

- Texte : **ΑΡΕΙΟΣ ΠΟΤΗΡ και η φιλοσόφου λίθος** –

J. K. Rowling (1997) - Traduction Andrew Wilson (2004)

- CHAPTER ONE -

*The boy who lived*

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.

The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbors would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

— BIBΛΟΣ Α —

ΠΕΡΙ ΤΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΟΣ ΤΟΥ

ΕΠΙΒΙΟΝΤΟΣ

Δούρσλειος και ἡ γυνὴ ἐνώκουν τῇ τετάρτῃ οἰκίᾳ τῇ τῆς τῶν μυρσίνων ὁδοῦ· ἐσεμνύοντο δὲ περὶ ἑαυτοὺς ὡς οὐδὲν διαφέρουσι τῶν ἄλλων ἀνθρώπων, τούτου δ' ἔνεκα χάριν πολλὴν ἤδεσαν. διόπερ νομίζοις ἂν αὐτοὺς ἐν πρώτοις εἶναι τῶν μὴ μετεχόντων τοῦ θαυμασίου, ὡς περὶ οὐδενὸς τὰ τοιαῦτα ποιουμένους καὶ ἀλαζονείαν καλοῦντας.

ὁ δὲ Δούρσλειος κύριος ἦν ἐργαστηρίου τινὸς Γρούνιγγος καλουμένου οὐπερ τρύπανα καὶ τέρετρα παντοδαπὰ ποιεῖται. καὶ μέγας τ' ἦν τὸ εἶδος καὶ μάλιστα ὀγκώδης· τὸν μὲν γὰρ αὐχένα οὐκ ἦν ῥάδιον ἰδεῖν πάχιστον ὄντα, μύστακα δ' ἂν ἴδοις αὐτῷ δασὺν ὡς σφόδρα. ἡ δὲ γυνὴ οὐδαμῶς παχέια οὔσα λευκόθριξ τ' ἦν καὶ δολιχαύχην· διπλοῦν γὰρ εἶχεν αὐχένα ἢ κατὰ φύσιν καὶ μάλα χρήσιμον ἐπὶ τὸ ῥᾶον ἐπιτηρεῖν γεράνου δίκην τοὺς γείτονας σκοποῦσα ὑπὲρ τὸ τειχίον. καὶ υἱὸν εἶχον οἱ Δούρσλειοι ἔτι παιδίον ὄντα ὀνόματι Δούδλιον· τὸν δ' ἠγούντο τὸ κάλλιστον εἶναι τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις.

καὶ πάνθ' ὅσων ποτ' ἐπεθύμουν, τοσαύτ' ἤδη κατεῖχον· ἐφύλαττον δὲ καὶ ἀπόρητον τι. καὶ μάλιστ' ἐφοβούντο μὴ τις καταλάβῃ αὐτό, τὸν βίον ἀβίωτον νομίζοντες ἔσεσθαι ἕάν τις περὶ τῶν Ποτήρων πύθῃται. ἡ γὰρ ἀδελφὴ ἡ τῆς Δουρσλείας ἦν γυνὴ τοῦ Ποτήρος· οὐ μὴν οὐδὲ συνεγένοντο ἀλλήλοις πολλὰ ἔτη. ἐκείνη δ' οὐκ εἰρωνευομένη οὐκ ἔφη ἔχειν ἀδελφὴν οὐδεμίαν. παντάπασι γὰρ ἐκ διαμέτρου εἶναι τὰ τῆς ἑαυτῶν διαίτης καὶ τὰ τῶν συγγενῶν, τῆς τε ἀδελφῆς καὶ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐκείνου κακοήθους ὄντος. καὶ γὰρ μάλ' ὠρρώδουν λαιδορίαν τε καὶ κακολογίαν ὀφλεῖν ἐκ τῶν πλησίον, ἀφικομένων ποτ' ἐκείνων δεῦρο. καὶ ἤδεσαν μὲν παιδίσκον γεγεννημένον καὶ τοῖς Ποτήρσιν, ἐωράκεσαν δ' οὐδέποτε. διὰ δὲ τοῦτο πρόθυμοι ἦσαν ἀπειρῆσαι τοὺς Ποτήρας ἀπὸ τοῦ δήμου, ἄλλως τε καὶ ἐλπίζοντες Δουδλίον τὸν υἱὸν μὴ ὀμιλήσειν τῷ τοιούτῳ παιδί.

