

大电影
双语阅读

神奇女侠

WONDER WOMAN

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WONDER WOMAN

1

Paris, France The Present

It was a crisp Paris morning, a breeze off the Seine river offering freshly baked croissants and coffee, the thrumming buzz and blare of traffic promising a busy day. Draped in a red coat straight out of *Paris Vogue*, her dark hair wrapped in a sleek chignon, Diana Prince turned briskly down Paris's Cour Napoléon, her high heels clicking on the ribbed pavement. To her left was the elegant Café Marly, to the right the I.M. Pei glass and metal pyramid that adorned the entry courtyard of the famous Louvre Museum, home of, among other treasures, the Mona Lisa. In black berets, bullet-proof vests, and camouflage fatigues, armed soldiers patrolled. Their FAMAS assault rifles seemed jarringly out of place against the backdrop of an icon of modern art and the ornate sixteenth-century palace.

The presence of military security to thwart terrorist threats was a recent development, but it was not the first time armed soldiers had patrolled the square. During World War II, the City of Light had fallen under the boots of Nazi invaders, and the irreplaceable treasures of one of the world's greatest museums had been looted and shipped back to Germany.

The world still had much to learn about what was truly valuable. Nothing was more precious than life. But that simple concept seemed difficult to grasp.

法国巴黎

现在

这是一个巴黎的清新早晨，塞纳河上拂过阵阵微风，带来刚出炉的面包和咖啡的诱人香气，车辆的隆隆响声预示着忙碌的一天即将开始。戴安娜·普林斯步履轻快地穿过拿破仑中庭，身披一件只会在《时尚巴黎》杂志中出现的红色大衣，乌黑的秀发用发髻扎起，高跟鞋掷地有声地踏在有棱纹的人行道上。她的左手边坐落着高雅的玛尔黎咖啡馆，右手边则是贝聿铭设计的由玻璃和金属组成的金字塔，装饰着大名鼎鼎的卢浮宫博物馆，馆中珍宝万千，《蒙娜丽莎》就是其中之一。头戴黑色贝雷帽，身穿防弹背心和迷彩服的士兵们正在周围巡逻。然而在当代艺术的象征和华丽的十六世纪皇宫的烘托下，他们手中的“法玛斯”突击步枪显得极为格格不入。

为了应对可能的恐怖袭击威胁，这些士兵在最近才被部署于此，然而这已经不是荷枪实弹的士兵第一次在广场上巡逻了。第二次世界大战期间，这座“光明之城”曾沦陷于纳粹的铁蹄之下，这座世界上最伟大的博物馆之一被洗劫一空，无数不可替代的珍宝被运到了德国。

这个世界对真正的无价之宝仍所知甚少。没有什么比生命更为珍贵，但如此简单的概念人类似乎难以领悟。

Out of Diana's range of vision, an armored delivery truck marked Wayne Enterprises pulled up to the museum entrance. Uniformed officers carefully unloaded a small black security case, also stamped with the logo of the Gotham-based international conglomerate owned by a man who, like Diana, led a double life.

After showing her ID badge to the guard at the main entrance, she put her purse and briefcase on the conveyor belt to be scanned. There was no line at the checkpoint. The museum would not open to the public for another two hours. As he did every day, the guard tried to flirt with her as he handed her back her belongings. She knew he thought she was a native Parisienne, which was probably the greatest compliment he as a Parisian could offer. He would be astonished if he knew how many languages she spoke fluently. As always, she smiled, politely nodded her thanks, and quickly moved on.

The cleaning staff had done their work the night before: the museum was spotless and all but deserted. Diana walked a familiar path over gleaming marble floors, through the sequence of empty adjoining salons. The scale of the rooms — particularly the ceiling height — was most impressive, as had been intended. Renaissance palaces such as this were designed to instill awe and to reflect the might of the occupants. With the monarchs long gone, the great Musée now reflected the power and sensibilities of the French people.

