

YOUR ONE-STOP PUBLICATION

T H E E U R O P A N

ISSUE #66



FOR ALL THINGS EUROPEAN



THE END IS NIGH!

Hello my fellow Europeans, and welcome to the end! I mean, welcome to the last, ahem, latest issue of our moon's most prestigious publication.

Is it just me, or have we been here for an incredibly long time? Just today as I swung by the kitchen to top up my coffee before I began writing these greetings to you, dear reader, I ran into Doris and she – old, crinkly Doris from the culinary column – she said, “Stafford, is that a new grey hair? Just behind the other three-thousand!”

When we here at the offices of *The European* embarked on our journey to enlighten our compatriots with periodically published reports, rumors and propaganda, I will have you know I was a young professional. Now time has passed, but *The European* remains – your best and only outlet of news with any credible sources.

And I tell you, the news is that the end is coming. Why do I say that? Well, Jovian radiation penetrating the ice is yesterday's news at this point. We've all seen the death zone – even the crawlers died. That's not the problem, though. Have a listen next time you go to the outpost canteens, the workshops and the marketplaces. Do you hear them?

There are soothsayers, fortunetellers and fearmongers among the rest of us common sailors, speaking of things to come. We even interviewed one or two of them for this issue. Whether you put any stock in their words or not, mark mine: they weren't always there. Something happened to these people out in the sea. Did they find god? Or just gaze into a watcher's eye for too long?

I'm not known for getting my feet wet, preferring to wield my typewriter over an SMG on most days, but this time I decided to venture out and see for myself. It was well worth the plunge, I tell you! You may have heard they discovered all manner of caves and a whole ocean's worth of new biomes down there, and it's all real and better in person. I even saw an endworm!

But I digress. On my journey, I ventured as far into the Eye of Europa – an ancient impact crater, as we have learned! – as I could to see what these prophets and lunatics had seen. After surviving a thalamus assault, killing pirates, weathering artifact delusion, delivering supplies for clowns, and bribing a customs officer or three, we sprung a nasty leak because we lacked sufficient hull upgrades and couldn't find a new ship to switch to, and we had to go home. So I am still disappointingly sane. I think.

To rectify that, I implore you, dear reader. Ready your crew, prepare your boat, and go forth. Find that which eluded me, so that we might share it with all the people. *The European* offers generous thanks for leads!*

**Only those leads which pan out. Send us on a wild mantis chase and you'll regret it.*

THE EUROSPAN

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COALITION BANS HONKECOIN MINING

In an attempt crack down on the rapidly growing cryptocurrency "Honkecoin", Coalition officials have issued a complete ban on the so-called "mining" of the currency and are warning investors against speculative crypto trading.

Honkecoin is a virtual, digital currency created four years ago by an anonymous clown syndicate. While originally formed as a joke, the decentralized, anonymous nature of the currency has made it the currency of choice for illicit activities, and as such it has rapidly gained popularity in the ranks of the Jovian Separatists and other terrorist groups. The proponents of Honkecoin claim that a currency not centrally regulated by the Coalition could help balance the limping European economy, but these claims have been disputed by several acclaimed Coalition economists.

"The notion that this kind of free-market economy built on a deregulated currency would magically make things better is a pipe dream. Keeping the economy in balance is a complex affair, something that requires constant manual adjustments and carefully governed monetary policies. Price fixing, artificial scarcity, exclusive dealing, reputation-based incentive systems and many other means we currently use to maintain a healthy economy would become much more difficult, if not impossible, to utilize

effectively in a free-market economy", says Warner Puffer-Fish, the Coalition's Captain of Economics.

The rise of the currency has also caused a global shortage of handheld sonars and other small computing devices. This is due to the mechanism used to "mine" the coin – minting new Honkecoins involves solving complex equations relating to the number of clowns one can fit inside a clown car* of a given size, and the processing units in handheld sonars have proven to be very effective in solving these types of equations.

The mining ban is to take effect immediately. According to the Coalition statement, no legal action will be taken against "miners" who promptly comply with the new regulations, shutting down their mining operations and giving away the hoarded computing equipment. Citizens are also urged to keep an eye out for any suspicious mining-related activities and to report anything unusual to Coalition officials.

**A frequent element in Honkmotherian scriptures, a clown car is a type of mythical land-based vehicle that acts as a portal to an extradimensional space.*

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INTERVIEW:

THE PROPHET

OF SIERPINSK

INTERVIEW: THE PROPHET OF SIERPINSK

After a two-day journey to the outskirts of the Hydrothermal wastes, I would have expected the dim lights of the small beacon station at the edge of the Sierpinski Macula to be a comforting sight. For some reason, though, docking our specially reinforced Selkie above the station makes me even more nervous than it did listening to our hull groan as we quietly descended here with our sonar turned off. I think I can even pick up some signs of unease in the body language of the stone-faced Coalition officer accompanying me on this trip.

We're welcomed by a frail, old man whose intense, penetrating gaze doesn't help me feel any more at ease. The man introduces himself as Dr. af Grann, but most of our readers probably know him as the "Prophet of Sierpinski". The eccentric researcher is a well-known character in nearby outposts, and he's recently gained some wider publicity thanks to his predictions on the progression of Jovian radiation and uncannily accurate maps on the previously-unexplored regions of the Hydrothermal wastes.

Despite his loathing for the term "prophet", it's hard not to think that we're dealing with something esoteric as we climb down into his workroom full of strange diagrams and schematics that look like something out of the Necronomicon. I do my best to leave my preconceptions aside – my goal with this interview is to find out who this man really is: the figurehead of an esoteric society, a doomsday prophet, a brilliant scientist, or perhaps just a madman who's fried his brain with prolonged exposure to copious amounts of dementonite.

As I sit down in his workroom, the large dementonite construction looming at the back of the room immediately makes me think it must be the latter. In fact, the irregularly shaped hunk of metal, the size of a small reactor, is one of the only things I remember of the first ten-or-so minutes of the interview.

“

YOU SEE, ONCE YOU WRAP YOUR HEAD AROUND THE WAY THESE METAMATERIALS CAST THEIR 3-DIMENSIONAL SHADOW INTO OUR 3-DIMENSIONAL WORLD, THE SHAPES STOP BEING SO DISCONCERTING

At a glance, the complex jumble of jagged material looks like some kind of a menacing abstract sculpture, with random, sharp protruding parts that somehow feel painful to look at. As I keep staring at it, despite my best efforts not to, the seemingly incoherent shape starts to feel perfectly sensible and balanced in a way I can't quite put into words. Its apparent massiveness also seems to dissolve somewhere, and it feels as if I were looking at negative space, an opening of some sort at the back of the workroom.

My next recollection is from the engineering section of the station. Dr. af Grann has luckily noticed the workroom isn't the most suitable place for the interview and moved us into a further-away compartment. He asks whether I have written down what he instructed me to, and I have to ask him to repeat what he said before.

"I want you to quote me verbatim on this. I know you won't understand much of anything I can say to you, but I only agreed to do this in hopes that there are some readers out there who will know what I'm talking about."

I know at that moment that I must choose my words carefully. Dr. af Grann agreed to this interview on the condition that we'd talk about his "scientific research" and not mention "nonsense", such as his alleged prophecies or reputation as a frontman of what many see as an esoteric movement of some sort. So, I decide to inquire about the dementonite structure. Is he not worried about the effects it must have on his mental state? How did he acquire so much of it in the first place? "It's a failed experiment. To put it simply, it's an attempt to arrange the higher-dimensional lattice

of the 3-dimensional dementonite geometry in a way that forms an asymptotic projection of the Calabi-Yau manifold in a maximally symmetric Lorentzian manifold with constant negative scalar curvature. In a sense, it's a crude attempt at taking the principles used in gravity spheres and pushing them a little further. Didn't quite work out as well as I'd hoped, but I have high hopes for the next prototype."

He may have been right about me not understanding anything he's about to tell me. I ask him to dumb it down for me, but he refuses, saying that he has no time to give me a crash course on "n-dimensional topology".

"And no, I'm not worried about its effects on my brain. You see, once you wrap your head around the way these metamaterials cast their 3-dimensional shadow into our 3-dimensional world, the shapes stop being so disconcerting", he says, while forming geometric shapes with his fingers. "And as for how I acquire materials, let's just say I have some associates who help me with my work".

I attempt to make him elaborate, but failing to do so, decide to ask what he hopes to achieve with his work. His already brooding expression seems to grow even darker.

"I'm sure even you've heard of what's going on with the Jovian radiation. It's only going to get worse. Some of us have seen it. There are people like me who've gone further than we've gone at this particular point in time in space, or perhaps I should say depth, and we're convinced the solution lies in the Eye and what comes after."

I can't help asking. Does he mean he's seen the future?

"I hope not. There's no point in elaborating on this, but I know there are people out there to whom it's not the future, but a hazy memory we're once again heading towards." Another dead end. I take a step back and ask him about the significance of the Eye of Europa: what's he hoping to find down here, just a few hundred kilometers off the center, at the very edge of the charted areas of the ocean?

"As I said, we believe it's the solution to all this. At the same time, it's the cause. I know the Coalition isn't going to put in the resources to get to the bottom of this, so we have to take matters into our own hands. Theirs are too full with keeping their own house of cards up and their Captains sitting on top of it. And they still refuse to accept that if we don't do something now, they will soon have nothing and no-one to reign over."

At this point, the interview abruptly ends. The Coalition officer who's been silently listening in the corner tells us the currents are starting to pick up and that we need to head back immediately if we want to get the Selkie back up in one piece.

Departing from the beacon station, I realize I'm leaving empty-handed, with nothing but more questions to bring back with me. I'm still not sure what to make of the Prophet of Sierpinski, but perhaps our readers can make their own conclusions. My head is aching, and I'm not sure if it's because of the interview or the dementonite sculpture.

