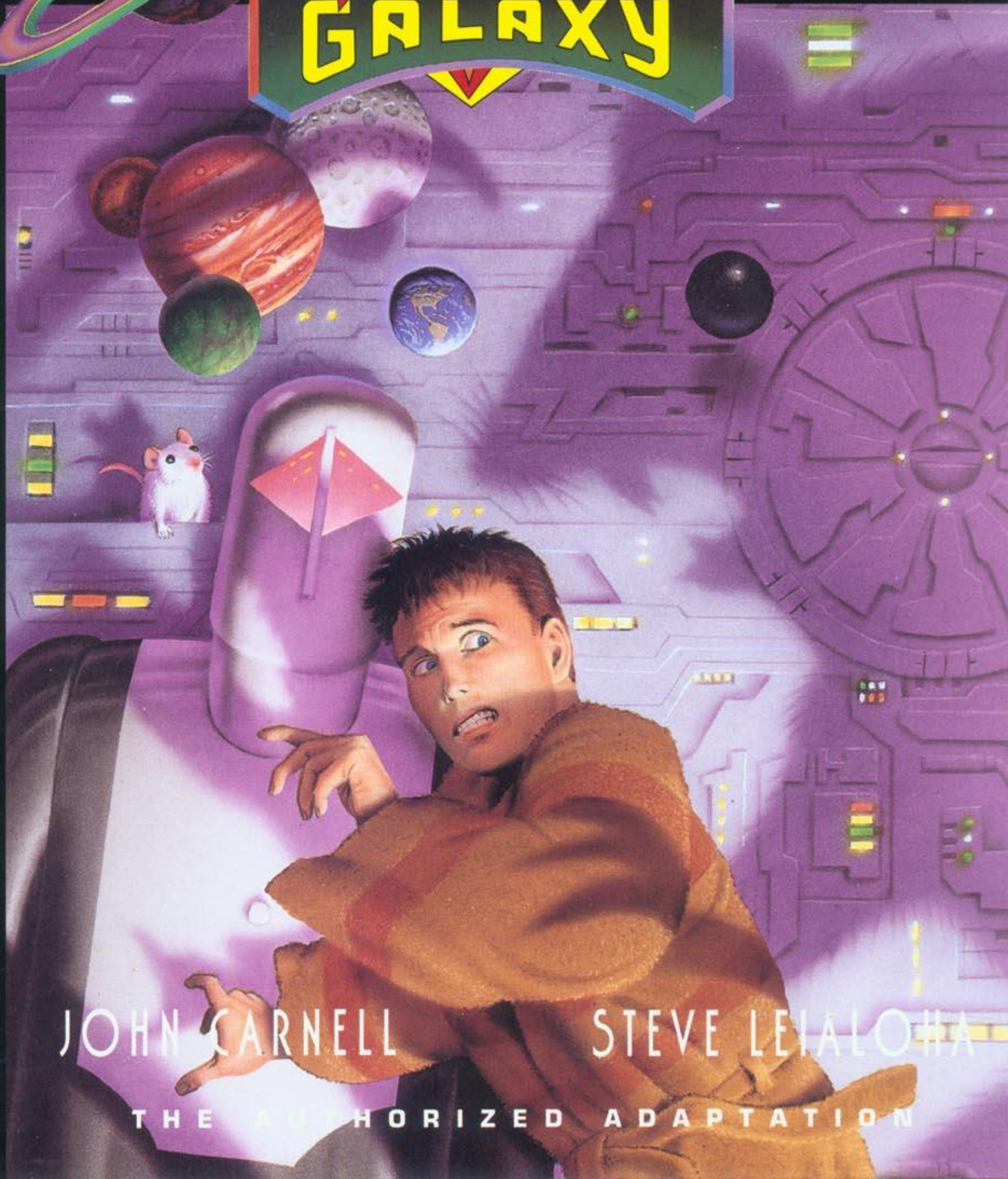




BOOK
3
OF THREE



JOHN CARNELL

STEVE LEIALOHA

THE AUTHORIZED ADAPTATION

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

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THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY BOOK THREE
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VOLUME THREE: In which
our intrepid voyagers sur-
vive the volley of deadly
missiles and land safely on
the planet, only to find that
there is but one living per-
son, Slartibartfast, who
shows Arthur Dent the
Earth Mark II, being built in
hyperspace for the owners
of the original Earth . . . the
mice—specifically the mice
that Trillian has been lug-
ging around with her since
Zaphod picked her up and
took her on a tour of the
galaxy—who are seaching
for the question to the
answer 42, which the superr
computer Deep Thought
has deciphered as the
answer to the question of
Life, the Universe, and
Everything. To find out
what 42 means, the mice
commissioned a second
super-computer, which
turned out to be the Earth,
unbeknownst to the crea-
tures who lived there
before it was destroyed by

DOUGLAS ADAMS

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

ADAPTED BY JOHN CARNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE LEIALOHA

COLORS BY LOVERN KINDZIERSKI

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK



The Ever-Growing History of The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy...

In the fall of 1979, the first *Hitchhiker's* book was published in England, called *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. It was a substantially expanded version of the first four episodes of the radio series, in which some of the characters behaved in entirely different ways and others behaved in exactly the same ways but for entirely different reasons, which amounts to the same thing but saves rewriting dialogue.

At roughly the same time a double record album was released, which was, by contrast, a slightly contracted version of the first four episodes of the radio series.

In January, 1980, five new episodes of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* were broadcast on BBC Radio, bringing the total number to twelve episodes. In the fall of 1980, the second *Hitchhiker* book was published in England around the same time that the first book was published in the United States. It was a substantially reworked, reedited and contracted version of episodes 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 5 and 6 (in that order) of the radio series.

In January, 1982, Harmony Books published *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* in the United States. In the summer of 1982, a third *Hitchhiker* book was published simultaneously in England and the United States, called *Life, the Universe and Everything*. This was not based on anything that had already been heard or seen on radio or television. In fact, it flatly contradicted episodes 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 of the radio series. Those episodes had already been incorporated in revised form into *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*.

At this point I went to America to write a screenplay which was completely inconsistent with most of what had gone on so far, and since that film was then delayed in the making, I wrote a fourth and last book in the trilogy, *So Long and Thanks for All the Fish*. This was published in Britain and the USA in the fall of 1984, and it effectively contradicted everything to date, up to and including itself.

Douglas Adams
London, 1993

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 LEIAL ☺ **HA** 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.

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.

UDD 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.

ON THE PLANET EARTH MAN HAS ALWAYS ASSUMED THAT HE WAS MORE INTELLIGENT THAN DOLPHINS BECAUSE HE HAD ACHIEVED SO MUCH... THE WHEEL, NEW YORK, WARS AND SO ON...

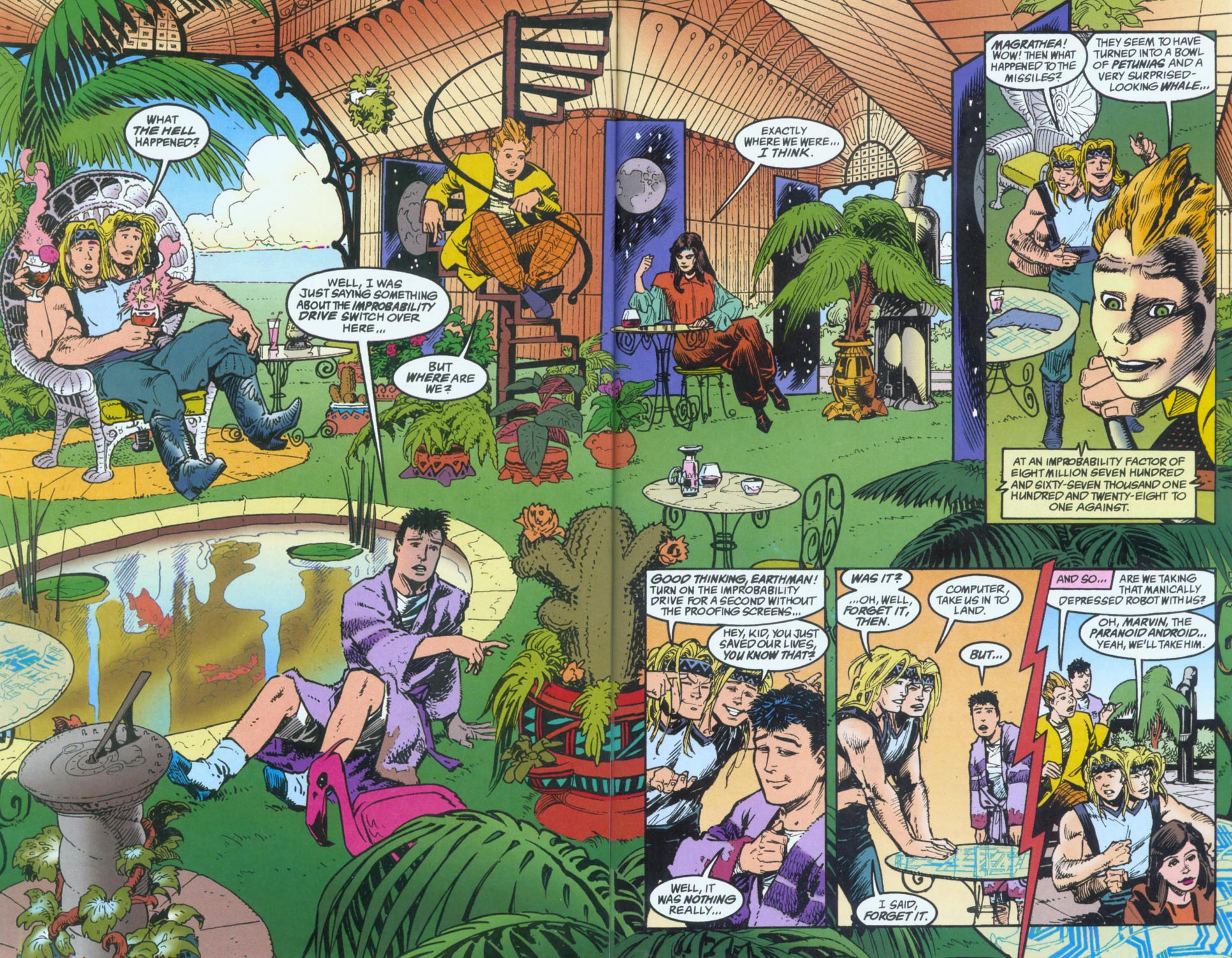
WHILE ALL THE DOLPHINS HAD EVER DONE WAS MUCK ABOUT IN THE WATER AND HAVE A GOOD TIME...

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, THE DOLPHIN HAD LONG KNOWN OF THE IMPENDING DESTRUCTION OF THE PLANET EARTH AND LEFT SHORTLY BEFORE THE VOGONS ARRIVED...

SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH!

IN FACT THERE WAS ONLY ONE SPECIES MORE INTELLIGENT THAN DOLPHINS...

...AND THEY SPENT A LOT OF THEIR TIME IN RESEARCH LABS CONDUCTING FRIGHTENINGLY ELEGANT AND SUBTLE EXPERIMENTS ON MAN.



WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

WELL, I WAS JUST SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT THE IMPROBABILITY DRIVE SWITCH OVER HERE...

BUT WHERE ARE WE?

EXACTLY WHERE WE WERE... I THINK.

MAGRATHEA! WOW! THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MISSILES?

THEY SEEM TO HAVE TURNED INTO A BOWL OF PETUNIAS AND A VERY SURPRISED-LOOKING WHALE...

AT AN IMPROBABILITY FACTOR OF EIGHT MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EGHT TO ONE AGAINST.

GOOD THINKING, EARTHMAN! TURN ON THE IMPROBABILITY DRIVE FOR A SECOND WITHOUT THE PROOFING SCREENS...

HEY, KID, YOU JUST SAVED OUR LIVES, YOU KNOW THAT?

WELL, IT WAS NOTHING REALLY...

WAS IT?
...OH, WELL, FORGET IT, THEN.

COMPUTER, TAKE US IN TO LAND.

BUT...

I SAID, FORGET IT.

AND SO... ARE WE TAKING THAT MANICALLY DEPRESSED ROBOT WITH US?

OH, MARVIN, THE PARANOID ANDROID... YEAH, WE'LL TAKE HIM.

YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS...

WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO DO IF YOU ARE A MANICALLY DEPRESSED ROBOT?

I'M FIFTY THOUSAND TIMES MORE INTELLIGENT THAN YOU, AND EVEN I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER.

IT GIVES ME A HEADACHE JUST TRYING TO THINK DOWN TO YOUR LEVEL.

HEY, GUYS... MY WHITE MICE HAVE ESCAPED!

NUTS TO YOUR WHITE MICE, TRILLIAN, WE'VE GOT A PLANET TO EXPLORE!

COMPUTER!

Good Afternoon, boys.

IT'S THE COMPUTER. I DISCOVERED IT HAD AN EMERGENCY BACK-UP PERSONALITY.

Now, this is going to be your first day on a new planet. So wrap up nice and warm...

...and no playing with any naughty bug-eyed monsters, okay?

THIS IS FANTASTIC...!

DESOLATE HOLE IF YOU ASK ME... I COULD HAVE MORE FUN IN A PAN OF CAT LITTER.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, FORD, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE STOOD ON THE SURFACE OF ANOTHER PLANET... AN ALIEN WORLD!

PITY IT'S SUCH A DUMP, THOUGH.

COME ON. I THINK HE'S FOUND SOMETHING.

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO POINT US TRYING TO BURY IT?

COME ON, I'VE FOUND A WAY IN. THE WHALE'S IMPACT CRACKED OPEN AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE...

LIFE... LOATHE IT OR IGNORE IT, YOU CAN'T LIKE IT!

...THE ENTRANCE TO MAGRATHEA, WHERE NO MAN HAS TROD FOR FIVE MILLION YEARS.

ACCORDING TO LEGEND THE MAGRATHEANS LIVED MOST OF THEIR LIVES UNDERGROUND...

WHY'S THAT? DID THE SURFACE BECOME TOO POLLUTED OR OVERPOPULATED?

NO, THEY JUST DIDN'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH.

ZAPHOD, ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING? WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED ONCE ALREADY.

LOOK, KID, I PROMISE YOU, THE LIVE POPULATION OF THIS PLANET IS NIL PLUS THE FOUR OF US.

HMMMM.

HEY, EARTHMAN. COULD YOU STAY WITH THE ROBOT AND KEEP GUARD THIS END?

BUT YOU SAID...

JUST FOR SAFETY, OKAY?

WELL, I HOPE YOU ALL HAVE A REALLY MISERABLE TIME.

DON'T WORRY... THEY WILL.

THERE, WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE SIGNS OF AN INHABITED PLANET.

MAGRATHEA.

HEY, ZAPHOD...



MAXIMEGALON
UNIVERSITY

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO
THE GALAXY IS A VERY UNEVENLY
EDITED BOOK AND CONTAINS MANY
PASSAGES THAT SIMPLY SEEMED
LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE
TIME...

ONE OF THESE RELATES
THE EXPERIENCES OF ONE
VEET VOOGAGIG...

...A BRILLIANT ACADEMIC, WHO, AFTER A NIGHT
SPENT DRINKING PAN-GALACTIC GARGLE BLASTERS
WITH ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX...

... BECAME INCREASINGLY OBSESSED WITH
THE PROBLEM OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ALL
THE BIROS HE'D BOUGHT OVER THE PAST
FEW YEARS.

AFTER VISITING ALL THE MAJOR CENTERS OF BIRO LOSS
IN THE GALAXY, VEET CAME UP WITH A QUAIN'T THEORY
THAT CAUGHT THE PUBLIC IMAGINATION...



...SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS, HE SAID, ALONG WITH ALL THE PLANETS INHABITED BY HUMANOIDS, REPTILOIDS, FISHOIDS, WALKING TREEOIDS, ETCETERA...

... WAS A PLANET TOTALLY GIVEN OVER TO BIROID LIFE FORMS.

AND IT WAS TO THIS PLANET THAT ALL UNATTENDED BIROS WOULD MAKE THEIR WAY... SLIPPING AWAY QUIETLY THROUGH WORMHOLES IN SPACE.

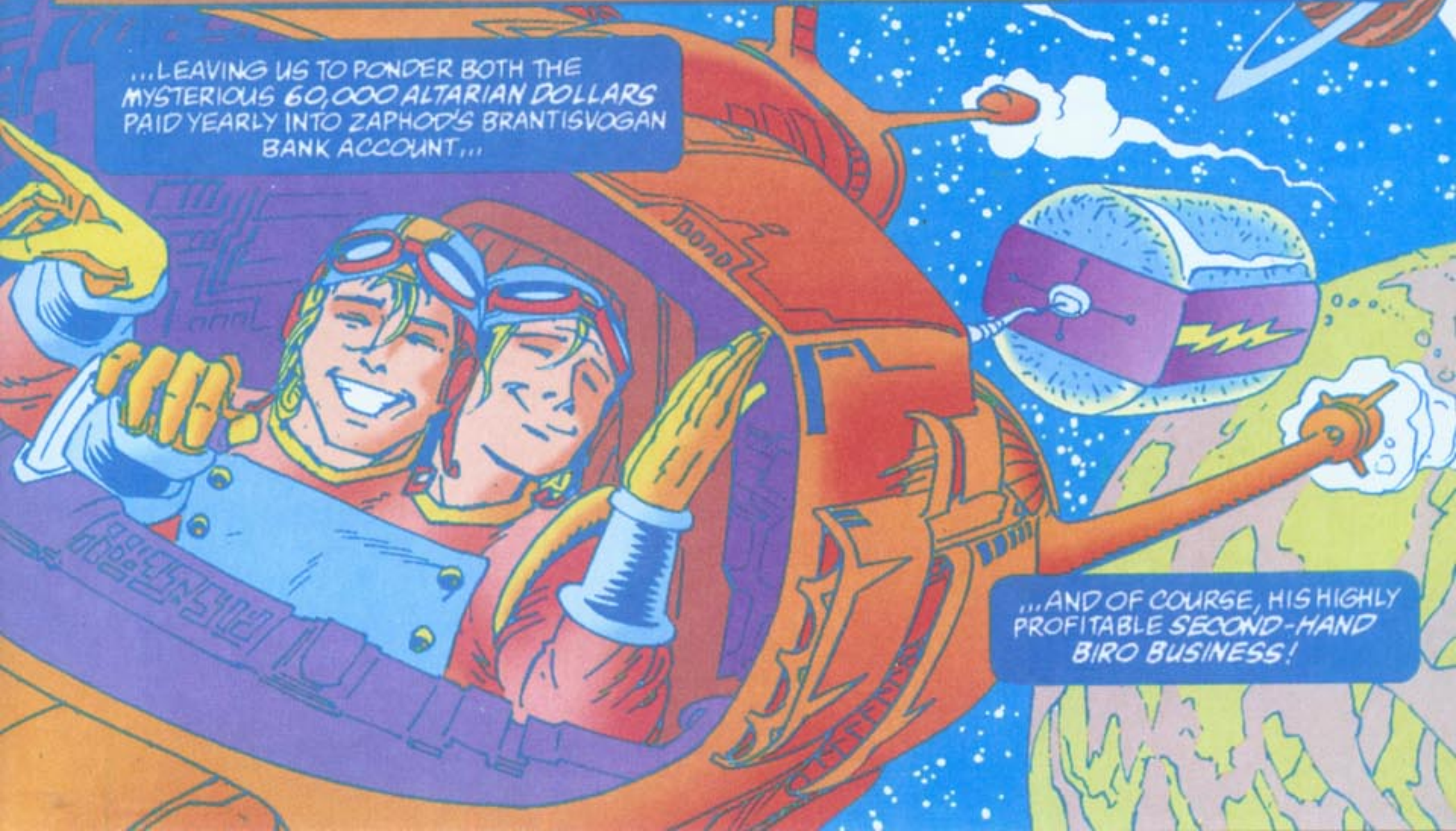


ALL THIS WAS FINE AND GOOD UNTIL ONE DAY, VEET WOJAGIG CLAIMED TO HAVE FOUND THIS PLANET AND TO HAVE WORKED THERE FOR A WHILE FOR A FAMILY OF CHEAP GREEN RETRACTABLES...

