

迪士尼  
英文原版

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PIRATES of the  
CARIBBEAN

✧ 3 ✧

AT WORLD'S  
END

加勒比海盗：世界的尽头



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EAST CHINA UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY PRESS

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## 加勒比海盗3: 世界的尽头

## Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End

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## CHAPTER

# ❖ — 1 — ❖

*“There be something on the seas that even the most staunch<sup>①</sup> and bloodthirsty pirates have come to fear. ...”*

From his spot high in the crow's nest, a pirate trained his spyglass on the horizon.

Nothing. No sign of any ship besides his own and the two they traveled with. The Caribbean Sea was calm, the bright sun sparkling off the ocean waves. Everything was peaceful.

So why did he have such a strong sense of foreboding?

He lifted his spyglass again. This time he could see a smudge on the horizon. It might be a ship

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① staunch *adj.* 坚强的，坚定的

sailing toward them. Worse, it might be an East India Trading Company ship.

The pirate knew what would happen if they were taken by Company agents. He'd heard stories of the recent executions ... pirates hanged by the dozen, the *thunk*<sup>①</sup> of the gallows' trapdoor the last sound they ever heard. And in the last few months, the executions were becoming more and more frequent. The East India Trading Company was intent on wiping out the Pirates of the Caribbean — and beyond.

The pirate leaned over to call down to the captain. If it was an East India Trading Company ship, they would have to make a run for it. But, as he looked down, he saw a shape in the water beside them. A dark shape, rising up — and rising fast.

“CAPTAIN!” he shouted.

It was too late.

With an explosion of ocean spray, the shape

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① *thunk* *n.* ( 斧劈树干等发出的 ) 梆梆声

burst through the surface of the water. First, pale masts rose into the air. Then came the rails and wooden hull, crusted with coral and shells. A carved skeletal<sup>①</sup>, winged female rode on the bow.

It was something out of the darkest of nightmares. It was something pirates spoke of in hushed and frightened tones.

It was the *Flying Dutchman*.

The ship opened her cannon ports as she surfaced. With a loud explosion, cannonballs blazed into the side of the pirate ship. The pirates on all three ships ran to their stations, trying to load and return fire, but the *Flying Dutchman* was too fast, too close, too powerful.

The attack was over in minutes.

Smoke curled over the burning wreckage. Bodies of dead pirates drifted past loose barrels and blackened wood.

The *Flying Dutchman* sailed through, regal<sup>②</sup>, untouched. Unstoppable.

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① skeletal adj. 骨瘦如柴的 ② regal adj. 庄严的, 壮丽的

The doomed pirate in the crow's nest had been right. On the distant horizon, a ship appeared. It was an East India Trading Company ship, the *Endeavour*, carrying Lord Cutler Beckett, Admiral James Norrington, and Governor Weatherby Swann.

In the captain's cabin of the *Dutchman*, Davy Jones sat at his pipe organ. His scaly<sup>①</sup> skin glistened<sup>②</sup> in the dim light while the octopus tentacles that hung from his face moved back and forth gently over the keys, filling the room with a melancholy<sup>③</sup> sound. With a sigh, he lifted one of the tentacle fingers on his right hand to his eye and discovered a tear forming. Sadness and emotion ... That could only mean one thing. He glanced up with a scowl.

Above the cabin, Admiral Norrington and Lord Beckett were coming aboard at that moment with a contingent of marines. The marines seemed afraid to be standing on the deck of the *Flying*

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① scaly *adj.* 由鳞覆盖着的 ② glisten *v.* 闪光

③ melancholy *adj.* 忧郁的, 使人悲伤的

*Dutchman*. And their fears were well founded. The crew of the *Dutchman* was covered in barnacles and scales — more monster than human.

“Steady, men,” said Norrington, noting his crew’s unease. “We stand aboard a seagoing vessel, no more and no less. You will compose yourselves as marines.”

As he spoke, several of the men heaved<sup>①</sup> a chest over the rail and onto the deck of the *Dutchman*. This was what they were here to guard: the Dead Man’s Chest. Inside was the still-beating heart of Davy Jones.