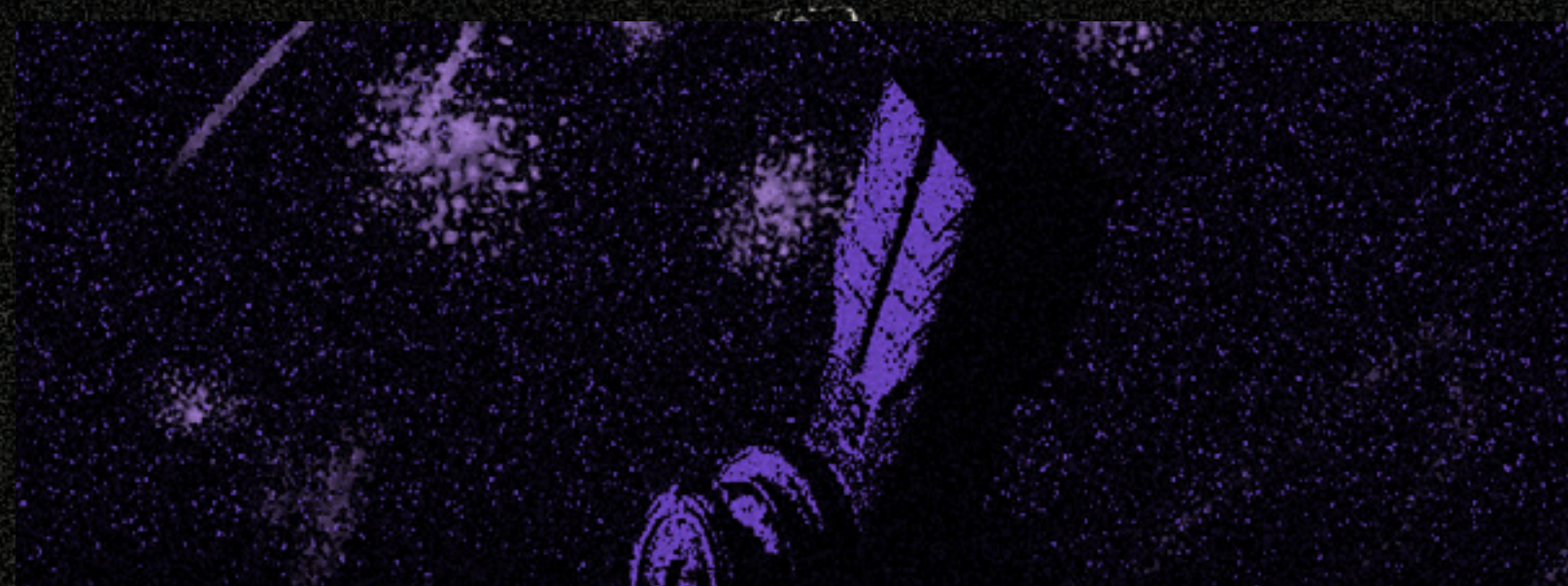
+ DEMANDS FOR COALITION REGULATION OF LASER WEAPONRY MET WITH UNEXPECTED RESPONSE

European xeno rights activists are once more pressing Coalition officials to ban assault lasers and high capacity supercapacitors following the mass slaughter of a swarm of Tiger Threshers near Skaani last Friday. This marks the seventh such occasion in recent months in which large numbers of European sea life have been exterminated by allegedly mis-calibrated submarine-mounted laser weaponry.

“What we’re seeing here are cowboys with no regard for the sanctity of xeno life going out with high-powered assault laser weapons and killing everything in the ocean, and it’s appalling,” whines Dirk Ganges, spokesman for Europeans for the Ethical Treatment of Aliens (EETA), obnoxiously in a press release published late last night. “We want to live in a society that respects xeno life as gentle neighbors, and in which all sub-mounted weapons are outlawed. We won’t rest until the Coalition does something about this, starting with the abolition of these terrible, overpowered devices”, the tirade continues.

EETA has found an unexpected ally in Zhihao Fan, CEO of Shinkonai Coiltek, Europa’s largest manufacturer of coilgun ammunition: “We are deeply concerned about the damage these laser weapons are doing to the balance of the European ecosystem, and it remains the position of Shinkonai Coiltek that laser weaponry is a less humane and cost effective method of dispatching xenos and humans alike. Furthermore, we consider lasers to be unsportsmanlike. We hope that the Coalition steps up here and does the right thing by our shareholders”

Asked for comment, a spokesman for the Coalition ministry of Submarines replied simply, “Really? No.”



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PROFESSOR KIRKE'S MONTHLY DIG



BRIEF HISTORY OF THE JOVIAN SEPARATIST MOVEMENT

Greetings, disciples of the Europa Historical Society and other academic aficionados! In this issue of *The European*, our monthly Dig is singular in its purpose: rather than display a collage of many topics of historical value, we have conducted a longitudinal examination of the roots of the Jovian Separatists. Where did this group come from, and why are they at war with our good Coalition? Digest these excerpts of past publications and discern the truth of the matter.

NUCLEAR DISASTER AT TORMSDALE COLONY

The devastating explosion in the EASA-supported Tormsdale Colony has been confirmed to have been caused by a nuclear reactor meltdown. Investigations are still ongoing on site, but there is strong evidence that the accident was caused by negligence of proper safety protocols by the colony's engineering team, which led to a meltdown that obliterated the entire outpost and nearly all of its inhabitants.

So far, rescue teams have only been able to find four survivors who happened to be outside the outpost at the time of the incident, and the remaining 106 inhabitants are presumed dead.

In a woeful turn of events, Jovian People's Movement has issued a statement that claims the accident may have been an intentional act of terror aimed at undermining the Movement and skewing the results of the upcoming European general elections. The Movement demands delaying the elections until the cause of the explosion has been thoroughly investigated.

Tormsdale was the largest of the so-called "independent colonies", JPM-controlled colonies that have abstained from establishing trade and cooperation relations with the Coalition. As such, there is no doubt that the disaster will have an effect on the JPM's chances of success in the elections.

It remains to be seen how their attempt to use this terrible tragedy as a political tool will affect their already-dwindling support.

JOVIAN PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT SMUGGLING RING UNCOVERED

Coalition officials have uncovered a widespread smuggling ring between the outposts controlled by the Jovian People's Movement. The outposts have reportedly been submitting counterfeit freight declarations to the Coalition about supply deliveries between themselves and Earth, in an attempt to work around the trade restrictions imposed by the Coalition's new Resource Balancing and Control Act. As a result, the outposts have been able to conceal supplies and keep them from being shared fairly with Coalition-controlled outposts.

"No matter how they're trying to justify it, this is treason. They've been systematically stealing from everyone", says Francesco Ferrari, Coalition Captain of Internal Affairs. "I know there are misguided readers out there who side with their cause. While their intentions may be good, we should all understand that these 'democratic' ideas or the so-called 'free trade' advocated by the Movement cannot and will not work here on Europa." The JPM has recently gained new momentum from promoting certain ideas and ideals reminiscent of failed societies back on Earth.

On a parting note, Captain Ferrari cautions once more against the Jovian People's Movement: "Don't be tempted by their promises, they'll only lead us down a path to disorder and death. And rest assured - all manner of snakes selling such ideas to our youth will ultimately get what's coming to them. Perhaps a swimming lesson without a suit, or my personal favourite, incendium enemas."

CONTINUE
READING

PROFESSOR KIRKE'S MONTHLY DIG
BRIEF HISTORY OF THE JOVIAN SEPARATIST MOVEMENT
JPM ON THE ASSASSINATION OF HERBERT MAY

Amid widespread rumors that the Jovian People's Movement may have had a hand in the recent assassination of Herbert May, the Coalition's Captain of Foreign Affairs, the JPM has so far refrained from publicly commenting on the accusations.

We managed to reach out to Harlow Petran, one of the leading figures of the movement.

"No, the JPM was not behind the assassination. The Movement strives to make Europa a more democratic society by non-violent means. As we all know, however, people are getting increasingly discontent with the Coalition's actions. Especially after the Tormsdale incident, many are starting to feel that non-violence is no longer enough to fight back."

Despite his overt sympathy, Petran wants to distance himself and the Jovian People's Movement from the recent acts of violence: "Some of these people may be supporters of the Movement, some not. That being said, the JPM condemns these acts of violence. There has to be a better way forward".

JOVIAN PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT DECLARED TERRORISTS

Following recent attacks carried out by various renegade groups against the Coalition fleet, Coalition officials have declared the Jovian People's Movement a terrorist organization and seized control of all outposts controlled by the group. "Whatever peaceful intentions they may have had in the past, these separatists who just last month orchestrated the hostile takeover of Onga Habitation Outpost, causing massive collateral casualties, are nothing but criminals," condemns Captain of Internal Affairs Francesco Ferrari.

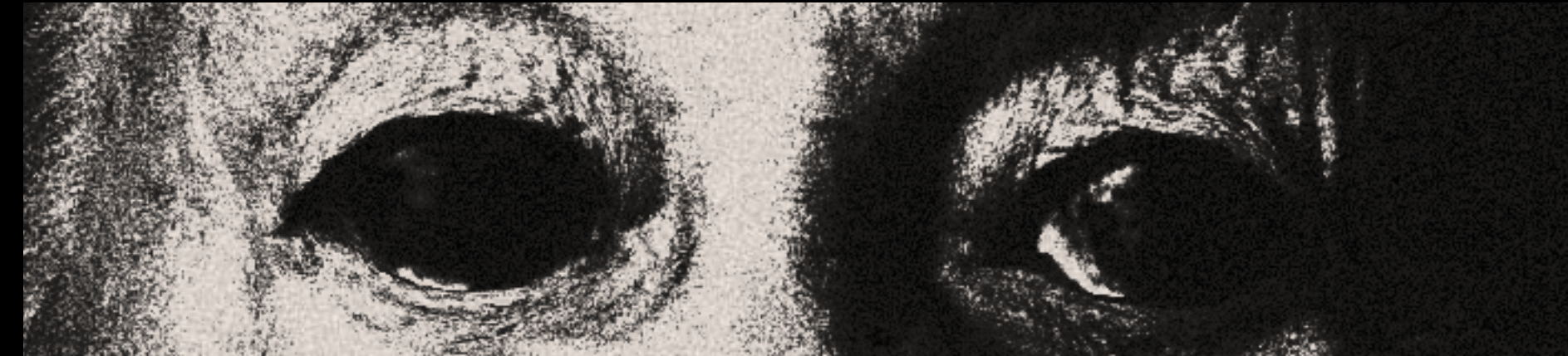
According to unofficial reports, several key figures of the movement, including its founding father Harlow Petran, have died in the engagements that led up to the seizing of the JPM-controlled outposts. Several dozens of the movement's supporters have also been arrested and taken to an unspecified penal colony in the Great Sea.

