利多教授！」哈利回答，沿著走廊跑了回去，在斯內普面前剎車停住。「是柯羅奇先生……他現在出現了……他在森林裡……他在問……」「你在胡說什麼？」斯內普說，他的黑眼睛閃閃發亮。「你在說什麼東西？」「柯羅奇先生！」哈利大喊。「來自部長辦公室！他生病或者什麼的——他在森林裡，他想見鄧布利多！只要告訴我通往——」「校長現在很忙，波特。」斯內普說，他瘦削的嘴角翹起了不悅的微笑。「我必須告訴鄧布利多！」哈利喊道。「你沒聽到我說的話嗎，波特？」哈利可以感覺到斯內普非常享受，當哈利在緊張之際，他拒絕了哈利所想要的東西。

“Look,” said Harry angrily, “Crouch isn’t right — he’s — he’s out of his mind — he says he wants to warn —”

The stone wall behind Snape slid open. Dumbledore was standing there, wearing long green robes and a mildly curious expression. “Is there a problem?” he said, looking between Harry and Snape.

“Professor!” Harry said, sidestepping Snape before Snape could speak, “Mr. Crouch is here — he’s down in the forest, he wants to speak to you!”

Harry expected Dumbledore to ask questions, but to his relief, Dumbledore did nothing of the sort.

“Lead the way,” he said promptly, and he swept off along the corridor behind Harry, leaving Snape standing next to the gargoyle and looking twice as ugly.

“What did Mr. Crouch say, Harry?” said Dumbledore as they walked swiftly down the marble staircase.

“哈利生氣地說：‘看呀，克拉休不對勁——他——他神經錯亂了——他說他想警告——’史奈佩身後的石牆滑開。鄧布爾站在那裡，穿著長長的綠袍，表情輕輕好奇。他看著哈利和史奈佩。“有問題嗎？”“教授！”哈利在史奈佩開口之前避開他，“克拉休先生在這裡——他在森林裡，他想和您說話！”哈利期望鄧布爾會問問題，但令他如釋重負的是，鄧布爾沒有這樣做。“走吧，”他迅速地說道，隨著哈利在走廊後面一邊掃過去，留下史奈佩站在石像旁邊，看上去更加難看。“哈利，克拉休先生說了什麼？”他們迅速走下大理石階梯時，鄧布爾問道。

“Said he wants to warn you . . . said he’s done something terrible . . . he mentioned his son . . . and Bertha Jorkins . . . and — and Voldemort . . . something about Voldemort getting stronger . . .”

“Indeed,” said Dumbledore, and he quickened his pace as they hurried out into the pitch-darkness.

“He’s not acting normally,” Harry said, hurrying along beside Dumbledore. “He doesn’t seem to know where he is. He keeps talking like he thinks Percy Weasley’s there, and then he changes, and says he needs to see you . . . I left him with Viktor Krum.”

“You did?” said Dumbledore sharply, and he began to take longer strides still, so that Harry was running to keep up. “Do you know if anybody else saw Mr. Crouch?”

“No,” said Harry. “Krum and I were talking. Mr. Bagman had just finished telling us about the third task, we stayed behind, and then we saw Mr. Crouch coming out of the forest —”

「他說他想警告你...他說他做了一些可怕的事情...他提到了他的兒子...和柏莎·喬金斯...還有——還有佛地魔...似乎是在說佛地魔變得更強了.....」「確實如此，」鄧布利多說，當他們急忙走出漆黑的夜晚時，加快了步伐。「他的行為不正常，」哈利旁邊匆忙走著，說道。「他似乎不知道自己在哪裡。他一直在說話，好像他以為珀西·韋斯萊在那裡，然後又改口，說他需要見你.....我把他留給了維克多·克魯姆。」「你這麼做了？」鄧布利多緊張地問道。他開始加速步伐，哈利正在跑步跟上。「你知道有沒有其他人見過克勞奇先生嗎？」「沒有，」哈利說。「我和克魯姆在說話，巴格曼先生剛講完第三項任務，我們留了下來，然後我們看到克勞奇先生從森林裡出來了.....」

“Where are they?” said Dumbledore as the Beauxbatons carriage emerged from the darkness.

“Over here,” said Harry, moving in front of Dumbledore, leading the way through the trees. He couldn’t hear Crouch’s voice anymore, but he knew where he was going: it hadn’t been much past the Beauxbatons carriage . . . somewhere around here. . . .

“Viktor?” Harry shouted.

No one answered.

“They were here,” Harry said to Dumbledore. “They were definitely somewhere around here. . . .”

“*Lumos*,” Dumbledore said, lighting his wand and holding it up.

Its narrow beam traveled from black trunk to black trunk, illuminating the ground. And then it fell upon a pair of feet.

Harry and Dumbledore hurried forward. Krum was sprawled on the forest floor. He seemed to be unconscious. There was no sign at all of Mr. Crouch. Dumbledore bent over Krum and gently lifted one of his eyelids.

「他們在哪裡？」當「波巴脫斯」馬車從黑暗中出現時，鄧不利多問道。「在這邊。」哈利說著，走到鄧不利多面前，穿過樹林領路。他已經聽不到克勞奇的聲音，但他知道他要去哪裡，那裡離「波巴脫斯」馬車不遠……大概就在這附近。「維克多？」哈利大喊。沒有人回答。「他們在這裡。」哈利對鄧不利多說：「他們一定在這附近……」「發亮咒語。」鄧不利多說著，點燃魔杖抬了起來。魔杖發出的狹窄光束從黑樹幹到黑樹幹，照亮了地面。然後它發現了一雙腳。哈利和鄧不利多趕緊走過去。克拉姆躺在林地裏，似乎失去了知覺。完全沒有克勞奇的蹤跡。鄧不利多俯下身子，輕輕掀開克拉姆的一只眼皮。

“Stunned,” he said softly. His half-moon glasses glittered in the wandlight as he peered around at the surrounding trees.

“Should I go and get someone?” said Harry. “Madam Pomfrey?”

“No,” said Dumbledore swiftly. “Stay here.”

He raised his wand into the air and pointed it in the direction of Hagrid’s cabin. Harry saw something silvery dart out of it and streak away through the trees like a ghostly bird. Then Dumbledore bent over Krum again, pointed his wand at him, and muttered, “*Rennervate*.”

Krum opened his eyes. He looked dazed. When he saw Dumbledore, he tried to sit up, but Dumbledore put a hand on his shoulder and made him lie still.

“He attacked me!” Krum muttered, putting a hand up to his head. “The old madman attacked me! I vos looking around to see vare Potter had gone and he attacked from behind!”

「他…他嚇傻了。」他輕聲說道。他的半月鏡在魔杖的光芒下閃閃發亮，他環顧四周的樹木。「我該去找人嗎？」哈利問道，「龐費慈女士？」「不用。」鄧布利多很快地說，「待在這裡。」他舉起魔杖，指向海格的小屋。哈利看到一道銀色的東西從小屋裡飛出去，像一隻幽靈般穿過樹林縱向而去。然後鄧布利多再次彎下腰，將魔杖對準克魯姆，低聲念道：

「*Rennervate*。」克魯姆睜開了眼睛，看上去有些恍惚。當他看到鄧布利多時，他試圖坐起身，但鄧布利多拍了一下他的肩膀，讓他躺下。「他攻擊我！」克魯姆喃喃自語，把手放在頭上，「那個瘋子攻擊我！我在四處張望，想看看波特去了哪裡，他從背後攻擊了我！」

“Lie still for a moment,” Dumbledore said.

The sound of thunderous footfalls reached them, and Hagrid came panting into sight with Fang at his heels. He was carrying his crossbow.

“Professor Dumbledore!” he said, his eyes widening. “Harry — what the — ?”

“Hagrid, I need you to fetch Professor Karkaroff,” said Dumbledore. “His student has been attacked. When you’ve done that, kindly alert Professor Moody —”

“No need, Dumbledore,” said a wheezy growl. “I’m here.”

Moody was limping toward them, leaning on his staff, his wand lit.

“Damn leg,” he said furiously. “Would’ve been here quicker . . . what’s happened? Snape said something about Crouch —”

“Crouch?” said Hagrid blankly.

“Karkaroff, please, Hagrid!” said Dumbledore sharply.

“Oh yeah . . . right y’are, Professor . . .” said Hagrid, and he turned and disappeared into the dark trees, Fang trotting after him.

「多麼老實的呆著一會兒吧，」鄧布利多說。巨大的腳步聲傳來，海格氣喘吁吁地出現了，牠的跟班方也跟在後面。牠捧著牠的十字弓。「鄧布利多教授！」牠說，眼睛瞪得大大的。「哈利，怎麼回事？」「海格，我需要你去找卡卡洛夫教授，」鄧布利多說。「他的學生受到攻擊了。你去完成這件事之後，請通知穆迪教授——」「沒必要了，鄧布利多。」穆迪發出喘息聲。「我在這裡。」穆迪拄著手杖，揮動了手中的魔杖，一點亮光出現在黑暗中。「該死的腿。」牠憤怒地控訴。「本來能更快地到達……到底發生了什麼事？史納佩提到了柯羅奇——」「柯羅奇？」海格疑惑地說。「卡卡洛夫，請，海格！」鄧布利多嚴厲地說。「啊，對了……教授，」海格說著，轉身消失在黑暗的樹叢中，方跟在牠的後面。

“I don’t know where Barty Crouch is,” Dumbledore told Moody, “but it is essential that we find him.”

“I’m onto it,” growled Moody, and he raised his wand and limped off into the forest.

Neither Dumbledore nor Harry spoke again until they heard the unmistakable sounds of Hagrid and Fang returning. Karkaroff was hurrying along

behind them. He was wearing his sleek silver furs, and he looked pale and agitated.

“What is this?” he cried when he saw Krum on the ground and Dumbledore and Harry beside him. “What’s going on?”

“I vos attacked!” said Krum, sitting up now and rubbing his head. “Mr. Crouch or votever his name —”

“Crouch attacked you? Crouch attacked you? The Triwizard judge?”

“Igor,” Dumbledore began, but Karkaroff had drawn himself up, clutching his furs around him, looking livid.

「我不知道巴蒂·克勞奇在哪裡，」鄧不利多告訴穆迪說，「但我們必須找到他。」「我會處理的，」穆迪咆哮道，然後舉起魔杖一跛一跛地走進了森林。直到他們聽到海格和牙牙歸來的明顯聲音之前，鄧不利多和哈利都沒有再說話。卡卡羅夫正匆匆忙忙地跟在他們身後。他穿著光滑的銀色毛皮，看起來蒼白而激動。「這是怎麼回事？」他看到克魯姆倒在地上，鄧不利多和哈利在他旁邊時喊道：「發生了什麼事？」「我被攻擊了！」克魯姆現在坐了起來，揉著他的頭說：「克勞奇先生或是什麼人。」「克勞奇攻擊了你？克勞奇攻擊了你？三巫鬥法的評委？」「伊戈爾，」鄧不利多開始講話，但是卡卡羅夫已經站直了，緊緊地抱住毛皮，看起來非常憤怒。

“Treachery!” he bellowed, pointing at Dumbledore. “It is a plot! You and your Ministry of Magic have lured me here under false pretenses, Dumbledore! This is not an equal competition! First you sneak Potter into the tournament, though he is underage! Now one of your Ministry friends attempts to put *my* champion out of action! I smell double-dealing and corruption in this whole affair, and you, Dumbledore, you, with your talk of closer international Wizarding links, of rebuilding old ties, of forgetting old differences — here’s what I think of *you*!”

Karkaroff spat onto the ground at Dumbledore’s feet. In one swift movement, Hagrid seized the front of Karkaroff’s furs, lifted him into the air, and slammed him against a nearby tree.

“Apologize!” Hagrid snarled as Karkaroff gasped for breath, Hagrid’s massive fist at his throat, his feet dangling in midair.

“叛徒！”他咆哮着，指着邓布利多，“这是一个阴谋！你和你的魔法部引诱我来到这里，邓布利多！这并不是一场公平的比赛！你先偷偷把波特放进了锦标赛，尽管他未成年！现在你们魔法部的其中一个朋友试图让我的冠军退役！我嗅到了整个事件中的双重交易和腐败，而你，邓布利多，你，用你的国际巫师联系更密切的言论，重建旧有的联系，忘记旧有的分歧——这就是我对你的看法！”卡卡洛夫在邓布利多脚下吐了一口口水。哈格力一把抓住卡卡洛夫皮草的前面，将他举起来猛砸在附近的一棵树上。“道歉！”哈格力咆哮着，卡卡洛夫喘不过气，哈格的巨大拳头压在他的喉咙上，脚在半空中悬挂。

“Hagrid, no!” Dumbledore shouted, his eyes flashing.

Hagrid removed the hand pinning Karkaroff to the tree, and Karkaroff slid all the way down the trunk and slumped in a huddle at its roots; a few twigs and leaves showered down upon his head.

“Kindly escort Harry back up to the castle, Hagrid,” said Dumbledore sharply.

Breathing heavily, Hagrid gave Karkaroff a glowering look.

“Maybe I’d better stay here, Headmaster. . . .”

“You will take Harry back to school, Hagrid,” Dumbledore repeated firmly. “Take him right up to Gryffindor Tower. And Harry — I want you to stay there. Anything you might want to do — any owls you might want to send — they can wait until morning, do you understand me?”

“Er — yes,” said Harry, staring at him. How had Dumbledore known that, at that very moment, he had been thinking about sending Pigwidgeon straight to Sirius, to tell him what had happened?

“海格，不要這樣！”鄧不利多大喊，他的眼睛閃爍著。海格拿開了壓在卡卡羅夫身上的手，卡卡羅夫從樹上滑落下來，猛地躺在樹根下；幾根細枝和葉片灑在他的頭上。“請把哈利護送回城堡，海格，”鄧不利多銳利地說。海格喘息著，瞪了卡卡羅夫一眼。“或許我最好留在這裡，校長。. . . .”“你會帶哈利回學校的，海格，”鄧不利多堅定地重申，“直接帶他去格蘭芬多塔。哈利——我希望你待在那裡。你想要做什麼——你想要發送什麼貓頭鷹——都可以等到早上，你懂嗎？”“嗯——是的，”哈利看著他說。鄧不利多怎麼知道他在那個時候考慮立刻派皮古韋奇去找小天狼星，把發生的事告訴他呢？

“I’ll leave Fang with yeh, Headmaster,” Hagrid said, staring menacingly at Karkaroff, who was still sprawled at the foot of the tree, tangled in furs and tree roots. “Stay, Fang. C’mɒn, Harry.”

They marched in silence past the Beauxbatons carriage and up toward the castle.

“How dare he,” Hagrid growled as they strode past the lake. “How dare he accuse Dumbledore. Like Dumbledore’d do anythin’ like that. Like Dumbledore wanted *you* in the tournament in the firs’ place. Worried! I dunno when I seen Dumbledore more worried than he’s bin lately. An’ you!” Hagrid suddenly said angrily to Harry, who looked up at him, taken aback. “What were yeh doin’, wanderin’ off with ruddy Krum? He’s from Durmstrang, Harry! Coulda jinxed yeh right there, couldn’ he? Hasn’ Moody taught yeh nothin’? ’Magine lettin’ him lure yeh off on yer own —”

“我把方斯留給爺了，校長先生，”海格威脅地盯着還躺在樹下，糾結在毛皮和樹根中的卡卡洛夫說。“乖乖，方斯。來吧，哈利。”他們不發一語地經過貝歐巴頓馬車，向城堡走去。“他怎麼敢，”當他們經過湖邊時，海格咆哮著。“他怎麼敢指控鄧布爾

多。像鄧布爾多這樣的人會做那種事。像鄧布爾多想讓你參加第一場比賽。擔心！我不知道我什麼時候見過鄧布爾多比現在更擔心。還有你！”海格突然生氣地對哈利說，哈利看著他，感到驚訝。“你在幹什麼，跟那個可惡的克魯姆閒逛？他來自德姆斯特朗，哈利！他可能會在那裡激活你的結界，對吧？穆迪教你什麼了嗎？想像一下，讓他把你引開，獨自一人——”

“Krum's all right!” said Harry as they climbed the steps into the entrance hall. “He wasn't trying to jinx me, he just wanted to talk about Hermione ___”

“I'll be havin' a few words with her, an' all,” said Hagrid grimly, stomping up the stairs. “The less you lot 'ave ter do with these foreigners, the happier yeh'll be. Yeh can' trust any of 'em”

“You were getting on all right with Madame Maxime,” Harry said, annoyed.

“Don' you talk ter me abou' her!” said Hagrid, and he looked quite frightening for a moment. ‘I've got her number now! Tryin' ter get back in me good books, tryin' ter get me ter tell her what's comin' in the third task. Ha! You can' trust any of 'em!”

Hagrid was in such a bad mood, Harry was quite glad to say good-bye to him in front of the Fat Lady. He clambered through the portrait hole into the common room and hurried straight for the corner where Ron and Hermione were sitting, to tell them what had happened.

「克魯姆沒事了！」他們走上入口大廳的臺階時，哈利說。「他沒有試圖詛咒我，他只是想談論赫敏——」「我也要和她談談，」海格嚴厲地說道，一邊重踏著臺階。「你們越少和這些外國人打交道，就越會快樂。你們不能相信他們中的任何一個人。」「你和瑪默茲夫人相處得很好啊，」哈利抱怨道。「你別和我提她！」海格說，他看起來有點可怕。「我明白她的意圖了！她試圖重新得到我的青睞，試圖讓我告訴她第三個挑戰的內容。哈！你不能相信他們中的任何一個人！」海格心情非常糟糕，哈利很高興能夠在胖夫人面前向他道別。他爬過畫像洞進入了公共房間，火速走向羅恩和赫敏坐著的角落，告訴他們發生了什麼事。



THE DREAM

It comes down to this,” said Hermione, rubbing her forehead. “Either Mr. Crouch attacked Viktor, or somebody else attacked both of them when Viktor wasn’t looking.”

“It must’ve been Crouch,” said Ron at once. “That’s why he was gone when Harry and Dumbledore got there. He’d done a runner.”

“I don’t think so,” said Harry, shaking his head. “He seemed really weak — I don’t reckon he was up to Disapparating or anything.”

“You *can’t* Disapparate on the Hogwarts grounds, haven’t I told you enough times?” said Hermione.

“Okay . . . how’s this for a theory,” said Ron excitedly. “Krum attacked Crouch — no, wait for it — and then Stunned himself!”

“And Mr. Crouch evaporated, did he?” said Hermione coldly.

“Oh yeah . . .”

It was daybreak. Harry, Ron, and Hermione had crept out of their dormitories very early and hurried up to the Owlery together to send a note to Sirius. Now they were standing looking out at the misty grounds. All three of them were puffy-eyed and pale because they had been talking late into the night about Mr. Crouch.

“事情就是這樣。”赫敏揉著額頭說，“或者克勞奇先生攻擊了維克多，或者有人在維克多不注意時攻擊了他們兩個。”“肯定是克勞奇先生，”羅恩瞬間說道，“這就是為什麼哈利和鄧布利多到達時他不見了。他逃跑了。”“我不這麼認為，”哈利搖頭說道，“他看起來非常虛弱，我想他不可能施展遁形咒或其他任何魔法。”“霍格沃茨的學生不可以在學校內進行消失魔法，我已經告訴你們很多次了。”赫敏說道。“好吧……這個假設怎麼樣？”羅恩興奮地說道，“克拉姆攻擊了克勞奇先生——等等——然後擊昏了自己！”“那克勞奇先生就消失了，是嗎？”赫敏冷冷地說道。“哦，對了……”天已經破曉，哈利、羅恩和赫敏一早就爬起來一起去了貓頭鷹棚，準備給小天狼星寄信。此時他們站在霧濛濛的操場上眺望著，因為他們通宵討論克勞奇先生的事情，所以三人都有些腫脹和蒼白。

“Just go through it again, Harry,” said Hermione. “What did Mr. Crouch actually say?”

“I’ve told you, he wasn’t making much sense,” said Harry. “He said he wanted to warn Dumbledore about something. He definitely mentioned Bertha Jorkins, and he seemed to think she was dead. He kept saying stuff was his fault. . . . He mentioned his son.”

“Well, that *was* his fault,” said Hermione testily.

“He was out of his mind,” said Harry. “Half the time he seemed to think his wife and son were still alive, and he kept talking to Percy about work and giving him instructions.”

“And . . . remind me what he said about You-Know-Who?” said Ron tentatively.

“I’ve told you,” Harry repeated dully. “He said he’s getting stronger.”

There was a pause. Then Ron said in a falsely confident voice, “But he was out of his mind, like you said, so half of it was probably just raving . . .”

“再看一遍，哈利，”赫敏說。“Crouch先生到底說了什麼？”“我告訴過你，他沒有說太多有意義的話，”哈利說。“他說他想警告鄧布爾多關於某些事情。他確實提到了伯莎·喬金斯，而且他似乎認為她死了。他一直在說所有的事情都是他的錯。他提到了他的兒子。”“好吧，那就是他的錯，”赫敏不耐煩地說。“他失去了理智，”哈利說。“一半的時間他似乎還在想他的妻子和兒子還活著，他一直在和珀西談論工作並給他指示。”“還有……提醒我他說了什麼關於神秘人物？”羅恩小心地說。“我告訴過你了，”哈利無精打采地重複。“他說他變得更強大了。”有一個暫停。然後羅恩用一種虛假自信的聲音說：“但是他失去了理智，

就像你說的一樣，所以其中一半可能只是瞎扯……”

“He was sanest when he was trying to talk about Voldemort,” said Harry, and Ron winced at the sound of the name. “He was having real trouble stringing two words together, but that was when he seemed to know where he was, and know what he wanted to do. He just kept saying he had to see Dumbledore.”

Harry turned away from the window and stared up into the rafters. The many perches were half-empty; every now and then, another owl would swoop in through one of the windows, returning from its night’s hunting with a mouse in its beak.

“If Snape hadn’t held me up,” Harry said bitterly, “we might’ve got there in time. ‘The headmaster is busy, Potter . . . what’s this rubbish, Potter?’ Why couldn’t he have just got out of the way?”

“Maybe he didn’t want you to get there!” said Ron quickly. “Maybe — hang on — how fast d’you reckon he could’ve gotten down to the forest? D’you reckon he could’ve beaten you and Dumbledore there?”

“當他試著談論佛地魔的時候，他是最清醒的，”哈利說，羅恩聽到這個名字時皺起了眉頭。“他真的很難連接兩個詞，但那是他似乎知道他在哪裡，以及他想做什麼的時候。他一直說他必須見過鄧布利多。”哈利轉過身，凝視著木樑。許多鳥巢半空著；每隔一段時間，另一隻貓頭鷹就會從其中一個窗戶飛進來，嘴裡提著一隻老鼠。“如果不是斯內普拖住我，”哈利憤怒地說：“我們可能已經及時趕到了那裡。‘校長很忙，波特……這是什麼鬼東西，波特？’他為什麼不能讓路呢？”“也許他不希望你們到達那裡！”羅恩迅速地說。“也許——等一下——你認為他能多快地下到森林裡？你認為他能贏過你和鄧布利多到那裡嗎？”

“Not unless he can turn himself into a bat or something,” said Harry.

“Wouldn’t put it past him,” Ron muttered.

“We need to see Professor Moody,” said Hermione. “We need to find out whether he found Mr. Crouch.”

“If he had the Marauder’s Map on him, it would’ve been easy,” said Harry.

“Unless Crouch was already outside the grounds,” said Ron, “because it only shows up to the boundaries, doesn’t —”

“Shh!” said Hermione suddenly.

Somebody was climbing the steps up to the Owlery. Harry could hear two voices arguing, coming closer and closer.

“— that’s blackmail, that is, we could get into a lot of trouble for that —”

“— we’ve tried being polite; it’s time to play dirty, like him. He wouldn’t like the Ministry of Magic knowing what he did —”

“I’m telling you, if you put that in writing, it’s blackmail!”

“除非他能變成蝙蝠或者什麼的，”哈利說。“我一點也不覺得出乎意料，”羅恩嘀咕道。“我們需要找莫迪教授，”赫敏說，“我們需要弄清楚他是否找到了克勞奇先生。”“如果他身上有這張逆臣地圖，這會很容易，”哈利說。“除非克勞奇已經離開了這個地方，”羅恩說，“因為它只顯示邊界，不顯示外面的地方——”“噓！”赫敏突然說。有人在往貓頭鷹樓爬樓梯。哈利能聽到兩個人的爭吵聲，越來越近。“——那是敲詐，我們可能因此陷入麻煩——”“——我們已經試過禮貌，現在是時候像他一樣玩骯髒了。他不會喜歡魔法部知道他做了什麼——”“我告訴你，如果你把它寫下來，那就是敲詐！”

“Yeah, and you won’t be complaining if we get a nice fat payoff, will you?”

The Owlery door banged open. Fred and George came over the threshold, then froze at the sight of Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

“What’re you doing here?” Ron and Fred said at the same time.

“Sending a letter,” said Harry and George in unison.

“What, at this time?” said Hermione and Fred.

Fred grinned.

“Fine — we won’t ask you what you’re doing, if you don’t ask us,” he said.

He was holding a sealed envelope in his hands. Harry glanced at it, but Fred, whether accidentally or on purpose, shifted his hand so that the name on it was covered.

“Well, don’t let us hold you up,” Fred said, making a mock bow and pointing at the door.

Ron didn’t move. “Who’re you blackmailing?” he said.

The grin vanished from Fred’s face. Harry saw George half glance at Fred, before smiling at Ron.

“沒錯，如果我們得到豐厚的回報，你不會抱怨吧？”貓頭鷹窩的門砰的一聲打開。弗雷德和喬治走進門檻，看到哈利、榮恩和赫敏有些驚訝。“你們在這裡幹嘛？”榮恩和弗雷德同時說道。“寄信。”哈利和喬治同聲回答。“現在這個時間？”赫敏和弗雷德說。弗雷德咧嘴一笑。“好的，我們不問你們在幹嘛，如果你們不問我們在幹嘛。”他說道。他手中拿著一個密封的信封。哈利看了一眼，但弗雷德不管是不小心還是故意，把信封上的名字遮住了。“好了，別讓我們攔著你們了。”弗雷德說著，作了個假躬並指了指門。榮恩沒有動。“你在威脅誰？”他說。弗雷德的笑容消失了。哈利看到喬治扭頭看了一眼弗雷德，然後對著榮恩微笑。

“Don’t be stupid, I was only joking.” he said easily.

“Didn’t sound like that,” said Ron.

Fred and George looked at each other. Then Fred said abruptly, “I’ve told you before, Ron, keep your nose out if you like it the shape it is. Can’t see why you would, but —”

“It’s my business if you’re blackmailing someone,” said Ron. “George’s right, you could end up in serious trouble for that.”

“Told you, I was joking,” said George. He walked over to Fred, pulled the letter out of his hands, and began attaching it to the leg of the nearest barn owl. “You’re starting to sound a bit like our dear older brother, you are, Ron. Carry on like this and you’ll be made a prefect.”

“No, I won’t!” said Ron hotly.

George carried the barn owl over to the window and it took off. George turned around and grinned at Ron.

他輕鬆地說：“別傻了，我只是開玩笑而已。”“聽起來不像啊，”羅恩說。弗雷德和喬治相互看了看。然後弗雷德突然說：“我之前就告訴過你了，羅恩，如果你喜歡現在的樣子，就閉嘴。不知道你為什麼喜歡，但是——”“如果你正在勒索某人，這就關我的事了。”羅恩說，“喬治說得對，你會因此陷入嚴重麻煩。”“我告訴過你，我只是開玩笑而已，”喬治說。他走到弗雷德身邊，從他的手中拿走信，開始把它綁在最近的一隻穀鷹的腿上。“你現在開始有點像我們那位親愛的大哥哥了，羅恩。如果繼續這樣下去，你就會成為一名專員。”“不，我不會！”羅恩憤憤地說。喬治把穀鷹拎到窗戶邊，然後穀鷹起飛了。喬治轉過身對羅恩露出了笑容。

“Well, stop telling people what to do then. See you later.”

He and Fred left the Owlery. Harry, Ron, and Hermione stared at one another.

“You don’t think they know something about all this, do you?” Hermione whispered. “About Crouch and everything?”

“No,” said Harry. “If it was something that serious, they’d tell someone. They’d tell Dumbledore.”

Ron, however, was looking uncomfortable.

“What’s the matter?” Hermione asked him.

“Well . . .” said Ron slowly, “I dunno if they would. They’re . . . they’re obsessed with making money lately, I noticed it when I was hanging around with them — when — you know —”

“We weren’t talking.” Harry finished the sentence for him. “Yeah, but blackmail . . .”

“It’s this joke shop idea they’ve got,” said Ron. “I thought they were only saying it to annoy Mum, but they really mean it, they want to start one. They’ve only got a year left at Hogwarts, they keep going on about how it’s time to think about their future, and Dad can’t help them, and they need gold to get started.”

“好了，那就不要再告訴別人該怎麼做了。待會見。”他和弗雷德离开了猫头鹰巢穴，哈利、罗恩和赫敏互相看着。“你们不会认为他们知道些什么，关于克劳奇和一切吧？”赫敏低声说。“不会的，”哈利说。“如果那是那么严重的事，他们会告诉别人的，他们会告诉邓布利多。”然而，罗恩却感到有些不自在。“怎么了？”赫敏问道。“嗯……”罗恩慢慢地说道，“我不确定他们会不会这么做。他们……他们最近着迷于赚钱，当我和他们在一起的时候我注意到了。”“我们没在说话。”哈利为他补充道。“没错，但勒索……”“是他们想开个玩笑店的主意，”罗恩说。“我以为他们只是为了惹母亲生气才这么说的，但他们是认真的，他们想要开一家。他们在霍格沃茨只剩一年了，他们一直谈论着现在是时候考虑未来了，但父亲无法帮助他们，他们需要金子才能开始。”

Hermione was looking uncomfortable now.

“Yes, but . . . they wouldn’t do anything against the law to get gold.”

“Wouldn’t they?” said Ron, looking skeptical. “I dunno . . . they don’t exactly mind breaking rules, do they?”

“Yes, but this is the *law*,” said Hermione, looking scared. “This isn’t some silly school rule. . . . They’ll get a lot more than detention for blackmail! Ron . . . maybe you’d better tell Percy. . . .”

“Are you mad?” said Ron. “Tell Percy? He’d probably do a Crouch and turn them in.” He stared at the window through which Fred and George’s owl had departed, then said, “Come on, let’s get some breakfast.”

“D'you think it's too early to go and see Professor Moody?” Hermione said as they went down the spiral staircase.

“Yes,” said Harry. “He'd probably blast us through the door if we wake him at the crack of dawn; he'll think we're trying to attack him while he's asleep. Let's give it till break.”

珂怡莉此時顯得很不自在。「對，但是他們不會違法去得到黃金。」「真是這樣嗎？」羅恩懷疑地說：「我可不知道呀，反正他們對違反規則沒有那麼嚴格。」「對，但這是法律，」珂怡莉露出恐懼的神色：「不是像某些學校規則那麼簡單。……如果被抓到敲詐勒索，他們會遭受比停留更嚴重的後果，羅恩……或許你最好告訴珀西……」「你瘋了嗎？」羅恩說：「告訴珀西？他可能就會像克勞奇那樣把他們交出去。」他盯著窗戶，從那裡弗雷德和喬治的貓頭鷹飛走了，然後說：「走吧，我們去吃早餐。」「你覺得現在去見穆迪教授太早嗎？」他們下螺旋樓梯時，珂怡莉問道。「對，」哈利說：「他會在天亮之前炸開門的，他可能會認為我們是趁他睡覺時襲擊他。等到休息時間再去吧。」

History of Magic had rarely gone so slowly. Harry kept checking Ron's watch, having finally discarded his own, but Ron's was moving so slowly he could have sworn it had stopped working too. All three of them were so tired they could happily have put their heads down on the desks and slept; even Hermione wasn't taking her usual notes, but was sitting with her head on her hand, gazing at Professor Binns with her eyes out of focus.

When the bell finally rang, they hurried out into the corridors toward the Dark Arts classroom and found Professor Moody leaving it. He looked as tired as they felt. The eyelid of his normal eye was drooping, giving his face an even more lopsided appearance than usual.

“Professor Moody?” Harry called as they made their way toward him through the crowd.

魔法史學得極其緩慢。哈利不停地查看著羅恩的手錶，自己的錶已經棄用了，但羅恩的錶走得實在太慢，他甚至覺得那錶也停了。他們三個人都累得可以趴在課桌上睡覺，就連平常總是筆記滿滿的赫敏也低頭靠在手上，眼睛莫名的發呆，注視著賓斯教授。鈴聲終於響起來了，他們趕緊從人群中穿過去向黑魔法教室走去，發現穆迪教授正在離開。他看起來和他們一樣疲憊。他平常的眼睛正在下垂，使他的臉部看起來比平常更加歪斜。「穆迪教授？」哈利在人群中跟他走近時喊道。

“Hello, Potter,” growled Moody. His magical eye followed a couple of passing first years, who sped up, looking nervous; it rolled into the back of Moody's head and watched them around the corner before he spoke again.

“Come in here.”

He stood back to let them into his empty classroom, limped in after them, and closed the door.

“Did you find him?” Harry asked without preamble. “Mr. Crouch?”

“No,” said Moody. He moved over to his desk, sat down, stretched out his wooden leg with a slight groan, and pulled out his hip flask.

“Did you use the map?” Harry said.

“Of course,” said Moody, taking a swig from his flask. “Took a leaf out of your book, Potter. Summoned it from my office into the forest. He wasn't anywhere on there.”

“So he *did* Disapparate?” said Ron.

“*You can't Disapparate on the grounds, Ron!*” said Hermione. “There are other ways he could have disappeared, aren't there, Professor?”

“哈囉，波特。”魔迪嗥叫著。他的魔法眼跟著幾名經過的新生，他們加快了步伐，看起來很緊張；他的眼轉到了魔迪的後腦勺，在他再次開口之前，觀察了他們所繞的拐角處。“進來。”他站在一旁讓他們進他的空教室，他們進去後，他緩緩地進去，關上了門。“找到他了嗎？”哈利毫不客氣地問道。“克勞奇先生？”“沒有。”魔迪說。他走到他的桌子旁，坐下來，微微地呻吟一聲，伸直了他的木腿，然後掏出他的保溫瓶。“你用地圖了嗎？”哈利說。“當然，”魔迪從他的酒瓶中喝了一口，“學你的招，波特。從我的辦公室把它召喚到了森林裡。但他在地圖上沒有任何位置。”“所以他用了幻影移形？”羅恩說。“你不能在校園內幻影移形，羅恩！”赫敏說。“教授，他可能用了其他方法消失了，對嗎？”

Moody's magical eye quivered as it rested on Hermione. “You're another one who might think about a career as an Auror,” he told her. “Mind works the right way, Granger.”

Hermione flushed pink with pleasure.

“Well, he wasn't invisible,” said Harry. “The map shows invisible people. He must've left the grounds, then.”

“But under his own steam?” said Hermione eagerly, “or because someone made him?”

“Yeah, someone could've — could've pulled him onto a broom and flown off with him, couldn't they?” said Ron quickly, looking hopefully at Moody as if he too wanted to be told he had the makings of an Auror.

“We can't rule out kidnap,” growled Moody.

“So,” said Ron, “d'you reckon he's somewhere in Hogsmeade?”

“Could be anywhere,” said Moody, shaking his head. “Only thing we know for sure is that he's not here.”

穆迪瞪大眼睛凝視赫敏，嘴裡說著：“你也可以考慮成為一名神秘巫師執法者，你的頭腦運轉得很好，格蘭傑。”赫敏頓時臉紅心跳，感到非常高興。哈利說：“他不可能隱形啊，地圖只顯示隱形人。他一定離開了特伏快樂小屋。”“不過他是自願離開的還是被人強迫的呢？”赫敏迫不及待地問道。“是啊，有人可能——可能用掃帚把他帶走了，對嗎？”羅恩很快地回答道，希望穆迪也能夠告訴他，他也有成為神秘巫師執法者的潛質。“綁架也是可能的，”穆迪咆哮道。“那麼，他現在可能在霍格華茲嗎？”羅恩問道。“有可能是任何地方。”穆迪搖搖頭，“我們唯一確定的是，他不在這裡。”

He yawned widely, so that his scars stretched, and his lopsided mouth revealed a number of missing teeth. Then he said, ‘Now, Dumbledore’s told me you three fancy yourselves as investigators, but there’s nothing you can do for Crouch. The Ministry’ll be looking for him now, Dumbledore’s notified them. Potter, you just keep your mind on the third task.’

“What?” said Harry. “Oh yeah . . .”

He hadn’t given the maze a single thought since he’d left it with Krum the previous night.

“Should be right up your street, this one,” said Moody, looking up at Harry and scratching his scarred and stubbly chin. “From what Dumbledore’s said, you’ve managed to get through stuff like this plenty of times. Broke your way through a series of obstacles guarding the Sorcerer’s Stone in your first year, didn’t you?”

他打了一个大哈欠，以至于他的疤痕被拉伸开，他那斜嘴露出了几颗缺失的牙齿。然后他说：“邓布利多告诉我，你们三个自认为是侦探，但是你们对克劳奇无能为力了。部里现在正在找他，邓布利多已经通知了他们。波特，你只需要把注意力集中在第三个任务上。”“什么？”哈利问。“哦，是啊……”自从前一晚离开迷宫和克鲁姆之后，他就没有再想过迷宫的事情。“这个任务应该很适合你们，”穆迪望着哈利，挠了挠他那疤痕累累的下巴说。“从邓布利多说的话来看，像这样的事情你经历了很多次。在你第一年时，你打破了一系列保护魔法石的障碍物，对吧？”

“We helped,” Ron said quickly. “Me and Hermione helped.”

Moody grinned.

“Well, help him practice for this one, and I’ll be very surprised if he doesn’t win,” said Moody. “In the meantime . . . constant vigilance, Potter. Constant vigilance.” He took another long draw from his hip flask, and his magical eye swiveled onto the window. The topmost sail of the Durmstrang ship was visible through it.

“You two,” counseled Moody, his normal eye on Ron and Hermione, “you stick close to Potter, all right? I’m keeping an eye on things, but all the same . . . you can never have too many eyes out.”

Sirius sent their owl back the very next morning. It fluttered down beside Harry at the same moment that a tawny owl landed in front of Hermione, clutching a copy of the *Daily Prophet* in its beak. She took the newspaper, scanned the first few pages, said, “Ha! She hasn’t got wind of Crouch!” then joined Ron and Harry in reading what Sirius had to say on the mysterious events of the night before last.

“我們幫忙了，”羅恩迅速說道，“我們和赫敏一起幫忙了。”穆迪露出了一個笑容。“好的，在此期間讓他練習這個，如果他不贏得勝利，我會非常驚訝的，”穆迪說。“同時……保持警惕，波特。保持警惕。”他再次從臀部口袋裡拿出酒壺，他的魔法眼轉向窗戶。杜姆斯特朗船的最高帆已經透過它可見了。“你們倆，”穆迪勸告，他的常視眼睛看著羅恩和赫敏，“你們靠近波特，好嗎？我會注視著事物，但是同時……你不能有太多的眼睛觀察。”天狼星第二天早上就把他們的貓頭鷹送了回來。當一隻褐色貓頭鷹站在赫敏面前，嘴裡咬著《每日先驅報》時，它剛好在哈利身邊飛來。她拿起報紙，掃視前幾頁，說：“哈！她還不知道克勞奇的消息！”然後加入了羅恩和哈利，一起閱讀天狼星對前一晚神秘事件的陳述。

Harry — what do you think you are playing at, walking off into the forest with Viktor Krum? I want you to swear, by return owl, that you are not going to go walking with anyone else at night. There is somebody highly dangerous at Hogwarts. It is clear to me that they wanted to stop Crouch from seeing Dumbledore and you were probably feet away from them in the dark. You could have been killed.

Your name didn’t get into the Goblet of Fire by accident. If someone’s trying to attack you, they’re on their last chance. Stay close to Ron and Hermione, do not leave Gryffindor Tower after hours, and arm yourself for the third task. Practice Stunning and Disarming. A few hexes wouldn’t go amiss either. There’s nothing you can do about Crouch. Keep your head down and look after yourself. I’m waiting for your letter giving me your word you won’t stray out-of-bounds again.

哈利，你到底在想什麼？跟維克多·克魯姆一起走進森林，你知不知道這有多危險？我要你保證，請用信鴿回信，以後不要跟別人在晚上走動。霍格華茲裡有個非常危險的人。我清楚地知道，他們想要阻止克勞奇見到鄧布利多，你當時很可能就在他們身旁，黑暗中險象環生，你差點死了。你的名字沒有不明不白地進入火盃中。如果有人試圖襲擊你，這是他們最後的機會。要和羅恩、赫敏待在一起，晚上不要離開格蘭芬多塔樓，為第三項任務做好準備，熟練催眠和解除咒。放幾個詛咒也不是壞事。對克勞奇，你能做的事情不多。低調點，照顧好自己。我在等你的回信，保證你不會再越界。

Sirius

“Who’s he, to lecture me about being out-of-bounds?” said Harry in mild indignation as he folded up Sirius’s letter and put it inside his robes. “After all the stuff he did at school!”

“He’s worried about you!” said Hermione sharply. “Just like Moody and Hagrid! So listen to them!”

“No one’s tried to attack me all year,” said Harry. “No one’s done anything to me at all—”

“Except put your name in the Goblet of Fire,” said Hermione. “And they must’ve done that for a reason, Harry. Snuffles is right. Maybe they’ve been biding their time. Maybe this is the task they’re going to get you.”

“Look,” said Harry impatiently, “let’s say Sirius is right, and someone Stunned Krum to kidnap Crouch. Well, they *would’ve* been in the trees near us, wouldn’t they? But they waited till I was out of the way until they acted, didn’t they? So it doesn’t look like I’m their target, does it?”

“他又有什麼資格來警告我出格了？”哈利輕微地不滿地說道，他把西瑞斯的信摺好之後放進長袍裡。“他在學校的所作所為多不像話！”“他們是為你好啊！”赫敏尖聲說道。“就像穆迪和海格一樣！所以你應該聽聽他們說什麼！”“整整一年都沒有人來攻擊我，”哈利說。“根本沒人對我做過任何事——”“除了把你的名字放進魔法杯裡之外，”赫敏說，“他們肯定有原因這麼做，哈利。小狼狗是對的。也許他們一直在等時機。也許這就是他們要找你做的任務。”“你看，”哈利不耐煩地說，“假如說西瑞斯說的是對的，有人擊昏了克魯姆想綁架克勞奇。那麼，他們一定在我們附近的樹林裡，對吧？但是他們卻等我離開才行動，對不對？所以看起來他們並不是在瞄準我，對吧？”

“They couldn’t have made it look like an accident if they’d murdered you in the forest!” said Hermione. “But if you die during a task —”

“They didn’t care about attacking Krum, did they?” said Harry. “Why didn’t they just polish me off at the same time? They could’ve made it look like Krum and I had a duel or something.”

“Harry, I don’t understand it either,” said Hermione desperately. “I just know there are a lot of odd things going on, and I don’t like it. . . . Moody’s right — Sirius is right — you’ve got to get in training for the third task, straight away. And you make sure you write back to Sirius and promise him you’re not going to go sneaking off alone again.”

The Hogwarts grounds never looked more inviting than when Harry had to stay indoors. For the next few days he spent all of his free time either in the library with Hermione and Ron, looking up hexes, or else in empty classrooms, which they sneaked into to practice. Harry was concentrating on the Stunning Spell, which he had never used before. The trouble was that practicing it involved certain sacrifices on Ron’s and Hermione’s part.

“如果他们在森林里谋杀了你，他们不可能让它看起来像是一场意外！”赫敏说，“但如果你在任务中死了——”“他们并不在乎攻击克鲁姆，是吗？”哈利说，“他们为什么不一起杀了我？他们本可以让它看起来像是我和克鲁姆之间的决斗或者什么的。”“哈利，我也不理解，”赫敏绝望地说，“我只知道有很多奇怪的事情在发生，而我不喜欢这种情况……穆迪是对的——小天狼星是对的——你必须立即开始为第三项任务训练。你一定要写信答应小天狼星不再独自溜出去。”当哈利必须呆在室内时，霍格华兹的校园看起来从未那么迷人。接下来的几天，他把所有空闲时间都花在了与赫敏和罗恩在图书馆里查找咒语，或者在空教室里练习，他正专注于致晕咒这个他以前从未使用过的咒语。问题是，练习它需要罗恩和赫敏做出一定的牺牲。

“Can’t we kidnap Mrs. Norris?” Ron suggested on Monday lunchtime as he lay flat on his back in the middle of their Charms classroom, having just been Stunned and reawoken by Harry for the fifth time in a row. “Let’s Stun her for a bit. Or you could use Dobby, Harry, I bet he’d do anything to help you. I’m not complaining or anything” — he got gingerly to his feet, rubbing his backside — “but I’m aching all over. . . .”

“Well, you keep missing the cushions, don’t you!” said Hermione impatiently, rearranging the pile of cushions they had used for the Banishing Spell, which Flitwick had left in a cabinet. “Just try and fall backward!”

“Once you’re Stunned, you can’t aim too well, Hermione!” said Ron angrily. “Why don’t you take a turn?”

“Well, I think Harry’s got it now, anyway,” said Hermione hastily. “And we don’t have to worry about Disarming, because he’s been able to do that for ages. . . . I think we ought to start on some of these hexes this evening.”

“我們不能把諾瑞斯夫人綁架嗎？”周一午餐時間，倫躺在他們的咒語教室中央，已經被哈利第五次鎮壓和重新醒來。“讓我們給她一點打擊。或者你可以用多比，哈利，我打賭他會做任何事情來幫助你。我不是在抱怨什麼”——他小心翼翼地站起來，揉著屁股。“但是我全身都在疼...”“嗯，你老是沒有著墊子呀！”赫敏不耐煩地說，重新整理了他們用來施放驅逐咒的墊子堆，這些墊子是弗立維奇放在櫥櫃裡的。“試著向後倒下吧！”“你一旦被擊暈，就無法瞄準了，赫敏！”羅恩生氣地說。“你為什麼不來試試？”“嗯，我認為哈利現在已經懂了，”赫敏匆忙地說道。“而且我們不用擔心解除武裝，因為他已經能做到那點了...我想我們應該從今晚開始練習一些詛咒。”

She looked down the list they had made in the library.

“I like the look of this one,” she said, “this Impediment Curse. Should slow down anything that’s trying to attack you, Harry. We’ll start with that one.”

The bell rang. They hastily shoved the cushions back into Flitwick’s cupboard and slipped out of the classroom.

“See you at dinner!” said Hermione, and she set off for Arithmancy, while Harry and Ron headed toward North Tower, and Divination. Broad strips of dazzling gold sunlight fell across the corridor from the high windows. The sky outside was so brightly blue it looked as though it had been enameled.

“It’s going to be boiling in Trelawney’s room, she never puts out that fire,” said Ron as they started up the staircase toward the silver ladder and the trapdoor.

她低头看着他们在图书馆里列出的清单。“我喜欢这个，”她说，“这个阻碍咒语看起来不错。它应该能减慢任何试图攻击你的

东西的速度，哈利。我们就从这个开始。”铃声响起，他们急忙把靠垫塞进弗利特威克的橱柜里，溜出了教室。“晚餐见！”赫敏说着向算数学课的方向走去，哈利和罗恩走向北塔和占卜学课。从高高的窗户上，金色灿烂的阳光洒满走廊。外面的天空是如此明亮的蓝色，看起来就像镀了珐琅。“特勒奥妮的房间里会很热，她从来不熄火，”罗恩说着，他们开始爬楼梯往银色梯子和活板门的方向走去。

He was quite right. The dimly lit room was swelteringly hot. The fumes from the perfumed fire were heavier than ever. Harry's head swam as he made his way over to one of the curtained windows. While Professor Trelawney was looking the other way, disentangling her shawl from a lamp, he opened it an inch or so and settled back in his chintz armchair, so that a soft breeze played across his face. It was extremely comfortable.

“My dears,” said Professor Trelawney, sitting down in her winged armchair in front of the class and peering around at them all with her strangely enlarged eyes, “we have almost finished our work on planetary divination. Today, however, will be an excellent opportunity to examine the effects of Mars, for he is placed most interestingly at the present time. If you will all look this way, I will dim the lights. . . .”

他說得對。這個昏暗的房間炎熱得令人難以忍受。來自芳香火的煙霧比以往任何時候都要濃重。當特魯露妮教授看向另一邊時，哈利走向其中一個有窗簾的窗戶。他打開了一英寸左右，並舒適地坐回他的印花織物扶手椅上，柔和的微風吹拂著他的臉。這非常舒適。“親愛的學生們，”特魯露妮教授坐在她的有翼扶手椅上，盯著全班同學看了一圈，她的眼睛奇怪地放大，“我們的星象占卜課即將完成。然而，今天是一個研究火星影響的絕佳機會，因為他現在的位置非常有趣。如果你們都看到這裡，我就會調暗燈光……”

She waved her wand and the lamps went out. The fire was the only source of light now. Professor Trelawney bent down and lifted, from under her chair, a miniature model of the solar system, contained within a glass dome. It was a beautiful thing; each of the moons glimmered in place around the nine planets and the fiery sun, all of them hanging in thin air beneath the glass. Harry watched lazily as Professor Trelawney began to point out the fascinating angle Mars was making to Neptune. The heavily perfumed fumes washed over him, and the breeze from the window played across his face. He could hear an insect humming gently somewhere behind the curtain. His eyelids began to droop. . . .

He was riding on the back of an eagle owl, soaring through the clear blue sky toward an old, ivy-covered house set high on a hillside. Lower and lower they flew, the wind blowing pleasantly in Harry's face, until they reached a dark and broken window in the upper story of the house and entered. Now they were flying along a gloomy passageway, to a room at the very end . . . through the door they went, into a dark room whose windows were boarded up. . . .

她揮舞着魔棒，燈就熄滅了。火成為了唯一的光源。崔勞妮教授彎下腰，從她的椅子下面拿起一個被裝在玻璃圓頂內的太陽系微型模型。這是一件美麗的東西，每一個衛星都圍繞著九大行星和火熱的太陽熠熠生輝，並且懸浮在玻璃下的空氣中。哈利懶洋洋地看著崔勞妮教授開始指出火星與海王星的有趣角度。香氣弥漫在他周圍，窗戶吹來的微風拂過他的臉龐。他可以聽到某個地方帘子後面的昆蟲輕輕地嗡嗡作響。他的眼皮開始垂落……他正騎在一只鷹頭貓頭鷹的背上，向一個長滿常春藤的老房子飛去。他們飛得越來越低，風輕輕地吹拂著哈利的臉，最後他們來到了房子上層的一個黑暗而破損的窗戶進入了這所房子。現在他們正飛過一個陰暗的通道，來到了通道的盡頭的一個房間……他們穿過門，進入了一個木板封起來的黑暗房間。

Harry had left the owl's back . . . he was watching, now, as it fluttered across the room, into a chair with its back to him . . . There were two dark shapes on the floor beside the chair . . . both of them were stirring. . . .

One was a huge snake . . . the other was a man . . . a short, balding man, a man with watery eyes and a pointed nose . . . he was wheezing and sobbing on the hearth rug. . . .

“You are in luck, Wormtail,” said a cold, high-pitched voice from the depths of the chair in which the owl had landed. “You are very fortunate indeed. Your blunder has not ruined everything. He is dead.”

“My Lord!” gasped the man on the floor. “My Lord, I am . . . I am so pleased . . . and so sorry. . . .”

“Nagini,” said the cold voice, “you are out of luck. I will not be feeding Wormtail to you, after all . . . but never mind, never mind . . . there is still Harry Potter. . . .”

哈利已經離開了貓頭鷹的背，現在他正在看著它從房間的另一邊飄過去，飛落到一把椅子上，背對著他……椅子旁邊的地面上有兩個黑暗的形狀……兩者都在動……其中一個是一條巨蛇……另一個是一個男人……一個矮胖男人，他有著水汪汪的眼睛和一個尖酸的鼻子……他在壁爐的地毯上喘息和哭泣……從貓頭鷹著陸的椅子深處傳來一個冰冷而尖銳的聲音：“沒想到你還有點運氣，渾蛋。你真的很幸運。你的失誤沒有毀掉一切。他死了。”“主啊！”地上的男人喘息道，“我的主，我……我很高興……也很抱歉……”“那縛咒鳥貴不起來了，”冷冷的聲音說，“我不會把渾蛋喂給你吃了。不過沒關係，沒關係……還有哈利波特……”。

The snake hissed. Harry could see its tongue fluttering.

“Now, Wormtail,” said the cold voice, “perhaps one more little reminder why I will not tolerate another blunder from you. . . .”

“My Lord . . . no . . . I beg you . . .”

The tip of a wand emerged from around the back of the chair. It was pointing at Wormtail.

“Crucio!” said the cold voice.

Wormtail screamed, screamed as though every nerve in his body were on fire, the screaming filled Harry's ears as the scar on his forehead seared with pain; he was yelling too. . . . Voldemort would hear him, would know he was there. . . .

“Harry! Harry!”

Harry opened his eyes. He was lying on the floor of Professor Trelawney's room with his hands over his face. His scar was still burning so badly that his eyes were watering. The pain had been real. The whole class was standing around him, and Ron was kneeling next to him, looking terrified.

蛇嘶嘶作响。哈利能看到它的舌头颤动着。“現在，瓦姆泰爾，”冷酷的声音说，“也許再提醒你我為什麼不能容忍你再出錯一次……”。“我的主……不……求求你……”椅子的背後出現了一個魔杖的尖端。它指向瓦姆泰爾。“Crucio！”冷酷的聲音說。瓦姆泰爾尖叫，好像他身體裡的每一根神經都在燃燒，尖叫聲充滿了哈利的耳朵，他額頭上的疤痕疼痛得雙目含淚。他也在叫嚷……沃爾德莫特會聽到他，知道他在這裡……。“哈利！哈利！”哈利睜開眼睛，發現自己躺在特雷拉娜教授的房間裡，雙手捂著臉。他的疤痕仍然非常疼痛，以至於他的眼睛含淚。這種疼痛是真實的。整個班級都圍著他，而羅恩跪在他旁邊，看起來非常害怕。

“You all right?” he said.

“Of course he isn't!” said Professor Trelawney, looking thoroughly excited. Her great eyes loomed over Harry, gazing at him. “What was it, Potter? A premonition? An apparition? What did you see?”

“Nothing.” Harry lied. He sat up. He could feel himself shaking. He couldn't stop himself from looking around, into the shadows behind him; Voldemort's voice had sounded so close. . . .

“You were clutching your scar!” said Professor Trelawney. “You were rolling on the floor, clutching your scar! Come now, Potter, I have experience in these matters!”

Harry looked up at her.

“I need to go to the hospital wing, I think,” he said. “Bad headache.”

“My dear, you were undoubtedly stimulated by the extraordinary clairvoyant vibrations of my room!” said Professor Trelawney. “If you leave now, you may lose the opportunity to see further than you have ever —”

“你還好嗎？”他問。“當然不好！”特里劳妮教授说，看起来兴奋不已。她的大眼睛盯着哈利，注视着他。“波特，你看到什么了？是预兆吗？是幻象？你看到了什么？”“什么都没有，”哈利撒谎说。他坐起来，感觉自己在发抖。他忍不住四处张望，看向他身后的阴影；伏地魔的声音听起来离他很近……“你抓住了你的伤疤！”特里劳妮教授说。“你滚在地上，抓住你的伤疤！拜托了，波特，我在这些事情上有经验！”哈利抬头看着她。“我想我需要去医务室，”他说。“头痛得厉害。”“亲爱的，你无疑被我房间非凡的预言家振动所刺激了！”特里劳妮教授说。“如果你现在离开，你可能会失去比你更进一步的机会——”

“I don't want to see anything except a headache cure,” said Harry.

He stood up. The class backed away. They all looked unnerved.

“See you later,” Harry muttered to Ron, and he picked up his bag and headed for the trapdoor, ignoring Professor Trelawney, who was wearing an expression of great frustration, as though she had just been denied a real treat.

When Harry reached the bottom of her stepladder, however, he did not set off for the hospital wing. He had no intention whatsoever of going there. Sirius had told him what to do if his scar hurt him again, and Harry was going to follow his advice: He was going straight to Dumbledore's office. He marched down the corridors, thinking about what he had seen in the dream. . . . it had been as vivid as the one that had awoken him on Privet Drive. . . . He ran over the details in his mind, trying to make sure he could remember them. . . . He had heard Voldemort accusing Wormtail of making a blunder. . . . but the owl had brought good news, the blunder had been repaired, somebody was dead. . . . so Wormtail was not going to be fed to the snake. . . . he, Harry, was going to be fed to it instead. . . .

“我什麼都不想看，只想要治頭痛的藥，”哈利說。他站起來，同學們都向後退了。他們看起來都有些不安。“待會見，”哈利對朗諾說著，然後拿起書包，朝陷阱門走去，無視特里拉娜教授的存在，她的表情顯得非常沮喪，好像被拒絕了一份真正的美食。然而，當哈利到達梯子的底部時，他並沒有前往醫院翼。他根本沒有打算去那裡。小天狼星告訴他，如果他的傷疤再次疼痛，該怎麼做，哈利打算聽從他的建議：他直接去達姆波多的辦公室。他走遍走廊，回想著他在夢中看到的東西……那場夢和他在普里韋特大街上被驚醒的那場一樣真實……他在腦海中回味著夢中的細節，試圖確認自己能夠記住它們……他聽到佛地魔在指責渥姆泰爾犯了一個錯誤……但那隻貓頭鷹帶來了好消息，錯誤已經被修正了，有人死了……因此渥姆泰爾不會被餵給那條蛇……相反，他，哈利，將被餵給蛇。

Harry had walked right past the stone gargoyle guarding the entrance to Dumbledore's office without noticing. He blinked, looked around, realized what he had done, and retraced his steps, stopping in front of it. Then he remembered that he didn't know the password.

“Lemon drop?” he tried tentatively.

The gargoyle did not move.

“Okay,” said Harry, staring at it, “Pear Drop. Er — Licorice Wand. Fizzing Whizbee. Drooble's Best Blowing Gum. Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans . . . oh no, he doesn't like them, does he? . . . oh just open, can't you?” he said angrily. “I really need to see him, it's urgent!”

The gargoyle remained immovable.

Harry kicked it, achieving nothing but an excruciating pain in his big toe.

“Chocolate Frog!” he yelled angrily, standing on one leg. “Sugar Quill! Cockroach Cluster!”

哈利走過石像鬼護衛的達姆伯多辦公室入口而毫不察覺。他眨眨眼，四處張望，意識到自己做了什麼，然後重新走回去，停在石像鬼前。他記起自己不知道密碼。「檸檬糖？」他嘗試著問。石像鬼沒有動。「好吧」，哈利盯著它說：「梨子糖。呃——甘草棒。嘶嘶蜜蜂。Drooble的最佳口香糖。Bertie Bott的各種口味豆……噢不，他不喜歡它們，對吧？……噢，你開門吧，你行不行？」他生氣地說。「我真的需要見他，很緊急！」石像鬼仍然一動不動。哈利踢了它一腳，除了大腳趾極其痛苦之外，什麼也沒有獲得。「巧克力青蛙！」他生氣地喊著，一只腳站在地上。「糖筆！蟑螂簇！」

The gargoyle sprang to life and jumped aside. Harry blinked.

“Cockroach Cluster?” he said, amazed. “I was only joking . . .”

He hurried through the gap in the walls and stepped onto the foot of a spiral stone staircase, which moved slowly upward as the doors closed behind him, taking him up to a polished oak door with a brass door knocker.

