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Disney

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超能陆战队

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CHAPTER 1

Not quite a big city, and not quite a small town, San Fransokyo had always been a mysterious mix of old and new. On foggy^① nights, the bright skyscraper^② lights and the neon^③ of the modern city softened, giving the old Victorian pagodas^④ and forgotten alleyways of the past an inviting glow.

One such night, a young teenage boy named Hiro Hamada was making his way down an old brick alley. He was looking for a place where grown men came to fight.

The boy felt a little nervous when he finally approached a rowdy^⑤ crowd. Men were jammed around a fighting ring, chanting^⑥, “Ya-ma! Ya-ma!”

① foggy *adj.* 有雾的 ② skyscraper *n.* 摩天大楼 ③ neon *n.* 霓虹灯
④ pagoda *n.* (佛)塔 ⑤ rowdy *adj.* 吵闹的 ⑥ chant *v.* 反复地说

Mr. Yama, a large, sumo^①-sized man, strutted^② into the ring and held up his huge hands in victory. It had been a fight “to the death,” and Mr. Yama’s tricked-out eighteen-inch robot—which had claws for one hand and a spinning saw wheel for the other—had just decapitated^③ the competition. The remains of the defeated robot were unceremoniously tossed onto a pile of other dismembered^④ opponents.

“Who’s next?” Mr. Yama snarled, scanning the crowd. The spectators exchanged money and prepared to place their bets. “Who has the guts to step into the ring with Little Yama?” The crowd stared at the big man’s fierce robot and shrank^⑤ away. Some even hid their bots behind their backs.

Then a voice said, “Can I try?” The crowd parted and everyone stared at Hiro.

Yama’s eyes narrowed. “What’s your

① sumo *n.* 相扑 ② strut *v.* 趾高气扬地走 ③ decapitate *v.* 斩首

④ dismembered *adj.* 被肢解的 ⑤ shrink *v.* 畏缩

name, little boy?”

“It’s Hiro. Hiro Hamada.”

The four-hundred pound man folded his thick arms over his chest. “Go home, Zero. Bot-fighting^① isn’t for little boys with toy robots. You have to pay to play.”

“Is this enough?” Hiro asked, holding up a wad^② of bills. Yama smiled and placed Little Yama back in the ring.

Hiro held up a small, unimpressive twelve-inch robot. He tried to seem confident. He’d learned a long time ago that when you bot-fought in this part of town, you never let them see your fear.

Hiro put Megabot down into the ring. Immediately, the tiny robot toppled^③ over. Yama couldn’t hide his smirk^④ as he sat on his mat. Hiro also sat down, his mat across the ring from Yama’s. The bettors^⑤ went crazy. Piles of cash grew higher and higher.

① bot-fight *v.* (= robot-fight) 机器人格斗 ② wad *n.* 一团

③ topple *v.* 推翻 ④ smirk *n.* 得意的笑 ⑤ bettor *n.* 打赌的人

The referee stepped up and lowered an open umbrella between the two. “Two bots enter! One bot leaves!” she shouted. “Fighters ready? Fight!”

Little Yama quickly advanced on Megabot, towering over^① him. In seconds, he had sliced through Hiro’s bot! The crowd cheered.

But without warning, Hiro’s seemingly broken bot reassembled. “Megabot, destroy!” Hiro ordered.

Hiro’s bot counterattacked^② with such deadly force, the fight was over in seconds. Little Yama was torn to pieces. Bits of him sparked and jumped all over the ring.

With the click of Hiro’s remote control, Megabot gave a cute yet awkward bow. The whole audience was silent.

Mr. Yama was stunned^③. “But ... wha—? How? This is not possible!”

Hiro smiled. “No one likes a sore loser,

① tower over 比……高出许多 ② counterattack v. 反击

③ stunned *adj.* 惊呆了

big guy. But everyone loves a winner!” He held up his bot, and the crowd chanted, “Hi-ro! Hi-ro! Hi-ro!”

“No!” Mr. Yama yelled, and the crowd became silent. “No one can beat Little Yama. You cheated, and I want to know how! Give me that bot.” Several of Mr. Yama’s large associates^① suddenly moved toward Hiro.

