

MARVEL
SPIDER-MAN
Homecoming

英文原版
电影同名小说

蜘蛛侠：英雄归来

(赠英文音频与单词随身查APP)

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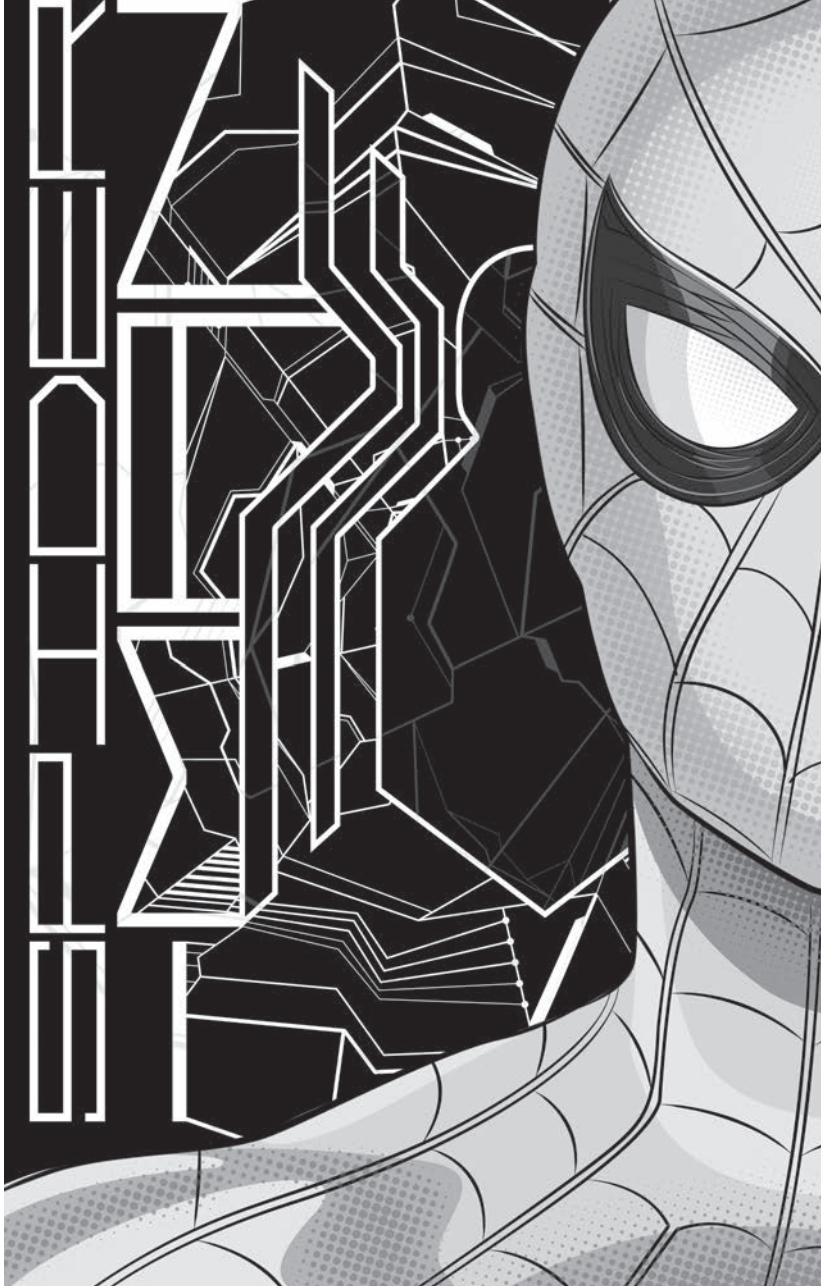
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Prologue



2009

Adrian Toomes and his crew were working in the shadow of Avengers Tower, cleaning up the aftermath of the Battle of New York. Pieces of Chitauri vehicles and armor and other stuff Toomes

didn't recognize were scattered for blocks across midtown. It was a good contract. He had a lot invested in it. But right then, he was showing one of his crew members, Mason, a drawing his daughter had done. "The world is changing. You got guys who can fly, tear down buildings..." The drawing showed Iron Man and the Hulk. "Can you believe this stuff?" Mason started to answer, but Toomes was distracted by one of his men trying to saw through the housing of a wrecked Chitauri flier.

"No, no, look," he said, hustling over to pick up another piece of the flier. "You can't cut through that stuff with a saw. These alien things are tough... You gotta use the stuff they use." He wedged the piece of alloy under part of the housing and popped it off. Then he did it again to make sure the lesson stuck. "See?"

Then he noticed another member of his crew, the kid Brice, strolling in with a cup of coffee in his hand. Late as always. “Glad you could join us!”

Brice locked eyes with Toomes. “What?” He was always cocky. Toomes already regretted hiring him.

Toomes let it go. “Just get started stacking that armor plating, okay?”

