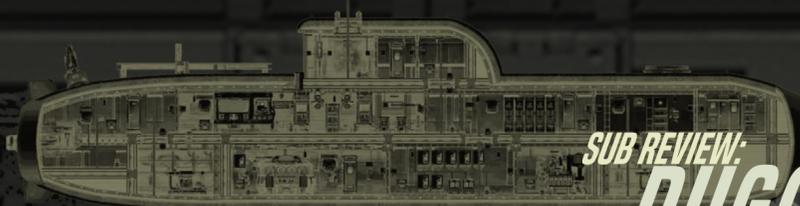


# The EUROPEAN

VOL. 42



SUB REVIEW:  
**DUGONG**

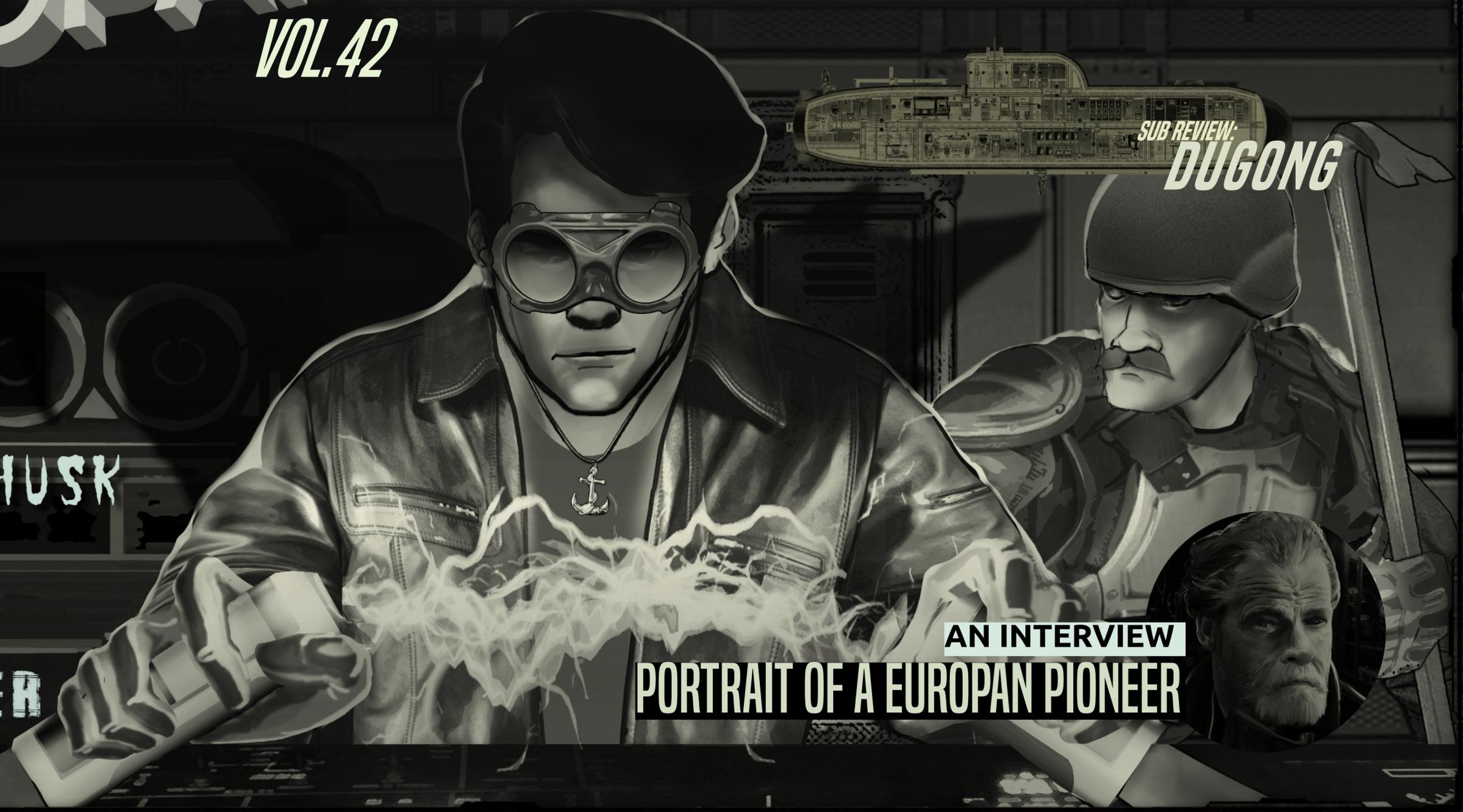


WORKPLACE HOSTILITY  
AND INCREASE IN NEGATIVE  
ATTITUDES, SAY SHIP'S CLOWNS

THE CURIOUS CASE OF  
**THE CHURCH OF HUSK**



DUBIOUS DUPLEX  
IN **MELT WATER**



AN INTERVIEW  
**PORTRAIT OF A EUROPEAN PIONEER**



# WE'RE ALL SLOWLY DYING – OR ARE WE?

HELLO MY FELLOW EUROPANS, AND GREETINGS FROM THE STAFF OF OUR MOON'S MOST ESTEEMED, AND ONLY PERIODICAL!

Once every eight days, or eight years, depending on how you look at it, we deliver you a comprehensive glimpse of the matters that have intrigued, perplexed, infuriated and delighted the residents of our home away from home.

We have, as always, observed discussions at outpost canteens, workshops and marketplaces, to bring the readers of *The European* the freshest gossip from all corners of our moon. While the loudest of the lamentation over the fate of our entire species seems to have quieted down with the latest warm currents, many public pet peeves still remain: Cost of living, slow progress of charting the rest of this cold watery rock, and the rough looks of our people – it seems whether we're dying or not, we're definitely not getting any prettier down here!

Something that continues to vex sailors is the difficulty of finding decent crewmates, or, as one engineer put it, "You never know with these irregulars you find at outposts or hanging around lobbies. Some can't wait to murder you, and others are just idiots that can't manage to climb a ladder or equip a diving suit."

Another concern is the scarcity of food. Conversely, some remark they simply don't feel hunger, nor the need to sleep. One has to wonder, which is really worse? Reportedly, ethanol and other intoxicants are still used regularly

on submarines and stations alike (perhaps to distract the hungry stomach!).

As for what lies outside the boundaries of known Europa, conjecture abounds. There are persistent rumors about hideous gargantuan worms slithering around the Abyss, but the staff of *The European* have still not been able to confirm their existence. Due to the ever-increasing solar flare activity, it is necessary for us to go deeper, but many are concerned about the mysterious "gravity well" our colonies sit on top of but that we still don't quite understand.

So, nothing new under the ice? That's hardly the case, dear reader – in this issue of *The European*, we bring you not just rumors, but the latest news. Knowledge is power, and *The European* distributes it generously (for a modest fee)!

## The EUROPEAN

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# CONTACT LOST WITH APOPHIS LINEA

**"Probably just a burnt out comms relay."**



All communication with the mining outpost Apophis Linea was lost suddenly on Friday evening in what officials are calling "No big deal".

"[The] Comms relay is probably fried, you know how those things get when there's solar flare activity," expands one official who declined to be named because of not being "officially authorized to talk to the press".

"Besides, Johan Acheampong is a rather silly name, anyway," he continues, and we heartily concur. "Also, you know how those miners like to drink, and it was a Friday night after all, they're just sleeping off some nasty hangovers."

Speculation about the proximity of a mysterious cave formation in the ice face to the west of Apophis Linea has been rife, with outpost crew in nearby stations calling for an inves-

tigation into its possible connection with this and six other ongoing communication blackouts in adjacent outposts.

Officials disagree, with Acheampong responding: "Look, you know how nervous the outpost guys can be, but we just can't be running Coalition attack subs to every hole in the ice or remote outpost that goes quiet for five days. Those clowns probably just have an output pin on their comms terminal wired to the output pin on the transmitter instead of its input pin, that sort of stuff happens real easily."

"If some expendable captain was already heading that way though, maybe they could stop by for a cup of coffee and a quick chat, those Apophis guys would sure appreciate the company. They're probably really busy with all their mining stuff, which

is why they're not returning messages," Acheampong amends.

"Say, you're really not going to use my real name are you, I could lose my job!"

## MISSING



Hi, my name is Vladimir. I am a very calm, sweet and humble mudraptor. If you've seen me, please fishmail below. I would love to get back to my crew.

**REWARD:**  
**100,000.00/10 credits**  
Email: found.vlad@fishmail.com

Do NOT chase. Do NOT make eye contact.  
No questions asked. No judgments

# WORKPLACE HOSTILITY AND INCREASE IN NEGATIVE ATTITUDES, SAY SHIP'S CLOWNS

**Clowns and other Honkmother-worshiping crew find day to day work met with unwelcoming attitudes by non-clown crewmates, new report on the matter alleges.**



"In the old days, me and my fellow clowns would work in full costume all day, honking our little horns and making funny noises with our giant shoes as we patrolled the various compartments and passages of the subs we were stationed on, looking for things to... fix."

