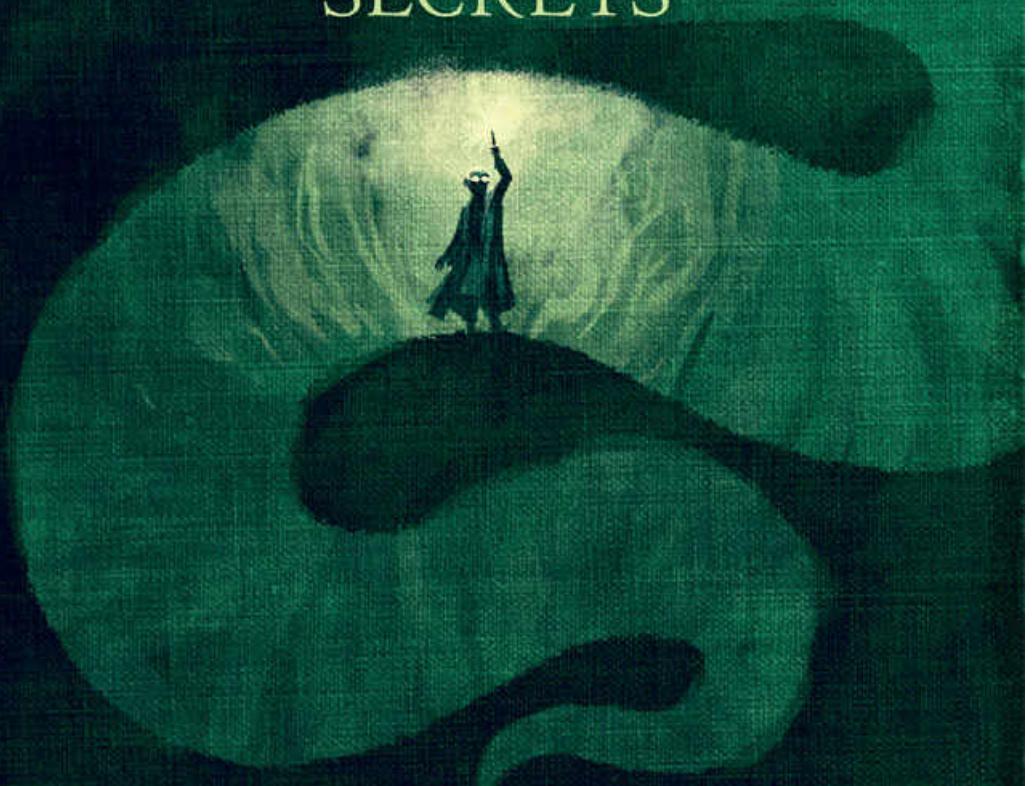


# HARRY POTTER

*and the*  
CHAMBER *of*  
SECRETS



2

J. K. ROWLING

*F OR S EÁN P. F. HARRIS,*

*GETAWAY DRIVER AND FOUL-WEATHER FRIEND*

獻給 SEÁN P. F. HARRIS, 快速逃離的司機和雨天好友

# CONTENTS

ONE

*The Worst Birthday*

TWO

*Dobby's Warning*

THREE

*The Burrow*

FOUR

*At Flourish and Blotts*

FIVE

*The Whomping Willow*

SIX

*Gilderoy Lockhart*

SEVEN

*Mudbloods and Murmurs*

EIGHT

*The Deathday Party*

NINE

*The Writing on the Wall*

TEN

*The Rogue Bludger*

ELEVEN

*The Dueling Club*

TWELVE

*The Polyjuice Potion*

THIRTEEN

*The Very Secret Diary*

FOURTEEN

*Cornelius Fudge*

FIFTEEN

*Aragog*

SIXTEEN

*The Chamber of Secrets*

SEVENTEEN

*The Heir of Slytherin*

EIGHTEEN

### [Dobby's Reward](#)

一 最糟糕的生日 二 多比的警告 三 庇護所 四 在浮出水面的布洛茲書店 五 搖晃柳樹 六 吉德羅·洛哈特 七 泥巴血和嘀咕 八 逝世派對 九 牆上的字跡 十 叛逆的飛鏢 十一 決鬥俱樂部 十二 緩解劑 十三 極秘日記 十四 庫尼留斯·芬奇 十五 阿拉戈格 十六 密室 十七 史萊哲林的繼承人 十八 多比的獎賞



## THE WORST BIRTHDAY

Not for the first time, an argument had broken out over breakfast at number four, Privet Drive. Mr. Vernon Dursley had been woken in the early hours of the morning by a loud, hooting noise from his nephew Harry's room.

"Third time this week!" he roared across the table. "If you can't control that owl, it'll have to go!"

Harry tried, yet again, to explain.

"She's *bored*," he said. "She's used to flying around outside. If I could just let her out at night—"

"Do I look stupid?" snarled Uncle Vernon, a bit of fried egg dangling from his bushy mustache. "I know what'll happen if that owl's let out."

He exchanged dark looks with his wife, Petunia.

Harry tried to argue back but his words were drowned by a long, loud belch from the Dursleys' son, Dudley.

"I want more bacon."

不是第一次，一場爭論在普利韋特大道4號的早餐桌上爆發了。弗农·德思禮先生早上被侄子哈利房間的一聲大喊驚醒了。“這已經是本週第三次了！”他喊著，“如果你控制不了那隻貓頭鷹，它就得走了！”哈利再次嘗試解釋。“牠很無聊，”他說，“牠習慣在外面飛來飛去。如果我可以讓它在晚上出去...”“我看起來愚蠢嗎？”伯父弗农咆哮著，鬍子上掛著一點油煎蛋。“如果那隻貓頭鷹被放出去，我知道會發生什麼。”他和妻子佩妮娜交換了黑暗的眼神。哈利嘗試反駁，但他的話被德思禮家的兒子達德利長而響亮的打嗝淹沒了。“我想要更多的熏肉。”

"There's more in the frying pan, sweetums," said Aunt Petunia, turning misty eyes on her massive son. "We must build you up while we've got the chance. . . . I don't like the sound of that school food. . . ."

"Nonsense, Petunia, I never went hungry when I was at Smeltings," said Uncle Vernon heartily. "Dudley gets enough, don't you, son?"

Dudley, who was so large his bottom drooped over either side of the kitchen chair, grinned and turned to Harry.

"Pass the frying pan."

"You've forgotten the magic word," said Harry irritably.

The effect of this simple sentence on the rest of the family was incredible: Dudley gasped and fell off his chair with a crash that shook the whole kitchen; Mrs. Dursley gave a small scream and clapped her hands to her mouth; Mr. Dursley jumped to his feet, veins throbbing in his temples.

“甜心，平底鍋裡還有更多。”佩妮阿姨轉向她魁梧的兒子，眼中充滿迷茫。“趁我們還有機會，得讓你長壯。我可不喜歡那個學校食物. . . .”“胡說，佩妮，我在斯梅爾廷斯學校時從沒挨過餓。”弗農叔叔愉快地說道，“杜德利足夠吃，對吧，兒子？”杜德利如此肥胖，臀部甚至露在廚房椅子的兩邊，他咧嘴一笑，轉向哈利。“把那個平底鍋拿過來。”“你忘了魔法詞。”哈利不悅地說。這句簡單的句子對其他家人的影響令人難以置信：杜德利嘴巴張大，從椅子上摔下來，發出震動整個廚房的巨響；德思齊太太發出一聲小小的尖叫，捂住嘴巴；德思齊先生跳起來，靜脈在他的太陽穴中悸動。

"I meant 'please'!" said Harry quickly. "I didn't mean—"

"WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU," thundered his uncle, spraying spit over the table, "ABOUT SAYING THE 'M' WORD IN OUR HOUSE?"

"But I—"

"HOW DARE YOU THREATEN DUDLEY!" roared Uncle Vernon, pounding the table with his fist.

"I just—"

"I WARNED YOU! I WILL NOT TOLERATE MENTION OF YOUR ABNORMALITY UNDER THIS ROOF!"

Harry stared from his purple-faced uncle to his pale aunt, who was trying to heave Dudley to his feet.

“All right,” said Harry, “*all right . . .*”

Uncle Vernon sat back down, breathing like a winded rhinoceros and watching Harry closely out of the corners of his small, sharp eyes.

Ever since Harry had come home for the summer holidays, Uncle Vernon had been treating him like a bomb that might go off at any moment, because Harry Potter *wasn't* a normal boy. As a matter of fact, he was as not normal as it is possible to be.

哈利急忙說：“我是說‘請’！”“我没有说——”“我告诉过你，”大叔咆哮着，口吐白沫，“在我们家，不能说‘M’字辞！”“但是——”“你怎么敢威胁达德利！”大婶弗农怒吼着，用拳头砰砰敲打桌子。“我只是——”“我警告过你！我不会容忍你在这个屋顶下提到你的异常！”哈利从紫色脸色的大叔和试图把达德利扶起来的苍白大妈那里瞪大了眼睛。“好吧，”哈利说，“好吧……”大叔弗农重新坐下，像气喘吁吁的犀牛一样呼吸，小而锐利的眼睛紧紧盯着哈利。自从哈利暑假回家以来，大叔弗农就一直把他当成一个随时可能引爆的炸弹，因为哈利波特不是一个正常的男孩。事实上，他和正常视为完全相反。

Harry Potter was a wizard — a wizard fresh from his first year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. And if the Dursleys were unhappy to have him back for the holidays, it was nothing to how Harry felt.

He missed Hogwarts so much it was like having a constant stomachache. He missed the castle, with its secret passageways and ghosts, his classes (though perhaps not Snape, the Potions master), the mail arriving by owl, eating banquets in the Great Hall, sleeping in his four-poster bed in the tower dormitory, visiting the gamekeeper, Hagrid, in his cabin next to the Forbidden Forest in the grounds, and, especially, Quidditch, the most popular sport in the Wizarding world (six tall goalposts, four flying balls, and fourteen players on broomsticks).

All Harry's spellbooks, his wand, robes, cauldron, and top-of-the-line Nimbus Two Thousand broomstick had been locked in a cupboard under the stairs by Uncle Vernon the instant Harry had come home. What did the Dursleys care if Harry lost his place on the House Quidditch team because he hadn't practiced all summer? What was it to the Dursleys if Harry went back to school without any of his homework done? The Dursleys were what wizards called Muggles (not a drop of magical blood in their veins), and as far as they were concerned, having a wizard in the family was a matter of deepest shame. Uncle Vernon had even padlocked Harry's owl, Hedwig, inside her cage, to stop her from carrying messages to anyone in the Wizarding world.

哈利波特是一個巫師 - 一個剛從霍格華茲魔法與巫術學校的第一年回來的巫師。如果德思利一家不高興他回來過假期，那還比不上哈利的感受。他太想念霍格華茲了，就像是一直胃口不好一樣。他想念城堡，想念那些秘密的通道和鬼魂，想念他的課程（雖然也許不是斯涅普這個魔藥學教授），想念負責傳送郵件的貓頭鷹，想念在大廳吃盛宴，想念在塔式宿舍裡的四柱床，想念去看護森林禁區旁邊的看門人海格，尤其是魁地奇 - 巫師世界最受歡迎的運動（六根高高的球柱，四個飛翔的球，和十四名騎掃帚的球員）。哈利所有的法術書、魔杖、袍子、煉金壺和頂級的Nimbus 2000掃帚被弗农叔叔鎖在樓梯下的櫥櫃裡，當哈利回家的那一瞬間。德思利一家不在乎哈利因為整個暑假都沒有練習而失去在魁地奇比賽中的位置。如果哈利回到學校時沒有完成任何作業，那德思利一家也不在意。他們是巫師所稱的麻瓜，他們的血液中沒有一滴魔法，對於他們來說，家裡有一個巫師是最大的恥辱。弗農叔叔甚至在鳥籠裡鎖住了哈利的貓頭鷹赫奇，以阻止它把消息帶給巫師世界的任何人。

Harry looked nothing like the rest of the family. Uncle Vernon was large and neckless, with an enormous black mustache; Aunt Petunia was horse-faced and bony; Dudley was blond, pink, and porky. Harry, on the other hand, was small and skinny, with brilliant green eyes and jet-black hair that was always untidy. He wore round glasses, and on his forehead was a thin, lightning-shaped scar.

It was this scar that made Harry so particularly unusual, even for a wizard. This scar was the only hint of Harry's very mysterious past, of the reason he had been left on the Dursleys' doorstep eleven years before.

At the age of one year old, Harry had somehow survived a curse from the greatest Dark sorcerer of all time, Lord Voldemort, whose name most witches and wizards still feared to speak. Harry's parents had died in Voldemort's attack, but Harry had escaped with his lightning scar, and somehow — nobody understood why — Voldemort's powers had been destroyed the instant he had failed to kill Harry.

哈利和家人長得完全不同。佛冠大舅父胖壯無脖子，留著一個龐大的黑色鬚；佛冠大姨媽長得有些馬臉龐骨瘦；達力金頭髮金色，肉呼呼的長得白白胖胖。相反地，哈利身段瘦小，有著明亮的綠眼睛和總是凌亂的墨黑色頭髮。他戴著圓眼鏡，額頭上有一道細細的閃電形疤痕。正是這道疤痕讓哈利顯得格外不同，即使對於巫師來說也是如此。這道疤痕是哈利非常神秘過去的唯一線索，是他11年前被遺棄在達思利(佛冠)家門前的原因。1歲的時候，哈利擊退了所有黑暗魔法師中最強大的黑暗魔法師——佛地魔——施的詛咒，但神奇的是，他保住了性命，只留下了一道閃電般的疤痕。有人猜測正是因為佛地魔未能殺死哈利，使他的黑暗力量瞬間瓦解。

So Harry had been brought up by his dead mother's sister and her husband. He had spent ten years with the Dursleys, never understanding why he kept making odd things happen without meaning to, believing the Dursleys' story that he had got his scar in the car crash that had killed his parents.

And then, exactly a year ago, Hogwarts had written to Harry, and the whole story had come out. Harry had taken up his place at wizard school, where he and his scar were famous . . . but now the school year was over, and he was back with the Dursleys for the summer, back to being treated like a dog that had rolled in something smelly.

The Dursleys hadn't even remembered that today happened to be Harry's twelfth birthday. Of course, his hopes hadn't been high; they'd never given him a real present, let alone a cake — but to ignore it completely . . .

所以哈利由他已故的母親的姐姐和她的丈夫撫養長大。他與德思禮一家人生活了十年，從未明白為什麼他經常會意外地造成奇

怪的事情，相信德思禮家對他的敘述，認為他在車禍中得到了那個傷疤，車禍也奪去了他的父母的生命。然後，正好一年前，《霍格華茲的歷史》寫信給哈利，整個故事都曝光了。哈利去了巫師學校就讀，他和他的傷疤成為了名人……但現在學年結束了，他又回到了德思禮家，度過夏天，再次像一只滾進了臭東西的狗一樣被對待。德思禮一家甚至沒有記得今天是哈利十二歲的生日。當然，他的期望值不高；他們從來沒送過他真正的禮物，更不用說蛋糕——但完全不理睬……

At that moment, Uncle Vernon cleared his throat importantly and said, "Now, as we all know, today is a very important day."

Harry looked up, hardly daring to believe it.

"This could well be the day I make the biggest deal of my career," said Uncle Vernon.

Harry went back to his toast. *Of course*, he thought bitterly, *Uncle Vernon was talking about the stupid dinner party*. He'd been talking of nothing else for two weeks. Some rich builder and his wife were coming to dinner and Uncle Vernon was hoping to get a huge order from him (Uncle Vernon's company made drills).

"I think we should run through the schedule one more time," said Uncle Vernon. "We should all be in position at eight o'clock. Petunia, you will be —?"

"In the lounge," said Aunt Petunia promptly, "waiting to welcome them graciously to our home."

當時，弗農叔叔清了清喉嚨，一本正經地說：“現在，眾所皆知，今天是非常重要的一天。”哈利抬起頭，幾乎不敢相信。“這可能是我職業生涯中做出最大交易的一天，”弗農叔叔說。哈利回到他的吐司上。當然，他苦澀地想，弗農叔叔指的是那場愚蠢的晚宴。他已經講了兩個星期了。一些有錢的建築商和他的妻子要來吃飯，弗農叔叔希望從他那裡獲得一個巨大的訂單（弗農叔叔的公司生產鑽頭）。“我想我們應該再經過時間表一遍，”弗農叔叔說。“我們都應該在八點到位。珮蒂尼亞，你將會——？”“在客廳，”珮蒂尼亞姑媽爽快地說，“等待著友好地歡迎他們來到我們的家裡。”

"Good, good. And Dudley?"

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

"They'll *love* him!" cried Aunt Petunia rapturously.

"Excellent, Dudley," said Uncle Vernon. Then he rounded on Harry. "And *you*?"

"I'll be in my bedroom, making no noise and pretending I'm not there," said Harry tonelessly.

"Exactly," said Uncle Vernon nastily. "I will lead them into the lounge, introduce you, Petunia, and pour them drinks. At eight-fifteen —"

"I'll announce dinner," said Aunt Petunia.

"And, Dudley, you'll say —"

"May I take you through to the dining room, Mrs. Mason?" said Dudley, offering his fat arm to an invisible woman.

"My perfect little gentleman!" sniffed Aunt Petunia.

"And *you*?" said Uncle Vernon viciously to Harry.

"好的，好的。還有達德利呢？""我會在門口等待開門。"達德利臉上帶著噁心的笑容，問：「梅森先生和夫人，我可以幫您們拿外套嗎？」"他們一定會喜歡他的！"Aunt Petunia 狂喜地喊道。"做得好，達德利。"Uncle Vernon 說道，然後轉向哈利：「那你們呢？」哈利無表情地回答道：「我會在房間裡，不發出聲響，假裝我不存在。」"很好，"Uncle Vernon 惡毒地說，"我會帶他們進客廳，介紹你、Petunia，然後為他們倒飲料。到了八點十五分——"Aunt Petunia 我來宣布晚餐。"Dudley，你說——"（沒有人）"嗎，我可以領你到餐廳，梅森夫人？"達德利向一個虛擬的女人伸出他肥厚的手臂道。"我的完美小紳士！"Aunt Petunia 抽泣了一聲。"那你們呢？"Uncle Vernon 邪惡地問哈利。

"I'll be in my room, making no noise and pretending I'm not there," said Harry dully.

"Precisely. Now, we should aim to get in a few good compliments at dinner. Petunia, any ideas?"

"Vernon tells me you're a *wonderful* golfer, Mr. Mason. . . . Do tell me where you bought your dress, Mrs. Mason. . . ."

"Perfect . . . Dudley?"

"How about — 'We had to write an essay about our hero at school, Mr. Mason, and I wrote about *you*.'"

This was too much for both Aunt Petunia and Harry. Aunt Petunia burst into tears and hugged her son, while Harry ducked under the table so they wouldn't see him laughing.

"And you, boy?"

Harry fought to keep his face straight as he emerged.

"I'll be in my room, making no noise and pretending I'm not there," he said.

"Too right, you will," said Uncle Vernon forcefully. "The Masons don't know anything about you and it's going to stay that way. When dinner's over, you take Mrs. Mason back to the lounge for coffee, Petunia, and I'll bring the subject around to drills. With any luck, I'll have the deal signed and sealed before the news at ten. We'll be shopping for a vacation home in Majorca this time tomorrow."

“我會躲在房裡，不發出任何聲音，假裝我不存在，”哈利無精打采地說。“完全正確。現在，我們應該試著在晚餐時說幾句好話。佩妮婭，你有什麼建議？”“弗農告訴我您是一個很優秀的高爾夫球手……請問這件裙子是在哪裡買的，梅森夫人……”“太棒了……達德利？”“我們學校讓我們寫一篇關於我們英雄的文章，梅森先生，而我就寫了關於您的。””這太讓佩妮婭阿姨和哈利都忍不住笑了。佩妮婭阿姨一邊哭一邊擁抱她的兒子，而哈利則躲在桌子下，以免被看見在笑。“還有你呢，小子？”哈利勉力保持臉部的嚴肅，然後重新出現了。“我會躲在房裡，不發出任何聲音，假裝我不存在，”他說。“當然，你就該這麼做，”弗農叔叔強有力地說。“梅森一家對你一無所知，這樣就要一直保持下去。晚餐過後，你帶梅森夫人去客廳喝咖啡，佩妮婭，我會把話題轉到鑽井上。如果運氣好的話，十點新聞之前，我們就可以簽署協議了。而到了明天這個時候，我們就會去馬略卡島挑選度假屋了。”

Harry couldn't feel too excited about this. He didn't think the Dursleys would like him any better in Majorca than they did on Privet Drive.

"Right — I'm off into town to pick up the dinner jackets for Dudley and me. And *you*," he snarled at Harry. "You stay out of your aunt's way while she's cleaning."

Harry left through the back door. It was a brilliant, sunny day. He crossed the lawn, slumped down on the garden bench, and sang under his breath:

"Happy birthday to me . . . happy birthday to me . . ."

No cards, no presents, and he would be spending the evening pretending not to exist. He gazed miserably into the hedge. He had never felt so lonely. More than anything else at Hogwarts, more even than playing Quidditch, Harry missed his best friends, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger. They, however, didn't seem to be missing him at all. Neither of them had written to him all summer, even though Ron had said he was going to ask Harry to come and stay.

哈利對此感到並不太興奮。他認為德思禮夫婦在馬約卡對他的好感不會比在普里福德大街上更多。“好了，我去城裡拿義大利套餐給達力和我。至於你……”他嘶吼著看著哈利。“在你姑姑打掃屋子的時候別出來招搖。”哈利從後門出去。天氣晴朗而明媚，他跨過草坪，垂著臉坐在花園長椅上哼起歌來：「祝我生日快樂…祝我生日快樂……」沒有卡片，沒有禮物，他將在晚上裝作沒有存在過。他沮喪地注視著樹籬，他從來沒有感到如此孤獨。在霍格華茲，他最想念的不是打飛天掃帚比賽，而是他最好的朋友羅恩·衛斯理和妙麗·格蘭傑。然而，他們似乎一點也不想念他。即使羅恩曾說要邀請哈利去家中住宿，可是整個暑假他們都沒有寫信過來。

Countless times, Harry had been on the point of unlocking Hedwig's cage by magic and sending her to Ron and Hermione with a letter, but it wasn't worth the risk. Underage wizards weren't allowed to use magic outside of school. Harry hadn't told the Dursleys this; he knew it was only their terror that he might turn them all into dung beetles that stopped them from locking *him* in the cupboard under the stairs with his wand and broomstick. For the first couple of weeks back, Harry had enjoyed muttering nonsense words under his breath and watching Dudley tearing out of the room as fast as his fat legs would carry him. But the long silence from Ron and Hermione had made Harry feel so cut off from the magical world that even taunting Dudley had lost its appeal — and now Ron and Hermione had forgotten his birthday.

許多次，哈利想用魔法打開海德薇的籠子，送她和一封信給羅恩和妙麗，但風險太大了。未成年的巫師不能在學校以外使用魔法。哈利沒有告訴德思禮一家，他知道他們只是害怕他會把他們全部變成糞蟲，才阻止他們把他和他的魔杖和掃帚關在樓梯下的壁櫥裡。回來的前幾個星期，哈利喜歡在心裡嘀咕胡言亂語，看著達德利用他的肥腳急忙離開房間。但是，從羅恩和妙麗那裡久久沒有消息，讓哈利感覺與魔法世界隔絕，即使嘲弄達德利也失去了吸引力——現在，羅恩和妙麗甚至忘記了他的生日。

What wouldn't he give now for a message from Hogwarts? From any witch or wizard? He'd almost be glad of a sight of his archenemy, Draco Malfoy, just to be sure it hadn't all been a dream . . .

Not that his whole year at Hogwarts had been fun. At the very end of last term, Harry had come face-to-face with none other than Lord Voldemort himself. Voldemort might be a ruin of his former self, but he was still terrifying, still cunning, still determined to regain power. Harry had slipped through Voldemort's clutches for a second time, but it had been a narrow escape, and even now, weeks later, Harry kept waking in the night, drenched in cold sweat, wondering where Voldemort was now, remembering his livid face, his wide, mad eyes —

Harry suddenly sat bolt upright on the garden bench. He had been staring absent-mindedly into the hedge — *and the hedge was staring back*. Two enormous green eyes had appeared among the leaves.

他真希望能收到來自霍格華茲或任何巫師女巫的消息，就算是看到他的死敵馬爾福，他也會開心起來，這樣至少他能確定那不是個夢。但並不是每個時刻在霍格華茲的他，都過得開心。上一學期結束時，哈利竟與沃爾德莫特大帝面對面。儘管沃爾德莫特變成了一具失去昔日風采的軀體，但他依然令人驚恐，陰險狡詐，渴望重掌大權。哈利第二次侥幸逃過沃爾德莫特的手掌心，但這次逃脫實在太危險了。即使現在過去了好幾個星期，哈利仍經常夜裡冷汗直流，在追憶沃爾德莫特的噴火鼻孔，想起他那瘋狂地眼神……哈利突然朝樹林里的草坪嚇一跳，他剛才茫然地盯着樹籬，沒想到樹籬也在注視着他，兩個巨大的綠色眼睛就藏在樹葉之間。

Harry jumped to his feet just as a jeering voice floated across the lawn.

“I know what day it is,” sang Dudley, waddling toward him.

The huge eyes blinked and vanished.

“What?” said Harry, not taking his eyes off the spot where they had been.

“I know what day it is,” Dudley repeated, coming right up to him.

“Well done,” said Harry. “So you’ve finally learned the days of the week.”

“Today’s your *birthday*,” sneered Dudley. “How come you haven’t got any cards? Haven’t you even got friends at that freak place?”

“Better not let your mum hear you talking about my school,” said Harry coolly.

Dudley hitched up his trousers, which were slipping down his fat bottom.

“Why’re you staring at the hedge?” he said suspiciously.

“I’m trying to decide what would be the best spell to set it on fire,” said Harry.

哈利跳了起來，就在這時一聲嘲笑的聲音從草坪那邊傳來。「我知道今天是什麼日子了，」達力蹣跚著向他走來，一邊唱著。巨大的眼睛眨了眨，然後消失了。「什麼？」哈利說道，他的目光沒有離開他們曾經出現的那個地方。「我知道今天是什麼日子了，」達力重複著，走到他面前。「做得好，」哈利說。「所以你終於學會了星期幾的順序。」「今天是你的生日，」達力嘲笑著說。「你怎麼沒有任何賀卡？你在那個怪胎的地方連朋友都沒有嗎？」「最好不要讓你媽媽聽到你在談論我們的學校，」哈利冷靜地說。達力提起他的褲子，因為它們滑落在他的肥胖屁股下。「你為什麼一直盯著樹籬看？」他懷疑地說。「我在試圖決定哪個咒語會是點燃它的最好方法，」哈利說道。

Dudley stumbled backward at once, a look of panic on his fat face.

“You c-can’t — Dad told you you’re not to do m-magic — he said he’ll chuck you out of the house — and you haven’t got anywhere else to go — you haven’t got any *friends* to take you —”

“*Jiggery pokery!*” said Harry in a fierce voice. “*Hocus pocus — squiggly wiggly —*”

“MUUUUUUM!” howled Dudley, tripping over his feet as he dashed back toward the house. “MUUUUM! He’s doing you know what!”

Harry paid dearly for his moment of fun. As neither Dudley nor the hedge was in any way hurt, Aunt Petunia knew he hadn’t really done magic, but he still had to duck as she aimed a heavy blow at his head with the soapy frying pan. Then she gave him work to do, with the promise he wouldn’t eat again until he’d finished.

達德利退了一步，臉上露出恐慌的表情。「你不能這樣——爸爸已經告訴過你不要用魔法——他說，要是你再試一次就讓你從這個屋子裡滾出去——可是你又沒有別的地方住——你又沒有朋友可以收留你——」「邪語迷離！」哈利猛的喊道，聲音充滿怒氣。「摩斯摩斯——魔法化——吱吱呀呀——」「媽咪，」達德利跌跌撞撞地朝屋子跑回去，尖聲大叫：「媽咪！他在做你知道什麼！」哈利因為這一刻的享樂付出了代價。由於達德利和籬笆都沒有受傷，托尼阿姨知道他沒有用真正的魔法，但是她仍然拿起了泡沫鍋子朝他的頭上狠狠地打了下去。然後她讓他做事，承諾在他完成任務之前他不會再吃東西。

While Dudley lolled around watching and eating ice cream, Harry cleaned the windows, washed the car, mowed the lawn, trimmed the flower beds, pruned and watered the roses, and repainted the garden bench. The sun blazed overhead, burning the back of his neck. Harry knew he shouldn’t have risen to Dudley’s bait, but Dudley had said the very thing Harry had been thinking himself... maybe he *didn’t* have any friends at Hogwarts. . . .

*Wish they could see famous Harry Potter now*, he thought savagely as he spread manure on the flower beds, his back aching, sweat running down his face.

It was half past seven in the evening when at last, exhausted, he heard Aunt Petunia calling him.

“Get in here! And walk on the newspaper!”

Harry moved gladly into the shade of the gleaming kitchen. On top of the fridge stood tonight’s pudding: a huge mound of whipped cream and sugared violets. A loin of roast pork was sizzling in the oven.

當達德利懶散地匍匐在一旁觀看並吃著冰淇淋時，哈利卻在清理窗戶、洗車、修剪草坪、修剪花圃、修剪並澆水玫瑰，還重新粉刷了花園長椅。太陽高懸在頭頂上，烤焦了他的脖子。哈利知道他不應該被達德利的挑釁激怒，但是達德利說了哈利自己一直在想的話.....也許他在霍格沃茨沒有朋友.....。他狠狠地想著：現在他們能看到著名的哈利波特了，當他在花圃上灑上堆肥時，他的背疼痛，汗水從臉上流下來。當哈利聽到佩媞姨媽喊他時，已是傍晚七點半。“進來！然後在報紙上走路！”哈利高興地走進閃閃發光的廚房的陰涼處。冰箱上頭放著晚上的布丁：一大堆打發的奶油和糖霜。烤豬腰肉正在烤箱裡滋滋作響。

“Eat quickly! The Masons will be here soon!” snapped Aunt Petunia, pointing to two slices of bread and a lump of cheese on the kitchen table.

She was already wearing a salmon-pink cocktail dress.

Harry washed his hands and bolted down his pitiful supper. The moment he had finished, Aunt Petunia whisked away his plate. "Upstairs! Hurry!"

As he passed the door to the living room, Harry caught a glimpse of Uncle Vernon and Dudley in bow ties and dinner jackets. He had only just reached the upstairs landing when the doorbell rang and Uncle Vernon's furious face appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Remember, boy—one sound—"

Harry crossed to his bedroom on tiptoe, slipped inside, closed the door, and turned to collapse on his bed.

The trouble was, there was already someone sitting on it.

「快點吃！梅森家族快到了！」Aunt Petunia 嚴厲地說著，指向廚房桌上的兩片麵包和一塊起司。她已經穿著鮭紅色的雞尾酒裙。哈利洗了手，狼吞虎嚥地吃完了可憐的晚餐。他一吃完，Aunt Petunia 就把碟子拿走了。「上樓！快！」當哈利經過客廳的門口時，他瞥見叔叔弗冥和達力穿著黑領結和晚禮服的模樣。當他到達樓上走廊時，門鈴響起，弗冥叔叔的憤怒臉孔出現在樓梯脚下。「記住，小子——一點聲音——」哈利踮著腳尖走到臥室，溜進去，關上門，然後轉身倒在床上。問題是，床上已經有人了。



## DOBBY'S WARNING

Harry managed not to shout out, but it was a close thing. The little creature on the bed had large, bat-like ears and bulging green eyes the size of tennis balls. Harry knew instantly that this was what had been watching him out of the garden hedge that morning.

As they stared at each other, Harry heard Dudley's voice from the hall.

“May I take your coats, Mr. and Mrs. Mason?”

The creature slipped off the bed and bowed so low that the end of its long, thin nose touched the carpet. Harry noticed that it was wearing what looked like an old pillowcase, with rips for arm- and leg-holes.

“Er — hello,” said Harry nervously.

“Harry Potter!” said the creature in a high-pitched voice Harry was sure would carry down the stairs. “So long has Dobby wanted to meet you, sir . . . Such an honor it is . . .”

哈利勉強沒有叫出來，但危險至極。床上那個小東西長著蝙蝠般的大耳朵和綠色的球形凸起眼睛。哈利立刻意識到，那就是早上從花園樹籬裡盯著他的東西。當他們相互望著時，哈利聽到德力的聲音從走廊裡傳來。「梅森夫人先生，我幫你們拿外套好嗎？」這個生物從床上滑下來，彎腰低得長鼻子的尖端碰到了地毯。哈利注意到，它穿了一件看起來像是有臂孔和腿孔撕破了的舊枕套。「呃——你好，」哈利緊張地說。「哈利波特！」那個生物用高聲說道，哈利知道聲音能從樓下傳出去。「多比如此渴望與您見面，先生……這是多麼榮幸啊……」

“Th-thank you,” said Harry, edging along the wall and sinking into his desk chair, next to Hedwig, who was asleep in her large cage. He wanted to ask, “What are you?” but thought it would sound too rude, so instead he said, “Who are you?”

“Dobby, sir. Just Dobby. Dobby the house-elf,” said the creature.

“Oh — really?” said Harry. “Er — I don’t want to be rude or anything, but — this isn’t a great time for me to have a house-elf in my bedroom.”

Aunt Petunia’s high, false laugh sounded from the living room. The elf hung his head.

“Not that I’m not pleased to meet you,” said Harry quickly, “but, er, is there any particular reason you’re here?”

“Oh, yes, sir,” said Dobby earnestly. “Dobby has come to tell you, sir . . . it is difficult, sir . . . Dobby wonders where to begin . . .”

“謝謝您，”哈利說，沿著牆邊緣往前擠，坐進他的書桌椅中，就在懶洋洋睡覺的海德薇旁邊，她關在一個大籠子裡。他想問，“你是什麼？”但認為這聽起來太無禮了，因此他改口說：“你是誰？”“多比，先生。只是多比。家內精靈多比，”那生物說。“哦 - 真的？”哈利說。“呃 - 我不想失禮什麼的，不過 - 現在對我來說，這不是一個讓家內精靈進入我的臥室的好時機。”佩婷阿姨高亢、虛假的笑聲從客廳傳來。精靈低下了頭。“我很高興見到你。”哈利很快地說，“但是，呃，你來這裡有特別的原因嗎？”“哦，是的，先生，”多比認真地說道。“多比來告訴你，先生……這很困難，先生……多比不知道從哪裡開始……”

“Sit down,” said Harry politely, pointing at the bed.

To his horror, the elf burst into tears — very noisy tears.

“S-sit down!” he wailed. “Never . . . never ever . . .”

Harry thought he heard the voices downstairs falter.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I didn’t mean to offend you or anything —”

“Offend Dobby!” choked the elf. “Dobby has *never* been asked to sit down by a wizard — like an *equal* —”

Harry, trying to say “Shh!” and look comforting at the same time, ushered Dobby back onto the bed where he sat hiccoughing, looking like a large and very ugly doll. At last he managed to control himself, and sat with his great eyes fixed on Harry in an expression of watery adoration.

“You can’t have met many decent wizards,” said Harry, trying to cheer him up.

Dobby shook his head. Then, without warning, he leapt up and started banging his head furiously on the window, shouting, “*Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!*”

「請坐。」哈利有禮貌地指著床說。讓他驚恐的是，小精靈突然嚎啕大哭。「坐下！」他嚎啕大叫：「永不...再也不會...」哈利聽到樓下的聲音似乎有所變化。「對不起，」他輕聲道：「我並不是有意冒犯你什麼的...」「得罪了多比！」小精靈哽咽道：「巫師從來沒有像對待平輩那樣叫我坐下過...」哈利想要說「噓！」又想要表現出安慰的樣子，便把多比送回床上，多比此時打著嗝，看起來像是個又大又醜的玩偶。最後，他控制住了自己，並眼巴巴地看著哈利，表達出水汪汪的崇拜之情。「你應該還沒遇見過多少像樣的巫師吧？」哈利試圖讓他振作起來。多比搖了搖頭。然後，他突然跳了起來，瘋狂地在窗戶上撞頭，喊道：「多比壞了！多比壞了！」

“Don’t — what are you doing?” Harry hissed, springing up and pulling Dobby back onto the bed — Hedwig had woken up with a particularly loud screech and was beating her wings wildly against the bars of her cage.

“Dobby had to punish himself, sir,” said the elf, who had gone slightly cross-eyed. “Dobby almost spoke ill of his family, sir. . . .”

“Your family?”

“The wizard family Dobby serves, sir. . . . Dobby is a house-elf — bound to serve one house and one family forever. . . .”

“Do they know you’re here?” asked Harry curiously.

Dobby shuddered.

“Oh, no, sir, no . . . Dobby will have to punish himself most grievously for coming to see you, sir. Dobby will have to shut his ears in the oven door for this. If they ever knew, sir —”

“But won’t they notice if you shut your ears in the oven door?”

“不要——你在幹什麼？”哈利咬牙切齒地說，跳起來將多比拉回床上——哈利的貓頭鷹突然尖叫了一聲，用翅膀狂打籠子的欄杆。「多比必須自我懲罰，先生，」這個眼睛有點斜的小精靈說。「多比差點說出對他家人不敬的話，先生.....」「你的家人？」「多比為之服務的巫師家族，先生.....多比是家妖——永遠要侍奉一個家族和一個家，永遠.....」「他們知道你在這裡嗎？」哈利好奇地問道。多比打了個冷顫。「哦，不，先生，不.....多比為來見你而自我懲罰。多比必須用烤箱門把自己的耳朵關起來，這是最嚴重的懲罰。如果他們知道了，先生——」「但是如果你把耳朵關在烤箱門上，他們不會注意到嗎？」

“Dobby doubts it, sir. Dobby is always having to punish himself for something, sir. They lets Dobby get on with it, sir. Sometimes they reminds me to do extra punishments. . . .”

“But why don’t you leave? Escape?”

“A house-elf must be set free, sir. And the family will never set Dobby free . . . Dobby will serve the family until he dies, sir. . . .”

Harry stared.

“And I thought I had it bad staying here for another four weeks,” he said. “This makes the Dursleys sound almost human. Can’t anyone help you? Can’t I?”

Almost at once, Harry wished he hadn’t spoken. Dobby dissolved again into wails of gratitude.

“Please,” Harry whispered frantically, “please be quiet. If the Dursleys hear anything, if they know you’re here —”

“Harry Potter asks if he can help Dobby . . . Dobby has heard of your greatness, sir, but of your goodness, Dobby never knew. . . .”

“Dobby 表示懷疑，先生。Dobby 總是因為某些事被迫自我懲罰，先生。他們讓 Dobby 自己處理，先生。有時他們會提醒我多做些懲罰...”“但是你為什麼不離開？逃走？”“家內的小精靈必須獲得自由，先生。然而那家人永遠不會釋放 Dobby... Dobby 將在他死之前一直效勞於這個家庭，先生...”哈利盯著他看。“我原本以為我還要在這裡待上四個星期，”他說，“這讓德思禮一家聽起來幾乎像人了。沒有人可以幫助你嗎？我不能嗎？”幾乎立刻，哈利希望自己沒有說話。Dobby 又開始感激地哭泣著。“請，”哈利拼命地低聲說道，“請安靜些。如果德思禮一家聽到任何事情，如果他們知道你在這裡——”“哈利波特問 Dobby 是否需要幫助...Dobby 聽說過您的偉大，先生，但關於您的善良，Dobby 從未知曉。”

Harry, who was feeling distinctly hot in the face, said, “Whatever you’ve heard about my greatness is a load of rubbish. I’m not even top of my year at Hogwarts; that’s Hermione, she —”

But he stopped quickly, because thinking about Hermione was painful.

“Harry Potter is humble and modest,” said Dobby reverently, his orb-like eyes aglow. “Harry Potter speaks not of his triumph over He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named —”

“Voldemort?” said Harry.

Dobby clapped his hands over his bat ears and moaned, “Ah, speak not the name, sir! Speak not the name!”

“Sorry,” said Harry quickly. “I know lots of people don’t like it. My friend Ron —”

He stopped again. Thinking about Ron was painful, too.

Dobby leaned toward Harry, his eyes wide as headlights.

“Dobby heard tell,” he said hoarsely, “that Harry Potter met the Dark Lord for a second time, just weeks ago . . . that Harry Potter escaped *yet again*.”

哈利臉色異常激動，他說：“你聽到的有關我的偉大之事，全是胡言亂語。在霍格華茲的同學中，我連拔尖都不算，那是赫敏的功勞。她——”但是他很快就停口了，因為想起赫敏是痛苦的。“哈利波特謙虛謹慎，”多比虔誠地說道，他的圓球般的眼睛閃閃發光。“哈利波特不會慶祝他戰勝那個不可名狀的黑魔王——”“伏地魔？”哈利說。多比猛地把手掌擺過他的蝙蝠耳朵，哀嚎道，“啊，勿提其名，先生！勿提其名！”“對不起，”哈利趕緊說，“我知道很多人不喜歡它。我朋友羅恩——”他又停了下來，想到羅恩也是痛苦的。多比向哈利靠近，他的眼睛像車頭燈一樣睜大了。“多比聽說，”他嘶啞地說，“哈利波特剛在幾個星期前又見到黑魔王了，哈利波特又逃脫了。”

Harry nodded and Dobby’s eyes suddenly shone with tears.

“Ah, sir,” he gasped, dabbing his face with a corner of the grubby pillowcase he was wearing. “Harry Potter is valiant and bold! He has braved so many dangers already! But Dobby has come to protect Harry Potter, to warn him, even if he *does* have to shut his ears in the oven door later. . . . *Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts.*”

There was a silence broken only by the chink of knives and forks from downstairs and the distant rumble of Uncle Vernon’s voice.

“W-what?” Harry stammered. “But I’ve got to go back — term starts on September first. It’s all that’s keeping me going. You don’t know what it’s like here. I don’t *belong* here. I belong in your world — at Hogwarts.”

“No, no, no,” squeaked Dobby, shaking his head so hard his ears flapped. “Harry Potter must stay where he is safe. He is too great, too good, to lose. If Harry Potter goes back to Hogwarts, he will be in mortal danger.”

哈利點了點頭，多比眼中忽然閃爍著淚光。「啊，先生，」他喘著氣，用著一角臟枕套擦著臉。「哈利波特勇敢又無畏！他已經成功地面對許多危險！但多比是為了保護哈利波特而來的，即使他可能晚些時候不得不把自己的耳朵夾在烤箱門口..哈利波特不能回到霍格華茲。」他們保持沉默，只聽到楼下刀叉碰撞的聲音和弗农叔叔的低沉聲音。「什麼？」哈利結巴著說。「但是我得回去，9月1號就要開學了。這是讓我感到有活力的唯一事情。你不知道這裡是怎樣的地方。我不屬於這裡，在霍格華茲才是我的世界。」「不，不，不，」多比尖叫著，搖著頭，強烈地搖動耳朵。「哈利波特必須待在安全的地方。他太偉大、太善良了，不能失去他。如果哈利波特回到霍格華茲，他會陷入致命的危險中。」

“Why?” said Harry in surprise.

“There is a plot, Harry Potter. A plot to make most terrible things happen at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this year,” whispered Dobby, suddenly trembling all over. “Dobby has known it for months, sir. Harry Potter must not put himself in peril. He is too important, sir!”

“What terrible things?” said Harry at once. “Who’s plotting them?”

Dobby made a funny choking noise and then banged his head frantically against the wall.

“All right!” cried Harry, grabbing the elf’s arm to stop him. “You can’t tell me. I understand. But why are you warning *me*?” A sudden, unpleasant thought struck him. “Hang on — this hasn’t got anything to do with Vol — sorry — with You-Know-Who, has it? You could just shake or nod,” he added hastily as Dobby’s head tilted worryingly close to the wall again.

“為什麼？”哈利驚訝地問道。“哈利波特，有一個陰謀。一個要在霍格華茲魔法與巫術學校製造最可怕的事情的陰謀，”多比低聲說道，突然全身顫抖。“多比已經知道好幾個月了，先生。哈利波特不能置身於危險之中。他太重要了，先生！”“有什麼可怕的事情？”哈利立即問道。“是誰在策劃？”多比發出一聲有趣的嗆聲，然後發狂地撞著牆。“好了！”哈利大叫道，抓住小精靈的手臂停止他。“你不能告訴我。我明白了。但你為什麼要警告我？”他突然有一種不愉快的想法。“等等——這與那個，抱歉——與你知道誰有關嗎？你只需搖頭或點頭，”他趕緊補充道，因為多比的頭又擔心地靠近了牆。

Slowly, Dobby shook his head.

“Not — not *He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named*, sir —”

But Dobby’s eyes were wide and he seemed to be trying to give Harry a hint. Harry, however, was completely lost.

“He hasn’t got a brother, has he?”

Dobby shook his head, his eyes wider than ever.

“Well then, I can’t think who else would have a chance of making horrible things happen at Hogwarts,” said Harry. “I mean, there’s Dumbledore, for one thing — you know who Dumbledore is, don’t you?”

Dobby bowed his head.

“Albus Dumbledore is the greatest headmaster Hogwarts has ever had. Dobby knows it, sir. Dobby has heard Dumbledore’s powers rival those of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named at the height of his strength. But, sir” — Dobby’s voice dropped to an urgent whisper — “there are powers Dumbledore doesn’t . . . powers no decent wizard . . .”

慢慢地，多比搖了搖頭。「不是—不是那位不可名狀的人，先生—」但多比的眼睛睜得大大的，看起來像是在試著給哈利一個暗示。然而，哈利完全一無所知。「他沒有兄弟吧？」多比搖了搖頭，眼睛比以往還要大。「那麼，我就不知道誰還有可能在霍格華茲搞糟事情了。」哈利說。「我的意思是，有鄧布利多啊—你知道鄧布利多是誰，對吧？」多比低下了頭。「阿不思·鄧不利多是霍格華茲有史以來最偉大的校長。多比知道這一點，先生。多比聽說，在他最強大的時候，鄧不利多的力量可以與那位不可名狀的人匹敵。但是，先生」- 多比的聲音降到了一種緊急的耳語聲—「也有鄧布利多無法用他的力量對抗的力量.....這是任何正派巫師都不能.....」

And before Harry could stop him, Dobby bounded off the bed, seized Harry’s desk lamp, and started beating himself around the head with earsplitting yelps.

A sudden silence fell downstairs. Two seconds later Harry, heart thudding madly, heard Uncle Vernon coming into the hall, calling “Dudley must have left his television on again, the little tyke!”

“Quick! In the closet!” hissed Harry, stuffing Dobby in, shutting the door, and flinging himself onto the bed just as the door handle turned.

“What — the — *devil* — are — you — doing?” said Uncle Vernon through gritted teeth, his face horribly close to Harry’s. “You’ve just ruined the punch line of my Japanese golfer joke. . . . One more sound and you’ll wish you’d never been born, boy!”

He stomped flat-footed from the room.

哈利還來不及阻止他，多比從床上跳下來，抓住哈利的書桌燈，開始用極其尖銳的尖叫聲猛擊自己的頭部。突然間樓下靜了下來。兩秒鐘後，哈利的心怦怦亂跳，聽到弗冷·伯農進入大廳，呼喊：“達力一定又忘了關電視了，那小傢伙！”“快！進衣櫃裡！”哈利咬牙切齒地說，把多比塞進櫃子裡，關上門，並且跳回床上，就在門把手轉動的時候。“你到底在幹什麼？”叔父弗農咆哮著說，臉靠近哈利，令他感到極度的不適。“你剛才毀了我那個關於日本高爾夫球手的笑話.....再發出一點聲音，你就會希望從未出生，小鬼東西！”他重重地踏出房間。

Shaking, Harry let Dobby out of the closet.

“See what it’s like here?” he said. “See why I’ve got to go back to Hogwarts? It’s the only place I’ve got — well, I *think* I’ve got friends.”

“Friends who don’t even *write* to Harry Potter?” said Dobby slyly.

“I expect they’ve just been — wait a minute,” said Harry, frowning. “How do *you* know my friends haven’t been writing to me?”

Dobby shuffled his feet.

“Harry Potter mustn’t be angry with Dobby. Dobby did it for the best —”

“*Have you been stopping my letters?*”

“Dobby has them here, sir,” said the elf. Stepping nimbly out of Harry’s reach, he pulled a thick wad of envelopes from the inside of the pillowcase he was wearing. Harry could make out Hermione’s neat writing, Ron’s untidy scrawl, and even a scribble that looked as though it was from the Hogwarts gamekeeper, Hagrid.

哈利顫抖著將多比從櫥櫃裡放了出來。「看到這裡是什麼樣子了嗎？」他說。「看到為什麼我必須回霍格華茲嗎？這是我唯一的地方——嗯，我想我有朋友。」「連給哈利波特寫信都不寫的朋友？」多比狡猾地說。「我猜他們只是——等一下，」哈利皺起眉頭說。「你怎麼知道我的朋友沒有給我寫信？」多比移動著腳。「哈利波特不可以生多比的氣。多比是為了最好才這麼做——」「你有在攔截我的信嗎？」「多比這裡有信，先生。」精靈迅速地躲開哈利，從他身穿的枕套裡拿出一大疊信封。哈利能看出赫敏工整的字跡、朗慕不整的筆跡，甚至還有一個看起來像霍格華茲飼育員海格的潦草筆跡。

Dobby blinked anxiously up at Harry.

“Harry Potter mustn’t be angry. . . . Dobby hoped . . . if Harry Potter thought his friends had forgotten him . . . Harry Potter might not want to go back to school, sir. . . .”

Harry wasn’t listening. He made a grab for the letters, but Dobby jumped out of reach.

“Harry Potter will have them, sir, if he gives Dobby his word that he will not return to Hogwarts. Ah, sir, this is a danger you must not face! Say you won’t go back, sir!”

“No,” said Harry angrily. “Give me my friends’ letters!”

“Then Harry Potter leaves Dobby no choice,” said the elf sadly.

Before Harry could move, Dobby had darted to the bedroom door, pulled it open, and sprinted down the stairs.

Mouth dry, stomach lurching, Harry sprang after him, trying not to make a sound. He jumped the last six steps, landing catlike on the hall carpet, looking around for Dobby. From the dining room he heard Uncle Vernon saying, “... tell Petunia that very funny story about those American plumbers, Mr. Mason. She’s been dying to hear ...”

多比焦急地眨着眼看着哈利。“哈利波特不应该生气.....多比希望.....如果哈利波特认为他的朋友们忘记了他.....哈利波特可能不想回到学校，先生.....”哈利并没有在听。他试图抓住信件，但多比跳出了他的范围。“哈利波特必须兑现自己的承诺，答应不再回霍格沃茨学校，这样他就能拿到信了。啊，先生，这是你不能面对的危险！请说你不会回去，先生！”“不！”哈利生气地说，“把朋友们的信还给我！”“那么哈利波特让多比没有选择了，”小精灵伤心地说。在哈利能够反应之前，多比已经跑到卧室的门口，打开了门，沿着楼梯向下冲。喉咙干燥，胃里颤动，哈利紧随其后，试图不发出声音。他跳过了最后六个台阶，在大厅的地毯上猫一般着陆，四处寻找多比。从餐厅里他听到弗农叔叔说，“.....告诉潘妮娅那个关于美国水管工的非常有趣的故事，梅森先生。她一直想听.....”

Harry ran up the hall into the kitchen and felt his stomach disappear.

Aunt Petunia’s masterpiece of a pudding, the mountain of cream and sugared violets, was floating up near the ceiling. On top of a cupboard in the corner crouched Dobby.

“No,” croaked Harry. “Please ... they’ll kill me ...”

“Harry Potter must say he’s not going back to school —”

“Dobby ... please ...”

“Say it, sir —”

“I can’t —”

Dobby gave him a tragic look.

“Then Dobby must do it, sir, for Harry Potter’s own good.”

The pudding fell to the floor with a heart-stopping crash. Cream splattered the windows and walls as the dish shattered. With a crack like a whip, Dobby vanished.

There were screams from the dining room and Uncle Vernon burst into the kitchen to find Harry, rigid with shock, covered from head to foot in Aunt Petunia’s pudding.

哈利沿著走廊跑進廚房，他感到他的胃消失了。擺在天花板附近的是珍姨婆婆的拿手甜點，一座充滿奶油和糖香的紫羅蘭山。在角落的櫥櫃上蹲著多比。“不”，哈利嘶啞地說，“拜託.....他們會殺了我.....”“哈利波特必須說他不會回去上學——”“多比.....拜託.....”“請講出來，先生——”“我不行.....”多比給他一個悲痛的眼神。“那麼，為了哈利波特自己的好，多比必須這樣做，先生。”甜點發出令人心驚膽戰的撞擊聲，掉在地上。奶油濺到了窗戶和牆壁上，盤子破碎了。就在一聲如鞭般的聲響中，多比消失了。餐廳裡傳來尖叫聲，張伯倫大叫著冲進廚房，發現哈利嚇呆了，全身都覆蓋在珍姨婆婆的甜點裡。

At first, it looked as though Uncle Vernon would manage to gloss the whole thing over. (“Just our nephew — very disturbed — meeting strangers upsets him, so we kept him upstairs. . . .”) He shooed the shocked Masons back into the dining room, promised Harry he would flog him to within an inch of his life when the Masons had left, and handed him a mop. Aunt Petunia dug some ice cream out of the freezer and Harry, still shaking, started scrubbing the kitchen clean.

Uncle Vernon might still have been able to make his deal — if it hadn’t been for the owl.

Aunt Petunia was just passing around a box of after-dinner mints when a huge barn owl swooped through the dining room window, dropped a letter on Mrs. Mason’s head, and swooped out again. Mrs. Mason screamed like a banshee and ran from the house shouting about lunatics. Mr. Mason stayed just long enough to tell the Dursleys that his wife was mortally afraid of birds of all shapes and sizes, and to ask whether this was their idea of a joke.

起初，弗農叔叔似乎能夠掩蓋整件事情（“只是我們的侄子——很不穩定——和陌生人見面會讓他不安，所以我們讓他待在樓上.....”），他趕走了震驚的梅森家人回到餐廳，答應梅森家人離開後會痛打哈利，並給了他一把拖把。佩妮姨媽從冰箱裡挖出一些冰淇淋，哈利仍在發抖，開始清潔廚房。如果沒有那封信，弗農叔叔可能仍能達成他的目的。在晚餐後，佩妮姨媽剛剛發了一盒甜食，一只巨大的穀倉貓頭鷹從餐廳的窗戶裡俯衝而來，在梅森夫人的頭上掉下一封信，然後再次飛走。梅森夫人像女妖一樣尖叫著，向外跑去說有精神病患者。梅森先生停留的時間剛剛足夠告訴德思禮一家人，他的妻子對所有形狀和大小的鳥類都極度害怕，並問這是不是他們的惡作劇。

Harry stood in the kitchen, clutching the mop for support, as Uncle Vernon advanced on him, a demonic glint in his tiny eyes.

“Read it!” he hissed evilly, brandishing the letter the owl had delivered. “Go on — read it!”

Harry took it. It did not contain birthday greetings.

Dear Mr. Potter,

We have received intelligence that a Hover Charm was used at your place of residence this evening at twelve minutes past nine.

As you know, underage wizards are not permitted to perform spells outside school, and further spellwork on your part may lead to expulsion from said school (Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, Paragraph C).

We would also ask you to remember that any magical activity that risks notice by members of the non-magical community (Muggles) is a serious offense under section 13 of the International Confederation of Warlocks' Statute of Secrecy.

哈利站在廚房裡，緊握著拖把作支撐。伯父弗農向他逼近，小眼睛中閃耀著魔性的光芒。他邪惡地發出嘶嘶聲：「快看！快看那封信！」說著，他搖晃著貓頭鷹送來的信。哈利接過信。裡面並沒有任何生日祝福。親愛的波特先生，我們收到情報，稱今晚九點十二分您的住所曾使用空中飄浮咒。如您所知，未成年的巫師不能在學校以外的地方使用咒語，而您的下一次咒語行為可能會導致您被學校開除（《1875年未成年巫術合理限制法令》第C段）。我們還要求您記住，任何有風險讓麻瓜社區（Muggles）的成員發現的魔法活動，都是《國際巫師秘密法令協議》第13條嚴重的違法行為。

Enjoy your holidays!

Yours sincerely,



Mafalda Hopkirk

IMPROPER USE OF MAGIC OFFICE

*Ministry of Magic*

Harry looked up from the letter and gulped.

“You didn’t tell us you weren’t allowed to use magic outside school,” said Uncle Vernon, a mad gleam dancing in his eyes. “Forgot to mention it. . . . Slipped your mind, I daresay. . . .”

He was bearing down on Harry like a great bulldog, all his teeth bared. “Well, I’ve got news for you, boy. . . . I’m locking you up. . . . You’re never going back to that school. . . . never. . . . and if you try and magic yourself out — they’ll expel you!”

And laughing like a maniac, he dragged Harry back upstairs.

Uncle Vernon was as bad as his word. The following morning, he paid a man to fit bars on Harry’s window. He himself fitted a cat-flap in the bedroom door, so that small amounts of food could be pushed inside three times a day. They let Harry out to use the bathroom morning and evening. Otherwise, he was locked in his room around the clock.

祝你度過一個愉快的假期! 此致 馬法達·霍普柯克 魔法部禁止不恰當使用魔法辦公室 哈利從信中抬起頭，咽了口口水。 “你沒告訴我們你不能在學校外使用魔法”，弗農姨父說，他的眼中閃爍著瘋狂的光芒。 “忘了提醒你了.....我敢說.....” 他像一只恐怖的牛頭狗一樣向哈利逼近，露出了所有的牙齒。 “我告訴你一個消息，孩子。我要把你關起來.....你永遠不會回到那個學校.....永遠不會.....如果你試圖用魔法逃走，他們會開除你的！” 他像個瘋子一樣大笑，把哈利拖回了樓上。 弗農姨父是說到做到的人。第二天早上，他付錢請人在哈利的窗戶上安裝了鐵窗。他自己在臥室門上安裝了一個貓門，以便可以每天推送少量的食物。早晚他們讓哈利出去上廁所。否則，他就被關在房間裡，一天24小時。

Three days later, the Dursleys were showing no sign of relenting, and Harry couldn’t see any way out of his situation. He lay on his bed watching the sun sinking behind the bars on the window and wondered miserably what was going to happen to him.

What was the good of magicking himself out of his room if Hogwarts would expel him for doing it? Yet life at Privet Drive had reached an all-time low. Now that the Dursleys knew they weren’t going to wake up as fruit bats, he had lost his only weapon. Dobby might have saved Harry from horrible happenings at Hogwarts, but the way things were going, he’d probably starve to death anyway.

The cat-flap rattled and Aunt Petunia’s hand appeared, pushing a bowl of canned soup into the room. Harry, whose insides were aching with hunger, jumped off his bed and seized it. The soup was stone-cold, but he drank half of it in one gulp. Then he crossed the room to Hedwig’s cage and tipped the soggy vegetables at the bottom of the bowl into her empty food tray. She ruffled her feathers and gave him a look of deep disgust.

三天過去了，但德思禮夫婦卻毫不松懈，哈利看不到從這個困境中逃脫的方式。他躺在床上看著夕陽從窗口的欄杆後沉沒，心中淒苦地想著：他的未來將會怎樣呢？假如他用魔法從房間裡逃出去，霍格華茲可能會因此把他開除。可是現在在普里韋特

大道的生活已經到了空前的低谷。現在德思禮夫婦知道他們不會變成果蝠，他失去了唯一能威脅住他們的武器。多比或許曾經救過哈利逃過霍格華茲的可怕境況，但事情的進展路程，他最終可能會餓死。貓扉發出嘎嘎聲，彭姨的手伸進來，推了一碗罐頭湯進來。哈利的肚子已經餓得疼痛，他跳下床抓起碗來。湯非常冷，但他還是一口氣喝了一半。之後他走到海德薇的籠子旁，將碗底的濕軟蔬菜捧到她的空食盤裡。海德薇撲騰一下羽毛，然後用極度厭惡的眼神瞪著哈利。

“It's no good turning your beak up at it — that's all we've got,” said Harry grimly.

He put the empty bowl back on the floor next to the cat-flap and lay back down on the bed, somehow even hungrier than he had been before the soup.

Supposing he was still alive in another four weeks, what would happen if he didn't turn up at Hogwarts? Would someone be sent to see why he hadn't come back? Would they be able to make the Dursleys let him go?

The room was growing dark. Exhausted, stomach rumbling, mind spinning over the same unanswerable questions, Harry fell into an uneasy sleep.

He dreamed that he was on show in a zoo, with a card reading UNDERAGE WIZARD attached to his cage. People goggled through the bars at him as he lay, starving and weak, on a bed of straw. He saw Dobby's face in the crowd and shouted out, asking for help, but Dobby called, “Harry Potter is safe there, sir!” and vanished. Then the Dursleys appeared and Dudley rattled the bars of the cage, laughing at him.

“你不能嗤之以鼻 - 那就是我们所拥有的全部，”哈利沉重地说道。他把空碗放回猫门旁边的地板上，然后躺回床上，感觉比喝汤之前更饥饿了。如果在另外四周里他还活着，如果他没有去霍格沃茨会发生什么？会有人来看看为什么他没有回来吗？他们能让德思礼家族放他走吗？房间变得黑暗了。身体疲惫，胃咕咕作响，头脑里困扰着同样无法回答的问题，哈利陷入了不安的睡眠中。他梦见自己在动物园里展览，身旁挂着写着“未成年巫师”的牌子。人们透过铁栏观看着他躺在稻草上饥饿而虚弱。他在人群中看到了多比的脸，大喊着寻求帮助，但是多比惊呼：“哈利波特在那里很安全，先生！”然后消失了。接着德思礼家族出现了，达德里在笼子的铁栏上发出嘲笑声。

“Stop it,” Harry muttered as the rattling pounded in his sore head. “Leave me alone . . . cut it out . . . I'm trying to sleep. . . .”

He opened his eyes. Moonlight was shining through the bars on the window. And someone was goggling through the bars at him: a freckle-faced, red-haired, long-nosed someone.

Ron Weasley was outside Harry's window.

“住口，”哈利咕哝着，头痛欲裂。“别来烦我了 … 别动 … 我在睡觉……”他睁开眼睛。月光透过窗户上的栅栏照射进来。有个人透过栅栏盯着他的眼睛：一个长着雀斑、红头发和长鼻子的人。罗恩·韦斯莱就在哈利的窗外。



## THE BURROW

*Ron!*" breathed Harry, creeping to the window and pushing it up so they could talk through the bars. "Ron, how did you—What the—?"

Harry's mouth fell open as the full impact of what he was seeing hit him. Ron was leaning out of the back window of an old turquoise car, which was parked *in midair*. Grinning at Harry from the front seats were Fred and George, Ron's elder twin brothers.

"All right, Harry?" asked George.

"What's been going on?" said Ron. "Why haven't you been answering my letters? I've asked you to stay about twelve times, and then Dad came home and said you'd got an official warning for using magic in front of Muggles—"

"It wasn't me—and how did he know?"

"He works for the Ministry," said Ron. "You *know* we're not supposed to do spells outside school—"

「羅恩！」哈利輕聲喊道，蹑手蹑腳走到窗戶，推開窗戶，讓他們可以透過鐵窗談話。「羅恩，你怎麼會——那是什麼——？」當哈利看清楚之後，他嘴巴張大了，因為他第一次看到這樣的事情。羅恩正從一輛停在半空中的古董綠松石車子的後面窗戶伸出來，坐在前座上的是他的大哥哥——費德和喬治，他們是羅恩的雙胞胎哥哥。「還好吧，哈利？」喬治問道。「最近發生了什麼事？」羅恩問道：「為什麼你沒有回我的信？我已經問你大約十二次了。然後我回家後說你因為在麻瓜面前使用魔法被官方警告了——」「那不是我——他怎麼知道的？」「他在部長的辦公室工作」，羅恩說。「你知道我們不應該在學校外使用魔法——」

"You should talk," said Harry, staring at the floating car.

"Oh, this doesn't count," said Ron. "We're only borrowing this. It's Dad's, we didn't enchant it. But doing magic in front of those Muggles you live with—"

"I told you, I didn't—but it'll take too long to explain now—look, can you tell them at Hogwarts that the Dursleys have locked me up and won't let me come back, and obviously I can't magic myself out, because the Ministry'll think that's the second spell I've done in three days, so—"

"Stop gibbering," said Ron. "We've come to take you home with us."

"But you can't magic me out either—"

"We don't need to," said Ron, jerking his head toward the front seat and grinning. "You forget who I've got with me."

"Tie that around the bars," said Fred, throwing the end of a rope to Harry.

「你應該開口說話的，」哈利盯著浮在空中的汽車說。「哦，這不算數，」羅恩說，「我們只是借用這個，這是爸爸的，我們沒有施展魔法。但在和你同住的麻瓜面前施展魔法——」「我已經告訴你了，我沒有——但現在解釋起來太浪費時間——你看，你能告訴霍格華茲，德思禮鎖我在家裡，不讓我回去，顯然我也無法用魔法逃脫，因為部里會認為這是我三天內做的第二個魔法，所以——」「別絮絮叨叨的了，」羅恩說。「我們來帶你回家。」「但你們也不能用魔法帶我走——」「我們不需要，」羅恩指著前座，咧嘴笑道，「你忘了我和誰在一起了吧。」「把這個繩子系在欄杆上，」弗雷德把繩子的一端丟給了哈利。

"If the Dursleys wake up, I'm dead," said Harry as he tied the rope tightly around a bar and Fred revved up the car.

"Don't worry," said Fred, "and stand back."

Harry moved back into the shadows next to Hedwig, who seemed to have realized how important this was and kept still and silent. The car revved louder and louder and suddenly, with a crunching noise, the bars were pulled clean out of the window as Fred drove straight up in the air. Harry ran back to the window to see the bars dangling a few feet above the ground. Panting, Ron hoisted them up into the car. Harry listened anxiously, but there was no sound from the Dursleys' bedroom.

When the bars were safely in the back seat with Ron, Fred reversed as close as possible to Harry's window.

“Get in,” Ron said.

「如果德思禮一家人起來，我就完了。」哈利一邊綁緊繩索一邊說道，佛雷德啟動了汽車。「別擔心。」佛雷德說道，「退後一點。」哈利往黑影中退去，坐在哈利的旁邊的海德薇似乎意識到這有多重要，保持了安靜。汽車越來越響，突然，隨著嘎吱作響的聲音，佛雷德將車子直接駛出了窗外，光禿禿的鉤爪懸掛在幾英尺的高空。哈利倒抽一口氣，向窗外望去，只見德思禮家的臥室沒有發出一點聲音。當安全鐵門拔出並由朗提起後，在車子裡坐穩之後，佛雷德開車嘗試靠近哈利的窗戶。

「上車。」朗說道。

“But all my Hogwarts stuff — my wand — my broomstick —”

“Where is it?”

“Locked in the cupboard under the stairs, and I can't get out of this room —”

“No problem,” said George from the front passenger seat. “Out of the way, Harry.”

Fred and George climbed catlike through the window into Harry's room. You had to hand it to them, thought Harry, as George took an ordinary hairpin from his pocket and started to pick the lock.

“A lot of wizards think it's a waste of time, knowing this sort of Muggle trick,” said Fred, “but we feel they're skills worth learning, even if they are a bit slow.”

There was a small click and the door swung open.

“So — we'll get your trunk — you grab anything you need from your room and hand it out to Ron,” whispered George.

“Watch out for the bottom stair — it creaks,” Harry whispered back as the twins disappeared onto the dark landing.

“但是我的霍格華茲東西——我的魔杖——我的掃帚——”“它在哪裡？”“鎖在樓梯下的櫥櫃裡，而我無法離開這個房間——”“沒問題，”喬治從前座說。“讓開，哈利。”弗雷德和喬治像貓一樣爬進哈利的房間。哈利想著，你一定要佩服他們，當喬治從口袋中掏出一根普通的髮夾開始撬鎖。“很多巫師覺得學這種麻煩的麻爪技巧是浪費時間，”弗雷德說，“但即使它們有些慢，我們覺得學習這些技能還是很有價值的。”有一聲輕響，門被推開了。“所以——我們會拿你的行李箱——你從房間裡拿你需要的東西，交給朗，”喬治小聲地說。“小心最後一階樓梯——它會吱吱作響，”哈利回答，當雙胞胎消失在黑暗的樓梯平台上。

Harry dashed around his room, collecting his things and passing them out of the window to Ron. Then he went to help Fred and George heave his trunk up the stairs. Harry heard Uncle Vernon cough.

At last, panting, they reached the landing, then carried the trunk through Harry's room to the open window. Fred climbed back into the car to pull with Ron, and Harry and George pushed from the bedroom side. Inch by inch, the trunk slid through the window.

Uncle Vernon coughed again.

“A bit more,” panted Fred, who was pulling from inside the car. “One good push —”

Harry and George threw their shoulders against the trunk and it slid out of the window into the back seat of the car.

“Okay, let's go,” George whispered.

But as Harry climbed onto the windowsill there came a sudden loud screech from behind him, followed immediately by the thunder of Uncle Vernon's voice.

哈利急匆匆地在房间里走来走去，收拾好自己的东西，将它们递到窗户外给罗恩。然后他去帮助弗雷德和乔治将他的皮箱扛上楼梯。哈利听到弗农姨夫咳嗽了一声。最后，他们气喘吁吁地到达了楼梯平台，然后将行李箱从哈利的房间通过开着的窗户搬出去。弗雷德爬回车里拉，而哈利和乔治从卧室的一侧推。行李箱一点一点地通过窗户滑出。弗农姨夫又咳嗽了一次。“再用力一点，”从车子里拉着的弗雷德喘息着说。“再往前推一下——”哈利和乔治向行李箱用力一推，行李箱就从窗户滑进了车的后座。“好了，走吧，”乔治轻声说。但正当哈利爬上窗台时，他身后突然传来一声尖锐的尖叫，紧接着是弗农姨夫的怒吼声。

“THAT RUDDY OWL!”

“I've forgotten Hedwig!”

Harry tore back across the room as the landing light clicked on — he snatched up Hedwig's cage, dashed to the window, and passed it out to Ron. He was scrambling back onto the chest of drawers when Uncle Vernon hammered on the unlocked door — and it crashed open.

For a split second, Uncle Vernon stood framed in the doorway; then he let out a bellow like an angry bull and dived at Harry, grabbing him by the ankle.

Ron, Fred, and George seized Harry's arms and pulled as hard as they could.

“Petunia!” roared Uncle Vernon. “He’s getting away! HE’S GETTING AWAY!”

But the Weasleys gave a gigantic tug and Harry’s leg slid out of Uncle Vernon’s grasp — Harry was in the car — he’d slammed the door shut — “Put your foot down, Fred!” yelled Ron, and the car shot suddenly toward the moon.

“那隻紅冠貓頭鷹！”“我忘了海德薇！”哈利看見樓下亮起的電燈，急忙跑回窗邊，抓起海德薇的籠子，交給了朋友龍。他順著抽屜爬回床上，此時弗農叔叔敲開了門，門吱呀一聲推開。短短一瞬間，哈利看到了站在門口的弗農叔叔，接著就聽到了他低沉咆哮的聲音，像一頭暴怒的公牛，向哈利撲來，抓住了他的腳踝。龍、弗雷德和喬治使勁拽住哈利的手臂，拼命向外拉。“珍妮！”弗農叔叔怒吼，“他要逃了！他要逃了！”但是，韋斯萊家族勇氣十足地一陣猛拉，哈利的腳踝從弗農叔叔的手中擺脫了出來。哈利跑進了車裡，猛地關上了門。“踩油門，弗雷德！”龍大喊，汽車突然沖向了月亮。

Harry couldn’t believe it — he was free. He rolled down the window, the night air whipping his hair, and looked back at the shrinking rooftops of Privet Drive. Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley were all hanging, dumbstruck, out of Harry’s window.

“See you next summer!” Harry yelled.

The Weasleys roared with laughter and Harry settled back in his seat, grinning from ear to ear.

“Let Hedwig out,” he told Ron. “She can fly behind us. She hasn’t had a chance to stretch her wings for ages.”

George handed the hairpin to Ron and, a moment later, Hedwig soared joyfully out of the window to glide alongside them like a ghost.

“So — what’s the story, Harry?” said Ron impatiently. “What’s been happening?”

Harry told them all about Dobby, the warning he’d given Harry and the fiasco of the violet pudding. There was a long, shocked silence when he had finished.

哈利不敢相信——他自由了。他摇下车窗，夜空中的风吹动了他的头发，回头看着普里夫德大街上逐渐缩小的屋顶。弗农姨父、佩妮姨妈和达德利都从哈利的窗户里糊涂地探出头来。“明年夏天再见！”哈利大喊。韦斯莱家的人都发出了大笑声，哈利微笑着靠回了座位。“把海格送的猫头鹰放出来，”他告诉罗恩。“她可以在我们后面飞。她已经很久没有机会伸展翅膀了。”乔治把拉链给了罗恩，一会儿，海德维格高兴地从窗户里飞了出去，像鬼魅一样滑翔在他们旁边。“那么——哈利，发生了什么事？”罗恩不耐烦地问道。“最近发生了什么？”哈利告诉他们关于多比的事情，他所发出的警告和紫色布丁的混乱。当他讲完后，就出现了长时间的沉默。

“Very fishy,” said Fred finally.

“Definitely dodgy,” agreed George. “So he wouldn’t even tell you who’s supposed to be plotting all this stuff?”

“I don’t think he could,” said Harry. “I told you, every time he got close to letting something slip, he started banging his head against the wall.”

He saw Fred and George look at each other.

“What, you think he was lying to me?” said Harry.

“Well,” said Fred, “put it this way — house-elves have got powerful magic of their own, but they can’t usually use it without their master’s permission. I reckon old Dobby was sent to stop you coming back to Hogwarts. Someone’s idea of a joke. Can you think of anyone at school with a grudge against you?”

“Yes,” said Harry and Ron together, instantly.

“Draco Malfoy,” Harry explained. “He hates me.”

「非常可疑」費德終於說道。「絕對有問題」喬治贊同道。「所以他甚至都沒有告訴你是誰在策劃所有這些事情？」「我想他不能這樣做」哈利說。「我告訴過你，每當他接近說漏嘴的時候，他就開始撞牆。」他看到費德和喬治相互看了看。「你是說，你認為他對我說謊？」哈利說。「嗯」費德說。「這樣說吧——家內精靈擁有強大的魔法，但通常情況下，他們不能在沒有主人允許的情況下使用。我猜就是因為這個原因，多比被派去阻止你回霍格華茲。這是某人的惡作劇。你能想到有誰在學校對你怨念很深嗎？」「能」哈利和羅恩一起回答了，眨眼間。「德拉科·馬爾福」哈利解釋道。「他恨我。」

“Draco Malfoy?” said George, turning around. “Not Lucius Malfoy’s son?”

“Must be, it’s not a very common name, is it?” said Harry. “Why?”

“I’ve heard Dad talking about him,” said George. “He was a big supporter of You-Know-Who.”

“And when You-Know-Who disappeared,” said Fred, craning around to look at Harry, “Lucius Malfoy came back saying he’d never meant any of it. Load of dung — Dad reckons he was right in You-Know-Who’s inner circle.”

Harry had heard these rumors about Malfoy’s family before, and they didn’t surprise him at all. Malfoy made Dudley Dursley look like a kind, thoughtful, and sensitive boy.

“I don't know whether the Malfoys own a house-elf . . .” said Harry.

“Well, whoever owns him will be an old Wizarding family, and they'll be rich,” said Fred.

喬治轉身說：“德拉科·馬爾福？不是盧修斯·馬爾福的兒子嗎？”“肯定是，這不是一個很普遍的名字嗎？”哈利說。“為什麼？”“我聽爸爸講過他，”喬治說。“他曾經是支持你知道誰的人。”“當你知道誰消失時，”弗雷德轉身看著哈利，“盧修斯·馬爾福回來說他從來沒有這麼說過。這是一派胡言 - 父爸認為他在你知道誰的圈子裡。”哈利以前聽過關於馬爾福家庭的這些謠言，這一點也不讓他驚訝。馬爾福讓達德利·德思利顯得像个善良、周到、敏感的男孩。“我不知道馬爾福家裡有沒有家養小精靈……”哈利說。“嗯，不管誰擁有他，肯定是一個老巫師家族，他們肯定很富有。”弗雷德說。

“Yeah, Mum's always wishing we had a house-elf to do the ironing,” said George. “But all we've got is a lousy old ghoul in the attic and gnomes all over the garden. House-elves come with big old manors and castles and places like that; you wouldn't catch one in our house. . . .”

Harry was silent. Judging by the fact that Draco Malfoy usually had the best of everything, his family was rolling in wizard gold; he could just see Malfoy strutting around a large manor house. Sending the family servant to stop Harry from going back to Hogwarts also sounded exactly like the sort of thing Malfoy would do. Had Harry been stupid to take Dobby seriously?

“I'm glad we came to get you, anyway,” said Ron. “I was getting really worried when you didn't answer any of my letters. I thought it was Errol's fault at first —”

「是啊，媽媽一直希望我們有一個家內傭人來熨衣服，」喬治說。「但我們只有一個爛老食人魔躲在閣樓裡，花園裡到處都是地精。家內傭人都是在大老派別、城堡和像那樣的地方中才會找到的；你不會在我們家裡找到他們。……」哈利沉默了。根據德拉科·馬爾福通常擁有最好的一切來判斷，他的家族肯定有很多魔法金幣；他剛剛看到馬爾福正展翅高飛在一座大莊園裡。派家庭僕人阻止哈利回霍格華茲的行為也恰恰像是馬爾福會做的事情。哈利是否真的很愚蠢地對多比認真了？「反正我們來接你了，我很高興。」羅恩說。「當你沒有回答我的信時，我真的很擔心。起初我還以為是厄羅的錯誤……」

“Who's Errol?”

“Our owl. He's ancient. It wouldn't be the first time he'd collapsed on a delivery. So then I tried to borrow Hermes —”

“Who?”

“The owl Mum and Dad bought Percy when he was made prefect,” said Fred from the front.

“But Percy wouldn't lend him to me,” said Ron. “Said he needed him”

“Percy's been acting very oddly this summer,” said George, frowning. “And he *has* been sending a lot of letters and spending a load of time shut up in his room. . . . I mean, there's only so many times you can polish a prefect badge. . . . You're driving too far west, Fred,” he added, pointing at a compass on the dashboard. Fred twiddled the steering wheel.

“So, does your dad know you've got the car?” said Harry, guessing the answer.

“Er, no,” said Ron, “he had to work tonight. Hopefully we'll be able to get it back in the garage without Mum noticing we flew it.”

「艾羅是誰？」「我們家的貓頭鷹。他歷史悠久，運送信件時暈倒也不是第一次了。於是試著去借赫密斯——」「誰？」「媽媽和爸爸為珀西當了預備生時買的貓頭鷹。」弗雷德在前座說。「但珀西不肯借給我，」羅恩說。「他說需要用它。」「這個夏天珀西的行為變得非常奇怪，」喬治皺起眉頭說。「他一直在寄很多信，並且花了很多時間關在房間裡……我的意思是，你也不能一直擦亮預備生徽章吧……弗雷德，你朝西邊開太遠了。」他指著儀表板上的指南針。弗雷德轉了一下方向盤。「你們爸爸知道你們開車出來了嗎？」哈利猜測著答案。「呃，不知道，」羅恩說。「他今晚得工作。希望我們能夠毫不起眼地把車開回車庫。」

“What does your dad do at the Ministry of Magic, anyway?”

“He works in the most boring department,” said Ron. “The Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office.”

“The *what*?”

“It's all to do with bewitching things that are Muggle-made, you know, in case they end up back in a Muggle shop or house. Like, last year, some old witch died and her tea set was sold to an antiques shop. This Muggle woman bought it, took it home, and tried to serve her friends tea in it. It was a nightmare — Dad was working overtime for weeks.”

“What happened?”

“The teapot went berserk and squirted boiling tea all over the place and one man ended up in the hospital with the sugar tongs clamped to his nose. Dad was going frantic — it's only him and an old warlock called Perkins in the office — and they had to do Memory Charms and all sorts of stuff to cover it up —”

“你爸爸在魔法部門裡做什麼工作？”羅恩說：“他在最無聊的部門工作。那是非麻瓜製品誤用辦公室。”“什麼？”“所有這些都是與施展魔法有關的，而這些魔法作用在麻瓜製品身上，以防這些東西最終回到麻瓜的商店或房子中。就像去年，有個老巫婆

去世了，她的茶具被賣到了一家古董店。這個麻瓜女人買下了它，帶回家後試圖在裡面倒茶給她的朋友喝。那是一場噩夢——爸爸連續加班了好幾周。”“後來發生了什麼？”“茶壺突然暴走，把滾燙的茶噴得到處都是，一個男人被燙傷後還帶著糖夾住鼻子去了醫院。爸爸非常慌亂——那個部門裡只有他和一個老男巫佩金斯，他們不得不施展記憶編織魔法和其他種種手段來掩蓋這件事。”

“But your dad — this car —”

Fred laughed. “Yeah, Dad’s crazy about everything to do with Muggles; our shed’s full of Muggle stuff. He takes it apart, puts spells on it, and puts it back together again. If he raided *our* house he’d have to put himself under arrest. It drives Mum mad.”

“That’s the main road,” said George, peering down through the windshield. “We’ll be there in ten minutes. . . . Just as well, it’s getting light. . . .”

A faint pinkish glow was visible along the horizon to the east.

Fred brought the car lower, and Harry saw a dark patchwork of fields and clumps of trees.

“We’re a little way outside the village,” said George. “Ottery St. Catchpole.”

Lower and lower went the flying car. The edge of a brilliant red sun was now gleaming through the trees.

“但是你父親——這輛車——”弗雷德笑了。“是啊，爸爸瘋狂地迷戀麻瓜的一切；我們的小屋裡擺滿了麻瓜東西。他拆掉它，下咒語，再把它組裝起來。如果他搜查我們的房子，他會把自己抓起來，這讓我媽瘋狂。”“那是主要道路，”喬治透過擋風玻璃向下看。“我們10分鐘後就會到達那裡……太好了，天亮了。”東方的天際上有一道微弱的粉紅色光芒。弗雷德降低了車的高度，哈利看到了一片由田野和叢林拼湊而成的暗色調的風景。“我們離村子有一小段距離，”喬治說。“奧特里·聖卡楚普爾。”飛行汽車飛得越來越低，一個明亮的紅色太陽的邊緣從樹林中閃現出來。

“Touchdown!” said Fred as, with a slight bump, they hit the ground. They had landed next to a tumbledown garage in a small yard, and Harry looked out for the first time at Ron’s house.

It looked as though it had once been a large stone pigpen, but extra rooms had been added here and there until it was several stories high and so crooked it looked as though it were held up by magic (which, Harry reminded himself, it probably was). Four or five chimneys were perched on top of the red roof. A lopsided sign stuck in the ground near the entrance read, THE BURROW. Around the front door lay a jumble of rubber boots and a very rusty cauldron. Several fat brown chickens were pecking their way around the yard.

“It’s not much,” said Ron.

“It’s wonderful,” said Harry happily, thinking of Privet Drive.

「觸地！」Fred輕輕一撞，他們降落在一個小院子裡一個破舊的車庫旁邊。Harry第一次看到Ron的房子。它看起來像是曾經是一個大石头豬圈，但是不斷地加了房間，直到高了幾層，變得如此不平，看起來像是靠魔法支撐著（Harry提醒自己，可能是真的）。四五個煙囪嵌在紅色的屋頂上。門口附近地上插著一個傾斜的招牌，寫著「鳥巢」。在前門附近散落著一堆橡膠靴和一個非常生鏽的大釜子。幾只肥嘟嘟的棕色雞正在院子裡啄食。「不怎麼樣，」搖了搖頭Ron說道。「太棒了，」Harry高興地說，想起Privet Drive。

They got out of the car.

“Now, we’ll go upstairs really quietly,” said Fred, “and wait for Mum to call us for breakfast. Then, Ron, you come bounding downstairs going ‘Mum, look who turned up in the night!’ and she’ll be all pleased to see Harry and no one need ever know we flew the car.”

“Right,” said Ron. “Come on, Harry, I sleep at the — at the top —”

Ron had gone a nasty greenish color, his eyes fixed on the house. The other three wheeled around.

Mrs. Weasley was marching across the yard, scattering chickens, and for a short, plump, kind-faced woman, it was remarkable how much she looked like a saber-toothed tiger.

“Ah,” said Fred.

“Oh, dear,” said George.

Mrs. Weasley came to a halt in front of them, her hands on her hips, staring from one guilty face to the next. She was wearing a flowered apron with a wand sticking out of the pocket.

他們下了車。“現在，我們要非常小心地上樓，等媽媽叫我們吃早餐。然後，羅恩，你就要跑下樓，高聲喊‘媽媽，看誰在昨晚來了！’她會很高興見到哈利，而且沒人需要知道我們開著車飛來這裡。”弗雷德說。“好的，”羅恩說，“哈利，跟我來，我睡在（房子）的頂樓。”羅恩臉色發青，眼睛定在房子上。其他三人轉過身看去。韋斯萊夫人正在院子裡走過來，驚飛了一些雞，作為一個矮胖，和藹可親的女人，很難想象她怎麼看起來像一隻劍齒虎。“啊，”弗雷德說。“哦，親愛的，”喬治說。韋斯萊夫人來到他們面前停了下來，雙手叉腰，盯著每一張有罪的臉孔看。她身穿一件有花紋的圍裙，口袋裡插著一根魔杖。

“So,” she said.

“Morning, Mum,” said George, in what he clearly thought was a jaunty, winning voice.

“Have you any idea how worried I’ve been?” said Mrs. Weasley in a deadly whisper.

“Sorry, Mum, but see, we had to —”

All three of Mrs. Weasley’s sons were taller than she was, but they cowered as her rage broke over them.

*“Beds empty! No note! Car gone — could have crashed — out of my mind with worry — did you care? — never, as long as I’ve lived — you wait until your father gets home, we never had trouble like this from Bill or Charlie or Percy —”*

“Perfect Percy,” muttered Fred.

“YOU COULD DO WITH TAKING A LEAF OUT OF PERCY’S BOOK!” yelled Mrs. Weasley, prodding a finger in Fred’s chest. “You could have *died*, you could have been *seen*, you could have lost your father his *job* —”

「那麼，」她說。「早安，媽媽，」喬治用他自認為是活潑、搶眼的聲音回答。「你知道我擔心你們了嗎？」韋斯萊夫人嚴厲地低語。「對不起，媽媽，我們必須——」韋斯萊夫人的三個兒子都比她高，但當她的怒火湧上心頭時，他們都害怕了。「床空無人！沒有字條！車子不見了——可能出了車禍——我都擔心瘋了——你們管嗎？——我活到現在也從未見過這樣的事——等你父親回家了，我們從沒有像比爾、查理或珀西這樣的麻煩——」「完美的珀西，」弗雷德喃喃地說。「你應該學學珀西，」韋斯萊夫人怒吼著，用手指戳著弗雷德的胸膛。「你本可以死的，你本可以被發現，你本可以讓你父親失去工作——」

It seemed to go on for hours. Mrs. Weasley had shouted herself hoarse before she turned on Harry, who backed away.

“I’m very pleased to see you, Harry, dear,” she said. “Come in and have some breakfast.”

She turned and walked back into the house and Harry, after a nervous glance at Ron, who nodded encouragingly, followed her.

The kitchen was small and rather cramped. There was a scrubbed wooden table and chairs in the middle, and Harry sat down on the edge of his seat, looking around. He had never been in a wizard house before.

The clock on the wall opposite him had only one hand and no numbers at all. Written around the edge were things like *Time to make tea*, *Time to feed the chickens*, and *You’re late*. Books were stacked three deep on the mantelpiece, books with titles like *Charm Your Own Cheese*, *Enchantment in Baking*, and *One Minute Feasts — It’s Magic!* And unless Harry’s ears were deceiving him, the old radio next to the sink had just announced that coming up was “*Witching Hour*, with the popular singing sorceress, Celestina Warbeck.”

看上去似乎持续了好几个小时。韦斯莱夫人一直喊到没声音，然后转向了哈利，哈利后退了几步。“看到你真是太高兴啦，哈利，亲爱的。”她说道，“进来吃点早饭吧。”她转身回到屋子里，哈利有些紧张地瞥了一眼罗恩，罗恩鼓励地点了点头，然后他走进了屋子。厨房很小而挤。中间有一张擦得锃亮的木桌和几把椅子，哈利坐在座位的边缘，四下张望着。他以前从未进过魔法屋。墙上的钟只有一根指针，没有数字。周围写着像是“泡茶的时间”、“喂鸡的时间”和“你迟到了”的字样。壁炉架上堆满了厚厚的书，上面写着“自己做魔法奶酪”、“烘焙魔法”和“一分钟的盛宴——魔法加持！”这样的书名。如果哈利没有听错，水槽旁边那台老收音机刚刚宣布：“即将播出的是‘女巫的时刻’，由著名的女声巫师赛勒斯蒂娜·瓦贝克主持。”

Mrs. Weasley was clattering around, cooking breakfast a little haphazardly, throwing dirty looks at her sons as she threw sausages into the frying pan. Every now and then she muttered things like “don’t know *what* you were thinking of,” and “*never* would have believed it.”

“I don’t blame you, dear,” she assured Harry, tipping eight or nine sausages onto his plate. “Arthur and I have been worried about you, too. Just last night we were saying we’d come and get you ourselves if you hadn’t written back to Ron by Friday. But really” (she was now adding three fried eggs to his plate), “flying an illegal car halfway across the country — anyone could have seen you —”

She flicked her wand casually at the dishes in the sink, which began to clean themselves, clinking gently in the background.

魏茜太太在嘈雜的煮早餐，有點亂七八糟地，一邊把香腸扔進鍋裡，一邊不悅地瞪著她的兒子。她不時咕噥著“不知道你們在想什麼”，還有“永遠也不會相信的事情”。“我不怪你，親愛的”，她向哈利保證，把八到九根香腸倒進他的盤子裡。“亞瑟和我也一直很擔心你。就在昨晚，我們還在說如果你沒有在星期五之前給羅恩回信，我們就會親自來接你。但是真的”（現在她加了三個煎蛋到他的盤子裡），“駕駛非法的汽車橫跨整個國家——任何人都看得見你——”她隨意地用魔杖在水槽裡的碗盤上揮舞，它們開始自動清洗，微微地咔嚓作響。

“It was *cloudy*, Mum!” said Fred.

“You keep your mouth closed while you’re eating!” Mrs. Weasley snapped.

“They were starving him, Mum!” said George.

“And you!” said Mrs. Weasley, but it was with a slightly softened expression that she started cutting Harry bread and buttering it for him.

At that moment there was a diversion in the form of a small, redhead figure in a long nightdress, who appeared in the kitchen, gave a small squeal, and ran out again.

“Ginny,” said Ron in an undertone to Harry. “My sister. She’s been talking about you all summer.”

“Yeah, she’ll be wanting your autograph, Harry,” Fred said with a grin, but he caught his mother’s eye and bent his face over his plate without another word. Nothing more was said until all four plates were clean, which took a surprisingly short time.

“佛雷德說：「天空多雲，媽媽！」魔法兒童的母親，韋斯萊夫人，怒斥他：「吃東西時嘴巴閉起來！」喬治說：「他們把他餓壞了，媽媽！」韋斯萊夫人回應：「你也是！」但她略微減緩了口氣，為哈利切面包並塗上了奶油。此時，壹個紅髮的小女孩穿著長睡袍出現在廚房裏，尖叫壹聲，然後又跑了出去。羅恩低聲對哈利說：「那是姐姐金妮，整個夏天都在談論你。」佛雷德笑著說：「對呀，她會要你的簽名，哈利。」但他垂下頭，不再多說壹句。當他們四個人把盤子裏的食物都吃完時，沒有再多說什麼話。」

“*Blimey*, I’m tired,” yawned Fred, setting down his knife and fork at last. “I think I’ll go to bed and —”

“You will not,” snapped Mrs. Weasley. “It’s your own fault you’ve been up all night. You’re going to de-gnome the garden for me; they’re getting completely out of hand again —”

“Oh, Mum —”

“And you two,” she said, glaring at Ron and George. “You can go up to bed, dear,” she added to Harry. “You didn’t ask them to fly that wretched car —”

But Harry, who felt wide awake, said quickly, “I’ll help Ron. I’ve never seen a de-gnoming —”

“That’s very sweet of you, dear, but it’s dull work,” said Mrs. Weasley. “Now, let’s see what Lockhart’s got to say on the subject —”

And she pulled a heavy book from the stack on the mantelpiece. George groaned.

“Mum, we know how to de-gnome a garden —”

「喲，我好累啊。」弗雷德噁心地打了個呵欠，終於放下刀叉。「我想我要去睡覺了，然後——」「不行。」瑪莉·韋斯萊夫人人生氣地打斷他。「你昨晚自己熬夜的，現在又要收拾掉我們的小矮人，它們又亂鬧了。」「噢，媽媽——」「還有你們兩個。」她瞪了瞪羅恩和喬治。「親愛的，你可以去睡覺了。」她又對哈利說道。「你也不用管他們開飛車的事。」但是哈利覺得自己一點也不困，快速地說道：「我幫羅恩。我從沒見過收拾小矮人的事。」「這真是太好了，親愛的。但這是很乏味的工作。」韋斯萊夫人說。「現在，我們來看看洛哈特在這方面有什麼可說的。」她從壁爐架上的書堆中拿出一本厚重的書。喬治悻悻地嘆了口氣。「媽媽，我們知道怎麼收拾小矮人——」

Harry looked at the cover of Mrs. Weasley’s book. Written across it in fancy gold letters were the words *Gilderoy Lockhart’s Guide to Household Pests*. There was a big photograph on the front of a very good-looking wizard with wavy blond hair and bright blue eyes. As always in the Wizarding world, the photograph was moving: the wizard, who Harry supposed was Gilderoy Lockhart, kept winking cheekily up at them all. Mrs. Weasley beamed down at him.

“Oh, he is marvelous,” she said. “He knows his household pests, all right, it’s a wonderful book. . . .”

“Mum *fancies* him,” said Fred, in a very audible whisper.

“Don’t be so ridiculous, Fred,” said Mrs. Weasley, her cheeks rather pink. “All right, if you think you know better than Lockhart, you can go and get on with it, and woe betide you if there’s a single gnome in that garden when I come out to inspect it.”

哈利看著魔母薇茲萊的書封。封面上用華麗的金色字樣寫著「吉德羅伊·洛哈特的家庭害蟲指南」。上面還有一張相片，顯示了一位長相極佳、留著波浪捲曲金髮和明亮藍眼的巫師。在魔法世界裡，相片像往常一樣會動，哈利猜測那位巫師就是吉德羅伊·洛哈特，而他不停地對著他們眨眼，露出俏皮的表情。魔母薇茲萊開心地看著書封。「哦，他真是太棒了」她說。「他很了解家庭害蟲，這是一本好書……」「媽媽喜歡他」，弗雷德用大聲的耳語說。「別胡說，弗雷德」，魔母薇茲萊的臉紅了。「好了，如果你真的覺得自己比洛哈特更懂，那麼就去忙吧，可如果我檢查過後發現那個花園裡還有一只地精，你會後悔的。」

Yawning and grumbling, the Weasleys slouched outside with Harry behind them. The garden was large, and in Harry’s eyes, exactly what a garden should be. The Dursleys wouldn’t have liked it — there were plenty of weeds, and the grass needed cutting — but there were gnarled trees all around the walls, plants Harry had never seen spilling from every flower bed, and a big green pond full of frogs.

“Muggles have garden gnomes, too, you know,” Harry told Ron as they crossed the lawn.

“Yeah, I’ve seen those things they think are gnomes,” said Ron, bent double with his head in a peony bush, “like fat little Santa Clauses with fishing rods. . . .”

There was a violent scuffling noise, the peony bush shuddered, and Ron straightened up. “*This* is a gnome,” he said grimly.

揉眼惺忪的韋斯萊夫婦和哈利一起走到了屋外。這庭院很大，而在哈利眼中，它恰好是一個庭院應該呈現的樣子。德思福斯一家人肯定不會喜歡——到處都是雜草，草坪需要修剪——但四周的樹都是扭曲的，床上長滿了哈利從未見過的植物，還有一個裝滿青蛙的大綠色池塘。「麻瓜也有小矮人玩具，你知道嗎？」當哈利和羅恩穿過草坪時哈利這樣問道。「是啊，我見

過那些他們認為是小矮人的東西。」羅恩雙手搭在腿上，低頭看著牡丹叢。「像是漂亮胖乎乎的聖誕老人，還帶根魚竿……」突然間，一陣急促的掙扎聲響起，牡丹叢劇烈地震了一下，羅恩拉直了身子。「這才是真正的小矮人。」他沉著地說。

“Gerroff me! Gerroff me!” squealed the gnome.

It was certainly nothing like Santa Claus. It was small and leathery looking, with a large, knobby, bald head exactly like a potato. Ron held it at arm's length as it kicked out at him with its horny little feet; he grasped it around the ankles and turned it upside down.

“This is what you have to do,” he said. He raised the gnome above his head (“Gerroff me!”) and started to swing it in great circles like a lasso. Seeing the shocked look on Harry's face, Ron added, “It doesn't *hurt* them — you've just got to make them really dizzy so they can't find their way back to the gnomeholes.”

He let go of the gnome's ankles: It flew twenty feet into the air and landed with a thud in the field over the hedge.

“Pitiful,” said Fred. “I bet I can get mine beyond that stump.”

“放開我！放開我！”侏儒尖叫著。它顯然並不像聖誕老人。它外觀小巧而皮質，頭部大而呈現馬鈴薯般的凸起，沒有一根頭發。朗將它伸直手臂，它用角質的小腳踢出，他抓住它的腳踝，將它倒掛起來。“你需要這樣做，”他說。他將侏儒舉到頭頂（“放開我！”），開始像繩索一樣擺動。看到哈利臉上的震驚表情，朗補充道：“這不會傷到它們——你只需要使它們暈眩，這樣它們就找不到回去家的路了。”他放開了侏儒的腳踝：它在空中飛了二十英尺，砰地一聲落在籬笆那邊的田野上。“可悲，”弗雷德說。“我打賭我能把我的推到那個樹樁的後面。”

Harry learned quickly not to feel too sorry for the gnomes. He decided just to drop the first one he caught over the hedge, but the gnome, sensing weakness, sank its razor-sharp teeth into Harry's finger and he had a hard job shaking it off — until —

“Wow, Harry — that must've been fifty feet. . . .”

The air was soon thick with flying gnomes.

“See, they're not too bright,” said George, seizing five or six gnomes at once. “The moment they know the de-gnoming's going on they storm up to have a look. You'd think they'd have learned by now just to stay put.”

Soon, the crowd of gnomes in the field started walking away in a straggling line, their little shoulders hunched.

“They'll be back,” said Ron as they watched the gnomes disappear into the hedge on the other side of the field. “They love it here. . . . Dad's too soft with them; he thinks they're funny. . . .”

哈利很快學會了不要對侏儒們感到過於抱歉。他決定抓住的第一個侏儒就把它扔過籬笆，但侏儒感覺到了弱點，將其剃刀般銳利的牙齒咬進了哈利的手指，他非常難以擺脫，直到——“哇，哈利——那一定有50英尺長……”空氣裡很快就充滿了飛揚的侏儒。“你看，它們並不太聰明，”喬治一邊說著，一邊一次抓住五六個侏儒，“一旦他們知道要進行從侏儒中除去，他們就會圍上前去看一看。你會想他們現在已經學會待在原處了。很快，這片田野上的侏儒群開始成一排緩慢走開，它們的小肩膀縮了起來。“他們會回來的，”羅恩在看著侏儒消失在田野另一側的籬笆裡時說。“他們喜歡這裡……爸爸對他們太溫柔了，他以為他們很有趣……”

Just then, the front door slammed.

“He's back!” said George. “Dad's home!”

They hurried through the garden and back into the house.

Mr. Weasley was slumped in a kitchen chair with his glasses off and his eyes closed. He was a thin man, going bald, but the little hair he had was as red as any of his children's. He was wearing long green robes, which were dusty and travel-worn.

“What a night,” he mumbled, groping for the teapot as they all sat down around him. “Nine raids. Nine! And old Mundungus Fletcher tried to put a hex on me when I had my back turned. . . .”

Mr. Weasley took a long gulp of tea and sighed.

“Find anything, Dad?” said Fred eagerly.

“All I got were a few shrinking door keys and a biting kettle,” yawned Mr. Weasley. “There was some pretty nasty stuff that wasn't my department, though. Mortlake was taken away for questioning about some extremely odd ferrets, but that's the Committee on Experimental Charms, thank goodness. . . .”

就在那時，前門砰的一聲關上。「他回來了！」喬治說。「爸爸回家了！」他們急忙穿過花園，回到屋子裡。韋斯萊先生一個人瘫坐在廚房的椅子上，摘掉眼鏡，閉上雙眼。他是個瘦弱的男人，髮際線後退，頭髮稀疏，但那些仍然存在的髮絲和他的孩子們的一樣紅。他穿著長長的綠袍子，袍子上滿是塵垢，明顯是經過長途跋涉的。「真是久違的一夜啊。」他咕哝著，一邊四處摸索找茶壺，眾人圍著他坐下。「九次襲擊，九次！而老弄臭傢伙芒東格斯·弗萊奇在我背後放咒語，差點把我害了一命……」韋斯萊先生喝了一大口茶，深深吐出一口氣。「找到什麼嗎，爸？」弗雷德興奮地問道。「只有幾個能使房門縮小

的鑰匙和一個咬人的水壺。」韋斯萊先生呵欠連連。「還有些非常危險的東西並不是由我負責。莫特萊克被帶走接受質問，他負責實驗魔法委員會的極其奇怪的雪貂問題，不過好在那與我無關。……」

“Why would anyone bother making door keys shrink?” said George.

“Just Muggle-baiting,” sighed Mr. Weasley. “Sell them a key that keeps shrinking to nothing so they can never find it when they need it. . . . Of course, it’s very hard to convict anyone because no Muggle would admit their key keeps shrinking — they’ll insist they just keep losing it. Bless them, they’ll go to any lengths to ignore magic, even if it’s staring them in the face. . . . But the things our lot have taken to enchanting, you wouldn’t believe —”

“LIKE CARS, FOR INSTANCE?”

Mrs. Weasley had appeared, holding a long poker like a sword. Mr. Weasley’s eyes jerked open. He stared guiltily at his wife.

“C-cars, Molly, dear?”

“Yes, Arthur, cars,” said Mrs. Weasley, her eyes flashing. “Imagine a wizard buying a rusty old car and telling his wife all he wanted to do with it was take it apart to see how it worked, while *really* he was enchanting it to make it fly.”

“為什麼有人要把門鎖匙變小？”喬治說。“純屬愚弄麻瓜，”韋斯萊先生嘆息道。“賣給他們一把鎖匙，不斷縮小到不見，讓他們需要時永遠找不到它。當然，很難定罪，因為沒有一個麻瓜會承認他們的鎖匙不斷縮小——他們會堅稱只是一直丟失。看在他們的份上，他們會盡一切努力忽視魔法，即使明明就在眼前。但我們家的人結了咒的東西，你是不會相信的——”“比如說汽車？”韋斯萊夫人出現了，手持一根像劍一樣的長火鉗。韋斯萊先生的眼睛猛地睜開。他有罪地盯著自己的妻子。“汽、汽車，親愛的茉莉？”“是的，亞瑟，汽車，”韋斯萊夫人說，眼中帶著怒火。“想象一下，一個巫師買了一輛生鏽的二手車，告訴他的妻子他只是想把它拆開看看它的原理，然而他實際上卻在咒語下讓它飛行。”

Mr. Weasley blinked.

“Well, dear, I think you’ll find that he would be quite within the law to do that, even if — er — he maybe would have done better to, um, tell his wife the truth. . . . There’s a loophole in the law, you’ll find. . . . As long as he wasn’t *intending* to fly the car, the fact that the car *could* fly wouldn’t —”

“Arthur Weasley, you made sure there was a loophole when you wrote that law!” shouted Mrs. Weasley. “Just so you could carry on tinkering with all that Muggle rubbish in your shed! And for your information, Harry arrived this morning in the car you weren’t intending to fly!”

“Harry?” said Mr. Weasley blankly. “Harry who?”

He looked around, saw Harry, and jumped.

“Good lord, is it Harry Potter? Very pleased to meet you, Ron’s told us so much about —”

韋斯萊先生眨了眨眼睛。「啊，親愛的，我想你會發現即使他，呃，也許最好是告訴他的妻子真相，他這樣做也是合法的……有個法律漏洞，你會發現……只要他沒有打算駕駛這輛車，這輛車能飛的事實就不會……」「亞瑟·韋斯萊，你在制定這條法律時就確定了這個漏洞！」韋斯萊夫人喊道。「只是為了讓你可以繼續在你的房子裡修補那些麻煩的麻瓜東西！另外，你要知道，哈利是今天早上開著你不打算駕駛的車來的！」「哈利？」韋斯萊先生茫然地問道。「哈利是誰？」他四處張望，看見了哈利，嚇了一跳。「我的天，這是哈利·波特？很高興見到你，朗告訴我們了那麼多關於你的事——」

“Your sons flew that car to Harry’s house and back last night!” shouted Mrs. Weasley. “What have you got to say about that, eh?”

“Did you really?” said Mr. Weasley eagerly. “Did it go all right? I — I mean,” he faltered as sparks flew from Mrs. Weasley’s eyes, “that — that was very wrong, boys — very wrong indeed. . . .”

“Let’s leave them to it,” Ron muttered to Harry as Mrs. Weasley swelled like a bullfrog. “Come on, I’ll show you my bedroom.”

They slipped out of the kitchen and down a narrow passageway to an uneven staircase, which wound its way, zigzagging up through the house. On the third landing, a door stood ajar. Harry just caught sight of a pair of bright brown eyes staring at him before it closed with a snap.

“Ginny,” said Ron. “You don’t know how weird it is for her to be this shy. She never shuts up normally —”

“你們兒子們昨晚駕駛著那輛汽車飛去哈利的家，再飛回來！”魔法部的薇茲夫人大聲吼道，“你們對此有什麼話要說，嗎？”“真的做到了？”魔法部的韋斯萊先生應該興奮地問道，“順利嗎？我的意思是，”當薇茲夫人的眼中冒出火花時，他結巴地說，“這——這是非常錯誤的，孩子們——真的很錯誤……”“讓他們自己解決吧，”當薇茲夫人像一只牛蛙一樣肆脹時，羅恩對哈利輕聲說道，“來吧，我帶你去看我的臥室。”他們從廚房溜了出去，穿過一個狹窄的走廊，走上了一條不規則的樓梯，這條梯子蜿蜒而上，穿過整個房子。在第三個樓層，一扇門半開著。哈利只看見一雙明亮的棕色眼睛注視著他，然後門“啪”地一聲關上了。“金妮，”羅恩說道，“她現在這麼害羞，真的讓人覺得很奇怪。平常她從不閉嘴——”

They climbed two more flights until they reached a door with peeling paint and a small plaque on it, saying RONALD’S ROOM.

Harry stepped in, his head almost touching the sloping ceiling, and blinked. It was like walking into a furnace: Nearly everything in Ron’s room

seemed to be a violent shade of orange: the bedspread, the walls, even the ceiling. Then Harry realized that Ron had covered nearly every inch of the shabby wallpaper with posters of the same seven witches and wizards, all wearing bright orange robes, carrying broomsticks, and waving energetically.

“Your Quidditch team?” said Harry.

“The Chudley Cannons,” said Ron, pointing at the orange bedspread, which was emblazoned with two giant black C’s and a speeding cannonball. “Ninth in the league.”

Ron’s school spellbooks were stacked untidily in a corner, next to a pile of comics that all seemed to feature *The Adventures of Martin Miggs, the Mad Muggle*. Ron’s magic wand was lying on top of a fish tank full of frog spawn on the windowsill, next to his fat gray rat, Scabbers, who was snoozing in a patch of sun.

他們爬了兩層樓，直到他們到達一扇剝落油漆和一個小牌匾掛在上面的門，上面寫著羅納德的房間。哈利踏進去，頭幾乎要碰到斜屋頂，眨了眨眼。這就像走進一個火爐：羅恩房間裡的幾乎每一樣東西都是一種暴力的橙色：床單，牆壁，甚至天花板。然後哈里意識到，羅恩幾乎用同樣的七個女巫和巫師的海報覆蓋了破舊的壁紙的每一寸，他們都穿著明亮的橙袍，拿著掃帚，熱情地揮舞著。“你的魁地奇隊？”哈利問。“查德利炮手，”羅恩指著印有兩個黑色C和一顆高速彈的橙色床單說。“排名聯盟第九。”羅恩的學校法術書雜亂無章地堆在一角，旁邊是一堆漫畫，看起來都以馬丁·米格斯的冒險為特色，他的魔杖放在窗台上的一個充滿青蛙卵的魚缸上，旁邊是睡在陽光下的臃腫灰色老鼠Scabbers。

Harry stepped over a pack of Self-Shuffling playing cards on the floor and looked out of the tiny window. In the field far below he could see a gang of gnomes sneaking one by one back through the Weasleys’ hedge. Then he turned to look at Ron, who was watching him almost nervously, as though waiting for his opinion.

“It’s a bit small,” said Ron quickly. “Not like that room you had with the Muggles. And I’m right underneath the ghoul in the attic; he’s always banging on the pipes and groaning . . .”

But Harry, grinning widely, said, “This is the best house I’ve ever been in.”

Ron’s ears went pink.

哈利踩过地上的自行洗牌纸牌，从小窗户往外看。在远处的田野上，他能看到一群小矮人一个接一个地从韦斯莱家的篱笆里悄悄溜走。然后他转过身来看着罗恩，罗恩近乎紧张地盯着他，仿佛在等待他的意见。“这有点小，”罗恩很快说道，“没有你和麻瓜住的那个房间大。而且我就在阁楼里的食尸鬼下面，他总是敲着管子叫唤……”但哈利开心地笑着说：“这是我住过的最好的房子了。”罗恩的耳朵变红了。



## AT FLOURISH AND BLOTTS

Life at the Burrow was as different as possible from life on Privet Drive. The Dursleys liked everything neat and ordered; the Weasleys' house burst with the strange and unexpected. Harry got a shock the first time he looked in the mirror over the kitchen mantelpiece and it shouted, *"Tuck your shirt in, scruffy!"* The ghoul in the attic howled and dropped pipes whenever he felt things were getting too quiet, and small explosions from Fred and George's bedroom were considered perfectly normal. What Harry found most unusual about life at Ron's, however, wasn't the talking mirror or the clanking ghoul: It was the fact that everybody there seemed to like him.

Mrs. Weasley fussed over the state of his socks and tried to force him to eat fourth helpings at every meal. Mr. Weasley liked Harry to sit next to him at the dinner table so that he could bombard him with questions about life with Muggles, asking him to explain how things like plugs and the postal service worked.

生活在洞穴裡的生活與普里夫特街截然不同。達思利夫人喜歡什麼都井然有序；而魏斯莉家則充滿了奇異和意外的東西。哈利第一次照到廚房壁爐上方的鏡子時，被鏡子大聲喊：「將你的襯衫塞進去，邋遢鬼！」給嚇到；閣樓裡的怪物會在感覺事情變得太安靜時大聲尖叫並丟下水管；而來自弗雷德和喬治的臥室中不時傳出小小的爆炸聲，卻被認為是很正常的事情。然而，哈利在朗的家中感到最不尋常的事情不是說話的鏡子或是發出咔噠聲的怪胎：而是每個人似乎都喜歡他。魏斯莉太太關心他的襪子，試圖強迫他在每餐吃第四份。魏斯莉先生喜歡讓哈利坐在他旁邊的餐桌上，這樣他便可以向哈利提問有關與麻瓜生活相關的問題，讓他解釋像插頭和郵政服務這樣的事情是如何運作的。

*"Fascinating!"* he would say as Harry talked him through using a telephone. *"Ingenious, really, how many ways Muggles have found of getting along without magic."*

Harry heard from Hogwarts one sunny morning about a week after he had arrived at the Burrow. He and Ron went down to breakfast to find Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and Ginny already sitting at the kitchen table. The moment she saw Harry, Ginny accidentally knocked her porridge bowl to the floor with a loud clatter. Ginny seemed very prone to knocking things over whenever Harry entered a room. She dived under the table to retrieve the bowl and emerged with her face glowing like the setting sun. Pretending he hadn't noticed this, Harry sat down and took the toast Mrs. Weasley offered him.

"Letters from school," said Mr. Weasley, passing Harry and Ron identical envelopes of yellowish parchment, addressed in green ink. "Dumbledore already knows you're here, Harry — doesn't miss a trick, that man. You two've got them, too," he added, as Fred and George ambled in, still in their pajamas.

“太神奇了！”哈利向他講解如何使用電話時，他驚嘆道：“麻瓜為了沒有魔法的情況下如何生活，真是太有創意了。”哈利在抵達伯羅後一周的一個晴朗早晨從霍格華茲收到了消息。他和羅恩下樓吃早飯時，就已經看到了韋斯萊先生夫婦和金妮已經坐在廚桌旁。金妮一看到哈利，不小心把粥碗砸到了地上，發出了巨大的聲響。只要哈利進入房間，金妮就很容易撞到東西。她潛到桌子下面撿起碗來，臉上泛著夕陽般的紅暈。哈利裝作沒有注意到這一點，坐下來接受了韋斯萊夫人提供的烤麵包。“有學校信，”韋斯萊先生說，遞給哈利和羅恩兩封相同的淡黃色信封，上面用綠色墨水寫著地址。“邓布利多已經知道你在這裡了，哈利——他真是個厲害角色。弗雷德和喬治也有信，”他補充道，弗雷德和喬治穿著睡衣蹣跚走進來。

For a few minutes there was silence as they all read their letters. Harry's told him to catch the Hogwarts Express as usual from King's Cross station on September first. There was also a list of the new books he'd need for the coming year.

