



BOOK
1
OF THREE

DOUGLAS ADAMS
THE
Hitchhiker's
GUIDE
TO THE
GALAXY



JOHN CARNELL

STEVE LEIALOHA

THE AUTHORIZED ADAPTATION

COVER BY STEVE LEIALOHA
AND STEVE FASTNER
LOGO BY BRIAN DUGAN
AND STEVE FASTNER

PRODUCED BY BYRON PREISS
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BYRON PREISS
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HOWARD ZIMMERMAN
EDITOR

DEAN MOTTER
ART DIRECTOR/DESIGNER

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THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

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VOLUME ONE: In which
Earthman Arthur Dent's
house is destroyed to make
room for a highway bypass;
the Earth is destroyed to
make room for a hyperspa
dal bypass by Vogon decon
structors; Arthur's friend
Ford Prefect turns out not to
be from Guildford after all
but from a small planet
somewhere in the vicinity
of Betelgeuse; Ford hitches
a ride for himself and
Arthur aboard the Vogon
ship; Arthur has a telepath
ic fish slapped into his ear
to serve as a universal trans
lator; the Vogon captain tor
tures Arthur and Ford mer
cilessly by having them lis
ten to his poetry until,
thankfully, he has the hitch
hikers cast off his ship into
the cold, airless vacuum of
outer space, a deadly fate

DOUGLAS ADAMS

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

ADAPTED BY JOHN CARNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE LEIALOHA

INKED BY STEVE BASKERVILLE

ART NICHOLS & STEVE LEIALOHA

COLORED BY LOVERN KINDZIERSKI

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK



THE HISTORY OF THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY is now so complicated that every time I tell it I contradict myself, and whenever I do get it right I'm misquoted. Anything that is put down wrong here is, as far as I am concerned, wrong for good.

The idea for the title first cropped up while I was lying drunk in a field in Innsbruck, Austria, in 1971. Not particularly drunk, just the sort of drunk you get when you have a couple of stiff Gossers after not having eaten for two days straight, on account of being a penniless hitchhiker. We are talking of a mild inability to stand up.

As I lay in the field, along with my *Hitch Hiker's Guide to Europe*, the stars came out and it occurred to me that if only someone would write a *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* as well, then I for one would be off like a shot. Having had that thought I promptly fell asleep and forgot about it for six years.

I went to Cambridge University. I took a number of baths—and a degree in English. I worried a lot about girls and what happened to my bike. Later I became a writer and worked on a lot of things that were almost incredibly successful but in fact just failed to see the light of day. Other writers will know what I mean.

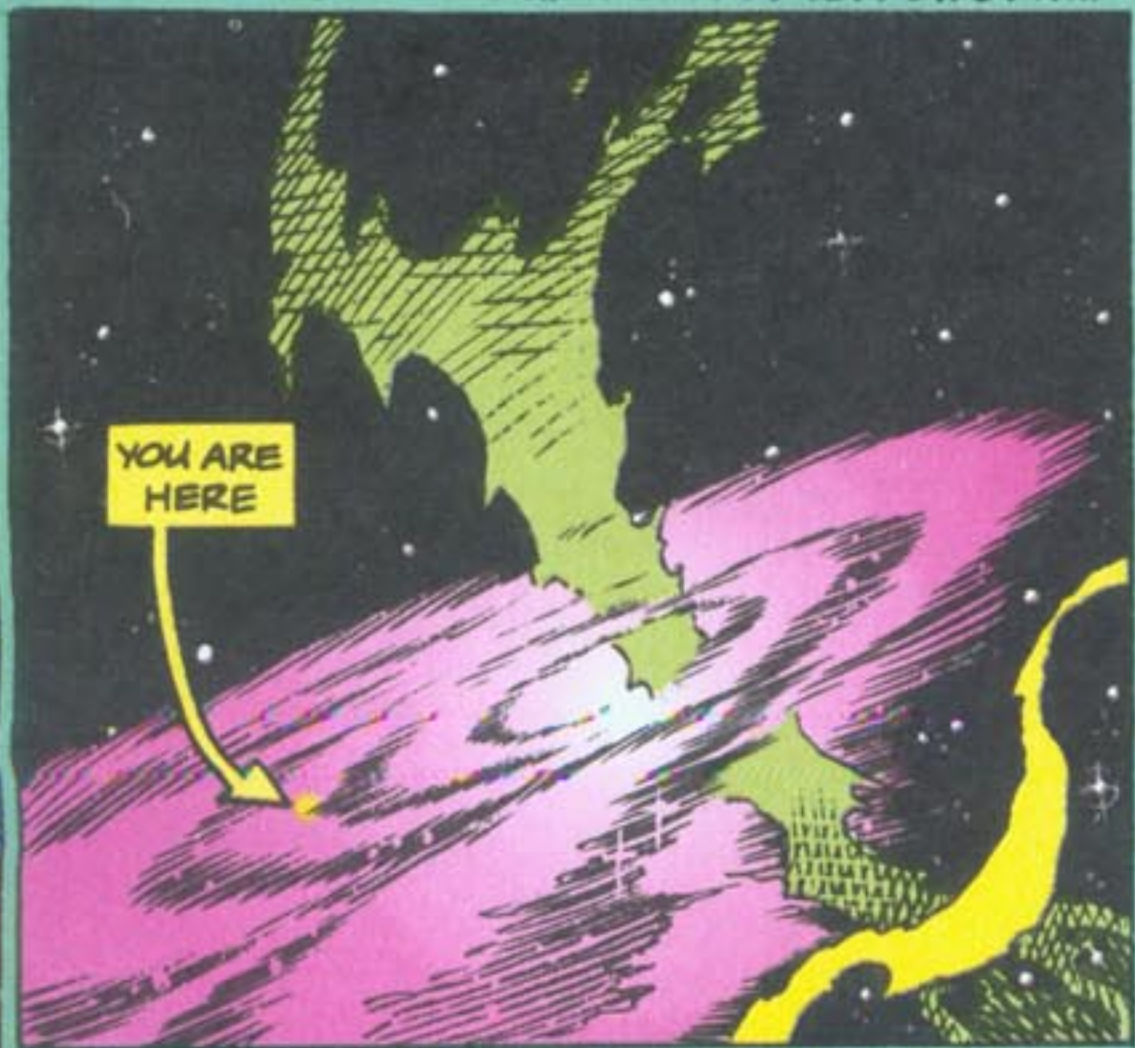
My pet project was to write something that would combine comedy and science fiction, and it was this obsession that drove me into deep debt and despair. No one was interested, except finally one man: a BBC radio producer named Simon Brett who had the same idea, comedy and science fiction. Although Simon only produced the first episode before leaving BBC to concentrate on his own writing, I owe him an immense debt of gratitude for simply getting the thing to happen in the first place.

In its original form the show was going to be rather different. I was feeling a little disgruntled with the world at the time and had put together about six different plots, each of which ended with the destruction of the world in a different way, and for a different reason. It was to be called "The Ends of the Earth."

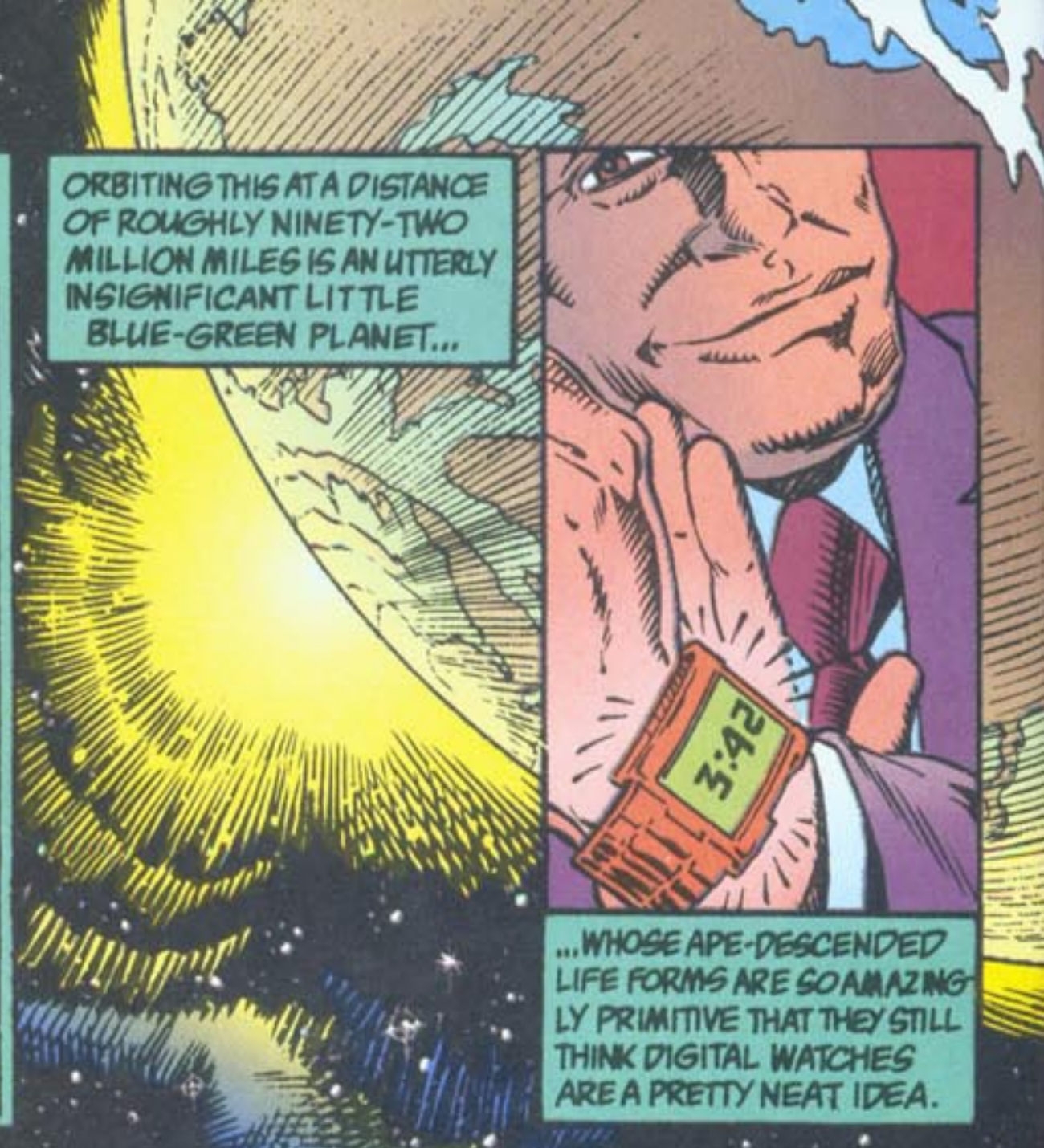
The story of how I came to change this and begin my story with the destruction of the planet, how I invented the alien *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* contributor Ford Prefect, along with Arthur Dent and the other characters in the series, and how the work ultimately evolved into its current state . . . will have to wait for future issues.

Douglas Adams
London, 1993

FAR OUT IN THE UNCHARTED BACKWATERS OF THE UNFASHIONABLE END OF THE WESTERN SPIRAL ARM OF THE GALAXY LIES A SMALL UNREGARDED YELLOW SUN...

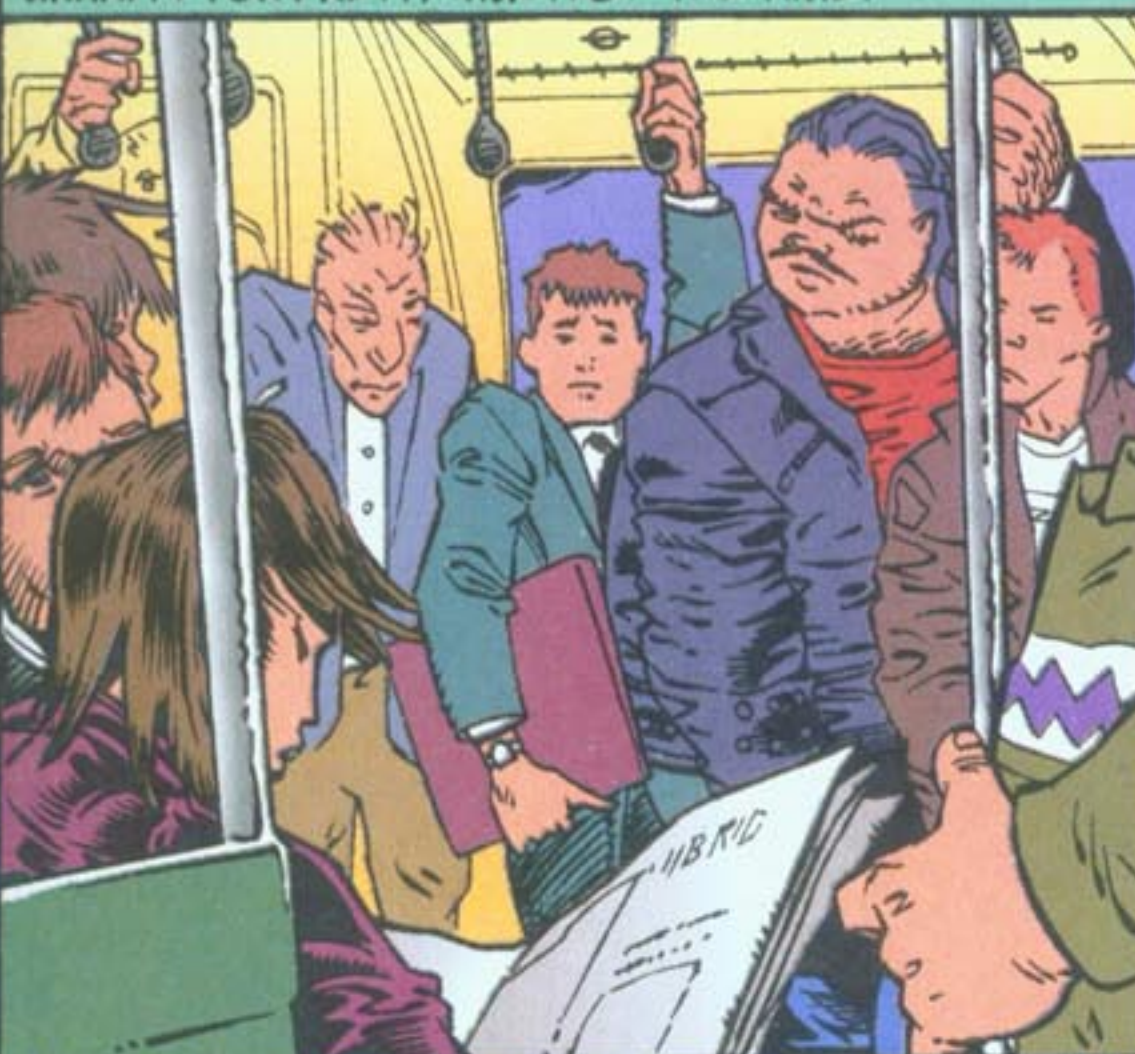


ORBITING THIS AT A DISTANCE OF ROUGHLY NINETY-TWO MILLION MILES IS AN UTTERLY INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE BLUE-GREEN PLANET...



...WHOSE APE-DESCENDED LIFE FORMS ARE SO AMAZINGLY PRIMITIVE THAT THEY STILL THINK DIGITAL WATCHES ARE A PRETTY NEAT IDEA.

THIS PLANET HAS--OR RATHER HAD--A PROBLEM, WHICH WAS THIS: MOST OF THE PEOPLE LIVING ON IT WERE UNHAPPY FOR PRETTY MUCH OF THE TIME.



MANY SOLUTIONS WERE SUGGESTED FOR THIS PROBLEM, BUT MOST WERE LARGELY CONCERNED WITH THE MOVEMENTS OF SMALL GREEN PIECES OF PAPER...