To reach her office she had to pass through the Richelieu Wing and the Department of Near Eastern Antiquities. On either side of the aisle, glass-cased, spotlighted Assyrian bas-reliefs revealed fragments of the history of a three-thousand-year-old civilization: its great cultural accomplishments, but also the pitched battles it had won, the taking of prisoners, mass deportations of conquered peoples, and the fall of competing empires.

The frosted glass of her office door was emblazoned in gold letters: Diana Prince, Curator, Department of Antiquities. The interior space on the other side was filled by a desk and display cases of the early Greek artifacts she was in the process of cataloguing. Ancient weapons of war lined the shelves: axes, bows and arrows, and several versions of the short sword

在戴安娜的视野外，一辆标有“韦恩企业”的装甲卡车停靠在博物馆的入口。身着制服的工作人员小心翼翼地从中卸下一个黑色的保险箱，箱子上同样也印着那个来自哥谭市的国际企业的标志。而这家企业的拥有者，也和戴安娜一样，有着双重身份。

在向入口处的警卫展示过自己的身份牌后，她把自己的手提袋和公文包放在了安检传送带上。由于博物馆两小时后才会对外开放，安检处此时并没有排起长龙。与往常一样，门口的警卫试图在归还随身物品时与她调情。她知道这名警卫认为她是巴黎本地人，也深知这么做是他作为一名巴黎人能够表现赞赏的最佳方式。假如了解到她能够流利地讲多种语言，他一定会大吃一惊。她一如既往地面带微笑，礼貌地向他点了点头以示感谢，便快步向前走去。

清洁工在前一天晚上就已经完成了他们的工作，博物馆的内部一尘不染，空无一人。戴安娜同往常一样走在反光的大理石地板上，穿过一间又一间相邻的沙龙。好似有意为之一般。这些房间的规模极为惊人，尤其天花板的高度更是令人瞠目结舌。这类文艺复兴时期的宫殿之所以如此设计，是为了使人产生敬畏之情，同时也为了彰显所有者的无上权力。但在王公贵族早已成为过往云烟的今天，这座伟大的博物馆则体现出法国人民的强大与感性。

她必须穿过黎塞留庭院和近东文物管理部才能到达自己的办公室。走廊两边的玻璃罩内存放着亚述帝国的浮雕，这些聚光灯下的文物向人们展现出一个距今三千年前古老文明的历史残片：伟大的文明成就、同样还有大获全胜的战役、战俘的夺取、对被征服者的大规模放逐，以及敌对帝国的灰飞烟灭。

她办公室的门的磨砂玻璃上用金色的字印着：戴安娜·普林斯，管理员，文物管理部。一张桌子和装有她正在进行分类的古希腊文物的展示柜几乎占据了办公室的所有空间。架子上陈列着各种各样的古代兵器：战斧、弓箭，以及几款通常只在士兵长矛

called *xiphos* — customarily only drawn after a warrior's spear broke. There were daggers, slings for stones and lead pellets, body armor, leather-covered wooden shields, and metal helmets of both the Chalcidian — foot soldier — and Boeotian — cavalry — varieties. As it happened, every ancient piece in the collection was similar to something she had either wielded herself, or had seen in the armory on Themyscira. Gifts from the Gods, as her mother had called them.

She had no more than set her purse down beside the desk when a soft knock sounded on the doorjamb. A uniformed deliveryman held out a valise. When she saw the logo on the side it gave her pause; the case was not from another museum or gallery, but Wayne Enterprises. Bruce Wayne. They had crossed paths recently, to put it mildly. In fact, together with a third friend of justice, they had put an end to Doomsday. Literally.

She signed for the delivery, then waited until she was alone before opening the lid of the case.

And there it was. Nestled in protective packing was a sepia-toned daguerreotype photograph of a handful of five people posed on a pile of broken bricks at the edge of a muddy village square. In that moment, she stood once again amid the rubble left by a German artillery barrage, shield and sword in hand, wreathed in the caustic perfume of wet, charred wood and burned cordite. A moment of triumph frozen in time, shared by the four unsmiling, heavily armed men who bracketed her. Though the monochrome photo couldn't show it, the eyes of the man standing to her right had been intensely blue, as blue as the sea that surrounded Themyscira, the island of her birth. Feelings of tenderness and pride and loss suddenly welled up, hitting her hard. The five of them had had to stand very still for the photographer's camera — hence their unsmiling faces. But they had been so happy then, in that moment of victory and celebration in the midst of chaos. That sweet, lost moment; those dear, lost warriors.