"I remember the joy and surprise of many of our crew when they noticed us: *Hey! Where did you get that suit? That mask's so funny, what's up with that? Why's the reactor alarm sounding? Why are you cutting a hole in the hull?*"

"And of course, the cries of 'CLOWN IN THE ARMORY!!'" chuckles Chud Hask (name changed to protect the identity of the individual), a full-time engineer and part-time clown currently serving aboard a Coalition sub.

Since those golden times, however, the ancient art of sub-board clowning has fallen into disrepute. According to the European Jesters' Union, there has been a 300% increase in reports of clown-related shootings, a 159% increase in clown airlock ejection incidents and a 10% decrease in overall costumed comedy on subs in the last twelve months.

"We bring pathos and comic relief!" exclaims Hask, who also serves as the official spokesman for the European Jesters' Union, based in Archimedes Linea.

"Obviously in spite of the growing challenges to our work, we'll continue our mission to make people

laugh and cry, sometimes at the same time, and I'd like to say we're more careful these days when performing our sacred clown duties in service of the Honkmother and all...but who am I kidding! HONK! HONK!"

Every inhabitant of Europa contacted about the matter responded simply, "Nobody likes a clown."

# PET MUDRAPTOR ESCAPES ABOARD ATTACKS SUB

## HILARITY, INJURIES AND DEATHS REPORTED IN THIRD PET MUDRAPTOR ATTACK THIS MONTH.

During a routine patrol of the *CS Terror* near Delphi Flexus last night, a raptor named Vladimir, belonging to the sub's captain Raul Duke, broke loose from its nest in the sub's armory and proceeded to dismember an engineer and a security officer before feeding upon the head of Capt. Duke.

Although the remaining crew were able to see the funny side of the incident, the third such attack this month, questions have been raised as to the wisdom of keeping savage alien beings aboard a submarine.

"No doubt it's good for a laugh, and who doesn't enjoy the incessant tapping of talons on the bulkheads, or seeing a shipmate covering from an enraged mudraptor now and then? But it's just getting harder and harder in this day and age to justify the expenses of keeping a creature like this on board," says Coalition senior HR consultant Martha Fletcher.

"The estimated cost of replacing maimed and killed crew each year as a result of

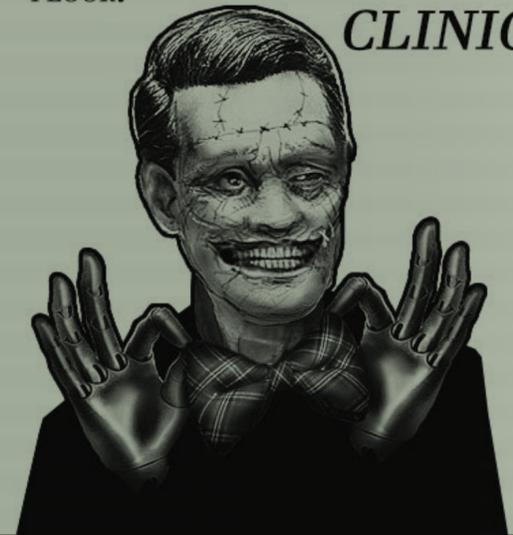
pet raptor attacks is currently upwards of 50,000 credits and obviously creates a lot of extra work for HR departments across Europa," Ms. Fletcher continues.

Proponents of mudraptors as pets and mascots, on the other hand, maintain that there is no link between the species and the rate of maulings aboard Coalition vessels. "We take the view that mudraptors are perfectly fine companions and pets, and are known as 'nanny monsters' due to their kind and protective disposition around children, who account for less than 30% of all mudraptor-related fatalities Europa-wide," claims One-Armed Gladys, a certified mudraptor breeder.

"It's not the fact they're ferocious alien monsters with endless hunger and aggression that's the problem here, but bad owners who are responsible for these so-called maulings. They ultimately bring the species into disrepute," she continues.

"GRANDPA?  
BUT WE LEFT  
YOU FOR DEAD  
ON THE OCEAN  
FLOOR!"

YES, BUT I'M BACK,  
BETTER THAN EVER!  
AND IT'S ALL  
THANKS TO THE  
**CLINIC!**



## THE CLINIC

TURNING HEMORRHAGING INTO HOPE

We have all been there. After a dastardly encounter with a mudraptor's maw, Mr. Hahn had lost all hope - not to mention his arms and face! Disfigured and hideous, he was naturally rejected by his family and friends. But then he found THE CLINIC!

With the very best and latest in medical technology, we at the Clinic are prepared to provide you with all the reconstructive surgery and prosthetics you require to pass as a regular person! They will be saying "Look at that guy, he has value as a human being in my eyes!" and "Yeah, that looks normal, sort of!" in no time! So come on in today and let us turn your frown upside down\*!

\*Phrase used in metaphor only. Upside-Down-O-Plasty™ is a costly and painstaking procedure. Please be specific about your needs at the counter.

The Clinic reserves the right to conserve all discarded body parts. Some or all of your bodyparts may or may not be used to create a horrifying giant meat baby.

# PROFESSOR KIRKE'S MONTHLY DIG

## YESTERDAY'S NEWS

GREETINGS, FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE EUROPA HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND OTHER SCHOLARLY READERS! FOR THIS MONTH'S EDITION, WE'RE PUBLISHING FOUR EXCERPTS OF RECENTLY UNCOVERED EARTH NEWS FROM AROUND THE TIME OUR NEAR-JOVIAN COLONY WAS TAKING ITS FIRST STEPS A COUPLE OF CENTURIES AGO.

### THE RACE TO EUROPA IS ON

Last year the entire world was taken aback by the discoveries by NASA's Europa Clipper mission in Jupiter's icy moon Europa. The extraterrestrial microbial life discovered within the moon's icy crust was perhaps the most groundbreaking discovery in the eyes of the general public, but many researchers also believe the yet-to-be-explained gravitational phenomenon near the moon's equator may have a profound impact on our understanding of physics.

Unsurprisingly, most major space agencies have now directed their gaze towards Europa and are planning several new research missions during the following years. NASA has announced that they will be sending another drone as early as September 5th next year, and both the Russian space agency Roscosmos and China's National Space Administration CNSA are hoping to launch their own missions within the next three years.

### EASA PREPARING FOR THE FIRST MANNED MISSION TO EUROPA

The Eurasian Space Agency EASA is accelerating plans to land a manned vehicle on Jupiter's moon Europa. Since the discovery of complex life forms under the moon's frozen crust, several national and private spaceflight companies have announced plans for sending a human on the moon, but it seems EASA is going to be the first one to fire up their engines and set a course towards Jupiter.

EASA's mission to Europa, dubbed Er-langshen 1, will not just land a man on the icy moon – the agency is planning on establishing a permanent research station near the gravitational anomaly around Europa's equator that has been baffling the scientific community ever since its discovery.

"Landing humans on Europa just to fly them back to Earth with a heap of various samples would be an enormous waste of time and resources. We already have a great deal of samples and data from the previous unmanned missions, but without the ability to study the life forms and the gravity well on the spot, we're moving at a snail's pace," explains EASA's Head of Communications, Shao Hanying.

### THE THING THAT SHOULD NOT BE: WHAT EXACTLY IS EUROPA'S "GRAVITY WELL"?

Researchers have been scratching their heads for decades, trying to make sense of the so-called "gravitational anomaly" near the equator of Jupiter's moon Europa. The anomaly is a roughly circular area with a radius of approximately 200 kilometers inside which gravity is stronger than it theoretically should be.

So, what is so special or puzzling about it? Could it simply be that our theories of gravity are wrong? We interviewed three experts to shed light on what the phenomenon means, what could be causing it and why it's been causing so much confusion to physicists in the past decades.

"To put it simply," starts theoretical physicist Nina Orloff from the Moscow Institute of Astrophysics, "gravity is an effect of mass. Massive objects attract other objects with mass, and the larger the mass, the stronger the attraction. But in this specific area on Europa's surface, the attraction is stronger than it should be for an object the size of Europa."

Many researchers have suggested that there may be something extremely massive below the affected area. There are, however, several problems with this theory, as Dr. Orloff explains.

"Some have suggested there may be something like a miniature black hole or an Einstein-Rosen bridge under the crust. That could potentially explain some parts of the anomaly, but it also brings up many new questions. Such an object would cause a massive disruption on the moon's surface – the area should be a massive sinkhole with constant, cataclysmic seismic activity, not a convenient spot to place our research outposts on."

Convenient is a very good word to describe the area, as the strength of the gravity inside is very close to Earth's gravity. This makes it an ideal location for manned research outposts, because the low gravity on the rest of Europa's surface would eventually cause muscle atrophy and other health issues to the researchers living in the outposts.

### "WE'RE BUILDING A NEW WORLD" – FIRST BABY BORN ON EUROPA

Late last night, a little girl became the first human to be born in Jupiter's moon Europa. 34-year-old astrobiologist Julianna May delivered the baby in the medical bay on one of NASA's research outposts.

"Despite the extraordinary circumstances, everything went great, and both the baby and the mother are perfectly healthy," said Tom Newell, a medical doctor who was present to aid with the delivery.

We were not able to reach the mother for comments but managed to get a short interview from the father, a 32-year-old cargo technician who makes his living transporting supplies between research stations.