When Mr. and Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, gray Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work, and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair.

None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.

At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good-bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls. "Little tyke," chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar -- a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr. Dursley didn't realize what he had seen -- then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. It was now reading the sign that said Privet Drive -- no, looking at the sign; cats couldn't read maps or signs. Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove toward town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

ἐγειρομένων δέ ποτε τῶν Δουρσλείων ἀφ' ὕπνου ἐκείνη τῇ ἡμέρᾳ ὡς ἔτυχεν ἐξ ἧς ἡμεῖς τάδε μυθολογοῦντες ἠρξάμεν, νέφος καὶ ὀμίχλη κατὰ τὸ εἰωθὸς ἐκάλυπτον πάντα τὰ ἔξωθεν· τίς δὲ συνίει τὰ μέλλοντα ὡς πανταχοῦ δεινά τε καὶ παράλογα γενήσεται; ὁ μὲν γὰρ Δούρσλειος μινυρίζων τι ἠρεῖτο τῶν λαιμοδέτων τὸν ἀτερπέστατον ἄτε ἰὼν πρὸς τὸ ἐργαστήριον· ἡ δὲ γυνὴ λαλοῦσα πολλῆς μετ' εὐθυμίας τὸ παιδίον ἀνεβίβαζεν εἰς τὸ βᾶθρον κραυγὴν ἔτι προιέμενον.

ἀτὰρ δὴ τὴν γλαῦκα τὴν μεγάλην καὶ ξανθὴν τὴν παρὰ τὰς θυρίδας πετομένην οὐδέτερος εἶδεν.

ὁ δὲ Δούρσλειος ὄρθριος τὸ σακίον λαβὼν τὴν μὲν τῆς γυναικὸς παρεῖαν ἐφίλησε, τῆς δὲ τοῦ παιδὸς ἤμαρτε, τότε δὴ δι' ὀργῆς ἀποβάλλοντος τὰ ἄλφιστα ἐπὶ τὸ τειχίον. ὑπογελάσας δὲ Ἀκόλαστον, ἔφη, εἰ χρῆμα παιδαρίου, ἔπειτα δ' οἴκοθεν ἐξελθὼν ἤλαυνε τὸ αὐτοκίνητον ὄχημα ἐπὶ τὴν ἀγοράν.

πρὸς δ' ἁμαξιτὸν ὁδοιπορῶν, τὸ πρῶτον θαῦμα εἶδεν, αἴλουρον πινάκιόν τι γεωγραφικὸν ἀναγιγνώσκοντα. καὶ πρῶτον μὲν ἔλαθεν ἑαυτὸν τοιοῦτ' ἰδῶν· ἔπειτα δὲ τὸν τράχηλον εἰς τοῦπίσω περιστρέψας, αὐθις προσέβλεψεν. αἴλουρον μὲν δὴ παρδαλωτὸν παρὰ τὴν ἁμαξιτὸν ἐστηκότα, πίνακα δ' οὐκ εἶδεν. καὶ πρὸς ἑαυτὸν ἐννοῶν Ἄρ' οὐκ ἐφαντάσθη πάντα, ἔφη, ἐψευσμένος τι τῷ δοκοῦντι; σκαρδαμύττων οὖν πρὸς αὐτὸν ἔβλεψε μάλ' αὐθις· ὁ δ' ἐναντίον προσέβλεπε. ἀπελαύνων δ' οὖν πρὸς τὸν αἴλουρον οὐκ ἐπαύσατο βλέπων ἐν τῷ κατόπτρῳ. τὸν δ' ἀναγιγνώσκοντα κατεῖδε τὸ τῆς ὁδοῦ ὄνομα τὸ ἐν σημείῳ ἐπιγεγραμμένον· οὐ μὰ Δί' ἀλλὰ βλέποντα δὴ πρὸς τὸ σημεῖον, ὡς τῶν αἰλούρων ἀναγιγνώσκει μὴ ἐπισταμένων μήτε πίνακα γεωγραφικὸν μήτε σημεῖον. ὀχούμενος οὖν ἐπὶ τὴν ἀγοράν τοῦ μὲν αἰλούρου ἐπελάθετο, περὶ δὲ τὰ τρύπανα ἐφρόντιζεν ὧν πολλῶν καὶ καλῶν αὐθήμερον λήξεσθαι ἔμελλεν.

