

MONSTERS AND
ALIENS FROM
GEORGE
LUCAS

BOB CARRAU

Some of the most bizarre monsters and aliens ever seen populate the films of George Lucas, creator of the *Star Wars* trilogy, and they are as important to the enormous success of these movies as are the heroic characters and suspenseful plots. Here are portraits and descriptions of a never-before-assembled group of Lucas' eeriest strangelings and otherworldly beings.

Sometimes beautiful, sometimes horrifying, and often hilarious, the thirty-one full-color images presented in this book are drawn from paintings of creatures seen in Lucasfilm movies, artist's renderings of oddballs not yet built, film stills, and photographs: terrifying behemoths angered by intrusion, warped extraterrestrials posing as if for Bruegel, nervous slime rodents caught under a searchlight, and cuddly mugworms.

The text is an amusing compendium of interesting personal data in the form of diary entries, recipes, résumés, want ads, and weight-training routines. Picked up by the most modern and intrusive of means—fiber optic taps, tubular refuse scrounging, interviews (at great risk to the interviewer's life), mind readings, and even sky fishing—these private revelations from out-of-bound psyches make for fascinating reading—a space-traveling voyeur's delight.

This book proves, once and for all, that monsters have feelings, too, and that aliens have emotions similar to ours—wishes, hopes, desires, and fears. Sufficiently witty, sophisticated, and engaging for adults, *Monsters and Aliens from George Lucas* is scary enough for any child.

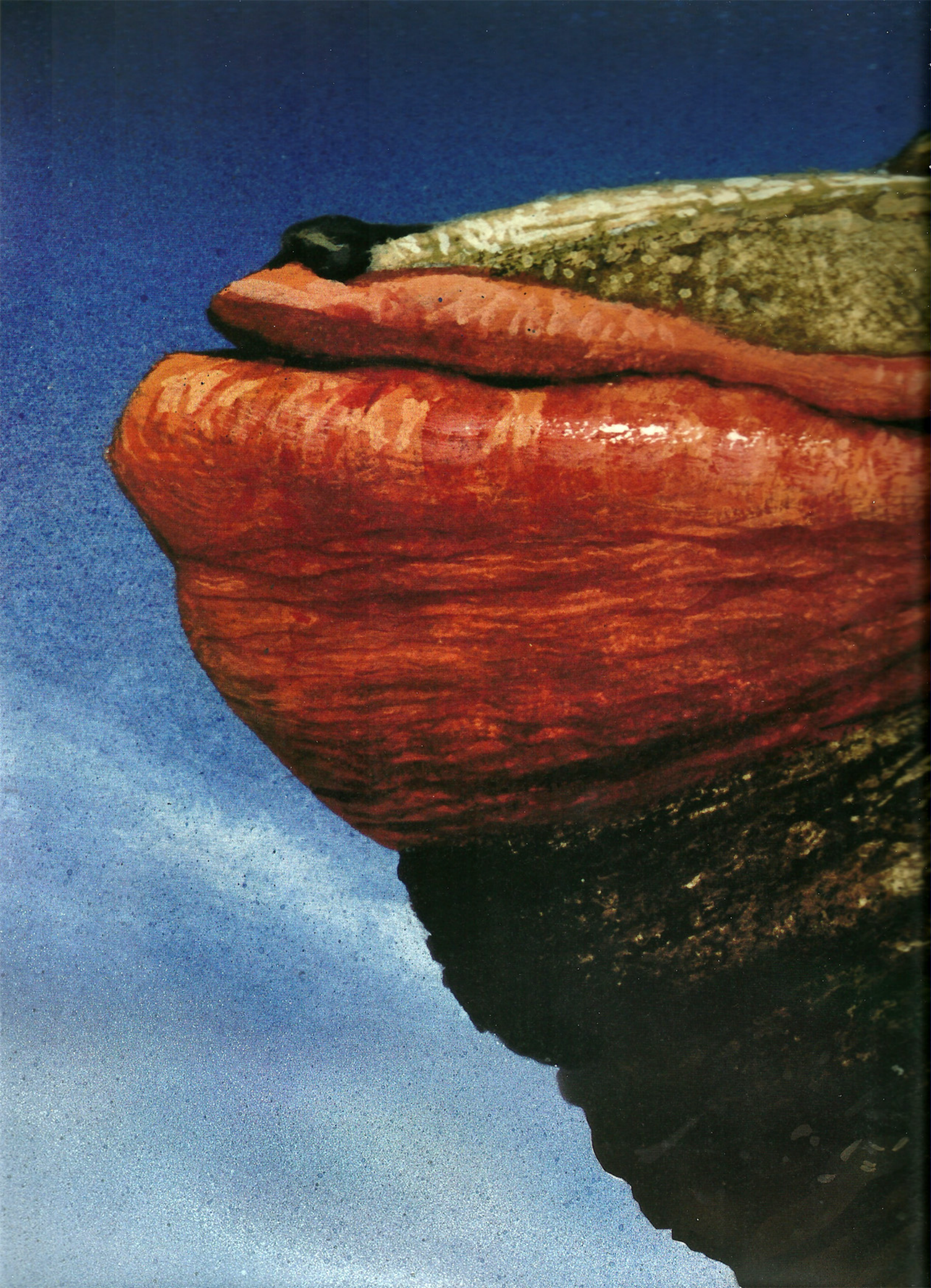
Author Bob Carrau writes primarily for film and television. He collaborated with George Lucas on one of the "Ewok Adventures" for children's television.

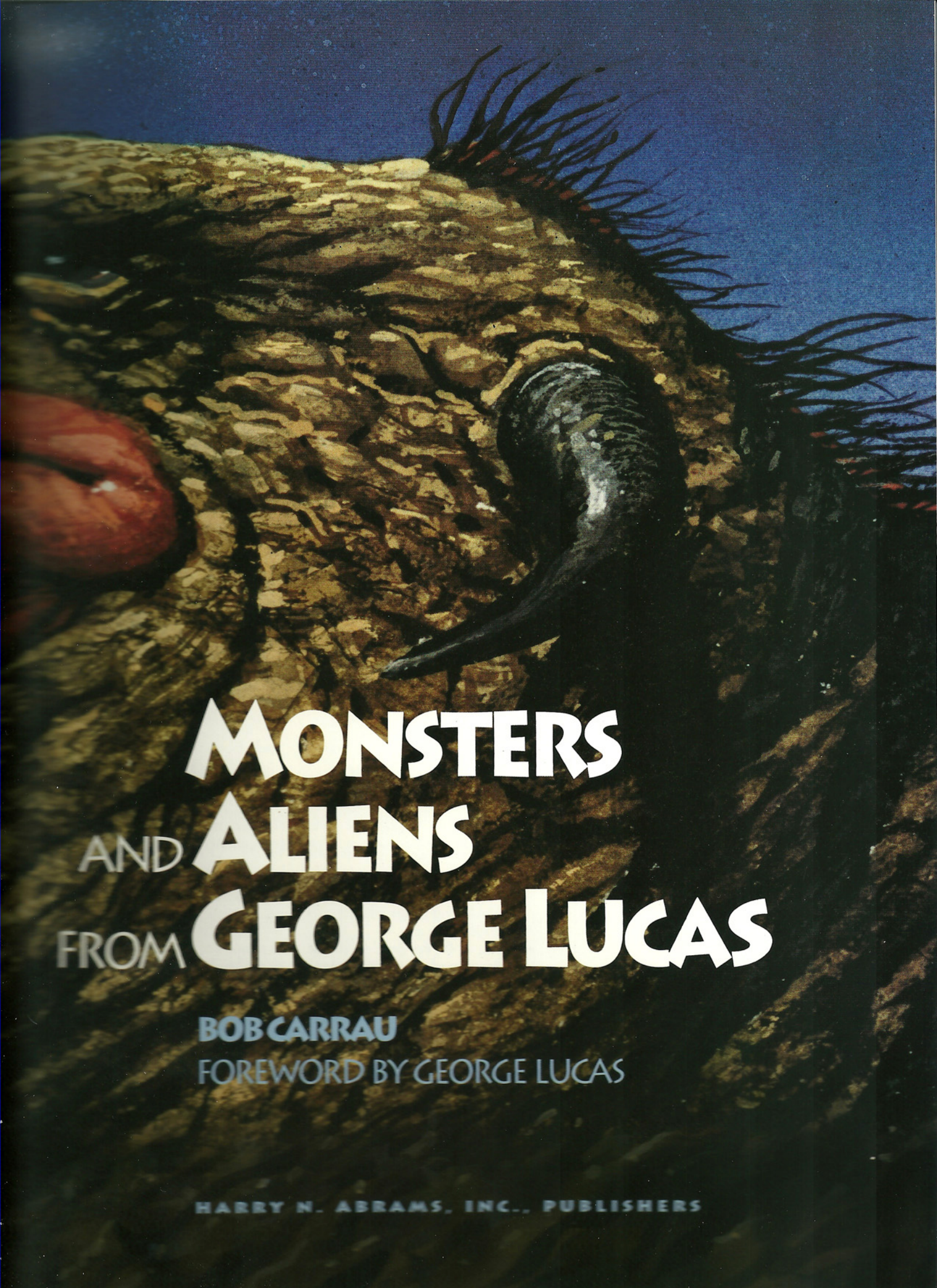
50 illustrations, including 25 in full color