"I can't express how happy we are that everything went alright. This has been an important moment, not just for me and Julianna; I feel this has brought

everyone here [on Europa] closer to each other. Everyone has been so encouraging to us throughout the whole pregnancy, and today we've been getting tons of seaplant bouquets and cards from all over, not just NASA's stations but the EASA and independent ones as well."

After the pregnancy gained publicity last April, many have criticized the parents for trying to conceive a baby in such a hostile environment, especially since they have announced that they have no plans to return to Earth.

"Those people just don't get it. We've reached a point where this isn't just a couple of research stations where people come to work for a year or two. This is our home now, and there are many people who have no plans of ever returning to Earth. We're building a new world here."



Early this morning at the New Iapetus Central Court saw the start of Europa v. Jacov Subra – or *the Church of Husk trial*, as it has been dubbed over the last few months since Mr. Subra was apprehended in the aftermath of the fifth yearly gathering of the obscure society of the same name. Mr. Subra, long known as a controversial public figure, faces numerous charges ranging from multiple counts of murder and intent to aggravated assault to corruption and public indecency.

“Please state your name and title for the record.”

“Jacov Subra, Creative Director of the counter-culture and alternative music festival Church of Husk, delighted to make your acquaintance!”

“Does the defendant plead guilty or not guilty?”

“As the ancient nuclear physicist, his name long forgotten but never his magnum opus, the modern submarine reactor, once said, ‘brilliance and insanity are just rocks in a stream that flows out of the human consciousness.’ We might aspire to see the whole picture but will more often end up with disjointed fragments of a world that seems like it doesn’t want to make sense.”

“Do you claim the reactor spoke? Does the defendant plead guilty but insane or mentally ill?”

“If I must be found guilty of something, it would be of inf...introducing hundreds of people to a new world of love and kindness. Perhaps not everyone agrees with the ways we experience free-

dom and express ourselves, but surely we have the right to do so! I plead not guilty, and comparatively sane.”

The much-anticipated case became a bone of contention long before it could start: while Mr. Subra’s character has been effectively crucified by much of the media and the public alike, the Court’s integrity in the matter has also been questioned. The prosecutor on the case, Mr. Christopher Greene, lost his younger brother to Velonaceps Calyx infection two years ago. The incident was publicly attributed to the third gathering of the Church, but lack of intent on Mr. Greene’s brother’s part was never proven, and he is no longer able to speak for himself.

After Mr. Subra’s flamboyant entrance, the prosecution’s opening statement was not much statelier in style.

“You claim it’s all about love, but some of the facts are quite gruesome! This year’s ‘festival’ led to an intervention by a special forces operation after rumors of the ‘program’ made it to the next station over. At the end of the day, 400 husk infections were reported, 12 people were found dead and 134 injured. The soldiers reported there was a ritual sacrifice of a baby moloch underway when they arrived. Do you think this is normal for a festival that’s all about love and kindness?”

“Obviously I’m not thrilled about anyone’s death, even a moloch’s, but...phew! What a party!” Mr. Subra replied, gesticulating broadly enough to nearly knock the judge’s pet iguana off her perch.

“Is that really what you want to say to the families of the victims?”

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take your breath away**

**THE HONORABLE JUDGE, UP UNTIL NOW HER USUAL RESTRAINED SELF, COULD NO LONGER RESTRAIN HERSELF, AND WITH AN ARCHED EYEBROW INQUIRED FROM BEHIND HER IGUANA, "ARE YOU SAYING THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED?"**

One might brush off a prosecutor with a grudge, but the judge presiding over the case, Ms. Bernadette Steward-Baxter, is the mother of one of the three adolescents who went missing during last year's festival and were subsequently found dead.

Ms. Steward-Baxter, in an unusual show of bias, went on record in an earlier issue of our paper and called the festival "a facade for promoting dangerous ideas and luring young people into a doomsday cult." Ms. Steward-Baxter has been urged by some in the press to recuse herself, but reportedly, no other judge on our moon would take the case if she did.

"We don't label people like that. We don't believe anyone should be called a victim. To us, everyone is a priceless entity of pulsating cosmic energy that, given enough love and positivity, will grow to their full potential."

"Unless you die before that."

"I view that as a defeatist stance," Mr. Subra retorted.

The prosecution did not rest: "I appreciate that. But, you claim to be a 'festival of music and healing'; I, and the people, call you a terrorist cult guilty of murder, cannibalism and pandemics. You have to admit there is at least a slight discrepancy here."

"I actually don't, because doing so would validate the accusation. I would also like to point out that everything went really well before the special forces stormed in and started the mayhem. The whole 'crime investigation' part here is a total fabrication. It's almost like the cops walked into a theater show, arrested all the actors, injected everybody with husk eggs and other assorted drugs, and then killed a baby moloch. And afterwards wrote a bunch of bad reviews on their website."

The honorable judge, up until now her usual restrained self, could no longer restrain herself, and with an arched eyebrow inquired from behind her iguana, "Are you saying that's what happened?"

"I'm not saying that it did not happen. How do you like that, Your Honor?"

Mr. Greene attempted to get the cross-examination back on track as Her Honor's complexion grew livid. "So, the arrests? Blood samples? Hundreds of eyewitness accounts? All lies?"

"Yes. What you have to understand is that the reality you see here," Mr. Subra said, drawing a circle in the air be-

fore him, "is not the whole reality. We, mere mortals, can at best only glimpse the Great Husk, the giver and the taker!"

A collective gasp could be heard clearly from all corners of the courtroom; even the judge's iguana hissed with incredulity.

"You have repeatedly claimed that there is no religious connection, and that the festival's name is ironic."

"Wink!"

"Did you just look at me, wink, and say, 'Wink'?"

"Wink!"

At that moment, several things happened nearly at once. Ms. Steward-Baxter the judge screamed, and I am positive I saw a reptile tail twitch just before even its tip disappeared into Mr. Subra's mouth. Before Mr. Greene could object, the doors of the courtroom slid open, and the Church marched down the aisle.

Prosecution, judge, jury and myself stood still in terror. We watched as the cultists, in various stages of huskification, took the room, not by storm but by eerie clicking and weapons at the ready, and escorted their leader to a shuttle docked at the city airlock.

Mr. Jacov Subra, Creative Director of the Church of Husk, remains at large. Molly the iguana is dearly missed.

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\*Warning: All flavors may not be pleasant. May contain traces of an orphan.



FROM OUR READERS:

# DUBIOUS DUPLEX in MELTWATER

It was our 30th anniversary last month. To celebrate the happy occasion, my wife and I decided to try out one of these new “Sea-BNB” apartments and do a little recreational scuba diving, just the two of us.

We ended up choosing the Meltwater Habitation Outpost duplex because of the surprisingly affordable price point and its location in a relatively warm and secluded environment – perfect for spotting some rare bioluminescent flora! Also, according to the brochure, the entire outpost had recently been refurbished in that luxurious new moloch bone style, which had the wife especially excited.

We managed to catch a ride for a bargain on the *S.S.V. Irma*, a local support vessel, and promptly arrived at Meltwater the next morning. Our previous excitement started to crumble the moment we stepped in through the airlock. We were greeted not by the clean, picturesque view from the brochure, but rather a dark, damp hallway and the sweet, pungent smell of rotting flesh.

The owners had indeed refurbished the outpost, but rather than using the precious bleached bones, they had opted to utilize some of the lesser parts of the moloch – namely the shell and, would you believe it, the cartilage. The cartilage!

As an engineer, I can understand the use of the shell as a construction material: moloch bone is a terribly expensive luxury item, and the shell, if properly processed, can look nice enough for a fraction of the price. However, without the use of proper tools, it is impossibly unmalleable. What we had ended up with in this case were floors and walls covered with hideously irregular slabs of moloch shell (cut with a standard-issue plasma cutter by the looks of it!) with chunks of actual flesh still attached to them. As for the “ornamentations” made of cartilage (which seemed to serve little purpose aside from adding to the foul stench), I can find no justification.

The disgusting decor was merely the beginning of our troubles, however. Outraged and confused, we marched across the hallway to see if anyone was renting the other half of the duplex. We rang the door-

bell, but no one would answer. Looking through the peephole, I could see the lights were on in the apartment, which frustrated and angered me. I pounded on the door and demanded an answer.

That was a mistake.

Instead of a hollow bang, my fist encountered the door with a muffled sound. A more careful glance through the peephole revealed that the entire apartment was in fact flooded. Furthermore, the sounds of my discontent had aroused the curiosity of the new occupants within: crawlers.

Easily over a dozen. Hungry. Vicious. No doubt they had been drawn into the outpost by the smell of the rotting moloch flesh. Now, as they spastically moved in to inspect the door, I could see miscellaneous bits of furniture and debris floating about in the water in slow motion, including the remains of the previous tenants. My discontent had turned into horror.

**” WE SAT THERE FOR WHAT FELT LIKE DAYS, GROWING HUNGRY AND WEAK. EVENTUALLY, I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.**

In a panic, as the crawlers started tearing into the door, my wife and I scrambled towards our end of the duplex. No sooner had we managed to barge into our apartment and lock ourselves in than the neighbor’s door gave way and the hallway flooded with a violent swarm of the bloodthirsty vermin.

