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THE AUTHORIZED ADAPTATION

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THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY BOOK TWO
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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 pow-
ered 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 up at a party
on Earth; the improbabil-
ity drive takes the ship
to the lost, legendary
planet of Magrathea,
which, although appar-
ently uninhabited, sends
a volley of deadly missiles

DOUGLAS ADAMS

ADAPTED BY JOHN CARNELL

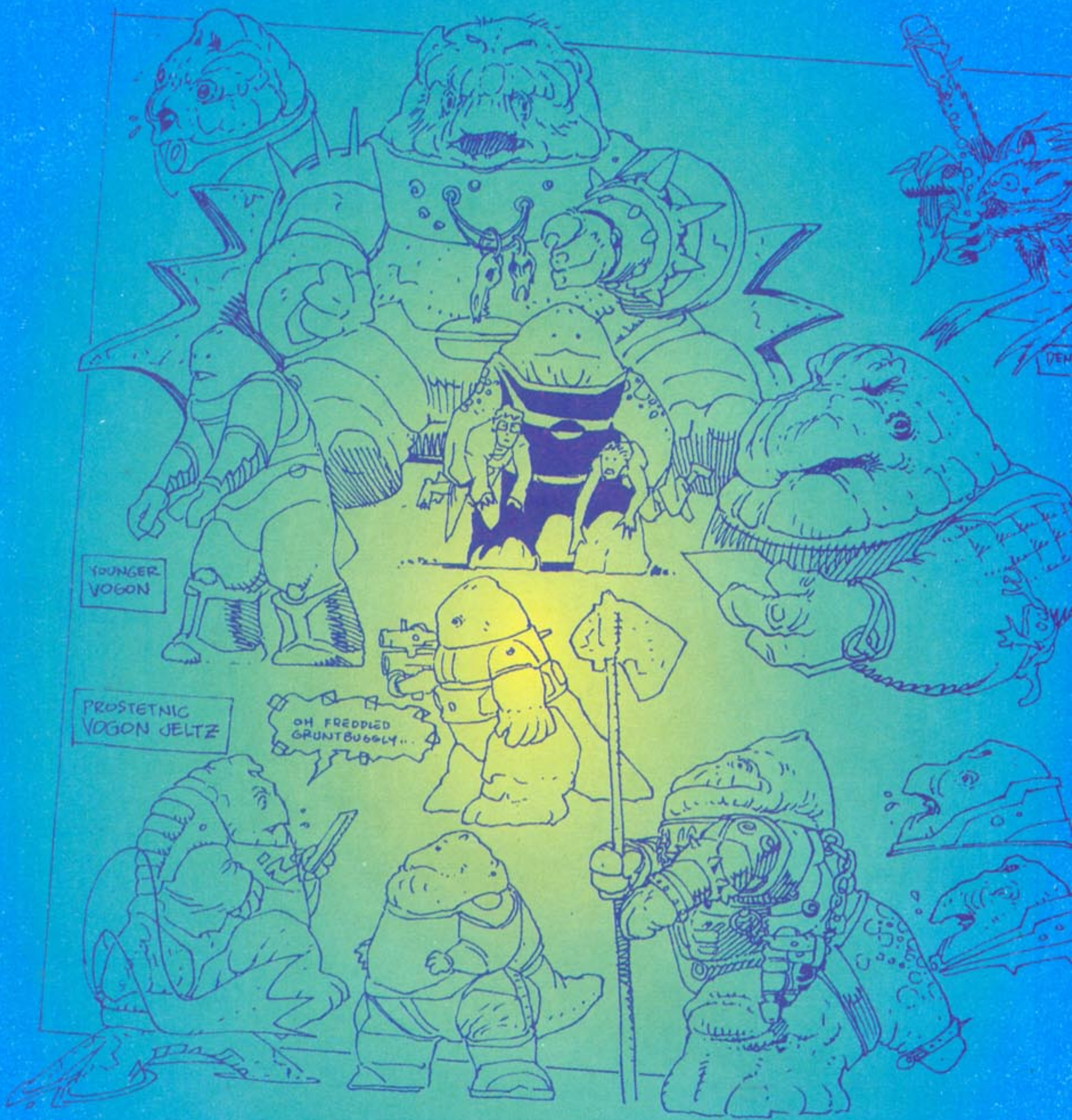
ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE LEIALOHA

INKED BY DENNIS RODIER

& STEVE LEIALOHA

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LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN



YOUNGER
VOGON

PROSTETNIC
VOGON JELTZ

OH FREDDIE
GRUNTBUGGLEY...

HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE: GALAXY
LEIALOHA 91

MORE VOGONS
THAN YOU CAN
SHAKE A STICK
AT, OR WOULD
WANT TO.

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 LIFF*. 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.

DENIS RODIER, born in Nominingue, Quebec, started his comics career in two different countries, with work for First Comics in the U.S. and for the French humor magazine *ANORMAL* in Canada. He first gained widespread notice for his inks and painted covers on *THE DEMON* for DC. Denis is currently the regular inker on *ACTION COMICS*.

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*, *THE NEW TWO-FISTED TALES* and *LEGENDS OF THE DARK KNIGHT*. 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.



LEINOLA

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY IS INDEED A WHOLLY REMARKABLE BOOK. IT'S INTRODUCTION STARTS LIKE THIS...

SPACE... IS BIG...
REALLY BIG!

YOU JUST WON'T BELIEVE HOW VASTLY,
HUGELY, MIND-BOGGLINGLY BIG IT IS!

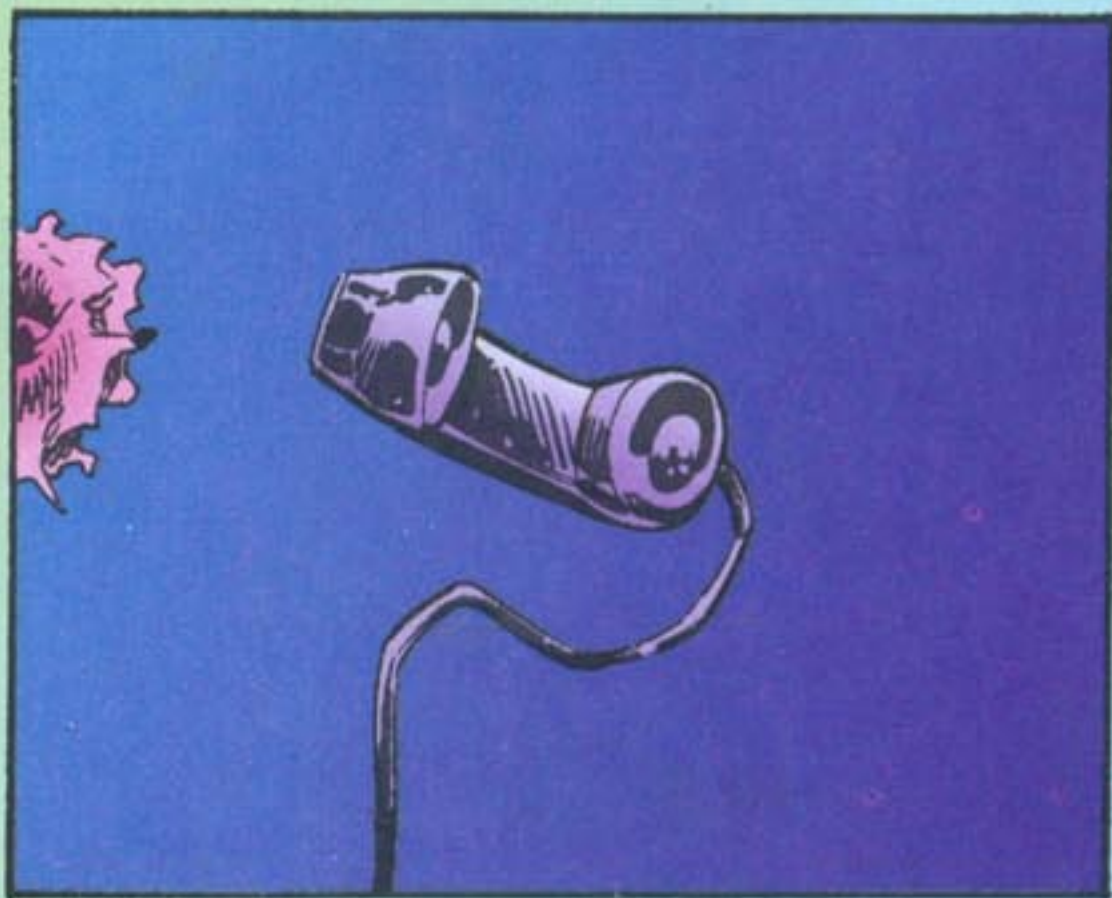
I MEAN, YOU MAY THINK IT'S A LONG
WAY DOWN TO THE DRUGSTORE, BUT
THAT'S JUST PEANUTS TO SPACE...

IT GOES ON TO SAY... IF YOU HOLD A LUNGFUL OF
AIR YOU CAN SURVIVE IN THE TOTAL VACUUM OF
SPACE FOR ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS.



HOWEVER... WITH SPACE BEING THE MIND-BOGGLING
SIZE IT IS, THE CHANCES OF GETTING PICKED UP BY
ANOTHER SHIP WITHIN THOSE THIRTY SECONDS ARE
...TWO TO THE POWER OF TWO HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND
NINE TO ONE, AGAINST.

BY A TOTALLY STAGGERING COINCIDENCE THAT IS
ALSO THE TELEPHONE NUMBER OF AN ISLINGTON
FLAT WHERE ARTHUR DENT ONCE WENT TO A
VERY GOOD PARTY, MET A VERY NICE GIRL...WHOM
HE COMPLETELY FAILED TO GET OFF WITH. SHE
WENT HOME WITH A GATECRASHER!



THOUGH THE PLANET EARTH, THE ISLINGTON FLAT
AND THE TELEPHONE NUMBER HAVE NOW ALL
BEEN DEMOLISHED...

...IT IS COMFORTING TO REFLECT THAT THEY ARE ALL IN SOME WAY
COMMEMORATED BY THE FACT THAT TWENTY-NINE SECONDS LATER
FORD PREFECT AND ARTHUR DENT WERE RESCUED.

THERE YOU ARE,
I TOLD YOU I'D THINK
OF SOMETHING!

BRIGHT IDEA OF
MINE TO FIND A
PASSING SPACESHIP
AND GET RESCUED
BY IT!

OH COME
OFF IT, FORD.
THE CHANCES
AGAINST IT WERE
ASTRONOMI-
CAL.

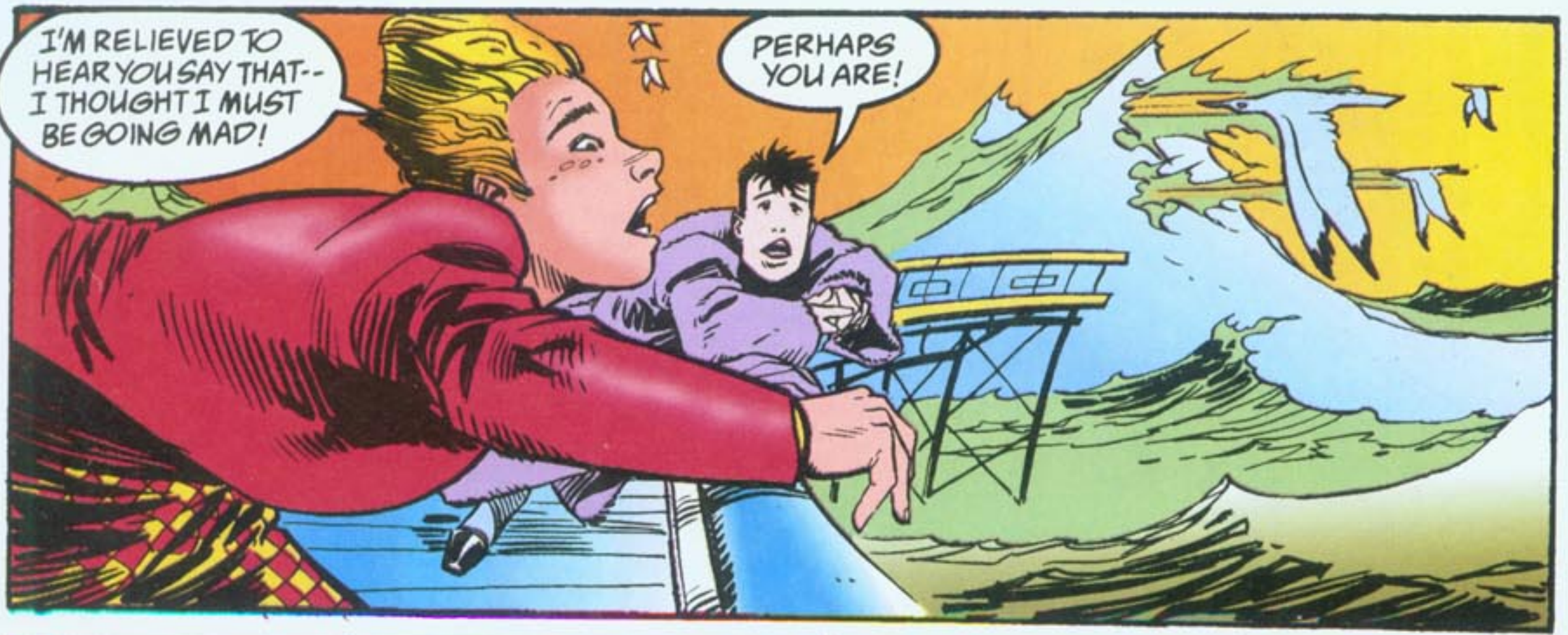
DON'T KNOCK
IT, IT WORKED.

WHAT
SORT OF
SHIP ARE
WE IN?

I DON'T KNOW,
I HAVEN'T OPENED
MY EYES YET.

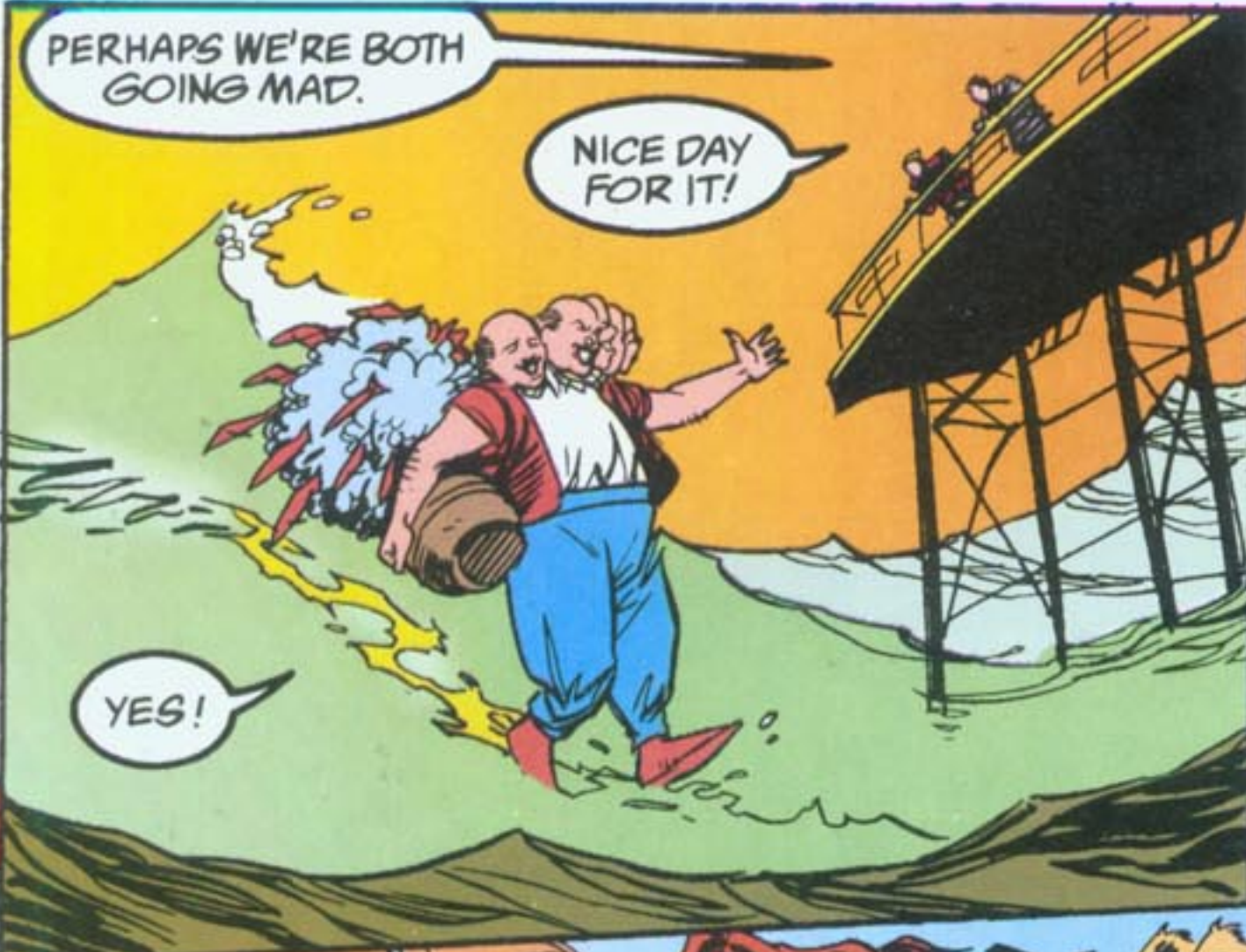
NO, NOR
HAVE I.

GOOD GOD!
IT LOOKS JUST LIKE
THE SEAFRONT AT
SOUTHEND!



I'M RELIEVED TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT-- I THOUGHT I MUST BE GOING MAD!

PERHAPS YOU ARE!



PERHAPS WE'RE BOTH GOING MAD.