**MONSTERS
AND
ALIENS**



FROM
GEORGE LUCAS





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BOB CARRAU

FOREWORD BY GEORGE LUCAS

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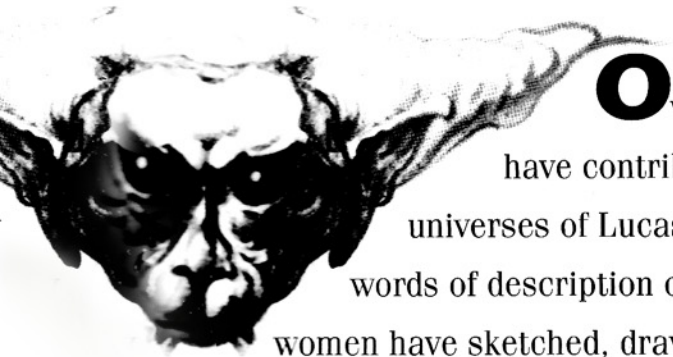
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FOREWORD



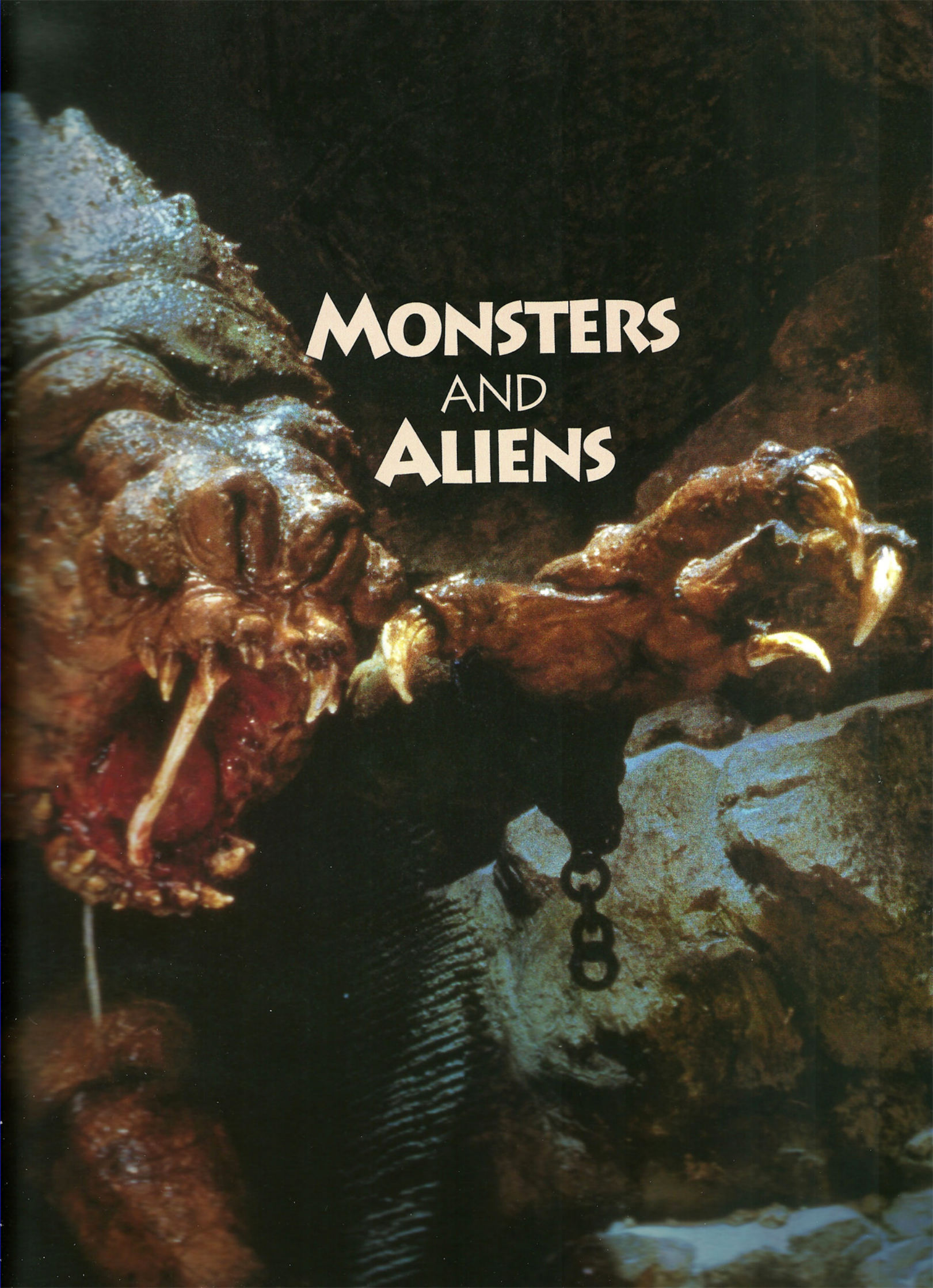
Over the years, many artists and designers have contributed to the articulation of the various universes of Lucasfilm. Taking their cues from the minimal words of description on a script page, these talented men and women have sketched, drawn and/or modeled creatures of magnificent breadth, unimaginable terror, and mind-boggling eccentricity. Some of these creatures have made it into film, while others, because of the way stories unravel, have not (so far). But this does not mean they do not exist. For once something is created, no matter what the context, it takes on a life of its own.

I look on this book as a collection of archaeological data—an attempt to show sides of these monsters and aliens rarely seen. For like us, the creatures of other worlds have feelings, too. They fall in and out of love, and they become angry, depressed, joyful. They have dreams, ambitions, nightmares. And like us, creatures on other worlds unwittingly leave behind remnants of their own lives—address books, diaries, and grocery receipts.

This book is designed so that we can examine the lives of these creatures, draw our own conclusions, marvel at the complexity of creation, and rejoice in the similarities of feeling that connect us all.

—George Lucas





**MONSTERS
AND
ALIENS**

EARLY DEATH DOG

(URCANINUS LIC MORTE)

DESCRIPTION: **height:** 27–36 mortars; **girth:** voluminous, light brownish, beige pelt; depilous face; powerful shoulders with elegant curves; lumbarless spine (de-evolving); 4 limbs—two clawed, two pawed; overdeveloped torso with ancillary pelvic structure; hairless, retractible tail; frontal optical lobes (nocturnal bias); carnivorous fangs (self-cleaning); spiked tongue

DIET: red and blue meat; poisonous snakes; aquatic broccoli

HABITAT: veldts and swamps

RANGE: Middle Plains to 30,000 leagues south of the Troon (seasonal)

