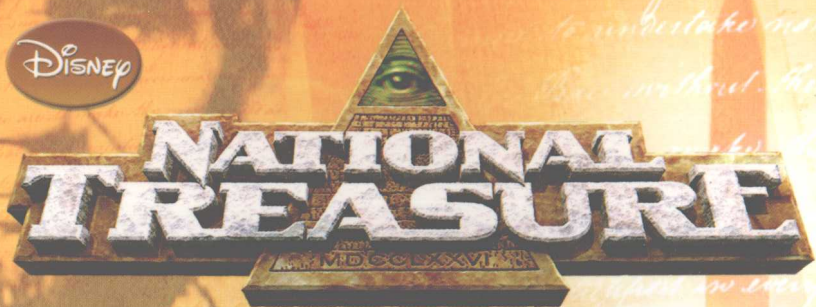


迪士尼电影读物（英汉对照）之十



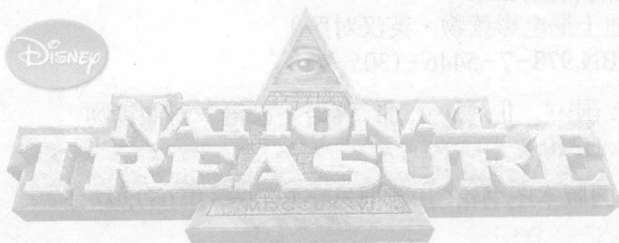
BOOK OF SECRETS

国家宝藏：夺宝秘笈



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# 国家宝藏：夺宝秘笈

Adapted by Ann Lloyd

曹 娟 译注

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# 出版前言

“阅读改变人生。”广泛的阅读可以开阔视野、拓宽思路、修身养性。英语阅读同样必不可少，好的英语是读出来的，读出来的英语是地道的、自然的，培养出来的语感是流畅的。文学性与趣味性兼顾、想象力丰富并能启发心智的书籍可以让读者立即产生阅读的欲望，一旦上手，就希望一口气读完，在轻松愉快的氛围中享受英语阅读的乐趣。

“迪士尼电影读物”是上海外语教育出版社引进编译的一套英汉对照读物，全套共24本，包含《歌舞青春》、《海底总动员》、《闪电狗》、《玩具总动员》、《加勒比海盗》、《102忠狗》、《魔法奇缘》等永不落幕的迪士尼经典电影故事。各类关于成长、探险、人性、友情、幸福等主题的故事能激励读者去克服生活中的挫折、去体验情感中的悲喜、去培养精神世界中的追求。阅读这些书的同时，读者可以重温经典、启发心智、丰富生活。全套读物英汉对照，边栏特意为难点词汇加注，以方便读者阅读。

希望这套读物能让读者在身心愉悦的同时潜移默化地吸收语言知识、培养良好的阅读习惯，成为读者永久珍藏的经典英语读物！

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2009年5月



## PROLOGUE

### Washington, April 14, 1865

**O**n the streets of Washington, D.C., children darted among crowds, sparklers in hand. Men and women, smiles on their faces, meandered<sup>1</sup> about, taking in the sights and sounds of the celebrating throngs. The Civil War was over! The soldiers were returning! Peace was restored at last!

But not everyone was celebrating. Ignoring the festivities, a well-dressed gentleman tied his horse to a post outside a small tavern. Satisfied his mount was safe, the man turned and scanned the area, his eyes coming to rest on someone in decidedly worse shape than he was. A disheveled<sup>2</sup> man, his eyes cold, leaned against the wall of the tavern. Raising his hand, the well-dressed gentleman pointed at the other man's shirt. A gold pin flashed in the light of the sparklers before the man quickly buttoned up his coat, concealing the item. Then, in silence, the two entered the tavern.