He could hear voices from inside the office. He stepped off the moving staircase and hesitated, listening.

“Dumbledore, I’m afraid I don’t see the connection, don’t see it at all!” It was the voice of the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge. “Ludo says Bertha’s perfectly capable of getting herself lost. I agree we would have expected to have found her by now, but all the same, we’ve no evidence of foul play, Dumbledore, none at all. As for her disappearance being linked with Barty Crouch’s!”

石像鬼突然活了過來，跳開了。哈利睜了睜眼。他驚訝地說：“蟑螂簇？我剛只是開玩笑。 . . .”他急忙穿過牆壁上的縫隙，站在了一個螺旋石梯的高腳上，隨著門關上，他緩緩上升著，來到了一扇鏡面的橡木門面前，門上的門環是黃銅做的。他能聽到辦公室裡面有人在交談。他下了樓梯，猶豫了一會兒，聆聽著。“邓布利多，我恐怕看不出其中的關聯，看不到任何關聯！”這是魔法部部長科內利厄斯·福吉的聲音。“卢多說柏莎自己能够迷路。我同意我們本應該早就找到她了，但是我們沒有任何關於她失蹤與阴谋有關的證據，邓布利多，一點也沒有。至于她失蹤是否與巴蒂·克勞奇有關。”

“And what do you think’s happened to Barty Crouch, Minister?” said Moody’s growling voice.

“I see two possibilities, Alastor,” said Fudge. “Either Crouch has finally cracked — more than likely, I’m sure you’ll agree, given his personal history — lost his mind, and gone wandering off somewhere —”

“He wandered extremely quickly, if that is the case, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore calmly.

“Or else — well . . .” Fudge sounded embarrassed. “Well, I’ll reserve judgment until after I’ve seen the place where he was found, but you say it was just past the Beauxbatons carriage? Dumbledore, you know what that woman *is*?”

“I consider her to be a very able headmistress — and an excellent dancer,” said Dumbledore quietly.

“Dumbledore, come!” said Fudge angrily. “Don’t you think you might be prejudiced in her favor because of Hagrid? They don’t all turn out harmless — if, indeed, you can call Hagrid harmless, with that monster fixation he’s got —”

“那你除了巴蒂·克勞奇發生了什麼事？”穆迪的聲音咆哮起來。“我有兩種可能性，阿拉斯多，”福吉說。“要麼克勞奇終於崩潰了——鑑於他的個人歷史，這更有可能，我相信你會同意這一點——失去理智，四處漫游——”“那如果是這樣，他走得非常快，如果情況是這樣的話，科尼留斯，”邓布利多平靜地說。“或者——嗯……”福吉聽起來很尷尬。“嗯，我要在看到他被發現的地方之後才下判斷，但你說他被發現的地方就在布歐巴頓馬車過去的地方？邓布利多，你知道那個女人是誰嗎？”“我認為她是一位非常有能力的校長——還是一位優秀的舞蹈家，”邓布利多輕聲說道。“邓布利多，來吧！”福吉生氣地說。“你覺得你對她有偏見，因為哈格力？他們不都是無害的——如果你可以稱哈格力是無害的話，他有那種怪物癡迷——”

“I no more suspect Madame Maxime than Hagrid,” said Dumbledore, just as calmly. “I think it possible that it is you who are prejudiced, Cornelius.”

“Can we wrap up this discussion?” growled Moody.

“Yes, yes, let’s go down to the grounds, then,” said Fudge impatiently.

“No, it’s not that,” said Moody, “it’s just that Potter wants a word with you, Dumbledore. He’s just outside the door.”

達姆伯多冷靜地說：“我不再懷疑馬克西姆夫人和海格，我認為你可能有偏見，科尼留斯。”穆迪咆哮道：“我們可以結束這次討論嗎？”費奇不耐煩地說：“是的，是的，讓我們下去走走。”穆迪說：“不是那個問題，波特想和你說句話，達姆伯多。他就在門外。”



THE PENSIEVE

The door of the office opened.

"Hello, Potter," said Moody. "Come in, then."

Harry walked inside. He had been inside Dumbledore's office once before; it was a very beautiful, circular room, lined with pictures of previous headmasters and headmistresses of Hogwarts, all of whom were fast asleep, their chests rising and falling gently.

Cornelius Fudge was standing beside Dumbledore's desk, wearing his usual pinstriped cloak and holding his lime-green bowler hat.

"Harry!" said Fudge jovially, moving forward. "How are you?"

"Fine," Harry lied.

"We were just talking about the night when Mr. Crouch turned up on the grounds," said Fudge. "It was you who found him, was it not?"

"Yes," said Harry. Then, feeling it was pointless to pretend that he hadn't overheard what they had been saying, he added, "I didn't see Madame Maxime anywhere, though, and she'd have a job hiding, wouldn't she?"

辦公室的門打開了。"你好，波特，"穆迪說。"進來吧。"哈利走了進去。他曾經進過鄧布利多的辦公室，那是一個非常漂亮的圓形房間，鋪滿了霍格沃茨前任校長和女校長的照片，他們都在安詳地睡覺，胸口輕輕起伏。康乃留·法奇站在鄧布利多的辦公桌旁，穿著他平常的細條紋斗篷，戴著青綠色的硬禮帽。"哈利！"法奇愉快地說，往前走。"你好嗎？""好的，"哈利撒謊說。"我們剛剛在談論克拉古先生出現在院子裡的那個夜晚，"法奇說。"是你找到他的，不是嗎？""對，"哈利說。然後，覺得假裝沒有聽到他們所說的話是毫無意義的，他補充道，"我沒有看到馬克西姆女士，在任何地方，不過她肯定很難藏吧？"

Dumbledore smiled at Harry behind Fudge's back, his eyes twinkling.

"Yes, well," said Fudge, looking embarrassed, "we're about to go for a short walk on the grounds, Harry, if you'll excuse us . . . perhaps if you just go back to your class —"

"I wanted to talk to you, Professor," Harry said quickly, looking at Dumbledore, who gave him a swift, searching look.

"Wait here for me, Harry," he said. "Our examination of the grounds will not take long."

They trooped out in silence past him and closed the door. After a minute or so, Harry heard the clunks of Moody's wooden leg growing fainter in the corridor below. He looked around.

"Hello, Fawkes," he said.

Fawkes, Professor Dumbledore's phoenix, was standing on his golden perch beside the door. The size of a swan, with magnificent scarlet-and-gold plumage, he swished his long tail and blinked benignly at Harry.

鄧布利多在法櫃的背後對哈利微笑，他的眼睛閃閃發亮。"嗯，"法櫃說，看起來有些尷尬，"我們即將在校園裡散步，哈利，如果你不介意的話，你可以回去上課——"教授，我想跟你談談，"哈利迅速說道，看向了鄧布利多，鄧布利多立刻向他投去了一個敏銳的目光。"哈利，待在這裡等我，"他說，"我們的檢查不會花很長時間。"他們一言不發地走出了房間，關上了門。過了一兩分鐘，哈利聽到慕迪在下面走廊的木腿發出的咔咔聲越來越遠。他四處看了看。"你好，法奇斯。"他說。法奇斯是鄧布利多教授的鳳凰，站在門旁的金色支架上。他大如天鵝，擁有壯麗的緋紅色和金色的羽毛，他甩動著長長的尾巴，對哈利眨了眨眼睛。

Harry sat down in a chair in front of Dumbledore's desk. For several minutes, he sat and watched the old headmasters and headmistresses

snoozing in their frames, thinking about what he had just heard, and running his fingers over his scar. It had stopped hurting now.

He felt much calmer, somehow, now that he was in Dumbledore's office, knowing he would shortly be telling him about the dream. Harry looked up at the walls behind the desk. The patched and ragged Sorting Hat was standing on a shelf. A glass case next to it held a magnificent silver sword with large rubies set into the hilt, which Harry recognized as the one he himself had pulled out of the Sorting Hat in his second year. The sword had once belonged to Godric Gryffindor, founder of Harry's House. He was gazing at it, remembering how it had come to his aid when he had thought all hope was lost, when he noticed a patch of silvery light, dancing and shimmering on the glass case. He looked around for the source of the light and saw a sliver of silver-white shining brightly from within a black cabinet behind him, whose door had not been closed properly. Harry hesitated, glanced at Fawkes, then got up, walked across the office, and pulled open the cabinet door.

哈利坐在鄧布利多桌前的一張椅子上。他坐了好幾分鐘，看著老校長和老校長夫人們在畫框中打瞌睡，思考著他剛剛聽到的事情，用手指輕輕地摸著自己的傷疤。現在他已經不疼了。他覺得自己變得更加冷靜了，因為他現在在鄧布利多的辦公室裡，知道自己很快就會告訴他關於那個夢的事情。哈利抬頭看著桌子後面的牆壁。舊而破爛的分類帽放在架子上，旁邊還有一個玻璃櫃，裏面有一把極其華麗的銀劍，劍柄上有著一顆顆大寶石，哈利認出了它是自己在第二年從分類帽里拔出來的那把劍。這把劍曾經是哈利所屬學院格蘭芬多的創始人高德魯·格蘭芬多的物品。他望着劍，想起當他感到絕望時，它是如何幫助他的，突然注意到玻璃櫃上有一片銀白色的光芒，在跳躍和閃爍。他四處找光源，看到黑色櫥櫃門沒關好，透過一道縫隙中透射出來一線明亮的銀白色光芒。哈利猶豫了一下，瞥了一眼鳳凰，站起身，走到辦公室的另一邊，拉開了櫥櫃的門。

A shallow stone basin lay there, with odd carvings around the edge: runes and symbols that Harry did not recognize. The silvery light was coming from the basin's contents, which were like nothing Harry had ever seen before. He could not tell whether the substance was liquid or gas. It was a bright, whitish silver, and it was moving ceaselessly; the surface of it became ruffled like water beneath wind, and then, like clouds, separated and swirled smoothly. It looked like light made liquid — or like wind made solid — Harry couldn't make up his mind.

He wanted to touch it, to find out what it felt like, but nearly four years' experience of the magical world told him that sticking his hand into a bowl full of some unknown substance was a very stupid thing to do. He therefore pulled his wand out of the inside of his robes, cast a nervous look around the office, looked back at the contents of the basin, and prodded them.

那裡放著一個淺石盆，邊緣有奇怪的雕刻：哈利不認識的符文和符號。銀色光線是從盆子的內容物中發出的，這是哈利從未見過的東西。他無法判斷這種物質是液體還是氣體。它是明亮的白銀色，不停地移動著；它的表面像風吹水一樣起著波紋，然後，像雲一樣分開，順暢地旋轉。它看起來像光線變成液體 - 或者像風變成固體 - 哈利無法下定決心。他想摸它，找出它的感覺，但將近四年的魔法世界經驗告訴他，把手伸進一個充滿未知物質的碗裡是非常愚蠢的事情。因此，他從長袍內部拔出魔杖，緊張地四周看了看，再看看盆子裡的內容物，然後戳了一下。

The surface of the silvery stuff inside the basin began to swirl very fast.

Harry bent closer, his head right inside the cabinet. The silvery substance had become transparent; it looked like glass. He looked down into it, expecting to see the stone bottom of the basin — and saw instead an enormous room below the surface of the mysterious substance, a room into which he seemed to be looking through a circular window in the ceiling.

The room was dimly lit; he thought it might even be underground, for there were no windows, merely torches in brackets such as the ones that illuminated the walls of Hogwarts. Lowering his face so that his nose was a mere inch away from the glassy substance, Harry saw that rows and rows of witches and wizards were seated around every wall on what seemed to be benches rising in levels. An empty chair stood in the very center of the room. There was something about the chair that gave Harry an ominous feeling. Chains encircled the arms of it, as though its occupants were usually tied to it.

盆內銀灰色物質的表面開始迅速旋轉。哈利更靠近盆，將頭伸進櫥櫃。銀色物質變得透明，看起來像玻璃。他低頭看進盆裡，期望能看到盆的石底，然而他看到的是神秘物質表面下方的一個巨大房間。他像透過天花板上的一個圓形窗口看進去。房間光線昏暗，也許是地下室，因為沒有窗戶，只有跟霍格華茲牆上一樣的掛燈。哈利將臉貼近玻璃般的物質，只有一英寸遠，看到每個牆上都有排排座椅，坐滿了女巫和巫師。一把空椅子在房間正中間。這把椅子讓哈利有不祥的感覺。它的扶手上環繞著鏈子，像是裹綁著它的使用者。

Where was this place? It surely wasn't Hogwarts; he had never seen a room like that here in the castle. Moreover, the crowd in the mysterious room at the bottom of the basin was comprised of adults, and Harry knew there were not nearly that many teachers at Hogwarts. They seemed, he thought, to be waiting for something; even though he could only see the tops of their hats, all of their faces seemed to be pointing in one direction, and none of them were talking to one another.

The basin being circular, and the room he was observing square, Harry could not make out what was going on in the corners of it. He leaned even closer, tilting his head, trying to see . . .

The tip of his nose touched the strange substance into which he was staring.

Dumbledore's office gave an almighty lurch — Harry was thrown forward and pitched headfirst into the substance inside the basin —

這是哪裡？這絕對不是霍格華茲；哈利從未在城堡裡見過這樣的房間。另外，坑底神秘的房間裡的人群都是成年人，哈利知道霍格華茲學校裡沒有那麼多老師。他認為，他們似乎在等待什麼；即使他只能看到他們帽子的頂端，所有人的臉都指向同一個方向，他們中間沒有人彼此交談。由於坑具有圓形，而他觀察的房間是正方形的，因此哈利無法看清房間角落裡發生了什麼。他向前傾身，嘗試看清楚...他的鼻尖碰到了他正在凝視的奇怪物質。鄧布利多的辦公室突然一陣劇烈震動—哈利被甩向前，頭朝著坑中物質的方向——

But his head did not hit the stone bottom. He was falling through something icy-cold and black; it was like being sucked into a dark whirlpool—

And suddenly, Harry found himself sitting on a bench at the end of the room inside the basin, a bench raised high above the others. He looked up at the high stone ceiling, expecting to see the circular window through which he had just been staring, but there was nothing there but dark, solid stone.

Breathing hard and fast, Harry looked around him. Not one of the witches and wizards in the room (and there were at least two hundred of them) was looking at him. Not one of them seemed to have noticed that a fourteen-year-old boy had just dropped from the ceiling into their midst. Harry turned to the wizard next to him on the bench and uttered a loud cry of surprise that reverberated around the silent room.

但他的頭並沒有碰到到底。他正跌落在一個冰冷而黑暗的東西裡；就像是被吸入一個黑暗的漩渦中——突然間，哈利發現自己坐在盆底室的一個長椅上，這個長椅高高地升起，比其他的椅子都要高。他抬頭望去，本以為會看到他那剛才凝視的圓形窗戶，但那裡除了黑暗的實心石頭，什麼都沒有。哈利深呼吸，心跳加快，四處望了望。房間裡的女巫和巫師（至少有兩百人）沒有一個人注意到他。沒有一個人似乎注意到一個十四歲的男孩剛從天花板上掉進了他們之中。哈利轉身對身旁的巫師大聲驚呼，聲音在靜謐的房間中回響。

He was sitting right next to Albus Dumbledore.

“Professor!” Harry said in a kind of strangled whisper. “I’m sorry—I didn’t mean to—I was just looking at that basin in your cabinet—I—where are we?”

But Dumbledore didn’t move or speak. He ignored Harry completely. Like every other wizard on the benches, he was staring into the far corner of the room, where there was a door.

Harry gazed, nonplussed, at Dumbledore, then around at the silently watchful crowd, then back at Dumbledore. And then it dawned on him . . .

Once before, Harry had found himself somewhere that nobody could see or hear him. That time, he had fallen through a page in an enchanted diary, right into somebody else’s memory . . . and unless he was very much mistaken, something of the sort had happened again . . .

他坐在阿不思魯·鄧不利多教授的旁邊。「教授！」哈利用一種捉弄似的低聲說。「對不起——我沒有想要——我只是在看你櫃子裡的那個盆子——我——我們在哪裡？」但鄧不利多一動也不動，也不出聲。他完全忽略哈利。像看臺上的其他巫師，他一直凝望著房間的遠角，那裡有一扇門。哈利很困惑地看著鄧不利多，然後轉向默默注視的人群，最後又看向鄧不利多。這時他恍然大悟……之前，哈利曾經來到一個沒有人能看到聽到他的地方。那時，他從一本魔法日記的頁面埋身跌落，直接墜入別人的記憶裡……而現在，除非他非常錯誤，某種情形再度發生了……

Harry raised his right hand, hesitated, and then waved it energetically in front of Dumbledore’s face. Dumbledore did not blink, look around at Harry, or indeed move at all. And that, in Harry’s opinion, settled the matter. Dumbledore wouldn’t ignore him like that. He was inside a memory, and this was not the present-day Dumbledore. Yet it couldn’t be that long ago . . . the Dumbledore sitting next to him now was silver-haired, just like the present-day Dumbledore. But what was this place? What were all these wizards waiting for?

Harry looked around more carefully. The room, as he had suspected when observing it from above, was almost certainly underground — more of a dungeon than a room, he thought. There was a bleak and forbidding air about the place; there were no pictures on the walls, no decorations at all; just these serried rows of benches, rising in levels all around the room, all positioned so that they had a clear view of that chair with the chains on its arms.

哈利舉起他的右手，猶豫了一下，然後在鄧布利多的臉前有力地揮了揮。鄧布利多沒有眨眼，也沒有轉向哈利，實際上根本沒有動。而在哈利的看法中，這就是定案了。鄧布利多不會這樣忽略他。他在一個記憶裡，這不是現代的鄧布利多。然而，這不可能是很久以前……現在坐在他旁邊的鄧布利多也有銀色的頭髮，就像現代的鄧布利多一樣。但這裡是什麼地方？所有這些巫師在等什麼？哈利更仔細地四周看了看。他從上面觀察時就已經懷疑了，這個房間幾乎可以肯定是地下室——他認為這更像一個地牢而不是一個房間。這個地方有一種荒涼和嚴峻的氛圍；牆上沒有照片，沒有任何裝飾；只有這些排成一行的長椅，環繞著整個房間的各個層次，都是這樣擺放的，以便他們可以清晰地看到那張有鏈子的椅子。

Before Harry could reach any conclusions about the place in which they were, he heard footsteps. The door in the corner of the dungeon opened and three people entered — or at least one man, flanked by two dementors.

Harry’s insides went cold. The dementors — tall, hooded creatures whose faces were concealed — were gliding slowly toward the chair in the center of the room, each grasping one of the man’s arms with their dead and rotten-looking hands. The man between them looked as though he was about to faint, and Harry couldn’t blame him . . . he knew the dementors could not touch him inside a memory, but he remembered their power only too well. The watching crowd recoiled slightly as the dementors placed the man in the chained chair and glided back out of the room. The door swung shut behind them.

當哈利對他們身處的地方還沒有任何結論前，他聽到腳步聲。地牢一角的門打開了，三個人進來了，或者至少是一個男人，旁邊站著兩個守衛。哈利內心一陣寒意。守衛們——高聳的有罩身形，臉孔匿名的生物——慢慢地滑向房間中央的椅子，用他們腐朽的手握住了男人的胳膊。中間的男人看起來好像即將昏厥，哈利不能怪他……他知道守衛不能在記憶中抓到他，但他記得他們的力量太驚人了。看著的人群稍微退縮了一下，當守衛們將男人扭在鎖鏈椅上，滑回了房間。門在他們身後關上了。

Harry looked down at the man now sitting in the chair and saw that it was Karkaroff.

Unlike Dumbledore, Karkaroff looked much younger; his hair and goatee were black. He was not dressed in sleek furs, but in thin and ragged robes. He was shaking. Even as Harry watched, the chains on the arms of the chair glowed suddenly gold and snaked their way up Karkaroff's arms, binding him there.

"Igor Karkaroff," said a curt voice to Harry's left. Harry looked around and saw Mr. Crouch standing up in the middle of the bench beside him. Crouch's hair was dark, his face was much less lined, he looked fit and alert. "You have been brought from Azkaban to present evidence to the Ministry of Magic. You have given us to understand that you have important information for us."

哈利看著現在坐在椅子上的人，發現那是卡卡洛夫。與鄧布利多不同的是，卡卡洛夫看起來年輕得多，他的頭髮和山羊胡都是黑色的。他沒有穿著光滑的毛皮，而是穿著薄而破爛的長袍。他在顫抖，就在哈利觀察他的時候，椅子手扶上的鐵鏈忽然發出金色的光，蜿蜒而上，綑綁住卡卡洛夫的手臂。“伊戈·卡卡洛夫，”哈利左邊一個嚴厲的聲音說道。哈利轉過頭看到在他旁邊的長凳上，小卡路士先生正站起來。卡路士頭髮黑色，臉上的皺紋要少得多，看起來健康而敏銳。“你被從阿茲卡班帶來，為了向魔法部呈交證據。你曾告訴我們你擁有重要的情報。”

Karkaroff straightened himself as best he could, tightly bound to the chair.

"I have, sir," he said, and although his voice was very scared, Harry could still hear the familiar unctuous note in it. "I wish to be of use to the Ministry. I wish to help. I — I know that the Ministry is trying to — to round up the last of the Dark Lord's supporters. I am eager to assist in any way I can . . ."

There was a murmur around the benches. Some of the wizards and witches were surveying Karkaroff with interest, others with pronounced mistrust. Then Harry heard, quite distinctly, from Dumbledore's other side, a familiar, growling voice saying, "Filth."

Harry leaned forward so that he could see past Dumbledore. Mad-Eye Moody was sitting there — except that there was a very noticeable difference in his appearance. He did not have his magical eye, but two normal ones. Both were looking down upon Karkaroff, and both were narrowed in intense dislike.

卡卡洛夫努力挺直身體，尽可能地縮在椅子上。“已经明白了，先生，”他說道。儘管他的聲音充滿恐懼，哈利仍然能夠聽出其中熟悉的油腔滑調。“我希望能够為部長大人效力。我願意幫助。我——我知道部長正在試圖搜捕最後一批黑魔王的支持者。我會盡我所能提供協助……”在席位上響起了一陣竊竊私語。有些巫師和女巫用興趣的目光打量著卡卡洛夫，而另一些則流露出明顯的不信任之情。突然，哈利清楚地聽到了校長另一側傳來的一個熟悉的低沉喉音：“污物。”哈利向前傾，以便可以從鄧布利多身後看到。瘋眼穆迪坐在那裡——但他的外貌有著很明顯的差異。他沒有那只神奇的眼睛，而是變成了兩只正常的眼睛。它們都盯著卡卡洛夫，目中充滿了強烈的不喜歡之情。

"Crouch is going to let him out," Moody breathed quietly to Dumbledore. "He's done a deal with him. Took me six months to track him down, and Crouch is going to let him go if he's got enough new names. Let's hear his information, I say, and throw him straight back to the dementors."

Dumbledore made a small noise of dissent through his long, crooked nose.

"Ah, I was forgetting . . . you don't like the dementors, do you, Albus?" said Moody with a sardonic smile.

"No," said Dumbledore calmly, "I'm afraid I don't. I have long felt the Ministry is wrong to ally itself with such creatures."

"But for filth like this . . ." Moody said softly.

"You say you have names for us, Karkaroff," said Mr. Crouch. "Let us hear them, please."

"You must understand," said Karkaroff hurriedly, "that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named operated always in the greatest secrecy. . . . He preferred that we — I mean to say, his supporters — and I regret now, very deeply, that I ever counted myself among them —"

摩迪悄聲對鄧布利多說：“克勞奇打算讓他出來。他和他達成交易。我花了六個月的時間追蹤他，如果他有足夠的新名字，克勞奇就會讓他走。我建議聽聽他的信息，然後把他送回惡魔。”鄧布利多用他那長而彎曲的鼻子發出了不同意的聲音。摩迪嘲諷地笑道：“啊，我忘了……你不喜歡惡魔，對吧，阿不思？”“是的，”鄧布利多沉著地說，“恐怕我真的不喜歡。我認為和這類生物結盟是部長的錯誤。”“但對於像他一樣的污垢……”摩迪輕聲說道。“你說你有我們需要的名字，卡卡洛夫，”克勞奇先生說，“請讓我們听听。”“你必須明白，”卡卡洛夫匆匆說道，“那個不可言名的人總是以最大的秘密行事……他寧願我們——我的意思是說，他的支持者——而我現在非常後悔自己曾算之一員……”

"Get on with it," sneered Moody.

"— we never knew the names of every one of our fellows — He alone knew exactly who we all were —"

"Which was a wise move, wasn't it, as it prevented someone like you, Karkaroff, from turning all of them in," muttered Moody.

"Yet you say you have *some* names for us?" said Mr. Crouch.

"I — I do," said Karkaroff breathlessly. "And these were important supporters, mark you. People I saw with my own eyes doing his bidding. I give this information as a sign that I fully and totally renounce him, and am filled with a remorse so deep I can barely —"

"These names are?" said Mr. Crouch sharply.

Karkaroff drew a deep breath.

“There was Antonin Dolohov,” he said. “I — I saw him torture countless Muggles and — and non-supporters of the Dark Lord.”

「繼續繼續，」穆迪嘲諷道。「我們從未知道所有同伴的名字——他一個人知道我們全部是誰——」「這是明智之舉，不是嗎？因為這樣就阻止了你這樣的人通風報信，卡卡洛夫，」穆迪喃喃道。「然而，你說你有一些名字告訴我們？」克勞奇先生說道。「是，是的。」卡卡洛夫氣喘吁吁地說：「這些都是重要支持者，要知道，是我親眼看見他們服從的。我提供這些資訊，表明我完全且徹底地放棄了他，我深感悔恨，幾乎無法承受——」「這些名字是？」克勞奇先生嚴厲地問。卡卡洛夫深吸一口氣。「有安東尼·多羅霍夫，」他說：「我——我看見他折磨無數的麻瓜和——還有黑魔王非支持者。」

“And helped him do it,” murmured Moody.

“We have already apprehended Dolohov,” said Crouch. “He was caught shortly after yourself.”

“Indeed?” said Karkaroff, his eyes widening. “I — I am delighted to hear it!”

But he didn’t look it. Harry could tell that this news had come as a real blow to him. One of his names was worthless.

“Any others?” said Crouch coldly.

“Why, yes . . . there was Rosier,” said Karkaroff hurriedly. “Evan Rosier.”

“Rosier is dead,” said Crouch. “He was caught shortly after you were too. He preferred to fight rather than come quietly and was killed in the struggle.”

“Took a bit of me with him, though,” whispered Moody to Harry’s right. Harry looked around at him once more, and saw him indicating the large chunk out of his nose to Dumbledore.

“還幫助他一起做到這一點，”穆迪輕聲說道。“多洛霍夫已被我們逮捕，”克勞奇說道。“他在你之後不久就被抓住了。”“真的嗎？”卡卡洛夫說道，眼睛瞪大了。“我——我非常高興聽到這個消息！”但他看起來并不是這樣。哈利可以看出这个消息对他来说是一个真正的打击。他的一个名字变得毫无价值。“还有其他人吗？”克勞奇冷冷地問道。“是的，有……羅西爾，”卡卡洛夫急忙說道。“伊萬·羅西爾。”“羅西爾已經死了，”克勞奇說。“他在你之後不久也被抓住了。他寧願與我們搏鬥，也不願意乖乖地投降，最終死於戰鬥。”“可是他帶走了我的一部分，”穆迪輕聲對哈利說。哈利再次環顧四周，看到他向鄧布利多指着鼻子上的大塊處。

“No — no more than Rosier deserved!” said Karkaroff, a real note of panic in his voice now. Harry could see that he was starting to worry that none of his information would be of any use to the Ministry. Karkaroff’s eyes darted toward the door in the corner, behind which the dementors undoubtedly still stood, waiting.

“Any more?” said Crouch.

“Yes!” said Karkaroff. “There was Travers — he helped murder the McKinnons! Mulciber — he specialized in the Imperius Curse, forced countless people to do horrific things! Rookwood, who was a spy, and passed He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named useful information from inside the Ministry itself!”

Harry could tell that, this time, Karkaroff had struck gold. The watching crowd was all murmuring together.

“Rookwood?” said Mr. Crouch, nodding to a witch sitting in front of him, who began scribbling upon her piece of parchment. “Augustus Rookwood of the Department of Mysteries?”

卡卡洛夫回答：“不，羅斯爾不比他應得的多！”他的聲音里透着真正的驚慌。哈利可以看出他開始擔心他的信息對長官無益。卡卡洛夫的眼睛向角落里的門投去一瞥，那裏面肯定還有摩登的護衛，正在等待。“還有誰？”科羅奇問。“有！”卡卡洛夫說，“特雷弗斯——他幫助謀殺了麥金農家人！拉魁平——他專門施展強制魔咒，逼迫無數的人做出可怕的事情！魯德伍德是間諜，他從政府本身內部傳達了‘不可名狀者’的有用信息！”哈利可以感覺到，這一次，卡卡洛夫找到了黃金線索。正在觀看的人群竊竊私語着。“魯德伍德？”克勞奇先生問，點點頭看着坐在他前面的女巫，她開始在紙上寫字。“神秘部的奧古斯都·魯德伍德？”

“The very same,” said Karkaroff eagerly. “I believe he used a network of well-placed wizards, both inside the Ministry and out, to collect information —”

“But Travers and Mulciber we have,” said Mr. Crouch. “Very well, Karkaroff, if that is all, you will be returned to Azkaban while we decide —”

“Not yet!” cried Karkaroff, looking quite desperate. “Wait, I have more!”

Harry could see him sweating in the torchlight, his white skin contrasting strongly with the black of his hair and beard.

“Snape!” he shouted. “Severus Snape!”

“Snape has been cleared by this council,” said Crouch disdainfully. “He has been vouched for by Albus Dumbledore.”

“No!” shouted Karkaroff, straining at the chains that bound him to the chair. “I assure you! Severus Snape is a Death Eater!”

“就是他，”Karkaroff興奮地說道。“我相信他利用一群行動靈活的巫師，包括部長內外，來收集情報——”但我們已經抓到了Travers和Mulciber，“Crouch先生說。“好吧，Karkaroff，如果這就是全部的話，我們會讓你回到阿茲卡班的，然後我們再做決定——”還沒有！Karkaroff大喊，看起來非常絕望。“等等，我還有更多話！”哈利可以看到他在火炬照射下出汗，他的白皮膚和黑色的頭髮和鬍子形成鮮明對比。“斯內普！”他大喊。“西弗勒斯·斯內普！”“Council已經證明了斯內普的清白，”Crouch輕蔑地說。“他已經得到了阿不思·鄧不利多的保證。”“不！”Karkaroff大喊，努力掙扎著從椅子上綁住他的鏈條。“我向你保證！西弗勒斯·斯內普是食死徒！”

Dumbledore had gotten to his feet.

“I have given evidence already on this matter,” he said calmly. “Severus Snape was indeed a Death Eater. However, he rejoined our side before Lord Voldemort’s downfall and turned spy for us, at great personal risk. He is now no more a Death Eater than I am.”

Harry turned to look at Mad-Eye Moody. He was wearing a look of deep skepticism behind Dumbledore’s back.

“Very well, Karkaroff,” Crouch said coldly, “you have been of assistance. I shall review your case. You will return to Azkaban in the meantime. . . .”

Mr. Crouch’s voice faded. Harry looked around; the dungeon was dissolving as though it were made of smoke; everything was fading: he could see only his own body — all else was swirling darkness. . . .

And then, the dungeon returned. Harry was sitting in a different seat, still on the highest bench, but now to the left side of Mr. Crouch. The atmosphere seemed quite different: relaxed, even cheerful. The witches and wizards all around the walls were talking to one another, almost as though they were at some sort of sporting event. Harry noticed a witch halfway up the rows of benches opposite. She had short blonde hair, was wearing magenta robes, and was sucking the end of an acid-green quill. It was, unmistakably, a younger Rita Skeeter. Harry looked around; Dumbledore was sitting beside him again, wearing different robes. Mr. Crouch looked more tired and somehow fiercer, gaunter. . . . Harry understood. It was a different memory, a different day . . . a different trial.

鄧不利多站了起來。他冷靜地說：“我已經就這個問題提供了證據。西弗勒斯·斯內普確實是一個食死徒。然而，在佛地魔垮臺之前，他加入了我們的一方，承擔了巨大的個人風險成為我們的間諜。現在他和我一樣，已經不再是食死徒。”哈利轉向麥迪·穆迪。他在鄧不利多背後露出了懷疑的神情。卡庫洛夫冷冷地說：“好了。你提供了協助。我會重新審查你的案子。在此期間，你將返回阿茲卡班……”克勞奇先生的聲音消失了。哈利四處看了看，地牢像煙一樣消失了，一切都在消失，他只看到自己的身體，其他的一切都是旋轉的黑暗……然後，地牢回來了。哈利坐在一個不同的座位上，仍然在最高的長凳上，但現在在克勞奇先生的左側。氛圍似乎完全不同：輕鬆愉快，甚至有點兒像是某種體育賽事。圍繞著牆壁的男巫和女巫都在相互交談。哈利注意到在長凳的一半位置有一位女巫。她留著短短的金色頭髮，身穿洋紅色的袍子，正在啜飲著綠色的鵝黃色筆桿。毫無疑問，她就是年輕的里塔·斯基特。哈利四處看看，看到鄧不利多再次坐在他旁邊，穿著不同的長袍。克勞奇先生顯得更加疲憊，更加嚴厲，更加衰弱……哈利明白了，這是不同的記憶，不同的一天……不同的審判。

The door in the corner opened, and Ludo Bagman walked into the room.

This was not, however, a Ludo Bagman gone to seed, but a Ludo Bagman who was clearly at the height of his Quidditch-playing fitness. His nose wasn’t broken now; he was tall and lean and muscular. Bagman looked nervous as he sat down in the chained chair, but it did not bind him there as it had bound Karkaroff, and Bagman, perhaps taking heart from this, glanced around at the watching crowd, waved at a couple of them, and managed a small smile.

“Ludo Bagman, you have been brought here in front of the Council of Magical Law to answer charges relating to the activities of the Death Eaters,” said Mr. Crouch. “We have heard the evidence against you, and are about to reach our verdict. Do you have anything to add to your testimony before we pronounce judgment?”

角落的門打開了，魯多·巴格曼走進了房間。然而，這不是一個變得懶散的魯多·巴格曼，而是一個明顯處於飛天掃帚最佳狀態的魯多·巴格曼，他的鼻子現在沒有骨折了；他高大瘦削，身材結實。巴格曼坐在鍊子椅上，看起來很緊張，但並沒有像卡羅夫那樣束縛著他，巴格曼或許是因此打起了精神，看著觀眾群，跟其中幾個人揮手，甚至微笑了一下。“魯多·巴格曼，你被帶到魔法律法庭的法庭前，以回答有關食死徒活動的指控。”克勞奇先生說：“我們已聽取了針對你的證據，現在我們將做出判決。在我們宣判之前，你有什麼要補充的證言嗎？”

Harry couldn’t believe his ears. *Ludo Bagman, a Death Eater?*

“Only,” said Bagman, smiling awkwardly, “well—I know I’ve been a bit of an idiot—”

One or two wizards and witches in the surrounding seats smiled indulgently. Mr. Crouch did not appear to share their feelings. He was staring down at Ludo Bagman with an expression of the utmost severity and dislike.

“You never spoke a truer word, boy,” someone muttered dryly to Dumbledore behind Harry. He looked around and saw Moody sitting there again. “If I didn’t know he’d always been dim, I’d have said some of those Bludgers had permanently affected his brain. . . .”

“Ludovic Bagman, you were caught passing information to Lord Voldemort’s supporters,” said Mr. Crouch. “For this, I suggest a term of imprisonment in Azkaban lasting no less than—”

哈利简直不敢相信自己的耳朵。露多·巴格曼是食死徒？“只是，”巴格曼尴尬地笑着说，“好吧——我知道我有点傻。”周围有一两个巫师和女巫宽容地微笑着。克劳奇先生似乎并不分享他们的感受。他面带严厉和不喜欢的表情望着露多·巴格曼。“你说得没错，孩子，”有人在哈利身后干巴巴地对邓布利多说道。他转身看到穆迪再次坐在那里。“如果我不知道他一直很蠢，我会说一些那些球拍永久地影响了他的大脑的话……”“露多维克·巴格曼，你被抓到向伏地魔的支持者传递信息，”克劳奇先生说。“因此，我建议你在阿兹卡班服刑，至少要——”

But there was an angry outcry from the surrounding benches. Several of the witches and wizards around the walls stood up, shaking their heads, and even their fists, at Mr. Crouch.

“But I’ve told you, I had no idea!” Bagman called earnestly over the crowd’s babble, his round blue eyes widening. “None at all! Old Rookwood was a friend of my dad’s . . . never crossed my mind he was in with You-Know-Who! I thought I was collecting information for our side! And Rookwood kept talking about getting me a job in the Ministry later on . . . once my Quidditch days are over, you know . . . I mean, I can’t keep getting hit by Bludgers for the rest of my life, can I?”

There were titters from the crowd.

“It will be put to the vote,” said Mr. Crouch coldly. He turned to the right-hand side of the dungeon. “The jury will please raise their hands . . . those in favor of imprisonment . . .”

但四周的长凳呈现出愤怒的骚动。几个站在墙壁边上的女巫和巫师站起身来，摇着头，甚至举起拳头对着克劳奇先生。“但我告诉过你们，我毫不知情！”巴格曼在人群的嘈杂声中认真地叫道，他那双圆圆的蓝色眼睛变得更大了。“一点都不知道！老鲁克伍德可是我父亲的朋友……从来没有想过他会与食死徒有牵连！我以为我在为咱们这边收集情报！鲁克伍德一直在谈论关于为我在部里谋个职位之类的事情……我的魁地奇生涯结束后，你们知道的……我的一生不能都被弹飞的球打中吧？”人群中响起一阵嘲笑声。“我们将会进行表决。”克劳奇先生冷冷地说。他转向地下牢室的右边。“陪审团请举手……所有支持监禁的……”

Harry looked toward the right-hand side of the dungeon. Not one person raised their hand. Many of the witches and wizards around the walls began to clap. One of the witches on the jury stood up.

“Yes?” barked Crouch.

“We’d just like to congratulate Mr. Bagman on his splendid performance for England in the Quidditch match against Turkey last Saturday,” the witch said breathlessly.

Mr. Crouch looked furious. The dungeon was ringing with applause now. Bagman got to his feet and bowed, beaming.

“Despicable,” Mr. Crouch spat at Dumbledore, sitting down as Bagman walked out of the dungeon. “Rookwood get him a job indeed. . . . The day Ludo Bagman joins us will be a sad day indeed for the Ministry. . . .”

And the dungeon dissolved again. When it had returned, Harry looked around. He and Dumbledore were still sitting beside Mr. Crouch, but the atmosphere could not have been more different. There was total silence, broken only by the dry sobs of a frail, wispy-looking witch in the seat next to Mr. Crouch. She was clutching a handkerchief to her mouth with trembling hands. Harry looked up at Crouch and saw that he looked gaunter and grayer than ever before. A nerve was twitching in his temple.

哈利轉向地牢右側。沒有一個人舉手。牆邊的巫師和女巫中的許多人開始鼓掌。陪審團上的一位女巫站起來了。“什麼事？”Crouch咆哮道。“我們只是想要祝賀巴格曼先生在上星期對土耳其的魁地奇比賽中的出色表現，”女巫屏息說。Crouch先生看上去很生氣。地牢裡現在充滿了掌聲聲。巴格曼站起來鞠躬微笑。“卑鄙！”Crouch先生對Dumbledore咆哮，巴格曼走出地牢身後他坐了下來。“Rookwood讓他得到了工作，這太可恥了。當Ludo Bagman加入我們時會是部部世上最悲哀的日子。”之後地牢又變成了模糊的景象，再次出現之後，哈利看了看四周。他和Dumbledore仍然坐在Crouch先生旁邊，但是氣氛完全不同了。坐在Crouch先生旁邊的那位脆弱、細弱的女巫只發出干哭聲，四周一片寂靜。她用顫抖的手攬著一塊手帕，擋住了口中的抽泣聲。哈利抬頭看向Crouch先生，發現他比以前更加憔悴和顏色失去了。他太陽穴一顫一顫的。

“Bring them in,” he said, and his voice echoed through the silent dungeon.

The door in the corner opened yet again. Six dementors entered this time, flanking a group of four people. Harry saw the people in the crowd turn to look up at Mr. Crouch. A few of them whispered to one another.

The dementors placed each of the four people in the four chairs with chained arms that now stood on the dungeon floor. There was a thickset man who stared blankly up at Crouch; a thinner and more nervous-looking man, whose eyes were darting around the crowd; a woman with thick, shining dark hair and heavily hooded eyes, who was sitting in the chained chair as though it were a throne; and a boy in his late teens, who looked nothing short of petrified. He was shivering, his straw-colored hair all over his face, his freckled skin milk-white. The wispy little witch beside Crouch began to rock backward and forward in her seat, whimpering into her handkerchief.

他說：“把他們帶進來。”他的聲音在寂靜的地牢中回蕩。那個角落的門再次打開。六個催狂魔這次進來了，包圍着四個人。哈利看到人群中的人們轉身看向克勞奇先生。其中一些人在低聲交頭接耳。催狂魔將這四個人分別放進四把帶著鐵鍊的椅子上，這些椅子現在就立在地牢地板上。有一個身材魁梧的男人盯着克勞奇先生發呆；一個身材較瘦、更神經質的男人，他的眼睛左顧右盼；還有一個頭髮濃密、眼睛嚴重凹陷，坐在帶鐵鏈的椅子上，彷彿這是她的寶座；還有一個年約十幾歲的男孩，看起來嚇壞了。他在發抖，稻草色的頭髮梳在臉上，有斑點的皮膚蒼白。克勞奇先生身旁的那個纖瘦女巫開始不停地在座位上搖晃、啜泣。

Crouch stood up. He looked down upon the four in front of him, and there was pure hatred in his face.

“You have been brought here before the Council of Magical Law,” he said clearly, “so that we may pass judgment on you, for a crime so heinous —”

“Father,” said the boy with the straw-colored hair. “Father . . . please . . .”

“— that we have rarely heard the like of it within this court,” said Crouch, speaking more loudly, drowning out his son’s voice. “We have heard the evidence against you. The four of you stand accused of capturing an Auror — Frank Longbottom — and subjecting him to the Cruciatus Curse, believing him to have knowledge of the present whereabouts of your exiled master, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named —”

“Father, I didn’t!” shrieked the boy in chains below. “I didn’t, I swear it, Father, don’t send me back to the dementors —”

克勞奇站了起來。他俯瞰著面前的四個人，臉上滿是純粹的仇恨。“你們已經被帶到魔法法律委員會面前，”他清晰地說，“以便我們對你們進行判決，因為你們犯下了這麼可恨的罪行——”“父親，”那個稻草色頭發的男孩說，“父親……拜託……”“我們很少在這個法庭上聽說過這樣的罪行，”克勞奇說，聲音越來越大聲，淹沒了兒子的聲音。“我們已經聽到了針對你們的證據。你們四個被指控綁架了一名巫師——弗蘭克·朗巴頓——並對他施加了酷刑咒，因為你們認為他知道你們的驅逐出境的主人，那個不可思議的黑魔王——那個不可描述的人——現在的下落——”“父親，我沒有！”鏈子下方的男孩尖叫道。“我沒有，我發誓，父親，不要送我回去見廷魔——”

“You are further accused,” bellowed Mr. Crouch, “of using the Cruciatus Curse on Frank Longbottom’s wife, when he would not give you information. You planned to restore He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named to power, and to resume the lives of violence you presumably led while he was strong. I now ask the jury —”

“Mother!” screamed the boy below, and the wispy little witch beside Crouch began to sob, rocking backward and forward. “Mother, stop him, Mother, I didn’t do it, it wasn’t me!”

“I now ask the jury,” shouted Mr. Crouch, “to raise their hands if they believe, as I do, that these crimes deserve a life sentence in Azkaban!”

In unison, the witches and wizards along the right-hand side of the dungeon raised their hands. The crowd around the walls began to clap as it had for Bagman, their faces full of savage triumph. The boy began to scream

“你被指控的事情更为严重，”Crouch先生咆哮着，“在 Frank Longbottom 的妻子没有透露情报时，你使用了 Cruciatus 诅咒。你计划让 He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named 重掌权力，并在他势不可挡时恢复你过去的暴力生活。现在我要求陪审团——”“妈妈！”下面的男孩尖叫道，而 Crouch 身旁那个若有似无的小巫女开始哭泣，前后晃动着。“妈妈，阻止他，妈妈，不是我干的，不是我！”“现在我要求陪审团举手表决，”Crouch先生喊道，“如果和我一样，认为这些罪行应该被判终身监禁在阿兹卡班的话。”顺着地牢右侧，女巫们和魔法师们齐声举手。墙边的人群开始像为 Bagman 那样鼓掌，脸上充满了野蛮的胜利。男孩开始尖叫。

“No! Mother, no! I didn’t do it, I didn’t do it, I didn’t know! Don’t send me there, don’t let him!”

The dementors were gliding back into the room. The boys’ three companions rose quietly from their seats; the woman with the heavy-lidded eyes looked up at Crouch and called, “The Dark Lord will rise again, Crouch! Throw us into Azkaban; we will wait! He will rise again and will come for us, he will reward us beyond any of his other supporters! We alone were faithful! We alone tried to find him!”

But the boy was trying to fight off the dementors, even though Harry could see their cold, draining power starting to affect him. The crowd was jeering, some of them on their feet, as the woman swept out of the dungeon, and the boy continued to struggle.

“I’m your son!” he screamed up at Crouch. “I’m your son!”

「不！媽媽，不！我沒有做到，我不知道啊！不要送我去那裡，不要讓他……」那些領養者正在滑向房間裡。男孩的三位夥伴悄悄地從座位上站了起來，那名眼睛沉重的女人抬頭看著克勞奇，說道：「黑魔王會再度崛起，克勞奇！把我們扔進阿茲卡班，我們會等待的！他會再次崛起，並且會獎勵我們，這勝過他所有其他支持者！只有我們忠誠！只有我們努力去找到他！」然而那個男孩還在嘗試擊退那些領養者，即使哈利可以看到他們的冷酷、疲憊帶有影響力量正在影響他。人群發出嘲笑聲，其中一些人站起來了，而那名女人帶著冷笑走出地牢，男孩繼續掙扎。「我是你的兒子！」他尖叫著對著克勞奇。「我是你的兒子！」

“You are no son of mine!” bellowed Mr. Crouch, his eyes bulging suddenly. “I have no son!”

The wispy witch beside him gave a great gasp and slumped in her seat. She had fainted. Crouch appeared not to have noticed.

“Take them away!” Crouch roared at the dementors, spit flying from his mouth. “Take them away, and may they rot there!”

“Father! Father, I wasn’t involved! No! No! Father, please!”

“I think, Harry, it is time to return to my office,” said a quiet voice in Harry’s ear.

Harry started. He looked around. Then he looked on his other side.

There was an Albus Dumbledore sitting on his right, watching Crouch's son being dragged away by the dementors — and there was an Albus Dumbledore on his left, looking right at him.

"Come," said the Dumbledore on his left, and he put his hand under Harry's elbow. Harry felt himself rising into the air; the dungeon dissolved around him; for a moment, all was blackness, and then he felt as though he had done a slow-motion somersault, suddenly landing flat on his feet, in what seemed like the dazzling light of Dumbledore's sunlit office. The stone basin was shimmering in the cabinet in front of him, and Albus Dumbledore was standing beside him.

"你不是我的兒子！"Crouch先生大叫，他的眼睛突然瞪大了。“我沒有兒子！”旁邊的女巫大喘氣，昏倒在座位上。Crouch似乎沒有注意到。“把他們帶走！”Crouch向神秘的監牢囚犯大聲喊道，口水噴灑。“把他們帶走，讓他們在那裡腐爛！”“父親！父親，我沒有參與！不！不！父親，求求您！”“我認為，Harry，該回到我的辦公室了，”一個平靜的聲音在Harry的耳邊說。Harry驚訝了。他四處看了看。然後他看了他的另一邊。在他右邊坐著一個阿不思·鄧不利多（Albus Dumbledore），看著Crouch的兒子被神秘的監牢囚犯拖走-在他左邊，有一個阿不思·鄧不利多注視著他。“來吧，”左邊的鄧不利多說，他把手伸到了Harry的肘下。Harry感覺自己正在升空；地下室在他身邊消失了；一瞬間，一切都變成了黑暗，然後他感覺自己像做了一個慢動作的翻筋斗一樣，突然落在他的腳下，在鄧不利多陽光燦爛的辦公室裡。石盆在他面前的櫥櫃中閃閃發光，阿不思·鄧不利多（Albus Dumbledore）站在他旁邊。

"Professor," Harry gasped, "I know I shouldn't've — I didn't mean — the cabinet door was sort of open and —"

"I quite understand," said Dumbledore. He lifted the basin, carried it over to his desk, placed it upon the polished top, and sat down in the chair behind it. He motioned for Harry to sit down opposite him.

Harry did so, staring at the stone basin. The contents had returned to their original, silvery-white state, swirling and rippling beneath his gaze.

"What is it?" Harry asked shakily.

"This? It is called a Pensieve," said Dumbledore. "I sometimes find, and I am sure you know the feeling, that I simply have too many thoughts and memories crammed into my mind."

"Er," said Harry, who couldn't truthfully say that he had ever felt anything of the sort.

"At these times," said Dumbledore, indicating the stone basin, "I use the Pensieve. One simply siphons the excess thoughts from one's mind, pours them into the basin, and examines them at one's leisure. It becomes easier to spot patterns and links, you understand, when they are in this form."

哈利大喘氣地說：“教授，我知道我不應該的——我沒有想——櫥櫃的門有點開著，然後——”“我很了解，”鄧布利多說。他拿起盆子，把它移到他的桌子上，放在光滑的桌面上，然後坐在椅子後面。他示意哈利坐在他對面。哈利這樣做，目光盯著石盆。內容物已經恢復到它們最初的銀白色狀態，他的注視下旋轉漣漪。“這是什麼？”哈利顫抖地問。“這？這叫做思維回溯盆，”鄧布利多說。“有時候我會發現，我相信你也有這樣的感覺，我的腦海中塞滿了太多的想法和記憶。”“呃，”哈利說，他無法誠實地說他曾經有過這樣的感覺。“在這些時候，”鄧布利多指著石盆，“我使用思維回溯盆。人們只需從自己的腦海中榨取多餘的想法，倒進盆子裡，然後隨意檢查它們。你明白了，當它們以這種形式出現時，發現模式和聯繫變得更容易。”

"You mean . . . that stuff's your *thoughts*?" Harry said, staring at the swirling white substance in the basin.

"Certainly," said Dumbledore. "Let me show you."

Dumbledore drew his wand out of the inside of his robes and placed the tip into his own silvery hair, near his temple. When he took the wand away, hair seemed to be clinging to it — but then Harry saw that it was in fact a glistening strand of the same strange silvery-white substance that filled the Pensieve. Dumbledore added this fresh thought to the basin, and Harry, astonished, saw his own face swimming around the surface of the bowl. Dumbledore placed his long hands on either side of the Pensieve and swirled it, rather as a gold prospector would pan for fragments of gold . . . and Harry saw his own face change smoothly into Snape's, who opened his mouth and spoke to the ceiling, his voice echoing slightly.

“你的意思是說……那些東西是你的想法？”哈利盯著盆中旋轉的白色物質說。“當然是，”鄧布利多說，“讓我給你看看。”鄧布利多從自己的袍子內部拿出魔杖，把它的尖端放在自己的銀色頭髮旁，靠近太陽穴。當他將魔杖拿走時，看起來像是有頭髮粘在魔杖上--但哈利看到它實際上是一條閃閃發光的銀白色物質，與填滿 Pensieve 的相同奇怪的銀白色物質。鄧布利多把這個新的想法加入到盆中，哈利驚訝地看到他自己的臉在碗面上游泳。鄧布利多把長長的手放在 Pensieve 的兩側，像淘金者一樣把它旋轉起來……哈利看到自己的臉平滑地變成了斯內普的臉，他張開嘴，對著天花板說話，他的聲音微微回音。

"It's coming back . . . Karkaroff's too . . . stronger and clearer than ever . . ."

"A connection I could have made without assistance," Dumbledore sighed, "but never mind." He peered over the top of his half-moon spectacles at Harry, who was gaping at Snape's face, which was continuing to swirl around the bowl. "I was using the Pensieve when Mr. Fudge arrived for our meeting and put it away rather hastily. Undoubtedly I did not fasten the cabinet door properly. Naturally, it would have attracted your attention."

"I'm sorry," Harry mumbled.

Dumbledore shook his head. "Curiosity is not a sin," he said. "But we should exercise caution with our curiosity . . . yes, indeed . . ."

Frowning slightly, he prodded the thoughts within the basin with the tip of his wand. Instantly, a figure rose out of it, a plump, scowling girl of about

sixteen, who began to revolve slowly, with her feet still in the basin. She took no notice whatsoever of Harry or Professor Dumbledore. When she spoke, her voice echoed as Snape's had done, as though it were coming from the depths of the stone basin. "He put a hex on me, Professor Dumbledore, and I was only teasing him, sir, I only said I'd seen him kissing Florence behind the greenhouses last Thursday. . . ."

「它回來了... 卡卡羅夫也回來了... 比以前更強更清晰...」「這是我本來就能夠掌握的信息，」鄧不利多嘆了口氣，「但沒關係。」他透過半月形的眼鏡看著哈利，而哈利則瞪大了眼睛，看著史納普的臉在那個碗裡不斷旋轉。「負責接見福吉先生時我正在使用記憶碗，並匆忙關閉了櫃子的門。毫無疑問，我沒有正確地將櫃櫃門鎖好。當然，這應該會引起你的注意。」「對不起，」哈利咕噥道。鄧不利多搖了搖頭。「好奇心不是罪過，」他說。「但我們應該謹慎對待好奇心... 是的，確實如此...」他皺了皺眉頭，用魔杖撥動碗中的思路。立刻，一個身材豐滿、面帶怒容的十六歲女孩從碗中升起，在碗邊旋轉著，雙腳仍在碗中。她完全沒有理會哈利或鄧不利多教授。當她講話時，她的聲音像史納普那樣回蕩，好像從石碗的深處傳來。「他對我施了咒語，鄧不利多教授，而我只是逗他玩的，先生，我只是說上週四我看到他在綠化廊後面和弗洛倫斯接吻...」

"But why, Bertha," said Dumbledore sadly, looking up at the now silently revolving girl, "why did you have to follow him in the first place?"

"Bertha?" Harry whispered, looking up at her. "Is that — was that Bertha Jorkins?"

"Yes," said Dumbledore, prodding the thoughts in the basin again; Bertha sank back into them, and they became silvery and opaque once more. "That was Bertha as I remember her at school."

The silvery light from the Pensieve illuminated Dumbledore's face, and it struck Harry suddenly how very old he was looking. He knew, of course, that Dumbledore was getting on in years, but somehow he never really thought of Dumbledore as an old man.

"So, Harry," said Dumbledore quietly. "Before you got lost in my thoughts, you wanted to tell me something."

“可是，為什麼，柏莎，”鄧布利多悲傷地說著，抬頭看著此刻靜靜旋轉的女孩，“你為什麼要一開始就跟著他走呢？”“柏莎？”哈利輕聲問道，抬頭注視著她。“那是——那是柏莎·喬金斯嗎？”“是的，”鄧布利多說道，再次拨弄思想盆中的內容；柏莎又沉入其中，光芒重新變得銀白、混濁。“那是我在學校時記憶中柏莎的樣子。”思想盆中的銀白光芒照耀著鄧布利多的臉，哈利猛地意識到他所看到的是一個老人。當然，他知道鄧布利多已經年事已高，但他某種偏見地認為鄧布利多永遠是一個年輕的人。“那麼，哈利，”鄧布利多輕聲說道，“當你迷失於我的思想中之前，你想告訴我什麼事情？”

"Yes," said Harry. "Professor — I was in Divination just now, and — er — I fell asleep."

He hesitated here, wondering if a reprimand was coming, but Dumbledore merely said, "Quite understandable. Continue."

"Well, I had a dream," said Harry. "A dream about Lord Voldemort. He was torturing Wormtail . . . you know who Wormtail —"

"I do know," said Dumbledore promptly. "Please continue."

"Voldemort got a letter from an owl. He said something like, Wormtail's blunder had been repaired. He said someone was dead. Then he said, Wormtail wouldn't be fed to the snake — there was a snake beside his chair. He said — he said he'd be feeding me to it, instead. Then he did the Cruciatus Curse on Wormtail — and my scar hurt," Harry said. "It woke me up, it hurt so badly."

"是的，"哈利說。"教授，我剛在占卜術課上，然後我睡著了。"他在這裡猶豫了一下，不知道是否會受到譴責，但鄧布利多只是說：“很理解。繼續。”"嗯，我做了個夢，"哈利說。"關於佛地魔的夢。他在折磨渥姆泰爾...你知道是誰的渥姆泰爾——"“我知道，”鄧布利多爽快地說。“請繼續。”“佛地魔收到一封信，是從一只貓頭鷹送來的。他說什麼，渥姆泰爾的失誤已經得到了補救。他說有人死了。然後他說，不會把渥姆泰爾餵給蛇——他的椅子旁邊有條蛇。他說——他說他要把我餵給它，然後他對渥姆泰爾施展了酷刑咒——我的傷疤痛了，"哈利說。"傷疤的疼痛把我從夢中驚醒了。"

Dumbledore merely looked at him

"Er — that's all," said Harry.

"I see," said Dumbledore quietly. "I see. Now, has your scar hurt at any other time this year, excepting the time it woke you up over the summer?"

"No, I — how did you know it woke me up over the summer?" said Harry, astonished.

"You are not Sirius's only correspondent," said Dumbledore. "I have also been in contact with him ever since he left Hogwarts last year. It was I who suggested the mountainside cave as the safest place for him to stay."

Dumbledore got up and began walking up and down behind his desk. Every now and then, he placed his wand-tip to his temple, removed another shining silver thought, and added it to the Pensieve. The thoughts inside began to swirl so fast that Harry couldn't make out anything clearly: It was merely a blur of color.

鄧布利多只是盯著他看。“嗯 - 就這樣，”哈利說。“我知道了，”鄧布利多輕聲說。“我懂了。現在，你的傷疤除了在暑假醒你的時候，有沒有在今年的其他時間發痛？”“沒有，我——你怎麼知道它在暑假醒了我？”哈利驚訝地說。“你不是賽勒斯的唯一通訊對象，”鄧布利多說。“自從他去年離開霍格華茲，我也一直與他保持聯繫。是我建議他待在山腰洞穴，那裡是他最安全的地方。”鄧布利多站起來，在他的辦公桌後面來回走動。他不時把魔杖插在太陰穴上，取出另外一個閃閃發光的想法，加入到思維沼澤中。裡面的想法開始迅速旋轉，讓哈利無法清楚地看到任何東西：它只是彩色的模糊。

“Professor?” he said quietly, after a couple of minutes.

Dumbledore stopped pacing and looked at Harry.

“My apologies,” he said quietly. He sat back down at his desk.

“D’you — d’you know why my scar’s hurting me?”

Dumbledore looked very intently at Harry for a moment, and then said, “I have a theory, no more than that. . . . It is my belief that your scar hurts both when Lord Voldemort is near you, and when he is feeling a particularly strong surge of hatred.”

“But . . . why?”

“Because you and he are connected by the curse that failed,” said Dumbledore. “That is no ordinary scar.”

“So you think . . . that dream . . . did it really happen?”

“It is possible,” said Dumbledore. “I would say — probable. Harry — did you see Voldemort?”

