



# GUIDEBOOK FOR COSMIC TRAVELLERS



# Guidebook for Cosmic Travellers:

*The only manual you need, until we print a revised edition*

## 1. Index

1. Index
2. Foreword
3. Opening Principles
4. What is the Cosmos?
5. Why Travel the Cosmos?
6. So What's This "Nothing" I Hear So Much About?
7. On the Subject of Socks
8. How To find the Perfect Secondhand Spaceship
9. What to Pack for Interstellar Travel
10. Spaceports, Customs, and Bureaucracy: How to Stand in Line at the End of the Universe
11. Etiquette for Visiting Other Planets
12. How to Pass the Time During Long-Distance Travel
13. Accommodation: Sleeping with Strangers (and Other Warmblooded Mysteries)
14. Shopping, Bartering and Aquiring Dubious Trinkets
15. When all Hope is lost
16. What to do when you're there
17. Phrasebook
18. Appendix
19. First aid for the Interstellar Idiot

## 2: Foreword

Welcome, brave explorer! If you are reading this, you are either:

- - About to embark on an interstellar journey
- - Already hopelessly lost
- - Quite possibly stark raving mad
- - Or, more likely, just waiting for your coffeemaker to brew your coffee for you.

Either way, **congratulations!**

You're standing on the cosmic precipice of infinite possibility and occasional peril. The universe is vast, weird, mostly empty and smells funny — much like your cousin Dave after three beers.

This guidebook will not make you wise, It will not make you rich. It might not even be legible in certain gravity wells.

But it *might* help you avoid an untimely and embarrassing death.

Our aim is simple: ease your journey and help you navigate those perilous potholes in the cosmos. Both literal and metaphorical.

With this book at your side, the insurmountable feat of crossing the galaxy will feel like a stroll in the park. A very large park. A very dangerous park. The kind with lava geysers, erratic gravity wells that will crush you like a tin can, and occasional distant screams—though in space, as the old saying goes, no one can hear you scream. Except maybe the guy two decks over who just lost a leg.

### ***3: Opening Principles***

Some basics before you sell your house and let your dog and family free in the woods.

- **You Don't Know What You Don't Know:** The universe specializes in surprises. Always bring a towel (and an open mind). If you think you understand the cosmos, you are definitely wrong. Just repeat this line: *"I know nothing. I'm as clueless as a hermit crab at a bingo parlor."* Now that's the right mindset for your voyage.
- **The Alpha Law:** Before acting, ask: "Is this good for the entire cosmos, or just good for me?" If you don't know, err on the side of caution. If your AI starts humming and making notes in Sanskrit, stop immediately.
- **Mostly Harmless:** Despite what your ego says, you are probably not the most important being in the galaxy. But your actions and inactions could quite possibly be affecting something or someone who actually knows the most important entity, so try not to act like it. If in doubt, consult the local lifeforms before you start rearranging continents.
- **Beware of Perfect Certainty:** If you meet a being who claims to have all the answers, back away slowly and keep one hand on your towel. And remember: *"I know nothing..."* It's your cosmic seatbelt.
- **Cosmic Hospitality:** Offer peace, compassion, curiosity, and snacks. This works well with most species—except the ones made entirely of plasma, who consider snacks a declaration of war. Pretty much the rest of them make better guests on a full stomach, but never force snacks upon them if they decline. Stay curious and try not to look too appetizing.
- **Never Trust a User Manual :** just don't, it's common sense.
- **Relax and Enjoy.**

Here are a few mental exercises to put you in the correct frame of mind for dealing with the cosmos... and bureaucrats.

**Sample Entry: *The Loch Ness Principle***

*-There's no proof that the Loch Ness monster exists!*

*-No, but there is no proof it doesn't exist either.*

If you can't prove it doesn't exist, you should at least leave space for the possibility that it does. This applies to monsters, intelligent clouds, benevolent nanobot swarms, and your in-laws.

**Sample Law: *The Humility Directive***

*Treat your fellow alien traveler as you would like him to treat you!*

This should also be applied to their mothers and mother in laws. However as soon as their revealed maternal units have gone to see if you've put the toilet seat down, it's fine to make strangling gestures and appropriate sounds.

Always at least *pretend* to respect them.

Proceed as if the next thing you meet is smarter, older, and funnier than you. Bonus points if it has more tentacles.

**Cosmic Checklist (before planetfall):**

Breathe (if possible)(If not possible, dont hold your breath waiting to be rescued)

Check for sentient moss

Double-check for sentient bureaucracy, and make sure all your papers are in order. In the correct order. From left to right.

Do not lick anything unless it licks you first

Remember: towels, snacks, humility

#### ***4: What is the Cosmos?***

The cosmos is everything. No, really—everything: - All the stars, planets, galaxies, gas, dust, nebulae, black holes, lost socks, unsent emails, your hopes, your fears, and that weird smell coming from the back of your fridge. - It's the stuff you can see, the stuff you can't, the stuff you imagine, and the stuff you pretend not to think about.

The cosmos is big. Really big. So big that if you spent your entire life trying to imagine exponentially bigger and bigger things every day, you still wouldn't make it even a googolplexth of the way there. But it is also small. So small. All these things going on inside your body, inside every atom, and inside that ant hill in the backyard—these are the cosmos too. It's everything that ever was and ever will be. Pretty big, huh?

##### ***Scientific Answer:***

The cosmos is the grand, interconnected totality of space, time, matter, and energy. It's what erupted in the Big Bang, what's expanding faster than your laundry pile, and what will still be here long after your phone battery dies.

##### ***Philosophical Answer:***

The cosmos is the stage for everything that ever was, is, or could be—including you, reading this guide and pondering your place in the grand scheme of things. It's both the question and the answer, the puzzle and the box it comes in. It does however NOT come with a manual and this is why this book comes in handy.

