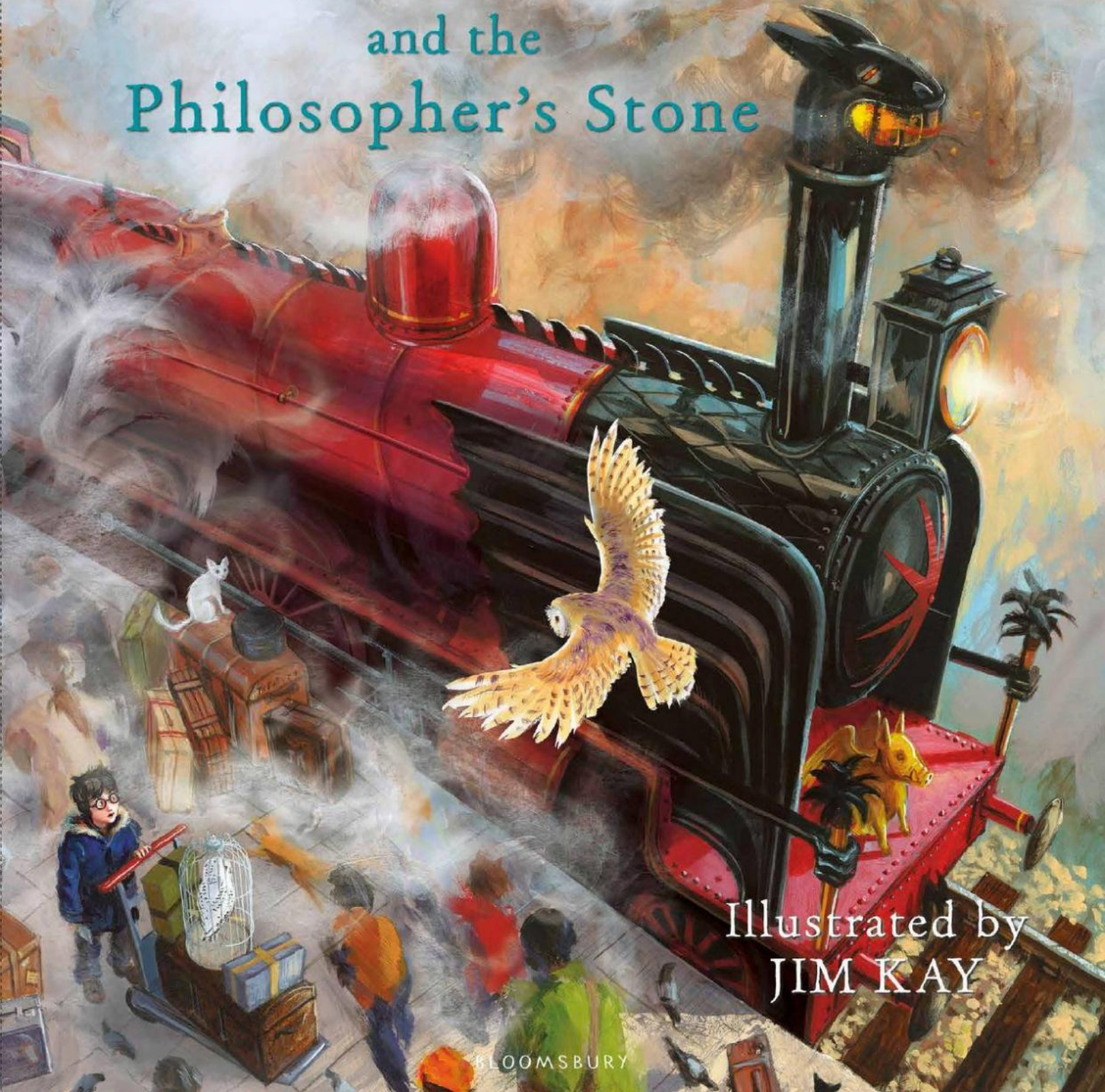


J.K. ROWLING

# HARRY POTTER

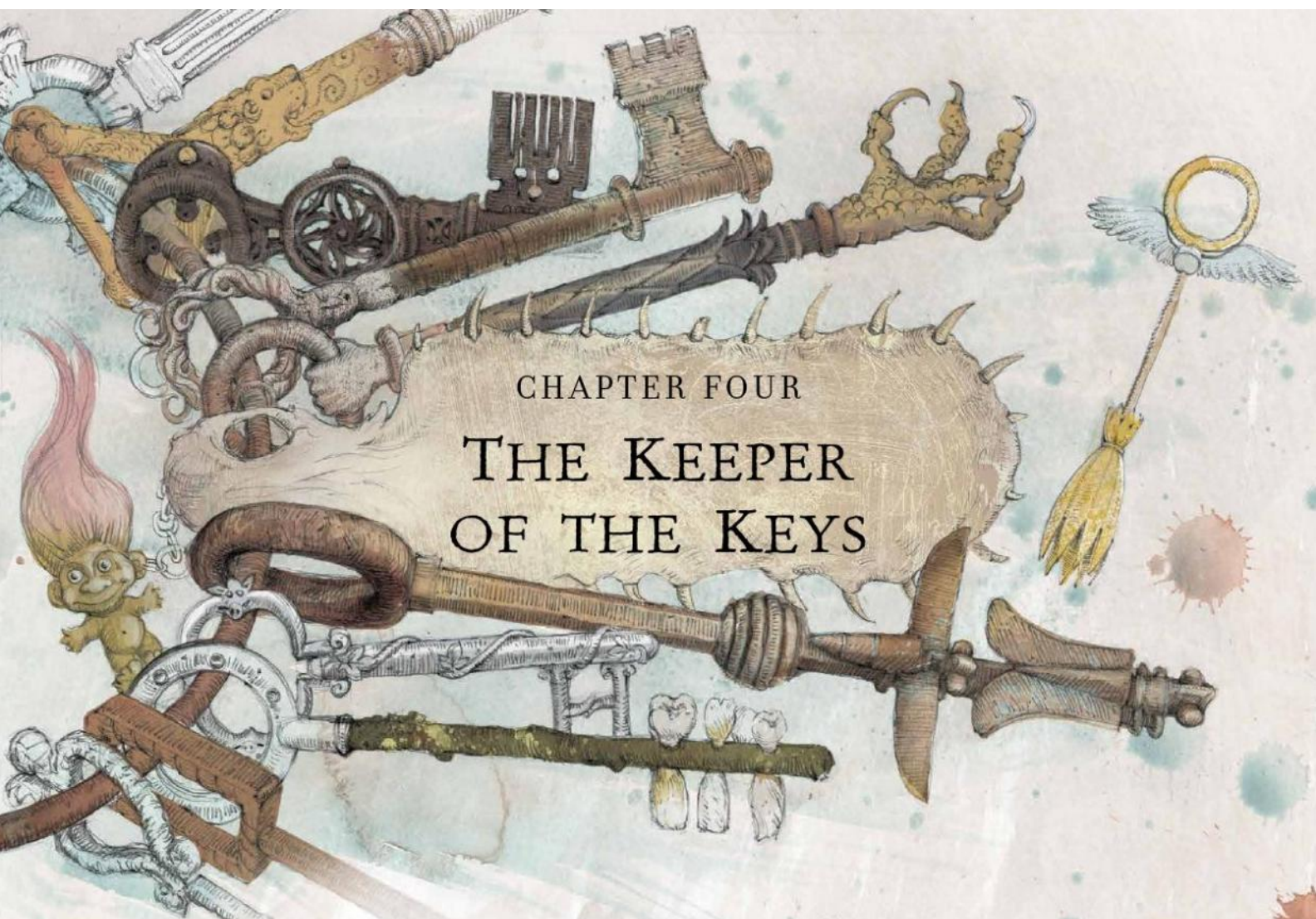
and the  
Philosopher's Stone



Illustrated by  
JIM KAY

BLOOMSBURY





## CHAPTER FOUR

# THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS

**B**OOM. They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake.

‘Where’s the cannon?’ he said stupidly.

There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands – now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them.

‘Who’s there?’ he shouted. ‘I warn you – I’m armed!’

There was a pause. Then –  
SMASH!

The door was hit with such force that it

swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor.

A giant of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the storm outside dropped a little.







## HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

an' James Potter's son goin' ter Hogwarts! Yer mad. His name's been down ever since he was born. He's off ter the finest school of witchcraft and wizardry in the world. Seven years there and he won't know himself. He'll be with youngsters of his own sort, fer a change, an' he'll be under the greatest Headmaster Hogwarts ever had, Albus Dumbled—

'I AM NOT PAYING FOR SOME CRACKPOT OLD FOOL TO TEACH HIM MAGIC TRICKS!' yelled Uncle Vernon.

But he had finally gone too far. Hagrid seized his umbrella and whirled it over his head. 'NEVER —' he thundered, '— INSULT — ALBUS — DUMBLEDORE — IN

— FRONT — OF — ME!'

He brought the umbrella swishing down through the air to point at Dudley — there was a flash of violet light, a sound like a firecracker, a sharp squeal and next second, Dudley was dancing on the spot with his hands clasped over his fat bottom, howling in pain. When he turned his back on them, Harry saw a curly pig's tail poking through a hole in his trousers.

Uncle Vernon roared. Pulling Aunt Petunia and Dudley into the other room, he cast one last terrified look at Hagrid and slammed the door behind them.

Hagrid looked down at his umbrella and stroked his beard.





## THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS

'Shouldn'ta lost me temper,' he said ruefully, 'but it didn't work anyway. Meant ter turn him into a pig, but I suppose he was so much like a pig anyway there wasn't much left ter do.'

He cast a sideways look at Harry under his bushy eyebrows.

'Be grateful if yeh didn't mention that ter anyone at Hogwarts,' he said. 'I'm – er – not supposed ter do magic, strictly speakin'. I was allowed ter do a bit ter follow yeh an' get yer letters to yeh an' stuff – one o' the reasons I was so keen ter take on the job –'

'Why aren't you supposed to do magic?' asked Harry.

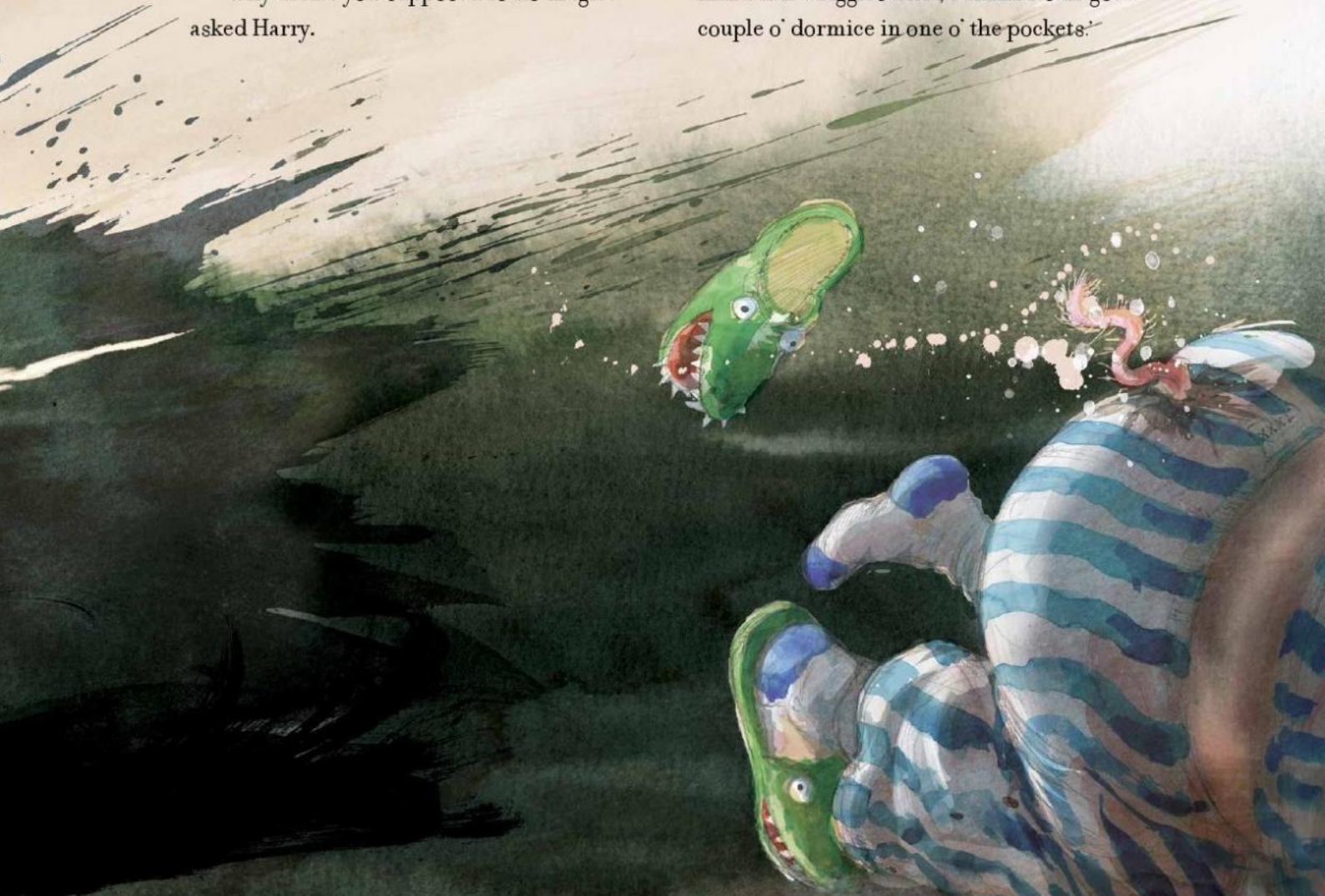
'Oh, well – I was at Hogwarts meself but I – er – got expelled, ter tell yeh the truth. In me third year. They snapped me wand in half an' everything. But Dumbledore let me stay on as gamekeeper. Great man, Dumbledore.'