“No,” said Harry. “Just the back of his chair. But — there wouldn’t have been anything to see, would there? I mean, he hasn’t got a body, has he? But . . . but then how could he have held the wand?” Harry said slowly.

「教授？」他靜靜地問道，過了幾分鐘。鄧不利多停下腳步，看著哈利。「對不起。」他輕聲說。他坐回他的桌子。「你知不知道為什麼我的傷疤會疼？」鄧不利多嚴肅地看了哈利一會兒，然後說：「我有一個理論，不過不超過那個。我相信，當佛地魔靠近你或者他感到強烈的憎恨時，你的傷疤都會疼。」「可是……為什麼？」「因為你和他被那個失敗的詛咒所聯繫，」鄧不利多說，「那不是一個普通的傷疤。」「那你認為……那個夢境……是真的？」「有可能，」鄧不利多說。「我會說——很可能。哈利——你看見過佛地魔嗎？」「沒有，」哈利說。「只看見他的椅子背面。但是——沒什麼可以看見的吧？我的意思是，他沒有身體，對吧？但是……但是怎麼可能他握著魔杖呢？」哈利說得慢。

“How indeed?” muttered Dumbledore. “How indeed . . .”

Neither Dumbledore nor Harry spoke for a while. Dumbledore was gazing across the room, and, every now and then, placing his wand-tip to his temple and adding another shining silver thought to the seething mass within the Pensieve.

“Professor,” Harry said at last, “do you think he’s getting stronger?”

“Voldemort?” said Dumbledore, looking at Harry over the Pensieve. It was the characteristic, piercing look Dumbledore had given him on other occasions, and always made Harry feel as though Dumbledore were seeing right through him in a way that even Moody’s magical eye could not. “Once again, Harry, I can only give you my suspicions.”

Dumbledore sighed again, and he looked older, and wearier, than ever.

“The years of Voldemort’s ascent to power,” he said, “were marked with disappearances. Bertha Jorkins has vanished without a trace in the place where Voldemort was certainly known to be last. Mr. Crouch too has disappeared . . . within these very grounds. And there was a third disappearance, one which the Ministry, I regret to say, do not consider of any importance, for it concerns a Muggle. His name was Frank Bryce, he lived in the village where Voldemort’s father grew up, and he has not been seen since last August. You see, I read the Muggle newspapers, unlike most of my Ministry friends.”

“到底該怎麼辦？”達姆伯多嘟囔道，“到底該怎麼辦……”達姆伯多和哈利都沉默了一會兒。達姆伯多凝視著房間的另一端，不時把法杖點在額頭上，把又一個閃閃發光的銀色念頭加入到盆思器內一起沸騰的思緒之中。“教授，”哈利終於說，“你覺得他變得更強了嗎？”“佛地魔？”達姆伯多盯著盆思器看著哈利說。這是達姆伯多在其他場合經常對他給出的那種獨特的，透視的眼神，這總是讓哈利感覺到達姆伯多能夠看清他的內心，這甚至讓穆迪的神奇眼睛也無法做到。“再次說明，哈利，我只能給你我的猜測。”達姆伯多再次嘆了口氣，他看起來比以往任何時候都要老，也更加疲憊。“在佛地魔勢力的崛起的那幾年中，”他說，“標誌著人們不斷失蹤。伯莎·賈金斯在佛地魔上次肯定被發現的地方神秘失蹤了。克勞奇先生也消失了……就在這個地方。還有第三次失蹤，這是魔法部，很遺憾地說，並不認為很重要，因為它涉及一個麻瓜。他叫弗蘭克·布萊斯，他住在佛地魔父親長大的那個村莊，自去年八月以來就沒有出現過。你看，我讀麻瓜報紙，而不像我大部分的部長們那樣。”

Dumbledore looked very seriously at Harry.

“These disappearances seem to me to be linked. The Ministry disagrees — as you may have heard, while waiting outside my office.”

Harry nodded. Silence fell between them again, Dumbledore extracting thoughts every now and then. Harry felt as though he ought to go, but his curiosity held him in his chair.

“Professor?” he said again.

“Yes, Harry?” said Dumbledore.

“Er . . . could I ask you about . . . that court thing I was in . . . in the Pensieve?”

“You could,” said Dumbledore heavily. “I attended it many times, but some trials come back to me more clearly than others . . . particularly now. . . .”

“You know — you know the trial you found me in? The one with Crouch’s son? Well . . . were they talking about Neville’s parents?”

邓布利多很认真地看着哈利。“我觉得这些失踪事件是有关联的。魔法部不这样认为——你可能在我办公室外等待时听到过。”哈利点了点头。两人之间又陷入了沉默，邓布利多时不时地思考着。哈利觉得自己应该走了，但是好奇心让他坐在了椅子上。“教授？”他又问道。“什么事，哈利？”邓布利多说。“嗯……我能问你关于……那个我在回忆石中看到的庭审的事吗？”“当然可以，”邓布利多沉重地说，“我参加了多次庭审，但有些庭审我记得更清楚……尤其是现在……”“你知道——你知道你找到我的那场庭审吗？那场有克劳奇的儿子的那场？嗯……他们在谈论尼维尔的父母吗？”

Dumbledore gave Harry a very sharp look. “Has Neville never told you why he has been brought up by his grandmother?” he said.

Harry shook his head, wondering, as he did so, how he could have failed to ask Neville this, in almost four years of knowing him.

“Yes, they were talking about Neville’s parents,” said Dumbledore. “His father, Frank, was an Auror just like Professor Moody. He and his wife were tortured for information about Voldemort’s whereabouts after he lost his powers, as you heard.”

“So they’re dead?” said Harry quietly.

“No,” said Dumbledore, his voice full of a bitterness Harry had never heard there before. “They are insane. They are both in St. Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. I believe Neville visits them, with his grandmother, during the holidays. They do not recognize him.”

邓布利多怒视哈利。“威利非未曾告知你，为何奈维尔回到祖母扶养长大？”他问。哈利摇摇头，心中想著，四年來怎會沒問過奈维尔回到祖母扶养长大？“是的，他们在谈论奈维尔回到祖母扶养长大，”邓布利多说。“他的父亲弗兰克是一名与穆迪教授一样的神秘部探员。你也听到了，他和他的妻子因为拷问而发疯，以获取關於佛地魔下落的消息。”“所以他们都已经去世了？”哈利轻声问。“不是的，”邓布利多说，声音中充满了哈利此前从未听过的怨毒。“他们都疯了，他们在魔法异常和伤害的圣芒果医院。我相信奈维尔回在假期和他的祖母一起去看他们。他们已经不再认识他了。”

Harry sat there, horror-struck. He had never known . . . never, in four years, bothered to find out . . .

“The Longbottoms were very popular,” said Dumbledore. “The attacks on them came after Voldemort’s fall from power, just when everyone thought they were safe. Those attacks caused a wave of fury such as I have never known. The Ministry was under great pressure to catch those who had done it. Unfortunately, the Longbottoms’ evidence was — given their condition — none too reliable.”

“Then Mr. Crouch’s son might not have been involved?” said Harry slowly.

Dumbledore shook his head.

“As to that, I have no idea.”

Harry sat in silence once more, watching the contents of the Pensieve swirl. There were two more questions he was burning to ask . . . but they concerned the guilt of living people. . . .

哈利呆坐在那裡，驚駭不已。他從未知道……從未在四年裡煩惱過這件事……「龍巴頓夫婦很受歡迎，」鄧布利多說。「對他們的攻擊是在佛地魔失勢後，就在每個人都以為他們是安全的時候。那些攻擊引起了一股憤怒，這樣的我從未見過。魔法部在強大的壓力下逼迫著抓住那些幹這件事的人。不幸的是，由於龍巴頓夫婦的情況，他們的證據不是太可靠。」「那克勞奇先生的兒子可能沒有參與其中？」哈利緩慢地問道。鄧布利多搖了搖頭。「至於這一點，我沒有什麼想法。」哈利再次沉默，看著魔杖劃過陷縫盆內的內容。他還有兩個問題想要問……但這些問題關係到那些還活著的人是否有罪。……

“Er,” he said, “Mr. Bagman . . .”

“. . . has never been accused of any Dark activity since,” said Dumbledore calmly.

“Right,” said Harry hastily, staring at the contents of the Pensieve again, which were swirling more slowly now that Dumbledore had stopped adding thoughts. “And . . . er . . .”

But the Pensieve seemed to be asking his question for him. Snape’s face was swimming on the surface again. Dumbledore glanced down into it, and then up at Harry.

“No more has Professor Snape,” he said.

Harry looked into Dumbledore’s light blue eyes, and the thing he really wanted to know spilled out of his mouth before he could stop it.

“What made you think he’d really stopped supporting Voldemort, Professor?”

Dumbledore held Harry’s gaze for a few seconds, and then said, “That, Harry, is a matter between Professor Snape and myself”

“呃，”他說，“巴格曼先生 . . .”“. . . 自從那以後，他從未被指控有任何黑暗的行為，”鄧布利多冷靜地說。“是，”哈利匆忙說道，再次凝視著潘西夫中的內容，現在，當鄧布利多停止添加思想時，它的漩渦正在慢慢地旋轉。“而且 . . . 呃 . . .”但似乎潘

西夫正在代替他發問。斯耐普的臉又浮現在表面。鄧布利多看了一下裏面，然後看著哈利。“斯耐普教授也沒有，”他說。哈利注視著鄧布利多淺藍色的眼睛，他真正想知道的事情在他還來得及阻止之前就噴了出來。“您怎麼知道他確實停止支持佛地魔了，教授？”鄧布利多凝視著哈利的目光幾秒鐘，然後說：“那件事，哈利，是我和斯耐普教授之間的事情。”

Harry knew that the interview was over; Dumbledore did not look angry, yet there was a finality in his tone that told Harry it was time to go. He stood up, and so did Dumbledore.

“Harry,” he said as Harry reached the door. “Please do not speak about Neville’s parents to anybody else. He has the right to let people know, when he is ready.”

“Yes, Professor,” said Harry, turning to go.

“And —”

Harry looked back. Dumbledore was standing over the Pensieve, his face lit from beneath by its silvery spots of light, looking older than ever. He stared at Harry for a moment, and then said, “Good luck with the third task.”

哈利知道面試結束了；鄧布利多看起來不生氣，但他的口氣卻顯示了一種決定性，告訴哈利該離開了。他站了起來，鄧布利多也站了起來。「哈利，」當哈利走向門口時，他說：「請不要向其他人提及尼維爾的父母事情。等他準備好了再讓人知道是他的權利。」「是，教授，」哈利轉身離開。「還有——」哈利回頭看，鄧布利多站在藏器鑑、他的臉在其銀色光點的照耀下顯得更加老邁。他盯著哈利看了一會兒，然後說：「祝你在第三個任務中好運。」



THE THIRD TASK

Dumbledore reckons You-Know-Who's getting stronger again as well?" Ron whispered.

Everything Harry had seen in the Pensieve, nearly everything Dumbledore had told and shown him afterward, he had now shared with Ron and Hermione — and, of course, with Sirius, to whom Harry had sent an owl the moment he had left Dumbledore's office. Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat up late in the common room once again that night, talking it all over until Harry's mind was reeling, until he understood what Dumbledore had meant about a head becoming so full of thoughts that it would have been a relief to siphon them off.

Ron stared into the common room fire. Harry thought he saw Ron shiver slightly, even though the evening was warm.

"And he trusts Snape?" Ron said. "He really trusts Snape, even though he knows he was a Death Eater?"

鄧不利多認為食死徒的勢力正在重新增長？”羅恩小聲地耳語道。哈利在波特墨鏡子裡看到的一切、鄧不利多之後告訴他並向他展示的幾乎所有信息，他現在都已經與羅恩和赫敏分享了——當然還有天狼星，哈利離開鄧不利多辦公室的那一刻就已經給他寄過一封信鴿了。哈利、羅恩和赫敏當天晚上再次在公共房間裡熬夜，將所有事情談論了一遍，直到哈利的頭腦一片混亂，直到他理解了鄧不利多所說的“頭腦思緒過多，舒緩壓力可通過分散思緒”這句話的真正含義。羅恩凝視著公共房間的火爐，哈利看到羅恩微微顫抖，盡管當晚氣氛十分溫馨。“他相信斯內普？”羅恩問道，“他真的相信斯內普，儘管他知道他曾是食死徒？”

"Yes," said Harry.

Hermione had not spoken for ten minutes. She was sitting with her forehead in her hands, staring at her knees. Harry thought she too looked as though she could have done with a Pensieve.

"Rita Skeeter," she muttered finally.

"How can you be worrying about her now?" said Ron, in utter disbelief.

"I'm not worrying about her," Hermione said to her knees. "I'm just thinking . . . remember what she said to me in the Three Broomsticks? 'I know things about Ludo Bagman that would make your hair curl.' This is what she meant, isn't it? She reported his trial, she knew he'd passed information to the Death Eaters. And Winky too, remember . . . 'Ludo Bagman's a bad wizard.' Mr. Crouch would have been furious he got off, he would have talked about it at home."

“是的，”哈利说。赫敏十分钟没说话了。她双手托着额头，盯着双膝发愣。哈利觉得她看起来也需要一枚浓忆瓶。“丽塔·斯基特，”她最终喃喃自语道。“你现在怎么会担心她？”罗恩十分不信。“我不是在担心她，”赫敏跟她的膝盖说，“我只是在想……记得她在三个扫帚上跟我说什么了吗？‘我知道关于鲁多·巴格曼的事情，让你的头发都竖起来。’这就是她说的，对吧？她报道了他的审判，她知道他把信息透露给了食死徒。还有威琪，记得吧……‘鲁多·巴格曼是个坏巫师。’克劳奇先生肯定会对他的宽恕大发雷霆，他在家肯定会谈论这件事情。”

"Yeah, but Bagman didn't pass information on purpose, did he?"

Hermione shrugged.

"And Fudge reckons *Madame Maxime* attacked Crouch?" Ron said, turning back to Harry.

"Yeah," said Harry, "but he's only saying that because Crouch disappeared near the Beauxbatons carriage."

"We never thought of her, did we?" said Ron slowly. "Mind you, she's definitely got giant blood, and she doesn't want to admit it —"

“Of course she doesn’t,” said Hermione sharply, looking up. “Look what happened to Hagrid when Rita found out about his mother. Look at Fudge, jumping to conclusions about her, just because she’s part giant. Who needs that sort of prejudice? I’d probably say I had big bones if I knew that’s what I’d get for telling the truth.”

Hermione looked at her watch. “We haven’t done any practicing!” she said, looking shocked. “We were going to do the Impediment Curse! We’ll have to really get down to it tomorrow! Come on, Harry, you need to get some sleep.”

“是啊，但貝格曼沒有故意透露信息，對吧？”赫敏聳了聳肩。然後羅恩說：“而且菲奇認為馬德姆·馬克西姆攻擊了克勞奇？”然後他轉回哈利。“是啊，”哈利說，“但他之所以這樣說只是因為克勞奇在帝都馬車旁邊消失了。”“我們從來沒有想到過她，對吧？”羅恩緩慢地說道。“當然，她絕對有巨人的血統，但她不想承認——”“當然她不想，”赫敏急促地說道，抬起頭。“看看當年里塔發現黑格的母親是巨人時發生了什麼。看看菲奇，只因為她是一部分巨人，就匆忙下結論。誰需要那種偏見？如果我知道這就是告訴真相的後果，我可能會說我有鉅骨。”赫敏看了看手表。“我們還沒有練習！”她說，露出驚訝的表情。“我們要做難攻咒！明天我們必須認真對待它！來吧，哈利，你需要睡覺一下。”

Harry and Ron went slowly upstairs to their dormitory. As Harry pulled on his pajamas, he looked over at Neville’s bed. True to his word to Dumbledore, he had not told Ron and Hermione about Neville’s parents. As Harry took off his glasses and climbed into his four-poster, he imagined how it must feel to have parents still living but unable to recognize you. He often got sympathy from strangers for being an orphan, but as he listened to Neville’s snores, he thought that Neville deserved it more than he did. Lying in the darkness, Harry felt a rush of anger and hate toward the people who had tortured Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom . . . He remembered the jeers of the crowd as Crouch’s son and his companions had been dragged from the court by the dementors. . . . He understood how they had felt. . . . Then he remembered the milk-white face of the screaming boy and realized with a jolt that he had died a year later. . . .

哈利和羅恩慢慢地走上樓梯到他們的寢室。當哈利穿上他的睡衣時，他看向尼維爾的床。忠於他向鄧布利多的承諾，他沒有告訴羅恩和赫敏尼維爾的父母的事。當哈利摘下眼鏡爬進床上時，他想像著擁有仍然活著但無法認識你的父母是什麼感覺。他常常因為是孤兒而得到陌生人的同情，但當他聽著尼維爾的鼾聲時，他覺得尼維爾比他更值得同情。在黑暗中躺著，哈利感到一陣對折磨長庭父母的人們的憤怒和仇恨。他記得當克勞奇的兒子和他的同伴們被摔倒的魅魔從法庭上帶走時，人群的嘲笑聲……他明白他們當時的感受……然後他記得尖叫男孩白如牛奶的臉，猛地意識到他在一年後死了。

It was Voldemort, Harry thought, staring up at the canopy of his bed in the darkness, it all came back to Voldemort. . . . He was the one who had torn these families apart, who had ruined all these lives. . . .

Ron and Hermione were supposed to be studying for their exams, which would finish on the day of the third task, but they were putting most of their efforts into helping Harry prepare.

“Don’t worry about it,” Hermione said shortly when Harry pointed this out to them and said he didn’t mind practicing on his own for a while, “at least we’ll get top marks in Defense Against the Dark Arts. We’d never have found out about all these hexes in class.”

“Good training for when we’re all Aurors,” said Ron excitedly, attempting the Impediment Curse on a wasp that had buzzed into the room and making it stop dead in midair.

哈利在黑暗中凝視著床篷，心想是伏地魔，一切都歸結於伏地魔。他是那個把這些家庭撕裂開來、毀了這麼多人生的人。羅恩和赫敏本來應該在為他們的考試準備，考試將在第三項任務的那一天結束，但他們將大部分精力放在幫助哈利準備上。當哈利向他們指出這一點並說他不介意暫時自己練習時，赫敏簡單地說：“別擔心，至少我們在防禦黑魔法方面會拿到狀元。我們永遠不會在課堂上學到所有這些詛咒。”“對所有人成為魔法執行官都是好訓練，”羅恩興奮地說道，嘗試向一只飛進房間的黃蜂使用鈍化咒，讓它停在半空中。

The mood in the castle as they entered June became excited and tense again. Everyone was looking forward to the third task, which would take place a week before the end of term. Harry was practicing hexes at every available moment. He felt more confident about this task than either of the others. Difficult and dangerous though it would undoubtedly be, Moody was right: Harry had managed to find his way past monstrous creatures and enchanted barriers before now, and this time he had some notice, some chance to prepare himself for what lay ahead.

Tired of walking in on Harry, Hermione, and Ron all over the school, Professor McGonagall had given them permission to use the empty Transfiguration classroom at lunchtimes. Harry had soon mastered the Impediment Curse, a spell to slow down and obstruct attackers; the Reductor Curse, which would enable him to blast solid objects out of his way; and the Four-Point Spell, a useful discovery of Hermione’s that would make his wand point due north, therefore enabling him to check whether he was going in the right direction within the maze. He was still having trouble with the Shield Charm, though. This was supposed to cast a temporary, invisible wall around himself that deflected minor curses; Hermione managed to shatter it with a well-placed Jelly-Legs Jinx, and Harry wobbled around the room for ten minutes afterward before she had looked up the counter-jinx.

進入六月，城堡內的氣氛變得興奮又緊張。大家都期待著第三項任務，這將在學期結束前一周舉行。哈利每有空閒時間都在練習咒語，他對這個任務比前兩個更有信心。雖然這個任務肯定會很困難和危險，但穆迪是對的：哈利曾經成功地跨越過妖怪和魔法障礙，這一次他有一些通知，一些準備迎接他前方的事物。厭倦了在學校到處碰到哈利、赫敏和朗恩三人的場景，麥格教授給了他們在午餐時間使用空教室變形課程的許可。哈利很快就掌握了妨礙詛咒，一種可減緩和阻礙攻擊者前進的咒語；紅減咒，這將使他能夠將固體物體炸開；還有四點咒，是赫敏發現的一個有用的發現，它可以使他的魔杖指向正北，這樣可以檢查他在迷宮中走的方向是否正確。然而，他還是在防護咒語方面遇到了麻煩。這個咒語應該會在自己身周投下一個臨時的看不見的防護罩，以防小詛咒，但赫敏用一個靈活的麻腳詛咒輕易擊破了它，哈利隨後在教室里晃來晃去十分鐘，直到她找到反咒。

“You’re still doing really well, though,” Hermione said encouragingly, looking down her list and crossing off those spells they had already learned. “Some of these are bound to come in handy.”

“Come and look at this,” said Ron, who was standing by the window. He was staring down onto the grounds. “What’s Malfoy doing?”

Harry and Hermione went to see. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were standing in the shadow of a tree below. Crabbe and Goyle seemed to be keeping a lookout; both were smirking. Malfoy was holding his hand up to his mouth and speaking into it.

“He looks like he’s using a walkie-talkie,” said Harry curiously.

“He can’t be,” said Hermione, “I’ve told you, those sorts of things don’t work around Hogwarts. Come on, Harry,” she added briskly, turning away from the window and moving back into the middle of the room, “let’s try that Shield Charm again.”

“不过你现在仍然表现得很好，”赫敏鼓励地说着，瞅着名单，打勾那些他们已经学会的咒语。“这些咒语肯定有些会派上用场。”“你们过来看看这个，”罗恩站在窗边说道，凝视着草坪。“马尔福在干什么？”哈利和赫敏过去看了过去。马尔福、克拉布和高尔站在一棵树的阴影下。克拉布和高尔似乎在守望，两人都在傻笑。马尔福把手放在嘴边，对着手说话。“他看起来像在用对讲机，”哈利好奇地说道。“不可能，”赫敏说，“我告诉过你，那些东西在霍格沃茨没有用。走吧，哈利，”她神气地说着，转身离开窗户，走向房间中央。“让我们再试试那个护盾咒。”

Sirius was sending daily owls now. Like Hermione, he seemed to want to concentrate on getting Harry through the last task before they concerned themselves with anything else. He reminded Harry in every letter that whatever might be going on outside the walls of Hogwarts was not Harry’s responsibility, nor was it within his power to influence it.

If Voldemort is really getting stronger again, he wrote, my priority is to ensure your safety. He cannot hope to lay hands on you while you are under Dumbledore’s protection, but all the same, take no risks: Concentrate on getting through that maze safely, and then we can turn our attention to other matters.

Harry’s nerves mounted as June the twenty-fourth drew closer, but they were not as bad as those he had felt before the first and second tasks. For one thing, he was confident that, this time, he had done everything in his power to prepare for the task. For another, this was the final hurdle, and however well or badly he did, the tournament would at last be over, which would be an enormous relief.

天狼星現在每天都在寄貓頭鷹信。就像赫敏一樣，他似乎希望專注於讓哈利通過最後的任務，然後再考慮其他事情。他在每封信中提醒哈利，學校牆外發生的事情並不是哈利負責的，也不在他的掌控範圍之內。如果伏地魔真的再度強大起來，他寫道，我的首要任務就是確保你的安全。只要你在鄧布利多的保護下，他就無法碰到你，但仍然不能冒險專注於安全地通過那個迷宮，然後我們才能將注意力轉向其他事項。隨著6月24日的接近，哈利的神經越來越緊張，但比第一和第二個任務之前要好。首先，他有信心，這一次他已經盡其所能準備好了。其次，這是最後的難關，無論成績如何，比賽終於結束了，這將是一個非常大的解脫。

Breakfast was a very noisy affair at the Gryffindor table on the morning of the third task. The post owls appeared, bringing Harry a good-luck card from Sirius. It was only a piece of parchment, folded over and bearing a muddy paw print on its front, but Harry appreciated it all the same. A screech owl arrived for Hermione, carrying her morning copy of the *Daily Prophet* as usual. She unfolded the paper, glanced at the front page, and spat out a mouthful of pumpkin juice all over it.

“What?” said Harry and Ron together, staring at her.

“Nothing,” said Hermione quickly, trying to shove the paper out of sight, but Ron grabbed it. He stared at the headline and said, “No way. Not today. That old cow.”

“What?” said Harry. “Rita Skeeter again?”

“No,” said Ron, and just like Hermione, he attempted to push the paper out of sight.

第三次任務的早晨，格蘭芬多桌的早餐非常吵雜。郵送貓頭鷹出現了，給哈利帶來了一張由小天狼星寄來的祝好卡。那只貓頭鷹只遞送了一個紙條，上面寫著祝好的話語，還有一個錯綜複雜的泥爪印，哈利非常感激。一隻慘叫貓頭鷹像往常一樣給妙麗送來了《每日預言家》的晨報。她打開報紙，看了一眼頭版，突然將滿口南瓜汁噴了出來。“怎麼回事？”哈利和羅恩同時盯著她問道。“沒什麼。”妙麗很快說道，嘗試將報紙藏起來，但被羅恩搶了過去。他盯著標題說：“不可能。今天不行。那頭老母牛。”“什麼？”哈利問道。“裡塔·史凱特又出來寫報導了？”“不是。”羅恩和妙麗一樣試圖將報紙藏起來。

“It’s about me, isn’t it?” said Harry.

“No,” said Ron, in an entirely unconvincing tone.

But before Harry could demand to see the paper, Draco Malfoy shouted across the Great Hall from the Slytherin table.

“Hey, Potter! Potter! How’s your head? You feeling all right? Sure you’re not going to go berserk on us?”

Malfoy was holding a copy of the *Daily Prophet* too. Slytherins up and down the table were sniggering, twisting in their seats to see Harry’s reaction.

“Let me see it,” Harry said to Ron. “Give it here.”

Very reluctantly, Ron handed over the newspaper. Harry turned it over and found himself staring at his own picture, beneath the banner headline:

HARRY POTTER

“DISTURBED AND DANGEROUS”

The boy who defeated He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is unstable and possibly dangerous, writes Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent. Alarming evidence has recently come to light about Harry Potter’s strange behavior, which casts doubts upon his suitability to compete in a demanding competition like the Triwizard Tournament, or even to attend Hogwarts School.

“這是跟我有關吧？”哈利說。「不是的」羅恩的語氣完全不夠有說服力。但在哈利要求看報紙之前，從史萊哲林的桌子對面的大禮堂裡，德拉科·馬爾福大喊。“嘿，波特！波特！你的腦袋怎樣？你感覺好嗎？你肯定不會對我們發飆了吧？”馬爾福手裡也握著該報的一份。嘶嘶聲響徹整個史萊哲林的桌子，他們翻轉著座位，看哈利的反應。“讓我看看。”哈利對羅恩說，“把它給我。”羅恩非常不情愿地遞給哈利報紙。哈利翻過來，發現自己的照片出現在標題下方：哈利·波特“情緒不穩定，危險性高”擊敗黑魔王的男孩情緒不穩定，可能存在危險，特別記者瑞塔·斯基特寫道。最近，有關哈利·波特怪異行為的證據引起了人們的警覺，這揭示了他是否適合參加像三強之戰這樣的激烈比賽，甚至是否適合留在霍格華茲魔法學校。

Potter, the *Daily Prophet* can exclusively reveal, regularly collapses at school, and is often heard to complain of pain in the scar on his forehead (relic of the curse with which You-Know-Who attempted to kill him). On Monday last, midway through a Divination lesson, your *Daily Prophet* reporter witnessed Potter storming from the class, claiming that his scar was hurting too badly to continue studying.

It is possible, say top experts at St. Mungo’s Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries, that Potter’s brain was affected by the attack inflicted upon him by You-Know-Who, and that his insistence that the scar is still hurting is an expression of his deep-seated confusion.

“He might even be pretending,” said one specialist. “This could be a plea for attention.”

《每日預言家報》獨家爆料，波特經常在學校昏倒，並經常抱怨額頭上的傷疤疼痛（這是被那個魔頭試圖殺死他時留下的遺物）。在上週一，我們的《每日預言家報》記者在占卜課上目睹波特怒氣衝衝地離開了教室，聲稱他的傷疤疼得無法繼續學習。魔法傷病和傷害的頂級專家在聖蒙哥醫院表示，波特的大腦可能受到了那個魔頭對他造成的攻擊的影響，他堅持傷疤仍然疼痛可能是他深層次困惑的表達。一位專家說：“他甚至可能在假裝，這可能是求關注的一種方式。”

The *Daily Prophet*, however, has unearthed worrying facts about Harry Potter that Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts, has carefully concealed from the Wizarding public.

“Potter can speak Parseltongue,” reveals Draco Malfoy, a Hogwarts fourth year. “There were a lot of attacks on students a couple of years ago, and most people thought Potter was behind them after they saw him lose his temper at a dueling club and set a snake on another boy. It was all hushed up, though. But he’s made friends with werewolves and giants too. We think he’d do anything for a bit of power.”

Parseltongue, the ability to converse with snakes, has long been considered a Dark Art. Indeed, the most famous Parselmouth of our times is none other than You-Know-Who himself. A member of the Dark Force Defense League, who wished to remain unnamed, stated that he would regard any wizard who could speak Parseltongue “as worthy of investigation. Personally, I would be highly suspicious of anybody who could converse with snakes, as serpents are often used in the worst kinds of Dark Magic, and are historically associated with evildoers.” Similarly, “anyone who seeks out the company of such vicious creatures as werewolves and giants would appear to have a fondness for violence.”

《每日預言家報》揭示了關於哈利波特的令人擔憂的事實，這些事實是霍格華茲校長阿不思·鄧不利多細心隱瞞著魔法界公眾的。「波特會說蛇語，」霍格華茲四年級的德拉科·馬爾福透露道。「幾年前，有很多學生遭到襲擊，大多數人都認為波特是襲擊的幕後黑手，因為他在鬥技俱樂部失去了耐心，放了一條蛇咬向另一個男孩。然而，這件事被壓制了。但他還和狼人和巨人交了朋友。我們認為他為了權力可以不擇手段。」蛇語是一種與蛇對話的能力，長期以來一直被認為是黑魔法。事實上，我們這個時代最著名的蛇語者就是您知道的那個人。一位希望保持匿名的黑魔法防禦聯盟成員表示，他將把能說蛇語的巫師視為「值得調查的對象。個人而言，我將對任何能與蛇交談的巫師持高度懷疑態度，因為蛇通常被用於最糟糕的黑魔法，並且在歷史上與邪惡人物有關聯。」同樣地，「任何追求與狼人和巨人這樣兇惡生物為伍的人看起來都對暴力嗜好。」

Albus Dumbledore should surely consider whether a boy such as this should be allowed to compete in the Triwizard Tournament. Some fear that Potter might resort to the Dark Arts in his desperation to win the tournament, the third task of which takes place this evening.

“Gone off me a bit, hasn’t she?” said Harry lightly, folding up the paper.

Over at the Slytherin table, Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were laughing at him, tapping their heads with their fingers, pulling grotesquely mad faces, and wagging their tongues like snakes.

“How did she know your scar hurt in Divination?” Ron said. “There’s no way she was there, there’s no way she could’ve heard —”

“The window was open,” said Harry. “I opened it to breathe.”

“You were at the top of North Tower!” Hermione said. “Your voice couldn’t have carried all the way down to the grounds!”

阿不思·鄧不利多應該仔細考慮這樣的孩子是否應該被允許參加三強魔法大賽。有些人擔心波特可能會在絕望中採用黑暗藝術

來贏得比賽，而第三個任務將在今晚舉行。“她不太喜歡我了，對吧？”哈利輕輕地說，摺起報紙。在史萊哲林的桌子上，馬爾福、克拉布和高爾正對他們嘲笑，用手指敲他們的頭，做出奇怪的表情，像蛇一樣搖晃著舌頭。“她怎麼知道你在占卜課上的疼痛？”羅恩說，“她不可能在那裡，她不可能聽到——”“窗戶是開著的。”哈利說，“我打開它來呼吸。”“你在北塔頂上！”赫敏說，“你的聲音不可能遠到達地面！”

“Well, you’re the one who’s supposed to be researching magical methods of bugging!” said Harry. “You tell me how she did it!”

“I’ve been trying!” said Hermione. “But I . . . but . . .”

An odd, dreamy expression suddenly came over Hermione’s face. She slowly raised a hand and ran her fingers through her hair.

“Are you all right?” said Ron, frowning at her.

“Yes,” said Hermione breathlessly. She ran her fingers through her hair again, and then held her hand up to her mouth, as though speaking into an invisible walkie-talkie. Harry and Ron stared at each other.

“I’ve had an idea,” Hermione said, gazing into space. “I think I know . . . because then no one would be able to see . . . even Moody . . . and she’d have been able to get onto the window ledge . . . but she’s not allowed . . . she’s *definitely* not allowed . . . I think we’ve got her! Just give me two seconds in the library — just to make sure!”

「好啦，本來就是你應該在研究如何使用魔法竊聽工具的吧！」哈利說。「你告訴我她是怎麼做到的！」「我一直都在試！」赫敏說。「但是...但是...」赫敏突然露出了一個奇怪、夢幻般的表情。她緩慢地舉起一隻手，用手指梳理著自己的頭髮。「你還好嗎？」羅恩皺著眉頭問。「嗯，」赫敏喘不過氣地說。她又一次用手梳理著自己的頭髮，然後把手放在嘴邊，彷彿在對著一個隱形對講機說話。哈利和羅恩互相看了看。「我有個想法，」赫敏說，目不轉睛地凝視著天空。「我想我知道了...因為那樣就沒有人能看到...連穆迪...她就可以爬上窗台了...但是她不被允許...她肯定不被允許...我想我們找到她了！只需要我去圖書館兩秒鐘——就是為了確保！」

With that, Hermione seized her school bag and dashed out of the Great Hall.

“Oil!” Ron called after her. “We’ve got our History of Magic exam in ten minutes! Blimey,” he said, turning back to Harry, “she must really hate that Skeeter woman to risk missing the start of an exam. What’re you going to do in Binns’s class — read again?”

Exempt from the end-of-term tests as a Triwizard champion, Harry had been sitting in the back of every exam class so far, looking up fresh hexes for the third task.

“S’pose so,” Harry said to Ron; but just then, Professor McGonagall came walking alongside the Gryffindor table toward him.

“Potter, the champions are congregating in the chamber off the Hall after breakfast,” she said.

“But the task’s not till tonight!” said Harry, accidentally spilling scrambled eggs down his front, afraid he had mistaken the time.

赫敏這樣一說，她搶起書包，衝出了大廳。“嘿！”羅恩在她後面喊道。“我們十分鐘後就要參加歷史考試了！天哪，”他轉回來對哈利說。“她肯定十分厭惡那個斯基特女人，敢冒著錯過考試開始的風險。你打算在賓斯老師的課堂上怎麼做——再看一遍？”哈利作為三巫鬥法大賽的冠軍，不需要參加期末考試，到目前為止，他一直坐在每個考試的最後，尋找第三個任務的新詛咒。“我想是吧。”哈利對羅恩說；但就在這時，麥格教授朝著格蘭芬多的桌子走來。“波特，冠軍們在早餐後的大廳外面的房間聚集，”她說。“但是任務是到晚上！”哈利不小心把炒銀絲蛋掉在身上，擔心他弄錯了時間。

“I’m aware of that, Potter,” she said. “The champions’ families are invited to watch the final task, you know. This is simply a chance for you to greet them.”

She moved away. Harry gaped after her.

“She doesn’t expect the Dursleys to turn up, does she?” he asked Ron blankly.

“Dunno,” said Ron. “Harry, I’d better hurry, I’m going to be late for Binns. See you later.”

Harry finished his breakfast in the emptying Great Hall. He saw Fleur Delacour get up from the Ravenclaw table and join Cedric as he crossed to the side chamber and entered. Krum slouched off to join them shortly afterward. Harry stayed where he was. He really didn’t want to go into the chamber. He had no family — no family who would turn up to see him risk his life, anyway. But just as he was getting up, thinking that he might as well go up to the library and do a spot more hex research, the door of the side chamber opened, and Cedric stuck his head out.

「波特，我知道了。你知道，冠軍的家人都受邀觀看最後一項任務。這只是一個你與他們見面的機會。」她說完就離開了。哈利瞪大了眼睛看著她的背影。「她不會認為德思禮一家會來吧？」他茫然地問道，羅恩聳了聳肩。「不知道。哈利，我得趕緊走了，否則就要遲到比恩斯的課了。待會見。」大廳漸漸清空，哈利獨自坐在那，目睹佛勒·德拉庫從拉文克勞的桌子上站起來，跟席德里克一起走向側房，克魯姆稍後也懶洋洋地跟了上去。哈利還坐在那裡，他不想進去側房。他沒有家人，至少沒有會為了看他冒險而來的家人。就在他打算起身走向圖書館找些魔咒的時候，側房的門開了，席德里克伸出頭來。

“Harry, come on, they’re waiting for you!”

Utterly perplexed, Harry got up. The Dursleys couldn't possibly be here, could they? He walked across the Hall and opened the door into the chamber.

Cedric and his parents were just inside the door. Viktor Krum was over in a corner, conversing with his dark-haired mother and father in rapid Bulgarian. He had inherited his father's hooked nose. On the other side of the room, Fleur was jabbering away in French to her mother. Fleur's little sister, Gabrielle, was holding her mother's hand. She waved at Harry, who waved back, grinning. Then he saw Mrs. Weasley and Bill standing in front of the fireplace, beaming at him.

"Surprise!" Mrs. Weasley said excitedly as he smiled broadly and walked over to them. "Thought we'd come and watch you, Harry!" She bent down and kissed him on the cheek.

“哈利，快點，他們正在等你！”哈利感到非常困惑，德思禮家怎麼可能在這裡呢？他穿過大廳，打開房間的門。塞德里克和他的父母就在門口，維克多·克魯姆則在角落裡，與他的黑髮父母快速地用保加利亞語交談。他繼承了他父親的鷹勾鼻。房間的另一邊，弗勒正用法語與她的母親喋喋不休。弗勒的妹妹加布裡埃爾牽著她母親的手，對哈利揮手，哈利笑著揮手回應。然後他看到了韋斯萊夫人和比爾站在壁爐前，對著他微笑。“驚喜！”韋斯萊夫人興奮地說，哈利寬大地笑著走向他們。“我們想來看看你，哈利！”她彎下腰，在他的臉頰上親了一口。

"You all right?" said Bill, grinning at Harry and shaking his hand. "Charlie wanted to come, but he couldn't get time off. He said you were incredible against the Horntail."

Fleur Delacour, Harry noticed, was eyeing Bill with great interest over her mother's shoulder. Harry could tell she had no objection whatsoever to long hair or earrings with fangs on them.

"This is really nice of you," Harry muttered to Mrs. Weasley. "I thought for a moment — the Dursleys —"

"Hmm," said Mrs. Weasley, pursing her lips. She had always refrained from criticizing the Dursleys in front of Harry, but her eyes flashed every time they were mentioned.

"It's great being back here," said Bill, looking around the chamber (Violet, the Fat Lady's friend, winked at him from her frame). "Haven't seen this place for five years. Is that picture of the mad knight still around? Sir Cadogan?"

「你沒事吧？」比爾笑著對著哈利說，還跟他握了握手。「查理也想來，但他沒辦法請假。他說你對付角尾巴龍非常了不起。」哈利發現，佛樂·德拉庫正越過她媽媽的肩膀注視著比爾。哈利能看出來，她對於長髮或是有毒牙耳環都沒有絲毫異議。「這真是太好了，」哈利向慈母溫妮·衛斯理喃喃道。「一剎那間，我還以為——那群德思禮人——」「嗯。」溫妮·衛斯理皺著嘴唇。「她一直都沒在你面前批評過德思禮家，但每提到他們時，她的眼中都閃著怒火。」「回來這裡真是太好了。」比爾說著，四處張望著（肥胖夫人的朋友紫羅從畫框中對他眨了眨眼睛）。「已經五年沒來看過了。那個瘋狂騎士的畫還在嗎？西爾·卡多根爵士？」

"Oh yeah," said Harry, who had met Sir Cadogan the previous year.

"And the Fat Lady?" said Bill.

"She was here in my time," said Mrs. Weasley. "She gave me such a telling off one night when I got back to the dormitory at four in the morning —"

"What were you doing out of your dormitory at four in the morning?" said Bill, surveying his mother with amazement.

Mrs. Weasley grinned, her eyes twinkling.

"Your father and I had been for a nighttime stroll," she said. "He got caught by Apollyon Pringle — he was the caretaker in those days — your father's still got the marks."

"Fancy giving us a tour, Harry?" said Bill.

"Yeah, okay," said Harry, and they made their way back toward the door into the Great Hall. As they passed Amos Diggory, he looked around.

"There you are, are you?" he said, looking Harry up and down. "Bet you're not feeling quite as full of yourself now Cedric's caught you up on points, are you?"

“喔耶，”哈利說道，他在去年曾遇見過卡多根爵士。“那胖夫人呢？”比爾問道。“她在我那個時代就在這裡了，”韋斯萊夫人說，“有一天晚上我凌晨四點回到宿舍，她罵了我一頓。”“你凌晨四點出宿舍幹嘛去了？”比爾驚奇地看著母親。韋斯萊夫人咧嘴一笑，眼睛閃爍著。“你父親和我出去散步了，”她說，“他被阿波利昂·普林格抓住了——他當時是看守——你父親現在還有傷疤。”“哈利，帶我們參觀一下好嗎？”比爾說。“好的，”哈利說道，他們朝著通往大廳的門走去。當他們經過阿莫斯·迪戈里時，他回頭看了看。“你在這裡啊？”他看著哈利上下打量，“我敢打賭，現在塞德里克贏了你，你一定不那麼自以為是了吧？”

"What?" said Harry.

"Ignore him," said Cedric in a low voice to Harry, frowning after his father. "He's been angry ever since Rita Skeeter's article about the Triwizard Tournament — you know, when she made out you were the only Hogwarts champion."

“‘Didn’t bother to correct her, though, did he?’” said Amos Diggory, loudly enough for Harry to hear as he started to walk out of the door with Mrs. Weasley and Bill. “‘Still . . . you’ll show him, Ced. Beaten him once before, haven’t you?’”

“Rita Skeeter goes out of her way to cause trouble, Amos!” Mrs. Weasley said angrily. “I would have thought you’d know that, working at the Ministry!”

Mr. Diggory looked as though he was going to say something angry, but his wife laid a hand on his arm, and he merely shrugged and turned away.

“什么？”哈利问道。“不用理他。”塞德里克低声对哈利说着，皱着眉头看着他的父亲。“自从里塔·斯基特关于三强争霸赛的文章后他就一直很生气——你知道的，她说你是霍格沃茨唯一的代表。”“不过他也没开口纠正她，是吧？”埃莫斯·迪戈里大声地说道，哈利和韦斯莱夫人和比尔走出门的时候可以听到。“但你会战胜他的，塞德。你以前不是已经打败过他吗？”“里塔·斯基特就是想挑事，埃莫斯！”韦斯莱夫人生气地说道。“我本以为你在部里工作的时候早就知道了！”迪戈里先生看上去好像要发脾气，但是他的妻子把手搭在他胳膊上，他只是耸了耸肩，转身走开了。

Harry had a very enjoyable morning walking over the sunny grounds with Bill and Mrs. Weasley, showing them the Beauxbatons carriage and the Durmstrang ship. Mrs. Weasley was intrigued by the Whomping Willow, which had been planted after she had left school, and reminisced at length about the gamekeeper before Hagrid, a man called Ogg.

“How’s Percy?” Harry asked as they walked around the greenhouses.

“Not good,” said Bill.

“He’s very upset,” said Mrs. Weasley, lowering her voice and glancing around. “The Ministry wants to keep Mr. Crouch’s disappearance quiet, but Percy’s been hauled in for questioning about the instructions Mr. Crouch has been sending in. They seem to think there’s a chance they weren’t genuinely written by him. Percy’s been under a lot of strain. They’re not letting him fill in for Mr. Crouch as the fifth judge tonight. Cornelius Fudge is going to be doing it.”

哈利和比爾與魔法家族懷茲萊的媽媽在陽光明媚的院子裡漫步，看著布歐巴東馬車和德姆斯特朗的船，享受著美好的早晨時光。懷茲萊女士對砰擊柳樹產生了濃厚的興趣，這棵樹是她畢業後栽種的，她長時間地回憶著哈格力之前的看門人奧格。當他們走過溫室時，哈利問道：“佩西怎麼樣了？”比爾回答說：“情況不太好。”懷茲萊夫人降低聲音、環視四周地說道：“他非常沮喪。部長希望將克勞奇先生失蹤的消息保密，但他們已經傳喚佩西，對克勞奇先生發來的指令進行審問。他們認為有可能這些指令不是出自克勞奇先生之手。佩西承受了很大的壓力。他們不會讓他替克勞奇先生擔任今晚的第五位裁判。考尼留斯·法吉將會接替他的位置。”

They returned to the castle for lunch.

“Mum— Bill!” said Ron, looking stunned, as he joined the Gryffindor table. “What’re you doing here?”

“Come to watch Harry in the last task!” said Mrs. Weasley brightly. “I must say, it makes a lovely change, not having to cook. How was your exam?”

“Oh . . . okay,” said Ron. “Couldn’t remember all the goblin rebels’ names, so I invented a few. It’s all right,” he said, helping himself to a Cornish pasty, while Mrs. Weasley looked stern, “they’re all called stuff like Bodrod the Bearded and Urg the Unclean; it wasn’t hard.”

Fred, George, and Ginny came to sit next to them too, and Harry was having such a good time he felt almost as though he were back at the Burrow; he had forgotten to worry about that evening’s task, and not until Hermione turned up, halfway through lunch, did he remember that she had had a brainwave about Rita Skeeter.

他們回到城堡用午餐。「媽媽 - 比爾！」羅恩加入了格蘭芬多桌，看起來很驚訝。「你們在這裡幹嘛？」“來看哈利完成最後一項任務！”韋斯萊夫人歡快地說：「我必須說，不用做飯真好。考試怎麼樣？」「還好，」羅恩說：「記不住所有的哥布林叛軍名字，所以我發明了一些。」他一邊自己拿了一個康沃斯餡餅，而韋斯萊夫人看起來很嚴肅：「他們都叫什麼博德羅德和厄格，這不難。」弗雷德，喬治和金妮也來坐在他們旁邊，哈利感到非常愉快，幾乎忘記了晚上的任務。直到午餐過了一半，赫敏才出現，他才想起她對里塔·思卡特有了靈光乍現。

“Are you going to tell us — ?”

Hermione shook her head warningly and glanced at Mrs. Weasley.

“Hello, Hermione,” said Mrs. Weasley, much more stiffly than usual.

“Hello,” said Hermione, her smile faltering at the cold expression on Mrs. Weasley’s face.

Harry looked between them, then said, “Mrs. Weasley, you didn’t believe that rubbish Rita Skeeter wrote in *Witch Weekly*, did you? Because Hermione’s not my girlfriend.”

“Oh!” said Mrs. Weasley. “No — of course I didn’t!”

But she became considerably warmer toward Hermione after that.

Harry, Bill, and Mrs. Weasley whiled away the afternoon with a long walk around the castle, and then returned to the Great Hall for the evening feast. Ludo Bagman and Cornelius Fudge had joined the staff table now. Bagman looked quite cheerful, but Cornelius Fudge, who was sitting next to Madame Maxime, looked stern and was not talking. Madame Maxime was concentrating on her plate, and Harry thought her eyes looked red. Hagrid kept glancing along the table at her.

“你要告诉我们什么吗？”赫敏警告性地摇了摇头，瞥了一眼韦斯莱夫人。“你好，赫敏。”韦斯莱夫人说话比平常更生硬。“你好。”赫敏说，看到韦斯莱夫人脸上冷漠的表情，微笑有些愣住了。哈利看着他们之间转来转去，然后说，“韦斯莱夫人，你不可能相信里塔·思凯特在《巫师周刊》上写的废话吧？因为赫敏不是我的女朋友。”“哦！”韦斯莱夫人说，“不，当然不是！”但她在那之后对赫敏的态度变得相当热情了。哈利、比尔和韦斯莱夫人一起在城堡周围漫步度过了下午，然后回到大厅参加晚宴。鲁多·巴格曼和科尼利厄斯·福吉现在也加入了教师桌。巴格曼看起来相当快乐，但坐在玛达姆·马克西姆旁边的科尼利厄斯·福吉看起来严肃，也没有说话。马克西姆专注地看着盘子，哈利觉得她的眼睛看起来有点红肿。海格不停地在桌子那边瞥了一眼她。

There were more courses than usual, but Harry, who was starting to feel really nervous now, didn't eat much. As the enchanted ceiling overhead began to fade from blue to a dusky purple, Dumbledore rose to his feet at the staff table, and silence fell.

“Ladies and gentlemen, in five minutes' time, I will be asking you to make your way down to the Quidditch field for the third and final task of the Triwizard Tournament. Will the champions please follow Mr. Bagman down to the stadium now.”

Harry got up. The Gryffindors all along the table were applauding him; the Weasleys and Hermione all wished him good luck, and he headed off out of the Great Hall with Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor.

“Feeling all right, Harry?” Bagman asked as they went down the stone steps onto the grounds. “Confident?”

課程比平常多，但現在已經感到非常緊張的哈利卻沒有吃很多。當頭頂上的幻想天花板從藍色變成暮色的紫色時，鄧布利多站起身來，沉默了下來。「女士們，先生們，在五分鐘後，我將要請求您前往魁地奇球場進行三強鬥士賽的第三和最後一個任務。請冠軍們現在跟隨巴格曼先生走到球場。」哈利站起來，沿著桌子前行的格蘭芬多學員們正在為他鼓掌；韋斯萊家族和赫敏都祝他好運，他和塞德里克、芙蕾和維克多一起離開了大禮堂。「哈利感覺還好嗎？」當他們走下石層階梯，來到球場時，巴格曼問道：「有信心嗎？」

“I'm okay,” said Harry. It was sort of true; he was nervous, but he kept running over all the hexes and spells he had been practicing in his mind as they walked, and the knowledge that he could remember them all made him feel better.

They walked onto the Quidditch field, which was now completely unrecognizable. A twenty-foot-high hedge ran all the way around the edge of it. There was a gap right in front of them: the entrance to the vast maze. The passage beyond it looked dark and creepy.

Five minutes later, the stands had begun to fill; the air was full of excited voices and the rumbling of feet as the hundreds of students filed into their seats. The sky was a deep, clear blue now, and the first stars were starting to appear. Hagrid, Professor Moody, Professor McGonagall, and Professor Flitwick came walking into the stadium and approached Bagman and the champions. They were wearing large, red, luminous stars on their hats, all except Hagrid, who had his on the back of his moleskin vest.

「我沒事，」哈利說。這話說得有點真：他很緊張，但他一直在腦海中想著他練習過的咒語和法術，知道他能記住它們讓他感覺好多了。他們走進魁地奇球場，現在完全無法認出。一個高達二十英尺的樹籬沿著邊緣伸展。他們面前有一個空隙：通往巨大迷宮的入口。入口後面看起來又黑又毛骨悚然。五分鐘後，看台開始填滿，空氣中充滿了興奮的聲音和成百上千的學生進入座位時的腳步聲。現在天空是深藍色的，第一顆星星開始出現。海格、穆迪教授、麥格教授和弗利威教授走進球場，走向巴格曼和冠軍們。他們在帽子上戴著大大的紅色發光星星，除了海格，他把星星戴在麝鼠皮背心上。

“We are going to be patrolling the outside of the maze,” said Professor McGonagall to the champions. “If you get into difficulty, and wish to be rescued, send red sparks into the air, and one of us will come and get you, do you understand?”

The champions nodded.

“Off you go, then!” said Bagman brightly to the four patrollers.

“Good luck, Harry,” Hagrid whispered, and the four of them walked away in different directions, to station themselves around the maze. Bagman now pointed his wand at his throat, muttered, “Sonorus,” and his magically magnified voice echoed into the stands.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the third and final task of the Triwizard Tournament is about to begin! Let me remind you how the points currently stand! Tied in first place, with eighty-five points each — Mr. Cedric Diggory and Mr. Harry Potter, both of Hogwarts School!” The cheers and applause sent birds from the Forbidden Forest fluttering into the darkening sky. “In second place, with eighty points — Mr. Viktor Krum, of Durmstrang Institute!” More applause. “And in third place — Miss Fleur Delacour, of Beauxbatons Academy!”

麥格教授對冠軍們說道：“我們將在迷宮外巡邏。如果你們遇到困難並需要救援，請放出紅色火花，我們會來救你們，你們明白嗎？”冠軍們點了點頭。“那麼，你們可以出發了！”巴格曼對四位巡邏者說道。“祝你好運，哈利。”海格輕聲說道，然後他們四個分頭走向不同的方向，準備在迷宮周圍站崗。巴格曼現在將魔杖指向喉嚨，喃喃自語地說道：“Sonorus (擴音)”，他的聲音被魔法放大，回蕩在看台上。“女士們，先生們，三強魔法大賽的第三站也即最後一站即將開始！讓我提醒你們目前的得分情況！雙方得分並列，均為八十五分——好 Hogwarts 學校的 Cedric Diggory 先生和 Harry Potter 先生！”歡呼聲和掌聲把被禁止的森林中的鳥類驅逐到逐漸暗淡的天空中。“以八十分的成績居於第二的是 Beth 個 Durmstrang 學院的 Viktor Krum 先生！”更

多的掌聲。“以七十分的成績居於第三位的是 Beauxbatons 學院的 Fleur Delacour 小姐！”

Harry could just make out Mrs. Weasley, Bill, Ron, and Hermione applauding Fleur politely, halfway up the stands. He waved up at them, and they waved back, beaming at him.

“So . . . on my whistle, Harry and Cedric!” said Bagman. “Three — two — one —”

He gave a short blast on his whistle, and Harry and Cedric hurried forward into the maze.

The towering hedges cast black shadows across the path, and, whether because they were so tall and thick or because they had been enchanted, the sound of the surrounding crowd was silenced the moment they entered the maze. Harry felt almost as though he were underwater again. He pulled out his wand, muttered, “*Lumos*,” and heard Cedric do the same just behind him.

After about fifty yards, they reached a fork. They looked at each other.

哈利可以隱約看到維茲家夫人、比爾、羅恩和妙麗在看台中間禮貌地給菲樂鼓掌。他向他們揮手，他們也回揮著手，對他微笑著。「那麼……我吹口哨，哈利和瑟迪克！」巴克曼說。「三、二、一——」他的哨聲短促響起，哈利和瑟迪克匆匆走進了迷宮。高聳的樹籬在小徑上投下黑暗的陰影。不知道是因為它們太高而密集，還是因為它們被施了魔法，他們進入迷宮的那一刻，周圍人群的聲音就寂靜了下來。哈利感覺自己好像又回到了水下。他拿出魔杖，喃喃自語地說出「發亮」，聽到瑟迪克就在他身後也念了同樣的法術。走了大約五十碼後，他們來到一個岔口。他們互相看了一眼。

“See you,” Harry said, and he took the left one, while Cedric took the right.

Harry heard Bagman’s whistle for the second time. Krum had entered the maze. Harry sped up. His chosen path seemed completely deserted. He turned right, and hurried on, holding his wand high over his head, trying to see as far ahead as possible. Still, there was nothing in sight.

Bagman’s whistle blew in the distance for the third time. All of the champions were now inside.

Harry kept looking behind him. The old feeling that he was being watched was upon him. The maze was growing darker with every passing minute as the sky overhead deepened to navy. He reached a second fork.

“*Point Me*,” he whispered to his wand, holding it flat in his palm.

The wand spun around once and pointed toward his right, into solid hedge. That way was north, and he knew that he needed to go northwest for the center of the maze. The best he could do was to take the left fork and go right again as soon as possible.

“再見了，”哈利說著，他走向了左邊，而塞德里克往右邊走去。哈利聽到巴格曼第二次吹哨聲。克蘭姆已經進入了迷宮。哈利加快了速度。他所選擇的路徑似乎完全沒有人。他右轉，匆匆忙忙地前進，把魔杖高舉過頭，盡可能看得更遠。然而，還是看不到什麼東西。巴格曼的哨聲第三次在遠處響起。所有的冠軍現在都在裡面。哈利不斷地回頭看。他感到自己被監視的那種舊有的感覺又來了。隨著天空逐漸深入深處變成深藍色，迷宮也變得越來越暗。他走到了一個分叉路口。“指著我吧，”他對著魔杖低語，將它平放在手掌上。魔杖轉了一圈，指向他的右邊，進入了密實的樹籬中。那條路往北，他知道他需要向西北走到迷宮的中心。他所能做的就是選擇左轉然後儘快向右轉。

The path ahead was empty too, and when Harry reached a right turn and took it, he again found his way unblocked. Harry didn’t know why, but the lack of obstacles was unnerving him. Surely he should have met something by now? It felt as though the maze were luring him into a false sense of security. Then he heard movement right behind him. He held out his wand, ready to attack, but its beam fell only upon Cedric, who had just hurried out of a path on the right-hand side. Cedric looked severely shaken. The sleeve of his robe was smoking.

“Hagrid’s Blast-Ended Skrewts!” he hissed. “They’re enormous — I only just got away!”

He shook his head and dived out of sight, along another path. Keen to put plenty of distance between himself and the skrewts, Harry hurried off again. Then, as he turned a corner, he saw . . . a dementor gliding toward him. Twelve feet tall, its face hidden by its hood, its rotting, scabbed hands outstretched, it advanced, sensing its way blindly toward him. Harry could hear its rattling breath; he felt clammy coldness stealing over him, but knew what he had to do. . . .

前方的道路也空蕩蕩的，哈利到了一個右轉，又發現道路通暢。哈利不知道為什麼，但這沒有障礙的感覺使他感到不安。他肯定現在應該會遇到一些障礙物嗎？這感覺就像迷宮在引誘他進入一種虛假的安全感。然後，他聽到身後有動靜。他拿出魔杖，準備攻擊，但他的魔杖只照到了剛從右側小路匆匆走出來的塞德里克。塞德里克看上去非常驚慌。他袍子的袖子冒煙了。“海格的爆裂疙瘩蟲！”他嘶嘶地說。“它們非常巨大——我剛剛才逃出來！”他搖頭一晃，又沿著另一條小路消失了。哈利很想和那些疙瘩蟲保持足夠的距離，於是他又加快了步伐。然後，當他轉了個彎，他看到了……一個摩鄧死神朝著他滑來。它有十二英尺高，臉孔被兜帽遮蓋著，腐爛，長滿蝕瘡的手伸出來，盲目地向他靠近。哈利能聽到它喘息的聲音；他感到一陣潮濕的寒意襲來，但他知道他該做什麼……

He summoned the happiest thought he could, concentrated with all his might on the thought of getting out of the maze and celebrating with Ron and Hermione, raised his wand, and cried, “*Expecto Patronum!*”

A silver stag erupted from the end of Harry’s wand and galloped toward the dementor, which fell back and tripped over the hem of its robes. . . . Harry had never seen a dementor stumble.

“Hang on!” he shouted, advancing in the wake of his silver Patronus. “You’re a boggart! *Riddikulus!*!”

There was a loud crack, and the shape-shifter exploded in a wisp of smoke. The silver stag faded from sight. Harry wished it could have stayed, he could have used some company . . . but he moved on, quickly and quietly as possible, listening hard, his wand held high once more.