Though she had made peace with mortality: Steve Trevor, dearest of all.

She picked up the enclosed note. It was unsigned, but she recognized the handwriting. Bruce Wayne's.

折断后才会使用的、名为“西福斯”的短剑。展示架上还陈列着匕首、投石索、铅球、铠甲、包有皮革的木制护盾，以及哈尔基斯人步兵和皮奥夏人骑兵的各类金属头盔。巧合的是，这间屋子里收藏的每一件藏品都与她亲身使用过的，或者在天堂岛的兵器库里见过的装备极为相似。而她的母亲曾将这些装备称作“众神的恩赐”。

她刚把自己的手提包放在桌边，门口就响起了轻轻的敲门声。一个身着制服的送货员递给她一个手提箱。看到手提箱边上的标志，她顿了一下，因为这个箱子并非来自某个博物馆或美术馆，而是来自韦恩企业。委婉地说，她与布鲁斯·韦恩在不久前刚打过一次照面。事实上，他们曾和第三位正义的友人一同终结了毁灭日这个反派。

她签收了货物，待四下无人，才将箱盖打开。

手提箱内放着一张用保护包装封存的棕褐色银版照片，合照上，五个人站在一个泥泞的小镇广场边上的残砖碎瓦上。此时此刻，她仿佛又一次站在了被德国炮火摧残后的废墟上，手持坚盾利剑，身边弥漫着被雨水打湿的焦木和火药的味道。胜利的一刻被冻结在这张照片上，四位不苟言笑，全副武装的男子与她并肩而立。但黑白相片的表现力有限，无法显示出站在她右边的男子那蔚蓝的眼珠，如同环绕着她的诞生之地天堂岛的海水般。亲切、自豪、失落，这些感情瞬间涌上她的心头，重击着她的内心。由于他们必须在摄影师拍照时长时间保持静止，因此照片中的他们都表情僵硬。但当时他们的内心都充满了喜悦，那是胜利的时刻，他们在一片混乱中庆祝着。那是一个甜蜜而又失落的瞬间，那些是亲密却早已远去的战士。

她早已对那场战役的阵亡名单泰然处之：史蒂夫·特雷弗，她的挚爱。

她拿起照片附带的纸条。尽管没有署名，但她还是认出了布鲁斯·韦恩的笔迹。

“I found the original. Maybe one day you’ll tell me your story.”

Surrounded by history, once more Diana took in the smudged faces of heroes long dead, and her own face, unchanged despite the passing of so many years. A century. The image captured more than just an instant in time. It held an elemental kernel of truth: how Wonder Woman came to be.

“我找到了那张照片，也许有一天你会告诉我你的故事。”

戴安娜沉浸在过往中，再一次端详了照片中那些早已牺牲的英雄那污迹斑斑的脸庞，以及自己那一个世纪以来从未变化过的面容。这张照片不仅记录了过去的某一个瞬间，它还蕴藏着一个重要的真相：神奇女侠是如何诞生的。

2

The Island of Themyscira In the Gods' Own Time

“Diana!” Mnemosyne cried, her head popping up from the bushes like a dormouse. “Come back here!”

Busted! Diana, tiny Princess of Themyscira, poured on more speed as she dashed away from the scene of the crime. Surely Mnemosyne *had* to know that there were other things to do on a day like this than sit in a room and learn about the Peloponnesian War. Who needed to learn about human beings? She had never even met one in her entire life — eight years, by mortal count — and doubted she ever would.