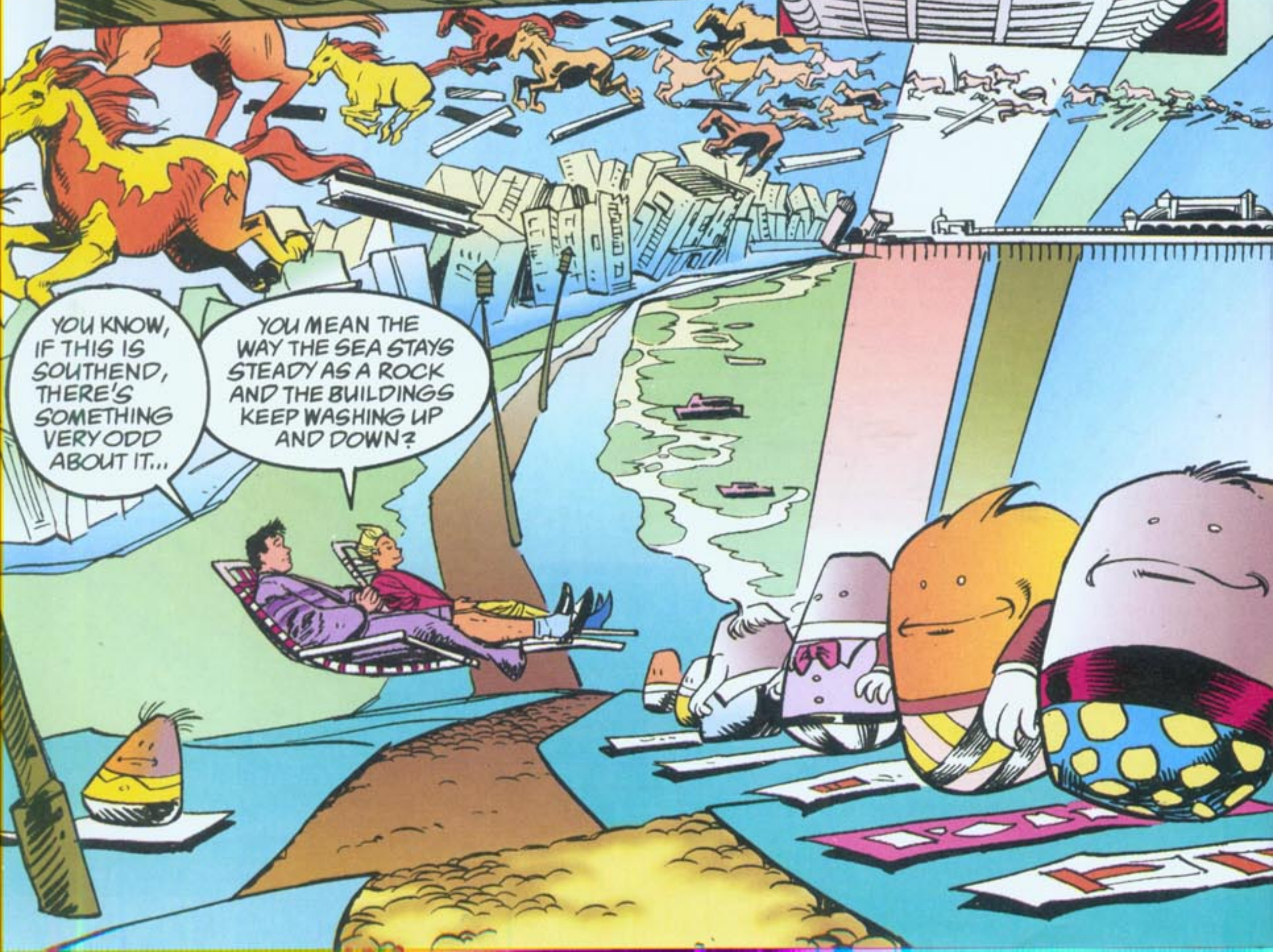
NICE DAY FOR IT!

YES!



WHO WAS THAT?

I DON'T KNOW. JUST SOMEONE.



YOU KNOW, IF THIS IS SOUTHBEND, THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT IT...

YOU MEAN THE WAY THE SEA STAYS STEADY AS A ROCK AND THE BUILDINGS KEEP WASHING UP AND DOWN?



THERE'S SOMETHING
ALTOGETHER VERY
STRANGE GOING
ON...



WHAT
WAS THAT
VOICE?

I DON'T KNOW.
SOUNDED LIKE A
MEASURE OF PROBA-
BILITY.



PROBABILITY?

PROBABILITY.

YOU KNOW,
LIKE TWO TO ONE,
THREE TO ONE,
FIVE TO FOUR
AGAINST...

IT SAID TWO TO THE
POWER OF ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST
...THAT'S PRETTY IMPROBABLE
YOU KNOW.



SPLUCHURT



BUT WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?

WHAT, THE
CUSTARD?

NO, THE
MEASUREMENT OF
IMPROBABILITY!



I DON'T KNOW.
I THINK WE'RE ON
SOME KIND OF
SPACESHIP.

I CAN ONLY
ASSUME THAT THIS
IS NOT THE FIRST-
CLASS COMPARTMENT!



HAUUURRRGGHHH...



HOW AM I GOING TO
OPERATE MY DIGITAL
WATCH NOW?



FORD, YOU'RE TURNING
INTO A PENGUIN.
STOP IT!

WAAAAARRRK!

TWO TO THE POWER OF SEVENTY-FIVE
THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST, AND FALLING.



HEY, WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S
GOING ON AND IS THERE
ANY WAY OF STOPPING
IT?

PLEASE RELAX,
YOU ARE PERFECT-
LY SAFE.



BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
I AM NOW A PERFECTLY SAFE
PENGUIN, AND MY COLLEAGUE
HERE IS RAPIDLY RUNNING
OUT OF LIMBS.

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
I'VE GOT THEM
BACK NOW.

TWO TO THE POWER OF
FIFTY THOUSAND TO ONE
AGAINST AND FALLING...



ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU FEEL YOU OUGHT TO BE TELLING US?

WELCOME TO THE STARSHIP "HEART OF GOLD."



PLEASE DO NOT BE ALARMED BY ANYTHING YOU SEE OR HEAR AROUND YOU...



...YOU ARE BOUND TO FEEL SOME INITIAL ILL EFFECT AS YOU HAVE BEEN RESCUED FROM CERTAIN DEATH...

...AT AN IMPROBABILITY LEVEL OF TWO TO THE POWER OF TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST...

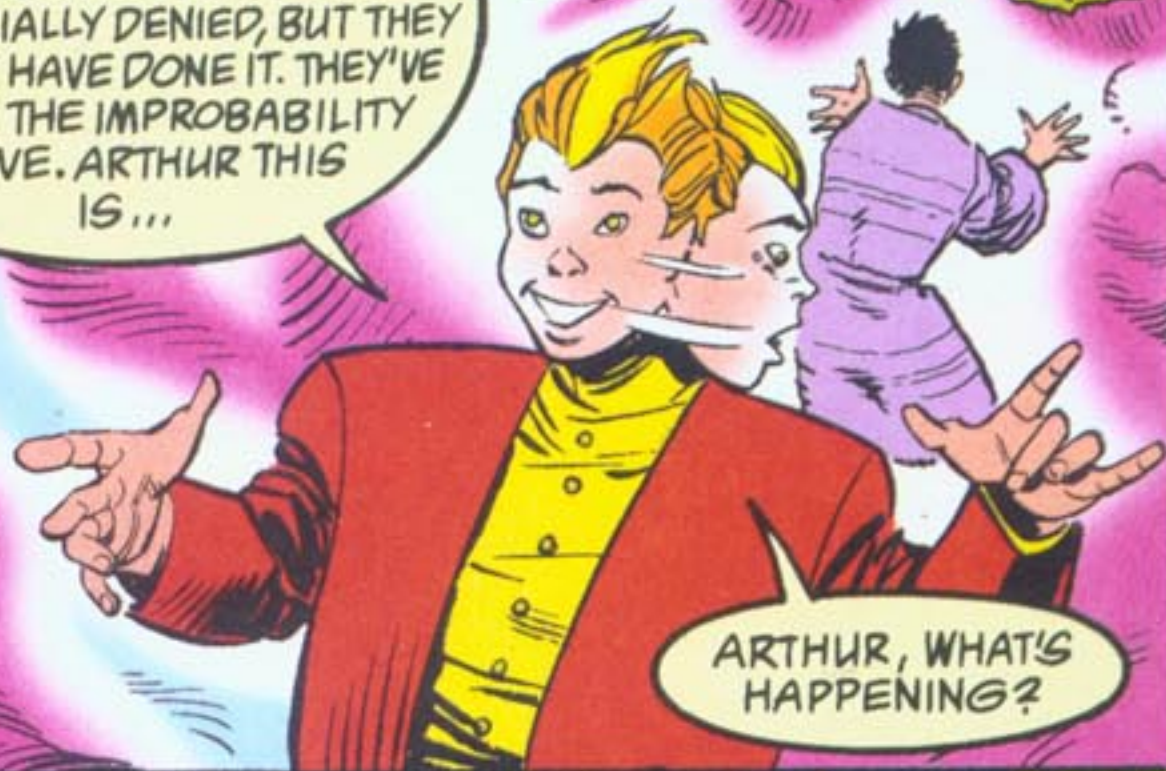


WE ARE NOW CRUISING AT A LEVEL OF TWO TO THE POWER OF TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST AND FALLING.

ARTHUR, THIS IS FANTASTIC! WE'VE BEEN PICKED UP BY A SHIP POWERED BY THE INFINITE IMPROBABILITY DRIVE!

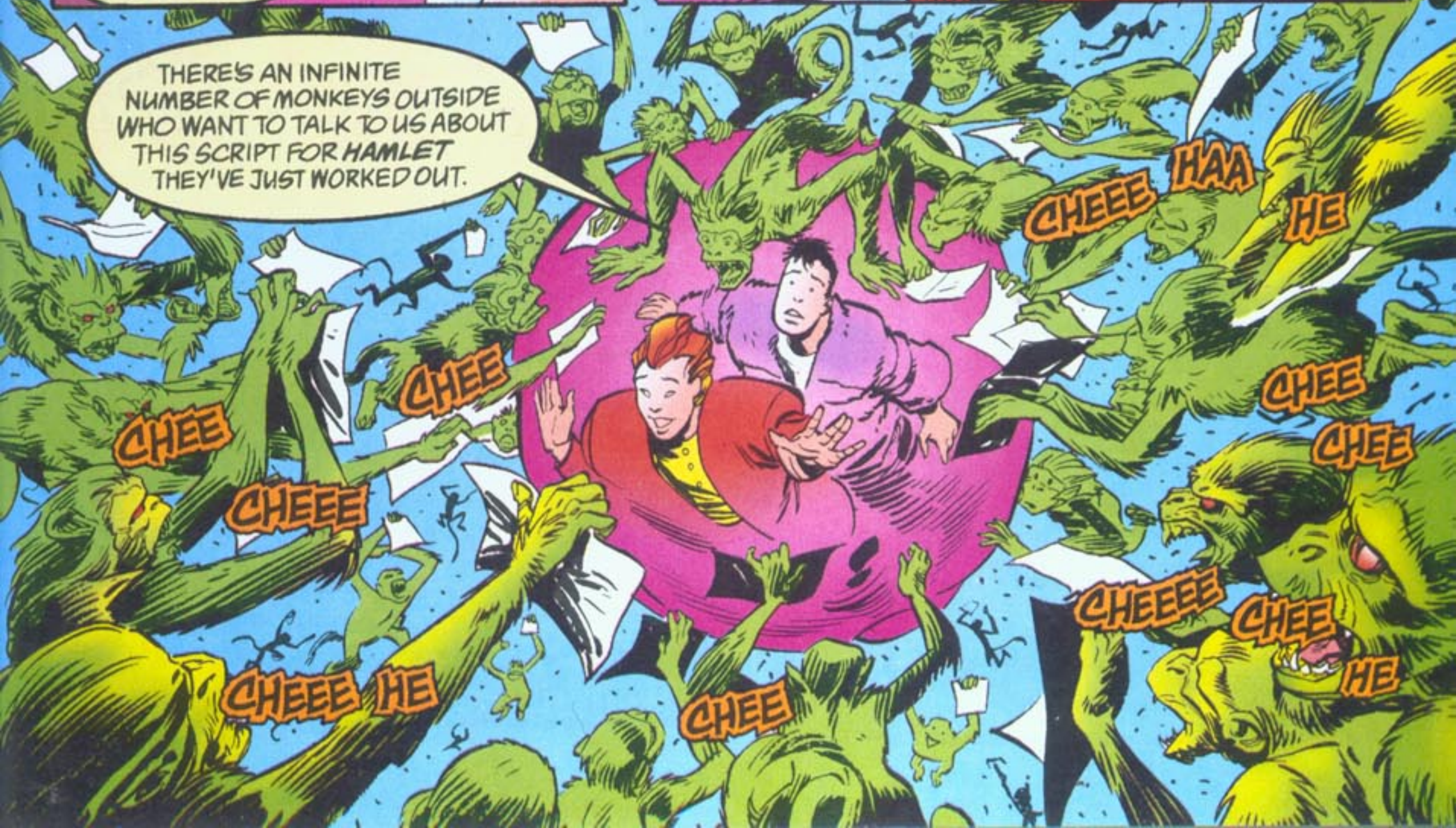
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! I'D HEARD RUMORS ABOUT IT BEFORE! THEY WERE ALL OFFICIALLY DENIED, BUT THEY MUST HAVE DONE IT. THEY'VE BUILT THE IMPROBABILITY DRIVE. ARTHUR THIS IS...

CHEE CHEE HAA HAA CHEE



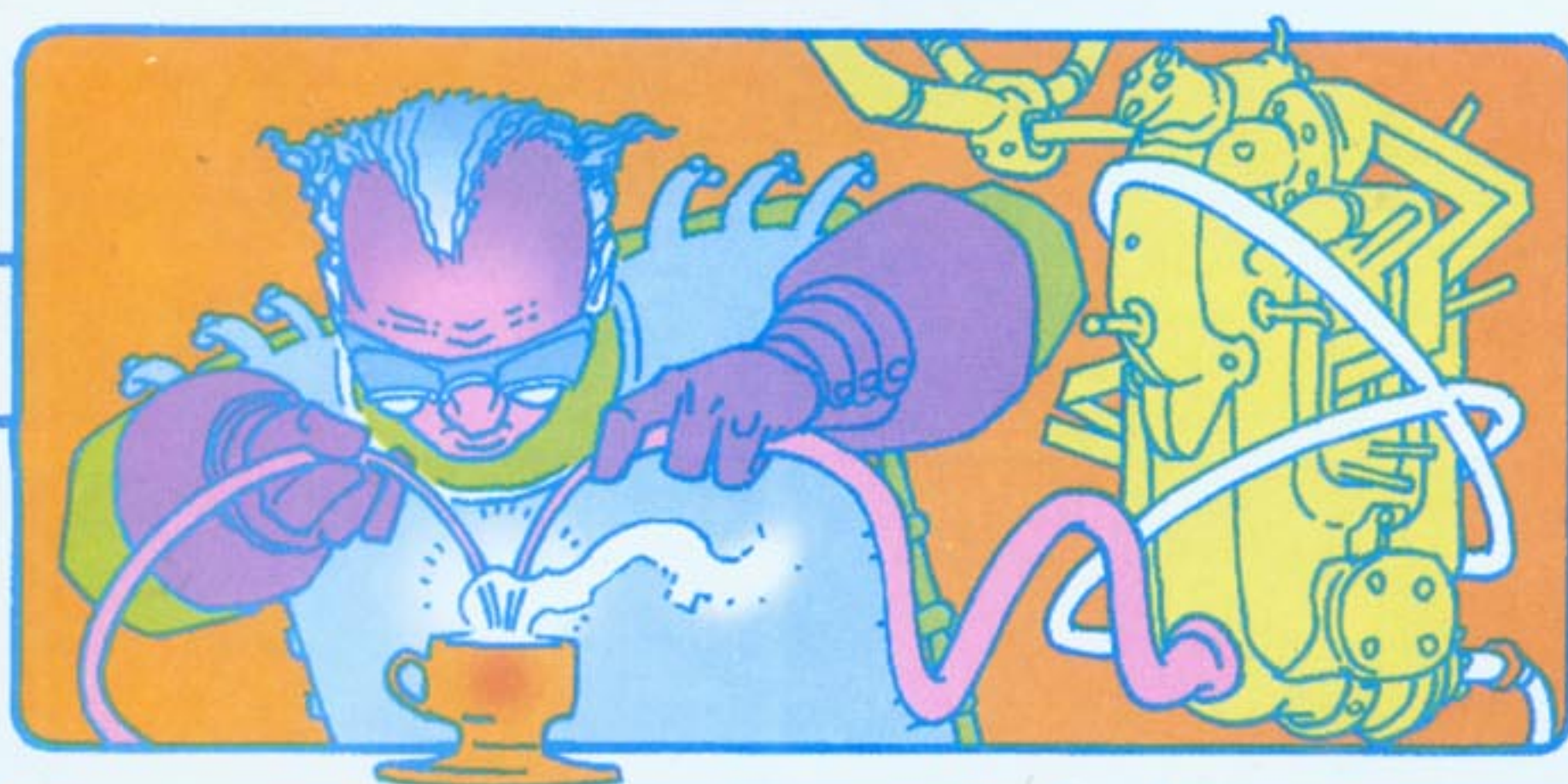
ARTHUR, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THERE'S AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MONKEYS OUTSIDE WHO WANT TO TALK TO US ABOUT THIS SCRIPT FOR HAMLET THEY'VE JUST WORKED OUT.



THE INFINITE IM-
PROBABILITY DRIVE
IS A WONDERFUL NEW
METHOD OF CROSSING
VAST INTERSTELLAR
DISTANCES IN A MERE
NOTHINGTH OF A
SECOND, WITHOUT
ALL THAT TEDIOUS
MUCKING ABOUT IN
HYPERSPACE...

THIS, BRIEFLY, IS THE STORY
OF ITS DISCOVERY...



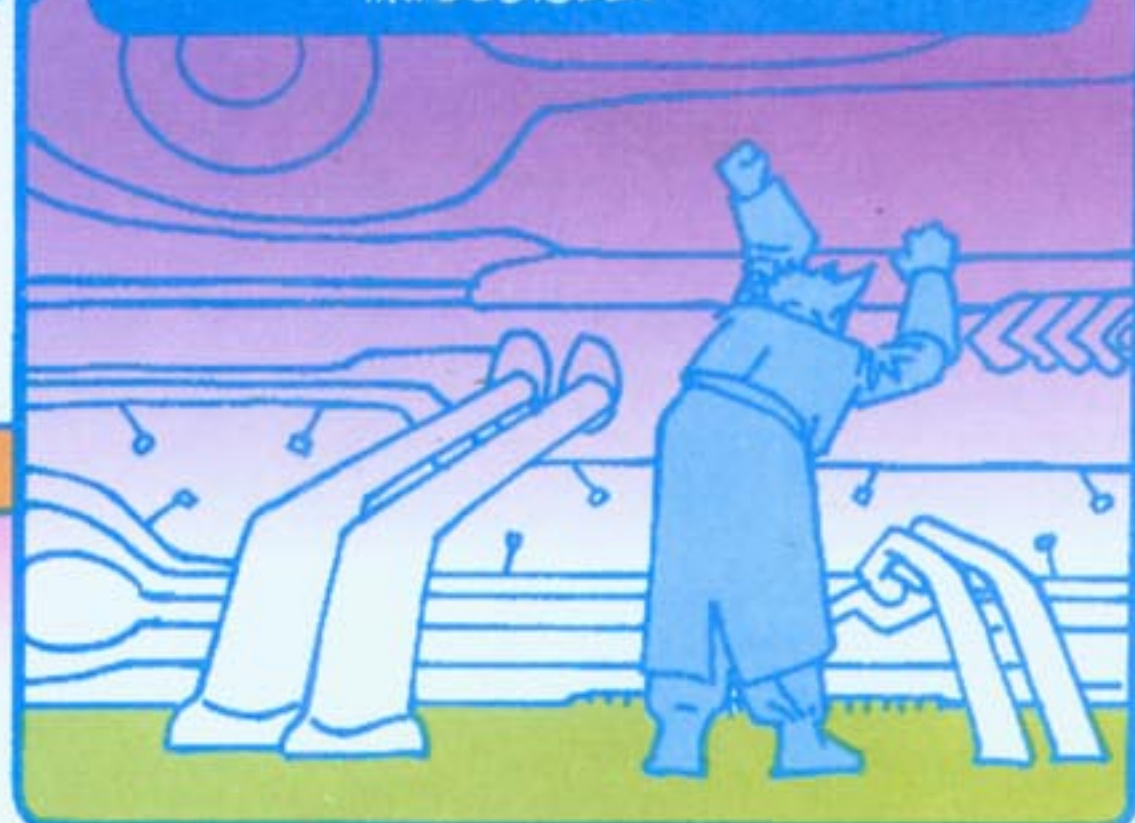
THE PRINCIPLE OF
GENERATING SMALL
AMOUNTS OF FINITE
IMPROBABILITY BY
SIMPLY HOOKING
THE LOGIC CIRCUITS
OF A BAMBLEWEENY
57 SUB-MESON
BRAIN TO AN ATOMIC
VECTOR PLOTTER
SUSPENDED IN A
STRONG BROWNIAN
MOTION PRODUCER...
SAY A NICE HOT CUP
OF TEA... WAS, OF
COURSE, WELL
UNDERSTOOD...

