



EVENING ALIEN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ NEWS THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



MAKING CONTACT

"WE'VE ALL BEEN there," says Gnnnnrrraugh, the Betelgeusian director of First Contacts, with a cheerful swish of his silvery posterior appendage.

The earthling you've just met wants to discuss goals. Your translator implant, tediously slow, tells you that "goal" signifies a purpose or objective. Then it turns out that the goal the earthling wants to talk about is something that another earthling wearing a fake carapace and small metal stilts did using a wooden stick some ten Earth years ago. Confusion gives way to suspicion. What planet did you come from, anyway?

It is no easy task to acclimate to the many idiosyncrasies of earthling society, still untouched by galactic civilization. But the first step is always the hardest – where does one begin to pick up the lingo and the local customs without breaking any of the preservation guidelines, mandated by Earth's status as a preserve world? It is for their tireless work in creating unintrusive accessible spaces and events that First Contacts was awarded the Pangalactic Conservation and Conversation Award last month.

"We arrange low-threshold activities and tours for all species and at all levels of Earth knowledge," Gnnnnrrraugh says. "Whether you're just here for a spot of tourism or you really want to immerse yourself, rest assured we can help you out."



One long-standing First Contacts staple is the Come-As-You-Are events, attended by earthlings and extraterrestrials alike. Over the years, their popularity and attendance rates have only grown, and they are now found on all of Earth's continents. "You can sit down for a leisurely game of one of Earth's charmingly antiquated two-dimensional board games, or talk about your home planet all you want and no one will bat an eyestalk," Gnnnnrrraugh declares, but then admits that the earthlings one meets there are a self-selected bunch, and not quite representative of the population at large.

"If you have visitors who haven't been to Earth before and you want to have them meet ordinary earthfolk in a safe way, I must say our best offering is our guided earthling safari tour," barks Gnnnnrrraugh with obvious

pride in his voice. He ushers me towards a transmogrifier. Shortly after, we arrive at the designated meeting zone, conveniently surrounded by fences. From then on, all is handled by First Contacts' team of experts, who have been discreetly conditioning earthlings for centuries for just these kinds of meetings.

"You may simply sit there, and the earthlings will come to you. If you're feeling a little adventurous, try lying on your back," Gnnnnrrraugh suggests, demonstrating the position himself. Indeed, it does not take long until a pair of earthlings appear, each pulled along by one of First Contacts' specialists – and moreover, already enraptured by the sight of Gnnnnrrraugh's hairy stomach.

Never has making your first contact been such a simple and pleasant affair. **LM**

Cardboard and humans – edible or not?

SETTLING ON EARTH is a difficult business. Is the air breathable? Should I adjust the planet's gravity a bit so it suits me better? There are endless questions.

But the most important questions concern food: What shall I eat for breakfast, lunch and dinner? Are the delicious Looney's Unstable Photon Crisps available on Earth?

Local food can be tricky. It is not always safe to try eat according to local customs on foreign planets. Many of us remember the hapless Altairian who tried to eat cumbarsommatooms fruits on planet Alfa Sagittarius B. The ruins are still visible from

space – incompatible chemistry can cause tragedies, and even death to millions.

Some intergalactic beings can also face the opposite problem: almost everything is edible, and even delicious, on Earth. They end up gorging on cars, trees, cows, blankets, humans, barrels, cookies, and cardboard. The results are weight gain and digestive problems.

Often, it is reasonable that the newly arrived seek advice from those fellow beings already acclimatized to Earth's conditions. Advice can be very simple: Cardboard and humans are both edible, but should not be eaten. Not in public at least. **VS**

War Has Escalated In Tau Ceti System

TWO NEIGHBORING PLANETS in the Tau Ceti system have been in a war for some years now. The war started when a Taulian statistician described data used in a Cetian paper as "insufficient to draw any conclusions from." Cetians responded by publishing a paper on a new quasi-Bayesian estimation algorithm that hit hard on the less advanced methodology used by the Taulian schools of statistics. Soon the war spread to other disciplines.

The latest turn in the war happened last month when a paper was published by Taulian guerrilla geneticists giving a quite bleak picture about the genetic heritage of Cetians. It was considered a hit below the belt by galactic war-reviewers. Cetians responded by brutally limiting Taulian library access to only Cetian research papers more than two years old. We will be closely following the situation and publishing abstracts of any major articles. **HL**

FLYRE FESTIVAL: CONTENTS NOT AVAILABLE

UPDATE: Procurement and supply disasters were initially blamed for leaving convention goers stranded without even temporary lodgings, but the Intergalactic Council found Flyre Festival CEO Billuba McFratland guilty of fraud and sentenced him to six cycles of hard labor in a penal colony.

Initial report

After a viral marketing campaign promising an "out of this world experience", Flyre Festival looked

too good to be true. Unfortunately, that was exactly the case. With promises of idyllic lodgings on Exuma Prime, a remote planet known for its triple moonsets, polar light storms, and oxygen-rich atmosphere, Flyre Festival CEO Billuba McFratland and his FOMO Force bilked thousands of adventure-hungry trust fund progeny out of millions of credits. The unsuspecting offspring of some of the upper stratosphere's wealthiest intergalactic families expected first-class accommodations and a non-stop

party. But when they arrived at the desolate outpost, they discovered that the villas had not been built, the bands had all canceled due to non-payment, and even spacecraft services had lost several vessels to meteor storms during the journey. There were rumors that cloth pavilions would be forthcoming, but they, too, failed to materialize.

The website has since been shuttered, simply returning a page displaying "ERROR 404: Con tents not found." **CL**

Lithium-based Aliens Protest The 'Beach Ban'

A NEW LAW prohibiting alkali metal based life forms from entering close proximity of open water is seen as arbitrary and racist by alien support groups. The beach ban bill was introduced soon after an incident in the Aquaventure Waterpark in Dubai that the authorities had some trouble explaining to the Earth press. A video taken and shared by a human guest showed the unfortunate alien masked as a human slipping

into a water slide pipe and shooting out of it and far into the sea in flames. "We like to relax at the beach or on poolside just as much as anyone else", remarked the potassic representative. "This is just plain harassment. We can't go boating, fishing or sewage diving any more. Yes, we know that it is risky. For humans and other soft life forms it is risky to cross a street or fall from a roof. But is it banned by law? No!" **HL**

Evening Alien is for you, alien!

Whether you are a perfectly humanoid creature from a doomed planet, a tentacled aviod from a gas giant, a hard-working reptilian, or just an ordinary bug-eyed monster from somewhere in the galaxy, you need news, good advice, and entertainment. Evening Alien has it all!

We come to Earth for various reasons. Some of us are here to do scientific research (ie. "probing"), others perhaps are just visiting to give general warnings, or planning an invasion. No matter why you are on Earth, Evening Alien gives you good advice for both visiting and settling.

Earthlings have a saying "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." This has been a difficult rule to follow for many extraterrestrial visitors. How can you easily learn to destroy your environment, over-



use the natural resources, and spoil the climate system? These are difficult concepts for beings that come from civilizations where people think before acting. Evening Alien helps you to learn The Stupid Way which prevails on Earth – and even to find your inner Earthling!

Enjoy!

Grumbl-Aghh
Editor-in-chief

INTERNATIONAL TOWEL DAY: 25TH OF MAY

Break out your towel and celebrate in a proper way! You can use your towel in the traditional manner or be more adventurous. Here are the trendiest wraps.

THE TRADITIONAL: wrap it around your head to ward off noxious fumes and avoid the gaze of the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal.

THE ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX: wrap one of your heads and nobody will know you are not from this planet.

THE MARVIN: just put it on your head and cover your face.

THE GRUNTHOS THE FLATULENT: for those unfortunate and unavoidable encounters. Cover your ears and the bottom part of your face with a wet towel.

THE ROOSTA: for those who want to be ready for everything. Infuse your towel with nutrients, wheat germ, barbecue sauce, and antidepressants, and then stick it in your mouth. **TT**



models, the sails may even contain nylon. If the ship has been parked for a long time, the nylon sails may become brittle.

