

STAR WARS

EPISODE I

THE PHANTOM MENACE

星球大战：幽灵的威胁（英文原版）



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地址: 上海市梅陇路130号, 200237

电话: 021-64250306

网址: press.ecust.edu.cn

邮箱: zongbianban@ecustpress.cn

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STAR WARS™

TIMELINE



RISE OF THE EMPIRE

- I THE PHANTOM MENACE
- II ATTACK OF THE CLONES
- III REVENGE OF THE SITH



REBELLION

- IV A NEW HOPE
- V THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK
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NEW REPUBLIC

- VII THE FORCE AWAKENS

PROLOGUE

A long time ago in a galaxy^① far, far away...

Before the Rebel Alliance fought its way to freedom; before the Jedi Knights all but vanished from the known worlds; before the Empire was founded to expand like a cancer across the stars — before any of these things occurred, the Galactic Republic ruled much of the galaxy.

It was a time of peace, watched over by the Jedi Knights and Masters. But the Jedi were guardians^② only, using their amazing fighting skills to defend justice. They were the Republic's peacemakers; its rulers were the members of the Galactic Senate. Thousands of delegates, representing every planet in the Republic, met regularly in the great Senate chambers on the central world of Coruscant. There they wrote the laws of the Republic and settled the disputes^③ that sometimes arose between planets.

Over the centuries, many problems came before the Senate. At first, the dispute over taxing trade routes seemed no different from

① galaxy *n.* 星系 ② guardian *n.* 守护者, 保卫者 ③ dispute *n.* 纷争, 纠纷

all the others. The Trade Federation — an organization of merchants so powerful that they had a representative in the Galactic Senate, just as if they were a planet — wanted more control in the outlying^① star systems. The outlying planets objected. The debate dragged on^② and on.

Finally the Trade Federation lost patience, and took more drastic action. They chose the small, watery world of Naboo and blockaded^③ it, surrounding it with battleships so that no spaceships could land or take off from the planet. They hoped that the young Queen of Naboo would agree quickly to their demands. Then they could use Naboo as an example to persuade or force other planets to do the same.

But the young Queen did not give in. Tension in the Senate grew worse. Worried that the Trade Federation's blockade might lead to open war, the Supreme Chancellor of the Galactic Senate asked the Jedi for help. Soon, two Jedi ambassadors^④ were on their way to Naboo to settle the conflict. They expected their mission to be short and simple....

① outlying *adj.* 边远的 ② drag on 拖延 ③ blockade *n.* 封锁

④ ambassador *n.* 大使

CHAPTER 1

The Galactic Republic's cruiser^① dropped out of hyperspace at last, giving Qui-Gon Jinn his first look at Naboo — or rather, at the menacing cloud of Trade Federation battleships that surrounded it. Like fat white maggots^②, they spread through space, blocking all access to the planet. Qui-Gon was not impressed. In the decades he had been a Jedi Knight, he had seen many battleships. The ships were unimportant; what mattered were the beings they carried.

The view screen lit. Leaning forward, Qui-Gon peered over the cruiser captain's shoulder. The screen showed a Neimoidian with grayish-tan skin and dull orange eyes, wearing a three-pronged^③ headdress. *One of the Trade Federation's viceroys*^④. *Does he greet all incoming ships personally, or only ambassadors?* Qui-Gon wondered. “Captain,” he said aloud. “Tell them we wish to board at once.”

“Yes, sir.” The captain looked back at her view screen. “With all due respect for the Trade Federation, the ambassadors for the Supreme

① cruiser *n.* 巡航舰 ② maggot *n.* 蛆 ③ three-pronged *adj.* 三尖叉的

④ viceroy *n.* 总督

Chancellor wish to board immediately,” she told the Neimoidian.

“Yes, yes, of course,” the viceroy replied. “Ah, as you know, our blockade is legal, perfectly legal. We’ll be happy to receive the ambassadors....” The view screen went black.

The main Trade Federation battleship loomed ahead. Qui-Gon closed his eyes, carefully testing the feel of the Force^①. *The ship carries mainly Neimoidians. And they’re nervous.* About what he had expected. And yet... something else hovered ominously^② on the edge of his perception^③, something he could not quite identify.

The impression faded as the cruiser settled to the floor of the battleship’s docking bay. Qui-Gon opened his eyes. Whatever he had sensed, it was gone. Now he had more immediate duties to attend to.

Rising, Qui-Gon motioned to Obi-Wan. The younger Jedi’s face was stern^④, as befitted an important mission, and Qui-Gon sighed. Not for the first time, he wondered what Master Yoda had been thinking all those years ago, when he brought Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan Kenobi together

① the Force 原力，本书中指一种超自然的、神秘的力量或能量场

② ominously adv. 不祥地 ③ perception n. 感知 ④ stern adj. 严肃的

as Master and Padawan^① apprentice. Obi-Wan Kenobi had great skill, no question of that, but sometimes he was so...intense^②.

