

MARVEL

DOCTOR STRANGE

奇异博士

(赠英文音频与单词随身查APP)

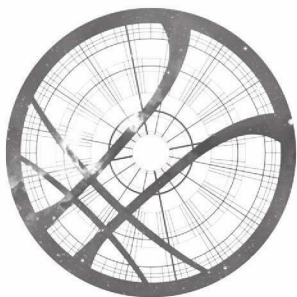
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英文原版
电影同名小说



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EAST CHINA UNIVERSITY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY PRESS

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Prologue



The sorcerer Kaecilius and a select group of his Zealots entered the dark interior of the library of Kamar-Taj through a portal he had created. He had not been in that room since leaving the magical order years before...and he never expected to return again. After tonight,

he would have no need of it. There was no greater collection of magical knowledge in the world. Kaecilius had read many of the books before. He was, at last, ready to read one that had been long denied him.

The librarian and other sorcerers present saw the group enter with purpose, and immediately recognized Kaecilius. They started to cast spells for their defense, but he was too quick—and far too powerful. His acolytes had Space Shards, blades created by magical force that could cut any physical substance. Kaecilius wielded those, as well as crackling whips of energy unfurled from the sling rings all the sorcerers of Kamar-Taj wore. He bound their leader, tying his wrists and holding him while his Zealots disposed of the others. It was all over quickly. The acolytes fought bravely, but were doomed

by Kaecilius's superior power.

Then he walked across the chamber, passing a projection of planet Earth turning slowly, the lights of its cities sparkling in the near darkness.

Kaecilius strode confidently to The Ancient One's own shelf, where *The Book of Cagliostro*, one of the mightiest texts of Earth's mystical orders, waited for him. It contained magical spells and rituals collected over thousands of years. Kaecilius knew some of them already and had no interest in some of the others—but one ritual in the book had obsessed him since he had first learned of it early in his study with The Ancient One. One of Kaecilius's strengths was his careful patience—he knew well the dangers of attempting the ritual too soon...but now he was ready. He paged through the book and found the

ritual. Its words rang in his mind and he could feel the power within them, even though he dared not speak them here. For a moment he contemplated taking the entire book, but he liked the idea of leaving it incomplete. Everyone who ever touched it after this moment would see the mark he had left. Kaecilius tore out the pages he needed and dropped the book on the floor.

“Master Kaecilius.” He knew that voice. “That ritual will bring you only sorrow.”

He turned to see a slight figure entering the sanctum. She wore a yellow hooded robe that hid her face, but he did not have to see her to know her presence. Kaecilius gestured and a portal opened. He and his Zealots ran through it and out onto a London street. They strode along the sidewalk, doubting that their pursuer would provoke a battle in the center of the city.

They were wrong. In front of them a barrier appeared, like a shattered mirror reflecting a thousand images of themselves. The Mirror Dimension. They could not pass the barrier, nor leave this place without fighting their way free of her. When they turned, Kaecilius saw the figure walking calmly toward them.

“Hypocrite!” he screamed. She wanted all power for herself. She wanted to keep her students ignorant and make them her servants—but Kaecilius was done serving. Now he was ready to be the master.

He and the Zealots brought forth their energy whips, but the hooded figure raised her arms and made a sweeping gesture. The entire street, and the buildings on either side, tilted over until the facades of the buildings were below Kaecilius’s feet. The sinister group fell and regained

their balance, scrambling to face her, but she was not done yet. With another gesture she turned the window frames and cornices on the buildings into churning gears. Some of the Zealots were caught and swept into them. Kaecilius dodged the gears, staying on solid ground. The rest of the Zealots attacked. They thought by getting close to her they could overcome her superior magical powers, but they underestimated her. With a twitch of her fingers she made a magical fan appear in one hand, a half circle made of arcane energy. She deflected their attacks and threw the fan, striking down the Zealots before they could surround her. Even those who got close found that she was more than they could handle. She fought with both mystic power and martial arts. The Zealots could barely touch her.

Kaecilius himself had no desire to fight her at that moment. He had the pages from the book. She gestured again and wrenched the entire streetscape another ninety degrees over. Now Kaecilius and the Zealots were hanging on to the upside down building that a moment ago had been the ground beneath their feet.

He pointed down and opened a portal. The Zealots' attack had bought him enough time. When the portal was open, the few remaining Zealots jumped and dropped off the building, falling into it before the churning windows could grind them away. Kaecilius clutched the pages of the book and jumped himself, diving headfirst through the portal and out of the Mirror Dimension.

It flickered and disappeared as soon as he had passed.

The warrior watched for a moment,

holding her spell in case Kaecilius planned a surprise return. When that did not happen, she released the spell. The buildings and street groaned and rotated back to their natural positions as she phased herself from the Mirror Dimension back into the everyday world. She stepped off the facade and onto the sidewalk as the windows locked themselves back into place. In moments everything was normal again. People, cars, and bicycles once again flooded the street. As she walked away, she flipped her hood back. Her shaven head and yellow robe attracted a few glances, but this was London. No one looked at her for too long.

Kaecilius had made his move. The Ancient One had expected it for a long time, and now that it had happened, she had to make sure he never had a chance to use those pages.

Chapter 01



Doctor Stephen Strange was having a typical day, tapping his foot to a funk soundtrack as he performed a delicate repair on a patient with a highly unusual heart problem. Every surgery he did took place in the hospital's main operating theater so medical students could watch



him work. He was the best in the world at what he did. He knew everything there was to know about the human body, and he had the rock steady hands and the nerve to try surgeries that ordinary doctors thought were impossible.

He also liked to play musical trivia while he worked.

One of his head nurse Billy's jobs was to keep a playlist going and challenge Strange's musical knowledge. Strange was never wrong. Never.

"Challenge round, Billy," he said. Usually, Billy played him a mix of old rock and funk music. During the challenge rounds he was allowed to go to other kinds of music.

Billy tapped the skip button on the operating room console Smooth jazz filled

the air. “Oh, come on, Billy,” Strange said. “You’ve got to be messing with me.”

“No, Doctor.” Billy sounded so smug that Strange took a little extra pleasure in hitting him with an immediate answer.

“1977,” he declared after rattling off the name of an obscure album. “Honestly, Billy, you said this one would be hard.”

“Ha!” Billy said. “It’s 1978.”

“No, Billy, while the song may have charted in 1978, the album was released in December 1977.”

“No, no. Wikipedia says the—”

“Check again.” This, Strange thought, was the difference between him and ordinary people. They knew a little and thought they knew a lot. He knew a lot, period.

“Where do you store all this useless information?” asked his surgical partner, Doctor Bruner.

“Useless? The man charted a top ten hit with a flugelhorn.” Strange was certain that had only happened once. “Status, Billy?” he prompted.

Billy sighed. “1977.”

“Oh please. I hate you,” Doctor Bruner grumbled.

“Whoa! Feels so good, doesn’t it?” Strange chuckled at his own joke, then glanced up as he saw someone at the door. It was Doctor Christine Palmer, Strange’s colleague—and his ex-girlfriend.

“Oh,” Bruner said when she saw Christine. “I’ve got this, Stephen. You’ve done your bit. Go ahead, we’ll close up.”

Out in the hall, Christine handed him a