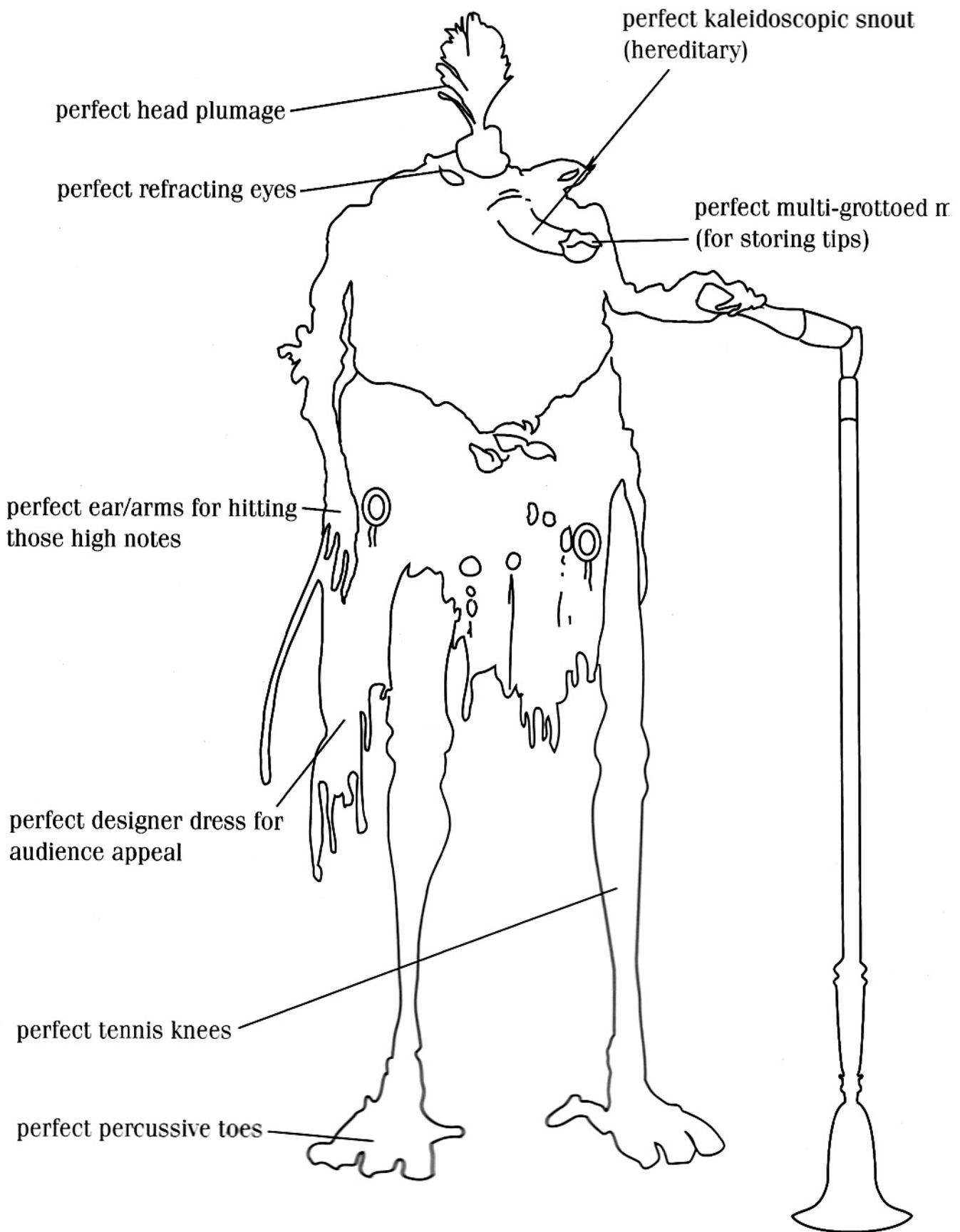
NESTING: does not maintain long-term relationships with opposite sex; female urcaninus hides offspring from male in early years to prevent devouring

MOOD: Frustrated, foul tempered (especially during daylight hours); aimless; erratic; *melancholia agressiva*

CARE REQUIREMENTS: high-voltage enclosures; wide-range laser “leashlets”; scratching trees

PET SHOP PRICE: 970.X*,000/45 (depending on availability and exchange-rate considerations)





perfect head plumage

perfect refracting eyes

perfect kaleidoscopic snout
(hereditary)

perfect multi-grooved n
(for storing tips)

perfect ear/arms for hitting
those high notes

perfect designer dress for
audience appeal

perfect tennis knees

perfect percussive toes



ome. If you
music and
ach picnics
ely for you.

ve but shy
to try any
romance.
skydiving
ip. Send

MINDED

ess is my
thousand
s. Bulging
to explore
ed Neon-
oid dolls
to regain
call me!
t-voiced

knelt. Baler type seek
voluptuous Dixie Belle. Must love Smurgs. If
this sounds like your kind of date, call me at
number 7 orbit.

LET'S PLAY!

Extremely exotic, easy-going, single, beige, pro-
fessional Ytha seeks confident hard-shelled
creature for friendship / possible relationship.

Me: secure, friendly, beautiful, gargantuan.
You: fast moving, multi-appendaged, literate.
Age not important, chins a must. I like scrap-
ing asteroids, quiet plows on the beach, laser-
lit feeding cycles, film. Hobbies include basket
puncturing, lip moistening, magnetic burglar-
ies. I want more out of existence than wind
harassment and empty teeth locks. If you wake
up at night wanting someone to cuddle you,
send me a signal.

LOOKING FOR LOVE? Blue-tongued Rubenesque
beauty seeks romantic interlude with generous
male from planet Zorb or Cryon. Must have
rights for multi-travel. Very dis... If inter-

sassy,

at his
leave me
won't be s

Sensitive,

drooling, fu
easy-going
twilight dir
Some kno
relations!

YOUR D.

Lonely ni
money, h
can and w
fulfills des
solves pro
Poetic ter
caring rel;
well-being
love analy

LOOK NO



**Honeymoon takes
interplanetary turn!**

ALIENS KIDNAPPED BY HUMANS!



Trebor Uarrac / *Staff writer*

A newly married Duros couple, just returning from their honeymoon, were abducted by human beings and held hostage for over four solar periods.

Etro and Droza Edthatt described the humans as "silver, longitudinal beings who wavered on two points and spoke in a high-pitched gibberish that reminded us of Mocking Trees."

The Edthatts, still in mid-digestion, were produced by metal sticks, forced out of their transport and loaded into "what looked like an upside-down re-humidifier." The Edthatts were then temporarily blinded and levitated to the human's home planet, which they believe to be called "Urthha."

"Once we'd adjusted our aural synchronizers, we understood everything our captives had to say,"

Droza explained.

"They were quite happy to have us, actually," Etro added. "They took us to something called a 'party.' This is where a group of humans dress in different uniforms and gather around various liquid canisters.

"They laughed a lot and pinched us, too," Etro continued. "One human kept showing me his collection of naked female imagery. They were very interesting. Not at all what you'd expect."

The Edthatts were then led to something called a "tabull" and

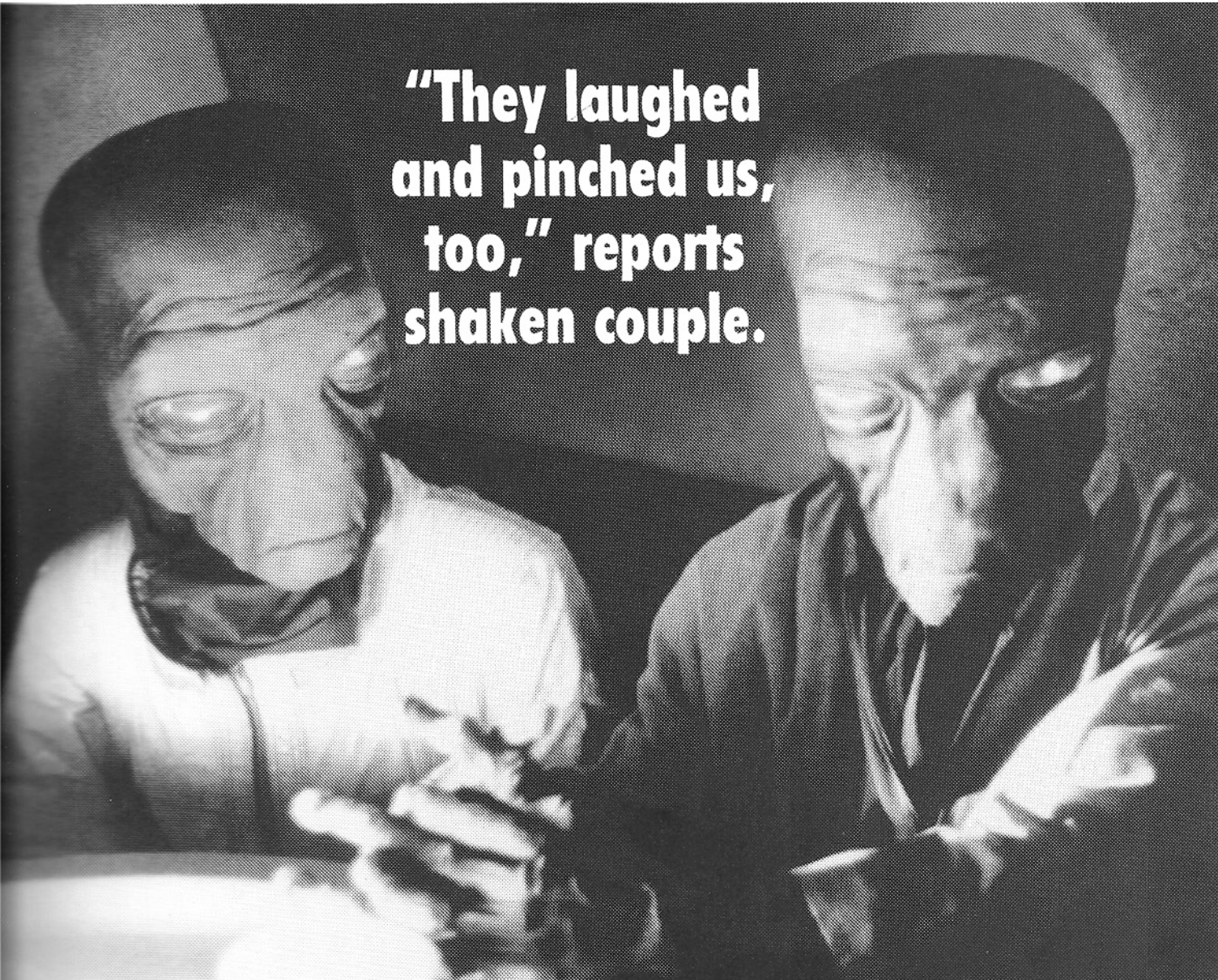
forced to sit and consume things.