But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks. Mr. Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes -- the getups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Mr. Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! The nerve of him! But then it struck Mr. Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt -- these people were obviously collecting for something... yes, that would be it. The traffic moved on and a few minutes later, Mr. Dursley arrived in the Grunnings parking lot, his mind back on drills.

Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. He didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Mr. Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy himself a bun from the bakery.

ἐκεῖσε δὲ πλησιάζων καὶ τῶν τρυπάνων ἐπιλήσμων ἐγένετο, δέον προσέχειν τὸν νοῦν εἰς ἄλλο τι νέον. οὐ γὰρ ἐξὸν αὐτῷ προχωρεῖν εἰ μὴ βραδέως, ὃ καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν ἐγένετο τοῖς πρὸς ἀγορὰν ἐν αὐτοκινήτῳ ὄχουμένοις, οὐκ ἔλαθον αὐτὸν ἐν ὁδῷ ὁμιλοῦντες πολλοὶ ἄνθρωποι ἐσθῆτα ἐνδεδυμένοι ἄτοπον.

τρίβωνα γὰρ πᾶς τις μέγαν περιεβέβλητο· ἐμίσει δ' ἐκεῖνος τοὺς ἄλλους τ' τὰ τοιαῦτα περιβαλλομένους ὡς γελοίους ἑαυτοὺς παρέχοντας καὶ τοὺς νέους τοὺς ἐσθῆτα ἄμουσον αἰεὶ προαιρουμένουσ. ἐκεῖνοσ δ' οὖν ἐνόμισε καινίζειν που περὶ τῶν ἱματίων. οὕτω δ' ἀμνηχανοῦντι ἅτε ὄχουμένῳ ἔτι ἐν τῷ αὐτοκινήτῳ ἐξῆν ἰδεῖν

θίασόν τινα αὐτῶν πλησίον ἐστηκότων καὶ πρὸς τὸ οὐδὲ ψιθυρίζοντων ἀλλήλοισ πολλῇ σπουδῇ. αἰσθόμενος δ' ἄρα δυοῖν οὐκέτι νέων ὄντων μᾶλλον ἠγανάκτει, καὶ ἰδὼν τὸν ἕτερον γεραιότερον μὲν ὄντα ἑαυτοῦ, πράσινον δὲ τρίβωνα ἠμφιεσμένον ὑπὲρ τούτου μάλιστ' ὠργίσθη. Φεῦ τῆσ ἀναιδείασ, ἔφη· ἀλλὰ δῆλον ὅτι εἰς ἐπίδειξίν τινα γελοῖαν δὴ ὡσ ᾤετο ἐληλύθεσαν φιλόανθρωποι ἵνα ἐλεημοσύνης ἔνεκα ἀργύριον ἀγείρωσι. Καὶ τοιαῦτα μὲν δὴ ταῦτα, ἔφη. τῶν δ' οὖν ὀχημάτων προσαγόντων, δι' ὀλίγου ἀφίκετο εἰς τὴν Γρουνίγγα, ὅλοσ περὶ τὰ τρύπανα πάλιν ἔχων.

καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδε δίαίτα ἦν αὐτῷ ἐπὶ τῷ ἐνάτῳ ὁρόφῳ· ἐκεῖ δ' ἐκάθητο ὁσημέραι καὶ τό γε νῶτον αἰεὶ ἔστρεφε πρὸς τὴν φωταγωγόν. εἰ γὰρ μὴ ταῦτ' ἐποίει, τοῖσ τρυπάνοισ ἴσως ἂν χαλεπώτερον ἦν προσέχειν τὸν νοῦν. τὰσ οὖν γλαῦκασ τὰσ πρὸσ αὐγὴν ἡλίου αἰεὶ περιπετομένασ αὐτὸσ μὲν οὐκ εἶδεν, εἶδον δὲ οἱ ἐν ὁδῷ, κεχηνότεσ καὶ δακτυλοδεικτοῦντεσ. τὸ γὰρ πλήθοσ πρότερον οὐκ ἔτυχεν οὐδὲ νύκτωρ ἑωρακόσ γλαῦκ' οὐδεμίαν. ἐκεῖνοσ δ' ὡσ ἔθοσ ἀγλαυκόπληκτοσ διέτριψε καθ' ὅλην τὴν ἡμέραν. ἄλλοτε μὲν γὰρ τὸν δεῖνα ἠλεγξεν ὑβρίζων καὶ προπηλακίζων - τοῦτο γὰρ πεντάκις ἐγένετο - ἄλλοτε δὲ τῶν δυνατῶν τισὶ τηλεφωνῶν πόλλ' αὐθις ὑβρίζεν. καὶ διὰ μὲν τούτου εὐκόλωσ εἶχεν ὡσ σφόδρα· ὥρασ δὲ γενομένησ τῆσ τοῦ ἀρίστου, ἔδοξεν αὐτῷ ἐλθεῖν παρὰ τὴν ἀρτόπωλιν ὠνησομένῳ σησαμοῦντα.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy. This bunch were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

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

Mr. Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking... no, he was being stupid. Potter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Potter who had a son called Harry. Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry. He'd never even seen the boy. It might have been Harvey. Or Harold. There was no point in worrying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her -- if he'd had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in cloaks...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

τῶν γὰρ τρίβωνας φορούντων τελέως ἐπελάθετο πρὶν γε θίασον κατιδεῖν φοιτῶντα πρὸ τοῦ ἄρτοπωλίου. ἀτενίζων οὖν παρ' αὐτοὺς ἦλθε χόλου μεστός. οἱ δ' ἐτάραττον πως τὴν ἡσυχίαν αὐτοῦ, αἰτίαν δ' οὐκ ἠπίστατο. καὶ οὗτοι πρὸς οὓς ἀλλήλοις κοινολογούμενοι ἔτυχον, οὐδ' εἶχον καλπίδα οὐδεμίαν οὐ τις ἀργύριον πρὸς τὴν ἐλεημοσύνην ἐνθήσει. ἐπανιῶν δὲ παρὰ τοῦ ἄρτοπωλίου ἄμυλον μέγαν ἔχων καὶ γλυκύν, λαλούντων αὐτῶν ὀλίγον τι παρήκουσεν· ἄλλος γὰρ ἄλλῃ διαλεγόμενος Φάσκουσι τοὺς μὲν Ποτῆρας ... ἔφη ἢ Ναι, ὁ δ' υἱὸς αὐτῶν Ἄρειος ...

ταῦτα δ' ἀκούσας ὁ Δούρσλειος πάντως ἠπόρει, φόβῳ κατακεκλυσμένος ὥσπερ κύματι. πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο μέλλων προσεῖπεν αὐτούς, τέλος δ' ἡσυχίαν εἶχεν.

