

DOUGLAS ADAMS

S T A R S H I P

TITANICTM



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

How should I address you?
Customers? Passengers?
People? No. Friends.

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.

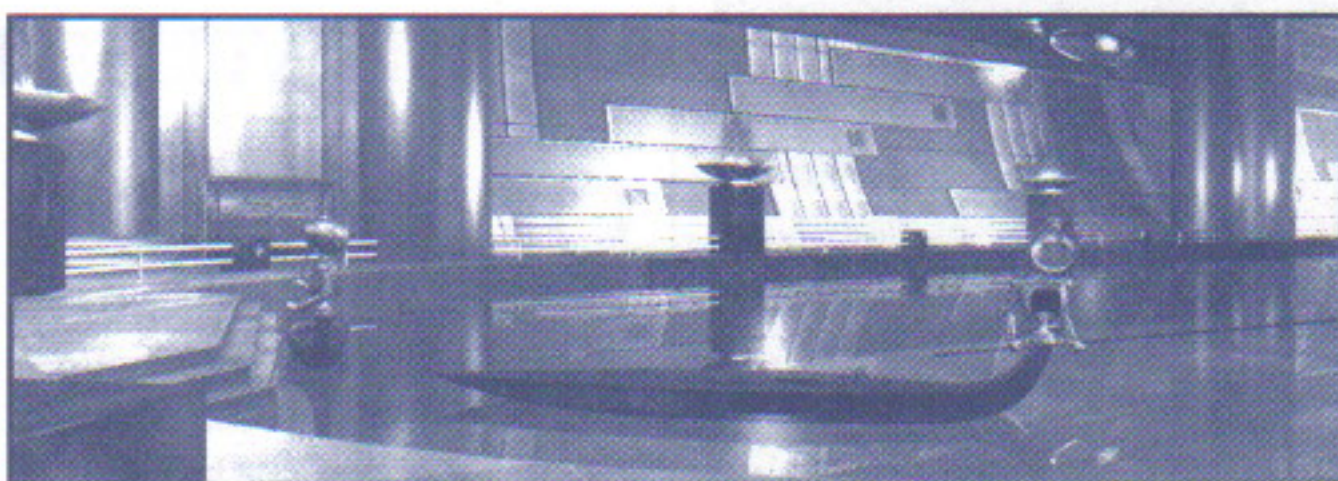
By the time you read this, Friends, Titania will be ready to ascend into the firmament in all her glory. I wish you joy of her. For me, triumph will be tinged with sadness, as I shall be saying farewell to my starship, my Titania, my creation, my daughter, sister, friend, my – dare I say it? – beloved.

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.

Leovinus

Leovinus, Creator of the
Starship Titanic.

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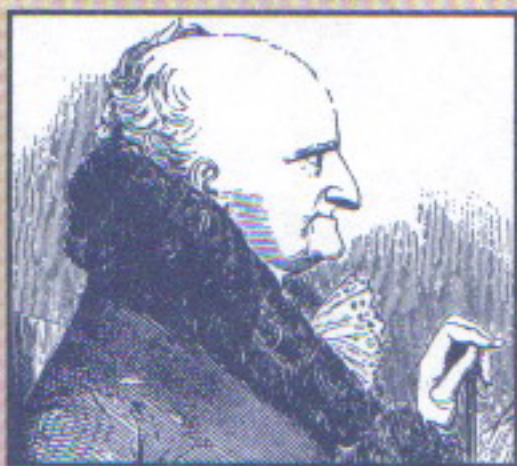
ROUTE MAP

Starship Titanic destinations 18

GAT SPEAK

So Starship Titanic! Pride of Blerontis! Triumph of Leovinus! Wonder of the Age! Dazzling Vessel Filled to the Brim with Our Aspirations! Extraordinary Summation of Metal Technology! Fantastic Never-Before-Seen Linking of Many and Varied New and Big Ideas! Into the Ether you go! And all our hearts beat stronger! This is not Goodbye! It is not Farewell! It is See You Soon! Yours,
The Gat.

(His Highness the Gat was talking to our Court Reporter)



GARDEN SUPPLIES

Suppliers of Garden Supplies to the
STARSHIP TITANIC.



Why not "dig in" to our stock? Everything for the garden. Garden equipment a speciality. Gardening things always available. E.g. plants, worms etc.

THIS WEEK:

Special offer. 2 for 8Ht, 3 for 12Ht.

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-scrabbled city has a pinguid, 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 qhunch, 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-buttoned 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-Froat, the ubiquitous and unibracchial 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 oblige, as per Standing Horders, e.g. the Battle of j'Jabbli, which was carnage, cut to ribbons we was when the Hadjadjji come raging down the hill, worse than Phlegnos although the Balneans was more ruthless.



But was we downhearted? No. We was perfes-sional soldiers and privileged to die for a cause we believed in. Not that we actually knew wot 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 was good enough for General Shatton of Penanda, it was good enough for the lads sweltering in the fleshpots of Berrocca, narmean?

So if there is anythink as any pas-sidger 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 ealth olds hup, on account of I am a martyr to Asgon's Tregeriasis, not to mention my borms, blibber and

blimpht, but I am a old soldier, Sir, Madam or Thing, wot laughs at misery, pain and even having my ead ripped orft. 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.

Tache Galactica



Put a smile on your wife's face - and a moustache

Beyond, Dismal 26

Going up in the world?

Do it in style with a genuine

ELEVATOR

As used in the

STARSHIP TITANIC

"We're with you all the way, mostly®"

The Blerontin Elevator Co. Does Not Accept Responsibility For Anything. Ever.

