

STAR WARS EPISODE IV

RETURN OF THE JEDI

星球大战：绝地归来（英文原版）



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

STAR WARS™

EPISODE VI


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美国迪士尼公司 著



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· 上海 ·

PROLOGUE

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away....

After the destruction of the Death Star, the Sith Lord Darth Vader became obsessed with finding Rebel pilot Luke Skywalker. Vader almost caught him on the ice planet Hoth, but Luke — hoping to learn more about the Jedi arts — fled to Dagobah, where he trained with the aged Jedi Master Yoda.

With the aid of the bounty hunter Boba Fett, Darth Vader captured Luke Skywalker's friends and used them as bait^① to lure Luke into a trap on Cloud City. Despite Yoda's admonishments^②, Luke went to save them, only to be brutally wounded in a lightsaber duel with Vader. The Sith Lord further stunned his adversary with the declaration that he was really Luke's father. Vader's claim was all the more shocking because Luke's trusted mentor Ben Kenobi — the Jedi Master formerly known as Obi-Wan Kenobi — had once told Luke that his father had been murdered by Vader.

Luke managed to escape Vader's clutches^③,

① bait *n.* 诱饵 ② admonishment *n.* 劝诫 ③ clutch *n.* 控制

but not before his friend Han Solo — a slightly reformed smuggler — had been frozen in a block of carbonite and turned over to Boba Fett. After several run-ins with competing bounty hunters, Boba Fett delivered Han's frozen form to the vile^① gangster Jabba the Hutt on the sand planet Tatooine.

While Luke and his allies prepared to rescue Han, the evil Emperor Palpatine sent Darth Vader to a remote sector of space, where the Empire's most powerful secret weapon was now under construction....

① vile *adj.* 邪恶的

CHAPTER 1

The second Death Star was far from finished.

Suspended in a synchronous^① orbit of the gas giant Endor's forest-covered moon, the space station was — at its present stage — an immense exposed superstructure, only partially covered by armored^② plating. Enormous skeletal girders^③ curled away from the completed areas, wrapping protectively around the internal reactor core that ran between the station's poles. Even in its unfinished state, it was obvious that the station would be sphere-shaped.

And like its predecessor, the station had a superlaser focus lens positioned in its upper hemisphere and a trench^④ that ringed the equator. However, it had none of the former Death Star's design flaws. The redesigned superlaser would require mere minutes — not hours — to be recharged, and could be focused more finely, allowing it to fire at moving targets, such as capital ships. With a projected diameter of 160 kilometers and a substantial increase

① synchronous *adj.* 同步的 ② armored *adj.* 装甲的 ③ girder *n.* 大梁

④ trench *n.* 壕沟

in firepower, the new Death Star would be not only larger than the original but also much more lethal.

An Imperial Star Destroyer arrived near the building site, then a Lambda-class shuttle and two TIE fighters dropped out of the Star Destroyer's main hangar^①. As the shuttle and its escorts traveled toward the Death Star, its captain spoke into a comlink: "Command station, this is STThree-twenty-one. Code Clearance Blue. We're starting our approach. Deactivate the security shield."

From the Death Star, a controller answered, "The security deflector^② shield will be deactivated when we have confirmation of your code transmission. Stand by... you are clear to proceed."

"We're starting our approach."

On the shuttle, Darth Vader peered through a window at the monstrous assemblage^③. He thought, Even if it succeeds where the previous Death Star failed, it is an infant's trinket^④ compared to the power of the Force.

As Vader's shuttle neared the space station's equatorial trench, its hinged port and starboard

① hangar *n.* 飞机库 ② deflector *n.* 导向装置 ③ assemblage *n.* 集合物

④ trinket *n.* 不值钱的小玩意儿

wings raised in preparation for landing. The TIE fighters peeled off, and the shuttle proceeded to enter a wide hangar, where it touched down on a gleaming black deck.

In the Death Star control room, the shield operators sat rigidly behind their consoles. A control officer turned from a viewport, faced one of the shield operators, and said, “Inform the commander that Lord Vader’s shuttle has arrived.”

“Yes, sir,” the shield operator quickly replied.

The Death Star’s commanding officer was Moff Jerjerrod, a tall, confident technocrat^① who had risen through the ranks of Logistics and Supply. Jerjerrod hurried to the hangar and walked quickly past the Imperial officers and white-armored stormtroopers who stood at attention before the landed shuttle. Despite his confidence, Jerjerrod swallowed nervously as the shuttle’s landing ramp lowered. There wasn’t a single Imperial soldier who hadn’t heard about Darth Vader’s predilection^② for strangling^③ those who’d failed to carry out his orders. Jerjerrod had no intention of having his name added to Vader’s list of kills.

① technocrat *n.* 技术专家 ② predilection *n.* 偏好 ③ strangle *v.* 掐死

Darth Vader strode down the ramp. From his head-concealing helmet to his shin-armored boots, he was a nightmarish figure, clad entirely in black. An outer robe fell from his shoulders to the floor behind him, and he swept onto the hangar deck like a malevolent^① shadow.