It was at this time that we took our first glance at our actual accommodations. As we already knew to expect, based on the hallway, the apartment itself was nothing like the brochure had promised: the floor was paved with the familiar, fleshy moloch slab, and the curtains were a disgusting shade of fuschia, which frankly clashed with everything else in the room. Luckily, this time our disappointment was somewhat lessened by the imminent mortal danger we found ourselves in.

The crawlers were so far preoccupied, delighting in the fleshy surfaces of the hallway, but our time was running short. Eventually they would pick the hallway clean and proceed to tear down our door and feed on whatever they would find inside (hopefully starting with the particularly ugly sofa made of hammerhead ribs).

We decided to reinforce the door with whatever furniture we could tear off. These turned out to be the afore-

mentioned hideous sofa, a bed, two nightstands, a coffee table, a single bar stool, and a coat hanger. Needless to say, the furnishings in the apartment were bare bones (pardon the pun), at the very most.

As we had only packed for a leisurely honeymoon, we found ourselves lacking in weaponry. My trusty welding tool would offer little defense against a swarm the size we were facing. My wife had packed our spear guns as part of our diving gear, but as we now came to realize, she had forgotten that particular suitcase aboard the *Irma*, which by now must have been at least a hundred kilometers away.

Short on options, we walked into the kitchen, ready to arm ourselves with whatever utensils we could find. After five minutes of feverish searching we had bolstered our arsenal with a tea kettle, four spoons (all different), two metal plates, and something that looked like it had once been used as a whisk. Needless to say, we found the kitchen equipment extremely wanting.

There was little we could do now. There was no way to signal for help from within the apartment, so we sat on the floor and waited. There was nothing to eat (yet another lack in our catastrophic Sea-BNB experience). My wife had packed sandwiches, but alas, they too were in the lost suitcase.

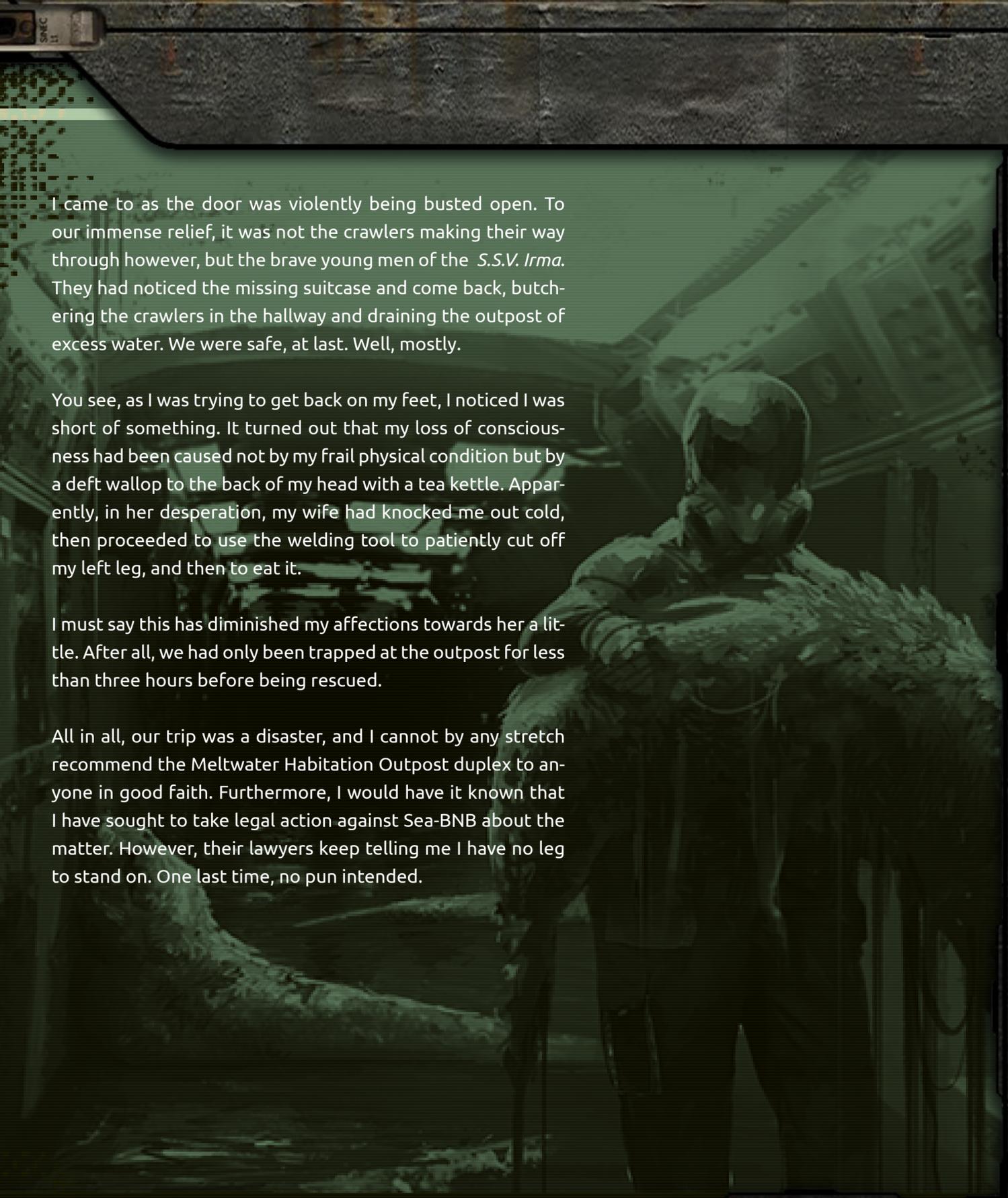
We found a pair of dusty old diving suits in the closet, so at the very least we wouldn’t be instantly crushed by the water pressure once the door gave way. Despite being old and worn out, perhaps the suits might even offer some minor protection against the crawlers, although I wasn’t holding my breath on it (once more, pardon the pun). We sat there for what felt like days, growing hungry and weak. Eventually, I lost consciousness.

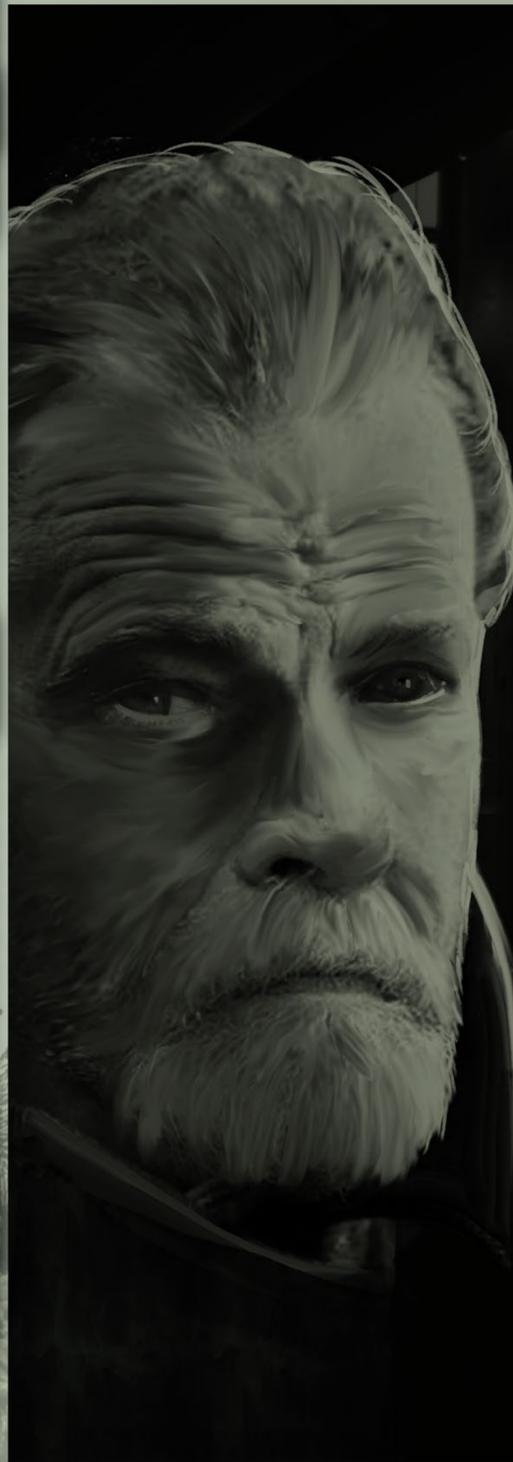
I came to as the door was violently being busted open. To our immense relief, it was not the crawlers making their way through however, but the brave young men of the *S.S.V. Irma*. They had noticed the missing suitcase and come back, butchering the crawlers in the hallway and draining the outpost of excess water. We were safe, at last. Well, mostly.

You see, as I was trying to get back on my feet, I noticed I was short of something. It turned out that my loss of consciousness had been caused not by my frail physical condition but by a deft wallop to the back of my head with a tea kettle. Apparently, in her desperation, my wife had knocked me out cold, then proceeded to use the welding tool to patiently cut off my left leg, and then to eat it.