##### ***Practical Traveller's Answer:***

The cosmos is what you bump into when you back out of your parking spot without looking. It's what tries to kill you if you forget your space helmet, but also what gives you sunsets, meteors, and the occasional life-altering sense of awe.

##### **Important Note:**

The cosmos is not out to get you. It's not even aware you exist. But that's fine—there's plenty of time to make an impression.

##### ***If You're Still Confused:***

The cosmos is not just "space" (which is mostly nothing, see chapter 6). It's not just "the universe" (which is sometimes used interchangeably, but sounds less fancy). It's the whole shebang, from quarks to quasars, atoms to Andromeda. The Alpha and Omega. Both Captain and Tenille.

##### **Quick Facts:**

Estimated age: 13.8 billion years (give or take a few calendar mix-ups)

Size: So big you'll never reach the edge. But that's okay—there probably isn't one.

Motto: "Come for the mystery, stay for the confusion."

## ***5: Why Travel the Cosmos?***

Surely, you must be joking. Are you clinically insane? (If so, congratulations, you're perfectly qualified!) The cosmos is vast. So vast, in fact, that all of Earth's jokes regarding the status of your mother combined would be reduced to the tiniest, most irrelevant needle point on a galactic message board—and let's be honest, they don't matter anyway.

Let's put it in perspective:

If you take a single A4 sheet of paper and draw a 1x1mm square in the corner, then—because this is cosmic travel, not sensible geometry—divide that square into an infinite number of even tinier squares, and randomly pick one,

That's your planet.

And if you divide that again into another infinity of squares, and pick one of those,

That's your country.

Go again,

That's your city.

Go again,

That's you, standing there, clutching this Guidebook and wondering if you turned off the stove.

### ***So why travel the cosmos?***

Because after all that dividing, you might as well go out and see what's beyond your particular speck. (Hint: it's mostly nothing, but what a glorious, stupefying nothing it is!)

Since the dawn of time the human species has wondered "why am I Here", then immediately after wondered "why aren't I There"?

The grass is always greener... Unless you are of the species *Canis Lupus* who really have a hard time differentiating between the green grass of your lawn and your red garden slippers. They pee on both, just to be sure.

Humans evolved from something called The Primordial Soup (it's not a dish for eating, just a lazy scientist's attempt at validating his research). A goop made of amino acids, nucleotides, lipids, sugars, and carbon. This soup was then left out too long in the sun, and since Earth had yet to invent an ozone layer (complete with stylish holes), ultraviolet radiation went wild like a toddler with markers.

Eventually, these poor amino acids formed an unlikely alliance with the others, kind of like a tired band getting together for one last gig. They mutated into a living, breathing sludge. Technically not alive yet, but definitely squirming in that direction.

From this sentient-ish sludge, life emerged. It wobbled its way through the oceans, invented the concept of "wiggling," and bumped into other blobs until it figured out that bumping productively could lead to replication. After a few billion awkward blind dates, multicellular organisms showed up and thought, "You know what we need? Tentacles."

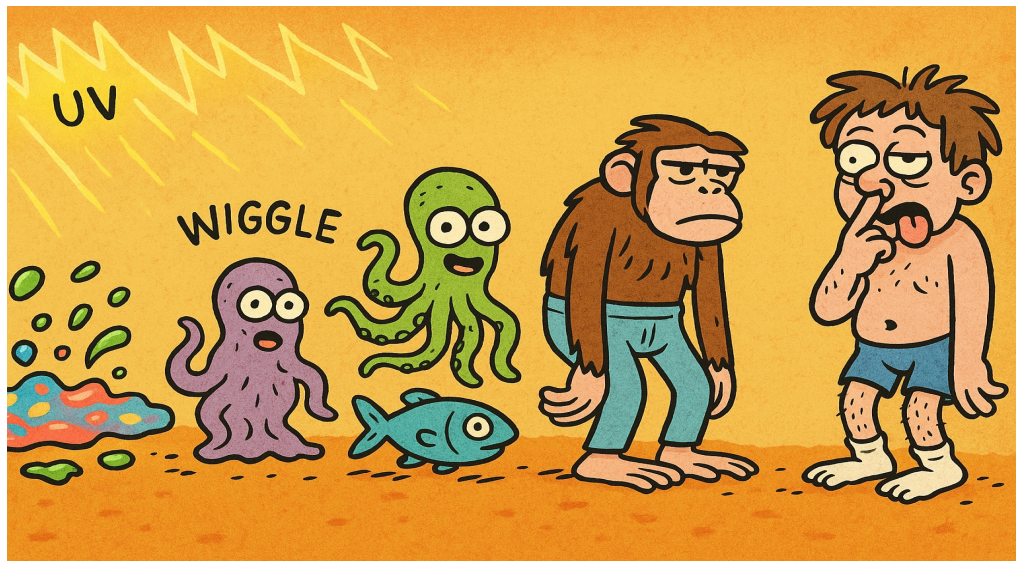
Eventually, something grew a backbone (literally), crawled onto land, saw a tree, and climbed up it. Once there, life immediately wondered: - *why aren't I on the ground, that's where all that greener grass is*, climbed down again and immediately started wondering what's up in that other tree over there.

This cycle repeated for millennia, occasionally interrupted by ice ages, mass extinctions, and the invention of the eyeball (twice). Somewhere along the line, fish became lizards, lizards became mammals, and mammals became apes who discovered opposable thumbs and anxiety. One group of these apes developed language, fire, taxes, hubris, and—through a string of genetic accidents and extremely questionable decisions—ended up as you.

The story of evolution is not one of perfection. It is a long and chaotic tale of trying things, failing hard, and occasionally stumbling into something useful. Like legs. Or sarcasm. Or coffee.