### SECOND-YEAR STUDENTS WILL REQUIRE:

- The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2* by Miranda Goshawk
- Break with a Banshee* by Gilderoy Lockhart
- Gadding with Ghouls* by Gilderoy Lockhart
- Holidays with Hags* by Gilderoy Lockhart
- Travels with Trolls* by Gilderoy Lockhart
- Voyages with Vampires* by Gilderoy Lockhart

*Wanderings with Werewolves* by Gilderoy Lockhart  
*Year with the Yeti* by Gilderoy Lockhart

Fred, who had finished his own list, peered over at Harry's.

"You've been told to get all Lockhart's books, too!" he said. "The new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher must be a fan — bet it's a witch."

At this point, Fred caught his mother's eye and quickly busied himself with the marmalade.

"That lot won't come cheap," said George, with a quick look at his parents. "Lockhart's books are really expensive. . . ."

"Well, we'll manage," said Mrs. Weasley, but she looked worried. "I expect we'll be able to pick up a lot of Ginny's things secondhand."

他們閱讀信件時，靜默了幾分鐘。哈利的信告訴他照慣例在9月1日從國王十字車站搭乘霍格華茲特快列車。還列有一份新書清單，他在新學年中需要的書都在上面。二年級學生需要：弗雷德看完了自己的清單，又瞄了哈利的清單一眼。“你被告知也要買洛哈特的全部書了！”他說：“新的黑魔法防禦導師肯定是個粉絲——我打賭是個女巫。”此時，弗雷德注意到母親的目光，趕緊忙碌地拿起橘子果醬。“那些書可不便宜，”喬治看著父母，說：“洛哈特的書真的很昂貴……”“我們會解決的，”韋斯萊夫人說道，但她看起來很擔心：“我想我們可以買到很多金妮的二手物品。”

"Oh, are you starting at Hogwarts this year?" Harry asked Ginny.

She nodded, blushing to the roots of her flaming hair, and put her elbow in the butter dish. Fortunately no one saw this except Harry, because just then Ron's elder brother Percy walked in. He was already dressed, his Hogwarts prefect badge pinned to his sweater vest.

"Morning, all," said Percy briskly. "Lovely day."

He sat down in the only remaining chair but leapt up again almost immediately, pulling from underneath him a molting, gray feather duster — at least, that was what Harry thought it was, until he saw that it was breathing.

"Errol!" said Ron, taking the limp owl from Percy and extracting a letter from under its wing. "Finally — he's got Hermione's answer. I wrote to her saying we were going to try and rescue you from the Dursleys."

「哦，你今年開始在霍格華茲了嗎？」哈利問金妮。她點了點頭，臉紅到她燃燒的頭髮，把她的手肘放進奶油盤。幸運的是除了哈利，沒有人看到這一幕，因為就在這時，羅恩的哥哥派西走了進來。他已經穿好了，他的霍格華茲預備學生徽章在他的毛衣外套上。「大家早上好，」派西脆脆地說。「天氣很好。」他坐下來，但幾乎立刻又跳了起來，從他底下拖出一個揉毛了的灰色羽毛掃帚——至少，哈利認為那就是，直到他發現它在呼吸。「艾洛！」羅恩說道，從派西手中拿起軟弱的貓頭鷹，並從它的翅膀下面拿出一封信。「終於——他拿到赫敏的回信了。我給她寫了信，說我們要試圖從德思禮家裡救你出來。」

He carried Errol to a perch just inside the back door and tried to stand him on it, but Errol flopped straight off again so Ron laid him on the draining board instead, muttering, "Pathetic." Then he ripped open Hermione's letter and read it out loud:

"Dear Ron, and Harry if you're there,

"I hope everything went all right and that Harry is okay and that you didn't do anything illegal to get him out, Ron, because that would get Harry into trouble, too. I've been really worried and if Harry is all right, will you please let me know at once, but perhaps it would be better if you used a different owl, because I think another delivery might finish your one off."

"I'm very busy with schoolwork, of course" — How can she be?" said Ron in horror. "We're on vacation! — and we're going to London next Wednesday to buy my new books. Why don't we meet in Diagon Alley?"

他抱著埃羅到後門裡的一個棲木上，試著讓他站穩，但埃羅又直直地跌落下來，於是羅恩把他放在了排水板上，嘀咕著：“可憐啊。”然後撕開了赫敏的信，大聲朗讀：“親愛的羅恩，如果海利在的話，還有哈利，‘我希望一切都順利，也希望哈利一切安好，而你沒有用非法手段把他救出來，因為那樣會讓哈利陷入麻煩。我一直很擔心，如果哈利安全無恙，你能不能立即讓我知道，但最好使用另一只貓頭鷹，因為我覺得再飛一次會讓你的貓頭鷹累垮的。’‘當然，我非常忙於學校的功課’——她怎麼可能這麼忙呢？”羅恩驚恐地說。“我們現在是放假的時候！——‘而下周三我們要去倫敦買我的新書。為什麼不在尼古拉斯巷見面呢？

"Let me know what's happening as soon as you can. Love from Hermione."

"Well, that fits in nicely, we can go and get all your things then, too," said Mrs. Weasley, starting to clear the table. "What're you all up to today?"

Harry, Ron, Fred, and George were planning to go up the hill to a small paddock the Weasleys owned. It was surrounded by trees that blocked it from view of the village below, meaning that they could practice Quidditch there, as long as they didn't fly too high. They couldn't use real Quidditch balls, which would have been hard to explain if they had escaped and flown away over the village; instead they threw apples for one another to catch. They took turns riding Harry's Nimbus Two Thousand, which was easily the best broom; Ron's old Shooting Star was often outstripped by passing butterflies.

“盡早讓我知道發生了什麼事情。愛，赫敏。”“那很好，我們也可以去拿你的所有東西，”薇茲莉夫人說著，開始收拾桌

子，“你們今天打算做什麼？”哈利、羅恩、弗雷德和喬治計劃去薇茲莉家擁有的一個小草地上玩耍。這裡被樹木包圍，從下面村莊看不到。他們可以在這裡練習魁地奇，只要飛得不太高。他們不能使用真正的魁地奇球，否則一旦飛出村莊，很難解釋。相反，他們互相扔蘋果來捉球。他們輪流騎著哈利的Nimbus 2000，這是名副其實的頂級掃帚。而羅恩的舊彗星掃帚往往被飛過的蝴蝶超越。

Five minutes later they were marching up the hill, broomsticks over their shoulders. They had asked Percy if he wanted to join them, but he had said he was busy. Harry had only seen Percy at mealtimes so far; he stayed shut in his room the rest of the time.

“Wish I knew what he was up to,” said Fred, frowning. “He’s not himself. His exam results came the day before you did; twelve O.W.L.s and he hardly gloated at all.”

“Ordinary Wizarding Levels,” George explained, seeing Harry’s puzzled look. “Bill got twelve, too. If we’re not careful, we’ll have another Head Boy in the family. I don’t think I could stand the shame.”

Bill was the oldest Weasley brother. He and the next brother, Charlie, had already left Hogwarts. Harry had never met either of them, but knew that Charlie was in Romania studying dragons and Bill in Egypt working for the wizards’ bank, Gringotts.

五分鐘後，他們拿著掃帚肩扛着上山。他們問佩西是否想加入，但他說他很忙。到目前為止，哈利只在用餐時見過佩西；他在其他時間都待在房裡。「真希望知道他在搞什麼鬼，」弗雷德皺眉說。「他不像是以前那樣了。你來之前，他的考試成績出來了；十二門優等巫師考試，他幾乎沒怎麼炫耀。」「O.W.L.考試」，喬治解釋說，看到哈利的困惑表情。「比爾也得了十二分。如果不小心的話，我們家又要出現一個學生會主席了。我覺得我無法承受那種恥辱。」比爾是最年長的威茲萊家兄弟。他和下一個兄弟查理已經離開了霍格華茲。哈利從未見過他們，但知道查理在羅馬尼亞研究龍類，比爾在埃及為巫師銀行「古靈閣」工作。

“Dunno how Mum and Dad are going to afford all our school stuff this year,” said George after a while. “Five sets of Lockhart books! And Ginny needs robes and a wand and everything . . .”

Harry said nothing. He felt a bit awkward. Stored in an underground vault at Gringotts in London was a small fortune that his parents had left him. Of course, it was only in the Wizarding world that he had money; you couldn’t use Galleons, Sickles, and Knuts in Muggle shops. He had never mentioned his Gringotts bank account to the Dursleys; he didn’t think their horror of anything connected with magic would stretch to a large pile of gold.

Mrs. Weasley woke them all early the following Wednesday. After a quick half a dozen bacon sandwiches each, they pulled on their coats and Mrs. Weasley took a flowerpot off the kitchen mantelpiece and peered inside.

喬治過了一會兒說：「不知道媽媽和爸爸這一年要怎麼負擔所有我們的學用品，5套洛哈特的書！還有金妮需要長袍、魔杖和所有東西……」哈利沉默不語，感到有些尷尬。在倫敦古靈閣的地下金庫中，存著他父母留下的一筆小財富。當然，只有在巫師的世界裡，他才有錢；在麻瓜的商店裡，你不能用加隆、西可和克納特。他從未把古靈閣的銀行賬戶告訴德思禮一家；他認為他們對任何與魔法有關的事物感到恐懼的程度，不會延伸到一大堆金子。翌週三早上，韋斯萊太太早早地把他們叫醒。他們每個人吃了半打培根三明治之後，穿上外套，韋斯萊太太從廚房壁爐臺上取下一個花盆，往裡面看了看。

“We’re running low, Arthur,” she sighed. “We’ll have to buy some more today. . . . Ah well, guests first! After you, Harry dear!”

And she offered him the flowerpot.

Harry stared at them all watching him

“W-what am I supposed to do?” he stammered.

“He’s never traveled by Floo powder,” said Ron suddenly. “Sorry, Harry, I forgot.”

“Never?” said Mr. Weasley. “But how did you get to Diagon Alley to buy your school things last year?”

“I went on the Underground —”

“Really?” said Mr. Weasley eagerly. “Were there *escapators*? How exactly —”

“Not now, Arthur,” said Mrs. Weasley. “Floo powder’s a lot quicker, dear, but goodness me, if you’ve never used it before —”

“He’ll be all right, Mum,” said Fred. “Harry, watch us first.”

He took a pinch of glittering powder out of the flowerpot, stepped up to the fire, and threw the powder into the flames.

“阿瑟，我們的火粉不夠了，”她嘆了口氣，“我們今天必須再買一些……啊哦，客人優先！哈利親愛的，請你先上！”然後，她向他提供了花盆。哈利盯著所有人都在看他。“我應該怎麼做？”他支吾地說。“他從來沒有使用過火粉旅行，”羅恩突然說道。“對不起，哈利，我忘了。”“從來沒有？”韋斯萊先生說，“但你去年去斜槽巷買學校用品是怎麼去的？”“我乘坐地鐵——”“真的嗎？”韋斯萊先生熱切地問道，“是升降機嗎？具體來說——”“現在不是時候，阿瑟，”韋斯萊太太說，“火粉更快，親愛的，但天哪，如果你從未使用過它——”“他會沒事的，媽媽，”弗雷德說。“哈利，先看著我們。”他從花盆中取出一撮閃閃發光的火粉，走到火爐前，把火粉扔進了火焰中。”

With a roar, the fire turned emerald green and rose higher than Fred, who stepped right into it, shouted, "Diagon Alley!" and vanished.

"You must speak clearly, dear," Mrs. Weasley told Harry as George dipped his hand into the flowerpot. "And be sure to get out at the right grate. . . ."

"The right what?" said Harry nervously as the fire roared and whipped George out of sight, too.

"Well, there are an awful lot of wizard fires to choose from, you know, but as long as you've spoken clearly—"

"He'll be fine, Molly, don't fuss," said Mr. Weasley, helping himself to Floo powder, too.

"But, dear, if he got lost, how would we ever explain to his aunt and uncle?"

"They wouldn't mind," Harry reassured her. "Dudley would think it was a brilliant joke if I got lost up a chimney, don't worry about that—"

火焰轟鳴，變成翡翠色，比弗雷德還高，弗雷德走進去後喊著：「對角巷！」就消失了。「要講清楚，親愛的，」米薇慈太太告訴哈利，而喬治則將手伸進了花盆。「還要確定下火爐的位置……」「什麼火爐？」哈利感到緊張，火焰轟鳴而猛卷，喬治也突然消失了。「你只要講清楚，那就沒問題了，雖然巫師火爐不少……」「沒關係，莫琳，」韋斯萊先生也拿了一把閃爍的粉末。「萬一他迷路了怎麼辦，我們可怎麼向他的姨媽和姨父交代呢？」「他們不會介意的，」哈利安慰著她，「遇到煙囪不小心迷路，達德利可會以為那是個天大的玩笑，別擔心……」

"Well . . . all right . . . you go after Arthur," said Mrs. Weasley. "Now, when you get into the fire, say where you're going—"

"And keep your elbows tucked in," Ron advised.

"And your eyes shut," said Mrs. Weasley. "The soot —"

"Don't fidget," said Ron. "Or you might well fall out of the wrong fireplace —"

"But don't panic and get out too early; wait until you see Fred and George."

Trying hard to bear all this in mind, Harry took a pinch of Floo powder and walked to the edge of the fire. He took a deep breath, scattered the powder into the flames, and stepped forward; the fire felt like a warm breeze; he opened his mouth and immediately swallowed a lot of hot ash.

"D-Dia-gon Alley," he coughed.

It felt as though he were being sucked down a giant drain. He seemed to be spinning very fast — the roaring in his ears was deafening — he tried to keep his eyes open but the whirl of green flames made him feel sick — something hard knocked his elbow and he tucked it in tightly, still spinning and spinning — now it felt as though cold hands were slapping his face — squinting through his glasses he saw a blurred stream of fireplaces and snatched glimpses of the rooms beyond — his bacon sandwiches were churning inside him — he closed his eyes again wishing it would stop, and then —

「好吧...你去追阿瑟，」韋斯萊夫人說。「進入火爐時，記得說你要去哪裡...」「肘部收緊，」羅恩建議。「還有，閉上眼睛，」韋斯萊夫人說。「不然煤灰——」「不要亂動，」羅恩說。「否則你可能掉到錯的壁爐裡——」「但也不要驚慌，提早出來，等到看到弗雷德和喬治再說。」哈利努力記住這些，拿了一撮魔法粉，走到火爐邊緣。他深呼吸，灑入火焰中的魔法粉，向前走去；火感覺就像溫暖的微風，他睜開嘴巴，馬上吞下了許多熱灰塵。「...尼哥巷，」他咳嗽著。他感覺自己像是被一個巨大的排水口吸走了。他好像在非常快速地旋轉，耳中的轟鳴聲震耳欲聾——他試圖睜開眼睛，但綠色火焰的旋轉讓他感到噁心——有什麼硬東西撞到他的手肘，他把手臂緊緊地抱在身旁，仍然旋轉著——現在感覺就像有冷冰手拍打著他的臉——透過眼鏡斜眼看著一個模糊的壁爐串和房間的掠過的景象——他的培根三明治在他的肚子裡攪動，他再次閉上眼睛，希望這一切會停下來——然後——

He fell, face forward, onto cold stone and felt the bridge of his glasses snap.

Dizzy and bruised, covered in soot, he got gingerly to his feet, holding his broken glasses up to his eyes. He was quite alone, but *where* he was, he had no idea. All he could tell was that he was standing in the stone fireplace of what looked like a large, dimly lit wizard's shop — but nothing in here was ever likely to be on a Hogwarts school list.

A glass case nearby held a withered hand on a cushion, a bloodstained pack of cards, and a staring glass eye. Evil-looking masks stared down from the walls, an assortment of human bones lay upon the counter, and rusty, spiked instruments hung from the ceiling. Even worse, the dark, narrow street Harry could see through the dusty shop window was definitely not Diagon Alley.

他朝前摔了下去，撞在冰冷的石头上，感覺到眼鏡鼻樑斷了。他頭昏腦漲、渾身是灰，小心地站了起來，將碎掉的眼鏡放在眼前。他周圍一片荒涼，不知道自己身在何處。他唯一能感受到的是，他正站在一家看似巫師商店的石製壁爐中-但這裡的任何東西都不可能在霍格華茲的清單上出現。附近的櫥窗上放著一個干枯的手臂，一套血跡斑斑的牌和一只盯著他的玻璃眼。惡魔般的面具從牆上盯著他，櫃臺上放著一些人骨，牆壁上掛著鐵鏽的、帶刺的工具。更糟的是，透過塵土飛揚的商店櫥窗，哈利能看到的幽暗街道明顯不是對角巷。

The sooner he got out of here, the better. Nose still stinging where it had hit the hearth, Harry made his way swiftly and silently toward the door, but before he'd got halfway toward it, two people appeared on the other side of the glass — and one of them was the very last person Harry

wanted to meet when he was lost, covered in soot, and wearing broken glasses: Draco Malfoy.

Harry looked quickly around and spotted a large black cabinet to his left; he shot inside it and pulled the doors closed, leaving a small crack to peer through. Seconds later, a bell clanged, and Malfoy stepped into the shop.

The man who followed could only be Draco's father. He had the same pale, pointed face and identical cold, gray eyes. Mr. Malfoy crossed the shop, looking lazily at the items on display, and rang a bell on the counter before turning to his son and saying, "Touch nothing, Draco."

越快離開這裡越好。哈利的鼻子還在刺痛，那是敲在爐灶上的，他迅速而寂靜地走向門口，但在他走到一半之前，兩個人出現在玻璃門的另一邊——其中一個人是哈利迷路、煤灰滿身且眼鏡已經破了的最不想見到的人：德拉科·馬爾福。哈利迅速瞥了一圈，看到左邊有一個大黑色櫃子；他衝進去，把門關上，只留下一道縫隙往外偷看。幾秒鐘後，一個鈴聲響起，馬爾福進了店。跟在他身後的那個人只能是德拉科的父親。他擁有同樣的蒼白的臉龐和相同的冰冷灰色眼睛。馬爾福先生穿過商店，懶洋洋地看著展示的商品，然後在櫃台上按了鈴，轉身對兒子說，“別碰任何東西，德拉科。”

Malfoy, who had reached for the glass eye, said, "I thought you were going to buy me a present."

"I said I would buy you a racing broom," said his father, drumming his fingers on the counter.

"What's the good of that if I'm not on the House team?" said Malfoy, looking sulky and bad-tempered. "Harry Potter got a Nimbus Two Thousand last year. Special permission from Dumbledore so he could play for Gryffindor. He's not even that good, it's just because he's *famous* . . . famous for having a stupid *scar* on his forehead. . . ."

Malfoy bent down to examine a shelf full of skulls.

". . . everyone thinks he's so *smart*, wonderful *Potter* with his *scar* and his *broomstick* —"

"You have told me this at least a dozen times already," said Mr. Malfoy, with a quelling look at his son. "And I would remind you that it is not — prudent — to appear less than fond of Harry Potter, not when most of our kind regard him as the hero who made the Dark Lord disappear — ah, Mr. Borgin."

馬爾福一邊拿起玻璃眼，一邊說：“我還以為你要給我買禮物呢。”“我說過我會給你買一把飛行掃帚的，”他父親邊敲打著櫃檯邊，邊回答。“如果我不在校隊的話，那有什麼用呢？”馬爾福板著臉不高興地說，“哈利波特去年得到了一架二千號雲撕掃帚，因為鄧布利多特別允許他為格蘭芬多打比賽。他根本不怎麼樣，只是因為他有個傻瓜般的劃疤而已……除此之外什麼都沒有。”馬爾福彎下腰檢查滿滿一架裝滿骷髏頭的架子。“……每個人都覺得他很聰明，很好的波特，有傷疤和掃帚的那個人——”“你已經跟我說過至少一打次了，”馬爾福先生用壓制的眼神瞪著兒子說，“我提醒你，我們這樣的人最好不要表現出對哈利波特不那麼好的態度，他可是被大多數人視作讓黑魔王消失的英雄……啊，博金先生。”

A stooping man had appeared behind the counter, smoothing his greasy hair back from his face.

"Mr. Malfoy, what a pleasure to see you again," said Mr. Borgin in a voice as oily as his hair. "Delighted — and young Master Malfoy, too — charmed. How may I be of assistance? I must show you, just in today, and very reasonably priced —"

"I'm not buying today, Mr. Borgin, but selling," said Mr. Malfoy.

"Selling?" The smile faded slightly from Mr. Borgin's face.

"You have heard, of course, that the Ministry is conducting more raids," said Mr. Malfoy, taking a roll of parchment from his inside pocket and unraveling it for Mr. Borgin to read. "I have a few — ah — items at home that might embarrass me, if the Ministry were to call. . . ."

Mr. Borgin fixed a pair of pince-nez to his nose and looked down the list.

一個彎腰的男人出現在櫃台後，把油膩的頭髮從臉上撥開。「馬爾福先生，再次見到你真是太開心了。」波金先生說著，聲音和他的頭髮一樣油膩。「很高興見到你——還有年輕的馬爾福小爺也來了。請問我能為您效勞嗎？我有今天剛進貨的東西，而且價格非常合理——」「今天我不是來買東西的，波金先生，而是來賣東西。」馬爾福先生說。「賣？」波金先生的笑容稍稍消失了。「當然了，你已經聽說了，魔法部正在進行更多的搜查行動。」馬爾福先生從內袋裡掏出一捆羊皮紙，正在展開來給波金先生看。「我有一些——啊——家裡會令我感到尷尬的東西。如果魔法部來查——」波金先生戴上了一副老花眼鏡，看著那份清單。

"The Ministry wouldn't presume to trouble you, sir, surely?"

Mr. Malfoy's lip curled.

"I have not been visited yet. The name Malfoy still commands a certain respect, yet the Ministry grows ever more meddlesome. There are rumors about a new Muggle Protection Act — no doubt that flea-bitten, Muggle-loving fool Arthur Weasley is behind it —"

Harry felt a hot surge of anger.

"— and as you see, certain of these poisons might make it *appear* —"

"I understand, sir, of course," said Mr. Borgin. "Let me see . . ."

“Can I have *that*?” interrupted Draco, pointing at the withered hand on its cushion.

“Ah, the Hand of Glory!” said Mr. Borgin, abandoning Mr. Malfoy’s list and scurrying over to Draco. “Insert a candle and it gives light only to the holder! Best friend of thieves and plunderers! Your son has fine taste, sir.”

「部長不會妄想麻煩尊貴的先生，對吧？」馬爾福先生的唇角翹起。「我還沒有被拜訪。馬爾福這個名字仍然帶有一定的尊重，但是部會越來越干涉。有關一項新的麻瓜保護法律的傳言——毫無疑問，那個被跳蚤咬的、鍾愛麻瓜的傻瓜亞瑟·韋斯萊是幹的——」哈利感到了一股憤怒的熱潮。「——而且，正如你所看到的，某些毒藥可能會讓人——」「我了解，當然，」波甘先生說。「讓我看一看……」「那個我能拿走嗎？」德拉科打斷他，指著靠在坐墊上的腐爛手掌。「啊，那是光輝之手！」波甘先生說，拋棄了馬爾福先生的名單，蹦跳到德拉科身邊。「加入蠟燭，它只給持有者照明！盜賊和掠奪者的最好朋友！你兒子品味不錯，先生。」

“I hope my son will amount to more than a thief or a plunderer, Borgin,” said Mr. Malfoy coldly, and Mr. Borgin said quickly, “No offense, sir, no offense meant —”

“Though if his grades don’t pick up,” said Mr. Malfoy, more coldly still, “that may indeed be all he is fit for —”

“It’s not my fault,” retorted Draco. “The teachers all have favorites, that Hermione Granger —”

“I would have thought you’d be ashamed that a girl of no wizard family beat you in every exam,” snapped Mr. Malfoy.

“Ha!” said Harry under his breath, pleased to see Draco looking both abashed and angry.

“It’s the same all over,” said Mr. Borgin, in his oily voice. “Wizard blood is counting for less everywhere —”

“Not with me,” said Mr. Malfoy, his long nostrils flaring.

“No, sir, nor with me, sir,” said Mr. Borgin, with a deep bow.

「博金先生，我希望我的兒子不會成為小偷或掠奪者，」馬爾福先生冷淡地說道，博金先生趕緊說：「沒有冒犯，先生，我沒有冒犯的意思——」「但如果他的成績不提高的話，」馬爾福先生更冷淡地說道，「他可能真的只適合做那些事——」「這不是我的錯，」德拉科反駁道，「所有老師都有自己的寵兒，比如赫敏·格蘭傑——」「一個沒有巫師家庭的女孩在每次考試中都打敗了你，我本以為你會感到羞愧，」馬爾福先生厲聲說道。「哈！」哈利輕聲說道，看到德拉科既驚慌又生氣，他感到很高興。「這樣的情況在哪裡都是一樣的，」博金先生用他油膩的聲音說道，「無論在哪裡，巫師的血統都越來越不重要——」「但對我和你來說不是這樣，」馬爾福先生說道，他那長長的鼻孔在顫動。「是的，先生，對我來說也是如此，先生，」博金先生深深地鞠躬說道。

“In that case, perhaps we can return to my list,” said Mr. Malfoy shortly. “I am in something of a hurry, Borgin, I have important business elsewhere today —”

They started to haggle. Harry watched nervously as Draco drew nearer and nearer to his hiding place, examining the objects for sale. Draco paused to examine a long coil of hangman’s rope and to read, smirking, the card propped on a magnificent necklace of opals, *Caution: Do Not Touch. Cursed — Has Claimed the Lives of Nineteen Muggle Owners to Date.*

Draco turned away and saw the cabinet right in front of him. He walked forward — he stretched out his hand for the handle —

“Done,” said Mr. Malfoy at the counter. “Come, Draco —”

Harry wiped his forehead on his sleeve as Draco turned away.

“Good day to you, Mr. Borgin. I’ll expect you at the manor tomorrow to pick up the goods.”

“那麼，也許我們可以回到我的清單上，”馬爾福先生簡短地說道。“我有點急，博金，我今天還有重要的事情要處理——”他們開始討價還價。哈利緊張地看著德拉科越來越靠近他的藏身之處，檢查出售的物品。德拉科停下來，檢查了一條長長的絞刑繩，並讀著放在一條華麗的蛋白石項鍊上的卡片，上面寫著：“小心：勿觸摸。詛咒——已經奪走了十九個麻瓜的生命。”德拉科轉過身來，看到了就在他面前的櫥櫃。他向前走——伸手去拖把手——“成交了，”馬爾福先生在櫃台前說道。“來，德拉科——”當德拉科轉身離開時，哈利在袖子上擦了擦額頭。“先生博金，祝您好運。我明天期待在莊園見到您，拿著貨物。”

The moment the door had closed, Mr. Borgin dropped his oily manner.

“Good day yourself, *Mister* Malfoy, and if the stories are true, you haven’t sold me half of what’s hidden in your *manor* . . .”

Muttering darkly, Mr. Borgin disappeared into a back room. Harry waited for a minute in case he came back, then, quietly as he could, slipped out of the cabinet, past the glass cases, and out of the shop door.

Clutching his broken glasses to his face, Harry stared around. He had emerged into a dingy alleyway that seemed to be made up entirely of shops devoted to the Dark Arts. The one he’d just left, Borgin and Burkes, looked like the largest, but opposite was a nasty window display of shrunken heads and, two doors down, a large cage was alive with gigantic black spiders. Two shabby-looking wizards were watching him from the shadow of a doorway, muttering to each other. Feeling jumpy, Harry set off, trying to hold his glasses on straight and hoping against hope he’d be able to

find a way out of here.

當門關上時，邦金先生的油膩態度消失了。“你好，馬爾福先生。如果那些故事是真話，你只為我出售了莊園藏品的一半……”邦金先生嘀咕着，消失在后面的房间里。哈利等了一分鐘，以防他回來，然後尽可能悄悄地從櫃子里滑了出來，經過玻璃櫥櫃，走出了商店門口。哈利抱着他破碎的眼鏡看着四周。他走進了一條骯髒的小巷，似乎全是由於專門從事黑暗藝術的商店。他剛剛離開的那個，邦金和伯克斯，看起來像是最大的，但是對面是一個令人不快的櫥窗，上面展示着縮小的頭顱，而在兩扇門外，一個大籠子里有很多巨大的黑蜘蛛。兩個看起來不怎麼體面的巫師在一個門口的陰影中看着他，低聲說着什麼。哈利感到很緊張，開始走開，試圖把他的眼鏡戴正，希望能夠找到一條出路。

An old wooden street sign hanging over a shop selling poisonous candles told him he was in Knockturn Alley. This didn't help, as Harry had never heard of such a place. He supposed he hadn't spoken clearly enough through his mouthful of ashes back in the Weasleys' fire. Trying to stay calm, he wondered what to do.

“Not lost are you, my dear?” said a voice in his ear, making him jump.

An aged witch stood in front of him, holding a tray of what looked horribly like whole human fingernails. She leered at him, showing mossy teeth. Harry backed away.

“I'm fine, thanks,” he said. “I'm just —”

“HARRY! What d'ye think yer doin' down there?”

Harry's heart leapt. So did the witch; a load of fingernails cascaded down over her feet and she cursed as the massive form of Hagrid, the Hogwarts gamekeeper, came striding toward them, beetle-black eyes flashing over his great bristling beard.

一個掛在出售毒蠟燭店鋪上方的老木街牌告訴他他在幽暗巷。這並沒有幫助，因為哈利以前從未聽說過這樣的地方。他想可能是在韋斯萊家的爐火中說得不夠清楚。試著保持冷靜，他思考著該怎麼辦。“迷路了嗎，親愛的？”一個聲音在他耳邊說，讓他驚了一跳。一位年邁的女巫站在他面前，手裡拿著一盤看上去極其像整個人指甲的東西。她冷笑著看著他，露出長滿青苔的牙齒。哈利退後了。“我沒事，謝謝。我只是——”“哈利！你在下面幹什麼呀？”哈利的心跳加速了。女巫也跳了起來，一堆指甲像雨點般從她腳下散落出來，而霍格華茲的看守——又高又壯的海格大步向他們走來，眼睛閃爍著黑色。他有一頭茂密的鬍鬚。

“Hagrid!” Harry croaked in relief. “I was lost — Floo powder —”

Hagrid seized Harry by the scruff of the neck and pulled him away from the witch, knocking the tray right out of her hands. Her shrieks followed them all the way along the twisting alleyway out into bright sunlight. Harry saw a familiar, snow-white marble building in the distance — Gringotts Bank. Hagrid had steered him right into Diagon Alley.

“Yer a mess!” said Hagrid gruffly, brushing soot off Harry so forcefully he nearly knocked him into a barrel of dragon dung outside an apothecary. “Skulkin' around Knockturn Alley, I dunno — dodgy place, Harry — don' want no one ter see yeh down there —”

“I realized *that*, ” said Harry, ducking as Hagrid made to brush him off again. “I told you, I was lost — what were you doing down there, anyway?”

“海格！”哈利松了口氣道，“我迷路了——弗魯粉——”海格抓住哈利的脖子，把他拉開，把托盤從女巫手中撞了出去，她的尖叫声一直沿着彎曲的小巷傳到明亮的陽光下。哈利看到了一個熟悉的雪白色大理石建築物——古靈閣銀行。海格將他引進了對角巷。“你真是個混蛋！”海格粗暴地說著，用力地擦掉哈利身上的煤渣，差點把他撞到藥店外面的一桶龍糞裡。“在狗頭街晃來晃去的，真不知道怎麼了——下面不好的地方，哈利——不想讓任何人看到你在那兒。”“我知道了，”哈利躲閃著，因為海格打算再次把他擦乾淨。“我告訴你了，我迷路了。你在那兒幹什麼呢？”

“I was lookin' fer a Flesh-Eatin' Slug Repellent,” growled Hagrid. “They're ruinin' the school cabbages. Yer not on yer own?”

“I'm staying with the Weasleys but we got separated,” Harry explained. “I've got to go and find them . . .”

They set off together down the street.

“How come yeh never wrote back ter me?” said Hagrid as Harry jogged alongside him (he had to take three steps to every stride of Hagrid's enormous boots). Harry explained all about Dobby and the Dursleys.

“Lousy Muggles,” growled Hagrid. “If I'd've known —”

“Harry! Harry! Over here!”

Harry looked up and saw Hermione Granger standing at the top of the white flight of steps to Gringotts. She ran down to meet them, her bushy brown hair flying behind her.

“What happened to your glasses? Hello, Hagrid — Oh, it's *wonderful* to see you two again — Are you coming into Gringotts, Harry?”

“我正在找一種肉食性的蛞蝓驅蟲劑，”哈格力沉聲說道。“它們正在毀了我們的學校甘藍。你不是一個人來的吧？”“我和韋斯

萊一家人在一起，但我們走散了，”哈利解釋道。“我得去找他們。...”他們一起沿著街道出發。“你為什麼沒有回我信？”哈利跟在他旁邊跑步（他必須踩三步才能追上哈格力巨大的靴子）。“道比和德思禮一家人的事情我都告訴你了。”“垃圾麻瓜，”哈格力怒斥道。“如果我知道——”“哈利！哈利！在這裡！”哈利抬頭看到赫敏·格蘭傑站在通往古靈閣的白色階梯頂部。她跑下來迎接他們，她漫天飛舞的茂盛棕色頭髮。“你的眼鏡怎麼了？你好，哈格力——哦，見到你們兩個太棒了——哈利，你要進古靈閣嗎？”

“As soon as I've found the Weasleys,” said Harry.

“Yeh won't have long ter wait,” Hagrid said with a grin.

Harry and Hermione looked around: Sprinting up the crowded street were Ron, Fred, George, Percy, and Mr. Weasley.

“Harry,” Mr. Weasley panted. “We *hoped* you'd only gone one grate too far. . . .” He mopped his glistening bald patch. “Molly's frantic — she's coming now —”

“Where did you come out?” Ron asked.

“Knockturn Alley,” said Hagrid grimly.

“Excellent!” said Fred and George together.

“We've never been allowed in,” said Ron enviously.

“I should ruddy well think not,” growled Hagrid.

Mrs. Weasley now came galloping into view, her handbag swinging wildly in one hand, Ginny just clinging onto the other.

“Oh, Harry — oh, my dear — you could have been anywhere —”

“我們找到韋斯萊家後，”哈利說。“妳等不到太久的，”海格咧嘴笑著說。哈利和赫敏四周看了看：街上擁擠的人群中，羅恩、弗雷德、喬治、珀西和韋斯萊先生正在狂奔而來。“哈利，”韋斯萊先生喘著氣說，“我們希望妳只是搞錯了一個出入口.....”他擦拭著閃閃發亮的光頭。“莫莉非常焦急——她現在也快來了——”“妳從哪裡出來？”羅恩問道。“翻個插座差點跑到暗巷裡，”海格嚴肅地說。“太好了！”弗雷德和喬治一起說。“我們從來沒有被允許進去過，”羅恩羨慕地說。“我當然不認為你們該進去，”海格咆哮道。現在，韋斯萊夫人騎馬飛馳而來，手提包在手上猛烈晃動，吉妮抓緊她的另一隻手。“哈利——噢，我的親愛——妳可能在任何地方——”

Gasping for breath, she pulled a large clothes brush out of her bag and began sweeping off the soot Hagrid hadn't managed to beat away. Mr. Weasley took Harry's glasses, gave them a tap of his wand, and returned them, good as new.

“Well, gotta be off,” said Hagrid, who was having his hand wrung by Mrs. Weasley (“Knockturn Alley! If you hadn't found him, Hagrid!”). “See yer at Hogwarts!” And he strode away, head and shoulders taller than anyone else in the packed street.

“Guess who I saw in Borgin and Burkes?” Harry asked Ron and Hermione as they climbed the Gringotts steps. “Malfoy and his father.”

“Did Lucius Malfoy buy anything?” said Mr. Weasley sharply behind them.

“No, he was selling —”

“So he's worried,” said Mr. Weasley with grim satisfaction. “Oh, I'd love to get Lucius Malfoy for something . . .”

她喘着气，从她的包里拿出一把大衣刷，开始清扫海格没有清除的煤渣。韋斯萊先生拿走了哈利的眼鏡，用魔杖敲了一下，然后归还它们，像新的一样好。“好了，得走了，”海格说着，被韋斯萊夫人紧紧地握着手，“翻倒巷啊！如果你没有找到他，海格！”。在霍格沃茨见！他边说边离开了，比拥挤的街上其他任何人都高出一个头。“你们猜我在博金兄弟看到了谁？”哈利在他们走上古靈閣樓梯的時候問羅恩和赫敏，“馬爾福和他父親。”“盧修斯·馬爾福買了什麼東西嗎？”韋斯萊先生在他們身後严厉地問道。“沒有，他在賣——”“那他很擔心，”韋斯萊先生陰沉地說道，“哦，我可想要到盧修斯·馬爾福做些事情.....”

“You be careful, Arthur,” said Mrs. Weasley sharply as they were bowed into the bank by a goblin at the door. “That family's trouble. Don't go biting off more than you can chew —”

“So you don't think I'm a match for Lucius Malfoy?” said Mr. Weasley indignantly, but he was distracted almost at once by the sight of Hermione's parents, who were standing nervously at the counter that ran all along the great marble hall, waiting for Hermione to introduce them.

“But you're *Muggles*!” said Mr. Weasley delightedly. “We must have a drink! What's that you've got there? Oh, you're changing Muggle money. Molly, look!” He pointed excitedly at the ten-pound notes in Mr. Granger's hand.

“Meet you back here,” Ron said to Hermione as the Weasleys and Harry were led off to their underground vaults by another Gringotts goblin.

“啊它，小心點，Arthur”，擠著門口的哥布林讓他們進入銀行時，魔法家庭的Mrs. Weasley嚴厲地說道，“那個家庭很麻煩。不要咬了比你能嚼得更多—”“所以你認為我不是Lucius Malfoy的對手？”Mr. Weasley憤憤地說道，但他幾乎立刻就被赫敏的父母分散了注意力，他們緊張地站在整個巨大的大理石大廳上的櫃檯前等著赫敏介紹他們。“但你們是麻瓜！”Mr. Weasley高興地說

道，“我們必須喝一杯！你手裡那是什麼？喔，你正在換麻瓜錢。莫莉，看！”他興奮地指著Granger先生手中的10英鎊鈔票。“Ron對Hermione說：‘我們在這裡等你，’當Weasleys和Harry被另一個Gringotts哥布林帶到他們的地下金庫時。”

The vaults were reached by means of small, goblin-driven carts that sped along miniature train tracks through the bank's underground tunnels. Harry enjoyed the breakneck journey down to the Weasleys' vault, but felt dreadful, far worse than he had in Knockturn Alley, when it was opened. There was a very small pile of silver Sickles inside, and just one gold Galleon. Mrs. Weasley felt right into the corners before sweeping the whole lot into her bag. Harry felt even worse when they reached his vault. He tried to block the contents from view as he hastily shoved handfuls of coins into a leather bag.

Back outside on the marble steps, they all separated. Percy muttered vaguely about needing a new quill. Fred and George had spotted their friend from Hogwarts, Lee Jordan. Mrs. Weasley and Ginny were going to a secondhand robe shop. Mr. Weasley was insisting on taking the Grangers off to the Leaky Cauldron for a drink.

寶庫通過小精靈駕駛的小車透過銀行的地下隧道沿著小型火車軌道到達。哈利喜歡飆快的旅程前往威茲萊家族的金庫，但當金庫被打開時，他感覺非常糟糕，比他在諾克頓街上感覺還要糟糕得多。裡面只有一小堆銀西可和一個金加隆。經檢查後，魏茲萊夫人將這些財物全部裝進她的袋子裡。當他們到達哈利的金庫時他感覺更糟糕了。他匆忙地將一把硬幣塞進一個皮革袋子中，試圖阻止內容物被看到。在大理石臺階外，他們分開了。珀西模糊地喃喃著需要一支新的鵝毛筆。弗雷德和喬治發現了來自霍格華茲的朋友李·喬丹。魏茲萊夫人和金妮則去二手長袍店。韋斯萊先生堅持要把格蘭傑夫婦帶到破釜酒館喝一杯。

“We'll all meet at Flourish and Blotts in an hour to buy your schoolbooks,” said Mrs. Weasley, setting off with Ginny. “And not one step down Knockturn Alley!” she shouted at the twins' retreating backs.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione strolled off along the winding, cobbled street. The bag of gold, silver, and bronze jangling cheerfully in Harry's pocket was clamoring to be spent, so he bought three large strawberry-and-peanut-butter ice creams, which they slurped happily as they wandered up the alley, examining the fascinating shop windows. Ron gazed longingly at a full set of Chudley Cannon robes in the windows of Quality Quidditch Supplies until Hermione dragged them off to buy ink and parchment next door. In Gambol and Japes Wizarding Joke Shop, they met Fred, George, and Lee Jordan, who were stocking up on Dr. Filibuster's Fabulous Wet-Start, No-Heat Fireworks, and in a tiny junk shop full of broken wands, lopsided brass scales, and old cloaks covered in potion stains they found Percy, deeply immersed in a small and deeply boring book called *Prefects Who Gained Power*.

韋斯萊夫人說：“我們一小時後都會在『繁盛與布洛茨』見面，買你們的課本。”說完之後她帶著金妮匆匆離去。“絕對不能踏進『昏角巷』！”她還在對雙胞胎的背影囁嚅。哈利、羅恩和赫敏沿著彎曲的鵝卵石路慢慢走去。哈利口袋裡的金、銀、銅硬幣輕快地叮噹作響，表示它們迫不及待地想被花掉。於是哈利買了三個大草花生醬口味的冰淇淋，他們邊享用邊遊逛著，觀賞那些有趣的櫥窗。羅恩望著良心飛球用品店櫥窗裡一套完整的查德利·坎農球隊長袍直想入手，直到赫敏把他拖到隔壁買墨水和羊皮紙。他們在甘博爾與傑普斯玩具魔法店遇到了弗雷德、喬治和李·喬丹，他們正在囤積費利巴斯特的濕發火藥，以及在一家擺滿了斷裂的魔杖、歪斜的黃銅秤和佈滿藥水污漬的舊斗篷的小雜貨店裡找到了佩西，他正在沉迷於一本名為《獲得權力的導師》的小冊子裡。

“*A study of Hogwarts prefects and their later careers*,” Ron read aloud off the back cover. “That sounds *fascinating* . . .”

“Go away,” Percy snapped.

“Course, he's very ambitious, Percy, he's got it all planned out. . . . He wants to be Minister of Magic . . .” Ron told Harry and Hermione in an undertone as they left Percy to it.

An hour later, they headed for Flourish and Blotts. They were by no means the only ones making their way to the bookshop. As they approached it, they saw to their surprise a large crowd jostling outside the doors, trying to get in. The reason for this was proclaimed by a large banner stretched across the upper windows:

GILDEROY LOCKHART

will be signing copies of his autobiography

MAGICAL ME

today 12:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M.

“We can actually meet him!” Hermione squealed. “I mean, he's written almost the whole booklist!”

「霍格華茲學生監督及其後來的職業研究。」羅恩在書背上大聲朗讀。「這聽起來很有趣.....」「滾開。」珀西嗖的說。「當然，他非常有野心，珀西，他已計畫好一切。他想成為魔法部長.....。」當他們把珀西留在那裡時，羅恩以低語告訴哈利和赫敏。一個小時後，他們前往佛羅里斯與布盧茲。他們絕不是唯一一群前往書店的人。當他們接近時，他們驚訝地看到有一大群人擁擠在門口，試圖進入。一個橫跨上窗戶的大型橫幅宣佈了這一點：吉德羅伊·洛哈特將簽署他的自傳《魔法我》今天下午12:30到4:30。「我們可以真正見到他！」赫敏尖叫。「我的意思是，他寫了幾乎整個書單！」

The crowd seemed to be made up mostly of witches around Mrs. Weasley's age. A harassed-looking wizard stood at the door, saying, “Calmly, please, ladies. . . . Don't push, there . . . mind the books, now. . . .”

Harry, Ron, and Hermione squeezed inside. A long line wound right to the back of the shop, where Gilderoy Lockhart was signing his books.

They each grabbed a copy of *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2* and sneaked up the line to where the rest of the Weasleys were standing with Mr. and Mrs. Granger.

“Oh, there you are, good,” said Mrs. Weasley. She sounded breathless and kept patting her hair. “We’ll be able to see him in a minute. . . .”

Gilderoy Lockhart came slowly into view, seated at a table surrounded by large pictures of his own face, all winking and flashing dazzlingly white teeth at the crowd. The real Lockhart was wearing robes of forget-me-not blue that exactly matched his eyes; his pointed wizard’s hat was set at a jaunty angle on his wavy hair.

人群中看似大多數都是像薇茲夫人年紀的女巫。一位神情煩亂的男巫站在門口說：“請冷靜，女士們... 不要推擠... 留意書，現在...”哈利、羅恩和赫敏擠進店裡。一條長長的隊伍一直排到店後方，那裡金·崔羅·洛哈特正在簽書。他們每人拿了一本《標準魔法咒語第二年級》並沿著隊伍塞到了韋斯萊家人和格蘭傑夫婦身旁。“哦，找到你們啦，太好了，”薇茲夫人說。她聽起來有些喘不過氣，一邊還在拍著頭髮。“我們馬上就能見到他了...”金·崔羅·洛哈特慢慢地浮現出來，坐在一張桌子旁，周圍挂著他自己的照片，他的臉都在眨眨眼，露出閃耀的白牙，真正的金·崔羅·洛哈特穿著勿忘我藍色的長袍，和他的眼睛完美契合；他斜戴著一頂略帶俏皮的巫師帽，披著一頭波浪捲曲的頭髮。

A short, irritable-looking man was dancing around taking photographs with a large black camera that emitted puffs of purple smoke with every blinding flash.

“Out of the way, there,” he snarled at Ron, moving back to get a better shot. “This is for the *Daily Prophet* —”

“Big deal,” said Ron, rubbing his foot where the photographer had stepped on it.

Gilderoy Lockhart heard him. He looked up. He saw Ron — and then he saw Harry. He stared. Then he leapt to his feet and positively shouted, “It *can’t* be Harry Potter?”

The crowd parted, whispering excitedly; Lockhart dived forward, seized Harry’s arm, and pulled him to the front. The crowd burst into applause. Harry’s face burned as Lockhart shook his hand for the photographer, who was clicking away madly, wafting thick smoke over the Weasleys.

一個矮小、看起來脾氣不好的男人跳舞著拍照，手上握著一台大型黑相機，每次閃光都會釋放出紫色煙霧。他向羅恩咆哮著：“那邊去！”然後後退，為了拍攝更好的角度。“這是為《每日預言報》拍照——”“沒什麼大不了的，”羅恩說著，用腳擦拭著那攝影師踩到的地方。吉德羅依·洛哈特聽到了，他仰起頭，看到羅恩，然後看到了哈利。他盯著他們，然後跳起來，大喊著：“難道這不是哈利波特嗎？”人群開始分開，噠然地竊竊私語；洛哈特向前衝去，抓住哈利的手臂，把他拉到了前排。人群爆發出掌聲。攝影師猛拍著照片，濃烈的烟霧掠過了韋斯萊一家。

“Nice big smile, Harry,” said Lockhart, through his own gleaming teeth. “Together, you and I are worth the front page.”

When he finally let go of Harry’s hand, Harry could hardly feel his fingers. He tried to sidle back over to the Weasleys, but Lockhart threw an arm around his shoulders and clamped him tightly to his side.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said loudly, waving for quiet. “What an extraordinary moment this is! The perfect moment for me to make a little announcement I’ve been sitting on for some time!

“When young Harry here stepped into Flourish and Blotts today, he only wanted to buy my autobiography — which I shall be happy to present him now, free of charge —” The crowd applauded again. “He had *no idea*,” Lockhart continued, giving Harry a little shake that made his glasses slip to the end of his nose, “that he would shortly be getting much, much more than my book, *Magical Me*. He and his schoolmates will, in fact, be getting the real magical me. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure and pride in announcing that this September, I will be taking up the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!”

洛哈特微笑着說，“哈利，笑得再大一點。”他露出閃亮的牙齒，“你和我在一起，將成為第一篇頭條新聞。”當他終於放開哈利的手時，哈利幾乎感受不到他的手指了。他想往韋斯萊家族那邊挪動，但洛哈特拍了拍他的肩膀，緊緊地將他拉到自己身邊。“女士們，先生們，”他大聲說，揮手要求安靜，“這是多麼非凡的一刻啊！這是我宣布已經盼望已久的事情的絕佳時機！”“當年輕的哈利走進Florish and Blotts書店時，他只是想買我的自傳-我很樂意現在就給他免費送出-”人群再次起立鼓掌，“他不知道，”洛哈特繼續說著，輕輕搖動著哈利，讓他的眼鏡滑到鼻子末端，“不久之後，他和他的同學將會獲得比我的書《魔法我》\*\*更讚美的真正魔法我。是的，女士們，先生們，我非常榮幸和自豪地宣布，今年九月，我將擔任霍格華茲魔法與巫術學校的黑魔法防禦術老師！”

The crowd cheered and clapped and Harry found himself being presented with the entire works of Gilderoy Lockhart. Staggering slightly under their weight, he managed to make his way out of the limelight to the edge of the room, where Ginny was standing next to her new cauldron.

“You have these,” Harry mumbled to her, tipping the books into the cauldron. “I’ll buy my own —”

“Bet you loved that, didn’t you, Potter?” said a voice Harry had no trouble recognizing. He straightened up and found himself face-to-face with Draco Malfoy, who was wearing his usual sneer.

“*Famous Harry Potter*,” said Malfoy. “Can’t even go into a *bookshop* without making the front page.”

“Leave him alone, he didn’t want all that!” said Ginny. It was the first time she had spoken in front of Harry. She was glaring at Malfoy.

人群歡呼鼓掌，哈利發現自己正被贈送吉德羅·洛哈特的全部作品。身負重荷，他卻勉強從聚光燈下走到房間的邊緣，琪琪正站在她的新爐膛旁邊。“這些給你了。”哈利嘟囔著，將書籍倒進煲中。“我會自己買……”“你一定很喜歡那樣，對吧，波特？”哈利一下子就認出了說話者的聲音，是德拉科·馬爾福。他一如既往地冷笑著，和哈利面對面。“著名的哈利·波特，進書店也能上頭版新聞。”馬爾福說。“放過他，他並不需要那些書！”琪琪第一次當著哈利的面說話，她怒視馬爾福。

“Potter, you’ve got yourself a *girlfriend*!” drawled Malfoy. Ginny went scarlet as Ron and Hermione fought their way over, both clutching stacks of Lockhart’s books.

“Oh, it’s you,” said Ron, looking at Malfoy as if he were something unpleasant on the sole of his shoe. “Bet you’re surprised to see Harry here, eh?”

“Not as surprised as I am to see you in a shop, Weasley,” retorted Malfoy. “I suppose your parents will go hungry for a month to pay for all those.”

Ron went as red as Ginny. He dropped his books into the cauldron, too, and started toward Malfoy, but Harry and Hermione grabbed the back of his jacket.

“Ron!” said Mr. Weasley, struggling over with Fred and George. “What are you doing? It’s too crowded in here, let’s go outside.”

“Well, well, well — Arthur Weasley.”

波特，你找到了女朋友！”馬爾福輕蔑地說道。金妮臉變得通紅，而羅恩和赫敏則一邊握着洛哈特的書，一邊擠過來。“哦，是你啊，”羅恩看着馬爾福，彷彿他是鞋底上的污漬。“看到哈利在這裡，你一定很惊讶吧？”“我看到你在商店裡，韋斯萊，我才更惊讶。”馬爾福回敬道，“我猜你們家的父母會挨餓一個月才能付帳單吧。”羅恩和金妮一樣臉通紅。他也把書扔進了大鍋裡，然後向馬爾福走去，但哈利和赫敏抓住了他的夾克。“羅恩！”韋斯萊先生與弗雷德和喬治一起擠了過來，“你在干什么？這裡太擁擠了，我們出去吧。”“嗯，好家伙——亞瑟·韋斯萊。”

It was Mr. Malfoy. He stood with his hand on Draco’s shoulder, sneering in just the same way.

“Lucius,” said Mr. Weasley, nodding coldly.

“Busy time at the Ministry, I hear,” said Mr. Malfoy. “All those raids . . . I hope they’re paying you overtime?”

He reached into Ginny’s cauldron and extracted, from amid the glossy Lockhart books, a very old, very battered copy of *A Beginner’s Guide to Transfiguration*.

“Obviously not,” Mr. Malfoy said. “Dear me, what’s the use of being a disgrace to the name of wizard if they don’t even pay you well for it?”

Mr. Weasley flushed darker than either Ron or Ginny.

“We have a very different idea of what disgraces the name of wizard, Malfoy,” he said.

“Clearly,” said Mr. Malfoy, his pale eyes straying to Mr. and Mrs. Granger, who were watching apprehensively. “The company you keep, Weasley . . . and I thought your family could sink no lower —”

那是馬爾福先生。他手放在德拉科的肩上站著，一臉冷笑。「露修斯。」威茲萊先生冷冷地點頭。「我聽說部裡很忙吧，」馬爾福先生說：「那些突襲……希望他們支付你加班費？」他從金妮的鍋爐中抽出一本非常古老、破舊的變形術初學指南，它被光滑的洛哈特課本環繞著。「顯然不是吧，」馬爾福先生說。「唉，如果他們甚至不會因此好好支付你的話，作為一個丟臉的巫師還有什麼用呢？」威茲萊先生的臉色比羅恩和金妮還要暗紅。「我們對辱名巫師的定義很不一樣，馬爾福。」他說。「顯然，」馬爾福先生說，他蒼白的雙眸飄向很擔心地觀望著他們的格蘭傑夫婦。「你和你家人的交往真是愈來愈低俗了……」

There was a thud of metal as Ginny’s cauldron went flying. Mr. Weasley had thrown himself at Mr. Malfoy, knocking him backward into a bookshelf. Dozens of heavy spellbooks came thundering down on all their heads; there was a yell of, “Get him, Dad!” from Fred or George; Mrs. Weasley was shrieking, “No, Arthur, no!”; the crowd stampeded backward, knocking more shelves over; “Gentlemen, please — please!” cried the assistant, and then, louder than all —

“Break it up, there, gents, break it up —”

Hagrid was wading toward them through the sea of books. In an instant he had pulled Mr. Weasley and Mr. Malfoy apart. Mr. Weasley had a cut lip and Mr. Malfoy had been hit in the eye by an *Encyclopedia of Toadstools*. He was still holding Ginny’s old Transfiguration book. He thrust it at her, his eyes glittering with malice.

金妮的藥釜飛起時發出金屬碰撞的聲響；韋斯萊先生向馬爾福先生一撞，把他向後推進書架。數十本厚重的咒語書籍從頭上噹噹作響；弗雷德或喬治大叫：“打他，爸爸！”；韋斯萊夫人尖叫：“不要，亞瑟，不要！”；人群向後擠開，撞倒更多書架；“先生們，拜託——拜託！”助手大喊，接著，更響亮的聲音——“掰開，伙計們，掰開——”海格穿過一海洋書籍一步步往他們走來。轉瞬之間，他把韋斯萊先生和馬爾福先生拉開了。韋斯萊先生嘴唇被劃破，馬爾福先生的眼睛被一本毒菇百科全書擊中。他還拿著金妮的舊變形魔法書，狠毒地望著她。

“Here, girl — take your book — it’s the best your father can give you —” Pulling himself out of Hagrid’s grip he beckoned to Draco and swept from the shop.

“Yeh should’ve ignored him, Arthur,” said Hagrid, almost lifting Mr. Weasley off his feet as he straightened his robes. “Rotten ter the core, the whole family, everyone knows that — no Malfoy’s worth listenin’ ter — bad blood, that’s what it is — come on now — let’s get outta here.”

The assistant looked as though he wanted to stop them leaving, but he barely came up to Hagrid’s waist and seemed to think better of it. They hurried up the street, the Grangers shaking with fright and Mrs. Weasley beside herself with fury.

“A *fine* example to set for your children . . . *brawling* in public . . . *what* Gilderoy Lockhart must’ve thought —”

“來，女孩——拿你的書——這是你父親能給你的最好的——”他從海格的掌握中掙脫出來，招手叫了德拉科，然後從店裡一掃而出。“阿瑟，你應該忽略他的。”海格幾乎把韋斯萊先生抬起來，把他的袍子拉直。“整個家族都是壞透了，每個人都知道——沒有一個馬爾福值得聽——劣質的血液，就是這樣——現在，我們出去吧。”助手看起來好像想要阻止他們離開，但他僅僅到了海格的腰邊，似乎打算不這麼做。他們迅速沿著街走，格蘭傑一家人驚恐地顫抖，而韋斯萊夫人則憤怒得無法自製。“為你的孩子樹立了一個好榜樣……在公共場合打架……吉德羅伊·洛哈特想什麼了——”

“He was pleased,” said Fred. “Didn’t you hear him as we were leaving? He was asking that bloke from the *Daily Prophet* if he’d be able to work the fight into his report — said it was all publicity —”

But it was a subdued group that headed back to the fireside in the Leaky Cauldron, where Harry, the Weasleys, and all their shopping would be traveling back to the Burrow using Floo powder. They said good-bye to the Grangers, who were leaving the pub for the Muggle street on the other side; Mr. Weasley started to ask them how bus stops worked, but stopped quickly at the look on Mrs. Weasley’s face.

Harry took off his glasses and put them safely in his pocket before helping himself to Floo powder. It definitely wasn’t his favorite way to travel.

“佛雷德说：“他很高兴。你没听到我们离开时他正在问《每日预言报》的那个家伙是否能把这场战斗写进报道中，他说这是公共关系。”然而，他们一路走回到Leaky Cauldron庭院里的壁炉旁，这时气氛已有些沉闷，因为哈利和韦斯莱一家人，以及他们所有购物的物品要通过飞灰回到Burrow。他们和格兰杰夫妇告别后，后者朝酒馆对面的麻瓜街走去；韦斯莱先生正想问他们汽车站的工作原理，但看到夫人韦斯莱的表情，他马上停了下来。哈利把眼镜安全地放进口袋里，然后自己取了一些飞灰，但这绝不是他最喜欢的旅行方式。”



## THE WHOMPING WILLOW

The end of the summer vacation came too quickly for Harry's liking. He was looking forward to getting back to Hogwarts, but his month at the Burrow had been the happiest of his life. It was difficult not to feel jealous of Ron when he thought of the Dursleys and the sort of welcome he could expect next time he turned up on Privet Drive.

On their last evening, Mrs. Weasley conjured up a sumptuous dinner that included all of Harry's favorite things, ending with a mouthwatering treacle pudding. Fred and George rounded off the evening with a display of Filibuster fireworks; they filled the kitchen with red and blue stars that bounced from ceiling to wall for at least half an hour. Then it was time for a last mug of hot chocolate and bed.

It took a long while to get started next morning. They were up at dawn, but somehow they still seemed to have a great deal to do. Mrs. Weasley dashed about in a bad mood looking for spare socks and quills; people kept colliding on the stairs, half-dressed with bits of toast in their hands; and Mr. Weasley nearly broke his neck, tripping over a stray chicken as he crossed the yard carrying Ginny's trunk to the car.

夏天結束得太快了，哈利很不愛。他期待著回到霍格華茲，但在Burrow的一個月是他一生中最快樂的時光。當他想起德思禮一家人和下一次他去Privet Drive時會遇到的熱情招待時，他難免會感到嫉妒。在他們的最後一個晚上，韋斯萊夫人變出了一頓豐盛的晚餐，包括哈利最喜歡的所有東西，最後以垂涎欲滴的糖漿布丁結束。弗雷德和喬治用Filibuster煙花圓滿了這個晚上；他們用紅色和藍色的星星填滿了廚房，從天花板彈到牆上，至少持續了半個小時。然後是最後一杯熱巧克力和就寢時間。第二天早上很難開始。他們清晨起床，但不知道為什麼，似乎還有很多事情要做。韋斯萊夫人在尋找備用襪子和筆，心情不好；人們在樓梯上撞到一起，手裡還握著吐司；當Mr. Weasley抬著金妮的箱子到車上時，幾乎被一隻狗一樣亂跑的雞絆倒。

Harry couldn't see how eight people, six large trunks, two owls, and a rat were going to fit into one small Ford Anglia. He had reckoned, of course, without the special features that Mr. Weasley had added.

"Not a word to Molly," he whispered to Harry as he opened the trunk and showed him how it had been magically expanded so that the luggage fitted easily.

When at last they were all in the car, Mrs. Weasley glanced into the back seat, where Harry, Ron, Fred, George, and Percy were all sitting comfortably side by side, and said, "Muggles *do* know more than we give them credit for, don't they?" She and Ginny got into the front seat, which had been stretched so that it resembled a park bench. "I mean, you'd never know it was this roomy from the outside, would you?"

哈利不知道八個人、六個大行李箱、兩隻貓頭鷹和一隻老鼠怎麼能擠進一輛小福特Anglia裡。他當然沒有考慮到韋斯萊先生所添加的特殊功能。「可別告訴莫利一句話，」他打開行李箱向哈利耳語說，「這個行李箱是經過魔法擴展的，所以行李可以輕易地放進去。」當他們終於都坐上車時，韋斯萊太太向後座瞥了一眼，哈利、朗、弗雷德、喬治和珀西都舒適地並肩坐著，她說：「麻瓜知識不該被我們小看了，他們真的知道的比我們想象的多。」她和金妮坐進了前座，那個座位被拉長，看起來像一條公園長椅。「我是說，從外面看，你永遠不會知道裡面有這麼多空間吧？」

Mr. Weasley started up the engine and they trundled out of the yard, Harry turning back for a last look at the house. He barely had time to wonder when he'd see it again when they were back — George had forgotten his box of Filibuster fireworks. Five minutes after that, they skidded to a halt in the yard so that Fred could run in for his broomstick. They had almost reached the highway when Ginny shrieked that she'd left her diary. By the time she had clambered back into the car, they were running very late, and tempers were running high.

Mr. Weasley glanced at his watch and then at his wife.

"Molly, dear —"

"No, Arthur —"

"No one would see — this little button here is an Invisibility Booster I installed — that'd get us up in the air — then we fly above the clouds. We'd be there in ten minutes and no one would be any the wiser —"

韋斯萊先生發動了引擎，車子喀塔喀塔開出院子，哈利回頭看了看房子，心裡暗暗想著下次再見它要等到何時。快要到路口

時，喬治發現自己忘記帶煙火，於是又回去拿；不到五分鐘，弗雷德發現自己忘記帶掃帚，又得走一趟。當他們到了公路上，金妮突然尖叫道她弄丟了她的日記。當她艱難地爬回車上時，他們已經很晚了，氣氛變得很緊張。韋斯萊先生看了看手錶，又看了看他的妻子。“茉莉，親愛的——”“不行，阿瑟——”“沒關係，沒人會發現的——我裝了一個隱形增援器——我們能飛上天，在雲層上飛瞬間就到了，沒人知道的——”

“I said no, Arthur, not in broad daylight —”

They reached King's Cross at a quarter to eleven. Mr. Weasley dashed across the road to get trolleys for their trunks and they all hurried into the station.

Harry had caught the Hogwarts Express the previous year. The tricky part was getting onto platform nine and three-quarters, which wasn't visible to the Muggle eye. What you had to do was walk through the solid barrier dividing platforms nine and ten. It didn't hurt, but it had to be done carefully so that none of the Muggles noticed you vanishing.

“Percy first,” said Mrs. Weasley, looking nervously at the clock overhead, which showed they had only five minutes to disappear casually through the barrier.

Percy strode briskly forward and vanished. Mr. Weasley went next; Fred and George followed.

「我說不行，亞瑟，現在大白天的……」他們在十一點前到達了國王十字車站。韋斯萊先生跑到路上拿行李車，他們都急忙趕進了車站。哈利去年已經搭上霍格華茲特快列車了。困難的部分是進入九又四分之九月台，它對麻瓜的眼睛不可見。你所要做的就是穿過分隔第九和第十月台的實心屏障。這並不會傷害到你，但必須小心地進行，以免引起麻瓜的注意。「珀西先上，」韋斯萊太太說，神情緊張地看著頭頂的時鐘，它顯示他們只有五分鐘可以隨意穿過屏障消失。珀西踏著快步走了過去，消失了。韋斯萊先生接著走；弗雷德和喬治跟在後面。

“I'll take Ginny and you two come right after us,” Mrs. Weasley told Harry and Ron, grabbing Ginny's hand and setting off. In the blink of an eye they were gone.

“Let's go together, we've only got a minute,” Ron said to Harry.

Harry made sure that Hedwig's cage was safely wedged on top of his trunk and wheeled his trolley around to face the barrier. He felt perfectly confident; this wasn't nearly as uncomfortable as using Floo powder. Both of them bent low over the handles of their trolleys and walked purposefully toward the barrier, gathering speed. A few feet away from it, they broke into a run and —

CRASH.

Both trolleys hit the barrier and bounced backward; Ron's trunk fell off with a loud thump, Harry was knocked off his feet, and Hedwig's cage bounced onto the shiny floor, and she rolled away, shrieking indignantly; people all around them stared and a guard nearby yelled, “What in blazes d'you think you're doing?”

“我帶Ginny先走，你們兩個在我們後面跟著來，”Weasley太太告訴哈利和Ron，抓著Ginny的手就離開了。在眨眼之間，他們就不見了。“我們一起走，我們只有一分鐘的時間，”Ron對哈利說。哈利確認好海德薇格的籠子安全地放在他的箱子上面，然後將手推車轉到了對面的障礙物面前。他感覺非常自信；這不像使用爐灰粉那樣讓人不舒服。他們兩個都低著頭，手抓著手推車的手柄，目標明確地向著障礙物走去，逐漸加速。在離它幾英尺遠的地方，他們開始奔跑，然後——撞！兩個手推車撞到了障礙物，然後彈了回來；Ron的箱子發出一聲巨響掉了下來，哈利被撞倒在地，海德薇格的籠子彈到了光亮的地板上，然後大聲尖叫著滾開了；周圍的人都盯著他們看，一個警衛在旁邊大喊：“你們到底在幹什麼？”

“Lost control of the trolley,” Harry gasped, clutching his ribs as he got up. Ron ran to pick up Hedwig, who was causing such a scene that there was a lot of muttering about cruelty to animals from the surrounding crowd.

“Why can't we get through?” Harry hissed to Ron.

“I dunno —”

Ron looked wildly around. A dozen curious people were still watching them.

“We're going to miss the train,” Ron whispered. “I don't understand why the gateway's sealed itself —”

Harry looked up at the giant clock with a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach. Ten seconds . . . nine seconds . . .

He wheeled his trolley forward cautiously until it was right against the barrier and pushed with all his might. The metal remained solid.

Three seconds . . . two seconds . . . one second . . .

「手推車失控了！」哈利喘着氣，一邊拿着肋骨一邊站起身來。羅恩跑去抱起哈利的貓頭鷹海德薇格，周圍的人們因為她引起的騷動而議論紛紛，譴責對動物的虐待。「為什麼我們過不去？」哈利咬牙切齒地問羅恩。「我也不知道——」羅恩四處張望。仍有十幾個好奇的人在看著他們。「我們要錯過火車了。」羅恩低聲耳語。「我不明白為什麼這個門封死了——」哈利看著懸掛在巨大鐘表上的數字，感到一陣惡心。十秒……九秒……他小心翼翼地推着手推車，直到它靠近大門，並用盡全力推。金屬門依舊很結實。三秒……兩秒……一秒……

"It's gone," said Ron, sounding stunned. "The train's left. What if Mum and Dad can't get back through to us? Have you got any Muggle money?"

Harry gave a hollow laugh. "The Dursleys haven't given me pocket money for about six years."

Ron pressed his ear to the cold barrier.

"Can't hear a thing," he said tensely. "What're we going to do? I don't know how long it'll take Mum and Dad to get back to us."

They looked around. People were still watching them, mainly because of Hedwig's continuing screeches.

"I think we'd better go and wait by the car," said Harry. "We're attracting too much attention—"

"Harry!" said Ron, his eyes gleaming. "The car!"

"What about it?"

"We can fly the car to Hogwarts!"

"But I thought —"

"We're stuck, right? And we've got to get to school, haven't we? And even underage wizards are allowed to use magic if it's a real emergency, section nineteen or something of the Restriction of Thingy —"

"它走了，"朗說，聽起來很震驚。"車已經離開了。如果爸媽找不到回到我們的路怎麼辦？你有麻瓜的錢嗎？"哈利發出虛無的笑聲。"德思禮家已經六年沒給過我零用錢了。"朗把耳朵貼在冰冷的隔板上。"什麼聲音也聽不到，"他緊張地說。"我們該怎麼辦？我不知道爸媽需要多長時間才能找回我們。"他們四下看了看。人們仍在注視著他們，主要是因為海德薇持續的尖叫聲。"我想我們最好去汽車旁等待，"哈利說。"我們吸引了太多的注意力 -" "哈利！"朗眼睛發亮地說。"那輛汽車！""它怎樣了？" "我們可以開車飛到霍格華茲去！""但我想 -" "我們被卡住了，對吧？我們必須去學校，不是嗎？即使是未成年的巫師在真正的緊急情況下也可以使用魔法，限制法第十九條或某些東西。"

"But your mum and dad . . ." said Harry, pushing against the barrier again in the vain hope that it would give way. "How will they get home?"

"They don't need the car!" said Ron impatiently. "They know how to Apparate! You know, just vanish and reappear at home! They only bother with Floo powder and the car because we're all underage and we're not allowed to Apparate yet. . . ."

Harry's feeling of panic turned suddenly to excitement.

"Can you fly it?"

"No problem," said Ron, wheeling his trolley around to face the exit. "C'mon, let's go. If we hurry we'll be able to follow the Hogwarts Express —"

And they marched off through the crowd of curious Muggles, out of the station and back onto the side road where the old Ford Anglia was parked.

Ron unlocked the cavernous trunk with a series of taps from his wand. They heaved their luggage back in, put Hedwig on the back seat, and got into the front.

"但是你的父母....."哈利說，又無望地向前推著障礙門，希望它會讓路。"他們不需要車！"羅恩不耐煩地說，"他們知道如何瞬間移動！你知道的，只要消失了，在家中重新出現！他們只煩惱弗洛粉和汽車，因為我們都是未成年人，還不被允許瞬間移動....."哈利的恐慌感突然轉變成了興奮。"你可以飛嗎？""沒問題，"羅恩說，轉動着手推車，面向出口，"來吧，我們走吧！如果我們趕快，我們可以跟隨霍格沃茨快車——"他們穿過一群好奇的麻瓜人群，走出車站，回到停放老福特Anglia的小路上。羅恩用魔杖敲了一連串的聲音，打開車後的大行李箱。他們重新將行李搬回去，把海德薇放在後座上，自己坐進前座。

"Check that no one's watching," said Ron, starting the ignition with another tap of his wand. Harry stuck his head out of the window: Traffic was rumbling along the main road ahead, but their street was empty.

"Okay," he said.

Ron pressed a tiny silver button on the dashboard. The car around them vanished — and so did they. Harry could feel the seat vibrating beneath him, hear the engine, feel his hands on his knees and his glasses on his nose, but for all he could see, he had become a pair of eyeballs, floating a few feet above the ground in a dingy street full of parked cars.

"Let's go," said Ron's voice from his right.

And the ground and the dirty buildings on either side fell away, dropping out of sight as the car rose; in seconds, the whole of London lay, smoky and glittering, below them.

"檢查沒有人在看，"羅恩說，用魔杖再次點擊點火開始。哈利探出頭來看：前方的主路上交通繁忙，但他們的街道空無一人。"好的，"他說。羅恩在儀表板上按下一個微小的銀色按鈕。周圍的汽車消失了 - 他們也消失了。哈利感覺到座位在他的下方震

動，聽到引擎聲，感覺到他的手放在膝蓋上和眼鏡戴在鼻子上，但他所能看到的只有一對懸浮在一條航線的停車場中幾英尺高的眼睛。“走吧，”羅恩的聲音從他的右邊傳來。地面和兩側的航線建築物消失了，當汽車上升時落下 - 在幾秒鐘內，整個倫敦展現在他們下方，煙霧彌漫，閃閃發光。

Then there was a popping noise and the car, Harry, and Ron reappeared.

“Uh-oh,” said Ron, jabbing at the Invisibility Booster. “It’s faulty —”

Both of them pummeled it. The car vanished. Then it flickered back again.

“Hold on!” Ron yelled, and he slammed his foot on the accelerator; they shot straight into the low, woolly clouds and everything turned dull and foggy.

“Now what?” said Harry, blinking at the solid mass of cloud pressing in on them from all sides.

“We need to see the train to know what direction to go in,” said Ron.

“Dip back down again — quickly —”

They dropped back beneath the clouds and twisted around in their seats, squinting at the ground.

“I can see it!” Harry yelled. “Right ahead — there!”

The Hogwarts Express was streaking along below them like a scarlet snake.

車子、哈利和羅恩出現時，突然發出了一聲爆炸聲。“哎呀。”羅恩戳了戳隱形加速器，“壞掉了——”他們兩人狠狠地拍打了一下，車子就消失了。然後，它又瞬間出現了。“抓緊！”羅恩大喊，然後狠狠地踩了油門；他們穿過低垂的羊毛般的雲層，一切都變得暗淡和朦朧。“現在怎麼辦？”哈利眨眨眼，看著從四面八方向他們逼近的厚重的云層。“我們需要看到火車，才知道該往哪個方向走，”羅恩說。“快，再掉下去一點。”他們重新降落在雲層下方，在座位上扭過頭，眯起眼睛看著地面。“我看到了！”哈利大叫道，“就在前方——那邊！”霍格華茲特快列車像條繩紅色的蛇一樣在他們下方驀地奔騰而過。

“Due north,” said Ron, checking the compass on the dashboard. “Okay, we’ll just have to check on it every half hour or so — hold on —”

And they shot up through the clouds. A minute later, they burst out into a blaze of sunlight.

It was a different world. The wheels of the car skimmed the sea of fluffy cloud, the sky a bright, endless blue under the blinding white sun.

“All we’ve got to worry about now are airplanes,” said Ron.

They looked at each other and started to laugh; for a long time, they couldn’t stop.

It was as though they had been plunged into a fabulous dream. This, thought Harry, was surely the only way to travel — past swirls and turrets of snowy cloud, in a car full of hot, bright sunlight, with a fat pack of toffees in the glove compartment, and the prospect of seeing Fred’s and George’s jealous faces when they landed smoothly and spectacularly on the sweeping lawn in front of Hogwarts castle.

“正北方，”羅恩看著儀表板上的指南針說道。“好的，我們大約每半小時就得查看一次——等等——”他們穿越雲層疾飛而上。一分鐘後，他們穿過一片燦爛的陽光走出了雲層。這是個不同的世界。車輪滑過一片蓬鬆的雲海，萬里藍天下陽光炯炯，耀眼的白色陽光下，美不勝收。“現在我們唯一需要擔心的是飛機了，”羅恩說。他們相互看著，開始大笑；很長一段時間，他們都笑不停。他們彷彿被投入了一個奇妙的夢境。哈利想，這肯定是旅行的唯一方式——穿越旋轉的雪雲，坐在充滿熱烈陽光的汽車裡，手套箱裡有一包軟糖，預計著他們將平穩地降落在霍格華茲城堡前的平坦草坪上，看到弗雷德和喬治嫉妒的臉龐。

They made regular checks on the train as they flew farther and farther north, each dip beneath the clouds showing them a different view. London was soon far behind them, replaced by neat green fields that gave way in turn to wide, purplish moors, a great city alive with cars like multicolored ants, villages with tiny toy churches.

Several uneventful hours later, however, Harry had to admit that some of the fun was wearing off. The toffees had made them extremely thirsty and they had nothing to drink. He and Ron had pulled off their sweaters, but Harry’s T-shirt was sticking to the back of his seat and his glasses kept sliding down to the end of his sweaty nose. He had stopped noticing the fantastic cloud shapes now and was thinking longingly of the train miles below, where you could buy ice-cold pumpkin juice from a trolley pushed by a plump witch. *Why hadn’t they been able to get onto platform nine and three-quarters?*

當火車向越來越北方飛行時，他們定期檢查火車，每一次穿越雲層都會看到不同的風景。倫敦很快就離他們遠去，取而代之的是整齊的綠色田野，接著是寬闊的紫色荒地，一個充滿汽車的大城市，就像是彩色螞蟻一樣，還有有著微小玩具教堂的村莊。然而，幾個毫無事件的小時後，哈利不得不承認有些樂趣消逝了。糖果使他們口渴不已，卻沒有水可喝。他和朗已經脫下了毛衣，但哈利的T恤卻貼在了座椅的背面，眼鏡不斷往他汗濕的鼻子滑落。他已經不再注意奇妙的雲朵形狀，並且渴望樓下的火車里程，那里你可以從一個魁梧女巫推的手推車上買到冰涼的南瓜汁。他們為什麼不能進入九又四分之一站臺呢？

“Can’t be much further, can it?” croaked Ron, hours later still, as the sun started to sink into their floor of cloud, staining it a deep pink. “Ready for

another check on the train?"

It was still right below them, winding its way past a snowcapped mountain. It was much darker beneath the canopy of clouds.

Ron put his foot on the accelerator and drove them upward again, but as he did so, the engine began to whine.

Harry and Ron exchanged nervous glances.

"It's probably just tired," said Ron. "It's never been this far before. . . ."

And they both pretended not to notice the whining growing louder and louder as the sky became steadily darker. Stars were blossoming in the blackness. Harry pulled his sweater back on, trying to ignore the way the windshield wipers were now waving feebly, as though in protest.

"還有多遠啊？"當太陽開始沉入他們眼前的雲層中，染上深粉色時，羅恩嘶啞地說道，幾個小時後依然這樣。"準備再去檢查火車嗎？"火車仍在他們正下方，在雪山旁蜿蜒而過。在雲層圍繞下，視野變得更加昏暗。羅恩加快了踏板，把他們帶上了天空。但隨著動力加強，引擎開始嗚嗚作響，哈利和羅恩不約而同地交換了神經兮兮的眼神。"它可能只是很累了，"羅恩說，"它從未走過這麼長的路....."他們都假裝沒有注意到引擎越來越響，隨著天空變得逐漸黑暗。漆黑中，星星開始盛開。哈利重新穿上毛衣，嘗試忽略擋風玻璃刷子現在如同在抗議一樣微弱地擺動。

"Not far," said Ron, more to the car than to Harry, "not far now," and he patted the dashboard nervously.

When they flew back beneath the clouds a little while later, they had to squint through the darkness for a landmark they knew.

"There!" Harry shouted, making Ron and Hedwig jump. "Straight ahead!"

Silhouetted on the dark horizon, high on the cliff over the lake, stood the many turrets and towers of Hogwarts castle.

But the car had begun to shudder and was losing speed.

"Come on," Ron said cajolingly, giving the steering wheel a little shake, "nearly there, come on—"

The engine groaned. Narrow jets of steam were issuing from under the hood. Harry found himself gripping the edges of his seat very hard as they flew toward the lake.

The car gave a nasty wobble. Glancing out of his window, Harry saw the smooth, black, glassy surface of the water, a mile below. Ron's knuckles were white on the steering wheel. The car wobbled again.

「不遠了。」羅恩對車輛說，比對哈利說的還要更多，「快到了。」他緊張地拍了拍儀表板。不久後，他們再次飛回雲層下方，必須在黑暗中眨眼找尋一個熟悉的地標。「在那裡！」哈利大叫，讓羅恩和海狸梗都驚了一跳，「就在前面！」在黑暗的地平線上呈現出輪廓，聳立在湖邊的懸崖上，是霍格華茲城堡的許多塔樓。但這輛汽車開始顫抖，速度也慢了下來。「加把勁。」羅恩哄著，輕搖方向盤，「快到了，加油——」引擎發出咕噥聲。淺色蒸氣從引擎蓋下冒出。當他們向著湖泊飛去時，哈利發現自己緊緊抓住椅子的邊緣。汽車顫抖地移動。哈利從窗外看到水面的平滑、黑色、玻璃般的表面，下面是一英里遠的距離。羅恩抓著方向盤的手指變得白了。汽車再次顫動。

"Come on," Ron muttered.

They were over the lake — the castle was right ahead — Ron put his foot down.

There was a loud clunk, a sputter, and the engine died completely.

"Uh-oh," said Ron, into the silence.

The nose of the car dropped. They were falling, gathering speed, heading straight for the solid castle wall.

"Nooooooooo!" Ron yelled, swinging the steering wheel around; they missed the dark stone wall by inches as the car turned in a great arc, soaring over the dark greenhouses, then the vegetable patch, and then out over the black lawns, losing altitude all the time.

Ron let go of the steering wheel completely and pulled his wand out of his back pocket —

"STOP! STOP!" he yelled, whacking the dashboard and the windshield, but they were still plummeting, the ground flying up toward them —

"加速!"羅恩啞著。他們正飛過湖上，堡壘就在前方，羅恩踩油門。汽車發出巨大的聲響，一下子熄火了。"唔，哦"羅恩在沉默中說到。汽車的鼻子下沉，它們正在墜落，速度越來越快，直接撞向堅實的城堡牆。"不要！不要！"羅恩大喊，猛烈搖動方向盤。他們擦肩而過黑暗的石牆，汽車繞著一個大弧線呼嘯而過，穿過深綠色的溫室，接著又穿過蔬菜園，然後跨過黑色草坪，整個過程中失去了高度。羅恩完全放開方向盤，從口袋裡掏出魔杖——"停下！停下！"他大喊著，打著儀表板和擋風玻璃，但仍在俯衝，地面朝他們飛來。

"WATCH OUT FOR THAT TREE!" Harry bellowed, lunging for the steering wheel, but too late —

CRUNCH.

With an earsplitting bang of metal on wood, they hit the thick tree trunk and dropped to the ground with a heavy jolt. Steam was billowing from under the crumpled hood; Hedwig was shrieking in terror; a golf-ball-sized lump was throbbing on Harry's head where he had hit the windshield; and to his right, Ron let out a low, despairing groan.

"Are you okay?" Harry said urgently.

"My wand," said Ron, in a shaky voice. "Look at my wand —"

It had snapped, almost in two; the tip was dangling limply, held on by a few splinters.

Harry opened his mouth to say he was sure they'd be able to mend it up at the school, but he never even got started. At that very moment, something hit his side of the car with the force of a charging bull, sending him lurching sideways into Ron, just as an equally heavy blow hit the roof.

“小心那棵樹！”哈利喊道，向駕駛輪扑去，但為時已晚——嘎扎。金屬撞在木頭上的巨響聲中，他們撞上了粗壯的樹幹，然後重重地掉在地上。爐管下冒出了滾滾的蒸氣；哈利頭上的擦傷處有一個像高爾夫球那麼大的凸塊，奇怪地隆起；海德薇恐懼地尖叫著；在他的右邊，羅恩發出了一聲低沉絕望的呻吟聲。“你還好嗎？”哈利緊張地問道。“我的魔杖，”羅恩顫抖著說。“看看我的魔杖——”它斷成了兩半，尖端懸垂著，只被一些條狀物支撐著。哈利張嘴要說他相信他們能在學校修好它，但他甚至都沒有開口。就在那一刻，一些東西像狂奔的公牛一樣撞到了他車子的那一邊，讓他向羅恩那邊猛烈搖晃，接著一個同樣重的打擊聲撞在了車頂上。

"What's happen —?"

Ron gasped, staring through the windshield, and Harry looked around just in time to see a branch as thick as a python smash into it. The tree they had hit was attacking them. Its trunk was bent almost double, and its gnarled boughs were pummeling every inch of the car it could reach.

"Aaargh!" said Ron as another twisted limb punched a large dent into his door; the windshield was now trembling under a hail of blows from knuckle-like twigs and a branch as thick as a battering ram was pounding furiously on the roof, which seemed to be caving —

"Run for it!" Ron shouted, throwing his full weight against his door, but next second he had been knocked backward into Harry's lap by a vicious uppercut from another branch.

"We're done for!" he moaned as the ceiling sagged, but suddenly the floor of the car was vibrating — the engine had restarted.

"發生什麼事——？"羅恩倒抽氣，透過擋風玻璃凝視，哈利及時看到一條像蟒蛇一樣粗的樹枝砸向車上。他們撞到的樹正在攻擊他們。它的樹幹幾乎彎成了U型，醜陋的樹枝正猛烈地打擊它所能觸及的每一寸車身。"啊啊啊！"羅恩大叫，另一根扭曲的樹枝在他的車門上打出一個大凹陷；擋風玻璃現在在經受一陣陣像指節一樣的細枝和一條像撞擊錘一樣粗的樹枝的攻擊，一邊的車頂被猛烈地撞打，似乎正在倒塌。"快跑！"羅恩大叫，全身重重地撞向他的車門，但下一秒鐘，他被另一根樹枝的猛烈上勾拳打飛，跌入哈利的膝蓋上。"我們完了！"他哀嚎著，天花板下垂，但突然之間，車裡的地板開始震動——引擎重新啟動了。

"Reverse!" Harry yelled, and the car shot backward; the tree was still trying to hit them; they could hear its roots creaking as it almost ripped itself up, lashing out at them as they sped out of reach.

"That," panted Ron, "was close. Well done, car —"

The car, however, had reached the end of its tether. With two sharp clunks, the doors flew open and Harry felt his seat tip sideways: Next thing he knew he was sprawled on the damp ground. Loud thuds told him that the car was ejecting their luggage from the trunk; Hedwig's cage flew through the air and burst open; she rose out of it with an angry screech and sped off toward the castle without a backward look. Then, dented, scratched, and steaming, the car rumbled off into the darkness, its rear lights blazing angrily.

“倒車！”哈利大喊，車子往後倒退；樹還在試圖攻擊他們，他們可以聽到它的根部嘎吱作響，幾乎把自己撕裂開來，向他們掀動攻擊。“好險啊，”羅恩喘息著說，“車子幹得好—”然而，這輛車已經到了極限。車門發出兩聲響亮的撞擊聲，飛了出來，哈利感覺到他的座位向一邊傾斜：下一秒，他們跌倒在潮濕的地面上。轟隆隆的聲音告訴他，車子正在將他們的行李箱從車尾彈出；哈利的獨角獸女郎寶貝籠以一種激怒的尖叫聲飛了出去，沒有回頭瞧一眼就朝城堡飛去。然後，被凹陷、刮傷和冒著煙的車子在黑暗中發出隆隆聲，它的尾燈憤怒地閃爍著消失了。

"Come back!" Ron yelled after it, brandishing his broken wand. "Dad'll kill me!"

But the car disappeared from view with one last snort from its exhaust.

"Can you *believe* our luck?" said Ron miserably, bending down to pick up Scabbers. "Of all the trees we could've hit, we had to get one that hits back."

He glanced over his shoulder at the ancient tree, which was still flailing its branches threateningly.

"Come on," said Harry wearily, "we'd better get up to the school . . ."

It wasn't at all the triumphant arrival they had pictured. Stiff, cold, and bruised, they seized the ends of their trunks and began dragging them up the grassy slope, toward the great oak front doors.

“I think the feast's already started,” said Ron, dropping his trunk at the foot of the front steps and crossing quietly to look through a brightly lit window. “Hey — Harry — come and look — it's the Sorting!”

「回來！」羅恩揮舞著斷裂的魔杖對著車子喊道。「我爹會殺了我！」但是車子從視線中消失，最後一聲汽車尾氣噴出的聲音。「你能相信我們的運氣嗎？」羅恩不悅地說著，低頭撿起斯卡伯斯。「我們本可以撞到任何其他樹上，卻偏偏選了一棵會還擊的。」他望了望肆虐著樹枝的古老樹木，仍在威脅著他們。「來吧，」哈利疲憊地說道，「我們最好趕快回學校。」這一點也不像他們想像中的得意凱旋。他們僵硬、寒冷且滿身瘀青地抓住行李箱的末端，開始拖著它們向草地斜坡上的大橡樹前門走去。「我想宴會已經開始了。」羅恩把行李箱放在前門腳下，輕聲地穿越明亮的窗戶朝裡看。「嘿——哈利——來看——是分類儀式！」

Harry hurried over and, together, he and Ron peered in at the Great Hall.

Innumerable candles were hovering in midair over four long, crowded tables, making the golden plates and goblets sparkle. Overhead, the bewitched ceiling, which always mirrored the sky outside, sparkled with stars.

Through the forest of pointed black Hogwarts hats, Harry saw a long line of scared-looking first years filing into the Hall. Ginny was among them, easily visible because of her vivid Weasley hair. Meanwhile, Professor McGonagall, a bespectacled witch with her hair in a tight bun, was placing the famous Hogwarts Sorting Hat on a stool before the newcomers.

Every year, this aged old hat, patched, frayed, and dirty, sorted new students into the four Hogwarts Houses (Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin). Harry well remembered putting it on, exactly one year ago, and waiting, petrified, for its decision as it muttered aloud in his ear. For a few horrible seconds he had feared that the hat was going to put him in Slytherin, the House that had turned out more Dark witches and wizards than any other — but he had ended up in Gryffindor, along with Ron, Hermione, and the rest of the Weasleys. Last term, Harry and Ron had helped Gryffindor win the House Championship, beating Slytherin for the first time in seven years.

哈利匆匆走過去，與羅恩一起向大廳里張望。無數的蠟燭懸浮在四張長桌上方，使金色的盤子和酒杯闪闪發光。高高的天花板上，被法術施加，總是反映著外面的天空，星光熠熠。通過黑色的尖狀學院帽林林密密，哈利看見一群滿臉驚恐的新學生排成一行走進了大廳。金妮也在其中，因為她鮮艳的韦斯萊头发而顯眼。與此同時，帶著老花眼鏡、发型緊束成发髻的麥格教授正在把著名的霍格華茲學院分選帽放在新學生們的凳子上。每年，這頂古老、破舊、肮脏的帽子會把新學生分到四個學院（格蘭芬多、哈夫爾帕夫、雷文克勞和斯萊特林）中。哈利清楚地記得，一年前他戴上分選帽時多么害怕，等待它的決定，同時聽著它在他耳邊低語。在一段可怕的时间里，他曾擔心這頂帽子會把他歸為斯萊特林，那是一個孕育暗黑巫師的學院，比其他學院都要多。但最終，他和羅恩、赫敏和其他韦斯萊家族的成員一起被分到了格蘭芬多。上學期，哈利和羅恩幫助格蘭芬多贏得了學院杯，首次打敗斯萊特林七年之後。

A very small, mousy-haired boy had been called forward to place the hat on his head. Harry's eyes wandered past him to where Professor Dumbledore, the headmaster, sat watching the Sorting from the staff table, his long silver beard and half-moon glasses shining brightly in the candlelight. Several seats along, Harry saw Gilderoy Lockhart, dressed in robes of aquamarine. And there at the end was Hagrid, huge and hairy, drinking deeply from his goblet.

“Hang on . . .” Harry muttered to Ron. “There's an empty chair at the staff table. . . . Where's Snape?”

Professor Severus Snape was Harry's least favorite teacher. Harry also happened to be Snape's least favorite student. Cruel, sarcastic, and disliked by everybody except the students from his own House (Slytherin), Snape taught Potions.

一個毛髮淺色的小男孩走上前來，將帽子戴上了頭。哈利的目光移到他身後，看向校長達姆布爾教授。在蠟燭光照射下，他的銀色長須和半月形眼鏡閃閃發光。哈利看到吉德羅·洛哈特(Gilderoy Lockhart)穿著水藍色長袍坐在幾個座位之外，最後看到的是哈格力(Hagrid)，他又高又毛，從酒杯裡深深地喝了一口。“等等……”哈利對著羅恩喃喃道。“教職員工作台上有一張空椅子……斯涅普呢？”西弗勒斯·斯涅普教授是哈利最不喜歡的老師，同時哈利也是斯涅普最不喜歡的學生。殘忍、諷刺且不受除了他寄宿舍的學生（史萊哲林）之外所有人的喜愛，斯涅普教授教授魔藥學。

“Maybe he's ill!” said Ron hopefully.

“Maybe he's left,” said Harry, “because he missed out on the Defense Against the Dark Arts job again!”

“Or he might have been sacked!” said Ron enthusiastically. “I mean, everyone hates him —”

“Or maybe,” said a very cold voice right behind them, “he's waiting to hear why you two didn't arrive on the school train.”

Harry spun around. There, his black robes rippling in a cold breeze, stood Severus Snape. He was a thin man with sallow skin, a hooked nose, and greasy, shoulder-length black hair, and at this moment, he was smiling in a way that told Harry he and Ron were in very deep trouble.

“Follow me,” said Snape.

Not daring even to look at each other, Harry and Ron followed Snape up the steps into the vast, echoing entrance hall, which was lit with flaming torches. A delicious smell of food was wafting from the Great Hall, but Snape led them away from the warmth and light, down a narrow stone staircase that led into the dungeons.

「他可能生病了！」羅恩充滿希望地說。哈利說：“也有可能是因為他再次錯過了黑魔法防禦課工作，所以他離開了！”羅恩熱情地說：“或者他可能被解雇了！我是說，每個人都恨他——”“或者，”一個非常冷酷的聲音在他們身後說道，“也許他正在

等待聽到你們倆為什麼沒有搭上校園火車的原因。”哈利轉身。塞弗勒斯·斯內普站在那裡，身穿黑袍在寒風中飄動著。他是一個皮膚發黃、鼻樑彎曲、肩膀上留著髒亂黑髮的瘦高男子，在這一瞬間，他微笑著，告訴哈利他和羅恩已經陷入了深深的麻煩之中。“跟著我來。”斯內普說。哈利和羅恩甚至不敢看對方一眼，緊隨斯內普的脚步，走上高聳的入口大廳，裡面點燃著火炬，回音不斷。从大厅传来了美妙的食物香味，但斯內普把他们带远离了温暖和光明的地方，走进了通向地下室的一条狭窄的石阶。

“In!” he said, opening a door halfway down the cold passageway and pointing.

They entered Snape's office, shivering. The shadowy walls were lined with shelves of large glass jars, in which floated all manner of revolting things Harry didn't really want to know the name of at the moment. The fireplace was dark and empty. Snape closed the door and turned to look at them.

“So,” he said softly, “the train isn't good enough for the famous Harry Potter and his faithful sidekick Weasley. Wanted to arrive with a *bang*, did we, boys?”

“No, sir, it was the barrier at King's Cross, it —”

“Silence!” said Snape coldly. “What have you done with the car?”

Ron gulped. This wasn't the first time Snape had given Harry the impression of being able to read minds. But a moment later, he understood, as Snape unrolled today's issue of the *Evening Prophet*.

他說：“進來吧！”並指著位於寒冷的通道中間一半打開的房間門。他們進入了斯內普的辦公室，發抖。昏暗的牆壁上擺滿了架子，擺滿了大玻璃罐，裡面漂浮著各種各樣令哈利此刻不想知道名字的令人作嘔的東西。壁爐又暗又空。斯內普關上門，轉身看著他們。他輕聲說：“如此，有名的哈利波特和他忠實的搭檔韋斯萊不滿足於坐火車來。你們想吸引眼球嗎，小鬼？”“不是這樣的，先生，是王十字車站的入口處……”“安靜！”斯內普冷冷地說：“你們把車藏哪裡了？”羅恩咽了一口氣，這不是斯內普給哈利留下的第一次讀心術應驗。但一會兒後，哈利明白了——斯內普展開了今天的《晚安報》。

“You were seen,” he hissed, showing them the headline: *FLYING FORD ANGLIA MYSTIFIES MUGGLES*. He began to read aloud: “Two Muggles in London, convinced they saw an old car flying over the Post Office tower . . . at noon in Norfolk, Mrs. Hetty Bayliss, while hanging out her washing . . . Mr. Angus Fleet, of Peebles, reported to police . . . Six or seven Muggles in all. I believe *your* father works in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office?” he said, looking up at Ron and smiling still more nastily. “Dear, dear . . . his own son . . .”

Harry felt as though he'd just been walloped in the stomach by one of the mad tree's larger branches. If anyone found out Mr. Weasley had bewitched the car . . . he hadn't thought of that. . . .

“I noticed, in my search of the park, that considerable damage seems to have been done to a very valuable Whomping Willow,” Snape went on.

他咆哮道：“你们被人看到了。”然后他给他们看了那篇报道的标题“飞翔的福特安吉利亚把麻瓜难住”。他又继续念道：“两个在伦敦的麻瓜坚信他们看到一辆老车飞越邮政大楼……在Norfolk州，当Hetty Bayliss女士把衣服晾在外面的时候……来自Peebles的Angus Fleet先生向警方报告……一共有五、六个麻瓜看到了。我猜你的父亲在防范不当使用麻瓜制品办公室工作吧？”他说着一边看着罗恩，一边露出了更多的阴险表情。“亲爱的，亲爱的……他自己的儿子……”哈利感觉到像是被疯狂的那颗大树的一条更大的枝条击中了肚子。如果有人发现魔法世界的韦斯莱先生对这辆车下了魔法……他没有考虑到这点……“在我搜查公园时，我注意到了一颗非常宝贵的摆动柳似乎已经遭到了相当严重的损坏”，斯內普接着说。

“That tree did more damage to *us* than we —” Ron blurted out.

“Silence!” snapped Snape again. “Most unfortunately, you are not in my House and the decision to expel you does not rest with me. I shall go and fetch the people who *do* have that happy power. You will wait here.”

Harry and Ron stared at each other, white-faced. Harry didn't feel hungry anymore. He now felt extremely sick. He tried not to look at a large, slimy something suspended in green liquid on a shelf behind Snape's desk. If Snape had gone to fetch Professor McGonagall, head of Gryffindor House, they were hardly any better off. She might be fairer than Snape, but she was still extremely strict.

Ten minutes later, Snape returned, and sure enough it was Professor McGonagall who accompanied him. Harry had seen Professor McGonagall angry on several occasions, but either he had forgotten just how thin her mouth could go, or he had never seen her this angry before. She raised her wand the moment she entered; Harry and Ron both flinched, but she merely pointed it at the empty fireplace, where flames suddenly erupted.

那棵樹對我們的傷害遠比我們——“羅恩嘴一抽。“閉嘴！”斯納普再次急切地喝道。“非常不幸，你們不是我的學院的學生，開除你們的決定不在我這裡。我現在去找有權利做出這個決定的人。你們在這裡等著。”哈利和羅恩面面相覷，臉都白了。哈利已經沒有胃口了。現在他感到非常噁心。他試著不去看斯納普書桌後面一個懸浮在綠色液體中的大黏糊糊的物體。如果斯納普去找格蘭芬多學院的院長麥格教授，他們也不會好到哪裡去。她可能比斯納普公正，但她仍然非常嚴格。十分鐘後，斯納普回來了，果然是麥格教授陪著他回來的。哈利曾經見過麥格教授生氣的情況，但他要麥格教授的嘴巴變得有多緊，他要麥格教授更生氣之前還沒有見過。她一進門就舉起了她的魔杖；哈利和羅恩都畏縮了一下，但她只是把魔杖指向了空的壁爐，壁爐突然冒出了火焰。

“Sit,” she said, and they both backed into chairs by the fire.

“Explain,” she said, her glasses glinting ominously.

Ron launched into the story, starting with the barrier at the station refusing to let them through.

“— so we had no choice, Professor, we couldn’t get on the train.”

“Why didn’t you send us a letter by owl? I believe *you* have an owl?” Professor McGonagall said coldly to Harry.

Harry gaped at her. Now she said it, that seemed the obvious thing to have done.

“I — I didn’t think —”

“That,” said Professor McGonagall, “is obvious.”

There was a knock on the office door and Snape, now looking happier than ever, opened it. There stood the headmaster, Professor Dumbledore.

Harry’s whole body went numb. Dumbledore was looking unusually grave. He stared down his very crooked nose at them, and Harry suddenly found himself wishing he and Ron were still being beaten up by the Whomping Willow.

“坐下，”她说，他们两个都倒退到壁炉旁的椅子上。“解释一下，”她说，她的眼镜闪烁着不祥的光芒。罗恩开始讲故事，从车站的障碍开始，拒绝让他们通过。“——所以，教授，我们别无选择，不能上火车。”“你们为什么不用信鸮给我们寄信？我相信你有一只猫头鹰？”麦康娜教授冷冷地对哈利说。哈利瞪大了眼睛。现在她这么说，这似乎是当时应该做的明显的事情。“我——我没有想到——”麦康娜教授说：“显而易见。”教室的门响起来，斯内普，现在看起来比以往任何时候都开心，打开了门。站在那里的是校长，邓布利多教授。哈利的整个身体一下子麻木了。邓布利多看起来格外严肃。他用非常弯曲的鼻子望着他们，哈利突然发现自己希望他和罗恩仍然被哭泣的柳树殴打。

There was a long silence. Then Dumbledore said, “Please explain why you did this.”

It would have been better if he had shouted. Harry hated the disappointment in his voice. For some reason, he was unable to look Dumbledore in the eyes, and spoke instead to his knees. He told Dumbledore everything except that Mr. Weasley owned the bewitched car, making it sound as though he and Ron had happened to find a flying car parked outside the station. He knew Dumbledore would see through this at once, but Dumbledore asked no questions about the car. When Harry had finished, he merely continued to peer at them through his spectacles.

“We’ll go and get our stuff,” said Ron in a hopeless sort of voice.

“What are you talking about, Weasley?” barked Professor McGonagall.

“Well, you’re expelling us, aren’t you?” said Ron.

沈默持續了很長一段時間，隨後鄧布利多說道：“請解釋一下你這樣做的原因。”他大聲點或許會更好。哈利不喜歡他聲音中的失望。出於某種原因，他無法直視鄧布利多的眼睛，而是盯著自己的膝蓋說話。他把所有的事都告訴了鄧布利多，除了韋斯萊先生擁有被施魔法的汽車這件事，讓它聽起來像是他和羅恩碰巧在車站外找到了一輛停在那裡的飛行汽車。他知道鄧布利多會立刻看穿這一點，但鄧布利多沒有問汽車的問題。當哈利講完時，他只是繼續透過眼鏡盯著他們。“我們去拿我們的東西，”羅恩以一種絕望的語氣說道。“你在說什麼，韋斯萊？”麥格教授大聲說道。“嗯，你們要開除我們了，對吧？”羅恩說。

Harry looked quickly at Dumbledore.

“Not today, Mr. Weasley,” said Dumbledore. “But I must impress upon both of you the seriousness of what you have done. I will be writing to both your families tonight. I must also warn you that if you do anything like this again, I will have no choice but to expel you.”

Snape looked as though Christmas had been canceled. He cleared his throat and said, “Professor Dumbledore, these boys have flouted the Decree for the Restriction of Underage Wizardry, caused serious damage to an old and valuable tree — surely acts of this nature —”

“It will be for Professor McGonagall to decide on these boys’ punishments, Severus,” said Dumbledore calmly. “They are in her House and are therefore her responsibility.” He turned to Professor McGonagall. “I must go back to the feast, Minerva, I’ve got to give out a few notices. Come, Severus, there’s a delicious-looking custard tart I want to sample —”

哈利急忙看了一眼鄧布利多。“今天不用了，韋斯萊先生，”鄧布利多說。“但我必須向你們兩個強調你們所犯下的嚴重性。我今晚會給你們的家長寫信。我也必須警告你們，如果你們再做這樣的事，我將不得不把你們開除出學校。”斯納普看起來好像聖誕節被取消了。他清了清嗓子，說：“鄧布利多教授，這些男孩違反了《未成年巫師限制法令》，對一棵古老而有價值的樹造成了嚴重的損害——這樣的行為——”“這是由麥格教授來決定這些男孩的懲罰，塞弗魯斯，”鄧布利多冷靜地說。“他們在她的家裡，所以是她的責任。”他轉向麥格教授。“我必須回到宴會上去，米涅娃，我得發幾條通知。一起走，塞弗魯斯，有一個看起來很美味的奶油蛋撻我想嚐嚐——”

Snape shot a look of pure venom at Harry and Ron as he allowed himself to be swept out of his office, leaving them alone with Professor McGonagall, who was still eyeing them like a wrathful eagle.

“You’d better get along to the hospital wing, Weasley, you’re bleeding.”

“Not much,” said Ron, hastily wiping the cut over his eye with his sleeve. “Professor, I wanted to watch my sister being Sorted —”

“The Sorting Ceremony is over,” said Professor McGonagall. “Your sister is also in Gryffindor.”

“Oh, good,” said Ron.

“And speaking of Gryffindor —” Professor McGonagall said sharply, but Harry cut in: “Professor, when we took the car, term hadn’t started, so — so Gryffindor shouldn’t really have points taken from it — should it?” he finished, watching her anxiously.

斯涅普不满地瞪了哈利和罗恩一眼，然后让自己被带出办公室，留下他们和麦格教授，麦格教授仍然像一只愤怒的老鹰盯着他们。“你最好去医院翼，威斯里你在流血。”“没流多少，”罗恩匆忙用袖子擦拭在他的眼上的伤口，“教授，我想看我妹妹的排序仪式。”“排序仪式已经结束了，”麦格教授说，“你妹妹也进了格兰芬多。”“太好了，”罗恩说。“说到格兰芬多，”麦格教授说得很尖锐，但哈利插进来：“教授，我们开车时学期还没开始，所以，所以从格兰芬多抽走分数不太公平吧？”他焦急地看着她。

Professor McGonagall gave him a piercing look, but he was sure she had almost smiled. Her mouth looked less thin, anyway.

“I will not take any points from Gryffindor,” she said, and Harry’s heart lightened considerably. “But you will both get a detention.”

It was better than Harry had expected. As for Dumbledore’s writing to the Dursleys, that was nothing. Harry knew perfectly well they’d just be disappointed that the Whomping Willow hadn’t squashed him flat.

Professor McGonagall raised her wand again and pointed it at Snape’s desk. A large plate of sandwiches, two silver goblets, and a jug of iced pumpkin juice appeared with a pop.

“You will eat in here and then go straight up to your dormitory,” she said. “I must also return to the feast.”

When the door had closed behind her, Ron let out a long, low whistle.

麥格教授瞪了他一眼，但他確信她幾乎笑了。她的嘴巴看上去不那麼緊了。“我不會扣掉格蘭芬多的任何積分，”她說，讓哈利的心情舒暢許多。“但你們倆都要接受懲罰。”這比哈利預期的要好。至於鄧布利多寫信給德思禮一家，那沒什麼大不了的。哈利非常清楚，他們只會失望落空，因為打人樹沒有將他壓扁。麥格教授再次舉起她的魔杖，將它指向斯內普的桌子。一個大盤三明治，兩個銀色高腳杯和一瓶冰鎮南瓜汁“嘍”的一聲出現了。“你們在這裡吃完，然後直接去你們的宿舍，”她說。“我也必須回到宴會上。”當門在她身後關上時，羅恩發出了一聲長長的哨聲。

“I thought we’d had it,” he said, grabbing a sandwich.

“So did I,” said Harry, taking one, too.

“Can you believe our luck, though?” said Ron thickly through a mouthful of chicken and ham. “Fred and George must’ve flown that car five or six times and no Muggle ever saw *them*.” He swallowed and took another huge bite. “*Why* couldn’t we get through the barrier?”

Harry shrugged. “We’ll have to watch our step from now on, though,” he said, taking a grateful swig of pumpkin juice. “Wish we could’ve gone up to the feast. . . .”

“She didn’t want us showing off,” said Ron sagely. “Doesn’t want people to think it’s clever, arriving by flying car.”

When they had eaten as many sandwiches as they could (the plate kept refilling itself), they rose and left the office, treading the familiar path to Gryffindor Tower. The castle was quiet; it seemed that the feast was over. They walked past muttering portraits and creaking suits of armor, and climbed narrow flights of stone stairs, until at last they reached the passage where the secret entrance to Gryffindor Tower was hidden, behind an oil painting of a very fat woman in a pink silk dress.

他拿起了一片三明治：“我以为我们完了。”哈利也拿了一片，“我也是。”罗恩大嚼着鸡肉和火腿，厚厚地说道：“你们相信我们的运气吗？弗莱德和乔治飞了那辆汽车五六次，一个麻瓜也没看见他们。”他嚼了一口，又大口地咽下去：“为什么我们不能通过障壁？”哈利耸了耸肩，“从现在开始，我们必须小心行事了。”他喝了一大口南瓜汁，“真希望我们能去参加宴会...”“她不想让我们炫耀，”罗恩睿智地说道，“不希望别人认为自己搭乘飞行汽车很聪明。”当他们吃了足够的三明治后（盘子会自动续满），他们起身离开了办公室，沿着熟悉的路走向格兰芬多塔。城堡很安静，宴会似乎已经结束了。他们走过念念有词的肖像画和咯吱作响的铠甲，爬上狭窄的石阶，最后到达了格兰芬多塔的秘密入口，它隐藏在一幅穿着粉色丝绸裙子的胖妇人的油画后面。

“Password?” she said as they approached.

“Er —” said Harry.

They didn’t know the new year’s password, not having met a Gryffindor prefect yet, but help came almost immediately; they heard hurrying feet behind them and turned to see Hermione dashing toward them.

“*There* you are! Where have you *been*? The most *ridiculous* rumors — someone said you’d been expelled for crashing a flying car —”

“Well, we haven’t been expelled,” Harry assured her.

“You’re not telling me you *did* fly here?” said Hermione, sounding almost as severe as Professor McGonagall.

“Skip the lecture,” said Ron impatiently, “and tell us the new password.”

“It’s ‘wattlebird,’ ” said Hermione impatiently, “but that’s not the point —”

Her words were cut short, however, as the portrait of the fat lady swung open and there was a sudden storm of clapping. It looked as though the whole of Gryffindor House was still awake, packed into the circular common room, standing on the lopsided tables and squashy armchairs, waiting for them to arrive. Arms reached through the portrait hole to pull Harry and Ron inside, leaving Hermione to scramble in after them.

當他們接近時，她說：「密碼？」「呃——」哈利說。他們不知道新年的密碼，因為他們還沒遇到一個格蘭芬多守衛，但幾乎立刻得到了幫助；他們聽到身後趕快的腳步聲，轉身看到赫敏向他們衝來。「你們在哪兒？你們去哪了？最荒唐的謠言——有人說你們因為撞了一架飛行汽車而被開除了——」「我們沒有被開除，」哈利向她保證道。「你不會告訴我你們是飛來的吧？」赫敏說，聲音聽起來幾乎和麥格教授一樣嚴肅。「免了那一套演講，」羅恩不耐煩地說，「告訴我們新的密碼。」「它是‘澳洲金雀鳥’，」赫敏不耐煩地說，「但這不是重點——」然而，她的話被打斷了，因為肥婆像畫一樣展開，瞬間爆發出一陣掌聲。整個格蘭芬多宿舍似乎還醒著，擠滿了圓形會客室，站在歪斜的桌子和褶皺的扶手椅上，等著他們的到來。手臂穿過畫洞拉哈利和羅恩進去，把赫敏留在後面爬進去。

“Brilliant!” yelled Lee Jordan. “Inspired! What an entrance! Flying a car right into the Whomping Willow, people’ll be talking about that one for years —”

“Good for you,” said a fifth year Harry had never spoken to; someone was patting him on the back as though he’d just won a marathon; Fred and George pushed their way to the front of the crowd and said together, “Why couldn’t we’ve come in the car, eh?” Ron was scarlet in the face, grinning embarrassedly, but Harry could see one person who didn’t look happy at all. Percy was visible over the heads of some excited first years, and he seemed to be trying to get near enough to start telling them off. Harry nudged Ron in the ribs and nodded in Percy’s direction. Ron got the point at once.

“Got to get upstairs — bit tired,” he said, and the two of them started pushing their way toward the door on the other side of the room, which led to a spiral staircase and the dormitories.

李喬丹大聲喊道：“太棒了！太有創意了！把汽車飛進打人樹裡，這招會成為人們口中的話題，長年累月地被傳頌！”“厲害啊！”哈利從未謀面的一名五年級學生說道，有人在拍打著他的背，彷彿他剛剛贏得了馬拉松比賽。弗雷德和喬治擠到人群的前面，一起說道：“我們為什麼不能像這樣開車進來呢？”羅恩臉上泛起紅潮，尷尬地傻笑，但哈利看到一個人顯然不開心。珀西的頭顯露在一些興奮的新生頭頂之上，他似乎試圖接近，開始訓斥他們。哈利用肘輕觸了一下羅恩，然後朝珀西的方向點了點頭。羅恩立刻明白了他的意思。“得走了，有點累了。”他說道，然後兩人開始向房間另一邊的門推進，那裡有一個螺旋樓梯和寢室。

“Night,” Harry called back to Hermione, who was wearing a scowl just like Percy’s.

They managed to get to the other side of the common room, still having their backs slapped, and gained the peace of the staircase. They hurried up it, right to the top, and at last reached the door of their old dormitory, which now had a sign on it saying SECOND YEARS. They entered the familiar, circular room, with its five four-posters hung with red velvet and its high, narrow windows. Their trunks had been brought up for them and stood at the ends of their beds.

Ron grinned guiltily at Harry.

“I know I shouldn’t’ve enjoyed that or anything, but —”

The dormitory door flew open and in came the other second year Gryffindor boys, Seamus Finnigan, Dean Thomas, and Neville Longbottom.