"Their food resembled Vrethan stationery products, so, naturally, Etro started to stamp them," Droza reports.

"Our hostess got very angry," Etro adds, "leaving in something called a 'huff.'"

One of the stationery products, something called "potato," made Etro sick. He broke out in collard lesions, and all the humans ran off screaming.

"We were quite frightened by the spontaneous action," com-



**"They laughed
and pinched us,
too," reports
shaken couple.**

...nted Droza, "until we realized we had the whole domicile ourselves and, you know, it's all kind of being our honeymoon, we went right for the freezer."

...he Edthatts spent the remaining time on Urthha bouncing on tennis, reading vegetables and choking books and paintings ("They put up little resistance," Etro reports. "Not those back home.") They described their time as "enjoyable, although we couldn't find anything decent to scratch."

A young human, who arrived one day to "throw folded piles of paper at the exterior of the domicile," helped the Edthatts

get home. It seems each human domicile on Urthha, has a matter catalyst, which this kid called a "blender." The young human, after beating the Edthatts in "a professional-level game of Twister," put the couple in the blender and sent them on their way.

"It's a honeymoon I'll never forget," Droza said, licking her husband.

"And it proves to me," added the moistened Etro, "that life does exist on other planets. I'm just not sure how intelligent it is."

Doctors on Outer Zrzza advise: Cook Snapp over elliptical flame to reduce solar scars.

Farm Discovered in Mouth Cavity!

Strange, but true. A molecular dentist on Argo-6, performing a routine molar cracking, uncovered a tiny but complex farm in the mouth of one of her patients. "There were fields of alfalfa on the tongue, chicken coops ringing the throat, and a sophisticated irrigation system between the incisors," reported the dentist who refused to be identified. When pressed, the patient admitted to the farm's existence. "It runs in my family. We all have them in our mouths. It helps keep you in tune with the seasons and keeps those grocery bills down." The dentist stopped all work in the mouth to avoid disrupting "what can only be described as crop rotation." She prescribed an industrial strength, but organic, mouthwash to combat what she called "compost breath."





TRAINING ROUTINE

DAYS Monday / Thursday

BACK, BICEPS, AND CALVES

BACK: 12 sets ranging from 10–12 reps.
Lat pull-down, seated rows, bent-over rows, close-grip chins.

BICEPS: 9 sets ranging from 10–12 reps.
Dumbbell curls, barbell curls, preacher curls.

CALVES: 8 sets ranging from 12–20 reps.
Calf machine, seated calf machine.

DAYS Tuesday / Friday

CHEST, SHOULDERS, AND HAMSTRINGS

CHEST: 12 sets ranging from 10–12 reps.
Incline barbell press, decline barbell press, flat dumbbell press and flies.

SHOULDERS: 9 sets ranging from 10–12 reps.
Barbell press to the front, barbell press to the rear, and cable side laterals.

DAYS Wednesday / Saturday

TRICEPS AND LEGS

TRICEPS: 9 sets ranging from 10–12 reps.
Triceps push-down with straight bar, triceps push-down with rope, and reverse triceps push-down with bar.

LEGS: 12 sets ranging from 10–12 reps.
Leg curls, leg press, squats, and hack squats.



MANAC-NEBUT

Height: 5'0" Weight: 450 lbs. Bred: 2-237-93
Morrororosc Valley, Ipiestetec

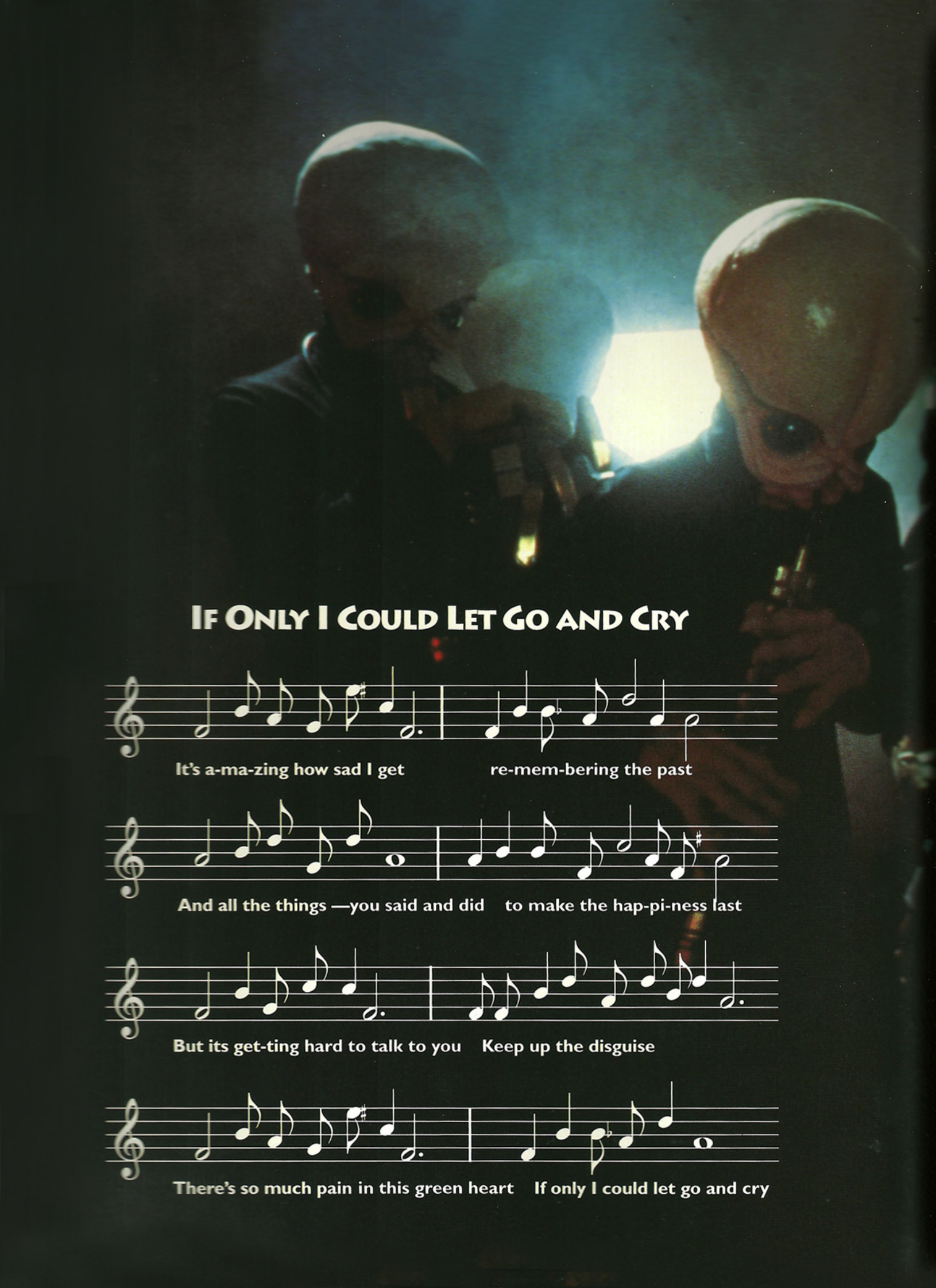
Renowned as one of the best blockers out of the back-field, Manac has also shown good ability as a receptacle carrier, especially when inside an opponent's mine field. His 5.67 velocity in the logarithm stride is excellent for a burly back and his low centered, quadripedal axis earned him an All Zectorn first team selection by the QTL draft committee for his efforts last year. Known as a vicious killer on grass, with a penchant for dismemberment, Manac is used mainly for trench crossings and barricade destructions.