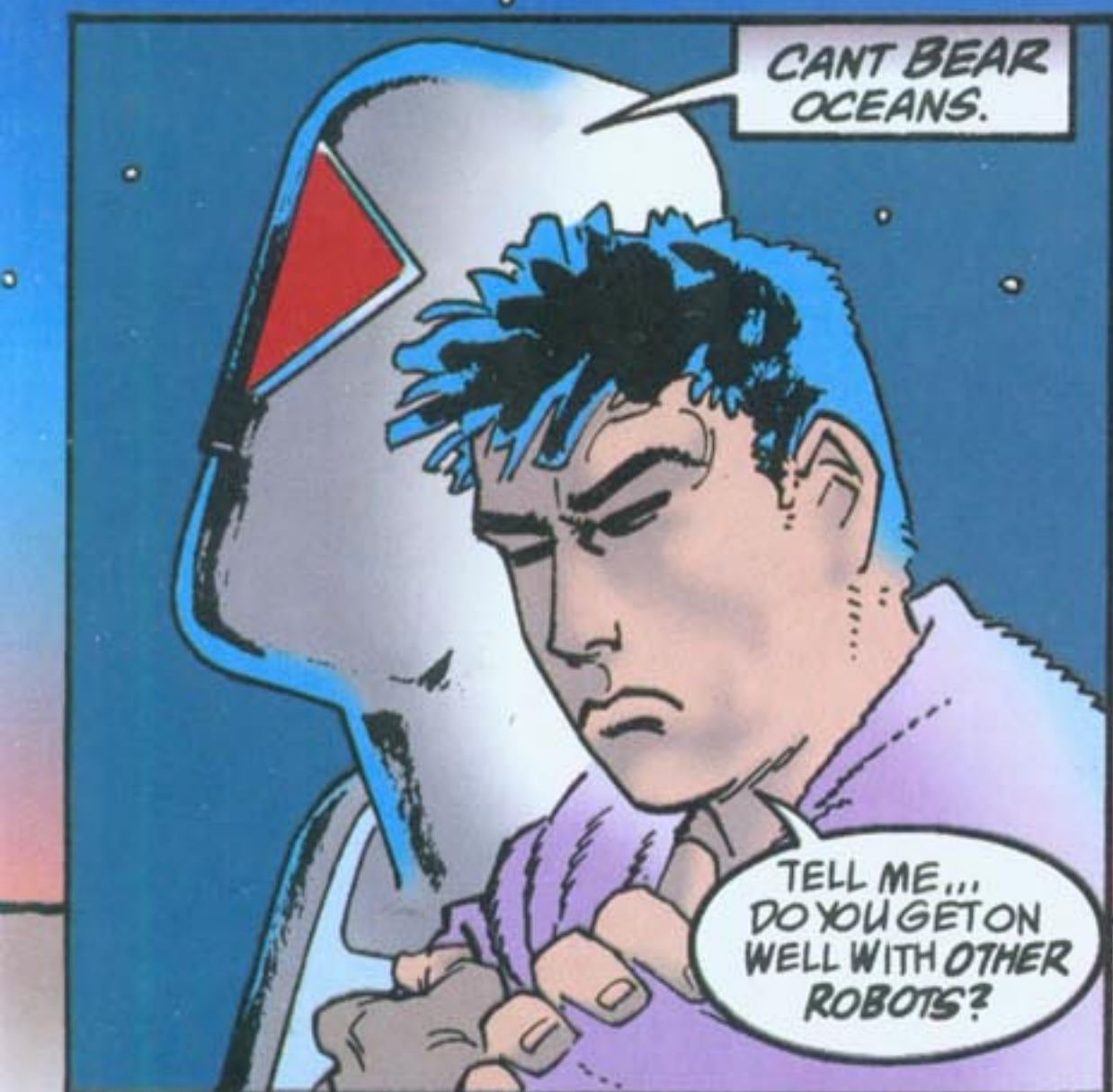
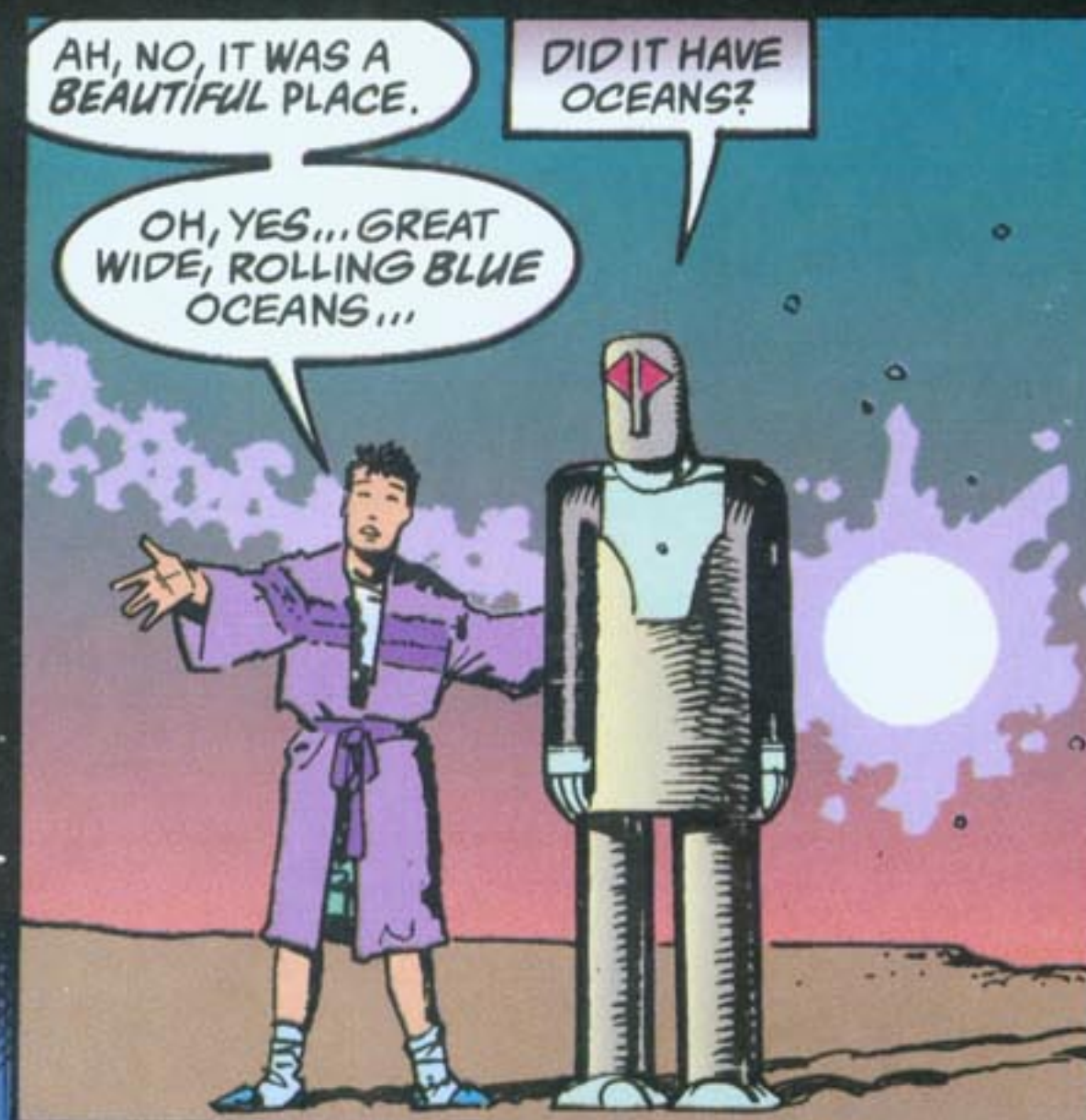
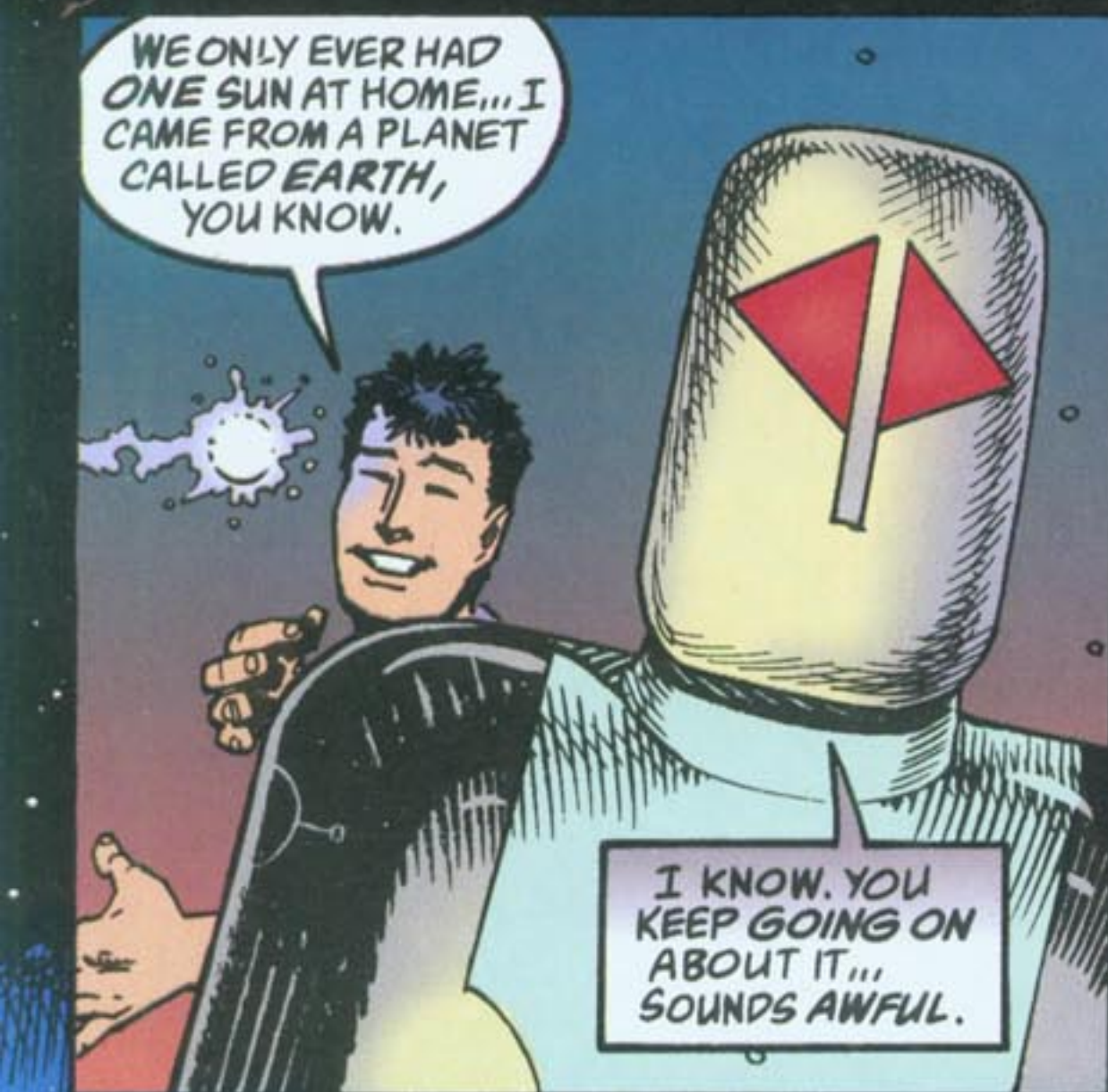


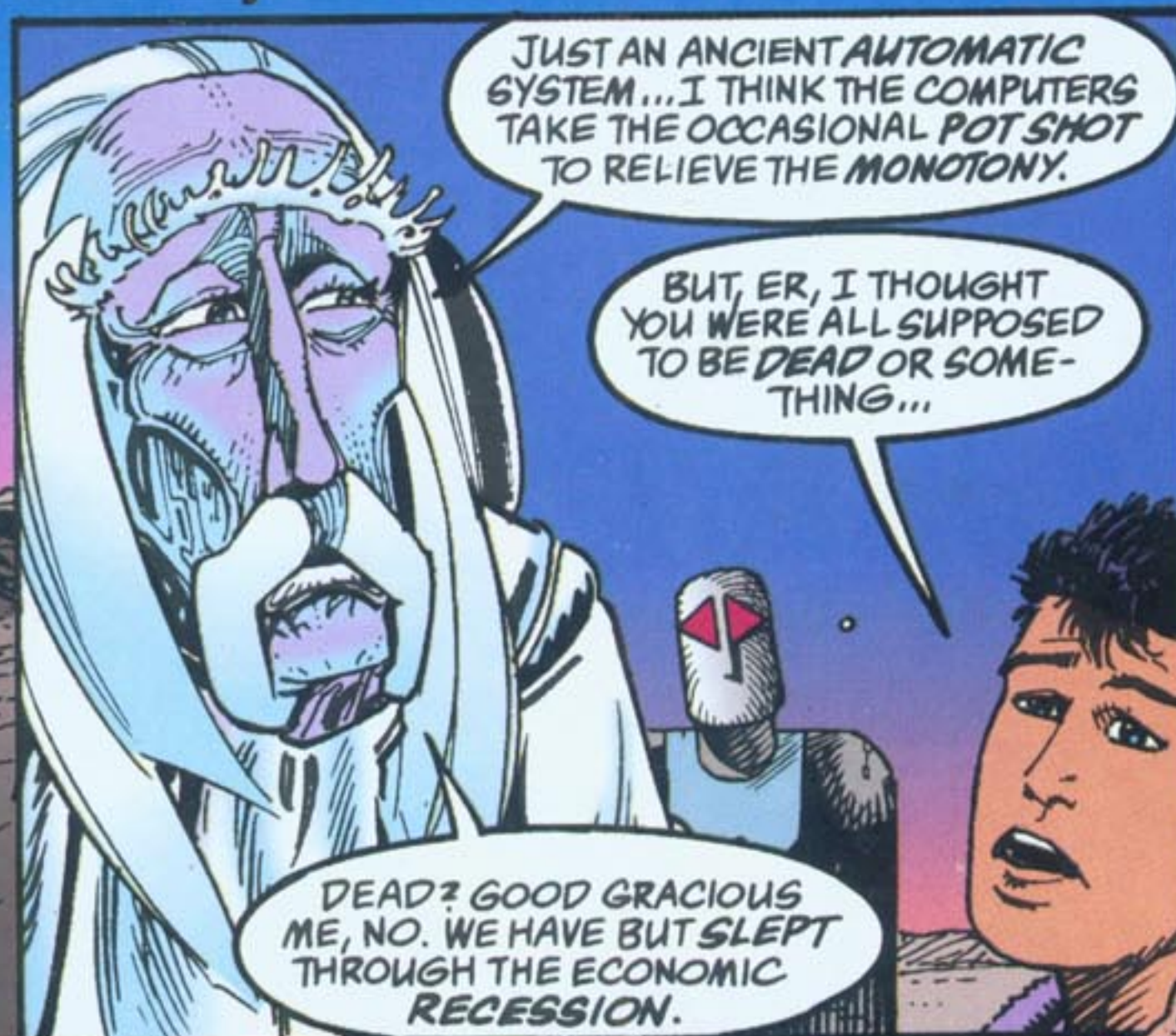
...VEET WAS THEN TAKEN AWAY, LOCKED UP, WROTE A BOOK, AND WAS FINALLY SENT INTO TAX EXILE...

...LEAVING US TO PONDER BOTH THE MYSTERIOUS 60,000 ALTARIAN DOLLARS PAID YEARLY INTO ZAPHOD'S BRANTISVOGAN BANK ACCOUNT...



...AND OF COURSE, HIS HIGHLY PROFITABLE SECOND-HAND BIRO BUSINESS!







FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO THE GALACTIC ECONOMY COLLAPSED. THE RECESSION CAME, AND WE DECIDED TO SLEEP THROUGH IT.

WE BUILT PLANETS, YOU KNOW...

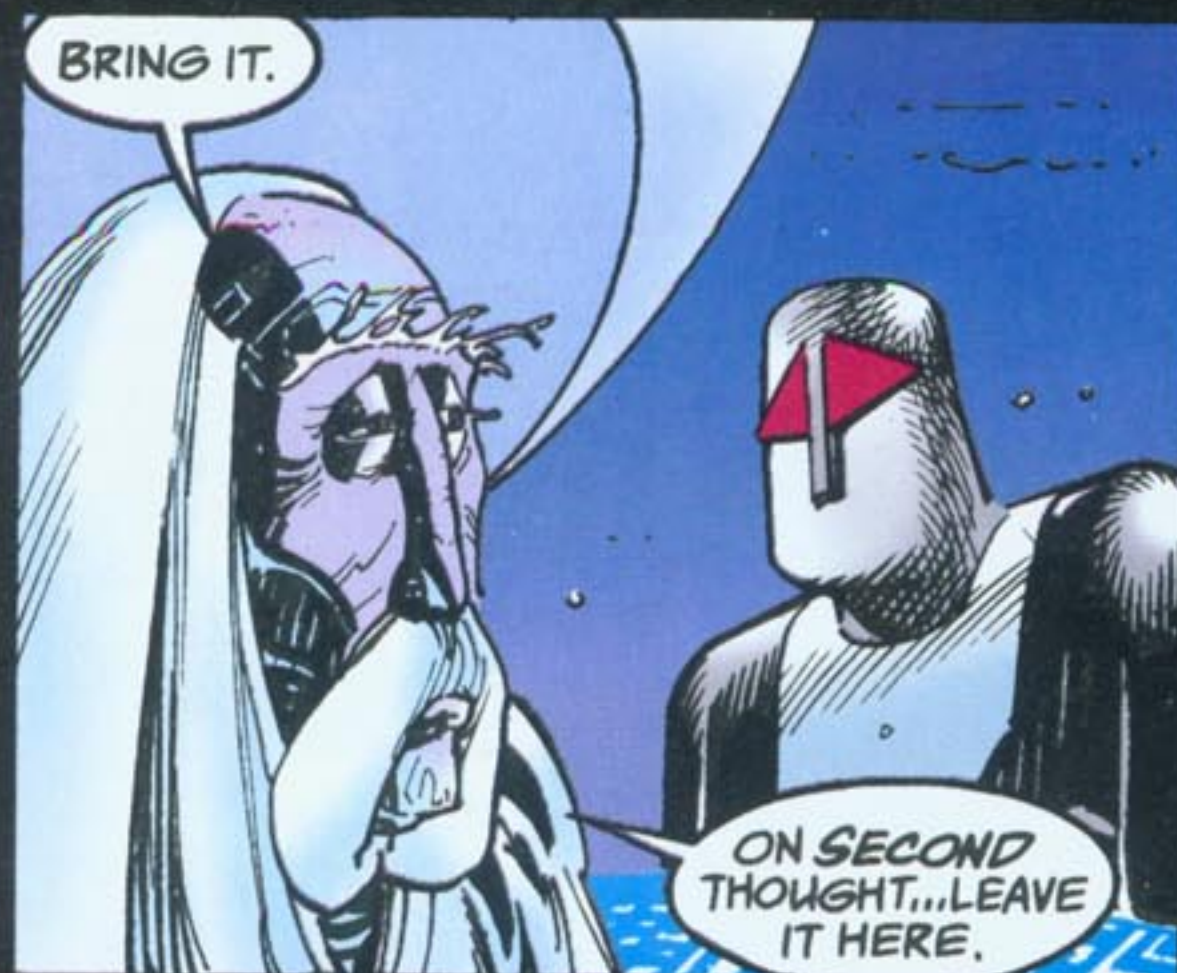
YES, I'D SORT OF GATHERED...



IS THAT ROBOT YOURS?

NO, I'M MINE.

ROBOT? IT'S MORE LIKE AN ELECTRONIC SULKING MACHINE.



BRING IT.

ON SECOND THOUGHT... LEAVE IT HERE.



GREAT THINGS ARE AFOOT. COME WITH ME NOW, OR YOU WILL BE LATE.

LATE?



WHAT IS YOUR NAME, HUMAN?

DENT-- ARTHUR DENT. WHY?



LATE--AS IN THE LATE DENTARTHUR DENT.

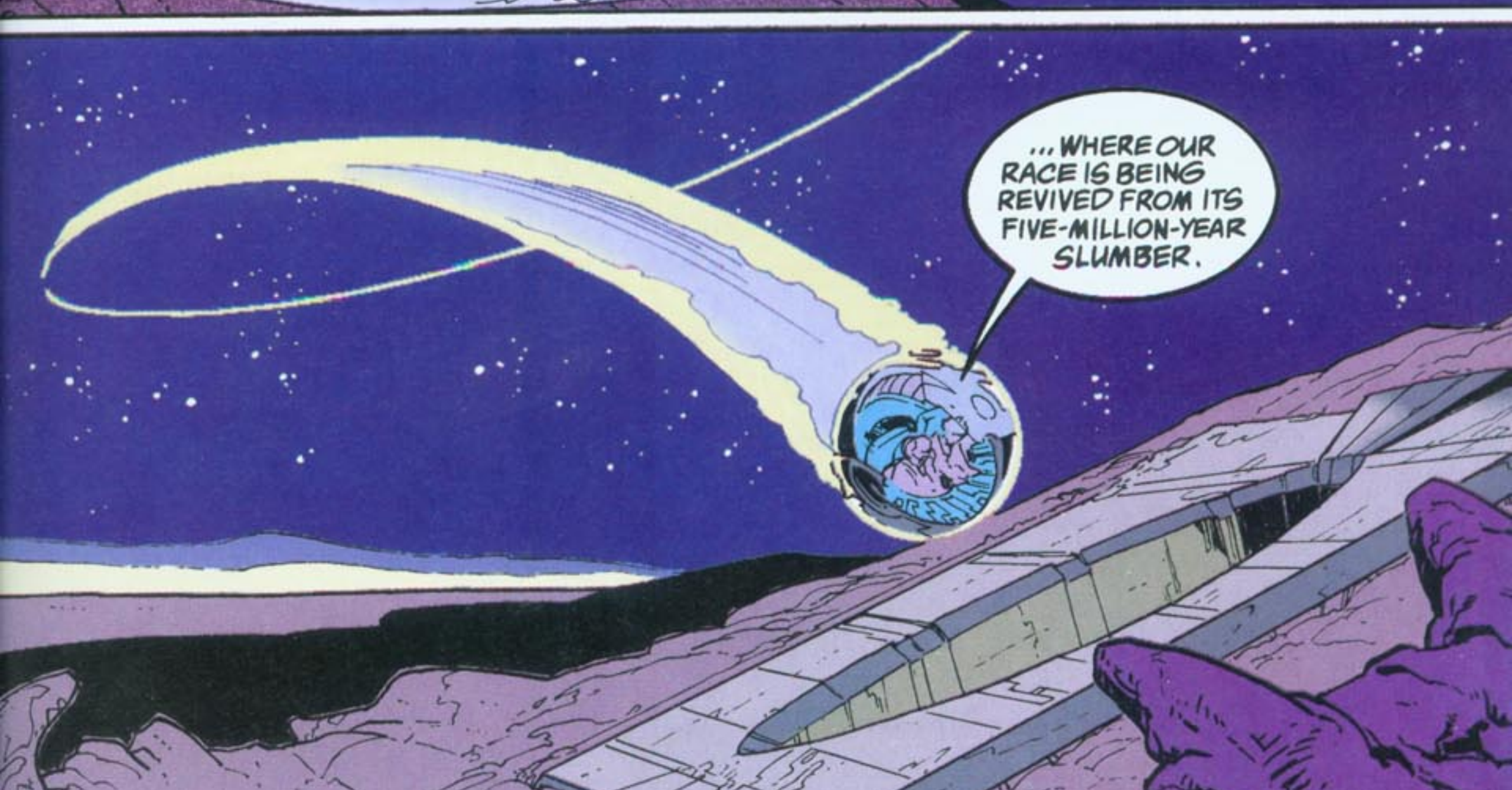


IT'S A SORT OF THREAT, YOU SEE... I'VE BEEN TOLD THEY CAN BE VERY EFFECTIVE.



ALL RIGHT,
WHERE ARE WE
GOING?

DEEP INTO
THE BOWELS OF
THE PLANET...



... WHERE OUR
RACE IS BEING
REVIVED FROM ITS
FIVE-MILLION-YEAR
SLUMBER.



ER, EXCUSE ME...
BUT WHAT IS YOUR
NAME?

MY
NAME?



MY NAME... IS... **SLARTIBARTFAST!**

SLARTIBARTFAST--?