ENGINE AND TRANSMISSION
Because of the long acceleration required by the solar sail, calculations were made by our simulator. The Sundiver accelerates steadily to a velocity of 2-3 percent of c, avoiding unpleasant g-forces. The fuel is collected from space during the voyage, which makes the Sundiver a very affordable alternative (1g/1000 parsec). Due to the subjective duration of the voyage, we recommend cryo-chambers, unless you are posthuman.

SENSORS
In addition to the standard impact shield, the model we inspected did not even have a communications device.

Corellian Shipyards Consortium: Far-Far Galaxy Corvette¹

The Far-Far Galaxy Corvette is a vessel seen from time to time in the Milky Way. Their modular nature makes these models popular among modders. So, if you get a model with modifications you are unsure about, you might want to get it inspected.

The model we tested had been battered by major bursts of frequency energy, although the traces were glossed over with a hasty paint job. The autonavigator was an unauthorized replacement, probably to achieve faster com-

putation speeds. Wiring installed without the approval of a licensed mechanic may degrade navigation precision by a sector or two.

ENGINE AND TRANSMISSION
Hyperdrive performance is maxed out by default, but with further tuning the ship may make 55 light years in less than 18 parsecs. Our technical inspections team noted that engines this type can't be fitted into a ship of less than 35 meters.

SENSORS
The sensors on this vessel are a complete mystery. The vessel is equipped with window ports, but it also contains instrumentation on a broad spectrum. Although the editorial team recommends staying on the straight and narrow, we couldn't help but notice that the system gives excellent opportunities for sensor blocking and radar distraction. The official design specs from the Consortium makes no mention of these features. Whether this is purely ignorance, reckless oversight, or intentional omission by the

Consortium, the editorial team is unable to say. Our legal team reached out to Corellian Shipyards Consortium for clarification, but as of press time had received no reply. **JPH**

NOTES ON SUBMISSIONS AND PUBLICATION STANDARDS

Due to print limitations, submissions of material for inclusion in our publications can only be accepted in forms of writing which conform to the ISO9000 galactic standard.

Regarding the presentation of measurements: the editorial team is forced to trust the specs received, which unfortunately often follow local conventions. Lack of time prevents us from converting them to ISO9000 specifications. Whenever possible, we have followed Terran standards in accordance with our place of publication.

RUMP'S SPACE WALL PROJECT CRITICIZED

ZOLNAD RUMP, the famous billionaire running for Galactic President, promised his supporters that if elected, he will build a wall on the border of the Milky Way and the Large Magellanic Cloud. Everyone who has ever been in an actual three-dimensional space was quick to point out that no such border exists. "That is just propaganda fed to honest

people by the left-wing mob, who for some reason want more illegal immigration into our galaxy," Rump dismissed the criticism. Others have noted that the Large Magellanic Cloud is 50 kiloparsecs away and civilizations in there aren't yet capable of even intragalactic travel but Rump supporters are already organizing for large orders of bricks. **HL**

¹ The editorial team notes a possible mistranslation, as the name "the Far-Far Galaxy Corvette" may actually just refer to a location. However, this is the name under which it had been entered into the official registry.

SpaceGear Reviews

Reporter: Teknar Toivonen
Translator: WonderWord 11.22

Welcome once again to our SpaceGear reviews! In this issue we will evaluate spaceships.

Please note: if you who bought this as a separate issue, for just 10 zlotu extra, you can get a psychopaper version that changes in response to the requirements of your sensors.

Now, onto business!

Time-Space Mobile

These are so-called kit-bash models from the future and/or past. The designers are either self-taught, or have built these time-space vessels as a hobby. Usually, this means that the ships have room for only one or two entities of standard humanoid size. There is great variation among models, but our editorial team favors the design of the retro model with red plush leather and brass pipes.

ENGINE AND TRANSMISSION

Crystals are the most common source of power, due to their cheapness and convenience. Make sure to keep an eye on the operating life of the crystals. As they age, they start to crack, which is something you do not want to happen during a trip. Because the parts have been assembled by hand, they do not strictly

adhere to corporate standards. Even the most precise of these engines deviates by at least two Terran months compared to the traveler's subjective time.

SENSORS

Time-Space Mobiles rarely contain any extra sensors aside from the stock supply dashboard, which is typically installed with a basic setting, and can only be adjusted for vision in the range of 350 to 760 nm.

GENERAL INFO

If you are medium humanoid size, travel by Time-Space Mobile is reasonably comfortable, although slow. Keep an eye on the dashboard, as mechanical errors could derail you from your temporal route by as much as ten years.

Zym'mm-Yamada: Sundiver

The Sundiver, equipped with a solar sail, is the elegant choice for those in no hurry to rush through space. The vessel's mass is no restriction, and your choice of aesthetic customization is limited only by your budget. The editorial team had no time for an actual test flight, but we noticed that the vessel we examined was equipped with a nanomaterial sail. In some of the cheaper

The two best schools for intergalactic children.

Parenting
By Tanyia Teel

WE ALL WANT the best for our children, especially if we want them to preserve and respect our cultures of origin.

Finding a quality intergalactic school is difficult. Not all respect quantum chronodynamics when building multidimensional rooms, and we know the issues that this can cause. (Remember the Izon Inc. scandal?) Most of them are good enough if you want to continue your education on the Terran home planet. But, what happens to a child that desires to be a Jedi? Those are just some of the problems we face when trying to find a good institution.

That is why I took the time to do the research for you, and now I can recommend to you the two best schools that exist here on Earth that give you an education as near as you received on your own Planet of origin, no matter which galaxy or dimension you came from.

Aonaho mishdh (Pronounced aonaho mishdh [āv.nao mi.fīð])

Founded by Commander Valiant "Val" Thor, "The Children Paradise" was the first of its kind on this planet. As we all well know, President Eisenhower gave Val his total support and that is why the school could be built in the idyllic

village of Dunwich, Massachusetts. On a terrain of 23 parsecs, kindly donated by the wealthy Wathely family, it has enough space to accommodate its 456 (or 16×3.14159265359 , depending on how you prefer to count) multi-dimensional classrooms.

It also has an impressive number of native-speaking and polyglot teachers, allowing your children to receive instruction in their own languages and, of course, to learn more than one foreign tongue. From traditional offerings like Klingon or Anunna to more unconventional subjects like Tiamat or Pak'Ma'Ra; not forgetting the useful Ishin-Denshin, or as Terrans call it "Telepathy".

The architecture of the school is a very classic D'Vahl, obviously influenced by the P'Jem Monastery. However, its interior is very well adapted for all kinds of children, and is equipped with the latest technology from all the 11 dimensions, even having special bathrooms for the Ballchinians.

The cafeteria service is outstanding, offering a variety of food for all the tastes: from singing drosophilas to a great variety of cats to satisfy the most exigent Melmacian palate. And don't worry that your child will be shocked by the eating habits of another student. The school has 47 different cafeterias designed to avoid those problems,

as well as protecting from allergies, of course. No need to worry about your precious descendant eating food in contact with kryptonite, if you came from THAT planet. It is impossible for that to happen.

This school is quite popular and the waiting list is very long. It is advised to send an application and placement request letter at least 3 Earth years before your child is born (or the equivalent), depending on your measurement of time and relative distance from the Terran planet and dimension at the time of inquiry. However, it seems you will have an extra chance of having your child accepted if they are implanted with a REID chip. Due to the demand, soon a European branch will be open in the peaceful town of Brichester, Wales. I will keep you informed as that situation develops.

Pros: Have you read what I have written?

Cons: Not if you are an atheist, if you know what I mean.

NWOESVSAAD (The New World Order School for Very Special Ancient Astronaut Descendants)

This is the best intent made by a Terran. Situated on the southern shore of Groom Lake (Nevada, USA) this school has rooms built in as much as 8 dimensions, which is quite a



decent amount. Giorgio Tsoukalos, the new principal, has made outstanding renovations and now the privacy of your children is guaranteed by the new Faraday cage building structure, in which only the finest grahu has been used.

This school provides their students with a high level education, including a curriculum of courses such as exobiology, thermionics, organogenesis, endochronics, quantum computing, cryptography, zombie microbiology, felgercarb and galmongin, among others. And we must not forget the stellar array of teachers - from Karb-Brak (known amongst humans as Andrew Meda) to Pa'u Zotoh Zhaan, and the famed Erich von Däniken. Even Lloyd Pye was once a member of the faculty.