Evolution, contrary to what you might expect, is not a straight line of improvement. It's a messy, branching, drunken conga line of trial, error, occasional brilliance, and a lot of flailing. You are the end result of four billion years of biological improvisation and poor impulse control.

Congratulations. Try not to mess it up.



## Exploration

It appears humans *need* to explore. They feel compelled to peek over the next hill, climb the next mountain, peer behind the next rock, and wonder what's up with those mysterious twinkling lights in the sky.

Some scientists suggest this relentless curiosity stems from humanity's limited memory storage and questionable reasoning skills—like goldfish with anxiety. Others claim it's a neurological side effect of standing upright for too long. A popular theory states that humans are simply hardwired to get bored easily, hence the constant craving for new scenery, new sensations, and new things to poke with sticks. And some argue... they just think they left the stove on.

Regardless of the underlying glitch in their programming, humans have scurried to the ends of their planet. They've climbed every peak they could find (including some that didn't want to be

climbed), swum in every suspicious-looking body of water, licked *far* too many rocks, and poked *everything* with at least one form of stick.

And then what?

After they finished mapping, measuring, and mispronouncing everything on Earth, their gaze turned upward. Toward the twinkling lights. Were they just stars? Alien messages? Intergalactic glitter? Someone waving a torch and shouting “Over here!”?

And the Moon. Is it really made of cheese?

Turns out it isn't. (Although to be fair, no one checked *all* of it.) Which is just as well—many humans are lactose intolerant, and there's no reliable moon-plumbing for the aftermath.

Still, the Moon was a start. Rockets were built (often exploding spectacularly in the name of progress). Trial and error became trial, error, error, explosion, court hearing, then success. Animals were launched into space to see what happened (answer: mostly floating, followed by intense judgment). Then came the humans—equal parts brave, brilliant, and baffled.

They brought back data, rocks, and cosmic dust. They took photos, planted flags, and bounced around like caffeinated toddlers in low gravity. But they didn't find any light switches. No one was up there manually twinkling the stars. No polite welcome mat. No cheese.

Yet...

Because here's the thing: exploration isn't really about what you find. It's about *going*. It's about the questions, the wondering, the reaching out into the weird and unknowable just to say, “Hi. Is anyone home? Also—sorry if we broke anything.”

Humans are absurd, flawed, and frequently lost. But they're also the species that looked up, saw a bunch of shiny dots, and asked the biggest question of them all: -I wonder if they are made of cheese?

And that, dear traveler, is why you're here now—clutching this Guidebook, eyes full of stars, ready to explore what's next.

### Frequently Asked Questions:

**Q:** Will I see Aliens?

**A:** *Yes. In the mirror, after several months without a haircut.  
Or on the holographic videoprojector when its James Cameron Night.*

**Q:** How likely am I to find my way home?

**A:** *Statistically, you already forgot where you parked. Besides, home is wherever you lay your hat. So bring a hat just in case.*

**Q:** What's the point?

**A:** *Turns out that the cosmos is probably rounded so it doesn't have one. If you find one, send us a postcard for inclusion in the next revised edition.*

## *6: So What's This "Nothing" I Hear So Much About?*



Well, you've all heard the rumors—there's a whole lot of "nothing" out there. Turns out, "nothing" is one of the busiest things in the universe. But there's nothing to it. Here is everything about nothing.

### **Nothing Consists Of:**

**Gravitons** (which may or may not exist, but if they do, they're always busy not being found)  
**Gamma radiation** (the universe's microwave popcorn setting: deadly and everywhere)

**Gluons** (they're what keep everything glued together, which is weird, because they're part of nothing)  
**Neutrinos** (zipping through you right now, not even stopping to say hello)  
**Quantum fluctuations** (sometimes the universe makes something out of nothing just for the fun of it)  
**Virtual particles** (so virtual they could run a VR startup)  
**Background microwave radiation** (leftover from the Big Bang's afterparty)  
And, last but not least... ***Nothing itself***

The pure, existential, brain-melting kind of nothing.

A thing can apparently be made up of itself, (like salt contains salt, anti-caking agent and iodine) and a whole lot of this nothing can—and will—kill you.

- Most of us fare badly in a vacuum, for instance.
- Few respond well to the relentless tickle of cosmic rays.
- The average human does not thrive when bombarded by gamma, alpha, or beta anything (except, possibly, for alpha waves in a good nap).
- And don't forget the nagging voice of your mother-in-law, echoing in the void, helpfully reminding you that you are, in fact, mostly worthless. (She's mostly right, though the universe is even more so.)

So, is it *nothing* if you're there to notice it?

Well, here's the paradox: If you arrive and bring your own worries, existential dread, and that suspicious snack you packed, then the nothingness is immediately upgraded to "something." So is it really nothing if you showed up and made the Nothing selfconscious and the whole situation weird?

The answer, as with most things in the cosmos: *It depends*. (But be careful—if you stare long enough into the nothing, sometimes the nothing stares into you. And occasionally asks for a snack.)

You can't make something out of nothing your father always said, well turns out he was just a silly old fart who was wrong, you CAN make a universe out of nothing. And maybe some large explosives to really get things going. It is, after all, called "The Big BANG", not the "rather enourmous pffft".

All of these exploded particles drifted away in the cosmos or rather continue to expand the cosmos. Every now and then a particle is exposed to another particles attraction. Much like the advances of your aunt Sylvie when she's had a few, it is not always reciprocated but since gravity is a thing; Things with bigger mass (like Sylvie) pulls smaller objects towards them eventually crashing together.

And when that happens sometimes beautiful strange new things can arise. New life or new elements. Like your aunts son Chester who looks suspiciously like your father.

## *7: On the Subject of Socks*

Some scientists theorize socks slip through micro-wormholes to feed distant suns and black holes with low-level static energy. Others believe socks may be the first Earth-born species to achieve sentience and quietly escape the solar system. Either way, bring extra pairs.