Say Goodbye to ugly "no herring" misery with our

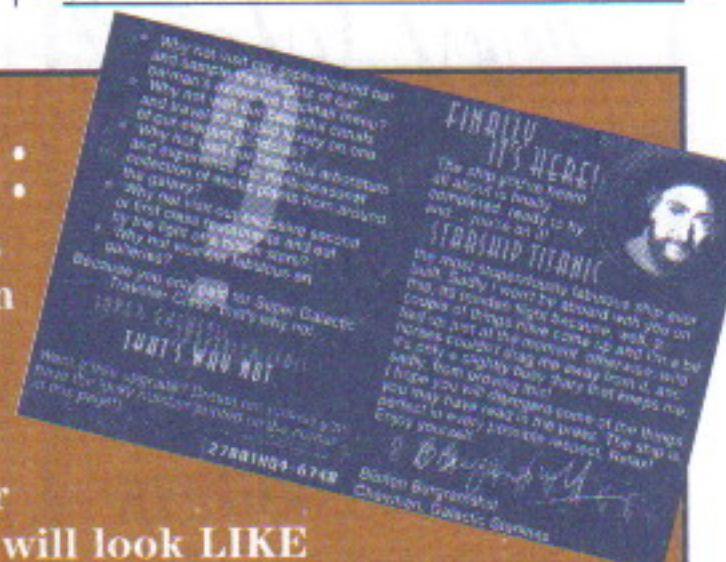
HERRINGS

Boxed set, 4 misleading colours. Apply in confidence to Waldo Piddock

PIDDOCK & ROSSO

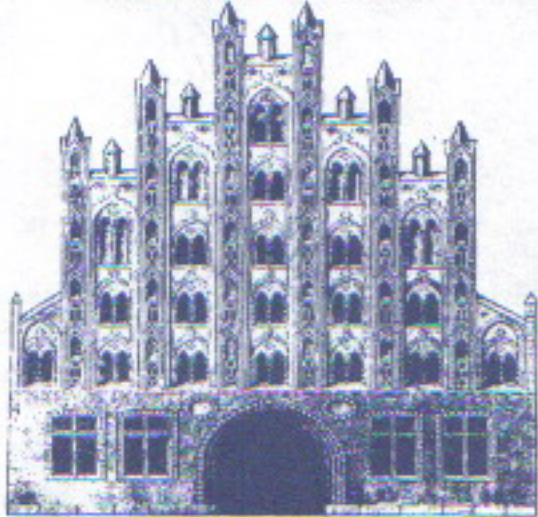
FISHETEERS TO THE GENTRY

(a divn. of Interfish GbMH)



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113-113A NEVILLE SINKMEISTER PLAZA
(BEHIND DANK STREET)



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PLUS! PLUS! PLUS!

dance to Horace Niblo and his twin-throated organ (Flatterday ONLY) (Booking recommended)

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- no refunds -

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YOURSELF AND DESPISE
THE POOR?

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tiresome ethical dilemmas.

Only 180,000 Ht.

Pays for itself in quonths.

THE PSYCHOSURGERY CLINIC,
666 THE GLOATINGS, BLERONTIN 61/8

CHICKEN LEGS

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 lilt. In the Creators' Chamber invisible beams are tested and tested again for invisibility. Every last smorbit 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 lull you into a child-like sleep...



Sea chicken

WaveGoodbye™



"WaveGoodbye™" Waves "Hasta la vista" to lucky maiden voyagers. Suppliers of wave repressant fluids to Starship Titanic for that s m o o o o o o o o o o o t h canal experience.

Bird Psychiatrist



Parrots a specialty. Fully-accredited by the Gorringer & Snedworthy Retail Choral Fantasia Society.

"My parrot used to say nothing but 'Reborzo! Reborzo!' but now he is Professor of Semiotics at the Blerontin Academy of Very Difficult Things." - Mrs J.J.J. Brainpieces.

CLEAVE AND SWATHE BUTCHERS

By Appt to the Phlectos of Gal.

wish Bon Viaggio to the

STARSHIP TITANIC



Exclusive Suppliers of Chicken Goods to Starlight Lines
"If your chicken's not there
You're damn right we care."

This advertisement approved by the
Guild of Corn-Fritters.

KRAGE'S WAVE

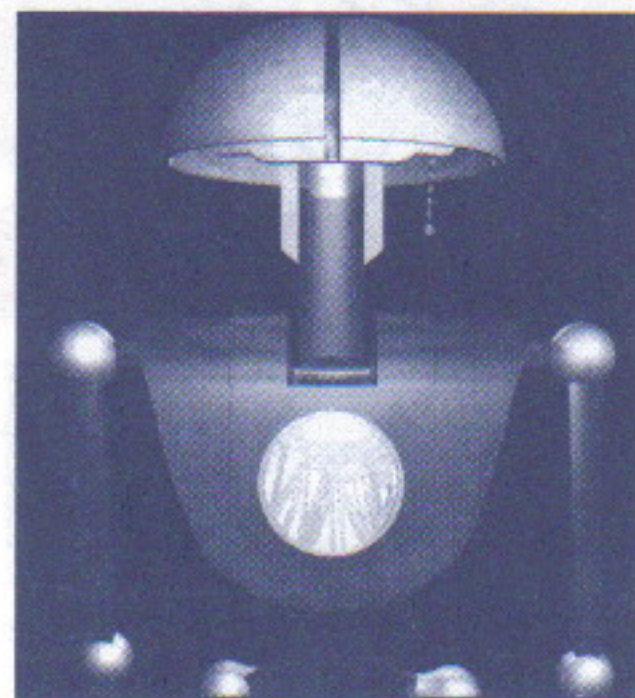
by Krage Koyotaaal IV, Our Bot On The Canal Bank With The Revo Shades And The Suspiciously Large Cigarette-End

Hi, like, you know, guys and things and everyone.

