*‘Towels are stupid. Who needs towels, especially on diplomatic missions? Honestly. Pull yourself together.’* Corvus thought, repressing his disgust at his towelless existence. He continued this fairly understandable babble throughout the journey, obviously struggling to comprehend the dangers he was now in.

His ship arrived at Marvin Spaceport, quite near to the Ford Taxi-rank. The spaceport itself looked modern and intelligently designed, though it only sought to depress Corvus further. In addition, the Ford taxis were so low in quality that it may have been better to hitchhike. Nevermind though. It surely didn’t have anything to do with not having a towel.

“You don’t have a towel?” A random bystander asked him, astonished.

“What? How did you know?” Corvus replied, incredulous.

“I’m sure I heard someone narrating your life. My mistake.”

“Even if there was, I doubt they’d narrate today. Thursday’s are usually a lot more exciting.”

Corvus sighed, missing his towel more than ever, whilst convincing himself (rather poorly) that he did not in fact miss his drying-cloth utensil. He caught a cab, with a very annoying self-automated service.

“Welcome to Mon Cala. Would you like to visit the pool before going to your destination?”

‘*No, you piece of crap. Taking the mick...’* he thought. “No.” he replied.

“Vogon Bishop’s House, Underwater Way 23.”

The journey was peaceful, albeit being completely submerged in water pretty quickly. The Mon Cal emissary, Vogon, welcomed him enthusiastically. He ushered him into the dining hall, insisting they eat first. Peculiar custom. It tasted nice, though.

“Thank you, Vogon - this shark meat is lovely. I don’t think I’ve eaten anything quite so nice.”

“No problem, Corvus. Before we get started, would you like to hear some poetry? I wrote it myself.”

“I’d love to, but I’d rather not this time.” *I’ll never listen to Vogon’s poetry on a full stomach again,* Corvus’ mind added.

“Fair enough, friend. Would you prefer to take a bath? Perhaps allow me to give you a swimming tour?”

“Right. That’s it. I’m postponing. So long and thanks for the fish.