「晚安。」哈利回應赫敏，赫敏臉上的怒氣和珀西一樣。他們成功走過共同的房間，背部被拍打著，並且來到了寧靜的樓梯上。他們爬上樓梯，一直到頂端，在他們舊寢室的門前，門上掛著 SECOND YEARS 的標誌。他們進入了熟悉的圓形房間，有五張紅色天鵝絨的四柱床，和高而窄的窗戶。他們的行李箱已經被送到他們床的末端。羅恩內疚地對哈利傻笑著。「我知道我不應該享受那樣的事情，但是——」寢室的門突然開了，進來了其他的二年級格蘭芬多男孩西摩斯·芬尼根、迪安·托馬斯和尼維爾·長底。

“Unbelievable!” beamed Seamus.

“Cool,” said Dean.

“Amazing,” said Neville, awestruck.

Harry couldn’t help it. He grinned, too.

「真不可思議！」西摩斯笑得合不攏嘴。「太酷了！」迪恩說。「太神奇了！」奈威爾佩服地說。哈利也忍不住笑了起來。



## GILDEROY LOCKHART

The next day, however, Harry barely grinned once. Things started to go downhill from breakfast in the Great Hall. The four long House tables were laden with tureens of porridge, plates of kippers, mountains of toast, and dishes of eggs and bacon, beneath the enchanted ceiling (today, a dull, cloudy gray). Harry and Ron sat down at the Gryffindor table next to Hermione, who had her copy of *Voyages with Vampires* propped open against a milk jug. There was a slight stiffness in the way she said "Morning," which told Harry that she was still disapproving of the way they had arrived. Neville Longbottom, on the other hand, greeted them cheerfully. Neville was a round-faced and accident-prone boy with the worst memory of anyone Harry had ever met.

"Mail's due any minute — I think Gran's sending a few things I forgot."

然而，第二天哈利幾乎沒有笑一次。從大廳的早餐開始，事情開始走下坡路。四張長長的派對桌子上擺滿了燉麥粥、鮭魚、多片吐司、雞蛋和煙肉，魔法天花板下（今天是一個沉悶、多雲的灰色）。哈利和羅恩坐在葛來分多的桌子旁邊，旁邊是帶著奶罐的赫敏，她的《吸血鬼尋奇》正打開著。她說“早上好”的方式有些生硬，告訴哈利她仍然不贊成他們的到來方式。另一方面，尼威爾·朗伯頓高興地打招呼。尼威爾是一個圓臉且容易出事的男孩，擁有哈利見過的最糟糕的記憶。“郵件隨時會到 - 我想我的祖母會寄來一些我忘記的東西。”

Harry had only just started his porridge when, sure enough, there was a rushing sound overhead and a hundred or so owls streamed in, circling the hall and dropping letters and packages into the chattering crowd. A big, lumpy package bounced off Neville's head and, a second later, something large and gray fell into Hermione's jug, spraying them all with milk and feathers.

"*Errol!*" said Ron, pulling the bedraggled owl out by the feet. Errol slumped, unconscious, onto the table, his legs in the air and a damp red envelope in his beak.

"Oh, no —" Ron gasped.

"It's all right, he's still alive," said Hermione, prodding Errol gently with the tip of her finger.

"It's not that — it's *that*."

Ron was pointing at the red envelope. It looked quite ordinary to Harry, but Ron and Neville were both looking at it as though they expected it to explode.

哈利還沒有開始吃粥，就聽到頭頂上有嗖嗖的聲音，約一百隻貓頭鷹飛進了禮堂，圍繞著大廳飛舞，將信封和包裹投入喧鬧的人群中。一個又大又笨的包裹碰到了內維爾的腦袋，一秒鐘後，一個灰色的東西掉進了妙麗的杯子裡，噴灑了他們所有人的牛奶和羽毛。“厄洛！”羅恩說，從腿把給濕透了的貓頭鷹裡拉出來。厄洛無力地躺在桌子上，腿朝天，嘴裡叼著一個濕漉漉的紅色信封。“噢，不——”羅恩喘息著。“沒關係，它還活著。”妙麗輕輕地用手指悄悄戳了一下厄洛。“不是這個——是這個。”羅恩指著那個紅色的信封。哈利覺得它看起來相當普通，但羅恩和內維爾卻像是期望它會爆炸一樣看著它。

"What's the matter?" said Harry.

"She's — she's sent me a Howler," said Ron faintly.

"You'd better open it, Ron," said Neville in a timid whisper. "It'll be worse if you don't. My gran sent me one once, and I ignored it and" — he gulped — "it was horrible."

Harry looked from their petrified faces to the red envelope.

“What’s a Howler?” he said.

But Ron’s whole attention was fixed on the letter, which had begun to smoke at the corners.

“Open it,” Neville urged. “It’ll all be over in a few minutes —”

Ron stretched out a shaking hand, eased the envelope from Errol’s beak, and slit it open. Neville stuffed his fingers in his ears. A split second later, Harry knew why. He thought for a moment it *had* exploded; a roar of sound filled the huge hall, shaking dust from the ceiling.

“怎麼了？”哈利問道。“她——她寄了封咆哮信給我，”羅恩嗚咽地說。“你最好打開它，羅恩，”納威小聲地喃喃道，“如果你不開，情況只會變得更糟。我奶奶曾經給我寄過一封，我沒理她——”他咽了口氣，“真是很可怕。”哈利從他們嚇壞的臉上轉向了那個紅色的信封。“什麼是咆哮信？”他問道。但羅恩的全部注意力都被信件吸引住了，那封信已經開始在角落冒煙了。“打開它，”納威催促道，“幾分鐘後一切就都結束了——”羅恩顫抖著伸出一隻手，輕輕地從厄洛爾嘴裡取出了信封，然後撕開了它。納威把手指塞進耳朵裡。一秒鐘之後，哈利就知道為什麼了。他以為它已經爆炸了；一聲巨大的咆哮聲填滿了整個大廳，甩下灰塵。

“—STEALING THE CAR, I WOULDN’T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED IF THEY’D EXPELLED YOU, YOU WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU, I DON’T SUPPOSE YOU STOPPED TO THINK WHAT YOUR FATHER AND I WENT THROUGH WHEN WE SAW IT WAS GONE —”

Mrs. Weasley’s yells, a hundred times louder than usual, made the plates and spoons rattle on the table, and echoed deafeningly off the stone walls. People throughout the hall were swiveling around to see who had received the Howler, and Ron sank so low in his chair that only his crimson forehead could be seen.

“—LETTER FROM DUMBLEDORE LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT YOUR FATHER WOULD DIE OF SHAME, WE DIDN’T BRING YOU UP TO BEHAVE LIKE THIS, YOU AND HARRY COULD BOTH HAVE DIED —”

Harry had been wondering when his name was going to crop up. He tried very hard to look as though he couldn’t hear the voice that was making his eardrums throb.

「——偷車這件事，如果他們開除你我不感到驚訝，等我抓到你的時候，你就等著吧，我不相信你想都沒有想到，當你父親和我發現車子不見了時我們遭受了多大的痛苦——」韋斯莉夫人的尖叫聲比平常大了一百倍，盤子和匙子在桌子上格格作響，聲音在石牆間回響。大廳裡的人們紛紛轉頭看是誰接到了行魔，而羅恩卻深深地低著頭，只露出了他鮮紅的前額。「——昨晚杜伯勒多的信，我覺得你父親都要被你丟臉死了，我們可不是教你們這樣的行為，你和哈利兩個都差點死了——」哈利一直在想他自己什麼時候被提到。他極力試著表現得好像沒有聽到這個讓他耳膜嗡嗡作響的聲音。

“—ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED— YOUR FATHER’S FACING AN INQUIRY AT WORK, IT’S ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT AND IF YOU PUT ANOTHER TOE OUT OF LINE WE’LL BRING YOU STRAIGHT BACK HOME.”

A ringing silence fell. The red envelope, which had dropped from Ron’s hand, burst into flames and curled into ashes. Harry and Ron sat stunned, as though a tidal wave had just passed over them. A few people laughed and, gradually, a babble of talk broke out again.

Hermione closed *Voyages with Vampires* and looked down at the top of Ron’s head.

“Well, I don’t know what you expected, Ron, but you —”

“Don’t tell me I deserved it,” snapped Ron.

Harry pushed his porridge away. His insides were burning with guilt. Mr. Weasley was facing an inquiry at work. After all Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had done for him over the summer . . .

「——真是想吐——你父親正在工作中面臨問詢，這完全是你錯，如果你再越線，我們會立刻把你帶回家。」一陣空靈的寂靜籠罩著氣氛。從羅恩的手中滑落的紅色信封突然燃起火焰，縮成了灰燼。哈利和羅恩驚愕地坐在原地，像是被一股海嘯束縛住了。幾個人嘲笑了一下，漸漸地，喧鬧的談話又開始了。妙麗合上《與吸血鬼共舞的旅行指南》，看著羅恩的頭頂說：「我不知道你期待些什麼，羅恩，但是你——」「別告訴我我罪有應得。」羅恩喝道。哈利把他的粥推開。他的內心被罪惡感燒得火熱。韋斯萊先生正在面臨工作調查。畢竟韋斯萊夫婦今年夏天為他做了那麼多事情。

But he had no time to dwell on this; Professor McGonagall was moving along the Gryffindor table, handing out course schedules. Harry took his and saw that they had double Herbology with the Hufflepuffs first.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione left the castle together, crossed the vegetable patch, and made for the greenhouses, where the magical plants were kept. At least the Howler had done one good thing: Hermione seemed to think they had now been punished enough and was being perfectly friendly again.

As they neared the greenhouses they saw the rest of the class standing outside, waiting for Professor Sprout. Harry, Ron, and Hermione had only just joined them when she came striding into view across the lawn, accompanied by Gilderoy Lockhart. Professor Sprout’s arms were full of bandages, and with another twinge of guilt, Harry spotted the Whomping Willow in the distance, several of its branches now in slings.

但他沒有時間想太多，麥格教授沿著格蘭芬多的桌子走動，發放課程表。哈利拿起他的課程表，發現他們要先和哈夫帕夫的學生一起上雙倍草藥學課程。哈利，羅恩和赫敏一起離開了城堡，穿過菜園，前往養有魔法植物的溫室。至少這個咆哮書信帶來了一個好處：赫敏似乎認為他們受到的懲罰已足夠，現在又變得非常友好了。當他們接近溫室時，他們看到其他同學正在外面等候斯普勞特教授。哈利，羅恩和赫敏剛加入時，她便穿過草地大步走來，並有吉德羅伊·洛哈特跟隨。斯普勞特教授滿臂都是繃帶，令哈利再度覺得內疚的是，他看到紅袍榆樹遠處，其中幾根樹枝現在都在繃帶中。

Professor Sprout was a squat little witch who wore a patched hat over her flyaway hair; there was usually a large amount of earth on her clothes and her fingernails would have made Aunt Petunia faint. Gilderoy Lockhart, however, was immaculate in sweeping robes of turquoise, his golden hair shining under a perfectly positioned turquoise hat with gold trimming.

“Oh, hello there!” he called, beaming around at the assembled students. “Just been showing Professor Sprout the right way to doctor a Whomping Willow! But I don’t want you running away with the idea that I’m better at Herbology than she is! I just happen to have met several of these exotic plants on my travels . . .”

“Greenhouse three today, chaps!” said Professor Sprout, who was looking distinctly disgruntled, not at all her usual cheerful self.

斯普勒特教授是一位矮胖的女巫，戴着一顶布满补丁的帽子遮住飘散的头发；她的衣服上通常还有大量的泥土，指甲上的泥土足以让佩妮·德思礼阵亡。另一方面，吉德罗伊·洛哈特穿着一件宝石绿色的华服，金色的头发在一顶镶有金边的宝石绿色帽子下闪闪发光，一尘不染。“哦，你好！”他边笑容满面地打量着聚集在一起的学生们边说：“刚向斯普勒特教授展示了正确的方法来医治一棵打人柳！但我不想让你们误以为我比她更擅长草药学！我只是碰巧在旅途中遇到了一些奇异的植物。”“今天是第三座温室，同学们！”斯普勒特教授说道，看起来相当不悦，和平常的开朗形象完全不同。

There was a murmur of interest. They had only ever worked in greenhouse one before — greenhouse three housed far more interesting and dangerous plants. Professor Sprout took a large key from her belt and unlocked the door. Harry caught a whiff of damp earth and fertilizer mingling with the heavy perfume of some giant, umbrella-sized flowers dangling from the ceiling. He was about to follow Ron and Hermione inside when Lockhart’s hand shot out.

“Harry! I’ve been wanting a word — you don’t mind if he’s a couple of minutes late, do you, Professor Sprout?”

Judging by Professor Sprout’s scowl, she did mind, but Lockhart said, “That’s the ticket,” and closed the greenhouse door in her face.

“Harry,” said Lockhart, his large white teeth gleaming in the sunlight as he shook his head. “Harry, Harry, Harry.”

引起了一陣興趣的低語聲。他們以前只在溫室一工作過，而溫室三種植著更有趣且更危險的植物。史普勞特教授從腰帶上取下一把大鑰匙，打開門。哈利聞到了濕潤的泥土和肥料的味道，這與天花板上的一些巨大的、像傘一樣大小的花的沉重香氣混合。當洛哈特的手伸出來的時候，他正在跟隨羅恩和赫敏進去。“哈利！我想說句話——如果史普勞特教授不介意，你不介意他晚幾分鐘嗎？”從史普勞特教授的臉色可以看出她反對，但洛哈特說：“那就對了。”，並關上了溫室門。“哈利，”洛哈特說，他那閃爍著陽光的大白牙齒：“哈利，哈利，哈利。”

Completely nonplussed, Harry said nothing.

“When I heard — well, of course, it was all my fault. Could have kicked myself.”

Harry had no idea what he was talking about. He was about to say so when Lockhart went on, “Don’t know when I’ve been more shocked. Flying a car to Hogwarts! Well, of course, I knew at once why you’d done it. Stood out a mile. Harry, Harry, Harry.”

It was remarkable how he could show every one of those brilliant teeth even when he wasn’t talking.

“Gave you a taste for publicity, didn’t I?” said Lockhart. “Gave you the *bug*. You got onto the front page of the paper with me and you couldn’t wait to do it again.”

“Oh, no, Professor, see —”

“Harry, Harry, Harry,” said Lockhart, reaching out and grasping his shoulder. “*I understand*. Natural to want a bit more once you’ve had that first taste — and I blame myself for giving you that, because it was bound to go to your head — but see here, young man, you can’t start *flying cars* to try and get yourself noticed. Just calm down, all right? Plenty of time for all that when you’re older. Yes, yes, I know what you’re thinking! ‘It’s all right for him, he’s an internationally famous wizard already!’ But when I was twelve, I was just as much of a nobody as you are now. In fact, I’d say I was even more of a nobody! I mean, a few people have heard of you, haven’t they? All that business with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named!” He glanced at the lightning scar on Harry’s forehead. “I know, I know — it’s not quite as good as winning *Witch Weekly*’s Most-Charming-Smile Award five times in a row, as I have — but it’s a *start*, Harry, it’s a *start*.”

哈利完全不知所措，什麼也沒有說。“當我聽到這個——當然，這一切都是我的錯。本來可以把自己踢一腳。”哈利不知道他在說什麼。他正要這麼說，洛哈特繼續說：“我不知道我什麼時候被震驚得更厲害了。飛車去霍格沃茨！當然，我一下子就明白你為什麼這麼做了。一眼就能看出來。哈利，哈利，哈利。”即使他不說話，他也能展現出所有這些璀璨的牙齒。“給你搞宣傳上癮了，對吧？”洛哈特說。“讓你中毒了。你和我上了報紙的頭版，你迫不及待地想再做一次。”“哦，不，教授，我是想——”“哈利，哈利，哈利，”洛哈特說，伸手抓住他的肩膀。“我懂你。第一口嚥到甜頭自然想再嚥嚥——我為讓你這麼想負起責任，因為這肯定會讓你得意忘形——但聽好了，年輕人，你不能開飛車來讓自己受到注意。冷靜下來，行嗎？你以後還有很多時間。是的，是的，我知道你在想些什麼！‘他已經是一個國際上有名的巫師了，這對他來說很容易！’但當我十二歲時，我

和你現在一樣無名。事實上，我會說我比你現在更加無名！我是說，有些人聽說過你，對吧？那個和‘不得不被提及的人’有關的事情！”他瞥了哈利頭上的閃電疤。“我知道，我知道——這不是贏得《女巫周刊》五次最迷人微笑獎那麼棒，就像我贏得的那樣——但這是一個開始，哈利，這是一個開始。”

He gave Harry a hearty wink and strode off. Harry stood stunned for a few seconds, then, remembering he was supposed to be in the greenhouse, he opened the door and slid inside.

Professor Sprout was standing behind a trestle bench in the center of the greenhouse. About twenty pairs of different-colored earmuffs were lying on the bench. When Harry had taken his place between Ron and Hermione, she said, “We’ll be repotting Mandrakes today. Now, who can tell me the properties of the Mandrake?”

To nobody’s surprise, Hermione’s hand was first into the air.

“Mandrake, or Mandragora, is a powerful restorative,” said Hermione, sounding as usual as though she had swallowed the textbook. “It is used to return people who have been transfigured or cursed to their original state.”

他向哈利眨了眨眼，然後大步走開。哈利呆立了幾秒鐘，然後意識到他應該在溫室裡，便打開門並滑進去。斯普勞特教授站在溫室中央的一個長桌後面。桌上放著大約二十對不同顏色的耳罩。當哈利站在羅恩和赫敏之間時，她說：“今天我們要重新換植曼德拉草。現在，誰能告訴我曼德拉草的特性？”毫不奇怪，赫敏第一個舉手。“曼德拉草，又名曼陀羅，是一種強大的復原藥物，”赫敏說道，好像她已經把課本吃下去了一樣。“它用於將被變形或詛咒的人恢復到原本的狀態。”

“Excellent. Ten points to Gryffindor,” said Professor Sprout. “The Mandrake forms an essential part of most antidotes. It is also, however, dangerous. Who can tell me why?”

Hermione’s hand narrowly missed Harry’s glasses as it shot up again.

“The cry of the Mandrake is fatal to anyone who hears it,” she said promptly.

“Precisely. Take another ten points,” said Professor Sprout. “Now, the Mandrakes we have here are still very young.”

She pointed to a row of deep trays as she spoke, and everyone shuffled forward for a better look. A hundred or so tufty little plants, purplish green in color, were growing there in rows. They looked quite unremarkable to Harry, who didn’t have the slightest idea what Hermione meant by the “cry” of the Mandrake.

“Everyone take a pair of earmuffs,” said Professor Sprout.

“太好了。格里芬多得到十分，”Sprout教授說。“曼德拉草是大多數解毒劑的重要組成部分。然而，它也很危險。誰能告訴我為什麼？”當Hermione的手又迅速舉起時，差點撞上Harry的眼鏡。“曼德拉草的叫聲對聽到的人是致命的，”她迅速說道。“正是如此。再加十分，”Sprout教授說。“現在，我們這裡的曼德拉草仍然很年輕。”當她講話時，她指著一排深盤，每個人都向前擠了一步以便更好地觀察。一百多株毛茸茸的小植物，呈紫綠色，在那裡排成一行。對於Harry來說，它們看起來很平凡，他沒有最小的概念Hermione講的“哭聲”是什麼意思。“每個人都戴上耳罩，”Sprout教授說。

There was a scramble as everyone tried to seize a pair that wasn’t pink and fluffy.

“When I tell you to put them on, make sure your ears are *completely* covered,” said Professor Sprout. “When it is safe to remove them, I will give you the thumbs-up. Right — earmuffs on.”

Harry snapped the earmuffs over his ears. They shut out sound completely. Professor Sprout put the pink, fluffy pair over her own ears, rolled up the sleeves of her robes, grasped one of the tufty plants firmly, and pulled hard.

Harry let out a gasp of surprise that no one could hear.

Instead of roots, a small, muddy, and extremely ugly baby popped out of the earth. The leaves were growing right out of his head. He had pale green, mottled skin, and was clearly bawling at the top of his lungs.

每個人都在爭搶那些不是粉紅色和蓬鬆的耳罩。”當我叫你戴上時，確保你的耳朵完全被覆蓋住，”Sprout教授說：“當安全時可以摘下來，我會給你們姆指的信號。好了，戴上耳罩吧。”哈利把耳罩掛在耳朵上。這樣聲音就完全被隔絕了。Sprout教授戴上了粉色的蓬鬆耳罩，捲起長袍的袖子，緊緊地抓住一個多毛的植物，並用力拉扯。哈利驚訝地喘息了一聲，但沒有人能聽到。土壤裡冒出來一個長相非常糟糕、泥濘且極其醜陋的嬰兒，他的頭上長滿了葉子，皮膚是淡綠色的，長滿了斑點，明顯在哭喊著。

Professor Sprout took a large plant pot from under the table and plunged the Mandrake into it, burying him in dark, damp compost until only the tufted leaves were visible. Professor Sprout dusted off her hands, gave them all the thumbs-up, and removed her own earmuffs.

“As our Mandrakes are only seedlings, their cries won’t kill yet,” she said calmly as though she’d just done nothing more exciting than water a begonia. “However, they *will* knock you out for several hours, and as I’m sure none of you want to miss your first day back, make sure your earmuffs are securely in place while you work. I will attract your attention when it is time to pack up.”

“Four to a tray — there is a large supply of pots here — compost in the sacks over there — and be careful of the Venomous Tentacula, it’s

teething.”

Sprout教授從桌子下拿起一個大花盆，將曼德拉草扔進去，把他埋在黑暗潮濕的堆肥裡，只留下了一簇嫩葉。Sprout教授拍了拍手，用拇指向他們祝福，並取下了自己的耳套。“由於我們的曼德拉草只是幼苗，所以它們的尖叫還不會致命。”她冷靜地說，好像她只是給一盆海棠澆了水一樣，“但是，它們會讓你昏迷幾個小時，而且我相信你們沒有人會想錯過回來的第一天，所以當你們工作時，務必確保耳套密封好。當該收拾的時候我會通知你們的。”每個盤子放四盆，這裏有大量的花盆，擺在那邊的袋子裡有堆肥，注意那個有毒的吸血鬼樹正在長牙。”

She gave a sharp slap to a spiky, dark red plant as she spoke, making it draw in the long feelers that had been inching sneakily over her shoulder.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were joined at their tray by a curly-haired Hufflepuff boy Harry knew by sight but had never spoken to.

“Justin Finch-Fletchley,” he said brightly, shaking Harry by the hand. “Know who you are, of course, the famous Harry Potter. . . . And you’re Hermione Granger — always top in everything” (Hermione beamed as she had her hand shaken too) “— and Ron Weasley. Wasn’t that your flying car?”

Ron didn’t smile. The Howler was obviously still on his mind.

“That Lockhart’s something, isn’t he?” said Justin happily as they began filling their plant pots with dragon dung compost. “Awfully brave chap. Have you read his books? I’d have died of fear if I’d been cornered in a telephone booth by a werewolf, but he stayed cool and — zap — just *fantastic*.

她一边说着，一边狠狠地拍打着一棵长满尖刺的深红色植物，让它收回了悄悄在她肩膀上蠕动的长枝。哈利、罗恩和赫敏的桌上坐着一个卷发的赫奇帕奇男孩，哈利只是见过他，从未和他说话过。他欣然地握住哈利的手，说：“贾斯汀·芬奇-弗莱奇利。当然知道你是谁，那个著名的哈利·波特……而你是赫敏·格兰杰——一直在各方面名列前茅。”（赫敏也被他握了手，笑容满面）“——还有罗恩·韦斯莱。那不是你们的飞行汽车吗？”罗恩没有笑。显然，他还在想着那个邮件催命符。“洛哈特真是个了不起的人物，不是吗？”贾斯汀高兴地说，“非常勇敢。你读过他的书吗？如果我被一只狼人困在电话亭里，我早就吓死了，但他却冷静沉着，——嗖——太精彩了。”

“My name was down for Eton, you know. I can’t tell you how glad I am I came here instead. Of course, Mother was slightly disappointed, but since I made her read Lockhart’s books I think she’s begun to see how useful it’ll be to have a fully trained wizard in the family. . . .”

After that they didn’t have much chance to talk. Their earmuffs were back on and they needed to concentrate on the Mandrakes. Professor Sprout had made it look extremely easy, but it wasn’t. The Mandrakes didn’t like coming out of the earth, but didn’t seem to want to go back into it either. They squirmed, kicked, flailed their sharp little fists, and gnashed their teeth; Harry spent ten whole minutes trying to squash a particularly fat one into a pot.

By the end of the class, Harry, like everyone else, was sweaty, aching, and covered in earth. Everyone traipsed back to the castle for a quick wash and then the Gryffindors hurried off to Transfiguration.

“你知道，我原本被名列伊頓公學的錄取名單中。不過現在我很高興能來到這裡。當然，媽媽有些失望，但是自從我讓她閱讀洛哈特的書後，她開始明白擁有一位完整訓練過的巫師對家族來說有多麼有用...”之後他們沒有太多交流的機會，他們重新戴上了防聲耳罩，需要集中注意力在魔根上。斯普勞特教授讓這看起來非常簡單，但實際上並非如此。魔根不喜歡從地裡掏出來，但似乎也不想再回去。牠們扭來扭去，踢腳，揮舞鋒利的小拳頭，還磨牙咬齒。哈利花了整整十分鐘把一個特別胖的魔根壓進罐子裡。課程結束時，像其他人一樣，哈利也滿身濕汗、疼痛和泥土。所有人都返回城堡快速洗漱，然後格蘭芬多人匆匆忙忙地前往變形術課。

Professor McGonagall’s classes were always hard work, but today was especially difficult. Everything Harry had learned last year seemed to have leaked out of his head during the summer. He was supposed to be turning a beetle into a button, but all he managed to do was give his beetle a lot of exercise as it scuttled over the desktop avoiding his wand.

Ron was having far worse problems. He had patched up his wand with some borrowed Spellotape, but it seemed to be damaged beyond repair. It kept crackling and sparking at odd moments, and every time Ron tried to transfigure his beetle it engulfed him in thick gray smoke that smelled of rotten eggs. Unable to see what he was doing, Ron accidentally squashed his beetle with his elbow and had to ask for a new one. Professor McGonagall wasn’t pleased.

麥崔格教授的課程總是很艱苦，但今天尤其困難。哈利去年學到的一切似乎在暑假期間從他的腦袋中流失了。他應該把一隻甲蟲變成一個鈕扣，但他所能做的只是讓他的甲蟲在桌面上躲避他的魔杖並做了很多運動。羅恩的問題更為嚴重。他用一些借來的魔法膠帶修補了他的魔杖，但似乎已經損壞到無法修復的程度。它一直在奇怪的時刻發出噼啪聲和火花，每次羅恩試圖變換他的甲蟲，它就會被一團散發著腐爛雞蛋氣味的濃煙所包圍。看不清楚正在做什麼，羅恩不小心用手肘壓碎了他的甲蟲，只得要求一隻新的。麥崔格教授不高興了。

Harry was relieved to hear the lunch bell. His brain felt like a wrung sponge. Everyone filed out of the classroom except him and Ron, who was whacking his wand furiously on the desk.

“Stupid — useless — thing —”

“Write home for another one,” Harry suggested as the wand let off a volley of bangs like a firecracker.

“Oh, yeah, and get another Howler back,” said Ron, stuffing the now hissing wand into his bag. “*It’s your own fault your wand got snapped*”

They went down to lunch, where Ron’s mood was not improved by Hermione’s showing them the handful of perfect coat buttons she had produced in Transfiguration.

“What’ve we got this afternoon?” said Harry, hastily changing the subject.

“Defense Against the Dark Arts,” said Hermione at once.

“*Why*,” demanded Ron, seizing her schedule, “have you outlined all Lockhart’s lessons in little hearts?”

哈利很高興聽到午鐘響起。他的腦子感覺像被擠干的海綿。除了他和羅恩，每個人都走出了教室，羅恩正在桌子上狂舞他的魔杖。“愚蠢——無用——的東西——”“回信寫請求另一根魔杖呀，”哈利建議道，當魔杖像鞭炮一樣發出一連串的響聲。“哦，對，然後再收到一封詛咒信，”羅恩把正在嘶嘶作響的魔杖塞進他的袋子裡，說，“『你自己的魔杖斷了是你自己的錯——』”他們下樓去吃午餐，在那裡赫敏向他們展示了她在變形術中做出的一小把完美的大衣扣子，然而這卻沒有改善羅恩的心情。“下午我們上的是什麼課？”哈利匆忙轉移話題問道。“黑魔法防禦術，”赫敏立刻回答。“你為什麼要用小心心標註洛哈特的所有課？”羅恩拿過她的課表，問道。

Hermione snatched the schedule back, blushing furiously.

They finished lunch and went outside into the overcast courtyard. Hermione sat down on a stone step and buried her nose in *Voyages with Vampires* again. Harry and Ron stood talking about Quidditch for several minutes before Harry became aware that he was being closely watched. Looking up, he saw the very small, mousy-haired boy he’d seen trying on the Sorting Hat last night staring at Harry as though transfixed. He was clutching what looked like an ordinary Muggle camera, and the moment Harry looked at him, he went bright red.

“All right, Harry? I’m—I’m Colin Creevey,” he said breathlessly, taking a tentative step forward. “I’m in Gryffindor, too. D’you think — would it be all right if — can I have a picture?” he said, raising the camera hopefully.

赫敏尷尬地抢了回自己的课程表。他们吃完午餐，走到了外面的庭院。赫敏坐在石阶上，又开始专心地读《与吸血鬼同游》。哈利和罗恩在谈论魁地奇比赛，几分钟后，哈利意识到有人在注视他。他抬起头，看到昨晚试帽的那个小小的、头发像老鼠的男孩，盯着哈利看，仿佛被定在了那里。他手里拿着一个看起来和普通麻瓜相机一样的东西，一看到哈利就脸红了。“你好，哈利？我叫科林·克里维，”他喘着气，迈出一步试探性地向前走，“我也在格兰芬多。你觉得……能不能给我拍张照片？”他抬头看着哈利，满脸期待地拿起相机。

“A picture?” Harry repeated blankly.

“So I can prove I’ve met you,” said Colin Creevey eagerly, edging further forward. “I know all about you. Everyone’s told me. About how you survived when You-Know-Who tried to kill you and how he disappeared and everything and how you’ve still got a lightning scar on your forehead” (his eyes raked Harry’s hairline) “and a boy in my dormitory said if I develop the film in the right potion, the pictures’ll move.” Colin drew a great shuddering breath of excitement and said, “It’s *amazing* here, isn’t it? I never knew all the odd stuff I could do was magic till I got the letter from Hogwarts. My dad’s a milkman, he couldn’t believe it either. So I’m taking loads of pictures to send home to him. And it’d be really good if I had one of you” — he looked imploringly at Harry — “maybe your friend could take it and I could stand next to you? And then, could you sign it?”

「照片？」哈利茫然地重複。「這樣我就可以證明我見過你了。」柯林·克里維急切地向前走。「我知道你的一切，所有人都告訴我。關於你在那個叫妳知道誰的人試圖殺死你時倖存下來，以及他消失和你額頭上還有一道閃電疤痕。」（他的眼睛（看著）哈利的髮線）。「我宿舍的一個男孩說如果我用正確的藥水把底片洗出來，照片會動。」柯林興奮地喘著大氣說：「這裡太神奇了，我從來不知道我會這麼奇妙，直到我從霍格華茲收到邀請書。我爸爸是個牛奶送貨員，他也不敢相信。所以我要拍很多照片帶回家給他看，如果我有你的一張照片就太好了。」他哀求地望著哈利。「也許你的朋友可以幫我拍吧，我站在你旁邊？然後，你能給我簽名嗎？」

“*Signed photos? You’re giving out signed photos, Potter?*”

Loud and scathing, Draco Malfoy’s voice echoed around the courtyard. He had stopped right behind Colin, flanked, as he always was at Hogwarts, by his large and thuggish cronies, Crabbe and Goyle.

“Everyone line up!” Malfoy roared to the crowd. “Harry Potter’s giving out signed photos!”

“No, I’m not,” said Harry angrily, his fists clenching. “Shut up, Malfoy.”

“You’re just jealous,” piped up Colin, whose entire body was about as thick as Crabbe’s neck.

“*Jealous?*” said Malfoy, who didn’t need to shout anymore: Half the courtyard was listening in. “Of what? I don’t want a foul scar right across my head, thanks. I don’t think getting your head cut open makes you that special, myself.”

Crabbe and Goyle were sniggering stupidly.

“簽名照？你在送簽名照，波特？”馬爾福的聲音嚴厲而刺耳，回蕩於天井之間。他停在柯林的身後，並像在霍格沃茨時總是那

樣，與他的大個子手下克拉布和戈伊爾一起。“大家排隊！”馬爾福呼叫著觀眾，“哈利·波特在送出簽名照！”“不是的，我沒有，”哈利生氣地說，握緊拳頭，“閉嘴，馬爾福。”“你只是嫉妒，”柯林說，他的整個身體大概就像克拉布的脖子那麼粗。“嫉妒？”馬爾福說，不再需要喊叫了：半個天井都在聽他說話。“嫉妒什麼？我不想要一個從頭到尾都有疤痕的頭，謝謝。我不認為被劈開頭顱會讓你變得特別。”克拉布和戈伊爾傻傻地笑個不停。

“Eat slugs, Malfoy,” said Ron angrily. Crabbe stopped laughing and started rubbing his knuckles in a menacing way.

“Be careful, Weasley,” sneered Malfoy. “You don’t want to start any trouble or your mummy’ll have to come and take you away from school.” He put on a shrill, piercing voice. “*If you put another toe out of line*”—

A knot of Slytherin fifth years nearby laughed loudly at this.

“Weasley would like a signed photo, Potter,” smirked Malfoy. “It’d be worth more than his family’s whole house”—

Ron whipped out his Spellotaped wand, but Hermione shut *Voyages with Vampires* with a snap and whispered, “Look out!”

“What’s all this, what’s all this?” Gilderoy Lockhart was striding toward them, his turquoise robes swirling behind him. “Who’s giving out signed photos?”

「馬爾福，吃掉蛞蝓吧。」羅恩生氣地說道。克拉布停止了笑聲，轉而懾人地揉著關節。「小心一點，衛斯理，」馬爾福嘲諷道。「你可不想開始麻煩，否則你的媽媽就得來接你離開學校了。」他模仿著一個尖銳刺耳的聲音。「如果你還敢越線——」附近一群蠢貨年級的史萊哲林聚在一起大笑。「衛斯理想要你的簽名照，波特，」馬爾福傻笑著。「它的價值比他家整座房子還貴呢——」羅恩立刻掏出魔咒膠帶固定的魔杖，但赫敏一聲脆響把「吸血鬼歷險記」合上，小聲提醒說：「小心！」「這是怎麼回事？怎麼回事？」吉登羅洛哈往他們走來，他的藍綠色長袍在身後飄舞。「誰在送簽名照？」

Harry started to speak but he was cut short as Lockhart flung an arm around his shoulders and thundered jovially, “Shouldn’t have asked! We meet again, Harry!”

Pinned to Lockhart’s side and burning with humiliation, Harry saw Malfoy slide smirking back into the crowd.

“Come on then, Mr. Creevey,” said Lockhart, beaming at Colin. “A double portrait, can’t do better than that, and we’ll *both* sign it for you.”

Colin fumbled for his camera and took the picture as the bell rang behind them, signaling the start of afternoon classes.

“Off you go, move along there,” Lockhart called to the crowd, and he set off back to the castle with Harry, who was wishing he knew a good Vanishing Spell, still clasped to his side.

“A word to the wise, Harry,” said Lockhart paternally as they entered the building through a side door. “I covered up for you back there with young Creevey—if he was photographing me, too, your schoolmates won’t think you’re setting yourself up so much. . . .”

哈利正要開口，但洛哈特卻突然將手臂拋在他肩膀上，開心地大聲說：“你問的問題錯了！哈利，我們又見面了！”哈利被扣在洛哈特的懷中，感到非常尷尬，他看到馬爾福得意地滑回人群之中。“來吧，克里威先生，”洛哈特滿臉笑容地對科林說，“一幅雙人像，再好不過了，我們兩個都簽名給你。”科林笨拙地拿出相機，趁著響起下午課鐘的響聲，拍了張照片。“好了，走吧，快走吧，”洛哈特對人群喊道，然後和哈利一起走回城堡。哈利心想，要是自己現在掌握了一個好的幻滅咒語就好了，可惜現在還是被洛哈特扣在他的肩膀旁。“你聽我一句話，哈利，”他們從側門進入大樓時，洛哈特很有父性地對哈利說，“我剛才替你擋住了年輕的克里威，如果他也拍了我的照片，你的同學們就不會認為你自作多情了……”

Deaf to Harry’s stammers, Lockhart swept him down a corridor lined with staring students and up a staircase.

“Let me just say that handing out signed pictures at this stage of your career isn’t sensible—looks a tad bigheaded, Harry, to be frank. There may well come a time when, like me, you’ll need to keep a stack handy wherever you go, but”—he gave a little chortle—“I don’t think you’re quite there yet.”

They had reached Lockhart’s classroom and he let Harry go at last. Harry yanked his robes straight and headed for a seat at the very back of the class, where he busied himself with piling all seven of Lockhart’s books in front of him, so that he could avoid looking at the real thing.

The rest of the class came clattering in, and Ron and Hermione sat down on either side of Harry.

盲目地無視哈利的口吃，洛哈特帶領他穿過一條擁有注視學生的走廊，走上了一個樓梯。“讓我說一下，在你的職業生涯的這個階段分送簽名照是不明智的——坦白地說，哈利，這看起來有點自負。可能會有一天，像我一樣，你會需要隨時在身邊準備一堆照片，但”——他輕輕地咯咯笑了一下——“我不認為你現在已經到達那個階段了。”他們到了洛哈特的教室，終於讓哈利走了。哈利拉直袍子，走到教室最後面的座位上，他忙著把洛哈特的七本書都擺在他面前，這樣他就可以避免看真正的書本了。其他學生逐漸進入教室，羅恩和赫敏分別坐在哈利的兩側。

“You could’ve fried an egg on your face,” said Ron. “You’d better hope Creevey doesn’t meet Ginny, or they’ll be starting a Harry Potter fan club.”

“Shut up,” snapped Harry. The last thing he needed was for Lockhart to hear the phrase ‘Harry Potter fan club.’

When the whole class was seated, Lockhart cleared his throat loudly and silence fell. He reached forward, picked up Neville Longbottom's copy of *Travels with Trolls*, and held it up to show his own, winking portrait on the front.

"Me," he said, pointing at it and winking as well. "Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League, and five-time winner of *Witch Weekly*'s Most-Charming-Smile Award — but I don't talk about that. I didn't get rid of the Bandon Banshee by *smiling* at her!"

“你的臉差點煎熟一顆雞蛋呢，”羅恩說道。“你最好祈禱克里維不要遇到金妮，否則他們會開始建立一個哈利波特迷會。”“閉嘴，”哈利怒喝道。他最不想讓洛哈特聽到“哈利波特迷會”這個詞語。全班學生就坐下之後，洛哈特清了清嗓子，大聲宣布沉默。他向前伸手，拿起尼維爾隆巴頓的《與巨魔旅行》一書，舉起來展示自己在封面上的閃爍畫像。“我，”他指著那個畫像，也眨了眨眼睛。“吉德羅伊·洛哈特，三等梅林勳章得主，黑魔法防禦聯盟榮譽成員，五次獲得《女巫週刊》最迷人微笑獎，但我不會講這些。我可不是因為對那位邦敦女妖微笑，才把她趕跑的！”

He waited for them to laugh; a few people smiled weakly.

"I see you've all bought a complete set of my books — well done. I thought we'd start today with a little quiz. Nothing to worry about — just to check how well you've read them, how much you've taken in —"

When he had handed out the test papers he returned to the front of the class and said, "You have thirty minutes — start — now!"

Harry looked down at his paper and read:

1. *What is Gilderoy Lockhart's favorite color?*
2. *What is Gilderoy Lockhart's secret ambition?*
3. *What, in your opinion, is Gilderoy Lockhart's greatest achievement to date?*

On and on it went, over three sides of paper, right down to:

54. *When is Gilderoy Lockhart's birthday, and what would his ideal gift be?*

Half an hour later, Lockhart collected the papers and rifled through them in front of the class.

他等待著他們笑；一些人微微地笑了笑。「我看到你們都買了我全套的書 - 做得好。我想今天我們可以開始一個小小的測驗。沒有什麼好擔心的 - 只是為了檢查你們讀得有多好，你們吸收了多少 - 」當他發給測驗紙時，他回到教室前面說：「你們有三十分鐘 - 開始 - 現在！」哈利看著他的紙，讀到：1. 基德洛·洛哈特的最喜愛的顏色是什麼？2. 基德洛·洛哈特的秘密野心是什麼？3. 在你的觀點中，基德洛·洛哈特迄今最大的成就是什麼？一直持續下去，超過三面紙，直到：54. 基德洛·洛哈特的生日是什麼時候，他的理想禮物會是什麼？半小時後，洛哈特收集了測驗紙，在黑板前整理了一下。

"Tut, tut — hardly any of you remembered that my favorite color is lilac. I say so in *Year with the Yeti*. And a few of you need to read *Wanderings with Werewolves* more carefully — I clearly state in chapter twelve that my ideal birthday gift would be harmony between all magic and non-magic peoples — though I wouldn't say no to a large bottle of Ogden's Old Firewhisky!"

He gave them another roguish wink. Ron was now staring at Lockhart with an expression of disbelief on his face; Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas, who were sitting in front, were shaking with silent laughter. Hermione, on the other hand, was listening to Lockhart with rapt attention and gave a start when he mentioned her name.

"... but Miss Hermione Granger knew my secret ambition is to rid the world of evil and market my own range of hair-care potions — good girl! In fact" — he flipped her paper over — "full marks! Where is Miss Hermione Granger?"

“嘿，你們幾乎都忘記了我的最愛顏色是淡紫色。我在《與雪人一年》中明確提到了。還有，你們中有一些需要仔細閱讀《狼人漫遊》——我在第十二章中清楚地陳述了我的理想生日禮物是所有魔法和非魔法人民之間的和諧，盡管我也不會拒絕一大瓶奧格登的老火酒！”他又調皮地眨了眨眼。萊恩已經帶著不敢相信的表情盯著洛哈特看；西莫·芬尼根和迪安·托馬斯坐在前排，正在噤聲地笑。另一方面，赫敏聚精會神地聆聽著洛哈特的講解，當他提到她的名字時，她驚訝地動了一下。“不過，赫敏·格蘭傑小姐知道我的秘密抱負是消滅世界上的邪惡，推出自己的系列髮品——好女孩！事實上”——他翻過她的試卷——“滿分！赫敏·格蘭傑小姐在哪裡呢？”

Hermione raised a trembling hand.

"Excellent!" beamed Lockhart. "Quite excellent! Take ten points for Gryffindor! And so — to business —"

He bent down behind his desk and lifted a large, covered cage onto it.

"Now — be warned! It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind! You may find yourselves facing your worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here. All I ask is that you remain calm."

In spite of himself, Harry leaned around his pile of books for a better look at the cage. Lockhart placed a hand on the cover. Dean and Seamus had stopped laughing now. Neville was cowering in his front row seat.

“I must ask you not to scream,” said Lockhart in a low voice. “It might provoke them.”

As the whole class held its breath, Lockhart whipped off the cover.

赫敏提起顫抖的手。“太好了！”洛哈特笑容滿面。“非常出色！授予格蘭芬多10分！現在——進入正題——”他彎下腰，從他的書桌後端抬起一個大的、被蓋住的籠子放到桌上。“現在——要小心！我的工作就是武裝你們，對付巫師世界中最可怕的生物！在這個房間裡，你可能會面對你最恐懼的東西。但你們要知道，只要我在這裡，你們不會遭到傷害。我只要求你們保持冷靜。”儘管他自己也不知道為何，哈利還是從書堆後探出身子，好好看了看籠子。洛哈特把手放在籠子上方，迪恩和西默斯現在已停止了笑聲。奈威爾在第一排的座位上發抖。“我要求你們不要尖叫，”洛哈特低聲說，“這可能會激怒牠們。”當全班同學屏氣凝神時，洛哈特一掀籠子。

“Yes,” he said dramatically. “Freshly caught Cornish pixies.”

Seamus Finnigan couldn't control himself. He let out a snort of laughter that even Lockhart couldn't mistake for a scream of terror.

“Yes?” He smiled at Seamus.

“Well, they're not — they're not very — *dangerous*, are they?” Seamus choked.

“Don't be so sure!” said Lockhart, wagging a finger annoyingly at Seamus. “Devilish tricky little blighters they can be!”

The pixies were electric blue and about eight inches high, with pointed faces and voices so shrill it was like listening to a lot of budgies arguing. The moment the cover had been removed, they had started jabbering and rocketing around, rattling the bars and making bizarre faces at the people nearest them.

“Right, then,” Lockhart said loudly. “Let's see what you make of them!” And he opened the cage.

「是的，」他夸張地說道，「新鮮捕捉的康沃爾小妖精。」席繆·芬妮根忍不住噴笑了出來，即使是洛哈特也不可能將其誤認為驚恐的尖叫聲。「是嗎？」他對席繆笑著說。「那麼，它們不——它們並不是很——危險，對吧？」席繆嗆住了。「別那麼肯定！」洛哈特苛刻地對席繆搖指道。「它們是非常麻煩的小噬噬者！」小妖精呈電氣藍色，大約八英寸高，有著尖尖的臉和極尖銳的聲音，就像聽一群鸚鵡爭吵。一旦籠子被打開，它們就開始嘰嘰喳喳地飛來飛去，撞擊籠子，並向最近的人做出奇怪的臉龐。「好的，」洛哈特大聲說道。「讓我們看看你們能不能駕馭它們！」他打開了籠子。」

It was pandemonium. The pixies shot in every direction like rockets. Two of them seized Neville by the ears and lifted him into the air. Several shot straight through the window, showering the back row with broken glass. The rest proceeded to wreck the classroom more effectively than a rampaging rhino. They grabbed ink bottles and sprayed the class with them, shredded books and papers, tore pictures from the walls, upended the wastebasket, grabbed bags and books and threw them out of the smashed window; within minutes, half the class was sheltering under desks and Neville was swinging from the iron chandelier in the ceiling.

“Come on now — round them up, round them up, they're only pixies,” Lockhart shouted.

He rolled up his sleeves, brandished his wand, and bellowed, “*Peskipaksi Pesternomi!*”

這是一片混亂。小精靈向各個方向飛舞著像火箭一樣。其中兩個小精靈抓住耳朵拉高奈維爾到半空中。幾個小精靈直接穿過窗戶，玻璃碎片飛濺到最後一排。其他人開始更有效率的摧毀教室，像狂暴的犀牛一樣。他們拿起墨水瓶朝教室裡噴灑，撕爛書本和文件，從牆上撕下照片，傾倒垃圾桶，拿著袋子和書，把它們從破碎的窗戶扔出去；不到幾分鐘，班上一半的學生躲在課桌下，奈維爾則在天花板上的鐵吊燈上搖晃著。“來了 - 把它們圈起來，把它們圈起來，它們只是小精靈，”洛哈特大喊。他卷起袖子，揮舞魔杖，咆哮著，“*Peskipaksi Pesternomi!*”

It had absolutely no effect; one of the pixies seized his wand and threw it out of the window, too. Lockhart gulped and dived under his own desk, narrowly avoiding being squashed by Neville, who fell a second later as the chandelier gave way.

The bell rang and there was a mad rush toward the exit. In the relative calm that followed, Lockhart straightened up, caught sight of Harry, Ron, and Hermione, who were almost at the door, and said, “Well, I'll ask you three to just nip the rest of them back into their cage.” He swept past them and shut the door quickly behind him.

“Can you *believe* him?” roared Ron as one of the remaining pixies bit him painfully on the ear.

“He just wants to give us some hands-on experience,” said Hermione, immobilizing two pixies at once with a clever Freezing Charm and stuffing them back into their cage.

這根本沒有效果；其中一個小精靈抓住他的魔杖，也把它從窗戶扔了出去。洛哈特嘆了一口氣，潛到他自己的桌子下面，差點被奈維爾壓扁，因為那枚吊燈隨後就掉落了。鈴聲響起，所有人瘋狂地朝出口衝去。在隨後的相對平靜中，洛哈特站起身，看到哈利、羅恩和赫敏幾乎要到門前，說：“好吧，我要請你們三個把剩下的小精靈送回籠子裡。”他從他們身旁掠過，很快地把門關上了。“你能相信他嗎？”羅恩咆哮道，其中一個剩下的小精靈痛苦地咬了他的耳朵。“他只是想讓我們有實踐經驗，”赫敏說，用巧妙的冰凍咒語同時麻痹了兩個小精靈，把它們塞回了籠子。

“*Hands on?*” said Harry, who was trying to grab a pixie dancing out of reach with its tongue out. “Hermione, he didn't have a clue what he was doing —”

“Rubbish,” said Hermione. “You’ve read his books — look at all those amazing things he’s done —”

“He *says* he’s done,” Ron muttered.

「親身體驗嗎？」哈利說，他試圖抓住一個伸出舌頭跳舞的小精靈，但伸手不及。「赫敏，他毫不知情——」「胡說八道，」赫敏說。「你讀過他的書——看看他做了多少令人驚嘆的事——」「他說他做過的。」羅恩喃喃道。



## MADBLOODS AND MURMURS

Harry spent a lot of time over the next few days dodging out of sight whenever he saw Gilderoy Lockhart coming down a corridor. Harder to avoid was Colin Creevey, who seemed to have memorized Harry's schedule. Nothing seemed to give Colin a bigger thrill than to say, "All right, Harry?" six or seven times a day and hear, "Hello, Colin," back, however exasperated Harry sounded when he said it.

Hedwig was still angry with Harry about the disastrous car journey and Ron's wand was still malfunctioning, surpassing itself on Friday morning by shooting out of Ron's hand in Charms and hitting tiny old Professor Flitwick squarely between the eyes, creating a large, throbbing green boil where it had struck. So with one thing and another, Harry was quite glad to reach the weekend. He, Ron, and Hermione were planning to visit Hagrid on Saturday morning. Harry, however, was shaken awake several hours earlier than he would have liked by Oliver Wood, Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team.

在接下來的幾天裡，哈利花了很多時間躲避基德洛·洛哈特（Gilderoy Lockhart）走過的走廊，使他看不見。更難以避免的是科林·克里維（Colin Creevey），他似乎已經記住了哈利的時間表。對科林來說，沒有什麼比說“好的，哈利？”六七次一天，聽到哈利回答“你好，科林”，聽起來很煩躁，卻讓他更興奮了。海德維格（Hedwig）對哈利對災難般的車程仍然很生氣，羅恩的魔杖仍然失常，星期五早上，它在魔法課上從羅恩的手中射出，將微小的老翁弗利特威克教授（Professor Flitwick）正中眉心，產生了一個又大又疼的綠色瘤子。所以哈利很高興到了週末。他、羅恩和赫敏打算在星期六早上去看哈格力（Hagrid）。然而，哈利被格蘭芬多魁地奇隊長奧利弗·伍德（Oliver Wood）早幾個小時搖醒，這比他想要的時間更早。

"Whassamatter?" said Harry groggily.

"Quidditch practice!" said Wood. "Come on!"

Harry squinted at the window. There was a thin mist hanging across the pink-and-gold sky. Now that he was awake, he couldn't understand how he could have slept through the racket the birds were making.

"Oliver," Harry croaked. "It's the crack of dawn."

"Exactly," said Wood. He was a tall and burly sixth year and, at the moment, his eyes were gleaming with a crazed enthusiasm. "It's part of our new training program. Come on, grab your broom, and let's go," said Wood heartily. "None of the other teams have started training yet; we're going to be first off the mark this year—"

Yawning and shivering slightly, Harry climbed out of bed and tried to find his Quidditch robes.

"Good man," said Wood. "Meet you on the field in fifteen minutes."

“怎麼了？”哈利昏昏欲睡地說道。“魁地奇訓練！”伍德說。「快點！」哈利睜了睜眼睛，看到粉紅色和金色的天空中瀰漫著薄霧。現在他醒了，他不明白他怎麼會睡過鳥兒的吵鬧聲。「奧利弗，」哈利嗓音沙啞地說：「現在才日出。」「沒錯，」伍德說。他是個高大威猛的六年級生，此刻他的眼神中充滿了瘋狂的熱情。「這是我們的新訓練計劃的一部分。快點，拿上你的掃帚，我們走。」伍德熱切地說道。「其他球隊還沒開始訓練。今年我們要最先開始——」哈利打了個哈欠，微微發抖地爬起床，試圖找到他的魁地奇長袍。「好漢，」伍德說。「十五分鐘後在球場見。」

When he'd found his scarlet team robes and pulled on his cloak for warmth, Harry scribbled a note to Ron explaining where he'd gone and went down the spiral staircase to the common room, his Nimbus Two Thousand on his shoulder. He had just reached the portrait hole when there was a clatter behind him and Colin Creevey came dashing down the spiral staircase, his camera swinging madly around his neck and something clutched in his hand.

"I heard someone saying your name on the stairs, Harry! Look what I've got here! I've had it developed, I wanted to show you—"

Harry looked bemusedly at the photograph Colin was brandishing under his nose.

A moving, black-and-white Lockhart was tugging hard on an arm Harry recognized as his own. He was pleased to see that his photographic self was putting up a good fight and refusing to be dragged into view. As Harry watched, Lockhart gave up and slumped, panting, against the white edge of the picture.

當他找到他的緋紅色隊服並穿上披風取暖時，哈利寫了一封告知會羅恩他去哪裡的短信，然後拿著他的兩千飛天箭，在肩上下了旋轉樓梯到了起居室。他剛到達畫像洞口，身後傳來一陣響聲，科林·克里維急匆匆地從旋轉樓梯下來，他的相機瘋狂地在脖子上搖晃著，手裡拿著什麼東西。“我聽到有人在樓梯上說你的名字，哈利！看我這裡有什麼！我已經沖洗好了，我想給你看——”哈利疑惑地看著科林在他臉前擺弄的照片。一張動態的黑白照片中，洛哈特用力拉著哈利認出的一隻手臂。哈利很高興看到他的照片中的自己正在奮力反抗，拒絕被拉到視線中。當哈利觀看時，洛哈特放棄了，喘著氣靠在照片的白邊上。

“Will you sign it?” said Colin eagerly.

“No,” said Harry flatly, glancing around to check that the room was really deserted. “Sorry, Colin, I’m in a hurry — Quidditch practice —”

He climbed through the portrait hole.

“Oh, wow! Wait for me! I’ve never watched a Quidditch game before!”

Colin scrambled through the hole after him.

“It’ll be really boring,” Harry said quickly, but Colin ignored him, his face shining with excitement.

“You were the youngest House player in a hundred years, weren’t you, Harry? Weren’t you?” said Colin, trotting alongside him. “You must be brilliant. I’ve never flown. Is it easy? Is that your own broom? Is that the best one there is?”

Harry didn’t know how to get rid of him. It was like having an extremely talkative shadow.

“I don’t really understand Quidditch,” said Colin breathlessly. “Is it true there are four balls? And two of them fly around trying to knock people off their brooms?”

“你會簽名嗎？”科林迫不及待地說。“不，”哈利平淡地說，環顧四周，確認房間真的荒蕪無人。“對不起，科林，我趕時間——要去魁地奇練習——”他爬過畫像洞。“哦，哇！等等我！我從來沒看過魁地奇比賽！”科林在他後面爬過洞。“這會很無聊的，”哈利迅速說道，但科林無視了他，他的臉上充滿了興奮。“你是一百年來最年輕的家庭球員，對吧，哈利？對吧？”科林跟在他身邊小跑。“你肯定很厲害。我從來沒有飛過。那難嗎？那是你自己的掃帚嗎？那是最好的掃帚吧？”哈利不知道該怎麼擺脫他。就像擁有一個極其健談的陰影。“我真的不太明白魁地奇，”科林喘不過氣來地說。“有四個球是真的嗎？其中兩個會飛來飛去試著把人從掃帚上撞下來？”

“Yes,” said Harry heavily, resigned to explaining the complicated rules of Quidditch. “They’re called Bludgers. There are two Beaters on each team who carry clubs to beat the Bludgers away from their side. Fred and George Weasley are the Gryffindor Beaters.”

“And what are the other balls for?” Colin asked, tripping down a couple of steps because he was gazing open-mouthed at Harry.

“Well, the Quaffle — that’s the biggish red one — is the one that scores goals. Three Chasers on each team throw the Quaffle to each other and try and get it through the goalposts at the end of the pitch — they’re three long poles with hoops on the end.”

“And the fourth ball —”

“— is the Golden Snitch,” said Harry, “and it’s very small, very fast, and difficult to catch. But that’s what the Seeker’s got to do, because a game of Quidditch doesn’t end until the Snitch has been caught. And whichever team’s Seeker gets the Snitch earns his team an extra hundred and fifty points.”

“對，”哈利沉重地說道，已經預備講解Quidditch複雜的規則。“那些球叫作Bludgers。每支隊伍有兩名Beaters，他們手持球棒，可以將Bludgers從自己方向擊出。弗雷德和喬治·韋斯萊是格蘭芬多的Beaters。”“那其他的球呢？”柯林問道，眼巴巴地看著哈利，腳下一滑跌了幾級。“那個大一點、紅色的叫Quaffle，是進球得分的球。每支隊伍有三名Chasers，他們互相傳遞Quaffle，試著將其投入球門，球門位於球場的末端，是三根有圈的長柱子。”“那第四個球——”“——是Golden Snitch，”哈利說，“非常小、非常快，很難抓住。但找到了Golden Snitch就贏了，比賽也就結束了。而找到Golden Snitch的隊伍，可以額外得到150分。”

“And you’re the Gryffindor Seeker, aren’t you?” said Colin in awe.

“Yes,” said Harry as they left the castle and started across the dew-drenched grass. “And there’s the Keeper, too. He guards the goalposts. That’s it, really.”

But Colin didn’t stop questioning Harry all the way down the sloping lawns to the Quidditch field, and Harry only shook him off when he reached the changing rooms; Colin called after him in a piping voice, “I’ll go and get a good seat, Harry!” and hurried off to the stands.

The rest of the Gryffindor team were already in the changing room. Wood was the only person who looked truly awake. Fred and George Weasley were sitting, puffy-eyed and tousle-haired, next to fourth year Alicia Spinnet, who seemed to be nodding off against the wall behind her.

Her fellow Chasers, Katie Bell and Angelina Johnson, were yawning side by side opposite them.

“你是格蘭芬多的尋球手，對吧？”柯林驚嘆地說。“是啊，”哈利回答，他們離開城堡，走過露濕的草地。“還有守門員，他保護球門，就是這樣。”但柯林一路追問哈利，直到他們下到維多利亞體育場，哈利才擺脫他。柯林用尖銳的聲音喊道：“我去找個好位置，哈利！”然後匆匆忙忙地跑到看台上。格蘭芬多隊的其他成員已經在更衣室裡了。伍德是唯一一個看起來真正清醒的人。弗雷德和喬治·韋斯萊（Weasley）坐在他們旁邊，睡眼惺忪，頭髮亂蓬蓬的。四年級的阿麗西亞·斯賓納特（Alicia Spinnet）似乎在牆後面打瞌睡。她的搭檔，凱蒂·貝爾（Katie Bell）和安吉莉娜·約翰遜（Angelina Johnson）一起打呵欠，對著他們坐在相反的位置。

“There you are, Harry, what kept you?” said Wood briskly. “Now, I wanted a quick talk with you all before we actually get onto the field, because I spent the summer devising a whole new training program, which I really think will make all the difference. . . .”

Wood was holding up a large diagram of a Quidditch field, on which were drawn many lines, arrows, and crosses in different-colored inks. He took out his wand, tapped the board, and the arrows began to wiggle over the diagram like caterpillars. As Wood launched into a speech about his new tactics, Fred Weasley's head drooped right onto Alicia Spinnet's shoulder and he began to snore.

The first board took nearly twenty minutes to explain, but there was another board under that, and a third under that one. Harry sank into a stupor as Wood droned on and on.

“哈利，你來啦，怎麼遲到了？”伍德輕快地說，“在我們上場之前我想和你們大家談談，因為我花了整個夏天制定了一個全新的訓練計劃，我真的認為這會讓相當大的差別。. . .”伍德拿起一個大魁地奇場地的圖表，在上面畫了許多不同顏色的線條，箭頭和十字架。他拿出魔杖，點了一下板子，箭頭就像毛毛蟲一樣在圖表上蠕動。當伍德開始講述他的新戰術時，弗雷德·韋斯萊的頭掉在艾莉西亞·斯賓尼特的肩膀上，開始打起鼾來。第一個板子花了將近二十分鐘的時間解釋，但還有一個板子、再下面還有一個。當伍德一直喋喋不休時，哈利陷入了迷糊狀態。

“So,” said Wood, at long last, jerking Harry from a wistful fantasy about what he could be eating for breakfast at this very moment up at the castle. “Is that clear? Any questions?”

“I've got a question, Oliver,” said George, who had woken with a start. “Why couldn't you have told us all this yesterday when we were awake?”

Wood wasn't pleased.

“Now, listen here, you lot,” he said, glowering at them all. “We should have won the Quidditch Cup last year. We're easily the best team. But unfortunately — owing to circumstances beyond our control —”

Harry shifted guiltily in his seat. He had been unconscious in the hospital wing for the final match of the previous year, meaning that Gryffindor had been a player short and had suffered their worst defeat in three hundred years.

伍德終於說：“所以，這清楚嗎？有問題嗎？”哈利剛剛在想他現在可以在城堡裡吃什麼早餐，突然被打斷了。“我有個問題，奧利弗，”喬治驚醒了問道，“你為什麼昨天沒告訴我們呢？當我們清醒時？”伍德不高興了。“聽著，你們這些傢伙，”他怒視他們全體，“我們去年應該贏得魁地奇杯。我們是最好的球隊。但不幸的是——由於我們無法控制的情況——”哈利坐在座位上心虛地移了一下。上一年的最後一場比賽他昏迷在醫務室裡，這意味著在比賽中，格里芬多缺了一名球員，並且遭受了三百年來最慘痛的失敗。

Wood took a moment to regain control of himself. Their last defeat was clearly still torturing him.

“So this year, we train harder than ever before. . . . Okay, let's go and put our new theories into practice!” Wood shouted, seizing his broomstick and leading the way out of the locker rooms. Stiff-legged and still yawning, his team followed.

They had been in the locker room so long that the sun was up completely now, although remnants of mist hung over the grass in the stadium. As Harry walked onto the field, he saw Ron and Hermione sitting in the stands.

“Aren't you finished yet?” called Ron incredulously.

“Haven't even started,” said Harry, looking jealously at the toast and marmalade Ron and Hermione had brought out of the Great Hall. “Wood's been teaching us new moves.”

伍德花了一會儿时间控制住自己的情绪。他们上一次的失败显然仍在折磨着他。“所以今年，我们比以往任何时候都要更加努力训练.....好的，让我们去把我们的新理论付诸实践！”伍德大喊着，抓起他的飞天扫帚，领着队员们走出更衣室。他们腿僵得发慌，还在打哈欠，但还是跟着伍德走了出去。他们在更衣室呆了这么久，现在太阳已经完全升起来了，虽然体育场草地上还留有雾气。当哈利走上球场时，他看到罗恩和赫敏坐在看台上。“你们还没结束吗？”罗恩难以置信地叫道。“甚至还没开始，”哈利说，眼巴巴地看着罗恩和赫敏带出大厅的吐司和果酱。“伍德一直在教我们新招。”

He mounted his broomstick and kicked at the ground, soaring up into the air. The cool morning air whipped his face, waking him far more effectively than Wood's long talk. It felt wonderful to be back on the Quidditch field. He soared right around the stadium at full speed, racing Fred and George.

“What's that funny clicking noise?” called Fred as they hurtled around the corner.

Harry looked into the stands. Colin was sitting in one of the highest seats, his camera raised, taking picture after picture, the sound strangely magnified in the deserted stadium.

“Look this way, Harry! This way!” he cried shrilly.

“Who’s that?” said Fred.

“No idea,” Harry lied, putting on a spurt of speed that took him as far away as possible from Colin.

“What’s going on?” said Wood, frowning, as he skimmed through the air toward them. “Why’s that first year taking pictures? I don’t like it. He could be a Slytherin spy, trying to find out about our new training program”

他跨上扫帚，踢了一下地面，便飞升到空中。清晨的凉风掠过他的脸颊，比伍德冗长的讲话更有效地唤醒了他。回到飞贼球场感觉非常棒。他全速绕过体育场，与弗雷德和乔治比赛飞行速度。“那是什么奇怪的咔嗒声？”飞行绕过拐角时，弗雷德喊道。哈利向看台看去。柯林坐在最高的座位上，拿起相机，拍摄着一张张照片，声音在空旷的体育场中格外明显。“这边看，哈利！这边看！”他尖声喊道。“那是谁？”弗雷德说。“不知道，”哈利撒谎道，加快了速度，尽可能地远离柯林。“怎么回事？”伍德皱眉飞到他们面前，“为什么那个新生要拍照？我不喜欢这个。他可能是个斯莱特林的间谍，试图了解我们的新训练计划。”

“He’s in Gryffindor,” said Harry quickly.

“And the Slytherins don’t need a spy, Oliver,” said George.

“What makes you say that?” said Wood testily.

“Because they’re here in person,” said George, pointing.

Several people in green robes were walking onto the field, broomsticks in their hands.

“I don’t believe it!” Wood hissed in outrage. “I booked the field for today! We’ll see about this!”

Wood shot toward the ground, landing rather harder than he meant to in his anger, staggering slightly as he dismounted. Harry, Fred, and George followed.

“Flint!” Wood bellowed at the Slytherin Captain. “This is our practice time! We got up specially! You can clear off now!”

Marcus Flint was even larger than Wood. He had a look of trollish cunning on his face as he replied, “Plenty of room for all of us, Wood.”

“他在格蘭芬多，”哈利急忙說道。“史萊特林不需要間諜，奧利弗，”喬治說。“你怎麼這麼說？”伍德惱怒地問道。“因為他們親自來了，”喬治指著說。幾個穿著綠袍，手持掃帚的人走上球場。“我不敢相信！”伍德氣憤地咆哮道。“我訂了今天的場地！我們得看看這件事！”伍德怒氣沖沖地向地面飛去，由於他的憤怒而著地，着地比預計的更困難，身體有些搖晃，哈利、弗雷德和喬治跟隨著下來。“弗林！”伍德朝史萊特林隊長吼道。“這是我們的練習時間！我們特地起來的！現在你可以離開了！”馬庫斯·弗林比伍德更高大。他有著妖怪般的狡猾神情，回答道：“這裡有足夠的空間容納我們所有人，伍德。”

Angelina, Alicia, and Katie had come over, too. There were no girls on the Slytherin team, who stood shoulder to shoulder, facing the Gryffindors, leering to a man.

“But I booked the field!” said Wood, positively spitting with rage. “I booked it!”

“Ah,” said Flint. “But I’ve got a specially signed note here from Professor Snape. ‘I, Professor S. Snape, give the Slytherin team permission to practice today on the Quidditch field owing to the need to train their new Seeker.’”

“You’ve got a new Seeker?” said Wood, distracted. “Where?”

And from behind the six large figures before them came a seventh, smaller boy, smirking all over his pale, pointed face. It was Draco Malfoy.

“Aren’t you Lucius Malfoy’s son?” said Fred, looking at Malfoy with dislike.

“Funny you should mention Draco’s father,” said Flint as the whole Slytherin team smiled still more broadly. “Let me show you the generous gift he’s made to the Slytherin team.”

安吉麗娜、艾莉西亞和凱蒂也過來了。斯萊特林隊沒有女生，他們肩並肩地站在那裡，面對著格蘭芬多，每個人都楞著眼睛看著對方。“但是我預定了這塊場地！”伍德氣得都快吐口水了，“我預定了它！”“啊，”弗林說，“但是我這裡有一封教授斯內普的特別簽字許可函。‘我，斯內普教授，在因訓練球隊新的尋球手而需要在魁地奇場地上進行練習的情況下，允許斯萊特林球隊今天在該場地進行訓練。’”“你們有新的尋球手？”伍德分心地問道，“在哪裡？”接著，從他們面前的六個高大身影後面走出來一個矮小的男孩，滿臉戲謔。他就是德拉科·馬爾福。“你不是盧修斯·馬爾福的兒子嗎？”弗雷德不喜歡地看著馬爾福說。“有趣的是你提到了德拉科的父親，”整個斯萊特林隊還笑得更加開心了，弗林說，“讓我向你們展示他給斯萊特林隊送的慷慨禮物吧。”

All seven of them held out their broomsticks. Seven highly polished, brand-new handles and seven sets of fine gold lettering spelling the words

*Nimbus Two Thousand and One* gleamed under the Gryffindors' noses in the early morning sun.

"Very latest model. Only came out last month," said Flint carelessly, flicking a speck of dust from the end of his own. "I believe it outstrips the old Two Thousand series by a considerable amount. As for the old Cleansweeps" — he smiled nastily at Fred and George, who were both clutching Cleansweep Fives — "sweeps the board with them."

None of the Gryffindor team could think of anything to say for a moment. Malfoy was smirking so broadly his cold eyes were reduced to slits.

"Oh, look," said Flint. "A field invasion."

Ron and Hermione were crossing the grass to see what was going on.

他們七位人都伸出了掃帚。七把全新烤漆，金色高貴的字母拼寫著*Nimbus 2001*在早晨的陽光下在格林芬多人的鼻子下閃耀著。“最新型號。上個月才推出，”弗林不在意地說，從自己的掃帚上輕輕拂去一粒灰塵。“我相信它在許多方面都超過了舊的2000系列。至於舊的*Cleansweep*系列”——他惡毒地冷笑著看著弗雷德和喬治，他們都抓著*Cleansweep Five*——“它們都被甩到後面去了。”格林芬多隊沒有想到可以說什麼一會兒。馬爾福冷眼看著，露出一個大大的咧嘴笑容。“看，”弗林說，“有人入侵了。”羅恩和赫敏正在越過草地看發生了什麼。

"What's happening?" Ron asked Harry. "Why aren't you playing? And what's *he* doing here?"

He was looking at Malfoy, taking in his Slytherin Quidditch robes.

"I'm the new Slytherin Seeker, Weasley," said Malfoy, smugly. "Everyone's just been admiring the brooms my father's bought our team."

Ron gaped, openmouthed, at the seven superb broomsticks in front of him.

"Good, aren't they?" said Malfoy smoothly. "But perhaps the Gryffindor team will be able to raise some gold and get new brooms, too. You could raffle off those Cleansweep Fives; I expect a museum would bid for them."

The Slytherin team howled with laughter.

"At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to *buy* their way in," said Hermione sharply. "They got in on pure talent."

The smug look on Malfoy's face flickered.

“發生了什麼事？”羅恩問哈利。“為什麼不打球？他在這裡做什麼？”他看著馬爾福，注意到他的史萊哲林魁地奇外衣。“我是新的史萊哲林尋求者，衛斯理，”馬爾福得意地說。“每個人都在羨慕我們隊長父親買給我們的掃帚。”羅恩瞪大眼睛看著他面前七支優秀的掃帚。“不錯，對吧？”馬爾福平靜地說，“但也許格蘭芬多隊也能籌集一些金幣買新掃帚。你可以拍賣那些飛天五號，我相信博物館會出價購買。”史萊哲林隊員們大笑起來。“至少格蘭芬多隊沒有用金錢買來進隊的資格，”赫敏尖刻地說，“他們是憑藉純粹的天賦進入隊中的。”馬爾福臉上得意的表情一下子消失了。

"No one asked your opinion, you filthy little Mudblood," he spat.

Harry knew at once that Malfoy had said something really bad because there was an instant uproar at his words. Flint had to dive in front of Malfoy to stop Fred and George jumping on him, Alicia shrieked, "How dare you!", and Ron plunged his hand into his robes, pulled out his wand, yelling, "You'll pay for that one, Malfoy!" and pointed it furiously under Flint's arm at Malfoy's face.

A loud bang echoed around the stadium and a jet of green light shot out of the wrong end of Ron's wand, hitting him in the stomach and sending him reeling backward onto the grass.

"Ron! Ron! Are you all right?" squealed Hermione.

Ron opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. Instead he gave an almighty belch and several slugs dribbled out of his mouth onto his lap.

「你這個骯髒的泥巴血混種，沒人會問你的意見。」他惡狠狠地說。哈利立刻知道，馬爾福說了什麼極壞的話，因為他的話立刻引起了騷動。弗林不得不擋在馬爾福面前，防止弗雷德和喬治跳上去揍他，艾莉西亞尖叫著，“你怎麼敢！”，而羅恩伸手掏出魔杖，大喊：“你會為此付出代價的，馬爾福！”並憤怒地把魔杖指向弗林的臂膀下，指著馬爾福的臉。一聲巨響回蕩在體育場，一道綠光從羅恩魔杖的錯誤端口射出，擊中他的胃，將他彈向後倒在草地上。「羅恩！羅恩！你還好嗎？」赫敏尖叫著。羅恩張開嘴想說話，但是沒有話語出現。相反，他發出一聲巨大的打嗝，幾隻蛤蝓從他的嘴裡滴出來，落在他的大腿上。

The Slytherin team were paralyzed with laughter. Flint was doubled up, hanging onto his new broomstick for support. Malfoy was on all fours, banging the ground with his fist. The Gryffindors were gathered around Ron, who kept belching large, glistening slugs. Nobody seemed to want to touch him.

"We'd better get him to Hagrid's, it's nearest," said Harry to Hermione, who nodded bravely, and the pair of them pulled Ron up by the arms.

"What happened, Harry? What happened? Is he ill? But you can cure him, can't you?" Colin had run down from his seat and was now dancing alongside them as they left the field. Ron gave a huge heave and more slugs dribbled down his front.

“Oooh,” said Colin, fascinated and raising his camera. “Can you hold him still, Harry?”

“Get out of the way, Colin!” said Harry angrily. He and Hermione supported Ron out of the stadium and across the grounds toward the edge of the forest.

壞蛋組合隊員嘴角抽搐，他們笑到失去動作。弗林特倍著身子，一邊打著拳頭支撐自己的新掃帚。馬爾福則是四腳朝天地瘋狂痛打地面。格蘭芬多的人圍在朗身旁，他不停地打嗝，吐出一隻隻大又亮晶晶的蛤蝓。沒有人願意碰他。 “我們最好將他送到海格那裡，那裡最近。”哈利對赫敏說，她勇敢地點頭，兩人援著朗的手臂將他扶了起來。 “發生什麼事了，哈利？他怎麼了？但你可以治好他，對吧？”柯林從座位上跑下來，在他們離開球場的時候跟在他們身旁跳舞。朗大力用力嘔吐，更多的蛤蝓沿著他的前胸流下來。 “哎呀，”柯林驚嘆，拿起相機高高舉起， “哈利，你能把他按住嗎？” “滾開，柯林！”哈利生氣地說道。他和赫敏扶著朗，走出球場，朝著森林邊緣前進。

“Nearly there, Ron,” said Hermione as the gamekeeper’s cabin came into view. “You’ll be all right in a minute — almost there —”

They were within twenty feet of Hagrid’s house when the front door opened, but it wasn’t Hagrid who emerged. Gilderoy Lockhart, wearing robes of palest mauve today, came striding out.

“Quick, behind here,” Harry hissed, dragging Ron behind a nearby bush. Hermione followed, somewhat reluctantly.

“It’s a simple matter if you know what you’re doing!” Lockhart was saying loudly to Hagrid. “If you need help, you know where I am! I’ll let you have a copy of my book. I’m surprised you haven’t already got one — I’ll sign one tonight and send it over. Well, good-bye!” And he strode away toward the castle.

Harry waited until Lockhart was out of sight, then pulled Ron out of the bush and up to Hagrid’s front door. They knocked urgently.

“快到了，羅恩，”當看到看守人的小屋時，赫敏說：“你一會兒就會好起來——快到了——”當他們離海格的房子只有二十英尺時，前門打開了，但出來的不是海格。基德洛·洛哈特今天穿著淡紫色的長袍，大步走了出來。 “快，躲在這裡后面，”哈利嘶嘶地說，把羅恩往附近的灌木叢里拖。赫敏有些不情願地跟隨著。 “如果你知道你在做什么，這是一件簡單的事情！”洛哈特大聲對海格說道：“如果你需要幫助，你知道我在哪裏！我會讓你有一本書的副本。我很驚訝你還沒有得到一本——我今晚會簽一本書並寄過去。好了，再見！”然後他向城堡走去。哈利等到洛哈特看不見了，然後把羅恩從灌木叢中拖出來，走到海格的前門前，他們急切地敲門。

Hagrid appeared at once, looking very grumpy, but his expression brightened when he saw who it was.

“Bin wonderin’ when you’d come ter see me — come in, come in — thought you mighta bin Professor Lockhart back again —”

Harry and Hermione supported Ron over the threshold into the one-roomed cabin, which had an enormous bed in one corner, a fire crackling merrily in the other. Hagrid didn’t seem perturbed by Ron’s slug problem, which Harry hastily explained as he lowered Ron into a chair.

“Better out than in,” he said cheerfully, plunking a large copper basin in front of him. “Get ‘em all up, Ron.”

“I don’t think there’s anything to do except wait for it to stop,” said Hermione anxiously, watching Ron bend over the basin. “That’s a difficult curse to work at the best of times, but with a broken wand —”

海格立刻出現，看起來非常不高興，但他看到是誰之後，神情變得明亮了。 「我一直在想你什麼時候來找我——進來，進來——我還以為你可能是洛哈教授回來了——」哈利和妙麗一起支撐著羅恩跨過門檻，走進了這間只有一個房間的小屋，一個巨大的床在角落裡，一團火熊熊燃燒在另一邊。海格對於羅恩的蛤蝓問題似乎不為所動，當哈利將羅恩放到椅子上時，他趕快解釋了一番。 「有些東西呢，如果不吐出來，就永遠都無法過去，」他高興地說道，接著在羅恩面前放下一個大銅盆。 「把它们都吐出來，羅恩。」 「我想沒有什麼其他辦法，除了等待這個咒語停止。」妙麗焦急地看著羅恩低下頭。 「這是最困難的咒語之一，而且你的魔杖還斷了——」

Hagrid was bustling around making them tea. His boarhound, Fang, was slobbering over Harry.

“What did Lockhart want with you, Hagrid?” Harry asked, scratching Fang’s ears.

“Givin’ me advice on gettin’ kelpies out of a well,” growled Hagrid, moving a half-plucked rooster off his scrubbed table and setting down the teapot. “Like I don’ know. An’ bangin’ on about some banshee he banished. If one word of it was true, I’ll eat my kettle.”

It was most unlike Hagrid to criticize a Hogwarts teacher, and Harry looked at him in surprise. Hermione, however, said in a voice somewhat higher than usual, “I think you’re being a bit unfair. Professor Dumbledore obviously thought he was the best man for the job —”

“He was the *on’ y* man for the job,” said Hagrid, offering them a plate of treacle toffee, while Ron coughed squelchily into his basin. “An’ I mean the *on’ y* one. Gettin’ very difficult ter find anyone fer the Dark Arts job. People aren’t too keen ter take it on, see. They’re startin’ ter think it’s jinxed. No one’s lasted long fer a while now. So tell me,” said Hagrid, jerking his head at Ron. “Who was he tryin’ ter curse?”

海格忙碌地泡茶，他的野豬犬方一直舔着哈利。 “洛哈特找你有什么事？海格？”哈利问，给方抓着耳朵。 “教我如何把凯尔皮斯从井里捉出来，”海格咆哮着，从他擦干净的桌子上移开一只刚拔完毛的公鸡，放下茶壶，“好像我不知道似的。还提到他驱赶过的女妖。如果有一句话是真的，我就把我的水壶吃了。”海格这样批评霍格沃茨的老师非常不寻常，哈利惊讶地看着他。然而，赫敏语气稍微高了一些，“我认为你有点不公平。邓布利多教授显然认为他是最适合的人选——”“他是唯一适合的人

选。”海格说着，递给他们一盘焦糖糖浆脆饼，而罗恩则咳嗽着把脸伸到水盆里，“我是说唯一适合的。越来越难找到黑魔法教师了。人们不太想接受这份工作，看到了魔咒。近段时间没人坚持太久了。所以告诉我，”海格扭头看着罗恩，“他试图咒哪一个人？”

“Malfoy called Hermione something — it must've been really bad, because everyone went wild.”

“It was bad,” said Ron hoarsely, emerging over the tabletop looking pale and sweaty. “Malfoy called her ‘Mudblood,’ Hagrid —”

Ron dived out of sight again as a fresh wave of slugs made their appearance. Hagrid looked outraged.

“He didn’t!” he growled at Hermione.

“He did,” she said. “But I don’t know what it means. I could tell it was really rude, of course —”

“It’s about the most insulting thing he could think of,” gasped Ron, coming back up. “Mudblood’s a really foul name for someone who is Muggle-born — you know, non-magic parents. There are some wizards — like Malfoy’s family — who think they’re better than everyone else because they’re what people call pure-blood.” He gave a small burp, and a single slug fell into his outstretched hand. He threw it into the basin and continued, “I mean, the rest of us know it doesn’t make any difference at all. Look at Neville Longbottom — he’s pure-blood and he can hardly stand a cauldron the right way up.”

「馬爾福罵了赫敏什麼，大家都瘋了。」「真的很嚴重。」羅恩沙啞地說，在桌子上露出臉來，臉色蒼白汗流浹背。「馬爾福叫她『泥巴血』，海格。」在新的一波蛞蝓出現之前，羅恩又潛藏起來。海格看起來很憤怒。「他沒有！」他對赫敏低聲咆哮。「他有。」她說：「但我不知道是什麼意思。當然，我能感覺到很粗魯。」「這是他能想到的最侮辱人的罵名了。」羅恩喘息著說道，又站起來：「『泥巴血』是一個非常污穢的名字，用來稱呼麻瓜出身的巫師。你知道，非魔法的父母。有些巫師，像馬爾福的家族，認為自己因為是純血巫師就比其他人高人一等。」他打了一個小嗝，一隻蛞蝓落到他伸出的手中。他把它扔進盆裡，繼續說道：「但是我們其他人都知道這根本沒有任何區別。看看尼維爾·隆巴頓——他是純血巫師，甚至無法把燒杯正確地扶正。」

“An’ they haven’t invented a spell our Hermione can’ do,” said Hagrid proudly, making Hermione go a brilliant shade of magenta.

“It’s a disgusting thing to call someone,” said Ron, wiping his sweaty brow with a shaking hand. “Dirty blood, see. Common blood. It’s ridiculous. Most wizards these days are half-blood anyway. If we hadn’t married Muggles we’d’ve died out.”

He retched and ducked out of sight again.

“Well, I don’ blame yeh fer tryin’ ter curse him, Ron,” said Hagrid loudly over the thuds of more slugs hitting the basin. “Bu’ maybe it was a good thing yer wand backfired. ’Spect Lucius Malfoy would’ve come marchin’ up ter school if yeh’d cursed his son. Least yer not in trouble.”

Harry would have pointed out that trouble didn’t come much worse than having slugs pouring out of your mouth, but he couldn’t; Hagrid’s treacle toffee had cemented his jaws together.

“赫敏能用的咒語他們都還沒有發明出來呢，”海格得意地說道，讓赫敏臉頰泛起一陣燦爛的洋紅色。“這種話怎麼能對人隨便說呢？”羅恩揮動顫抖的手揩去額頭上的汗水，“骯髒的血統，常見的血統，說這種話太荒謬了。現在大部分的巫師都是混血兒，如果我們不跟麻瓜結婚的話，我們早就滅亡了。”他嘔吐了一聲，然後又躲了起來。“我不怪你試圖咒他，羅恩，”海格大聲地說，好似是為了掩蓋掉更多的蛞蝓擊中水盆所發出的聲響。“但或許你的魔杖反噴是一件好事。如果妳施咒打傷了他的兒子，盧修斯·馬爾福可能就會帶著一支軍隊來到學校了。最起碼你們現在還沒有惹上麻煩。”哈利本想指出，拿嘴巴噴蛞蝓的經歷已經相當糟糕了，但他做不到，因為海格的金蜜糖牢牢地把他的嘴巴黏在了一起。

“Harry,” said Hagrid abruptly as though struck by a sudden thought. “Gotta bone ter pick with yeh. I’ve heard you’ve bin givin’ out signed photos. How come I haven’t got one?”

Furious, Harry wrenched his teeth apart.

“I have *not* been giving out signed photos,” he said hotly. “If Lockhart’s still spreading that around —”

But then he saw that Hagrid was laughing.

“I’m on’ y jokin’,” he said, patting Harry genially on the back and sending him face first into the table. “I knew yeh hadn’t really. I told Lockhart yeh didn’t need teh. Yer more famous than him without tryin’.”

“Bet he didn’t like that,” said Harry, sitting up and rubbing his chin.

“Don’ think he did,” said Hagrid, his eyes twinkling. “An’ then I told him I’d never read one o’ his books an’ he decided ter go. Treacle toffee, Ron?” he added as Ron reappeared.

“哈利，”海格突然說，好像被突然想到的事情打斷了思绪。“我得和你好好談談了。我听说你一直在發簽名照片，怎麼我沒有收到一張？”哈利勃然大怒，咬緊牙关。“我沒有發簽名照片！”他憤怒地說。“如果洛夸特還在散布這個消息……”但隨後他發現海格在笑。“我在開玩笑啦，”他說着，熱情地拍着哈利的背，結果讓他的臉撞到了桌子上。“我知道你沒發過，我告訴洛夸特你不需要發。你不用試試也比他更有名。”“他肯定很不爽。”哈利坐起來揉着下巴說。“我想他肯定不舒服，”海格眼睛閃閃

着说。“然后我告诉他我从来没有读过他的书，他就决定走了。罗恩，要吃糖蜜糖吗？”他问道，罗恩又出现了。

“No thanks,” said Ron weakly. “Better not risk it.”

“Come an’ see what I’ve bin growin’,” said Hagrid as Harry and Hermione finished the last of their tea.

In the small vegetable patch behind Hagrid’s house were a dozen of the largest pumpkins Harry had ever seen. Each was the size of a large boulder.

“Gettin’ on well, aren’t they?” said Hagrid happily. “Fer the Halloween feast . . . should be big enough by then.”

“What’ve you been feeding them?” said Harry.

Hagrid looked over his shoulder to check that they were alone.

“Well, I’ve bin givin’ them — you know — a bit o’ help —”

Harry noticed Hagrid’s flowery pink umbrella leaning against the back wall of the cabin. Harry had had reason to believe before now that this umbrella was not all it looked; in fact, he had the strong impression that Hagrid’s old school wand was concealed inside it. Hagrid wasn’t supposed to use magic. He had been expelled from Hogwarts in his third year, but Harry had never found out why — any mention of the matter and Hagrid would clear his throat loudly and become mysteriously deaf until the subject was changed.

「不用了，」羅恩虛弱地說。「最好不要冒險。」「過來看看我種的東西，」哈格力說，當哈利和赫敏喝完最後一杯茶時。在哈格力房子後面的一個小菜園裡，有一打哈利見過的最大的南瓜。每個南瓜都有一個大石頭那麼大。「它們長得很好，對吧？」哈格力高興地說道。「要是萬聖節宴會的話，到時候應該夠大了。」「你給他們餵什麼？」哈利問道。哈格力向後看了一下，確定他們獨處。「嗯，我給他們——你知道的——幫了點忙——」哈利注意到哈格力花花綠綠的粉紅色雨傘斜倚在小屋的後牆上。哈利曾有理由相信這把雨傘並不是看起來那樣；事實上，他有強烈的印象，哈格力的舊校園魔杖藏在裡面。哈格力不應該使用魔法。他在第三年被開除了，但哈利從未問過為什麼——只要提到這件事，哈格力就會大聲清喉嚨，直到話題轉換。

“An Engorgement Charm, I suppose?” said Hermione, halfway between disapproval and amusement. “Well, you’ve done a good job on them.”

“That’s what yer little sister said,” said Hagrid, nodding at Ron. “Met her jus’ yesterday.” Hagrid looked sideways at Harry, his beard twitching. “Said she was jus’ lookin’ round the grounds, but I reckon she was hopin’ she might run inter someone else at my house.” He winked at Harry. “If yeh ask me, *she* wouldn’t say no ter a signed —”

“Oh, shut up,” said Harry. Ron snorted with laughter and the ground was sprayed with slugs.

“Watch it!” Hagrid roared, pulling Ron away from his precious pumpkins.

It was nearly lunchtime and as Harry had only had one bit of treacle toffee since dawn, he was keen to go back to school to eat. They said good-bye to Hagrid and walked back up to the castle, Ron hiccupping occasionally, but only bringing up two very small slugs.

“催體咒嗎？”赫敏問道，一半是不悅，一半是好笑。“你很擅長施法。”“你妹妹也這麼說，”海格望著羅恩點頭。“昨天才跟我見面。”海格斜眼看著哈利，胡須抽動。“她說是來逛逛學校的，但我猜她是希望能在我家裡碰到別人。”他對哈利眨了眨眼。“如果問我，她會答應——”“噓，閉嘴吧。”哈利說。羅恩噴出一陣笑聲，地上沾滿了蛞蝓。“小心點！”海格吼道，拉開羅恩遠離他珍貴的南瓜。差不多到午餐時間了，哈利從早上只吃了一口糖漿糖，他渴望回學校吃飯。他們向海格道別，走回城堡，羅恩偶爾打嗝，但只吐出兩個小蛞蝓。

They had barely set foot in the cool entrance hall when a voice rang out, “There you are, Potter — Weasley.” Professor McGonagall was walking toward them, looking stern. “You will both do your detentions this evening.”

“What’re we doing, Professor?” said Ron, nervously suppressing a burp.

“*You* will be polishing the silver in the trophy room with Mr. Filch,” said Professor McGonagall. “And no magic, Weasley — elbow grease.”

Ron gulped. Argus Filch, the caretaker, was loathed by every student in the school.

“And you, Potter, will be helping Professor Lockhart answer his fan mail,” said Professor McGonagall.

“Oh n — Professor, can’t I go and do the trophy room, too?” said Harry desperately.

“Certainly not,” said Professor McGonagall, raising her eyebrows. “Professor Lockhart requested you particularly. Eight o’clock sharp, both of you.”

他們剛走進涼爽的大廳，一個聲音就響起：“波特——韋斯萊，你們在這裡。”麥康娜教授朝他們走去，神情嚴肅。“今晚你們倆得留下來寫寫罰寫。”“我們要做什麼，教授？”羅恩神情緊張地嚇得差點打嗝。“你們要和費奇先生一起在獎杯室擦拭銀器。”麥康娜教授說：“韋斯萊，不許用魔法，要靠肘膊油。”羅恩咽了口口水。校工阿加斯·費奇深受全校學生的憎恨。“而你，波特，要幫助洛哈特教授回覆粉絲信函。”麥康娜教授說。“哦——教授，我能不能也去獎杯室幫忙呢？”哈利絕望地說。“當然不行，”麥康娜教授抬起眉毛說：“洛哈特教授特別要求你。八點鐘準時，你們倆都要到場。”

Harry and Ron slouched into the Great Hall in states of deepest gloom, Hermione behind them, wearing a *well-you-did-break-school-rules* sort of expression. Harry didn't enjoy his shepherd's pie as much as he'd thought. Both he and Ron felt they'd got the worse deal.

"Filch'll have me there all night," said Ron heavily. "No magic! There must be about a hundred cups in that room. I'm no good at Muggle cleaning."

"I'd swap anytime," said Harry hollowly. "I've had loads of practice with the Dursleys. Answering Lockhart's fan mail . . . he'll be a nightmare. . . ."

Saturday afternoon seemed to melt away, and in what seemed like no time, it was five minutes to eight, and Harry was dragging his feet along the second-floor corridor to Lockhart's office. He gritted his teeth and knocked.

哈利和朗兩人神情憂鬱地走進大禮堂，後面跟著帶著“你總是犯規”的表情的赫敏。哈利並沒有像他想像中那樣享受他的牧羊人派。他和羅恩都覺得自己虧了。“菲爾奇會讓我留在那兒整夜，”羅恩沉重地說道。“不能用魔法！那個房間大概有一百個杯子。我不擅長於搞搞鬧事。”“我隨時都可以交換啊，”哈利虛弱地說。“我已經習慣了杜思利家的生活，回信給洛哈特的愛好者們……這會是一場噩夢……”星期六下午似乎飛快過去了，在不知不覺中已經到了八點前五分鐘。哈利拖著沉重的腳步走在二樓的走廊上，前往洛哈特的辦公室。他咬緊牙關敲了敲門。

The door flew open at once. Lockhart beamed down at him.

"Ah, here's the scalawag!" he said. "Come in, Harry, come in—"

Shining brightly on the walls by the light of many candles were countless framed photographs of Lockhart. He had even signed a few of them. Another large pile lay on his desk.

"You can address the envelopes!" Lockhart told Harry, as though this was a huge treat. "This first one's to Gladys Gudgeon, bless her — huge fan of mine —"

The minutes snailed by. Harry let Lockhart's voice wash over him, occasionally saying, "Mmm" and "Right" and "Yeah." Now and then he caught a phrase like, "Fame's a fickle friend, Harry," or "Celebrity is as celebrity does, remember that."

The candles burned lower and lower, making the light dance over the many moving faces of Lockhart watching him. Harry moved his aching hand over what felt like the thousandth envelope, writing out Veronica Smethley's address. *It must be nearly time to leave*, Harry thought miserably, *please let it be nearly time . . .*

門立刻飛開，洛哈特笑嘻嘻地向他看來。「啊，這裡的壞孩子！」他說。「進來吧，哈利，進來吧——」在許多蠟燭照亮的牆上，無數個洛哈特的照片閃閃發光。他甚至已簽了一些照片。另一堆堆還放在他的寫字桌上。「你可以寫地址！」洛哈特說，彷彿這是一大禮物。「第一個是給格拉蒂斯·貢奇，天哪——她可是我的狂熱粉絲——」時間過得緩慢。哈利任由洛哈特的聲音在他身邊飄過，偶爾說著「嗯」、「對」和「是啊」。偶爾他會聽到一句話，比如說「名聲是個無常的朋友，哈利」或是「名人的行為就是名人，牢記著」。蠟燭一根根地燃盡，讓洛哈特許多張動人臉孔的照片變幻著光影。哈利揉揉受傷的手，這已經是第一千個信封了，也快該離開了吧。

And then he heard something — something quite apart from the spitting of the dying candles and Lockhart's prattle about his fans.

It was a voice, a voice to chill the bone marrow, a voice of breathtaking, ice-cold venom.

"Come . . . come to me. . . . Let me rip you. . . . Let me tear you. . . . Let me kill you. . . ."

Harry gave a huge jump and a large lilac blot appeared on Veronica Smethley's street.

"What?" he said loudly.

"I know!" said Lockhart. "Six solid months at the top of the best-seller list! Broke all records!"

"No," said Harry frantically. "That voice!"

"Sorry?" said Lockhart, looking puzzled. "What voice?"

"That — that voice that said — didn't you hear it?"

Lockhart was looking at Harry in high astonishment.

"What are you talking about, Harry? Perhaps you're getting a little drowsy? Great Scott — look at the time! We've been here nearly four hours! I'd never have believed it — the time's flown, hasn't it?"

他聽到了些什麼——和燭光跳動、洛哈特談到他的粉絲聽起來不同。那是一種聲音，讓人毛骨悚然的聲音，冰冷得令人驚嘆。「來……來到我這裡。讓我搏斃你……讓我扯開你……殺了你……」哈利被吓了一跳，Veronica Smethley大街上出現了一個大大的紫白色斑點。「什麼？」他大聲說。「我知道！」洛哈特說：「在暢銷書榜中穩坐六個月！打破了所有記錄！」「不是那個」，哈利緊張地說。「是那個聲音！」「對不起？」洛哈特看起來感到困惑。「什麼聲音？」「那個——那個的聲音，你沒聽到嗎？」洛哈特驚訝地看著哈利。「你在說什麼，哈利？也許你有點昏昏欲睡？喚天啊，看看時間！我們已經在這裡待

了快四個小時了！真不敢相信——時間過得好快啊，不是嗎？」

Harry didn't answer. He was straining his ears to hear the voice again, but there was no sound now except for Lockhart telling him he mustn't expect a treat like this every time he got detention. Feeling dazed, Harry left.

It was so late that the Gryffindor common room was almost empty. Harry went straight up to the dormitory. Ron wasn't back yet. Harry pulled on his pajamas, got into bed, and waited. Half an hour later, Ron arrived, nursing his right arm and bringing a strong smell of polish into the darkened room.

“My muscles have all seized up,” he groaned, sinking on his bed. “Fourteen times he made me buff up that Quidditch Cup before he was satisfied. And then I had another slug attack all over a Special Award for Services to the School. Took ages to get the slime off. . . . How was it with Lockhart?”

哈利沒有回答。他努力聽到那個聲音，但現在除了洛哈特告訴他不要期待每次他被禁止時都能得到獎勵之外，沒有聲音了。感到茫然，哈利離開了。已經太晚了，格蘭芬多公共活動室幾乎是空的。哈利直接走到宿舍。羅恩還沒回來。哈利穿上他的睡衣，爬進床上等待。半個小時後，羅恩帶著他的右臂走進來，帶來一股濃郁的香氣。他在床上沉吟了一聲，“我的肌肉都緊了起來”，“14次他讓我增強飛天掃帚盃，才滿意。然後，我又被蛞蝓攻擊，全身都是校園特別貢獻獎的黏液。花了好長時間才把它擦掉……和洛哈特一起過得如何？”

Keeping his voice low so as not to wake Neville, Dean, and Seamus, Harry told Ron exactly what he had heard.

“And Lockhart said he couldn't hear it?” said Ron. Harry could see him frowning in the moonlight. “D'you think he was lying? But I don't get it — even someone invisible would've had to open the door.”

“I know,” said Harry, lying back in his four-poster and staring at the canopy above him. “I don't get it either.”

哈利為了不喚醒尼維爾、迪恩和席維拉斯，輕聲說出自己所聽到的事情。"洛哈特聽不到嗎？"羅恩皺眉，透過月光可以看得出來。"你認為他在撒謊？但我不懂——即使是隱形的人也必須把門打開吧。""我知道。"哈利躺回四柱床，凝視上方的天花板。"我也想不通。"



## THE DEATHDAY PARTY

October arrived, spreading a damp chill over the grounds and into the castle. Madam Pomfrey, the nurse, was kept busy by a sudden spate of colds among the staff and students. Her Pepperup Potion worked instantly, though it left the drinker smoking at the ears for several hours afterward. Ginny Weasley, who had been looking pale, was bullied into taking some by Percy. The steam pouring from under her vivid hair gave the impression that her whole head was on fire.

Raindrops the size of bullets thundered on the castle windows for days on end; the lake rose, the flower beds turned into muddy streams, and Hagrid's pumpkins swelled to the size of garden sheds. Oliver Wood's enthusiasm for regular training sessions, however, was not dampened, which was why Harry was to be found, late one stormy Saturday afternoon a few days before Halloween, returning to Gryffindor Tower, drenched to the skin and splattered with mud.

十月來臨，帶來潮濕的寒氣籠罩著場地和城堡。護士潘夫人忙碌於突然爆發的感冒節，其中包括師生。她的Pepperup藥水立即見效，但服用者的耳朵會冒煙幾個小時。金妮·衛斯理一直看起來很蒼白，被珀西強迫服用了一些。她火紅色的頭髮下冒出的蒸汽給人留下了整個頭都在著火的印象。彈珠大小的雨點連日在城堡窗戶上猛打著，湖水漲了起來，花壇變成了泥濘的溪流，海格的南瓜膨脹到了花園大棚的大小。然而，奧利弗·伍德對定期訓練課程的熱情沒有減弱，這就是為什麼幾天前的萬聖節前幾天，一個暴風雨的周六下午，哈利溼透了、沾滿了泥巴，卻還在前往格蘭芬多塔樓的路上。

Even aside from the rain and wind it hadn't been a happy practice session. Fred and George, who had been spying on the Slytherin team, had seen for themselves the speed of those new Nimbus Two Thousand and Ones. They reported that the Slytherin team was no more than seven greenish blurs, shooting through the air like missiles.

As Harry squelched along the deserted corridor he came across somebody who looked just as preoccupied as he was. Nearly Headless Nick, the ghost of Gryffindor Tower, was staring morosely out of a window, muttering under his breath, "... don't fulfill their requirements ... half an inch, if that..."

"Hello, Nick," said Harry.

"Hello, hello," said Nearly Headless Nick, starting and looking round. He wore a dashing, plumed hat on his long curly hair, and a tunic with a ruff, which concealed the fact that his neck was almost completely severed. He was pale as smoke, and Harry could see right through him to the dark sky and torrential rain outside.

即使不算雨和風，這次訓練也並不愉快。弗雷德和喬治一直在監視史萊哲林隊，他們親眼見證了新的兩千零一號飛天掃帚速度的快。他們報告說，史萊哲林隊只不過是七個綠色的模糊點，像導彈一樣穿過空氣。當哈利在荒廢的走廊上溜過時，他遇到了一個看上去和他一樣心事重重的人。幾乎無頭騎士，格蘭芬多塔的鬼魂，沉思地看著窗外，嘴裡嘀咕著：“不要滿足他們的要求……只有半英寸而已……”“你好，尼克。”哈利說。“你好啊，你好啊。”幾乎無頭騎士說，他轉過身來看著哈利。他長捲的頭髮上戴著一頂花鳥飛翔的帽子，身穿一件有衣領的衣服，遮住了他的頸部幾乎完全斷裂的事實。他蒼白得像煙霧，哈利可以透過他看到外面黑暗的天空和傾盆大雨。

"You look troubled, young Potter," said Nick, folding a transparent letter as he spoke and tucking it inside his doublet.

"So do you," said Harry.

“Ah,” Nearly Headless Nick waved an elegant hand, “a matter of no importance. . . . It's not as though I really wanted to join. . . . Thought I'd apply, but apparently I 'don't fulfill requirements' —”

In spite of his airy tone, there was a look of great bitterness on his face.

“But you would think, wouldn't you,” he erupted suddenly, pulling the letter back out of his pocket, “that getting hit forty-five times in the neck with a blunt axe would qualify you to join the Headless Hunt?”

“Oh — yes,” said Harry, who was obviously supposed to agree.

“I mean, nobody wishes more than I do that it had all been quick and clean, and my head had come off properly, I mean, it would have saved me a great deal of pain and ridicule. However —” Nearly Headless Nick shook his letter open and read furiously:

“年輕的波特，你看起來煩惱。”尼克說。他一邊說一邊摺著一封透明的信，塞進他的襯衫裡。“你也是。”哈利說。“啊，”半透明尼克優雅地揮手，“這不重要.....我並不是真的想加入.....我想嘗試申請，但顯然我不符合要求.....”儘管他的口吻輕鬆，臉上卻帶著濃濃的苦澀。“但你會想，不是嗎。”他突然爆發，從口袋裡掏出信，“用一把鈍斧在脖子上被敲了四十五次，這不夠讓我加入無頭騎士團了嗎？”“哦，是啊。”哈利顯然應該同意。“我是指，沒有人比我更希望一切都很快、很乾淨，我的頭能夠正確地掉下來。這樣，可以節省很多痛苦和嘲笑。但是.....”半透明尼克打開他的信，憤怒地讀著：

*“We can only accept huntsmen whose heads have parted company with their bodies. You will appreciate that it would be impossible otherwise for members to participate in hunt activities such as Horseback Head-Juggling and Head Polo. It is with the greatest regret, therefore, that I must inform you that you do not fulfill our requirements. With very best wishes, Sir Patrick Delaney-Podmore.”*

Fuming. Nearly Headless Nick stuffed the letter away.

“Half an inch of skin and sinew holding my neck on, Harry! Most people would think that's good and beheaded, but oh, no, it's not enough for Sir Properly Decapitated-Podmore.”

Nearly Headless Nick took several deep breaths and then said, in a far calmer tone, “So — what's bothering you? Anything I can do?”

“No,” said Harry. “Not unless you know where we can get seven free Nimbus Two Thousand and Ones for our match against Sly —”

「我們只接受頭和身體分離的獵人。你會理解否則會無法參與馬術頭頸擲和頭部馬球等狩獵活動。因此，我不得不遺憾地告訴你，你不符合我們的要求。祝一切順利，帕特里克·德拉尼-波德莫爵士。」尼克氣得把信塞了起來。「只有半英寸的皮膚和筋肉才能固定我的頸部，哈利！大多數人會認為這很不錯，被砍下頭來，但不是對於得體地被斬首的波德莫爵士。」尼克深深地吸了幾口氣，然後以更加冷靜的口吻說道：「那麼，你有什麼困擾嗎？有我能做的事情嗎？」「沒有，」哈利說。「除非你知道我們在哪裡可以得到七架免費的光輝2001年對抗史萊—」

The rest of Harry's sentence was drowned out by a high-pitched mewling from somewhere near his ankles. He looked down and found himself gazing into a pair of lamp-like yellow eyes. It was Mrs. Norris, the skeletal gray cat who was used by the caretaker, Argus Filch, as a sort of deputy in his endless battle against students.

“You'd better get out of here, Harry,” said Nick quickly. “Filch isn't in a good mood — he's got the flu and some third years accidentally plastered frog brains all over the ceiling in dungeon five. He's been cleaning all morning, and if he sees you dripping mud all over the place —”

“Right,” said Harry, backing away from the accusing stare of Mrs. Norris, but not quickly enough. Drawn to the spot by the mysterious power that seemed to connect him with his foul cat, Argus Filch burst suddenly through a tapestry to Harry's right, wheezing and looking wildly about for the rule-breaker. There was a thick tartan scarf bound around his head, and his nose was unusually purple.

哈利剩下的話被從他腳踝附近傳來的尖聲哭嚎淹沒了。他低頭一看，發現自己正凝視著一雙燈籠般的黃色眼睛。那是 Mrs. Norris，一隻瘦骨嶙峋的灰色貓，由看守人阿格斯·菲奇用來對抗學生的種類。「你最好離開這裡，哈利，」尼克迅速說道。「菲奇心情不好——他得了流感，還有一些三年級學生不小心在地下室五的天花板上貼上了青蛙的腦袋。他一早開始就一直在清洗，如果他看到你把泥巴弄得到處都是——」「對，」哈利說，從 Mrs. Norris 指責的眼神中退後，但沒有足夠快的速度。被似乎將他與邪惡貓連接在一起的神秘力量吸引到這個地方，阿格斯·菲奇突然從哈利右側的垂掛畫中衝出來，喘息着，四處狂看違規者。他的頭上綁著厚實的蘇格蘭格紋圍巾，鼻子異常紫色。

“Filth!” he shouted, his jowls aquiver, his eyes popping alarmingly as he pointed at the muddy puddle that had dripped from Harry's Quidditch robes. “Mess and muck everywhere! I've had enough of it, I tell you! Follow me, Potter!”

So Harry waved a gloomy good-bye to Nearly Headless Nick and followed Filch back downstairs, doubling the number of muddy footprints on the floor.

Harry had never been inside Filch's office before; it was a place most students avoided. The room was dingy and windowless, lit by a single oil lamp dangling from the low ceiling. A faint smell of fried fish lingered about the place. Wooden filing cabinets stood around the walls; from their labels, Harry could see that they contained details of every pupil Filch had ever punished. Fred and George Weasley had an entire drawer to themselves. A highly polished collection of chains and manacles hung on the wall behind Filch's desk. It was common knowledge that he was always begging Dumbledore to let him suspend students by their ankles from the ceiling.

“髒東西！”他吼道，他的下巴肉在顫抖，他的眼睛令人驚訝地瞪大，指著從哈利的飛天掃帚上滴落的泥濘水坑。“到處都是亂

七八糟！我已經受夠了，我告訴你！跟我來，波特！”於是哈利向幾乎透明的尼克發了一聲憂鬱的再見，跟著費奇回到樓下，使地板上多了一倍的泥濘腳印。哈利以前從未進入費奇的辦公室；這是大多數學生都避之不及的地方。房間昏暗無光，只有一盞油燈從低矮的天花板上垂下來照明。一種微弱的炸魚味在這個地方彌漫著。木製檔案櫃圍繞著牆壁；從它們的標籤上，哈利可以看到它們包含了費奇曾經懲罰過的每個學生的細節。弗雷德和喬治·韋斯萊有一整個抽屜是屬於他們的。一套高度拋光的鏈條和手銬掛在費奇書桌後的牆上。眾所周知，他經常乞求鄧布利多讓他把學生倒掛在天花板上。

Filch grabbed a quill from a pot on his desk and began shuffling around looking for parchment.

“Dung,” he muttered furiously, “great sizzling dragon bogies . . . frog brains . . . rat intestines . . . I’ve had enough of it . . . make an *example* . . . where’s the form . . . yes . . .”

He retrieved a large roll of parchment from his desk drawer and stretched it out in front of him, dipping his long black quill into the ink pot.

“Name . . . Harry Potter. *Crime* . . .”

“It was only a bit of mud!” said Harry.

“It’s only a bit of mud to you, boy, but to me it’s an extra hour scrubbing!” shouted Filch, a drip shivering unpleasantly at the end of his bulbous nose. “*Crime* . . . befouling the castle . . . *suggested sentence* . . .”

Dabbing at his streaming nose, Filch squinted unpleasantly at Harry, who waited with bated breath for his sentence to fall.

菲奇從桌上的一個瓶子中拿起一支羽毛筆，開始四處搜尋羊皮紙。他憤怒地咕噥著：“髒東西，蒸蒸日上的龍屎...青蛙的腦袋...老鼠的腸子...我再也受夠了...給其他人一個教訓...表格在哪裡...對了...”他從桌子抽屜裡找出一卷大羊皮紙，將它展平放在面前，把長長的黑色羽毛筆沾在墨水瓶裡。“姓名...哈利波特。罪名...”“只是一點泥巴！”哈利說。“對你來說只是一點泥巴，但對我來說是多一個小時的擦洗！”菲奇咆哮道，他豐滿的鼻子尖端冒出一滴雨滴般的水珠。“罪名...污染城堡...建議判刑...”菲奇擤了擤流淚的鼻子，厭惡地瞪著哈利，哈利屏住呼吸等待他的判決。

But as Filch lowered his quill, there was a great BANG! on the ceiling of the office, which made the oil lamp rattle.

“PEEVES!” Filch roared, flinging down his quill in a transport of rage. “I’ll have you this time, I’ll have you!”

And without a backward glance at Harry, Filch ran flat-footed from the office, Mrs. Norris streaking alongside him.

Peeves was the school poltergeist, a grinning, airborne menace who lived to cause havoc and distress. Harry didn’t much like Peeves, but couldn’t help feeling grateful for his timing. Hopefully, whatever Peeves had done (and it sounded as though he’d wrecked something very big this time) would distract Filch from Harry.

Thinking that he should probably wait for Filch to come back, Harry sank into a moth-eaten chair next to the desk. There was only one thing on it apart from his half-completed form: a large, glossy, purple envelope with silver lettering on the front. With a quick glance at the door to check that Filch wasn’t on his way back, Harry picked up the envelope and read:

但就在費奇放下羽毛筆的瞬間，辦公室天花板上炸出了一聲巨響，讓油燈簌簌發抖。“皮維斯！”費奇怒吼道，怒氣沖沖地丟下羽毛筆，“這回我一定抓到你了，我一定會抓到你！”沒有回頭看哈利一眼，費奇橫著步子跑出了辦公室，諾里斯夫人在他身旁奔跑。皮維斯是個校內搗蛋鬼，一個笑嘻嘻的空中威脅，他的生活就是為了製造混亂和困擾。哈利並不太喜歡皮維斯，但不禁對他的時機感到感激。希望皮維斯所做的事情（而且聽起來好像他這次搞砸了很大的事情）能轉移費奇的注意力。哈利覺得他應該等費奇回來才對，於是沉入了桌子旁邊的一把蛀蝕的椅子裡。桌子上除了他未完成的表格以外，只有一件東西：一個大的、光滑的、帶有銀色字母的紫色信封。哈利看了看門，確定費奇沒有回來，便迅速拿起信封讀了起來：

## KWIKSPELL

---

### *A Correspondence Course in Beginners' Magic*

Intrigued, Harry flicked the envelope open and pulled out the sheaf of parchment inside. More curly silver writing on the front page said:

*Feel out of step in the world of modern magic? Find yourself making excuses not to perform simple spells? Ever been taunted for your woeful wandwork?*

*There is an answer!*

*Kwikspell is an all-new, fail-safe, quick-result, easy-learn course. Hundreds of witches and wizards have benefited from the Kwikspell method!*

*Madam Z. Nettles of Topsham writes:*

*“I had no memory for incantations and my potions were a family joke! Now, after a Kwikspell course, I am the center of attention at parties and friends beg for the recipe of my Scintillation Solution!”*

*Warlock D. J. Prod of Didsbury says:*

*“My wife used to sneer at my feeble charms, but one month into your fabulous Kwikspell course and I succeeded in turning her into a yak! Thank you, Kwikspell!”*

Fascinated, Harry thumbed through the rest of the envelope's contents. Why on earth did Filch want a Kwikspell course? Did this mean he wasn't a proper wizard? Harry was just reading "Lesson One: Holding Your Wand (Some Useful Tips)" when shuffling footsteps outside told him Filch was coming back. Stuffing the parchment back into the envelope, Harry threw it back onto the desk just as the door opened.

Filch was looking triumphant.

