

星球大战第二部第六章(2) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

[https://www.100test.com/kao\\_ti2020/502/2021\\_2022\\_\\_E6\\_98\\_9F\\_E7\\_90\\_83\\_E5\\_A4\\_A7\\_E6\\_c90\\_502928.htm](https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/502/2021_2022__E6_98_9F_E7_90_83_E5_A4_A7_E6_c90_502928.htm) Looking out across the white battlefield, the Rebel officer watched the remaining snowspeeders whisking through the air and the last of the Imperial vehicles as they passed the wreckage of the exploded walker. He flipped on his comlink and heard the order to retreat: "Disengage, disengage. Begin retreat action." As he signaled his men to move back inside the ice cavern, he noticed that the lead walker was still treading heavily in the direction of the power generators. In the cockpit of that assault machine, General Veers stepped close to the port. From this position he could clearly see the target below. He studied the crackling power generators and observed the Rebel troops defending them. "Point-three-point-three-point-five ...coming within range, sir," reported his pilot. The general turned to his assault officer. "All troops will debark for ground assault," Veers said. "Prepare to target the main generator." The lead walker, flanked by two of the hulking machines, lurched forward, its guns blazing to scatter the retreating Rebel troops. As more laser fire came from the oncoming walkers, Rebel bodies and parts of Rebel bodies were flung through the air. Many of the soldiers who had managed to avoid the obliterating laser beams were crushed into unrecognizable pulp beneath the walkers' stomping feet. The air was charged with the stink of blood and burning flesh, and thundering with the explosive noises of battle. As they fled, the few surviving Rebel soldiers

glimpsed a long snowspeeder as it retreated in the distance, a black trail of smoke escaping its burning hull. Although the smoke rising from his crippled speeder obstructed his view, Hobbie could still see some of the carnage that raged on the ground. His wounds from a walker ' s laser fire made it torture even to move, let alone operate the controls of his craft. But if he could manage to work them just long enough to return to the base, he might be able to find a medical robot and... No, he doubted he would survive even that long. He was dying of that he was now certain and the men in the trench would soon be dead, too, unless something were done to save them.

General Veers, proudly transmitting his report to Imperial headquarters, was totally unaware of Rogue Four ' s approach. "Yes, Lord Vader, I ' ve reached the main power generators. The shield will be down in moments. You may commence your landing." As he ended his transmission, General Veers reached for the electrorangefinder and looked through the eyepiece to line up the main power generators. Electronic crosshairs aligned according to the information from the walker ' s computer. Then suddenly the readouts on the small monitor screens mysteriously vanished.

Confounded, General Veers moved away from the eyepiece of the electrorangefinder and turned instinctively toward a cockpit window. He flinched in terror at seeing a smoking projectile heading on the direct course toward his walker ' s cockpit. The other pilots also saw the hurtling speeder, and knew that there was no time to turn the massive assault machine. "He ' s going to" one of the pilots began. At that instant, Hobbie ' s burning ship crashed through the

walker cockpit like a manned bomb, its fuel igniting into a cascade of flame and debris. For a second there were human screams, then fragments, and the entire machine crashed to the ground. Perhaps it was the sound of this nearby blast that jarred Luke Skywalker back to consciousness. Dazed, he slowly lifted his head from the snow. He felt very weak and was achingly stiff with cold. The thought crossed his mind that frostbite might already have damaged his tissues. He hoped not. He had no desire to spend any more time in that sticky bacta fluid. He tried to stand, but fell back against the snow, hoping he would not be spotted by any of the walker pilots. His comlink whistled, and somehow he found the strength to flick on its receiver. "Forward units' withdrawal complete," the broadcast voice reported. Withdrawal? Luke thought a moment. Then Leia and the others must have escaped! Luke suddenly felt that all the fighting and the deaths of loyal Rebel personnel had not been for nothing. A warmth rushed through his body, and he gathered his strength to rise and begin making the long trek back toward a distant formation of ice.

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