PIRATES the

DEAD MAN'S CHEST

加勒比海盗:聚魂棺

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PIRATES of CARIBBEAN

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美国迪士尼公司 著

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

迪士尼英文原版. 加勒比海盗2: 聚槐棺 / 美国迪士尼公司著. 一 上海; 华东理工大学出版社, 2017.5 (迪士尼丛书)

ISBN 978-7-5628-4945-2

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042791号

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Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest

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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

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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 5.625

字 数 112千字

版 次 2017年5月第1版

印 次 2017年5月第1次

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5628-4945-2

定 价 29.80元

联系我们 电子邮箱: zongbianban@ecustpress.cn 官方微博: e.weibo.com/ecustpress

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The moon rose high above a dark ocean. The quiet sounds of the sea — blowing wind, lapping waves, and creaking lines — filled the night with an eerie¹ symphony². On the walls of a stone prison that overlooked the scene, a flock of crows alighted. The moonlit night was made even eerier by the grunts, moans, and rattling chains of captive prisoners.

A pair of guards dragged a prisoner in through the tower's stone doorway. The passage was clearly the way *into* the prison. The way *out* was very different indeed, as a number of unfortunate captives were about to learn.

More guards, carrying six wooden coffins, made their way to a wall on the prison's seaward side.

① eerie adj. 可怕的,怪异的 ② symphony n. 和声,谐声

With a quick condemnation, they shoved each of the coffins off the wall, allowing them to plummet down and splash into the hungry sea below. The coffins bobbed^① to the surface, and the tide began to carry them out like a fleet of haunted vessels. Two of the pine boxes sailed lower than the rest and began to sink slowly into the black sea.

One of the crows flew down from the prison wall, landing on a coffin. *Peck-peck*, *peck-peck*. He began to tap away at the wood. *Peck-peck-PECK*. The repetitive *peck-PECK-peck-PECK* was just another sound to fill the shadowy night. *Peck-PECK-peck*. It was also extremely annoying.

The person inside the coffin that the bird had chosen agreed. *Peck-peck-PECK*. Suddenly, a gunshot was fired from inside the coffin that sent the bird blasting off in a cloud of feathers. An arm reached through the newly formed hole, found the latch that held the coffin closed, and swung the lid open. Captain Jack Sparrow, the wiliest² pirate

① bob v. 振动,上下跳动 ② wily adj. 诡计多端的,狡猾的

ever to sail the high seas, quickly emerged and looked around. He was wearing his usual getup — well-worn clothing, knee-high boots, and his signature red bandanna^①. His gold tooth gleamed in the moonlight.

Jack didn't seem concerned with his situation ... at first. Then, his eyes grew wide and he began frantically searching the coffin. After a moment filled with high anxiety, he finally found what he thought he might have lost — his hat! With it placed firmly on his head at a smart angle, Jack was once again relaxed.

He bowed his head, crossed himself, and reached down into the coffin one more time. "Sorry, mate," he said as he pulled and tugged until — *SNAP* — he plucked off ^② the leg bone of his coffin mate. "Necessity is a mother," he noted with a grin. He used the bone for an oar and rowed toward the moonlit hull of his ship, the *Black Pearl*. She was patiently waiting for him out in the still water,

① bandanna n. 印花围巾或头巾 ② pluck off 扯掉

covered by the dark of night.

Gibbs, an old salt and a fine pirate, was waiting on the *Pearl*'s deck for Jack's return. "Not quite according to plan?" Gibbs questioned, staring at Jack, who sat rowing a coffin with a leg bone in his hands. Gibbs helped his captain aboard.

"Complications arose," Jack said, tossing the leg bone overboard. "But I've found if you ask right, there's always someone willing to give a leg up."

Gibbs looked over the side of the ship at the one-legged skeleton. "Not in my experience," Gibbs said, shaking his head. "Can't go wrong expecting the worst from people."

