

*The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, by Douglas Adams. Starring Peter Jones, as THE BOOK.

<intro music>

*Arthur Dent, a man whose planet has been blown up, has been having a remarkable effect on the Universe. And the most remarkable thing about this is that the only remarkable thing about him as a person is that he is remarkably unremarkable—in all respects other than that of having had his planet blown up.*

*And this, of course, is the nub of the matter, because most of the things which stir the Universe up in anyway are cause by dispossessed people.*

*There are two ways of accounting for this. One is to say that if everyone just sat around at home nothing would ever happen—this is very simple—the other is to say, as Oolon Colluphid has at great length in his book, “Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Guilt, But Were Too Ashamed to Ask,” that every being in the Universe is tied to his birthplace by tiny invisible force tendrils composed of little quantum packets of guilt. If you travel far from your birthplace, these tendrils get stretched and distorted.*

*This compares with an ancient Arcturan Proverb, “How ever fast the body travels, the soul travels at the speed of an Arcturan Mega-camel.” This would mean, in these days of hyperspace and improbability drive, that most people’s souls are wandering unprotected in deep space in a state of some confusion; and this would account for a lot of things.*

*Similarly, if your birthplace is actually destroyed, or in Arthur Dent’s case demolished (ostensibly to make way for a new hyperspace bypass), then these tendrils are severed and flap about at random. There are no people to be fed or whales to be saved; there is no washing up to be done.*

*And these flapping tendrils of guilt can seriously disturb the space-time continuum. We have already seen how Arthur inadvertently caused war between the G’Gugvuntts and the Vl’hurges, we shall shortly see how it is directly attributable to this thoroughly unremarkable Earthman, that the Heart of Gold escaping from the Vogons on Improbability Drive, has now materialized in a highly mysterious cave on the even more mysterious planet Brontitall.*

Eddie: Improbability Factor at 1 to 1. Normality is restored. We seem to be in some kind of cave guys. Do you like caves? <tick tick tick> There’s something very strange about this one.

Zaphod: Caves are cool. Let’s get out there and relate to it.

Eddie: <tick tick tick> This one’s very cool—and you know that gives me pause for thought, because the planet Brontitall—which is where I think we are—is meant to have a warm rich atmosphere.

Ford: Perhaps we’re on a mountain.

Eddie: <tick tick tick> Nope, no mountains on Brontitall.

Ford: Well, let's get out and see. I'm hungry for a little action.

Arthur: In a cave?

Eddie: <tick tick tick tick tick> On Brontital? <tick tick tick> Hmmm

Ford: Yeah! In a cave, wherever.! You make your own action.

Zaphod: Sling open the hatch computer.

Eddie: Er, Ok.

<ca-clck>

<whooommmmmmmmmmmmm>

Eddie: You go out and have a good time and I'm sure that everything will be just hunky-dory.

<ca-clck>

Eddie: Oh, hmmm.

Ford: Bring the robot Arthur.

<pa-tfffffft>

<pa-tfffffft>

Marvin: I'm quite capable of bringing myself.

<pa-tfffffft>

<pa-tfffffft>

Ford: we might be able to bury him somewhere.

<pa-tfffffft>

Eddie: Thin, cold air...hmmm, no mountains. <tick tick tick tick tick> Hmmm. Check altitude.

<tick tick tick tick tick> Hmm. Hey guys! You might be interested to know that though this cave is not in a mountain, it is thirteen miles above ground level. Hello??? <tick tick> Oh well—they'll find out.

Zaphod: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!! OOOOOOOOOO!!! Ha-ha! Hey what a cave man! Hey we could really... we could really—!

Arthur: We could really what?

Zaphod: We could really, you know—**BE** in this cave.

Arthur: We *are* in this cave.

Zaphod: And what a wild cave to be in! WEEEEEEEE! HOOO-OO-OOO! What a great cave, hey Ford?

Ford: Really amazing walls. Pure white rock.

