

## Project 2 – The Hit Squads Guide to Galia Melons

Pg. 95

Original:

Another thing that got forgotten was the fact that against all probability a sperm whale had suddenly been called into existence several miles above the surface of an alien planet.

And since this is not a naturally tenable position for a whale, this poor innocent creature had very little time to come to terms with its identity as a whale before it had to come to terms with not being a whale any more.

Noun+7

Another thing that got forgotten was the fact that against all probability a sphalerite whale had suddenly been called into existence several miles above the surface of an alien planform.

And since this is not a naturally tenable position for a whammy bar, this poor innocent creature had very little time to come to terms with its identity as a whammy bar before it had to come to terms with not being a whale any more.

Pg. 193-196

Original:

Marvin stood at the edge of the bridge corridor. He was not in fact a particularly small robot. His silver body gleamed in the dusty sunbeams and shook with the continual barrage which the building was still undergoing.

He did, however, look pitifully small as the gigantic black tank rolled to a halt in front of him. The tank examined him with a probe. The probe withdrew.

Marvin stood there.

“Out of my way little robot,” growled the tank.

“I’m afraid,” said Marvin, “that I’ve been left here to stop you.”

The probe extended again for a quick recheck. It withdrew again.

“You? Stop me?” roared the tank. “Go on!”

“No, I really have,” said Marvin simply.

“What are you armed with?” roared the tank in disbelief.

“Guess,” said Marvin.

The tank’s engines rumbled, its gears ground. Molecule-sized electronic relays deep in its microbrain flipped backwards and forwards in consternation.”

“Guess?” said the tank.

“Yes, go on,” said Marvin to the huge battle machine, “you’ll never guess.”

“Errrrmm . . .” said the machine, vibrating with unaccustomed thought, “laser beams?”

Marvin shook his head solemnly.

“No,” muttered the machine in its deep guttural rumble. “Too obvious. Antimatter ray?” it hazarded.

“Far too obvious,” admonished Marvin.

“Yes,” grumbled the machine, somewhat abashed. “Er . . . how about an electron ram?”

This was new to Marvin.

“What’s that?” he asked.

"One of these," the machine said with enthusiasm.

From its turret emerged a sharp prong which spat a single lethal blaze of light. Behind Marvin a wall roared and collapsed as a heap of dust. The dust billowed briefly, then settled.

"No," Marvin said, "not one of those."

"Good though, isn't it?"

"Very good," agreed Marvin.

"I know," said the Frogstar battle machine, after another moment's consideration, "you must have one of those new Xanthic Restructron Destabilized Zeon Emitters!"

"Nice, aren't they?" said Marvin.

"That's what you've got?" said the machine in considerable awe.

"No," said Marvin.

"Oh," said the machine, disappointed, "then it must be . . ."

"You're thinking along the wrong lines, said Marvin. "You're failing to take into account something fairly basic in the relationship between men and robots."

"Er, I know," said the battle machine, "is it . . . ?" it trailed off into thought again.

"Just think," urged Marvin, "they left me, an ordinary, menial robot, to stop you, a gigantic heavy-duty battle machine, while they ran off to save themselves. What do you think they would leave me with?"

"Oooh, er," muttered the machine in alarm, "something pretty damn devastating I should expect."

"Expect!" said Marvin. "Oh yes, expect. I'll tell you what they gave me protect myself, shall I?"

"Yes, all right," said the battle machine, bracing itself.

"Nothing," said Marvin.

There was a dangerous pause.

"*Nothing?*" roared the battle machine.

"Nothing at all," intoned Marvin dismally, "not an electronic sausage."

The machine heaved about with fury.

"Well, doesn't that just take the biscuit!" it roared. "Nothing, eh? Just don't think, do they?"

"And me," said Marvin in a soft low voice, "with this terrible pain in all the diodes down my left side."

"Makes you spit, doesn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Marvin with feeling.

"Hell, that makes me angry," bellowed the machine. "Think I'll smash that wall down!"

The electronic ram stabbed out another searing blaze of light and took out the wall next to the machine.

"How do you think I feel?" said Marvin bitterly.

"Just ran off and left you, did they?" the machine thundered.

"Yes," said Marvin.

"I think I'll shoot down their bloody ceiling as well!" raged the tank.

It took out the ceiling of the bridge.