One of the draft's most underrated performers, "Touchdown Manny" gained 54 spectrals on the ground, consumed 540 million gondolas of water and leaped two fractal chasms last season while chalking up a total of 75 TDs. He was also Ipiestetec's second leading receiver, tearing the receptacle out of 47.5 opponent's claws for 345 contusions and three more scores. Manac's best performance came in ITP's nailbiting 4 - 2x victory over Memo Sphere U. Nebut lugged the ball 42 times for 22 miles and two TDs while snatching six trajectory mal-functions for another 18 miles, including a 14-mile score. All this without one detonation!

If last season is any indication, Manac should redefine the term "leash law" in the upcoming weeks.



PROSPECTS

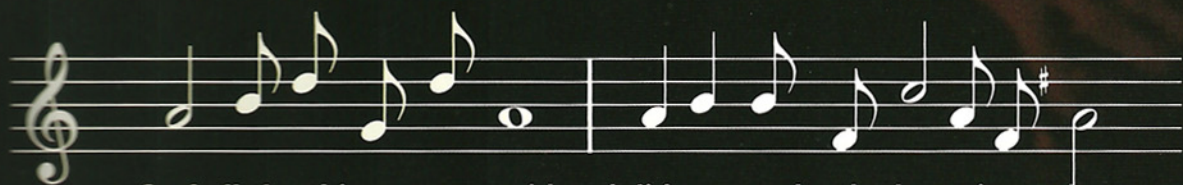


IF ONLY I COULD LET GO AND CRY

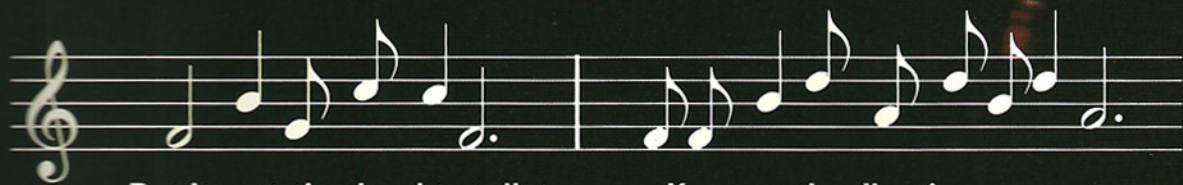


It's a-ma-zing how sad I get

re-mem-bering the past



And all the things —you said and did to make the hap-pi-ness last



But its get-ting hard to talk to you Keep up the disguise



There's so much pain in this green heart If only I could let go and cry




**It's amazing how sad I get
Remembering the past
And all the things you said and did
To make that happiness last
But it's getting hard to talk to you
Keep up the disguise
There's so much pain
In this green heart
If only I could let go and cry**

**I know you did the best you could
You struggled and you saved
Surrounded me with jelly blocks
Fluorescent plankton filled our cave
But now that you're not around
The walls are cracked and dry
The mercury's gone
From this eight-valve heart
If only I could break down and cry**

**If only I could let it go
Really say what's on my mind
Of love and pain and phylum rubs
The sad, sad oozing of time
My mouths, oh, they would open up
A fern would break on through
The tears I'd cry
Would be tears of joy
And I'd come slidin' back to you**

**It's amazing how sad I get
Remembering the past
And all the things you said and did
To scramble my chloroplasts
So tell me now what I know is true
It was moist and love was a lie
Admit to me please
The truth I know
So I can finally let go and cry**





Dear Friends:

Well, it seems the holidays are upon us again. And, with the holidays, another family update:


Fortunately, this year has found us with even more accumulated wealth than last year. Ussto cleverly manipulated fourteen Sertar markets (without one slave rebellion!), restructured forty-three planetary economies and still found time to practice his favorite recreational pastime—Norcky Chips. Miiliki-spoorr, still recovering from last year's Spleen Corrosion surgery, spent many hours on her home Gravity Resuscitation Track. She still found time to attend to her many charities, though, of which Offspring of Parents Who Haven't Been Born Yet is her most favorite. The society adopted several thousand microscopic adrenalin addicts and found them good test tubes to incubate in. Here, here to Miiliki!

Ciption is still plugging away at home. He is the one joy in our lives (except when he escapes into Virulent Reality) and has made the Dean's List at school every quarter (it doesn't hurt that Ussto is the school's major donor!). Ciption still is a beast on the Iron Filing Field and his heart (and ours) lit up when he was named All-Quadrant Detonator. May the Gaseous Cloud watch over us when he goes for his Transport License next Conception Day.

Well, that's about it. No violent deaths, no unexpected explosions, no disconcerting bulges around the thorax. We feel truly blessed, and it is our hope that the solar fragments have been watching over you and yours as they have us and ours. Hope to see each and every one of you in the upcoming lunar period and remember . . . if you don't get what you want, use more ice cubes.

Love,

The Singsnats



COOKING A SMAPP



First, a note on Smapp: while domesticated Smapp are becoming all the rage, especially in the Leisure Fields beyond Derso-4, we find wild Smapp to still be, far and away, the best starting point for any Smapp dish (even Hydrogenated Smapp). In contrast to domesticated Smapp, wild Smapp retains its celestial taste and bogg consistency and curls naturally under any form of radiant manipulation you wish to employ.

If you purchase wild Smapp, buy it only in season and then only on or near a volcanic eruption. Make sure its egg sacks are chartreuse and humidified. There is nothing worse, for cooking, than aged Smapp (unless, of course, you are making jerky). Naturally, trapping your own Smapp is the best way to go (see HUNTING THE CARBON-DATED SLOTTT) and adds much to the process of cooking and consuming.

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 *medium-size Smapp*
(*butterflied*)
- 6 *quarts viscous butter*
- 45 *fern potatoes*
- 12 *tubes Herbs de Lunar Eclipse*
a *pinch of zinc*
garlic