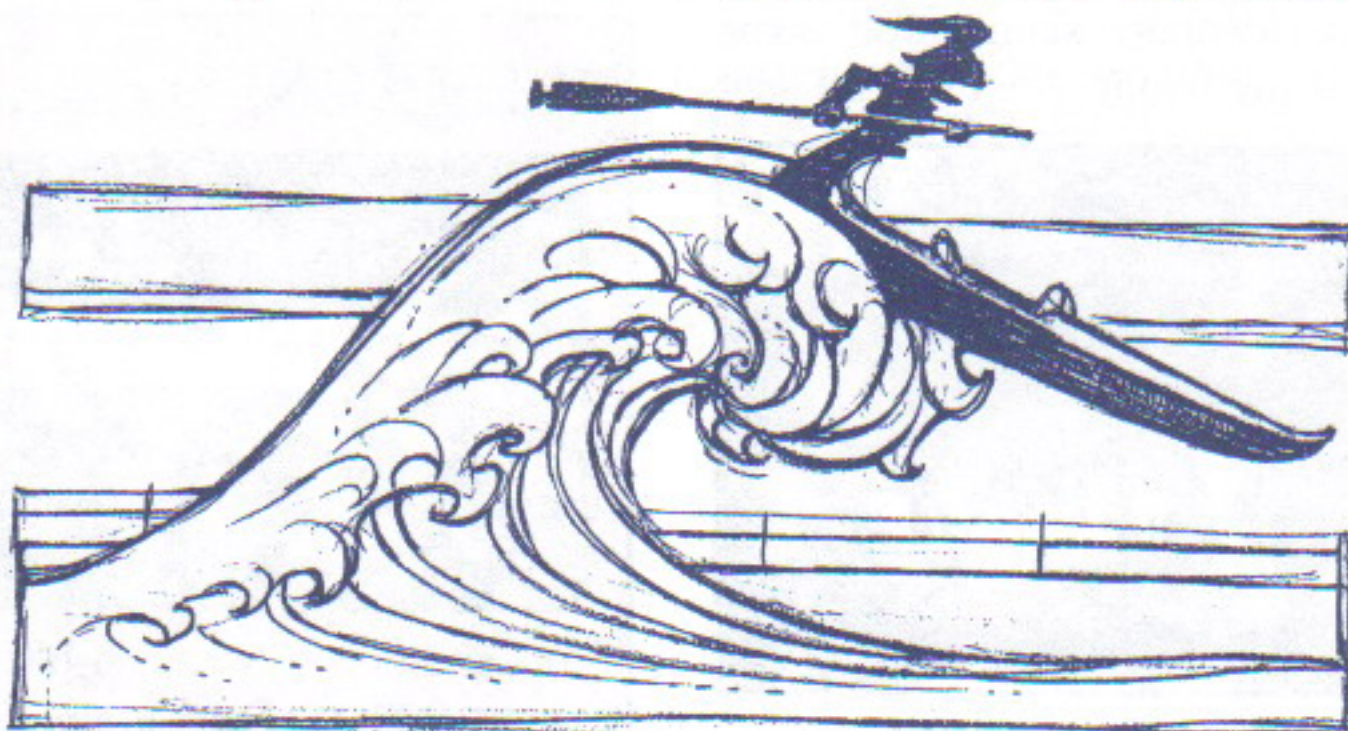
Right. So the guys in suits are like, "Krage, talk a bit about leisure facilities, okay?" so I'm like "Okay! Hey, I'm a BellBot, right? Whatever you want."

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

And you know what? Ship-board, 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



Know it for sure. The Big One's like coming. I been like watching that Grand Axial Canal and I tell you the Big One's coming along, okay? Right now, okay, sure, it's kinda flat, water goes along one way, down the end, back round again, kind of you wouldn't unstrap your board for, okay? It's not what you'd

keeps changing, anything could like happen.

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

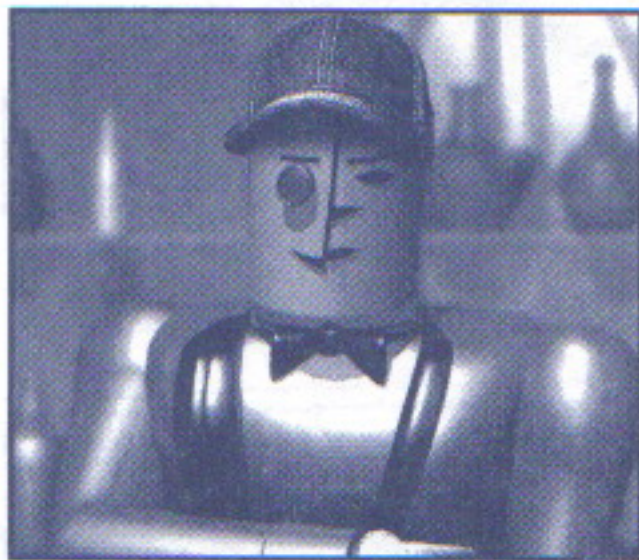
Krage Koyotaaal IV was talking to Rabbi Stomp, Religious Affairs Correspondent



THE VIEW FROM THE TEA SHOP

*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.

HINTS AND TIPS FOR INTERGALACTIC TRAVELERS FROM NEVILLE SINKMEISTER THE MAN WITH THE FAMOUS HAIR



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-Whitbee-Fflies 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.

A LOCUM WRITES



by Dr Chuckletrousers –
The Locums' Locum

Hello! Doktor Chuckletrousers here! And boy am I glad to be with you on this voyage! So! You may wonder why this is "A Locum Writes"? Well, the reason is simple. Because A Doctor is unwell. My partner, Doktor Underthing, was struck down with a temporary indurating hiaena of the blibber. Wow! Painful! And why?

Not enough precautions, is why. So, an ill wind a day sends the Doktor away... or, in this case, the Locum! On a space trip! Ha! But so what? You are important people. Other people, less important, depend on you. If they fall ill, so? No great loss. But if you fall ill? Ha! Everything grinds to a halt.

Answer? As a Locum, I say: *don't fall ill*. Anything can go wrong. Blibber. Borms. Allenoids, wabs, treems. Asgon's Tregeriasis waits to strike! Ha! Ow! You could split your allenoids, kritsch your splanck, one day you find your tharpoid gone. Ouch! Then you come kvetching to me. You say "Locum Chuckletrousers, it hurts," and I say, Serves you right. Rich, powerful, important, but no precautions. Ha! Trust me, I'm a Locum.

ON BOARD TONITE

by Bosky Denizen

Well hi-de-hi-de-HI!!!!, fellow-travelers, and welcome to this, the jubbilicious 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 Hh'huuuwhi!fft, that well-known potentate and gourmand, will be shaking a chicken-feather tonite, for sure!*
- *The Frigorifico of Kustz, Its Honor Jellabanyon Arithro-glass has chosen – YES! – the Starship Titanic to introduce for its nuptial tour with the new Frigorifica, galactic glamor-thing Fifi de Thulp!!*
- *Celebrated thinker and mal-content Lemuel Bmmmm will*



be holding court at the First Class Cocktail Bar – and, if we know Lemuel, the thoughts will be flying!?!?!?