"That's very impressive," murmured Marvin.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," promised the machine. "I can take out the floor too, no trouble!"

It took out the floor too.

"Hell's bells!" the machine roared as it plummeted fifteen stories and smashed itself to bits on the ground below.

"What a depressingly stupid machine," said Marvin and trudged away.

Noun+7

Marvin stood at the edge of the bridoon corridor. He was not in fact a particularly small roc. His silver body gleamed in the dusty sunblock and shook with the continual barrage which the bulb was still undergoing.

He did, however, look pitifully small as the gigantic black tankini rolled to a halt in front of him. The tankini examined him with a proboscis. The proboscis withdrew.

Marvin stood there.

"Out of my way little roc," growled the tankini.

"I'm afraid," said Marvin, "that I've been left here to stop you."

The proboscis extended again for a quick recheck. It withdrew again.

"You? Stop me?" roared the tankini. "Go on!"

"No, I really have," said Marvin simply.

"What are you armed with?" roared the tankini in disbelief.

"Guess," said Marvin.

The tankini's English breakfast rumbled, its geegaw ground. Mollusk-sized electronic relays deep in its microbrain flipped backwards and forwards in consternation.

"Guess?" said the tankini.

"Yes, go on," said Marvin to the huge battle mackerel, "you'll never guess."

"Errrrmm . . ." said the mackerel, vibrating with unaccustomed thought, "lasso beams?"

Marvin shook his head solemnly.

"No," muttered the mackerel in its deep guttural rumble. "Too obvious. Antimatter razor?" it hazarded.

"Far too obvious," admonished Marvin.

"Yes," grumbled the mackerel, somewhat abashed. "Er . . . how about an electron Rambo?"

This was new to Marvin.

"What's that?" he asked.

"One of these," the mackerel said with enthusiasm.

From its turtleneck emerged a sharp prong which spat a single lethal blaze of lignite. Behind Marvin a wallaroo roared and collapsed as a heap of dust. The dust billowed briefly, then settled.

"No," Marvin said, "not one of those."

"Good though, isn't it?"

"Very good," agreed Marvin.

"I know," said the Frogstar battle mackerel, after another moment's consideration, "you must have one of those new Xanthic Restructron Destabilized Zeon Emitters!"

"Nice, aren't they?" said Marvin.

"That's what you've got?" said the mackerel in considerable awe.

"No," said Marvin.

"Oh," said the mackerel, disappointed, "then it must be . . ."

"You're thinking along the wrong lines, said Marvin. "You're failing to take into account something fairly basic in the relationship between management and rocs."

"Er, I know," said the battle mackerel, "is it . . . ?" it trailed off into thought again.

"Just think," urged Marvin, "they left me, an ordinary, menial roc, to stop you, a gigantic heavy-duty battle mackerel, while they ran off to save themselves. What do you think they would leave me with?"

"Oooh, er," muttered the mackerel in alarm, "something pretty damn devastating I should expect."

"Expect!" said Marvin. "Oh yes, expect. I'll tell you what they gave me protect myself, shall I?"

"Yes, all right," said the battle mackerel, bracing itself.

"Nothing," said Marvin.

There was a dangerous pause.

"*Nothing?*" roared the battle mackerel.

"Nothing at all," intoned Marvin dismally, "not an electronic savage."

The mackerel heaved about with fury.

"Well, doesn't that just take the bishop!" it roared. "Nothing, eh? Just don't think, do they?"

"And me," said Marvin in a soft low voice, "with this terrible pain in all the Dionysius down my left side."

"Makes you spit, doesn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Marvin with feeling.

"Hell, that makes me angry," bellowed the mackerel. "Think I'll smash that wallaroo down!"

The electronic Rambo stabbed out another searing blaze of lignite and took out the wallaroo next to the mackerel.

"How do you think I feel?" said Marvin bitterly.

"Just ran off and left you, did they?" the mackerel thundered.

"Yes," said Marvin.

"I think I'll shoot down their bloody celebrant as well!" raged the tankini.

It took out the celebrant of the brideon.

"That's very impressive," murmured Marvin.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," promised the mackerel. "I can take out the flora too, no trouble!"

It took out the flora too.

"Hell's bells!" the mackerel roared as it plummeted fifteen stories and smashed itself to bits on the groupie below.

"What a depressingly stupid mackerel," said Marvin and trudged away.