

Elizabeth: Booker, Are U afraid of (害怕 / 担心) God.
Booker: No, But I'm afraid of U.

"The mind of the subject will desperately ['desparatli] (极度地; 绝望地; 拼命地) struggle to create (struggle to do sth.) memories (复数) where none exist.."
Barriers [ˈbærrɪ] to Trans-Dimensional [diˈmenʃənəl] Travel
- R.Lutece, 1889



1912 COAST OF MAINE

A Gentleman: Are you going to just sit there?

A Lady: As Compared to what? standing?

A Gentleman: No standing. Rowing.

A Lady: Rowing? I hadn't planned on it.

A Gentleman: So you expect me to shoulder the burden?

Booker: What's this?

A Lady: No. But I expect you to do all the rowing.

A Gentleman: And why is that?

A Lady: Coming here is your idea.

A Gentleman: My idea?

A Lady: I've made it very clear that i don't believe in the exercise.

A Gentleman: The rowing?

A Lady: No. I imagine that's wonderful exercise.

A Gentleman: Then what?

A Lady: The entire thought experiment.

Booker: Excuse me, How much longer?

A Gentleman: One goes into an experiment knowing one could fail.

A Lady: But one does not undertake an experiment knowing one HAS failed.

A Gentleman: Can we get back to rowing?

A Lady: I suggest you do or we're never going to get there.

Booker: That'll work.

A Gentleman: No. I mean I'd greatly appreciate a prij[et] it if you would assist a sist[.].

A Lady: Perhaps you should ask him? I image he has greater interest in getting there than I do.

A Gentleman: I suppose he does. But there's no point in asking.

A Lady: Why not?

A Gentleman: Because he doesn't row.

A Lady: He doesn't ROW?

A Gentleman: He DOESN'T row.

A Lady: Oh, I see what you mean.

A Lady: We've arrived.

(X): CLIMB LADDER [ˈædə].

A Lady: Shall we tell him when we'll be returning?

A Gentleman: Would that change anything?

A Lady: It might give him some comfort.

A Gentleman: At least that's something we can agree on.

Booker: Hey, somebody meeting me here?

A Gentleman: I'd certainly s[stnli] hope so.

A Lady: It does seem like a dreadful [ˈdredfəl] place to be stranded [ˈstrændɪd].

Booker: Ah, well maybe there's someone inside...

(WALL) - BRING US THE GIRL AND WIPE AWAY THE DEBT THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE.

(X): KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Booker: Excuse me. It's Booker Dewitt. I guess you're expecting me...

Booker: Good luck with that. pal.

Booker: Is anyone here? Hello?

(X): SEARCH CABINET /ˈkæbmɛt/

(Wall): Be Prepared. He's on his way. You must stop him. -C

(Dead Man): Don't Disappoint us.

Booker: Wait a minute, that card.

(X): RING SCROLL /skrɒl/.

(X): RING KEY.

(X): RING SWORD /sɔrd/.

Booker: Huh.

Booker: What in the world (到底) ..?

Booker: All right. Looks like they expect me to sit in their fancy chair.

Booker: So now what —...The hell?

Countdown Voice: Make yourself ready, pilgrim /ˈpɪlɡrɪm/. The bindings are there as a safeguard /ˈseɪfɡɑrd/ (安全措施 / vt. 保护; 保卫; 防护) .

Booker: This can't be good...aah!

Booker: No no...Goddammit! ɡɒdˈdæmɪt! (该死) !

Countdown Voice: Ascension /əˈsenʃən/...Ascension in the count of FIVE...Count of FOUR...THREE...

Booker: No no no no no.

Countdown Voice: Two...One...

Booker: No..

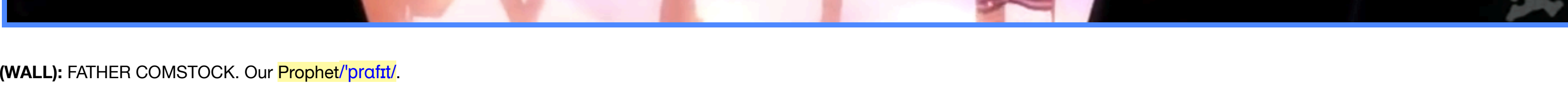
Countdown Voice: Ascension...Ascension..

Booker: Just stay calm...

Countdown Voice: Five-thousand feet...Ten-thousand feet...Fifteen-thousand feet...

