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"No doubt about it, we ' re doomed," he recited mournfully as Artoo righted himself, returning to full activation. "Do you think they ' ll melt us down?" He became silent for several minutes, then added, "It ' s this waiting that gets to me." Abruptly the far wall of the chamber slid aside and the blinding white glare of a Tatooine morning rushed in on them. Threepio ' s sensitive photoreceptors were hard pressed to adjust in time to prevent serious damage. Several of the repulsive-looking jawas scrambled agilely into the chamber, still dressed in the same swathing and filth Threepio had observed on them before. Using hard weapons of an unknown design, they prodded at the machines. Certain of them, Threepio noted with a mental swallow, did not stir. Ignoring the immobile ones, the jawas herded those still capable of movement outside, Artoo and Threepio among them. Both robots found themselves part of an uneven mechanical line. Shielding his eyes against the glare, Threepio saw that five of them were arranged alongside the huge sandcrawler. Thoughts of escape did not enter his mind. Such a concept was utterly alien to a mechanical. The more intelligent a robot was, the more abhorrent and unthinkable the concept. Besides, had he tried to escape, built-in sensors would have detected the critical logic malfunction and melted every circuit in his brain. 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