... THEY WERE OFTEN USED TO BREAK THE ICE AT
PARTIES BY MAKING ALL THE MOLECULES IN THE HOSTESS'S
UNDERGARMENTS LEAP SIMULTANEOUSLY ONE FOOT TO
THE LEFT, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE THEORY OF
INDETERMINACY.



MANY RESPECTABLE PHYSICISTS SAID THAT
THEY WERE NOT GOING TO STAND FOR THIS--
PARTLY BECAUSE IT WAS A DEBASEMENT
OF SCIENCE, BUT MOSTLY BECAUSE THEY
DIDN'T GET INVITED TO THOSE SORT OF
PARTIES.

AFTER THE PERPETUAL FAILURE IN
CONSTRUCTING A MACHINE THAT COULD
GENERATE THE INFINITE IMPROBABILITY
FIELD NEEDED TO FLIP A SPACESHIP ACROSS
THE MIND-PARALYZING DISTANCES BETWEEN
THE FURTHEST STARS... IT WAS ANNOUNCED
THAT SUCH A MACHINE WAS VIRTUALLY
IMPOSSIBLE.



THEN, ONE DAY, A STUDENT WHO HAD BEEN LEFT TO SWEEP UP AFTER A PARTICULARLY UNSUCCESSFUL PARTY FOUND HIMSELF REASONING THIS WAY...

IF SUCH A MACHINE IS A VIRTUAL IMPOSSIBILITY, THEN IT MUST LOGICALLY BE A FINITE IMPROBABILITY.

SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IN ORDER TO MAKE ONE IS TO WORK OUT EXACTLY HOW IMPROBABLE IT IS, FEED THAT FIGURE INTO THE FINITE IMPROBABILITY GENERATOR...



... GIVE IT A FRESH CUP OF REALLY HOT TEA... AND TURN IT ON!

HE DID THIS, AND WAS RATHER SHOCKED TO DISCOVER THAT HE'D MANAGED TO CREATE THE LONG SOUGHT AFTER GOLDEN INFINITE IMPROBABILITY GENERATOR OUT OF THIN AIR.



IT STARTLED HIM EVEN MORE WHEN, JUST AFTER HE WAS AWARDED THE GALACTIC INSTITUTE'S PRIZE FOR EXTREME CLEVERNESS, HE GOT LYNCHED BY A MOB OF RESPECTABLE PHYSICISTS WHO HAD FINALLY REALIZED THAT THE ONE THING THEY REALLY COULDN'T STAND WAS A SMARTASS.



THREE TO ONE, AND FALLING... TWO... PROBABILITY FACTOR ONE TO ONE. WE HAVE NORMALITY... I REPEAT, WE HAVE NORMALITY.

ANYTHING YOU STILL CAN'T COPE WITH IS THEREFORE YOUR OWN PROBLEM. PLEASE RELAX, YOU WILL BE SENT FOR SOON.

WHO ARE THEY, TRILLIAN?

JUST A COUPLE OF GUYS WE SEEM TO HAVE PICKED UP IN OPEN SPACE, SECTION ZZ9 PLURAL Z ALPHA.



YEAH, WELL THAT'S A VERY SWEET THOUGHT, TRILLIAN, BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S WISE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES?



WE MUST HAVE THE POLICE OF HALF THE GALAXY AFTER US NOW, AND WE STOP TO PICK UP HITCHHIKERS!

TEN OUT OF TEN FOR STYLE, BUT MINUS SEVERAL MILLION FOR GOOD THINKING, YEAH?



ZAPHOD, THEY WERE FLOATING UNPROTECTED IN OPEN SPACE. YOU WOULDN'T WANT THEM TO HAVE DIED, WOULD YOU?

WELL, YOU KNOW... NO. NOT AS SUCH, BUT...

WELL, MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT HAVE PICKED THEM UP.

ZAPHOD...



...A SECOND LATER AND THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD.

YEAH, SO IF YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THE PROBLEM A BIT LONGER, IT WOULD HAVE GONE AWAY.

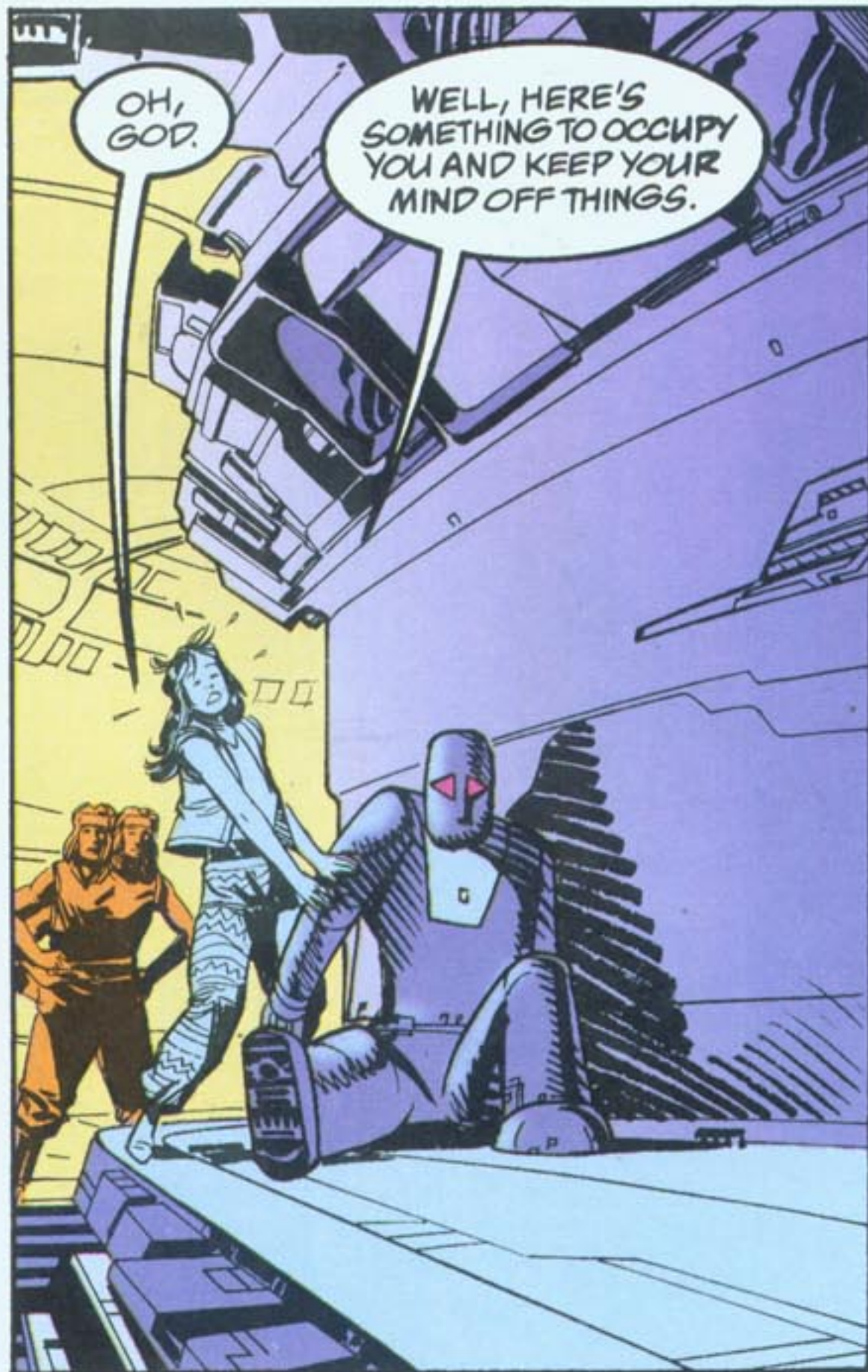
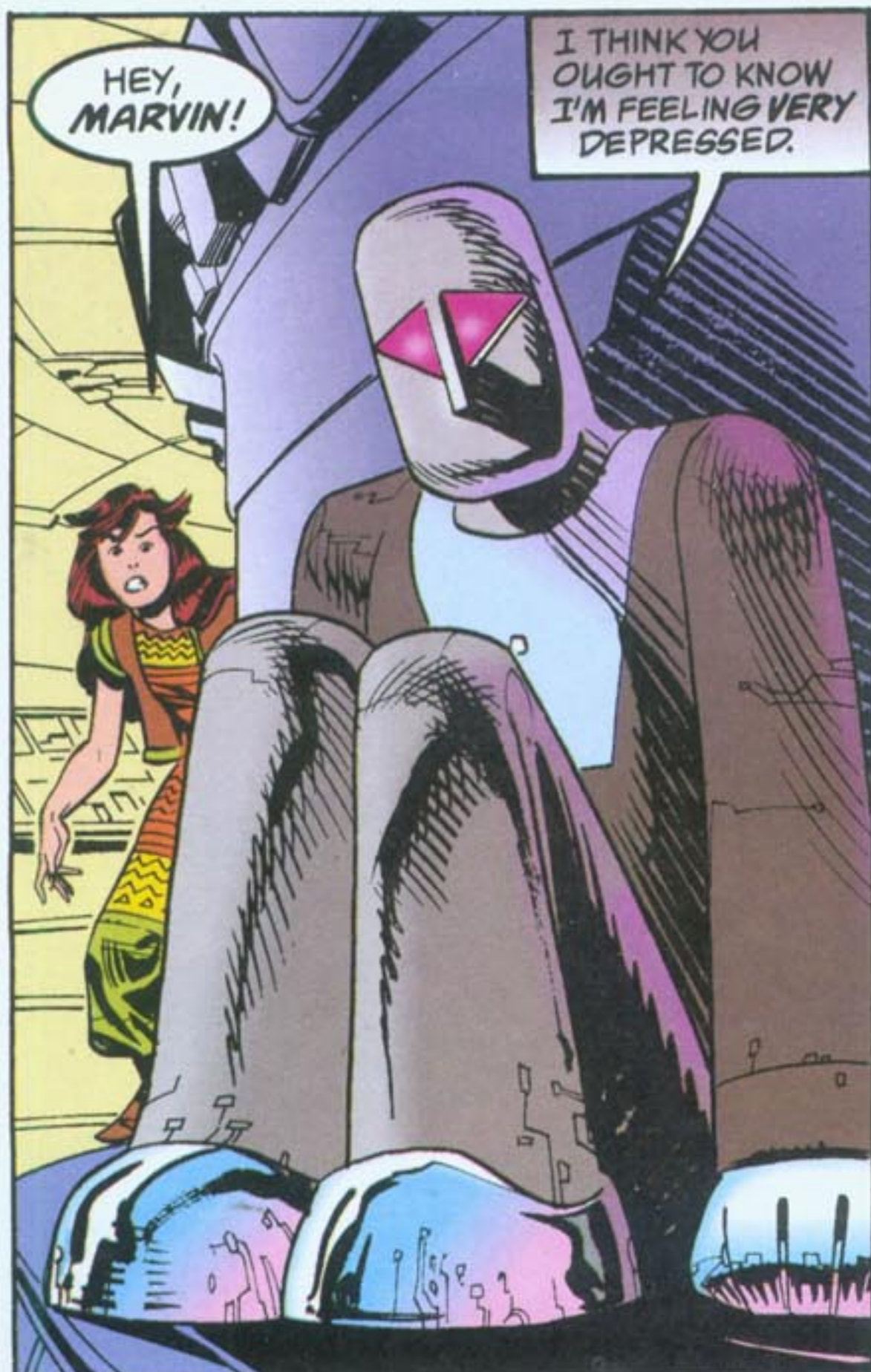


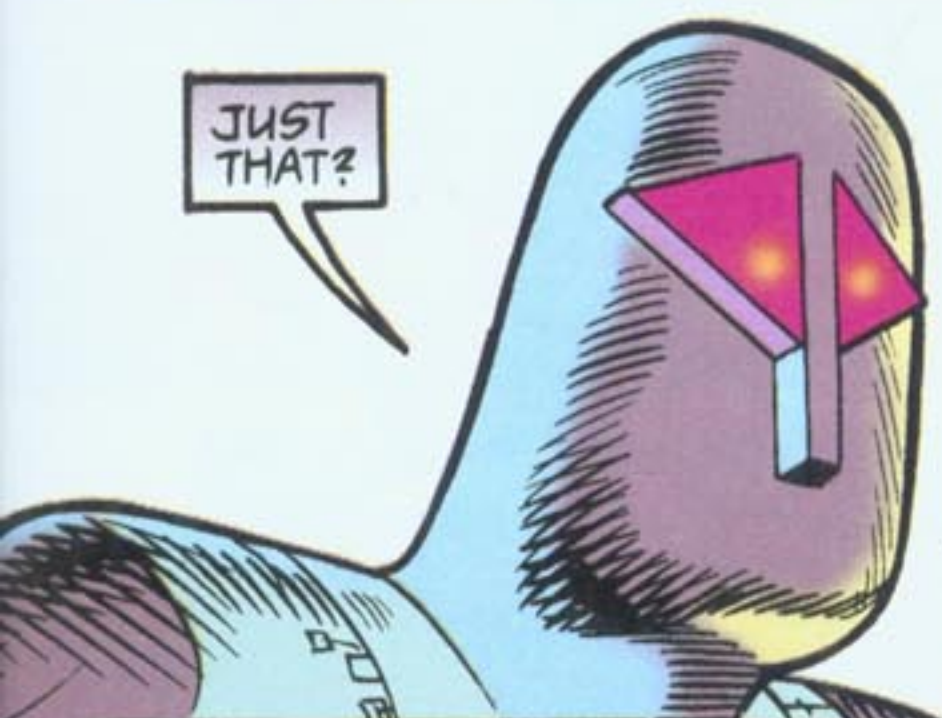
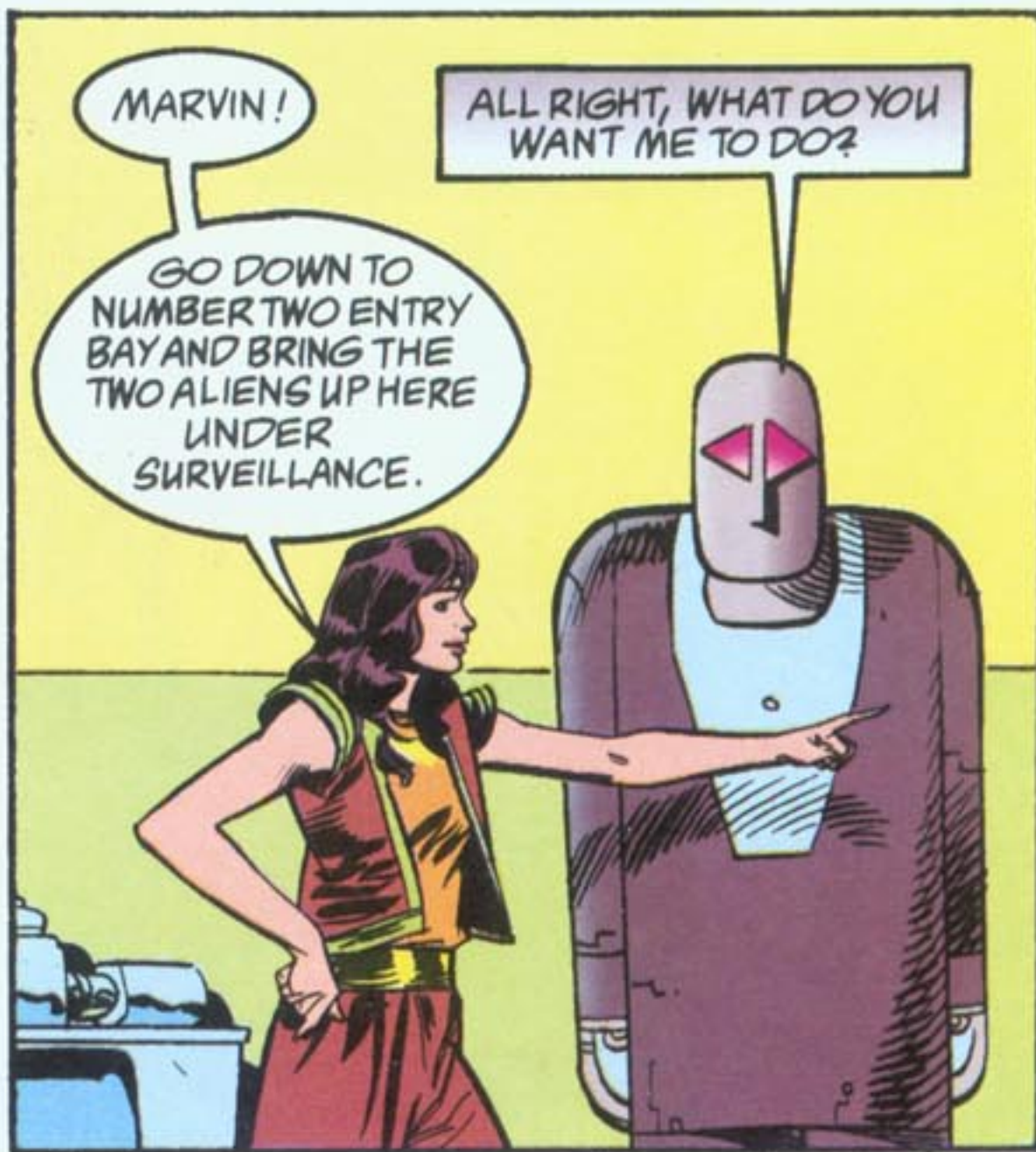
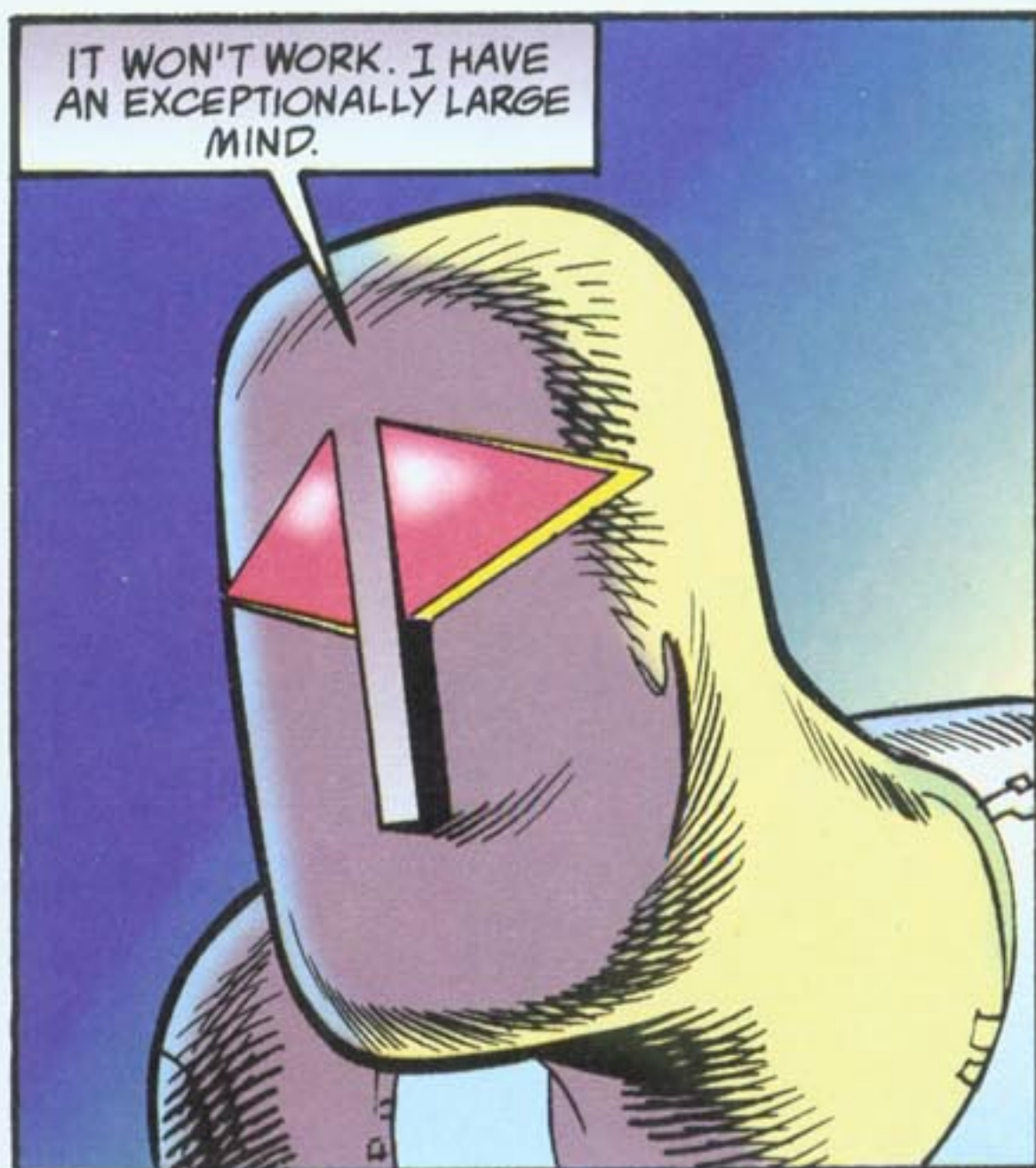
ANYWAY, I DIDN'T PICK THEM UP.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