I must say this has diminished my affections towards her a little. After all, we had only been trapped at the outpost for less than three hours before being rescued.

All in all, our trip was a disaster, and I cannot by any stretch recommend the Meltwater Habitation Outpost duplex to anyone in good faith. Furthermore, I would have it known that I have sought to take legal action against Sea-BNB about the matter. However, their lawyers keep telling me I have no leg to stand on. One last time, no pun intended.





AN INTERVIEW

# Portrait of a European pioneer

*Herman Pollard, trailblazing explorer and captain of the legendary Aegir, is a man who needs no introduction. Renowned for single-handedly charting more previously unknown areas of Europa than any other man or woman, Capt. Pollard has nonetheless faded from public consciousness over the last few years – or rather, had faded, until the sad news of his divorce from (now former) wife Sally surfaced a few months ago.*

The European traveled to interview Capt. Pollard about his new life as a single man and, of course, about the fabled Reef of Life. Upon arriving at his home in Phelagon Linea, I was greeted by a shocking sight: the famous submarine, worn and dented yet magnificent, appeared to have been sawn down the middle.

“Yeah...Sally took her half. That judge really had it in for me.”

Sally, née Harper and affectionately known as “the Harpy” (although never in her presence), declined repeated invitations to be interviewed by our paper. Rumor has it she had her new paramour, an unknown submarine repairman, scavenge her half of the famous vessel for spare parts and materials, which they then sold for tickets to the far side of the moon.

I look at Capt. Pollard – old and weary, perhaps just because of the dim, softly blinking fluorescent light of

his modest quarters – and can’t quite stop myself from feeling a little sorry for him (a sentiment which, I’m sure, he’d have me keelhaunched for). It seems unfair that such a bright beacon of society should be robbed of so much in his twilight years. The captain recently turned a remarkable 56 years, and while I must say he looks the part, he amazingly still has a spark in his eyes like a man not yet in his twenties.

As he pours me a generous mug of steaming Rumkaffee, I carefully broach the topic: how is the grizzled sea dog faring?

“As in all things, there are deep shadows and brilliant highlights. Destruction carries with it an element of resurrection. My dear *Aegir* lay beached for far too long as I grew far too old. Now, I’m going to have her remade and venture once more into the Abyss.”

Despite some strange word choices (I

was not able to find out what a *beach* is), Capt. Pollard seems as well-adjusted as ever! I can’t resist; I ask him what every interviewer asks him. What keeps him going back, even at his advanced age?

“Hearing the first pings of my *Aegir*’s sonar, ready to leave the relative safety of the manmade world, I am filled with the same curiosity I felt as a little boy when I saw the European Ridge for the first time. And then there is the deep calm of knowing you’re under thousands of meters of water, with only the hull between you and the pressure: you’d best make your peace with the world of humans, right then and there, as you may never see it again. That’s something these outpost-bound folks never get to feel, I’d wager – and something you yearn for, forever, once you have felt it.”

Ever the avid storyteller, Capt. Pollard needs only a gentle nudge to return to what he loves even more than his

ship, his wife, or even his life: the Reef. Some call it the Philosopher’s Stone of Europa, an easy but implausible explanation for the presence of life in an unlikely environment; others, like the esteemed captain, believe it is real.

“You want to know if I really think it exists? Ask yourself: when was the last time you heard a rumor that didn’t have at least a thin smear of truth in it? The Reef has been whispered about for as long as there have been humans on Europa, and we all know we’re not the first civilization to have existed here. Some xenoarchaeologists claim to have deciphered bits of code found at the ruins, and even those talk about the source of all life on this moon.”

I don’t have the heart, or the gall, to point out that the alien cipher has been disputed, and that no researcher of good repute has been willing to go on record supporting the existence of the Reef of Life, or anything else to that effect. Capt. Pollard seems to in-

terrupt my lack of faith.

“It is also a dream, to be sure,” he says with a wrinkled smile. “A dream for me, or for another adventurer after me, to find – the European Atlantis of sorts. What they like to say may just be true: it’s the journey that really has meaning, not reaching the destination. So many of those maps I’ve drawn, I never would have, had I not heard of the Reef and gone looking for it.”

The sea dog downs the last drops of his Rumkaffee, now lukewarm, and seems to hesitate. After a pause, he gives me just one more morsel.

“And ask yourself: if the Reef is real, as I believe it is, and were found...what would happen if the whereabouts of such a trove of food, resources and sea poppy became widely known?”

*Good eats*

*with Aunt Doris*

# FRIED TIGERTHRESHER

*I remember fondly going to the Jupiter's Ascent parade at Arid Troma as a girl and seeing fried tigerthresher being sold right there in that little cargo bay.*



Mind you, there wasn't much of a Jupiter's Ascent scene at Arid Troma, back then. Nearly all the folks would jump in the back of a rickety old cargo transport and head over to New Iapetus where the real party was.

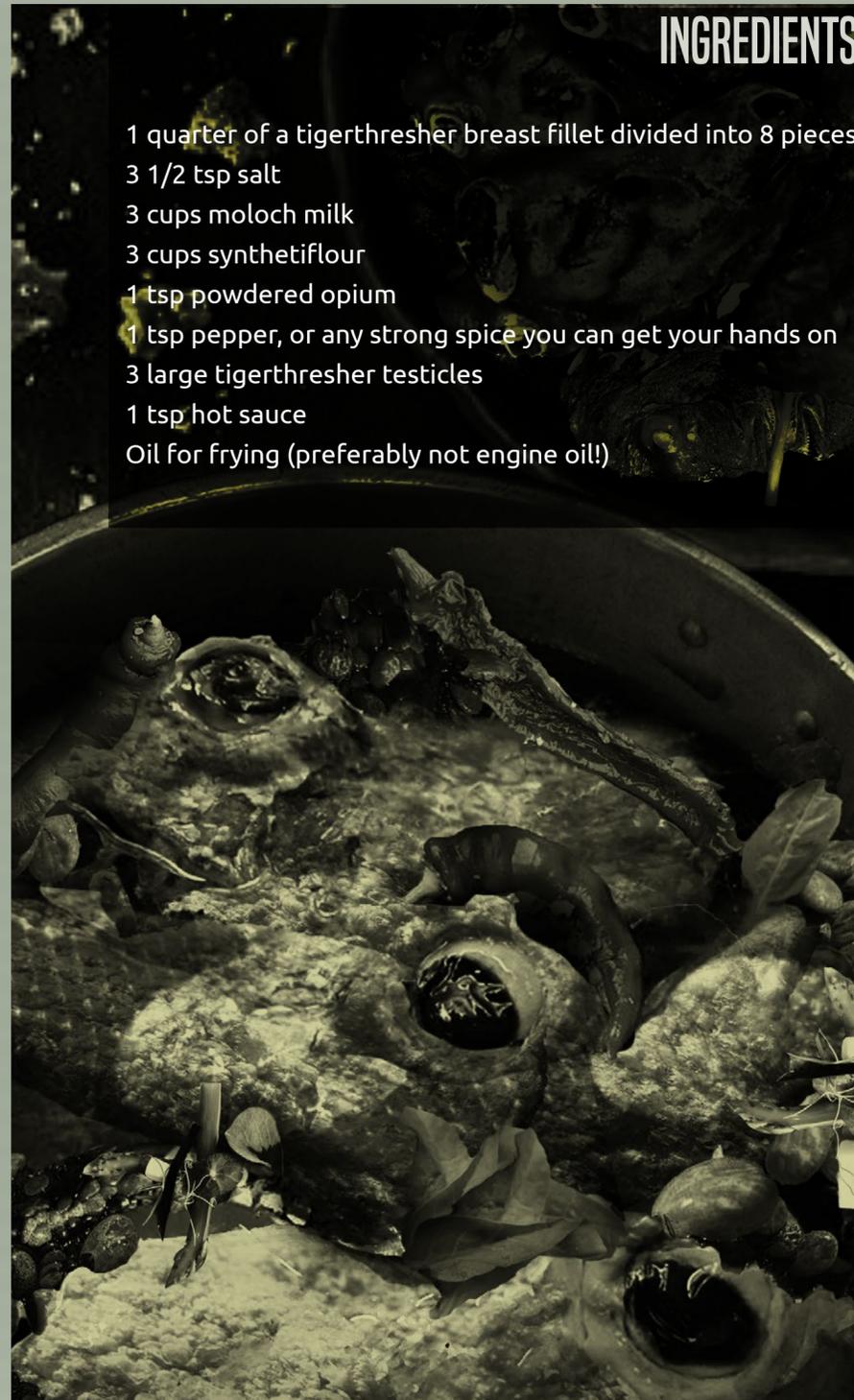
Grandmammy never let us youngsters miss our education and indoctrination sessions to go with them, so we'd make do with what we had, and the consolation prize for missing the big parades was getting to eat that delicious fried thresher.

I tell you, we'd have it with all the fixings – whipped seaweed, soyslaw, pickled hammerhead spawn, and partially hydrogenated synthetic protein alginates – MMMMmMMMM!

