Douglas Adams
Starship Titanic

Lovely Special Inaugural Commemorative Heirloom
First Class* In-Flight Magazine
For You To Keep Forever Because You're Special. Like the Starship Titanic. Lovely. Forever.

*WARNING! Pre-Authorized First Class Passengers ONLY. Sub-Classes see page 3
THE BLERONTIS SYNDICATE OF INITIATIVE
CONGRATULATES

STARSTRUCT INC.
&
STARLIGHT LINES

ON THE GLORIOUS MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE
STARSHIP TITANIC

ON BEHALF OF THE GAT OF BLERONTIN
AND HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS

AND IS PROUD TO SPONSOR THIS LOVELY IN-FLIGHT MAGAZINE.
LETTER FROM LEOVINUS

I stand before you today, humble, shy, my arms outstretched in supplication. Is that a tear which glistens in my eye? Yes! I am an old man and the Starship Titanic is my masterwork, the true, enduring achievement of my life.
She is more than just the most fabulous luxury starship ever conceived. She is embodied, at her very core, in Titania*, a living web of complex, sensitive, pre-emptive Emotelligent™ control systems. To me, she is, literally, alive.
By the time you read this, Friends, Titania will be ready to ascend into the firmament in all her glory. I wish you joy of her. For me, triumph will be tinged with sadness, as I shall be saying farewell to my starship, my Titania, my creation, my daughter, sister, friend, my – dare I say it? – beloved.
But that is the lot of the creator. I merely rejoice to know that she is perfect, and that neither she, nor you, her Friends, can come to harm.

Leoavinus, Creator of the Starship Titanic.
OUT AND ABOUT

WITH MARSINTA

On vacation (writes Marsinta Drewbish, the Starship Titanic’s DeskBot, responsible, among other things, for all your check-in and upgrade needs), even driven, cutting-edge, sharp-end successes like to escape briefly from the hurly burly of modern business, and plunge into a maelstrom of teeming exotic life. And where better than Azeppo, the famed capital of Fna’a, polysolar playground of the rich and aspirational.

This ancient, time-scrabbed city has a penguin, tabescent charm which cannot fail to captivate even the most jaded of travelers.

Proper arrangements having been made, and medical precautions duly observed, the fun-seeker lucky enough not to be permanently deskbound may visit the ancient, winding Ha’aqa bin-j’Jabbli, named in honour of the famous Battle of j’Jabbli. Even in the meridian heat, the Ha’aqa bin j’Jabbli is cool and shady. The click-clack of reborzo counters forms a counterpoint to the quiet murmur of grave scholars from the immemorial School of Calligraphy, as they discuss the exact proportions of the perfect Reborzo serif.

Now, the street is quiet. The money-changers who normally line the pavements with their ceaseless cry of “X’zum-fa’ang! X’zum-fa’ang!” have retired to their cool, dark apartments for quench, the traditional vast and ruminative mid-day feast, after which the Ha’aqa bin-j’Jabbli is left to the Reborzo players and the first early wave of Azeppo’s famous welli-dancers, mysterious and alluring in their traditional silken x’zum-fa’ang. Later, the narrow alleyway will be in carnival mood, echoing until dawn to the irresistible rhythms of traditional Reborzo. Then, the intrepid traveller might choose to dress himself in the traditional, baggy j’jinja’ama, or three-but-rocketed pantaloons, and venture out to the throbbing heart of Fna’a. And should things get out of hand, a quick manipulation of your PET will summon my colleague Fentible to conduct you back to the safety of the Starship Titanic.
MEET NOBBY
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

I hopes, writes Sergeant G. 'Nobby' Nobbington-Froot, the ubiquitous and unbroochial major-domo of the Starship Titanic’s Verticulo-Horizontal Passenger Transportation Systems Division, to be able to regale the distinguished passidgers with some of my military reminiscences, and obligue, as per Standing Horders, e.g. the Battle of j’Ablbi, which was carnage, cut to ribbons we wos when the Hadjadji come raging down the hill, worse than Phlegnos although the Balneans was more ruthless.