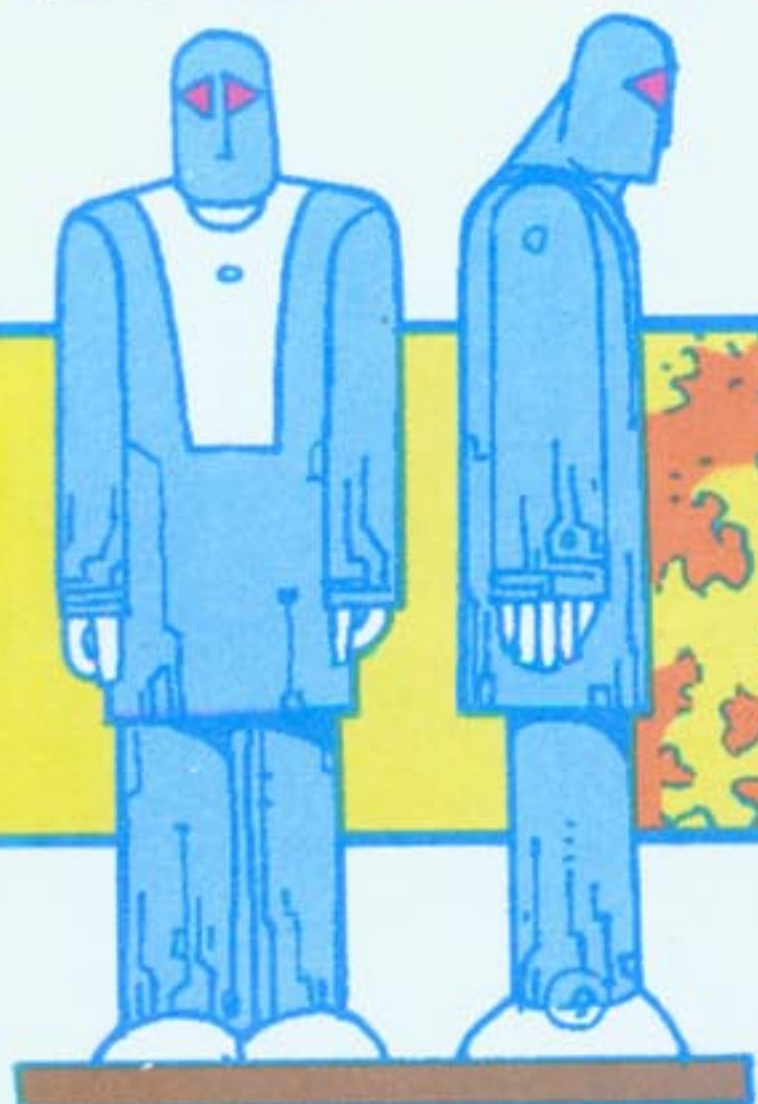
WHO PICKED THEM UP THEN?

THE SHIP DID.





THE ENCYCLOPEDIA GALACTICA
DEFINES A ROBOT AS A MECHANICAL
APPARATUS DESIGNED TO DO THE
WORK OF A MAN.



THE MARKETING DIVISION OF THE
SIRIUS CYBERNETICS CORPORATION
DEFINES A ROBOT AS, "YOUR PLASTIC
PAL WHO'S FUN TO BE WITH."



THE HITCHHIKER'S
GUIDE TO THE
GALAXY DEFINES
THE MARKETING
DIVISION OF THE
SIRIUS CYBERNETICS
CORPORATION AS:

A BUNCH OF MINDLESS JERKS WHO'LL BE FIRST
AGAINST THE WALL WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES!



AN EDITION OF THE
ENCYCLOPEDIA
GALACTICA THAT
HAD THE GOOD
FORTUNE TO FALL
THROUGH A TIME
WARP FROM A
THOUSAND YEARS
IN THE FUTURE,
DEFINED THE
MARKETING DIVISION
OF THE SIRIUS
CYBERNETICS
CORPORATION AS:

TAKKA-TAKKA-TAKKA!

A BUNCH OF MINDLESS JERKS WHO WERE THE FIRST
AGAINST THE WALL WHEN THE REVOLUTION CAME!



MEANWHILE...

I THINK THIS SHIP'S BRAND NEW.

HOW CAN YOU TELL? HAVE YOU GOT SOME EXOTIC DEVICE FOR MEASURING THE AGE OF METAL?

GOLD

NO JUST THIS BR LYING FLO

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MEANWHILE...

I THINK THIS SHIP'S BRAND NEW.

HOW CAN YOU TELL? HAVE YOU GOT SOME EXOTIC DEVICE FOR MEASURING THE AGE OF METAL?

GOLD

NO JUST THIS BR LYING FLO

IT SAYS: SENSATIONAL NEW BREAKTHROUGH IN IMPROBABILITY PHYSICS. AS SOON AS THE SHIP'S DRIVE REACHES INFINITE IMPROBABILITY...

I FOUND A SOUND PICTURE IN THE PAPER!

...IT PASSES THROUGH EVERY POINT IN THE UNIVERSE. WOW, THIS IS BIG-LEAGUE STUFF!

DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON

...IT PASSES THROUGH EVERY POINT IN THE UNIVERSE. WOW, THIS IS BIG-LEAGUE STUFF!

DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON

LISTEN, THEY MAKE A BIG THING ABOUT THE SHIP'S CYBERNETICS, ROBOTS AND COMPUTERS WITH THE NEW GPP FEATURE.

A comic book panel from 'The Simpsons'. On the left, a man in a purple robe (Mr. Burns) stands with a shocked expression. In the center, a man with blonde hair (Mr. Largo) sits in a large brown armchair, wearing a red jacket and orange plaid pants, smiling broadly while holding a large stack of papers. On the right, a pink, tentacle-like alien (Mr. Largo's assistant) is partially visible. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man in the purple robe asking 'GPP FEATURE? WHAT'S THAT?', one from the man in the red jacket replying 'GENUINE PEOPLE PERSONALITIES.', and one from the alien replying 'OH. SOUNDS GHASTLY.'. A fourth speech bubble at the bottom right, coming from an unseen character, says 'IT IS GHASTLY.'.

GPP FEATURE?
WHAT'S THAT?

GENUINE PEOPLE
PERSONALITIES.

OH. SOUNDS
GHASTLY.

IT IS
GHASTLY.

A comic book panel from 'The Simpsons'. On the left, a man in a purple robe (Mr. Burns) stands with a shocked expression. In the center, a man with blonde hair (Mr. Largo) sits in a large brown armchair, wearing a red jacket and orange plaid pants, smiling broadly while holding a large stack of papers. On the right, a pink, tentacle-like alien (Mr. Largo's assistant) is partially visible. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man in the purple robe asking 'GPP FEATURE? WHAT'S THAT?', one from the man in the red jacket replying 'GENUINE PEOPLE PERSONALITIES.', and one from the alien replying 'OH. SOUNDS GHASTLY.'. A fourth speech bubble at the bottom right, coming from an unseen character, says 'IT IS GHASTLY.'.

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A comic book panel from 'The Simpsons' showing Mr. Burns in a purple robe looking shocked while Mr. Largo, a man with a yellow mohawk wearing a red jacket and orange plaid pants, sits in a chair holding a stack of papers. Speech bubbles contain the following dialogue:
Mr. Burns: GPP FEATURE? WHAT'S THAT?
Mr. Largo: GENUINE PEOPLE PERSONALITIES.
Mr. Burns: OH. SOUNDS GHASTLY.
Mr. Largo: IT IS GHASTLY.
The background shows a yellow wall and a window with a starry night sky.

IT'S ALL ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY. ALL THE DOORS IN THIS SPACESHIP HAVE A CHEERFUL AND SUNNY DISPOSITION. IT'S THEIR PLEASURE TO OPEN FOR YOU...



IT'S ALL ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY. ALL THE DOORS IN THIS SPACESHIP HAVE A CHEERFUL AND SUNNY DISPOSITION. IT'S THEIR PLEASURE TO OPEN FOR YOU...



...AND THEIR SATISFACTION
TO CLOSE AGAIN WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE OF A JOB
WELL DONE.

AHHH!

COME ON, I'VE BEEN ORDERED
TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE
BRIDGE. HERE I AM, BRAIN THE
SIZE OF A PLANET, AND THEY ASK
ME TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE
BRIDGE...

...CALL THAT JOB
SATISFACTION?
CAUSE I DON'T.

ERR, EXCUSE ME,
WHICH GOVERNMENT
OWNS THIS SHIP?

NO GOVERNMENT OWNS IT,
IT'S BEEN STOLEN. OH NO, I
HATE THIS DOOR.

STOLEN?
WHO BY?

HY
UM
MM
MM
MM
MM

ZAPHOD
BEEBLEBROX.

ZAPHOD
BEEBLEBROX?!

OH GOD, I'M SO DEPRESSED. HERE'S ANOTHER
OF THOSE SELF-SATISFIED DOORS. LIFE! DON'T
TALK TO ME ABOUT LIFE!

ZAPHOD!

FORD,
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

THE BIG NEWS STORY TONIGHT IS THE SENSATIONAL THEFT OF THE NEW IMPROBABILITY DRIVE PROTOTYPE...

...RECENTLY VOTED THE WORST DRESSED SENTIENT BEING IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE FOR THE SEVENTH TIME zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

HEY, TRILLIAN! WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?

CLICK

...BY NONE OTHER THAN THE MAN ONCE DESCRIBED BY ECCENTRICA GALLUMBITS AS THE BEST BANG SINCE THE BIG ONE, ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX...

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...BY NONE OTHER THAN THE MAN ONCE DESCRIBED BY ECCENTRICA GALLUMBITS AS THE BEST BANG SINCE THE BIG ONE, ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX...

I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING, ZAPHOD.

CAN V YOUR E MOMEN IMPOR

YEAH, WORTH INTERRUPTING A NEWS BULLETIN ABOUT ME?

I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING, ZAPHOD.

CAN V YOUR E MOMEN IMPOR

YEAH, WORTH INTERRUPTING A NEWS BULLETIN ABOUT ME?

I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING, ZAPHOD.

CAN V YOUR E MOMEN IMPOR

YEAH, WORTH INTERRUPTING A NEWS BULLETIN ABOUT ME?

THE DROP
O FOR A
THIS IS
ANT.

HEY! IF THERE'S ANYTHING
MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY
EGO AROUND, I WANT IT
CAUGHT AND SHOT NOW!

WE PICKED UP THOSE GUYS IN SECTOR ZZ 9 PLURAL Z ALPHA.

WELL, DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

ZZ 9 PLURAL Z ALPHA!

WE PICKED UP THOSE GUYS IN SECTOR ZZ 9 PLURAL Z ALPHA.

WELL, DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

ZZ 9 PLURAL Z ALPHA!

WE PICKED UP THOSE GUYS IN SECTOR ZZ 9 PLURAL Z ALPHA.

WELL, DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

ZZ 9 PLURAL Z ALPHA!

ER... WHAT DOES THE Z MEAN?

WHICH ONE?

ANY ONE?

ER... WHAT DOES THE Z MEAN?

WHICH ONE?

ANY ONE?

ER... WHAT DOES THE Z MEAN?

WHICH ONE?

ANY ONE?



I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU. THERE, RIGHT THERE.

HEY...YEAH!

WELL?

WELL WHAT?



IT'S THE SAME SECTOR YOU ORIGINALLY PICKED ME UP IN.

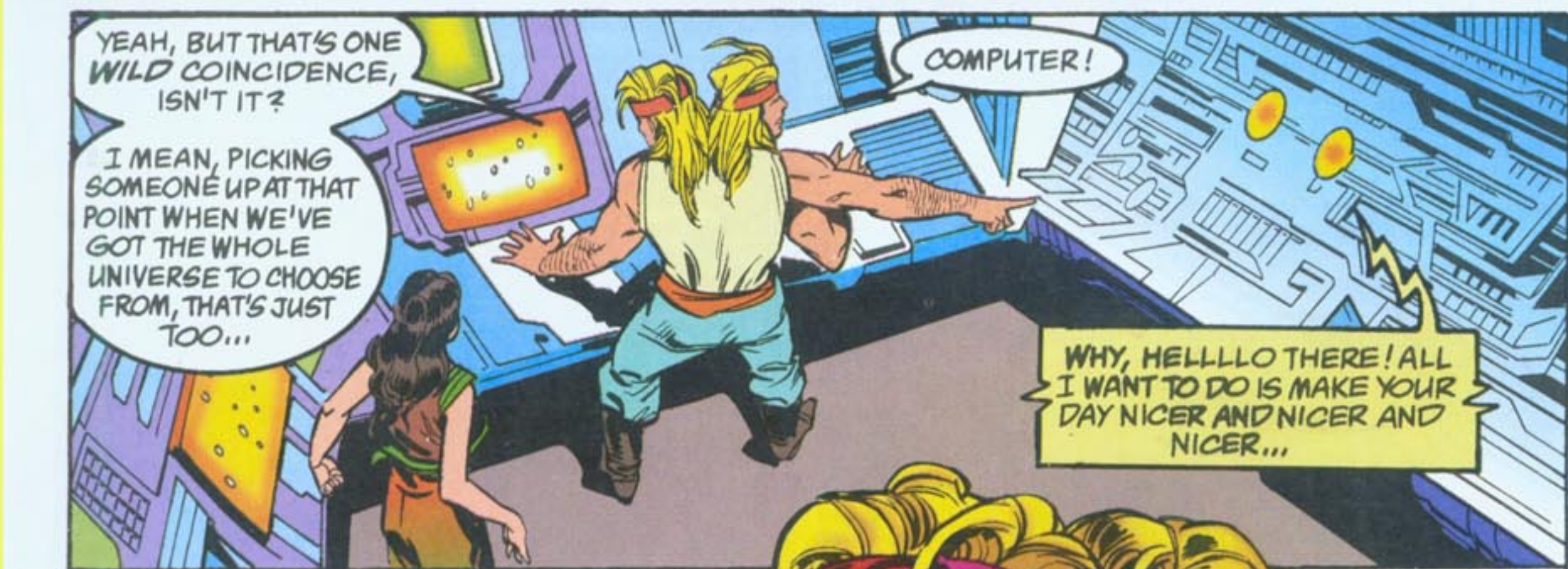
HEYYYY, NOW THAT'S WILD!



WE SHOULD HAVE ZAPPED STRAIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE HORSEHEAD NEBULA. HOW DID WE COME TO BE THERE?

THAT'S NOWHERE!

IMPROBABILITY DRIVE. YOU EXPLAINED IT TO ME YOURSELF. WE PASS THROUGH EVERY POINT IN THE UNIVERSE, YOU KNOW THAT.



YEAH, BUT THAT'S ONE WILD COINCIDENCE, ISN'T IT?

I MEAN, PICKING SOMEONE UP AT THAT POINT WHEN WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE UNIVERSE TO CHOOSE FROM, THAT'S JUST TOO...

COMPUTER!

WHY, HELLLLO THERE! ALL I WANT TO DO IS MAKE YOUR DAY NICER AND NICER AND NICER...



YEAH, WELL SHUT UP AND WORK SOMETHING OUT FOR ME!



SURE THING, YOU WANT
A PROBABILITY FORECAST
BASED ON...

