

星球大战第一章(2) 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\\_498867.htm](https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/498/2021_2022__E6_98_9F_E7_90_83_E5_A4_A7_E6_c90_498867.htm)

Fear followed the footsteps of all the Dark Lords. The cloud of evil which clung tight about this particular one was intense enough to cause hardened Imperial troops to back away, menacing enough to set them muttering nervously among themselves. Once-resolute rebel crewmembers ceased resisting, broke and ran in panic at the sight of the black armor armor which, though black as it was, was not nearly as dark as the thoughts drifting through the mind within. One purpose, one thought, one obsession dominated that mind now. It burned in the brain of Darth Vader as he turned down another passageway in the broken fighter. There smoke was beginning to clear, though the sound of faraway fighting still resounded through the hull. The battle here had ended and moved on. Only a robot was left to stir freely in the wake of the Dark Lord ' s passing. See Threepio finally stepped clear of the last restraining cable. Somewhere behind him human screams could be heard from where relentless Imperial troops were mopping up the last remnants of rebel resistance. Threepio glanced down and saw only scarred deck. As he looked around, his voice was full of concern. "Artoo Detoowhere are you?" the smoke seemed to part just a bit more. Threepio found himself staring up the passageway. Artoo Deto, it seemed, was there. But he wasn ' t looking in Threepio ' s direction. Instead, the little robot appeared frozen in an attitude of attention. Leaning over

him was it was difficult for even Threepio ' s electronic photoreceptors to penetrate the clinging, acidic smoke a human figure. It was young, slim, and by abstruse human standards of aesthetics, Threepio mused, of a calm beauty. One small hand seemed to be moving over the front of Artoo ' s torso. Threepio started toward them as the haze thickened once more. But when he reached the end of the corridor, only Artoo stood there, waiting. Threepio peered past him, uncertain. Robots were occasionally subject to electronic hallucinations but why should he hallucinate a human? He shrugged... Then again, why not, especially when one considered the confusing circumstances of the past hour and the dose of raw current he had recently absorbed. He shouldn ' t be surprised at anything his concatenated internal circuit conjured up. "Where have you been?" Threepio finally asked. "Hiding, I suppose." He decided not to mention the maybe-human. If it had been a hallucination, he wasn ' t going to give Artoo the satisfaction of knowing how badly recent events had unsettled his logic circuits. "They ' ll be coming back this way," he went on, nodding down the corridor and not giving the small automation a chance to reply, "looking for human survivors. What are we going to do now? They won ' t trust the word of rebel-owned machines that we don ' t know anything of value. We ' ll be sent to the spice mines of Kessel or taken apart for spare components for other, less deserving robots. That ' s if they don ' t consider us potential program traps and blow us apart on sight. 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](http://www.100test.com)