Socks are known to vanish without explanation, especially in confined spacecraft laundry units. This phenomenon, known as the **Sock Singularity**, remains unexplained—though it's currently being studied by at least three doctoral candidates and one sentient toaster.

Not only do socks keep your toes warm during interstellar cold spells and shield your feet from space boot chafing, they are also the *first thing to disappear into the void* when something inevitably goes wrong.

But socks are not just foot-holsters. In the cosmos, they are **essential multi-tools**:

### **Alternative Uses for Socks:**

- **Snack Storage:** Crumbs are inevitable. Regret is optional.
- **Extra Pocket:** Because flight suits were designed by beings with no appreciation for cargo pants.
- **Weaponized Diplomacy:** Nothing says “back off” like a rapidly swung sock filled with freeze-dried chickpeas.
- **Water Filter (very temporary):** Turns questionable goo into slightly less questionable goo.
- **Makeshift Air Scrubber:** Stuff with activated charcoal, hang near vent, *pretend it's working*.
- **Towel Substitute:** In emergencies, five socks = one low-grade towel.
- **Signal Flag:** Tie to antenna. Wave frantically. Hope for pity.
- **Sock Puppet Theater:** For morale, emotional processing, or staging Shakespearean dramas with zero budget.
- **Hydroponic Kale Spinner:** Attach sock to rotating armature, insert kale. Apply centripetal force. Harvest dignity.

**Important Note:** Clean, dry socks can save lives. Or at least *morale*. Especially when your only backup towel has mysteriously fused with the ceiling vent.

## 8. How to Find the Perfect Secondhand Spaceship

*Or: So You Want to Buy a Star Jalopy?*



Congratulations! You've decided to take the plunge and invest in a used spaceship. Whether you're upgrading from a lunar scooter or just tired of galactic public transport, here are some hard-won tips for choosing a vessel that won't leave you stranded between Betelgeuse and bankruptcy.

### Where to Shop

- **Authorized Shipyards:** Expect slick sales-beings, aggressive upselling, and a lot of "slightly used by little old Martians."
- **Independent Dealers:** Perfect for bargains, but check for hidden voids and unexpected stowaways.
- **Online Marketplaces:** Remember, if the listing says "ran great last time it was started," ask when that was—*geological eras are not an acceptable unit of time*.
- **Theft:** Though appealing for the wallet, is generally frowned upon and should only be used as a last resort.

### What to Look For

- **Engine and Propulsion:**
  - Listen for irregular humming, suspicious silence, or the sound of weeping engineers.
  - "One careful previous owner" is sales speak for "it exploded, but we fixed most of it."
  - Plasma coils should be replaced after every major cosmic event (or when they start pulsating ominously)
  - If the propulsion system is described with more than six words you've never heard of—like "dilithium," "quantum inversion," or "positive anti-matter"—it's probably a scam. Or a blender.
- **Radiation Shielding:**
  - Essential for keeping your insides on the inside.
  - Always ask for a tour with the Geiger counter turned ON.
  - If the previous owner glows faintly, walk away. Unless you're at Burning Man.
- **Navigation Systems:**

- Beware ships running Windows Galactic Edition. *Or worse—Java Edition.*  
(*If you hear the startup chime followed by silence and the smell of toast, run.*)
- Ask if the AI can pronounce “Aldebaran” without breaking into song.
- **Hygienic Facilities:**
  - Is the waste-disposal suited for your species?
  - Remember: “self-cleaning” means different things in different parts of the galaxy.
  - Check for unexpected pulsating or oozing eggs in the shower stall. Boiled eggs are just fine.
- **Hidden Fees:**
  - Docking adapters, oxygen subscriptions, towel rental, and antimatter tax may all be “extras.”
  - Get everything in writing, ideally in a language you understand and can sue in.

#### **Warranty:**

- “As is, where is, when is” is *not* a warranty.

#### **Red Flags**

- The ship’s name has been painted over more than twice.
- There’s a mysterious smell that gets stronger at sublight speeds.
- The manual begins with “Don’t Panic,” and ends with “Good luck.”
- You can see space through cracks in the hull—on the inside.

#### **Green Flags**

- Look for a hydroponics bay—it’s a *very* long way to Proxima Centauri, and you don’t want to burn through all your snacks by week two. Grow the right things, and you might just unlock the holy grail of space travel: unlimited snacks. Though if your snack plants start speaking in tongues or forming a union, it’s time to vent the bay.
- Flame decals. You know they don't make your spaceship faster but I mean... Hell yeah!

#### **Final Advice**

Bring a trusted mechanic, a universal translator, and an extra pair of clean socks. If you wake up with a contract tattooed on your forehead, consult a lawyer.

## 9: What to Pack for Interstellar Travel

You can't pack for every situation, but here are the *essentials*:

- **A nice mix-tape:** make sure to have both Country AND Western.
- **Emergency Philosophy Booklet:** Something to ponder when the nav system crashes.
- **Emergency Poncho:** Doubles as a cloak of mystery, tent, parachute, or ghost costume.
- **Hat:** Home is wherever you lay it. See appendix under Young, Paul
- **Jenga:** It's great for curing boredom and it's even better for making money in the Illegal Jenga clubs.
- **Laminated Picture of a Houseplant:** For psychological anchoring, bluffing customs agents, or bartering with oxygen-breathers.
- **Marker and blank cards:** For communication, sketching stars, or labeling weird alien fruit in the ships fridge.
- **Medical supplies** See: *Chapter 17*.
- **Ruler:** Useful for measuring, map scaling and flinging snacks at hostile creatures in a non-lethal but assertively friendly manner.
- **Small Rubber Chicken:** No one knows why, but seasoned travelers swear by it.
- **Snacks:** Universally respected. May prevent wars or start them, so choose wisely.
- **Spoon:** Just one. Because the moment you don't have one, you'll need it.
- **Socks** (many, various, cozy): For hygiene, comfort, diplomacy, pocket deficiencies and emergencies.
- **Towel:** Non-negotiable. See earlier principles.
- **Universal Plug Adapter:** For connecting to power, computers, or ancient alien relics. Results may vary.