他召喚了他能想到的最快樂的念頭，全力集中精神想著要走出迷宮並和羅恩和赫敏一起慶祝，舉起了魔杖，大喊：“Expecto Patronum！”一頭銀色的雄鹿從哈利的魔杖射出，飛奔向那個催人心悸的神秘生物，後者退後並絆倒在袍子邊緣上……哈利從未見過催狼鬼跌倒。“等等！”他趕著跟著他的銀色崇拜，大喊：“你是個幻形怪！*Riddikulus!*！”砰的一聲響，變形者爆裂成一股煙霧。銀色的雄鹿也漸漸消失了。哈利希望它能留下，他需要一份陪伴……但他繼續前進，盡可能地快速和安靜，傾聽著四周的聲音，再次高舉著魔杖。

Left . . . right . . . left again . . . Twice he found himself facing dead ends. He did the Four-Point Spell again and found that he was going too far east. He turned back, took a right turn, and saw an odd golden mist floating ahead of him.

Harry approached it cautiously, pointing the wand’s beam at it. This looked like some kind of enchantment. He wondered whether he might be able to blast it out of the way.

“*Reducto!*” he said.

The spell shot straight through the mist, leaving it intact. He supposed he should have known better; the Reductor Curse was for solid objects. What would happen if he walked through the mist? Was it worth chancing it, or should he double back?

He was still hesitating when a scream shattered the silence.

“*Fleur?*” Harry yelled.

There was silence. He stared all around him. What had happened to her? Her scream seemed to have come from somewhere ahead. He took a deep breath and ran through the enchanted mist.

左…右…再往左…他兩次發現自己走到死路。他再次使用四點咒語，發現他走得太東了。他往回走，轉了個右彎，看到一片奇怪的金色霧氣浮在前方。哈利小心翼翼地走近，用魔棒照射著。這看起來像是某種迷魅術。他想知道他是否能夠把它打散。“*Reducto!*”他說。咒語直穿過霧氣，留下它不變。他想他應該知道得更好；減少詛咒是專門用於實體物品。如果他走進霧氣裡會發生什麼？值得冒險嗎，還是應該折回去？就在他正在猶豫的時候，一聲尖叫打破了寂靜。“*Fleur?*”哈利喊道。寂靜。他向四面八方凝視。她發生了什麼事？她的尖叫似乎來自前方某個地方。他深吸了一口氣，跑進了迷魅的霧氣中。

The world turned upside down. Harry was hanging from the ground, with his hair on end, his glasses dangling off his nose, threatening to fall into the bottomless sky. He clutched them to the end of his nose and hung there, terrified. It felt as though his feet were glued to the grass, which had now become the ceiling. Below him the dark, star-spangled heavens stretched endlessly. He felt as though if he tried to move one of his feet, he would fall away from the earth completely.

Think, he told himself, as all the blood rushed to his head, think . . .

But not one of the spells he had practiced had been designed to combat a sudden reversal of ground and sky. Did he dare move his foot? He could hear the blood pounding in his ears. He had two choices — try and move, or send up red sparks, and get rescued and disqualified from the task.

世界翻轉了。哈利懸掛在空中，頭發直豎，眼鏡懸掛在鼻樑上，威脅著跌入無盡的天空之中。他緊握住眼鏡掛在鼻樑上，驚恐萬分地掛在那裡。感覺好像他的腳被黏在了草地上，現在已變成了天花板。在他下方，黑暗、星光閃爍的天空無盡延伸。他感覺如果他試圖移動一隻腳，他會完全從地球上掉下去。「想想辦法，」他告訴自己，當所有的血液湧向他的頭時，「想一想……」但他練習的咒語中沒有一個是設計來對付突然翻轉的地和天空。他敢動一隻腳嗎？他能聽到自己的心跳聲。他有兩個選擇——嘗試移動，或者發出紅色火花，被救援和取消任務資格。

He shut his eyes, so he wouldn’t be able to see the view of endless space below him, and pulled his right foot as hard as he could away from the grassy ceiling.

Immediately, the world righted itself. Harry fell forward onto his knees onto the wonderfully solid ground. He felt temporarily limp with shock. He took a deep, steady breath, then got up again and hurried forward, looking back over his shoulder as he ran away from the golden mist, which twinkled innocently at him in the moonlight.

He paused at a junction of two paths and looked around for some sign of Fleur. He was sure it had been she who had screamed. What had she met? Was she all right? There was no sign of red sparks — did that mean she had got herself out of trouble, or was she in such trouble that she couldn’t reach her wand? Harry took the right fork with a feeling of increasing unease . . . but at the same time, he couldn’t help thinking, *One champion down . . .*

他閉上眼睛，這樣他就看不到他下面無盡太空的景象了，並且盡可能用力將右腳從草地天花板上撕開。立刻，世界恢復了平衡。哈利向前跌落到他膝蓋上，掌握珍貴的穩定地面。他感到暫時的痠軟和驚嚇。他深吸一口氣，再次站起來，向前急跑，回頭看著金色薄霧在月光下對他閃爍微笑。他在兩條小徑的路口暫停，四處尋找Fleur的蹤影。他肯定是她尖叫聲，她遇到了什麼？她沒事嗎？沒有紅光閃爍的跡象 - 這是否意味著她逃脫困境了，還是她如此無助，無法拿到她的魔杖？哈利帶著愈來愈不安的感覺向右岔路走去...但同時，他不禁想到，“有一位勇士落選了...”

The Cup was somewhere close by, and it sounded as though Fleur was no longer in the running. He'd got this far, hadn't he? What if he actually managed to win? Fleetingly, and for the first time since he'd found himself champion, he saw again that image of himself, raising the Triwizard Cup in front of the rest of the school. . . .

He met nothing for ten minutes, but kept running into dead ends. Twice he took the same wrong turning. Finally, he found a new route and started to jog along it, his wandlight waving, making his shadow flicker and distort on the hedge walls. Then he rounded another corner and found himself facing a Blast-Ended Skrewt.

Cedric was right — it was enormous. Ten feet long, it looked more like a giant scorpion than anything. Its long sting was curled over its back. Its thick armor glinted in the light from Harry's wand, which he pointed at it.

盃子就在附近，而聲音顯示 Flor 已經不在比賽中了。他已經走了這麼遠了，如果他真的贏了會怎麼樣呢？自從他成為冠軍以來，他第一次閃過他自己在全校眼前舉起三強杯的畫面。他十分鐘沒遇到任何人，但卻一直遇到死路。他兩次走錯了路。最後，他找到了新路線並開始慢跑，他用魔杖光照明，使他的影子在樹籬牆上閃爍和扭曲。接著，他轉過另一個彎，發現自己面對一個結束爆炸的天狗蟲。Cedric 是對的——它巨大無比。長達十英尺，看起來更像是一隻巨大的蠍子。它的長刺朝著它的背彎曲。它的厚甲在哈利魔杖的光線下閃爍，他把魔杖對著它。

“*Stupefy!*”

The spell hit the skrewt's armor and rebounded; Harry ducked just in time, but could smell burning hair; it had singed the top of his head. The skrewt issued a blast of fire from its end and flew forward toward him.

“*Impedimenta!*” Harry yelled. The spell hit the skrewt's armor again and ricocheted off, Harry staggered back a few paces and fell over.
“*IMPEDIMENTA!*”

The skrewt was inches from him when it froze — he had managed to hit it on its fleshy, shell-less underside. Panting, Harry pushed himself away from it and ran, hard, in the opposite direction — the Impediment Curse was not permanent; the skrewt would be regaining the use of its legs at any moment.

He took a left path and hit a dead end, a right, and hit another; forcing himself to stop, heart hammering, he performed the Four-Point Spell again, backtracked, and chose a path that would take him northwest.

“昏迷！”法術擊中了天蠍蝎的盔甲，反彈回來，哈利及時躲開，但聞到燒焦的頭髮氣味，頭頂被燙傷。天蠍蝎從尾巴噴出一道火焰，向他飛了過來。“擋令！”哈利大喊。法術再次擊中天蠍蝎的盔甲，彈了回去；哈利向後蹬了幾步，摔倒了。“擋令！”天蠍蝎離他只有幾英寸遠，它突然被冰住了——他成功地擊中了它的肉垂，而這部分是沒有殼的。哈利氣喘吁吁地推開它，拼命向相反的方向跑去——擋令咒不是永久的，天蠍蝎隨時會恢復它的腿部活動。他往左轉，走到了死路邊，然後向右轉，又碰到了一個死路；他強迫自己停下來，心臟怦怦地跳，再次施展四點法術，倒退回去，選擇了一條向西北方向的路。

He had been hurrying along the new path for a few minutes, when he heard something in the path running parallel to his own that made him stop dead.

“What are you doing?” yelled Cedric's voice. “What the hell d'you think you're doing?”

And then Harry heard Krum's voice.

“*Crucio!*”

The air was suddenly full of Cedric's yells. Horrified, Harry began sprinting up his path, trying to find a way into Cedric's. When none appeared, he tried the Reductor Curse again. It wasn't very effective, but it burned a small hole in the hedge through which Harry forced his leg, kicking at the thick brambles and branches until they broke and made an opening; he struggled through it, tearing his robes, and looking to his right, saw Cedric jerking and twitching on the ground, Krum standing over him.

他一直沿着新路徑匆匆走了几分钟，当他听到在与他自己平行的路徑中有东西发出声响，使他停下来。“你在干嘛？”塞德里克的声音大喊道。“你他妈的想干什么？”接着，哈利听到了克魯姆的声音。“*Crucio!*”空气突然间充满了塞德里克的喊叫。哈利感到恐惧，开始飞速地跑向自己的路徑，试图找到一条进入塞德里克路徑的路。当没有出现时，他再次试着使用缩小咒语。虽然效果不是很好，但它在树篱上烧出了一个小洞，哈利把他的腿强行塞了进去，踢着粗壮的荆棘和树枝，直到它们断裂并开了一个口；他挣扎着穿过这个洞，撕破了他的袍子，向右看去，看到塞德里克抽搐着躺在地上，克魯姆站在他身上。

Harry pulled himself up and pointed his wand at Krum just as Krum looked up. Krum turned and began to run.

“*Stupefy!*” Harry yelled.

The spell hit Krum in the back; he stopped dead in his tracks, fell forward, and lay motionless, facedown in the grass. Harry dashed over to Cedric, who had stopped twitching and was lying there panting, his hands over his face.

“Are you all right?” Harry said roughly, grabbing Cedric's arm.

“Yeah,” panted Cedric. “Yeah . . . I don't believe it . . . he crept up behind me. . . . I heard him, I turned around, and he had his wand on me. . . .”

Cedric got up. He was still shaking. He and Harry looked down at Krum.

“I can’t believe this . . . I thought he was all right,” Harry said, staring at Krum.

“So did I,” said Cedric.

“Did you hear Fleur scream earlier?” said Harry.

哈利勇敢地站起身，瞄准正在注视著他的克魯姆，挥动手中的魔杖。克魯姆开始逃跑。“昏迷！”哈利喊道。魔咒击中了克魯姆的背部，他僵硬了下来，向前倒下，躺在草地上一动不动。哈利冲向瑟迪克(Cedric)，他已经停止抽动，panting而卧在那里，双手捂著脸。“你还好吗？”哈利毛躁地说，抓住瑟迪克的手臂。“没事，”瑟迪克喘著气说。“我不敢相信……他从我身后潜过来……我听到了他，我回头，他将他的魔杖对著我……”瑟迪克站了起来。他仍在颤抖。他和哈利向克魯姆看去。“我不敢相信……我还以为他还好呢。”哈利盯著克魯姆说。“我也是，”瑟迪克说。“你听到了菲爾以前的尖叫声吗？”哈利问道。

“Yeah,” said Cedric. “You don’t think Krum got her too?”

“I don’t know,” said Harry slowly.

“Should we leave him here?” Cedric muttered.

“No,” said Harry. “I reckon we should send up red sparks. Someone’ll come and collect him . . . otherwise he’ll probably be eaten by a skrewt.”

“He’d deserve it,” Cedric muttered, but all the same, he raised his wand and shot a shower of red sparks into the air, which hovered high above Krum, marking the spot where he lay.

Harry and Cedric stood there in the darkness for a moment, looking around them. Then Cedric said, “Well . . . I s’pose we’d better go on . . .”

“What?” said Harry. “Oh . . . yeah . . . right . . .”

It was an odd moment. He and Cedric had been briefly united against Krum—now the fact that they were opponents came back to Harry. The two of them proceeded up the dark path without speaking, then Harry turned left, and Cedric right. Cedric’s footsteps soon died away.

“對，”塞德里克說，“你不認為克魯姆也把她拿走了嗎？”“我不知道，”哈利慢慢地說。“我們應該把他留在這裡嗎？”塞德里克喃喃自語道。“不，”哈利說。“我們應該發射紅色火花。有人會來收集他……否則他可能會被食蟲植物吃掉。”“他配得上，”塞德里克喃喃自語道，但他舉起魔杖，向空中射出一片紅色的火花，停留在克魯姆身上的位置。哈利和塞德里克在黑暗中站了一會兒，四處看著。然後塞德里克說，“那好……我們最好繼續走……”“什麼？”哈利說，“哦……對……沒錯……”這是一個奇怪的時刻。他和塞德里克曾經短暫地聯合起來對抗克魯姆——現在他們是對手的事實又回到了哈利身上。他們兩人沒有說話，沿著黑暗的小路前進，然後哈利向左轉，塞德里克向右轉。塞德里克的腳步很快就消失了。

Harry moved on, continuing to use the Four-Point Spell, making sure he was moving in the right direction. It was between him and Cedric now. His desire to reach the cup first was now burning stronger than ever, but he could hardly believe what he’d just seen Krum do. The use of an Unforgivable Curse on a fellow human being meant a life term in Azkaban, that was what Moody had told them. Krum surely couldn’t have wanted the Triwizard Cup that badly. . . . Harry sped up.

Every so often he hit more dead ends, but the increasing darkness made him feel sure he was getting near the heart of the maze. Then, as he strode down a long, straight path, he saw movement once again, and his beam of wandlight hit an extraordinary creature, one which he had only seen in picture form, in his *Monster Book of Monsters*.

哈利繼續前進，繼續使用四點咒語，確保自己朝著正確的方向前進。現在，他和塞德里克之間只有這個了。他想第一個到達麵包獎杯的渴望比以往任何時候都要強烈，但他幾乎無法相信他剛才看到的克魯姆所做的事。在同胞人類身上使用不可饒恕的詛咒意味著在阿茲卡班度過一生，這是穆迪告訴他們的。克魯姆肯定不可能那麼需要三強獎杯……哈利加快了腳步。他不時撞上了更多的死路，但黑暗的加劇使他確信他已經接近迷宮的中心。然後，當他在一條長長的直路上走時，他再次看到了動靜，他的魔杖亮光照到了一個非凡的生物上，這是他在他的《怪獸書》的圖片中看到過的。

It was a sphinx. It had the body of an over-large lion: great clawed paws and a long yellowish tail ending in a brown tuft. Its head, however, was that of a woman. She turned her long, almond-shaped eyes upon Harry as he approached. He raised his wand, hesitating. She was not crouching as if to spring, but pacing from side to side of the path, blocking his progress. Then she spoke, in a deep, hoarse voice.

“You are very near your goal. The quickest way is past me.”

“So . . . so will you move, please?” said Harry, knowing what the answer was going to be.

“No,” she said, continuing to pace. “Not unless you can answer my riddle. Answer on your first guess—I let you pass. Answer wrongly—I attack. Remain silent—I will let you walk away from me unscathed.”

Harry’s stomach slipped several notches. It was Hermione who was good at this sort of thing, not him. He weighed his chances. If the riddle was too hard, he could keep silent, get away from the sphinx unharmed, and try and find an alternative route to the center.

這是一只斯芬克斯，她有著一個超大型獅子的身體：強大的爪子和一條長長的黃色尾巴尾部生有棕色的綿毛。然而，她的頭是

一個女人的頭。當哈利走近時，她轉向他的長長的眼睛。他舉起了魔杖，猶豫不決。她沒有像要跳躍一樣蹲著，而是在從路邊來回走動，阻礙他的前進。然後她用低沉、沙啞的聲音說話了。「你離你的目標很近了。最快的方法是經過我。」「那麼...你能動一下嗎？」哈利知道答案要是什麼。「不行。」她說，繼續往來走動著。「除非你能回答我的謎語。猜對了我就讓你過去。猜錯了，我就攻擊你。保持沉默，我會讓你平安地離開。」哈利的胃口一下子下降了好幾個檔次。這只斯芬克斯的謎語，赫敏比他更擅長這種東西。他評估了自己的機會。如果謎語太難了，他可以保持沉默，離開斯芬克斯而不受傷，嘗試尋找另一條通往中心的路徑。

“Okay,” he said. “Can I hear the riddle?”

The sphinx sat down upon her hind legs, in the very middle of the path, and recited:

First think of the person who lives in disguise,

Who deals in secrets and tells naught but lies.

Next, tell me what's always the last thing to mend,

The middle of middle and end of the end?

And finally give me the sound often heard

During the search for a hard-to-find word.

Now string them together, and answer me this,

Which creature would you be unwilling to kiss?”

Harry gaped at her.

“Could I have it again... more slowly?” he asked tentatively.

She blinked at him, smiled, and repeated the poem

“All the clues add up to a creature I wouldn't want to kiss?” Harry asked.

She merely smiled her mysterious smile. Harry took that for a “yes.” Harry cast his mind around. There were plenty of animals he wouldn't want to kiss; his immediate thought was a Blast-Ended Skrewt, but something told him that wasn't the answer. He'd have to try and work out the clues....

“好的，”他說。“我可以聽這個謎語嗎？”斯芬克斯坐在路中央的後腿上，朗誦道：“首先，想一想那個生活在偽裝中的人，他（她）懂得保守秘密，謊話連篇。其次，告訴我什麼東西永遠不可能被修復，那中間的中間，結束的結束？最後，告訴我那經常被聽到的聲音，在尋找難以理解的單詞的時候。現在將它們串在一起，回答我這個問題，你不願意親吻哪個生物？”哈利瞪大了眼睛。“我可以再聽一遍.....慢一點嗎？”他試探性地問道。她眨了眨眼，微笑著，重複著詩句。“所有的提示都指向了一個我不想親吻的生物？”哈利問。她只是神秘地微笑著，哈利理解為“是的”。哈利四處打量著。有很多動物他不想吻；他的第一反應是爆裂末端的扭壞蟲，但有什麼東西告訴他這不是答案。他得試著解決這些提示.....

“A person in disguise,” Harry muttered, staring at her, “who lies... er... that'd be a — an imposter. No, that's not my guess! A — a spy? I'll come back to that... could you give me the next clue again, please?”

She repeated the next lines of the poem

“The last thing to mend,” Harry repeated. “Er... no idea... ‘middle of middle’... could I have the last bit again?”

She gave him the last four lines.

“The sound often heard during the search for a hard-to-find word,” said Harry. “Er... that'd be... er... hang on — ‘er’! Er's a sound!”

The sphinx smiled at him.

“Spy... er... spy... er...” said Harry, pacing up and down. “A creature I wouldn't want to kiss... a spider!”

The sphinx smiled more broadly. She got up, stretched her front legs, and then moved aside for him to pass.

「一個偽裝的人，」哈利喃喃自語，盯著她看，「謊言.....噓...那會是一個...騙子。不對，這不是我的猜測！一個...間諜？我再想想...能再給我下一個線索嗎？」她重複了詩中的下一行。「『最後修補的東西』，」哈利重複。「嗯...沒有頭緒...『中間的中間』...我能再聽一次最後一段嗎？」她給了他最後四行。「『在尋找難以找到的字時經常聽到的聲音』，」哈利說。「嗯...那就是...噓...等等，「噓」是一種聲音！」斯芬克斯對他微笑。「間諜...噓...間諜...噓。」哈利走來走去地說。「一個我不想吻的生物...一隻蜘蛛！」斯芬克斯笑得更寬了。她站起來，伸出前腿，然後讓開路讓他走過。

“Thanks!” said Harry, and, amazed at his own brilliance, he dashed forward.

He had to be close now, he had to be. . . . His wand was telling him he was bang on course; as long as he didn't meet anything too horrible, he might have a chance. . . .

Harry broke into a run. He had a choice of paths up ahead. "Point Me!" he whispered again to his wand, and it spun around and pointed him to the right-hand one. He dashed up this one and saw light ahead.

The Triwizard Cup was gleaming on a plinth a hundred yards away. Suddenly a dark figure hurtled out onto the path in front of him.

Cedric was going to get there first. Cedric was sprinting as fast as he could toward the cup, and Harry knew he would never catch up, Cedric was much taller, had much longer legs —

Then Harry saw something immense over a hedge to his left, moving quickly along a path that intersected with his own; it was moving so fast Cedric was about to run into it, and Cedric, his eyes on the cup, had not seen it —

“謝謝！”哈利說道，對自己的聰明驚嘆不已，他猛地向前衝去。他現在一定很接近了。他的魔杖告訴他他正走在正確的路線上；只要他不遇到什麼糟糕的事情，他可能會有機會……哈利開始奔跑。他前方有兩條路可選。“Point Me！”他再次對著魔杖低語，魔杖轉了起來，指向右邊的一條。他沿著這條路狂奔，看見前方有光亮。三巫鬥法杯在一個佈滿光芒的基座上，距離他一百碼。突然一個黑影衝到他面前的道路上。塞德里克要比他先到達那裡。塞德里克盡可能快地向杯子跑去，哈利知道他永遠追不上他，塞德里克比他高得多，腿也比他長得多——然後哈利看到了一些巨大的東西在左邊的籬笆上，沿著與他的道路相交的路向快速移動；它移動得非常快，塞德里克快要撞上它了，而塞德里克注視著杯子，沒有看到它——

“Cedric!” Harry bellowed. “On your left!”

Cedric looked around just in time to hurl himself past the thing and avoid colliding with it, but in his haste, he tripped. Harry saw Cedric's wand fly out of his hand as a gigantic spider stepped into the path and began to bear down upon Cedric.

“Stupefy!” Harry yelled; the spell hit the spider's gigantic, hairy black body, but for all the good it did, he might as well have thrown a stone at it; the spider jerked, scuttled around, and ran at Harry instead.

“Stupefy! Impedimenta! Stupefy!”

But it was no use — the spider was either so large, or so magical, that the spells were doing no more than aggravating it. Harry had one horrifying glimpse of eight shining black eyes and razor-sharp pincers before it was upon him.

“塞德里克！”哈利大声喊道。“在你的左边！”塞德里克及时看到事情，躲过了它，但他太匆忙了，绊倒了。当一只巨大的蜘蛛出现在路上并开始向塞德里克逼近时，哈利看到塞德里克的魔杖从手中飞了出去。“昏迷！”哈利大叫，法术命中蜘蛛巨大、毛茸茸的黑色身体，但是对于所做的一切，他可能就像在它上面扔石块一样；蜘蛛抽搐着、蠕动着，并转而向哈利奔跑而来。“昏迷！阻滞术！昏迷！”但是没有用了——这只蜘蛛要么太大，要么太神奇，这些咒语只会激怒它。在蜘蛛扑向他之前，哈利只看了一眼那闪闪发光的八只黑眼睛和锋利的钳子，这一幕令人恐惧。

He was lifted into the air in its front legs; struggling madly, he tried to kick it; his leg connected with the pincers and next moment he was in excruciating pain. He could hear Cedric yelling "Stupefy!" too, but his spell had no more effect than Harry's — Harry raised his wand as the spider opened its pincers once more and shouted "Expelliarmus!"

It worked — the Disarming Spell made the spider drop him, but that meant that Harry fell twelve feet onto his already injured leg, which crumpled beneath him. Without pausing to think, he aimed high at the spider's underbelly, as he had done with the skrewt, and shouted "Stupefy!" just as Cedric yelled the same thing.

The two spells combined did what one alone had not: The spider keeled over sideways, flattening a nearby hedge, and strewing the path with a tangle of hairy legs.

它用前腿把他提起，他瘋狂掙扎，試圖踢它；他的腳連接了鉗子，下一刻他痛苦萬分。他能聽到塞德里克也在喊“昏迷！”但他的法術和哈利的一樣無效-哈利舉起魔杖，當蜘蛛再次打開鉗子時，他大喊“魔咒！”這種方法奏效了-解除武裝咒使蜘蛛將他放下，但這意味著哈利從已受傷的腿上跌落了十二英尺，他的腿在他的腳下崩潰。沒有停下來思考，他像對待鱗甲蟲一樣瞄準著蜘蛛的腹部高處，大喊“昏迷！”就在塞德里克喊同樣話語時。兩個法術結合起來做了一件單一的事情：蜘蛛向一邊傾斜，壓扁了附近的樹籬，並在路上散落著一堆毛茸茸的腿。

“Harry!” he heard Cedric shouting. “You all right? Did it fall on you?”

“No,” Harry called back, panting. He looked down at his leg. It was bleeding freely. He could see some sort of thick, gluey secretion from the spider's pincers on his torn robes. He tried to get up, but his leg was shaking badly and did not want to support his weight. He leaned against the hedge, gasping for breath, and looked around.

Cedric was standing feet from the Triwizard Cup, which was gleaming behind him.

“Take it, then,” Harry panted to Cedric. “Go on, take it. You're there.”

But Cedric didn't move. He merely stood there, looking at Harry. Then he turned to stare at the cup. Harry saw the longing expression on his face in its golden light. Cedric looked around at Harry again, who was now holding onto the hedge to support himself. Cedric took a deep breath.

“哈利！”塞德里克的喊声传来。“你没事吧？它有没有压到你？”“没有，”哈利喘着气回应。他看着自己的腿，鲜血在不停地流出来。他能看到在被蜘蛛夹破的袍子上有一些粘稠的，像胶水一样的分泌物。他试图站起来，但他的腿在剧烈地颤抖，不能支撑他的重量。他倚着篱笆，喘着气看着周围。塞德里克站在距离三强杯几英尺的地方，那个杯子在他的身后闪闪发光。“那就拿吧，”哈利喘着气对塞德里克说。“继续，拿走它。你在那儿。”但塞德里克没有动，他只是站在那里，看着哈利。然后他转身注视着那个杯子，在它闪闪发光的金光中，哈利看到了他渴望的表情。塞德里克再次看向哈利，哈利现在靠着篱笆支撑着自己。塞德里克深吸了一口气。

“You take it. You should win. That's twice you've saved my neck in here.”

“That's not how it's supposed to work,” Harry said. He felt angry; his leg was very painful, he was aching all over from trying to throw off the spider, and after all his efforts, Cedric had beaten him to it, just as he'd beaten Harry to ask Cho to the ball. “The one who reaches the cup first gets the points. That's you. I'm telling you, I'm not going to win any races on this leg.”

Cedric took a few paces nearer to the Stunned spider, away from the cup, shaking his head.

“No,” he said.

“Stop being noble,” said Harry irritably. “Just take it, then we can get out of here.”

Cedric watched Harry steady himself, holding tight to the hedge.

“You told me about the dragons,” Cedric said. “I would've gone down in the first task if you hadn't told me what was coming.”

“這個由你拿吧。你應該會贏的。這是你第二次在這裡救我了。”“那不是應該的，”哈利說。他感到很生氣，他的腿非常疼痛，他全身努力地想擺脫蜘蛛的抱摔，而且經過所有的努力，塞德里克已經在這方面打敗了他，就像他在之前被塞德里克搶去喬的邀請一樣。“先到達杯子的人得到積分。這是你的。我告訴你，我不會在這條腿上贏得任何比賽。”塞德里克走近被Stunned的蜘蛛幾步，遠離了杯子，搖了搖頭。“不，”他說。“不要表現得很高尚，”哈利惱怒地說。“拿走吧，然後我們就可以出去了。”塞德里克看著哈利抓住樹籬使自己穩住身體。“你告訴過我關於龍的事，如果你沒告訴我會發生什麼，我會在第一場比賽中落敗的。”

“I had help on that too,” Harry snapped, trying to mop up his bloody leg with his robes. “You helped me with the egg—we're square.”

“I had help on the egg in the first place,” said Cedric.

“We're still square,” said Harry, testing his leg gingerly; it shook violently as he put weight on it; he had sprained his ankle when the spider had dropped him.

“You should've got more points on the second task,” said Cedric mulishly. “You stayed behind to get all the hostages. I should've done that.”

“I was the only one who was thick enough to take that song seriously!” said Harry bitterly. “Just take the cup!”

“No,” said Cedric.

He stepped over the spider's tangled legs to join Harry, who stared at him. Cedric was serious. He was walking away from the sort of glory Hufflepuff House hadn't had in centuries.

“那次也是有人幫助我的，”哈利怒氣沖沖地說著，試圖用他的袍子抹去血跡。“你幫我解決了龍蛋的問題—我們扯平了。”“但是龍蛋的問題一開始就有人幫了我，”塞德里克說。“我們還是扯平了，”哈利試著輕輕地測試了一下他的腿，他的腿抖得十分厲害，當時他被那隻蜘蛛掉下來的時候就扭傷了他的腳踝。“你在第二關中應該獲得更多分數，”塞德里克固執地說道。“你留下來拯救了所有人質。我應該這樣做。”“我是唯一一個真的認真對待那首歌的人！”哈利痛苦地說。“快拿走那個杯子！”“不，”塞德里克說。他走過那隻蜘蛛紊亂的腿來到哈利旁邊，而哈利目不轉睛地盯著他。塞德里克是認真的，他正在遠離赫夫帕夫公寓幾個世紀來都沒有的那種輝煌。

“Go on,” Cedric said. He looked as though this was costing him every ounce of resolution he had, but his face was set, his arms were folded, he seemed decided.

Harry looked from Cedric to the cup. For one shining moment, he saw himself emerging from the maze, holding it. He saw himself holding the Triwizard Cup aloft, heard the roar of the crowd, saw Cho's face shining with admiration, more clearly than he had ever seen it before . . . and then the picture faded, and he found himself staring at Cedric's shadowy, stubborn face.

“Both of us,” Harry said.

“What?”

“We'll take it at the same time. It's still a Hogwarts victory. We'll tie for it.”

Cedric stared at Harry. He unfolded his arms.

“You—you sure?”

“Yeah,” said Harry. “Yeah . . . we’ve helped each other out, haven’t we? We both got here. Let’s just take it together.”

“繼續吧，”塞德里克說。他的表情看起來像是每一絲韌性都在消耗著，但是他的臉板正了過來，他的手臂交疊著，看起來做出了決定。哈利從塞德里克轉向了那個盃子。有那麼一瞬間，他看到了自己從迷宮中走出來，握著那個盃子的畫面。他看到了自己高舉著三巫鬥法杯，聽到了人們的咆哮聲，看到了何妮·楊的臉上閃耀著敬佩的光芒，這一刻比以往任何時候都清晰 . . . 然後那個畫面消失了，他發現自己在看著塞德里克那陰沉而頑固的面容。“我們兩個一起拿。”哈利說。“什麼？”“我們一起拿。這仍然是霍格華茲的勝利。我們並列冠軍。”塞德里克盯著哈利看。他張開了手臂。“你——你確定？”“對。”哈利說。“對 . . . 我們互相幫助，不是嗎？我們都到了這裡。就一起拿吧。”

For a moment, Cedric looked as though he couldn’t believe his ears; then his face split in a grin.

“You’re on,” he said. “Come here.”

He grabbed Harry’s arm below the shoulder and helped Harry limp toward the plinth where the cup stood. When they had reached it, they both held a hand out over one of the cup’s gleaming handles.

“On three, right?” said Harry. “One — two — three —”

He and Cedric both grasped a handle.

Instantly, Harry felt a jerk somewhere behind his navel. His feet had left the ground. He could not unclench the hand holding the Triwizard Cup; it was pulling him onward in a howl of wind and swirling color, Cedric at his side.

塞德里克瞪大眼睛，似乎不敢相信自己的耳朵，然後臉上露出笑容。“好，我們來一場比賽。”他說，“過來。”他在哈利的肩膀下抓住哈利的手臂，幫助哈利一跛一跛向盤子移動。當他們到達目的地時，他們兩人都把手放在杯子光滑的把手上。“一二三，對吧？”哈利說到，“一——二——三——”他和塞德里克都握住了搖晃的杯子把手。哈利立刻感到了一陣急拉，鈍痛的感覺來自他胯部的深處。他的腳離開了地面。他無法鬆開握著三巫鬥法杯的手；他們在嘯聲和繽紛色彩的渦旋中，緊拉著杯子前進，塞德里克在他身旁。



FLESH, BLOOD, AND BONE

Harry felt his feet slam into the ground; his injured leg gave way, and he fell forward; his hand let go of the Triwizard Cup at last. He raised his head.

“Where are we?” he said.

Cedric shook his head. He got up, pulled Harry to his feet, and they looked around.

They had left the Hogwarts grounds completely; they had obviously traveled miles — perhaps hundreds of miles — for even the mountains surrounding the castle were gone. They were standing instead in a dark and overgrown graveyard; the black outline of a small church was visible beyond a large yew tree to their right. A hill rose above them to their left. Harry could just make out the outline of a fine old house on the hillside.

Cedric looked down at the Triwizard Cup and then up at Harry.

“Did anyone tell you the Cup was a Portkey?” he asked.

哈利感到自己的腳嚴重地撞在地面上；他受傷的腿沒有支撐住他，他向前摔倒了；他的手最後放開了三強大賽的獎杯。他抬起頭來。「我們在哪裡？」他問。塞德利克搖了搖頭。他站起來，拉起哈利的手，他們四下看了看。他們已經完全離開了霍格華茲的校園；他們明顯走了幾英里-也許是幾百英里-因為圍繞著城堡的山已經消失了。他們站在一個黑暗而叢林茂密的墓地裡；一棵大黃杉樹的右邊可見一個小教堂的黑色輪廓。一個山丘在他們左邊升起。哈利只能看清山坡上一個漂亮的老房子的輪廓。塞德利克看著三強大賽的獎杯，然後看著哈利。「有人告訴你杯子是一個移動門嗎？」他問。

“Nope,” said Harry. He was looking around the graveyard. It was completely silent and slightly eerie. “Is this supposed to be part of the task?”

“I dunno,” said Cedric. He sounded slightly nervous. “Wands out, d’you reckon?”

“Yeah,” said Harry, glad that Cedric had made the suggestion rather than him.

They pulled out their wands. Harry kept looking around him. He had, yet again, the strange feeling that they were being watched.

“Someone’s coming,” he said suddenly.

Squinting tensely through the darkness, they watched the figure drawing nearer, walking steadily toward them between the graves. Harry couldn’t make out a face, but from the way it was walking and holding its arms, he could tell that it was carrying something. Whoever it was, he was short, and wearing a hooded cloak pulled up over his head to obscure his face. And — several paces nearer, the gap between them closing all the time — Harry saw that the thing in the person’s arms looked like a baby . . . or was it merely a bundle of robes?

“不是啊，”哈利说。他观察着墓地，四下一片寂静和微微的不安。“这是任务的一部分吗？”“不知道，”塞德里克说。他听起来有点紧张。“拿出魔杖，你觉得呢？”“好的，”哈利说，很高兴塞德里克提出了建议，而不是他自己。他们拿出魔杖。哈利一直在察觉他周围的情况。他又一次有了奇怪的感觉，似乎有人在观察他们。“有人来了，”他突然说道。他们紧张地透过黑暗的眼睛，看着那个人向他们走近，稳步地在坟墓间行走。哈利无法看清那个人的脸，但从他的步态和双臂的姿势来看，他可以知道那个人正在拿着什么。无论是谁，他都很矮，罩着一件罩帽披风，遮挡住了他的脸。离他们几步之遥，时时刻刻都在逼近，哈利看到那个人手中的东西像是一个婴儿...还是只是一堆长袍？

Harry lowered his wand slightly and glanced sideways at Cedric. Cedric shot him a quizzical look. They both turned back to watch the approaching figure.

It stopped beside a towering marble headstone, only six feet from them. For a second, Harry and Cedric and the short figure simply looked at one another.

And then, without warning, Harry’s scar exploded with pain. It was agony such as he had never felt in all his life; his wand slipped from his fingers as he put his hands over his face; his knees buckled; he was on the ground and he could see nothing at all; his head was about to split open.

From far away, above his head, he heard a high, cold voice say, "Kill the spare."

A swishing noise and a second voice, which screeched the words to the night: "Avada Kedavra!"

哈利輕輕地放下魔杖，斜睨了一眼塞德里克。塞德里克疑惑地看了他一眼。他們都轉過身去看著走過來的人影。它停在一座高聳的大理石墓碑旁，距離他們只有六英尺。一瞬間，哈利、塞德里克和矮小的人影只是互相凝視。然後，沒有警告，哈利的傷疤突然劇痛起來。這是他生命中從未感受過的痛苦；他的魔杖從手指中滑落，他用雙手捂住臉，膝蓋一軟，跌倒在地，什麼也看不見，他的頭快要裂開了。從遠處，他聽到一個尖銳冷冷的聲音，“把這個多餘的東西殺了。”一個呼嘯聲和第二個聲音，將詞語尖叫到夜晚：“阿瓦達·庫拉！”

A blast of green light blazed through Harry's eyelids, and he heard something heavy fall to the ground beside him; the pain in his scar reached such a pitch that he retched, and then it diminished; terrified of what he was about to see, he opened his stinging eyes.

Cedric was lying spread-eagled on the ground beside him. He was dead.

For a second that contained an eternity, Harry stared into Cedric's face, at his open gray eyes, blank and expressionless as the windows of a deserted house, at his half-open mouth, which looked slightly surprised. And then, before Harry's mind had accepted what he was seeing, before he could feel anything but numb disbelief, he felt himself being pulled to his feet.

The short man in the cloak had put down his bundle, lit his wand, and was dragging Harry toward the marble headstone. Harry saw the name upon it flickering in the wandlight before he was forced around and slammed against it.

一道綠光閃過哈利的眼瞼，他聽到旁邊有東西重重地落地，他的疼痛達到了頂峰，他嘔吐了，然後疼痛減輕了。他害怕接下來要看到什麼，眼睛痛得刺痛，他吐槽地張開了眼睛。塞德里克躺在他旁邊，四肢張開，死了。在一個包含永恆的瞬間裡，哈利凝視著塞德里克的臉孔，他敞開的灰色眼睛，空洞而毫無表情，就像一所荒廢房子的窗戶，看著他半開的嘴巴，看起來稍微驚訝。然後，在哈利的思想接受他正在看到的事實之前，在他能感受到除麻木之外的任何東西之前，他感覺自己被拉了起來。那個穿斗篷的矮個子已經放下他的捆包，點亮了魔杖，並且正在把哈利拉向大理石墓碑。哈利在魔杖的光芒中看到名字閃爍，然後被迫轉身碰撞在墓碑上。

TOM RIDDLE

The cloaked man was now conjuring tight cords around Harry, tying him from neck to ankles to the headstone. Harry could hear shallow, fast breathing from the depths of the hood; he struggled, and the man hit him—hit him with a hand that had a finger missing. And Harry realized who was under the hood. It was Wormtail.

"You!" he gasped.

But Wormtail, who had finished conjuring the ropes, did not reply; he was busy checking the tightness of the cords, his fingers trembling uncontrollably, fumbling over the knots. Once sure that Harry was bound so tightly to the headstone that he couldn't move an inch, Wormtail drew a length of some black material from the inside of his cloak and stuffed it roughly into Harry's mouth; then, without a word, he turned from Harry and hurried away. Harry couldn't make a sound, nor could he see where Wormtail had gone; he couldn't turn his head to see beyond the headstone; he could see only what was right in front of him.

湯姆·里德爾 黑色長袍的男子現在正在把緊繩的繩索圍繞在哈利的身上，從頭到腳頸部扣上墓碑。哈利可以聽到深處的頭巾中嘴唇淺淺地呼吸聲；他掙扎，那個男子打了他-用一隻少了一根手指的手打了他。哈利意識到誰在頭盔下。“你！”他喘氣。但是，已經把繩索魔法施展完畢的Wormtail沒有回答；他忙著檢查紐帶的緊密度，他的手指無法控制地顫抖著，並且在結上結時亂搞著。一旦確定哈利被綑綁得如此緊密，以至於他一寸也動不了，Wormtail從他的斗篷內部拉出一條黑色材料，粗暴地塞入哈利的嘴中；然後，沒有說一個字，他轉身離開了哈利。哈利無法發出聲音，也無法看到Wormtail去了哪裡；他不能轉過頭去看墓碑後面的東西；他只能看到眼前的東西。

Cedric's body was lying some twenty feet away. Some way beyond him, glinting in the starlight, lay the Triwizard Cup. Harry's wand was on the ground at Cedric's feet. The bundle of robes that Harry had thought was a baby was close by, at the foot of the grave. It seemed to be stirring fretfully. Harry watched it, and his scar seared with pain again . . . and he suddenly knew that he didn't want to see what was in those robes . . . he didn't want that bundle opened. . . .

He could hear noises at his feet. He looked down and saw a gigantic snake slithering through the grass, circling the headstone where he was tied. Wormtail's fast, wheezy breathing was growing louder again. It sounded as though he was forcing something heavy across the ground. Then he came back within Harry's range of vision, and Harry saw him pushing a stone cauldron to the foot of the grave. It was full of what seemed to be water—Harry could hear it slopping around—and it was larger than any cauldron Harry had ever used; a great stone belly large enough for a full-grown man to sit in.

塞德里克的身體離他大約二十英尺。在他的後方，星光下閃耀著三強魔杯。哈利的魔杖放在塞德里克的腳邊。哈利原本以為是嬰兒的一疊長袍就在墳墓的腳下，顯得不安地動了起來。哈利看著它，他的傷疤再次劇痛起來……他突然明白自己不想知道那些長袍中藏著什麼……他不想打開那一疊……他聽到腳邊有聲音。他低頭一看，看到一條巨蛇從草叢中擺蕩著，圍繞著他被綑在的墳墓。瓦姆巴斯的氣息聲再次變大了，呼吸聲帶著喘息聲，好像在用力把什麼重物拖過地面。隨後他又回到了哈利的視線範圍，哈利看到他把一個石製大鍋推到墳墓的腳邊。裡面裝滿了似乎是水，哈利聽到它在晃動的聲音——這個大鍋比哈利曾經用過的任何一個都要大；它巨大的石腹足以容納一個成年男人坐在裡面。

The thing inside the bundle of robes on the ground was stirring more persistently, as though it was trying to free itself. Now Wormtail was busying himself at the bottom of the cauldron with a wand. Suddenly there were crackling flames beneath it. The large snake slithered away into the darkness.

The liquid in the cauldron seemed to heat very fast. The surface began not only to bubble, but to send out fiery sparks, as though it were on fire. Steam was thickening, blurring the outline of Wormtail tending the fire. The movements beneath the robes became more agitated. And Harry heard the high, cold voice again.

“Hurry!”

The whole surface of the water was alight with sparks now. It might have been encrusted with diamonds.

“It is ready, Master.”

“Now . . .” said the cold voice.

地上袍子捆里的东西開始更加強烈地蠕動着，彷彿在努力挣脱。現在瓦姆波正在尖叫著用魔杖在鍋底忙碌。突然間，鍋底冒出了噼啪聲的火焰。大蛇蠕動着消失在黑暗中。鍋裡的液體似乎很快就受熱了。水面不僅開始冒泡，還像着火一樣冒出火花。蒸汽變得濃稠，模糊了瓦姆波照料火源的輪廓。袍子下的動作變得更加煩躁不安。哈利又聽到了那個冷冰冰的聲音。“趕快！”水面上方現在整個都亮起了火花。它像鑽石一樣被覆蓋着。“準備好了，主人。”“現在……”冷冰冰的聲音說。

Wormtail pulled open the robes on the ground, revealing what was inside them, and Harry let out a yell that was strangled in the wad of material blocking his mouth.

It was as though Wormtail had flipped over a stone and revealed something ugly, slimy, and blind — but worse, a hundred times worse. The thing Wormtail had been carrying had the shape of a crouched human child, except that Harry had never seen anything less like a child. It was hairless and scaly-looking, a dark, raw, reddish black. Its arms and legs were thin and feeble, and its face — no child alive ever had a face like that — flat and snake-like, with gleaming red eyes.

The thing seemed almost helpless; it raised its thin arms, put them around Wormtail's neck, and Wormtail lifted it. As he did so, his hood fell back, and Harry saw the look of revulsion on Wormtail's weak, pale face in the firelight as he carried the creature to the rim of the cauldron. For one moment, Harry saw the evil, flat face illuminated in the sparks dancing on the surface of the potion. And then Wormtail lowered the creature into the cauldron; there was a hiss, and it vanished below the surface; Harry heard its frail body hit the bottom with a soft thud.

渾蛋拉開地上的長袍，展露其中的東西，哈利發出一聲被口中東西阻塞住的尖叫。彷彿渾蛋翻過了一塊石頭，露出了一些醜惡、又黏又滑、眼睛瞎了的東西——但更糟糕，是一百倍之糟糕。渾蛋攜帶的東西形狀像蜷縮的人孩，但哈利從未見過比這更不像孩子的東西。它身上沒有毛髮，看上去鱗鱗的，深木色，紅黑色的。它的手臂和腿細小而無力，它的臉——任何活著的孩子都沒有那樣的臉——是平的，像蛇一樣，閃著紅色的眼睛。這件事情看起來幾乎無助；它舉起細小的手臂，環繞渾蛋的脖子，渾蛋抬起它。當他這麼做的時候，他的兜帽滑落，哈利在火光中看到了渾蛋痛苦、蒼白的臉上的表情，他把這個生物帶到爐邊。哈利在火焰中瞥見了邪惡、平的臉上的閃光。然後渾蛋把它放到了爐中，爐中發出嘶嘶聲，生物消失了；哈利聽到它脆弱的身體在落水時輕輕地撞到了底部。

Let it drown, Harry thought, his scar burning almost past endurance, please . . . let it drown. . . .

Wormtail was speaking. His voice shook; he seemed frightened beyond his wits. He raised his wand, closed his eyes, and spoke to the night.

“Bone of the father, unknowingly given, you will renew your son!”

The surface of the grave at Harry's feet cracked. Horrified, Harry watched as a fine trickle of dust rose into the air at Wormtail's command and fell softly into the cauldron. The diamond surface of the water broke and hissed; it sent sparks in all directions and turned a vivid, poisonous-looking blue.

And now Wormtail was whimpering. He pulled a long, thin, shining silver dagger from inside his cloak. His voice broke into petrified sobs.

“Flesh — of the servant — w-willingly given — you will — revive — your master.”

哈利想：「就讓它淹沒吧。」他的傷疤燒得已經無法承受，請啊……就讓它淹沒吧……渥姆泰爾發言了。他的聲音在發抖，看起來害怕到了極點。他舉起魔杖，閉上眼睛，在黑夜中說話。「父親的骨頭，出于無意，你將使你的兒子煥發新生！」哈利腳下的坟墓表面裂開。他害怕極了，看着渥姆泰爾的指揮，一縷灰塵在空中輕輕升起，落入大鍋中。水面上的鑽石般的光芒破裂，發出嘶嘶聲；它朝各個方向噴出火花，變成了鮮艷的有毒藍色。現在渥姆泰爾在抽噎着。他從斗篷里拿出一把又長又細，閃閃發亮的銀匕首。他的聲音變成了吓坏人的哭泣聲。「仆人的血肉自愿奉獻，你將重振你的主人。」

He stretched his right hand out in front of him — the hand with the missing finger. He gripped the dagger very tightly in his left hand and swung it upward.

Harry realized what Wormtail was about to do a second before it happened — he closed his eyes as tightly as he could, but he could not block the scream that pierced the night, that went through Harry as though he had been stabbed with the dagger too. He heard something fall to the ground, heard Wormtail's anguished panting, then a sickening splash, as something was dropped into the cauldron. Harry couldn't stand to look . . . but the potion had turned a burning red; the light of it shone through Harry's closed eyelids. . . .

Wormtail was gasping and moaning with agony. Not until Harry felt Wormtail's anguished breath on his face did he realize that Wormtail was right in front of him.

他伸出右手在他面前——那只缺了一根手指的手。他很用力地握着匕首，在左手中摆动了起来。哈利意识到瓦姆波特即将要做的事情，比它发生的时间晚了一秒钟-他尽可能地紧闭双眼，但他无法阻挡刺穿夜晚的尖叫声，仿佛他也被匕首刺伤了一样。他听到一些东西掉在地上，听到瓦姆波特痛苦的喘息声，然后听到一声令人作呕的飞溅声，像是有东西掉进了大锅里。哈利无法忍受这个画面……但药水变成了燃烧的红色，它的光芒透过哈利的闭上的眼睛闪耀……瓦姆波特喘着气，正在痛苦地呻吟。直到哈利感觉到瓦姆波特痛苦的呼吸吹在他的脸上，他才意识到瓦姆波特就在他面前。

“B-blood of the enemy . . . forcibly taken . . . you will . . . resurrect your foe.”

Harry could do nothing to prevent it, he was tied too tightly. . . . Squinting down, struggling hopelessly at the ropes binding him, he saw the shining silver dagger shaking in Wormtail's remaining hand. He felt its point penetrate the crook of his right arm and blood seeping down the sleeve of his torn robes. Wormtail, still panting with pain, fumbled in his pocket for a glass vial and held it to Harry's cut, so that a dribble of blood fell into it.

He staggered back to the cauldron with Harry's blood. He poured it inside. The liquid within turned, instantly, a blinding white. Wormtail, his job done, dropped to his knees beside the cauldron, then slumped sideways and lay on the ground, cradling the bleeding stump of his arm, gasping and sobbing.

「B-敵人的血……強行取走……你將……喚醒你的敵人。」哈利無法阻止，因為他被綑綁得太緊……他努力掙扎著看著縛著他的繩子，眯起眼睛看見沃姆泰爾的剩餘手中握著一把閃亮的銀色匕首。他感覺到匕首穿透了他右手臂的彎曲處，血液從他撕破的袍子袖子中流淌出來。沃姆泰爾仍然在痛苦中喘息著，摸索著口袋裡的一個玻璃瓶，將它放在哈利的傷口上，讓一滴血滴進去。他拿著哈利的血回到了鍋爐旁，將它倒進去。裡面的液體立刻變成了一片耀眼的白色。沃姆泰爾的任務完成後，他跪在鍋爐旁，然後慢慢倒下，躺在地上，抱著瀝血的斷臂，喘息和哭泣。

The cauldron was simmering, sending its diamond sparks in all directions, so blindingly bright that it turned all else to velvety blackness. Nothing happened. . . .

Let it have drowned, Harry thought, let it have gone wrong. . . .

And then, suddenly, the sparks emanating from the cauldron were extinguished. A surge of white steam billowed thickly from the cauldron instead, obliterating everything in front of Harry, so that he couldn't see Wormtail or Cedric or anything but vapor hanging in the air. . . . *It's gone wrong, he thought . . . it's drowned . . . please . . . please let it be dead. . . .*

But then, through the mist in front of him, he saw, with an icy surge of terror, the dark outline of a man, tall and skeletally thin, rising slowly from inside the cauldron.

大鍋開始沸騰，鑽石般的火花四散飛射，亮得刺眼，把其他所有東西都變成了柔軟的黑暗。沒有發生任何事情...讓它淹死吧，哈利想，讓它失敗吧.....然後，突然，從大鍋中噴發出的火花熄滅了。一股白色蒸汽從大鍋中冒出，代替火花的位置，濃厚地覆蓋了哈利面前的一切，他看不見渥姆泰爾或卡德里克或任何東西，只看到懸浮在空氣中的蒸汽.....它出了問題，他想.....它淹死了.....請.....請讓它死了.....但是，從他面前的霧中，他看到一個黑暗的人的輪廓，高大，骨瘦如柴，緩緩地從大鍋裡升起。

“Robe me,” said the high, cold voice from behind the steam, and Wormtail, sobbing and moaning, still cradling his mutilated arm, scrambled to pick up the black robes from the ground, got to his feet, reached up, and pulled them one-handed over his master's head.

The thin man stepped out of the cauldron, staring at Harry . . . and Harry stared back into the face that had haunted his nightmares for three years. Whiter than a skull, with wide, livid scarlet eyes and a nose that was flat as a snake's with slits for nostrils . . .

Lord Voldemort had risen again.

“給我穿上長袍，”冷酷高傲的聲音從蒸汽後面傳來，痛哭流涕的渾身顫抖的范克魯克仍然抱著自己殘缺不全的手臂掙扎著從地上撿起黑色長袍，站起來，伸手用一只手將黑袍套在主人的頭上。那瘦削的男人從大鍋裏走了出來，凝視著哈利.....哈利的目光也在這張臉上停留，這張臉在他的夢中出現了三年。比鬼魂還要雪白，猩紅的眼睛寬大而活生生，像蛇一樣扁平的鼻子上是兩個氣孔.....伏地魔又再度復活。



THE DEATH EATERS

Voldemort looked away from Harry and began examining his own body. His hands were like large, pale spiders; his long white fingers caressed his own chest, his arms, his face; the red eyes, whose pupils were slits, like a cat's, gleamed still more brightly through the darkness. He held up his hands and flexed the fingers, his expression rapt and exultant. He took not the slightest notice of Wormtail, who lay twitching and bleeding on the ground, nor of the great snake, which had slithered back into sight and was circling Harry again, hissing. Voldemort slipped one of those unnaturally long-fingered hands into a deep pocket and drew out a wand. He caressed it gently too; and then he raised it, and pointed it at Wormtail, who was lifted off the ground and thrown against the headstone where Harry was tied; he fell to the foot of it and lay there, crumpled up and crying. Voldemort turned his scarlet eyes upon Harry, laughing a high, cold, mirthless laugh.

佛地魔移開視線，開始檢視自己的身體。他的手像大而蒼白的蜘蛛，他那漫長的白色手指撫摸著自己的胸口、手臂和臉龐；在黑暗中，瞳孔縮得像貓眼一樣，他那雙紅色的眼珠更加明亮。他舉起手來，屈伸著手指，神情狂熱而得意。他完全不理會蟲尾巴，那個躺在地上抽搐且流血不止的人，也不管那條巨蛇，它又出現了，正在圍繞著哈利，發著嘶嘶聲。佛地魔將他那興奮異常的長手指伸進一個深袋子裡，拿出了一根魔杖。他也溫柔地撫摸它，然後舉起魔杖，指向蟲尾巴，蟲尾巴被提了起來，砸向哈利所綁的那塊墓碑。他跌倒在下面，蜷縮著，哭泣著。佛地魔轉身看向哈利，發出一聲高冷且毫無喜感的笑聲。

Wormtail's robes were shining with blood now; he had wrapped the stump of his arm in them

“My Lord . . .” he choked, “my Lord . . . you promised . . . you did promise . . .”

“Hold out your arm,” said Voldemort lazily.

“Oh Master . . . thank you, Master . . .”

He extended the bleeding stump, but Voldemort laughed again.

“The other arm, Wormtail.”

“Master, please . . . please . . .”

Voldemort bent down and pulled out Wormtail's left arm; he forced the sleeve of Wormtail's robes up past his elbow, and Harry saw something upon the skin there, something like a vivid red tattoo — a skull with a snake protruding from its mouth — the image that had appeared in the sky at the Quidditch World Cup: the Dark Mark. Voldemort examined it carefully, ignoring Wormtail's uncontrollable weeping.

Wormtail的長袍現在都被血澆得閃閃發亮，他用長袍包紮著斷臂的殘肢。「大人……」他嗚咽著：「大人……您曾經承諾過……您承諾過……」「伸出你的手臂，」佛地魔懶洋洋地說。「哦，主人……謝謝您，主人……」他伸出了那邊流血的殘肢，但佛地魔再次發出了冷笑。「另一只手臂，Wormtail。」「主人，拜託您……拜託您……」佛地魔彎下腰，拔出了Wormtail的左臂，他強迫著Wormtail的袖子向上卷起，哈利看到了他皮膚上的東西，在那裡有一個鮮紅的刺青——一個骷髏，從嘴巴裡伸出一條蛇——就是在魁地奇世界盃上出現過的那個圖案：黑魔痕。佛地魔仔細檢查著它，無視蟲尾的無法自制的哭泣。

“It is back,” he said softly, “they will all have noticed it . . . and now, we shall see . . . now we shall know . . .”

He pressed his long white forefinger to the brand on Wormtail's arm.

The scar on Harry's forehead seared with a sharp pain again, and Wormtail let out a fresh howl; Voldemort removed his fingers from Wormtail's mark, and Harry saw that it had turned jet black.

A look of cruel satisfaction on his face, Voldemort straightened up, threw back his head, and stared around at the dark graveyard.

“How many will be brave enough to return when they feel it?” he whispered, his gleaming red eyes fixed upon the stars. “And how many will be foolish enough to stay away?”

He began to pace up and down before Harry and Wormtail, eyes sweeping the graveyard all the while. After a minute or so, he looked down at Harry again, a cruel smile twisting his snakelike face.

「它回來了，」他輕聲說道，「他們都已經注意到了...現在，我們將會看到...現在，我們將知道.....」他用他長長的白色食指按住Wormtail胳膊上的烙印。哈利額頭上的傷疤又一次燒痛了，Wormtail發出了一聲新的嚎叫；Voldemort拿開了他的手，哈利看到那個烙印變成了漆黑色。Voldemort的臉上露出了殘酷的滿足，他挺直了身子，仰起頭，注視著黑暗的墓地。「感覺到它時，會有多少人足夠勇敢回來呢？」他用閃爍的紅色眼睛望著星星，輕聲說道，「還有多少人會夠愚蠢，選擇留下？」他開始在哈利和Wormtail面前來來回回地走動，眼睛不停掃視墓地。一分鐘左右過後，他再次看向哈利，臉上咧嘴露出了殘忍的笑容。

“You stand, Harry Potter, upon the remains of my late father,” he hissed softly. “A Muggle and a fool... very like your dear mother. But they both had their uses, did they not? Your mother died to defend you as a child... and I killed my father, and see how useful he has proved himself, in death....”

Voldemort laughed again. Up and down he paced, looking all around him as he walked, and the snake continued to circle in the grass.

“You see that house upon the hillside, Potter? My father lived there. My mother, a witch who lived here in this village, fell in love with him. But he abandoned her when she told him what she was.... He didn’t like magic, my father....”

“He left her and returned to his Muggle parents before I was even born, Potter, and she died giving birth to me, leaving me to be raised in a Muggle orphanage... but I vowed to find him... I revenged myself upon him, that fool who gave me his name... *Tom Riddle*....”

「哈利波特，你正站在我已故父親的遺骸上，」他輕聲嘶嘶地說。「一個麻瓜和一個傻瓜.....很像你的母親。但他們都有自己的用途，不是嗎？你的母親為了保護你而死.....而我殺死了我的父親，在死後證明了他的價值.....」伏地魔再次笑了。他來回走動，走路時四處張望，而蛇仍然在草地上繞圈。「你看到山坡上的那所房子了嗎，波特？我父親住在那裡。我母親是個住在這個村莊裡的女巫，愛上了他。但當她告訴他她是女巫時，他拋棄了她.....我父親不喜歡魔法.....」「他在我出生之前就把她拋棄了，回到他的麻瓜父母那裡。她在生我時死去，把我留在一家麻瓜孤兒院里長大.....但我發誓要找到他.....我報復了他，那個給我他的名字的傻瓜.....湯姆·里德爾.....」

Still he paced, his red eyes darting from grave to grave.

“Listen to me, reliving family history....” he said quietly, “why, I am growing quite sentimental.... But look, Harry! My *true* family returns....”

The air was suddenly full of the swishing of cloaks. Between graves, behind the yew tree, in every shadowy space, wizards were Apparating. All of them were hooded and masked. And one by one they moved forward... slowly, cautiously, as though they could hardly believe their eyes. Voldemort stood in silence, waiting for them. Then one of the Death Eaters fell to his knees, crawled toward Voldemort, and kissed the hem of his black robes.

“Master... Master...” he murmured.