But was we downhearted? No. We was professional soldiers and privileged to die for a cause we believed in. Not that we actually knew what the cause wos, seeing as how nobody told us, just like the Siege of Osterman, but that didn’t matter. Wot we believed in was the idea of dying for something we believed in, and if that wos good enough for General Shatton of Penanda, it was good enough for the lads sweltering in the fleshpots of Berroca, namean?

So if there is any think as any passidger may wish to know about the above campaigns do not hesitate to ask. It will be a honor to fill you in, should I feel so inclined and perviding my ealh old hup, on account of I am a martyr to Asgon’s Tregeriasis, not to mention my borns, blubber and blimpt, but I am an old soldier, Sir, Madam or Thing, wot laughs at misery, pain and even having my ealh ripped ort. So it’s ta-ta for now, and oping this finds you as it leaves me, in the pink.

WARNING:
Second Class and SGT Class passengers not IN possession OF valid upgrades must hand IN this magazine immediately BEFORE boarding.
You ARE reminded that your onboard In-Flight Magazine will look LIKE this. Unauthorized upward class mobility IS strictly prohibited for your comfort AND safety. Thank you.
Edmund Fentible, Doorbot to the Stars speaks to you from inside.

Dear Guest, what turmoil we have seen in these last few weeks! I am sure as you read this, cocooned in the velvety comfort of your First-Class Stateroom, an Astrakhan rug warming your gracious limbs, you can have no idea of the frantic preparation that has gone into preparing the Starship Titanic for her maiden voyage! Even as I write, perched on a sack of cement with only days to go before launch, a workman’s parrot chatters raucously above my head, and decorators bustle around me putting the finishing touches to what I am reliably informed will be the Grand Ballroom. Let us hope they finish in time lest we shall have to call it the parrot lobby! I’m sure not! Of course just as the Sea Chicken glides serenely whilst her tiny legs paddle furiously below the waves, none of this frantic activity will be seen by you, Pleasant First Class Passenger. As I stroll through the palatial public areas of the ship a veritable army (or should I say navy?) is at work. Over there the Grand Axial Canal sparkles and the RowBots jostle together laughing and singing in their high-pitched operatic lift. In the Creators’ Chamber invisible beams are tested and tested again for invisibility. Every last smorbid of the Grand Central Well is getting a last lick and twizzle from the tiny BuffBots, the velvet seats of the Pellerator are steamed free of electricians’ stains once more, beige technicians race back and forth to Titania’s Chamber... yet hark!

Is that the LiftBot’s gentle voice I hear calling me back to my own duties? You, Future-Reading-Person are Etherborne and I shall leave you in peace. Lie back Gentle Passenger and let the reassuring hum of the safety-certified Higgs Propulsion Unit hull you into a child-like sleep...
Hi, like, you know, guys and things and everyone.

Right. So the guys in suits are like, "Krage, talk a bit about leisure facilities, okay?" so I'm like "Okay! Hey, I'm a BellBot, right? Whatev-er you want."

So. Leisure. Okay. So you're just, you know, cruising, top down, 110-pack and three bimbots, okay? heading out to catch the wave. I mean like the Big One.

And you know what? Shipboard, they thought of that call slingshot. But, hey, this is Krage talking, okay?, and where there's like water there's like waves, right? Just a question of time, ship hits something sudden, pump bursts, storm brews up, man, the way the weather in the Arboretum keeps changing, anything could like happen.

So, hey, hang loose, and you need Speedos, anything like that, you call your friend Krage, okay? Right.

Krage Kayotaal IV was talk- ing to Rabbi Stomp, Religious Affairs Correspondent
This week Fortillian O'Perfluous reminisces.

I was lucky as a lad growing up in Blargh to see Clem Grunt in his prime. He was a fine figure, ruthless, merciless but always polite, very polite. I remember one game when the hand-to-hand combat spilled over into our section of the crowd. Clem accidentally slaughtered some of my family. Next day he sent us a beautiful bouquet of flowers with free tickets for the next home game. Not many players would have done that. Polite, very polite.