From his spot on the deck, Lord Beckett smiled. He had waited and plotted for a great length of time to be standing where he was now, with Jones at his command.

Beckett knew that Davy Jones captained the fastest ship on the ocean. The crew of the *Dutchman* were all bound to Davy Jones for a hundred years, body and soul. Davy Jones himself was immortal.

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① heave v. 使鼓起，举起



After his true love had broken his heart, he had cut out the offending organ and put it in the Dead Man's Chest, which he buried at *Isla Cruces*. Nobody could harm him unless they had his heart.

Which was precisely why Lord Beckett had spent so much energy searching for it.

To begin with, he'd arrested a blacksmith named Will Turner and the governor of Port Royal's daughter, Elizabeth Swann, on their wedding day. In exchange for their freedom, he'd sent Will to get a Compass belonging to the pesky<sup>①</sup> pirate, Captain Jack Sparrow. This particular Compass pointed not north, but to whatever your heart desired most. Once Beckett had the Compass, he thought it would lead him straight to the Dead Man's Chest.

Things hadn't worked out quite as Beckett planned, but they still had worked out very much in his favor. Will, Elizabeth, and Jack had found the way to *Isla Cruces* before Beckett. But

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① pesky adj. 讨厌的

Norrington, who had joined Sparrow's crew after losing his position within the navy for letting the pirate escape hanging, was able to slip in and steal Davy Jones's heart. He brought it back to Port Royal and relinquished<sup>①</sup> it to Beckett. Immediately, Norrington was reinstated<sup>②</sup> in the Royal Navy and promoted to admiral.

So while Beckett hadn't gotten the Compass, he now had something of far greater value and with infinitely more power: the heart of Davy Jones ... and complete control over the *Flying Dutchman*. With the power of this ship, Beckett — and the East India Trading Company — could rule the seas. Better yet, the *Black Pearl* — the only ship that could ever be a match for the *Dutchman* — had been pulled under by Jones's own pet monster, the Kraken.

“Go, the lot of you — and take that with you!” Jones bellowed, appearing from belowdecks. Shaking with anger, he strode up to Norrington

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① relinquish v. 放手, 放弃 ② reinstate v. 使恢复, 使复原

but stayed a safe distance away from the chest. The closer the heart was to him, the more emotion he felt. Jones wouldn't feel safe until the heart was far away from him.

"I will not have that infernal<sup>①</sup> thing on my ship!" Davy Jones shouted.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Lord Beckett said coldly. "Because I will. Because it seems to be the only way to ensure that this ship does as directed by the Company."

Jones gripped the rail of the ship with the claw that formed his left hand. The long tentacles of his beard writhed<sup>②</sup> with fury.

Beckett nodded at Norrington, who led the marines below with the chest.

"The *Dutchman* sails as its captain commands," Jones growled.

"And the captain is to sail it as commanded," Beckett responded. "This is no longer your world, Jones. The immaterial has become ... immaterial."

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① infernal *adj.* 地狱般的, 穷凶极恶的 ② writhe *v.* 蠕动, 翻滚

I would have thought you'd learned that when I ordered you to kill your pet."

Jones winced, remembering the Kraken. The powerful sea monster that had killed Jack Sparrow and dragged the *Pearl* under was now dead, one of the first casualties of Beckett's ruthless campaign against the "uncivilized" seas.

At that moment, Governor Swann stepped forward. From aboard the *Endeavour*, he had watched the destruction of the pirate ships with horror. Not a soul had been left alive. The ships had been blasted to smithereens<sup>①</sup>. His blood boiling, the governor had followed Beckett and Norrington on to the *Dutchman*.

"Did you give these ships opportunity to surrender?" the governor demanded of Davy Jones, his face pale beneath his white wig.

Jones smirked. "We let them see us. Methinks that opportunity enough."

Swann was outraged<sup>②</sup>. "My daughter could

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① smithereens *n.* 碎片 ② outrage *v.* 激起愤怒

have been aboard one of them!" he cried. "That alone is cause to exercise restraint!" The governor had been searching for Elizabeth for months, ever since he helped her escape her cell in Port Royal and saw her flee into the dark night. He knew she would have gone to find Will and Jack among the pirates. But since that night, he had not seen nor heard from her. By traveling with Beckett and Norrington, he had hoped to find her ... before she was caught and executed as a pirate.

