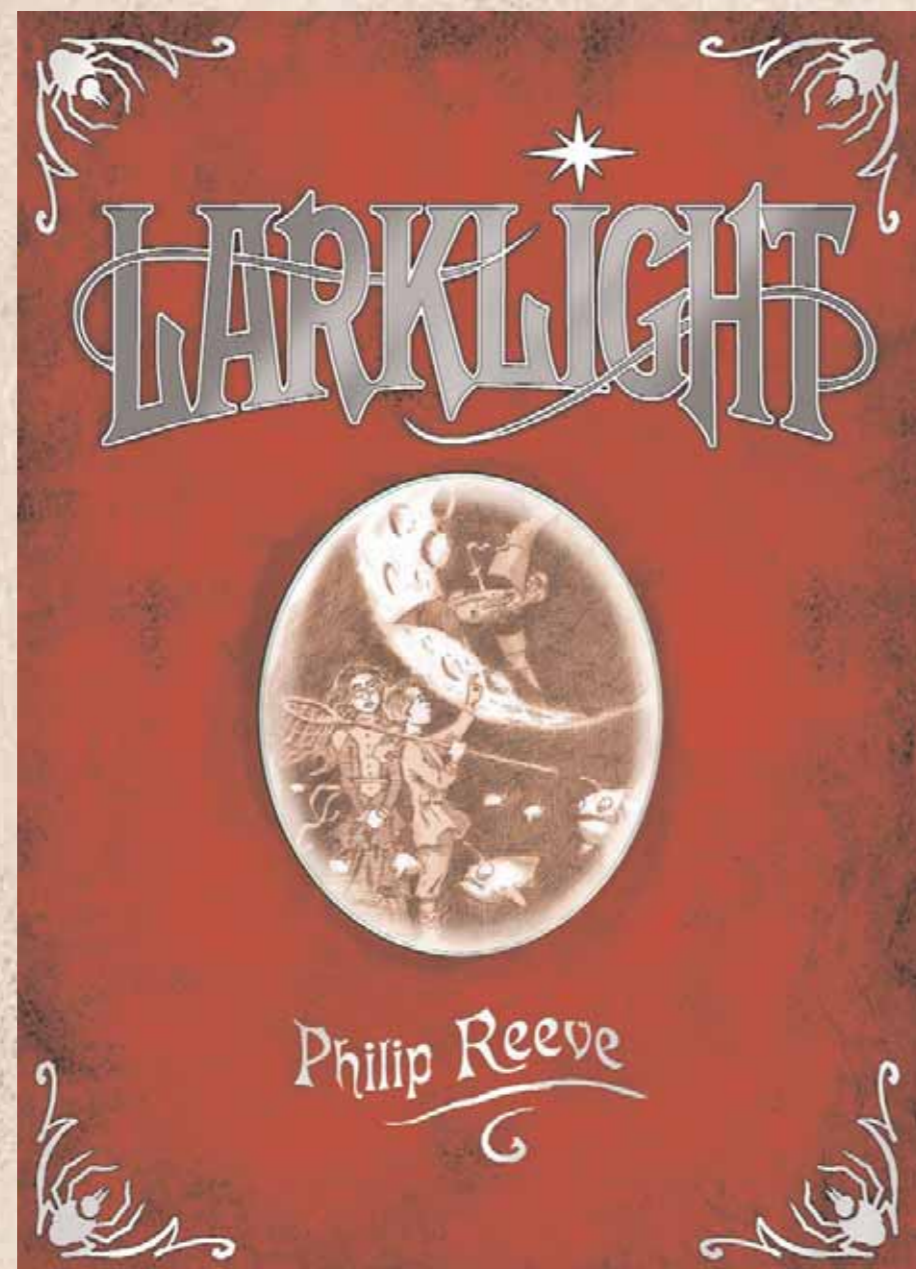


LARKLIGHT

A Rousing Tale of Intrepid Pluck in the Farthest Reaches of Space
Published 2nd October 2006

As chronicled
by Art
Mumby,
with the aid
of Renowned
Author
Mr Philip
Reeve



Featuring
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Engravings
by Celebrated
Illustrationist
Mr David
Wyatt

“It was just another normal morning in space when disaster struck. My sister Myrtle (who is quite irritating, as girls generally can be) and I faced the most awful peril, and we hadn't even had breakfast.

This is the story of what happened to us in our Dreadful and Terrifying adventure and how we attempted to save each other and the known universe.”

Yours Humbly,
Art Mumby Esq.

Utterly unique and devilishly witty, **Larklight** is an Almost Unbearably Exciting Victorian space adventure, and truly original modern classic. It will be supported by an equally fantastic marketing and publicity campaign.

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Larklight
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- Pre-Christmas national press advertising
- Chapter sampler distributed to children on publication
- Dedicated website at www.larklight.co.uk

Mr Philip Reeve worked in a bookshop and produced and directed several theatre projects before starting a career as an illustrator. Although he has been writing stories since he was very young, **Mortal Engines** was the first to be published - and to incredible critical acclaim. It was shortlisted for The Whitbread Children's Book Award, awarded the GOLD Nestle Smarties Book Prize and was named The Blue Peter Book of the Year 2003. Philip lives in Devon with his wife and son.

