

The Journal of Historical Science Fiction Roleplaying
Dr. Mark Clark, Editor

VOLUME
THREE



TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL MARTIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

CLARK

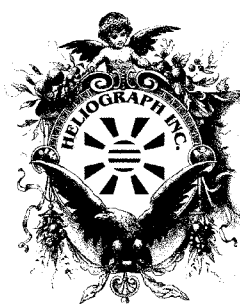
TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL MARTIAN
GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, VOL. THREE

0-9668926-8-2

Includes Articles By
James L. Cambias
Mark Clark
John Gannon
Marcus L. Rowland



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**The Journal of Historical
Science Fiction Roleplaying**

TRANSACTIONS OF THE **ROYAL MARTIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY**

Edited by Dr. Mark Clark
Volume Three: July to December 1999

**TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL MARTIAN
GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, VOLUME THREE
ISBN: 0-9668926-8-2**

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Published by
Heliograph, Inc.
26 Porter Street
Somerville, MA
02143-2215 USA
<http://www.heliograph.com>



Printed in the Good Ol' USA
by the fine people at
Lightning Print Inc.
1136 Heil Quaker Blvd.
La Vergne, TN 37086
<http://www.lightningprint.com>

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EDITORIAL

BY DR. MARK CLARK

It is with considerable pleasure that I welcome you to the third edited collection of material from *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society*, or *TRMGS* as I like to call it.

My friends and I founded *TRMGS* as a self-published fanzine in 1991 out of our love for the game *Space: 1889*. Due to a combination of circumstances, publication ended in 1994, but my love for Victorian roleplaying in general, and *Space: 1889* in particular, continued.

In 1995 I discovered the Internet, and almost immediately I joined the *Space: 1889* mailing list, run at that time by Matt Goodman. I discovered that there were lots of folks who shared my interests, and I participated in many interesting discussions about various aspects of the Victorian-era gaming.

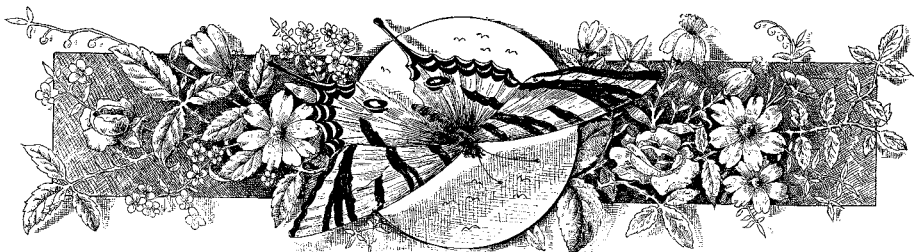
When Matt decided to found his gaming company Heliograph, he approached me about the possibility of reviving *TRMGS* in some form. After extensive discussions, we decided to republish the eight original issues of *TRMGS* as a two volume set. We also set out to revive *TRMGS* as a professional web-based magazine.

The response from the internet Victorian-era gaming community was very positive, and since mid-1999 we have been publishing new material on a weekly basis, with many contributors.

This volume is what I hope is the first in a series of high-quality published reprints of the web-based *TRMGS*. It contains all sorts of things for the Victorian-era gamer, and I am extremely proud to be the editor. I originally founded *TRMGS* so that I could get people to write gaming material for me — I have succeeded beyond my wildest dreams, judging by the contents of this volume and its two predecessors.

So, sit back, look through a page or two, and enjoy yourself — I hope you have as much fun reading this stuff as I had writing and editing it!

Klamath Falls, Oregon
January 11, 2000



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ZEPPELIN PIRATES

A FANTASTIC VICTORIAN ADVENTURE

BY JAMES L. CAMBIAS

The sound of the wind howling outside across the Irish countryside made Lord Sylvester Neck shiver and edge his chair closer to the roaring fire. "Beastly night, this. Makes one glad to be indoors, eh?"

"I've seen it colder than this," said the celebrated American traveller Silas Shoat. "There was one time up in Alaska I recall — "

"Alaska?" Professor Hawkwood snorted. "Positively tropical compared to Tibet. Once in the passes above Kathmandu I — "

The butler's quiet voice cut through the bellowing of the two great rival explorers. "I beg your pardon, My Lord, but there is a person at the front door."

"A person? At this time of night? Who is it, Connolly? Did he give a name?"

"Yes, My Lord. It is a young lady at the door, and she says — " Connolly's normal invincible composure seemed a little strained. "She says that she is Queen Victoria."

CHAPTER 1: THE DOUBTFUL GUEST

The player characters are spending a few weeks before Christmas in the Irish countryside of County Tipperary. If any of the party are English noblemen, then the characters are staying at a country manor belonging to his family. Otherwise the adventurers have rented a house for the season.

Just before midnight on one particularly bad night in early December, a beautiful young woman shows up at the door, claiming to be Queen Victoria. She does not in the least resemble the Queen — the woman is tall, red-haired, extremely beautiful and approximately 25 years old. She is wearing an expensive mauve silk dress that is torn and muddy. (If the characters manage to examine her clothing carefully they can find maker's labels indicating that everything was bought in Paris. All her underclothes are initialed V.S.) Curiously, the hair at her temples appears to have been shaved away recently, and is just starting to grow back.

"Queen Victoria" claims to have been kept a prisoner somewhere in London, then was taken by train to Holyhead, where her captors put her on a boat to Ireland. In Dublin they put her into another train under guard, but when the guard fell asleep she was able to leap from the moving carriage. She wandered across the snowy fields until she saw the lights of the manor house.

Her memories of London sound completely mad — she says she was kept locked up for several days after awakening in her present form. The

walls of the room were all covered with mirrors. Mr. Punch brought her sausages and meat pies every afternoon. There was one small window, and through it she could see an enormous portrait of General Gordon. A careful observer may note several peculiarities about the young woman. She seems impervious to cold, and actively dislikes being near the fireplace. Her movements combine grace and clumsiness in a strange manner — her deliberate motions are awkward and hesitant, but her unconscious actions are smooth and sure. It is as if she becomes clumsy only when she is thinking about what she is doing.

The girl is completely helpless at ordinary tasks. She cannot dress herself, and even opening a window is beyond her. But she has a fantastic knowledge of British and European political affairs, knows more about the Royal Family and Court life than any of the player characters, and can vividly describe events that happened decades ago. She speaks with a trace of a German accent, and tends to refer to herself as “We.”

Early the next morning, Constable Flaherty, the village policeman, arrives on his bicycle with important news. The police have been alerted to be on the lookout for an escaped madwoman in the vicinity. The escapee is Victoria Smith, who was being taken to a private institution in County Cork by train. She is described as a tall, good-looking red-haired woman, 26 years of age, last seen wearing a mauve dress. Miss Smith is not dangerous, but she does suffer from the delusion that she is Her Majesty the Queen. Anyone with any information concerning her should contact Doctor Jones at the Victoria Hotel in Cork.

The truth is that the young woman is indeed Queen Victoria — or at least she has Queen Victoria’s mind. A trio of villains have used electric science to pull off this dastardly plot. Queen Victoria’s mind is now in the body of the beautiful international spy Virtue Slade, while Virtue’s mind is in the Queen’s body. Virtue’s partners in crime are the anarchist inventor Sigismund Hartmann and the degenerate millionaire Titus W. Blotter.

Each of the villains has a different reason for participating in the plot. Virtue Slade, as Victoria, can learn all the British Government’s vital secrets, and once back in her own body can sell them to foreign powers. Titus W. Blotter is financing the project so that Virtue-as-Victoria can give him a title and valuable government contracts. Sigismund Hartmann hopes the entire incident will make the Queen appear to have gone mad, as a step towards destroying England’s monarchy and paving the way for an anarchist revolution.

Everything Victoria says is true, and the story about the escaped madwoman is entirely false. The “private madhouse” she was being taken to in County Cork is a house owned by Blotter. “Doctor Jones” is Sigismund Hartmann. Only the player characters stand in their way.

CHAPTER 2: GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

The adventurers may try to make some inquiries about the Queen, to see if there is any way to confirm Victoria/Virtue’s story. Individuals with good enough social connections, or a background in government

service can get hold of Colonel Moleskine, an old friend who lives in Ireland. Moleskine recently had a letter from his cousin Lucretia, who is one of Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting. According to Lucretia, the Queen had a strange sort of fainting spell just over a week ago, as she was riding in her carriage from Windsor Castle to the railway station to go to Scotland. For an hour or so she seemed disoriented, but then recovered wonderfully. Up at Balmoral she has been remarkably jolly and sociable, spending a great deal of time reviewing the Government dispatches and her old journals. But the doctors are concerned because she complains of the cold, and still has fits of absent-mindedness.

Meanwhile, Titus W. Blotter and Sigismund Hartmann are desperate to recover Victoria-as-Virtue. Blotter has brought in an army of "private detectives" — actually thugs from London and Leeds. His men are combing the entire area, offering a reward of £1000 for the safe return of "Victoria Smith."

If the player characters believe the official story and contact "Doctor Jones" about his patient, Blotter and Hartmann will descend on them with a gang of toughs. Initially, of course, the two men are quite polite, and Blotter has a cheque made out for the reward.

But the adventurers may notice some disturbing elements. "Doctor Jones" has an unmistakable German accent. Neither man can supply any details about their patient's family or history. Their "private detectives" are a sinister-looking lot. And if the characters display any reluctance to hand her over, or demand to see some credentials, Titus Blotter is quick to make threats.

If the player characters nevertheless decide to hand Victoria-as-Virtue over to Blotter and Hartmann, the gamemaster may as well allow the villains to succeed in their plots. Within the year, Titus W. Blotter is made an earl, Great Britain suffers a series of diplomatic reversals because the Continental powers have Virtue Slade's secrets, Prince Edward becomes Regent after the Queen is declared insane, and agitation by Socialists and Anarchists becomes more common. The characters won't know anything is wrong, but the players should be aware that history has changed as a result of their actions.

But if the adventurers behave like gentlemen and decline to hand a helpless young lady over to a pair of obvious blackguards like Blotter and Hartmann, they must face the implacable hostility of the two villains. Blotter won't rest until he can recover Victoria-as-Virtue. His men lay siege to the house, waiting along the roads to waylay the party if they try to leave, and trying to drive the adventurers from the place by setting fire to an outbuilding one night. While the stalwart player characters can probably win any one fight against Blotter's thugs, it should be clear that he can always hire more men and continue to harass them.

Escape is the only course that will end the assaults. The party must defeat or avoid the thugs watching the roads, and somehow contrive to reach Cork or Dublin to take ship to England. The gamemaster can include at least one exciting chase scene, either on horseback across the snowy Irish countryside, or aboard the speeding train to Dublin.



CHAPTER 3: THE ZEPPELIN PIRATES

There are two obstacles in the way if the adventurers try to reach England by boat from Cork or Dublin. Titus W. Blotter's men are watching the ports, and will try to stop the party by force. But they are only common ruffians.

The second problem is more serious. For weeks now the news has been full of reports concerning the notorious Zeppelin Pirates. Using a stolen airship, the pirates prey on shipping in the English Channel and Irish Sea. Their standard method is to hover over a vessel and threaten to sink it with bombs. Pirates descend to the deck by a ladder and remove all the passengers' cash and valuables, as well as the ship's safe. Despite patrols by Royal Navy airships, the Zeppelin Pirates remain at large.

(Clever gamemasters may wish to build up the Zeppelin Pirates in advance, mentioning their activities in passing as part of the news of the day. Suitably public-spirited player characters may decide to go after the Pirates themselves, before encountering Victoria-as-Virtue in Ireland. The gamemaster can split this section off and run it as a separate adventure.)

Sure enough, as the adventurers are sitting idly aboard the packet-boat on the way to England, the sound of a Hotchkiss gun shatters the quiet air, and the Zeppelin Pirates appear overhead. "Heave to and prepare to be boarded!" the raiders demand. "Give up the swag peaceful-like and you won't be sunk!"

The airship *Jolly Roger* is a semi-rigid dirigible of 25 tons (Hull Size 3, for *Sky Galleons of Mars* players). It is powered by an advanced oil-fired steam turbine engine, giving it a speed of 30 knots (Speed 6). The *Jolly Roger* carries 10.5 tons of fuel, enough for 7 days' cruising. It is armed with a 3-lb Hotchkiss Rotating Cannon, firing forward, and a bomb rack. It has space for 1 ton of cargo at Very High altitude, adding 5 tons or 2 passengers at High, and 12 tons or 5 passengers at Medium. In *Castle Falkenstein* terms, the pirate airship is a Large craft with 60 wounds. The *Jolly Roger* carries a crew of 7 (Captain, Pilot, Trimsmen, Signalman, Engineer, Rigger and Gunner). Normally the boarding parties sent to loot ships consist of Captain Byng (the Pirate King), the Signalman (Frederick Young), and the Rigger (Alf Mortice). The *Jolly Roger* remains under the command of the pilot, Mr. Scapular. All of the pirates are armed with cutlasses and pistols.

The passengers gather on deck, shivering in the cold wind off the Irish Sea. The pirate boarding party makes its way through the crowd, filling a large sack with loot. The player characters must give up all their cash and jewelry. Individuals may try to hide specific items; for gentle-

men it is a difficult task, but for ladies only moderate. (The gamemaster should modify the difficulty by the size of the object. Concealing a ring is simple; hiding a Maxim gun is impossible.)

But there is trouble when the boarding party reaches the player characters. As Frederick and Alf go efficiently about the work of filling the sack, Captain Byng (the Pirate King) is struck by Victoria-as-Virtue's beauty and regal bearing.

"Stove me scuppers! What a beauty!" he cries. "Methinks we'll be taking a fair captive this time, me hearties! Mr. Scapular! Send down the breeches-buoy for a prize cargo!"

If the player characters try to resist, they risk provoking the Zeppelin Pirates into sinking the packet. But if they let him take Victoria-as-Virtue captive, then who knows what may become of her? Quick-thinking player character may volunteer to accompany Victoria, possibly by claiming to be her servants or guardians. The Pirate King won't take more than two other captives besides Victoria.

CHAPTER 4: THE PIRATE KING

Once aboard the airship, the captives are locked in the cargo hold. Their hands and feet are securely tied, but they are given blankets to guard against the extreme cold at high altitude. By peering through the tiny window in the cargo door, the adventurers can see the land below. The *Jolly Roger* flies nearly due south, skirting the coast of Wales and eventually making landfall at the Cornish peninsula. Under cover of darkness the pirate airship lands somewhere in Cornwall.

The pirates have established a base in the shell of an abandoned abbey church on Wendron Moor, about five miles west of Falmouth in Cornwall. The roofless church makes a perfect dirigible hangar, and they use sheets of painted canvas to disguise it from the air. As a further protection against meddlesome outsiders, Captain Byng (the Pirate King) and his men have put out the story that the abbey is haunted.

The pirates make use of the abbey crypt for living quarters. The crypt is a large, cross-shaped room with low vaulted ceilings and a damp floor paved with the tombs of long-dead monks. The main chamber is where the pirates live, sleeping in hammocks slung from hooks that once supported lamps. A small wood stove provides heat.

One of the side chambers is the pirate treasure-vault, fitted with a stout new Chubb combination lock. They have done well for themselves — the vault holds cash and valuables worth nearly £50,000. The pirates intend to keep up their depredations until they have accumulated enough to give each of them £10,000 in loot, with anything left over going to the Captain.

The other side chamber was unused, but is hurriedly fixed up as a cell for the captives. A crude partition of scrap lumber keeps the prisoners inside, but just about anyone could break it down — creating a lot of noise in the process. The captives have blankets to sleep on, but the floor is very hard and chilly. From the cell the characters can hear everything going on in the main chamber.

Once the airship is secured and the prisoners are locked into their crude cell, a loud debate breaks out among the pirates as to what to do with the captives. Mr. Barbour, the ship's Trimsmen, is opposed to the whole notion of holding anyone. "It's too dangerous. They might tell where we're hiding out."

But Captain Byng (the Pirate King) insists he can ransom off the captives. "We'd scarcely be proper pirates if we didn't carry off a fair prisoner for ransom, now would we? Arrgh! And be smitten by her charms as well?"

"You realize, of course, that what you've just said is completely insane?" Barbour replies.

"Aye, Mister Barbecue, so it is. And so is this!" cries Byng (the Pirate King) as he drives his cutlass through the hapless Trimsmen. "Anybody else have any objections to behaving like proper pirates? Arrgh! Young Fred, you're now Trimsmen and second mate of the *Jolly Roger*. Mr. Scapular! Stow that carcass under one of these tombstones, and put in a bottle of rum for poor Barbecue's ghost."

"I believe he was a Congregationalist, sir," puts in Scapular mildly. "He was against drinking."

"Shiver me timbers! Had I known that I'd have run him through long ago!"

The player characters must somehow escape the clutches of the Zeppelin Pirates, but it won't be easy. The crypt has no windows, and any attempt to break through the cell partition will wake up the whole crew. The pirates are careful to search the prisoners for weapons, taking anything more deadly than a penknife (although lady characters may keep their hatpins). At mealtime young Frederick passes plates of food to the prisoners under the door of the partition.

The characters can try to reason with the pirates, although the death of poor Barbour has made the rest of the crew reluctant to openly oppose the Pirate King. Young Frederick has mistakenly apprenticed himself to Captain Byng (the Pirate King), and though he cannot betray his master, he does wish to see the pirates stopped.

If Victoria-as-Virtue is a player character, she may be able to win over Captain Byng (the Pirate King) to her side. The man is half in love with her already, and his slight case of insanity makes him more likely than most to believe her story. If either Victoria or one of the other adventurers can convince the Zeppelin Pirates to help, the buccaneers will do their best to get the Queen's mind back into her body, for although they are wicked pirates, they are all still loyal subjects of Her Majesty.

The only time escape is really feasible is when the pirates leave their base to go off raiding again over the Channel. They cannot leave the prisoners behind, so the player characters are locked up in the hold again for the voyage. This time, however, they are not tied up.

The adventurers can either try to take over the airship by force, attempt to sabotage the dirigible in flight, or find some way to get safely to the ground and warn the authorities. At the very least the characters may try to get a message out, telling where the pirates have their base.

Major-General Sir Arthur Stanley is in charge of the British effort to

capture the Zeppelin Pirates. He has established his headquarters in a small hotel in the seaside resort of Torquay. From there he is organizing a network of coastal observers, plotting reports of airship sightings, and feuding with his counterparts in the Royal Navy. Once General Stanley learns the location of the pirate base he can send in a force of police, and call in a navy aerial gunboat.

CHAPTER 5: THE CURIOUS SOFA

Once the player characters have either evaded, escaped, defeated or recruited the Zeppelin Pirates, they can proceed to London to see if they can find where Victoria-as-Virtue was held captive, in order to learn who is behind the plot.

Victoria recalls that from her window she could see an enormous portrait of General Gordon painted on a brick wall. Unimaginative adventurers can simply comb London until they find it, while clever ones may think of consulting with people in the advertising business to find what products use Gordon in ad illustrations, and proceed from there.

The giant face of General Gordon is an advertisement for Tenon's Patent Celluloid Collars ("A Gentleman's Collar For All Climates"). The ad is painted on the side of a low-class music-hall in the Whitechapel district of London. Victoria-as-Virtue was imprisoned in the house next door, which is actually a bordello, owned by Titus W. Blotter. Naturally, the characters won't know the true nature of the house until they try to get inside.

Note that Whitechapel is an area notorious for its poverty and endemic crime. A party of upper-class adventurers is liable to stick out like a sore thumb in this part of town. Characters who are masters of disguise may be able to blend in, but others are going to attract attention. Depending on the size, demeanor and armament level of the party, this attention can take several different forms. A small, helpless-looking group is the perfect prey for pickpockets and cutpurses. A larger but not obviously threatening party attracts all kinds of beggars. The arrival of a well-armed group sets off the usual reaction to a police raid — the street empties, houses are locked and shuttered, and criminals begin scurrying away through back doors and cellar tunnels.

The bordello is a four-story brick townhouse, with a small garden in back. It was once evidently a fairly respectable home, but now is entirely given over to licentiousness and vice. Titus W. Blotter owns it, but only a careful search of tax records can uncover that fact.

The ground floor contains kitchens and some servants' quarters, now used by the nobblers (thugs) on hand to deal with troublesome customers. It is very untidy and littered with beer bottles. At any given time there are at least two nobblers on the ground floor, usually in the servants' dining room. They have clubs and knives, and one of them carries a pistol. The kitchen is still used for meals, and is stocked entirely with meat pies from Blotter's factory. The girls in the bordello do their own cooking.

The first floor has the parlors and dining-room. "Clients" pick out

their girls in the front parlor, and the other rooms are used for gambling and other indecent entertainments. The front door is guarded by another nobbler, a huge imposing ex-boxer who carries no weapons but his fists. Callers who give the correct password are let in politely; others are rudely told to "shove off." The password is "the pieman sent me."

The second floor of the bordello consists of large, comfortable bedrooms which are used by the place's star attractions. These rooms get cleaned from time to time. There are four bedrooms on the second floor, but only two of them are used by working girls. The front bedroom is the garishly-decorated bedroom of Miss Annie, the madame of the establishment. Annie has an old pepperbox revolver for self-defense, but in a police raid she limits herself to shouting abuse at the officers. The room just behind Annie's is the mirrored room in which Victoria-as-Virtue was imprisoned. It is used only for special clients with unusual tastes; it is completely soundproof, and the mirrored walls conceal cabinets holding all manner of apparatus best left undescribed.

The third floor has six smaller bedrooms, used by the less popular girls. During the day about half these rooms have "clients" in them; at night all of them do. Any kind of disturbance will scare the girls and their "clients," who will naturally suspect a police raid. The stairway and corridors are likely to be jammed with men and women in various stages of undress, some of them in strange costumes. The "clients" are mostly interested in getting out, but will fight if cornered. None of them has anything more deadly than a walking-stick.

The fourth floor used to be more little rooms like the third floor, but has recently been refitted as a laboratory for the anarchist inventor Sigismund Hartmann. The entire floor is now a single room, filled with all manner of electrical apparatus and scientific equipment.

Hartmann has his living quarters in the lab, and if there is a disturbance downstairs he can defend himself using his Mind Control Ray (reliability 2). If that fails, Hartmann tries to get away using his Personal Conveyor to fly off over the rooftops.

If the stalwart adventurers are able to capture Hartmann alive, it is not hard to make him talk. He has come to loathe Titus W. Blotter, and would enjoy getting him into trouble. Now that the Mind Transfer Device has been successfully tested on a human, Hartmann doesn't really care about Queen Victoria anymore. He plans to use it on the Kaiser or the Tsar instead.

The Mind Transfer Device requires an Etherics knowledge of 41, and has a Reliability modifier of 5. The completed Device is a bulky mass of wires, coils, fuses, and strange parabolic reflectors. At least one subject must be seated in the machine, wired up with electrodes. The other subject must pass through the focus of two beams. Gunnery skill (Infernal Weaponry) is used to aim the beams.

There are modifiers to the Reliability of the device based on what minds are being switched. If the subjects are of the same species and sex there is no penalty. Switching male and female minds reduces the Reliability roll by 1. Switching the minds of two species of mammal re-

duces the roll by 2. Switching a mammal's mind and the mind of a different class of animal (such as reptiles or insects, or of Terran creatures and Martians) reduces it by 3.

When a mind transfer fails, roll against the machine's unmodified Reliability to see if anything happens to the subjects. If the second roll fails, then each subject loses 1d6 points of Intellect. Anyone whose Intellect is reduced to zero dies.

According to Hartmann, the Mind Transfer Device has a range of no more than 10 yards — when the evil conspirators made the initial switch at Windsor it was concealed inside a pie-wagon parked on the road. Since the Device weighs close to a ton and is very delicate, the adventurers will have quite a time getting it close enough to Queen Victoria to switch her mind back again!

Even if the adventurers manage to win Hartmann over to their side, they still must worry about Titus W. Blotter. A raid on the bordello will not go unavenged. Blotter knows who the player characters are, and can send his men out against them. Any character who has a permanent residence in London presents a perfect target. Blotter's goons break into the place one night and set it afire. If he learns that Hartmann has betrayed him, Blotter will be especially eager to get revenge on the anarchist.

