



Disney
PIRATES of the
CARIBBEAN

❖ 4 ❖

ON STRANGER
TIDES

加勒比海盜：驚濤怪浪

© 華東理工大學出版社

Disney
PIRATES *of the*
CARIBBEAN

✧ 4 ✧

**ON STRANGER
TIDES**

加勒比海盗：惊涛怪浪

美国迪士尼公司 著



华东理工大学出版社
EAST CHINA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY PRESS

· 上海 ·

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

迪士尼英文原版·加勒比海盗4: 惊涛怪浪 / 美国
迪士尼公司著. —上海: 华东理工大学出版社, 2017.5
(迪士尼丛书)
ISBN 978-7-5628-5045-8

I. ①迪… II. ①美… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇
小说—美国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2017) 第088474号

迪士尼英文原版

加勒比海盗4: 惊涛怪浪

Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides

著 者 美国迪士尼公司

项目统筹 戎 炜

责任编辑 朱静梅

责任营销 曹 磊

装帧设计 肖祥德

出版发行 华东理工大学出版社有限公司

地址: 上海市梅陇路130号, 200237

电话: (021) 64250306 (营销部)

(021) 34202391 (编辑室)

传真: (021) 64252707

网址: www.ecustpress.cn

印 刷 上海盛通时代印刷有限公司

开 本 787mm × 1092mm 1/32

印 张 4.875

字 数 96千字

版 次 2017年5月第1版

印 次 2017年5月第1次

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5628-5045-8

定 价 29.80元

联系我们 电子邮箱: zongbianban@ecustpress.cn

官方微博: e.weibo.com/ecustpress

天猫旗舰店: <http://hdlgdxcb.tmall.com>

华东理工大学出版社



Copyright © 2017 Disney Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved.

PROLOGUE

“Dead men tell no tales.”

That was the warning pirates offered those who braved the seas. But one man seemed to defy that rule with great regularity. Captain Jack Sparrow had been left for dead more times than he could remember. He had been stranded^① on deserted islands, sentenced to eternity in Davy Jones's Locker, and sucked beneath the surface of the ocean by the bloodthirsty Kraken. Each time he was doomed^②, with no chance of survival. Yet, somehow, he always managed to return to the living with stories of great adventure.

So, sometimes, dead men — or at least men who were supposed to be dead — did tell tales.

But none could equal this particular tale —

① strand v. 搁浅，使滞留 ② doom v. 注定（死亡或失败）

the one told by a Spanish sailor who was lost at sea for nearly two hundred years. He was pulled from the ocean by a fisherman as the last moments of sunset cast a faint orange glow across the dark waters of the Atlantic....

CREE-YAK! wailed the winch^① as the fisherman turned the crank that lifted his net from the sea. *CREE-YAK!* Against the darkening sky he could faintly make out a shape; something was trapped in the net. *CREE-YAK!* He continued to turn the crank and study the shape until his worst fears were realized. *CREE-YAK!* There among the fish trying to escape was the body of an ancient sailor.

“Captain!” called the fisherman. “Captain!”

The captain arrived just as the sailor’s lifeless body spilled out onto the deck.

Both said a quick prayer as they looked down on the poor lost soul. The old man’s clothes were tattered and torn; twisting strands of seaweed

① winch *n.* 曲柄, 绞盘

were wrapped around his arms and legs; and water poured from his long white beard. Remarkably, a book remained securely wedged between his chest and arm. When the captain reached down to get it, the most amazing thing happened.

The ancient sailor opened his eyes.

Although he could barely whisper a few halting words at a time, the sailor told them what turned out to be an incredible story, a story, he insisted, that the king needed to hear. They agreed, sailed straight for the royal city of Cadiz, and took the old man to the palace. Because the sailor was too weak to walk, they had to carry him in a worn canvas sail.

King Ferdinand was the opposite of the ancient man who lay dying on the floor of the palace. The old and feeble sailor was undoubtedly of humble origins, his greatest achievement his service to the crown. Ferdinand, however, was young and privileged^①, said to be divinely chosen

① privileged *adj.* 有特权的

by God to lead the Spanish people. And now, through the words of this man, Ferdinand thought he might be able to achieve what his forefathers only dreamed of — immortality^①. He studied the sailor, who barely clung to life as he strained to take shallow breaths while still managing to keep a tight grip on his book.