Transfers:
Enid Malaise has been transferred to Reborzo Rat for a fee of 8 billion horrints plus 2000 supporters.

This quonth – the Exquisite Garotte.
Neville lets us look into his special-equipment-bag of equipment.
Certain moves within our Great Game seem to typify the player’s search for grace and perfection. Such a move is The Exquisite Garotte. Peak fitness and technique are vital of course. But so is having the right tool for the job – and looking after it properly. You can’t garotte with a 4 iron, no matter how sharp it is. Oh no. And the one-handed neck-gutter will never do if you’ve left it in the garage all winter without a protective coating of blarn oil. So don’t forget. Treat your tools like you treat your body. A small piece of wadding and a bit of elbow grease can mean life or death on the 18th.

WEEKEND GIRLS GO FOR GOURD!
The Blerontin Weekend Girls Fellowship survived the fierce heat of the Ampstrad Stadium yesterday, qualifying for the last three of the Blood-Filled Gourd through a superb beheading from Emily Sinjun-WhithbeFlyes in the first quarter. Ampstrad captured some Blerontin supporters and put them to the sword in the closing minutes but the result was never in doubt. Blerontin now face the Astrakhan Testicle Stranglers in the next round. Last night it was reported that cities throughout Ampstrad were burning and ritual pillaging was taking place.

CROWD NEWS from our Crowd Correspondent
Crowd losses in the north have been lower than usual. Police again advise that traveling supporters should not engage in small arms fire until Final Quarter has been blown.
ON BOARD TONITE

by Bosky Denizen

Well hi-de-hi-de-HI!!!, fellow-travelers, and welcome to this, the jubelicious excite-o-rama which is the Maiden Voyage of this, the greatest Starship of all time! And you are privileged to be part of it! And nobody more so than I!!

Oh boy! have we got some hot sounds and whacky glitzy people for you on the manifest! You may have seen a few of them while you sipped your luxury pre-boarding cocktail drinks – Mmmmm! thirst-quenching! – in our purpose-built Vastan Embarkation Center! And here's just a selection to wet your whistle and get you really hepped up, Daddy-o!

- The Emperor Hl’hunaunhiit, that well-known potentate and gourmand, will be shaking a chicken-feather imitation, for sure!
- The Frigorifico of Kastt, Its Honor Jelabanyon Arthroglass has chosen – YES! – the Starship Titanic to introduce for its nuptial tour with the new Frigorifica, galactic glamour-thing Fifi de Thulp!!
- Celebrated thinker and malcontent Lemuel Bmmmm will be holding court at the First Class Cocktail Bar – and, if we know Lemuel, the thoughts will be flying?????
- A little ‘parrot’ who knows everything tells Bosky that Euvoluvula Bunbridge and her latest husboid, Ebley ‘Sled’ Codulike Jnr., are with us... heavily disguised, but there’s no disguising Euvoluvula!!!!? Maybe they just want to be alone – and who can blame them?????

There’ll be more a-plenty when we ‘take off,’ so, you cool cat swingers, don’t forget to say “hi-de-hi-de-HI” to Bosky, the man with the moustache! Happy Hyperspace!!!!!!!
LIFESTYLE
WITH CROSSA

The Starship Titanic is going to revolutionize home furnishing. Crossa Brobstignon tells us why.

If you'd already planned your kitchen make-over this year then STOP RIGHT NOW! Because the Starship Titanic has just re-written the rules of interior design with a mouth-drenching display of retro-classical neo-deco pseudo-Byzantine chic. Say goodbye to lead and iron. We're talking marble, marble and more marble. And friezes. And trees. And water. And marble.

