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[美] L. 罗恩 哈伯德 (L. Ron Hubbard) / 著

海盗侠

UNDER THE BLACK ENSIGN

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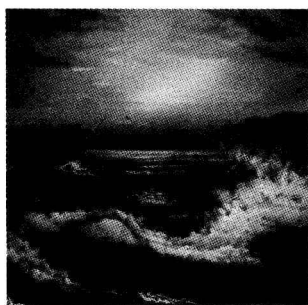
女间谍，侠肝义胆的海盗，勇敢无畏的
FBI 特工，阴险冷酷的杀手医生，调皮的天使，粗俗
的农夫，可爱的马戏团小丑……进入哈伯德精彩纷呈
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何文 / 注释

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PREFACE 前言

英语，作为一种语言，究其本质是一种交际工具。毋庸置疑，“听”在英语听说读写四项技能中，居于首要地位。“听”是语言学习者获得语言输入的重要途径，也为进一步发展其他语言技能奠定了基础。然而，对于绝大多数中国学生来说，听力仍然是学习外语的最大挑战。

美国语言学家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）1985年提出了在学界颇有影响的“输入假设（input hypothesis）”理论，认为语言习得是通过听和阅读来完成的，教学的主要精力要放在为学生提供最佳的语言输入上，从而促进语言习得。而理想的输入应该有四个特征：

可理解性——理解输入的语言是习得的必要条件；

趣味及相关性——输入的语言既要有趣又要与学习者相关；

非语法性——按语法程序安排教学是不必要的；

要有足够的输入——输入量要大于语言学习者当前的语言能力。

有鉴于此，中国对外翻译出版有限公司适时推出了“好莱坞英文原声广播剧”系列，旨在为英语学习者提供上佳的输入语料，帮助中国学生迅速提升听力和阅读水平。

本系列小说作品的作者是美国20世纪三四十年代最受欢迎的“大众小说”作家——罗恩·哈伯德。20世纪三四十年代，对于大批美国热心读者来说，是一个生机勃勃、影响深远的年代。在当时经济危机的背景下，文化产业异军突起，这些由情节和人物驱动的优秀小说，成为美国

民众竞相追捧的精神食粮。今天读来，它的内容、语言依然散发出经典的光芒，随手读上一段，便会被里面的故事牢牢吸引，不忍释卷。

由于这些小说情节性强，对白丰富，好莱坞资深配音团队特将其录制成广播剧，使其焕发出新的艺术魅力。剧中的配音惟妙惟肖，人物形象呼之欲出，环境音效更让读者犹如身临其境，边读边听之下，书本上的英文单词仿佛都活了起来，被读者誉为“好像一场在头脑中上演的电影”。

从英语学习的角度来说，广播剧是最理想的听力练习材料之一。它是一种通过人物对话和音乐、音响效果等艺术手段，创造听觉形象、展开剧情、刻画人物、陶冶听众的戏剧形式。这种艺术形式最早可追溯到19世纪80年代，到现在已有一百多年的历史。在今天的信息化时代，广播剧又焕发出了新的生命力，比如BBC每年都会录制几百部广播剧，同时在几个频道播出。由于广播剧是听觉艺术，排除了视觉干扰，对于英语学习者来说，就可以将注意力集中在声音上，沉浸在剧情中，无形之中强化了英文听力。

“好莱坞英文原声广播剧”系列涉及不同的小说类型，如幻想、探案、科幻、历险、谍战等，语言生动，人物众多，口音混杂，可作为准备托福、SAT、雅思、考研等各类英语考试的听力和/或阅读备考材料。