δρόμῳ δὲ δι' ὁδὸν ἀναχωρήσας, καὶ πάλιν εἰς τὴν δίαιταν ἀναβὰς καὶ τῷ γραμματεῖ πόλλ' ἤδη αἰτοῦντι λαιδορησάμενος, τῇ γυναικὶ τηλεφωνῶν ἤρξατο μὲν, ἐπαύσατο δ' εὐθύς. ἔπειτα δὲ μετανοήσας τοῦ μύστακος ἀπτόμενος πρὸς ἑαυτὸν ὠδε ἐλογίζετο ὥς ἐστιν ἠλίθιος· πολλοὺς μὲν γὰρ εἶναι ἀνθρώπους τὸ αὐτὸ ὄνομα κεκλημένους, πολλοῖς δ' αὖ υἱὸν δήπου γεγενῆσθαι Ἄρειον. εἴ γ' ἄρα τοῦτο

τοῦνομα αὐτῷ· οὐδαμῶς γὰρ αὐτὸ πιστὸν καὶ βέβαιον ἔχειν, ὥς γε οὐποθ' ἔωρακῶς τὸν παῖδα. Ἀρούϊον γὰρ ἴσως τοῦνομα αὐτοῦ ἢ Ἀρόλδιον. οὐκ οὐκ δεῖν ἀγγεῖλαι ταῦτα τῇ γυναικί, ἐκάστοτε συνταραχθείσῃ εἴ τι περὶ τῆς ἀδελφῆς ἤκουσέ ποτε. οὐ μὴν οὐδὲ μέμφεσθαι αὐτῇ. εἴ γὰρ τὴν τοιαύτην αὐτὸς ἀδελφὴν εἶχεν ... ἀλλὰ μὴν τί χρῆμα τὸ τῶν τρίβωνας φορούντων;

μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα χαλεπώτερον ἦν αὐτῷ τοῖς γε τρυπάνοις προσέχειν τὸν νοῦν· πρὸς δ' ἐσπέραν οἴκαδ' ἐπανιῶν οὕτως ἐταλαιπώρει ὥστε προσκρούσαι ἀνθρωπίσκον τινὰ γερόντα ἐντυχῶν πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν.

"Sorry," he grunted, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realized that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even Muggles like yourself should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off.

Mr. Dursley stood rooted to the spot. He had been hugged by a complete stranger. He also thought he had been called a Muggle, whatever that was. He was rattled. He hurried to his car and set off for home, hoping he was imagining things, which he had never hoped before, because he didn't approve of imagination.

As he pulled into the driveway of number four, the first thing he saw -- and it didn't improve his mood -- was the tabby cat he'd spotted that morning. It was now sitting on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same one; it had the same markings around its eyes.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Dursley loudly. The cat didn't move. It just gave him a stern look. Was this normal cat behavior? Mr. Dursley wondered. Trying to pull himself together, he let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention anything to his wife.

Mrs. Dursley had had a nice, normal day. She told him over dinner all about Mrs. Next Door's problems with her daughter and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Won't!"). Mr. Dursley tried to act normally. When Dudley had been put to bed, he went into the living room in time to catch the last report on the evening news:

"And finally, bird-watchers everywhere have reported that the nation's owls have been behaving very unusually today.

Λυπούμαι, ἔφη ἀπροθύμως. ὁ δ' ὑπεσκελισμένος μόνον οὐκ ἔπεσεν. τρίβωνα δ' ἐφόρει πορφυροῦν. ἀλλὰ καίπερ γνύξ ἐσφαλμένος, οὐδέν ἐσκυθρώπαζεν, ἀλλὰ σφόδρα γελάσας Μηδέν λυπῆ, ᾧ τᾶν, ἔφη τῇ φωνῇ οὕτως ὀξεία ὥστε τοὺς παριόντας κεχηρότας προσβλέψαι· τήμερον γὰρ οὐκ ἔστι μοι δυσκόλως ἔχειν. εὐφραίνη δῆτα· ἐκεῖνος γὰρ οὐ τοῦνομ' ἄρρητόν ἐστιν ἀποίχεται τέλος δῆ. καὶ σέ καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους καίπερ Μυγάλους ὄντας εὐφραίνεσθαι δεῖ ἀνὰ πᾶσαν τὴν ἡμέραν.