But why stop at the kitchen? Take a look around the Titanic – she's full of thrilling ideas for the whole home. How about that dashing Fellerator fabric on your sofa? Imagine the Music Room wallpaper in your bell-loft back in Blerontis. Take a peek into Leovinus's study – isn't that how the den in your home should be? Why not give your garage that airy bilge-room look? And with real estate prices this low, can you afford not to build a second canal?

Mmm, I know what you're thinking, Gondolas. Well – why not? You deserve it. You're flying First Class on this baby – you deserve everything you get.

Think big. Think bold. Think daring. Think Starship Titanic.

CELEBRITY SHOPAROUND
with Cicely Neckfarb

- You know how it is when hubby goes through one of those tiresome "can't-do-a-thing-with-my-moustache" phases? Well, I've found a wonderful answer: a whole host of elegant and unique moustache alternatives from Tache Galactica. Just pop one in place of an "ordinary" moustache – perhaps while hubby's asleep! And hey presto! Home's happy again.

- We all know that one of the great discoveries of this Modern Age is the old saying "What goes up, must come down" doesn't apply to Mister Light-Ray! But how many of us make use of this knowledge in the home? Well I do... with those marvelous uplighters, just like in the Starship Titanic itself. Just dot a few around your living-room and, thanks to modern magic, light goes up... and stays up.

- For that fresh, mmmmm... lemony smell around the house, why not do what I do, and use lemons. Yummylicious!

- Lots of people are in favor of marriage these days... not least me! But a girl must have some secrets from hubby. So here's a tip I picked up in my plumbing supply shop the other day: keep hubby in the dark and admit nothing.

- Nothing lets a homemaker down more than scruffy Worbs, but did you know that for just a few Hortrots you can obtain neat-'n'-cosy hand-knitted Worbware from your local corner shop? Well, you can.

- Next time hubby's feeling peaky, why not try pistachios? They really work.

- Sneezing can be such an embarrassment at premiers and gala award dinners. But did you know that you can't sneeze with your eyes open? So be like me; use cheek-mounted spring-loaded eye-sticks. Sneeze coming on? Press your cheekbones and, hey presto, EyeStix® shoot out, prop your eyelids apart, and it's goodbye to ugly ah-shhoo misery!

Cicely Neckfarb and co-star Carb Gorgefist will be joining the Starship Titanic for its Maiden Voyage.
BUILDING THE STARSHIP TITANIC

R. S. Joyste talks to Antar Brobstigum,
Starship Titanic Project Manager

The cheap digital watch which encircles Antar Brobstigum’s wrist—a perpetual reminder of the way the Titanic project encircles his life—is the only outward sign of the awesome responsibility resting on his shoulders. Short, stout, balding, Mr Brobstigum cannot be called imposing. He seems jittery yet sessile. We are constantly interrupted by draftspersons, construction workers, people carrying plans, spanners, order forms and memoranda; Mr Brobstigum calms their fears and sends them on their way without ever seeming really to listen to their problems. Yet when we ask him what it was all about, he says: “I haven’t a clue. I never listen. I just calm their fears and send them on their way.” He rearranges his pens, leans back in his chair and scratches his blimpht.

Yet the Titanic project has not been without its setbacks. As Mr Brobstigum himself puts it, “The project has not been without its setbacks. Take the Anaxiomat fault-intolerant system. Fault-intolerance is absolutely central to the ship’s construction, so we have had to work very closely with Klein und Moebius-Gödel GbMH of Zimmernan. But we’re confident now that this remarkable concept will be fully-operational by our target launch date.” Mr Brobstigum glances at his watch. It is time for him to go on his inspection of the magnificent ship herself. He picks up his clipboard which seems instantly to become a part of him, and stumps from the room. Antar Brobstigum: man and clipboard in perfect harmony.
Well, folks, what can I say? It’s really great to be guesting here on the Maiden Voyage of the truly wonderful Starship Titanic and I know a lot of you have come a long way to be here... and, hey, we got a long way to go together!