In a dress of the palest gold and a tan leather decorative harness in the Amazonian style, with her silver and gold arm guards, Diana beat her retreat. As she capered along a path of white stone, the sea sparkled, begging to be swum in. The breeze demanded a kite. The tower spires of swirling rock looped with hanging vines, the terraces of grapes and olives, and sturdy, slender footbridges crossing waterfalls and canyons insisted that she saddle her pony and explore the vast paradise that was her home.

She burst into the busy square where Amazons were buying and selling a cornucopia of goods: fragrant cheese, olive oil, delicious bread; dried fish and game; bracelets, pottery, and weapons. Amazons loved their weapons. Banners flapped; chickens clucked. Everyone was happy to see her, calling

天堂岛

众神的时代

“戴安娜！”摩涅莫绪涅喊道，睡鼠一般从灌木丛中探出头来，“快回来！”

被发现了！戴安娜，年幼的天堂岛公主，加快了逃离犯罪现场的脚步。摩涅莫绪涅当然知道在这种天气下有比坐在房间里学习伯罗奔尼撒战争更好的活动。谁需要学习有关人类的知识？在她诞生至今的八年里，她还从未见过，估计一生中也不会遇到任何一个人类。

戴安娜飞快地跑了，她身上的淡金色短裙装饰着亚马孙风格的棕色皮革束带，佩戴着金银相间的护臂。她跳上一条白色石头铺设而成的小径，海水波光粼粼，仿佛在祈求她尽情游泳，微风习习，适合放风筝，高塔由盘旋而上的石块组成，绕满了藤蔓，满是葡萄藤和橄榄树的梯田，坚实而又细长的桥梁横穿瀑布和峡谷，眼前的景色无一不在怂恿她骑上自己小马驹，尽情探索。这里既是广阔无际的天堂，也是她的家乡。

她闯入了亚马孙人做买卖的广场，里面的商品琳琅满目：香奶酪、橄榄油、美味的面包、风干的鱼以及各种野味。市场里同样还有手镯、陶器和各类武器，亚马孙人对武器尤为喜爱。商店的条幅不停摆动，鸡咯咯叫着。每个人看到她都笑逐颜开，向她

out “Good morning, Diana!” “Hello, Princess!”

She chugged along merrily, aware that her escape attempt was really just a game. For Diana to win, Mnemosyne had to decide it was just too much trouble to catch her rebellious student and that she’d try again tomorrow. After all, that had worked before.

Mnemosyne was not Diana’s first tutor.

The marketplace left in the dust, she trotted along a ledge and to her delight, realized she’d reached the Amazon training ground. The natural amphitheater — a grassy field bordered on three sides by exposed boulders and shelves of gray rock, and on the fourth by a cliff opening onto the wide blue sea — was filled with clashing bodies, lithe and powerful. In the center, overseeing the organized chaos, strode the Amazons’ great general, Antiope — Diana’s aunt. Antiope wore her tiara and armor with regal bearing and with her long blond hair, now braided, she looked like Diana’s mother the Queen, except that Diana had never seen her mother in battle.

A dozen different struggles played out simultaneously, some one on one, others more lopsided — two, three, five on one. The weapons were ancient, powered by muscle, sinew, and bone. Thrilled, Diana shadowed their movements as swords clanged and *bō* staves thwacked. Hair flying, two figures on horseback charged each other across the rock-strewn meadow, wielding spears and shields. They wore metal breastplates, leather shoulder guards, and the short ornamental leather fringe at their waists that the Greeks called *pteruges*. They flung themselves into the air, twirling and spiraling twenty, thirty, a hundred feet, arching and contorting as they fell fearlessly back to earth. Leaping off their horses, flinging themselves from the pommel, they grabbed up swords off the ground, javelins; an amphora met its end with the fierce toss of spear and discharged its load of dirt.

Mighty Artemis stood on a revolving wooden platform, taking on all comers. The dark-skinned Amazon rippled with muscles as she parried and thrust with her sword. Oh, to be like Artemis!