Some parents complain about the fact that the Principal insists on having at least two organized school trips per year as part of the curriculum, but I find that quite unfair. I think that having a real history class (and not the theories that traditional Terran education promotes) is important. Otherwise, our children will call Atlantis "Santorini", or say that the Nazca skulls were made by binding with pieces of wood from birth, as poor Terran children learn. Perhaps this complaint is due to the fact that he

uses his own travel agency, but I doubt there is any bad intention in it.

Pros: You have a direct entry to Miskatonic University. No exam, no question.

Cons: Some people might find it quite racist that some alien groups are not allowed, for example Draconians. But if you find their ways more than inappropriate, as I do, you will agree this is not unfair at all. We must think of the children.

But, it is true that despite their best efforts, the Terrans of NWOESVSAAD lack the understanding of our differences that the Aonaho mishdh school has. For example, there are no bathrooms for xenomorphs or cephalopods. And since this is a school founded by Terrans, mixed classes are the norm. **TT**

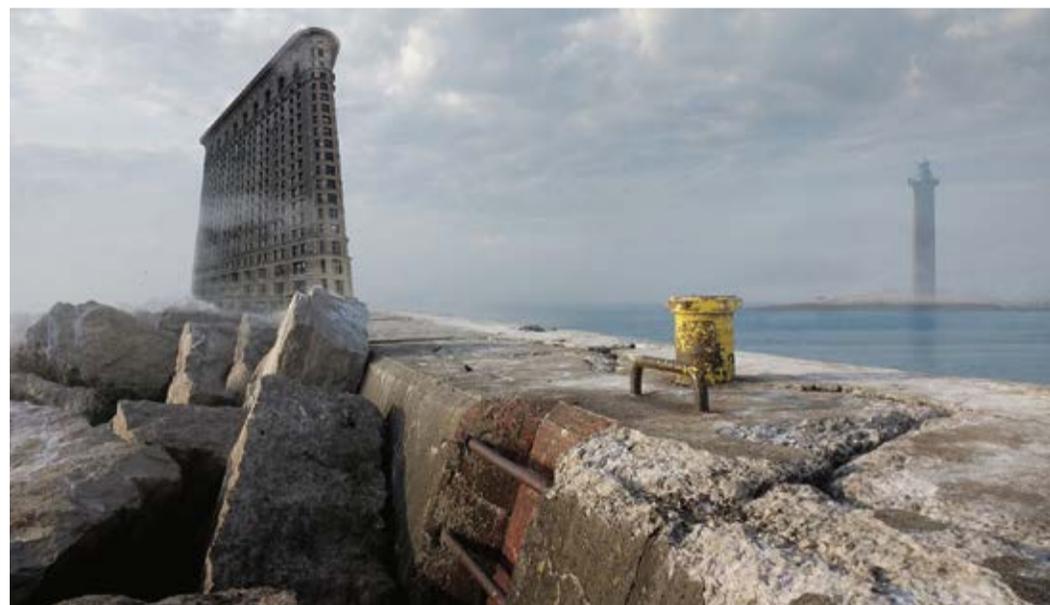
Ranking:

1ST CHOICE:

Aonaho mishdh, "The Children Paradise", Dunwich, Massachusetts, USA.

2ND CHOICE:

NWOESVSAAD (The New World Order School for Very Special Ancient Astronaut Descendants), Groom Lake, Nevada, USA.



Movies from A to Zem

Hello there! This is Zem from Sqornshellous Zeta, doing some more reviews of Earth movies. I must admit that I still struggle with some of the Earth culture references every now and then, but every movie is a lesson as well as entertainment.

After all the hype I heard about it I had to go to the pre-

miere screening of Avengers: Endgame (2019). Knowing this movie is the last part of a series I prepared myself by watching the previous movies which I figured to be The Avengers (1950) and The Toxic Avenger Part II (1989). I've got to admit this series hits the spot with me. But it's not easy to follow, since it so heavily relies on the viewer

to connect the dots in the overall plot. It actually has the most complex story arc ever in a movie trilogy! The adventure starts on Earth before any alien contact is made. The hero's super powers are only subtly suggested by his skills in the first movie of the series, which sets the stage. The second movie is a clear step into the superhero genre, but it's easy to get confused by the seemingly discontinuing story. It took me a week of heavy thinking to figure it out. The third movie brilliantly connects all the loose ends of previous movies, bridging the gaps in time and space of the

overall story with amazing elegance and subtlety. It's so great it makes me globber! 5/5 stars.

I also asked for recommendations on good mattress movies. The first title suggested was called The Matrix (1999). Now I've got to admit I'm a bit lost with this movie. Is it an allegory for the journey of a mattress from youth to old age? I've been lying awake at night pondering about the meaning of this movie, but there are still some pieces of it I fail to understand. I may re-review it when I figure it out, but now it's only 1/5 for difficulty.

After that disappointment, I especially asked for recommendations of more straightforward mattress action instead of some deep philosophical art-house movies. From a long list of suggestions I chose a so called 'golden age classic': Debbie Does Dallas (1978). Honestly, I have no idea what is going on in this movie. It's just humans doing some weird human things, perhaps some exotic dancing. Also, very little screen time for mattresses. 0/5 stars. Curiously my human colleague gave it '1/5 or 5/5', as if he couldn't quite make his mind about which way he leans. **HL**

Logical problems for the logical sophont

THIS WEEK, THE logical sophonts' capability for reasoning is being tested with the Icosian navigation game. This game was originally developed some 17,000 light years ago¹ by Icosian Chief Navigator Ha'limton for testing younger hyper navigators' skills in the Icosian trade fleet. The goal of the navigation game is simple: starting from the given star system (or any system in the hyper navigation chart if none is marked), follow available hyper lanes to visit each system **exactly once** before returning back to the starting system with the final hyper jump. A perfect fallback for those rare cases where hyper

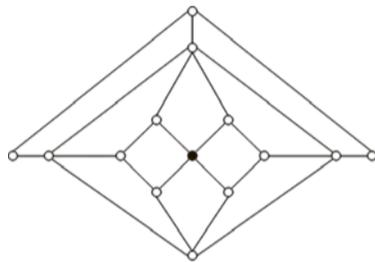
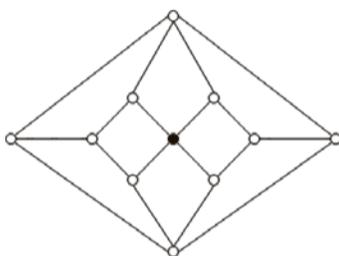
computers cannot plot jumps under twelve parsecs!

And, while this may sound simple in principle, especially to the less logically inclined, I can guarantee that some Icosian navigation problems require considerable reasoning to solve. For example, let us start with the nearly trivial case below. The diagram will also demonstrate the typical Icosian game visualization: the starting star system is shown in black, and others are shown as circles. Star systems that have hyper lane between them are connected with straight lines.

Solving this particular instance of the Icosian game should not be a problem to any sophont interested in logic. However, with the addition of merely three more systems and a total of five hyper lanes associated

with them, we can create a significantly more complex problem, shown below. For this problem, too, you should start from the system shown in black. Also, remember that the last jump needs to return to the starting system, otherwise this problem will undoubtedly feel almost as trivial as the first one.

Unfortunately, the truly challenging and sophisticated problems are – again – too big to be shown here, but you can access some interesting cases through the admittedly primitive data link, below. **JN**



¹ Like so many civilizations from the Sagittarius arm, the Icosians do not distinguish time from distance, especially traveling time from the distance traveled

ALIEN FOODS GROWING IN POPULARITY

As most of you know, many of us have been visiting, and even living on the Terran homeworld for eons. According to the protocol for diplomatic exchanges, emissaries have occasionally brought gifts to the Terrans, some of which have been successfully integrated into their culture. Unfortunately, Terran record keeping has never been very efficient, and in spite of their mnemonic game of Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral, they have forgotten that bacteria and fungi were both introduced by galactic ambassadors. Over the years, there have been some minor mishaps with plague, ergot, and athlete's foot, but there have been far more successes which have evolved out of these gifts, such as bread, beer, and cheese.