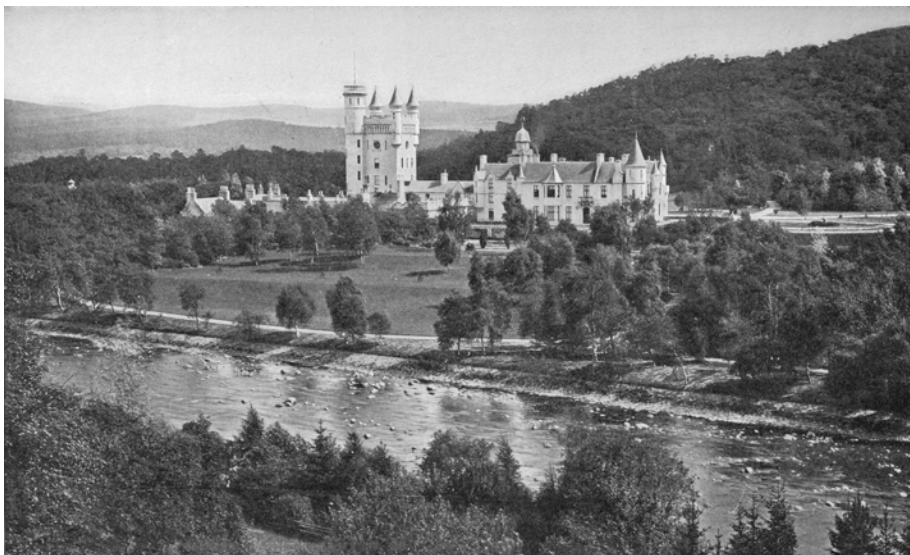
CHAPTER 6: THE ONCE AND FUTURE QUEEN

The Queen has gone north, to spend Christmas at Balmoral Castle in Scotland. The newspapers also report that the industrialist Mr. Titus W. Blotter has been summoned to Balmoral, where he is to be knighted. It is said that he is getting the contract to supply sausages to the Army. Blotter's Imperishable Meat Pies now bear the slogan "By Appointment to H.M. the Queen."

Balmoral Castle stands on the River Dee in Scotland, just outside the tiny village of Crathie. North are the Grampian Mountains and Mount Morven. Castle Abergeldie, an older castle used as a royal hunting lodge, is on the other side of the village. Pretty much the entire village is employed in the Queen's service, and there are no accommodations available for outsiders. Aberdeen is the nearest big city and railroad, 40 miles downriver. Balmoral is a hard day's ride from Aberdeen, especially in the winter when the roads are blocked by snow.

Getting to Aberdeen from London takes a full twenty-four hours — the "Flying Scotsman" train overnight to Edinburgh, and then the Highland Express up the coast. If the adventurers have gained the support of the Zeppelin Pirates, they can make the trip by air, although it is actually faster to go by train. (In the *Space: 1889* universe the fastest ways to travel are ether-flyers and trains.) Some of Titus W. Blotter's thugs may get on the train and try to interfere with the player characters during the trip.

Needless to say, security at Balmoral is tight. There are police, soldiers of the Highland Regiment, and the Queen's personal Sikh guards watching over her. For a band of private citizens, getting access to the



Balmoral Castle, The Highland Home Of The Queen

Queen is nearly impossible.

If the player characters have defeated the Zeppelin Pirates, then General Stanley can certainly arrange for them to meet the Queen, who will express the Nation's gratitude for their efforts. Characters who have accomplished feats of note in the past may have useful connections in the British government. Conversely, if they have joined or recruited the Pirates, then they can make a daring airborne raid on the castle. However they accomplish it, the adventurers and Victoria-as-Virtue should reach Balmoral just before the Queen is to make Titus W. Blotter a knight. Characters who get to Balmoral by invitation can speak with various members of the Queen's household. Just about anyone can tell them that the Queen has been acting unusual. Her physician, Dr. James Reid, finds her to be in perfect health, and very energetic. But she has memory lapses (quite unusual) and complains of the cold. The last is very unusual, as normally the Queen loves cold weather, and her attendants have to keep bundled up even indoors.

When the adventurers have devised their plan and begin the operation to get Queen Victoria in range of the Mind Transfer Device, things are likely to start moving quickly. Sigismund Hartmann will take the opportunity to escape; Titus W. Blotter will be trying to prevent the switch, by violent means if necessary. The climax can either be a tense covert operation in the corridors and rooftops of Balmoral Castle, or a public battle and dramatic confrontation before the entire Court, depending on the preferences of the gamemaster and the players.

CHAPTER 7: GAMEMASTERING NOTES

This adventure puts a lot of the initiative in the hands of the players, and the gamemaster must be willing to improvise. For example, the characters might try to get in touch with the Prince of Wales, who is currently

vacationing in the south of France. Or they might decide to wait in London and ambush the Queen with the mind-transfer device when she returns from Scotland. Or they may convince Victoria that she is better off young and healthy again, and concentrate on getting her recognized as Queen instead of switching minds.

One decision which the gamemaster must make at the outset is whether or not to make Victoria-as-Virtue a player character. Since much of the adventure revolves around her, she makes a great character, and otherwise tends to become just another mindless NPC to be dragged along. On the other hand, Victoria as a player character removes some of the mystery from the beginning of the adventure. And if the party succeeds in switching her mind back to her proper body, Victoria will not be able to go adventuring any more. Obviously, in an ongoing campaign Victoria is best left as an NPC, but for a one-shot mini-campaign one of the players can run Victoria-as-Virtue. If the party fails to get Victoria's mind switched back into her body, then she may join the group as a continuing character.

If Queen Victoria's mind does get returned to her proper body, she is naturally very grateful to the player characters, and will reward them appropriately. She may single out individuals who were especially brave, or those who believed her from the beginning. However, the Queen and the Government agree that word of the affair must not reach the general public, for fear of undermining confidence in the monarchy. Everyone will be sworn to the strictest secrecy.

VIRTUE SLADE (IN HER OWN BODY)

Str: 2 Fisticuffs 1, Throwing 1, Close Combat 2

End: 2 Mountaineering 1

Agil: 4 Stealth 3, Marksmanship 3, Crime 3 (Forgery) **Int:** 5 Observation 5

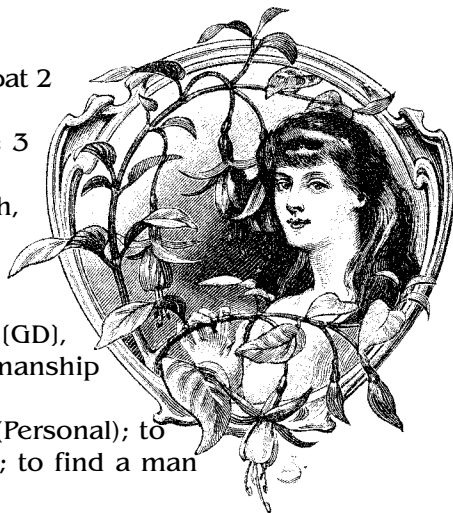
Chr: 6 Eloquence 6, Linguistics 2 (French, Italian), Theatrics 2, Bargaining 1

Soc: 2 Riding 2, Leadership 1, Medicine 1

Motives: Greed, Adventure

Abilities: Charisma (GR), Comeliness (GD), Courage (GD), Perception (GD), Marksmanship (GD), Fisticuffs (PR)

Goals: To be independent and secure (Personal); to get rich and avoid prison (Professional); to find a man who truly loves her (Romantic).



Virtue Slade is a beautiful adventuress and international spy. She has a habit of taking lovers with access to sensitive information, and then persuades or blackmails them into giving her secrets which she then sells to the highest bidder abroad. Virtue fell in with Blotter and Hartmann recently while hiding out from the police. She agreed to be the guinea-pig for the mind-transfer project in order to learn some of England's most carefully-guarded secrets. Virtue is a tall, extremely good-looking woman with reddish-brown hair and blue eyes.

QUEEN VICTORIA (IN HER OWN BODY)

Str: 1 **End:** 1 **Agl:** 1 **Int:** 4 Observation 4

Chr: 5 Eloquence 4, Linguistics 4 (German, French, Hindi, Parhooni), Theatrics 1

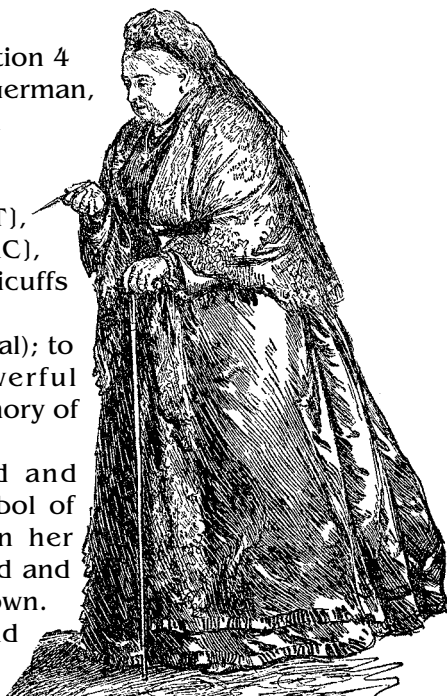
Soc: 7 Riding 4, Leadership 6

Motives: Leader, Wisdom

Abilities: Connections (EXT), Exchequer (EXT), Command (EXC), Education (GD), Athletics (PR), Fisticuffs (PR), Perception (PR), Physique (PR).

Goals: To be a good Queen (Personal); to keep Britain secure and powerful (Professional); to be true to the memory of her dear Albert (Romantic).

Victoria is Queen of England and Empress of India, the revered symbol of British stability and order. Now in her seventies, she is plump, white-haired and has trouble getting around on her own. Her shrewd judgement and deep fund of common sense are unimpaired, and the Queen has lately started taking more of an interest in the running of her great Empire. The one great love of her life was Prince Albert, and she honors his memory constantly.



VICTORIA-AS-VIRTUE

Str: 2 Fisticuffs 1, Throwing 1, Close Combat 1

End: 2 Mountaineering 1

Agl: 4 Stealth 2

Int: 4 Observation 4

Chr: 5 Eloquence 4, Linguistics 4 (German, French, Hindi, Parhooni), Theatrics 1

Soc: (?) Riding 4, Leadership 6

Motives: Leader, Revenge

Abilities: Command (GR), Education (GD), Charisma (GD), Comeliness (GD), Fisticuffs (PR)

Goals: To recover her own body and punish those responsible.



Queen Victoria adjusted quickly to the mind transfer, and with her own strong will and knowledge coupled with Virtue Slade's ravishing good looks she is a formidable woman indeed. Her goal is simple: to recover her rightful body and make sure that everyone involved in the plot is punished very severely. The only conspirator for whom Victoria is likely to have any mercy is Virtue Slade — sharing bodies does create a bond.

TITUS W. BLOTTER**Str:** 5 Fisticuffs 4, Throwing 2 **End:** 2 Mountaineering 1**AgI:** 3 Stealth 2 **Int:** 6 Observation 5 **Chr:** 1 **Soc:** 4 Riding 3**Motives:** Greed, Lust**Abilities:** Exchequer (EXC), Connections (GD), Fisticuffs (GD), Perception (GD), Charisma (PR), Social Graces (PR)**Goals:** To become rich and powerful enough to make people like him (Personal); to gain complete control over the British sausage and meat-pie industry (Professional); to find a woman who will satisfy his depraved desires (Romantic)

Titus W. Blotter is a rich industrialist, with interests in meat-packing, soap, patent medicines and shoes. His most well-known product is Blotter's Imperishable Meat Pies, which do not spoil because they contain almost no organic matter and are laced with arsenic and lead. Blotter is an extremely unpleasant man — all his interactions with other people are based on threats, bullying, intimidation or bribery. He finds it very difficult to believe in the existence of finer sentiments because he has none himself. In person Mr. Blotter is a large, imposing man with a black beard and heavy eyebrows. He is usually wrapped in an enormous fur coat, and carries a weighted cane.

CAPTAIN HORACE BYNG, THE AERIAL PIRATE KING**Str:** 5 Fisticuffs 4, Throwing 2, Trimsman 3, Close Combat (Sword) 4**End:** 3 Wilderness Travel (Mapping) 4, Swimming 1**AgI:** 3 Stealth 0, Mechanics 1**Int:** 4 Observation 3, Gunnery (MLC) 2**Chr:** 5 Eloquence 6**Soc:** 2 Riding (Horse) 1, Leadership 2, Pilot (Zeppelin) 3**Motivations:** Madness, Ambition**Abilities:** Charisma (GR), Courage (GD), Fencing (GD), Marksmanship (GD), Physique (GD), Zeppelin Piloting (GD), Connections (PR), Stealth (PR)**Goals:** To enter Society (Social); to loot ships and avoid capture (Professional); to marry a daughter of the aristocracy (Romantic).

Horace Byng was formerly an ordinary engineer's mate in the Royal Navy, assigned to airship duty at the Royal Balloon Works. An accidental fall from an airborne dirigible ended his career, leaving him with a broken leg and a fractured skull. Upon recovering, he declared himself King of the Aerial Pirates, and managed to pull off the daring daylight theft of the Royal Navy's newest airship, which he renamed the *Jolly Roger*. Byng is a burly, heavyset man who walks with a limp. He seldom speaks in anything but a shout, and tries to sound like a proper pirate — peppering his speech with bellows of "shiver me timbers" and "arrgh!" And like a proper pirate, he is capable of killing without hesitation. Despite his madness he is still quite intelligent, and has managed to attract a loyal band of followers.



FREDERICK YOUNG

Str: 4 Fisticuffs 4, Throwing 3, Trimsman 2, Close Combat (Edged) 2
End: 3 Wilderness Travel (Mapping) 2, Swimming 1 **Agl:** 5 Stealth 4
Int: 2 Observation 2 **Chr:** 5 Eloquence 4, Linguistics 2 (French, Italian)
Soc: 2 Riding (Horse) 1, Piloting (Dirigible) 2

Motives: Duty, Honesty

Abilities: Athletics (GR), Courage (GD), Fisticuffs (GD), Stealth (GD), Zeppelin Piloting (GD), Connections (PR)

Goals: To follow the dictates of his sense of duty (Social); to finish his indenture and then eradicate the Zeppelin Pirates (Professional); to find True Love (Romantic).

Frederick Young is a distant relation of Captain Byng (the Pirate King). His parents, unaware of the Captain's insanity, sent Frederick to him to be trained as an airship pilot, and even agreed to a formal apprenticeship. So Frederick is bound to serve as a loyal airship pirate until his twenty-first birthday. Young Fred is a sturdy lad whose good looks and curly hair do not detract one whit from his manly bearing.

SIGISMUND HARTMANN

Str: 2 Fisticuffs 1, Throwing 1, Close Combat 1 (Edged)

End: 4 Wilderness Travel 3 (Mountaineering)

Agl: 5 Stealth 4, Crime 2 (Pick Locks), Mechanics 4 (Electricity)

Int: 6 Observation 5, Engineering 4 (Explosives), Science 6 (Physics)

Chr: 1 Eloquence 1, Theatrics 1, Linguistics 3 (English, French, Russian)

Soc: 3 Riding 2 (Horse), Pilot 2 (Ether Flyer)

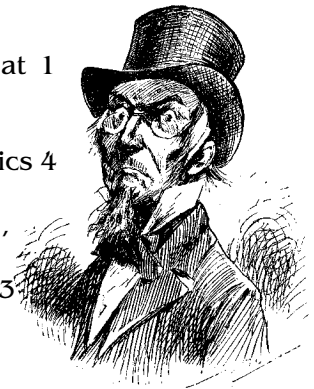
Motives: Hatred, Driven

Abilities: Tinkering (EXT), Education (GD), Perception (GD), Stealth (GD), Charisma (PR), Connections (PR)

Goals: To make the world tremble at his genius (Personal); to smash all governments (Professional); to regain his lost love Lili (Romantic).

Research Areas: Etherics 41, Flight 8, Combustion 20, Precision Machinery 20, Biochemistry 12

Inventions: Lightning-Cannon, Mind Control Ray, Mind Transfer Device, Detonite, Personal Conveyor.



Sigismund Hartmann is a tragic example of a great scientific mind turned to evil. Born in the unsettled Balkan provinces of Austria-Hungary, he got a good education and was well on his way to becoming one of Central Europe's leading scientists. But he fell in with a group of anarchist intellectuals, and began to believe in their destructive ideas. He fell in love with a young woman revolutionary named Lili, only to see her killed in a police raid. Hartmann vowed revenge on the world, and has turned his powerful mind to the destruction of all governments everywhere. Sigismund Hartmann is a slender, melancholy man in shabby clothes, with a pointed beard and a mane of dark hair.

IN SEARCH OF BLANDINGS

A REVIEW AND DISCUSSION OF THE PELICAN CLUB

BY RAYMOND CHARLES PARKS

In Search of Blandings, 1981, by Lt. Col Norman T. P. Murphy, Salem House Publishers, Topsfield, Massachusetts, ISBN: 0881622117 is one man's attempt to understand the stories behind the stories of P. G. Wodehouse. Wodehouse seems to command the same sort of fan following as Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories. Wodehouse wrote 181 books, Broadway show lyrics, and scripts by the time he died in 1975 at age 94. His most famous works are the Jeeves and Wooster stories (featured on Masterpiece Theatre) and the lyrics of the song "Bill" from the musical *Showboat*. It has been said that all of his material was light comedy, musical or prose. His fans include Evelyn Waugh, who called him one of the finest writers of English prose ever to have lived, Arthur Balfour, Asquith, Conan Doyle, Hilaire Belloc, Birkenhead, Galsworthy, and Winston Churchill.

Murphy starts his search by looking into the youth and early writing career of Wodehouse. He examines Wodehouse's school years, brief stint with a bank, and newspaper writing. The book is highly interesting to Wodehouse fans, as Murphy has clearly found the country houses and places that figure so much in the various humorous stories and novels. Some of that background material can give a flavour to adventures set in England. The information about London and the nearby country houses would be of particular use to game-masters who like that setting. But the most interesting aspect of the book for *Space:1889* fans are the people of Wodehouse's youth. The actors, actresses, theater-owners, bookies, and men-about-town can provide fodder for player and non-player characters. The best examples of these personalities center around the real-life equivalent of the Drones Club, the Pelican Club.

Many of Wodehouse's stories mention the Drones Club, a gentlemen's club in London for young, wild, hardy partiers. The Pelican Club was the first model for the Drones Club. Other stories mentioned older heroes who had been Pelicans, i.e. members of the Pelican Club.

The Pelican Club of Denman Street was founded in the 1880s in London by Arthur Binstead, known as "Pitcher", Willie Goldberg, the "Shifter", and "Swears" Wells. The members took their tone from the founders, whose instructions to the contractors were that the carpets should be nailed to the floor and the pictures to the walls. Its members included peers of the realm, Service officers, actors, and newspaper men. Their guests included bookmakers, pugilists, Gaiety Girls, and anybody who provided some diversion for the members — including once Buffalo Bill and his entourage of Red Indians. The members were divided into two categories — those who were always short of money and those who had money to lend. They shared a common determination in pursuing pretty women, in betting on anything that admitted of bets

being laid on it, and a firm resolve never to go to bed if there was anyone left in the room wealthy enough to order another drink.

Every Pelican had a nickname. The Marquis of Ailesbury was "Ducks", the Duke of Bequfort was "Duke", and Sir John Astley was known as "the Mate". The members included Rothschilds, Disraelis, and men like Sir Arthur Sullivan (of Gilbert and Sullivan light opera fame). Their carefree attitude to life was recorded in *Pitcher in Paradise* and *A Pink 'Un and Pelican* by Arthur Binstead (1846-1915). If you could tell a good story, drink till six in the morning, make people laugh, and if you cared nothing for the Victorian attitude toward sex, you joined the Pelican Club. Few of the Pelicans lived to old age. Turning night into day on a diet of buttered rums when you are paying, and of champagne and stout when someone else footed the bill, is not conducive to longevity.

The *Pink 'Un* was the newspaper that reflected the philosophy of the Pelicans. Its official name was *The Sporting News* and it was a mixture of *Playboy*, *The News of the World*, and *Private Eye*. Its editor was John Corlett ("Master"), its most famous member was Arthur Binstead, and its most eccentric contributor was Willie Goldberg, an Oxford graduate who rejoiced in the nom-de-plume of "Shifter". They were all members of the Pelican Club and, except for John Corlett, were perpetually in debt. Their articles were signed with their nicknames and although the *Pink 'Un* was never seen in respectable homes, it was the most popular newspaper amongst male readers throughout England and the Empire.

In the days when the Pelicans flourished, the Strand was *the* street of pleasure in London. Up to 1895 it was a fact that no shop stood any chance of success in the Strand unless it served food. The Strand had nearly the whole of London's night-life to itself. Shaftesbury Avenue was still being built and sixteen of London's twenty-one theatres stood along the Strand. The rule was that fashion didn't go east of Trafalgar Square nor commerce west of Temple Bar. In between was the Strand, full of restaurants, cafes, theatres, and pubs. You could meet the tutor of the Prince of Wales wearing a labourer's smock and smoking a clay pipe, and any man you met without a mustache was either an actor or a barrister, since facial hair was forbidden to these two professions. The whole street was a village of actors, newspapermen, pugilists, bookmakers and young men about town looking for amusement. An institution that figured prominently in the Pelican social circuit was Romano's restaurant in the Strand.

Quite a number of English peers who patronized Romano's and the Pelican Club went adventuring in the Americas. That is why Buffalo Bill and his Wild West troupe were the toast of Romano's restaurant when they were in London before they went on as guests of the Pelican Club (that must have been a night to remember). Romano's and its customers were used to rowdy behavior, but the "Roman" was a trifle taken aback when a young man who had unexpectedly come into a title decided to show what he had learnt from his sojourn in America. The new peer had been a cowboy, and after lassoing the waiters, he showed his prowess with the revolver, using the display bottles behind the bar as

targets. In anywhere else than Romano's there would have been pandemonium but the habitués took it in their stride, the "Roman" getting his own back by charging champagne prices for the coloured water the noble marksman had spilt.

One of Romano's attractions to young men were the Gaiety Girls. George Edwardes took over the Gaiety Theatre, which used to stand where the western edge of Bush House now is, in 1885. He was a member of the Pelican Club and decided to give the Gaiety something the other theatres did not have. Today we call it glamour and it took the form of securing the prettiest girls in the country and putting them on the Gaiety stage. Of course, young men flocked to the Gaiety. Tierney, the stage-door keeper, made enough money in tips to build the street in Streatham which bears his name. Edwardes arranged with Romano's restaurant for his girls to dine there at half-price. It was good exposure for the girls and made Romano's the center of London's night-life.

Wodehouse frequently has his heroes engaging in all sorts of strange antics to get money to pay a bookie or redeem the pawned property of a friend, relative, or loved one. These stories are not unreal. Binstead describes his fellow Pink 'Un, Willie Goldberg, in the refreshment tent at the end of a day's racing at Sandown Park. The rain is pouring down, "Shifter" has lost on every race, and has just spent his last shilling on a plate of cold Irish stew. As Binstead watches, "Shifter" turns out his empty pockets, looks at his soaked clothes, and remarks mournfully: "And for this, for this — I pawned my best girl's nickel-plated suspenders (garter belt)!"

On another occasion an irate bookmaker said of Shifter:

"I don't mind him owing me from the last Goodwood and I don't mind him borrowing a fiver to lay against myself. I don't even mind him borrowing five bob for the train home. But when he borrows the back page of my betting book to write an article on the iniquities of bookmakers — then I do draw the line!"

"Shifter" specialized in living well at minimum cost and wore the best clothes in London without paying for them. All inquiries on the price were met by the words: "I don't know. I haven't had the writ yet."

Bailiffs are a common feature in the Wodehouse novels as they were amongst the young men he knew in his own youth. At that time in England, a bailiff would provide surety of payment by standing guard over property which had not been paid for or against which a creditor had secured a lien. Arthur Binstead had one in residence for a considerable time and grew so accustomed to him that he only paid him off because his wife could not stand the man's constant whistling about the house. The Pelican Club had bailiffs permanently on the premises. They were set to work as waiters and no one thought more about it. One old man turned out to be a Waterloo veteran and became the club hero. They gave a dinner in his honour at which the old man made an excellent

speech, the high spot of which was his recounting the list of famous houses in London in which he had exercised his office.

During one of "Shifter's" visits to Monte Carlo an urgent telegram to London for more funds only produced an envelope containing an advertisement for the Drury Lane Theatre from his friend and fellow Pelican Augustus Harris. The advertisement was shaped like a banknote — "I promise to pay fifty laughs etc. etc." — but Shifter managed to cash it with the Casino clerk and win 2,000 pounds before being ejected by an indignant management.

"Swears" Wells was equally ingenious at raising cash. A wealthy friend admired a fine bulldog that Swears owned. Swears insisted on his friend accepting the animal and equally strongly refused to accept any payment. The embarrassed friend persisted. How much was the dog worth? Twenty-five pounds? Swears swept the question aside. Money — from a friend? Never! Relenting slightly, he suggested that between friends a little token might be more appropriate. At Swears suggestion, the friend wrote a note to a famous jeweler to the effect that Mr. Wells would be calling to choose something from the jeweler's stock. Swears arrived at the jeweler's and inquired if the note had arrived. Indeed it had. What would Mr. Wells like? The answer still rings after ninety years:

"Anything you like. But make sure it pawns for two hundred and fifty quid!"

