

星球大战第二部第五章(2)商业托福(toeic)考试 PDF转换可能丢失图片或格式，建议阅读原文

https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/636/2021_2022__E6_98_9F_E7_90_83_E5_A4_A7_E6_c90_636425.htm Luke saw the horizon tilt as he maneuvered his speeder between the walkers jointed legs and soared out from under the monster machine. Bringing his speeder back to horizontal flight, the young commander contacted his companion ship. "Rogue Leader to Rogue Three." "Copy, Rogue Leader," acknowledged Wedge, the pilot of Rogue Three. "Wedge," Luke called into his comlink, "split your squad into pairs." Lukes snowspeeder then banked and turned, while Wedges ship moved off in the opposite direction with another Rebel craft. The walkers, firing all cannons, continued their march across the snow. Inside one of the assault machines two Imperial pilots had spotted the Rebel guns, conspicuous against the white field. The pilots began to maneuver the walker toward the guns when they noticed a lone snowspeeder making a reckless charge directly toward their main viewport, guns blazing. A huge explosion flashed outside the impenetrable window and dissipated as the snowspeeder, roaring through the smoke, disappeared overhead. As Luke soared up and away from the walker, he looked back. That armor is too strong for blasters, he thought. There must be some other way of attacking these horrors. something other than fire power. For a moment Luke thought of some of the simple tactics a farm boy might employ against a wild beast. Then, turning his snowspeeder for yet another run against the walkers, he made a decision. "Rogue group," he called into his comlink, "use

your harpoons and tow cables. Go for the legs. It's our only hope of stopping them. Hobbie, are you still with me?" The reassuring voice immediately responded. "Yes, sir." "Well, stick close now." As he leveled his ship, Luke was grimly determined to glide in tight formation with Hobbie. Together they veered, dropping nearer Hoth's surface. In Luke's cockpit, his gunner, Dack, was jostled by the abrupt movement of the craft. Trying to keep his grip on the Rebel harpoon gun in his hand, he shouted, "Whoa! Luke, I can't seem to find my restraints." Explosions rocked Luke's ship, tossing it about violently in the enveloping flak. Through the window he could see another walker that appeared to be unaffected by the full fire power of the Rebel attack speeders. This lumbering machine now became Luke's target as he flew, moving in a descending arc. The walker was firing directly at him, creating a wall of laser bolts and flak. "Just hang on, Dack," he yelled over the explosions, "and get ready to fire that tow cable!" Another great blast shook Luke's snowspeeder. He fought to regain control as the ship wobbled in its flight. Luke began to sweat profusely, despite the cold, as he desperately attempted to right his plunging ship. But the horizon still spun in front of him. "Stand by, Dack. We're almost there. Are you okay?" Dack didn't answer. Luke managed to turn and saw that Hobbie's speeder was maintaining its course next to him as they evaded the explosions bursting around them. He craned his head around and saw Dack, blood streaming from his forehead slumped against the controls. "Dack!"

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