'Why were you expelled?'

'It's gettin' late and we've got lots ter do tomorrow,' said Hagrid loudly. 'Gotta get up ter town, get all yer books an' that.'

He took off his thick black coat and threw it to Harry.

'You can kip under that,' he said. 'Don' mind if it wriggles a bit, I think I still got a couple o' dormice in one o' the pockets.'







crowd easily; all Harry had to do was keep close behind him. They passed book shops and music stores, hamburger bars and cinemas, but nowhere that looked as if it could sell you a magic wand. This was just an ordinary street full of ordinary people. Could there really be piles of wizard gold buried miles beneath them? Were there really shops that sold spell books and broomsticks? Might this not all be some huge joke that the Dursleys had cooked up? If Harry hadn't known that the Dursleys had no sense of humour, he might have thought so; yet somehow, even though everything Hagrid had told him so far was unbelievable, Harry couldn't help trusting him.

'This is it,' said Hagrid, coming to a halt, 'the Leaky Cauldron. It's a famous place.'

It was a tiny, grubby-looking pub. If Hagrid hadn't pointed it out, Harry wouldn't have noticed it was there. The people hurrying by didn't glance at it. Their eyes slid from the big book shop on one side to the record shop on the other as if they couldn't see the Leaky Cauldron at all. In fact, Harry had the most peculiar feeling that only he and Hagrid could see it. Before he could mention this, Hagrid had steered him inside.

For a famous place, it was very dark and shabby. A few old women were sitting in a corner, drinking tiny glasses of sherry. One of them was smoking a long pipe.

complained loudly that the seats were too small and the trains too slow.

'I don't know how the Muggles manage without magic,' he said, as they climbed a broken-down escalator which led up to a bustling road lined with shops.

Hagrid was so huge that he parted the



## DIAGON ALLEY

A little man in a top hat was talking to the old barman, who was quite bald and looked like a gummy walnut. The low buzz of chatter stopped when they walked in. Everyone seemed to know Hagrid; they waved and smiled at him, and the barman reached for a glass, saying, 'The usual, Hagrid?'

'Can't, Tom, I'm on Hogwarts business,' said Hagrid, clapping his great hand on Harry's shoulder and making Harry's knees buckle.

'Good Lord,' said the barman, peering at Harry, 'is this – can this be –?'

The Leaky Cauldron had suddenly gone completely still and silent.

'Bless my soul,' whispered the old barman. 'Harry Potter ... what an honour.'

He hurried out from behind the bar, rushed towards Harry and seized his hand, tears in his eyes.

'Welcome back, Mr Potter, welcome back.'

Harry didn't know what to say. Everyone was looking at him. The old woman with the pipe was puffing on it without realising it had gone out. Hagrid was beaming.

Then there was a great scraping of chairs and, next moment, Harry found himself shaking hands with everyone in the Leaky Cauldron.