Mr David Wyatt has worked on many beautiful covers for authors including Terry Pratchett, Philip Pullman, Diana Wynne-Jones, Alan Garner and JRR Tolkien. He lives in an ancient house in a graveyard in Devon, and is a keen lutist, cyclist and wanderer of the moors.



THE INTERPLANETARY CLARION

SPECIAL EDITION!
March 1851 No. 82408
Published in Soho, London
Price - One Farthing

UNSPEAKABLE ACTS UPON THE HIGH AETHER

A telegraph message from the planet Mars has reached us, bearing news of yet another cowardly attack upon our shipping by the notorious pirate Jack Havock.

“Another Cowardly Attack”

It would appear that an Earthbound vessel called **The Duchess of Albemarle** was pursued by Havock's brig **Sophronia** soon after leaving Martian orbit on Wednesday last. The rapacious Havock laid his ship alongside the innocent passenger vessel and, despite brave efforts by her passengers and crew, he and his gang of cut-throats were able to board her and remove much that was of value, both from her cargo-hold and from the persons and baggage of her passengers, many of whom were gentlefolk, travelling home to see the opening of the Great Exhibition. Havock's piratical accomplices, many of whom are extra terrestrials with immodest numbers of arms and legs, penned the ship's company in the saloon whilst they set about their looting.

“Gang of Cut-throats”



A watchful Providence ensured that no one suffered mortal injury, although several common people were slightly hurt. A clergyman travelling aboard the **Duchess**, Reverend Daniel Stubbs, encouraged the passengers to sing stirring hymns throughout their ordeal. Perhaps this acted as a Reminder to the pirate gang of that Great Judge who Sits on High and shall surely Pass Sentence on them all, for they left **The Duchess of Albemarle** without offering further outrage to the passengers. Once the **Sophronia** had slunk away into the trackless aether, was able to return to Port Victoria, where several of her more susceptible lady passengers are still being treated for swooning and fits of the vapours.

It is a matter of great concern to all Britons that the ruthless buccaneer Havock is still at large and able to pursue his campaign of villainy against our Empire's commerce and citizens. This newspaper heartily

welcomes the announcement by the First Lord of the Admiralty that the gunship **Indefatigable** is to be

“Take, Sink or Burn!”

ordered into Martian space with all dispatch, there to Take, Sink or Burn the **Sophronia**. We pray that the good LORD will guide her Master, Captain Moonfield, and that the reprobate Havock shall soon face British Justice.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

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DAEDALUS
LIFE BOAT

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THE 'CRYSTAL PALACE' NEARS COMPLETION

As the day of the opening of the Great Exhibition draws near, it is reported from London that the Crystal Palace which is to house it nears completion.

Residents of the Hyde Park area have grown used to the sight of enormous sheets of shining Martian crystal being moved into position, and the sounds of industry which drift daily from the park, where the magnificent edifice is being constructed by 2,200 British and Irish workmen. The Palace was designed by Mr Joseph Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire and inventor of the mighty greenhouse where His Grace keeps his collection of Venusian pond flora. It has been fabricated by the great industrialist Sir Waverley Rain, and constructed in prefabricated sections at his manufactories upon the moons of Mars. Beneath its soaring glass vaults shall be housed exhibits from every portion of the globe, as well as from Mars and the moons of Jupiter.

Among the exhibits we are told to expect the aethership **Lord of the Isles** lately completed at Liverpool Shipyard, clothes made from mushroom-fibres by convicts on the Lunar Penal Settlements, examples of Indian dye stuff and Chinese marquetry, fine cottons from our

American colonies, the feather headdress of a King of the Sioux, a golden tablet inscribed with the symbols of the Jovian Union, paper houses from the planet Mars and numerous other illuminating items, the product of hands and brains, both earthly and otherworldly.

“Majestic Scene”

A novel addition to the majestic scene will be statues of Pre-Adamite reptilians, Martian Worms and Unearthly Monsters of various types, which are being constructed on the banks of the Serpentine Lake under the supervision of the eminent naturalist Sir Richard Owen.

These brutes have a lifelike appearance that is sure to thrill boys of all ages, though ladies and others of a nervous disposition may find them too awful to look upon.

“Martian Worms and Unearthly Monsters”

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Today I heard the first aetheric blue-finned cuckoo-fish of spring.

Your Obedient Servant,

Mr Edward Mumby

Larklight, c/o General Post Office

The Moon

Sir,

Whilst perusing the photographic portrait published in the last number of your esteemed periodical, I was astonished to note His Grace the Duke of Kent wearing a casual, three-buttoned spacesuit and a soft hat. Certain eccentricities of dress may, I suppose, be permissible upon our high frontiers, but I fear it sets a poor example to the Lower Orders when even members of the Royal Family are not prepared to keep up standards. Here in the Martian uplands my wife and I dress for dinner each night, and insist that our staff and native bearers do likewise. What does our British Empire stand for, after all, if not for self-discipline and good tailoring?