Arthur Binstead told of an amazing scheme that his friend Joe Scott had for raising money at the turn of the century. Scott and two friends with the odd names "the Punching Machine" and "the Man Behind the Face", were living off their wits and faced the prospect of Christmas with gloom. There was no prospect of gambling, roulette, steeplechasing or boxing matches on which they could raise any money. Joe Scott decided that they should open a book for the Great Hat Stakes. Binstead described the way they circulated among the pubs and bars of the West End spreading the news and taking bets, and spoke admiringly of the skill with which Joe Scott adjusted his prices as the money came in. Binstead lists some of the runners for the race:

- 11-10 Black top hat
- 6-4 Black bowler
- 9-4 Opera hat
- 25-10 Brown bowler
- 3-1 Homburg or trilby (any colour)
- 4-1 Imperial Yeomanry helmet (the Boer War was in progress)
- 10-1 Leather motor caps
- 100-3 White beavers, Khaki bowlers or pith helmets

The winner was to be the first hat through the doors of the American Bar of the Criterion Hotel in Piccadilly Circus after 7 o'clock. As the time grew near, Scott and his friends took up their positions in the bar, and at

two minutes to seven he closed the betting. As the clock over the bar struck seven, Scott shouted "They're off!" and quiet fell on the crowded room. There was silence for a minute or so and then they heard the outside door open, a shadow fell on the glass door of the bar, and a man came in. He was the waiter from the restaurant next door with food for the bar. It was an Indian restaurant and the waiter was a Hindu complete with turban! Joe Scott jumped to his feet and embraced the astonished Indian:

"A skinner! By the Great Horned Spoon, a skinner! Hindu Turbans won by a walkover. Twenty-eight and a half quid in the book and not a penny laid on it!"

One member of the Pelican, a doctor who had managed to secure a temporary Government post and who was universally known as "the Coroner", used to do his drinking for free by carrying with him a small box containing some black beetles (cockroaches to us Yanks) and a couple of white rats. These were politely introduced for the edification of the barmaid once the drink had been served. The ensuing swooning, screaming, and confusion was normally sufficient to enable "the Coroner" to escape without paying.

This was small-time stuff. "Shifter" Goldberg, an enthusiastic betting man like all the Pelicans, eventually found himself barred by the Jockey Club. Binstead tells us that every member of the *Pink 'Un* staff enjoyed that distinction at one time or another. But "Shifter" surpassed them all when he was struck off for entering a horse in a race without paying the fees. Nothing too outrageous in that: what really annoyed the authorities was that the horse was one that "Shifter" had never seen, which he had bought for nothing from a man to whom it didn't belong, and that the unfortunate animal was stolen from the paddock just before the race while "Shifter" and "Pitcher" were trying to persuade a jockey to ride it on a speculative basis, i.e. no win, no fee!

Another Pelican did outrageous things out of a simple spirit of inquiry. Hughie Drummond decided one night to enter the club by driving a hansom cab up the steps, through the front door, and along the corridor into the bar. It was unfortunate that he did so just as the proprietor had finished persuading a group of prospective members that the club was the quiet and respectable institution he had claimed it to be.

The same spirit of inquiry inspired Hughie Drummond down at Epsom, as he sat with the officers of the Scots Guards awaiting the start of the Derby. Below them was Sir John Bennet, a well-known City Alderman, seated on his brown mare.

"I wonder," said Hughie, "how that horse would carry two up?" and promptly launched his twenty-two stone (308 lbs) from the top of the coach on to the back of the horse. The horse went down, as did Hughie and the Alderman. As they got to their feet, the bewildered Sir John asked Hughie if he had any idea what had happened.

"None at all, Sir, none at all. But", with a quick glance around, "I

rather think it was that fellow there."

"That fellow there" was Hughie's old friend the Marquess of Ailesbury who was sitting on the next coach and, like everyone else, enjoying the situation hugely. Hughie knew what the Alderman did not, that the Marquess possessed the foulest tongue and perpetrated the most inventive invective in the country. As a furious altercation broke out between the livid Sir John and the Marquess, Hughie picked up his hat and went on his way, no doubt thinking that if he could bring a little joy into a life, he was doing a wonderful deed.

My favourite Pelican is Captain Fred Russell. Many soldiers even today tell the joke about the Commander-in-Chief asking a supercilious cavalry officer his views on the role of cavalry in modern warfare. The famous response is: "I suppose it's to give tone to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl!" Reginald Cleaver drew the famous cartoon of the infuriated C-in-C and the languid cavalryman which appears as a frontispiece in *Mr. Punch on the Warpath*.

Punch did not invent the story. It was the reply Fred Russell gave to the Duke of Cambridge and which ran round England within the week. Russell wasn't worried. He was a keen member of the Pelican Club, where he was known by the sobriquet of "Brer Rabbit" because of his ability to lie low when faced by too many creditors. His most amusing feat came after a period of six months when he seemed to live entirely without sleep, spending his nights in London and the days with his regiment in Colchester. He ran up so many debts that he was forced to take evasive action. This entailed taking extended leave, changing his name, and securing employment as writ-server to the solicitors who were suing him. For six months he chased himself around England, eventually returning to say that he had left the country and further action was useless. Having seen the writs against him torn up, he rejoined his unit and carried on as though nothing had happened.

Having long been a fan of P. G. Wodehouse, I always assumed the antics of his characters were completely made up. Far from it — Murphy proves that the real life of Wodehouse's youth exceeded his fiction in strangeness.

SPACE: 1889. ISBN 0-9668926-9-0 \$29.95.

Role-Playing In A More Civilized Time. Everything Jules Verne *should* have written. Everything H. G. Wells *could* have written. Everything A. Conan Doyle *thought* of, but never published — because it was too fantastic. Everything *you* need for adventures of the century!

This rulebook is the heart of the **Space: 1889** role-playing game. It contains the complete role-playing rules, plus the exciting background of Victorian science fiction: ether flyers and Martian cloudships, the canals and civilizations of the red planet, Venus' swamps and dinosaurs, the honeycombed interior of Luna, and the thrills of inventions and inventors — the driving force behind Victoria's multiworld empire! It also includes the errata and additional rules from the **Space: 1889** Referee's Screen. See page 168 for ordering details.

NAUTILUS

GAMING WITH CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE NAUTILUS

AN ARTICLE FOR *GURPS* AND OTHER VICTORIAN ERA GAMES

BY JOHN NOWAK

CAPTAIN NEMO

In the 1860s, there were a series of inconclusive sightings of a large and unknown sea creature. The fact it was capable of great speed became clear when it was spotted twice, within three days, at positions 2100 miles apart. Assuming the two sightings were of the same object, this would require its being able to swim at 27 knots, an almost unheard of speed for contemporary vessels. Even a speedy frigate like the *USS Abraham Lincoln* was capable of only eighteen. It was suggested the sightings were simply misidentifications of whales or other known phenomena.

On March 5, 1867, the Canadian passenger ship *Moravian* collided with something in the middle of the Atlantic, cracking her keel but not sinking her. She must have hit something very hard and heavy, floating just under the surface.

On April 13, the Cunard liner *Scotia* was struck at 15 degrees longitude and 46 degrees latitude. She was able to limp home to Liverpool. *Scotia* had a sharply defined, triangular hole below her waterline. She had been impaled by a sharp object which penetrated almost one and a half inches of iron plate, which had then withdrawn itself. The physical evidence was unimpeachable: *Scotia* had been hit by a self-propelled ram.

Later, Captain Nemo would tell Professor Arronax the collision with *Scotia* had been accidental, which seems reasonable: Nemo did not attempt to finish off *Scotia*, and *Nautilus* was not equipped with a periscope or sonar, making collisions a real risk while near the surface. Nemo never explained the incident with *Moravian*, and it is possible the Canadian ship's accident did not involve *Nautilus* at all.

After two collisions, the maritime powers became alarmed. The possibility the monster was a hostile submersible vessel was proposed and rejected. It seemed unlikely such a ship could be constructed secretly, since no private individual had the resources and no major power could do so without exciting the attention of spies. The noted French marine biologist, M. Arronax, author of the two volume *Mysteries of the Great Submarine Grounds*, suggested the monster was a giant narwhal: a "sea unicorn."

The frigate *USS Abraham Lincoln* was modified as a whaler and sent out to kill the monster as a threat to navigation. The ship was fortunate to have aboard M. Arronax, his servant Conseil, and the Canadian harpooner Ned Land. After a long hunt, *Abraham Lincoln* found Captain Nemo's *Nautilus*.

Abraham Lincoln pursued the submarine. *Nautilus* matched her

speed, staying just a few miles distant for most of a day. *Abraham Lincoln* was able to hit *Nautilus* with a nine pounder breechloader: the light weapon was unable to penetrate the hull. At night, *Nautilus* came to a stop. *Abraham Lincoln* came close enough for Ned Land to bounce a harpoon off her. *Nautilus* used her ballast pumps to sweep *Abraham Lincoln's* deck, knocking M. Arronax and presumably Ned Land into the water. Conseil dove in after his patron. *Nautilus* counterattacked *Abraham Lincoln*, contenting herself with taking out the frigate's rudder. The ships disengaged, and *Nautilus* later rescued Arronax, Conseil, and Ned Land. Nemo informs Arronax he has a right to execute them after the attack by *Abraham Lincoln* (he obviously considers *Nautilus* to be a warship at war), but instead keeps the three prisoner.

Nautilus's action against *Abraham Lincoln* is quite odd, given what we later learn about the submarine. The high safe cruising speed of *Nautilus* was nearly twice the flank speed of *Abraham Lincoln*, and *Nautilus* did not attempt to escape by submerging for any extended period of time, or by simply outrunning her on the surface. Perhaps *Nautilus* was damaged, and unable to make more than 20 knots or submerge safely for long. Since *Nautilus* had a body aboard at this time (a funeral takes place before Arronax is introduced to Nemo) it seems reasonable to suggest *Abraham Lincoln* stumbled across *Nautilus* shortly after her quarry had been engaged in battle. While Nemo made no mention of this to Arronax, it would be reasonable for him to conceal it from his guest; *Nautilus* was a ship at war and warfare is deception. Nemo would rarely tell Arronax what his plans were, and it would not be surprising for such a high technology prototype to have gremlins aboard. It is possible the somewhat erratic 60,000 mile journey of Arronax was punctuated by mechanical failures and delays Arronax was never informed of.

"Whether this person was thirty five or fifty years of age I could not say. He was tall, had a large forehead, straight nose, a clearly cut mouth, beautiful teeth, with fine-type hands (Nemo) was certainly the most admirable specimen I had ever seen."

-M. Arronax.

In saying "My name is Nemo," the master of *Nautilus* is quoting Ulysses' self-introduction to Polyphemus: the word means "nobody." Even in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* it is obvious "Nemo" is a *nom de guerre* and probably the ubiquitous "N" insignias refer to the ship's name. Nemo is an elusive character, and deliberately so. M. Arronax is a marine biologist, so impressed with *Nautilus* as a technical accomplishment it takes the rugged Ned Land to bring him back to reality. Much of Nemo's personality is only hinted at because the narrator of the book barely notices it.

Mysterious Island answers most of the questions about Nemo. Popular opinion was ironically correct: neither a private individual nor a sovereign nation could have built *Nautilus*. Nemo was Prince Dakkar, a

private individual who *was* a sovereign nation, ruler of one of the 500 or so independent principalities of British dominated India. Dakkar attended European colleges and distinguished himself as a brilliant naval engineer.

Dakkar backed the losing side in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857-58. His parents, wife, and two children were killed while he watched, and his homeland “destroyed” (presumably put under military government and parceled out to allied rulers). Contrary to the Walt Disney film, Nemo never explicitly mentions torture.

The historical Mutiny was an unusually hideous affair, even by the standards of 19th Century warfare. Atrocities by both sides were common, and the massacre of Dakkar’s family cannot in justice be considered anti-British propaganda on the part of M. Verne.

After the destruction of his homeland, Dakkar fled with a group of loyal friends, building *Nautilus* in secrecy, using machine parts subcontracted from around the world.

It seems likely that *Nautilus* had been under design and construction for some time, although she was completed too late to serve in the Mutiny. If this is true, *Nautilus* was designed to challenge the premier naval power of the world, a *wunderwaffen* which missed the war she was built for. It’s easy to imagine Dakkar begging the organizers of the Mutiny to hold off until she was at sea, and experiencing the frustrating delays any high technology engineer goes through, until the organizers decide they simply can’t wait any longer.

Historically, the development of the attack submarine was almost entirely driven by antagonists of Great Britain. David Bushnell’s *Turtle* of the American Revolutionary War is often considered the first attack submarine. The United States Navy’s Hull #1, the *USS Holland*, was originally named *Fenian Ram*. The Fenians were US-based Irish rebels who invaded Canada twice during the 19th Century, before it was illegal for US residents to attack foreign countries. Finally, Germany’s U-boats of the First World War made the submarine an essential element of modern navies. Verne was right about the target of the first practical submarine warships; he just had it built by the wrong country.

“A number of sailors of the Nautilus had come up onto the platform. These sailors were evidently of different nations, although the European type was visible in all of them. I recognized some unmistakable Irishmen, Frenchmen, some Slavs, and a Greek or Candiotte.”

- M. Arronax.

Note Arronax does not mention Englishmen, and that the Crimean War had Great Britain supporting the Ottoman Empire (which included a rebellious Greece) against Russia. Nemo sinks at least two British warships while Arronax was aboard, and the only formal connection Nemo has with the people of the surface is giving treasure from the ocean bottom to help finance Crete’s insurrection against the Ottoman Empire.

Nemo clearly maintains an emotional tie with his homeland: he res-

cues an Indian pearl diver and gives him a gift of a bag of pearls.

Despite his war, Nemo's first love remains oceanography. Arronax is impressed with Nemo's accomplishments as a fellow scientist. Nemo takes *Nautilus* to the South Pole (Verne didn't know Antarctica was in the way), and in general indulges Arronax's scientific curiosity. It's possible Arronax was the only person aboard able to talk about marine biology at Nemo's level, and that Nemo wanted his work preserved.

Nemo is a rather Westernized individual. The motto of *Nautilus* ("Changing through changes") is in Latin. Nemo is from India, but we don't know if he's Hindu, Muslim, or Sikh (although the name "Dakkar" hints he isn't Sikh.) *Nautilus* buries her dead (although cremation is perhaps tricky two hundred feet under water), and the graves are marked with a cross; it seems likely Nemo is either Christian or tolerant, or both. Nemo smokes cigars, and Arronax does not mention anything aboard *Nautilus* which would have looked out of place aboard a European ship. Nemo's extensive art collection is apparently all European. The uniform aboard *Nautilus* is similar to Western naval norms, and Nemo plays an organ, not a sitar.

Arronax and his two friends escape *Nautilus* before she sailed into the Maelstrom, a severe tidal whirlpool near Norway. It is a scene that smacks of deliberate misinformation. By this point, *Nautilus* was a hunted ship. She was attacked by a British warship; the sailors aboard *Abraham Lincoln* presumably told the world she was a submarine, and there was no reason to hold the trio prisoner any longer. In fact, allowing the prisoners to escape with the news of *Nautilus'* "destruction" may have been Nemo's plan. Submarines are very good at vanishing.

"I also hope that Nautilus has survived where so many other ships have been lost if Captain Nemo still inhabits the ocean, his adopted country, may hatred be appeased in his savage heart! May the contemplation of so many wonders extinguish forever the spirit of vengeance! May the judge disappear, and the philosopher continue the peaceful exploration of the sea!"

- M. Arronax.

According to *Mysterious Island*, Nemo and *Nautilus* escaped the Maelstrom, eventually to come to rest on the castaway island. Nemo dies, *Nautilus'* last survivor. It is a tired old man who is buried in a wrecked *Nautilus* in the pages of *Mysterious Island*, far from the coral graveyard of his friends and crewmates.

Unfortunately, Verne goofed his chronology. M. Arronax's chronicle of his voyage aboard *Nautilus* cannot have been printed long before 1870. The hero of *Mysterious Island* is a Union Army combat engineer who escapes a Confederate POW camp. He recognizes Nemo at least three years before Arronax could have printed his book. Worse, the Nemo he meets is a frail old man, at least ten years older than the vigorous captain met by Arronax in a few years. Aside from the temporal displacement, Prince Dakkar of *Mysterious Island* is much the same man as

Nemo in *20,000 Leagues*.

The obvious question in playing Nemo: is Nemo a piratical terrorist or a national hero struggling against cruel tyranny? The only possible answer is yes.

It is true he attacks British warships without warning, but England killed his family and he wants them to suffer for it. It's not laudable but it's understandable. He restricted himself to military targets and used minimum force against neutral warships: *Abraham Lincoln* attacked *Nautilus* repeatedly, was filled with sailors who would realize she was a submarine, and the most deadly ship killer afloat, yet Nemo let her escape.

Nemo is furthermore devoted to his crew. He is the second man on deck during the fight with the kraken; the first opened the hatch and had been immediately killed. His crew reciprocates; this pan-national mix is certainly willing to die for him, but as individuals, they remain ciphers: redshirts in the grand tradition.

NAUTILUS

It has been claimed that modern nuclear submarines can outperform Verne's fictional creation. This is a debatable point. Certainly Verne's *Nautilus* is faster than and can dive much deeper than *Los Angeles*-class attack submarines, if one trusts published statistics. Of course, modern subs are built for stealth first with speed and depth coming in second. Silence was not a major concern for Nemo, working in an era without hydrophones, sonar, or antisubmarine warfare.

Nautilus was a warship at war, and M. Arronax was at best a neutral prisoner in that war. It is possible Nemo misled Arronax about certain elements of *Nautilus*' design, but this article will assume he was mostly honest.

Nautilus was cigar shaped, 232 feet long with a maximum width of 26 feet (70.7 and 7.9m, respectively). She has a surface area of 6032 square feet, and submerged displaces 1500 tons. She is of an unusual double hull construction: instead of an lightly constructed outer hull for streamlining and a rigid internal pressure bearing hull, her outer hull is pressure bearing. Arronax did not make a mistake here, because he described *Nautilus* bouncing a nine pound cannonball. She probably has no more than one and a half decks.

She has a cruising speed of 30 knots and flank speed of around 45 knots (56 and 83 kph). She refuels once during the book, so her cruising range is probably in excess of 60,000 miles. By way of comparison, the VII C U-boat of World War II had a cruising range of 9000 miles.

In the course of the book, *Nautilus* dives to five miles, although Nemo admits this is an extreme strain he does not care to subject her to for very long. This is about twenty times deeper than modern military subs are designed to reach. Most of the ocean floor is between one and two and a half miles deep; the Mariana Trench is between six and seven miles.

Nautilus uses ballast tanks. These tanks are emptied by pumps: not pressurized air or the constant volume pumps used by modern subs, but extremely powerful brute strength pressure pumps which would do

credit to a fire department. These pumps can be used as water cannon.

She can remain submerged for 24 hours comfortably, and can extend this by 48 hours with reserve tanks. Electrolysis of oxygen from sea water is mentioned, but is not used because *Nautilus* does not have scrubbers to remove carbon dioxide from the air.

Nautilus' crew wears heavy sweaters and sealskin caps: it's probably cold aboard, and her heaters don't do a very good job at keeping out the chill of the depths. Arronax doesn't mention feeling unusually cold, nor does he describe condensation on the metal walls.

Arronax doesn't mention sonar or periscopes. Instead, *Nautilus* has a dorsal mounted searchlight and pilot box, which are retracted into the hull when she is planning to attack. At battle stations, *Nautilus* is blind. She must have directional hydrophones so a target ship can be rammed. Arronax specifies her diving planes are amidships, where we would now consider the worst possible place. Clearly, *Nautilus* was intended to maintain a constant trim even while diving or surfacing. The clutter described in her 12,000 volume library wouldn't survive many extreme attitude changes, or a ram. The library must be kept in bookcases or shelves with bars to lock the volumes in place. His art must be securely fastened to the walls. Loose books or maps would become projectiles in bad weather.

Nautilus as described would have a tendency to pitch while submerged and roll while surfaced. Sharklike, she would have to maintain a fairly high speed to keep any control at all. She probably has trim cells in the extreme bow and stern. Of course, she was a high technology prototype and major design flaws are realistic.

Nautilus carries a pinnace, a large sailboat with a telegraph wire connecting her to *Nautilus*. This wire would break if stretched too far. Its length is not mentioned, but 1000 yards is probably generous.

POWER

Verne's *Nautilus* was not nuclear; this was not on the horizon as a possibility in the 1860s. When Nemo was asked about her engines, he replied they were electric: this is obvious obscuration on his part. Electricity is a means by which energy can be transmitted, not generated.

Nemo never did describe *Nautilus'* engines in detail, but he may have let the secret slip accidentally. At one point during M. Arronax's stay, *Nautilus* refuels with sodium. If sodium mixes with water, it generates heat, then decomposes the water into oxygen and hydrogen, which recombine violently. The reaction does not require atmospheric oxygen, and could theoretically be used to power a submarine.

CREW COMPLIMENT

At 1500 tons, *Nautilus* was a large and comfortable vessel; she probably had a crew of about twenty. This is convenient for role playing: small enough to be manageable, but large enough for referees to slip in an occasional "new" crewman, to make room for a new player or non-player character.

NAUTILUS IN THE MOVIES

Nautilus has always been shown as much wider and heavier than the vessel described by Verne. The *Nautilus* used in the classic Disney film would probably displace close to 4000 tons if it's the length described by Verne. This is probably because slender cigars aren't visually interesting.

The *Nautilus* shown in movies often has a retractable ram. A retractable ram is a questionable bit of engineering; it would occupy space inside the hull to protect a solid piece of steel. Perhaps the ability to recoil instead of snapping off might be useful.

The *Nautilus* from the Disney film has a saw toothed dorsal ridge stretching from the base of the ram to the to the roof of a (non-retractable) pilot house. It's not in the book, but it is visually impressive and makes quite a bit of sense. Instead of piercing a hull, the ridge cuts the hull like a saw, and probably delivers less shock to the crew.

ROLEPLAYING WITH NAUTILUS

The 19th Century is a very ripe time period for adventuring. The superpower of the day Great Britain can be played equally well as mother empire, honorable antagonists, or villains without being too a historical. The source material is superb; a personal favorite is Farwell's *Queen Victoria's Little Wars*.

Adventure hooks are easy to come by. Verne and HG Wells are highly recommended: Wells is by far the better writer (after translation, at least) but Verne knew more about science and could be relied upon to examine an idea more thoroughly. Wells' ideas were, by and large, more "gameable." A referee with HG Wells in a pocket could send players to the *Island of Doctor Moreau*, or into a hack and slash fight against rats which have eaten the *Food of the Gods*.

In "Into the Abyss," Wells postulated a self-aware submarine species, pointing out that if they sank after death, there would be no reason they would be known to Human science of the time. He describes a simple vertical speed braking system similar to the one used on *Trieste's* descent to the bottom of the Mariana Trench.

EQUIPMENT

Weaponry is a major concern in any role playing game. The late 19th Century was the period that magazine rifles began to become practical, yet had not yet passed into general military use. This means it's perfectly reasonable for player characters to use Winchesters while the Faceless Minions of the Bad Guy use Martini-Henrys with 1/8 the rate of fire. Mean, but reasonable.

Nemo's crew is equipped with pneumatic rifles firing charged capacitors which deliver a fatal shock to their targets. They're bulky, very short-ranged and probably inaccurate.

PNEUMATIC RIFLE (GURPS STATS)

Malf (crit) *DMG* 6d SS 15 *Acc* 3 *Max* 50 *Wt* 20 *RoF* 1/2 *Shots* 10 *ST* 12 (9 underwater) *Rcl* -2 *Cost* 1500 / 2 per round. TL5. Metal or conductive armor does not protect.

The Maximum range above assumes the gun is being used underwater. In the open air, the shell will fly much further, but it's a low velocity round following a parabolic course, and the sights are not designed for this. In the air, give it 1/2 *Damage* 50 yards and *Max* 300: attacks beyond 1/2 *Damage* range do full damage, but are at -5 to hit.

The electrical shock forces the target to make a HT roll at -3; if the target fails, its heart stops. This is how the weapon was able to kill large sharks with a single shot. CPR wasn't invented yet, but merciful referees should allow revival with a successful *First Aid* or *Physician* +3 roll.

Nautilus does carry conventional weapons in her armory, which Nemo gives to the heroes of *Mysterious Island*. She probably carried quite a bit of equipment M. Arronax never saw.

Nautilus's diving gear are described as surface pressure hard suits. They are not wet suits or scuba suits, and are too bulky to allow a wearer to swim. Instead, divers walk across the ocean floor, which is very convenient for referees who don't want to bother with depth markers. Wearers can barely move without water to buoy them up: suited divers are wheeled about *Nautilus* on racks. Arronax describes working at 30 atmospheres of depth, close to 1000 feet underwater.

Verne does not mention nitrogen narcosis, "rapture of the deep," which affects divers who go too deep or too quickly with severely impaired judgment, usually compared to drunkenness. Interestingly, he states his divers need to descend slowly, but neither nitrogen narcosis nor the bends should affect a diver in a constant pressure suit. In a blooper, he states the breathing apparatus uses a tongue switch to toggle valves while inhaling or exhaling, but then has divers taking naps without suffocating. For a book written ninety years before Jaques Cousteau, his work is more than impressive.

If we assume M. Arronax was ST 10 (he is not described as a powerful man) and that the weight of the diving suit and all his equipment took him to XHvy encumbrance, the total weight was at least 200 pounds. Less twenty pounds for the gun and sixty pounds for the air tank, and the suit itself weight about 120 pounds. Underwater, assume Move 1 for anyone with a Base Move of six or less, and Move 2 for anyone with a Base Move of 7+.

A *Nautilus* diving suit is DR 20 over the torso and Vitals, DR 30 over the Brain and Head (solid copper!). The three portholes on the helmets are -5 to hit and are DR 10. The limbs have DR 15.

The suits do not have necks. The helmets are immobile and the wearer turns his head inside them. A -2 to Vision rolls is in order. In any but the shallowest and clearest water, apply a 1 to Vision rolls for each yard of distance: even the electrical lamps of Nemo have trouble cutting through water.

The air tank is DR 30. Breaching a high pressure air tank will cause a nasty explosion: 6d6 and triple damage for the guy wearing it.

VICTORIANA FOR GAMERS

Space: 1889 supplements may still be found in gaming stores; these are excellent sources for inspiration and flavor.

GURPS Horror reprinted parts of William Barton's "Gamer's Guide to Victorian London" from *Fantasy Gamer* #2. There is probably no better introduction to the possibilities of the era.

CLASS

Arthur Conan Doyle believed a set of photographs showing two girls playing with fairies was genuine on the grounds that two girls "of the artisan class" could not possibly be clever enough to set up a paper cutout and photograph it with a live model. Doyle's reputation is exaggerated.

Class was a very real thing in this period, and lower class NPCs can count on being underestimated.

THE US AND GLOBAL POLITICS

At this time, the United States was a regional, not a global power. The extraordinary network of alliances that exists today had not been formed, and the notion that British, Canadian, and French forces would serve under an American supreme commander would have seemed fantastic. The US Navy was not a serious challenge to the supremacy of the Royal Navy, although the ambition was there. In 1903, Sir Garnet Wolseley predicted that the dominant superpowers of the 20th Century would be the United States and China, but he was a remarkably perceptive man speaking at the twilight of British supremacy.

The tight alliance between Great Britain and the United States did not exist until after World War II. The two powers were at the brink of war throughout much of the 19th Century. Although some co-operation for mutual benefit did take place, it would be a mistake to portray them as allies.

CAPTAIN NEMO AS A PLAYER CHARACTER

This involves a great deal of difficulty. Don't try it at all unless you have a volunteer.

Nemo limits the game considerably. He's made an oath to never walk on dry land other humans have walked on, so he needs to remain at sea. He is also at war with Great Britain, which limits plot possibilities. It is possible he could tear himself away from his oaths, but it's hard to imagine his shaking hands with a representative of Her Majesty's government on dry land under the impetus of anything short of an invasion from Wells' Martians.

PLAYERS UNDER AN NPC NEMO

Nemo commands the *Nautilus*, and it's usually a mistake to put player characters under an NPC commander for any length of time.

NAUTILUS UNDER A PC CAPTAIN

Since *Nautilus* has a small crew, it actually makes sense for the captain to command landing parties. Nemo may be dead, or retired, or the admiral of a small fleet of *Nautilus* class ships.

CAPTAIN NEMO IN *GURPS*

ST 11 DX 12 IQ 16 HT 11

Basic Damage: 1d-1 Thrust; 1d+1 Swing

Basic Speed: 5.75; **Move** 5

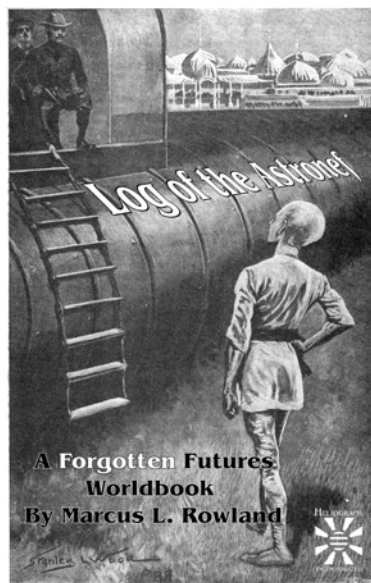
Dodge 5 **Parry** 6 (Axe/Mace)

Advantages: Charisma +2, Appearance (Attractive), Acute Vision +2

Disadvantages: Intolerance (the British), Bloodlust, Oath (Never walk on populated land), Sense of Duty (conquered peoples), Sense of Duty (the crew of the *Nautilus*), Enemy (Great Britain, 6 or less).

Notable Skills: Area Knowledge (Oceans)-15, Armory-13, Art (Hobby)-14, Ax/Mace-12, Boating-12, Botany (Specialty: Marine)-18, Chemistry-17, Diving (Hard suit)-14, Engineer: Chemical-20, History-16, Language: English-15, Language: French-15, Mathematics-14, Mechanic: Dynamos-16, Mining-14, Musical Instrument: Pipe organ-13, Navigation-14

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LOG OF THE ASTRONEF

A FORGOTTEN FUTURES WORLDBOOK

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ISBN 0-9668926-4-X SRP \$18.00

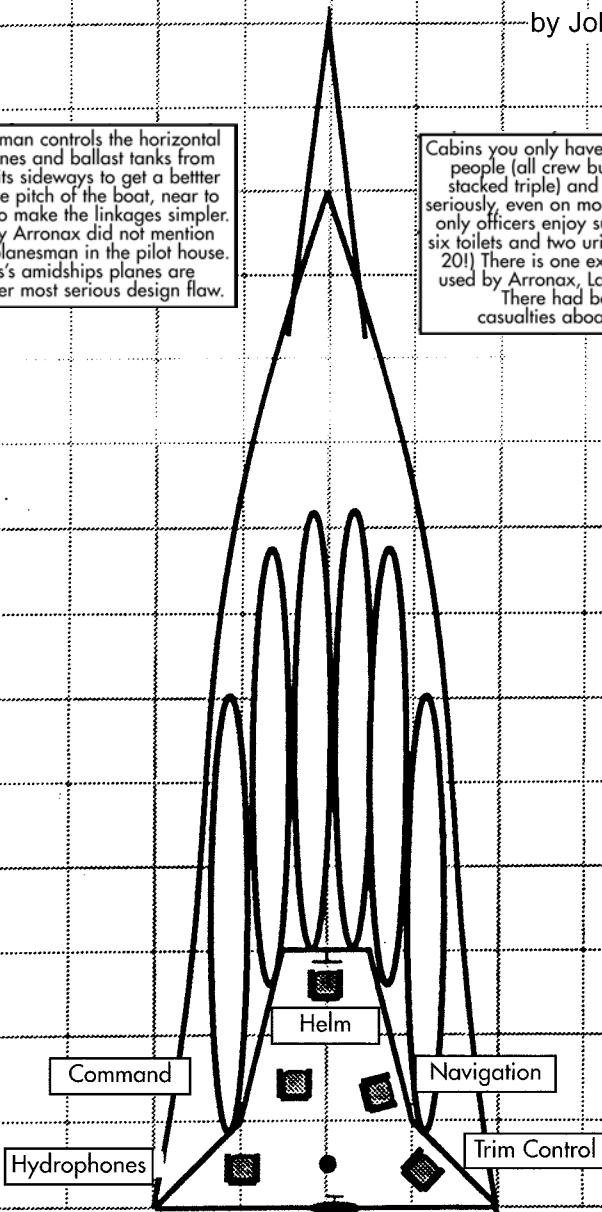
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Nautilus

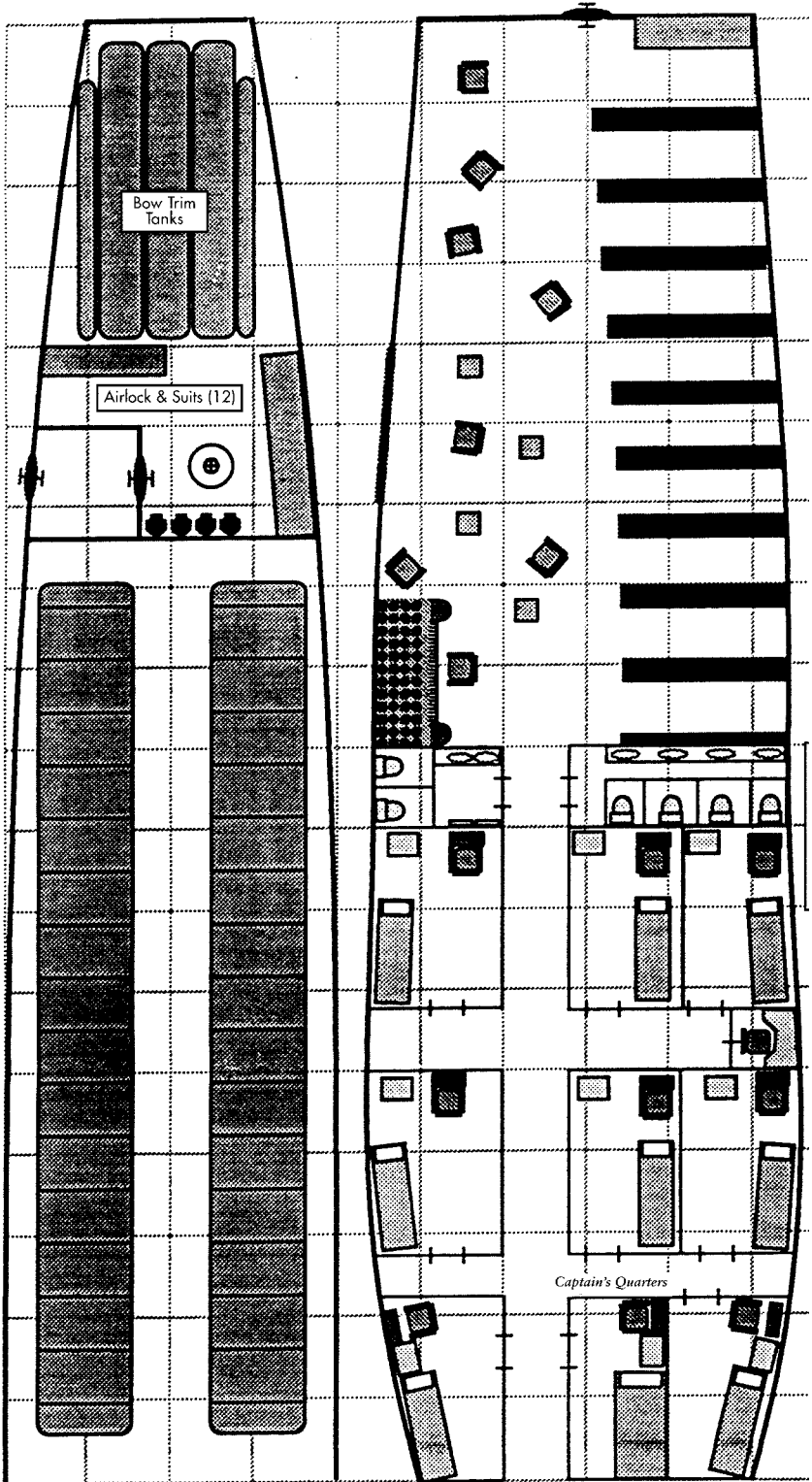
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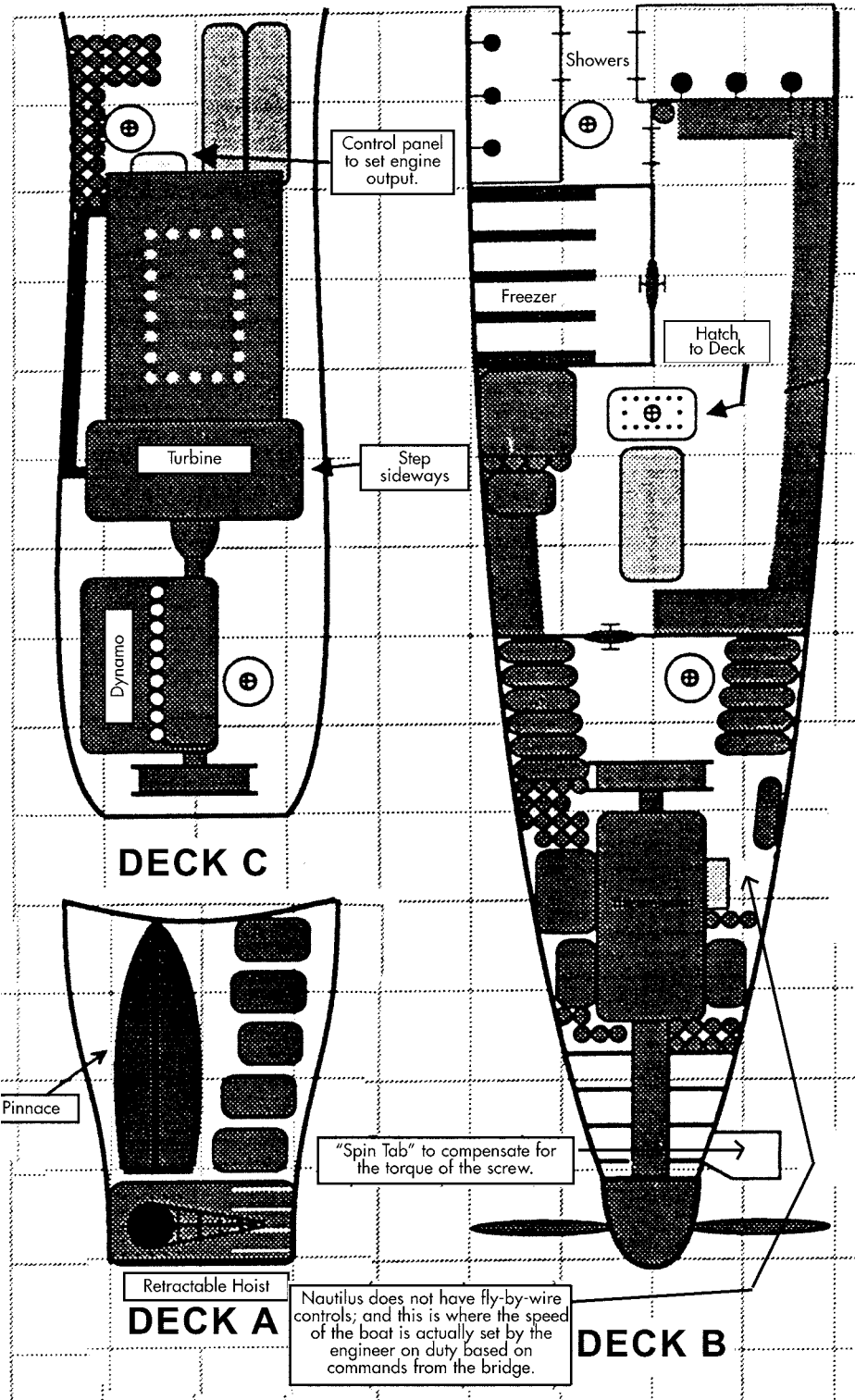
The planesman controls the horizontal diving planes and ballast tanks from here. He sits sideways to get a better sense of the pitch of the boat, near to the planes to make the linkages simpler. This is why Arronax did not mention seeing the planesman in the pilot house. Nautilus's amidships planes are probably her most serious design flaw.

Cabins you only have to share with two people (all crew bunks shown are stacked triple) and real cots! Quite seriously, even on modern nuclear subs, only officers enjoy such luxury. (Also, six toilets and two urinals for a crew of 20!) There is one extra cabin; it was used by Arronax, Land, and Conseil. There had been other casualties aboard Nautilus.



Scale = 5 feet per square





NORRIE EPSTEIN, *THE FRIENDLY DICKENS: BEING A GOOD-NATURED GUIDE TO THE ART AND ADVENTURES OF THE MAN WHO INVENTED SCROOGE*

REVIEWED BY MARK CLARK

More than any other author, Charles Dickens has defined how we view English society in the 19th century. A simple list of the characters he created — Mr. Pickwick, David Copperfield, Fagin, Mrs. Havisham, and of course Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, and Ebenezer Scrooge — is enough to show that. Then there are those memorable lines: “Bah, Humbug,” “The law is an ass,” “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,” “God bless us every one” — and the list goes on.

Finally, and most importantly, there is the word itself — Dickensian. Other authors have had their names enter the language, as Norrie Epstein points out — Rabelaisian, Machiavelian, Kafkaesque — but those are words with precisely defined meanings. Rabelaisian refers to a robust bawdiness, Machiavellian to political cunning or corruption, and Kafkaesque to nightmarish absurdity. Dickensian, on the other hand is a word with multiple meanings. It can refer to a person, a humor, a social condition, a name. It refers to both a cozy evening spent with the family around the fireside, or a desolate orphanage. It is a vastly versatile word, simply because Dickens is such a great and versatile author.

Unfortunately for us, for the most part readers today encounter Dickens as one of the “great authors” forced down our throats during our school years. Much like Shakespeare, Dickens was an author who wrote for a popular audience, pitching his message to suit the masses. And, much like Shakespeare, Dickens is little read outside the classroom today. I myself remember homework assignments on *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Our Mutual Friend* that left me cursing how long and complicated Dickens was (only Dostoyevsky was hated more in our English class).

This is a shame, because Dickens is one of the greatest of novelists, and certainly the greatest when it comes to realism and social commentary. Moreover, he is a master at the creation of memorable characters, both major and minor, and has a wonderful ear for dialogue and accent. All of these are skills that make for better roleplaying games and better character development within games. Dickens is an ideal author for gamers, and reading his novels will pay off in better game play.

How to start reading Dickens, then? He was a prolific author, after all — he wrote fourteen books and over five hundred other articles, short stories, and newspaper pieces — so where to start? That is exactly what Norrie Epstein’s book *The Friendly Dickens* is all about — helping the reader get a handle on this vast *oeuvre*. There is little new in Epstein’s book — she

relies for the most part on the work of others — but she puts everything in one readable narrative in a pleasant and accessible style.

The book combines two things. First, a biography of Dickens, which describes his childhood, his early career as a journalist, and his life after he became a famous author. This material also includes more general descriptions of the nature of the literary world in Dickens' time. Second, there are a series of book reviews that discuss each of Dickens' novels. These appear interspersed in the chronological biographical material, giving the reader an excellent sense of how Dickens' life affected his art. The autobiographical material is very interesting. Dickens' early life was very much like that of his fictional characters David Copperfield and Oliver Twist — large parts of those novels were based on Dickens' own experience. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office whose financial affairs were rather messy. The family did well when Charles was young, but at age fourteen his father was imprisoned for debt, and had to send his son to work pasting labels in a factory that made boot blacking. He spent somewhere between four and twelve months there, but to Dickens it felt like a lifetime. The brutality and monotony of life in the factory was something he never forgot. It also turned him forever against his mother, who, even after the family fortunes improved, wanted her son to continue his job there.

Fortunately for Dickens, and for us, his father was willing to let Charles go to school instead, and over the next three years he attended public school. He left prior to graduation (his father had financial problems again) and at fifteen went to serve an apprenticeship at the Inns of Court to become a lawyer. He found the work dull, however, and after teaching himself shorthand he became a freelance court reporter at the age of nineteen.

He eventually was hired by the newspaper *Mirror of Parliament*, where he used his knowledge of shorthand to record speeches and debates. There he perfected his writing skills, using the *nom de plume* "Boz". His series of sketches of London life were published in the *Evening Chronicle* and the *Monthly Magazine* between 1833 and 1834, and were collected in book form as *Sketches By Boz*. The book made Dickens' reputation, and from 1834 to the end of his life in 1870, he was a public figure, soon to become the most famous author in the world.

What accounts for the success of Dickens? In addition to his skills as a novelist, he was an excellent businessman. Not only was he able to write quickly under pressure, he made sure what he wrote was marketed and sold to the widest public possible. He also pursued changes in copyright law, particularly international copyright agreements. Dickens made almost no money outside the United Kingdom from his books — they were copied and reprinted by others for their own profit, and the law made it almost impossible for Dickens to recover any damages. Despite that, he became the first British author who became wealthy from his work.

Of course, Dickens was also fortunate in that he came of age as an author during a period of rapidly increasing literacy and increasingly cheap production of printed materials. The Industrial Revolution made basic lit-

eracy a widely distributed skill, and the steam-powered rotary press, wood-pulp paper, and the railroad made books cheap and widely distributed. The genius of Dickens was to take advantage of those changes by creating a body of literature that appealed to the new mass audience.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of Dickens' life is how he created the modern structure of literary life. Prior to his career, authors did not make a living as authors — they were usually men of means, with independent incomes that allowed them the leisure to write. A few less wealthy individuals wrote in their spare time, but their earnings were meager — Jane Austen for example, earned only a few hundred pounds over her lifetime, despite the popularity of her novels. Dickens, on the other hand, always supported himself as well as a large family and many of his relations.

Dickens also invented the book tour. He gave dramatic readings from his novels, in many years making more money from these performances than from sales of his books. He traveled widely, going to America and to the Continent, generating publicity and increased sales wherever he went.

Epstein also devotes considerable attention to Dickens' personal life. Dickens married young, and by his early 40s was no longer in love with his wife Catherine. She had become stout, in part due to the ten pregnancies she had endured, and with his increasing success he wanted a woman in his life of greater intellectual gifts. In 1856 he met the actress Nelly Ternan, and carried on an affair with her that lasted the rest of his life. When his wife learned by accident of the affair the following year, Dickens at first reacted with rage, accusing his wife of "infernal jealousy" and forcing her to pay a social call on Nelly (one can only imagine the pain he caused them both with this strange demand). Catherine left Dickens soon after and never saw him again, although they remained married. Amazingly enough, Catherine's sister Georgina, who had lived in the Dickens household for years, remained there and ran Dickens' affairs (sic) after her sister left! All in all, Dickens was a complicated man, not at all a Victorian, and the details of his biography make for fascinating reading.

In addition to biographical material, Epstein provides the reader with brief descriptions of all of the Dickens novels. She provides just enough detail to tempt us to read them, along with scholarly commentary that will help ones understanding of the social, political, and personal context of each one. Her advice as to which Dickens novel to start with (*David Copperfield* or *Great Expectations*) is sound, though she does warn the reader that there is a great deal of difference between early novels (*David Copperfield* and before) and the later ones, which read almost as if they were written by different people. After all, in some ways they were — Dickens was in the process of separating himself from his wife (first emotionally, then physically) while writing his later works. By the way, if you have read *A Tale of Two Cities* and didn't like it, try another one — *Tale* is the least Dickensian novel of them all.

All in all, *The Friendly Dickens* is a wonderful book, with a great deal of material you can put to use in a roleplaying game set in the 19th century. Highly recommended.

TAKING A BITE OUT OF HISTORY

ROLEPLAYING WITH THE HISTORICAL DRACULA

BY J. RUTH DEMPSEY

The image of Dracula has been set in our minds by author Bram Stoker and by the Hungarian actor Bela Lugosi — dark and suave, gazing out the castle window while the wolves howl below.

"The children of the night," he croons, "what music they make."

However, the gamer who wishes to leave cliché behind and use a page or two of history will find himself with a dilemma: which Dracula? Prince Vlad IV of the tiny country of Wallachia (which includes the province of Transylvania) was a Knight of the Order of the Dragon, in the Romanian Dracul. This gave all his sons and his grandsons the right to style themselves as "the son of the Dragon" or Dracula. Vlad IV had no less than five, possibly six sons, four of whom made a mark in history and carried the name of Dracula — each in his own way adding to the legend of the dark prince in "The Land Beyond the Forest".

The age of the Draculas (or as the Romanians refer to them, Draculesti) was the fifteenth century, a violent and bloody time which saw the end of the feudal system and the emergence of centralized governments. It was the age of the Borgias and their feuds, of Louis XI "The Spider King" who hung young boys on the branches of trees and imprisoned his enemies in cages. It was an age of absolute power obtained by any means. Why then are we so fascinated by the rulers of a country roughly the size of Connecticut? Why has the name "Dracula" become synonymous with darkness, evil and the undead? Let us begin at the beginning — with the man who would give this dynasty its name: Vlad Dracul.

THE HISTORICAL DRACULA

Vlad Dracul was the illegitimate son of Prince Mircea, who had sided with the Hungarians against the encroaching Turks. Vlad was sent as a hostage to the Hungarian Court, where he distinguished himself in battle with the Ottoman Empire. It was with John Hunyadi of Hungary that Vlad would go to Nuremberg and receive the prestigious Order of the Dragon. At Mircea's death, his only legitimate son claimed the throne, as did Vlad (who was being backed by the Hungarians), another illegitimate son and one of Vlad's cousins. The result was a bitter, bloody feud that could only be compared to the Lancaster-York battles. The outcome of this struggle was watched closely from three sides: Russia, Turkey and Hungary. The reason was the Borgo Pass, one of the few crossing points an army could take through the Carpathians and into Russia.

At the time of his second son's birth (1431) Vlad Dracul was not in power and would not be for another six years. The ruler of that time was a supporter of the Ottomans and would be removed from office by a Hungarian-paid assassin. His replacement would die at the hands of the

Turks. When Dracul finally fought his way to the throne, his first act was to form an alliance with the equally small principality of Moldavia on the Russian side of the Borgo pass. The principalities united to try and free themselves from the machinations of the larger countries and maintain independence.

For a time, the princes were successful, making a pact with Hungary and winning great victories against the Turkish army in Wallachia and Transylvania. In 1443, Dracul and his eldest son, Mircea, were captured by Turkish forces and taken before Sultan Murad II. Dracul was forced to surrender his two younger sons, Vlad and Radu (called "The Handsome") as hostages. Dracul then turned around and joined John Hunyadi's "Crusade of Varna" in 1444.

Oddly enough, the boys were not killed; Romanian historian Radu Florescu in his book *The Search for Dracula* (with Raymond T. McNally; Warner Books Copyright 1973) suggests they were spared because the Sultan was quite taken with the all-too-eager-to-please Radu. His brother was not so fortunate: Vlad frightened his jailers and, it is speculated, bore the brunt of both physical and sexual abuse.

In 1447, the local nobles (boyars), fearing that Dracul was about to make an agreement with the Turks for the release of his sons, ambushed the prince and his eldest son. Dracul died at their hands and Mircea was taken to a nearby monastery — to be buried alive.

In October of 1448, a massive Turkish victory killed the leader of the rebellious faction and placed a "tamed" Prince Vlad on the Wallachian throne. His reign would only last a month before he was forced to flee to the Moldavian court. He would stay in Moldavia until 1456 when the twenty-five year old Vlad, styling himself "Dracula" would finally take the throne. His situation was not unlike that of the thirteenth century John of England, coming to the throne after a period of turmoil where the nobles were free to do as they pleased and not at all inclined to obey his orders.

His first action as prince is recorded in the folk tales of Romania:

"When young Dracula took the throne, he summoned to him all the boyars of his reign to a great feast of celebration. When the wine had been flowing freely, he had the nobles brought before his throne.

"Tell me," he said, "how many princes have you seen on this throne?"

"Seven princes I have seen reign," laughed one.

"Twelve," called another.

One older man stood up with a sneer and said, "twenty princes I have seen rule this land — and I have survived them all."

"Well," said Dracula, "you have seen your last prince on this throne!" And he proceeded to execute 500 of the nobles gathered there." (The number is believed to be exaggerated.)

Radu Florescu speculates that Dracula was acting to revenge himself on the rebellious nobles that had killed his father and brother as well as hammer home the lesson that he was the ruler now.

Not long after the massacre, the Sultan Murad announced he was coming to receive tribute from Wallachia. During his trip he found out

the mettle of the man he had set on the throne.

Having been in the Turkish court, Dracula knew that when the Sultan rode, he expected to be greeted by a cheering crowd, usually being prodded on by his Janissary guard. Dracula scouted the Sultan's route and made certain that a crowd greeted him: a crowd of Turkish supporters impaled on both sides of the road with the Turkish-appointed governor and the mayor of the first city along the route on the highest posts before the gate. The earth was scorched for miles to either side, forcing the Turks to stretch a supply line. Dracula attacked the demoralized troops that night. The surprise attack killed many of the Turkish forces but failed to kill the Sultan. Dracula would gain a new name from this battle: Tsepes, The Impaler.

Delighted with Dracula's victory, the King of Hungary sent troops to strengthen Dracula's position and to receive the tribute Dracula's father had promised. Dracula promptly attacked the Hungarians, sending the message that Wallachia was a free, independent state that owed tribute to no one! Hungary fired back with what can only be described as a hate campaign. Utilizing the presses available in Germany, pamphlets previously used to describe the "atrocities" of the Ottomans now began to describe the "atrocities" of Dracula. One of these pamphlets was acquired by the British museum just before Bram Stoker wrote his famous story and may have provided inspiration.

Meanwhile, the Turkish Empire started a campaign to place the Islamic convert, Radu, on the throne. The Russians of Transylvania and the Moldovans, seeing the two empires getting ready to line up against Wallachia, began to court dissatisfied nobles. While all this was going on, Dracula was ruling with an iron fist and a capricious whim. Crime decreased dramatically after a few impalements and disembowlings. A condemnation of the prince's conduct led to the Franciscan order being thrown out of the country. A mistress who lied about a pregnancy was disemboweled. Two ambassadors from the Turkish court who refused to removed their turbans were returned to the Sultan with their headgear nailed to their skulls. The slightest infraction could bring hideous punishment; yet legends speak of men and women winning their way free with a witty or ingratiating remark. Historian Florescu calls Dracula "paranoid" — and as the old joke goes, "even the paranoid have their enemies."

In 1462, Dracula was attacked from two fronts — from Turkey came Radu and his forces, from the north came the Prince of Moldavia with Russian and Hungarian troops. Dracula fled to Hungary, where he would be imprisoned for twelve years.

Another Dracula took the throne: Radu. If his brother had terrified people, Radu also sent fear through the populace. A fanatical convert, he began to burn Orthodox churches and destroy monasteries. He was stopped at the shores of Lake Snagov by the patriarch there — by another Dracula whom history records as Vlad the Monk. The results were twelve years of chaos, then the new Hungarian king forced Vlad Tsepes into a non-aggression pact that also involved the conversion of Vlad to

Catholicism and the marriage of Vlad to the king's sister. Hungarian troops attacked the Turkish forces and Vlad Tsepes sat on the Wallachian throne for a third time. The reign lasted for less than a year, and in October of 1477 in a pitched battle on the shores of Lake Snagov Vlad Tsepes Dracula died. It was rumored that he was murdered by his own boyars, who feared his return to power. Radu died not long afterwards and the throne of Wallachia went to their brother, Vlad the Monk.

Romanian folktales tell stories of ghosts that haunt the waters of Lake Snagov. Perhaps it is the two brothers Dracula, continuing their eternal battle for Wallachia. Old peasant lore of the time believed that the soul of a person did not leave the body for forty days, during which time the body supposedly remained uncorrupted beneath the ground. The body of one who died apostate (by converting to Catholicism and to Islam, both Vlad Tsepes and Radu died apostate to the Orthodox church) would no longer be accepted by God's earth after the forty day period. The suffering souls climb from their graves and wander the earth; if blessed by a priest they may be freed, if cursed by a priest — they become vampires. Vlad the Monk was as fanatical in his faith as Radu, so it is not hard to believe he would damn his errant brothers — to his own sorrow and possible destruction?

GAMING DRACULA

For the gamer, the question remains; which Dracula?

There is the first born son, Mircea. His abnormal death would also render him likely to rise from the grave. Historians speculate that he died young, possibly not even in his twenties. He might be unstable — even insane and no doubt terrified of an enclosed space. A claustrophobic vampire?

Vlad Tsepes is every inch the prince. He has been schooled in the art of terror, his military strategies carried him through many battles. His weakness is cleverness — diverted by an interesting story or a witty remark he would stay his hand. Expect him to be fascinated by new inventions. As a Catholic, the traditional cross may be effective against him, but it might not, for we don't know how serious his conversion was. The icons of Russian Orthodoxy might be effective — but again, maybe not.

Radu is also a prince. He is more sensual, voluptuous. He may also be a homosexual (Florescu implies it). His schooling would have been among intellectuals. He would be fascinated by poetry and literature. He is a Moslem. The crosses of Christianity will have no power over him. How do you stop a Moslem vampire?

Vlad the Monk was dragged from his monastery to a throne he didn't want. He proved to be a stern ruler, perhaps not as bloodthirsty as his brothers. But if his curse turned his two elder brothers into vampires, would he escape the family curse? He might yet be walking, tormented between his faith and his hungers. History records two more sons of Vlad Dracul — Vlad the Lesser and Milhail. They might have been killed in the various dynastic struggles, they might have gone into hiding —

they might be serving as extra eyes and ears for their more famous brothers.

And there is yet another figure to consider: Romanian legend has it that if a vampire can refrain from drinking human blood for seven years, he will gain the power to walk in the sunlight and to father children — but his sons will walk after death. Vlad Dracul, noble knight in the Hungarian court is seduced by a vampiress, he refuses to surrender to his craving for human blood and regains his humanity — but what about after his second death?

ADVENTURE SUGGESTION: THE DRACULA CUP

A golden cup has come up for sale at Sotherby's. It is Eastern work, circa the fifteenth century. Legend has it that this is the golden cup that Vlad Tsepes placed at a spring near his hunting lodge. While he reigned, no one dared to touch it. Radu went in search of it only to find it gone. What will happen to the person foolish enough to buy the Dracula Cup?

IN 1901, THE SOLAR SYSTEM WAS A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE.

In George Griffith's "Stories of Other Worlds" and *A Honeymoon In Space* Lord Redgrave and his new bride, Zaidie, explore the heavily populated Solar System of 1901. This book contains both the original serialized publication in 1900 from Pearson's Magazine, "Stories Of Other Worlds", and the expanded novel, *A Honeymoon In Space*, complete with all of the original artwork. NOT ONE WORD HAS BEEN OMITTED!



These stories also provide the rich background for two books in Marcus Rowland's *Forgotten Futures* series: *Log of the Astronef* and *Masters of the Graviton*.

STORIES OF OTHER WORLDS AND A HONEYMOON IN SPACE

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH

FROM THE FORGOTTEN FUTURES LIBRARY EDITED BY MARCUS L. ROWLAND

ISBN: 0-9668926-3-1 **FF2F** SRP \$18.00

Available online from Amazon.com (but use our web page link: we make more money that way: <http://www.heliograph.com/buy.shtml>). Your local bookstore can special order any Heliograph title from Ingram, and your local hobby shop can order the book from Alliance or Esdevium.

ETHER SOCIETY NEWS #9

BY MARK CLARK

NEWS

Although almost five years has passed since the release of the last issue of the Ether Society News (ESN), there has been little change in the general state of *Space: 1889* affairs. The most notable event: GDW, the publisher of *Space: 1889*, is no longer in business. The rights to *Space: 1889* have reverted to Frank Chadwick. There are no ongoing efforts to re-publish the game at this time. In fact, given the poor commercial performance of *Space: 1889* the first time around it is unlikely that distributors would even be interested. Maybe with a name change? **(But see page 168 for breaking news!)**

As for the *Space: 1889* movie mentioned several times previously in ESN, Anders International continues to show an interest. They recently renewed their licensing agreement, and continue to pursue motion picture and television development. However, there is no indication they are any closer to production than before.

One bright spot in the *Space: 1889* world is the continuing development of the Game Tech line of miniatures for *Sky Galleons of Mars*. They now have over thirty different ships in their product line, with a mix of many different nationalities. You can see the catalog and pictures of the ships at the following website:

<http://www.pcisys.net/~glanducci/gametech/gthome.html>

All of the back issues of *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society (TRMGS)* are now in print again through the kind offices of Heliograph, Inc. Published in two handsome volumes, they include a new introduction by yours truly, new art and illustrations, and copies of the TRMGS guides to *Space: 1889* products and to *Space: 1889* articles published in *Challenge* magazine. Order your copy today:

<http://www.heliograph.com/buy.shtml>

Finally, *TRMGS* is a going publication again. Of course you knew that already, since you found this article. Anyway, we'll be putting out an article a week as long as Heliograph lets us, and you can look forward to a hard copy reprint in mid-2000 of our new material as *TRMGS* volume 3.

SUGGESTIONS

Ever wonder what folks in the 19th century thought dinosaurs looked like? William Tozier sent me the following suggestion for those who would like to find out.

"In order to help your players think like Victorians, may I recommend the excellent (though slightly dry) *Scenes from Deep Time : Early Pictorial Representations of the Prehistoric World* by Martin J. S. Rudwick, available through Amazon.com. This is a scholarly work focusing for the most part on the representation and illustration of palaeontological discoveries in the Times of Our Mutual Interest. I happily read our local lending library's copy some months ago, and found it pleasantly diverting. Included in the text are explicit listings of the misapprehensions of early palaeographic conjectures, not least of which is the matter of the iguanadon's thumb."

REVIEW

Caleb Carr, *The Alienist*

_____, *The Angel of Darkness*

_____, *The Devil Soldier*

Caleb Carr is the object of my envy — a historian who has become a best-selling author. *The Alienist*, his best known work, was on the *New York Times* bestseller list for months, rather a surprising performance for such a long, densely written novel about murder in the late 19th century. Despite its daunting length (over 700 pages), there is much here for the 19th century roleplayer, mostly because Carr does a good job of getting his facts straight.

The Alienist is a solid psychological thriller. The title comes from the term used to describe psychologists in the late 19th century. The plot focuses on the search for a deranged murderer who is terrorizing New York City. The murders are ultimately solved by a group of player characters — there really is no other way to describe the group of individuals whose actions are the center of the novel. A well-connected journalist, a liberated female woman about town, a psychologist who specializes in criminal behavior (the alienist of the title), twin Jewish police detectives, and so on. Any roleplayer will find the mix of characters and the way they work together familiar.

The core of the novel is how the group goes about solving the crime using essentially 20th century criminological methods, methods that were just on the edge of introduction in the late 19th century. Forensic evidence, especially psychological evidence, turns out to be key.

Of course, there is more to the novel than that. Carr takes us on a tour of New York, lets us meet some historic figures (most notably Teddy Roosevelt), and makes reference to then-current social trends and technological changes. All in all it is rather well done, though there is one section towards the middle of the book where the psychologist explains his methods in a long speech that just about bores the reader to tears as it goes on for page after page (note: plow through — it does get better).

The Angel of Darkness is a sequel to *The Alienist*, uses the same cast of characters in the same way, and does much the same workman-like job. In contrast to the first book, the characters travel outside of New York to other cities in the Empire State, but other than that it is pretty much the same plot and content as the first book. Both are well worth reading for anyone interested in this period, particularly those who want to learn more about urban New York.

In contrast to the other two books, *The Devil Soldier* is a conventional historical treatment of the life of Frederick Townsend Ward, an American mercenary soldier who fought for the emperor of China during the Taiping rebellion. Although the period covered is the 1860s, there is much here of interest to the roleplayer, especially for those interested in military affairs on the Mars of Space: 1889. This is a convoluted and fascinating story, and Ward is a strange man, to put it mildly. As a result, the book provides all sorts of plot ideas of how a human mercenary might make his way working for a Martian Prince. Highly recommended.

MARS: A DIFFERENT LOOK AT THE RED PLANET

BY JAMES L. CAMBIAS

The following article describes a variant Mars for use with *Space: 1889*, *Castle Falkenstein* or other Victorian-era roleplaying games. Some of the concepts presented are adopted from the original *Space: 1889* background, others are new. Gamemasters can use this version of Mars in place of the planet presented in *Space: 1889*, or use the ideas here to supplement the original game.

The geography and physical details of the planet are drawn closely from Mars as it actually exists, although for this article the mass and density have been increased, and an Earthlike atmosphere added.

THE PLANET

Mars is the fourth planet from the Sun. It orbits the Sun at a distance of 142 million miles, and has a year 686 days in length, or nearly two Terran years. Mars rotates on its axis once every 24.5 hours, so that its day is almost exactly the same as the Earth's.

Its diameter is 4200 miles — about half that of the Earth. Mars (in this universe) is as dense as the Earth is, giving it a surface gravity equal to one-half that of the Earth. This lower gravity makes Martians taller and physically weaker than Terrans.

The atmosphere of Mars is composed of 55 percent nitrogen, 38 percent oxygen, 5 percent carbon dioxide and 2 percent trace elements. Atmospheric pressure in the lowlands is 500 millibars; Terrans can breathe there with no difficulty. In the uplands it is only 350 millibars, and Earthmen must spend several weeks getting accustomed to the thin air. Both air and heat are retained by the mysterious Sky-Shield generators, located on Phobos, the inner moon.

THE TERRAIN

Two-thirds of the planet's surface are uplands. Most of the southern hemisphere is occupied by the high country. Less than an eighth of the Martian population lives in the uplands. The upland terrain consists of mountains, badlands and enormous stretches of desert. The highest portion of the uplands is the Tharsis Plateau, where the four great volcanoes Olympus, Pavonis, Arsia and Ascraeus rise twenty miles above the old sea level. Beneath the uplands are vast networks of caverns, carved by water as the sea levels dropped. Only near the seabeds are there areas of steppe. Irrigated regions along the canals contrast sharply with the sandy wastes beyond.

The lowlands are the old sea-beds, and are more fertile. Concentrated in the northern hemisphere, they hold most of the planet's population. Most of the land is prairie, with patches of forest. The deepest parts of the seas are now great swamps, and two large lakes remain, a dwindling memory of the lost oceans.

CANALS

The most spectacular engineering work in the Solar System is the impressive network of canals bringing water from the polar regions to the thirsty cities of Mars. The canals were built in two stages. As drought first began to affect the planet, canals were built to irrigate the continents and fight the encroachments of desert. The remnants of this system forms the upland canal network. A million years later, when the oceans had become mere puddles, a second canal system was built to irrigate the lowlands. In the Marineris and Kasei valleys, the canals feed into existing river systems. Elsewhere the canals have replaced the rivers completely.

HISTORY OF MARS

Mars formed millions of years before the Earth did, and intelligent life arose there nearly ten million years ago. Though much has been lost, it is possible to reconstruct a rough timeline of Martian history, from the days of the first intelligent beings.

c. 10 million BC: Evolution of the gold-skinned First Martians.

c. 8.5 million BC: Peak of First Martian civilization.

c. 8.2 million BC: First Martian civilization collapses due to unknown causes.

c. 7 million BC: Survivors of First Martians evolve into the Second and Third Martians — the modern Namasda Sand Martians and the green-skinned Almali Upland Martians.

6.8 million BC: Rise of Third Martian civilization, centered around the Hellas Sea.

6.6 million BC: Drought begins to affect Mars.

6.5 million BC: Construction of the upland canal system, and the colossal statues of Echus Chasma and the Valles Marineris.

6.3 million BC: Planet Demeter (the fifth planet) explodes. Mars is bombarded by meteors, bringing about the collapse of civilization. The canals stop flowing, and much of the uplands goes to desert.

c. 6 million BC: Ocean levels start dropping; Martians begin settling in the lowlands and abandoning the old uplands. The Hellas Sea dries up completely.

c. 5.5 million BC: Evolution of winged Fourth Martians or Ghama from Almali mountaineers.

5.2 million BC: Restoration of Martian civilization by Almali, centered in the Valles Marineris lowlands.

5 million BC: Insect-like Mikona survivors of the Fifth Planet in suspended animation among the asteroids are revived and invade Mars. To aid them, they create the avian Kreesh as warrior slaves.

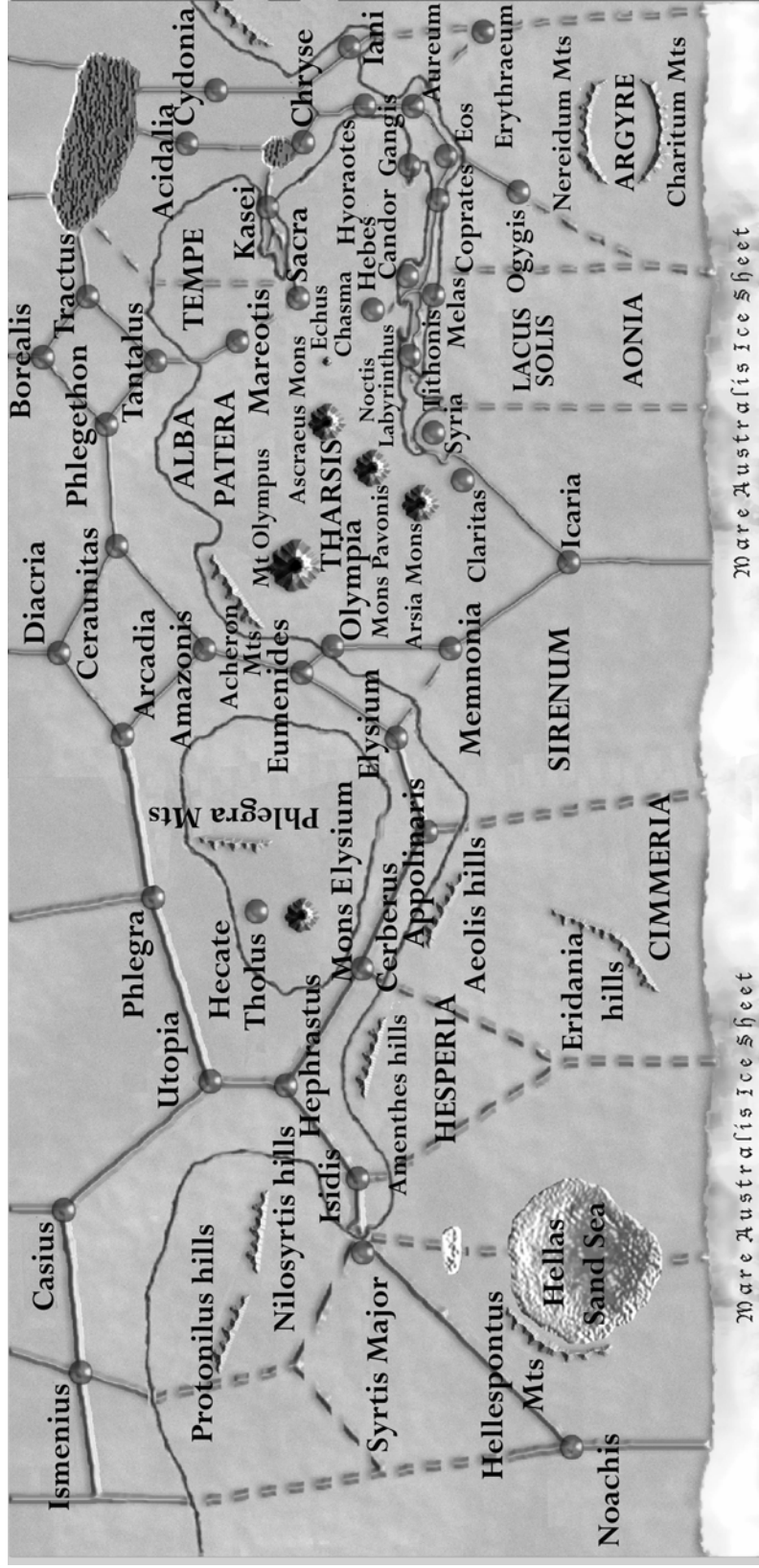
4.9 million BC: After a series of wars, Mars is completely subjugated by the Mikona. A remnant of the Third Martians retreat to the caverns under Syria.

4.7 million BC: Kreesh slaves rebel against their Mikona masters and seize control of the lowlands.

4.5 million BC: Cavern-dwelling Martians emerge from hiding and defeat the Kreesh. The lowlands are liberated, the Kreesh are driven into the uplands, and the Mikona seek refuge at the North Pole.

Mars Map

Copyright 1999 by Bob Brown



4.4 million BC: Peak of Martian civilization under the rule of the cave-dwellers. Great Wall around Argyre constructed.

4.2 million BC: Cave-dweller empire enters a long period of stagnation and decline.

c. 4 million BC: Drought begins to affect the lowlands. Around this time, the differences among the cavern-dwelling rulers, their lowlander subjects and the uplanders are great enough to speak of the evolution of the Fourth and Fifth Martians — the pale Muntelna and the blue-skinned Mancala, respectively.

3.8 million BC: War of rebellion by the Mancala ends the Muntelna empire and drives them back underground.

3.7 million BC: Civilization collapses completely except in underground enclaves and Mikona cities to the north.

3.5 million BC: Mikona create a servitor race from Martian stock, the little Sixth Martians, or Minvra.

3.2 million BC: Rise of a new Mancala civilization based in the Chryse lowlands.

2.9 million BC: Mancala construct a canal system to irrigate the lowlands, and restore many of the upland canals. Construction of the Cydonia Face.

2.6 million BC: Colossal war between two rival empires disrupts civilization; much of the upland canal system ruined.

c. 2.5 million BC: Rate of planetary drying accelerates as Mars cools and its atmosphere thins. Scientists unite the Mancala under their rule.

2 million BC: Science Lords launch the moons of Mars and construct the Sky Shield.

1.9 million BC: Science Lords plant colonies on other worlds (the Earth colony fails due to the rising sea levels after the Ice Age).

1.7 million BC: The scientific caste transform themselves into the Seventh Martians, the tentacted Tasminra.

1.5 million BC: Other races ally against Tasminra rule; they withdraw to their Citadels.

1.3 million BC: Outside of Tasminra and Mikona enclaves civilization stagnates and declines.

10,758 BC: Founding of the Empire of Acidalia by the God-Emperor Sandaar I.

1876: Terrans arrive

RACES OF MARS

Mars has a total population of about 200 million sentients. They are divided into nine different major races. The proportions of the various races are as follows:

86 million Mancala (Lowland Martians) — 48%

48 million Minvra (Lesser Martians) — 24%

20 million Almali (Highland Martians) — 10%

12 million Muntelna (Cave Martians) — 6%

10 million Kreesh — 5%

6 million Ghama (Sky Martians) — 3%

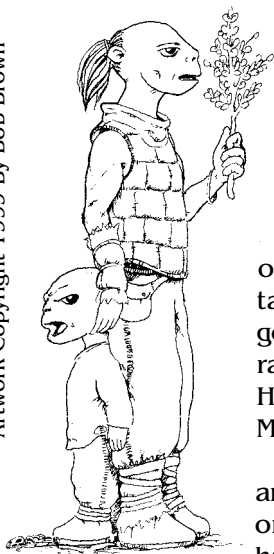
4 million Mikona — 2%

2 million Namasda — 1%

2 million Tasminra — 1%

Mancala (Lowland Martians): The most numerous race on Mars are the blue-skinned Mancala. They live along the canals in the lowlands, and in some upland cities, farming and trading. Many serve the Tasminra or the Mikora. Often at the mercy of more warlike beings, the Mancala survive by patient fertility and preindustrial technology roughly equal to that of Earth in 1600. Mancala can interbreed with Almali and Muntelna.

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Mancala are tall, barrel-chested humanoids. The men stand between six and seven feet tall, the women a trifle shorter. They have six fingers on each hand, like most Martians. Their skin ranges from pale blue-white to a bright sky-blue. Hair is scanty, usually deep black. Very rarely a Manca will be born with metallic gold hair.

Mancala are long-lived by human standards, with an average adult lifespan of about fifty Martian years, or more than a Terran century. A few individuals have lived nearly twice that span naturally, and there are accounts of others using artificial means to live for millennia.

Minvra (Lesser Martians): An artificial subspecies, the Minvra were created as servitors by the Mikona. They are shorter than any other kind of Martian, standing only four feet tall. Their childlike bodies are weak and frail. Nevertheless, the Minvra are often grandiose and egotistical. They are the second most numerous race on Mars, living almost entirely in the lowland cities or the polar Mikona enclaves. Despite their numbers they are everywhere subjects of others.

Minvra have black skin — not the dark brown an Earthman would call “black”, but a true charcoal black, sometimes with traces of blue or green. Their eyes are large and white. Minvra are short-lived by Martian standards, with an average lifespan about the same as that of a human from Earth.

Minvra have much the same technology as the Mancala. Many claim to be privy to the scientific secrets of the Mikora, but those who actually do get technical training spend their lives within the polar cities.

Almali (Highland Martians): Almost identical to the ancestral Third Martians, the green-skinned Almali are the hardiest and most handsome of the true Martian stock. They dwell in the steppes and deserts of the uplands, herding and gathering in the wilderness. They leave the sandy deserts to the Namasda. Kreesh and Almali are deadly enemies in some regions, while elsewhere they form extended biracial tribes. Almali have a technology roughly equivalent to that of Iron Age Europe. They can interbreed with Mancala.

Almali have green skin, roughly the color of olives. Those who spend a lot of time outdoors take on a yellower tinge. Their hair is black or

reddish-brown. Their most striking feature is their eyes, which develop a silvery film after a few years spent in the desert sun. Like the Mancala, the Almali live long lives, up to a Terran century if disease or violence do not intervene.

Almali men are the tallest on Mars, sometimes standing eight feet in height. Their women are as big as the men. In some Almali tribes, the women live in seclusion, completely subject to their husbands. Other bands are matriarchies, and there is a large and powerful tribe of amazons.

Though they make up only a tenth of the population, the Almali control half of the planet's surface. Their war-bands are mobile, and every adult Almal is a warrior. Perhaps once in a millennium a warlord will unite most of the upland tribes into an unstoppable army, and conquer vast tracts of the planet. Consequently many lowland cities are ruled by a green-skinned aristocracy.

Muntelna (Cave Martians): The Muntelna are the inhabitants of Mars's extensive system of caverns and tunnels. They were driven underground during the Mikona invasion and have become adapted to their subterranean existence. At one time the Muntelna were the rulers of the surface world, but have since degenerated. They have the most advanced technology save for the Tasminra and Mikona. Their machines are slightly more advanced than current Terran designs, but the Muntelna do not really understand how any of it works. They can interbreed with Mancala.

Muntelna dislike leaving their comfortable caverns. When they do they are careful to cover themselves up in hooded cloaks, and prefer to venture forth at night. On the rare occasions they must be out in daylight they wrap themselves completely in cloths and wear heavy goggles.

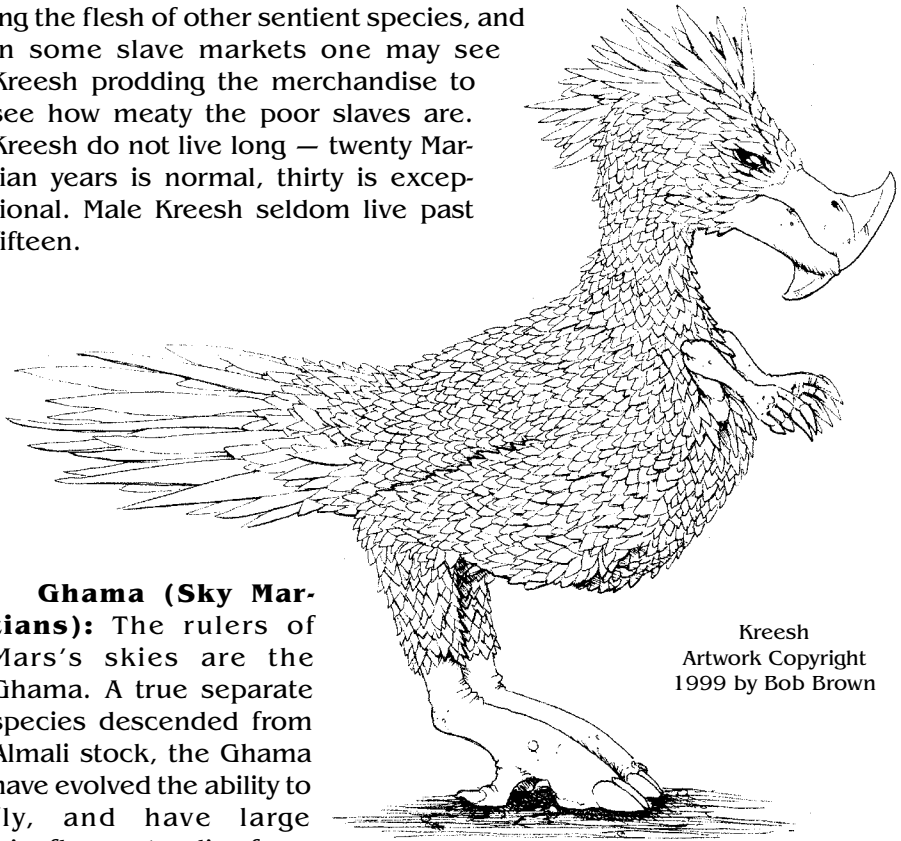
Muntelna have very pale green skin, and large all-black eyes. Their hair is either black or silver, and both sexes begin going bald at puberty. Muntelna do not naturally live as long as their cousins on the surface; thirty to forty Martian years is the normal span. The Cave Martians extend this by means of glandular extracts taken from slaves and criminals, so their ruling class often live to a hundred.

They are tall and gaunt, and usually have a pronounced stoop. A Muntel standing erect might be seven feet tall, but the curvature of the spine reduces that to only six feet. Muntelna have large hands with long, slender fingers.

Kreesh: When the Mikora needed warriors, they took an aggressive predatory ground bird from the steppes and raised it to sentience. The Kreesh cannot fly, but run faster than a man. They have taloned hands, sharp beaks, and a bloodthirsty disposition. Kreesh have green feathers with a red crest. Kreesh sexes live separate lives — the females maintain nest-cities in the lowlands, where they raise flocks and do a little farming. The males are nomadic traders, hunters, and warriors in the uplands. Female Kreesh have about the same technology as the Mancalaasthrin, but males live a stone-age existence.

The Kreesh once rose against their Mikona overlords, and for a time they were the masters of the lowlands. Martians have long memories, and even now Kreesh are feared and hated by the other races of Mars.

Kreesh are omnivores, but prefer to eat meat rather than vegetable food. They have no compunction about eating the flesh of other sentient species, and in some slave markets one may see Kreesh prodding the merchandise to see how meaty the poor slaves are. Kreesh do not live long — twenty Martian years is normal, thirty is exceptional. Male Kreesh seldom live past fifteen.



Ghama (Sky Martians): The rulers of Mars's skies are the Ghama. A true separate species descended from Almali stock, the Ghama have evolved the ability to fly, and have large wingflaps extending from

arms to thighs. Ghama flight is accomplished by a combination of wings and body tissues impregnated with Cavorite by natural processes.

The Ghama are small by Martian standards — only the Minvra are smaller. Male Ghama are no more than six feet tall, and females seldom top five feet. Their chests and arms are enormously enlarged and muscular, but their legs are short and weak. Ghama have yellow-green skin and bristly reddish hair. Their wingflaps are thin, almost translucent, and are stiffened by ribs of cartilage. Ghama live thirty to forty Martian years on average.

They once were distributed all over Mars, but now live in isolated mountain fastnesses, or else in three flying cities constructed from the antigravity metal Cavorite. Their own technology is extremely crude and primitive, and they depend on devices stolen from other cultures. Ghama culture is based on intimidation and predatory raids on surface communities.



Ghama
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Namasda (Sand Martians): Descended from the First Martians directly, Sand Martians live in the shifting dune seas of the upland deserts, burrowing through the sand with their heavy clawed hands. They are nearly blind, but can sense vibration miles away. The sand-dwellers maintain vast burrows under the desert, where much of Mars' past is preserved. At night they emerge to sing endless songs of the planet's history. Namasda use almost no tools or artifacts, but maintain a surprising level of scientific and technical knowledge.

They have fewer fingers than other Martians — only three digits on each hand, fused into heavy claws that are clumsy at fine manipulation but lethal in combat. Their eyes are tiny and nearsighted. Namasda are covered all over with fine gold hair. They live enormously long lives, apparently without the use of any advanced medicine. It is common for a Namas to be still active at the age of a thousand Martian years.

Mikona (Demeterians): Survivors of the destruction of the lost Fifth Planet, the Mikona are an insectile species with metallic red shells and glowing multifaceted eyes. They can fly on great webby wings. Among themselves they communicate by ultrasonic twitters, and use artificial voice-boxes to speak with other races.

The Mikona are descended from six individuals who survived the destruction of Demeter in suspended animation inside a solid steel sphere. Their indestructible tomb drifted among the asteroids for millions of years until a meteorite tripped the waking device and the sleepers revived. They managed to reach Mars, and attempted to make it their world.

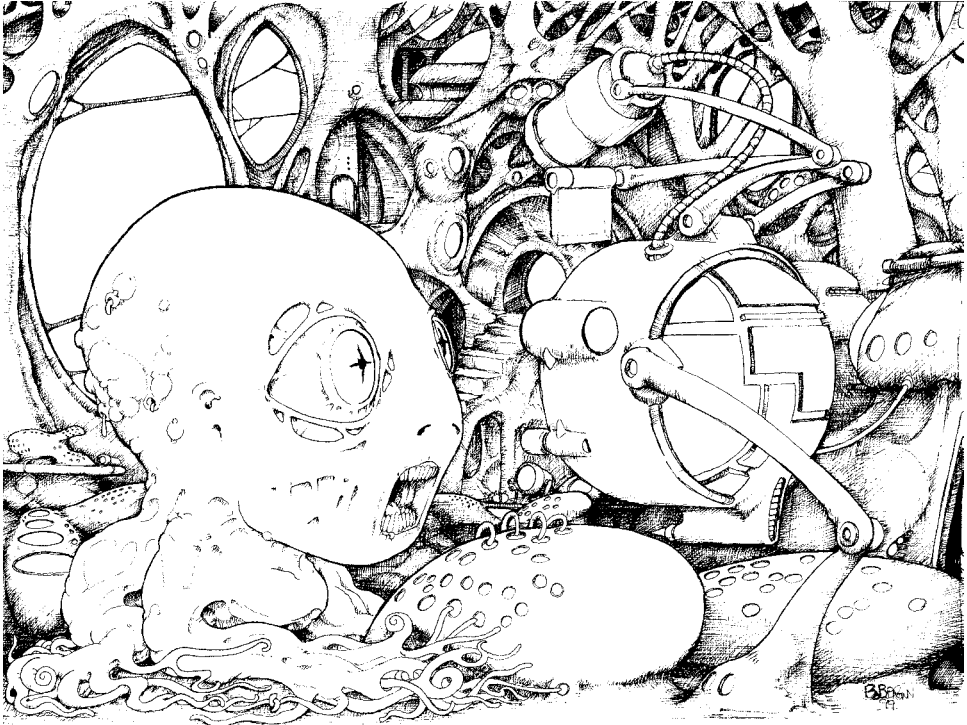
The Mikona's advanced science enabled a tiny band to conquer most of Mars, but in time they too became decadent and were overthrown. Today some remain rulers of Martian cities, while others have retreated to their refuges in the wastes of the Polar ice, where they intrigue against the Tasminra and dream of rebuilding their lost empire. Mikona have advanced technology ahead of anything on Earth, which the guard jealously. They are particularly adept at biology, and created the Minvra and the Kreesh.

Mikona live indefinite spans — unless claimed by accident, violence or disease a Miko can theoretically survive forever. At least one of the original conquerors of Mars is still alive in one of the polar cities.

Tasminra (Great Martians): The most weird and enigmatic race on Mars are also the most powerful and advanced. The Tasminra arose from the ruling scientific elite of the Fifth Martians. They are horrible to behold — huge pale heads with saucer-like eyes, standing atop bunches of twelve tentacles. Their skins are a grayish-green like wet leather. Having rid themselves of such crude functions as eating and digestion, they feed on the blood of their subject races, and view all others as lower forms of life. Seldom leaving their scattered citadels, they rule the planet as much as they care to, but spend most of their time in arcane contemplation and subtle power struggles.

Tasminra technology is incredible, even by Terran standards. They have the secret of making Cavorite, the antigravity metal, and still build a few airboats and skyships each year. The Tasminra constructed the fantastic Sky Shield generators on Phobos, which keep Mars from losing heat and atmosphere to space.

So far, no Terran has been able to meet the Tasminra face to face. (It is rumored that the tentacled Martians have purchased a few Earthling captives from Ghama raiders for scientific purposes.)



Tasminra Artwork Copyright 1999 by Bob Brown

TECHNOLOGY

Mars has a fantastic mix of technology. The Namasda are the most primitive, making use of crude implements of bone, leather and chipped stone. This is odd considering their remarkable knowledge of science. The Ghama are next up the technology scale. They (or their slaves) can work metal and make pottery. They can make gunpowder, although they lack the industrial base to forge cannon; consequently they rely heavily on rockets and firebombs. Ghama also employ a great deal of stolen equipment, and have some impressive relics of the past, including the flying cities themselves. Because the Tasminra do not sell them any more Cavorite hulls, the Ghama are quite good at making large balloons and dirigibles out of animal hides, filled with hot air.

The Almali are slightly more advanced than the Ghama, or perhaps can simply afford more complex facilities. They weave cloth, work iron, and make ceramics. They use guns and bows, and sometimes make

rockets. Almali trade more with the lowlanders, but have almost no relic superscience.

Kreesh have a split technology. Females are as advanced as the Almali or possibly more so. They weave, do fine metalwork and are adept at brewing and distilling. But male Kreesh are primitive nomads, carrying only those tools they make themselves out of stone and bone.

The Mancala are generally at a preindustrial level of technology. They make cloth, metal, ceramics and glass. They make gunpowder and distilled liquors, and make extensive use of water and wind power. Their artisans can construct some complex machinery. As builders and agriculturalists they are unequaled. Mancala make most of the guns and technological devices used by the Almali and Ghama.

The Muntelna are as advanced or more so than Victorian Earthmen, but they no longer manufacture many items and it is thought they no longer know how. They have elaborate clockwork machines and automata, digging machines and lumbering land vehicles, and delicate ornithopters. Muntelna prefer to use flame-guns rather than firearms, because they are more effective underground. They are also experts at chemistry, and make use of poison sprays, gas-bombs and lethal darts.

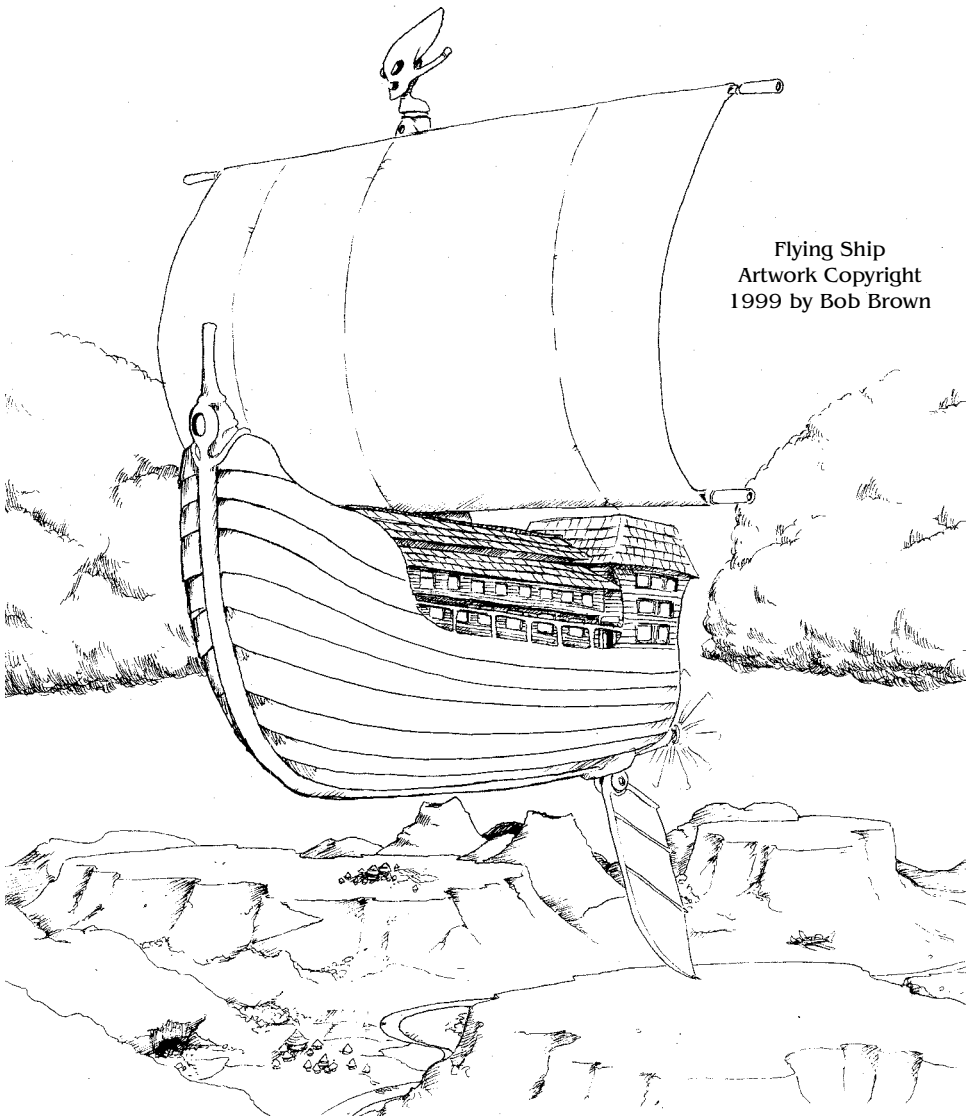
At the top of the Martian technology scale are the Mikona and Tasminra. It is not clear which are more advanced. Both have Cavorite antigravity metal, radium power, interplanetary flight, and fantastic machines. The Mikona do not depend on their machinery as much as the Tasminra, but that doesn't mean they aren't as advanced. It seems that the Mikona are marginally better at biological engineering, while the Tasminra seem to have an edge with physical technology. These may simply reflect preferences rather than capacities.

Some devices unique to Martian technology include:

Flying Ships: All flying ships have hulls made of the fantastic anti-gravity metal Cavorite, whose manufacture is still a secret of the Tasminra. Cavorite hulls can last for centuries, so despite the fact that the Tasminra produce only a few airships every year, there are some 7000 vessels in the skies over Mars.

There are exactly six types of Cavorite hull. The smallest is the 2-ton *Breezeboat*, used for couriers and pleasure craft. Next is the 8-ton *Aircutter*, often employed as a scout. The 30-ton *Windsloop* is often found in the hands of small traders or pirates. The 160-ton *Stormbark* is very common as both a merchant and a warship. The 500-ton *Cloudclipper* is the backbone of most fleets, and the huge 2000-ton *Skygalleons* are found serving only the richest cities.

A few hybrid craft exist. The Sky Martians in particular are fond of combining several hulls to make large flying catamarans or trimarans. Only they have been able to keep such ships stable; experiments by ground-dwelling Martians always end in disaster. The Muntelna and some advanced Mancala have tried to supplement the lifting power of Cavorite by adding balloons or vertical airscrews. The problem is that hydrogen balloons are very vulnerable to Heat-Ray and fire-spray attacks, while



Flying Ship
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airscrews need a constant reliable power source.

Methods of propulsion vary. New ships from the Tasminra yards are driven by airscrews powered by radium engines. The radium power source lasts 20 years before running down. What to replace it with is entirely up to the owner — some put on masts and sails, others construct crude clockwork or manpowered machines. A few use steam engines manufactured by the Muntelna.

New flying ships are generally armed with a single Heat-Ray projector. The Heat-Ray is an enormous drain on the radium power supply, so shipowners like to supplement the Ray with cannon, batteries of rockets, fire-sprays and rams.

In *Space: 1889* terms, assume Cavorite hulls have an armor value of

2 — but damage to Cavorite hulls cannot be repaired. The radium engines weigh 1/50 of the ship's capacity (minimum of 1 ton), and have enough power to give a speed of 6. The two exceptions are the Breezeboat, which has a top speed of 12, and the Aircutter, with a top speed of 9.

Heat-Rays: The terrible Martian Heat-Ray is the ultimate weapon of the Tasminra. They occasionally give or sell them to the other races, and they are prized weapons in a city's arsenal. A Heat-Ray projects a beam of intense heat with a range of half a mile. It melts metal, burns wood, cracks and shatters brick or stone, and chars men to ashes. But a Heat-Ray has certain limitations — while its radium power supply is good for years of use, the Ray must recharge briefly after each shot. It cannot simply be swept over an army like a searchlight.

Reflective metal can also block the Heat-Ray, at least at long range. Martian soldiers carry large, mirror-surfaced aluminium shields (with an inner layer of ceramic). At long range, soldiers properly shielded can withstand a Heat-Ray shot — although the blast does make their shields extremely hot and a second hit would certainly melt them. In close quarters nothing can withstand the Heat-Ray's power.

Fortunately, they are quite rare. Cities have (1 die-4) Heat-Ray projectors available in addition to those mounted aboard ships in the navy. A projector weighs 1 ton, and must either be connected to a flyer's radium engine or else have a power unit weighing another ton. Obviously, in battle an enemy's Heat-Ray projector is a prime target, so most cities keep them as a last-ditch defense on the city walls.

In *Space: 1889* terms, the Heat-Ray has a short range of 4 hexes (long range of 8). It has a Penetration of 4 at short range, 2 at long. Damage value is 4 at short range, 2 at long. *Subtract* the armor value from the damage done when penetrating armor. In *Castle Falkenstein* terms, the Heat-Ray does Horrible damage.

Catapults: A shortage of metal on Mars has made many Martian armies rely on catapults instead of cannon. Highly sophisticated designs make Martian ballistae very effective, with a range of up to a quarter of a mile. The Martians load their ballistae with a variety of projectiles, including explosives, fire-bombs, poison-bombs, smoke-bombs and occasional solid shot.

Catapults in *Space: 1889* have a short range of 1 hex and a maximum range of 2. They have a crew of 4 and fire every other turn. Explosive shells have a DV of 3 but no Penetration. Fire-bombs act like Liquid Fire, poison-bombs have a DV of 4 but only affect crew, and solid shot has a DV of 2, penetration of 1.

GOVERNMENTS

Mars has no single government, except when it does. In general, the various tribes and petty states are completely sovereign, and acknowledge no superiors. But from time to time the Tasminra will issue direc-

tives, and all Martians (possibly excepting the Mikona) obey them.

It is not known if the Tasminra have any unified government of their own. Individual citadels (or possibly just individual Tasmin) may simply order the lesser races about without consulting the others.

The rest of the planet is a patchwork of states, just like the Earth. Most of the lowland cities are rich and populous enough to maintain their independence. Large stretches of the uplands are loosely controlled by tribal warlords.

The basic unit of government in the lowlands of Mars is the city. Martian cities range from only ten thousand to nearly a million. They have a wide variety of governments — see the section below on cities. In the uplands, tribes are the most important type of government. The section on tribes below gives details of their organization.

IMPORTANT STATES

At present, there are six states on Mars which qualify as that world's Great Powers. They are: the Empire of Acidalia, the League of Free Cities, the Kingdom of Isidis, the Underground Empire, the Republic of Melas, and the Khanate of Noachis.

Acidalia: Acidalia controls the rich and fertile region south of the great Acidalia Bog, extending as far west as Tractus, eastward to the Cydonia hills, and south to the Chryse morass. It is ruled by God-Emperor Dateeris from the capital city of Acidalia. The Empire's population is five million, mostly Mancala and Minvra. Acidalia controls six major cities and some of the best agricultural land on Mars.

The Empire's economy is mostly based on farming. Though there are mines at the edge of the Tempe and Cydonia uplands, Acidalia has no industry of its own, and must import tools and weapons from the manufacturing centers at Tantalus and Mamers.

Acidalia has a very large but inefficiently run army of 22 legions, none at more than a quarter of full strength. The Empire has a formidable navy of canal barges to patrol the Acidalia Bog and fight pirate incursions. There are 18 ships in all, including three large war galleys. The Imperial air navy is good-sized, with 16 ships mostly in the middle hull sizes, including a sail Skygalleon and a clockwork Cloudclipper. One Windsloop and one Stormbark are new, and carry Heat-Rays.

The Free Cities: The League of Free Cities is an aggressive alliance of trading cities in the Elysium and Amazonis lowlands. There are four cities in the League — Eumenides, Elysium, Apollinaris Patera, and Cerberus. Together they dominate most of the other city-states in the region, and control a region boasting 4 million inhabitants.

Cerberus and Eumenides are the chief industrial cities of the League, while Elysium is a trading and financial center and Apollinaris Patera is a rich agricultural town. The League controls the canal trade south to Icaria, and the caravan routes across Eridania. Each city has its own government and is strictly sovereign about internal affairs. Apollinaris Patera is

ruled by a strong but decadent Prince who is happy to leave foreign policy to the League. Cerberus is a participatory republic. Elysium is a republic dominated by the rich, and Eumenides is a republic under the control of a popular demagogue.

The combined army of the League is small, only 6800 men in 8 half-strength legions. The canal navy is not large, but its 8 galleys are all large and well-constructed warships. The Free Cities do have one of the most powerful aerial fleets on Mars, with a total of twenty ships, including 4 great Skygalleons. Three of the ships — a Breezeboat, a Stormbark and a Cloudclipper — still have radium engines and Heat-Ray projectors.

Isidis: The Kingdom of Isidis is a new and growing rival to the power of the Free Cities. Ruled by a dynasty of mixed Mancala and Almali blood, the Kingdom controls the Isidis basin and vast tracts of the Syrtis Major uplands. Blood ties and commercial treaties with the steppe tribes have extended Isidian influence to the south, giving it control of the overland trade with Hellas and the Mare Australis. The Kingdom includes the cities of Isidis and Syrtis Major, and has a total population of two and a half million.

The Isidian economy is based on trade, ranching and herding in the uplands, and the mines of the Nilosyrtis hills to the north. King Reethag is desperately trying to modernize his realm and encourage industry, but as yet Isidis still imports most manufactures.

Isidis has a powerful army of 17,000 men in 10 full-strength legions, and a modest canal navy of 7 war barges. The Isidian aerial force is relatively weak, with only 6 vessels, all small and old, used mostly for reconaissance and scouting.

The Underground Empire: The Underground Empire is the last remnant of the dominions of the Muntelna. It comprises the Noctis Labyrinthus and extends deep under Syria and Sinai to the subterranean Last Sea. The Muntelna are xenophobic and isolationist, but their territory borders the rich Coprates Rift and controls the trade routes around Tharsis. Six million Cave Martians and a million Minvra and Mancala slaves live in the caverns of the Empire. The Underground Empire is governed by a Regency Council on behalf of the extinct dynasty of Dark Emperors. The Council is made up of the leaders of important families, companies and guilds, and exercises power through a bureaucracy of slaves and a network of spies and secret police.

The Cave Martians manufacture guns and machinery for export, raise fungi, and catch blind fish in the Last Sea. The Underground Empire imports agricultural goods from the Valles Marineris, and does a good trade with the Sky Martians of Tharsis for slaves.

For defense, the Underground Empire relies on an army of 25,400 men organized into 16 legions. The Empire has no water or aerial navy, but it does maintain a mechanized force of a hundred steam-driven Mole Tanks, and an armada of 36 giant Steam Castles.



Muntelna In Daylight
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by Bob Brown

Melas: The Republic of Melas is the richest and most powerful of the Valles Marineris city-states, and is the unofficial leader of the region. It includes the cities of Melas and Ius, along with some thirty smaller towns and a total population of 6 million. Melas controls some very rich farmland, and sits astride the trade routes following the Marineris River. Ius boasts a small manufacturing base, producing textiles and some metals.

The Republic has an army of five Legions, each with about 1500 men. The army includes two cannon batteries with 8 guns each, two rocket batteries with 6 launchers each, and one catapult battery with 10 mangonels. Melas's water navy has 14 war barges which control the Marineris River in the central part of the valley. The Republic's aerial

navy boasts 15 ships, three of which still have their radium engines and Heat-Ray projectors. The flagship is a brand-new radium-powered Skygalleon.

CITIES

The Mancala have an extensive urban culture. In the lowlands, the population density along the canals is about 100 per square mile, occupying a belt of irrigated land several miles deep (usually about 25 miles on either side of the canal). Beyond the irrigated zone are expanses of steppe, where herds graze and the population density is equivalent to that of the uplands. The canals and a few surviving river systems cover some 28,000 miles in the old seabeds. There is usually a village every 5 miles or so along the canal, with a couple of hundred people. Larger towns with a population of about a thousand are spaced about 50 miles apart. Cities with tens of thousands of inhabitants are at intervals of some 500 miles. A handful of great metropolises have populations in the hundreds of thousands, and the giant city of Ophir rivals the capitals of Europe in size.

City Generation: To determine the size of a city, roll 2 dice. On a roll of 10 or less the city has a population of 10,000 times the die roll. On an eleven or twelve, reroll the dice and multiply the result by 50,000. Cities usually control a hinterland with a population ten times that of the city itself. This territory usually includes towns in the 1-10,000 range with a total population equal to the capital city.

Most cities have one predominant race. Roll 2 dice and multiply by 10 for the percentage of the population belonging to the majority race; these will always be either Upland or Lowland Martians, depending on where the city is located. If the result is less than 70 percent, roll a second time and multiply by 5 to determine the percentage of a second race. Roll on the table below to determine the minority. In all cases the remainder are a mix of other races.

Ethnic Makeup Table: Roll 1D6 for minority races (add 1 in the lowlands):

- 1:** Winged Martians **2:** Kreesh **3:** Tunnel Martians
4-5: Uplanders/Lowlanders (whichever is not the majority)
6-7: Minvra

Government: Martian cities have a variety of government types. Many are controlled by powerful outsiders. Roll on the following table to determine who controls the city.

Control Table: Roll 1D6 for control of the city (add 1 in the lowlands)

- 1:** Sky Martians
2: Mikona (only in the north or uplands; otherwise Free City)
3-4: Free City **5:** Tasminra (roll for **Government** as if a free city)
6-7: Empire (subject to a neighboring state)

Free Cities and cities ruled by the Tasminra have their own governments. Roll on the tables below to determine what form that government takes and how much authority it has.

Government Table: Roll 1D6

1-3: Prince **4:** Republic **5:** Theocracy
6: Other (make something up or reroll)

Government Strength Table: Roll 1D6

1-3: Strong (see *Character*) **4-6:** Weak (see *Influences*)

Strong governments have a predominant character. There are two tables here, one for monarchies and theocracies, the other for republics. Roll on the appropriate table to determine the government's character.

Character of Strong Princes/Theocrats Table: Roll 1D6

1: Despotic **2-3:** Decadent **4:** Ambitious/Fanatical **5:** Benevolent
6: Councilor (roll again for Councilor's character, ignoring Decadent)

Character of Strong Republics Table: Roll 1D6

1: Aristocratic (a select class controls the government)
2: Oligarchic (ruling class exists only to preserve its own power)
3: Dictatorship (an individual or small group rules with popular support)
4: Plutocratic (government is dominated by commercial interests)
5: Democratic
6: Participatory (all decisions voted by the citizens themselves)

Influences: Weak governments are subject to outside influences; these influences are the actual rulers. Roll twice to determine influences on a weak government — the first influence is the most important, but the second is also strong and keeps the first from totally taking over. When the roll is the same, it means two factions of the same type.

Influences on Weak Princes/Theocracies Table: Roll 1D6

1: Foreign (a neighboring state or great power)
2: Priests (Mob in a Theocracy) **3:** Nobles
4: Merchants **5:** Bureaucracy **6:** Army

Influences on Weak Republics Table: Roll 1D6

1: Foreign **2:** Priests **3:** Merchants **4:** Army
5: Demagogue (a popular leader is in the process of taking over — once he has complete control this will be a Strong Dictatorship) **6:** Mob Rule

Economics: All cities are centers of trade and manufacturing. The local specialties depend heavily on where the city is located. Upland cities tend to be devoted to mining, metalworking, meatpacking and the caravan trade. Lowland cities make textiles and glassware, trade grain

and spices, and are canal ports.

Determine a city's wealth on the following table. Poor cities have a per capita income of about 7 gold ducats per year. In average cities the income is about 10 ducats per Martian year, and in rich cities the per capita income is 15 ducats per year. The tax rate is usually about 20 percent. Hinterland towns are automatically poor, and the rural peasants generate about half a ducat per person per year.

Wealth Table: Roll 1D6 (subtract 1 in the uplands):

1-2: Poor **3-4:** Average **5-6:** Rich

Military Forces: It costs about 200 ducats to train, pay, feed and equip a soldier for a Martian year (including administrative overhead and so forth). Divide the government revenue by 200 to see how many soldiers a city can afford to keep up. Thrifty or peaceful states may have smaller armies, in order to save money for emergencies. Only republics can have larger armies — a Dictatorship, Democratic or Participatory republic can field volunteer forces equal to 1 percent of the city's population. This is in addition to the professional soldiers paid out of tax revenues.

Armies are organized in legions. A full-strength legion has 12 companies, each with 144 men, for a total complement of 1728 soldiers. In actual practice, few legions are at maximum strength, and most have between 200 and 1500 troops. Cities generally have one artillery battery (cannon, rockets, or catapults) per legion. A battery can have anywhere from one to twelve weapons.

Navies: There are two types of naval forces — canal and aerial. Canal boats are cheap, and civilian vessels can be readily pressed into military service. Aerial vessels are rare and expensive, usually acquired only as a gift from the Tasminra.

Roll two dice to determine the percentage of a city's military strength involved in the canal navy. War barges have crews of 50 to 200 men (mostly rowers). Richer cities can afford large custom-build warships with bigger crews. So if a city has, say, seventy thousand people and a standing army of 700 men, it is likely to have only one small galley in its navy. The number of airships is equal to the city's urban population divided by 10,000, *divided by* one die result (round down). Airships have crews of 20 to 200 men, depending on size and method of propulsion. City rulers always make sure their airships are fully manned, even if it means reducing the army to a handful. Roll a die for each ship to see what its hull type is, and roll again to see how old it is — on a roll of 1 the ship is new and still has its radium engines and Heat-Ray projector. Otherwise it is an old hull fitted with cannon and sails or turncranks.

GREAT CITIES OF MARS

Aureum: The largest and richest of the lowland cities, Aureum has a population of 300,000 and controls a fertile basin with four million inhabitants. It is famed for the gilded domes of its buildings and the spec-

tacular fountains that grace every plaza. Aureum is a magnet for artists, scholars and philosophers. It would undoubtedly be a great power but for the weakness and corruption of its government. The Republic of Aureum has been ruled for millennia by the aristocrats who control most of the land around the city. Clever manipulation by envoys from Gangis, Eos and Chryse has left Aureum a virtual colony of those cities. Each foreign government has its faction in the Senate, and the only thing which has preserved Aureum's independence is that the three foreign powers don't want such a rich prize to fall to their rivals.

Chryse: A wealthy city at the south end of the Chryse Morass, this is also the center of Terran activity on Mars. Chryse has 100,000 inhabitants, and sits amid lush farmland. It is built at the mouth of the Marineris River, making it a vital trade nexus. The city is governed by Prince Fendrisht, a jolly monarch who is deeply in debt to the city's merchant community. Consequently Chryse is effectively ruled by the merchants. After some initial hesitation, the financial lords of Chryse decided that trade with Earth would be a good thing, and made their city open to alien settlement.

Chryse is located on a crescent-shaped island at the mouth of the Marineris River, with a splendid artificial harbor inside the horns of the crescent. A long causeway connects it with the shore. The city's buildings are covered in green tile, and some fanciful Terran writers have called it "The Martian Atlantis."

Because of its impregnable position, Chryse doesn't need a strong military. Chryse's army consists of a single legion of 1600 men. The bulk of the legion is run on traditional lines, armed with bows and muskets. But one company of 144 men is now equipped and trained along modern European lines. The city has only two small war barges in its navy, and an aerial fleet of 5 ships (a Breezeboat, an Aircutter, a Windsloop, and two Stormbarks). The flying ships are all man-powered and armed with rockets.

Kasei: Strategically located at the narrow mouth of the Kasei valley, Kasei is a small city that has dared to stand up to the giant Empire of Acidalia — and win. Kasei has only 50,000 inhabitants, although its valley is home to more than a million. The city's economy is based on farming and mining, but it is not a major industrial center. It is built on the top of a giant dam that spans the mouth of Kasei Vallis, which was once part of a system to keep the waters of the Kasei River for irrigation.

Twice during the past hundred years, Acidalia has sent troops to besiege Kasei, and twice the city has resisted. The most recent Siege of Kasei, in 1846, lasted two Martian years. Kasei has been fortunate to be governed by the Th'Treenith dynasty for the past couple of centuries. While the Th'Treenith rulers have been amiable and charismatic, they have a real gift for picking geniuses as ministers. The de facto ruler of Kasei is the formidable Vizier Icheeluri, whose careful economy and shrewd diplomacy have made Kasei more powerful than its mere size could warrant.

Eos: Located at the mouth of the Marineris valley, Eos is the Sacred City for many Martians. Four of the planet's great religions were born in Eos, and the city has more than three thousand temples. By far the most impressive is the Temple of the Celestial Fire, with its hundred-foot dome of cut crystal blocks. Eos has a population of 250,000, and controls a fertile basin with 2 million inhabitants. Its economy is based on farming, trade, and pilgrimage. Each year close to a million people visit Eos to pray at the temples, purify themselves in the waters of the Marineris River, and prepare for burial in the catacombs of Erythraeum. Eos is ruled by a Supreme Synod of priests, but the real power is in the hands of the city's bureaucracy of monks and eunuchs.

Icaria: The greatest city in the southern uplands, Icaria boasts 90,000 people within its walls, and dominates the tribes of Sirenum and the Icaria desert. It controls the only active canal linking the northern lowlands with the Mare Australis, and is a very important nexus for trade and commerce of all kinds. The city itself is covered by a large dome of glass and steel, for protection against sandstorms and marauding Ghama. At the center of the dome is a smaller dome, covering the residence of Icaria's ruler, the Priest-Khan Zagrobul. Zagrubul, like most of the ruling class, is of pure Upland Martian descent. His tribe conquered Icaria nine hundred years ago, and the tribal Khans assumed the title of the ruling High Priests. Icaria is home to a substantial population of Kreesh, who make up the bulk of the city's army.

Olympia: Olympia is a prosperous upland city on the lower slopes of Olympus Mons. Ancient mines nearby produce copper and silver, and the canal route from the south brings a steady flow of trade. Olympia has 150,000 people, a mix of Mancala, Almali and Minvra. But the rulers are all Sky Martians, who jealously keep their bloodlines pure by marrying only among themselves. The Sky Martian clans choose a king by ritual combat every six Martian years. The king rules the city through a corps of Overseers — mostly tough Upland mercenaries. The city itself is built on a series of terraces set on a steep cliff face.

Utopia: A rich city in the lowlands north of Isidis, Utopia has 100,000 people. Though it has a strong ruler in its despotic Prince Vularv, the city is actually controlled by the Tasminra who dwell in their citadel at the center of town. The tentacled Martians protect the city with their super-scientific devices, but demand a terrible price — the blood of five hundred Martians every week. If the tithe had to come from the people of Utopia, the city would be empty in a couple of years, but Vularv has a powerful air fleet and a strong legion of soldiers, and mounts quarterly raids on the upland tribes to the west, the Ghama to the east, and nearby cities in the lowlands. The prisoners from these attacks go to his tentacled masters. In between wars, Vularv buys slaves in all the nearby markets.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

While it is impossible to give a complete description of all the important places on Mars, the sites below are the Red Planet's most significant features.

Tasminra Citadels: The tentacled Tasminra dwell apart from the other races in great towering citadels of steel, glass and stone. Some of these complexes are located in or near cities of the Mancala. Others are hidden away in the middle of deserts or mountains. All are wonders of super-science. Tasminra citadels are generally inhabited by about a thousand Tasminra, and four to nine thousand of their servitors — Mancala, Minvra and Muntelna. They are entirely self-contained, powered by radium furnaces, with deep shafts to draw up water from underground aquifers. Citadels are defended by the fearsome tripod Fighting-Machines of the Tasminra, along with fleets of airships and batteries of Heat-Rays.

The Cydonia Face: In the hills of Cydonia stands one of the most impressive and enigmatic of Mars's antiquities. A giant stone head, nearly two miles long, stares upward from the desert plain. Nearby stand the ruins of a city. The head is of a Martian, wearing some sort of ceremonial headgear. It is best viewed from the air, as it is somewhat flattened in profile.

Various legends identify the head with gods, mythological characters, or historical figures. It was apparently built about the same time as the upland canal system, presumably using the same advanced techniques. Rumors persist that there are chambers hidden under or inside the Head — certainly it is large enough to contain hundreds of rooms. But nobody has ever found chambers and lived to tell of it.

Mons Olympus: The tallest mountain in the Solar System, Mons Olympus looms thirteen miles above the surrounding highlands. The crater at the top is 50 miles wide, and the base of the mountain is more than 300 miles across. It is permanently snowcapped, and is surrounded by ancient lava flows. Olympus (and its neighboring peaks Pavonis, Arsia and Ascraeus) is a volcano, and the crater is still filled with vapor from geysers and hot springs.

Olympus is sacred to the Sky Martians, who do their best to keep interlopers away from the great peak. Amid the sulphurous vapors and boiling lakes of the caldera they hold their bloody religious rites.

The Labyrinth of Night: East of the Tharsis highlands is a region where the crust of Mars is cracked and shattered into a maze of deep rifts and mesas. Running water has carved smaller canyons, making the whole region a vast labyrinth. This is the Noctis Labyrinthus — the Labyrinth of Night. The region is a study in contrasts. The uplands around and within the Labyrinth are barren desert, but a mile down, at the bottom of the rifts, there are springs, rivers and a thriving ecology.

The Labyrinth is the last part of the surface world claimed by the Muntelna, and there are many entrances in the chasm walls leading to their caverns. But the miles of twisting valleys and side-channels make it impossible for anyone to really rule Noctis Labyrinthus. Bandit gangs and rebels find the Labyrinth a safe haven.

The Valles Marineris: Stretching away eastward from Noctis Labyrinthus is the giant canyon system of Valles Marineris. Carved by the mighty Marineris River, the valley is two miles deep and a hundred miles wide in places. For five million years this valley has been the center of civilization on Mars. One-sixth of the total population of the planet dwells in the valley, and twenty great cities ornament its length.

The Marineris River now flows through a vast network of dikes and irrigation channel, carefully designed to spread water and silt without causing erosion or the buildup of salt. No part of the valley is left untended — stone terraces climb the lower slopes of the valley walls, and above them tower colossal ancient statues, a mile tall.

The soil of the valley is fertile, so its cities are rich and their rulers are strong. Nobody has been able to unite the entire valley under one rule since the fall of the Ophir Empire, sixteen thousand years ago. The largest and richest city is Melas, which controls the wide central portion of the valley.

The Great Argyre Wall: The Martians claim that demons dwell within the Argyre basin. Or maybe just one demon. Or maybe gods. The stories differ, but one thing is true: an entire section of Martian uplands, a province the size of Texas, is completely surrounded with a gigantic stone wall a hundred feet tall. Skyship captains avoid the region, and the few ships that venture over the region never return. The most alarming feature of the Argyre Wall is the enormous gate at the eastern end. It is sixty feet high and thirty feet wide, made of solid bronze — and is locked from the *inside*.

The Polar Caps: Source of life-giving water, the polar icecaps of Mars are places of bitter cold. The northern icecap is on a raised plateau, surrounded by the basin that once held the Boreal Sea. Only the Mikona, born on a much colder planet, can survive in comfort on the ice. There, they have constructed cities of crystal and glittering metal. The Mikona cities stand on the plateau, and their influence extends to the northernmost states in the basin.

By contrast, the south pole was once a sea. The old seabed south of about 70 latitude is now mostly tundra, with a permafrost layer imprisoning much of the water needed elsewhere on Mars. In the summers, enough melts to form small lakes and meandering rivers, which feed into the great canals to be pumped northwards. But the tundra vegetation supports a thriving ecology, and hunters of the southern tribes trade furs and animal musk to the warmer regions.

Lost Cities: Mars has been home to dozens of civilizations, and there are doubtless ancient cities hidden all over the Red Planet's surface. But when Martians speak of "Lost Cities" they usually mean the ancient civilization of Hellas, now buried by the dunes of the Sand Sea. The Hellas basin was once a sea of water rather than sand, and it was the cradle of the first Martian civilization. The drying of the planet struck the Mare Hellanium first, and it was only the immense efforts of the Third Martians that kept the basin irrigated. But when civilization began to decline, the enormous pumps needed to lift water over the mountains failed. The canals dried up and the topsoil turned to sand. Six great cities were abandoned.

Swamps: In the deepest basins of the lowlands, all that remains of the ancient Martian seas are the great swamplands of the Red Planet. The largest swamps are the Great Acidalia Bog, seven hundred miles across, and the Chryse Morass, 200 miles across. The Acidalia Bog freezes over in the winter — though decaying vegetation releases enough heat to keep the surface treacherous. The swamplands are natural refuges for pirates and brigands, who sometimes raid nearby cities.

Caverns of the Muntelna: The Muntelna dwell in vast cave systems underlying much of the Martian uplands. Their caves extend under Tharsis, Syria and Sinai, opening into the Noctis Labyrinthus and the walls of the great Valles Marineris. A second complex underlies the Amenthes region, running all the way from the shores of the Mare Elysium to the Hellas Sand Sea. Lit by glowing fungi, the caves hold Muntelna factories, mushroom farms and the pens where they raise giant grubs. Their cities are carved from the living rock, dimly-lit complexes extending down thousands of feet below the surface.

The Underground Sea: The Last Sea of Mars is invisible. It is sailed only by the black ships of the Muntelna, and lies beneath the Syria highlands. It is believed to be about the size of Lake Ontario on Earth, and extends through several vast caves. Visitors to the Muntelna realm report that the sea is inhabited by giant luminous creatures — the last survivors of things that once swam the oceans of Mars.

Sandships: In the sandy Hellas and Tyrrhenia basins, shifting dunes cover a region 2000 miles across. Not even the hardy, eight-legged Oontha can cross the sea of sand. Anything that stops to rest is soon buried by windblown sand. So to sail this sea, Almali tribesmen have built ships. The sandships ride on wide runners made of tough bronze. Tall sails catch the ceaseless wind and drive the ships along. In *Space: 1889* terms, sandships are usually Hull Size 4 or so, driven by sails. Each row of hull damage reduces the maximum speed by 1. Combat involving sandships is resolved as per *Sky Galleons of Mars*, except that sandships obviously must remain on the surface. A "Loss of Trim" damage result means the sandship has tipped over and become mired in the sand.

Echus Colossi: By far the most impressive feature of the Martian landscape is its immense age. Even the most remote wilderness shows signs of past civilizations. One awesome remnant is the vast series of statues carved into the edge of the Echus Chasm. Looming as much as two miles high, the statues are hewn from solid granite bedrock. Their surfaces are fused to a glassy smoothness. Are they the figures of kings? Or gods? Not even the Martians can say. Many of the statues stand over ancient springs, and water still flows from a few of these. Others have doorways at their feet, leading into the cliffs.

Flying Cities of the Ghimaasthrin: Three tribes of Ghimaasthrin dwell in great flying cities, a relic of the great civilizations of the past. The cities are enormous disks of the antigravity metal Cavorite, a mile in diameter. The upper surfaces are piled with buildings — mostly crude structures of the Ghimaasthrin, but with a few towering relics of the city builders.

Only one of the flying cities can still change altitude, by means of adjustable Cavorite panels. The other two must be ballasted and kept aloft by hot-air balloons or trained flying lizards. The cities are heavily armed, and carry fleets of smaller ships. One city remains over the Elysium highlands, a second controls Tharsis, and the third one can usually be found near the Hellas basin.