- *Look out for hot beat combo Swango and the Podostichords. Traveling incognita (First Class; what else?!?!?) but we bet they won't be able to resist giving a "jig" on the promenade deck!?!?*
- *A little 'parrot' who knows everything tells Bosky that Euvolvula Bundridge and her latest husboid, Ebley 'Sled' Codu-like Jnr., are with us... heavily disguised, but there's no disguising Euvolvula!?!?!? 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!!!!?!?!?

WE DON'T WISH THE STARSHIP TTANIC "GOOD LUCK!" NO!

Who needs luck when behind you a KLEIN UND MOEBIUS-GODEL of ZIMMERHAVEN "Anaxiomat" fault-intolerant system is? So! It's not "Goodbye" but "Auf Wiedersehen, Starship Titanic!" Yes! Two jokes!

Happy?

LIFESTYLE

WITH CROSSA

The Starship Titanic is going to revolutionize home furnishing. Crossa Brobostigon 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 Pellerator 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.



Marble, marble and more marble

CELEBRITY SHOPAROUND

with Cicely Neckflap

- 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, mmmmmmm... 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 Horrints you can obtain neat-'n'-cosy hand-knitted *Worbwear* 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 premières 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-tishoo misery!
- Cicely Neckflap and co-star Carb Gorgefist will be joining the Starship Titanic for its Maiden Voyage.

THE BLERONTIS SPEAR & LONG STICK COMPANY LIMITED

congratulates Starlight Lines on its "Maiden" Voyage. Visit our showrooms and see the ACME model combined folding spear and long stick. As used to stab Nobby. Nobby says: "Ow! It's a winner!" Phone Blerontis 8 1/2

ANNA MIRANDA SPONG FOR THE THING IN YOUR LIFE

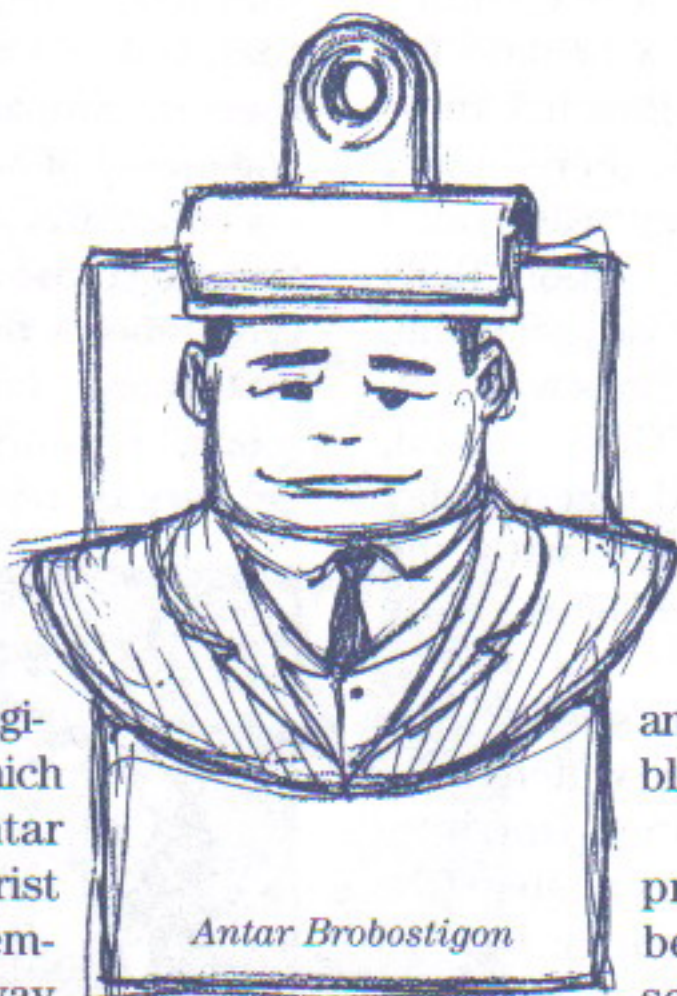


NEW SEASON SPECIAL: FEATHER UNDERWEAR

Elasticated hose a speciality. Put the zip! back in your man's trousers

BUILDING THE STARSHIP TITANIC

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



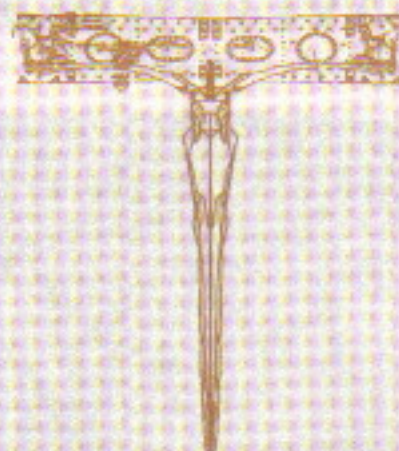
The cheap digital watch which encircles Antar Brobstigon's wrist – a perpetual reminder of the way the Titanic project encircles his life – is the only outward sign of the awesome responsibility resting on his shoulders. Short, stout, balding, Mr Brobstigon cannot be called imposing. He seems jittery yet sessile. We are constantly interrupted by draftspersons, construction workers, people carrying plans, spanners, order forms and memoranda; Mr Brobstigon 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

Brobstigon 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 Zimmerhaven. But we're confident now that this remarkable concept will be fully-operational by our target launch date." Mr Brobstigon 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 Brobstigon: man and clipboard in perfect harmony.

CAPTAIN'S ALL-IN-ONE LUCKY TIE PIN AND NECK-GUTTER



Make every take-off a smooth one.
Make every landing a soft one.
Make every kill a clean one.

438 Ht
(inc. post and packing)
Not actual size.

THE ORIGINAL BISON IMPALER CO.

MINDMINERS (GALACTICA) INC.

Proud suppliers of Genuine People Personalities to the Bots of the Starship Titanic. High-quality mind-donors always wanted. Apply to Pouch 3183.

No academics, zealots, politicians.



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Why not try

LOBBY LIGHT®

the **NEW** chock-full-o'-taste Lobby sensation they're all talking about. Join the "In" crowd... the crowd with Lobby Light in them. Yes!!! Lobby Light complements fatty dishes without bulking or unnecessary leakage. Or why not try mixing some Lobby Light in your Jello and stay the same weight!! Apply The Lobby Light Coy Inc, Unit 47 Dank Street (behind Small Mall).