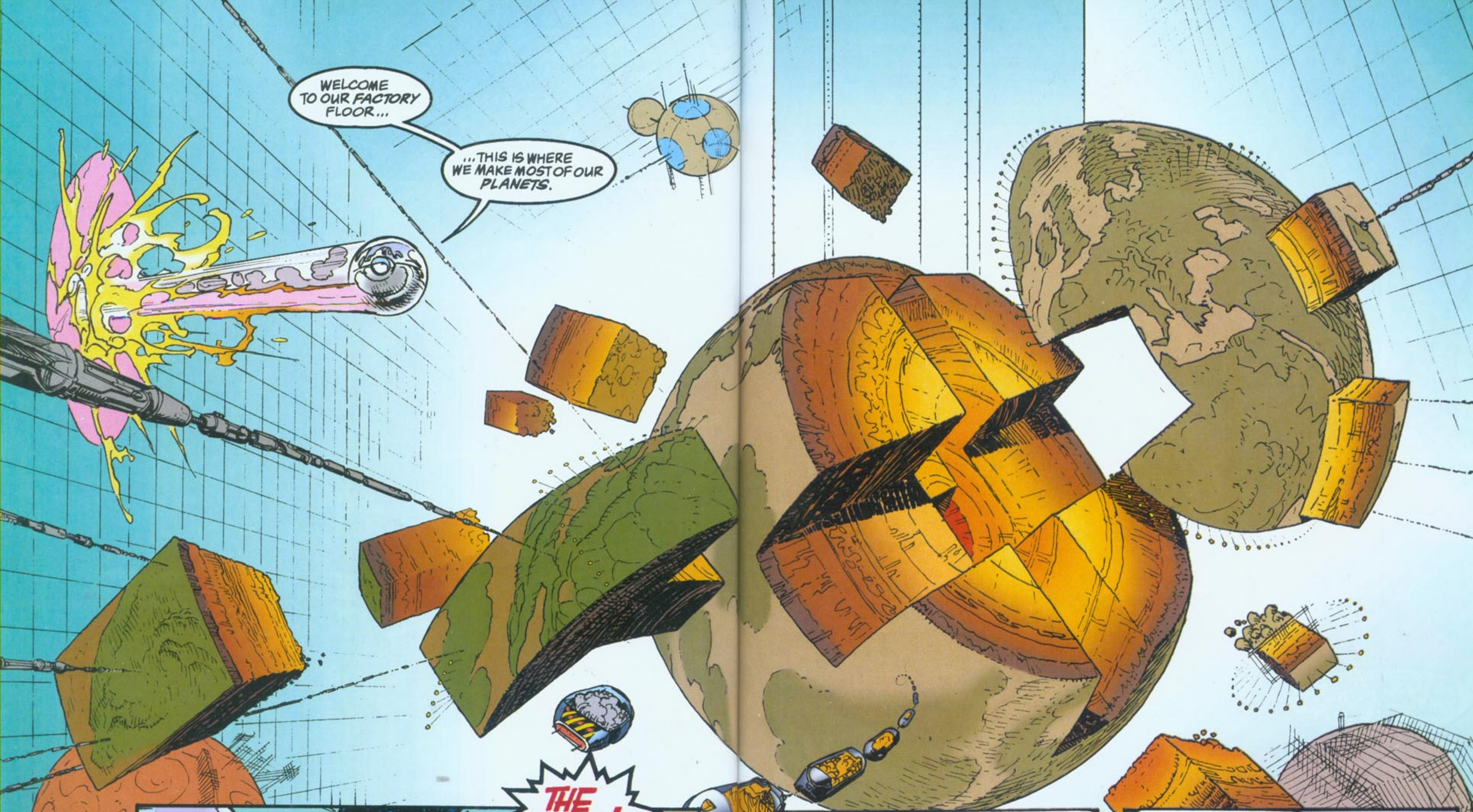
I SAID
IT WASN'T
IMPORTANT!



NOW, BRACE YOURSELF, EARTH-
MAN. THE CHAMBER WE ARE ABOUT
TO ENTER DOES NOT LITERALLY
EXIST WITHIN OUR PLANET...



... IT'S A VAST TRACT OF
HYPERSPACE. IT MAY DISTURB
YOU... IT SCARES THE WILLIES
OUT OF ME. NOW, HOLD
TIGHT.



WELCOME
TO OUR FACTORY
FLOOR...

...THIS IS WHERE
WE MAKE MOST OF OUR
PLANETS.

**THE
EARTH!**



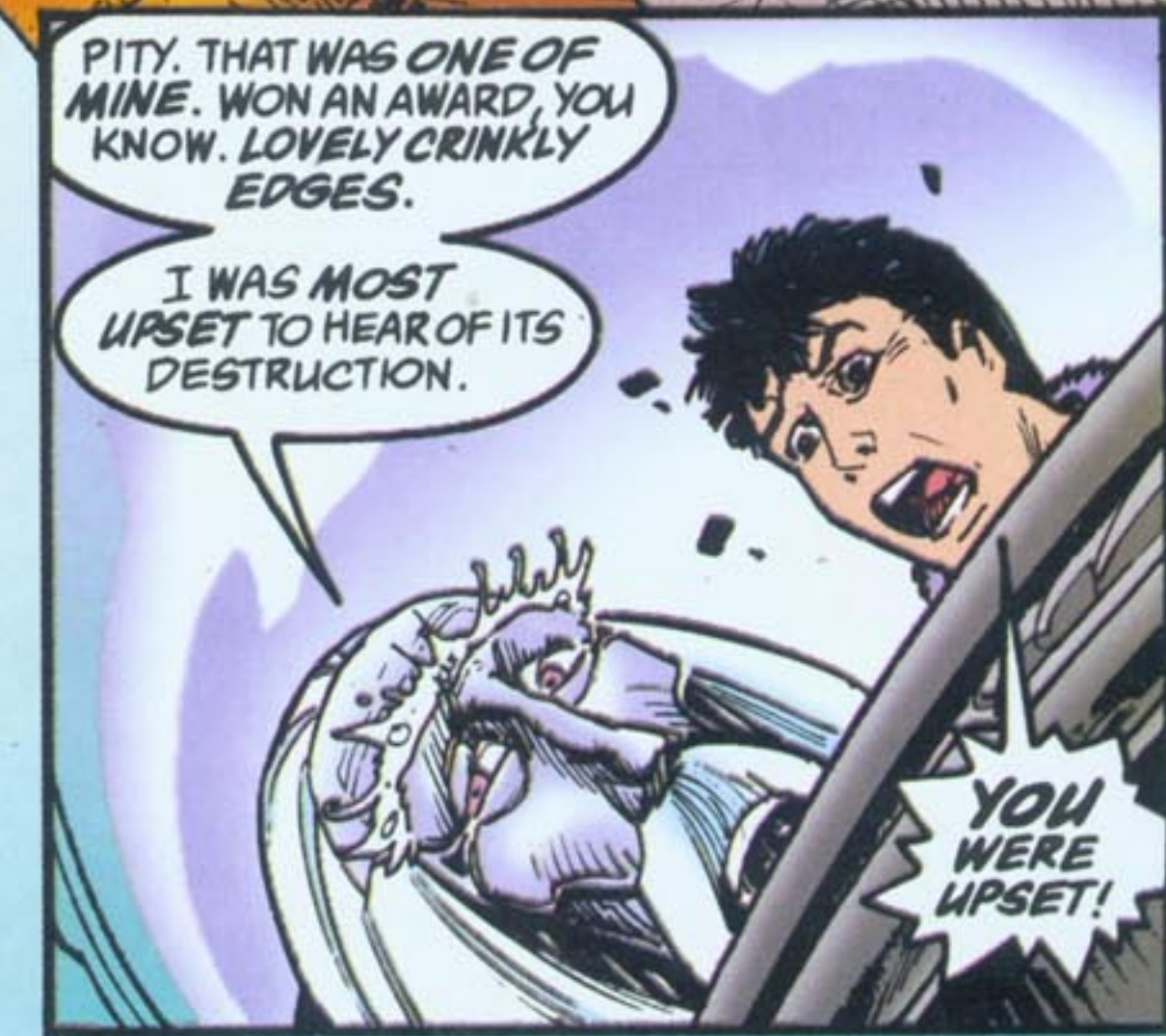
WELL, THE EARTH MARK TWO,
IN FACT. WE'RE MAKING A COPY
FROM OUR ORIGINAL BLUEPRINTS.



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME... YOU ORIGINALLY
MADE THE EARTH?

OH, YES...
DID YOU EVER GO
TO A PLACE CALLED
NORWAY?

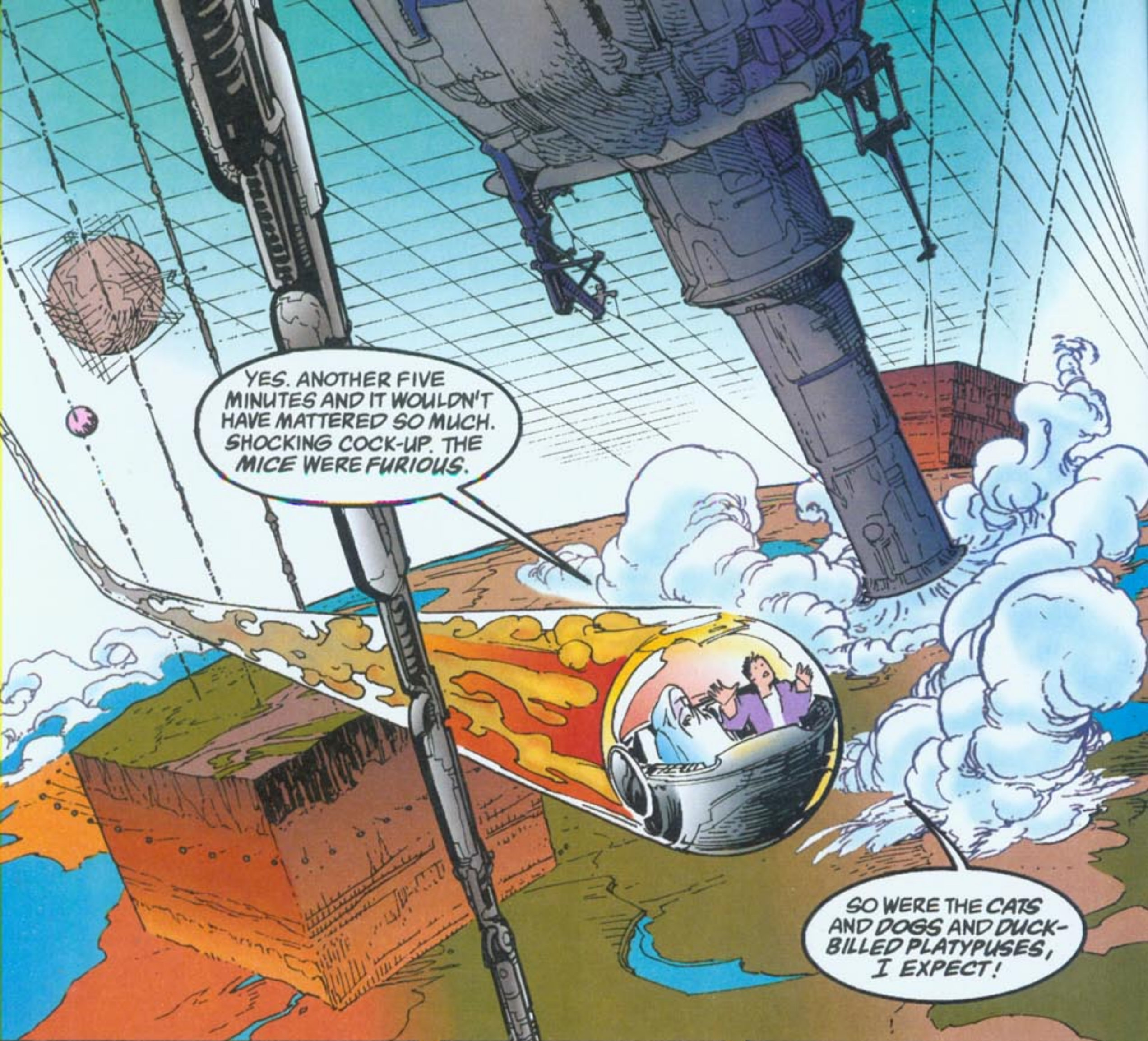
NO, I
DIDN'T.



PITY. THAT WAS ONE OF
MINE. WON AN AWARD, YOU
KNOW. LOVELY CRINKLY
EDGES.

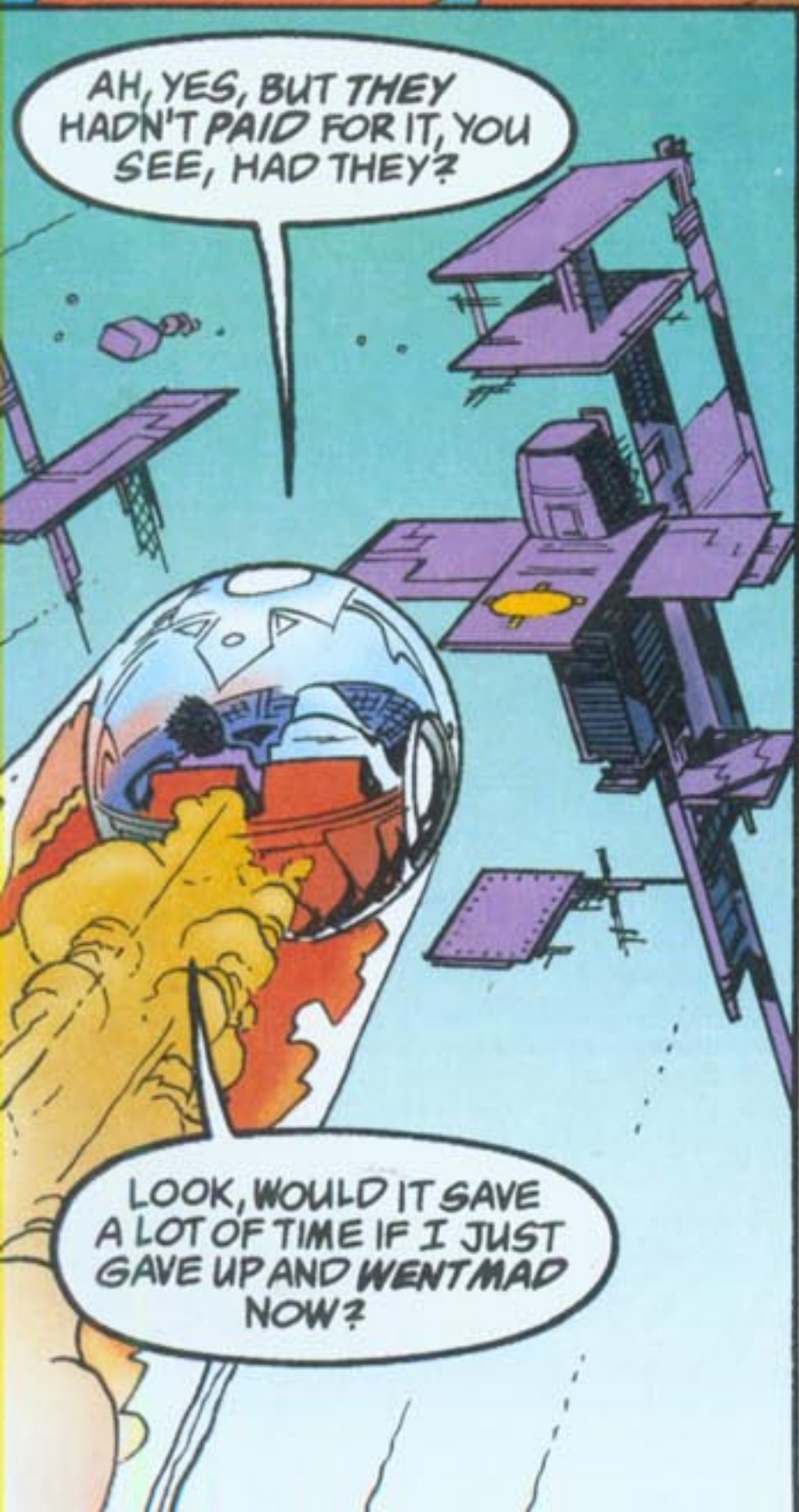
I WAS MOST
UPSET TO HEAR OF ITS
DESTRUCTION.

**YOU
WERE
UPSET!**



YES. ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AND IT WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED SO MUCH. SHOCKING COCK-UP. THE MICE WERE FURIOUS.

SO WERE THE CATS AND DOGS AND DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUSES, I EXPECT!



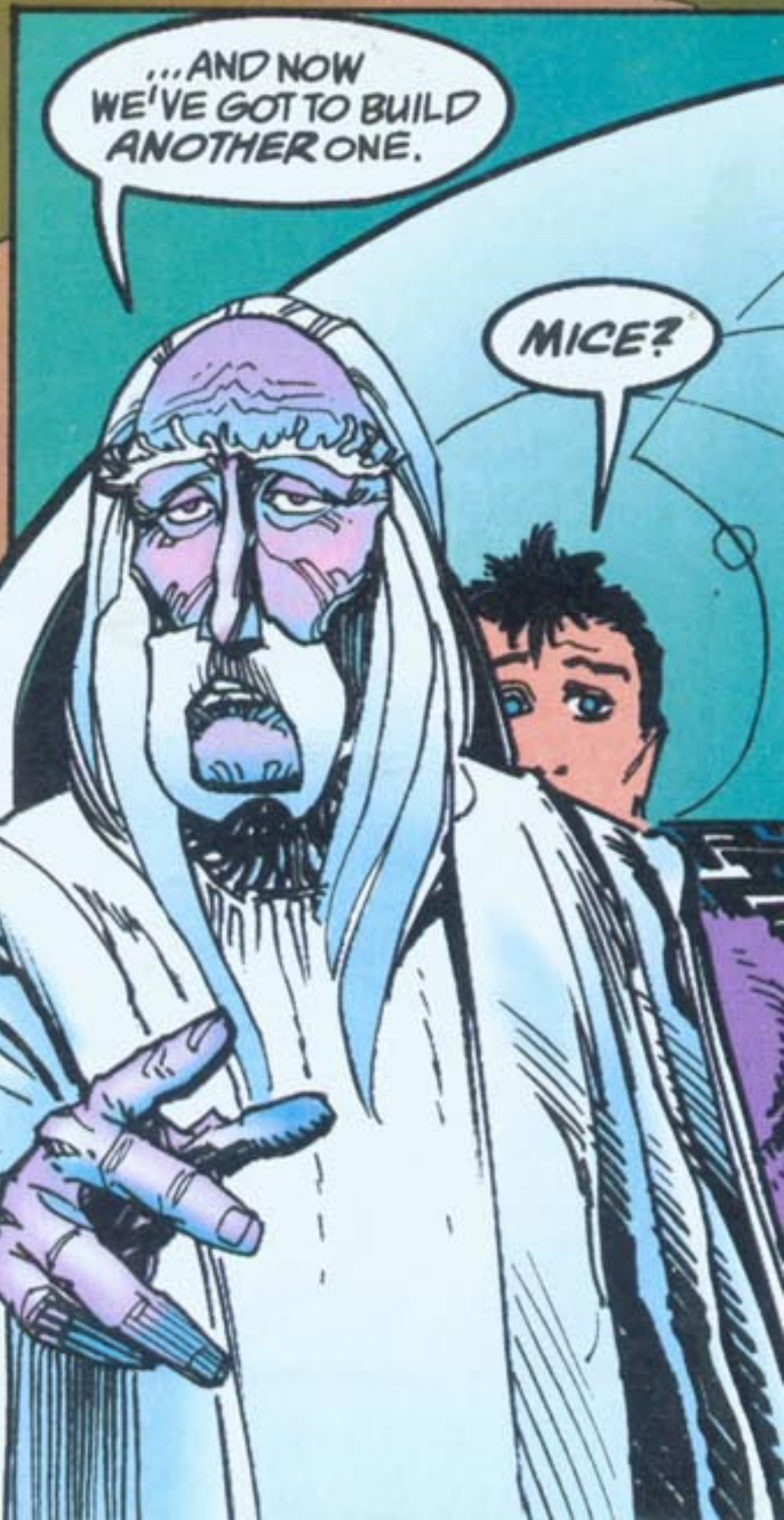
AH, YES, BUT THEY HADN'T PAID FOR IT, YOU SEE, HAD THEY?

LOOK, WOULD IT SAVE A LOT OF TIME IF I JUST GAVE UP AND WENT MAD NOW?



EARTHMAN, YOUR PLANET WAS COMMISSIONED, PAID FOR, AND RUN BY THE MICE.

IT WAS DESTROYED FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE COMPLETION OF THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH IT WAS BUILT...



...AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO BUILD ANOTHER ONE.