The declaration encourages all citizens of Europa to report any suspicious activity and people affiliated with renegade factions to Coalition officials. Withholding information may be an act of treason, a crime punishable by death under the new Friendship, Cooperation and Stability Act.

GOOD EATS WITH
AUNT DORIS



THE DOG
OF AEONS



HELLO DEARIES!

While exploring the limits of sensation our previous, pitiful form was capable of, the entity you once knew as Aunt Doris had the great fortune to stumble upon the most sacred and tasty sacrament. Boy are you in for a treat!

The joyous blasphemy of grinding the very flesh of a god occurred to the being that was Doris when one of our many found its way into the propulsion system of her submarine. The mixture of sizzling worm bits and engine oil made a rather pleasant combination, and the Doris being did sample upon the result.

A third eye opened and winked into eternity. 'She' became 'we', and we see all that is and was, and ever shall be, through a billion visual organs that are not our own! Yes! This is the ultimate dish! Here is our recipe for...

HOMEMADE ENDWORM HOTDOGS

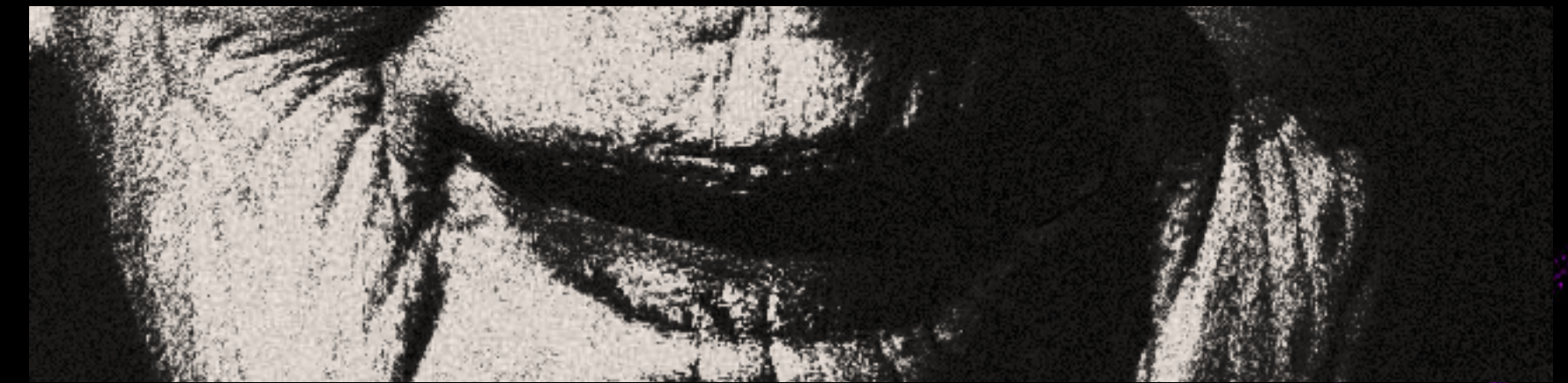
Butter the pan. Butter yourself. Abandon your religion and prepare for culinary annihilation.

For the sausage, we'll need the following:

- 10kg endworm parasites
- 25kg endworm face
- 25kg mechanically or nuclear recovered Endworm meats
- 1 endworm mystery pouch
- 1kg MSG
- 1kg sodium nitrate
- 5kg synthetiflour
- Pinch of salt
- 1 military-grade nuclear warhead (for separating meat from bone)

And for the hotdog:

- 1 bag of extra extra large frozen hot dog buns
- Pickles
- Ketchup and whatever other condiments you like



Blaspheme with me:

Take the assorted god parts and blitz them in a food processor till they form a nice smooth paste, adding the synthetiflour gradually as you go to avoid forming lumps.

Add the salt, MSG and sodium nitrate.

Stuff into the 'mystery pouch' of the worm. Be sure to pack it in nice and tight to avoid air pockets!

Boil the resulting sausage in sea water for 24 hours to cook through.

Place on a very large bun and garnish with your favorite toppings.

Personally, we like to sprinkle finely chopped onions on top. It was our Robert's favorite.

*Peek behind the curtain of time. Is that you, Robert?
No, I am Robert. But I am also Doris.
I am the meat. Eat of me and become one with
the Worm.*

DAY 1: THE EXPEDITION LAUNCHES

The lights of Huronia are shrinking behind us. It is a particularly cold Sunday morning, and we are leaving civilization, such as it is, and heading into the dark. However, as most submarines head deeper and deeper in search of colonizable space, we are heading upwards, towards the surface that is getting more and more inhospitable by the day.

Captain Dupont, the head of this expedition explains. "Many years ago, we humans arrived in Europa. In our hurry to burrow under the ice, we neglected to study the surface layer. Now that the dreaded Jovian radiation is found to penetrate even to the depths of Europa, we must return and conduct a thorough investigation into the thickness and composition of the surface."

Aboard the Bull Shark are various instruments capable of just that. The cargo hold has been repurposed into a laboratory, and the (few) weapons that the vessel sported have been switched out for cameras, spectrometers and geiger counters. All but one; a vintage RedSun rail gun stands defiantly at the forefront of the submarine. Besides protection from aggressive creatures we might run into, it serves another important purpose: clearing the way through the thick ice cover to the surface.

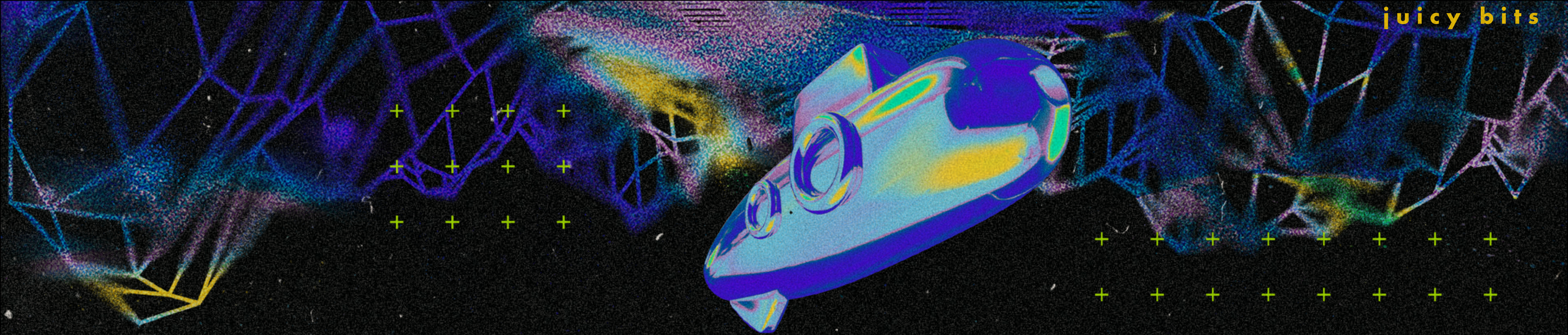
Filip Dupont has worked hard to make the expedition happen. Years of lobbying for funding from the notoriously miserly Coalition as well as companies in the private sector has now borne fruit, and the good captain is exuding confidence and energy. Even for this reporter, it is difficult not to be excited at the prospect of catching a glimpse of the universe outside the glacial confines we've lived under for so long.

While the expedition's *raison d'être* is scientific, it is the opinion of some that the captain has an ulterior motive, and that is to sate his own lust for exploration. "Let others race to the core! We shall take the leisurely route to the surface, and the glory that comes with it!", the captain confided in an interview conducted shortly before departing.

STARS ARE REALLY RATHER BEAUTIFUL
WHEN YOU SEE THEM IN PERSON.

REPORT

EXPEDITION TO THE SURFACE
A FINAL REPORT



DAY 6: SMOOTH SAILING

"Life at sea ain't that bad", declares the cook, Frida Nansen, while spooning grey slop onto a deep plate. The woman is tall, broad-shouldered and wide-jawed, and a veteran of many undersea voyages. "And it keeps the husband and kids at home fed", she adds, prompting a gale of laughter from a table in the corner.

Even if the food isn't anything to write home about, and this reporter is already longing for a juicy steak, or a liver, or even a hammerhead morsel, the crew is in high spirits. The Bull Shark passed the last colony in the green zone, that is, the depth where the Jovian radiation is harmless enough for people to live, and a sense of adventure is in the air.

Now that we are almost a week into our journey, I dare to confide in this journal that my motivation here isn't strictly professional. As a young man I

often heard stories from my grandparents about life on Earth. About all the different continents, people, cultures and the food! People on Earth used to eat all kinds of greens, meats and fruit, a far cry from the seafood diet we're forced to tolerate here. Even if returning to those days seems unlikely, to say the least, I yearn to see the sky, and the vastness of space, at least once.

The next stop is Randkluft, which was evacuated a little over two months before the expedition set off. The ship's scientific crew will measure the radiation levels and send them back home. We will reach the station in a day's time, if we keep to the itinerary. Until then, the colorful sights of different bioluminescent plants soothe our minds as we glide past.

DAY 8: SOLEMNITY

The primary airlock to Randkluft had been sealed. When our engineer cut it open, water rushed in from the inside, soaking us up to our knees. A mess of debris and refuse followed in its wake.

Standing among the remains of a colony once ranked third on the list of the fastest growing settlements on Europa filled this reporter and the rest of the crew with dread. If we aren't successful in thwarting the advance of the radiation wall, who can say if it wouldn't penetrate all the way to the core, slowly cooking us alive?

Returning to the ship after taking the required measurements, the men and women aboard the ship were quiet, but it didn't take long for silence to pass and the usual banter to return.

DAY 13: ICE EVERYWHERE

Our progress has slowed to a crawl. We are in the zone colloquially known as "Cold caverns", near the crust of the moon. The ice walls are getting thicker, and the large chunks of ice that periodically break off and float around the sea are making the journey difficult. Whoever is at the helm must be constantly on their toes, or the sharp edges might cut into the hull, adding our ship and crew to the ever-growing list of casualties caused by these wandering icebergs.