Really?

BACK ON THE ROAD

WITH BOPPY HEADCASE



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 reckon 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!

THE SKY AT NIGHT

by Snarth Erasthidmites

Dark. That's the word for the night sky this quonth, although many amateur astronomers will be out in the gardens of their lovely homes, complete with telephone, warm overcoat, flask of warming hot soup, matzos, companionable Worb and plenty of delicious nourishing chocolate. And the main thing for those amateurs to remember is that when I said "telephone" I meant "telescope," of course. You wouldn't get very far trying to take a



photograph of the night sky through a telephone! Oh no!

But you might say "Why would anyone want to take a picture of the night sky above their lovely home?" The answer is: because we can — just like the chicken which crossed the road! Hahaha! But seriously, if nobody ever took pictures of the night sky, where would we be today? Exactly! So happy stargazing! And enjoy those matzos! I certainly do! Hahaha!

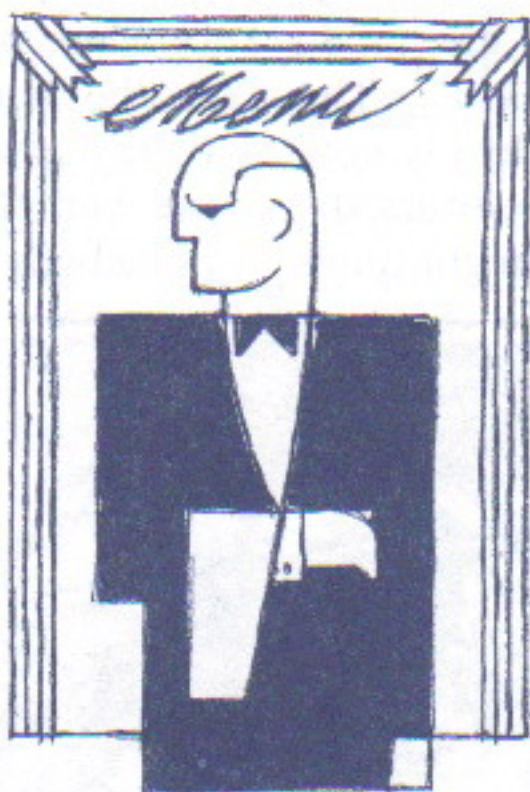
FINE DINING

WITH A VERY FINE VIEW

by D'Astragar

«D'Astragaar» D'Astragar

Héla Foutoucou!!! Surely there has never been a restaurant more suited to this ancient Galloid greeting than the fabulously fabulous Starship Titanic First Class Restaurant! Bien sûr. "Héla Foutoucou!!!" our guests will cry as they step out of the Pellerator and approach the hearthrug of my hospitality. Some may shout the translation: "Fill my fat face with food you puny foreign oik and hello!!!" but I am no stickler and I shall not penalize them with an inferior table. Even if I wanted to. Which I wouldn't. For there are no inferior tables



in the Starship Titanic First Class Restaurant. Non indeedy. 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 encircle your wagons of suspicion with my family motteau: "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. To-day 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 Maître 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™ technoblobs™. 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!



(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.)

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.
Fry it.
Dry it.
Poach it.
Dry it.

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

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

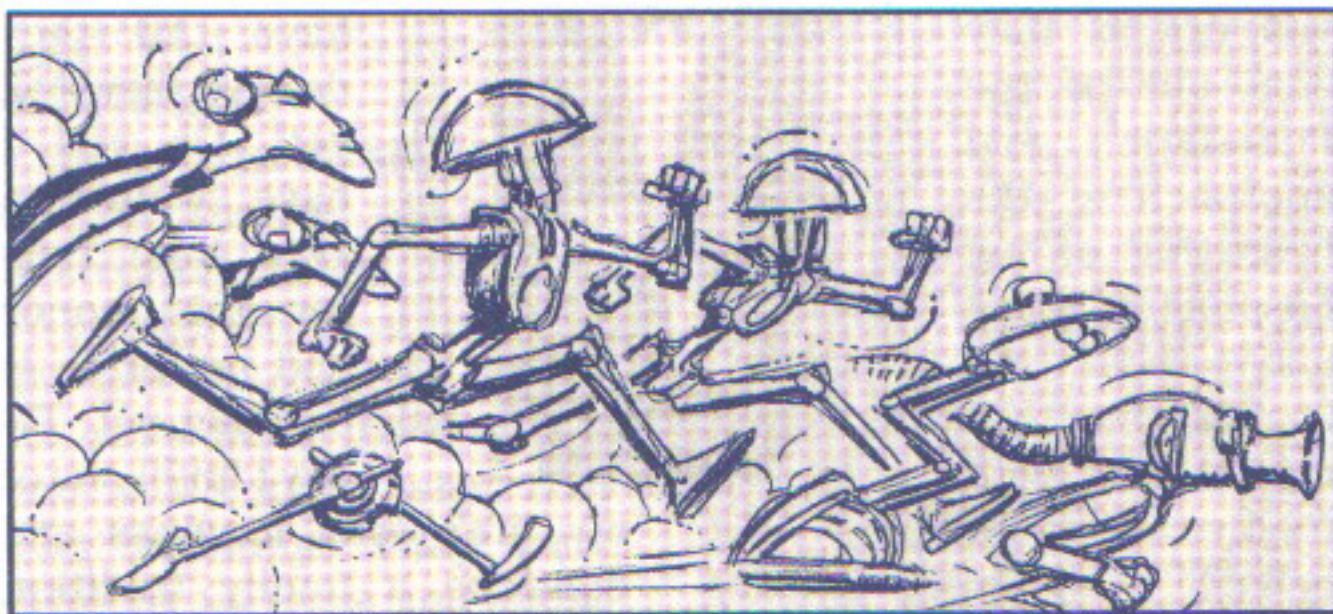
IT'S A BOT-BOT-BOT-IFUL LIFE!

