AN ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH-INDONESIAN TRANSLATION
IN NOVEL HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS
BY J.K. ROWLING

A Paper

Submitted to The Faculty of Adab and Humanities
As a partial fulfillment of the Requirement for the Degree of
Sarjana Sastra (SS)

By:
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ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
FACULTY OF ADAB AND HUMANITIES
SYARIF HIDAYATULLAH STATE ISLAMIC UNIVERSITY
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LEGALIZATION OF EXAMINATION BOARD

A paper entitled "An Analysis of English-Indonesian Translation in Novel Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets by J.K. Rowling" has been examined before the board of examiners held by English Department, Faculty of Adab and Humanities, Syarif Hidayatullah State Islamic University Jakarta on July 7, 2005. This paper has been accepted as a partial fulfillment of the requirements for Sarjana Sastra Degree in English Department.

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In the name of Allah SWT, the Beneficent, the Merciful.

All the praises be to Allah SWT, Lord of the Universe. The writer is really sure that without His Help and His Mercy this paper would not have been completed. Peace and blessing be upon our prophet Muhammad SAW, His family, His companion and all His followers.

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Jakarta, June 2005

The Writer
ABSTRACT


This research is intended to discover the readability of the translation. Does the translation is readable enough for the readers? Have the source language got an equivalent in the Target language? What are the addition and/or the reduction in the translation? What kind of translation is it? These are the answer the writer tries to answer.

The writer uses qualitative descriptive analysis. Firstly, the writer reads the original book and then compared it to the translation. Then he looks up a reliable dictionary to find out whether the translation is correct or not. If it is correct, he find out if there is addition and/or reduction in this translation.

The writer found that the translation is quite readable though there are some absurd and incorrect translations. There are some additions related to the cultural aspects of the Source Language, e.g., the name of the house. There are also some reductions related to the context, etc. The translator uses literal translations, which affect the language of the translation to be quite awkward. It lessens the understanding of the readers.
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CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

A. Background of the Study

Nowadays the world becomes an integral part with no boundaries any longer. The countries, which are different in languages and cultures, have no limitation in building communication. Even though their languages are different from each other in meaning, they can be solved by translation. Translation plays an important role in connecting different countries. By translation, a better relationship can be built.

Each country tries to translate the language that they don't understand into the language that is understandable by them, i.e., their mother tongue. In this era, there are so many translation works in Indonesia from various disciplines. For example, there are many English books on economics, politics, literature have been translated into Indonesian language. It is, indeed, good for increasing Indonesian’s knowledge. The more translation work in Indonesia, the more advantages can be reached.

A translation work is intended to ease the reader to get information from a foreign language without having difficulties in receiving it. However, the translation is not always smooth. There are many factors that become a problem, e.g., culture, a different form of the sentence, semantics, syntactic, and so forth. There are many translation works, which are rather difficult to be understood because the language is still influenced by the original one. It caused the language in Target language (TL) is more difficult to be understood, especially in the form and meaning.
Translation as an activity, not only involves the source language and the target language, but also involves the source culture and the target culture. According to Niranjan Mohanty (1994), translation, in essence, is not only a bi-lingual activity, but at the same time, a bi-cultural activity. The translator, through his act of translation, generates a symbiosis between the source culture and the target culture. The translator not only requires a good knowledge of two languages, but also has a good understanding of both cultures.

In the process of translation, the translator must be careful in examining the source language. He/she has to consider many things when he/she wants to start transferring it into the target language. He/she must realize that it is a different thing between the source culture and target culture. If he/she has to translate a word or sentence, which contain the cultural aspect of a country, then he/she has to find its equivalence in the target language that is suitable and has the same sense in the source language.

It is different in translating literary texts and non-literary texts. Since literary texts are concerned with the world of the imagination and are centred in human beings, sometimes reflected in their physical characteristics and their natural and climatic backgrounds, whilst non-literary texts describe the facts of reality, modified by human intelligence, the translator cannot take literary language at its 'face'

singular denotative value, and has to bear second often multiple connotative meaning in mind.²

One of the contemporary literary works succeeded nowadays is Harry Potter by J.K Rowling. It tells about a boy who is a wizard and has to face many obstacles in his life. The novel becomes a best seller in the world since the first time it published. It has been published until the five books now since the writer plans to publish it until the seventh. Most children and teenagers have read the novel already.

This novel has some characteristics, which attract the readers to keep reading on it. The story is so complex which can be memorized by the readers. The name of the characters is unique, and how the author narrates this story into an interesting story were also the reason why the novel was succeeded.

Since the novel was written in English, many countries have its translation editions, including Indonesia. Up to now, the novels have been translated into 61 languages in the world. So, it is interesting to know its Indonesian edition furthermore.

Based on the information mentioned above, the writer wants to know whether this translation in Indonesian language is readable or not. One factor to discover it is by examining the diction or the structure of the sentence. It is important because the writer can see whether the diction is appropriate or not. Have the source language and the target language got an equivalent meaning and goal? Does the translator express

the meaning naturally in Indonesian language is also an important matter. Is the translator add to or omit expression from the source language is another question.

Based on the point of view above, it is necessary to have further research in the form of paper with the theme, “An Analysis of English-Indonesian translation in novel Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets by J.K. Rowling.”

The writer found on page 7 as an example the sentence “Third time this week, he roared across the table.” translated into Indonesian language, “Untuk ketiga kalinya minggu ini, raungnya.” In this translation, the translator did not translate the phrase ‘across the table’ which means ‘di seberang meja’. In the writer’s opinion, this subtraction is not effective. In fact, it is important to be translated because it was related with the context when Mr. Dursley spoke, i.e., the table. The writer suggests that the phrase ‘across the table’ is translated into Indonesian language. So, the translation will be, “Untuk ketiga kalinya minggu ini, raungnya dari seberang meja.”

Besides that, the writer found that there is an absurd sentence. For example on page 11, the sentence “We’ll be shopping for a holiday home this time tomorrow.” translated into Indonesian language, “Kita akan membeli rumah berlibur di Majorca pada jam sekitar besok malam.” The writer is concerned with the phrase ‘holiday home’, which was translated into Indonesian language, ‘rumah berlibur.’ The writer thinks that the translation could be misleading. The phrase ‘rumah berlibur’ could make the reader confused. The writer suggests that the word ‘holiday home’ is translated into ‘villa.’ Though this is not really an Indonesian word, this word has a specific meaning to Indonesian people, especially to Jakarta people. In the weekend,
many of Jakarta people are migrated to Puncak (a place near Bogor) for a holiday and they lives in a 'villa.' It becomes a tradition now.

Besides that, the writer is concerned with the phrase 'this time' which was translated into Indonesian language, 'jam sekian.' This translation could also mislead. It is not an exact time. The reader will confuse what time it is. It would be better if the translator looked back at the context when Mr. Dursley spoke. Mr. Dursley spoke at night just before having dinner with his guest. So, the writer suggests that the phrase 'this time' is translated into 'saat makan malam.' Therefore, the translation will be, "Kita akan membeli villa di Majorca saat makan malam besok."

B. Focus of the Study

The focus of the study is the textual equivalent of the Source Language. The writer wants to know whether this translation is readable or not. The readability of this translation can be viewed from the diction or the structure the translator use.

C. Research Question

Based on the explanation above, it is necessary to have the answer of these questions below:

1. How is the readability of this translation?
2. Does the translator express the meaning into Indonesian language naturally?
3. What are the addition or reduction in this translation?
4. What kind of translation is it?
D. Significance of the Study

The goal of the research is to discover the readability of this translation. A translation work is often difficult to be read. The diction and the structure of the sentence determine the readability of a translation work. Therefore, this research is completed.

1. To know the accuracy of this translation.
2. To know the readability of the language in this translation.
3. To know what kind of translation it is.
4. To add the knowledge about translation for students.

E. Organization of the Paper

For further clear and systematic explanation is below:

Chapter I    Introduction consists of background of the study, focus of the study, research question, significance of the study, organization of the paper, research methodology, and the unit of analysis.

Chapter II   Theoretical Framework consists of translation theory, and translating the literary work.

Chapter III  The Biography of J.K.Rowling as the writer of Harry Potter and the Chamber of secrets.

Chapter IV   Research Finding

Chapter V    Conclusion and Suggestion
F. Research Methodology

The writer analyzed the data using qualitative method. Firstly, the writer reads the original book and compared to its translation. Then he looks up a reliable dictionary to find out whether the translation is correct or not. If it is correct, he finds out if there is addition or reduction done by the translator. He also finds out if there are any absurd or wrong sentences.

G. The unit of Analysis

The unit of analysis of this study is the book *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* and its translation *Harry Potter dan Kamar Rahasia*.
CHAPTER II
THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK

A. Theory of Translation

A.1. The Definition of translation

Translation is a unique activity. It involves many aspects of someone. It needs a skill, intelligence, and a feeling. Therefore, a translator should have these three factors. But for the beginning, the translator should know what are translation means.

There are some definitions of translation taken from many sources, such as:

1. Translation is the replacement of representation of a text in one language by a representation of an equivalent text in a second language.

2. Translating consists in reproducing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent of the source language message, first in terms of meaning and secondly in terms of style.

3. Translation is made possible by an equivalent of thought that lies behind its different verbal expressions.

4. Translation is the general term referring to the transfer of thoughts and ideas from one language (source) to another (target), whether the languages are in written or oral form; whether the languages have established orthographies or

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do not have such standardization or whether one or both languages is based on
signs, as with sign languages of the deaf.

5. Translation is often thought to be primarily about words, and their means,
what the words in the source language text mean, and what words in the target
language will be capture or convey that meaning.

6. Translation is basically a change of form. When we speak of the form of a
language, we are referring to the actual words, phrases, clauses, sentences,
paragraphs, etc., which are spoken or written. In translation the form of the
receptor (target) language replaces the form of the source languages.

A.2. Kinds of Translation

There are three kinds of translations; they are perfect translation, adequate
translation and composite translation.

1. Perfect Translation

The essence in this kind of translation is the transfer of the meaning from
Source Language (SL) text into Target Language (TL) text. Example:

Source Language: No Smoking.
Target Language: Dilarang Merokok.

Source Language: Beware of the Dog.

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Target Language: Awas anjing galak.
Source Language: Beware of pickpocket.
Target Language: Awas copet.

Source Language: Private property. Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Target Language: Dilarang masuk tanpa izin.

2. Adequate Translation

In this kind of translation, the essence is the enjoyable reading. The translator doing anything he can do to make this translation enjoyable. The point is the story and not the structure. The translator can make simplification to ease the reader.

3. Composite Translation

In this kind of translation, the translator tries to translate it as good as possible so all of the aspects in Source Language (SL) text can be transferred into Target Language (TL) text.

There are other kinds of translation that an expert mentioned such:

1. Literal translation

Generally, literal translation focused on word or expression in Source Language (SL), which have the same meaning within Target Language (TL) text. According to Nida and Taber (1969) and Larson (1984), literal translation has to uphold the structure of the Source Language (SL) text even though the structure is not appropriate in Target Language (TL) text\(^\text{10}\).

2. Dynamic Translation

\(^\text{10}\) Zuchridin Suryawinata, Sugeng Hariyanto. Translation: Bahasan Teori dan Penuntun Praktis Meneljemahkan (Yogyakarta: Kanisius, 2003), p.40
According to Nida and Taber, dynamic translation consists of five elements: (1) reproduce message, (2) the equivalent, (3) natural guidance, (4) the closest guidance, (5) meaning priority. This kind of translation avoids literal translation.