καὶ περιπλέξας αὐτὸν ταῖς χερσὶν ἀπέβη. ὁ δ' ἠπόρει ὥσπερ κηληθείς· περιπεπλέχθαι γὰρ αὐτὸς ἀνθρωπίσκω τινὶ ἀγεννεῖ καὶ ἀγνωστῷ, πρὸς δὲ τούτου καὶ Μύγαλος ὀνομασθῆναι οὐκ εἰδὼς τοῦτο ὃ τι εἶη. πολλῇ οὖν ταραχῇ πρὸς τὸ ὄχημα δραμῶν οἴκαδ' ἀνεχώρησε, ἐλπίζων καὶ τότε φαντάζεσθαι τὰ πάντα. τοιοῦτο δ' οὐπάποτ' ἠλπίζε διὰ τὸ καθ' ἕξιν ψέγειν τοὺς φανταζομένους.

οἴκαδε δ' ἀφικόμενος, εὐθὺς ἠγανάκτησεν ἰδὼν τὸν αἴλουρον ἐπὶ τῷ τείχει καθημένον τὸν αὐτὸν ὃν πρότερον, ὡς ἐφαίνετο, ταῦτα παρέχοντα τὰ ἀμφὶ τὸ ὄφθαλμῷ.

"Ἐρρε, ἔφη μεγάλη τῇ φωνῇ.

ὁ δ' οὐκ ἀπήλθεν, ἔμεινε δὲ νᾶπυ βλέπων. ἐκεῖνος δὲ φιλοσοφῶν διελογίζετο πρὸς ἑαυτὸν εἰ οἱ αἴλουροι φύσει οὕτω διάκεινται. φόβον δὲ διαλύσας, εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν εἰσῆλθε μέλλων οὐδέν τῶν τοιούτων εἰπεῖν τῇ γυναικί.

ἡ δὲ τὰ εἰωθότα δι' ἡμέραν ἔπραττε. δειπνοῦντι δὲ διεξῆει λέγουσα ὃ τι πέπονθεν ἢ γείτων πρὸς τῆς θυγατρὸς ἢ ὅπως ὁ παῖς Δούδλιος μεμάθηκε φάσκειν τὸ οὐκ ἔχγωγε. καὶ ἐκεῖνος τὰ εἰωθότα πράξειν ἔμελλε· τοῦ γὰρ παιδίου κατακλιθέντος, εἰς τὸν ἀνδρῶνα ἦλθεν περὶ τὰ τῆς ἡμέρας πεπραγμένα ἀκουσόμενος. ἤκουσε δὲ τάδε τοῦ ἀναγνώστου·

Καὶ τὸ τελευταῖον τόδε· ὀρνιθοσκόποι πανταχόθεν ἠγγέλκασιν ὅτι αἱ γλαῦκες κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἀπροσδόκητόν τι πεπόνθασιν. τῶν μὲν

Although owls normally hunt at night and are hardly ever seen in daylight, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since sunrise. Experts are unable to explain why the owls have suddenly changed their sleeping pattern." The newscaster allowed himself a grin. "Most mysterious. And now, over to Jim McGuffin with the weather. Going to be any more showers of owls tonight, Jim?"

"Well, Ted," said the weatherman, "I don't know about that, but it's not only the owls that have been acting oddly today. Viewers as far apart as Kent, Yorkshire, and Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I promised yesterday, they've had a downpour of shooting stars! Perhaps people have been celebrating Bonfire Night early -- it's not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight."

Mr. Dursley sat frozen in his armchair. Shooting stars all over Britain? Owls flying by daylight? Mysterious people in cloaks all over the place? And a whisper, a whisper about the Potters...

Mrs. Dursley came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. It was no good. He'd have to say something to her. He cleared his throat nervously. "Er -- Petunia, dear -- you haven't heard from your sister lately, have you?"

As he had expected, Mrs. Dursley looked shocked and angry. After all, they normally pretended she didn't have a sister.

"No," she said sharply. "Why?"

"Funny stuff on the news," Mr. Dursley mumbled. "Owls... shootingstars... and there were a lot of funny-looking people in town today..."