Qui-Gon smiled slightly. Master Yoda always saw farther than anyone else. Perhaps he had thought that an earnest young apprentice would be as good for Qui-Gon as Qui-Gon would be for the apprentice. It would be like Yoda to balance Obi-Wan's headstrong^③ nature and by-the-book^④ methods against Qui-Gon's patience and unconventional ways. He would have to ask Yoda about it, after Obi-Wan passed the trials and became a full Jedi Knight. *That will be soon*, Qui-Gon thought — though he hadn't said anything about it to Obi-Wan yet.

As he came down the exit ramp, Qui-Gon saw a protocol droid^⑤ waiting below. Obi-Wan's eyebrows rose, and he gave Qui-Gon a quick, questioning look. Qui-Gon nodded in reassurance. Neimoidians were a nervous race, happiest doing business at a distance. They were probably still trying to get up the courage to face the ambassadors in person.

The droid led them to a large room equipped with a round conference table. One

① padawan *n.* 学徒，此处指“绝地学徒” ② intense *adj.* 极其认真的

③ headstrong *adj.* 固执己见的 ④ by-the-book *adj.* 循规蹈矩的 ⑤ droid *n.* 机器人

entire wall was made of windows, providing a spectacular view of the planet Naboo... and the fleet of battleships surrounding it. *Not the best background for peace talks*, Qui-Gon thought.

“I hope your honored sirs will be most comfortable here,” the protocol droid said. “My master will be with you shortly.” Bowing, it left.

Obi-Wan put back the hood of his cloak, revealing short dark hair with a single thin braid^① dangling over one shoulder. He was shorter than Qui-Gon, and clean shaven. Qui-Gon wore his graying hair long, and sported a small, neat beard. Only their clothing was similar; both wore the dark, hooded cloaks and cream-colored tunics^② of the Jedi order.

Obi-Wan stared out the window at the battle fleet. “I have a bad feeling about this,” he said finally.

“I don’t sense anything,” Qui-Gon said. The faint disturbance he had felt earlier had vanished completely. But though Obi-Wan was only twenty-five and not yet a full Jedi Knight, he had great sensitivity^③ to the Force. Qui-Gon had learned to respect his apprentice’s instincts^④. *Some new problem, then?*

① braid *n.* 辫子 ② tunic *n.* (古希腊、古罗马时的) 无袖宽松长袍

③ sensitivity *n.* 敏感 ④ instinct *n.* 天赋

“It’s not about the mission, Master,” Obi-Wan said quickly. “It’s something elsewhere. Elusive^①...”

“Don’t center on your anxiety, Obi-Wan,” Qui-Gon warned. “Keep your concentration here and now, where it belongs.”

“Master Yoda says I should be mindful of the future.”

“But not at the expense of the moment,” Qui-Gon said gently. “Be mindful of the living Force, my young Padawan.”

Obi-Wan’s preoccupied^② expression held a moment longer. Then he nodded. “Yes, Master.”

The two men stood silent, looking out at the fleet. After a time, Obi-Wan said, “How do you think this trade viceroy will deal with the Chancellor’s demands?”

“These Federation types are cowards,” Qui-Gon said. “The negotiations will be short.” But as he spoke, he wondered. The trade viceroy was taking a long time to arrive, even for a Neimoidian. He shook his head. Staring at the Trade Federation’s fleet disturbed his thoughts. Deliberately^③, he turned away. Taking a seat at the table, he began to calm his mind.

① elusive *adj.* 难以捉摸或解释的 ② preoccupied *adj.* 心事重重的

③ deliberately *adv.* 慢慢地, 小心地

After a moment, Obi-Wan joined him. “Is it in their nature to make us wait this long?” he asked, voicing^① Qui-Gon’s own unease.

“No,” Qui-Gon said. He paused, concentrating. “I sense an unusual amount of fear for something as trivial as this trade dispute.”

Nute Gunray, the Trade Federation viceroy, had been nervous since the blockade began. He had been frightened ever since the Republic cruiser entered the Naboo star system. Now, standing on the bridge of his battleship and facing the communication hologram^② of Darth Sidious, he was quite frankly terrified.

Darth Sidious frightens everyone, thought Nute, but it was small comfort. The Sith Lord was a shadowy, evil figure. Even though the Trade Federation had followed him loyally, he always wore a hooded cloak that hid most of his face from his allies. *Mysterious ... and powerful*, Nute reminded himself. Somehow the thought was not as reassuring as he had intended it to be.

Beside him, Daultay Dofine stammered^③ objections^④ and explanations to the Sith Lord’s hologram. “The ambassadors are Jedi!” Dofine

① voice *v.* 表达出 ② hologram *n.* 全息影像 ③ stammer *v.* 结结巴巴地说

④ objection *n.* 反对意见

finished. “We dare not go against them.”

The holographic image of Sidious shifted. “You seem more worried about these Jedi than you are about me, Dofine,” came the soft, menacing voice. “I am amused.”

Dofine seemed to shrink^①. Sidious turned. “Viceroy!”