Arthur: Marble

Marvin: I've worked out.... That if I stick my left arm in my right ear, I can electrocute myself...

Ford: what?

Marvin: terminally.

Ford: Is that so?

Marvin: I can do it at a moments notice. Just say the word.

Ford: Just cool it.

<pa-tffffffffft>

<pa-tffffffffft>

Marvin: I think I'll go and hide.

Arthur: Why are we here?!

Ford: Now don't you start as well.

Arthur: No, I mean in this cave.

Ford: Why.? Does it matter?—Improbability Drive.

Arthur: Strange shape—the mouth is perfectly circular. Can you see anything in the distance?

Ford: Only sky.

Arthur: Must be on a hill. I'll go and take a look out.

Ford: Okay.

Arthur: By the way, did you hear the computer calling us just before the hatch closed?

Ford: Oh, screw the computer.! I hope it gets plug rot.

Arthur: Hmm. Probably not important. I'll be back in a minute. <walks off>

Ford: Fine. Hey Zaphod! How are you doing?!

Zaphod: Aw, freezing man.!

Ford: Yeah.

Zaphod: yeah. Every time I breath out I need an ice pick to get through it.

Ford: Yeah. Strange that.

Zaphod: awh.

Ford: The computer said it was meant to have a warm, rich atmosphere.

Zaphod: yeahh. Did you hear the computer calling after we left?

Ford: no.

Zaphod: mm, I probably imagined it.



<Cghgkchhgkch>  
Ford: Zaphod!

<Crrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!>

Zaphod: Holy Zarquon's singing fish!!!!!!

Ford: What?

Zaphod: There's nothing out there Ford.! Like no ground.! *Some cat's taken the ground away.!*

Ford: Holy Zarquon's what?

Zaphod: There's no ground Ford. *We're miles up in the air!*

Ford: Did you say fish?

Zaphod: Singing Fish.

Ford: where?

Zaphod: It's just an expression: "Holy Zarquon's singing fish!"

Ford: ... It must be a highly specialized expression then.

Zaphod: What?

Ford: Very specific. Not very handy in general usage.

Zaphod: Gotta get a grip on the ice... to crawl back... gonna fall into nowhere.

Ford: I KNOW! I'm trying not to think about it! I get very nervous in these situations. I don't think I can do anything to help you.

Zaphod: What!??

Ford: Arthur and Marvin must have gone over. *You're* going to go over, and I can't reach you without going over myself.

Zaphod: Prefect!

Ford: I'm sorry. Look, I do feel rather guilty about this, but can we talk about something else? Where does the expression, "Holy Zarquon's singing fish" come from? What's its derivation?

Zaphod: *FORD!*

Ford: Zaphod! Have you got any intellectual curiosity at all?

*It is often said that a disproportionate obsession with purely academic or abstract matters indicates a retreat from the problems of real life. However, most of the people engaged in such matters say that this attitude is based on three things: ignorance, stupidity, and nothing else. Philosophers, for example, argue that they are very much concerned with the problems posed by real life. Like, for instance, "what do we mean by*

*real?” and “how can we reach an empirical definition of life?” and so on. One definition of life, albeit not a particularly useful one, might run something like this: “Life is that property which a being will lose as a result of falling out of a cold and mysterious cave 13 miles above ground level.” This is not a useful definition A) because it could equally well refer to the subject’s glasses if he happens to be wearing them, and B) because it fails to take into account the possibility that the subject might happen to fall onto a..., say, the back of an extremely large passing bird. The first of these flaws is due to sloppy thinking, but the second is understandable, because the mere idea is quite clearly, utterly ludicrous.*

Arthur: (falling) AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

<Thwt-thwat-thwt-tat-tat-tll (wings flapping and flailing)>

Bird 1: Oh Look, this is utterly ludicrous! <ahck>

Arthur: What?

Bird 1: Let go of my leg.

Arthur: No.

Bird 1: C'mon, let go.

