

星球大战第二部第五章(4) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

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passed Wedge, racing in the opposite direction. He steered his craft on a direct course toward another walking death machine. As he approached the monster, Wedge shouted to his gunner, "Activate harpoon.!" The gunner pressed the firing switch as his pilot daringly maneuvered their craft through the walkers legs. Immediately the harpoon whooshed from the rear of the speeder, a long length of cable unwinding behind it. "Cable out!" the gunner yelled. "Let her go!" Wedge saw the harpoon plunge into one of the metal legs, the cable still connected to his snowspeeder. He checked his controls, then brought the speeder around in front of the Imperial machine. Making an abrupt turn, Wedge guided his ship around one of the hind legs, the cable banding around it like a metallic lariat. So far, thought Wedge, Lukes plan was working. Now all he had to do was fly his speeder around to the tail end of the walker. Wedge caught a glimpse of Rogue Leader as he carried out the maneuver. "Cable out!" shouted the speeders gunner again as Wedge flew their craft alongside the cable-entangled walker, close to the metal hull. Wedges gunner depressed another switch and released the cable from the rear of the snowspeeder. The speeder zoomed away and Wedge laughed as he looked down at the results of their efforts. The walker was awkwardly struggling to continue on its way, but the Rebel cable had completely entangled its legs. Finally it leaned to one side and

crashed against the ground, its impact stirring up a cloud of ice and snow. "Rogue Leader...One down, Luke," Wedge announced to the pilot of his companion speeder. "I see it, Wedge," Commander Skywalker answered. "Good work." In the trenches, Rebel troops cheered in triumph when they saw the assault machine topple. An officer leaped from his snow trench and signaled his men. Bolting out of the trench, he led his troopers in a boisterous charge against the fallen walker, reaching the great metallic hulk before a single Imperial soldier could pull himself free. The Rebels were about to enter the walker when it suddenly exploded from within, hurtling great jagged chunks of torn metal at them, the impact of the blast flinging the stunned troops back against the snow. Luke and Zev could see the destruction of the walker as they flew overhead, banking from right to left to avoid the flak bursting around them. When they finally leveled off, their craft were shaken by explosions from the walkers cannons. "Steady, Rogue Two," Luke said, looking over at the snowspeeder flying parallel to his own ship. "Set harpoon. Ill cover for you." But there was another explosion, this one damaging the front section of Zevs ship. The pilot could barely see through the engulfing cloud of smoke that fogged his windshield. He fought to keep his ship on a horizontal path, but more blasts by the enemy made it rock violently. His view had become so obscured that it wasnt until Zev was directly in the line of fire that he saw the massive image of another Imperial walker. Rogue Twos pilot felt an instant of pain. then his snub-nosed craft, spewing smoke and hurtling on a collision course with the walker, suddenly erupted in flames amid a

burst of cannon fire. Very little of Zev or his ship remained to hit the ground. Luke saw the disintegration and was sickened by the loss of yet another friend. But he couldn't let himself dwell on his grief, especially now when so many other lives depended on his steady leadership. He looked around desperately, then spoke into his comlink. "Wedge...Wedge...Rogue Three. Set your harpoon and follow me on the next pass." As he spoke, Luke was hit hard by a terrific explosion that ripped through his speeder. He struggled with the controls in a futile attempt to keep the small craft under control. A chill of fear swept over him when he noticed the dense twisting funnel of black smoke pouring from his ship's aft section. He realized then that there was no way his damaged speeder could remain aloft. And, to make matters even worse, a walker loomed directly in his path. Luke struggled with the controls as his ship plunged toward the ground, leaving a trail of smoke and flames behind. By then the heat in the cockpit was nearly unbearable. Flames were beginning to leap about inside the speeder and were coming uncomfortably close to Luke. He finally brought his ship down to skid and crash into the snow just a few meters away from one of the walking Imperial machines.

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