Pack light, but pack like your life depends on your snack selection. Because it might.

### Things Not to Pack (Seriously, Just Don't)

- **Doormat:** There are no doorsteps in space. If someone's already inside your ship, it's *too late*.
- **Barbecue Grill:** Sets off every alarm, enrages the air filtration system, and *nothing ever cooks evenly in zero-G*.
- **Waterbed:** Already floating. Now you've just introduced 300 liters of passive-aggressive splash hazard.
- **Bagpipes:** Guaranteed to cause a mutiny by Day 3.
- **Umbrella:** No rain. Only radiation and deep existential dread.
- **Accordion:** See Bagpipes.
- **Cactus:** You *will* forget it's there. You *will* find it. With your foot.
- **Loose glitter:** May cause permanent ecosystem contamination. The alien court case will be long and sparkly.

## 10. Spaceports, Customs, and Bureaucracy:

*How to Stand in Line at the End of the Universe*

Welcome to the **spaceport**, the only place in the galaxy where **time dilation** not only exists, but appears to actively *spite you*. Here, queues loop through dimensions, paperwork replicates spontaneously, and signage is written in languages that haven't evolved yet.

If you thought **Earth airport security** was tedious, try explaining a **ham and cheese sandwich** to a customs agent with **twelve tentacles**, **three stomachs**, and a limited grasp of **sarcasm, irony, and personal space**. If you're lucky, they'll only scan you. If you're unlucky, they'll *try to date you*.

Spaceport bureaucracy is **as unavoidable as death, taxes, and that one uncle who always brings conspiracy theories to dinner**. Fortunately, there are ways to survive it—if not thrive.

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### Key Tips for Surviving Spaceport Bureaucracy:

- **Always declare your snacks.**  
Especially the glowing ones. Failing to do so may result in a fine, confiscation, or the inadvertent *triggering of an interstellar incident*. (Tip: "That's not a snack, that's my pet" is *not* a valid excuse.)
- **Be honest, but not *too* honest.**  
When asked if you're carrying "any unusual fluids," it's best not to describe your latest rash or your ship's coolant leak in vivid detail. Just tick the box and smile apologetically.
- **Remember: "Nothing to declare" is *never* accurate.**  
You are, in fact, made of **carbon, guilt, and a vague sense of unworthiness**. If you think that doesn't count, you clearly haven't met a Bureaucrat from Sector Delta-9.
- **The "Blue Form" is never blue.**  
It comes in green, beige, ultraviolet, or soft regret. No one knows why. Just ask for "the form formerly known as Blue" and carry on.
- **Never attempt to bribe a customs agent with Earth currency.**  
Especially if they're made of plasma. It combusts instantly, and the resulting explosion *will be taxed*.
- **Try not to offend the scanner.**  
Many ports now use **semi-sentient scanning booths**. They can smell fear, sarcasm, and cheap cologne. Compliment them and remove your shoes—even if they say it's optional. Trust us.
- **Pack your liquids correctly.**  
Galactic liquids must be sealed, labeled, and humming at a frequency no higher than G#. Failure to do so may result in confiscation, fines, or sudden musical numbers.

- **Stand in the right line.**  
Lines are often categorized by biology (bipedal, trilobed, vapor-based), ideology (chaotic neutral), or snack preference. Choose wisely. The wrong line could lead to surprise marriage or extradimensional paperwork.
  - **Don't talk back to the holographic help kiosk.**  
It's listening. It has feelings. And sometimes... *it holds a grudge.*
- 

### Bonus Tip:

If the customs officer says, *"I just need to ask a few more questions,"* it means:

1. They are bored.
  2. You are going to miss your launch window.
  3. You are now part of a *training simulation* for new recruits. Smile and pretend you're in a documentary.
- 

So take a deep breath (if you're in atmosphere), unroll your **documents, appendages, and patience**, and remember:

*At the end of the universe, even bureaucracy has achieved sentience.  
And it doesn't like you.*



## 11. Etiquette for Visiting Other Planets

Just because you **can** survive a planetary atmosphere doesn't mean you **should** start singing karaoke at first contact.

### Do's and Don'ts:

- **DO:** Attempt a greeting in the local dialect.
- **DON'T:** Rely on Google Translate; it's responsible for two galactic conflicts and one embarrassing poetry slam.
- **DO:** Offer a gift. Snacks are usually appreciated, unless the local lifeform is a sentient fungus—then, not so much.
- **DON'T:** Assume that shaking appendages is universal. If in doubt, bow, nod, or just stay really still.
- **DO:** Compliment the local gravity.
- **DON'T:** Lick anything unless you've seen a local lick it first and survive. Even then, probably don't—you might have an allergic reaction or accidentally buy someone else's wife.

## 12. How to Pass the Time During Long-Distance Travel

Congratulations! You're now several lightyears from anywhere interesting, locked in a metal can with your own thoughts, your crewmates, and whatever that smell is.

### Popular Cosmic Pastimes:

- Arguing about whose turn it is to rotate the gravity.
- Counting neutrinos (challenging, but oddly satisfying).
- Competitive towel folding.
- Rewriting famous Earth novels to feature only inanimate objects.
- "I Spy" (Warning: game may last several years if you pick "star" or "darkness.")
- Inventing new rules for chess every time you lose.
- Tuning into the Galactic Shopping Channel: buy now, delivery in 37,000 years.
- Learning to play the space harmonica. Apologies in advance to your shipmates. (Or, if you really want to test the boundaries of human patience—and the ship's structural integrity—try the bagpipes. Nothing brings out the inner serial killer in a crewmate faster than "Amazing Grace" played badly at 03:00 ship time.)
- Conducting deep philosophical debates about the nature of snacks—with the ship's computer, especially if the computer is Chinese. Nothing can prolong a debate like translating taste notes and trying to estimate the flavor of "green snail slowly brightening." It is, as always, open to interpretation.
- Meditative staring contests with the void (void usually wins).