问好，“早啊，戴安娜！”“你好啊，公主殿下！”

她愉快地向前奔跑，很清楚自己的逃跑行为只是一场游戏。如果戴安娜想要取得胜利，摩涅莫绪涅得认为抓住她那桀骜不驯的学生过于费劲，并且她第二天还会故技重演。毕竟，这招曾经派上过用场。

摩涅莫绪涅可不是戴安娜的第一位家庭教师。

集市已经被远远甩在脑后，戴安娜沿着山脊尽情地奔跑，喜出望外地发现自己已经来到了亚马孙人的训练场。这是一片硕大的草坪，三面被巨石和灰色的山脉环绕，背后则是悬崖峭壁和广阔碧蓝的海洋，好似一座天然形成的竞技场。场地上满是互相竞技的战士，她们身形轻盈却又力量十足。在竞技场的中心大步徘徊，监督这一片有序而又混乱的场面的则是安提俄珀，伟大的亚马孙将军，戴安娜的姑妈。安提俄珀穿戴着华丽的铠甲和头冠，一头金色的长发编在脑后，与亚马孙的女王极为神似，尽管戴安娜从未见过自己的母亲披挂上阵。

十二场对决几乎同时展开，有些是一对一的公平决斗，其他的则是相对不那么平衡的二对一，三对一，甚至五对一的战斗。亚马孙战士使用的都是些古老的冷兵器，施展它们需要强健的肌肉和坚实的筋骨。戴安娜被眼前的景象震撼，模仿着她们的动作，刀剑相互交锋，棍棒彼此碰撞。两名骑在马背上的战士手持长矛和盾牌，长发飘飘，在满是岩石的草场上向对方发起冲锋。她们都披挂着金属胸甲和皮制护肩，腰间佩戴着被古希腊人称作“护腰甲”的皮制流苏装饰。她们纵身一跃，翻向二十，三十，甚至一百尺的高空，弓身屈臂，面无惧色地落到地面。有些战士翻身离开马鞍，拾起掉落在地上的利剑和标枪，只见一道强劲的投射，一只陶罐应声碎裂，罐内的沙石洒向地面。

强大的阿耳忒弥斯矗立在旋转的木制平台中央，迎战四面而来的挑战者。这名深色皮肤的亚马孙战士展现出迷人的肌肉线条，手持宝剑，攻守兼备。哦，战士就要像阿耳忒弥斯一样！

All the combatants on the field were female and in the bursting prime of their lives. They hacked and slashed, putting their mighty force into their moves, but there was no spilled blood or bodies sprawled on the grass. These Amazons had sparred against each other for so long that they could go all out without injuring each other — at least, not permanently. They were relentless and unyielding. Proud, noble, and strong.

Now *this* was something worth learning. To fight among them as a sister in arms. To stand unopposed on the field of combat. Once she could fight she would be all grown up, a woman and a true Amazon, done with sitting still in classrooms. The Spartans defeated the Greeks in the Peloponnesian War. Boom. Done.

Look out! she silently called to an Amazon, as her attacker leaped from her horse with her sword held high. But the great warrior easily deflected the overhead swing of her assailant's blade. Her foe executed a forward roll to put distance between herself and her quarry, moving with the grace of a cheetah.

Diana shadowed each movement, punching, kicking, blowing air from her rosy cheeks, still chubby with the last traces of baby fat. Oh, how she wanted to be swept up in the middle of the whirlwind, to spin and grunt and shout and be a champion!

On the far side of the meadow, a pair of riders towed a target on wheels down a narrow track. One hundred yards away, a line of archers let arrows fly, one by one. The dark arrows disappeared into the clear sky and reappeared as they fell in a perfect arc to strike the rapidly moving straw target. The flight of arrows was followed by a rain of javelins as the moving target reversed direction. They were much easier to follow with the naked eye and when they slammed into and through the target, they rocked it on its wheels and sent up a puff of dust.