“I can see you’re upset. Here’s what I’m gonna do: I’ll teach you everything I know about high-torque^② micromotors,” Hiro said as the huge men backed him into a corner. “I charge an hourly rate—it’s pricey, but worth it. Before you know it, you’ll be making robots that aren’t totally junky^③. First class is free!” Hiro was really starting to sweat when a scooter^④ came out of nowhere and tore down the alley. It skidded to a stop, knocking Mr. Yama and his goons^⑤ to the ground.

“Get on!” the rider yelled to Hiro.

① associate *n.* 伙伴 ② high-torque *adj.* 高扭矩的 ③ junky *adj.* 质量低劣的
④ scooter *n.* 小型摩托车 ⑤ goon *n.* 受雇暴徒

CHAPTER 2

Tadashi Hamada reached back and shoved^① a helmet on his little brother Hiro's head. He gunned the scooter's engine and took off through the crowd.

It was hard for Tadashi to be patient with his little brother sometimes. He turned and smacked^② the top of Hiro's helmet. "You graduated high school when you were thirteen, and this is what you're doing? You're wasting that big brain of yours!"

It was well known that both the Hamada brothers were tech prodigies^③, but Hiro—he was something special. He was a bona fide^④ genius. Not that he did much with his brain other than build fighting bots.

① shove *v.* 乱塞 ② smack *v.* 用掌击 ③ prodigy *n.* 奇才

④ bona fide 真正的

“I’m on a roll^①, big brother,” Hiro replied, grinning. “There’s no stopping me now.”

Just then, a police car with its red lights flashing pulled up and blocked the end of the alley.

“Oh, no,” Tadashi groaned^②, realizing they’d been caught up in a gambling raid^③. It wasn’t long before he and Hiro were headed to jail, along with Yama and everyone else the cops were able to catch.

A short time later, Tadashi sat in his cell, staring across the hall at Hiro. Because of Hiro’s age, he was given his own cell, while Tadashi was locked up with Yama and his goons. Hiro could see that Tadashi was furious^④.

Finally, a police officer yelled, “Tadashi and Hiro Hamada!” The boys stepped out of their cells and glanced sheepishly at their aunt Cass. She’d come to pick them up, and

① on a roll 连交好运 ② groan v. 叹息 ③ raid n. 突击检查

④ furious adj. 狂怒的

she looked worried.

“Uh, hi, Aunt Cass,” Tadashi said.

She rushed to embrace them both. “Are you guys okay? Tell me you’re okay!”

“We’re okay,” Hiro said, ducking^① his head. She twisted both their ears. “Then what were you two knuckleheads^② thinking?”

It was a long ride home. Aunt Cass started in on them as soon as she got behind the wheel. “For ten years, I’ve done the best I could to raise you. Have I been perfect? No.”

Hiro and Tadashi nodded. They had expected her to lecture^③ them, and they knew they deserved it. They hated making her upset.

“Is it like the blind raising the blind? Yes,” she continued as she parked her pickup^④ in front of the café she owned, the Lucky Cat. It was on the first floor of an old Victorian, and they all lived together in the apartment

① duck v. 躲避 ② knucklehead n. 傻瓜 ③ lecture v. 训斥

④ pickup n. 小卡车

upstairs.

“We’re sorry,” Tadashi said as they got out of the truck.

Hiro knew he had to say something, too. “We love you, Aunt Cass.”

Hiro and Tadashi cringed^① at the closed sign hanging in the window. They knew she’d had to close up to get them out of jail.

“Well, I love you, too!” she grumbled^② as they entered the café. She grabbed a giant pastry^③ from the counter and took a bite. “Stress eating! Because of you,” she mumbled^④ with her mouth full. Then she walked upstairs to their apartment with her fat cat, Mochi, following her.

Hiro and Tadashi also went upstairs, to the bedroom they shared. Hiro gathered some tools that were scattered on his desk while Tadashi watched.

“I hope you’ve learned your lesson,”

① cringe *v.* 感到局促不安 ② grumble *v.* 抱怨 ③ pastry *n.* 糕饼

④ mumble *v.* 含糊地说

Tadashi finally said.