The Death Eaters behind him did the same; each of them approaching Voldemort on his knees and kissing his robes, before backing away and standing up, forming a silent circle, which enclosed Tom Riddle’s grave, Harry, Voldemort, and the sobbing and twitching heap that was Wormtail. Yet they left gaps in the circle, as though waiting for more people. Voldemort, however, did not seem to expect more. He looked around at the hooded faces, and though there was no wind, a rustling seemed to run around the circle, as though it had shivered.

他依然在走來走去，紅色的眼睛從一個墳墓跳到另一個墳墓。他輕聲說：‘聽我說，回到家族歷史.....我變得非常感傷.....但你看，哈利！我的真正家族回來了.....’空氣突然間充滿了衣角噼啪聲。每一個在暗處的巫師都在消失。所有人都戴著兜帽，戴著面具。他們一個接著一個地向前移動.....緩慢，小心翼翼，彷彿他們都不敢相信自己的眼睛。佛地魔靜靜地站著，等待著他們。接著，一個食死徒跪下，爬向佛地魔，親吻他黑色長袍的下擺。“主人.....主人.....”他呢喃著。他身後的食死徒也這樣做，每一個人都跪著走向佛地魔，親吻他的衣袍，然後退回去，站起來，形成一個沉默的圓圈，圍繞著湯姆·雷德爾的墳墓、哈利、佛地魔和嗚咽和抽搐的翻轉堆積物。然而，他們在圓圈中留下了空隙，彷彿在等待更多人。然而，佛地魔似乎不希望有更多人。他看著兜帽下的面孔，雖然沒有風，但圓圈中似乎有一種沙沙聲，彷彿圓圈已經打了個冷戰。

“Welcome, Death Eaters,” said Voldemort quietly. “Thirteen years... thirteen years since last we met. Yet you answer my call as though it were yesterday.... We are still united under the Dark Mark, then! *Or are we?*”

He put back his terrible face and sniffed, his slit-like nostrils widening.

“I smell guilt,” he said. “There is a stench of guilt upon the air.”

A second shiver ran around the circle, as though each member of it longed, but did not dare, to step back from him.

“I see you all, whole and healthy, with your powers intact — such prompt appearances! — and I ask myself... why did this band of wizards never come to the aid of their master, to whom they swore eternal loyalty?”

No one spoke. No one moved except Wormtail, who was upon the ground, still sobbing over his bleeding arm.

「歡迎，食死徒們，」佛地魔靜靜地說：「十三年.....十三年自我們上次見面。然而你們回應我的召喚，彷彿昨天才是那天。我們還是聯合在黑魔痕下嗎？還是不是呢？」他把他可怕的臉放回去，嗅了嗅，他的細縫狀鼻孔漸漸擴大。「我聞到了罪惡

感，」他說。「空氣中有著罪惡感的惡臭。」圍成一圈的人群再次顫抖，彷彿每個人都渴望退後，但又不敢。「我看著你們，健康而完整，擁有著你們的力量——這麼快速地出現！——我問自己……這一群巫師為何從未幫助他們的主人，對他們發誓要終身忠誠的主人？」沒有人說話。沒有人移動，除了繩繩，他在地上，仍在為他流血的手臂哭泣。

“And I answer myself,” whispered Voldemort, “they must have believed me broken, they thought I was gone. They slipped back among my enemies, and they pleaded innocence, and ignorance, and bewitchment. . . .

“And then I ask myself, but how could they have believed I would not rise again? They, who knew the steps I took, long ago, to guard myself against mortal death? They, who had seen proofs of the immensity of my power in the times when I was mightier than any wizard living?

“And I answer myself, perhaps they believed a still greater power could exist, one that could vanquish even Lord Voldemort . . . perhaps they now pay allegiance to another . . . perhaps that champion of commoners, of Muggles and Muggles, Albus Dumbledore?”

At the mention of Dumbledore’s name, the members of the circle stirred, and some muttered and shook their heads. Voldemort ignored them.

「然後我對自己說，」佛地魔低語道：「他們一定認為我已經崩潰了，認為我已經消失不見了。他們滲透到我的敵人之中，並且聲稱自己是清白無辜，被魔法所迷惑……然後我又問自己，但他們怎麼可能相信我不會再次崛起？他們早就知道我為了保護自己免於死亡而採取的措施。他們曾經見證了我擁有的強大力量，那些年我比任何一位巫師都更為強大。然後我對自己說，或許他們相信還有更強大的力量存在，一個連佛地魔都能被打敗的力量……也許他們現在效忠於其他人……也許是支持那個獲得平民、泥巴人和麻瓜支持的冠軍，阿不思·鄧不利多？」一提起鄧不利多的名字，圓圓會的成員們為之動容，有些人也嘀咕著、搖頭晃腦。佛地魔卻沒有理會他們。

“It is a disappointment to me . . . I confess myself disappointed. . . .”

One of the men suddenly flung himself forward, breaking the circle. Trembling from head to foot, he collapsed at Voldemort’s feet.

“Master!” he shrieked, “Master, forgive me! Forgive us all!”

Voldemort began to laugh. He raised his wand.

“Crucio!”

The Death Eater on the ground writhed and shrieked; Harry was sure the sound must carry to the houses around. . . . *Let the police come, he thought desperately . . . anyone . . . anything . . .*

Voldemort raised his wand. The tortured Death Eater lay flat upon the ground, gasping.

“Get up, Avery,” said Voldemort softly. “Stand up. You ask for forgiveness? I do not forgive. I do not forget. Thirteen long years . . . I want thirteen years’ repayment before I forgive you. Wormtail here has paid some of his debt already, have you not, Wormtail?”

「這讓我失望……我承認我很失望……」其中一個男人突然向前衝，打破了圍圈。他從頭到腳發抖，跌倒在佛地魔腳下。「主人！他尖叫道，「主人，請原諒我們所有人！」佛地魔開始大笑，舉起魔杖。「Crucio！」在地上的食死徒扭動著，尖叫著；哈利確信聲音一定能傳到周圍的房屋中。任何人，任何事，都可以來了，他絕望地想著……佛地魔舉起魔杖。被拷問的食死徒趴在地上，喘息著。「起來，艾弗裡，」佛地魔輕聲說道。「站起來。你請求寬恕？我不會原諒。我不會忘記。長達13年……我要13年的償還才能原諒你。這裡的彎曲尾巴已經付清了一部分債務，是不是，彎曲尾巴？」

He looked down at Wormtail, who continued to sob.

“You returned to me, not out of loyalty, but out of fear of your old friends. You deserve this pain, Wormtail. You know that, don’t you?”

“Yes, Master,” moaned Wormtail, “please, Master . . . please . . .”

“Yet you helped return me to my body,” said Voldemort coolly, watching Wormtail sob on the ground. “Worthless and traitorous as you are, you helped me . . . and Lord Voldemort rewards his helpers. . . .”

Voldemort raised his wand again and whirled it through the air. A streak of what looked like molten silver hung shining in the wand’s wake. Momentarily shapeless, it writhed and then formed itself into a gleaming replica of a human hand, bright as moonlight, which soared downward and fixed itself upon Wormtail’s bleeding wrist.

他俯身看著仍在抽泣的渾沌。「你回到我身邊，不是出於忠誠，而是出於對你舊有朋友的恐懼。渾沌，你值得這種痛苦。你知道嗎？」“是，主人，”渾沌呻吟著，“請，主人……請……”“然而你幫助我回到我的身體，”沃爾德莫冷冷地說著，看著倒在地上抽泣的渾沌。“儘管你毫無價值並且背叛了我，你還是幫助了我……而佛地魔總是會回報他的幫手……”佛地魔再次舉起魔杖，在空氣中揮舞著。一股看似熔銀的光芒緊緊相隨著魔杖，形狀不定地扭動著，然後變成了一隻閃亮的手，閃閃發光，就像月光一樣，急劇向下飛去，將自己固定在渾沌流血的手腕上。

Wormtail’s sobbing stopped abruptly. His breathing harsh and ragged, he raised his head and stared in disbelief at the silver hand, now attached seamlessly to his arm, as though he were wearing a dazzling glove. He flexed the shining fingers, then, trembling, picked up a small twig on the ground and crushed it into powder.

“My Lord,” he whispered. “Master . . . it is beautiful . . . thank you . . . *thank you . . .*”

He scrambled forward on his knees and kissed the hem of Voldemort’s robes.

“May your loyalty never waver again, Wormtail,” said Voldemort.

“No, my Lord . . . never, my Lord . . .”

Wormtail stood up and took his place in the circle, staring at his powerful new hand, his face still shining with tears. Voldemort now approached the man on Wormtail’s right.

翻譯: 瓦木的哭泣突然停止。他呼吸急促且不平穩，抬起頭，難以置信地盯著他手臂上完美無瑕地連接著的銀色手。就像戴了手套一般，手指閃著光芒，他彎曲手指，當他用手顫抖地把地上的小枝條搗成粉末時，他的臉色沉重。「我的主啊，好美啊...謝謝你，謝謝你...」他輕聲說道。他跪在地，慌亂地向前匍匐，吻了一下佛地魔袍裾。「願你的忠誠不要再動搖，瓦木。」佛地魔說道。「不會，我的主...永不動搖，我的主。」瓦木站起來，回到圈子中，凝視著他的強大新手，他的臉上仍然帶著淚水的光澤。佛地魔現在靠近了瓦木右邊的人。

“Lucius, my slippery friend,” he whispered, halting before him. “I am told that you have not renounced the old ways, though to the world you present a respectable face. You are still ready to take the lead in a spot of Muggle-torture, I believe? Yet you never tried to find me, Lucius. . . . Your exploits at the Quidditch World Cup were fun, I daresay . . . but might not your energies have been better directed toward finding and aiding your master?”

“My Lord, I was constantly on the alert,” came Lucius Malfoy’s voice swiftly from beneath the hood. “Had there been any sign from you, any whisper of your whereabouts, I would have been at your side immediately, nothing could have prevented me —”

“And yet you ran from my Mark, when a faithful Death Eater sent it into the sky last summer?” said Voldemort lazily, and Mr. Malfoy stopped talking abruptly. “Yes, I know all about that, Lucius. . . . You have disappointed me. . . . I expect more faithful service in the future.”

“露西厄斯，我的陰險之友，”他低声說道，在他面前停了下来。“听说你并没有放弃旧的方式，尽管在世人看来你是一个体面的人。你仍然准备好参与摧残麻瓜的活动，是吗？即使如此，你从未试图找到我，露西厄斯……你在魁地奇世界杯上的表现很有趣，我敢说……但是，你难道不能把精力更好地投入到寻找和帮助你的主人吗？”“我的主人，我一直警惕着，”盧修斯·馬爾福在兜帽下敏捷地回答。“如果有你的任何迹象，任何有关你下落的传闻，我会立刻在你身边，没有什么能阻止我——”“可在去年夏天，一名忠诚的食死徒把我的标记送到天空时，你却从我的标记面前逃走了？”伏地魔懶洋洋地說道，馬爾福先生突然停了下来。“是的，我知道这一切，盧修斯……你让我失望了……我期待着你未来更加忠诚的服务。”

“Of course, my Lord, of course. . . . You are merciful, thank you . . .”

Voldemort moved on, and stopped, staring at the space — large enough for two people — that separated Malfoy and the next man.

“The Lestranges should stand here,” said Voldemort quietly. “But they are entombed in Azkaban. They were faithful. They went to Azkaban rather than renounce me. . . . When Azkaban is broken open, the Lestranges will be honored beyond their dreams. The dementors will join us . . . they are our natural allies . . . we will recall the banished giants . . . I shall have all my devoted servants returned to me, and an army of creatures whom all fear. . . .”

He walked on. Some of the Death Eaters he passed in silence, but he paused before others and spoke to them.

“Macnair . . . destroying dangerous beasts for the Ministry of Magic now, Wormtail tells me? You shall have better victims than that soon, Macnair. Lord Voldemort will provide. . . .”

「當然，我的主人，當然……您是慈悲的，謝謝您……」伏地魔繼續前進，然後停下來，盯著馬爾福和另一個人之間足夠容納兩個人的空間。「萊斯特蘭奇應該站在這裡，」伏地魔輕聲說道，「但他們被關進了阿茲卡班監獄。他們是忠誠的，他們寧可被關進阿茲卡班也不願背叛我……等阿茲卡班被攻破，萊斯特蘭奇將得到超出他們夢想的榮譽。摯靈會加入我們，他們是我們天然的盟友……我們將召回被放逐的巨人……我會把所有忠誠的隨從都召回，並帶上一支所有人都害怕的生物軍隊……」他繼續前進，有些死神食死人在他面前靜靜地走過，但他會在某些人前停下來與他們交談。「麥克奈爾……現在在為魔法部銷毀危險的野獸，瓦姆波特告訴我了。你很快就會有更好的獵物，麥克奈爾。伏地魔會提供的……」

“Thank you, Master . . . thank you,” murmured Macnair.

“And here” — Voldemort moved on to the two largest hooded figures — “we have Crabbe . . . you will do better this time, will you not, Crabbe? And you, Goyle?”

They bowed clumsily, muttering dully.

“Yes, Master . . .”

“We will, Master. . . .”

“The same goes for you, Nott,” said Voldemort quietly as he walked past a stooped figure in Mr. Goyle’s shadow.

“My Lord, I prostrate myself before you, I am your most faithful —”

“That will do,” said Voldemort.

He had reached the largest gap of all, and he stood surveying it with his blank, red eyes, as though he could see people standing there.

“And here we have six missing Death Eaters . . . three dead in my service. One, too cowardly to return . . . he will pay. One, who I believe has left me forever . . . he will be killed, of course . . . and one, who remains my most faithful servant, and who has already reentered my service.”

「謝謝您，大師……謝謝。」麥克奈爾低聲說道。「在這裡……」佛地魔轉向兩個披著最大斗篷的人，「我們有克拉布……這次你會表現得更好，對吧，克拉布？還有你，戈伊爾？」他們笨拙地鞠躬，呆板地喃喃著。「是的，主人……」「我們會，主人……」當他走過戈伊爾先生彷彿被遮蔽住的彎腰身影時，佛地魔輕聲說：「諾特，也是一樣。」「我的主啊，我在您面前屈膝，我是您最忠誠的……」「好了，」佛地魔打斷他的話。他走到了最大的缺口，用空洞而緊繃的紅色眼睛盯著它，彷彿他能看到那裡站著的人。「這裡有六個失蹤的食死徒……三個在我服務下死去。還有一個太懦弱不敢回來……他將付出代價。還有一個，我相信他已經離我而去……他當然會死。還有一個，他始終是我最忠實的僕人，他已經再次回到了我的服務中。」

The Death Eaters stirred, and Harry saw their eyes dart sideways at one another through their masks.

“He is at Hogwarts, that faithful servant, and it was through his efforts that our young friend arrived here tonight. . . .

“Yes,” said Voldemort, a grin curling his lipless mouth as the eyes of the circle flashed in Harry’s direction. “Harry Potter has kindly joined us for my rebirthing party. One might go so far as to call him my guest of honor.”

There was a silence. Then the Death Eater to the right of Wormtail stepped forward, and Lucius Malfoy’s voice spoke from under the mask.

“Master, we crave to know . . . we beg you to tell us . . . how you have achieved this . . . this miracle . . . how you managed to return to us. . . .”

“Ah, what a story it is, Lucius,” said Voldemort. “And it begins — and ends — with my young friend here.”

食死徒們激動不已，哈利看到他們通過面具偷瞄彼此的眼睛。“他在霍格華茲，我們那個忠誠的僕人，正是通過他的努力，我們的年輕朋友今晚才來到這裡……”“是的，”伏地魔說，嘴唇無唇變成一個冷笑，圈子中的眼睛向哈利露出一絲閃亮。“哈利·波特很慷慨地參加了我的重生派對。有些人甚至可以稱他為我的榮譽客人。”一片寂靜。然後，在渥姆泰爾右邊的食死徒走了出來，呂修斯·馬爾福的聲音從面具下傳來。“主人，我們渴望知道……我們懇求您告訴我們……您如何實現這個……這個奇蹟……您怎樣設法回到我們這裡……”“啊，這是一個何等精彩的故事，呂修斯，”伏地魔說。“而且它始於，也以我的年輕朋友為終點。”

He walked lazily over to stand next to Harry, so that the eyes of the whole circle were upon the two of them. The snake continued to circle.

“You know, of course, that they have called this boy my downfall?” Voldemort said softly, his red eyes upon Harry, whose scar began to burn so fiercely that he almost screamed in agony. “You all know that on the night I lost my powers and my body, I tried to kill him. His mother died in the attempt to save him—and unwittingly provided him with a protection I admit I had not foreseen. . . . I could not touch the boy.”

Voldemort raised one of his long white fingers and put it very close to Harry’s cheek.

“His mother left upon him the traces of her sacrifice. . . . This is old magic, I should have remembered it, I was foolish to overlook it . . . but no matter. I can touch him now.”

他懶洋洋地走到哈利身邊，全體成員的眼睛都盯着他們兩個。蛇還在繞着圈子。“當然，你們知道他們稱這個男孩為我的垮台？”伏地魔輕聲說道，他的紅眼目光注視著哈利，哈利的傷疤開始劇烈灼痛，以至於他差点慘叫出聲。“你們都知道在我失去力量和身體的那個夜晚，我試圖殺了他。他的母親為了拯救他而死——並不知不覺地給了他一種保護，我承認我沒有預料到……我不能碰這個男孩。”伏地魔抬起那根修長的白色手指，把它放在哈利的臉頰附近。“他的母親留下了她犧牲的痕迹。這是古老的魔法，我應該記得的，我當時很愚蠢地忽略了它……但不管怎樣現在我可以碰他了。”

Harry felt the cold tip of the long white finger touch him, and thought his head would burst with the pain. Voldemort laughed softly in his ear, then took the finger away and continued addressing the Death Eaters.

“I miscalculated, my friends, I admit it. My curse was deflected by the woman’s foolish sacrifice, and it rebounded upon myself. Aaah . . . pain beyond pain, my friends; nothing could have prepared me for it. I was ripped from my body, I was less than spirit, less than the meanest ghost . . . but still, I was alive. What I was, even I do not know . . . I, who have gone further than anybody along the path that leads to immortality. You know my goal—to conquer death. And now, I was tested, and it appeared that one or more of my experiments had worked . . . for I had not been killed, though the curse should have done it. Nevertheless, I was as powerless as the weakest creature alive, and without the means to help myself . . . for I had no body, and every spell that might have helped me required the use of a wand. . . .

哈利感到寒冷的白色手指尖碰觸到他，痛得他的頭快要炸裂。佛地魔在他的耳邊輕輕笑了笑，然後拿開了手指，繼續對食死徒們講話。「我低估了，我的朋友們，我承認。我的詛咒被那個傻女人的犧牲偏離了軌道，又反彈回了我自己身上。啊……比任何痛苦還要劇烈的痛苦，我的朋友們；沒有任何準備可以預料到。我從肉體中被撕裂出來，不到一個靈魂，比任何鬼魂都要渺小……但我還活著。我到過那些通向永生之路的最深處，甚至我自己也不知道成為了什麼……你們知道我的目標——征服死亡。現在，我受到了考驗，看來我的實驗中的一個或多個已經奏效了……因為我沒有被殺死，儘管那個詛咒本應該這樣做。然而，我卻像是生命力最弱的生物一樣無能為力，沒有任何自救的方法……因為我沒有身體，每個能夠幫助我的法術都需要使用魔

杖。」

“I remember only forcing myself, sleeplessly, endlessly, second by second, to exist. . . . I settled in a faraway place, in a forest, and I waited. . . . Surely, one of my faithful Death Eaters would try and find me . . . one of them would come and perform the magic I could not, to restore me to a body . . . but I waited in vain. . . .”

The shiver ran once more around the circle of listening Death Eaters. Voldemort let the silence spiral horribly before continuing.

“Only one power remained to me. I could possess the bodies of others. But I dared not go where other humans were plentiful, for I knew that the Aurors were still abroad and searching for me. I sometimes inhabited animals — snakes, of course, being my preference — but I was little better off inside them than as pure spirit, for their bodies were ill adapted to perform magic . . . and my possession of them shortened their lives; none of them lasted long. . . .”

我只記得強迫自己不眠不休地生存，一秒一秒地度過。我定居在一個遠離人煙的森林裡等待著，期望我的忠誠的食死徒中有人找到我，能使用我不能使用的魔法幫我重獲肉體。但我白白等待了。只有一種力量留給我，就是佔據他人的身體。但我不敢去到人類很多的地方，因為我知道被巫師捕快們依然在四處搜索著我。我有時會擁有動物的身體——當然，我偏愛蛇——但我在動物體內也一樣不如作為純靈體，因為它們身體不適合進行魔法……而我佔據它們的身體會縮短它們的壽命，它們都沒有長久存在……

“Then. . . four years ago . . . the means for my return seemed assured. A wizard — young, foolish, and gullible — wandered across my path in the forest I had made my home. Oh, he seemed the very chance I had been dreaming of. . . for he was a teacher at Dumbledore’s school. . . he was easy to bend to my will. . . he brought me back to this country, and after a while, I took possession of his body, to supervise him closely as he carried out my orders. But my plan failed. I did not manage to steal the Sorcerer’s Stone. I was not to be assured immortal life. I was thwarted. . . thwarted, once again, by Harry Potter. . . .”

Silence once more; nothing was stirring, not even the leaves on the yew tree. The Death Eaters were quite motionless, the glittering eyes in their masks fixed upon Voldemort, and upon Harry.

「然後...四年前...我回歸的方法似乎已經確定。一位年輕、愚蠢、易上當的巫師走過我在森林裡的家。他似乎是我一直所夢想的機會。因為他是教唸杜姆布立多的老師...他很容易被我控制...他帶我回到這個國家，過了一段時間，我佔據了他的身體，密切監督他執行我的命令。但我的計劃失敗了。我沒有設法偷到魔法石。我沒有得到永恆的生命。我被挫敗了...再次被哈利波特挫敗了...」。沉默再次降臨，沒有任何聲音，甚至紫杉樹上的葉子也不動了。食死徒靜止不動，面具中閃爍著的眼睛盯著佛地魔和哈利。

“The servant died when I left his body, and I was left as weak as ever I had been,” Voldemort continued. “I returned to my hiding place far away, and I will not pretend to you that I didn’t then fear that I might never regain my powers. . . . Yes, that was perhaps my darkest hour. . . I could not hope that I would be sent another wizard to possess. . . and I had given up hope, now, that any of my Death Eaters cared what had become of me. . . .”

One or two of the masked wizards in the circle moved uncomfortably, but Voldemort took no notice.

“And then, not even a year ago, when I had almost abandoned hope, it happened at last. . . a servant returned to me. Wormtail here, who had faked his own death to escape justice, was driven out of hiding by those he had once counted friends, and decided to return to his master. He sought me in the country where it had long been rumored I was hiding. . . helped, of course, by the rats he met along the way. Wormtail has a curious affinity with rats, do you not, Wormtail? His filthy little friends told him there was a place, deep in an Albanian forest, that they avoided, where small animals like themselves had met their deaths by a dark shadow that possessed them. . . .”

當我離開他的身體時，這個僕人就去世了，而我也變得一如既往的軟弱，”佛地魔繼續說道。“我回到了遠離的藏身處。我不會對你假裝我當時沒有害怕過自己永遠失去力量.....是的，那或許是我最黑暗的時刻.....我沒有希望會再有巫師被派來被我所擁有.....現在，我已經放棄了任何關於我的死亡食人魔的關心.....”圈子裡的幾個戴面具的巫師有些不安，但佛地魔卻沒有注意到。“然後，就在不到一年前，當我幾乎已經放棄希望時，終於發生了.....一個僕人回到了我身邊。就是這個假裝自己已經死亡逃避正義的怯懦鬼瓦姆泰爾，在被他曾經視為朋友的人驅逐出藏身地之後，決定回到他的主人身邊。他在那個傳說中我一直藏身的國家找到了我.....當然，在途中遇到老鼠的幫助下。瓦姆泰爾和老鼠有某種奇怪的緣分，不是嗎，瓦姆泰爾？他那些骯髒的小朋友告訴他，有一個地方，在阿爾巴尼亞的森林深處，有些小動物像他們一樣被一個黑暗的影子所擁有，最後失蹤不見.....”

“But his journey back to me was not smooth, was it, Wormtail? For, hungry one night, on the edge of the very forest where he had hoped to find me, he foolishly stopped at an inn for some food. . . . and who should he meet there, but one Bertha Jorkins, a witch from the Ministry of Magic.

“Now see the way that fate favors Lord Voldemort. This might have been the end of Wormtail, and of my last hope for regeneration. But Wormtail — displaying a presence of mind I would never have expected from him — convinced Bertha Jorkins to accompany him on a nighttime stroll. He overpowered her. . . he brought her to me. And Bertha Jorkins, who might have ruined all, proved instead to be a gift beyond my wildest dreams. . . for — with a little persuasion — she became a veritable mine of information.

他回到我身邊的旅途並不順利，是不是，溫波特？有一個晚上，當他餓了，位於他原本希望找到我的森林邊緣，他愚蠢地在一家酒店停下來吃些東西.....他在那裡遇到了魔法部的女巫柏莎·喬金斯。“現在看看命運是如何青睞佛地魔的。這可能是溫波特的結局，也是我重生的最後希望。但溫波特 - 展現了我從未預料到的冷靜 - 說服了柏莎·喬金斯在夜晚散步。他勝過了她.....他把她帶到我這裡。柏莎·喬金斯，本可以毀掉一切的人，卻成為了我夢寐以求的禮物... 因為 - 經過一些說服 - 她成為了一個寶

藏般的信息來源。

“She told me that the Triwizard Tournament would be played at Hogwarts this year. She told me that she knew of a faithful Death Eater who would be only too willing to help me, if I could only contact him. She told me many things . . . but the means I used to break the Memory Charm upon her were powerful, and when I had extracted all useful information from her, her mind and body were both damaged beyond repair. She had now served her purpose. I could not possess her. I disposed of her.”

Voldemort smiled his terrible smile, his red eyes blank and pitiless.

“Wormtail’s body, of course, was ill adapted for possession, as all assumed him dead, and would attract far too much attention if noticed. However, he was the able-bodied servant I needed, and, poor wizard though he is, Wormtail was able to follow the instructions I gave him, which would return me to a rudimentary, weak body of my own, a body I would be able to inhabit while awaiting the essential ingredients for true rebirth . . . a spell or two of my own invention . . . a little help from my dear Nagini,” Voldemort’s red eyes fell upon the continually circling snake, “a potion concocted from unicorn blood, and the snake venom Nagini provided . . . I was soon returned to an almost human form, and strong enough to travel.

“她告訴我，三強爭霸賽將在霍格華茲舉行。她告訴我，她知道一個忠誠的食死徒，只要我能聯繫到他，他就會願意幫助我。她告訴了我許多事情……但我用來打破她體內遺忘咒語的方法非常強大，當我從她身上提取所有有用的信息時，她的心靈和身體都無法修復。她已經完成了她的任務。我不能占有她。我把它處理掉了。”伏地魔露出了他可怕的微笑，他的紅色眼睛空洞無情。“伏地魔的肉體當然不適合被占有，因為所有人都認為他死了，如果被注意到會引起太多的注意。然而，他是我需要的能幹的仆人，雖然他是一個可憐的巫師，但愚蠢的他能夠遵循我給他的指示，讓我重新擁有我自己的簡陋、虛弱的身體，一個我可以在裡面寄居，等待真正重生所需的基本成分……一兩個由我發明的魔咒……一些來自我親愛的納吉尼的幫助，”伏地魔的紅色眼睛落在不斷盤旋的蛇上，“一個由獨角獸血製成的藥水，還有納吉尼提供的蛇毒……我很快就恢復了幾乎人類的形態，並變得足夠強大可以旅行。”

“There was no hope of stealing the Sorcerer’s Stone anymore, for I knew that Dumbledore would have seen to it that it was destroyed. But I was willing to embrace mortal life again, before chasing immortality. I set my sights lower . . . I would settle for my old body back again, and my old strength.

“I knew that to achieve this — it is an old piece of Dark Magic, the potion that revived me tonight — I would need three powerful ingredients. Well, one of them was already at hand, was it not, Wormtail? Flesh given by a servant . . .

“My father’s bone, naturally, meant that we would have to come here, where he was buried. But the blood of a foe . . . Wormtail would have had me use any wizard, would you not, Wormtail? Any wizard who had hated me . . . as so many of them still do. But I knew the one I must use, if I was to rise again, more powerful than I had been when I had fallen. I wanted Harry Potter’s blood. I wanted the blood of the one who had stripped me of power thirteen years ago . . . for the lingering protection his mother once gave him would then reside in my veins too. . . .

沒有希望再偷走巫師石了，因為我知道鄧布利多會讓它被摧毀。但在追求長生不死之前，我願意回到人間。我把目光放得更低……我只會滿足於恢復我的舊身體和力量。“我知道要實現這個目標——它是一種古老的黑魔法，是今晚使我復活的藥水——我需要三種強大的材料。好吧，其中一種已經在手邊了，不是嗎，瓦姆比？給予的僕人的肉……“我父親的骨頭，自然是意味著我們必須來到他埋葬的地方。但敵人的血……瓦姆比，你會讓我使用任何巫師，對不對？任何曾恨過我的巫師……因為他們仍然有很多人恨我。但如果我想再次崛起，比我墜落時更強大，我知道我必須使用那個人的血。我想要哈利波特的血。我想要那個剝奪我權力十三年的人的血……因為他母親所給予的殘留保護會流入我的血管中。”

“But how to get at Harry Potter? For he has been better protected than I think even he knows, protected in ways devised by Dumbledore long ago, when it fell to him to arrange the boy’s future. Dumbledore invoked an ancient magic, to ensure the boy’s protection as long as he is in his relations’ care. Not even I can touch him there. . . . Then, of course, there was the Quidditch World Cup. . . . I thought his protection might be weaker there, away from his relations and Dumbledore, but I was not yet strong enough to attempt kidnap in the midst of a horde of Ministry wizards. And then, the boy would return to Hogwarts, where he is under the crooked nose of that Muggle-loving fool from morning until night. So how could I take him?

“Why . . . by using Bertha Jorkins’s information, of course. Use my one faithful Death Eater, stationed at Hogwarts, to ensure that the boy’s name was entered into the Goblet of Fire. Use my Death Eater to ensure that the boy won the tournament — that he touched the Triwizard Cup first — the Cup which my Death Eater had turned into a Portkey, which would bring him here, beyond the reach of Dumbledore’s help and protection, and into my waiting arms. And here he is . . . the boy you all believed had been my downfall. . . .”

“但怎樣才能接近哈利·波特呢？他被保護得比我想像的還要好，這保護措施是鄧布利多早就設計好的，那時他負責安排哈利的未來，鄧布利多啟用了一種古老的魔法，只要哈利在親戚的照顧下，他就會得到保護，連我也無法觸及他。當然，還有魁地奇世界杯，我以為他在那裡的保護措施可能會薄弱一些，但我當時還不足夠強大，無法在眾多部長巫師中綁架他。而他回到霍格沃茨之後，就一直在那個疼愛麻瓜的傻瓜的管轄下，從早到晚都受到監控，那我又怎麼能帶走他呢？用伯莎·喬金斯的情報，當然可以。利用我的一個忠實的食死徒藏在霍格沃茨，保證哈利的名字被輸入到火盆中，讓我的食死徒確保哈利贏得比賽，並最終碰到三強杯 - 在我食死徒的幫助下，三人杯變成了一個轉移門，將他帶到這裡，超出鄧布利多的幫助和保護範圍，落入我的等待中。他在這裡……你們所有人都認為他已經被我打倒了……”

Voldemort moved slowly forward and turned to face Harry. He raised his wand.

“Crucio!”

It was pain beyond anything Harry had ever experienced; his very bones were on fire; his head was surely splitting along his scar; his eyes were rolling madly in his head; he wanted it to end . . . to black out . . . to die . . .

And then it was gone. He was hanging limply in the ropes binding him to the headstone of Voldemort's father, looking up into those bright red eyes through a kind of mist. The night was ringing with the sound of the Death Eaters' laughter.

"You see, I think, how foolish it was to suppose that this boy could ever have been stronger than me," said Voldemort. "But I want there to be no mistake in anybody's mind. Harry Potter escaped me by a lucky chance. And I am now going to prove my power by killing him, here and now, in front of you all, when there is no Dumbledore to help him, and no mother to die for him. I will give him his chance. He will be allowed to fight, and you will be left in no doubt which of us is the stronger. Just a little longer, Nagini," he whispered, and the snake glided away through the grass to where the Death Eaters stood watching.

伏地魔慢慢向前移動，轉身面向哈利。他舉起魔杖。“枷鎖咒！”這是哈利所感受到的最強烈的痛苦，他的骨骼似乎被點燃、他的頭腦一定是在劈裂，那雙瞳孔瘋狂地在轉動，他希望痛苦能結束……昏倒……死亡……然後痛苦消失了。他已經被綁在伏地魔父親的墳墓上，泰然自若地看著那些透過一片霧氣看上去更加閃爍的紅眼睛。夜晚充滿了食死徒們的笑聲。“你現在看到，這個男孩怎麼可能比我更強大，這是多麼可笑的想法，不過我想，現在在你的腦海中，不會有這樣的錯誤了。哈利·波特僅僅是侥幸逃避了我，現在我要證明我的實力，殺了他，在這裡，在你們面前，無論是鄧布利多還是他母親都無法救他。我會給他機會，讓他戰鬥，讓你明白誰才是更強大的人。再等一會，娜吉尼，”他低聲說道，蛇靈巧地從草叢中滑過，進入食死徒們注視著的位置。

"Now untie him, Wormtail, and give him back his wand."

“現在把他解開，蠟尾，還他的魔杖。”



PRIORI INCANTATEM

Wormtail approached Harry, who scrambled to find his feet, to support his own weight before the ropes were untied. Wormtail raised his new silver hand, pulled out the wad of material gagging Harry, and then, with one swipe, cut through the bonds tying Harry to the gravestone.

There was a split second, perhaps, when Harry might have considered running for it, but his injured leg shook under him as he stood on the overgrown grave, as the Death Eaters closed ranks, forming a tighter circle around him and Voldemort, so that the gaps where the missing Death Eaters should have stood were filled. Wormtail walked out of the circle to the place where Cedric's body lay and returned with Harry's wand, which he thrust roughly into Harry's hand without looking at him. Then Wormtail resumed his place in the circle of watching Death Eaters.

彼得走近哈利，哈利蹦蹦跳跳地想找到自己的脚，支撑住自己的体重，以免绳子被解开。彼得举起他的新银手，拿出将哈利堵嘴的一团布，然后只用了一招，切断了将哈利绑在墓碑上的绳索。或许在那一瞬间，哈利能想着逃跑，但是他受伤的腿站在长满草的墓上颤抖着，死亡飞徽组成了更紧密的圆圈，围在他和伏地魔周围，不留缺口，原本应该站着未到的死亡飞徽也被代替。彼得走出这个圈子，去了塞德里克的尸体那里，拿回了哈利的魔杖，没看哈利就将它粗暴地塞到哈利的手里，然后彼得又回到了围观的死亡飞徽中。

“You have been taught how to duel, Harry Potter?” said Voldemort softly, his red eyes glinting through the darkness.

At these words Harry remembered, as though from a former life, the dueling club at Hogwarts he had attended briefly two years ago. . . . All he had learned there was the Disarming Spell, “*Expelliarmus*” . . . and what use would it be to deprive Voldemort of his wand, even if he could, when he was surrounded by Death Eaters, outnumbered by at least thirty to one? He had never learned anything that could possibly fit him for this. He knew he was facing the thing against which Moody had always warned . . . the unblockable *Avada Kedavra* curse — and Voldemort was right — his mother was not here to die for him this time. . . . He was quite unprotected. . . .

“哈利波特，你學過如何決鬥了嗎？”沃爾德莫特輕聲問道，他的紅眼睛透過黑暗閃閃發光。這些話讓哈利記起了在霍格華茲出席短暫的決鬥俱樂部，兩年前他曾去過。他學到的全部就是解除魔法“*Expelliarmus*”……如果他能偷走佛地魔的魔杖，這有什麼用呢？他被佛地魔的死亡食物包圍，至少他們的數量是他的三十倍，他從未學到適合這種狀況的技能。他知道面對的是穆迪一直警告過的事情……解不開的阿瓦達•吸命咒——而佛地魔是對的——他的母親這次不在場為他犧牲……他非常沒有任何保護。”

“We bow to each other, Harry,” said Voldemort, bending a little, but keeping his snakelike face upturned to Harry. “Come, the niceties must be observed. . . . Dumbledore would like you to show manners. . . . Bow to death, Harry. . . .”

The Death Eaters were laughing again. Voldemort's lipless mouth was smiling. Harry did not bow. He was not going to let Voldemort play with him before killing him. . . . he was not going to give him that satisfaction. . . .

“I said, *bow*,” Voldemort said, raising his wand — and Harry felt his spine curve as though a huge, invisible hand were bending him ruthlessly forward, and the Death Eaters laughed harder than ever.

“Very good,” said Voldemort softly, and as he raised his wand the pressure bearing down upon Harry lifted too. “And now you face me, like a man. . . . straight-backed and proud, the way your father died. . . .”

「哈利，我們要互相鞠躬，」佛地魔說著，微微彎腰，但蛇一般的臉仍然抬向哈利。「來，禮節是必須的... 鄧布利多希望你表現出禮貌... 純死神鞠躬，哈利...」食死徒們又開始笑了起來，佛地魔無唇的嘴也在微笑。哈利沒有鞠躬，他不打算讓佛地魔在殺他之前玩弄他... 他不會給他那樣的滿足... 「我說過，鞠躬，」佛地魔說著，舉起魔杖，哈利感覺到自己的脊椎彎曲，彷彿一只巨大的無形手正在狠狠地將他向前彎曲，食死徒們比以往更加大聲地笑著。「很好，」佛地魔輕聲說道，當他舉起魔杖時，震壓也即時消失。「現在你要面對我，如同一個男人... 直著背，驕傲地面對，就像你父親死去的方式一樣...」

“And now — we duel.”

Voldemort raised his wand, and before Harry could do anything to defend himself, before he could even move, he had been hit again by the Cruciatus Curse. The pain was so intense, so all-consuming, that he no longer knew where he was. . . . White-hot knives were piercing every inch of his skin, his head was surely going to burst with pain, he was screaming more loudly than he'd ever screamed in his life —

And then it stopped. Harry rolled over and scrambled to his feet; he was shaking as uncontrollably as Wormtail had done when his hand had been cut off; he staggered sideways into the wall of watching Death Eaters, and they pushed him away, back toward Voldemort.

“A little break,” said Voldemort, the slit-like nostrils dilating with excitement, “a little pause . . . That hurt, didn’t it, Harry? You don’t want me to do that again, do you?”

「現在——我們決鬥。」伏地魔舉起魔杖，哈利還沒有任何防禦，甚至連動都沒有動，他又一次被咒語「擴嗚咒」擊中了。那種痛苦如此劇烈，如此無所不在，以至於他不再知道自己在哪裡……灼熱的刀子貫穿著他的每一寸肌膚，他的頭腦肯定要被痛楚震爆，他比他以前的任何時候都尖聲尖叫著——然後它停了。哈利翻了個身，爬起來；他的身體不受控制地顫抖著，就像瓣尾蟲失去手時所做的那樣；他向旁邊的觀察死食成員的牆倒退，他們把他推開，送回到伏地魔面前。「稍微休息一下。」伏地魔說，狹長的鼻孔因興奮而擴張。「稍作停頓……那疼吧，哈利？你不想我再這麼做一次，對嗎？」

Harry didn’t answer. He was going to die like Cedric, those pitiless red eyes were telling him so . . . he was going to die, and there was nothing he could do about it . . . but he wasn’t going to play along. He wasn’t going to obey Voldemort . . . he wasn’t going to beg . . .

“I asked you whether you want me to do that again,” said Voldemort softly. “Answer me! *Imperio!*”

And Harry felt, for the third time in his life, the sensation that his mind had been wiped of all thought. . . . Ah, it was bliss, not to think, it was as though he were floating, dreaming . . . *just answer no . . . say no . . . just answer no . . .*

I will not, said a stronger voice, in the back of his head, I won’t answer. . . .

Just answer no. . . .

I won’t do it, I won’t say it. . . .

哈利沒有回答。那些毫不留情的紅眼睛告訴他，他將像塞德里克一樣死去……他將死去，他無能為力……但他不會順從。他不會遵從佛地魔……他不會乞求……“我問你是否想讓我再做一次，”佛地魔輕聲說。“回答我！魔咒！”第三次，哈利感到他的思想被徹底抹去的感覺……啊，沒有思考是一種幸福，好像他在漂浮，做夢……只需要回答不……說不……只需要回答不……我不會的。他的頭腦深處傳來一個更堅定的聲音。只需要回答不……我不會這樣做，我不會說出來……

Just answer no. . . .

“I WON’T!”

And these words burst from Harry’s mouth; they echoed through the graveyard, and the dream state was lifted as suddenly as though cold water had been thrown over him—back rushed the aches that the Cruciatius Curse had left all over his body—back rushed the realization of where he was, and what he was facing. . . .

“You won’t?” said Voldemort quietly, and the Death Eaters were not laughing now. “You won’t say no? Harry, obedience is a virtue I need to teach you before you die. . . . Perhaps another little dose of pain?”

Voldemort raised his wand, but this time Harry was ready; with the reflexes born of his Quidditch training, he flung himself sideways onto the ground; he rolled behind the marble headstone of Voldemort’s father, and he heard it crack as the curse missed him.

只需要回答否定……“我不会！”哈利的话从他嘴里爆发出来；它们在墓地回响，梦境突然消失，就像有冷水泼在他身上 - 撞回他身体上被钻头咒剩下的痛楚 - 撞回他意识到他在哪里，以及他面对着什么。“你不会？”伏地魔安静地说，死亡飞吻现在不再笑了。“你不会说不？哈利，服从是我需要在你死之前教你的一种美德。……可能需要再来一点刺痛吗？”伏地魔举起他的魔杖，但这次哈利准备好了；由于他Quidditch的训练而产生的反射作用，他向一侧扔了自己的身体；他滚到伏地魔父亲的大理石墓碑后面，他听到它破裂的声音，因为咒语没有打中他。

“We are not playing hide-and-seek, Harry,” said Voldemort’s soft, cold voice, drawing nearer, as the Death Eaters laughed. “You cannot hide from me. Does this mean you are tired of our duel? Does this mean that you would prefer me to finish it now, Harry? Come out, Harry . . . come out and play, then . . . it will be quick . . . it might even be painless . . . I would not know . . . I have never died. . . .”

Harry crouched behind the headstone and knew the end had come. There was no hope . . . no help to be had. And as he heard Voldemort draw nearer still, he knew one thing only, and it was beyond fear or reason: He was not going to die crouching here like a child playing hide-and-seek; he was not going to die kneeling at Voldemort’s feet . . . he was going to die upright like his father, and he was going to die trying to defend himself, even if no defense was possible. . . .

「哈利，我們不再玩捉迷藏了，」伏地魔的聲音冷靜而柔和，逐漸接近，死亡食客都開心笑起來。「你躲不過我。這是不是說你對這場決鬥已感厭倦？這是不是意味著你寧願我現在便結束你的生命，哈利？出來，哈利……出來玩吧……這將會很快……甚至可能不會很痛苦……我不知道……我從未死過……」哈利蹲在墓碑後，知道自己的結局已經到來。沒有希望……無法得到幫助。當他聽到伏地魔靠近時，他只知道一件事，這已超越了恐懼或理智：他不會像一個躲藏的孩子那樣在這裡蹲著死去；他不會跪在伏地魔的腳下死去……他會像他的父親一樣站著死去，他會試圖保護自己，即使沒有防禦的可能……。

Before Voldemort could stick his snakelike face around the headstone, Harry stood up . . . he gripped his wand tightly in his hand, thrust it out in front of him, and threw himself around the headstone, facing Voldemort.

Voldemort was ready. As Harry shouted, “*Expelliarmus!*” Voldemort cried, “*Avada Kedavra!*”

A jet of green light issued from Voldemort’s wand just as a jet of red light blasted from Harry’s — they met in midair — and suddenly Harry’s

wand was vibrating as though an electric charge were surging through it; his hand seized up around it; he couldn't have released it if he'd wanted to — and a narrow beam of light connected the two wands, neither red nor green, but bright, deep gold. Harry, following the beam with his astonished gaze, saw that Voldemort's long white fingers too were gripping a wand that was shaking and vibrating.

在佛地魔能把他的蛇一样的脸露出头部之前，哈利站起来了……他紧紧地握住魔杖，向前伸出，然后扑向了佛地魔面前。佛地魔已经做好准备了。当哈利喊出“退散！”时，佛地魔叫道，“阿瓦达·卡达拉！”正当绿色的光束从佛地魔的魔杖中喷出时，一道红色的光束从哈利的魔杖中冲出——两道光束在半空中相遇——突然间，哈利的魔杖开始震动，仿佛有一股电流在其中爆发。他的手还紧紧抓住魔杖，就算他想松开，也松不开——一束不是红色也不是绿色，而是明亮而深的金色光束连接了两把魔杖。哈利惊奇地注视着这道光束，发现佛地魔长长的白色手指也紧紧握着一把正在震动的魔杖。

And then — nothing could have prepared Harry for this — he felt his feet lift from the ground. He and Voldemort were both being raised into the air, their wands still connected by that thread of shimmering golden light. They glided away from the tombstone of Voldemort's father and then came to rest on a patch of ground that was clear and free of graves. . . . The Death Eaters were shouting; they were asking Voldemort for instructions; they were closing in, reforming the circle around Harry and Voldemort, the snake slithering at their heels, some of them drawing their wands —

The golden thread connecting Harry and Voldemort splintered; though the wands remained connected, a thousand more beams arced high over Harry and Voldemort, crisscrossing all around them, until they were enclosed in a golden, dome-shaped web, a cage of light, beyond which the Death Eaters circled like jackals, their cries strangely muffled now. . . .

然後——沒有什麼能讓哈利做好準備——他感覺到自己的腳從地上抬起。他和伏地魔都被提升到空中，他們的魔杖仍然通過一條閃爍著金色光芒的線相連。他們飄離了伏地魔父親的墓碑，然後停在了一塊空曠、沒有墳墓的地面上……食死徒們在大喊大叫，他們正在向伏地魔尋求指示，他們正在向哈利和伏地魔靠拢，蛇在他們的腳跟上蠕動，其中一些人拔出了他們的魔杖——金色的線連接哈利和伏地魔破裂了，儘管魔杖仍然相連，但千條以上的光束在哈利和伏地魔上方高高弧起，互相交錯，直到他們被一個金色的、圓頂形的網絡包圍，形成了一個光之籠罩，超出了食死徒們像豺狼一樣圍繞著哈利和伏地魔，他們的聲音現在奇怪地被遏制了……

“Do nothing!” Voldemort shrieked to the Death Eaters, and Harry saw his red eyes wide with astonishment at what was happening, saw him fighting to break the thread of light still connecting his wand with Harry's; Harry held onto his wand more tightly, with both hands, and the golden thread remained unbroken. “Do nothing unless I command you!” Voldemort shouted to the Death Eaters.

And then an unearthly and beautiful sound filled the air. . . . It was coming from every thread of the light-spun web vibrating around Harry and Voldemort. It was a sound Harry recognized, though he had heard it only once before in his life: phoenix song.

It was the sound of hope to Harry . . . the most beautiful and welcome thing he had ever heard in his life. . . . He felt as though the song were inside him instead of just around him . . . It was the sound he connected with Dumbledore, and it was almost as though a friend were speaking in his ear. . . .

“什麼都不要做！”佛地魔對死食人說，哈利看到他一雙紅眼睛驚訝地瞪大，發現他在努力地切斷仍然連接他的魔杖和哈利的金色線。哈利雙手更緊地握住他的魔杖，金色的線仍然沒有斷裂。“除非我命令你，否則什麼都不要做！”佛地魔對死食人大喊。然後，一種非凡而美妙的聲音充滿了空氣。這聲音來自於環繞著哈利和佛地魔的光線網中的每一線。哈利認出了這個聲音，儘管他只在生命中聽過一次：鳳凰的歌聲。那是哈利的希望聲音……這是他生命中聽過最美麗和受歡迎的事情。他感到好像這首歌是在他體內而不是只在他周圍。這是他與鄧布利多聯繫的聲音，幾乎好像是一個朋友在他耳邊說話……”

Don't break the connection.

I know, Harry told the music, I know I mustn't . . . but no sooner had he thought it, than the thing became much harder to do. His wand began to vibrate more powerfully than ever . . . and now the beam between him and Voldemort changed too . . . it was as though large beads of light were sliding up and down the thread connecting the wands — Harry felt his wand give a shudder under his hand as the light beads began to slide slowly and steadily his way. . . . The direction of the beam's movement was now toward him, from Voldemort, and he felt his wand shudder angrily. . . .

As the closest bead of light moved nearer to Harry's wand-tip, the wood beneath his fingers grew so hot he feared it would burst into flame. The closer that bead moved, the harder Harry's wand vibrated; he was sure his wand would not survive contact with it; it felt as though it was about to shatter under his fingers —

不要斷開連接。哈利告訴音樂，我知道我不能……但他一想到這個，事情就變得更加困難了。他的魔杖開始震動得比以往任何時候都更強烈……現在他和佛地魔之間的光束也發生了變化……就好像兩根連接魔杖的線上正在滑動著大顆的光點……哈利感覺到他的魔杖在他的手下顫動，因為光珠開始慢慢向他逼近……束的移動方向現在是向他移動的，來自佛地魔，他感到他的魔杖在憤怒地顫動……當最近的光點靠近哈利的魔杖尖時，他手指下面的木材變得如此熱，以至於他擔心它會燃燒成火焰。隨著那顆光珠越靠近，哈利的魔杖就越難震動；他確信他的魔杖無法和它接觸而幸存下來；他感到就像它快要在他的手指下破碎一樣。

He concentrated every last particle of his mind upon forcing the bead back toward Voldemort, his ears full of phoenix song, his eyes furious, fixed . . . and slowly, very slowly, the beads quivered to a halt, and then, just as slowly, they began to move the other way . . . and it was Voldemort's wand that was vibrating extra-hard now . . . Voldemort who looked astonished, and almost fearful. . . .

One of the beads of light was quivering, inches from the tip of Voldemort's wand. Harry didn't understand why he was doing it, didn't know what it might achieve . . . but he now concentrated as he had never done in his life on forcing that bead of light right back into Voldemort's wand . . .

and slowly... very slowly... it moved along the golden thread... it trembled for a moment... and then it connected. . . .

他專注地集中他的思維粒子，試圖讓珠子返回維爾德模特，他的耳中充滿了鳳凰的歌聲，他的眼睛憤怒、堅定...珠子逐漸停止了顫抖，然後就像逐漸逆轉方向一樣...維爾德模特的魔杖現在額外劇烈地震動著...維爾德模特看起來驚訝，幾乎有點害怕...其中一顆光芒微微顫動，離維爾德模特的魔杖尖只有幾英寸遠。哈利不明白自己為什麼要這麼做，不知道會有什麼效果...但他現在集中精神，力求把那一顆光珠塞回維爾德模特的魔杖裡...然後緩緩地，非常緩慢地沿著金色的線移動...它一震動片刻...然後就連接了...

At once, Voldemort's wand began to emit echoing screams of pain... then — Voldemort's red eyes widened with shock — a dense, smoky hand flew out of the tip of it and vanished... the ghost of the hand he had made Wormtail... more shouts of pain... and then something much larger began to blossom from Voldemort's wand-tip, a great, grayish something, that looked as though it were made of the solidest, densest smoke. . . . It was a head... now a chest and arms... the torso of Cedric Diggory.

If ever Harry might have released his wand from shock, it would have been then, but instinct kept him clutching his wand tightly, so that the thread of golden light remained unbroken, even though the thick gray ghost of Cedric Diggory (was it a ghost? it looked so solid) emerged in its entirety from the end of Voldemort's wand, as though it were squeezing itself out of a very narrow tunnel... and this shade of Cedric stood up, and looked up and down the golden thread of light, and spoke.

伏地魔的魔杖突然开始发出尖叫声...然后，伏地魔的红眼睛震惊地睁大了——一只浓烟般的手飞快地从它的尖端飞出，消失无踪.....这是伏地魔用来制造韦尔特的手的幽灵.....更多的痛苦呼声.....然后，从伏地魔的魔杖尖端开始长出一些更大的东西，一些浑浊的、灰色的东西，看起来像是由最密实、最稠密的烟雾组成.....它是一个头.....然后是胸和手臂.....是赛德里克·迪戈里的躯干。如果哈利当时有任何惊异而松开魔杖，他可能会这样做，但本能让他紧紧地抓住魔杖，使得那条金色的光线一直保持不断，即使赛德里克·迪戈里那厚实的灰色幽灵（是幽灵吗？看起来很坚实）从伏地魔的魔杖尽头完全出现，就像是从一个非常狭窄的隧道里挤出来一样.....而这个赛德里克的幻影站了起来，抬头看了看金色光线，然后说话了。

“Hold on, Harry,” it said.

Its voice was distant and echoing. Harry looked at Voldemort... his wide red eyes were still shocked... he had no more expected this than Harry had... and, very dimly, Harry heard the frightened yells of the Death Eaters, prowling around the edges of the golden dome. . . .

More screams of pain from the wand... and then something else emerged from its tip... the dense shadow of a second head, quickly followed by arms and torso... an old man Harry had seen only in a dream was now pushing himself out of the end of the wand just as Cedric had done... and his ghost, or his shadow, or whatever it was, fell next to Cedric's, and surveyed Harry and Voldemort, and the golden web, and the connected wands, with mild surprise, leaning on his walking stick. . . .

“等一下，哈利，”它說。它的聲音遠而回蕩。哈利看著佛地魔...他寬大的紅眼睛仍然震驚...他和哈利一樣都沒有預料到這一幕...從金色圓頂的邊緣可以非常微弱地聽到死飛賊們驚恐的叫聲。...魔杖傳出更多的痛苦尖叫聲...然後另一件東西從魔杖的尖端出現了...第二個頭的濃密陰影，很快後面跟著手臂和軀幹...哈利曾在夢中見過的一位老人，現在正在努力地從魔杖的另一端推出來，就像小西德里克曾做過的那樣...他的幽靈或他的影子或任何東西，掉在小西德里克旁邊，凝視著哈利和佛地魔，金色的網和相連的魔杖，有些驚訝，靠在他的拐杖上。...

“He was a real wizard, then?” the old man said, his eyes on Voldemort. “Killed me, that one did. . . . You fight him, boy. . . .”

But already, yet another head was emerging... and this head, gray as a smoky statue, was a woman's. . . . Harry, both arms shaking now as he fought to keep his wand still, saw her drop to the ground and straighten up like the others, staring. . . .

The shadow of Bertha Jorkins surveyed the battle before her with wide eyes.

“Don't let go, now!” she cried, and her voice echoed like Cedric's as though from very far away. “Don't let him get you, Harry — don't let go!”

She and the other two shadowy figures began to pace around the inner walls of the golden web, while the Death Eaters flitted around the outside of it... and Voldemort's dead victims whispered as they circled the duelers, whispered words of encouragement to Harry, and hissed words Harry couldn't hear to Voldemort.

他是个真正的魔法师吗？”老人说，他的眼睛盯着伏地魔。“那个家伙杀了我...你和他战斗吧，孩子...”但又出现了另一个头...这个头阴沉溜溜的，像一座石像一样灰色，是一个女人的...哈利现在两只手都在颤抖，他努力让自己的魔杖保持稳定，看见她像其他人一样倒了下去，然后站起来，盯着他看...柏莎·乔金斯的影子惊讶地观察著眼前的战斗。“现在不要松手！”她喊道，她的声音像很远的地方传来的赛德里克一样回荡。“不要让他抓住你，哈利——不要松手！”她和另外两个幽灵般的人开始在金色网的内侧墙上走动，而食死徒们在它的外围游走...伏地魔死去的受害者围着战斗的人打转，对哈利说鼓励的话，对伏地魔喝骂声哈利听不见...

And now another head was emerging from the tip of Voldemort's wand... and Harry knew when he saw it who it would be... he knew, as though he had expected it from the moment when Cedric had appeared from the wand... knew, because the woman appearing was the one he'd thought of more than any other tonight. . . .

The smoky shadow of a young woman with long hair fell to the ground as Bertha had done, straightened up, and looked at him... and Harry, his arms shaking madly now, looked back into the ghostly face of his mother.

“Your father’s coming . . .” she said quietly. “Hold on for your father. . . . It will be all right. . . . Hold on. . . .”

And he came . . . first his head, then his body . . . tall and untidy-haired like Harry, the smoky, shadowy form of James Potter blossomed from the end of Voldemort’s wand, fell to the ground, and straightened like his wife. He walked close to Harry, looking down at him, and he spoke in the same distant, echoing voice as the others, but quietly, so that Voldemort, his face now livid with fear as his victims prowled around him, could not hear. . . .

現在，另一個頭從佛地魔的魔杖尖端浮現出來了...當哈利看到時，他知道是誰...他知道，就像是從西德里克從魔杖裡出現的那一刻起，他就已經預料到了...知道，因為現在出現的女人是他今晚想到的比任何人都多的人... 當伯沙掉下來的煙熏影子的年輕女人直立起來，望著他時，哈利的手臂瘋狂地發抖，他回望著他母親的鬼魅面容。「你爸爸要來了...」她輕聲說：「等一下你爸爸就到了...一切會好的...堅持住...」接著他到了...他的頭先出現，然後是身體...就像哈利一樣又高又亂的頭髮，詹姆斯·波特的煙熏影子從佛地魔的魔杖裡綻開，掉到地上，像他妻子一樣站直了。他緊靠在哈利身旁，俯視著他，說話的聲音和其他人一樣遙遠而空洞，但卻輕聲細語，以免佛地魔聽見，此時他臉色已經因為他的受害者圍繞在周圍而變得慘白。

“When the connection is broken, we will linger for only moments . . . but we will give you time . . . you must get to the Portkey, it will return you to Hogwarts . . . do you understand, Harry?”

“Yes,” Harry gasped, fighting now to keep a hold on his wand, which was slipping and sliding beneath his fingers.

“Harry . . .” whispered the figure of Cedric, “take my body back, will you? Take my body back to my parents. . . .”

“I will,” said Harry, his face screwed up with the effort of holding the wand.

“Do it now,” whispered his father’s voice, “be ready to run . . . do it now. . . .”

“NOW!” Harry yelled; he didn’t think he could have held on for another moment anyway — he pulled his wand upward with an almighty wrench, and the golden thread broke; the cage of light vanished, the phoenix song died — but the shadowy figures of Voldemort’s victims did not disappear — they were closing in upon Voldemort, shielding Harry from his gaze —

當連接中斷時，我們只會停留片刻.....但我們會給你時間.....你必須到達傳送門，它會將你帶回霍格華茲.....你明白了嗎，哈利？”“是的，”哈利喘息著，現在他竭力想保持抓住他的魔杖的力量，魔杖正在他的手指下滑動。“哈利.....”賽德里克的身影低聲說，“把我的屍體帶回去，好嗎？把我的屍體帶回給我的父母.....”“我會的，”哈利說，臉上扭曲著，努力保持魔杖的控制力。“現在就做吧，”父親的聲音低語，“準備好奔跑.....現在就做吧.....”“現在！”哈利大喊一聲；他不認為他還能再撐一會兒——他用全力向上拉起他的魔杖，金色的線斷了開來；光之籠消失了，鳳凰之歌也停止了——但佛地魔受害者的影子並沒有消失——他們正在靠近佛地魔，遮擋著哈利的視線——

And Harry ran as he had never run in his life, knocking two stunned Death Eaters aside as he passed; he zigzagged behind headstones, feeling their curses following him, hearing them hit the headstones — he was dodging curses and graves, pelting toward Cedric’s body, no longer aware of the pain in his leg, his whole being concentrated on what he had to do —

“Stun him!” he heard Voldemort scream.