Inside, the atmosphere was a bit more subdued. A

## 序 幕

华盛顿, 1865年4月14日

华盛顿特区的街道上, 孩子们手里拿着烟花, 在人群里迅速地穿来穿去。男男女女们脸上挂着笑容, 一边闲荡, 一边观看人声鼎沸的欢庆场面。内战结束了! 士兵们就快返乡了! 终于恢复和平了!

但并非所有人都在庆祝。一位衣着考究的绅士将马拴在小酒馆门外的柱子上, 对人们的庆祝活动视而不见。安顿好他的坐骑, 这人颇为满意, 转过身来扫视了一下周遭, 目光渐渐地停留在一个人身上。此人外表显然跟绅士相去甚远, 只见他靠在酒馆的墙上, 衣冠不整, 目光冷漠。这位衣着考究的绅士抬起手, 指着另外那人的衬衫。在烟花的火光下, 一枚别针闪过一道金光, 那人连忙扣好大衣, 把别针遮起来。接着, 两人闷声不响地走进了酒馆。

酒馆里面的气氛相对而言显得沉闷了一

1. meander v.

漫步

2. disheveled a.

凌乱的, 不整洁的



piano player tickled the keys, playing a now familiar Union anthem, while behind the bar, the barkeeper read a newspaper, unconcerned by the newest patrons. In the back room, equally unconcerned with his surroundings, a bespectacled<sup>1</sup> man by the name of Thomas Gates sat, immersed in his studies. His nine-year-old son, Charles Carroll Gates, sat at his side, fidgeting.

Suddenly, a pair of shadows covered Thomas's books. Looking up in annoyance, Thomas found himself staring into the eyes of the well-dressed man and his companion.

"They say you got a mind for conundrums<sup>2</sup> and such," the gentleman said in way of greeting.

"He's the best," Charles piped up, his voice full of pride.

Shooting the child a stern look, the gentleman pulled a leather-bound diary from his pocket and placed it on the table. "We got something we were hoping you could take a look at."

Thomas glanced at the open page of the diary, his eyes quickly scanning the words. But before he could speak, Charles exclaimed, "That's a Playfair cipher!"

Holding back a groan, Thomas reached into his jacket and produced an unlit sparkler. Handing it to his son, he ordered him outside. But not before giving him a stern warning. "Try not to burn down the Capitol<sup>3</sup>. They just built it." When Charles was safely out of the room, Thomas turned his attention back to the two men. "That cipher's impossible to decode without the key," he explained.

The gentleman pointed to the page. "I believe what you need is right here."



1. bespectacled *a.*  
戴眼镜的

2. conundrum *n.*  
谜, 猜不透的  
难题

3. Capitol *n.* 国  
会大厦

些。一名钢琴手轻轻地拨弄着键盘, 演奏着那首人们现在耳熟能详的国歌。酒保在吧台后面看报纸, 对这两位新来的客人漠不关心。在里屋, 坐着一位名叫托马斯·盖茨的男子, 他戴着一副眼镜, 沉浸在自己的研究中, 同样对周围漠不关心。他9岁的儿子查尔斯·卡罗尔·盖茨坐在旁边, 看上去有些坐立不安。

突然, 两个人影遮住了托马斯的书。托马斯恼火地抬起头, 这才发觉自己正迎视着那位衣着体面的先生和他的同伴的目光。

“听说你很擅长破解密码谜题什么的,” 那位先生跟他搭讪。

“他可是最棒的,” 查尔斯大声回应道, 声音里充满着自豪感。

那先生严厉地扫了孩子一眼, 从口袋里掏出一本皮面日记簿, 放在桌上。“我们有东西希望你能看一下。”

托马斯瞟了一眼翻开的那一页日记, 目光飞快地扫视了一下上面的单词。还没等他开口, 查尔斯就叫道: “这是普莱费厄密码!”

