

星球大战第五章(1) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/498/2021_2022__E6_98_9F_E7_90_83_E5_A4_A7_E6_c90_498826.htm It was tall, but hardly monstrous. Artoo frowned inwardly as he checked ocular circuitry and reactivated his innards. The monster looked very much like an old man. He was clad in a shabby cloak and loose robes hung with a few small straps, packs, and unrecognizable instruments. Artoo searched the human's wake but detected no evidence of a pursuing nightmare. Nor did the man appear threatened. Actually, Artoo thought, he looked kind of pleased. It was impossible to tell where the odd arrival's overlapping attire ended and his skin began. That aged visage blended into the sand-stroked cloth, and his beard appeared but an extension of the loose threads covering his upper chest. Hints of extreme climates other than desert, of ultimate cold and humidity, were etched into that seamed face. A questing beak of nose, like a high rock, protruded outward from a flashflood of wrinkles and scars. The eyes bordering it were a liquid crystal azure. The man smiled through sand and dust and beard, squinting at the sight of the crumpled form lying quietly alongside of the landspeeder. Convinced that the sandpeople had been the victims of an auditory delusion of some kind conveniently ignoring the fact that he had experienced it also and likewise assured that this stranger meant Luke no harm, Artoo shifted his position slightly, trying to obtain a better view. The sound produced by a tiny pebble he dislodged was barely perceptible to his electronic sensors, but the

man whirled as if shot. He stared straight at Artoo ' s alcove, still smiling gently. "Hello there," he called in a deep, surprisingly cheerful voice. "Come here, my little friend. No need to be afraid." Something forthright and reassuring was in that voice. In any case, the association of an unknown human was preferable to remaining isolated in this wasteland. Waddling out into the sunlight. Artoo made his way over to where Luke lay sprawled. The robot ' s barrel-like body inclined forward as he examined the limp form. Whistles and beeps of concern came from within. Walking over, the old man bent beside Luke and reached out to touch his forehead, then his temple. Shortly, the unconscious youth was stirring and mumbling like a dreaming sleeper. "Don ' t worry," the human told Artoo, "he ' ll be all right." As if to confirm this opinion, Luke blinked, stared upward uncomprehendingly, and muttered, "What happened?" "Rest easy, son," the man instructed him as he sat back on his heels. "You ' ve had a busy day." Again the boyish grin. "You ' re mighty lucky your head ' s still attached to the rest of you." Luke looked around, his gaze coming to rest on the elderly face hovering above him. Recognition did wonders for his condition. "Ben...it ' s got to be!" A sudden remembrance made him look around fearfully. 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