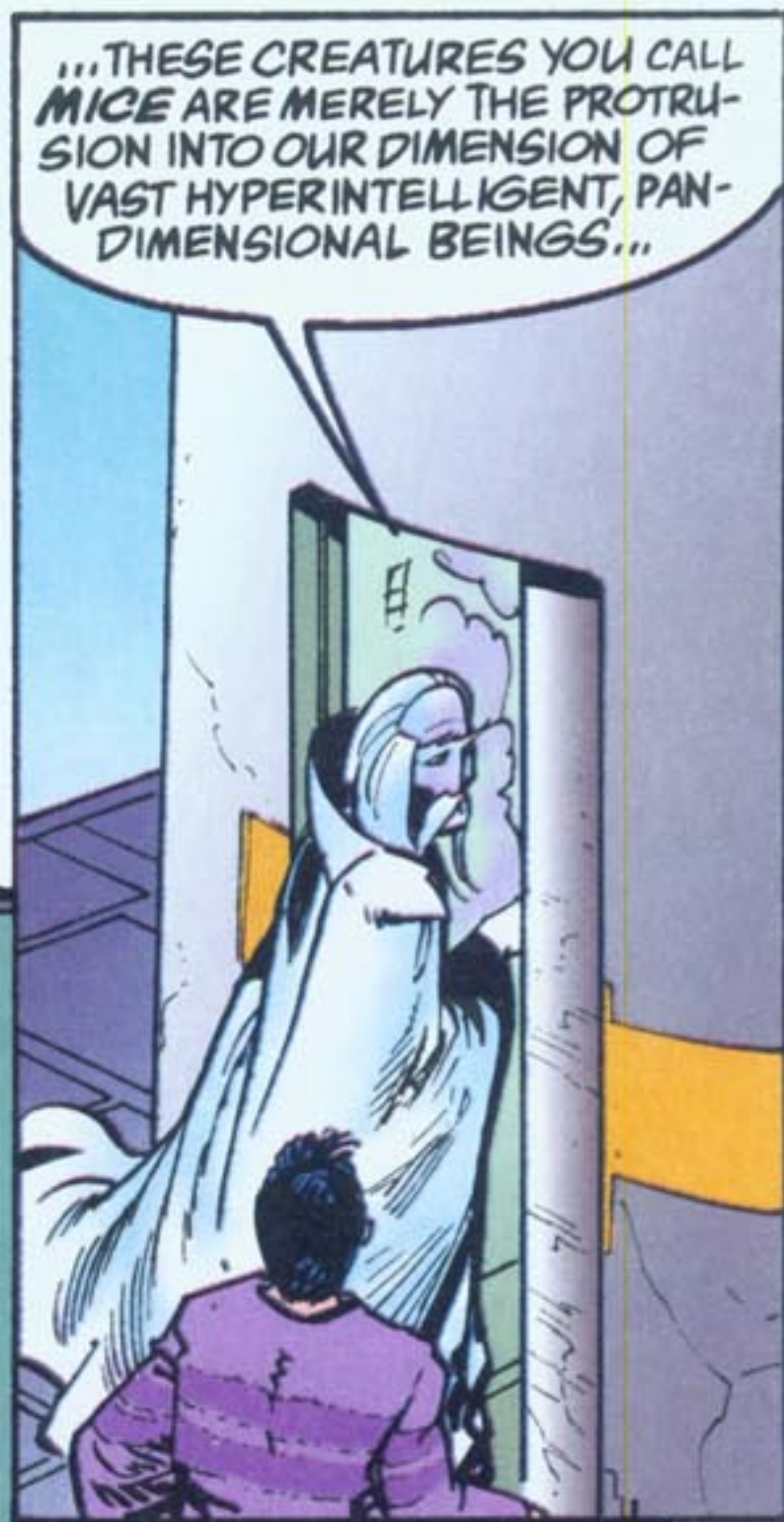
MICE?



LOOK, ARE WE TALKING ABOUT LITTLE WHITE FURRY THINGS WITH A **CHEESE** FIXATION, AND WOMEN STANDING ON TABLES, **SCREAMING**, IN EARLY SIXTIES SIT-COMS?



EARTHMAN, IT'S HARD TO FOLLOW YOUR MODE OF **SPEECH**. I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP INSIDE MAGRATHEA FOR FIVE MILLION YEARS AND KNOW LITTLE OF THESE EARLY SIXTIES SIT-COMS OF WHICH YOU SPEAK...



...THESE CREATURES YOU CALL **MICE** ARE MERELY THE PROTRUSION INTO OUR DIMENSION OF VAST HYPERINTELLIGENT, PAN-DIMENSIONAL BEINGS...



...THE WHOLE BUSINESS WITH THE **CHEESE** AND THE **SQUEAKING** IS JUST A FRONT...



...THEY'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON YOU, I'M AFRAID.

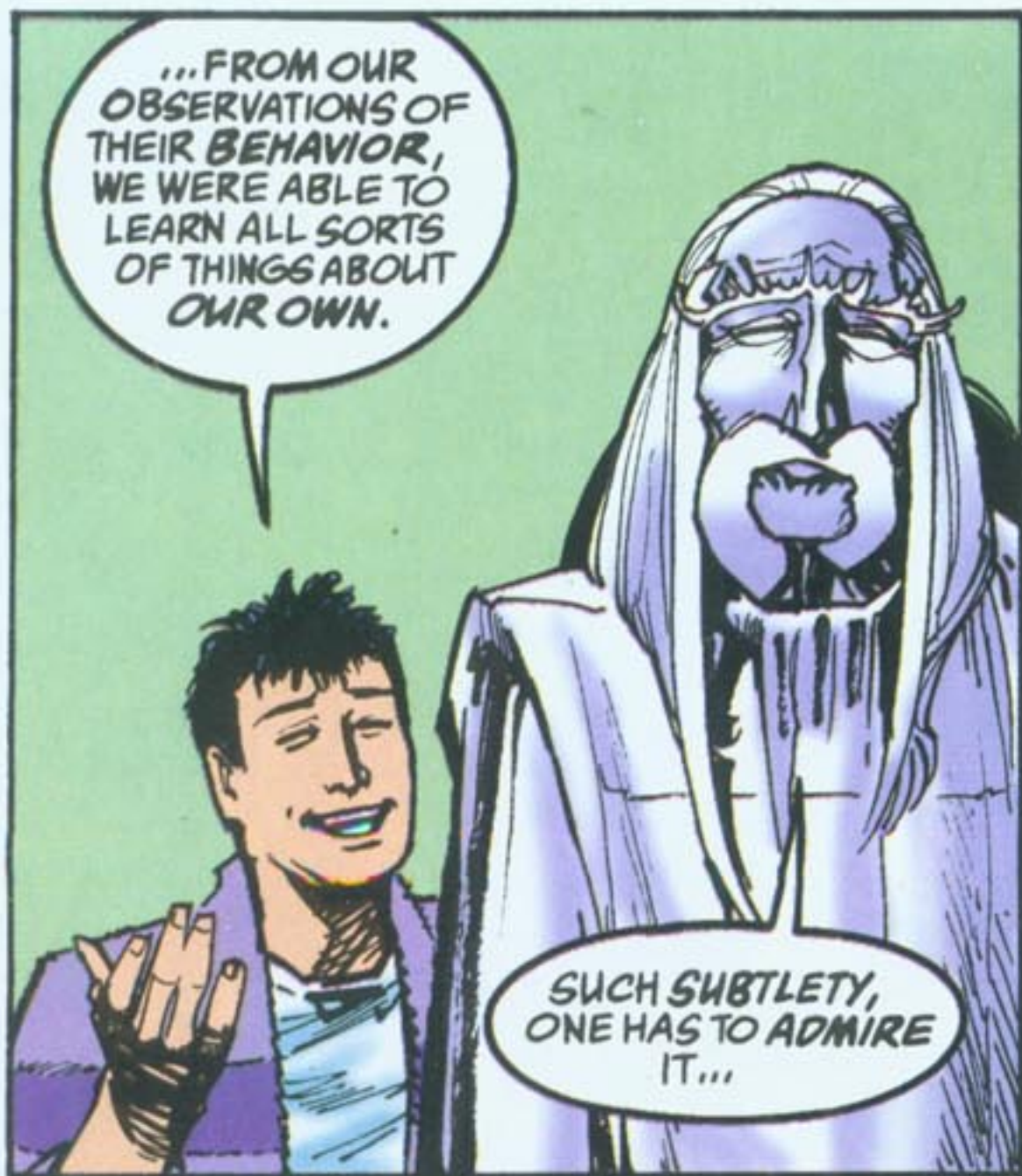


AHH, NO. YOU'VE GOT IT **WRONG**. WE USED TO DO THE EXPERIMENTS ON THEM...

REALLY?



YES, THEY WERE OFTEN USED IN BEHAVIORAL RESEARCH. WE SET THEM ALL SORTS OF **TESTS**, LEARNING TO RING BELLS, RUN 'ROUND MAZES, AND THINGS...



AND SO...

SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.
A DIODE BLEW IN ONE OF OUR
LIFE-SUPPORT COMPUTERS. WE
TRIED TO REVIVE OUR CLEANING
STAFF AND FOUND THEY'D
BEEN DEAD FOR THIRTY
THOUSAND YEARS.

NOW, WHERE
WAS I?

ER, YOU GOT TO THE
BIT ABOUT THE PAN-
DIMENSIONAL BEINGS
BUILDING A SUPER
COMPUTER TO DISCOVER
THE MEANING OF LIFE
ONCE AND FOR ALL.

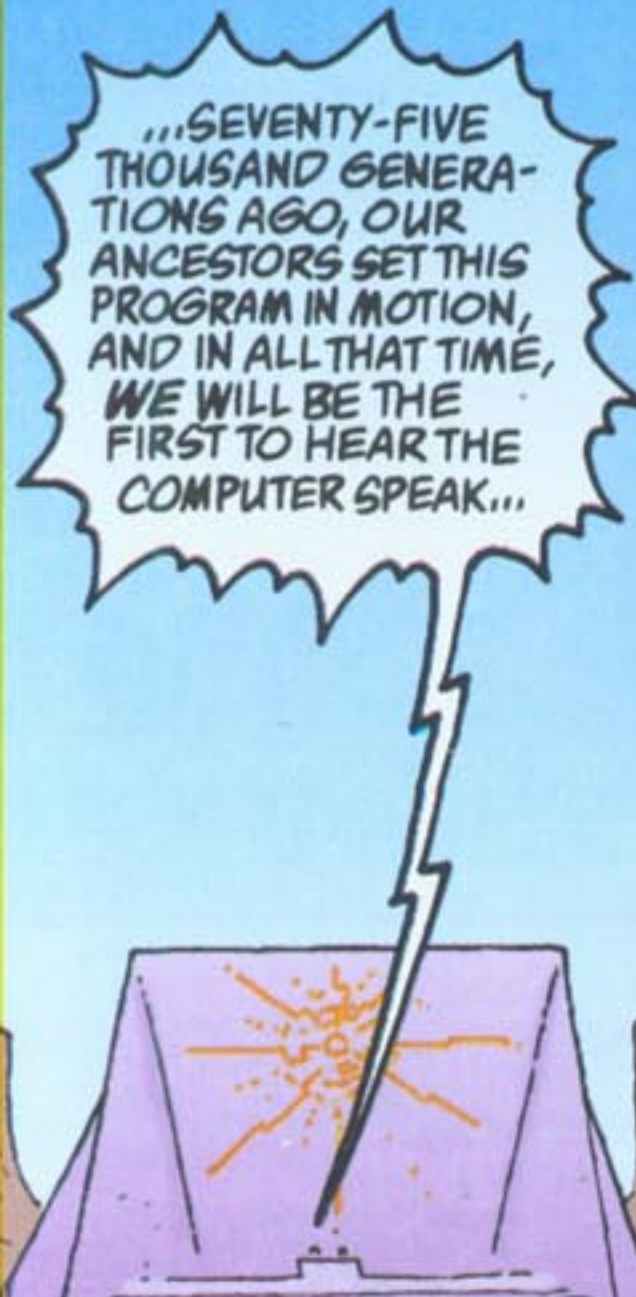
...AH, YES, IT WAS
CALLED DEEP THOUGHT,
THE SECOND MOST POWER-
FUL COMPUTER IN THE
UNIVERSE OF TIME
AND SPACE...

MUCH TO THE PHILOSO-
PHER'S DISGUST, IT WOULD
TAKE DEEP THOUGHT A
LITTLE TIME TO COME UP
WITH THE ANSWER...

...IT TOOK SEVEN-AND-A-HALF-
MILLION YEARS TO RUN THE
PROGRAM... SEVEN-AND-A-HALF-
MILLION YEARS THEIR RACE HAD
WAITED FOR THE GREAT AND
HOPEFULLY ENLIGHTENING
DAY!

HERE.
HOLD
THESE.

THE DAY OF
THE ANSWER HAS
ARRIVED...!



...SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND GENERATIONS AGO, OUR ANCESTORS SET THIS PROGRAM IN MOTION, AND IN ALL THAT TIME, WE WILL BE THE FIRST TO HEAR THE COMPUTER SPEAK...



AWESOME PROSPECT, BEING THE ONES TO HEAR THE ANSWER TO THE GREAT QUESTION OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING!

AWESOME.



SSSSHH! I THINK DEEP THOUGHT IS ABOUT TO SPEAK.



GOOD MORNING.

ER, GOOD MORNING, O DEEP THOUGHT... DO YOU, ER, HAVE, THAT IS--

AN ANSWER FOR YOU?



YES. I HAVE.



THERE REALLY IS ONE?

THERE REALLY IS ONE.

TO THE GREAT QUESTION OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING?

YES.



AND ARE YOU READY TO GIVE IT TO US?

I AM.



THOUGH I
DON'T THINK
YOU'RE GOING
TO LIKE IT.



DOESN'T MATTER.
GIVE IT TO US.

WE MUST
KNOW IT!
NOW!

ALL RIGHT. BUT YOU'RE
REALLY NOT GOING TO
LIKE IT...



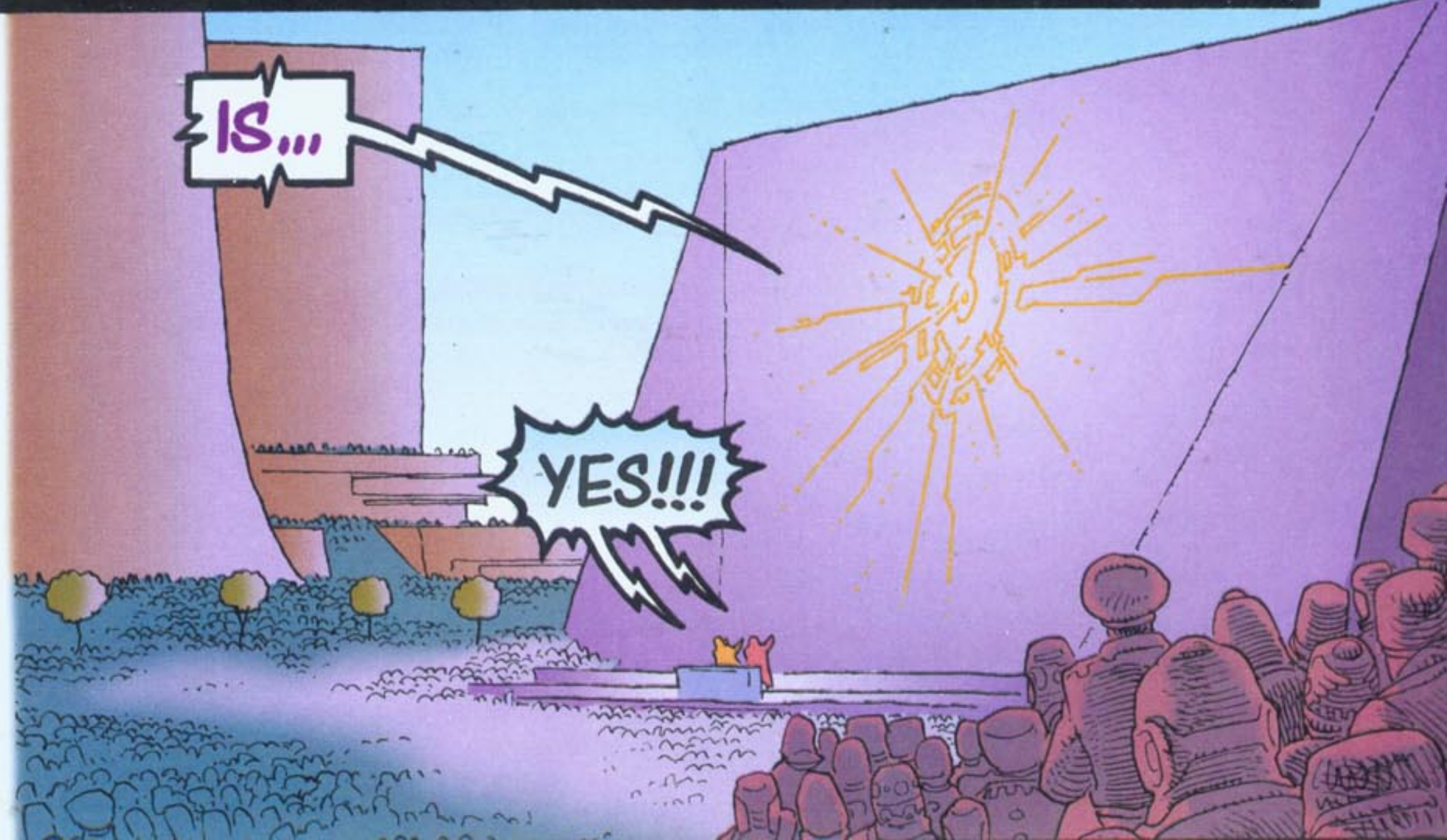
THE ANSWER TO THE
GREAT QUESTION...

YES!



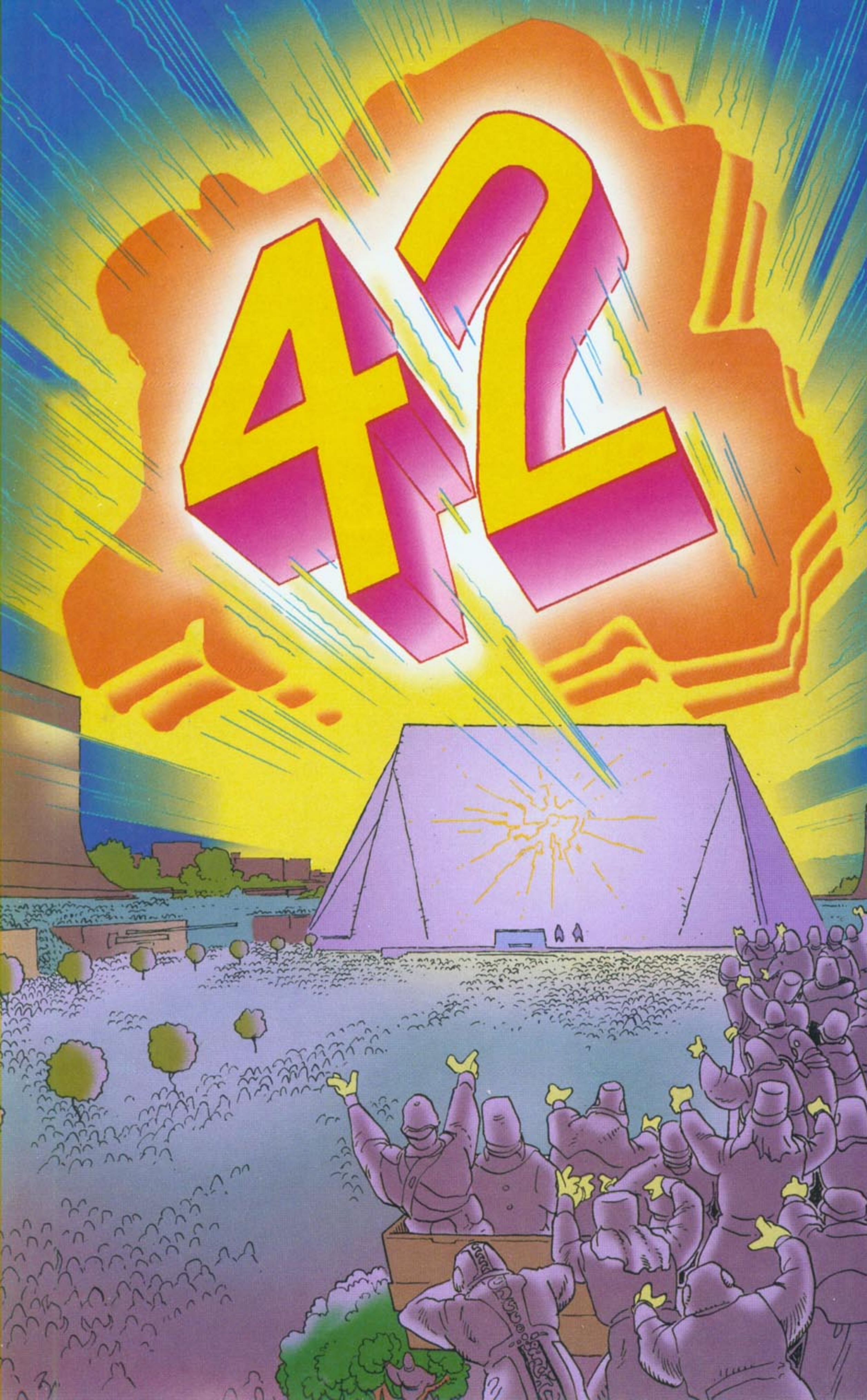
...OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSE,
AND EVERYTHING...

YES!



IS...

YES!!!



FORTY-TWO! IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW FOR SEVEN-AND-A-HALF MILLION YEARS' WORK?

I CHECKED IT VERY THOROUGHLY... AND IT'S DEFINITELY THE ANSWER.

HANG 'EM!

RUBBISH!

WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

BOOO!

I THINK THE PROBLEM, TO BE QUITE HONEST WITH YOU, IS THAT YOU'VE NEVER ACTUALLY KNOWN WHAT THE QUESTION IS.

BUT IT WAS THE GREAT QUESTION OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING!

HELP!
HELP!

BUT WHAT ACTUALLY IS IT?

WELL, YOU KNOW... IT'S JUST EVERYTHING.

EXACTLY! SO ONCE YOU DO KNOW WHAT THE QUESTION ACTUALLY IS, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT THE ANSWER MEANS.

WELL, CAN'T YOU JUST TELL US THE QUESTION?