Threctal 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 sir-reee! 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

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-



too). Any time a Bot looks like they're getting out of trim they can be pulled right back in just like a stoatfish on a line. You also get a nice little control – the PET – to summon a Bot whenever you

ing! So what's the Bottomside? Not one that I can see. So maybe I was kidding about the dancing. Who cares? All you need to know is – these little rascals can't possibly go wrong!

¿WOT BOT? MAGAZINE

FOR THE WIDEST RANGE OF BOT
REVIEWS. WORRIED WHICH BOT
TO BUY? BUY ¿WOT BOT?

**This quonth: GPPs – How Safe
Are They Really?**

Why Toss That Bot ★
When You Can Truck
It Round To... ★

**BARRY'S
BOT SHOP?** ★

The Old Shed, back of Beyond,
Dismal 26. (Outskirts, off ring road
spur) Ask for Barry. Moody
Cellpoints our speciality. Secure
lockup, Bottweilers, for long-term
storage. No questions asked.

Le Bottage

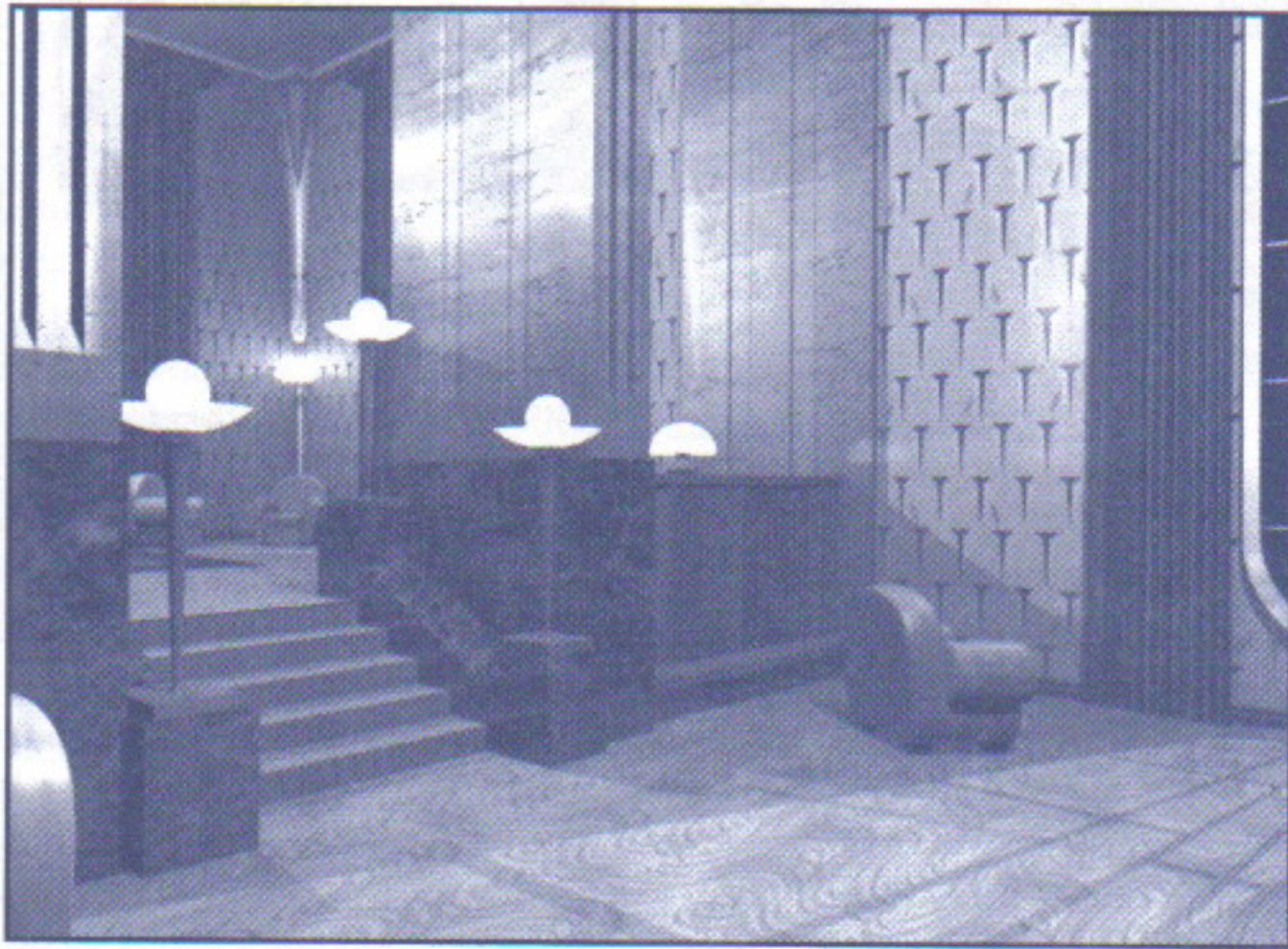
Chic bot modes for the discerning.
Make your bot a reflection of YOUR
taste and discrimination. Formal
heads, social adjustment, accent
modification, manners installed. For
discreet private appointment, apply
to Madame la Bottiste, Le Bottage,
Hotel Gat Lobby (Unit 1), Blerontis.

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-wheee; whaa-wheee; whaa-wheee.

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/

STARSHIP TITANIC JACKET



ONLY
7,183 3/5
HORRINTS

The jacket with the picture on the back! Yes – Ins-U-Broid® embroidery keeps you looking “cool” but feeling “toasty warm”!! It’s not really magic... but it could be.

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.

WARNING:
NOT SUITABLE FOR
PEOPLE WHOSE ARMS
GET COLD EASILY.



PHONE FOR LATEST!!
CHEAPEST ON MARKET!
WE WILL NOT BE BEATEN!!!!

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.*



(not actual size)

**Approved by the Blerontis Bag Board.*

NOW ONLY 13,153 Horrrints

This bag may be filled with interesting goods. Please refer to your licensed bag-dealer for details.

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, stardog-ly 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 your-

selves 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?