丛书在编排上，采用英文原文附生词注释的形式，旨在让读者集中注意力在英文上，同时扫清阅读障碍，让读者在欣赏精彩剧情的同时，领略声音表演的无穷魅力。

让好莱坞的音效大制作作为我们的英语听力助力，让小说的精妙语言为我们的英语阅读增彩。现在，就捧起一本书，听上一个好故事吧。

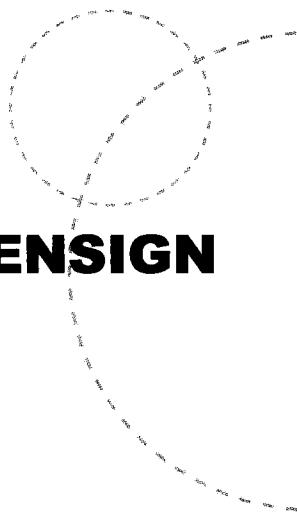
故事导读

故事讲述了主人公汤姆·布里斯通在海上冒险的神奇经历。在英国的船上工作真是一件苦差事：那些船员简直猪狗不如，食物只能果腹，每天筋疲力尽。一天，命运向汤姆·布里斯通伸出了橄榄枝，一群海盗占领了航船，汤姆毫不犹豫地成为了海盗中的一员。但是汤姆却频生事端，先是杀害海盗成员，随后又让一个名叫简·坎贝尔的小姐登船，终于遭到了海盗的遗弃。在荒岛上，汤姆只有少量的水、一支枪和可以让他自杀的子弹为伴。但是，不简单的汤姆正在酝酿着一个狡猾的计划，他要重返航船，一场惊心动魄的冒险正式拉开了序幕……

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UNDER THE BLACK ENSIGN



Aboard the Terror

THE marlinespike^① was inoffensive^② enough. In capable hands it might possibly have laid a man out^③. But Tom Bristol had shown few signs of wanting to lay anyone out, and if he had, it is certain that he would not have used a short piece of wood for the purpose. And yet that marlinespike was to be Tom Bristol's passport to piracy^④.

He was working in the crosstrees of the mizzentop^⑤, hanging on with his toes far above a restless deck, using the spike^⑥ to splice^⑦ a length of line which had parted in the storm just past.

From his vantage point he could see the swelling reaches^⑧ of the serene Caribbean, blue and deceptively^⑨ cool in the morning sunshine. Far to the west he could see a blue smudge^⑩—the mountains of St. Kitts. To the south he had seen the soft whiteness of a sail, but as he was not the lookout, he had paid it no further attention.

Besides, in these busy days of 1680, a man would soon grow hoarse crying every ship in sight. And the British man-o'-war was not interested in immediate combat^⑪. The HMS *Terror*—five hundred tons, seventy cannon—was concentrating on the task of taking the Lord High Governor of Nevis back to his island, where he would marry the long-expected

① marlinespike ['mɑ:lɪnspaɪk] *n.* 穿索针, 解索针

② inoffensive [ɪnə'fensɪv] *a.* 无害的, 不伤人的

③ lay sb out 打昏某人

④ piracy ['paɪrəsi] *n.* 海盗行为

⑤ mizzentop ['mɪznɪtp] *n.* 后桅上部

⑥ spike [spaɪk] *n.* 长钉

⑦ splice [splaɪs] *v.* 绞接

⑧ reach [ri:tʃ] *n.* (江河的) 一段流域

⑨ deceptively [dɪ'septɪvli] *ad.* 迷惑人地

⑩ smudge [smʌdʒ] *n.* 污点, 污迹

⑪ combat ['kɒmbæt] *n.* 格斗

① prominent ['prɒmɪnənt] *a.* 突出的; 显著的

② hempen ['hempen] *a.* 大麻制的; 大麻的

③ fanfare ['fænfə] *n.* 炫耀

④ extremity [ik'streməti] *n.* 端点; 尽头

⑤ paunch [pɔːntʃ] *n.* 肚子, 腹部

⑥ ill [ɪl] *ad.* 不完美地; 拙劣地

⑦ grip [ɡrɪp] *v.* 抓牢, 紧握

Lady Jane Campbell.

When Tom Bristol took in the horizons, a close observer might have noticed a certain hunted look flickering in his eyes—the look of a caged leopard angrily pacing behind bars. It was not **prominent**^①, that look, but it was there.

Tom Bristol's belt creaked against the spar and his hands were busy at their task. His bare back rippled as he moved his arms. He thrust the marlinespike between **hempen**^② strands, and then glanced down at the deck below.

Several men were standing beside the mizzenmast, and the sun played over their gold lace and polished steel in a blinding **fanfare**^③ of light. In their center was the Lord High Governor. All Bristol could see of this personage was a circle of black hat brim and the **extremity**^④ of his **paunch**^⑤.

Something about the way the Lord High Governor tried to brace himself expertly against the roll of the ship—an effort which was succeeding **ill**^⑥—excited Bristol's silent laughter.

The marlinespike, none too tightly held, slid out unobserved. Bristol caught sight of it as it flashed down, far out of reach.