3. Communicative Translation

This kind of translation tries to make an effect of Target Language (TL) reader is as same as of that Source Language (SL). Therefore, it must be flexible and understandable. The culture of Source Language (SL) has to be transferred into that of Target Language (TL).

4. Semantic Translation

Newmark stated that semantic translation usually used in translating an authoritative texts or expressive texts, such as literature. It tries to uphold syntactic and semantic structure and also contextual meaning of Source Language (SL) text. Therefore, the culture of Source Language (SL) has to be the element of Source Language (SL) culture even though it has been translated into Target Language (TL).

There are also another types of translation:

1. Full Translation

In a full translation the entire text is submitted to the translation process: that is, every part of the SL text is replaced by TL text material.

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12 Ibid., p.49
13 Ibid., p.53
2. Partial Translation

In a partial translation, some part or parts of the SL text are left untranslated: they are simply transferred to and incorporated in the TL text.

A.3. The Process of Translation

Translation is not an easy job. It needs serious attempt. Someone cannot translate some texts just like that. The translator should do this work systematically. Therefore, it needs a process. It is useful to guide the translator to do his/her job.

According to Dr. Ronald H. Bathgate, there are seven elements, steps and integral parts in the process of translation such:

1. **Tuning.** By this we mean getting the feel of the text to be translated. Depending on their field of work, translators need to be able to produce the language of a poet or novelist, lawyer or economist, research physicist or factory manager, advertising copywriter or biblical prophet. Each ‘register’, as it is often called, demands a different mental approach, a different choice of words or turn of phrase.

2. **Analysis.** Once the translator has attuned his mind to the framework of the text to be translated, he will take each sentence in turn and split it up into translatable units-words or phrases. He will also establish the syntactic relations between the various elements of the sentence.
3. **Understanding.** After having split up the sentence to be translated into its elements, the translator will generally put it together again in a form which he can understand or respond to emotionally. The extent to which he can do this will depend on his basic knowledge of the subject matter.

4. **Terminology.** The next step is to consider the key words and phrases in the sentence to make sure that apart from understanding them and feeling what they imply, one has a translation for them which is in line with standardized usage and is neither misleading, ridiculous nor offensive for the target-language reader.

5. **Restructuring.** When all the bricks needed for the edifice of the target-language text have been gathered or made, the translator will fit them together in a form, which is in accordance with good usage in the target language.

6. **Checking.** The translator will doubtless check his draft translation for typing errors and passages where a second perusal suggests a more elegant, or more correct, translation. In addition, it is quite common for someone other than the translator to read through the finished translation and make or suggest changes.

7. **Discussion.** For this reason, a good way to end the translation process is often with a discussion between the translator and the expert on the subject matter.\(^\text{15}\)

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\(^{15}\) Dr. Ronald H. Bathgate. *A Survey of Translation Theory.* In *Vaan Taal tot Taal, Jaargang* 25, Nummer 2 (Holland 1981)
A.4. The Principles of Translation

In the world of translation, there are some principles that should be considered by the translator below:

1. A translation must give the words of original.
2. A translation should read like an original work.
3. A translation should reflect the style of the original.
4. A translation should read as a contemporary of the original.
5. A translation may add to or omit from the original.
6. A translation of verse should be in verse.
7. A translation must give the ideas of the original.
8. A translation should read like translation.
9. A translation should possess the style of the translation.
10. A translation should read as a contemporary of the translation.
11. A translation may never add to or omit from the original.
12. A translation of verse should be in prose.  

The principles of translation mentioned above are depends on the kind of translation used by the translator. The first six principles are used when the translator decided to use literal translation (word for word translation), while the rest are used when the translator decided to use a freer translation, e.g., idiomatic translation.

A.5. The Procedures of Translation

There are some procedures that a translator should know:

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1. Translation, this means rendering the sound of an SL to a TL form.

2. Transliteration, this is the process of rendering the letters of one alphabet into the letters of another with a different alphabetical system.

3. Borrowing, a procedure to adopt SL text when the TL has no equivalent for the SL text.

4. Literal, this is one-to-one structural and conceptual correspondence. It can include borrowing and word-for-word translation.

5. Transposition, this is one of the most common procedures used in translation. It involves replacing a grammatical structure in the SL with one of a different type in the TL in order to achieve the same effect. Example: ‘Good morning’ is translated into ‘Selamat pagi’.

6. Modulation entails a change in lexical elements, a shift in the point of view. Modulation and transposition are two main processes in the translation. Transposition and modulation may take place at the same time. Example: ‘No smoking’ is translated into ‘Dilarang merokok’. The word ‘No’ has modulation with ‘dilarang’.

7. Adaptation, this process is used when the other do not suffice. It involves modifying the concept, or using a situation analogous to the SL situation thought not identical to it. An adaptation may at the same time entail modulation and transposition. Example: ‘first class’ is translated into ‘kelas satu’. The word ‘kelas’ adaptation from ‘class’.
8. Omission, this means that there is no translation in SL word (part of the text) to TL. Example: ‘Beware of the dog’ is translated into ‘awas anjing’. The omission word ‘of’ and ‘the’.

9. Adding, this process is used to help when the translation that had the related with the technique, the culture and others. Adding and borrowing may take place at the same time. Example: ‘National Bank’ is translated into ‘Bank nasional’. Adding word ‘Bank’.

10. Subtraction, this means the decrease of the SL text. Example: ‘automobile’ is translated into ‘mobii’. The subtracting word ‘auto’.

11. Expanded, this means expand of the TL text. Example: ‘whale’ is translated into ‘ikan paus’. The expanded word ‘ikan’.

A.6. Untranslatability

In a translation work, there is much untranslatability found. Catford distinguishes two types of untranslatability, which he terms linguistic and cultural. On the linguistic level, untranslatability occurs when there is no lexical or syntactical substitute in the TL for an SL item. Linguistic untranslatability, he argues, is due to differences in the SL and the TL, whereas cultural untranslatability is due to the absence in the TL culture of a relevant situational feature for the SL text.

B. Translating the Literary Work


Hilaire Belloc laid down six general rules for the translator of prose texts:

1. The translator should not ‘plod on’, word by word or sentence by sentence, but should ‘always “block out” his work’. By ‘block out’, Belloc means that the translator should consider the work as an integral unit and translate in sections, asking himself ‘before each what the whole sense is he has to render’.

2. The translator should render idiom by idiom ‘and idioms of their nature demand translation into another form from that of the original’.

3. The translator must render ‘intention by intention’, bearing in mind that ‘the intention of a phrase in one language may be less emphatic than the form of the phrase, or it may be more emphatic’. By ‘intention’, Belloc seems to be talking about the weight a given expression may have in a particular context in the SL that would be disproportionate if translated literally into the TL.

4. Belloc warns against les faux amis, those words or structures that may appear to correspond in both SL and TL but actually do not, e.g. demander-to ask, translated wrongly as to demand.

5. The translator is advised to ‘transmute boldly’ and Belloc suggests that the essence of translating is ‘the resurrection of an alien thing in a native body’.

6. The translator should never embellish.\(^\text{19}\)

He does stress the need for the translator to consider the prose texts as a structured whole whilst bearing in mind the stylistic and syntactical exigencies of the

TL. He accepts that there is a moral responsibility to the original, but feels that the translator has the right to significantly alter the text in the translation process in order to provide the TL reader with a text that conforms to TL stylistic and idiomatic norms.
CHAPTER III

THE BIOGRAPHY OF J.K. ROWLING AS THE WRITER OF HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS

A. The Life of J.K. Rowling

Joan Kathleen Rowling is her full name. Now everybody knew her as J.K. Rowling, the author of Harry Potter, the most amazing novel in this era. She was born in Bristol, England, on July 31, 1966 (some sources say 1965). She is the daughter of middle-class parents. She married a journalist but then had divorced. Later she married Neil Murray, an anesthesiologist, on December 26, 2001. She got a child from both marriages. Jessica Rowling is her daughter from the first marriage and she had a son from the latter, named David Gordon Rowling Murray. She was graduated from Exeter University.²⁴

B. The Career and the novels

At the beginning, she was a teacher. Between 1990-1994 she transferred to Portugal to teach English. Rowling began work on Harry Potter books in 1990. The idea “just came: bang!” she told publishers Weekly interviewer. “From the beginning, she conceived of it as a seven-volume series, ‘because I decided that it would take seven years, from the ages of eleven to seventeen, inclusive, to train as a wizard, and each of the books would deal with a year of Harry’s life at Hogwarts.”²⁵

Readers first met Harry Potter in Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone (originally published in Great Britain as Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone). Harry is a young boy who has been sent to live with abusive relatives after an apparent accident that killed his parents. He is unable to get anyone in his new household to tell him about his parents or what happened to them. Then Harry receives a letter in the mail from Hogwarts, a premier institution of higher learning for witches and warlocks, inviting him to enroll. When Harry attends Hogwarts he learns that his parents—who were also wizards—died at the hands of the dark wizard Lord Voldemort. Harry must soon confront Voldemort, who is threatening to steal the Philosopher’s Stone—a stone that promises eternal life.  

The second book in the series is Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets. At the end of the first novel, Harry was ordered to spend the summer with his relatives, who are spiteful, cruel, “muggles” (not wizards). At the end of the summer Harry receives a warning from an elf named Dobby, and is sprung from his prison-like confines by his best friend, Ron Weasley, and his older twin brothers who rescue Harry in a flying car. The boys crash the car at Hogwarts, an event that foreshadows trouble during the upcoming school year. At school, Harry once again finds himself in the role of an unlikely hero when he hears a mysterious voice and must save his friends from a frightening force that is “petrifying” people at the school.  

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26 Ibid
27 www.galegroup.com, February 21st, 2005
Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban was released around the same time as Chamber of Secrets. In this series, an imprisoned mass murder who handed Harry's parents over to their enemy Voldemort, which led to their demise, escapes. Since it is likely that the prisoner will go after Harry, who somehow defeated Voldemort as an infant, the school is surrounded by Dementors, ominous, frightening hooded characters who have been ordered to protect Harry. Once again, good defeats evil and once again Harry Potter fans are cheering.

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire recounts Harry's fourth year at Hogwarts. Because of his famous family, his past heroic actions, and his skill and success at the game of Quidditch (in which players fly around on broomsticks trying to catch a flying ball with a mind of its own), he is quite famous among the students and faculty. In this book, Harry sets out to rescue his innocent godfather from prison. The adolescent Harry returns in Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix, which in many places sold out before it even hit the shelves. In this book, Harry is older, more serious, and angry at times. Harry is annoyed at having to spend the summer with his muggle family when Voldemort is rising to power. He resents being separated from the world of wizardry, even temporarily.

C. The Commentators says about her works

Rowling is praised for her highly imaginative and creative talent. Her work is intricately plotted, and she is often compared to authors Roald Dahl, P. L. Travers...