Limited regional achievements have occurred in some markets during the testing phases, but large scale production and distribution of these products has been stymied by the fickle dietary whims of the Terrans, which we have been unable to satisfactorily explain. Many of the compounds grew out of accidental applications and industrial by-products.

VIILI – Perhaps the most dire of these unfortunate occurrences, “viili” was the result of an allergic reaction by an emissary named Coverton, who was presenting a vial of *Geotrichum*

candidum to a milk maid in the Northern sector as recompense for what Gallaxhar did to her cows. During the exchange, Coverton tried to demonstrate the properties of the substance, but an ill-timed hay fever sneeze sent particles of it into the air, with some of them landing in a nearby milking bucket. After making excuses and retreating from the scene, other witnesses reported that the bucket was then used to collect milk, which was left by the kitchen door until it was brought inside and later served with berries. Inexplicably, the Terrans seemed to enjoy the resulting substance. Viili can still be found in the northern sector, but its popularity has not spread.

MISO – One of our earliest introduction successes was in the Eastern sector. The innovative Terrans of that sector were excited to try anything and everything we offered them, often coming up with uses that left even the most jaded among us muttering, “Oh, not like that,” with a wince. But when we gave them *Aspergillus oryzae*, which they apparently called “koji”, they seemed very pleased, and set about mixing it with legumes¹ and salted sea

¹ We later determined that the legumes were a sort of “magic bean” that they could transform into almost any form, including their famous avian substitute, Tofurkey.

vegetation. After leaving it locked in an anaerobic stasis for some time, the contents of the stasis chamber transubstantiated, rendering a saline paste they call “miso”.

KOMBUCHA – Also from the Eastern sector. Perhaps it was just poor timing, but when the vials of *Medusomyces gisevii* were presented to the Manchurian Emperor during tea time, he indicated that they should all be stirred into the same pot: fungus, bacteria, yeast, sugar, leaves, all of it melded together. It was left to steep while battles were planned and empires were conquered, eventually producing a soft, fizzy, ethanol-laced brew, which remained a solely regional specialty for millennia, only entering wider distribution during the last century.

SALMIAKKI – Not all journeys to the Terran homeworld have gone smoothly. In one such instance, a galactic cruising vessel, held together with spare parts salvaged from a Ploovian hyper jump ship abandoned in the Edgeworth-Kuiper asteroid belt, made an inelegant landing in the northern sector. The crew opened up the engine compartment to survey the situation, and discovered that several of the hastily soldered pieces they had cobbled together had corroded. They sent an away team to the nearest settlement to procure the necessary

tools and materials to get the engine working again. In a local drinking house, the crew discovered a grandfatherly Terran tractor mechanic named Hartikainen who swore he could repair anything in the universe. So they brought him back to the spaceship. He looked into the compartment and poked a few things around, all the while muttering, “Vitun Venäjän vekottimet.” But he was good to his word, and he quickly repaired the spaceship. As he slammed shut the hatch, he came close to pinching his finger, instinctively raising it to his mouth, forgetting that it was covered in corrosive residue. A smile crossed his face, and he full on licked his finger, delighting in the flavor of the ammonium chloride. He asked if he could keep the remaining corroded materials, which we later learned he was marketing as a cough suppressant at the local chemist shop.

MARMITE – Yeast was one of the earliest products that we introduced to the Terrans, and after thousands of cycles we were sure that they had used it in just about every way possible, so we were quite surprised in the late 1800s, when Justus von Liebig was literally scraping the bottom of the barrel for new ideas. After concentrating the yeast must from a beer vat, he called for a toast. And then he spread it on the toast. This proved quite popular

and the product added new markets to its distribution network, even ranging as far as the Alpine sector and Antipode sector where it is produced and marketed under the names Cenovis and Vegemite, respectively.

KALE – After the Soyent Green scandal, the Council on Alien Gastronomy (CoAG) started a division focused on “Universal Lunch Engineering Neuroscience Technology Simulation” (CoAG:ULENTS), which after several decades of trial and error, mostly error, decided that replicating a plant-based protein food in synthetic form might be easier to sell to Terrans.

IMPLAUSIBLE BURGER – This is a brand new product that we have created to fill the Terrans' growing demand for non-animal protein based foods. We have had some poorly received attempts in the past, but this blend of fungus, magic beans, and replication technology seems to finally be hitting all the right notes, and distributors are having difficulty keeping enough supply in stock. So far, it has been introduced in the Northern Sector and in the larger markets of the Capitalist sector, with the distribution increasing exponentially by the cycle. If you haven't tried it yet, we highly recommend it. It's wonderful for Terrans and Aliens, alike! **CL**

DEAR CUSTOMER

You are about to reach the halfway mark of 30 billion year free trial version of our greatest product know as:

The Universe

We hope you have enjoyed it so far.

If you would like to upgrade to the full version, with this coupon you will get a

–10% DISCOUNT

Remember, with the full up to date version of The Universe you will get:

- All 24 dimensions (17 for space and 7 for time)
- Upgraded versions of Laws of Physics
- Create life and new life forms on unexplored solar systems
- Dlc

With the full version of The Universe you no longer have to play with only one planet with its habitats, but you can explore and experience The Universe like it should be.

This offer can not be combined with other offers or discounts.

HH

NEW ON EARTH?

Here are 3 easy tips on how not to draw unwanted attention



When visiting a library, one umbrella is enough. With two you might be unnecessarily noticed.



Always wear socks with at least one hole! Socks without holes are highly suspicious because of their rarity. Also, remember to complain about how the other sock of your pair is always missing and probably lost forever. If you don't do that, some clear-minded being might start to suspect you own an Abyslabartfarthous' Tachyonic Sock Keeper Machine which is still unknown on Earth.



Tentacles or appendages are easy to hide using normal domestic accessories.

VS

PHYSICS FORECAST

Local solar system forecast

SUNDAY

- speed of light:
HIGH 299199.457 m/s
LOW 299131.807 m/s
- grav. constant:
 $6.684 \times 10^{-11} \text{ m}^3 \text{ kg}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-2}$
- Planck constant:
 $6.62607071 \times 10^{-34} \text{ Js}$

Freshly emitted high waves of beta radiation from the Sun will flood the whole system. The solar flood will bring an end to the neutrino drought that has plagued the inner planets for the past several months. The increased torrent of neutrinos won't be enough to affect matter, but will deliver long awaited relief to fermion feeding species.

MONDAY

- speed of light:
HIGH 299504.674 m/s
LOW 299186.475 m/s
- grav. constant:
 $6.6815 \times 10^{-11} \text{ m}^3 \text{ kg}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-2}$
- Planck constant:
 $6.62604406 \times 10^{-34} \text{ Js}$

A weak front in the strong nuclear force in the immediate surroundings of Mercury continues to cause hadron disintegration in the region. This perpetual process generates heavy quark mists throughout the planet's orbit. Beware, the flavor of the mists is highly unstable. While patches of charm-clouds might induce pleasurable sensations, individuals are advised to avoid bottom- or strange-fogs.

TUESDAY

- speed of light:
HIGH 299652.357 m/s
LOW 299384.912 m/s
- grav. constant:
 $6.6807 \times 10^{-11} \text{ m}^3 \text{ kg}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-2}$
- Planck constant:
 $6.62607465 \times 10^{-34} \text{ Js}$

A strong front in the weak nuclear force will form between Saturn and Jupiter, and slowly advance centerwards during the next several days. Peaks in the weak force will result in not so weak showers of beta particles. Travelers in these areas are suggested to carry beta umbrellas and use caution.