Nute’s skull ridges went cold, and he had to force himself to step forward. “Yes, my lord?”

“I don’t want that stunted slime in my sight again,” Sidious said. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, my lord,” Nute said, and glared^② at Dofine until he ran off the bridge.

“This turn of events is unfortunate.” Darth Sidious went on as if nothing had happened. “We must accelerate^③ our plans. Begin landing your troops.”

Nute stared, completely taken aback^④. Thousands of battle droids stood ready in the holds of his battleships, but he hadn’t expected to actually have to *use* them. “Ahh, my lord ... is that legal?” Nute asked tentatively^⑤.

“I will make it legal,” the hooded figure said flatly.

Nute shivered. Sidious’ tone left no room for

① shrink v. 退缩 ② glare v. 怒视，瞪 ③ accelerate v. 加快

④ take aback 使大吃一惊 ⑤ tentatively adv. 试探性地

doubts or questions. *If he can make an invasion^① legal, what else is he capable of?*

“And the Jedi?” Nute asked.

“The Chancellor should never have brought them into this,” Sidious said. “Kill them immediately.”

“Y-yes, my lord. As you wish,” Nute stammered automatically. *Oh, no. Even he can't make that legal.* He stared at the dark figure in the hooded cloak and swallowed hard. *But if I refuse, he'll be angry. And facing Darth Sidious is terrible enough when he's pleased....*

The figure chuckled^②, as if Sidious knew what Nute had been thinking. The hologram winked out^③. Nute took a deep breath of relief, then turned to the ship's interior controls. A touch of a button switched the main screen to a view of the docking bay where the Republic cruiser sat. Another button brought a gun to bear on^④ the cruiser. Nute barely hesitated before he pushed the button down. The gun fired, and the Republic cruiser exploded.

“That was easy enough,” Nute muttered to himself. “Now for the Jedi...”

Qui-Gon felt the deaths of the cruiser's crew

① invasion *n.* 入侵 ② chuckle *v.* 低声地笑 ③ wink out 熄灭

④ bear on 将(炮火)集中于……之上

at once. Immediately, he sprang to his feet, lightsaber^① in hand. He noted with approval that Obi-Wan also sensed the disturbance in the Force and reacted quickly. Together they scanned the room, weapons ready. No threat appeared, only the protocol droid dithering^② over its spilled drinks.

Qui-Gon nodded at Obi-Wan, and they turned off their lightsabers. The hum of the weapons died. In the quiet, Qui-Gon heard a faint hissing^③.

“Gas^④!” he called to Obi-Wan. He took a deep breath and held it. They would have to fight their way out quickly, or be overcome.

① lightsaber *n.* 此处指光剑，一种虚构的武器 ② dither *v.* 慌乱，紧张

③ hiss *v.* 发出嘶嘶声 ④ gas *n.* 气体，毒气

CHAPTER 2

The hologram in the conference room showed only a thick green cloud. Nute Gunray studied the picture carefully. *The Jedi must be dead by now*, he thought. He switched to a view of the hallway outside the room, where a crowd of skeletal^① battle droids waited. “Go in and blast what’s left of them,” he ordered.

The droids readied their weapons. One of them opened the door, and the deadly gas billowed^② out. Nute tensed, seeing movement in the cloud, but it was only the protocol droid. *The Jedi are dead*, he thought with satisfaction. He reached to shut off the screen.

Two humming bars^③ of light, one green and one blue, swept out of the fog. They passed through the nearest battle droids without pausing. The droids collapsed, cut in half. Alarms began to sound.

Nute leaned forward, trying to make sense of the confused images. “What in blazes^④ is going on down there?”

“Have you ever encountered a Jedi Knight

① skeletal *adj.* 似骸骨的 ② billow *v.* 翻滚 ③ bar *n.* 棒，条
④ in blazes 到底，究竟

before, sir?" asked his lieutenant, Rune Haako.

"Not exactly," Nute said. "But I don't —" A screen lit up, showing a string of corridors in red. *They're heading for the bridge!* "Seal^① the doors!" he shouted.

"That won't be enough, sir," Rune said almost sadly as the doors slammed shut. "That won't be nearly enough."

Qui-Gon's lightsaber sliced through a pair of battle droids. They collapsed in a shower of sparks. The door to the bridge was just ahead. As he parried^② a shot from another droid, he felt a surge^③ in the Force. An instant later, a group of battle droids flew against the wall and collapsed in a tangle. Qui-Gon nodded approval. His apprentice was making good use of his skills.

He reached the bridge door and began to cut through it, trusting Obi-Wan to hold off any new battle droids. Almost at once, he felt a rush of fear from the room beyond. Then, with a loud rumble, a series of blast doors^④ slammed, sealing the bridge even tighter.

Qui-Gon shook his head, almost amused. Blast doors could not keep out a Jedi. Shifting his grip on his lightsaber, he stabbed at the door.

① seal v. 封住, 封锁 ② parry v. 避开 ③ surge n. 涌动 ④ blast door 防爆门