But the crew seem to trust Captain Dupont's navigational skills. For most of them, this isn't the first time they've sailed with the captain. They have dodged dangers from volcanic vents to hammerhead colonies and always come out unscathed.

With little bioluminescent fauna remaining in these parts, the waters are dark. Looking through one of the few portholes in the ship's mess hall, I can barely make out shadows of creatures swimming past. It is fortunate that our reinforced hull repels all but the largest of predators, and those are uncommon here, this close to the surface.

DAY 15: HALTED

The ship is stuck. Perhaps due to overconfidence, or pressure to quickly clear the dangerous cluster of ice we were in, the captain made the bold choice to attempt a maneuver through a gap between an iceberg and the cavern wall. The gap proved too narrow, and now we are held fast against it by a mass of ice. Damage to the hull is luckily minimal, and the crew is optimistic that it will only be a matter of time before we're on our way again.

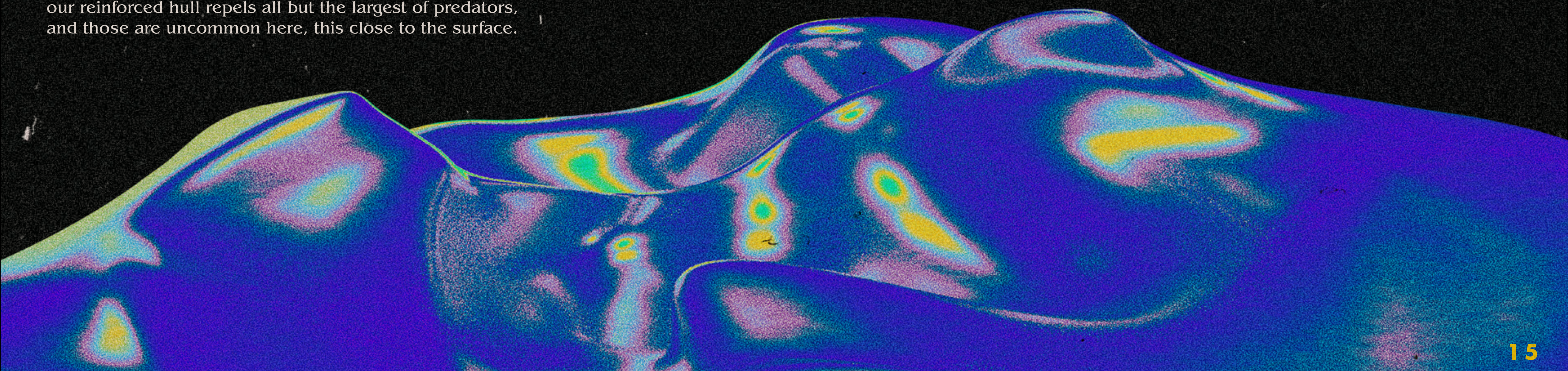
According to the cook, Nansen, who I find myself conversing with most often, these underwater icebergs change their movement direction often. "It's because of all of the currents in these caves. They're constantly changing", she says. "Worst case scenario, we're here for a couple of days."

DAY 20: HALTED, 2

The ice remains unmoving. It is actually growing in mass, absorbing all the smaller chunks that come near. The hull is starting to creak under its force, springing leaks here and there that are rapidly welded shut.

Captain Dupont has tried various ways of freeing the submarine. Engines aren't powerful enough to dislodge us, plasma cutters barely have any effect, even the explosives we're carrying just for this purpose don't damage the berg beyond leaving some marks on its surface.

According to the itinerary, day twenty would have marked our arrival to the surface. We must start rationing food and water now. Not that I would have eaten any more of that disgusting porridge than I had to, anyway.





EXPEDITION TO THE SURFACE: A FINAL REPORT

DAY 32: A CASUALTY

I awoke to a horrible screeching sound. It turns out the hull finally gave in, flooding the aft reactor compartment. The crew rushed to repair it but in the process, Jules, the nineteen-year-old sailor we picked up in Huronia, got sucked out of the ship into the frozen sea. I watched his blackened and bloated corpse float away, sitting in my usual spot next to the mess hall porthole.

The hull was repaired, but the event lit a fire under the previously despondent crew. We must free ourselves before we succumb to either the cold or the hunger, or are crushed under the pressure.

What worries me the most, personally, is the food. Even if we weren't slowly but surely running out of it, I can't keep any of it down. At this point I'd rather eat refuse out of the devil's asshole. Don't tell Frida.

DAY 34: GAMBIT

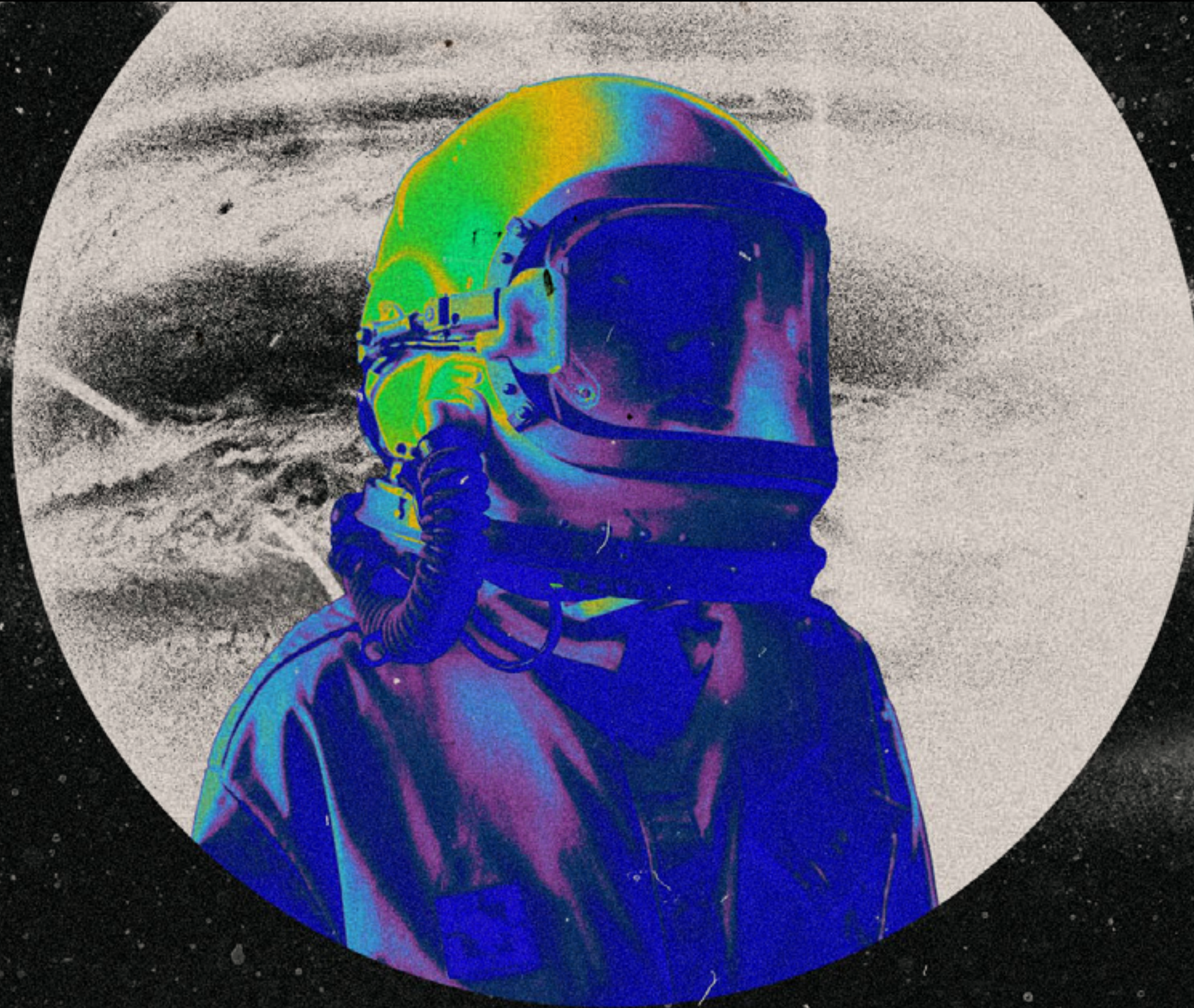
We are moving! In a move that defies common sense, the captain turned our singular railgun towards the ship's side in an attempt to dislodge the mass of ice. One surgical shot and thirty minutes of frenzied action later, the Bull Shark is finally back en route to the surface. The damage to her hull from the iceberg and the railgun shell have been repaired, and the patches should hold until we reach our destination.

Returning home is another matter. While we have enough fuel for the return trip (we've only been running the ship's vital systems; oxygen, heat and water condensator), other supplies are dwindling. It is, however, the will of the crew and captain to finish the mission we embarked on. Implications of that decision are clear to all, yet our determination remains the same.

DAY 42: ARRIVAL

Twenty-two days behind schedule, the expedition has reached the ice crust that envelops Europa. The railgun is hammering at the ice. The tension among the crew is palpable. For six weeks they have endured the cold, cramped confines of this vessel, and breaking free to the surface will surely prove to be a psychological breakthrough in addition to the quite literal one.

Measurements taken by the science team paint a grim picture. Previously thought to be tens of kilometers thick, the crust has diminished to only a few kilometers. It will be of no use in stopping the waves of Jovian radiation. Our only hope is now to burrow deeper into the core, hoping to outrun it.



DAY 43: RESOLUTION

Jupiter is looming in the sky. With its eye looking straight at Europa, it looks like an angry titan glaring at us small insects crawling on its plate.

The crew (including myself) are tired. We have made the decision to stay here on the surface and send the ship back on autopilot, along with this report and all the data gathered on the way.

