

MARVEL

英文原版
电影同名小说

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

无敌浩克

(赠英文音频与单词随身查APP)

美国漫威公司 © 著



华东理工大学出版社

EAST CHINA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY PRESS

MARVEL
HULK
THE INCREDIBLE



无敌浩克

英文原版电影同名小说
(赠英文音频与单词随身书APP)

美国漫威公司 著



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

· 上海 ·

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

无敌浩克=The Incredible Hulk:英文原版:电影同名小说:赠英文音频与单词随身查APP/美国漫威公司著. —上海:华东理工大学出版社, 2019.4

(迪士尼漫威丛书)

ISBN 978-7-5628-5807-2

I. ①无… II. ①美… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—美国—现代 IV. ①H319.4 : I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2019) 第 067277 号

.....
项目统筹 / 黄 娜

责任编辑 / 王心怡

装帧设计 / 靳天宇

出版发行 / 华东理工大学出版社有限公司

地址: 上海市梅陇路 130 号, 200237

电话: 021-64250306

网址: www.ecustpress.cn

邮箱: zongbianban@ecustpress.cn

印 刷 / 上海四维数字图文有限公司

开 本 / 720mm × 1000mm 1/32

印 张 / 7.375

字 数 / 84 千字

版 次 / 2019 年 4 月第 1 版

印 次 / 2019 年 4 月第 1 次

定 价 / 38.00 元

.....
© 2019 MARVEL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

版权所有 侵权必究



Prologue



***H**e remembered the green light of the scanner playing across his face. He remembered the feeling of the gamma radiation, like a tingling heat on his skin. He remembered being scared when he felt his body start to change.*

After that, things were confused. There was a chair smashing through a window. Wrecked lab equipment scattered across the floor. Betty was slumped on the floor. Crushed lab furniture and computers lay jumbled on top of the two people beside her. General Ross, his uniform torn, scrambled away.

A hole broken through a wall. Cool air. Screaming and sirens.

And anger, so much anger.

Then nothing. Until...



The hospital room was blinding white behind the glass wall. Betty was hooked up to tubes and life-support machines, unconscious. She looked so small.

A strong hand landed on his shoulder. He looked up to see General Ross staring at him. You've got a lot of nerve coming in here after what you did, General Ross said.

Bruce had never felt so tired in his life, so filled with misery. Worst of all was the rage that lingered in his blood. He could feel it, waiting for its chance to escape again. The monster wanted out, and he didn't know how long he could hold it back.

I just wanted to see her, he said. Make sure she's all right.

She'll be all right as soon as you leave her alone, General Ross said. Permanently. Steer clear of her. You're a project asset now. That's all.

He felt his pulse start to race, and knew the monster was waking up again. Terrified,

he pushed past General Ross and ran—out of the hospital, out of the country, out of Betty's life. He didn't stop running until—

Chapter 01



Bruce Banner sat straight up out of the nightmare, sweaty, his pulse racing. He reached over to the metronome he kept by his bed and put one hand on it, listening to its steady tick, tick, tick at sixty beats per minute. He tried to slow his pulse down to that rhythm. When he had gotten it under

control, he stopped the metronome.

He woke up like that nearly every day even though he kept the metronome going all night to give his sleeping mind a rhythm. So far he'd been able to keep himself from getting out of control for five months. That's how long it had been since the monster had gotten out.

He'd also been in Porto Verde, Brazil, for about that long, hiding out in the jumble of shacks and apartment buildings known as a favela. It was where the poor people lived, and the people who wanted to disappear. Bruce was both.

He got up and made breakfast, then watched some TV with a Portuguese-English dictionary by his side. He was trying to learn the language and making decent progress. His dog, who he called Cachorro because it was the Brazilian

Portuguese word for “dog,” sat at his side begging.

Bruce looked up a word. He asked Cachorro if he was hungry in Portuguese. Cachorro’s ears pricked up. Bruce gave him his breakfast plate to lick.