The captain of the fishing boat spoke first. “We believe he’s found ...”

The king held up his hand to silence him. He wanted to hear it from the sailor himself. He kneeled down next to the ancient man, who struggled to open his eyes.

With a wheeze that seemed to drain all his energy, the sailor said, “Ponce de Leon^②.”

King Ferdinand nodded and looked over his shoulder at a mysterious man whose skin had been darkened by a lifetime spent sailing the seas. They shared a knowing look, and then the king turned back to the ancient sailor. He took the

① immortality *n.* 永生 ② Ponce de Leon 庞塞·德莱昂，西班牙著名探险家

book from the sailor's tight grasp and saw that it was an old ship's log from the *Santiago*. The king began to carefully turn the pages.

"He says he's found Ponce de Leon's ship," the captain explained.

"Or sailed on it," the fisherman added.

"No," the captain snapped, not wanting to sound ridiculous in front of the king. "I told you, Ponce de Leon died two hundred years ago."

"But he died searching for something," the fisherman responded, not backing down.

King Ferdinand nodded. He knew exactly what Ponce de Leon had searched for centuries earlier. And here in the ship's log he saw a symbol that could mean only one thing.

"The Fountain of Youth," Ferdinand said.

His mission complete, the sailor flashed^① a faint smile and spent his final breath, easing into a death that had long awaited him.

The king stood and turned to the mysterious

① flash v. (情感或表情) 闪现

man.

“How soon can you sail?” he asked as he handed him the old ship’s log.

The mysterious man did not hesitate to answer.

“With the tide.”

CHAPTER

1

“Hurry papa, or we’ll miss the hanging^①,” a little girl said excitedly as she raced down a crowded cobblestoned street. “They’ve caught a real pirate! I want to see.”

She wasn’t the only one.

Beneath a dreary gray sky, a crowd of Londoners poured into the Old Bailey, which is what they called their courthouse. They came to see the trial — and probably the hanging — of an infamous pirate. The courtroom was filled to overflowing, and the crowd greeted the prisoner with boos and hisses as the jailer led him in, his wrists and ankles bound in manacles, a black hood covering his head.

The bailiff^② stood up and read the indictment.

① hanging *n.* 绞刑 ② bailiff *n.* (司法) 执行官

“Now appearing before the court, the notorious pirate, brigand^①, pillager^②, and highwayman^③, Captain Jack Sparrow!”

More boos and hisses rained down at the sound of his name. Jack Sparrow was a hated man, his reputation well-known throughout London. But while most of the people in the courtroom had heard stories of his evil deeds, apparently none of them had ever seen him. Because when the jailer pulled off the prisoner's hood, no one realized that it was somebody else.

“I told you the name is Gibbs,” the man pleaded. “Joshamee Gibbs!”

Joshamee Gibbs was a pirate. And he often sailed as Jack Sparrow's first mate. Somehow he had been mistaken for his boss, and now an angry mob was screaming for his blood. With no way to prove differently, a show of mercy from the court — which seemed unlikely to say the least — was his only hope of avoiding hanging.

① brigand *n.* 强盗 ② pillager *n.* 抢劫者 ③ highwayman *n.* 拦路强盗

“Hear ye, hear ye,” the bailiff continued. “Commencing^① now, the sessions of the peace. Presiding over these trials, the highly esteemed magistrate^② of South York. All rise for the Right Honorable Justice Smith!”

The crowd shouted as the judge sauntered into the room, wearing his black robe and a large, white powdered wig. He also held a lace handkerchief in front of his mouth, making it difficult for the people who jammed the courtroom to get a good look at his face.

He dropped the handkerchief just long enough for Joshamee to get a glimpse of the glint in his eye and the flash of gold in his mouth. Gibbs instantly recognized him. It was Jack Sparrow, apparently adding “impersonating^③ a judge” to his long list of crimes and misdemeanors.

“Jack?” Gibbs said, disbelieving. The bailiff jabbed him in the gut with a billy club.

“Not necessarily,” said the judge, who was

① commence *v.* 开始 ② magistrate *n.* 地方法官 ③ impersonate *v.* 假扮

really Jack. “You were saying?”