'Doris Crockford, Mr Potter, can't believe I'm meeting you at last.'

'So proud, Mr Potter, I'm just so proud.'

'Always wanted to shake your hand – I'm all of a flutter.'

'Delighted, Mr Potter, just can't tell you. Diggle's the name, Dedalus Diggle.'

'I've seen you before!' said Harry, as Dedalus Diggle's top hat fell off in his excitement. 'You bowed to me once in a shop.'

'He remembers!' cried Dedalus Diggle, looking around at everyone. 'Did you hear that? He remembers me!'

Harry shook hands again and again – Doris Crockford kept coming back for more.

A pale young man made his way forward, very nervously. One of his eyes was twitching.

'Professor Quirrell!' said Hagrid. 'Harry, Professor Quirrell will be one of your teachers at Hogwarts.'

'P-P-Potter,' stammered Professor Quirrell, grasping Harry's hand, 'c-can't t-tell you how p-pleased I am to meet you.'

'What sort of magic do you teach, Professor Quirrell?'

'D-Defence Against the D-D-Dark Arts,' muttered Professor Quirrell, as though he'd rather not think about it. 'N-not that you n-need it, eh, P-P-Potter?' He laughed nervously. 'You'll be g-getting all your equipment, I suppose? I've g-got to p-pick up a new b-book on vampires, m-myself.' He looked terrified at the very thought.

But the others wouldn't let Professor



They were going even deeper now and gathering speed. The air became colder and colder as they hurtled round tight corners. They went rattling over an underground ravine and Harry leant over the side to try and see what was down at the dark bottom but Hagrid groaned and pulled him back by the scruff of his neck.

Vault seven hundred and thirteen had no keyhole.

'Stand back,' said Griphook importantly. He stroked the door gently with one of his long fingers and it simply melted away.

'If anyone but a Gringotts goblin tried that, they'd be sucked through the door and trapped in there,' said Griphook.

'How often do you check to see if anyone's inside?' Harry asked.

'About once every ten years,' said Griphook, with a rather nasty grin.

Something really extraordinary had to be inside this top-security vault, Harry was sure, and he leant forward eagerly, expecting to see fabulous jewels at the very least – but at first he thought it was empty. Then he noticed a grubby little package wrapped up in brown paper lying on the floor. Hagrid picked it up and tucked it deep inside his coat. Harry longed to know what it was, but knew better than to ask.

'Come on, back in this infernal cart, and don't talk to me on the way back, it's best if I keep me mouth shut,' said Hagrid.

\* \* \*

One wild cart-ride later they stood blinking in the sunlight outside Gringotts. Harry didn't know where to run first now that he had a bag full of money. He didn't have to know how many Galleons there were to a pound to know that he was holding more money than he'd had in his whole life – more money than even Dudley had ever had.

'Might as well get yer uniform,' said Hagrid, nodding towards *Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions*. 'Listen, Harry, would yeh mind if I slipped off fer a pick-me-up in the Leaky Cauldron? I hate them Gringotts carts.' He did still look a bit sick, so Harry entered Madam Malkin's shop alone, feeling nervous.

Madam Malkin was a squat, smiling witch dressed all in mauve.

'Hogwarts, dear?' she said, when Harry started to speak. 'Got the lot here – another young man being fitted up just now, in fact.'

In the back of the shop, a boy with a pale, pointed face was standing on a footstool while a second witch pinned up his long black robes. Madam Malkin stood Harry on a stool next to him, slipped a long robe over his head and began to pin it to the right length.

'Hullo,' said the boy, 'Hogwarts too?'

'Yes,' said Harry.

'My father's next door buying my books and Mother's up the street looking at wands.'















## HARRY POTTER AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

Harry and Ron tried to look as though this story wasn't new to them.

'Well – in that case ...' said Professor McGonagall, staring at the three of them. 'Miss Granger, you foolish girl, how could you think of tackling a mountain troll on your own?'

Hermione hung her head. Harry was speechless. Hermione was the last person to do anything against the rules, and here she was, pretending she had, to get them out of trouble. It was as if Snape had started handing out sweets.

'Miss Granger, five points will be taken from Gryffindor for this,' said Professor McGonagall. 'I'm very disappointed in you. If you're not hurt at all, you'd better get off to Gryffindor Tower. Students are finishing the feast in their houses.'