Arthur: I can't!

Bird 1: Yes you can, it's perfectly simple, unclasp your hands and buzz off.

Arthur: But I can't fly.!

Bird 1: Then what the devil are you doing up here?!?!

Arthur: Falling.!

Bird 1: Then get on with it.!

Arthur: But the drop will kill me.!

Bird 1: Ya should've thought of that before you started out, no point in saying “I think I'll just go for a quick drop and if I get tired on the way down, I'll jump on a passing bird.” It's not like that up here.!

It's all to do with the harsh realities of Physics up in the sky; it's power to weight ratios, it's wing cross-sections, wing surface areas, it's practical aerodynamics.!

It's also cold and extremely windy! You'll be better off on the ground.

Arthur: No I won't, I'll be dead.!

Bird 1: Well, it's your habitat, not mine.

Arthur: It's not a question of *whose* habitat it is, it's a question of how fast you hit it.!

Ugh, couldn't you please just see your way to taking me down to ground level and dropping me off?

Bird 1: No, I'm dropping you off here, it's as far down as I'm going.

Arthur: But I—

Bird 1: No, no, no listen.! My race have been through the whole ground thing and I don't want to know it, if the good Lord had meant us to walk he would have given us *sneakers*.

Arthur: All right. Well.! If that's the way you feel about it: I'm sorry to have trespassed on your time. Good Byyyyyyyyyyye

eeee!

Bird 1: Well there's no need to go off in a huff about it. When you land swing your knees round, try an' roll with it! Ah, hell.

<thwt-thwt-twht-thwt-thwt>

<Zvoooooooooommmmmmmmmmmmm>

<thwt-thwt>

Arthur: Ahhhahhh! Oh! You again.

Bird 1: Yes. It just occurred to me: where did you fall from?

Arthur: Let go.!

Bird 1: First tell me where you fell from.

Arthur: A huge, cold, white cave in the sky.

Bird 1: You were in the cup?

Arthur: What do you mean, "cup?"

Bird 1: The cup, it's part of the statue.

Arthur: What statue?

Bird 1: The statue.

Arthur: I don't know what you're talking about.! Let go.!

Bird 1: You mean you haven't seen the statue?

Arthur: No. Should I have done? *Good* is it? Let go.! Your claws are digging in my back.

Bird 1: Only decent thing our ancestors ever did. Come on, I'll show you.

<thwt-thwt-thwt-thwt-tat-tat-til>

Arthur: I want to go **down**, not up.

Bird 1: There. You see it?

Arthur: What?

Bird 1: Look up, look up.!

Arthur: You're hurting my neck.

Bird 1: Soon be over. Look.! That's it.

Arthur: But...! It looks like... like... just like a plastic cup.! Hanging in the sky. It's...It's about a mile long.

Bird 1: Looks like plastic. Carved from solid marble there.

Arthur: But the weight of it! What's supporting it?! What *keeps* it there?!

Bird 1: Art.

Arthur: *Art!?!?!??*

Bird 1: It's only part of the main statue—fifteen miles high. It's directly behind us, but I'll circle round in a moment.

Arthur: Fifteen miles high?

Bird 1: Very impressive from up here with the morning sun gleaming on it.

Arthur: But what is it? What's worth a statue fifteen miles high?

Bird 1: It was of great symbolic importance to our ancestors, it's called, "Arthur Dent Throwing the Nutrimatic Cup"

Arthur: Sorry, what did you say?

<whhh-whhh-whh-whh>

Bird 1: There. What do you think of it?

Arthur: Ugh. Ouh, ouh. I mean...