"So?" snapped Mrs. Dursley.

γὰρ γλαυκῶν τῇ γε φύσει νύκτωρ φοιτωσῶν, ἢ τις ἢ οὐδεὶς μεθ' ἡμέραν γλαῦχ' ἐώρακε· τήμερον δ' ἐξ ἔω μυρίαί πανταχόσε πετόμεναι εἰς ὄψιν ἤκουσιν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι τοῖς τὰ τῶν ὀρνίθων εἰδόσιν ἐρμηνεύσαι διὰ τί τὸ ἔθος μετέβαλον, οὐκέτι κοιμώμεναι τῆς ἡμέρας. καὶ ὑπογελάσας τι ὁ ἀναγνώστης Φεῦ τῆς ἀτοπίας, ἔφη τελευτῶν, τοῦ μετεωρολογικοῦ ἤδη παρόντος. Τί δὲ δῆ; πόσαι ψιάδες, ἔφη, ὦ θεσπέσιε, γλαυκόφοροι ὀψιαίτερον γενήσονται;

Εἶέν, ἔφη, ὦγαθε. περὶ μὲν οὖν ταῦτ' ἐγῶδ' οὐδέν. ἀλλ' οὐ μόνον αἱ γλαῦκες παράδοξόν τι πεπόνθασι, ἀλλ' ἔνιοι ἐτηλεφώνουν τῶν ἐν Καντία ἐν Γιόρκω Δουνδήσι τηλεορώντων, λέγοντες ὅτι ὄμβρον μὲν τὸν προειρημένον οὐκ ἔπαθον, πλήθος δὲ δὴ ἀστέρων θυέλλη εἶκελον. ἀλλ' ἴσως τὴν ἑορτὴν πρῶτ' ἄγουσί τινες τὴν τοῦ Πυριφάτου. ὑμᾶς δὲ δι' ὀλίγου, ὦ ἄνδρες, περιμένειν χρὴ τὸν γε καιρόν. ὅμως δ' οὖν προλέγω τὸδ', ὡς ὑσθήσεσθε πάντες τῆσδε τῆς νυκτός.

ὁ δὲ Δούρσλειος ἐν θρόνῳ ὥσπερ ἐμβεβροντημένος ἐκάθητο καὶ τοιάδε πρὸς ἑαυτὸν ἔλεγεν. Ἡ ἄπτουσι ἀστέρες πανταχοῦ τῆς γῆς; ἢ γλαῦκες μεθ' ἡμέραν πέτονται; ἢ μάγοι τινὲς πανταχοῦ τρίβωνας φοροῦσιν; ἢ τῶ ὄντι καὶ ἤκουσα λόγον τινὰ περὶ τῶν Ποτήρων;

τῆς δὲ γυναικὸς εἰσελεύσεως ποτὸν φερούσης, οὐκέτι σιωπᾶν οἶός τ' ἦν.

φόβῳ δ' ἐπτοημένος Μῶν σύ, ὦ γυνή, ἔφη, ὦ Πετοννία, μῶν σύ, ὦ φιλτάτη, ἄρτι ἀκήκοάς τι τῆς ἀδελφῆς σου;

ἢ δ' εὐθύς ἐταράχθη καὶ δι' ὀργῆς εἶχεν αὐτόν, ἀπροσδόκητον δ' οὐκ ἂν ὠήθησεν τοῦθ', ὡς πολλάκις οὐ φασκούσης εἶναι αὐτῇ ἀδελφῆν.

καὶ τότε οὐκ ἔφη ἀκούσαι, διὰ τί τοῦτ' ἤρετο ἐθέλουσα μαθεῖν.

Πολλὰ γὰρ καὶ ἄτοπα ἐγένετο, ἔφη, οἷα γλαυκές τε καὶ ἀστέρες, καὶ ἄνθρωποι ξένοι ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ ...

ἢ δ' ὑπολαβοῦσα Τί δέ; ἔφη.