IMPROBABILITY
DATA, YEAH.



OKAY, HERE'S AN INTERESTING
LITTLE NOTION. DID YOU
REALIZE THAT MOST PEOPLE'S
LIVES ARE GOVERNED BY
TELEPHONE NUMBERS?



DID
THAT THING SAY
TELEPHONE
NUMBERS?

YEAH, IT'S
FLIPPED.



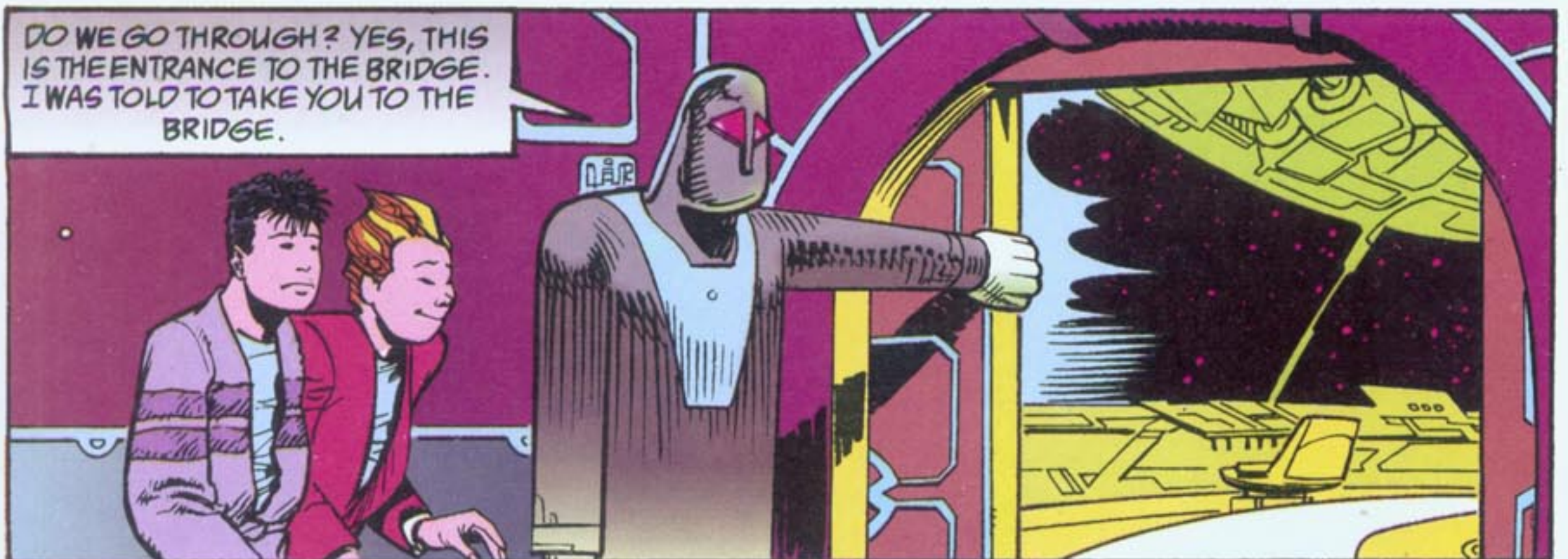
I WAS ABOUT
TO SAY...

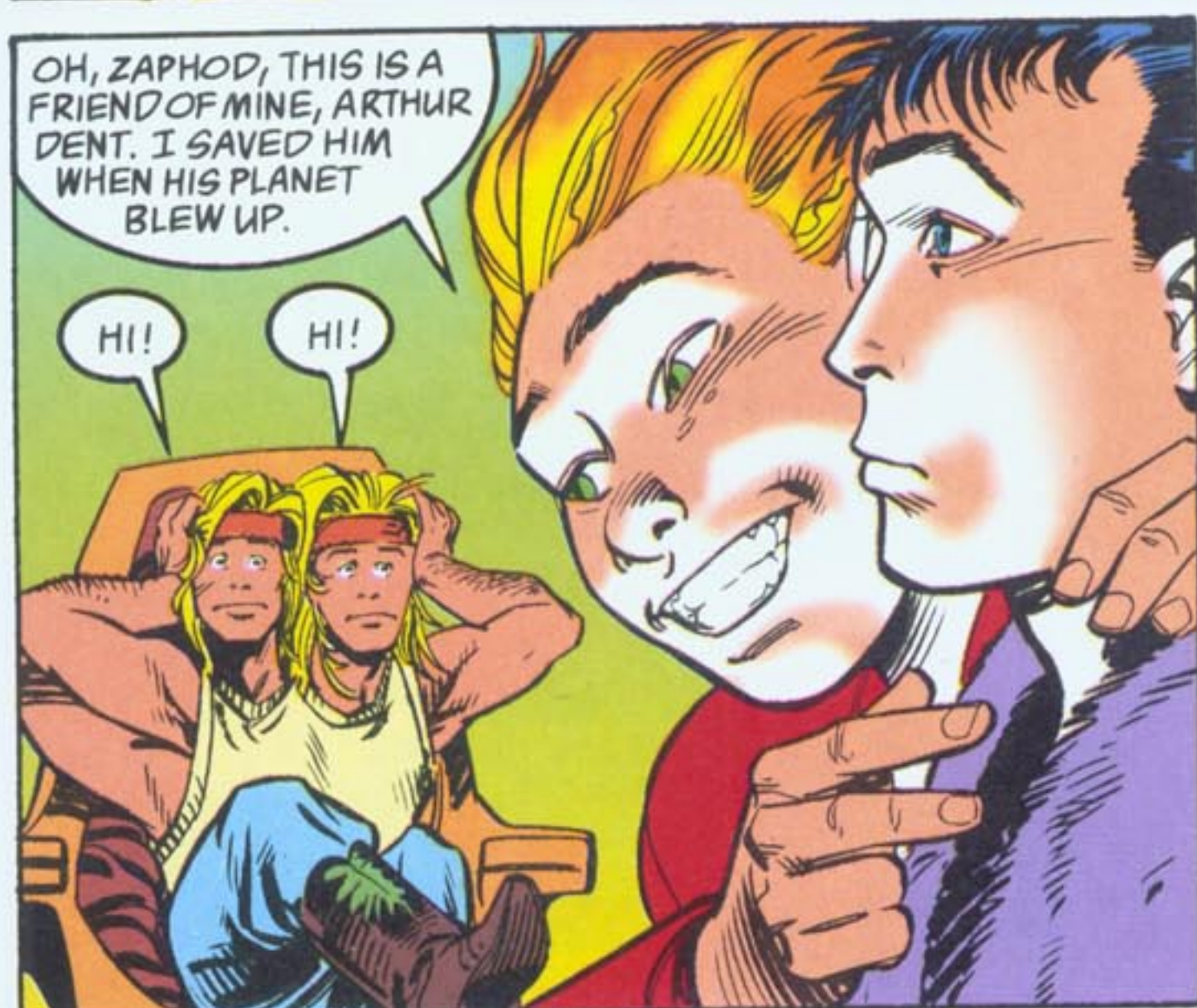
DON'T
BOTHER,
PLEASE.

LOOK, WHAT
IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING
ON?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT THOSE
ALIENS--THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY
UP TO THE BRIDGE WITH THAT
WRETCHED ROBOT. CAN WE
PICK THEM UP ON THE
MONITORS?







...I'D BEEN TRYING TO GET ON WITH HER ALL EVENING. SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, CHARMING, DEVASTATINGLY INTELLIGENT...

...AT LAST I'D GOT HER TO MYSELF AND WAS PLYING HER WITH A BIT OF TALK...

...WHEN THIS FRIEND OF YOURS BARGES UP AND...

HEY DOLL, IS THIS GUY BORING YOU? WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO ME INSTEAD...

...I'M FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET!

ZAPHOD?

YES, HE ONLY HAD THE TWO ARMS AND THE ONE HEAD AND CALLED HIMSELF PHIL, BUT...

BUT YOU MUST ADMIT, HE DID TURN OUT TO BE FROM ANOTHER PLANET.

TRICIA McMILLAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SAME AS YOU, I HITCHED A LIFT. AFTER ALL, WITH DEGREES IN MATH, AND ASTROPHYSICS, WHAT ELSE WAS THERE TO DO?

IT WAS EITHER THAT OR THE SOCIAL SECURITY QUEUES AGAIN ON MONDAY!

TRILLIAN, IS THIS SORT OF THING GOING TO HAPPEN EVERY TIME WE USE THE IMPROBABILITY DRIVE?

QUITE PROBABLY, I'M AFRAID.

DURING THE SHIP'S ARTIFICIAL NIGHT...

WE WE WE WE WE WE

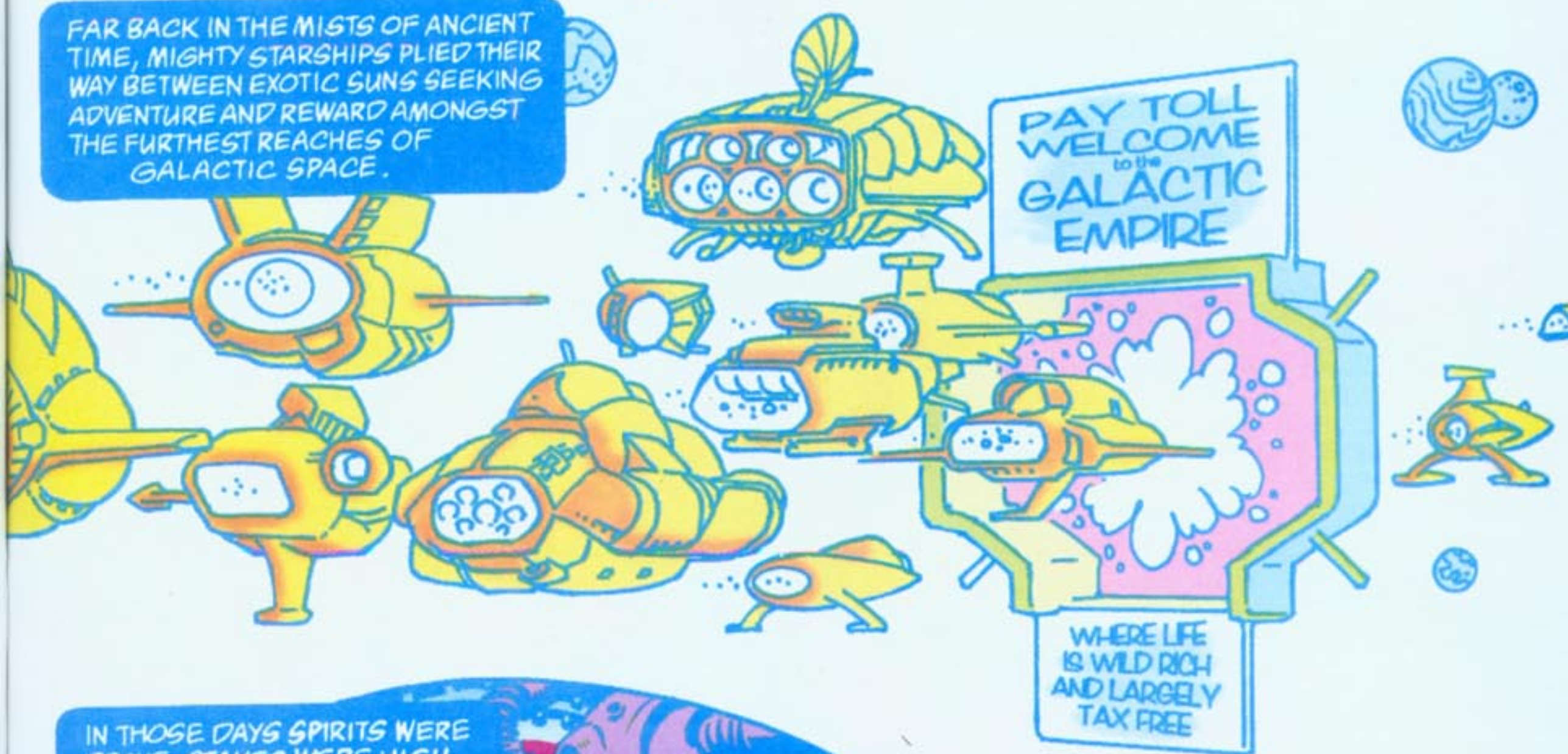
A close-up comic book panel of a young woman with short brown hair, looking surprised. A speech bubble above her head says "HUH?". The artwork uses heavy black lines and cross-hatching for shading, with a color palette dominated by blues and yellows.

A comic book panel from 'The Vampire Diaries'. A man and a woman are sleeping in a bed. A ghostly figure with a crown of thorns stands behind the bed. A speech bubble from the woman says 'YEAH?'. Onomatopoeic text 'TAP TAP' is in the top right corner.

HUMMMM.YEAH-OKAY.

ZAPHOD. I THINK WE JUST FOUND WHAT WE CAME LOOKING FOR!

FAR BACK IN THE MISTS OF ANCIENT TIME, MIGHTY STARSHIPS PLIED THEIR WAY BETWEEN EXOTIC SUNS SEEKING ADVENTURE AND REWARD AMONGST THE FURTHEST REACHES OF GALACTIC SPACE.

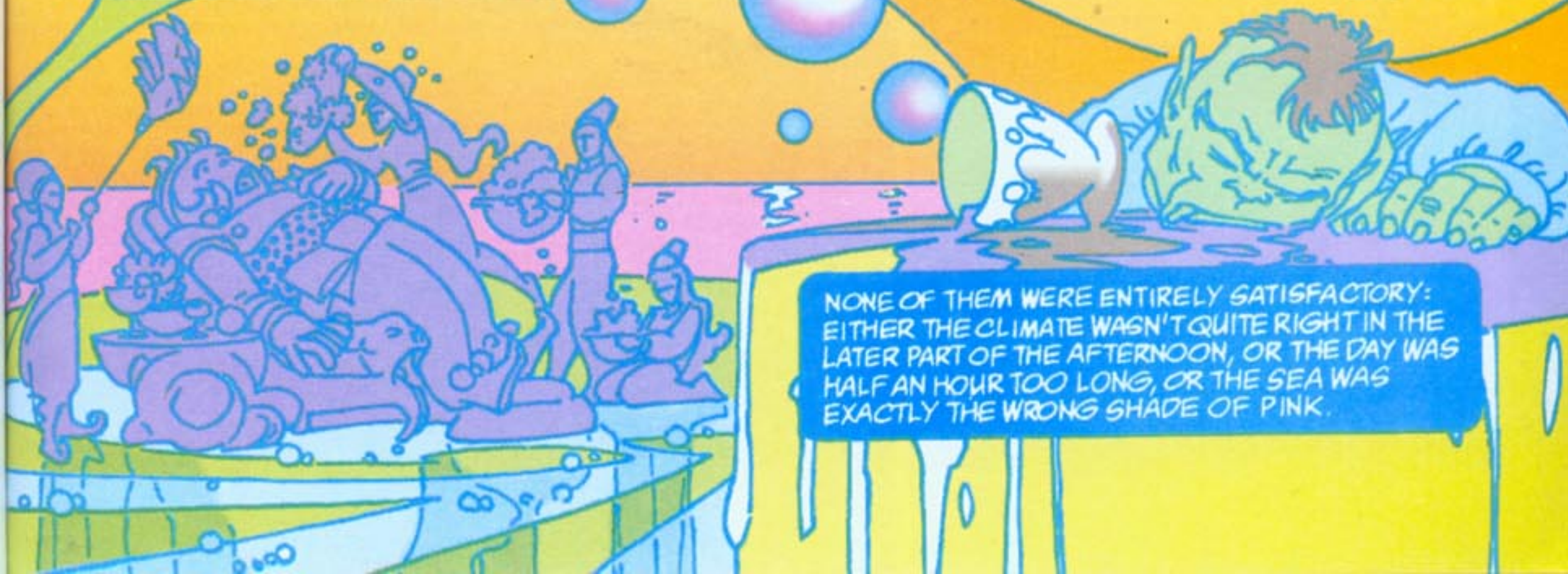


IN THOSE DAYS SPIRITS WERE BRAVE, STAKES WERE HIGH. MEN WERE REAL MEN AND WOMEN WERE REAL WOMEN...



THE EMPIRE WAS THUS FORGED, AND MANY BECAME EXTREMELY RICH... BUT THIS WAS PERFECTLY NATURAL AND NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF BECAUSE NO ONE WAS REALLY POOR--AT LEAST NO ONE WORTH SPEAKING OF.

FOR THE RICHEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL, LIFE BECAME RATHER DULL AND NIGGLY... THEY BEGAN TO IMAGINE THAT THIS WAS THE FAULT OF THE WORLDS THEY'D SETTLED ON.



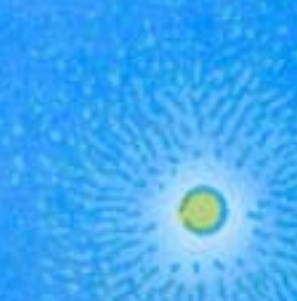
NONE OF THEM WERE ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY: EITHER THE CLIMATE WASN'T QUITE RIGHT IN THE LATER PART OF THE AFTERNOON, OR THE DAY WAS HALF AN HOUR TOO LONG, OR THE SEA WAS EXACTLY THE WRONG SHADE OF PINK.

THUS WERE CREATED THE CONDITIONS FOR A STAGGERING NEW FORM OF SPECIALIZED INDUSTRY: CUSTOM-MADE PLANET BUILDING, THE HOME OF WHICH WAS THE PLANET MAGRATHEA.

HERE, HYPERSPATIAL ENGINEERS SUCKED MATTER THROUGH WHITE HOLES IN SPACE TO FORM IT INTO DREAM PLANETS -- ALL LOVINGLY MADE TO MEET THE EXACTING STANDARDS THAT THE GALAXY'S RICHEST MEN CAME TO EXPECT.



BUT SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THIS VENTURE THAT MAGRATHEA ITSELF BECAME THE RICHEST PLANET OF ALL TIME... AND THE REST OF THE GALAXY WAS REDUCED TO ABJECT POVERTY.



THE SYSTEM BROKE DOWN AND THE EMPIRE COLLAPSED AND MAGRATHEA ITSELF DISAPPEARED -- AND ITS MEMORY SOON PASSED INTO THE OBSCURITY OF LEGEND.

IN THESE ENLIGHTENED DAYS OF COURSE... NO ONE BELIEVES A WORD OF IT!

YOU'RE CRAZY, ZAPHOD, MAGRATHEA IS A MYTH, A FAIRY STORY. IT'S WHAT PARENTS TELL THEIR KIDS ABOUT AT NIGHT WHEN THEY DON'T WANT THEM TO GROW UP AND BECOME ECONOMISTS.

BUT THAT'S WHAT WE'RE CURRENTLY IN ORBIT AROUND.

LOOK, I CAN'T HELP WHAT YOU MAY PERSONALLY BE IN ORBIT AROUND, BUT THIS SHIP'S...

COMPUTER!

OH, NO.