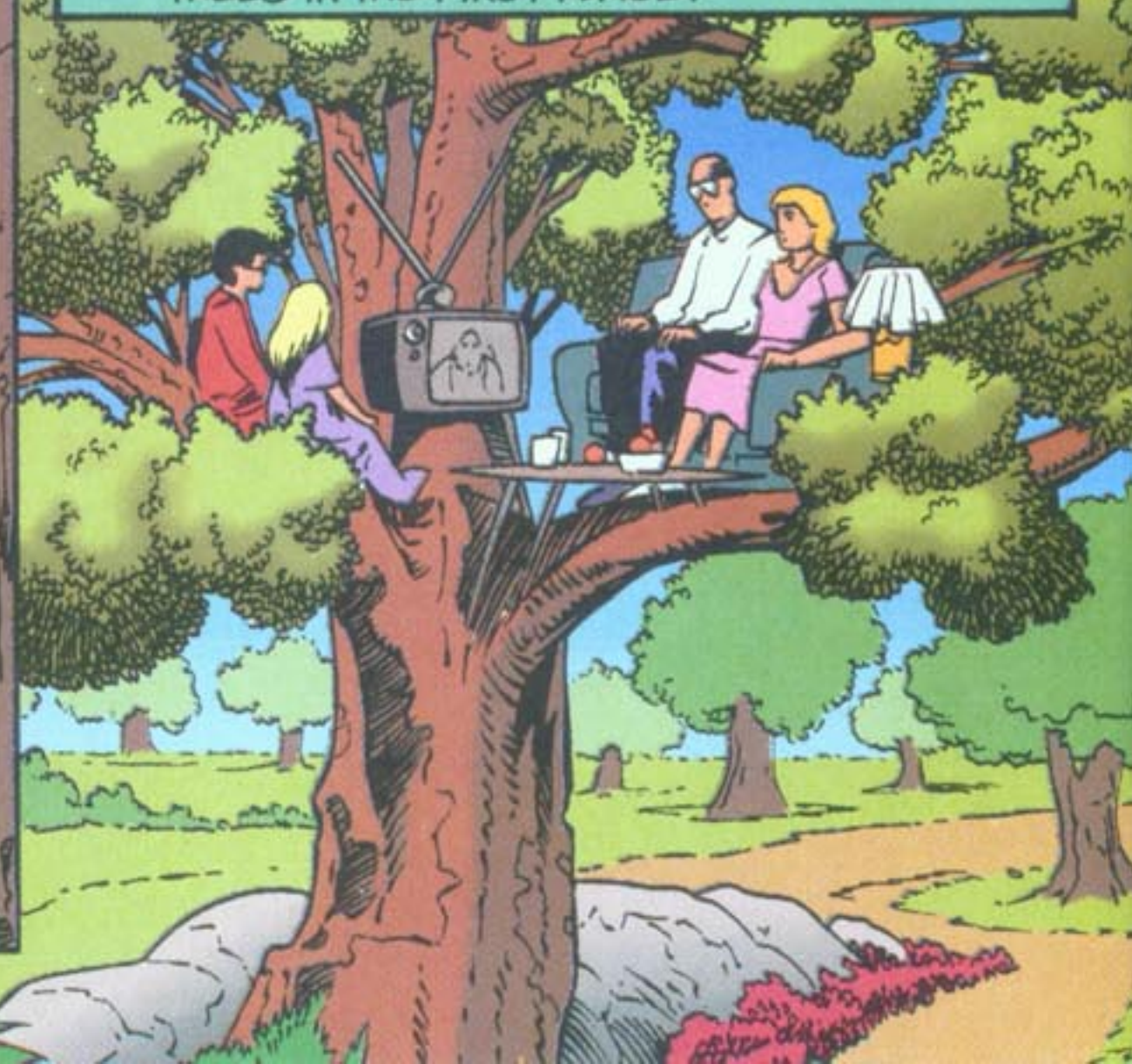
...WHICH IS ODD BECAUSE ON THE WHOLE IT WASN'T THE SMALL GREEN PIECES OF PAPER THAT WERE UNHAPPY.

AND SO THE PROBLEM REMAINED; LOTS OF PEOPLE WERE MEAN, AND MOST OF THEM WERE MISERABLE...



...EVEN THE ONES WITH DIGITAL WATCHES.

MANY WERE INCREASINGLY OF THE OPINION THAT THEY'D ALL MADE A BIG MISTAKE COMING DOWN FROM THE TREES IN THE FIRST PLACE.



AND SOME SAID THAT EVEN THE TREES HAD BEEN A BAD MOVE, AND THAT NO ONE SHOULD EVER HAVE LEFT THE OCEANS.



AND THEN, ONE THURSDAY, NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER ONE MAN HAD BEEN NAILED TO A TREE FOR SAYING HOW GREAT IT WOULD BE TO BE NICE TO PEOPLE FOR A CHANGE...



...A GIRL SITTING ON HER OWN IN A SMALL CAFE IN RICKMANSWORTH SUDDENLY REALIZED WHAT IT WAS THAT HAD BEEN GOING WRONG ALL THIS TIME...

...AND SHE FINALLY KNEW HOW THE WORLD COULD BE A GOOD AND HAPPY PLACE. THIS TIME IT WAS RIGHT, IT WOULD WORK, AND NO ONE WOULD HAVE TO BE NAILED TO ANYTHING.

THIS IS NOT HER STORY... BUT IT'S THE STORY OF THAT TERRIBLE STUPID CATASTROPHE AND SOME OF ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SADLY, HOWEVER, BEFORE SHE COULD GET TO A PHONE TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT...



...A TERRIBLE, STUPID CATASTROPHE OCCURRED, AND THE IDEA WAS LOST FOREVER.

IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF A BOOK... A WHOLLY REMARKABLE BOOK CALLED...

The **HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE** *to the* **GALAXY**

**DON'T
PANIC!**

THE STORY BEGINS VERY SIMPLY...WITH A HOUSE...

A HOUSE BELONGING TO AN EARTHMAN CALLED ARTHUR DENT.

STOP! YOU BARBARIANS!

JUST ACCEPT IT, THIS BYPASS HAS GOT TO BE BUILT AND IT'S GOING TO BE BUILT!

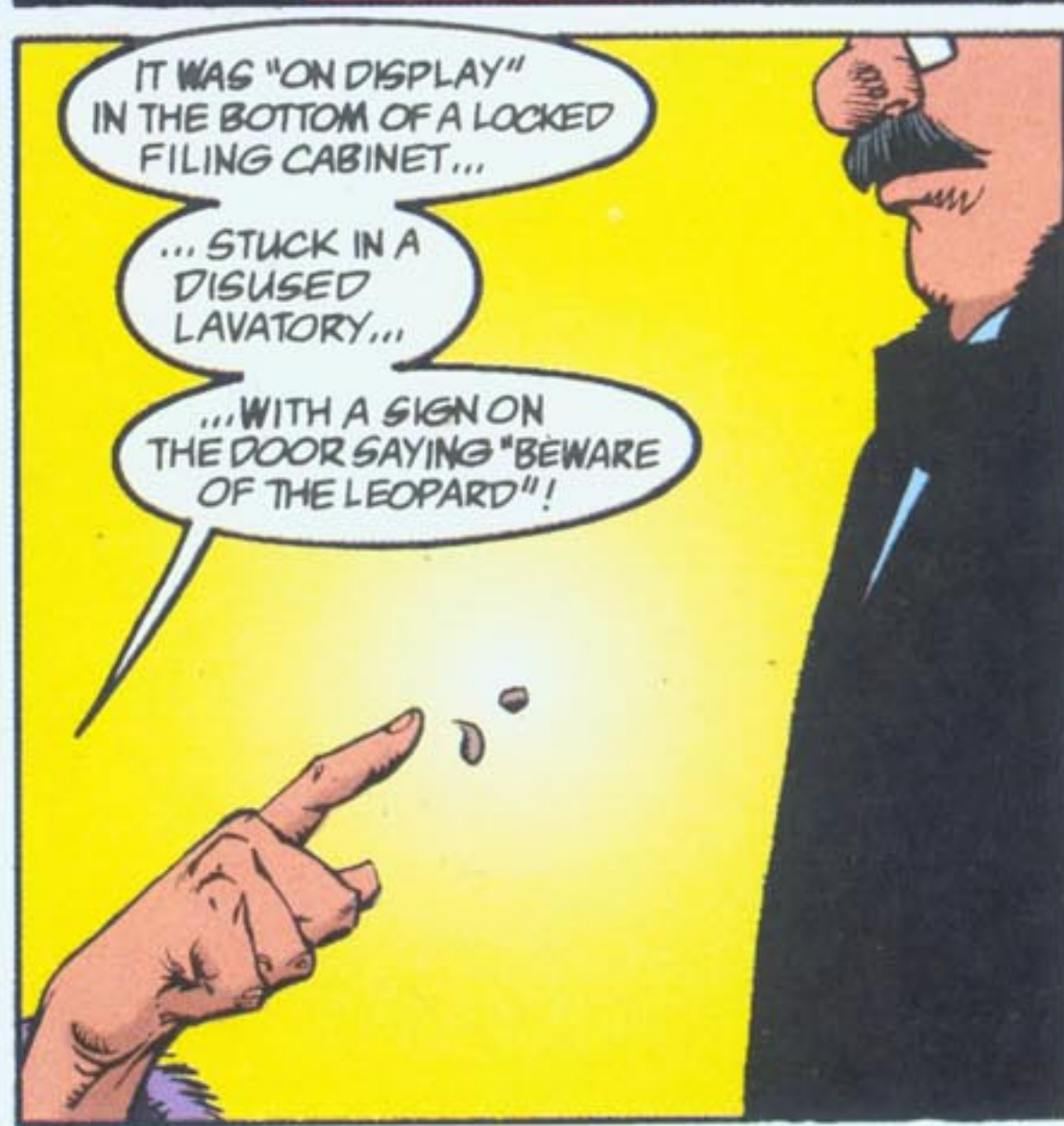
COME OFF IT, MR. DENT. YOU CAN'T LIE IN FRONT OF THE BULLDOZER INDEFINITELY.

WHY'S IT GOT TO BE BUILT?

WHADDYA MEAN, WHY'S IT GOT TO BE BUILT? IT'S A BYPASS. YOU'VE GOT TO BUILD BYPASSES.

NOT THROUGH MY HOUSE YOU HAVEN'T.

WE'LL SEE WHO RUSTS FIRST!



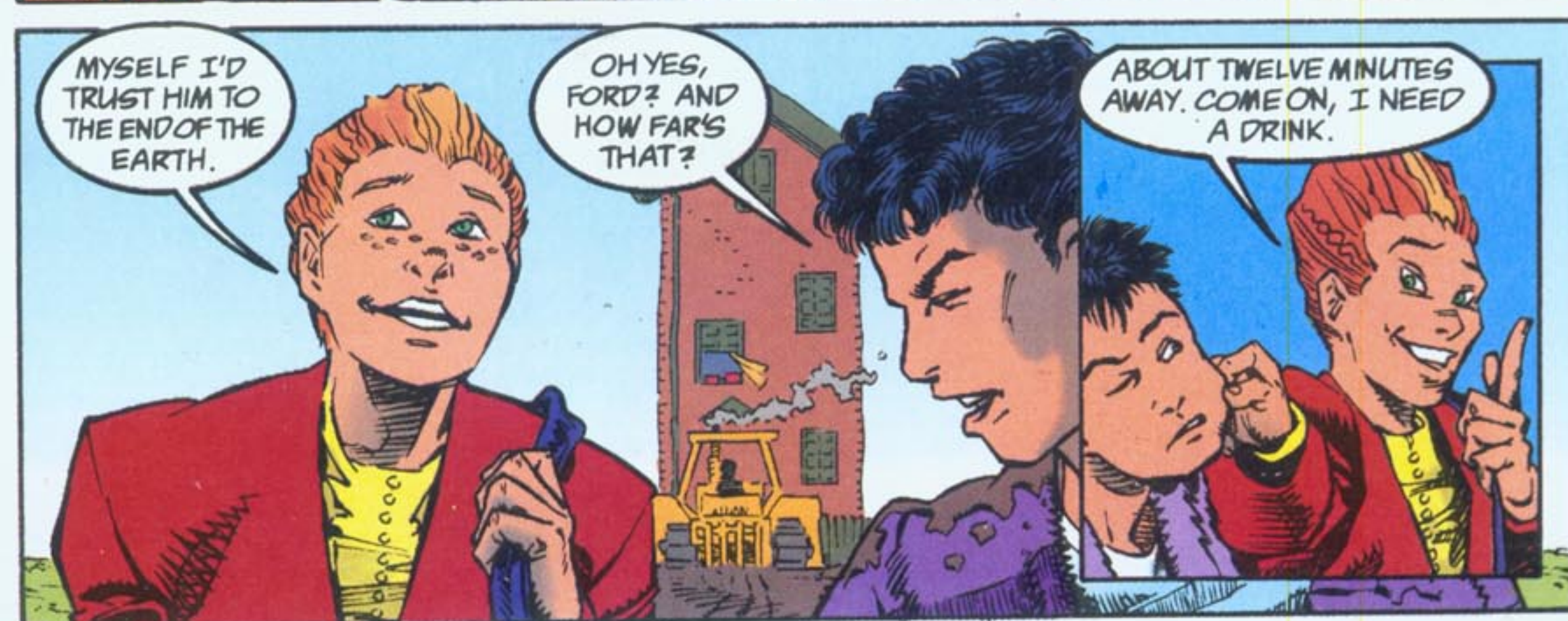
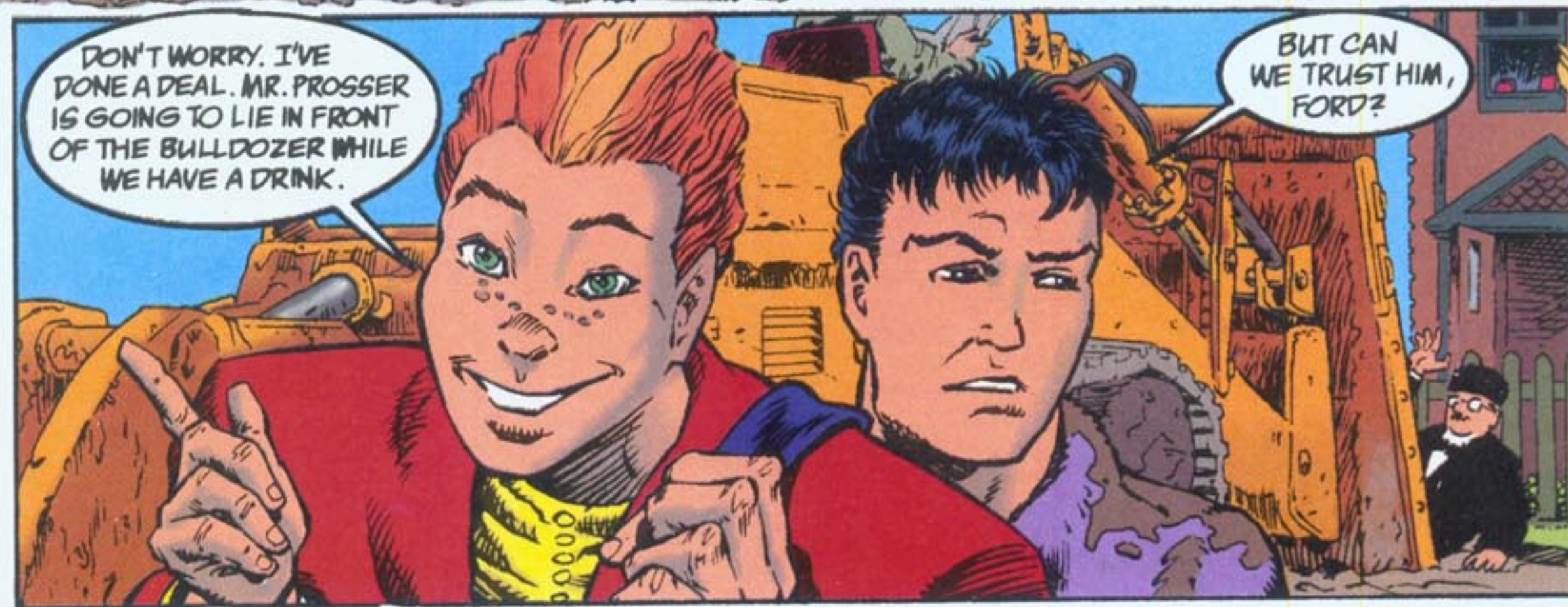


BY A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE, "NONE AT ALL" IS EXACTLY HOW MUCH SUSPICION THE APE-DESCENDANT ARTHUR DENT HAD THAT ONE OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS WAS NOT DESCENDED FROM AN APE, BUT WAS IN FACT FROM A SMALL PLANET SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY OF BETELGEUSE...