Ten feet from Cedric, Harry dived behind a marble angel to avoid the jets of red light and saw the tip of its wing shatter as the spells hit it. Gripping his wand more tightly, he dashed out from behind the angel —

“*Impedimenta!*” he bellowed, pointing his wand wildly over his shoulder at the Death Eaters running at him.

From a muffled yell, he thought he had stopped at least one of them, but there was no time to stop and look; he jumped over the Cup and dived as he heard more wand blasts behind him; more jets of light flew over his head as he fell, stretching out his hand to grab Cedric’s arm —

哈利如同從未有過的速度奔跑，趁過路時撞倒兩名目瞪口呆的食死徒。他斜穿過墓碑後，感受到他們咒語的追趕，聽着咒語擊中墓碑，躲避着咒語和墳墓，飛快地衝向塞德里克的身體。他已經無法感覺到腿上的疼痛，全神貫注於他接下來該做什麼了。“昏迷他！”他聽到佛地魔的尖叫聲。距離塞德里克只有十英尺，在一個大理石天使後，哈利跳避來躲避紅色光束，順手握緊魔杖，從天使後方跑出去——“凝滯咒！”他狂吼着，撥動魔杖，指向從後面沖向他的食死徒。他聽到一聲被壓低的嘶吼，認為他至少成功擊退了一個人，但現在是沒有時間停下來看。他越過聖杯，俯身一跳，聽到更多魔杖的咆哮聲。更多的光束從他的頭上飛過，他伸出手去抓塞德里克的手臂 —

“Stand aside! I will kill him! He is mine!” shrieked Voldemort.

Harry’s hand had closed on Cedric’s wrist; one tombstone stood between him and Voldemort, but Cedric was too heavy to carry, and the Cup was out of reach —

Voldemort’s red eyes flamed in the darkness. Harry saw his mouth curl into a smile, saw him raise his wand.

“*Accio!*” Harry yelled, pointing his wand at the Triwizard Cup.

It flew into the air and soared toward him. Harry caught it by the handle —

He heard Voldemort’s scream of fury at the same moment that he felt the jerk behind his navel that meant the Portkey had worked — it was

speeding him away in a whirl of wind and color, and Cedric along with him . . . They were going back.

「讓開！我要殺了他！他是我的！」伏地魔尖叫道。哈利的手抓住了西德里克的手腕；他與伏地魔之間隔著一座墳墓，但西德里克太重了，而三強師杯也拿不到—伏地魔的紅眼在黑暗中燃燒。哈利看到他嘴角翹起一抹微笑，看到他舉起魔杖。

「Accio！」哈利大叫著，將魔杯對準魔杯。魔杯飛到空中，向他飛去。哈利抓住了它的手柄—他在同一時刻聽到伏地魔的憤怒尖叫聲，也感覺到了他的肚臍後面施加的力量，這意味著旅行魔法已經生效了—它以風和顏色的漩渦將他帶走，而西德里克也跟著他一起走了回去...



VERITASERUM

Harry felt himself slam flat into the ground; his face was pressed into grass; the smell of it filled his nostrils. He had closed his eyes while the Portkey transported him, and he kept them closed now. He did not move. All the breath seemed to have been knocked out of him; his head was swimming so badly he felt as though the ground beneath him were swaying like the deck of a ship. To hold himself steady, he tightened his hold on the two things he was still clutching: the smooth, cold handle of the Triwizard Cup and Cedric's body. He felt as though he would slide away into the blackness gathering at the edges of his brain if he let go of either of them. Shock and exhaustion kept him on the ground, breathing in the smell of the grass, waiting . . . waiting for someone to do something . . . something to happen . . . and all the while, his scar burned dully on his forehead. . . .

哈利感覺自己猛力撞向地面；他的臉被壓在草叢裡，草的味道充滿他的鼻孔。當傳送器（Portkey）傳送他的時候，他閉上了眼睛，現在他仍然閉著眼睛，一動也不動。他感覺所有的呼吸似乎都被撞飛了；他的頭暈得像是地面在晃動，就像船的甲板。為了讓自己保持穩定，他緊握著兩件東西：三強者杯的光滑、冷蕩的把手和塞德里克的身體。如果他放開其中任何一個，他感覺自己會滑入腦袋邊緣的黑暗中。震驚和疲憊使他留在地上，呼吸著草的味道，等待著……等待著有人做些什麼……等待著某件事情發生……同時，他的額頭上隱隱作痛的疤痕。

A torrent of sound deafened and confused him; there were voices everywhere, footsteps, screams. . . . He remained where he was, his face screwed up against the noise, as though it were a nightmare that would pass. . . .

Then a pair of hands seized him roughly and turned him over.

“Harry! Harry!”

He opened his eyes.

He was looking up at the starry sky, and Albus Dumbledore was crouched over him. The dark shadows of a crowd of people pressed in around them, pushing nearer; Harry felt the ground beneath his head reverberating with their footsteps.

He had come back to the edge of the maze. He could see the stands rising above him, the shapes of people moving in them, the stars above.

Harry let go of the Cup, but he clutched Cedric to him even more tightly. He raised his free hand and seized Dumbledore's wrist, while Dumbledore's face swam in and out of focus.

一陣聲音如潮水般湧來，使他失去了聽覺又感到困惑；到處都是聲音，腳步聲、尖叫聲……他呆在原地，臉上扭曲著，彷彿這是一個會過去的噩夢。然後，一雙手粗暴地攬住他，把他翻了過去。「哈利！哈利！」他睜開了眼睛。他看到星空閃爍的天空，阿不思·鄧不利多蹲在他身上。人群的黑暗陰影環繞著他們，越來越近；哈利感覺到地面在顫動，傳來他們腳步的震動。他回到了昏迷的邊緣。他能看到高高聳立的看台，那上面的人影在移動，星星在頭頂上閃耀。哈利放下了杯子，但他緊緊地抱著塞德里克。他抬起空著的手，緊握著鄧不利多的手腕，而鄧不利多的臉在模糊地游走。

“He's back,” Harry whispered. “He's back. Voldemort.”

“What's going on? What's happened?”

The face of Cornelius Fudge appeared upside down over Harry; it looked white, appalled.

“My God — Diggory!” it whispered. “Dumbledore — he's dead!”

The words were repeated, the shadowy figures pressing in on them gasped it to those around them . . . and then others shouted it — screeched it — into the night — “He's dead!” “He's *dead!*” “Cedric Diggory! *Dead!*”

“Harry, let go of him,” he heard Fudge's voice say, and he felt fingers trying to pry him from Cedric's limp body, but Harry wouldn't let him go. Then Dumbledore's face, which was still blurred and misted, came closer.

“Harry, you can't help him now. It's over. Let go.”

“He wanted me to bring him back,” Harry muttered — it seemed important to explain this. “He wanted me to bring him back to his parents. . . .”

他回來了，哈利悄聲道。“他回來了。佛地魔。”“發生了什麼事？怎麼了？”康尼留斯·范登貝的臉上下顛倒過來，看起來變得

蒼白。“天啊——迪戈里！”它小聲說。“達姆伯利——他死了！”這些話被反復了，身影們向他們靠攏時，壓低聲音對周圍的人說。然後其他人尖叫著大喊著，喊到了黑夜中——“他死了！”“他死了！”“塞德里克·迪戈里！死了！”“哈利，放開他吧，”范登貝的聲音說，他感覺到有手指試圖從塞德里克無力的身體上解開他的手，但哈利不肯放手。然後，仍然模糊和蒙著霧氣的達姆伯利的臉龐越來越近。“哈利，你現在幫不了他了。一切都結束了。放手吧。”“他讓我把她帶回去，”哈利喃喃自語——這似乎很重要。“他想我把他帶回他的父母那裡……”

“That's right, Harry . . . just let go now. . . .”

Dumbledore bent down, and with extraordinary strength for a man so old and thin, raised Harry from the ground and set him on his feet. Harry swayed. His head was pounding. His injured leg would no longer support his weight. The crowd around them jostled, fighting to get closer, pressing darkly in on him — “What's happened?” “What's wrong with him?” “Diggory's dead!”

“He'll need to go to the hospital wing!” Fudge was saying loudly. “He's ill, he's injured — Dumbledore, Diggory's parents, they're here, they're in the stands. . . .”

“I'll take Harry, Dumbledore, I'll take him —”

“No, I would prefer —”

“Dumbledore, Amos Diggory's running . . . he's coming over. . . . Don't you think you should tell him — before he sees — ?”

“沒錯，哈利……現在就放手吧……”鄧布利多彎下腰，力量非同尋常，他竟將年邁而纖弱的身軀負起哈利，把他放在地上，哈利搖晃著，他的頭嗡嗡作響，傷了的腿已經無法支撐他的體重，周圍的人們擁擠著，爭先恐後地靠近，壓得他喘不過氣來。“發生了什麼？”“他怎麼了？”“迪戈里死了！”“他得去醫務室！”范決明大聲說，“他病了，受傷了——鄧布利多，迪戈里的父母在這裡，他們在看臺上……”“哈利我來帶他。”“不，我寧願——”鄧布利多，阿莫斯·迪戈里在跑——他過來了……難道您不認為您應該告訴他——他看到之前？”

“Harry, stay here —”

Girls were screaming, sobbing hysterically. . . . The scene flickered oddly before Harry's eyes. . . .

“It's all right, son, I've got you . . . come on . . . hospital wing . . .”

“Dumbledore said stay,” said Harry thickly, the pounding in his scar making him feel as though he was about to throw up; his vision was blurring worse than ever.

“You need to lie down. . . . Come on now. . . .”

Someone larger and stronger than he was was half pulling, half carrying him through the frightened crowd. Harry heard people gasping, screaming, and shouting as the man supporting him pushed a path through them, taking him back to the castle. Across the lawn, past the lake and the Durmstrang ship, Harry heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the man helping him walk.

“哈利，留在這裡——”女孩們尖叫著，歇斯底里地哭泣著。. . . . 景象在哈利眼前奇怪地閃耀著。. . . . “沒事了，孩子，我掌握了你. . . . 到醫院翼去. . . .”“鄧布利多說留下，”哈利嗓音低沉地說，他的傷痕不停地跳動，感覺好像要嘔吐一樣，他的視力更加變得模糊不清。“你需要躺下. . . . 都過來. . . .”有人比他更高更強壯，半拉着他，半背着他經過受驚的人群。當那個幫助他的人為他開道經過人群，把他帶回城堡時，哈利聽到人們在喘息、尖叫和喊叫。從草坪對面，從湖和杜姆斯特朗的船上，哈利只聽到幫助他行走的人的重呼吸聲。

“What happened, Harry?” the man asked at last as he lifted Harry up the stone steps. *Clunk. Clunk. Clunk.* It was Mad-Eye Moody.

“Cup was a Portkey,” said Harry as they crossed the entrance hall. “Took me and Cedric to a graveyard . . . and Voldemort was there . . . Lord Voldemort . . .”

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk. Up the marble stairs . . .

“The Dark Lord was there? What happened then?”

“Killed Cedric . . . they killed Cedric . . .”

“And then?”

Clunk. Clunk. Clunk. Along the corridor . . .

“Made a potion . . . got his body back. . . .”

“The Dark Lord got his body back? He's returned?”

“And the Death Eaters came . . . and then we dueled. . . .”

“You dueled with the Dark Lord?”

“Got away . . . my wand . . . did something funny . . . I saw my mum and dad . . . they came out of his wand . . .”

「哈利，怎麼了？」最後，這個人問道，當他將哈利抬上石階時，咯噔、咯噔、咯噔，那是瘋眼穆迪。「那個杯子是傳送門，」哈利說，當他們穿過入口大廳時。「把我和西德里克帶到了墓地……而伏地魔在那裡……佛地魔大人……。」咯噔、咯噔、咯噔，他們走上大理石樓梯……「黑魔王在那裡？接下來發生了什麼？」「殺了西德里克……他們殺了西德里克……」「然後呢？」咯噔、咯噔、咯噔，他們沿著走廊走去……「調製了一瓶藥劑……取回了他的身體……」「黑魔王取回了他的身體？他回來了？」「死善盡來了……然後我們決鬥了……」「你和黑魔王決鬥了？」「逃脫了……我的魔杖……做了一些有趣的事情……我看到了我的媽媽和爸爸……他們從他的魔杖中走出來了……」

“In here, Harry . . . in here, and sit down . . . You’ll be all right now . . . drink this . . .”

Harry heard a key scrape in a lock and felt a cup being pushed into his hands.

“Drink it . . . you’ll feel better . . . come on, now, Harry, I need to know exactly what happened . . .”

Moody helped tip the stuff down Harry’s throat; he coughed, a peppery taste burning his throat. Moody’s office came into sharper focus, and so did Moody himself . . . He looked as white as Fudge had looked, and both eyes were fixed unblinkingly upon Harry’s face.

“Voldemort’s back, Harry? You’re sure he’s back? How did he do it?”

“He took stuff from his father’s grave, and from Wormtail, and me,” said Harry. His head felt clearer; his scar wasn’t hurting so badly; he could now see Moody’s face distinctly, even though the office was dark. He could still hear screaming and shouting from the distant Quidditch field.

哈利，進來這裡...坐下來...你現在會好起來的...喝這個...哈利聽到鑰匙在鎖孔中刮擦的聲音，感覺到有個杯子被推到他的手中。“喝掉它...你會感覺好些...來吧，哈利，我需要確切地知道發生了什麼事...”穆迪幫忙倒進哈利的喉嚨里；他咳嗽了一聲，一種辣味燒著他的喉嚨。穆迪的辦公室變得更加清晰，他的形象也變得更加鮮明...他的臉色和法謂的臉色一樣蒼白，雙眼緊盯著哈利的臉。“佛地魔回來了，哈利？你確定他回來了？他是如何做到的？”“他從他父親的墓地，還有從蟲尾巴和我身上拿走了一些東西，”哈利說。他的頭變得更清醒了，他的疤痕不再那麼疼痛，即使辦公室很暗，他仍然可以清楚地看到穆迪的臉。他仍然可以聽到從遠處的魁地奇球場傳來的尖叫和喊叫聲。

“What did the Dark Lord take from you?” said Moody.

“Blood,” said Harry, raising his arm. His sleeve was ripped where Wormtail’s dagger had torn it.

Moody let out his breath in a long, low hiss.

“And the Death Eaters? They returned?”

“Yes,” said Harry. “Loads of them . . .”

“How did he treat them?” Moody asked quietly. “Did he forgive them?”

But Harry had suddenly remembered. He should have told Dumbledore, he should have said it straightaway—

“There’s a Death Eater at Hogwarts! There’s a Death Eater here — they put my name in the Goblet of Fire, they made sure I got through to the end —”

Harry tried to get up, but Moody pushed him back down.

“I know who the Death Eater is,” he said quietly.

“Karkaroff?” said Harry wildly. “Where is he? Have you got him? Is he locked up?”

“暗黑勢力從你身上拿了什麼？”穆迪問道。“血，”哈利舉起手臂說。他的衣袖被瓦姆比特的匕首撕裂了。穆迪長長地呼出一口氣。“食死徒呢？他們回來了嗎？”“回來了，”哈利說，“很多呢……”“他對他們怎麼樣？”穆迪安靜地問道，“他原諒他們了嗎？”但哈利突然想起來了。他應該告訴鄧布利多，他應該立刻說出來……“霍格華茲有個食死徒！這裡有個食死徒——他們把我的名字放進火盃裡，他們確保我能到最後——”哈利想起床，但穆迪推了回去。“我知道是誰是食死徒，”他安靜地說。“卡卡羅夫？”哈利瘋狂地問道，“他在哪裡？你抓到他了嗎？他被關起來了嗎？”

“Karkaroff?” said Moody with an odd laugh. “Karkaroff fled tonight, when he felt the Dark Mark burn upon his arm. He betrayed too many faithful supporters of the Dark Lord to wish to meet them . . . but I doubt he will get far. The Dark Lord has ways of tracking his enemies.”

“Karkaroff’s gone? He ran away? But then — he didn’t put my name in the goblet?”

“No,” said Moody slowly. “No, he didn’t. It was I who did that.”

Harry heard, but didn’t believe.

“No, you didn’t,” he said. “You didn’t do that . . . you can’t have done . . .”

“I assure you I did,” said Moody, and his magical eye swung around and fixed upon the door, and Harry knew he was making sure that there was no one outside it. At the same time, Moody drew out his wand and pointed it at Harry.

“He forgave them, then?” he said. “The Death Eaters who went free? The ones who escaped Azkaban?”

「卡卡洛夫？」穆迪奇怪地笑著說。「卡卡洛夫今晚逃了，因為他感到黑魔王的標記在他的手臂上燃燒。他背叛了太多忠誠的黑魔王支持者，不希望遇見他們……但我懷疑他不會逃得太遠。黑魔王有追蹤敵人的方法。」「卡卡洛夫走了？他逃走了？但他並沒有把我的名字放在高腳杯裡？」「不，」穆迪慢慢地說。「不，他沒有。是我做了那件事。」哈利聽到了，但不相信。「不，你沒有，」他說。「你沒有這樣做……你不能這樣做……」「我向你保證我這樣做了，」穆迪說，他的魔法眼環視四周，專注地看著門口，哈利知道他在確保門外沒有人。同時，穆迪拔出魔杖，指向哈利。「那麼他原諒他們了？」他說。「那些被釋放的食死徒？那些逃離阿茲卡班的人？」

“What?” said Harry.

He was looking at the wand Moody was pointing at him. This was a bad joke, it had to be.

“I asked you,” said Moody quietly, “whether he forgave the scum who never even went to look for him. Those treacherous cowards who wouldn’t even brave Azkaban for him. The faithless, worthless bits of filth who were brave enough to cavor in masks at the Quidditch World Cup, but fled at the sight of the Dark Mark when I fired it into the sky.”

“*You* fired . . . What are you talking about . . . ?”

“I told you, Harry . . . I told you. If there’s one thing I hate more than any other, it’s a Death Eater who walked free. They turned their backs on my master when he needed them most. I expected him to punish them. I expected him to torture them. Tell me he hurt them, Harry . . .” Moody’s face was suddenly lit with an insane smile. “Tell me he told them that I, I alone remained faithful . . . prepared to risk everything to deliver to him the one thing he wanted above all . . . *you*.”

“什麼？”哈利說。他看著穆迪指向他的魔杖。這是個惡作劇，一定是的。“我問你，”穆迪輕聲說，“他是否原諒了那些甚至沒有去找他的卑鄙之徒。那些不肯為他冒險去阿茲卡班的叛徒懦夫。那些沒有信仰價值的下流之輩，他們在魁地奇世界杯上戴著面具嬉鬧，但一看到黑魔痕就逃之夭夭。”“你發射了……你說什麼……？”“我告訴過你，哈利……我告訴過你了。如果有一件事情我比其他任何事還要恨，那就是一名食死徒能夠逍遙法外。他們在我主人最需要他們的時候背叛了他。我本來期望他懲罰他們，我期望他折磨他們。告訴我，他傷害了他們，哈利……”穆迪的臉突然露出了瘋狂的笑容。“告訴我他告訴他們，我，只有我一個人守信用，準備冒一切風險，為他帶來他最想要的東西……你。”

“You didn’t . . . it — it can’t be you . . .”

“Who put your name in the Goblet of Fire, under the name of a different school? I did. Who frightened off every person I thought might try to hurt you or prevent you from winning the tournament? I did. Who nudged Hagrid into showing you the dragons? I did. Who helped you see the only way you could beat the dragon? *I did*. ”

Moody’s magical eye had now left the door. It was fixed upon Harry. His lopsided mouth leered more widely than ever.

“It hasn’t been easy, Harry, guiding you through these tasks without arousing suspicion. I have had to use every ounce of cunning I possess, so that my hand would not be detectable in your success. Dumbledore would have been very suspicious if you had managed everything too easily. As long as you got into that maze, preferably with a decent head start — then, I knew, I would have a chance of getting rid of the other champions and leaving your way clear. But I also had to contend with your stupidity. The second task . . . that was when I was most afraid we would fail. I was keeping watch on you, Potter. I knew you hadn’t worked out the egg’s clue, so I had to give you another hint —”

「你並沒有……做那件事——不可能是你……」「是誰把你的名字放進另一間學校的魔杯裡？是我。是誰嚇跑了每一個可能會傷害你或阻止你贏得比賽的人？是我。是誰激勵海格帶你去看龍的？是我。是誰幫你找到了打敗龍的方法？是我。」穆迪的魔法眼現在已經離開了門口。他凝視著哈利。他歪斜的嘴巴比以往更寬。「沒有那麼容易，哈利，我在引導你通過這些任務時不得不小心翼翼，以免引起懷疑。我必須利用我所有的聰明才智，以免我的手在你的成功中曝露出來。如果你太容易完成任務，鄧布利多會非常懷疑。只要你進入迷宮，最好有一個不錯的起步——然後，我知道，我就有機會擺脫其他冠軍並為你鋪平道路。但我還得應對你的愚蠢。第二個任務……那是我最害怕失敗的時候。我一直在監視你，波特。我知道你沒有想出蛋的暗示，所以我必須給你另一個提示——」

“You didn’t,” Harry said hoarsely. “Cedric gave me the clue —”

“Who told Cedric to open it underwater? I did. I trusted that he would pass the information on to you. Decent people are so easy to manipulate, Potter. I was sure Cedric would want to repay you for telling him about the dragons, and so he did. But even then, Potter, even then you seemed likely to fail. I was watching all the time . . . all those hours in the library. Didn’t you realize that the book you needed was in your dormitory all along? I planted it there early on, I gave it to the Longbottom boy, don’t you remember? *Magical Water Plants of the Mediterranean*. It would have told you all you needed to know about gillyweed. I expected you to ask everyone and anyone you could for help. Longbottom would have told you in an instant. But you did not . . . you did not . . . You have a streak of pride and independence that might have ruined all.

“你沒有啊，”哈利沙啞地說，“西迪克給了我線索——”“是誰告訴西迪克要在水下打開的呢？是我。我相信他會將這個信息傳遞給你。像塔，像西迪克這樣的好人很容易被操縱，波特。我確信西迪克會想回報你告訴他有關龍的事，他也的確這樣做了。但即便如此，波特，即便如此，你似乎還是會失敗。我一直在看著……在圖書館裡度過的那些小時。難道你沒有意識到你需要

的那本書一直在你宿舍嗎？我早就將它植入那裡，給朗巴頓的男孩，你不記得嗎？這本書是有關地中海神奇水生植物的。它將告訴你有關海參草的所有內容。我期望你向任何人尋求幫助。朗巴頓馬上就會告訴你。但你沒有……你沒有……你太驕傲獨立，這可能毀了你的一切。”

“So what could I do? Feed you information from another innocent source. You told me at the Yule Ball a house-elf called Dobby had given you a Christmas present. I called the elf to the staffroom to collect some robes for cleaning. I staged a loud conversation with Professor McGonagall about the hostages who had been taken, and whether Potter would think to use gillyweed. And your little elf friend ran straight to Snape's office and then hurried to find you . . .”

Moody's wand was still pointing directly at Harry's heart. Over his shoulder, foggy shapes were moving in the Foe-Glass on the wall.

“You were so long in that lake, Potter, I thought you had drowned. But luckily, Dumbledore took your idiocy for nobility, and marked you high for it. I breathed again.

那我該怎麼辦呢？從另一個無辜的來源提供給你一些信息。在聖誕舞會上，你告訴我一個叫 Dobby 的家內精靈送了你一份聖誕禮物。我把這個精靈叫到辦公室取洗衣袍。我與麥格教授演了一場聲嘶力竭地談論那些被抓走的人質，以及波特是否會想到使用水草的關於。然後，你的小精靈朋友直接跑去了斯內普的辦公室，然後趕著找你。那時摩迪的魔杖還直指著哈利的心臟。在他的肩膀上，玻璃反射鏡上的霧氣形狀正在移動著。“你在湖裡那麼久，波特，我還以為你已經溺死了。但幸運的是，邓布利多把你的蠢事當作高尚行為加以讚揚。我這才松了口氣。”

“You had an easier time of it than you should have in that maze tonight, of course,” said Moody. “I was patrolling around it, able to see through the outer hedges, able to curse many obstacles out of your way. I stunned Fleur Delacour as she passed. I put the Imperius Curse on Krum, so that he would finish Diggory and leave your path to the Cup clear.”

Harry stared at Moody. He just didn't see how this could be. . . . Dumbledore's friend, the famous Auror . . . the one who had caught so many Death Eaters . . . It made no sense . . . no sense at all. . . .

The foggy shapes in the Foe-Glass were sharpening, had become more distinct. Harry could see the outlines of three people over Moody's shoulder, moving closer and closer. But Moody wasn't watching them. His magical eye was upon Harry.

當然，你今晚在那個迷宮中的經驗比預期的要容易得多，”穆迪說。“我在迷宮周圍巡邏，能夠看穿外層的樹籬，能夠將許多障礙物咒語出你的路。當菲樂·德拉庫經過時，我擊昏了她。我對克魯姆使用了支配咒，讓他殺死迪哥里，讓你去取杯的路徑保持暢通。”哈利盯著穆迪，他完全無法理解這個情況……邓布利多的朋友，著名的奧羅，逮捕了如此多的食死徒……這完全沒有道理……完全沒有道理……对穆迪背后的三个人的雾状物体正在变得更加清晰。但穆迪没有注意到它们。他的神奇眼睛在盯着哈利。

“The Dark Lord didn't manage to kill you, Potter, and he *so* wanted to,” whispered Moody. “Imagine how he will reward me when he finds I have done it for him. I gave you to him—the thing he needed above all to regenerate—and then I killed you for him. I will be honored beyond all other Death Eaters. I will be his dearest, his closest supporter . . . closer than a son. . . .”

Moody's normal eye was bulging, the magical eye fixed upon Harry. The door was barred, and Harry knew he would never reach his own wand in time. . . .

“The Dark Lord and I,” said Moody, and he looked completely insane now, towering over Harry, leering down at him, “have much in common. Both of us, for instance, had very disappointing fathers . . . very disappointing indeed. Both of us suffered the indignity, Harry, of being named after those fathers. And both of us had the pleasure . . . the very great pleasure . . . of killing our fathers to ensure the continued rise of the Dark Order!”

“暗黑魔王並沒有殺死你，波特，他一直都想要這樣做，”穆迪低語著，“想像一下當他發現我替他完成了這件事他會如何獎勵我。我把你交給他——他最需要的事物——然後我再替他殺了你。我將是所有食死徒中最受尊敬的，我會是他最親密、最親近的支持者……比兒子還親近……”穆迪平常的眼睛瞪得鼓了起來，魔法眼睜視著哈利。門被關上了，哈利知道他永遠沒有時間拿到自己的魔杖。“暗黑魔王和我，”穆迪說，現在看起來完全瘋狂了，高高在上地懸立著，嘲諷地凝視著哈利，“有很多相似之處。例如，我們都有非常令人失望的父親……真的很失望。我們兩個都經歷過被取了那些父親的名字的屈辱，哈利。我們兩個都有樂趣……非常大的樂趣……殺掉自己的父親，以確保暗黑魔王勢力的繼續崛起！”

“You're mad,” Harry said — he couldn't stop himself — “you're mad!”

“Mad, am I?” said Moody, his voice rising uncontrollably. “We'll see! We'll see who's mad, now that the Dark Lord has returned, with me at his side! He is back, Harry Potter, you did not conquer him—and now—I conquer you!”

Moody raised his wand, he opened his mouth; Harry plunged his own hand into his robes —

“*Stupefy!*” There was a blinding flash of red light, and with a great splintering and crashing, the door of Moody's office was blasted apart —

Moody was thrown backward onto the office floor. Harry, still staring at the place where Moody's face had been, saw Albus Dumbledore, Professor Snape, and Professor McGonagall looking back at him out of the Foe-Glass. He looked around and saw the three of them standing in the doorway, Dumbledore in front, his wand outstretched.

「你瘋了，」哈利說，他忍不住說下去，「你瘋了！」「我瘋了嗎？」穆迪的聲音失控地高漲起來：「我們就來看看吧！現在黑魔王回來了，而我站在他的身邊！哈利·波特，你沒有征服他——現在——我征服了你！」穆迪舉起他的魔杖，他張開

嘴：哈利把自己的手伸進長袍裡——「*Stupefy!*！」一道耀眼的紅光閃過，門口的大門狠狠地破裂，碎片四飛——穆迪被丟到辦公室的地板上。哈利繼續凝視著穆迪臉部原本所在的位置，他看到阿不思·鄧不利多、斯內普教授和麥康娜教授從敵人鏡裡望著他。他四周看了看，看到他們三個站在門口，鄧不利多在前面，手中高舉魔杖。

At that moment, Harry fully understood for the first time why people said Dumbledore was the only wizard Voldemort had ever feared. The look upon Dumbledore's face as he stared down at the unconscious form of Mad-Eye Moody was more terrible than Harry could have ever imagined. There was no benign smile upon Dumbledore's face, no twinkle in the eyes behind the spectacles. There was cold fury in every line of the ancient face; a sense of power radiated from Dumbledore as though he were giving off burning heat.

He stepped into the office, placed a foot underneath Moody's unconscious body, and kicked him over onto his back, so that his face was visible. Snape followed him, looking into the Foe-Glass, where his own face was still visible, glaring into the room. Professor McGonagall went straight to Harry.

當時，哈利第一次完全明白為什麼人們說鄧布利多是佛地魔唯一害怕的巫師。當他注視著不省人事的瘋眼穆迪時，鄧布利多臉上的表情比哈利所想的更可怕。鄧布利多的臉上沒有溫和的微笑，眼鏡後面也沒有閃爍的光芒。從古老的臉龐上，散發著一股冷酷的憤怒；就像他散發著灼熱的熱量一樣，充滿了強大的力量。他走進了辦公室，把一只腳放在穆迪不省人事的身體下面，將他踢翻，讓他的臉露出來。斯內普跟著他進來，看著敵人玻璃中仍然顯示著他的臉，怒視著房間。麥格教授直接走向哈利。

“Come along Potter,” she whispered. The thin line of her mouth was twitching as though she was about to cry. “Come along . . . hospital wing . . .”

“No,” said Dumbledore sharply.

“Dumbledore, he ought to — look at him — he's been through enough tonight —”

“He will stay, Minerva, because he needs to understand,” said Dumbledore curtly. “Understanding is the first step to acceptance, and only with acceptance can there be recovery. He needs to know who has put him through the ordeal he has suffered tonight, and why.”

“Moody,” Harry said. He was still in a state of complete disbelief. “How can it have been Moody?”

“This is not Alastor Moody,” said Dumbledore quietly. “You have never known Alastor Moody. The real Moody would not have removed you from my sight after what happened tonight. The moment he took you, I knew — and I followed.”

“來吧，波特，”她低聲說。她嘴巴的薄紅線一直在抽動，彷彿她快要哭了。“走吧……醫院翼……”“不。”鄧布利多尖刻地說。“鄧布利多，他應該——看看他——他今晚已經受夠了——”“他會留下來，米內瓦，因為他需要了解，”鄧布利多脆冷地說。“理解是接受的第一步，只有接受才能有康復。他需要知道誰讓他度過今晚的折磨，以及為什麼。”“穆迪，”哈利說。他仍然處於完全不信的狀態。“穆迪怎麼可能做到這一點？”“這不是阿拉斯托·穆迪，”鄧布利多輕聲說。“你從未認識阿拉斯托·穆迪。那個真正的穆迪不會在發生今晚的事情後將你帶離我的視線。當他帶你走的時候，我知道了——然後我跟著他。”

Dumbledore bent down over Moody's limp form and put a hand inside his robes. He pulled out Moody's hip flask and a set of keys on a ring. Then he turned to Professors McGonagall and Snape.

“Severus, please fetch me the strongest Truth Potion you possess, and then go down to the kitchens and bring up the house-elf called Winky. Minerva, kindly go down to Hagrid's house, where you will find a large black dog sitting in the pumpkin patch. Take the dog up to my office, tell him I will be with him shortly, then come back here.”

If either Snape or McGonagall found these instructions peculiar, they hid their confusion. Both turned at once and left the office. Dumbledore walked over to the trunk with seven locks, fitted the first key in the lock, and opened it. It contained a mass of spellbooks. Dumbledore closed the trunk, placed a second key in the second lock, and opened the trunk again. The spellbooks had vanished; this time it contained an assortment of broken Sneakoscopes, some parchment and quills, and what looked like a silvery Invisibility Cloak. Harry watched, astounded, as Dumbledore placed the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth keys in their respective locks, reopening the trunk, and each time revealing different contents. Then he placed the seventh key in the lock, threw open the lid, and Harry let out a cry of amazement.

鄧不利多俯下身子，檢視莫迪的無力的身軀，然後伸手進他的袍子裡。他拿出了莫迪的酒壺和一串鑰匙。然後他轉向麥康娜和斯內普教授。“塞弗魯斯，請給我取出你所擁有的最強的真相藥，然後下到廚房，把那個叫溫琪的小精靈帶上來。米內瓦，請去海格的房子，那裡會有一隻大黑狗坐在南瓜田裡。把狗帶到我的辦公室，告訴他我馬上就會來，然後再回到這裡。”如果斯內普或麥康娜發現這些指示很奇怪，他們就把困惑藏了起來。兩人立刻離開了辦公室。鄧不利多走到了那個有七個鎖的箱子那裡，他把第一個鑰匙放進鎖孔，打開了它。它裡面裝滿了法術書。鄧不利多關上箱子，把第二把鑰匙放在了第二個鎖孔裡，又打開了箱子。這次裡面沒有法術書，而是一些壞掉的偷窺眼鏡、一些羊皮紙和羽毛筆，以及一條看起來像是銀色隱形斗篷的東西。哈利驚訝地看著鄧不利多把第三、第四、第五和第六把鑰匙放進了各自的鎖孔，然後重新打開了箱子，每次都揭示出不同的內容。然後他把第七把鑰匙放進了鎖孔，猛地把蓋子打開，哈利發出了驚嘆聲。

He was looking down into a kind of pit, an underground room, and lying on the floor some ten feet below, apparently fast asleep, thin and starved in appearance, was the real Mad-Eye Moody. His wooden leg was gone, the socket that should have held the magical eye looked empty beneath its lid, and chunks of his grizzled hair were missing. Harry stared, thunderstruck, between the sleeping Moody in the trunk and the unconscious Moody lying on the floor of the office.

Dumbledore climbed into the trunk, lowered himself, and fell lightly onto the floor beside the sleeping Moody. He bent over him.

“Stunned — controlled by the Imperius Curse — very weak,” he said. “Of course, they would have needed to keep him alive. Harry, throw down the imposter’s cloak — he’s freezing. Madam Pomfrey will need to see him, but he seems in no immediate danger.”

他正在往一個坑裡面看，這是一個地下室，躺在十英尺下方的地板上，看起來像是餓瘦的真正的瘋眼穆迪，他顯然正在熟睡。他的木腿不見了，本該容納魔法眼的插座在其蓋子下看起來是空的，而他的灰白色头发上有一些块状的缺失。哈利驚詫地盯著在旅行箱子裡睡覺的穆迪和躺在辦公室地板上的昏迷穆迪之間。鄧布利多爬進旅行箱裡，降落在睡覺的穆迪旁邊的地板上，並輕輕地摔倒。他彎腰看著他。“受到攻擊 - 受到魅惑咒的控制 - 非常虛弱，”他說。“當然，他們需要讓他活著。哈利，拋下冒牌者的斗篷，他正快凍僵了。帕姆弗雷夫人需要去看他，但他似乎沒有立即危險。”

Harry did as he was told; Dumbledore covered Moody in the cloak, tucked it around him, and clambered out of the trunk again. Then he picked up the hip flask that stood upon the desk, unscrewed it, and turned it over. A thick glutinous liquid splattered onto the office floor.

“Polyjuice Potion, Harry,” said Dumbledore. “You see the simplicity of it, and the brilliance. For Moody never *does* drink except from his hip flask, he’s well known for it. The imposter needed, of course, to keep the real Moody close by, so that he could continue making the potion. You see his hair . . .” Dumbledore looked down on the Moody in the trunk. “The imposter has been cutting it off all year, see where it is uneven? But I think, in the excitement of tonight, our fake Moody might have forgotten to take it as frequently as he should have done . . . on the hour . . . every hour. . . . We shall see.”

哈利照著指示做了，鄧布利多用斗篷覆蓋莫迪，把它圍繞著他，再次從櫃子爬了下來。然後他拿起站在桌子上的小酒瓶，拧開它，倒過來。一種黏稠的液體噴濺在辦公室的地板上。「波利裘斯藥水，哈利，」鄧布利多說。「你看它的簡單和巧妙之處。因為莫迪除了從他的小酒瓶裡喝酒，從不喝別的，這是眾所周知的。冒充者當然需要讓真正的莫迪一直待在身邊，這樣他才能繼續製作藥水。你看他的頭髮……」鄧布利多低頭看著箱子裡的莫迪。「假冒者整年都在剪莫迪的頭髮，你看到它是多麼的不均勻嗎？但我想，今晚的激動可能讓我們的假莫迪忘記他應該多頻繁地服用藥水……每個小時……我們拭目以待吧。」

Dumbledore pulled out the chair at the desk and sat down upon it, his eyes fixed upon the unconscious Moody on the floor. Harry stared at him too. Minutes passed in silence. . . .

Then, before Harry’s very eyes, the face of the man on the floor began to change. The scars were disappearing, the skin was becoming smooth; the mangled nose became whole and started to shrink. The long mane of grizzled gray hair was withdrawing into the scalp and turning the color of straw. Suddenly, with a loud *chunk*, the wooden leg fell away as a normal leg regrew in its place; next moment, the magical eyeball had popped out of the man’s face as a real eye replaced it; it rolled away across the floor and continued to swivel in every direction.

Harry saw a man lying before him, pale-skinned, slightly freckled, with a mop of fair hair. He knew who he was. He had seen him in Dumbledore’s Pensieve, had watched him being led away from court by the dementors, trying to convince Mr. Crouch that he was innocent . . . but he was lined around the eyes now and looked much older. . . .

鄧不利多拉開桌上的椅子，坐了下來，目光注視著地上昏迷的穆迪。哈利也看著他。靜默了幾分鐘……然後，在哈利眼前，躺在地上的男人的臉開始改變。傷疤消失了，皮膚變得光滑；毀容的鼻子也變成了完整的樣子，開始縮小。灰色的長髮毛正在收回頭皮，變成了稻草色。突然間，伴隨著一聲巨響，木腿脫落了，一根正常的腿長出來取代了它；下一刻，魔法眼珠從男人臉上彈了出來，被一個真正的眼睛所取代；它在地板上滾來滾去，一直旋轉。哈利看到一個躺在他面前的男人，皮膚蒼白，略帶雀斑，梳著金色的頭髮。他知道他是誰。他在鄧不利多的回憶瓶中見過他，看著他被摩登扣押，試圖說服柯羅奇先生他是無辜的……但他現在眼角有皺紋，看起來老了許多……

There were hurried footsteps outside in the corridor. Snape had returned with Winky at his heels. Professor McGonagall was right behind them.

“Crouch!” Snape said, stopping dead in the doorway. “Barty Crouch!”

“Good heavens,” said Professor McGonagall, stopping dead and staring down at the man on the floor.

Filthy, disheveled, Winky peered around Snape’s legs. Her mouth opened wide and she let out a piercing shriek.

“Master Barty, Master Barty, what is you doing here?”

She flung herself forward onto the young man’s chest.

“You is killed him! You is killed him! You is killed Master’s son!”

“He is simply Stunned, Winky,” said Dumbledore. “Step aside, please. Severus, you have the potion?”

Snape handed Dumbledore a small glass bottle of completely clear liquid: the Veritaserum with which he had threatened Harry in class. Dumbledore got up, bent over the man on the floor, and pulled him into a sitting position against the wall beneath the Foe-Glass, in which the reflections of Dumbledore, Snape, and McGonagall were still glaring down upon them all. Winky remained on her knees, trembling, her hands over her face. Dumbledore forced the man’s mouth open and poured three drops inside it. Then he pointed his wand at the man’s chest and said, “*Rennervate.*”

走廊外傳來匆忙的腳步聲。斯內普帶著威琪跟在身後回來了。麥格教授緊隨其後。“克勞奇！”斯內普來到門口，突然停住，“巴蒂·克勞奇！”“我的天啊，”麥格教授也停了下來，盯著地上的男子，“他是誰？”威琪看著污穢不堪的巴蒂，他從斯內

普脚下露出頭來。她張大嘴巴，發出一聲尖叫。“克勞奇大師，克勞奇大師，你在這裡幹嘛？”她衝上前，扑在年輕男子的胸前。“你殺了他！你殺了他！你殺了主人的兒子！”“他只是被擊暈了，威琪，”鄧布利多說，“請站到一邊。塞維勒斯，你帶來藥水了吗？”斯內普遞給鄧布利多一個小玻璃瓶，裡面是那瓶他在課堂上威脅哈利的真言決。鄧布利多起身，彎下腰來，把倒在地上的男人拖回到斧鏡牆下的牆邊，那裡的斧鏡裏仍然倒映著鄧布利多、斯內普和麥格教授。威琪僵在那裡，顫抖著，手掩著臉。鄧布利多撐開男子的嘴巴，倒進去三滴藥水。然後，他用魔杖指著男子的胸口，說：“甦醒。”

Crouch's son opened his eyes. His face was slack, his gaze unfocused. Dumbledore knelt before him, so that their faces were level.

“Can you hear me?” Dumbledore asked quietly.

The man's eyelids flickered.

“Yes,” he muttered.

“I would like you to tell us,” said Dumbledore softly, “how you came to be here. How did you escape from Azkaban?”

Crouch took a deep, shuddering breath, then began to speak in a flat, expressionless voice.

“My mother saved me. She knew she was dying. She persuaded my father to rescue me as a last favor to her. He loved her as he had never loved me. He agreed. They came to visit me. They gave me a draught of Polyjuice Potion containing one of my mother's hairs. She took a draught of Polyjuice Potion containing one of my hairs. We took on each other's appearance.”

Crouch的兒子張開了眼睛。他的臉色鬆弛，目光渾沌。鄧布利多跪在他面前，他們的面孔處於同一水平。“你能聽見我說話嗎？”鄧布利多輕聲問道。男子的眼瞼抖動了一下。“是的，”他喃喃道。“我想要你告訴我們，”鄧布利多輕聲說，“你是如何到達這裡的。你是如何從阿茲卡班逃脫的？”Crouch深深地吸了一口氣，然後用平靜無表情的聲音開始講話。“是我母親救了我。她知道她快死了。她說服我父親作為最後一個好心情人來拯救我。他愛她，一如他從未愛過我。他同意了。他們來看我，給了我一份含有我母親一根頭髮的變身藥。她喝了一份含有我的一根頭髮的變身藥。我們互相變成了對方的樣子。”

Winky was shaking her head, trembling.

“Say no more, Master Barty, say no more, you is getting your father into trouble!”

But Crouch took another deep breath and continued in the same flat voice.

“The dementors are blind. They sensed one healthy, one dying person entering Azkaban. They sensed one healthy, one dying person leaving it. My father smuggled me out, disguised as my mother, in case any prisoners were watching through their doors.

“My mother died a short while afterward in Azkaban. She was careful to drink Polyjuice Potion until the end. She was buried under my name and bearing my appearance. Everyone believed her to be me.”

The man's eyelids flickered.

“And what did your father do with you, when he had got you home?” said Dumbledore quietly.

“Staged my mother's death. A quiet, private funeral. That grave is empty. The house-elf nursed me back to health. Then I had to be concealed. I had to be controlled. My father had to use a number of spells to subdue me. When I had recovered my strength, I thought only of finding my master . . . of returning to his service.”

溫奇搖著頭，顫抖著。「不要再講了，巴提大師，不要再講了，你會讓你父親陷入麻煩的！」但Crouch深吸了一口氣，同樣平淡的聲音繼續說道。「摩魯人是盲的。它們感覺到一個健康的人和一個瀕死的人進入了阿茲卡班。他們感覺到一個健康的人和一個瀕死的人離開了阿茲卡班。我父親把我帶出來，假扮我的母親，以防任何囚犯透過他們的房門觀察。「我母親在不久之後在阿茲卡班死去了。她注意喝著變身藥一直到最後。她被埋葬在我的名字下，並帶著我的樣子。每個人都相信她是我。」男人的眼瞼閃動了一下。「當你被帶回家後，你父親對你做了什麼？」鄧打比小聲地問道。「安排了我母親的死亡。一個安靜的私人葬禮。那個墓地是空的。家-精靈把我護理回來。然後我必須被隱藏。我必須被控制。我父親必須使用一些法術來制服我。當我恢復了健康，我只想著找到我的主人...回到他的服務中。」

“How did your father subdue you?” said Dumbledore.

“The Imperius Curse,” Crouch said. “I was under my father's control. I was forced to wear an Invisibility Cloak day and night. I was always with the house-elf. She was my keeper and caretaker. She pitied me. She persuaded my father to give me occasional treats. Rewards for my good behavior.”

“Master Barty, Master Barty,” sobbed Winky through her hands. “You isn't ought to tell them, we is getting in trouble. . . .”

“Did anybody ever discover that you were still alive?” said Dumbledore softly. “Did anyone know except your father and the house-elf?”

“Yes,” said Crouch, his eyelids flickering again. “A witch in my father's office. Bertha Jorkins. She came to the house with papers for my father's signature. He was not at home. Winky showed her inside and returned to the kitchen, to me. But Bertha Jorkins heard Winky talking to me. She came to investigate. She heard enough to guess who was hiding under the Invisibility Cloak. My father arrived home. She confronted him. He put a

very powerful Memory Charm on her to make her forget what she'd found out. Too powerful. He said it damaged her memory permanently."

「你父親是怎樣控制你的？」鄧不利多問道。「魔咒督戰。」克勞奇說：「我被我父親控制，被迫日夜穿著隱形斗篷，一直與家精靈在一起。她是我的看守和照顧者。她憐憫我，說服我父親給我一些偶爾的獎勵，作為我的好表現的報酬。」「巴蒂大師，巴蒂大師。」溫琪抽噎著，捂著臉說：「您不應該告訴他們，我們會惹上麻煩……」「除了你父親和家精靈以外，有沒有其他人發現你還活著？」鄧不利多輕聲問道。「有，」克勞奇的眼皮又跳了起來，「我父親辦公室的一位女巫，貝莎·賈金斯。她帶著文件來到我家等著我父親簽字。他不在家裡。溫琪把她帶進了房子裡，然後回到廚房，到我的身邊。但貝莎·賈金斯聽到溫琪和我說話，於是過來調查，聽到了足以猜出誰藏在隱形斗篷下的事情。我父親回家了。她詢問了他。他對她進行了一個非常強大的記憶魔法，讓她忘記她發現的一切。太強了。他說它永久地損壞了她的記憶。」

“Why is she coming to nose into my master's private business?” sobbed Winky. “Why isn't she leaving us be?”

“Tell me about the Quidditch World Cup,” said Dumbledore.

“Winky talked my father into it,” said Crouch, still in the same monotonous voice. “She spent months persuading him. I had not left the house for years. I had loved Quidditch. Let him go, she said. He will be in his Invisibility Cloak. He can watch. Let him smell fresh air for once. She said my mother would have wanted it. She told my father that my mother had died to give me freedom. She had not saved me for a life of imprisonment. He agreed in the end.

“It was carefully planned. My father led me and Winky up to the Top Box early in the day. Winky was to say that she was saving a seat for my father. I was to sit there, invisible. When everyone had left the box, we would emerge. Winky would appear to be alone. Nobody would ever know.

「為什麼她要來干涉我主人的私人事務呢？」Winky哽咽說道。「為什麼她不讓我們自己呢？」「告訴我關於魁地奇世界盃的事情。」Dumbledore說。「Winky說服了我父親。」Crouch仍以同樣的單調聲音說。「她花了幾個月的時間說服他。我已經好幾年沒有離開過家了。我曾經喜歡魁地奇。讓他去，她說。他會穿上隱形斗篷。他可以觀賞比賽。讓他嘗嘗新鮮空氣。她說，我母親會希望如此。她告訴我父親，我的母親已經為了給我自由而死了。她不希望我度過牢獄般的生活。最終，他同意了。「這是精心策劃的。我父親帶著我和Winky一早來到頂層包廂。Winky要說她正在為我父親保留座位。我要隱形地坐在那裡。當每個人離開包廂時，我們就會出現。Winky會看起來孤單無助。沒有人會知道。」

“But Winky didn't know that I was growing stronger. I was starting to fight my father's Imperius Curse. There were times when I was almost myself again. There were brief periods when I seemed outside his control. It happened, there, in the Top Box. It was like waking from a deep sleep. I found myself out in public, in the middle of the match, and I saw, in front of me, a wand sticking out of a boy's pocket. I had not been allowed a wand since before Azkaban. I stole it. Winky didn't know. Winky is frightened of heights. She had her face hidden.”

“Master Barty, you bad boy!” whispered Winky, tears trickling between her fingers.

“So you took the wand,” said Dumbledore, “and what did you do with it?”

“We went back to the tent,” said Crouch. “Then we heard them. We heard the Death Eaters. The ones who had never been to Azkaban. The ones who had never suffered for my master. They had turned their backs on him. They were not enslaved, as I was. They were free to seek him, but they did not. They were merely making sport of Muggles. The sound of their voices awoke me. My mind was clearer than it had been in years. I was angry. I had the wand. I wanted to attack them for their disloyalty to my master. My father had left the tent; he had gone to free the Muggles. Winky was afraid to see me so angry. She used her own brand of magic to bind me to her. She pulled me from the tent, pulled me into the forest, away from the Death Eaters. I tried to hold her back. I wanted to return to the campsite. I wanted to show those Death Eaters what loyalty to the Dark Lord meant, and to punish them for their lack of it. I used the stolen wand to cast the Dark Mark into the sky.

但溫琪不知道我越來越強大。我開始對抗父親的懷疑咒。有時我幾乎恢復了正常。有短暫的時期，我似乎超出了他的控制。那是在看台上發生的。它就像是從沉睡中醒來一樣。我發現自己在公眾場合，處於比賽中央，我看到前面有一個男孩的口袋中伸出魔杖。自阿茲卡班之前，我一直沒有拿過魔杖。我偷了它。溫琪不知道。溫琪害怕高度。她藏起了臉。“巴蒂大師，你這個壞孩子！”溫琪低聲說，淚滴在她的手指間流下。鄧布利多說：“那么你拿了这个魔杖，然后呢？”卡拉克說：“我们回到帳篷里。然后我们听到了他们的声音。他们就是那些从未到过阿茲卡班的食死徒。他们从未为我的主人受过苦。他们背叛了他。他们没有像我一样被奴役。他们可以自由地寻找他，但他们没有。他们只是在拿麻瓜开刀。他们的声音唤醒了我。我的头脑比多年前更清晰了。我很生气。我有了魔杖。我想攻击他们因为他们对我的主人不忠。我的父亲已经离开了帳篷；他去释放麻瓜。溫琪害怕我这么生气。她用自己的魔法把我绑在她身边。她把我从帳篷中拉出来，拉进了森林，远离了食死徒。我试图拉住她。我想回到营地。我想向那些食死徒展示忠诚于黑暗領主意味着什么，并惩罚他们的不忠。我用那把被偷来的魔杖把黑魔标记扔向了天空。

“Ministry wizards arrived. They shot Stunning Spells everywhere. One of the spells came through the trees where Winky and I stood. The bond connecting us was broken. We were both Stunned.

“When Winky was discovered, my father knew I must be nearby. He searched the bushes where she had been found and felt me lying there. He waited until the other Ministry members had left the forest. He put me back under the Imperius Curse and took me home. He dismissed Winky. She had failed him. She had let me acquire a wand. She had almost let me escape.”

Winky let out a wail of despair.

“Now it was just Father and I, alone in the house. And then . . . and then . . .” Crouch's head rolled on his neck, and an insane grin spread across

his face. ‘My master came for me.

‘He arrived at our house late one night in the arms of his servant Wormtail. My master had found out that I was still alive. He had captured Bertha Jorkins in Albania. He had tortured her. She told him a great deal. She told him about the Triwizard Tournament. She told him the old Auror, Moody, was going to teach at Hogwarts. He tortured her until he broke through the Memory Charm my father had placed upon her. She told him I had escaped from Azkaban. She told him my father kept me imprisoned to prevent me from seeking my master. And so my master knew that I was still his faithful servant — perhaps the most faithful of all. My master conceived a plan, based upon the information Bertha had given him. He needed me. He arrived at our house near midnight. My father answered the door.’

部長的巫師到了。他們到處放出昏迷咒。其中一個咒語穿過樹林，正好擊中我和溫琪所在的位置。將我們之間的聯繫斷開。我們都被擊昏了。“當溫琪被發現時，我父親知道我一定在附近。他搜索了溫琪被發現的叢林，並感覺到我躺在那裡。他等到其他部門成員離開森林後。他讓我再次受到支配咒並帶我回家。他解雇了溫琪。她讓他失望了。她讓我得到了一根魔杖。她幾乎讓我逃跑了。”溫琪發出了悲傷的哀嚎。“現在只有父親和我在家裡。然後……然後……“克勞奇的頭在他的脖子上翻轉著，瘋狂的笑容掛在他的臉上，“我的主人為我而來。“他在深夜由他的僕人阿蠹抱著到達了我們家。我的主人發現我還活著。他在阿爾巴尼亞抓住了伯莎·喬金斯。他折磨了她。她告訴他很多事情。她告訴他三巫鬥法大賽的事情。她告訴他老凡慕帶著她去霍格華茲教書。他折磨她直到突破我父親對她的記憶咒。她告訴他我從阿茲卡班逃脫了。她告訴他我父親讓我被囚禁以防止我尋找我的主人。所以我的主人知道我仍然是他忠誠的僕人-也許是最忠誠的一個。基於伯莎提供的信息，我的主人構想出一個計劃。他需要我。他在深夜抵達我們家。我父親開了門。”

The smile spread wider over Crouch’s face, as though recalling the sweetest memory of his life. Winky’s petrified brown eyes were visible through her fingers. She seemed too appalled to speak.

‘It was very quick. My father was placed under the Imperius Curse by my master. Now my father was the one imprisoned, controlled. My master forced him to go about his business as usual, to act as though nothing was wrong. And I was released. I awoke. I was myself again, alive as I hadn’t been in years.’

‘And what did Lord Voldemort ask you to do?’ said Dumbledore.

‘He asked me whether I was ready to risk everything for him. I was ready. It was my dream, my greatest ambition, to serve him, to prove myself to him. He told me he needed to place a faithful servant at Hogwarts. A servant who would guide Harry Potter through the Triwizard Tournament without appearing to do so. A servant who would watch over Harry Potter. Ensure he reached the Triwizard Cup. Turn the Cup into a Portkey, which would take the first person to touch it to my master. But first —’

笑容在克勞奇的臉上擴散開來，彷彿回想起他生命中最甜美的回憶。溫琪嚇得石化的棕色眼睛透過她的手指可見。她似乎太驚恐了，無法說話。「這很快。我的父親被我的主人施加極權詛咒。現在我父親被囚禁了，被控制了。我的主人強迫他繼續他的業務，表現得好像一切都沒有問題。而我被釋放了。我醒來了。我又成為自己，像多年來一樣地活著。」「那麼，伏地魔問你做什麼？」鄧布利多說。「他問我是否準備好為他冒一切風險。我準備好了。這是我的夢想，我的最大抱負，去服務他，向他證明自己。他告訴我他需要在霍格華茲放置一個忠實的僕人。一個將指導哈利波特通過三強戰役而不被發現的僕人。一個會照顧哈利波特的僕人。確保他到達三強杯。將杯子轉化為移動門，第一個碰觸它的人會被傳送到我的主人那裡。但首先——」

‘You needed Alastor Moody,’ said Dumbledore. His blue eyes were blazing, though his voice remained calm.

‘Wormtail and I did it. We had prepared the Polyjuice Potion beforehand. We journeyed to his house. Moody put up a struggle. There was a commotion. We managed to subdue him just in time. Forced him into a compartment of his own magical trunk. Took some of his hair and added it to the potion. I drank it; I became Moody’s double. I took his leg and his eye. I was ready to face Arthur Weasley when he arrived to sort out the Muggles who had heard a disturbance. I made the dustbins move around the yard. I told Arthur Weasley I had heard intruders in my yard, who had set off the dustbins. Then I packed up Moody’s clothes and Dark Detectors, put them in the trunk with Moody, and set off for Hogwarts. I kept him alive, under the Imperius Curse. I wanted to be able to question him. To find out about his past, learn his habits, so that I could fool even Dumbledore. I also needed his hair to make the Polyjuice Potion. The other ingredients were easy. I stole boomslang skin from the dungeons. When the Potions master found me in his office, I said I was under orders to search it.’

「你需要阿拉斯托·穆迪」鄧布利多說道。他的藍色眼睛在燃燒，然而聲音依然冷靜。「我和獻醜做到了。我們事先準備好了變身藥。我們前往了他的住所。穆迪掙扎著。出現了一些動靜。我們及時制服了他。把他強行關進了他自己的魔法箱子裡。取了他的一些頭髮加進了變身藥裡。我喝下了它，成為了穆迪的分身。我拿到了他的腿和眼睛。當亞瑟·韋斯萊來處理聽到騷動的麻瓜時，我已經準備好了。我讓灰桶在院子裡移動。我告訴亞瑟·韋斯萊我聽到了入侵者進入我的院子，他們撞到了那些灰桶。然後我打包了穆迪的衣服和黑暗探測器，把它們和穆迪一起放進箱子裡，啟程前往霍格華茲。我用必殺咒讓他保持著生命，我想要質問他，找出他的過去，了解他的習慣，這樣我甚至可以欺騙鄧布利多。我還需要他的頭髮來製作變身藥。其它的材料很容易取得。我從地下城偷了蛇眼的皮。當藥水學教授在他的辦公室發現我時，我說我是根據命令在搜索。」

‘And what became of Wormtail after you attacked Moody?’ said Dumbledore.

‘Wormtail returned to care for my master, in my father’s house, and to keep watch over my father.’

‘But your father escaped,’ said Dumbledore.

‘Yes. After a while he began to fight the Imperius Curse just as I had done. There were periods when he knew what was happening. My master decided it was no longer safe for my father to leave the house. He forced him to send letters to the Ministry instead. He made him write and say he

was ill. But Wormtail neglected his duty. He was not watchful enough. My father escaped. My master guessed that he was heading for Hogwarts. My father was going to tell Dumbledore everything, to confess. He was going to admit that he had smuggled me from Azkaban.

“My master sent me word of my father’s escape. He told me to stop him at all costs. So I waited and watched. I used the map I had taken from Harry Potter. The map that had almost ruined everything.”

“在你攻擊穆迪之後，瓦姆泰爾怎麼樣了？”鄧布利多問道。“瓦姆泰爾回到了我父親的家中，照顧我的主人並且守護我父親。”“但是你父親逃走了，”鄧布利多說。“對，過了一段時間後，他開始像我一樣抵抗支配咒。有時他知道發生了什麼事情。我的主人決定我父親不能再離開房子，強迫他寫信給部長說他病了。但是瓦姆泰爾沒有盡到職責，沒有看好他。我父親逃走了。我的主人猜想他去了霍格沃茨。我父親打算告訴鄧布利多一切，招供自己從阿茲卡班帶走了我。“我的主人告訴我我父親逃走的消息，讓我不惜一切阻止他。所以我等著，看著。我使用了從哈利·波特那裡拿到的地圖，那張地圖幾乎毀了一切。”

“Map?” said Dumbledore quickly. “What map is this?”