Then Diana turned her attention to the armored warriors exercising their close-combat fighting skills. Now her Aunt Antiope keenly observed the fiery warrior Menalippe as she demolished her challenger's strategic attack. The general's muscles were like steel, her arms wrapped in leather,

训练场上所有的战士都是女性，她们的身体都处于最年富力强的状态。她们猛力劈砍，将与生俱来的强大力量融入自己的动作中，但草坪并没有溅上鲜血，也没有人因此丧命。这些亚马孙战士已经相互切磋了足够长的时间，以至于就算拼尽全力也不会伤到对方分毫，至少不会留下永久性的创伤。她们无情而又不屈，都是自豪、卓越、强大的战士。

这才是值得学习的东西。与自己的同胞姐妹并肩作战，在战场上所向披靡。只有熟练掌握战斗技巧，她才算真正地长大，成为一名顶天立地的女性，一名真正的亚马孙人，不用再在课堂中正襟危坐。斯巴达人在伯罗奔尼撒战争中击败了希腊人。只需知道这一点就可以了。

“小心！”戴安娜默默地向一名亚马孙战士喊道。这名战士的对手正高举短剑从战马上跃身而起。但这名伟大的战士轻松地挡开了来自上方的劈砍。她的对手来了一个漂亮的前滚翻，拉开了彼此之间的距离，她的动作如同猎豹般优雅。

戴安娜模仿着战士们的每一步动作，出拳，踢腿，红润的小脸喘着粗气，圆鼓鼓的脸颊还保留着最后一丝婴儿肥的痕迹。哦，她是有多想被卷入这场战斗的旋风中，旋转，低呼，高喊，成为一名勇士！

草场远处，两名骑士将带有轮子的标靶沿着一条狭窄的小径拖行。一百码开外，排成一行的弓箭手搭弓射箭，一支又一支黑色的箭矢消失在万里晴空，随后又突然出现，划出一条完美的弧线，射中了不停移动的标靶。标靶掉头反方向急行，在箭矢的洗礼过后，无尽的标枪如雨点般落下。用肉眼瞄准目标更为简单，因此当她们使标枪射击时，总能精确地射中甚至射穿标靶，并使下方的轮子不停摇晃，扬起一片尘土。

然后戴安娜将自己的注意力移到那些练习近距离作战技巧的披甲勇士身上。现在她的姑妈安提俄珀正在仔细观察着一位名叫梅娜利普的勇猛战士，她成功瓦解了对手的战略进攻。这位将

and boots up to her thighs. Her distinctive tiara, an inverted triangle decorated with a sunburst banded in different kinds of metals, caught the light.

Not twenty feet away, Artemis, one of the most skilled of all the Amazon warriors, was locked in combat with Eliana. Their swords clashed, ringing through the air. Sparks flew. Their boots kicked up divots of grass. As the fighters circled, each was looking for a weakness, a point of attack. When Artemis found it, things happened very quickly. And decisively. If Diana had blinked, she would have missed it. First a feint that drew her opponent forward, then a backspin that put her behind Eliana's hip and shield hand.

Frozen for a split-second, Eliana couldn't bring sword or shield across her body to defend. She had to pivot to do that. As Eliana's right foot left the ground, Artemis was already rearing back, drawing her knee to her chest, and with the sole of her foot kicked her square in the behind. Because Eliana was off balance it wouldn't have taken much of a kick to send her to the ground, but Artemis didn't hold back an ounce of her power, and the impact sent the other woman flying through the air, landing and skidding on her face and hands over the grass. In the process, she lost her sword and some of her dignity.

Antiope ticked her gaze over to Diana. Maybe she *tried* to narrow her eyes in disapproval, but Diana saw the smile behind her *why aren't you with Mnemosyne* look. She shot the general an answering look that said, *Because I'm ready to fight. Let me try!*

"Diana! I see you!" her tutor shouted at her back.

Uh-oh. Diana tamped down a giggle and took off again. Though the tutor was catching up, this was a legendary foot race indeed. Reveling in the thrill of the chase, she ran on, charging up a hill, happy as a baboon. Wily Mnemosyme caught sight of her and Diana coursed down another walkway, maybe a little too fast, and then she launched herself toward another path below. She imagined herself soaring through the air just like the warriors — except that the pathway was *just* a little bit farther down than