28 www.galnet.galegroup.com, February 21st, 2005
29 Ibid
and C. S. Lewis. The first four books of the “Harry Potter” series have been translated into thirty-three languages, in 130 countries. In November 1999, Rowling’s books occupied the top three spots on the New York Times Bestseller List. Overall, her books are liked by adults as well as children, and are favored by both genders.30

Critics and readers alike have noted Rowling’s ability to collect and use interesting words and names in her books. Though critics comment that the plots of the first three books are rather formulaic at times, almost all state that the books are nevertheless highly entertaining and well worth reading.31

One of the most things about Rowling’s works is the amount of excitement they have generated. Initial marketing of the series was minimal—most of its popularity spread by word of mouth. The books are upbeat, humorous and light-hearted, making them very different from much of the children’s and young adult fiction currently published. Many people feel that the Harry Potter books turn non-readers into book lovers.32

Some factions, however, deem the books as anti-Christian, and are working to have them banned from public schools and libraries. Christian parents, the driving force behind this movement, are suspicious of books that contain descriptions of sorcery and witchcraft. According to the American Library Association’s Office for Intellectual Freedom, the “Harry Potter” collection tops the list of the ten books most challenged in 1999. Overall, however, the series has received the support of parents.
teachers, and librarians who contend that the books have renewed the public's interest in reading.
CHAPTER IV
RESEARCH FINDING

Based on the writer's finding on this translation, he concludes that there are four procedures of this translation.

A. FULL TRANSLATION

According to J.C. Catford, it means that the translator has translated the entire text of the Source Language. There is no reducing in the translation. Every part of the sentence is translated into Indonesian language. On page 9, the sentence “Uncle Vernon was large and neckless, with an enormous black moustache.” translated into Indonesian language, “Paman Vernon gemuk dan tanpa leher, dengan kumis hitam besar.” In this sentence, every word is translated into Indonesian language. However, the translator suggests that the word ‘besar’ referring to ‘kumis’ is changed into ‘lebat.’ So, the translation will be, “Paman Vernon gemuk dan tanpa leher, dengan kumis hitam lebat.”

On page 10, the sentence “I’ll be in my room, making no noise and pretending I’m not there.” said Harry tonelessly translated into Indonesian language, “Aku akan berada di kamarku, tidak membuat suara, dan pura-pura tidak ada disana,” kata Harry datar.” In this sentence, the translator also translated every word into Indonesian language. There is no reducing or adding in the translation. The reader can easily understand the translation. However, the writer suggests a better translation,
“Aku akan berada di kamarku, tidak bersuara, dan pura-pura tidak ada disana,” kata Harry tanpa emosi.

On page 37, the sentence “The Dursleys liked everything neat and ordered.” translated into Indonesian language, “Keluarga Dursley menghendaki segalanya rapi dan teratur.” In this sentence the translator also translated every word into Indonesian language. There is no reducing or adding in it.

On page 74, the sentence “Everything Harry had learned last year seemed to have leaked out of his head during the summer.” translated into Indonesian language, “Segala sesuatu yang telah dipelajari Harry selama satu tahun kelihatan sudah merembes keluar dari kepalanya selama musim panas.” Here the translator also translated the sentence into Indonesian language without reduce or adding anything into it.

Also on page 74, the sentence “Ron was having far worse problems.” translated into Indonesian language, “Ron menghadapi masalah yang lebih parah.” The translator translated this sentence as the way it is. It is effective to make the reader understand the story.

B. REDUCING TRANSLATION

It is one of semantic strategies the translator use.40 It means that in the translation, not all parts of a sentence are translated into Indonesian language. There
is a part, which is left untranslatable. The problems are, many of them are really important to be translated because they are related with the context of the sentence.

On page 7, the sentence “Third time this week!” be roared across the table.” translated into Indonesian language, “Untuk ketiga kalinya minggu ini!, raungnya. In this translation, there is a reducing that is ‘across the table’, which means ‘di seberang meja.’ The translator did not translate this phrase. The writer suggests that it would be better to translate this phrase because it was related with the context where Mr. Dursley has spoken, i.e., the table. Therefore, the translation will be, “Untuk ketiga kalinya minggu ini!, raungnya dari seberang meja.”

On page 8, the sentence “I warned you! I will not tolerate mention of your abnormality under this roof!” translated into Indonesian language, “Ku peringatkan kau! Aku tak mengizinkan keabnormalanmu disebut-sebut dibawah atap rumah ini!” In this translation, the word ‘will’, which means ‘akan’ was not translated into Indonesian language. In fact, it is important to signify that Mr. Dursley stressing his words to warn Harry for not doing magic in the house. So, it would be better if the word ‘will’ is translated into Indonesian language. Therefore, the translation will be, “Ku peringatkan kau! Aku tak akan mengizinkan keabnormalanmu disebut-sebut dibawah atap rumah ini!”

On page 10, the sentence “Dudley put on a foul, simpering smile.” translated into Indonesian language, “Dudley memasang senyum tolo!” In this translation, there

\[\text{Peter Salim.} \text{ Advanced English-Indonesian Dictionary.} \text{ (Jakarta: Modern English Press, 2001), p 10} \]

\[\text{Ibid.} \text{ p 967} \]
is a word was not translated into Indonesian language, i.e., ‘simpering’, which means
‘senyum simpul.’\(^4\) In the writer’s opinion, it would be better if the word ‘simpering’
is translated into Indonesian language, because it is the fact that Dudley is not only
put on a foul smile, but also he put on simpering smile. Therefore, the translation will
be, “Dudley menaung senyumnya yang simpul dan tolok.”

On page 13, the sentence “Wish they could see famous Harry Potter now.”
translated into Indonesian language, “Sayang sekali mereka tak bisa melihat Harry
Potter sekarang.” The translator did not translate the word ‘famous’ in this sentence,
which means ‘terkenal.’\(^4\) In fact, Harry Potter is famous in his school because of his
scar when a dark wizard failed to kill him when he was a baby. But what happened in
that situation was totally different. He was ‘imprisoned’ by his uncle who does not
like he learns at Hogwarts school of witchcraft and wizardry. Therefore, the
translation will be, “Sayang sekali mereka tak bisa melihat Harry Potter yang
terkenal itu sekarang.”

On page 21, the sentence “Well, I’ve got news for you, boy!” translated into
Indonesian language, “Yah, aku punya kabar untukmu...” The translator did not
translate the word ‘boy’ in this sentence, which means ‘anak laki-laki.’\(^4\) The writer
suggests that this word is translated into Indonesian language. Therefore, the
translation will be, “Yah, aku punya kabar untukmu, nak!”

\(^{43}\) Peter Salim, Advanced English-Indonesian Dictionary. (Jakarta: Modern English Press,
2001), p 787
\(^{44}\) Ibid, p 302
\(^{45}\) Ibid, p 101
C. ADDING TRANSLATION

It is meant to have a clearer meaning. It means that the translator added some explanations in the translation. The goal is to ease the understanding of the reader. Many words that are correlated with the cultural aspects of the Source Language need more explanation. Here, the translator adds some extra information in the translation text because he/she thinks that the reader needs it. This extra information can be placed in the text, in the footnote, or at the end of the text (Newmark, 1988: 91-92).  

On page 21 and 22 the sentence “They let Harry out to use the bathroom morning and evening.” translated into Indonesian language, “Mereka mengeluarkan Harry untuk ke kamar mandi dua kali, pagi dan sore.” In this sentence, the translator added some words ‘sehari dua kali.’ In the writer’s opinion, this adding helps the reader to understand the story. So, there is such a confirmation that Harry was allowed to come out from his room only twice, morning and evening.

On page 77, the sentence “Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin...” translated into Indonesian language, “Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin...” The translator added the explanation of ‘Order of Merlin’ in the footnote. She wrote, “Merlin adalah penyihir hebat dan bijaksana dalam legenda Raja Arthur. Gelar kehormatan Order of Merlin dianugerahkan kepada para penyihir yang berjasa di dunia sihir.” This explanation is very useful for the readers to understand more about ‘Order of Merlin’ because it is related to the cultural aspect of source language.

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On page 88, the sentence “Givin' me advice on gettin' kelpies out of a well,” growled Hagrid...” translated into Indonesian language, “Beri aku nasihat keluarkan kelpie dari sumur,” geram Hagrid. There is still one sentence after this before the translator give the explanation of ‘kelpie.’ She wrote, “Kelpie adalah hantu air, biasanya berwujud kuda, dalam cerita-cerita rakyat Skotlandia.” This explanation is also very useful for the readers to understand more about the story.

On page 98, the sentence “...I succeeded in turning her into a yak!...” translated into Indonesian language, “Aku berhasil mengubahnya menjadi yak!” Then, the translator gave the explanation of ‘yak.’ She wrote, “Yak adalah sejenis lembu berbulu panjang yang berasal dari Asia Tengah.” This explanation is also very useful for the readers related to the story. On the other hand, it gave the reader knowledge.

D. LOAN TRANSLATION

It is a translation strategy that brings the Source Language’s word into the Target Language’s text. It means that not all of the parts in the sentence in the source language are translated into Indonesian language. There is a word or a phrase, which is not translated into Indonesian language. It could be it is a cultural aspect in the source language, which is difficult to have its equivalent in Indonesian language.

or it is caused the translator wants to keep the style of the original work in the Target Language.

On page 10, the sentence “My perfect little gentleman!” translated into Indonesian language, “Gentleman kecilku yang sempurna.” The translator did not translate the word ‘gentleman.’ It seemed that she had a difficulty in translating this word. The word ‘gentleman’ means ‘pria yang sopan.’ So, the writer suggests that the translation will be, “Anak lelakiku yang sangat sopan.”

On page 37, the sentence “Life at the Burrow was as different as possible from life in Privet Drive.” translated into Indonesian language, “Hidup di The Burrow sama sekali berbeda dengan hidup di Privet Drive.” In this sentence, the translator translated every word into Indonesian language, except two phrases, ‘The Burrow’ and ‘Privet Drive.’ It is understandable since these two phrases are cultural aspects of the Source Language. The Englishmen usually give a name to their house. The Burrow is the house of Ron Weasley, Harry’s best friend. Meanwhile, ‘Privet Drive’ is the name of the street where Harry lives with his uncle.

On page 15, the sentence “So long has Dobby wanted to meet you, sir...” translated into Indonesian language, “Sudah lama Dobby ingin bertemu Anda, Sir...” In this sentence, the translator did not translate the word ‘sir.’ In fact, the word ‘sir’ has an equivalent in Indonesian language, i.e., ‘tuan.’ It seemed that the translator wants to keep the translation with the original one in the forms of style. In the

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49 Ibid, p 788
writer’s opinion, as long as the source language has its equivalent in Target Language, it is better to translate it into Target Language. So, in this case, the writer suggests that the word ‘sir’ is translated into Indonesian language. Therefore, the translation will be, “Sudah lama Dobby ingin bertemu Anda, Tuan.”

On page 33, the sentence “Dad’s too soft with them, he thinks they’re funny.” translated into Indonesian language, “Dad terlalu lunak terhadap mereka, dia menganggap mereka lucu.” In this sentence, the word ‘Dad’ is not translated into Indonesian language. In fact, the word ‘Dad’ has its equivalent in Indonesian language, i.e., ‘ayah.’ But, the translator did not translate ‘Dad’ into ‘Ayah.’ It seemed that she wants to keep the style of its original work. The writer suggests that the word ‘Dad’ is translated into Indonesian language. So, the translation will be, “Ayah terlalu lunak terhadap mereka, dia menganggap mereka lucu.”

On page 67, the sentence “‘Cool,’ said Dean.” translated into Indonesian language, “‘Cool,’ kata Dean.” The translator did not translate the word ‘cool.’ In fact, the word ‘cool’ has its equivalent, e.g., ‘keren.’ So, the writer suggests that the translation will be, “‘keren,’ kata Dean.”

Besides those four procedures mentioned above, there are two facts about Harry Potter’s translation found by the writer.