...AND NOT FROM GUILDFORD AS HE USUALLY CLAIMED.



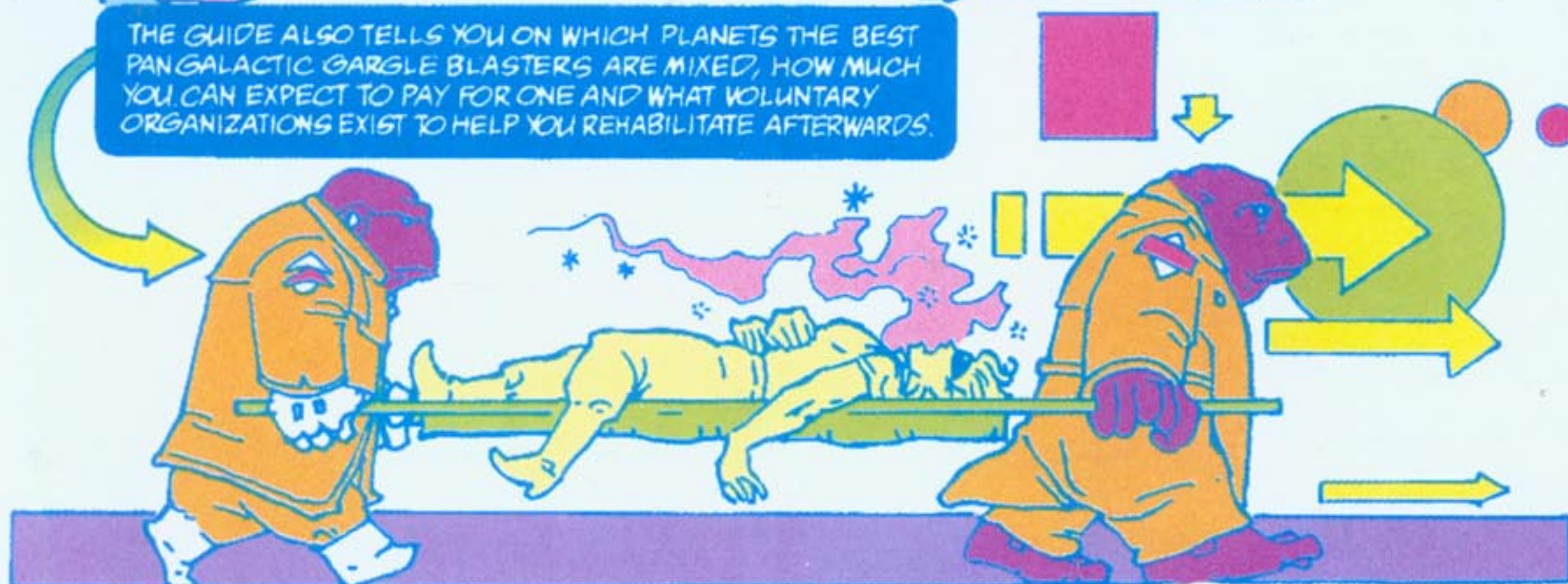


HERE'S WHAT THE ENCYCLOPEDIA GALACTICA HAS TO SAY ABOUT ALCOHOL... IT SAYS THAT ALCOHOL IS A COLORLESS VOLATILE LIQUID FORMED BY THE FERMENTATION OF SUGARS... AND ALSO NOTES ITS INTOXICATING EFFECT ON CERTAIN CARBON-BASED LIFE FORMS.

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY ALSO MENTIONS ALCOHOL. IT SAYS THAT THE BEST DRINK IN EXISTENCE IS THE PAN GALACTIC GARGLE BLASTER... IT SAYS THAT THE EFFECT OF DRINKING A PAN GALACTIC GARGLE BLASTER IS LIKE HAVING YOUR BRAINS SMASHED OUT BY A SLICE OF LEMON WRAPPED AROUND A GOLD BRICK.



THE GUIDE ALSO TELLS YOU ON WHICH PLANETS THE BEST PANGALACTIC GARGLE BLASTERS ARE MIXED, HOW MUCH YOU CAN EXPECT TO PAY FOR ONE AND WHAT VOLUNTARY ORGANIZATIONS EXIST TO HELP YOU REHABILITATE AFTERWARDS.



LUNCHTIME AT THE HORSE AND GROOM...

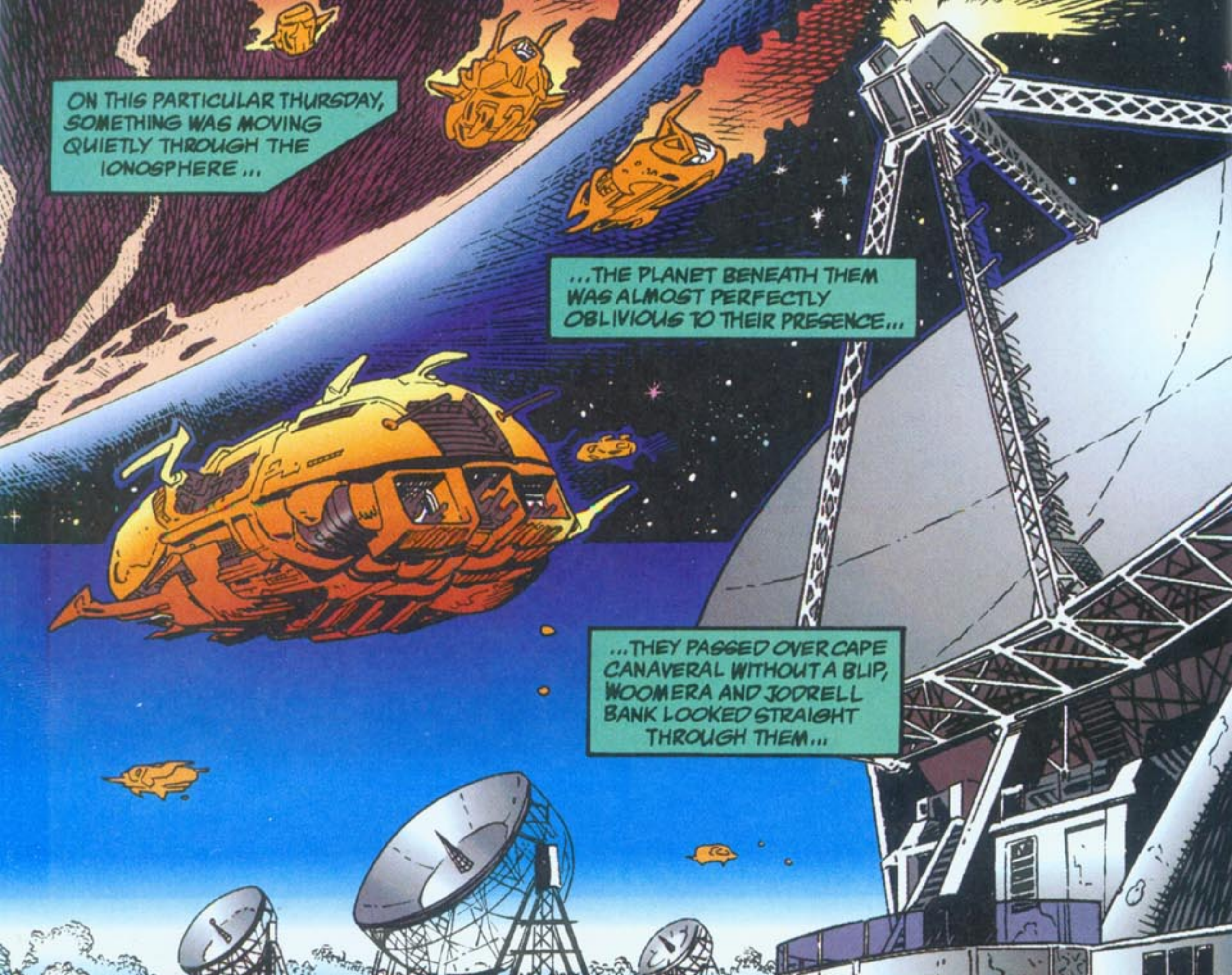
SIX PINTS OF BITTER, AND QUICKLY, PLEASE...

...THE WORLD'S ABOUT TO END.

OH YES, SIR? NICE WEATHER FOR IT... GOING TO WATCH THE MATCH THIS AFTERNOON?



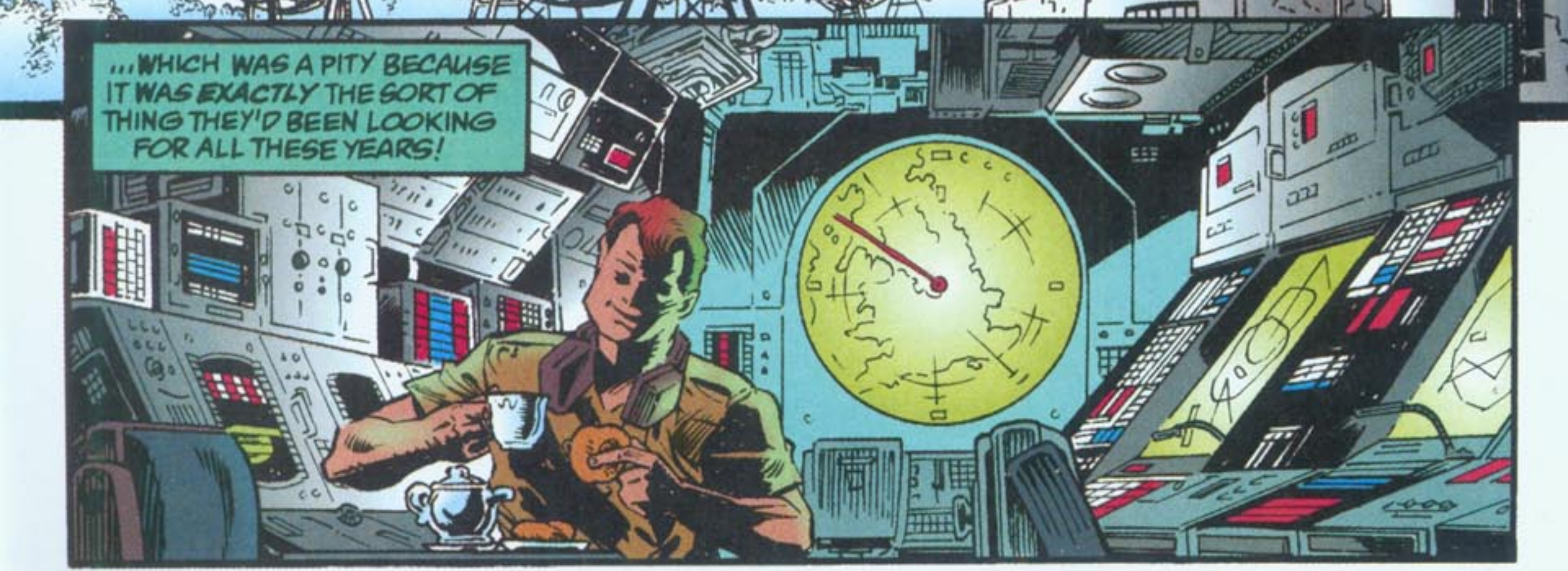




ON THIS PARTICULAR THURSDAY,
SOMETHING WAS MOVING
QUIETLY THROUGH THE
IONOSPHERE ...

...THE PLANET BENEATH THEM
WAS ALMOST PERFECTLY
OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR PRESENCE...

...THEY PASSED OVER CAPE
CANAVERAL WITHOUT A BLIP,
WOOMERA AND JODRELL
BANK LOOKED STRAIGHT
THROUGH THEM...



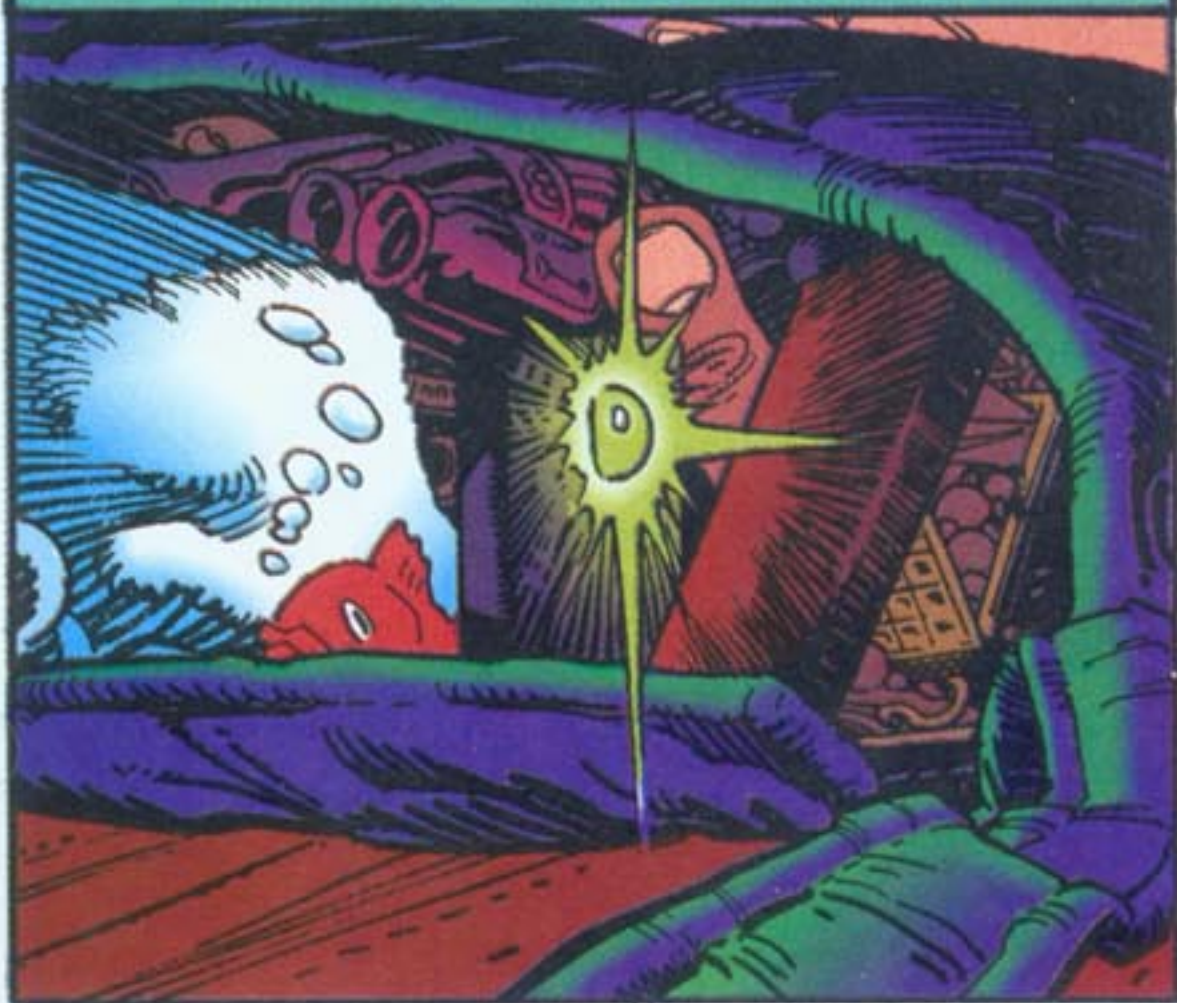
...WHICH WAS A PITY BECAUSE
IT WAS EXACTLY THE SORT OF
THING THEY'D BEEN LOOKING
FOR ALL THESE YEARS!