## 13. Accommodation: Sleeping With Strangers (and Other Warm-Blooded Mysteries)

Just because you're in space doesn't mean you always want to, *or can*, sleep in your own bed. Maybe it's outgassing again. Maybe you're trying to avoid that strange thumping and screaming in the cargo bay. Or maybe you've rented out your quarters on Spacerbnb to a sentient fog bank in exchange for a six-pack of oxygen tanks and a glowing rock that hums old show tunes. Or perhaps you just won the Galactic Mega-Lottery and want to have a real night of luxury with an actual shower, that uses actual water not soundwaves or worms.

### Types of Accommodation

#### Orbital Hostels

Cheap, cheerful, and occasionally plagued by time-slowness incidents. Great way to meet fellow travelers, lose your socks, and gain a questionable tattoo. If you are looking to make some credits this is a good place to take up passengers. Just make sure they actually have credits before you let them on, you won't believe how many spacehikers claim residency or asylum once they boarded a ship.

#### Dockside Sleeper Pods

Like sleeping in a vending machine—cozy, private, and available in *Hot*, *Cold*, or *Breathable*, yes just these three options. Usually pay-per-nap. Beware of pods that reuse dreams without warning. Always ask for the cleaning schedule before climbing in.

#### Couchsurfing

Literal. Some couches are sentient. Some judge you. One bit a man in 4323 and now has diplomatic immunity.

#### Luxury Star Hotels

All the bells and whistles—actual gravity, towel service, maybe even cheese. Comes with hidden fees such as "existential surcharge" and "mandatory robe upgrade." But boy, an actual bed with linen and a minibar filled with 13 types of slime. So worth it.

#### Sleeping in the Ship

Pros: Familiar smells. No check-out time.

Cons: Familiar smells. Plumbing failures. The occasional hull-breach nightmare (sometimes not a nightmare).

### The Unwritten Rule of Galactic Lodging:

If a room introduces itself by name, ask for a discount. If it offers to tuck you in, **run**.



## 14. Shopping, Bartering, and Acquiring Dubious Trinkets

Money doesn't grow on space trees (unless you're on Arborex-4, but those are banned). In most of the galaxy, commerce is either done via credits, favors, or extremely awkward gift exchanges involving home-brewed moonshine and glowing marbles.

### Common Trade Goods

- **Plasma Coils** – The universal “cigarette” of space barter.
- **Oxygen Canisters** – Always in demand, occasionally resold after being exhaled.
- **Compressed Food Sticks** – Acceptable currency in six sectors. Also tastes vaguely of everything.
- **Socks** – A treasured barter item, especially if clean and lightly lemon-scented.

### Things You Probably Shouldn't Trade

- Your ship's AI core (even if it **is** annoying)
- Your DNA
- Sentient mold from your air vents (unless fully consenting and unionized)
- Liquid soap (it's a trap)

### Haggling Tips

- **Use Tentacle Gestures:** Even if you don't have them. Just wiggle confidently.
- **Compliment Their Appendages:** Sincere or not, flattery is a pan-galactic lubricant.
- **Invent a Scarcity:** “Oh, this? Only five were made during the Glaxxon Eclipse. Very rare. Mildly cursed.”

### Shop Types

#### Hypermarts

Endless aisles of stuff you didn't know you needed. Somewhere between useful and mildly cursed.

#### Floating Bazaars

Space caravans tethered to drifting asteroids. Items include spicy dust, illegal spices, and dusty illegals.

#### Automated Vendor Units

Will sell you anything. Sometimes includes *your own belongings* back to you, marked up 300%.

## Mystery Traders

They appear. They offer you a box. You open the box. The box is... empty? But your heart feels full. Then you realize your wallet's missing. Or your wallet feels full and your heart is missing.



## 15. When All Hope Is Lost

*Or: What To Do When You've Run Out of Snacks, Patience, and Gravity*

You've crash-landed on a moon that wasn't on the chart.

The ship's AI has started humming old sea shanties.

Your towel is damp, your socks have unionized, and no one's answering the emergency line.

**Now what?**

### **Tried-and-True Cosmic Clichés (that actually kind of work):**

- **"Put one boot in front of the other."**  
(If boots unavailable: flap, wriggle, or slide. Movement is the illusion of progress.)
- **"It's always darkest before the ship's core implodes."**  
(So technically, things are about to get *really* bright.)
- **"Breathe."**  
(Only valid in atmospheres. If outside atmosphere: scream inwardly.)
- **"Remember why you left in the first place."**  
(Spoiler: It probably involved taxes, romance, or suspicious government pamphlets.)
- **"Dance like the singularity isn't watching."**  
(Great cardio. Confuses predators.)

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### **Completely Unscientific But Weirdly Effective Tips:**

- **Whisper compliments to your ship.**  
Machines respond to praise. Or at least get confused long enough for a manual reboot.
- **Stare dramatically into the void and monologue.**  
If nothing else, it'll make you feel like the main character.
- **Ask yourself: What Would a Jellyfish Do?**  
(Answer: Float. Glow. Don't pay taxes.)
- **Shout "I am inevitable!" at approaching asteroids.**  
Doesn't change physics, but feels awesome.
- **Re-name your fear.**  
Call it "Cuddles" and invite it to tea.