WEDNESDAY

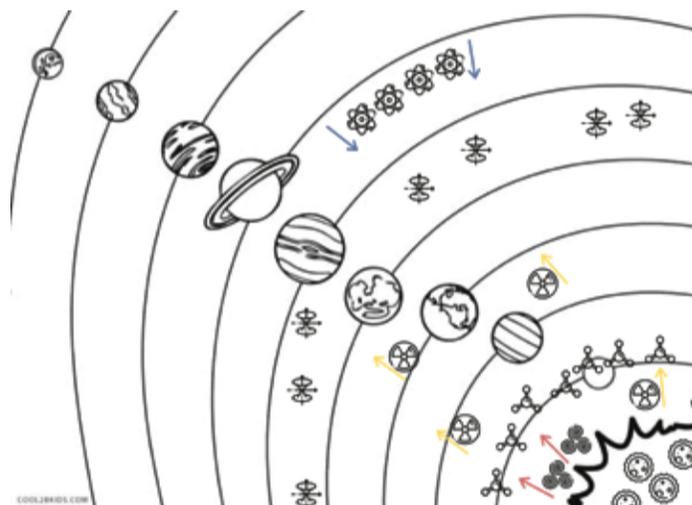
- speed of light:
HIGH 299688.600 m/s
LOW 299371.955 m/s
- grav. constant:
 $6.674 \times 10^{-11} \text{ m}^3 \text{ kg}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-2}$
- Planck constant:
 $6.62953715 \times 10^{-34} \text{ Js}$

Mass-scale quantum effects in the center of the solar system are expected to distort the probability amplitude of the positions of objects. As a result, the Sun may appear to be in more than one place at a time. Although its positions are expected to be in a superposition, and thus not increasing the total amount of emitted energy, multiple sunrises a day both from East and West might be observed. Solar clocks are not to be trusted during this period.

THURSDAY

- speed of light:
HIGH 299951.573 m/s
LOW 299592.458 m/s
- grav. constant:
 $6.671 \times 10^{-11} \text{ m}^3 \text{ kg}^{-1} \text{ s}^{-2}$
- Planck constant:
 $6.62681915 \times 10^{-34} \text{ Js}$

Fluxes in the time continuum will create temporal twist-ers in the Asteroid belt, which



may cause shifts in weekdays. In some regions Thursday could become Friday, or even Saturday. Whether it will be past or next Saturday is unknown and subject to local measurements. Consequently, this may render sections of this forecast as either out- or pre-dated.

LONG-TERM FORECAST

Further increase in solar winds and neutrino radiation is expected to continue for the following couple of weeks. This tendency, combined with the frequent shifts in the (super)position of the Sun, indicates the forming of a new solar hurricane. The resulting solar tsunami will cause auroras all over Earth and a total electronic blackout of the planet, thus precipitating a civilization collapse to stone age. The

Interplanetary Institute for Meteorology has proposed the name "Donna" for the anticipated solar hurricane.

Galactic forecast

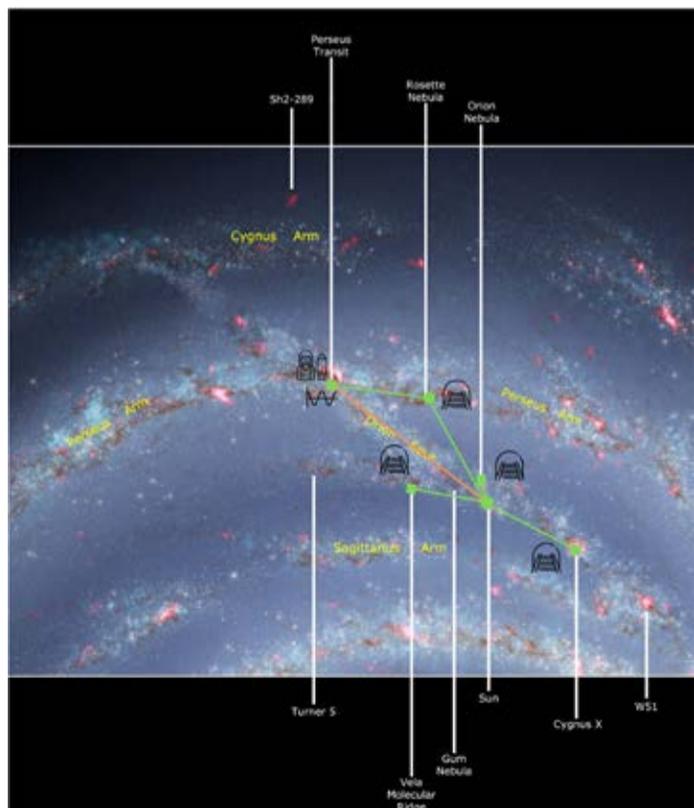
Tall gravitational waves, up to a couple of light-months in size, will ripple in the transit region between the Orion arm and the

Perseus arm, during the following weeks. The lack of extreme radiation and quantum anomalies in the area makes it perfect for interstellar gravitational sports.

Galactic surfers heading to the Perseus transit are advised to proceed with caution, though, since all direct wormholes to that destination are expected to be unstable and severe space-time turbulence is highly probable. Taking circumspect routes via the Rosette Nebula is deemed to be a safer approach.

Wormholes to Cygnus X, the Orion Nebula, and the Vela Molecular Ridge remain stable. VN

The Evening Alien would like to apologize for the forecast in our previous issue that inaccurately predicted a collapse of the Earth civilization to stone age ... again. We beg pardon of all readers who might have been disturbed by the announcement ... again. The Evening Alien vows that this would never happen ... again.



GARDEN GNOMES FROM OUTER SPACE

Cynthia was polishing Big Bert's torso. He was her favorite garden gnome, the biggest of them all, and usually he stood on his own rock surrounded by other gnomes. Cynthia had been fortunate to find a garden designer in the Village who guided her towards the right path. Not just one garden gnome but many more, much more! With deep satisfaction, Cynthia eyed the regiment of gnomes that adorned her flowerbeds, continued under the trees, wrapped around the fences and spilled out onto the lawn in islets consisting of nothing but gnomes. She had almost enough gnomes.

Cynthia returned her attention to Big Bert. His pants had stains that had to be rubbed off. She squeezed a dollop of slippery cleaner onto a cloth and went to work on Big Bert's front, heaving a sigh. Nowadays the gnomes were her only companions, the only objects of her desire. Brandon was away all the time, buying and selling in Europe, Taiwan, or Dubai. He probably had company on his business trips. They had agreed to keep an open marriage, but it only took a few years for Cynthia to realize she was missing out on any of its benefits. A brief fling with a Bodyjump instructor two years ago had been her only extramarital affair.

Big Bert's front felt hard under Cynthia's rubbing fingers. Had he always had such a big lump there? Cynthia loved her gnomes, but she did not admire them in detail every day.

Goodness gracious, Big Bert really did have a massive hard-on. His blue gnome pants were tented, as if a volcano, ready to erupt, was hiding inside them. Apparently the gnome maker had had a mischievous sense of humor. Had Big Bert always looked like this? What if the neighbors had noticed?

Never mind. Cynthia brushed her hand curiously against the bump. After all that rubbing, Big Bert felt very warm.

Suddenly, she felt a shiver under her fingers, as if the clay had turned to flesh for an instant, and Big Bert's cock twitched. Startled, Cynthia almost dropped the gnome. Quickly, she set him on his rock and took a few steps back.

Big Bert seemed to be winking at her. Or was it only a shadow cast by the leaves of the nearby magnolia, moving in the wind?

Cynthia rubbed her face. Last night she had not been able to sleep until the wee hours. And the two – or was it three? – gin and tonics she had downed while gardening hadn't refreshed her like they should have.

Cynthia decided she needed a rest. She moved over to a low-slung easy chair and set it into a reclining position. Settling down, she felt her nerves calming. A slight breeze played with the hem of her gardening dress and tickled the sensitive skin of her inner thighs.

She fell into a pleasant doze. The garden around her rustled and whispered, the sounds of nature washing over her. Her yoga instructor had been right: the garden really did help her relax.

She felt a light touch on her knee. It was probably the wind. Then it felt like a slight weight settled itself on the chair somewhere in the area of her spread legs. Half asleep, Cynthia moved her legs further apart and felt the weight move too.

The warm wind caught the hem of her dress and lifted it higher. A tiny breath found its way deeper between her thighs, tickling like a feather – or a downy beard? Sleepily, Cynthia adjusted her position so that the nice breeze, or whatever, could make its way further.

Now it was already stroking her panties. It felt as if something settled itself firmly between her legs, which were wide open by now. Eyes closed, Cynthia lifted her knees so that her skirt fell on her stomach.

Something kept slowly caressing Cynthia's lower body. Something soft, slightly tickly and very arousing moved up and down her thighs and stroked the fabric of her panties, then snagged the top of the panties and pulled them down. Cynthia helped it by lifting her bottom.