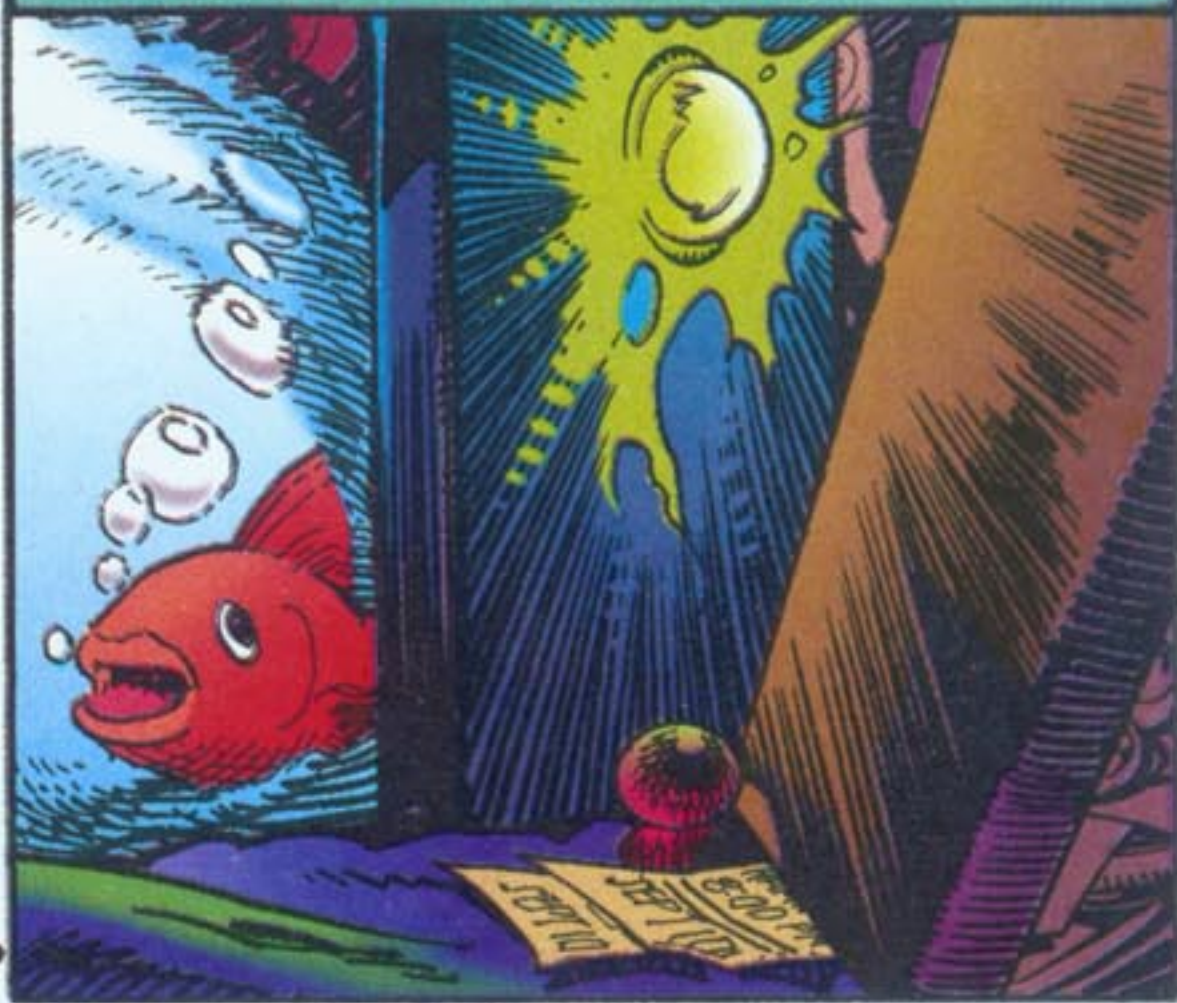
THE ONLY PLACE THEY REGISTERED AT ALL...

...WAS ON A SMALL
BLACK DEVICE CALLED
A SUB-ETHA SENS-O-
MATIC, WHICH WINKED
AWAY IN FORD PREFECT'S
SACHEL.

THE ONLY OTHER USEFUL THINGS IN FORD'S SATCHEL WERE AN ELECTRONIC THUMB, THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY, AND A LARGISH BATH TOWEL FROM MARKS AND SPENCER.

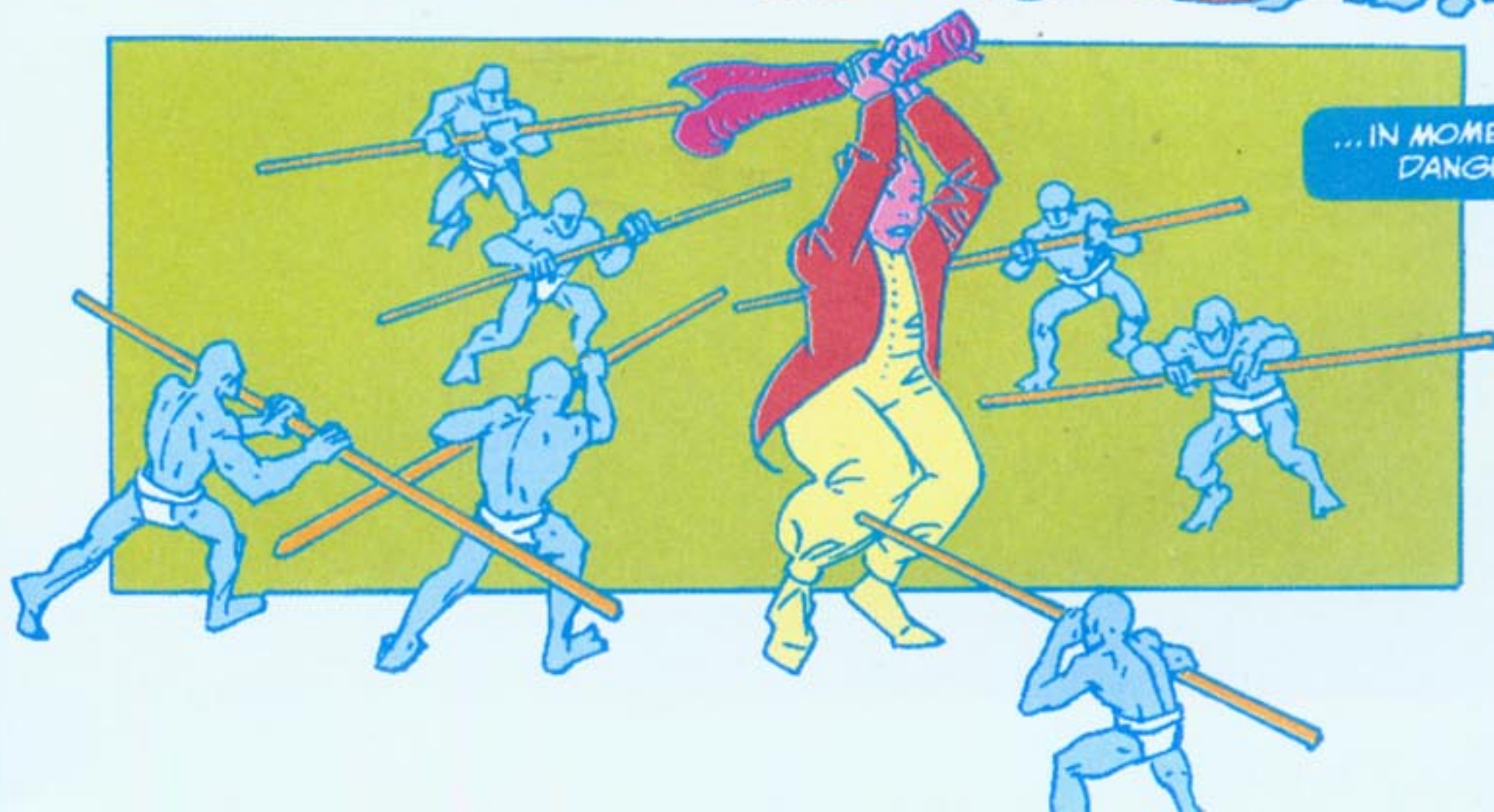
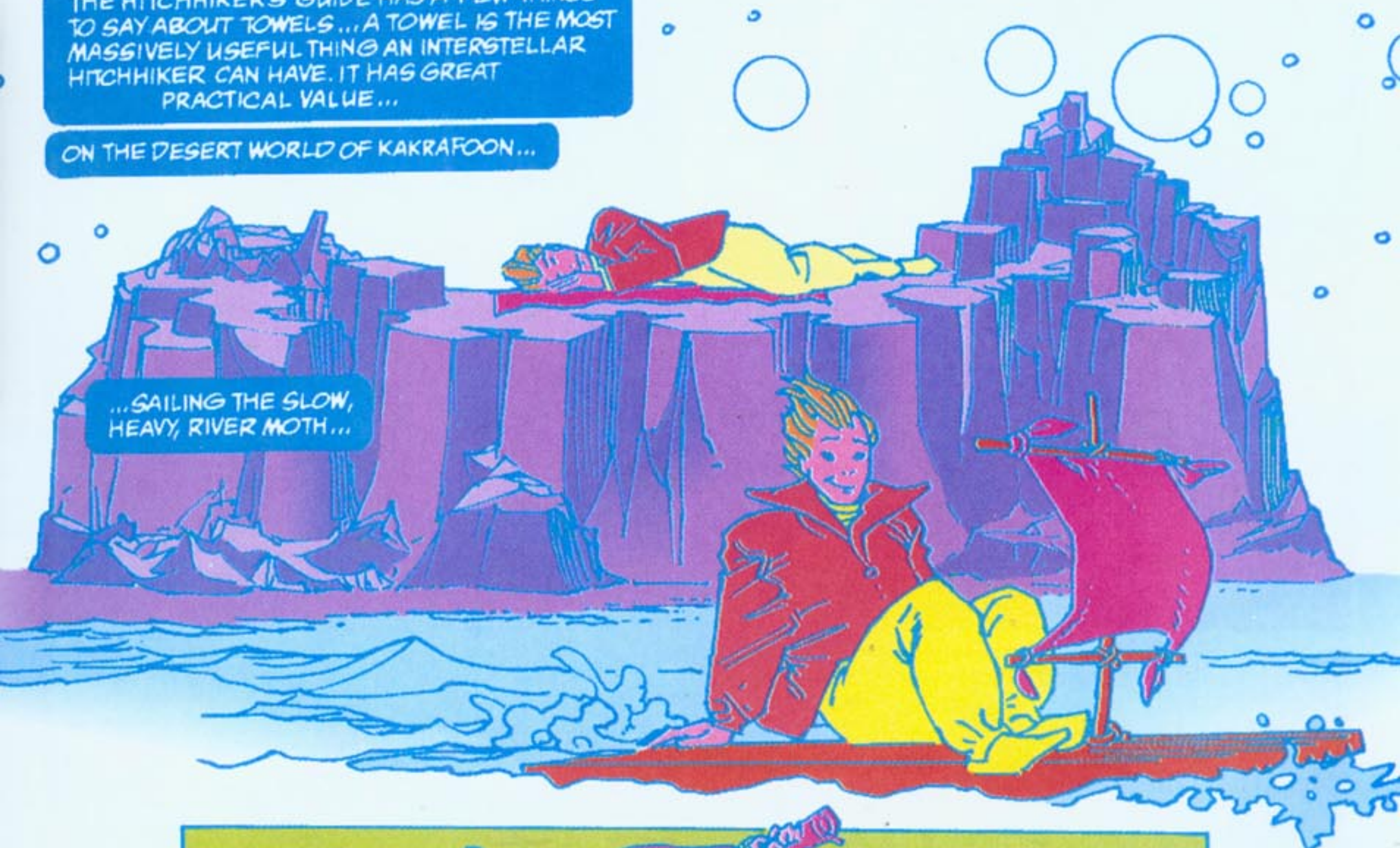


THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE HAS A FEW THINGS TO SAY ABOUT TOWELS... A TOWEL IS THE MOST MASSIVELY USEFUL THING AN INTERSTELLAR HITCHHIKER CAN HAVE. IT HAS GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE...

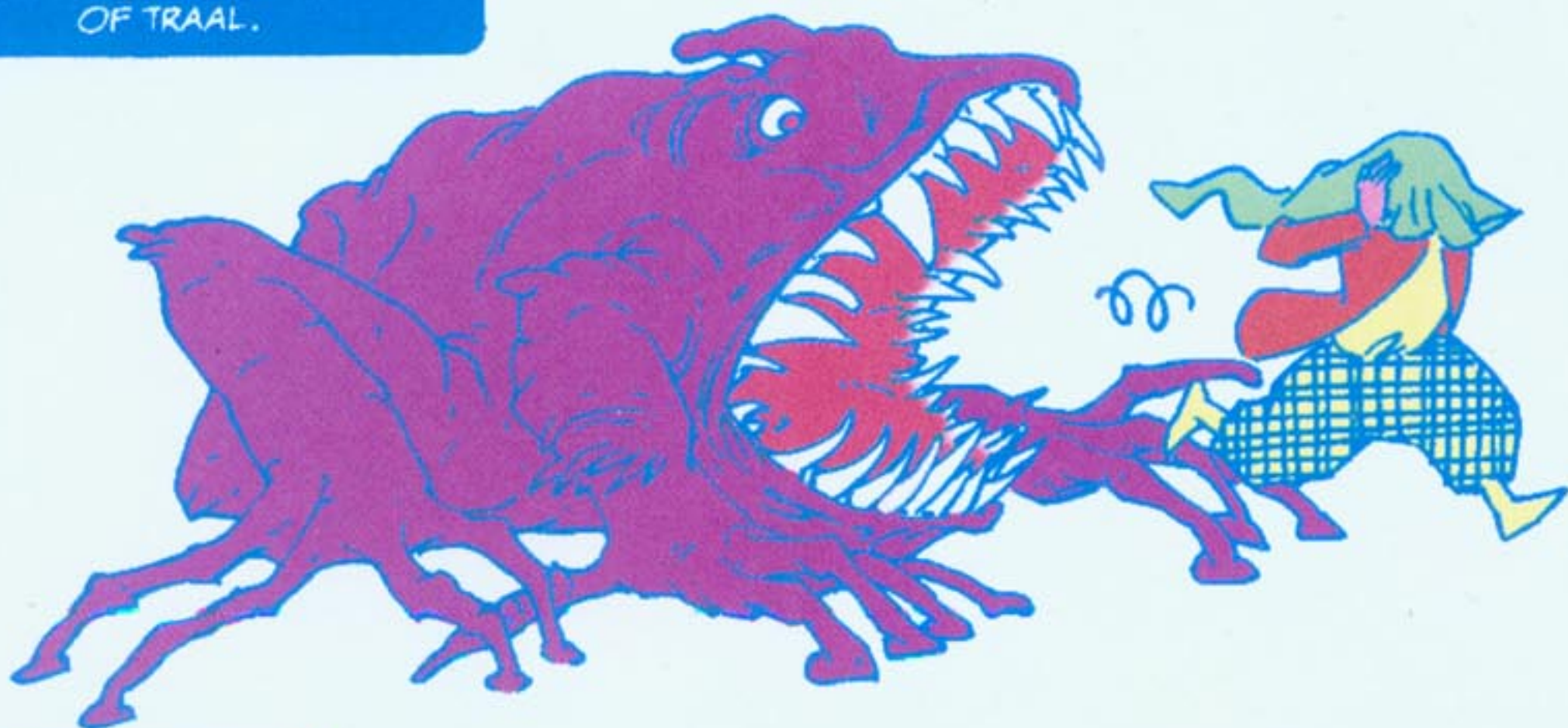


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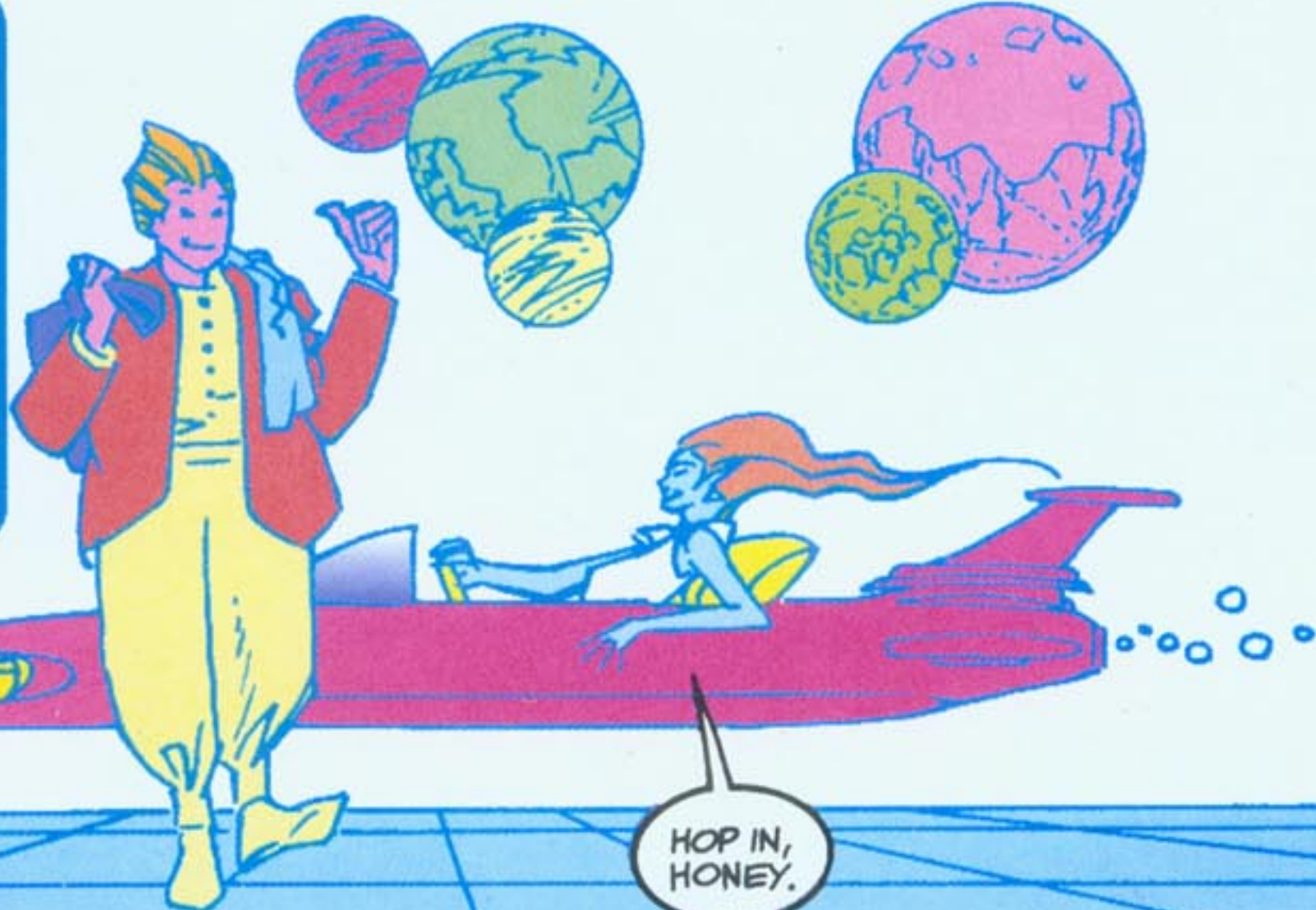
ON THE DESERT WORLD OF KAKRAFOON...