E. AN AMBIGUOUS TRANSLATION

On page 14, the sentence “He had only just reached the upstairs landing, when the doorbell rang and uncle Vernon’s face appeared at the foot of the stairs.”
translated into Indonesian language, “Baru saja dia tiba dia tiba diatas tangga, bel pintu berdering dan wajah Paman Vernon muncul di kaki tangga.” The writer is concerned with the phrase ‘at the foot of the stairs’ which was translated into Indonesian language ‘di kaki tangga.’ It is rather absurd, because in Indonesian language, the phrase ‘anak tangga’ is much more familiar. The writer suggests that the phrase ‘at the foot of the stairs’ is translated into ‘anak tangga terbawah.’ Therefore, the translation will be, “Baru saja dia tiba diatas tangga, bel pintu berdering dan wajah Paman Vernon muncul di anak tangga terbawah.”

On page 16, the sentence “Bad Dobby!” translated into Indonesian language, “Dobby jelek!” In the writer’s opinion, this translation could be misleading. It is true that the word ‘bad’ have many meanings in Indonesian language. One of the meanings is ‘jelek.’ But, in this sentence, the using of ‘jelek’ is not appropriate, because the context when Dobby said it is not related to physical aspects like face, body, and so forth. The context of this saying is psychological one. Dobby felt guilty when he said something that is actually secrets. In this case, the writer suggests that the word ‘bad’ is translated into ‘nakal.’ So, the translation will be, “Dobby nakal.”

Meanwhile, still on page 16, the sentence “Dobby will serve the family until he dies, sir.” translated into Indonesian language, “Dobby akan melayani keluarga itu sampai mati, sir.” In the writer’s opinion, this sentence is rather absurd. Reading this sentence, the reader will have two ‘referent’ in their mind. Firstly, they will think that

Dobby will serve the family until he (Dobby) dies. Secondly, they will think that Dobzy will serve the family until the family dies. In the source language, it was all clear, because in the sentence, there is a word ‘he’ so the reader can identify what is meant by the author, that is Dobby (until Dobby dies). So, in this case, the writer suggests the better translation of this sentence will be, “Dobby akan melayani keluarga itu sampai Dobby mati, tuan” or “Dobby akan melayani keluarga itu seumur hidup Dobby, tuan.”

F. INCORRECT TRANSLATION

On page 19, the sentence “Two seconds later Harry, heart thudding madly.” translated into Indonesian language, “Dua menit kemudian, dengan jantung berdegup liar, Harry....” The problem here is the word ‘seconds’ that was translated into ‘menit.’ The correct translation of ‘seconds’ is ‘detik.’ So, the correct translation will be, “Dua detik kemudian, dengan jantung berdegup liar, Harry....” However, there is no consequence of this mistake. The reader can still understand the story because the mistake is not related to the idea of the story.

On page 21, the sentence “Improper Use of Magic Office.” translated into Indonesian language, “Departemen Penggunaan Sihir yang tidak pada tempatnya.” The writer is concerned with the word ‘office’ which was translated into ‘Departemen.’ It is not an appropriate equivalent of ‘office.’ The word ‘office’
The writer suggests that the word ‘office’ is translated into ‘kantor.’ Besides that, the writer is also concerned with the word ‘improper’ which is translated into ‘tidak pada tempatnya.’ According to Advance English-Indonesian Dictionary, the word ‘improper’ means ‘tidak pantas, tidak benar; salah.’ Actually, the using ‘departemen’ instead of ‘office’ is not affect the understanding of the story. The reader was not disturbed by this mistake. However, the problem is in the whole translation, which is rather awkward. The writer suggests that a better translation will be, “Kantor penyalahgunaan sihir.”

On page 27, the sentence “Harry had heard these rumours about Malfoy’s family before.” translated into Indonesian language, “Harry tak pernah mendengar desas-desus tentang keluarga Malfoy sebelumnya.” There is a mistake in this translation. It is clear that there is no word ‘not’ in the source language, but the translator put the word ‘tak,’ which means ‘not’ in English. It is very disturbing the readers since it affect the understanding of the story. So, the translation will be, “Harry pernah mendengar desas-desus tentang keluarga Malfoy sebelumnya.”

On page 62, the sentence “A delicious smell of food was wafting from the Great Hall.” translated into Indonesian language, “Aroma lezat masakan menguar dari Aula Besar,...” The writer is concerned with the word ‘wafting.’ The translator translated it into ‘menguar.’ Waft means ‘menghembuskan, membawa.’ The writer found that ‘menguar/kuar’ means ‘mengulurkan sambil menggerak-gerakkan tongkat.”
atau batang lainnya untuk mecaba-raba.\footnote{Peter Salim and Yenny Salim. Kamus Bahasa Indonesia Kontemporer. (Jakarta: Modern English Press, 1996), p 78} Here, the translator is incorrectly to put 'menguar' as the equivalent of 'wafting.' It is very disturbing since the word is not the equivalent of the word 'wafting.' The writer suggests that this word is translated into 'berhembus.' So, the translation will be, "Aroma lezat masakan berhembus dari Aula Besar.\footnote{Peter Salim. Advanced English-Indonesian Dictionary. (Jakarta: Modern English Press, 2001) p 844}"

On page 96, the sentence "It was a place, most students avoided." translated into Indonesian language, "Tempat itu dihindari sebagian besar anak-anak." The writer is concerned with the word 'students' which was translated into 'anak-anak.' It is not the equivalent of 'students.' The word 'students' means 'murid-murid.'\footnote{Peter Salim. Advanced English-Indonesian Dictionary. (Jakarta: Modern English Press, 2001) p 844} So, the translation will be, "Tempat itu dihindari sebagian besar murid-murid." However, this mistake is not affect the understanding of the story.
CHAPTER V
CONCLUSION AND SUGGESTION

A. Conclusion

After having an analysis on Harry Potter’s translation, the writer concludes some points, such as follows:

1. The translation is quite readable though the writer found some absurd sentences.
2. The translator is still influenced by the original work so that the translation is quite unnatural.
3. There are some additions related to the cultural aspects of the Source Culture, e.g., kelpie (a kind of water ghost), and yak (a kind of cow from Tibet). Meanwhile, there are also some reductions, e.g., related to the context of saying.
4. The translator uses literal translation so that the language is awkward.

B. Suggestion

There are some suggestions from the writer, among others:

1. For the translator, it is better to translate the source language into the target language as long as it has the equivalent in the target language.
2. To avoid making mistake or an absurd sentence, a translator should be careful in translating a text.
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APPENDIX
The finding of the translation in novel
Harry Potter and the chamber of Secrets

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| | 10 | "I'll be in my room, making no noise and pretending I'm not there."
| | 37 | "The Dursleys liked everything neat and ordered."
| | 74 | "Everything Harry had learned last year seemed to have leaked out of his head during the summer."
| | 74 | "Ron was having far worse problems."
| Reducing Translation | 7 | "Third time this week!", he roared across the table.
| | 8 | "I warned you! I will not tolerate mention of your abnormality under this roof."
| | 10 | "Dudley put on a foul, simpering smile."
| | 13 | "Wish they could see famous Harry Potter now."
| | 21 | "Well, I've got news for you, boy!"
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CHAPTER ONE

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 moustache. 'I know what'll happen if that owl's let out!'

He exchanged dark looks with his wife, Petunia. Harry tried to argue back but his words were drowned by a long, loud belch from the Dursleys' son, Dudley.

'I want more bacon.'

'There's more in the frying pan, sweetums,' said Aunt Petunia, turning misty eyes on her massive son. 'We must feed 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.
clapped her hands to her mouth; Mr Dursley jumped to his feet, veins throbbing in his temples.

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

'WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU,' thundered his uncle, spitting 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 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 was a wizard.

Harry looked nothing like the rest of the family. Uncle Vernon was large and neckless, with an enormous black moustache; 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, 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.

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 which 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 proper present, let alone a cake - but to ignore it completely...
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 a fortnight. 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.’

‘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.

‘I’ll be in my bedroom, 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?’

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.

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 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 locking him in the 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 round to drills. With any luck, I’ll have the deal signed and sealed before the News at Ten. We’ll be shopping for a holiday home in Majorca this time tomorrow.’

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

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 arch-enemy, 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. Harry jumped to his feet just as a jeering voice floated across the lawn.

‘I know what day it is,’ sang Dudley, waddling towards 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.

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

Dudley stumbled backwards 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 —’

‘Jiggy pokery!’ said Harry in a fierce voice. ‘Hocus pocus ... squiggly wiggly ...’

‘MUUUUUM!’ howled Dudley, tripping over his feet as he dashed back towards the house. ‘MUUUUUM! He’s doing you know what!’

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

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

‘Wish they could see famous Harry Potter now,’ he thought sagely, as he spread manure on the flowerbeds, 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 joint of roast pork was sizzling in the oven.

‘Eat quickly! The Masons will be here soon!’ snapped Aunt Petunia, pointing to two slices of bread and a lump of cheese on the kitchen table. She was already wearing a salmon-pink cocktail dress.

Harry washed his hands and bolted down his pitiful supper.
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.

— CHAPTER TWO —

Dobby’s Warning

Harry managed not to shout out, but it was a close thing. The lit­
tle 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 morn­
ing.
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 honour it is ....
Th-thank you,’ said Harry, edging along the
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 any­
thing, 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
'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 hiccupping, 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!'
'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.. .'
'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 —'
Dobby shooked.
'And I thought I was hard-done-by 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...'
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 had to punish himself, sir. And the family will never set Dobby free... Dobby will serve the family until he dies, sir...'
'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...'
'And I thought I was hard-done-by 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 —'
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'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 towards Harry, his eyes wide as headlamps. '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.'
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 the first. It's all that's keeping me going. You
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.'

'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 madly against the wall.

'All right!' cried Harry, grabbing the elf's arm to stop him. 'You can't say, I understand. But why are you warning me?'

A sudden, unpleasant thought struck him. 'Hang on — this hasn't got anything to do with Voldemort, has it? You could just shake or nod,' he added hastily, as Dobby's head tilted worryingly close to the wall again.

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 at sea.

'He hasn't got a brother, has he?' said Dobby slyly.

'I expect they've just been — hang on,' 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 .. .'

'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.

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!'
'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 stairs, landing cat­like on the hall carpet, looking around for Dobby. From the din­ning room he heard Uncle Vernon saying, ‘... tell Petunia that very funny story about those American plumbers, Mr Mason, she’s been dying to hear ...’ 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’U’ 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. 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 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 ... 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 the custard in the bedroom door so that small creatures of Fred would again. Mrs Mason screamed like a banshee and ran from the house, shouting about lunatics. Mr Mason said 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. 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 which risks notice by members of the non-magical community (Muggles) is a serious offence, under section 13 of the International Confederation of Warlocks’ Statute of Secrecy. 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 dare say ...’ 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!’ He was saying all this as he opened the door to the bedroom and called, ‘Harry, come on!’
bathroom morning and evening. Otherwise, he was locked in his room around the clock.

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 the Dursleys knew they weren't going to wake up as fruitbats, 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 tinned 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.

'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. Someone shouted at him.

'Stop it,' Harry mumbled, 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.
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.

'OK, let's go,' George whispered.

But as Harry scrambled back onto the window-sill there came a sudden loud screech from behind him, followed immediately by the thunder of Uncle Vernon's voice.

'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!'

The Weasleys gave a gigantic tug and Harry's leg slid out of Uncle Vernon's grasp. As soon as Harry was in the car and had slammed the door shut, Ron yelled, 'Put your foot down, Fred!' and the car shot towards the moon.

Harry couldn't believe it — he was free. He wound 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.

'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 had 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.

'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 masters' 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.'

