

星球大战第一章(4) 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_498863.htm Threepio listened. He couldn't frown, but he managed to give a good impression of doing so. "Mission...what mission? What are you talking about? You sound like you haven't got an integrated logic terminal left in your brain. No...no more adventures. I'll take my chances with the Imperials and I'm not getting in there." An angry electronic twang came from the Artoo unit. "Don't call me a mindless philosopher," Threepio snapped back, "you overweight, unstreamlined glob of grease!" Threepio was concocting an additional rejoinder when an explosion blew out the back wall of the corridor. Dust and metal debris whooshed through the narrow sub-passageway, followed instantly by a series of secondary explosions. Flames began jumping hungrily from the exposed interior wall. reflection off Threepio's isolated patches of polished skin. Muttering the electronic equivalent of consigning his soul to the unknown, the lanky robot jumped into the audibly as Artoo activated the safety door behind him. The smaller robot flipped a series of switches, snapped back a cover, and pressed three buttons in a certain sequence. With the thunder of explosive latches the life pod ejected from the crippled fighter. When word came over the communicators that the last pocket of resistance on the rebel ship had been cleaned out, the Captain of the Imperial cruiser relaxed considerably. He was listening with pleasure to proceedings on captured vessel when one of his chief gunnery

officers called to him. Moving to the man ' s position, the Captain stared into the circular viewscreen and saw a tiny dot 0dropping away toward the fiery world below. "There goes another pod, sir. Instructions?" The officer ' s hand hovered over a computerized energy battery. Casually, confident in the firepower and total control under his command, the Captain studied the nearby readouts monitoring the pod. All of them read blank. "Hold your fire, Lieutenant Hija. Instruments show no life forms aboard. The pod ' s release mechanism must have short-circuited or received a false instruction. Don ' t waste you power." He turned away, to listen with satisfaction to the reports of captured men and material coming from the rebel ship. Glare from exploding panels and erupting circuitry reflected crazily off the armor of the lead storm trooper as he surveyed the passageway ahead. He was about to turn and call for those behind to follow him forward when he noticed something moving off to one side. It appeared to be crouching back in a small, dark alcove. Holding his pistol ready, he moved cautiously forward and peered into the recess. A small, shivering figure clad in flowing white hugged the back of the recess and stared up at the man.

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