“Absolutely,” Hiro said.

“You’ve got your priorities^① straight?”

“I really do,” Hiro replied, making an adjustment to his robot, then heading for the door.

“Wait. Where are you going?” Tadashi asked. Hiro smiled. “There’s another bot fight across town. If I book it, I can still get there on time.” Tadashi threw up his hands in frustration.

“Seriously? Are you gonna keep hustling^② bot fights, or are you gonna do something with your life?”

Hiro fidgeted^③ for a second. “What, like go to college like you so people can tell me stuff I already know?”

Tadashi shook his head. “Unbelievable. What would Mom and Dad say?”

Hiro shrugged^④. “They wouldn’t say

① priority *n.* 事情的轻重缓急 ② hustle *v.* 强干, 硬干

③ fidget *v.* 坐立不安 ④ shrug *v.* 耸肩

anything. They're gone."

The answer hurt. But it made Tadashi realize he was the only person who could steer^① Hiro in the right direction. "Fine," he said. "I'll take you." "Really?" Hiro said, surprised.

"I can't stop you from going, but I'm not going to let you go on your own."

Tadashi rode off with his brother on the back of his scooter. But suddenly, he made a turn.

① steer v. 引导

CHAPTER 3

Hiro looked around as Tadashi drove through the gates of the San Fransokyo Institute of Technology, often called SFIT for short. “What are we doing at your nerd^① school?” Hiro asked. “Bot fight’s that way.”

“Pit^② stop,” Tadashi replied as he pulled up to a gleaming steel-and-glass building.

Hiro impatiently followed Tadashi into SFIT’s robotics lab. “Is this gonna take long? Megabot wants to fight!”

“Relax, you big baby. We’ll be in and out,” Tadashi said as he led Hiro into the enormous lab.

“Oh, great. I get to see your lab,” Hiro said sarcastically^③. Out of the corner of his

① *nerd* *n.* 呆子, 讨厌的人 ② *pit* *n.* 加油站, 修理站

③ *sarcastically* *adv.* 讽刺地

eye, Tadashi saw Hiro's attitude change. His lab was high-tech heaven. Tadashi smiled.

“Heads up!” said a girl with purple-streaked^① hair as she whizzed^② by on a bike. She stopped short and tossed^③ the bike onto a rack. Tadashi walked over to her and smiled.

Hiro couldn't help himself. He had to touch the bike. “Whoa ... electro-mag suspension^④,” he said. “Who are you?”

Hiro turned around to look at the girl. “Um, I'm ... Tadashi's brother.”

“Go Go, this is Hiro.”

Go Go Tomago chewed her gum and nodded. Hiro looked back at her bike. “Never seen electro-mag suspension on a bike before.”

Go Go spun^⑤ the bike's back wheel. In place of an axle^⑥, the wheel was suspended between two magnetic forks. The wheel seemed to float like magic between the

① streak *v.* 形成条纹 ② whizz *v.* 嗖嗖掠过 ③ toss *v.* 扔, 抛

④ suspension *n.* 悬浮 ⑤ spin *v.* 旋转 ⑥ axle *n.* 车轴

magnetic frames.

“Zero resistance^①,” Go Go told him. “Faster bike. But not fast enough.” Then she took the wheel off and threw it in the trash. “Yet.”

Hiro stared as she fired up^② a 3-D printer on the spot and began to create a new wheel. Then he heard a high-pitched hum coming from the other side of the lab. He saw a large, muscular^③ guy with dreadlocks^④ experimenting with lasers there. His work space was immaculately^⑤ organized. Hiro headed for the machine.

“Whoa. Do not move. Behind the line, please.”

Hiro stopped and looked down. He took one step back behind a white line that was taped on the floor.

“Hey, Wasabi,” Tadashi said to him. “This is my brother, Hiro.”

① resistance *n.* 阻力 ② fire up 启动 ③ muscular *adj.* 肌肉发达的

④ deadlock *n.* 长发绺 ⑤ immaculately *adv.* 一尘不染地