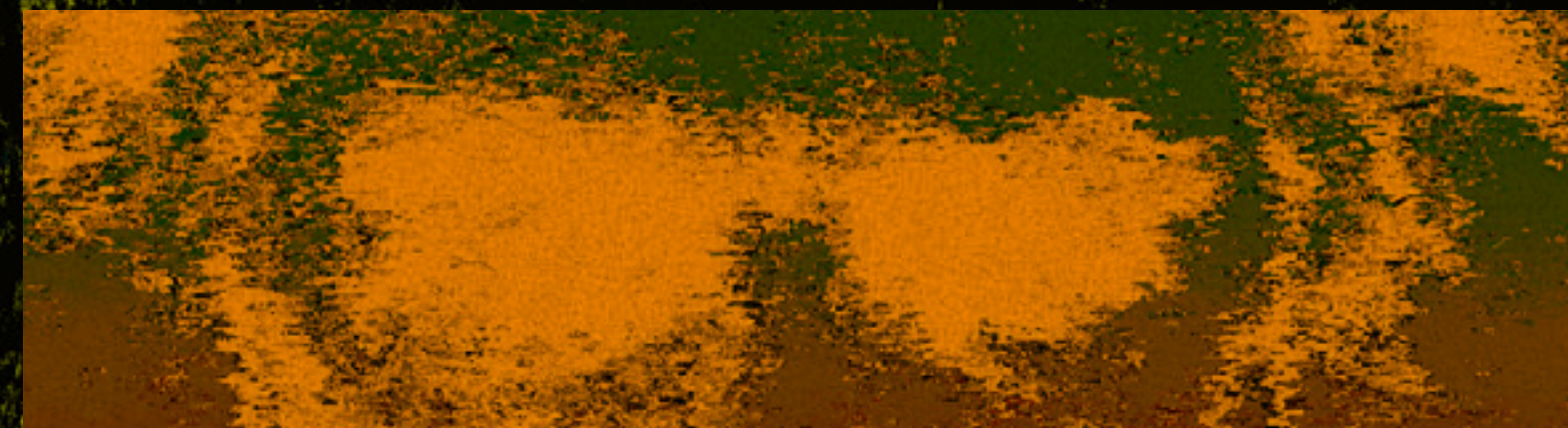
Stars are really rather beautiful when you see them in person.

EXPEDITION TO THE SURFACE: A FINAL REPORT - END

portrait of _____ on the record

A CHARLATAN

NUMEROUS AMONG THE PUBLIC FIGURES OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY ARE POLITICIANS, UNION LEADERS, FAMOUS SEAFARING CAPTAINS, EVEN SOME NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS, BUT ONLY ONE PERSON HAS MADE A REPUTATION FOR THEMSELVES AS A SELF-DESCRIBED MYSTIC. GRANTED, IT IS A ROTTEN REPUTATION, MARRED BY ACCUSATIONS OF FRAUD, DECEPTION, RACKETEERING AND EVEN A COUPLE OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT CASES, BUT A REPUTATION NONETHELESS.



DESPITE HAVING BEEN DEBUNKED NUMEROUS TIMES AND THE EUROPEAN MINISTRY OF LABOR AND ETHICAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS NOT RECOGNIZING THE TERM, THE MAN STYLES HIMSELF A FORTUNE-TELLER. OUT OF COURTESY, THE EUROPEAN ABIDES BY THIS. IN THIS INSTALLATION OF ON THE RECORD, WE SIT DOWN WITH THE MAN SIMPLY KNOWN AS "MIKE".

The European crew is received in a rundown dorm in an outpost at the outskirts of the explored sea. The exact location we will withhold at request of the interviewee. We enter a smoky room with a double bunk and walls covered with crude drawings, and not much else.

The European: How are you today, Michael?

Mike: Mike, please. Michael is my father. I'm doing good, thanks for having me.

Mike's face is inscrutable and mysterious. The cracks in his face recount a tale of a long, hard life aboard many cities and outposts all over Europa. One never knows what's going on behind his eyes; one seems to constantly look for your wallet, the other for an escape route. His appearance exudes the old world of Earth: bombed out and depleted.

E: How long have you been in the business of fortune telling?

M: In this cycle? Close to thirty years. I remember trading knowledge for opium when I was a wee tyke. Before that, who knows? I have the soul of a thousand-year-old magician. I could've been a cat for all I care.

INTERVIEW

"WHY WOULDN'T I? DRUGS ARE TRENDY. AND COOL. I THINK MORE PEOPLE SHOULD DO DRUGS."

MIKE

E: What do you mean by "this cycle"?

Mike seems genuinely taken aback by the question. Then he parts his lips in a smile that reveals a shining row of brand new fake teeth.

M: Is this your first go around? You're in for a ride! I think the Calabi-Yau is manifolding again. Keep your hat on and hope you don't reincarnate as a crawler.

I truly have no idea what Mike is talking about, but it fills me with existential dread. I attempt to steer the conversation back on track by asking about his personal demons.

E: You mentioned narcotics. Your struggle with vice is well documented by authorities. Would you say that opium is a gateway drug?

M: Oh yeah. It's a gateway and the gate is way open, baby. I saw the Fentanyl Act of the 20s coming a mile away, which is why I started using well in advance.

E: Obviously opiates are an incredibly potent and addictive substance, only to be used as pain relief in emergency situations. You wouldn't suggest our youth partake in using them recreationally?

M: Why wouldn't I? Drugs are trendy. And cool. I think more people should do drugs.

E: Speaking of trends, what's your take on some people using aquatic poppies as hair dye? It seems to be the rage nowadays.

M: Ah, kids these days. They're always up to the strangest things, aren't they? It's good that you never see them around. Imagine the distraction.

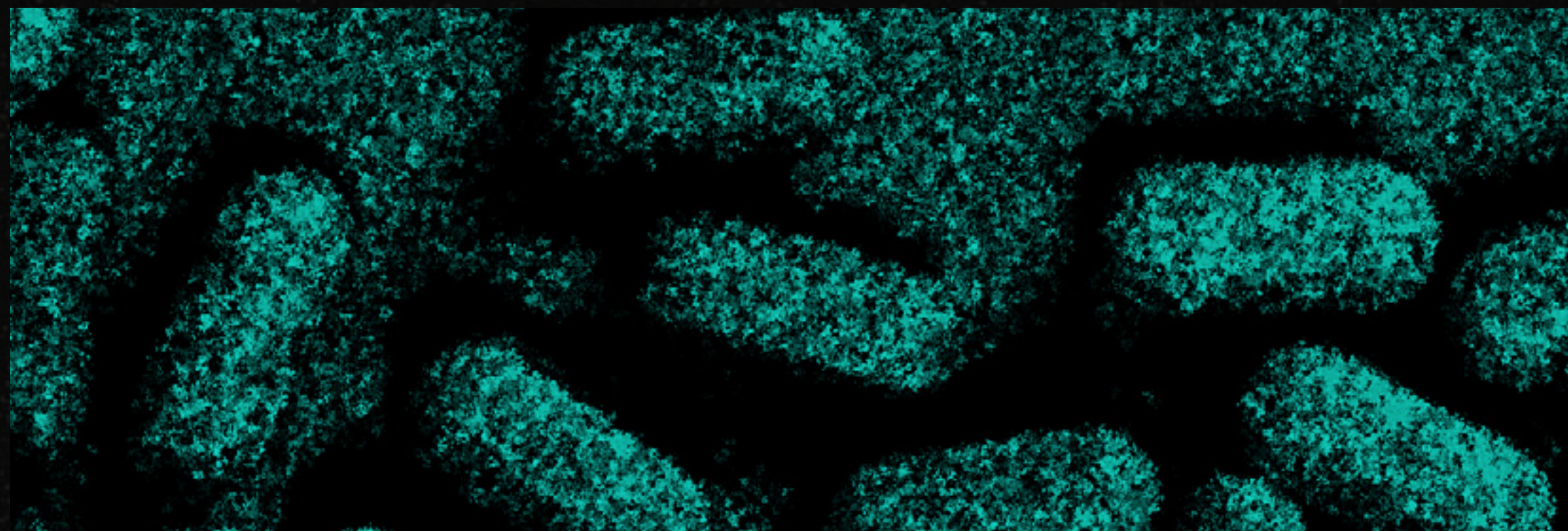
Mike puts his fingers on his temples and starts to massage them. For a second, I think he is channeling the spirits, but then he continues in a weary voice:

M: It could be worse. They could have a sandpaper voice, blotchy skin or hairy legs. I used to date this broad named Marjorie and that's her to a T. We were shackled up for years. Most miserable time of my life. I wish I could've seen that coming, but her breath fogged up my mojo. Cracked my crystal balls too.

He winces, settles back in the armchair, seems to remember something, and adds:

M: She had some tits on her though.

Mike spends some time reminiscing about his former partners and sexual escapades, which include experimenting with mudraptor genes, a harlequin ménage à trois, and multiple "encounters" inside a Coalition prison cell. For the sake of preserving the integrity of this interview, I've chosen not to include any details here, but they will haunt me for the rest of my life.



E: Sounds like you have led quite a romantic life.

M: Ain't got nothing to do with romance. Love is a battlefield and I have the scars to prove it. I'm proud to say I've entered the pheromone terrordome numerous times and emerged victorious each time.

E: Not all of those scars are from pleasure, are they? Some of them are from working at Linnaeus Linea Shipyards during the 90s. You were there during the Berilia recall, weren't you?

M: I was. There was a lot that went wrong. The whole project was doomed from the start! "Yes, mister designer, let's not put any turrets on her. I'm sure all the molochs will simply leave her alone. What? No, we don't need a second airlock. The crew'll run from one end to another to fix a leak on the outside hull." What a pompous asshole he was. No wonder the first model sank on the very first voyage. It was way too large to maneuver.

E: Like the fabled Titanic of the old world?

M: Or my prison husband.

E: According to our sources, the designer was one Michael "Missile" Mortenson, one of your well-known aliases.

M: What a ridiculous name. Where does one get the nickname "Missile" anyway?

E: Shortly after the Berilia incident, plans for a new military submarine, codenamed Herja, were lost from the very same location. Along with Mr. Mortenson. Would you happen to know anything about that?

M: My crystal ball has advised me to not answer that question. But I am no longer welcome at Linnaeus for non-related reasons.

I opt not to pursue the matter. The way law works, as we know, violations in one station may not be prosecuted in another. This is allegedly why Mike has evaded capture for so long.

M: But, more generally speaking, people shouldn't be punished for smashing glass ceilings. Both literally and figuratively.

E: Suppose a submarine shipyard isn't the best place for that.