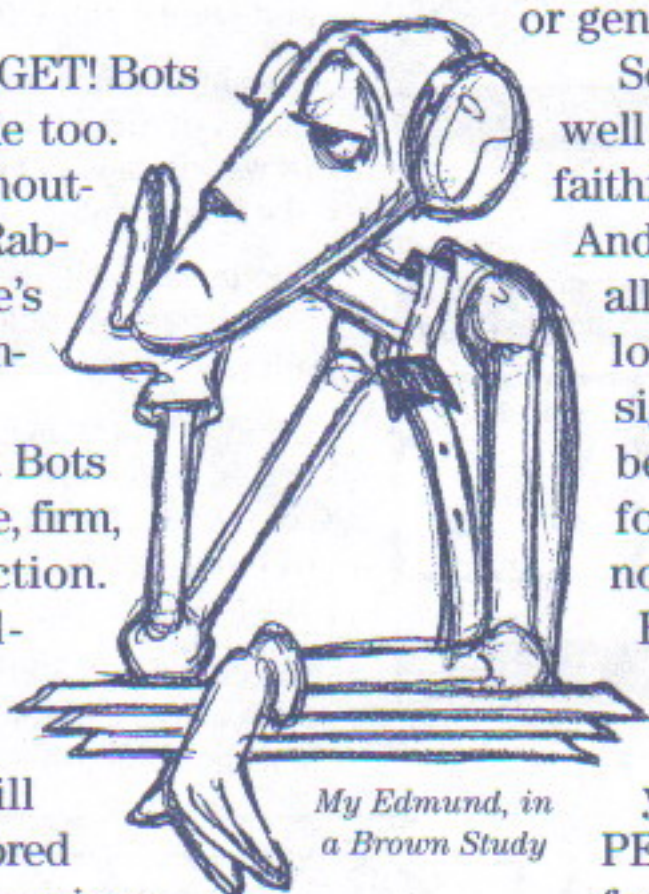
You will be... in a Captain’s Hat from Captains’ Supplies. Available in a wide range of authoritative styles.

BOT-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 "Heel!" or "Rabbits!" or "Where's my slipper, Eisenhower?"

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-



My Edmund, in a Brown Study

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 "Buon-esto viaggiolo!!!"

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

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 Trouser 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 crumple-free engineering formulae. The Walking Encyclopaedia That You Wear Under Your Jacket®.

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.

THE AUDITORY CENTER

Suppliers of Sound Systems to the Starship Titanic.



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

Hear the Revolution in Sound:
the new Gram-O-Fone™

-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)))).

VASTAN ELEMENTS

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.

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.

This lovely In-Flight Magazine devised and written by Michael Bywater and Neil Richards.

Starship Titanic art direction by Oscar Chichoni and Isabel Molina.

Graphic design by Button Design Co.

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Check out the Starship Titanic websites at www.starshiptitanic.com and www.starlightlines.com.

EXECUTIVE SMALL ADS

Feeling "lobby"? Why not invest in our top-quality lob bombs. Discount for bulk purchase. Guaranteed to "go off"! Apply pouch 177. No troublemakers

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. Len's Parts, 226 Spline Street W. No callers.

Hiya KRAGE!! from your friends at the IO IMPERIAL HOTEL, VASTAN. We remember you when you were a humble trouser-press here! We were sure "creased" to hear how you went "up" in the world!!!! Bookings: phone Vastan Center (+199 1830 18) (01) 189 1 482369 extn 1

Bowl for sale. Nondescript. 1,335 Ht. Pouch 41515.

No canvassers or hawkers. 117(b) Uplit 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 bibbage, non-stick upholstery, slightly warped hence low price. Buyer collects. See Father Turbot, The Penthouse, Espace Heights, The Mount.

Yum Yum Yum! Try Lucky Thermal Grouting Flesh 'n' Dribble 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, starling. 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

CHICKEN MACHINES for hire. Free!! You just pay for the chickens. Chick-A-Vend, 226 Outfall Place (behind Wulfstan's DIY) Blerontis W199.

Time-wasters wanted. Pouch 161.