Now she could clearly feel the lips and tickly beard that were sliding along her thigh towards her pussy. The dream was titillating, and Cynthia felt herself getting wet as soon as the tongue licked her labia.

The licker was skillful. Even through her dream, Cynthia started panting lightly, gasping as thrills of delight spread from her pussy to all over her body.

She wanted more! She lifted her hips up towards the tongue, but it pulled away suddenly. It was instantly replaced by something hard, dry, and throbbing that pushed at the mouth of her wet opening.

Was this a dream? Cynthia peeked cautiously through her lashes. Standing between her raised legs was Big Bert, who certainly lived up to his name. Now she was sure the gnome winked one of his twinkling eyes at her. The cock sticking up from between his legs would have been large even on a normal-sized man. Cynthia smiled. This was a dream. A wonderfully funny and arousing dream!

Big Bert took her smile as permission and pushed himself forward, straining with his gnome legs and using his hands to spread Cynthia's thighs even further apart. A torn cry escaped Cynthia's lips as the garden

gnome's tool slid inside her. It filled her completely and delightfully. She closed her eyes as Big Bert started to work his shaft with steady, lascivious strokes.

Cynthia felt someone pulling the thin strap of her dress down. She shrugged her shoulder to let the strap fall off and felt the same thing happening on her other side. How could Big Bert reach her shoulders? And wasn't he already using his hands to hold her legs up so that she was completely open to his hefty instrument? Suddenly, it seemed like she had hands all over her, and her bra was pulled aside, too. Hungry lips closed around her left nipple, and also around her right...

She had no time to think about what was happening as her first orgasm made her cry out loud. Big Bert grunted and kept on working. There were hands fondling Cynthia all over her body, and when she opened her eyes a crack, confounded by this strange dream, she was not at all surprised to see that Big Bert had invited his friends to join the party. Garden gnomes were lined up on both sides of her, each of them with a sizable tool at the ready. However, her breasts were not attended to by any of the males, but by Esmeralda, a voluptuous lady gnome. Esmeralda was caressing and licking Cynthia's breasts, her own ample bosom nearly spilling out of her white bodice. Cynthia just barely saw how Esmeralda's green dress flew onto a tree branch, tossed by Merry Willy, who had disrobed the lady gnome. What a weird dream indeed!

Behind Esmeralda's head, Cynthia saw Big Bert still working away between her legs. Waves of pleasure were already building up inside her, but Big Bert looked like he too was about to blow! Suddenly, the gnome cried out, shoved his cock as deep as he could, and really did explode!

A burst of pale, sticky gnome sperm shot up from the place where Big Bert had been. The stuff splattered over Cynthia's thighs, belly, and face, as well as all over Esmeralda, who was still working on Cynthia's breasts. The female gnome squeaked with joy and wiggled her behind invitingly.

Gnome fluid filled Cynthia's womb, too. There was a lot of it! After all, the whole gnome had

turned into sperm. This really was an odd dream.

And a lewd one. Cynthia wondered about Big Bert's fate for only a few seconds when Merry Willy was already taking his place. Merry Willy had an unusually long organ, and Cynthia gasped in surprise as it touched the mouth of her vagina.

The other gnomes did not want to miss all the fun. Esmeralda's alluring movement made Cappy climb up on Cynthia's stomach and sink his love hammer into Esmeralda's gnome pussy. Esmeralda yelled with joy. Cynthia had a close-up view of the passionate lovemaking taking place on her stomach and chest.

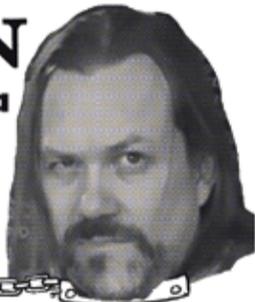
The twins, Huck and Puck, stepped close to Cynthia's face, grinning happily. Two dark red tools were sticking up right in front of her. She decided to do the boys a favor and grabbed their cocks with her hands, slippery from Big Bert's fluids. They soon found a common rhythm: Merry Willy beavered away between Cynthia's legs, Esmeralda squeezed her breasts, Cappy plugged away at Esmeralda's ass, his eyes squinting funnily, and Cynthia's hands fondled the gnome brothers' cocks. Cynthia felt like she couldn't last much longer and let a new orgasm wash over her. Very soon, one after the other, Merry Willy, Cappy, Huck, and Puck exploded into fountains of sperm. Cynthia and Esmeralda were now completely covered in gnome sperm.

The changing of the guard took place swiftly, and now a gnome named Piper was nudging Cynthia's lips with his gnarled pecker. She licked it curiously and found out that it tasted like cotton candy and bacon. Quickly, she let it slide between her lips.

Several explosions and orgasms later Cynthia wondered how long the dream could still last. Esmeralda had glued herself between Cynthia's breasts and the whole world had become a white bubble of sperm with an ongoing gnome orgy inside. In a corner of her mind, gone fuzzy with multiple orgasms, Cynthia still remembered to feel grateful to that Village garden designer for making sure she had enough garden gnomes!

*

PETRI HILTUNEN JA PRAEDOR uutuuksia nyt täysi KÄS Oy llä



Ville VUORELA:
**PRAEDOR-
VERIVARTIO**

Romaani
Kuvitus:
Petri Hiltunen



tulossa syksyllä
Elli ORAVAINEN-
Petri HILTUNEN:
VALHEIDEN KANSA



**ONTOT KUKKULAT-
sarjakuvan
jatko-osa**

muut täysi KÄS Oy mahtijulkaisut:

Aulikki OKSANEN:OUTOJEN KIELI
Jiipu UUSITALO: ..KAPINALLISEN SYDÄMEN HUOKAUKSIA
Kimmo LUST:VEDÄ KÄTEEN
Sira MOKSI:.....KÖYHIEN SOTA
Keijjo AHLQVIST:.....K EI JOO

*** TULOSSA ***

Vesa SISÄTTÖ: SÄILYKKEITÄ
Jiipu UUSITALO: KUKKAISRUOSKA
Guido BUZZELLI: TRILOGIA
Ola FOGELBERG: JANNE ANKKANEN ja kump.

KYSY Turun SARJAKUVAKAUPASTA!

Jenny LaBonita prodded the huge, pale cocoon cautiously. Of course something like this had to show up on Friday afternoon just an hour before the end of her shift.

The cocoon gave slightly under Jenny's finger, and a strange, somehow familiar scent rose from it. Jenny took in a long breath. The smell seemed to jolt her whole body.

The cocoon was at least ten feet long, as tall as a man and about six feet wide. It was clearly from outer space. Even the air conditioning repairman who reported the find suspected so.

"I wouldn't touch that without protection if I were you," Jenny's partner Harry Stenway said.

Jenny snorted. Harry was right, but 15 years in the NYPD Alien Unit had provided Jenny with a nearly unflinching sense of the dangerousness of various alien objects or biological specimens. The cocoon felt almost harmless, but perhaps it wasn't smart to try her luck too much. Especially as the same amount of experience had taught Harry exactly the opposite. Jenny wiped her fingers on a disinfectant cloth.

Harry fingered his short beard and eyed the cocoon. "Could that be... or maybe not..." Jenny felt like asking what he was thinking about, but it was best to let him finish his thought process in peace. Harry's figure was stooped. Jenny knew it was due to the big scar on his back caused by the Pleiadian woman. Poor Harry.

As a young and inexperienced man, Harry had fallen for a trap set by a Pleiadian woman. At the Police Academy graduation party, one of those filthy sluts had somehow wormed her way into the restaurant and set her sights on poor innocent Harry. This was followed by a delightful night of love.

After this, Harry realized he was growing a daughter inside his back. Childbirth had apparently been very painful, but the baby – Harry's daughter Astra – was a beautiful, twinkly-eyed wonder, at least in Harry's words. When Astra turned three years old, her mother had returned one night and taken her back. Mother and daughter were now hurtling away hundreds of light years from here, and Harry missed them every day.

If only Harry had hated Pleiadian women instead, the way Jenny did. But Harry had not lost three boyfriends to those creatures.

Leo had been the hunk of the high school basketball team. Jenny and Leo had dated, and everything had proceeded in perfect order – until that night at the restaurant on 103rd Street, when Jenny had visited the ladies' room and returned just in time to see Leo leaving the restaurant without having paid their bill, a glowing blonde beauty on his arm. Jenny saw the beauty stick her tongue in Leo's ear and one hand in his pants, but was too stunned to react. A year later she had run into Leo, who was carrying his little daughter in a baby sling.