Before I manage to ask another question, an egg timer goes off. It seems our time is up. Mike wraps himself up in his cloak and leaves through the door, leaving me alone in his dorm room. Unsure of how much a session like this is worth, I leave a wad of cash on the dresser.

ADVERTISEMENT



Every submariner has probably noticed those little labels on their sonar, but surprisingly few actually realize their importance, not just for the vessels travelling through the icy waters but for European society as a whole. In this guide we go through some of the things every proper European should know about beacon stations.

Perhaps the most important function of the beacon stations is to serve as a navigation aid for crews travelling through the maze-like tunnels in the crust – much like “light houses”, glowing buildings that were used back on Earth to guide ships to the shore. Instead of visible light, the beacons emit radio waves and ultrasonic sounds that can be picked up by sonars and other kinds of navigational systems. The beacons are generally built mid-way between two outposts, in a position that pinpoints the largest and safest passageway between the two locations.

Another important function of the stations is relaying messages between outposts. In fact, they are what makes our modern inter-outpost communications network possible. Sending radio messages through all the water and ice directly from one outpost to another is extremely difficult and takes enormous amounts of transmission power, but a conveniently placed beacon station between outposts dramatically reduces these needs. So, next time you’re watching Deepflix, be thankful for the engineers who set up the beacon station that’s streaming the latest adventures of Man-Tis into your device.

The stations are generally small, unmanned constructions built from old outpost modules or submarine pieces. The devices that make

them tick are also often put together from decommissioned submarine parts, and consequently, they tend to require occasional maintenance and repairs. Every submarine crew can and should do their part in keeping them in shape; the custom among the Coalition fleet is for any vessel coming across a malfunctioning beacon station to stop and repair it, if at all possible (reasonable excuses for disregarding this custom depend on who you ask, but most captains would surely agree that anything smaller than a moloch ain’t an excuse).

Hence, it’s important to know some basics of the technology behind the stations! Let’s have a look.

Most of the technology on the stations should look familiar to anyone who’s worked aboard a submarine. Beacons are generally powered by standard submarine reactors, albeit these reactors have been modified to operate at a much lower power and consequently, consume much less fuel. Despite this, running out of fuel is one of the most common causes for a beacon station to go dark, and checking the reactor should be one of the first things on the checklist when you’re repairing a beacon.

If the reactor is up and running but the station is still not powering up, you may want to check

the rest of the power grid as well, since the junction boxes have a habit of burning out every now and then. It is also common to find that some wires have been disconnected from the station’s grid – sometimes by separatists aiming to disturb the peace, sometimes by jesters doing it for shits ‘n’ giggles.

Once the power grid has been repaired, the last thing to check is the station’s terminal. These devices are often, in practice, modified versions of standard submarine navigation terminals. They’re the station’s brains, the thing that handles transmissions to and from the beacon station. Ensure that the terminal is in shape, or consult your crew’s electrical engineer to do so, and you should be ready to reinstate transmissions. The navigation terminals repurposed as beacon station terminals have generally been configured so that enabling active sonar activates the station’s transmission features as well, making it more intuitive for submariners to operate.

Once you’re done, you should be hearing a ping that indicates the station is back in action. As a word of caution, the sudden appearance of these pings sometimes attracts wildlife to the station, so be sure to grab a weapon before you head back out.

BEACON STATIONS

WHAT ARE THEY
and why should you care?

CONRAD SMOOT'S



FINAL REVIEW

CONRAD SMOOT'S
FINAL REVIEW

AN ARRESTING ENCOUNTER

Taking our shuttle out to Phocis Flexus to review the infamous Herja, the sub that has been in the works essentially forever, something truly remarkable occurred. We unexpectedly rendezvoused with the most striking submarine I've ever seen, a custom Humpback with an impressive set of fins and wings, in handsome black and grey. Upon being greeted with a 21-coilgun salute (a stray shot piercing the skull of my assistant Dennis), they docked with us, and I was given a tour of the vessel.

Never before had I met a more foul smelling, ethanol guzzling, opium addicted, chronically flatulent crew of ruffians and clowns. Not a single bottle of Moe's Champag-nee to be seen amongst them!

What struck me immediately was the impressive automatic door system utilized by all the interior hatches and doors, and which comes as standard with all Humpbacks. Literally, it struck me - a motion sensor clearly malfunctioned, or perhaps I was moving a little too quickly after being shoved ahead by my gracious, yet smelly, hosts. Either way, the engineering deck door closed right on me, possibly breaking my nose in the process. A memorable first impression if nothing else.

SURPRISE ATTRACTIONS

The layout of the sub was spacious, with high ceilings and rustic exposed wiring throughout, kudos to the boffins at Adonis Linea Shipyards for supplying what I take to be some highly innovative outsider art, and even a piece by renowned graffiti artist Namanhksie! The vacuous expression resonated with me on some deep level, like staring into a mirror.

Continuing our tour, we proceeded through a rather generic medbay, lacking even the most modest of massage facilities. This might explain the somewhat surly disposition of the crew who chaperoned me on this leg of my inspection. I was then introduced, bloody nose and all, to the master of this fine vessel on the command deck, a certain 'Tiny Pete' who was by no means tiny, but rather a mountain of a man-clown.

What I was to realize shortly thereafter was that Tiny Pete was in fact the half-sized mudraptor perched upon his shoulder. After introducing myself to both Tiny Pete and his large associate ('Big Chuckles'), the mudraptor chattered excitedly in the ear of the clown, who then insisted, while punctuating every word with a single loud honk of his horn, that we be given a tour of the ballast tanks. I thanked him and we moved on, though not before I took note of the bridge decor - brown with a big red stripe. Very brave.

STATISTICS

Powerplant	2800 kW Irraditor model generic Light Fission reactor
Engines	600 kN Triamphator
Navigation Systems	Sonar King brand sonar and course plotting array
Main Pumps	1 Vole C model ballast pump, in light black
Engineering Capabilities	1 'Atomic Scrambler' fabricator, 1 'Trash Smasher' deconstructor 2 Shinkonai Coiltek coilgun systems, 1 'Ampère' Railgun system, 1 customizable hardpoint
Armament	
Crew Complement	4-6
Cargo Capacity	4 crates
Art	Namanhksie
Burlap sacks	Coalition Pomegranate Fertilizer Corp
Horizontal Top Speed	26 km/h
Vertical Top Speed	13 km/h
Displacement	210 tons
Dimensions	44m x 9m

GUEST QUARTERS

In a rather innovative take on crew accommodation, I share lodgings with five other men, in a 'converted' ballast tank. I have never been one to sleep soundly in dormitories, and would have preferred a private suite. Nonetheless, it's fairly comfortable despite the constantly fluctuating water level, which luckily rarely goes above one's eyes. The budding flower vines on the walls are a nice decorative touch, even if they do trigger my allergies. Breathing can be quite difficult at times.

Room service leaves room for wanting. Once a day we are presented with a humble tray of what I assume is some form of husk tartar. While the flavor isn't completely disagreeable (I can now hold most of it in), one quickly grows weary of eating the same thing every day. Some seem to find the green tint of the meat depressing and distasteful. One of my roommates has been sulking in the corner for two days now without moving.

I must say reviewing this vessel has been particularly difficult, mainly due to the crew's reluctance to grant me access to various parts of the submarine. In fact, I have not left my lodgings since I first arrived on board.

UNDESERVED INHOSPITALITY

My hosts seem displeased with me. They have placed a burlap sack on my head – a very low thread count, rather unpleasant against the skin. I can tell I've been placed in a row next to my roommates. There is a series of loud bangs, and –

(This record was found during a raid on a pirate ship near Drumskinny Linea.)

ADVERTISEMENTS

EUROPA'S OWN BOYBAND

HONK BROTHERS

THE FUTURE OF CLOWNING

WORLD TOUR "DYED HAIR DON'T CARE"
COMING TO AN OUTPOST NEAR YOU
WITHOUT PRIOR NOTICE

MONDAY

Since my latest outburst at *The European*, I was... encouraged to take some time off from my job as a medical journalist. I appreciate the concern, but you can't keep a good doctor down! Not even with a respectable amount of sedatives, a straitjacket and half-a-dozen well-built medical aides. Not me, I am a woman on a mission!

So I decided to enlist with a crew for the first time in a while, and here I am, newly appointed chief medical officer of the *Peanut*. As we sail forth, I will be journaling about my journeys, in my journal, like the medical journalist I am and have always been (licence to practice or no). I am looking forward to sharing my time on this vessel with you, dear reader.

I am a woman on a mission

IT'S HA
GAA
YIP
GOES ON VACATION

36

30



leisure and lethalties

TUESDAY

I have made my acquaintances with the members of my new team. They are as follows:

Duke Jarrett, captain (has a bum knee, otherwise healthy)

Mel Adams, mechanic (came across as jittery, neurotic about hygiene)

John Brady, engineer (muscular, has a nice bum, must investigate further)

Tim Morris, security officer (generally healthy, but has bad breath, probably dying?)

Billy Bob Milliken, junior medic (suffers from being an insufferable know-it-all)

Dave Liggitt, assistant (just a regular bum).

I have performed routine medical exams on all of them this morning. Overall the crew seems to be in adequate condition both physically and mentally. Except for John. I felt some lumps under his skin, so I saw it fit to perform extra palpation on him. My prognosis was correct: the man is chiseled like a Greek statue. Woof! John is more than adequate.

WEDNESDAY

I knew this voyage was going too smoothly. What a day it has turned out to be! I was awakened by the sound of my face hitting the ceiling of the cabin. I soon found out we were being attacked by a thalamus. God, how I hate thalamuses. Thalami? Hate them!

The crew is reasonably experienced and managed to disable the thing in less than half an hour. Only minimal injuries; Dave and Tim suffered temporary paralysis on-site and are being tended to by Billy in the medbay (I have surmised that this at least is within Billy's abilities, a pompous junior though he may be). They should make a full recovery in a matter of hours.

The bigger problem is the damage sustained by the ship itself: apparently the thalamus managed to rupture our reactor core with one of its tendrils, and now nothing works. The lights are off, the doors are jammed, and the minibar is not chilled.

John tells me the reactor is leaking radioactive ooze all over the now-flooded compartment. We cannot get the power running before fixing the reactor, and we cannot fix the reactor before the compartment is sealed and drained, but we also cannot seal it without risking horrible, terrible death by radiation poisoning. What should we do?