Yours Respectfully,

Major Herbert Quivering

The Moorings

Mars

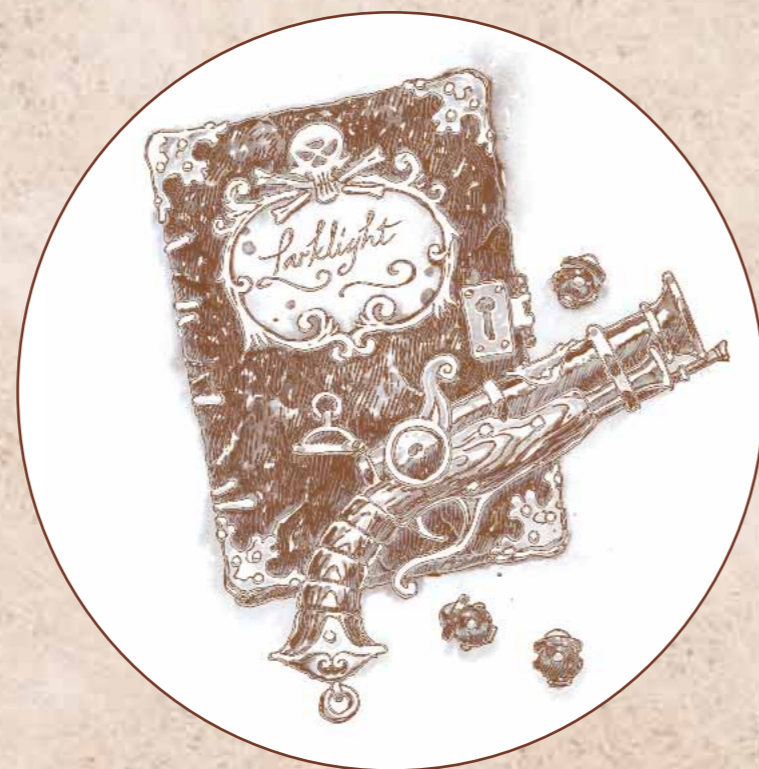
Dear Sir,

Your Empire is doomed! You and all your kind will be swept away, and nothing will remain of your vile planet but space dust blown upon the solar winds! Your feeble weapons are no match for our superior intelligence! Prepare to die! HA HA HA HA HA HA!

Yours, etc

Mr A Webster

The Depths of Space



VENERATED PUBLISHER TO BRING FLIGHT OF PLUCKY ARTHUR MUMBY TO PUBLIC AWARENESS

In October 2006 esteemed literary publishing house **Bloomsbury Publishing** will publish **Larklight**, a rousing tale of intrepid pluck in the farthest reaches of space. Chronicled by Art Mumby, with much assistance from renowned author Philip Reeve, this promises to be the literary sensation of the year.

“Literary Sensation of the Year”

Speaking from her office in Soho Square, London, Miss Ele Fountain, editor of this Most Marvellous work commented, “I was aware of Mr Reeve’s fine reputation but nonetheless found myself struck dumb by the flair and passion with which he recounted poor Art’s ordeal. I had to fetch the salts before resuming reading the conclusion of Art’s most terrifying and exciting adventure.”

Full details of this publication may be found overleaf.

HOVERHOGS TO CLEAN UP THEIR ACT

No one can deny that since their adaptation for household use some five years ago, hoverhogs have revolutionised the lives of domestic servants and industrious gentlewomen.

These pig-like creatures are indigenous to the great gas world, Jupiter, where they scoot about in the upper atmosphere and suck up insects and airborne plants.



Although their method of propulsion is too crude to mention here (suffice to say it involves the expulsion of air from a certain part of the anatomy), it is, nonetheless, a highly effective means of movement, and it is estimated that over half of the population now own one of these mauve-coloured, hot-water bottle-sized creatures.

In the domestic setting hoverhogs are adept at snuffling up drifting crumbs, fluff and other general household debris, although gentlewomen of more sensitive natures have recently reported some problems with these labour-saving devices.

“Ill Winds to be Eradicated”

“The rotten-eggs smell of the hoverhogs’ exhalations have a terrible tendency to linger and cause offence. I have to think twice before inviting guests to tea on cleaning days,” an anonymous source complained.

In response to this concern, a spokesperson for the distributors of the creatures announced that this problem was being addressed, promising that “these ill winds will most certainly be eradicated within six months.”

OPEN DAY AT THE ROYAL XENOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Royal Xenological Society wishes to invite interested members of the public to their premises in Russell Square, London, to witness the work of the Society and listen to a series of lectures on recent botanical unearthings.

The Royal Xenological Society consists of a group of learned men whose job it is to study the different flora and fauna of our solar realm. Through close and constant correspondence with amateur botanists and natural philosophers throughout the aether, the Society aims to uncover hitherto hidden secrets of nature.

At 2pm on the 16th day of this month, the doors to the Society’s respected establishment will be opened to discerning members of the public.

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