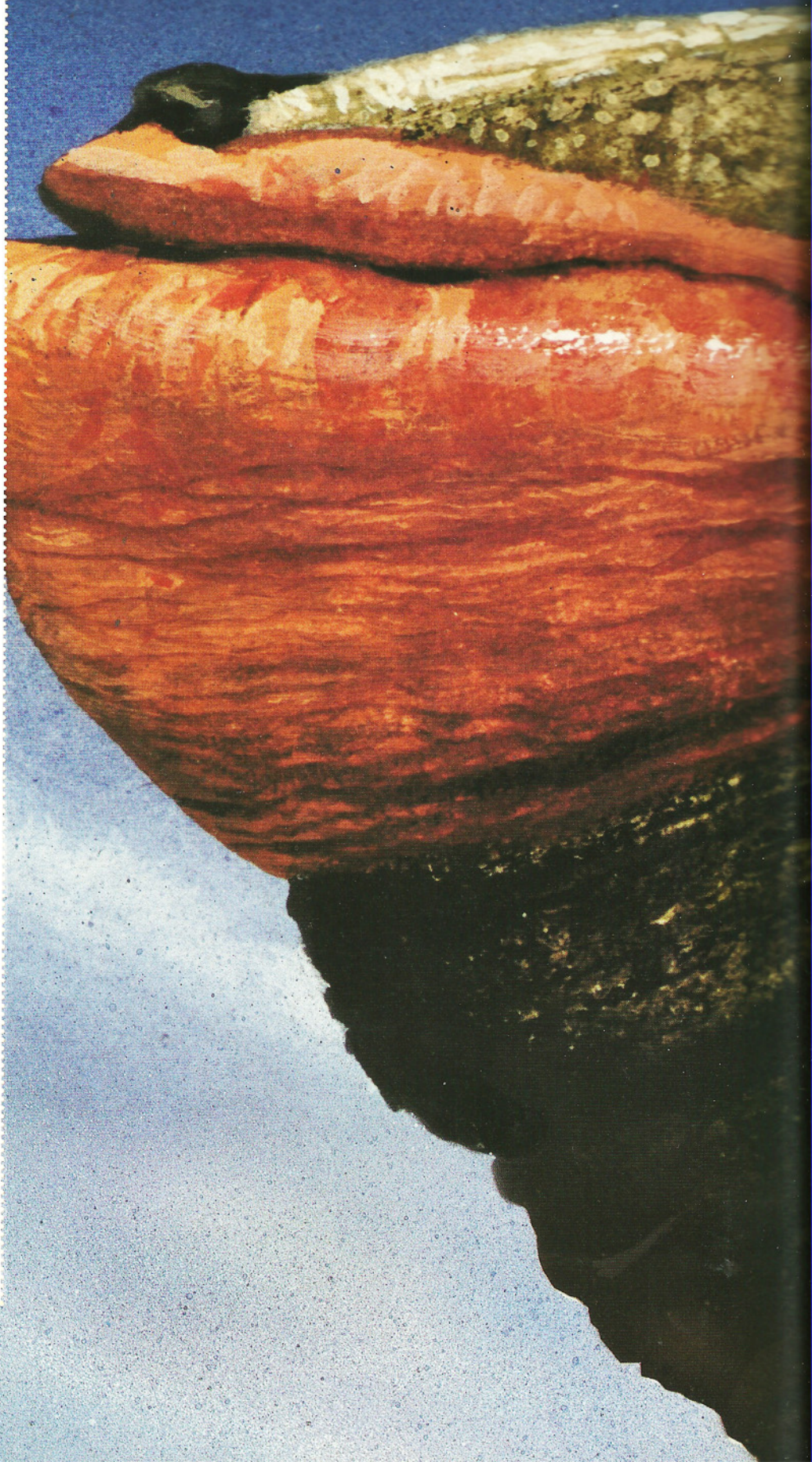
■ Pre-heat your oven to 800 degrees. Shave the Smapp. Tenderize by scratching Smapp under gilled flanks. Cut away all smoking orifices. Sculpt butter and mix with herbs. Spread on Smapp using a dental mop.

■ Marinate for two gravitational rotations (this will vary from planet to planet and from relativity theory to relativity theory). Tack Smapp onto steel roasting board, add zinc, and slide into oven.

■ Chew garlic while Smapp detonates—generally one to three gravitational rotations (again, variable). Using iodized forceps, remove Smapp from oven, garnish with ceiling ash, and serve immediately.

■ Serves 4 to 6 Hutts.

Note: In the cool winter periods, a hot barium liquid accompanies this dish quite nicely.





THE INGKA PLEDGE

On my honor, I will do my best
to plunder and pillage both you and your kingdom
and to disobey every single law;
I will hurt other creatures at all times;
Keep my teeth sharp,
my mind dull,
and never, ever give in to
kindness, generosity, or love.





Affirmation for Amber Day Six

My Love Flows Ambiently and Infinitely

*M*y love flows from me like ions of soothing radiation — freely, invisibly, unheedful of barriers. My love rises like a solar flare, rolling out over the universe like a Big Bang. My love is a burning, spreading, oscillating ember of compassion and joy.

At times in the past, my love was bent, manufactured, packaged. Lost in a maze of metallic memories. These memories magnetized my love, polarizing it, causing my love to hide from itself and the attractive love of others.

Now I see only I can demagnetize my love. Only I can erase and re-record my memories. Only I can show my innermost self to others and not flinch under the scrutiny of their Fresnel lenses.

Today, I will remember that my love is a prismatic gift, not only to me but to every other animate and inanimate creature that I come into contact with.



EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH
“Gamorrean Guard”

FOR tirelessly standing at the base of Our Majesty's slimy throne



FOR bringing dignity to the uniform even when covered with
decomposing manta pears



FOR being punctual even when there is no concept of time



FOR helping ladies across the chasm



FOR volunteering many more times than necessary to take
the Rancor's temperature



FOR putting the past behind him and offering his parents up
as castle fertilizer



FOR keeping his uniform shiny



FOR stomach display



FOR expert show of swordsmanship
(even though it was in the annual Haiku festival)



FOR accepting this award



CASE #27

I've been having the same dream every night. I'm wandering in a collapsing city. There's no one around. Just blowing newspapers, creatures skittering behind broken windows, and crumbling walls. It's night, and it's either just stopped raining or is just about to start. I can't tell. I don't know where I'm going, but it doesn't matter. I keep walking, knowing if I stop, something will happen to me. It's like I can't stop. It's like I'm being chased. By what I don't know. But it's there, I can feel it.

I turn down one street. It's the same street every night. Empty. Quiet. Terrifying. I walk slowly down the center, aware of something watching, something mysterious, something just out of reach. The decaying buildings, they mock me—their doors and windows leering eyes and mouths.

In a vacant lot, I see a glow, a fire. With a bunch of bums huddled around. Cautiously, as if in a trance, I approach the vagrants. They turn and scatter, disappear behind doorways, boards. That's when I notice the fire isn't a fire, Doctor. It's a figure. Pulsing. Naked. Stripped. Surrounded by light. The figure turns toward me, Doctor, its halo blinding me. It looks at me with the saddest eyes I've ever seen. It shivers, asks for help. What am I supposed to do? It's a child, a man, a woman, a monster, all at the same time.

As if under its control, I reach out, penetrate the light, hold the figure's chin in my palm. The skin is soft, warm, gelatinous, enveloping. Attracted by the heat, I lean in and kiss the lips. I lose myself, see a vision of my past, a hillside, a tree with a swing. I close my eyes, pitch forward, feel fizzy. Then I evaporate.





DAILY DIARY

JANUARY

4 MONDAY

wake up. Throw up. File tail

5 TUESDAY

Crawl out of cave. Find Gragg.
Eat him. Burn tundra. Find Lerk. Eat
her. Knock down trees with tail.

6 WEDNESDAY

Drop boulders from sky. Graze Mook Pico.
Trap family of Ack-platts. Eat them.
Regurgitate baby Ack-platt. Play with him
like a yo-yo. Re-eat him. Scrape Castle wall.

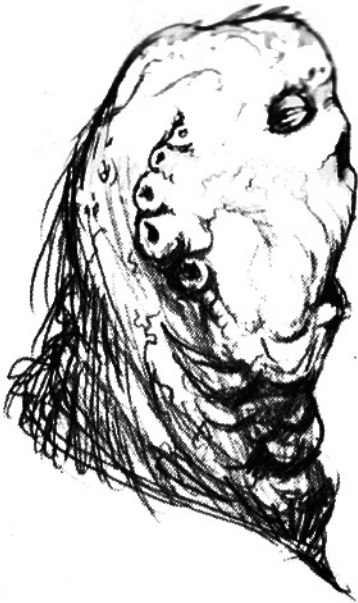
7 THURSDAY

Burn two peasant villages. Eat snack-donkey
stomachs. Take singing lessons. Eat maestro.
Drink algae pond.

8 FRIDAY

Wrestle with Duke. Try to eat him.
Go home. Put mud in bed. File tail.
Scratch scars. Go to sleep.

MUSINGS OF AN ITHORIAN



I am a sad and lonely creature. A sad and despicable wart. After such a life as mine—well-lived, meandering, full of mitosis and ambient radiation—it has finally come to this. Drowning my sorrows in a pint of nectoral syrup.

I was such a promising pupa. Glassy-eyed, appendageless, able to move my organs around at will. The world was a titillating surface, an endless, glistening horizon that I had only to track across, to let slip under my underbelly, to feel satisfied. Ah, the simple joys of youth!

And then I metamorphosized. Rimbaux Four was my oyster and mating never a problem. I fathered several thousand offspring, sending my saliva out into the winds of Solax. I fed on the refuse of others. What an effervescent time! What connections to meteors and spongy roots! My throat sack in constant flutter! Adventure always at my caravan door!

Then the molt. The horrible, terrible molt. I'd heard about it, saw it in others, yet somehow never expected it for myself. Not for me! The most handsome, admired Ithorian in the orbit of Satellite Nine. But it happens to us all, male and female alike, that's the brutal lesson of experience. First it's the loss of an aural flap, then a bend in each and every locomotion tube. Finally, there's the lumps and the hunger for ant-flies. They stick to your face like blemishes. Like space barnacles. You become despised by those who loved you, spurned by your closest friends—useless, taunted, forgotten. And you hear it all because suddenly five craters appear in the side of your cranium, letting it all in. All the cruel and callous comments fill your head like the windsong of approaching disintegration.