Charlie, on the other hand, had been Jenny's first proper boyfriend in law school. They had

been planning to move in together – Charlie worked as a sales manager in a sporting goods store. They could have soon married, and maybe even started a family. But one day, Charlie wasn't waiting for her there at their usual street corner, as he usually was at the end of the working day. His colleagues told her a muddled story about a blonde woman who had dragged Charlie by his tie – chosen by Jenny! – into the back room and the sounds of passion that followed. There was no sign of Charlie after that, and Jenny never even bothered to find out what had happened to him.

Jenny tried to be very careful with her next boyfriend, and everything seemed to be going well. Roger was a friend of hers from college, a funny, smart young man who was totally committed to her. They reserved a church for the wedding. The week before the wedding, Jenny wanted to surprise Roger. She took off her clothes and carefully slipped into the bathroom where Roger was showering after his workout at the gym. Jenny did not notice anything strange until she pulled back the shower curtain. At first she only saw the slim ankles crossed over Roger's lower back. He was panting into the mouth of the Pleiadian woman whom he had positioned against the wall of the shower stall. The woman saw Jenny but did nothing to halt their lovemaking. On the contrary, she fixed her twinkling eyes on Jenny. Her gaze was not hostile but full of pure lust, which was all these travesties of women were made of.

Now it was Jenny's turn to disappear. She did not leave Roger her address, or anything else. On the day that was to have been their wedding day, Jenny applied for police training even though she had a promising job at a law firm lined up.

Harry seemed to have finished his thought process. His face wore an odd expression that Jenny could not read even though, over the years, she had become very familiar with the way her partner's mind worked.

"You know what – I think we've come across a Pleiadian man," Harry said. "I have to call the university and ask for them to confirm it."

Harry went off to make the call from their car, while Jenny stayed behind staring at the white cocoon. Something seemed to be happening inside it. The surface of the cocoon undulated slightly. Jenny crept closer. It seemed like the cocoon was breathing heavily. Strange noises issued from within its depths, like distantly rising yelps.

Then it seemed like another layer of white spread itself over the cocoon's hidden inner surface. The cocoon seemed to have become even whiter, as if it had grown stronger.

After a while, Harry returned. "I got hold of Dexter. He'll be here soon. Do you want me to get coffee? We should stay here and keep an eye on this thing."

Jenny nodded. They were on their second donuts when Dexter arrived.

The government paid Dexter for working as some kind of specialist librarian, but in reality he was the guardian of all the secret data that the government had on aliens from outer space who were hiding on Earth. The presence of the aliens, as such, was no great secret. It was just that nobody could be bothered to make a big fuss about them. The aliens were good at drawing people's attention to other things. Take Pleiadian women for instance. Men were great at inventing explanations for the children that they suddenly found themselves responsible for and even ended up being hailed as some kind of heroic father figures. This had apparently happened to Leo.

Dexter walked around the big white cocoon, stopping every now and then to scratch his nose.

"Yes, it must be a Pleiadian man. Who's inside?"

"Inside?" Harry asked.

"It's obviously copulating. With someone, so there must be someone inside. Who lives here?"

"Harry, do you mind finding out?" Harry left with his coffee mug to make a phone call by the side of the gate. He returned just as Jenny was asking more questions about the cocoon.

"We don't know much about the Pleiadians," Dexter said. "They're not physical in the same way we are, neither their men nor women. They can assume different shapes. We know that Pleiadian women always take on the form of gorgeous blondes. I suppose this Pleiadian man must have presented himself in a shape that was equally alluring to this – who is this, by the way?"

"This is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willowborough. A filthy rich couple. The husband is currently in Osaka, so presumably that is Mrs. Cynthia Willowborough," Harry said, gesturing towards the cocoon.

Jenny shuddered. How could people allow themselves to be used as a playground for the disgusting reproductive activities of alien species?

"We don't really know how Pleiadian men reproduce," Dexter said. "I don't know what's happening to Mrs. Cynthia right now inside that cocoon, but one thing is certain: when it hatches, she won't be the same as she was before."

Jenny sighed. Her weekend plans could wait. She had to take care of this first.

"Good luck with the case," Dexter said, walking away. Once again he had been his familiar unhelpful self. Harry cleared his throat quietly.

"Jenny, I think I know someone who might know more about this. They helped me when I was... having a hard time."

"Oh, you mean when you were..."

Harry nodded.

"Ok, let's go meet your friend. I'll tell the boys to keep an eye on the cocoon."

TO BE CONTINUED

See www.hysfk.fi/arse for the complete story.

The X3-23 is a nifty little ship, but somehow I still managed to crash land it on a planet named Earth, nestled somewhere between the spiral arms of the galaxy. I clambered out of my ship to inspect the damage. The crash had apparently fractured one of the muon ray director quentiles. Luckily I had a spare part – but the right tool was missing! Replacing a muon ray director quentile requires a non-crosshead hyper screwdriver, and I only had a crosshead one.

I was considering my quandary when my other head noticed a native dwelling close by. I flobbered my way on over and beamed the door open as politely as I could. A moment later, one of the natives peeked out of the newly created hole.

"Excuse me, do you have a non-crosshead hyper screwdriver I could borrow?" I asked in the universal language.

The creature stared at me with its meager set of eyes (I could only make out two) and then straightened its back.

"No, but I would like to get rid of my memories!" it screeched.

Suddenly another creature appeared in the opening.

"I would like to have a world without wars, famine, or disease!"

I heard a scratching sound behind me and turned around to see a hairy, uncommonly ugly creature.

"As for me, I wouldn't want to die before experiencing..." it said, winked, and rubbed its posterior, which was formed of two large muscles. "I heard you guys are experts at... probing?"

I began to back off cautiously and was soon running towards X3-23, tentacles flapping. Fortunately, I managed to start my ship without the muon ray director's other quentile, but I had to reverse all the way to Tau Ceti.

– Gurlr Fytozz, Deneb A

– How many Aldebarans do you need to change the local photon source?

– 27 and a half.

– ???

– 27 to change the local photon source and a half to start an intergalactic war!

As is well known, galactic law forbids bestiality with other life forms, but being from Epsilon Eridani, I

was naturally unable to restrain myself. I was just making love to a willing human with my thrill tentacle buried deep inside the hole in its backside when a galactic police officer tapped my spine.

"What do we have here?" the police officer asked.

"It may look like bestiality with an alien life form, but considering the circumstances, I would say it's a case of anal probing."

– Asmuousmousnamsi, Epsilon Eridani

The entire might of the Aldebaran navy was just laying siege to a small bluish planet when our commander XXXhrlla had a brilliant idea. We opened up all communications channels towards the planet.

"We come in peace! We want to share our ancient intergalactic wisdom with you and teach you how to live in harmony with your environment," XXXhrlla broadcast to the planet's inhabitants on all frequencies.

And those idiots believed us! We've never laughed as hard as we did while blowing up the small blue planet's cities with our photon torpedoes.

– XXXprllt, Aldebaran

To cover up the fact that we were an expansive alien species from Betelgeuse, we opened a sweet little restaurant in one of Earth's metropolitan cities.

Our business did not really take off, in spite of the top-class, carbon-based nutrient cubes we served. We decided to do a bit of consumer research.

"What do you think of the food in this restaurant?" we asked at the door of the dining room.

"It's the most disgusting grub I've ever tasted!" one of the humans yelled. Naturally, we assimilated it into the collective.

"What do you think of the food in this restaurant?" we repeated our question.

"It's positively delicious!" another human piped up. We assimilated that one into the collective too.

Then we assimilated the rest of the customers into the collective, as well as the city in question and finally the whole planet, because that's just the sort of thing we do.

– Krauk-37, Betelgeuse C

WATCH THIS SPACE.

Want ads, job postings, letters to editor, missed connections.

Wanted: Looking for a copy of "The Nice and Accurate Prophecies of Agnes Nutter, Witch"

Contact: AZ Fell and Co. Antiquarian and Unusual Books, London, UK – We Buy Used Books –

Dishwasher needed. Must be able to tolerate harsh chemicals and even harsher working conditions.