Jack sighed. "It probably does save time," he said as he walked away from Gibbs. As he moved along the boat, Jack took a rolled piece of cloth from his sleeve. He began to examine it very carefully.

"Is that what you went in to find?" a toothless pirate named Leech asked anxiously. Every man onboard was hungry for news of what treasure Jack had found.

"Aye, but I haven't had time to properly assess the prize," Jack answered with a sly smile. He did not seem willing to share just yet.

Suddenly, a small monkey swung out of the ship's rigging², landed in front of Jack, and screeched as if he were the devil himself. Jack screamed back as the monkey snatched the roll of cloth and took it up into the sails.

Each time the monkey passed through a shaft of moonlight, it turned into a skeleton from head to tail — the result of a curse that had not been lifted. The monkey was the living dead. The horrible little beast's previous owner was the cursed Captain Barbossa, who had mutinied against Jack. Barbossa had named the monkey Jack, as a way to add insult to injury.

Jack hated the creature. He drew his pistol and aimed at the cursed monkey. Jack fired, but the gun

① sly adj. 狡猾的, 诡密的 ② rigging n. (船舶的)索具, 缆索

③ mutiny v. 反叛, 叛变

only clicked. His shot had already been used on that blasted pecking crow. Jack grabbed a pistol from the belt of another pirate and fired again.

This time he hit his mark. The monkey was blown back, and the cloth dropped from its grasp. But the monkey quickly jumped back up again, grinning.

Gibbs gave Jack a look. "You know that doesn't do any good," he told him, pointing to the gun.

Jack shrugged. "Keeps my aim sharp," he said as one of the pirates on deck scrambled to catch the falling piece of cloth. The monkey continued to screech.

"Why'd that eviscerated in simian have to be the only thing to survive *Isla de Muerta*?" Jack grumbled. Then he saw the pirate who had caught the cloth examining it.

"It's a key," the pirate said, cocking his head to the side and squinting³ an eye.

① eviscerated adj. 取出内脏的 ② simian n. 猴, 类人猿

③ squint v. 使斜眼, 眯眼看

"Even better," Jack added, raising a finger. "It's a *drawing* of a key."

The confused crew looked to Gibbs for an explanation.

"Captain," Gibbs said, clearing his throat, "I think we were expecting something a bit more ... rewarding. What with *Isla de Muerta* going all pear shaped, reclaimed by the sea and all ..."

"Unfortunate turn of circumstance," Jack agreed, remembering the island, where the crew had its most recent adventure, where Jack finally defeated Barbossa, and where he had reclaimed the Black Pearl.

"... and then spending months fighting to get the British navy off our stern^①," Gibbs reminded him.

"Inevitable outcome of *le vie de boucanier*," Jack replied with a wave of his hand.

"We've been losing crew at every port, and it seems to us what's left that it's been a stretch² since

① stern n. 船尾 ② stretch n. 延伸

we've done even a speck of honest pirating," Gibbs continued.

Jack turned to his crew. "Is that how you're feeling?" he asked. "That I'm not serving your interests as captain?"

The crew shifted uncomfortably, and then suddenly, a parrot squawked the only reply, "ABANDON SHIP!"

The parrot belonged to the mute pirate Cotton, and it spoke for him.

Jack drew his pistol again. "What did the bird say?"

"Cotton's parrot don't speak for the lot of us," Leech told Jack quickly. "We think you're doing a fine job."

"ABANDON SHIP," the parrot called out even louder. Jack was about to shoot the old bird, but lowered his gun instead. Cotton seemed relieved.

"At least there's one honest ... man amongst you," Jack said, looking at Cotton's parrot. Jack

shook his head and got down to the business at hand. He had questions to answer.

"Gentlemen, what do keys do?" Jack asked.

The anxious crew of rogues¹ looked at each other. "They unlock things?" Leech asked, suddenly excited.

Jack made a face as if to say, "Yes, and ..."

"And whatever this unlocks, inside is something valuable," Gibbs added, imagining chests of gold. "So, we're setting out to find whatever this unlocks!"