Now what made the whole thing special was standing in that bay in our little Jupiter costumes, taking in the sights, sounds and smells of cooking European sea life. The fried thresher sold there could never compete with grandmammy's own recipe, so let's get on with it and whip up a batch just like she used to make!

## INGREDIENTS

- 1 quarter of a tigerthresher breast fillet divided into 8 pieces
- 3 1/2 tsp salt
- 3 cups moloch milk
- 3 cups synthetiflour
- 1 tsp powdered opium
- 1 tsp pepper, or any strong spice you can get your hands on
- 3 large tigerthresher testicles
- 1 tsp hot sauce
- Oil for frying (preferably not engine oil!)



## INSTRUCTIONS

1. Coat tigerthresher pieces with 1 tsp salt. Place into a baking dish and cover with 2 1/2 cups moloch milk and allow to marinate for 6 hours. Thresher pieces will try to escape the dish from time to time and may work together to overpower you if the dish is left uncovered!
2. Remove thresher from moloch milk. On a plate, mix together synthetiflour, 2 tsp salt, pepper and opium.
3. In a large bowl, whisk together the thresher testicles, 1/2 tsp salt, 1/2 cup moloch milk and hot sauce.
4. Dredge tigerthresher pieces in synthetiflour, into testicle wash, then into synthetiflour again. Arrange on a baking sheet and allow to stand for 30 minutes to allow thresher parts to be fully sedated by the opium.
5. Fill a large frying pan 1/3 full with oil. Heat to 700°C. Carefully lower tigerthresher pieces in oil. Fry dark meat and white meat separately. Parts will again try to escape, push them back into the oil as needed.
6. Cook for 25–75 minutes per side or until juices run clear, flesh stops hissing and trying to flee, and the internal temperature reaches 500°C. Turn carefully to avoid splatters and embarrassing grease fires.
7. Rest for 10 minutes in a well ventilated area to dissipate stench before serving.

# SUB REVIEW: DUGONG

ADONIS LINEA SHIPYARDS' BRAND NEW OFFERING, THE DUGONG CLASS SCOUT SUB  
CONRAD SMOOT REVIEWS.



*When the esteemed editors of The European informed me that I'd be reviewing the Dugong, I was simply...overjoyed at the opportunity to escape the relative comfort and safety of the habitation modules here at Tectamus Linea and hit the terrifying open water – in what most certainly promised to be yet another remarkable/life threatening vessel from the manufacturers responsible for the leaky Sea Louse general purpose shuttles, moloch shell parasite infested Stingray class prospector subs, and electrical fire prone Dolphin class pleasurecraft.*

## "HOW BADLY IS IT BLEEDING?"

Coming aboard my test vessel for the first time set the tone of things immediately, when the boarding ladder tore loose from the wall midway through my climb down. After regaining consciousness some moments later and stemming the bleeding from my head wound, I noticed the uninspired colorscheme of the airlock and the equally dull adjacent compartments, decked out in the finest unadorned grey steel paneling your credits can buy. The absence of leather trim or chrome of any sort was just the icing on the cake.

## "DOES THIS NEEDLE LOOK CLEAN TO YOU? I THINK IT LOOKS CLEAN..."

After enduring such an inauspicious start to the test run, it felt appropriate to lay down for a moment and perhaps sleep off my concussion. However, I noticed then that the sub designers had failed to include any crew quarters in this model. Instead, I eased my disgust and pounding headache with a small tincture of morphine, alien blood and ethanol from the tiny and ill-equipped med-bay at the forward area of the upper deck. The absence of a decent cocktail bar there was duly noted.

## "LOOK AT THIS PILE OF CRAP! WHERE DO I EVEN HANG MY COAT?"

The command deck/gunnery station ensemble lacked any of the expected modern conveniences one should demand in a scout sub, such as drink holders, potted plants, tasteful wallpaper, DVD player to entertain the kids, air conditioning, power steering or seat warmers (or indeed seating of any sort). The crass yellow reactor warning light certainly did the sub no favors. The small and cheerless engine room, decorated in yet more steel grey, failed to impress, as did the tiki bar themed reactor compartment.

## "IT'S NOT SUSHI YOU IMBECILE! IF YOU THINK I'M EATING THAT RARE, YOU HAVE ANOTHER THING COMING."

Taking the sub out of dock, I noted the *Teller 2* light fission reactor was excessively loud and insufficiently powerful to operate both the engine of the sub and my crawler rotisserie at the same time, and I was forced to power down the engine on several occasions to ensure an evenly cooked crawler dinner (heaven forbid your crawler be raw).

The manufacturer's specified top speeds are ridiculously optimistic, to put it kindly – the test sub was barely able to exceed 20km/h while sprinting across the wastes of the Kathire trench. Maximum descent velocity was no better: I was able to achieve 16 km/h in a straight dive before hitting a small patch of rough water and spilling the glass of fine vintage moloch liver wine I'd chosen to accompany my meal. Furthermore, the sub barely got one fuel rod to the decikilometer, making the overall poor performance and handling all the more difficult to excuse.



## SPECIFICATIONS

### POWERPLANT

- 1 2700 kW Horn & Wang *Teller 2* model Light Fission reactor

### ENGINES

- 1 270 kN custom minithruster, built by the guy who fixes the dishwashing machines at Adonis Linea

### NAVIGATION SYSTEMS

- 1 *Sonar King* brand sonar and course plotting array

### MAIN PUMPS

- 2 *Vole A* model ballast pumps, in grey

### ENGINEERING CAPABILITIES

- None

### ARMAMENTS

- 2 military surplus *Volt* coilgun systems, 1 *Stinger* discharge coil

### CREW COMPLEMENT

- 3-5

### HORIZONTAL TOP SPEED

- 25 km/h

### VERTICAL TOP SPEED

- 35 km/h

### DISPLACEMENT

- 145 tons

### DIMENSIONS

- 42x10m

### “PARDON ME, I DIDN’T SEE YOU OUT THERE!”

The two *Volt* coilguns, one being rear dorsal mounted and the other mounted to the central ventral side, performed as expected: loudly, vulgarly, and probably quite efficiently given the fact I was easily able to rip the arm off my assistant with one of the coilgun bolts as he was attempting to clear wait-a-while weeds from the thruster nozzle. Firing arcs are appalling and leave the upper forward portion of the sub undefended, what were the designers thinking?

By way of some small compensation, the upper forward hull had a *Stinger* discharge coil, as my one-armed assistant was to discover while trying to swim back to the airlock. Aiming periscopes left greasy marks on my forehead and would benefit from mudraptor fleece lining

“TO SAY THE DUGONG IS A DISAPPOINTMENT IS TO SUGGEST I HAD ANY EXPECTATIONS OF IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.”

around the eyepieces for that little dash of much needed luxury.

Whilst venturing out to retrieve the keys for the sub from the body of my assistant, I had the opportunity to assess the exterior styling of the *Dugong*. Plain lines give the sub an undesirable ‘retro’ feel that would have been at home on any of last year’s offerings from Kwat Shipyard. The steel/polycarbonate hybrid skin is unpleasant to the touch and offers little visual lustre, and the hood ornament was mounted crooked. This all screams, cheap and nasty.

“I’D WAGER AUNT DORIS DOESN’T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS NONSENSE WHEN SHE WRITES HER COLUMN...”

In conclusion, as I docked the test sub back

at Tectamus Linea and wondered how I’d get back up through the docking port with the access ladder lying on the floor of the airlock as it was, I had an abundance of time to meditate upon my experiences with this sub.

How could it have come to market without so much as a single chrome or even bronze fixture? Who in their design department possibly thought the mini-jacuzzi in the airlock would be anywhere near adequate in this day and age? Would it have been too much to ask for a formal dining table as standard? To say the *Dugong* is a disappointment is to suggest I had any expectations of it in the first place. Do better Adonis Linea Shipyards, I deserve better.

**3 / 5 STARS.**

## RAPTOR RACING RESULTS

TAB	FORM	COLORS	RAPTOR NAME	TRAINER	JOCKEY	WIN	PLACE
1	548X2		MITTENS	F. ABERNATHY	P. HARTMAN		EATEN
2	46420		COGOLIHA	R. SMITH	E. JÄMSEN		ATE JOCKEY
3	337X1		DOCTOR RAPTOR	T. HUBBARD	G. AAHL		EATEN
4	76X37		DANCING QUEEN	M. HOUSE	I. OWL		JOINED A MURDEROUS SWARM
5	93050		FANCY PANTS	W. GARFIELD	D. ROSTEN	4 CREDITS	1 CREDIT
6	1367X		OISHPA KA LIA	D. MOON	R. EGALIS	55 CREDITS	22 CREDITS
7	34X11		OPIUM EATER	J. KEENAN	C. CRAB	9 CREDITS	8 CREDITS
8	14632		BLACK STABBATH	W. TUNT	N. CULTO	3 CREDITS	2 CREDITS
9	56242		PRETTY LADY	G. ÅGREN	T. HAJEK	22 CREDITS	17 CREDITS
10	X8X11		SPARKLESHINE	F. SHARP	V. VAZQUEZ	110 CREDITS	50 CREDITS

## DOPING SCANDAL AT THE STATIC APNEA JUNIOR TOURNAMENT

## ZERO TOLERANCE FOR ANY SORT OF SUBSTANCE ABUSE IN THE LEAGUE



As sports enthusiasts may know, the popular pastime and essential survival skill static apnea, or the act of holding one's breath underwater, has been gaining popularity as a competitive sport in recent years.

