

(B)HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE, BY J.K.

ROWLING

CHAPTER 1

THE BOY WHO LIVED

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley lived in a house number four in Privet Drive and were perfectly normal. They didn't like strange things.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a company. He was a big man with a very big mustache¹. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde. She liked to watch the neighbors. The Dursleys had a small son, Dudley, for them he was the best boy.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, a secret about the Potters.

Mrs.Potter was Mrs.Dursley's sister, but they didn't meet very often. Mrs. Dursley didn't want to have the sister, who was very different from the Dursleys. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they didn't see him.

Our story starts on gray Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Dursley got up and there was nothing strange for them. They didn't look out the window where a large owl² was.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley took his bag and kissed Mrs.Dursley good-bye. He also tried to kiss Dudley. So Mr. Dursley left the house, got into his car and drove away.

On the corner of the street he saw a peculiar³ thing -- a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr. Dursley understood nothing -- then he looked again. There was a cat, but there wasn't a map. He thought that it was special light. Mr. Dursley looked at the cat. The cat looked at him. As Mr. Dursley drove, he watched the cat in his mirror. Now the cat tried to read the sign⁴ that said Privet Drive. No, it just looked at the sign - cats couldn't read maps or signs. He started to think about work to forget the strange cat.

But when he was in the usual morning traffic jam⁵, he saw a lot of people in strange clothes. People in cloaks⁶. He thought this was some stupid new fashion. Then Mr. Dursley saw some of them weren't young. Maybe these people collected for

¹ A mustache - усы

² An owl - сова

³ Peculiar - необычный

⁴ A sign – знак, указатель

⁵ Traffic jam – пробка, затор на дороге

⁶ A cloak – плащ, мантия

something? Yes, it can be so. The traffic moved and Mr. Dursley drove to his company car park very fast.

Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. He didn't see the owls in the street. He shouted at five different people. He made some important telephone calls. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime. At lunchtime he went outside to buy something to eat.

He bought some food in the shop and on his way back saw these people in cloaks. He heard some their words.

"The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard yes, their son, Harry"

Mr. Dursley was shocked. He ran to his office, closed the door, and took his telephone. He wanted to phone the wife but stopped. Potter wasn't a very unusual name. He was sure that there were a lot of Potters who had a son Harry. He wasn't sure his nephew⁷ was Harry. He didn't see the boy. Maybe it was Harvey. Or Harold.

He left the building at five o'clock. He was so worried that he walked straight into⁸ someone.

"Sorry," Mr. Dursley saw that the man was had a violet cloak. The man gave a smile and said, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, nothing can make me sad today! You-Know-Who is away at last! Even Muggles should celebrate⁹, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged¹⁰ Mr. Dursley and walked away.

Mr. Dursley understood nothing. He went to his car and drove home.

Soon he was in his street. The first thing he saw was the cat. It was now on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same cat.

"Shoo!" Mr. Dursley said loudly. The cat didn't move. It just looked at him. Was this normal cat? Mr. Dursley thought. He walked into the house. He didn't want to tell anything to his wife.

Mrs. Dursley had a nice, normal day. She told him all about Mrs. Next Door's problems and how Dudley learned a new word ("Won't!"). When Dudley was in bed, his father went into the living room to watch the evening news:

⁷ A nephew – племянник

⁸ To walk into – врезаться, натолкнуться

⁹ To celebrate – отмечать, праздновать

¹⁰ To hug - обнимать

"And finally, owls are very unusual today. They normally sleep during the day, but not today."

"Strange. And now, Jim McGuffin will tell us about the weather. Rains of owls tonight, Jim?"

"Well, Ted," the weatherman¹¹ said, "I don't know about that, but yesterday in Kent, Yorkshire, and Dundee was a rain of falling stars!"

Mr. Dursley sat shocked in his armchair. Stars in Britain? Owls? Strange people in cloaks? And words about the Potters...

Mrs. Dursley came into the living room with two cups of tea.