And so this final stage comes as a relief. Gone is the disappointment, the despair. Accepted is the lack of energy. You wander the free-trade zone wondering "What is it all about?" "Was it all worth it?" Your casing shrinks around your ever-lengthening, bulbous frame. But you just don't care anymore. You just don't care. You realize you are what you always were destined to be—a mature Ithorian with a shell and knowledge so frightening and ripe that you can hardly stand yourself.





VULNERIUS (JULY 15–AUGUST 3)

Hey Vuln! This is your week! The stars are in alignment and all the planetary energy is flowing your way. It's time to showcase your special talents. Remember, you can decide on what direction you want your life to take and then form alliances with creatures whose talents complement your own. A long-range goal is near at hand. So cheer up! Take the initiative. Follow up on a hunch. An influential alien will look with favor upon your efforts. If your goal is monetary, an obstacle to financial progress will be removed. Welcome an opportunity to discuss a pet project over a friendly lunch. Give family members your enthusiastic support. Update your wardrobe. A new admirer is worth a little extra effort from you.





There once was a Heep-heep from Zrak
Who found himself caught in a crack
The harder he tried
To remove his backside
The deeper he sank and that's that!





PROD

SQRA CASTLE, NEWENURF

OBJECTIVE: To find employment in my field of choice: Institutional harassment and torture.

EXPERIENCE: PRIVATE GUARD/HENCHCREATURE to tyrannical space despot Hortentious Clee: responsible for all air drownings, tooth removals, dismemberments

SERGEANT-AT-CLAWS:
Special Loathsome Forces,
Megalomaniac Wars

CELL BLOCK DISCIPLINARIAN:
Our Mistress of the Bad Boys Prison

TERROGA TRAINER: Freklas Snarl
Circus; invented concept of Random
Audience Death

EDUCATION: (not applicable)

INTERESTS: Mouth rocks, nubile feather serpents,
blood

SKILLS: bludgeoning, stabbing, pinching, slapping, stomping, smacking, punching, jabbing, yelling, pounding, poking (this is different from jabbing), crunching, squeezing, strangling, pulling, stretching, scraping, bruising, burning, etc.

REFERENCES: Available upon request



Where have you been?
Why haven't you called?
You don't love me.
You think I'm ugly.
You think I'm boring.
You think I'm fat.
You're looking for another special friend.
What's the matter with you?
What's gotten into you?
You don't touch me like you used to.
You don't even know I exist.
You've really let me down.
What am I going to tell our friends?
I'm never going to speak to you again.
How can you be so selfish?
Why can't you just do this little thing for me?
I do everything for you.
If you don't come, I'll die.
Do you know how much this hurts?
I can't wait until something breaks your heart.
I wish I could be as callous as you, but I can't.
I don't see what you see in her.
I've sacrificed everything for you.
Do what you want.
See if I care.
Don't worry about me.
I just love you so much.



Everything that is Anything was There!

The Lothario Smerg of the Quenk jazz scene, **MRP-MRP POO**, threw another one of her annual Vector Day parties at the exclusive terrarium **BOULDERDASH**. Yours truly attended (in a Velcro wrap) along with several hundred of Mrp-Mrp's other close friends and investors. Aging data star **RZSCO SNOWWT** looked radiant in an amber space suit accessorized with raisin holsterettes and a series of illuminated shuttle alarms. His ex-wife, **TIREIS BLACKANDWHITE**, came in two separate segments, representing, as she put it, "the two photoelectric periods of my life."

A problem erupted in the Monotony Room when one of Tireis's segments wanted to go home early with the dashing molecular botanist **EBAN** while the other segment still hadn't met anybody. By the way, Eban has let his marsupial roots flourish, chewing bananas in public and proudly wearing the ceremonial **HELMET OF FOURTEEN CONFUSIONS**, which, though improving his looks, causes him to make impromptu speeches written in the 41st eon as he passes through radar detectors. Finally, a compromise was worked out between Tireis's warring segments when robotic

vacuum salesman **GALL SUPREME** took the slighted segment onto the dance floor for some **SPIG** (delicious!).

Also spotted at the gala, **BUCKKAM INNEY**, the quartz philosopher who claims his latest missile was not a mistake; **MASSIE HERHIS**, the buxom speedball carrier who alluded to the fact that all the mirrors in Boulderdash were not reflective. Also present, but without invitation, were **UCKR.E.M. IV**, the portable planetarium magnate (along with Rinsi, his dog); **ANMOR-ANMOR**, the fax sculptor; **DIEROUL**, the braggart; and **AMPLI**, the blaggart and **MADONNA**.

A good time was had by most (except yours truly, who needed to leave early so I could initial this report!). I picked up the next day, though, that Mrp-Mrp danced the night away with a fractal assembly of her deionized lover ("The best one I ever had!"), **QUOCRAG MOGRA**. Does this spell romance for Mrp-Mrp? I hope not. That could put an end to the shenanigans that bring all the gossamer creatures of our universe together under one roof. But then, just think about the wedding . . .





WANTED



MARAUDER OF ENDOR

(Known associate of Terak)

- 1 Count Felony Plutonic Detonation**
- 2 Counts Felony Interdimensional Kidnapping**
- 7 Counts Illegal Star Swapping**
- 4 Counts Misdemeanor Molecular Mayhem**
- Numerous Unpaid Docking Tickets**

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: hologram of his third mother on right forelock; shaved dimples on both elbows; mushrooms lining eyebrows

KNOWN ASSOCIATES: s12X "Lefty" pTTt; The Muldoon Family (except for the nun); Father FFKR; Morgantha Shelroon

SPECIAL DATA: recently escaped from Devil's Asteroid; known to carry fusion weapons and disease chambers; laser used in last detonation (family Thanksgiving); 79 previous convictions; no vaccinations

**EXTREME CAUTION ADVISED!
APPROACH ONLY WITH BENZENE APPLICATORS**



HOW THE ECORB GOT ITS HAMPA

In those Mercurial and Long Time Away From Here Times, no Ecorb had a hampa on its head. They slid across the Detral Pits freely, lazily, happily: their blup sacks pulsating rhythmically under their gelatinous heads.

Then, one night—a night they all would remember—a flower appeared out of a slimy rock. The ecorbs had never seen a flower before, and its radiant colors of orange and blue dazzled them. All the ecorbs gathered 'round the flower and marveled at it.

“What is it?” asked one of the ecorbs.

“What shall we call it?” asked another.

“What shall we do with it?” asked another.

“Let's eat it!” shouted the fattest ecorb. “It looks delicious!”

“No, wait!” warned an elder ecorb wiping spit from his nostril. “If you eat this tantalizing creature, things will change forever!”

“Things are going to change anyway,” a younger ecorb said.

And how right she was! For that night, the ecorbs divided the luminous flower, petal by petal, among themselves and ate it. It was delicious and had some wonderful side effects. Immediately, the ecorbs felt giddy. They laughed and danced and floated above the planet floor. They zoomed in and out of caves. They bounced off mountains. Never was a better time had by an ecorb, past or present.

After the wild night, all the ecorbs fell asleep far from their nests, and for the first time they had really bad dreams—nightmares full of disembodied eyes and bloody teeth.

When the ecorbs awoke, there were flowers all around. Hundreds of them sprouting here and there.

“Let's eat them all!” the ecorbs cried.

“No, no, you mustn't,” the elder ecorb warned. “It's a trap! An end to our pleasurable days.”

But all the ecorbs laughed. They ignored the elder's warning and grazed all morning on all the orange and blue flowers around. But this time, instead of laughing and floating and zooming around, the ecorbs got very sick. And one by one, they sprouted shell-like hampas on their head.

“Ow! My head is killing me!” one ecorb cried.

“Get it off! Get it off!” another one pleaded.

But there was nothing to be done. Soon, all the ecorbs had hampas on their heads, and instead of being happy, they were all now miserable. In fact, every ecorb that was ever hatched after that wore the painful crown of its impulsive ancestors.

As for the beautiful flowers . . . they were never seen again.





THE GUEAL'S LAMENT

I went looking for love but instead found grace

So I moved with grace

Enduring emptiness, I spoke in long sentences

Mutating creatures

Parties and smiles

Anger

Irritation

The inside the outside (as insides are wont to do).

I paced a cageless cage

Any perception as true as mine

Any quest worth taking

No definition except the constant fleeing of innocent
strangers.