Things were starting to roll. The crew was loading a lot of Chitauri salvage onto trucks. In another few weeks the building would be clear and other contractors would move in to rebuild it. There were scenes like this all over New York.

Toomes heard a voice call from across the work site. “Attention, please!” He looked up. A group of men in suits, with a woman in a suit leading them in. The suits

weren't good. They looked like government.

When she kept talking, he learned he was right. "In accordance with Executive Order 396-B, all post-battle cleanup operations are now under our jurisdiction! Thank you for your service—we'll take it from here."

"Who are you?" Toomes demanded.

"Qualified personnel," one of the suits next to the woman said with a smirk. Toomes was having a bad enough day without this guy laughing at him.

"Look, ma'am, I have a salvage contract with the city," Toomes said. He put on a smile, trying to be personable. "If there's an issue, we can call Frank Desalvo's office in City Planning."

Unmoved, she said, "Please turn over any and all exotic materials you've





collected. Or you'll be prosecuted."

Toomes leaned in closer, speaking more quietly. "Come on, please. . . . I bought trucks for this job, put on more guys. They've got families. So do I. I'm all in on this thing. You pull the plug, I'm gonna lose my house. . . ."

He thought he saw a flicker of sympathy in her eyes, but all she said was, "I don't know what to tell you, sir."

"Maybe next time don't overextend yourself," added the suit next to her.

That was it. Toomes lost his temper and punched the suit square in the jaw. All the other suits drew guns almost instantly. Toomes's crew picked up crowbars and other tools. They were loyal and tough. It was a standoff . . . until the woman raised one hand and motioned for her men to

lower their guns.

“If you have a grievance,” she said, “you can take it up with my superiors.”

“And who is that?” Toomes asked.

Of course it turned out to be Tony Stark.



Later, Toomes and his crew sat in the garage near the work site, nursing drinks and watching a TV news report about the new arrangement that had cost all of them their jobs. “A joint venture between Stark Industries and the federal government, the newly created Department of Damage Control, will oversee collection and storage of alien and other exotic materials,” a talking head was saying.

“So now the guys who made this mess

get paid to clean it up,” Toomes said bitterly.

“It’s all rigged,” Schultz said.

Mason, who was tinkering with a small piece of alien tech he’d swiped from the site, raised his drink. “To the little guy! Who works hard, pays his dues, and always gets it in the end!”

They cheered, but none of them was happy.

Some of the other guys were still working. One of them, Ford, pulled a tarp from one of the trucks, revealing a pile of Chitauri tech. “Hey, chief,” he called. “We still got a load from yesterday. We’re supposed to turn it in, right?”

“I’m not hauling it,” Brice said. Other guys murmured in agreement.

Toomes wasn’t sure what to do. On the one hand, this new Damage Control outfit

had ordered him to turn in all his salvage material. On the other hand...

He looked at his daughter's drawings on the corkboard over his desk. What would she do if Toomes came home broke, without even any prospects for a new job? Why should Tony Stark make money off reconstruction when he'd made the mess in the first place?

Toomes started to get an idea. "Put it in Mason's workshop."

Mason perked up. He was practically a wizard with any kind of machine.

"Oh, great," Brice said. "At least the weirdo's got some garbage to tinker with."

"Shut up," Toomes said. Brice stood and faced him defiantly. But Toomes didn't back down. This was his crew. "The world's changing," he said. "It's time we change, too."

Chapter 01



2017

Peter Parker sat in the back of Tony Stark's car ... with Tony Stark actually sitting next to him! His driver, Happy Hogan, was making his way through the streets toward Peter's neighborhood in

Queens, New York. Peter had spent most of the ride from the airport watching video he'd recorded of his crazy trip to Germany. He still couldn't believe it was all real, and watching it happen on his phone made it seem even crazier.

There he was on-screen, in this same car with Happy driving, on the way to the airport. He narrated the trip in a cool, dramatic, heroic voice until Happy cut him off. Happy was kind of a sourpuss. Peter rewatched the first time he'd seen Tony Stark's plane—whoa! Then the first time he'd seen his new Spider-Man suit—DOUBLE WHOA! The suit was way better than the one he had made for himself.

Then the Leipzig airport, where he'd waited for Tony Stark to give him his signal. (He didn't love the signal itself, but hey, if someone *had* to call you "Underoos,"

at least it was Tony Stark!)

Then the fight! He'd seen the Vision fly by, wrestled with Ant-Man... and even yanked Captain America's shield right out of his hand!

Man, it was hard to believe it was happening to someone like Peter Parker, who had spent most of his young life as just a regular kid from Queens. Even now, on the way back, Peter kept shooting video just so he could always remember it.

"Are you secretly filming me?" Tony asked.

"What?" Peter put his phone down. "No. I mean..."

"I told you not to film stuff!" Happy called from the driver's seat. "I told him, Tony."

Tony moved on. "It's fine. We should