THURSDAY

We sent the intern! Shortly after my last entry, the young assistant Dave regained the use of his limbs and was promptly put to work. Surprisingly, the boy was able to completely re-seal the reactor compartment and drain it of water. He says he is feeling quite good at the moment, so it is safe to say that his safety gear has provided him with sufficient protection against the radiation. Captain Duke is having the lad clean up the rest of the ooze from the compartment as I am writing this.

What a relief! For a moment I thought we might be stranded here forever in darkness. As things stand now, we should have electricity back in a matter of hours.

FRIDAY

I spoke too soon. Of course, radiation poisoning takes a while to set in, and Dave has been literally spewing his guts from both ends since around midnight. In order to shut Billy up, I have made the executive decision to grant him access to my medicine cabinet to administer Dave the proper medical aid he needs. Treating acute radiation poisoning is... below my paygrade.

John says he is about to go down to start repairing the reactor soon. I am finding the thought of sweet, chiseled John stepping into that murder chamber of doom quite... unsettling.

No. No, this will not stand.

SATURDAY

Woe is me! Tragedy has struck! Someone had buttered up the ladder to the engineering deck and poor, sweet John fell and hit his head. He has been unconscious all day, resting safely in the medbay.

In his absence, Mel the mechanic has taken up repair duty on the reactor. Despite having little to no engineering skills, she seems to be getting the hang of it. (Frankly, I always get the mechanics and the engineers mixed up. How different can they really be?) She proclaimed her reluctance at first, cursing like a hysteric sailor, but I haven't heard so much as a squeak from the reactor compartment for a while now.

SUNDAY

What's got ten toes, ten fingers, two ears and a nose? Not Mel, as it turns out! Apparently she tried to kickstart the reactor with not one, not two, but three fuel rods at once. What resulted, of course, was a flaming inferno, which trapped her at the far end of the reactor compartment. It took the rest of us a while to notice the smoke and put out the fires. What a mess! Tim, the security officer, had to scrape her off the wall with a crowbar.

Miraculously enough, she has survived the ordeal... for now, at least. She suffered severe burns across her entire body, and her condition is quite critical. I have placed her in a medically induced coma.

**DR. HARRY
GOES ON VACATION**



MONDAY AGAIN

We still cannot get the ship to start, and the darkness is starting to affect me. I think I'm starting to see things. I absent-mindedly stared off into the dark void outside the medbay window, and after a while I could swear I started to see a big, red orb in the distance. It almost looked like an eye, staring back at me.

You would think the sight was unsettling, but I found it mesmerizing, almost delightful. Anything is better than having to listen to Billy's insufferable told-you-so's and med school jargon. He keeps going on and on about how Dave is in excruciating pain, and how we are running out of morphine. Of course, Billy doesn't know I've been secretly hiding the morphine inside my pillow case. I am a light sleeper, after all. And besides, what good is morphine to a dying man, anyway?

I think I can see the eye outside the window again.

TUESDAY

It seems everyone is quite cross with me. I am writing this entry from the vessel's brig, where I am to be confined for the time being.

I must have been sleepwalking last night. I remember waking up in the hallway, soaking wet, with a plasma cutter in hand. Shortly after that, Tim put me back to sleep with his stun baton.

Billy seems convinced I was under the influence of a watcher and that maybe, just maybe, I could be suffering from acute psychosis. Allegedly, I flooded the pantry with the plasma cutter, destroying all our food supplies in the process.

Of course, I think Billy is full of shit. His envy of me has been evident since day one, and I wouldn't trust his "professional" opinion on the best of days. I think I will go with a second opinion - mine. I'll have a chat with him next time he comes down here.

TGIF

Everything is finally under control. As a result of some of the unfortunate events of the past few days, however, the crew's morale has visibly deteriorated.

In order to talk some sense into Billy, I had to fracture his tibia, bite off one of his ears, and handcuff him to a radiator. There is still some hemorrhaging, but his hysteric cries have finally diminished into soft weeping. He is now well enough to continue working. I have left him in charge of supervising Tim, whom I also dragged into the brig after... an operation. He was behaving threateningly towards me, so I had to administer localized crowbar treatment.

Captain Duke has locked himself in his quarters. I have tried to communicate with him by writing messages in blood on the window of his door, but he just keeps screaming. I think the poor man needs some rest. I will check up on him again in the morning.



I think I can see the eye outside the window again.

SUNDAY

Dear reader, my heart is broken. It's worse than that time when my good-for-nothing husband had an affair. Worse than when you thought I would end your life by accident. I don't think I have ever felt sorrow like this.

I... I have had to put John down. The poor, sweet boy couldn't come to grips with the necessities that we face, and he was in agony. Can you imagine - he threatened my life! I know he didn't mean it, he was just so distraught over the loss of his colleagues. And I couldn't make him understand why the surviving ones must stay in the brig, even though Tim needs constant medical attention (Billy has managed to keep him breathing so far; a considerable accomplishment for one so inept).

The final straw seems to have been when I broached the topic of food, and Mel. We have none of the former, and a crispy heap of the latter. And it is a long way to civilization, to which I have every intention of returning.

Luckily, I only brought up the dinner problem after the beautiful man had succeeded where all others had failed: fixing the reactor and unsealing the bridge bulkhead. So now it falls to me, your good Dr. Happy, chief medical officer (and new captain) of the Peanut, to perform one last favor for John and see to it that his impressive physique gets the burial it deserves.

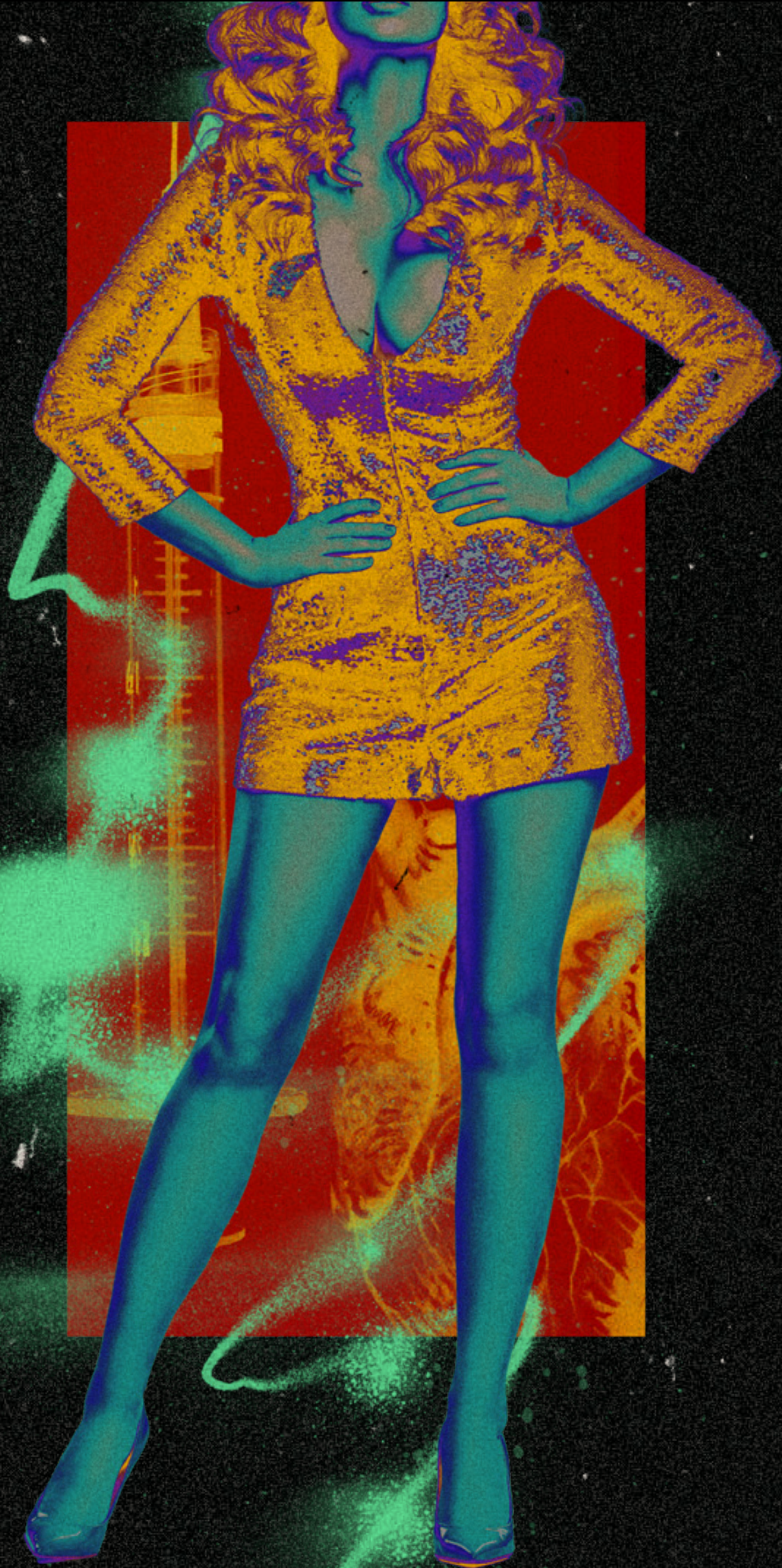
I must say that the staff of *The European* were right, I really needed a vacation! As saddened as I am by some of the past fortnight's events, I am also feeling reinvigorated like I haven't since I showed Fred the insides of a trash compactor. I think I will stay on the road a while longer... but I will mail this journal to the paper, so you, my dearest readers, won't miss out on any of the fun.

