

## 星球大战第五章(2) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

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sometime, son. It ' s not too hard. Just takes the right attitude, a set of well-used vocal cords, and a lot of wind. Now, if you were an imperial bureaucrat, I could teach you right off, but you ' re not."

He scanned the cliff-spine again. "And I don ' t think this is the time or place for it." "I won ' t argue that." Luke was rubbing at the back

of his head. "Let ' s get started." That was when Artoo let out a pathetic beep and whirled. Luke couldn ' t interpret the electronic squeal, but he suddenly comprehended the reason behind it.

"Threepio." Luke exclaimed, worriedly. Artoo was already moving as fast as possible away from the landspeeder. "Come on, Ben." The

little robot led them to the edge of a large sandpit. It stopped there, pointing downward and squeaking mournfully. Luke saw where Artoo was pointing, then started cautiously down the smooth, shifting slope while Kenobi followed effortlessly. Threepio lay in the sand at the base of the slope down which he had rolled and tumbled.

His casing was dented and badly mangled. One arm lay broken and bent a short distance away. "Threepio!" Luke called. There was no

response. Shaking the ' droid failed to activate anything. Opening a plate on the robot ' s back, Luke flipped a hidden switch on and off

several times in succession. A low hum started, stopped, started again, and then 0dropped to a normal purr. Using his remaining

arm, Threepio rolled over and sat up. "Where am I," he murmured,

as his photoreceptors continued to clear. Then he recognized Luke. "Oh, I ' m sorry, sir. I must have taken a bad step." "You ' re lucky any of your main circuits are still operational," Luke informed him. He looked significantly toward the top of the hill. "Can you stand? We ' ve got to get out of here before the sandpeople return." Servomotors whined in protest until Threepio ceased struggling. "I don ' t think I can make it. You go on, Master Luke. It doesn ' t make sense to risk yourself on my account. I ' m finished." "No, you ' re not," Luke shot back, unaccountably affected by this recently encountered machine. But then, Threepio was not the usual uncommunicative, agrifunctional device Luke was accustomed to dealing with. "What kind of talk is that?" "Logical," Threepio informed him. Luke shook his head angrily. "Defeatist." With Luke and Ben Kenobi ' s aid, the battered ' droid somehow managed to struggle erect. Little Artoo watched from the pit ' s rim. Hesitating part way up the slope, Kenobi sniffed the air suspiciously. "Quickly, son. They ' re on the move again." Trying to watch the surrounding rocks and his footsteps simultaneously, Luke fought to drag Threepio clear of the pit. The d é cor of Ben Kenobi ' s well-concealed cave was Spartan without appearing uncomfortable. It would not have suited most people, reflecting as it did it ' s owner ' s peculiarly eclectic tastes. The living area radiated an aura of lean comfort with more importance attached to mental comforts than those of the awkward human body. 100Test 下载频道开通，各类考试题目直接下载。详细请访问 [www.100test.com](http://www.100test.com)