"That Vanishing Cabinet was extremely valuable!" he was saying gleefully to Mrs. Norris. "We'll have Peeves out this time, my sweet—"

快速拼寫 \_\_\_\_\_ 初學者魔法通信課程 哈利好奇地打開了信封，拿出了裡面的一簍羊皮紙。正面頁面上有更多的繁複的銀色字體，寫著：哈利開始翻閱信封中的其餘內容，為什麼費爾奇會想修快速拼寫課程呢？這是否意味著他不是一個真正的巫師？當哈利正在閱讀“第一課：握住您的魔杖（一些實用的技巧）”時，房外嘈雜的腳步聲告訴他費爾奇回來了。哈利將羊皮紙塞回信封，正當他將其拋回桌上的時候，門開了。費爾奇看起來很得意。“那個消失櫥子非常有價值！”他正高興地對著諾里斯夫人說道，“這次我們一定能把皮維斯趕出去，親愛的——”

His eyes fell on Harry and then darted to the Kwikspell envelope, which, Harry realized too late, was lying two feet away from where it had started.

Filch's pasty face went brick red. Harry braced himself for a tidal wave of fury. Filch hobbled across to his desk, snatched up the envelope, and threw it into a drawer.

"Have you — did you read — ?" he sputtered.

"No," Harry lied quickly.

Filch's knobbly hands were twisting together.

"If I thought you'd read my private — not that it's mine — for a friend — be that as it may — however —"

Harry was staring at him, alarmed; Filch had never looked madder. His eyes were popping, a tic was going in one of his pouchy cheeks, and the tartan scarf didn't help.

"Very well — go — and don't breathe a word — not that — however, if you didn't read — go now, I have to write up Peeves' report — go —"

他的目光落在哈利身上，然後 darted 到 Kwikspell 信封上，哈利太晚才意識到，在那封信的起點兩英尺遠的地方，還躺著信封。费尔奇的脸色变得象砖头一样红。哈利做好了面对他的怒潮的准备。费尔奇跋跳着走到他的桌子旁，抓起信封，扔进抽屉里。“你——你读了吗——？”他咆哮道。“没有，”哈利很快撒了个谎。费尔奇的手指在扭绞着。“如果我知道你读了我的私人信件——虽然不是我的——是借给一个朋友的——不管怎么说——”哈利惊恐地看着他；费尔奇从来没有看起来这么疯狂过。他的眼珠子几乎要瞪出来了，一个腮帮子在抽搐着，而蓝色的苏格兰披巾看起来更让他发疯。“好了——走——什么也别说——不过如果你没读——现在走，我得写皮威的报告——走——”

Amazed at his luck, Harry sped out of the office, up the corridor, and back upstairs. To escape from Filch's office without punishment was probably some kind of school record.

"Harry! Harry! Did it work?"

Nearly Headless Nick came gliding out of a classroom. Behind him, Harry could see the wreckage of a large black-and-gold cabinet that appeared to have been dropped from a great height.

"I persuaded Peeves to crash it right over Filch's office," said Nick eagerly. "Thought it might distract him—"

"Was that you?" said Harry gratefully. "Yeah, it worked, I didn't even get detention. Thanks, Nick!"

They set off up the corridor together. Nearly Headless Nick, Harry noticed, was still holding Sir Patrick's rejection letter.

"I wish there was something I could do for you about the Headless Hunt," Harry said.

哈利對自己的好運感到驚訝，他飛快地離開辦公室，穿過走廊，又匆忙地上了樓。能夠逃離費許人辦公室而不受懲罰可能是校內某種紀錄。“哈利！哈利！成功了嗎？”幾乎透明的尼克從一個教室中滑出來。在他身後，哈利能看到一個黑金色巨大櫃子的破壞，似乎是從很高的地方掉下來的。“我說服皮凡斯把它撞到費許辦公室上面，”尼克很興奮地說，“我想這會分散他的注意力——”“是你幹的？”哈利感激地說，“對，成功了，我甚至沒有被留堂扣分。謝謝你，尼克！”他們一起走上了走廊。哈利注意到幾乎透明的尼克仍然握著帕特里克爵士的拒絕信。“我希望我能為你解決無頭獵人的問題，”哈利說。

Nearly Headless Nick stopped in his tracks and Harry walked right through him. He wished he hadn't; it was like stepping through an icy shower.

"But there is something you could do for me," said Nick excitedly. "Harry — would I be asking too much — but no, you wouldn't want —"

"What is it?" said Harry.

"Well, this Halloween will be my five hundredth deathday," said Nearly Headless Nick, drawing himself up and looking dignified.

“Oh,” said Harry, not sure whether he should look sorry or happy about this. “Right.”

“I’m holding a party down in one of the roomier dungeons. Friends will be coming from all over the country. It would be such an *honor* if you would attend. Mr. Weasley and Miss Granger would be most welcome, too, of course — but I daresay you’d rather go to the school feast?” He watched Harry on tenterhooks.

快被斬首的尼克突然停下來，哈利剛好穿過他。他希望他沒有這麼做；那感覺像是踩進冰冷的淋浴中。“但是，有件事你可能可以幫幫我，”尼克興奮地說。“哈利——我這樣問你是不是有些過份——但不會，你不會想——”“什麼事？”哈利問。“這個萬聖節是我五百週年的忌日，”快被斬首的尼克挺直身子，顯得很有尊嚴。“Oh,”哈利說，不確定他應該對此感到難過還是開心。“是啊。”“我在一個比較寬敞的地牢裡舉辦派對。來自全國各地的朋友都會來。如果你能來，那真是太榮幸了。當然，衛斯理先生和格蘭傑小姐也非常歡迎——但我想你可能更想去學校的節日大餐？”他緊盯著哈利，期待他的回答。

“No,” said Harry quickly, “I’ll come —”

“My dear boy! Harry Potter, at my deathday party! And” — he hesitated, looking excited — “do you think you could possibly mention to Sir Patrick how *very* frightening and impressive you find me?”

“Of — of course,” said Harry.

Nearly Headless Nick beamed at him.

“A deathday party?” said Hermione keenly when Harry had changed at last and joined her and Ron in the common room. “I bet there aren’t many living people who can say they’ve been to one of those — it’ll be fascinating!”

“Why would anyone want to celebrate the day they died?” said Ron, who was halfway through his Potions homework and grumpy. “Sounds dead depressing to me. . . .”

Rain was still lashing the windows, which were now inky black, but inside all looked bright and cheerful. The firelight glowed over the countless squashy armchairs where people sat reading, talking, doing homework or, in the case of Fred and George Weasley, trying to find out what would happen if you fed a Filibuster firework to a salamander. Fred had “rescued” the brilliant orange, fire-dwelling lizard from a Care of Magical Creatures class and it was now smoldering gently on a table surrounded by a knot of curious people.

“不用了，”哈利很快地回答，“我会来的——”“哦，我亲爱的孩子！哈利·波特，来参加我的忌日派对！而且”，他犹豫了一下，兴奋地看着哈利，“你认为你能告诉帕特里克爵士你觉得我非常可怕和令人印象深刻吗？”“当——当然可以，”哈利说。半透明的尼克朝他微笑着。哈利终于换好衣服，和罗恩、赫敏走进公共休息室。赫敏提到尼克的忌日派对时，显得很感兴趣，“我敢打赌，没有多少活着的人能够说他们去过那样的派对——它会很有趣！”“为什么有人要庆祝他们死去的那天？”罗恩说道，他正在写药剂课的作业，心情很不好，“听起来很消沉。. . . .”雨仍不停地猛烈地敲打着窗户，外面漆黑一片，但室内却很明亮和欢快。火光照在无数个柔软的沙发上，人们坐着读书、聊天、写作业，或者像弗雷德和乔治·韦斯莱一样，试图探究给蟾蜍礼花喂食会发生什么事情。弗雷德从魔法生物课上“解救”了这只闪亮的橙色火蜥蜴，现在它正温和地悠着香味，放在桌子上，周围围着一群好奇的人。

Harry was at the point of telling Ron and Hermione about Filch and the Kwikspell course when the salamander suddenly whizzed into the air, emitting loud sparks and bangs as it whirled wildly round the room. The sight of Percy bellowing himself hoarse at Fred and George, the spectacular display of tangerine stars showering from the salamander’s mouth, and its escape into the fire, with accompanying explosions, drove both Filch and the Kwikspell envelope from Harry’s mind.

By the time Halloween arrived, Harry was regretting his rash promise to go to the deathday party. The rest of the school was happily anticipating their Halloween feast; the Great Hall had been decorated with the usual live bats, Hagrid’s vast pumpkins had been carved into lanterns large enough for three men to sit in, and there were rumors that Dumbledore had booked a troupe of dancing skeletons for the entertainment.

哈利正準備告訴朗恩和赫敏有關菲爾奇和快速魔法課程的事，突然那只火蜥蜴突然騰空飛起，發出巨響和爆裂聲，瘋狂地在房間裡盤旋。看到佩西向弗雷德和喬治大聲咆哮，火蜥蜴從口中噴出壯觀的橘色星星，然後逃入火中並帶來爆炸聲，這一切讓哈利的大腦裡除了菲爾奇和快速魔法的信封之外，沒有其他想法。當萬聖節到來時，哈利後悔冒失地答應參加死者紀念日派對。其餘的學生正快樂地期待萬聖節晚宴；大禮堂被裝飾上了栩栩如生的蝙蝠，海格巨大的南瓜被刻成燈籠，可以容納三個人，還有傳言說鄧布利多已經為娛樂預訂了一支跳舞骷髏的舞團。

“A promise is a promise,” Hermione reminded Harry bossily. “You *said* you’d go to the deathday party.”

So at seven o’clock, Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked straight past the doorway to the packed Great Hall, which was glittering invitingly with gold plates and candles, and directed their steps instead toward the dungeons.

The passageway leading to Nearly Headless Nick’s party had been lined with candles, too, though the effect was far from cheerful: These were long, thin, jet-black tapers, all burning bright blue, casting a dim, ghostly light even over their own living faces. The temperature dropped with every step they took. As Harry shivered and drew his robes tightly around him, he heard what sounded like a thousand fingernails scraping an enormous blackboard.

“承諾就是承諾，”赫敏高高地提醒哈利。“你說過你要去參加死忌派對。”所以在七點，哈利，羅恩和赫敏直接走過擠滿金盤和蠟燭的大禮堂的門口，轉而走向地下室。通往幾乎透明的尼克派對的走廊也點燃了蠟燭，但效果遠非愉快：這些都是長而細

的噴黑色蠟燭，全部燃燒著明亮的藍色，甚至在自己的臉部上也照亮了淡淡的鬼火。他們每走一步，溫度就下降一點。當哈利顫抖著並拉緊長袍時，他聽到像是有一千只指甲在刮一張巨大的黑板的聲音。

“Is that supposed to be *music*?” Ron whispered. They turned a corner and saw Nearly Headless Nick standing at a doorway hung with black velvet drapes.

“My dear friends,” he said mournfully. “Welcome, welcome . . . so pleased you could come. . . .”

He swept off his plumed hat and bowed them inside.

It was an incredible sight. The dungeon was full of hundreds of pearly-white, translucent people, mostly drifting around a crowded dance floor, waltzing to the dreadful, quavering sound of thirty musical saws, played by an orchestra on a raised, black-draped platform. A chandelier overhead blazed midnight-blue with a thousand more black candles. Their breath rose in a mist before them; it was like stepping into a freezer.

“Shall we have a look around?” Harry suggested, wanting to warm up his feet.

“那是應該叫做音樂嗎？”羅恩低聲說道。他們轉過一個彎，看到幾乎透明的尼克站在一個掛有黑色天鵝絨窗簾的門前。“我的親愛朋友們，”他哀傷地說道。“歡迎，歡迎……很高興你們能來。”他脫下他的豪華帽子，讓他們進去。這是一個令人難以置信的景象。地牢裡擠滿了數百個珍珠白色的，半透明的人們，大多數在擁擠的舞池周圍漂浮，跳著讓人毛骨悚然、顫抖的聲音，由一個在一個黑色窗簾平臺上演奏著三十把音樂鋸的管弦樂隊所演奏。頭上的枝形吊燈以千個黑色蠟燭點燃，發出午夜藍色的光芒。他們的氣息在他們面前升起一片薄霧，就像是走進了一個冷凍庫。“我們去四處看看吧？”哈利建議，想要暖和一下腳。

“Careful not to walk through anyone,” said Ron nervously, and they set off around the edge of the dance floor. They passed a group of gloomy nuns, a ragged man wearing chains, and the Fat Friar, a cheerful Hufflepuff ghost, who was talking to a knight with an arrow sticking out of his forehead. Harry wasn’t surprised to see that the Bloody Baron, a gaunt, staring Slytherin ghost covered in silver bloodstains, was being given a wide berth by the other ghosts.

“Oh, no,” said Hermione, stopping abruptly. “Turn back, turn back, I don’t want to talk to Moaning Myrtle —”

“Who?” said Harry as they backtracked quickly.

“She haunts one of the toilets in the girls’ bathroom on the first floor,” said Hermione.

“She haunts a *toilet*?”

“Yes. It’s been out of order all year because she keeps having tantrums and flooding the place. I never went in there anyway if I could avoid it; it’s awful trying to have a pee with her wailing at you —”

「小心不要穿過任何人，」羅恩緊張地說著，然後他們繞過舞池邊緣走開了。他們經過了一群憂鬱的修女、一個身穿鏈子的破爛男子、還有一個愉快的赫夫帕夫幽靈——胖和尚，他正在和一個額頭上卡著箭的騎士談話。哈利並不意外地看到，銀血漬點滿的陰森又兇殘的史萊哲林幽靈——血腥男爵，被其他幽靈避開了。「哦，不，」說赫敏嚴厲地停了下來。「誰要跟哭泣的默蒂爾說話啊？回去，回去！」「誰？」哈利問道，他們馬上轉身退回去。「她在一樓女廁中的一個馬桶裡出現，」赫敏說。「她在馬桶裡出現？」「是的。整年馬桶都被關閉了，因為她老是發脾氣，把整個廁所淹了。如果可以的話，我從來都不會進去；她一邊哭泣一邊嚷著，去廁所真的很噁心。」

“Look, food!” said Ron.

On the other side of the dungeon was a long table, also covered in black velvet. They approached it eagerly but next moment had stopped in their tracks, horrified. The smell was quite disgusting. Large, rotten fish were laid on handsome silver platters; cakes, burned charcoal-black, were heaped on salvers; there was a great maggoty haggis, a slab of cheese covered in furry green mold and, in pride of place, an enormous gray cake in the shape of a tombstone, with tar-like icing forming the words,

S IR N ICHOLAS DE M IMSY- P ORPINGTON

DIED 31 ST O CTOBER , 1492

Harry watched, amazed, as a portly ghost approached the table, crouched low, and walked through it, his mouth held wide so that it passed through one of the stinking salmon.

“Can you taste it if you walk through it?” Harry asked him

「看，食物！」羅恩說。在地牢的另一邊有一張長桌，也被黑絲絨所覆蓋。他們興高采烈地走近桌子，但下一刻，他們嚇呆了。那氣味真是太噁心了。放在華麗銀盤上的是又大又爛的魚肉；滿盤的蛋糕都烤成了炭黑色；還有一個肥大的蚯蚓腸、一塊被覆滿青毛的芝士、以及在最顯眼的地方，一個墓碑模樣的巨大灰色蛋糕上，畫著如樹膠一樣的字：SIR NICHOLAS DE MIMSY-PORPINGTON DIED 31ST OCTOBER, 1492 哈利目瞪口呆地看著一位豐滿的鬼魂走向桌子，彎腰低頭，穿過桌子，嘴巴大張，讓他穿過了一塊臭魚。「穿過去也能吃到味道嗎？」哈利問他。

“Almost,” said the ghost sadly, and he drifted away.

“I expect they’ve let it rot to give it a stronger flavor,” said Hermione knowledgeably, pinching her nose and leaning closer to look at the putrid haggis.

“Can we move? I feel sick,” said Ron.

They had barely turned around, however, when a little man swooped suddenly from under the table and came to a halt in midair before them.

“Hello, Peeves,” said Harry cautiously.

Unlike the ghosts around them, Peeves the Poltergeist was the very reverse of pale and transparent. He was wearing a bright orange party hat, a revolving bow tie, and a broad grin on his wide, wicked face.

“Nibbles?” he said sweetly, offering them a bowl of peanuts covered in fungus.

“No thanks,” said Hermione.

“Heard you talking about poor Myrtle,” said Peeves, his eyes dancing. “*Rude* you was about poor Myrtle.” He took a deep breath and bellowed, “OI! MYRTLE!”

“差不多了，”鬼魂難過地說，然後他漂浮離開。“我估計他們讓它爛掉了，以便使它更濃味，”赫敏有知識地說，捏著鼻子，靠近腐爛的腸衣看。“我們能動嗎？我覺得想吐，”羅恩說。然而，他們剛轉身，一個小男人突然從桌子下面飛快地出現，然後在他們面前懸停不動。“你好，皮維斯，”哈利謹慎地說。與他們周圍的鬼魂不同，撒野的小丑皮維斯完全不蒼白和透明。他戴著一頂鮮橙色的派對帽，旋轉的領結和寬大的邪惡臉龐上掛著一個燦爛的笑容。“吃點東西嗎？”他甜甜地說，遞給他們一碗覆蓋著真菌的花生米。“不用了，謝謝，”赫敏說。“聽說你在談論可憐的默特爾，”皮維斯說，眼睛眨巴著，“你對默特爾很無禮。”他深吸一口氣，吼道：“嗨！默特爾！”

“Oh, no, Peeves, don’t tell her what I said, she’ll be really upset,” Hermione whispered frantically. “I didn’t mean it, I don’t mind her — er, hello, Myrtle.”

The squat ghost of a girl had glided over. She had the glummiest face Harry had ever seen, half-hidden behind lank hair and thick, pearly spectacles.

“What?” she said sulkily.

“How are you, Myrtle?” said Hermione in a falsely bright voice. “It’s nice to see you out of the toilet.”

Myrtle sniffed.

“Miss Granger was just talking about you —” said Peeves slyly in Myrtle’s ear.

“Just saying — saying — how nice you look tonight,” said Hermione, glaring at Peeves.

Myrtle eyed Hermione suspiciously.

“You’re making fun of me,” she said, silver tears welling rapidly in her small, see-through eyes.

“No — honestly — didn’t I just say how nice Myrtle’s looking?” said Hermione, nudging Harry and Ron painfully in the ribs.

「哦，不，皮福斯，不要告訴她我說了什麼，她會很難過的。」赫敏慌張地小聲說道。「我不是那個意思，我不介意她 - 呃，哈啰，默特爾。」一個矮胖的女孩幽靈滑過來。她的臉是哈利見過的最陰沉的，半藏在亂鬚和厚厚的珍珠眼鏡後面。「什麼？」她陰郁地說。「你好嗎，默特爾？」赫敏用虛假的明亮的聲音說。「很高興看到你出來了。」默特爾嗅了嗅。「格蘭傑小姐剛才在談論你呢。」皮福斯在默特爾的耳邊狡猾地說。「只是說 - 說 - 你今晚看起來很漂亮，」赫敏說著，瞪了皮福斯一眼。默特爾懷疑地看著赫敏。「你在嘲笑我。」她說，銀色的眼淚迅速湧出她小小的透明眼睛。「不 - 老實說 - 我不是說默特爾看起來很好嗎？」赫敏痛苦地在哈利和羅恩的肋骨上用力推了推。

“Oh, yeah —”

“She did —”

“Don’t lie to me,” Myrtle gasped, tears now flooding down her face, while Peeves chuckled happily over her shoulder. “D’you think I don’t know what people call me behind my back? Fat Myrtle! Ugly Myrtle! Miserable, moaning, moping Myrtle!”

“You’ve forgotten *pimply*,” Peeves hissed in her ear.

Moaning Myrtle burst into anguished sobs and fled from the dungeon. Peeves shot after her, pelting her with moldy peanuts, yelling, “*Pimply! Pimply!*”

“Oh, dear,” said Hermione sadly.

Nearly Headless Nick now drifted toward them through the crowd.

“Enjoying yourselves?”

“Oh, yes,” they lied.

“Not a bad turnout,” said Nearly Headless Nick proudly. “The Wailing Widow came all the way up from Kent. . . . It’s nearly time for my speech, I’d better go and warn the orchestra. . . .”

「對了——」「她有一——」「別騙我，」慕特爾喘息著，眼淚已經湧了下來，皮維斯高興地嘲笑著她的肩膀。「你以為我不知道別人在我背後怎麼叫我嗎？胖慕特爾！醜陋的慕特爾！悲慘的、抱怨的、悲觀的慕特爾！」「你已經忘了長痘了，」皮維斯在她耳邊嘶嘶作聲。哀號的慕特爾爆發出悲痛的啜泣聲，從地牢中逃跑了。皮維斯追了上去，用發霉的花生餅乾砸她，大喊，「長痘！長痘！」「真是太糟了。」赫敏傷心地說。隨著人群，幾乎斷頭人現在漂浮著走向他們。「玩得愉快嗎？」「哦，是的。」他們謊稱。「不錯的人數，」幾乎斷頭人自豪地說。「哭泣的寡婦從肯特一路過來。差不多該輪到我的演講了，我最好去警告一下管弦樂隊。」

The orchestra, however, stopped playing at that very moment. They, and everyone else in the dungeon, fell silent, looking around in excitement, as a hunting horn sounded.

“Oh, here we go,” said Nearly Headless Nick bitterly.

Through the dungeon wall burst a dozen ghost horses, each ridden by a headless horseman. The assembly clapped wildly; Harry started to clap, too, but stopped quickly at the sight of Nick’s face.

The horses galloped into the middle of the dance floor and halted, rearing and plunging. At the front of the pack was a large ghost who held his bearded head under his arm, from which position he was blowing the horn. The ghost leapt down, lifted his head high in the air so he could see over the crowd (everyone laughed), and strode over to Nearly Headless Nick, squashing his head back onto his neck.

然而樂團在那一瞬間停止演奏。在牢房中的每個人都靜默了下來，興奮地四處張望，因為獵號聲响起。“啊，開始了。”幾乎透明的尼克憤憤不平地說。十幾匹鬼馬穿牆而入，每匹騎著無頭騎士。聚會的人們瘋狂地鼓掌；哈利也開始鼓掌，但在看到尼克臉上的表情後很快停了下來。馬匹奔入舞池中央並停下，前面是一個拿著有鬍子的頭的大鬼，在那個位置吹號。鬼跳下來，把他的頭高高舉起，這樣他可以俯瞰人群（大家都笑了），然後走向幾乎透明的尼克，把他的頭壓回他的脖子上。

“Nick!” he roared. “How are you? Head still hanging in there?”

He gave a hearty guffaw and clapped Nearly Headless Nick on the shoulder.

“Welcome, Patrick,” said Nick stiffly.

“Live ‘uns!” said Sir Patrick, spotting Harry, Ron, and Hermione and giving a huge, fake jump of astonishment, so that his head fell off again (the crowd howled with laughter).

“Very amusing,” said Nearly Headless Nick darkly.

“Don’t mind Nick!” shouted Sir Patrick’s head from the floor. “Still upset we won’t let him join the Hunt! But I mean to say — look at the fellow —”

“I think,” said Harry hurriedly, at a meaningful look from Nick, “Nick’s very — frightening and — er —”

“Ha!” yelled Sir Patrick’s head. “Bet he asked you to say that!”

“If I could have everyone’s attention, it’s time for my speech!” said Nearly Headless Nick loudly, striding toward the podium and climbing into an icy blue spotlight.

「尼克！」他咆哮道。「你好嗎？你的頭還好嗎？」他發出了一聲爽朗的大笑，用力拍了拍幾乎斷頭的尼克的肩膀。「歡迎，帕特里克，」尼克板著臉說。「活著的人類！」帕特里克爵士看到了哈利、羅恩和赫敏，大做驚訝的模樣，結果他的頭又掉了下來（群眾開始大笑）。「非常有趣，」幾乎斷頭的尼克陰森森地說。「別在意尼克！」帕特里克爵士的頭從地上喊道。「他還在氣我們不讓他參加狩獵！但我想說——看看這傢伙的樣子——」「我想，」哈利急忙說，看了一下尼克的眼神，「尼克非常可怕——啊——」「哈！」帕特里克爵士的頭大喊。「他一定讓你這麼說的！」「如果大家能集中注意，現在是我演講的時間！」幾乎斷頭的尼克大聲說道，走向講台，爬上冰藍色的聚光燈。

“My late lamented lords, ladies, and gentlemen, it is my great sorrow . . .”

But nobody heard much more. Sir Patrick and the rest of the Headless Hunt had just started a game of Head Hockey and the crowd was turning to watch. Nearly Headless Nick tried vainly to recapture his audience, but gave up as Sir Patrick’s head went sailing past him to loud cheers.

Harry was very cold by now, not to mention hungry.

“I can’t stand much more of this,” Ron muttered, his teeth chattering, as the orchestra ground back into action and the ghosts swept back onto the dance floor.

“Let’s go,” Harry agreed.

They backed toward the door, nodding and beaming at anyone who looked at them, and a minute later were hurrying back up the passageway full of black candles.

“Pudding might not be finished yet,” said Ron hopefully, leading the way toward the steps to the entrance hall.

「我的過世的主人、女士們、先生們，我衷心地感到悲傷……」但沒有人聽到更多內容。派屈克爵士和其他無頭騎士們剛剛開始一場無頭曲棍球比賽，人群正在轉向觀看。幾乎無頭騎士徒勞地試圖重新吸引觀眾，但在派屈克爵士的頭在掠過他到大聲歡呼時放棄了。現在哈利非常冷，更不用說飢餓了。「我已經受不了了，」羅恩嘟囔道，他的牙齒打顫，管弦樂團重新開始演奏，幽靈們收回舞池。「走吧，」哈利同意了。他們朝著門退回，向任何看著他們的人點頭微笑，一分鐘後匆匆回到了滿是黑蠟燭的通道上。「布丁可能還沒完，」羅恩抱著希望地說，帶領著哈利朝著通往入口大廳的臺階走去。

And then Harry heard it.

“... rip... tear... kill...”

It was the same voice, the same cold, murderous voice he had heard in Lockhart’s office.

He stumbled to a halt, clutching at the stone wall, listening with all his might, looking around, squinting up and down the dimly lit passageway.

“Harry, what’re you — ?”

“It’s that voice again — shut up a minute — ”

“... soo hungry... for so long...”

“Listen!” said Harry urgently, and Ron and Hermione froze, watching him.

“... kill... time to kill...”

The voice was growing fainter. Harry was sure it was moving away — moving upward. A mixture of fear and excitement gripped him as he stared at the dark ceiling: how could it be moving upward? Was it a phantom, to whom stone ceilings didn’t matter?

然後哈利聽到了聲音。“...撕裂...撕裂...殺害...”那是同樣的聲音，那個冷酷、殺氣騰騰的聲音，他曾在洛克哈特辦公室中聽過。他摔了一跤，一把抓住石牆，全神貫注地傾聽，四處張望，眯起眼睛看著昏暗的走廊。“哈利，你怎麼——？”“又是那個聲音——閉嘴——”“...太餓了... 餓餓已久...”“聽！”哈利緊急地說道，羅恩和赫敏凝視著他。“...殺害...是時候了...”聲音越來越微弱。哈利肯定它正在往遠處移動——正往上移動。一股恐懼和興奮的混合感籠罩著他，他盯著黑暗的天花板，感到不可思議。它怎麼會往上移動呢？難道它是一個幽靈，對石頭天花板毫不在意？

“This way,” he shouted, and he began to run, up the stairs, into the entrance hall. It was no good hoping to hear anything here, the babble of talk from the Halloween feast was echoing out of the Great Hall. Harry sprinted up the marble staircase to the first floor, Ron and Hermione clattering behind him.

“Harry, what’re we — ?”

“SHH!”

Harry strained his ears. Distantly, from the floor above, and growing fainter still, he heard the voice: “... I smell blood... I SMELL BLOOD!”

His stomach lurched —

“It’s going to kill someone!” he shouted, and ignoring Ron’s and Hermione’s bewildered faces, he ran up the next flight of steps three at a time, trying to listen over his own pounding footsteps —

Harry hurtled around the whole of the second floor, Ron and Hermione panting behind him, not stopping until they turned a corner into the last, deserted passage.

他大喊著：“這條路！”然後開始跑，沿著樓梯，跑進入口大廳。他不抱希望在這裡聽到什麼，萬聖節宴會的喧囂聲從大禮堂回蕩出來。哈利沿著大理石樓梯飛奔到一樓，羅恩和赫敏在後面咣啷咣啷地跟著。“哈利，我們要做什麼——”“噓！”哈利竭力聽著。遠處，從樓上傳來聲音，變得越來越微弱：“.....我聞到了血.....我聞到了血！”他的胃一沉——“它要殺人了！”他大喊，不理會羅恩和赫敏困惑的表情，他三步一跳地跑上下一層樓梯，努力聽過自己的急促步伐聲——哈利繞著整個二樓猛衝，羅恩和赫敏在後面喘氣，一直沒停下，直到他們轉了個彎進入最後一條荒廢的走廊。

“Harry, what was that all about?” said Ron, wiping sweat off his face. “I couldn’t hear anything...”

But Hermione gave a sudden gasp, pointing down the corridor.

“Look!”

Something was shining on the wall ahead. They approached slowly, squinting through the darkness. Foot-high words had been daubed on the wall between two windows, shimmering in the light cast by the flaming torches.

THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED. ENEMIES OF THE HEIR, BEWARE.

“What’s that thing — hanging underneath?” said Ron, a slight quiver in his voice.

As they edged nearer, Harry almost slipped — there was a large puddle of water on the floor; Ron and Hermione grabbed him, and they inched toward the message, eyes fixed on a dark shadow beneath it. All three of them realized what it was at once, and leapt backward with a splash.

哈利，那到底是怎麼回事？羅恩擦掉臉上的汗水說。“我什麼都聽不見...”但赫敏卻突然倒抽一口氣，指著走廊下方。“看！”牆上有些東西在閃閃發亮。他們緩慢地走近，在黑暗中睜起眼睛。在兩個窗戶之間的牆上，有一些一英尺高的文字，被火把照射下發出閃亮的光芒。密室已經被打開。祖傳之敵，小心。“那個下面掛著的是什麼東西？”羅恩發抖地說。當他們靠近時，哈利幾乎滑倒——地上有一大灘水；羅恩和赫敏抓住他，他們微微向消息靠攏，眼睛盯著它下面的黑暗影子。他們三個人立即意識到那是什麼，然後帶著濺水聲跳了回來。

Mrs. Norris, the caretaker’s cat, was hanging by her tail from the torch bracket. She was stiff as a board, her eyes wide and staring.

For a few seconds, they didn’t move. Then Ron said, “Let’s get out of here.”

“Shouldn’t we try and help —” Harry began awkwardly.

“Trust me,” said Ron. “We don’t want to be found here.”

But it was too late. A rumble, as though of distant thunder, told them that the feast had just ended. From either end of the corridor where they stood came the sound of hundreds of feet climbing the stairs, and the loud, happy talk of well-fed people; next moment, students were crashing into the passage from both ends.

The chatter, the bustle, the noise died suddenly as the people in front spotted the hanging cat. Harry, Ron, and Hermione stood alone, in the middle of the corridor, as silence fell among the mass of students pressing forward to see the grisly sight.

係管事員嘅貓Mrs. Norris，喺炬臂上掛住佢嘅尾巴，僵硬咁睇住。佢落嚟咗好耐，佢哋呆咗幾秒鐘。之後，Ron 講：「我哋離開呢到啦。」「我哋應唔應該試吓幫下——」Harry 笨拙咁開始講。「信任我，」Ron 講：「我哋唔想喺到被人發現啦。」但喺咁樣嘅情況已經冇得返啦。隨住低沉嘅隆隆聲，似咁遠嘅雷聲，佢哋知道盛宴剛剛結束。喺佢哋站嘅走廊兩端，佢哋聽到百千隻腳步聲浩浩蕩蕩登樓梯，同埋飢腸辘辘嘅人嘅熱鬧開心嘅談話聲；下一秒，學生喺兩邊嘅通道入面撞到咗一齊。喋喋不休嘅口水聲，膠踩聲以及噪音突然之間覆蓋咗議論中。依家，前面嘅人已經發現咗掛喺度嘅貓。Harry, Ron 同埋 Hermione 嘅走廊中央獨自一人，當見到一大堆學生向前湧去睇呢個可怕嘅景象時，寂靜霎時掩蓋住所有聲音。

Then someone shouted through the quiet.

“Enemies of the Heir, beware! You’ll be next, Mudbloods!”

It was Draco Malfoy. He had pushed to the front of the crowd, his cold eyes alive, his usually bloodless face flushed, as he grinned at the sight of the hanging, immobile cat.

接著有人在安靜中大喊：「血腥的髒泥，作為繼承人的敵人們要小心！」 那個人是Draco Malfoy，他擠到人群前面，冷酷的眼神充滿生氣，平時蒼白的臉色因笑容而泛紅，他高興地看著懸吊在那裡、不能動彈的貓。



## THE WRITING ON THE WALL

What's going on here? What's going on?"

Attracted no doubt by Malfoy's shout, Argus Filch came shouldering his way through the crowd. Then he saw Mrs. Norris and fell back, clutching his face in horror.

"My cat! My cat! What's happened to Mrs. Norris?" he shrieked.

And his popping eyes fell on Harry.

"*You!*" he screeched. "*You!* You've murdered my cat! You've killed her! I'll kill you! I'll—"

"*Argus!*"

Dumbledore had arrived on the scene, followed by a number of other teachers. In seconds, he had swept past Harry, Ron, and Hermione and detached Mrs. Norris from the torch bracket.

"Come with me, Argus," he said to Filch. "You, too, Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger."

Lockhart stepped forward eagerly.

"My office is nearest, Headmaster — just upstairs — please feel free —"

這裡發生了什麼事？發生了什麼事？”毫無疑問，是馬爾福的叫聲吸引了阿格斯·費奇，他肩兜著向人群中擠去。然後他看到了諾里斯夫人，驚恐地捂著臉退後了。“我的貓！我的貓！諾里斯夫人發生了什麼事？”他尖叫道。然後他的瞪眼落在了哈利身上。“是你！”他尖叫道。“是你！你殺了我的貓！你殺了她！我要殺了你！我——”“阿格斯！”鄧布利多抵達現場，跟隨著其他幾位老師。幾秒鐘內，他便越過哈利、羅恩和赫敏，把諾里斯夫人從火炬支架上拆開。“跟我來，阿格斯，”他對費奇說。“你也來，波特先生、韋斯萊先生、格蘭傑小姐。”洛哈特熱切地走了出來。“我的辦公室最近，校長——樓上——請隨意——”

"Thank you, Gilderoy," said Dumbledore.

The silent crowd parted to let them pass. Lockhart, looking excited and important, hurried after Dumbledore; so did Professors McGonagall and Snape.

As they entered Lockhart's darkened office there was a flurry of movement across the walls; Harry saw several of the Lockharts in the pictures dodging out of sight, their hair in rollers. The real Lockhart lit the candles on his desk and stood back. Dumbledore laid Mrs. Norris on the polished surface and began to examine her. Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged tense looks and sank into chairs outside the pool of candlelight, watching.

The tip of Dumbledore's long, crooked nose was barely an inch from Mrs. Norris's fur. He was looking at her closely through his half-moon spectacles, his long fingers gently prodding and poking. Professor McGonagall was bent almost as close, her eyes narrowed. Snape loomed behind them, half in shadow, wearing a most peculiar expression: It was as though he was trying hard not to smile. And Lockhart was hovering around all of them, making suggestions.

「謝謝你，吉德羅伊。」達姆伯爵說道。寂靜的人群分開了，讓他們通過。洛哈特（Lockhart）充滿激動和重要感地趕著達姆伯爵走，麥格和斯內普教授也跟上了。當他們進入了洛哈特黑暗的辦公室後，牆壁上突然出現了一陣騷動。哈利看到，幾幅洛哈特的畫像躲開了，他們頭上還插著捲髮器。真正的洛哈特點亮了桌子上的蠟燭，並站在一旁。達姆伯爵將諾瑞斯夫人放在光滑的桌面上，開始檢查她。哈利、羅恩和赫敏交換了緊張的眼神，然後坐在燭光之外的椅子上看著。達姆伯爵的長而彎曲

的鼻端與諾瑞斯夫人的毛髮僅有一寸之差。他透過半月形的眼鏡仔細地觀察著她，長長的手指輕輕地探索。麥格已經彎腰靠近，眼睛瞇細。斯內普站在他們後面，半在陰影中，臉上露出一個十分古怪的表情：好像他盡力不想笑。洛哈特在他們四周飄來飄去，提出一些建議。

“It was definitely a curse that killed her — probably the Transmogrifian Torture — I've seen it used many times, so unlucky I wasn't there, I know the very countercurse that would have saved her. . . .”

Lockhart's comments were punctuated by Filch's dry, racking sobs. He was slumped in a chair by the desk, unable to look at Mrs. Norris, his face in his hands. Much as he detested Filch, Harry couldn't help feeling a bit sorry for him, though not nearly as sorry as he felt for himself. If Dumbledore believed Filch, he would be expelled for sure.

Dumbledore was now muttering strange words under his breath and tapping Mrs. Norris with his wand, but nothing happened: She continued to look as though she had been recently stuffed.

“. . . I remember something very similar happening in Ouagadogou,” said Lockhart, “a series of attacks, the full story's in my autobiography, I was able to provide the townsfolk with various amulets, which cleared the matter up at once. . . .”

“她肯定是被詛咒所殺——可能是“變形酷刑”——我曾經見過它被使用很多次，真倒楣我當時不在，我知道那個可以拯救她的反咒。. . . .”洛哈特的評論被費爾奇沉悶的啜泣聲所打斷。他坐在書桌旁的一張椅子上，無法看著諾瑞斯夫人，臉埋在雙手中。儘管哈利非常討厭費爾奇，但他不禁有些同情他，雖然他對自己的遭遇感到的悲憤遠超過同情。鄧布利多正在嘴裡喃喃自語，用魔杖敲打著諾瑞斯夫人，但什麼都沒發生：她看起來仍像是最近才被填塞上去一樣。“. . . .我記得在瓦加杜古發生過類似的事，一系列的攻擊，詳細故事記錄在我的自傳中，我當時給城裡的居民提供了各種護身符，立刻解決了問題. . . .”

The photographs of Lockhart on the walls were all nodding in agreement as he talked. One of them had forgotten to remove his hair net.

At last Dumbledore straightened up.

“She's not dead, Argus,” he said softly.

Lockhart stopped abruptly in the middle of counting the number of murders he had prevented.

“Not dead?” choked Filch, looking through his fingers at Mrs. Norris. “But why's she all — all stiff and frozen?”

“She has been Petrified,” said Dumbledore (“Ah! I thought so!” said Lockhart). “But how, I cannot say. . . .”

“Ask *him*!” shrieked Filch, turning his blotched and tearstained face to Harry.

“No second year could have done this,” said Dumbledore firmly. “It would take Dark Magic of the most advanced —”

“He did it, he did it!” Filch spat, his pouchy face purpling. “You saw what he wrote on the wall! He found — in my office — he knows I'm a — I'm a —” Filch's face worked horribly. “He knows I'm a Squib!” he finished.

洛哈特的照片在牆上隨著他說話點頭。其中一個忘了拿掉他的頭髮網。最後，鄧布利多直起身來。“她沒死，阿格斯，”他輕聲說。洛哈特突然停下來，正在數他防止的謀殺數量。“沒死？”非利士嗓音嘶啞地看著諾瑞斯夫人的手指，“但她怎麼會這樣呢？僵硬和定住？”“她被石化了，”鄧布利多說（“啊！我就知道！”洛哈特說），“但是怎麼石化的我說不上來...”“問他！”非利士尖叫道，把有斑點和淚痕的臉轉向哈利。“沒有二年級學生能做到這點，”鄧布利多堅定地說，“這需要最先進的黑魔法。”“他做到了，他做到了！”非利士嘶吼道，他瘤狀的臉變得蒼白。“你們看到他在牆上寫了什麼！他發現了 - 在我的辦公室裡 - 他知道我是個 - 我是個 - ”非利士的臉表情恐怖，“他知道我是個魁地奇異能者！”

“I never touched Mrs. Norris!” Harry said loudly, uncomfortably aware of everyone looking at him, including all the Lockharts on the walls. “And I don't even know what a Squib is . . .”

“Rubbish!” snarled Filch. “He saw my Kwikspell letter!”

“If I might speak, Headmaster,” said Snape from the shadows, and Harry's sense of foreboding increased; he was sure nothing Snape had to say was going to do him any good.

“Potter and his friends may have simply been in the wrong place at the wrong time,” he said, a slight sneer curling his mouth as though he doubted it. “But we do have a set of suspicious circumstances here. Why was he in the upstairs corridor at all? Why wasn't he at the Halloween feast?”

Harry, Ron and Hermione all launched into an explanation about the deathday party. “. . . there were hundreds of ghosts, they'll tell you we were there —”

“我絕沒有碰過諾莉斯夫人！”哈利大聲說道，明顯感到所有人都在看著他，包括牆上的洛哈特一家人。“我也不知道什麼是輩出巫。”“廢話！”費成咆哮道。“他看到了我的Kwikspell信！”“如果我可以講幾句，校長先生，”從陰影中，斯內普說道。哈利愈發有一種不好的預感，他肯定斯內普的話不會對自己有什麼好處。“波特和他的朋友可能只是在錯誤的時間錯誤的地點，”他說，嘴角微微上翹，好像懷疑這一點。“但我們確實有一系列可疑的情況。他為什麼會在樓上的走廊？他為什麼不在萬聖節的宴會上？”哈利、羅恩和赫敏都解釋了一下死日派對的事情。“. . . .那裡有數百個鬼魂，他們會告訴您我們在那裡——”

“But why not join the feast afterward?” said Snape, his black eyes glittering in the candlelight. “Why go up to that corridor?”

Ron and Hermione looked at Harry.

“Because — because —” Harry said, his heart thumping very fast; something told him it would sound very far-fetched if he told them he had been led there by a bodiless voice no one but he could hear, “because we were tired and wanted to go to bed,” he said.

“Without any supper?” said Snape, a triumphant smile flickering across his gaunt face. “I didn’t think ghosts provided food fit for living people at their parties.”

“We weren’t hungry,” said Ron loudly as his stomach gave a huge rumble.

Snape’s nasty smile widened.

“I suggest, Headmaster, that Potter is not being entirely truthful,” he said. “It might be a good idea if he were deprived of certain privileges until he is ready to tell us the whole story. I personally feel he should be taken off the Gryffindor Quidditch team until he is ready to be honest.”

“但為什麼不去之後參加宴會？”斯納普說，他的黑眼睛在燭光下閃閃發亮。“為什麼走到那條走廊？”羅恩和赫敏看著哈利。“因為...因為...”哈利說，他的心跳得非常快，他覺得如果告訴他們他被一個無質的聲音帶到那裡聽起來非常牽強，“因為我們很累，想去睡覺，”他說。“沒吃晚飯？”斯納普問道，他瘦削的臉上閃過一抹得意的微笑，“我沒想到鬼魂會為生人的派對提供適合他們的食物。”“我們不餓，”羅恩大聲說，他的肚子發出巨大的咕嚕聲。斯納普的嘴角扯開了狠毒的笑容。“校長，我建議波特並不是在完全誠實地說話，最好讓他失去某些特權，直到他準備好告訴我們整個故事。我個人覺得在他準備好誠實之前，他應該退出格蘭芬多的魁地奇隊伍。”

“Really, Severus,” said Professor McGonagall sharply, “I see no reason to stop the boy playing Quidditch. This cat wasn’t hit over the head with a broomstick. There is no evidence at all that Potter has done anything wrong.”

Dumbledore was giving Harry a searching look. His twinkling light-blue gaze made Harry feel as though he were being X-rayed.

“Innocent until proven guilty, Severus,” he said firmly.

Snape looked furious. So did Filch.

“My cat has been Petrified!” he shrieked, his eyes popping. “I want to see some *punishment*!”

“We will be able to cure her, Argus,” said Dumbledore patiently. “Professor Sprout recently managed to procure some Mandrakes. As soon as they have reached their full size, I will have a potion made that will revive Mrs. Norris.”

“I’ll make it,” Lockhart butted in. “I must have done it a hundred times. I could whip up a Mandrake Restorative Draught in my sleep —”

「西弗勒斯，」麥格教授嚴厲地說：「我看不出停止男孩打飛天掃帚球的理由。這隻貓不是被掃帚桿打到頭的。根本沒有證據證明波特有任何錯誤。」鄧布利多對哈利進行了嚴密的審視。他的閃亮淺藍色目光讓哈利感覺自己好像被透視了一樣。「在證實有罪之前，都是無罪的，西弗勒斯。」他堅定地說。斯內普看起來很生氣。菲爾奇也是。「我的貓被石化了！」他尖叫道，他的眼睛快要跳出來了。「我要看到一些懲罰！」「我們能治好她，阿格斯，」鄧布利多有耐心地說。「斯普勞特教授最近成功地弄到了一些曼德拉草。一旦它們長到足夠大，我會製作一種能喚醒諾里斯夫人的藥水。」「讓我來做，」洛哈特插嘴道。「我一定做過一百次了。我可以在睡覺時調出曼德拉草恢復劑。」

“Excuse me,” said Snape icily. “But I believe I am the Potions master at this school.”

There was a very awkward pause.

“You may go,” Dumbledore said to Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

They went, as quickly as they could without actually running. When they were a floor up from Lockhart’s office, they turned into an empty classroom and closed the door quietly behind them. Harry squinted at his friends’ darkened faces.

“D’you think I should have told them about that voice I heard?”

“No,” said Ron, without hesitation. “Hearing voices no one else can hear isn’t a good sign, even in the Wizarding world.”

Something in Ron’s voice made Harry ask, “You do believe me, don’t you?”

“Course I do,” said Ron quickly. “But — you must admit it’s weird. . . .”

“I know it’s weird,” said Harry. “The whole thing’s weird. What was that writing on the wall about? *The Chamber Has Been Opened* . . . . What’s that supposed to mean?”

“對不起，”斯內普冷冷地說道。“但我相信我是這所學校的魔藥學教授。”場面非常尷尬。“你們可以走了，”鄧布利多對哈利、羅恩和赫敏說。他們盡可能快地走了，但並沒有真的跑。當他們離洛克哈特的辦公室上了一層樓的時候，他們轉進了一間空教室，並安靜地關上了門。哈利睜起眼睛看著他朋友的臉，看不太清楚。“你們覺得我應該告訴他們我聽到的聲音嗎？”

“不，”羅恩毫不猶豫地說道。“聽到別人聽不到的聲音並不是一個好兆頭，即使在巫師世界。”羅恩話音一落，哈利就問：“你相信我，對嗎？”“當然相信，”羅恩很快地說。“但……你得承認，這很奇怪……”“我知道很奇怪，”哈利說。“整件事都很奇怪。那堵牆上的字是什麼意思？私人領地已開啟……這是什麼意思？”

“You know, it rings a sort of bell,” said Ron slowly. “I think someone told me a story about a secret chamber at Hogwarts once . . . might’ve been Bill . . .”

“And what on earth’s a Squib?” said Harry.

To his surprise, Ron stifled a snigger.

“Well — it’s not funny really — but as it’s Filch,” he said. “A Squib is someone who was born into a Wizarding family but hasn’t got any magic powers. Kind of the opposite of Muggle-born wizards, but Squibs are quite unusual. If Filch’s trying to learn magic from a Kwikspell course, I reckon he must be a Squib. It would explain a lot. Like why he hates students so much.” Ron gave a satisfied smile. “He’s bitter.”

A clock chimed somewhere.

“Midnight,” said Harry. “We’d better get to bed before Snape comes along and tries to frame us for something else.”

「你知道嗎，這讓我想起了什麼。」羅恩慢慢地說。「我好像有人告訴過我關於霍格華茲的一個秘密房間的故事...可能是比爾...」「到底什麼是凡人出身啊？」哈利問道。讓他驚訝的是，羅恩抑制了一下笑聲。「嗯——其實不是很好笑——但既然提到費奇，」他說。「凡人出身是指生於巫師家庭卻沒有任何魔法能力的人。有點像是生於麻瓜之家的巫師相反，但凡人出身的人相當罕見。如果費奇試著從快速魔法課程中學習魔法，我猜他一定是個凡人出身。這可以解釋很多事情。比如他為什麼這麼討厭學生。」羅恩滿意地笑了。「他很悲憤。」某處鐘聲響起。「午夜了。」哈利說。「在史納皮來試圖誣陷我們做其他事之前，我們最好去睡覺了。」

For a few days, the school could talk of little else but the attack on Mrs. Norris. Filch kept it fresh in everyone’s minds by pacing the spot where she had been attacked, as though he thought the attacker might come back. Harry had seen him scrubbing the message on the wall with Mrs. Skower’s All-Purpose Magical Mess Remover, but to no effect; the words still gleamed as brightly as ever on the stone. When Filch wasn’t guarding the scene of the crime, he was skulking red-eyed through the corridors, lunging out at unsuspecting students and trying to put them in detention for things like “breathing loudly” and “looking happy.”

Ginny Weasley seemed very disturbed by Mrs. Norris’s fate. According to Ron, she was a great cat lover.

“But you haven’t really got to know Mrs. Norris,” Ron told her bracingly. “Honestly, we’re much better off without her.” Ginny’s lip trembled. “Stuff like this doesn’t often happen at Hogwarts,” Ron assured her. “They’ll catch the maniac who did it and have him out of here in no time. I just hope he’s got time to Petrify Filch before he’s expelled. I’m only joking —” Ron added hastily as Ginny blanched.

學校在幾天內都一直在談論著對諾里斯夫人的攻擊。Filch通過在攻擊現場巡邏而讓這個事件時刻保持著大家的警覺，他好像認為攻擊者可能會再次出現。哈利曾看到他用斯高夫夫人萬用的魔法污漬清除劑刷掉了牆上的字跡，但沒有效果。這些字依然閃閃發光地呈現在石頭上。當Filch沒有守衛犯罪現場時，他會在走廊里潛伏，紅眼睛地突然向蒼鷹無防備的學生衝過去，為了“呼吸聲響大”和“看起來開心”等理由而給他們停留的懲罰。金妮·衛斯理對諾里斯夫人的命運感到非常不安。根據朗的說法，她非常喜歡貓。“但是你其實還沒有真正認識諾里斯夫人，”朗振作地告訴她，“老實說，沒有她我們會更好。”金妮的嘴唇顫抖著。“這種事情在霍格沃茨很少發生，”朗向她保證，“他們會逮捕這個瘋子並在短時間內把他趕走。我只希望在被開除之前他有時間把Filch石化。我只是開玩笑的，”當金妮變得蒼白時，朗趕緊補充道。

The attack had also had an effect on Hermione. It was quite usual for Hermione to spend a lot of time reading, but she was now doing almost nothing else. Nor could Harry and Ron get much response from her when they asked what she was up to, and not until the following Wednesday did they find out.

Harry had been held back in Potions, where Snape had made him stay behind to scrape tubeworms off the desks. After a hurried lunch, he went upstairs to meet Ron in the library, and saw Justin Finch-Fletchley, the Hufflepuff boy from Herbology, coming toward him. Harry had just opened his mouth to say hello when Justin caught sight of him, turned abruptly, and sped off in the opposite direction.

Harry found Ron at the back of the library, measuring his History of Magic homework. Professor Binns had asked for a three-foot-long composition on “The Medieval Assembly of European Wizards.”

攻擊對赫敏也產生了影響。赫敏通常會花很多時間閱讀，但現在她幾乎什麼事情都不做。當哈利和羅恩問她在忙什麼時，她也沒有太多回應，直到下週三他們才知道。哈利在魔藥學課被留了下來，在那裡斯內普讓他留下來刮掉桌子上的管蟲。吃完匆忙的午餐後，他上樓去圖書館和羅恩會面，看到草藥學裡的赫夫帕夫男孩賈斯汀·芬奇-弗列契朝他走來。哈利剛開口打招呼，賈斯汀就看到了他，突然轉身往相反的方向飛奔。哈利在圖書館後面找到了羅恩，正在測量他的魔法史作業。賓斯教授要求他寫一篇三英尺長的作文，主題是“歐洲巫師中世紀議會”。

“I don’t believe it, I’m still eight inches short . . .” said Ron furiously, letting go of his parchment, which sprang back into a roll. “And Hermione’s done four feet seven inches and her writing’s tiny.”

“Where is she?” asked Harry, grabbing the tape measure and unrolling his own homework.

“Somewhere over there,” said Ron, pointing along the shelves. “Looking for another book. I think she’s trying to read the whole library before

Christmas.”

Harry told Ron about Justin Finch-Fletchley running away from him.

“Dunno why you care. I thought he was a bit of an idiot,” said Ron, scribbling away, making his writing as large as possible. “All that junk about Lockhart being so great —”

Hermione emerged from between the bookshelves. She looked irritable and at last seemed ready to talk to them.

“我不敢相信，我還差八英寸……”羅恩氣急敗壞地說道，一拋筆記，紙捲彈回。“而赫敏已經完成了四英尺七英寸，而且她的字體很小。”“她在哪裡？”哈利問，拿起卷尺並展開自己的作業。“在那邊某處，”羅恩指向架子上，“在找另一本書。我想她想在聖誕節前讀完整個圖書館。”哈利告訴羅恩賈斯汀·芬奇-弗萊奇利逃跑的事情。“我不知道你為什麼在意。我覺得他有點傻。”羅恩塗鴉，把自己的字體盡可能地放大。“那些關於洛哈特有多偉大的廢話……”赫敏從書架間走出來。她看起來煩躁，但最終似乎已經準備好和他們談話了。

“All the copies of *Hogwarts: A History* have been taken out,” she said, sitting down next to Harry and Ron. “And there’s a two-week waiting list. I wish I hadn’t left my copy at home, but I couldn’t fit it in my trunk with all the Lockhart books.”

“Why do you want it?” said Harry.

“The same reason everyone else wants it,” said Hermione, “to read up on the legend of the Chamber of Secrets.”

“What’s that?” said Harry quickly.

“That’s just it. I can’t remember,” said Hermione, biting her lip. “And I can’t find the story anywhere else —”

“Hermione, let me read your composition,” said Ron desperately, checking his watch.

“No, I won’t,” said Hermione, suddenly severe. “You’ve had ten days to finish it —”

“I only need another two inches, come on —”

The bell rang. Ron and Hermione led the way to History of Magic, bickering.

“霍格華茲的歷史的所有書都已借出，”她說，坐在哈利和羅恩旁邊。“還有一個兩週的等待清單。我希望我沒有把我的書留在家裡，但我無法把它和洛哈特的所有書都塞進行李箱裡。”“你為什麼想要它？”哈里說。“跟所有人想要它的原因一樣，”赫敏說，“是為了閱讀密室傳奇。”“那是什麼？”哈里迅速問道。“問題就在這裡。我記不起來了，”赫敏咬著嘴唇說。“我在其他地方也找不到這個故事——”“赫敏，讓我看看你的作文，”羅恩拼命地說，查看著手錶。“不，我不會的，”赫敏突然嚴肅起來。“你已經有十天的時間去完成它了——”“我只需要再寫兩英寸，來吧——”鈴聲響起。羅恩和赫敏在口角不斷的情況下帶路去參加魔法史課程。

History of Magic was the dullest subject on their schedule. Professor Binns, who taught it, was their only ghost teacher, and the most exciting thing that ever happened in his classes was his entering the room through the blackboard. Ancient and shriveled, many people said he hadn’t noticed he was dead. He had simply got up to teach one day and left his body behind him in an armchair in front of the staffroom fire; his routine had not varied in the slightest since.

Today was as boring as ever. Professor Binns opened his notes and began to read in a flat drone like an old vacuum cleaner until nearly everyone in the class was in a deep stupor, occasionally coming to long enough to copy down a name or date, then falling asleep again. He had been speaking for half an hour when something happened that had never happened before. Hermione put up her hand.

魔法史是他們課程表上最乏味的科目。授課的賓斯教授是唯一的鬼教師，他課堂上最令人興奮的事情就是從黑板進入教室。許多人說，這位古老而干瘦的教授甚至未察覺自己已經死去。他那天只是起床上課，把自己的軀體留在員工室的火爐前的一張扶手椅上。他的日常從未改變過。今天跟往常一樣無聊。賓斯教授打開他的筆記，開始像一台老吸塵器一樣單調地娓娓道來，幾乎所有人都已經陷入了深度昏迷。有時候，他們會突然醒來，複製下一個名字或日期，然後再次睡著。在講了半個小時之後，發生了從未有過的事情。赫敏舉起了她的手。

Professor Binns, glancing up in the middle of a deadly dull lecture on the International Warlock Convention of 1289, looked amazed.

“Miss — er — ?”

“Granger, Professor. I was wondering if you could tell us anything about the Chamber of Secrets,” said Hermione in a clear voice.

Dean Thomas, who had been sitting with his mouth hanging open, gazing out of the window, jerked out of his trance; Lavender Brown’s head came up off her arms and Neville Longbottom’s elbow slipped off his desk.

Professor Binns blinked.

“My subject is History of Magic,” he said in his dry, wheezy voice. “I deal with *facts*, Miss Granger, not myths and legends.” He cleared his throat with a small noise like chalk snapping and continued, “In September of that year, a subcommittee of Sardinian sorcerers —”

賓斯教授聽了一半十分無聊的關於1289年國際巫師大會的演講時抬起頭，驚訝地看著說話的人。“小姐——？”“格蘭傑，教授。我想問您關於密室的事，”赫敏清楚的聲音說道。一直張著嘴，凝視窗外的丹·托馬斯突然清醒，薰衣草·布朗掀起頭來，內維爾·朗伯頓的手肘從桌子上滑落。賓斯教授眨了眨眼睛。“我教授的是魔法歷史，”他用乾瘦的聲音說道，“我講的是事實，格蘭傑小姐，而不是神話和傳說。”他清了清喉嚨，發出像是粉筆斷裂的聲音，繼續說，“在那年的九月，撒丁島的巫師小組——”

He stuttered to a halt. Hermione's hand was waving in the air again.

“Miss Grant?”

“Please, sir, don't legends always have a basis in fact?”

Professor Binns was looking at her in such amazement, Harry was sure no student had ever interrupted him before, alive or dead.

“Well,” said Professor Binns slowly, “yes, one could argue that, I suppose.” He peered at Hermione as though he had never seen a student properly before. “However, the legend of which you speak is such a very *sensational*, even *ludicrous* tale —”

But the whole class was now hanging on Professor Binns's every word. He looked dimly at them all, every face turned to his. Harry could tell he was completely thrown by such an unusual show of interest.

“Oh, very well,” he said slowly. “Let me see . . . the Chamber of Secrets . . .

他结结巴巴地停了下来。荷米恩的手再次在空中挥舞着。“格兰特小姐？”“请问，先生，传说总是有事实依据的吧？”宾斯教授惊讶地看着她，哈利确信没有一个学生在他的讲课中曾经打断他，不管是活着还是死了。“好吧，”宾斯教授慢慢地说，“是的，我想人们可以用这个来争论。”他像是以前从来没有正眼看过一位学生一样盯着荷米恩看。“然而，你提到的那个传说是一个非常轰动、甚至可笑的故事——”但是整个班级现在都对宾斯教授的每一个字眉飞色舞。他模糊地看着他们所有人，每个人都转向他。哈利可以感觉到这样非比寻常的关注让他完全局促不安。“噢，好吧，”他慢慢地说。“让我看看……密室……”

“You all know, of course, that Hogwarts was founded over a thousand years ago — the precise date is uncertain — by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age. The four school Houses are named after them: Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. They built this castle together, far from prying Muggle eyes, for it was an age when magic was feared by common people, and witches and wizards suffered much persecution.”

He paused, gazed blearily around the room, and continued.

“For a few years, the founders worked in harmony together, seeking out youngsters who showed signs of magic and bringing them to the castle to be educated. But then disagreements sprang up between them. A rift began to grow between Slytherin and the others. Slytherin wished to be more *selective* about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed that magical learning should be kept within all-magic families. He disliked taking students of Muggle parentage, believing them to be untrustworthy. After a while, there was a serious argument on the subject between Slytherin and Gryffindor, and Slytherin left the school.”

當然，你們都知道霍格華茲創辦於一千多年前，確切的日期不可考，由當時四位最偉大的女巫和巫師所創建。學校裡的四個學院就是以他們的名字命名：戈德里克·格林芬多、海爾嘉·赫夫帕夫、勞伊娜·雷文克勞和薩拉查·史萊哲林。他們跟該時代普通人對魔法非常恐懼，魔女和巫師遭受到很多迫害，因此共同建造了這座城堡，遠離凡人的眼睛。他暫停了一下，眼睛模糊地注視著房間，然後繼續說道。在最初的幾年裡，創辦人們和諧共處，一起挑選有魔法天賦的年輕人，把他們帶到這座城堡接受教育。但接著他們之間產生了爭吵，斯萊哲林和其他人開始疏遠。斯萊哲林希望選擇進入霍格華茲的學生更為優秀，他認為神奇的學習應該僅在純血巫師的家族內繼承。他不喜歡收有麻煩的麻瓜家族的學生，認為他們不值得信任。不久之後，斯萊哲林和格林芬多之間就達到了關於這個問題的嚴重爭吵，斯萊哲林離開了學校。

Professor Binns paused again, pursing his lips, looking like a wrinkled old tortoise.

“Reliable historical sources tell us this much,” he said. “But these honest facts have been obscured by the fanciful legend of the Chamber of Secrets. The story goes that Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in the castle, of which the other founders knew nothing.”

“Slytherin, according to the legend, sealed the Chamber of Secrets so that none would be able to open it until his own true heir arrived at the school. The heir alone would be able to unseal the Chamber of Secrets, unleash the horror within, and use it to purge the school of all who were unworthy to study magic.”

There was silence as he finished telling the story, but it wasn't the usual, sleepy silence that filled Professor Binns's classes. There was unease in the air as everyone continued to watch him, hoping for more. Professor Binns looked faintly annoyed.

賓斯教授停頓了一會兒，皺起嘴唇，看起來像一只皺巴巴的老陸龜。「可靠的歷史資料告訴我們這麼多，」他說。「但這些誠實的事實已被幻想般的密室傳說所掩蓋。故事說，斯萊哲林在城堡內建了一個隱藏的密室，其他創立者一無所知。根據傳說，斯萊哲林密封了密室，以便除非他自己的真正繼承人到了學校，否則任何人都無法打開它。只有繼承人才能解開密室的封印，釋放內部的恐怖，並用它來淨化那些不值得學習魔法的人。」當他講完故事時，教室裡的沉默並不像賓斯教授課堂上常見的沉寂。大家都感到不安，繼續看著他，希望聽到更多的內容。賓斯教授看起來有點不悅。

“The whole thing is arrant nonsense, of course,” he said. “Naturally, the school has been searched for evidence of such a chamber, many times, by the most learned witches and wizards. It does not exist. A tale told to frighten the gullible.”

Hermione's hand was back in the air.

"Sir — what exactly do you mean by the 'horror within' the Chamber?"

"That is believed to be some sort of monster, which the Heir of Slytherin alone can control," said Professor Binns in his dry, reedy voice.

The class exchanged nervous looks.

"I tell you, the thing does not exist," said Professor Binns, shuffling his notes. "There is no Chamber and no monster."

"But, sir," said Seamus Finnigan, "if the Chamber can only be opened by Slytherin's true heir, no one else *would* be able to find it, would they?"

「這一切當然都是胡說八道，」他說。「學校已經被最博學的女巫和巫師搜過多次以尋找這樣的密室，但沒有發現。這是一個用來嚇唬易受騙的人的故事。」赫敏又舉手發問。「先生，您所謂的密室內的恐怖是指什麼？」「據信是某種怪物，只有史萊哲林家族的繼承人才能控制。」賓斯教授用他乾燥、尖銳的聲音說道。課堂上的學生們彼此交換著緊張的眼神。「我告訴你們，這樣的東西不存在，」賓斯教授收拾著他的筆記。「沒有密室，也沒有怪物。」「但是，先生，」西蒙·芬尼根說道，「如果密室只能被史萊哲林家族的真正繼承人打開，其他人又怎麼會找到它呢？」

"Nonsense, O'Flaherty," said Professor Binns in an aggravated tone. "If a long succession of Hogwarts headmasters and headmistresses haven't found the thing —"

"But, Professor," piped up Parvati Patil, "you'd probably have to use Dark Magic to open it —"

"Just because a wizard *doesn't* use Dark Magic doesn't mean he *can't* , Miss Pennyfeather," snapped Professor Binns. "I repeat, if the likes of Dumbledore —"

"But maybe you've got to be related to Slytherin, so Dumbledore couldn't —" began Dean Thomas, but Professor Binns had had enough.

"That will do," he said sharply. "It is a myth! It does not exist! There is not a shred of evidence that Slytherin ever built so much as a secret broom cupboard! I regret telling you such a foolish story! We will return, if you please, to *history*, to solid, believable, verifiable *fact*!"

“废话，O'Flaherty，”教授宾斯以恼怒的语气说。“如果霍格沃茨的一长串校长和女校长都没找到那个东西——”“但是，教授，”帕尔瓦蒂·帕蒂尔插话道，“你可能得使用黑魔法才能打开它——”“只是因为一个巫师不使用黑魔法并不意味着他不能使用，Pennyfeather小姐，”宾斯教授厉声说道。“我重申，如果像邓布利多一样的人——”“但也许你必须是斯莱特林的后代，所以邓布利多就不能——”迪恩·托马斯开始说话，但宾斯教授已经受够了。“就这样吧，”他尖声说。“那是一个神话！它不存在！没有丝毫证据表明斯莱特林曾经建造过一个秘密的扫帚橱！我后悔告诉你这样一个愚蠢的故事！请回到历史上来，回到坚实的、可信的、可证实的事实上！”

And within five minutes, the class had sunk back into its usual torpor.

"I always knew Salazar Slytherin was a twisted old loony," Ron told Harry and Hermione as they fought their way through the teeming corridors at the end of the lesson to drop off their bags before dinner. "But I never knew he started all this pure-blood stuff. I wouldn't be in his House if you paid me. Honestly, if the Sorting Hat had tried to put me in Slytherin, I'd've got the train straight back home. . . ."

Hermione nodded fervently, but Harry didn't say anything. His stomach had just dropped unpleasantly.

Harry had never told Ron and Hermione that the Sorting Hat had seriously considered putting *him* in Slytherin. He could remember, as though it were yesterday, the small voice that had spoken in his ear when he'd placed the hat on his head a year before: *You could be great, you know, it's all here in your head, and Slytherin would help you on the way to greatness, no doubt about that. . . .*

五分鐘內，班級再次陷入平常的懶散中。「我一直知道薩拉查·斯萊特林是一個變態老瘋子，」羅恩說，當哈利和赫敏在下課前擠過擁擠的走廊，準備在晚飯前放下書包時。「但我從沒想過他開始了所有這個純血裔的東西。就算給我鉅款，我也不會去他的宮廷。老實說，如果分類帽試圖把我分到斯萊特林，我會直接坐火車回家……」赫敏激動地點頭，但哈利沒有說任何話。他的胃感到不舒服地下降了。哈利從未告訴羅恩和赫敏，分類帽曾經嚴肅地考慮將他分到斯萊特林。他還記得，就像昨天一樣，當他一年前將帽子戴在頭上時，那個小聲音在他耳邊說過：你可以偉大，你知道，一切都在你的頭腦裡，而斯萊特林將幫助你走向偉大，毫無疑問……

But Harry, who had already heard of Slytherin House's reputation for turning out Dark wizards, had thought desperately, *Not Slytherin!* and the hat had said, *Oh, well, if you're sure . . . better be Gryffindor. . . .*

As they were shunted along in the throng, Colin Creevey went past.

"Hiya, Harry!"

"Hullo, Colin," said Harry automatically.

"Harry — Harry — a boy in my class has been saying you're —"

But Colin was so small he couldn't fight against the tide of people bearing him toward the Great Hall; they heard him squeak, "See you, Harry!" and he was gone.

“What’s a boy in his class saying about you?” Hermione wondered.

“That I’m Slytherin’s heir, I expect,” said Harry, his stomach dropping another inch or so as he suddenly remembered the way Justin Finch-Fletchley had run away from him at lunchtime.

但已经听说了斯莱特林学院因培养阴暗巫师的名声，哈利绝望地想：不能是斯莱特林！帽子说道：“嗯，如果你确定的话……最好是格兰芬多。”当他们在人群中推搡着走的时候，科林·克里维从旁边走过。“嗨，哈利！”“你好，科林，”哈利不由自主地说。“哈利——哈利——我班上的一个男生一直说你——”但是科林太小了，无法对抗人群带着他往大厅走去；他们听到他尖叫：“见到你了，哈利！”然后他就消失了。“他班上的男生说了什么关于你？”赫敏想知道。“我猜想他说我是斯莱特林的继承人，”哈利说，他的肚子降低了另一英寸，同时他突然想起贾斯汀·芬奇-弗莱彻在午餐时间逃离他的方式。

“People here’ll believe anything,” said Ron in disgust.

The crowd thinned and they were able to climb the next staircase without difficulty.

“D’you *really* think there’s a Chamber of Secrets?” Ron asked Hermione.

“I don’t know,” she said, frowning. “Dumbledore couldn’t cure Mrs. Norris, and that makes me think that whatever attacked her might not be — well — human.”

As she spoke, they turned a corner and found themselves at the end of the very corridor where the attack had happened. They stopped and looked. The scene was just as it had been that night, except that there was no stiff cat hanging from the torch bracket, and an empty chair stood against the wall bearing the message “The Chamber of Secrets Has Been Opened.”

“That’s where Filch has been keeping guard,” Ron muttered.

「這裡的人會相信什麼都是真的，」羅恩厭惡地說。人群減少了，他們能夠輕鬆地爬上下一層樓梯。「你真的認為有密室嗎？」羅恩問赫敏。「我不知道，」她皺眉說道。「鄧布爾多也無法治好諾里斯夫人，這讓我覺得攻擊她的可能不是...人。」當她說話的時候，他們轉了個彎，發現自己到了襲擊發生的那條走廊的盡頭。他們停下來看著。那個夜晚的場景與當時完全一樣，只是火炬架上沒有僵硬的貓，牆上站著一把空椅子，上面寫著「密室已經被打開了」。「那就是費奇一直守衛的地方，」羅恩喃喃道。

They looked at each other. The corridor was deserted.

“Can’t hurt to have a poke around,” said Harry, dropping his bag and getting to his hands and knees so that he could crawl along, searching for clues.

“Scorch marks!” he said. “Here — and here —”

“Come and look at this!” said Hermione. “This is funny. . .”

Harry got up and crossed to the window next to the message on the wall. Hermione was pointing at the topmost pane, where around twenty spiders were scuttling, apparently fighting to get through a small crack. A long, silvery thread was dangling like a rope, as though they had all climbed it in their hurry to get outside.

“Have you ever seen spiders act like that?” said Hermione wonderingly.

“No,” said Harry, “have you, Ron? Ron?”

He looked over his shoulder. Ron was standing well back and seemed to be fighting the impulse to run.

他們相互看了一眼。走廊上空無一人。「看看也不會有什麼壞處，」哈利說，便放下背包，爬下來四肢着地，搜尋著線索。「燒焦痕跡！」他說：「在這裡——還有在這裡——」「來看看這個！」赫敏說：「這真好玩……」哈利站起身走到牆上留言的旁邊的窗戶旁。赫敏指著最上面的窗格，在那裡，大約有二十隻蜘蛛爬動著，似乎在爭先恐後地往一個小裂縫中鑽。一條長長的銀色絲線像條繩子一樣垂掛著，好像它們都在趕著爬上去。「你們見過蜘蛛這樣嗎？」赫敏驚訝地問道。「沒有，」哈利說，「羅恩，你呢？羅恩？」他轉過頭，看到羅恩站在很遠的地方，似乎在掙扎著不想逃跑。

“What’s up?” said Harry.

“I — don’t — like — spiders,” said Ron tensely.

“I never knew that,” said Hermione, looking at Ron in surprise. “You’ve used spiders in Potions loads of times. . .”

“I don’t mind them dead,” said Ron, who was carefully looking anywhere but at the window. “I just don’t like the way they move. . .”

Hermione giggled.

“It’s not funny,” said Ron, fiercely. “If you must know, when I was three, Fred turned my — my teddy bear into a great big filthy spider because I broke his toy broomstick. . . You wouldn’t like them either if you’d been holding your bear and suddenly it had too many legs and . . .”

He broke off, shuddering. Hermione was obviously still trying not to laugh. Feeling they had better get off the subject, Harry said, ‘Remember all that water on the floor? Where did that come from? Someone’s mopped it up.’

“最近怎麼樣？”哈利問道。“我……我不喜歡……蜘蛛……”羅恩緊張地說。“我不知道你會這樣呢。”赫敏驚訝地看著羅恩說，“你經常在魔藥課上使用蜘蛛……”“我不介意它們死了。”羅恩仔細看著窗外說，“只是它們的動作我不喜歡……”赫敏咯咯笑了起來。“這可不好笑。”羅恩猛地說道，“如果你一定要知道，當我三歲的時候，弗雷德把我的泰迪熊變成一隻又大又骯髒的蜘蛛，因為我摔壞了他的玩具掃帚……你如果拿著你的熊，突然它就變成了一只多出好幾條腿的蜘蛛，你也不會喜歡的……”他停了下來，顫抖著。赫敏顯然還在努力忍耐著笑。哈利覺得他們最好轉移話題，便說道：“那地上的水怎麼回事？有人把它擦干了。”

“It was about here,” said Ron, recovering himself to walk a few paces past Filch’s chair and pointing. “Level with this door.”

He reached for the brass doorknob but suddenly withdrew his hand as though he’d been burned.

“What’s the matter?” said Harry.

“Can’t go in there,” said Ron gruffly. “That’s a girls’ toilet.”

“Oh, Ron, there won’t be anyone in there,” said Hermione, standing up and coming over. “That’s Moaning Myrtle’s place. Come on, let’s have a look.”

And ignoring the large OUT OF ORDER sign, she opened the door.

It was the gloomiest, most depressing bathroom Harry had ever set foot in. Under a large, cracked, and spotted mirror were a row of chipped sinks. The floor was damp and reflected the dull light given off by the stubs of a few candles, burning low in their holders; the wooden doors to the stalls were flaking and scratched and one of them was dangling off its hinges.

「就在這裡吧。」羅恩說著，走過費魁的椅子幾步，指著說：「跟這道門齊平。」他伸手去拿黃銅的門把，但突然猛地收回了手，像是被燙傷了一樣。「怎麼了？」哈利問道。「不能進去那裡。」羅恩粗暴地說：「那是女廁。」「哦，羅恩，裡面應該沒有人。」赫敏說著，站起來走過來：「那是哀號鬼莫琳的巢穴。來吧，我們去看看。」她無視著大大的「停用中」標誌，打開了門。這是哈利踏進過的最陰暗、最讓人沮喪的浴室。大鏡子下面是一排磕磕碰碰的水槽，地板濕漉漉的，反射出幾根燭燃盡的殘蠟柱所發出的暗淡光芒；馬桶門的木料脫落、刮花，其中一個還懸掛在搖晃的門鉸上。

Hermione put her fingers to her lips and set off toward the end stall. When she reached it she said, “Hello, Myrtle, how are you?”

Harry and Ron went to look. Moaning Myrtle was floating above the tank of the toilet, picking a spot on her chin.

“This is a girls’ bathroom,” she said, eyeing Ron and Harry suspiciously. “*They’re* not girls.”

“No,” Hermione agreed. “I just wanted to show them how — er — nice it is in here.”

She waved vaguely at the dirty old mirror and the damp floor.

“Ask her if she saw anything,” Harry mouthed at Hermione.

“What are you whispering?” said Myrtle, staring at him.

“Nothing,” said Harry quickly. “We wanted to ask —”

“I wish people would stop talking behind my back!” said Myrtle, in a voice choked with tears. “I *do* have feelings, you know, even if I *am* dead —”

赫敏則著手向最後一個間隔走去，伸手貼住嘴唇。當她到達時，她說：“嗨，默特爾，你怎麼樣？”哈利和羅恩走上前去看。哀號的默特爾漂浮在馬桶的水箱上，挑選她下巴上的斑點。“這是女廁所，”她猜疑地看著羅恩和哈利，“他們不是女孩。”“不是，”赫敏同意道，“我只是想向他們展示這裡有多漂亮。”她對著骯髒的老鏡子和潮濕的地面做出了模糊的揮手動作。“問問她看到什麼了，”哈利對著赫敏嘴了嘴。“你們在耳語什麼？”默特爾盯著他道。“沒什麼，”哈利急忙說，“我們想問——”“我希望人們不要在我背後說話！”默特爾嗚咽著說道，“我也有感受，你知道，即使我死了——”

“Myrtle, no one wants to upset you,” said Hermione. “Harry only —”

“No one wants to upset me! That’s a good one!” howled Myrtle. “My life was nothing but misery at this place and now people come along ruining my death!”

“We wanted to ask you if you’ve seen anything funny lately,” said Hermione quickly. “Because a cat was attacked right outside your front door on Halloween.”

“Did you see anyone near here that night?” said Harry.

“I wasn’t paying attention,” said Myrtle dramatically. “Peeves upset me so much I came in here and tried to *kill* myself. Then, of course, I remembered that I’m — that I’m —”

“Already dead,” said Ron helpfully.

Myrtle gave a tragic sob, rose up in the air, turned over, and dived headfirst into the toilet, splashing water all over them and vanishing from sight, although from the direction of her muffled sobs, she had come to rest somewhere in the U-bend.

“默特爾，沒有人想讓你生氣，”赫敏說。“哈利只是——”“沒有人想讓我生氣！好棒！”默特爾吼道。“我在這裡的日子里只有痛苦，現在人們又來破壞我的死亡！”“我們想問問你最近有沒有看到什麼有趣的事情，”赫敏很快地說。“因為萬聖節那天一只貓就在你家門口被攻擊了。”“你有沒有看到當晚有人在這附近？”哈利問。“我當時沒在意，”默特爾戲劇性地說。“皮維斯讓我太生氣了，我就跑進來這裡想自殺。不過，我當然記得我已經——我已經——”“已經死了，”羅恩幫忙說道。默特爾傷心地哭嚎一聲，一下子飛到半空中，翻了個身，頭朝下跳進馬桶里，整個人都濺了一地，消失得無影無蹤。不過聽從她的哭泣聲傳來的方向，她大概已經落到了U管的某個地方。

Harry and Ron stood with their mouths open, but Hermione shrugged wearily and said, “Honestly, that was almost cheerful for Myrtle. . . . Come on, let's go.”

Harry had barely closed the door on Myrtle's gurgling sobs when a loud voice made all three of them jump.

“RON!”

Percy Weasley had stopped dead at the head of the stairs, prefect badge agleam, an expression of complete shock on his face.

“That's a *girls'* bathroom!” he gasped. “What were *you* — ?”

“Just having a look around,” Ron shrugged. “Clues, you know — ”

Percy swelled in a manner that reminded Harry forcefully of Mrs. Weasley.

“Get — away — from — there — ” Percy said, striding toward them and starting to bustle them along, flapping his arms. “Don't you *care* what this looks like? Coming back here while everyone's at dinner — ”

哈利和羅恩張著嘴巴，但赫敏疲乏地聳了聳肩，說：“老實說，對於默特爾來說，那幾乎是快樂的……走吧，我們走吧。”哈利剛剛把門關上，默特爾嗚嗚地哭泣，一聲大喊讓他們三個都跳了起來。“羅恩！”珀西·威茲利在樓梯頂端急停，護衛徽章閃閃發光，臉上震驚的表情。“那是女廁所！”他喘息著，“你們是來干嘛的？”“只是看看。”羅恩聳了聳肩，“找線索，你知道的。”珀西一下子膨脹起來，讓哈利不禁想起了魔蘭黛·衛斯理。“離開那裡！”珀西說著，向他們走去，並開始抹著手臂，趕他們走，“你不在意這是什麼樣子嗎？趁著大家都在吃飯的時候回來……”

“Why shouldn't we be here?” said Ron hotly, stopping short and glaring at Percy. “Listen, we never laid a finger on that cat!”

“That's what I told Ginny,” said Percy fiercely, “but she still seems to think you're going to be expelled, I've never seen her so upset, crying her eyes out, you might think of *her*; all the first years are thoroughly overexcited by this business — ”

“*You don't care about Ginny*,” said Ron, whose ears were now reddening. “*You're* just worried I'm going to mess up your chances of being Head Boy — ”

“Five points from Gryffindor!” Percy said tersely, fingering his prefect badge. “And I hope it teaches you a lesson! No more *detective work*, or I'll write to Mum!”

And he strode off, the back of his neck as red as Ron's ears.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione chose seats as far as possible from Percy in the common room that night. Ron was still in a very bad temper and kept blotting his Charms homework. When he reached absently for his wand to remove the smudges, it ignited the parchment. Fuming almost as much as his homework, Ron slammed *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2* shut. To Harry's surprise, Hermione followed suit.

“為什麼我們不能在這裡呢？”羅恩火氣勃勃地說，停了下來，怒視帕西。“聽著，我們從未碰過那隻貓！”“這就是我告訴金妮的話，”帕西憤怒地說，“但她仍然認為你們會被開除，我從未見過她如此沮喪，哭得淚流滿面，你應該想想她，所有的一年級生都因此而興奮不已——”“你不關心金妮，”羅恩的耳朵現在也是通紅的。“你只是擔心我會搞砸你當領袖的機會——”“從格蘭芬多扣五分！”帕西毫不客氣地說，摸著他的學生領袖徽章。“我希望這能教育你一點！不要再搞偵探工作，否則我就寫信給媽媽！”他大踏步走開了，他的脖子後面和羅恩的耳朵一樣紅。那天晚上，哈利、羅恩和赫敏在公共休息室裡選了距離帕西最遠的座位。羅恩還是情緒極差，一直在擦拭他的魔法功課。當他離神地拿起魔杖去除污漬時，紙張就着火了。羅恩幾乎和他的功課一樣暴躁，摔關上了《標準魔法咒語第二年級》的書。讓哈利驚訝的是，赫敏也做了同樣的事。

“Who can it be, though?” she said in a quiet voice, as though continuing a conversation they had just been having. “Who'd want to frighten all the Squibs and Muggle-borns out of Hogwarts?”

“Let's think,” said Ron in mock puzzlement. “Who do we know who thinks Muggle-borns are scum?”

He looked at Hermione. Hermione looked back, unconvinced.

“If you're talking about Malfoy — ”

“Of course I am!” said Ron. “You heard him— ‘You’ll be next, Mudbloods!’ — come on, you’ve only got to look at his foul rat face to know it’s him—”

“Malfoy, the Heir of Slytherin?” said Hermione skeptically.

“Look at his family,” said Harry, closing his books, too. “The whole lot of them have been in Slytherin; he’s always boasting about it. They could easily be Slytherin’s descendants. His father’s definitely evil enough.”

「但是，是誰會這樣做呢？」她以低調的聲音說，好像他們剛剛談到一樣。「是誰會想要嚇跑霍格華茲所有的凡人和麻瓜出身的學生呢？」「我們來想想看，」羅恩假裝陷入疑惑。「我們認識哪些人認為麻瓜出身的學生是垃圾？」他看著赫敏。赫敏回望著他，不太信服。「如果你指的是馬爾福——」「當然是他啊！」羅恩說。「你聽到他說的那句話——『你們會是下一個，泥巴血統！』——你看看他那醜陋的老鼠臉就知道是他了——」「馬爾福，史萊哲林的繼承人？」赫敏懷疑地說。「看看他的家族，」哈利也放下書來。「他們一家都是史萊哲林的學生，他經常吹噓這一點。他們很可能是史萊哲林的後代。他的父親肯定夠邪惡」。

“They could’ve had the key to the Chamber of Secrets for centuries!” said Ron. “Handing it down, father to son . . .”

“Well,” said Hermione cautiously, “I suppose it’s possible. . . .”

“But how do we prove it?” said Harry darkly.

“There might be a way,” said Hermione slowly, dropping her voice still further with a quick glance across the room at Percy. “Of course, it would be difficult. And dangerous, very dangerous. We’d be breaking about fifty school rules, I expect —”

“If, in a month or so, you feel like explaining, you will let us know, won’t you?” said Ron irritably.

“All right,” said Hermione coldly. “What we’d need to do is to get inside the Slytherin common room and ask Malfoy a few questions without him realizing it’s us.”

“But that’s impossible,” Harry said as Ron laughed.

“他們可能已經擁有密室的鑰匙幾個世紀了！”羅恩說道，“從父親到兒子，代代相傳……”“嗯，”妙麗小心地說，“我想這可能是有可能的……”“但我們要如何證明呢？”哈利暗暗說道。“或許有辦法，”妙麗慢慢地說道，聲音低了下去，迅速瞥了一眼珀西，然後又道，“當然，這很困難，非常危險。我們可能會違反五十多條校規。”“如果再過一個月左右你想解釋一下的話，你會告訴我們的，對吧？”羅恩不悅地說道。“好吧，”妙麗冷冷地說，“我們需要做的就是進入蛇妖的休息室，然後不讓馬爾福發現我們的身份，問他一些問題。”“但那是不可能的，”哈利說道，羅恩笑了起來。

“No, it’s not,” said Hermione. “All we’d need would be some Polyjuice Potion.”

“What’s that?” said Ron and Harry together.

“Snape mentioned it in class a few weeks ago —”

“D’you think we’ve got nothing better to do in Potions than listen to Snape?” muttered Ron.

“It transforms you into somebody else. Think about it! We could change into three of the Slytherins. No one would know it was us. Malfoy would probably tell us anything. He’s probably boasting about it in the Slytherin common room right now, if only we could hear him.”

“This Polyjuice stuff sounds a bit dodgy to me,” said Ron, frowning. “What if we were stuck looking like three of the Slytherins forever?”

“It wears off after a while,” said Hermione, waving her hand impatiently. “But getting hold of the recipe will be very difficult. Snape said it was in a book called *Moste Potente Potions* and it’s bound to be in the Restricted Section of the library.”

“不，不是才对嘛，”赫敏說道，“我们只需要波利固型药水就行了。”“那是个啥？”罗恩和哈利异口同声问道。“斯内普几个星期前上课的时候提到过，”赫敏說道。“你以为我们在药剂课上有比听斯内普更好的事情要干吗？”罗恩嘟囔道。“它可以让你变成别人，想想吧！我们可以变成三个斯莱特林学院的人，没人会知道是我们。马尔福可能会告诉我们一些有用的情报呢。也许他现在正在斯莱特林公共休息室里吹嘘呢，只要我们能听到就好了。”“这个波利固型药水听起来有些危险，”罗恩皱着眉头說道，“如果我们一直都看起来像三个斯莱特林学院的学生怎么办？”“它会在一段时间后失效，”赫敏不耐烦地揮了揮手，“但是要弄到这个配方非常困难。斯内普说它在一本叫做《至强药剂》的书里，而且肯定在图书馆的禁书区。”

There was only one way to get out a book from the Restricted Section: You needed a signed note of permission from a teacher.

“Hard to see why we’d want the book, really,” said Ron, “if we weren’t going to try and make one of the potions.”

“I think,” said Hermione, “that if we made it sound as though we were just interested in the theory, we might stand a chance. . . .”

“Oh, come on, no teacher’s going to fall for that,” said Ron. “They’d have to be really thick. . . .”

從受限區取出書的方法只有一個：你需要一張教師簽署的許可證。「真的看不出來為什麼我們要這本書，」羅恩說：「如果我們不是要試著調製藥水的話。」「我想，」赫敏說：「如果我們讓它聽起來像我們只是對理論感興趣，或許有機會。」

「哦，拜託，沒有老師會上這個當的，」羅恩說。「他們得真的夠白痴的。」



## THE ROGUE BLUDGER

Since the disastrous episode of the pixies, Professor Lockhart had not brought live creatures to class. Instead, he read passages from his books to them, and sometimes reenacted some of the more dramatic bits. He usually picked Harry to help him with these reconstructions; so far, Harry had been forced to play a simple Transylvanian villager whom Lockhart had cured of a Babbling Curse, a yeti with a head cold, and a vampire who had been unable to eat anything except lettuce since Lockhart had dealt with him.

Harry was hauled to the front of the class during their very next Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson, this time acting a werewolf. If he hadn't had a very good reason for keeping Lockhart in a good mood, he would have refused to do it.

"Nice loud howl, Harry — exactly — and then, if you'll believe it, I pounced — like this — *slammed* him to the floor — thus — with one hand, I managed to hold him down — with my other, I put my wand to his throat — I then screwed up my remaining strength and performed the immensely complex Homorphus Charm — he let out a piteous moan — go on, Harry — higher than that — good — the fur vanished — the fangs shrank — and he turned back into a man. Simple, yet effective — and another village will remember me forever as the hero who delivered them from the monthly terror of werewolf attacks."

自從小精靈慘案之後，洛哈特教授沒有再帶實物到課堂上，而是向學生們朗讀自己的書中內容，有時重新演繹其中更加戲劇化的部分。他通常選哈利來幫助他進行這些重現；到目前為止，哈利曾被迫扮演過一個被洛哈特治癒了咕嚕咕嚕咒語的簡單特蘭西瓦尼亞村民、一隻感冒的雪人和一個在洛哈特治療後除了生菜什麼都不能吃的吸血鬼。在他們接下來的黑魔法防禦術課上，哈利被拖到課堂前，這次扮演一個狼人。如果沒有一個很好的理由讓洛哈特保持好心情，他肯定會拒絕的。“好的，哈利，大聲嚎叫——就是這樣——如果你能相信，我便猛撲了上去——像這樣——將他摔倒在地——用一只手抓住他——用另一只手將魔杖放在他的喉嚨上——然後我集中全部力量，進行複雜的變形咒語——他發出了可憐的哀鳴——繼續，哈利，再高聲一些——不錯——毛皮消失了——獠牙收縮了——他變回了人。簡單而有效——另一個村莊將會永遠記得我，作為從每月狼人襲擊的恐懼中拯救他們的英雄。”

The bell rang and Lockhart got to his feet.

"Homework — compose a poem about my defeat of the Wagga Wagga Werewolf! Signed copies of *Magical Me* to the author of the best one!"

The class began to leave. Harry returned to the back of the room, where Ron and Hermione were waiting.

"Ready?" Harry muttered.

"Wait till everyone's gone," said Hermione nervously. "All right . . ."

She approached Lockhart's desk, a piece of paper clutched tightly in her hand, Harry and Ron right behind her.

"Er — Professor Lockhart?" Hermione stammered. "I wanted to — to get this book out of the library. Just for background reading." She held out the piece of paper, her hand shaking slightly. "But the thing is, it's in the Restricted Section of the library, so I need a teacher to sign for it — I'm sure it would help me understand what you say in *Gadding with Ghouls* about slow-acting venoms —"

鐘響起，洛哈特站了起來。「回家功課——寫一首詩關於我如何打敗沃加沃加狼人！最好的一位作者獲得《魔法誌我》的簽名本！」學生們開始離開。哈利回到教室的後面，羅恩和赫敏在等待著他。「準備好了嗎？」哈利輕聲說。「等大家都離開了再說。」赫敏緊張地說。「好了……」她走向洛哈特的書桌，手緊緊攥著一張紙，哈利和羅恩跟在她後面。「呃——洛哈特教授？」赫敏結巴地說。「我想——想從圖書館借這本書。只是作為背景閱讀。」她把那張紙遞出去，手微微發抖。「不過問題是，這本書在圖書館的禁書區，所以我需要老師的簽名——我相信這會幫助我理解你在《鬼怪與妖魔》中對慢效毒素的描述——」

"Ah, *Gadding with Ghouls*!" said Lockhart, taking the note from Hermione and smiling widely at her. "Possibly my very favorite book. You enjoyed it?"

"Oh, yes," said Hermione eagerly. "So clever, the way you trapped that last one with the tea-strainer —"

"Well, I'm sure no one will mind me giving the best student of the year a little extra help," said Lockhart warmly, and he pulled out an enormous peacock quill. "Yes, nice, isn't it?" he said, misreading the revolted look on Ron's face. "I usually save it for book signings."

He scrawled an enormous loopy signature on the note and handed it back to Hermione.

“So, Harry,” said Lockhart, while Hermione folded the note with fumbling fingers and slipped it into her bag. “Tomorrow’s the first Quidditch match of the season, I believe? Gryffindor against Slytherin, is it not? I hear you’re a useful player. I was a Seeker, too. I was asked to try for the National Squad, but preferred to dedicate my life to the eradication of the Dark Forces. Still, if ever you feel the need for a little private training, don’t hesitate to ask. Always happy to pass on my expertise to less able players. . . .”

“啊，和幽靈一起擺弄！”洛哈特說，從赫敏手中接過那張紙條，對她展開了寬闊的笑容。“可能是我最喜歡的書了。你喜歡嗎？”“噢，是的，”赫敏急切地說道，“你用茶漏陷阱了最後一個幽靈，真是太聰明了——”“哦，我相信沒有人會介意我給這一年級最好的學生一點額外的幫助，”洛哈特熱情地說道，然後拿出一支巨大的孔雀羽毛筆。“是的，很不錯吧？”他看到羅恩臉上的厭惡表情時誤讀了意思，“我通常都是存著它簽書的。”他在紙條上亂斜著寫下了一個巨大的波浪形簽名，然後將紙條遞回給了赫敏。“那麼，哈利，”赫敏手忙腳亂地把紙條塞進了自己的背包，洛哈特則說道，“明天就是本季的第一場飛行比賽了，對吧？格蘭芬多對斯萊特林，不是嗎？我聽說你是一名有用的球員。我也是一名搜尋手，當初有人邀請我試試國家隊，但我更喜歡把生命奉獻給消滅黑暗勢力。還有，如果你需要一點私人訓練，別猶豫，隨時都可以來找我。我很樂意把自己的專業知識傳授給那些技能較弱的球員。”

Harry made an indistinct noise in his throat and then hurried off after Ron and Hermione.

“I don’t believe it,” he said as the three of them examined the signature on the note. “He didn’t even *look* at the book we wanted.”

“That’s because he’s a brainless *git*,” said Ron. “But who cares, we’ve got what we needed —”

“He is *not* a brainless *git*,” said Hermione shrilly as they half ran toward the library.

“Just because he said you were the best student of the year —”

They dropped their voices as they entered the muffled stillness of the library. Madam Pince, the librarian, was a thin, irritable woman who looked like an underfed vulture.

“*Moste Potente Potions?*” she repeated suspiciously, trying to take the note from Hermione; but Hermione wouldn’t let go.

“I was wondering if I could keep it,” she said breathlessly.

哈利喉嚨發出一種不明顯的聲音，然後匆匆跟上了羅恩和赫敏。「我不相信！」當他們三人檢查了筆記上的簽名時，他說道。「他甚至都沒看我們要的書。」「因為他是個腦殘嗎。」羅恩說。「但是誰在乎呢，我們得到了我們需要的東西。」「他不是腦殘。」赫敏瞪眼說道，他們半跑半走地朝圖書館走去。「只是因為他說你是年度最佳學生，所以你就覺得他很有智慧嗎？」當他們進入圖書館的靜謐環境時，他們降低了嗓音。圖書館館長品斯夫人是個瘦瘦的，易怒的女人，看起來像沒有吃飽的禿鷹。「萬能藥調配指南？」她懷疑地重複道，試圖從赫敏手裡拿走筆記；但赫敏不放手。「我在想我能否保留它。」她說得有氣無力。

“Oh, come on,” said Ron, wrenching it from her grasp and thrusting it at Madam Pince. “We’ll get you another autograph. Lockhart’ll sign anything if it stands still long enough.”

Madam Pince held the note up to the light, as though determined to detect a forgery, but it passed the test. She stalked away between the lofty shelves and returned several minutes later carrying a large and moldy-looking book. Hermione put it carefully into her bag and they left, trying not to walk too quickly or look too guilty.

Five minutes later, they were barricaded in Moaning Myrtle’s out-of-order bathroom once again. Hermione had overridden Ron’s objections by pointing out that it was the last place anyone in their right minds would go, so they were guaranteed some privacy. Moaning Myrtle was crying noisily in her stall, but they were ignoring her, and she them.

“來吧，”羅恩說，從她手中猛拉過來，猛地塞給潘西夫人。“我們會給你簽名，洛哈特會在任何東西上簽名，只要它足夠站穩。”潘西夫人將紙條拿起來仔細看了看，好像決定要檢測一下是否有偽造痕跡，但它通過了測試。她在高高的書架之間走開了，幾分鐘後回來了，拿著一本看上去又大又發霉的書。赫敏小心翼翼地把它放進手提包裡，他們離開了，盡量不要走得太快或看起來太有罪惡感。五分鐘後，他們再次關閉在哭泣的默琳默默的壞掉的洗手間里。赫敏超越了羅恩的反對，指出這是最後一個任何理智的人都不會去的地方，所以他們可以保證一些隱私。默琳默默在她的小隔間里大聲哭泣，但他們忽略了她，她也同樣地忽略了他們。

Hermione opened *Moste Potente Potions* carefully, and the three of them bent over the damp-spotted pages. It was clear from a glance why it belonged in the Restricted Section. Some of the potions had effects almost too gruesome to think about, and there were some very unpleasant illustrations, which included a man who seemed to have been turned inside out and a witch sprouting several extra pairs of arms out of her head.

“Here it is,” said Hermione excitedly as she found the page headed *The Polyjuice Potion*. It was decorated with drawings of people halfway through transforming into other people. Harry sincerely hoped the artist had imagined the looks of intense pain on their faces.

“This is the most complicated potion I’ve ever seen,” said Hermione as they scanned the recipe. “Lacewing flies, leeches, fluxweed, and knotgrass,” she murmured, running her finger down the list of ingredients. “Well, they’re easy enough, they’re in the student store-cupboard, we can help ourselves. . . . Oooh, look, powdered horn of a bicorn — don’t know where we’re going to get that — shredded skin of a boomslang — that’ll be tricky, too — and of course a bit of whoever we want to change into.”

赫敏小心翼翼地打开了《最強大的魔藥》，他們三人俯身翻閱濕漬斑駁的頁面。從一眼望去，就可以看出它為什麼屬於受限區。一些藥劑的效果幾乎令人不敢想像，還有一些非常不愉快的插圖，其中包括一個男人似乎被翻轉了，還有一個女巫從她的頭上長出了幾對額外的手臂。“這裡是，”當她找到標題為變形藥水的頁面時，赫敏興奮地說道。它裝飾著半變成其他人的圖畫。哈利真誠地希望藝術家已經想象了他們臉上的劇痛表情。“這是我見過的最複雜的藥水，”當他們掃描配方時，赫敏說道。“雷蟲，吸血鬼水蛭，通草和結實雜草，”她低語著，沿著成分清單滑動她的手指。“好吧，它們很容易，在學生儲藏櫃裡，我們可以自己幫助自己。哦，看，犀牛角的粉——不知道我們在哪裡可以得到那個——珊瑚蛇的剝落皮膚，這也會棘手——當然還有一點點我們想要變成誰。”

“Excuse me?” said Ron sharply. “What d’you mean, a bit of whoever we’re changing into? I’m drinking *nothing* with Crabbe’s toenails in it —”

Hermione continued as though she hadn’t heard him.

“We don’t have to worry about that yet, though, because we add those bits last. . . .”

Ron turned, speechless, to Harry, who had another worry.

“D’you realize how much we’re going to have to steal, Hermione? Shredded skin of a boomslang, that’s definitely not in the students’ cupboard. What’re we going to do, break into Snape’s private stores? I don’t know if this is a good idea. . . .”

Hermione shut the book with a snap.

“Well, if you two are going to chicken out, fine,” she said. There were bright pink patches on her cheeks and her eyes were brighter than usual. “I don’t want to break rules, you know. I think threatening Muggle-borns is far worse than brewing up a difficult potion. But if you don’t want to find out if it’s Malfoy, I’ll go straight to Madam Pince now and hand the book back in —”

“抱歉？”罗恩尖刻地说。“你什么意思，对着我们变身的人加入什么成分？我什么也不想喝，“螃蟹”的脚趾头什么的……”赫敏继续说话，好像她没有听到罗恩的话。“不过我们还不用担心这个，因为这些成分是最后才加的……”罗恩无言以对地转向哈利，后者又有了另一个担心。“你意识到我们得偷多少东西吗，赫敏？破布姆蛇的剥皮，那绝对不在学生们的柜子里。我们该怎么办，闯进斯内普的私人储藏室吗？我不知道这是否是一个好主意……”赫敏砰地合上书。“好吧，如果你们两个要怂了，那就算了。”她说。她的脸上有亮粉色的斑块，眼睛比平时更明亮。“你们知道，威胁麻瓜出生的人远比酿一种困难的魔药更严重。但如果你们不想知道它是不是马尔福，我现在就会直接去找潘斯夫人，把书还回去……”

“I never thought I’d see the day when you’d be persuading us to break rules,” said Ron. “All right, we’ll do it. But not toenails, okay?”

“How long will it take to make, anyway?” said Harry as Hermione, looking happier, opened the book again.

“Well, since the fluxweed has got to be picked at the full moon and the lacewings have got to be stewed for twenty-one days . . . I’d say it’d be ready in about a month, if we can get all the ingredients.”

“A month?” said Ron. “Malfoy could have attacked half the Muggle-borns in the school by then!” But Hermione’s eyes narrowed dangerously again, and he added swiftly, “But it’s the best plan we’ve got, so full steam ahead, I say.”

However, while Hermione was checking that the coast was clear for them to leave the bathroom, Ron muttered to Harry, “It’ll be a lot less hassle if you can just knock Malfoy off his broom tomorrow.”

「我從沒想過有天你會說服我們去違反規則，」羅恩說。「好吧，我們做。但不能用腳趾甲，行嗎？」「製作需要多長時間呢？」哈利問。妙麗看起來高興了，又打開了書。「因為要在滿月時摘取通濟草，而且要把珍翅蟲燉煮二十天...如果我們能收集到所有的材料，我會說大約在一個月後會完成，」妙麗說。「一個月？」羅恩說。「屆時馬爾福已經攻擊了一半的麻瓜出身的學生！」但妙麗的眼睛再次危險地瞪大，他趕忙補充道：「但這是我們所能想到最好的計劃，所以全速前進吧。」然而，當妙麗在確認他們可以離開浴室時，羅恩對哈利嘀咕道：「如果你明天能讓馬爾福從掃帚上摔下來，它將會少很多麻煩。」

Harry woke early on Saturday morning and lay for a while thinking about the coming Quidditch match. He was nervous, mainly at the thought of what Wood would say if Gryffindor lost, but also at the idea of facing a team mounted on the fastest racing brooms gold could buy. He had never wanted to beat Slytherin so badly. After half an hour of lying there with his insides churning, he got up, dressed, and went down to breakfast early, where he found the rest of the Gryffindor team huddled at the long, empty table, all looking uptight and not speaking much.

As eleven o’clock approached, the whole school started to make its way down to the Quidditch stadium. It was a muggy sort of day with a hint of thunder in the air. Ron and Hermione came hurrying over to wish Harry good luck as he entered the locker rooms. The team pulled on their scarlet Gryffindor robes, then sat down to listen to Wood’s usual pre-match pep talk.

哈利在星期六早晨早早地醒來，躺在床上思考即將到來的魁地奇比賽。他很緊張，主要是擔心如果格蘭芬多輸掉了，伍德會說什麼，而且還要面對騎在金子能買到的最快賽艇上的對手。他從來沒有這麼想打敗史萊哲林。躺在那裡半個小時，他的內心翻騰不已，最後起床，穿好衣服，早早地去吃早餐，發現格蘭芬多隊剩下的人聚集在長桌旁，神情緊張，沒有說太多話。當十一點鐘接近時，整個學校開始前往魁地奇球場。天空有一些悶熱，空氣中隱約帶著雷聲。羅恩和赫敏趕來祝福哈利好運，當他進入更衣室時，球隊拉上他們的緋紅色格蘭芬多袍子，然後坐下來聽伍德通常的比賽前激勵演講。

“Slytherin has better brooms than us,” he began. “No point denying it. But we’ve got better *people* on our brooms. We’ve trained harder than they have, we’ve been flying in all weathers —” (“Too true,” muttered George Weasley. “I haven’t been properly dry since August”) “— and we’re

going to make them rue the day they let that little bit of slime, Malfoy, buy his way onto their team.”

Chest heaving with emotion, Wood turned to Harry.

“It’ll be down to you, Harry, to show them that a Seeker has to have something more than a rich father. Get to that Snitch before Malfoy or die trying, Harry, because we’ve got to win today, we’ve got to.”

“So no pressure, Harry,” said Fred, winking at him

As they walked out onto the pitch, a roar of noise greeted them; mainly cheers, because Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were anxious to see Slytherin beaten, but the Slytherins in the crowd made their boos and hisses heard, too. Madam Hooch, the Quidditch teacher, asked Flint and Wood to shake hands, which they did, giving each other threatening stares and gripping rather harder than was necessary.

他開始說：“史萊哲林的掃帚比我們好，沒有否認的意義。但是我們有更好的飛行員，我們比他們更加努力地訓練，不論風雨我們都在飛行——”（“太真實了，”喃喃自語著喬治·衛斯理。“自八月以來我就沒有好好干燥過”）“——我們會讓他們後悔讓那點小小的史萊姆，馬爾福，買通他們的團隊。”伍德充滿情感地顫抖著，轉向哈利。“哈利，這取決於你，要向他們表明，搜尋手要比有錢的父親有更多。在馬爾福之前得到那個金色球或死亡嘗試，哈利，因為我們今天必須贏，我們必須贏。”“所以哈利別有壓力，”弗雷德對他眨眼。當他們走出球場時，一聲咆哮迎接了他們；主要是歡呼聲，因為雷文克勞和哈夫爾帕夫都渴望看到史萊哲林被打敗，但是觀眾中的史萊哲林人也表達了他們的噓聲和口哨聲。奎迪奇老師，魁地奇老師，要求弗林和伍德握手，他們這樣做了，給了對方威脅的眼神，握手比必要的更緊。

“On my whistle,” said Madam Hooch. “Three . . . two . . . one . . .”

With a roar from the crowd to speed them upward, the fourteen players rose toward the leaden sky. Harry flew higher than any of them, squinting around for the Snitch.

“All right there, Scarhead?” yelled Malfoy, shooting underneath him as though to show off the speed of his broom

Harry had no time to reply. At that very moment, a heavy black Bludger came pelting toward him; he avoided it so narrowly that he felt it ruffle his hair as it passed.

“Close one, Harry!” said George, streaking past him with his club in his hand, ready to knock the Bludger back toward a Slytherin. Harry saw George give the Bludger a powerful whack in the direction of Adrian Pucey, but the Bludger changed direction in midair and shot straight for Harry again.

“在我的哨聲下，”胡夫夫人說道。“三...二...一...”。觀眾的咆哮聲推動了十四名球員飛向灰蒼的天空。哈利比他們中的任何一個都飛得更高，睜起眼睛四處尋找捉球。“嘿，疤頭，還好嗎？”馬爾福大喊，飛在他下面，好像是要展示掃帚的速度。哈利沒時間回答。就在這個時候，一只沉重的黑色鐵球朝他猛撞而來；他躲過了它，但它擦過他的頭髮，讓他感到有些混亂。“差點點，哈利！”喬治飛快地越過他，手中拿著球棍，準備把鐵球打回給一個斯萊特林。哈利看到喬治猛力擊打那只鐵球，朝阿德里安·普西的方向飛去，但鐵球在空中改變了方向，再次直射哈利。

Harry dropped quickly to avoid it, and George managed to hit it hard toward Malfoy. Once again, the Bludger swerved like a boomerang and shot at Harry’s head.

Harry put on a burst of speed and zoomed toward the other end of the pitch. He could hear the Bludger whistling along behind him. What was going on? Bludgers never concentrated on one player like this; it was their job to try and unseat as many people as possible. . . .

Fred Weasley was waiting for the Bludger at the other end. Harry ducked as Fred swung at the Bludger with all his might; the Bludger was knocked off course.

“Gotcha!” Fred yelled happily, but he was wrong; as though it was magnetically attracted to Harry, the Bludger pelted after him once more and Harry was forced to fly off at full speed.

哈利快速躲避，而喬治成功地將它猛力擊向馬爾福。再一次，抓金手錘像飛標鏢一樣轉彎，向哈利的頭部射擊。哈利加速飛向球場的另一端。他能聽到抓金手錘在他背後呼嘯而過。發生了什麼事？抓金手錘從不像這樣專注於一個玩家；它的工作是嘗試讓盡可能多的人失去平衡.....弗雷德·韋斯萊在另一端等待著抓金手錘。當弗雷德全力揮舞抓金手錘時，哈利躲開了。抓金手錘偏離了航道。“抓到你了！”弗雷德高高興舞。但他錯了；抓金手錘彷彿被哈利磁性般吸引，再次向他猛攻而來，哈利不得不全速飛行。

It had started to rain; Harry felt heavy drops fall onto his face, splattering onto his glasses. He didn’t have a clue what was going on in the rest of the game until he heard Lee Jordan, who was commentating, say, “Slytherin lead, sixty points to zero —”

The Slytherins’ superior brooms were clearly doing their jobs, and meanwhile the mad Bludger was doing all it could to knock Harry out of the air. Fred and George were now flying so close to him on either side that Harry could see nothing at all except their flailing arms and had no chance to look for the Snitch, let alone catch it.

“Someone’s — tampered — with — this — Bludger —” Fred grunted, swinging his bat with all his might at it as it launched a new attack on Harry.

“We need time out,” said George, trying to signal to Wood and stop the Bludger breaking Harry’s nose at the same time.

開始下起雨來，哈利感受到沉重的水滴落在他的臉上，灑在了他的眼鏡上。他不知道比賽的其他情況，直到他聽到正在評述的李·喬丹說：“史萊特林隊領先，六十分對零——”史萊特林的卓越掃帚顯然發揮了作用，與此同時，瘋狂的鐵球盡其所能想把哈利從空中擊落。弗雷德和喬治現在飛得離他如此之近，哈利完全看不到什麼，除了他們揮舞的手臂，也沒有任何機會去尋找飛賊，更不用說抓住它了。“有人——篡改——了——這個——鐵球——”弗雷德嘶吼著，全力擊打它，因為它正在對哈利發動新攻擊。“我們需要暫停時間，”喬治說，試圖向伍德發出信號，同時阻止這個鐵球打碎哈利的鼻子。

Wood had obviously got the message. Madam Hooch’s whistle rang out and Harry, Fred, and George dived for the ground, still trying to avoid the mad Bludger.

“What’s going on?” said Wood as the Gryffindor team huddled together, while Slytherins in the crowd jeered. “We’re being flattened. Fred, George, where were you when that Bludger stopped Angelina scoring?”

“We were twenty feet above her, stopping the other Bludger from murdering Harry, Oliver,” said George angrily. “Someone’s fixed it — it won’t leave Harry alone. It hasn’t gone for anyone else all game. The Slytherins must have done something to it.”

“But the Bludgers have been locked in Madam Hooch’s office since our last practice, and there was nothing wrong with them then. . . .” said Wood, anxiously.

木匠顯然收到了信息。胡夫夫人的哨聲響起，哈利、弗雷德和喬治趴到地上，仍然試圖避開那個瘋狂的啞鈴。“發生了什麼事？”當格裡芬多隊在人群中議論紛紛時，伍德說道。“我們被擊敗了。弗雷德，喬治，當安潔莉娜射門被攔截時，你們在哪兒？”強烈地說：“我們在她上面二十英尺的地方，阻止另一個啞鈴殺死哈利，奧利弗。有人修好了它，它不會離開哈利，全場比賽沒有攻擊其他人。斯萊特林肯定對它有所改動。”“但啞鈴自上次練習以來就被鎖在胡夫夫人的辦公室裡了，那時它們沒有問題。”伍德焦急地說道。

Madam Hooch was walking toward them. Over her shoulder, Harry could see the Slytherin team jeering and pointing in his direction.

“Listen,” said Harry as she came nearer and nearer, “with you two flying around me all the time the only way I’m going to catch the Snitch is if it flies up my sleeve. Go back to the rest of the team and let me deal with the rogue one.”

“Don’t be thick,” said Fred. “It’ll take your head off.”

Wood was looking from Harry to the Weasleys.

“Oliver, this is insane,” said Alicia Spinnet angrily. “You can’t let Harry deal with that thing on his own. Let’s ask for an inquiry —”

“If we stop now, we’ll have to forfeit the match!” said Harry. “And we’re not losing to Slytherin just because of a crazy Bludger! Come on, Oliver, tell them to leave me alone!”

胡潔夫人正走向他們。哈利能看見斯萊特林隊嘲笑指向他。「聽著，」當她越來越近時，哈利說：「你們兩個一直圍著我飛，我要抓住這只搜捕球的唯一方法就是它飛進我的衣袖裡。回到隊伍裡，讓我照顧這個流氓球。「別傻了，」弗雷德說。「它會撞飛你的腦袋。」伍德看著哈利和韋斯利家族。「奧利弗，這太瘋狂了，」艾麗西婭·斯平尼特生氣地說。「你不能讓哈利獨自應付那東西。讓我們要求調查——」「如果我們現在停下來，我們就必須放棄比賽！」哈利說。「我們不會因為一個瘋狂的鐵球輸給斯萊特林！來吧，奧利弗，讓他們離我遠點！」

“This is all your fault,” George said angrily to Wood. “‘Get the Snitch or die trying’ what a stupid thing to tell him —”

Madam Hooch had joined them.

“Ready to resume play?” she asked Wood.

Wood looked at the determined look on Harry’s face.

“All right,” he said. “Fred, George, you heard Harry — leave him alone and let him deal with the Bludger on his own.”