托马斯忍住没有发作, 手伸进夹克, 拿出一支未点燃的烟花。他把它递给儿子, 命令他去外面玩, 但在他离开之前又严厉地警告他说: “别把国会大厦烧毁了。它才刚造好。”等到查尔斯安全地出了里屋, 托马斯的注意力这才回到两人身上。“这种密码没有密钥是不可能破解的,” 他解释道。

那位先生指着那一页日记, 道: “我想你要的东西就在这里。”





Thomas looked back down at the book, his eyes darting between the cipher and the phrase the man had alluded to. The gentleman knew that look—Thomas was interested. And interested was exactly what he wanted. “So? Can you decode it?”

“It’ll take some time,” Thomas answered.

The gentleman checked his pocket watch. His friend noticed and said to him, “Go on. I’ll meet up with you later.”

As the man pushed his way past the long bar, the barkeeper looked up. “I know you,” he shouted. “You’re that actor fella, aren’t ya?”

With a smile, the gentleman *acknowledged*<sup>1</sup> the recognition. But his expression changed upon hearing the barkeeper’s next words.

“Well, you’ll never be the actor your father was,” the man announced.

“Perhaps,” the gentleman replied through *clenched*<sup>2</sup> teeth. “But I will soon be the most famous.” And with that, he pushed his way out the door, jumped on his horse, and disappeared into the crowded streets. He had an appointment to keep.

Moments later, the gentleman arrived in an alley behind one of the city’s theaters. Handing the reins of his horse to a young *stagehand*<sup>3</sup> guarding the door, he slipped into the back of the building. Inside, the faint sounds of the actors’ voices could be heard as they played out a scene from the popular play, *Our American Cousin*. But the man did not stop to notice. He kept moving, climbing up a steep flight of steps that led to one of the theater’s boxes—the esteemed State Box, to be specific.

托马斯又低下头看那本书，双眼在密码和那人所指的短语之间来回扫视。那位先生看懂了这表情——托马斯对此很感兴趣。这正中他的下怀。“那么，你能破解吗？”

“得花点时间，”托马斯答道。

那位先生看了看怀表，他的同伴注意到了，对他说：“你先走。我过会儿和你碰头。”

那人一路冲撞经过长长的吧台时，酒保抬头看见了他。“我认识你，”他嚷道，“你是那个演员，是吧？”

那人莞尔默认。但一听到酒保接下来所说的话，他表情骤变。

“噢，你永远也成为不了你老爸那样的演员，”酒保大声说道。

“也许吧，”那人咬着牙答道。“但我马上就会成为最出名的。”说着，他挤出门外，跳上马背，消失在熙熙攘攘的街道中。他要去赴一个约。

少顷，那人已来到这城里一家剧院的后巷里。他把缰绳递给守门的一个年轻的置景工，随后溜进了剧院后门。剧院里能隐约听到男演员的声音，他们正在表演《我们的美国表兄》这部流行剧。但那人并没有止步观赏，而是一路前进，爬上了一段陡峭的楼梯。那楼梯通往剧院的一个包厢——确切地说，那是一间令人肃然起敬

1. acknowledge

v. 承认

2. clench v. 咬紧

3. stagehand n.

舞台管理，后台工作人员



When he arrived at the top, he handed a note to a valet<sup>1</sup> who let him pass. Walking over to the door, his heart began to pound in his chest. Through a small peephole in the door, the man could see President Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd, sitting next to Major Rathbone and his fiancée, Clara Harris. It was just as he had planned. Smiling, the gentleman pulled out a derringer<sup>2</sup> from his pocket.

Silently, he slipped into the box, his finger on the trigger. Laughter erupted in the theater, giving the man his chance. He aimed at the president and pulled the trigger. The shot rang out, loud and true. Leaping to his feet, Major Rathbone rushed to the president's aid, but pulling a knife, the shooter swiped at Rathbone, slicing<sup>3</sup> his arm. Before the major could recover, the man stepped out onto the railing of the box seats and jumped. But as he did so, his boot spur caught on the American flag draped across the front of the seats. Awkwardly, he fell to the stage.

