

星球大战第二部第二章(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_502967.htm As Luke, weapon in hand, dropped to the floor, the monstrous figure towering over him took a cautious step backward. The beast's sulfurous eyes blinked incredulously at the humming lightshaft, a sight baffling to its primitive brain. Though it was difficult to move, Luke jumped to his feet and waved his lightsaber at the snow-white mass of muscle and hair, forcing it back a step, another step. Brining the weapon down, Luke cut through the monster's hide with the blade of light. The Wampa Ice Creature shrieked, its hideous roar of agony shaking the gorge walls. It turned and hastily lumbered out of the gorge, its white bulk blending with the distant terrain. The sky was already noticeably darker, and with the encroaching darkness came the colder winds. The Force was with Luke, but even that mysterious power could not warm him now. Every step he took as he stumbled out of the gorge was more difficult than the last. Finally, his vision dimming as rapidly as the daylight, Luke stumbled down an embankment of snow and was unconscious before he even reached the bottom. In the subsurface main hangar dock, Chewie was getting the Millennium Falcon ready for takeoff. He looked up from his work to see a rather curious pair of figures that had just appeared from around a nearby corner to mingle with the usual Rebel activity in the hangar. Neither of these figures was human, although one of them had a humanoid shape and gave the impression of a man in knightly golden armor.

His movement were precise, almost too precise to be human, as he clanked stiffly through the corridor. His companion required no manlike legs for locomotion, for he was doing quite well rolling his shorter, barrellike body along on miniature wheels. The shorter of the two droids was beeping and whistling excitedly. "It ' s not my fault, you malfunctioning tin can," the tall, anthropomorphic droid stated, gesturing with a metallic hand. "I did not ask you to turn on the thermal heater. I merely commented that it was freezing in her chamber. But it ' s supposed to be freezing. How are we going to get all her things dried out? ...Ah! Here we are." See-Threepio, the golden droid in human shape, paused to focus his optical sensors on the docked Millennium Falcon. The other robot, Artoo-Detoo, retracted his wheels and frontal leg, and rested his stout metal body on the ground. The smaller droid ' s sensors were reading the familiar figures of Han Solo and his Wookiee companion as those two continued the work of replacing the freighter ' s central lifters. "Master Solo, sir," Threepio called, the only one of the robotic twosome equipped with an imitation human voice. "Might I have a word with you?" Han was not particularly in a mood to be disturbed, especially by this fastidious droid. "What is it?"

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