...AND WHEN CONFRONTED
WITH THE BUG BLATTER BEAST
OF TRAAL.



MORE IMPORTANTLY, A
TOWEL HAS IMMENSE
PSYCHOLOGICAL VALUE...
FOR SOME REASON, IF
A STRAG (A NON-HITCH-
HIKER) DISCOVERS THAT
A HITCHHIKER HAS HIS
TOWEL WITH HIM, HE WILL
AUTOMATICALLY ASSUME
THAT HE IS ALSO IN
POSSESSION OF ALL
THE OTHER THINGS
VITAL TO INTERSTELLAR
TRAVEL.

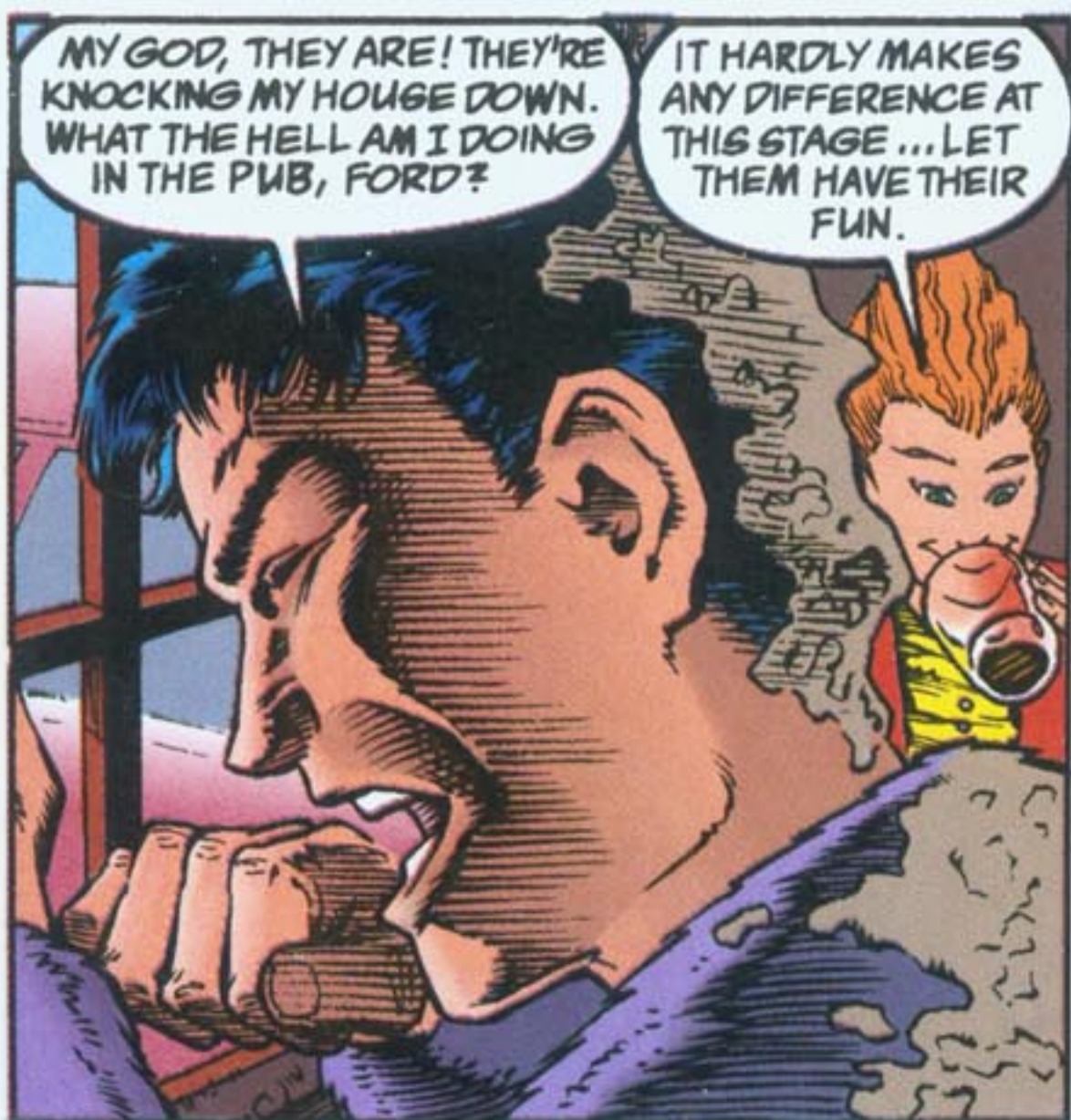


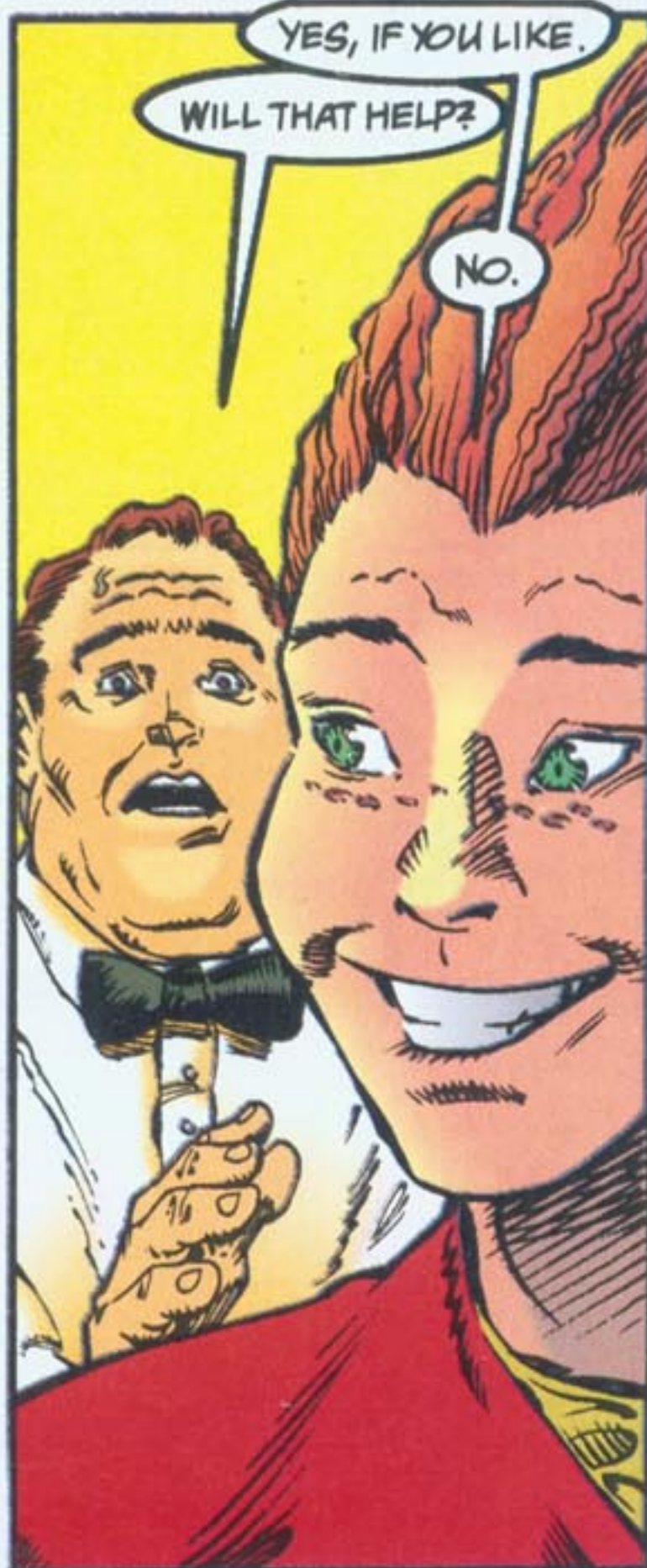
HOP IN,
HONEY.

HEY, YOU SASS* THAT
HOOPY** FORD PREFECT.
THERE'S A FROOD*** WHO
REALLY KNOWS WHERE
HIS TOWEL IS.



* SASS: KNOW, BE AWARE OF, HAVE
SEX WITH
** HOOPY: REALLY TOGETHER GUY
*** FROOD: REALLY AMAZINGLY
TOGETHER GUY.









PEOPLE
OF EARTH, YOUR
ATTENTION
PLEASE ...

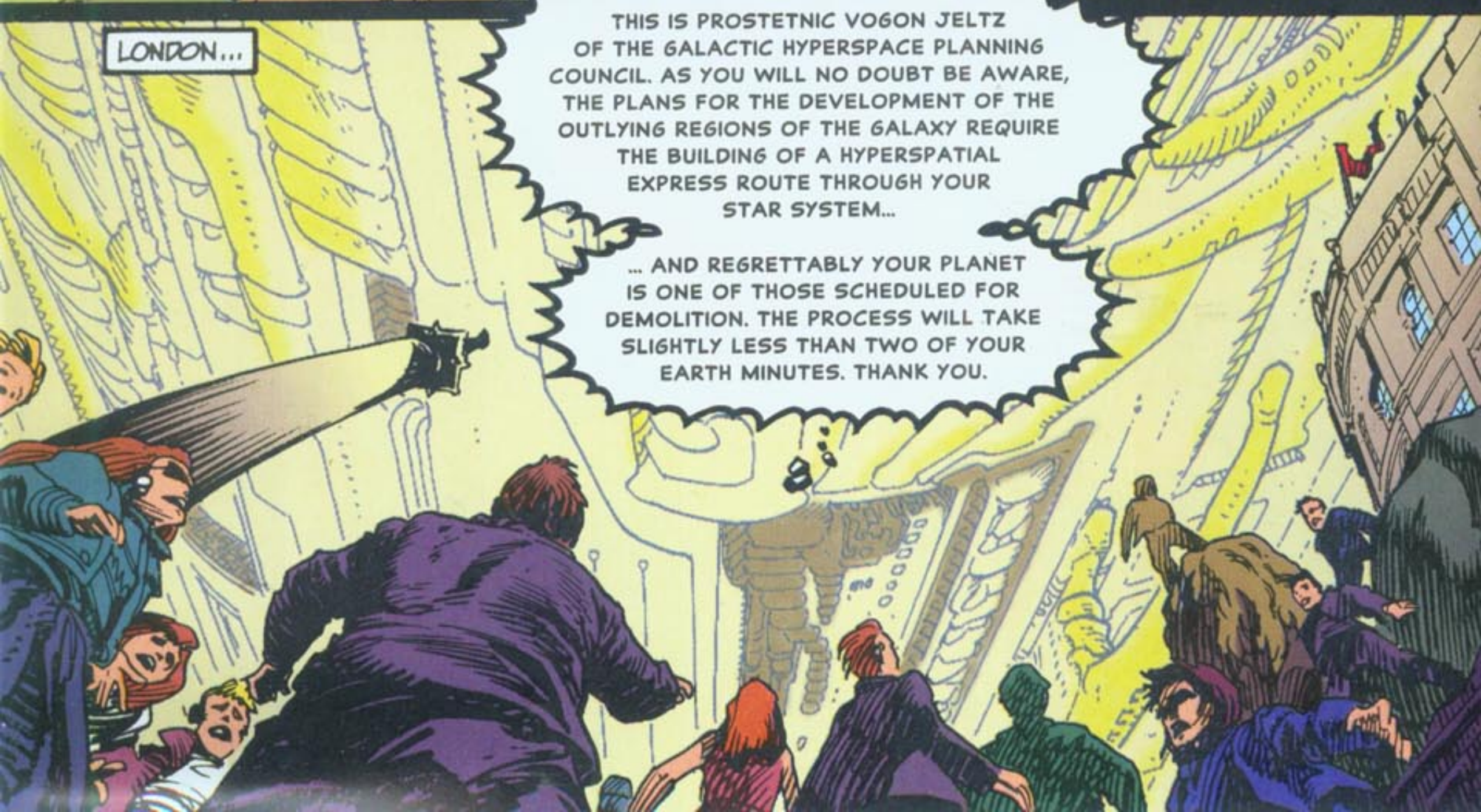
IT'S A VOGON
CONSTRUCTOR
FLEET.



LONDON...

THIS IS PROSTETNIC VOGON JELTZ
OF THE GALACTIC HYPERSPACE PLANNING
COUNCIL. AS YOU WILL NO DOUBT BE AWARE,
THE PLANS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
OUTLYING REGIONS OF THE GALAXY REQUIRE
THE BUILDING OF A HYPERSPATIAL
EXPRESS ROUTE THROUGH YOUR
STAR SYSTEM...

... AND REGRETTABLY YOUR PLANET
IS ONE OF THOSE SCHEDULED FOR
DEMOLITION. THE PROCESS WILL TAKE
SLIGHTLY LESS THAN TWO OF YOUR
EARTH MINUTES. THANK YOU.



NEW YORK...

THERE'S NO POINT ACTING ALL SURPRISED ABOUT IT. ALL THE PLANNING CHARTS AND DEMOLITION ORDERS HAVE BEEN ON DISPLAY IN YOUR LOCAL PLANNING DEPARTMENT IN ALPHA CENTAURI FOR THE LAST FIFTY OF YOUR EARTH YEARS...

...SO YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO LODGE ANY COMPLAINTS AND IT'S FAR TOO LATE TO START MAKING A FUSS ABOUT IT NOW.

NEW DELHI...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO ALPHA CENTAURI? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE MANKIND, IT'S ONLY FOUR LIGHT YEARS AWAY YOU KNOW.

WE'RE BEGGING YOU--PLEASE DON'T DO IT!

NO, NO! PLEASE!

I'M SORRY, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BE BOTHERED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN LOCAL AFFAIRS, THAT'S YOUR OWN LOOKOUT. ENERGIZE THE DEMOLITION BEAMS.

I DON'T KNOW, APATHETIC BLOODY PLANET. I'VE NO SYMPATHY AT ALL.

PLEASE!

STOP!

NO!



MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANET DAMOGRAN,
A LONG WAY FROM THE SMOLDERING
REMAINS OF EARTH...