What a privilege it was when my Manager called me up during my very successful hit season at the Hotel Gat on Blerontis’s famous “Golden Hotel Corner” to say that Leovinus himself, a long-time fan of me and the band, had personally himself requested that we “open” his own new “combo”: this truly wonderful Starship on which we are on.

When I say I had to really “bust open” my schedule to fit it in, you will know what I mean, right? We are all busy people but a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity does not come along every day. So it was time for action. Pausing only to give my head a quick polish, I slipped out of my piano and into something more comfortable, and made a beeline for the Hot Club du Beach. I knew I’d find the guys there, and I was right. Snakey was coiled round something cool, Bells was hanging loose as usual, and Bass... well, Bass was feeling pretty low. “Guys,” I said, “You know I told you one day we’d be up there with the stars? Well – that’s just where we’re headed.”

There was a silence, the kind of silence which only means one thing: Horrints. It’s a tough life as a musician. You got no security but on the other hand the boys got lives and I knew what they were thinking. They were weighing up fame and adulation and untold wealth against privacy and the freedom of being just, you know, lines in the counterpoint.

I could have forced the issue, but I’m no autocrat. “Bells,” I said, “Shall we take this gig, or is it me?” “Sure, boss,” says Bells. Snakey gives a tootle which I know means “Yes”. We don’t ask Bass. He got no life anyways. He just tags along, half a bar behind.

So, we reckoned we got it altogether now and looking forward to a big success. We’re working up a new number specially for that great gal Titania... so see ya there!
FINE DINING

WITH A VERY FINE VIEW

by D'Astragar
«D'Astragaar» D'Astragar

Helé Foutoucou!!! Surely there has never been a restaurant more suited to this ancient Gallooid greeting than the fabulously fabulous Starship Titanic First Class Restaurant. Non indudey! Every table is fine. And all the food is fine also. My guests are to me as the gods. They are my sublime reason for living. You do not believe me, mon ami?

Then let me en-circle your waggons of suspicion with my family motto: “All they desire, they shall have. All they deserve, they shall get”. Oh yes. I have waited a very long time for this honor and my pride is bursting out. Today I fulfill one of my life’s long longings and continue a family tradition which has been in my family for as long as we have had traditions. We D'Astragars have excelled throughout our history in producing Tip-Top-Class Maitre d’s for the catering profession. Interestingly we have also excelled throughout our history in producing Tip-Top Class Ruthless Assassins. Occasionally it has been possible to combine the two in one job. Of course, ha ha, I am on board the Starship Titanic in my role of cuisinier, not lethal and merciless hired killer. That is a comical notion isn’t it?

Still, better not get out of bed on the wrong side of me when you come to dinner tonight — eh?

NOW ON BOARD!

Why carry large things when you can send them at no extra cost?

Now installed for your further comfort – the Succ-U-Bus Mark II featuring oil free Succ-U-Blob™ technoblob”. Succ-U-Buses are conveniently located in convenient locations around the ship for your convenience. Simply place your large object in the Succ-U-Bus tray, choose a destination and hey presto! It’s gone! To where you wanted!

RECIPE OF THE QUONTH

by the Titanic Tip Top Chef de Cuisine M. Chef

TODAY I AM GIVING YOU MY CHICKEN

Take a chicken.
Kill it (Pull off its feathers and keep to one side).
Empty it.
Bathe it.
Dry it.
Pry it.
Dry it.
Poach it.
Dry it.

Roast it.
Dry it.
Put sauce on it.
Make a plump cushion from the feathers.
Gently lay chicken on the feathers.
Serve it.
Eat it.

Do not attempt this operation within 40 smorbits of a working Succ-U-Bus.

(Passengers are requested to keep small children away from the Succ-U-Bus. Passengers are also requested not to attempt to send fellow passengers around the ship.)
IT'S A BOT-BOT-BOT-IFUL LIFE!

Threectal von M'Hemp our Vice-Chief Bot Correspondent gets a sneaky preview of the latest thing in Bottery.