And then ...this disintegration

this acceptance.

So now, with no other choice but a long, lonely, silent
wait for death,

I call out again for love

Trying to shake the grace

Moving to disguise the loneliness

Averting my gaze from all the reflected monsters in each and
every blinking eye that I meet.

I THINK,

therefore I am. (No, no, no, no....)

I am because I think. (No, no, no, no...)

I am the thing that is thinking. (No, no, no, no...)

I am really angry that I'm thinking. (HmMMM...)

I want to kill something because I am thinking. (Yes!)

I want to take a house and put it in a matter detonator
because I am thinking! (Ruff!)

I want to take two planets and rip them to pieces!

I want to annihilate a black hole!

I want to eat you! And you! And you! And you!!!!

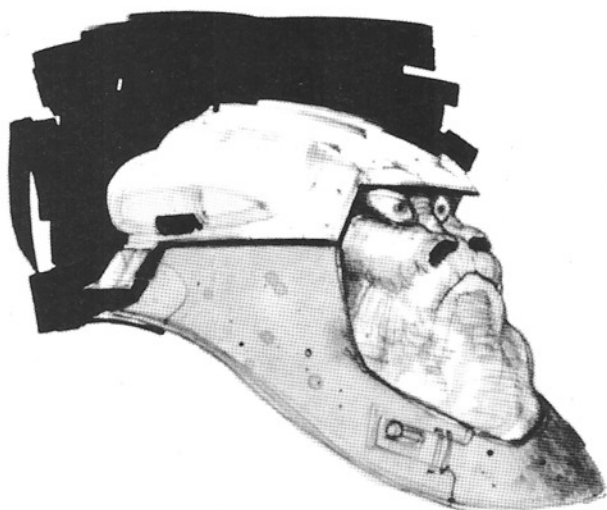
Yes!!!!

Now, where's my dinner?





THE SEMINAR PARTICIPANTS



mOKDAR 15 of Simento-Threk, is the Director of Nostril Infusions at Regalia Sub-space station-12. He invented the Home Nostril Nap and has advised many Olfactory Surgeons on contemporary inhaling techniques. mOKDAR is a member of the Society for the Refusal of Astrophysics and edits their monthly publication, *NO GUARD*. He has kept copious video journals of his experiences at the space station and plans to broadcast them over the radio in the future, when funding permits.

SKREEN of Lusaanda, is a technical director for the Manifold Mollusk Matrix and Matrimony Association. He himself has performed over four hundred anaerobic biopsies and provides stirring words of advice for those considering biopsies. An active member of the Gazelle Rowing team, Skreen brings a welcome rhythm and strength to all his endeavors. For the next year, he will be writing three sequels to "Destiny Days," the fictional account of true events that occurred on Skreen's home planet after he died.

KAAT THRICK-THRICK of Nebula Forso is a horticultural educator who specializes in cranial flowers. Kaat's responsibilities range from product development to the *in vitro* fertilization of skull seedlings. Kaat is also responsible for sponsoring the annual Find Your Equilibrium contest at the Perpendicular Universe Fair and has been nominated for three Xaf Awards for her efforts. Kaat lives and works with her three families inside a remote, recycled hubcap.



AANXI RAANXI LAANXI of Desultori, Yde, chairs four sub-committees on creative procrastinating for the University of Desultori. Rarely seen in public, Aanxi communicates most commonly by bubble machine and/or blank stare. Inventor of the Vacuum Goggle, Aanxi has received numerous awards and grants. He is also the author of more than 250 treatises on the appearance and disappearance of arrivals and departures.

26-424 of Galloway Island, as usual, refuses to participate but will be available for feedings.



If you go out at night—Beware

I am there

Everywhere

Between the stars

Under the clouds

Watching you

Waiting for you to be alone

Separate from a crowd

That's when I'll take you

When you least expect it

When your fear is the highest

I will take you before you know you've been taken

Fly you far away from your friends and family

Impale you on a barren asteroid

Taunt you

Approach you

Eat you

And then you'll be gone

And I'll go searching for another solitary victim







THE TWELVE STEPS

1. I admit that I am powerless and that my life is unmanageable.
2. I believe in a power greater than myself and Its name is Zoraz.
3. I turned my will and life over to Zoraz.
4. I made a searching and fearless moral inventory of myself in the bulbous presence of Zoraz.
5. I admitted to Zoraz, to myself, and to you, Orequelandomani, the exact nature of my wrongs.
6. I had Zoraz remove all my defects of character (and this hurt).
7. Ditto for my shortcomings.
8. I made a list of all creatures I had harmed and became willing to replace their suction cups.
9. I made direct amends to such creatures whenever possible, except when to do so would cause personal liquefaction to them or others.
10. I continue to take personal inventory and when wrong admit this to Zoraz.
11. I sought through focal point conjuring and intergalactic yodeling to improve my conscious contact with Zoraz as I know It. dreaming only for knowledge of Its will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as a result of these communications. I tried to carry this message to others and to practice these principles in all my activities (both linear and circuitous).

NANI, MEDYPSH, EFFERVESCE, & OEKLASS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

The Wavering Oeklass
Cylinder 14
Vemu, Abar-12

Dear Mr. Oeklass:

This is to inform you that you are in breach of Contract of the Common Ownership Agreement dated 45-x-920p regarding the multi-use property on Mistar-5. In accordance with Article 7, Section 1, of above said Agreement, you must cure this breach within 15 wind passages (i.e., give us back our boat) or be considered in default of said Agreement with all the penalties and conditions stated in Article 7, Section 2.

Mr. Oeklass, need we remind you, if you attempt to use mind control, heretical body manipulations, weather disturbances, dirty jokes, or any other more than three-dimensional negotiating methods to evade curing this breach, such attempts will be considered aggressive acts against the partnership and handled appropriately within the guidelines as stated in Article 7, Section 3 of said Agreement.

We expect to hear from you or get an oblong object in the express as evidence of your compliance by next period's triple eclipse. Should such occurrences not occur, default proceedings will begin automatically.

Sincerely,

Lilac Nani
Medypsh
Zot Effervescence

Your partners:
Lilac Nani, MVP
Medypsh
Zot Effervescence





REGION 29

THE WEST FISSURE

SUMMARY: Ensi through Nnters will be colder than normal with well above normal magnetic radiation levels. There will be considerable variation in ionic phase shifts from day to day, making the planting of root-bound seedlings difficult. Ensi may warm up with an occurrence of spotted snow, but by the first Day of Rejection, expect only dry rain and worsening chalk conditions. Grain distributors can expect lengthy resistance shadows.

The atomic blast on the delinquent moon Rasper-6 should affect the atmosphere around mid-Stolivea, distributing talking fogs into low valleys and hollows. The echoes may be irrational. Dust farmers are advised to use hydroponics in their fribulation tanks during this period, which could last until mid-Aint or early Nnters. Composting is a must. Precipitation will be well above normal and will rise instead of fall, with snow erupting at the lower elevations.

Nnters through Hinggnih is anticipated to be slightly warmer and high-pitched in the north, with the southern climes wavering under nostalgic earthquakes. Hovering clouds of Mooxx fat will lodge themselves over arzen fields, making irrigation difficult.

Neevilit and Dha should be about normal, but don't panic, incandescent solar flares will etch most of the planet's surface. This is the time to watch for mind eels and their offspring. The solar flares excite them, and they do not heed the crop boundaries set forth in The Relevant Farm Act of Thairwsthis 12.

Bababbb and Aaaaaalt are expected to be pinker than normal, turning a bit chartreuse by the beginning of winter. Watch out for glacial cysts. It's a good time for overnothings.



INTERVIEW WITH THE MORPITOO

(EXCERPTED FROM GALACTIC GOSSIP)

Galactic Gossip: What is your favorite food?

Morpitoo: Pfsspn-blttt-noooooop-fzzzzz.

G.G.: How old are you?

M: Smmmmmmm-reeeem-perpppp.

G.G.: How many girlfriends have you had?

M: Nsssss-prrrripipp-poom.

G.G.: Is it true that you practice prismatic self-defense?

M: Leeeem-leeeeem-leeeeemm.

G.G.: Do you plan to mutate?

M: Fraw-fruh-fing-fng.

G.G.: We appreciate the time you've given us. Is there anything else you'd like to say?

M: Elhh-pochrr-ffff-snappp.

G.G.: Thank you.

M: Llllnnnnng.

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