

星球大战第二部第四章(4) PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/502/2021_2022__E6_98_9F_E7_90_83_E5_A4_A7_E6_c90_502942.htm The public address system broke in on their thoughts. "First transport is clear," a Rebel announcer proclaimed the good news. At the announcement, a cheer burst from those gathered in the hangar. Luke turned and hurried over to his snowspeeder. When he reached it, Dack, his fresh-faced young gunner, was standing outside the ship waiting for him. "How are you feeling, sir?" Dack asked enthusiastically. "Like new, Dack. How about you?" Dack beamed. "Right now I feel like I could take on the whole Empire myself." "Yeah," Luke said quietly, "I know what you mean." Though there were only a few years between them, at that moment Luke felt centuries older. Princess Leia's voice came over the address system: "Attention, speeder pilot...on the withdrawal signal assemble at South Slope. Your fighters are being prepared for takeoff. Code One Five will be transmitted when evacuation is complete." Threepio and Artoo stood amid the rapidly moving personnel as the pilots readied for departure. The golden droid tilted slightly as he turned his sensors on the little R2 robot. The shadows playing over Threepio's face gave the illusion that his face-plate had lengthened into a frown. "Why is it," he asked, "when things seem to get settled, everything falls apart?" Leaning forward, he gently patted the other droid's hull. "Take good care of Master Luke. And take good care of yourself." Artoo whistled and tooted a good-bye, then turned to roll down the ice corridor. Waving stiffly,

Threepio watched as his stout and faithful friend moved away. To an observer, it may have seemed that Threepio grew misty-eyed, but then it wasn't the first time he had gotten a drop of oil clogged before his optical sensors. Finally turning, the human-shaped robot moved off in the opposite direction. 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