HI THERE! THIS IS EDDIE YOUR SHIPBOARD COMPUTER, AND I'M FEELING JUST GREAT, AND I KNOW I'M GOING TO GET A BUNDLE OF KICKS OUT OF ANY PROGRAM YOU CARE TO RUN THROUGH ME.

COMPUTER, TELL US AGAIN WHAT OUR PRESENT TRAJECTORY IS.

A REAL PLEASURE, FELLA. WE'RE CURRENTLY IN ORBIT AT AN ALTITUDE OF THREE HUNDRED MILES AROUND THE LEGENDARY PLANET OF MAGRATHEA.

PROVING NOTHING. I WOULDN'T TRUST THAT COMPUTER TO SPEAK MY WEIGHT.

I CAN DO THAT FOR YOU, SURE...

ZAPHOD, LOOK, I'M NOT ARGUING WITH ANYONE. I WOULDN'T KNOW MAGRATHEA FROM ANY OTHER LUMP OF ROCK... IT'S JUST THAT DAWN'S COMING UP IF YOU WANT TO...

OKAY, OKAY... LET'S GIVE OUR EYES A GOOD TIME.

COMPUTER!

HI THERE! WHAT CAN I...

JUST SHUT UP AND GIVE US A VIEW OF THE PLANET.



ONLY THREE HUNDRED MILES BELOW US... IS THE SURFACE OF MAGRATHEA.

YOU HOPE.



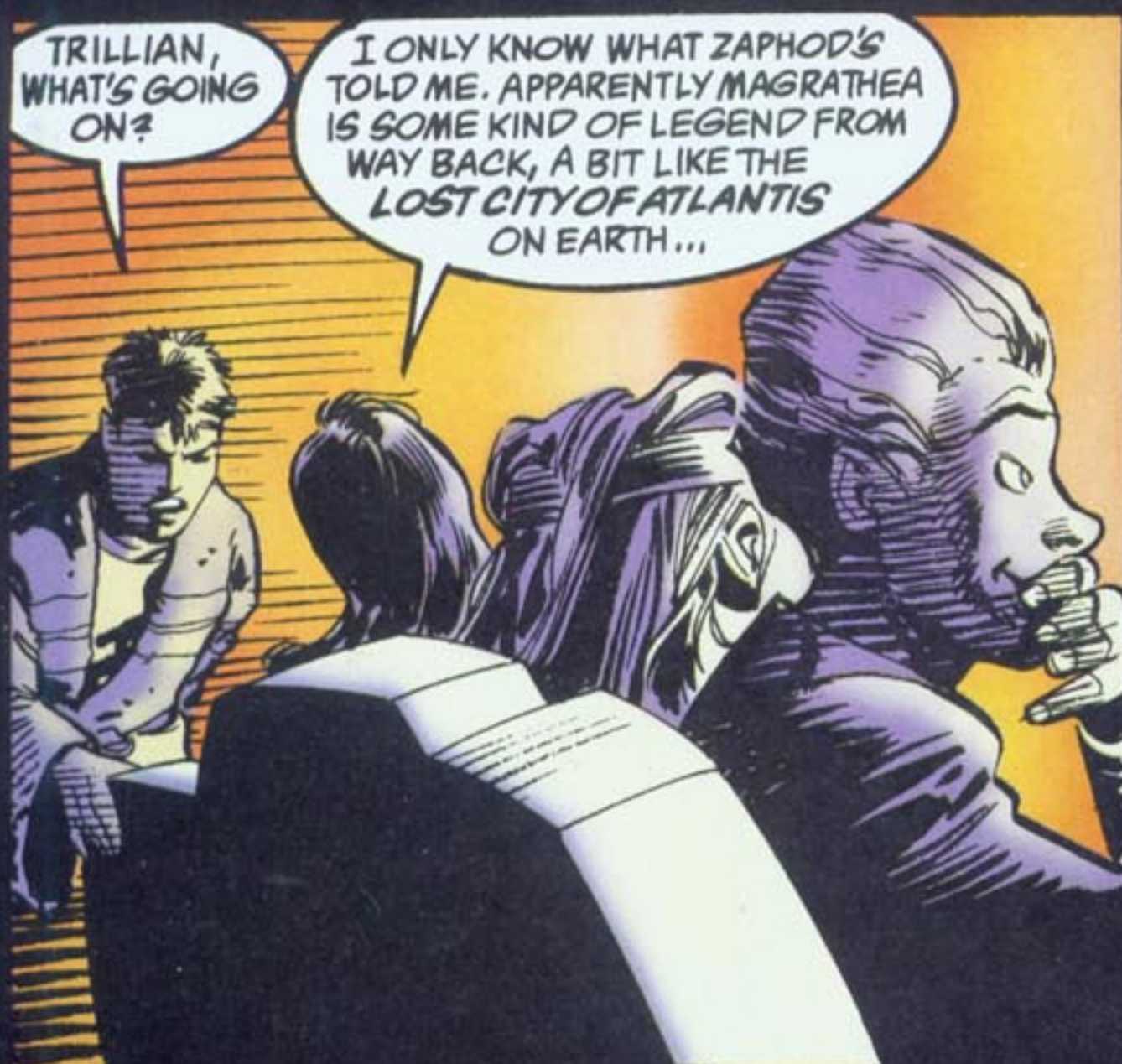
BEHOLD THE FIRES OF DAWN...



...THE TWIN SUNS OF SOULIANIS AND RHAM...

OR WHAT-EVER.

SOULIANIS AND RHAM!



TRILLIAN, WHAT'S GOING ON?

I ONLY KNOW WHAT ZAPHOD'S TOLD ME. APPARENTLY MAGRATHEA IS SOME KIND OF LEGEND FROM WAY BACK, A BIT LIKE THE LOST CITY OF ATLANTIS ON EARTH...



...EXCEPT THE MAGRATHEANS USED TO MANUFACTURE PLANETS.

IS THERE ANY TEA ON THIS SPACESHIP?



WELL, SUPPOSING IT IS MAGRATHEA ...

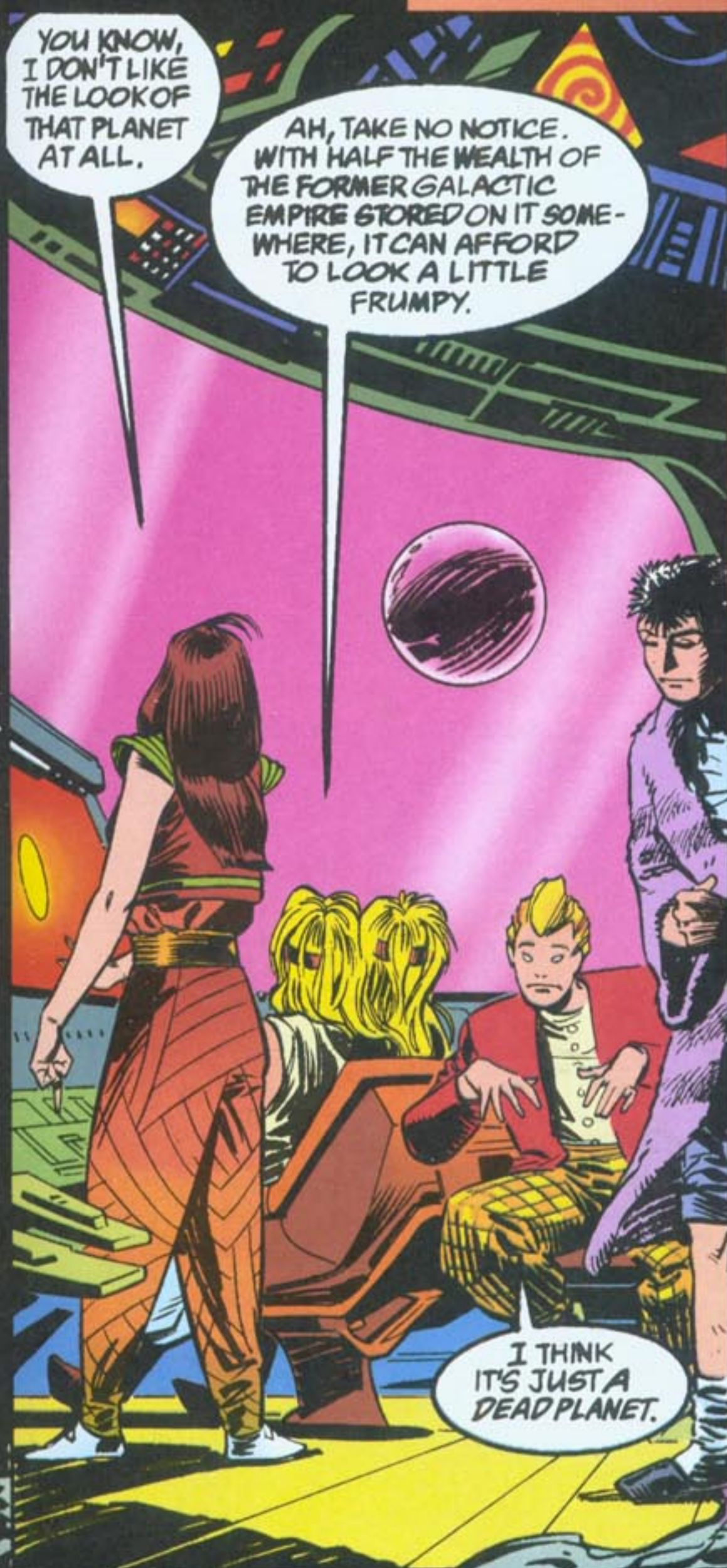
IT IS.

...WHICH IT ISN'T, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH IT ANYWAY? THERE'S NOTHING THERE.



WELL, IT'S PARTLY THE CURIOSITY, PARTLY A SENSE OF ADVENTURE ...

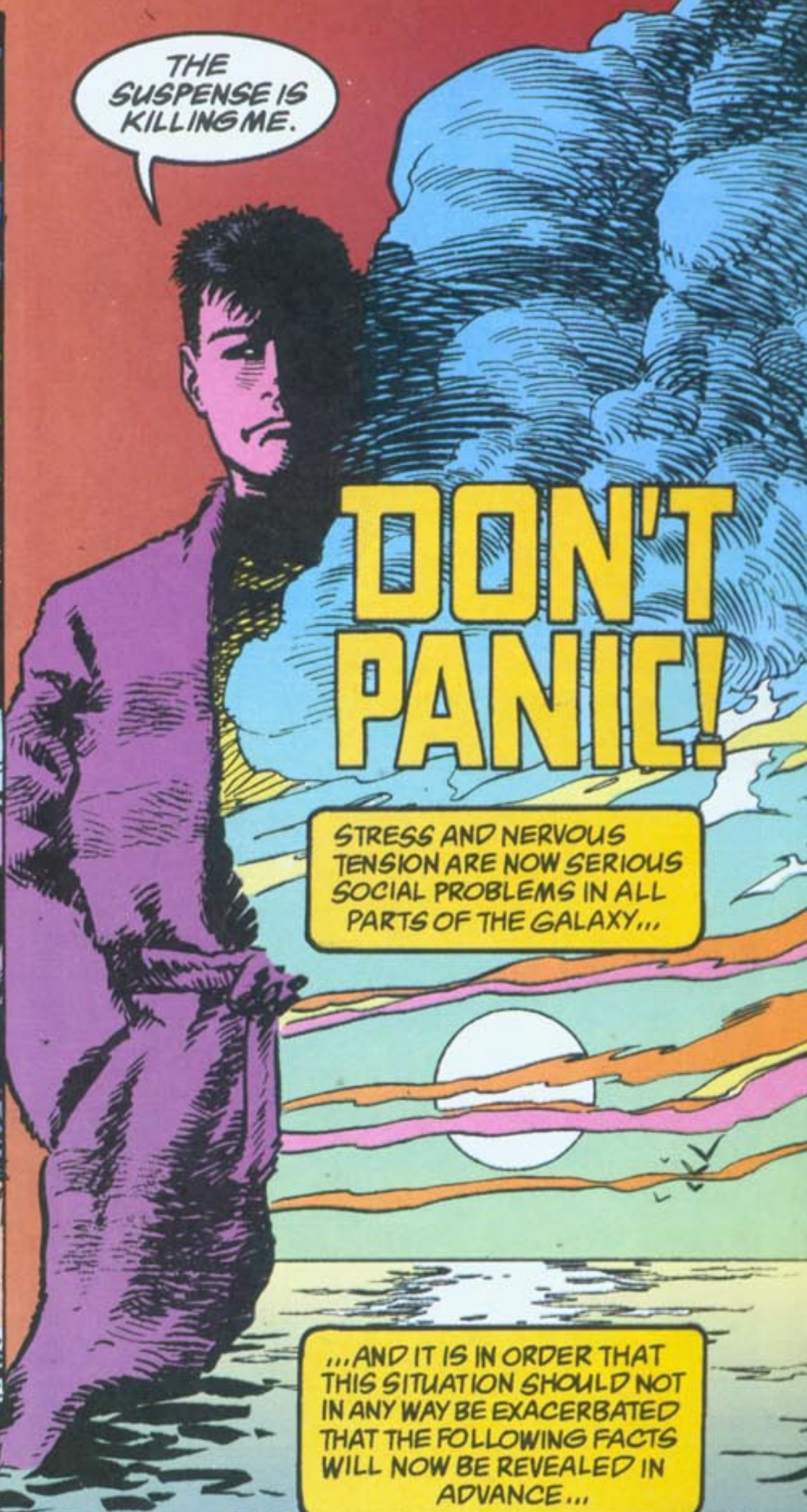
... BUT MOSTLY I THINK IT'S THE FAME AND THE MONEY.



YOU KNOW, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT PLANET AT ALL.

AH, TAKE NO NOTICE. WITH HALF THE WEALTH OF THE FORMER GALACTIC EMPIRE STORED ON IT SOMEWHERE, IT CAN AFFORD TO LOOK A LITTLE FRUMPY.

I THINK IT'S JUST A DEAD PLANET.



THE SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME.

DON'T PANIC!

STRESS AND NERVOUS TENSION ARE NOW SERIOUS SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN ALL PARTS OF THE GALAXY...

...AND IT IS IN ORDER THAT THIS SITUATION SHOULD NOT IN ANY WAY BE EXACERBATED THAT THE FOLLOWING FACTS WILL NOW BE REVEALED IN ADVANCE...

THE PLANET IN
QUESTION IS IN FACT
THE LEGENDARY
MAGRATHEA...



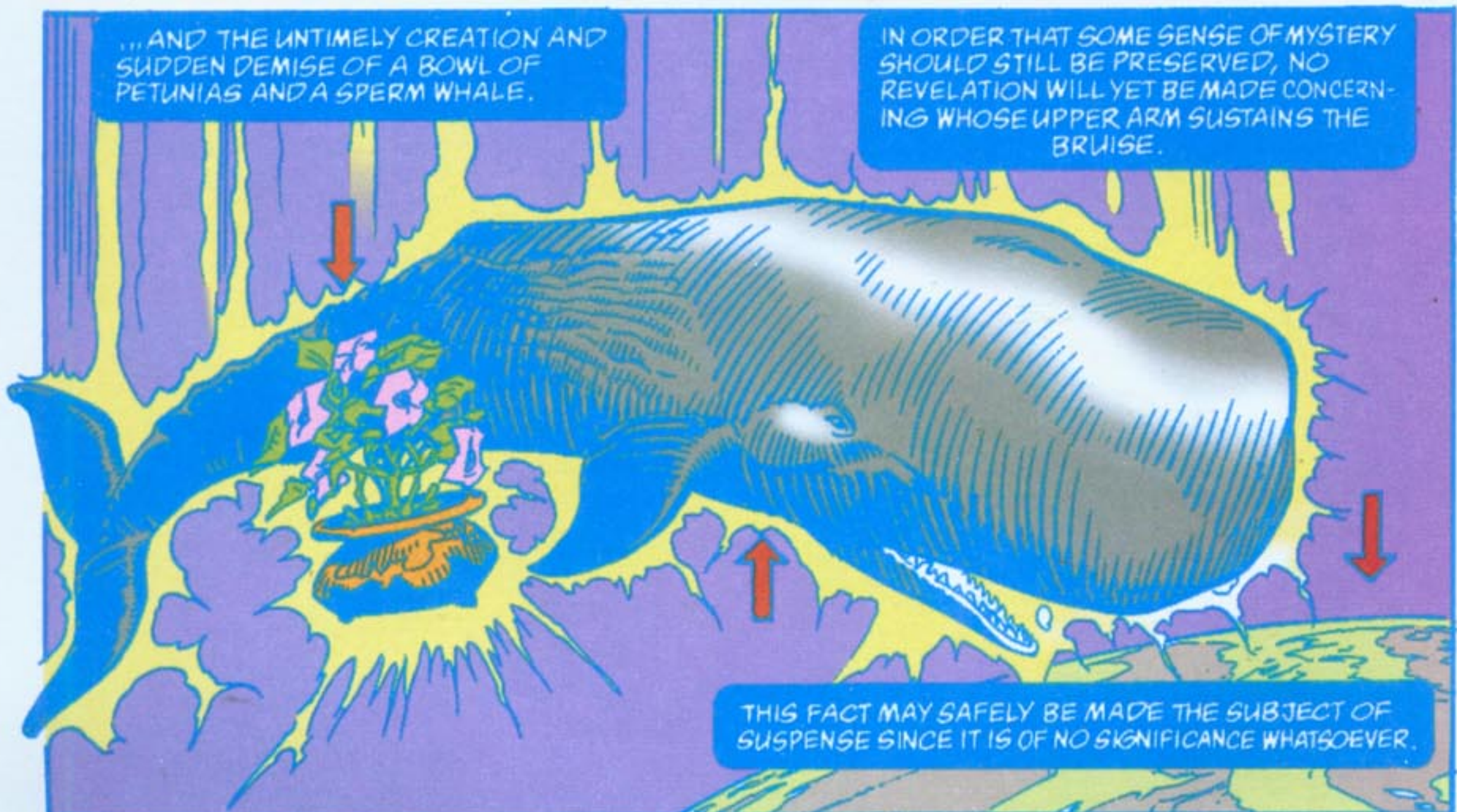
THE DEADLY MISSILE ATTACK
SHORTLY TO BE LAUNCHED BY AN
ANCIENT AUTOMATIC DEFENSE SYSTEM...

...WILL RESULT IN THE BREAKAGE
OF THREE COFFEE CUPS AND A
MOUSE CAGE, THE BRUISING OF
SOMEBODY'S UPPER ARM...