While we can all agree that the ability to hold one's breath for extended periods of time is something everyone needs to be able to do, there are many who criticize doing it as a competitive sport, especially when the competitors are young children. This week the critics may have made a small step towards banning the sport, as a widespread doping ring was uncovered in the Static Apnea Junior Tournament held at the Onga Linea Sports Center.

According to Hank Kiarra, the spokesman of the European STA League, five of the fifteen competitors were tested positive for liquid oxygenite and disqualified from the

tournament. This included the reigning champion, the 5-year-old prodigy Michael "Slow Mike" Combs.

"We obviously have zero tolerance for any sort of substance abuse in the League," says the spokesman. "What is clear however, is that we need to allocate a lot more funds into educating these brilliant kids, and their coaches, about the dangers of these types of chemicals."

When inquired about his thoughts regarding the growing outcries for banning the sport, Mr. Kiarra scoffs.

"I'm guessing these people grow their kids in cotton wool. Sure, accidents do sometimes happen, but there is absolutely no scientific proof that the sport causes permanent brain damage. Moreover, I personally see STA not just as a sport, but a way to teach these youngsters skills that will without a doubt be useful in their everyday and working life. When you're traveling to the outpost next door to visit your grandma, would you like to have a kid who can barely hold their breath for two minutes as your first mate? I sure as hell wouldn't."

Well said. We will be monitoring the situation and reporting on any new developments.

## ASK DR. HAPPY



Ask  Dr. Happy

**Hello medic, I've just started dating a nice guy in engineering and things are hopefully about to get a bit more serious. Should I tell him about the fact that I've had a husk infection previously? I'm a bit worried about how he might react.**

- Nervous Huskette

I understand your dilemma – even with the recent advancements in medicine, the stigma of housing a violent and highly contagious parasite in one's throat still persists. I can't hope to act as your conscience, but I can equip you with knowledge: with proper treatment (I trust you've been taking your Calyxanide as prescribed?), a person with a dormant husk infection can lead a completely normal and fulfilling life, with practically no risk of further contagion. Also, knowing there's a grotesque, flesh-eating snake-thing dormant in your throat will add an extra dimension of excitement to your bedroom activities!

**Hey doc, I'm a bit worried about my general level of hygiene. My crewmates give me a hard time about smelling bad, but I don't know what to do. There don't seem to be showers or toilets on any sub I've ever been on.**

- BO, CS Ardent

I have honestly never come across this problem before. In fact, I'm finding it a little hard to believe I'm even explaining these things to someone who I assume is a fully grown adult. I shall try and help you.

At this point you already know how I like to deal with a number one emergency, but I've heard a lot of people

opting to let a tiny bit out, wait for it to evaporate, and to repeat the process until the bladder has been emptied completely – you know, like a normal person. As for number twos: most of us eat charcoal tablets like candy - the indigestion does not bother us that much, since there is generally not a whole lot to eat during expeditions anyway. Once we reach an outpost, we use the public showers and bathrooms.

I do not know you, dear reader, but a picture of you is starting to form in my mind: I bet you eat your crewmates' rations and relieve yourself inside the submarine. I bet you didn't even know there were public showers in literally every outpost out there. You're disgusting, dear reader. I hope your crewmates kick you in the head while you sleep.

**Good afternoon. The problem seems to be that when I try to boot the status monitor, I get an error code 441 (no carrier signal) and then a black screen. Can I get someone down to take a look at it ASAP?**

- Mildred

Nana, for the last time, get off the computer.

**Medic, I've had water in my ear for the last 12 years, ever since an "unscheduled swimming event" happened on the sub I was serving on. I wouldn't mind so much, but at night I swear I hear something swimming in there.**

- Old Salty

It's hard for me to assess the situation without having examined you first, but if I were a gambling woman (which I am), I'd wager you're about to become a mother soon. Don't worry about it.

**Hi, I'm writing because I've noticed I'm dropping things a lot recently, walking backwards, collapsing in a pile on the floor occasionally, and turning a little green. Should I be worried?**

- HP

The symptoms you've described would seem to point towards an acute case of Herpesvirus Hominis Caelestis – also known as the common space herpes. Unfortunately, as of the time of writing this, modern science has found no direct cause for the disease, much less a cure for it.

Luckily for you, in addition to being a woman of science, I am also a licensed spiritual advisor! It is widely believed that the sickness is attracted to individuals with malicious intent. In order to suppress the effects of the virus, one must shed themselves of evil – to ponder on the virtues of the Buddha. Get yourself a nice set of extra large prayer beads. Then, stick them all up your ass and stop being such a dick to everyone around you. I hope you found this helpful.

**Dear doctor medic. I've been drinking crawler blood and morphine cocktails since I was a teenager, just a few drinks here and there at first, but over time I've noticed I need to drink more and more to get the same buzz, sometimes as much as 12 or 13 cocktails a day. My question is: Do you know where I can get a steady supply of crawler blood? The guy I'm using at the moment is pretty unreliable.**

- Party Beast

As a medical professional I absolutely must point out that what you're doing is highly irresponsible and hazardous to your health, and you should stop what you're doing immediately.

However, as a seasoned crawler blood junkie myself, I'll start by stating what a dumbass loser you are! The great thing about crawler blood is that your body can't metabolize it. This means you will never, ever build a tolerance for it! If you're having to up the dosage, it means your dealer is watering it down!

I can't help you find a trustworthy dealer, they're one in a million; but once you do, here's how to make a little blood last a long time: Once the high wears off, you go and pee in a cup. Then, you drink it up! Since your body

can't metabolize the blood, the active ingredients just pass through your body – if anything, it comes out more refined than it went in.

**Hey doc! I'm writing about a nasty crawler bite I have in a sensitive area, let's say, my upper thigh...don't ask how it happened. Anyhow, it's getting pretty nasty and infected, and normally I'd just go to my ship's medic, but she's my wife. Any advice?**

- Concerned

I've known about you and the crawler for a while now, Fred. You disgust me. There's a reason we don't sleep in the same quarters anymore. My advice to you would be to flush your sorry ass down the airlock, but knowing you, you'd probably just make a mess of that, just like you've already made a mess of our marriage, and my life. I hate you, and I hope you die. Dinner's at six.

**While messing around with the reactor instead of mopping the reactor deck as I was supposed to, I accidentally exposed the core and briefly saw a bright flash of blue light, felt a wave of intense heat across my skin, and then experienced a nasty headache and nausea in the hours that followed. The rest of the crew are laughing at me and saying I received a lethal dose of radiation and my organs will start to shut down one by one over the next few days. Am I going to die?**

- TG

Your crewmates are pulling your leg. Rest assured, your organs will not start to shut down one by one. If you have indeed been exposed to the radiation from the reactor aboard a submarine, you will be back to normal in no time...until approximately one week from now, when all your organs will fail all at once, your skin will turn into goo and will you die a slow, excruciating death. I do hope this helps!

OBITUARIES

**SORENSEN  
DESA**  
AGE 31



ACCIDENTALLY  
FELL ASLEEP IN A COFFIN  
AND GOT BURIED ALIVE

**WILLIAMS  
NORMA**  
AGE 32



SHE DIED AS  
SHE LIVED  
- VERY, VERY  
LOUDLY

**MCNEAL  
ARTHUR**  
AGE 27



ANOTHER SOUL LOST TO THE  
PERILS OF ASSISTING A SUB  
REVIEWER

**DUKE  
RAUL**  
AGE 29



CAPTAIN OF THE CS TERROR,  
ANIMAL LOVER

**MEISNER  
CRISELDA**  
AGE 21



SHIP'S ENGINEER ABOARD  
THE CS TERROR. ADEQUATE.

**PROCTOR  
BARTON**  
AGE 32



FELL DOWN A LADDER, NONE  
OF WHICH ARE VERY SAFE ON  
EUROPA

**GOMEZ  
TAWANDA**  
AGE 25



FOOLING AROUND IN THE  
REACTOR COMPARTMENT'S  
NO JOKE. TOO RADIOACTIVE  
TO DISPOSE OF, SO WELDED  
INTO HER COMPARTMENT  
FOR POSTERITY.

**DANKO  
ANDRE**  
AGE 32



A SECURITY OFFICER ABOARD  
CS TERROR, MORTALLY  
AFRAID OF MUDRAPTERS FOR  
GOOD REASON

**HOCKER  
SOPHIE**  
AGE 49



A CLOWN-RELATED INCIDENT  
TOOK HER ALL TOO SOON

**KVATCH  
RO**  
AGE 24



HAD ENOUGH OF THE CREW'S  
INCOMPETENCE, DECIDED TO  
TAKE HIS CHANCES OUTSIDE

**JÄMSEN  
EZEKIEL**  
AGE 19



CELEBRATED JOCKEY  
EATEN AND MOURNED  
BY HIS MOUNT

**SCHMIDT  
GEORG**  
AGE 44



SWAM INTO A PROPELLER

**BEALL  
HESTON**  
AGE 68



SUCCUMBED TO A  
VELONACEPS CALYX  
INFECTION AFTER  
STUBBORNLY REFUSING TO  
GO TO A DOCTOR

**BROOKS  
CARENE**  
AGE 35



CAPTAIN OF CS GEORGETOWN  
WAS FOUND BAGGED,  
HANDCUFFED AND SHOT  
TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD.  
RULED A SUICIDE.