Wow! That's the only word for it. Or maybe Wowee! I've just spent a pretty interesting week at Starstruct's cool new Bottage Plant and boy oh boy have I got some exciting impressions for you! Of what do I effuse? Mr Leovinus's Genuine People Personality Bots of course! They're sleek, they're shiny, they're color-coordinated, they're made of very hard metal, they're the latest all-singing all-dancing all-talking Bots! And best of all they're here! For you! In your First Class Lifetime! Forget all the embarrassing incidents we experienced with last year's prototypes. Starstruct sent these guys to the Blerontin School of Servitude to iron out all the grumbles. The models they're shipping now have burst right through that big Envelope of Interest. But if you're worrying that they've taken out all the fun - don't! They'll give you help when you want it but it's not a yes sirree! no sirreee! experience with these fellows. Oh no Father Turbot, oh no. Starstruct haven't just kept the fun - they've also kept the quirky character bits that most companies throw away. So how did they do it? The secret's in a super-lovely control room which monitors the Bots all day long (night-times too). Any time a Bot looks like they're getting out of trim they can be pulled right back in just like a stoafoish on a line. You also get a nice little control - the PET - to summon a Bot whenever you feel the urge. And with custom clothing by tip-top-trend-tailor Otto von Doenitz Botwear you'll certainly want to have them around. Split into cohorts according to function these perky fellows are guaranteed infallible. And they've fixed that famous stampede grumble. Mr Leovinus promises that whatever the number of passengers there'll always be just the right number of Bots to go round. Somebody stop me! I'm gush-
SAFETY PROCEDURES

In the event of an emergency, passengers must listen for the Emergency Klaxon. It sounds like this: whaa-whee; whaa-whee; whaa-whee. Please ignore the test alarm which sounds like this: whaa-whee; whaa-whee; whaa-whee.

In an emergency, passengers must return to their Staterooms and lie down on the bed. Lights must be turned off. Sheets may be drawn, but no further than waist height. Those passengers of a religious nature may find solace in prayer. Known miracle workers are requested to make themselves known to a member of the crew. A drink of water may be taken but the glass must be returned to the bathroom. Those passengers who comfort themselves with song are requested to do so with due regard to the privacy of others.

First Class Passengers dining in the Restaurant when the

Emergency Klaxon sounds may safely finish their meal before commencing safety procedures.

SGT Class passengers are reminded that First and Second Class passengers have priority in the lifeboats. This is because they paid more for their rooms. And this is because they have worked harder or are simply better at their jobs than you and are therefore worth more to society.

If there are no official announcements please follow all instructions given by anyone who appears to be in control.

Passengers of a nervous disposition may be comforted to know that because the Starship Titanic Cannot Possibly Go Wrong, there are no lifeboats anyway.

If you are advised that the ship is about to ditch, please adopt the following position:

POSITION A

If this is uncomfortable, please try this:

POSITION B

If you are traveling with a friend, you may together try this:

POSITION C

On no account position yourself like this:

POSITION D

Here is a position that is comfortable whatever the situation:

POSITION E

Why?
**GIFTS**

From the Starship Titanic Haberdashery

A SMALL SELECTION FROM THE WIDE RANGE OF NOTIONS AVAILABLE FROM THE STARSHIP TITANIC GIFT HABERDASHERY

CONTACT YOUR LOCAL SUPPLIER TODAY!

Or visit the Website: [www.starshiptitanic.com](http://www.starshiptitanic.com)

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**STARSHIP TITANIC TRAVEL BAG**

Wow! Look Cool as a Cube with this spacious logo-printed Tacky-Patent® back-buffed Etherline® Starship Titanic Travel Bag. Featuring revolutionary Spilli-Cloth Lining in case of travel accidents.*

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**STARSHIP TITANIC JACKET**

The jacket with the picture on the back! Yes - Insta-T-Broid embroidery keeps you looking ‘cool’ but feeling ‘toasty warm’! It's not really magic... but it could be.

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**STARSHIP TITANIC T-SHIRT**

Very thin and relaxed shirt with two short arms & no collar (simple easy-action head-hole entry). Available in many colors.