ZZUUUMMMMMMMMMM

HEY, YOU'RE
A REAL COOL
BOY YOU.

SHOOOSH

BLUGGA
BLUGGA
BLUG





WOW!

TEN BILLION PEOPLE ARE WATCHING AT THIS MOMENT MR. BEEBLBROX, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY TO THEM?

THAT SHIP IS REALLY AMAZING. THAT REALLY IS TRULY AMAZING. THAT IS SO AMAZINGLY AMAZING...

...I THINK I'D LIKE TO STEAL IT.

LOOK OUT, HE'S GOT A PARALYZO-MATIC...



MEANWHILE,
ELSEWHERE...

OUCH!



ARTHUR... I
BROUGHT SOME
PEANUTS.

WE'RE IN A GALLEY CABIN
IN ONE OF THE SPACESHIPS
OF THE VOGON CONSTRUCTOR
FLEET.

AH, THIS IS OBVIOUSLY
SOME STRANGE USAGE OF THE
WORD **SAFE** THAT I WASN'T
PREVIOUSLY AWARE OF.

HOW
DID WE GET
HERE?

WE
HITCHED
A LIFT.

HERE, HAVE SOME.
IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN
THROUGH A MATTER
TRANSFERENCE BEAM
BEFORE YOU'VE
PROBABLY LOST SOME
SALT AND PROTEIN...

...THE BEER
SHOULD HAVE
CUSHIONED YOUR
SYSTEM A BIT.

WHHHHRRRR...

EXCUSE ME? ARE YOU
TRYING TO TELL ME THAT WE
JUST STUCK OUT OUR THUMBS
AND SOME GREEN BUG-EYED
MONSTER STUCK HIS HEAD OUT
AND SAID, "HI FELLAS, HOP
RIGHT IN. I CAN TAKE YOU
AS FAR AS THE BASINGSTOKE
ROUNDAABOUT"?

WELL, THE **THUMB'S** AN ELECTRONIC
SUB-ETHA SIGNALLING DEVICE. THE
ROUNDAABOUT'S AT BARNARD'S
STAR--SIX LIGHT YEARS AWAY--
BUT OTHERWISE, THAT'S MORE
OR LESS RIGHT.

AND THE BUG-EYED MONSTER?

IS GREEN,
YES.

FINE... WHEN
CAN I GO HOME?

YOU CAN'T.
SHADE YOUR
EYES.

IT'S DARK.

YES, IT'S DARK.

NO LIGHT,
DARK, NO
LIGHT...

YES, NO
LIGHT.

HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

LIKE A
MILITARY ACADEMY
... BITS OF ME KEEP
PASSING OUT.

IF I ASKED YOU WHERE
THE HELL WE WERE... WOULD
I REGRET IT?

WE'RE
SAFE.

OH, GOOD.

GOOD GRIEF! IS
THIS REALLY THE
INTERIOR OF A
FLYING SAUCER?



VOGON CONSTRUCTOR FLEETS. HERE'S WHAT TO DO IF YOU WANT TO GET A LIFT FROM A VOGON: FORGET IT. THEY ARE ONE OF THE MOST UNPLEASANT RACES IN THE GALAXY-- NOT ACTUALLY EVIL, BUT BAD-TEMPERED, BUREAUCRATIC, OFFICIOUS AND CALLOUS.



CAPELLAN JEWELLED CRABS ARE PRIZED THE GALAXY OVER FOR THEIR BREATHTAKING BEAUTY AND DIAMOND-ENCRUSTED SHELLS. VOGONS PRIZE THEM FOR THEIR TWO-WEEK-OLD-ROTTED-FISH TASTE, AND THE POPPING AND SQUEALING SOUNDS THEY MAKE WHEN ROASTED LIVE OVER AN OPEN FIRE-- SOUNDS THAT REMIND THE VOGONS OF THEIR POETRY.

ON NO ACCOUNT ALLOW A VOGON TO READ HIS POETRY AT YOU.









FIRST OF ALL, I SEE FROM OUR INSTRUMENTS THAT WE HAVE A COUPLE OF HITCHHIKERS ABOARD.

SHEE
SHEE
SHEE!

I JUST WANT TO MAKE IT TOTALLY CLEAR THAT YOU ARE NOT AT ALL WELCOME. I WORKED HARD TO GET WHERE I AM TODAY...

...AND I DIDN'T BECOME CAPTAIN OF A VOGON CONSTRUCTOR SHIP SIMPLY SO I COULD TURN IT INTO A TAXI SERVICE FOR A LOAD OF DEGENERATE FREELoadERS.

I HAVE SENT OUT A SEARCH PARTY AND AS SOON AS THEY FIND YOU I WILL PUT YOU OFF THE SHIP. IF YOU'RE VERY LUCKY, I MIGHT READ YOU SOME OF MY POETRY FIRST.

SECONDLY, WE'RE ABOUT TO JUMP INTO HYPERSPACE FOR THE JOURNEY TO BARNARD'S STAR. ON ARRIVAL WE WILL STAY IN DOCK FOR A SEVENTY-TWO HOUR REFIT...

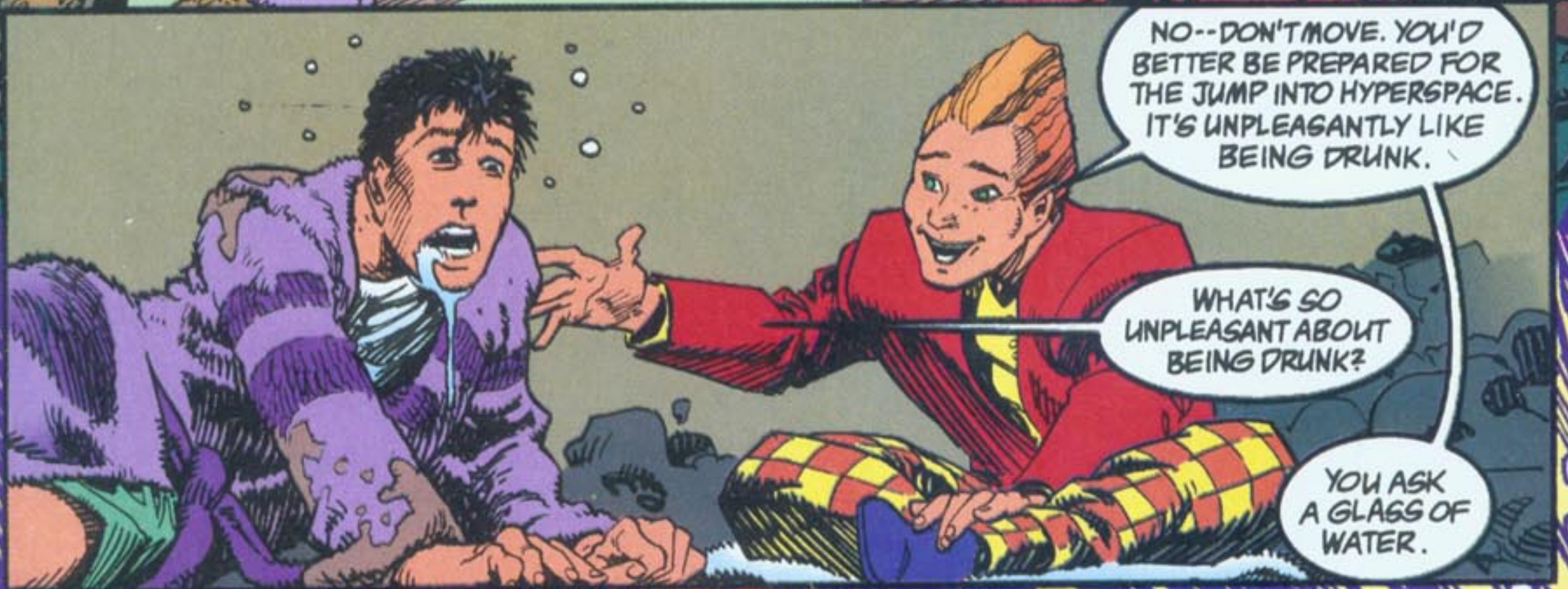
I'VE JUST HAD AN UNHAPPY LOVE AFFAIR, SO I DON'T SEE WHY ANYBODY ELSE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD TIME. MESSAGE ENDS.

...AND NO ONE'S TO LEAVE THE SHIP DURING THAT TIME. I REPEAT, ALL PLANET LEAVE IS CANCELLED.



CHARMING MAN. I WISH I HAD A DAUGHTER SO I COULD FORBID HER TO MARRY ONE...

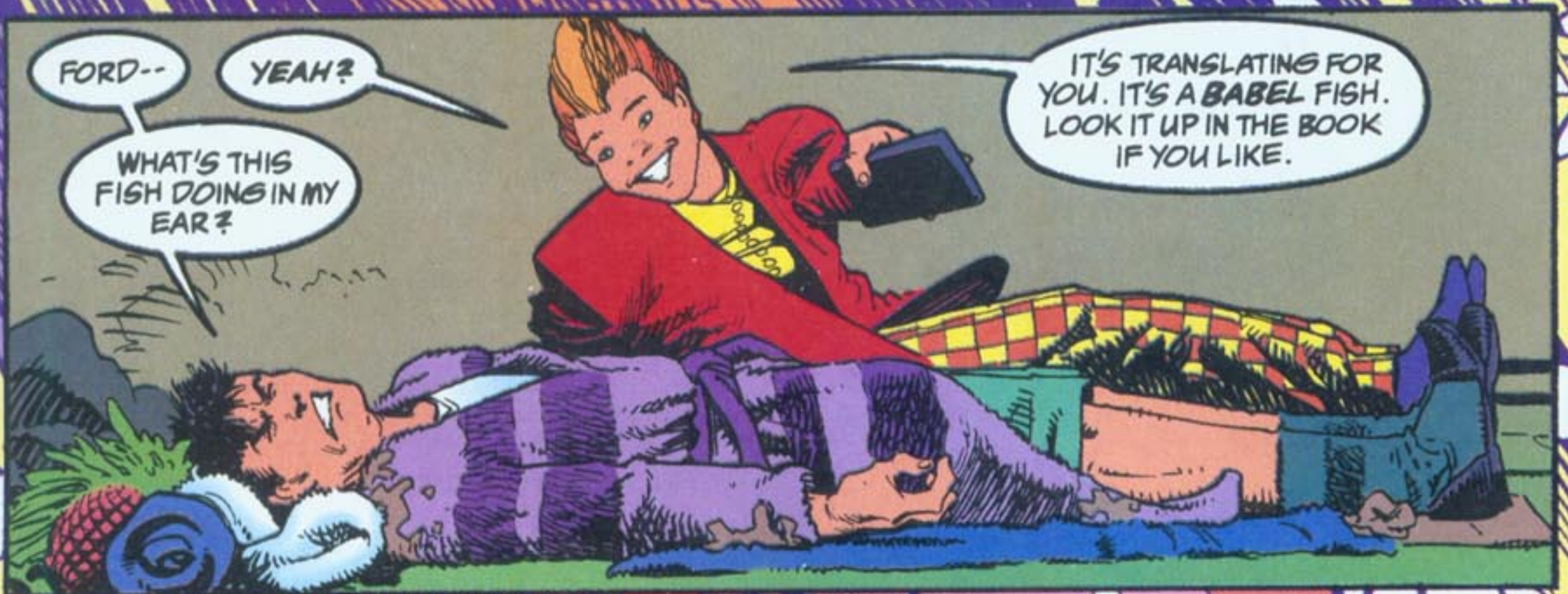
YOU WOULDN'T NEED TO, THEY'VE GOT ABOUT AS MUCH SEX APPEAL AS A ROAD ACCIDENT.



NO--DON'T MOVE. YOU'D BETTER BE PREPARED FOR THE JUMP INTO HYPERSPACE. IT'S UNPLEASANTLY LIKE BEING DRUNK.

WHAT'S SO UNPLEASANT ABOUT BEING DRUNK?

YOU ASK A GLASS OF WATER.



FORD--

YEAH?

WHAT'S THIS FISH DOING IN MY EAR?

IT'S TRANSLATING FOR YOU. IT'S A BABEL FISH. LOOK IT UP IN THE BOOK IF YOU LIKE.

HYPERSPACE AS EXPERIENCED BY ARTHUR DENT AND FORD PREFECT.

THE BABEL FISH IS PROBABLY THE
ODDEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE...

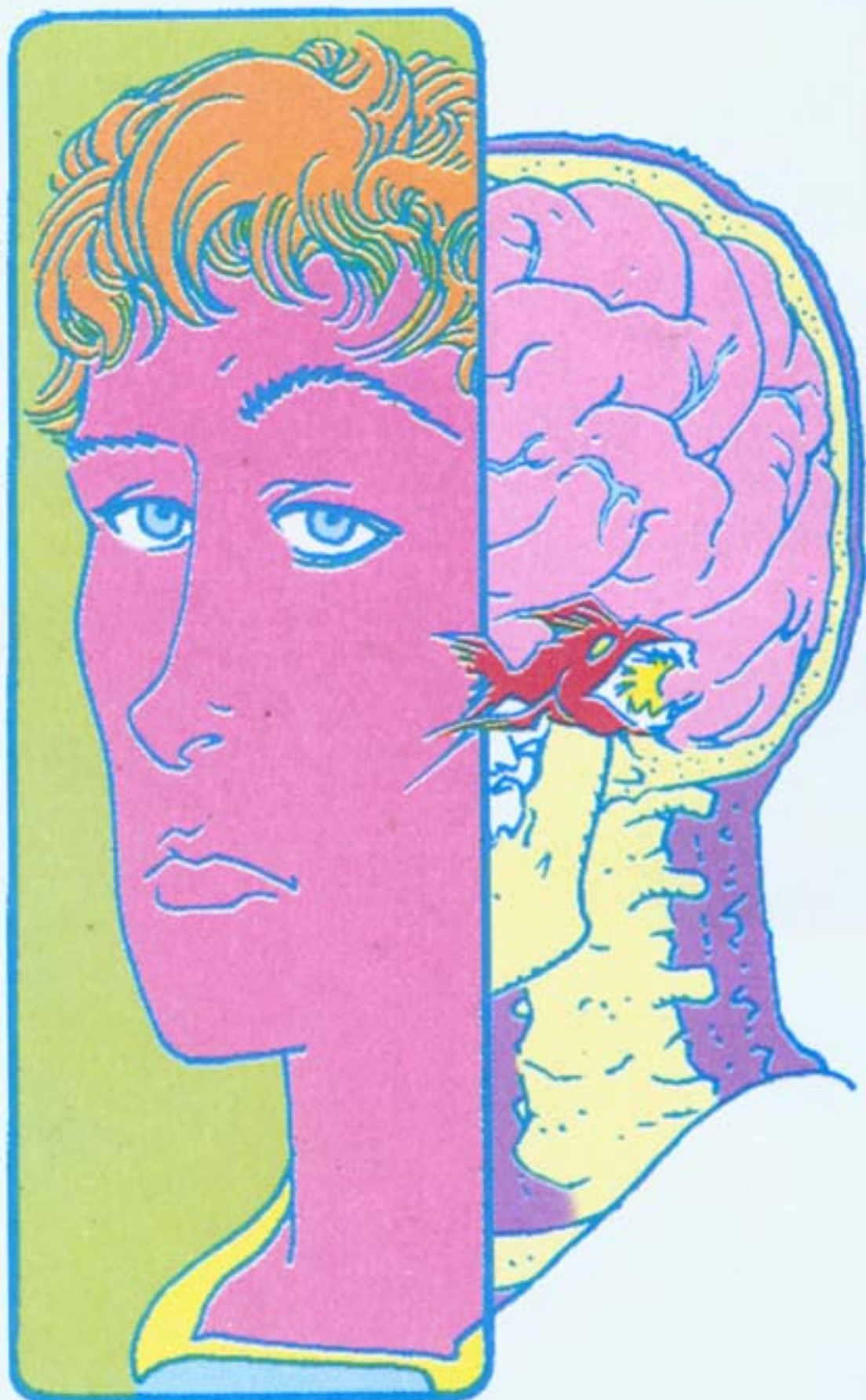


...IT FEEDS ON BRAINWAVE ENERGY
RECEIVED NOT FROM ITS OWN CARRIER
BUT FROM THOSE AROUND IT. IT ABSORBS
ALL UNCONSCIOUS MENTAL FREQUENCIES
FROM THIS BRAINWAVE ENERGY TO
NOURISH ITSELF.