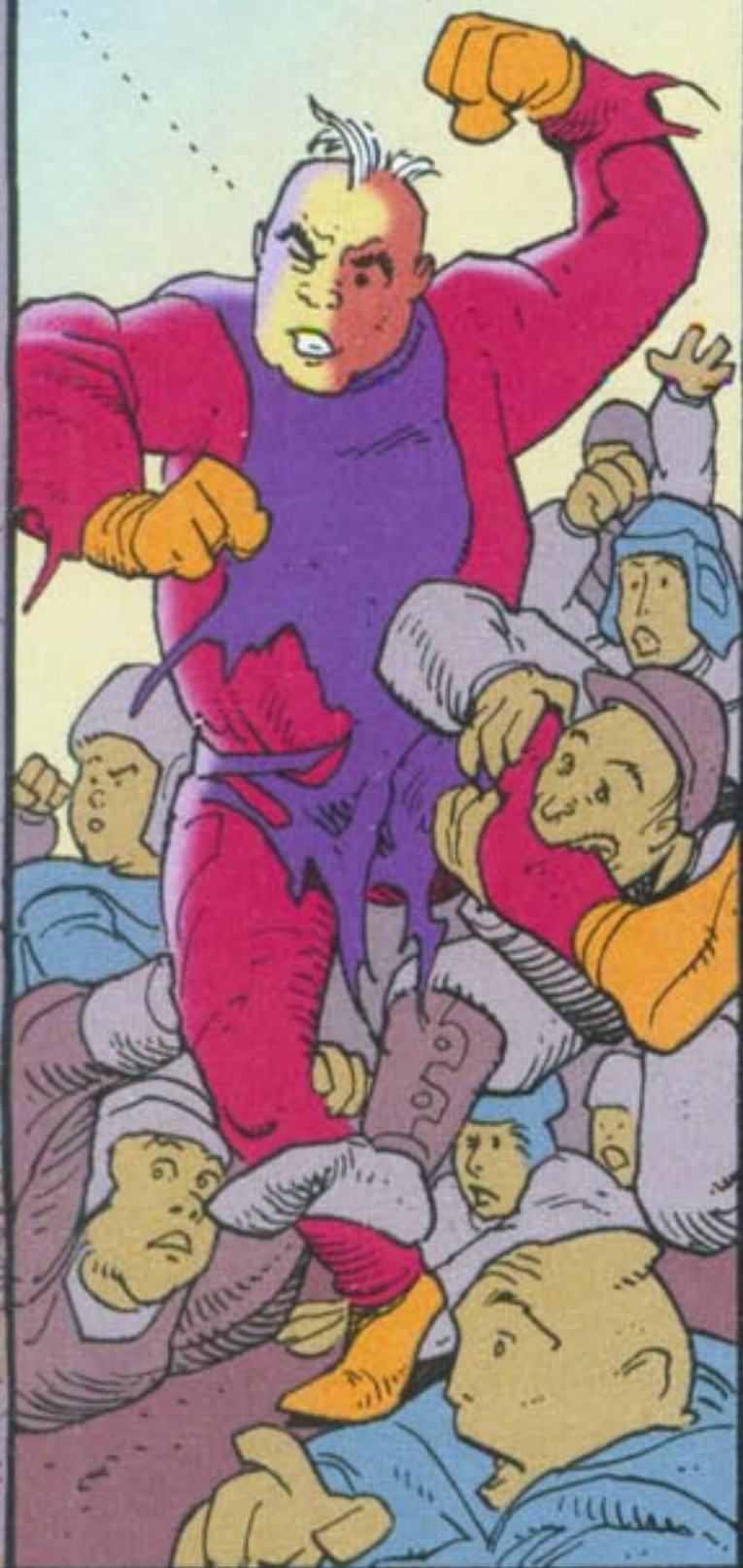
THE ULTIMATE QUESTION OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING?

...TRICKY.

BUT CAN YOU DO IT?

NO!

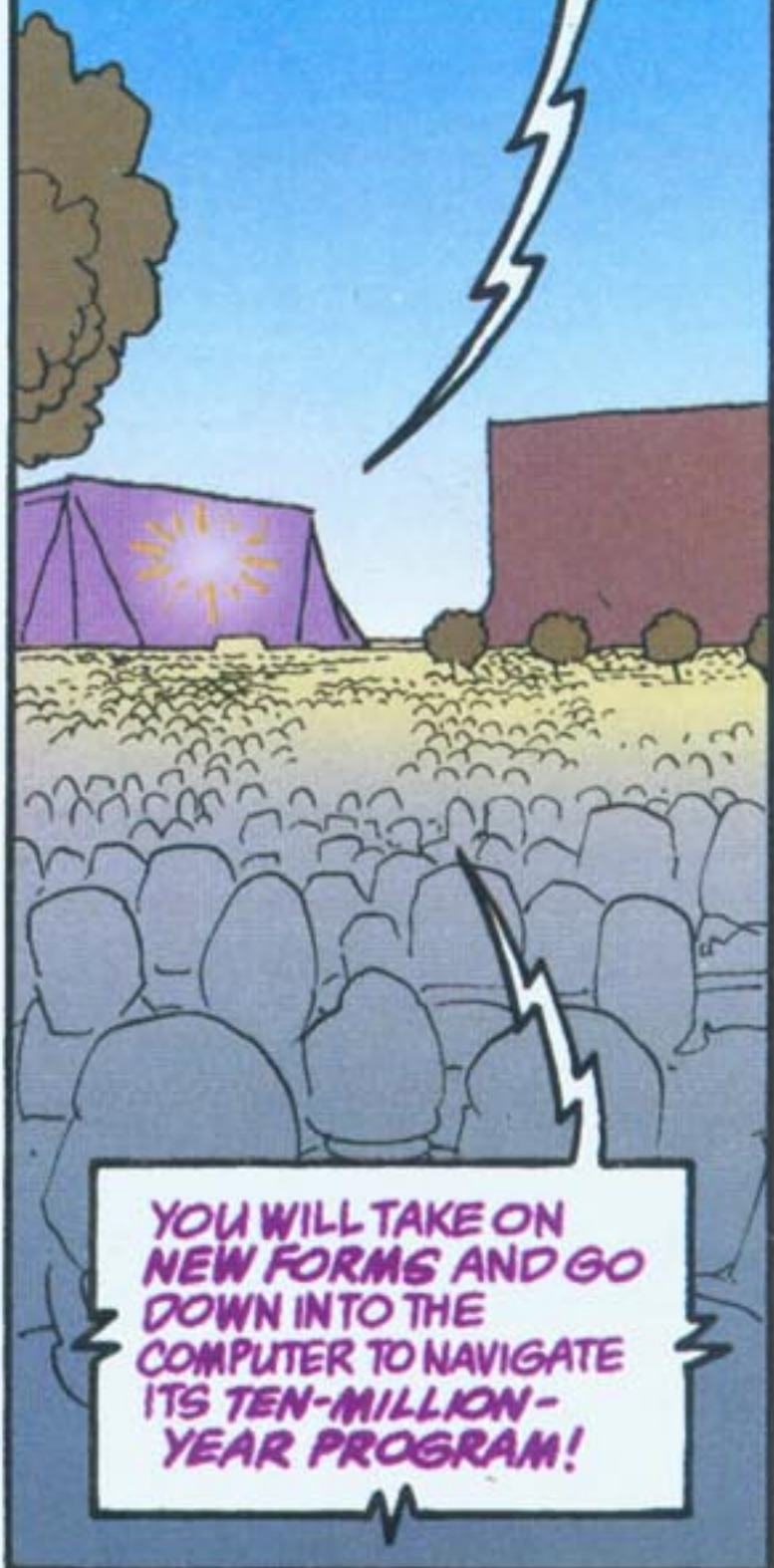
BUT I'LL TELL
YOU WHO CAN.



WHO?
TELL
US!



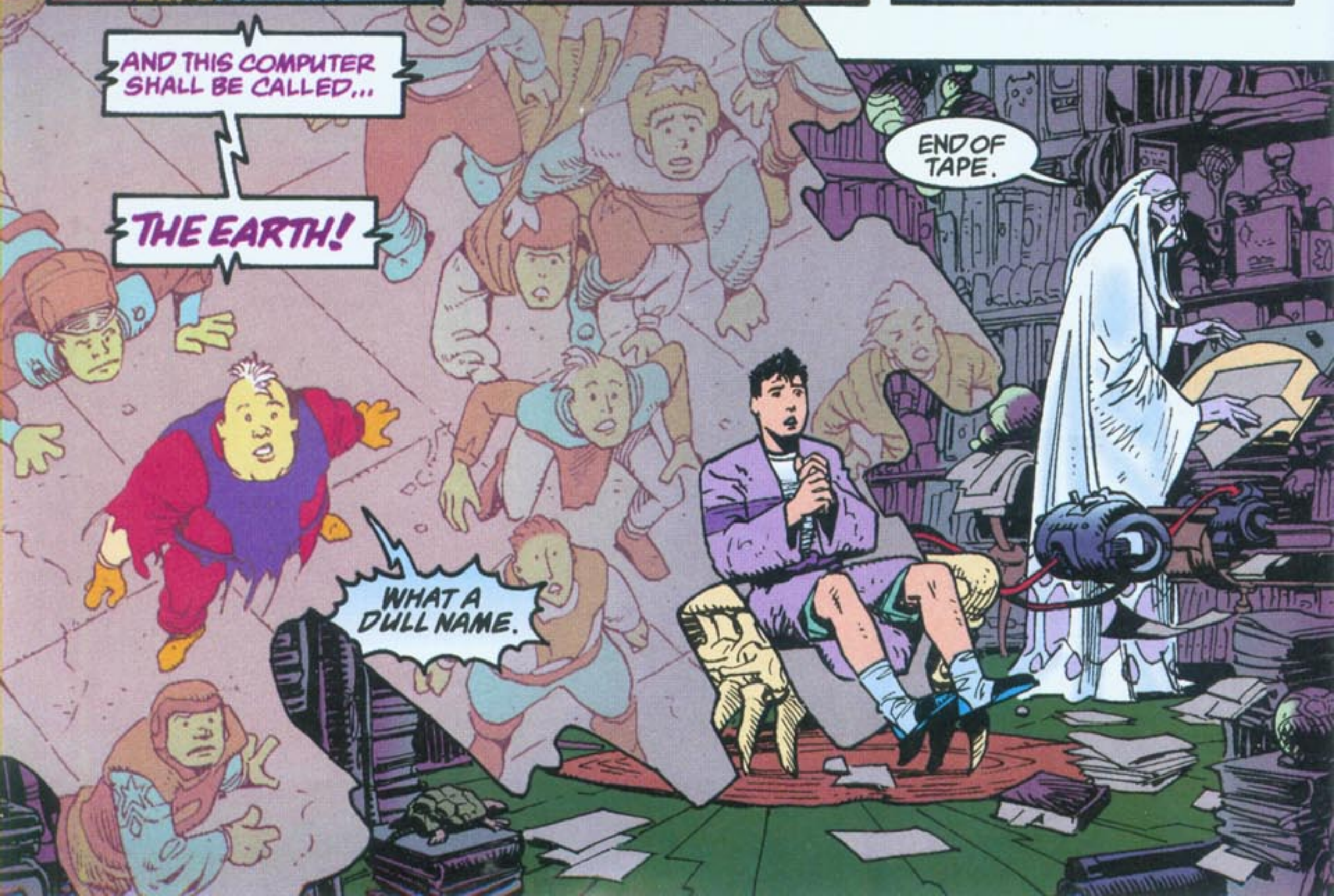
I SPEAK OF NONE BUT
THE COMPUTER THAT IS
TO COME AFTER ME.
A COMPUTER I WILL
DESIGN, ONE OF SUCH
COMPLEXITY THAT
ORGANIC LIFE ITSELF
SHALL FORM PART OF
ITS OPERATIONAL
MATRIX.



YOU WILL TAKE ON
NEW FORMS AND GO
DOWN INTO THE
COMPUTER TO NAVIGATE
ITS TEN-MILLION-
YEAR PROGRAM!

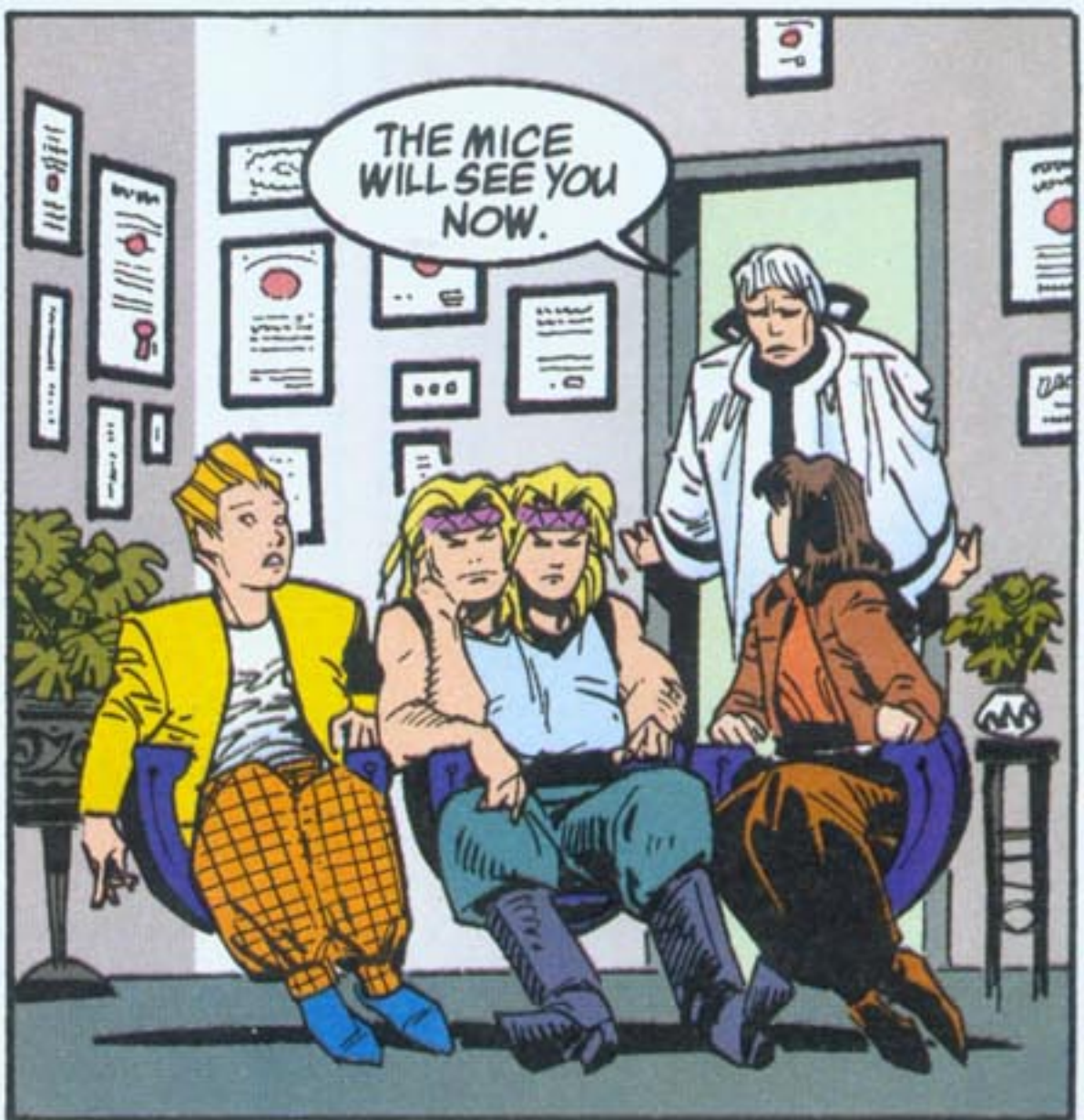
AND THIS COMPUTER
SHALL BE CALLED...

THE EARTH!



END OF
TAPE.

WHAT A
DULL NAME.





SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. DEEP THOUGHT DESIGNED THE EARTH, WE BUILT IT, AND YOU LIVED ON IT.

AND THE VOGONS CAME AND DESTROYED IT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE PROGRAM WAS COMPLETED?



TEN MILLION YEARS OF PLANNING AND WORK GONE JUST LIKE THAT! WELL, THERE'S BUREAUCRACY FOR YOU.

YOU KNOW, ALL THIS EXPLAINS A LOT OF THINGS...



...ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD THIS STRANGE, UNACCOUNTABLE FEELING THAT SOMETHING WAS GOING ON IN THE WORLD, SOMETHING BIG...



...SOMETHING SINISTER --AND NO ONE WOULD TELL ME WHAT IT WAS.



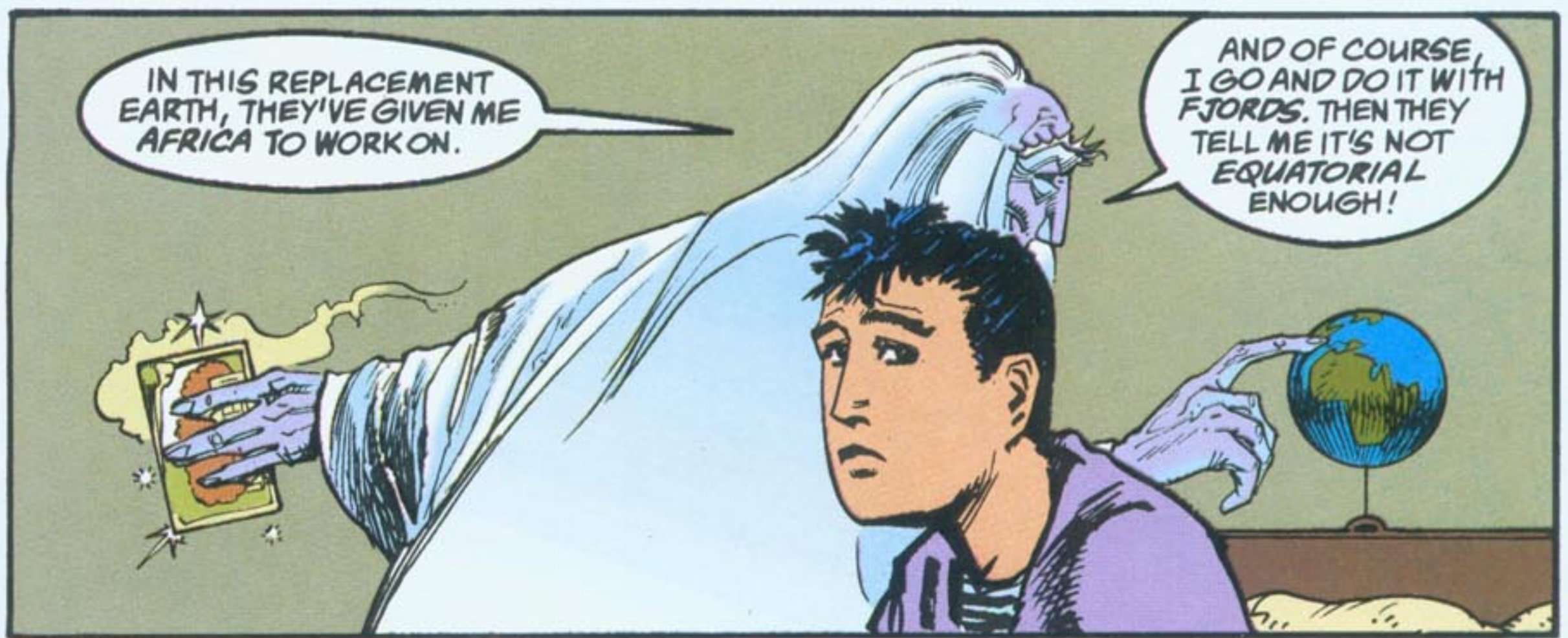
OH, NO. THAT'S JUST PERFECTLY NORMAL PARANOIA. EVERYONE IN THE UNIVERSE HAS THAT.

EVERYONE?



IF EVERYONE HAS IT, PERHAPS IT MEANS SOMETHING! PERHAPS SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE WE KNOW...

MAYBE. WHO CARES? I'M OLD AND TIRED. I JUST DESIGN COASTLINES. I GOT AN AWARD FOR NORWAY, YOU KNOW.



IN THIS REPLACEMENT EARTH, THEY'VE GIVEN ME AFRICA TO WORK ON.

AND OF COURSE I GO AND DO IT WITH FJORDS. THEN THEY TELL ME IT'S NOT EQUATORIAL ENOUGH!



OH, WHAT DOES IT MATTER! COME, NOW... IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO MEET THE MICE.



YOUR ARRIVAL ON THIS PLANET HAS CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT AND IS BEING HAILED AS THE THIRD MOST **IMPROBABLE** EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE **UNIVERSE!**

REALLY? WHAT WERE THE FIRST TWO?



OH, PROBABLY JUST COINCIDENCES.

I SEEM TO BE HAVING TREMENDOUS **DIFFICULTY** WITH MY LIFESTYLE.

IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT CARELESS TALK COSTS LIVES...

I SEEM TO BE HAVING TREMENDOUS **DIFFICULTY** WITH MY LIFESTYLE.

BUT THE FULL SCALE OF THE PROBLEM IS NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED...

I SEEM TO BE HAVING TREMENDOUS **DIFFICULTY** WITH MY LIFESTYLE.

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...FOR INSTANCE, AT THE VERY MOMENT ARTHUR DENT SAID, "I SEEM TO BE HAVING TREMENDOUS **DIFFICULTY** WITH MY LIFESTYLE," A FREAK WORM HOLE OPENED UP IN THE FABRIC OF THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM...

... SENDING HIS WORDS BACK INTO A DISTANT GALAXY WHERE TWO STRANGE AND WARLIKE LEADERS SAT AROUND THE NEGOTIATING TABLE, POISED ON THE BRINK OF A FRIGHTFUL INTERSTELLAR BATTLE...

ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE BACK WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY MOTHER?

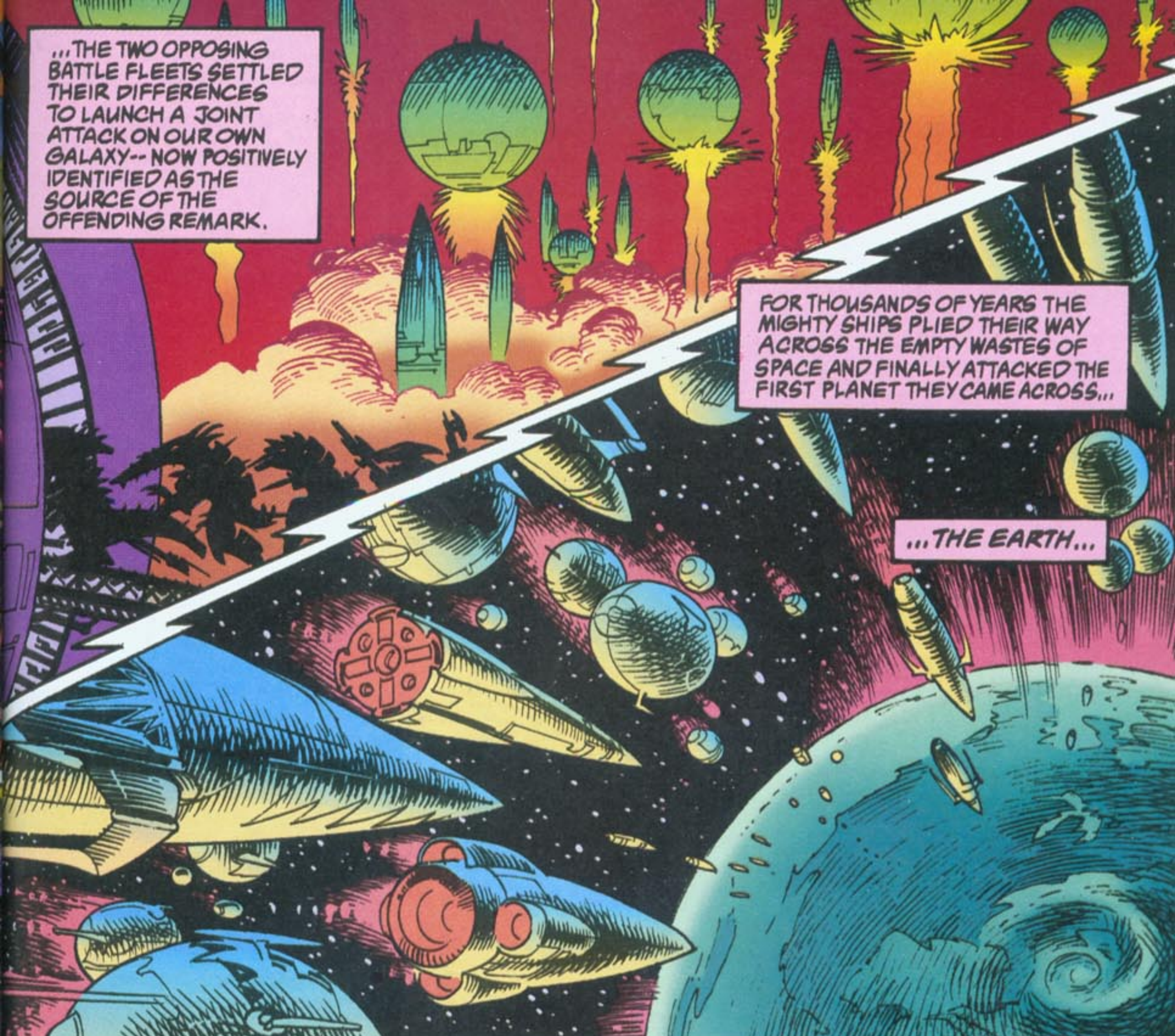
I SEEM TO BE HAVING TREMENDOUS DIFFICULTY WITH MY LIFESTYLE.