Then he washed up and headed for his daily aikido practice. He’d never been a fighter, but aikido was good for teaching self-discipline, and since the...event...back at Culver University, Bruce knew he needed all the self-discipline he could get.

In the aikido gym, his instructor ran him through exercises and drills, ending up with a series of falls that had Bruce breathing hard. He knew his pulse was up over one hundred beats per minute. That wasn’t dangerous territory, but it was a little too fast.

His instructor waved at him to sit. Then he sat opposite Bruce, both of them cross-legged. “Let’s work on your breathing,” he said in Portuguese.

Bruce nodded.

“Here...emotions,” his instructor said, placing a palm flat on his chest. “Fear no good. So emotion...” He touched his belly and huffed out short breaths. His belly pushed in with each one.

Bruce started doing it, too. Together they practiced breathing from the belly, using the diaphragm. “When you control your emotions, you control your body,” his instructor said. “Now we’ll control your pulse.”

He slapped Bruce in the face, hard. Bruce held himself back from responding, but he felt his pulse quicken. Slap. His face

stung and he felt the rage building. Bruce glanced down at his watch. His pulse was 146.

Too high.

He breathed. He did exactly what his instructor had showed, letting the breath flow deep into his belly and come back out. Slowly his pulse came back down to a more normal rate.

“You’re learning,” his instructor said.



Then it was time to go to work at the bottling plant, making sure thousands of bottles of guarana soda got where they were supposed to go every day. The beans at the Brazilian guarana plant had three times as much caffeine as coffee. It definitely wasn’t something Bruce was going to drink. Not

when it was so important to keep his pulse down. He didn't even drink tea or eat chocolate anymore because they contained caffeine.

He filed into the plant along with the other day laborers, finding a locker in the dingy, poorly lit locker room between the main gate and the factory floor. As Bruce put his bag in his locker, someone banged into him hard from behind. He looked up and saw one of the factory's tough guys cruising on down the hall. Most of his coworkers were just regular people, but there were a few bullies in every crowd. Bruce stood out because he wasn't Brazilian, so that made him a target.

If only the bully knew what Bruce could do to him...

No.

He shrugged it off and went to work.

His job was basically to do a bunch of different jobs. He distributed the mail, loaded pallets of soda for shipping, and kept track of where everything was going. Today they were putting together a shipment headed to the United States, specifically the Milwaukee and Chicago areas.

First on the agenda today was distributing the mail. Bruce brought things to a couple dozen people throughout the bottling plant, including a young woman named Martina, who was friendly to him and occasionally helped him with the language. She also lived two floors below him at the favela.

The snap of an electrical short came from the catwalk up above the conveyor belts that snaked all over the factory floor,

carrying bottles to be filled and capped. The upper level was where the managers watched and kept track of everything. They also stopped and started the different lines to make sure everything stayed coordinated.

“Breakdown, breakdown,” the owner called from up on the catwalk. He beckoned for Bruce, who had fixed many of the factory’s outdated machines already during his time there. Bruce went up to the catwalk and saw that the control switch operating the main filling conveyor belt had shorted out. He put his glasses on to look at the wiring. After stripping the wires so they had better contact and winding them around the button anchors again, he tried it out.

The conveyor belt kicked into motion again. “Okay,” Bruce said. “I can make it

work for a while, but you need new...” He trailed off, not knowing the Portuguese word for “resistors.”

“I need a new factory,” the owner said. “Five months you’ve been helping me out like this. You’re too smart for day labor. Let me put you on the payroll.”

Bruce smiled and shrugged as he put the cover back on the control switch. He glanced over at the manager again—and that’s when he cut his thumb on a sharp edge of the switch cover.

It wasn’t a terrible cut, but it bled quickly. Droplets fell through the catwalk onto the moving conveyor belt below.

“No, no, no, shut that off!” Bruce shouted. “Turn it off!” He was already running, trying to track the exact spot where the blood had fallen. “Watch out!”