*The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy is an indispensable companion to all those who are keen to make sense of life in an infinitely complex and confusing Universe. For though it cannot hope to be useful or informative on all matters, it does make the reassuring claim that where it is inaccurate, it is at least **definitively** inaccurate. In cases of major discrepancy it is always reality that's got it wrong.*

*So, for instance, when the Guide was sued by the families of those who had died as a result of taking the entry on the planet Traal literally (it said "Ravenous Bugblatter Beasts often make a very good meal for visiting tourists" instead of "Ravenous Bugblatter Beasts often make a very good meal of visiting tourists") the editors claimed that the first version of the sentence was the more aesthetically pleasing; summoned a qualified poet to testify under oath that beauty was truth, truth beauty, and hoped thereby to prove that the guilty party in this case was life itself for failing to be either beautiful or true.*



*The judges concurred...and in a moving speech held that life itself was in contempt of court and duly confiscated it from all those there present before going off for a pleasant evening's Ultra-golf.*

*The Guide's omissions are less easily rationalized. There is nothing on any of its pages to tell you on which planets you can expect suddenly to encounter fifteen mile high statues of yourself, nor how to react if it is immediately apparent that they have become colonies for flocks of giant, evil-smelling birds (with all the cosmetic problems that implies).*

*The nearest approach the Guide makes to this matter is on page seven thousand and twenty-three, which includes the words, "Expect the unexpected." This advice has annoyed many hitchhikers in that it is A) glib and B) a contradiction in terms.*

*In fact, the very best advice it has to offer in these situations is to be found on the cover. Where it says, in those now notoriously large and famously friendly letters, "DON'T PANIC"*

Bird 1: Good isn't it?

Arthur: Don't panic. Don't panic.

Bird 1: What did you say?

Arthur: What did you expect me to say? Here I am on an unknown planet, hanging from the talons of, with all due respect, a giant bird, and you take it into your head to fly me round a fifteen mile high statue of myself. What do you expect me to say? "Quite a good likeness except the nose is a bit bent?"

Bird 1: Likeness?

Arthur: And the noxious streaky substances down my face are less than life-like.

Bird 1: Likeness of you? You're Arthur Dent?

Arthur: Well, yes.

Bird 1: *The* Arthur Dent?

Arthur: *The* Arthur Dent I don't know about, but that Arthur Dent is me. Can I ask you where you got it from?

Bird 1: Our ancestors built it centuries ago.

Arthur: Don't Panic.

Bird 1: Well this is, truly incredible.

Arthur: I wouldn't argue with that.

Bird 1: I think you'd better come and meet the rest of us. They're going to be terribly surprised! And so, I think, are you.

Arthur: Where do you all live?

Bird 1: In your right ear. Hold on, we'll dive into it.

<ZnnnnnnnnmnnNNNNNNnnnnn. ZnnnnnnnnmnnNNNNNNnnnnn>

Arthur: Euhh!

Bird 1: What is the matter?

Arthur: The smell...

Bird 1: What?

Arthur: The smell, it's terrible.

Bird 1: I can't hear what you're saying.

Arthur: Why don't you wash my ear out?

Bird 1: I said, I can't hear what *you're* saying.

Arthur: oh never mind.

<birds squawk>

Bird 1: Hear that noise up ahead?

Arthur: What, all that squawking?

<squawkx10>

Bird 1: The Bird People of Brontitall, that's us. Last of an unhappy race.

Arthur: What's wrong?

Bird 1: Oh, just don't ask. A once proud people living in a foul smelling ear. Pathetic isn't it?  
Hey old bird brothers!

Bird People: Hello.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
Hello.

Arthur: Don't you have names?

Bird 1: What's the point? Birds! I bring you a visitor! After all these years he visits us! *This* is Arthur Dent!

Bird People: Arthur Dent!  
                  Arthur Dent?  
                          Arthur Dent.!  
                  Arthur Dent!  
                  Arthur Dent.!  
                  Arthur Dent.!  
                  Arthur Dent!  
                  Arthur Dent!  
                  Arthur Dent.!

Arthur: What do I say?

Bird 1: Just say hello.

Arthur: oh, uh. Hello.

Bird People: Hello.  
                  Hello.  
                  Hello.  
                  Hello.  
                  Hello.  
                  Hello.