“Potter’s map of Hogwarts. Potter saw me on it. Potter saw me stealing more ingredients for the Polyjuice Potion from Snape’s office one night. He thought I was my father. We have the same first name. I took the map from Potter that night. I told him my father hated Dark wizards. Potter believed my father was after Snape.

“For a week I waited for my father to arrive at Hogwarts. At last, one evening, the map showed my father entering the grounds. I pulled on my Invisibility Cloak and went down to meet him. He was walking around the edge of the forest. Then Potter came, and Krum I waited. I could not hurt Potter; my master needed him. Potter ran to get Dumbledore. I Stunned Krum. I killed my father.”

“Noooo!” wailed Winky. “Master Party, Master Party, what is you saying?”

“地圖？”鄧布利多迅速問道。“這是什麼地圖？”“波特的霍格華茲地圖。波特在地圖上看到了我。有一個晚上我從斯內普的辦公室偷走了更多波利傑斯藥水的配料，波特看到了我。他以為我是我父親。我們有相同的名字。那晚我從波特那裡拿走了地圖。我告訴他我父親恨黑暗巫師。波特認為我的父親在追捕斯內普。“一個星期，我等待著我的父親來到霍格華茲。最後，一個晚上，地圖上顯示出我的父親進入了園區。我穿上隱形斗篷下去和他會面。他在森林的邊緣走來走去。然後波特來了，還有克魯姆。我等待著。我不能傷害波特；我主人需要他。波特跑去找鄧布利多。我擊昏了克魯姆。我殺了我的父親。”“不！”溫琪嚎叫道。“巴蒂大師，巴蒂大師，你在說什麼？”

“You killed your father,” Dumbledore said, in the same soft voice. “What did you do with the body?”

“Carried it into the forest. Covered it with the Invisibility Cloak. I had the map with me. I watched Potter run into the castle. He met Snape. Dumbledore joined them. I watched Potter bringing Dumbledore out of the castle. I walked back out of the forest, doubled around behind them, went to meet them. I told Dumbledore Snape had told me where to come.

“Dumbledore told me to go and look for my father. I went back to my father’s body. Watched the map. When everyone was gone, I Transfigured my father’s body. He became a bone . . . I buried it, while wearing the Invisibility Cloak, in the freshly dug earth in front of Hagrid’s cabin.”

There was complete silence now, except for Winky’s continued sobs. Then Dumbledore said, “And tonight . . .”

「你殺了你的父親，」鄧不利多用同樣柔和的聲音說。「你把屍體放在哪裡了？」「拖進了森林裡，用隱形衣蓋住它。我帶著地圖，看著波特跑進城堡。他遇到了斯內普。鄧不利多也加入了他們。我看著波特把鄧不利多從城堡裡帶出來。我走出森林，繞到他們背後，去見他們。我告訴鄧不利多斯內普告訴我該去哪裡。「鄧不利多叫我去找我的父親。我回到我父親的屍體旁邊。看著地圖。等每個人都走後，我咒語轉變了我父親的屍體。他變成了骨頭...我穿著隱形衣，在海格木屋前剛挖好的土地裡埋了它。」現在完全沈默了，除了溫琪不斷的啜泣聲。然後鄧不利多說：「而今晚...」

“I offered to carry the Triwizard Cup into the maze before dinner,” whispered Barty Crouch. “Turned it into a Portkey. My master’s plan worked. He is returned to power and I will be honored by him beyond the dreams of wizards.”

The insane smile lit his features once more, and his head drooped onto his shoulder as Winky wailed and sobbed at his side.

「我提議在晚餐前將三巫鬥士杯帶進迷宮，」巴蒂·克勞奇小聲地說道。「我把它變成了一個移動門。我的主人的計劃成功了。他已經重返權力之位，而我會獲得他無法想象的榮譽。」瘋狂的笑容再次在他臉上綻放，他的頭垂在肩上，而溫琪在他身邊哭泣嚎啕大哭。



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Dumbledore stood up. He stared down at Barty Crouch for a moment with disgust on his face. Then he raised his wand once more and ropes flew out of it, ropes that twisted themselves around Barty Crouch, binding him tightly. He turned to Professor McGonagall.

“Minerva, could I ask you to stand guard here while I take Harry upstairs?”

“Of course,” said Professor McGonagall. She looked slightly nauseous, as though she had just watched someone being sick. However, when she drew out her wand and pointed it at Barty Crouch, her hand was quite steady.

“Severus”—Dumbledore turned to Snape—“please tell Madam Pomfrey to come down here; we need to get Alastor Moody into the hospital wing. Then go down into the grounds, find Cornelius Fudge, and bring him up to this office. He will undoubtedly want to question Crouch himself. Tell him I will be in the hospital wing in half an hour’s time if he needs me.”

鄧布利多站起身來，憤怒地盯著巴蒂·克勞奇看了一會兒，隨即再次舉起魔杖，一條條繩子從魔杖中飛出，纏繞在巴蒂·克勞奇身上，將他緊緊綁住。他轉向麥格教授。「米奈娃，我可以請你在此守衛，我與哈利上樓去嗎？」「當然可以，」麥格教授說。她看起來有些噁心，好像剛剛看到有人嘔吐一樣。然而，當她拔出魔杖，將其對準巴蒂·克勞奇時，她的手卻相當穩定。「塞佛勒斯，」鄧布利多轉向斯內普。「請告訴龐弗萊夫人下來這裡；我們需要把阿拉斯托·穆迪送進醫務室。然後下到操場，找到康奈利厄斯·費奇，帶他上來這個辦公室。他肯定想親自問問克勞奇。告訴他如果需要我的話，半個小時後我會在醫務室裡。」

Snape nodded silently and swept out of the room.

“Harry?” Dumbledore said gently.

Harry got up and swayed again; the pain in his leg, which he had not noticed all the time he had been listening to Crouch, now returned in full measure. He also realized that he was shaking. Dumbledore gripped his arm and helped him out into the dark corridor.

“I want you to come up to my office first, Harry,” he said quietly as they headed up the passageway. “Sirius is waiting for us there.”

Harry nodded. A kind of numbness and a sense of complete unreality were upon him, but he did not care; he was even glad of it. He didn’t want to have to think about anything that had happened since he had first touched the Triwizard Cup. He didn’t want to have to examine the memories, fresh and sharp as photographs, which kept flashing across his mind. Mad-Eye Moody, inside the trunk. Wormtail, slumped on the ground, cradling his stump of an arm. Voldemort, rising from the steaming cauldron. Cedric . . . dead . . . Cedric, asking to be returned to his parents. . . .

斯內普無聲地點頭，掃出房間。“哈利？”鄧不利多輕聲說。哈利站起身又晃了起來，他原本沒有注意到身上的腿疼，但現在疼痛感卻全面回來了。他也意識到自己在顫抖。鄧不利多緊握他的胳膊，幫他走出黑暗的走廊。“哈利，我想讓你先到我的辦公室來，”當他們往上走時，他平靜地說道，“小天狼星正在那裡等我們。”哈利點了點頭。他感到一種麻木和完全不真實的感覺，但他不在乎；他甚至覺得很高興。他不想考慮自從他第一次碰到三巫鬥技杯以來發生的任何事情。他不想檢查那些新鮮而尖銳的照片般閃過他腦海的記憶。瘋眼穆迪，被關在箱子裡。蠟蟲尾巴，坐在地上，握著他短掉的手臂。伏地魔從冒著熱氣的鍋中升起。塞德里克……死了……塞德里克要求回到他的父母身邊。…

“Professor,” Harry mumbled, “where are Mr. and Mrs. Diggory?”

“They are with Professor Sprout,” said Dumbledore. His voice, which had been so calm throughout the interrogation of Barty Crouch, shook very slightly for the first time. “She was Head of Cedric’s House, and knew him best.”

They had reached the stone gargoyle. Dumbledore gave the password, it sprang aside, and he and Harry went up the moving spiral staircase to the oak door. Dumbledore pushed it open. Sirius was standing there. His face was white and gaunt as it had been when he had escaped Azkaban. In one swift moment, he had crossed the room.

“Harry, are you all right? I knew it—I knew something like this—what happened?”

His hands shook as he helped Harry into a chair in front of the desk.

“What happened?” he asked more urgently.

“教授，”哈利咕哝着，“迪戈利夫婦在哪裡？”“他們正和斯普勞特教授在一起，”鄧不利多說。儘管在審問巴蒂·克勞奇時他的聲音一直那麼冷靜，但這是他第一次微微顫抖。“她是塞德里克所屬學院的院長，也是認識他最深的人。”他們已經來到了石像鬼那裡。鄧不利多給了密碼，它彈開了，鄧不利多和哈利走上了移動的螺旋樓梯，來到那扇橡木門前。鄧不利多推開了門。西里斯站在那裡。他的臉色跟他從阿茲卡班逃脫時一樣蒼白消瘦。他一下子穿過房間。“哈利，你沒事吧？我就知道——我就知道會發生這樣的事——發生了什麼事？”他的手在幫助哈利坐到桌前的椅子上時有些顫抖。“發生了什麼事？”他更加緊急地問道。

Dumbledore began to tell Sirius everything Barty Crouch had said. Harry was only half listening. So tired every bone in his body was aching, he wanted nothing more than to sit here, undisturbed, for hours and hours, until he fell asleep and didn't have to think or feel anymore.

There was a soft rush of wings. Fawkes the phoenix had left his perch, flown across the office, and landed on Harry's knee.

“Lo, Fawkes,” said Harry quietly. He stroked the phoenix's beautiful scarlet-and-gold plumage. Fawkes blinked peacefully up at him. There was something comforting about his warm weight.

Dumbledore stopped talking. He sat down opposite Harry, behind his desk. He was looking at Harry, who avoided his eyes. Dumbledore was going to question him. He was going to make Harry relive everything.

鄧布利多開始向小天狼星講述巴蒂·克勞奇所說的一切。哈利只有一半在聽。身體每一根骨頭都疲憊不堪，他最想做的就是坐在這裡，靜靜地待上幾個小時，直到他睡著，不用再去考慮或感受任何事情。突然聽到輕輕的翅膀聲。鳳凰菲尤克斯從它的棲木上飛了下來，落在了哈利的膝蓋上。「嗨，菲尤克斯。」哈利安靜地說。他撫摸著這只美麗的鳳凰，那綻放著緋紅和金色光芒的羽毛。菲尤克斯平和地眨著眼睛看著他。它的體溫帶給哈利一種舒適的感覺。鄧布利多停止了談話。他坐在哈利對面，在他的辦公桌後面。他看著哈利，而哈利卻避開了他的目光。鄧布利多將會對他進行質疑。他會讓哈利重溫所有的事情。

“I need to know what happened after you touched the Portkey in the maze, Harry,” said Dumbledore.

“We can leave that till morning, can't we, Dumbledore?” said Sirius harshly. He had put a hand on Harry's shoulder. “Let him have a sleep. Let him rest.”

Harry felt a rush of gratitude toward Sirius, but Dumbledore took no notice of Sirius's words. He leaned forward toward Harry. Very unwillingly, Harry raised his head and looked into those blue eyes.

“If I thought I could help you,” Dumbledore said gently, “by putting you into an enchanted sleep and allowing you to postpone the moment when you would have to think about what has happened tonight, I would do it. But I know better. Numbing the pain for a while will make it worse when you finally feel it. You have shown bravery beyond anything I could have expected of you. I ask you to demonstrate your courage one more time. I ask you to tell us what happened.”

「我需要知道在迷宮中觸碰那個傳送物品後發生了什麼，哈利。」鄧布利多說道。「可以等到明天再說，對吧，鄧布利多？」西里斯冷硬地說道，他將手擺在哈利的肩上。「讓他好好睡覺。讓他好好休息。」哈利感到了對西里斯的感激，但鄧布利多並未理會西里斯的話。他向前傾身，靠近哈利。哈利非常不情願地抬起頭，看著那雙藍色的眼睛。「如果我覺得我能幫到你，」鄧布利多輕聲說道，「通過讓你進入魔法睡眠，讓你推遲今晚發生的事情，我會那麼做。但我知道更好的辦法。短暫麻痹痛苦只會讓你最終感覺更糟。你已經展現了我所無法預期的勇氣。我要求你再次展現你的勇氣。我要求你告訴我們發生了什麼事。」

The phoenix let out one soft, quavering note. It shivered in the air, and Harry felt as though a drop of hot liquid had slipped down his throat into his stomach, warming him, and strengthening him.

He took a deep breath and began to tell them. As he spoke, visions of everything that had passed that night seemed to rise before his eyes; he saw the sparkling surface of the potion that had revived Voldemort; he saw the Death Eaters Apparating between the graves around them; he saw Cedric's body, lying on the ground beside the cup.

Once or twice, Sirius made a noise as though about to say something, his hand still tight on Harry's shoulder, but Dumbledore raised his hand to stop him, and Harry was glad of this, because it was easier to keep going now he had started. It was even a relief; he felt almost as though something poisonous were being extracted from him. It was costing him every bit of determination he had to keep talking, yet he sensed that once he had finished, he would feel better.

鳳凰發出了一聲柔和而震顫的音符。它在空氣中顫動，哈利感覺好像一滴熱液體滑進了他的喉嚨，流進了他的肚子，讓他變得溫暖和有力。他深吸了一口氣，開始告訴他們。當他講話時，他看到了今晚發生的一切；他看到了重生了沃爾德莫特的藥水閃閃發光的表面；他看到了死亡食人魔在他們周圍的墓地間躍躍欲試；他看到了坐落在杯子旁邊的塞德里克的屍體。有時，小天狼星會發出一聲貌似要說什麼的聲音，他的手仍然緊握著哈利的肩膀，但鄧布利多舉起了手阻止他，哈利為此感到高興，因為他已經開始講話了，現在繼續下去更容易了。這甚至是一種解脫；他感覺好像有毒素正在被抽出來。他花了所有的決心來繼續講話，但他感覺到一旦他講完，他會感覺更好。

When Harry told of Wormtail piercing his arm with the dagger, however, Sirius let out a vehement exclamation and Dumbledore stood up so

quickly that Harry started. Dumbledore walked around the desk and told Harry to stretch out his arm. Harry showed them both the place where his robes were torn and the cut beneath them.

“He said my blood would make him stronger than if he’d used someone else’s,” Harry told Dumbledore. “He said the protection my — my mother left in me — he’d have it too. And he was right — he could touch me without hurting himself, he touched my face.”

For a fleeting instant, Harry thought he saw a gleam of something like triumph in Dumbledore’s eyes. But next second, Harry was sure he had imagined it, for when Dumbledore had returned to his seat behind the desk, he looked as old and weary as Harry had ever seen him.

當哈利講述蟲尾用匕首刺穿他的手臂時，天狼星發出了強烈的驚呼，鄧布爾德突然站起來，嚇了哈利一跳。鄧布爾德在辦公桌周圍走來走去，告訴哈利伸出他的手臂。哈利向他們展示了他的袍子被撕破的地方和其中的傷口。“他說我的血會比用其他人的血更能讓他變強，”哈利告訴鄧布爾德。“他說我媽媽在我裡面留下的保護——他也會有。他是對的，他可以觸摸我而不會傷害自己，他觸摸了我的臉。”哈利短暫地認為他看到了鄧布爾德眼中閃爍出勝利的光芒。但下一秒，哈利確信自己是在想像，因為當鄧布爾德回到辦公桌後，他的樣子像是哈利曾見過的最老、最疲憊的樣子。

“Very well,” he said, sitting down again. “Voldemort has overcome that particular barrier. Harry, continue, please.”

Harry went on; he explained how Voldemort had emerged from the cauldron, and told them all he could remember of Voldemort’s speech to the Death Eaters. Then he told how Voldemort had untied him, returned his wand to him, and prepared to duel.

But when he reached the part where the golden beam of light had connected his and Voldemort’s wands, he found his throat obstructed. He tried to keep talking, but the memories of what had come out of Voldemort’s wand were flooding into his mind. He could see Cedric emerging, see the old man, Bertha Jorkins . . . his father . . . his mother . . .

He was glad when Sirius broke the silence.

“The wands connected?” he said, looking from Harry to Dumbledore. “Why?”

他重新坐下：“好的，”他说，“伏地魔已经克服了那个障碍。哈利，请继续。”哈利继续讲述伏地魔从坩埚里钻出来的经过，并告诉他们所有他记得伏地魔对死亡飞翔者说的话。然后，他讲述了伏地魔如何解开他的绳子，将他的魔杖归还给他，并准备决斗。但是当他谈到金色光束连接他和伏地魔的魔杖时，他发现喉咙被阻塞了。他试图继续说话，但伏地魔的魔杖发射出来的记忆涌入他的脑海。他看到了塞德里克的出现，看到了老人，伯莎·乔金斯……他的父亲……他的母亲……他很高兴西里斯打破了沉默。“魔杖连接了？”他看着哈利和邓布利多说，“为什么？”

Harry looked up at Dumbledore again, on whose face there was an arrested look.

“*Priori Incantatem*,” he muttered.

His eyes gazed into Harry’s and it was almost as though an invisible beam of understanding shot between them.

“The Reverse Spell effect?” said Sirius sharply.

“Exactly,” said Dumbledore. “Harry’s wand and Voldemort’s wand share cores. Each of them contains a feather from the tail of the same phoenix. *This* phoenix, in fact,” he added, and he pointed at the scarlet-and-gold bird, perching peacefully on Harry’s knee.

“My wand’s feather came from Fawkes?” Harry said, amazed.

“Yes,” said Dumbledore. “Mr. Ollivander wrote to tell me you had bought the second wand, the moment you left his shop four years ago.”

“So what happens when a wand meets its brother?” said Sirius.

哈利再次抬頭看著鄧不利多，他的臉上有一種停滯不前的神情。 “*Priori Incantatem*,” 他喃喃自語。 他的眼睛凝視著哈利，彷彿一道無形的理解之光在他們之間穿梭。 “反咒術的效果？” 西利斯尖聲說道。 “正是如此，” 鄧不利多說。 “哈利的魔杖和佛地魔的魔杖有著相同的材質。它們都包含了同一隻鳳凰的尾巴羽毛。事實上，就是這隻鳳凰，” 他指著哈利膝上平靜棲息的緋紅與金色的小鳥說。 “我的魔杖的羽毛來自福克斯？” 哈利驚訝地問道。 “是的，” 鄧不利多說。 “奧利凡德先生給我寫信告訴我，你在四年前離開他的店時，買了第二根魔杖。” “那麼當兄弟魔杖相遇時會發生什麼事情呢？” 西利斯問道。

“They will not work properly against each other,” said Dumbledore. “If, however, the owners of the wands force the wands to do battle . . . a very rare effect will take place. One of the wands will force the other to regurgitate spells it has performed — in reverse. The most recent first . . . and then those which preceded it . . .”

He looked interrogatively at Harry, and Harry nodded.

“Which means,” said Dumbledore slowly, his eyes upon Harry’s face, “that some form of Cedric must have reappeared.”

Harry nodded again.

“Diggory came back to life?” said Sirius sharply.

“No spell can reawaken the dead,” said Dumbledore heavily. “All that would have happened is a kind of reverse echo. A shadow of the living

Cedric would have emerged from the wand . . . am I correct, Harry?"

鄧布利多說：“它們將無法正常地對抗彼此。然而，如果魔杖的主人強迫它們交戰……一種非常罕見的效果將會發生。其中一個魔杖將迫使另一個反饋其已完成的咒語。最近的優先……然後是之前的……”他疑惑地看著哈利，哈利點了點頭。“這意味著，”鄧布利多緩緩地說，目光注視著哈利的臉，“某種形式的賽德克必須重新出現。”哈利再次點頭。“狄哥里有復活？”小天狼星急切地問。“沒有任何咒語可以喚醒死者，”鄧布利多沉重地說。“所發生的只是一種反響。一個生命中的賽德克的影子將從魔杖中出現……我對嗎，哈利？”

“He spoke to me，” Harry said. He was suddenly shaking again. “The . . . the ghost Cedric, or whatever he was, spoke.”

“An echo，” said Dumbledore, “which retained Cedric’s appearance and character. I am guessing other such forms appeared . . . less recent victims of Voldemort’s wand . . .”

“An old man，” Harry said, his throat still constricted. “Bertha Jorkins. And . . .”

“Your parents?” said Dumbledore quietly.

“Yes，” said Harry.

Sirius’s grip on Harry’s shoulder was now so tight it was painful.

“The last murders the wand performed，” said Dumbledore, nodding. “In reverse order. More would have appeared, of course, had you maintained the connection. Very well, Harry, these echoes, these shadows . . . what did they do?”

Harry described how the figures that had emerged from the wand had prowled the edges of the golden web, how Voldemort had seemed to fear them, how the shadow of Harry’s father had told him what to do, how Cedric’s had made its final request.

“哈利說：‘他跟我說話了。’”他突然又顫抖了。“那個...那個幽靈塞德里克，或者是什麼地方，說話了。”“回聲，”鄧布利多說，“保留了塞德里克的外貌和性格。我猜其他類似的形式也出現了。...沃爾德莫特的魔杖受害者。...”“一個老人，”哈利說，喉嚨還是緊縮的。“柏莎·喬金斯。還有...”“你的父母？”鄧布利多安靜地說。“是的，”哈利說。小天狼星現在攬著哈利的肩膀，太緊了，讓哈利感到疼痛。“魔杖上進行的最後幾次謀殺，”鄧布利多點頭說。“倒序排列。當然，如果你保持了聯繫，還會有更多的出現。好的，哈利，這些回聲，這些陰影...他們做了什麼？”哈利描述了從魔杖中走出來的人物如何蠕動在金色網的邊緣，沃爾德莫特似乎害怕它們，哈利的父親的影子告訴他該做什麼，塞德里克的影子提出了最後的要求。

At this point, Harry found he could not continue. He looked around at Sirius and saw that he had his face in his hands.

Harry suddenly became aware that Fawkes had left his knee. The phoenix had fluttered to the floor. It was resting its beautiful head against Harry’s injured leg, and thick, pearly tears were falling from its eyes onto the wound left by the spider. The pain vanished. The skin mended. His leg was repaired.

“I will say it again，” said Dumbledore as the phoenix rose into the air and resettled itself upon the perch beside the door. “You have shown bravery beyond anything I could have expected of you tonight, Harry. You have shown bravery equal to those who died fighting Voldemort at the height of his powers. You have shouldered a grown wizard’s burden and found yourself equal to it — and you have now given us all that we have a right to expect. You will come with me to the hospital wing. I do not want you returning to the dormitory tonight. A Sleeping Potion, and some peace . . . Sirius, would you like to stay with him?”

此时，哈利发现自己无法继续。他环顾四周，看到小天狼星把脸埋在手中。哈利突然意识到凤凰 Fawkes 已离开了他的膝盖，它飞到地上。它将美丽的头部靠在哈利受伤的腿上，那里的蜘蛛伤口上滴下了厚厚的珍珠般的泪水。疼痛消失了，伤口痊愈，他的腿变得好了。“我再说一遍，”随着凤凰升入空中并重新落在门旁的栖木上，邓布利多说道。“今晚你展现出了超出我期望的勇气，哈利。你表现出了与那些在伏地魔当权时死于战斗的人相等的勇气。你肩负着成年巫师的责任，并发现自己能够胜任——现在你已经给了我们所有人都有权利期望的东西。你将跟我去医院翼。我不想你今晚回宿舍。一颗安眠药和一些平静...小天狼星，你要和他在一起吗？”

Sirius nodded and stood up. He transformed back into the great black dog and walked with Harry and Dumbledore out of the office, accompanying them down a flight of stairs to the hospital wing.

When Dumbledore pushed open the door, Harry saw Mrs. Weasley, Bill, Ron, and Hermione grouped around a harassed-looking Madam Pomfrey. They appeared to be demanding to know where Harry was and what had happened to him. All of them whipped around as Harry, Dumbledore, and the black dog entered, and Mrs. Weasley let out a kind of muffled scream.

“Harry! Oh Harry!”

She started to hurry toward him, but Dumbledore moved between them.

“Molly，” he said, holding up a hand, “please listen to me for a moment. Harry has been through a terrible ordeal tonight. He has just had to relive it for me. What he needs now is sleep, and peace, and quiet. If he would like you all to stay with him，” he added, looking around at Ron, Hermione, and Bill too, “you may do so. But I do not want you questioning him until he is ready to answer, and certainly not this evening.”

天狼星點點頭站起來，又變回偉大的黑狗，和哈利、鄧布利多一起走出辦公室，下了一層樓梯，來到了醫院翼。當鄧布利多推

開門時，哈利看到了韋斯萊夫人、比爾、羅恩和赫敏圍在一個疲憊的龐弗雷女士周圍，似乎在詢問哈利在哪裡和發生了什麼事情。當哈利、鄧布利多和黑狗進入時，他們都轉過身來看著，韋斯萊夫人發出了一聲悶悶的尖叫聲。「哈利！哦，哈利！」她開始向他趕去，但鄧布利多走到了他們之間。「莫莉，」他說，舉起手來，「請聽我說一會兒。今晚哈利經歷了一個可怕的折磨。他剛才又得為我重現了。他現在需要的是睡眠、平靜和安靜。如果他希望你們所有人陪在他身邊，」他補充說，四處看了看羅恩、赫敏和比爾，「你們可以這樣做。但是在你準備好回答之前，我不希望你們質問他，當然也不是在今晚。」

Mrs. Weasley nodded. She was very white. She rounded on Ron, Hermione, and Bill as though they were being noisy, and hissed, "Did you hear? He needs quiet!"

"Headmaster," said Madam Pomfrey, staring at the great black dog that was Sirius, "may I ask what — ?"

"This dog will be remaining with Harry for a while," said Dumbledore simply. "I assure you, he is extremely well trained. Harry—I will wait while you get into bed."

Harry felt an inexpressible sense of gratitude to Dumbledore for asking the others not to question him. It wasn't as though he didn't want them there; but the thought of explaining it all over again, the idea of reliving it one more time, was more than he could stand.

"I will be back to see you as soon as I have met with Fudge, Harry," said Dumbledore. "I would like you to remain here tomorrow until I have spoken to the school." He left.

魏茨夫人點頭。她臉色十分蒼白。她轉向擾亂安寧的羅恩、妙麗和比爾，發出嘶嘶聲，“你們有沒有聽到？他需要安靜！”“校長，”龐佛夫人盯著天狼星這隻巨狗說，“我可以問一下——？”“這隻狗會和哈利一起待一段時間，”鄧布利多簡單地說，“我向你保證，他訓練得非常好。哈利，當你上床之後，我會等你。”哈利感到無比感激，鄧布利多請求其他人不要再問他。就算他不介意他們在這兒，在想要再次解釋一遍的同時，他像是再度經歷一遍，是無法忍受的。“我和法吉見面之後，馬上會回來看你的，哈利，”鄧布利多說，“我希望你留在這裏明天，等我與學校談判之後。”他離開了。

As Madam Pomfrey led Harry to a nearby bed, he caught sight of the real Moody lying motionless in a bed at the far end of the room. His wooden leg and magical eye were lying on the bedside table.

"Is he okay?" Harry asked.

"He'll be fine," said Madam Pomfrey, giving Harry some pajamas and pulling screens around him. He took off his robes, pulled on the pajamas, and got into bed. Ron, Hermione, Bill, Mrs. Weasley, and the black dog came around the screen and settled themselves in chairs on either side of him. Ron and Hermione were looking at him almost cautiously, as though scared of him.

"I'm all right," he told them. "Just tired."

Mrs. Weasley's eyes filled with tears as she smoothed his bedcovers unnecessarily.

Madam Pomfrey, who had hustled off to her office, returned holding a small bottle of some purple potion and a goblet.

當潘弗瑞夫人帶哈利走向附近的床時，他瞥見了莫迪真正的身體靜靜地躺在房間另一端的床上。他的義腿和魔法眼睛放在床頭櫃上。"他沒事吧？"哈利問。"他會好的，"潘弗瑞夫人說，給哈利一件睡衣，並拉起屏幕。哈利脫下長袍，穿上睡衣，爬上床。羅恩、赫敏、比爾、韋斯萊夫人和那隻黑狗圍繞在屏幕周圍，坐在他的兩邊的椅子上。羅恩和赫敏看著他，好像有些害怕他。"我沒事，"他告訴他們。"只是累了。"韋斯萊夫人不必要地整理著他的被子，眼裡充滿了淚水。已經匆匆走到她辦公室的潘弗瑞夫人回來了，手裡拿著一瓶紫色的小瓶子和一個高腳杯。

"You'll need to drink all of this, Harry," she said. "It's a potion for dreamless sleep."

Harry took the goblet and drank a few mouthfuls. He felt himself becoming drowsy at once. Everything around him became hazy; the lamps around the hospital wing seemed to be winking at him in a friendly way through the screen around his bed; his body felt as though it was sinking deeper into the warmth of the feather mattress. Before he could finish the potion, before he could say another word, his exhaustion had carried him off to sleep.

Harry woke up, so warm, so very sleepy, that he didn't open his eyes, wanting to drop off again. The room was still dimly lit; he was sure it was still nighttime and had a feeling that he couldn't have been asleep very long.

Then he heard whispering around him

"哈利，你得把这个喝完，"她说，"这是一种能让你无梦的药剂。"哈利接过杯子喝了一些口。他很快就感到昏昏欲睡。他周围的一切变得朦胧起来；医院病房周围的灯似乎在屏障的缝隙中友好地向他眨眼；他的身体感觉像是深深地陷入了羽绒床垫的温暖之中。在他喝完药剂、说出另一个词之前，他的疲惫已经把他带进了睡梦之中。哈利醒来，感觉非常暖和、非常困，他没有睁开眼睛，只想再次陷入睡梦中。房间仍然昏暗；他确信还是晚上，有一种感觉他没有睡太久。然后他听到周围的窃窃私语。

"They'll wake him if they don't shut up!"

"What are they shouting about? Nothing else can have happened, can it?"

Harry opened his eyes blearily. Someone had removed his glasses. He could see the fuzzy outlines of Mrs. Weasley and Bill close by. Mrs. Weasley was on her feet.

“That’s Fudge’s voice,” she whispered. “And that’s Minerva McGonagall’s, isn’t it? But what are they arguing about?”

Now Harry could hear them too: people shouting and running toward the hospital wing.

“Regrettable, but all the same, Minerva —” Cornelius Fudge was saying loudly.

“You should never have brought it inside the castle!” yelled Professor McGonagall. “When Dumbledore finds out —”

Harry heard the hospital doors burst open. Unnoticed by any of the people around his bed, all of whom were staring at the door as Bill pulled back the screens, Harry sat up and put his glasses back on.

如果他们不闭嘴，他们会把他吵醒的！“他们在喊什么？难道还有其他事情发生了吗？”哈利睡眼惺忪地睁开眼睛。有人摘掉了他的眼镜。他可以看到 Weasley 太太和 Bill 的模糊轮廓。Weasley 太太站着。“那是福吉的声音，”她低声说。“那是 Minerva McGonagall 的声音，对吧？但他们争什么？”现在哈利也能听到：有人高声喊叫着向医院翼奔去。“很遗憾，但同样，Minerva。”Cornelius Fudge 大声说。“你永远不应该把它带进城堡！”Profhecop McGonagall 喊道。“当邓布利多发现时 - ”哈利听到医院大门破开。在床边的任何人都没有注意到他，他们都在看着门，当 Bill 拉开屏风时，哈利坐了起来，戴上了眼镜。

Fudge came striding up the ward. Professors McGonagall and Snape were at his heels.

“Where’s Dumbledore?” Fudge demanded of Mrs. Weasley.

“He’s not here,” said Mrs. Weasley angrily. “This is a hospital wing, Minister, don’t you think you’d do better to —”

But the door opened, and Dumbledore came sweeping up the ward.

“What has happened?” said Dumbledore sharply, looking from Fudge to Professor McGonagall. “Why are you disturbing these people? Minerva, I’m surprised at you — I asked you to stand guard over Barty Crouch —”

“There is no need to stand guard over him anymore, Dumbledore!” she shrieked. “The Minister has seen to that!”

Harry had never seen Professor McGonagall lose control like this. There were angry blotches of color in her cheeks, and her hands were balled into fists; she was trembling with fury.

法汀斯大步走进了病房，麦格教授和斯内普教授跟在他的后面。“邓布利多在哪里？”法汀斯问韦斯莱夫人。“他不在这里。”韦斯莱夫人说，“部长，这是医院病房，您认为您最好——”但是门开了，邓布利多扫着病房向上走来。“发生了什么事？”邓布利多尖锐地问道，从法汀斯到麦格教授看了过来。“你们为什么要打扰这些人？教授，我很惊讶——我要求你看守巴蒂·克劳奇——”“那没有必要再看守他了，邓布利多！”她尖叫道，“部长已经照料好了！”哈利从来没有看到过麦格教授像这样失去控制。她的脸颊上有愤怒的血块，她的手攥成了拳头；她因愤怒而颤抖。

“When we told Mr. Fudge that we had caught the Death Eater responsible for tonight’s events,” said Snape, in a low voice, “he seemed to feel his personal safety was in question. He insisted on summoning a dementor to accompany him into the castle. He brought it up to the office where Barty Crouch —”

“I told him you would not agree, Dumbledore!” Professor McGonagall fumed. “I told him you would never allow dementors to set foot inside the castle, but —”

“My dear woman!” roared Fudge, who likewise looked angrier than Harry had ever seen him, “as Minister of Magic, it is my decision whether I wish to bring protection with me when interviewing a possibly dangerous —”

But Professor McGonagall’s voice drowned Fudge’s.

“The moment that — that thing entered the room” she screamed, pointing at Fudge, trembling all over, “it swooped down on Crouch and — and —”

“當我們告訴福吉先生，我們抓到了負責今晚事件的食死徒時，”斯内普低聲說，“他似乎覺得他的人身安全受到質疑，他堅持召喚一個神經魔到城堡裡陪同他進入。他把它帶到了巴蒂·克勞奇——”“我告訴他，你不會同意的，邓布利多！”麥康娜教授怒氣沖沖地說，“我告訴他，你永遠不會讓神經魔進城堡，但是——”“我的親愛的女士！”弗吉德吼道，他看起來比哈利見過的任何時候都生氣，“作為魔法部長，當我進行面試可能是危險的時候，我是否希望帶上保護是我的決定！”但麥康娜教授的聲音淹沒了弗吉德的聲音。“那個——那個東西進入房間的那一刻，”她指著弗吉德，全身顫抖，“它俯衝下來，攻擊了克勞奇，然後——”

Harry felt a chill in his stomach as Professor McGonagall struggled to find words to describe what had happened. He did not need her to finish her sentence. He knew what the dementor must have done. It had administered its fatal Kiss to Barty Crouch. It had sucked his soul out through his mouth. He was worse than dead.

“By all accounts, he is no loss!” blustered Fudge. “It seems he has been responsible for several deaths!”

“But he cannot now give testimony, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore. He was staring hard at Fudge, as though seeing him plainly for the first time. “He cannot give evidence about why he killed those people.”

“Why he killed them? Well, that’s no mystery, is it?” blustered Fudge. “He was a raving lunatic! From what Minerva and Severus have told me, he seems to have thought he was doing it all on You-Know-Who’s instructions!”

哈利感到肚子裡一陣寒意，因為麥格教授試圖找出用來描述發生了什麼事情。他並不需要她結束自己的話。他知道魂食者一定做過什麼。它將它致命的吻送給巴提·克勞奇。它透過他的嘴巴吸走了他的靈魂。他比死還要糟糕。“從各方面來看，他不值得我們哀悼！”福吉大吼道。“看來他負責了幾起死亡！”“但他現在不能作證，科尼留斯。”鄧布利多說。他凝視著福吉，好像第一次看清了他一樣。“關於他為什麼殺了那些人，他無法作證。”“他為什麼殺了他們？那並不是什麼神秘的事情，是吧？”福吉大吼道，“他是個瘋子！根據米內娃和塞弗魯斯告訴我的，他似乎認為他所做的一切都是在你知道誰的指示下進行的！”

“Lord Voldemort was giving him instructions, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said. “Those people’s deaths were mere by-products of a plan to restore Voldemort to full strength again. The plan succeeded. Voldemort has been restored to his body.”

Fudge looked as though someone had just swung a heavy weight into his face. Dazed and blinking, he stared back at Dumbledore as if he couldn’t quite believe what he had just heard. He began to sputter, still goggling at Dumbledore.

“You-Know-Who . . . returned? Preposterous. Come now, Dumbledore . . .”

“As Minerva and Severus have doubtless told you,” said Dumbledore, “we heard Barty Crouch confess. Under the influence of Veritaserum, he told us how he was smuggled out of Azkaban, and how Voldemort — learning of his continued existence from Bertha Jorkins — went to free him from his father and used him to capture Harry. The plan worked, I tell you. Crouch has helped Voldemort to return.”

「那是因為佛地魔給了他指示，科尼留斯。」鄧布利多說。「那些人的死亡只是計劃讓佛地魔再次恢復力量的副作用。計劃成功了，佛地魔已經恢復了他的身體。」福吉的臉上露出了驚愕的表情，彷彿有人把一個沉重的重物擊打在他的臉上。他眨眨眼，茫然地盯著鄧布利多，好像他剛剛聽到的話不大相信。他開始咕噥，還是瞪著鄧布利多。「你知道是誰……回來了？荒唐不經，鄧布利多，現在……」「就像麥格和西弗斯已經告訴你的那樣，」鄧布利多說：「我們聽到巴蒂·克勞奇供認了。在真言術的影響下，他告訴我們他是如何被從阿茲卡班走私出去的，以及佛地魔——從柏莎·喬金斯那裡得知他仍然存活——去解救他的父親並利用他抓住哈利。計劃成功，我告訴你。克勞奇幫助佛地魔返回了。」

“See here, Dumbledore,” said Fudge, and Harry was astonished to see a slight smile dawning on his face, “you — you can’t seriously believe that. You-Know-Who — back? Come now, come now . . . certainly, Crouch may have *believed* himself to be acting upon You-Know-Who’s orders — but to take the word of a lunatic like that, Dumbledore . . .”

“When Harry touched the Triwizard Cup tonight, he was transported straight to Voldemort,” said Dumbledore steadily. “He witnessed Lord Voldemort’s rebirth. I will explain it all to you if you will step up to my office.”

Dumbledore glanced around at Harry and saw that he was awake, but shook his head and said, “I am afraid I cannot permit you to question Harry tonight.”

Fudge’s curious smile lingered. He too glanced at Harry, then looked back at Dumbledore, and said, “You are — er — prepared to take Harry’s word on this, are you, Dumbledore?”

“德思禮，听着，”弗吉德说。哈利惊讶地看到他脸上浮起了一丝微笑，“你——你不是真的相信这件事吧。神秘人——复活了？别开玩笑……肯定，克劳奇可能认为他是在履行神秘人的命令——但是相信这个疯子说的话，那你也未免太草率了，邓布利多……”“今晚，当哈利触碰三强杯时，他被直接传送到了伏地魔的面前，”邓布利多说，“他见证了伏地魔的重生。如果你去我办公室，我会向你解释一切。”邓布利多环顾四周，看到哈利醒了过来，却摇了摇头，说：“我恐怕不能容许你今晚问哈利问题。”弗吉德好奇的微笑还在脸上。他也看了看哈利，然后看回邓布利多，说：“你——呃——准备相信哈利的话吗，邓布利多？”

There was a moment’s silence, which was broken by Sirius growling. His hackles were raised, and he was baring his teeth at Fudge.

“Certainly, I believe Harry,” said Dumbledore. His eyes were blazing now. “I heard Crouch’s confession, and I heard Harry’s account of what happened after he touched the Triwizard Cup; the two stories make sense, they explain everything that has happened since Bertha Jorkins disappeared last summer.”

Fudge still had that strange smile on his face. Once again, he glanced at Harry before answering.

“You are prepared to believe that Lord Voldemort has returned, on the word of a lunatic murderer, and a boy who . . . well . . .”

Fudge shot Harry another look, and Harry suddenly understood.

“You’ve been reading Rita Skeeter, Mr. Fudge,” he said quietly.

有一瞬間的寂靜，接著由天狼星的低吼聲打破。它的毛髮豎立起來，對佛地魔魯佛斯露出牙齒。「當然，我相信哈利。」鄧布利多說。他的眼睛現在燃燒著。「我聽到了克勞奇的自白，也聽到了哈利講述觸碰三巫鬥杯之後發生的事情；這兩個故事是有意義的，它們解釋了自從柏莎焦金斯去年夏天消失以來發生的一切。」弗吉仍然露出奇怪的微笑。他再次看著哈利，才回答道。「您願意相信伏地魔勒來死已經返回，憑藉一個瘋狂的殺人犯和一個……嗯……」弗吉又瞥了哈利一眼，哈利突然

明白了。「你讀了黛塔·史凱特的文章，弗吉先生。」他輕聲說道。

Ron, Hermione, Mrs. Weasley, and Bill all jumped. None of them had realized that Harry was awake.

Fudge reddened slightly, but a defiant and obstinate look came over his face.

“And if I have?” he said, looking at Dumbledore. “If I have discovered that you’ve been keeping certain facts about the boy very quiet? A Parselmouth, eh? And having funny turns all over the place —”

“I assume that you are referring to the pains Harry has been experiencing in his scar?” said Dumbledore coolly.

“You admit that he has been having these pains, then?” said Fudge quickly. “Headaches? Nightmares? Possibly — hallucinations?”

“Listen to me, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore, taking a step toward Fudge, and once again, he seemed to radiate that indefinable sense of power that Harry had felt after Dumbledore had Stunned young Crouch. “Harry is as sane as you or I. That scar upon his forehead has not addled his brains. I believe it hurts him when Lord Voldemort is close by, or feeling particularly murderous.”

羅恩、赫敏、韋斯萊夫人和比爾都吃了一驚。他們都沒有意識到哈利醒來了。法蒂斯臉上微微發紅，但臉上也露出了一種挑釁的神情。「那又怎樣？」他看著鄧不利多說。「如果我發現你一直瞞著某些與那孩子有關的事實呢？他會說蛇話，處處都會神智不清。」「你是指哈利額頭上的傷疤給他帶來的疼痛？我猜對了嗎？」鄧不利多冷淡地說。「那你承認他一直在經歷這種疼痛了？」法蒂斯迅速問道。「頭痛嗎？噩夢？或許——幻覺？」「聽我說，科尼留斯，」鄧不利多向前走了一步，再次散發出一種讓哈利想起他昏迷那天鄧不利多用昏迷術擊昏年輕的克勞奇的威懾力。「哈利跟你我一樣理智。他額頭上的疤沒有讓他變得瘋瘋癲癲。我相信，當佛地魔接近或者殺心極重的時候，疤痕會讓他感到疼痛。」

Fudge had taken half a step back from Dumbledore, but he looked no less stubborn.

“You’ll forgive me, Dumbledore, but I’ve never heard of a curse scar acting as an alarm bell before. . . .”

“Look, I saw Voldemort come back!” Harry shouted. He tried to get out of bed again, but Mrs. Weasley forced him back. “I saw the Death Eaters! I can give you their names! Lucius Malfoy —”

Snape made a sudden movement, but as Harry looked at him, Snape’s eyes flew back to Fudge.

“Malfoy was cleared!” said Fudge, visibly affronted. “A very old family — donations to excellent causes —”

“Macnair!” Harry continued.

“Also cleared! Now working for the Ministry!”

“Avery — Nott — Crabbe — Goyle —”

“You are merely repeating the names of those who were acquitted of being Death Eaters thirteen years ago!” said Fudge angrily. “You could have found those names in old reports of the trials! For heaven’s sake, Dumbledore — the boy was full of some crackpot story at the end of last year too — his tales are getting taller, and you’re still swallowing them — the boy can talk to snakes, Dumbledore, and you still think he’s trustworthy?”

法吉從鄧布利多身旁退了半步，但他看起來同樣固執。“抱歉，鄧布利多，但我從未聽說過詛咒造成疤痕聲響的事情……”“看，我看到佛地魔回來了！”哈利大喊。他試圖再次下床，但韋斯萊夫人強迫他回去。“我看到了食死徒！我可以告訴你他們的名字！盧修斯·馬爾福——”斯內普突然動了一下，但當哈利看著他時，斯內普的眼睛飛回法吉身上。“馬爾福被證明是清白的！”法吉明顯不悅。“他是一個非常古老的家族——有捐款給優秀的事業——”“還有馬克奈爾！”哈利繼續說。“也被證明是清白的！現在在部政府工作！”“艾菲——洛特——克拉布——高耳——”“你只是在重複那些十三年前被證明不是食死徒的人的名字！”法吉生氣地說。“你可以在審判的舊報告中找到那些名字！天哪，鄧布利多——去年年底，這個男孩還滿腦子都是一些瘋狂的故事——他的故事越來越扯，而你還在相信他——這個男孩能和蛇說話，鄧布利多，你還認為他是可信的？”

“You fool!” Professor McGonagall cried. “Cedric Diggory! Mr. Crouch! These deaths were not the random work of a lunatic!”

“I see no evidence to the contrary!” shouted Fudge, now matching her anger, his face purpling. “It seems to me that you are all determined to start a panic that will destabilize everything we have worked for these last thirteen years!”

Harry couldn’t believe what he was hearing. He had always thought of Fudge as a kindly figure, a little blustering, a little pompous, but essentially good-natured. But now a short, angry wizard stood before him, refusing, point-blank, to accept the prospect of disruption in his comfortable and ordered world — to believe that Voldemort could have risen.

“Voldemort has returned,” Dumbledore repeated. “If you accept that fact straightaway, Fudge, and take the necessary measures, we may still be able to save the situation. The first and most essential step is to remove Azkaban from the control of the dementors —”

「傻瓜！」麥格教授大喊。「塞德里克·迪戈里！柯羅奇先生！這些死者的死亡並不是某個瘋子胡亂所為！」「我看不到任何相反的證據！」法國哀嚎著，現在也和麥格同樣激動，臉色發紫。「對我來說，你們所有人都決心引起一場恐慌，破壞我們這些過去十三年所努力營造出來的一切！」哈利無法相信自己所聽到的。他總是認為法國是一個和藹可親的人物，有些自吹自擂，有些浮華，但基本上是善良的。但現在，一個憤怒的矮巫師站在他面前，毫不妥協地拒絕接受他舒適有序的世界面臨混亂

的前景——相信伏地魔已經復活。「伏地魔已經歸來了。」鄧布利多重複道。「如果你立即接受這個事實，法國，並且採取必要的措施，我們仍然可能拯救局面。第一個和最重要的步驟是從魔怪的控制中撤出阿茲卡班。」

“Preposterous!” shouted Fudge again. “Remove the dementors? I'd be kicked out of office for suggesting it! Half of us only feel safe in our beds at night because we know the dementors are standing guard at Azkaban!”

“The rest of us sleep less soundly in our beds, Cornelius, knowing that you have put Lord Voldemort's most dangerous supporters in the care of creatures who will join him the instant he asks them!” said Dumbledore. “They will not remain loyal to you, Fudge! Voldemort can offer them much more scope for their powers and their pleasures than you can! With the dementors behind him, and his old supporters returned to him, you will be hard-pressed to stop him regaining the sort of power he had thirteen years ago!”

Fudge was opening and closing his mouth as though no words could express his outrage.

「荒唐！」福吉再次大喊。「移走那些催狂魔？我提出這個建議就要被撤職！我們中有一半人晚上才敢躺在床上安眠，因為我們知道催狂魔正在阿茲卡班站崗！」「對於那些被你交託給會在他要求下投敵的怪物看守的農立厄斯，我們其餘人的睡眠質量就沒那麼好了，」鄧不利多說道。「他們不會忠於你，福吉！與你相比，佛地魔可以為他們提供更大的發揮空間和更多的樂趣！有催狂魔在他身後，還有他的老支持者重回他的麾下，你將很難阻止他恢復十三年前的那種權力！」福吉張開嘴巴，一副說不出話來的憤怒樣子。

“The second step you must take — and at once,” Dumbledore pressed on, “is to send envoys to the giants.”

“Envoys to the giants?” Fudge shrieked, finding his tongue again. “What madness is this?”

“Extend them the hand of friendship, now, before it is too late,” said Dumbledore, “or Voldemort will persuade them, as he did before, that he alone among wizards will give them their rights and their freedom!”

“You — you cannot be serious!” Fudge gasped, shaking his head and retreating further from Dumbledore. “If the magical community got wind that I had approached the giants — people hate them, Dumbledore — end of my career —”

“You are blinded,” said Dumbledore, his voice rising now, the aura of power around him palpable, his eyes blazing once more, “by the love of the office you hold, Cornelius! You place too much importance, and you always have done, on the so-called purity of blood! You fail to recognize that it matters not what someone is born, but what they grow to be! Your dementor has just destroyed the last remaining member of a pure-blood family as old as any — and see what that man chose to make of his life! I tell you now — take the steps I have suggested, and you will be remembered, in office or out, as one of the bravest and greatest Ministers of Magic we have ever known. Fail to act — and history will remember you as the man who stepped aside and allowed Voldemort a second chance to destroy the world we have tried to rebuild!”

“你必須馬上採取第二步行動，”鄧不利多堅定地說，“那就是派使節前往巨人那裡。”“派使節去見巨人？”魁地奇驚叫道，他又找回了舌頭，“這是什麼瘋子想法？”“現在就向他們伸出友誼之手，否則將來就太遲了。”鄧不利多說，“否則佛地魔會說服他們，就像以前一樣，他是唯一能給他們權利和自由的巫師！”“你——你不可能是認真的！”魁地奇喘息道，搖搖頭，並進一步退離鄧不利多。“如果巫界知道我接觸了巨人，人們會恨我的，鄧不利多——我的職業生涯就此結束了——”“你被遮蔽了！”鄧不利多的聲音現在越來越高，他周圍的能量場可以感覺得到，他的眼睛再次閃爍，“你太注重你所擁有的官位了，科尼利亞斯！你一直太重視所謂的血統純淨度！你沒有意識到一個人的血統並不重要，重要的是他成長成什麼樣子！你的魂靈吸食者剛剛摧毀了最後一個像任何一個這麼古老的純血家族成員，請看看那個男人選擇了什麼樣的人生！我現在告訴你——採取我建議的行動，不論是在任還是退任，你都會被譽為我們所認識的最勇敢、最偉大的魔法部部長之一。如果不採取行動，歷史將會記得你是那個站在一旁，讓佛地魔有了第二次毀滅我們試圖重建的世界的機會的人！”

“Insane,” whispered Fudge, still backing away. “Mad . . .”

And then there was silence. Madam Pomfrey was standing frozen at the foot of Harry's bed, her hands over her mouth. Mrs. Weasley was still standing over Harry, her hand on his shoulder to prevent him from rising. Bill, Ron, and Hermione were staring at Fudge.

“If your determination to shut your eyes will carry you as far as this, Cornelius,” said Dumbledore, “we have reached a parting of the ways. You must act as you see fit. And I — I shall act as I see fit.”

Dumbledore's voice carried no hint of a threat; it sounded like a mere statement, but Fudge bristled as though Dumbledore were advancing upon him with a wand.

“Now, see here, Dumbledore,” he said, waving a threatening finger. “I've given you free rein, always. I've had a lot of respect for you. I might not have agreed with some of your decisions, but I've kept quiet. There aren't many who'd have let you hire werewolves, or keep Hagrid, or decide what to teach your students without reference to the Ministry. But if you're going to work against me —”

「瘋了，」法杖轉過身，還是小聲地說。「瘋了……」然後，安靜了下來。波夫利女士僵硬地站在哈利床邊，雙手捂住口。魏茨夫人仍然站在哈利身旁，手放在他肩膀上，防止他起身。比爾、羅恩和赫敏回望著法杖。「如果你的決心將你帶到這個地步，科尼留斯，」鄧布利多說，「我們已經來到了分手的時候。你必須按照自己的意願採取行動。而我——我會按照我自己的意願行動。」鄧布利多的聲音沒有任何威脅的意味；它聽起來只是一句陳述，但法杖卻像是被他拿著魔杖衝向他一般，皺著眉頭。「聽著，鄧布利多，」他揮舞著一根威脅的手指說。「我一直給你自由支配。我很尊敬你。我可能不認同你的一些決定，但我一直保持沉默。沒有多少人會讓你僱用狼人，或保留海格，或決定教你的學生而不參考部門。但如果你要對抗我——」

“The only one against whom I intend to work,” said Dumbledore, “is Lord Voldemort. If you are against him, then we remain, Cornelius, on the same side.”

It seemed Fudge could think of no answer to this. He rocked backward and forward on his small feet for a moment and spun his bowler hat in his hands. Finally, he said, with a hint of a plea in his voice, “He can’t be back, Dumbledore, he just can’t be . . .”

Snape strode forward, past Dumbledore, pulling up the left sleeve of his robes as he went. He stuck out his forearm and showed it to Fudge, who recoiled.

“There,” said Snape harshly. “There. The Dark Mark. It is not as clear as it was an hour or so ago, when it burned black, but you can still see it. Every Death Eater had the sign burned into him by the Dark Lord. It was a means of distinguishing one another, and his means of summoning us to him. When he touched the Mark of any Death Eater, we were to Disapparate, and Apparate, instantly, at his side. This Mark has been growing clearer all year. Karkaroff’s too. Why do you think Karkaroff fled tonight? We both felt the Mark burn. We both knew he had returned. Karkaroff fears the Dark Lord’s vengeance. He betrayed too many of his fellow Death Eaters to be sure of a welcome back into the fold.”

「我要對抗的唯一對象是伏地魔大人，」鄧不利多說道，「如果你也對他感到不滿，康奈留斯，那麼我們仍然是同一陣線的。」福吉不知如何回答，他在小腳上前後搖晃了一會兒，手裡不停地轉動圓頂礦工帽。最後他帶著懇求的口吻說道：「他不可能回來的，鄧不利多，他絕對不可能...」斯內普向前走去，經過鄧不利多身旁時拉起長袍的左袖子，展示了自己的前臂給福吉看，他退縮了。「看吧，」斯內普嚴厲地說，「看吧，邪惡的標記。它現在並不像一小時前那麼明顯，當時它變成了漆黑一片，但你還能看到它。每個食死徒都有這個被黑魔王燒印上的標誌，這是用來辨認彼此的手段，也是他召喚我們的方式。當他碰到任何一個食死徒的標記時，我們就得迅速瞬間移動到他身旁。這個標誌今年整年來越來越明顯，卡卡羅夫的也一樣。你為什麼認為他今晚逃跑了呢？我們兩個都感覺到了標誌在燃燒。我們都知道他回來了。卡卡羅夫懼怕黑魔王的報復。他出賣了太多食死徒，不敢肯定自己能否重返他的麾下。」

Fudge stepped back from Snape too. He was shaking his head. He did not seem to have taken in a word Snape had said. He stared, apparently repelled by the ugly mark on Snape’s arm, then looked up at Dumbledore and whispered, “I don’t know what you and your staff are playing at, Dumbledore, but I have heard enough. I have no more to add. I will be in touch with you tomorrow, Dumbledore, to discuss the running of this school. I must return to the Ministry.”

He had almost reached the door when he paused. He turned around, strode back down the dormitory, and stopped at Harry’s bed.

“Your winnings,” he said shortly, taking a large bag of gold out of his pocket and dropping it onto Harry’s bedside table. “One thousand Galleons. There should have been a presentation ceremony, but under the circumstances . . .”

巧克力飼劑也從斯內普身邊退開，他不停地搖頭，似乎沒有聽進斯內普一句話。他注視著斯內普胳膊上的醜陋標記，顯然感到反感，然後抬頭看著鄧布爾，低聲說：“鄧布爾，我不知道你和你的教職員在玩什麼把戲，不過我聽夠了。我就沒有什麼可補充的了。明天我會跟你聯繫，討論學校的運作。我必須回到部裡。”他走到門口時，幾乎已經離開，突然停了下來，轉過身來，穿過寢室，停在哈利的床邊。“你的贏利，”他簡單地說道，從口袋裡拿出一個大袋金幣，放在哈利的床邊桌上。“一千加隆，應該要有頒獎典禮的，可是在這種情況下……”

He crammed his bowler hat onto his head and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him. The moment he had disappeared, Dumbledore turned to look at the group around Harry’s bed.

“There is work to be done,” he said. “Molly . . . am I right in thinking that I can count on you and Arthur?”

“Of course you can,” said Mrs. Weasley. She was white to the lips, but she looked resolute. “We know what Fudge is. It’s Arthur’s fondness for Muggles that has held him back at the Ministry all these years. Fudge thinks he lacks proper Wizarding pride.”

“Then I need to send a message to Arthur,” said Dumbledore. “All those that we can persuade of the truth must be notified immediately, and he is well placed to contact those at the Ministry who are not as shortsighted as Cornelius.”

他將他的圓頂禮帽壓在頭上，走出房間，把門砰地關上。他消失的一瞬間，鄧布利多轉過身來看著哈利床邊的人群。「還有工作要做，」他說。「茉莉.....我可以信任你和亞瑟嗎？」「當然可以，」魔法餐屋夫人說。她雖然嚇得臉色發白，但她看起來很堅定。「我們知道費奇是什麼樣的人。正是亞瑟對麻瓜的喜愛讓他在部長大人那裡被壓制了這麼多年。費奇認為他缺乏適當的巫師自豪感。」「那麼我需要給亞瑟發一條信息，」鄧布利多說。「所有我們可以說服的人必須立即得到通知，而他正好可以聯繫那些並不像康奈留斯那麼目光短淺的部裡人。」

“I’ll go to Dad,” said Bill, standing up. “I’ll go now.”

“Excellent,” said Dumbledore. “Tell him what has happened. Tell him I will be in direct contact with him shortly. He will need to be discreet, however. If Fudge thinks I am interfering at the Ministry —”

“Leave it to me,” said Bill.

He clapped a hand on Harry’s shoulder, kissed his mother on the cheek, pulled on his cloak, and strode quickly from the room.

“Minerva,” said Dumbledore, turning to Professor McGonagall, “I want to see Hagrid in my office as soon as possible. Also — if she will consent to come — Madame Maxime.”

Professor McGonagall nodded and left without a word.

“Poppy,” Dumbledore said to Madam Pomfrey, “would you be very kind and go down to Professor Moody’s office, where I think you will find a house-elf called Winky in considerable distress? Do what you can for her, and take her back to the kitchens. I think Dobby will look after her for us.”

“比爾站起來說：‘我去找爸爸。’”“太好了，”鄧布利多說，“告訴他發生了什麼事。告訴他我很快就會直接聯繫他。然而，他需要保密。如果費奇認為我在干預部長大人的事情——”“交給我吧，”比爾說。他拍了拍哈利的肩膀，親吻了他的母親，穿上披風，迅速走出了房間。“麥教授，”鄧布利多轉向麥格教授說，“我想盡快見到海格在我的辦公室。另外——如果她同意來——邁麗·瑪克西姆。”麥格教授點了點頭，沒有說話，離開了。“波比，”鄧布利多對龐弗蕾女士說，“你能不能好心去一趟穆迪教授的辦公室，那裡可能會有一個叫做溫琪的家內精靈非常痛苦？為她做些什麼，然後把她帶回廚房。我想多比會照顧她的。”

“Very — very well,” said Madam Pomfrey, looking startled, and she too left.

Dumbledore made sure that the door was closed, and that Madam Pomfrey’s footsteps had died away, before he spoke again.

“And now,” he said, “it is time for two of our number to recognize each other for what they are. Sirius . . . if you could resume your usual form”

The great black dog looked up at Dumbledore, then, in an instant, turned back into a man.

Mrs. Weasley screamed and leapt back from the bed.

“Sirius Black!” she shrieked, pointing at him.

“Mum, shut up!” Ron yelled. “It’s okay!”