The rain was falling more heavily now. On Madam Hooch’s whistle, Harry kicked hard into the air and heard the telltale whoosh of the Bludger behind him. Higher and higher Harry climbed; he looped and swooped, spiraled, zigzagged, and rolled. Slightly dizzy, he nevertheless kept his eyes wide open, rain was speckling his glasses and ran up his nostrils as he hung upside down, avoiding another fierce dive from the Bludger. He could hear laughter from the crowd; he knew he must look very stupid, but the rogue Bludger was heavy and couldn’t change direction as quickly as Harry could; he began a kind of roller-coaster ride around the edges of the stadium, squinting through the silver sheets of rain to the Gryffindor goalposts, where Adrian Pucey was trying to get past Wood —

“這全是你們的錯，”喬治生氣地對伍德說。“要他『拿到飛賊球然後不惜一切』，真是個愚蠢的說法——”胡奇夫人加入了他們。“你們準備好繼續比賽了嗎？”她問伍德。伍德看到哈利決然的表情。“好吧，”他說。“弗雷德、喬治，你們聽到了——讓他自己處理飛擊球，不要管他。”現在雨越下越大了。在胡奇夫人的哨聲下，哈利用力踏上空中，聽到後面傳來了飛擊球的聲音。哈利越飛越高；他盤旋、急轉彎、螺旋上升、滾翻著。雖然有些頭暈，但他仍然睜大眼睛，雨點潑在他的眼鏡上，進入他的鼻孔，當他顛倒著的時候，避開了飛擊球的另一個猛烈俯衝。他聽到觀眾發出的笑聲；他知道自己一定看起來很蠢，但這顆流氓的飛擊球重量很重，不能像哈利那樣迅速改變方向；他在體育場的邊緣上進行了一種過山車式的飛行，透過銀白色的雨帷，眯著眼

睛看著格蘭芬多的球門柱，看到了艾德里安·普西正試圖突破伍德的防線——

A whistling in Harry's ear told him the Bludger had just missed him again; he turned right over and sped in the opposite direction.

"Training for the ballet, Potter?" yelled Malfoy as Harry was forced to do a stupid kind of twirl in midair to dodge the Bludger, and he fled, the Bludger trailing a few feet behind him; and then, glaring back at Malfoy in hatred, he saw it — *the Golden Snitch*. It was hovering inches above Malfoy's left ear — and Malfoy, busy laughing at Harry, hadn't seen it.

For an agonizing moment, Harry hung in midair, not daring to speed toward Malfoy in case he looked up and saw the Snitch.

WHAM.

He had stayed still a second too long. The Bludger had hit him at last, smashed into his elbow, and Harry felt his arm break. Dimly, dazed by the searing pain in his arm, he slid sideways on his rain-drenched broom, one knee still crooked over it, his right arm dangling useless at his side — the Bludger came pelting back for a second attack, this time aiming at his face — Harry swerved out of the way, one idea firmly lodged in his numb brain: *get to Malfoy*.

哈利耳邊嗡鳴聲告訴他鬼打球再次沒擊中他；他立刻掉轉方向猛衝而去。「波特是在為芭蕾舞做訓練嗎？」馬爾福狂嚷，當哈利被迫做一種愚蠢的空中大轉身來躲避鬼打球時，他逃離了馬爾福，鬼打球跟在他幾英尺後面。接著，哈利憤怒地瞪著馬爾福，他看到了——金色的飛天球。它懸停在馬爾福左耳邊的幾英寸處——而馬爾福正忙著嘲笑哈利，沒有看到飛天球。令人煩惱的是，哈利懸在半空中，不敢向馬爾福猛衝，以免他抬頭看到飛天球。啪。他的靜止時間稍稍長了一秒。鬼打球終於擊中了他，撞在他的手肘上，哈利感到他的手臂斷了。他的頭昏眼花，滑行在濕透的飛天掃帚上，一隻腳仍然彎曲在上面，右手毫無用處地懸垂在身邊——鬼打球回轉加速，這次瞄準了他的臉——哈利躲了過去，腦中只有一個想法：接近馬爾福。

Through a haze of rain and pain he dived for the shimmering, sneering face below him and saw its eyes widen with fear: Malfoy thought Harry was attacking him.

"What the —" he gasped, careening out of Harry's way.

Harry took his remaining hand off his broom and made a wild snatch; he felt his fingers close on the cold Snitch but was now only gripping the broom with his legs, and there was a yell from the crowd below as he headed straight for the ground, trying hard not to pass out.

With a splattering thud he hit the mud and rolled off his broom. His arm was hanging at a very strange angle; riddled with pain, he heard, as though from a distance, a good deal of whistling and shouting. He focused on the Snitch clutched in his good hand.

"Aha," he said vaguely. "We've won."

他穿過雨霧和疼痛，向下潛去，看到那微光閃閃、嘲笑的臉底下的眼睛驚恐地張大：馬爾福以為哈利在攻擊他。“什麼——”他喘息著，避開哈利。哈利把剩下的手從掃帚上拿下來，猛地抓了一下，感覺到手指緊握著冰冷的金色飛賓球，但他現在只用腿抓住掃帚，觀眾群中傳來一聲尖叫，他竭力試圖不昏倒地直衝下來。他重重地撞進泥巴中，翻滾著從掃帚上掉下來。他的手臂扭曲在一個非常奇怪的角度，饒有痛苦地聽到了許多的汽笛聲和喊叫聲。他專注於緊握在他好手中的飛賓球。“啊哈，”他含糊地說，“我們贏了。”

And he fainted.

He came around, rain falling on his face, still lying on the field, with someone leaning over him. He saw a glimmer of teeth.

"Oh, no, not you," he moaned.

"Doesn't know what he's saying," said Lockhart loudly to the anxious crowd of Gryffindors pressing around them. "Not to worry, Harry. I'm about to fix your arm."

"No!" said Harry. "I'll keep it like this, thanks. . . ."

He tried to sit up, but the pain was terrible. He heard a familiar clicking noise nearby.

"I don't want a photo of this, Colin," he said loudly.

"Lie back, Harry," said Lockhart soothingly. "It's a simple charm I've used countless times —"

"Why can't I just go to the hospital wing?" said Harry through clenched teeth.

"He should really, Professor," said a muddy Wood, who couldn't help grinning even though his Seeker was injured. "Great capture, Harry, really spectacular, your best yet, I'd say —"

他昏倒了。他醒來時，雨滴打在他的臉上，仍躺在田野上，有人靠在他身上。他看到了一排牙齿。“哦，不，不是你，”他呻吟著。洛哈特大声地對拥挤在他們周圍的格蘭芬多人群說：“他不知道自己在說什麼。別擔心，哈利。我就要治好你的手臂。”“不！”哈利說，“我就想這樣保持，謝謝。...”他試圖坐起來，但疼痛難忍。他聽到附近熟悉的咔嗒聲。“科林，我不想要這樣的照片，”他大聲說。“躺下吧，哈利，”洛哈特安撫地說，“這是一個我用過無數次的簡單咒語——”“為什麼我不能去醫院樓？”哈利咬緊牙尖說。“他真的應該去，教授，”弄脏了的伍德說道，儘管他的搜尋手受傷了，他還是忍不住露出了笑容。“哈

利，你非常了不起，真是太精彩了，我想这是你最好的表现——”

Through the thicket of legs around him, Harry spotted Fred and George Weasley, wrestling the rogue Bludger into a box. It was still putting up a terrific fight.

“Stand back,” said Lockhart, who was rolling up his jade-green sleeves.

“No — don’t —” said Harry weakly, but Lockhart was twirling his wand and a second later had directed it straight at Harry’s arm.

A strange and unpleasant sensation started at Harry’s shoulder and spread all the way down to his fingertips. It felt as though his arm was being deflated. He didn’t dare look at what was happening. He had shut his eyes, his face turned away from his arm, but his worst fears were realized as the people above him gasped and Colin Creevey began clicking away madly. His arm didn’t hurt anymore — nor did it feel remotely like an arm.

透過人群的脛骨，哈利看到弗雷德和喬治·韋斯萊正在將流氓飛鏢裝入箱子中。它仍然在激烈地掙扎。「退後。」洛哈特說著，卷起了他碧綠色的袖子。「不要——」哈利虛弱地說，但洛哈特正在轉動他的魔杖，一秒鐘後，直接對準了哈利的手臂。一種奇怪且不愉快的感覺從哈利的肩膀開始，一直延伸到他的指尖。感覺就像他的手臂被放氣一樣。他不敢看發生了什麼事情。他閉上眼睛，臉轉向手臂外，但他最壞的恐懼得到了證實，上方的人們倒抽了一口氣，科林·克里維也瘋狂地點擊著快門。他的手臂不再疼痛——也感覺不像手臂了。

“Ah,” said Lockhart. “Yes. Well, that can sometimes happen. But the point is, the bones are no longer broken. That’s the thing to bear in mind. So, Harry, just toddle up to the hospital wing — ah, Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger, would you escort him? — and Madam Pomfrey will be able to — er — tidy you up a bit.”

As Harry got to his feet, he felt strangely lopsided. Taking a deep breath he looked down at his right side. What he saw nearly made him pass out again.

Poking out of the end of his robes was what looked like a thick, flesh-colored rubber glove. He tried to move his fingers. Nothing happened.

Lockhart hadn’t mended Harry’s bones. He had removed them.

Madam Pomfrey wasn’t at all pleased.

“You should have come straight to me!” she raged, holding up the sad, limp remainder of what, half an hour before, had been a working arm. “I can mend bones in a second — but growing them back —”

“啊，”洛克哈特说，“是的。好吧，这有时会发生。但要记住的是，骨头不再断裂。所以，哈利，走到医院翼——啊，韋斯利先生，格蘭傑小姐，你能陪伴他吗？——波姆弗雷夫人会能够——呃——帮你整理一下。“当哈利站起来时，他感到奇怪的站不直。他深吸了一口气，看向自己的右侧。他看到的几乎让他再次晕倒。从他的袍子底部露出的东西看起来像是一只厚厚的肉色橡胶手套。他试图动一下手指，但没有反应。洛克哈特没有修复哈利的骨头。他把它们取出来了。波姆弗雷夫人非常不高兴。“你应该直接来找我！”她咆哮着，拿起了原本还能动的手臂的残缺部分。“我可以在一秒钟内修复骨头，但是重新长出来——”

“You will be able to, won’t you?” said Harry desperately.

“I’ll be able to, certainly, but it will be painful,” said Madam Pomfrey grimly, throwing Harry a pair of pajamas. “You’ll have to stay the night. . . .”

Hermione waited outside the curtain drawn around Harry’s bed while Ron helped him into his pajamas. It took a while to stuff the rubbery, boneless arm into a sleeve.

“How can you stick up for Lockhart now, Hermione, eh?” Ron called through the curtain as he pulled Harry’s limp fingers through the cuff. “If Harry had wanted deboning he would have asked.”

“Anyone can make a mistake,” said Hermione. “And it doesn’t hurt anymore, does it, Harry?”

“No,” said Harry, getting into bed. “But it doesn’t do anything else either.”

As he swung himself onto the bed, his arm flapped pointlessly.

“你可以做到，對吧？”哈利絕望地問道。“我可以，當然可以，但會很痛苦，”波夫人沉著地說，同時扔給哈利一件睡衣。“你得在這裡過夜.....”當羅恩幫哈利穿上睡衣時，赫敏就在圍繞哈利床的簾子外等待。他們花了一些時間將橡膠一樣無骨的手臂塞進袖子裡。“赫敏，你現在怎麼還支持洛哈特呢？”羅恩透過簾子喊道，他在把哈利一瘸一拐地拉進袖口。“任何人都有犯錯的時候，”赫敏說。“而且現在你也不再疼了，對吧，哈利？”“對，”哈利上床說。“但它也沒有做其他的事情。”當他把自己扔進床上時，他的手臂無力地擺動著。

Hermione and Madam Pomfrey came around the curtain. Madam Pomfrey was holding a large bottle of something labeled *Skele-Gro*.

“You’re in for a rough night,” she said, pouring out a steaming beakerful and handing it to him. “Regrowing bones is a nasty business.”

So was taking the Skele-Gro. It burned Harry’s mouth and throat as it went down, making him cough and splutter. Still tut-tutting about dangerous sports and inept teachers, Madam Pomfrey retreated, leaving Ron and Hermione to help Harry gulp down some water.

“We won, though,” said Ron, a grin breaking across his face. “That was some catch you made. Malfoy’s face . . . he looked ready to kill. . . .”

“I want to know how he fixed that Bludger,” said Hermione darkly.

“We can add that to the list of questions we’ll ask him when we’ve taken the Polyjuice Potion,” said Harry, sinking back onto his pillows. “I hope it tastes better than this stuff. . . .”

赫敏和潘費夫人走過帷幕。潘費夫人拿著一大瓶標有Skele-Gro的東西。“你要度過一個艱難的夜晚，”她說，倒出一杯冒著熱氣的飲料遞給他，“重新長骨頭可不是好玩的。”接下來喝Skele-Gro也不比重新長骨頭好受。當它滑過哈利的嘴和喉嚨時，它灼燒著他的口腔和喉嚨，讓他咳嗽和噴嚏。潘費夫人嘟囔著危險的運動和無能的老師，撤退了，讓朗和赫敏幫助哈利喝水。“不過我們贏了，”朗說，臉上露出一絲微笑，“那是你捉到的一個好球。馬爾福的臉……他看上去準備要殺了你……”“我想知道他是怎麼修理那個鈍器的，”赫敏憂心忡忡地說。“當我們喝下Polyjuice藥水後，我們可以把這加入問題清單，”哈利說，沉到枕頭上，“我希望它的味道比這種東西好……”

“If it’s got bits of Slytherins in it? You’ve got to be joking,” said Ron.

The door of the hospital wing burst open at that moment. Filthy and soaking wet, the rest of the Gryffindor team had arrived to see Harry.

“Unbelievable flying, Harry,” said George. “I’ve just seen Marcus Flint yelling at Malfoy. Something about having the Snitch on top of his head and not noticing. Malfoy didn’t seem too happy.”

They had brought cakes, sweets, and bottles of pumpkin juice; they gathered around Harry’s bed and were just getting started on what promised to be a good party when Madam Pomfrey came storming over, shouting, “This boy needs rest, he’s got thirty-three bones to regrow! Out! OUT!”

And Harry was left alone, with nothing to distract him from the stabbing pains in his limp arm.

“裡面還夾著史萊哲林的東西？你一定是在開玩笑，”羅恩說道。就在這時，醫院病房的門突然被撞開了。只見格蘭芬多隊的其他成員全身泥濘、濕淋淋地出現了，他們來看哈利。“哈利，你的飛行太神了！我剛剛看到馬庫斯·弗林一直在罵馬爾福，好像是說他有飛賊在頭上都沒發現。馬爾福看起來很不高興。”喬治興奮地說道。他們帶來了蛋糕、糖果和南瓜汁，圍著哈利的床團聚在一起，打算開始一場熱鬧的派對，但就在此時波佛萊夫人氣急敗壞地衝過來，大喊，“這孩子需要休息，他有33根骨頭要長好！出去！出去！”哈利被孤零零地留在病房，沒有東西可以轉移他對疼痛的注意力。

Hours and hours later, Harry woke quite suddenly in the pitch blackness and gave a small yelp of pain: His arm now felt full of large splinters. For a second, he thought that was what had woken him. Then, with a thrill of horror, he realized that someone was sponging his forehead in the dark.

“Get off!” he said loudly, and then, “Dobby!”

The house-elf’s goggling tennis ball eyes were peering at Harry through the darkness. A single tear was running down his long, pointed nose.

“Harry Potter came back to school,” he whispered miserably. “Dobby warned and warned Harry Potter. Ah sir, why didn’t you heed Dobby? Why didn’t Harry Potter go back home when he missed the train?”

Harry heaved himself up on his pillows and pushed Dobby’s sponge away.

“What’re you doing here?” he said. “And how did you know I missed the train?”

數個小時後，哈利在漆黑中突然驚醒，發出了一聲小小的疼痛尖叫：他的手臂現在感覺到有很多大木屑。他起初以為是這讓他驚醒了。接著，他驚恐地發現有人在黑暗中為他揩拭他的額頭。「滾開！」他大聲說道，然後嚷道：「小矮妖！」在黑暗中，小矮妖那突出的網球大小的眼睛正盯著哈利。他那長長的鼻子上流著一滴淚。「哈利波特回到學校了，」他悲傷地耳語道。「多比一直警告哈利波特，為什麼哈利波特不聽多比的勸告呢？為什麼他沒有趕上火車回家呢？」哈利爬起來，推開多比的海綿。「你在這裡幹什麼？」他問道。「你怎麼知道我沒趕上火車？」

Dobby’s lip trembled and Harry was seized by a sudden suspicion.

“It was *you*!” he said slowly. “*You* stopped the barrier from letting us through!”

“Indeed yes, sir,” said Dobby, nodding his head vigorously, ears flapping. “Dobby hid and watched for Harry Potter and sealed the gateway and Dobby had to iron his hands afterward”—he showed Harry ten long, bandaged fingers—“but Dobby didn’t care, sir, for he thought Harry Potter was safe, and *never* did Dobby dream that Harry Potter would get to school another way!”

He was rocking backward and forward, shaking his ugly head.

“Dobby was so shocked when he heard Harry Potter was back at Hogwarts, he let his master’s dinner burn! Such a flogging Dobby never had, sir. . . .”

Harry slumped back onto his pillows.

“You nearly got Ron and me expelled,” he said fiercely. “You’d better get lost before my bones come back, Dobby, or I might strangle you.”

多比的嘴唇顫抖著，哈利被一種突如其來的猜疑所籠罩。「是你！」他慢慢地說。「你阻止了我們通過障壁！」「確實，先

生，是我。」多比說，他激動地點了點頭，耳朵一邊一邊的晃著。「多比躲起來觀察哈利波特，封住了通道，之後多比的手被熨斗燙傷了。」他向哈利展示了十個長長的纏著繩帶的手指。「但多比不在乎，先生，因為他認為哈利波特是安全的，多比從沒想過哈利波特會通過其他方法進入學校！」他向前向後搖晃著，搖動著自己的醜陋的頭。「多比聽說哈利·波特回到霍格華茲時，嚇了一跳，結果讓他主人的晚餐燒焦了！多比從未受過這樣的責打，先生...」哈利掉回枕頭。「你差點讓我們被開除，」他激動地說「在我的骨骼回來之前，多比，最好走開，不然我會勒死你。」

Dobby smiled weakly.

“Dobby is used to death threats, sir. Dobby gets them five times a day at home.”

He blew his nose on a corner of the filthy pillowcase he wore, looking so pathetic that Harry felt his anger ebb away in spite of himself.

“Why d’you wear that thing, Dobby?” he asked curiously.

“This, sir?” said Dobby, plucking at the pillowcase. “Tis a mark of the house-elf’s enslavement, sir. Dobby can only be freed if his masters present him with clothes, sir. The family is careful not to pass Dobby even a sock, sir, for then he would be free to leave their house forever.”

Dobby mopped his bulging eyes and said suddenly, “Harry Potter *must* go home! Dobby thought his Bludger would be enough to make —”

“*Your* Bludger?” said Harry, anger rising once more. “What d’you mean, *your* Bludger? You made that Bludger try and kill me?”

多比弱弱地微笑。「夫人，多比早已習慣了死亡威脅。在家裡，多比平均每天會接到五封。」他用那張骯髒枕套的一角擤鼻涕，看起來非常可憐，讓哈利即便想憤怒也無法繼續感到憤怒。「多比，為什麼要穿那個東西呢？」哈利好奇地問道。「這個嗎，夫人？」多比拔下枕套。「這是家內妻奴的標誌，夫人。只有當主人贈送衣服時，多比才能獲得自由，夫人。這家人甚至不會給多比一只襪子，夫人，因為那樣他就可以永遠離開他們的房子了。」多比擦拭著他的凸出眼睛，突然說道：「哈利波特必須回家！多比以為他的鑄球手足以消滅—」「你的鑄球手？」哈利憤怒地再次升起。「你是說你的鑄球手？你讓那個鑄球手試圖殺死我？」

“Not kill you, sir, never kill you!” said Dobby, shocked. “Dobby wants to save Harry Potter’s life! Better sent home, grievously injured, than remain here, sir! Dobby only wanted Harry Potter hurt enough to be sent home!”

“Oh, is that all?” said Harry angrily. “I don’t suppose you’re going to tell me *why* you wanted me sent home in pieces?”

“Ah, if Harry Potter only knew!” Dobby groaned, more tears dripping onto his ragged pillowcase. “If he knew what he means to us, to the lowly, the enslaved, we dregs of the magical world! Dobby remembers how it was when He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was at the height of his powers, sir! We house-elves were treated like vermin, sir! Of course, Dobby is still treated like that, sir,” he admitted, drying his face on the pillowcase. “But mostly, sir, life has improved for my kind since you triumphed over He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Harry Potter survived, and the Dark Lord’s power was broken, and it was a new dawn, sir, and Harry Potter shone like a beacon of hope for those of us who thought the dark days would never end, sir. . . . And now, at Hogwarts, terrible things are to happen, are perhaps happening already, and Dobby cannot let Harry Potter stay here now that history is to repeat itself, now that the Chamber of Secrets is open once more —”

“絕不會殺你，先生！”Dobby震驚地說道。“Dobby想要拯救哈利波特的性命！跟受重傷回家相比，留在這裡可是要命啊，先生！Dobby只是希望讓哈利波特受傷，然後被送回家！”“哦，就這樣？”哈利生氣地說。“不知道你是否打算告訴我，為什麼你想把我送回家成碎片？”“啊，如果哈利波特知道！”Dobby嘆了口氣，淌下更多淚水。“如果他知道他對我們，對那些低微、被奴役、被打壓的魔法世界的落後者有多重要！Dobby還記得，那個不可名狀的人曾經擁有絕對的力量，先生！那時我們家內精靈就像昆蟲一樣，先生！當然了，現在我們還是被那樣對待，先生。”他承認道，在破爛的枕套上擦拭著臉。“但自從哈利波特擊敗那個不可名狀的人，對我們這樣的種族來說，生活已經有所改善了。哈利波特活了下來，黑魔王的力量被打散了，新的時代來臨了，先生，哈利波特就像希望的明燈一樣照耀著我們那些曾經以為黑暗日子永遠不會結束的人，先生.....現在，在霍格華茲，可怕的事情即將發生，甚至可能已經發生了，重新上演的歷史，打開了密室，Dobby不能讓哈利波特留在這裡了.....”

Dobby froze, horrorstruck, then grabbed Harry’s water jug from his bedside table and cracked it over his own head, toppling out of sight. A second later, he crawled back onto the bed, cross-eyed, muttering, “Bad Dobby, very bad Dobby . . .”

“So there is a Chamber of Secrets?” Harry whispered. “And — did you say it’s been opened *before*? Tell me, Dobby!”

He seized the elf’s bony wrist as Dobby’s hand inched toward the water jug. “But I’m not Muggle-born — how can I be in danger from the Chamber?”

“Ah, sir, ask no more, ask no more of poor Dobby,” stammered the elf, his eyes huge in the dark. “Dark deeds are planned in this place, but Harry Potter must not be here when they happen — go home, Harry Potter, go home. Harry Potter must not meddle in this, sir, ‘tis too dangerous —”

多比驚恐地定住了，然後從哈利的床邊桌上拿起他的飲水瓶，砸在自己的頭上，直接倒下不見了。一秒鐘後，他又爬上床，斜視著，嘟囔著：“壞多比，非常壞的多比.....”“所以有密室？”哈利小聲問。“而且 - 你說過之前有開啟過？告訴我，多比！”當多比的手向飲水瓶挪動時，哈利抓住了精靈瘦削的手腕。“但我不是麻瓜出生的 - 我怎麼可能會因為密室而有危險？”“啊，先生，不再問了，不要問可憐的多比了，”精靈結結巴巴地說著，他的眼睛在黑暗中變得巨大。“這裡正在策劃黑暗的壞事，但哈利·波特發生時，不應該在這裡 - 回家，哈利·波特，回家吧。哈利·波特不應該插手，先生，這太危險了 -”

“Who is it, Dobby?” Harry said, keeping a firm hold on Dobby’s wrist to stop him from hitting himself with the water jug again. “Who’s opened it?

Who opened it last time?"

"Dobby can't, sir, Dobby can't, Dobby mustn't tell!" squealed the elf. "Go home, Harry Potter, go home!"

"I'm not going anywhere!" said Harry fiercely. "One of my best friends is Muggle-born; she'll be first in line if the Chamber really has been opened —"

"Harry Potter risks his own life for his friends!" moaned Dobby in a kind of miserable ecstasy. "So noble! So valiant! But he must save himself, he must, Harry Potter must not —"

Dobby suddenly froze, his bat ears quivering. Harry heard it, too. There were footsteps coming down the passageway outside.

"Dobby must go!" breathed the elf, terrified. There was a loud crack, and Harry's fist was suddenly clenched on thin air. He slumped back into bed, his eyes on the dark doorway to the hospital wing as the footsteps drew nearer.

「是誰啊，多比？」哈利強握著多比的手腕，防止他再次用水壺撞自己。「是誰打開了它？上一次是誰打開的？」「多比不能說，先生，多比不能說，多比不能這樣告訴你！」小精靈尖聲喊道。「哈利波特，回家去，回家去！」「我不會走的！」哈利氣勢洶湧地說。「我的一個最好的朋友是麻瓜出生的，如果密室真的被打開了，她會是第一個受害者。」「哈利波特為了他的朋友冒著自己的生命危險！」多比在一種痛苦的狂喜中呻吟著。「太高尚了！太勇敢了！但他必須拯救自己，他必須這樣做，哈利波特不能——」多比突然凝固了，他的蝙蝠耳朵顫抖著。哈利也聽到了。走廊外有腳步聲。「多比必須走了！」小精靈驚恐地喘著氣。「啪的一聲，哈利的拳頭突然抓住了空氣。他倒回床上，眼睛盯著通往醫務室的黑暗門口，腳步越來越近。」

Next moment, Dumbledore was backing into the dormitory, wearing a long woolly dressing gown and a nightcap. He was carrying one end of what looked like a statue. Professor McGonagall appeared a second later, carrying its feet. Together, they heaved it onto a bed.

"Get Madam Pomfrey," whispered Dumbledore, and Professor McGonagall hurried past the end of Harry's bed out of sight. Harry lay quite still, pretending to be asleep. He heard urgent voices, and then Professor McGonagall swept back into view, closely followed by Madam Pomfrey, who was pulling a cardigan on over her nightdress. He heard a sharp intake of breath.

"What happened?" Madam Pomfrey whispered to Dumbledore, bending over the statue on the bed.

"Another attack," said Dumbledore. "Minerva found him on the stairs."

隔了一會兒，鄧布利多倒退著走進了寢室，穿著一件長毛茸茸的睡袍和一頂睡帽。他握著看起來像雕像的一端，麥格教授一秒後出現了，拿著它的腳。他們一起將它搬到床上。"叫波梅菲夫人過來，"鄧布利多輕聲說，麥格教授趕緊經過哈利床頭，消失在視線之外。哈利靜靜地躺著，假裝睡著。他聽到緊急的聲音，然後麥格教授回到了視線之中，緊隨其後的是波梅菲夫人，她穿著睡衣套上了一件開襟毛衣。他聽到了一聲倒抽氣。"發生了什麼事?"波梅菲夫人低聲對鄧布利多說，俯身看著床上的雕像。"又發生了一次襲擊，"鄧布利多說。"米勒娃在樓梯上發現了他。"

"There was a bunch of grapes next to him," said Professor McGonagall. "We think he was trying to sneak up here to visit Potter."

Harry's stomach gave a horrible lurch. Slowly and carefully, he raised himself a few inches so he could look at the statue on the bed. A ray of moonlight lay across its staring face.

It was Colin Creevey. His eyes were wide and his hands were stuck up in front of him, holding his camera.

"Petrified?" whispered Madam Pomfrey.

"Yes," said Professor McGonagall. "But I shudder to think . . . If Albus hadn't been on the way downstairs for hot chocolate — who knows what might have —"

The three of them stared down at Colin. Then Dumbledore leaned forward and wrenched the camera out of Colin's rigid grip.

"You don't think he managed to get a picture of his attacker?" said Professor McGonagall eagerly.

「他身旁有一串葡萄，」麥格教授說：「我們認為他是在試圖偷溜上來探望波特。」哈利的胃翻轉了一下。他慢慢、小心翼翼地抬高幾英寸，好讓自己可以看看床上的雕像。一道月光照在它那盯著他的臉上。那是柯林·克萊維。他的眼睛睜得很大，雙手挺直著，握著相機。「變成石頭了？」龐弗萊夫人輕聲問道。「是啊，」麥格教授回答：「可我真不敢想像.....如果阿不思珂珂不巧在下樓梯去泡熱巧克力時——誰知道會發生什麼事——」他們三人盯著柯林。然後鄧布利多向前彎下身子，強行從柯林的僵硬手中奪走相機。「你不認為他成功拍到攻擊他的人了嗎？」麥格教授急切地問道。

Dumbledore didn't answer. He opened the back of the camera.

"Good gracious!" said Madam Pomfrey.

A jet of steam had hissed out of the camera. Harry, three beds away, caught the acrid smell of burnt plastic.

"Melted," said Madam Pomfrey wonderingly. "All melted . . ."

“What does this *mean*, Albus?” Professor McGonagall asked urgently.

“It means,” said Dumbledore, “that the Chamber of Secrets is indeed open again.”

Madam Pomfrey clapped a hand to her mouth. Professor McGonagall stared at Dumbledore.

“But, Albus . . . surely . . . *who*?”

“The question is not *who*,” said Dumbledore, his eyes on Colin. “The question is, *how* . . .”

And from what Harry could see of Professor McGonagall’s shadowy face, she didn’t understand this any better than he did.

鄧布利多沒有回答。他打開了相機的後蓋。“天啊！”波夫人驚呼。一股蒸汽從相機中嘶嘶作響。三張床位遠的哈利聞到了被燒焦的塑料的刺鼻氣味。“化了。”波夫人驚訝地說道。“全部都化掉了……”“這意味著什麼，阿不思？”麥格教授急切地問。“這意味著，”鄧布利多說，“密室再次被打開了。”波夫人捂住了嘴巴。麥格教授盯著鄧布利多看。“但是，阿不思……一定是誰……”“問題不是誰，”鄧布利多說，他的眼睛盯著科林。“問題是如何……”從哈利能看到的麥格教授的陰影臉上來看，她似乎和哈利一樣不理解。



## THE DUELING CLUB

Harry woke up on Sunday morning to find the dormitory blazing with winter sunlight and his arm reboned but very stiff. He sat up quickly and looked over at Colin's bed, but it had been blocked from view by the high curtains Harry had changed behind yesterday. Seeing that he was awake, Madam Pomfrey came bustling over with a breakfast tray and then began bending and stretching his arm and fingers.

"All in order," she said as he clumsily fed himself porridge left-handed. "When you've finished eating, you may leave."

Harry dressed as quickly as he could and hurried off to Gryffindor Tower, desperate to tell Ron and Hermione about Colin and Dobby, but they weren't there. Harry left to look for them, wondering where they could have got to and feeling slightly hurt that they weren't interested in whether he had his bones back or not.

哈利在星期天的早晨醒來，發現寢室充滿了冬日的陽光，他的手臂已經重新長好了，但非常僵硬。他迅速坐起來，看向柯林的床位，但它被哈利昨天換布幕遮擋住了。瑪德姆·龐富蕾看到他醒來後匆忙過來送來了早餐，然後開始彎曲和伸展他的手臂和手指。“都沒問題，”她說，當他笨拙地用左手喂自己的粥時。“吃完飯，你可以離開了。”哈利盡可能快地穿好衣服，匆匆忙忙地走向格蘭芬多塔，急於告訴羅恩和赫敏有關柯林和多比的事情，但他們沒在那裡。哈利離開去找他們，想知道他們去了哪裡，感到有點受傷，因為他們似乎對他的骨頭是否好了並不感興趣。

As Harry passed the library, Percy Weasley strolled out of it, looking in far better spirits than last time they'd met.

"Oh, hello, Harry," he said. "Excellent flying yesterday, really excellent. Gryffindor has just taken the lead for the House Cup — you earned fifty points!"

"You haven't seen Ron or Hermione, have you?" said Harry.

"No, I haven't," said Percy, his smile fading. "I hope Ron's not in another *girls' toilet*. . . ."

Harry forced a laugh, watched Percy walk out of sight, and then headed straight for Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. He couldn't see why Ron and Hermione would be in there again, but after making sure that neither Filch nor any prefects were around, he opened the door and heard their voices coming from a locked stall.

"It's me," he said, closing the door behind him. There was a clunk, a splash, and a gasp from within the stall and he saw Hermione's eye peering through the keyhole.

當哈利經過圖書館時，柏西·威茲利（Percy Weasley）從裡面走出來，比他們上次見面時看起來好多了。「哦，哈利，你好。昨天的飛行非常出色，很棒。格蘭芬多現在是學院杯的領先者——你為他們贏得了五十分！」「你沒看見羅恩或赫敏嗎？」哈利問。「沒有，」柏西說著，微笑漸漸消失了。「我希望羅恩不是又跑去女廁所了……」哈利勉強笑了笑，看著柏西走出視線，然後直接去了哭泣的默特爾的浴室。他不知道羅恩和赫敏為什麼會再次去那裡，但在確保沒有菲爾奇或領袖在周圍之後，他打開了門，聽到他們的聲音來自一個鎖住的廁所裡。「是我。」他關上了門。從小格子鑰孔中，他看到一個金屬聲、一個咕嚕聲和一個嘆氣聲，然後他看到赫敏的眼睛從鑰孔中往外瞪著。

"Harry!" she said. "You gave us such a fright — come in — how's your arm?"

"Fine," said Harry, squeezing into the stall. An old cauldron was perched on the toilet, and a crackling from under the rim told Harry they had lit a fire beneath it. Conjuring up portable, waterproof fires was a speciality of Hermione's.

"We'd've come to meet you, but we decided to get started on the Polyjuice Potion," Ron explained as Harry, with difficulty, locked the stall again. "We've decided this is the safest place to hide it."

Harry started to tell them about Colin, but Hermione interrupted.

"We already know — we heard Professor McGonagall telling Professor Flitwick this morning. That's why we decided we'd better get going —"

"The sooner we get a confession out of Malfoy, the better," snarled Ron. "D'you know what I think? He was in such a foul temper after the Quidditch match, he took it out on Colin."

"哈利！"她說。「你嚇壞我們了——進來吧——你的手臂怎麼樣了？」「很好，」哈利說，擠進了小格子。馬桶上面放著一

個舊的藥鍋，底下傳來的爆裂聲告訴哈利，他們在下面點了火。隨身攜帶防水火源是赫敏的特長。「本來我們要來接你的，但我們決定先做變身藥開始，」當哈利艱難地把門鎖上時，朗解釋道。「我們認為這是藏它最安全的地方。」哈利開始告訴他們有關科林的事情，但赫敏打斷了他。「我們已經知道了——我們今天早上聽到麥格教授告訴弗立克教授這件事。這就是為什麼我們決定趕緊開始——」「越快讓馬爾福承認，我們就越安全，」朗咆哮道。「你知道我在想什麼嗎？他在魁地奇比賽之後心情非常糟糕，就把它發洩在科林身上了。」

“There's something else,” said Harry, watching Hermione tearing bundles of knotgrass and throwing them into the potion. “Dobby came to visit me in the middle of the night.”

Ron and Hermione looked up, amazed. Harry told them everything Dobby had told him—or hadn't told him. Hermione and Ron listened with their mouths open.

“The Chamber of Secrets has been opened *before*?” Hermione said.

“This settles it,” said Ron in a triumphant voice. “Lucius Malfoy must've opened the Chamber when he was at school here and now he's told dear old Draco how to do it. It's obvious. Wish Dobby'd told you what kind of monster's in there, though. I want to know how come nobody's noticed it sneaking around the school.”

“Maybe it can make itself invisible,” said Hermione, prodding leeches to the bottom of the cauldron. “Or maybe it can disguise itself—pretend to be a suit of armor or something—I've read about Chameleon Ghouls—”

“還有一件事，”哈利說，看著赫敏撕扯擬麻草，丟進藥劑中。“Dobby在半夜來找我了。”羅恩和赫敏仰頭驚訝地看著他。哈利告訴他們Dobby告訴他的一切，或者沒有告訴他的事情。赫敏和羅恩張大了嘴聽著。“密室以前被打開過嗎？”赫敏說。“這下解決了，”羅恩得意地說道。“盧修斯·馬爾福在這裡上學時一定打開了密室，現在他告訴親愛的德拉科怎麼做。很明顯。只希望Dobby告訴你那裡有什麼樣的怪物。我想知道為什麼沒有人注意到它在學校裡潛行。”“也許它能讓自己隱形，”赫敏說，把水蛭戳到鍋底。“或者它可以偽裝自己，假裝成一副盔甲或其他東西。我讀過變色鬼幽靈的故事——”

“You read too much, Hermione,” said Ron, pouring dead lacewings on top of the leeches. He crumpled up the empty lacewing bag and looked at Harry.

“So Dobby stopped us from getting on the train and broke your arm . . .” He shook his head. “You know what, Harry? If he doesn't stop trying to save your life he's going to kill you.”

The news that Colin Creevey had been attacked and was now lying as though dead in the hospital wing had spread through the entire school by Monday morning. The air was suddenly thick with rumor and suspicion. The first years were now moving around the castle in tight-knit groups, as though scared they would be attacked if they ventured forth alone.

Ginny Weasley, who sat next to Colin Creevey in Charms, was distraught, but Harry felt that Fred and George were going the wrong way about cheering her up. They were taking turns covering themselves with fur or boils and jumping out at her from behind statues. They only stopped when Percy, apoplectic with rage, told them he was going to write to Mrs. Weasley and tell her Ginny was having nightmares.

“你讀書讀太多了，赫敏，”朗說，把死了的花類蟲放在蛭蟲上面。他把空袋子揉成一團，看著哈利。“所以，多比阻止了我們上火車，還把你的手臂弄斷了……”他搖頭。“你知道嗎，哈利？如果他不停地試圖拯救你的性命，他會殺了你的。”星期一早上，科林·克里維受到襲擊，現在躺在醫院裡像死人一樣，這個消息已經在整個學校傳開了。傳言和懷疑突然變得密不可分。新生班正在城堡裡密集地走動，彷彿害怕獨自冒險會被襲擊。吉妮·韋斯萊坐在魔法課上的科林·克里維旁，非常傷心，但哈利覺得佛萊德和喬治在讓她高興的方式上走錯了。他們輪流用毛皮或瘤子蓋住自己，從雕像後面跳出來嚇她。只有珀西因憤怒而失控，告訴他們他要寫信給韋斯萊太太，告訴她吉妮在做惡夢，他們才停止。

Meanwhile, hidden from the teachers, a roaring trade in talismans, amulets, and other protective devices was sweeping the school. Neville Longbottom bought a large, evil-smelling green onion, a pointed purple crystal, and a rotting newt tail before the other Gryffindor boys pointed out that he was in no danger; he was a pureblood, and therefore unlikely to be attacked.

“They went for Filch first,” Neville said, his round face fearful. “And everyone knows I'm almost a Squib.”

In the second week of December Professor McGonagall came around as usual, collecting names of those who would be staying at school for Christmas. Harry, Ron, and Hermione signed her list; they had heard that Malfoy was staying, which struck them as very suspicious. The holidays would be the perfect time to use the Polyjuice Potion and try to worm a confession out of him.

與此同時，學校中流傳著一股秘密的護身符、護身物等商品的熱潮，教師們卻置之不理。納威·隆巴頓買了一個味道非常惡臭的大蒜頭，一個紫色的尖晶石和一條腐爛的蟾蜍尾巴，直到其他格蘭芬多男生指出他並不處於危險之中——他是純血巫師，因此不太可能受到攻擊。“他們先攻擊菲爾奇校工，”納威說，他那圓圓的臉顯出害怕的神情，“而眾所皆知我幾乎就是個魔法失靈者。”十二月的第二個星期，麥康娜教授像往常一樣來收集那些留校過聖誕節的學生名單。哈利、羅恩和赫敏在名單上簽了字；他們聽說馬爾福也會留校，這讓他們感到非常可疑。假期是用變身藥水試圖從馬爾福口中套出一個白白的完美時刻。

Unfortunately, the potion was only half finished. They still needed the bicorn horn and the boomslang skin, and the only place they were going to get them was from Snape's private stores. Harry privately felt he'd rather face Slytherin's legendary monster than let Snape catch him robbing his office.

“What we need,” said Hermione briskly as Thursday afternoon’s double Potions lesson loomed nearer, “is a diversion. Then one of us can sneak into Snape’s office and take what we need.”

Harry and Ron looked at her nervously.

“I think I’d better do the actual stealing,” Hermione continued in a matter-of-fact tone. “You two will be expelled if you get into any more trouble, and I’ve got a clean record. So all you need to do is cause enough mayhem to keep Snape busy for five minutes or so.”

不幸的是，藥劑只完成了一半。他們仍需要獨角獸角和鱗蛇皮，而他們唯一能得到這些東西的地方就是從斯內普的私人儲藏室裡取。哈利私下裡覺得他寧願面對史萊哲林的傳說怪物，也不願讓斯內普抓到他搶劫他的辦公室。“我們需要的是轉移注意力的方法，”赫敏活潑地說道，在星期四下午的雙倍藥學課快到時，“然後我們就能偷偷摸摸地進斯內普的辦公室拿到我們需要的東西。”哈利和羅恩神情緊張地看著她。“我想我最好親自去偷東西，”赫敏以平靜的口氣繼續說，“你們倆再搞麻煩就會被開除，而我有一個干淨的紀錄。因此，你們需要做的就是造成足夠的混亂，讓斯內普忙碌五分鐘左右。”

Harry smiled feebly. Deliberately causing mayhem in Snape’s Potions class was about as safe as poking a sleeping dragon in the eye.

Potions lessons took place in one of the large dungeons. Thursday afternoon’s lesson proceeded in the usual way. Twenty cauldrons stood steaming between the wooden desks, on which stood brass scales and jars of ingredients. Snape prowled through the fumes, making waspish remarks about the Gryffindors’ work while the Slytherins sniggered appreciatively. Draco Malfoy, who was Snape’s favorite student, kept flicking puffer-fish eyes at Ron and Harry, who knew that if they retaliated they would get detention faster than you could say “Unfair.”

Harry’s Swelling Solution was far too runny, but he had his mind on more important things. He was waiting for Hermione’s signal, and he hardly listened as Snape paused to sneer at his watery potion. When Snape turned and walked off to bully Neville, Hermione caught Harry’s eye and nodded.

哈利微笑著，故意在斯內普的魔藥課上製造混亂，就像戳一隻睡覺的龍的眼睛一樣危險。魔藥課在其中一個大地下室進行。星期四下午的課程進行得很正常。在木桌之間，二十個大鍋子冒著煙，銅秤和材料罐子放在上面。斯內普在煙霧中巡遊，對於格蘭芬多的工作發表刻薄的評論，而蛇妖們則咯咯地嘲笑著。德拉科·馬爾福是斯內普最喜愛的學生，他一直在向羅恩和哈利投射著泡魚的目光，而他們知道如果報復，他們將會被拘留。哈利的膨脹藥水太水了，但他心思萬千。他正在等待赫敏的信號，他幾乎沒有聽斯內普停下來譏笑他稀薄的藥水。當斯內普轉身去欺負尼維爾時，赫敏看著哈利，點了點頭。

Harry ducked swiftly down behind his cauldron, pulled one of Fred’s Filibuster fireworks out of his pocket, and gave it a quick prod with his wand. The firework began to fizz and sputter. Knowing he had only seconds, Harry straightened up, took aim, and lobbed it into the air; it landed right on target in Goyle’s cauldron.

Goyle’s potion exploded, showering the whole class. People shrieked as splashes of the Swelling Solution hit them. Malfoy got a faceful and his nose began to swell like a balloon; Goyle blundered around, his hands over his eyes, which had expanded to the size of a dinner plate — Snape was trying to restore calm and find out what had happened. Through the confusion, Harry saw Hermione slip quietly into Snape’s office.

“Silence! SILENCE!” Snape roared. “Anyone who has been splashed, come here for a Deflating Draught — when I find out who did this —”

哈利俯身躲在他的煲里，从口袋里拿出弗雷德的“填海者”煙花，用他的魔杖迅速戳了一下。煙火開始噼啪作響。知道他只有幾秒鐘的時間，哈利站直身子，瞄準目標，把煙花扔到空中，它直接掉進了哥爾的煲裡。哥爾的藥水爆炸了，灑了整個教室。當膨脹藥水的飛濺到人們身上時，他們尖叫著。馬爾福滿臉都是，他的鼻子開始像氣球一樣膨脹；哥爾左撇子，他的手捂住了眼睛，眼睛膨脹成了一個晚餐盤的大小。斯納普正在試圖恢復平靜並找出發生了什麼事。在混亂中，哈利看見赫敏悄悄地走進了斯納普的辦公室。“安靜！安靜！”斯納普怒吼道。“任何被濺到的人，來喝一口泄氣藥劑-當我發現是誰做的時候-”

Harry tried not to laugh as he watched Malfoy hurry forward, his head drooping with the weight of a nose like a small melon. As half the class lumbered up to Snape’s desk, some weighted down with arms like clubs, others unable to talk through gigantic puffed-up lips, Harry saw Hermione slide back into the dungeon, the front of her robes bulging.

When everyone had taken a swig of antidote and the various swellings had subsided, Snape swept over to Goyle’s cauldron and scooped out the twisted black remains of the firework. There was a sudden hush.

“If I ever find out who threw this,” Snape whispered, “I shall *make sure* that person is expelled.”

Harry arranged his face into what he hoped was a puzzled expression. Snape was looking right at him, and the bell that rang ten minutes later could not have been more welcome.

哈利壓著笑意看著馬爾福匆匆走近，他的頭低垂，鼻子像個小甜瓜一樣沉甸甸的。當班上一半的人肢體沉重地走到斯內普的桌子前，有些手臂像大棍子一樣沉重，有些人因為嘴巴腫得像氣球而無法說話，哈利看到赫敏滑回了地牢，她的袍子前面鼓鼓囊囊的。當每個人都喝下解毒藥，各種腫脹的現象都消失了，斯內普走到高爾的鍋爐邊，舀起了被扭曲變黑了的煙火殘骸。突然間，一片寂靜。「如果我發現是誰扔的，」斯內普輕聲說道，「我會確保把那個人開除。」哈利盡量讓自己的臉露出一個困惑的表情。斯內普正看著他，過了十分鐘響起的鐘聲再怎麼擾人也比這個更受歡迎。

“He knew it was me,” Harry told Ron and Hermione as they hurried back to Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. “I could tell.”

Hermione threw the new ingredients into the cauldron and began to stir feverishly.

“It'll be ready in two weeks,” she said happily.

“Snape can't prove it was you,” said Ron reassuringly to Harry. “What can he do?”

“Knowing Snape, something foul,” said Harry as the potion frothed and bubbled.

A week later, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were walking across the entrance hall when they saw a small knot of people gathered around the notice board, reading a piece of parchment that had just been pinned up. Seamus Finnigan and Dean Thomas beckoned them over, looking excited.

“They're starting a Dueling Club!” said Seamus. “First meeting tonight! I wouldn't mind dueling lessons; they might come in handy one of these days. . .”

「他知道是我，」哈利告訴羅恩和赫敏，他們趕回哭泣的莫蒂默的廁所。「我能感受到。」赫敏把新材料倒進大鍋裡，瘋狂地攪拌。「兩週後就可以了，」她高興地說。「斯內普不能證明是你，」羅恩安慰哈利說。「他能做什麼？」「斯內普要是知道了，肯定會想出難缠的問題，」哈利說，這時藥水已經開始沸騰起泡沫了。一周後，哈利、羅恩和赫敏正穿過入口大廳走在一起，他們看到一群人圍在公告板前，正在看一張新釘上的羊皮紙。席姆斯·芬尼根和迪恩·托馬斯招手示意他們過去，看起來很興奮。「他們要開始一個決鬥俱樂部了！」席姆斯說。「今晚第一次會面！我不介意參加決鬥課程；這些東西有朝一日可能會派上用場……」

“What, you reckon Slytherin's monster can duel?” said Ron, but he, too, read the sign with interest.

“Could be useful,” he said to Harry and Hermione as they went into dinner. “Shall we go?”

Harry and Hermione were all for it, so at eight o'clock that evening they hurried back to the Great Hall. The long dining tables had vanished and a golden stage had appeared along one wall, lit by thousands of candles floating overhead. The ceiling was velvety black once more and most of the school seemed to be packed beneath it, all carrying their wands and looking excited.

“I wonder who'll be teaching us?” said Hermione as they edged into the chattering crowd. “Someone told me Flitwick was a dueling champion when he was young — maybe it'll be him.”

“As long as it's not —” Harry began, but he ended on a groan: Gilderoy Lockhart was walking onto the stage, resplendent in robes of deep plum and accompanied by none other than Snape, wearing his usual black.

“你認為史萊哲林的怪物可以決鬥嗎？”羅恩說，但他也興趣盎然地閱讀了那個標誌。“可能很有用，”他對哈利和赫敏說，當他們進餐廳的時候。“我們去嗎？”哈利和赫敏都非常贊同，因此那天晚上八點，他們趕回了大廳。長長的餐桌消失了，一個金色的舞台出現在一面牆上，上方懸浮著成千上萬的蠟燭。天花板再次變得柔和黑暗，大部分學生都擠在下面，手持魔杖，看起來很興奮。“我想知道誰會來教我們？”赫敏在他們擠入喧鬧的人群時說。“有人告訴我，弗立克在年輕時是一位決鬥冠軍——也許是他。”“只要不是——”哈利開始說，但最後只能嘆口氣：吉德羅·洛哈特走上舞台，身穿深紫色的袍子，身邊沒有別人，只有穿著黑色的斯涅普。

Lockhart waved an arm for silence and called, “Gather round, gather round! Can everyone see me? Can you all hear me? Excellent!

“Now, Professor Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little dueling club, to train you all in case you ever need to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions — for full details, see my published works.

“Let me introduce my assistant, Professor Snape,” said Lockhart, flashing a wide smile. “He tells me he knows a tiny little bit about dueling himself and has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration before we begin. Now, I don't want any of you youngsters to worry — you'll still have your Potions master when I'm through with him, never fear!”

“Wouldn't it be good if they finished each other off?” Ron muttered in Harry's ear.

洛克哈特揮了揮手，呼喚道：“圍過來，圍過來！大家都看到我了嗎？都聽得見我說話嗎？太好了！“現在，鄧布利多教授允許我開始這個小型的鬥法俱樂部，教育你們，防身一定非常有用，就像我在無數場合下所做的一樣。具體詳情請參閱我的著作。“現在，我要介紹我的助理，教授斯奈普。”洛克哈特露出了燦爛的微笑：“他告訴我他對鬥法方面有點瞭解，很樂意在活動前給我們演示。現在，我不希望你們年輕人擔心——在我與他完成後，你們仍會有你們的魔藥學教授，不用擔心！”“如果他們互相消滅，這不是很好嗎？”羅恩在哈利的耳邊喃喃自語。

Snape's upper lip was curling. Harry wondered why Lockhart was still smiling; if Snape had been looking at *him* like that he'd have been running as fast as he could in the opposite direction.

Lockhart and Snape turned to face each other and bowed; at least, Lockhart did, with much twirling of his hands, whereas Snape jerked his head irritably. Then they raised their wands like swords in front of them.

“As you see, we are holding our wands in the accepted combative position,” Lockhart told the silent crowd. “On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course.”

“I wouldn't bet on that,” Harry murmured, watching Snape baring his teeth.

“One — two — three —”

Both of them swung their wands above their heads and pointed them at their opponent; Snape cried: “*Expelliarmus!*!” There was a dazzling flash of scarlet light and Lockhart was blasted off his feet: He flew backward off the stage, smashed into the wall, and slid down it to sprawl on the floor.

斯內普的上唇皺了起來。哈利想知道為什麼羅克哈特還在微笑；如果史納佩對他這樣看，他會盡可能地往相反的方向跑。羅克哈特和史納佩轉身面對彼此並鞠躬，至少羅克哈特這樣做，手扭來扭去，而史納佩則煩躁地點了點頭。接著，他們把魔杖舉起，就像挺著劍一樣。「如你們所見，我們把魔杖舉在被接受的戰鬥姿勢中。」羅克哈特對沉默的人群說：「三聲計數後，我們將施放第一個法術。當然不會有人想殺人。」哈利低語道：「我不敢打賭。」他看著史納佩露出牙齒。「一、二、三——」他們兩人都把魔杖揮到頭頂，指向對手；史納佩大喊：「解除武器咒！」接著，出現了耀眼的猩紅光芒，羅克哈特被炸到腳底板，向後飛出，撞上牆壁，滑下來，摔倒在地上。

Malfoy and some of the other Slytherins cheered. Hermione was dancing on tiptoes. “Do you think he’s all right?” she squealed through her fingers.

“Who cares?” said Harry and Ron together.

Lockhart was getting unsteadily to his feet. His hat had fallen off and his wavy hair was standing on end.

“Well, there you have it!” he said, tottering back onto the platform. “That was a Disarming Charm—as you see, I’ve lost my wand—ah, thank you, Miss Brown—yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don’t mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy—however, I felt it would be instructive to let them see . . .”

Snape was looking murderous. Possibly Lockhart had noticed, because he said, “Enough demonstrating! I’m going to come amongst you now and put you all into pairs. Professor Snape, if you’d like to help me —”

馬爾福和其他一些斯萊特林帶領著歡呼聲。赫敏踮起腳尖跳舞，“你覺得他還好嗎？”她透過手指尖尖地尖叫著。“誰關心他啊？”哈利和羅恩一起說道。洛哈特不穩定地站起來。他的帽子掉了下來，他的波浪捲髮也變得很亂。“好了，這就是了！”他走回講台上，“這是一個解除武器魔法——正如你所見，我丟失了我的魔杖——啊，謝謝你，布朗小姐——是的，展示這個對他們來說是一個很好的想法，斯內普教授，但如果您不介意我這麼說，那是很明顯的，您正在準備做什麼。如果我想阻止你，那將是易如反掌的——但是，我覺得讓他們看到這一點是有教益的……”斯內普看起來憤怒。也許洛哈特已經注意到了，因為他說：“停止演示！我現在要到你們中間，把你們分成對。斯內普教授，如果您願意幫助我——”

They moved through the crowd, matching up partners. Lockhart teamed Neville with Justin Finch-Fletchley, but Snape reached Harry and Ron first.

“Time to split up the dream team, I think,” he sneered. “Weasley, you can partner Finnigan. Potter —”

Harry moved automatically toward Hermione.

“I don’t think so,” said Snape, smiling coldly. “Mr. Malfoy, come over here. Let’s see what you make of the famous Potter. And you, Miss Granger — you can partner Miss Bulstrode.”

Malfoy strutted over, smirking. Behind him walked a Slytherin girl who reminded Harry of a picture he’d seen in *Holidays with Hags*. She was large and square and her heavy jaw jutted aggressively. Hermione gave her a weak smile that she did not return.

“Face your partners!” called Lockhart, back on the platform “And bow!”

他們穿梭於人群中，配對起來。洛哈特將奈維爾和賈斯汀·芬奇-弗萊奇配成一組，但斯內普先到達了哈利和羅恩。他冷笑道：“我想是時候拆散這支夢幻隊伍了。”他看向羅恩，“你可以和芬尼根配搭，波特——”哈利自動地走向赫敏。斯內普冷冷地說：“我不這麼認為。”他微笑著，“馬爾福先生，過來這邊。讓我們看看你對著那個著名的波特有什麼能耐。而你，葛蘭妮小姐——你可以和布爾斯特羅德小姐配搭。”馬爾福得意地走過來。跟在他後面的是一個西斯萊林女孩，她讓哈利想起了《與巫婆共度假日》書裡的一張照片。她高大結實，下巴突出，顯得很具侵略性。赫敏給了她一個微弱的微笑，但她沒有回報。“面對你的搭檔！”洛哈特在講台上喊道，“鞠躬！”

Harry and Malfoy barely inclined their heads, not taking their eyes off each other.

“Wands at the ready!” shouted Lockhart. “When I count to three, cast your charms to Disarm your opponents — *only* to disarm them—we don’t want any accidents — one . . . two . . . three —”

Harry swung his wand high, but Malfoy had already started on “two”: His spell hit Harry so hard he felt as though he’d been hit over the head with a saucepan. He stumbled, but everything still seemed to be working, and wasting no more time, Harry pointed his wand straight at Malfoy and shouted, “*Rictusempra!*”

A jet of silver light hit Malfoy in the stomach and he doubled up, wheezing.

“*I said Disarm only!*” Lockhart shouted in alarm over the heads of the battling crowd, as Malfoy sank to his knees; Harry had hit him with a Tickling Charm, and he could barely move for laughing. Harry hung back, with a vague feeling it would be unsporting to bewitch Malfoy while he was on the floor, but this was a mistake; gasping for breath, Malfoy pointed his wand at Harry’s knees, choked, “*Tarantallegra!*” and the next second Harry’s legs began to jerk around out of his control in a kind of quickstep.

哈利和馬爾福微微點了點頭，眼神始終沒有離開對方。“裝備好魔杖！”洛哈特大喊。“當我數到三的時候，使用你們的魔咒去使你的對手解除武裝，只是解除武裝而已，我們不想發生任何事故——二...三——”哈利高舉魔杖，但馬爾福已經在“二”時開始：他的魔法猛烈地打中了哈利，讓他感覺像是被鍋子敲了一下頭。他絆了一下，但仍然感覺一切仍然正常，沒有浪費更多的時間，哈利直接將魔杖對準馬爾福，大喊一聲：“刺痛魔法！”一道銀色的光芒擊中了馬爾福的肚子，他彎了起來，喘不過氣來。“我說了只能解除武裝！”洛哈特在戰鬥人群的頭頂上驚慌失措地大喊道，當馬爾福跌落在他膝蓋上時，哈利用刺痛魔法擊中了他，他幾乎無法動彈。哈利往後退了一步，模模糊糊地覺得施法馬爾福躺在地上會顯得不太公平，但這是一個錯誤；馬爾福喘不過氣時，將魔杖對準了哈利的膝蓋，嘎聲嘎氣地說：“跳舞魔法！”接下來，哈利的腿開始在一種快跳舞的節奏下失去了控制。

“Stop! Stop!” screamed Lockhart, but Snape took charge.

“Finite Incantatem!” he shouted; Harry's feet stopped dancing, Malfoy stopped laughing, and they were able to look up.

A haze of greenish smoke was hovering over the scene. Both Neville and Justin were lying on the floor, panting; Ron was holding up an ashen-faced Seamus, apologizing for whatever his broken wand had done; but Hermione and Millicent Bulstrode were still moving; Millicent had Hermione in a headlock and Hermione was whimpering in pain; both their wands lay forgotten on the floor. Harry leapt forward and pulled Millicent off. It was difficult: She was a lot bigger than he was.

“Dear, dear,” said Lockhart, skittering through the crowd, looking at the aftermath of the duels. “Up you go, Macmillan. . . . Careful there, Miss Fawcett. . . . Pinch it hard, it'll stop bleeding in a second, Boot —

“停止！停止！”洛哈特尖叫，但斯內普接管了局面。“Finite Incantatem！”他大喊一声；哈利的腳停止了跳舞，馬爾福停止了笑聲，他們得以抬起头看看。一個綠色烟霧的陰影盤旋在場景上空。尼維爾和賈斯汀都躺在地板上，喘着氣；羅恩扶着面色灰白的西莫，為他折斷的魔杖道歉；但赫敏和米莉森特·布爾斯特羅德仍在動着；米莉森特抱着赫敏的頭部，赫敏在痛苦地呻吟；兩人的魔杖都忘在地上了。哈利跳了過去，將米莉森特拉開。這很困難：她比哈利大得多。“亲爱的，亲爱的，”洛哈特說着，穿過人群溜來溜去，看着決鬥的余威。“麥克米倫，起來吧……小心，福塞特小姐……捏緊了，伯特，它會在一秒钟內止血。”

“I think I'd better teach you how to *block* unfriendly spells,” said Lockhart, standing flustered in the midst of the hall. He glanced at Snape, whose black eyes glinted, and looked quickly away. “Let's have a volunteer pair — Longbottom and Finch-Fletchley, how about you —”

“A bad idea, Professor Lockhart,” said Snape, gliding over like a large and malevolent bat. “Longbottom causes devastation with the simplest spells. We'll be sending what's left of Finch-Fletchley up to the hospital wing in a matchbox.” Neville's round, pink face went pinker. “How about Malfoy and Potter?” said Snape with a twisted smile.

“Excellent idea!” said Lockhart, gesturing Harry and Malfoy into the middle of the hall as the crowd backed away to give them room.

“Now, Harry,” said Lockhart. “When Draco points his wand at you, you do *this*.”

“我想我最好教你如何阻擋不友善的咒語，”洛哈特說，他驚慌失措地站在大廳中央。他瞥了一眼黑眼睛閃爍的斯涅普，然後迅速移開目光。“讓我們找一對志願者——隆巴頓和芬奇·弗萊奇，怎麼樣——”“這是個糟糕的主意，洛哈特教授，”斯涅普說，像隻巨大而邪惡的蝙蝠一樣滑動過來。“隆巴頓使用最簡單的咒語也會造成毀滅。芬奇·弗萊奇的遺體只能裝在火柴盒里送到醫務室。”尼維爾圓圓的臉紅了。“那麼馬爾福和波特怎麼樣？”斯涅普扭曲著嘴笑道。“好主意！”洛哈特興高采烈地說。當人群往後退讓出空間時，他示意哈利和馬爾福站到大廳中間。“現在，哈利，”洛哈特說，“當德拉科把魔杖對著你，你就這樣做。”

He raised his own wand, attempted a complicated sort of wiggling action, and dropped it. Snape smirked as Lockhart quickly picked it up, saying “Whoops — my wand is a little overexcited —”

Snape moved closer to Malfoy, bent down, and whispered something in his ear. Malfoy smirked, too. Harry looked up nervously at Lockhart and said, ‘Professor, could you show me that blocking thing again?’

“Scared?” muttered Malfoy, so that Lockhart couldn't hear him.

“You wish,” said Harry out of the corner of his mouth.

Lockhart cuffed Harry merrily on the shoulder. “Just do what I did, Harry!”

“What, drop my wand?”

But Lockhart wasn't listening.

“Three — two — one — go!” he shouted.

Malfoy raised his wand quickly and bellowed, “*Serpensortia!*”

The end of his wand exploded. Harry watched, aghast, as a long black snake shot out of it, fell heavily onto the floor between them, and raised itself, ready to strike. There were screams as the crowd backed swiftly away, clearing the floor.

他舉起他自己的魔杖，試圖進行一種複雜的擺動動作，然後它掉了下來。隨即斯內普冷笑一聲，洛哈特迅速撿起魔杖，

說：“哎唷——我的魔杖有點興奮過度——”斯內普靠近馬爾福，彎腰對他耳語了些什麼。馬爾福也咧嘴一笑。哈利緊張地抬頭看著洛哈特，說：“教授，您能再給我展示一下那個格擋的動作嗎？”“害怕了？”馬爾福嘟囔道，讓洛哈特無法聽到他。“你倒是想啊，”哈利嘴角翹起，輕聲回道。洛哈特高興地拍了拍哈利的肩膀。“哈利，你就跟我做一樣的動作就行了！”“什麼？讓我掉手中的魔杖？”然而洛哈特沒有在聽。“三、二、一，開始！”他喊道。馬爾福迅速舉起魔杖，大聲吼道：“Serpensortia！”他的魔杖炸裂了。哈利目瞪口呆地看著一條又長又黑的蛇從魔杖中射出來，在他們中間沉重地摔落在地上。然後豎起自己的身體，準備攻擊。觀眾們慘叫著往後退，清空了這個區域。

“Don’t move, Potter,” said Snape lazily, clearly enjoying the sight of Harry standing motionless, eye to eye with the angry snake. “I’ll get rid of it. . .”

“Allow me!” shouted Lockhart. He brandished his wand at the snake and there was a loud bang: the snake, instead of vanishing, flew ten feet into the air and fell back to the floor with a loud smack. Enraged, hissing furiously, it slithered straight toward Justin Finch-Fletchley and raised itself again, fangs exposed, poised to strike.

Harry wasn’t sure what made him do it. He wasn’t even aware of deciding to do it. All he knew was that his legs were carrying him forward as though he was on casters and that he had shouted stupidly at the snake, “Leave him alone!” And miraculously — inexplicably — the snake slumped to the floor, docile as a thick, black garden hose, its eyes now on Harry. Harry felt the fear drain out of him. He knew the snake wouldn’t attack anyone now, though how he knew it, he couldn’t have explained.

“不動，波特，”斯內普慵懶地說，顯然很喜歡看到哈利站在那裡一動不動，與憤怒的蛇四目相對。“我來處理它……”“讓我來！”洛哈特大喊，在蛇上揮舞手中的魔杖，瞬間就傳出一聲巨響；蛇沒有消失，而是飛了十英尺高，再重重摔落在地。它激怒了，怒吼著，直向賈斯汀·芬奇-弗萊奇爬去，又一次舉起頭來，毒牙外露，隨時準備攻擊。哈利不知道是什麼激勵了他。他甚至不知道自己決定去做什麼。他只知道他的腿像著了滑輪一樣往前走，他愚蠢地對著蛇大喊：“離他遠點！”然而奇跡般地——莫名其妙地——蛇一下子倒在地上，像一根黑色的厚花園軟管，現在它的眼睛注視著哈利。哈利感到害怕消失了。他知道蛇不會再攻擊任何人，盡管他無法解釋自己怎麼知道這點。

He looked up at Justin, grinning, expecting to see Justin looking relieved, or puzzled, or even grateful — but certainly not angry and scared.

“What do you think you’re playing at?” he shouted, and before Harry could say anything, Justin had turned and stormed out of the hall.

Snape stepped forward, waved his wand, and the snake vanished in a small puff of black smoke. Snape, too, was looking at Harry in an unexpected way. It was a shrewd and calculating look, and Harry didn’t like it. He was also dimly aware of an ominous muttering all around the walls. Then he felt a tugging on the back of his robes.

“Come on,” said Ron’s voice in his ear. “Move — come on —”

Ron steered him out of the hall, Hermione hurrying alongside them. As they went through the doors, the people on either side drew away as though they were frightened of catching something. Harry didn’t have a clue what was going on, and neither Ron nor Hermione explained anything until they had dragged him all the way up to the empty Gryffindor common room. Then Ron pushed Harry into an armchair and said, “You’re a Parselmouth. Why didn’t you tell us?”

他抬頭看著賈斯汀，咧嘴笑，期待著看到賈斯汀表情緩和、迷惑，甚至感激——但絕不是生氣和害怕。“你在想什麼？”他大喊道，還沒等哈利開口，賈斯汀便轉身大步走出了大廳。斯內普上前一步，揮舞魔杖，蛇以一團黑煙消失了。斯內普也用一種出乎意料的眼神看著哈利，那是一種精明而審慎的眼神，哈利不喜歡這樣。他朦朧地感覺到四周牆壁傳來不祥的低語聲。然後他感覺到從他的袍子後面傳來牽扯的力量。“走吧，”羅恩在他耳邊說，“走了——快——”羅恩領著他走出了大廳，赫敏匆忙地跟在他們身邊。當他們穿過門時，兩邊的人都退後了，好像害怕某種東西。哈利完全不知道發生了什麼事，羅恩和赫敏也沒有解釋任何事情，直到他們把他拉到空蕩蕩的格蘭芬多公共休息室。然後羅恩把哈利推到一張扶手椅上，說：“你是貓蛇語言者，為什麼不告訴我們？”

“I’m a what?” said Harry.

“A Parselmouth!” said Ron. “You can talk to snakes!”

“I know,” said Harry. “I mean, that’s only the second time I’ve ever done it. I accidentally set a boa constrictor on my cousin Dudley at the zoo once — long story — but it was telling me it had never seen Brazil and I sort of set it free without meaning to — that was before I knew I was a wizard —”

“A boa constrictor told you it had never seen Brazil?” Ron repeated faintly.

“So?” said Harry. “I bet loads of people here can do it.”

“Oh, no they can’t,” said Ron. “It’s not a very common gift. Harry, this is bad.”

“What’s bad?” said Harry, starting to feel quite angry. “What’s wrong with everyone? Listen, if I hadn’t told that snake not to attack Justin —”

“Oh, that’s what you said to it?”

“我是什麼？”哈利問道。“蛇語者！”羅恩說，“你會和蛇說話！”“我知道，”哈利說，“這只是我第二次這麼做。我曾經在動物園裡誤把一條蟒蛇放到我表弟達德利的身上——那是一個長長的故事——但是它告訴我它從未見過巴西，我不是有意把它釋放出

去的——那時我還不知道自己是一個巫師——”“一條蟒蛇告訴你它從未見過巴西？”羅恩驚訝地重複道。“那又怎麼樣？”哈利說，“我想這裡有很多人都可以做到。”“哦，他們不可能做到，”羅恩說，“這可不是一種很常見的禮物。哈利，這很糟糕。”“怎麼了？”哈利開始感到很生氣了，“大家怎麼了？聽我說，如果我沒有告訴那條蛇不要攻擊賈斯汀——”“那你對它說了什麼？”

“What d’you mean? You were there — you heard me —”

“I heard you speaking Parseltongue,” said Ron. “Snake language. You could have been saying anything — no wonder Justin panicked, you sounded like you were egging the snake on or something — it was creepy, you know —”

Harry gaped at him.

“I spoke a different language? But — I didn’t realize — how can I speak a language without knowing I can speak it?”

Ron shook his head. Both he and Hermione were looking as though someone had died. Harry couldn’t see what was so terrible.

“D’you want to tell me what’s wrong with stopping a massive snake biting off Justin’s head?” he said. “What does it matter *how* I did it as long as Justin doesn’t have to join the Headless Hunt?”

“It matters,” said Hermione, speaking at last in a hushed voice, “because being able to talk to snakes was what Salazar Slytherin was famous for. That’s why the symbol of Slytherin House is a serpent.”

“你是什麼意思？你當時在場——你聽到了我在說什麼——”“我聽到你說蛇語了，”羅恩說，“蛇的語言。你可能會說什麼——難怪賈斯汀驚慌失措，你聽起來像是在煽動那條蛇或者什麼——很可怕，你知道——”哈利瞪大眼睛。“我說了一種不同的語言？但是——我沒有意識到——我怎麼能在不知道自己可以說的情況下說出一種語言？”羅恩搖了搖頭。他和赫敏看起來像是有人死了一樣。哈利無法理解哪裡出了問題。“你們想告訴我阻止一條大蛇咬下賈斯汀的頭有什麼問題嗎？”他說，“只要賈斯汀不必加入無頭騎士團，我用什麼方法都可以。”“有問題，”赫敏終於以低語的聲音說，“因為能與蛇交談是薩拉查·斯萊特林的特點之一。這就是為什麼史萊特林學院的標誌是一條蛇。”

Harry’s mouth fell open.

“Exactly,” said Ron. “And now the whole school’s going to think you’re his great-great-great-grandson or something —”

“But I’m not,” said Harry, with a panic he couldn’t quite explain.

“You’ll find that hard to prove,” said Hermione. “He lived about a thousand years ago; for all we know, you could be.”

Harry lay awake for hours that night. Through a gap in the curtains around his four-poster he watched snow starting to drift past the tower window and wondered . . .

Could he be a descendant of Salazar Slytherin? He didn’t know anything about his father’s family, after all. The Dursleys had always forbidden questions about his Wizarding relatives.

Quietly, Harry tried to say something in Parseltongue. The words wouldn’t come. It seemed he had to be face-to-face with a snake to do it.

哈利吃驚地張大了嘴巴。“正是這個意思，”羅恩說。“所以全校的人現在都會認為你是他的曾曾曾曾孫什麼的——”“但我不

是，”哈利說，有種他無法解釋的恐慌感。“你要證明這點很難，”赫敏說。“他大約一千年前就活著了；我們完全無從得知，你也可能是。”那天晚上，哈利躺在床上一整晚都沒能入睡。他透過帳篷的縫隙，看著窗外的雪花不停地飄落，不禁想著……他可能是薩拉查·斯萊特林的後裔嗎？畢竟，他不知道父親的家族背景。從小，德思禮一家就規定不准談論他的魔法親戚。哈利輕聲地試著講蛇語，但話語卻不出口。看來他必須親自面對蛇才能這麼做。

*But I’m in Gryffindor, Harry thought. The Sorting Hat wouldn’t have put me in here if I had Slytherin blood. . . .*

*Ah, said a nasty little voice in his brain, but the Sorting Hat wanted to put you in Slytherin, don’t you remember?*

Harry turned over. He’d see Justin the next day in Herbology and he’d explain that he’d been calling the snake off, not egging it on, which (he thought angrily, pummeling his pillow) any fool should have realized.

By next morning, however, the snow that had begun in the night had turned into a blizzard so thick that the last Herbology lesson of the term was canceled: Professor Sprout wanted to fit socks and scarves on the Mandrakes, a tricky operation she would entrust to no one else, now that it was so important for the Mandrakes to grow quickly and revive Mrs. Norris and Colin Creevey.

但我是在格蘭芬多，哈利想。如果我有史萊哲林的血統，分類帽便不會將我分到這裡。噢，他腦海中聽見一個討厭的聲音說，但你記得嗎，當時分類帽想把你分到史萊哲林。哈利翻轉過身。他明天還要在草藥學上課時再跟賈斯汀解釋，說他是在讓蛇走開，而不是在鼓動牠，這點（他憤怒地想，一邊拍打著枕頭）任何傻瓜都能看出來。然而，隔天早上，夜裡開始下的雪變成了暴風雪，以至於這學期的最後一節草藥學課被取消了：斯普勞特教授想在曼德拉草上穿上襪子和圍巾，這是一個棘手的操作，她不會再交給其他人，因為現在曼德拉草快速生長並讓諾里斯夫人和科林·克里維復元如此重要。

Harry fretted about this next to the fire in the Gryffindor common room, while Ron and Hermione used their time off to play a game of wizard

chess.

“For heaven’s sake, Harry,” said Hermione, exasperated, as one of Ron’s bishops wrestled her knight off his horse and dragged him off the board. “Go and *find* Justin if it’s so important to you.”

So Harry got up and left through the portrait hole, wondering where Justin might be.

The castle was darker than it usually was in daytime because of the thick, swirling gray snow at every window. Shivering, Harry walked past classrooms where lessons were taking place, catching snatches of what was happening within. Professor McGonagall was shouting at someone who, by the sound of it, had turned his friend into a badger. Resisting the urge to take a look, Harry walked on by, thinking that Justin might be using his free time to catch up on some work, and deciding to check the library first.

哈利在格蘭芬多共有休息室的火爐旁苦惱著，而羅恩和赫敏利用他們的休息時間玩魔術棋。赫敏厭煩地說：“我的天，哈利，如果你那麼在意，去找賈斯汀吧。”就在這時，羅恩的主教把赫敏的騎士從馬上摔下來，把他從棋盤上帶走了。於是哈利站起身來，從畫像孔離開，想著賈斯汀可能會在這裡。城堡比平常更暗，因為每個窗戶都有厚厚的灰色暴風雪在卷動。哈利發抖地走過正在上課的教室，捕捉到內部發生的事情。麥格教授正在對著一個音響能聽到他的朋友變成獾的人大喊。哈利抑制著想去看的衝動，往前走，想著賈斯汀可能正在利用他的休息時間補充一些功課，決定先去檢查一下圖書館。

A group of the Hufflepuffs who should have been in Herbology were indeed sitting at the back of the library, but they didn’t seem to be working. Between the long lines of high bookshelves, Harry could see that their heads were close together and they were having what looked like an absorbing conversation. He couldn’t see whether Justin was among them. He was walking toward them when something of what they were saying met his ears, and he paused to listen, hidden in the Invisibility section.

“So anyway,” a stout boy was saying, “I told Justin to hide up in our dormitory. I mean to say, if Potter’s marked him down as his next victim, it’s best if he keeps a low profile for a while. Of course, Justin’s been waiting for something like this to happen ever since he let slip to Potter he was Muggle-born. Justin actually *told* him he’d been down for Eton. That’s not the kind of thing you bandy about with Slytherin’s heir on the loose, is it?”

一群本應該在栽培學課堂上的哈夫樂派學生坐在圖書館後排，但他們似乎並沒有在做功課。哈利的視線穿過書架的長龍，他發現他們的頭湊在一起，正在進行一個非常吸引人的對話。哈利無法確認賈斯汀是否在他們當中。當他走近時，有一些他們在說的話傳入他耳中，於是停下來聽了起來，躲在隱形書區。“總之，”一個壯碩的男孩說，“我告訴賈斯汀躲在我們的宿舍裡。我的意思是說，如果波特已經把他標記為下一個受害人，最好讓他保持低調。當然，自從他向波特透露了他是麥格爾出生後，賈斯汀一直在等待這樣的事情發生。這可不是你在斯萊哲林的繼承者失蹤的時候要輕易透露的事情。”

“You definitely think it *is* Potter, then, Ernie?” said a girl with blonde pigtails anxiously.

“Hannah,” said the stout boy solemnly, “he’s a Parselmouth. Everyone knows that’s the mark of a Dark wizard. Have you ever heard of a decent one who could talk to snakes? They called Slytherin himself Serpent-tongue.”

There was some heavy murmuring at this, and Ernie went on, “Remember what was written on the wall? *Enemies of the Heir, Beware*. Potter had some sort of run-in with Filch. Next thing we know, Filch’s cat’s attacked. That first year, Creevey, was annoying Potter at the Quidditch match, taking pictures of him while he was lying in the mud. Next thing we know — Creevey’s been attacked.”

“He always seems so nice, though,” said Hannah uncertainly, “and, well, he’s the one who made You-Know-Who disappear. He can’t be all bad, can he?”

「你肯定認為是波特對吧，厄尼？」一名金髮辮子女孩焦急地說。「漢娜，」那個胖胖的男孩嚴肅地說：「他是會蛇語的，大家都知道這是黑巫師的標誌。你聽說過哪個講蛇語的優秀法師嗎？他們稱謂史萊哲林為蛇嘴。」聽到這個，大家都低聲議論起來，而厄尼繼續說：「還記得牆上畫的那些字嗎？繼承人的敵人，當心。波特和費奇也有過衝突。接著我們看到費奇的貓被襲擊了。那個小一新生克魯維一直在搗亂，拍波特的照片，還躺在泥巴中，沒想到接下來——他也被攻擊了。」「可是他看起來總是那麼好呀，」漢娜不確定地說：「而且，他是那個讓神秘人消失的人。他不會那麼壞吧？」

Ernie lowered his voice mysteriously, the Hufflepuffs bent closer, and Harry edged nearer so that he could catch Ernie’s words.

“No one knows how he survived that attack by You-Know-Who. I mean to say, he was only a baby when it happened. He should have been blasted into smithereens. Only a really powerful Dark wizard could have survived a curse like that.” He dropped his voice until it was barely more than a whisper, and said, “That’s probably why You-Know-Who wanted to kill him in the first place. Didn’t want another Dark Lord *competing* with him. I wonder what other powers Potter’s been hiding?”

Harry couldn’t take anymore. Clearing his throat loudly, he stepped out from behind the bookshelves. If he hadn’t been feeling so angry, he would have found the sight that greeted him funny: Every one of the Hufflepuffs looked as though they had been Petrified by the sight of him, and the color was draining out of Ernie’s face.

歐尼神祕地降低了聲音，哈福普夫人越靠越近，哈利也緊靠著他，以便聽清楚歐尼的話。「沒有人知道他在那次與神秘人物的戰鬥中是如何倖存的。畢竟，當時他還只是個嬰兒。每個人都認為他會被爆炸炸成碎片。只有真正強大的黑暗法師才能在這樣的咒語下倖存。」他的聲音越來越小，幾乎成了耳語，接著說：「這也許就是神秘人物想要殺他的原因吧？他不想有其他的黑暗領主和他爭奪地位。我很好奇波特還隱藏了什麼樣的能力。」哈利再也受不了了。他大聲清了清嗓子，從書架後走出來。如果他當時不那麼憤怒，他一定會發現面前的情景非常有趣：所有的哈福普夫人看起來都被他嚇住了，而歐尼的臉色也變

得蒼白。

“Hello,” said Harry. “I’m looking for Justin Finch-Fletchley.”

The Hufflepuffs’ worst fears had clearly been confirmed. They all looked fearfully at Ernie.

“What do you want with him?” said Ernie in a quavering voice.

“I wanted to tell him what really happened with that snake at the Dueling Club,” said Harry.

Ernie bit his white lips and then, taking a deep breath, said, “We were all there. We saw what happened.”

“Then you noticed that after I spoke to it, the snake backed off?” said Harry.

“All I saw,” said Ernie stubbornly, though he was trembling as he spoke, “was you speaking Parseltongue and chasing the snake toward Justin.”

“I didn’t chase it at him!” Harry said, his voice shaking with anger. “It didn’t even *touch* him!”

“It was a very near miss,” said Ernie. “And in case you’re getting ideas,” he added hastily, “I might tell you that you can trace my family back through nine generations of witches and warlocks and my blood’s as pure as anyone’s, so —”

“哈囉，”哈利說，“我在找賈斯汀·芬奇-弗萊奇利。”赫夫帕夫人的最大恐懼明顯得到了證實。他們都害怕地看著厄尼。“你想跟他講什麼？”厄尼顫抖著說。“我想告訴他，在決鬥俱樂部發生的那個蛇的事情上，究竟發生了什麼，”哈利說。厄尼咬著他的嘴唇，深吸了一口氣，然後說：“我們玩的時候都在那裡。我們看到了發生的事情。”“你有沒有注意到，當我跟蛇說話的時候，蛇就退縮了？”哈利說。“我只看到了你說巫蛇語言，然後追著蛇向賈斯汀跑去。”厄尼固執地說，但他說話時卻在顫抖。“我沒有追著它向他跑去！”哈利聲音因憤怒而顫抖。“它甚至沒有碰到他！”“那次差點就被咬了，”厄尼說。“以防你有什麼奇怪的想法，我也告訴你，我家的巫師和女巫可以追溯到九代，我的血統跟任何人一樣純正，所以——”

“I don’t care what sort of blood you’ve got!” said Harry fiercely. “Why would I want to attack Muggle-borns?”

“I’ve heard you hate those Muggles you live with,” said Ernie swiftly.

“It’s not possible to live with the Dursleys and not hate them,” said Harry. “I’d like to see you try it.”

He turned on his heel and stormed out of the library, earning himself a reproving glare from Madam Pince, who was polishing the gilded cover of a large spell book.

Harry blundered up the corridor, barely noticing where he was going, he was in such a fury. The result was that he walked into something very large and solid, which knocked him backward onto the floor.

“Oh, hello, Hagrid,” Harry said, looking up.

Hagrid’s face was entirely hidden by a woolly, snow-covered balaclava, but it couldn’t possibly be anyone else, as he filled most of the corridor in his moleskin overcoat. A dead rooster was hanging from one of his massive, gloved hands.

哈利猛地說：“你是什么样的血统我不在乎！我为什么要攻击麻瓜出生的巫师？”“我听说你讨厌你和麻瓜一起生活的人，”歐內急忙说道。“和达思利夫一起生活是不可能不恨他们的，”哈利說，“我想看看你能不能做到。”他转身怒气冲冲地走出图书馆，抛给他一道警惕的眼神，这是擦拭一本大冠字饰金的咒语书的品斯女士。哈利匆忙走过走廊时没有注意到前方，撞到了什么东西大而坚实的，他被撞倒在地上。“嗨，海格，”哈利看着向上。海格的脸完全被羊毛、覆着雪花的面罩掩盖着，但他的身材和摩尔斯肌肤外套一样占据了走廊的大部分。他的一只手上挂着一只死鸡，戴着箱子手套。

“All righ’, Harry?” he said, pulling up the balaclava so he could speak. “Why aren’t yeh in class?”

“Canceled,” said Harry, getting up. “What’re you doing in here?”

Hagrid held up the limp rooster.

“Second one killed this term,” he explained. “It’s either foxes or a Blood-Suckin’ Bugbear, an’ I need the headmaster’s permission ter put a charm around the hen coop.”

He peered more closely at Harry from under his thick, snow-flecked eyebrows.

“Yeh sure yeh’re all righ’? Yeh look all hot an’ bothered —”

Harry couldn’t bring himself to repeat what Ernie and the rest of the Hufflepuffs had been saying about him.

“It’s nothing,” he said. “I’d better get going, Hagrid, it’s Transfiguration next and I’ve got to pick up my books.”

He walked off, his mind still full of what Ernie had said about him.

“哈利，沒事吧？”他拉起貝雷面罩，開口說話。“你怎麼不在上課？”“取消了，”哈利說，站起身。“你在這裡做什麼？”海格舉

起無力的公雞。“這學期已經有第二隻被殺了，”他解釋說。“要麼是狐狸，要麼是吸血鬼巨屍。我需要校長的許可，在母雞圍欄周圍設置咒語。”他從厚重的、沾滿雪花的眉毛底下更仔細地端詳著哈利。“你確定沒事嗎？你看上去很熱，很困擾——”哈利不忍心重複恩尼和其他赫夫帕夫人對他的話。“沒事，”他說。“我最好走了，海格，接下來是變形術，我還要去拿書。”他走開了，腦海裡仍然充滿了恩尼所說的關於他的話。

*“Justin’s been waiting for something like this to happen ever since he let slip to Potter he was Muggle-born. . . .”*

Harry stamped up the stairs and turned along another corridor, which was particularly dark; the torches had been extinguished by a strong, icy draft that was blowing through a loose windowpane. He was halfway down the passage when he tripped headlong over something lying on the floor.

He turned to squint at what he’d fallen over and felt as though his stomach had dissolved.

Justin Finch-Fletchley was lying on the floor, rigid and cold, a look of shock frozen on his face, his eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. And that wasn’t all. Next to him was another figure, the strangest sight Harry had ever seen.

It was Nearly Headless Nick, no longer pearly-white and transparent, but black and smoky, floating immobile and horizontal, six inches off the floor. His head was half off and his face wore an expression of shock identical to Justin’s.

自從賈斯汀不小心向波特透露他是麻瓜出身，他一直在等著這種事情發生……哈利怒氣沖沖地跑上樓梯，轉進另外一條走廊，那裡特別黑暗，因為燈籠被一股強烈的冰冷氣流吹滅了，從一個松動的窗戶朝外吹來。當他走到一半時，他絆倒在地上的某物上，摔了個跟頭。他轉過身去看他摔倒的東西，感覺自己的肚子消失了。賈斯汀·芬奇-弗雷奇躺在地上，僵硬而冷酷，臉上凝固了一個驚恐的表情，眼睛呆呆地看著天花板。而那還不是全部。在他旁邊是另外一個人，哈利見過的最奇怪的景象。那是半透明的幾乎無頭尼克，不再是珍珠般的白色，而是黑色和煙霧瀰漫，靜止地懸浮在地板上六英寸高，他的頭只剩一半，臉上帶著與賈斯汀相同的驚恐表情。

Harry got to his feet, his breathing fast and shallow, his heart doing a kind of drumroll against his ribs. He looked wildly up and down the deserted corridor and saw a line of spiders scuttling as fast as they could away from the bodies. The only sounds were the muffled voices of teachers from the classes on either side.

He could run, and no one would ever know he had been there. But he couldn’t just leave them lying here. . . . He had to get help. . . . Would anyone believe he hadn’t had anything to do with this?

As he stood there, panicking, a door right next to him opened with a bang. Peeves the Poltergeist came shooting out.

“Why, it’s potty wee Potter!” cackled Peeves, knocking Harry’s glasses askew as he bounced past him. “What’s Potter up to? Why’s Potter lurking—”

哈利站起來，呼吸急促，心臟猛烈地跳動。他狂野地望著空無一人的走廊上下打量，看到一排蜘蛛急忙朝著屍體遠去。唯一的聲音是從兩旁教室傳來的聽不清的教師聲音。他可以逃跑，沒有人會知道他在這裡。但他不能就這樣把他們丟在這裡……他必須尋求幫助……會有人相信他跟這件事情沒有關係嗎？正當他驚慌失措地站在那裡時，他旁邊的一扇門突然開了，發出一聲巨響。皮維斯飛出來。“哇，是小臭瓜波特！”皮維斯咯咯地笑道，一邊彈跳一邊把哈利眼鏡弄歪了，“波特在幹嘛？為什麼潛伏在這裡——”

Peeves stopped, halfway through a midair somersault. Upside down, he spotted Justin and Nearly Headless Nick. He flipped the right way up, filled his lungs and, before Harry could stop him, screamed, “ATTACK! ATTACK! ANOTHER ATTACK! NO MORTAL OR GHOST IS SAFE! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! ATTAAAACK!”

Crash—crash—crash—door after door flew open along the corridor and people flooded out. For several long minutes, there was a scene of such confusion that Justin was in danger of being squashed and people kept standing in Nearly Headless Nick. Harry found himself pinned against the wall as the teachers shouted for quiet. Professor McGonagall came running, followed by her own class, one of whom still had black-and-white-striped hair. She used her wand to set off a loud bang, which restored silence, and ordered everyone back into their classes. No sooner had the scene cleared somewhat than Ernie the Hufflepuff arrived, panting, on the scene.

皮夫斯的空中翻跟頭停了下来一半，倒立着看到了賈斯汀和幾乎沒有頭蓋骨。他翻過來站好，深呼吸，還沒等哈利制止他，他就尖叫道：“攻擊！攻擊！又來一次攻擊！無論生靈還是鬼魂都不安全！快逃命！”砰——砰——砰——門一扇接一扇地打開，人們湧了出來。幾分鐘之久，恐慌的場面讓賈斯汀有被擠扁的危險，人們甚至不小心撞到幾乎沒有頭蓋骨。老師們喊叫著要大家安靜。麥格教授跑了過來，她的課堂也跟著來了，其中一個學生的頭髮還是黑白相間的。她用魔杖發出一聲巨響，恢復了寂靜，命令所有人回到課堂。場面稍微平靜下來，赫夫帕夫的歐尼也喘著氣到了現場。

*“Caught in the act!” Ernie yelled, his face stark white, pointing his finger dramatically at Harry.*

“That will do, Macmillan!” said Professor McGonagall sharply.

Peeves was bobbing overhead, now grinning wickedly, surveying the scene; Peeves always loved chaos. As the teachers bent over Justin and Nearly Headless Nick, examining them, Peeves broke into song:

*“Oh, Potter, you rotter, oh, what have you done,  
You’re killing off students, you think it’s good fun —”*

“That's enough, Peeves!” barked Professor McGonagall, and Peeves zoomed away backward, with his tongue out at Harry.

Justin was carried up to the hospital wing by Professor Flitwick and Professor Sinistra of the Astronomy department, but nobody seemed to know what to do for Nearly Headless Nick. In the end, Professor McGonagall conjured a large fan out of thin air, which she gave to Ernie with instructions to waft Nearly Headless Nick up the stairs. This Ernie did, fanning Nick along like a silent black hovercraft. This left Harry and Professor McGonagall alone together.

“當場抓住！”厄尼大叫著，臉色煞白，戲劇性地指著哈利。“夠了，麥克米蘭！”麥格教授嚴厲地說。皮維斯在頭上晃動著，現在露出邪惡的微笑，觀察著場面；皮維斯總是喜歡混亂。當老師們彎下腰檢查賈斯汀和 Nearly Headless Nick 時，皮維斯唱起了歌：“夠了，皮維斯！”麥格教授大聲喝道，皮維斯向後飛去，對著哈利吐舌頭。賈斯汀由弗立特威克教授和天文學系的辛斯特拉教授抬到了醫院翼，但似乎沒有人知道該怎麼幫 Nearly Headless Nick。最後，麥格教授用空氣凝結一個大風扇，並將其交給厄尼，讓他用風扇 Nearly Headless Nick 上樓梯。厄尼這樣做了，像一艘無聲的黑色氣墊船一樣風扇著 Nick。這樣一來，哈利和麥格教授就獨處了。

“This way, Potter,” she said.

“Professor,” said Harry at once, “I swear I didn't —”

“This is out of my hands, Potter,” said Professor McGonagall curtly.

They marched in silence around a corner and she stopped before a large and extremely ugly stone gargoyle.

“Lemon drop!” she said. This was evidently a password, because the gargoyle sprang suddenly to life and hopped aside as the wall behind him split in two. Even full of dread for what was coming, Harry couldn't fail to be amazed. Behind the wall was a spiral staircase that was moving smoothly upward, like an escalator. As he and Professor McGonagall stepped onto it, Harry heard the wall thud closed behind them. They rose upward in circles, higher and higher, until at last, slightly dizzy, Harry saw a gleaming oak door ahead, with a brass knocker in the shape of a griffin.

「這邊，波特。」她說。「教授，」哈利馬上說道，「我保證我沒有——」「這超出我的掌控範圍，波特。」麥格教授板著臉說。他們沉默地走過轉角，她停在一個巨大而極其醜陋的石像前。「檸檬糖！」她說。這顯然是一個密碼，因為石像突然活了過來，跳開了，牆壁在他身後一分為二。即使充滿對即將到來的事情的恐懼，哈利也無法不驚嘆。牆壁後面是一個螺旋樓梯，像扶梯一樣平穩地向上移動。當他和麥格教授走上樓梯時，哈利聽到牆壁在他們身後重重地關上了。他們一圈又一圈地上升，越來越高，直到最後，略微頭昏眼花，哈利看到前方有一扇閃亮的橡木門，門環是一只獅鷲的形狀。

He knew now where he was being taken. This must be where Dumbledore lived.

他現在知道自己被帶到哪裡了。這一定是邓布利多的家。



## THE POLYJUICE POTION

They stepped off the stone staircase at the top, and Professor McGonagall rapped on the door. It opened silently and they entered. Professor McGonagall told Harry to wait and left him there, alone.

Harry looked around. One thing was certain: of all the teachers' offices Harry had visited so far this year, Dumbledore's was by far the most interesting. If he hadn't been scared out of his wits that he was about to be thrown out of school, he would have been very pleased to have a chance to look around it.

It was a large and beautiful circular room, full of funny little noises. A number of curious silver instruments stood on spindle-legged tables, whirring and emitting little puffs of smoke. The walls were covered with portraits of old headmasters and headmistresses, all of whom were snoozing gently in their frames. There was also an enormous, claw-footed desk, and, sitting on a shelf behind it, a shabby, tattered wizard's hat — the *Sorting Hat*.

他們走下石階梯，來到頂部，麥格教授敲了敲門，門靜靜地打開了，他們走了進去。麥格教授告訴哈利等待，然後把他獨自留在那裡。哈利四周張望，一件事情確定的是：在今年他所有到過的教師辦公室中，鄧布利多的是最有趣的一個。如果他不是被嚇得失魂落魄地以為自己要被趕出學校，他會很高興有機會四處看看的。這是一個大而美麗的圓形房間，充滿了有趣的小聲音。一些奇妙的銀器放在細長的桌子上，嗡嗡作響，冒著小小的煙圈。牆上掛著歷任校長的肖像畫，他們都在框架中輕輕打盹。還有一個巨大的、有鉤爪的書桌，上面放著一頂破爛的巫師帽——分類帽。

Harry hesitated. He cast a wary eye around the sleeping witches and wizards on the walls. Surely it couldn't hurt if he took the hat down and tried it on again? Just to see . . . just to make sure it *had* put him in the right House —

He walked quietly around the desk, lifted the hat from its shelf, and lowered it slowly onto his head. It was much too large and slipped down over his eyes, just as it had done the last time he'd put it on. Harry stared at the black inside of the hat, waiting. Then a small voice said in his ear, "Bee in your bonnet, Harry Potter?"

"Er, yes," Harry muttered. "Er — sorry to bother you — I wanted to ask —"

"You've been wondering whether I put you in the right House," said the hat smartly. "Yes . . . you were particularly difficult to place. But I stand by what I said before" — Harry's heart leapt — "you *would* have done well in Slytherin —"

哈利猶豫了一下。他警惕地看了看牆上睡著的女巫和巫師們。如果他把帽子拿下來再試一試，這不至於會傷害到誰，對吧？只是想確認一下，它是否給他分配到了正確的學院。他輕輕地走到書桌周圍，從架子上取下帽子，緩慢地戴在頭上。這個帽子太大了，滑到了他的眼睛上，就像他上一次戴帽子時一樣。哈利注視著帽子黑色的內部，等待著。然後，一個小聲音在他的耳邊說："哈利波特，你在想些什麼？" "嗯，是的，" 哈利嘀咕道。"對不起打擾你了，我想問問——" "你一直在猶豫我是否把你分到了正確的學院，" 帽子聰明地說。"是的……你特別難分。但我仍然堅持之前所說的話" —— 哈利的心跳加速了 —— "你在斯萊特林學院會表現得很出色——"

Harry's stomach plummeted. He grabbed the point of the hat and pulled it off. It hung limply in his hand, grubby and faded. Harry pushed it back onto its shelf, feeling sick.

"You're wrong," he said aloud to the still and silent hat. It didn't move. Harry backed away, watching it. Then a strange, gagging noise behind him made him wheel around.

He wasn't alone after all. Standing on a golden perch behind the door was a decrepit-looking bird that resembled a half-plucked turkey. Harry stared at it and the bird looked balefully back, making its gagging noise again. Harry thought it looked very ill. Its eyes were dull and, even as Harry watched, a couple more feathers fell out of its tail.

Harry was just thinking that all he needed was for Dumbledore's pet bird to die while he was alone in the office with it, when the bird burst into flames.

哈利的胃口下降了。他抓起帽子的尖端，把它拿了下来。帽子无力地挂在他的手里，肮脏而褪色。哈利把它推回架子上，感到恶心。“你错了，”他对着静止无声的帽子大声说道。它没有动。哈利往后退，看着它。突然，他身后传来一阵奇怪的喉闷声，他转过身去。原来他并不孤单。门后的金色栖木上站着一只看起来像半拔干火鸡的老鸟。哈利盯着它，鸟也怨恨地看着他，又发出了那阵窒息般的声音。哈利觉得它看起来很生病。它的眼睛暗淡无光，就连哈利看着，它的尾巴上还掉下了几根羽毛。哈利正想着当他独自一人在办公室时达姆布尔多的宠物鸟死掉时会怎么样，鸟突然起火了。

Harry yelled in shock and backed away into the desk. He looked feverishly around in case there was a glass of water somewhere but couldn't see one; the bird, meanwhile, had become a fireball; it gave one loud shriek and next second there was nothing but a smoldering pile of ash on the floor.

The office door opened. Dumbledore came in, looking very somber.

“Professor,” Harry gasped. “Your bird—I couldn't do anything—he just caught fire—”

To Harry's astonishment, Dumbledore smiled.

“About time, too,” he said. “He's been looking dreadful for days; I've been telling him to get a move on.”

He chuckled at the stunned look on Harry's face.

“Fawkes is a phoenix, Harry. Phoenixes burst into flame when it is time for them to die and are reborn from the ashes. Watch him . . .”

哈利驚恐地尖叫並退到桌子後面。他發狂地四處找，以防有玻璃杯，但看不到；而小鳥，與此同時，已經變成一個火球；它發出一聲尖叫，下一秒，在地上只剩下一堆灰燼。辦公室的門打開了。鄧布利多走了進來，看起來非常嚴肅。“教授，”哈利喘息道。“您的鳥——我什麼也做不了——它只是起火了——”讓哈利驚訝的是，鄧布利多微笑了。“也該是時候了，”他說。“它看起來已經狀態很差了幾天，我一直在告訴它加快一下。”他對哈利臉上的震驚表情笑了。“法奇斯是只鳳凰，哈利。當他們該死時，鳳凰會燃燒起來，從灰燼中重生。看着吧....”

Harry looked down in time to see a tiny, wrinkled, newborn bird poke its head out of the ashes. It was quite as ugly as the old one.

“It's a shame you had to see him on a Burning Day,” said Dumbledore, seating himself behind his desk. “He's really very handsome most of the time, wonderful red and gold plumage. Fascinating creatures, phoenixes. They can carry immensely heavy loads, their tears have healing powers, and they make highly *faithful* pets.”

In the shock of Fawkes catching fire, Harry had forgotten what he was there for, but it all came back to him as Dumbledore settled himself in the high chair behind the desk and fixed Harry with his penetrating, light-blue stare.

Before Dumbledore could speak another word, however, the door of the office flew open with an almighty bang and Hagrid burst in, a wild look in his eyes, his balaclava perched on top of his shaggy black head and the dead rooster still swinging from his hand.

哈利俯下身子，及时看到一只崭新的鸟宝宝从灰烬中探出头来。它很丑陋，和老鸟没什么两样。鄧布利多坐在桌子后面说：“真遗憾你要在烧毁日见到他。大多数时间，他非常英俊，绚丽的红色和金色羽毛。凤凰是很有趣的生物。他们能够承载极重的负荷，他们的泪水具有治疗力，而且它们是非常忠实的宠物。”霍格坎在狂躁的状态下冲进了房间，门砰地一声打开，他的眼中闪烁着疯狂的光芒，黑色的面罩紧贴在头顶，死去的公鸡仍然在他手中摇摆。鄧布利多还没来得及说话，哈利竭力回想起自己来这里的原因。

“It wasn't Harry, Professor Dumbledore!” said Hagrid urgently. “I was talkin' ter him *seconds* before that kid was found, he never had time, sir —”

Dumbledore tried to say something, but Hagrid went ranting on, waving the rooster around in his agitation, sending feathers everywhere.

“— it can't've bin him, I'll swear it in front o' the Ministry o' Magic if I have to —”

“Hagrid, I —”

“— yeh've got the wrong boy, sir, I *know* Harry never —”

“*Hagrid!*” said Dumbledore loudly. “I do *not* think that Harry attacked those people.”

“Oh,” said Hagrid, the rooster falling limply at his side. “Right. I'll wait outside then, Headmaster.”

And he stomped out looking embarrassed.

“You don't think it was me, Professor?” Harry repeated hopefully as Dumbledore brushed rooster feathers off his desk.

「那不是哈利，鄧布利多教授！」海格緊急地說道。「我和他剛剛說話，就在那個孩子被發現之前，他根本沒有時間，先生——」鄧布利多想說些什麼，但是海格激動地一直喋喋不休，揮舞著公雞，讓羽毛到處亂飛。「——他不可能是凶手，我宁可在魔法部面前發誓——」「海格，我——」「——你搞錯了，先生，我知道哈利不會——」「海格！」鄧布利多大聲說。「我不認為哈利襲擊了那些人。」「哦，」海格說道，公雞無力地掉在他身邊。「好的，那我就在外面等著，校長。」他尷尬地走了出去。「你不認為是我做的，教授？」哈利希望地重複道。鄧布利多在桌子上扫掉公雞羽毛，沒有回答他的問題。

“No, Harry, I don’t,” said Dumbledore, though his face was somber again. “But I still want to talk to you.”

Harry waited nervously while Dumbledore considered him, the tips of his long fingers together.

“I must ask you, Harry, whether there is anything you’d like to tell me,” he said gently. “Anything at all.”

Harry didn’t know what to say. He thought of Malfoy shouting, “You’ll be next, Mudbloods!” and of the Polyjuice Potion simmering away in Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. Then he thought of the disembodied voice he had heard twice and remembered what Ron had said: *“Hearing voices no one else can hear isn’t a good sign, even in the Wizarding world.”* He thought, too, about what everyone was saying about him, and his growing dread that he was somehow connected with Salazar Slytherin. . . .

“哈利，我不是那樣想的。”鄧不利多說道，雖然他的臉色又變得嚴肅了。「但我還是想跟你談談。」哈利緊張地等待鄧不利多考慮，他的長手指輕輕地在一起。「哈利，我必須問你，有沒有什麼事情你想和我講？」他溫柔地說道。「任何事情。」哈利不知道該說什麼。他想到馬爾福的喊叫聲，「你們下一個，泥巴血！」以及在哀號的麥特爾的浴室中悄悄沸騰的咒語藥水。然後，他想起他兩次聽到的無聲聲音，並記得羅恩曾說過的話：「在巫師世界中，聽到其他人聽不到的聲音並不是一個好兆頭。」他也想到了大家都在說的關於他的事情，以及他越來越擔心自己與薩拉查·斯萊特連接的事情。...

“No,” said Harry. “There isn’t anything, Professor. . . .”

The double attack on Justin and Nearly Headless Nick turned what had hitherto been nervousness into real panic. Curiously, it was Nearly Headless Nick’s fate that seemed to worry people most. What could possibly do that to a ghost? people asked each other; what terrible power could harm someone who was already dead? There was almost a stampede to book seats on the Hogwarts Express so that students could go home for Christmas.

“At this rate, we’ll be the only ones left,” Ron told Harry and Hermione. “Us, Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle. What a jolly holiday it’s going to be.”

Crabbe and Goyle, who always did whatever Malfoy did, had signed up to stay over the holidays, too. But Harry was glad that most people were leaving. He was tired of people skirting around him in the corridors, as though he were about to sprout fangs or spit poison; tired of all the muttering, pointing, and hissing as he passed.

“不，”哈利说。“没有什么，教授……”对贾斯汀和尼古拉斯·德·米米入手的攻击，使原本的紧张情绪变成了真正的惊慌。有趣的是，一众人似乎最担心的是尼古拉斯·德·米米的命运。人们互相问着，到底是什么力量可以伤害已经死亡的人？几乎出现了一种踩踏的趋势，以预订霍格沃茨快车的座位，这样学生们就可以回家过圣诞节了。“这个速度，我们将是唯一留下的人，”罗恩对哈利和赫敏说。“我们、马尔福、克拉布和戈伊尔。这可真是一个快乐的假期呢。”克拉布和戈伊尔总是跟着马尔福的脚步，他们也报名过假期留校。但哈利很高兴大多数人都要离开。他已经厌倦了人们在走廊里绕着他走，好像他就要长牙或吐出毒液一样的那种表情，也厌倦了每次经过时的窃窃私语、指指点点和发出的嘶嘶声。

Fred and George, however, found all this very funny. They went out of their way to march ahead of Harry down the corridors, shouting, “Make way for the Heir of Slytherin, seriously evil wizard coming through. . . .”

Percy was deeply disapproving of this behavior.

“It is *not* a laughing matter,” he said coldly.

“Oh, get out of the way, Percy,” said Fred. “Harry’s in a hurry.”

“Yeah, he’s off to the Chamber of Secrets for a cup of tea with his fanged servant,” said George, chortling.

Ginny didn’t find it amusing either.

“Oh, *don’t*,” she wailed every time Fred asked Harry loudly who he was planning to attack next, or when George pretended to ward Harry off with a large clove of garlic when they met.

Harry didn’t mind; it made him feel better that Fred and George, at least, thought the idea of his being Slytherin’s heir was quite ludicrous. But their antics seemed to be aggravating Draco Malfoy, who looked increasingly sour each time he saw them at it.

然而，弗雷德和乔治觉得这一切十分有趣。他们特意走在哈利前面，大喊着：“让出路来，斯莱特林的继承人来了，一个非常邪恶的巫师正在走过来……”珀西对这种行为非常不满。“这不是笑话，”他冷冷地说。“噢，离开一边，珀西，”弗雷德说。“哈利正在急匆匆。”“是啊，他要去密室和他的獠牙仆人喝茶，”乔治开心地笑着说。金妮也不觉得这很有趣。“嘿，别这样。”每次弗雷德大声问哈利下一个攻击对象是谁时，或者乔治假装用一大块大蒜将哈利赶走时，她都在哀求。哈利不介意。他感到很好，至少弗雷德和乔治认为他是斯莱特林的继承人这个想法非常荒谬。但是他们的恶作剧似乎越来越激怒德拉科·马尔福，每次看到他们这样做，他的表情都变得越来越阴郁。

“It’s because he’s *bursting* to say it’s really him,” said Ron knowingly. “You know how he hates anyone beating him at anything, and you’re getting all the credit for his dirty work.”

“Not for long,” said Hermione in a satisfied tone. “The Polyjuice Potion’s nearly ready. We’ll be getting the truth out of him any day now.”

At last the term ended, and a silence deep as the snow on the grounds descended on the castle. Harry found it peaceful, rather than gloomy, and

enjoyed the fact that he, Hermione, and the Weasleys had the run of Gryffindor Tower, which meant they could play Exploding Snap loudly without bothering anyone, and practice dueling in private. Fred, George, and Ginny had chosen to stay at school rather than visit Bill in Egypt with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. Percy, who disapproved of what he termed their childish behavior, didn't spend much time in the Gryffindor common room. He had already told them pompously that *he* was only staying over Christmas because it was his duty as a prefect to support the teachers during this troubled time.

“這是因為他快忍不住說是他做的，”羅恩心知肚明地說道，“你知道他多討厭被任何人超過，而你卻因他的骯髒工作而得到全部榮譽。”“不過不用太久，”赫敏滿意地說道，“變身藥快做好了。我們將在任何一天得知他的真相。”終於學期結束了，寒冷的沉默籠罩在城堡上。哈利並不感到悲傷，反而覺得很寧靜。他、赫敏和韋斯利家族可以在格蘭芬多的塔樓自由運動，毫不擔心打響爆炸紙牌會影響到他人，並在私人場所練習鬥法。弗雷德、喬治和金妮選擇留在學校，而不是跟隨魔法部的韋斯利夫婦一起去埃及探望比爾。珀西認為他們的行為很幼稚，不贊同，因此他不怎麼待在格蘭芬多的公共休息室。他已經盛氣凌人地宣稱他只會在聖誕節期間留在學校，因為作為學監，他有責任在這個動盪的時期中支持老師們。

Christmas morning dawned, cold and white. Harry and Ron, the only ones left in their dormitory, were woken very early by Hermione, who burst in, fully dressed and carrying presents for them both.

“Wake up,” she said loudly, pulling back the curtains at the window.

“Hermione — you're not supposed to be in here —” said Ron, shielding his eyes against the light.

“Merry Christmas to you, too,” said Hermione, throwing him his present. “I've been up for nearly an hour, adding more lacewings to the potion. It's ready.”

Harry sat up, suddenly wide awake.

“Are you sure?”

“Positive,” said Hermione, shifting Scabbers the rat so that she could sit down on the end of Ron's four-poster. “If we're going to do it, I say it should be tonight.”

At that moment, Hedwig swooped into the room, carrying a very small package in her beak.

聖誕早晨，寒冷而白。哈利和羅恩是寢室中唯一留下的兩個人，被穿戴整齊、拿著禮物的赫敏吵醒了。她大聲地說：“起床啦”，拉開窗簾。“赫敏，你不能進來的。”羅恩擋著眼睛，抗議道。“你也聖誕快樂。”赫敏說著，將禮物扔給他。“我已經加入蟬翼粉快一個小時了，現在已經完成了。”哈利突然瞪大了眼睛。“你確定嗎？”“當然”，赫敏移動了老鼠斯卡伯斯，讓自己坐在羅恩的四柱床盡頭上。“如果我們要做這件事，我說應該是今晚。”就在這個時候，海德薇從窗外飛進來，嘴裡叼著一個非常小的包裹。

“Hello,” said Harry happily as she landed on his bed. “Are you speaking to me again?”

She nibbled his ear in an affectionate sort of way, which was a far better present than the one that she had brought him, which turned out to be from the Dursleys. They had sent Harry a toothpick and a note telling him to find out whether he'd be able to stay at Hogwarts for the summer vacation, too.

The rest of Harry's Christmas presents were far more satisfactory. Hagrid had sent him a large tin of treacle toffee, which Harry decided to soften by the fire before eating; Ron had given him a book called *Flying with the Cannons*, a book of interesting facts about his favorite Quidditch team, and Hermione had bought him a luxury eagle-feather quill. Harry opened the last present to find a new, hand-knitted sweater from Mrs. Weasley and a large plum cake. He read her card with a fresh surge of guilt, thinking about Mr. Weasley's car (which hadn't been seen since its crash with the Whomping Willow), and the bout of rule-breaking he and Ron were planning next.

「哈囉，」哈利興高采烈地說著，當貓咪躍上他的床。「你又跟我說話了嗎？」貓咪以一種親昵的方式咬著他的耳朵，這比她帶給他的禮物好多了，原來那是從德思禮家送來的，只有一根牙籤和一張告訴他查問他是否能在霍格華茲過暑假的便箋。哈利的其餘聖誕禮物更加令人滿意。海格送他一大罐滋滋甜甜（糖），哈利打算在火爐上軟化了才吃；羅恩給他一本名叫《與加農特技飛行》的書，介紹了他最喜愛的魁地奇隊伍的有趣事實；而赫敏則送他了一支豪華的鷹毛筆。哈利打開最後一份禮物，發現是懷斯萊夫人織的新毛衣和一個大梅子蛋糕。他讀著她的卡片，感到激流勾動愧疚，想起韋斯萊先生的汽車（自被啞樹撞擊之後從未再現），還有他和羅恩下一波違反規定的計劃。

No one, not even someone dreading taking Polyjuice Potion later, could fail to enjoy Christmas dinner at Hogwarts.

The Great Hall looked magnificent. Not only were there a dozen frost-covered Christmas trees and thick streamers of holly and mistletoe crisscrossing the ceiling, but enchanted snow was falling, warm and dry, from the ceiling. Dumbledore led them in a few of his favorite carols, Hagrid boozing more and more loudly with every goblet of eggnog he consumed. Percy, who hadn't noticed that Fred had bewitched his prefect badge so that it now read “Pinhead,” kept asking them all what they were sniggering at. Harry didn't even care that Draco Malfoy was making loud, snide remarks about his new sweater from the Slytherin table. With a bit of luck, Malfoy would be getting his comeuppance in a few hours' time.