Random Bird: Small, isn't he?!

Arthur: I don't actually understand what's going on.

<squawk $\times 10^{23}$ >

Arthur: Why are they making that appalling noise?

Bird 1: Our leader is coming to talk to you.

Arthur: Leader? You have a leader?

Bird 1: Yes. We call him The Wise Old Bird.

Wise Old Bird: Well, well, well.

Bird 1: Ah

Arthur: And this is him is it?

Wise Old Bird: Arthur Dent.

Bird 1: This is him.

Wise Old Bird: Arthur Dent.!

Arthur: I see.

Wise Old Bird: Hm-huh. Arthur Dent. Heh-heh-heh-heh. Well, well, well. Ell, heh-heh-heh-heh.

Arthur: Sorry, should I know you?

Wise Old Bird: Know me? Oh no, no, probably not. I am but he they are kind enough to call The Wise Old Bird. Henh-henh-heh. Now, where was I?

Arthur: God knows.

Wise Old Bird: Well let me tell you, with frank admiration—

Arthur: Why admiration? What have I done? I fell out of a cup.

Wise Old Bird: Well through all the generations that have past since we deserted the surface of this planet, girded up our limbs and shook the dust off our...

<squawk×10<sup>23</sup>>

Wise Old Bird: Our...things... our, whachamacallits.

Arthur: Your what?

Wise Old Bird: Your face has been—

Arthur: Shook the dust from the what?

Wise Old Bird: ...has been the one solitary candle that has illumined the recesses of our scraggy old bird brains.

Arthur: Why doesn't he want to say what you shook the dust from?

<squawk×10<sup>23</sup>>

Wise Old Bird: All right, All right.

Arthur: Well, can we come back to that point later?

Wise Old Bird: Let's have some lunch, shall we? Bring light. Light.

Random Bird: Bring the light

Another Random Bird: Turn on the light.

Wise Old Bird: There we go.

Random Bird: Here's a light

Another Random Bird: Here's a light.

Wise Old Bird: That we may gaze on the face of Arthur Dent.

<click>

Arthur: Oh look, it really is filthy in here.!

Wise Old Bird: So this is how you appeared to our ancestors that night—

Arthur: What night? What are you talking about?

Wise Old Bird: Imagine our planet at the height of its technological civilization...

Arthur: Why?

Wise Old Bird: ...In the days when we too walked on the ground, much as you do even now.

Arthur: Why does everyone want to tell me their life stories?

Wise Old Bird: My dear old thing, you have such a sympathetic face.

Arthur: Is that why you've done what you've done all over it? I'm sorry, but on my world I had a nice home and a good job with prospects and I get **angry** at the thought that my life suddenly consists of sitting in **sewage** filled models of my own ear, being patronized by **a lot of demented birds!!!**

<squawk×10<sup>23</sup>>

Wise Old Bird: Now keep quiet, keep quiet.

Arthur: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Carry on.

Wise Old Bird: Such forthrightness, such fearless outspokenness.! The qualities you awakened in us, Arthur Dent.

Arthur Dent: When?

Wise Old Bird: Now listen. Our world suffered two blights. One was the blight of the robot.

Arthur: Tried to take over did they?

Wise Old Bird: Oh my dear fellow, no, no, no, no, no. Much worse than that. They told us they liked us.

Arthur: No.?!

Wise Old Bird: Well, it's not their fault, poor things, they'd been programmed to. But you can imagine how we felt, or at least our ancestors.

Arthur: Ghastly.

Wise Old Bird: Precisely. And then one night, the sky boiled...

Arthur: It what?

Wise Old Bird: ...**Boiled**, dear fellow, in the most improbable way.

Arthur: Ah.

Wise Old Bird: And this gigantic vision appeared in the sky. A man with a Nutrimatic Machine. *You*, Arthur Dent. And you said:

**Arthur: Listen you stupid machine it tastes filthy! Here take this cup back!**

and you threw the cup at it! An astounding revelation!