Jack shook his head. "No. If we don't have the key, we can't open whatever it unlocks, so what purpose would be served in finding whatever needs be unlocked without first having found the key that unlocks it? Honestly. Ninny."

The rowdy² crew was very confused. They tried to follow along as best they could. "So, we're going to find this key?" Gibbs asked.

Jack looked into the crew members' blank faces and sighed. "What good is a key if we have

① rogue n. 流氓 ② rowdy adj. 粗暴的, 吵闹的

nothing for the key to unlock? Please," Jack pleaded, "try and keep up!"

"So, do we have a heading?" another pirate asked.

"Aye! A heading!" Jack said. He turned away, took out his Compass, and flipped it open. It was the very same Compass that had led him to *Isla de Muerta* and the caves of hidden treasure. But the readings on the Compass seemed to make Jack a bit uneasy now.

He snapped the Compass shut and waved his arm. "Set sail in a general ... that way direction," he finally said, waving his hand dismissively out toward the sea.

"Captain?" Gibbs asked, confused. This was not typical Captain Jack Sparrow behavior.

"I'll plot our course later. Now snap to and make sail!" he ordered as he marched off to his cabin. The crew stood and watched silently. "You know how it works!" Jack shouted impatiently and slammed his cabin door.

The crew unhappily began to get ready to sail. "Have you noticed lately, the captain seems to be acting a bit ... strange?" a pirate whispered to Gibbs.

"Aye," Gibbs answered. "Something's got him setting a course without knowing his own heading. And I thought there was neither man nor beast alive could make him do that."

CHAPTER



While Jack's crew dealt with their captain's stranger-than-usual behavior, a couple who should be celebrating the happiest day of their lives was trying to avert disaster — a ruined wedding.

Outside a small seaside chapel^① in the Caribbean town of Port Royal, palm trees bent in the wind as rain drenched all the preparations for the nuptial^② celebration to be held that day. The bride, Elizabeth Swann, kneeled in her rain-soaked wedding dress, tears mixing with rain. Around her was an empty altar^③, overturned chairs ... and no groom. Slowly, the young woman rose and entered the chapel to wait, her head in her hands.

The approaching sound of chains made

① chapel n. 小教堂 ② nuptial adj. 结婚的,婚礼的 ③ altar n. 圣坛

Elizabeth look up. Through her tears she saw a man in uniform enter the chapel. He was followed by a company of marines who were dragging a prisoner. To her shock, it was her groom, Will Turner.

"Will!" Elizabeth called out. "What is happening?"

Will struggled toward her. "I don't know," he said sadly, taking in Elizabeth's ruined white satin^① dress.

Will had been taken prisoner earlier when marines battered down[®] the door of his blacksmith shop and put him in irons. It didn't look like he'd be married today, after all. But waiting for his future wife, Elizabeth, was something Will was used to. He had loved her since Elizabeth and her father, the Governor of Port Royal, found Will drifting on the sea when he was ten years old. For years, he had waited patiently, hoping she would finally love him back. And then she had. But it

① satin adj. 光滑的; 绸缎做的 ② batter down 打烂

seemed that once again, they would be kept apart.

Even now, standing there in chains, he couldn't help getting sentimental. "You look beautiful," Will said softly.

Elizabeth smiled. "You know it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding."

"That explains the unexpected guests," he said, nodding to the company of red-coated marines surrounding them.

Their tender moment was interrupted by an authoritative voice. It was Elizabeth's father.

"You! Order your men to stand down and remove these shackles¹ at once," the governor commanded.

The man in charge of the arrest made no move. "Governor Weatherby Swann," he answered. "My apologies for arriving without an invitation."

Governor Swann studied the man's face for a moment. "Cutler Beckett?" he finally asked.

"It's Lord, now, actually," Beckett replied.

"Lord or not, you have no reason and no authority

① shackle n. 束缚