**FREI  
ZEPH**  
AGE IRRELEVANT



PONDERED EXISTENCE FOR  
TOO LONG, BECAME ONE  
WITH THE COSMOS

**CARR  
KREGG**  
AGE 37



DROWNED IN A TOILET THUS  
PROVING THE WISDOM  
OF NOT HAVING THEM ON  
SUBMARINES

**SMITH  
ERLAND**  
AGE 33

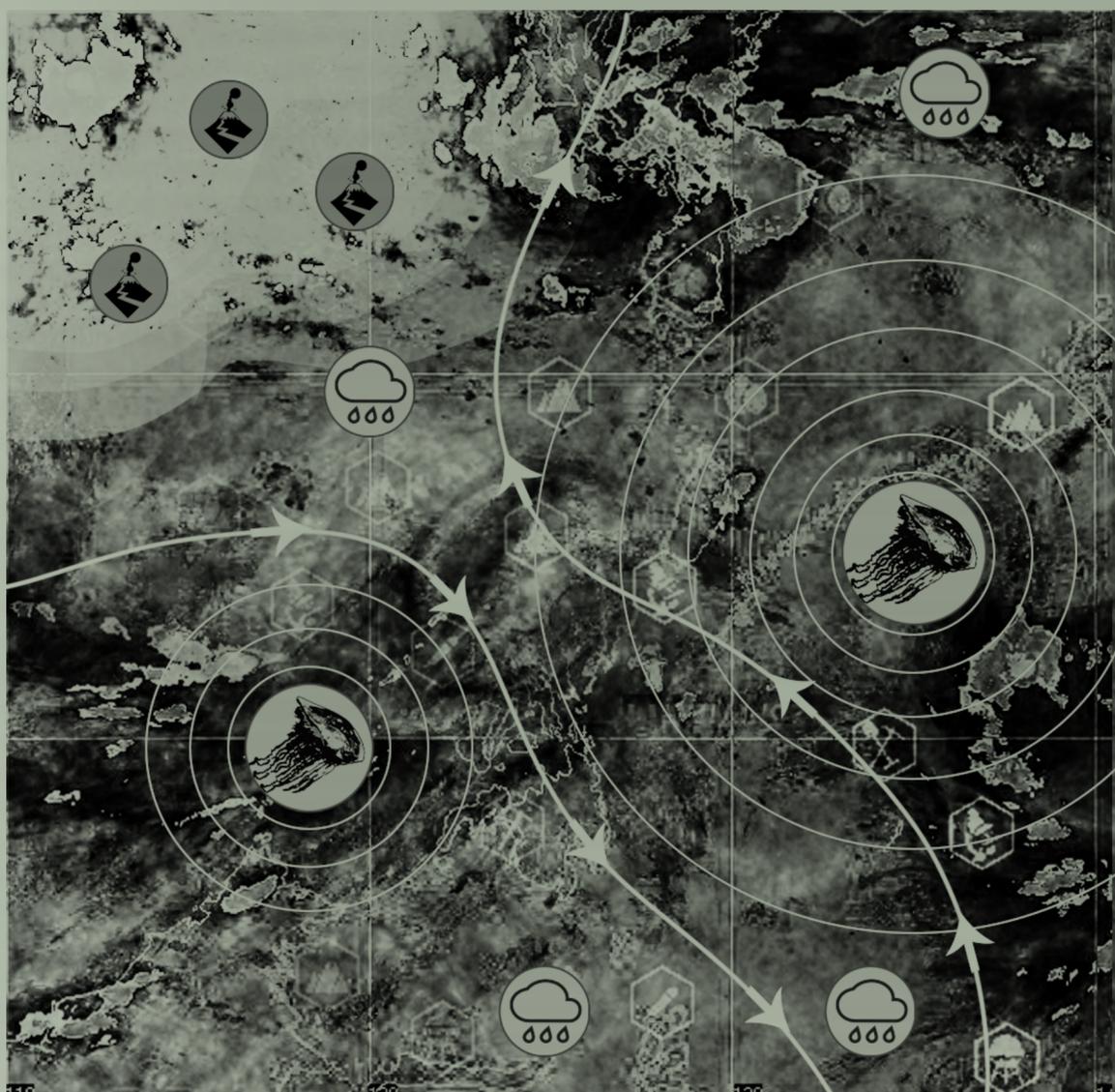


VANISHED FROM A RESUPPLY  
SHUTTLE AFTER TAKING TOO  
LONG TO GET TO WHERE HE  
WAS GOING

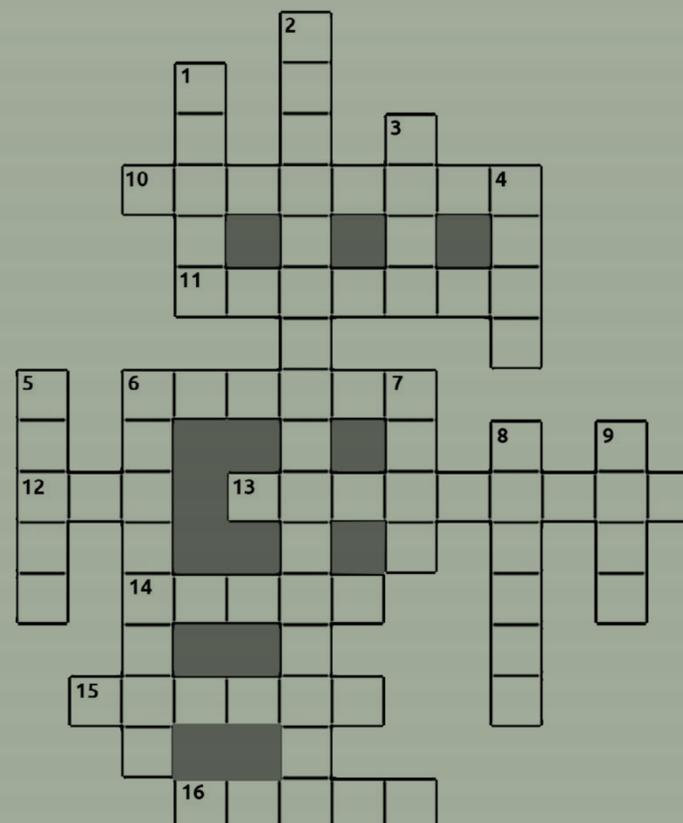
# INTERACTIVE WEATHER MAP

**Error:** Your electronic reader is too ancient to use the interactive features of our innovative weather map.

**THE EUROPEAN'S OFFICIAL READER!**  
 WITH COLOUR DISPLAY  
 AND USABLE INTERACTIVE WEATHER MAP  
 AVAILABLE AT TRADING OUTPOSTS!



## CROSSWORD



### DOWN

1. Too much water here will cause drowning!
2. Breathing too fast
3. Seen on night sky
4. To cross shallow water
5. You when nobody else is around
6. Picked up during underwater adventures
7. Keep these closed underwater!
8. Butterfly-, back- or side-
9. Tricky to find again once lost!

### ACROSS

6. A sudden fall
10. The opposite of mainstream
11. Careless swimmer's limbs' fate
12. This is used for rowing
13. It's easy to lose your sense of \_\_\_\_\_ when diving
14. What old Dugong-class vessels end up as
15. The only thing heard on radio when out of range
16. Can't find this while diving!

## COMICS



# THE EUROPAN VOL. 42

<b>Editor in Chief</b>	Stafford Arragon
<b>Senior news reporter</b>	Elizabeth "Fat Bess" Slender
<b>Junior news reporter</b>	Thomas Fitzwater
<b>Junior news reporter</b>	Jane Bates
<b>Sports reporter</b>	Douglas Jupiter
<b>Columnist</b>	Conrad Smoot
<b>Conrad Smoot's assistant</b>	Arthur McNeal (deceased)
<b>Conrad Smoot's assistant</b>	Larry Williams
<b>Conrad Smoot's assistant</b>	Dennis Rose
<b>Conrad Smoot's assistant</b>	Karen Fritz
<b>Conrad Smoot's assistant</b>	Linda Scott
<b>Conrad Smoot's assistant</b>	Bob Dahmer
<b>Columnist</b>	Cecil Kirke
<b>Columnist</b>	Doris Plath
<b>Columnist</b>	"Dr. Happy"
<b>Graphic designer</b>	Nicholas Tailor
<b>Advertisement coordinator</b>	Irma Quince
<b>Obituary coordinator</b>	Deborah Hugo
<b>Cartoon artist</b>	Regina Gallows
<b>Weather guy</b>	Michael "Torpedo" Artman



The  
**EUROPAN**

The European. 53 False Sealife Av., Bottom Current District,  
Tectamus Linea TL-173