As all around him screams rang out and people ran for safety, the man stood up, a knife in his hand. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" he shouted in Latin. The phrase meant, "Thus always to tyrants." And, turning, John Wilkes Booth, the man who would forever be known as Lincoln's assassin, limped offstage while behind him the theater burst into chaos<sup>4</sup>.

Back at the tavern, Thomas was busy deciphering the coded message. He was scribbling on paper, trying to put together the words to unlock the mystery. Unbeknownst to him, Charles was hiding behind the door, watching everything.

1. valet *n.* 贴身

男仆, 男随从

2. derringer *n.*

短口手枪

3. slice *v.* 切

4. chaos *n.* 混乱,

紊乱

的政府包厢。他走到楼梯顶端,递给男随从一张字条,那人就让他通过了。来到门前,他的心在胸膛里开始怦怦直跳。透过门上的小孔,他能看到林肯总统和他的妻子玛丽·托德,还有坐在他们旁边的拉思伯恩少校和他的未婚妻克拉拉·哈里斯。一切都按计划进行。那人面露微笑,从口袋里拔出一把德林加枪。

他悄无声息地溜进包厢,手指扣在扳机上。剧场里爆发出一阵笑声,这给了他一个绝佳的机会。他瞄准总统,扣动了扳机。这一枪正中目标,发出一声巨响。拉思伯恩少校一跃而起,冲过去保护总统,但是枪手拔出一把匕首,向拉思伯恩砍去,划伤了他的胳膊。还没等少校重新站稳,枪手已一脚踏上包厢座位前的护栏,纵身一跃。但这时,他靴子上的马刺绊到了悬挂在座位前的美国国旗,他踉踉跄跄地摔倒在舞台上。

他周身响起了一阵阵尖叫,人群四处逃跑寻找掩护。这人站起来,手里握着匕首。“Sic semper tyrannis!”他用拉丁语喊道。这个短语的意思是:“这就是暴君的下场。”凶手转过身来,此人正是约翰·威尔克斯·布斯,他将作为杀害林肯的刺客而遗臭万年。他一拐一瘸地跳下舞台,身后的剧院顿时乱作一团。

在小酒馆里,托马斯正忙着破译密码所传达的信息。他在纸上飞快地涂写,试图把单词拼凑起来从而解开谜题,他丝毫没有觉察到查尔斯正躲在门后,注视着屋内的动静。



Thomas stared at the words he had jotted all over his paper and finally scribbled down the decoded message: GOLD FOR CONFEDERACY. Thomas's eyes narrowed. "This is a treasure map!" he cried. Looking up, his eyes fell on the disheveled man's open jacket. The pin, hidden until now, flashed in the candlelight. With sudden clarity<sup>1</sup>, Thomas realized exactly who he was dealing with. "KGC . . . you're Knights of the Golden Circle."

The stranger calmly took a gun out of his coat and pointed it at Thomas. "I'd much appreciate it if you would finish deciphering that code now," he said.

Suddenly, the door to the tavern flew open and a man rushed in, his cheeks flushed and his eyes wide. "The president's been shot!" he cried.

As people rushed out to see what was going on, Thomas reached out and grabbed for the diary—at the same time the other man did. For a moment, both men struggled, tugging and pulling the book between them. But then, a shot rang out and Thomas fell back, ripping a handful of pages from the diary. He had been shot!

"Dad!" Charles cried, darting out of his hiding spot and rushing to his father's side. "Dad!" he cried again, as his father collapsed<sup>2</sup> into a chair near the fireplace.

"The war is over," Thomas said, his gaze steely behind his spectacles. Flicking his wrist, he dumped the diary pages into the roaring fire.

Letting out a groan, the disheveled man scrambled over to the fireplace and reached his hand in, ignoring the heat.