Snape had not yelled or jumped backward, but the look on his face was one of mingled fury and horror.

“Him!” he snarled, staring at Sirius, whose face showed equal dislike. “What is he doing here?”

“非常好，”潘佛蕾夫人說，顯得驚訝，然後她也離開了。鄧布利多確保門關上了，等到潘佛蕾夫人的腳步聲消失後，才再次開口。“現在，”他說，“該是我們兩個人承認彼此真正身份的時候了。小天狼星……可以回到您平常的形態了。”偉大的黑色狗望著鄧布利多，然後在一瞬間，變回了人。梅薇思·衛斯理從床邊尖叫著向後跳開。“小天狼星·布萊克！”她尖叫著，指著他。“媽媽，住口！”羅恩吼道，“沒事了！”斯內普沒有吼叫或向後跳，但他臉上的表情充滿了憤怒和恐懼。“他！”他咆哮著，盯著小天狼星，後者的臉上也充滿了厭惡。“他在這裡幹什麼？”

“He is here at my invitation,” said Dumbledore, looking between them, “as are you, Severus. I trust you both. It is time for you to lay aside your old differences and trust each other.”

Harry thought Dumbledore was asking for a near miracle. Sirius and Snape were eyeing each other with the utmost loathing.

“I will settle, in the short term,” said Dumbledore, with a bite of impatience in his voice, “for a lack of open hostility. You will shake hands. You are on the same side now. Time is short, and unless the few of us who know the truth stand united, there is no hope for any of us.”

Very slowly — but still glaring at each other as though each wished the other nothing but ill — Sirius and Snape moved toward each other and shook hands. They let go extremely quickly.

「他是應我的邀請而來的。」鄧布利多說道，看著他們兩人。「塞弗勒斯，你也是。我信任你們倆。是時候放下你們的舊仇恨，相互信任起來了。」哈利認為鄧布利多要求了一個幾乎是奇蹟。天狼星和斯內普極力地盯著對方。「暫時，」鄧布利多聲音帶有些不耐煩，「我將接受你們不表現出公開的敵意。你們會握手，因為現在你們是站在同一陣線上的。時間緊迫。如果我們這少數知道真相的人不能團結一致，那麼對我們任何人來說都沒有希望。」非常緩慢——但仍像彼此懷著不共戴天之仇怨一樣——天狼星和斯內普朝彼此移動，並握了握手。他們非常快地放手了。

“That will do to be going on with,” said Dumbledore, stepping between them once more. “Now I have work for each of you. Fudge’s attitude, though not unexpected, changes everything. Sirius, I need you to set off at once. You are to alert Remus Lupin, Arabella Figg, Mundungus Fletcher — the old crowd. Lie low at Lupin’s for a while; I will contact you there.”

“But —” said Harry.

He wanted Sirius to stay. He did not want to have to say good-bye again so quickly.

“You’ll see me very soon, Harry,” said Sirius, turning to him. “I promise you. But I must do what I can, you understand, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” said Harry. “Yeah . . . of course I do.”

Sirius grasped his hand briefly, nodded to Dumbledore, transformed again into the black dog, and ran the length of the room to the door, whose handle he turned with a paw. Then he was gone.

“那就做到這裡先吧，”鄧布利多說著，再次走到他們之間，“現在我有工作要交給你們。雖然不出所料，但費奇的態度改變了一切。小天狼星，我需要你立刻出發。你要通知雷木思·盧平、阿拉貝拉·菲格、蒙杜根尤斯·弗萊徹 - 老團伙。在盧平家裡潛伏

一段時間，我會在那裡聯繫你。”“但是 - ”哈利說。他希望小天狼星留下。他不想這麼快就再次跟他說再見。“你很快就會再見到我，哈利，”小天狼星轉向他說，“我向你保證。但是我必須盡力而為，你明白吧？”“是的，”哈利說，“當然明白。”小天狼星簡短地握了握他的手，向邓布利多點了點頭，再次變成一隻黑狗，沿著房間的長度跑到門口，用掌扣開了門。然後他就消失了。

“Severus，” said Dumbledore, turning to Snape, “you know what I must ask you to do. If you are ready . . . if you are prepared . . .”

“I am，” said Snape.

He looked slightly paler than usual, and his cold, black eyes glittered strangely.

“Then good luck，” said Dumbledore, and he watched, with a trace of apprehension on his face, as Snape swept wordlessly after Sirius.

It was several minutes before Dumbledore spoke again.

“I must go downstairs，” he said finally. “I must see the Diggorys. Harry — take the rest of your potion. I will see all of you later.”

Harry slumped back against his pillows as Dumbledore disappeared. Hermione, Ron, and Mrs. Weasley were all looking at him. None of them spoke for a very long time.

“You’ve got to take the rest of your potion, Harry，” Mrs. Weasley said at last. Her hand nudged the sack of gold on his bedside cabinet as she reached for the bottle and the goblet. “You have a good long sleep. Try and think about something else for a while . . . think about what you’re going to buy with your winnings!”

「西弗勒斯，」鄧布利多轉向斯內普說道，「你知道我要求你做什麼。如果你準備好了……如果你已經準備好了……」「我準備好了，」斯內普說。他比平常稍微蒼白了一些，他冷酷的黑眼睛閃耀著奇怪的光芒。「那就祝你好運，」鄧布利多說，他擔心地看著斯內普無聲地跟在小天狼星後面消失在黑暗中。過了幾分鐘，鄧布利多才又開口。「我必須下樓去，」他最終說道。「我必須去看迪戈利一家。哈利——喝完你剩下的藥水。待會兒我再見你們。」當鄧布利多消失了，哈利沉沉地倒在枕頭上。妙麗、羅恩和韋斯萊夫人都看著他，很長一段時間沒有人說話。「哈利，你得喝完剩下的藥水，」韋斯萊夫人最終說道。當她拿起瓶子和杯子的時候，她的手碰到了他床邊櫃上的一袋金子。「你好好睡上一覺，試著想點別的事情……想想你要用獎金買些什麼！」

“I don’t want that gold，” said Harry in an expressionless voice. “You have it. Anyone can have it. I shouldn’t have won it. It should’ve been Cedric’s.”

The thing against which he had been fighting on and off ever since he had come out of the maze was threatening to overpower him. He could feel a burning, prickling feeling in the inner corners of his eyes. He blinked and stared up at the ceiling.

“It wasn’t your fault, Harry，” Mrs. Weasley whispered.

“I told him to take the Cup with me，” said Harry.

Now the burning feeling was in his throat too. He wished Ron would look away.

Mrs. Weasley set the potion down on the bedside cabinet, bent down, and put her arms around Harry. He had no memory of ever being hugged like this, as though by a mother. The full weight of everything he had seen that night seemed to fall in upon him as Mrs. Weasley held him to her. His mother’s face, his father’s voice, the sight of Cedric, dead on the ground all started spinning in his head until he could hardly bear it, until he was screwing up his face against the howl of misery fighting to get out of him.

「我不要那個金杯，」哈利面無表情地說道。「你拿去吧，誰都可以拿走它。我本不應該贏得它，那本應是屬於塞德里克的。」自從從迷宮裡出來後，他一直在與內心掙扎，現在他感到一股灼熱、刺痛的感覺在眼角裡。他眨眨眼，注視著天花板。「這不是你的錯，哈利，」薇茲夫人輕聲說道。「是我告訴他跟我一起拿杯子的，」哈利說道。現在他的喉嚨也感到灼熱，他希望羅恩能看向別處。薇茲夫人把藥劑放在床頭櫃上，彎下腰，抱住哈利。他從未有過如此親密的擁抱，像一個母親般的擁抱。在薇茲夫人的懷裡，他感受到了這一晚所見的一切巨大壓力，他媽媽的臉，他爸爸的聲音，還有塞德里克死去的景象，這一切都在他的腦海裡旋轉，他幾乎無法承受，痛苦地扭曲著臉，抑制著內心的哭喊聲。

There was a loud slamming noise, and Mrs. Weasley and Harry broke apart. Hermione was standing by the window. She was holding something tight in her hand.

“Sorry，” she whispered.

“Your potion, Harry，” said Mrs. Weasley quickly, wiping her eyes on the back of her hand.

Harry drank it in one gulp. The effect was instantaneous. Heavy, irresistible waves of dreamless sleep broke over him; he fell back onto his pillows and thought no more.

突然，房間裡傳來一聲巨響，魏茲萊夫人和哈利分開了。赫敏站在窗邊，手中緊握著什麼東西。“對不起，”她輕聲道。“哈利，你的藥。”魏茲萊夫人迅速說道，用手背擦了擦眼睛。哈利一口氣喝下藥，立刻起效。沉重、不可抗拒的無夢入睡之潮籠罩著他，他倒在枕頭上，再也不想其他事情了。



THE BEGINNING

When he looked back, even a month later, Harry found he had only scattered memories of the next few days. It was as though he had been through too much to take in any more. The recollections he did have were very painful. The worst, perhaps, was the meeting with the Diggorys that took place the following morning.

They did not blame him for what had happened; on the contrary, both thanked him for returning Cedric's body to them. Mr. Diggory sobbed through most of the interview. Mrs. Diggory's grief seemed to be beyond tears.

"He suffered very little then," she said, when Harry had told her how Cedric had died. "And after all, Amos . . . he died just when he'd won the tournament. He must have been happy."

When they got to their feet, she looked down at Harry and said, "You look after yourself, now."

哈利回想起來，即使是一個月後，他發現自己只有幾天的零散記憶。好像他已經經歷了太多事情，無法再接受更多的事實。他所記得的回憶都很痛苦。其中最痛苦的是第二天早上和狄哥里一家人見面的場景。他們沒有責怪哈利發生的事情，相反，他們感謝哈利把塞德里克的屍體還給了他們。狄哥里先生在訪談過程中一直哭泣。狄哥里夫人的悲痛似乎超越了眼淚。當哈利告訴夫人塞德里克是如何死的時候，她說：“他沒有受太多的痛苦。”“畢竟，阿莫斯...他剛贏得比賽，他一定很開心。”當他們站起身來，夫人看著哈利說：“你自己照顧好自己。”

Harry seized the sack of gold on the bedside table.

"You take this," he muttered to her. "It should've been Cedric's, he got there first, you take it—"

But she backed away from him.

"Oh no, it's yours, dear, I couldn't . . . you keep it."

Harry returned to Gryffindor Tower the following evening. From what Hermione and Ron told him, Dumbledore had spoken to the school that morning at breakfast. He had merely requested that they leave Harry alone, that nobody ask him questions or badger him to tell the story of what had happened in the maze. Most people, he noticed, were skirting him in the corridors, avoiding his eyes. Some whispered behind their hands as he passed. He guessed that many of them had believed Rita Skeeter's article about how disturbed and possibly dangerous he was. Perhaps they were formulating their own theories about how Cedric had died. He found he didn't care very much. He liked it best when he was with Ron and Hermione and they were talking about other things, or else letting him sit in silence while they played chess. He felt as though all three of them had reached an understanding they didn't need to put into words; that each was waiting for some sign, some word, of what was going on outside Hogwarts — and that it was useless to speculate about what might be coming until they knew anything for certain. The only time they touched upon the subject was when Ron told Harry about a meeting Mrs. Weasley had had with Dumbledore before going home.

哈利抓住床头柜上的金袋。「你拿去吧，」他嘀咕著。「这原本是塞德里克的，本來是他先拿到的，你拿去——」但她卻往後退了幾步。「噢不，這是你的，親愛的，我不能——你留下它。」隔天傍晚哈利回到了格蘭芬多塔。从赫敏和朗恩口中得知，邓布利多當天早餐時發言了。他只是請求他们让哈利一个人待着，不要問他任何問題或強迫他说说迷宮里发生了什么事。哈利发现，大多数人在走廊里绕路绕过他，避开他的眼睛。一些人掩口窃语，当他走过时。他猜许多人都相信丽塔·斯基特关于他心理不稳定甚至有危险的报道。也许他们正在构思关于塞德里克如何死亡的理论。他发现他并不在意。他最喜欢的是和朗恩和赫敏在一起，讨论其他事情，或者让他在他们下棋时静静地坐着。他感到他们三人都已经达成了一种默契，不需要用语言表达；每个人都在等待某种迹象，某个词语，关于霍格沃茨外面正在发生什么的消息——在他们确切地知道之前，猜测可能来临的一切是无用的。他们唯一触及这个话题的时候是朗恩告诉哈利，他们關於韋斯萊夫婦咨询邓布利多而他回国前的会面。

"She went to ask him if you could come straight to us this summer," he said. "But he wants you to go back to the Dursleys, at least at first."

"Why?" said Harry.

"She said Dumbledore's got his reasons," said Ron, shaking his head darkly. "I suppose we've got to trust him, haven't we?"

The only person apart from Ron and Hermione that Harry felt able to talk to was Hagrid. As there was no longer a Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, they had those lessons free. They used the one on Thursday afternoon to go down and visit Hagrid in his cabin. It was a bright and sunny day; Fang bounded out of the open door as they approached, barking and wagging his tail madly.

“Who’s that?” called Hagrid, coming to the door. “Harry!”

He strode out to meet them, pulled Harry into a one-armed hug, ruffled his hair, and said, “Good ter see yeh, mate. Good ter see yeh.”

他說：“她去問他是否可以直接來我們這裡度過這個夏天，但他希望你至少在一開始時回到德思禮家。”“為什麼？”哈利問道。“她說鄧布爾多有他的理由，”羅恩沉著地搖頭說，“我們得信任他，不是嗎？”除了羅恩和赫敏之外，哈利唯一能聊天的人就是海格。由於已經沒有黑魔法防禦術老師了，他們的那些課都沒有安排。他們用星期四下午的時間去拜訪海格。那是一個晴朗明媚的日子。當他們走近時，方叫聲從門外傳來，搖著尾巴狂吠。“是誰啊？”海格喊道，走出門口，“哈利！”他邁著大步走向他們，用一只手擁抱哈利，撥亂他的頭髮，說，“見到你太好了，老兄。見到你太好了。”

They saw two bucket-size cups and saucers on the wooden table in front of the fireplace when they entered Hagrid’s cabin.

“Bin havin’ a cuppa with Olympe,” Hagrid said. “She’s jus’ left.”

“Who?” said Ron curiously.

“Madame Maxime, o’ course!” said Hagrid.

“You two made up, have you?” said Ron.

“Dunno what yeh’re talkin’ about,” said Hagrid airily, fetching more cups from the dresser. When he had made tea and offered around a plate of doughy cookies, he leaned back in his chair and surveyed Harry closely through his beetle-black eyes.

“You all righ’?” he said gruffly.

“Yeah,” said Harry.

“No, yeh’re not,” said Hagrid. “Course yeh’re not. But yeh will be.”

Harry said nothing.

“Knew he was goin’ ter come back,” said Hagrid, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked up at him, shocked. “Known it fer years, Harry. Knew he was out there, bidin’ his time. It had ter happen. Well, now it has, an’ we’ll jus’ have ter get on with it. We’ll fight. Migh’ be able ter stop him before he gets a good hold. That’s Dumbledore’s plan, anyway. Great man, Dumbledore. ’S long as we’ve got him, I’m not too worried.”

當他們進入海格的小屋時，在壁爐前的木桌上看到兩個桶大小的杯子和茶碟。“剛和奧琳普喝杯茶，”海格說，“她剛剛離開。”“誰？”羅恩好奇地問。“當然是麥克西姆女士！”海格說。“你們和好了？”羅恩說。“不知道你在說什麼，”海格輕描淡寫地說，從櫥櫃裡拿出更多的杯子。當他沏好茶並提供油膩的餅乾時，他向後靠在椅子上，透過他的甲蟲黑眼睛仔細地觀察哈利。“你還好嗎？”他咆哮地說。“是的，”哈利說。“不，你不好，”海格說。“當然不好。但你會好起來的。”哈利沒有說話。“我知道他會回來的，”海格說，哈利、羅恩和赫敏震驚地抬起頭。“我知道他在外面等時機。這是必然的。現在它發生了，我們只能繼續前進。我們會戰鬥。也許我們能在他掌握局勢前阻止他。這是鄧布利多的計劃。鄧布利多是偉大的人。只要有他在，我就不太擔心。”

Hagrid raised his bushy eyebrows at the disbelieving expressions on their faces.

“No good sittin’ worryin’ abou’ it,” he said. “What’s comin’ will come, an’ we’ll meet it when it does. Dumbledore told me wha’ you did, Harry.”

Hagrid’s chest swelled as he looked at Harry.

“Yeh did as much as yer father would’ve done, an’ I can’ give yeh no higher praise than that.”

Harry smiled back at him. It was the first time he’d smiled in days. “What’s Dumbledore asked you to do, Hagrid?” he asked. “He sent Professor McGonagall to ask you and Madame Maxime to meet him—that night.”

“Got a little job fer me over the summer,” said Hagrid. “Secret, though. I’m not s’posed ter talk abou’ it, no, not even ter you lot. Olympe—Madame Maxime ter you—might be comin’ with me. I think she will. Think I got her persuaded.”

海格看着他們臉上的不信任表情，翹起濃密的眉毛。“沒用坐着擔心這個，”他說。“會來的總會來，我們會在那時應對。鄧布利多告訴你做了什麼，哈利。”海格看着哈利，胸膛鼓起。“你做的和你父親一樣多，我再給你更高的贊揚了。”哈利衝他微笑。這是他幾天來第一次微笑。“鄧布利多讓你做什么，海格？”他問。“他派麥格教授來找你和瑪麗·麥克西姆見他——那晚。”“夏天我有一份小工作，”海格說。“不過是秘密。我不應該談論它，甚至不應該談論給你們任何人。奧林佩——對你來說是瑪麗·麥克西姆——可能跟我一起來。我想她會的。我想我說服了她。”

“Is it to do with Voldemort?”

Hagrid flinched at the sound of the name.

“Migh’ be,” he said evasively. “Now . . . who’d like ter come an’ visit the las’ skrewt with me? I was jokin’ — jokin’!” he added hastily, seeing the looks on their faces.

It was with a heavy heart that Harry packed his trunk up in the dormitory on the night before his return to Privet Drive. He was dreading the Leaving Feast, which was usually a cause for celebration, when the winner of the Inter-House Championship would be announced. He had avoided being in the Great Hall when it was full ever since he had left the hospital wing, preferring to eat when it was nearly empty to avoid the stares of his fellow students.

When he, Ron, and Hermione entered the Hall, they saw at once that the usual decorations were missing. The Great Hall was normally decorated with the winning House’s colors for the Leaving Feast. Tonight, however, there were black drapes on the wall behind the teachers’ table. Harry knew instantly that they were there as a mark of respect to Cedric.

“這與佛地魔有關嗎？”海格聽到這個名字，不禁緊張了一下。“可能吧，”他含糊地回答，“現在...誰想跟我一起去看看最後一隻蟲蟲？”他趕緊補充道，“我只是開玩笑，開玩笑！”看著他們的表情。哈利煩著重重的心情，收拾好行李箱，準備回普立特街。他很不期待離別晚宴，這通常是一個值得慶祝的場合，宣布互鄉邦賽冠軍。從他離開醫護室後，他一直避免在食堂裡和其他學生見面，更喜歡在食堂幾乎沒人的時候吃飯，以避免同學們的凝視。當他、朗和赫敏走進大廳時，他們立刻發現平常的裝飾都不見了。離別晚宴通常是由獲勝學院的顏色裝飾的大廳，但今晚，教師桌後的牆上掛著黑色的窗簾。哈利立刻知道，這是為塞德里克表示尊重。

The real Mad-Eye Moody was at the staff table now, his wooden leg and his magical eye back in place. He was extremely twitchy, jumping every time someone spoke to him. Harry couldn’t blame him; Moody’s fear of attack was bound to have been increased by his ten-month imprisonment in his own trunk. Professor Karkaroff’s chair was empty. Harry wondered, as he sat down with the other Gryffindors, where Karkaroff was now, and whether Voldemort had caught up with him.

Madame Maxime was still there. She was sitting next to Hagrid. They were talking quietly together. Further along the table, sitting next to Professor McGonagall, was Snape. His eyes lingered on Harry for a moment as Harry looked at him. His expression was difficult to read. He looked as sour and unpleasant as ever. Harry continued to watch him, long after Snape had looked away.

真正的瘋狂眼神穆迪現在坐在教師桌旁，他的木腿和魔法眼也回到了原位。他非常的緊張，每當有人和他說話時都會跳起來。哈利不能怪罪他；穆迪因為十個月被囚禁在自己的箱子裡而對攻擊的恐懼必定增加了。卡卡洛夫教授的椅子是空的。當哈利和其他格蘭芬多人坐下時，他想知道卡卡洛夫現在在哪裡，以及佛地魔是否追上了他。馬德姆·麥克西姆仍在那裡。她坐在海格旁邊。他們在悄悄地說話。在桌子的另一端，坐在麥康娜教授旁邊的是斯涅普。當哈利看著他時，他的眼睛停留在哈利身上。他的表情很難看懂。他看起來像往常一樣陰沉和令人不快。斯涅普轉過頭去後，哈利仍然繼續看著他。

What was it that Snape had done on Dumbledore’s orders, the night that Voldemort had returned? And why . . . why . . . was Dumbledore so convinced that Snape was truly on their side? He had been their spy, Dumbledore had said so in the Pensieve. Snape had turned spy against Voldemort, “at great personal risk.” Was that the job he had taken up again? Had he made contact with the Death Eaters, perhaps? Pretended that he had never really gone over to Dumbledore, that he had been, like Voldemort himself, biding his time?

Harry’s musings were ended by Professor Dumbledore, who stood up at the staff table. The Great Hall, which in any case had been less noisy than it usually was at the Leaving Feast, became very quiet.

“The end,” said Dumbledore, looking around at them all, “of another year.”

Snape在那個夜晚奉 Dumbledore 的命令做了什麼事情呢？為什麼 Dumbledore 如此確信 Snape 是站在他們那一邊的？Dumbledore 在 Pensieve 裡說過，Snape 是他們的間諜。Snape 背叛了 Voldemort，冒著極大的風險當上了間諜。他又回頭重新承擔起這個工作了嗎？也許他聯繫了食死徒，假裝他從來沒有真正站在 Dumbledore 那邊，就像 Voldemort 自己一樣，一直在等待時機？哈利的思索因 Dumbledore 教授站在職員席上而結束了。大餐廳本來比畢業宴會平常要安靜，現在更是一片寂靜。“又是一個學年的結束，”Dumbledore 說著，環顧四周，“The end。”

He paused, and his eyes fell upon the Hufflepuff table. Theirs had been the most subdued table before he had gotten to his feet, and theirs were still the saddest and palest faces in the Hall.

“There is much that I would like to say to you all tonight,” said Dumbledore, “but I must first acknowledge the loss of a very fine person, who should be sitting here,” he gestured toward the Hufflepuffs, “enjoying our feast with us. I would like you all, please, to stand, and raise your glasses, to Cedric Diggory.”

They did it, all of them; the benches scraped as everyone in the Hall stood, and raised their goblets, and echoed, in one loud, low, rumbling voice, “Cedric Diggory.”

Harry caught a glimpse of Cho through the crowd. There were tears pouring silently down her face. He looked down at the table as they all sat down again.

他停了下來，眼睛落在赫夫帕夫桌上。在他站起來之前，他們的桌子是最冷靜的，而現在他們的臉色仍然是大廳裡最悲傷和最蒼白的。“今晚我有很多話想對大家說，”鄧布利多說，“但我必須首先承認失去了一個非常出色的人，他應該坐在這裡，”他向赫夫帕夫人群的方向示意，“和我們一起享受盛宴。我要求你們全體站起來，舉起杯子，為塞德里克·迪戈里致敬。”他們都這樣做了；大廳裡每個人都站起來，舉起高腳杯，齊聲低沉地回蕩著：“塞德里克·迪戈里。”哈利透過人群看到了妙麗。她臉上靜靜地冷冷滴下淚水。他們都重新坐下了，哈利看向餐桌。

“Cedric was a person who exemplified many of the qualities that distinguish Hufflepuff House,” Dumbledore continued. “He was a good and loyal friend, a hard worker, he valued fair play. His death has affected you all, whether you knew him well or not. I think that you have the right, therefore, to know exactly how it came about.”

Harry raised his head and stared at Dumbledore.

“Cedric Diggory was murdered by Lord Voldemort.”

A panicked whisper swept the Great Hall. People were staring at Dumbledore in disbelief, in horror. He looked perfectly calm as he watched them mutter themselves into silence.

“The Ministry of Magic,” Dumbledore continued, “does not wish me to tell you this. It is possible that some of your parents will be horrified that I have done so — either because they will not believe that Lord Voldemort has returned, or because they think I should not tell you so, young as you are. It is my belief, however, that the truth is generally preferable to lies, and that any attempt to pretend that Cedric died as the result of an accident, or some sort of blunder of his own, is an insult to his memory.”

塞德里克是一個展現許多赫夫帕夫特特質的人，”鄧布利多繼續說道，“他是個好友，忠誠的同伴，勤奮工作，珍視公平競爭。他的死亡對你們所有人都有影響，無論你們是否認識他。因此，我認為你們有權知道它發生的真實原因。”哈利抬起頭，盯著鄧布利多。“塞德里克·迪戈里被佛地魔謀殺了。”一陣恐慌的耳語在大廳裡傳開。人們驚愕地凝視著鄧布利多。他看起來非常冷靜，注視著他們一言不發。“魔法部不希望我告訴你們這個。可能你們的一些父母會因為我這樣做而感到震驚—要麼是因為他們不相信佛地魔已經回來了，要麼是因為他們認為我不應該告訴你們這個這麼年輕。然而，我相信，事實通常比謊言更可取，假裝過去的事故或他自己的某種錯誤是塞德里克死亡的原因，會是對他記憶的侮辱。”

Stunned and frightened, every face in the Hall was turned toward Dumbledore now . . . or almost every face. Over at the Slytherin table, Harry saw Draco Malfoy muttering something to Crabbe and Goyle. Harry felt a hot, sick swoop of anger in his stomach. He forced himself to look back at Dumbledore.

“There is somebody else who must be mentioned in connection with Cedric’s death,” Dumbledore went on. “I am talking, of course, about Harry Potter.”

A kind of ripple crossed the Great Hall as a few heads turned in Harry’s direction before flicking back to face Dumbledore.

“Harry Potter managed to escape Lord Voldemort,” said Dumbledore. “He risked his own life to return Cedric’s body to Hogwarts. He showed, in every respect, the sort of bravery that few wizards have ever shown in facing Lord Voldemort, and for this, I honor him.”

震驚與恐懼，每個人的臉都注視著鄧布利多...幾乎每張臉。在西蒙赫夫人座位那邊，哈利看到德拉科·馬爾福對克拉布和高爾發牢騷。哈利覺得一陣熱烈的、噁心的憤怒沖上他的肚子。他強迫自己再次看向鄧布利多。“在凱德里克之死中還有一個人必須提及，”鄧布利多繼續說，“我正在講哈利·波特，當然了。”一種微小的漣漪在大廳傳開，一些人往哈利的方向轉了轉頭，然後又面對著鄧布利多。“哈利·波特成功逃離了佛地魔，”鄧布利多說，“他冒著生命危險將凱德里克的屍體帶回霍格華茲。他表現出了少有巫師在面對佛地魔時所表現出的勇氣，因此，我要表揚他。”

Dumbledore turned gravely to Harry and raised his goblet once more. Nearly everyone in the Great Hall followed suit. They murmured his name, as they had murmured Cedric’s, and drank to him. But through a gap in the standing figures, Harry saw that Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, and many of the other Slytherins had remained defiantly in their seats, their goblets untouched. Dumbledore, who after all possessed no magical eye, did not see them.

When everyone had once again resumed their seats, Dumbledore continued, “The Triwizard Tournament’s aim was to further and promote magical understanding. In the light of what has happened — of Lord Voldemort’s return — such ties are more important than ever before.”

Dumbledore looked from Madame Maxime and Hagrid, to Fleur Delacour and her fellow Beauxbatons students, to Viktor Krum and the Durmstrangs at the Slytherin table. Krum, Harry saw, looked wary, almost frightened, as though he expected Dumbledore to say something harsh.

鄧布利多嚴肅地轉向哈利，再次舉起酒杯。大廳裡幾乎所有人都跟隨他的舉動。他們喃喃著他的名字，就像喃喃著塞德里克的名字一樣，然後喝了一口。但是透過站立人物間的間隙，哈利看到馬爾福、克拉布、戈伊爾和其他許多史萊哲林學院的人仍然固執地坐在他們的座位上，酒杯沒有動。鄧布利多沒有魔法眼，沒有看到他們。當每個人再次回到座位上時，鄧布利多繼續說道：“三巫鬥法的目的是進一步促進魔法的理解和發展。鑑於所發生的事情——伏地魔的復活——這樣的聯繫比以往任何时候都更加重要。”鄧布利多望著瑪麗·馬克西姆和海格，再看看弗樂·德拉庫和她的貝鐸巴松學院的同學，以及維克多·克魯姆和史萊哲林學院的桌子。哈利看到克魯姆看起來很警惕，甚至有些害怕，彷彿他期望鄧布利多會說出什麼嚴厲的話。

“Every guest in this Hall,” said Dumbledore, and his eyes lingered upon the Durmstrang students, “will be welcomed back here at any time, should they wish to come. I say to you all, once again — in the light of Lord Voldemort’s return, we are only as strong as we are united, as weak as we are divided. Lord Voldemort’s gift for spreading discord and enmity is very great. We can fight it only by showing an equally strong bond of friendship and trust. Differences of habit and language are nothing at all if our aims are identical and our hearts are open.”

“It is my belief — and never have I so hoped that I am mistaken — that we are all facing dark and difficult times. Some of you in this Hall have already suffered directly at the hands of Lord Voldemort. Many of your families have been torn asunder. A week ago, a student was taken from our midst.”

「這個大廳裡的每一位賓客，」鄧布利多說道，他的目光停留在杜姆斯壯學生身上：「任何時候，只要他們願意，都可以回來這裡。我再次告訴你們，在佛地魔歸來的光芒下，我們只有團結才能強大，僅有分裂才能虛弱。佛地魔擅長煽動紛爭和敵意，我們只有展現同樣堅定的友誼和信任才能抗衡。習慣與語言的差異毫不重要，只要我們的目標相同，心中充滿開放。我深信——從未像現在這樣希望我錯誤——我們正在面對黑暗而困難的時刻。這個大廳裡的一些人已經直接遭受過佛地魔的手段。你們的家庭中有許多人為此分崩離析。就在一周之前，我們中的一名學生被帶走了。」

“Remember Cedric. Remember, if the time should come when you have to make a choice between what is right and what is easy, remember what happened to a boy who was good, and kind, and brave, because he strayed across the path of Lord Voldemort. Remember Cedric Diggory.”

Harry's trunk was packed; Hedwig was back in her cage on top of it. He, Ron, and Hermione were waiting in the crowded entrance hall with the rest of the fourth years for the carriages that would take them back to Hogsmeade station. It was another beautiful summer's day. He supposed that Privet Drive would be hot and leafy, its flower beds a riot of color, when he arrived there that evening. The thought gave him no pleasure at all.

“‘Arry!”

He looked around. Fleur Delacour was hurrying up the stone steps into the castle. Beyond her, far across the grounds, Harry could see Hagrid helping Madame Maxime to back two of the giant horses into their harness. The Beauxbatons carriage was about to take off.

“記得賽德瑞克。如果有一天你必須在正義和容易之間做出選擇，請記住一個好、善良和勇敢的男孩因為橫穿佛地魔的路而身敗名裂的故事。記住賽德瑞克·狄哥理。”哈利的大衣箱已經打包好了，海格把馬達姆·馬克西姆女士的兩匹巨型馬牽進馬車裝上了鞍具。在擁擠的入口大廳裡，他、羅恩和赫敏和其他四年級的學生一起等候馬車，準備回到霍格沃茨車站。這是又一個美好的夏日。他想當他晚上到達普立特大道時，可能會是一個熱鬧的小鎮，彩色的花圃和樹葉繁茂。但這樣的想法一點也沒讓他快樂。“‘哈利！’他轉過身。弗爾·德拉庫正匆匆走上城堡的石階。在她的身後，在遠處的場地上，哈利能看到海格正在幫助馬德莫·馬克西姆把兩匹巨大的馬拉上鞍具。那是波巴脫的遊輪，馬上就要起飛了。

“We will see each other again, I 'ope,” said Fleur as she reached him, holding out her hand. “I am 'oping to get a job 'ere, to improve my English.”

“It's very good already,” said Ron in a strangled sort of voice. Fleur smiled at him; Hermione scowled.

“Good-bye, 'Arry,” said Fleur, turning to go. “It 'az been a pleasure meeting you!”

Harry's spirits couldn't help but lift slightly as he watched Fleur hurry back across the lawns to Madame Maxime, her silvery hair rippling in the sunlight.

“Wonder how the Durmstrang students are getting back,” said Ron. “D'you reckon they can steer that ship without Karkaroff?”

“Karkaroff did not steer,” said a gruff voice. “He stayed in his cabin and let us do the work.”

Krum had come to say good-bye to Hermione.

“Could I have a word?” he asked her.

「我們還會再見面的，我希望如此。」弗勒走到他身邊，伸出手。「我想在這裡找份工作，提高我的英語。」「你的英語已經很好了。」羅恩說著，聲音帶著壓抑的情緒。弗勒對他微笑，赫敏皺起眉頭。「再見，哈利。很高興認識你。」弗勒轉身離開。「麥斯媽媽現在在哪裡？」哈利看著弗勒在陽光下匆匆穿過草坪回到麥斯媽媽那裡，心情不由得稍微愉悅了一些。

「那個達姆斯特朗的學生們怎麼回去？你覺得他們能夠在沒有卡卡羅夫的情況下掌舵嗎？」羅恩問道。「卡卡羅夫並沒有掌舵。」一個低沉的聲音響起。「他待在自己的船艙裡，讓我們去做這些工作。」克魯姆來與赫敏告別。「能和你說幾句話嗎？」他問道。

“Oh... yes... all right,” said Hermione, looking slightly flustered, and following Krum through the crowd and out of sight.

“You'd better hurry up!” Ron called loudly after her. “The carriages'll be here in a minute!”

He let Harry keep a watch for the carriages, however, and spent the next few minutes craning his neck over the crowd to try and see what Krum and Hermione might be up to. They returned quite soon. Ron stared at Hermione, but her face was quite impassive.

“I liked Diggory,” said Krum abruptly to Harry. “He was always polite to me. Always. Even though I was from Durmstrang—with Karkaroff,” he added, scowling.

“Have you got a new headmaster yet?” said Harry.

Krum shrugged. He held out his hand as Fleur had done, shook Harry's hand, and then Ron's. Ron looked as though he was suffering some sort of painful internal struggle. Krum had already started walking away when Ron burst out, “Can I have your autograph?”

“噢.....好的，”赫敏有点慌张地说着，跟着克魯姆穿过人群，消失在视线中。“你最好赶快啊！”罗恩大声喊道，“马车一分钟之内就要来了！”不过他放心让哈利看守着马车，接下来的几分钟里一直在人群中伸长脖子，试图看到克魯姆和赫敏忙些什么。不久，他们便回来了。罗恩盯着赫敏，但她脸上没有表情。“我喜欢迪戈里，”克魯姆突然跟哈利说，“他对我总是很有礼貌，总是。尽管我是杜姆斯特朗的，还有卡卡洛夫，”他补充道，皱着眉头。“你们有新校长了吗？”哈利问。克魯姆耸了耸肩。他

像菲尔一样伸出手，握了哈利和罗恩的手。罗恩看上去似乎正在经历某种痛苦的内心挣扎。克鲁姆已经开始走开了，罗恩突然喊道，“我要你的签名吗？”

Hermione turned away, smiling at the horseless carriages that were now trundling toward them up the drive, as Krum, looking surprised but gratified, signed a fragment of parchment for Ron.

The weather could not have been more different on the journey back to King's Cross than it had been on their way to Hogwarts the previous September. There wasn't a single cloud in the sky. Harry, Ron, and Hermione had managed to get a compartment to themselves. Pigwidgeon was once again hidden under Ron's dress robes to stop him from hooting continually; Hedwig was dozing, her head under her wing, and Crookshanks was curled up in a spare seat like a large, furry ginger cushion. Harry, Ron, and Hermione talked more fully and freely than they had all week as the train sped them southward. Harry felt as though Dumbledore's speech at the Leaving Feast had unblocked him, somehow. It was less painful to discuss what had happened now. They broke off their conversation about what action Dumbledore might be taking, even now, to stop Voldemort only when the lunch trolley arrived.

赫敏转身望着无马马车，它们正沿着大道缓缓向他们驶来。库拉姆满意而惊讶地签下一张纸片给罗恩，赫敏微笑着转过身去。回国的路上，与上学季节比起来，完全不同的是天气：无云。哈利、罗恩和赫敏成功地抢到了一节属于他们自己的车厢，Ron 又将小鸟猫头鹰藏在了他的礼服下以防止它不停地发出叫声；海德薇正在打瞌睡，把头藏在自己的翅膀下，克鲁曲静静地蜷缩在备用座椅上，像一只大毛绒绒的姜色垫子。当火车 Southward 飞驰时，哈利，罗恩和赫敏开始谈起彼此的事情。哈利感觉邓布利多在离别大宴上的讲话已经把堵在他心中的石头移开了，现在讲起发生了什么事情比以前容易多了。直到午餐推销车到来，他们才终止了关于邓布利多现在可能采取什么行动来制止伏地魔的讨论。

When Hermione returned from the trolley and put her money back into her schoolbag, she dislodged a copy of the *Daily Prophet* that she had been carrying in there. Harry looked at it, unsure whether he really wanted to know what it might say, but Hermione, seeing him looking at it, said calmly, "There's nothing in there. You can look for yourself, but there's nothing at all. I've been checking every day. Just a small piece the day after the third task saying you won the tournament. They didn't even mention Cedric. Nothing about any of it. If you ask me, Fudge is forcing them to keep quiet."

"He'll never keep Rita quiet," said Harry. "Not on a story like this."

"Oh, Rita hasn't written anything at all since the third task," said Hermione in an oddly constrained voice. "As a matter of fact," she added, her voice now trembling slightly, "Rita Skeeter isn't going to be writing anything at all for a while. Not unless she wants me to spill the beans on her."

當赫敏從自助理車回來，把錢放回書包時，她不小心掉出一份她一直攜帶在那裡的《每日預報》。哈利看著它，不確定自己是否真的想知道上面可能說了什麼，但赫敏看到他看著它，平靜地說：“裡面沒有東西。你可以自己看看，但裡面沒有東西。我一直在檢查。第三場比賽過後，只有一小段說你贏了比賽。他們甚至沒有提到塞德里克。關於這一切沒有任何消息。如果你問我，福吉正在強迫他們保持沉默。”“他永遠也不會讓黎達保持沉默，”哈利說。“特別是這樣的一個故事。”“噢，黎達自從第三場比賽後就沒有寫過什麼了，”赫敏用奇怪的受限聲音說。“事實上，”她補充說，現在聲音有些顫抖，“黎達·史奇特一段時間內都不會寫任何東西。除非她希望我洩漏出她的秘密。”

"What are you talking about?" said Ron.

"I found out how she was listening in on private conversations when she wasn't supposed to be coming onto the grounds," said Hermione in a rush.

Harry had the impression that Hermione had been dying to tell them this for days, but that she had restrained herself in light of everything else that had happened.

"How was she doing it?" said Harry at once.

"How did you find out?" said Ron, staring at her.

"Well, it was you, really, who gave me the idea, Harry," she said.

"Did I?" said Harry, perplexed. "How?"

"Bugging," said Hermione happily.

"But you said they didn't work —"

"Oh not *electronic* bugs," said Hermione. "No, you see . . . Rita Skeeter" — Hermione's voice trembled with quiet triumph — "is an unregistered Animagus. She can turn —"

“你在說什麼？”羅恩說。“我發現她在不應該進入校園的時候如何竊聽私人談話了，”赫敏趕忙說。哈利感覺赫敏已經想告訴他們這件事好幾天了，但鑑於發生的一切，她克制了自己。“她是怎麼做到的？”哈利立刻問道。“你是怎麼發現的？”羅恩盯著她。“其實是你給了我靈感，哈利，”她說。“我？”哈利詫異地說。“怎麼回事？”“竊聽器，”赫敏開心地說。“但你說過不起作用——”“哦不是電子竊聽器，”赫敏說。“你看……麗塔·斯基特——”赫敏的聲音中含著滿意的戰勝感——“是沒有註冊的變形魔法師。她可以變成……”

Hermione pulled a small sealed glass jar out of her bag.

“—— into a beetle.”

“You’re kidding,” said Ron. “You haven’t . . . she’s not . . .”

“Oh yes she is,” said Hermione happily, brandishing the jar at them.

Inside were a few twigs and leaves and one large, fat beetle.

“That’s never — you’re kidding —” Ron whispered, lifting the jar to his eyes.

“No, I’m not,” said Hermione, beaming. “I caught her on the windowsill in the hospital wing. Look very closely, and you’ll notice the markings around her antennae are exactly like those foul glasses she wears.”

Harry looked and saw that she was quite right. He also remembered something.

“There was a beetle on the statue the night we heard Hagrid telling Madame Maxime about his mum!”

“Exactly,” said Hermione. “And Viktor pulled a beetle out of my hair after we’d had our conversation by the lake. And unless I’m very much mistaken, Rita was perched on the windowsill of the Divination class the day your scar hurt. She’s been buzzing around for stories all year.”

赫敏從袋子裡拿出一個小密封玻璃罐。“——變成了一隻甲蟲。”“你在開玩笑吧，”羅恩說。“你沒有……她不是……”“是的，”赫敏高興地揮舞著罐子說。裡面有一些小枝條和葉子，還有一隻大的、胖乎乎的甲蟲。“那是不可能的——你在開玩笑——”羅恩低聲說，把罐子舉到眼前。“我沒有開玩笑，”赫敏笑容滿面地說：“我在護理站的窗邊抓住了她。仔細看，你會發現她觸角周圍的斑紋正如她戴的那副鏡子一樣惡心。”哈利也看到了，他記起了什麼。“在我們聽到海格告訴馬克西姆夫人有關他母親的那個晚上，有一隻甲蟲在雕像上！”“正是，”赫敏說。“維克托在我們在湖邊交談後，從我的頭發裡拿出了一隻甲蟲。一整年，除非我完全弄錯了，里塔一直在找故事。”

“When we saw Malfoy under that tree . . .” said Ron slowly.

“He was talking to her, in his hand,” said Hermione. “He knew, of course. That’s how she’s been getting all those nice little interviews with the Slytherins. They wouldn’t care that she was doing something illegal, as long as they were giving her horrible stuff about us and Hagrid.”

Hermione took the glass jar back from Ron and smiled at the beetle, which buzzed angrily against the glass.

“I’ve told her I’ll let her out when we get back to London,” said Hermione. “I’ve put an Unbreakable Charm on the jar, you see, so she can’t transform. And I’ve told her she’s to keep her quill to herself for a whole year. See if she can’t break the habit of writing horrible lies about people.”

Smiling serenely, Hermione placed the beetle back inside her schoolbag.

「當我們在樹下看見馬爾福的時候，」羅恩緩慢地說。「他在和她說話，手中拿著蟲子，」赫敏說。「他當然知道。這就是她如何得到那些有關史萊哲林的精彩採訪的方法。只要他們提供關於我們和海格的可怕東西，他們就不會在意她正在做非法的事情。」赫敏從羅恩手中拿回玻璃罐，微笑著看著那隻在罐中憤怒地嗡嗡作響的甲蟲。「我告訴過她，我會在回倫敦時放她出來，」赫敏說。「我在罐子上使用了破不了的魔咒，所以她無法變形。我還告訴她，她要保持一整年不寫關於人們的可怕謠言。看看她能不能改掉寫作習慣。」赫敏安詳地微笑著，將甲蟲放回她的書包裡。

The door of the compartment slid open.

“Very clever, Granger,” said Draco Malfoy.

Crabbe and Goyle were standing behind him. All three of them looked more pleased with themselves, more arrogant and more menacing, than Harry had ever seen them.

“So,” said Malfoy slowly, advancing slightly into the compartment and looking slowly around at them, a smirk quivering on his lips. “You caught some pathetic reporter, and Potter’s Dumbledore’s favorite boy again. Big deal.”

His smirk widened. Crabbe and Goyle leered.

“Trying not to think about it, are we?” said Malfoy softly, looking around at all three of them. “Trying to pretend it hasn’t happened?”

“Get out,” said Harry.

He had not been this close to Malfoy since he had watched him muttering to Crabbe and Goyle during Dumbledore’s speech about Cedric. He could feel a kind of ringing in his ears. His hand gripped his wand under his robes.

車廂的門滑開了。「真聰明，格蘭傑，」德拉科·馬爾福說。克拉布和戈伊爾站在他的身後。他們三個看起來比哈利以往見過的任何時候都更得意，更傲慢，更具威脅性。「那麼，」馬爾福慢慢地說，稍微向車廂走進一步，慢慢地看著他們，嘴角抽搐著的冷笑。「你們抓住了一些可悲的記者，還有波特，鄧布利多最喜歡的男孩。算個屁呀。」他的冷笑擴大了。克拉布和戈伊爾齷牙咧嘴。「試著不去想它，是吧？」馬爾福輕聲說，看著他們三個。「試著假裝這件事沒有發生？」「滾出去，」哈利說。自從他看到馬爾福在鄧布利多談到塞德里克的演講時，對著克拉布和戈伊爾低聲嘀咕以來，他就沒有再這麼接近馬

爾福了。他可以感覺到自己的耳朵裡嗡嗡作響。他的手在袍子下緊握著魔杖。

“You’ve picked the losing side, Potter! I warned you! I told you you ought to choose your company more carefully, remember? When we met on the train, first day at Hogwarts? I told you not to hang around with riffraff like this!” He jerked his head at Ron and Hermione. “Too late now, Potter! They’ll be the first to go, now the Dark Lord’s back! Mudbloods and Muggle-lovers first! Well—second—Diggory was the f—”

It was as though someone had exploded a box of fireworks within the compartment. Blinded by the blaze of the spells that had blasted from every direction, deafened by a series of bangs, Harry blinked and looked down at the floor.

Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were all lying unconscious in the doorway. He, Ron, and Hermione were on their feet, all three of them having used a different hex. Nor were they the only ones to have done so.

“波特，你選擇了輸家！我警告你過了！我告訴你你應該更謹慎地選擇你的伙伴，還記得嗎？我們在霍格華茲的第一天在火車上見面時？我告訴你不要和這樣的低賤之徒混在一起！”他朝著羅恩和妙麗搖了搖頭。“現在晚了，波特！他們將會第一個被殺，因為黑魔王回來了！第一個被殺的是泥巴人和愛好麻瓜的人！好吧 - 第二個 - 迪戈里是……”就好像有人在艙室內引爆了一個煙火盒一樣。在從四面八方爆發出的法術的燐爛中被致盲，被一連串的巨響轟聽，哈利眨眼睛，看著地板。馬爾福、克萊布和戈伊爾在門口躺著昏迷。他、羅恩和妙麗則站了起來，他們三個都使用了不同的咒語。他們也不是唯一這樣做的人。

“Thought we’d see what those three were up to,” said Fred matter-of-factly, stepping onto Goyle and into the compartment. He had his wand out, and so did George, who was careful to tread on Malfoy as he followed Fred inside.

“Interesting effect,” said George, looking down at Crabbe. “Who used the *Furnunculus Curse*?”

“Me,” said Harry.

“Odd,” said George lightly. “I used *Jelly-Legs*. Looks as though those two shouldn’t be mixed. He seems to have sprouted little tentacles all over his face. Well, let’s not leave them here, they don’t add much to the decor.”

Ron, Harry, and George kicked, rolled, and pushed the unconscious Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle — each of whom looked distinctly the worse for the jumble of jinxes with which they had been hit — out into the corridor, then came back into the compartment and rolled the door shut.

“我們想看看他們在幹什麼，”弗雷德理所當然地說，踩著高爾，走進了小隔間。他拿出了他的魔杖，喬治也是，他跟在弗雷德後面，小心翼翼地踩在馬爾福身上。“有趣的效果，”喬治看著克拉布低聲說，“誰用了疹病咒？”“是我，”哈利說。“奇怪，”喬治輕輕地說，“我用了軟骨咒。看起來好像這兩種咒語不應該混合。他的臉上似乎長出了小小的觸手。好吧，我們不要留他們在這裡了，他們沒有為裝飾做出什麼貢獻。”羅恩、哈利和喬治踢、滾、推著不省人事的馬爾福、克拉布和高爾——他們每個人看起來都因為各種咒語的交錯而更加糟糕——把他們推到了走廊裡，然後回到了隔間，把門滾上了。

“Exploding Snap, anyone?” said Fred, pulling out a pack of cards.

They were halfway through their fifth game when Harry decided to ask them

“You going to tell us, then?” he said to George. “Who you were blackmailing?”

“Oh,” said George darkly. “That.”

“It doesn’t matter,” said Fred, shaking his head impatiently. “It wasn’t anything important. Not now, anyway.”

“We’ve given up,” said George, shrugging.

But Harry, Ron, and Hermione kept on asking, and finally, Fred said, “All right, all right, if you really want to know . . . it was Ludo Bagman.”

“Bagman?” said Harry sharply. “Are you saying he was involved in —”

“Nah,” said George gloomily. “Nothing like that. Stupid git. He wouldn’t have the brains.”

“Well, what, then?” said Ron.

Fred hesitated, then said, “You remember that bet we had with him at the Quidditch World Cup? About how Ireland would win, but Krum would get the Snitch?”

「嘭嘭卡牌，誰想玩？」弗雷德拿出一副卡牌。他們已經玩了五局，哈利決定向他們詢問。「所以你們打算告訴我們嗎？」哈利對喬治說：「你們勒索的人是誰？」「哦，」喬治陰沉地回應。「那個人。」「沒關係，」弗雷德不耐煩地搖搖頭。「那已經不重要了，現在。」「我們已經放棄了。」喬治聳聳肩。但是哈利、羅恩和赫敏繼續詢問，最終，弗雷德說：「好吧，好吧，如果你們真的想知道……那人是魯多·巴格曼。」「巴格曼？」哈利尖聲說。「你是說他參與了……」「不，」喬治悶悶地說。「不是那樣的。愚蠢的傻瓜。他沒有那個智慧。」「那麼，什麼是原因？」羅恩問道。弗雷德猶豫了一下，然後說：「你們還記得我們在魁地奇世界盃上和他打的那個賭注嗎？關於愛爾蘭會贏，但克魯姆會得到金探子的那個？」

“Yeah,” said Harry and Ron slowly.

“Well, the git paid us in leprechaun gold he’d caught from the Irish mascots.”

“So?”

“So,” said Fred impatiently, “it vanished, didn’t it? By next morning, it had gone!”

“But — it must’ve been an accident, mustn’t it?” said Hermione.

George laughed very bitterly.

“Yeah, that’s what we thought, at first. We thought if we just wrote to him, and told him he’d made a mistake, he’d cough up. But nothing doing. Ignored our letter. We kept trying to talk to him about it at Hogwarts, but he was always making some excuse to get away from us.”

“In the end, he turned pretty nasty,” said Fred. “Told us we were too young to gamble, and he wasn’t giving us anything.”

“So we asked for our money back,” said George, glowering.

“He didn’t refuse!” gasped Hermione.

「是啊，」哈利和羅恩慢慢地說。「那個傢伙用他從愛爾蘭吉祥物抓到的小矮人金幣付了我們的錢。」「那又怎樣？」「結果呢，」弗雷德不耐煩地說：「金幣消失得無影無蹤了！到了第二天早上，就不見了！」「但是——那一定是意外，不是嗎？」赫敏說。喬治極其愁苦地笑了笑。「對，一開始我們也是這麼想的。我們以為只要給他寫信，告訴他他犯了一個錯誤，他就會認錯還錢的。可這完全沒有實現。他根本就沒有理會我們的信。我們一直試著在霍格華茲找他談，但他總是找借口躲開。」「最後，他變得很惡劣，」弗雷德說：「說我們太年輕，不應該賭博，什麼都不給我們。」「所以我們要求他還錢，」喬治銷毀地說。「他拒絕了！」赫敏驚嘆道。

“Right in one,” said Fred.

“But that was all your savings!” said Ron.

“Tell me about it,” said George. “Course, we found out what was going on in the end. Lee Jordan’s dad had had a bit of trouble getting money off Bagman as well. Turns out he’s in big trouble with the goblins. Borrowed loads of gold off them. A gang of them cornered him in the woods after the World Cup and took all the gold he had, and it still wasn’t enough to cover all his debts. They followed him all the way to Hogwarts to keep an eye on him. He’s lost everything gambling. Hasn’t got two Galleons to rub together. And you know how the idiot tried to pay the goblins back?”

“How?” said Harry.

“He put a bet on you, mate,” said Fred. “Put a big bet on you to win the tournament. Bet against the goblins.”

「一針見血。」弗雷德說。「但那是你全部的積蓄啊！」羅恩說。「告訴我關於這個的事。」喬治說。「當然，我們最後找到了發生了什麼。李·喬丹的父親同樣有些麻煩想要向巴格曼要錢。原來他借了很多黃金給妖精。一幫妖精在世界盃後在森林裡圍困了他，拿走了他身上所有的黃金，但仍不足以償還他的所有債務。他們一路跟著他來到霍格華茲，監視著他。他在賭博中失去了一切，沒有兩個加隆幣能擦出火花。你知道那傻瓜是怎麼償還那些妖精的債務的嗎？」「怎麼償還？」哈利說。「他在你身上下了賭注，夥計。他在你贏得比賽上下了大賭注。把賭金放在妖精對你輸的那邊。」弗雷德說。

“So that’s why he kept trying to help me win!” said Harry. “Well — I did win, didn’t I? So he can pay you your gold!”

“Nope,” said George, shaking his head. “The goblins play as dirty as him. They say you drew with Diggory, and Bagman was betting you’d win outright. So Bagman had to run for it. He did run for it right after the third task.”

George sighed deeply and started dealing out the cards again.

The rest of the journey passed pleasantly enough; Harry wished it could have gone on all summer, in fact, and that he would never arrive at King’s Cross . . . but as he had learned the hard way that year, time will not slow down when something unpleasant lies ahead, and all too soon, the Hogwarts Express was pulling in at platform nine and three-quarters. The usual confusion and noise filled the corridors as the students began to disembark. Ron and Hermione struggled out past Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle, carrying their trunks. Harry, however, stayed put.

“所以他一直想幫我贏！”哈利說。“好吧，我確實贏了，是吧？所以他可以支付你的金子！”“對不起，”喬治搖著頭，“地精和他一樣卑鄙。他們說你和迪戈里打成平局，巴格曼賭你能贏得干脆利落。所以巴格曼不得不逃跑。他在第三個任務後就逃走了。”喬治深深地叹了口气，又開始發脾。余下的旅程過得足夠愉快；事實上，哈利希望它能一直持續到整個夏天，他永遠也不必抵達國王十字車站……但他在那一年中學到了艱苦的教訓，時間不會因為前方有不愉快的事情而變慢，很快，霍格沃茨快車就停靠在了九又四分之三站台。学生们開始下車，走廊里充滿了一如往常的混亂和嘈雜聲。羅恩和赫敏擠過馬爾福、蟹壳和高爾，扛着箱子。然而，哈利還是坐在原地。

“Fred — George — wait a moment.”

The twins turned. Harry pulled open his trunk and drew out his Triwizard winnings.

“Take it,” he said, and he thrust the sack into George’s hands.

“What?” said Fred, looking flabbergasted.

“Take it,” Harry repeated firmly. “I don’t want it.”

“You’re mental,” said George, trying to push it back at Harry.

“No, I’m not,” said Harry. “You take it, and get inventing. It’s for the joke shop.”

“He *is* mental,” Fred said in an almost awed voice.

“Listen,” said Harry firmly. “If you don’t take it, I’m throwing it down the drain. I don’t want it and I don’t need it. But I could do with a few laughs. We could all do with a few laughs. I’ve got a feeling we’re going to need them more than usual before long.”

“Harry,” said George weakly, weighing the money bag in his hands, “there’s got to be a thousand Galleons in here.”

「弗雷德 - 喬治 - 等一下。」雙胞胎轉過身來。哈利打開箱子，拿出了三強士比賽的獎金。「拿去吧，」他說，把麻袋塞到喬治的手中。「什麼？」弗雷德說，看起來很驚訝。「拿去吧，」哈利堅定地重複道。「我不要它。」「你瘋了，」喬治試圖把它推回哈利。「不，我沒有，」哈利說。「你拿去，開始創新，這是給惡作劇商店的。」「他真的瘋了，」弗雷德幾乎敬畏地說。「聽我說，」哈利堅定地說。「如果你不要它，我就把它扔進下水道。我不要也不需要。但我需要幾次笑聲。我們都需要一些笑聲。我有一種感覺，不久之後我們需要它們。」「哈利，」喬治虛弱地說，用手掂了掂錢袋，「這裡面肯定有一千個加隆。」

“Yeah,” said Harry, grinning. “Think how many Canary Creams that is.”

The twins stared at him.

“Just don’t tell your mum where you got it . . . although she might not be so keen for you to join the Ministry anymore, come to think of it . . .”

“Harry,” Fred began, but Harry pulled out his wand.

“Look,” he said flatly, “take it, or I’ll hex you. I know some good ones now. Just do me one favor, okay? Buy Ron some different dress robes and say they’re from you.”

He left the compartment before they could say another word, stepping over Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle, who were still lying on the floor, covered in hex marks.

Uncle Vernon was waiting beyond the barrier. Mrs. Weasley was close by him. She hugged Harry very tightly when she saw him and whispered in his ear, “I think Dumbledore will let you come to us later in the summer. Keep in touch, Harry.”

「是啊，」哈利咧嘴笑道：「想想這可有多少隻金絲雀蛋糕。」雙胞胎看著他。「只是不要告訴你媽媽你從哪裡得到的……不過想一想，她可能不太願意讓你去加入魔法部了……」「哈利，」弗雷德開口，但哈利拿出魔杖。「聽著，」他平靜地說：「拿著它，不然我會施咒的。我現在掌握了一些好的咒語，只有一件事情，可以幫我嗎？為羅恩買一些不同的禮服，然後說是你送的。」他在他們還沒有再說一句話之前離開了車廂，踩過還躺在地上、佈滿咒語痕跡的馬爾福、克拉布和高爾。維農叔叔在隔板之外等著。韋斯萊夫人就在他身邊。她看到哈利時緊緊擁抱了他，耳語道：「我想杜伯利會讓你在夏末晚些時候來找我們的。保持聯繫，哈利。」

“See you, Harry,” said Ron, clapping him on the back.

“Bye, Harry!” said Hermione, and she did something she had never done before, and kissed him on the cheek.

“Harry—thanks,” George muttered, while Fred nodded fervently at his side.

Harry winked at them, turned to Uncle Vernon, and followed him silently from the station. There was no point worrying yet, he told himself, as he got into the back of the Dursleys’ car.

As Hagrid had said, what would come, would come . . . and he would have to meet it when it did.

“再見了，哈利，”羅恩說著，拍了拍他的背。“拜拜，哈利！”赫敏說，她做了一件她從來沒有做過的事情，親吻了他的臉頰。“哈利-謝謝，”喬治嘟囔著，而弗雷德在他身邊熱切地點頭。哈利向他們眨了眨眼，轉身對著弗農叔叔，默默地跟隨他從車站離開。現在還沒有必要擔心，他告訴自己，當事情發生時，他將不得不應對。正如哈格里所說，來的就來了...他必須迎接它。

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This digital edition first published by Pottermore Limited in 2015

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ISBN 978-1-78110-647-1

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