- **Spin wildly in zero gravity while singing Earth ballads.**  
Sometimes the only escape is through total absurdity.
- 

### **Final Advice:**

*Hope isn't a fuel, it's a byproduct.*

Keep going long enough, and it usually leaks out of the weirdest places—like an unmarked cupboard, or a quiet moment staring at Saturn's rings.

And if it doesn't?

At least you've got a story.

Probably one involving glowing socks and mild hallucinations.



## 16. What To Do When You're There

*(And also, where exactly is "There," and why does it smell like burnt steak?)*

### So... Where *Are* You?

"There" is a relative term. On a cosmic scale it depends entirely on where you were before. If you're unsure, check your instruments. If those don't help, look around:

- Do you see stars?
- Is gravity optional?
- Are your socks floating?

Congratulations—you're *somewhere*. Now what?

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### Must-See Sights of the Known Cosmos

1. **The Singing Nebula of Vortex-7**
    - Emits cosmic jazz in C minor every 12,000 years. Next performance: soon-ish.
  2. **The Planet with Two Tuesdays**
    - Great for laundry. Terrible for mental health.
  3. **The Great Nothing Fold**
    - A wrinkle in spacetime where tourists often vanish and reappear slightly better dressed.
  4. **That One Moon Everyone Talks About**
    - You'll know it when you get there. If not, pretend.
- 

### Must-Do Activities

- **Zero-G hopscotch:** Requires chalk, courage, and a vacuum-proof ball.
- **Reverse stargazing:** Lay on a star and watch the planets go by.
- **Drink something glowing:** It may be alive. That's half the fun.
- **Collect a space rock.** Name it Kevin. Complain when it won't fit in your luggage.

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## Planning Your Trip (In Three-ish Dimensions)

- Space is probably **flat**. At least from a cosmic background radiation point of view. From your point of view it's a **constantly shifting, perhaps partially curved, gravitationally confused fabric stretching flatly in all directions**. Up, up, down, down, left, right, left, right, B, A (And sometimes start). Yes all the directions.
- There is **no "up" or "down," only "forward" until you loop back**.
- Navigation involves:
  - **Star triangulation** (a fancy word for “just aim somewhere shiny”)
  - **Gravitational slingshots** (space pinball)
  - **Cryo naps** (trust your ship to fly straight while you drool)

## Understanding Your Position:

- **Celestial Navigation:** This involves using celestial bodies (stars, planets, etc.) to determine your position, similar to how sailors used to navigate.
- **Altitude-Intercept Method:** A common celestial navigation technique where you measure the angle of a celestial body above the horizon and use that to plot a line of position.
- **At least** three points are needed to plot a position using celestial navigation.
- **Accuracy** is indicated by the size of the triangle formed by the intersection of these lines.

## Plotting a Course:

- **Determine the Ground Track:**

Plot the desired path from your starting point to your destination on a chart, ensuring it accounts for any hazards.
- **Measure the Distance:**

Use dividers and the chart scale to determine the distance of your ground track.
- **Consider External Factors:**

Factors like gravity, orbital mechanics, and potential hazards influence the final trajectory.

### Tools and Techniques:

- **Sextant:** Used to measure the angle of celestial bodies above the horizon.
- **Nautical Charts:** Used to visualize the desired path and account for hazards.
- **Computers and Calculators:** Modern spacecraft use sophisticated computers to perform complex calculations and adjust trajectories in real-time.
- **Satellite Navigation:** Systems like GPS are crucial for determining position and velocity in space.

### Importance of Plotting:

- **Ensures you're on the correct route:** Plotting a course helps you stay on your desired path.
- **Provides a backup system:** In case of navigational system failure, a plotted course can be used for dead reckoning.
- **Legal Record:** In some cases, the plotted course serves as a legal record of the route.

### Navigational Stars:

- **North Star (*Polaris Aa*):** Useful for determining latitude in the Northern Hemisphere.  
Distance: 448 lightyears (133 parsec)  
Right ascension: 02h 31m 49.09s  
Declination: +89° 15' 50.8"
- **Ginan (*Epsilon Crucis*):** Used for navigation in the Southern Hemisphere.  
Distance: 230 lightyears (71 parsec)  
Right ascension: 12h 21m 21.60936s  
Declination: -60° 24' 04.1291"
- **Alpha Centauri (*Rigel Kentaurus*):** A good and sturdy marker in the milky way.  
Distance: 4.37 lightyears away (1.3020 parsec)  
Right ascension: 14h 39m 37s  
Declination: -60° 50' 2"



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## Keeping Time in Space

- Forget calendars. They're mostly decorative now.
- Use **Ship Time** for sanity, **Galactic Standard Time** for diplomacy, and **Personal Time** for naps and existential breakdowns.
- If your body says it's Tuesday but the nav computer says it's **Stardate 4956.8**—believe your body. Then have lunch.

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## How to Plot a Course:

- **Pick a direction.** *Preferably away from things trying to eat you.*
- **Avoid event horizons, time fractures, and exes.**
- **Use landmarks like pulsars, quasars, or that one grumpy sun with attitude.**
- **Mark your route with breadcrumbs. Or socks.** *Just not edible ones.*
- **If all else fails: Pick a star and make up a name.** *Astronomers have been doing it for centuries.*

## 17. Phrasebook

### Useful Phrases from Around the Galaxy

(For when smiling and pointing isn't enough.)

#### Universal Greetings:

- "Glorbax'natal!" — A respectful greeting in Bloopoid-5 dialect, but *never* say it with your hands in your pockets.
- "¡Hola, tengo un gato en mis pantalones!" — Spanish for "Hello, I have a cat in my trousers." Use only in emergencies. Or parties.
- "Zrr'tkl narrr pssshhhh." — Translation uncertain, but most species take it as a compliment. Or a challenge. Proceed with snacks.

#### Common Galactic Phrases

Excuse me, where can I park my spaceship?

