

星球大战第二部第三章(3) 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_502958.htm Only a thick glass

window separated the battered, near-frozen body of Luke Skywalker from four of his watchful friends. Han Solo, who appreciated the relative warmth of the Rebel medical center, was standing beside Leia, his Wookiee copilot, Artoo-Detoo, and See-Threepio. Han exhaled with relief. He knew that, despite the grim atmosphere of the chamber enclosing him, the young commander was finally out of danger and in the best of mechanical hands. Clad only in white shorts, Luke hung in a vertical position inside a transparent cylinder with a combination breath mask and microphone covering his nose and mouth. The surgeon droid, Too-Onebee, was attending to the youth with the skill of the finest humanoid doctors. He was aided by his medical assistant droid, FX-7, which looked like nothing more than a metal-capped set of cylinders, wires, and appendages.

Gracefully, the surgeon droid worked a switch that brought a gelatinous red fluid pouring down over his human patient. This bacta, Han knew, could work miracles, even with patients in such dire shape as Luke. As the bubbling slime encapsulated his body, Luke began to thrash about and rave deliriously. "Watch out," he moaned. "...snow creatures. Dangerous...Yoda...go to Yoda...only hope." Han had not the slightest idea what his friend was raving about. Chewbacca, also perplexed by the youth's babbling, expressed himself with an interrogative Wookiee bark. "He doesn't

make sense to me either, Chewie," Han replied. Threepio commented hopefully, "I do hope he 's all there, if you take my meaning. It would be most unfortunate if Master Luke were to develop a short circuit." "The kid ran into something," Han observed matter-of-factly, "and it wasn ' t just the cold." "It ' s those creatures he keeps talking about," Leia said, looking at the grimly staring Solo. "We ' ve doubled the security, Han," she began, tentatively trying to thank him, "I don ' t know how" "Forget it," he said brusquely. Right now he was concerned only with his friend in the red bacta fluid. Luke ' s body sloshed through the brightly colored substance, the bacta ' s healing properties by now taking effect. For a while it appeared as if Luke were trying to resist the curative flow of the translucent muck. Then, at last, he gave up his mumbling and relaxed, succumbing to the bacta ' s powers. Too-Onebee turned away from the human who had been entrusted to his care. He angled his skull-shaped head to gaze at Han and the others through the window. "Commander Skywalker has been in dormo-shock but is responding well to the bacta," the robot announced, his commanding, authoritative voice heard distinctly though the glass. "He is now out of danger." The surgeon robot ' s words immediately wiped away the tension that had seized the group on the other side of the window. Leia sighed in relief, and Chewbacca grunted his approval of Too-Onebee ' s treatment. Luke had no way of estimating how long he had been delirious. But now he was in full command of his mind and senses. He sat up on his bed in the Rebel medical center. What a relief, he thought, to be breathing real air

again, however cold it might be. A medical droid was removing the protective pad from his healing face. His eyes were uncovered and he was beginning to perceive the face of someone standing by his bed. Gradually Threepio smiling image of Princess Leia came into focus. She gracefully moved toward him and gently brushed his hair out of his eyes. "The bacta are growing well," she said as she looked at his healing wounds. "The scars should be gone in a day or so. Does it still hurt you?" Across the room, the door banged open. Artoo beeped in a cheerful greeting as he rolled toward Luke, and Threepio clanked noisily toward Luke ' s bed. "Master Luke, it ' s good to see you functional again." "Thanks, Threepio." 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