IT THEN EXCRETES INTO THE MIND OF ITS
CARRIER A TELEPATHIC MATRIX FORMED
BY COMBINING THE CONSCIOUS THOUGHT
FREQUENCIES WITH NERVE SIGNALS
PICKED UP FROM THE SPEECH CENTERS
OF THE BRAIN THAT HAS SUPPLIED THEM.



THE PRACTICAL UPSHOT OF ALL THIS
IS THAT IF YOU STICK A BABEL FISH IN
YOUR EAR YOU CAN INSTANTLY UNDER-
STAND ANYTHING SAID TO YOU IN ANY
FORM OF LANGUAGE.





FORD?

YEAH?

IF YOU'RE A RESEARCHER ON THIS BOOK THING AND YOU WERE ON EARTH, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN GATHERING MATERIAL ON IT.

WELL, I WAS ABLE TO EXTEND THE ORIGINAL ENTRY A BIT, YES.

LET ME SEE WHAT IT SAYS IN THIS EDITION, THEN.

IT DOESN'T HAVE AN ENTRY!

...DOWN THERE, SEE, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN, JUST UNDER ECCENTRICA GALLUMBITS, THE TRIPLE-BREADED WHORE OF EROTICON 6.

WHAT? HARMLESS? IS THAT ALL IT'S GOT TO SAY? HARMLESS! ONE WORD!

WELL, THERE ARE A HUNDRED BILLION STARS IN THE GALAXY AND NO ONE REALLY KNEW MUCH ABOUT EARTH, OF COURSE.

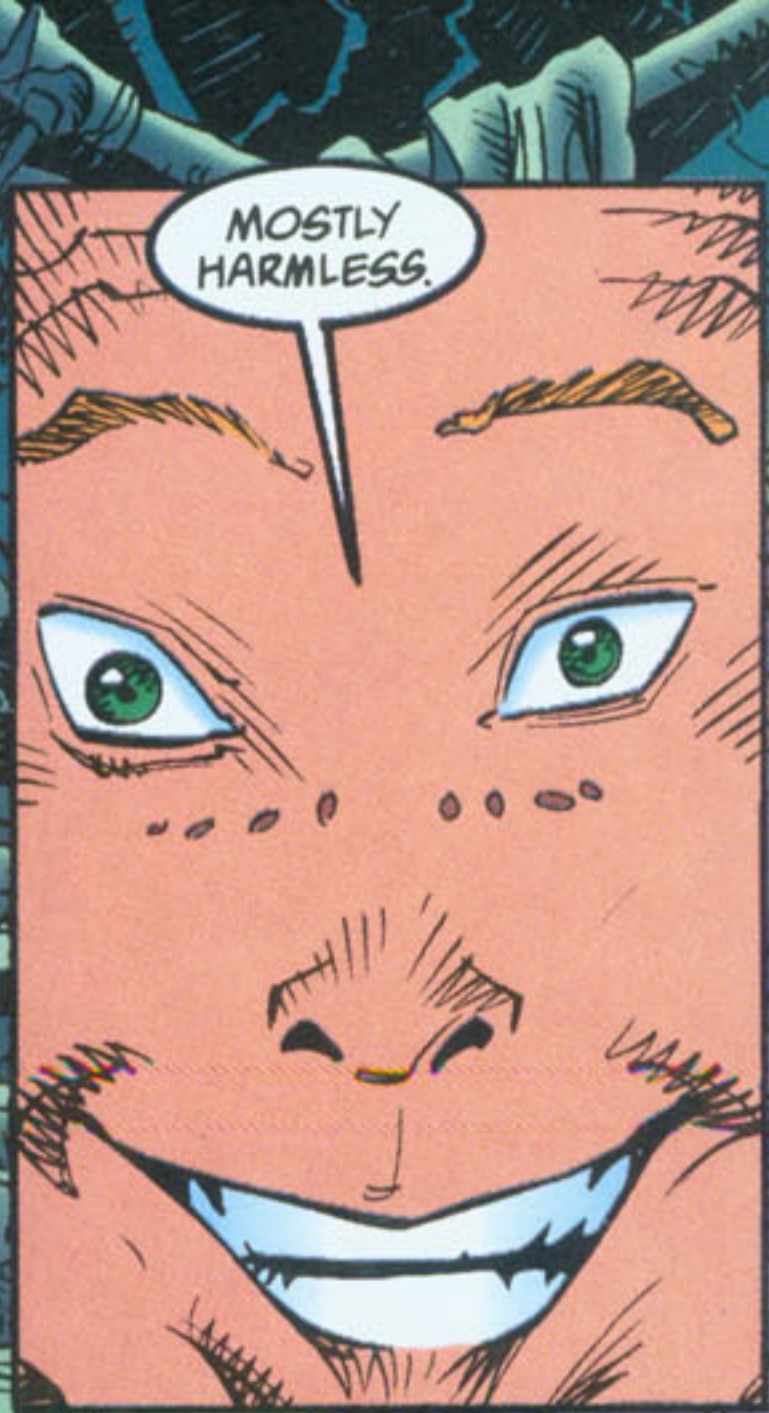
YES, IT DOES...

EARTH:
HARMLESS

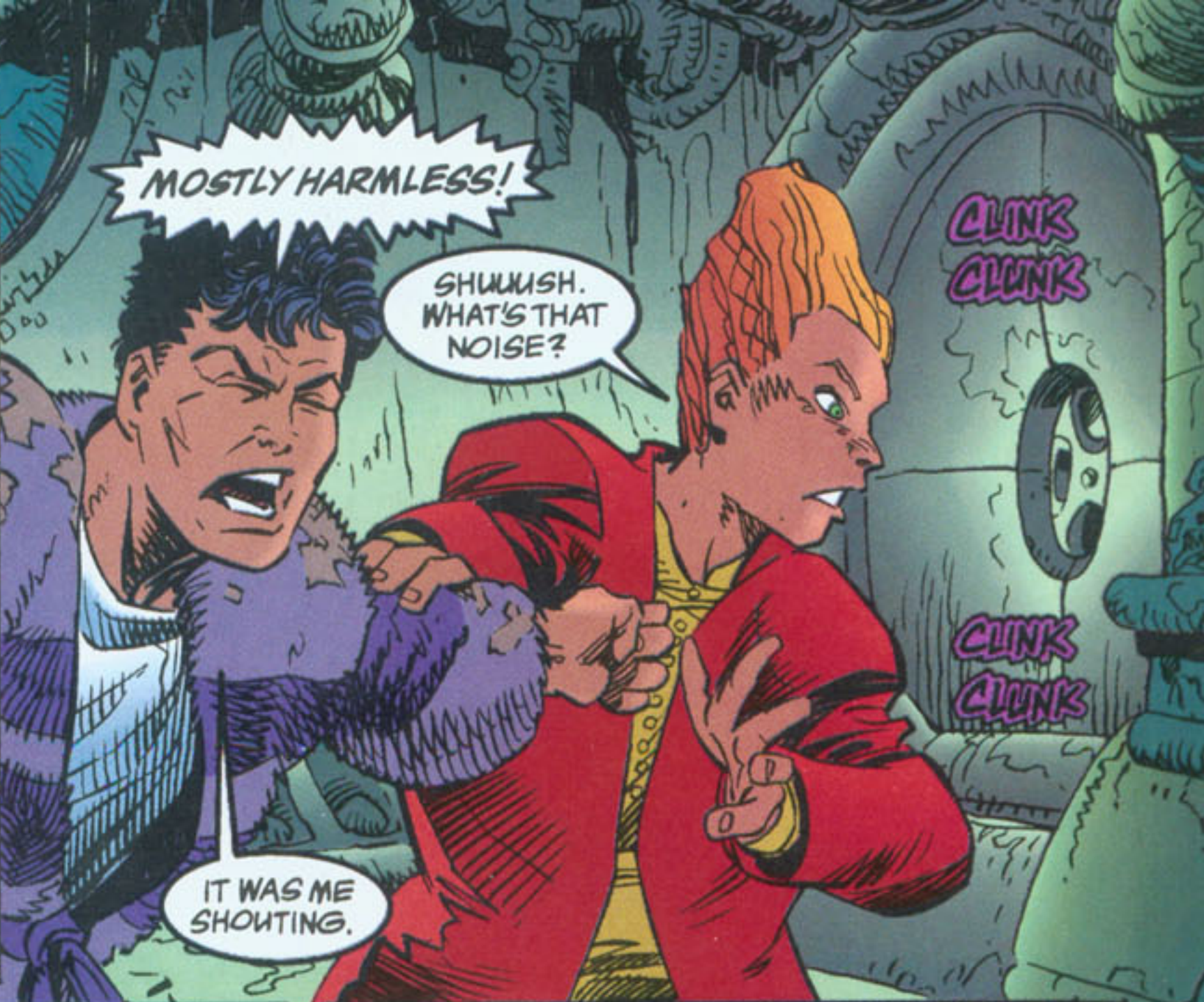
WELL FOR GOD'S SAKE I HOPE YOU MANAGED TO RECTIFY THAT A BIT.

OH YES, WELL. I MANAGED TO TRANSMIT A NEW ENTRY OFF TO THE EDITOR. HE HAD TO TRIM IT A BIT, BUT IT'S STILL AN IMPROVEMENT.

AND WHAT DOES IT SAY NOW?



MOSTLY HARMLESS.



MOSTLY HARMLESS!

SHUUUSH.
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

IT WAS ME SHOUTING.



NO! SHUT UP! I THINK WE'RE IN TROUBLE.

YOU THINK WE'RE IN TROUBLE!



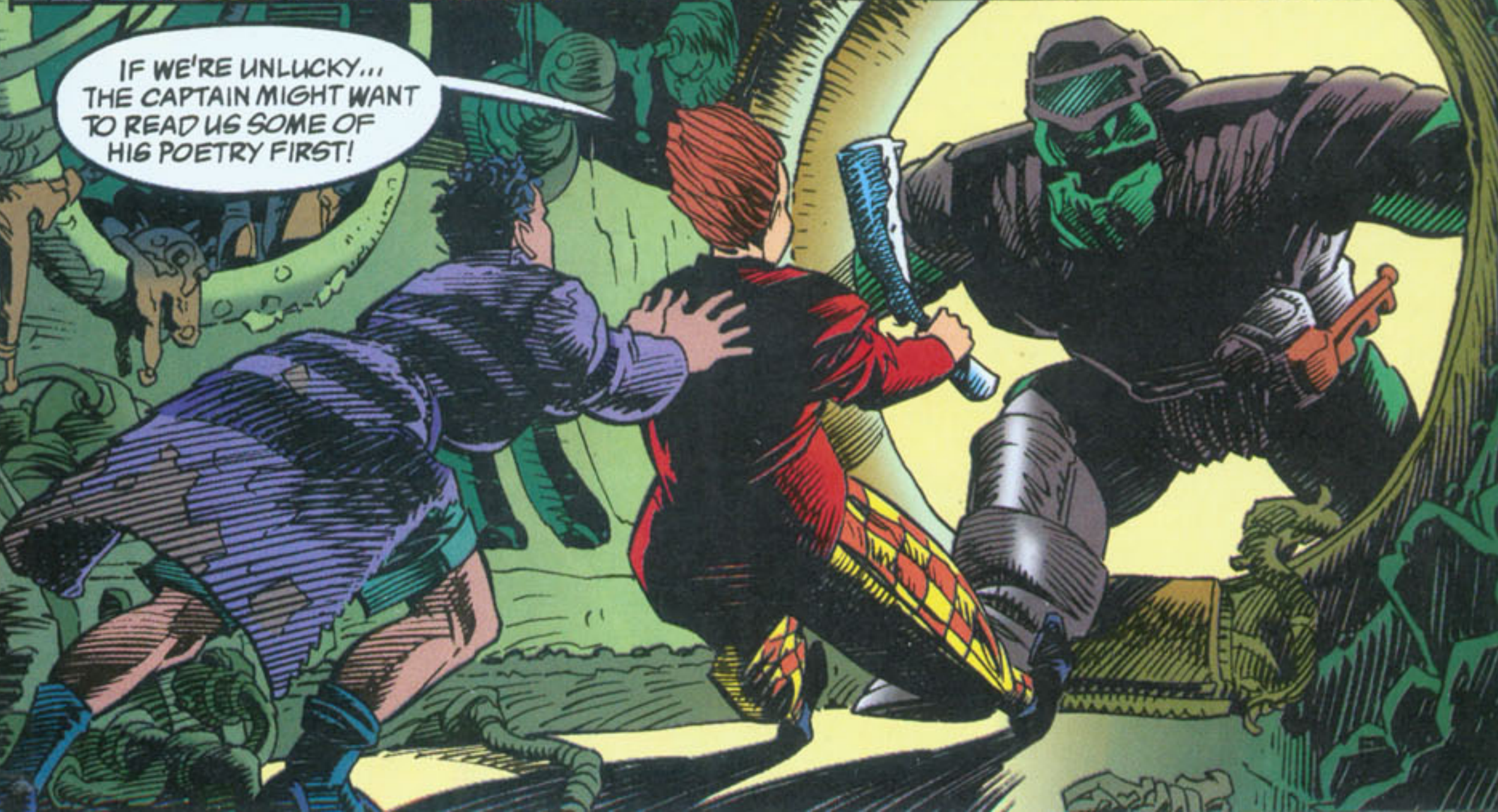
DENTRASSI?

NO.

THEN WHO?

WELL, IF WE'RE LUCKY IT'S JUST THE VOGONS COME TO THROW US INTO SPACE.

AND IF WE'RE UNLUCKY?

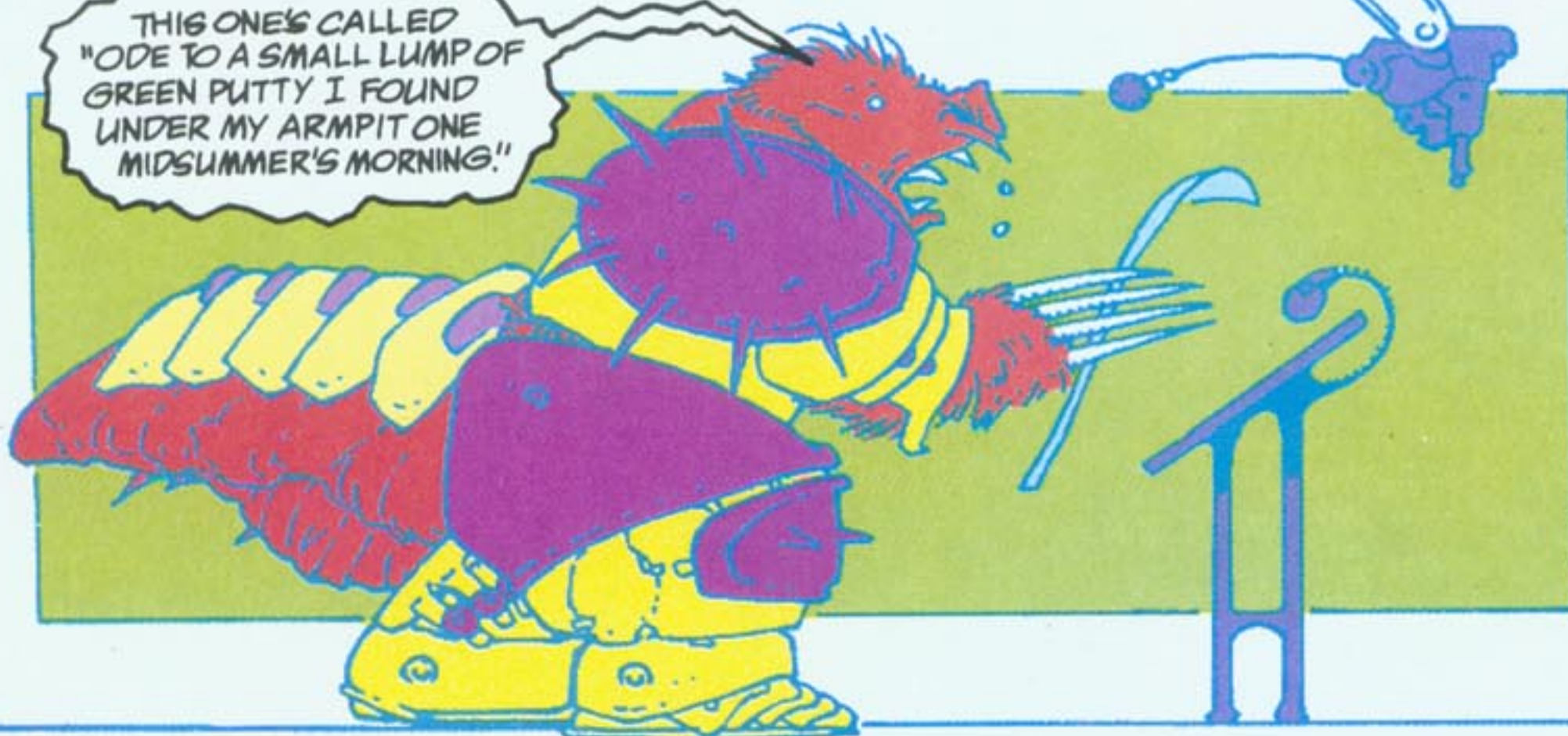


IF WE'RE UNLUCKY... THE CAPTAIN MIGHT WANT TO READ US SOME OF HIS POETRY FIRST!