Countdown Voice: Hallelujah /ˈhæləˈluːjə/.

Booker: Wha..?



(WALL): FATHER COMSTOCK. Our Prophet /ˈprɒfɪt/.

(WALL): WHY WOULD HE SEND HIS SAVIOR /ˈseɪvjə/ UNTO US.

(WALL): IF WE WILL NOT RAISE A FINGER FOR OUR OWN SALVATION /ˈsælveɪən/?

(WALL): AND THOUGH WE DESERVED NOT HIS MERCY.

(WALL): HE HAS LED US TO THIS NEW EDEN /ɪdn/.

(WALL): A LAST CHANCE FOR REDEMPTION /rɪˈdempʃən/.

(WALL): AND THE PROPHET SHALL LEAD THE PEOPLE TO THE NEW EDEN.

(WALL): THE SEED OF THE PROPHET SHALL SIT ON THE THRONE /θron/ AND DROWN IN FLAME THE MOUNTAINS OF MAN.

Booker: The seed of prophet...Huh.

(X): PICK UP SILVER /ˈsɪlvə/ EAGLE /iɡl/.

THE WELCOME CENTRE

Booker: Excuse me! Where am I?

Male Pilgrim: Heaven, friend. Or as close as we'll see till Judgement Day.

Booker: Best keep such questions to myself, less I want to get made.

Preacher /ˈpriːtʃə/ Witting: And every year on this day of days. We recommit ourselves to our city, and to our prophet, Father Comstock. We recommit through sacrifice /ˈsækrɪfaɪs/, and giving of thanks, and submerging /ˌsʌbˈmɜːdʒ/ ourselves in the sweet waters of baptism /ˈbæptɪzəm/. And lo, if the prophet had struck down our enemies /ˈenəmi/ at Wounded /ˈwʊndəd/ Knee, and not railed /reɪl/ (诟骂) against the sodom /ˈsɒdəm/ beneath /ˌbɪnɪ/ us, it would have been enough /tʌnɪ/.

Preacher Witting: If the prophet has just railed against the sodom beneath us, but not accepted the three golden gifts of the Founders, it would have been enough.If the prophet has just accepted the three golden gifts of the Founders, and not prayed for our deliverance /dɪˈlɪvərəns/, it would have been enough. If the prophet had only prayed our deliverance, and not led us to this New Eden, it would have been enough. If the prophet had just led us to the New Eden, and not purged /ˈpɜːdʒ/ the vipers /ˈvaɪpə/ of the Orient /ˈɒrɪnt/, it would have been enough.

Preacher Witting: If the prophet had just purge the vipers of the Orient, but not suffered the sacrifice /ˈsækrɪfaɪs/ of his beloved /brʌvd/, it would have been enough. If the prophet had just suffer the sacrifice of his beloved, but not expelled /ɪkˈspeɪbl/ the Vox Populi /ˈvɒks ˈpɒpjʊləɪ/, it would have been enough.

(X): Enter Circle.

(Wall): THIS PATH OF FORGIVENESS IS THE ONLY WAY TO THE CITY.

Preacher Witting: Is it someone new? Someone from the sodom below? Newly come to Columbia to be washed clean, before our Prophet, our Founders, and our lord /lord/?

Booker: I just need passage /ˈpæsɪdʒ/ into the city.

Preacher Witting: Passage to the city? Ha-ha. Brother, the only way to Columbia is through rebirth in the sweet waters of baptism. Will you be cleaned, brother?

Booker: It's either this or turn around and get back on that rocket.

Pilgrim Crowd /kraʊd/: Praise /prez/ be to the Founders! Praise be to the Lord!

Booker: Might as well get it over with.

Pilgrim Crowd: Reach out brother! Take his hand.

(X): ACCPET BAPTISM.

Booker: ...Hey!

Preacher Witting: I baptise you, in the name of our Prophet, in the name of our Founders, in the name of our Lord! And make him born again, in the bosom /ˈbozəm/ of Columbia.

Pilgrim Crowd: Amen /ˈæmən/.

Preacher Witting: I don't know, brothers and sisters. But this one doesn't look clean to me...

(The sound of knock)

Booker: Who's there? Who's there?!

Male Voice: Bring us the girl, and wipe away the debt.

Booker: What do you want?

Male Voice: We had a deal, DeWitt! Open this door, right now!

Booker: I told you...I'm not going to do it!:

