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MARTIAN DREAMS[™]

CLUE BOOK

The Lost Notebooks of Nellie Bly

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Worlds of Adventure 2

MARTIAN DREAMS[™]

Clue Book

The Lost Notebooks of Nellie Bly

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Dear Reader:

This is a journal of an amazing voyage, a journal I would not believe had I not experienced the voyage myself. If this has been printed, and you are reading it, then I may also assume that other news has been heard of my travels. This is not an occurrence that the newspapers would take lightly!

I am completing this record on the journey from Mars back to Earth, based on my notes of the past several incredible days. Admiral Peary has been kind enough to sketch a map of Mars as a reference for my notes, and the Avatar (a strange name, that, and made all the stranger by his avoidance of my persistent requests that he explain it) has been otherwise very cooperative in providing his viewpoint of our adventures. This is especially important for those times when he was required to perform some action alone and this reporter was not able to personally witness the event.

It is my fond hope that some day the world will read of our travels. Would that it could be during my lifetime! I am giving the journal to Doctor Johann Spector for safekeeping, and for release when he feels that the world is ready for this knowledge. I trust his judgment implicitly, and wish him well on both of his journeys "home."

Dear reader, I wish you well on your journey through these notebooks. I can guarantee that you have never read their like before, and perhaps never will again. The fantastic fictions of my dear friend Monsieur Verne are analogous, but even they pale in comparison to the truths revealed within these pages. I can also guarantee that you will be amazed, astounded and possibly shocked by some of the facts revealed herein. But you will also learn many things about other races, and it is to be hoped, about yourself. Oh, yes, you will learn.

Nellie Bly
October 1895

Within this book you will find information about a world now dead and a race in hiding. This collection of notebooks was originally compiled by the famous reporter Nellie Bly, in the year 1895, and annotated by me. The notebooks reveal the details of a strange voyage to Mars and its surprising conclusion.

It is possible that this manuscript will never be read. The people involved in this journey have agreed that the only way to ensure the safety of the Martian race is to suppress all knowledge of it. Everyone but the Avatar and I has agreed to have his or her memories of this period altered by the Martians to prevent any accidental divulgence of information. We have assured these people that their fortunes are secure and their places in history are guaranteed, even with this sacrifice. The world of 1895 is simply not prepared for aliens.

We are not truly convinced that our world at the dawning of the 21st century is any more ready for this revelation. I can only hope that someday our world will be able to accept the possibility of aliens without panic or loathing. At that time perhaps this story may be revealed.

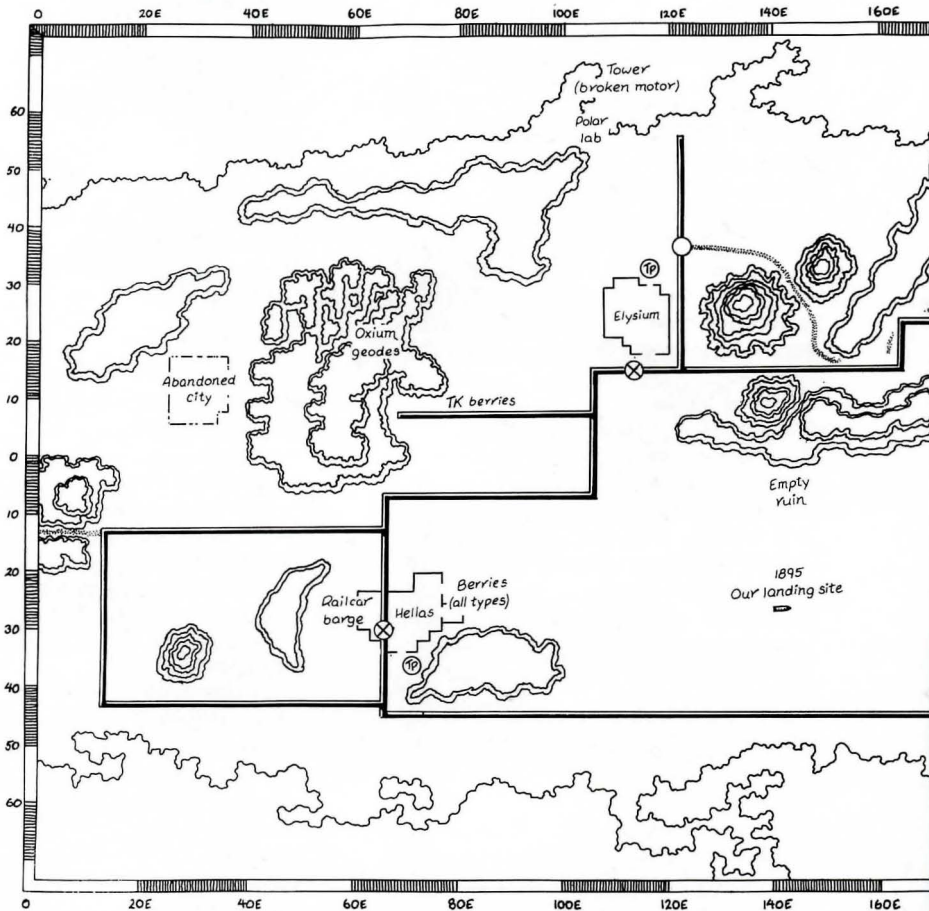
Dr. Johann Spector
December 1895





TABLE OF CONTENTS

Maps of Mars	4	Survival on Mars	39
Transport Tube Stations	6	Cold	39
Arsia Mons Traders' House	7	Combat	39
Noctis Labyrinthus, Coprates		Resting	41
Chasma, Argyre City	8	Oxygen	41
Cooter's Cave	9	Healing	42
Prison Cave	9	Berries	42
Olympus Mons and City	10-11	Items from Earth	43
Olympus Tunnel	11	Items Found on Mars	44
Elysium City	12	Weapons	45
Hellas City	12	Trade	46
Hellas Greenhouse and		Martians and Their History	47
Seed Cache	13	Biology	47
Syrtis Major Labyrinth	14	Daily Life	48
Syrtis Major Mines	15	Grove Structure	48
Olympus Mines	16	Mythology	49
Motherlode and Power Station	17	Martian Technology	49
Polar Laboratory	18	Canals	49
Pumping Station	18	Electrical Power	50
The Dream World	19	Mechanical Men	50
Dream Halls	20	Dream Machines	51
George Washington Carver	21	The Plague	51
Vladimir Ilyich Lenin	22	Existence in the Dream World	52
H. G. Wells	22-23	Our Adventures on the Red Planet	53
Louis Comfort Tiffany	24	Introduction to Mars	53
The Hellas Grove	24	The 1893 Capsule	53
Wyatt Earp	25	Arsia Mons	53
Georges Méliès	25	Cooter's Cave	53
Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)	26	The Prison Cave	53
Percival Lowell	27	The Power Station	54
The Final Confrontation	28-30	Affadavit Requirements	54
Creatures and Machines	31	Rescue at Syrtis	54
Agrobot	31	Olympus	54
Airsquid/Groundsquid	31	Power On!	55
Ammonoid	32	The Motherlode	55
Bushalo	32	Broken Broadcast Towers	55
Bushrat	32	Investigating Elysium	55
Canal Worm	33	Investigating Hellas	56
Cave Worm	33	Repairing the Dream Machine	56
Creeper	33	Olympus Mines	56
Creeping Cactus	34	Hellas Dream Machine	56
Dust Devil	34	Growing a Martian	57
Hedgehog	34	Elysium Dream Machine	58
Janitor	35	Tower Repair and Alignment	58
Jumping Bean	35	Metal Martians	59
Leviathan	35	Camera and Azurite	59
Oxyleech	36	Chsheket Joins Us	60
Plantelope	36	Filling the Canals	60
Planther	36	Iron Ore	60
Pod Devil	37	Stolen Fuel	61
Proto-Martian	37	Cosmetic Plans	61
Rockworm	37	Entering Argyre	61
Sand Trapper	38	Humanizing the Martians	62
Sextelleger	38	The Final Showdown	62
Wisp	38	Index	63



This map shows the locations of most of the major features of the Martian landscape. Many of these are discussed later in these notes.

The canyon labyrinths at Coprates Chasma, Noctis Labyrinthus and Syrtis Major were not quite accurately mapped by Admiral Peary. We have therefore corrected these errors in the later, more detailed maps.

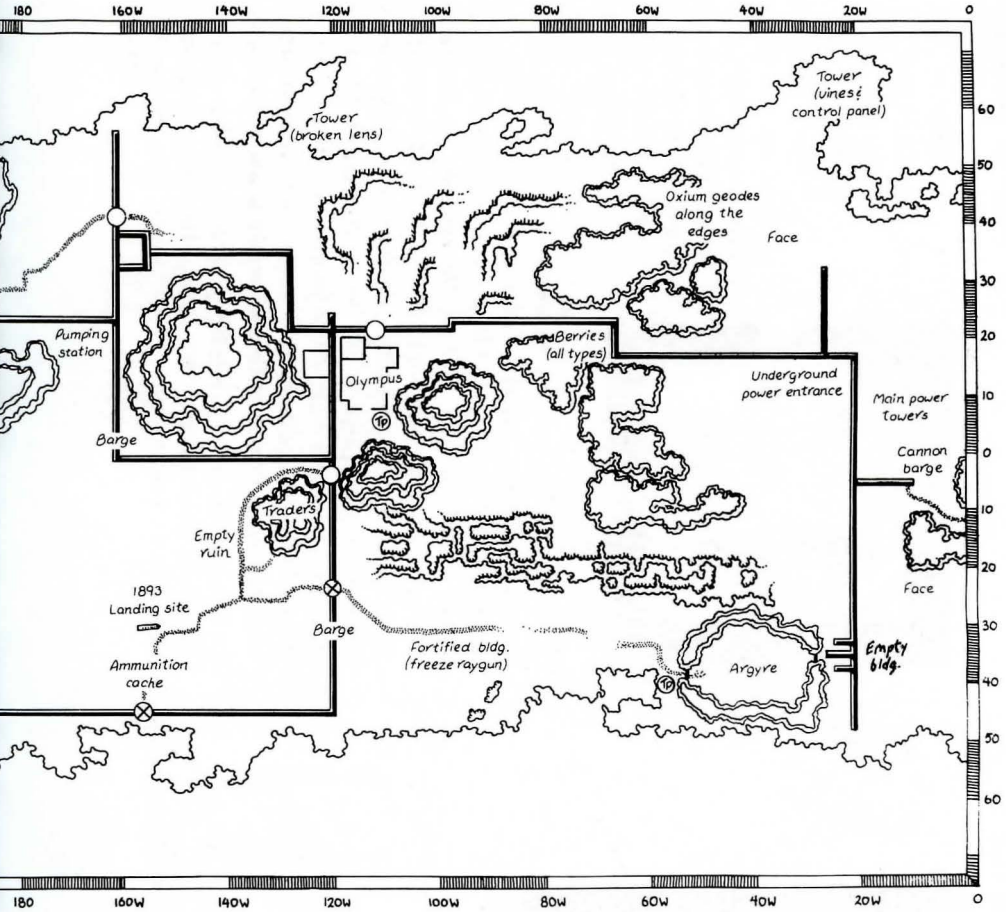
The abandoned building southwest of Argyre held a few interesting items that we took with us. The aban-

doned city west of Syrtis Major, while not containing any items of interest, did house an interesting...how shall I put this?...being, whose knowledge proved to be both accurate and informative.

The transport tube stations and the barges, while not very useful to us at first, did prove invaluable later in our adventure for quick and easy travel.

Even so, some areas were totally inaccessible to the end, such as the majority of the icecaps and some pla-





teaus. However, those plateaus that we could scale were worth investigating, as some of them contained berries and oxium geodes that assisted us in our journey. There was also a large berry patch about 20 paces southeast of the wall around Olympus.

Map Key (pp. 4-5)



Extended Bridge



Retracted Bridge



Transport Tube Station

The numbers around the perimeter of the map mark the sextant coordinates on the planet. We did not find it necessary to search out the scattered berries and oxium geodes that Admiral Peary marked on his map, but it was reassuring to know they were there if we needed them. The strange "being" referred to by Miss Bly is the wisp, described in more detail in her notebook entitled "Creatures and Machines."



On the following pages are detailed maps of the most important Martian locations.

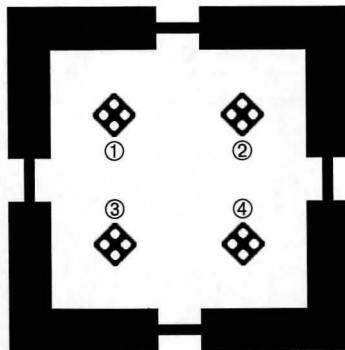


General Map Key, pages 6-30

Green PM berries			Object
Tool			Hole
Transport tube station			Lamppost
Weapon			Electric door
Container (portable)			Plant
Container (immoveable)			Dreamstuff
Rug			Dream stepping stone

Transport Tube Stations

- 1 To/Elysium
- 2 To/Olympus
- 3 To/Hellas
- 4 To/Argyre



There were four tube stations on the planet, one outside each city. I can only assume there was a reason for the isolation of these stations; whether for security, safety, traffic control or engineering purposes is unknown.

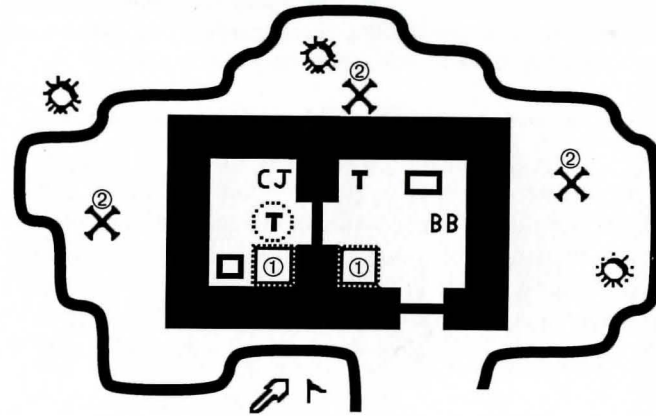
These stations became operational once the power was restored. We soon learned that the four tubes in each station corresponded roughly to the geographical location of the four cities, with the upper left tube for Elysium, the upper right for Olympus, the lower left for Hellas, and the lower right for Argyre. Each station's receiving tube was the one corresponding to the nearest city, while each of the other three tubes transported travelers to the station near its affiliated city. We grew to enjoy and depend on this mode of travel, as it usually allowed us to bypass the dangerous creatures that roamed the surface of Mars.

While they seem to have been related to pneumatic tube technology, such as we find at modern drive-through bank windows, I am unclear as to their exact structure and design. A shame. They were quite efficient.

Arsia Mons

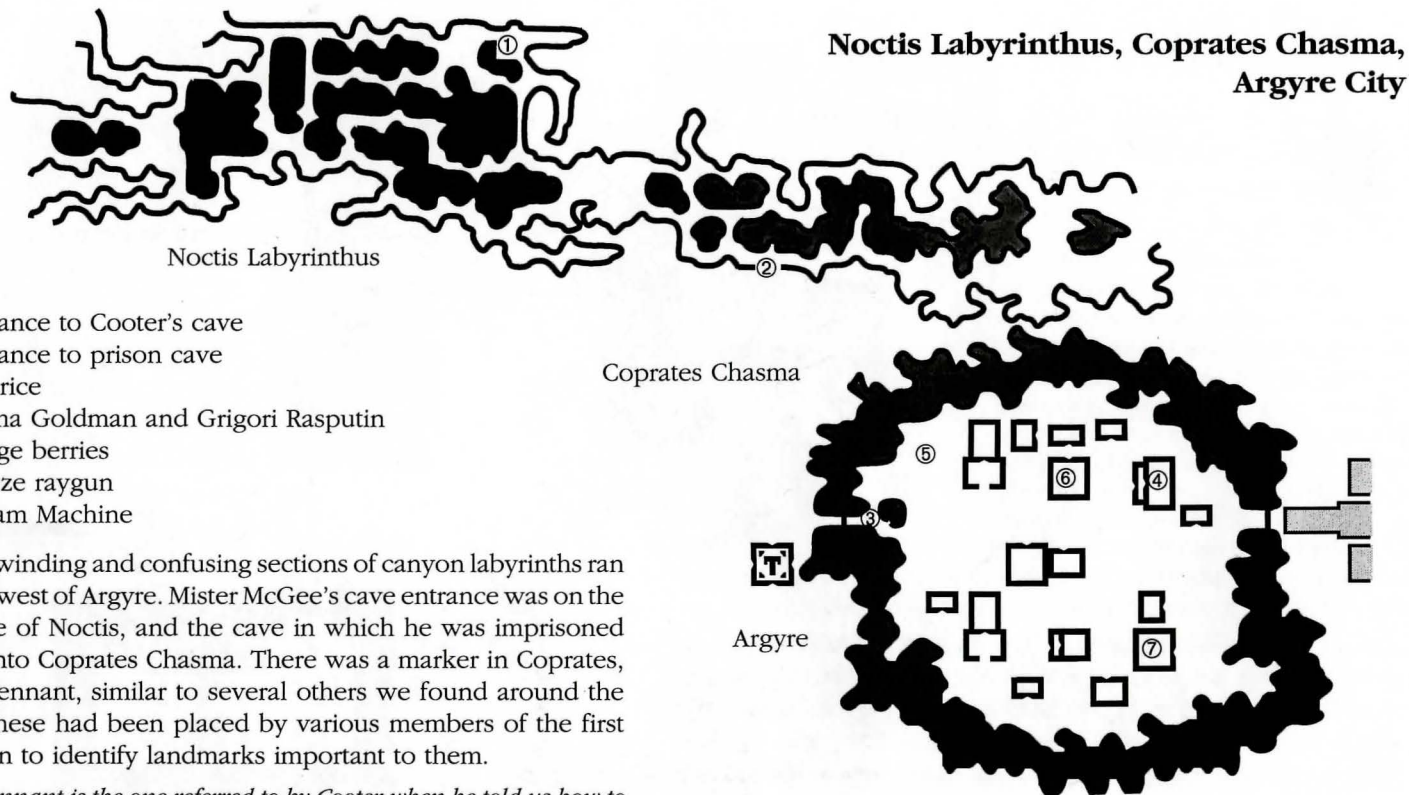
The traders' house was small and cramped. We found warm clothes and ammunition, as Miss Burke and Mister Cody allowed us to borrow anything we found in their storage chests. They were very helpful, and gave us all that they could to get us started on our quest. They also introduced us to the curious Martian berries, and gave us a bit of oxium to speed us on our way.

One thing we did find on our own was more oxium buried outside the house. In experimenting with the purple berries, we discovered that we could use the shovel lying by the doorway without physically holding it in our hands! Digging in the disturbed areas around the far sides of the house that we could see, but not reach, we uncovered several pieces of oxium. Thank heaven, though, that we did not use all of Calamity Jane and Buffalo Bill's berries. We definitely needed some of them in Cooter's cave!



- BB Buffalo Bill
- CJ Calamity Jane
- 1 Clothes and ammunition
- 2 Oxium





These winding and confusing sections of canyon labyrinths ran just northwest of Argyre. Mister McGee's cave entrance was on the north side of Noctis, and the cave in which he was imprisoned opened into Coprates Chasma. There was a marker in Coprates, a small pennant, similar to several others we found around the planet. These had been placed by various members of the first expedition to identify landmarks important to them.

That pennant is the one referred to by Cooter when he told us how to find his buried map.

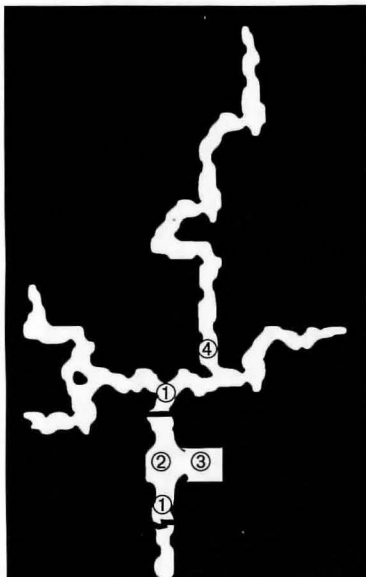
We carefully avoided the large, open area in Coprates Chasma. A particularly bad-tempered sand trapper claimed it as his own, and we were not inclined to argue with him.

When we finally entered Argyre, I was reminded of a modern, industrial town in America. There were few glass walls and no gardens, but the barge station was easily accessible and larger than any other we found. This was obviously a city dedicated to the production of goods, with no thought for the comfort of its inhabitants. Raxachk's view of a perfect world, as we saw it reflected in his city, was one in which no soul with any humanity (or whatever the equivalent would be for the Martians) could possibly be content.

We found ammunition and weapons in several buildings on the north side of the city, and a Martian weapon in the building west of the home where we encountered Emma and Rasputin.

The smaller southern building also contained a pistol and ammunition under the rugs. The far west building had radium hidden in a pouch (obviously cached by someone with no idea of this substance's danger). That same area also gave us some blue berries that, when eaten, cured us of radiation poisoning! (A good thing, considering that one of our number had picked up the pouch with the radium...)

Mister McGee's cave was Spartan: minimal furniture and crates, a few eating utensils and bits of oxium. We had to move planks over two small chasms to get in and investigate the area. We soon wished we had left



Cooter's Cove

- 1 Planks
- 2 Purple berries and ammunition
- 3 Cooter's notes
- 4 Branch with oxium

- 1 Ammonoids
- 2 Crates
- 3 Cooter McGee

Cooter's Cave

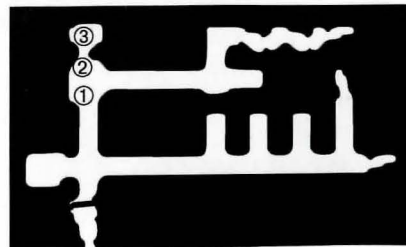
the west branch alone—it was full of bushrats!

To the east, we discovered two notes that were instrumental in finding where Mister McGee had been taken by his kidnappers.

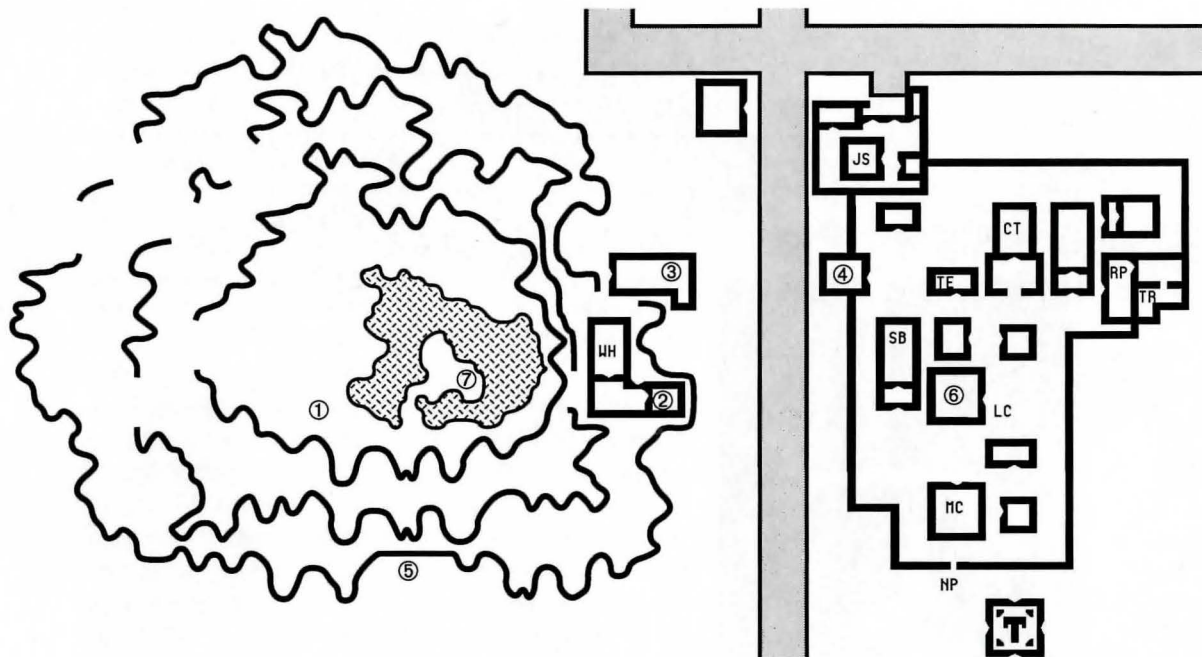
We had to eat Buffalo Bill's purple berries to move the planks while we could not reach them. I heartily agree with Miss Bly about the west branch, but investigating the central branch of the rear tunnels paid off. We found several oxium geodes which kept us going for a while.

Prison Cave

The kidnappers chose their prison well for Mister McGee. Except for a multitude of vicious creatures, there was nothing here of value. With the exception, of course, of Mister McGee himself.



Prison Cave



Olympus Mons and City

Our main discovery on Olympus Mons was the body of that poor man with the camera. He was near a large herd of vicious proto-Martians, and had obviously been slain by them.

We later needed the camera to obtain a very important item from a collector of Martian artifacts.

The residents of Olympus were among the most important assets on our journey. Mister Segal, the leader of the colony, was able to direct us to the correct person for almost any task. It seemed as though everyone in the town contributed some useful skill before our labors were over.

CT Captain Trippet and ammunition
 JS Jack Segal
 LC Legrande Couillard
 MC Marie Curie, lead box, tongs
 NP Nathaniel Peters

RP Admiral Robert Peary
 SB Sarah Bernhardt
 TE Thomas Edison
 TR Theodore Roosevelt
 WH William Randolph Hearst
 1 Dead man with camera

2 Oxium
 3 West stairs to tunnel
 4 East stairs to tunnel
 5 Mine entrance
 6 Dream Machine
 7 Space cannon barrel

Admiral Peary's geographical knowledge of the planet helped us innumerable times. As we returned from Mars, his memories provided me with the basis for the large map of this now-desolate world. Captain Trippet, Mister Edison, Mister Carnegie and Miss Bernhardt were all called upon to repair or design things for us.

Doctor Curie furnished us with tongs and a lead box to protect us when working with radium. Most of the others were valuable sources of information as specialists in their particular fields.

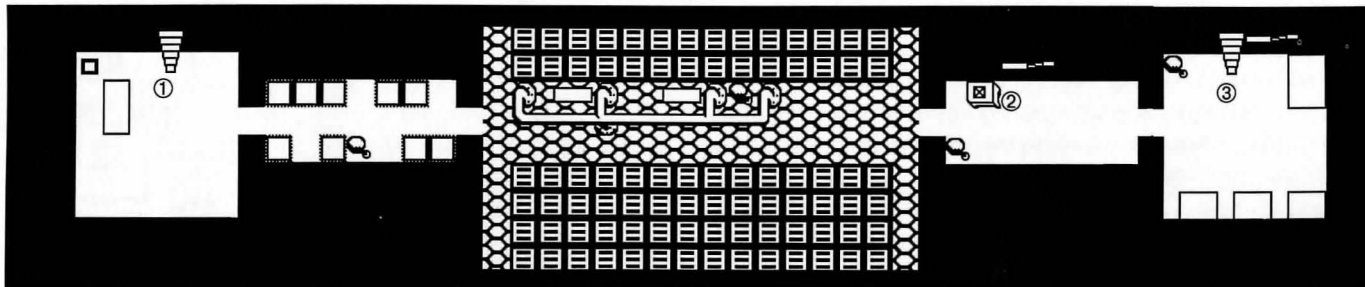
We found that the buildings nearest the Dream Machine building held warm clothes, ammunition and a small stash of berries.

Olympus Tunnel

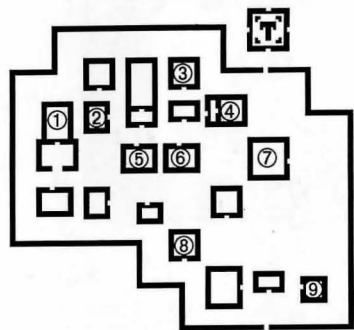
This long series of chambers connected the two halves of Olympus Mons. The underground passage proved convenient, as Mister Hearst and Mister Carnegie had both set up housekeeping on the western side of the canal. There was not much of interest in the tunnel itself, but we were glad enough to have found it anyway.

When we later needed a control panel to repair one of the Dream Machines, we took the one down here and Edison rewired it for us.

- 1 Stairs to western part of city
- 2 Control panel
- 3 Stairs to eastern part of city



Elysium City



- 1 Tekapesh (Lowell)
- 2 Chaktsaf (Tiffany)
- 3 Pashesh (Lenin)
- 4 Bikchiz (Wells)
- 5 Cheshef (Carver) and Carver's notebook
- 6 Fazek (Méliès)
- 7 Dream Machine
- 8 Sisik (Clemens)
- 9 Xichak (Earp) and heat raygun

Elysium was most notable for the interesting characters we encountered there. These “people,” when we first met them, were actually Martians who had usurped human bodies.

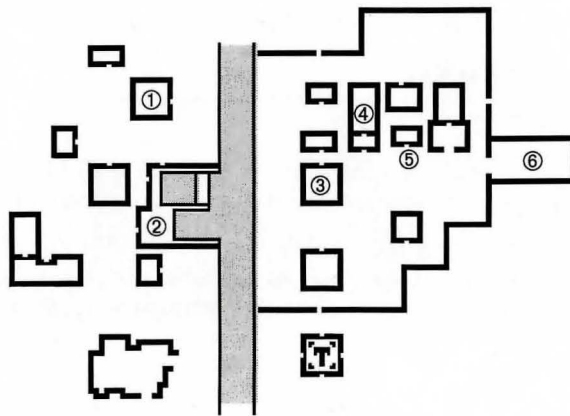
Tekapesh, their leader, was grudgingly helpful, though he made it clear that he had no respect for our kind. Xichak was friendly enough, though, and Cheshef had quite useful information about Martian biology. All of the Martians here, while less cooperative than those the Avatar met in the Dream World, told us enough about their background and history to help us understand their plight.

The most useful item we found in Elysium was Dr. Carver's notebook, which told us how to grow a Martian seedling. There was also a Martian heat raygun in a box in Elysium's southeasternmost building. We valued this type of weapon, as it did not require ammunition.

Hellas City

The city of Hellas was obviously a very beautiful place to live. The remains could be seen of carefully designed gardens, flowing fountains and glass-walled homes with natural lighting. This was the only city where we found a garden of berries, on the eastern edge of the settlement, suggesting that these Martians might also have been more comfortable with the spiritual, or mystic, aspect of their natures.

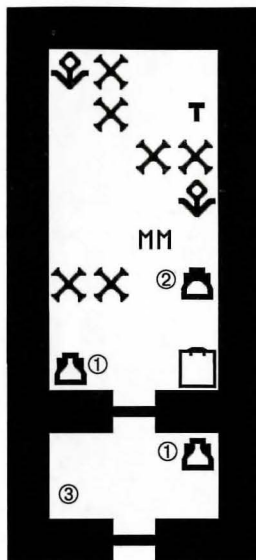
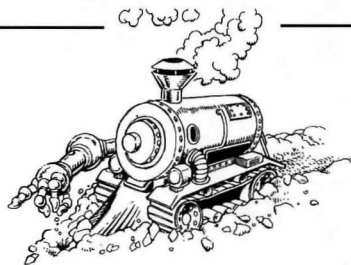
- | | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|---|--------------|
| 1 | Dream Machine | 5 | Seed cache |
| 2 | Barge station | 6 | Berry garden |
| 3 | Oxium | | |
| 4 | Greenhouse and Mad Marcus Cheney | | |



Poor Mister Cheney was the only inhabitant of the city in our time here. Even in his unfortunate condition, he had worthwhile information for us regarding survival on Mars.

While the berry garden was useful, we had to fight every time we entered it. Apparently, jumping beans were very fond of berries. The barge stationed just west of the canal proved quite useful to us in our travels. By the way, Hellas is where we learned that Martians sometimes hid things under their rugs...

Hellas Greenhouse and Seed Cache



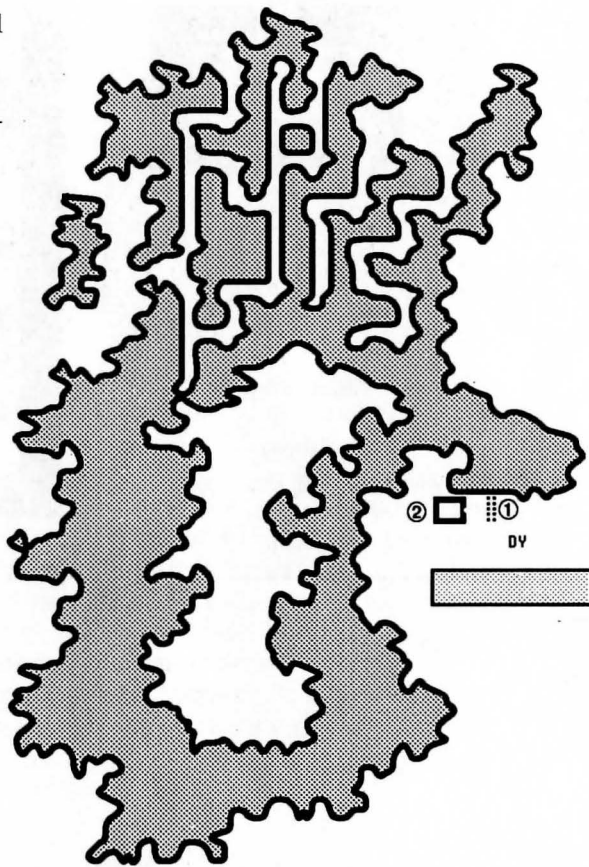
- MM Mad Marcus Cheney
 1 Chemicals
 2 Acid
 3 Microscope



I believe that the greenhouse had been left untouched from the time Martians lived in Hellas. This made it interesting as a study in Martian life. We found most of the equipment there that would have been used to grow a young Martian—the water bucket, podknife, various chemicals (along with some obviously kept there for other purposes, as they would not have been beneficial to a seed) and the soil itself. The adjacent seed cache, whose door had rusted shut, held a store of unplanted seeds.

Oil in the shack outside the Syrtis mine entrance allowed us to open the door of the seed cache. Carver told us where in Elysium to find his notes, which detailed the proper chemicals for fertilizing a new seedling. The microscope here also proved helpful to us later.

- DY Dr. David Yellin
 1 Mine entrance
 2 Shack with drill parts
 3 Abandoned city
 (Wisp here occasionally)



Syrtis Major Labyrinth

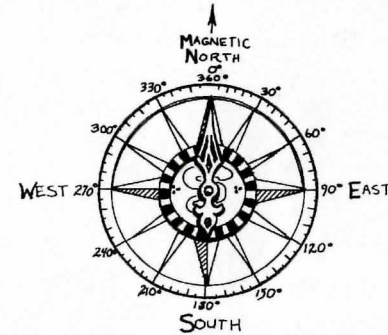
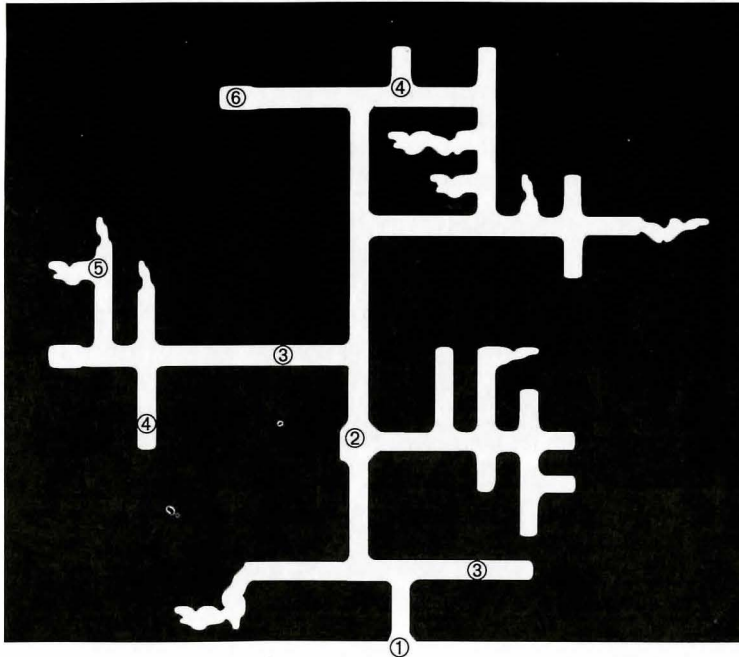


The canyons of Syrtis Major were no less confusing than those at Noctis Labyrinthus. Narrow, winding, with continually obscured vision, these areas could be quite dangerous. Fortunately, not many worms or plantimals had taken up residence in these canyons.

Peary noted that he found various kinds of berries and quite a few oxium geodes in this area, scattered far and wide throughout the canyons.

Syrtis Major Mines

- | | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|---|----------------------|
| 1 | Entrance | 3 | Iron ore |
| 2 | Richard Sherman and
Greg Duprey | 4 | Oxium |
| | | 5 | Ammunition and oxium |
| | | 6 | Dirt money |



On our first journey to these mines, we were able to rescue two good men. Doctor Yellin met us outside, and Mister Sherman and Major Duprey were trapped inside. The tools necessary to free them were in the shack just outside the entrance.

These mines became even more important when we discovered that they contained iron. The right-hand branch at the entrance provided the most accessible ore. Testing along the north face of this branch, we located a deposit and drilled until we had enough ore for Mister Carnegie to complete the space cannon.

It was, of course, quite fortunate that the cart track ran right beside these deposits. By loading the ore as we drilled it, we were able to extract all the ore we needed from one deposit.

When we later had the chance to explore these mines, we found oxium to the north and in the halls to the west. The farthest point west also yielded several rounds of ammunition.

Olympus Mines

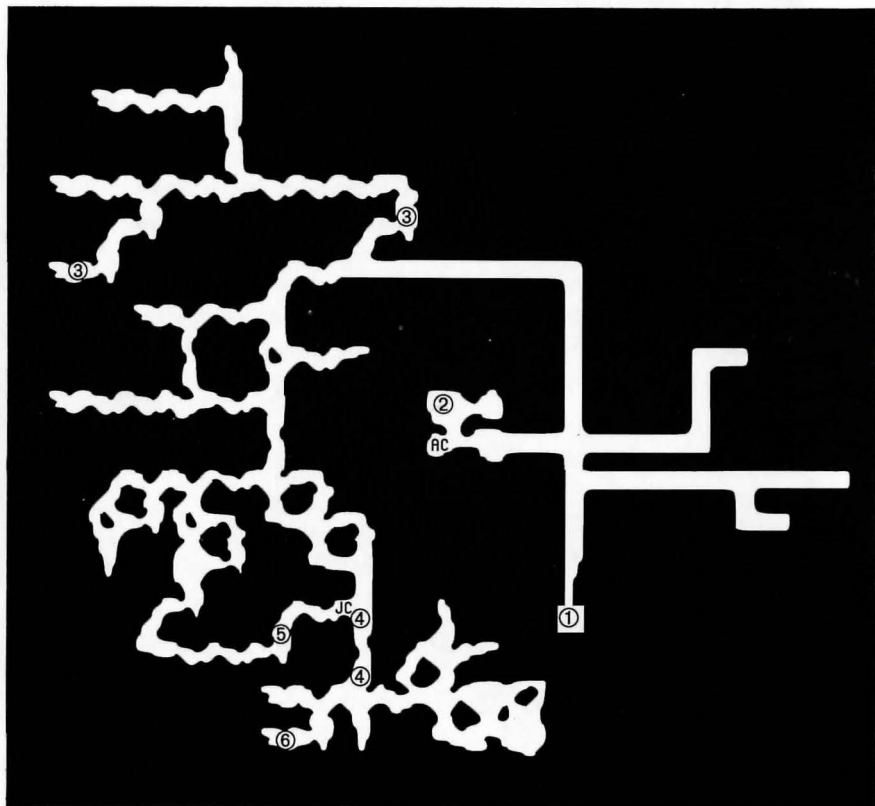
These mines were very significant in our journey, as they contained the cannon that eventually sent us home. Mister Carnegie spent all of his time there, working tirelessly on this project. The cannon (and usually Mister Carnegie) resided in the first branch to the left of the main north-south shaft.

Going north all the way, then west, we discovered more natural-looking caverns. Following the left wall, so that we would not get lost, we ran into a colony of rockworms. Just west of the worms, in the midst of them really, we found a supply of radium, to which they were apparently attracted.

A rare slip! Miss Bly failed to mention that we also found a man, dying of his wounds, near the rockworm lair. In his last moments, he gave us something that would prove valuable in our investigations.

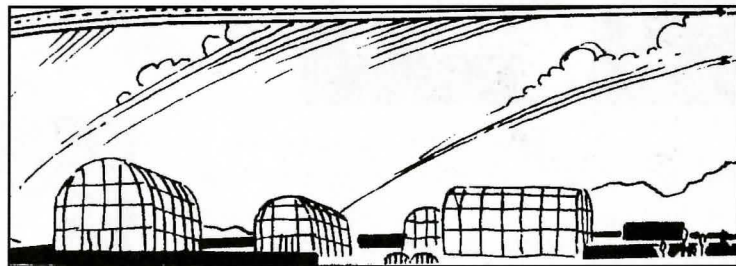
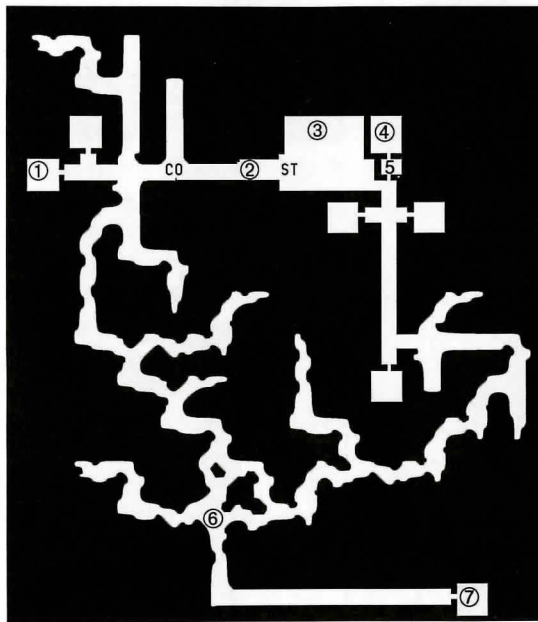
Checking out the southern block of caverns, we found a crate that contained a heat raygun. We learned a valuable lesson here: always move anything movable. There might be something underneath.

AC	Andrew Carnegie	3	Oxium
JC	Jean Couillard	4	Rockworms
1	Entrance	5	Radium block
2	Space Cannon	6	Heat raygun and oxium



Motherlode and Power Station

CO	Coker	2	Conveyor belt	5	Spool of cable
ST	Stoker	3	Furnaces	6	Bushrats
1	Entrance	4	Oxium bins	7	Exit



The power station provided a fascinating glimpse of Martian technology. It also held two helpful mechanical men, the first we saw in our journeys. The actual mechanics of the station are described later. I have noted the location of the oxium bins (Mister McGee's motherlode), which proved vital to our continued survival on Mars. Also indicated are the conveyor belt and the furnaces.

Most of the station's tools were useless to us. The wheelbarrow carted coal to the furnace, and the spool of cable by the oxium was needed for later repairs. The major obstructions we encountered down here were the bordses of bushrats in the mine tunnels. Aggressive little nits!

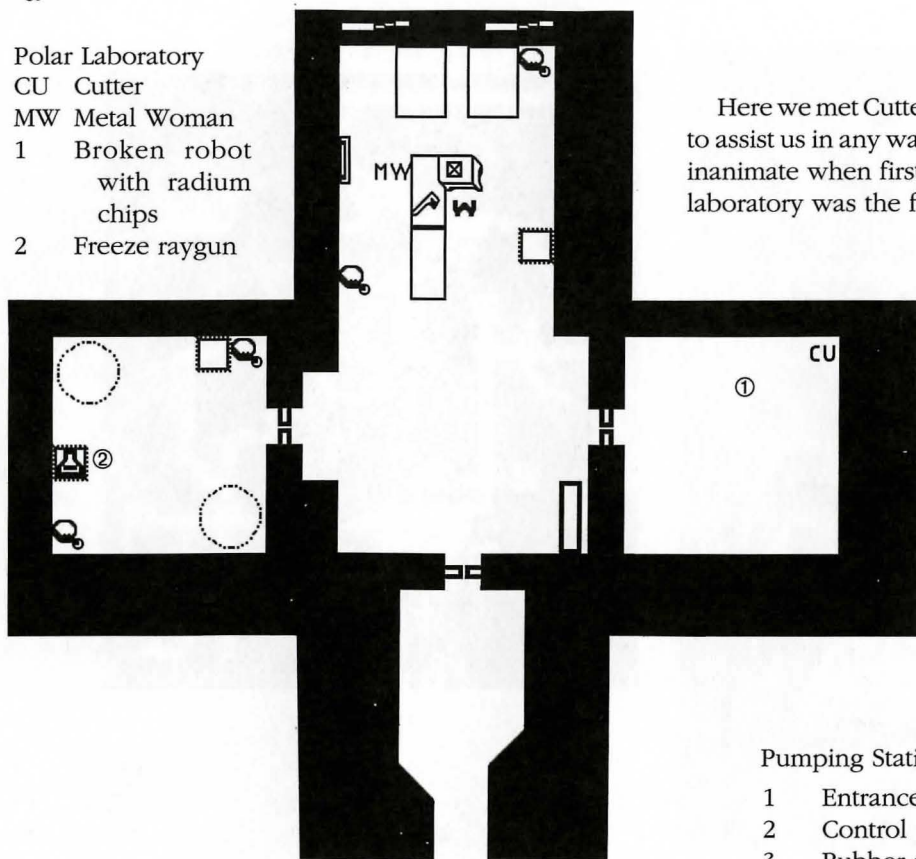
Polar Laboratory

CU Cutter

MW Metal Woman

1 Broken robot
with radium
chips

2 Freeze raygun

**Polar Laboratory**

Here we met Cutter, another mechanical man, one, who was quite willing to assist us in any way. There was another metal individual down here also, inanimate when first we found it. The only other reason to visit the polar laboratory was the freeze raygun in the west chamber.

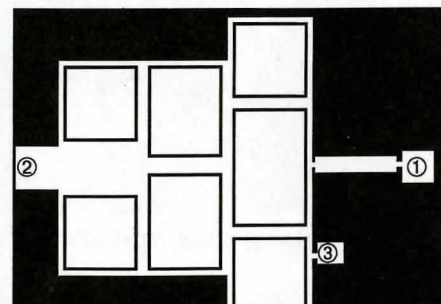
Pumping Station

The underground pumping station contained large holding tanks for the canal waters. The entrance was at the far right of the map, and the control console was at the far left. We met another mechanical man down here, not very informative, though he did divulge a bit of useful knowledge. We also found a rubber sprayer in the room to the lower right that later came in handy.

The room with the sprayer also held the rubber itself and, in another crate, a heat raygun.

Pumping Station

- 1 Entrance
- 2 Control panel
- 3 Rubber sprayer, rubber, heat raygun



THE DREAM WORLD

There can be no precise explanation of the way the Dream Machines operated. They were able, somehow, to carry one's conscious self from the body into a realm of dreams and nightmares. According to the Avatar, you could often affect the outcome of these dreams in interesting ways.

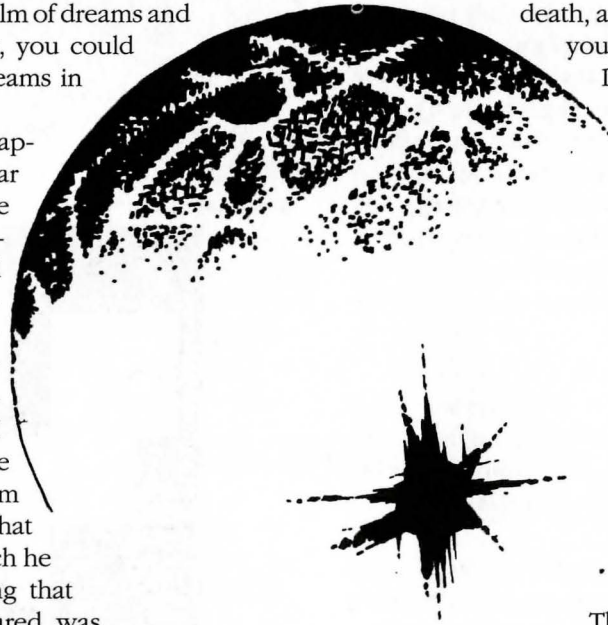
Tools and other physical objects appeared out of seeming void. The Avatar said that a sparkling, cloudy substance he called "dreamstuff" would transform itself into whatever he imagined it might be. On reflection, he is uncertain whether the dreamstuff independently transformed itself, triggering his imagination, or whether his imagination triggered the transformation. I can understand his uncertainty—some of the items he imagined were random and useless, but others were exactly what he needed to affect the dream in which he found himself. And often, something that seemed useless when it first appeared was exactly what he later needed. If he truly imagined all of the items he described to me, without outside influence, he has a fertile imagination, indeed!

You could, occasionally, imagine your own death in these nightmares. Actually, you imagined something very close to death, and then you "woke up," having returned to your body (or, rarely, to a different point in the Dream World).

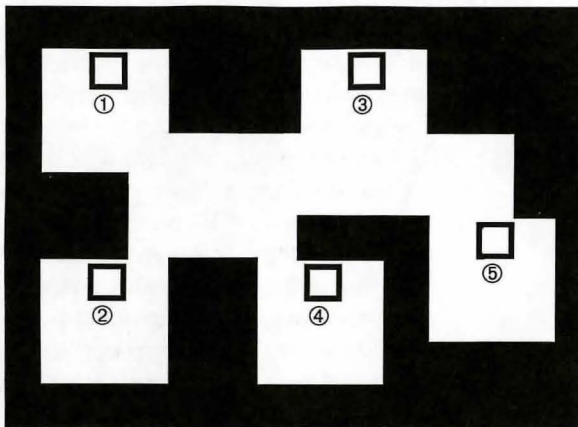
Leaving the Dream World of your own volition was a simple matter—you simply had to talk to yourself. This apparently alerted your mind to reality, and you returned to your body.

While transporting objects into and out of the Dream World was obviously possible, I have no idea how it was accomplished. Only the evil Martian, Raxachk, and the human called the Avatar actually performed this feat. Even they could not do it without destroying the very fabric of reality.

What follows are descriptions of the specific dreams which the Avatar entered. These details were graciously given in an exclusive interview, and I present them for the reader's greater understanding of these human prisons and Martian havens.



Hellas Dream Hall



The Dream Halls were definitely Spartan according to the Avatar, nothing more than a platform with obelisks that transported one to the individual dreams. In order to enter any specific dream, the Avatar had only to approach the appropriate obelisk from the front, and he was transported into that dream. As the humans were freed from their nightmares, they appeared in the Dream Hall in place of their obelisk. However, the Hellas Grove obelisk remained, and in fact, the Avatar returned to the dream grove several times.

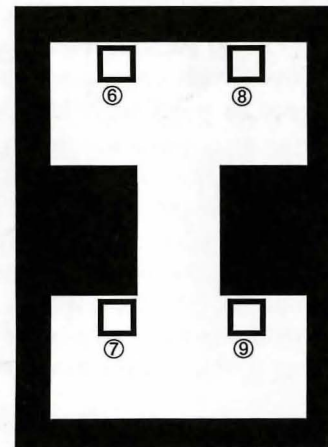
Dream Halls

In the Hellas Hall, the upper left obelisk led to the dream imprisoning Doctor Carver, the upper right led to Mister Wells, the lower left to Mister Lenin, the lower right to Mister Tiffany and the far right obelisk to the dream grove of Hellas.

The upper left obelisk in the Elysium Hall took the Avatar to the dream holding Marshal Earp, the upper right led to Mister Clemens, the lower left to Monsieur Méliès and the lower right to Professor Lowell.

Elysium Dream Hall

- 1 To Carver's dream
- 2 To Lenin's dream
- 3 To Wells' dream
- 4 To Tiffany's dream
- 5 To the Hellas dream grove
- 6 To Earp's dream
- 7 To Méliès' dream
- 8 To Clemens' dream
- 9 To Lowell's dream



George Washington Carver

The Avatar entered Doctor Carver's dream through the Hellas Hall. After traversing a winding path, he entered an open area where he met the doctor. Carver told the Avatar that he needed help with an experiment. A plant would soon emerge from the center of the area. This plant had to be protected from the worms that would attack it as soon as it broke through the earth.

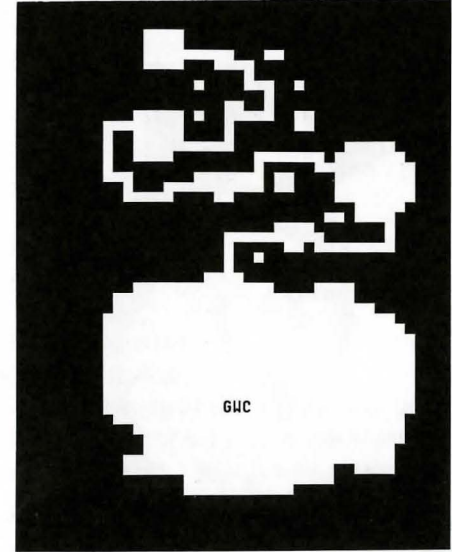
Doctor Carver gave the Avatar water and seeds. These seeds would grow a plant called wormsbane. When watered, the plants would bloom, and the blossoms would repel the dangerous worms. Carver then left the Avatar, saying he would return later.

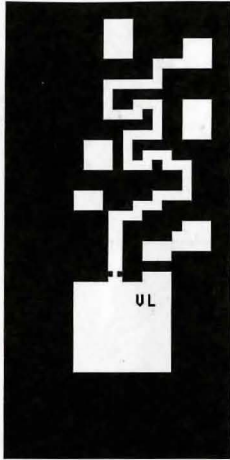
The Avatar swiftly began planting the seeds. He would plant two seeds, water them, water the plants which then grew so that they would bloom, pick their flow-

ers to obtain more seeds, water the plants again for another bloom to repel the worms, and move on around the central seedling, repeating the actions. Eventually, blooming wormsbane ringed the seedling, protecting it from the worms that did, indeed, attack. The Avatar continued to monitor the plants, watering them again when the flowers disappeared, to trigger another cycle of blooms.

After awhile, the central seedling had grown to its full size, and sported a large, ripe pod. The Avatar used the podknife Doctor Carver had given him to split the pod, and—out came the doctor!

According to the Avatar, one worm did penetrate the circle of wormsbane, but he fought it off with his bare hands. While he could not have repulsed the entire mass of worms in this way, it was good as a last ditch effort. The Avatar does not like to lose!





The Avatar began this dream on a winding path. To each side of the path were inaccessible families, most of whom were obviously very wealthy or very poor.

He soon came to a large room with piles of rubles on the floor. Mister Lenin was also in the room, and told the Avatar what he must do. The piles of money had to be divided evenly, so that the wealth of the village was fairly distributed among all its inhabitants.

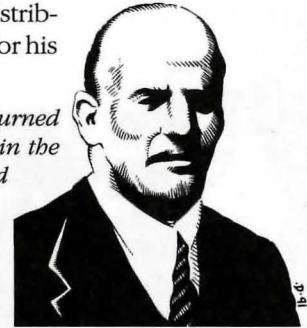
When the Avatar counted the money, he had 253 rubles to divide into 25 piles.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin

There was also a gemstone that, of course, could not be divided.

The Avatar began sorting the money into piles of ten rubles apiece. He was left with three rubles and the gem, all of which he gave to Mister Lenin. With the wealth distributed evenly, Mister Lenin thanked him for his help, and the Avatar awoke.

The Avatar suspected that he could have burned all the rubles with one of the candlesticks in the room, thus ensuring that no one received more than anyone else. He would still have had to give the gem to Lenin.



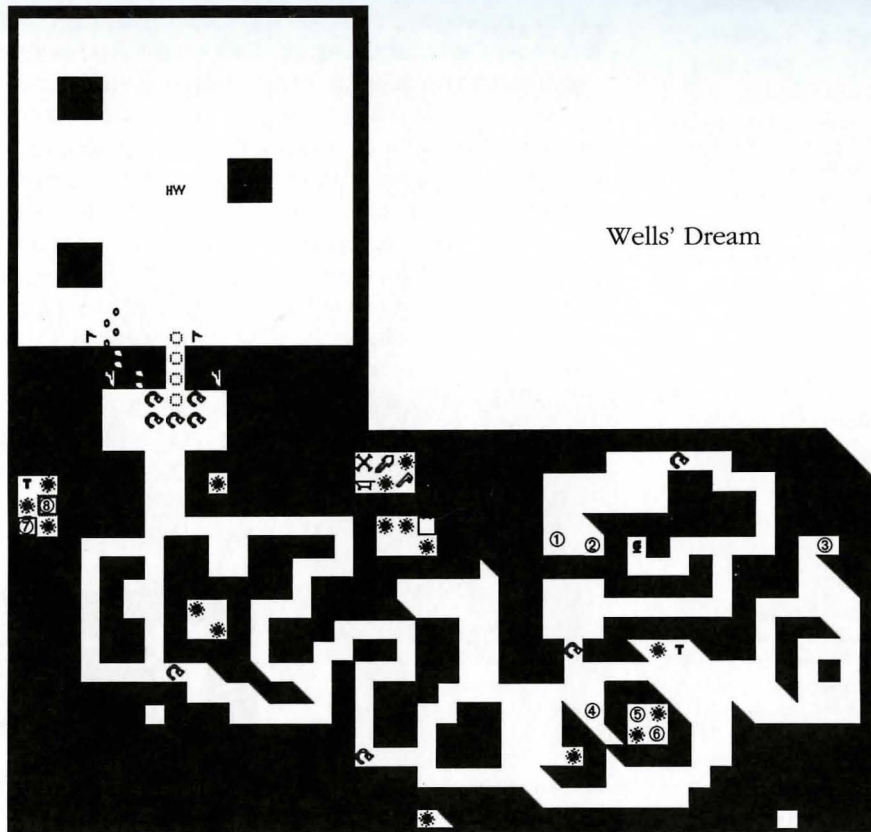
H. G. Wells

Mister Wells had been trapped in the Hellas Dream Machine. The Avatar found himself on a twisting path, with several patches of dreamstuff visible. The dreamstuff transformed into a pistol, a cannon, a sprayer and some paint, all of which he kept.

Continuing onward, he found Mister Wells motionless in the middle of a large, open area. Speaking to him, he found that Wells was terrified of monsters that he could not see. The Avatar soon realized that something invisible was indeed attacking them. These monsters could only be tracked by their footprints in the sand.



The Avatar swiftly sprayed the monsters with paint to make them visible, then killed them. Reassuring Mister Wells that all the monsters were gone, the Avatar once again awakened safely in the Dream Machine.

The Avatar was not convinced that the paint was actually necessary. It seemed as though it would have saved time if he had simply attacked the monsters by tracing their footprints. He did lead the monsters away from Wells by moving to the northwestern corner of the area. For some reason, at that particular place, the monsters could only attack from the east. He placed the cannon (which could only fire east, as it happened) in front of him, and fired until there were no more footprints.

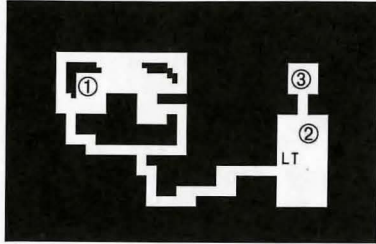


Wells' Dream

HW H. G. Wells

- 1 Start
 - 2 Dreamstuff (weed sprayer)
 - 3 Bottle of green paint
 - 4 Dreamstuff (cannon)
 - 5 Dreamstuff (pistol)
 - 6 Dreamstuff (pistol ammunition)
 - 7 Carpet bag with elephant gun
 - 8 Barrel with elephant gun ammunition
-  Reorientation area
 Gravity bender





- LT Louis Tiffany
 1 Red rug and book
 2 Minotaur
 3 Exit

This dream had a rather confusing beginning for the Avatar. He appeared in a room, being chased and

scolded by his own mother! (Doctor Freud tells me that this is a common nightmare for most of us at one time or another.) His only recourse was to let her chase him until he fell down a deep pit. As he continued to plummet, he eventually decided to see if he could affect his rate of fall. By “urging” himself downward, he actually fell faster. When it seemed he was about to hit the spikes at the bottom, he found himself safely standing on a twisting path.

Partway down the path, he came to a comfortable room with a chair, a book and a rug. He read the book (about bullfighting), collected the rug and continued on down the path.

The Avatar soon realized that the whole path was shaking, as from an earthquake. Reaching the end of the path, he found Mister Tiffany in the center of a glassware shop, which a large minotaur was systematically destroying. Tiffany begged him to make the minotaur leave the shop before all his artwork was destroyed.

The Avatar exited the back door of the shop, then readied the red rug he had acquired earlier. The minotaur followed him out

Louis Comfort Tiffany, The Hellas Grove

the door, whereupon the Avatar ran back around the monster and closed the door. Mister Tiffany expressed his thanks, and the Avatar awakened in our company once again.

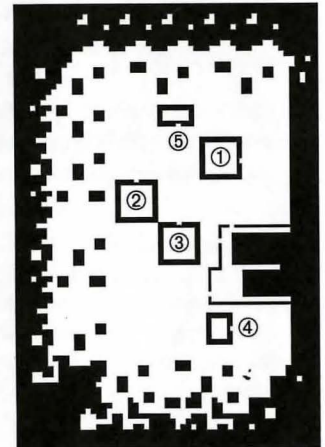
The Avatar confided to me his belief that simply dropping the rug outside the back door would probably also have ended the dream, but he was, of course, unable to go back in and test this hypothesis.

This map of the Hellas Grove in the Dream World illustrates that it is similar to the western half of the Hellas we all knew on Mars. It also shows where the Avatar located the inhabitants of this Hellas—the Martians who no longer existed on Mars. They were very helpful to us in our quest to return home.

The dream Hellas reflected Hellas as it used to be. Green, full of light and life, the original Hellas was truly a garden of Eden on Mars. Plants and plantimals now extinct on Mars itself still existed in this dream grove.

Prektesh was quite cooperative in the matter of finding a volunteer to transfer to the new body, and Plashef had much invaluable information regarding the materials needed for growing the body.

- 1 Pukchep 4 Xaktshesh
 2 Plashef 5 Chsheket
 3 Prektesh



Wyatt Earp

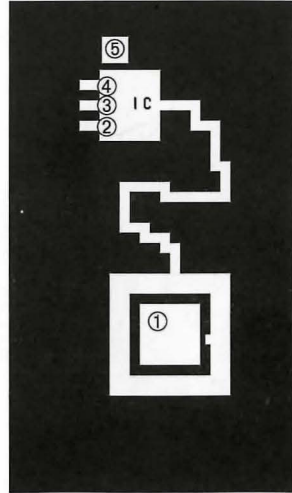
When the Avatar used the obelisk for this dream in the Elysium Dream Hall, he awoke back at the Dream Machine, but surrounded by proto-Martians. He swiftly disposed of them with a saber he found, only to awaken again—surrounded by the rest of us, whom he had apparently just slain!

Opening the door, he found himself on a dream path leading to an arena. A horse auction was in progress, and speaking to the horses, he got responses from two of them. He soon deduced that the gray horse, Marshall, was actually Marshal Earp.

Entering the spirit of the dream, the Avatar bid on the gray and bought him, outbidding the marshal's old enemy, Mister Ike Clanton. As soon as he told Marshall that he was free, the Avatar awoke, with our party, hale and hearty, awaiting him.

To get money to bid on the horse, the Avatar had to loot his dead friends' bodies. The Dream World sometimes took grisly turns to the macabre.

- IC Ike Clanton
- 1 Money on bodies
- 2 Marshall (horse)
- 3 Smith (horse)
- 4 Pistol (horse)
- 5 Auctioneer



Georges Méliès

When the Avatar first appeared in this dream from the Elysium Dream Hall, he was in a small room with Monsieur Méliès. (I have not bothered to provide a map of this simple room.) Méliès begged him not to move, as the walls closed in each time he took a step. Through careful experimentation, the Avatar determined that some squares, the darker ones, were safe to step on, while the lighter ones would, indeed, cause the walls to close in.



The Avatar then moved carefully to the wall, where he had noticed a small piece of dreamstuff. Monsieur Méliès had mentioned that the door to the room would not open. Concentrating on the dreamstuff, he transformed it into oil. The Avatar then moved carefully back across to the door, and oiling the mechanism, opened the door. Monsieur Méliès expressed his gratitude, and the Avatar was back with us again.

The Avatar found a quick way to get back to the door after acquiring the oil. He moved diagonally to the second tile down on the left side of the room, then headed straight for the door. This did cause the walls to close in to one tile wide, but no further, and enabled him to speedily open the door while still not injuring himself or Méliès.

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)

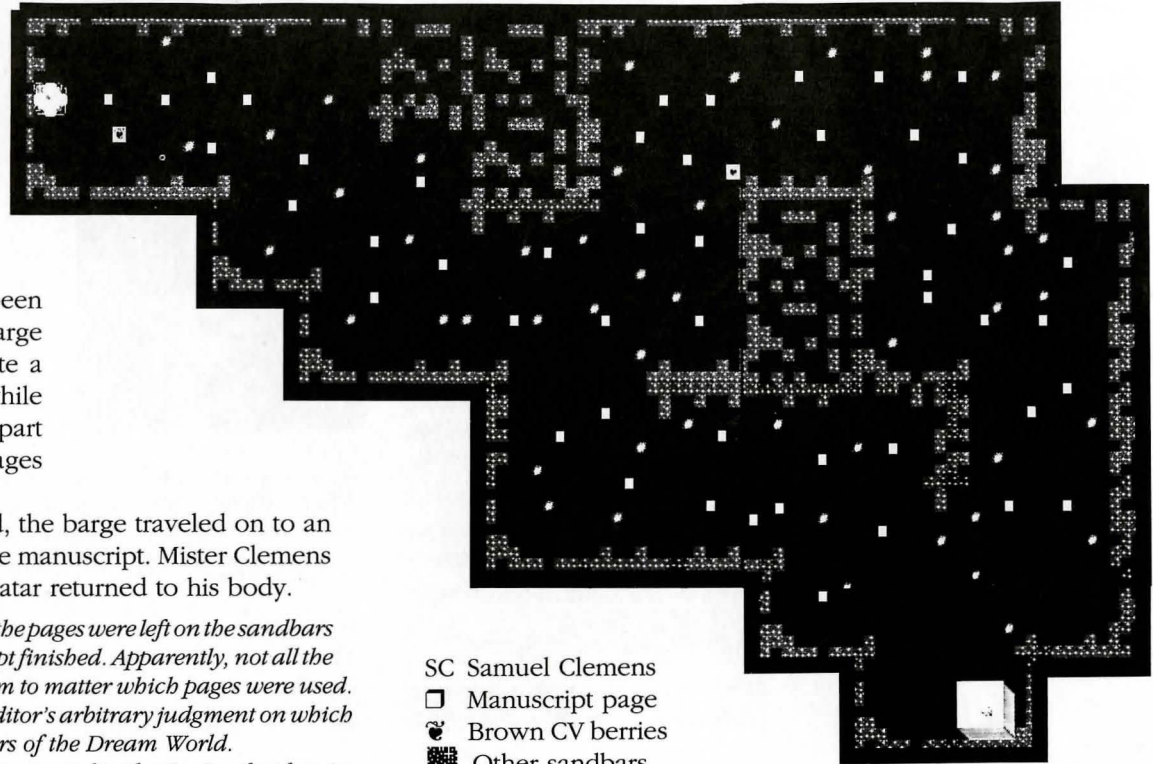
Mister Clemens had been trapped in the Elysium machine. He believed that he had to collect the pages of a manuscript and get it posted to his editor before his deadline.

Unfortunately, the pages had been scattered across sandbars in a large river. The Avatar had to negotiate a barge between the sandbars while retrieving the pages. The difficult part was that the sandbars without pages on them were invisible!

Once the pages were collected, the barge traveled on to an island where the Avatar posted the manuscript. Mister Clemens expressed his thanks, and the Avatar returned to his body.

The Avatar noticed that about half the pages were left on the sandbars when Clemens declared the manuscript finished. Apparently, not all the pages were needed, and it did not seem to matter which pages were used. Was Clemens perhaps exercising an editor's arbitrary judgment on which pages were necessary? Ah, the wonders of the Dream World.

About halfway through this trip, it occurred to the Avatar that berries might be just as useful in this dream as in reality. He ate a brown CV berry and was able to see all the previously invisible sandbars.



- SC Samuel Clemens
- Manuscript page
- Brown CV berries
- Other sandbars
- ◻ Other sandbars

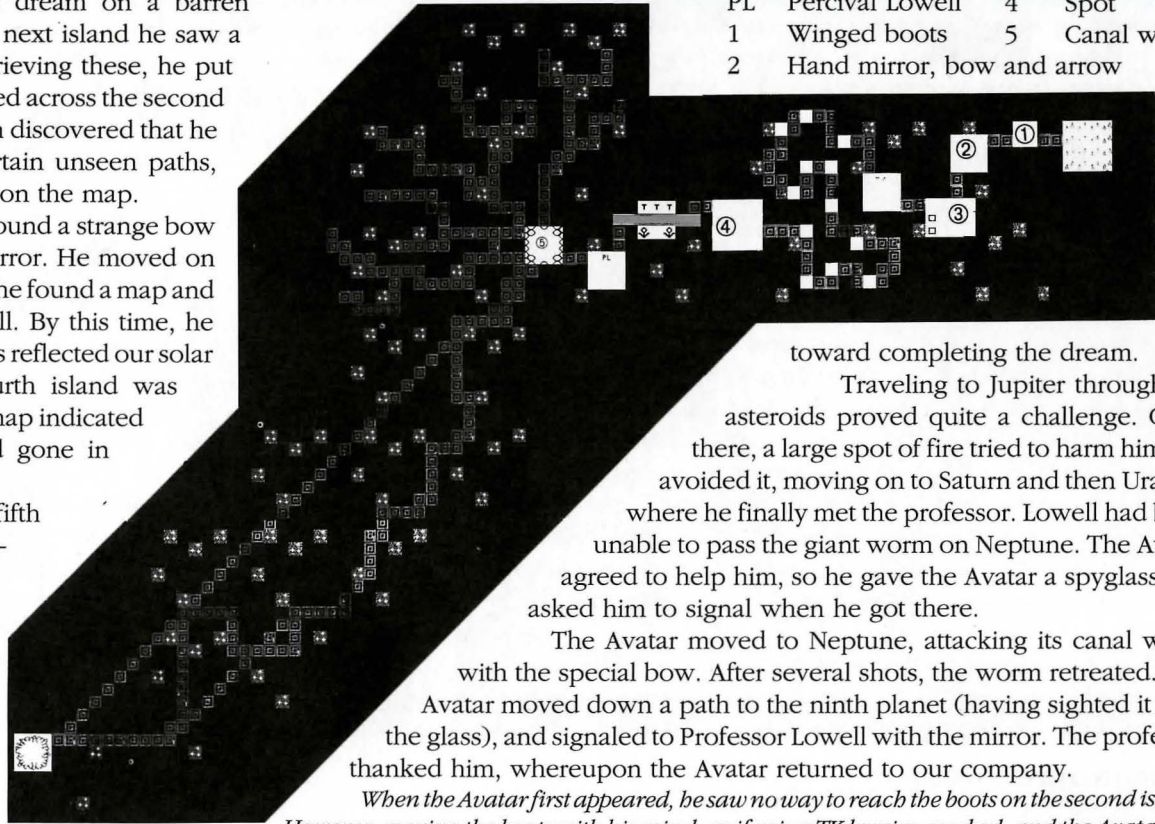
Percival Lowell

MW	Metal Woman	3	Map and note
PL	Percival Lowell	4	Spot
1	Winged boots	5	Canal worm
2	Hand mirror, bow and arrow		

The Avatar began this dream on a barren "island" in a void. On the next island he saw a pair of winged boots. Retrieving these, he put them on his feet and stepped across the second island to the third. He soon discovered that he could only step along certain unseen paths, which have been marked on the map.

On the third island, he found a strange bow and arrow, and a small mirror. He moved on to the fourth island, where he found a map and note from Professor Lowell. By this time, he had realized that the islands reflected our solar system, and that this fourth island was "Earth." The note and the map indicated that Professor Lowell had gone in search of a ninth planet.

Moving to Mars (the fifth island), the Avatar encountered two dead Martians and a strange metal woman. Talking to the woman was a confusing, yet enlightening, experience, but yielded no help



toward completing the dream.

Traveling to Jupiter through the asteroids proved quite a challenge. Once there, a large spot of fire tried to harm him. He avoided it, moving on to Saturn and then Uranus, where he finally met the professor. Lowell had been unable to pass the giant worm on Neptune. The Avatar agreed to help him, so he gave the Avatar a spyglass and asked him to signal when he got there.

The Avatar moved to Neptune, attacking its canal worm with the special bow. After several shots, the worm retreated. The Avatar moved down a path to the ninth planet (having sighted it with the glass), and signaled to Professor Lowell with the mirror. The professor thanked him, whereupon the Avatar returned to our company.

When the Avatar first appeared, he saw no way to reach the boots on the second island. However, moving the boots with his mind, as if using TK berries, worked, and the Avatar was able to continue with the dream from there as related by Miss Bly.

When the Avatar first entered the Dream World from Argyre, he was confronted by three old enemies. Known to him as Shadowlords, they were mystical beings whom the Avatar had defeated in a past adventure.

The first of these was Faulinei, the Shadowlord of Falsehood. This Shadowlord tested the Avatar to determine how well he could distinguish Truth. Entering Faulinei's obelisk, the Avatar stepped onto a short path. Exploring, he found a large mirror and two Doctor Spectors. Speaking to the two, he was told that he had to identify the false doctor a liar in order to open the door to leave the dream. The Avatar ascertained which was the true Doctor Spector, called the other a liar, and was allowed to leave the dream through the door adjacent to the true doctor.

The Avatar was able to tell which Spector was the true one by using the mirror. Holding the mirror in front of each Spector in turn, he found that one had a human reflection, while the other had a Martian reflection. Calling the Martian a liar allowed the true (human) Spector to open the door.

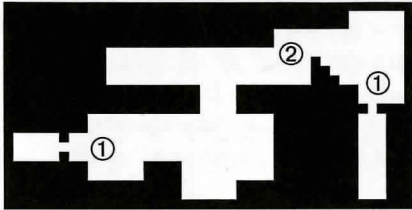
Astaroth was the Shadowlord of Hatred. His test also began on a short path. There were several patches of dreamstuff that the Avatar acquired and transformed, one into an elixir. At the end of the path, he found three friends being tortured by an injured Martian. The Martian claimed that the Avatar's friends had injured him, and that they deserved retribution. The Avatar tried to stop him forcefully, and the Martian killed the first of the Avatar's

The Final Confrontation

friends. Then the Avatar remembered that this was a test of Love, and poured the healing elixir he had found on the Martian. The Martian, surprised and grateful, allowed the Avatar to leave the dream.

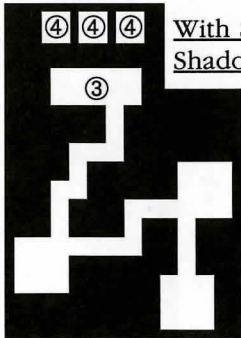
The third Shadowlord, Nofentor, was devoted to Cowardice. Her test for the Avatar began at the foot of a long hallway with doorways. There were Martians beside the path, tempting the Avatar to exit through any of the doors. As the Avatar moved down the hallway, he was injured by hidden traps. He barely made it to the far end of the hallway alive. Upon reaching the end, he discovered Messrs Duprey and Yellin in a life-and-death struggle with a monster. Facing the choice of escaping with his life or entering the room to assist his friends, the Avatar chose the courageous route and stepped forward to help them to his dying breath. In making this choice, he stepped out of the dream, and found himself outside a room with no doors.

Inside the room was the evil Raxachk. Raxachk taunted the Avatar and told him that he could have the phlogistonite (the space cannon fuel), inside the room with the Martian, if he first entertained him. The Avatar agreed, knowing that he had no choice but to humor the mad Martian. He found himself in an enclosed area, filled with jumping beans and dreamstuff. Gathering and transforming the dreamstuff, he found weapons and berries. Fighting off the jumping beans was easy, and the Avatar soon found himself transported back to Raxachk.

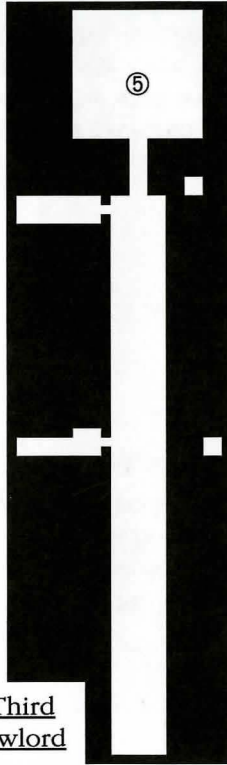


With First Shadowlord

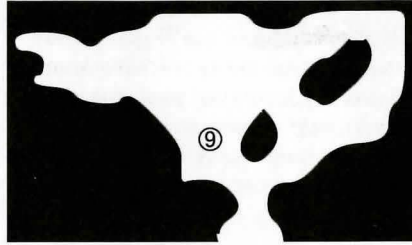
- 1 Spector (true and false)
- 2 Mirror
- 3 Injured Martian
- 4 Friends
- 5 Duprey and Yellin



With Second Shadowlord

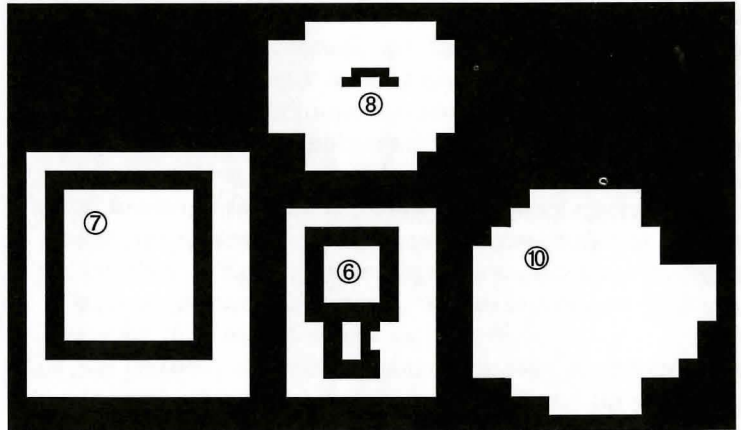


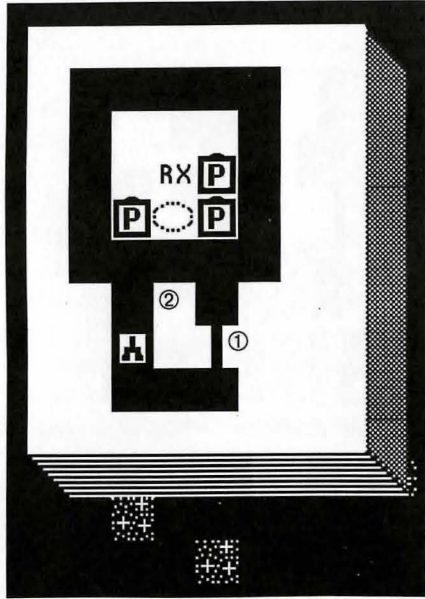
With Third Shadowlord





Raxachk's Entertainment

- 6 Raxachk's building
(detail on next page)
- 7 Jumping beans
- 8 Cave entrance
- 9 Ammonoids
- 10 Leviathan





- RX Raxachk
 1 Electric door
 2 Dream hoard
 Door switch
 Phlogistonite

The Martian demanded more and better entertainment. He once again transported the Avatar, this time to a cave entrance. Entering the cave, he was swiftly surrounded by ammonoids. Noticing several clouds of dreamstuff, the Avatar once more acquired berries and weapons. He soon killed the ammonoids, and was transported back to Raxachk's lair.

Raxachk laughed at the Avatar's efforts, and the Avatar found himself walking across a bridge to a sandy area, where he was attacked by myriad leviathan tentacles. Fighting off the tentacles as best he could, he gathered dreamstuff until he had created the third kind of berries from one of the clouds.

With all three kinds of berries, the Avatar moved back across the bridge to the Martian's island. After eating one berry of each variety, the Avatar could see into the small room at Raxachk's back, move the switch on the wall to open its electric door, and take advantage of the dreamstuff hoard in that room. He created a large weapon, something native to his own time, more powerful than anything known in the nineteenth century.

He attacked Raxachk through the wall with this weapon and killed him. He then moved the phlogistonite to the transport platform in the same room and sent the fuel to us, waiting in Argyre. We placed his inert form back in the Dream Machine, and he awoke, safe in our company.

Thank goodness for modern weaponry. I don't think that anything smaller than that M60 would have hurt the maniacal Martian. While killing intelligent creatures should never be the purpose of a hero, I believe (and I support him in this) that the Avatar felt justified in this case, knowing that the fate of the rest of the Martian race, and possibly the human race also, depended on the return of that fuel and the permanent retirement of this madman.



CREATURES AND MACHINES

Miss Bly gives you a quick sketch of the various creatures we encountered (and named!) while on the Red Planet. I have attempted to flesh out her descriptions with a few more analytic details. Therefore, I have categorized each creature in five different ways—Speed, Armor, Damage, Health and Attack:

Attack (very low, low, average and high) gives the likelihood the creature would attack you.

Speed (very slow, slow, average, fast and very fast) describes how fast the

creature moved and how quickly it could attack.

Damage (very low, low, average, high and very high) describes how badly the creature could hurt you each time it struck you.

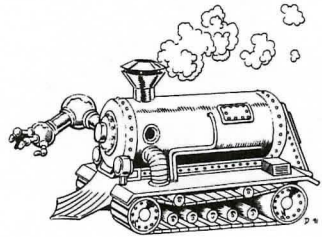
Armor (none, light, moderate, heavy and very heavy) describes how thick the creature's outer protection was.

Health (ranging between easy and hard to kill) describes how difficult it was to bring the creature down, once it had attacked you.

Agrobot

The agrobot was a machine left from Martian agricultural technology. Agrobots were probably designed to aid farmers in preparing the soil for planting seeds. While normally inoffensive, continuing to do their jobs mindlessly and without direction, they could attack if we got in their way or attempted to injure them in any way.

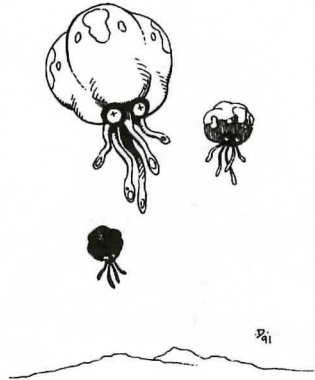
Attack	Average
Speed	Average
Damage	High
Armor	Very Heavy
Health	Easily "killed"



Airsquid/Groundsquid

Airsquids were odd, mottled green creatures. They floated through the air with their many tentacles dangling below their bodies. They had to land (thus becoming "groundsquids") to attack, at which point the tentacles became their most dangerous feature. The best way to defeat one was to attack before it landed, thus exploding its hydrogen bag.

Attack	High
Speed	Average (Slow on the ground)
Damage	Very Low (High on the ground)
Armor	None (Moderate on the ground)
Health	Easy to kill (Moderately hard to kill on the ground)





Ammonoid

An ammonoid was a shelled, worm-like creature with acid-coated tentacles. They were quite large and could be found in the underground levels of the planet. It was fairly common to walk around a dark corner and find a group of them waiting for us!



Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Slow</i>
Damage	<i>Low</i>
Armor	<i>Very Heavy</i>
Health	<i>Easy to kill</i>

Bushalo

Bushaloes looked like a bad cross between a walrus, a rhinoceros and a tree. Ugly and offensive as they seemed, they were placid grazing plantimals, and usually would not attack unless provoked. They traveled the planet's surface in large herds.



Attack	<i>Low</i>
Speed	<i>Very Slow</i>
Damage	<i>High</i>
Armor	<i>Very Heavy</i>
Health	<i>Moderately hard to kill</i>

Bushrat

Bushrats were about the same size as a large Earthian rat. Their bodies were covered with long, spiky leaves and they had a sharp beak that could bite with force. While not intimidating individually, they usually traveled in large, dangerous packs, both above and below ground level.



Attack	<i>High</i>
Speed	<i>Very Fast</i>
Damage	<i>Low</i>
Armor	<i>Light</i>
Health	<i>Easy to kill</i>





Canal Worm

Canal worms were very large and lived exclusively in the water-filled canals of the planet. They had a mouthful of sharp teeth and could swallow a man whole. I have seen a man dragged from a barge by one of these gigantic beasts. If any such as these ever existed on Earth, the origins of our sea monster legends would be much easier to explain.

Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Average</i>
Damage	<i>High</i>
Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Health	<i>Fairly easy to kill</i>



Cave Worm

The cave worm was a large, segmented worm that lived underground in the mines. Its head was covered with small tentacles that glowed and gave a modicum of light in these dark areas. It had a dangerous surprise attack in which it threw spikes at its unsuspecting victim. A cave worm could also grab a victim with acidic tentacles and absorb its prey through the skin.

Attack	<i>High</i>
Speed	<i>Slow</i>
Damage	<i>Low</i>
Armor	<i>Light</i>
Health	<i>Fairly easy to kill</i>



Creeper

Creepers were small, vine-like plantimals found on the surface. They killed their prey by entangling and suffocating. While most often found in the mountain regions of the planet, they sometimes traveled in herds on the plains in search of food.

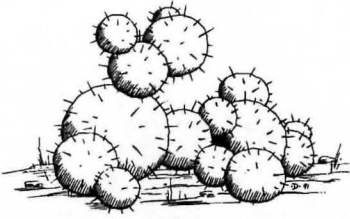
Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Slow</i>
Damage	<i>Average</i>
Armor	<i>Light</i>
Health	<i>Easy to kill</i>





Creeping Cactus

Creeping cacti bore a striking resemblance to the plantlife of the American Southwest. The most obvious difference was that this cactus moved. Creeping cacti traveled in large groups, quite dangerous with their sharp spikes and thorns. You could be quickly surrounded by these plantimals, a circumstance to be avoided at all costs.



Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Very Slow</i>
Damage	<i>High</i>
Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Health	<i>Fairly easy to kill</i>

Dust Devil

Dust devils were not really lifeforms, but were quite dangerous, nonetheless. Functionally a cross between a tornado and a dust storm, they were impossible to stop and severely damaging. If you ever see a dust devil, run the other way.



Attack	<i>Not aggressive as such; natural destructive force</i>
Speed	<i>Very Fast</i>
Damage	<i>Extraordinarily High</i>
Armor	<i>Impossible to damage</i>
Health	<i>Impossible to stop or kill</i>

Hedgehog

The hedgehog was the size of a large wild boar, and just as vicious. Possessed of a horn, fangs and large, woody tusks, this plantimal could wreak havoc in a short amount of time. Formidable foes in one-on-one combat, they usually traveled in herds, making them even more dangerous.



Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Very Slow</i>
Damage	<i>High</i>
Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Health	<i>Easy to kill</i>

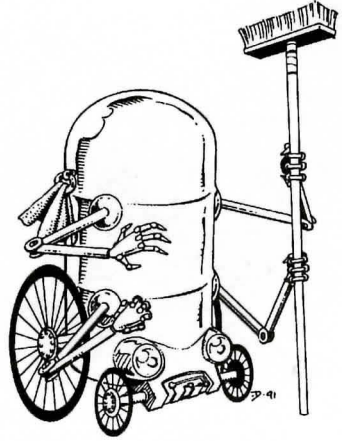




Janitor

The janitor was another remnant of the Martians' technological legacy. Originally conceived to monitor the underground levels, keeping them free from loose mechanical parts, piles of ore, and any other trash that might accumulate, they were mindless automatons. Since humans were not protected items in their instructions, we therefore qualified as trash. At best, it was undignified to lose a fight with one of these machines; at worst it could also be quite harmful to your health.

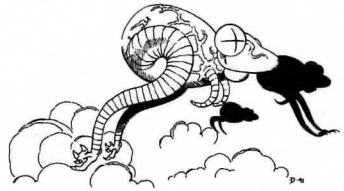
Attack Average
Speed Slow
Damage High
Armor Very Heavy
Health Fairly easily "killed"



Jumping Bean

Your first inclination might have been to laugh when you saw a jumping bean. I assure you, it would have been the last time you found one humorous. Seemingly crosses between large beans and Australian wallabies, they moved quickly and in large packs. Often found in berry patches, they were ferociously aggressive, and your injuries could multiply at a horrifying speed.

Attack High
Speed Fast
Damage Very Low
Armor Light
Health Easy to kill

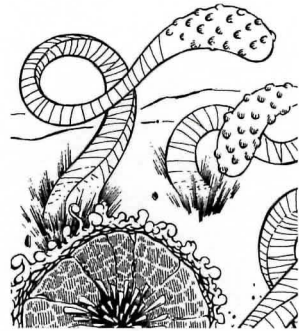


Leviathan

The leviathan was one of the largest worms on Mars. It normally lived just under the surface of the desert landscape, dormant and unmoving. When it sensed prey through surface vibrations, its maw and tentacles would suddenly break through to the surface. Its meal was grabbed by the highly mobile tentacles and dragged to the maw, which digested the food. While it was possible to destroy individual tentacles, the only way to stop a leviathan was to kill the maw.

Attack Average
Speed Average (tentacle); Very Slow (maw)
Damage Very High

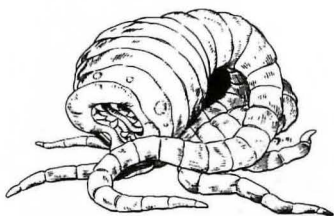
Armor Moderate
Health Very hard to kill





Oxyleech

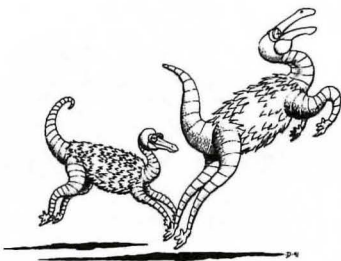
The oxyleech was a large, slimy, slug-like worm with tentacles and teeth. Though sounding even less attractive than some of its fearsome relatives, it was not directly dangerous. However, the oxyleech did have a weakness for oxium, and would take it in any form, whether in loose geodes or tucked away in your pockets and pouches. We always had to check our oxium supplies after encountering an oxyleech.



Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Very Fast</i>
Damage	<i>Very Low</i>
Armor	<i>Light</i>
Health	<i>Easy to kill</i>

Plantelope

The plantelope was a shy animal that most closely resembled a topiary kangaroo. It traveled the plains in leaps and bounds, large herds traversing an area quite rapidly. Herbivores, these plantimals would only attack when provoked.

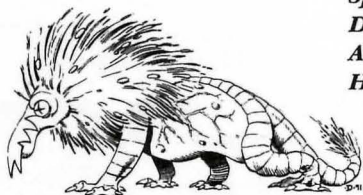


Attack	<i>Very Low</i>
Speed	<i>Fast</i>
Damage	<i>Low</i>
Armor	<i>Light</i>
Health	<i>Easy to kill</i>

Planther

The planther was without a doubt one of the more dangerous plantimals. Its appearance was quite fearsome—a large, graceful beast with a full, leafy mane and sharp fangs. Though planthers tended to be found alone, small prides sometimes traveled together in search of prey.

Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Fast</i>
Damage	<i>High</i>
Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Health	<i>Fairly easy to kill</i>

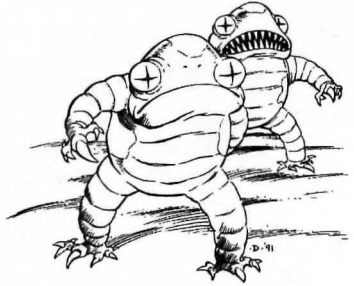




Pod Devil

Pod devils were among the strangest creatures we found on Mars. Normally they hatched from pods in a regular growth cycle, as did the other plantimals. It was possible, however, to harvest a red devil pod and later throw it to the ground, causing the devil to hatch prematurely. At this point in its growth, the devil was small, very active, and quite aggressive. This irrational behavior upon hatching could be used in combat against your enemies if you carried a few spare devil pods. We had to carry them carefully so that they did not break too close to us—they attack whatever, or whomever, is nearest!

Attack Average
Speed Average
Damage Low
Armor Moderate
Health Fairly easy to kill



Proto-Martian

Proto-Martians seemed to be primitive relatives of the cultured Martians we came to know. They were the only plantimals, other than Martians, that used tools. They tended to travel in large, organized packs. Proto-Martians were cunning and dangerous, and utterly without scruples or sportsmanship.

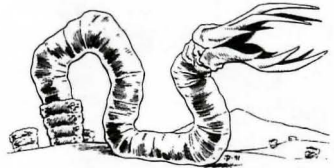
Attack High
Speed Average
Damage Very Low
Armor Light
Health Fairly easy to kill



Rockworm

Rockworms were the largest, and most dangerous, of the underground dwellers. They normally lived totally underground, with only their hard, slime-covered shells visible. At the first sign of prey, they would shoot swiftly from their shells, advancing toward the prey ready to bite, entangle and coat with acid. Their extraordinary size seems to have been somehow related to their habit of nesting near radium and storing small quantities of it in their shells.

Attack Average **Armor** Very Heavy
Speed Slow **Health** Moderately hard to kill
Damage High

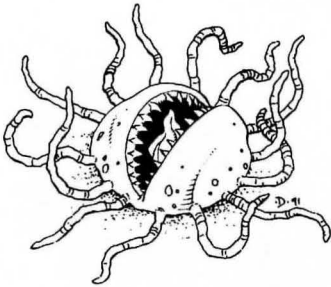




Sand Trapper

A smaller relative of the leviathan, the trapper could sense prey through vibration and extend its maw abruptly through the desert sands. The trapper could also spit a paralyzing venom on its prey. Traveling as I did, with trusty friends and companions, they protected me until the paralyzation wore off the one time I was bitten. Alone, your chances of survival were considerably lessened.

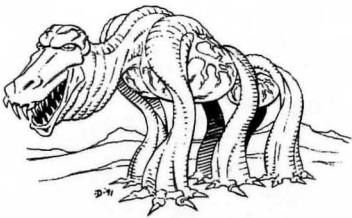
Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Very Fast</i>
Damage	<i>Average</i>
Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Health	<i>Moderately hard to kill</i>



Sextelleger

The sextelleger looked most like a giant, six-legged dinosaur made of wood and heavy vines. It was the most formidable plantimal on Mars. We avoided them whenever possible, and did not hesitate to use our most powerful weaponry against them when forced to fight.

Attack	<i>Average</i>
Speed	<i>Average</i>
Damage	<i>Very High</i>
Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Health	<i>Hard to kill</i>



Wisp

The wisp (we encountered only one) was different from any other creature on the planet. The Avatar was not surprised to see it, and, indeed, seemed familiar with its odd behavior. From what I could gather, the wisp was not a creature, but rather part of a larger entity composed entirely of energy. This portion was apparently sent out to communicate with other entities and to gather information. Damaging it was unnecessary, and in fact, counterproductive. It could be dangerous when provoked.

Attack	<i>Very Low</i>	Armor	<i>Moderate</i>
Speed	<i>Average</i>	Health	<i>Very hard to kill</i>
Damage	<i>Very High</i>		





SURVIVAL ON MARS

We swiftly learned that adventuring on Mars was not the same as an afternoon boat ride on the Hudson. We had to devise and follow new rules for survival. The most basic rules were to stay warm, rest at night, ask everyone for information and protect ourselves from the wild beasts. Fortunately, our food supplies were plentiful. That was one need that we never even had to think about.

Cold

One thing for which we had prepared was the temperatures. Rarely comfortable even during the day, they always dropped well below freezing at night. Mars is, after all, much farther from the Sun than our own Earth. There was a goodly supply of warm clothing packed in both space bullets. We also borrowed some from the places we visited, and later bought what else we needed from Miss Burke. The warmest combination we found to wear included: military or pith helmet, muffler, hip boots, arctic parka, wool pants or dress, and wool mittens or welding gloves. Since it was coldest at night, we learned to rest as soon as it got dark, and stay in our tent or underground until it was light again. We simply could not wear enough clothing to keep us warm out in the open after dark.

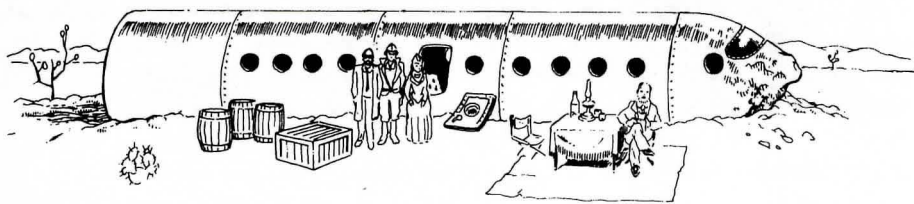
Miss Bly, the Avatar and I all eventually found sufficient clothing to keep us warm during the daylight hours. We carried along extra clothing, even then, to protect those who ventured out into the Martian wilderness to help us.

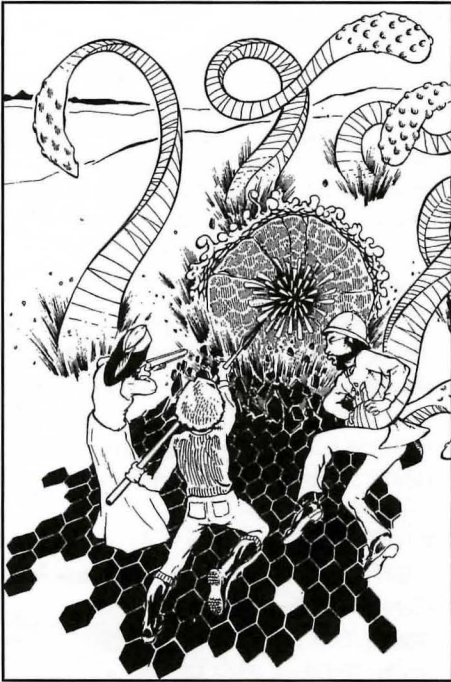
Combat

Some types of clothing also seemed more protective against attacks by worms and plantimals. Those which guarded us best against damage were: military helmet, hip boots, sheepskin jacket or arctic parka, denim jeans and welding gloves.

The Avatar, being the combat veteran in our group, always suggested the most effective weapons for us to wield, and often had to remind us to keep them ready as we journeyed across the deserts or through the mines. While the Avatar was a most efficient fighter when armed with the Belgian combine we had brought along, the rest of us found it easiest to use two pistol-type weapons. We struck our targets most often with these and to the greatest effect. (The few times someone other than the Avatar attempted a shotgun, he invariably hurt a friend. It was simply too difficult for the rest of us to gauge the range of the scattering pellets.)

We learned, also, that ammunition packed away in a backpack or pouch was frequently forgotten, and that it





was best to keep it easily accessible. It was necessary for us to check in frequently with the traders to keep our supply of ammunition well stocked. Whenever we ran out of ammunition, we were always sure to have a knife or machete handy, so that we were never completely unarmed.

We also found that other objects, not normally considered weapons, could be employed in a pinch. The large drill could block small passages completely and harm whatever walked too close to its bit. Throwing devil pods to release pod devils also worked in our favor and could tilt the balance of some combats. When the red, immature pods were thrown a distance away, the vicious, immature pod devils would leap out and attack anything in their vicinity. And we once found that a sledgehammer could inflict consider-

able damage on an assailant when all else failed!

We learned, too, that defense is as important as attack. We often had to block advancing enemies by placing our backs against stationary objects, such as walls, cliffs or porcupods.

While all of our party were fine, upstanding men, willing to face anything, some of them had more combat experience and thus were more useful to the party as front-line fighters. Lieutenant Dibbs was an excellent fighter at range, and a good shot, but tended to be a bit overenthusiastic when he closed with an enemy. He sometimes forgot that he was holding a weapon and moved in hand-to-hand!

Doctor Spector, another fine friend, did not have much combat or target shooting experience. We found it better to let him keep to the rear of our formation and let others do most of the fighting.

The Avatar was experienced with most of our weaponry, and was an excellent shot. Always at the fore in any battle, he was especially efficient when armed with a shotgun or combine, as he could swiftly dispose of more than one enemy at a time with those weapons.

We all found that there is great satisfaction in dealing the final blow to an adversary. This is probably because our society does tend to credit the "kill," rather than every blow dealt to a creature during a battle.

We also learned that you can always run away to fight another day. When injured, this does not exhibit cowardice, but good sense!





Resting

The tent we had brought along was invaluable. We rested every night from sunset to sunrise. It was simply too cold for anything else. We also found that we tended to heal more quickly if we rested at least two hours.

The degree to which a person healed overnight was variable, depending on myriad unknown conditions. While each hour of rest only resulted in minor recovery, each one of us felt much better when we rested a full night.

We also found that we had a slight chance of recovery from poisoning when we rested. It was, however, quite a gamble. If we did not heal completely from the poison, our health would continue to deteriorate overnight. Our best choice by far was to return to Doctor Blood as soon as possible.

Sometimes, when we rested, we had strange dreams in which we pictured ourselves choosing between a book, a heart and a sword. Depending on our choice, we felt ourself a better person in some way when we awoke. If we chose the book, we felt more able to make intelligent decisions. Choosing the heart, we had finer motor control and our aim in battle was surer. Choosing the sword, we felt stronger, able to bear heavier loads and wield weapons with a more powerful arm.

These were possibly just a delusion (as Doctor Freud would say), or the effect of a Martian dream relic out of control. We never found an answer to this mystery.

Could these be associated with similar dreams we sometimes experienced while in the savage empire of Eodon? Although the Avatar did not seem at all surprised by these dreams, he is also not talking...

Oxygen

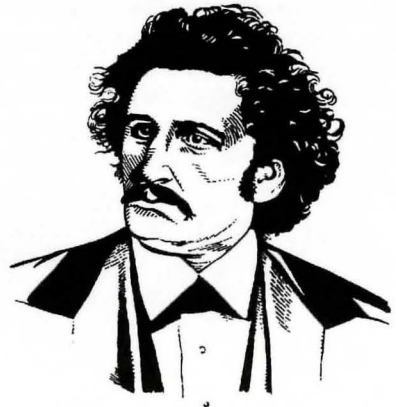
The Martian atmosphere was less rich in oxygen than ours on Earth. As a result, we experienced the effects of oxygen deprivation, as diagnosed by the able Doctor Blood.

The primary effect was a dizzy, nauseous feeling. We also noticed that our reactions were slower, making combat more difficult. We tired more easily, needed to rest more often and were unable to carry as much.

Thanks to Lieutenant Dibbs, we soon learned of the precious oxium, a strange mineral substance found at the center of certain geodes, which when chewed, released small amounts of oxygen, enough to relieve all the symptoms of deprivation.

We found, as with ammunition, that packed oxium tended to be forgotten. Keeping it accessible was vital. We sometimes did not remember that we had more stored away until we were quite out of breath.

Several caves and plateaus had loose oxium geodes, as indicated in the map notes. After we released Cooter McGee from his imprisonment, we found a major cache of oxium which kept us well stocked. Taking our rescue of Cooter as a sign of good faith, the traders began doing business with us, as well.





Healing

We were certainly not immune to injury on the red planet. Cold, lack of oxygen, wild beasts and the strange rock, radium, all exacted their toll at various times. Resting had unknown, but significant, effects. We learned not to underestimate its value.

Doctor Blood, who accompanied us to Mars in 1895, was a marvelous physician. He could heal any human and had the antidote for poison.

I am grateful also for Doctor Yellin. When all had fallen in battle, he invariably found us and helped us back to the doctor. It was as though we had a guardian angel.

Doctor Blood brought along a machine to manufacture canisters of his miracle cure, oxygenated air. He had used this substance to aid patients with lung disease on Earth. We carried canisters with us at all times. When we ran out, we went back for more. Each canister was only usable once, but it seemed to bring the user back to full health. We administered it to the injured, and found it also to be helpful on those who had fallen in battle.

Only the Avatar was properly trained in the use of the oxygenated air. If the Avatar went down, it was necessary to return to Dr. Blood for him to be healed. Also, Blood could not start his machine until after we had landed. This meant that we had no canisters for the initial portion of our explorations. The first time that we returned to the ship, however, he had a canister ready for us.

Berries

There were several different species of berries growing on the planet:

Blue. These berries were only found in one or two places. When we decided to try them, we discovered that they made us nauseous and dizzy, but they did cure radiation poisoning. Quite useful berries!

Purple. These berries we soon named TK, or telekinesis, berries. Whoever ate one could move and retrieve objects at a distance.

Brown. CV, or clairvoyance, berries allowed us to see everything in an area, nullifying walls, darkness and any other obstructions. However, they also made it difficult to sleep. Until their effect wore off, no place could be dark enough to let a user fall asleep or heal.

Green. Psychometric, or PM, berries had limited usefulness. They allowed us to communicate in a rudimentary fashion with a few objects, but only the most complex ones. We were, in fact, only able to find three objects whose aura displayed the required complexity: the power station conveyor belt, the power tower at McLaughlin crater, and the Dream Machine in Hellas. These berries, too, made it difficult to sleep and heal.

Rouge. These large red berries were not edible. They were only useful in preparing specific kinds of dye.

Small red berries with large green stems. As these proved useless and inedible, we did not name them.

Calamity Jane had the TK, CV and PM berries for sale. We also found them all growing wild, though we had to watch out for jumping beans in every berry patch.





Items from Earth

We brought along these tools, which we found useful in the following ways:

Axe. Sharp—could open Martian pods (weapon)

Ballpeen hammer. Could open geodes and locked trunks and chests (weapon)

Hoe. Could dig (weapon)

Pick. Could dig (weapon)

Pliers. Could work on electrical equipment, especially power lines

Prybar. Could open jammed hatch and nailed crates (weapon)

Saw. Sharp—could open Martian pods (weapon)

Scythe. Sharp—could open Martian pods (weapon)

Sextant. Directional tool—could give us the coordinates of our location

Shovel. Could dig; could carry and load ore and dirt (weapon)

Sledgehammer. Could work on rails; could open geodes and locked trunks and chests (weapon)

Spyglass. Could show us faraway objects and locations

Tent roll. Provided cover at night

Tongs. Could safely handle radium

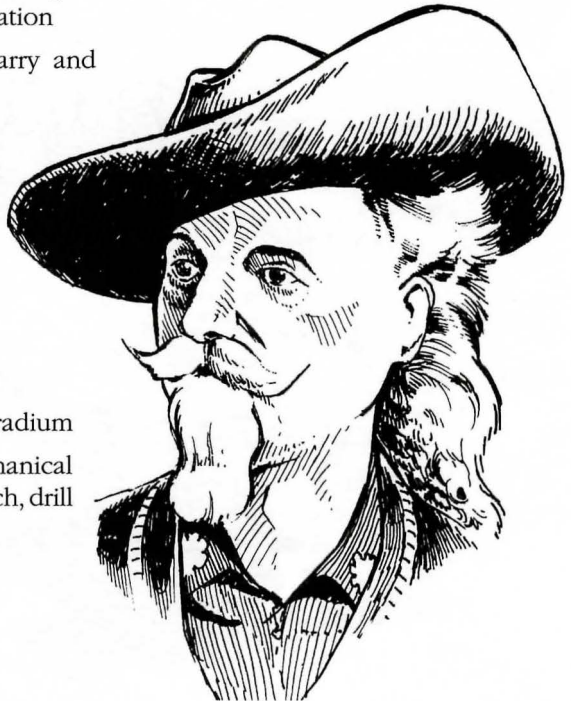
Wrench. Could tighten mechanical equipment, including rail switch, drill and panel

There were many different light sources available to us. **Candles, lanterns** and **torches** all provided lighting. All could be lit with **matches** or a **tinderbox**. The lanterns, of course, required **oil**.

There were many kinds of portable containers for gear, including **backpacks** and **pouches**. We also found that some of the crates and boxes too heavy to carry were still useful for storing unneeded items. **Buckets**, of course, could transport ice and water, and **lead boxes** were necessary to carry radium.

The **pocketwatch** carried by the Avatar came in handy at times. It was convenient, and occasionally necessary, to know the time of day.

Earthian money was virtually useless on Mars. Oxium was the medium of exchange for nearly all trade.





Items Found on Mars

There were many familiar items among the Martian artifacts that differed only slightly in design from their Earthian counterparts. Such items will not be mentioned here so that I may avoid wasting the reader's valuable time.

Martian dirt money was of no use to us, although that strange creature, the Wisp, did offer to give us information if we brought it a piece of dirt money.

The following Martian tools proved useful:

Chisel. Could open nailed crates

Control Panel. Controlled various mechanical devices

Hammer. Could open geodes, nailed crates, locked trunks and chests (weapon)

Hoe. Could dig (weapon)

Microscope. Could magnify small objects, but had to be used by an expert

Pick. Could dig (weapon)

Podknife. Could open Martian pods

Scythe. Could open Martian pods (weapon)

Shovel. Could dig; could carry or load ore and dirt (weapon)

Wheelbarrow. Could carry ore and dirt

The Martians obviously had an advanced culture, as we found such items as tableware, sculpture, fountains, electric streetlights and so forth. We also found gems and jewelry, modelled after flowers from Martians and from long-extinct plants.

The existence of footbaths and footbags led us to believe that Martians





might not have been well-adapted to mobility. Apparently excessive tenderness in their "feet" was common after only a moderate amount of exercise.

Martian mirrors were quite interesting. While they provided a reflection, they reflected the true essence of the self, not a reflection of the body. The Martians "in human clothing" still had Martian reflections.

Weapons

I have listed the weapons we had available in approximate order from most to least damage.

KEY

Damage:

- L = Low
- LM = Low Moderate
- M = Moderate
- HM = High Moderate
- H = High

Range:

- N = Near
- M = Midrange
- F = Far
- = Not a ranged weapon

Area Effect:

- * = Yes
- (*) = Optionally yes

Earthian Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Range
<i>Elephant gun</i>	H	F
<i>Belgian combine (*)</i>	HM	F
<i>Rifle</i>	HM	F
<i>Saber</i>	M	—
<i>Sledgehammer</i>	M	—
<i>Axe</i>	M	—
<i>Machete</i>	M	—
<i>Scythe</i>	M	—
<i>Shotgun *</i>	M	N
<i>Revolver (pistol ammo)</i>	LM	M
<i>Derringer (pistol ammo)</i>	LM	N
<i>Hatchet</i>	LM	—
<i>Pick</i>	LM	—
<i>Pitchfork</i>	LM	—
<i>Bow</i>	LM	M
<i>Cultivator</i>	LM	—
<i>Pool cue</i>	LM	—
<i>Prybar</i>	LM	—
<i>Ballpeen hammer</i>	L	—
<i>Hoe</i>	L	—
<i>Knife</i>	L	—
<i>Rake</i>	L	—
<i>Saw</i>	L	—
<i>Shovel</i>	L	—
<i>Sling</i>	L	N

Special weapon: The *weedgun* in the 1893 rocket, when filled with weedkiller, did an amazing amount of damage to all plant-based life, both plants and plantimals.

Martian Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Range
<i>Heat raygun</i>	M	M
<i>Freeze raygun</i>	LM	M

Special weapon: The Martian *spraygun* also used weedkiller and was extremely damaging to any plant-based life.





Trade

There were a few places set up on Mars as trading posts. The list below gives their location, their shopkeeper, their and their prices. All prices, unless otherwise specified, are given for a single item, and are in small pieces of oxium (Ø).

Calamity Jane Burke, Arsia Mons

Clothing	Price
<i>Pair of Boots</i>	20 Ø
<i>Coat</i>	40 Ø
<i>Pair of Gloves</i>	10 Ø
<i>Hat</i>	15 Ø
<i>Muffler</i>	10 Ø
<i>Pair of Pants</i>	30 Ø

Berries

(20 berries per set; prices are for one set)

<i>Purple (move, telekinesis, TK)</i>	50 Ø
<i>Brown (see, clairvoyant, CV)</i>	50 Ø
<i>Green (talk, psychometric, PM)</i>	50 Ø

Oxium (prices listed here are in TK berries)

<i>20 small pieces</i>	15 tkb
<i>1 large geode</i>	30 tkb

We only got one small piece of oxium from each geode. If you'll notice the prices, you'll see that the unwary could lose a lot of berries in this exchange...

Buffalo Bill Cody, Arsia Mons

Ammunition (sold in sets; prices are listed as number of rounds/price in oxium)

<i>Pistol (for derringers and revolvers)</i>	10/10 Ø
<i>Shotgun</i>	10/20 Ø

<i>Rifle</i>	10/30 Ø
<i>Elephant gun</i>	10/40 Ø
<i>Sling stones</i>	10/5 Ø
<i>Arrows</i>	12/10 Ø

Trail Goods

<i>Tent</i>	50 Ø
<i>Tinderbox</i>	15 Ø
<i>Weedkiller</i>	30 Ø
<i>Lamp oil</i>	10 Ø per can

Cooter McGee, Noctis Labyrinthus

Mister McGee would trade us a devil pod for a plug of Greenman tobacco.

William Randolph Hearst, Olympus

Martian Artifacts

<i>Candles</i>	10/40 Ø
<i>Drum</i>	30 Ø
<i>Jewelry</i>	4/20 Ø
<i>Spoon</i>	10 Ø

Weapons

<i>Revolver</i>	50 Ø
<i>Rifle</i>	70 Ø
<i>Saber</i>	20 Ø





MARTIANS AND THEIR HISTORY

Doctor Spector's excellent record, *Mysteries of the Red Planet*, describes everything we knew about Martians upon arrival at the planet. However, during our adventures on Mars, we discovered even more about this fascinating race. I will attempt to chronicle succinctly everything we learned during that brief sojourn.

Biology

The Martians themselves were definitely a great surprise to all in our party. For some unknown reason, most of us had never considered that alien beings might be anything other than humanoid, or certainly at least animal.

The Martians, however, were plant-based and distinctly green! They had long, graceful, vine-like limbs ending in soft, leaf-shaped "fingers" and "toes." Their speech was mostly a combination of clicks and rustles, sounds easily made with leaves and stems (thus names such as "Raxachk" and "Chsheket"). I think it safe to assume that they were photosynthetic, gaining much benefit from the rays of the sun, as are most of our Earthian plants. Their architecture, composed almost completely of glass, was obviously meant to let in as much sunshine as possible.

Soil, as Doctor Spector explained, was very important to the Martians' development. A seed planted in the composted soil, fertilized and watered, and ritually visited once every three days, would, nine days later, sprout and form a large, rounded pod. When this pod was split open, a young Martian, with background and knowledge



comparable to that of a young adult in our culture, would climb forth. Because of this, soil became the basis for the Martian economy, with the soil from older, more established groves being worth the most. (Hence, the dirt money that we came across from time to time.) This importance also meant that the memories and customs of the Martian culture were much more consistent through the years than our Earthian traditions.

The seeds were obtained from mature females. When a female Martian was blooming, a male would accompany her to a greenhouse. There, pollen from the male would be transferred by small flying worms that we called buttermoths, while the Martians would sing, recite love poetry and stroke each other (essentially, many of the same activities humans engage in during courtship). The flowers would later turn to seeds, which were taken to the Cultivator. It was his responsibility to see that the seeds were traded or planted in prepared soil to create the next generation of Martians.





Daily Life

While the Martians did have occupations and daily tasks that required their attention, they also found time for recreational pursuits. We found areas with multiple footbaths, suggesting that the Martians gathered in groups to talk, share their daily experiences and possibly play music or read poetry. The skills of their artisans were evident in the fountains, sculptures and jewelry we found in the Martian groves. Trade was active, and barges allowed Martians to visit friends and relatives in other cities. All in all, Martians seemed to have full, exciting lives.

Grove Structure

A grove was structured similarly to the extended family we often find on Earth. Grove members, grown from the same soil and thus recipients of the same common knowledge and history, were bonded together by these community memories and traditions into a cohesive family group.

Within these groups, there were several official roles, filled by those grove members with the most experience in each particular field. Other Martians served as assistants to these leaders. Young Martians were trained in the occupation for which they were best suited, or, if need be, in the occupation that most required help at a particular time.

The *Agrarian* managed the grove's resources (seeds, soil, labor and so forth). He or she made any policy decisions and approved any trade agreements. He effectively acted as treasurer, mayor and elder for the grove.

Relations with other groves were monitored by the *Ambassador*. He maintained goodwill between groves and kept the trade routes open.

The *Cultivator* had a very important job, in light of the Martians' preoccupation with generating seedlings. He was the final arbiter in the mix of the soil, choosing which types to use for each seedling and when to trade for new soil and seeds. He and his assistants planted, tended, watered and fertilized each seedling, and decided when the pod was ripe and ready to undergo the ritual of opening.

The *Explorer* monitored his area's ecology and natural resources. As naturalist and scout for the grove, he was responsible for predicting weather, major migrations of plantimals and many other things.

The *Arborist* was responsible for the health of mature Martians. His closest correlate on Earth would undoubtedly be a doctor.

Another very important occupation in the Martians' world was *Gatherer*. His job was to gather together all of the dead materials available for composting. He also assisted in the choice of a proper soil mix for new seedlings, and traded soil, seeds and fertilizer with other groves to ensure healthy plantals.

The soil of established groves, proven to be of good quality, was often sold to younger groves. In this transaction, the young grove would get stable soil and the older grove would get strong seeds, goods and services, and a more balanced soil mix. It also helped to guarantee that the groves did not suffer from inbreeding, although it is doubtful that they would actually have understood the principle.





Mythology

If we may trust a series of scrolls we found on our journey, the Martians had a full and deeply developed mythic structure. The earliest myths stated that seeds from the "Blue Planet" (Earth) were the beginnings of the Martian race. The Blue Planet loved the Red Planet, and gave these seeds as a gift. The nearby moons were jealous of this love, and sent the first worms to destroy the plants that grew from the seeds. The Blue Planet became angry at the moons, and attacked them, thereby reducing their size and pushing himself farther from his love, Mars. The battle also caused a rain of meteors to fall on the Red Planet's surface, creating huge craters in the deserts.

The origin myth, in particular, is quite interesting. The fact that Martians believed themselves to have originated from terrestrial seeds raises questions about origins of life in general...

Martian Technology

Much of Martian technology was quite advanced. It took us a while to find most of it, as it was constructed either far away from the city centers, underground or in enclosed buildings. This seems to have been for two reasons—safety, both for Martians and for the machinery, and aesthetic considerations, hiding the ugly machinery from sight.

Canals

The canals were the most visible feat of engineering. Deeply cutting the planet into several sectors, they were obviously a major factor of life on the red planet. The system to fill the canals was ingenious. Large lens towers were set to catch sunlight at the proper angle and concentrate it on the northern polar icecap. The resulting runoff was directed into large underground cisterns, and pumped from there into the canals. The canals functioned as a source of water, a medium of transportation (thanks to the very efficient barges, complete with cannon to repel the awful canal worms), and a city fortification, similar to medieval moats.

The glass lenses on the lens towers were focused with a control panel in the shack by the tower whose motor had been broken. We set it to the current time of day. This allowed the machinery to calculate the proper angle of the sun, and to adjust the towers to catch and reflect its light.



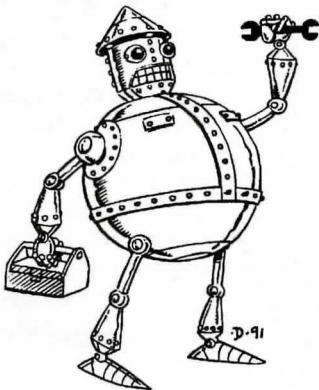


Electrical Power

The power system was quite advanced, and Professor Tesla was excited to note that it substantiated a theory which he had held for some time about the possibilities of broadcasting electrical power. There were a few scattered towers with a central ring of towers connected by electrical cables serving as the main broadcasting base. Near the central ring was an underground station that actually generated the power.

In the underground station, a mechanical man mined the coal, then placed it on a conveyor belt. The belt took the coal to a second mechanical man, who carried it to the furnaces. The furnaces were supplied with oxygen from a large room of oxium bins. They generated the electricity needed to power the whole planet.

When the system broke down, for whatever reason, direct intervention was necessary. A small pile of coal, which we found plentifully scattered about the floor, had to be manually fed to the furnace to start the conveyor belt moving with the large coal. It usually took several shovels full to keep the belt moving long enough for the second mechanical man to receive the coal.



Mechanical Men

These mechanical men were an amazing sight. Built completely of metal, they carried out their jobs with extraordinary efficiency. We believe that the Martians created them with a twofold purpose in mind: to ensure that no Martian would be required to work constantly with the noisy, unattractive machinery, and to keep any Martian from having to work away from the life-giving sunlight for any extended length of time. Although the mechanical men were well-engineered, each was only acquainted with the simplest instructions relating to its particular job. They were not at all adaptable.

The metal bodies from the laboratory that we discovered late in our adventures were an advanced form of mechanical men. These bodies were created by a Martian genius named Kaxishek. The engineering was similar to that of the mechanical helpers, but these bodies were drastically modified for a more pleasing appearance and more natural locomotion. The heartstone gem at the core of each one could store a Martian consciousness.

The "mechanical men," or robots, were obviously minimally programmed to perform one narrow, specific task.

As far as I could tell, the gem for the metal bodies (coming from rock, as it did) apparently could be used as a form of soil, acting as a carrier of the Martian knowledge, traditions and psychic being in the same way dirt performed that function between generations.





Dream Machines

The Dream Machines were among the most alien devices we encountered on our voyage. According to a scroll we discovered, Martians believed in a substance they called animistic ether. This psychic “fluid” was able to store and carry mental abilities or thoughts. It was believed that this ether also interacted with the chemical composition of the various berries on the planet to intensify any latent psychic abilities an eater might have. The Dream Machines were apparently the result of experiments to extract or transfer patterns in the fluid. The machines essentially have the ability to induce dreams and allow their user to affect the outcomes (by reading and allowing access to change the patterns). Because the dreams reflected the ether’s patterns, they were always related in some way to the subject’s background and personality, often exposing his subconscious hopes and fears.

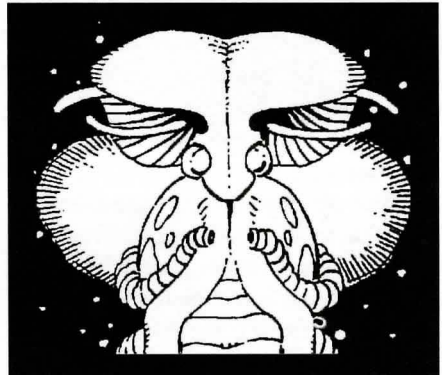
The Plague

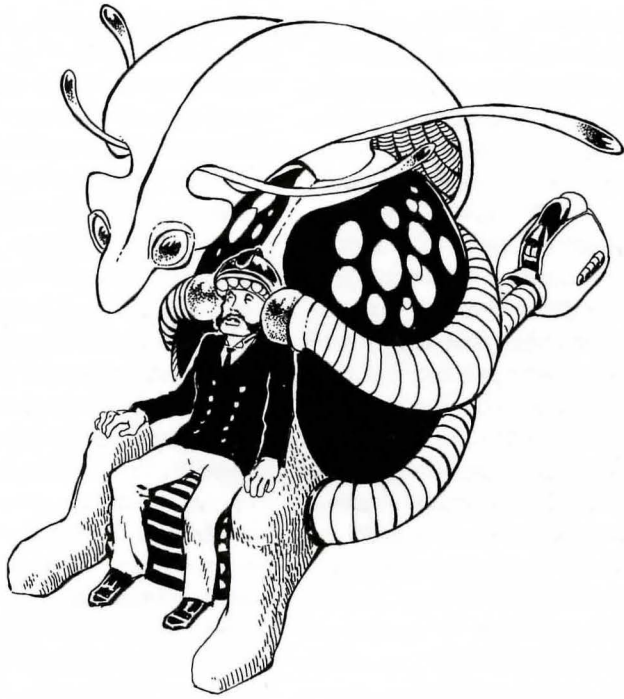
After many generations, Martians had developed the culture I have so far described. Most of the groves were founded on an appreciation of beauty and the pursuit of good soil to raise a well-educated populace. Only the grove of Argyre was different. Managed by the Warlord Agrarian, Raxachk, this grove devoted its energies to manufacturing, trading its goods for the soil and seeds it needed to create more workers. Argyre’s atmosphere grew similar to that found in our Earthian industrial communities: dank, dark, smoky, smelly, crowded and oppressive.

The Warlord had an overwhelming ambition to control and dominate

all of Mars. Over time, he found that it was not possible to gain control by simply manipulating supply and demand. He decided to use force. Not able to control his workers well enough to create an army, he forced his Arborist to develop a deadly bacteria and threatened to infect any grove that did not accede to his demands. The other groves, believing this to be an empty threat, refused to cooperate.

Raxachk released the bacteria. It was soon apparent that he had overestimated his ability to control its spread. Much of the life on Mars was destroyed, both mature and seedling, plantimal and plantal. Entire species became extinct. Even Raxachk himself was not immune, and fled into the Dream World to escape its deadly effects. As the plague was airborne, there was no other way to escape the bacteria. Seeds themselves became contaminated, eliminating the possibility of a healthy next generation. A few other Martians, realizing at last the hopelessness of the situation, followed Raxachk into the Dream World to await a miracle—a miracle that arrived at last with the expeditions from Earth.





Existence in the Dream World

When the Martians retreated to the Dream World, they knew that they would probably be there for a very long time. They decided to recreate, as closely as possible, their beloved groves to ease their time in this strange world.

When the first humans arrived on Mars and tried the Dream Machines, they made contact with these Martians. Many of the Martians realized this could be their chance to escape. They dealt with this realization in several different ways.

The Martians from Argyre, led by Raxachk, took control of some humans by force, and immediately tried to control the oxium supply to force the other humans to cooperate.

The Elysium Martians also took

some of the humans by force, but with the intention of freeing the humans and returning their bodies as soon as they had found a viable alternative to their lives in the Dream World.

The Hellas Martians decided to continue with their plan of waiting and watching. They hoped that one of the humans would contact them in the Dream World and agree to help them of his own free will, by preparing adequate physical bodies to allow their return to real Mars.

All of these plans affected our adventure, adding both excitement and danger. Our association with the Martians, in any case, has enriched each of our lives, and I would not have had it transpire one whit differently.





OUR ADVENTURES ON THE RED PLANET

Miss Bly's fairly comprehensive notebooks end here. For the sake of posterity, I feel obliged to append a detailed account of our travels and experiences on Mars. Perhaps then people can better understand the Martians, and understand our resolution of their difficulties.

Introduction to Mars

We landed gently on the Martian planet, close to our targeted site. Nikola Tesla had planned our journey efficiently and to the last detail. The only snag was that the door jammed shut on landing. We swiftly applied a **prybar** supplied by Dallas Garrett, and the adventure began. We retrieved weapons, ammunition, camping gear, warm clothing, tools, a spyglass and an invaluable sextant from the hold. Checking our coordinates, we found we had landed at 28 S, 146 E. Tesla informed us that the ship launched in 1893 had landed at 28 S, 153 W, due east of us. We readied our weapons and set out to find the ill-fated capsule.

The 1893 Capsule

At the 1893 landing site, we encountered **It. Dibbs**. He was a veritable fountain of knowledge concerning the planet, the people and the harsh realities of life on Mars. He knew the locations of the cities, the canal bridges and the traders' outpost. He also told us about the Dream Machines and oxium. We checked the ship for supplies, then headed for the trading post at Arsia Mons (12 S, 129 W). (We soon found that careful examination of seemingly empty boxes and any disturbed ground was time well spent. Often, we would discover a cache of ammunition or other useful items that might otherwise have been overlooked.)

Arsia Mons

The traders, **Calamity Jane** and **Buffalo Bill**, were quite helpful. They allowed us to take warmer clothing and ammunition from their personal chests, and gave us valuable directions toward locating their

oxium supplier, **Cooter McGee**, who had been missing for several days. They feared he had been kidnapped by raiders from Argyre, who had lately been harrasing them. Their suspicions proved correct. Calamity had Bill give us some oxium and berries to get us started, and Bill gave us directions to Cooter's home cave. (We learned early how important it was to keep doors closed in the wilderness. The first time we spoke with Calamity and Bill, a sextelleger almost followed us inside!)

Cooter's Cave

We headed east in search of Cooter. Entering the canyons of Noctis Labyrinthus at 20 S, 113 W, we found the entrance to Cooter's cave at 12 S, 81 W. We used the purple berries we had gotten from Buffalo Bill (which we later learned to call TK, or telekinesis, berries) to move a **plank** over a small chasm. We then searched the cave complex. Cooter's home yielded two **notes**, one signed "R," demanding that Cooter bring a map of his oxium stashes to Coprates Chasma. The other note, from Cooter himself, stated that he would go to the meeting, but without the map.

The Prison Cave

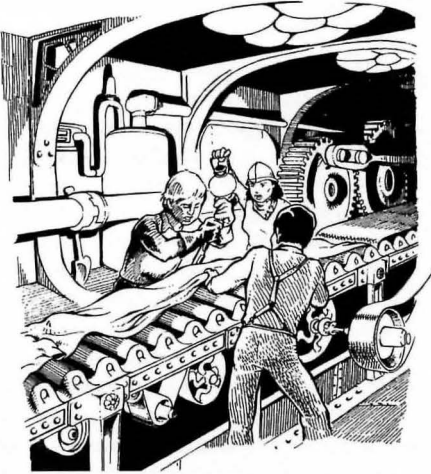
Our party then headed east through the labyrinth into the Coprates Chasma, and found another cave entrance at about 21 S, 63 W. Entering, we fought a fierce battle with a large pack of ammonoids, then, again using the powers of the TK berries, moved two large **crates** to release Cooter. As a reward, he told us where to find the map to his oxium stashes. He also mentioned that there was a huge supply underground, marked as the **motherlode** on his map, that he had been unable to access. It was protected by an electrically powered door, and no one could discover how to restart the planet's power. Traveling to 17 S, 80 W, we found the buried **map** and decided to check out this motherlode.





The Power Station

Following the map to 13 N, 26 W, we discovered a staircase leading down into what appeared to be a power station. Underground, we encountered two mechanical men (what we would call robots). They were able to tell us what their jobs were, which gave us an idea how the power station operated. We realized that part of the **coal conveyor belt** was broken. Dibbs remembered a man in Olympus who might be able to fix it for us, and, as it seemed to



be what was keeping the power station from working, we decided to attempt the repair. Taking the belt, we headed for Olympus.

Affadavit Requirements

On reaching Olympus (at 2 N, 112 W), we were prevented from entering by **Nathaniel**, the gate guard. He informed us that we could not enter without an affadavit signed by three trustworthy men. Apparently, there had been some trouble with the people of Elysium, and the Olympians did not want to risk "infection." (Dibbs had earlier mentioned to us that the Dream Machines caused a form of insanity in those humans who used them. They now thought themselves to be Martians.) Dibbs, coming to our rescue yet again, suggested a group of three explorers who had been scouting the planet, and Nathaniel agreed that

their signatures would be acceptable. Taking the affadavit to be signed from Nathaniel, we turned toward Syrtis Major, where the three men had last been seen.

Rescue at Syrtis

Upon our arrival, we met **Dr. David Yellin**, pacing outside the mine entrance there in an agitated state. His two companions had been trapped by a cave-in inside the mine, and he had been unable to free them. There was an unassembled **drill** in a nearby shack, and, as luck would have it, we had a wrench from the ship that we could use to put it together. Working quickly, we assembled the drill and pushed it into the left branch of the mine. The drill quickly cleared the rubble from the shaft and rescued Major Greg Duprey and Richard Sherman. Both gratefully agreed to sign the affadavit, and Sherman insisted on accompanying us on our travels. He proved to be a great asset to our party. Exiting the mine, we asked Yellin to place his signature on the note, then returned to the city of Olympus.

Olympus

Giving the note to Nathaniel ensured our entry to the city, where we found an amazing community. Their self-proclaimed leader, **Jack Segal**, was a bit pompous, but quite knowledgeable and more than willing to tell us what he could about his colony and its inhabitants. We spent some time investigating the area and speaking to the many interesting people residing there. We learned that they had intentionally broken their Dream Machine, considering it to be dangerous, and that there was a guard posted over the remains. We also found the **underground tunnel** connecting the city to Olympus Mons, and discovered the **mine entrance** along the southeast edge of the mons. **Andrew Carnegie** was inside, working on the space cannon for a return to Earth. He told us that the cannon was almost finished, but that the colony had exhausted its supply of iron ore. While there was more in the Syrtis Major mines, the only way to transport it between the two areas





was by canal barge. Unless we could find a way to fill the canals, we might never return home.

On a more positive note, we found **Captain Trippet**, who did, indeed, know how to fix the conveyor belt. With the repaired belt in our possession, we turned back to the power station.

Power On!

On our return, we fitted the belt around the empty rollers of the conveyor. We knew, having read the scrolls in this area, that the furnace had to be primed with coal for the system to restart. The Avatar asked us all to stand to one side as he swiftly moved back and forth. Using a wheelbarrow we had found in one of the nearby rooms, he got four or five shovels full of coal from the floor and transferred them to the furnace at the north side of the room. Soon, the mechanical man named **Stoker** took over, loading in the large chunks of coal from the now running conveyor belt. The underground power came on, its familiar soft hum and the glow of the lighting reassuring in this alien environment.

The Motherlode

Entering a small chamber to the east, we found Cooter's "motherlode." This room was filled with huge bins of **oxium**, to provide oxygen for the furnaces. Opening one of the bins, we realized that we now had access to a virtually endless supply of oxium, and rejoiced that that particular worry was ended.

Broken Broadcast Towers

We soon found that our celebration was premature. Exiting to the east through the mines, we decided to check the broadcast towers on the other side of the canal. We had read that a sudden surge of power could damage the connecting cables of these towers, and it had. Several were broken, dangling and sparking like Fourth of July rockets. We returned to the oxium chamber, where we had seen a large **spool of cable**, and brought it out to the towers.

Wearing rubber gloves for insulation, the Avatar took a pair of pliers and installed the new cable on the towers, reactivating the aboveground power. Not only did this turn on the lighting and electric doorways across the planet, it also made the canal bridges and transport tubes operational, thus making all of our travels easier and faster.

Investigating Elysium

At this point, we decided to investigate Elysium and Hellas, precisely, of course, because we had been told not to. (Human nature is a perverse and wondrous thing.) The Martians (as we soon realized they were) in Elysium were informative, while not exactly cooperative. Here we learned the history of the plague that had destroyed the Martian race. We also learned that the humans whose bodies the Martians had appropriated were trapped in the Dream World, accessible only through the Dream Machines. The leader at Elysium, a Martian called **Tekapesh**, denied us access to their Dream Machine. As the Dream World was the only safe refuge for Martians, he considered it too dangerous to trust us with access to that realm.

We also found that they considered their occupation of the human bodies to be temporary, lasting only until they could find a way to grow new Martian bodies. Their **seeds** had been contaminated and were useless. A healthy seed cache had to be found in one of the other cities for their plan to work. Unfortunately, they had lost the knowledge of the appropriate chemicals with which to treat a seed for proper growth. The Cultivator of Hellas needed to be consulted, but he was still trapped in the Dream World. Hellas and Elysium had ceased to communicate because of a difference of opinion regarding the ethics of using human bodies without the humans' consent. Apparently, the Hellas Martians had refused to be part of such an underbanded scheme, and thus relations were severed. The need to find a functional Dream Machine and test its powers was, by this time, apparent to us all. With this in mind, we set out for Hellas.





Investigating Hellas

In Hellas, we found **Marcus Cheney**, who, as far as we could ascertain, was the only human to have used the Dream Machine and not be taken over by a Martian. The other humans did not trust that to be true, a situation made all the more difficult by the fact that Marcus had been seen speaking to inanimate objects. Marcus explained his actions by showing us the powers of another Martian berry. Green psychometric berries, as we came to call them, allowed us to communicate, in a fashion, with some complex objects.

Continuing our quest, we extended the canal bridge connecting the two sectors of Hellas and visited its Dream Machine. We found it to be incomplete. Using green PM berries, we discovered that it needed radium (for power), a control panel and headgear. We returned to our ship to ask Dr. Tesla for suggestions (and to stock up on oxygenized air canisters from Dr. Blood), and he referred us to Thomas Edison in Olympus.

Repairing the Dream Machine

Transporting to Olympus, **Edison** suggested we check in the tunnel for a **control panel**. Finding one there, we brought it to him, and he rewired it for use on a Dream Machine. Speaking with **Madame Curie**, we borrowed a lead box and tongs to handle the radium, and learned of the existence of rockworms, which live underground near radium and collect it in their shells. We decided to check the Olympus mines for these worms. On our way, we spoke with the guard on the Dream Machine in hopes of finding a working **headgear**. He refused to allow us access, but asked our help in finding his brother, **Jean**, who had been sent to the mines and had not been heard from for a while. We agreed to look for Jean, and set out for the mines.

Olympus Mines

We wandered in the Olympus mines for a while until we encountered a group of large rockworms. Repulsing them, we found

Jean, who spoke to us and gave us a symbol to take back to his brother. Unfortunately, his wounds were grievous, and he soon died. After fighting off another wave of rockworms, we searched the area and found the block of **radium** for which we were hoping. We set the lead box on the ground and carefully transferred the radium into it with the tongs. Packing it safely away, we returned to the guard with the sad news of his brother, and he allowed us access to the machine long enough to retrieve its headgear.

Hellas Dream Machine

Back in Hellas, we installed the radium and headgear on the Dream Machine and tightened the panel down with our wrench. The Avatar sat in the machine while I worked the controls. Soon it was obvious that he was gone, leaving only his body behind. We waited anxiously until he returned to tell us of his adventures. Miss Bly details his rescue of **Carver**, **Lenin**, **Wells** and **Tiffany** from their nightmares in her notes on the Dream World.

He also found and spoke with the Hellas Martians, who had created a duplicate of their **grove** in the Dream World and were still living there. They had intentionally isolated themselves, hoping that someone would find them there and devise an acceptable plan for their physical return to Mars. The Elysium solution was unacceptable, as they considered it highly unethical to use the humans' bodies and leave them trapped in their dreams.

While it was possible for us to free four of the humans through this machine, the other four were only accessible through the Elysium machine. The Hellites advised the Avatar to gain access to that machine by earning the trust of the Elysium Martians. The best way to do that, in their opinion, was by helping them to **grow a new Martian body**.

Although **Xaktesh**'s podmate had been working on a scheme to build alternate bodies in a **laboratory near the north**





pole, their consensus was that the best choice at this time would be to grow a Martian body identical to those the Martians had originally inhabited. Speaking to Plasbef, we learned that the necessary **chemicals** were stored in the real Hellas greenhouse, and that their **seed cache** was secure in the enclosed building next to the greenhouse. George Washington **Carver**, having been rescued from his nightmare, told the Avatar where to find his notes about plant growth and fertilizer (in Elysium), so that we could treat the seed with the correct chemicals. The Hellas Agrarian, **Prektesb**, insisted that he be the one to make the transfer once the body was ready. This decided, the Avatar returned from the Dream World to his body.

Growing a Martian

We transported back to Elysium, determined to gather all the materials and information we needed to grow a Martian body. **Chesbef** gave us detailed instructions on how to accomplish the task. Dr. Carver's notes told us the three ingredients needed for the fertilizer: **nitrogen**, **phosphorus** and **potassium (potash)**. **Xicbak** suggested we get **water** by retrieving a chunk of ice from the icecap in a bucket.

Going to the icecap, we broke off a chunk with the shovel and placed it in an empty bucket. Back in Hellas, we first went for a seed. We found the door of the seed cache **rusted shut** from disuse. Fortunately, the Avatar had thought to take the **oil** from the shack outside the Syrtis Major mine entrance. Spreading the oil liberally on the hinges, we gained entrance and acquired a healthy seed. We then stepped over to the greenhouse and collected the ingredients for fertilizer.

Moving to an open, dirt-paved area of town, we dug a hole, dropped the seed in, and covered it with the soil. We poured the chemicals on the dirt, and followed that with a splash of water. Next, we settled down for a long wait. While we could have simply visited the seed every three days (a neces-

sary ritual according to Martian tradition), we elected instead to camp for the entire nine days. Resting did have one good side effect. We were all healthy and relaxed for the next part of our adventure!

At the end of nine days, we had a full-grown Martian plant with a large, rounded **pod**. We split the pod with a sharp knife and out fell an unconscious Martian body. It is rather disconcerting to deal with a living body that has never had a "being" inside.

The Avatar traveled back to the Dream World grove and informed **Prektesb** that the body had been prepared. Upon his return, we placed the body in the Dream Machine and activated the console. The body came to life with Prektesb inside! It seemed to be a miracle, but soon proved a costly miracle. The plague still held sway, thousands of years after Raxachk had inflicted it on Mars. It had settled into the soil, and would infect anything dependent on that soil.

It was now obvious to us that planting new bodies for the Martians would be impossible. Prektesb, in his last moments, begged us to remember **Xaktshesb's** podmate and to search for the polar lab. He also implored us to take his body to **Tekapesb** in Elysium as proof that we were to be trusted, even if this particular plan was doomed. We had to convince **Tekapesb** to let us free the other humans. Their talents might be necessary to save us all.

There was nothing we could do to save Prektesb. He died in our arms within minutes.





Elysium Dream Machine

We took the body to Elysium and gave it to **Tekapesh** for proper disposal. We then spoke to him of our hopes, and he finally agreed to let us into his Dream Machine. He also agreed to give the humans back their bodies, trusting our ingenuity to rescue him and his fellow Martians from an eternity in the Dream World.

Activating the Dream Machine, the Avatar followed **Earp**, **Clemens**, **Méliès** and **Lowell** into their nightmares and freed them. The details of his Elysium Dream World adventures may also be found in Miss Bly's notes on the Dream World.

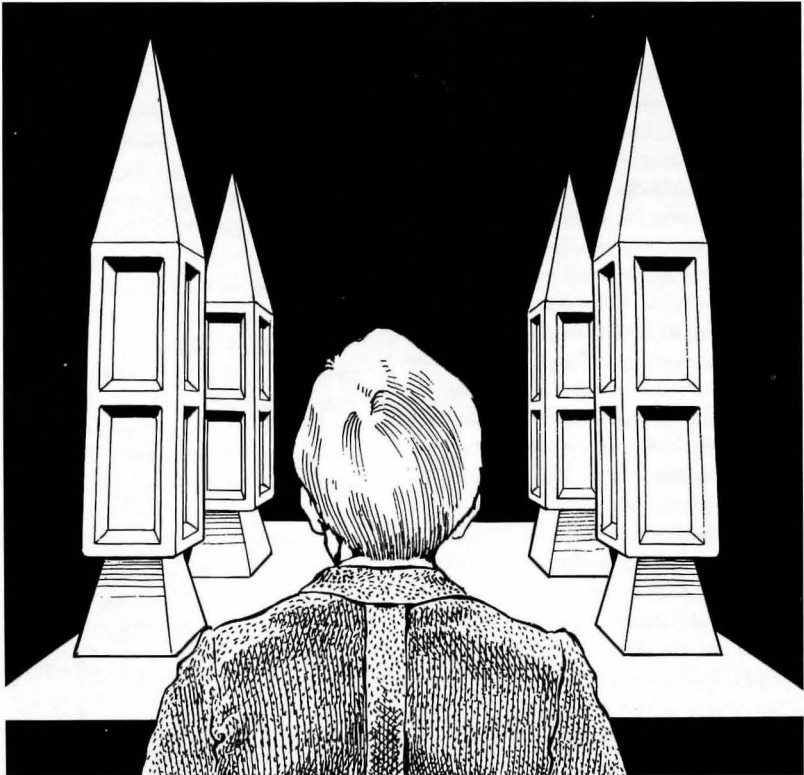
Once the humans were all free, we spoke to Tekapesh one more time, and he gathered the Martians together. Entering the Dream Machine, they gave up the human frames, and soon all the humans were back in their own bodies.

Tower Repair and Alignment

Back in Olympus, we spoke with **Admiral Peary** about his travels around the planet. We thought that he might know where we could find the **polar laboratory**. He did, indeed, remember something that was probably the lab, at 53 N, 112 E. The only problem was that ice now blocked its entrance.

He also gave us the coordinates for three **lens towers** spaced along the edge of the northern icecap. These lenses, when operational and properly focused, could melt part of the icecap, making the lab accessible and taking a step toward filling the canals. We remembered that we had to fill the canals before we could all go home.

In checking out the towers, we found all of them inoperable. One had a **broken motor** sitting in a nearby shack, which we took to Edison in Olympus. He repaired it





for us in short order, and we returned and attached it to the tower. The second one had **a broken lens**. Knowing of Tiffany's reputation as an artist in glass, we enlisted his help in repairing the lens, and placed the new one atop that tower. The third tower had simply been covered in **weeds**. We retrieved a weed sprayer and weedkiller from the 1893 ship, and, spraying the tower repeatedly, killed the weeds and freed the tower.

Prof. Lowell had suggested that the proper **alignment** coordinates for the towers would probably be something related to the time of day, as their function was dependent on the angle of the sun. Finding the control panel for the towers in the shack by the first tower (the one with the broken motor), we entered the time of day according to the Avatar's pocketwatch (in 24-hour military time, without a colon (:) before the minutes), and watched in amazement as the ice began to melt. Sherman suggested that it might be wise to check the pumping station sometime soon, to be sure that nothing was amiss with its machinery.

Metal Martians

First, though, we decided to explore the polar lab. We found a smashed mechanical man and one with no power. Carefully transferring the radium from the first to the second, we met **Cutter**, who had been programmed to assist Kaxisbek, Xaktshes's podmate, in his experiments. Cutter informed us that the metal woman in the other room of the lab would not be functional for a Martian transfer until he cut a **heartstone** for it. As far as we could ascertain, the heartstone was a specially faceted gem that could actually store the consciousness of a Martian after transfer through the Dream Machine. Cutter could fashion a heartstone only if he had a raw azurite gem. We remembered Hearst's varied collection of Martian artifacts in Olympus, and ran to find out if he knew where we could get an azurite.



Camera and Azurite

Hearst himself had an azurite, but required a favor in return for giving it to us. He had sent a man up the face of Olympus Mons to take a picture of the cannon, but he had never returned. Hearst asked us to climb the mountain and bring back the camera if we could find it. We discovered the poor man's body on the mountain (near a vicious pack of proto-Martians), and returned with the camera. Hearst extracted the photographic plate, which we then took to M. Méliès in Elysium for developing. When we presented Hearst with the developed photograph, he gratefully handed over the azurite.

Returning once again to the polar lab, we gave the azurite to Cutter, who swiftly fashioned a heartstone for the metal woman. We placed the heartstone in the metal body, and returned once more to Hellas to use the Dream Machine.





Chsheket Joins Us

Placing the metal body in the seat, we activated the machine, and soon the body was inhabited by Chsheket, the Hellas Grove Ambassador. We were delighted to confirm that Martians could be housed in metal bodies. Chsheket was a profitable addition to our party, being native to the planet and familiar with the evil Raxachk, whom we were soon to face.

Regrettably, Sherman saw fit to leave us at this time. He felt that we had a more than suitable substitute guide, and I believe that he missed his companions more than he cared to indicate. He is a fine man, and we all wished him well.

Filling the Canals

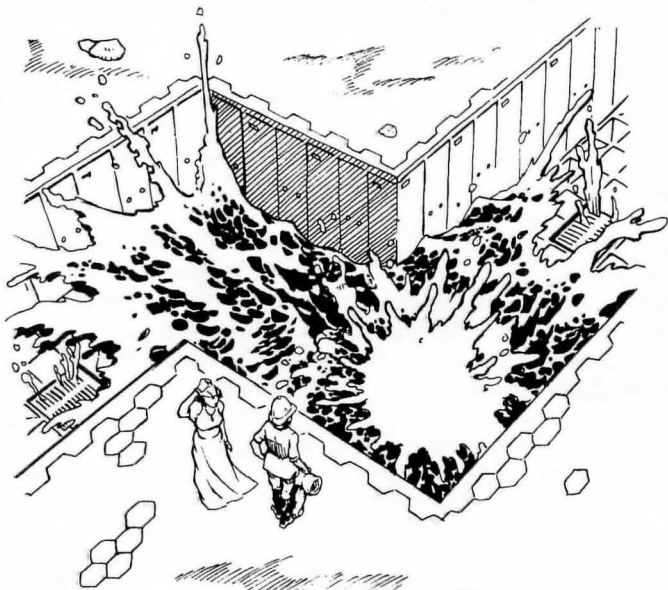
We next decided to investigate the **pumping station** to see why the canals had not yet filled. Arriving at the station, near 18 N, 167 W, we found that its underground cisterns were full. However, the valve that should have released the water into the canals was evidently not open, and the control panel was located behind several dangerous steam leaks. Chsheket volunteered to perform this particular duty, as

she was admirably suited for it, and promptly walked through the deadly steam and turned the valve. The gates opened, and very soon the canals were once again navigable waterways, beautiful to behold.

Iron Ore

With water in the canals, there was no reason to delay bringing the **iron ore** to Carnegie so that the cannon could be completed. At Hellas, we boarded the canal barge with built-in rails, then floated up the canals to the Syrtis mine entrance. Carefully positioning the barge, we entered the mine and moved the drill from the cave-in to the first right branch of the mine. We quickly located a vein of iron ore in the wall. Moving an empty ore cart up next to the vein, we continued to drill until we had excavated seven or eight piles of iron ore. We transferred the ore into the cart until it could hold no more.

We moved the cart onto the barge and rode to the Olympus mine entrance. Pushing the cart off the barge, we wheeled it into the mine and to the end of the left-hand rails, where we left it. We told Carnegie it was there, and that more could be found





under Syrtis Major. He replied that all we now needed for our journey home was the fuel, the phlogistonite, from the 1893 ship. Expecting a simple cross-country jaunt, we set out to retrieve the fuel. (You might think we would have learned by this point that nothing is simple.)

Stolen Fuel

When we reached the ship, we found the phlogistonite missing! We searched the area, but all we found was a **broken strap** from the restraints that had been around the barrels. We examined it closely, and I suggested that we take it back to Olympus with us. We picked up, and returned to Carnegie for advice.

Carnegie suggested that we show the strap to **Theodore Roosevelt**, who had developed his detecting skills as the Police Commissioner for New York City. Roosevelt wanted to examine the band for fingerprints, so we transported to Hellas and returned with the **microscope** from the greenhouse. Roosevelt studied the strap carefully, and came to the conclusion that the phlogistonite had been stolen by Grigori Rasputin, the man who had caused the premature launch in 1893. He and his henchmen had been holed up in Argyre for the last year or so.

Cosmetic Plans

Roosevelt also suggested that we seek **Sarah Bernhardt's** advice for making Chsbeket's metal body seem more human. Her metal countenance was disconcerting to nineteenth-century sensibilities, and it would be wise to find a way she and the other Martians could more easily blend in.

In talking to Miss Bernhardt about cosmetics, she and Chsbeket together devised a plan. Chsbeket suggested that we coat her with the same rubber compound used on the canal mechanical men, and Miss Bernhardt assured us that with rouge berries (found only in Argyre), she could concoct a dye to tint the rubber a believable flesh tone.

We now had two reasons to get into Argyre, and only one reason why entry was



impossible. We had earlier passed by the city, and discovered it to be almost completely surrounded by mountains. The two narrow passages into the city were blocked by heavy metal gates. We returned to Peary, who had certainly seen the city in his travels, to discuss the possibilities.

Entering Argyre

Admiral Peary did, in fact, have an idea. He suggested that we have Carnegie manufacture some special steel cannonballs. We did so, then went east of Argyre and boarded a small barge with one cannon. We took it in as close as possible to the eastern wall of the city, and blew down the wall with the steel cannonballs.

We first went to the northwest corner of the city and picked a handful of **rouge berries**, then sought out **Rasputin**.

Rasputin's body had been possessed by the evil Martian, Raxachk, who had caused the plague so many years ago. He had stolen the phlogistonite fuel and placed it in the Dream World using techniques known only to himself, so that no one could leave Mars. Removing it from the Dream World, he said, would cause an upheaval so great that all of Mars and the Dream World would be torn asunder. No one, Martian or human, would survive.

Chsbeket corroborated his statement. The transfer of a material object out of the Dream World could tear the very fabric of reality. All would die.





As an aside, Raxachk also gloated that our plan to disguise the Martians as humans was obviously a failure. No one would be able to accept Chsbeket in that metal body. The Martians would be freaks on Earth. He didn't realize that we were already working on a plan to remedy that situation.

Humanizing the Martians

Leaving Argyre, we did not despair of recovering the fuel. It was certain, though, that we must wait until all the humans and Martians were completely ready to leave, and the Martians would not be ready until our plan for covering the metal bodies had been tested and proven.

We returned to Miss Bernhardt with the rouge berries and, in no time, she handed us a jar of pigment to mix with the rubber. Back at the pumping station, we located the rubber in a crate near the sprayer, and filled the sprayer with dye and rubber. Chsbeket then stepped into the sprayer, and the Avatar activated its controls. Soon she looked as human as the rest of us. (So much so, in fact, that I was relieved that I had thought to bring along a dress for her. It would have been quite embarrassing for the other humans had I not done so.)

Chsbeket suggested that we recruit Segal to organize the recovery and conversion of the rest of the Martians. We trekked to Olympus, where we found Segal quite agreeable to this plan. He assured us that all would be ready to leave by the time we returned with the fuel.

The Final Showdown

When we returned to Argyre, we found that Raxachk had killed all of his henchmen but Miss Goldman, and had fled back into the Dream World to guarantee the safety of the phlogistonite. Rasputin was himself again, and quite confused by all that had happened. Miss Goldman told us that she would get him back to Olympus to wait for the fuel with the others.

Realizing that Raxachk could simply occupy his body if it were left in the Dream



Machine, the Avatar asked us to remove his body as soon as he was gone. There would be some kind of signal, he was sure, when we could replace his body. I operated the controls, and he was gone.

Miss Bly describes the Avatar's final dream adventures in her Dream World notes. His last actions were to destroy Raxachk and transport the fuel out of the Dream World.

When the barrels of fuel appeared, we placed the Avatar's body back in the Dream Machine. He returned to us, and bearing the phlogistonite, we traveled as quickly as possible to Olympus. The barge was a bit safer than marching cross-country. There were constant earthquakes as the world tried to tear itself apart, and all of the plantimals had gone into a frenzy. Everything was attacking us.

Upon arriving at the Olympus mines, we found that everyone else was, indeed, ready to go. We took the phlogistonite to Carnegie, who thanked us and told everyone to board the ship. Within minutes we were finally on our way home.

And soon, now, the Avatar and I will truly be back in our own homes. My journey into the nineteenth century was exciting enough even for me, and I think I am ready to relax in front of my television set for a few years. Or maybe I'll try the Avatar's hobby and see what's so fascinating about these computer games...



Index

A

Acid 13
Admiral Peary see Peary
Affadavit 54
Agrarian (Martian occ.) 48, 57
Agrobot 31
Airsquid 31
Alignment coordinates 60
Ambassador (Martian occ.) 48
 Hellas grove 60
Ammonoids 9, 28, 32
Ammunition 7, 9, 10, 11, 15, 23,
 39, 40, 45, 46, 52
Angle of the sun 59
Animistic ether 50
Arborist (Martian occ.) 48, 51
Arctic parka 39
Argyre grove 8, 4, 51, 61
Armor (creature stat) 31
Arrows 46
Arsia mons 7, 45, 46, 53
Artifacts (Martian) 46, 59
Attack (creature stat) 31
Auction 25
Axe 42, 45
Azurite 59

B

Backpacks 43
Bacteria 51
Ballpeen hammer 43, 45
Barge 13, 26, 4, 33, 48, 49, 54
 built-in rails 60
 small 61
Barge station 9, 12
Belgian combine 39, 45
Bernhardt, Sarah 10, 11, 61
Berries 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 28, 5,
 35, 42, 46, 50
 blue (radiation cure) 9, 42
 brown (CV) 26, 42, 46
 green (PM) 42, 46, 56
 purple (TK) 7, 9, 27, 42, 46, 53
 rouge 8, 42, 61, 62
Bikchiz 12
Biology 46
Blood, Dr. 41, 42, 56
Blue berries see Berries
Blue Planet 48
Book (in dream) 41
Boots 46
Boots, hip 39
Boots, winged 27
Bow 27, 45
Bridges 55, 56
Broadcast towers 55
Broken lens 59
Broken motor 58
Broken strap 59
Brown berries see Berries
Bucket 13, 43, 57
Buffalo Bill Cody 7, 46, 53
Bullfighting 24
Burke see Calamity Jane Burke
Bushalo 32
Bushrat 9, 17, 32
Buttermoth 47

C

Cable 55
Cable spool 17, 55
Calamity Jane Burke 7, 45, 53

Camera 10, 59
Canal 18, 33, 49, 54, 60
Canal worm 27, 33, 49
Candle 43, 46
Candlestick 22
Cannon 16, 22, 23, 49, 61
Carnegie, A. 11, 15, 16, 54, 61
Carver, G.W. 12, 20, 21, 56, 57
Carver's notebook 12
Cave worm 33
Chaktsaf 12
Chemicals 13, 55, 57
Cheney, Mad Marcus 12, 56
Cheshef 12, 57
Chests 43, 44

Chisel 44
Chsheket 24, 60, 61, 62
Cistserns 49
Clairvoyance berries see Berries
Clanton, Ike 25
Clemens, Samuel 12, 20, 26, 58
Clothes 7, 11, 39, 45, 53
Coal 17, 50, 55
Coat 46
Cody see Buffalo Bill Cody
Coker 17
Cold 39, 41
Combat 39
Combine (Belgian) 39, 45
Control panel 11, 18, 43, 44, 56, 60
Conveyor belt 17, 42, 50, 53, 55
Coordinates 43
 tower alignment 59
Cooter McGee 41, 46, 53
Cooter's cave 7, 8, 9, 53
Coprates Chasma 8, 4
Couillard, Jean 16, 56
Couillard, Legrande 10
Crates 9, 43, 44, 53
Creeper 33
Creeping cactus 34
Cultivator (Mar. occ.) 45, 47, 48, 55
Curie, Marie 10, 11, 56
Cutter 18, 59
CV berries see Berries

D

Damage (creature stat) 31
Denim jeans 39
Derringer 45, 46
Devil pod 37, 40, 46
Dibbs, Lieutenant 40, 41, 53
Dirt money 15, 43, 47
Doctor Blood see Blood, Dr.
Door switch 30
Dream halls 20
Dream hoard 30
Dream Machines 8, 10, 11, 12, 18,
 22, 24, 30, 42, 50, 51, 53, 55, 56,
 57, 59, 61
Dream World 19, 51, 55, 56, 59, 62
Dreams 41
Dreamstuff 19, 22, 25, 28, 30
Dress, wool 39
Drill 14, 43, 54, 60
Drum 46
Duprey, Greg 15, 28
Dust devil 34
Dye 42, 62

E

Earp, Marshal Wyatt 12, 20, 25, 59
Edison, Thomas 10, 11, 56, 58
Electric door 30, 53, 55

Electrical power 49
Elephant gun 23, 45, 46
Elysium grove 12, 52, 54, 55, 56,
 57, 58

Ether, animistic 50
Explorer (Martian occupation) 48

F

Fazek 12
Fingerprints 61
Footprints 22
Freeze raygun 8, 18, 45
Freud, Dr. 22, 41
Furnace 17, 55

G

Garrett, Dallas 52
Gatherer (Martian occupation) 48
Gemstone 22
Geodes 43, 44
Gloves 46
Gloves, rubber 55
Gloves, welding 39
Goldman, Emma 8, 9, 62
Gravity bender (Wells' dream) 23
Green berries see Berries
Green paint 22, 23
Greenhouse see Hellas
 greenhouse
Greenman tobacco 46
Grove structure 48

H

Hammer 44
Hat 46
Hatch 43
Hatchet 45
Headgear 56
Healing 41
Health (creature stat) 31
Hearst, W. R. 10, 11, 46, 59
Heart (in dream) 41
Heartstone 50, 59
Heat raygun 12, 16, 18, 45
Hedgehog 34
Hellas dream grove 20, 24
 Ambassador 60
Hellas greenhouse 12, 13, 57, 61
Hellas grove 12, 52, 56, 61
Helmet, military 39
Helmet, pith 39
Hip boots 39
Hoe 43, 44, 45
Hydrogen bag (of airsquid) 31

I

Ice 43, 57, 59
Icecap 49
Insulation 55
Invisible monsters 22
Iron 15, 54, 60

J

Jacket, sheepskin 39
Janitor 35
Jean see Couillard, Jean
Jeans, denim 39
Jewelry 46
Jumping beans 13, 28, 35, 42

K-L

Kaxishek 50, 59
Knife 40, 45
Lab, polar see Polar laboratory
Lanterns 43
Lead box 10, 11, 56

Lenin, V. I.	12, 20, 22, 56	Plantelope	36	Sling stones	46
Lens, broken	59	Planther	36	Smith (horse)	25
Lens towers	49, 58-59	Plashef	24, 57	Soil	47
Leviathan	30, 35, 38	Pliers	43, 55	Space cannon	10, 15, 54
Lt. Dibbs	see Dibbs, Lieutenant	PM berries	see Berries	Spector, Dr. Johann	28, 40
Light sources	43	Pocketwatch	43, 59	Speech (Martian)	47
Lowell, Prof. P. ...	12, 20, 27, 59, 60	Pod	21, 42, 44, 47, 48, 57	Speed (creature stat)	31
M		Pod devil	37, 40	Spool of cable	17, 55
M60	30	Podknife	13, 21, 44	Spoon	46
Machete	40, 45	Polar laboratory	18, 56, 58	Spot	27
Mad Marcus Cheney	12, 56	Pool cue	45	Sprayer (paint)	22
Manuscript	25	Potash	57	Sprayer (rubber)	18, 62
Marcus Cheney	12, 56	Potassium	57	Sprayer (weed)	23, 59
Marshall (horse/Earp)	25	Pouches	43	Spraygun (weedkiller)	45, 46, 59
Matches	43	Power lines	43	Spyglass	43, 53
Maurice	8	Power station	17, 42, 53	Stairs	10, 11, 53
McGee	see Cooter McGee	Prektesh	24, 57	Stoker	17, 55
Mechanical men ...	50, 53, 55, 59, 60	Prison cave	8, 53	Strap, broken	59
Méliès, Georges	12, 20, 58, 59	Proto-Martians	10, 24, 37, 59	Sun's angle	59
Metal bodies	50	Prybar	43, 45	Survival on Mars	39
Metal woman	18, 27, 59	Psychometric berries	see Berries	Sword (in dream)	41
Microscope	13, 44, 61	Pukchep	24	Syrtis Major Labyrinth	14, 4, 54
Military helmet	39	Pumping station	60	Syrtis Major mines	54, 61
Minotaur	24	Purple berries	see Berries	entrance	13, 57
Mirror	27, 28, 44	R		T	
Mittens, wool	39	Radiation berries	see Berries	Technology (Martian)	49
Motherlode	17, 53, 55	Radiation poisoning	9, 41, 42	Tekapesh	12, 55, 58
Motor, broken	58	Radium ..	9, 11, 16, 18, 37, 43, 56, 59	Telekinesis berries	see Berries
Muffler	39, 46	Rail switch	43	Tent	39, 43, 46
Mysteries of the Red Planet	46	Railcar barge	61	Tesla, Professor Nikola ..	49, 52, 56
Mythology (Martian)	48	Rails	43	Tiffany, L. C.	12, 20, 24, 56, 59
N		Rake	45	Tinderbox	43, 46
Nathaniel Peters	10, 54	Rasputin, Grigori	8, 9, 61, 62	TK berries	see Berries
Nitrogen	57	Raxachk	9, 19, 28, 30, 51, 57, 62	Tongs	10, 11, 43, 56
Noctis Labyrinthus	8, 4, 46, 53	Raygun ..	see Freeze or Heat raygun	Torches	43
O		Red rug	24	Tower alignment coordinates ..	59
Oil	13, 25, 43, 46, 57	Reorientation	23	Towers, broadcast	55
Olympus grove ...	5, 10, 46, 53, 59, 61, 62	Resting	40	Trade	45
Olympus mines	16, 60	Revolvers	45, 46	Traders	40
entrance	54	Rifle	45, 46	Trading posts	45, 53
Olympus mons	10, 11, 54	Rockworms	16, 37, 56	Transport tube	55
Oxium ...	7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 5, 41, 43, 45, 50, 52, 53, 55	Roosevelt, Theodore	10, 61	Transport tube stations	6, 4
Oxygen	41	Rouge berries	see Berries	Trippet, Captain	10, 11, 55
Oxygen deprivation	41	Rubber	18, 61, 62	Trunks	43, 44
Oxygenated air	42	Rubber gloves	55	Tunnel (under Olympus) 10, 11, 54	
Oxyleech	36	Rubber sprayer	18, 62	W	
P		Rug	13	Water	43, 57
Pages (in Clemens' dream)	25	red	24	Weapons	45
Paint (in Wells' dream)	22, 23	S		Weed sprayer	23, 59
Paint sprayer	22	Saber	25, 45, 46	Weedgun	45
Pants	46	Sand trapper	8, 38	Weedkiller	45, 46, 59
Pants, wool	39	Sandbars (in Clemens' dream) ..	26	Weeds	59
Paralyzation	38	Saw	43, 45	Welding gloves	39
Parka, arctic	39	Scythe	43, 44, 45	Wells, H. G.	12, 20, 22, 23, 56
Pashesh	12	Seed cache	12, 13, 55, 57	Wheelbarrow	17, 44, 55
Peary, Adm. R.	10, 11, 4, 58, 61	Seeds	13, 47, 48, 55, 57	Winged boots	27
Pennant	8	Segal, Jack	10, 54, 62	Wisp	14, 5, 38, 44
Phlogistonite	28, 30, 61, 62	Sextant	43, 53	Wool dress	39
Phosphorus	57	coordinates	5	Wool mittens	39
Pick	43, 44, 45	Sextelger	38, 53	Wool pants	39
Pistol	9, 22, 23, 46	Shack outside Syrtis Major mine		Worms (buttermoths)	47
Pistol (horse)	25	entrance	57	Worms in Carver's dream	21
Pit (in Tiffany's dream)	24	Shadowlords	27	Wormsbane	21
Pitchfork	45	Sheepskin jacket	39	Wrench	43, 54
Pith helmet	39	Sherman, Richard	15, 60	X	
Plague	51, 55, 57	Shotgun	39, 45, 46	Xaktshesh	24
Planks	9	Shovel	43, 44, 45, 55, 57	Xichak	12, 57
		Sisik	12	Y	
		Sledgehammer	40, 43, 45	Yellin, Dr. David 14, 15, 28, 42, 54	
		Sling	45		

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