Like a bomb it swooped toward the deck, straight for the Lord High Governor. Bristol **gripped**^⑦ the spar, suddenly sick with dread. It seemed that the spike fell forever, but still

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he could find no time to cry out. The clatter as it struck the white **planking**^① beside the Lord High Governor might as well have been a cannon shot.

The officers leaped back. With a shrill scream the Lord High Governor threw his hands across his face—a gesture far from necessary, now that the danger had passed.

Wrathful^② eyes glared up into the rigging. Bristol stared back, forgetting to breathe. He was not a timid man, far from it, but he knew his immediate fate just as well as if it had been already announced.

Lieutenant Ewell's roar was louder than a lion's. "Come out of that, you **lubber**^③! Get down here!"

Bristol gripped a stay and slid to the deck. He stood up and faced the officers. The Lord High Governor shook with rage.

"You blackguard! You **insolent**^④ **whelp**^⑤!" shouted the governor. "Trying to murder me? 'Od's wounds, what have you to say for yourself?"

"My **marline**^⑥—" Bristol began, his voice quite steady.

"Shut up!" cried the governor. "It's attempted murder, that's what it is! Attempted murder! You're in the pay of France to kill me. I see how it is now. I see how it is!"

Captain Mannville, his arrogant face **rimmed**^⑦

① planking ['plæŋkɪŋ] *n.* 板材, 地板

② wrathful ['ræθfʊl] *a.* 愤怒的, 激怒的

③ lubber ['lʌbə] *n.* 傻大个儿

④ insolent ['ɪnsələnt] *a.* 侮慢的, 无礼的

⑤ whelp [welp] *n.* 幼兽; 小狗

⑥ marline ['mɑ:lɪn] *n.* 双股细缆

⑦ rim [rɪm] *v.* 环绕

① grovel ['grʊvəl] v. 匍匐前进, 爬行

② lust [lʌst] n. 贪求; 渴望

③ bestiality [ˌbesti'æliiti] n. 兽性

④ annoyance [ə'noɪəns] n. 恼怒, 烦恼

⑤ stifle ['staɪfl] v. 克制, 遏制

⑥ flogging ['flɒɡɪŋ] n. 鞭打

⑦ mangy ['meɪndʒi] a. 肮脏的, 卑劣的

⑧ scum [skʌm] n. 人渣, 败类

by a silvery beard, stared holes into Bristol. "We've had trouble with you before, my man. You realize, of course, that your act will not pass without punishment."

Bristol glanced at the others. Their faces were fat and red with soft living, but for all that, the hardness there, those merciless eyes, had sent many a sailor **groveling**^① to the deck before them.

Not that this was a particularly cruel set of officers. Perhaps they were even more kindly than the average of the Royal Navy. But this was 1680, and the tide of **lust**^② for empire had swung high in the great nations of the world. Human life was nothing. Compassion was almost forgotten. Britain was setting herself to rule the seas, and Spain was setting the example for **bestiality**^③.

The Lord High Governor—late of the London courts, where he had been Sir Charles Stukely, gentleman-in-waiting to the King—planted his feet wide against the persistent **annoyance**^④ of a swinging deck and breathed hard, as though trying to **stifle**^⑤ ungentlemanly wrath.

"Flogging^⑥ takes it out of them," said Sir Charles. "If we let this insult pass, God knows the results upon the rest of this **mangy**^⑦ **scum**^⑧."

Captain Mannville nodded. "Ah, yes. Flogging. Bristol, stand to the mast and prepare yourself for a hundred lashes."

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Bristol's steadiness deserted him. He stepped back, found the rail, and supported himself with it. His face was a little gray through his dark tan. The brisk trade wind was in his light brown hair, **ruffling**^① it.

"A . . . a hundred lashes, sir? My God, it's death!" Through his mind ran the scenes of other floggings. Thus far he had escaped that ever handy cat-o'-nine, used in all navies to maintain discipline. No man had lived through a hundred lashes.

"A hundred lashes!" cried Sir Charles. "Perhaps that will teach the fool to respect the persons of his **bettors**^②. That murderously thrown **belaying**^③ pin might have **snuffed**^④ out my life!"

A marlinespike is hardly a belaying pin. Something in the remark gave Bristol strength. After all, he, Tom Bristol, was a sailor, and this Sir Charles was a **landlubber**^⑤. The contempt possessed by all sailors came to Bristol's aid.