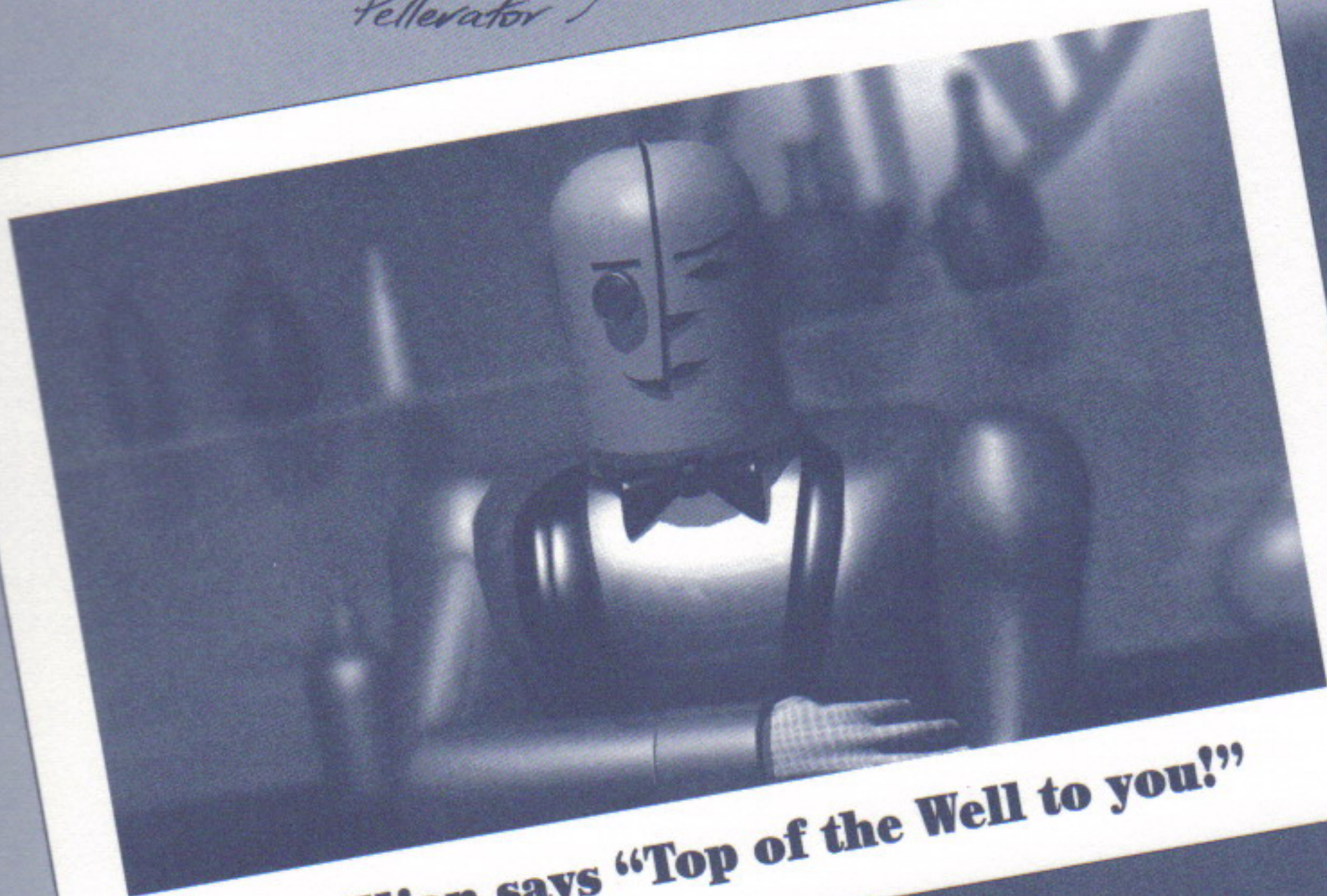
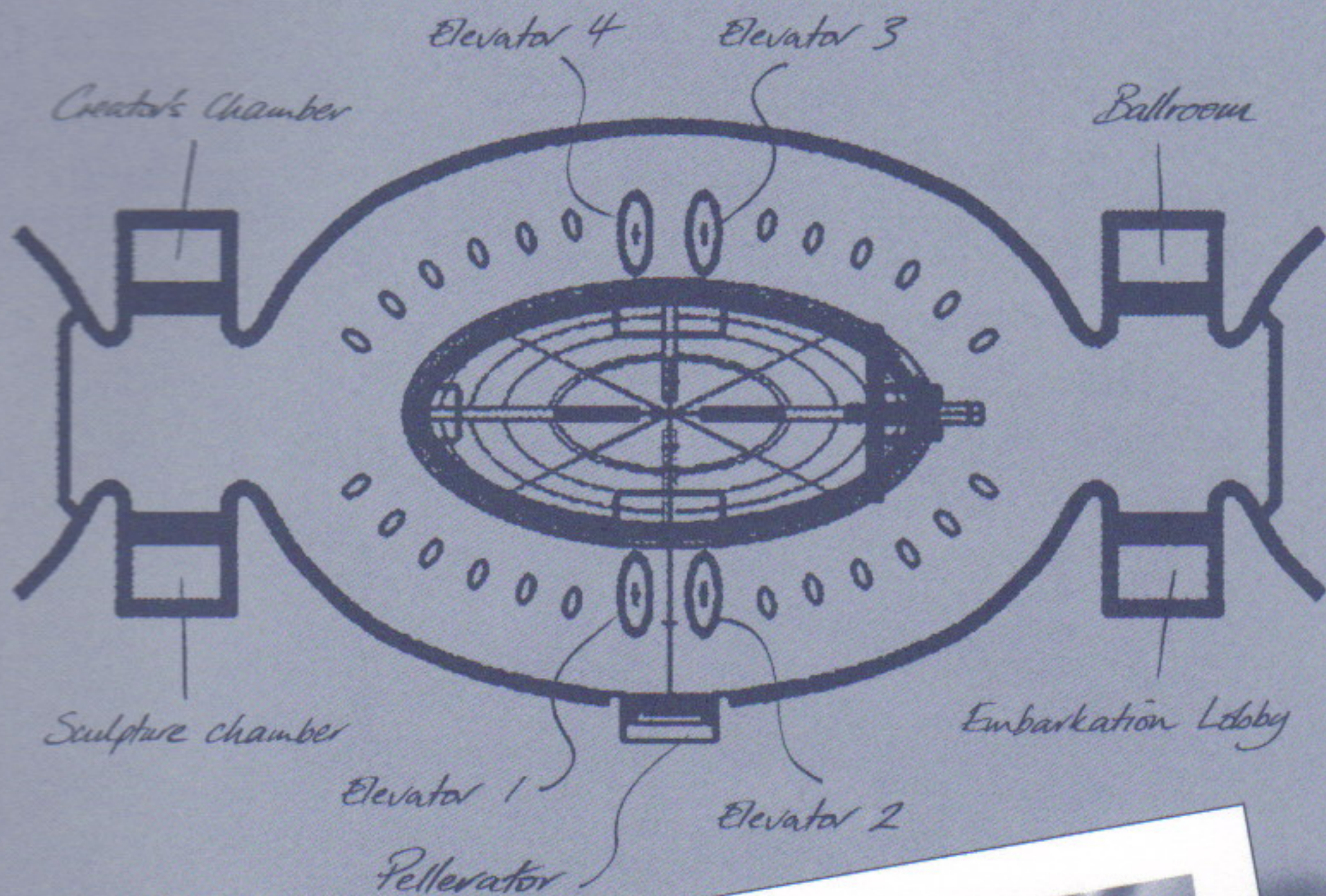
Martians need not apply. Box 1318

The Vision Centre. Contact Father Turbot, St Armalite's, Piazza bin-j'Jabbli. "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.

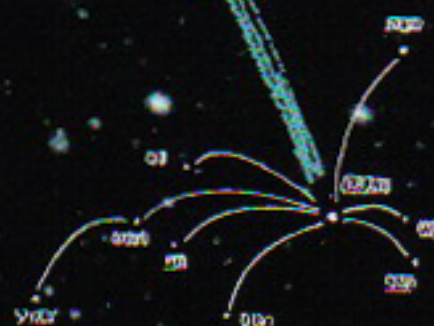
Speling Checker wanted. See Benny, 377 Telephone Road.

Rib-tickling. Easy terms. Edwina Fentible. Serious gentlemen only. Time-wasters see separate ad.



Fortillian says "Top of the Well to you!"

S T A R S H I P
TITANIC
 DESTINATIONS



STARLIGHT LINES ROUTE MAP

- Local/domestic routes
- SuperGalactic routes