Hermione left.

Professor McGonagall turned to Harry and Ron.

'Well, I still say you were lucky, but not many first-years could have taken on a full-grown mountain troll. You each win Gryffindor five points. Professor Dumbledore will be informed of this. You may go.'

They hurried out of the chamber and didn't speak at all until they had climbed two

floors up. It was a relief to be away from the smell of the troll, quite apart from anything else.

'We should have got more than ten points,' Ron grumbled.

'Five, you mean, once she's taken off Hermione's.'

'Good of her to get us out of trouble like that,' Ron admitted. 'Mind you, we *did* save her.'

'She might not have needed saving if we hadn't locked the thing in with her,' Harry reminded him.

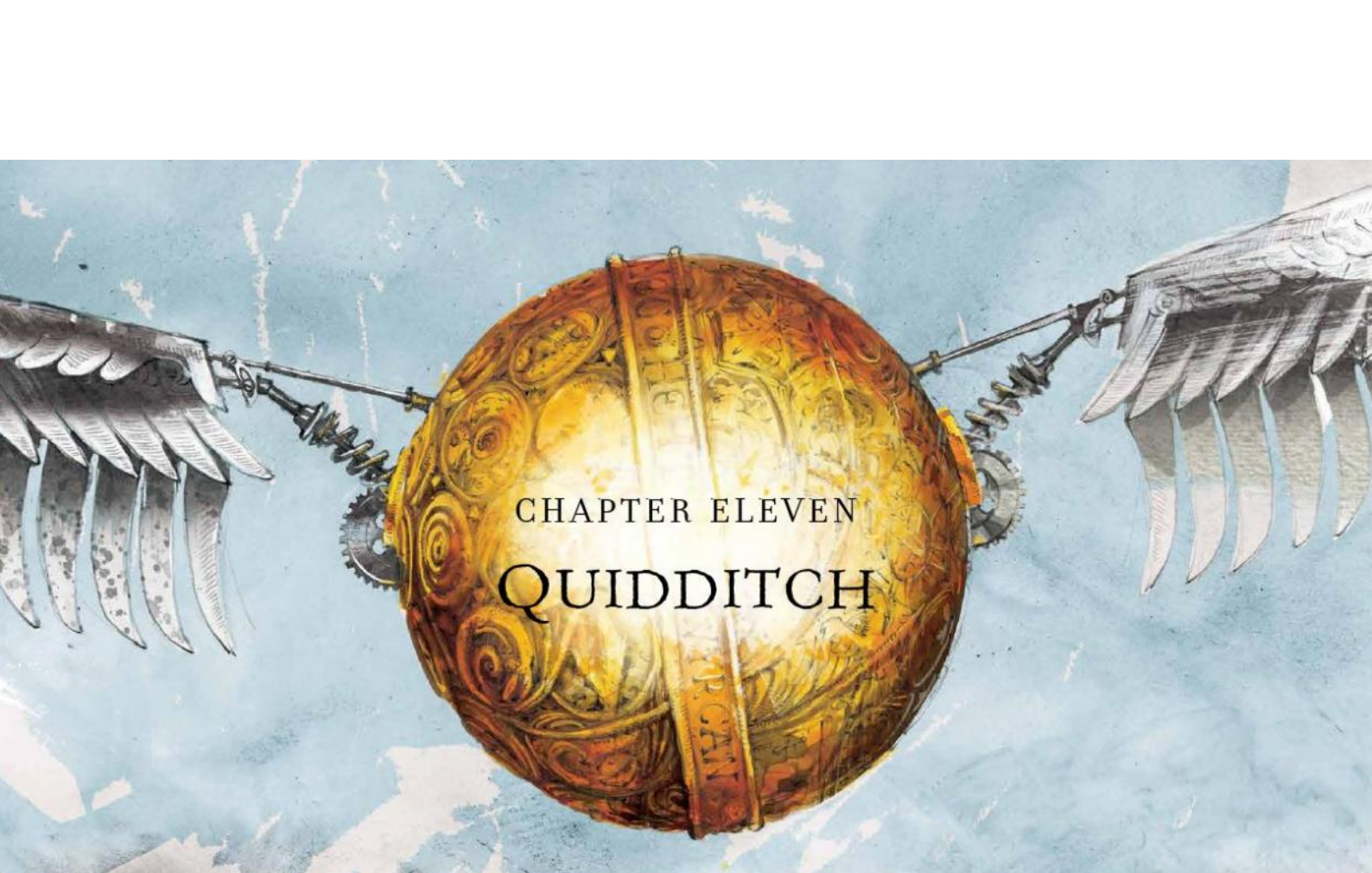
They had reached the portrait of the Fat Lady.