"Er -- Petunia, dear -- do you know...er ...how's your sister?"

Mrs. Dursley was shocked and angry.

"No," she said. "Why?"

"Funny news," Mr. Dursley said. "Owls... falling stars... and there were a lot of funny-looking people in town today..."

"So?" Mrs. Dursley asked.

"Well, I just thought... maybe... you know...it was her people. Their son -- he is about Dudley's age now, no?"

"I think so," Mrs. Dursley said.

"What's his name again? Howard, isn't it?"

"Harry. A bad name, if you ask me."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Dursley said. "Yes, I agree."

Mrs. Dursley went in the bathroom. Mr. Dursley looked into the garden. The cat was there.

Was it his imagination¹²? Is it about the Potters?

The Dursleys got into bed. Mr. Dursley couldn't sleep. His thoughts were about the Potters and that it couldn't affect¹³ them....

It was a real mistake.

The cat on the wall outside didn't sleep and it didn't move. In fact, it was about 12 when the cat moved.

¹¹ A weatherman - метеоролог

¹² Imagination - воображение

¹³ To affect - влиять

That time a man appeared¹⁴ in the street. He was tall, thin, and very old. He had grey hair and long beard. He was in a purple cloak. His blue eyes were light behind the glasses. His nose was very long. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

Albus Dumbledore was in a street where everything from his name to his boots was unwelcome¹⁵. He tried to find something in his cloak.

He looked at the cat, "Oh, it's you."

He found something in his pocket¹⁶. It was like a cigarette lighter¹⁷. He put it up in the air. The street lamp went out. Now it was really dark in the street. Dumbledore put the thing back inside his cloak and sat down on the wall next to the cat. He spoke to it.

"I'm glad to see you here, Professor McGonagall."

He turned to smile at the cat, but it was not a cat. It was a woman with black hair in square glasses and a green cloak. She looked annoyed¹⁸.

"How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, cats move, you don't."

"You won't move if you sit on a brick wall all day," Professor McGonagall said.

"All day? What about celebrating? There were some parties today."

"Oh yes, everyone's happy, all right," she said. "They must be more careful¹⁹, but no -- even it was on the Muggles news." She looked at the Dursleys' dark living-room window. "I heard it. Owls... falling stars.... Well, they're not so stupid. I'm sure that was Dedalus Diggle."

"You can't blame²⁰ them," Dumbledore said. "For eleven years we didn't celebrate."

"I know that," Professor McGonagall said. "But they were not in Muggle clothes, and their talks Just imagine, on the day You-Know-Who died, the Muggles could know all about us. Did he really die, Dumbledore?"

"We can think so," Dumbledore said. "Would you like a lemon drop²¹?"

"A what?"

¹⁴ To appear – появляться

¹⁵ Unwelcome – нежеланный, непрошенный

¹⁶ A pocket - карман

¹⁷ A lighter - зажигалка

¹⁸ Annoyed – раздраженный

¹⁹ Careful - осторожный

²⁰ To blame - винить

²¹ A lemon drop – лимонный леденец

"A lemon drop. They're Muggle sweets. I like them"

"No, thank you," Professor McGonagall said.

"As I say, even if You-Know-Who...-"

"My dear Professor, call him by his name. I'm not scared of saying Voldemort's name. Are you? "

"But you're different. He was scared of you."

"Voldemort had powers I will never have." Dumbledore said.

"Only because you're a very good man."

Professor McGonagall looked at Dumbledore and said, "The owls are not so important. Do you know what they say? About why he disappeared²²? About what stopped him?"

"They say that last night Voldemort went to find the Potters. And that Lily and James Potter are -- are -- that they're -- dead. "

Dumbledore told her it was true.

"Lily and James... I can't believe it... Oh, Albus..."

"I know... I know..." he said sadly.

"That's not all. They say he tried to kill the Potter's son, Harry. But – he couldn't. He couldn't kill that little boy. No one knows why, or how, but Voldemort's power broke -- and that's why he disappeared.

