

迪士尼
英文原版

Disney
THE
LION KING

狮子王

美国迪士尼公司 著

(赠英文音频、电子书
及核心词讲解)

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To Jonathan Kast.

Your memory and love live on.

—E.R.



In the moments before the sun rose over the horizon, the African plain was hushed. No birds sang. No animals called. The only sounds were the soft whisper of the breeze as it blew through the long grasses, still green in the early spring, and the distant thunder of the water cascading over Victoria Falls into the frothy pools below.

But as the sun's light began to break over

the savannah, life began to stir.

It was slow at first, barely noticeable. A soft mew rising from the meerkat den. A rustle of feathers as the marabou storks lifted their long black wings and stretched their necks. Then faster and faster the sounds grew louder, merging into the song of the savannah. Cheetah mothers coaxed their young out into the sunlight with gentle nudges to their cubs' sides and quick licks to say hello. A pair of topis tapped their horns in greeting and then turned toward the grasslands, eager for their first meal of the day. Their brown bodies, marked with swaths of black, glimmered in the sun as it rose higher and higher.

Over the open plains, a herd of elephants began to march toward the watering hole, their long trunks swinging, the pads of their large feet leaving deep impressions

on the dry ground. Near the top of a hill, a mother giraffe appeared, her baby following close behind, its head swiveling back and forth as it scanned the landscape for friends—and predators. Below, on a plain still covered with a thin layer of morning mist, a herd of gazelles leapt and played, the young ones jumping over brush with abandon and then spooking as an even larger herd of zebras passed by.

Even the smallest of life had awoken. On tree branches, ants began to march out of their holes and head to ground, careful to stay out of the way of the hungry guinea fowl. Tiny birds flew from branch to branch, the boldest occasionally swooping down to catch a ride on a passing elephant.

As all the animals of the savannah continued to wake, the sound grew to a crescendo until finally it broke with a loud



trumpet from an elephant. But beneath the peace was a growing sense of excitement that every animal—from the largest to the smallest—felt. It was why, in almost perfect synchrony and complete harmony, they began to make their way to Pride Rock. The heart of their part of the savannah, Pride Rock was where Mufasa, the giant lion who had led the land for years, and his pride of lions lived. And on this day, he



would introduce his kingdom to his son. It was a tradition that had been upheld for generations. Mufasa's family was well respected. He was a fierce and mighty lion, but he was kind, and he treated everyone—from the ants to the antelope—as important. In return, he had earned the respect of every animal family in the Pride Lands. And now they would show their respect by greeting his new son.

The sun had fully risen in the sky by the time all the animals arrived at Pride Rock. A hush fell over them as they raised their heads to look at the large rock jutting out over the savannah. It dominated the landscape, casting those nearest to it in shadow. For years, it had been the symbol of their kingdom, a natural amphitheater and gathering place. In the wet season it provided shelter, and in the dry season it was a refuge from the brutal sun. But most importantly, it was where Mufasa and his



queen, Sarabi, lived with their pride of lions. Now it was a stage, and everyone was eager for the show to begin.

As they waited inside the cave tucked in the back of Pride Rock, Mufasa looked down at his queen. Beside her, their young son, Simba, slept peacefully, unaware of what was in store. His light brown body was relaxed, his sides rising evenly as he breathed in and out. Lowering her head, Sarabi gently nuzzled the young cub. Simba's eyes slowly opened. At the



comforting sight of his mother and father, he let out a big yawn and then stretched. Mufasa smiled proudly, watching him. He had done many great things in his life, but the thing he was most proud of was this—his son, his queen, and the life he had created for them.

Hearing footsteps, Mufasa turned and his grin grew wider. His old friend and confidant Rafiki had arrived. Although the mandrill was a bit grizzled and bent, his eyes were still bright. He leaned on his wooden staff a little more than he once had, but his steps were still light. It had been Rafiki who'd introduced Mufasa to the kingdom when he was just a cub, as he would do now with Simba. Approaching each other, the two old friends exchanged a hug and then Mufasa stepped aside. It was time for the ceremony to begin.

Simba watched curiously as the monkey stepped in front of him. Seeing his wooden stick, the cub playfully tried to bat at it, missing and causing the adults around him to laugh. Rafiki nodded, pleased. It was a good sign for all of Pride Rock if Simba was curious and alert. Raising the stick above Simba, Rafiki shook it, causing red dirt to fall over the cub's head—and making the young cub sneeze.

Satisfied, Rafiki leaned down and carefully picked up Simba. Cradling him in one arm, he turned and slowly began to make his way out of the cave. Behind him, Mufasa and Sarabi followed, their bodies pressed close together. As they came out onto the rock, the sun went behind a cloud, as if not wanting to take away from the moment. Below, the animals leaned forward in anticipation. Step by step, Rafiki made his

way toward the edge of Pride Rock until at last he stopped, mere inches from the steep drop. As the gathered animals watched from below, Rafiki lifted Simba up, up, up—until finally, he had raised baby Simba for all to see.

Instantly, the gathered animals erupted in noise: Elephants trumpeted. Zebras stomped their feet. Storks flapped their



wings, and the cheetahs let out their own cries. Then the sun burst through the clouds, a beam of light falling right down onto the head of Simba—the future king.

The animals dropped their heads, bowing in respect.

Simba, still hanging from Rafiki's arms, looked down upon it all, unaware of the greatness of this moment. This was the way of life on Pride Rock. It was how it had always been and how it should always be. It was the Circle of Life, the way of the savannah. Through times of hardship and times of ease, the animals relied on one another and on the order of life to keep them going. Now it was Simba's turn to join that circle.

And while he didn't know it yet, someday it would be up to him to take his father's place and complete the circle—when he

was king.

While nearly every animal in the savannah had come to greet their future king, there was someone missing. Someone whose presence, while not missed by others, was keenly felt by Mufasa. His brother, Scar, had missed the event.

Staring at the spot that had been kept open for him, Mufasa sighed. Once again, his brother had disappointed him. He had hoped that just this once Scar would step up, prove that he was above petty jealousies. But his hopes had been in vain. Scar had acted as he always had: bitter and resentful, angry to the core.

As Mufasa followed Rafiki and Sarabi back into the cave, his eyes wandered down to the shadows beneath Pride Rock, where Scar made his home. Anger began to replace the disappointment he felt.

Yes, Scar had been born second; that was not Mufasa's fault. Yet, somehow, he had become the villain in the story of Scar's life. Mufasa knew the younger lion blamed him for his lower position. Scar was a fool and a bitter lion, content to slink about stirring discontent among the young lions and mocking and disrespecting his brother at every turn. Like he had done that day.

Nodding at his majordomo, a hornbill named Zazu, Mufasa signaled him over. Making sure not to bother Sarabi or Simba, who was in the middle of a bath, Mufasa whispered his directions to Zazu. "Go and tell Scar I'm not pleased," he said, his deep voice commanding even in whisper. "I'll be down shortly to hear what his excuse is... this time." His orders given, he turned his attention back to his family. He wanted to spend a few more minutes enjoying them—