'Draco Malfoy?' said George, turning round. '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 rumours about Malfoy's family before, and they didn't surprise him at all. Draco Malfoy made Dudley Dursley look like a kind, thoughtful and sensitive boy.

'I don't know whether the Malfoys own a house-elf . . .' said Fred.

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

'Yeah, Mum's always wishing we had a house-elf to do the ironing,' said George. 'But all we've got is a house-elf who does the stuff . . .'
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 Fred. '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.'

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 marvellous,' 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.'

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 flowerbed and a big green pond full of frogs.

'Muggles have garden gnomes, too, you know,' Harry told Ron . . .

Yeah, I've seen those things they think are gnomes,' said Ron, bent double with his head in a peony bush. 'Like fat little Father Christmases with fishing rods ...'

There was a violent scuffling noise, the peony bush shuddered and Ron straightened up. 'This is a gnome,' he said grimly. 'Gerroff me! Gerroff me!' squealed the gnome.

It was certainly nothing like Father Christmas. It was small and leathery-looking, with a large, knobbly, bald head exactly like a potato. Ron held it at arm's length as it kicked out at him with its hairy 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.'

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 ...'

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
"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.

--- CHAPTER FOUR ---

At Flourish and Blotts

Life at The Burrow was as different as possible from life in 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.

"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.
‘Maybe he’s left,’ said Harry, ‘because he missed out on the Defence 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 hook-nosed face and greasy, shoulder-length black hair, and at this moment, he was smirking 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.

‘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 ...’

‘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.

‘You were seen,’ he said, 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 Day! ... while hanging out her washing ... Mr Angus Fleet, of believe your father works in the Muggle Artefacts 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.

‘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 any more. 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.

‘Him!’ he said, opening a door halfway down the cold passageway and passing.

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‘Two Muggles in London, convinced they saw an old car flying over the Post Office tower ... at noon in Norfolk, Mrs Hetty Day! ... while hanging out her washing ... Mr Angus Fleet, of
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 armour, 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.

‘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 towards them.

‘There you are! Where have you been? The most ridiculous rumours—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.

‘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 all 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 you’ve called us back, eh?’

They 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 towards the door on the other side of the room, which led to a spiral staircase and the dormitories.

‘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 placed 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.

‘Unbelievable!’ beamed Seamus.

‘Cool,’ said Dean.

‘Amazing,’ said Neville, awestruck.

Harry couldn’t help it. He grinned, too.
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. They traipsed back to the castle for a quick wash and then the Gryffindors hurried off to Transfiguration.

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 desk top 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 grey smoke which 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.

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.

‘All right, Harry? I’m – I’m Colin Creevey,’ he said breathlessly, taking a tentative step forward. ‘I’m in Gryffindor, too. Does you think – would it be all right if - can I have a picture?’ he said, raising the camera hopefully.

‘A picture?’ Harry repeated blankly.

‘So I can prove I’ve met you,’ said Colin Creevey eagerly, edging further forwards. ‘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 brilliant 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?’

‘Signed photos?’ Harry repeated blankly.

‘Why,’ demanded Ron, setting her timetable, ‘have you outlined all Lockhart’s lessons in little hearts?’

Hermione snatched the timetable back, flinching 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, mousey-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.

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‘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 queue 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 any more; 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.

'Eat slugs, Malfoy,' said Ron angrily. Crabbe stopped laughing and started rubbing his conker-like 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.

'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 towards them, his turquoise robes swirling behind him. 'Who's giving out signed photos?'

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, I-larry!' 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 say fairer 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, Signalling 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.

'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 bustled 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.

'You could've fried an egg on your face,' said Ron. 'You'd better hope Creevey doesn't meet Ginny, 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

Voyages with Vampires 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, Honourary Member of the Duck Force Defence League and five times 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''

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 favourite colour?
2. What is Gilderoy Lockhart's secret ambition?
3. What, in your opinion, is Gilderoy Lockhart's greatest achieve-
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, goodbye!' And he strode away towards 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.

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 might 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 another. 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 cheerfullly, planking 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 ..

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 criticise 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 only man for the job,' said Hagrid, offering them a plate of treacle fudge, while Ron coughed squelchily into his basin. 'An' I mean the only one. Gettin' very difficult ter find anyone fer the Dark Arts job. People aren't too keen ter take it on, while now. So tell me,' said Hagrid, jerking his head at Ron, 'who was he tryin' ter curse?'

'Malfoy called Hermione something. It must've been really bad, because everyone went mad.'

'It was bad,' said Ron hoarsely, emerging over the table top, 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 was 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.'

'An' they haven't invented a spell our Hermione can't 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 mad. 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 sounds of more slugs hitting the basin. 'Bu' maybe it was a good thing yewd 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.

'Harry,' said Hagrid suddenly, 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?'

...
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 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.

‘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 goodbye 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.

Filch grabbed a quill from a pot on his desk and began shuffling around looking for parchment.

‘Dung!’ he muttered furiously, ‘great sizzling dragon boggles ... 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 it. ‘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 trembling unpleasantly at the end of his bulbous nose. ‘Crime ... befouling the castle ... suggested sentence ...’

Dabbing at his streaming nose, Filch scowled unpleasantly at Harry, who waited with bated breath for his sentence to fall.

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 backwards 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:

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 centre of attention at parties and friends beg for the recipe of my Scintillation Solution!'

Warlock D. J. Proe of Didsbury says:
'My wife used to sneer at my feeble charms but one month into your fabulous Kwikspell course 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.'

His eyes fell on Harry and then darted to the Kwikspell envelope which, Harry realised 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 spluttered.

'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 pocky cheeks and the tartan scarf didn't help.

ever, if you didn't read ... go now, I have to write up Peeves' report ... go ...

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 which 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.

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 Hallowe'en 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 honour if you would attend. Mr Weasley and Miss Granger would be most welcome too, of course - but I dare say you'd rather go to the school feast?' He watched Harry on tenterhooks.

'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.
Sanksi Pelanggaran Pasal 44:
Undang-undang Nomor 7 Tahun 1987 Tentang
Perubahan atas Undang-undang Nomor 6 Tahun 1982
Tentang Hak Cipta
1. Barangsiapa dengan sengaja dan tanpa hak mengumumkan atau
mempamerkan suatu ciptaan atau memberi izin untuk itu, dipidana
dengan pidana penjara paling lama 7 (tujuh) tahun dan/atau denda
paling banyak Rp 100.000.000,- (seratus juta rupiah).
2. Barangsiapa dengan sengaja menyebarkan, memamerkan,
menyediakan, atau memperoleh kepemilikan suatu ciptaan atau barang
hasil pelanggaran Hak Cipta sebagaimana dimaksud dalam ayat (1),
dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 5 (lima) tahun dan/atau
denda paling banyak Rp 50.000.000,- (lima puluh juta rupiah).

J. K. Rowling

Penerbit PT Gramedia Pustaka Utama
Jakarta, 2000
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Ulang Tahun Paling Buruk

BUKAN untuk pertama kalinya pertengkaran meledak di meja makan rumah Privet Drive nomor empat. Sebelumnya Mr Vernon Dursley telah terbangun pagi-pagi buta oleh bunyi uhu-uhu keras dari kamar keponakannya, Harry. "Untuk ketiga kalinya minggu ini" raungnya. "Kalau kau tidak bisa mengontrol burung hantu itu, dia harus pergi!"


"Apa aku kelihatan bodoh?" kata Paman Vernon geram, seserpih telur goreng bergantung pada kumisnya yang lebat. "Aku tahu apa yang akan terjadi kalau burung hantu itu dibalikkan lepas."

Dia bertukar pandang geram dengan istrinya, Petunia.
Harry mencoba berargumentasi, tetapi kata-katanya tenggelam oleh sendawa Dudley yang keras dan panjang. Dudley adalah anak Mr dan Mrs Dursley.

"Aku mau tambah daging asap."

"Masih banyak di wajan, Manis," jawab Bibi Petunia, matanya terharu menatap anak laki-lakinya yang supergemuk. "Kami harus memberimu makan banyak-banyak selagi ada kesempatan... aku tak senang mendengar tentang makanan di sekolahmu..."

"Omong kosong, Petunia, aku tak pernah kelaparan waktu aku di Smeltings," kata Paman Vernon memprotes. "Dudley mendapat cukup makanan. Ya kan, Nak?"

Dudley, yang luar biasa gemuknya sampai pantatnya melimpah di kiri-kanan kursi dapur, menyeringai dan menoleh kepada Harry.

"Ambilkan wajahnya."

"Kau lupa kata sihirnya," kata Harry jengkel.

Dampak kalimat sederhana pada keluarga itu sungguh luar biasa. Dudley tersedak dan terjatuh dari kursinya keras sekali sampai menggetarkan seluruh dapur. Mrs Dursley menjerit dan menutup mulutnya. Mr Dursley inelompat bangun, urat-ural berdenyutan di jeli-jeliannya.

"Maksudku kata 'tolong!'" kata Harry cepat-cepat.

"Aku tidak bermaksud..."

"BUKANNAH SUDAH KULARANG," gelegar pamaninya dari seberang meja, "MENCUAPKAN KATA 'S' ITU DI DALAM RUMAH KITA?"

"Tapi aku..."

"BERANI-BERANINYA KAU MENGANCAM DUDLEY!" raung Paman Vernon, menggebrak mejanya dengan tinjunya.

"Aku cuma..."

"KUPERINGATKAN KAU! AKU TAK MENGIZINKAN KEABNORMANLAMU DISEBUT-SEBUT DI BA­WAH ATAP RUMAH INI!"

Harry bergantian menandang wajah keunguan pamannya dan wajah pucat bibinya, yang sedang berusaha membantu Dudley bangun.

"Baiklah," kata Harry, "baiklah..."

Paman Vernon duduk kembali, tersengal seperti batu bercula satu yang kehabisan napas. Dia memandang Harry lewat sudut matanya yang tajam.

Sejak Harry pulang untuk liburan musim panas, Paman Vernon memperlakukannya seperti bom yang bisa meledak setiap waktu, karena Harry bukan anak biasa. Sebetulnya, dia memang sama sekali bukan anak biasa.

Harry Potter adalah penyihir—penyihir yang baru melekatkan tahun pertamanya di Sekolah Sihir Hogwarts. Dan jika keluarga Dursley tidak senang menerima selama liburan, itu bukan apa-apa dibanding perasaan Harry.

Harry merasa sangat rindu pada Hogwarts sehingga rasanya dia sakit perut terus-menerus. Dia merindui kastilnya, dengan lorong-lorong rahasia dan hantu-hantunya, pelajaran-pelajarannya (walaupun mungkin tidak merindui Snape, guru pelajaran Ramuanannya), surat-surat yang dibawa oleh burung-burung hantu, makan bersama di Aula Besar, tidur di tempat
uurnya di menara asrama, mengunjungi si pengawas binatang liar, Hagrid, di pondoknya di dekat Hutan Terlarang, dan terutama Quidditch, olahraga paling populer di dunia sihir (enam tiang gawang tinggi, empat bola terbang, dan empat belas pemain di atas sapu terbang).


Bekas luka inilah yang membuat Harry istimewa, bahkan sebagai penyihir. Bekas luka ini satu-satunya petunjuk akan masa lalu Harry yang misterius, alasan kenapa dia ditinggalkan di depan pintu rumah keluarga Dursley sebelas tahun yang lalu.

Pada usia satu tahun, Harry, entah bagaimana berhasil selamat dari serangan penyihir hitam jahat terhebat sepanjang zaman, Lord Voldemort, yang nama-nya pun tak berani disebutkan oleh banyak penyihir. Orang tua Harry tewas dalam serangan Voldemort, tetapi Harry selamat dengan bekas luka sambaran kilatnya, dan—tak seorang pun tahu kenapa—kekuatan Voldemort punah pada saat dia gagal membalas Harry.