RAAAGGGGHHHH!

HUH?

UNFORTUNATELY, IN THE VL'HURS TONGUE THIS WAS THE MOST DREADFUL INSULT IMAGINABLE... AND THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO WAGE TERRIBLE WAR FOR CENTURIES.

EVENTUALLY, AFTER A FEW THOUSAND YEARS, THEIR GALAXY WAS DECIMATED AND THEY REALIZED THE WHOLE THING WAS A GHASTLY MISTAKE...



...THE TWO OPPOSING
BATTLE FLEETS SETTLED
THEIR DIFFERENCES
TO LAUNCH A JOINT
ATTACK ON OUR OWN
GALAXY-- NOW POSITIVELY
IDENTIFIED AS THE
SOURCE OF THE
OFFENDING REMARK.

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THE
MIGHTY SHIPS PLIED THEIR WAY
ACROSS THE EMPTY WASTES OF
SPACE AND FINALLY ATTACKED THE
FIRST PLANET THEY CAME ACROSS...

...THE EARTH...



...WHERE, DUE TO
A TERRIBLE
MISCALCULATION
OF SCALE, THE
ENTIRE BATTLE
FLEET WAS
ACCIDENTALLY
SWALLOWED
BY A SMALL
DOG.



THOSE WHO STUDY THE COMPLEX
INTERPLAY OF CAUSE AND EFFECT
IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE
SAY THIS SORT OF THING GOES
ON ALL THE TIME.



AND SO...

ARTHUR!
YOU'RE
SAFE!

AM I?
OH, GOOD!

WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

WELL, OUR HOSTS HAVE BEEN
GASSING US, ZAPPING OUR MINDS,
AND BEING GENERALLY *WEIRD*.
AND NOW THEY'VE GIVEN US THIS
TO MAKE UP FOR IT.

HERE, HAVE
SOME VEGAN RHINO
CUTLET.



HOSTS?
WHAT
HOSTS?



UGH!
THERE ARE
MICE
ON
THE TABLE!



OH! SORRY.
I WASN'T QUITE
PREPARED FOR
THIS...



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU.
ARTHUR, THIS IS BENJI
MOUSE AND FRANKIE
MOUSE.

HI!

BUT
AREN'T
THEY...



HUH-MMMM.
EXCUSE ME...

YES.
THANK YOU,
SLARTIBARTFAST.
YOU MAY GO.

OH...ER, VERY WELL.
I'LL JUST GO AND
GET ON WITH SOME
OF MY FJORDS
THEN.

YES. THEY'RE
THE MICE I BROUGHT
WITH ME FROM
EARTH!



THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. WE WON'T BE NEEDING THE NEW EARTH ANY LONGER...

...NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND A NATIVE OF THE PLANET WHO WAS THERE SECONDS BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED.



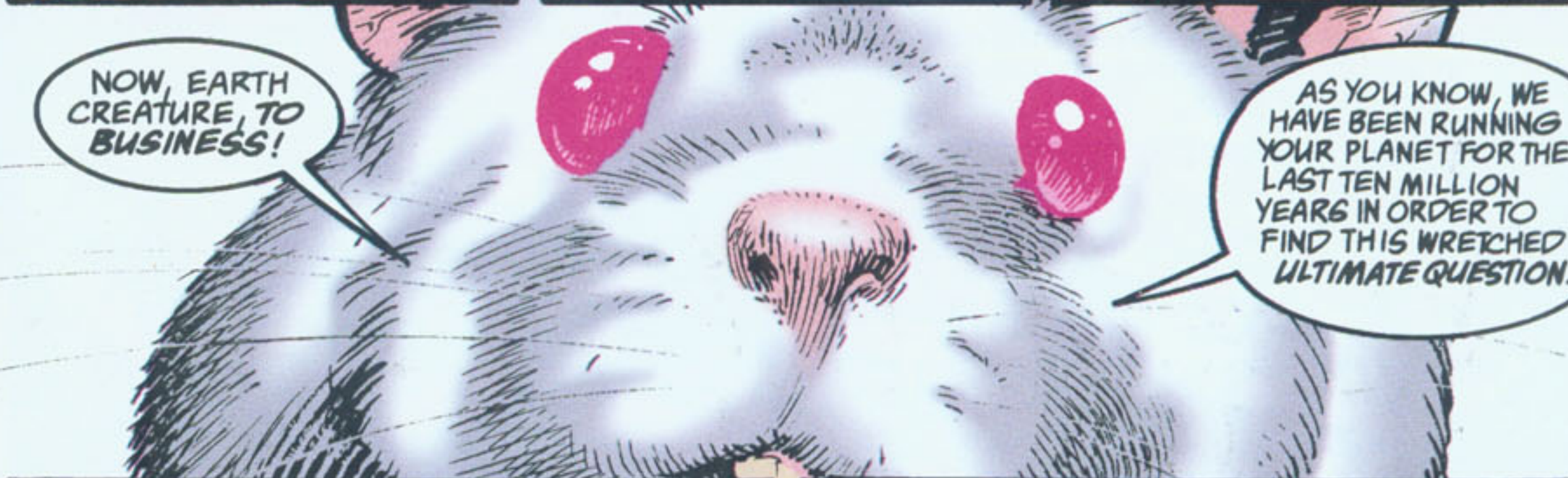
WELL, TAKE A **SKIING HOLIDAY** BEFORE YOU DISMANTLE THEM!

SKIING HOLIDAY! THOSE GLACIERS ARE WORKS OF ART!



YES, THANK YOU, SLARTIBARTFAST. THAT WILL BE ALL.

GOODBYE, EARTHMAN. HOPE THE LIFESTYLE COMES TOGETHER.



NOW, EARTH CREATURE, TO **BUSINESS!**

AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE BEEN RUNNING YOUR PLANET FOR THE LAST TEN MILLION YEARS IN ORDER TO FIND THIS WRETCHED **ULTIMATE QUESTION.**



TO BE BRUTALLY **HONEST**, WE'RE SICK TO DEATH OF THE WHOLE THING.

AND THE PROSPECT OF DOING IT ALL OVER AGAIN ON ACCOUNT OF THOSE WHINNET-RIDDEN **VOGONS** GIVES US THE SCREAMING **HEEBIE-JEEBIES!**



BY CHANCE, FRANKIE AND I LEFT THE PLANET FOR A QUICK **HOLIDAY** AND HAVE SINCE MANIPULATED OUR WAY BACK TO **MAGRATHEA...**

WHICH IS THE **GATEWAY** BACK TO OUR OWN **DIMENSION**, SEE?

AND NOW WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A FAT CONTRACT TO DO THE 5-D CHAT SHOWS AND LECTURE CIRCUITS.

AND WE'RE VERY MUCH INCLINED TO TAKE IT.

I WOULD. WOULDN'T YOU, FORD?

YEAH. JUMP AT IT, LIKE A SHOT.

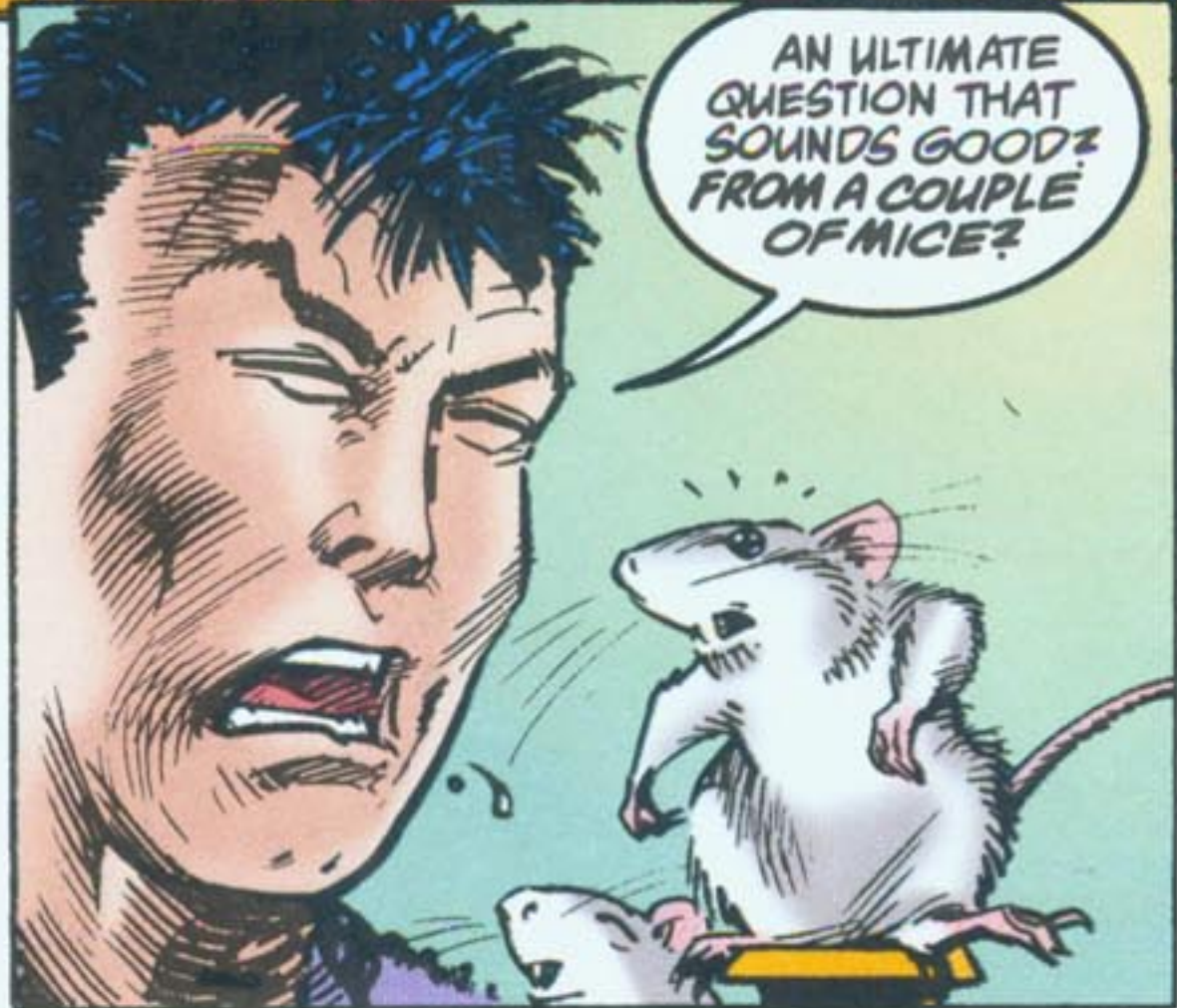


BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A PRODUCT, YOU SEE. WE STILL NEED THE ULTIMATE QUESTION IN SOME FORM OR OTHER...

SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS GOOD.



AN ULTIMATE QUESTION THAT SOUNDS GOOD? FROM A COUPLE OF MICE?

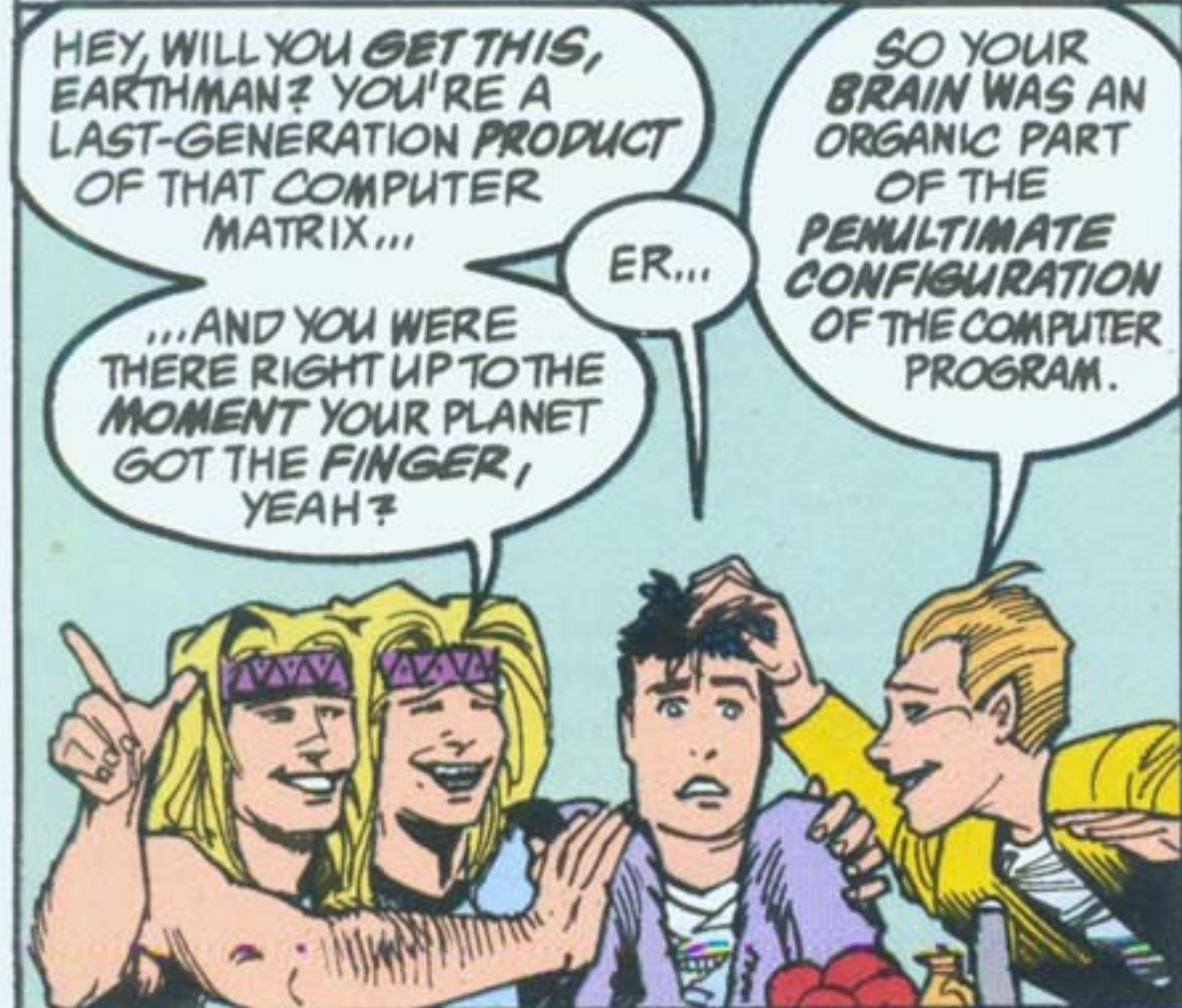


HEY, WILL YOU GET THIS, EARTHMAN? YOU'RE A LAST-GENERATION PRODUCT OF THAT COMPUTER MATRIX...

ER...

SO YOUR BRAIN WAS AN ORGANIC PART OF THE PENULTIMATE CONFIGURATION OF THE COMPUTER PROGRAM.

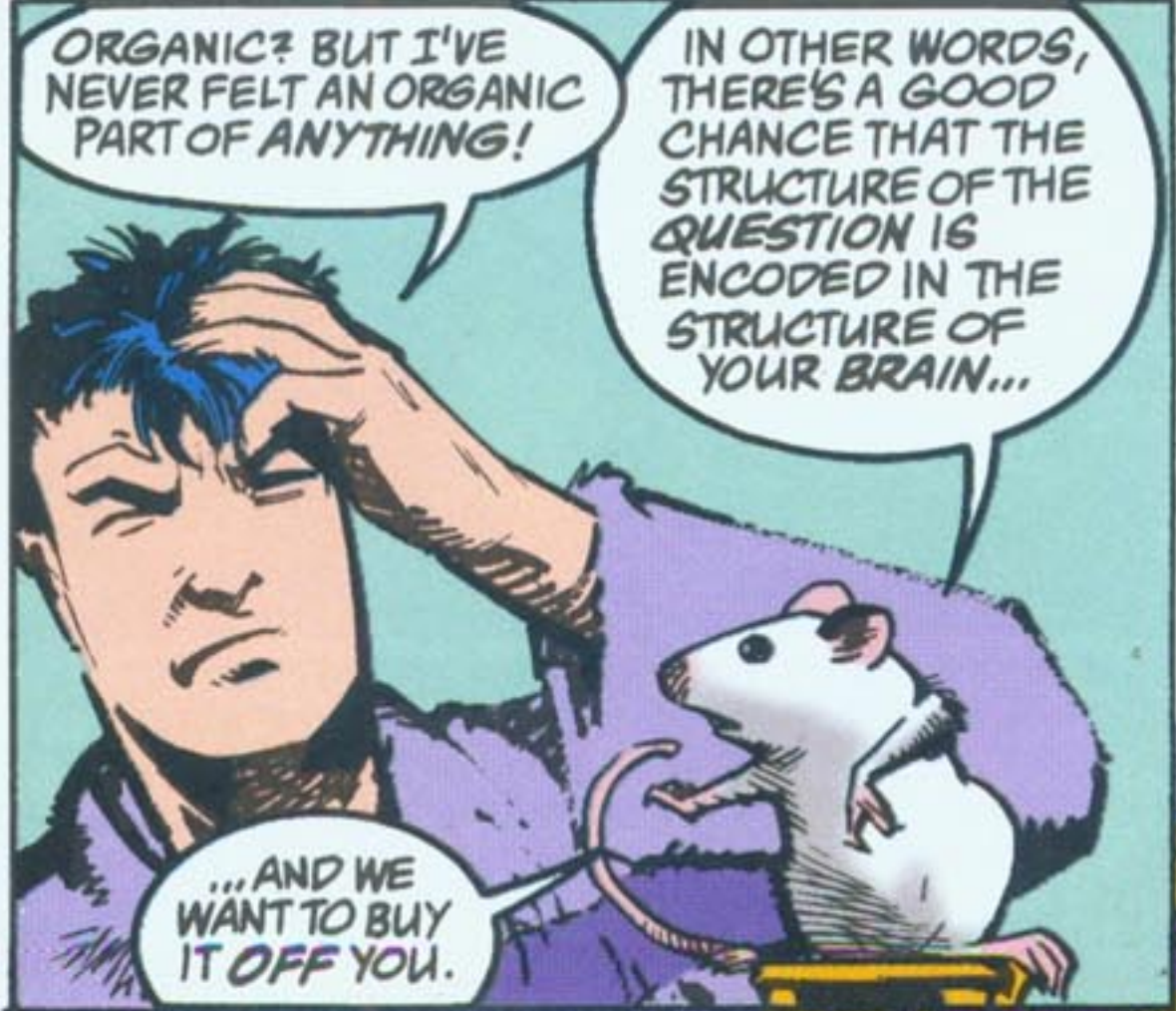
...AND YOU WERE THERE RIGHT UP TO THE MOMENT YOUR PLANET GOT THE FINGER, YEAH?



ORGANIC? BUT I'VE NEVER FELT AN ORGANIC PART OF ANYTHING!

IN OTHER WORDS, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT THE STRUCTURE OF THE QUESTION IS ENCODED IN THE STRUCTURE OF YOUR BRAIN...

...AND WE WANT TO BUY IT OFF YOU.



WHAT, THE QUESTION?

FOR LOTS AND LOTS OF MONEY!

YES!







EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! HOSTILE SHIP HAS LANDED ON THE PLANET! ARMED INTRUDERS IN SECTION 8A! DEFENSE STATIONS! DEFENSE STATIONS!

DAMNATION! ALL THAT FUSS OVER TWO POUNDS OF EARTHLING BRAIN!

THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO NOW IS FAKE A QUESTION, INVENT ONE THAT WILL SOUND PLAUSIBLE.

HOW ABOUT: WHAT'S YELLOW AND DANGEROUS?

NO, NO GOOD. DOESN'T FIT THE ANSWER.

ALL RIGHT, WHAT ABOUT: WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU MULTIPLY SIX BY SEVEN?

NO. TOO LITERAL. TOO FACTUAL. WOULDN'T SUSTAIN THE PUNTER'S INTEREST.

HERE'S A THOUGHT... HOW MANY ROADS MUST A MAN WALK DOWN?

THAT'S IT!