Also Deep Space color (as shown).

Choice of highly appropriate pictures. Quite popular.

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**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**

by The Captain

Welcome to the maiden voyage of the Starship Titanic, which I shall be joining, along with the rest of our select passenger list, on Vastan.

Many people have asked: "Look here, Sir. Johnny Titanic is getting from Blerontin to Vastan on autopilot, so do we actually NEED a Captain?"

No, no, no, no. Of course we do. Automatic pilotage is all very well for ferry-flights but a ship full of priceless, thrusting winners like yourselves needs that organic touch. Picture the scene on the bridge! There's my navigator - "Nav", as we call him in our rough, stardoggy way - hunched in the navigation hood, fiddling with his starcharts, triangulating our next fix, very technical, jolly good show. Nav gets lock-on, and then I take over for the hard bit. Land-dogs like yourselves wouldn't know where to start. For me, though, it's almost a reflex. A swift manipulation of the millions of complicated dials, knobs and levers and off we go. In safe hands? I should say so. Bon voyage!

---

**Captains' Hats**

By us, you're a Captain. By your mother, you're a Captain. But by a Captain, are you a Captain?

You will be... in a Captain's Hat from Captains' Supplies. Available in a wide range of authoritative styles.
BOTT-NOTES AND QUERIES

by Edwina Fentible, best-selling author of My Man's Made of Metal.

NEVER FORGET! Bots were people too. So it's no use shouting "Heeell!" or "Rabbits!" or "Where's my slipper, Eisen- hower?"

Dear me, no. Bots respond to polite, firm, clear instruction. Rambling, ill-disciplined, or plain sloppy statements will normally be ignored or deliberately misunderstood. Ask a poor Bot to "do this, do that and then while you're at it do the other" and he'll do this, do that or do the other. He won't do all three. There's nothing a Bot likes better than a simple question easily answered, or a simple instruction, easily per-
formed. And there's nothing a Bot hates more than being fiddled with, prodded, sworn at or generally abused.

So treat your Bot well and you'll have a faithful friend for life. And don't forget: we all have a duty to look out for any signs that a Bot may be unwell. Don't be fooled by a wet nose or shiny eyes. Bots' settings have been known to drift. Just keep your eye on the PET and watch out for warning lights.

This has been me, Edwina Fentible, wishing you "Buonesto voyaggiolo!!"

Starlight Lines would like to remind passengers that the Starship Titanic is the Ship That Cannot Possibly Go Wrong. And that includes the Bots.

THE AUDITORY CENTER

Suppliers of Sound Systems to the Starship Titanic.

We are "Ear" for all your listening needs. Latest technology! Phonograph cylinders re-grooved! Knobs ground to order! Needles sharpened!

Hear the Revolution in Sound: the new Gram-O-Tone

-FREE-CHECK-UPS!

Ear, nose, eye, mouth, brain, moustache etc.

Faulty parts removed

FREE!!!!

The Speech And Vision Centre, 32B(a), Small Mall (behind Large Mall (back of Large Mall Street (behind Hotel Gat annexe (staff entrance))))

VON DOENITZ MENSWEAR

Dress At The Shop Where The People Which Built The Higgs Drive Shop In Their Lunch Hour For Their Clothes.

Remember our motto:
"Von Doenitz, Von Doenitz, Von Doenitz for Men!"

Von Doenitz:
Where The Salesmen Say "Hallo!"

The Von Doenitz RoboSmart range of Smart Robot Outfits.

Outfitters to the Robots of the Starship Titanic.

Von Doenitz UniDexter

InterGalactic Self-Pressing Re-Entry Trousers.

"The InterGalactic Trousers With One Big Leg".

Say goodbye to gusset misery. Guaranteed not to distort at periwarp speeds.

Von Doenitz Thornproof Ablating Tweed

for the man who prefers a classic look. The ideal partner for the UniDexter Trouser. Smart, serviceable, easily steam-cleaned.