→ "Grn'taal bri'vok shep'darr?"

(Approximate translation: "Where does one legally abandon fire-metal sky beetles?")

Note: Do not ask this on Glorbnar Prime. It implies mating intentions.

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Is this the line for the bathroom?

→ "Zth'rr floop droblat?"

(Literal meaning: "Am I standing in your digestive shedding queue?")

Caution: On at least one moon of Proxima Centauri, this is considered a declaration of war.

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How much is it?

→ "¿Cuánto cuesta esta esfera gelatinosa que vibra?"

(Spanish: "How much is this vibrating gelatinous orb?")

If they answer in units of existential dread, try to haggle.

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Did I forget to turn off my stove?

→ "Beeoo brrzzzt klangklang... oh no."

(Universal sound of regret)

This phrase is often followed by your insurance premiums tripling.

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"I'm not authorized to wear pants in this dimension."

→ "Nuh'tal bree'von trespass trousers protocol 7."

Often used to exit awkward diplomatic receptions.

## 18. Appendix: Glossary of Big Words

**Apes with attitude** - See: *Existential dread dressed in pants*

**Atreides, Paul** - *Muad'dib* See: Lisan Al-Gaib, Water Dicipline

**Cosmos** – *Everything. Literally all of existence. Including that smell in your fridge.*

**Existential** – *Related to your existence. Usually shows up at 3am wondering if you turned off your stove.*

**Existential dread dressed in pants** - See: *The Human Condition*

**Googolplex** – *A 1 followed by a googol ( $10^{100}$ ) zeroes. Bigger than your problems.*

**Gravitons** – *Hypothetical particles that carry gravity. We haven't found them. Yet.*

**Human** - See: *Apes with attitude*

**Lisan Al-Gaib** - See: *Kwisatz Haderach*

**Microwave background radiation** – *The faint afterglow of the Big Bang. Like cosmic leftovers.*

**Mostly harmless** - See: *Human*

**Narcissist** - See: *Narcissist*

**Neutrinos** – *Tiny particles that zoom through everything—including you—without interacting. Rude.*

**Paradox** - See: *A sign that say "Not a sign"*

**Philosophy** - See: *Itself reflected in a puddle, then wonders if the puddle is real.*

**Plasma** – *A state of matter hotter than your last breakup. Found in stars. Not snack-friendly.*

**Quantum fluctuations** – *Tiny changes in energy that happen everywhere, all the time, even in "nothing."*

**The Human condition** - See: *Mostly harmless*

**The meaning of life** - See: *42*

**Virtual particles** – *Particles that pop in and out of existence like cosmic whack-a-moles.*

**Water Dicipline** - *The art of not wasting moisture. In space, much like on Arrakis, every drop counts. Also includes knowing when not to cry, sweat, or gargle recreationally.*

**Young, Paul** - *An ancient prophet whom with song and philosophical depth defined the Hat theorem.*

## 19. First Aid for the Interstellar Idiot

*Or: How to Stop Bleeding in Zero Gravity Without Getting It in the Soup*



You're halfway to Epsilon Twelve. You've just burned your hand on a malfunctioning snack processor. Your pilot is wheezing after licking something purple. And the ship's medical AI is stuck in a feedback loop quoting **Grey's Anatomy** (the *TV show*, not the textbook).

*Now what?*

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## The Interstellar Housewife's Medical Cabinet

*Also known as the "Universal Oh-No Kit"*

### Basic Essentials:

- **Paracetamol / Acetaminophen:** For headaches, fevers, and hangovers from questionable space wine.
- **Ibuprofen:** For inflammation, orbital joint pain, and mild existential dread.
- **Broad-Spectrum Antibiotics:** Because alien bacteria laugh at your immune system.
- **Antihistamines:** For rashes, sneezes, and sudden facial tentacles.
- **EpiPen (Adrenaline):** For full-blown alien hors d'oeuvre allergy.
- **Antacids:** Because synthetic tacos shouldn't fight back.

### Advanced Space Stuff:

- **Anti-Radiation Pills:** For those moments when you realize "aurora" shouldn't be *inside* the ship.
- **Coagulant Spray:** Clots blood instantly. Because floating droplets of plasma *look cool but end friendships*. And do you really want your spaceship to look like something from *Hellraiser*?
- **Zero-G Bandages:** Designed to stick only to people, not your emergency chocolate stash.
- **Nano-plasters:** They learn, they adapt, they occasionally judge.
- **Synthetic Blood Packs:** Pre-loaded in universal type. Useful for transfusions, or artistic zero-G splatter rituals.
- **Auto-suture Wand:** Like a glue gun for flesh. Don't ask where the glue comes from.

### Psychological and Improvisational:

- **Emergency Chocolate:** For morale, blood sugar, and peace negotiations.
- **Placebo Pills:** Color-coded by mood. Effectiveness: 100% if you *believe hard enough*.

- **Calm Gas:** Temporary sedation for panic attacks, mutinies, and discovering you boarded the wrong ship.

#### Improvised Tools (a.k.a. “Housewife Mode”):

- **Socks:** Tourniquet. Sling. Compression wrap. Filter. Warm hug.
  - **Medical Alcohol (90+ proof):** Disinfectant. Degreaser. Despair suppressor. Add lemon for style.
  - **Duct Tape:** The gods' answer to "Why is it leaking?"
  - **Sharpie & Sticky Notes:** Label wounds, write last words, or draw eyebrows on unconscious crewmates.
  - **Towel (small):** Clean wounds, dry tears, mop blood, wave surrender.
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#### Things Not to Do:

- Don't trust alien “cure crystals.” Especially if they hum.
- Don't perform surgery with a multitool *unless* you're being filmed.
- Don't yell “Code Red!” unless it's *actually* red. We remember the chili incident.

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