

星球大战第三章(5) 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_498842.htm Luke grinned, noting the robot's reaction. "Yes, it's a lubrication bath." He eyed the tall bronze robot appraisingly. "And from the looks of it, you could use about a week's submergence. But we can't afford that so you'll have to settle for an afternoon." Then Luke turned his attention to Artoo Detoo, walking up to him and flipping open a panel that shielded numerous gauges. "As for you," he continued, with a whistle of surprise, "I don't know how you've kept running. Not surprising, knowing the Jawas' reluctance to part with any erg-fraction they don't have to. It's recharge time for you." He gestured toward a large power unit. Artoo Detoo followed Luke's gesture, then beeped once and waddled over the boxy construction. Finding the proper cord, he automatically flipped open a panel and plugged the triple prongs into his face. Threepio had walked over to the large cistern, which was filled almost full with aromatic cleansing oil. With a remarkably humanlike sigh he lowered himself slowly into the tank. "You two behave yourselves," Luke cautioned them as he moved to a small two-man sky hopper. A powerful little suborbital spacecraft, it rested in the hangar section of the garage-workshop. "I've got work of my own to do." Unfortunately, Luke's energies were still focused on his farewell encounter with Biggs, so that hours later he had finished few of his chores. Thinking about his friend's departure, Luke was running a caressing hand over the damaged port

fin of the ' hopperthe fin he had damaged while running down an imaginary Tie fighter in the wrenching twists and turns of a narrow canyon. That was when the projecting ledge had clipped him as effectively as an energy beam. Abruptly something came to a boil within him. With atypical violence he threw a power wrench across a worktable nearby. "It just isn ' t fair!" he declared to no one in particular. His voice 0dropped disconsolately. "Biggs is right. I ' ll never get out of here. He ' s planning rebellion against the Empire, and I ' m trapped on a blight of a farm." "I beg your pardon, sir." Luke spun, startled, but it was only the tall ' droid, Threepio. The contrast in the robot was striking compared with Luke ' s initial sight of him. Bronze-colored alloy gleamed in the overhead lights of the garage, cleaned of pits and dust by the powerful oils. "Is there anything I might do to help?" the robot asked solicitously. 100Test
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