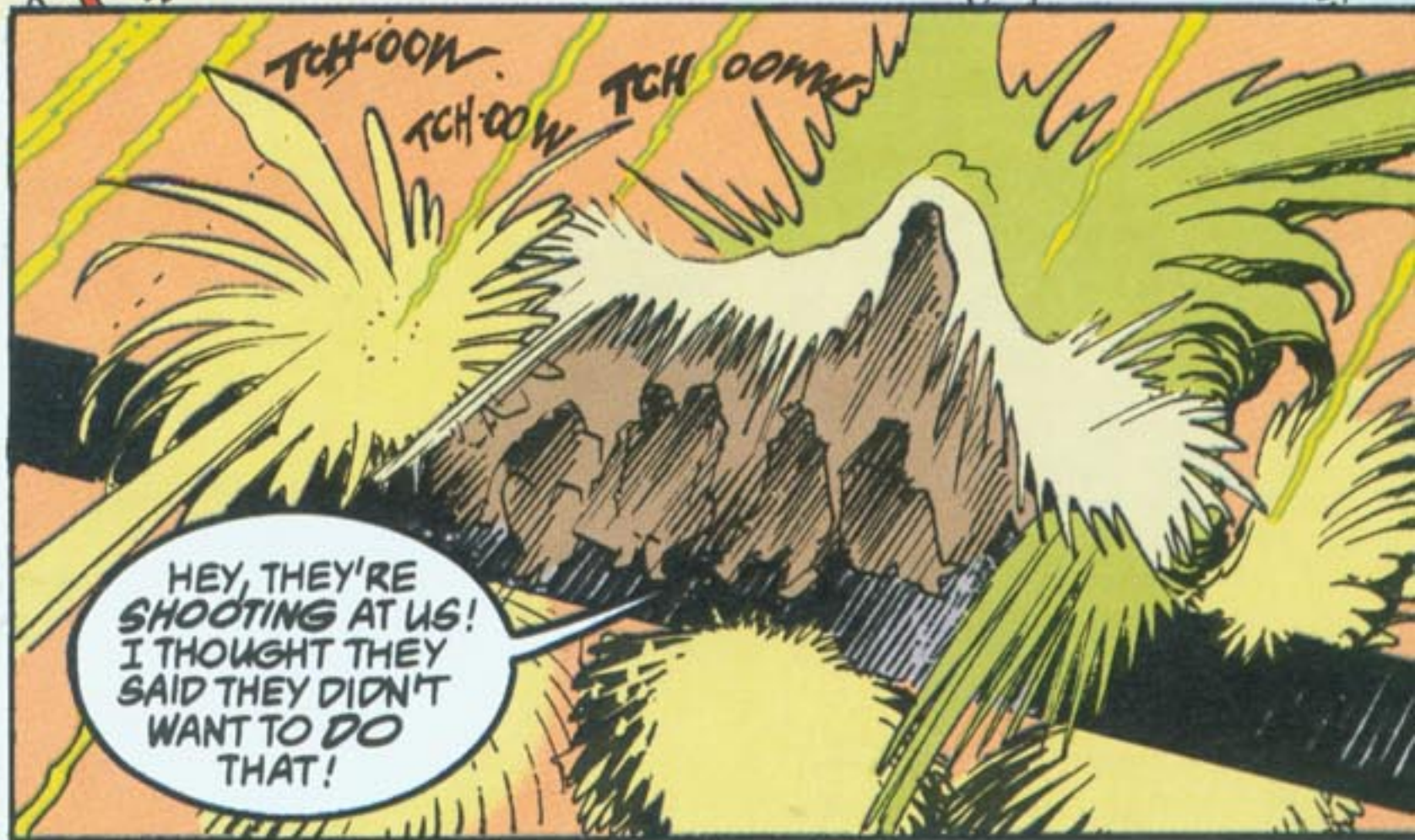
IT SOUNDS VERY SIGNIFICANT WITHOUT ACTUALLY TYING YOU DOWN TO MEANING ANYTHING AT ALL.

YEAH, THAT'LL FOX 'EM!

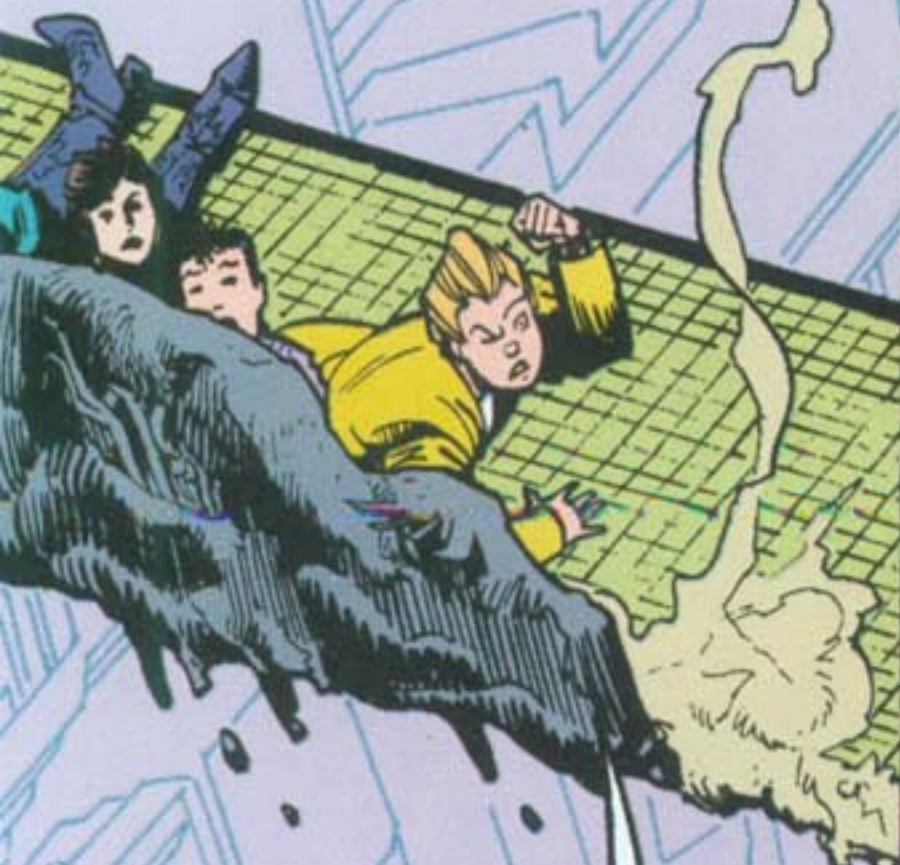
HOW MANY ROADS MUST A MAN WALK DOWN? FORTY-TWO! EXCELLENT!

FRANKIE, BABY--WE'VE GOT IT MADE!





HEY, LISTEN! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS OF OUR OWN WITHOUT HAVING YOU SHOOTING AT US...



...SO IF YOU COULD AVOID LAYING YOUR PROBLEMS ON US AS WELL, I THINK WE'D ALL FIND IT EASIER TO COPE!

NOW SEE HERE, GUY, YOU'RE NOT DEALING WITH ANY DUMB TWO-BIT TRIGGER-PUMPING MORONS WITH LOW HAIRLINES, LITTLE PIGGY EYES, AND NO CONVERSATION...



...WE'RE A COUPLE OF INTELLIGENT, CARING GUYS THAT YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE IF YOU MET SOCIALLY!



I DON'T GO AROUND GRATUITOUSLY SHOOTING PEOPLE AND THEN BRAGGING ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS IN SEEDY SPACE-RANGERS BARS, LIKE SOME COPS I COULD MENTION...

...I GO AROUND SHOOTING PEOPLE GRATUITOUSLY AND THEN I AGONIZE ABOUT IT AFTERWARDS FOR HOURS TO MY GIRL-FRIEND!



YEAH, AND I WRITE NOVELS!

THOUGH I HAVEN'T HAD ANY OF THEM PUBLISHED YET, SO I BETTER WARN YOU...



WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

DUNNO, BUT I THINK I PREFERRED IT WHEN THEY WERE SHOOTING!



...I'M IN A ME-E-E-E-EAN MOOD!



SO ARE YOU GOING TO COME QUIETLY...

...OR ARE YOU GOING TO LET US BLAST YOU OUT?

WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER?



TCH-BOOW

TCH-BOOW

TCH-BOOW

TCH-OW



YOU STILL DOWN THERE?

YES, WE'RE STILL HERE.



WE DIDN'T ENJOY DOING THAT AT ALL!

YEAH, WE COULD TELL!



NOW, LISTEN UP, BEEBLEBROX, AND LISTEN GOOD!

WHY?

BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO BE VERY INTELLIGENT AND QUITE INTERESTING AND HUMANE!



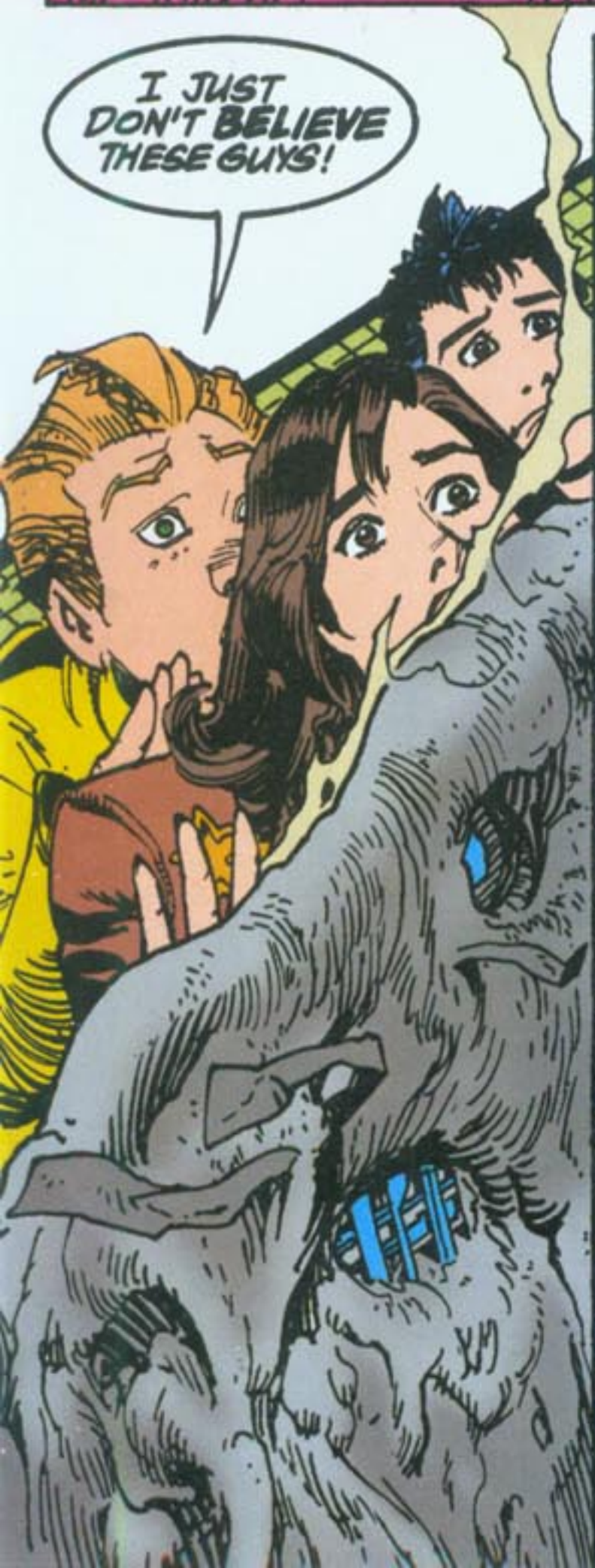
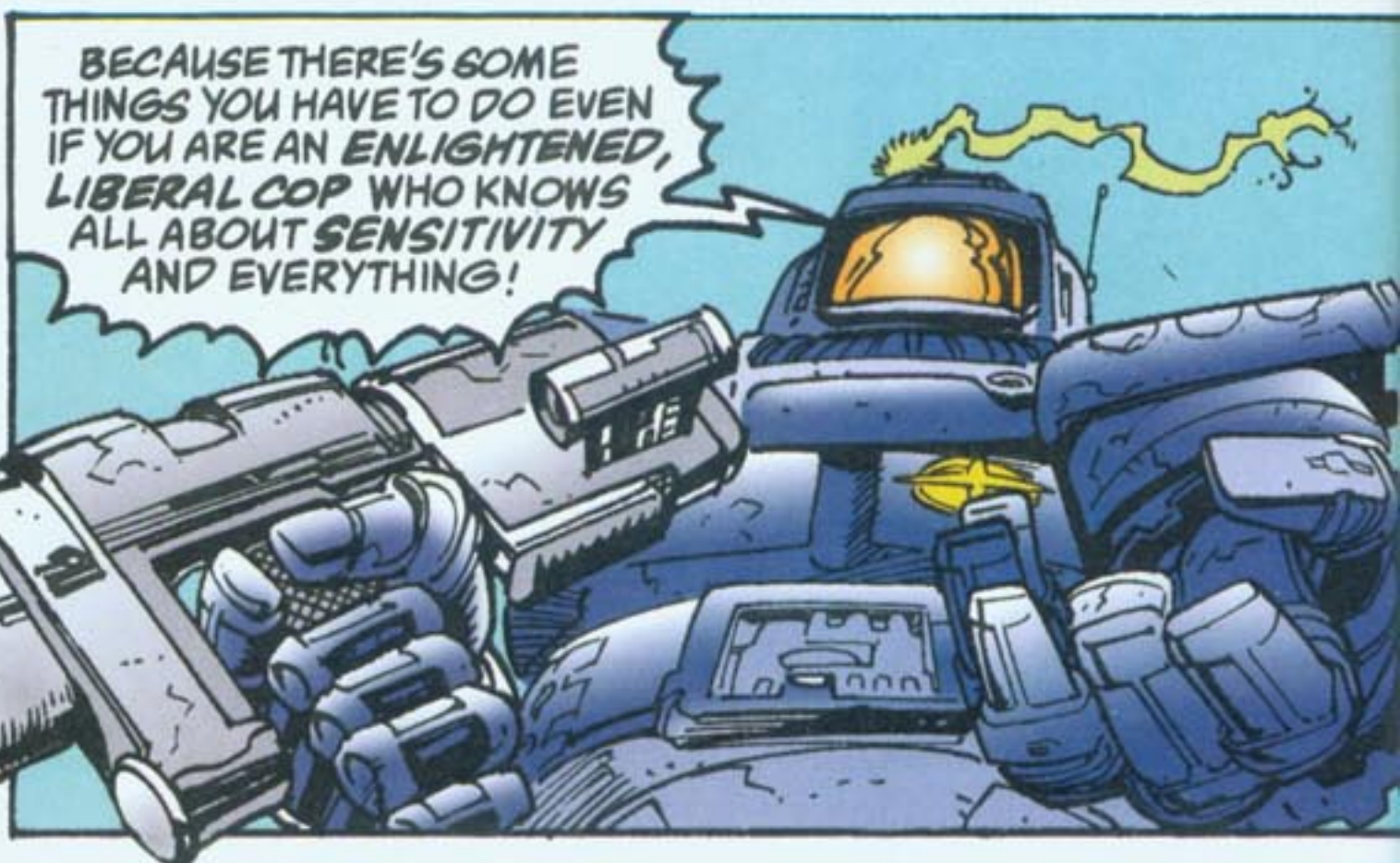
EITHER YOU ALL GIVE YOURSELVES UP NOW AND LET US BEAT YOU UP A BIT...

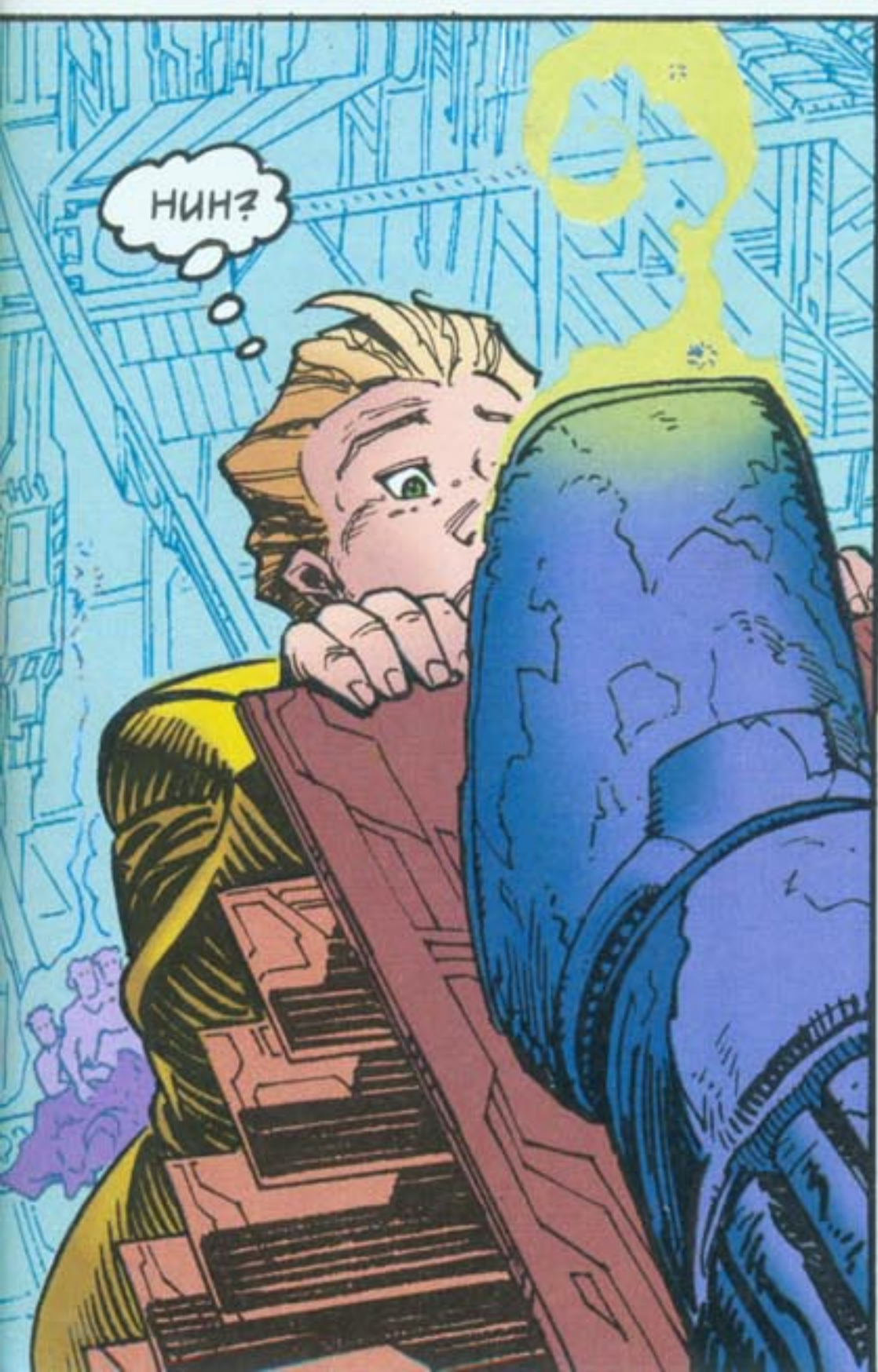
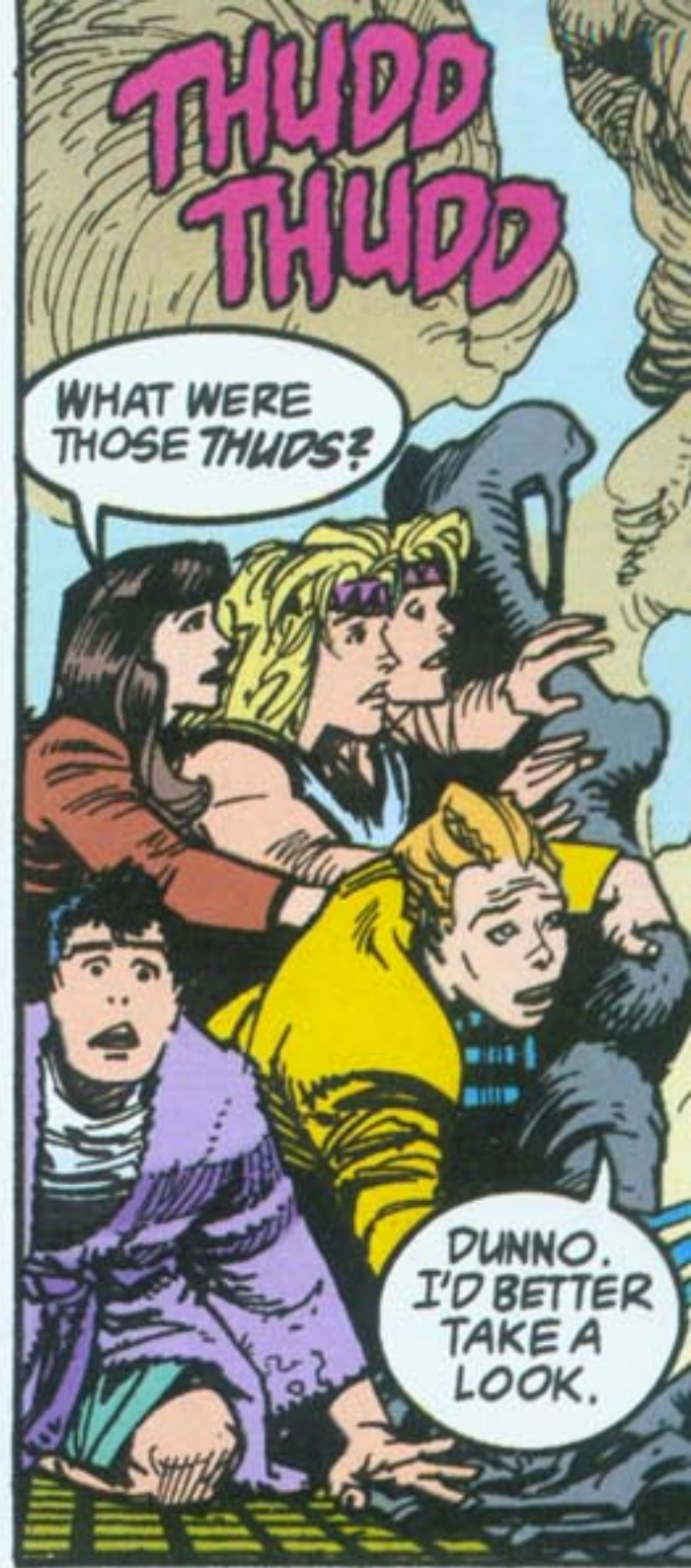
...THOUGH NOT VERY MUCH, OF COURSE, BECAUSE WE'RE FIRMLY OPPOSED TO NEEDLESS VIOLENCE...



...OR WE BLOW UP THIS ENTIRE PLANET...

...AND POSSIBLY ONE OR TWO OTHERS WE NOTICED ON THE WAY OUT HERE!