“Lord Vader,” Jerjerrod said, “this is an unexpected pleasure. We’re honored by your presence.”

“You may dispense with the pleasantries^②, Commander,” Vader said, not breaking his stride as he moved past the gathered troops. “I’m here to put you back on schedule.”

Walking fast to keep abreast with the dark lord, Jerjerrod said, “I assure you, Lord Vader, my men are working as fast as they can.”

“Perhaps I can find new ways to motivate them.”

Jerjerrod stopped walking and promised, “I tell you, this station will be operational as planned.”

Vader stopped, too. Turning to face Jerjerrod, he said, “The Emperor does not share your optimistic appraisal of the situation.”

“But he asks the impossible,” Jerjerrod

① malevolent *adj.* 恶毒的 ② pleasantry *n.* 客套话

replied. “I need more men.”

“Then perhaps you can tell him when he arrives.”

Jerjerrod was aghast^①. “The Emperor’s coming here?”

“That is correct, Commander,” Vader stated. “And he is most displeased with your apparent lack of progress.”

Jerjerrod had been standing straight, but tried to stand even straighter as he said, “We shall double our efforts.”

“I hope so, Commander, for your sake. The Emperor is not as forgiving as I am.”

Vader turned and walked out of the hangar, leaving Jerjerrod behind.

Back on Tatooine, C-3PO had troubles of his own.

“Of course I’m worried,” the protocol^② droid^③ replied to a question his astromech companion R2-D2 had asked. “And you should be, too. Lando Calrissian and poor Chewbacca never returned from this awful place.”

The awful place was their destination: Jabba the Hutt’s palace, a large fortress^④ near the southwestern border of the Western Dune

① aghast *adj.* 吃惊的 ② protocol *n.* 礼仪 ③ droid *n.* 机器人

④ fortress *n.* 堡垒

Sea. But as the droids trudged once again across the desert world's desolate terrain, R2-D2 was more optimistic about the fate of their friends. For one thing, Lando could take care of himself pretty well. Also, the droid knew that Chewbacca hadn't even arrived yet at Jabba's palace, although he didn't bother mentioning this detail to C-3PO. Sometimes, the less C-3PO knew, the better. The astromech droid rotated his domed head to whistle a timid response to his gold-plated companion.

"Don't be so sure," C-3PO said. "If I told you half the things I've heard about this Jabba the Hutt, you'd probably short-circuit."

Indeed, Jabba Desilijic Tiure was legendary for his vicious temper, endless greed, gruesome^① appetite, and fondness for violent entertainment. He had been the reigning crime lord in the Outer Rim Territories for hundreds of years, and his illegal enterprises included smuggling, glitterstim spice dealing, slave trading, assassination^②, and piracy.

Jabba's palace had been built around the ancient monastery^③ of B'omarr monks, a mysterious religious order that believed in

① gruesome *adj.* 非常恐怖的 ② assassination *n.* 刺杀

③ monastery *n.* 修道院

isolating themselves from all physical sensation to enhance the power of their minds; to achieve this, enlightened monks had their brains transplanted into nutrient-filled jars. Rumor had it that B'omarr monks still existed in the palace's lower levels. C-3PO wasn't in any hurry to find out if the rumors were true.

The palace was a cluster of domed cylindrical^① towers. The largest structure was an enormous citadel^② with a massive rust-encrusted iron door at its base. Hesitantly approaching the door, C-3PO asked, "Artoo, are you sure this is the right place?"

R2-D2 answered with an affirmative beep.

C-3PO looked for some kind of signaling device — a chime^③, bell, or comlink panel — but saw none. Glancing at R2-D2, he said, "I'd better knock, I suppose." C-3PO tapped lightly on the door, then stepped back and observed, "There doesn't seem to be anyone here. Let's go back and tell Master Luke."

A small circular hatch slid open on the door and a long mechanical arm rapidly extended through the hatch. At the end of the arm, there was a large electronic eyeball with a built-in

① cylindrical *adj.* 圆柱形的 ② citadel *n.* 城堡

③ chime *n.* (铃、钟等) 鸣声装置

vocoder^①. The eyeball — set within a bronze optical shutter — belonged to a surveillance^② droid, which glared at C-3PO and snapped, “Tee chuta hhat yudd!”

“Goodness gracious me!” C-3PO said. Facing the electronic eyeball, he gestured to R2-D2 and said, “Artoo Detoowha...”

The surveillance droid’s arm pivoted^③ to turn its gaze on the R2 unit. R2-D2 beeped, and the eyeball jutted forward unexpectedly for a closer look. R2-D2 beeped and jumped back.

“... boSeethreepiowha,” C-3PO continued, indicating himself, “ey toota odd mishka Jabba du Hutt.”

Hearing his master’s name, the surveillance droid made an inhuman chuckling sound. Then the mechanical arm and eyeball zipped back into the door, and the hatch slammed shut.

“I don’t think they’re going to let us in, Artoo,” C-3PO said, turning to walk away. “We’d better go.”