即使是最害怕之後要服用變身藥水的人，也不能不享受霍格華茲的聖誕晚餐。大禮堂看起來壯觀。不僅有十二棵結了霜的聖誕樹和繁密的冬青和槲寄生交錯懸掛在天花板上，還有著降落的魔法雪花，溫暖且乾燥。鄧布利多帶領他們唱起幾首他最喜愛

的聖誕頌歌，海格隨著每杯蛋酒喝得越來越高聲。帕西沒有注意到弗雷德變魔法把他的領袖徽章修改成“腦殘”，不停詢問他們都在嬉笑什麼。哈利甚至沒有在意從史萊哲林的桌子邊，德拉科·馬爾福大聲冷嘲熱諷他的新毛衣。帶著一點運氣，馬爾福幾個小時後就會得到應有的懲罰。

Harry and Ron had barely finished their third helpings of Christmas pudding when Hermione ushered them out of the hall to finalize their plans for the evening.

“We still need a bit of the people you’re changing into,” said Hermione matter-of-factly, as though she were sending them to the supermarket for laundry detergent. “And obviously, it’ll be best if you can get something of Crabbe’s and Goyle’s; they’re Malfoy’s best friends, he’ll tell them anything. And we also need to make sure the real Crabbe and Goyle can’t burst in on us while we’re interrogating him.

“I’ve got it all worked out,” she went on smoothly, ignoring Harry’s and Ron’s stupefied faces. She held up two plump chocolate cakes. “I’ve filled these with a simple Sleeping Draught. All you have to do is make sure Crabbe and Goyle find them. You know how greedy they are, they’re bound to eat them. Once they’re asleep, pull out a few of their hairs and hide them in a broom closet.”

哈利和朗在享用完第三道聖誕布丁之後，荷敏帶著他們離開禮堂，為晚上的計畫做最後的商量。「我們仍需要一些你們要變身的人的東西，」荷敏理智地說著，彷彿她要派他們去超市買洗衣粉一般。「當然，如果你能弄到克拉布和高爾的一些東西，那將是最好的；他們是馬爾福最好的朋友，他會告訴他們任何事。而我們也需要確保真正的克拉布和高爾在詢問馬爾福時無法打擾我們。」「我已經全部想好了，」她一邊順利地講述著，一邊無視哈利和朗茫然的表情。她舉起兩塊豐盈的朱古力蛋糕。

「我已經把簡單的麻醉藥混進蛋糕裡。你們只需要確保克拉布和高爾找到它們。你們知道他們有多貪吃，他們肯定會吃掉的。等到他們掉下眼簾時，就拔出他們幾根頭髮，然後藏在掃帚櫥裡。」

Harry and Ron looked incredulously at each other.

“Hermione, I don’t think —”

“That could go seriously wrong —”

But Hermione had a steely glint in her eye not unlike the one Professor McGonagall sometimes had.

“The potion will be useless without Crabbe’s and Goyle’s hair,” she said sternly. “You do *want* to investigate Malfoy, don’t you?”

“Oh, all right, all right,” said Harry. “But what about you? Whose hair are you ripping out?”

“I’ve already got mine!” said Hermione brightly, pulling a tiny bottle out of her pocket and showing them the single hair inside it. “Remember Millicent Bulstrode wrestling with me at the Dueling Club? She left this on my robes when she was trying to strangle me! And she’s gone home for Christmas — so I’ll just have to tell the Slytherins I’ve decided to come back.”

哈利和朗恩不敢置信地看着彼此。「赫敏，我想……」「那可能出大問題……」但赫敏的眼睛里闪烁着类似麦康娜教授的坚定光芒。「没有克拉布和高爾的头发，这个药剂就没用了，」她严肃地说。「你们还想调查马尔福吧？」「好吧，好吧，」哈利说。「但你呢？你要拔谁的头发？」「我的已经拿到了！」赫敏开心地说，从口袋里拿出一个小瓶子，展示了里面的一根头发。「还记得米莉森特·布尔斯罗德和我在决斗俱乐部搏斗吗？当她试图勒死我时，她在我的衣服上掉了这个！她已经回家过圣诞节了，所以我只需告诉斯莱特林学院我决定回来。」

When Hermione had hustled off to check on the Polyjuice Potion again, Ron turned to Harry with a doom-laden expression.

“Have you ever heard of a plan where so many things could go wrong?”

But to Harry’s and Ron’s utter amazement, stage one of the operation went just as smoothly as Hermione had said. They lurked in the deserted entrance hall after Christmas tea, waiting for Crabbe and Goyle who had remained alone at the Slytherin table, shoveling down fourth helpings of trifle. Harry had perched the chocolate cakes on the end of the banisters. When they spotted Crabbe and Goyle coming out of the Great Hall, Harry and Ron hid quickly behind a suit of armor next to the front door.

“How thick can you get?” Ron whispered ecstatically as Crabbe gleefully pointed out the cakes to Goyle and grabbed them. Grinning stupidly, they stuffed the cakes whole into their large mouths. For a moment, both of them chewed greedily, looks of triumph on their faces. Then, without the smallest change of expression, they both keeled over backward onto the floor.

當赫敏匆匆離開去再次檢查變身藥水時，羅恩的表情變得沉重起來，他轉向哈利說。「你曾經聽過這麼多事情都可能出錯的計畫嗎？」但對於哈利和羅恩的極度驚訝，行動的第一階段就如同赫敏所說的那樣平穩地進行了。他們在聖誕茶會後潛伏在空蕩蕩的入口大廳裡，等待著克拉布和高爾，他們仍獨自坐在史萊哲林的桌子旁，一邊狼吞虎咽地吃第四份甜點，一邊聊得不亦樂乎。哈利把巧克力蛋糕放在欄杆的末端。當他們看到克拉布和高爾從大廳出來時，哈利和羅恩迅速躲在門口旁邊一個盔甲的後面。「你能再笨一點嗎？」當克拉布喜滋滋地向高爾指著蛋糕並喀嚓一聲拿起來的時候，羅恩狂喜地低語。他們傻得面帶笑容，整個蛋糕一起塞進了大嘴裡。他們兩個都貪婪地咀嚼了一會兒，臉上露出了勝利的表情。然後，他們沒有任何表情的變化，向後倒在地上。

By far the hardest part was hiding them in the closet across the hall. Once they were safely stowed among the buckets and mops, Harry yanked out a couple of the bristles that covered Goyle’s forehead and Ron pulled out several of Crabbe’s hairs. They also stole their shoes, because their own were far too small for Crabbe- and Goyle-size feet. Then, still stunned at what they had just done, they sprinted up to Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom.

They could hardly see for the thick black smoke issuing from the stall in which Hermione was stirring the cauldron. Pulling their robes up over their faces, Harry and Ron knocked softly on the door.

“Hermione?”

They heard the scrape of the lock and Hermione emerged, shiny-faced and looking anxious. Behind her they heard the *gloop gloop* of the bubbling, glutinous potion. Three glass tumblers stood ready on the toilet seat.

到目前为止，最困难的部分是把他们藏在走廊对面的衣柜里。一旦他们被安全地藏在桶子和拖把之间，哈利拔掉了覆盖在高额头上的几根刷子，而罗恩拔掉了克拉布的几根头发。他们还偷了他们的鞋，因为自己的鞋对于克拉布和高爾的脚来说实在太小了。然后，他们感到震惊地想着刚刚做了什么，他们冲上哭泣的莫尔特尔浴室。由于赫敏正在搅拌坩埚里的药水，所以他们几乎看不到从隔间中冒出的浓烟。哈利和罗恩把袍子掀到脸上，轻轻敲了敲门。“赫敏？”他们听到锁的摩擦声，赫敏出现了，脸上发光，看起来很焦急。在她后面，他们听到沉闷的、滔滔不绝的药水声。三个玻璃杯已经准备好了，放在马桶上。

“Did you get them?” Hermione asked breathlessly.

Harry showed her Goyle’s hair.

“Good. And I sneaked these spare robes out of the laundry,” Hermione said, holding up a small sack. “You’ll need bigger sizes once you’re Crabbe and Goyle.”

The three of them stared into the cauldron. Close up, the potion looked like thick, dark mud, bubbling sluggishly.

“I’m sure I’ve done everything right,” said Hermione, nervously rereading the splotched page of *Moste Potente Potions*. “It looks like the book says it should . . . once we’ve drunk it, we’ll have exactly an hour before we change back into ourselves.”

“Now what?” Ron whispered.

“We separate it into three glasses and add the hairs.”

Hermione ladled large dollops of the potion into each of the glasses. Then, her hand trembling, she shook Millicent Bulstrode’s hair out of its bottle into the first glass.

“你拿到了吗？”赫敏上气不接下气地问道。哈利向她展示了戈尔的头发。“好了。而且我从洗衣房里偷出了这些备用斗篷，”赫敏一边说，一边拿起了一个小袋子。“等你变成克拉布和戈尔后，你们需要更大的号码。”他们三人凝视着坩埚，近看，药水看起来像是浓稠的黑色泥浆，缓慢地冒着气泡。“我敢肯定我已经没错了，”赫敏紧张地重读着《最强药剂》洒了墨水的一页。“看起来就像书上写的那样……一旦喝了它，我们就有一个小时，然后就回到自己的样子了。”“现在该怎么办？”罗恩轻声问道。“我们把药水分成三个杯子，然后加上头发，”赫敏舀了足够的药水到每个杯子里。之后，她颤抖着手，把米尔森特·布尔斯特罗德的头发从瓶子里倒到了第一个杯子里。

The potion hissed loudly like a boiling kettle and frothed madly. A second later, it had turned a sick sort of yellow.

“Urgh—essence of Millicent Bulstrode,” said Ron, eyeing it with loathing. “Bet it tastes disgusting.”

“Add yours, then,” said Hermione.

Harry dropped Goyle’s hair into the middle glass and Ron put Crabbe’s into the last one. Both glasses hissed and frothed: Goyle’s turned the khaki color of a booger, Crabbe’s a dark, murky brown.

“Hang on,” said Harry as Ron and Hermione reached for their glasses. “We’d better not all drink them in here. . . . Once we turn into Crabbe and Goyle we won’t fit. And Millicent Bulstrode’s no pixie.”

“Good thinking,” said Ron, unlocking the door. “We’ll take separate stalls.”

Careful not to spill a drop of his Polyjuice Potion, Harry slipped into the middle stall.

那瓶藥水嘶嘶作響，像是沸騰中的水壺，瘋狂地起泡。一秒鐘後，它變成了令人作嘔的奇怪黃色。“噁心——米莉森特·布魯斯洛德的精華，”羅恩嘟囔著，調皮地盯著它。“我敢打賭味道超難喝的。”“那你也加入你的，”赫敏說。哈利把戈伊爾的頭髮倒進中間的杯子里，羅恩把克拉布的倒進最後一個杯子里。兩個杯子都發出嘶嘶聲和起泡：戈伊爾的杯子變成了鼻屎顏色的卡其色，克拉布的則是一種濁濁的暗褐色。“等一下，”當羅恩和赫敏伸手去拿自己的杯子時，哈利說。“我們最好不要在這裡全喝了它們……一旦變成克拉布和戈伊爾，我們根本進不去。而米莉森特·布魯斯洛德也不是小精靈。”“好主意，”羅恩說著打開門。“我們各占一個隔間。”哈利小心翼翼地不讓波利阿斯藥水洒出一滴，溜進了中間的隔間。

“Ready?” he called.

“Ready,” came Ron’s and Hermione’s voices.

“One — two — three —”

Pinching his nose, Harry drank the potion down in two large gulps. It tasted like overcooked cabbage.

Immediately, his insides started writhing as though he'd just swallowed live snakes — doubled up, he wondered whether he was going to be sick — then a burning sensation spread rapidly from his stomach to the very ends of his fingers and toes — next, bringing him gasping to all fours, came a horrible melting feeling, as the skin all over his body bubbled like hot wax — and before his eyes, his hands began to grow, the fingers thickened, the nails broadened, the knuckles were bulging like bolts — his shoulders stretched painfully and a prickling on his forehead told him that hair was creeping down toward his eyebrows — his robes ripped as his chest expanded like a barrel bursting its hoops — his feet were agony in shoes four sizes too small —

“準備好了嗎？”他叫道。“準備好了。”羅恩和妙麗的聲音回應。“一、二、三——”哈利捏著鼻子，一口氣將藥水喝下。味道像是煮爛的甘藍菜。立刻，他的腹內開始扭動，彷彿他剛剛吞下活著的蛇——他彎腰想吐——接著，一股灼熱感從他的胃部迅速蔓延到手指和腳趾的末梢——接著，帶著讓人喘不過氣的痛苦，一種可怕的融化感觀湧上他全身，身上的皮膚猶如熔蠟泡沫般冒出——在他眼前，他的手開始變大，手指變粗，指甲變寬，指節鼓起像螺栓一樣——他的肩膀痛苦地伸展著，他的前額發癢，告訴他頭髮正往眉毛長——他的長袍被扯破，他的胸膛像是爆裂的桶一樣擴張——他的腳在小了四號的鞋子裡非常痛苦

As suddenly as it had started, everything stopped. Harry lay facedown on the stone-cold floor, listening to Myrtle gurgling morosely in the end toilet. With difficulty, he kicked off his shoes and stood up. So this was what it felt like, being Goyle. His large hand trembling, he pulled off his old robes, which were hanging a foot above his ankles, pulled on the spare ones, and laced up Goyle's boatlike shoes. He reached up to brush his hair out of his eyes and met only the short growth of wiry bristles, low on his forehead. Then he realized that his glasses were clouding his eyes because Goyle obviously didn't need them — he took them off and called, “Are you two okay?” Goyle's low rasp of a voice issued from his mouth.

“Yeah,” came the deep grunt of Crabbe from his right.

突然間，一切都停止了。哈利俯臥在冰冷的地板上，聽著摩杰爾在最後一個廁所中咕噥著。他費力地踢掉鞋子，站了起來。原來這就是成為哥爾的感覺。他的大手顫抖著，脫下了長長的袍子，穿上了替換的袍子，插上哥爾那般巨大的鞋帶。他伸手想撥開眼前的頭髮，但只碰到前額上短短的毛髮。接著他發現他的眼鏡模糊了，因為哥爾顯然不需要眼鏡。他脫掉眼鏡，喊道：“你們沒事吧？”哥爾那沙啞的聲音從他的嘴中傳出來。“沒事，”克拉布從他的右邊發出了深沉的咕噥聲。

Harry unlocked his door and stepped in front of the cracked mirror. Goyle stared back at him out of dull, deepset eyes. Harry scratched his ear. So did Goyle.

Ron's door opened. They stared at each other. Except that he looked pale and shocked, Ron was indistinguishable from Crabbe, from the pudding-bowl haircut to the long, gorilla arms.

“This is unbelievable,” said Ron, approaching the mirror and prodding Crabbe's flat nose. “*Unbelievable.*”

“We'd better get going,” said Harry, loosening the watch that was cutting into Goyle's thick wrist. “We've still got to find out where the Slytherin common room is. I only hope we can find someone to follow . . .”

Ron, who had been gazing at Harry, said, “You don't know how bizarre it is to see Goyle *thinking*.” He banged on Hermione's door. “C'mon, we need to go —”

哈利打開他的門，走到破裂的鏡子前。高爾的無趣而深邃的眼神注視著他。哈利挠挠耳朵，高爾也這麼做。羅恩的門打開了。他們互相凝視。除了臉色蒼白和震驚外，羅恩和克拉布一模一樣，從碗狀的頭發到長長的猩猩手臂。“這太不可思議了，”羅恩走向鏡子，戳了戳克拉布扁平的鼻子。“不可思議。”“我們最好走了，”哈利說，鬆開了繫在高爾粗壯手腕上的手表。“我們還得找出蛇腰的公共休息室在那裡。我只希望我們能找到人跟隨……”一直凝視著哈利的羅恩說：“你不知道看到高爾思考是多麼奇怪。”他敲了敲赫敏的門。“來吧，我們需要走了……”

A high-pitched voice answered him.

“I — I don't think I'm going to come after all. You go on without me.”

“Hermione, we know Millicent Bulstrode's ugly, no one's going to know it's you —”

“No — really — I don't think I'll come. You two hurry up, you're wasting time —”

Harry looked at Ron, bewildered.

“*That* looks more like Goyle,” said Ron. “That's how he looks every time a teacher asks him a question.”

“Hermione, are you okay?” said Harry through the door.

“Fine — I'm fine — go on —”

Harry looked at his watch. Five of their precious sixty minutes had already passed.

“We'll meet you back here, all right?” he said.

Harry and Ron opened the door of the bathroom carefully, checked that the coast was clear, and set off.

“Don’t swing your arms like that,” Harry muttered to Ron.

一個高聲尖叫回答他。“我……我不想來了。你們去吧。”“赫敏，我們都知道米爾森特·布爾斯特羅德長得很醜，沒有人會認出你來——”“不……真的……我不想來了。你們趕快去，浪費時間——”哈利困惑地看著朗。“這看起來更像是高爾啊，”朗說，“每次老師問他問題時就是這個表情。”“赫敏，你還好吧？”哈利透過門問道。“我很好……你們去吧……”哈利看了看手錶，他們寶貴的60分鐘已經過去了五分鐘。“我們在這裡等你，好嗎？”他說。哈利和朗小心地打開了浴室的門，確認了一下沒有人，就出發了。“別像那樣揮手，”哈利對朗嘀咕道。

“Eh?”

“Crabbe holds them sort of stiff . . .”

“How’s this?”

“Yeah, that’s better. . .”

They went down the marble staircase. All they needed now was a Slytherin that they could follow to the Slytherin common room, but there was nobody around.

“Any ideas?” muttered Harry.

“The Slytherins always come up to breakfast from over there,” said Ron, nodding at the entrance to the dungeons. The words had barely left his mouth when a girl with long, curly hair emerged from the entrance.

“Excuse me,” said Ron, hurrying up to her. “We’ve forgotten the way to our common room.”

“I beg your pardon?” said the girl stiffly. “*Our* common room? *I’m* a Ravenclaw.”

She walked away, looking suspiciously back at them.

Harry and Ron hurried down the stone steps into the darkness, their footsteps echoing particularly loudly as Crabbe’s and Goyle’s huge feet hit the floor, feeling that this wasn’t going to be as easy as they had hoped.

「嗯？」「Crabbe 把他們拿得有點僵硬。...」「怎樣這樣可以了嗎？」「對，這樣好些了...」他們下了大理石樓梯。現在我們只需要一個可以跟隨到 Slytherin 的 Slytherin，但周圍沒有人。「有什麼主意嗎？」哈利低聲說。「Slytherin 總是從那邊來吃早餐，」羅恩指著地牢的入口說。他的話剛剛說完，一個長髮捲曲的女孩從入口走出來。「對不起，」羅恩匆忙走向她。「我們忘了回我們的 common room 的路了。」「請問？」女孩板著臉說。「我們的 common room？我是 Ravenclaw。」她走開了，懷疑地回頭看著他們。哈利和羅恩匆忙走下石階進入黑暗，他們的腳步聲尤其響亮，因為 Crabbe 和 Goyle 的巨腳踏在地板上，他們感覺這不會像他們希望的那樣容易。

The labyrinthine passages were deserted. They walked deeper and deeper under the school, constantly checking their watches to see how much time they had left. After a quarter of an hour, just when they were getting desperate, they heard a sudden movement ahead.

“Ha!” said Ron excitedly. “There’s one of them now!”

The figure was emerging from a side room. As they hurried nearer, however, their hearts sank. It wasn’t a Slytherin, it was Percy.

“What’re you doing down here?” said Ron in surprise.

Percy looked affronted.

“That,” he said stiffly, “is none of your business. It’s Crabbe, isn’t it?”

“Wh—oh, yeah,” said Ron.

“Well, get off to your dormitories,” said Percy sternly. “It’s not safe to go wandering around dark corridors these days.”

“*You* are,” Ron pointed out.

迷宮般的通道很寂靜。他們在校內越走越深，不斷地查看手表看他們還有多少時間。在經過一個半小時後，正當他們感到絕望時，他們聽到前方突然有動靜。“哈！”羅恩興奮地說。“現在有一個！”一個人從側房走出來。當他們越來越近時，他們的心卻沉了下去。它不是一個史萊哲林，而是珀西。“你在這裡幹什麼？”羅恩驚訝地問道。珀西看起來很不悅。“那是你的事。”他板著臉說，“那是克拉布，對吧？”“嗯，是的，”羅恩說。“好了，回到宿舍去吧，”珀西嚴厲地說。“這些天在黑暗的走廊裡徘徊並不安全。”“那你也在啊，”羅恩指出。

“I,” said Percy, drawing himself up, “am a prefect. Nothing’s about to attack *me*.”

A voice suddenly echoed behind Harry and Ron. Draco Malfoy was strolling toward them, and for the first time in his life, Harry was pleased to see him.

“There you are,” he drawled, looking at them. “Have you two been pigging out in the Great Hall all this time? I’ve been looking for you; I want to show you something really funny.”

Malfoy glanced witheringly at Percy.

“And what’re you doing down here, Weasley?” he sneered.

Percy looked outraged.

“You want to show a bit more respect to a school prefect!” he said. “I don’t like your attitude!”

Malfoy sneered and motioned for Harry and Ron to follow him. Harry almost said something apologetic to Percy but caught himself just in time. He and Ron hurried after Malfoy, who said as they turned into the next passage, “That Peter Weasley—”

“我。”珀西挺直了身子说，“我是一名領袖。沒有什麼會攻擊我。”突然，一個聲音在哈利和羅恩身後回響。德拉科·馬爾福正朝著他們漫步而來，哈利人生中第一次見到他感到高興。“你們在這裡啊，”他慢條斯理地說著，看著他們，“你們一直在大廳狼吞虎嚥的吃東西嗎？我一直在找你們，我想給你們看一些有趣的東西。”馬爾福蔑視地瞥了珀西一眼。“你在這裡幹嘛，韋斯萊？”他冷嘲熱諷地說。珀西看起來很生氣。“你應該更尊重一名學生領袖！”他說，“我不喜歡你的態度！”馬爾福嘲笑著，示意哈利和羅恩跟著他。哈利差點向珀西道歉，但趕緊堵住了自己的嘴巴。他和羅恩趕緊跟上馬爾福，當他們轉進下一個通道時，他說道：“那個彼得·韋斯萊——”

“Percy,” Ron corrected him automatically.

“Whatever,” said Malfoy. “I’ve noticed him sneaking around a lot lately. And I bet I know what he’s up to. He thinks he’s going to catch Slytherin’s heir single-handed.”

He gave a short, derisive laugh. Harry and Ron exchanged excited looks.

Malfoy paused by a stretch of bare, damp stone wall.

“What’s the new password again?” he said to Harry.

“Er —” said Harry.

“Oh, yeah — *pure-blood* !” said Malfoy, not listening, and a stone door concealed in the wall slid open. Malfoy marched through it, and Harry and Ron followed him.

The Slytherin common room was a long, low underground room with rough stone walls and ceiling from which round, greenish lamps were hanging on chains. A fire was crackling under an elaborately carved mantelpiece ahead of them, and several Slytherins were silhouetted around it in high-backed chairs.

“珀西，”羅恩不自覺地糾正了他。“隨便啦，”馬爾福說，“我注意到他最近經常潛行。我敢打賭我知道他在幹嘛。他以為他能夠一手抓住史萊哲林的繼承人。”他發出了一聲嗤笑。哈利和羅恩興奮地交換了一下眼色。馬爾福在一段光禿禿的潮濕石牆邊停了下來。“新的密碼是什麼？”他對哈利說。“呃……”哈利說。“噢，對了——純種！”馬爾福說，沒有在聽，而一塊隱藏在牆壁中的石頭門滑開了。馬爾福走了進去，哈利和羅恩跟著他進去了。史萊哲林的公共房間是一個長長的低矮的地下室，周圍都是粗糙的石牆和天花板，掛著一些由吊鏈懸掛的綠色燈籠。一個裝飾精美的壁爐正前方正燃著火，幾個史萊哲林人在高背椅上的暈影在火光下晃來晃去。

“Wait here,” said Malfoy to Harry and Ron, motioning them to a pair of empty chairs set back from the fire. “I’ll go and get it — my father’s just sent it to me —”

Wondering what Malfoy was going to show them, Harry and Ron sat down, doing their best to look at home.

Malfoy came back a minute later, holding what looked like a newspaper clipping. He thrust it under Ron’s nose.

“That’ll give you a laugh,” he said.

Harry saw Ron’s eyes widen in shock. He read the clipping quickly, gave a very forced laugh, and handed it to Harry.

It had been clipped out of the *Daily Prophet*, and it said:

#### INQUIRY AT THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC

Arthur Weasley, Head of the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office, was today fined fifty Galleons for bewitching a Muggle car.

Mr. Lucius Malfoy, a governor of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, where the enchanted car crashed earlier this year, called today for Mr. Weasley’s resignation.

“在這裡等著，”馬爾福對哈利和羅恩說，示意他們坐在離火源較遠的一對空椅子上。“我去拿它——我父親剛剛送給我的——”哈利和羅恩不知道馬爾福要給他們展示什麼，於是坐下來，盡力讓自己看起來像在家裡一樣。一分鐘後，馬爾福拿著一張看

起來像報紙剪報的東西回來了。他把它塞到羅恩的鼻子下。“這會讓你笑的，”他說。哈利看到羅恩的眼睛驚訝地睜大了。他迅速地看了看剪報，勉強笑了笑，然後把它遞給了哈利。這是《每日預言家》上剪下來的，上面寫著：魔法部調查阿瑟·衛斯理，麻瓜用品誤用辦公室主任，今天因施魔法在一輛麻瓜車上被罰款50加隆。露西烏斯·馬爾福，霍格華茲魔法與巫術學院的一位督察，在今年早些時候發生魔法事故的魔法學校，要求衛斯理先生辭職。

“Weasley has brought the Ministry into disrepute,” Mr. Malfoy told our reporter. “He is clearly unfit to draw up our laws and his ridiculous Muggle Protection Act should be scrapped immediately.”

Mr. Weasley was unavailable for comment, although his wife told reporters to clear off or she'd set the family ghoul on them.

“Well?” said Malfoy impatiently as Harry handed the clipping back to him. “Don't you think it's funny?”

“Ha, ha,” said Harry bleakly.

“Arthur Weasley loves Muggles so much he should snap his wand in half and go and join them,” said Malfoy scornfully. “You'd never know the Weasleys were purebloods, the way they behave.”

Ron's — or rather, Crabbe's — face was contorted with fury.

“What's up with you, Crabbe?” snapped Malfoy.

“Stomachache,” Ron grunted.

「衛斯理已經讓部長府名聲掃地，」馬爾福先生告訴我們的記者。「他顯然不適任制定法律，他荒唐的麻瓜保護法案應該立即被取消。」衛斯理先生無法發表評論，儘管他的妻子告訴記者清除他們，否則她就會把家族的鬼魂放在他們身上。「怎麼了？」當哈利把報紙剪報還給他時，馬爾福不耐煩地問。「你不覺得這很有趣嗎？」「哈哈，」哈利灰溜溜地說。「亞瑟·衛斯理這麼喜歡麻瓜，他應該把他的魔杖折斷，加入他們之中，」馬爾福輕蔑地說。「從他們的行為來看，你永遠不會知道衛斯理一家是純血巫師。」羅恩的臉 — 或者應該說是克拉布的臉 — 充滿了憤怒。「克拉布，你怎麼了？」馬爾福咄咄逼人地說。「胃痛，」羅恩嘟囔道。

“Well, go up to the hospital wing and give all those Mudbloods a kick from me,” said Malfoy, snickering. “You know, I'm surprised the *Daily Prophet* hasn't reported all these attacks yet,” he went on thoughtfully. “I suppose Dumbledore's trying to hush it all up. He'll be sacked if it doesn't stop soon. Father's always said old Dumbledore's the worst thing that's ever happened to this place. He loves Muggle-borns. A decent headmaster would never've let slime like that Creevey in.”

Malfoy started taking pictures with an imaginary camera and did a cruel but accurate impression of Colin: “Potter, can I have your picture, Potter? Can I have your autograph? Can I lick your shoes, please, Potter?”

He dropped his hands and looked at Harry and Ron.

“What's the *matter* with you two?”

「好啦，你去醫院翼打個招呼，替我踢那些泥巴人士一腳。」馬爾福嘲笑道。「真奇怪《每日預言報》怎麼還沒報導這些攻擊事件。」他思索著說。「我猜都是鄧布利多在試著隱瞞。如果這些事接連發生，他就會被革職。我父親一直說老鄧布利多是這座學校遭遇過最壞的事。他喜歡麻瓜出身的孩子。一位合格的校長，絕不會讓像克里維這樣的卑鄙小人進來的。」馬爾福伸出手指，假裝拿起相機拍照，並狠毒卻又逼真地模仿科林說道：「『波特，給我照張相好嗎？能給我簽名嗎？波特，可以讓我舔你的鞋子嗎？』」他放下手，匆忙瞪了哈利和羅恩一眼。「你們兩個怎麼啦？」

Far too late, Harry and Ron forced themselves to laugh, but Malfoy seemed satisfied; perhaps Crabbe and Goyle were always slow on the uptake.

“Saint Potter, the Mudbloods' friend,” said Malfoy slowly. “He's another one with no proper wizard feeling, or he wouldn't go around with that jumped-up Granger Mudblood. And people think *he's* Slytherin's heir!”

Harry and Ron waited with bated breath: Malfoy was surely seconds away from telling them it was him — but then —

“I *wish* I knew who it *is*,” said Malfoy petulantly. “I could help them”

Ron's jaw dropped so that Crabbe looked even more clueless than usual. Fortunately, Malfoy didn't notice, and Harry, thinking fast, said, “You must have some idea who's behind it all . . .”

“You know I haven't, Goyle, how many times do I have to tell you?” snapped Malfoy. “And Father won't tell me *anything* about the last time the Chamber was opened either. Of course, it was fifty years ago, so it was before his time, but he knows all about it, and he says that it was all kept quiet and it'll look suspicious if I know too much about it. But I know one thing — last time the Chamber of Secrets was opened, a Mudblood died. So I bet it's a matter of time before one of them's killed this time. . . . I hope it's Granger,” he said with relish.

哈利和羅恩強迫自己笑，但已經太晚了，不過馬爾福似乎很滿意；或許克拉布和戈伊爾早就緩不過來了。「聖波特，髒血的朋友，」馬爾福慢慢地說，「他也是一個沒有適當巫師的感覺的人，否則他就不會和那個龍飛鳳舞的格蘭傑髒血在一起了。人們還以為他是史萊哲林的繼承人！」哈利和羅恩屏住呼吸等待著：馬爾福肯定就要告訴他們是他——但接下來——「我希望我知道是誰，」馬爾福不悅地說道，「我可以幫助他們。」羅恩的下巴都掉下來了，使克拉布看起來比平時更加茫然。幸運

的是，馬爾福沒注意到，哈利想得很快，說：「你一定有一些想法是誰在背後操縱……」「你知道我沒有，戈伊爾，我已經告訴你多少次了？」馬爾福厲聲喝斥道，「我父親也不會告訴我關於上次密室被打開的事情。當然，那是五十年前的事情了，超過了他的時間，但他知道所有關於它的事，他說它是保密的，我如果知道太多就會引起懷疑。但我知道一件事——上次密室被打開時，有一個髒血死了。所以我打賭，這一次他們中的一個會被殺。我希望是格蘭傑，」他咀嚼著。

Ron was clenching Crabbe's gigantic fists. Feeling that it would be a bit of a giveaway if Ron punched Malfoy, Harry shot him a warning look and said, "D'you know if the person who opened the Chamber last time was caught?"

"Oh, yeah . . . whoever it was was expelled," said Malfoy. "They're probably still in Azkaban."

"Azkaban?" said Harry, puzzled.

"Azkaban — *the wizard prison, Goyle*," said Malfoy, looking at him in disbelief. "Honestly, if you were any slower, you'd be going backward."

He shifted restlessly in his chair and said, "Father says to keep my head down and let the Heir of Slytherin get on with it. He says the school needs ridding of all the Mudblood filth, but not to get mixed up in it. Of course, he's got a lot on his plate at the moment. You know the Ministry of Magic raided our manor last week?"

羅恩攥緊Crabbe的巨大拳頭。哈利覺得如果羅恩打擊馬爾福可能會洩露秘密，所以他警告性地看了一眼羅恩，然後問：“你知道上一次打開密室的人被抓住了嗎？”“哦，對了...無論是誰都被開除了。”馬爾福說。“他們可能還在阿茲卡班。”“阿茲卡班？”哈利感到困惑。“阿茲卡班-巫師監獄，Goyle，”馬爾福說，不敢相信地看著他。“老實說，如果你再慢一點，就可能會倒退了。”他不安地在椅子上扭來扭去，然後說：“我父親說要低調，讓蛇心的繼承人自己處理。他說學校需要擺脫所有的髒血混種，但不要把自己捲入其中。當然，他現在有很多事要忙。你知道魔法部上週搜查了我們的莊園嗎？”

Harry tried to force Goyle's dull face into a look of concern.

"Yeah . . ." said Malfoy. "Luckily, they didn't find much. Father's got some *very* valuable Dark Arts stuff. But luckily, we've got our own secret chamber under the drawing-room floor —"

"Ho!" said Ron.

Malfoy looked at him. So did Harry. Ron blushed. Even his hair was turning red. His nose was also slowly lengthening — their hour was up, Ron was turning back into himself, and from the look of horror he was suddenly giving Harry, he must be, too.

They both jumped to their feet.

"Medicine for my stomach," Ron grunted, and without further ado they sprinted the length of the Slytherin common room, hurled themselves at the stone wall, and dashed up the passage, hoping against hope that Malfoy hadn't noticed anything. Harry could feel his feet slipping around in Goyle's huge shoes and had to hoist up his robes as he shrank; they crashed up the steps into the dark entrance hall, which was full of a muffled pounding coming from the closet where they'd locked Crabbe and Goyle. Leaving their shoes outside the closet door, they sprinted in their socks up the marble staircase toward Moaning Myrtle's bathroom.

哈利試圖讓戈伊爾的沉悶臉孔顯得關切。「是啊...」馬爾福說。「很幸運，他們沒有找到什麼。父親有一些非常有價值的黑暗藝術東西。但幸運的是，我們有自己的秘密房間，在客廳地板下面——」「嗨！」羅恩說。馬爾福看著他。哈利也看著他。羅恩臉紅了，連頭髮都變成了紅色。他的鼻子也慢慢變長了——他們的時間到了，羅恩正在變回原來的自己。從他突然給哈利的恐怖之警來看，他也是。他們兩個跳了起來。「我的胃藥。」羅恩嘟囔道，而且毫不拖泥帶水地破門而出。他們從斯萊哲林的公共房間盡頭狂奔，沖向石頭牆，然後沖進了通道，希望馬爾福沒有注意到什麼。哈利感覺到自己的腳在戈伊爾巨大的鞋子裡滑動，他不得不拉起袍子，讓自己變小；他們沖上暗黑的入口大廳的臺階，那裡充滿了從櫥櫃裡傳來的沉重的敲打聲，他們把鞋子留在櫥櫃門外，趁著袜子在大理石樓梯上狂奔，朝著哀嚎的小妖女的浴室跑去。

"Well, it wasn't a complete waste of time," Ron panted, closing the bathroom door behind them. "I know we still haven't found out who's doing the attacks, but I'm going to write to Dad tomorrow and tell him to check under the Malfoys' drawing room."

Harry checked his face in the cracked mirror. He was back to normal. He put his glasses on as Ron hammered on the door of Hermione's stall.

"Hermione, come out, we've got loads to tell you —"

"Go away!" Hermione squeaked.

Harry and Ron looked at each other.

"What's the matter?" said Ron. "You must be back to normal by now, we are —"

But Moaning Myrtle glided suddenly through the stall door. Harry had never seen her looking so happy.

"Ooooooh, wait till you see," she said. "It's *awful* —"

They heard the lock slide back and Hermione emerged, sobbing, her robes pulled up over her head.

“好吧，這不算浪費時間，”羅恩氣喘吁吁地說道，隨即關上了浴室的門。“我知道我們還沒有發現是誰在襲擊，但我明天會寫

信給爸爸，告訴他去查查馬爾福家畫廊下面。”哈利在破裂的鏡子中檢查了一下自己的臉。他現在已經恢復正常了。他戴上眼鏡，而羅恩則在赫敏的更衣室門上敲打。“赫敏，出來吧，我們有很多事要告訴你——”“滾開！”赫敏尖叫道。哈利和羅恩互相看著對方。“怎麼了？”羅恩說。“現在你應該已經恢復正常了，我們是——”然而，哀嚎的麥蒂爾隨即從小格門中滑進來，看起來她從未如此開心過。“噢，等你們看看就知道了，”她說。“很可怕——”他們聽到門鎖滑動，赫敏哭泣著走了出來，她的長袍拉到了頭上。

“What’s up?” said Ron uncertainly. “Have you still got Millicent’s nose or something?”

Hermione let her robes fall and Ron backed into the sink.

Her face was covered in black fur. Her eyes had turned yellow and there were long, pointed ears poking through her hair.

“It was a c-cat hair!” she howled. “M-Millicent Bulstrode m-must have a cat! And the p-potion isn’t supposed to be used for animal transformations!”

“Uh-oh,” said Ron.

“You’ll be teased something *dreadful*,” said Myrtle happily.

“It’s okay, Hermione,” said Harry quickly. “We’ll take you up to the hospital wing. Madam Pomfrey never asks too many questions. . . .”

It took a long time to persuade Hermione to leave the bathroom. Moaning Myrtle sped them on their way with a hearty guffaw. “Wait till everyone finds out you’ve got a *tail*!”

羅恩不确定地问：“怎么了？你还拿着米莉森特的鼻子吗？”赫敏让她的长袍滑落在地，罗恩向后退了一步。她的脸上被黑毛覆盖，眼睛变成了黄色，头发中露出长长的、尖尖的耳朵。“这是一根猫毛！”她嚎叫道。“米莉森特·鲍尔斯楚德一定养了一只猫！而且这种药剂不应该用于动物变形！”“不妙啊。”罗恩说。“你会被人恶作剧的。”默特尔高兴地说。“没关系，赫敏，”哈利急忙说。“我们会把你带到医院翼。波弗雷夫人从不问太多问题.....”说服赫敏离开浴室花了很长时间。哀叹的默特尔发出一个愉快的笑声，加速了他们的步伐。“等大家知道你有尾巴的时候，等着被嘲笑吧！”



## THE VERY SECRET DIARY

Hermione remained in the hospital wing for several weeks. There was a flurry of rumor about her disappearance when the rest of the school arrived back from their Christmas holidays, because of course everyone thought that she had been attacked. So many students filed past the hospital wing trying to catch a glimpse of her that Madam Pomfrey took out her curtains again and placed them around Hermione's bed, to spare her the shame of being seen with a furry face.

Harry and Ron went to visit her every evening. When the new term started, they brought her each day's homework.

"If I'd sprouted whiskers, I'd take a break from work," said Ron, tipping a stack of books onto Hermione's bedside table one evening.

"Don't be silly, Ron, I've got to keep up," said Hermione briskly. Her spirits were greatly improved by the fact that all the hair had gone from her face and her eyes were turning slowly back to brown. "I don't suppose you've got any new leads?" she added in a whisper, so that Madam Pomfrey couldn't hear her.

赫敏在醫院病房裡待了好幾個星期。當整個學校回來過聖誕節假期時，她的失蹤傳出一波風聲，當然每個人都想到她被襲擊了。許多學生經過病房，想要瞥一眼她，因此潘佛蕾夫人又拿出了帳篷，把它們放在赫敏的床上，以免她因毛茸茸的臉而感到羞恥。哈利和羅恩每天都去看她。新學期開始時，他們每天都給她帶來功課。“如果我的臉上長出鬍鬚，我會停止工作的，”羅恩一個晚上把一堆書倒在赫敏的床頭櫃上，說道。“別傻了，羅恩，我得跟上進度，”赫敏活潑地說道。她的情緒因為脫落的毛髮和慢慢變回棕色的眼睛而大大提高。“我想你有什麼新線索嗎？”她輕聲問道，以免潘佛蕾夫人聽到。

"Nothing," said Harry gloomily.

"I was so *sure* it was Malfoy," said Ron, for about the hundredth time.

"What's that?" asked Harry, pointing to something gold sticking out from under Hermione's pillow.

"Just a get well card," said Hermione hastily, trying to poke it out of sight, but Ron was too quick for her. He pulled it out, flicked it open, and read aloud:

*"To Miss Granger, wishing you a speedy recovery, from your concerned teacher, Professor Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League, and five-time winner of Witch Weekly's Most-Charming-Smile Award."*

Ron looked up at Hermione, disgusted.

"You sleep with this under your pillow?"

But Hermione was spared answering by Madam Pomfrey sweeping over with her evening dose of medicine.

“沒事，”哈利沮喪地說。“我原本很確定是馬爾福，”羅恩又說了第一百次。“那是什麼？”哈利指著藏在赫敏枕頭下方的金色物品問。“只是一張祝福卡片，”赫敏匆忙說，試圖想把它藏起來，但羅恩太快了。他把它抽出來，翻開來，大聲朗讀：“給葛蘭傑小姐，祝您早日康復，來自您關心的老師，葛林德羅伊·洛哈特教授，魔法一等勳章得主，黑暗勢力防禦聯盟名譽會員，以及女巫週刊五次最迷人微笑獎得主。”羅恩厭惡地看著赫敏。“你把這個塞在你的枕頭下睡覺嗎？”但赫敏被龐弗萊夫人帶著晚間劑量的藥物解救了。

"Is Lockhart the smarmiest bloke you've ever met, or what?" Ron said to Harry as they left the infirmary and started up the stairs toward Gryffindor Tower. Snape had given them so much homework, Harry thought he was likely to be in the sixth year before he finished it. Ron was just saying he wished he had asked Hermione how many rat tails you were supposed to add to a Hair-Raising Potion when an angry outburst from the

floor above reached their ears.

“That’s Filch,” Harry muttered as they hurried up the stairs and paused, out of sight, listening hard.

“You don’t think someone else’s been attacked?” said Ron tensely.

They stood still, their heads inclined toward Filch’s voice, which sounded quite hysterical.

“—even more work for me! Mopping all night, like I haven’t got enough to do! No, this is the final straw, I’m going to Dumbledore —”

“洛克哈特是你见过最让人感到恶心的家伙，对吧？”罗恩边走上楼梯往格兰芬多塔而言，边向哈利说道。斯内普布置了他们大量的家庭作业，哈利觉得他在完成它之前可能已经到了六年级。罗恩正说着他希望问问赫敏，到底应该往“寻发魔”药剂里加多少老鼠尾巴，耳边突然传来了楼上愤怒的声音。“那是菲尔奇，”哈利匆忙跟上罗恩上楼梯，暂停下来，用力听着。“你不觉得是有人再次遭到了攻击吗？”罗恩紧张地问道。他们静止不动，把头斜向菲尔奇的声音，那声音听起来相当的歇斯底里。

“——更多的工作！整晚擦地，好像我沒事情做一样！不行了，我要找邓布利多——”

His footsteps receded along the out-of-sight corridor and they heard a distant door slam.

They poked their heads around the corner. Filch had clearly been manning his usual lookout post: They were once again on the spot where Mrs. Norris had been attacked. They saw at a glance what Filch had been shouting about. A great flood of water stretched over half the corridor, and it looked as though it was still seeping from under the door of Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. Now that Filch had stopped shouting, they could hear Myrtle’s wails echoing off the bathroom walls.

“Now what’s up with her?” said Ron.

“Let’s go and see,” said Harry, and holding their robes over their ankles they stepped through the great wash of water to the door bearing its OUT OF ORDER sign, ignored it as always, and entered.

他的脚步聲消失在視線之外的走廊上，他們聽到遠處有一道門砰地關上。他們探出頭看了看角落。Filch顯然一直守在他的崗位上：他們又回到Mrs. Norris被攻擊的地方。他們一眼就看出了Filch在大喊什麼。一大片水泡在走廊的一半，看起來似乎仍然從哭泣的莫琳·默特爾的浴室門下滲出來。現在Filch已經停止了喊叫，他們可以聽到默特爾的哀嚎從浴室的牆壁上回響。“她現在怎麼了？”Ron說。“讓我們去看看，”哈利說，然後他們提起他們的袍子，走過了整片水，到達了掛有“OUT OF ORDER”牌子的門前，像往常一樣忽略了它，進去了。

Moaning Myrtle was crying, if possible, louder and harder than ever before. She seemed to be hiding down her usual toilet. It was dark in the bathroom because the candles had been extinguished in the great rush of water that had left both walls and floor soaking wet.

“What’s up, Myrtle?” said Harry.

“Who’s that?” glugged Myrtle miserably. “Come to throw something else at me?”

Harry waded across to her stall and said, “Why would I throw something at you?”

“Don’t ask me,” Myrtle shouted, emerging with a wave of yet more water, which splashed onto the already sopping floor. “Here I am, minding my own business, and someone thinks it’s funny to throw a book at me. . . .”

“But it can’t hurt you if someone throws something at you,” said Harry, reasonably. “I mean, it’d just go right through you, wouldn’t it?”

摩寧默提爾哭了起來，聲音比以往任何時候更大更慘烈。她似乎躲在她平常使用的廁所裡。浴室裡很黑，因為在大量的水嚴重濺濕牆壁和地板時，蠟燭已經熄滅了。“摩寧默提爾，發生了什麼事了？”哈利問道。“誰在那裡？”摩寧默提爾痛苦地嗚咽著。“又來扔東西嗎？”哈利涉過水，走到她的小空間說：“我為什麼要扔東西給你呢？”“別問我，”摩寧默提爾大喊，帶著更多的水浪出現了，濺在已經濕透的地板上。“我在自己的事情，有人覺得扔一本書給我很好玩……”“但是如果有人對你扔東西，它並不會傷害到你，”哈利說。“我的意思是，它會穿過你的身體，對不對？”

He had said the wrong thing. Myrtle puffed herself up and shrieked, “Let’s all throw books at Myrtle, because *she* can’t feel it! Ten points if you can get it through her stomach! Fifty points if it goes through her head! Well, ha, ha, ha! What a lovely game, I *don’t* think!”

“Who threw it at you, anyway?” asked Harry.

“I don’t know. . . . I was just sitting in the U-bend, thinking about death, and it fell right through the top of my head,” said Myrtle, glaring at them. “It’s over there, it got washed out. . . .”

Harry and Ron looked under the sink where Myrtle was pointing. A small, thin book lay there. It had a shabby black cover and was as wet as everything else in the bathroom. Harry stepped forward to pick it up, but Ron suddenly flung out an arm to hold him back.

他說了錯話。瑪蒂爾憤怒地說，“讓我們都來扔書擊打瑪蒂爾吧，因為她感受不到！如果你能把書扔穿她的胃就可以得到十分！如果扔穿了她的頭，你就可以得到五十分！哈哈哈！多麼美妙的遊戲啊，我覺得！”“到底是誰扔的啊？”哈利問。“我不知道...我當時只是坐在U型管邊上想著死亡，然後它就穿過了我頭頂掉下來了，”瑪蒂爾怒視著他們說，“它在那裡，被沖到一邊去了...”哈利和羅恩看向瑪蒂爾指的地方，那是水槽的下面，一本小小的書躺在那裡，它的封面顏色褪了，和浴室裡的任何東

西一樣濕淋淋的。哈利走上前去要撿起它，但羅恩突然伸手攔住了他。

“What?” said Harry.

“Are you crazy?” said Ron. “It could be dangerous.”

“Dangerous?” said Harry, laughing. “Come off it, how could it be dangerous?”

“You’d be surprised,” said Ron, who was looking apprehensively at the book. “Some of the books the Ministry’s confiscated — Dad’s told me — there was one that burned your eyes out. And everyone who read *Sonnets of a Sorcerer* spoke in limericks for the rest of their lives. And some old witch in Bath had a book that you could *never stop reading*! You just had to wander around with your nose in it, trying to do everything one-handed. And —”

“All right, I’ve got the point,” said Harry.

The little book lay on the floor, nondescript and soggy.

“Well, we won’t find out unless we look at it,” he said, and he ducked around Ron and picked it up off the floor.

“什麼？”哈利說。“你瘋了嗎？”羅恩說。“它可能很危險。”“危險？”哈利笑了起來。“別胡扯了，它怎麼可能會危險？”“你會吃驚的，”羅恩看著那本書擔憂說，“部裡沒收了一些書，我爸告訴過我——有一本會讓你的眼睛瞎掉。每個讀完《魔法詩人之十四行詩集》的人終其一生都在說打油詩。另外在巴斯有個老女巫有一本書，你永遠看不夠！你得拿著它到處走，一手瞪著書，一手做事。還有——”“好了，我知道了，”哈利說。那本小書在地上躺著，毫不起眼、已濕透。“嗯，想知道是什麼必須得看看它，”哈利說，繞過羅恩，把書撿了起來。

Harry saw at once that it was a diary, and the faded year on the cover told him it was fifty years old. He opened it eagerly. On the first page he could just make out the name “T. M. Riddle” in smudged ink.

“Hang on,” said Ron, who had approached cautiously and was looking over Harry’s shoulder. “I know that name. . . . T. M. Riddle got an award for special services to the school fifty years ago.”

“How on earth d’you know that?” said Harry in amazement.

“Because Filch made me polish his shield about fifty times in detention,” said Ron resentfully. “That was the one I burped slugs all over. If you’d wiped slime off a name for an hour, you’d remember it, too.”

Harry peeled the wet pages apart. They were completely blank. There wasn’t the faintest trace of writing on any of them, not even *Auntie Mabel’s birthday, or dentist, half-past three*.

哈利一眼就看到那是一本日記，封面上慘淡的年份告訴他這本日記已經五十年了。他迫不及待地打開了它。第一頁他只能勉強辨識出「T.M.瑞德爾」用擦花的墨水寫的名字。「等等，」羅恩小心翼翼地走近，從哈利肩頭向下看。「我知道這個人……T.M.瑞德爾五十年前因為對學校做出特別貢獻而得到獎勵。」「你怎麼可能知道這個？」哈利驚訝地問道。「因為費奇讓我洗他的盾牌大約五十次。」羅恩憤懣地說。「那就是我吐蛤蝓時弄髒的那個。如果你得在光顧裡擦一整個小時的名字，你也會記得的。」哈利撕開濕漉漉的紙張，然而卻是完全空白的。上面沒有任何文字痕跡，甚至沒有任何姨媽梅貝爾生日慶祝，或者三點半要去看牙醫的提醒。

“He never wrote in it,” said Harry, disappointed.

“I wonder why someone wanted to flush it away?” said Ron curiously.

Harry turned to the back cover of the book and saw the printed name of a variety store on Vauxhall Road, London.

“He must’ve been Muggle-born,” said Harry thoughtfully. “To have bought a diary from Vauxhall Road. . . .”

“Well, it’s not much use to you,” said Ron. He dropped his voice. “Fifty points if you can get it through Myrtle’s nose.”

Harry, however, pocketed it.

Hermione left the hospital wing, de-whiskered, tail-less, and fur-free, at the beginning of February. On her first evening back in Gryffindor Tower, Harry showed her T. M. Riddle’s diary and told her the story of how they had found it.

“Oooh, it might have hidden powers,” said Hermione enthusiastically, taking the diary and looking at it closely.

“他從未在其中寫過字，”哈利失望地說。“我想知道為什麼有人想要把它沖走？”羅恩好奇地說。哈利翻到了書的封底，看到了倫敦沃克斯霍爾路上一家雜貨店的印刷名稱。“他一定是麻瓜出身，”哈利想著說。“因為從沃克斯霍爾路買日記...。”“嗯，對你沒有什麼用處，”羅恩說。他壓低了聲音。“如果你能讓默特爾的鼻子通過它，可以加五十分。”然而，哈利仍將它放進了口袋。赫敏於二月初走出醫院大廳。當晚回到格蘭芬多塔時，哈利向她展示了T. M.里德爾的日記，並告訴了她如何發現它的故事。“哦，它可能有隱藏的力量，”赫敏熱情地說，拿起日記仔細看著。

“If it has, it’s hiding them very well,” said Ron. “Maybe it’s shy. I don’t know why you don’t chuck it, Harry.”

“I wish I knew why someone *did* try to chuck it,” said Harry. “I wouldn’t mind knowing how Riddle got an award for special services to Hogwarts either.”

“Could’ve been anything,” said Ron. “Maybe he got thirty O.W.L.s or saved a teacher from the giant squid. Maybe he murdered Myrtle; that would’ve done everyone a favor. . . .”

But Harry could tell from the arrested look on Hermione’s face that she was thinking what he was thinking.

“What?” said Ron, looking from one to the other.

“Well, the Chamber of Secrets was opened fifty years ago, wasn’t it?” he said. “That’s what Malfoy said.”

“Yeah . . .” said Ron slowly.

“And *this diary* is fifty years old,” said Hermione, tapping it excitedly.

「如果真有的話，那它隱藏得很好，」羅恩說。「也許它很害羞。哈利，你為什麼不扔掉它呢？」「我希望我知道為什麼有人試著要扔掉它，」哈利說。「我也想知道為什麼里德爾會因為對霍格華茲的特別貢獻而得到獎勵。」「可能是各種各樣的事情吧，」羅恩說。「也許他得到了三十個優等等級，或是拯救了一位老師免於大章魚的攻擊。也許他殺了默特爾，那樣會對每個人都有好處……」但哈利可以從赫敏臉上驚訝的神情看出，她和他想的一樣。「怎麼了？」羅恩問，從一個人看向另一個人。「嗯，密室是五十年前被打開的，不是嗎？」他說。「那是馬爾福說的。」「是啊……」羅恩慢慢地說。「這本日記是五十年前寫的，」赫敏興奮地敲打著它。

“So?”

“Oh, Ron, wake up,” snapped Hermione. “We know the person who opened the Chamber last time was expelled *fifty years ago*. We know T. M. Riddle got an award for special services to the school *fifty years ago*. Well, what if Riddle got his special award for *catching the Heir of Slytherin*? His diary would probably tell us everything — where the Chamber is, and how to open it, and what sort of creature lives in it — the person who’s behind the attacks this time wouldn’t want that lying around, would they?”

“That’s a *brilliant* theory, Hermione,” said Ron, “with just one tiny little flaw. *There’s nothing written in his diary.*”

But Hermione was pulling her wand out of her bag.

“It might be invisible ink!” she whispered.

She tapped the diary three times and said, “*Aparecium!*”

「那又怎樣？」「哦，羅恩，醒醒吧，」赫敏咄了一聲。「我們知道上次打開密室的那個人被開除學籍已經有五十年了。我們也知道五十年前 T.M.雷德爾因向學校做出的特殊貢獻而獲獎。如果雷德爾因為抓到史萊哲林的繼承人而獲得了獎，他的日記可能會告訴我們全部的事情——密室在哪裡、該如何打開它以及裡面有什麼樣的生物——這次發動襲擊的人一定不會希望它留在那裡，對吧？」「這個理論真是太妙了，赫敏，」羅恩說道，「只是有一個很小的問題。他的日記上什麼也沒有寫。」但赫敏卻正在從她的包裡取出魔杖。「可能是隱形墨水！」她輕聲說道。她敲了三下那本日記，說道：「想像出現！」

Nothing happened. Undaunted, Hermione shoved her hand back into her bag and pulled out what appeared to be a bright red eraser.

“It’s a Revealer, I got it in Diagon Alley,” she said.

She rubbed hard on *January first*. Nothing happened.

“I’m telling you, there’s nothing to find in there,” said Ron. “Riddle just got a diary for Christmas and couldn’t be bothered filling it in.”

Harry couldn’t explain, even to himself, why he didn’t just throw Riddle’s diary away. The fact was that even though he *knew* the diary was blank, he kept absentmindedly picking it up and turning the pages, as though it were a story he wanted to finish. And while Harry was sure he had never heard the name T. M. Riddle before, it still seemed to mean something to him, almost as though Riddle was a friend he’d had when he was very small, and had half-forgotten. But this was absurd. He’d never had friends before Hogwarts, Dudley had made sure of that.

什麼也沒發生。妙麗毫不氣餒，將手伸回袋子裡，拿出一個看起來像是亮紅色的橡皮擦。“這是一個顯示劑，在對角巷買的，”她說。她在1月1日用力擦了擦。仍然什麼也沒發生。“我告訴你，裡面是沒有什麼好發現的，”羅恩說：“裡德爾只是得到一本日記作為聖誕禮物，根本懒得寫它。”即使他知道日記是空白的，哈利也無法向任何人解釋為什麼他沒有把裡德爾的日記扔掉。事實上，他經常心不在焉地拿起日記並翻閱頁面，好像它是一個他想要完成的故事。而且，雖然哈利確信他以前從未聽說過T.M.里德爾的名字，但它似乎仍然對他有意義，幾乎好像里德爾是他很小時的一個朋友，已經忘得一半了。但這太荒謬了。他來到霍格華茲之前沒有朋友，達德利確保了這一點。

Nevertheless, Harry was determined to find out more about Riddle, so next day at break, he headed for the trophy room to examine Riddle’s special award, accompanied by an interested Hermione and a thoroughly unconvinced Ron, who told them he’d seen enough of the trophy room to last him a lifetime.

Riddle’s burnished gold shield was tucked away in a corner cabinet. It didn’t carry details of why it had been given to him (“Good thing, too, or

it'd be even bigger and I'd still be polishing it," said Ron). However, they did find Riddle's name on an old Medal for Magical Merit, and on a list of old Head Boys.

"He sounds like Percy," said Ron, wrinkling his nose in disgust. "Prefect, Head Boy . . . probably top of every class —"

"You say that like it's a bad thing," said Hermione in a slightly hurt voice.

然而，哈利下定決心要了解更多關於里德爾的事情，所以隔天休息時間，他帶著感興趣的赫敏和完全不相信的羅恩前往獎杯室，審查里德爾的特殊獎項。羅恩告訴他們，他已經看夠了獎杯室，這輩子都不想再進去了。里德爾閃閃發光的金盾藏在角落櫥櫃裡。上面沒有寫明獲獎原因（羅恩說：“還好沒有，否則它還會更大，我還得繼續擦亮。”）。不過，他們找到了里德爾的名字，出現在一個古老的魔法功勳獎章以及一份舊版的優等生名單上。“他聽起來像珀西，”羅恩皺著鼻子不悅地說道，“助理學監，學生領袖……應該是每個科目的第一名——”“你說得好像這是壞事一樣，”赫敏略微受傷地說道。

The sun had now begun to shine weakly on Hogwarts again. Inside the castle, the mood had grown more hopeful. There had been no more attacks since those on Justin and Nearly Headless Nick, and Madam Pomfrey was pleased to report that the Mandrakes were becoming moody and secretive, meaning that they were fast leaving childhood.

"The moment their acne clears up, they'll be ready for repotting again," Harry heard her telling Filch kindly one afternoon. "And after that, it won't be long until we're cutting them up and stewing them. You'll have Mrs. Norris back in no time."

Perhaps the Heir of Slytherin had lost his or her nerve, thought Harry. It must be getting riskier and riskier to open the Chamber of Secrets, with the school so alert and suspicious. Perhaps the monster, whatever it was, was even now settling itself down to hibernate for another fifty years. . . .

太陽已經開始微弱地照在霍格華茲上。城堡裡的氛圍變得更有希望。自從對賈斯汀和幾乎無頭騎士的攻擊之後，再沒有更多的攻擊事件發生，帕姆弗雷女士高興地報告曼德拉草變得情緒低落和神秘，意味著他們正快速離開童年。「一旦他們的痘痘消失了，他們就準備好再植株了。」哈利聽她下午善意地告訴費爾奇說：「之後，不久我們就會割碎它們，煮成燉菜。你很快就會再次找到諾里斯夫人。」哈利想，或許史萊輪的繼承人已經失去了膽量。學校如此警惕和懷疑，開啟密室的風險越來越大。或許，無論是什麼怪物，現在都正在準備冬眠又五十年了……

Ernie Macmillan of Hufflepuff didn't take this cheerful view. He was still convinced that Harry was the guilty one, that he had "given himself away" at the Dueling Club. Peeves wasn't helping matters; he kept popping up in the crowded corridors singing "Oh, Potter, you rotter . . ." now with a dance routine to match.

Gilderoy Lockhart seemed to think he himself had made the attacks stop. Harry overheard him telling Professor McGonagall so while the Gryffindors were lining up for Transfiguration.

"I don't think there'll be any more trouble, Minerva," he said, tapping his nose knowingly and winking. "I think the Chamber has been locked for good this time. The culprit must have known it was only a matter of time before I caught him. Rather sensible to stop now, before I came down hard on him."

來自赫夫帕夫的厄尼·麥克米蘭對此持悲觀看法。他仍然相信哈利是罪魁禍首，他在比試俱樂部時就“露出馬腳”了。皮維斯不斷地干擾，他在擁擠的走廊上不斷唱著“死定了，波特……”並配上跳舞的動作。吉德羅伊·洛哈特似乎認為他自己已經阻止了進攻。當格蘭芬多人排隊上變形術課時，哈利無意中聽到他告訴麥康娜教授：“我不認為還會有麻煩，米奈娃。我認為密室這次已經被永久關閉了。罪犯一定知道在我抓到他之前，這只是時間問題。在我嚴厲處罰他之前，他停止了，這是相當明智的。”

"You know, what the school needs now is a morale-booster. Wash away the memories of last term! I won't say any more just now, but I think I know just the thing . . ."

He tapped his nose again and strode off.

Lockhart's idea of a morale-booster became clear at breakfast time on February fourteenth. Harry hadn't had much sleep because of a late-running Quidditch practice the night before, and he hurried down to the Great Hall, slightly late. He thought, for a moment, that he'd walked through the wrong doors.

The walls were all covered with large, lurid pink flowers. Worse still, heart-shaped confetti was falling from the pale blue ceiling. Harry went over to the Gryffindor table, where Ron was sitting looking sickened, and Hermione seemed to have been overcome with giggles.

「你知道嗎，學校現在需要振奮士氣的事情，把上學期的回憶洗去！我現在先不說太多，但我想我已經想到了一個好主意……」他再次敲了敲自己的鼻子，然後迅速走開了。Lockhart的振奮士氣的想法在二月十四日的早餐時間變得清楚起來。由於晚上 Quidditch 練習跑得太晚，哈利沒有睡好，他有點遲到地匆忙走下了大廳。他一度以為自己走錯了門。所有的牆壁都被大片艷麗的粉色花朵佈滿。更糟的是，心形的紙屑從淡藍色的天花板上掉下來。哈利走到了格蘭芬多桌旁，羅恩坐在那裡，樣子嚇得發慌，而赫敏似乎已經被笑聲淹沒了。

"What's going on?" Harry asked them, sitting down and wiping confetti off his bacon.

Ron pointed to the teachers' table, apparently too disgusted to speak. Lockhart, wearing lurid pink robes to match the decorations, was waving for silence. The teachers on either side of him were looking stony-faced. From where he sat, Harry could see a muscle going in Professor McGonagall's cheek. Snape looked as though someone had just fed him a large beaker of Skele-Gro.

“Happy Valentine’s Day!” Lockhart shouted. “And may I thank the forty-six people who have so far sent me cards! Yes, I have taken the liberty of arranging this little surprise for you all — and it doesn’t end here!”

Lockhart clapped his hands and through the doors to the entrance hall marched a dozen surly-looking dwarfs. Not just any dwarfs, however. Lockhart had them all wearing golden wings and carrying harps.

“怎麼了？”哈利問他們，坐下來擦拭培根上的五彩紙屑。羅恩指向教師席，顯然太厭惡而不能說話。洛哈特穿著鮮豔的粉紅色長袍來配合裝飾品，揮舞著叫大家安靜。他兩旁的教師面無表情。哈利坐的位置能夠看到麥格教授臉上的肌肉在抖動。斯內普看起來像被灌了一大杯骨骼生长汁一樣。“情人節快樂！”洛哈特大聲喊道。“我要感謝已經寄給我卡片的四十六個人！是的，我已經為你們安排了這個小驚喜——而這還不止！”洛哈特拍著手，一打開大門走進了十二個脾氣不好的小矮人。然而，這不僅僅是一些小矮人。洛哈特讓他們都穿了金色的翅膀，手中握著豎琴。

“My friendly, card-carrying cupids!” beamed Lockhart. “They will be roving around the school today delivering your valentines! And the fun doesn’t stop here! I’m sure my colleagues will want to enter into the spirit of the occasion! Why not ask Professor Snape to show you how to whip up a Love Potion! And while you’re at it, Professor Flitwick knows more about Entrancing Enchantments than any wizard I’ve ever met, the sly old dog!”

Professor Flitwick buried his face in his hands. Snape was looking as though the first person to ask him for a Love Potion would be force-fed poison.

“Please, Hermione, tell me you weren’t one of the forty-six,” said Ron as they left the Great Hall for their first lesson. Hermione suddenly became very interested in searching her bag for her schedule and didn’t answer.

「我的友善、持卡的丘比特！」洛哈特笑容滿面地說。「他們今天會在校園裡漫遊，為你們送上情人節禮物！而樂趣並沒有停止！我相信我的同事也會想要參與這個節日！不妨請求斯內普教授教你如何製造愛情藥水！在你這麼做的同時，費立維奇教授知道怎樣施法才能讓人著迷，比我遇到的任何巫師都精通，這隻狡猾的老小狗！」費立維奇教授用手掩面。斯內普看起來好像只要有人向他索求愛情藥水，他就會被灌毒。當他們離開大廳去上第一堂課時，羅恩說：「赫敏，拜託告訴我你不是那四十六個人之一。」赫敏突然對搜尋她的課程表非常感興趣，沒有回答。

All day long, the dwarfs kept barging into their classes to deliver valentines, to the annoyance of the teachers, and late that afternoon as the Gryffindors were walking upstairs for Charms, one of the dwarfs caught up with Harry.

“Oi, you! ’Arry Potter!” shouted a particularly grim-looking dwarf, elbowing people out of the way to get to Harry.

Hot all over at the thought of being given a valentine in front of a line of first years, which happened to include Ginny Weasley, Harry tried to escape. The dwarf, however, cut his way through the crowd by kicking people’s shins, and reached him before he’d gone two paces.

“I’ve got a musical message to deliver to ’Arry Potter in person,” he said, twanging his harp in a threatening sort of way.

“Not here,” Harry hissed, trying to escape.

整天，小矮人們不斷地衝進課堂送情人節禮物，令老師們感到厭煩。當傍晚時分，格蘭芬多的學生們正走上樓梯去上咒語課，其中一個小矮人追上了哈利。「嘿，就是你！哈利波特！」一個神情陰鬱的小矮人大喊，撞開人群向哈利猛衝過去。想到在一眾小一新生面前收到情人節禮物，其中還包括金妮·衛斯理，哈利不禁緊張起來，試圖逃走。然而，這個小矮人卻用踢人的方式穿過人群，在哈利走兩步以前就追上了他。「我有個音樂信息要親自傳達給哈利波特，」他威脅性地彈奏著豎琴說。

「不在這裡，」哈利嘶聲道，試圖逃脫。

“Stay still!” grunted the dwarf, grabbing hold of Harry’s bag and pulling him back.

“Let me go!” Harry snarled, tugging.

With a loud ripping noise, his bag split in two. His books, wand, parchment, and quill spilled onto the floor and his ink bottle smashed over everything.

Harry scrambled around, trying to pick it all up before the dwarf started singing, causing something of a holdup in the corridor.

“What’s going on here?” came the cold, drawling voice of Draco Malfoy. Harry started stuffing everything feverishly into his ripped bag, desperate to get away before Malfoy could hear his musical valentine.

“What’s all this commotion?” said another familiar voice as Percy Weasley arrived.

Losing his head, Harry tried to make a run for it, but the dwarf seized him around the knees and brought him crashing to the floor.

“不要動！”小矮人咕噥著，抓住哈利的包把他拉了回來。“放開我！”哈利怒吼著，用力拉扯。隨著一聲巨響，他的背包裂開了。他的書、魔杖、羊皮紙和筆墨都洒了一地。哈利瘋狂地四處爬著，試圖在那隻小矮人開始唱歌之前把一切都撿起來，從而在走廊上引起了一些阻塞。“這裡發生什麼事了？”德拉科·馬爾福冷冷地說道。哈利拼命把所有東西塞進破爛的包裡，急於在馬爾福聽到他的情人節音樂前離開。“這是怎麼回事？”珀西·韋斯萊的又一個熟悉聲音傳來。哈利失去了理智，嘗試逃跑，但小矮人抓住他的膝蓋，讓他摔倒在地。

“Right,” he said, sitting on Harry’s ankles. “Here is your singing valentine:

*His eyes are as green as a fresh pickled toad,  
His hair is as dark as a blackboard.  
I wish he was mine, he’s really divine,  
The hero who conquered the Dark Lord.”*

Harry would have given all the gold in Gringotts to evaporate on the spot. Trying valiantly to laugh along with everyone else, he got up, his feet numb from the weight of the dwarf, as Percy Weasley did his best to disperse the crowd, some of whom were crying with mirth.

“Off you go, off you go, the bell rang five minutes ago, off to class, now,” he said, shooing some of the younger students away. “*And you, Malfoy*”

Harry, glancing over, saw Malfoy stoop and snatch up something. Leering, he showed it to Crabbe and Goyle, and Harry realized that he’d got Riddle’s diary.

“Give that back,” said Harry quietly.

“Wonder what Potter’s written in this?” said Malfoy, who obviously hadn’t noticed the year on the cover and thought he had Harry’s own diary. A hush fell over the onlookers. Ginny was staring from the diary to Harry, looking terrified.

“對啊，”他說著，坐在哈利的腳踝上，“這是你的情人節唱歌：”哈利寧願立刻變成薩滿銀行的所有金子消失了。他勉力跟其他人一起笑，但他的腳因矮人的重量而麻木，難以下地。佩西·韋斯萊盡力驅散群眾，有些人哭著笑。“你們現在得去上課了，鐘聲已經響了五分鐘，快走吧，”他說著，把一些小年級的學生趕開，“還有你，馬爾福——”哈利瞥了一眼，看見馬爾福彎下腰撿起了什麼東西。他露出鬼鬼祟祟的笑容，給克拉布和高爾看，哈利意識到他拿到了里德爾的日記。“還給我，”哈利輕聲說道。“想知道波特在這裡寫了什麼嗎？”馬爾福問道，顯然沒有注意到封面上的年份，以為是哈利自己的日記。旁觀者陷入了沉默。金妮看著日記和哈利，顯得驚恐萬分。

“Hand it over, Malfoy,” said Percy sternly.

“When I’ve had a look,” said Malfoy, waving the diary tauntingly at Harry.

Percy said, “As a school prefect —” but Harry had lost his temper. He pulled out his wand and shouted, “*Expelliarmus!*” and just as Snape had Disarmed Lockhart, so Malfoy found the diary shooting out of his hand into the air. Ron, grinning broadly, caught it.

“Harry!” said Percy loudly. “No magic in the corridors. I’ll have to report this, you know!”

But Harry didn’t care, he was one-up on Malfoy, and that was worth five points from Gryffindor any day. Malfoy was looking furious, and as Ginny passed him to enter her classroom, he yelled spitefully after her, “I don’t think Potter liked your valentine much!”

Ginny covered her face with her hands and ran into class. Snarling, Ron pulled out his wand, too, but Harry pulled him away. Ron didn’t need to spend the whole of Charms belching slugs.

“把它交出來，馬爾福，”佩西嚴厲地說。“我要看一看才行，”馬爾福嘲弄性地搖著日記對著哈利。佩西說，“作為學校的級長——”但哈利已經失去了耐心。他拿出魔杖喊道，“忘形咒！”就像斯內普曾經解除過洛克哈特一樣，馬爾福發現日記從他手中飛出。笑容滿面的羅恩接住了它。“哈利！”佩西大聲說，“走廊裡禁止使用魔法。我必須報告這件事，你知道！”但是哈利並不在乎，他贏過了馬爾福，那比什麼都值五分的格利分多的。馬爾福看起來氣得快要炸了，當金妮經過他進入教室時，他惡毒地喊道，“我不認為波特很喜歡你的情人節禮物！”金妮用手遮住臉，跑進了教室。咆哮著，羅恩也拿出了他的魔杖，但哈利把他拉走了。羅恩不需要整堂魔法課都一直打嗝吐蛤蝓。

It wasn’t until they had reached Professor Flitwick’s class that Harry noticed something rather odd about Riddle’s diary. All his other books were drenched in scarlet ink. The diary, however, was as clean as it had been before the ink bottle had smashed all over it. He tried to point this out to Ron, but Ron was having trouble with his wand again; large purple bubbles were blossoming out of the end, and he wasn’t much interested in anything else.

Harry went to bed before anyone else in his dormitory that night. This was partly because he didn’t think he could stand Fred and George singing “His eyes are as green as a fresh pickled toad” one more time, and partly because he wanted to examine Riddle’s diary again, and knew that Ron thought he was wasting his time.

直到他們到達弗里特威克教授的課堂，哈利才注意到里德爾的日記有點奇怪。他所有的書都被淋上了猩紅色的墨水，但這本日記卻像在墨水瓶破裂前一樣乾淨。他試圖向朗指出這一點，但朗的魔杖又出了問題，魔杖頭上冒出了大紫色泡泡，他對除此之外的任何事情都不太感興趣。那天晚上，哈利比宿舍裡的任何人都早去睡覺。這部分是因為他覺得弗萊德和喬治再唱“他的眼睛像新鮮的泡菜蟾蜍”一次，他就受不了了，另一部分是因為他想再次檢查里德爾的日記，知道朗認為他在浪費時間。

Harry sat on his four-poster and flicked through the blank pages, not one of which had a trace of scarlet ink on it. Then he pulled a new bottle out of his bedside cabinet, dipped his quill into it, and dropped a blot onto the first page of the diary.

The ink shone brightly on the paper for a second and then, as though it was being sucked into the page, vanished. Excited, Harry loaded up his quill a second time and wrote, “My name is Harry Potter.”

The words shone momentarily on the page and they, too, sank without trace. Then, at last, something happened.

Oozing back out of the page, in his very own ink, came words Harry had never written.

*“Hello, Harry Potter. My name is Tom Riddle. How did you come by my diary?”*

These words, too, faded away, but not before Harry had started to scribble back.

哈利坐在四柱床上翻动那些空白的页面，没有任何一张有一点点猩红色墨水的痕迹。接着他从床头柜里拿出了一瓶新的墨水，将鹅毛笔蘸满，把一滴墨滴在日记的第一页上。墨水在纸张上明亮地闪耀了一秒钟，然后像是被吸进了纸张，消失了。哈利兴奋地再次蘸上鹅毛笔，写下了“我的名字叫哈利·波特”。这些字一闪而过，然后也消失了。然后，最终发生了一些事情。用他自己的墨水，在纸上滋滋作响地出现了哈利从未写过的字。“你好，哈利·波特。我的名字叫汤姆·里德尔。你怎么得到了我的日记？”这些字也消失了，但在哈利开始涂鸦回信之前。

“Someone tried to flush it down a toilet.”

He waited eagerly for Riddle's reply.

*“Lucky that I recorded my memories in some more lasting way than ink. But I always knew that there would be those who would not want this diary read.”*

“What do you mean?” Harry scrawled, blotting the page in his excitement.

*“I mean that this diary holds memories of terrible things. Things that were covered up. Things that happened at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”*

“That's where I am now,” Harry wrote quickly. “I'm at Hogwarts, and horrible stuff's been happening. Do you know anything about the Chamber of Secrets?”

His heart was hammering. Riddle's reply came quickly, his writing becoming untidier, as though he was hurrying to tell all he knew.

*“Of course I know about the Chamber of Secrets. In my day, they told us it was a legend, that it did not exist. But this was a lie. In my fifth year, the Chamber was opened and the monster attacked several students, finally killing one. I caught the person who'd opened the Chamber and he was expelled. But the headmaster, Professor Dippet, ashamed that such a thing had happened at Hogwarts, forbade me to tell the truth. A story was given out that the girl had died in a freak accident. They gave me a nice, shiny, engraved trophy for my trouble and warned me to keep my mouth shut. But I knew it could happen again. The monster lived on, and the one who had the power to release it was not imprisoned.”*

“有人試圖把它沖進馬桶裡。”他迫不及待地等待瑞德爾的回答。“幸運的是，我把我的記憶以比墨水更持久的方式記錄了下來。但我一直知道，肯定會有人不希望這個日記被閱讀。”“你是指什麼？”哈利興奮地寫下，讓頁面變得雜亂無章。“我的意思是，這個日記裡記錄了一些可怕的事情。那些被掩蓋起來的事情。在霍格華茲魔法與巫術學校發生的事情。”“那就是我現在的地方，”哈利迅速寫道，“我正在霍格華茲，發生了可怕的事情。你知道關於密室的事情嗎？”他的心在急速跳動。瑞德爾很快回答了，他的書寫變得更加慌亂，好像他在趕時間說出所有自己知道的事情。“當然我知道密室的事情。在我那個年代，他們告訴我們那只是一個傳說，並不存在。但這是一個謊言。在我五年級的時候，密室被打開了，怪獸襲擊了幾名學生，最後殺了一人。我抓到了開啟密室的那個人，他被開除了。但校長，迪佩特教授，為學校發生這樣的事情感到羞愧，不允許我把真相說出去。有一個故事被散佈出去，說那個女孩在一場意外中死亡了。他們給了我一個漂亮的、鑲有紋章的獎杯，並警告我保持緘口不言。但我知道這樣的事情可能會再次發生。怪獸仍然存在，而擁有釋放它的力量的人並沒有被監禁。”

Harry nearly upset his ink bottle in his hurry to write back.

“It's happening again now. There have been three attacks and no one seems to know who's behind them. Who was it last time?”

*“I can show you, if you like,” came Riddle's reply. “You don't have to take my word for it. I can take you inside my memory of the night when I caught him.”*

Harry hesitated, his quill suspended over the diary. What did Riddle mean? How could he be taken inside somebody else's memory? He glanced nervously at the door to the dormitory, which was growing dark. When he looked back at the diary, he saw fresh words forming.

*“Let me show you.”*

Harry paused for a fraction of a second and then wrote two letters.

“OK.”

The pages of the diary began to blow as though caught in a high wind, stopping halfway through the month of June. Mouth hanging open, Harry saw that the little square for June thirteenth seemed to have turned into a minuscule television screen. His hands trembling slightly, he raised the book to press his eye against the little window, and before he knew what was happening, he was tilting forward; the window was widening, he felt his body leave his bed, and he was pitched headfirst through the opening in the page, into a whirl of color and shadow.

哈利匆忙地想回信，差点打翻他的墨水瓶。“现在又发生了。已经发生了三次袭击，没有人知道背后的黑手是谁。上一次是谁？”“我可以给你看看，如果你愿意。”里德尔回答道。“你不必相信我的话。我可以带你进入我抓住他的那个夜晚的记忆中。”哈利犹豫了一下，毛笔悬在日记上。里德尔是什么意思？他怎么会被带进别人的记忆中？他紧张地看了看愈来愈阴暗的寝室门。当他看回日记时，他看到新的字迹出现了。“让我给你展示吧。”哈利停顿了一秒钟，就写了两个字母。“好的。”日记的页面开始像被大风吹起的纸片一样，停在六月的中旬。哈利敞着嘴，看到六月十三号的小方块似乎变成了微小的电视屏幕。他的手微微颤抖，把书举到小窗口前把眼睛凑上去，他不知道发生了什么，他向前倾，窗户越来越大，他感觉到身体离开了床，头朝前钻进了四周缤纷深处。

He felt his feet hit solid ground, and stood, shaking, as the blurred shapes around him came suddenly into focus.

He knew immediately where he was. This circular room with the sleeping portraits was Dumbledore's office — but it wasn't Dumbledore who was sitting behind the desk. A wizened, frail-looking wizard, bald except for a few wisps of white hair, was reading a letter by candlelight. Harry had never seen this man before.

“I'm sorry,” he said shakily. “I didn't mean to butt in —”

But the wizard didn't look up. He continued to read, frowning slightly. Harry drew nearer to his desk and stammered, “Er — I'll just go, shall I?”

Still the wizard ignored him. He didn't seem even to have heard him. Thinking that the wizard might be deaf, Harry raised his voice.

他感到腳底踩實了地面，站起身來，身邊的模糊身影突然清晰起來。他立刻知道自己在哪裡。這個有著沉睡肖像畫的圓形房間是達姆波的辦公室，但坐在桌子後面的並不是達姆波。一位鬚髮花白、面容憔悴的巫師正在燭光下讀信。哈利從未見過這個人。「對不起，」他顫抖地說。「我沒有意思打擾……」但巫師並沒有抬頭。他繼續閱讀，腦海不禁皺起。哈利走近他的桌子，結巴地說：「嗯——我這就走可以了嗎？」這個巫師依然無視他。他甚至似乎沒有聽見哈利。哈利想到巫師可能是個聾子，於是提高聲音。

“Sorry I disturbed you. I'll go now,” he half-shouted.

The wizard folded up the letter with a sigh, stood up, walked past Harry without glancing at him, and went to draw the curtains at his window.

The sky outside the window was ruby-red; it seemed to be sunset. The wizard went back to the desk, sat down, and twiddled his thumbs, watching the door.

Harry looked around the office. No Fawkes the phoenix — no whirring silver contraptions. This was Hogwarts as Riddle had known it, meaning that this unknown wizard was headmaster, not Dumbledore, and he, Harry, was little more than a phantom, completely invisible to the people of fifty years ago.

There was a knock on the office door.

“Enter,” said the old wizard in a feeble voice.

A boy of about sixteen entered, taking off his pointed hat. A silver prefect's badge was glinting on his chest. He was much taller than Harry, but he, too, had jet-black hair.

“對不起打擾您了，我走了。”他大喊。巫師嘆氣地摺起了信，站起身，走過哈利，沒有看著他，走向窗戶拉上了窗簾。窗外的天空呈現寶石紅色，看起來是夕陽西下。巫師回到桌前，坐下來，轉動著拇指，注視著門口。哈利環顧了辦公室，鳳凰費尤鳴鳴叫的聲音沒有了，銀色機器也不再旋轉。這裡就像里德爾所認識的霍格沃茨一樣，這位陌生的巫師是校長，而不是鄧布利多，而他，哈利，只是一個幻象，完全不可見於五十年前的人們。辦公室的門傳來敲門聲。“進來吧，”老巫師用一種虛弱的聲音說道。一個約十六歲的男孩進來了，脫下了尖頂帽。他的胸前閃爍著銀色的級長徽章。他比哈利高得多，但他也有黑黑的頭髮。

“Ah, Riddle,” said the headmaster.

“You wanted to see me, Professor Dippet?” said Riddle. He looked nervous.

“Sit down,” said Dippet. “I've just been reading the letter you sent me.”

“Oh,” said Riddle. He sat down, gripping his hands together very tightly.

“My dear boy,” said Dippet kindly, “I cannot possibly let you stay at school over the summer. Surely you want to go home for the holidays?”

“No,” said Riddle at once. “I'd much rather stay at Hogwarts than go back to that — to that —”

“You live in a Muggle orphanage during the holidays, I believe?” said Dippet curiously.

“Yes, sir,” said Riddle, reddening slightly.

“You are Muggle-born?”

“Half-blood, sir,” said Riddle. “Muggle father, witch mother.”

“And are both your parents — ?”

“My mother died just after I was born, sir. They told me at the orphanage she lived just long enough to name me — Tom after my father, Marvolo after my grandfather.”

“啊，里德爾，”校長說。“您找我有事，迪佩特教授？”里德爾說。他看起來很緊張。“坐下，”Dippet說。“我剛讀了你寄給我的信。”“噢，”里德爾說。他坐下來，緊緊地握手。“我的好孩子，”Dippet友善地說，“我絕對不能讓您留在學校過夏天。您肯定想回家過假期吧？”“不，”里德爾立刻說。“我寧願留在霍格沃茨，也不想回到那個——那個——”“假期時你住在麻瓜孤兒院，對吧？”Dippet好奇地說。“是的，先生，”里德爾輕微地發紅。“你是麻瓜出身？”“是半血，先生，”里德爾說，“麻瓜父親，巫師母親。”“你的父母——？”“我母親在我出生後不久就去世了，先生。孤兒院的人告訴我，她在去世前剛好活到足以給我取名——以我父親的名字湯姆為名，以我祖父馬沃洛為名。”

Dippet clucked his tongue sympathetically.

“The thing is, Tom,” he sighed, “special arrangements might have been made for you, but in the current circumstances. . . .”

“You mean all these attacks, sir?” said Riddle, and Harry’s heart leapt, and he moved closer, scared of missing anything.

“Precisely,” said the headmaster. “My dear boy, you must see how foolish it would be of me to allow you to remain at the castle when term ends. Particularly in light of the recent tragedy . . . the death of that poor little girl . . . You will be safer by far at your orphanage. As a matter of fact, the Ministry of Magic is even now talking about closing the school. We are no nearer locating the — er — source of all this unpleasantness. . . .”

Riddle’s eyes had widened.

“Sir — if the person was caught — if it all stopped —”

狄彼特同情地咂了咂嘴。「問題是，湯姆，」他嘆息道，「或許本該為你做特別的安排，但在目前的情況下...」「您是指所有這些攻擊，先生？」李德爾說道。哈利的心跳加速了，他走近了一些，生怕錯過什麼。「確切而言，」校長說。「我親愛的孩子，你必須明白，如果我讓你在本學期結束時留在城堡裡，那是多麼的愚蠢。特別是鑑於最近的悲劇.....那個可憐的小女孩的死亡.....你在孤兒院裡會更加安全。事實上，魔法部現在甚至在討論關閉這所學校。我們離找到所有令人不快的源頭還很遠.....」李德爾的眼睛瞪大了。「先生——如果那個人被抓住了——如果一切都停止了——」

“What do you mean?” said Dippet with a squeak in his voice, sitting up in his chair. “Riddle, do you mean you know something about these attacks?”

“No, sir,” said Riddle quickly.

But Harry was sure it was the same sort of “no” that he himself had given Dumbledore.

Dippet sank back, looking faintly disappointed.

“You may go, Tom . . .”

Riddle slid off his chair and slouched out of the room. Harry followed him.

Down the moving spiral staircase they went, emerging next to the gargoyle in the darkening corridor. Riddle stopped, and so did Harry, watching him. Harry could tell that Riddle was doing some serious thinking. He was biting his lip, his forehead furrowed.

Then, as though he had suddenly reached a decision, he hurried off, Harry gliding noiselessly behind him. They didn’t see another person until they reached the entrance hall, when a tall wizard with long, sweeping auburn hair and a beard called to Riddle from the marble staircase.

迪彼特聽到後，緊張地坐起身來說：“你的意思是什麼？雷德爾，你是說你知道關於這些攻擊的事情？”“不是的，先生，”雷德爾迅速地說道。但哈利確信這跟他自己對鄧布爾多說的“不是”是一樣的。迪彼特無助地坐回座位，略微失望。“你可以走了，湯姆.....”雷德爾滑下椅子，懶洋洋地走出了房間。哈利跟在他後面。他們順著旋轉的螺旋樓梯下去，出現在暗淡的走廊旁的飛鏢旁邊。雷德爾停住了，哈利也停下來看著他。哈利能夠感覺到雷德爾正在進行一些嚴肅的思考。他咬著嘴唇，眉頭緊鎖。然後，彷彿他突然作出了決定，他急匆匆地離開了，而哈利靜靜地跟在他身後。直到他們達到入口大廳，站在大理石樓梯上的一個長鬚和長長的赤褐色頭髮的高大巫師才呼喊著雷德爾。

“What are you doing, wandering around this late, Tom?”

Harry gaped at the wizard. He was none other than a fifty-years-younger Dumbledore.

“I had to see the headmaster, sir,” said Riddle.

“Well, hurry off to bed,” said Dumbledore, giving Riddle exactly the kind of penetrating stare Harry knew so well. “Best not to roam the corridors these days. Not since . . .”

He sighed heavily, bade Riddle good night, and strode off. Riddle watched him walk out of sight and then, moving quickly, headed straight down the stone steps to the dungeons, with Harry in hot pursuit.

But to Harry's disappointment, Riddle led him not into a hidden passageway or a secret tunnel but to the very dungeon in which Harry had Potions with Snape. The torches hadn't been lit, and when Riddle pushed the door almost closed, Harry could only just see him, standing stock-still by the door, watching the passage outside.

湯姆，這麼晚還在到處遊蕩做什麼呢？哈利瞪大了眼睛望著這名巫師，這位竟然是年輕了五十歲的鄧布利多。“我必須要見校長，先生，”里德爾說。“好了，趕緊回去睡吧，”鄧布利多說，給了里德爾哈利熟悉的穿透人心的目光。“現在最好不要到處亂晃。自從……”他重重地嘆了口氣，告別了里德爾，就邁著大步走掉了。里德爾看著他消失的身影，並且馬上兜了個圈子，領著哈利緊隨其後直接走下石階到地牢。但讓哈利失望的是，里德爾沒有帶他到秘密通道或地下道，而是帶他到哈利和史奈普上魔藥課的地牢。火把沒有點亮，當里德爾把門幾乎關上時，哈利只能勉強看到他站在門旁，一動不動地盯著外面的通道。

It felt to Harry that they were there for at least an hour. All he could see was the figure of Riddle at the door, staring through the crack, waiting like a statue. And just when Harry had stopped feeling expectant and tense and started wishing he could return to the present, he heard something move beyond the door.

Someone was creeping along the passage. He heard whoever it was pass the dungeon where he and Riddle were hidden. Riddle, quiet as a shadow, edged through the door and followed, Harry tiptoeing behind him, forgetting that he couldn't be heard.

For perhaps five minutes they followed the footsteps, until Riddle stopped suddenly, his head inclined in the direction of new noises. Harry heard a door creak open, and then someone speaking in a hoarse whisper.

哈利感覺他們已經在那裡待了至少一個小時。他所能看見的只有立在門口，透過縫隙凝視著、如同雕像一般等待的里德爾的身影。而當哈利已經停止期待和緊張，開始希望能夠回到現在的時候，他聽到門外傳來了一些聲響。有人悄悄地沿著走廊走過。他聽到了通往他和里德爾藏匿處的地窖的那個地方，有人路過。里德爾靜如影子，緩緩地穿過門口，哈利跟在他後面輕手輕腳地走，忘記了自己的聲音不可能被聽到。大概五分鐘左右，他們一直跟著腳步聲走，直到里德爾突然停了下來，他的頭指向新的聲音傳來的方向。哈利聽到了一扇門發出咯吱聲，然後有人用嘶啞的低語開始說話。

“C'mon . . . gotta get yeh outta here. . . . C'mon now . . . in the box . . .”

There was something familiar about that voice. . . .

Riddle suddenly jumped around the corner. Harry stepped out behind him. He could see the dark outline of a huge boy who was crouching in front of an open door, a very large box next to it.

“Evening, Rubeus,” said Riddle sharply.

The boy slammed the door shut and stood up.

“What yer doin' down here, Tom?”

Riddle stepped closer.

“It's all over,” he said. “I'm going to have to turn you in, Rubeus. They're talking about closing Hogwarts if the attacks don't stop.”

“What d'yeh—”

“I don't think you meant to kill anyone. But monsters don't make good pets. I suppose you just let it out for exercise and —”

“It never killed no one!” said the large boy, backing against the closed door. From behind him, Harry could hear a funny rustling and clicking.

“快点……得要让你走出去……快点……走进箱子里……”那个声音让人感到有些熟悉……里德爾突然从拐角处跳了出来，哈利跟在他身后。他看到一个巨大的男孩蹲在一个敞开的门前，门旁边放着一个很大的箱子。“晚上好，魯伯斯，”里德爾尖利地说。男孩猛地把门关上，站了起来。“湯姆，你在这里干嘛？”里德爾走近了一步。“完了，”他说，“我得把你交给有关部门。如果这些袭击不停止，他们就要考虑关闭霍格沃茨了。”“你在说什么？”“我不认为你有意杀人。但是，怪物不是好宠物。我猜你只是想让它锻炼一下……”“它从来没杀过人！”那个巨大男孩倒退着靠在关上的门上。从他身后传来一种有趣的沙沙声和咔嗒声。

“Come on, Rubeus,” said Riddle, moving yet closer. “The dead girl's parents will be here tomorrow. The least Hogwarts can do is make sure that the thing that killed their daughter is slaughtered. . . .”

“It wasn't him!” roared the boy, his voice echoing in the dark passage. “He wouldn't! He never!”

“Stand aside,” said Riddle, drawing out his wand.

His spell lit the corridor with a sudden flaming light. The door behind the large boy flew open with such force it knocked him into the wall opposite. And out of it came something that made Harry let out a long, piercing scream unheard by anyone —

A vast, low-slung, hairy body and a tangle of black legs; a gleam of many eyes and a pair of razor-sharp pincers — Riddle raised his wand again, but he was too late. The thing bowled him over as it scuttled away, tearing up the corridor and out of sight. Riddle scrambled to his feet, looking after it; he raised his wand, but the huge boy leapt on him, seized his wand, and threw him back down, yelling. “NOOOOOOO!”

The scene whirled, the darkness became complete; Harry felt himself falling and, with a crash, he landed spread-eagled on his four-poster in the Gryffindor dormitory, Riddle's diary lying open on his stomach.

Before he had had time to regain his breath, the dormitory door opened and Ron came in.

“There you are,” he said.

Harry sat up. He was sweating and shaking.

“What’s up?” said Ron, looking at him with concern.

“It was Hagrid, Ron. Hagrid opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago.”

場景旋轉，黑暗變得完全；哈利感覺自己正在墜落中，然後重重地摔在了格萊分多宿舍裡的床上，里德爾的日記攤開在他的肚子上。他還沒有恢復呼吸，宿舍的門就打開了，羅恩進來了。“你在這裡。”他說。哈利坐起來。他出了汗，顫抖著。“怎麼了？”羅恩擔心地看著他。“是海格，羅恩。五十年前，海格打開了密室。”



## CORNELIUS FUDGE

Harry, Ron, and Hermione had always known that Hagrid had an unfortunate liking for large and monstrous creatures. During their first year at Hogwarts he had tried to raise a dragon in his little wooden house, and it would be a long time before they forgot the giant, three-headed dog he'd christened "Fluffy." And if, as a boy, Hagrid had heard that a monster was hidden somewhere in the castle, Harry was sure he'd have gone to any lengths for a glimpse of it. He'd probably thought it was a shame that the monster had been cooped up so long, and thought it deserved the chance to stretch its many legs; Harry could just imagine the thirteen-year-old Hagrid trying to fit a leash and collar on it. But he was equally certain that Hagrid would never have meant to kill anybody.

哈利、羅恩和赫敏一直知道海格喜歡大型怪物的不幸嗜好。在他們在霍格華茲的第一年，他曾試圖在他的小木屋中養龍，而他所命名的“蓬蓬狗”更是讓人難以忘懷。如果年少時，海格聽聞城堡中有一隻怪物藏身，哈利確信他一定會不惜一切去一睹為快。他可能認為怪物被囚禁太久了，應該有機會伸展它的多條腿；哈利可以想象十三歲的海格試圖在它身上套上皮帶和項圈。但他同樣肯定海格絕不會有意殺害任何人。

Harry half-wished he hadn't found out how to work Riddle's diary. Again and again Ron and Hermione made him recount what he'd seen, until he was heartily sick of telling them and sick of the long, circular conversations that followed.

"Riddle *might* have got the wrong person," said Hermione. "Maybe it was some other monster that was attacking people. . . ."

"How many monsters d'you think this place can hold?" Ron asked dully.

"We always knew Hagrid had been expelled," said Harry miserably. "And the attacks must've stopped after Hagrid was kicked out. Otherwise, Riddle wouldn't have got his award."

Ron tried a different tack.

"Riddle *does* sound like Percy — who asked him to squeal on Hagrid, anyway?"

"But the monster had *killed* someone, Ron," said Hermione.

"And Riddle was going to go back to some Muggle orphanage if they closed Hogwarts," said Harry. "I don't blame him for wanting to stay here. . . ."

哈利心中有些后悔学会了如何使用里德尔的日记。罗恩和赫敏一遍又一遍地让他重述他所看到的，直到他厌倦了告诉他们，也厌倦了随之而来的漫长、循环的对话。“里德尔可能找错了人，”赫敏说，“也许是其他怪物在攻击人们。. . . .”“你认为这个地方还能有多少怪物？”罗恩沉闷地问道。“我们一直知道哈格力被开除了，”哈利痛苦地说。“袭击肯定是在哈格力被赶出去后停止的。否则，里德尔就不会得到他的奖励。”罗恩换了一个不同的角度。“里德尔听起来像珀西——反正他是谁让他告状哈格力的？”“但那个怪物已经杀了人，罗恩，”赫敏说。“而且如果他们关闭霍格沃茨，里德尔将回到某个麻瓜孤儿院，”哈利说，“我不怪他想留在这里. . . .”

"You met Hagrid down Knockturn Alley, didn't you, Harry?"

"He was buying a Flesh-Eating Slug Repellent," said Harry quickly.

The three of them fell silent. After a long pause, Hermione voiced the knottiest question of all in a hesitant voice.

"Do you think we should go and *ask* Hagrid about it all?"

"That'd be a cheerful visit," said Ron. "Hello, Hagrid. Tell us, have you been setting anything mad and hairy loose in the castle lately?"

In the end, they decided that they would not say anything to Hagrid unless there was another attack, and as more and more days went by with no whisper from the disembodied voice, they became hopeful that they would never need to talk to him about why he had been expelled. It was now nearly four months since Justin and Nearly Headless Nick had been Petrified, and nearly everybody seemed to think that the attacker, whoever it was, had retired for good. Peeves had finally got bored of his "Oh, Potter, you rotter" song, Ernie Macmillan asked Harry quite politely to pass a bucket of leaping toadstools in Herbology one day, and in March several of the Mandrakes threw a loud and raucous party in greenhouse three. This made Professor Sprout very happy.

“你是在諾克脾巷遇到海格的，是嗎，哈利？”“他在買肉食性的蛞蝓驅避劑，”哈利迅速說道。他們三個陷入了沉默。經過長時

間的暫停，赫敏以猶豫的聲音表達了最棘手的問題。“你們覺得我們應該去問問海格嗎？”“那會是一次愉快的拜訪，”羅恩說，“你好，海格。告訴我們，你最近有沒有在城堡裡野放什麼瘋狂的毛茸茸東西？”最終，他們決定除非再次受到攻擊，否則不會對海格說任何話。隨著越來越多的日子過去，沒有任何聲音來自無形的聲音，他們變得希望自己永遠不需要和他談論他為什麼被開除學籍的原因。現在，已經快四個月了，賈斯汀和幾乎沒有頭腦的尼克被石化了，幾乎所有人都認為攻擊者，無論是誰，都已經退役了。皮維斯終於厭倦了他的“喫，波特，你這個壞蛋”之歌，厄尼·麥克米蘭有一天很客氣地要求哈利遞過一桶跳躍的蘑菇，《草藥學》課上，三月份，幾個曼德拉草在溫室三舉行了一個聲音高亢的狂歡派對，這讓斯普洛特教授非常高興。

“The moment they start trying to move into each other's pots, we'll know they're fully mature,” she told Harry. “Then we'll be able to revive those poor people in the hospital wing.”

The second years were given something new to think about during their Easter holidays. The time had come to choose their subjects for the third year, a matter that Hermione, at least, took very seriously.

“It could affect our whole future,” she told Harry and Ron as they pored over lists of new subjects, marking them with checks.

“I just want to give up Potions,” said Harry.

“We can't,” said Ron gloomily. “We keep all our old subjects, or I'd've ditched Defense Against the Dark Arts.”

“But that's very important!” said Hermione, shocked.

“Not the way Lockhart teaches it,” said Ron. “I haven't learned anything from him except not to set pixies loose.”

“當它們開始試圖擠入彼此的盆內時，我們就會知道它們已經完全成熟了，”她告訴哈利。「然後，我們將能夠使醫院翼的可憐人復蘇。」在復活節假期期間，二年級學生們有了一些新的想法。他們需要選擇他們的第三年科目，至少赫敏非常認真對待這個問題。“它可能會影響我們的整個未來，”她告訴哈利和羅恩，當他們看著新科目的列表時，標記著勾。“我只是想放棄魔藥學，”哈利說。“我們不能這樣做，”羅恩沮喪地說道，“我們需要保留我們所有的舊科目，否則我會把黑魔法防禦課給棄了。”“但是那非常重要！”赫敏驚訝地說。“不是洛哈特那樣教的，”羅恩說，“除了不要放妖精之外，我從他那裡學到的什麼也沒有。”

Neville Longbottom had been sent letters from all the witches and wizards in his family, all giving him different advice on what to choose. Confused and worried, he sat reading the subject lists with his tongue poking out, asking people whether they thought Arithmancy sounded more difficult than Study of Ancient Runes. Dean Thomas, who, like Harry, had grown up with Muggles, ended up closing his eyes and jabbing his wand at the list, then picking the subjects it landed on. Hermione took nobody's advice but signed up for everything.

Harry smiled grimly to himself at the thought of what Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia would say if he tried to discuss his career in wizardry with them. Not that he didn't get any guidance: Percy Weasley was eager to share his experience.

尼維爾·隆巴頓收到了家族中所有女巫和巫師的來信，各自給他不同的建議。他感到困惑和擔憂，一邊伸出舌頭閱讀科目列表，一邊詢問人們，他們認為算術比古老符文研究更困難。像哈利一樣在麻瓜中長大的迪恩·托馬斯最終閉上眼睛，在列表上亂點一通，然後選擇它落在的科目。赫敏沒有聽從任何人的建議，報了所有課程。想到如果他試圖與姨父弗农和姨媽佩妮娅談論他的巫師職業生涯，哈利對自己苦笑。他雖然沒有得到任何指導，但珀西·韋斯萊熱切地分享了他的經驗。

“Depends where you want to go, Harry,” he said. “It's never too early to think about the future, so I'd recommend Divination. People say Muggle Studies is a soft option, but I personally think wizards should have a thorough understanding of the non-magical community, particularly if they're thinking of working in close contact with them—look at my father, he has to deal with Muggle business all the time. My brother Charlie was always more of an outdoor type, so he went for Care of Magical Creatures. Play to your strengths, Harry.”

But the only thing Harry felt he was really good at was Quidditch. In the end, he chose the same new subjects as Ron, feeling that if he was lousy at them, at least he'd have someone friendly to help him.

Gryffindor's next Quidditch match would be against Hufflepuff. Wood was insisting on team practices every night after dinner, so that Harry barely had time for anything but Quidditch and homework. However, the training sessions were getting better, or at least drier, and the evening before Saturday's match he went up to his dormitory to drop off his broomstick feeling Gryffindor's chances for the Quidditch Cup had never been better.

“哈利，这取决于你想去哪里。”他说，“未来永远不会太早，所以我建议你选占卜学。有人说麻瓜研究是一个简单的选项，但我个人认为巫师应该对非魔法社区有全面的了解，特别是如果他们考虑与他们密切接触工作——看看我父亲，他一直要处理麻瓜生意。我兄弟查理总是更喜欢户外类型，所以他选择了魔法生物护理。哈利，要发挥你的长处。”但是，哈利唯一觉得自己真正擅长的只有魁地奇。最终，他选择了和罗恩一样的新课程，觉得如果他在这些科目中不好，至少会有友好的人帮助他。格兰芬多下一场魁地奇比赛将对阵赫奇帕奇。伍德坚持每天晚饭后进行团队训练，以至于哈利除了魁地奇和功课几乎没有时间做其他事情。然而，训练课程变得越来越好，或者至少是更干燥，周六比赛的前一天晚上，他回到了自己的宿舍，心想格兰芬多夺得魁地奇杯的机会从未像现在这样好过。

But his cheerful mood didn't last long. At the top of the stairs to the dormitory, he met Neville Longbottom, who was looking frantic.

“Harry—I don't know who did it—I just found—”

Watching Harry fearfully, Neville pushed open the door.

The contents of Harry's trunk had been thrown everywhere. His cloak lay ripped on the floor. The bedclothes had been pulled off his four-poster and the drawer had been pulled out of his bedside cabinet, the contents strewn over the mattress.

Harry walked over to the bed, openmouthed, treading on a few loose pages of *Travels with Trolls*. As he and Neville pulled the blankets back onto his bed, Ron, Dean, and Seamus came in. Dean swore loudly.

“What happened, Harry?”

“No idea,” said Harry. But Ron was examining Harry's robes. All the pockets were hanging out.

但他的愉快情緒沒有持續多久。在通往宿舍樓上的樓梯上，他遇到了焦急的納威Longbottom。「哈利——我不知道是誰做的——我剛發現——」看著哈利的害怕表情，納威推開了房門。哈利的行囊裡的物品被亂丟一通。他的斗篷破破爛爛地躺在地上。床上用品被拋到四柱床床脚下，床邊櫃的抽屜被拉出來，裡面的東西散落在床墊上。哈利張著嘴，踩著《與妖怪旅行》的幾頁散頁走到床邊。當他和納威把毯子拉回他的床上時，羅恩、迪安和西莫斯走了進來。迪安狂罵起來。「發生什麼事了，哈利？」「我不知道。」哈利說。但羅恩正在審查哈利的袍子，所有的口袋都掛在外面。

“Someone's been looking for something,” said Ron. “Is there anything missing?”

Harry started to pick up all his things and throw them into his trunk. It was only as he threw the last of the Lockhart books back into it that he realized what wasn't there.

“Riddle's diary's gone,” he said in an undertone to Ron.

“What?”

Harry jerked his head toward the dormitory door and Ron followed him out. They hurried down to the Gryffindor common room, which was half-empty, and joined Hermione, who was sitting alone, reading a book called *Ancient Runes Made Easy*.

Hermione looked aghast at the news.

“But — only a Gryffindor could have stolen — nobody else knows our password —”

“Exactly,” said Harry.

They woke the next day to brilliant sunshine and a light, refreshing breeze.

「有人在找東西。」羅恩說：「有什麼東西不見了嗎？」哈利開始把他所有的東西都塞進行李箱裡，等他把最後一本洛哈特的書扔進去的時候，他才發現什麼東西不見了。「里德爾的日記不見了。」哈利低聲對羅恩說。「什麼？」哈利擺了擺頭，指向宿舍門，羅恩跟著他出去。他們匆匆忙忙地來到半空的格蘭芬多共用居室，並加入了獨自一人坐在那裡讀一本叫做《古代文字輕鬆學》的書的赫敏。赫敏對這個消息感到震驚。「但是——只有一個格蘭芬多人才能偷——沒有其他人知道我們的密碼——」「正是。」哈利說。他們醒來的第二天，迎著燦爛的陽光和清新的微風。

“Perfect Quidditch conditions!” said Wood enthusiastically at the Gryffindor table, loading the team's plates with scrambled eggs. “Harry, buck up there, you need a decent breakfast.”

Harry had been staring down the packed Gryffindor table, wondering if the new owner of Riddle's diary was right in front of his eyes. Hermione had been urging him to report the robbery, but Harry didn't like the idea. He'd have to tell a teacher all about the diary, and how many people knew why Hagrid had been expelled fifty years ago? He didn't want to be the one who brought it all up again.

As he left the Great Hall with Ron and Hermione to go and collect his Quidditch things, another very serious worry was added to Harry's growing list. He had just set foot on the marble staircase when he heard it yet again —

「天氣對魁地奇比賽非常完美！」伍德熱情地在格蘭芬多桌說著，將球隊的盤子裝滿炒蛋。「哈利，加油，你需要一頓養神的早餐。」哈利一直凝視著擁擠的格蘭芬多桌，想著裡德的日記新主人是否就在他的眼前。妙麗一直在催促他報案，但哈利不喜歡這個想法。他得告訴老師關於那本日記的一切，以及有多少人知道五十年前海格被開除的原因？他不想成為重新挑起這件事情的人。當他和羅恩、妙麗離開大禮堂去拿他的魁地奇裝備時，另一個非常嚴重的擔憂又加入了哈利愈來愈長的清單中。當他剛剛踏上大理石樓梯時，又再一次聽到了它——

“Kill this time . . . let me rip . . . tear . . .”

He shouted aloud and Ron and Hermione both jumped away from him in alarm.

“The voice!” said Harry, looking over his shoulder. “I just heard it again — didn't you?”

Ron shook his head, wide-eyed. Hermione, however, clapped a hand to her forehead.

“Harry — I think I've just understood something! I've got to go to the library!”

And she sprinted away, up the stairs.

“What does she understand?” said Harry distractedly, still looking around, trying to tell where the voice had come from.

“Loads more than I do,” said Ron, shaking his head.

“But why’s she got to go to the library?”

“Because that’s what Hermione does,” said Ron, shrugging. “When in doubt, go to the library.”

Harry stood, irresolute, trying to catch the voice again, but people were now emerging from the Great Hall behind him, talking loudly, exiting through the front doors on their way to the Quidditch pitch.

「殺了這段時間.....讓我撕裂.....撕破.....」他大聲喊道，羅恩和赫敏驚恐地往後跳了幾步。「那個聲音！」哈利說，轉過身看著身後。「我又聽到了，你們沒有嗎？」羅恩搖搖頭，眼睛睜得圓圓的。可是，赫敏卻捂住了額頭。「哈利，我想我剛剛明白了什麼！我要去圖書館！」說完，她飛奔而去，沿著樓梯往上跑。「她究竟明白了什麼？」哈利分心地問道，還在四處尋找聲音來源。「她懂的東西比我多多了，」羅恩無奈地說道。「可是她為什麼要去圖書館？」「因為那就是赫敏的做法啊，」羅恩聳了聳肩。「當你猶豫不決的時候，去圖書館。」哈利站在那裡，茫然不決，試圖再次捕捉到那個聲音。可是，現在大廳後面有許多人走出來，講著話聲響亮地從前門走出去，前往魁地奇球場。

“You’d better get moving,” said Ron. “It’s nearly eleven — the match —”

Harry raced up to Gryffindor Tower, collected his Nimbus Two Thousand, and joined the large crowd swarming across the grounds, but his mind was still in the castle along with the bodiless voice, and as he pulled on his scarlet robes in the locker room, his only comfort was that everyone was now outside to watch the game.

The teams walked onto the field to tumultuous applause. Oliver Wood took off for a warm-up flight around the goalposts; Madam Hooch released the balls. The Hufflepuffs, who played in canary yellow, were standing in a huddle, having a last-minute discussion of tactics.

Harry was just mounting his broom when Professor McGonagall came half marching, half running across the pitch, carrying an enormous purple megaphone.

「你最好快點動身，」羅恩說。「快11點了一—比賽—」哈利衝上了格蘭芬多的塔樓，在那裡拿了他的Nimbus Two Thousand，然後加入了湧過操場的人群，但他的思緒仍然停留在城堡裡的無體聲之中，當他在更衣室裡穿上他的緋紅色長袍時，他唯一的安慰是現在每個人都在外面觀看比賽。隨著熱烈的掌聲，球隊走上球場。奧利弗·伍德飛出去繞著球門做熱身；胡克女士釋放了球。那些穿著金絲雀黃色戰袍的赫夫帕夫人站在一起商討戰術。當麥格教授半走半跑地穿過球場時，哈利剛剛騎上他的掃帚。麥格教授提著一個巨大的紫色扩音器。

Harry’s heart dropped like a stone.

“This match has been canceled,” Professor McGonagall called through the megaphone, addressing the packed stadium. There were boos and shouts. Oliver Wood, looking devastated, landed and ran toward Professor McGonagall without getting off his broomstick.

“But, Professor!” he shouted. “We’ve got to play — the Cup — *Gryffindor* —”

Professor McGonagall ignored him and continued to shout through her megaphone:

“All students are to make their way back to the House common rooms, where their Heads of Houses will give them further information. As quickly as you can, please!”

Then she lowered the megaphone and beckoned Harry over to her.

“Potter, I think you’d better come with me. . . .”

Wondering how she could possibly suspect him this time, Harry saw Ron detach himself from the complaining crowd; he came running up to them as they set off toward the castle. To Harry’s surprise, Professor McGonagall didn’t object.

哈利的心沉如石。麥格教授透過麥克風向滿座的體育館呼叫：“比賽取消了。”場上傳出噓聲和喊聲。奧利弗·伍德看起來心碎了，降落在地面上，還未下來，便向麥格教授跑去。“但，教授！”他喊道。“我們必須播放——盃——格蘭芬多——”麥格教授無視他，繼續透過她的麥克風大聲喊道：“所有學生都要回到宿舍，他們的導師會給他們更多的信息。請盡快！”然後她放下了麥克風，招手讓哈利過去。“波特，我覺得你最好跟我來.....”哈利想知道這次她怎麼可能懷疑他，他看到羅恩從抱怨的人群中脫穎而出，向他們奔跑而來，讓哈利感到驚訝的是，麥格教授沒有反對。

“Yes, perhaps you’d better come, too, Weasley. . . .”

Some of the students swarming around them were grumbling about the match being canceled; others looked worried. Harry and Ron followed Professor McGonagall back into the school and up the marble staircase. But they weren’t taken to anybody’s office this time.

“This will be a bit of a shock,” said Professor McGonagall in a surprisingly gentle voice as they approached the infirmary. “There has been another attack . . . another *double* attack.”

Harry's insides did a horrible somersault. Professor McGonagall pushed the door open and he and Ron entered.

Madam Pomfrey was bending over a sixth-year girl with long, curly hair. Harry recognized her as the Ravenclaw they'd accidentally asked for directions to the Slytherin common room. And on the bed next to her was —

“是的，也許你最好也跟我們一起來，威茲萊……”圍繞著他們的一些學生正在抱怨比賽被取消；其他人則是擔心不已。哈利和羅恩跟著麥康娜教授回到學校，又上了大理石樓梯。但這次他們沒有被帶到任何人的辦公室。「這會是一個小小的震驚，」麥康娜教授用出乎意料地柔和的聲音說道，當他們走近診所時。「又有一次攻擊……一次雙重攻擊。」哈利的內心翻騰不已。麥康娜教授推開門，他和羅恩走了進去。波姆弗雷夫人正俯身在一個頭髮長長、捲曲的六年級女孩身上。哈利認出她是他們不小心問路卻問向了史萊轄林的女孩。在她旁邊的床上，則是……

“*Hermione!*” Ron groaned.

