

星球大战第一章(1) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

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emplacements. Light ceased arching from those spines now as the cruiser moved in close. Intermittent explosions and flashes of light could be seen in those portion of the smaller ship which had taken hits. In the absolute cold of space the cruiser snuggled up alongside its wounded prey. Another distant explosions shook the shipbut it certainly didn ' t feel distant to Artoo Detoo or See Threepio. The concussion bounced them around the narrow corridor like bearings in an old motor. To look at these two, one would have supposed that the tall, human-like machine, Threepio was the master and the stubby, tripod robot, Artoo Detoo, an inferior. But while Threepio might have sniffed disdainfully at the suggestion, they were in fact equal in everything save loquacity. Here Threepio was clearly and necessarily the superior. Still another explosion rattled the corridor, throwing Threepio off balance. His shorter companion had the better of it during such moments with his squat, cylindrical body ' s low center of gravity well balanced on thick, clawed legs. Artoo glanced up at Threepio, who was steadying himself against a corridor wall. Lights blinked enigmatically around a single mechanical eye as the smaller robot studied the battered casing of his friend. A patina of metal and fibrous dust coated the usually gleaming bronze finish, and there were some visible dents all the result of the pounding the rebel ship they were on had been taking. Accompanying the last attack was a persistent deep hum, which even the loudest explosion had not been able to drown out. Then for no apparent reason, the basso thrumming abruptly ceased, and the only sounds in the otherwise deserted corridor came from the eerie dry-twig crackle of shorting

relays or the pops of dying circuitry. Explosions began to echo through the ship once more, but they were far away from the corridor. Threepio turned his smooth, humanlike head to one side. Metallic ears listened intently. The imitation of a human pose was hardly necessary. Threepio's auditory sensors were fully omnidirectional but the slim robot had been programmed to blend perfectly among human company. This programming extended even to mimicry of human gestures. "Did you hear that?" he inquired rhetorically of his patient companion, referring to the throbbing sound. "They've shut down the main reactor and the drive." His voice was as full of disbelief and concern as that of any human. One metallic palm rubbed dolefully at a patch of dull gray on his side, where a broken hull brace had fallen and scored the bronze finish. Threepio was a fastidious machine, and such things troubled him. "Madness, this is madness." He shook his head slowly. "This time we'll be destroyed for sure." Artoo did not comment immediately. Barrel torso tilted backward, powerful legs gripping the deck. The meter-high robot was engrossed in studying the roof overhead. Though he did not have a head to cock in a listening posture like his friend, Artoo still somehow managed to convey that impression. A series of short beeps and chirps issued from his speaker. To even a sensitive human ear they would have been just so much static, but to Threepio they formed words as clear and pure as direct current. "Yes, I suppose they did have to shut the drive down," Threepio admitted, "but what are we going to do now? We can't enter atmosphere with our main stabilizer fin destroyed. I can't

believe we ' re simply going to surrender." A small band of armed humans suddenly appeared, rifles held at the ready. Their expressions were as worry-wrinkled as their uniforms, and they carried about them the aura of men prepared to die. 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)