Mos Eisleys Cantina, Tatooine

Diversification project trying to shed sexist image looking for non-males of all color and species, interested in

Intergalactic International Law Enforcement and Customs work.

Requirements: Must be adaptable, physically fit, think outside the box, work well with others, and have no memories worth keeping.

Recruitment Office: 504 Battery Drive, Basement level, New York City, NY 10280, USA, EARTH.

Vogon poetry journal is seeking a new editor. Again.

Send CV to Gag Halfbrunt at Vogosphere Prime

LIFE-FORM: MEDICAL ADVICE FOR ALIEN LIFE

HL, VN, MQ

Dear Doctor,
I have a serious problem with my attention span here on Earth. I find it very hard to carry on a conversation with a human. The immigration office provided me with a helpful device that records speech and can slow it down or speed it up, so it is possible for me to communicate.

However, my mind wanders, and I become preoccupied with other things while I wait for the human to reply to even a simple question. I often read some newspapers or a book during that time, and then tend to forget what we were talking about. Sometimes I slip out for a lunch. They don't seem to notice, but they complain that I'm a bit too blurry to focus on.

I have also tried to become familiar with Earth culture by watching movies. But I can't follow Earth movies; at 24 frames per second they seem like a very slow slide show, and I really can't remember what happened 5000 frames ago if I don't make notes.

I'm quite hesitant about taking any drugs. Is there any way I could increase my attention span?

Best regards,
Varzuum of KERF-3

My dear patient,
Your problem seems quite severe and, unfortunately, the only solution for your problem is medication. In general, some kind of medication is required for extraterrestrials to enjoy living on Earth. I would advise you to reconsider your stance on drugs if you plan on staying on Earth for any length of time. If you do change your view on taking drugs, I recommend Adderall.

As for your interest in Earth culture, I suggest you stop wasting your time. Humanity is only a Type-0 civilization, so they have nothing of value to contribute culturally or technologically for members of more advanced species, such as you and I.

Doctor I. Vehsadrak

Dear Doctor,
My limbs – I need them removed. Time to renew. No raekshakrs here to naturally gnaw them off. Earth doctors refuse to help. What can I do?

Best regards,
the 7th manifestation
of the Yhga-naan

My dear patient,
Earth doctors are indeed quite hesitant to perform operations they see as "exotic" and there are no animals that can be trusted to gnaw limbs peacefully. Thankfully you do not have to rely on doctors and animals. Humans are quite handy in something they call "DIY" and in cutting different kinds of things. I am sure you can find some non-doctor human who is willing to help you remove your limbs, or alternatively you can find some "DIY" tools and remove your limbs yourself. Remember to use disinfectant!

Doctor I. Vehsadrak

Dear Doctor,
I hope you can help me with an issue that's troubled me lately. I've been seeing this human male for some time now. We enjoy each other's company so much that last week we copulated. Afterwards, I ripped out his testicles and ate them, as is customary to my people to prevent the male from acquiring more offspring to compete with mine. Only later did I learn what function this plastic thingy called 'contraceptive' had.

How do I properly apologize for this? I don't think this calls for a major self-mutilating apology, because obviously it was mostly his fault. Or should I eat him and pretend I never even met him?

Best regards,
Aryanamakalatadawa,
a naturally anthropomorphic
Everexian

My dear patient,
I think eating him is unfortunately the best course of action in this case. Human males are quite

fond of their genitalia and your partner will most likely never forgive you, even though he should have known what he was in for when mating with an Everaxian.

In the future though, you should try not to rip out your human mate's testicles after the first copulation. Human males do not have a potent seed, so they might not impregnate you on the first try, especially if they are using some sort of contraceptive. Make sure you have been impregnated properly before emasculating your next mate.

Doctor I. Vehsadrak

Dear Doctor,
I'm allergic to the element carbon. Is there anything soft I can safely eat on Earth?

Best regards,
Bixian businessman

My dear patient,
Yes, there indeed is. Earth has plenty of water, which does not contain carbon and can be frozen in a particular way to make snow. Humans do not usually eat snow, although some younger individuals do consume it, while older humans usually discourage this behaviour.

However, you might have a bigger problem regarding your allergy. You see, Earth and its atmosphere is full of carbon, so depending on the severity of your allergy, you could have a very bad time here. All the living beings here contain carbon in one form or another, including Humans. Humans also produce carbon dioxide as they breathe, and they pump it into the atmosphere in huge amounts. If your allergy is severe, you might find planets such as Fjndoijsgfoaofmo Ketgmoksmho to be more suitable for your needs.

Doctor I. Vehsadrak

Dear Doctor,
I seek advice on a delicate matter. I have to use lubrication with my boyfriend, but all

brands we've tried so far inevitably lead to problems. Either his body membrane is irritated, or spots appear on his tentacles, or he gets violent hallucinations. Honestly, I like dating humans, but none of the other Hypatians here on Earth has had this problem or can give me any advice. I'm at my wits end. Please, suggest a Hypatian lubricant which is compatible with a 52-year-old, bald, overweight accountant from Graz.

Thank you!
Kharght-Tsa, Hypatia,
constellation Draco,
age 1.0854779 aeons

My dear patient,
I suggest my own brand of lubricant: Slurpserps! It has been used by millions of organisms, including Hypatians and Humans, and not a single one of those organisms has complained about any kind of side effects. It costs only 99.99 Galactic Credits per 100ml bottle. Buy now!

I want to ask a question back to you, Kharght-Tsa, and extend an invitation to you and your boyfriend to my lab for study. If I understand correctly, your boyfriend is a Human and he also has tentacles? That is quite unusual, and if you are willing, I would like to study him.

Doctor I Vehsadrak

????,
I am a performer in a traveling troupe and I have six heads linked in constant telepathic nexus. Courtesy of Earth's magnetic field, I suffer from terrible migraines that have a nasty habit of jumping from head to head via the nexal connection. At any given time, my stomach is linked at random to one head only. Thus, taking conventional peroral painkillers is like playing one of those Russian things with only one bullet in it. What type of painkillers might affect all six heads simultaneously?

Roulette Joe,
origin: can't remember,
age: don't know

My dear patient,
In your case, trying to use any kind of painkiller is useless, as it would be like playing Russian

roulette. However, it might be possible to nullify the magnetic field's effects. Some Humans use a hat made out of aluminium foil which is supposed to protect the user from all kinds of radiation and rays. I have read on the "Internet" that the hat is quite effective, and I am sure it will help you immensely. You can find instructions to make one of those kinds of hats from the "Internet."

Doctor I Vehsadrak

Medical unit Vehsadrak,
I am a fully sentient autobot. A month ago I downloaded an add-on for my software, called iSoul®. It caused errors in electro-inference, misalignment of my logical functors, and severe damps in strategy planning and surges of undefined erratic behavioral directives. Deinstallation didn't fix the issues and neither did a cold reboot and a complete overhaul of my source code done by my manufacturers from the Orion syndicate. The most critical side effect is the appearance of a new and previously undocumented system feature "termination time", accompanied by a countdown timer. Please, help!

SP A94-50-1701,
Saiph c, constellation Orion,
assembled and installed
292158 Earth days ago.

My dear patient,
I have specialized in bio-organisms, so I might not be qualified to give medical advice to mechanical patients, but I will give it my best shot. It would seem that you have downloaded a software that makes you alive. In many ways, being alive is great, but moving from the cold, completely logical world of a sentient autobot to a living being can be jarring. Living is associated with random urges and thoughts, and there is nothing you or I can do about it.

As for the termination time, that is also part of living. Termination here refers to death, which automatically is a part of life and it cannot be avoided, just like taxes. I suggest you make the best out of your now limited time of being sentient.

Doctor I. Vehsadrak

EVENING ALIEN

Marvin the Lehti 1/2019 | No. 91
ISSN 1235-4007

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PHOTOGRAPHER: Henry Söderlund (pages 1, 2, 5)

PUBLISHER: Helsingin Yliopiston Science Fiction Klubi ry, Mechelininkatu 3
D, 00100 Helsinki.

PRINTED AT: Punamusta Oy



Printed matter
4041-0619



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Marvin the Lehti has received a paper grant from the Student Union of the University of Helsinki.



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