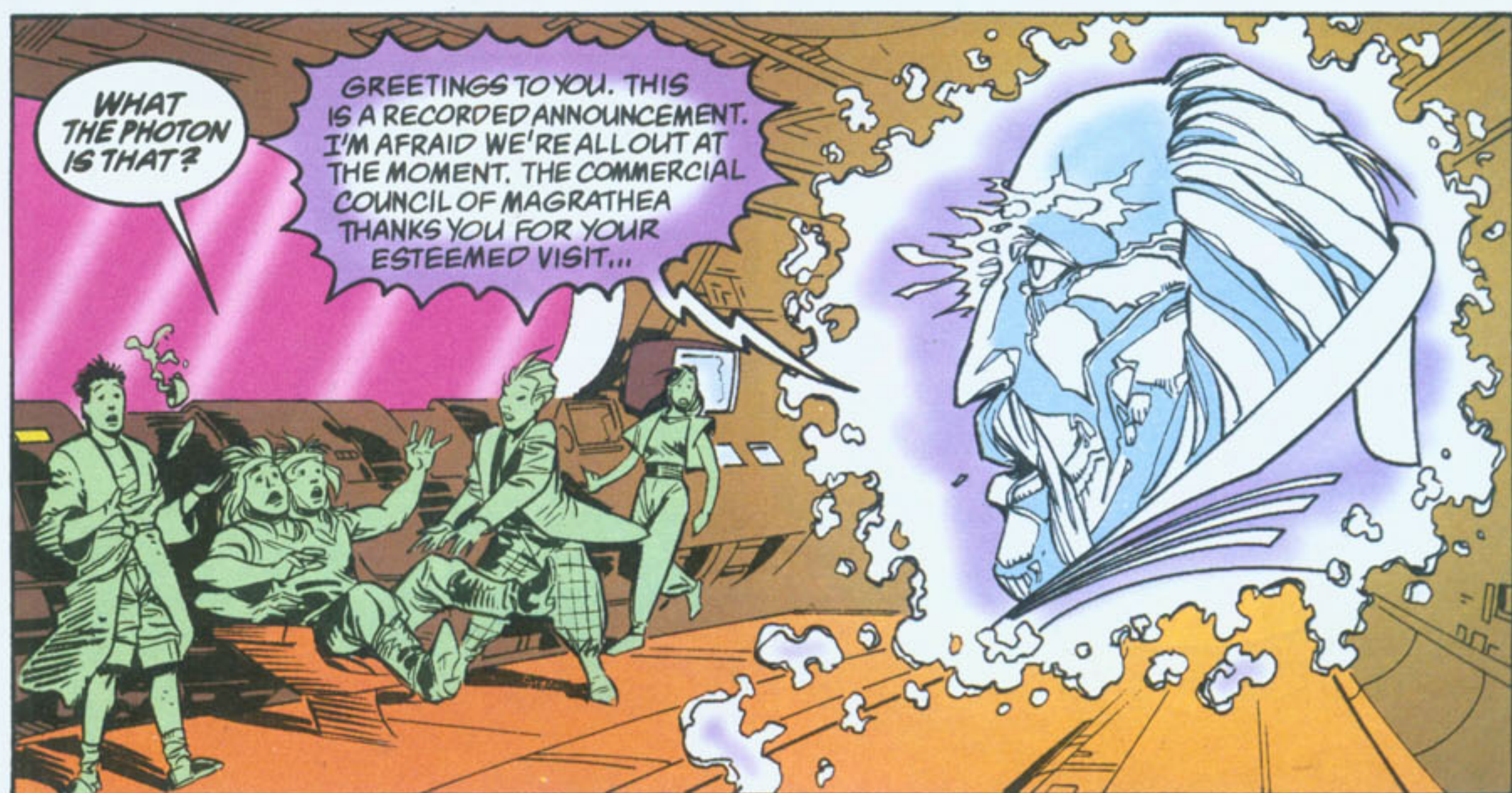


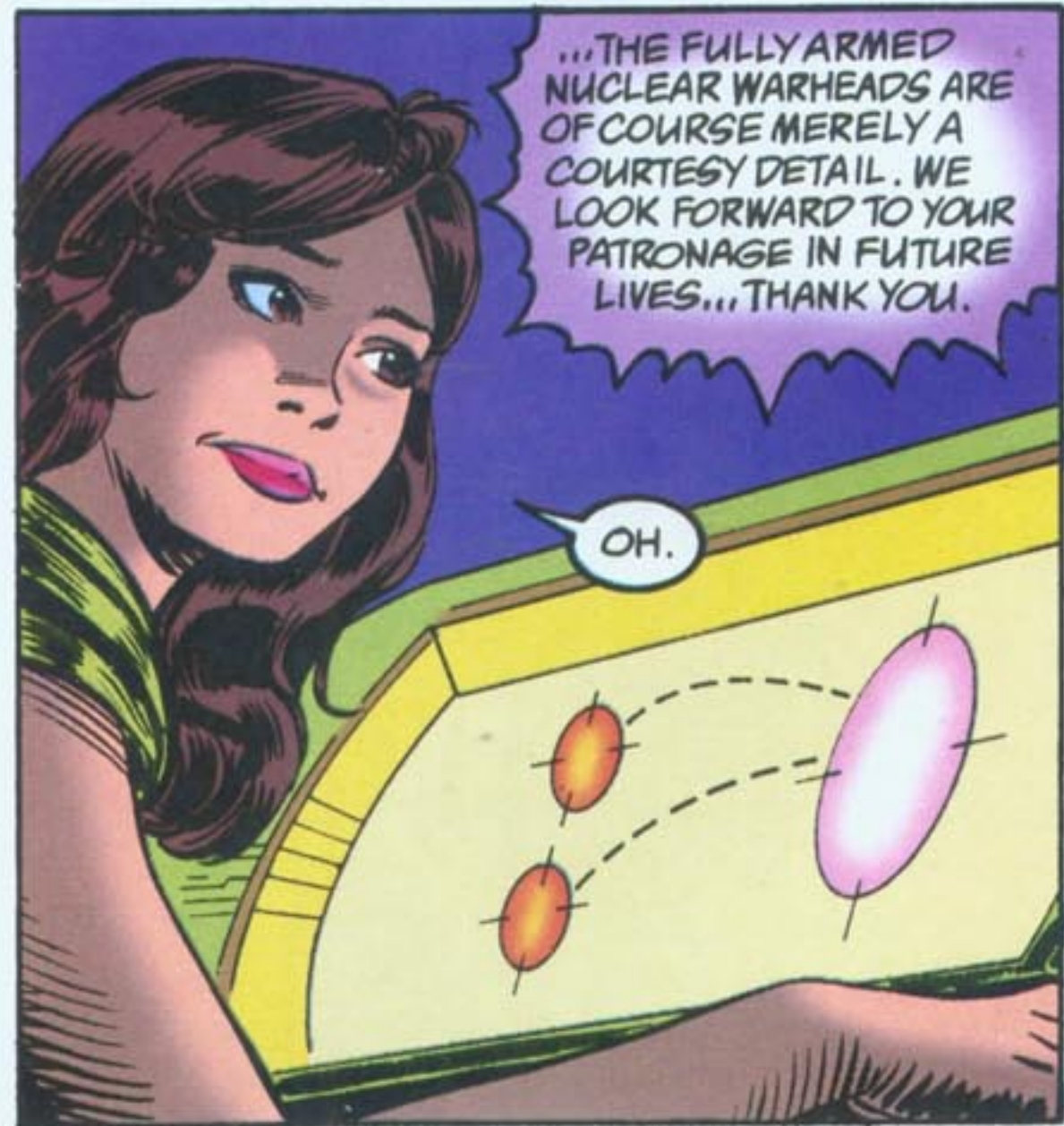
...AND THE UNTIMELY CREATION AND
SUDDEN DEMISE OF A BOWL OF
PETUNIAS AND A SPERM WHALE.

IN ORDER THAT SOME SENSE OF MYSTERY
SHOULD STILL BE PRESERVED, NO
REVELATION WILL YET BE MADE CONCERN-
ING WHOSE UPPER ARM SUSTAINS THE
BRUISE.



THIS FACT MAY SAFELY BE MADE THE SUBJECT OF
SUSPENSE SINCE IT IS OF NO SIGNIFICANCE WHATSOEVER.







HEY, THIS IS TERRIFIC. SOMEONE DOWN THERE IS TRYING TO KILL US!

TERRIFIC, ZAPHOD, JUST TERRIFIC.

BUT DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THIS MEANS, EARTHMAN?



YES...WE'RE GOING TO DIE.

BUT APART FROM THAT IT MEANS WE MUST BE ONTO SOMETHING.

HOW SOON CAN WE GET OFF IT?



AS A MATTER OF INTEREST, ZAPHOD, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

JUST KEEP COOL.



YEAH, KEEP COOL-- THAT'S IT.

IS THAT ALL?

NO, ER...WE'RE ALSO GOING TO, ER...TAKE EVASIVE ACTION.



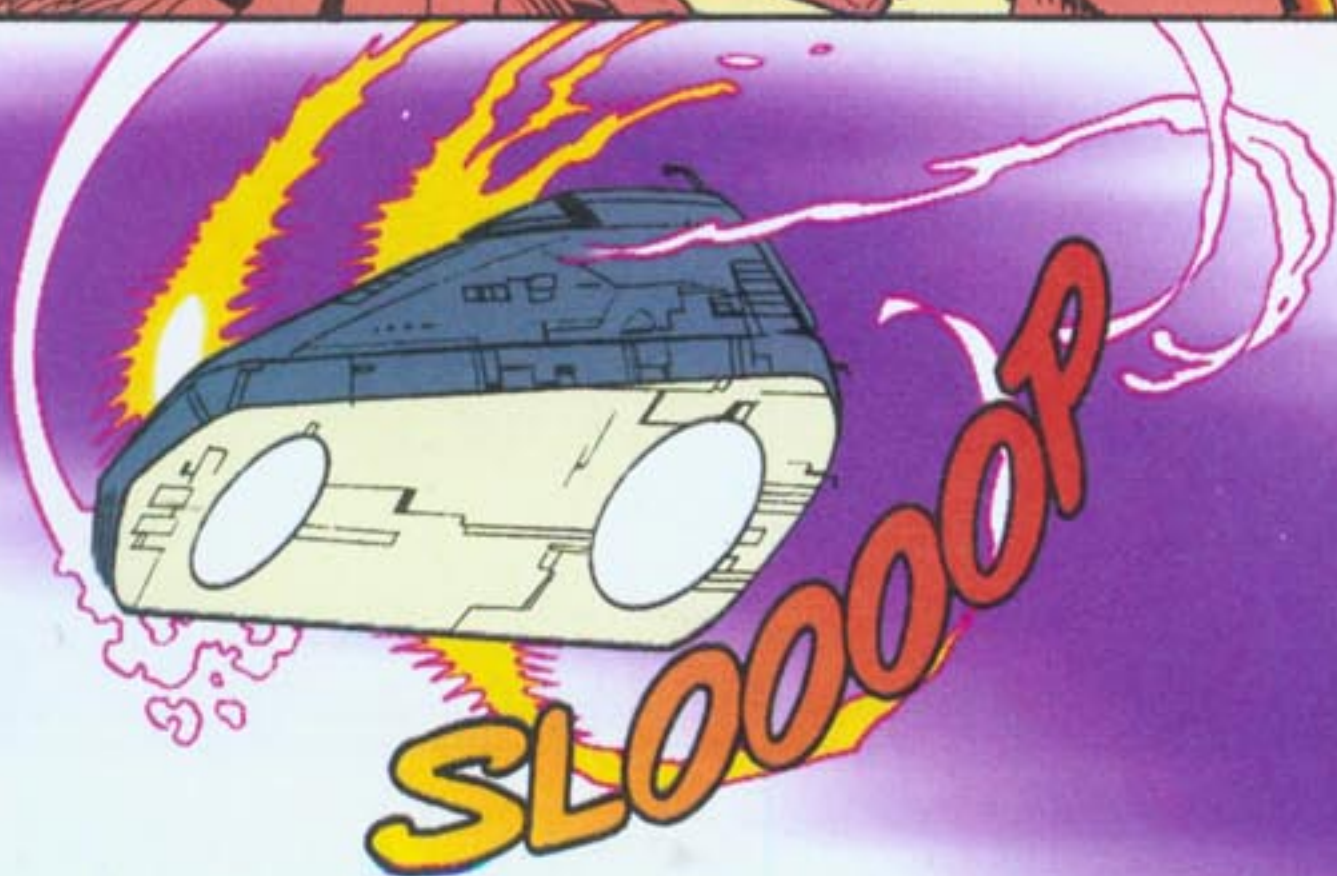
COMPUTER, WHAT EVASIVE ACTION CAN WE TAKE?

NONE, I'M AFRAID, GUYS. SOMETHING'S JAMMING MY GUIDANCE SYSTEMS... IMPACT MINUS FORTY-FIVE SECONDS...



...PLEASE CALL ME EDDIE IF IT WILL HELP YOU TO RELAX.

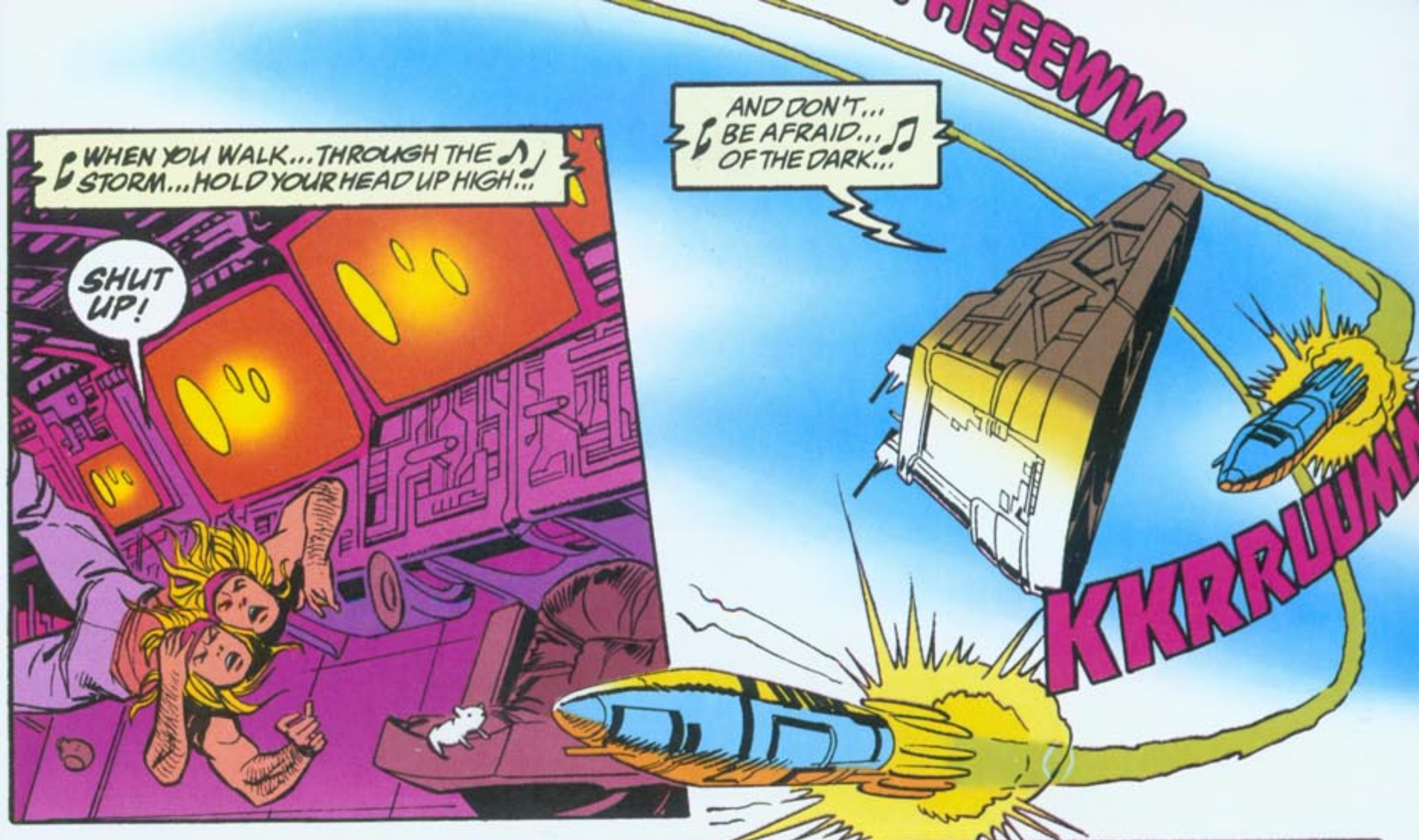
OKAY COMPUTER, I WANT FULL MANUAL CONTROL...NOW.





OH, SURE
THING, GUYS.





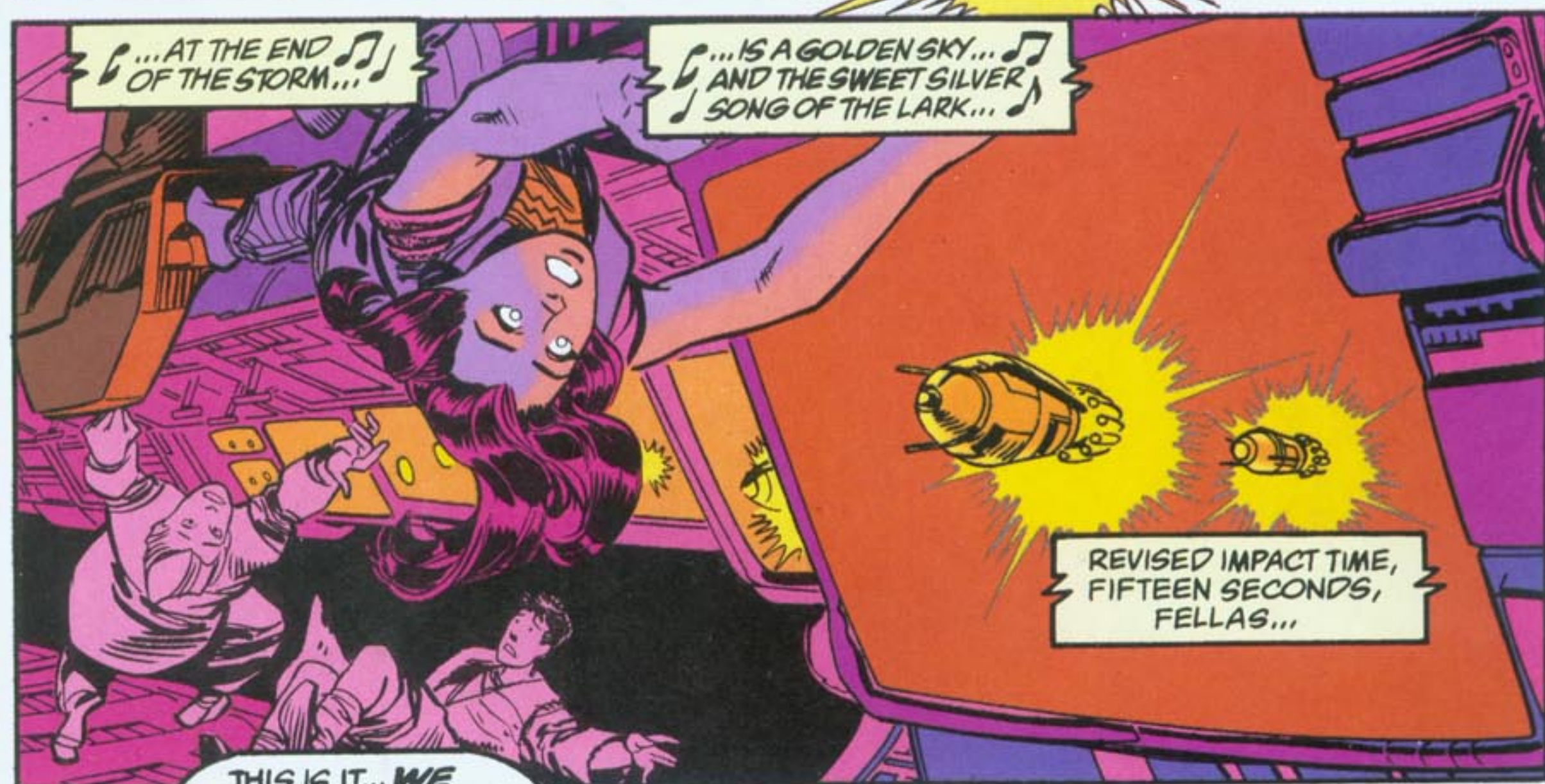
WHEN YOU WALK...THROUGH THE STORM...HOLD YOUR HEAD UP HIGH...