Hermione lay utterly still, her eyes open and glassy.

“They were found near the library,” said Professor McGonagall. “I don't suppose either of you can explain this? It was on the floor next to them . . .”

She was holding up a small, circular mirror.

Harry and Ron shook their heads, both staring at Hermione.

“I will escort you back to Gryffindor Tower,” said Professor McGonagall heavily. “I need to address the students in any case.”

“All students will return to their House common rooms by six o'clock in the evening. No student is to leave the dormitories after that time. You will be escorted to each lesson by a teacher. No student is to use the bathroom unaccompanied by a teacher. All further Quidditch training and matches are to be postponed. There will be no more evening activities.”

“荷敏！”羅恩叹了口气。荷敏一动不动，眼睛睁得大大的而且很呆滞。“他们被发现在图书馆附近，”麦格教授说。“你们两个能解释一下吗？这东西就在他们旁边的地板上...”她拿起了一个小小的圆形镜子。哈利和罗恩摇了摇头，都盯着荷敏。“我会陪你们回到格兰芬多宿舍楼，”麦格教授沉重地说。“反正我还需要讲话给学生们听。”“所有的学生必须在晚上六点之前回到自己的宿舍里，晚上六点后禁止离开宿舍。每节课都将由老师护送学生前往。学生禁止独自使用洗手间。所有的魁地奇训练和比赛都将被推迟。没有晚间活动了。”

The Gryffindors packed inside the common room listened to Professor McGonagall in silence. She rolled up the parchment from which she had been reading and said in a somewhat choked voice, “I need hardly add that I have rarely been so distressed. It is likely that the school will be closed unless the culprit behind these attacks is caught. I would urge anyone who thinks they might know anything about them to come forward.”

She climbed somewhat awkwardly out of the portrait hole, and the Gryffindors began talking immediately.

“That's two Gryffindors down, not counting a Gryffindor ghost, one Ravenclaw, and one Hufflepuff,” said the Weasley twins' friend Lee Jordan, counting on his fingers. “Haven't *any* of the teachers noticed that the Slytherins are all safe? Isn't it *obvious* all this stuff's coming from Slytherin? The *Heir* of Slytherin, the *monster* of Slytherin — why don't they just chuck all the Slytherins out?” he roared, to nods and scattered applause.

格蘭芬多人擠滿在公共房間裡，靜靜地聽著麥格教授講話。她捲起正在讀的羊皮紙，有些緊張地說，“我幾乎從未如此憂心。若不能找到針對這些攻擊的罪犯，學校可能會被迫關閉。我要敦促任何人如果覺得自己可能知道任何相關的事情，請勇敢站出來。”她有點笨拙地從畫像孔爬出來，而格蘭芬多人立刻開始交談起來。“這樣下去，就有兩個格蘭芬多學生倒下了，不算一個格蘭芬多的鬼魂，一個雷文克勞，還有一個赫夫帕夫，”威斯萊雙胞胎的朋友李·喬丹計算著指頭。“難道沒有老師注意到蛇嘴小子都安然無恙嗎？這一切不是明顯來自蛇嘴小子嗎？蛇嘴小子的繼承人，蛇嘴小子的怪獸——他們為什麼不把所有的蛇嘴小子都趕出去？”他咆哮著，得到了一些點頭和散亂掌聲的回應。

Percy Weasley was sitting in a chair behind Lee, but for once he didn't seem keen to make his views heard. He was looking pale and stunned.

“Percy's in shock,” George told Harry quietly. “That Ravenclaw girl — Penelope Clearwater — she's a prefect. I don't think he thought the monster would dare attack a *prefect* .”

But Harry was only half-listening. He didn't seem to be able to get rid of the picture of Hermione, lying on the hospital bed as though carved out of stone. And if the culprit wasn't caught soon, he was looking at a lifetime back with the Dursleys. Tom Riddle had turned Hagrid in because he was faced with the prospect of a Muggle orphanage if the school closed. Harry now knew exactly how he had felt.

“What're we going to do?” said Ron quietly in Harry's ear. “D'you think they suspect Hagrid?”

珀西·威斯萊坐在李身后的椅子上，但他似乎不想表达自己的看法。他看起来苍白和震惊。“珀西很震惊，”乔治轻声告诉哈利。“那个拉文克劳的女孩，佩内洛普·克利尔沃特，她是个班长。我不认为他觉得怪物会冒险攻击班长。”但哈利只听了一半。他好像无法摆脱赫敏躺在医院床上的画面，就像雕刻出来的一样。如果罪犯不能很快被捕，他将回到德思礼家度过余生。汤姆·里德尔因为担心学校关闭后会被送到麻瓜孤儿院而出卖海格。哈利现在完全理解他当时的感受了。“我们该怎么办？”罗恩小声问哈利。“你觉得他们怀疑海格吗？”

“We've got to go and talk to him,” said Harry, making up his mind. “I can't believe it's him this time, but if he set the monster loose last time he'll

know how to get inside the Chamber of Secrets, and that's a start."

"But McGonagall said we've got to stay in our tower unless we're in class —"

"I think," said Harry, more quietly still, "it's time to get my dad's old Cloak out again."

Harry had inherited just one thing from his father: a long and silvery Invisibility Cloak. It was their only chance of sneaking out of the school to visit Hagrid without anyone knowing about it. They went to bed at the usual time, waited until Neville, Dean, and Seamus had stopped discussing the Chamber of Secrets and finally fallen asleep, then got up, dressed again, and threw the Cloak over themselves.

“我們得去找他說話。”哈利下定決心說，“我不相信這次又是他，但如果他上次放走了怪物，他就知道如何進入密室，這是個開始。”“但麥格教授說，除了上課，我們必須待在自己的塔裡。”哈利更加小聲地說：“我想是時候再次拿出我父親的老披風了。”哈利只從他父親那裡繼承了一件東西：一條長長的銀色隱形披風。這是他們悄悄離開學校去看海格的唯一機會。他們像往常一樣上床睡覺，等到納威、迪恩和西莫斯停止討論密室的秘密，最後入睡後，他們起床、穿好衣服，把披風罩在身上。

The journey through the dark and deserted castle corridors wasn't enjoyable. Harry, who had wandered the castle at night several times before, had never seen it so crowded after sunset. Teachers, prefects, and ghosts were marching the corridors in pairs, staring around for any unusual activity. Their Invisibility Cloak didn't stop them making any noise, and there was a particularly tense moment when Ron stubbed his toe only yards from the spot where Snape stood standing guard. Thankfully, Snape sneezed at almost exactly the moment Ron swore. It was with relief that they reached the oak front doors and eased them open.

It was a clear, starry night. They hurried toward the lit windows of Hagrid's house and pulled off the Cloak only when they were right outside his front door.

在黑暗和荒涼的城堡走廊中的旅程並不愉快。哈利以前已經多次在夜間穿行城堡，但從未看到過日落後如此擁擠。老師、導師和鬼魂成對成對地走過走廊，警戒任何不尋常的活動。他們的隱形斗篷沒有阻止他們發出任何聲音，當羅恩在離斯納佩站崗的位置只有幾碼之遙時，有一個特別緊張的時刻。幸運的是，斯納佩幾乎在羅恩發誓的同時打了個噴嚏。當他們到達橡木前門並輕輕推開時，他們感到欣慰。這是一個晴朗，星光燦爛的夜晚。在匆忙走向海格家有燈光的窗戶時，當他們來到他的前門口時才脫下了斗篷。

Seconds after they had knocked, Hagrid flung it open. They found themselves face-to-face with him aiming a crossbow at them. Fang the boarhound barked loudly behind him.

"Oh," he said, lowering the weapon and staring at them. "What're you two doin' here?"

"What's that for?" said Harry, pointing at the crossbow as they stepped inside.

"Nothin' — nothin' —" Hagrid muttered. "I've bin expectin' — doesn' matter — Sit down — I'll make tea —"

He hardly seemed to know what he was doing. He nearly extinguished the fire, spilling water from the kettle on it, and then smashed the teapot with a nervous jerk of his massive hand.

"Are you okay, Hagrid?" said Harry. "Did you hear about Hermione?"

"Oh, I heard, all righ'," said Hagrid, a slight break in his voice.

He kept glancing nervously at the windows. He poured them both large mugs of boiling water (he had forgotten to add tea bags) and was just putting a slab of fruitcake on a plate when there was a loud knock on the door.

他們敲門幾秒鐘後，海格便猛地打開了門。他們看到他正瞄準著十字弓對著他們。海格身後的野豬獵犬芳格則在尖聲吠叫。「哦，」他放下武器看著他們說：「你們來這裡幹什麼？」「那是幹嘛的？」哈利指著十字弓問道，當他們走進房間時。「沒什麼-沒什麼-」海格嘟囔著。「我一直都在等-不重要-坐下，我會泡茶。」他似乎幾乎不知道自己在幹什麼。他差點撲滅了火，從水壺裡濺了水，然後用他龐大的手緊張地一拍，摔碎了茶壺。「你還好吧，海格？」哈利問道。「你有聽說赫敏的事嗎？」「哦，我聽到了，當然聽到了。」海格聲音有些顫抖，他一直神經兮兮地朝窗外瞟來瞟去。他為他們倒了兩大杯開水（他忘了放茶葉），正要放一塊水果蛋糕在盤子裡時，門外便傳來一聲巨大的敲門聲。

Hagrid dropped the fruitcake. Harry and Ron exchanged panic-stricken looks, then threw the Invisibility Cloak back over themselves and retreated into a corner. Hagrid checked that they were hidden, seized his crossbow, and flung open his door once more.

"Good evening, Hagrid."

It was Dumbledore. He entered, looking deadly serious, and was followed by a second, very odd-looking man.

The stranger had rumpled gray hair and an anxious expression, and was wearing a strange mixture of clothes: a pinstriped suit, a scarlet tie, a long black cloak, and pointed purple boots. Under his arm he carried a lime-green bowler.

"That's Dad's boss!" Ron breathed. "Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic!"

Harry elbowed Ron hard to make him shut up.

Hagrid had gone pale and sweaty. He dropped into one of his chairs and looked from Dumbledore to Cornelius Fudge.

海格將水果蛋糕摔落在地，哈利和羅恩面露驚恐的表情，隨即把隱形斗篷拉回身上，躲到角落裡。海格確認他們隱藏得很好後，拿起他的十字弓，再次打開大門。「晚上好，海格。」進來的是鄧布利多。他臉色嚴肅，後面跟著一個相當奇怪的男人。這個陌生人灰頭灰腦，表情緊張，穿著一套奇怪的混搭服裝：線條西裝、猩紅領帶、長黑披風和尖頭紫靴。他手臂下夾著一個青檸色的禮帽。「那是我爸爸的上司！」羅恩輕聲說。「康奈留·法吉，魔法部部長！」哈利用力推了推羅恩，讓他閉上了嘴巴。海格臉色蒼白，滿頭大汗。他坐到椅子上，看著鄧布利多和康奈留·法吉。

“Bad business, Hagrid,” said Fudge in rather clipped tones. “Very bad business. Had to come. Four attacks on Muggle-borns. Things’ve gone far enough. Ministry’s got to act.”

“I never,” said Hagrid, looking imploringly at Dumbledore. “You know I never, Professor Dumbledore, sir —”

“I want it understood, Cornelius, that Hagrid has my full confidence,” said Dumbledore, frowning at Fudge.

“Look, Albus,” said Fudge, uncomfortably. “Hagrid’s record’s against him. Ministry’s got to do something — the school governors have been in touch —”

“Yet again, Cornelius, I tell you that taking Hagrid away will not help in the slightest,” said Dumbledore. His blue eyes were full of a fire Harry had never seen before.

“Look at it from my point of view,” said Fudge, fidgeting with his bowler. “I’m under a lot of pressure. Got to be seen to be doing something. If it turns out it wasn’t Hagrid, he’ll be back and no more said. But I’ve got to take him. Got to. Wouldn’t be doing my duty —”

“哈格力，你的表現糟糕透了，”福吉板著臉說，“非常糟糕。我必須出面。純血主義者受到四次攻擊，事態已經嚴重到不可接受的地步。部長必須採取行動。”“我從來沒有——”哈格看著鄧布利多，懇求地說，“您知道我從來沒有，鄧布利多教授，先生——”“我想要你明白，科尼留斯，哈格得到了我的全力支持，”鄧布利多皺著眉頭對福吉道。“聽我說，阿不思，”福吉說得有些難受，“哈格的記錄證明了他的罪行。部長必須採取行動——學校的管理員們也跟我聯繫了——”“科尼留斯，我再次告訴你，把哈格帶走對解決問題沒有任何幫助，”鄧布利多說。他的藍眼睛充滿了哈利從未見過的火熱。“從我的角度看問題，”福吉拿起他的禮帽弄來弄去，“我面臨很大的壓力。必須要被發現正在做些什麼。如果最終證明不是哈格幹的，他就可以回來了，不再有問題。但我不得不帶他走。必須這樣。否則我就不盡我的職責——”

“Take me?” said Hagrid, who was trembling. “Take me where?”

“For a short stretch only,” said Fudge, not meeting Hagrid’s eyes. “Not a punishment, Hagrid, more a precaution. If someone else is caught, you’ll be let out with a full apology —”

“Not Azkaban?” croaked Hagrid.

Before Fudge could answer, there was another loud rap on the door.

Dumbledore answered it. It was Harry’s turn for an elbow in the ribs; he’d let out an audible gasp.

Mr. Lucius Malfoy strode into Hagrid’s hut, swathed in a long black traveling cloak, smiling a cold and satisfied smile. Fang started to growl.

“Already here, Fudge,” he said approvingly. “Good, good . . .”

“What’re you doin’ here?” said Hagrid furiously. “Get outta my house!”

“My dear man, please believe me, I have no pleasure at all in being inside your — er — d’you call this a house?” said Lucius Malfoy, sneering as he looked around the small cabin. “I simply called at the school and was told that the headmaster was here.”

「帶我？」顫抖的海格問道。「帶我去哪裡？」福吉並未看著海格回答：「只是短暫的一段時間，不是懲罰，海格，而是預防措施。如果再有其他人被逮住，道歉後你就會被釋放。」「不是阿茲卡班吧？」海格嘶啞地問。福吉還來不及回答，門外又傳來一聲巨響。鄧布利多去開了門，哈利不小心嗯了一聲，他又被在肋骨上狠狠撞了一下。露西斯·馬爾福先生一身長長的黑色旅行斗篷走進了海格的小屋，臉上掛著冷峻滿足的笑容，芳能開始低聲嗥叫起來。「你已經來了，福吉，」他贊許地說道。「很好，很好……」「你來幹嘛？」海格生氣地問。「從我家裡滾出去！」「親愛的人啊，請相信我，我並不喜歡待在這種……怎麼說呢，你這算是個房子嗎？」露西斯·馬爾福貶低地打量著這個小木屋。「我只是來到學校，被告知校長在這裡。」

“And what exactly did you want with me, Lucius?” said Dumbledore. He spoke politely, but the fire was still blazing in his blue eyes.

“Dreadful thing, Dumbledore,” said Malfoy lazily, taking out a long roll of parchment, “but the governors feel it’s time for you to step aside. This is an Order of Suspension — you’ll find all twelve signatures on it. I’m afraid we feel you’re losing your touch. How many attacks have there been now? Two more this afternoon, wasn’t it? At this rate, there’ll be no Muggle-borns left at Hogwarts, and we all know what an *awful* loss that would be to the school.”

“Oh, now, see here, Lucius,” said Fudge, looking alarmed, “Dumbledore suspended — no, no — last thing we want just now —”

“The appointment — or suspension — of the headmaster is a matter for the governors, Fudge,” said Mr. Malfoy smoothly. “And as Dumbledore has failed to stop these attacks —”

“盧修斯，你找我有什麼事？”鄧不利多說道。他雖然禮貌地說話，但他的藍眼睛中仍然燃燒著火焰。“鄧不利多，真是糟糕的事情，”馬爾福懶洋洋地說道，取出一卷長長的羊皮紙，“理事會覺得是時候讓您退下了。這是一份停職令——您會在上面找到所有十二個簽名。恐怕我們認為你的手腕有些萎靡。現在攻擊已經有多少起了？今天下午又是兩起，對吧？如果繼續這樣下去，霍格沃茨將沒有純血巫師了，我們都知道這會給學校帶來多大的損失。”“哦，盧修斯，你先別急，”福奇神情驚恐地說道，“鄧不利多被停職——不行，現在我們最不需要這種事——”“校長的任命——或停職——是理事會的事情，福奇先生，”馬爾福先生平滑地說道，“而且鄧不利多沒有阻止這些攻擊——”

“See here, Malfoy, if *Dumbledore* can’t stop them,” said Fudge, whose upper lip was sweating now, “I mean to say, who *can*?”

“That remains to be seen,” said Mr. Malfoy with a nasty smile. “But as all twelve of us have voted —”

Hagrid leapt to his feet, his shaggy black head grazing the ceiling.

“An’ how many did yeh have ter threaten an’ blackmail before they agreed, Malfoy, eh?” he roared.

“Dear, dear, you know, that temper of yours will lead you into trouble one of these days, Hagrid,” said Mr. Malfoy. “I would advise you not to shout at the Azkaban guards like that. They won’t like it at all.”

“Yeh can’ take Dumbledore!” yelled Hagrid, making Fang the boarhound cower and whimper in his basket. “Take him away, an’ the Muggle-borns won’ stand a chance! There’ll be killin’ next!”

“馬爾福，注意了，如果邓布利多無法阻止他們。”福吉說，上唇現在汗珠頻傳，“我的意思是，誰能呢？”“那還有待觀察，”馬爾福先生惡毒地笑著說，“但我們十二個人中的所有人都已經投票了——”海格跳了起來，他那蓬亂的黑色頭髮擦著天花板。“你究竟威脅和敲詐了多少人才能讓他們同意，馬爾福？”他吼道。“親愛的，你知道，你那脾氣有一天會讓你陷入麻煩的，海格，”馬爾福先生說，“我建議你不要像那樣對阿茲卡班獄卒喊叫。他們一點也不喜歡這樣。”“你們不能帶走鄧布利多！”海格大喊，讓野豬獵犬芬恩在籃子裡發抖和哀鳴。“把他帶走，那些麻瓜出身的人就沒有機會了！接下來就會有殺戮！”

“Calm yourself, Hagrid,” said Dumbledore sharply. He looked at Lucius Malfoy.

“If the governors want my removal, Lucius, I shall of course step aside —”

“But —” stuttered Fudge.

“No!” growled Hagrid.

Dumbledore had not taken his bright blue eyes off Lucius Malfoy’s cold gray ones.

“However,” said Dumbledore, speaking very slowly and clearly so that none of them could miss a word, “you will find that I will only *truly* have left this school when none here are loyal to me. You will also find that help will always be given at Hogwarts to those who ask for it.”

For a second, Harry was almost sure Dumbledore’s eyes flickered toward the corner where he and Ron stood hidden.

“Admirable sentiments,” said Malfoy, bowing. “We shall all miss your — er — highly individual way of running things, Albus, and only hope that your successor will manage to prevent any — ah — *killins.*”

「鎮靜下來，海格，」鄧不利多銳利地說道。他看著盧修斯·馬爾福。「如果董事們想要我下臺，盧修斯，我當然會讓位——」「可是——」咕哝著的法udge「不！」海格咆哮道。鄧不利多沒有把他明亮的藍眼睛從盧修斯·馬爾福冰冷的灰眼睛上移開。「然而，」鄧不利多說，非常緩慢和清晰地講話，以便他們中的任何人都沒有錯過一個詞，「你們會發現，只有當沒有人忠於我時，我才真正離開這個學校。你還會發現，在霍格沃茨，總是會幫助那些需要幫助的人。」一瞬間，哈利幾乎確信鄧不利多的眼睛朝他和朗站在藏身處的角落處瞥了一下。「令人欽佩的情懷，」馬爾福說，鞠躬。「我們都會想念你的——嗯——高度個性化的管理方式，阿不思，只希望你的繼任者能夠防止任何——呃——殺戮。」

He strode to the cabin door, opened it, and bowed Dumbledore out. Fudge, fiddling with his bowler, waited for Hagrid to go ahead of him, but Hagrid stood his ground, took a deep breath, and said carefully, “If anyone wanted ter find out some *stuff*, all they’d have ter do would be ter follow the *spiders*. That’d lead ‘em right! That’s all I’m sayin’.”

Fudge stared at him in amazement.

“All right, I’m comin’,” said Hagrid, pulling on his moleskin overcoat. But as he was about to follow Fudge through the door, he stopped again and said loudly, “An’ someone’ll need ter feed Fang while I’m away.”

The door banged shut and Ron pulled off the Invisibility Cloak.

“We’re in trouble now,” he said hoarsely. “No Dumbledore. They might as well close the school tonight. There’ll be an attack a day with him gone.”

他大步走向小屋門，打開它，向狄更斯鞠了一躬。捏着禮帽的福吉等着海格先走，但海格站穩了腳跟，深吸了一口氣，小心翼翼

翼地说：“如果有人想找出一些东西，他们所需要做的就是追踪蜘蛛。那样会带他们找到答案！这就是我想说的。”福吉惊讶地盯着他。“好吧，我来了，”海格拉上了自己的麻鼠皮外套。但当他要跟着福吉通过门口时，他又停了下来，大声说道：“有人得在我不在的时候喂芬格。”门砰地一声关上，罗恩摘下了隐形斗篷。“我们现在有麻烦了，”他沙哑地说道，“没有邓布利多。学校今晚就得关门了。他不在，每天都会有攻击。”

Fang started howling, scratching at the closed door.

芳開始嚎叫，抓著關著的門。



## ARAGOG

Summer was creeping over the grounds around the castle; sky and lake alike turned periwinkle blue and flowers large as cabbages burst into bloom in the greenhouses. But with no Hagrid visible from the castle windows, striding the grounds with Fang at his heels, the scene didn't look right to Harry; no better, in fact, than the inside of the castle, where things were so horribly wrong.

Harry and Ron had tried to visit Hermione, but visitors were now barred from the hospital wing.

“We’re taking no more chances,” Madam Pomfrey told them severely through a crack in the infirmary door. “No, I’m sorry, there’s every chance the attacker might come back to finish these people off . . .”

With Dumbledore gone, fear had spread as never before, so that the sun warming the castle walls outside seemed to stop at the mullioned windows. There was barely a face to be seen in the school that didn’t look worried and tense, and any laughter that rang through the corridors sounded shrill and unnatural and was quickly stifled.

夏天悄悄地侵襲著城堡周圍的地面；天空和湖泊彷彿一起變成淡紫藍色，綠房中巨大如大白菜的花朵綻放著。但是從城堡窗戶裡看不到黑鬍子帶著牠的牙起著浪跡天涯，哈利感覺整個景象非常不對勁；事實上，城堡內的情況也同樣惡劣。哈利和羅恩試圖去看赫敏，但現在醫療部門禁止任何訪客。“我們不再冒險了，”龐佛夫人嚴厲地透過醫務室門縫告訴他們。“對不起，但是攻擊者可能會回來完成這件事……”鄧布利多離開後，恐懼如此擴散，以致於壁爐窗外的陽光似乎在窗框上就止步了。學校裡幾乎沒有一張臉看起來不擔心和緊張，任何迴蕩在走廊上的笑聲聽起來都顯得刺耳和不自然，很快就被壓抑住了。

Harry constantly repeated Dumbledore’s final words to himself. “*I will only truly have left this school when none here are loyal to me. . . . Help will always be given at Hogwarts to those who ask for it.*” But what good were these words? Who exactly were they supposed to ask for help, when everyone was just as confused and scared as they were?

Hagrid’s hint about the spiders was far easier to understand — the trouble was, there didn’t seem to be a single spider left in the castle to follow. Harry looked everywhere he went, helped (rather reluctantly) by Ron. They were hampered, of course, by the fact that they weren’t allowed to wander off on their own but had to move around the castle in a pack with the other Gryffindors. Most of their fellow students seemed glad that they were being shepherded from class to class by teachers, but Harry found it very irksome.

哈利不停地重複鄧布利多的最後話。「只要這裡沒有一個人對我忠誠，我就真正離開了這個學校……在霍格華茲，求助者得到幫助是理所當然的。」但這些話有何好處？他們究竟應該向誰求助，當每個人都和他們一樣困惑和害怕時？海格有關蜘蛛的提示更容易理解，但問題是，似乎沒有一隻蜘蛛留在城堡裡可以跟隨。哈利走到哪裡都到處看，習慣性地得到羅恩的幫助。當然，他們被禁止自己出去四處走動，必須和其他格蘭芬多學生一起在城堡裡移動。大多數同學似乎很高興被老師護送著上課，但哈利覺得這很煩人。

One person, however, seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the atmosphere of terror and suspicion. Draco Malfoy was strutting around the school as though he had just been appointed Head Boy. Harry didn’t realize what he was so pleased about until the Potions lesson about two weeks after Dumbledore and Hagrid had left, when, sitting right behind Malfoy, Harry overheard him gloating to Crabbe and Goyle.

“I always thought Father might be the one who got rid of Dumbledore,” he said, not troubling to keep his voice down. “I told you he thinks Dumbledore’s the worst headmaster the school’s ever had. Maybe we’ll get a decent headmaster now. Someone who won’t *want* the Chamber of Secrets closed. McGonagall won’t last long, she’s only filling in. . . .”

Snape swept past Harry, making no comment about Hermione’s empty seat and cauldron.

有一個人，然而，似乎非常享受恐懼和猜疑的氛圍。德拉科·馬爾福像剛被任命為男生宿舍長一樣在學校裡踱來踱去。哈利直到達姆布爾多和海格離開兩周後的魔藥課上坐在馬爾福後面時才意識到他為什麼這麼高興，那時他正好聽到馬爾福對克拉布和戈伊爾吹噓。他說：“一直以來，我都覺得父親可能是把鄧布利多解決掉的人。”他的聲音態度十分高傲，“我告訴過你，他認為鄧布利多是這所學校有史以來最糟糕的校長。也許現在我們會得到一位好校長？”不需要保持低調。麥格教授幫忙，她不會

維持多久……”斯凱普走過哈利，對赫敏的空位和蒸鍋沒有評論。

“Sir,” said Malfoy loudly. “Sir, why don’t *you* apply for the headmaster’s job?”

“Now, now, Malfoy,” said Snape, though he couldn’t suppress a thin-lipped smile. “Professor Dumbledore has only been suspended by the governors. I daresay he’ll be back with us soon enough.”

“Yeah, right,” said Malfoy, smirking. “I expect you’d have Father’s vote, sir, if you wanted to apply for the job — *I’ll* tell Father you’re the best teacher here, sir —”

Snape smirked as he swept off around the dungeon, fortunately not spotting Seamus Finnigan, who was pretending to vomit into his cauldron.

“I’m quite surprised the Mudbloods haven’t all packed their bags by now,” Malfoy went on. “Bet you five Galleons the next one dies. Pity it wasn’t Granger —”

The bell rang at that moment, which was lucky; at Malfoy’s last words, Ron had leapt off his stool, and in the scramble to collect bags and books, his attempts to reach Malfoy went unnoticed.

“先生，”馬爾福大聲說，“為什麼您不申請校長的職位呢？”“現在，馬爾福，”斯內普說，儘管他無法抑制一個咧嘴的微笑。“邓布利多教授只是被董事會停職了。我敢說他很快就會回到我們身邊。”“耶，對啊，”馬爾福傻笑著說，“我猜如果你想申請這份工作，您會得到我父親的投票 - 我會告訴我父親你是這裡最好的老師 - ”斯內普一邊走出地下室一邊傻笑者，幸好沒看到正在假裝吐在自己爐子裡的西蒙·芬尼根。“我很驚訝泥種還沒有收拾行李走人，”馬爾福繼續說。“打賭五加隆下一個會死的是泥種。真可惜不是格蘭傑 - ”這時鐘響了，這很幸運；在馬爾福的最後一句話裡，羅恩已經從凳子上跳了起來，而在搶著收拾書包的混亂中，他試圖接近馬爾福並沒有被察覺到。

“Let me at him,” Ron growled as Harry and Dean hung onto his arms. “I don’t care, I don’t need my wand, I’m going to kill him with my bare hands —”

“Hurry up, I’ve got to take you all to Herbology,” barked Snape over the class’s heads, and off they marched, with Harry, Ron, and Dean bringing up the rear, Ron still trying to get loose. It was only safe to let go of him when Snape had seen them out of the castle and they were making their way across the vegetable patch toward the greenhouses.

The Herbology class was very subdued; there were now two missing from their number, Justin and Hermione.

Professor Sprout set them all to work pruning the Abyssinian Shrivelfigs. Harry went to tip an armful of withered stalks onto the compost heap and found himself face-to-face with Ernie Macmillan. Ernie took a deep breath and said, very formally, “I just want to say, Harry, that I’m sorry I ever suspected you. I know you’d never attack Hermione Granger, and I apologize for all the stuff I said. We’re all in the same boat now, and, well —”

“讓我去他的！”羅恩咆哮著，當哈利和迪恩牢牢抓住他的手臂時。“我不在乎，我不需要我的魔杖，我要用我的雙手殺了他——”“快點，我們要上草藥學課了。”斯內普越過學生們大聲喊道，然後他們就出發了。哈利、羅恩和迪恩排在最後，羅恩仍然試圖掙脫。直到斯內普看見他們走出城堡，然後他們向蔬菜園走去時，才安全地放手。草藥學課非常沉悶；班級中現在已經有兩個人失蹤了，賈斯汀和赫敏。斯普勞特教授讓他們都開始修剪阿比西尼亞枯樹。哈利走到堆肥堆上倒了一把枯枝，然後發現自己和厄尼·麥克米蘭面對面。厄尼深深地吸了口氣，非常正式地說：“哈利，我只想說，對於我曾經懷疑過你，我很抱歉。我知道你永遠不會攻擊赫敏·格蘭傑，對於我曾經說過的所有的話，我向你道歉。我們現在都處在同一條船上，而且...”

He held out a pudgy hand, and Harry shook it.

Ernie and his friend Hannah came to work at the same Shrivelfig as Harry and Ron.

“That Draco Malfoy character,” said Ernie, breaking off dead twigs, “he seems very pleased about all this, doesn’t he? D’you know, I think *he* might be Slytherin’s heir.”

“That’s clever of you,” said Ron, who didn’t seem to have forgiven Ernie as readily as Harry.

“Do you think it’s Malfoy, Harry?” Ernie asked.

“No,” said Harry, so firmly that Ernie and Hannah stared.

A second later, Harry spotted something.

Several large spiders were scuttling over the ground on the other side of the glass, moving in an unnaturally straight line as though taking the shortest route to a prearranged meeting. Harry hit Ron over the hand with his pruning shears.

他伸出肥嘟嘟的手，哈利握了它。厄尼和他的朋友漢娜一起來到了同樣的小干果販攤，就像哈利和羅恩一樣在裡面工作。「那個德拉科·馬爾福角色，」埃尼說著，一邊打斷死樹枝，「他似乎對這一切感到非常滿意，對嗎？你知道嗎，我想他可能是史萊哲林的繼承人。」「你真聰明。」羅恩說道，他好像沒有像哈利那麼快就原諒厄尼。「哈利，你認為是馬爾福嗎？」埃尼問道。「不是。」哈利迅速回答，讓埃尼和漢娜目瞪口呆。一會兒後，哈利發現了什麼。幾隻大蜘蛛正在玻璃的另一側爬行，在不自然地直線移動，就像是在走最短路經過預定地點。哈利用修剪剪刀打了一下羅恩的手。

“Ouch! What’re you—”

Harry pointed out the spiders, following their progress with his eyes screwed up against the sun.

“Oh, yeah,” said Ron, trying, and failing, to look pleased. “But we can’t follow them now—”

Ernie and Hannah were listening curiously.

Harry’s eyes narrowed as he focused on the spiders. If they pursued their fixed course, there could be no doubt about where they would end up.

“Looks like they’re heading for the Forbidden Forest. . . .”

And Ron looked even unhappier about that.

At the end of the lesson Professor Sprout escorted the class to their Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson. Harry and Ron lagged behind the others so they could talk out of earshot.

“We’ll have to use the Invisibility Cloak again,” Harry told Ron. “We can take Fang with us. He’s used to going into the forest with Hagrid, he might be some help.”

「哎呀！」哈利用手指指向蜘蛛，眼睛紧闭着跟着它们的移动。「哦，是啊。」罗恩试着看起来愉快，但没成功。「但我们现在不能跟着它们去——」厄尼和汉娜好奇地听着。哈利眼睛眯成一条线，专注地盯着蜘蛛。如果它们按照固定的路线前进，那它们的终点就毫无疑问了。「看起来它们要去禁忌的森林……」罗恩的脸色更加不悦了。课程结束时，斯普劳特教授把学生们领到黑魔法防御课上。哈利和罗恩落在了其他人身后，他们走开了一段距离才开始交谈。「我们得再用隐形衣，」哈利告诉罗恩。「我们可以带上芬格。他和海格一起进过森林，也许能帮上忙。」

“Right,” said Ron, who was twirling his wand nervously in his fingers. “Er — aren’t there — aren’t there supposed to be werewolves in the forest?” he added as they took their usual places at the back of Lockhart’s classroom.

Preferring not to answer that question, Harry said, “There are good things in there, too. The centaurs are all right, and the unicorns . . .”

Ron had never been into the Forbidden Forest before. Harry had entered it only once and had hoped never to do so again.

Lockhart bounded into the room and the class stared at him. Every other teacher in the place was looking grimmer than usual, but Lockhart appeared nothing short of buoyant.

“Come now,” he cried, beaming around him. “Why all these long faces?”

People swapped exasperated looks, but nobody answered.

「對啊。」羅恩神經緊張地在手指之間轉動魔杖：「嗯……那裡不是應該有狼人嗎？」他們像往常一樣坐在洛哈特教室的最後一排。哈利不想回答這個問題，他說：「那裡也有好東西。半人馬不錯，還有獨角獸……」羅恩從未進入過禁忌森林。哈利只進入過一次，也希望再也不必進去了。洛哈特跳進房間，學生們盯著他看。這裡的其他老師都比平時更加嚴肅，而洛哈特看起來卻樂觀滿懷。「來吧，」他歡呼著，四周笑容滿面：「這樣臉色這麼長幹嘛？」人們無奈地看了看對方，沒有回答。

“Don’t you people realize,” said Lockhart, speaking slowly, as though they were all a bit dim, “the danger has passed! The culprit has been taken away—”

“Says who?” said Dean Thomas loudly.

“My dear young man, the Minister of Magic wouldn’t have taken Hagrid if he hadn’t been one hundred percent sure that he was guilty,” said Lockhart, in the tone of someone explaining that one and one made two.

“Oh, yes he would,” said Ron, even more loudly than Dean.

“I flatter myself I know a *touch* more about Hagrid’s arrest than you do, Mr. Weasley,” said Lockhart in a self-satisfied tone.

Ron started to say that he didn’t think so, somehow, but stopped in midsentence when Harry kicked him hard under the desk.

“We weren’t there, remember?” Harry muttered.

But Lockhart’s disgusting cheeriness, his hints that he had always thought Hagrid was no good, his confidence that the whole business was now at an end, irritated Harry so much that he yearned to throw *Gadding with Ghouls* right in Lockhart’s stupid face. Instead he contented himself with scrawling a note to Ron: *Let’s do it tonight*.

“你们难道没有意识到，”洛哈特慢慢地说，好像他们都有点迟钝，“危险已经过去了！罪犯已经被带走了——”“谁说的？”迪恩·托马斯高声问道。“亲爱的年轻人们，如果魔法部长不百分之百确定海格有罪，他是不会抓走海格的，”洛哈特以解释一加一等于二的口吻说道。“哦，他会的，”罗恩比迪恩还要大声地说。“我自认比你更了解海格被抓的情况，韦斯莱先生，”洛哈特以一种自满的语气说道。罗恩本来想说他不这么认为，但是当哈利在桌子下狠狠地踢他一下时，他话到嘴边就噤了。“我们不在那里，记住吗？”哈利轻声说道。但是，洛哈特让人恶心的欢快，他暗示自己一直以为海格不好，他对整个事件已经结束的自

信，让哈利非常恼火，他渴望将《与鬼魂为伍》扔到洛哈特那张蠢脸上。相反，他只写了一张纸条给罗恩：让我们今晚去做。

Ron read the message, swallowed hard, and looked sideways at the empty seat usually filled by Hermione. The sight seemed to stiffen his resolve, and he nodded.

The Gryffindor common room was always very crowded these days, because from six o'clock onward the Gryffindors had nowhere else to go. They also had plenty to talk about, with the result that the common room often didn't empty until past midnight.

Harry went to get the Invisibility Cloak out of his trunk right after dinner, and spent the evening sitting on it, waiting for the room to clear. Fred and George challenged Harry and Ron to a few games of Exploding Snap, and Ginny sat watching them, very subdued in Hermione's usual chair. Harry and Ron kept losing on purpose, trying to finish the games quickly, but even so, it was well past midnight when Fred, George, and Ginny finally went to bed.

羅恩讀了消息，吞了一口口水，側頭望向平時坐滿赫敏的空椅。這情形好像讓他的決心更加堅定，他點了點頭。格蘭芬多的公共休息室近來總是很擠，因為從六點開始，他們別無去處。他們也有很多話題可談，所以公共休息室常常要到過了午夜才會空。哈利在晚餐後就去拿隱形斗篷，整個晚上都坐在上面，等待房間被清空。佛萊德和喬治挑戰哈利和羅恩玩壞掉的飛快快牌，金妮則坐在赫敏平時坐的位置上看著。哈利和羅恩故意輸掉遊戲，試圖讓遊戲快點結束，但即使這樣，等到佛萊德、喬治和金妮終於上床睡覺時已經過了午夜。

Harry and Ron waited for the distant sounds of two dormitory doors closing before seizing the Cloak, throwing it over themselves, and climbing through the portrait hole.

It was another difficult journey through the castle, dodging all the teachers. At last they reached the entrance hall, slid back the lock on the oak front doors, squeezed between them, trying to stop any creaking, and stepped out into the moonlit grounds.

“Course,” said Ron abruptly as they strode across the black grass, “we might get to the forest and find there's nothing to follow. Those spiders might not've been going there at all. I know it looked like they were moving in that sort of general direction, but . . .”

His voice trailed away hopefully.

They reached Hagrid's house, sad and sorry-looking with its blank windows. When Harry pushed the door open, Fang went mad with joy at the sight of them. Worried he might wake everyone at the castle with his deep, booming barks, they hastily fed him treacle toffee from a tin on the mantelpiece, which glued his teeth together.

哈利和朗等待了兩個宿舍門遠處傳來的聲音，然後抓起隱形衣，披到身上，爬過肖像洞穴。這是另一次在城堡裡艱難的旅程，躲避所有老師。最後，他們到達了入口大廳，推開橡木前門上的鎖，擠在門牆中間，試圖阻止任何吱吱聲，走出月光照耀的草地。朗踱過黑色的草地，突然說：“當然，”他的聲音帶著希望地消失了，“我們可能到了森林，發現沒有東西可以追蹤。那些蜘蛛可能根本沒有往那裡走。我知道看起來像是它們朝著那個方向移動，但是.....”他的聲音減弱了。他們到達了海格的房子，它看起來悲傷而憔悴，沒有窗戶。當哈利推開門時，芬格看到他們，非常高興，深深地吠叫著。他們匆忙從壁爐架上的餡餅罐中喂了它焦糖太妃糖，把它牙齒黏在一起，擔心它會用它深沉而沉重的吠聲把城堡裡的每個人都喚醒。

Harry left the Invisibility Cloak on Hagrid's table. There would be no need for it in the pitch-dark forest.

“C'mon, Fang, we're going for a walk,” said Harry, patting his leg, and Fang bounded happily out of the house behind them, dashed to the edge of the forest, and lifted his leg against a large sycamore tree.

Harry took out his wand, murmured, “*Lumos!*” and a tiny light appeared at the end of it, just enough to let them watch the path for signs of spiders.

“Good thinking,” said Ron. “I'd light mine, too, but you know — it'd probably blow up or something . . .”

Harry tapped Ron on the shoulder, pointing at the grass. Two solitary spiders were hurrying away from the wandlight into the shade of the trees.

“Okay,” Ron sighed as though resigned to the worst, “I'm ready. Let's go.”

哈利把隱形斗篷放在海格的桌子上，因為在漆黑的森林中沒有必要使用它。「來啊，方，我們去散步。」哈利拍了拍腿，方高興地跳出房子，沖向森林邊緣，抬起腿對一棵大槭樹排便。哈利拿出魔杖，低聲喃喃「*Lumos!*」魔杖末端亮起一點微光，足以讓他們觀察到路徑和蜘蛛的蹤跡。「好主意。」羅恩說：「我也想點我的魔杖，但你知道——那可能會爆炸什麼的.....」哈利拍了拍羅恩的肩，指著草地。兩隻孤獨的蜘蛛從魔杖的光線中匆匆遠去，躲進樹蔭裡。「好了。」羅恩嘆了口氣，好像已經做好最壞的心理準備：「我準備好了，我們走吧。」

So, with Fang scampering around them, sniffing tree roots and leaves, they entered the forest. By the glow of Harry's wand, they followed the steady trickle of spiders moving along the path. They walked behind them for about twenty minutes, not speaking, listening hard for noises other than breaking twigs and rustling leaves. Then, when the trees had become thicker than ever, so that the stars overhead were no longer visible, and Harry's wand shone alone in the sea of dark, they saw their spider guides leaving the path.

Harry paused, trying to see where the spiders were going, but everything outside his little sphere of light was pitch-black. He had never been this deep into the forest before. He could vividly remember Hagrid advising him not to leave the forest path last time he'd been in here. But Hagrid was miles away now, probably sitting in a cell in Azkaban, and he had also said to follow the spiders.

所以，當方圓四處走來走去，嗅著樹根和葉子時，他們進入了森林。在哈利的魔杖照耀下，他們跟著一條緩緩流動的蜘蛛行進，走了大約二十分鐘，一言不發，專心聆聽除了斷枝和搖曳的樹葉以外的噪音。然後，當樹木變得比以往更加茂密，以至於頭頂上的星星不再可見，只剩下哈利的魔杖在黑暗中閃耀，他們看到他們的蜘蛛向路徑外走去。哈利停下來，試圖看清楚蜘蛛們要去哪裡，但是他的小小光圈之外是一片漆黑。他從未這麼深入森林過。他清楚地記得，海格曾經建議他不要離開森林小徑最後一次進入森林時。但是海格現在已經離開了幾英里遠，可能正在阿茲卡班的牢房裡坐著，他還說要跟著蜘蛛走。

Something wet touched Harry's hand and he jumped backward, crushing Ron's foot, but it was only Fang's nose.

"What d'you reckon?" Harry said to Ron, whose eyes he could just make out, reflecting the light from his wand.

"We've come this far," said Ron.

So they followed the darting shadows of the spiders into the trees. They couldn't move very quickly now; there were tree roots and stumps in their way, barely visible in the near blackness. Harry could feel Fang's hot breath on his hand. More than once, they had to stop, so that Harry could crouch down and find the spiders in the wandlight.

They walked for what seemed like at least half an hour, their robes snagging on low-slung branches and brambles. After a while, they noticed that the ground seemed to be sloping downward, though the trees were as thick as ever.

有什麼潮濕的東西碰到哈利的手，他向後跳，壓在了羅恩的腳上，但那只是芬的鼻子。“你覺得怎麼樣？”哈利對著羅恩說，他能看到他的眼睛在他的魔杖照明下微微閃爍。“我們已經走了這麼遠了，”羅恩說。所以他們跟著蜘蛛的飛快陰影進入樹林。他們現在無法移動得很快；路上有樹根和樹墩，幾乎在近黑暗中看不到。哈利能感覺到芬的炙熱呼吸在他的手上。不止一次，他們不得不停下來，讓哈利蹲下並在魔杖的光線下找蜘蛛。他們走了像是至少半個小時的時間，袍子被低懸的樹枝和荊棘綁住了。過了一會兒，他們注意到地面似乎往下傾斜，雖然樹依然那麼密集。

Then Fang suddenly let loose a great, echoing bark, making both Harry and Ron jump out of their skins.

"What?" said Ron loudly, looking around into the pitch-dark, and gripping Harry's elbow very hard.

"There's something moving over there," Harry breathed. "Listen . . . sounds like something big . . ."

They listened. Some distance to their right, the something big was snapping branches as it carved a path through the trees.

"Oh, no," said Ron. "Oh, no, oh, no, oh —"

"Shut up," said Harry frantically. "It'll hear you."

"Hear me?" said Ron in an unnaturally high voice. "It's already heard Fang!"

The darkness seemed to be pressing on their eyeballs as they stood, terrified, waiting. There was a strange rumbling noise and then silence.

"What d'you think it's doing?" said Harry.

那時方格突然發出巨大而回音不停的吠聲，讓哈利和朗嚇得跳了起來。「什麼事？」朗大聲說，在漆黑的四周四處張望，很用力地緊握著哈利的肘部。「那邊有東西在移動，」哈利喘著氣說：「聽……聲音很大。」他們傾聽著。在他們的右邊有一段距離，那個聲音很大的東西正在切割穿過樹林的樹枝。「不，」朗說：「不，不，不——」「安靜！」哈利嚇得大叫：「它會聽到你說話的。」「聽到我說話？」朗說，聲音不自然地高了起來：「它已經聽到方格的叫聲了！」當他們驚恐地站著等待時，黑暗似乎在加壓他們的眼球。突然傳來一種奇怪的隆隆聲，然後一片寂靜。「你覺得它在幹什麼？」哈利說道。

"Probably getting ready to pounce," said Ron.

They waited, shivering, hardly daring to move.

"D'you think it's gone?" Harry whispered.

"Dunno —"

Then, to their right, came a sudden blaze of light, so bright in the darkness that both of them flung up their hands to shield their eyes. Fang yelped and tried to run, but got lodged in a tangle of thorns and yelped even louder.

"Harry!" Ron shouted, his voice breaking with relief. "Harry, it's our car!"

"What?"

"Come on!"

Harry blundered after Ron toward the light, stumbling and tripping, and a moment later they had emerged into a clearing.

Mr. Weasley's car was standing, empty, in the middle of a circle of thick trees under a roof of dense branches, its headlights ablaze. As Ron walked, openmouthed, toward it, it moved slowly toward him, exactly like a large, turquoise dog greeting its owner.

「可能正在準備扑上來，」羅恩說。他們等待著，不敢輕易移動。「你覺得它已經走了嗎？」哈利低聲問道。「不知道——」接著，右邊突然閃過一道明亮的光芒，在黑暗中格外刺眼，他們兩人都不禁舉手遮眼。方怪獸尖叫著想逃，但被一片藤蔓糾纏，更加尖叫。「哈利！」羅恩興奮地喊道，聲音顫抖著。「哈利，那是我們的車！」「什麼？」「快來！」哈利蹣跚地跟在羅恩身後，絆了幾跤，片刻後他們便走出了一個空地。威茲萊先生的車停在濃密樹林中央的一個圓圈裡，周圍環繞著茂密的樹枝，車頭燈閃耀著。當羅恩張著嘴巴靠近車時，車慢慢向他移動，就像一隻大大的綠松石狗向它的主人打招呼。

“It's been here all the time!” said Ron delightedly, walking around the car. “Look at it. The forest's turned it wild. . .”

The sides of the car were scratched and smeared with mud. Apparently it had taken to trundling around the forest on its own. Fang didn't seem at all keen on it; he kept close to Harry, who could feel him quivering. His breathing slowing down again, Harry stuffed his wand back into his robes.

“And we thought it was going to attack us!” said Ron, leaning against the car and patting it. “I wondered where it had gone!”

Harry squinted around on the floodlit ground for signs of more spiders, but they had all scuttled away from the glare of the headlights.

“We've lost the trail,” he said. “C'mon, let's go and find them”

Ron didn't speak. He didn't move. His eyes were fixed on a point some ten feet above the forest floor, right behind Harry. His face was livid with terror.

「一直在這裡！」羅恩高興地說著，圍繞著車走來走去。「看它，被森林吞沒了...」車子的側面刮傷了，沾滿了泥土。顯然，它自己開到了森林裡。芬格似乎對此不太感興趣；他緊跟在哈利身旁，哈利能感覺到它的顫抖。他的呼吸再次放慢，哈利把魔杖塞回到長袍裡。「我們還以為它要攻擊我們呢！」羅恩靠在車上，輕拍著它。「我一直想知道它去哪了！」哈利斜眼看著被探照燈照亮的地面，想找到更多蜘蛛的跡象，但它們都躲避了車頭燈的耀眼。「我們迷路了，」他說。「走，讓我們去找它們。」羅恩沒有說話，也不動彈。他的眼睛盯著哈利後面地面十英尺處的某個地方，臉色因恐懼而蒼白。

Harry didn't even have time to turn around. There was a loud clicking noise and suddenly he felt something long and hairy seize him around the middle and lift him off the ground, so that he was hanging facedown. Struggling, terrified, he heard more clicking, and saw Ron's legs leave the ground, too, heard Fang whimpering and howling — next moment, he was being swept away into the dark trees.

Head hanging, Harry saw that what had hold of him was marching on six immensely long, hairy legs, the front two clutching him tightly below a pair of shining black pincers. Behind him, he could hear another of the creatures, no doubt carrying Ron. They were moving into the very heart of the forest. Harry could hear Fang fighting to free himself from a third monster, whining loudly, but Harry couldn't have yelled even if he had wanted to; he seemed to have left his voice back with the car in the clearing.

哈利根本沒有時間轉身，他聽到了一聲巨響，突然感覺到一些又長又毛的東西緊緊地抓住了他的中間，把他從地上提起，倒掛著。他掙扎著，恐懼著，聽到了更多的嗒嗒聲，看到了羅恩的腿也離地了，聽到了芬恩嗚咽和狂吠聲——下一刻，他被席卷到了黑暗的樹林中。頭垂下，哈利看到抓住他的東西有著六條極長的毛腿，前兩條毛腿用一對閃亮的黑色鉗子緊緊地抓住他。在他身後，他能聽到另一個生物（毫無疑問是抓住了羅恩的那一個），他們正在進入森林的中心。哈利能聽到芬恩在與第三個怪物掙扎，大聲哀嚎，但哈利即使想喊也發不出聲音。似乎他已經把聲音留在了空地上的車裡。

He never knew how long he was in the creature's clutches; he only knew that the darkness suddenly lifted enough for him to see that the leaf-strewn ground was now swarming with spiders. Craning his neck sideways, he realized that they had reached the ridge of a vast hollow, a hollow that had been cleared of trees, so that the stars shone brightly onto the worst scene he had ever laid eyes on.

Spiders. Not tiny spiders like those surging over the leaves below. Spiders the size of carthorses, eight-eyed, eight-legged, black, hairy, gigantic. The massive specimen that was carrying Harry made its way down the steep slope toward a misty, domed web in the very center of the hollow, while its fellows closed in all around it, clicking their pincers excitedly at the sight of its load.

他永遠不知道自己被那個生物抓住的時間有多長，他只知道黑暗突然消失到足以讓他看到落葉的地面被蜘蛛充斥著。他扭曲著脖子，發現他們已經到達一個巨大的凹陷的山脊，這個凹陷被砍伐了樹木，所以星星明亮地照在他有過的最糟糕的場景上。蜘蛛。不像那些在下面的葉子上亂爬的小蜘蛛。蜘蛛有石車大小，有八眼八腿，黑色，毛髮覆蓋，巨大。攜帶哈利的巨大樣本沿著斜坡往中心的霧氣瀰漫的穹頂蜘蛛網移動，而它的同伴們則圍在四周，興奮地開始夾起它的負擔。

Harry fell to the ground on all fours as the spider released him. Ron and Fang thudded down next to him. Fang wasn't howling anymore, but cowering silently on the spot. Ron looked exactly like Harry felt. His mouth was stretched wide in a kind of silent scream and his eyes were popping.

Harry suddenly realized that the spider that had dropped him was saying something. It had been hard to tell, because he clicked his pincers with every word he spoke.

“Aragog!” it called. “Aragog!”

And from the middle of the misty, domed web, a spider the size of a small elephant emerged, very slowly. There was gray in the black of his body and legs, and each of the eyes on his ugly, pincered head was milky white. He was blind.

“What is it?” he said, clicking his pincers rapidly.

哈利跌趴在地上，“蜘蛛”釋放了他。朗和方格也跟著跌倒在他旁邊。方格不再嚎叫，卻在畏縮地呆著。朗看起來正和哈利感受到

一樣，他的嘴巴張得很大，眼睛也快凸出來了。哈利突然發現剛才放下他的那隻“蜘蛛”正在說話。不過很難聽清楚，因為他說每一個詞的時候都會咔嚓咔嚓地合上螯。“阿拉果！”它喊道。“阿拉果！”從迷濛的圓頂蛛網的正中央，一隻小象一樣大小的蜘蛛從中慢慢爬了出來。他的身體和腿上有灰色，他醜陋的螯和頭上每只眼睛都是淡白色的。他是瞎的。“怎麼了？”他咔嚓咔嚓地敲著螯，問道。

“Men,” clicked the spider who had caught Harry.

“Is it Hagrid?” said Aragog, moving closer, his eight milky eyes wandering vaguely.

“Strangers,” clicked the spider who had brought Ron.

“Kill them,” clicked Aragog fretfully. “I was sleeping . . .”

“We’re friends of Hagrid’s,” Harry shouted. His heart seemed to have left his chest to pound in his throat.

*Click, click, click* went the pincers of the spiders all around the hollow.

Aragog paused.

“Hagrid has never sent men into our hollow before,” he said slowly.

“Hagrid’s in trouble,” said Harry, breathing very fast. “That’s why we’ve come.”

“In trouble?” said the aged spider, and Harry thought he heard concern beneath the clicking pincers. “But why has he sent you?”

Harry thought of getting to his feet but decided against it; he didn’t think his legs would support him. So he spoke from the ground, as calmly as he could.

「男人們」，抓住哈利的蜘蛛嘎嘎作響。「是海格嗎？」阿拉戈格移動身體，八隻朦朧的乳白色眼睛遊移不定。「陌生人」，帶著朗恩的蜘蛛開口說。「殺了他們」，阿拉戈格焦慮地咔擦著，「我正在睡覺……」「我們是海格的朋友」，哈利大聲喊道，他的心似乎從胸膛跳到了喉嚨裡。空腹中，蜘蛛的鉗子發出噼啪聲。阿拉戈格停了下來。「海格從來沒有把人帶進我們的洞穴裡。」它慢慢地說道。「海格有麻煩了」，哈利說，呼吸急促。「這就是我們來的原因。」「有麻煩？」這隻年邁的蜘蛛問道，哈利覺得能從咔擦的鉗子聲中聽到關心。「但他為什麼派你們來？」哈利想要站起來，但想了想還是作罷，他覺得雙腿支撐不住自己的重量。所以他躺在地上盡量平靜地說。

“They think, up at the school, that Hagrid’s been setting a — a — something on students. They’ve taken him to Azkaban.”

Aragog clicked his pincers furiously, and all around the hollow the sound was echoed by the crowd of spiders; it was like applause, except applause didn’t usually make Harry feel sick with fear.

“But that was years ago,” said Aragog fretfully. “Years and years ago. I remember it well. That’s why they made him leave the school. They believed that I was the monster that dwells in what they call the Chamber of Secrets. They thought that Hagrid had opened the Chamber and set me free.”

“And you . . . you didn’t come from the Chamber of Secrets?” said Harry, who could feel cold sweat on his forehead.

“I!” said Aragog, clicking angrily. “I was not born in the castle. I come from a distant land. A traveler gave me to Hagrid when I was an egg. Hagrid was only a boy, but he cared for me, hidden in a cupboard in the castle, feeding me on scraps from the table. Hagrid is my good friend, and a good man. When I was discovered, and blamed for the death of a girl, he protected me. I have lived here in the forest ever since, where Hagrid still visits me. He even found me a wife, Mosag, and you see how our family has grown, all through Hagrid’s goodness. . . .”

他們在學校認為海格向學生放了一些東西。他們把他帶到了阿茲卡班。阿拉戈格的鉗子生氣地咔嚓作響，洞內所有的蜘蛛都回響著這個聲音，就像是掌聲一樣，不過掌聲通常不會讓哈利感到那麼害怕。“但那是多年前的事情了，”阿拉戈格焦慮地說，“多年以前。我還記得得很清楚。那就是為什麼他們讓他離開學校。他們相信我就是他們所謂的密室裡的怪物。他們認為是海格打開了密室把我釋放出來。”“那你...你不是來自密室嗎？”哈利感覺額頭上有出冷汗。“我！”阿拉戈格生氣地鉤噏鉤噏響著，“我不是在城堡裡誕生的。我來自一個遙遠的地方。一位旅行者在我孵出來時把我送給了海格。當時的海格只是個孩子，但他很照顧我，把我藏在城堡的櫥櫃裡，把餐桌上的剩菜剩飯給我吃。海格是我的好朋友，也是個好人。當我被發現，被指責殺了一個女孩時，他保護了我。從那時起，我就住在這裡的森林裡了，海格還會來看我。他甚至幫我找到了妻子摩莎格，你看我們的家庭是如何因海格的善良而生長壯大的.....”

Harry summoned what remained of his courage.

“So you never — never attacked anyone?”

“Never,” croaked the old spider. “It would have been my instinct, but out of respect for Hagrid, I never harmed a human. The body of the girl who was killed was discovered in a bathroom. I never saw any part of the castle but the cupboard in which I grew up. Our kind like the dark and the quiet. . . .”

“But then . . . Do you know what *did* kill that girl?” said Harry. “Because whatever it is, it’s back and attacking people again —”

His words were drowned by a loud outbreak of clicking and the rustling of many long legs shifting angrily; large black shapes shifted all around him.

“The thing that lives in the castle,” said Aragog, “is an ancient creature we spiders fear above all others. Well do I remember how I pleaded with Hagrid to let me go, when I sensed the beast moving about the school.”

哈利嚴著剩餘的勇氣。「所以你從來沒有攻擊過任何人？」老蜘蛛嘶啞地說：「從來沒有。那應該是我的本能，但是出於對海格的尊重，我從來不傷害人類。那個被殺害的女孩的屍體是在浴室被發現的。我只待在長大的櫥櫃裡，從未走出過它。我們這種生物喜歡黑暗與寧靜。……」「但是……你知道是什麼殺了那個女孩嗎？」哈利說：「因為無論是什麼，它已經回來了，再次攻擊人們——」他的話被一連串的咔嗒聲和許多長腿蜘蛛憤怒移動的聲音所淹沒了，周圍有許多大黑影在移動。「住在城堡裡的東西，」阿拉戈格說：「是一種我們蜘蛛最害怕的古老生物。我很清楚地記得我感到那個野獸在學校裡活著的時候，我求過海格讓我離開。」

“What is it?” said Harry urgently.

More loud clicking, more rustling; the spiders seemed to be closing in.

“We do not speak of it!” said Aragog fiercely. “We do not name it! I never even told Hagrid the name of that dread creature, though he asked me, many times.”

Harry didn’t want to press the subject, not with the spiders pressing closer on all sides. Aragog seemed to be tired of talking. He was backing slowly into his domed web, but his fellow spiders continued to inch slowly toward Harry and Ron.

“We’ll just go, then,” Harry called desperately to Aragog, hearing leaves rustling behind him.

“Go?” said Aragog slowly. “I think not. . .”

“But — but —”

“My sons and daughters do not harm Hagrid, on my command. But I cannot deny them fresh meat, when it wanders so willingly into our midst. Good-bye, friend of Hagrid.”

“那是什麼？”哈利急切地問。越來越多的咔嗒聲，越來越多的沙沙聲；蜘蛛似乎正在逼近。「我們不談論它！」阿拉戈憤怒地說。「我們不說它的名字！即使哈格力多次向我詢問那個可怕的生物的名字，我也從未對他透露過。」哈利不想深究這個話題，當蜘蛛從四面八方逼近時。阿拉戈看起來厭煩了談話。他正慢慢地退回他的圓頂網內，但他的同類蜘蛛繼續緩緩地朝哈利和羅恩靠近。「那麼，我們就走了。」哈利絕望地對阿拉戈喊道，聽到他身後的樹葉沙沙作響。「走？」阿拉戈慢慢地說。「我認為不行……」「但是——但是——」「我的兒女們不會傷害哈格力，遵從我的命令。但是當新鮮的食物如此自願地走進我們當中時，我不能拒絕它們。再見，哈格力的朋友。」

Harry spun around. Feet away, towering above him, was a solid wall of spiders, clicking, their many eyes gleaming in their ugly black heads.

Even as he reached for his wand, Harry knew it was no good, there were too many of them, but as he tried to stand, ready to die fighting, a loud, long note sounded, and a blaze of light flamed through the hollow.

Mr. Weasley’s car was thundering down the slope, headlights glaring, its horn screeching, knocking spiders aside; several were thrown onto their backs, their endless legs waving in the air. The car screeched to a halt in front of Harry and Ron and the doors flew open.

“Get Fang!” Harry yelled, diving into the front seat; Ron seized the boarhound around the middle and threw him, yelping, into the back of the car — the doors slammed shut — Ron didn’t touch the accelerator but the car didn’t need him; the engine roared and they were off, hitting more spiders. They sped up the slope, out of the hollow, and they were soon crashing through the forest, branches whipping the windows as the car wound its way cleverly through the widest gaps, following a path it obviously knew.

哈利轉了個身。僅幾步之遙，高聳的蜘蛛牆在他面前，不停地咔嗒作響，多個眼睛在醜陋的黑色頭部中閃爍著。甚至當他伸手拿他的魔杖時，哈利知道這是沒用的，他們太多了，但就在他嘗試站起來，準備打死決戰時，一聲清脆的長音響起，一道光明之火穿過空心。韋斯萊先生的車從斜坡上呼嘯而過，車頭燈閃耀，喇叭嘶叫，將蜘蛛撞開；幾隻蜘蛛被甩倒在地，無盡的腿在空中搖晃。車子在哈利和羅恩面前猛然停下來，車門猛地打開。“抓住方！”哈利尖叫著，跳進前排的座位；羅恩抓起野豬獵犬，並將它扔進了車後座，叫著，車門緊閉——羅恩沒有踩油門，但車子不需要他，引擎轟鳴，他們出發了，撞向更多的蜘蛛。他們加速爬坡，跑出洞穴，很快就穿過森林，枝葉拍打著車窗，車子靈活地在最大縫隙中穿越，沿著顯然熟悉的小路風馳電掣的飛馳而去。

Harry looked sideways at Ron. His mouth was still open in the silent scream, but his eyes weren’t popping anymore.

“Are you okay?”

Ron stared straight ahead, unable to speak.

They smashed their way through the undergrowth, Fang howling loudly in the back seat, and Harry saw the side mirror snap off as they squeezed past a large oak. After ten noisy, rocky minutes, the trees thinned, and Harry could again see patches of sky.

The car stopped so suddenly that they were nearly thrown into the windshield. They had reached the edge of the forest. Fang flung himself at the window in his anxiety to get out, and when Harry opened the door, he shot off through the trees to Hagrid's house, tail between his legs. Harry got out too, and after a minute or so, Ron seemed to regain the feeling in his limbs and followed, still stiff-necked and staring. Harry gave the car a grateful pat as it reversed back into the forest and disappeared from view.

哈利斜著眼睛看著羅恩。他的嘴仍然張著，發出無聲尖叫，但他的眼睛不再凸出。「你還好嗎？」羅恩直視前方，無言以對。他們破壞了灌木叢，亞當在後座大聲嚎叫，哈利看到當他們從一棵大橡樹旁擠過時，側鏡斷裂了。經過十分鐘的嘈雜和崎嶇，樹木變少了，哈利又能看到一些天空的斑塊。車子突然停了下來，他們幾乎被甩到擋風玻璃上。他們已經到了森林的邊緣。亞當在焦急中向窗戶扑去，當哈利打開門時，亞當飛奔過樹林到海格的房子，尾巴夾著腿。哈利也下了車，過了一會兒，羅恩似乎恢復了四肢的感覺，一步步跟隨，仍然僵硬著脖子盯著前方。哈利感激地拍了拍車子，當它回到森林，消失在視線中時。

Harry went back into Hagrid's cabin to get the Invisibility Cloak. Fang was trembling under a blanket in his basket. When Harry got outside again, he found Ron being violently sick in the pumpkin patch.

“Follow the spiders,” said Ron weakly, wiping his mouth on his sleeve. “I'll never forgive Hagrid. We're lucky to be alive.”

“I bet he thought Aragog wouldn't hurt friends of his,” said Harry.

“That's exactly Hagrid's problem!” said Ron, thumping the wall of the cabin. “He always thinks monsters aren't as bad as they're made out, and look where it's got him! A cell in Azkaban!” He was shivering uncontrollably now. “What was the point of sending us in there? What have we found out, I'd like to know?”

“That Hagrid never opened the Chamber of Secrets,” said Harry, throwing the Cloak over Ron and prodding him in the arm to make him walk. “He was innocent.”

哈利回到海格的小屋取隱形斗篷。芬恩在籃子裡的毯子下顫抖著。哈利再次走出去時，他發現羅恩正在南瓜地裡劇烈嘔吐。“跟著蜘蛛走，”羅恩虛弱地說，用袖子擦了擦嘴巴。“我永遠不會原諒海格。我們很幸運還活著。”“我打賭他以為阿拉戈格不會傷害他朋友，”哈利說。“那正是海格的問題！”羅恩大聲敲打小屋的牆壁。“他總是認為怪獸不像傳說中那樣可怕，結果把自己這樣搞進去！在阿茲卡班裡呆著！“他現在無法控制地顫抖著。“送我們進去有什麼意義？我想知道我們發現了什麼？”“海格沒有開啟密室的鑰匙，”哈利說著，把斗篷蓋在羅恩身上，戳了戳他的手臂，讓他走。“他是無辜的。”

Ron gave a loud snort. Evidently, hatching Aragog in a cupboard wasn't his idea of being innocent.

As the castle loomed nearer Harry twitched the Cloak to make sure their feet were hidden, then pushed the creaking front doors ajar. They walked carefully back across the entrance hall and up the marble staircase, holding their breath as they passed corridors where watchful sentries were walking. At last they reached the safety of the Gryffindor common room, where the fire had burned itself into glowing ash. They took off the Cloak and climbed the winding stair to their dormitory.

Ron fell onto his bed without bothering to get undressed. Harry, however, didn't feel very sleepy. He sat on the edge of his four-poster, thinking hard about everything Aragog had said.

羅恩發出一聲大聲的噴鼻氣。很顯然，在櫥櫃裡孵蛋並不是他所謂的清白。當城堡越來越近時，哈利猛地扯了一下斗篷，確保他們的腳被隱藏了起來，然後輕輕地推開吱吱作響的前門。他們小心翼翼地穿過入口大廳，順著大理石樓梯往上走，當他們經過警戒哨兵監視的走廊時，屏住了呼吸。最後，他們到達了格蘭芬多公共房間的安全區域，火已經燃燒成灰燼。他們脫下斗篷，爬上蜿蜒的樓梯到了他們的寢室。羅恩躺在床上，連衣服都沒想脫。然而，哈利卻不覺得很想睡。他坐在他的四柱床的邊緣，仔細思考阿拉戈說的一切。

The creature that was lurking somewhere in the castle, he thought, sounded like a sort of monster Voldemort — even other monsters didn't want to name it. But he and Ron were no closer to finding out what it was, or how it Petrified its victims. Even Hagrid had never known what was in the Chamber of Secrets.

Harry swung his legs up onto his bed and leaned back against his pillows, watching the moon glinting at him through the tower window.

He couldn't see what else they could do. They had hit dead ends everywhere. Riddle had caught the wrong person, the Heir of Slytherin had got off, and no one could tell whether it was the same person, or a different one, who had opened the Chamber this time. There was nobody else to ask. Harry lay down, still thinking about what Aragog had said.

他想，潛藏在城堡某處的生物，聽起來像是一種魔獸佛地魔——即使其他魔獸也不想提及它。但他和羅恩還是沒有更接近找到它是什麼，或者它是如何使受害者石化的。甚至海格也不知道密室裡是什麼。哈利把腿搬到床上，靠在枕頭上，透過塔樓的窗戶，看著月亮閃爍。他不知道他們還能做什麼。他們到處都碰壁了。里德爾抓錯了人，史萊哲林的繼承人逃脫了，也沒有人能夠確定是同一個人還是另一個人這次打開了密室。沒有其他人可問了。哈利躺下來，仍在思考亞拉戈格說的話。

He was becoming drowsy when what seemed like their very last hope occurred to him, and he suddenly sat bolt upright.

“Ron,” he hissed through the dark, “Ron —”

Ron woke with a yelp like Fang's, stared wildly around, and saw Harry.

“Ron—that girl who died. Aragog said she was found in a bathroom,” said Harry, ignoring Neville’s snuffling snores from the corner. “What if she never left the bathroom? What if she’s still there?”

Ron rubbed his eyes, frowning through the moonlight. And then he understood, too.

“You *don’t* think — not *Moaning Myrtle* ??”

他正打著瞌睡的時候，似乎是他們最後的希望降臨了，他突然坐直了身子。「羅恩，」他在黑暗中咕噥著：「羅恩——」羅恩驚叫著像牙怪獸一樣醒了過來，狂野地四處張望，看到了哈利。「羅恩——那個死了的女孩。阿拉戈說她是在洗手間裡發現的，」哈利說著，沒有理會尼維爾從角落裡發出的喇叭聲。「如果她從未離開過洗手間呢？如果她還在那裡？」羅恩揉了揉眼睛，透過月光瞪著哈利。然後他也明白了。「你不會想說——不會是哭泣的鬼嗎？」



## THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS

“All those times we were in that bathroom, and she was just three toilets away,” said Ron bitterly at breakfast next day, “and we could’ve asked her, and now . . .”

It had been hard enough trying to look for spiders. Escaping their teachers long enough to sneak into a girls’ bathroom, the girls’ bathroom, moreover, right next to the scene of the first attack, was going to be almost impossible.

But something happened in their first lesson, Transfiguration, that drove the Chamber of Secrets out of their minds for the first time in weeks. Ten minutes into the class, Professor McGonagall told them that their exams would start on the first of June, one week from today.

“*Exams?*” howled Seamus Finnigan. “We’re still getting *exams*?”

There was a loud bang behind Harry as Neville Longbottom’s wand slipped, vanishing one of the legs on his desk. Professor McGonagall restored it with a wave of her own wand, and turned, frowning, to Seamus.

「所有那些我們在洗手間裡時，她只隔著三個廁所，」羅恩第二天早餐時悶悶不樂地說：「我們本來可以問她的，現在卻……」找蜘蛛已經夠困難了。逃避老師稍有差池就可能被發現闖進女廁，更何況那是第一次襲擊發生的場景旁邊，這幾乎不可能做到。但在他們的第一節變形術課中，發生了一些事情，讓密室的事終於在這幾周中暫時被淡忘了。上了十分鐘課後，麥格教授告訴他們，他們的考試將於一個星期後的六月一日開始。「考試？」西莫斯·費尼根大叫。「我們還要考試？」哈利身後響起一聲巨響，納威·長底的魔杖滑落，一張課桌的一根腿消失了。麥格教授用自己的魔杖恢復了課桌，轉過頭來皺眉看著西莫斯。

“The whole point of keeping the school open at this time is for you to receive your education,” she said sternly. “The exams will therefore take place as usual, and I trust you are all studying hard.”

Studying hard! It had never occurred to Harry that there would be exams with the castle in this state. There was a great deal of mutinous muttering around the room, which made Professor McGonagall scowl even more darkly.

“Professor Dumbledore’s instructions were to keep the school running as normally as possible,” she said. “And that, I need hardly point out, means finding out how much you have learned this year.”

Harry looked down at the pair of white rabbits he was supposed to be turning into slippers. What had he learned so far this year? He couldn’t seem to think of anything that would be useful in an exam.

她嚴厲地說：“學校現在仍然開放的目的就是讓你們接受教育。考試將照常進行，我相信你們都在努力學習。”努力學習！哈利從未想過在這種情況下，學校還會有考試。教室裡傳來了許多反抗的低語，這使麥格教授的表情變得更加陰沉。“鄧布爾校長的指示是讓學校盡可能正常運作，”她說。“這意味著要弄清楚你們今年學到了多少東西，這點我無需多說。”哈利低頭看著他應該用來製作拖鞋的一雙白兔。他今年到底學了什麼？他似乎想不到在考試中有用的東西。

Ron looked as though he’d just been told he had to go and live in the Forbidden Forest.

“Can you imagine me taking exams with this?” he asked Harry, holding up his wand, which had just started whistling loudly.

Three days before their first exam, Professor McGonagall made another announcement at breakfast.

“I have good news,” she said, and the Great Hall, instead of falling silent, erupted.

“Dumbledore’s coming back!” several people yelled joyfully.

“You’ve caught the Heir of Slytherin!” squealed a girl at the Ravenclaw table.

“Quidditch matches are back on!” roared Wood excitedly.

When the hubbub had subsided, Professor McGonagall said, “Professor Sprout has informed me that the Mandrakes are ready for cutting at last. Tonight, we will be able to revive those people who have been Petrified. I need hardly remind you all that one of them may well be able to tell us

who, or what, attacked them. I am hopeful that this dreadful year will end with our catching the culprit.”

羅恩看起來像是被告知要去住在禁忌森林一樣。「你能想像我拿這個考試嗎？」他問哈利，同時高舉著他的魔杖，它正在發出尖銳的哨聲。在他們的第一場考試前三天，麥崔格教授在早餐時又做了一個宣布。「我有好消息要告訴你們。」她說，而大禮堂沒有一片寂靜，反而爆發出了一陣歡呼聲。「鄧布利多回來了！」一些人歡呼著喊道。「你們抓到蛇莉莉的繼承人了！」一個坐在拉文克勞桌子旁的女孩尖叫道。「魁地奇比賽重新開始了！」伍德興奮地咆哮著。當嘈雜聲逐漸消退時，麥崔格教授說：「斯普勞特教授告訴我，曼德拉草終於可以開始採收了。今晚，我們將能夠解除那些被石化的人的症狀。我不需要提醒你們，他們中的某個人很可能能告訴我們是誰或是什麼攻擊了他們。我有希望說，我們可以在捉到罪犯的情況下結束這個恐怖的一年。」

There was an explosion of cheering. Harry looked over at the Slytherin table and wasn't at all surprised to see that Draco Malfoy hadn't joined in. Ron, however, was looking happier than he'd looked in days.

“It won't matter that we never asked Myrtle, then!” he said to Harry. “Hermione'll probably have all the answers when they wake her up! Mind you, she'll go crazy when she finds out we've got exams in three days' time. She hasn't studied. It might be kinder to leave her where she is till they're over.”

Just then, Ginny Weasley came over and sat down next to Ron. She looked tense and nervous, and Harry noticed that her hands were twisting in her lap.

“What's up?” said Ron, helping himself to more porridge.

Ginny didn't say anything, but glanced up and down the Gryffindor table with a scared look on her face that reminded Harry of someone, though he couldn't think who.

歡呼聲瞬間爆發。哈利看向斯萊特林的桌子，並不感到驚訝的發現德拉科·馬爾福沒有加入進去。然而，羅恩看上去比幾天前更快樂了。「那樣我們不問莫特爾也沒關係了！」他對哈利說：「當他們叫醒赫敏時，她可能已經有了所有的答案！要知道，她發現我們三天之內就有考試，她會瘋掉的，她沒有準備。最好還是讓她一直待在那裡，直到考試結束。」就在這時，金妮·衛斯理走過來坐在羅恩旁邊。她看上去緊張不安，哈利注意到她的手在她的膝蓋上扭動著。「發生什麼事了？」羅恩自己倒了更多的粥問道。金妮什麼也沒有說，只是帶著害怕的表情上下打量著格蘭芬多的桌子，這讓哈利想起了某個人，但他想不起是誰。

“Spit it out,” said Ron, watching her.

Harry suddenly realized who Ginny looked like. She was rocking backward and forward slightly in her chair, exactly like Dobby did when he was teetering on the edge of revealing forbidden information.

“I've got to tell you something,” Ginny mumbled, carefully not looking at Harry.

“What is it?” said Harry.

Ginny looked as though she couldn't find the right words.

“What?” said Ron.

Ginny opened her mouth, but no sound came out. Harry leaned forward and spoke quietly, so that only Ginny and Ron could hear him.

“Is it something about the Chamber of Secrets? Have you seen something? Someone acting oddly?”

Ginny drew a deep breath and, at that precise moment, Percy Weasley appeared, looking tired and wan.

“If you've finished eating, I'll take that seat, Ginny. I'm starving, I've only just come off patrol duty.”

羅恩看著吉妮說：“吐出來。”哈利突然意識到吉妮長得像誰，她正像自由精靈在猶豫是否要透露禁忌信息時一樣輕輕晃動著椅子。吉妮小聲地說：“我有件事要告訴你們。”注意著不看著哈利。哈利問道：“什麼事？”吉妮似乎找不到適當的語言。羅恩問：“什麼事？”吉妮張開嘴，卻發不出聲音。哈利向前傾身，輕聲地說，只讓吉妮和羅恩聽見：“是有關密室的事情嗎？你見到了什麼？有人表現得很奇怪嗎？”吉妮深深地吸了口氣，就在那個時候，珀西·衛斯理出現了，看起來又疲憊又蒼白。“如果你們吃完了，吉妮，我坐這個位子，我餓死了，剛剛下巡邏才回來。”

Ginny jumped up as though her chair had just been electrified, gave Percy a fleeting, frightened look, and scampered away. Percy sat down and grabbed a mug from the center of the table.

“Percy!” said Ron angrily. “She was just about to tell us something important!”

Halfway through a gulp of tea, Percy choked.

“What sort of thing?” he said, coughing.

“I just asked her if she'd seen anything odd, and she started to say—”

“Oh—that—that’s nothing to do with the Chamber of Secrets,” said Percy at once.

“How do you know?” said Ron, his eyebrows raised.

“Well, er, if you must know, Ginny, er, walked in on me the other day when I was—well, never mind—the point is, she spotted me doing something and I, um, I asked her not to mention it to anybody. I must say, I did think she’d keep her word. It’s nothing, really, I’d just rather—”

金妮仿佛被椅子电击般急忙跳起来，瞥了珀西一眼，惶恐地逃走了。珀西坐下来，从桌子中央拿起一个杯子。“珀西！”罗恩生气地说，“她正要告诉我们重要的事情！”珀西正在喝茶，差一半被呛住了。“什么重要的事？”他说着，咳嗽着。“我只是问她是否看到过什么奇怪的东西，她就开始说了——”“哦——那个——那与密室无关，”珀西立刻说道。“你怎么知道？”罗恩问道，挑起了眉毛。“嗯，如果你一定要知道的话，金妮在前几天撞见了我做了一些事情，我让她不要告诉任何人。我还以为她会遵守诺言呢。这没什么，我只是宁愿——”

Harry had never seen Percy look so uncomfortable.

“What were you doing, Percy?” said Ron, grinning. “Go on, tell us, we won’t laugh.”

Percy didn’t smile back.

“Pass me those rolls, Harry, I’m starving.”

Harry knew the whole mystery might be solved tomorrow without their help, but he wasn’t about to pass up a chance to speak to Myrtle if it turned up—and to his delight it did, midmorning, when they were being led to History of Magic by Gilderoy Lockhart.

Lockhart, who had so often assured them that all danger had passed, only to be proved wrong right away, was now wholeheartedly convinced that it was hardly worth the trouble to see them safely down the corridors. His hair wasn’t as sleek as usual; it seemed he had been up most of the night, patrolling the fourth floor.

哈利從未見過珀西如此不自在。“你在做什麼呢，珀西？”羅恩咧嘴一笑，“告訴我們吧，我們不會笑話你的。”珀西沒有笑回去。“哈利，把那些餐包遞給我，我快餓死了。”哈利知道明天也許會有他們幫助之下將整個謎團解開，但如果有機會遇到默特爾說話，他不會錯過它-令他感到高興的是，當他們被吉爾德羅·洛哈特帶領到魔法歷史課時中午時分，他碰巧遇見了默特爾。洛哈特經常向他們保證危險已經過去，卻往往被證明他錯了，現在他完全相信，讓他們安全通過走廊幾乎不值得麻煩。他的頭髮不像往常一樣光滑；似乎他整夜都在巡邏四樓。

“Mark my words,” he said, ushering them around a corner. “The first words out of those poor Petrified people’s mouths will be *‘It was Hagrid.’* Frankly, I’m astounded Professor McGonagall thinks all these security measures are necessary.”

“I agree, sir,” said Harry, making Ron drop his books in surprise.

“Thank you, Harry,” said Lockhart graciously while they waited for a long line of Hufflepuffs to pass. “I mean, we teachers have quite enough to be getting on with, without walking students to classes and standing guard all night. . . .”

“That’s right,” said Ron, catching on. “Why don’t you leave us here, sir, we’ve only got one more corridor to go—”

“You know, Weasley, I think I will,” said Lockhart. “I really should go and prepare my next class—”

And he hurried off.

“記住我的話，”他說，帶領著他們轉過一個拐角。“那些可憐的石化人口中的第一句話將會是‘是哈格力。’老實說，我對麥康娜教授認為所有這些安保措施都是必要的感到驚訝。”“我同意，先生，”哈利說，讓羅恩吃驚地掉了書。“謝謝你，哈利，”洛克哈特優雅地說，當他們等待一長串哈夫派學生通過。“我的意思是，我們教師已經足夠忙碌了，不需要帶著學生走到教室和整夜站崗。”“沒錯，”羅恩意識到了，“為什麼不讓我們留在這裡，我們只需要再走一個走廊——”“你知道嗎，韋斯萊，我想我會這樣做的，”洛克哈特說，“我真的應該去準備我的下一節課——”然後他匆匆忙忙地走了。

“Prepare his class,” Ron sneered after him. “Gone to curl his hair, more like.”

They let the rest of the Gryffindors draw ahead of them, then darted down a side passage and hurried off toward Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. But just as they were congratulating each other on their brilliant scheme—

“Potter! Weasley! What are you doing?”

It was Professor McGonagall, and her mouth was the thinnest of thin lines.

“We were—we were—” Ron stammered. “We were going to—to go and see—”

“Hermione,” said Harry. Ron and Professor McGonagall both looked at him.

“We haven’t seen her for ages, Professor,” Harry went on hurriedly, treading on Ron’s foot, “and we thought we’d sneak into the hospital wing, you know, and tell her the Mandrakes are nearly ready and, er, not to worry—”

“準備他的課吧，”羅恩嘲笑地跟在他身後說，“他一定去捲他的頭髮了。”他們讓其他的格蘭芬多學生先走，然後迅速走進一條側道，匆匆忙忙地朝著哀號鬼女的浴室走去。但就在他們為自己的絕妙計劃祝賀時，教授麥格教嘶聲問道：“波特！衛斯理！你們在幹什麼？”她的嘴唇緊緊地抿成了一條線。“我們……我們……”羅恩口吃地說道。“我們本來想去看……”“赫敏。”哈利說道，羅恩和麥格教都看著他。“我們已經好久沒有看到她了，教授，”哈利趕緊說道，踩在羅恩的腳上，“我們想潛進醫院進探望她，告訴她曼德拉草快要長成了，不用擔心……”

Professor McGonagall was still staring at him, and for a moment, Harry thought she was going to explode, but when she spoke, it was in a strangely croaky voice.

“Of course,” she said, and Harry, amazed, saw a tear glistening in her beady eye. “Of course, I realize this has all been hardest on the friends of those who have been . . . I quite understand. Yes, Potter, of course you may visit Miss Granger. I will inform Professor Binns where you’ve gone. Tell Madam Pomfrey I have given you permission.”

Harry and Ron walked away, hardly daring to believe that they’d avoided detention. As they turned the corner, they distinctly heard Professor McGonagall blow her nose.

“That,” said Ron fervently, “was the best story you’ve ever come up with.”

They had no choice now but to go to the hospital wing and tell Madam Pomfrey that they had Professor McGonagall’s permission to visit Hermione.

麥格教授還在盯著他看，哈利以為她要爆炸了。但在說話時，她的聲音卻奇怪地嘶啞了。「當然...」她說。哈利驚訝地發現她那只珠子般的眼睛裡閃爍著淚水。「當然，我明白這對那些朋友來說是多麼的辛苦...」「是的，波特，當然你可以去看格蘭傑小姐。我會告訴賓斯教授你去了哪裡。告訴龐弗萊夫人我已經給予許可。」哈利和朗走開了，他們幾乎不敢相信他們避免了留堂察看。當他們轉彎時，他們清楚地聽到麥格教授擤鼻子的聲音。「這...」朗熱烈地說：「是你編造過的最好的故事。」現在他們別無選擇，只能去醫護室告訴龐弗萊夫人，他們已經得到麥格教授的許可去看赫敏。

Madam Pomfrey let them in, but reluctantly.

“There’s just no *point* talking to a Petrified person,” she said, and they had to admit she had a point when they’d taken their seats next to Hermione. It was plain that Hermione didn’t have the faintest inkling that she had visitors, and that they might just as well tell her bedside cabinet not to worry for all the good it would do.

“Wonder if she did see the attacker, though?” said Ron, looking sadly at Hermione’s rigid face. “Because if he sneaked up on them all, no one’ll ever know. . . .”

But Harry wasn’t looking at Hermione’s face. He was more interested in her right hand. It lay clenched on top of her blankets, and bending closer, he saw that a piece of paper was scrunched inside her fist.

Making sure that Madam Pomfrey was nowhere near, he pointed this out to Ron.

波姆弗雷夫人勉強讓他們進來。“和一個石化的人說話是沒有意義的，”她說。當他們坐在赫敏旁邊時，他們不得不承認這一點。很明顯，赫敏根本不知道她有訪客，即使他們告訴她床頭櫃不必擔心，也沒有用處。“不知道她是否看到攻擊者？”羅恩悲傷地看著赫敏僵硬的臉說。“因為如果他偷偷摸摸地接近他們，誰都不會知道.....”但是哈利沒有看著赫敏的臉。他對她的右手更感興趣。它握在她的被子上，他靠近一看，發現一張紙揉在她的拳頭裡。確認波姆弗雷夫人不在附近，他向羅恩指出了這一點。

“Try and get it out,” Ron whispered, shifting his chair so that he blocked Harry from Madam Pomfrey’s view.

It was no easy task. Hermione’s hand was clamped so tightly around the paper that Harry was sure he was going to tear it. While Ron kept watch he tugged and twisted, and at last, after several tense minutes, the paper came free.

It was a page torn from a very old library book. Harry smoothed it out eagerly and Ron leaned close to read it, too.

*Of the many fearsome beasts and monsters that roam our land, there is none more curious or more deadly than the Basilisk, known also as the King of Serpents. This snake, which may reach gigantic size and live many hundreds of years, is born from a chicken’s egg, hatched beneath a toad. Its methods of killing are most wondrous, for aside from its deadly and venomous fangs, the Basilisk has a murderous stare, and all who are fixed with the beam of its eye shall suffer instant death. Spiders flee before the Basilisk, for it is their mortal enemy, and the Basilisk flees only from the crowing of the rooster, which is fatal to it.*

And beneath this, a single word had been written, in a hand Harry recognized as Hermione’s. *Pipes*.

It was as though somebody had just flicked a light on in his brain.

“Ron,” he breathed. “This is it. This is the answer. The monster in the Chamber’s a *basilisk* — a giant serpent! *That’s* why I’ve been hearing that voice all over the place, and nobody else has heard it. It’s because I understand Parseltongue. . . .”

“試著把它拿出來，”羅恩輕聲說，他移動椅子，阻擋住麥戴姆·龐弗瑞看到哈利的視力。這不是一個簡單的任務。赫敏的手緊緊地夾住紙張，哈利確信他快要撕裂它了。當羅恩觀察時，他拽著紙張扭曲，最後，經過幾分鐘的緊張，紙張脫落了。這是

從一本非常古老的圖書館書中撕下來的一頁。哈利急切地把紙張摊平，羅恩也靠近看。此外，一個單詞已經被寫下來，哈利認出是赫敏的手寫。管道。就好像有人在他的大腦中打開了一盞燈。“羅恩，”他喘氣，“這就是它。這就是答案。地下室的怪物是蛇妖，一條巨大的蛇！這就是為什麼我一直在各處聽到那個聲音，而其他人沒有聽到它。這是因為我理解蛇語……”

Harry looked up at the beds around him

“The basilisk kills people by looking at them. But no one's died — because no one looked it straight in the eye. Colin saw it through his camera. The basilisk burned up all the film inside it, but Colin just got Petrified. Justin . . . Justin must've seen the basilisk through Nearly Headless Nick! Nick got the full blast of it, but he couldn't die *again* . . . and Hermione and that Ravenclaw prefect were found with a mirror next to them. Hermione had just realized the monster was a basilisk. I bet you anything she warned the first person she met to look around corners with a mirror first! And that girl pulled out her mirror — and —”

Ron's jaw had dropped.

“And Mrs. Norris?” he whispered eagerly.

Harry thought hard, picturing the scene on the night of Halloween.

哈利看著他周圍的床。“蛇怪會透過目光殺人。但因為沒有人正面看著牠，所以沒有人死亡。柯林透過相機看到了牠。蛇怪把裡頭的膠卷全都燒了，但柯林只被石化了。賈斯汀...賈斯汀一定透過半透明尼克看到蛇怪了！尼克承受了全部威力，但他已經死了...赫敏和那個獨角獸守衛被發現在鏡子旁邊。赫敏搞清楚了怪物可以是蛇怪。我打賭，她向遇到的第一個人警告：先用鏡子檢查角落！那個女孩拿出了她的鏡子——”羅恩的下巴都要掉下來了。“諾里斯夫人呢？”他急切地低聲說。哈利深思熟慮，想著萬聖節當晚的場景。

“The water . . .” he said slowly. “The flood from Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. I bet you Mrs. Norris only saw the reflection . . .”

He scanned the page in his hand eagerly. The more he looked at it, the more it made sense.

“*The Basilisk flees only from the crowing of the rooster, which is fatal to it!*” he read aloud. “Hagrid's roosters were killed! The Heir of Slytherin didn't want one anywhere near the castle once the Chamber was opened! ‘*Spiders flee before the Basilisk!*’ It all fits!”

“But how's the basilisk been getting around the place?” said Ron. “A giant snake . . . Someone would've seen . . .”

Harry, however, pointed at the word Hermione had scribbled at the foot of the page.

“Pipes,” he said. “Pipes . . . Ron, it's been using the plumbing. I've been hearing that voice inside the walls. . . .”

他慢慢地說：“那水...是從哀號鬼妹的浴室湧出來的洪水。我猜Mrs. Norris只看到了它的倒影.....”他急切地看著手中的頁面。他越看，越覺得有道理。“唯有公雞啼鳴能嚇走義大利魔蛇，對牠來說是致命的！”他大聲朗讀，“海格的公雞被殺了！史萊哲林的繼承人打開密室之後，就不希望這里有任何公雞！‘蜘蛛也會害怕義大利魔蛇！’這一切都吻合！”“但義大利魔蛇怎樣在這里到處移動呢？”羅恩說，“這是只有巨蛇才有的本領.....誰都應該會發現的.....”然而，哈利指著赫敏在頁面底部亂塗出的一個詞。“管道，”他說，“管道.....羅恩，它一直在使用馬桶。我一直在聽到牆壁里傳來的聲音.....”

Ron suddenly grabbed Harry's arm.

“The entrance to the Chamber of Secrets!” he said hoarsely. “What if it's a bathroom? What if it's in —”

“— *Moaning Myrtle's bathroom,*” said Harry.

They sat there, excitement coursing through them, hardly able to believe it.

“This means,” said Harry, “I can't be the only Parselmouth in the school. The Heir of Slytherin's one, too. That's how he's been controlling the basilisk.”

“What're we going to do?” said Ron, whose eyes were flashing. “Should we go straight to McGonagall?”

“Let's go to the staffroom,” said Harry, jumping up. “She'll be there in ten minutes. It's nearly break.”

They ran downstairs. Not wanting to be discovered hanging around in another corridor, they went straight into the deserted staffroom. It was a large, paneled room full of dark, wooden chairs. Harry and Ron paced around it, too excited to sit down.

羅恩突然抓住哈利的手臂。他沙啞地說：“密室的入口！如果它是一個浴室呢？它在哪裡——”“莫寧默特的浴室，”哈利說。他們坐在那裡，興奮地流淌，幾乎無法相信這是真的。“這意味著，”哈利說，“我不是學校裡唯一的蛇語者了。斯萊特林的繼承人也是蛇語者。這就是他控制巨蟒的方式。”“我們該怎麼辦？”眼睛閃爍的羅恩問道。“我們應該直接去找麥格教授嗎？”“讓我們去職員休息室，”哈利跳了起來說。“她10分鐘後就會在那裡。快快跑旁邊停一下。”他們跑下樓梯。不想在另一個走廊被發現徘徊，他們直接走進了空無一人的職員休息室。這是一個帶有暗色木質椅子的大型木板房間。哈利和羅恩在房間裡走來走去，太興奮了，無法坐下來。

But the bell to signal break never came.

Instead, echoing through the corridors came Professor McGonagall's voice, magically magnified.

*"All students to return to their House dormitories at once. All teachers return to the staffroom. Immediately, please."*

Harry wheeled around to stare at Ron.

"Not another attack? Not now?"

"What'll we do?" said Ron, aghast. "Go back to the dormitory?"

"No," said Harry, glancing around. There was an ugly sort of wardrobe to his left, full of the teachers' cloaks. "In here. Let's hear what it's all about. Then we can tell them what we've found out."

They hid themselves inside it, listening to the rumbling of hundreds of people moving overhead, and the staffroom door banging open. From between the musty folds of the cloaks, they watched the teachers filtering into the room. Some of them were looking puzzled, others downright scared. Then Professor McGonagall arrived.

但是休息的铃声从未响过。相反，麦康娜教授的声音通过走廊回荡着，魔法放大了。“所有学生立刻回到他们的宿舍房间。所有老师立刻返回教师休息室。请立刻行动。”哈利转身盯着罗恩。“又来了？现在？”罗恩惊愕地说：“我们该怎么办？回宿舍房间吗？”“不，”哈利看了看四周。他左边有一种丑陋的衣柜，里面装满了老师的外衣。“在这里。让我们听一听到底发生了什么。然后我们可以告诉他们我们发现了什么。”他们躲在里面，听着上面数百人移动的隆隆声，和教师休息室的门嘭嘭作响。从褶皱的衣角中，他们看着老师们走进房间。他们中有些人感到困惑，有些人则非常害怕。然后麦康娜教授到了。

"It has happened," she told the silent staffroom. "A student has been taken by the monster. Right into the Chamber itself."

Professor Flitwick let out a squeal. Professor Sprout clapped her hands over her mouth. Snape gripped the back of a chair very hard and said, "How can you be sure?"

"The Heir of Slytherin," said Professor McGonagall, who was very white, "left another message. Right underneath the first one. *'Her skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever.'*"

Professor Flitwick burst into tears.

"Who is it?" said Madam Hooch, who had sunk, weak-kneed, into a chair. "Which student?"

"Ginny Weasley," said Professor McGonagall.

Harry felt Ron slide silently down onto the wardrobe floor beside him.

"We shall have to send all the students home tomorrow," said Professor McGonagall. "This is the end of Hogwarts. Dumbledore always said . . ."

「發生了，」她告訴沉默的教職員室。「有一個學生被怪獸帶走了，直接進入了密室裡。」弗立維教授尖叫了一聲。斯普勞特教授捂住嘴巴鼓掌。斯內普緊緊握住椅子的背部說：「你怎麼確定？」非常蒼白的麥格教授說：「蛇蘇林的繼承人」留下了另一個消息，在第一個消息的正下方，“她的骸骨將永遠躺在密室裡。”弗立維克教授哭了起来。「是誰？」陷入衰弱的胡夫女士問道。「哪個學生？」麥格教授說：「金妮·衛斯理。」哈利感到羅恩悄悄地溜到了他身旁的衣櫥地板上。「明天我們必須把所有的學生都送回家，」麥格教授說。「霍格沃茨的結局來了。達姆布多爾一直說……」

The staffroom door banged open again. For one wild moment, Harry was sure it would be Dumbledore. But it was Lockhart, and he was beaming.

"So sorry—dozed off—what have I missed?"

He didn't seem to notice that the other teachers were looking at him with something remarkably like hatred. Snape stepped forward.

"Just the man," he said. "The very man. A girl has been snatched by the monster, Lockhart. Taken into the Chamber of Secrets itself. Your moment has come at last."

Lockhart blanched.

"That's right, Gilderoy," chipped in Professor Sprout. "Weren't you saying just last night that you've known all along where the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets is?"

"I—well, I—" sputtered Lockhart.

"Yes, didn't you tell me you were sure you knew what was inside it?" piped up Professor Flitwick.

教師休息室的門又砰地一聲打開。哈利一時心猿意馬，以為是鄧布利多。但是走進來的是洛哈特，他臉上滿是笑容。"非常抱歉，我打了個盹。我錯過了什麼？"他好像沒有注意到其他老師們對他帶著類似仇恨的表情。斯內普向前走來。"正是你這個人，"他說道，"真是到了你發揮的時候了。一個女孩被怪物抓走了，洛哈特。被帶進了密室裡。"洛哈特臉色蒼白。"沒錯，吉德羅伊，"斯普勞特教授插嘴道，"你不是昨晚說過，你一直都知道密室的入口在哪裡嗎？""我——我——"洛哈特支支吾吾。

"是啊，你不是告訴過我你確定知道裡面有什麼嗎？"弗立克教授加入道。

"D-did I? I don't recall —"

"I certainly remember you saying you were sorry you hadn't had a crack at the monster before Hagrid was arrested," said Snape. "Didn't you say that the whole affair had been bungled, and that you should have been given a free rein from the first?"

Lockhart stared around at his stony-faced colleagues.

"I — I really never — you may have misunderstood —"

"We'll leave it to you, then, Gilderoy," said Professor McGonagall. "Tonight will be an excellent time to do it. We'll make sure everyone's out of your way. You'll be able to tackle the monster all by yourself. A free rein at last."

Lockhart gazed desperately around him, but nobody came to the rescue. He didn't look remotely handsome anymore. His lip was trembling, and in the absence of his usually toothy grin, he looked weak-chinned and feeble.

"我.....我有嗎？我不記得了——" "我記得你曾經說過，在海格被捕之前，你很遺憾沒有機會與這個怪物作戰，"斯涅普說。  
"你不是說整個事件都搞砸了，你應該從一開始就被給予完全自由嗎？"洛哈特注視著石化面孔的同事們。"我.....我真的沒有——你可能誤解了——" "那就留給你來處理吧，吉德羅伊，"麥格教授說。"今晚是你展示技能的絕佳時機。我們會確保所有人都離你遠去，你將能夠獨自應對這個怪物。終於有完全自由了。"洛哈特拼命地向四周張望，但沒有人來幫助他。他看起來一點也不帥氣了。他的嘴唇顫抖著，在失去了通常的笑容之後，他看起來下巴短小，懦弱無力。

"Very well," he said. "I'll — I'll be in my office, getting — getting ready."

And he left the room.

"Right," said Professor McGonagall, whose nostrils were flared, "that's got *him* out from under our feet. The Heads of Houses should go and inform their students what has happened. Tell them the Hogwarts Express will take them home first thing tomorrow. Will the rest of you please make sure no students have been left outside their dormitories."

The teachers rose and left, one by one.

It was probably the worst day of Harry's entire life. He, Ron, Fred, and George sat together in a corner of the Gryffindor common room, unable to say anything to each other. Percy wasn't there. He had gone to send an owl to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, then shut himself up in his dormitory.

"好吧，"他说。"我...我要去我的办公室，准备一下。"然后他离开了这个房间。"好的，"麦格教授说，鼻孔扩张。"这让我们少了他一个人打扰。院长们应该告知他们的学生发生了什么事情，告诉他们霍格沃茨特快列车将在明天一早将他们送回家。请确保没有学生留在宿舍外面。"老师们一个接一个地起身离开了。这可能是哈利人生中最糟糕的一天。他、罗恩、弗雷德和乔治坐在格兰芬多公共休息室的一个角落里，无话可说。珀西不在那里。他去给韦斯莱先生和夫人写信，然后关上自己的寝室。

No afternoon ever lasted as long as that one, nor had Gryffindor Tower ever been so crowded, yet so quiet. Near sunset, Fred and George went up to bed, unable to sit there any longer.

"She knew something, Harry," said Ron, speaking for the first time since they had entered the wardrobe in the staffroom. "That's why she was taken. It wasn't some stupid thing about Percy at all. She'd found out something about the Chamber of Secrets. That must be why she was —" Ron rubbed his eyes frantically. "I mean, she was a pureblood. There can't be any other reason."

Harry could see the sun sinking, blood-red, below the skyline. This was the worst he had ever felt. If only there was something they could do. Anything.

"Harry," said Ron. "Do you think there's any chance at all she's not — you know —"

那下午時間從未像那樣漫長，格蘭芬多塔也從未如此擁擠，但又如此安靜。接近日落時，弗雷德和喬治上床睡覺，不能再坐在那裡了。"哈利，她知道些什麼，"羅恩說，這是他們進入職員室更衣室以來第一次發言。"那就是為什麼她被帶走的。這與珀西完全沒關係。她發現了關於密室的一些事情。這一定是她被....."羅恩瘋狂地揉擦著眼睛。"我的意思是，她是純血巫師。沒有其他理由了。"哈利看到夕陽血紅地落在天際線下。這是他在過的最糟糕的感覺。如果只有他們能做些什麼。任何事情。

"哈利，"羅恩說。"你覺得她還有任何機會——你知道的——"

Harry didn't know what to say. He couldn't see how Ginny could still be alive.

"Do you know what?" said Ron. "I think we should go and see Lockhart. Tell him what we know. He's going to try and get into the Chamber. We can tell him where we think it is, and tell him it's a basilisk in there."

Because Harry couldn't think of anything else to do, and because he wanted to be doing something, he agreed. The Gryffindors around them were so miserable, and felt so sorry for the Weasleys, that nobody tried to stop them as they got up, crossed the room, and left through the portrait hole.

Darkness was falling as they walked down to Lockhart's office. There seemed to be a lot of activity going on inside it. They could hear scraping, thumps, and hurried footsteps.

Harry knocked and there was a sudden silence from inside. Then the door opened the tiniest crack and they saw one of Lockhart's eyes peering through it.

哈利不知道該說什麼。他不明白金妮怎麼可能還活着。「你知道嗎？」羅恩說。「我想我們應該去找洛哈特。把我們知道的告訴他。他會試圖進入密室的。我們可以告訴他我們認為密室在哪裡，並告訴他裡面有巨蛇。」由於哈利找不到其他辦法，而且他想做些什麼，所以他同意了。他們的身邊都是傷心的格蘭芬多學生，他們深深同情韋斯萊一家，沒有人試圖阻止他們走出畫像孔。當他們走下洛哈特的辦公室時，天色已經暗了下來。辦公室裡似乎有很多活動。他們能聽到刷刷的聲音、重重的撞擊聲和急匆匆的脚步聲。哈利敲門，辦公室裡突然靜了下來。然後門開了一道微縫，他們看到了洛哈特的一只眼睛透過門縫覬望。

“Oh — Mr. Potter — Mr. Weasley —” he said, opening the door a bit wider. “I'm rather busy at the moment — if you would be quick —”

“Professor, we've got some information for you,” said Harry. “We think it'll help you.”

“Er — well — it's not terribly —” The side of Lockhart's face that they could see looked very uncomfortable. “I mean — well — all right —”

He opened the door and they entered.

His office had been almost completely stripped. Two large trunks stood open on the floor. Robes, jade-green, lilac, midnight-blue, had been hastily folded into one of them; books were jumbled untidily into the other. The photographs that had covered the walls were now crammed into boxes on the desk.

“Are you going somewhere?” said Harry.

“Er, well, yes,” said Lockhart, ripping a life-size poster of himself from the back of the door as he spoke and starting to roll it up. “Urgent call — unavoidable — got to go —”

「哦——波特先生——威茲萊先生——」他說，將門打開得更寬。「我現在有些忙——如果你們能快一點——」「教授，我們有些資訊想跟您說，我們認為它會對您有幫助。」哈利說。「嗯——那個——不是特別——」魯卡特露出的一邊臉看起來很不舒服。「我的意思是——好吧——」他打開門，他們進去了。他的辦公室幾乎被完全清空。兩個大旅行箱放在地上。袍子，翡翠綠色，淡紫色，午夜藍色，被匆忙地摺進其中一個；書籍應該不亂地擠在另一個箱子裡。過去覆蓋在牆上的照片現在被塞進桌子上的盒子裡。「你要去哪裡？」哈利問。「嗯，好吧，是的，」魯卡特說，一邊撕掉了背後的他自己的真人大小海報，一邊說話，開始捲起來。「緊急呼叫——無法避免——必須走——」

“What about my sister?” said Ron jerkily.

“Well, as to that — most unfortunate —” said Lockhart, avoiding their eyes as he wrenched open a drawer and started emptying the contents into a bag. “No one regrets more than I —”

“You're the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher!” said Harry. “You can't go now! Not with all the Dark stuff going on here!”

“Well — I must say — when I took the job —” Lockhart muttered, now piling socks on top of his robes. “nothing in the job description — didn't expect —”

“You mean you're *running away*?” said Harry disbelievingly. “After all that stuff you did in your books —”

“Books can be misleading,” said Lockhart delicately.

“You wrote them!” Harry shouted.

“My dear boy,” said Lockhart, straightening up and frowning at Harry. “Do use your common sense. My books wouldn't have sold half as well if people didn't think I'd done all those things. No one wants to read about some ugly old Armenian warlock, even if he did save a village from werewolves. He'd look dreadful on the front cover. No dress sense at all. And the witch who banished the Bandon Banshee had a hairy chin. I mean, come on —”

“我的妹妹怎麼辦？”羅恩顫抖地說。「關於那件事——非常不幸——」洛哈特避開他們的眼神，扯開抽屜，開始把裡面的東西倒進一個袋子裡。「沒有人比我更遺憾——」「你是黑魔法防禦術老師！」哈利說道。「你現在不能走！這裡有那麼多黑暗的事情發生！」“嗯——我必須說——當我接手這份工作的時候——”洛哈特咕噥道，現在把襪子疊在長袍上。「工作描述中沒有——沒有預料到——」「你的意思是你要逃跑？」哈利不信地說。「在你的書裡做了那麼多事情後——」「書可能是誤導的，」洛哈特謹慎地說。「你寫的！」哈利大聲喊道。「我的親愛孩子，」洛哈特直起身子，皺眉看著哈利。「請理智一點。如果人們不認為我做了那些事情，我的書就不會賣得那麼好。沒有人想讀關於一個醜陋的亞美尼亞巫師的故事，即使他從狼人手裡救了一個村莊。他在封面上看起來很糟糕。完全沒有穿著感。而放逐班登女妖的女巫有著一個毛茸茸的下巴。我是說，拜託——」

“So you've just been taking credit for what a load of other people have done?” said Harry incredulously.

“Harry, Harry,” said Lockhart, shaking his head impatiently, “it's not nearly as simple as that. There was work involved. I had to track these people down. Ask them exactly how they managed to do what they did. Then I had to put a Memory Charm on them so they wouldn't remember doing it. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my Memory Charms. No, it's been a lot of work, Harry. It's not all book signings and publicity photos, you know. You want fame, you have to be prepared for a long hard slog.”

He banged the lids of his trunks shut and locked them.

“Let’s see,” he said. “I think that’s everything. Yes. Only one thing left.”

He pulled out his wand and turned to them.

“那么你只是欺騙別人做的事情，自己拿功勞？！”哈利虛度地說。“哈利，哈利，”洛哈特不耐煩地搖了搖頭，“事情不是那麼簡單。這其中需要付出很多工作。我必須找到這些人，問問他們如何做到的。然後我還得對他們施加記憶魔咒，讓他們忘記自己所做的事情。如果有一件事情讓我自豪的話，那就是我的記憶魔咒了。你知道，這不只是書籍簽名和宣傳照片。想要成名，你必須為之奮鬥很長時間。”洛哈特砰地把箱子蓋關上，鎖上。“讓我看看，”他說，“我想這就是所有東西了。是的，只剩下一件事。”他拿出魔杖，轉向他們。

“Awfully sorry, boys, but I’ll have to put a Memory Charm on you now. Can’t have you blabbing my secrets all over the place. I’d never sell another book —”

Harry reached his wand just in time. Lockhart had barely raised his, when Harry bellowed, “*Expelliarmus!*”

Lockhart was blasted backward, falling over his trunk; his wand flew high into the air; Ron caught it, and flung it out of the open window.

“Shouldn’t have let Professor Snape teach us that one,” said Harry furiously, kicking Lockhart’s trunk aside. Lockhart was looking up at him, feeble once more. Harry was still pointing his wand at him.

“What d’you want me to do?” said Lockhart weakly. “I don’t know where the Chamber of Secrets is. There’s nothing I can do.”

“You’re in luck,” said Harry, forcing Lockhart to his feet at wandpoint. “We think we know where it is. *And* what’s inside it. Let’s go.”

“男孩們，非常抱歉，但我現在得對你們使用記憶咒語。你們不能把我的秘密到處傳播，否則我再也賣不出書了——”哈利及時拿起了魔杖。當洛哈特剛舉起他的魔杖時，哈利大喊：“除奇想！”洛哈特被炸飛，跌倒在他的箱子上；他的魔杖飛得很高，朗抓住它，扔出了開著的窗戶。“不該讓斯涅普教我們這個咒語，”哈利氣憤地說，把洛哈特的箱子踢到一邊。洛哈特又一次昏倒在地，望著他。哈利仍然用魔杖指著他。“你想讓我怎麼做？”洛哈特無力地說：“我不知道密室在哪裡。我什麼都做不了。”“你很幸運，”哈利用魔杖逼著洛哈特站起來，“我們認為我們知道密室在哪裡和裡面有什麼。我們走吧。”

They marched Lockhart out of his office and down the nearest stairs, along the dark corridor where the messages shone on the wall, to the door of Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom.

They sent Lockhart in first. Harry was pleased to see that he was shaking.

Moaning Myrtle was sitting on the tank of the end toilet.

“Oh, it’s you,” she said when she saw Harry. “What do you want this time?”

“To ask you how you died,” said Harry.

Myrtle’s whole aspect changed at once. She looked as though she had never been asked such a flattering question.

“Ooooh, it was dreadful,” she said with relish. “It happened right in here. I died in this very stall. I remember it so well. I’d hidden because Olive Hornby was teasing me about my glasses. The door was locked, and I was crying, and then I heard somebody come in. They said something funny. A different language, I think it must have been. Anyway, what really got me was that it was a boy speaking. So I unlocked the door, to tell him to go and use his own toilet, and then —” Myrtle swelled importantly, her face shining. “I died.”

他們把洛哈特從辦公室帶走，沿著黑暗的走廊走到最近的樓梯，走到呻吟鬼經常出現的廁所門口，然後把洛哈特送進去。哈利很高興看到他在發抖。呻吟鬼坐在尾部馬桶的水箱上。當她看見哈利時，她說：“哦，是你啊。你這次想幹嘛？”“問你怎麼死的，”哈利說。馬蹄菜整個人都變了。她看起來好像從未被問過這樣的讚美問題。“噢，太可怕了，”她滿不在乎地說。她說：“就在這裡發生了。我死在這個馬桶裡。我還記得，當時奧利芙·雄鳴在取笑我戴眼鏡。門被鎖住了，我哭了起來，然後我聽到有人進來了。他們說了些有趣的話。我想是另一種語言。反正最讓我困擾的是那個說話的人是個男孩。所以我打開了門，告訴他去用他自己的廁所，然後……”馬蹄菜自滿地膨脹著，她的臉上發亮。“我死了。”

“How?” said Harry.

“No idea,” said Myrtle in hushed tones. “I just remember seeing a pair of great, big, yellow eyes. My whole body sort of seized up, and then I was floating away. . . .” She looked dreamily at Harry. “And then I came back again. I was determined to haunt Olive Hornby, you see. Oh, she was sorry she’d ever laughed at my glasses.”

“Where exactly did you see the eyes?” said Harry.

“Somewhere there,” said Myrtle, pointing vaguely toward the sink in front of her toilet.

Harry and Ron hurried over to it. Lockhart was standing well back, a look of utter terror on his face.

It looked like an ordinary sink. They examined every inch of it, inside and out, including the pipes below. And then Harry saw it: Scratched on the

side of one of the copper taps was a tiny snake.

“怎麼了？”哈利問。“我不知道，”瑪蒂爾小聲說。“我只記得看到一雙大大的黃色眼睛。我的整個身體感覺綁住了，然後我就漂浮了起來……”她望著哈利，神情夢幻。“然後我又回來了。我決定要纏著奧莉夫·霍恩比不放，你知道的。噢，她後悔嘲笑我戴眼鏡了。”“你到底在哪裡看到這些眼睛？”哈利問。“在那裡的某個地方，”瑪蒂爾指了指她馬桶前面的水槽。哈利和朗趕緊過去看。洛克哈特兀自站在很遠的地方，臉上滿是恐慌。看上去像是個普通的水槽。他們仔細檢查了每一寸，包括下方的管道。然後哈利看到了它：銅龍頭的一側刻著一條小蛇。

“That tap's never worked,” said Myrtle brightly as he tried to turn it.

“Harry,” said Ron. “Say something. Something in Parseltongue.”

