

英文原版
电影同名小说

MARVEL

CAPTAIN AMERICA THE WINTER SOLDIER

美国队长：冬日战士 2

(赠英文音频与单词随身查APP)

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Chapter 01



It was a fine cool morning to be jogging on the National Mall in Washington, DC. Sam Wilson planned to put in his miles and then he had to get to work at the VA rehab facility. He liked running on mornings like these, before the heat settled in and DC turned into a steam bath. He

wasn't thinking about much, just enjoying the groove of the run, the feeling of his body getting loose. He heard a voice from behind him. "On your left."

Sam nodded. It was standard runner's courtesy to let someone know when you were going to pass them on a path. But the other guy was moving fast. Really fast. Almost at a sprint. He shot ahead of Sam and made a turn, disappearing behind the Lincoln Memorial. If he kept up that pace, he wasn't going to get very far. Sam decided he must be doing some kind of interval workout. Sprints, then walks. Something like that.

Sam's standard loop around the National Mall was almost exactly four miles. The first time he saw the fast guy was about a mile and a half into it. Then, before he reached the three-mile mark, he heard it again. "On



your left.”

There he went again. “Uh-huh. On my left. Got it,” Sam said. He considered himself to be in pretty good shape, but this guy was Olympic level. Unless he was catching a ride or something. He watched the other runner go, and picked up his own pace. A little competition was good. He could go faster and he didn’t like having other runners show him up. His lungs started to burn and he could feel the muscles in his legs burn, too. This wasn’t just a regular jog anymore.

When he was a few hundred yards short of the complete loop, he heard footsteps again. “Don’t say it. Don’t you say it,” he said, trying to go faster, but he was pretty worn out.

“On your left.” The other runner went by at the same robotic near-sprint.

“Come on!” Sam said. He started to sprint, too. When he got to the four-mile mark, he staggered off the path and sat down by a tree, panting. It had been a long time since he’d run that hard.

The other guy had stopped, too. He strolled back over to Sam, barely out of breath. Now that Sam saw his face, he started to figure out how the guy had kept up that crazy pace. “Need a medic?” he asked Sam.

“I need a new set of lungs,” Sam said, half-serious. “Dude, you just ran, like, thirteen miles in thirty minutes.”

“I guess I got a late start.”

“Really? You should be ashamed of yourself. You should take another lap. Did you just take it? I assume you just took it.” Sam laughed at himself.

“What unit you with?” Mister Fast asked.

“Fifty-Eighth Pararescue. But now I’m working down at the VA.” Sam got to his feet and extended a hand. “Sam Wilson.”

“Steve Rogers.”

“I kind of put that together.” Sam couldn’t believe he was talking to Captain America. “Must have freaked you out, coming home after the whole defrosting thing.”

“It takes some getting used to. It’s good to meet you, Sam.” Captain America turned to go.

Sam was a little bit starstruck and a little bit curious. He also felt like maybe he’d put his foot in his mouth by bringing up the defrosting thing. “It’s your bed, right?” he called out.

Steve turned back. “What’s that?”

“Your bed, it’s too soft. When I was over there, I’d sleep on the ground, use rocks for pillows like a caveman. Now I’m home, lying in my bed, and it’s like . . .”

“Lying on a marshmallow,” Steve finished.

“Feel like I’m gonna sink right to the floor,” Sam said.

Steve nodded. “How long?”

“Two tours. You must miss the good old days, huh?”

Steve thought about it. “Well, things aren’t so bad. Food’s a lot better. We used to boil everything. No polio is good. Internet, so helpful. I’ve been reading that a lot, trying to catch up.”

I bet you spend a lot of time trying to catch

up, Sam thought. He had an idea. “Marvin Gaye, 1972, *Trouble Man* soundtrack,” he said. “Everything you missed jammed into one album.”

“I’ll put it on the list.” Sam saw him write it down in a little spiral notebook. Then Steve’s phone chirped. He looked at his screen and said, “All right, Sam, duty calls.”

“Thanks for the run.”

“If that’s what you want to call running,” Steve joked.

Sam laughed. “Oh, that’s how it is?”

“Oh, that’s how it is.”

“Okay.” Sam waved. “Any time you want to stop by the VA, make me look awesome in front of the girl at the front desk, just let me know.”

“I’ll keep it in mind,” Steve said with a grin.

With a rev of its overpowered engine, a black sports car pulled up to the curb nearby. The driver was a young redheaded woman Sam recognized immediately: Agent Natasha Romanoff of S.H.I.E.L.D. *Holy smokes*, he thought. *This sure is better than bumping into senators while you’re trying to cross Pennsylvania Avenue.* “Hey, fellas,” Romanoff said. “Either one of you know where the Smithsonian is? I’m here to pick up a fossil.”

Steve glanced over at Sam as he walked to the car. He figured Sam would be checking Natasha out and he was right. She was hard to ignore. “That’s hilarious.”

As he got in the car, he saw that Natasha was also checking Sam out. “How you doing?” Sam said.

She gave him a little smile. “Hey.”

Steve grinned at him. “Can’t run everywhere,” he said.

As the car squealed away into traffic, Sam Wilson said to himself, “No, you can’t.”

Man, he thought. I just met two of the Avengers.

But he still had to go home, get a shower, and get to work. Life went on.

Chapter 02



S.T.R.I.K.E. team leader Brock Rumlow briefed Cap and Natasha as they flew in a Quinjet over the Indian Ocean. “Target is a mobile satellite launch platform, the *Lemurian Star*. They were sending up their last payload when pirates took them, ninety-three minutes ago.” Rumlow was

working on a touch screen in the Quinjet's passenger compartment. He showed the ship and then its location on the map, close to the Indian coast.

"Any demands?" Steve asked.

"Billion and a half."

"Why so steep?"

"Because it's S.H.I.E.L.D.'s," Rumlow said.

That changed things. This wasn't an ordinary hijacking. "So it's not off course," Steve said. "It's trespassing."

"I'm sure they have a good reason," Natasha said.

"You know, I'm getting a little tired of being Fury's janitor."

"Relax. It's not that complicated."

"How many pirates?" Steve asked Rumlow.

“Twenty-five. Top mercs led by this guy.” Rumlow pulled up a dossier on the screen. “Georges Batroc. Ex-DGSE, Action Division. He’s at the top of Interpol’s Red Notice. Before the French demobilized him, he had thirty-six kill missions. This guy’s got a rep for maximum casualties.”

“Hostages?”

“Oh, mostly techs. One officer. Jasper Sitwell.” A photo of Sitwell appeared on the screen. “They’re in the galley.”

Steve knew Jasper Sitwell. He wasn’t usually in the field. “What’s Sitwell doing on a launch ship?” he wondered aloud.

Steve considered the layout of the ship and the location of the galley where the hostages were. Everything seemed pretty straightforward. “All right, I’m gonna sweep the deck and find Batroc. Nat, you