1. clarity *n.* 清楚,  
明晰

托马斯盯着自己随手写下的满纸的单词,最后写下了破解的信息:给南部邦联的黄金。托马斯眯起双眼,喊道:“这是张藏宝图!”他一抬头,目光停在那个衣着邈遏的男人敞开的夹克衫上。那个一直藏在里面的胸针现在露了出来,在烛光下一闪一闪。托马斯恍然大悟,这才意识到打交道的是何方神圣。“KGC……你是金环骑士会的。”

只见那陌生人从容地从外套里掏出一把枪,对准托马斯。“如果你现在马上把这密码破译出来的话,我会很感激的,”他说。

这时,酒馆的门突然打开,一个男人冲了进来,只见他面颊通红,双眼圆瞪。“总统被枪杀了!”他喊道。

就在人们冲出门外想看个究竟的这一刻,托马斯与那人同时伸手去抓那本日记。两人扭打了一阵,那本书在他们之间被拉来扯去。可这时,一声枪响,托马斯向后倒下,同时撕下了那本日记中的几页。他中弹了!

2. collapse *v.*  
倒塌,崩溃

“爸爸!”查尔斯叫道,从藏身处冲了出来,冲到父亲身边。“爸爸!”他又喊了一声,眼见父亲瘫倒在壁炉旁的一把椅子上。

“战争结束了,”托马斯说,他的双眼在镜片后透出刚毅的光。他一挥手,把那几页日记扔进了熊熊的炉火中。

那个衣衫不整的男人发出一声低吼,连滚带爬地跑到壁炉边,把手伸进火焰,也



Quickly, he fished out one burning page and patted it out<sup>1</sup>. When the page was safe, he looked back at Thomas. "You're wrong about that," he said. "The war has only just begun." Clutching the page, he scurried out of the tavern.

In his chair, Thomas felt himself grow weaker. Turning toward his son, he spoke his final words. "The debt," he coughed, "that all men pay . . ."

Meanwhile, in a prison cell in Fort Jefferson, the man, known as Michael O'Laughlen, who had shot Thomas Gates, now sat, a convicted conspirator<sup>2</sup> in Lincoln's assassination. He faced an uncertain future, but he did not care. Alone in his cell, he slipped a half-burnt diary page from the hem of his pants.

It was the page from Booth's diary. O'Laughlen smiled. Booth's secrets would go to the grave . . . with O'Laughlen.



1. pat... out 扑熄

顾不上烫手了。他飞快地摸出一张燃烧的纸片,把火扑灭。等那页纸保全了,他回头看着托马斯,“你错了,”他说,“战争才刚刚开始。”说罢,他抓着那页纸,急匆匆地跑出了酒馆。

托马斯躺在椅子上,觉得体力渐渐不支。他转向儿子,留下了遗言:“所有人,”他边咳嗽边说,“都要还的债……”

2. conspirator *n.*

同谋者; 阴谋家

此时,在杰弗逊堡的一间牢房里,坐着那个杀害了托马斯·盖茨的名叫迈克尔·欧拉弗兰的男人。他因参与密谋刺杀林肯而获罪,命运未卜,他却毫不在乎。他独自坐在牢房里,偷偷从裤脚里摸出一页已经烧焦一半的日记。

这正是从布斯日记上撕下的那一页。欧拉弗兰微微一笑,布斯的秘密将与欧拉弗兰一起被埋进坟墓……



## Chapter 1

### Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Seventy miles west of Florida, present day

Standing on the deck of his research vessel, Benjamin Franklin Gates looked out at the ruins of what had once been Fort Jefferson. The Florida sun beat down on the crumbled<sup>1</sup> brick and made the water that surrounded the island sparkle. But Ben wasn't seeing the beauty of the day. His mind was on more important things—namely, historical treasure. Turning, Ben crossed the deck, a tank of oxygen in each hand. While it looked as if he hadn't shaved in days, his eyes were filled with excitement, and the wet suit he was wearing was most likely why. He was going to see some action.

Unfortunately, not everyone appeared as happy. Abigail Chase, Ben's fiancée, followed him, her arms crossed across her chest.

"Ben, we've been diving for a week. When are you going