

星球大战第二章(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_498860.htm It was an old settler ' s saying that you could burn your eyes out faster by staring straight and hard at the sun-scorched flatlands of Tatooine than by looking directly at its two huge suns themselves, so powerful was the penetrating glare reflected from those endless wastes. Despite the flare, life could and did exist in the flatlands formed by long-evaporated seabeds. One thing made it possible: the reintroduction of water. For human purposes, however, the water of Tatooine was only marginally accessible. The atmosphere yielded its moisture with reluctance. It had to be coaxed down out of the hard blue skycoaxed, forced, yanked down to the parched surface. Two figures whose concern was obtaining that moisture were standing on a slight rise of one of those inhospitable flats. One of the pair was stiff and metallic sand-pitted vaporator sunk securely through sand and into deeper rock. The figure next to it was a food deal more animated, though no less sun-weathered. Luke Skywalker was twice the age of the ten-year-old vaporator, but much less secure. At the moment he was swearing softly at a recalcitrant valve adjuster on the temperamental device. From time to time he resorted to some unsubtle pounding in place of using the appropriate tool. Neither method worked very well. Luke was sure that the lubricants used on the vaporator went out of their way to attract sand,beckoning seductively to small abrasive particles with an oily gleam. He wiped

sweat from his forehead and leaned back for a moment. The most prepossessing thing about the young man was his name. A light breeze tugged at his shaggy hair and baggy work tunic as he regarded the device. No point in staying angry at it, he counseled himself. It ' s only an unintelligent machine. As Luke considered his predicament, a third figure appeared, scooting out from behind the vaporator to fumble awkwardly at the damaged section. Only three of the Treadwell model robot ' s six arms were functioning, and these had seen more wear than the boots on Luke ' s feet. The machine moved with unsteady stop-and-start motions. Luke gazed at it sadly, then inclined his head to study the sky. Still no sign of a cloud, and he knew there never would be unless he got that vaporator working. He was about to try once again when a small, intense gleam of light caught his eye. Quickly he slipped the carefully cleaned set of macrobinoculars from his utility belt and focused the lenses skyward. 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