“Jack ... Sparrow is not my name,” the prisoner claimed. “My name is Joshamee Gibbs.”

“Is that so?” Jack asked with a wry smile. “It says Jack Sparrow here.”

“I was making inquiries as to the whereabouts^① of Jack Sparrow,” Gibbs tried to explain. “Who I’d learned had come to London. And who I would be happy to identify to the court if it would help my case.”

He shot his friend a look, and Jack quickly tried to change the subject.

Jack turned to the jury. “The prisoner claims to be innocent of being Jack Sparrow. How do you find?”

The foreman of the jury didn’t know what to say. They hadn’t even had a trial yet.

“Foreman!” Jack said forcefully. “Your finding? Guilty?”

“Guilty verdict^② means he’ll hang,” the foreman

① whereabouts *n.* 下落 ② verdict *n.* 裁决

responded.

“Yes,” said Jack, bringing a round of cheers from the crowd.

The foreman scratched his head, unsure how to render a verdict without a trial. “Guilty?”

Another cheer from the gallery.

“That’s not fair,” pleaded Gibbs.

“Not favorable to you,” Jack corrected. “But fair is not the same as favorable. You have been found guilty and so are sentenced to hang.”

The people roared their approval and began to stomp their feet in anticipation of the hanging. Jack banged his gavel^① to silence them. He was a master of double-talk and was now about to use it against the assembled mob.

“What say you?” he asked the crowd. “You want me to set this prisoner free?”

A chorus of nos and calls to kill him rang through the courtroom. The judge was clearly mistaken. The crowd wanted this man to hang.

① gavel *n.* (法官用的) 小木槌

"I cannot in good conscience^① set this man free," Jack said, continuing his double-talk. "Joshamee Gibbs, the crime of which you have been found guilty is of being innocent of being Jack Sparrow. I hereby sentence you to be imprisoned for the remainder of your miserable life."

Slowly the people in the gallery began to realize that there would be no hanging.

Jack turned to the bailiff. "Arrange to transport this prisoner to the Tower of London."

The mob began to boo and hiss, and some people threw old fruit and garbage. Jack pounded his gavel just as a shoe flew past his head.

"Stop," he commanded. "Order, order, you hooligans^②. Restore order."

More objects flew toward him, and Jack decided it was time to get out of the courthouse.

"Court is in recess!" he proclaimed with a healthy wallop of his gavel before throwing a shoe and some garbage back at the gallery. Then he

① conscience *n.* 良知 ② hooligan *n.* 流氓

rushed out the back just as a riot was beginning to erupt.

As he raced down the hallway, the pirate quickly transformed from stodgy Justice Smith back into swaggering Captain Jack. He ripped off the wig and robe and tossed them into a closet, where the actual judge sat bound and gagged^①.

By the time he stepped outside, Jack looked like his old familiar self — knee-high sea boots, a striped sash around his waist, and a red bandana^② on his head. All that was missing was his tricorne^③ hat, which he plucked off the head of a horse that was hitched to a paddy wagon. It was the same paddy wagon he'd just commanded the bailiff to use to take Joshamee Gibbs to the Tower of London.

Jack winked at the driver, who flashed him a sly smile. The driver reached for the reins and in the process exposed the skull-and-bones tattoo^④.

① gag *v.* (用东西)塞住嘴巴 ② bandana *n.* 印花大头巾

③ tricorne *adj.* 有三个角的 ④ tattoo *n.* 文身

on his arm. Everything was going exactly as planned.

Jack walked around to the rear of the wagon, where the guard took him for a prisoner and tossed him in the back alongside his old first mate.

“Crikey!” said Gibbs upon seeing his friend. “Now we’re both off to prison.”

Jack flashed his gold-filled smile. “Not to worry, I’ve paid off the driver,” he assured him. “In ten minutes we should be outside of London town, horses waiting. Tonight we make for the coast. Then it’s just a matter of finding a ship.”

Now Gibbs was the one smiling. The driver snapped the reins, and the horse started pulling the wagon across the cobblestoned street.

“What happened, Gibbs?” Jack asked as he offered his flask^① of whisky to his friend. “I thought you had another gig.”

“Aye, but I always listened like a thief for news of the *Black Pearl*,” he said as he took a sip and handed the flask back to Jack. “No one’s seen

① flask n. 扁酒瓶