Arthur: It was nothing.

Wise Old Bird: You were sarcastic to it.! You said, uh:

**Arthur: so I'm a masochist on a diet Am I?!**

you told it to:

**Arthur: Shut up.!!**

in a moment we realized the truth: Just because the little bitches liked us, it didn't mean to say we had to like 'em back. And that night we rounded out every last one of the little creeps:

Guy: Bring out your dishwashers! Bring out your digital watches with the special snooze alarms! Bring out your TV Chess games! Bring out your Auto-gardener's Techno-teachers love-o-matics! Bring out your friendly household robots! Shove 'em on the Cart!

Another Fine Product of SCC: *What is this? Have we not loved you?*

(Another) Another Fine Product of SCC: *Have we not cared for you?*

Another Fine Product of SCC: *Have we not Shared and Enjoyed with you?*

Guy: Shut up you little toadies! Get on the cart!

<robotic murmurs>

and we set 'em to work to build a statue as an eternal reminder. After which we sent them to a slave planet where they're doing a very useful job making continent toupees.

Arthur: Making what?

Wise Old Bird: Toupees, for worlds where they've used up all the forests.

Arthur: Ah. Look, the statue, how did you get the cup bit to stay where it is unsupported?

Wise Old Bird: It stays there because it's artistically right.

Arthur: What?

Wise Old Bird: The law of gravity isn't as indiscriminate as people often think. You **learn** things like that when you're a bird.

Arthur: But you didn't start out as birds?

Wise Old Bird: Oh, no, no, no, no. We were forced to re-evolve by the second and more deadly blight.

<squawk $\times 10^{21}$ >

Wise Old Bird: And that was already too advanced by the time we rid ourselves of the robot blight. Ah...! What woe was upon us...

Arthur: All right. What woe was upon you?

<squawk $\times 10^{25}$ >

Wise Old Bird: Too terrible to speak of. Imagine this: we walked.

Bird People: We walked.  
                  We walked.

Arthur: What's so wrong about that?

Wise Old Bird: Nothing. We went for strolls, we jogged, we marched, we bumbled. We competed in five-hundred meter hurdles.

Bird People: meter hurdles.  
                  meter hurdles.

Wise Old Bird: Imagine how our ancestors felt to walk through our great cities, stride across the pedestrian precincts, stroll along walkways, maybe wander into a small buy and barter and have lunch with a girlfriend.

Arthur: What?

Wise Old Bird: Hmm. Yeah. Maybe play, ha,ha, maybe play footsy under the table. Ha, ha. And she say how she'd been walking here, strolling there, wandering into shops, maybe trying to buy a pair of—

<squawk×10<sup>29</sup>>

Wise Old Bird: uh, buy some things... you know, um, some... some whachamacallits.

Arthur: What things? Are these the things you refused to talk about brushing the dust off?

<squawks>

Arthur: Oh come on.!

Wise Old Bird: And then they would saunter off into the sunset.

Arthur: Yes, very idyllic. So what went wrong?

Wise Old Bird: Ahh.!. Too terrible to speak of.

Arthur: Then why did you bring it up in the first place?

Wise Old Bird: Suffice it to say that we have sworn never to walk upon the ground again.

Arthur: What's the matter with it?

Wise Old Bird: Awhh. If you want to know, you will have to descend to the ground where you will encounter those who have come to unravel the unspeakable nightmare of our past.

Bird People: Unspeakable  
                  Unspeakable  
                  Unspeakable  
                  Unspeakable  
                  Unspeakable  
                  Unspeakable  
                  Unspeakable  
                                  Nightmare.

Arthur: All right. How do I get down there?

Wise Old Bird: There's an ancient express elevator down your spine that will take you straight down to ground level.

Arthur: Well anything to get out of my ear. Show me the way.

<squawk×10<sup>26</sup>>

Arthur: Can't be much more unspeakable than this lot.