SHUT UP!

AND DON'T... BE AFRAID... OF THE DARK...

HEEEWW

KKRRRUUM



...AT THE END OF THE STORM...

...IS A GOLDEN SKY... AND THE SWEET SILVER SONG OF THE LARK...

REVISED IMPACT TIME, FIFTEEN SECONDS, FELLAS...



THIS IS IT... WE ARE NOW DEFINITELY GOING TO DIE, AREN'T WE?

I WISH YOU'D STOP SAYING THAT.



WELL, WE ARE, AREN'T WE?

YES WE'RE GOING TO DIE.

...WHEN YOU WALK, THROUGH THE RAIN...





ER, EXCUSE ME,
WHO AM I?

WHY AM I HERE?
WHAT'S MY PURPOSE
IN LIFE?

HELLO?

WHAT DO
I MEAN BY
"WHO AM
I?"

...WELL I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER START FINDING
NAMES FOR THINGS IF I WANT TO MAKE ANY HEADWAY
IN WHAT FOR THE SAKE OF WHAT I SHALL CALL AN
ARGUMENT, I SHALL CALL **THE WORLD...**

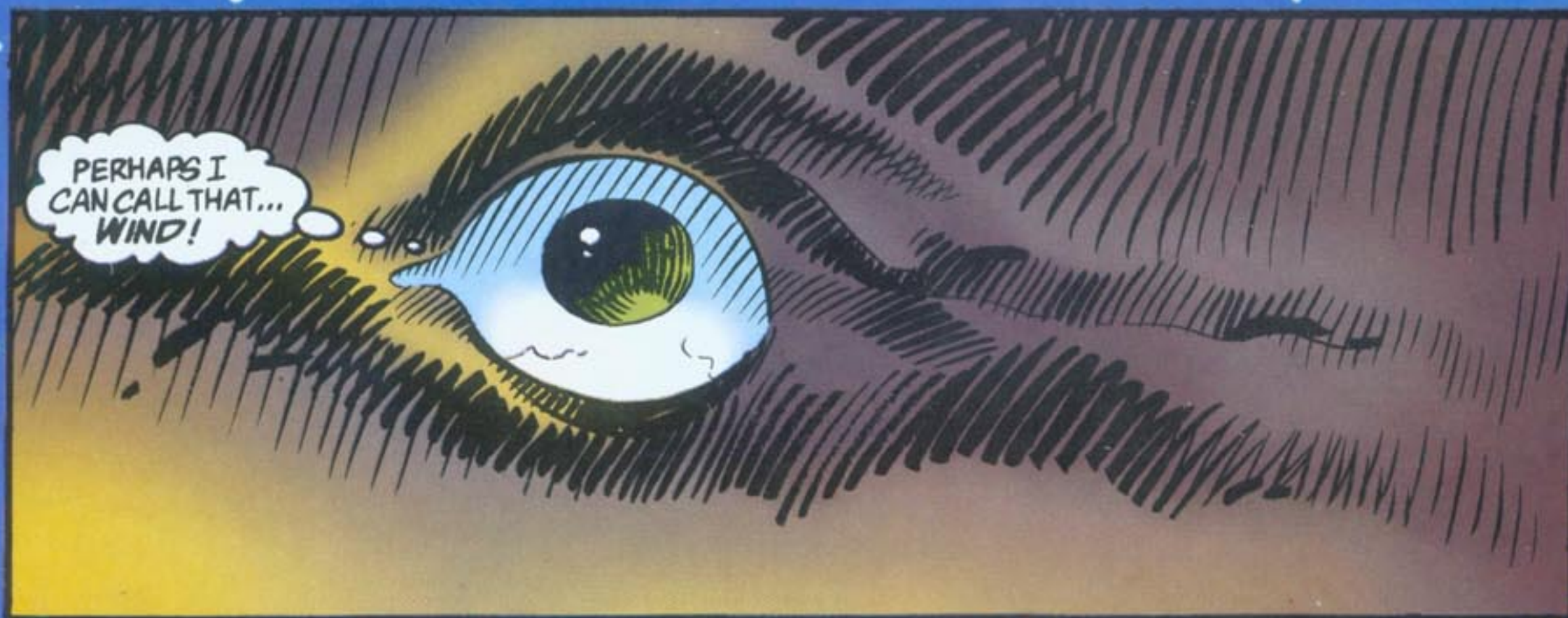
...SO LET'S CALL
IT **MY STOMACH...**

CALM DOWN GET A GRIP
NOW...OH! THIS IS AN
INTERESTING SENSATION.
WHAT IS IT?

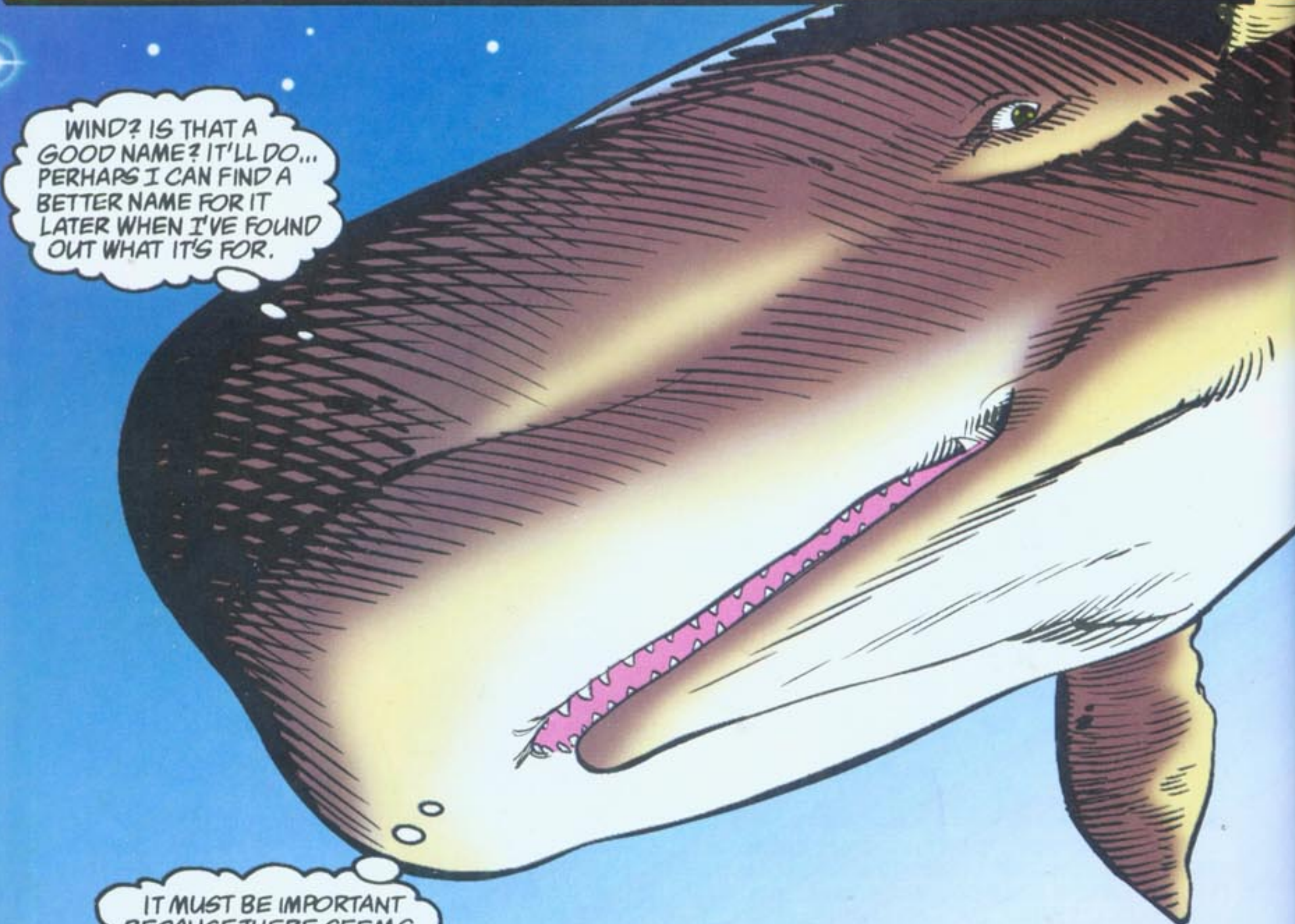
IT'S A SORT OF...
YAWNING, TINGLING
SENSATION IN MY...
MY...



GOOD. OOOOH. IT'S
GETTING QUITE STRONG,
AND HEY, WHAT ABOUT THIS
WHISTLING, ROARING SOUND
GOING PAST WHAT I'M
SUDDENLY GOING TO CALL
MY HEAD?



PERHAPS I
CAN CALL THAT...
WIND!



WIND? IS THAT A
GOOD NAME? IT'LL DO...
PERHAPS I CAN FIND A
BETTER NAME FOR IT
LATER WHEN I'VE FOUND
OUT WHAT IT'S FOR.

IT MUST BE IMPORTANT
BECAUSE THERE SEEMS
TO BE A LOT OF IT...



...HEY! WHAT'S THIS
THING? THIS... LET'S CALL
IT A TAIL--YEAH, TAIL.

I CAN THRASH IT
ABOUT PRETTY GOOD,
CAN'T I?

WOW! WOW!
THAT FEELS
GREAT!

DOESN'T SEEM TO
ACHIEVE MUCH. I'LL PROBABLY
FIND OUT WHAT IT'S FOR
LATER ON.



NOW, HAVE I BUILT
UP ANY COHERENT PICTURE
OF THINGS YET?

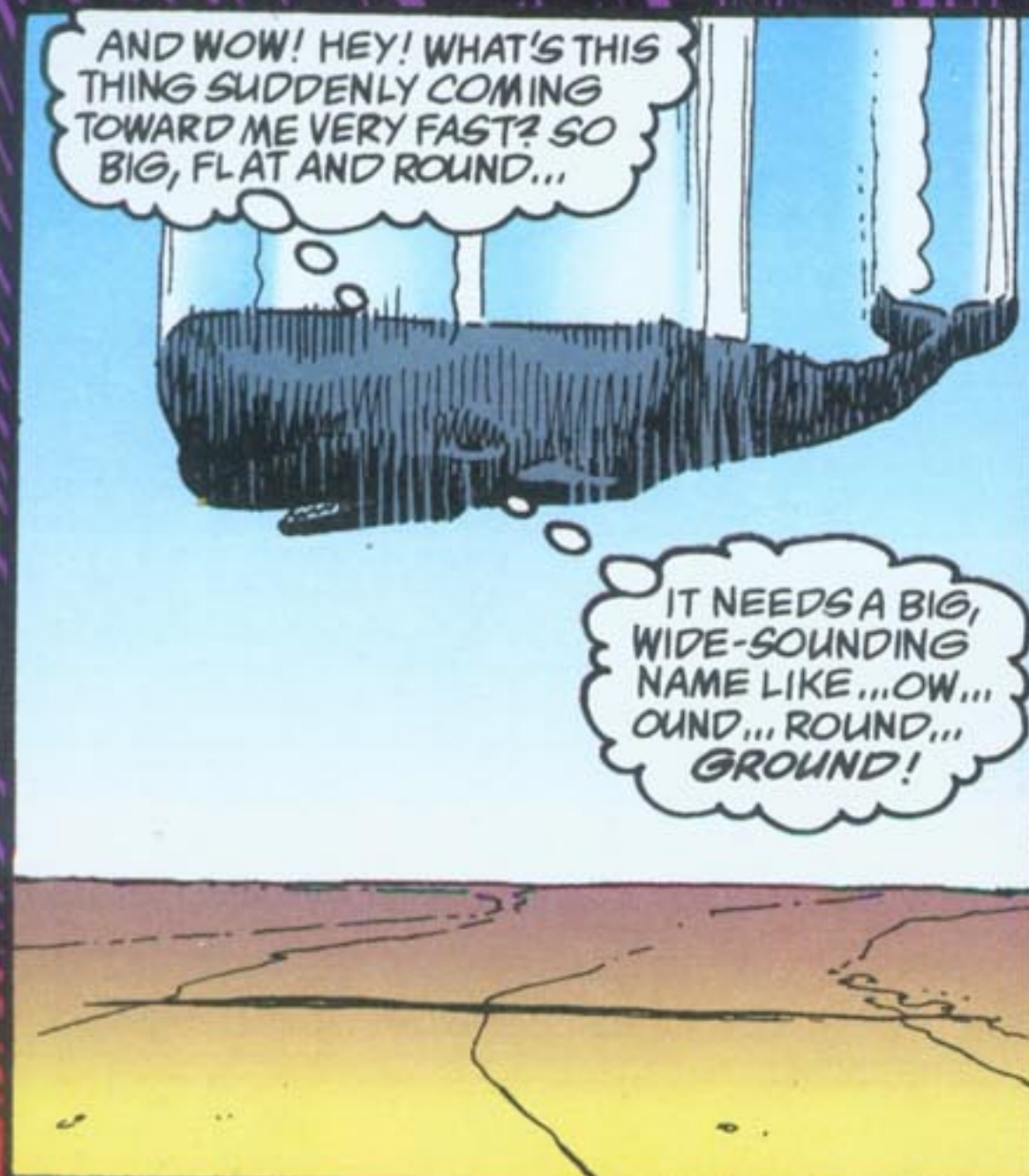
NO! NEVER MIND,
HEY THIS IS REALLY
EXCITING...



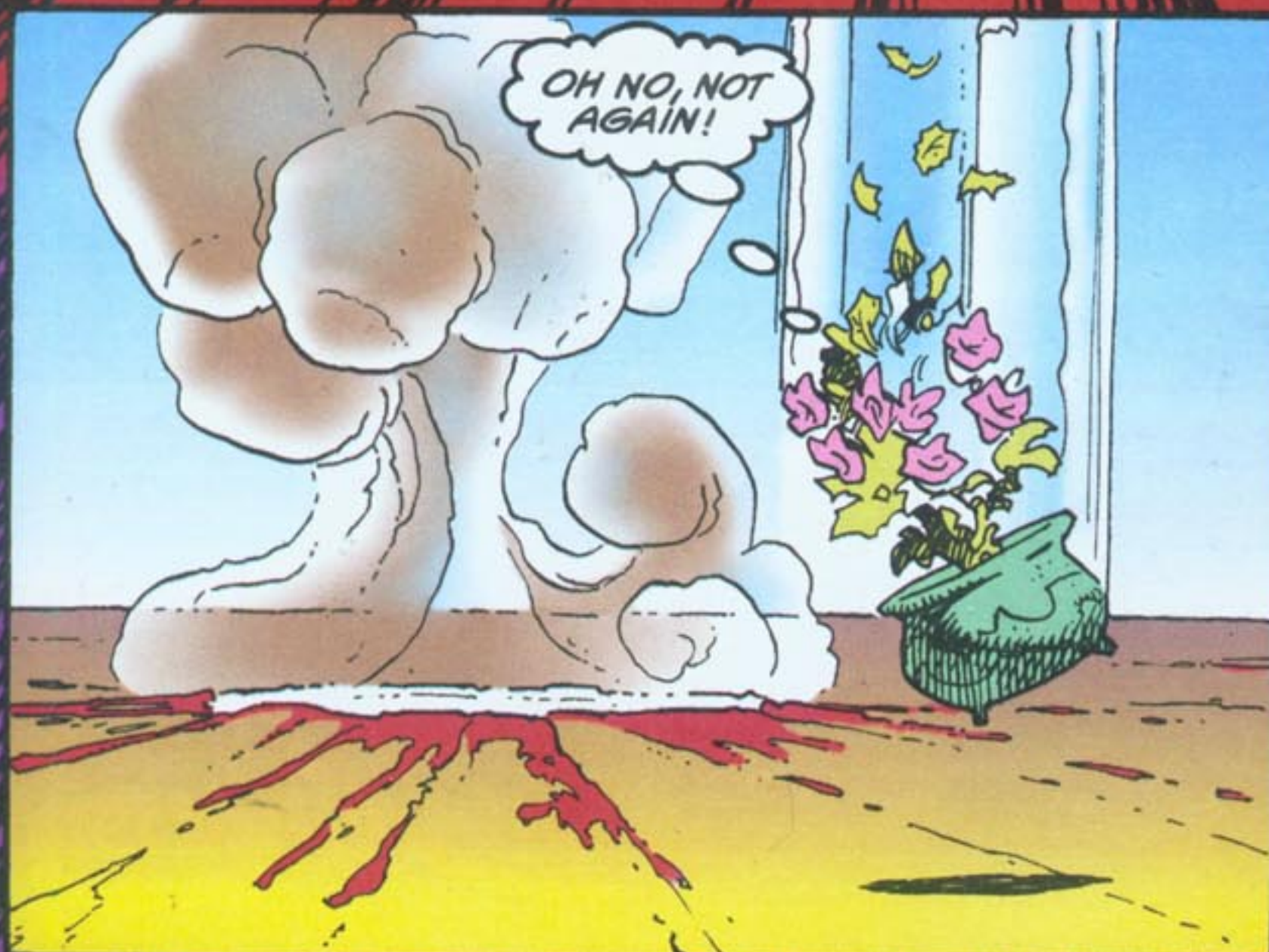
...SO MUCH TO FIND
OUT ABOUT, SO MUCH
TO LOOK FORWARD TO...

I'M QUITE DIZZY
WITH ANTICIPATION...

...OR IS IT
THE WIND?



KER-SPLAT!



IF WE KNEW EXACTLY WHY THE PETUNIAS THOUGHT THIS, WE WOULD KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE THAN WE DO NOW.

TO BE CONTINUED...



BE WITH US NEXT TIME ...
VOLUME THREE: In which
all is revealed...



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