Pushing himself away from the rail and standing up straight, he looked the Lord High Governor in the eye. "It happens, sirrah, that the marlinespike fell quite by accident. But had I known that it would fall, I am certain that I would have pitched it more accurately."

Sir Charles' face became dangerously purple again. He grew in size, his fat width puffed out, his voice broke through the bonds of his rage.

"You . . . you address me as 'sirrah'? You

① ruffle ['rʌfl] v. 弄皱, 弄乱

② better ['betə] n. 地位、名望等更高的人

③ belay [bi'lei] v. 把绳索拴在系绳栓上

④ snuff [snʌf] v. 熄灭

⑤ landlubber ['lənd,lʌbə] n. (水手用语) 旱鸭子 (指新手, 不习惯航海的人)

① intimate ['ɪntɪmeɪt] v. 暗示

② insolence ['ɪnsələns] n. 傲慢; 无礼

③ reckless ['rekliʃ] a. 满不在乎的

④ vibrant ['vaɪbrənt] a. 颤动的

⑤ quiver ['kwɪvə] v. 微颤, 抖动

⑥ tavern ['tævən] n. 小旅馆, 客栈

⑦ press gang 抓壮丁的部队

intimate^① that . . . ” He was speechless. His eyes threatened to pop out on his cheeks.

“Silence, Bristol!” said Captain Mannville. “For that **insolence**^② you shall receive an additional hundred lashes.”

Bristol turned on him. His eyes were **reckless**^③ now. There was something wild and **vibrant**^④ about him as he stood there, like a fine steel blade **quivering**^⑤.

“A hundred lashes more?” cried Bristol, almost laughing. “I’ll be dead in the first seventy-five! And while I’m still able to talk, Mannville, there’s something I have to say which might interest you.”

“Silence!” cried Mannville, his hand on the butt of his pistol.

“Go ahead and shoot! The quicker the better!”

Bristol was aware of faces outside the circle. Men of the crew were staring at him, unable to believe that anyone would have the courage to speak thus to *gentlemen*.

“Five months ago,” said Bristol, “I went ashore in Liverpool. Before I even entered a **tavern**^⑥, I was set upon by your **press gang**^⑦ and dragged out to this ship. When I tried to protest, you had me thrown in irons.

“Mannville, it has never made any difference to the Royal Navy who manned its men-o’-war.

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In my home port, I am listed as dead. My ship sailed without me.

“Press ganging may have some justification when applied to men on the beach, but it happened, Mannville, that I was first mate of the bark *Randolph* out of Maryland.”

“Silence!” cried Mannville again. He was having some difficulty looking this man in the eye, and that fact did little to improve his temper.

“I demand that this insolent wretch be punished instantly!” bellowed the Lord High Governor. “First he tries to murder me, and then he dares to speak this way to officers of the King!”

Mannville stepped back and made a sign to two British marines. They fell upon Bristol and carried him swiftly to the mast. Two lines were ready there for any man who might be unlucky enough to be flogged. These were immediately made fast to Bristol’s wrists.

Facing the mast, his arms drawn above him painfully tight, he felt the hot sun on his bare back. He saw the **quartermaster**^① step forward. In the quartermaster’s hand was the cat-o’-nine.

Originally the cat-o’-nine-tails was merely a collection of **thongs**^② held together in a short handle. But the Royal Navy had changed all that. This cat-o’-nine had **brass**^③ wire wound about the ends of the thongs, and the brass was tipped by **pellets**^④ of lead.

① quartermaster [ˈkwɔ:tə,m
ɑ:tə] n. 〈海〉舵手

② thong [θɒŋ] n. 皮带

③ brass [brɑ:s] n. 黄铜

④ pellet [ˈpelɪt] n. 小球

L. RON HUBBARD

① **brawny** ['brɔ:nɪ] *a.* 健壮的② **scurvy** ['skɜ:vi] *n.* 坏血病③ **brittle** ['brɪtl] *a.* 冷淡的④ **agate** ['æɡɪt] *n.* 玛瑙

Wielded by **brawny**^① quartermasters, the cat-o'-nine was responsible for more deaths than **scurvy**^② or gunshot.

The captain stepped back. Sir Charles moved a little closer.

The Lord High Governor's eyes were **brittle**^③ hard, like polished **agate**^④.

The lash went back with a swift, singing sound. Bristol clenched his teeth and shut his eyes, expecting the white-hot flash of pain.