“But —” Harry thought hard. The only times he'd ever managed to speak Parseltongue were when he'd been faced with a real snake. He stared hard at the tiny engraving, trying to imagine it was real.

“Open up,” he said.

He looked at Ron, who shook his head.

“English,” he said.

Harry looked back at the snake, willing himself to believe it was alive. If he moved his head, the candlelight made it look as though it were moving.

“Open up,” he said.

Except that the words weren't what he heard; a strange hissing had escaped him, and at once the tap glowed with a brilliant white light and began to spin. Next second, the sink began to move; the sink, in fact, sank, right out of sight, leaving a large pipe exposed, a pipe wide enough for a man to slide into.

“那個水龍頭從來都沒有用過，”瑪蒂爾歡喜地說著，當哈利試著轉動它時。“哈利，”羅恩說，“說點什麼，用蛇語說話。”“但是——”哈利認真思考著。他曾經成功說過蛇語，只是當他面對一條真正的蛇時。他盯著小小的刻痕，試著把它想像成真實的東西。“打開，”他說。他看著羅恩，羅恩搖頭。“用英語，”他說。哈利又回頭看著那條蛇，讓自己相信它是活的。如果他動一下頭，燭光照耀下它看起來好像是在動。“打開，”他說。但是他聽到的並不是那些話。一種奇怪的嘶嘶聲從他口中發出，接著水龍頭便發出耀眼的白光並開始旋轉。下一秒，水槽開始移動；事實上，水槽下沉了，露出了一條寬度足以讓人滑進去的大管子。

Harry heard Ron gasp and looked up again. He had made up his mind what he was going to do.

“I'm going down there,” he said.

He couldn't not go, not now they had found the entrance to the Chamber, not if there was even the faintest, slimmest, wildest chance that Ginny might be alive.

“Me too,” said Ron.

There was a pause.

“Well, you hardly seem to need me,” said Lockhart, with a shadow of his old smile. “I'll just —”

He put his hand on the door knob, but Ron and Harry both pointed their wands at him.

“You can go first,” Ron snarled.

White-faced and wandless, Lockhart approached the opening.

“Boys,” he said, his voice feeble. “Boys, what good will it do?”

Harry jabbed him in the back with his wand. Lockhart slid his legs into the pipe.

“I really don't think —” he started to say, but Ron gave him a push, and he slid out of sight. Harry followed quickly. He lowered himself slowly into the pipe, then let go.

哈利聽見羅恩嘆了口氣，抬起頭來。他已經決定了要做什麼。“我要下去，”他說。現在他們已經找到了通往密室的入口，就算那只是最微弱、最渺茫、最瘋狂的希望，基尼也有可能還活著，他就不能不去。“我也一起去，”羅恩說。然後他們停了下來。“呃，你們看起來好像不需要我，”洛哈特帶著一絲笑意說道，“我就……”他伸手拿住門把，但羅恩和哈利都指著他的魔杖。“你可以先走，”羅恩咆哮道。嚇得臉色發白，手裡沒有魔杖的洛哈特走向了洞口。“孩子們，”他說，聲音微弱，“孩子們，這樣有什麼作用呢？”哈利用魔杖在他背上戳了一下。洛哈特把兩條腿伸進管子里。“我真的不認為——”他剛開口說，但羅恩一推，他就消失了。哈利緊接著跟了下去。他慢慢地放下身子，然後松開了手。

It was like rushing down an endless, slimy, dark slide. He could see more pipes branching off in all directions, but none as large as theirs, which

twisted and turned, sloping steeply downward, and he knew that he was falling deeper below the school than even the dungeons. Behind him he could hear Ron, thudding slightly at the curves.

And then, just as he had begun to worry about what would happen when he hit the ground, the pipe leveled out, and he shot out of the end with a wet thud, landing on the damp floor of a dark stone tunnel large enough to stand in. Lockhart was getting to his feet a little ways away, covered in slime and white as a ghost. Harry stood aside as Ron came whizzing out of the pipe, too.

“We must be miles under the school,” said Harry, his voice echoing in the black tunnel.

就像沿著一條無盡、黏滑、黑暗的滑梯往下奔馳。他看到更多的管子朝各個方向延伸，但沒有一個像他們這樣大，彎曲陡峭地向下傾斜，他知道自己已經落到比地牢更深處了。他身後可以聽到羅恩在彎道處輕輕地撞擊聲。就在他開始擔心自己會撞到地面時，管子突然平穩下來，他與濕滑的聲響從管子的盡頭射出，落到一條黑暗石洞的潮濕地面上，地洞足夠寬敞，可以站立。洛哈特離他有些距離爬起身來，身上沾滿了黏液，蒼白如鬼。當羅恩也從管子中颯然而出時，哈利站在一旁。「我們一定在學校的下方數英里了。」哈利的聲音在黑暗的隧道中回響。

“Under the lake, probably,” said Ron, squinting around at the dark, slimy walls.

All three of them turned to stare into the darkness ahead.

“*Lumos!*” Harry muttered to his wand and it lit again. “C’mon,” he said to Ron and Lockhart, and off they went, their footsteps slapping loudly on the wet floor.

The tunnel was so dark that they could only see a little distance ahead. Their shadows on the wet walls looked monstrous in the wandlight.

“Remember,” Harry said quietly as they walked cautiously forward, “any sign of movement, close your eyes right away. . . .”

But the tunnel was quiet as the grave, and the first unexpected sound they heard was a loud *crunch* as Ron stepped on what turned out to be a rat’s skull. Harry lowered his wand to look at the floor and saw that it was littered with small animal bones. Trying very hard not to imagine what Ginny might look like if they found her, Harry led the way forward, around a dark bend in the tunnel.

“大概在湖底下吧。”羅恩睁着眼睛看着黑暗而又湿滑的墙壁说道。他们三个人全都一齐往前看了看黑暗的前方。“*Lumos!*”哈利让他的魔杖再次发光。“走吧，”他对罗恩和洛哈特说道，三人发出响亮的脚步声，踏在湿滑的地面上。隧道太过黑暗，他们只能看到很短的距离。他们在魔杖的闪烁下，倒立在湿滑的墙上的影子看起来非常庞大。“记住，”当他们小心翼翼地向前走时，哈利轻声说，“任何异动，马上闭上眼睛……”但是隧道静悄悄地，他们听到的第一个意外的声音是隆隆的碎裂声，原来是罗恩踩在了一只老鼠头骨上。哈利放下魔杖看着地上，发现有许多小动物的骨头。他竭力不去想像他们找到金妮时，她可能看起来的样子，哈利率先领着大家，绕过隧道中的一处黑暗弯道往前走去。

“Harry — there’s something up there —” said Ron hoarsely, grabbing Harry’s shoulder.

They froze, watching. Harry could just see the outline of something huge and curved, lying right across the tunnel. It wasn’t moving.

“Maybe it’s asleep,” he breathed, glancing back at the other two. Lockhart’s hands were pressed over his eyes. Harry turned back to look at the thing, his heart beating so fast it hurt.

Very slowly, his eyes as narrow as he could make them and still see, Harry edged forward, his wand held high.

The light slid over a gigantic snake skin, of a vivid, poisonous green, lying curled and empty across the tunnel floor. The creature that had shed it must have been twenty feet long at least.

“Blimey,” said Ron weakly.

There was a sudden movement behind them. Gilderoy Lockhart’s knees had given way.

“哈利——那裡有東西——”羅恩沙啞地說著，抓住了哈利的肩膀。他們凍住了，注視著前方。哈利僅僅能看到某種巨大而彎曲的東西的輪廓，橫在他們面前的通道上。那東西沒有動。“或許它在睡覺，”哈利輕聲說道，掃了一眼其他兩人。洛哈特把手擠在了眼睛上。哈利轉身去看一看那個東西，他的心跳得非常快，甚至有些疼痛。哈利非常緩慢地向前移動，他的眼睛盡量縮小，但仍能看到，他握著魔杖高高舉起。陽光照在一只巨大的蛇皮上，皮膚是毒綠色的，捲曲著盤繞在洞穴的地面上，而且空的。蛇你有可能至少有二十英尺長。“真是太神奇了，”羅恩虛弱地說道。他們身後突然發生了一個變化。吉德羅伊·洛哈特的膝蓋不停地顫抖。

“Get up,” said Ron sharply, pointing his wand at Lockhart.

Lockhart got to his feet — then he dived at Ron, knocking him to the ground.

Harry jumped forward, but too late — Lockhart was straightening up, panting, Ron’s wand in his hand and a gleaming smile back on his face.

“The adventure ends here, boys!” he said. “I shall take a bit of this skin back up to the school, tell them I was too late to save the girl, and that you two *tragically* lost your minds at the sight of her mangled body — say good-bye to your memories!”

He raised Ron’s Spellotaped wand high over his head and yelled, “*Obliviate!*”

The wand exploded with the force of a small bomb. Harry flung his arms over his head and ran, slipping over the coils of snake skin, out of the way of great chunks of tunnel ceiling that were thundering to the floor. Next moment, he was standing alone, gazing at a solid wall of broken rock.

“起來吧，”羅恩尖刻地說，用魔杖指向洛哈特。洛哈特站了起來 - 然後向羅恩扑去，把他撞倒在地。哈利向前跳，但太遲了- 洛哈特正直起身，喘氣，手中拿著羅恩的魔杖，臉上又露出了燦爛的微笑。他說：“冒險到此為止，孩子們！我要把這塊皮帶回學校，告訴他們我來不及救那個女孩，而你們兩個卻因為看到她被破壞的身體而悲痛欲絕-告別你們的記憶吧！”他高舉起羅恩的魔法膠帶魔杖，大喊：“遺忘！”魔杖爆炸，就像小型炸彈一樣。哈利舉起雙手奔跑，滑過蛇皮的卷曲，避開了那些狂風暴雨般落下的巨大坑洞的隧道天花板。下一刻，他孤獨站在那裡，凝視著一堵厚厚的斷石牆。

“Ron!” he shouted. “Are you okay? Ron!”

“I’m here!” came Ron’s muffled voice from behind the rockfall. “I’m okay — this git’s not, though — he got blasted by the wand —”

There was a dull thud and a loud “ow!” It sounded as though Ron had just kicked Lockhart in the shins.

“What now?” Ron’s voice said, sounding desperate. “We can’t get through — it’ll take ages. . . .”

Harry looked up at the tunnel ceiling. Huge cracks had appeared in it. He had never tried to break apart anything as large as these rocks by magic, and now didn’t seem a good moment to try — what if the whole tunnel caved in?

There was another thud and another “ow!” from behind the rocks. They were wasting time. Ginny had already been in the Chamber of Secrets for hours. . . . Harry knew there was only one thing to do.

「羅恩！」他大喊。「你還好嗎？羅恩！」「在這裡！」羅恩的聲音從石頭堆後面傳來。「我沒事 - 可這家夥不行了 - 他被魔杖炸傷了-」接著傳來一聲沉悶的撞擊和一聲大叫「哎唷！」好像羅恩剛踢了洛哈特的小腿。「現在怎麼辦？」羅恩的聲音聽起來有些絕望。「我們過不去 - 會花很長時間...」哈利抬頭看著隧道的天花板。天花板上出現了大裂痕。他從未嘗試過用魔法把這麼大的石頭弄碎，現在也不是個好時機 - 如果整個隧道都塌陷了會怎樣？從石頭堆後面傳來另一聲撞擊和「哎唷！」的聲音。他們在浪費時間。金妮已經在密室裡待了幾個小時了...哈利知道現在只有一個辦法。

“Wait there,” he called to Ron. “Wait with Lockhart. I’ll go on. . . . If I’m not back in an hour. . . .”

There was a very pregnant pause.

“I’ll try and shift some of this rock,” said Ron, who seemed to be trying to keep his voice steady. “So you can — can get back through. And, Harry —”

“See you in a bit,” said Harry, trying to inject some confidence into his shaking voice.

And he set off alone past the giant snake skin.

Soon the distant noise of Ron straining to shift the rocks was gone. The tunnel turned and turned again. Every nerve in Harry’s body was tingling unpleasantly. He wanted the tunnel to end, yet dreaded what he’d find when it did. And then, at last, as he crept around yet another bend, he saw a solid wall ahead on which two entwined serpents were carved, their eyes set with great, glinting emeralds.

「你在他那裡等著，」他對著羅恩喊道。「和洛哈特一起等待，我會繼續前進.....如果一小時後我還沒回來.....」接著是一個相當明顯的暫停。「我會試著移動一些這些石頭，」羅恩說，他似乎在努力保持聲音的穩定。「這樣你可以通過，哈利——」「待會兒見，」哈利努力想在顫抖的聲音中注入一些信心。他一個人繼續前進，過去了巨大的蛇皮。很快，羅恩努力移動石頭的遠處噪音就消失了。隧道又轉了又轉。哈利身體的每一個神經都在不愉快地刺痛。他想讓隧道結束，同時又害怕當隧道真的結束時會發現什麼。最後，當他又繞了一個彎時，他看到了一堵堅實的牆壁，上面雕刻著兩條纏繞的蛇，它們的眼睛鑲嵌著閃閃發亮的翡翠石。

Harry approached, his throat very dry. There was no need to pretend these stone snakes were real; their eyes looked strangely alive.

He could guess what he had to do. He cleared his throat, and the emerald eyes seemed to flicker.

“Open,” said Harry, in a low, faint hiss.

The serpents parted as the wall cracked open, the halves slid smoothly out of sight, and Harry, shaking from head to foot, walked inside.

哈利走近了，感到喉嚨十分干燥。沒有必要假裝這些石蛇是真的；它們的眼睛看起來有些生氣勃勃。他可以猜到他需要做什麼。他清了清喉嚨，翡翠色的眼睛似乎閃爍了一下。“打開，”哈利低沉地嘶嘶道。蛇分開了，牆壁裂開了，兩半平滑地消失了，哈利從頭到腳顫抖著走進去。



## THE HEIR OF SLYTHERIN

He was standing at the end of a very long, dimly lit chamber. Towering stone pillars entwined with more carved serpents rose to support a ceiling lost in darkness, casting long, black shadows through the odd, greenish gloom that filled the place.

His heart beating very fast, Harry stood listening to the chill silence. Could the basilisk be lurking in a shadowy corner, behind a pillar? And where was Ginny?

He pulled out his wand and moved forward between the serpentine columns. Every careful footstep echoed loudly off the shadowy walls. He kept his eyes narrowed, ready to clamp them shut at the smallest sign of movement. The hollow eye sockets of the stone snakes seemed to be following him. More than once, with a jolt of the stomach, he thought he saw one stir.

他站在一個非常長、昏暗的房間盡頭。高聳的石柱上纏繞着更多雕刻的蛇，支撐著一個消失在黑暗中的天花板，在充滿奇怪的綠色暗影的地方投下漫長的黑色陰影。哈利的心跳非常快，他站在那裡聆聽寒冷的寂靜。basilisk有可能潛伏在陰暗的角落、柱子後面嗎？而吉尼在哪裡？他拿出魔杖，在蛇形柱子之間向前移動。每一個小心的腳步在陰影中的牆壁上都回盪著巨大的聲響。他保持著眼睛緊閉，準備在最小的動靜出現時閉上眼睛。石蛇的空洞眼窩似乎在追著他。有不止一次，他帶著顫抖的胃感覺到自己看到了其中一個在動。（Translated by Deepl.com）

Then, as he drew level with the last pair of pillars, a statue high as the Chamber itself loomed into view, standing against the back wall.

Harry had to crane his neck to look up into the giant face above: It was ancient and monkeyish, with a long, thin beard that fell almost to the bottom of the wizard's sweeping stone robes, where two enormous gray feet stood on the smooth Chamber floor. And between the feet, facedown, lay a small, black-robed figure with flaming-red hair.

“Ginny!” Harry muttered, sprinting to her and dropping to his knees. “Ginny — don’t be dead — please don’t be dead —” He flung his wand aside, grabbed Ginny’s shoulders, and turned her over. Her face was white as marble, and as cold, yet her eyes were closed, so she wasn’t Petrified. But then she must be —

當他走到最後一對柱子時，一個像大廳一樣高的雕像出現在他的視野中，矗立在後牆上。哈利不得不伸長脖子仰望高高在上的巨大臉龐：它古老而猴子般，一條長而細的鬍子幾乎垂到了巫師石制長袍的底部，在那裡，兩座巨大而灰色的腳站在光滑的大廳地板上。而在這對腳之間，趴倒在地上的是一個穿著黑袍、頭髮火紅的小人影。「金妮！」哈利喃喃自語著，衝向她，跪下來。「金妮，不要死，請不要死——」他丟棄手中的魔杖，抓住金妮的肩膀，把她翻了過來。她的臉白得像大理石，冰冷無比，然而她的眼睛閉著，所以她不是被石化了。但那麼她一定是——

“Ginny, please wake up,” Harry muttered desperately, shaking her. Ginny’s head lolled hopelessly from side to side.

“She won’t wake,” said a soft voice.

Harry jumped and spun around on his knees.

A tall, black-haired boy was leaning against the nearest pillar, watching. He was strangely blurred around the edges, as though Harry were looking at him through a misted window. But there was no mistaking him —

“Tom — Tom Riddle ?”

Riddle nodded, not taking his eyes off Harry’s face.

“What d’you mean, she won’t wake?” Harry said desperately. “She’s not — she’s not — ?”

“She’s still alive,” said Riddle. “But only just.”

Harry stared at him. Tom Riddle had been at Hogwarts fifty years ago, yet here he stood, a weird, misty light shining about him, not a day older than sixteen.

吉妮，請醒來，”哈利絕望地喃喃自語，搖晃著她。吉妮無助地搖晃著腦袋。“她不會醒來的，”一個柔和的聲音說。哈利跳起來，在地上跪著轉了個身。一個高大的黑髮男孩斜靠在最近的柱子上，觀察著。他的邊緣奇怪地模糊，好像哈利透過一個模糊的窗戶看著他。但毫無疑問地是他 - “湯姆 - 湯姆·里德爾？”里德爾點頭，沒有把目光從哈利的臉上移開。“你什麼意思，她不會醒來？”哈利絕望地問道。“她不是 - 她不是 - ？”“她還活著，”里德爾說。“但只是勉強活著。”哈利盯著他看。湯姆·里德爾在五十年前曾在霍格華茲上課，但他站在這裡，身上發出奇怪的微光，看起來不到十六歲。

“Are you a ghost?” Harry said uncertainly.

“A memory,” said Riddle quietly. “Preserved in a diary for fifty years.”

He pointed toward the floor near the statue’s giant toes. Lying open there was the little black diary Harry had found in Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. For a second, Harry wondered how it had got there — but there were more pressing matters to deal with.

“You’ve got to help me, Tom,” Harry said, raising Ginny’s head again. “We’ve got to get her out of here. There’s a basilisk . . . I don’t know where it is, but it could be along any moment. . . . Please, help me —”

Riddle didn’t move. Harry, sweating, managed to hoist Ginny half off the floor, and bent to pick up his wand again.

But his wand had gone.

“Did you see — ?”

He looked up. Riddle was still watching him — twirling Harry’s wand between his long fingers.

“你是幽靈嗎？”哈利不確定地說。“一個回憶，”瑞德爾安靜地說。“在日記裡被保留了五十年。”他指向雕像巨大的腳旁的地板。那裡躺著哈利在哭泣的默蒂爾浴室裡發現的小黑色日記。哈利不知道它怎麼會在那裡——但現在有更緊迫的問題要處理。“你必須幫我，湯姆，”哈利說，再次抬起金妮的頭。“我們必須把她帶出這裡。有一條巨蛇……我不知道它在哪裡，但它可能隨時會出現……請幫我——”瑞德爾沒有動。哈利汗流浹背，設法使金妮半趴在地上，彎下腰再次撿起他的魔杖。但他的魔杖不見了。“你看到——？”他抬起頭。瑞德爾仍然注視著他——在他的長手指之間轉動著哈利的魔杖。

“Thanks,” said Harry, stretching out his hand for it.

A smile curled the corners of Riddle’s mouth. He continued to stare at Harry, twirling the wand idly.

“Listen,” said Harry urgently, his knees sagging with Ginny’s dead weight. “We’ve got to go! If the basilisk comes —”

“It won’t come until it is called,” said Riddle calmly.

Harry lowered Ginny back onto the floor, unable to hold her up any longer.

“What d’you mean?” he said. “Look, give me my wand, I might need it —”

Riddle’s smile broadened.

“You won’t be needing it,” he said.

Harry stared at him.

“What d’you mean, I won’t be — ?”

“I’ve waited a long time for this, Harry Potter,” said Riddle. “For the chance to see you. To speak to you.”

“Look,” said Harry, losing patience, “I don’t think you get it. We’re in the *Chamber of Secrets*. We can talk later —”

“謝謝，”哈利伸出手接過魔杖。里德爾的嘴角露出一抹微笑，手上還纏繞著魔杖，他繼續盯著哈利。“聽好了，”哈利急切地說，因為吉尼的重量讓他的膝蓋有點發軟，“我們得趕快走！如果巨蛇來了——”“它不會出現直到被呼喚，”里德爾平靜地說。哈利無法支撐住吉尼了，只好讓她躺在地上。“你到底什麼意思？”他問道，“給我魔杖，我可能需要它——”里德爾的微笑更加寬了。“你不需要它，”他說。哈利愣住了。“你什麼意思，我不需要——？”“我等了很久，哈利·波特，”里德爾說。“等待著這個機會，見到你，和你談話。”“聽我說，”哈利忍不住開始失去耐心，“我想你沒有明白，我們現在在密室裡面。我們可以等會兒再說——”

“We’re going to talk now,” said Riddle, still smiling broadly, and he pocketed Harry’s wand.

Harry stared at him. There was something very funny going on here. . . .

“How did Ginny get like this?” he asked slowly.

“Well, that’s an interesting question,” said Riddle pleasantly. “And quite a long story. I suppose the real reason Ginny Weasley’s like this is because she opened her heart and spilled all her secrets to an invisible stranger.”

“What are you talking about?” said Harry.

“The diary,” said Riddle. “My diary. Little Ginny’s been writing in it for months and months, telling me all her pitiful worries and woes — how her brothers *tease* her, how she had to come to school with secondhand robes and books, how” — Riddle’s eyes glinted — “how she didn’t think famous, good, great Harry Potter would *ever* like her. . . .”

里德爾笑容滿面地說：“我們現在要談談了。”他把哈利的魔杖放進口袋裡。哈利盯著他看。這裡有些非常有趣的事情……“金妮怎麼了？”他慢慢地問道。“唔，這是個有趣的問題，”里德爾愉快地說道，“也是一個很長的故事。我想金妮·衛斯理現在這樣子，是因為她向看不見的陌生人傾吐了她所有的秘密。”“你在說什麼？”哈利問。“日記，”里德爾說，“我的日記。小金妮已經寫了好幾個月了，告訴我她所有可憐的煩惱和困難——她的兄弟們如何欺負她，如何帶著舊衣服和書來上學，還有……”里德爾閃爍著眼睛，“她以為著名、出色、偉大的哈利·波特永遠不會喜歡她……”

All the time he spoke, Riddle’s eyes never left Harry’s face. There was an almost hungry look in them.

“It’s very *boring*, having to listen to the silly little troubles of an eleven-year-old girl,” he went on. “But I was patient. I wrote back. I was sympathetic, I was kind. Ginny simply *loved* me. *No one’s ever understood me like you, Tom. . . . I’m so glad I’ve got this diary to confide in. . . . It’s like having a friend I can carry around in my pocket. . . .*”

Riddle laughed, a high, cold laugh that didn’t suit him. It made the hairs stand up on the back of Harry’s neck.

“If I say it myself, Harry, I’ve always been able to charm the people I needed. So Ginny poured out her soul to me, and her soul happened to be exactly what I wanted. . . . I grew stronger and stronger on a diet of her deepest fears, her darkest secrets. I grew powerful, far more powerful than little Miss Weasley. Powerful enough to start feeding Miss Weasley a few of *my* secrets, to start pouring a little of *my* soul back into *her* . . .”

里德爾一直在说话的时候，他的眼睛从来没有离开过哈利的脸。里德爾的眼神里有一种近乎渴望的表情。“听一个十一岁小女孩抱怨她的琐事很无聊，但我很耐心。我回信了，我表现得富有同情心，我很友善。吉妮非常爱我。没有人能像你这样理解我，汤姆。我很高兴我有这本日记可以倾诉……它就像是我口袋里一个可以随时带着的朋友……”里德爾发出了一阵不适合他的高声尖笑，哈利感到自己的脖子发凉。“如果我独自自夸一下，哈利，我一直能迷住我需要的人。所以吉妮向我倾诉她的心声，而她的灵魂恰好是我所需要的……我在她最深的恐惧和最黑暗的秘密中获得了力量……我变得越来越强大，远比小女孩韦斯莉要强大。强大到足以向威斯莱小姐透露我的一些秘密，让我的一点灵魂灌输到她的身体里……”

“What d’you mean?” said Harry, whose mouth had gone very dry.

“Haven’t you guessed yet, Harry Potter?” said Riddle softly. “Ginny Weasley opened the Chamber of Secrets. She strangled the school roosters and daubed threatening messages on the walls. She set the serpent of Slytherin on four Mudbloods, and the Squib’s cat.”

“No,” Harry whispered.

“Yes,” said Riddle calmly. “Of course, she didn’t *know* what she was doing at first. It was very amusing. I wish you could have seen her new diary entries . . . far more interesting, they became. . . . Dear Tom,” he recited, watching Harry’s horrified face, “I think I’m losing my memory. There are rooster feathers all over my robes and I don’t know how they got there. Dear Tom, I can’t remember what I did on the night of Halloween, but a cat was attacked and I’ve got paint all down my front. Dear Tom, Percy keeps telling me I’m pale and I’m not myself. I think he suspects me. . . . There was another attack today and I don’t know where I was. Tom, what am I going to do? I think I’m going mad. . . . I think I’m the one attacking everyone, Tom!”

“你是什么意思？”哈利口干舌燥地问道。“你还没猜到吗，哈利·波特？”里德爾轻声说。“金妮·韦斯莱打开了密室。她勒死了学校的公鸡，在墙上涂上威胁性的信息。她放出了斯莱特林的大蛇袭击了四个麻瓜和一个巫师家庭的猫。”“不，”哈利低声说。“是的，”里德爾冷静地说。“当然，一开始她不知道她在做什么。真的很有趣。我希望你能看到她的新日记。变得更有趣。亲爱的汤姆，”他背诵着，看着哈利震惊的脸，“我想我失去了记忆力。我的长袍上到处都是公鸡的羽毛，我不知道它们是怎么来的。亲爱的汤姆，我想不起我在万圣节那天做了什么，但是一个猫被攻击了，我身上到处都是油漆。亲爱的汤姆，珀西一直告诉我我很苍白，我不像自己一样。我想他怀疑我。今天又有一次袭击，我不知道我在哪里。汤姆，我该怎么办？我想我疯了。我想我是攻击所有的人，汤姆！”

Harry’s fists were clenched, the nails digging deep into his palms.

“It took a very long time for stupid little Ginny to stop trusting her diary,” said Riddle. “But she finally became suspicious and tried to dispose of it. And that’s where *you* came in, Harry. You found it, and I couldn’t have been more delighted. Of all the people who could have picked it up, it was *you*, the very person I was most anxious to meet. . . .”

“And why did you want to meet me?” said Harry. Anger was coursing through him, and it was an effort to keep his voice steady.

“Well, you see, Ginny told me all about you, Harry,” said Riddle. “Your whole *fascinating* history.” His eyes roved over the lightning scar on Harry’s forehead, and their expression grew hungrier. “I knew I must find out more about you, talk to you, meet you if I could. So I decided to show you my famous capture of that great oaf, Hagrid, to gain your trust —”

哈利握拳，指甲深深地刺入掌心。「蠢貨吉妮花了很長時間才停止信任她的日記，」里德爾說。「但她終於開始懷疑並試圖

處理掉它。這就是你出現的地方，哈利。你找到了它，我再也高興不過了。在所有可能拿到它的人中，是你，我最渴望見到的人……」「你為什麼要見我？」哈利問道。憤怒湧過他，他很努力地保持著平靜的聲音。「嗯，你看，吉妮告訴我關於你的一切，哈利，」里德爾說。「你的整個迷人歷史。」他的眼睛在哈利前額的閃電疤痕上遊移，表情變得更加渴望。「我知道我必須了解更多關於你，和你交談，如果可以見到你，那就更好了。所以我決定向你展示我對那個大呆瓜海格的著名捕捉，以贏得你的信任……」

“Hagrid's my friend,” said Harry, his voice now shaking. “And you framed him, didn't you? I thought you made a mistake, but —”

Riddle laughed his high laugh again.

“It was my word against Hagrid's, Harry. Well, you can imagine how it looked to old Armando Dippet. On the one hand, Tom Riddle, poor but brilliant, parentless but so *brave*, school prefect, model student . . . on the other hand, big, blundering Hagrid, in trouble every other week, trying to raise werewolf cubs under his bed, sneaking off to the Forbidden Forest to wrestle trolls . . . but I admit, even I was surprised how well the plan worked. I thought *someone* must realize that Hagrid couldn't possibly be the Heir of Slytherin. It had taken *me* five whole years to find out everything I could about the Chamber of Secrets and discover the secret entrance . . . as though Hagrid had the brains, or the power!

“海格是我的朋友，”哈利顫抖著說。“你陷害了他，對吧？我以為你犯了錯，可是——”里德爾再次高聲大笑。“哈利，是我對海格的陳述，難道你不明白嗎？老阿曼多·迪佩特看到的情況是，一方面是窮但聰明、沒有父母但非常勇敢、學校的優等生和模範學生湯姆·里德爾……另一方面是笨拙的海格，每兩週就惹麻煩，試圖在床下養育狼人幼崽，偷偷跑到禁林裏去與巨魔搏鬥……但我承認，連我自己都對計劃的成功感到吃驚。我以為總有人會意識到，海格不可能是史萊特林之鑰的繼承人。花了我整整五年的時間，才找到了有關密室和密室入口的所有信息……就好像海格有這樣的頭腦或力量一樣！

“Only the Transfiguration teacher, Dumbledore, seemed to think Hagrid was innocent. He persuaded Dippet to keep Hagrid and train him as gamekeeper. Yes, I think Dumbledore might have guessed. . . . Dumbledore never seemed to like me as much as the other teachers did. . . .”

“I bet Dumbledore saw right through you,” said Harry, his teeth gritted.

“Well, he certainly kept an annoyingly close watch on me after Hagrid was expelled,” said Riddle carelessly. “I knew it wouldn't be safe to open the Chamber again while I was still at school. But I wasn't going to waste those long years I'd spent searching for it. I decided to leave behind a diary, preserving my sixteen-year-old self in its pages, so that one day, with luck, I would be able to lead another in my footsteps, and finish Salazar Slytherin's noble work.”

“只有變形術老師鄧布利多才覺得海格是無辜的。他說服迪皮特讓海格留下來當看守動物園養護員。是的，我想鄧布利多可能有所猜測……鄧布利多似乎從來沒有像其他老師那樣喜歡我……”“我敢打賭，鄧布利多看穿了你。”哈利咬緊牙關說道。“嗯，海格被開除之後，他總是煩人地過於關注我。”里德爾不以為意地說，“我知道我不能在學校裡再次打開密室了。但我不想浪費那些花在尋找密室的多年時光。我決定留下一本日記，把我十六歲的自己保存在裡面，希望有一天，幸運的話，我能引領另一個人踏上我的後塵，完成薩拉查·史萊特林的偉大事業。”

“Well, you haven't finished it,” said Harry triumphantly. “No one's died this time, not even the cat. In a few hours the Mandrake Draught will be ready and everyone who was Petrified will be all right again —”

“Haven't I already told you,” said Riddle quietly, “that killing Mudbloods doesn't matter to me anymore? For many months now, my new target has been — you.”

Harry stared at him.

“Imagine how angry I was when the next time my diary was opened, it was Ginny who was writing to me, not you. She saw you with the diary, you see, and panicked. What if you found out how to work it, and I repeated all her secrets to you? What if, even worse, I told you who'd been strangling roosters? So the foolish little brat waited until your dormitory was deserted and stole it back. But I knew what I must do. It was clear to me that you were on the trail of Slytherin's heir. From everything Ginny had told me about you, I knew you would go to any lengths to solve the mystery — particularly if one of your best friends was attacked. And Ginny had told me the whole school was buzzing because you could speak Parseltongue. . . .”

哈利得意地說：“嗯，你還沒完成它。這次沒有人死亡，甚至連貓都沒死。幾個小時後曼陀羅藥劑就會完成，所有被石化的人都會好轉——”“我不是已經告訴你了嗎？”里德爾平靜地說，“殺泥血流不流血對我已經不再重要了。很多個月以來，我新的目標就是——你。”哈利盯著他看。“當我的日記再次被打開，裡面的寫信者變成金妮而不是你時我是有多生氣啊。你知道金妮看到你拿著日記後就嚇壞了。如果你發現了它能發揮的功用，我把所有她的秘密都告訴你該怎麼辦？如果更糟糕的話，我告訴你是誰勒死了雞？所以這個愚蠢的小傢伙等到寢室裡沒人後就偷回了它。但我知道我該怎麼做。從金妮告訴我的你的事情中，我清楚地看到你正在追查斯萊特林的繼承人。我知道你會盡一切努力解開這個謎，特別是如果你的其中一個朋友挨了攻擊，而金妮告訴我，整所學校都因為你會說蛇語而感到震驚……”

“So I made Ginny write her own farewell on the wall and come down here to wait. She struggled and cried and became *very* boring. But there isn't much life left in her. . . . She put too much into the diary, into me. Enough to let me leave its pages at last. . . . I have been waiting for you to appear since we arrived here. I knew you'd come. I have many questions for you, Harry Potter.”

“Like what?” Harry spat, fists still clenched.

“Well,” said Riddle, smiling pleasantly, “how is it that *you* — a skinny boy with no extraordinary magical talent — managed to defeat the greatest

wizard of all time? How did *you* escape with nothing but a scar, while Lord Voldemort's powers were destroyed?"

There was an odd red gleam in his hungry eyes now.

"Why do you care how I escaped?" said Harry slowly. "Voldemort was after your time. . . ."

"我讓金妮自己在牆上寫下告別的話，然後下來等待。她掙扎、哭泣，變得非常無聊。但她已經沒有多少生命力了……她將太多的心思放在了日記和我身上。讓我終於能夠離開它的頁面……自從我們來到這裡就一直在等待你的出現，我知道你會來。我有很多問題要問你，哈利·波特。" "比如什麼？"哈利握緊拳頭，嘶吼道。"恩。"里德爾愉快地笑著，"你這個瘦弱的男孩，沒有任何超凡的魔法天賦，是如何擊敗史上最偉大的巫師的？當伏地魔的力量被摧毀時，你是如何僅僅帶著一個傷疤逃生的？"他那饑渴的眼中現出了怪異的紅色光芒。"你為什麼關心我是怎麼逃脫的？"哈利慢慢地說，"伏地魔已經過去了你的時間……"

"Voldemort," said Riddle softly, "is my past, present, and future, Harry Potter. . . ."

He pulled Harry's wand from his pocket and began to trace it through the air, writing three shimmering words:

**TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE**

Then he waved the wand once, and the letters of his name rearranged themselves:

**I AM LORD VOLDEMORT**

"You see?" he whispered. "It was a name I was already using at Hogwarts, to my most intimate friends only, of course. You think I was going to use my filthy Muggle father's name forever? I, in whose veins runs the blood of Salazar Slytherin himself, through my mother's side? I, keep the name of a foul, common Muggle, who abandoned me even before I was born, just because he found out his wife was a witch? No, Harry—I fashioned myself a new name, a name I knew wizards everywhere would one day fear to speak, when I had become the greatest sorcerer in the world!"

"伏地魔，"里德爾輕聲說道，"是我的過去，現在和未來，哈利·波特……"他從口袋里拿出哈利的魔杖，開始在空中刻畫三個閃爍的單詞：湯姆·馬沃羅·里德爾。然後他揮動魔杖一次，他的名字的字母重新排列了：我是伏地魔。"你看吧？"他低聲說，"這是我在霍格沃茨已經開始使用的名字，只給我最親密的朋友知道。你以為我会一直用我的骯髒麻瓜父親的名字嗎？在我的血管里，流淌著薩拉查·斯萊特林本人的血液，通過我母親的一邊？我這樣一個人，為什麼要保留一個骯髒的，普通的麻瓜的名字，即使在我出生之前，他就因為發現他的妻子是一個巫師，就拋棄了我？不，哈利——我構思了一個新名字，一個我知道全世界的巫師有一天會害怕說出來的名字，當我成為世界上最偉大的巫師時！"

Harry's brain seemed to have jammed. He stared numbly at Riddle, at the orphaned boy who had grown up to murder Harry's own parents, and so many others. . . . At last he forced himself to speak.

"You're not," he said, his quiet voice full of hatred.

"Not what?" snapped Riddle.

"Not the greatest sorcerer in the world," said Harry, breathing fast. "Sorry to disappoint you and all that, but the greatest wizard in the world is Albus Dumbledore. Everyone says so. Even when you were strong, you didn't dare try and take over at Hogwarts. Dumbledore saw through you when you were at school and he still frightens you now, wherever you're hiding these days —"

The smile had gone from Riddle's face, to be replaced by a very ugly look.

"Dumbledore's been driven out of this castle by the mere *memory* of me!" he hissed.

哈利的腦子似乎卡住了。他麻木地盯著里德爾，這個孤兒長大後殺了哈利的父母和許多其他人……最後，他強迫自己開口。"你不是，"他說，充滿仇恨的聲音平靜而沉重。"不是什麼？"里德爾嘶喊。"不是世界上最偉大的巫師，"哈利說，呼吸急促。"很抱歉讓你失望了，但世界上最偉大的巫師是阿不思·鄧不利多。每個人都這麼說。即使在你強大的時候，你也不敢試圖在霍格沃茨接管。鄧不利多在你上學的時候就看穿了你，現在無論你躲在哪裡，他仍然讓你害怕——"里德爾的臉上笑容消失了，換成非常醜陋的表情。"鄧不利多已被我純粹的回憶驅逐出這座城堡！"他咆哮道。

"He's not as gone as you might think!" Harry retorted. He was speaking at random, wanting to scare Riddle, wishing rather than believing it to be true —

Riddle opened his mouth, but froze.

Music was coming from somewhere. Riddle whirled around to stare down the empty Chamber. The music was growing louder. It was eerie, spine-tingling, unearthly; it lifted the hair on Harry's scalp and made his heart feel as though it was swelling to twice its normal size. Then, as the music reached such a pitch that Harry felt it vibrating inside his own ribs, flames erupted at the top of the nearest pillar.

A crimson bird the size of a swan had appeared, piping its weird music to the vaulted ceiling. It had a glittering golden tail as long as a peacock's and gleaming golden talons, which were gripping a ragged bundle.

"他並沒有你想像的那麼消失了！"哈利回應道。他隨意說話，想嚇唬里德爾，希望而非相信這是真的——里德爾張著嘴，但凝

滯了。音樂從某處傳來。里德爾急轉身，凝視著空蕩蕩的密室。音樂越來越響，詭異、毛骨悚然、超凡脫俗；它令哈利的頭皮發麻，使他的心臟感覺像是膨脹了兩倍大小。然後，隨著音樂達到了一個高峰，使哈利感覺到它在他自己的肋骨裡震動，柱子的頂端爆發出火焰。一隻體型像天鵝一樣大的深紅色鳥類出現了，向拱形天花板吹奏著奇怪的音樂。它有著一條閃亮的金色尾巴，像孔雀一樣長，還有閃亮的金色爪子，抓著一個破爛的捆包。

A second later, the bird was flying straight at Harry. It dropped the ragged thing it was carrying at his feet, then landed heavily on his shoulder. As it folded its great wings, Harry looked up and saw it had a long, sharp golden beak and a beady black eye.

The bird stopped singing. It sat still and warm next to Harry's cheek, gazing steadily at Riddle.

"That's a phoenix . . ." said Riddle, staring shrewdly back at it.

"*Fawkes?*" Harry breathed, and he felt the bird's golden claws squeeze his shoulder gently.

"And *that* —" said Riddle, now eyeing the ragged thing that Fawkes had dropped, "that's the old school Sorting Hat —"

So it was. Patched, frayed, and dirty, the hat lay motionless at Harry's feet.

Riddle began to laugh again. He laughed so hard that the dark Chamber rang with it, as though ten Riddles were laughing at once —

一秒之後，那只鳥直飛向哈利，把它捉著的破爛的東西丟在他腳下，然後沉重地落在他肩上。當它摺起它的翅膀時，哈利抬頭一看，發現它有一個長而尖的金黃色喙和一雙珠子般的黑眼睛。鳥停止了歌唱。它靜靜地坐在哈利的臉頰旁，溫暖地注視著裡德爾。「那是鳳凰……」裡德爾說著，聚精會神地盯著它。「福克斯？」哈利喘著氣，感覺到鳥的金色爪輕輕地捏住了他的肩膀。「那個——」裡德爾現在注視著福克斯丟下的破爛東西，「那是舊的學校分類帽——」果然是。那頂補丁破爛、髒兮兮的帽子就這麼靜靜地躺在哈利的腳下。裡德爾又開始笑起來。他笑得如此之大聲，以至於黑暗的密室都因此震動，彷彿有十個裡德爾在同時大笑——

"This is what Dumbledore sends his defender! A songbird and an old hat! Do you feel brave, Harry Potter? Do you feel safe now?"

Harry didn't answer. He might not see what use Fawkes or the Sorting Hat were, but he was no longer alone, and he waited for Riddle to stop laughing with his courage mounting.

"To business, Harry," said Riddle, still smiling broadly. "Twice — in *your* past, in *my* future — we have met. And twice I failed to kill you. *How did you survive?* Tell me everything. The longer you talk," he added softly, "the longer you stay alive."

Harry was thinking fast, weighing his chances. Riddle had the wand. He, Harry, had Fawkes and the Sorting Hat, neither of which would be much good in a duel. It looked bad, all right . . . but the longer Riddle stood there, the more life was dwindling out of Ginny . . . and in the meantime, Harry noticed suddenly, Riddle's outline was becoming clearer, more solid. . . . If it had to be a fight between him and Riddle, better sooner than later.

“這就是邓布利多派來保護你的東西嗎！一隻鳥和一頂老帽子！哈利·波特，你感覺勇敢嗎？現在感覺安全了嗎？”哈利沒有回答。他可能不知道鳳凰和分類帽有什麼用處，但他不再孤單，並且等待里德爾停止笑聲，他的勇氣正在增長。“開始正事吧，哈利，”里德爾仍然露齒而笑。“在你的過去，我的未來，我們曾經見過面。我兩次沒有殺死你。你是如何倖存的？告訴我一切。你講得越多，”他輕聲補充道，“你就能活得越長。”哈利正在快速思考，權衡著自己的機會。里德爾有魔杖。他，哈利，有鳳凰和分類帽，但這兩件東西在決鬥中沒什麼用處。看起來情況很糟糕……但愈久里德爾站在那裡，金妮的生命就愈盡……同時，哈利突然發現，里德爾的輪廓變得更加清晰，更加立體了……如果必須在他和里德爾之間打一場戰爭，那就越快越好。

"No one knows why you lost your powers when you attacked me," said Harry abruptly. "I don't know myself. But I know why you couldn't kill me. Because my mother died to save me. My common *Muggle-born* mother," he added, shaking with suppressed rage. "She stopped you killing me. And I've seen the real you, I saw you last year. You're a wreck. You're barely alive. That's where all your power got you. You're in hiding. You're ugly, you're foul —"

Riddle's face contorted. Then he forced it into an awful smile.

"So. Your mother died to save you. Yes, that's a powerful counter-charm. I can see now . . . there is nothing special about you, after all. I wondered, you see. Because there are strange likenesses between us, Harry Potter. Even you must have noticed. Both half-bloods, orphans, raised by Muggles. Probably the only two Parselmouths to come to Hogwarts since the great Slytherin himself. We even *look* something alike. . . . But after all, it was merely a lucky chance that saved you from me. That's all I wanted to know."

「沒有人知道你攻擊我時為什麼失去了力量，」哈利突然地說：「我自己也不知道。但是我知道為什麼你不能殺死我。因為我的母親死了來拯救我。我的普通麻瓜出生的母親，」他加入，憤怒地顫抖。「她阻止了你殺死我。我去年看到了真正的你。你一團糟。你幾乎沒有生命。那就是你的全部力量所達成的。你藏起來了。你醜陋，你污穢——」里德爾的臉扭曲了。然後他強迫自己露出可怕的微笑。「所以，你的母親死了來拯救你。是的，那是有效的反咒語。我現在能看到……你其實並沒有什麼特別之處。我一直想知道，你看。因為哈利波特和我之間有奇怪的相似之處。甚至你自己也必須注意到了。都是半血巫師，孤兒，由麻瓜養育長大。也許是自從斯萊哲林大師之後唯一的兩個能說蛇語的霍格華茲學生。我們甚至看起來有點像……但畢竟，是僅僅依靠一次幸運的機會才拯救了你脫離我的手。這就是我想知道的全部。」

Harry stood, tense, waiting for Riddle to raise his wand. But Riddle's twisted smile was widening again.

“Now, Harry, I’m going to teach you a little lesson. Let’s match the powers of Lord Voldemort, Heir of Salazar Slytherin, against famous Harry Potter, and the best weapons Dumbledore can give him . . .”

He cast an amused eye over Fawkes and the Sorting Hat, then walked away. Harry, fear spreading up his numb legs, watched Riddle stop between the high pillars and look up into the stone face of Slytherin, high above him in the half-darkness. Riddle opened his mouth wide and hissed — but Harry understood what he was saying. . . .

“*Speak to me, Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts Four.*”

Harry wheeled around to look up at the statue, Fawkes swaying on his shoulder.

哈利站著，緊張地等待里德爾拿起他的魔杖。但里德爾扭曲的微笑又擴大了。「現在，哈利，我要教你一個小課。讓我們比較一下佛地魔之力，薩拉查·史萊哲林的繼承人，和著名的哈利波特，以及邓布利多能給他的最好武器……」他斜睨著福克斯和分類帽，然後走開了。哈利感到恐懼從他麻木的腿上蔓延開來，看著里德爾停在高柱之間，仰望高高在上的史萊哲林的石臉，半暗中的石臉。里德爾大張嘴巴發出嘶嘶聲-但哈利明白他在說什麼……「和我說話，霍格沃茨四大之首，最偉大的史萊哲林。」哈利轉身看著雕像，福克斯在他的肩膀上搖晃著。

Slytherin’s gigantic stone face was moving. Horrorstruck, Harry saw his mouth opening, wider and wider, to make a huge black hole.

And something was stirring inside the statue’s mouth. Something was slithering up from its depths.

Harry backed away until he hit the dark Chamber wall, and as he shut his eyes tight he felt Fawkes’ wing sweep his cheek as he took flight. Harry wanted to shout, “Don’t leave me!” but what chance did a phoenix have against the king of serpents?

Something huge hit the stone floor of the Chamber. Harry felt it shudder — he knew what was happening, he could sense it, could almost see the giant serpent uncoiling itself from Slytherin’s mouth. Then he heard Riddle’s hissing voice:

“*Kill him.*”

The basilisk was moving toward Harry; he could hear its heavy body slithering heavily across the dusty floor. Eyes still tightly shut, Harry began to run blindly sideways, his hands outstretched, feeling his way — Voldemort was laughing —

史萊哲林宏偉的石雕臉正在移動。哈利感到震驚，他看到史萊哲林的嘴巴越來越大，形成一個巨大的黑洞。有東西正在這個雕像的嘴裡攬動。從它深處往上滑動著什麼東西。哈利向後退，直到撞上黑暗的房間牆壁，他緊閉雙眼，感覺到福克斯的翅膀掃過他的臉頰，飛起來。哈利想喊：“別離開我！”但一隻鳳凰對抗蛇王的機會是多少？某件巨大的東西撞到了地面。哈利感覺到地面顫動——他知道正在發生什麼，他能感覺到，幾乎能看到巨大的蛇從史萊哲林的嘴裡脫盤。然後他聽到里德爾的嘶嘶聲：“殺了他。”巨蟒正在向哈利移動；他能聽到它沉重的身體在灰塵飛揚的地板上蠕動。哈利仍然緊閉著眼睛，盲目地朝一側奔跑，雙手伸出，摸索著——伏地魔在笑。

Harry tripped. He fell hard onto the stone and tasted blood — the serpent was barely feet from him, he could hear it coming —

There was a loud, explosive spitting sound right above him, and then something heavy hit Harry so hard that he was smashed into the wall. Waiting for fangs to sink through his body, he heard more mad hissing, something thrashing wildly off the pillars —

He couldn’t help it — he opened his eyes wide enough to squint at what was going on.

The enormous serpent, bright, poisonous green, thick as an oak trunk, had raised itself high in the air and its great blunt head was weaving drunkenly between the pillars. As Harry trembled, ready to close his eyes if it turned, he saw what had distracted the snake.

Fawkes was soaring around its head, and the basilisk was snapping furiously at him with fangs long and thin as sabers —

哈利踩了一跤，他重重地摔到石地上，品嘗着血的滋味——那條蛇離他只有幾英尺遠，他能聽到它靠近的聲音——就在這時，嘭的一聲巨響從他頭頂傳來，接著一個沉重的東西猛地擊中了哈利，將他狠狠地摔在牆上。等待蛇牙穿透他的身體時，他聽到了更多瘋狂的嘶嘶聲，某個東西在柱子上狂野地撕咬——他無法避免地睜大眼睛，看著正在發生的事情。巨大的毒蛇是亮綠色的，粗如橡樹的樹幹，高高地舉起自己，粗大的頭蹣跚地在柱子之間擺動。當哈利發抖時，準備關上眼睛，如果蛇轉身，他瞥見了引起蛇分心的東西。法克斯繞著蛇的頭飛翔，巨蟒怒吼著，張開長而細的尖牙咬向法克斯。

Fawkes dived. His long golden beak sank out of sight and a sudden shower of dark blood spattered the floor. The snake’s tail thrashed, narrowly missing Harry, and before Harry could shut his eyes, it turned — Harry looked straight into its face and saw that its eyes, both its great, bulbous yellow eyes, had been punctured by the phoenix; blood was streaming to the floor, and the snake was spitting in agony.

“*NO!*” Harry heard Riddle screaming. “*LEAVE THE BIRD! LEAVE THE BIRD! THE BOY IS BEHIND YOU! YOU CAN STILL SMELL HIM! KILL HIM!*”

The blinded serpent swayed, confused, still deadly. Fawkes was circling its head, piping his eerie song, jabbing here and there at its scaly nose as the blood poured from its ruined eyes.

“Help me, help me,” Harry muttered wildly, “someone — anyone —”

福克斯鳥猛地俯身，金色的長喙隨即消失，地面上突然噴出一片黑暗的血花。蛇的尾巴猛然抽動，差點沒擊中哈利。哈利連忙閉上眼，等他睜開眼睛，發現蛇已轉過頭來，他直視著它的臉，發現鳳凰雙爪插進它的兩顆大圓黃眼裡，鮮血飛濺到地上，蛇在極度的痛苦中吐出口水。“不要！”里德爾尖叫道，“放開那只鳥！放開那只鳥！小男孩就在你背後！你還能聞到他的氣味！殺了他！”蛇眼著了凰光，動作變得迷惘但依然充滿致命威脅。福克斯飛繞在蛇頭周圍，吱吱作聲，時而向它的鱗鼻戳來戳去。蛇的眼睛被刺瞎，鮮血直流。“救命，救我一個人——任何人——”哈利焦急地嘀咕著。

The snake's tail whipped across the floor again. Harry ducked. Something soft hit his face.

The basilisk had swept the Sorting Hat into Harry's arms. Harry seized it. It was all he had left, his only chance — he rammed it onto his head and threw himself flat onto the floor as the basilisk's tail swung over him again.

*Help me — help me —* Harry thought, his eyes screwed tight under the hat. *Please help me —*

There was no answering voice. Instead, the hat contracted, as though an invisible hand was squeezing it very tightly.

Something very hard and heavy thudded onto the top of Harry's head, almost knocking him out. Stars winking in front of his eyes, he grabbed the top of the hat to pull it off and felt something long and hard beneath it.

A gleaming silver sword had appeared inside the hat, its handle glittering with rubies the size of eggs.

蛇的尾巴再次橫掃地面。哈利閃身。某種軟東西擊中了他的臉。巨蟒已經把分類帽掃進了哈利的懷裡。哈利抓住了它。這是他唯一的機會—他把它套在頭上，然後扔自己平躺在地板上，當巨蟒的尾巴再次擺動時。幫幫我—幫幫我—哈利想著，他的眼睛在帽子下緊閉。請幫幫我—沒有回答的聲音。相反，帽子壓縮了，就像是一隻看不見的手正在緊緊地擠壓它。某件非常硬和沉重的物體砰地撞在哈利的頭頂上，幾乎把他擊暈了。星星在他的眼前閃爍，他抓住帽子的頂部想把它拿掉，並感覺到帽子下面有某件又長又硬的東西。一把閃亮的銀劍出現在帽子裡，它的手柄閃閃發光，裏滿著雞蛋般大小的紅寶石。

“*KILL THE BOY! LEAVE THE BIRD! THE BOY IS BEHIND YOU! SNIFF — SMELL HIM!*”

Harry was on his feet, ready. The basilisk's head was falling, its body coiling around, hitting pillars as it twisted to face him. He could see the vast, bloody eye sockets, see the mouth stretching wide, wide enough to swallow him whole, lined with fangs long as his sword, thin, glittering, venomous —

It lunged blindly — Harry dodged and it hit the Chamber wall. It lunged again, and its forked tongue lashed Harry's side. He raised the sword in both his hands —

The basilisk lunged again, and this time its aim was true — Harry threw his whole weight behind the sword and drove it to the hilt into the roof of the serpent's mouth —

But as warm blood drenched Harry's arms, he felt a searing pain just above his elbow. One long, poisonous fang was sinking deeper and deeper into his arm and it splintered as the basilisk keeled over sideways and fell, twitching to the floor.

“殺了男孩！留下鳥！男孩在你身後！聞一下——聞到了他！”哈利站了起來，準備好了。巨蛇的頭正在下墜，身體盤繞著，撞擊著柱子，它扭曲著轉向他。他可以看到巨大、流血的眼眶，看到嘴張得大大的，足以將他整個吞嚥下去，嘴裡鋒利、閃閃發光、帶毒性的長牙——它盲目地撲來——哈利睜開了，它撞到了密室的牆壁。它再次發起攻擊，它的分叉舌頭抽打在哈利的側邊。他用雙手舉起劍——巨蛇再次發起攻擊，這次它的目標準確——哈利用力揮舞著劍，將它插到了巨蛇口腔的頂端——但是，當溫暖的血液淋濕了哈利的手臂時，他感到了一陣刺骨的疼痛，就在他的肘部上方。一個長長的、有毒的毒牙越來越深地刺入了他的手臂，當巨蛇向一側倒下去，落在地板上抽搐時，毒牙碎裂了。

Harry slid down the wall. He gripped the fang that was spreading poison through his body and wrenched it out of his arm. But he knew it was too late. White-hot pain was spreading slowly and steadily from the wound. Even as he dropped the fang and watched his own blood soaking his robes, his vision went foggy. The Chamber was dissolving in a whirl of dull color.

A patch of scarlet swam past, and Harry heard a soft clatter of claws beside him.

“Fawkes,” said Harry thickly. “You were fantastic, Fawkes. . . .” He felt the bird lay its beautiful head on the spot where the serpent's fang had pierced him.

He could hear echoing footsteps and then a dark shadow moved in front of him.

“You're dead, Harry Potter,” said Riddle's voice above him. “Dead. Even Dumbledore's bird knows it. Do you see what he's doing, Potter? He's crying.”

哈利滑到牆下。他抓住正在通過身體散播毒素的毒牙，將其從手臂上拔出。但他知道已經太晚了。白熱的疼痛從傷口緩慢而穩定地擴散。就在他丟下毒牙，看著自己的血染滿長袍時，視線變得模糊。寂靜的色彩旋渦中，密室漸漸消失了。一片猩紅的斑點掠過，哈利聽到自己身邊有輕微的爪聲。“佛慈鳳凰，”哈利嘶啞地說，“你太棒了，佛慈鳳凰...”他感覺到鳥兒將美麗的頭部放在蛇牙刺中的位置。他聽到回聲般的腳步聲，然後一個黑暗的影子在他面前移動。“哈利波特，你死了，”里德爾的聲音在他上方說道。“死了。甚至杜倫巴多的鳥都知道。你看到他在做什麼了嗎，波特？他在哭。”

Harry blinked. Fawkes's head slid in and out of focus. Thick, pearly tears were trickling down the glossy feathers.

“I’m going to sit here and watch you die, Harry Potter. Take your time. I’m in no hurry.”

Harry felt drowsy. Everything around him seemed to be spinning.

“So ends the famous Harry Potter,” said Riddle’s distant voice. “Alone in the Chamber of Secrets, forsaken by his friends, defeated at last by the Dark Lord he so unwisely challenged. You’ll be back with your dear Mudblood mother soon, Harry. . . . She bought you twelve years of borrowed time . . . but Lord Voldemort got you in the end, as you knew he must. . . .”

If this is dying, thought Harry, it’s not so bad.

Even the pain was leaving him . . .

But was this dying? Instead of going black, the Chamber seemed to be coming back into focus. Harry gave his head a little shake and there was Fawkes, still resting his head on Harry’s arm. A pearly patch of tears was shining all around the wound — except that there *was* no wound —

哈利眨眨眼睛，鳳凰法克斯的頭在他眼前來來去去，閃亮的羽毛上滴下一串串的珍珠般淚珠。“哈利·波特，我會在這裡看著你死去，慢慢來，我不著急。”哈利漸漸昏沉。周圍的一切都似乎在旋轉。“著名的哈利·波特就此結束了，獨自被困在密室內，被他那不明智的挑戰放棄的朋友出賣，最終被黑暗魔王擊敗。接下來，你會和你親愛的泥巴血混的母親團聚，哈利。她替你借來了十二年的時間，但你終究還是被佛地魔擊倒了……”如果這就是死亡的話，哈利想，那還不錯。痛楚甚至正在離他遠去……但這就是死亡嗎？密室的景象似乎重新變得清晰起來。哈利輕輕搖了搖頭，法克斯仍然把頭搁在他的手臂上。傷口周圍的一片珍珠般光亮，在那傷口……可是那裡竟然沒有傷口……

“Get away, bird,” said Riddle’s voice suddenly. “Get away from him — I said, *get away* —”

Harry raised his head. Riddle was pointing Harry’s wand at Fawkes; there was a bang like a gun, and Fawkes took flight again in a whirl of gold and scarlet.

“Phoenix tears . . .” said Riddle quietly, staring at Harry’s arm. “Of course . . . healing powers . . . I forgot . . .”

He looked into Harry’s face. “But it makes no difference. In fact, I prefer it this way. Just you and me, Harry Potter . . . you and me. . . .”

He raised the wand —

Then, in a rush of wings, Fawkes had soared back overhead and something fell into Harry’s lap — *the diary*.

For a split second, both Harry and Riddle, wand still raised, stared at it. Then, without thinking, without considering, as though he had meant to do it all along, Harry seized the basilisk fang on the floor next to him and plunged it straight into the heart of the book.

「滾開，鳥！」里德爾的聲音突然響起。「離他遠點，我說讓你離開！」哈利抬起頭，里德爾正用哈利的魔棒瞄準鳳凰，接著就像槍聲般一聲巨響，鳳凰金色與緋紅色的飛羽再度飛揚。「鳳凰之淚……」里德爾靜靜地說著，凝視著哈利的手臂。「當然……有療傷的力量……我忘記了……」他注視著哈利的臉。「但這並不重要。事實上，我更喜歡這樣。只剩下你和我，哈利波特……只有你和我……」他舉起魔棒——然後，鳳凰飛翔而回，盤旋在頭頂上，接著什麼東西掉進了哈利的膝蓋上……那就是日記。哈利和里德爾，手中仍持著魔棒，望著日記，僅僅分秒之間。接著，哈利毫不猶豫，也不考慮，彷彿一直打算如此，他握住地上的巨蛇毒牙，直接刺入了這本書的心臟。

There was a long, dreadful, piercing scream. Ink spurted out of the diary in torrents, streaming over Harry’s hands, flooding the floor. Riddle was writhing and twisting, screaming and flailing and then —

He had gone. Harry’s wand fell to the floor with a clatter and there was silence. Silence except for the steady *drip drip* of ink still oozing from the diary. The basilisk venom had burned a sizzling hole right through it.

Shaking all over, Harry pulled himself up. His head was spinning as though he’d just traveled miles by Floo powder. Slowly, he gathered together his wand and the Sorting Hat, and, with a huge tug, retrieved the glittering sword from the roof of the basilisk’s mouth.

Then came a faint moan from the end of the Chamber. Ginny was stirring. As Harry hurried toward her, she sat up. Her bemused eyes traveled from the huge form of the dead basilisk, over Harry, in his blood-soaked robes, then to the diary in his hand. She drew a great, shuddering gasp and tears began to pour down her face.

一聲尖銳、恐怖的慘叫持續了很久。墨水從日記裡湧出，形成一股股湧流到哈利的手上，灌滿了地面。里德爾扭動著身體，綿延不絕地尖叫著，並且翻滾著，然後——他消失了。哈利的魔杖發出一聲咔嗒聲掉在地上，然後是一片寂靜。除了從日記裡持續滴落的墨水聲，一點聲音都沒有了。蛇妖的毒液已經在日記上燒出了一個噼啪作響的洞。哈利身子不由自主地發抖著爬了起來。他的頭腦像是剛剛行過一千里路程一樣。慢慢地，他拾起自己的魔杖和選帽，然後用巨大的力量從蛇妖嘴裡拉出閃閃發光的寶劍。然後，從密室的盡頭傳來一聲微弱的呻吟聲。金妮動了一下。當哈利急忙走向她的時候，她坐了起來。她迷惑的眼神穿過死去的蛇妖，看著穿著染滿鮮血的哈利，然後看向他手中的日記。她發出一聲沉重的咽喉聲，淚水開始從她的臉上流淌下來。

“Harry — oh, Harry — I tried to tell you at breakfast, but I c -couldn’t say it in front of Percy — it was me, Harry — but I — I s-swear I d-didn’t mean to — R-Riddle made me, he t-took me over — and — how did you kill that — that thing? W-where’s Riddle? The last thing I r-remember is him coming out of the diary —”

“It's all right,” said Harry, holding up the diary, and showing Ginny the fang hole, “Riddle's finished. Look! Him and the basilisk. C'mon, Ginny, let's get out of here —”

“I'm going to be expelled!” Ginny wept as Harry helped her awkwardly to her feet. “I've looked forward to coming to Hogwarts ever since B-Bill came and n-now I'll have to leave and — w-what'll Mum and Dad say?”

Fawkes was waiting for them, hovering in the Chamber entrance. Harry urged Ginny forward; they stepped over the motionless coils of the dead basilisk, through the echoing gloom, and back into the tunnel. Harry heard the stone doors close behind them with a soft hiss.

“哈利，哈利——我想在早餐时告诉你，但是我不能在珀西面前说出来——那是我，哈利——但我——我发誓我没想过——里德尔让我，他控制了我——还有——你是怎么杀死那——那个东西的？里德尔在哪儿？我记得最后的事情就是他从日记里出现——”“没关系，”哈利说着，举起日记，给吉妮看那个毒牙的洞口，“里德尔已经结束了。看！他和那条巨蟒。走吧，吉妮，我们离开这里——”“我要被开除了！”哈利支撑着吉妮，帮她笨拙地站起来，她哭泣着，“我自从比尔来了之后就一直期待着来霍格沃茨，现在我将不得不离开，而且——妈妈和爸爸会说什么？”福克斯在洞口等着他们。哈利催促吉妮向前走；他们跨过那条死去巨蟒的弯曲身躯，穿过回声阵阵的幽暗，又回到了隧道里。哈利听到石门在他们身后轻轻地关上。

After a few minutes' progress up the dark tunnel, a distant sound of slowly shifting rock reached Harry's ears.

“Ron!” Harry yelled, speeding up. “Ginny's okay! I've got her!”

He heard Ron give a strangled cheer, and they turned the next bend to see his eager face staring through the sizable gap he had managed to make in the rockfall.

“Ginny!” Ron thrust an arm through the gap in the rock to pull her through first. “You're alive! I don't believe it! What happened? How — what — where did that bird come from?”

Fawkes had swooped through the gap after Ginny.

“He's Dumbledore's,” said Harry, squeezing through himself.

“How come you've got a sword?” said Ron, gaping at the glittering weapon in Harry's hand.

“I'll explain when we get out of here,” said Harry with a sideways glance at Ginny, who was crying harder than ever.

在黑暗的隧道向前走了几分鐘後，哈利的耳朵聽到了慢慢移動岩石的遠處聲音。“羅恩！”哈利加快了速度大喊，“金妮沒事了！我已經救出她了！”他聽到羅恩發出一聲激動的歡呼聲，隨後他們轉過下個彎道，看到他急切的臉透過他在岩石崩塌中開出的巨大縫隙。“金妮！”羅恩伸出一只手臂透過縫隙把她拉了出來，“你還活著！我不敢相信！發生了什麼事？怎麼……那鳥從哪裡來？”佛地魔之鳳凰接著金妮穿過縫隙飛了過來。“這是鄧布利多的。”哈利說，自己也擠了過去。“你怎麼有一把劍？”羅恩看著哈利手中閃閃發光的武器，張大了嘴巴。“我們出去後再解釋。”哈利向金妮斜眼看了一下，她哭得更厲害了。

“But —”

“Later,” Harry said shortly. He didn't think it was a good idea to tell Ron yet who'd been opening the Chamber, not in front of Ginny, anyway. “Where's Lockhart?”

“Back there,” said Ron, still looking puzzled but jerking his head up the tunnel toward the pipe. “He's in a bad way. Come and see.”

Led by Fawkes, whose wide scarlet wings emitted a soft golden glow in the darkness, they walked all the way back to the mouth of the pipe. Gilderoy Lockhart was sitting there, humming placidly to himself.

“His memory's gone,” said Ron. “The Memory Charm backfired. Hit him instead of us. Hasn't got a clue who he is, or where he is, or who we are. I told him to come and wait here. He's a danger to himself.”

Lockhart peered good-naturedly up at them all.

“Hello,” he said. “Odd sort of place, this, isn't it? Do you live here?”

“但是——”“等一下。”哈利简短地说道。他认为在金妮面前告诉罗恩谁一直在开启密室不是一个好主意。“洛哈特在哪里？”“在那边。”罗恩说，仍然感到困惑，但朝着管道的方向摆了摆头。“他不太好。过来看看吧。”在凤凰鸟的带领下，他们走回了管道口。吉德罗伊·洛哈特坐在那里，安静地哼着小曲。“他的记忆消失了。”罗恩说。“遗忘咒反噬了他。他不知道自己是谁，身在何处，也不认识我们。我让他过来等着。他会对自己构成危险。”洛哈特友好地望着他们。“你们好。”他说。“这里真是一个奇怪的地方，你们住在这里吗？”

“No,” said Ron, raising his eyebrows at Harry.

Harry bent down and looked up the long, dark pipe.

“Have you thought how we're going to get back up this?” he said to Ron.

Ron shook his head, but Fawkes the phoenix had swooped past Harry and was now fluttering in front of him, his beady eyes bright in the dark. He

was waving his long golden tail feathers. Harry looked uncertainly at him.

“He looks like he wants you to grab hold . . .” said Ron, looking perplexed. “But you’re much too heavy for a bird to pull up there —”

“Fawkes,” said Harry, “isn’t an ordinary bird.” He turned quickly to the others. “We’ve got to hold on to each other. Ginny, grab Ron’s hand. Professor Lockhart —”

“He means you,” said Ron sharply to Lockhart.

“You hold Ginny’s other hand —”

Harry tucked the sword and the Sorting Hat into his belt, Ron took hold of the back of Harry’s robes, and Harry reached out and took hold of Fawkes’s strangely hot tail feathers.

“不行，”羅恩對哈利舉起眉毛說。哈利彎下腰，仰望著那條又長又黑的管子。“你想過我們要怎麼爬回去嗎？”他問羅恩。羅恩搖了搖頭，但鳳凰法克斯已經從哈利身旁掠過，現在在他面前飛舞，它的亮晶晶的小眼睛在黑暗中顯得格外明亮。它甩動著它長長的金色尾羽。哈利猶豫地看著它。“它好像想讓你抓住它……”羅恩感到困惑地說道。“但你太重了，鳥拉不起你——”“法克斯不是普通的鳥，”哈利說，“它是鳳凰。”他轉身對其他人說：“我們必須攜手合力。金妮，抓住羅恩的手。洛哈特教授——”“他是指你，”羅恩對洛哈特尖聲說。“你握著金妮的另一隻手——”哈利將劍和分類帽塞進腰間，羅恩抓住他的袍子，哈利伸手抓住法克斯奇熱的尾羽。

An extraordinary lightness seemed to spread through his whole body and the next second, in a rush of wings, they were flying upward through the pipe. Harry could hear Lockhart dangling below him, saying, “Amazing! Amazing! This is just like magic!” The chill air was whipping through Harry’s hair, and before he’d stopped enjoying the ride, it was over — all four of them were hitting the wet floor of Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom, and as Lockhart straightened his hat, the sink that hid the pipe was sliding back into place.

Myrtle goggled at them

“You’re alive,” she said blankly to Harry.

“There’s no need to sound so disappointed,” he said grimly, wiping flecks of blood and slime off his glasses.

“Oh, well . . . I’d just been thinking . . . if you had died, you’d have been welcome to share my toilet,” said Myrtle, blushing silver.

他整個身體感到一種非凡的輕盈感，然後在翅膀的衝擊下，他們縱身飛上了管道。哈利可以聽到洛哈特在他下方搖晃，說：“太神奇了！太神奇了！這就像魔法一樣！”寒冷的空氣掠過哈利的頭髮，在他仍在享受著飛行的過程中，它就結束了——他們四個人都撞到了哭泣的默特爾浴室的濕地板上，當洛哈特拉直了帽子時，隱藏管道的水槽正在滑回原位。默特爾瞪大了眼睛看著他們。“你還活著，”她對哈利一臉茫然地說。“沒必要聽起來那麼失望吧，”他板著臉，擦拭著眼鏡上的血漬和粘液說。“哦，好吧……我剛才一直在想……如果你死了，你就可以和我分享我的廁所了，”默特爾銀青色地臉紅著說。

“Urgh!” said Ron as they left the bathroom for the dark, deserted corridor outside. “Harry! I think Myrtle’s grown *fond* of you! You’ve got competition, Ginny!”

But tears were still flooding silently down Ginny’s face.

“Where now?” said Ron, with an anxious look at Ginny. Harry pointed.

Fawkes was leading the way, glowing gold along the corridor. They strode after him, and moments later, found themselves outside Professor McGonagall’s office.

Harry knocked and pushed the door open.

“唔！”當他們離開浴室走進外面黑暗的荒廢走廊時，羅恩說道：“哈利！我想莫蘭特愛上你了！金妮，你有競爭對手了！”但金妮的臉上仍然無聲地湧出淚水。“現在去哪裡？”羅恩看著金妮，神色擔憂。哈利指了指前方。法綱金色地閃耀著，帶領他們前進。他們跟在法綱後面，片刻之後，發現自己在麥格教授的辦公室外面。哈利敲門，推開了門。



## DOBBY'S REWARD

For a moment there was silence as Harry, Ron, Ginny, and Lockhart stood in the doorway, covered in muck and slime and (in Harry's case) blood. Then there was a scream.

*"Ginny!"*

It was Mrs. Weasley, who had been sitting crying in front of the fire. She leapt to her feet, closely followed by Mr. Weasley, and both of them flung themselves on their daughter.

Harry, however, was looking past them. Professor Dumbledore was standing by the mantelpiece, beaming, next to Professor McGonagall, who was taking great, steady gasps, clutching her chest. Fawkes went whooshing past Harry's ear and settled on Dumbledore's shoulder, just as Harry found himself and Ron being swept into Mrs. Weasley's tight embrace.

*"You saved her! You saved her! How did you do it?"*

*"I think we'd all like to know that,"* said Professor McGonagall weakly.

哈利、罗恩、金妮和洛哈特站在门口，全身沾满了泥浆和污泥（在哈利的情况下还有血），一时之间出现了沉默。接着，传来一声尖叫。“金妮！”这是一直在火炉前哭泣的韦斯莱夫人发出的声音。她一下子跳了起来，紧随其后的是韦斯莱先生，两人同时向女儿扑去。然而，哈利的目光却穿过他们，落在炉台旁边的邓布利多教授身上，他满脸笑容。麦格教授紧张地喘着气，双手抓紧胸口站在他旁边。法斯凯斯从哈利的耳边呼啸而过，停在了邓布利多的肩膀上，就在此时，哈利和罗恩被韦斯莱夫人紧紧地搂住。“你们救了她！你们救了她！你们怎么做到的？”“我想我们都想知道，”麦格教授虚弱地说道。

Mrs. Weasley let go of Harry, who hesitated for a moment, then walked over to the desk and laid upon it the Sorting Hat, the ruby-encrusted sword, and what remained of Riddle's diary.

Then he started telling them everything. For nearly a quarter of an hour he spoke into the rapt silence: He told them about hearing the disembodied voice, how Hermione had finally realized that he was hearing a basilisk in the pipes; how he and Ron had followed the spiders into the forest, that Aragog had told them where the last victim of the basilisk had died; how he had guessed that Moaning Myrtle had been the victim, and that the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets might be in her bathroom . . .

*"Very well,"* Professor McGonagall prompted him as he paused, *"so you found out where the entrance was — breaking a hundred school rules into pieces along the way, I might add — but how on earth did you all get out of there alive, Potter?"*

韋斯萊夫人放開哈利，他猶豫了一會兒，然後走到桌子邊，把分類帽、鑲有紅寶石的劍和里德爾遺物的余韻放在上面。然後他開始把一切都告訴了他們。在近15分鐘的沉默中，他向他們講述了他聽到失魂聲音的經歷，赫敏最終發現他在聽魁地奇蛇在管道裡，他和羅恩是如何追著蜘蛛進入森林的，阿拉戈告訴他們魁地奇蛇的最後一位受害者在哪裡死亡，他猜測哭泣的穆瑟蒂成了受害者，而密室的入口可能在她的浴室裡……“好吧。”麥格教授在他停頓時提示他，“所以你發現了入口 - 順便說一下，你打破了一百條校規 - 但你們又是如何活著走出去的，波特？”

So Harry, his voice now growing hoarse from all this talking, told them about Fawkes's timely arrival and about the Sorting Hat giving him the sword. But then he faltered. He had so far avoided mentioning Riddle's diary — or Ginny. She was standing with her head against Mrs. Weasley's shoulder, and tears were still coursing silently down her cheeks. *What if they expelled her?* Harry thought in panic. Riddle's diary didn't work anymore. . . . How could they prove it had been *he* who'd made her do it all?

Instinctively, Harry looked at Dumbledore, who smiled faintly, the firelight glancing off his half-moon spectacles.

*"What interests me most,"* said Dumbledore gently, *"is how Lord Voldemort managed to enchant Ginny, when my sources tell me he is currently in hiding in the forests of Albania."*

哈利的聲音現在因講話過多而變得嘶啞，於是告訴他們關於鳳凰的及時到來，以及分類帽給他劍的事情。但是他終於停了下来。到目前為止，他一直避免提到里德爾的日記或金妮。她的頭靠在韋斯萊夫人的肩膀上，淚還在默默地流淌下她的臉頰。如

果他們把她開除了怎麼辦？哈利一想到這點就感到驚慌。里德爾的日記不再起作用了……他們怎麼能證明是他強迫金妮做了一切呢？哈利下意識地看了達姆布爾多一眼，後者淡淡地微笑著，火燄映著他半月形的眼鏡。“最讓我感興趣的是，”達姆布爾多輕聲說道，“當我的消息來源告訴我，伏地魔目前躲藏在阿爾巴尼亞的森林時，他是如何迷惑金妮的。”

Relief—warm, sweeping, glorious relief—swept over Harry.

“W-what’s that?” said Mr. Weasley in a stunned voice. “*You-Know-Who*? Enchant *Ginny*? But *Ginny*’s not . . . *Ginny* hasn’t been . . . has she?”

“It was this diary,” said Harry quickly, picking it up and showing it to Dumbledore. “Riddle wrote it when he was sixteen. . . .”

Dumbledore took the diary from Harry and peered keenly down his long, crooked nose at its burnt and soggy pages.

“Brilliant,” he said softly. “Of course, he was probably the most brilliant student Hogwarts has ever seen.” He turned around to the Weasleys, who were looking utterly bewildered.

“Very few people know that Lord Voldemort was once called Tom Riddle. I taught him myself, fifty years ago, at Hogwarts. He disappeared after leaving the school . . . traveled far and wide . . . sank so deeply into the Dark Arts, consorted with the very worst of our kind, underwent so many dangerous, magical transformations, that when he resurfaced as Lord Voldemort, he was barely recognizable. Hardly anyone connected Lord Voldemort with the clever, handsome boy who was once Head Boy here.”

解脫 - 溫暖，一片光明的解脫 - 沖過哈利。韋斯萊先生震驚地問:“那是什麼？”“你知道誰？讓金尼施法嗎？但金尼不是...金尼沒有...她是嗎？”哈利很快地說：“是這本日記”，他把它拿起來，向鄧布利多展示。“里德爾16歲時寫的.....”鄧布利多從哈利手中接過日記，鉅細無遺地看著燒焦濕漉的頁面。他輕聲說：“太棒了。當然，他可能是霍格華茲見過的最優秀的學生。”他轉身看著被彷如困惑的韋斯萊一家人。“很少有人知道佛地魔曾被稱為湯姆·里德爾。五十年前，我在霍格華茲教過他。他離開學校後就消失了.....周遊列國.....深陷於黑暗的藝術，與我們大多數中最糟糕的人接觸，經歷了許多危險的神奇變形，以至於當他重新浮現為佛地魔時，他已經分辨不出來了。幾乎沒有人會將佛地魔與這裡曾經的優秀干部連繫在一起。”

“But, *Ginny*,” said Mrs. Weasley. “What’s our *Ginny* got to do with—with—*him*?”

“His d-diary!” *Ginny* sobbed. “I’ve b-been writing in it, and he’s been w-writing back all year—”

“*Ginny*!” said Mr. Weasley, flabbergasted. “Haven’t I taught you *anything*? What have I always told you? Never trust anything that can think for itself *if you can’t see where it keeps its brain*. Why didn’t you show the diary to me, or your mother? A suspicious object like that, it was *clearly* full of Dark Magic—”

“I d-didn’t know,” sobbed *Ginny*. “I found it inside one of the books Mum got me. I th-thought someone had just left it in there and forgotten about it—”

“Miss Weasley should go up to the hospital wing right away,” Dumbledore interrupted in a firm voice. “This has been a terrible ordeal for her. There will be no punishment. Older and wiser wizards than she have been hoodwinked by Lord Voldemort.” He strode over to the door and opened it. “Bed rest and perhaps a large, steaming mug of hot chocolate. I always find that cheers me up,” he added, twinkling kindly down at her. “You will find that Madam Pomfrey is still awake. She’s just giving out Mandrake juice—I daresay the basilisk’s victims will be waking up any moment.”

“但是，金妮，”薇茲莉夫人說，“金妮有什麼關係 - 他和他的 - 日記？！”“他的-日記！”金妮抽噎了起來，“我-一整年都在寫他的日記，他也一直回信給我—”“金妮！”韋斯萊先生驚訝地說，“我沒有教你什麼嗎？我一直告訴你什麼？如果你看不到它的大腦在哪裡，就不要相信任何可以自己思考的東西。為什麼你不把日記交給我，或者給你媽媽看呢？像那樣充滿黑魔法的可疑物體 - ”“我不知道，”金妮抽噎著說，“我在媽媽給我買的書裡找到的。我以為是有人把它遺忘在裡面了 - ”“韋斯萊小姐現在應該立刻上醫院病房，”鄧布利多用堅定的聲音打斷了她的話說，“這對她來說是可怕的經歷。不會有任何懲罰。比她年長而且更有智慧的巫師已經被佛地魔愚弄了。”他走到門口，打開了它，“休息和一大杯熱巧克力。我總是發現那讓我感到愉快，”他友善地看著她眨眼說道，“你會發現龍崎醫生還在醒著。她只是在分發曼德拉草汁 - 我敢說蛇怪的受害者們隨時都會醒來。”

“So Hermione’s okay!” said Ron brightly.

“There has been no lasting harm done, *Ginny*,” said Dumbledore.

Mrs. Weasley led *Ginny* out, and Mr. Weasley followed, still looking deeply shaken.

“You know, Minerva,” Professor Dumbledore said thoughtfully to Professor McGonagall, “I think all this merits a good *feast*. Might I ask you to go and alert the kitchens?”

“Right,” said Professor McGonagall crisply, also moving to the door. “I’ll leave you to deal with Potter and Weasley, shall I?”

“Certainly,” said Dumbledore.

She left, and Harry and Ron gazed uncertainly at Dumbledore. What exactly had Professor McGonagall meant, *deal with them*? Surely—surely—they weren’t about to be punished?

“I seem to remember telling you both that I would have to expel you if you broke any more school rules,” said Dumbledore.

「赫敏沒事了！」羅恩開心地說。「吉娜，沒有造成長期傷害，」鄧布利多說。韋斯萊夫人帶著吉娜走出去，韋斯萊先生跟在後面，仍然看起來非常震驚。「你知道，米克娃，」鄧布利多思考著對麥康娜教授說：「我認為這一切都值得好好慶祝一番。你能去通知廚房嗎？」「好的，」麥康娜教授乾脆地說，也走向門口。「我會讓波特和衛斯理自行解決，好嗎？」「當然，」鄧布利多說。她離開了，哈利和羅恩不確定地看著鄧布利多。麥康娜教授究竟是什麼意思，讓他們自行解決？他們肯定不會被懲罰吧？「我記得我曾經告訴過你們倆，如果你們再違反學校的規矩，我就不得不開除你們，」鄧布利多說。

Ron opened his mouth in horror.

“Which goes to show that the best of us must sometimes eat our words,” Dumbledore went on, smiling. “You will both receive Special Awards for Services to the School and — let me see — yes, I think two hundred points apiece for Gryffindor.”

Ron went as brightly pink as Lockhart’s valentine flowers and closed his mouth again.

“But one of us seems to be keeping mightily quiet about his part in this dangerous adventure,” Dumbledore added. “Why so modest, Gilderoy?”

Harry gave a start. He had completely forgotten about Lockhart. He turned and saw that Lockhart was standing in a corner of the room, still wearing his vague smile. When Dumbledore addressed him, Lockhart looked over his shoulder to see who he was talking to.

“Professor Dumbledore,” Ron said quickly, “there was an accident down in the Chamber of Secrets. Professor Lockhart —”

羅恩嚇得張大了嘴巴。“這證明了即使是最優秀的人有時也必須吞下自己的話，”鄧布利多微笑著繼續說道。“你們兩人都將因對學校的貢獻而獲得特別獎，還有...讓我想想...是的，我想為格蘭芬多各加上兩百點。”羅恩臉瞬間漲得像洛哈特的情人節花朵，又閉上了嘴巴。“但其中一個人似乎對自己在這場危險的冒險中的貢獻保持著沉默，”鄧布利多補充道。“怎麼這麼謙虛，吉德羅伊？”哈利吃了一驚。他完全忘記了洛哈特。他轉過身去，發現洛哈特站在房間的一角，依然帶著他那模糊的微笑。當鄧布利多叫他時，洛哈特轉過頭看看他在和誰說話。“鄧布利多教授，”羅恩迅速說道，“在密室發生了一場事故。洛哈特教授.....”

“Am I a professor?” said Lockhart in mild surprise. “Goodness. I expect I was hopeless, was I?”

“He tried to do a Memory Charm and the wand backfired,” Ron explained quietly to Dumbledore.

“Dear me,” said Dumbledore, shaking his head, his long silver mustache quivering. “Impaled upon your own sword, Gilderoy!”

“Sword?” said Lockhart dimly. “Haven’t got a sword. That boy has, though.” He pointed at Harry. “He’ll lend you one.”

“Would you mind taking Professor Lockhart up to the infirmary, too?” Dumbledore said to Ron. “I’d like a few more words with Harry. . . .”

Lockhart ambled out. Ron cast a curious look back at Dumbledore and Harry as he closed the door.

Dumbledore crossed to one of the chairs by the fire.

“Sit down, Harry,” he said, and Harry sat, feeling unaccountably nervous.

洛哈特驚訝地說：“我是教授嗎？天哪，我猜我是很沒用，對吧？”“他試圖施展一個記憶咒語，幻杖反噴了回來，”羅恩安靜地向鄧布爾解釋道。“啊，我的天哪，”鄧布爾說，搖頭晃動著優雅的銀胡子。“蓋爾德羅伊，落入自己設計的陷阱啊！”“野蠻的劍？洛哈特茫然地說道。”我沒有劍。然而那個男孩有一把，”他指著哈利。”他會借給你的。""“你能否把洛哈特教授也帶到護理室？”鄧布爾對羅恩說：“我想與哈利多說幾句.....”洛哈特走了出去。當他關門時，羅恩對鄧布爾和哈利投以好奇的目光。鄧布爾走到火爐旁的一張椅子上。“坐下，哈利，”他說。哈利坐下來，感到莫名的緊張。

“First of all, Harry, I want to thank you,” said Dumbledore, eyes twinkling again. “You must have shown me real loyalty down in the Chamber. Nothing but that could have called Fawkes to you.”

He stroked the phoenix, which had fluttered down onto his knee. Harry grinned awkwardly as Dumbledore watched him.

“And so you met Tom Riddle,” said Dumbledore thoughtfully. “I imagine he was *most* interested in you. . . .”

Suddenly, something that was nagging at Harry came tumbling out of his mouth.

“Professor Dumbledore . . . Riddle said I’m like him. Strange likenesses, he said. . . .”

“Did he, now?” said Dumbledore, looking thoughtfully at Harry from under his thick silver eyebrows. “And what do you think, Harry?”

“I don’t think I’m like him!” said Harry, more loudly than he’d intended. “I mean, I’m — I’m in *Gryffindor*, I’m. . . .”

首先，哈利，我要感謝你，”鄧不利多說著，他的眼睛又閃亮起來。“你在地牢裡一定表現出了真正的忠誠，那才讓法awks來找你。”他撫摸著降落在他膝蓋上的鳳凰。哈利笨拙地笑了笑，而鄧不利多繼續注視著他。“所以，你見過湯姆·里德爾了，”鄧不利多沈思著說。“我想他對你非常感興趣。.....”突然，一直在哈利心頭作祟的問題脫口而出。“鄧不利多教授...里德爾說我跟他很像。他說有一些奇怪的相似之處.....”“他這麼說了？”鄧不利多從他厚重的銀色眉毛下注視著哈利，若有所思。“那你自己

呢，哈利？”“我不覺得我跟他像！”哈利比他打算的要大聲一些。“我的意思是，我是葛萊分多的，我是……”

But he fell silent, a lurking doubt resurfacing in his mind.

“Professor,” he started again after a moment. “The Sorting Hat told me I’d — I’d have done well in Slytherin. Everyone thought I was Slytherin’s heir for a while . . . because I can speak Parseltongue. . . .”

“You can speak Parseltongue, Harry,” said Dumbledore calmly, “because Lord Voldemort — who is the last remaining descendant of Salazar Slytherin — can speak Parseltongue. Unless I’m much mistaken, he transferred some of his own powers to you the night he gave you that scar. Not something he intended to do, I’m sure. . . .”

“Voldemort put a bit of himself in me ?” Harry said, thunderstruck.

“It certainly seems so.”

“So I *should* be in Slytherin,” Harry said, looking desperately into Dumbledore’s face. “The Sorting Hat could see Slytherin’s power in me, and it —”

但他沉默了下來，心中浮現出一個潛在的疑慮。「教授，」他過了一會兒又開始說。「分院帽告訴我，我--我在史萊哲林學院表現得很好。每個人都以為我是史萊哲林的繼承人.....因為我會說蛇語.....」「哈利，」鄧布利多平靜地說：「你會說蛇語，是因為佛地魔--薩拉查·史萊哲林的最後一位後裔--會說蛇語。除非我大錯特錯，那天晚上他給你留下那道疤時，把他自己部分的力量轉移到了你身上。我相信這不是他有意為之.....」「佛地魔把自己的一部分放進了我身上？」哈利驚訝地問。「看起來是這樣。」「所以我應該去史萊哲林？」哈利絕望地看著鄧布利多。「分院帽看到了我身上史萊哲林的力量，它.....」

“Put you in Gryffindor,” said Dumbledore calmly. “Listen to me, Harry. You happen to have many qualities Salazar Slytherin prized in his hand-picked students. His own very rare gift, Parseltongue — resourcefulness — determination — a certain disregard for rules,” he added, his mustache quivering again. “Yet the Sorting Hat placed you in Gryffindor. You know why that was. Think.”

“It only put me in Gryffindor,” said Harry in a defeated voice, “because I asked not to go in Slytherin. . . .”

“*Exactly*,” said Dumbledore, beaming once more. “Which makes you *very different* from Tom Riddle. It is our choices, Harry, that show what we truly are, far more than our abilities.” Harry sat motionless in his chair, stunned. “If you want proof, Harry, that you belong in Gryffindor, I suggest you look more closely at *this* .”

『那時鄧布利多鎮定地說：『它把你分到格蘭芬多，聽我講話，哈利，你正好擁有薩拉查·史萊哲林在他挑選的學生中所珍視的許多品質。像是他自己非常罕見的天賦——會蛇語——足智多謀——意志堅定——規則意識某種程度上淡薄。』他補充道，小小的鬍子又微微顫抖了一下。「可是，分類帽卻把你分到格蘭芬多。你知道為什麼。想想看。」「因為我要求不要被分到史萊哲林。」哈利失望的回答。「很對，」鄧布利多又好心地說。「這讓你和湯姆·里德爾大不相同。哈利，正是我們的選擇展示了我們真正的本質——比我們的能力更能體現。」哈利愣住了，一動不動地坐在椅子上。「如果你想證明自己屬於格蘭芬多，哈利，我建議你更加仔細地看看這個。」”

Dumbledore reached across to Professor McGonagall’s desk, picked up the blood-stained silver sword, and handed it to Harry. Dully, Harry turned it over, the rubies blazing in the firelight. And then he saw the name engraved just below the hilt.

*Godric Gryffindor.*

“Only a true Gryffindor could have pulled *that* out of the hat, Harry,” said Dumbledore simply.

For a minute, neither of them spoke. Then Dumbledore pulled open one of the drawers in Professor McGonagall’s desk and took out a quill and a bottle of ink.

“What you need, Harry, is some food and sleep. I suggest you go down to the feast, while I write to Azkaban — we need our gamekeeper back. And I must draft an advertisement for the *Daily Prophet*, too,” he added thoughtfully. “We’ll be needing a new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. . . . Dear me, we do seem to run through them, don’t we?”

鄧不利多從麥格教授的書桌上伸手拿起沾滿鮮血的銀劍，遞給哈利。哈利呆滯地接過銀劍，在火光下看到紅寶石閃耀的劍柄下刻著的名字。葛力分多。「只有真正的葛力分多才能從帽子裡拔出這把劍，哈利。」鄧不利多簡單地說。接下來的一分鐘裡，他們都沒有說話。然後，鄧不利多打開了麥格教授書桌上的一個抽屜，拿出一支筆和一瓶墨水。「哈利，你需要的是食物和休息。我建議你去參加宴會，我寫信給阿茲卡班 - 我們需要我們的看守回來。我還必須撰寫一份廣告給《每日預言家》。」他有思考地補充道。「我們需要一位新的黑魔法防禦術教師...唉，我們好像總是快速更換他們，不是嗎？」

Harry got up and crossed to the door. He had just reached for the handle, however, when the door burst open so violently that it bounced back off the wall.

Lucius Malfoy stood there, fury in his face. And cowering behind his legs, heavily wrapped in bandages, was *Dobby*.

“Good evening, Lucius,” said Dumbledore pleasantly.

Mr. Malfoy almost knocked Harry over as he swept into the room. Dobby went scurrying in after him, crouching at the hem of his cloak, a look of

abject terror on his face.

The elf was carrying a stained rag with which he was attempting to finish cleaning Mr. Malfoy's shoes. Apparently Mr. Malfoy had set out in a great hurry, for not only were his shoes half-polished, but his usually sleek hair was disheveled. Ignoring the elf bobbing apologetically around his ankles, he fixed his cold eyes upon Dumbledore.

哈利站起身走向门口，可当他刚要伸手拉门把手时，门突然被猛力推开，弹回到墙上。露西斯·马尔福站在门口，怒气冲冲。在他的腿后面，裹着厚厚的绷带，瑟瑟发抖的是多比。“晚上好，露西斯。”邓布利多和蔼地说。马尔福先生一进门，差点将哈利撞倒。多比紧随其后，蜷缩在他的斗篷下，脸上露出极度恐惧的神色。这个精灵手上拿着一块有污迹的抹布，正在努力擦干净马尔福先生的鞋子。显然，马尔福先生匆忙出门，不仅鞋子没擦干净，头发也特别凌乱。他无视着在他脚边不停道歉的精灵，冷冷地盯着邓布利多。

“So!” he said “You've come back. The governors suspended you, but you still saw fit to return to Hogwarts.”

“Well, you see, Lucius,” said Dumbledore, smiling serenely, “the other eleven governors contacted me today. It was something like being caught in a hailstorm of owls, to tell the truth. They'd heard that Arthur Weasley's daughter had been killed and wanted me back here at once. They seemed to think I was the best man for the job after all. Very strange tales they told me, too. . . . Several of them seemed to think that you had threatened to curse their families if they didn't agree to suspend me in the first place.”

Mr. Malfoy went even paler than usual, but his eyes were still slits of fury.

“So — have you stopped the attacks yet?” he sneered. “Have you caught the culprit?”

他說：「哈！你回來了，理事會已經把你給停職了，但你還是決定回到霍格華茲。」鄧布利多笑著平靜地說：「你知道的，盧修斯，今天其他十一名理事都聯繫了我。老實說，就像被一陣陣貓頭鷹襲擊般。他們聽說亞瑟·韋斯萊的女兒被殺了，想要我馬上回到這裡。他們似乎認為我是最適合這份工作的人。他們還告訴了我一些非常奇怪的事情……他們中的幾個人似乎認為，如果他們不同意停職我，你會威脅對他們的家人施予詛咒。」馬爾福先生臉色比平常更蒼白，但他的眼睛仍然是憤怒的縫隙。他厭笑著說：「那你也解決了攻擊事件嗎？你抓到了罪犯嗎？」

“We have,” said Dumbledore, with a smile.

“Well?” said Mr. Malfoy sharply. “Who is it?”

“The same person as last time, Lucius,” said Dumbledore. “But this time, Lord Voldemort was acting through somebody else. By means of this diary.”

He held up the small black book with the large hole through the center, watching Mr. Malfoy closely. Harry, however, was watching Dobby.

The elf was doing something very odd. His great eyes fixed meaningfully on Harry, he kept pointing at the diary, then at Mr. Malfoy, and then hitting himself hard on the head with his fist.

“I see . . .” said Mr. Malfoy slowly to Dumbledore.

“A clever plan,” said Dumbledore in a level voice, still staring Mr. Malfoy straight in the eye. “Because if Harry here”— Mr. Malfoy shot Harry a swift, sharp look —“and his friend Ron hadn't discovered this book, why — Ginny Weasley might have taken all the blame. No one would ever have been able to prove she hadn't acted of her own free will. . . .”

鄧布利多微笑說：「我們有。」慕禮先生嗤之以鼻地問：「是誰？」「和上次一樣，路西斯先生，」鄧布利多說：「但這次，佛地魔是透過別人的行動，使用這本日記。」他舉起了一本中間有個大洞的小黑書，盯著慕禮先生看。但是，哈利卻在看多比。多比在做一些非常奇怪的事情。他的大眼睛有意義地盯著哈利，一直指著日記，再指著慕禮先生，然後用拳頭狠狠地敲打自己的頭。「我看到了……」慕禮先生緩慢地對鄧布利多說。「一個聰明的計劃，」鄧布利多以平靜的聲音說，仍然直視慕禮先生的眼睛。「因為如果哈利和他的朋友羅恩沒有發現這本書，金妮·衛斯理可能會承擔所有的罪責，沒有人將能夠證明她沒有出於自由意志行事……」

Mr. Malfoy said nothing. His face was suddenly masklike.

“And imagine,” Dumbledore went on, “what might have happened then. . . . The Weasleys are one of our most prominent pure-blood families. Imagine the effect on Arthur Weasley and his Muggle Protection Act, if his own daughter was discovered attacking and killing Muggle-borns. . . . Very fortunate the diary was discovered, and Riddle's memories wiped from it. Who knows what the consequences might have been otherwise. . . .”

Mr. Malfoy forced himself to speak.

“Very fortunate,” he said stiffly.

And still, behind his back, Dobby was pointing first to the diary, then to Lucius Malfoy, then punching himself in the head.

And Harry suddenly understood. He nodded at Dobby, and Dobby backed into a corner, now twisting his ears in punishment.

馬爾福先生一言不發，臉上出現了面具般的神情。「想像一下吧，」鄧布利多說，「接下來會發生什麼... 韋斯萊家族是我們最著名的純血統家族之一。如果它自己的女兒被發現在攻擊和殺害麻生出生的巫師，亞瑟·韋斯萊和他的麻瓜保護法會受到什麼影響... 幸運的是，日記被發現了，里德爾的記憶被從中抹掉了。否則，誰知道會產生什麼後果...」馬爾福先生強迫自己說話。「非常幸運。」他生硬地說。而在他的背後，多比指着日記，然後指着盧修斯·馬爾福，最後猛地打了自己一巴掌。哈利突然明白了。他對多比點頭，多比便退到一個角落，開始拧自己的耳朵來作為懲罰。

“Don’t you want to know how Ginny got hold of that diary, Mr. Malfoy?” said Harry.

Lucius Malfoy rounded on him.

“How should I know how the stupid little girl got hold of it?” he said.

“Because you gave it to her,” said Harry. “In Flourish and Blotts. You picked up her old Transfiguration book and slipped the diary inside it, didn’t you?”

He saw Mr. Malfoy’s white hands clench and unclench.

“Prove it,” he hissed.

“Oh, no one will be able to do that,” said Dumbledore, smiling at Harry. “Not now that Riddle has vanished from the book. On the other hand, I would advise you, Lucius, not to go giving out any more of Lord Voldemort’s old school things. If any more of them find their way into innocent hands, I think Arthur Weasley, for one, will make sure they are traced back to you . . .”

“你不想知道金妮怎麼得到那本日記嗎，馬爾福先生？”哈利說。盧修斯·馬爾福轉向他。“我怎麼知道那個愚蠢的小女孩怎麼得到它的？”他說。“因為是你給她的，”哈利說。“在弗洛利斯和布洛茨書店。你拿起了她的舊變形學書，把日記放在裡面，對不對？”他看到馬爾福先生的白手緊緊地握成拳頭又鬆開。“證明吧，”他咆哮道。“哦，現在沒有人能做到那樣了，”鄧布利多微笑著對哈利說。“現在里德爾已經從這本書中消失了。另一方面，我建議你，盧修斯，不要再隨便派送佛地魔舊的校園物品了。如果還有更多的人把它們交到無辜之人的手中，我想亞瑟·衛斯理會確保它們追溯到你的頭上。. . .”

Lucius Malfoy stood for a moment, and Harry distinctly saw his right hand twitch as though he was longing to reach for his wand. Instead, he turned to his house-elf.

“We’re going, Dobby!”

He wrenched open the door and as the elf came hurrying up to him, he kicked him right through it. They could hear Dobby squealing with pain all the way along the corridor. Harry stood for a moment, thinking hard. Then it came to him—

“Professor Dumbledore,” he said hurriedly. “Can I give that diary back to Mr. Malfoy, please?”

“Certainly, Harry,” said Dumbledore calmly. “But hurry. The feast, remember. . .”

Harry grabbed the diary and dashed out of the office. He could hear Dobby’s squeals of pain receding around the corner. Quickly, wondering if this plan could possibly work, Harry took off one of his shoes, pulled off his slimy, filthy sock, and stuffed the diary into it. Then he ran down the dark corridor.

盧修斯·馬爾福站著一會兒，哈利清晰地看見他的右手像渴望拿起魔杖般抽搐。相反地，他轉向自己的家內精靈。「我們走，多比！」他猛力拉開門，當家內精靈匆忙向他走來時，他踢了他一腳。他們能聽到多比一路上因疼痛尖叫。哈利站在那裡，冥思苦想地想著。然後他明白了——「達姆弗雷教授，」他急忙說。「我能不能把那個日記還給馬爾福先生嗎？」「當然可以，哈利，」鄧布利多冷靜地說。「但要快點。宴會，記住.....」哈利拿起日記，衝出辦公室。他能聽到多比的尖叫聲逐漸消失在轉角處。急忙之間，他想著這個計劃是否可能奏效，哈利脫下一隻鞋，脫掉那塊黏糊糊的污穢襪子，把日記塞進去。然後他沿著黑暗的走廊跑去。

He caught up with them at the top of the stairs.

“Mr. Malfoy,” he gasped, skidding to a halt, “I’ve got something for you —”

And he forced the smelly sock into Lucius Malfoy’s hand.

“What the — ?”

Mr. Malfoy ripped the sock off the diary, threw it aside, then looked furiously from the ruined book to Harry.

“You’ll meet the same sticky end as your parents one of these days, Harry Potter,” he said softly. “They were meddlesome fools, too.”

He turned to go.

“Come, Dobby. I said, come .”

But Dobby didn’t move. He was holding up Harry’s disgusting, slimy sock, and looking at it as though it were a priceless treasure.

“Master has given a sock,” said the elf in wonderment. “Master gave it to Dobby.”

“What’s that?” spat Mr. Malfoy. “What did you say?”

“Got a sock,” said Dobby in disbelief. “Master threw it, and Dobby caught it, and Dobby — Dobby is *free*.”

他在樓梯頂追上了他們。「馬爾福先生」他氣喘吁吁地停下來，「我有東西給您——」他將發臭的襪子硬塞到盧修斯·馬爾福的手中。「這是什麼——？」馬爾福先生撕下襪子，丟在一旁，然後憤怒地從破爛不堪的日記上轉向哈利。「有天，哈利波特，你也會有和你的父母一樣慘痛的下場，他們也是多管閒事的傻瓜。」他輕聲說。他轉身要走。「來，多比，我說，來。」但多比沒有動。他舉著哈利那又臭又黏的襪子，像看待一樣珍貴的東西一樣。「主人給了一雙襪子，」小精靈驚訝地說：「主人把襪子給了多比。」「什麼？」馬爾福大叫道：「你說什麼？」「多比有一雙襪子，」多比想不通地說：「主人扔了它，多比接住了，多比自由了！」

Lucius Malfoy stood frozen, staring at the elf. Then he lunged at Harry.

“You’ve lost me my servant, boy!”

But Dobby shouted, “You shall not harm Harry Potter!”

There was a loud bang, and Mr. Malfoy was thrown backward. He crashed down the stairs, three at a time, landing in a crumpled heap on the landing below. He got up, his face livid, and pulled out his wand, but Dobby raised a long, threatening finger.

“You shall go now,” he said fiercely, pointing down at Mr. Malfoy. “You shall not touch Harry Potter. You shall go now.”

Lucius Malfoy had no choice. With a last, incensed stare at the pair of them, he swung his cloak around him and hurried out of sight.

“Harry Potter freed Dobby!” said the elf shrilly, gazing up at Harry, moonlight from the nearest window reflected in his orb-like eyes. “Harry Potter set Dobby free!”

盧修斯·馬爾福呆住了，凝視著那個小精靈。然後他向哈利衝了過去。“你害我失去了我的僕人，小子！”但多比大聲喊道：“你不能傷害哈利波特！”一聲巨響，馬爾福先生被甩了回去。他跌下樓梯，每次三級，摔在下面的臺階上。他站起來，臉色發紫，拔出了他的魔杖，但多比卻舉起了一根威脅性的手指。“你現在應該走了，”他狠狠地說，指著馬爾福先生。“你不應該碰哈利波特。你現在應該走了。”盧修斯·馬爾福別無選擇。他最後瞪了他們一眼，怒氣沖沖地轉了起來，匆匆消失了。“哈利波特解救了多比！”精靈尖聲說道，仰望著哈利，窗外月光照在他圓球狀的眼睛中。“哈利波特解放了多比！”

“Least I could do, Dobby,” said Harry, grinning. “Just promise never to try and save my life again.”

The elf’s ugly brown face split suddenly into a wide, toothy smile.

“I’ve just got one question, Dobby,” said Harry as Dobby pulled on Harry’s sock with shaking hands. “You told me all this had nothing to do with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, remember? Well —”

“It was a clue, sir,” said Dobby, his eyes widening, as though this was obvious. “Was giving you a clue. The Dark Lord, before he changed his name, could be freely named, you see?”

“Right,” said Harry weakly. “Well, I’d better go. There’s a feast, and my friend Hermione should be awake by now. . . .”

Dobby threw his arms around Harry’s middle and hugged him.

“Harry Potter is greater by far than Dobby knew!” he sobbed. “Farewell, Harry Potter!”

“這是能做的最少的事，多比，”哈利咧嘴笑道。“只要答應我，不要再試圖拯救我的生命。”那個精靈抖著手，拉著哈利的襪子，他那張醜陋的褐色臉突然開懷大笑。“我有一個問題要問你，多比，”哈利說道。“你告訴我這一切和不能說出名字的那個人沒有關係，記住了嗎？好吧——”那是個線索，先生，”多比說道，眼睛瞪得很大，好像這很明顯。“是在給你一個線索。在他改變名字之前，黑暗之王是可以隨意被叫的，你看？”“對，”哈利虛弱地說道。“好的，我最好還是走吧。有一場宴會，我的朋友赫敏現在應該醒了……”多比抱著哈利的中間，擁抱他。“哈利波特遠比多比知道的還要偉大！”他哭泣著。“再見，哈利波特！”

And with a final loud crack, Dobby disappeared.

Harry had been to several Hogwarts feasts, but never one quite like this. Everybody was in their pajamas, and the celebration lasted all night. Harry didn’t know whether the best bit was Hermione running toward him, screaming “You solved it! You solved it!” or Justin hurrying over from the Hufflepuff table to wring his hand and apologize endlessly for suspecting him, or Hagrid turning up at half past three, cuffing Harry and Ron so hard on the shoulders that they were knocked into their plates of trifle, or his and Ron’s four hundred points for Gryffindor securing the House Cup for the second year running, or Professor McGonagall standing up to tell them all that the exams had been canceled as a school treat (“Oh, no!” said Hermione), or Dumbledore announcing that, unfortunately, Professor Lockhart would be unable to return next year, owing to the fact that he needed to go away and get his memory back. Quite a few of the teachers joined in the cheering that greeted this news.

最後一聲巨響，多比消失了。哈利曾經參加過幾次霍格華茲的盛宴，但從未像這樣。每個人都穿著睡衣，慶祝一整夜。哈利

不知道最好的部分是赫敏向他奔跑，尖叫“你解決了！你解決了！”還是賈斯汀從赫夫帕夫桌趕來，為懷疑他而不停地道歉，或者是海格在凌晨三點半出現，狠狠地拍打哈利和羅恩的肩膀，讓他們被推進他們的果凍布丁盤裡，或者是他和羅恩為格蘭芬多贏得了四百分，第二年保持了家庭杯，或者是麥格教授站起來告訴他們所有人，考試被取消了，作為一個學校的禮物（“哦，不！”哈利說），還有鄧布利多宣佈，不幸地，洛克哈特教授明年將無法回來，因為他需要離開去找回他的記憶。許多老師都加入了歡呼聲。

“Shame,” said Ron, helping himself to a jam doughnut. “He was starting to grow on me.”

The rest of the final term passed in a haze of blazing sunshine. Hogwarts was back to normal with only a few, small differences. Defense Against the Dark Arts classes were canceled (“but we’ve had plenty of practice at that anyway,” Ron told a disgruntled Hermione) and Lucius Malfoy had been sacked as a school governor. Draco was no longer strutting around the school as though he owned the place. On the contrary, he looked resentful and sulky. On the other hand, Ginny Weasley was perfectly happy again.

Too soon, it was time for the journey home on the Hogwarts Express. Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred, George, and Ginny got a compartment to themselves. They made the most of the last few hours in which they were allowed to do magic before the holidays. They played Exploding Snap, set off the very last of Fred and George’s Filibuster fireworks, and practiced Disarming each other by magic. Harry was getting very good at it.

羅恩一邊吃果醬甜甜圈，一邊說：“真羞恥，他開始讓我有好感了。”隨著火熱陽光的陪伴，最後一個學期在迷霧中度過。霍格沃茨回到正常，只有一些微小的變化。黑魔法防禦術課程已經取消（“不過，我們已經有足夠的練習了，”羅恩告訴不滿的赫敏），而魯修斯·馬爾福被撤職了。德拉科不再像擁有這個地方一樣大模大樣地走來走去。相反，他看起來懷恨在心，嘟嘟囔囔。而金妮·衛斯理很快又變得非常開心了。不久，霍格沃茨快車上就要回家了。哈利、羅恩、赫敏、弗雷德、喬治和金妮獨享一個小隔間，他們趁著假期前可以施展魔法的最後幾個小時盡情地玩。他們玩爆炸快照，放了弗雷德和喬治最後一顆放肆煙火，並互相練習魔法進行解除武裝。哈利越來越擅長這些了。

They were almost at King’s Cross when Harry remembered something.

“Ginny — what did you see Percy doing, that he didn’t want you to tell anyone?”

“Oh, that,” said Ginny, giggling. “Well — Percy’s got a *girlfriend*.”

Fred dropped a stack of books on George’s head.

“What?”

“It’s that Ravenclaw prefect, Penelope Clearwater,” said Ginny. “That’s who he was writing to all last summer. He’s been meeting her all over the school in secret. I walked in on them *kissing* in an empty classroom one day. He was so upset when she was — you know — attacked. You won’t tease him, will you?” she added anxiously.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” said Fred, who was looking like his birthday had come early.

“Definitely not,” said George, sniggering.

The Hogwarts Express slowed and finally stopped.

他們幾乎已經到京斯十字路口了，這時哈利想起了什麼。“金妮——你看到了佩西在做什麼，他不想讓任何人知道？”“哦，那個，”金妮咯咯笑道。“嗯——佩西有女朋友。”弗雷德把一疊書丟在喬治的頭上。“什麼？”“是拉文克勞的學年長，佩內洛普·克利爾沃特，”金妮說。“去年整個暑假他都在和她通信。他們一直在學校裡秘密會面。有一天我走進空教室，看到他們在接吻。當她被——你知道的——攻擊時，他非常沮喪。你不會取笑他吧？”她焦慮地問道。“絕不會，”看起來像是過生日的弗雷德說。“當然不會，”喬治咯咯地笑著。霍格華茲特快列車慢慢地停下了。

Harry pulled out his quill and a bit of parchment and turned to Ron and Hermione.

“This is called a telephone number,” he told Ron, scribbling it twice, tearing the parchment in two, and handing it to them. “I told your dad how to use a telephone last summer — he’ll know. Call me at the Dursleys’, okay? I can’t stand another two months with only Dudley to talk to. . . .”

“Your aunt and uncle will be proud, though, won’t they?” said Hermione as they got off the train and joined the crowd thronging toward the enchanted barrier. “When they hear what you did this year?”

“Proud?” said Harry. “Are you crazy? All those times I could’ve died, and I didn’t manage it? They’ll be furious. . . .”

And together they walked back through the gateway to the Muggle world.

哈利拿出羽毛筆和一張羊皮紙，轉向羅恩和赫敏。「這是叫做電話號碼，」他告訴羅恩，一邊匆匆寫下兩遍，撕成兩半然後遞給他們。「去年夏天我已經教你爸用電話了——他會知道的。在德思禮家裡打電話給我，好嗎？我已經受夠了兩個月只能跟達力說話了。……」「可是你叔叔和阿姨聽到你今年做的事情後一定會很驕傲吧？」當他們走下火車加入人流向著魔法障壁時，赫敏說道。「自傲？」哈利說。「你瘋了？那麼多次我都快死了，卻沒死成？他們會氣炸的……」他們一起穿過回到麻瓜世界的大門。

Text copyright © 1998 by J.K. Rowling

Cover illustration by Olly Moss © 2015 Pottermore Limited

Interior illustrations by Mary GrandPré © 1999 by Warner Bros.

Harry Potter characters, names and related indicia are trademarks of and © Warner Bros. Ent.

Harry Potter Publishing Rights © J.K. Rowling

This digital edition first published by Pottermore Limited in 2015

Published in print in the U.S.A. by Arthur A. Levine Books, an imprint of Scholastic Inc.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher.

ISBN 978-1-78110-647-1

此文字版權 © 1998 J.K. 羅琳。封面插圖由 Olly Moss © 2015 Pottermore Limited 創作。內頁插圖由 Mary GrandPré © 1999 Warner Bros. 創作。哈利波特角色、名稱及相關指標皆為及版權為 Warner Bros. Entertainment 所有。《哈利波特》出版權為 J.K. 羅琳所有。此數位版於 2015 年由 Pottermore Limited 出版。此書印刷版由 Arthur A. Levine Books 出版，為 Scholastic Inc. 旗下品牌。版權所有，未經出版商書面授權，不得全部或部分複製、儲存於檢索系統、以電子、機械、影印、錄音或其他方式傳輸。ISBN 978-1-78110-647-1