*In today's modern Galaxy there is, of course, very little still held to be unspeakable. Many words and expressions which only a matter of decades ago were considered so distastefully explicit that were they merely to be breathed in public, the perpetrator would be shunned, barred from polite society, and, in extreme cases, shot through the lungs, are now thought to be very healthy and proper, and their use in everyday speech is seen as evidence of a well-adjusted, relaxed, and totally unf\*\*ked-up personality.*

*So, for instance, when in a recent national speech, the financial minister of the Royal World Estate of Qualvista actually dared to say that due to one thing and another, and the fact that no one had made any food for awhile and the king seemed to have died, and that most of the population had been on holiday now for over three years, the economy had now arrived at what he called, "One whole juju-flop situation," everyone was so pleased he felt able to come out and say it, that they quite failed to notice that their five-thousand year old civilization had just collapsed overnight.*

*But though even words like "juju-flop," "swut," and "turlingdrome" are now perfectly acceptable in common usage, there is one word that is still beyond the pail. The concept it embodies is so revolting that the publication or broadcast of the word is utterly forbidden in all parts of the Galaxy except one—where they don't know what it means. That word is, "Belgium" and it is only ever used by loose-tongued people like Zaphod Beeblebrox in situations of dire provocation. Such as...*

Ford: ... and I'll tell you another interesting thing.

Zaphod: I don't want to be interested! I don't want to be stimulated or relaxed, or have my horizon's broadened, *I just want to be rescued Ford!* I just want to be *swodding well rescued!*

Ford: Well I'm sorry, I've told you: NO WAY.

Zaphod: Oh, *Belgium* man, *Belgium!*

Ford: Alright... I'll get my towel.

Zaphod: Towel?

Ford: Yeah, I'll hold onto this end and I'll throw you the other end. <throws towel> There. Got it?

Zaphod: I got it.

Ford: Okay, pull.

Zaphod: <pulls> I'm pulling



Ford: ye—um—that's it

Zaphod: (grunting)

Ford: Pull, yeah, come on pull. That's it, that's it, pull. hey, Hey, HEEEEEEYYYYYAAAAA...

Ford: ...AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Zaphod: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

<they are falling>

Ford: You stupid git!

Zaphod: You said pull man!

Ford: yeah, not that hard!

Zaphod: How hard did you expect me to pull, just not quite hard enough to actually pull me up?!!

Ford: I can't stand heights!

Zaphod: Then don't worry, we're on our way down. Listen, we'll be all right. We may land in the water or something, you know. Can you swim?

Ford: I don't know.

Zaphod: What do you mean you don't know?

Ford: Well I don't like to go into water, you know, in any great detail.

Zaphod: What kind of traveler are you man??—Don't like heights, don't like water!

Ford: It's perfectly natural: I just get a kick out of being on the ground.

Zaphod: Well any minute now you'll have the biggest kick of your life.!

Ford: Suppose we couldn't get picked up by bird on the way down...

Zaphod: A bird?????

Ford: Yeah, a bird, you know, with wings.

Zaphod: Have to be a swodding big one man.

Ford: Or two of them.

Zaphod: Hey, will you get your head back on! The chances against one guy falling onto a passing bird are 10 to the power of my overdraft! But two is just—waahhhhhhhh

<wings flapping, then slowing to normal rate>

Bird 2: Look, this is utterly ludicrous.

*Meanwhile, Arthur is in the thick of it. No sooner has he emerged from the cavernous gap between two of the statue's toes into a thick ball of smoke, than he has been accosted thus:*

Foot Warrior: Halt. Who goes there?

Arthur: What?

Foot Warrior: Friend or Foe?

Arthur: Who me?

Foot Warrior: Friend or Foe!

Arthur: Do I know you?

Foot Warrior: Answer! Friend or Foe!

Arthur: Well, without knowing you it's hard to tell. I mean I quite like some people, others, not so much.