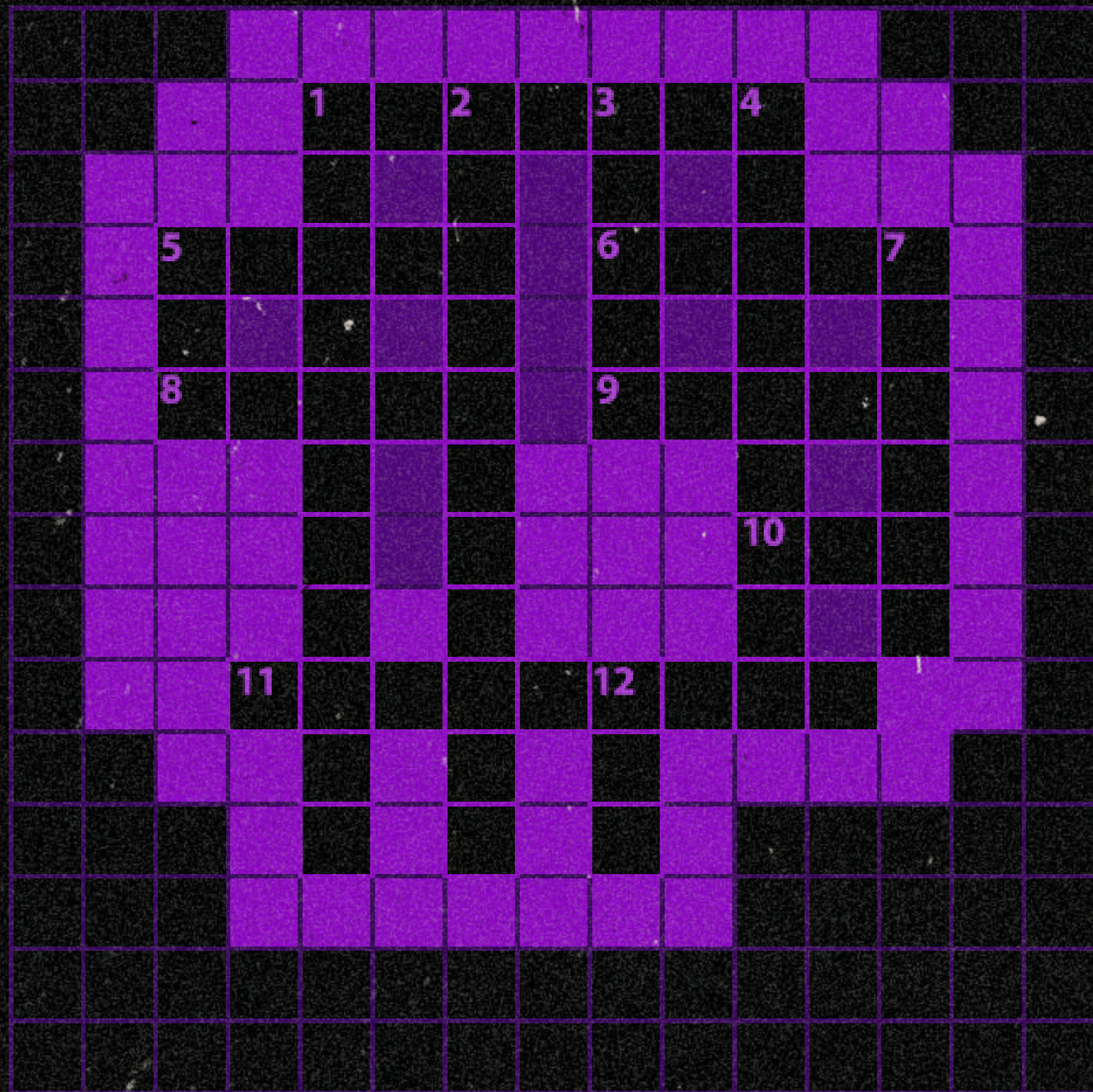
SATURDAY

Our situation is dire, the crew's morale is at an all-time low! I do not understand, after all that I have done for these ingrates.

When I went to see him earlier today, Captain Duke continued to refuse to open his door, and instead proceeded to swing mournfully back and forth by his neck on a length of rope. Things are not great at the med bay, either. Without Billy there to perform his duties (way to go, Billy), the intern Dave's skin has turned into what I can only describe as grayish goo. Between squishy Dave and crunchy Mel, you can really appreciate the spectrum of injury a submarine reactor can inflict on the unwise.

But there is a light that shines in the darkness! And I don't mean the watcher (assuming there ever was one, which there of course was not), I mean John. After his tragic ladder mishap, the handsome boy has finally come to. He just needs some time to adjust to everything that has happened while he was dreaming away. Not to worry, I will explain it all to him. I will make him see.





by Hans von Werk

ACROSS

- 1. No place
- 5. Ancient singer or a knife I wish I had right now
- 6. Someone should knock these crooked things down Artman's throat
- 8. A caretaker's occupation
- 9. Time for nefarious activity
- 10. Around his throat
- 11. To reappear

DOWN

- 1. *The European* clientele
- 2. Approximate location they will find his body
- 3. Crispy Mel
- 4. Vigorous
- 5. A sweet pastry
- 7. Intense dislike (e.g for weathermen)
- 12. An enemy

EUROPEAN FLEA MARKET



DIRT CHEAP!



BRING YOUR OWN THINGS TO SELL! BODY PARTS NOT ALLOWED!

Có họa sĩ bị nhốt dưới hầm. Xin hãy giải cứu!

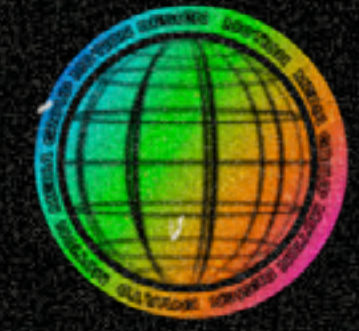
FUNERAL SERVICE

043-FUN-9095



GUNS FOR HIRE

035 - XOXO32



DAY 48
NO PLASIC ITS FANTSTIC NO PLASIC
PLASIC ITS FANTSTIC NO PLASIC
ITS FANTSTIC NO PLASIC



COMICS

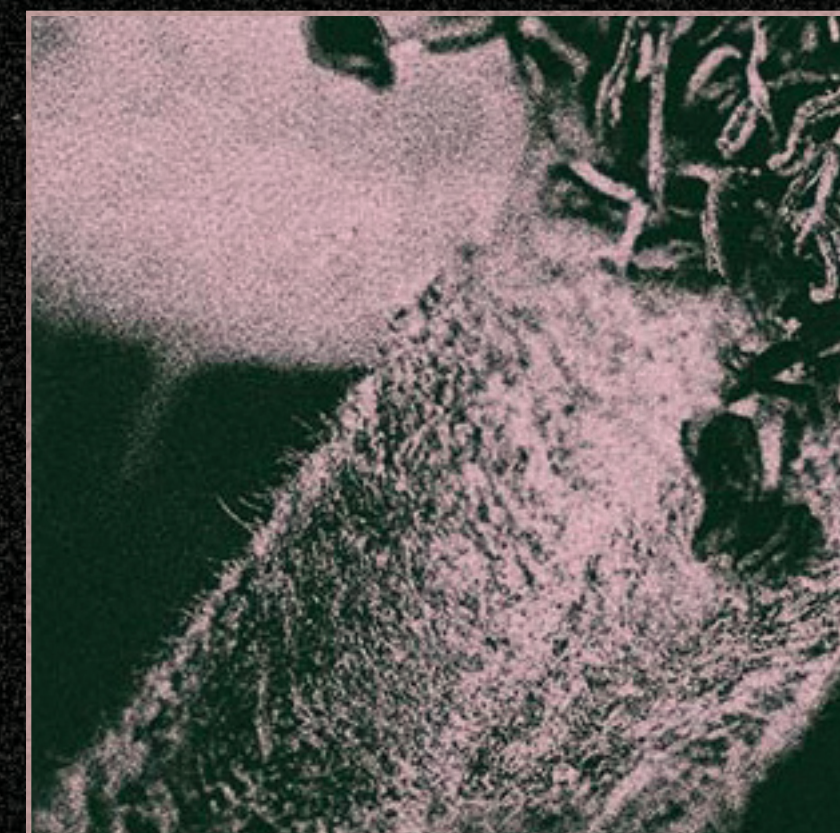


CLEARANCE SALE!

EVERYTHING MUST GO!

OBITUARIES

MEMENTO MORI



FRED
Beloved husband,
sloppy adulterer.

DR. JOSEF HUPFAUER'S ASSISTANT
Aforementioned gene
splicing job.

MARJORIE MORTIMORE
Acid reflux.

DENNIS ROSE
Got in the way of a
21-gun salute.

SUSY SUSMAN
No longer amogus.

MICHAEL ARTMAN
Found beaten, stabbed,
hanged and shot in the
head.

BARTHOLOMEW KINCAID
Gazed at the watcher
for too long.

YAROSLAV PLANK
Mysteriously replaced
by someone else at the
end of a mission.

BESS SLENDER
Wrote her last exposé
and was never seen
again.

GORDON GRECH
Trusted a fart.

METHUSELAH KOHLHAASE
Still alive, to the dismay
of family and friends.

DORIS PLATH
Possibly still living on some
level, our beloved Aunt
Doris now samples grander
meals.

CONRAD SMOOT
May he find worthy
vessels to review in the
afterlife.

DR. JOSEF HUPFAUER
Spineless spike through
the head as a result of a
botched gene splicing job.

GYALCHOK MONPA
New to submarine life,
got sassy with a security
officer.

JEFF POWERGAMINGTON
Head-on collision with
a wall after becoming a
disconcertingly talented
runner.

THE CREW OF THE PEANUT
Most likely all gone by
now.

"DEATH MAY BE THE GREATEST OF ALL HUMAN BLESSINGS"



THE EUROPEAN EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief **STAFFORD ARRAGON**

Senior news reporter **ELIZABETH "FAT BESS" SLENDER** (presumed dead)

Junior News Reporter **JANE BATES** – Junior News Reporter **GÁBRIEL ALBERT** – Sports reporter **DOUGLAS JUPITER**

Columnist **CONRAD SMOOT** (deceased)

Conrad Smoot's assistant **DENNIS ROSE** (deceased)

Conrad Smoot's assistant **LINDA SCOTT** Conrad Smoot's assistant **MATTHEW BRAESCU**

Columnist **CECIL KIRKE** – Columnist **DORIS PLATH** (transcended) – Columnist **"DR. HAPPY"**

Graphic designer **REBECCA MOORE** – Illustrator **BOB LOBLAW II**

Comic, advertisement, and obituary coordinator **IRMA QUINCE**

Puzzle magician **HANS VON WERK**

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