Dumbledore nodded²³.

"It's -- it's true? He killed so many people... but he couldn't kill a little boy? ... How did Harry survive²⁴?"

"We don't know," Dumbledore said.

Professor McGonagall was ready to cry.

"Hagrid's late. Did he tell you about me?"

"Yes," Professor McGonagall said. "Can you tell me why you're here?"

"I want Harry to be with his aunt and uncle. They're his family."

Professor McGonagall jumped to her feet.

"Dumbledore -- you can't. They are horrible! And their son..."

²² To disappear - исчезать

²³ To nod - кивать

²⁴ To survive - выживать

"It's the best place for him," Dumbledore said. "His aunt and uncle will tell him about everything when he's older. They have my letter."

"A letter?" Professor McGonagall repeated²⁵, and sat down on the wall. "Really, Dumbledore, do you think you can explain²⁶ all in a letter? These people are so different! He'll be famous ...!"

"Exactly," Dumbledore said. "Famous before he can walk and talk! He is not ready to be famous"

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth and then said, "Yes -- yes, you're right, of course. But how can he get here? "

"With Hagrid."

"But it's so important."

I would trust²⁷ Hagrid with my life," Dumbledore said.

They heard a low sound, looked up at the sky and saw a huge²⁸ motorcycle in the air. In a minute it landed on the road near them.

The motorcycle was huge, the man was huge, too. He was taller and wider than a normal man. He looked so big and so wild – long black hair and beard, huge hands and feet. He had some blankets²⁹ in his arms.

"Hagrid," Dumbledore said. "At last. And where did you get that motorcycle?"

"Young Sirius Black gave it to me." Professor Dumbledore, Hagrid said.

"Problems?"

"No, sir -- house was destroyed³⁰, but I got him. He's sleeping"

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall came up to Hagrid. There was a baby boy inside the blankets³¹. They could see a scar on his forehead³². It looked like a lightning³³.

"Is that where -?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"Yes," Dumbledore said. "This scar is forever."

²⁵ To repeat - повторять

²⁶ To explain - объяснять

²⁷ To trust - доверять

²⁸ Huge - огромный

²⁹ A blanket - одеяло

³⁰ Destroyed – разрушенный

³¹ A scar – шрам

³² A forehead - лоб

³³ A lightning - молния

"Can you do something about it, Dumbledore?"

"Even if I could ... Scars can be good sometimes. I have one scar that is a map of the London Underground. Well -- give him to me, Hagrid."

Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and went to the Dursleys' house.

"Can I... Can I say good-bye to him, sir?" Hagrid asked. He kissed a little boy. "I c-c-can't -- Lily and James are dead – and little Harry will live with Muggles."

"Yes, yes, it's all very sad, but be quiet, Hagrid, or they can find us," Professor McGonagall said.

Dumbledore walked to the front door. Now Harry was on the doorstep, with a letter inside his blankets. For a minute the three people stood and looked at the little baby.

"Well," Dumbledore said finally, "that's all. We can go and join the celebrations."

"Yeah," Hagrid said, "I should give Sirius his bike back. Good night, Professor McGonagall -- Professor Dumbledore, sir."

Hagrid got on the motorcycle and flew away into the night.

"See you soon, Professor McGonagall," Dumbledore said. Professor McGonagall just blew her nose³⁴.

Dumbledore walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the magic lighter. The street lamps worked again and he could see a cat at the other end of the street and some blankets on the steps.

"Good luck, Harry," he said and disappeared.

Harry Potter slept inside his blankets. He didn't know he was special, he was famous. He didn't know that Mrs. Dursley would open the door and scream³⁵. He couldn't know that at people meeting in secret all over the country held up³⁶ their glasses and said: "To Harry Potter³⁷ -- the boy who lived!"

³⁴ To blow one's nose – высмаркивать нос

³⁵ To scream - кричать

³⁶ To hold up - поднимать

³⁷ To Harry Potter – за Гарри Поттера