But Beckett had different reasons to be displeased with Jones's disobedience.

"We need prisoners to interrogate," Beckett snapped at Jones. "Which works best when they are *alive*."

"I am exterminating pirates," Jones said, "as commanded by the Company." He gave a mocking bow, then turned to Swann. "And your daughter is dead. Pulled under with the *Black Pearl* — by my pet. Did Lord Beckett not tell you that?" Jones

grinned mirthlessly<sup>①</sup>.

Swann stood for a moment in shock. Lord Beckett had been lying to him all this time. Elizabeth was dead. He whirled<sup>②</sup> and ran for the cabin.

Lord Beckett gave Jones a dark look and followed him.

Norrington was just placing the key in the lock of the chest when Swann suddenly grabbed him and pulled him around.

“Did you know?” Swann yelled, shaking Norrington by his lapels<sup>③</sup>. “Did you know?”

“Governor Swann!” barked Lord Beckett from the doorway. Swann shoved Norrington away. He seized a bayonet<sup>④</sup> from the closest marine and brandished<sup>⑤</sup> it. Norrington grabbed his arms, restraining him.

Beckett spoke sharply to the marines. “Out. Everyone.”

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① mirthlessly *adv.* 阴森地 ② whirl *v.* 疾走, 飞奔 ③ lapel *n.* 西服上的翻领

④ bayonet *n.* 刺刀 ⑤ brandish *v.* 挥舞

The soldiers glanced at Norrington, who nodded. They filed out, leaving the chest alone with Swann, Beckett, Norrington, Jones, and Beckett's aide, Mercer.

"Governor Swann," Beckett said soothingly, "believe me ... I only sought to spare you from the pain —"

"You only sought to use my political connections to further your own cause!" Swann spat. "The worst pirate who ever sailed has more honor than you. Even Jack Sparrow had honor."

Beckett smiled thinly. "Jack Sparrow is no more. And was never more than selfish desire cloaked<sup>①</sup> in romantic fictions. A legend we're well rid of."

Norrington was still confused. Why was Governor Swann so upset? "You knew Sparrow was dead," he said to Swann.

"Not him," Swann said. "Elizabeth!"

Admiral Norrington gasped. He felt numb

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① cloak v. 遮掩, 藏匿

with shock. While it was true Elizabeth had made her choice long ago — turning her back on their betrothal<sup>①</sup> — Norrington still cared deeply for the headstrong woman. The news of her death struck him to the core. His grip loosened on the governor, and Swann was able to pull himself free and throw open the chest, revealing the beating heart of Davy Jones.

“No!” Jones shouted.

Swann raised his bayonet high.

But before he could strike, Jones’s voice cut through his agony. “Are you prepared to take up my burden, then?” the immortal captain hissed. “If you slay the heart, then yours must take its place — and you must take mine. The *Dutchman* must always have a captain.”

Governor Swann hesitated. He had not known about the dreadful consequences of stabbing Jones’s heart. No one would willingly choose that kind of eternal captivity. But if it would stop Lord

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① betrothal *n.* 婚约



Beckett ... Swann glanced at the aristocrat. Beckett spread his hands in a gesture that indicated the choice was Swann's. Swann turned back to the chest, but Norrington caught his arm and yanked the bayonet away from him.

"Let me!" Swann implored.

Norrington shook his head. "Elizabeth would not have wanted this," he said firmly.

The governor's shoulders slumped. Norrington was right. His anger drained away, replaced by deep grief. He had failed his own flesh and blood.

"Elizabeth ..." he said sadly.

Norrington placed an arm over his shoulders and steered the governor gently out the door. Beckett, Jones, and Mercer watched them leave.

"You're dismissed, Captain," Beckett said.

Jones paused, still wanting to fight but knowing he was beaten, then turned and followed the others out. Beckett and Mercer looked at each other for a long moment. Beckett crossed to the