Maka Harry dibesarkan oleh kakak almarhum ibunya dan suaminya. Dia melewati sepuluh tahun bersama keluarga Dursley, tak pernah memahami kenapa dia tak putus-putus membuat hal-hal aneh tejadi walaupun dia tak bermaksud melakukannya. Dia mempercayai cerita keluarga Dursley bahwa bekas lukanya didapatnya dalam kecelakaan lalu lintas yang menewaskan orangtuanya.

Dan kemudian, tepatnya setahun yang lalu, Hogwarts menulis surat kepada Harry, dan kisah yang sebenarnya pun terungkap. Harry bersekolah di sekolah sihir. Di situ dia dan bekas lukanya dikenal... tetapi sekarang tahun ajaran telah usai, dan dia kembali bersama keluarga Dursley selama musim panas, kembali diperlakukan seperti anak yang habis berguling-guling di sampah bau.

Keluarga Dursley bahkan tidak ingat bahwa hari ini
adalah hari ulang tahun Harry yang kedua belas. Tentu saja, harapannya tidak muluk-muluk, mereka belum pernah memberinya hadiah yang layak, apalagi kue ulang tahun—tapi kalau sama sekali meluapkannya...

Saat itu Paman Vernon berdeham dengan lagak sok penting dan berkata, "Nah, seperti kita semua tahu, hari ini hari yang sangat, penting." Harry mendongak, nyaris tak berani mempercayaiinya.


"Bagus, bagus. Dan Dudley?"

"Aku siap membuka pintu," Dudley memasang senyum tolo. "Boleh kisimpan mantel Anda, Mr dan Mrs Mason?"

"Mereka akan menyukai Dudley," seru Bibi Petunia terpesona.


"Aku akan berada di kamarku, tidak membuat suara, dan pura-pura tidak ada di sana," kata Harry datar.


"Akan kuumumkan makan malam telah siap," kata Bibi Petunia.

"Dan Dudley, kau akan bilang...

"Boleh saya antar Anda ke ruang makan, Mrs Mason?" kata Dudley, menawarkan lengan yang gelisah pada wanita yang tak kelihatan. "Kecilku yang sempurna," kata Bibi Petunia terharu.

"Bagus... Dudley" kata Paman Vernon kejam kepada Harry.

"Aku akan berada di kamarku, tidak membuat suara, dan pura-pura tidak ada di sana," kata Harry bosan.

"Persis. Sekarang, kita harus berusaha memberikan beberapa pujian selama makan malam. Petunia, ada ide?"

"Vernon bercerita Anda pemain golf yang hebat, Mr Mason... Gaun Anda indah sekali, di mana Anda membelinya, Mrs Mason...?"

"Sempurna... Dudley?"

"Bagaimana kalau 'Kami harus menulis karangan tentang pahlawan yang kami kagumi di sekolah, Mr Mason, dan saya menulis tentang Anda.'"
Ini sudah lewat, baik bagi Bibi Petunia maupun Harry, walaupun dengan alasan berbeda. Bibi Petunia menangis saking terharunya dan memeluk anaknya, sedangkan Harry membugguk ke bawah mejanya, supaya mereka tidak melihatnya tertawa.

"Dan kau?"

Harry berusaha membuat wajahnya serius ketika muncul dari bawah meja.

"Aku akan berada di kamarku, tidak membuat suara, dan pura-pura tidak ada di sana," katanya.


Harry tidak bisa ikut senang mendengar kabar ini. Menurut perasaannya, di Majorca pun keluarga Dursley tidak akan lebih menyukainya daripada di rumah ini.

"Baik—aku berangkat ke kota untuk mengambil jas malam untukku dan Dudley. Dan kau," gertaknya pada Harry, "jangan mengganggu bibimu sementara dia membersihkan rumah."

Harry keluar lewat pintu belakang. Cuaca amat cerah. Dia menyebutkan halaman, mengenyukkan diri di bangku kebun dan bernyanyi pelan, ["Happy birthday to me... happy birthday to me..."]


Selama dua minggu pertama, Harry menikmati mengumumkan kata-kata omong kosong dan melihat Dudley kabur dari ruangan secepat kaki gemuknya. Tetapi lama tak ada kabar dari Ron dan Hermione membuat Harry merasa terkucil dari dunia sihir, sehingga bahkan mempermainkan Dudley pun sudah tak menarik lagi—dan sekarang Ron dan Hermione lebih melupakan hari ulang tahunnya.
menyuruhnya bekerja, dengan ancaman dia tidak akan diberi makan sampai pekerjaannya selesai.

Sementara Dudley bermalas-malasan menontonnya sambil makan es krim, Harry membersihkan jendela, mencuci mobil, memotong rumput, merapikan petak bunga, menggunting dan menyirami mawat, dan mengecat ulang bangku kebun. Matahari bersinar terik sekali, membakar tengkuknya. Harry tahu dia seharusnya tidak terpancing ledekan Dudley, tetapi Dudley mengatakan hal yang persis sedang Harry pikirkan... mungkin dia tak punya teman di Hogwarts...

Sayang sekali mereka tak bisa melihat Harry Potter sekarang, pikirnya jengkel, sementara dia menaburkan pupuk kandang di kebun bunga. Punggungnya sakit, keringat bercucuran di wajahnya.

Sudah pukul setengah delapan malam ketika akhirnya, kelelahan, dia mendengar Bibi Petunia memanggilnya.

"Masuk! Dan berjalan di atas koran!"


"Makan cepat! Mr dan Mrs Mason sebentar lagi datang!" kata Bibi Petunia galak, seraya menunjuk dua iris roti dan segumpal kecil keju di atas meja dapur. Bibi Petunia sudah menakai gaun malam berwarna merah jambu salam.

Harry mencuci tangan dan segera menghabiskan makan malamnya yang mengenaskan. Begitu dia selesai, Bibi Petunia langsung menyingkirkan piringnya.

"Naik! Cepat!"

Ketika melewati pintu ruang duduk, sekilas Harry melihat Paman Vernon dan Dudley memakai jas dan dasi kupu-kupu. Baru saja dia tiba di atas tangga, bel pintu berdering dan wajah marah Paman Vernon muncul di kaki tangga...

"Ingat—suara sekecil apa pun..." 

Harry berjenggot menuju kamarnya, menutup pintu, dan berbalik untuk mengempaskan diri ke atas tempat tidurnya.

Celakanya, sudah ada yang duduk di atas tempat tidurnya.
Peringatan Dobby


"Boleh saya simpan mantel Anda, Mr dan Mrs Mason?"

Makhluk itu meluncur turun dari tempat tidur dan membungkuk rendah seolah menghormati Harry yang panjang dan kurus menyentuh karpet. Harry memperhatikan makhluk itu memakai sesuatu yang kelihatan seperti sarung bantal usang, dengan robekan untuk lubang lengan dan kaki.

"Eh—halo," kata Harry gugup.

"Harry Potter!" kata makhluk itu, dengan suara melengking yang Harry yakin pasti terdengar sampai bawah tingga. "Sudah lama Dobby ingin bertemu Anda, Sir... Sungguh kehormatan besar..."

"Terima kasih," kata Harry, merayap sepanjang dinding dan terenyak di kursinya, di sebelah Hedwig, yang sedang tidur di dalam sangkarnya yang besar. Dia ingin bertanya, "Kau ini apa?" tetapi rasanya tidak sopan, maka sebagai gantinya dia bertanya, "Kau siapa?"


"Oh—begitu?" kata Harry. "Eh—bukannya aku mengusir atau apa, tapi—ini bukan saat yang baik bagiku untuk menerima peri-rumah di kamarku."

Tawa Bibi Petunia yang melengking dibuat-buat terdengar dari ruang tamu. Peri itu menunduk.

"Bukan aku tidak senang bertemu kau," kata Harry cepat-cepat, "tetapi, eh, apakah ada alasan kau di sini?"

"Oh ya, Sir," kata Dobby bersemangat. "Dobby datang untuk memberitahu Anda, Sir... susah, Sir... enaknya Dobby mulai dari mana, ya?"

"Silakan duduk," kata Harry sopan, menunjuk tempat tidurnya.

Betapa kagetnya dia, air mata si peri langsung bercucuran—dia tersedih. "S-silakan duduk!" dia merengut. "Belum pernah... sekali pun belum pernah..."

Harry mendengar suara-suara di bawah terhenti.

"Menghina Dobby!" si peri tersedak. "Belum pernah Dobby dipersilakan duduk oleh seorang penyihir—seakan kita sederajat..."

Harry, berusaha berkata "Shh" dan sekaligus kelihatan lega, mengantar Dobby kembali ke tempat tidurnya. Dobby duduk di sini, cegukan, tampak seperti boneka besar yang jelek sekali. Akhirnya dia berhasil menguasai diri. Mata besarnya yang masih berair menatap Harry penuh pemujaan.

"Pasti kau belum banyak bertemu penyihir yang sopan," kata Harry, berusaha menghiburnya.

Dobby menggeleng. Kemudian, mendadak saja, dia melompat dan mulai memberturutkan kepalanya keras-keras ke jendela, seraya berteriak-teriak, "Dobby jelek! Dobby jelek!"

"Jangan—kau kenapa?" desis Harry, melompat bangun dan menarik Dobby kembali ke tempat tidur. Hedwig terbang untaian biasa keras dan menggeleng-kejapkan sayapnya dengan lari ke jeruji sangkaranya.

"Dobby harus menghukum diri sendiri, Sir," kata si peri yang matanya jadi agak juling. "Dobby hainpir saja menjelek-jelekkan keluarga Dobby, Sir...

"Keluargamu?"

"Keluarga penyihir tempat Dobby mengabdi, Sir... Dobby kan peri—rumah—terikat untuk mengabdi dan melayani satu rumah dan satu keluarga selamanya...."

"Apa mereka tahu kau di sini?" tanya Harry ingin tahu.

Dobby bergidik.

"Oh, tidak, Sir. tidak... Dobby nantinya harus meng-

Harry menambahkan ketika, dengan mengkhawatirkan, kepala Dobby sudah mengarah lagi ke dinding.

Perlahan-lahan, Dobby menggelengkan kepala.

"Bukan—bukan Dia yang Namanya Tak Boleh Disebut, Sir.

"Tetapi mata Dobby melebar dan dia kelihatannya mencoba memberi Harry petunjuk. Meskipun demikian, Harry sama sekali tidak paham.

"Dia tidak punya adik laki-laki, kan?"

Dobby menggeleng, matanya menjadi lebih lebar dari sebelumnya.

"Ya, kalau begitu, aku tak bisa memikirkan siapa lagi yang punya kesempatan untuk melakukan hal-hal mengerikan di Hogwartts," kata Harry. "Maksudku, paling tidak di sana ada Dumbledore—kau tahu siapa Dumbledore, kan?"

Dobby menundukkan kepala.

"Albus Dumbledore adalah kepala sekolah terhebat yang pernah dimiliki Hogwartts. Dobby tahu itu, Sir. Dobby sudah mendengar kehebatan Dumbledore menyanyi kehebatan Dia yang Namanya Tak Boleh Disebut pada puncak kekuasaannya. Tetapi, Sir," suara Dobby merendah menjadi bisikan, "ada kekuasaan-kekuasaan yang Dumbledore tidak... kekuasaan yang penyihir baik tidak..."