From The Hitchhiker's Guide

VOGON POETRY IS OF COURSE THE THIRD WORST IN THE UNIVERSE. THE SECOND WORST IS THAT OF THE AZGOths OF KRIA.

THIS ONE'S CALLED
"ODE TO A SMALL LUMP OF
GREEN PUTTY I FOUND
UNDER MY ARMPIT ONE
MIDSUMMER'S MORNING."



DURING A RECITATION BY THEIR
POET MASTER GRUNTHOS THE
FLATULENT, THE PRESIDENT OF
THE MID-GALACTIC ARTS NOBBLING
COUNCIL ONLY SURVIVED BY
GNAWING OFF ONE OF HIS OWN
LEGS.



DISAPPOINTED BY THE POEM'S
RECEPTION, GRUNTHOS WAS JUST
ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A READING
OF HIS TWELVE-BOOK EPIC
ENTITLED, "MY FAVORITE BATHTIME
GURGLES" WHEN HIS OWN MAJOR
INTESTINE, IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT
TO SAVE LIFE AND CIVILIZATION,
LEAPT STRAIGHT UP THROUGH HIS
NECK AND THROTTLED HIS BRAIN.

THE VERY WORST POETRY OF ALL PERISHED
ALONG WITH ITS CREATOR PAULA NANCY
MILLSTONE JENNINGS OF GREENBRIDGE,
ESSEX, ENGLAND, IN THE DESTRUCTION OF
THE PLANET EARTH.





OH FREDDLED GRUNTBUGGLY,
THY MICTURATIONS ARE TO ME
AS PLURDLED GABBLEBLOTCHITS
ON A LURGID BEE.



AGHHHHHHH!!

GROOP I IMPORE THEE,
MY FOONTING TURLINGDROMES.
AND HOOPTIOUSLY DRANGLE
ME...

... WITH CRINKLY BINDLEWURDLES,
OR I WILL REND THEE IN THE
GOBBERWARTS...

YEEOOOWWWWW!!

... WITH MY BLURGLECRUNCHEON,
SEE IF I DON'T!



NNNNNYUUUURRRRGGGHHHH!!

NOW EARTHLINGS, I
PRESENT YOU WITH A
SIMPLE CHOICE! EITHER
DIE IN THE VACUUM OF
SPACE, OR...

... TELL ME HOW
GOOD YOU THOUGHT
MY POEM WAS!





ACTUALLY, I QUITE LIKED IT.

OH GOOD...

OH YES, SOME OF THE METAPHYSICAL IMAGERY WAS REALLY PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE.



YES, DO CONTINUE.

OH...AND, ER...INTERESTING RHYTHMIC DEVICES TOO, WHICH SEEM TO COUNTERPOINT THE... ER, ER...



...COUNTERPOINT THE SURREALISM OF THE UNDERLYING METAPHOR OF THE... ER...



...THE HUMANITY OF THE...

VOGONITY.

AH YES, THE VOGONITY OF THE POET'S COMPASSIONATE SOUL...



...WHICH CONTRIVES THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE VERSE STRUCTURE TO SUBLIMATE THIS, TRANSCEND THAT, AND COME TO TERMS WITH THE FUNDAMENTAL DICHOTOMIES OF THE OTHER...

...AND ONE IS LEFT WITH A PROFOUND AND VIVID INSIGHT INTO... INTO... ERRM...

...INTO WHATEVER THE POEM WAS ABOUT!



SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING
IS THAT I WRITE POETRY
BECAUSE UNDERNEATH
MY MEAN, CALLOUS,
HEARTLESS EXTERIOR
I REALLY JUST WANT
TO BE LOVED, IS THAT
RIGHT?

WELL I MEAN
YES, DON'T WE
ALL, DEEP
DOWN?



NO, YOU'RE COMPLETELY WRONG. I JUST
WRITE POETRY TO THROW MY MEAN, CALLOUS,
HEARTLESS EXTERIOR INTO SHARP RELIEF.



I'M GOING TO
THROW YOU OFF THE
SHIP ANYWAY.

GUARD! TAKE THE PRISONERS
TO NUMBER THREE AIRLOCK AND
THROW THEM OUT!

WHAT? YOU CAN'T
DO THAT, WE'RE TRYING
TO WRITE A BOOK.



RESISTANCE
IS USELESS!

I DON'T WANT
TO DIE NOW! I'VE
STILL GOT A
HEADACHE!



I DON'T WANT TO
GO TO HEAVEN WITH
A HEADACHE. I'D BE
ALL CROSS AND
WOULDN'T ENJOY IT!

HMMMMM,
COUNTERPOINT
THE SURREALISM
OF THE UNDERLYING
METAPHOR...



...DEATH'S TOO
GOOD FOR THEM.



THIS IS GREAT, THIS IS REALLY TERRIFIC. LET GO OF ME YOU BRUTE.

RESISTANCE IS USELESS.

DON'T WORRY, I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.



I WOKE UP THIS MORNING AND THOUGHT I'D HAVE A NICE RELAXED DAY, DO A BIT OF READING, BRUSH THE DOG...

...IT'S NOW JUST AFTER FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON AND I'M ALREADY BEING THROWN OUT OF AN ALIEN SPACESHIP SIX LIGHT YEARS FROM THE SMOKING REMAINS OF THE EARTH!

ALL RIGHT, JUST STOP PANICKING.



WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT PANICKING? THIS IS STILL JUST THE CULTURE SHOCK. YOU WAIT TILL I'VE SETTLED DOWN AND FOUND MY BEARINGS, THEN I'LL START PANICKING!

ARTHUR YOU'RE GETTING HYSTERICAL. SHUT UP!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS!



AND YOU CAN SHUT UP AS WELL!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

OH, GIVE IT A REST!



DO YOU ENJOY THIS SORT OF THING?

ENJOY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN... ENJOY?

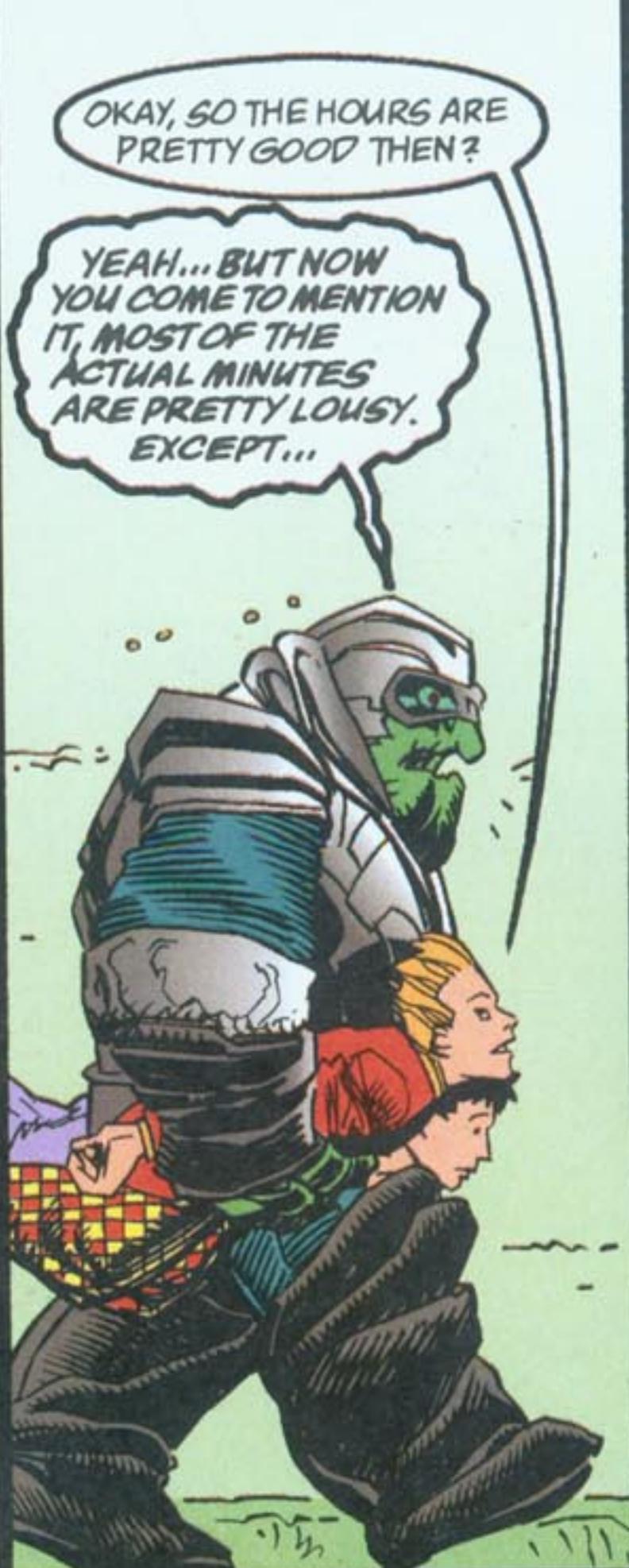
WHAT I MEAN IS, DOES IT GIVE YOU A FULL, SATISFYING LIFE? STOMPING AROUND, SHOUTING, PUSHING PEOPLE OUT OF SPACESHIPS...?



WELL, THE HOURS ARE GOOD...

THEY'D HAVE TO BE.

FORD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



OKAY, SO THE HOURS ARE PRETTY GOOD THEN?

YEAH... BUT NOW YOU COME TO MENTION IT, MOST OF THE ACTUAL MINUTES ARE PRETTY LOUSY. EXCEPT...



...EXCEPT SOME OF THE SHOUTING IS PRETTY GOOD.

RESISTANCE IS...

SURE, YES, YOU'RE GOOD AT THAT, I CAN TELL. BUT IF IT'S MOSTLY LOUSY...



...THEN WHY DO YOU DO IT? WHAT IS IT? THE GIRLS? THE LEATHER? THE MACHISMO?

OR DO YOU JUST FIND THAT COMING TO TERMS WITH THE MINDLESS TEDIUM OF IT ALL PRESENTS YOU WITH AN INTERESTING CHALLENGE?

ERRR... I DUNNO. I THINK I JUST SORT OF... DO IT, REALLY.

MY AUNT SAID THAT SPACESHIP GUARD WAS A GOOD CAREER FOR A YOUNG VOGON -- YOU KNOW, THE UNIFORM, THE LOW-SLUNG STUN RAY HOLSTER...

...THE MINDLESS TEDIUM.

THERE YOU ARE, ARTHUR, YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS!



NO. IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU I'D BETTER GET YOU BOTH INTO THIS AIRLOCK AND THEN GO AND GET ON WITH SOME OTHER BITS OF SHOUTING I'VE GOT TO DO.

HUSHNNNGGGGGG

COME ON NOW... BUT LOOK!



THERE'S MUSIC AND ART AND THINGS TO TELL YOU ABOUT YET! ARGHHH!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

CLONK!

CLICK

SSSSSSHHH



YOU SEE, IF I KEEP IT UP I CAN EVENTUALLY GET PROMOTED TO SENIOR SHOUTING OFFICER...

WOOOOAAHH!

...THERE AREN'T USUALLY MANY VACANCIES FOR NON-SHOUTING AND NON-PUSHING-PEOPLE-ABOUT OFFICERS, SO I THINK I'D BETTER STICK TO WHAT I KNOW.



THANKS FOR SHOWING AN INTEREST.

BYE NOW.

BUT LISTEN, THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT...

...HERE, WHAT ABOUT THIS?





NOOOOOO.
HA HA HA HA HA!



WE'RE TRAPPED
NOW, AREN'T WE?

YES, WE'RE
TRAPPED.



SO. WHAT HAPPENS
NEXT?

OH, ER, WELL THE HATCHWAY
IN FRONT OF US WILL OPEN AUTO-
MATICALLY AND WE'LL SHOOT OUT INTO
DEEP SPACE AND ASPHYXIATE!



IF YOU TAKE A LUNGFUL
OF AIR WITH YOU, YOU CAN
LAST FOR UP TO THIRTY
SECONDS, OF COURSE...

SO THIS
IS IT...

...WE ARE
GOING TO
DIE!



YOU KNOW FORD, IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THIS, WHEN I'M
TRAPPED IN A VOYAGER AIRLOCK WITH A MAN FROM
BETELGEUSE, ABOUT TO DIE OF ASPHYXIATION IN
DEEP SPACE... THAT I REALLY WISH I'D LISTENED
TO WHAT MY MOTHER TOLD ME WHEN I WAS YOUNG.



WHAT DID
SHE TELL
YOU?

I DON'T
KNOW, I DIDN'T
LISTEN!



POP!

THWOOOZZZNNNN

TO BE CONTINUED...

DOUGLAS ADAMS is the best-selling author of the *HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY* series. He is also known for his Dirk Gently books: *DIRK GENTLY'S HOLISTIC DETECTIVE AGENCY* and *THE LONG DARK TEATIME OF THE SOUL*, and, with John Lloyd, *THE MEANING OF LIFE*. His most recent books are the latest Hitchhiker's novel, *MOSTLY HARMLESS*, and a travel volume called *LAST CHANCE TO SEE . . .* He lives in Islington.

Born in Ramsgate, England, **JOHN CARNELL** was very nearly educated at school, but instead chose the Never Ending Diploma Course offered by The University of Life. The published work that he'll own up to includes *THE SLEEZE BROTHERS* comic books and *PET SQUAD*, a series of children's books. His passions include: ornithology, drinking, collecting wild fungi, sex, swimming, talking to trees, and horse racing (although he's never beaten one yet).

STEVE LEIALOHA has worked in the comic-book industry for the past twenty years on a number of diverse titles. Among them are *STAR WARS*, *X-MEN*, *BATMAN*, *WARLOCK*, and *TRYPTO THE ACID DOG*. He has also made occasional forays in the film and TV business as a storyboard artist.

STEVEN BASKERVILLE is a British artist who is probably best known for another science-fiction send-up, *THE SLEEZE BROTHERS*, which he inked over pencils by Anthony Williams for Marvel UK.

ARTHUR NICHOLS has been a respected inker in the industry since the mid-1980s, most notably over Chris Warner's pencils for Dark Horse Comics' *THE AMERICAN*. Working as a penciller for the last few years, he has recently drawn *DEATHSTROKE*, *THE TERMINATOR* for DC and *MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER* for Valiant.

LOVERN KINDZIERSKI is best known for his color art for DC Comics, Marvel Comics, as well as others. Recent efforts include P. Craig Russell's *ROBIN 3000*, *RAY BRADBURY COMICS* and *THE FAIRY TALES OF OSCAR WILDE*. He is currently creative director of Digital Chameleon in Manitoba.

TODD KLEIN is one of the finest letterers working in the comics field. He has worked on many prestige titles for all of the major comics publishers.

BE WITH US NEXT TIME ...

VOLUME TWO: In which Arthur Dent And Ford Prefect are miraculously picked up from deep space before they explode, by "The Heart of Gold," a fabulous spacecraft powered by the practically impossible invention called the Infinite Improbability Drive; Ford and Arthur meet the being who stole the ship, Zaphod Beeblebrox, who turns out to be a cousin of Ford and the guy who walked off with a girl that Arthur was trying to pick on at a party on Earth; the improbable drive takes the ship to the lost, legendary planet of Magrathea, which, although apparently uninhabited, sends a volley of deadly missiles

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