Foot Warrior: Answer!

Arthur: Well it has to be said that on balance very few of the people I count, or rather counted, as friends, most of them have been disintegrated you see, very few of them have piercing red eyes, black armor, and laser rifles. So I think the answer is probably veering towards—

Foot Warrior: Answer or I fire!

Arthur: Ah! Well that clinches it I'm afraid—I don't think we're going to be friends.

Foot Warrior: This planet is the property of the Dolmansaxlil Galactic Corporation. Trespassers are to be shot!

Arthur: Whose property? What about the bird people?

Foot Warrior: You have established communication with the avian perverts?

Arthur: Well, chatted... Didn't understand a lot of it to be honest... What do you mean, perverts?!!

Foot Warrior: Perverts! Subversives! All Perverts, Subversives, and Trespassers are to be shot.

Arthur: Well that should keep you busy. Bye now.

Foot Warrior: Halt!

<running>

Foot Warrior: I command you to halt!

<dddddddddwwwwtd, ddddwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

<running>

*And also accosted thus:*

Foot Warrior 2: Halt! Who goes there? Friend or Foe?

Arthur: Depends what you like!

Foot Warrior 2: Halt or I fire!

<running>

<ddddddddwwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

*And finally, thus:*

<ddddddddwwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

Lintilla: Here! Get down!

Arthur: What? Huh...

Lintilla: Into the trench! C'mon, there's a hidden shelter.

Arthur: Oh! Thanks.

Lintilla: Shhh. Now

Arthur: Who are you?

Lintilla: Archeologist.

Arthur: What?

Lintilla: Shhh.

Arthur: Archeologist?

Lintilla: Yes.

Foot Warrior: All Perverts, ...

Arthur: What are you doing?

Foot Warrior: ...Subversives, and Trespassers...

Lintilla: Digging, researching, trying to stay alive.

Foot Warrior: ...are to be shot.

Arthur: With that lot around?

<ddddddddwwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

Lintilla: Most particularly because that lot are around.

<ddddddddwwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

Arthur: With all the laser guns and the armor and things?

<ddddddddwwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

Lintilla: yes.

<ddddddddwwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

Arthur: Odd thing. They all seem to be limping.

<dddddddddwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>  
Lintilla: yes.

<dddddddddwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>  
Arthur: Why?

Foot Warrior: This planet is the property...

Lintilla: Blisters.

Foot Warrior: ...of the Dolmansaxlil Galactic Corporation

Arthur: Ah! So that's why they're limping.

Foot Warrior: Trespassers are to be shot!

Lintilla: Yes.

<dddddddddwwwwtd, ddddwwwwt, ddddwt (laser rifle fire)>

Arthur: Why have they got blisters?

Lintilla: That, whoever you are, is a very good question.

Arthur: and the answer?

Lintilla: That's what I'm here to find out.

Arthur: Really? Strange job for an archeologist.

*Why should a nice young archeologist whose name, incidentally, is Lintilla, be particularly interested in a band of limping soldiers? Will Ford and Zaphod have to go through all the business with the Wise Old Bird, or will they persuade the bird they've so improbably landed on to take them to the ground, so that they can get straight on with the next bit? Find out in the next intriguing episode of The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy.*

*In that episode of The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Peter Jones was THE BOOK. Simon Jones was Arthur Dent. Geoffrey McGivern was Ford Prefect. Mark Wing-Davey was Zaphod Beeblebrox; Stephen Moore was Marvin; David Tate was Eddie; Ronald Baddiley was Bird One; John Baddeley was Bird Two and the Foot Warrior; Rula Lenska was Lintilla; and John Le Mesurier was the Wise Old Bird. Radio-Phonic sound and music was by Paddy Kingsland of the BBC Radio-Phonic Workshop. The program was written by Douglas Adams and produced by Geoffrey Perkins. Parents of young, organic life forms are warned that towels can be harmful if swallowed in large quantities.*