R2-D2 could tell C-3PO was eager to get away from the palace, but the astromech didn’t budge from the closed door. Suddenly, there was a horrific metallic^④ grinding noise and the

① vocoder *n.* 声音合成机 ② surveillance *n.* 监督, 监视 ③ pivot *v.* 旋转

④ metallic *adj.* 金属的

door began to rise. The door was still opening as R2-D2 scooted^① under it and into the citadel's dark, cavernous entry.

“Artoo, wait,” C-3PO called. “Oh, dear!” Reluctantly, he followed the little droid into the citadel, and saw his friend was already far ahead of him. “Artoo, Artoo, I really don't think we should rush into all this.”

Suddenly, a spiderlike robot with spindly legs lurched out from the shadows and scuttled past C-3PO. The robot carried a jar that contained a brain: a disembodied B'omarr monk. Frightened by the sight, C-3PO cried, “Oh, Artoo! Artoo, wait for me!”

As R2-D2 moved forward, hidden sensors in the hallway walls scanned his body. The sensors pinpointed^② the many sophisticated tools that were housed in R2-D2's frame, but didn't detect any concealed explosives or blasters. The sensors did notice what appeared to be a non-standard cylindrical device in R2-D2's dome, but since the object was not a projectile^③ weapon or a bomb, the sensors let it pass.

R2-D2 kept moving through the darkness until he struck something hard. Backing up,

① scoot *v.* 快走, 迅速跑 ② pinpoint *v.* 指出准确位置

③ projectile *n.* 发射物, 枪弹

he adjusted his optical sensors to see that he'd bumped into a large Gamorrean, a green-skinned porcine^① alien with a large-nostriled cartilaginous^② snout and upturned tusks. Suited in heavy armor, the Gamorrean loomed over the droid and grunted.

C-3PO came up fast behind R2-D2 and said, "Just you deliver Master Luke's message and get us out of here." Stopping beside R2-D2, C-3PO saw the Gamorrean guard, then saw a second Gamorrean guard emerge from the shadows and said, "Oh, my!" The iron door slammed shut behind them. C-3PO added, "Oh, no."

"Die Wanna Wanga!" rasped an alien voice from nearby. C-3PO turned to see the speaker: a tall, pale-skinned male Twi'lek with blazing red eyes. The Twi'lek wore a black silk robe and his two long lekku — taillike appendages that grew out from the back of his head — were draped^③ around his sloped shoulders.

"Oh, my!" C-3PO repeated. He bowed to the Twi'lek, then replied, "Die Wanna Wauaga. We — we bring a message to your master, Jabba the Hutt."

R2-D2 let out a series of quick beeps,

① porcine *adj.* 猪的, 像猪的 ② cartilaginous *adj.* 软骨的

③ drape *v.* 覆盖, 披挂

prompting C-3PO to add, “And a gift.” Surprised by this last detail, C-3PO glanced at R2-D2 and said, “Gift, what gift?”

The Twi’lek shook his head. “Nee labba no badda.” Then he smiled, revealing a mouth filled with sharp teeth, and stepped closer to R2-D2. The Twi’lek’s hands had long fingernails, and he reached down to caress the little droid’s dome, clearly indicating that he would like to possess the gift himself with the words, “Me chaade su goodie.”

R2-D2 recoiled^① from the Twi’lek’s touch. The droid rotated his dome back and forth, effectively shaking his head, and let out a protesting array of squeaks^②.

C-3PO faced the Twi’lek and translated, “He says that our instructions are to give it only to Jabba himself!”

One of the Gamorreans grunted and snarled menacingly at the Twi’lek, making it clear that Jabba would be angered if he didn’t receive the droid’s message. The Twi’lek’s eyes went wide with fear and anger.

Facing the Twi’lek, C-3PO gestured to R2-D2 and said, “I’m terribly sorry. I’m afraid he’s

① recoil *v.* 退缩 ② squeak *n.* 吱吱声

ever so stubborn about these sort of things.”

The Twi'lek glared at the droids, then said, “Nudd chaa,” and motioned them toward a dark doorway. One of the Gamorrean guards tagged along as the droids followed the Twi'lek to a tunneled stairway.

C-3PO said, “Artoo, I have a bad feeling about this.”

The Twi'lek's name was Bib Fortuna, and he was Jabba's chief lieutenant^①. But Bib was hardly loyal to his master, and secretly anticipated the day the Hutt would croak his last. Grumbling to himself, Bib led the droids and Gamorrean guard down a flight of steps and into the Hutt's throne room.

The throne room was a dimly illuminated chamber that was literally crawling with grotesque^② creatures, most of whom were intoxicated. Numerous aliens cavorted^③ on an elevated bandstand and various smoke-filled nooks. Jabba himself rested his bulky, gluttonous form upon a broad dais^④, and lazily sucked on a pipe linked to a naal thorn burner.

Beside the burner sat Salacious Crumb, a small Kowakian monkey-lizard with small

① lieutenant *n.* 中尉，副官 ② grotesque *adj.* 奇形怪状的

③ cavort *v.* 腾跃，欢跳 ④ dais *n.* 高座