'Pig snout,' they said and entered.

The common room was packed and noisy. Everyone was eating the food that had been sent up. Hermione, however, stood alone by the door, waiting for them. There was a very embarrassed pause. Then, none of them looking at each other, they all said 'Thanks', and hurried off to get plates.

But from that moment on, Hermione Granger became their friend. There are some things you can't share without ending up liking each other, and knocking out a twelve-foot mountain troll is one of them.





## CHAPTER ELEVEN

# QUIDDITCH

As they entered November, the weather turned very cold. The mountains around the school became icy grey and the lake like chilled steel. Every morning the ground was covered in frost. Hagrid could be seen from the upstairs windows, defrosting broomsticks on the Quidditch pitch, bundled up in a long moleskin overcoat, rabbit-fur gloves and enormous beaverskin boots.

The Quidditch season had begun. On Saturday, Harry would be playing in his first match after weeks of training: Gryffindor versus Slytherin. If Gryffindor won, they would move up into second place in the House Championship.

Hardly anyone had seen Harry play because Wood had decided that, as their

secret weapon, Harry should be kept, well, secret. But the news that he was playing Seeker had leaked out somehow, and Harry didn't know which was worse — people telling him he'd be brilliant or people telling him they'd be running around underneath him, holding a mattress.

It was really lucky that Harry now had Hermione as a friend. He didn't know how he'd have got through all his homework without her, what with all the last-minute Quidditch practice Wood was making them do. She had also lent him *Quidditch Through the Ages*, which turned out to be a very interesting read.

Harry learnt that there were seven hundred ways of committing a Quidditch foul and that all of them had happened







## QUIDDITCH

during a World Cup match in 1473; that Seekers were usually the smallest and fastest players and that most serious Quidditch accidents seemed to happen to them; that although people rarely died playing Quidditch, referees had been known to vanish and turn up months later in the Sahara Desert.

Hermione had become a bit more relaxed about breaking rules since Harry and Ron had saved her from the mountain troll and she was much nicer for it. The day before Harry's first Quidditch match the three of them were out in the freezing courtyard during break, and she had conjured them up a bright blue fire which could be carried around in a jam jar. They were standing with their backs to it, getting warm, when Snape crossed the yard. Harry noticed at once that Snape was limping. Harry, Ron and Hermione moved closer together to block the fire from view; they were sure it wouldn't be allowed. Unfortunately, something about their guilty faces caught Snape's eye. He limped over. He hadn't seen the fire, but he seemed to be looking for a reason to tell them off anyway.

'What's that you've got there, Potter?'

It was *Quidditch Through the Ages*. Harry showed him.

'Library books are not to be taken outside the school,' said Snape. 'Give it to me. Five points from Gryffindor.'

'He's just made that rule up,' Harry muttered angrily as Snape limped away. 'Wonder what's wrong with his leg?'

'Dunno, but I hope it's really hurting him,' said Ron bitterly.

The Gryffindor common room was very noisy that evening. Harry, Ron and Hermione sat together next to a window. Hermione was checking Harry and Ron's Charms homework for them. She would never let them copy ('How will you learn?'), but by asking her to read it through, they got the right answers anyway.

Harry felt restless. He wanted *Quidditch Through the Ages* back, to take his mind off his nerves about tomorrow. Why should he be afraid of Snape? Getting up, he told Ron and Hermione he was going to ask Snape if he could have it.

'Rather you than me,' they said together, but Harry had an idea that Snape wouldn't refuse if there were other teachers listening.

He made his way down to the staff room and knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again. Nothing.

Perhaps Snape had left the book in there? It was worth a try. He pushed the door ajar and peered inside – and a horrible scene met his eyes.

Snape and Filch were inside, alone. Snape was holding his robes above his knees. One of his legs was bloody and mangled. Filch was handing Snape bandages.