Dan sebelum Harry bisa mencegahnya, Dobby melompat turun dari tempat tidur, menyambar lampu mejat Harry dan mulai menekuk kepalanya dengan jentit-jentit memekakkan telinga.

Dibawah mendadak sunyi. Dua menit kemudian, dengan jantung berdegun liar, Harry mendengar Paman Vernon masuk, seraya berkata, "Dudley pasti lupa mematikan televisinya. Dasar ceroboh anak itu!"

"Cepat! Masuk lemari pakaiain!" desis Harry, mendorong Dobby masuk, menutup pintu lemari, dan melempar dirinya ke atas tempat tidur tepat ketika pegangan pintu bergerak.

"Setan! Kau-ini-ngapain-sih?" kata Paman Vernon dengan gigi mengertak, wajahnya sangat dekat ke wajah Harry. "Kau baru saja membuat berantakan lemukonku tentang pemain golf Jepang... kau bikin suara sekali lagi, kau akan menyesal telah dilahirkan!"

Paman Vernon meninggalkan kamar dengan tengentak kakinya.

Gemetaran, Harry mengeluarkan Dobby dari lemari pakaian.


"Teman yang bahkan menulis surat pun tidak kepada Harry Potter?" kata Dobby licik.

"Kurasanya—tunggu," kata Harry, keningnya
bising—bertemu orang asing membuatnya cemas, maka kami minta dia tinggal saja di atas...). Paman Vernon meminta suami-istri Mason yang shock kembali ke ruang makan. Lalau ia mengancam akan menghajar Harry sampai nyawanya tinggal setengah rambut se­elah tamanya pulang nanti. Diberinya Harry alat pel. Bibi Petunia mengambil es kriln dari lemari es dan Harry, masih gemetaran, mulai membersihkan dapur. 
Paman Vernon mungkin masih akan bisa me­nyelesaikan transaksinya—kalau bukan gara-gara si burung hantu. 
Bibi Petunia sedang mengedarkan kotak permen pedas untuk sehabis makan ketika seekor burung hantu serak melesat masuk ke ruang makan, menjatuhkan surat ke atas kepala Mrs Mason, dan melesat keluar lagi. Mrs Mason menjerit sekeras yang mungkin, bertanya-tanya, apakah begini cara mereka bergurau.

Harry berdiri di dapur, mencengkeram gagang peluntuk menopangnya ketika Paman Vernon mendekatinya, matanya yang kedalamanemberi kehidupan. "Baca inil" desisnya galak; seraya mengacung-acung­kan surat yang dibawa burung hantu tadi. "Ayo—
baca!"

Harry mengambilnya. Surat itu tidak berisi ucapan selamat ulang tahun.
untukmu... aku akan mengurungmu... kau tak akan pernah kembali ke sekolah itu... tak-pernah... dan kalau kau mencoba menyihir dirimu lepas dari kurungan—menda akan mengeluarkan
"!
Dan sambil tertawa seperti orang gila, dia menyeret Harry kembali ke atas.

Tiga hari kemudian, keluarga Dursley belum menampakkan tanda-tanda kasihan dan Harry tidak melihat jalan keluar dari keadaannya itu. Dia berbaring di tempat tidurnya, memandang matahari terbenam di balik jeruji jendelanya, dan seidh sekali memikirkan apa yang akan terjadi pada hari esoknya.


"Tak ada gunanya menolak makan, disini ini yang kita punya," kata Harry muram.

Ditaruhnya mangkuk kosong itu di lantai di sebelah pintu-kucing, lalu dia kembali berbaring di tempat tidurnya, malah merasa lebih lapar daripada sebelum makan sup tadi.

Seandainya dia masih hidup sebulan lagi, apa yang akan terjadi jika dia tidak muncul di Hogwarts? Akankah seseorang dikirim untuk mencari tahu kenapa dia tidak kembali? Apakah mereka akan berhasil membuat keluarga Dursley mengizinkannya pergi?

Dia bermimpi dijadikan tontonan di kebun binatang, dengan kartu bertulisan "Penyihir di Bawah Umur" menempel di kandangnya. Orang-orang memandang ingin tahu kepadanya lewat jeruji, sementara dia ter-
Dobby, peringatan yang diberikannya kepada Harry, dan musibah pudung violet: Terjadi kesunyian yang panjang setelah Harry mengakhiri ceritanya. Mereka kaget.

"Sangat mencurigakan," kata Fred akhirnya.

"Jelas mengada-ada," George menyetujui. "Jadi dia bahkan tidak mau memberitahu siapa yang merencanakan semua ini?"


Harry melihat Fred dan George berpandang.

"Kalian mengira dia bohong kepadaku?" kata Harry.


"Draco Malfoy," Harry menjelaskan. "Dia membenci-ku."

"Draco Malfoy?" kata George, menoleh. "Bukan anak Lucius Malfoy, kan?"

"Mestinya. Itu bukan nama yang sangat umum, kan?" kata Harry. "Kenapa?"

"Aku dengar Dad bicara tentang dia," kata George.

"Dia pendukung besar Kau-Tahu-Siapa."

"Dan waktu Kau-Tahu-Siapa menghilang," kata Fred, "ini menimbulkan banyak pertanyaan. Lucius Malfoy kemudian, katanya dia tidak bermaksud melakukan semua itu. Omong kosong—Dad berpendapat dia orang dekat Kau-Tahu-Siapa."

Harry tak pernah mendengar desas-desus tentang keluarga Malfoy sebelumnya, dan ini sama sekali tidak mengesankan. Kalau dibandingkan dengan Malfoy, Dudley Dursley tampak seperti anak yang baik, bijaksana, dan penuh perasaan.

"Aku tak tahu apakah keluarga Malfoy punya peri-rumah...," kata Harry.

"Siapa pun pemiliknya, tentulah keluarga penyihir yang sudah turun-temurun dan kaya raya," kata Fred.


Harry diam. Melihat fakta bahwa Draco Malfoy biasanya memiliki segala sesuatu yang paling baik, keluarganya pastilah bergelimang uang sihir. Dia bisa membayangkan Malfoy berkelakaran di rumah besar. Mengirim pelayan rumah untuk mencegah Harry kembali ke Hogwart kelihatannya juga jenis hal yang akan dilakukan Malfoy. Bodohkah Harry menanggap Dobby secara serius?

"Tapi aku senang kami datang mengambilmu," kata Ron. "Aku cemas sekali kau tidak membalas satu pun suratku. Mulanya kukira Errol yang salah..."

"Siapa Errol?"
makhluk itu sama sekali tidak seperti Santa Claus, melainkan bertubuh kecil, kulitnya kasar, dengan kepala besar-botak menonjol persis kentang. Ron memegangnya agak jauh, sementara si jembalang menendang-nendangnya dengan kakinya yang kecil bertanduk. Ron mencengkeram pergelangan kakinya dan menjungkirkannya.

"Ini yang harus kaulakukan," katanya. "Ron mengangkat si jembalang ke atas, kepalanya ("Lepaskan aku") lalu mulai memutar-mutarinya dalam lingkaran besar seperti laso. Melihat kekagetan di wajah Harry, Ron menambahkan, "Ini tidak melukai mereka—kau cuma harus membautnya benar-benar pusing, supaya mereka tidak bisa menemukan jalan pulang ke lubang jembalangnya."

Dilepasnya kaki si jembalang dan jembalang itu melayang enam meter ke atas dan jatuh di padang di seberang pagar.

"Payah," kata Fred. "Aku pasti bisa melemparkan jembalang itu sampai melewati tunggul iwi."

Harry belajar dengan cepat untuk tidak merasa terlalu kasihan kepada si jembalang. Dia memutuskan untuk menjatuhkan saja jembalang pertama yang ditangkapnya ke balik pagar. Tetapi si jembalang, yang bisa merasakan kelemahan, menancapkan gigi-giginya yang setajam silet ke jari Harry dan Harry dengan susah payah mengibaskan sampai...

"Wow, Harry—pasti ada lima belas meter tuh...

Segera saja udara dipenuhi jembalang yang bertiup. Harry mendekat ke balik pagar. "Lihat, kan, mereka tidak terlalu pintar," kata

George, menyanyar lima atau enam jembalang sekali gus. "Begitu mereka tahu pembesaran jembalang dimulai, mereka malah keluar untuk melihat. Mestinya kan malah nggumpet."

Tak lama kemudian gerombolan jembalang di padang mulai melangkah leju, menjauh.

"Mereka akan kembali," kata Ron, ketika mereka mengawasi para jembalang menghilang ke balik pagar di sisi lain padang. "Mereka semangat, di sinih... Dad ini akan terhadap mereka, dia menggenggap mereka lucu...

Saat itu terdengar pintu depan terbanting.

"Dia pulang!" kata George. "Dia pulang!"

Mereka berегegas menyeberangi kebun, kembali ke rumah.

Mr. Weasley duduk lesu di kursi dapur dengan kacamat dilepas. Dia kurus, hampir botak, tetapi sisanya rambut anak-anaknya. Dia menikmati jahatnya panjang yang berdempet dan kelihatan habis dipakai berpanggilan.

"Bulan main semalam," gumarnya, meraih teko teh sementara mereka duduk mengelilinginya. "Sembilan penyerbuhan. Sembilan! Dan si Mundungus Fletcher mencoba menyihir ketika aku berbalik..."

Mr. Weasley meneguk tehnya dan menghela napas.

"Ada yang ditemukan, Dad?" tanya Fred bersemangat.

"Tapi ada barang-barang kotor yang bular bagian departemenku. Mortlake dibawa pergi gara-
Mr Weasley ingin Harry duduk di sebelahnya di meja makan, supaya dia bisa membombardirnya dengan pertanyaan-pertanyaan tentang hidup bersama Muggle, memintanya menjelaskan bagaimana bekerja hal-hal seperti steker listrik atau sistem pos.

"Mengagumkan!" katanya setelah Harry menjelaskan bagaimana menggunakan telepon. "Cerdik betul, berapa banyak cara yang telah ditemukan Muggle untuk bisa hidup tanpa sihir.


Mrs Weasley meributkan kaus laki Harry dan berusaha memaksanya tambah tiga kali setiap makan.
Setiap tahun, topi tua ini, yang sudah bertambal, berjumbai, dan kotor, menyeleksi murid-murid baru ke dalam empat asrama Hogwarts (Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, dan Slytherin). Harry ingat betul bagaimana perasaannya ketika dia memakai topi itu, tepat setahun yang lalu, dan dengan ketakutan mendengar keputusan si topi. Sementara topi itu bergumam keras ke dalam telinganya. Selama beberapa detik mengerikan dia takut topi itu akan memasukannya ke Slytherin, asrama yang telah menghasilkan lebih banyak penyihir hitam dibanding ketiga asrama lainnya—letapi ternyata dia terpilih masuk Gryffindor bersama Ron, Hermione, dan anak-anak keluarga Weasley yang lain. Semester yang lalu, Harry dan Ron telah membantu Gryffindor memenangkan Piala Asrama, mengalahkan Slytherin untuk pertama kalinya dalam tujuh tahun terakhir.


"Eh..." Harry bergumam kepada Ron. "Ada kursi kosong di mej a guru... Di mana Snape?"

Profesor Snape adalah guru yang paling tidak disukai Harry. Harry kebetulan juga murid yang paling tidak disukai Snape. Snape yang kejam, sinis, dan tidak disukai oleh semua anak, kecuali anak-anak dari asramanya sendiri (Slytherin), mengajar Ramuan.

"Mungkin dia sakit!" kata Ron penuh repot.