Von Doenitz Engineering Shirts.

Outside they are stout crisp blotton twill. Inside they are a reference library of crumble-free engineering formulae.


The Von Doenitz "Sledley" Model leather jacket.

Factory-impregnated with sealed-in Pher-O-Mone® finish for that "Get a load of him" effect.

Available in three strengths and five popular genders.
**GRAVITY**

Gravity will be light in places everywhere this morning but it will stiffen up by lunchtime and there may be planetary drifting later in the afternoon. **Outlook for the quonth:** up and down.

**TIME**

Time is expected to go slightly more slowly than usual. Most people will feel that this quonth is dragging until next Rowday when it will speed up. Expect next quonth to fly by.

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**WOOD**

Wood will continue to be unstable and should be avoided.

**UPLIGHTING TIMES**

Variable.

**THROAT CONDITIONS**

Throat conditions are excellent for the time of year.

**WEATHER**

Unlikely.

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**EXECUTIVE SMALL ADS**


**Robot parts for sale.** All popular centers (gustatory avbl to order only). All models from domestic to “Titania”-style. You’ve tried the rest now try the best. Lev’s Parts, 226 Spine Street W. No callers.

**Hiya KRAGE!!** from your friends at the IO IMPERIAL, VASTAN. We remember you when you were a humble trouper, press here! We were sure “crescendio” to hear how you went “up” in the world!!!! Bookings: phone Vastan Center (+690 1680 18) (01) 180 1 482439 extn 1

**Bowl for sale.** Nondescript. 1,335 ft. Pouch 41515.

**No canvassers or hawkers.** 117(b) Uplift Avenue, Outskirts (East).

The SINKMEISTER CHAMPION screw-action double-barbed bone-tapping competition poleaxe. As used by Neville Sinkmeister, Clubman & Co “Everything for the Nibber”, Large Mall, Blerontis.

**Pellerator for sale.** Low bobbage, non-stick upholstery, slightly warped hence low price. Buyer collects. See Father Turbot, The Penhouse, Space Heights, The Mount.

**Yum Yum Yum!** Try Lucky Thermal Grouting Flesh ’n’ Debbble Flavor Top-n’-Toast® Inst-O-Snax for a change from Corn Fritters.

**CORN FRITTERS!** They’re TASTY! Buy some and eat them! ©The Corn Fritter Association.

**Hungry?** Try our famous FOOD. Hot and cold chicken. Greasy chicken. Plain chicken to order. Range of sauce dips inc. tomato, mustard, beer, plain, startling. 291 Engine Belt Street, SE.

**BOT COMPONENTS.** Why replace your entire Bot center when you can repair it at home. Also DIY starship components. Everything from a fuse to a complete central core. Bridging-pieces avbl. to personal callers. Flat 22122, Big Project Estate, Outer District (take elevator to 12th floor.) Ask for Kevin.

**Finest bonemeal mulch, bagged.** Cunningham & Blair Inc.

**Dog-seed for sale, mixed up already**

**Key lost.** “Clinton” make. Slightly bent. Accidentally fell out of trousers during meeting in Hotel Gat.

**Have a nice day!** Apply: The Nice Day Co. Inc. of Blerontis. Phone 37 1/8

**For sale: spare perch.** Surplus to requirements. Phone Blerontis 12 1/3


**Time-wasters wanted.** Pouch 161.

**Martians need not apply.** Box 1318

**The Vision Centre.** Contact Father Turbot, St Armalites, Piazza bin’y Jabbie.

“A nod and a wink is all it takes.”

**Girls! Girls! Girls!** Yes - you want it, we GOT it. Beef, chicken, shrimp, etc. Benny’s Bar and Girl, 377 Telephone Road.

**Speling Checker wanted.** See Benny, 377 Telephone Road.

**Rib-tickling.** Easy terms. Edwina Fenthal. Serious gentlemen only. Time-wasters see separate ad.
Fortillian says "Top of the Well to you!"