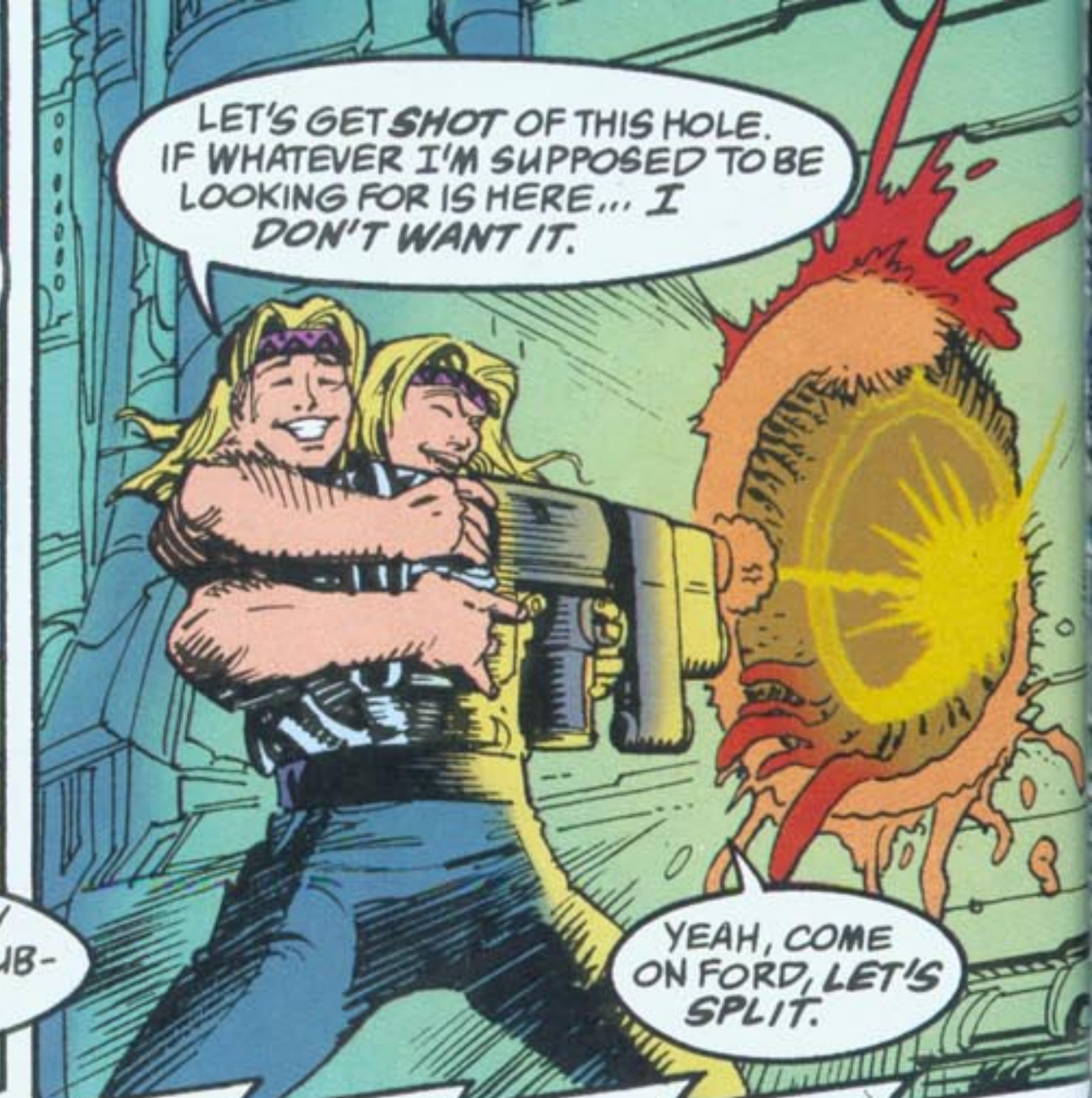




THEY WERE FROM **BLAGULON KAPPA**--METHANE BREATHERS. THEY DEPENDED ON THEIR **SPACESUITS** FOR THEIR SURVIVAL IN THIS ATMOSPHERE.

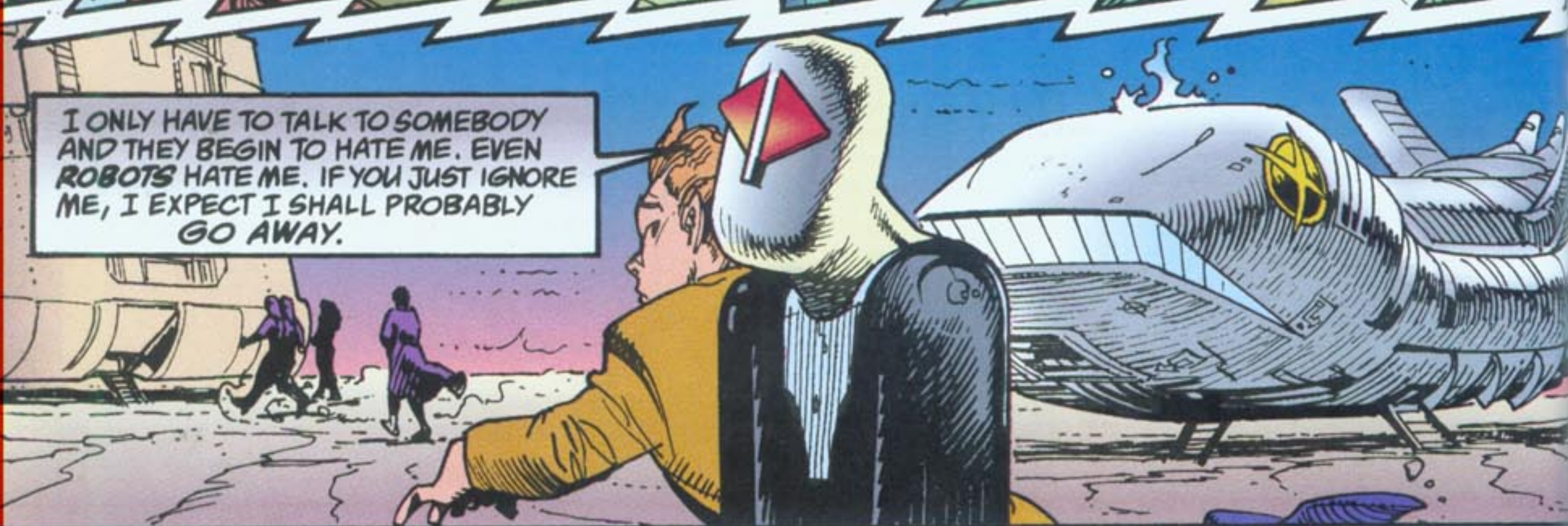
HIS **LIFE-SUPPORT** COMPUTER SEEMS TO HAVE BLOWN UP!

WOW! THOSE THINGS ARE TOTALLY **FAIL-SAFE**, LINKED THROUGH THE **SUB-ETHA** DIRECTLY TO THE SHIP'S **MAIN COMPUTER**.

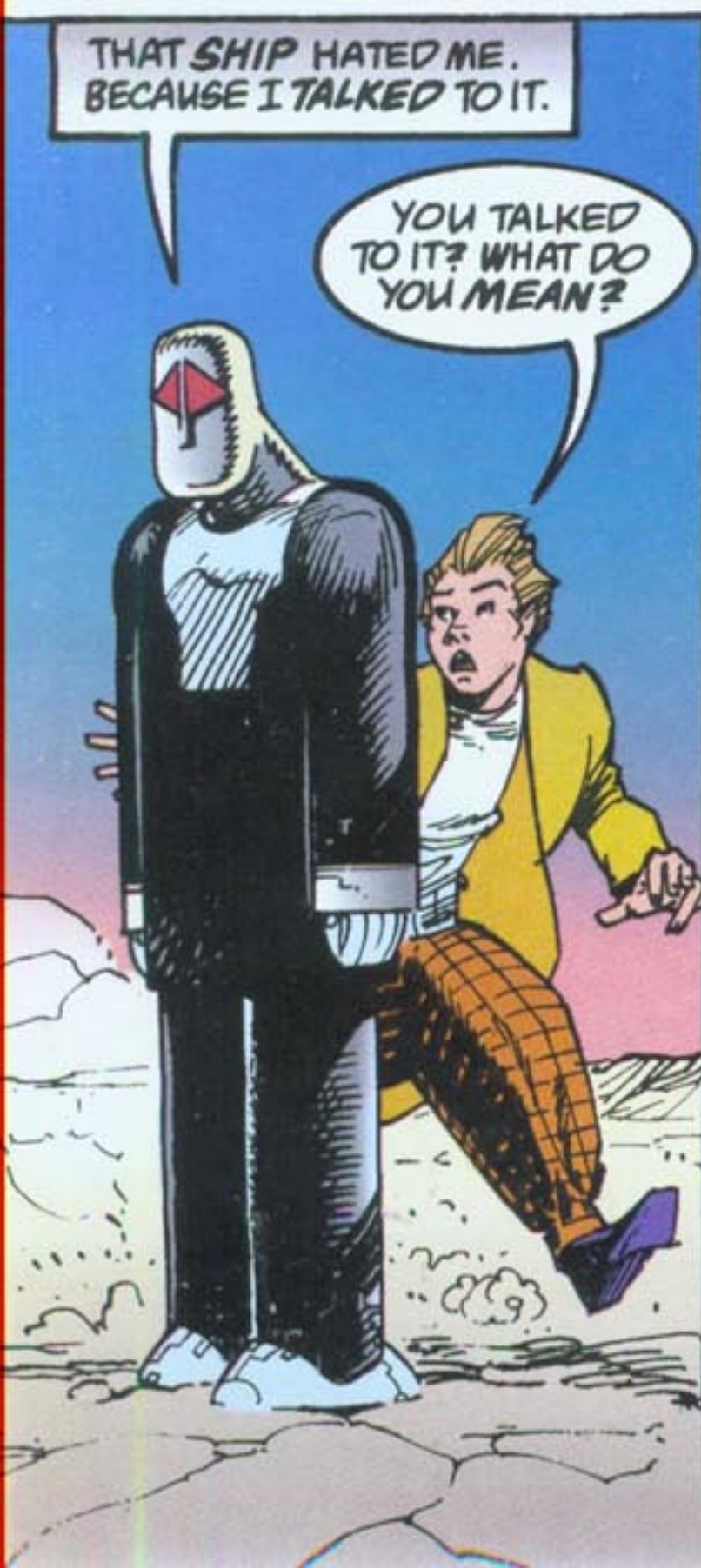


LET'S GET **SHOT** OF THIS HOLE. IF WHATEVER I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR IS HERE... I **DON'T WANT IT**.

YEAH, COME ON **FORD**, LET'S **SPLIT**.



I ONLY HAVE TO TALK TO SOMEBODY AND THEY BEGIN TO HATE ME. EVEN **ROBOTS** HATE ME. IF YOU JUST IGNORE ME, I EXPECT I SHALL PROBABLY **GO AWAY**.



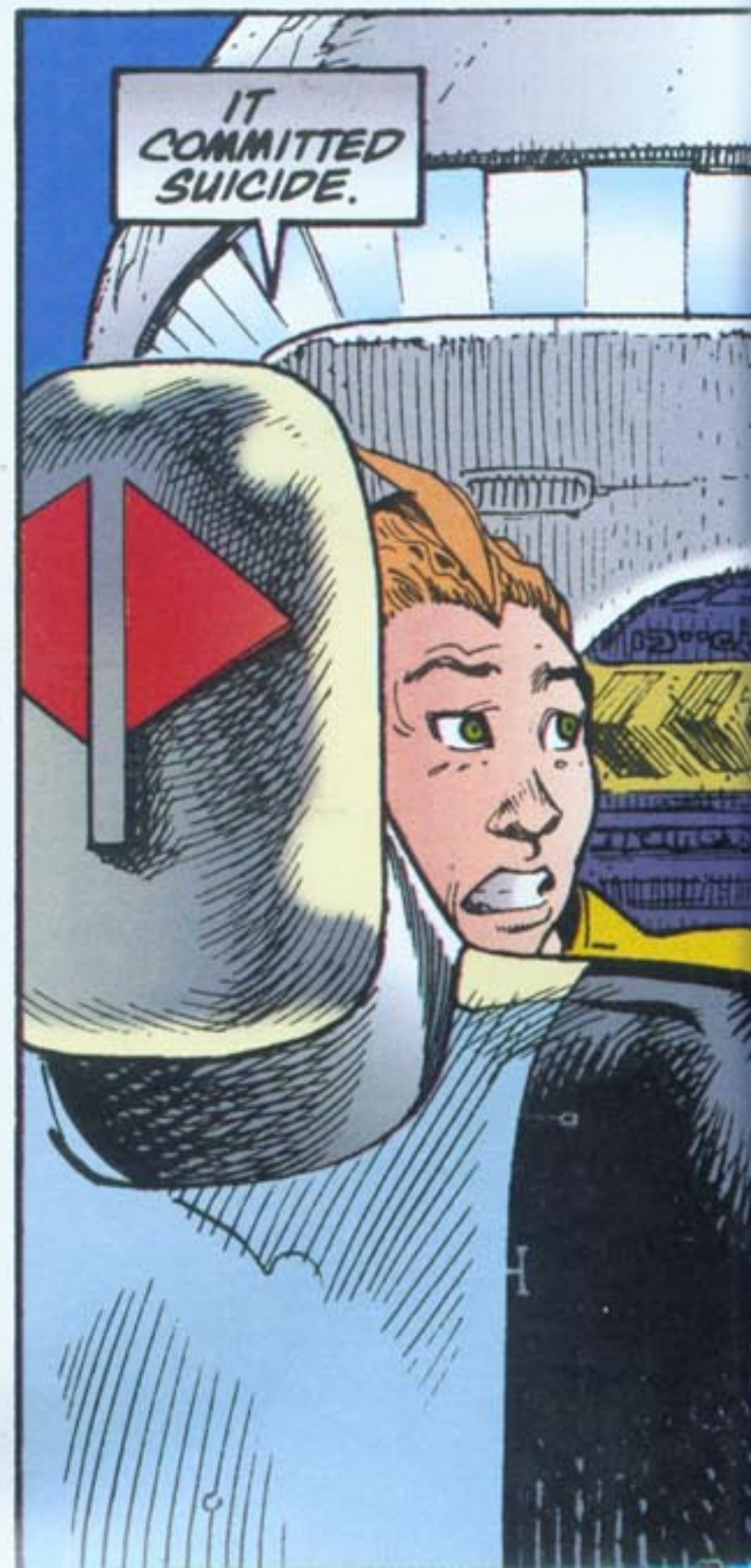
THAT **SHIP** HATED ME. BECAUSE I TALKED TO IT.

YOU TALKED TO IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



SIMPLE. I GOT VERY **BORED AND DEPRESSED**, SO I PLUGGED MYSELF INTO ITS **EXTERNAL COMPUTER FEED** AND EXPLAINED TO IT, AT GREAT LENGTHS, MY **VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE**.

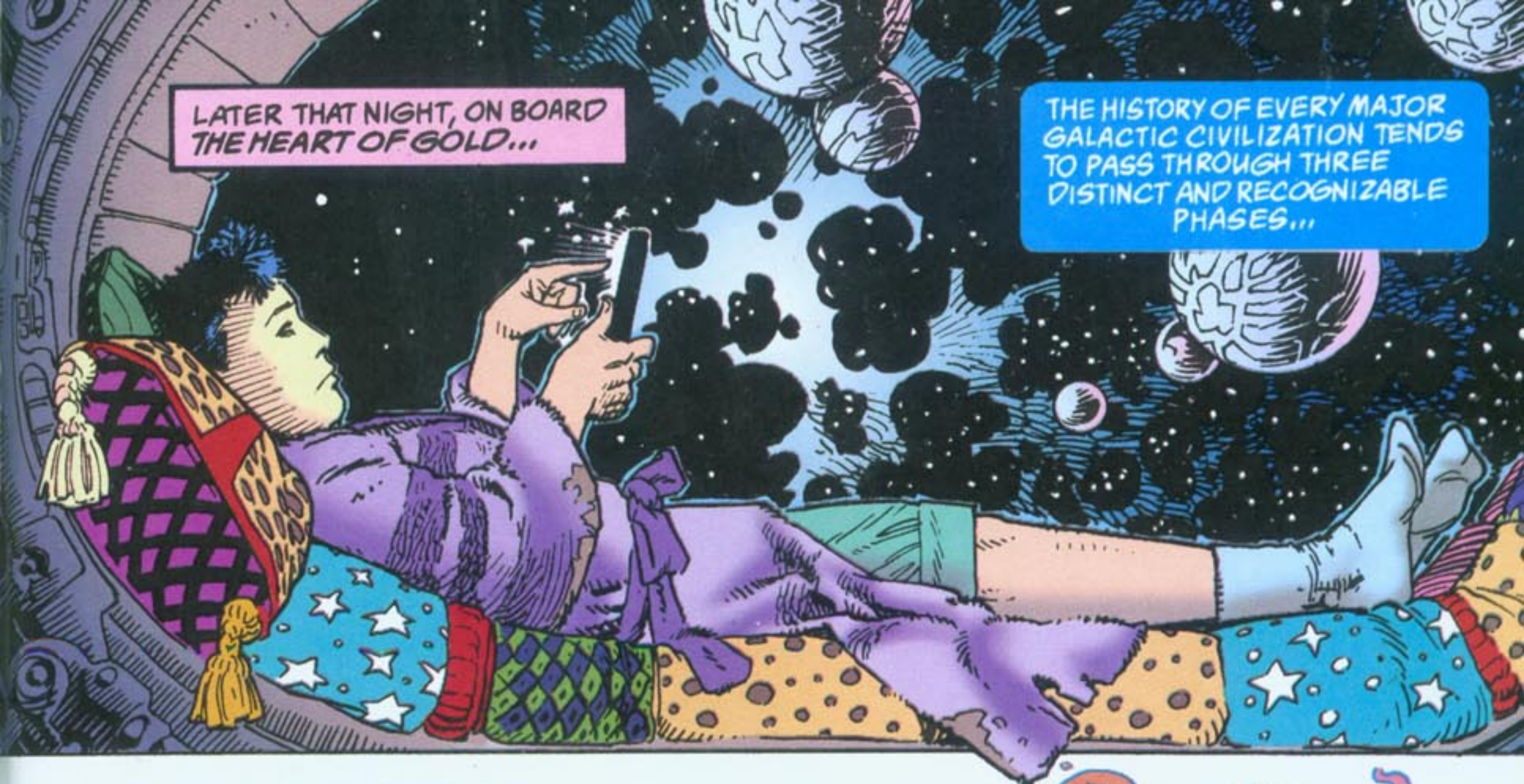
AND WHAT HAPPENED?



IT **COMMITTED SUICIDE**.

LATER THAT NIGHT, ON BOARD
THE HEART OF GOLD...

THE HISTORY OF EVERY MAJOR
GALACTIC CIVILIZATION TENDS
TO PASS THROUGH THREE
DISTINCT AND RECOGNIZABLE
PHASES...



...THOSE ARE SURVIVAL...
INQUIRY... AND
SOPHISTICATION. OTHER-
WISE KNOWN AS THE HOW,
WHY AND WHERE PHASES.



THE FIRST PHASE IS
CHARACTERIZED BY THE
QUESTION HOW CAN WE EAT?

...AND THE
SECOND BY
WHY DO
WE EAT?

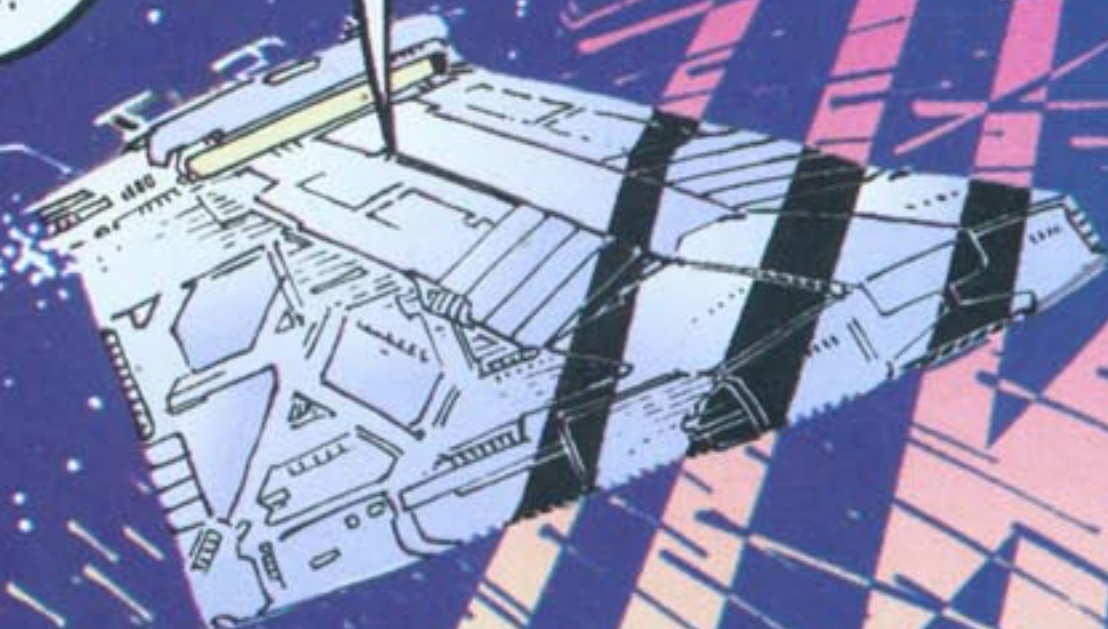
...AND THE THIRD
BY WHERE
SHALL WE HAVE
LUNCH?



HEY, EARTHMAN?
YOU HUNGRY?

ER, YES,
ZAPHOD... A
LITTLE PECKISH,
I SUPPOSE.

OKAY, BABY, HOLD TIGHT...
WE'LL TAKE IN A QUICK BITE AT
THE RESTAURANT AT THE
END OF THE UNIVERSE!



TO BE CONTINUED...!

BE SURE TO BE WITH US FOR THE
CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF FORD,
ARTHUR, ZAPHOD, MARVIN AND TRILLIAN,
AS THEY NARROWLY ESCAPE A
DEVASTATING VOGON ATTACK AND
FIND A REALLY NEAT BLACK SPACE-
SPEEDSTER TO STEAL IN THE PARKING
GARAGE OF MILLIWAYS . . .

The Restaurant
at the End of
THE UNIVERSE

***COMING
SOON!!***

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