"Mungkin dia keluar," kata Harry, "karena tidak terpilih mengajar Pertahanan terhadap Ilmu Hitam lagi.

"Atau siapa tahu dia dikeluarkan!" kata Ron penuh semangat.

"Mungkin dia sakit!" kata Ron penuh repot. "Dia sedang menunggu alasan kenapa kalian berdua tidak datang naik kereta api sekolah.

Harry berputar. Di depannya, dengan jubah hitam berak ditup angin sepoi, berdiri Severus Snape, berdiri berdiri ditiup angin sepoi, berdiri Severus Snape. Snape bertubuh kurus, dengan kuit pucat, hidung bengkok, dan rambut berminyak sebahu, dan pada saat ini dia terlihat sedang tersenyum sedemikian rupa sehingga Harry tahu dia dan Ron dalam kesulitan besar.

"Buat aku," kata Snape.


Mereka melewati lorong yang gelap dan dingin.


"Malam," Harry berseru kepada Hermione, yang wajahnya sama cemberutnya seperti Percy.

Mereka berhasil sampai di seberang ruangan, penggung mereka masih ditepuk-tepuk, dan baru aman setelah tiba di tangga yang sepi. Mereka bergegas naik dan akhirnya tiba di pintu kamar mereka yang lama, yang sekarang dipasangi tulisan berbunyi "kelas dua". Mereka memasuki ruangan bundar yang sudah mereka kenali, dengan lima tempat tidur besar berkelambu beludru merah dan jendela-jendela yang tinggi dan sempit. Koper-koper mereka sudah dibawa naik dan diletakkan di kaki tempat tidur masing-masing.

Ron tersenyum pada Harry dengan perasaan bersalah.

"Aku tahu seharusnya tidak boleh menikmati sambutan atau apa pun namanya itu," katanya.

Pintu kamar mendadak terbuka dan masuklah ketiga anak laki-laki kelas dua Gryffindor lainnya, Seamus Finnigan, Dean Thomas, dan Neville Longbottom.

"Tak bisa dipercaya!" Seamus nyerigir.

"Cool," kata Dean.

"Menakjubkan," kata Neville, terpesona.

Harry tak tahan. Dia ikut nyengir.


"Sudah waktunya masak... kurasa Nenek akan mengirim beberapa barang yang kulupakan."
”Mengingat Mandrake kita masih semai, jadi mungkin mereka belum akan membunuh,” katanya kalem, seakan dia baru melakukan hal yang tidak leih seru dari menyiapid begonia. “Maklum demikian, mereka akan membuat kalian pingin selama beberapa jam dan karena alu yakin tak seorang pun dari kalian mau ketertarik hari pertama sekolah, pastikan tutup telinga kalian terpasang dengan benar sembari kalian bekerja. Aku akan memeriksa perhatian kalian mulai sudah tiba waktunya berkemas.”

“Empat anak satu naman—ada banyak persediaan pot di sini—komporsnya dalam karung di sana itu—dan hanya terhadap Tentakula Berbisa, dia sedang tumbuh gigi.”

Profesor Sprout memukul keras tanaman merah yang tumbuh di sebelahnya, membuat tanaman itu merayap, menendang, memukul-mukul dengan tinju mereka yang tajam dan mengertak-ngertakkan gigi.

Harry menghabiskan sepuluh menit sendiri untuk memasukkan satu Mandrake gemuk ke dalam pot.

Pada akhir pelajaran, Harry, seperti juga yang lain, berkeringat, badannya sakit semua, dan berlumur tanah. Mereka berjalan lesu kembali ke kastil untuk mandi. Setelah itu anak-anak Gryffindor bergegas untuk pelajaran Transfigurasi.

Pelajaran Profesor McGonagall selalu susah, tetapi hari ini istimewa susahnya. Segala sesuatu yang telah dipelajari Harry selama satu tahun kembali merubah setiap elemen keluar dari kepalamnya selama musim panas.
Dia disuruh mengubah kumbang menjadi kancing, tapi yang berhasil dilakukannya hanya membuat si kumbang bonyok berolahraga, karena si kumbang berlarian di atas mejanya menghindari tongkatnya.


Harry lega mendengar bunyi bel makan siang. Otaknya terasa bagai spons yang diperas. Semua orang meningga "ruang kelas, kecuali dia dan Ron, yang menyabet-nyabetkan tongkatnya dengan sebaik mungkin.

"Tolo!... tak berguna..." "Tulis surat ke rumah minta ganti," Harry menyarankan ketika tongkat itu mengeluarkan sederet letusan keras seperti petasan.

"Oh, yeah, alah datar Howler lagi," kata Ron, menjelaskan ketika tongkat itu mengeluarkan sederet letusan seperti petasan.

"Sore ini pelajaran apa?" tanya Harry, buru-buru mengubah topik pembicaraan.

"Pertahanan terhadap Ilmu Hitam," jawab Hermione segera.

"Kenapa," tuntut Ron, menyangka dari pelajaran Hermione, "kau menggarisbawahi semua pelajaran Lockhart dengan hati kecil-kecil?"

Dengan marah Hermione merebut kembali daftar pelajarannya, wajahnya merah.

Mereka menyelesaikan makan siang lalu ke halaman. Ulang mendung, Hermione duduk di undakan dan membaca buku sebelum makan. "Salakmu sendiri tongkatmu patah..."

Mereka menunggu untuk makan siang. Suasana hati Ron tidak menjadi lebih baik melihat Hermione memamerkan kancing jaket sempurna yang dihasilkannya dalam pelajaran Transfigurasi.


gembira, "Mestinya tak perlu tanya. Kita bertemu lagi, Harry!"

Harry yang terpaksa menempel ke sisi tubuh Lockhart dengan wajah serasa terbakar saking malunya, melihat Malfoy menyerang dan menyelinap ke dalam kerumunan.

"Ayo, Mr Creevey," kata Lockhart, tersenyum kepada Colin. "Foto kami berdua, biar adil, dan kami berdua akan menandatangannya untukmu."

Colin genag mengangkat kameranya dan memotret mereka berdua tepat ketika bel berbunyi di belakang mereka, menandakan mulainya waktu belajar sore hari.


"Dengar nasihatku, Harry," kata Lockhart kebapakan ketika mereka memasuki kastil lewat pintu samping. "Aku baru saja melindungimu kalau Creevey memotret aku juga, teman-temanmu tidak akan berpikir kau terlalu menonjolkan diri."

Tuli terhadap protes gagap Harry, Lockhart membawanya menyusuri koridor yang kanan-kiri dihiasi dengan deretan murid, dan menaiki tangga.

"Kuberitahu kau, membagikan foto bertanda tangan pada tahap kariernya ini tidaklah bijaksana—kelihatannya sok, Harry, terus terang saja. Akan tiada waktu yang kau waktunya ketika, seperti aku, kau perlu membawa setumpuk foto ke mana pun kau pergi, tetapi..." dia terkekeh kecil, "kuras kau belum sampai ke tahap itu."


Anak-anak lain masuk. Ron dan Hermione duduk di kiri-kanan Harry.


"Diam," bentak Harry. Hal terakhir yang diinginkannya adalah Lockhart mendengar ungkapan "Klub Pencinta Harry Potter".

Kejakan semua murid sudah duduk, Lockhart berdeham keras-keras dan seluruh kelas diam. Dia menangkap ke depan, mengambil buku Tanasaya dengan jiroc milik Neville dan mengangkatnya untuk menunjukkan fotonya sendiri yang mengedip-ngedip di sampul buku.


"Oooh," kata Colin terpesona dan mengangkat kameranya. "Bisakah kaupegangi dia, Harry?"

"Minggiz, Colin!" kata Harry marah. Dia dan Hermione membantu Ron meninggalkan stadion dan menyeberang halaman menuju ke tepi hutan.

"Hampir sampai, Ron," kata Hermione, ketika pondok si pengawas binatang liar tampak. "Kau akan baik sebentar lagi... hampir sampai..."

Mereka sudah tinggal kira-kira enam meter dari pondok Hagrid ketika pintunya terbuka, tetapi bukan Hagrid yang muncul. Gilderoy Lockhart, memakai jubah lembayung muda hari ini, keluar.


Hagrid segera muncul, kelihatan jengkel sekali, tetai wajahnya berubah cerah setelah tahu siapa yang datang.


"Lebih baik keluar daripada masuk," kata Hagrid riang sambil menaruh baskom besar di depan Ron. "Kelurakan semua, Ron."

"Kurasak tak ada yang bisa kita lakukan selain menunggu sampai berhenti sendiri," kata Hermione ce­mas, mengawasi Ron yang membungkuk di atas baskom. "Itu kutukan yang sulit dilakukan bahkan pada saat kondisi kita sedang sangat baik, tapi dengan tongkat yang patah..."

Hagrid sibuk membuatkan teh untuk mereka. Anjing besarnya, Fang, menjilat-jilat Harry.

"Apa yang diinginkan Lockhart darimu, Hagrid?" tanya Harry sambil menggaruk-garuk belakang telinga Fang.

dari permadani gantung di sebelah kanan Harry, mendenah-desah dan memandang liar berkeliling mencari si pelanggar aturan. Syl ketak-ketak tebal diikatkan ke kepalamnya, dan hidungnya luar biasa ungu.

"Kotoran!" dia berteriak, rahangnya bergetar, matanya mendelik mengerikan ketika dia menunjuk genangan air berlumpur yang menetes-netes dari jubah Quidditch Harry. "Berantakan dan kotoran di mana-mana! Aku sudah muak! Ikut aku, Potter!"

Maka Harry melambai lesli, mengucapkan selamat tinggal kepada Nick si Kepala-Nyaris-Putus dan turun kembali mengikuti Filch, membuat tapak berlumpur di lantai jadi dobel.


Filch meraih pena bulu dari pot di atas mejanya dan mulai mencari-perkamen.

"Tinja binatang," gumarnya berang, "tupil naga pemas besar-besar... otak kodok... usus tikus... sungguh kelastian... mana formulirnya... ya..."

Dia menarik keluar gulungan besar perkamen dari laci mejanya dan membentangkankannya di depannya, mencelupkan pena bulu hitamnya yang panjang ko dalam botol tinta.

"Nama... Harry Potter. Kesalahan..."

"Cuma sedikit lumpur!" kata Harry.

"Cuma sedikit lumpur bagimu, Nak, tapi bagiku itu berarti kerja tambahan satu jam menggosok lantai!" teriak Filch, ada angus yang sudah bergetar mau jatuh di ujung hidung bawangnya, menjijikkan sekali. "Kesalahan... membuat kotor kastil... hukuman yang disaran-kan..."

Sambil mengelap hidungnya yang berringus, Filch memandang galak Harry dengan mata menyipit. Harry menunggu jatuhnya vonis hukumannya dengan napas tertahan.

Tetapi ketika Filch merendahkan penanya, terdengar GUBRAK keras di langit-langit kantornya, hingga membuat lampu minyaknya bergoyang.

"PEEVES!" gerung Filch, membanting penanya dengan murka. "Kutangkap kau kali ini, kutangkap kau!"

Dan tanpa menoleh kepada Harry, Filch berlari meninggalkan kastornya, Mrs Norris melesat mengiringinya.

Peeves adalah hantu jahat sekolah, makhluk layang-layang menyeringai yang selalu menyebabkan mala-petaka dan kesulitan. Harry tidak begitu menyukai Peeves, tapi mau tak mau berterima kasih untuk gangguannya yang tepat waktu. Mudah-mudahan, apa