The Sky-Shield: Mars keeps its breathable atmosphere and comfortable temperature because of the fantastic Sky-Shield constructed by the Tasminra eons ago. The Shield is created by colossal machines on Phobos, Mars's inner moon. It forms a barrier which prevents heat and air molecules from escaping. The Shield is strongest when Phobos is overhead; space vessels cannot pass through when the moon is in sight. Phobos itself is also protected by the Shield — only the Tasminra know the secret commands that shut down the generators and allow their vehicles to reach the moon. At night the Sky-Shield is visible as a faint aurora in the sky when Phobos is overhead.

LIFE FORMS OF MARS

Vegetation: Plant life on Mars does not use green pigments for photosynthesis. Instead, Martian plants range from orange to very dark red. Trees grow to immense heights in the low gravity. Many plants have elaborate roots to gather and hold water.

The grasses of the uplands are pale orange and very wiry, often with barbed edges. The Upland Martians make strong ropes from the tough grass fibers. Scattered about the uplands are small clumps of Martian cacti, which have skin tough enough to turn a bullet, and three-inch thorns tipped with poison.

In the lowlands, the grasses are darker orange in color, and not as tough. Special soft varieties thrive on grazing land. Small forests of tall trees dot the lowlands. The trees have red or maroon leaves, and often stand three hundred feet tall.

There are many crops grown on Mars. Along the canals, where water is plentiful, the Martians grow starchy tubers and three-lobed melons. Orchards bear ribbonfruit and clear berries. Large irrigated fields grow the staple grains. A species of cactus is raised along dead canals in the uplands.

Commercial plants are many and various. The toroidal Janka fruit gives a dark blue juice which is made into wines and brandies. Hagool paste, made from the roots of the Hagool bush, induces vivid dreams and hallucinations. The thorns of the Kshteen vine contain a venom which acts as a potent aphrodisiac on most Martians. The rust-red fungus that grows in the shifting sands of the great deserts produces Langeem spice, which is said to give one mystic powers of perception. Ground and roasted Hembine root is used to make a stimulating beverage. When boiled, the Ogdiin grass makes a vivid green dye. The juice of the Ireenusthaan plant acts as a nerve stimulant; when painted on the skin it makes all sensations much more powerful.

Animals: The animal life of Mars is very diverse and sophisticated. In general, the mammal-analogues have four limbs and the reptile-analogues have eight.

Oonthas are a common riding beast — eight-legged lizards which store water in the loose wattles of their throats. A prime Oontha weighs about a thousand pounds and stands six feet high at the shoulder.

Another common mount is the Rakky. Rakkies are two-legged flightless birds, with silky green feathers and sharp beaks and claws. A Rakky cannot travel long distances, but over short hauls can sprint at up to twenty miles per hour.

The largest domestic beast is the Kalan, a long-necked mammal weighing eight to ten tons. Kalans can pull immense loads, and their supple necks are often used as living cranes.

Meat comes from herds of Breedtash or the long-horned Roongels of the uplands. The Sky Martians keep small herds of lithe mountain Pentalees in their hills, while the Muntelna raise giant grubs for food.

Mars is also home to a few species of dangerous predator. While most large creatures were hunted to extinction during the various past civilizations, new predators have evolved or been created artificially.

The Strookh is a vicious creature descended from scavenger vermin in Martian cities. It is a lizard, with eight legs and a narrow body about a yard long. Its small flat head holds a mouthful of sharp teeth. Strookhs lurk in sewers, ruins and caves, in bands of up to a dozen. Individually they are cowardly, but are clever enough to know when they outnumber an enemy.

The Urroth was created by the Mikona as a biological weapon, and still plagues the uplands. Urroth eggs lie dormant in dry soil, often for decades at a time. When the ground is wet — either by a rare fall of rain or by irrigation — a horde of hungry little Urroth hatch. The creatures are vicious, ravenous, and grow rapidly. They can reach man-size in about

three months. An Urroth is derived from lizard stock, and has eight legs. Four are for running, two are tipped with big sharp slashers, and two are clever manipulating paws. They are about as intelligent as a raccoon or a cat. Urroth hide underground or in treetops during the day, emerging at night to hunt. They have superb night vision and can track prey by smell.

The highland Ninilo-manotu is the last great carnivore survivor of the days when Mars teemed with life. A large yellow-furred mammal weighing close to a ton, it runs on two legs, holding its body horizontal. The Ninilo's massive head holds a mouthful of jagged, knife-shaped fangs. Its front limbs have completely atrophied away. Ninilo-manotus are solitary hunters, patrolling vast territories of steppe and desert looking for prey.

TERRANS ON MARS

When the American ship *Viking* landed outside the city of Chryse in July 1876, a new era began for both Mars and Earth. To the Terrans, Mars was a vast new market and a source of amazing relics of super-science. To the Martians, the Earthmen were another set of would-be conquerors.

Today, more than twenty years later, the Terrans have carved a place for themselves on Mars. The much-feared colonial conquest of Mars has failed to occur, but that hasn't prevented Earthmen from making great changes to Martian society and politics.

The main center of Terran activity on Mars is the city of Chryse. Five Great Powers have formal embassies there — Britain, France, Germany, the United States and Russia. Another eight countries have consulates in Chryse. At present there are some 1500 Earthmen on Mars, and about a third of that number are in Chryse. The enclave includes traders, diplomats, missionaries and scientists. Almost no Earthwomen have made the voyage; the 50 women in Chryse represent nearly all the female Terrans on the planet.

Terran trade with Mars is lucrative: merchants from Earth sell steel, machinery, guns and pearls. They ship home Cavorite, curios, cloth, drugs and handcrafts. Tourism is still only for the rich and adventurous, but several entrepreneurs look forward to the day when steamers will carry package tours up the Marineris River.

The political influence of the Great Powers of Earth is growing. Though the largest Terran armed force on the planet is a single platoon of U.S. Marines guarding the Embassy compound in Chryse, Earth's diplomats have been busy making alliances with Martian states and cultivating the friendship of mercantile interests. And back on Earth, a considerable fraction of the imported Cavorite has gone into building interplanetary cruisers capable of bringing an army to Mars.

The past twenty years have seen Terrans get their foot in the door on Mars. Now the scramble for the Red Planet is about to begin in earnest.

COLONEL BLIMP ON MARS

OR

AN INTRODUCTION TO SPACE: 1889

BY MARK CLARK

Everything Jules Verne could have written; everything H. G. Wells should have written; everything A. Conan Doyle thought of but never published – because it was too fantastic.

So reads the text on the back of the rulebook for the roleplaying game *Space: 1889*. Given such extravagant claims, do the contents inside live up to their billing? Surprisingly, the answer is yes. The setting is fascinating and offers a wide variety of novel settings for adventure, and the wide variety of supplements published allow even the most inexperienced gamemaster to easily put together a campaign. This article is an overview of the *Space: 1889* universe, with an evaluation of the various materials published for the game.

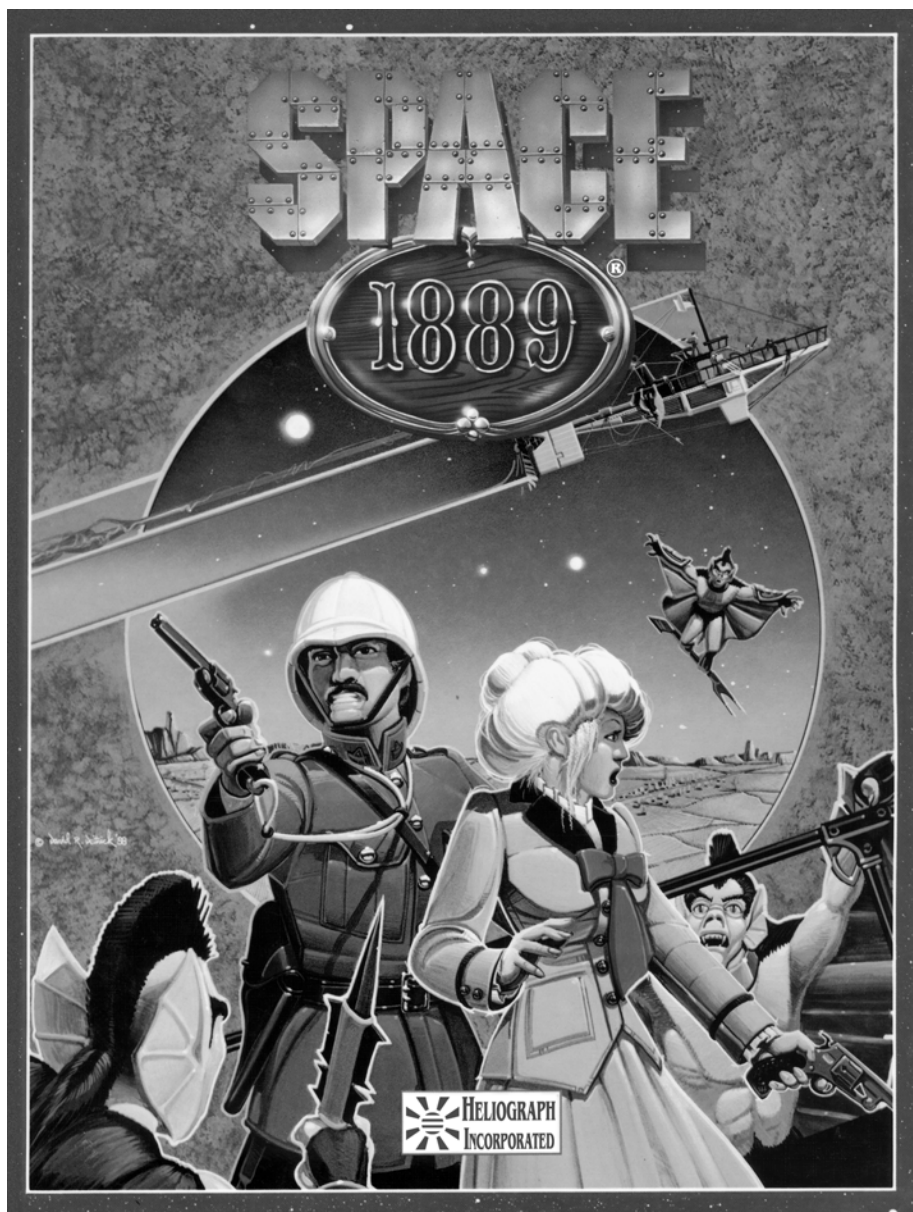
PUBLISHING HISTORY

Released in 1988 by GDW, *Space: 1889* was inspired by the classic science fiction of Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. It was the first of a series of “steampunk” roleplaying games published in the late 1980s and early 1990s (a trend that owed much to the publication in 1991 of the novel *The Difference Engine* by William Gibson and Bruce Sterling). *Space: 1889* is the direct ancestor of such popular games as *Castle Falkenstein* and *Deadlands*, as well as a number of other less well known efforts. The game is notable for combining a historical setting with advanced technology, most significantly space flight.

Space: 1889 differs from subsequent steampunk games in that it is fundamentally a science fiction game. Unlike later rpgs, which incorporate fantasy (*Castle Falkenstein*) or the supernatural (*Deadlands*), all of the elements of the *Space: 1889* game universe are based on science and technology, albeit with physical laws somewhat different than our own (more on that later).

Although *Space: 1889* originally went out of print in 1994, Helio-graph is reprinting all of the GDW *Space: 1889* books with the sole exception of the *Soldier’s Companion*. See the advertisement on page 168 for more information on obtaining them.

An annotated list of all of the material produced for *Space: 1889* is included as an appendix to this article, so I will not bore you with a complete listing here. It is worth noting, however, that GDW attempted to produce materials that would appeal to various audiences. As a result, there are a variety of roleplaying adventures, a computer roleplaying game, rules for miniatures, and several board games, all in the *Space:*



1889 setting. Taken together, they provide a rich background for adventure — the following descriptions of the game universe is drawn from these books and other materials.

SETTING

Space: 1889 is set in an alternate universe, similar to our own but with significantly different physics. The inspiration for the setting comes primarily from the science fiction of the late 19th century.

The *Space: 1889* timeline begins to diverge from our own in the

late 1860s with the proof of the existence of the ether. A theoretical construct first proposed by René Descartes in 1638, the ether was described by 19th century scientists as the medium through which light waves and other types of energy were transmitted as vibrations. In our own universe, the ether theory was discredited by experiments done in the late 19th century and was replaced by relativistic and quantum physics.

In the *Space: 1889* universe, however, the ether exists, and its existence makes travel between the planets possible. In 1868, Thomas Edison, inspired by the theories of the physicist Étienne Moreau, built and tested a device to manipulate the ether. When he found it would not work, he consulted with Moreau, who suggested that the atmosphere was interfering with the device, and that it would work if taken to a sufficiently high altitude.

In 1870, attaching his invention to a balloon, he and the Scottish explorer and soldier-of-fortune Jack Armstrong became the first humans to leave the Earth's atmosphere, landing on Mars and returning unharmed. Edison and Armstrong brought back electrifying news — Mars was inhabited! Within a year dozens of companies were building flyers based on Edison's design, and the race to explore the solar system was on.

Mars was the focus of much of the earliest exploration, and while humans found a great deal there that was interesting (described in more detail later in this article), the most interesting was the second major difference between the *Space: 1889* universe and our own: liftwood. Grown only on certain high-altitude groves on Mars, the wood of the liftwood tree has a unique quality — it resists the force of gravity. Ships equipped with liftwood panels can fly, and so the Martian skies are filled with warships and trading vessels.

Humans have been quick to take advantage of this new material, and European gunboats now sail the skies of Mars (and Earth as well). Liftwood is rare and expensive, however, and many of the colonial struggles on Mars have their roots in the liftwood plantations. Most liftwood is used now to build spacecraft, liftwood being safer and more easily controlled than balloons for lifting ether engines above the atmosphere.

What humans have found in the decades since space travel became possible is a solar system that is teeming with life. So far, the limits of exploration are defined by the asteroid belt — space ships are powered by solar boilers, and the Sun's rays are inadequate to go further out. All of the planets within the asteroid belt are inhabited by sentient life at various stages of cultural development, and there are a wide variety of adventure opportunities.

MERCURY

The innermost planet, Mercury, is a tidally locked world, with one side always facing the Sun, the other the void of outer space. Between the cold of the dark side and the heat of the light side, there is a narrow 100-mile wide temperate zone that circles the globe. All around the

zone runs the World River, linking the various lakes and small seas, its flow driven by Coriolus effects. Along the river, exotic plant life and primitive shelled creatures (similar to those common on Earth during the Palæozoic Age) make their home.

Largely unexplored, there is only one permanent human settlement, a British scientific outpost named Princess Christiana Station with less than a hundred residents. While molten tin and lead on the hot side of the planet and frozen fields of ammonia and carbon dioxide on the cold side are potential commercial products, the extremes of heat and cold have made exploitation impractical to date.

A recent scientific expedition to the dark side of Mercury has reported exotic life forms living in the extreme cold. Their body chemistry is based on ammonia, and the creatures cataloged included a primitive race vaguely resembling spiders or crabs. The expedition managed to establish communication with them, and they proved helpful in exploration of the area. (see the article "Dwellers in the Dark" in *Challenge* #52 for more details).

VENUS

Beneath a constant shroud of clouds, Venus is a swamp world drenched by nearly continuous rainfall. Much of the surface is covered by a shallow ocean that averages less than ten feet deep. The plants are similar to those of the Mesozoic age of Earth, and dinosaurs roam the jungles.

Venus is home to the Lizardmen, a race of intelligent humanoids. Most of them roam the jungles in small bands, though some of the more advanced tribes had developed agriculture before the arrival of Europeans. Recently, several countries have set up trading stations, where merchants exchange tools and rubber items for the exotic plants harvested by the Lizardmen. Venusian plants are much in demand on Earth as ingredients in drugs and dyes, and collectors of fine flowers find Venusian blooms to be of great beauty.

The exploration of Venus has been hampered by the constant storms and rain, which make aerial scouting dangerous. A more significant complication, however, is the effect that the Venusian magnetic field has on liftwood. It causes the wood to rapidly lose its anti-gravity properties. In fact, the first three British expeditions to the planet failed to return when their flyers were unable to reach flight altitude. It was not until the German expedition of 1879-80, which used hydrogen gas for lift, that the truth was learned from the few survivors of the earlier expeditions. German mastery of Zeppelin technology has meant that they have dominated the exploration of Venus ever since.

Venus is hot and damp — the few human settlers make their homes in the highlands which are cooler and lack swamps. The British, Russians, and Italians have all set up colonies, but by far the largest European settlement is that of the German empire. Its capital, Venusstadt, is the largest and most civilized city on the planet — the residence of the Governor and his family boasts an air conditioning system!

THE MOON

On the surface, the Earth's Moon appears to be barren and devoid of life. Yet that is literally a surface impression — beneath the lunar surface lies a series of interconnected caverns and tunnels that is the home of a complex ecosystem and not one, but two races of intelligent beings. One of those races, the insect-like Selenites, are native to the Moon, and live a primitive existence harvesting fungus for food. Their society is described in detail in the *Space: 1889* rulebook.

The second race, the mysterious Moon Men, are descended from a group that escaped from the planet Vulcan before it was destroyed to create the Asteroid Belt. They are the decadent descendants of an advanced technological people, and live deep within the Moon in the City of Light and Science, surrounded by machines that they no longer understand.

Very little of the Moon has been explored, and no doubt other mysteries await discovery below its surface.

MARS

The *Space: 1889* system has more published information about Mars than any other planet, and most published adventures are set on that planet. This is not surprising, because Mars is by far the most complex and interesting setting in the *Space: 1889* universe.

Mars is the first planet explored by humans, and in 1889 is being colonized and subjugated by the European powers. The English, French, Germans, Russians, Belgians, and Japanese all have established colonies there, and American traders are everywhere in evidence. The reasons are plain — liftwood is a valuable commodity, and the growing importance of aerial navies has made many countries desirous of establishing their influence on Mars. Moreover, in addition to liftwood there are other Martian products that bring a good price on Earth, and the huge Martian population is a ready market for European manufactured goods.

Mars is much older than Earth, and over time has gradually lost its water and has become hot and dry. The only thing that makes life possible over much of the planet is the enormous canal system. Built long ago before Martians became decadent and weak, the canal system is an amazing feat of engineering. Criss-crossing the globe, the canals bring water from the annual melting of the polar icecaps. Powerful pumps lift water over mountains, huge bridges span valleys, and other devices link the canals to make them avenues of commerce, all powered by mysterious sources of energy beyond current human understanding.

Martian cities are at the intersections of canals, where they serve as centers for trade. The canals are not entirely watertight — the small leaks create aquifers along the banks that support crops and small villages. The canal system is old, however, and not all of the ancient pumps still work or ancient bridges stand. As a result, many of the canals no longer have running water, and serve only as caravan routes

across the harsh deserts.

There are three distinct Martian cultures. The most advanced is made up of the Canal Martians. They live along the canals and in the Martian cities. Tall (well over 6 feet), with pointed ears and pale ocher skin, they vaguely resemble the elves of human myth. Their hands, like other Martians, have only three fingers along with a thumb. Canal Martian food is much like human food, though more spicy.

Their level of social and technological development is roughly that of Europe in the Renaissance. Each city is ruled by a royal family, their armies use black powder muzzleloaders, and horse-like Gashants are the main means of ground transportation. Although civilized, they are clearly a culture in decline, with baroque and incomprehensible art and science that lacks the innovative spark. Nowhere is this decline clearer than in the arena of government, which in Martian cities is almost incomprehensibly bureaucratic and extraordinarily corrupt.

The second Martian culture is that of the Hill Martians. They are slightly shorter and stockier than Canal Martians (but still average slightly over 6 feet in height), and their skin color tends toward a golden brown with brown or red hair.

They are frontiersmen of Martian society, living beyond the power of the Canal Martian governments. They have a variety of cultures, but their social structures most closely resemble those of human nomads like the Sioux of North America or the Tartars of Asia. Their government is tribal, usually based on clans. Many Hill Martians have never encountered humans — since they respect courage, determination, and skill with weapons, humans who demonstrate those traits are the most likely to be well received.

Finally, we come to the savage High Martians. In physical appearance they resemble the other Martian races, but are much shorter and walk with a stooped, apelike posture. Their skin is dark, their hair is black, and they have wing membranes under their arms. These wings aid them in flight — High Martians have a lifting gland that cancels gravity in much the same way as liftwood does.

High Martians live far from civilization in hill fortresses called Kraags. Ruled by kings, High Martians steal from more civilized peoples and enslave captives. All work in High Martian communities is done by slaves, who are unable to escape since they cannot fly down from the Kraags as the High Martians do. Many High Martian kings are wealthy, since liftwood only grows in the mountains, and High Martian tribes usually control the groves and tend them with their slaves.

One last thing about Mars: the surface gravity is 90% of that of Earth, when orbital calculations indicate that it should be less than half. Published *Space: 1889* material never explains the discrepancy, so the solution is left to the gamemaster. In truth, the reason for setting the Martian gravity at that level is to make things easier in game terms — since so many *Space: 1889* adventures are set on Mars, it would be inconvenient to constantly adjust character actions for gravity difference.

THE ASTEROID BELT

The current outer limit of space travel, the asteroid belt is just beginning to be explored in 1889. Waiting to be found there is evidence: artifacts, remnants of intelligent life, and above all signs of a great catastrophe. More than 300 million years ago, the planet Vulcan was destroyed, the remnants forming the asteroids of the belt. This is an ideal setting for spacecraft-centered adventures.

PATTERNS

The observant reader may have noticed that there is a definite pattern to the state of development of the various planets. Mercury, the innermost world, is youngest when compared to Earth, with very primitive animals and plants. Venus is young compared to the Earth, but older than Mercury, and Mars is older than Earth, its civilization having reached its peak long ago. Vulcan, now the asteroid belt, is the oldest of all, a planet so tired it exploded as a natural consequence of its age.

This pattern has been used by some human philosophers to justify the colonialism that has developed as Earthmen carve up the solar system politically. After all, it clearly demonstrates that humans are at the height of civilization, unencumbered by the decadence that burdens Martian civilization. The pattern is also helpful for *Space: 1889* gamemasters when determining the background for their adventures — the structure provides an orderly way to categorize the universe.

More thoughtful men and women find the implications more troubling. After all, if both Vulcan and Mars saw the heights of civilization and then fell, it implies the same will eventually happen to the human race, and that we will eventually be replaced by the Lizardmen of Venus as rulers as we slide into decadence.

Potentially even more of a problem is what lies beyond the asteroid belt. The theory implies that the farther out the planet, the more advanced and decadent the civilization — what will we find when we reach Jupiter and the other outer planets, and can the human mind handle the experience?

One final note — the existence of life far below the surface of the Moon implies that the same may be true for other planets. The Earth as a hollow sphere is a common theme of early science fiction, and GDW had plans to incorporate this concept into the future development of the game. The *Space: 1889* computer game locates the last surviving members of the race of intelligent dinosaurs who once ruled the Earth in vast caverns deep underground, and there were firm plans to reveal that Venus was hollow as well, with another secret civilization. Perhaps a journey to the center of Mars would explain why Martian gravity is higher than it should be.

MECHANICS

With such and interesting and varied setting, why did *Space: 1889* fail in the marketplace? There are a number of possible reasons, but a

major factor seems to be that the weakest aspect of *Space: 1889* is its game system. While some aspects of the game mechanics are simple and effective, most notably character generation, in general resolving the actions of player characters is neither simple nor straightforward. Much of the reason for this is that the game has several different resolution systems, each used for a different type of task. Character actions use one system, except for personal combat, which uses another, while large-scale and vehicle combat uses a third system. In addition, inventor characters use a fourth system to develop and perfect their inventions. As a result, game masters and players have to master a number of different ways to resolving tasks, complicating things unnecessarily.

The system for resolving individual tasks is highly cinematic, and is perhaps the best part of the *Space: 1889* system. Characters with low skill levels have a hard time accomplishing even routine tasks, while characters with high skill levels have the potential of doing things that are seemingly impossible. However, since results are based on dice totals, even the most highly skilled character can fail at a routine task (though that result is usually very unlikely). This means there is always tension associated with game play, and players can never be sure they will succeed.

Unfortunately, the combat system uses a different system from the individual task system. The combat system is derived from miniatures gaming. Of the many people I have spoken to over the years, only one has claimed to have used the combat system as written — everyone else has substituted something else. Support for the argument that the *Space: 1889* combat system is weak is the abundance of alternatives available on the World Wide Web. The Heliograph web site contains links to many of them.

The best solution to the problem with the *Space: 1889* rule system is to use the *Forgotten Futures* game system instead. It is specifically designed for settings like *Space: 1889*, and allows the gamemaster and players to enjoy the action without constant reference to the rules.

CONCLUSION

Overall, *Space: 1889* is an interesting and innovative setting, handicapped by a less than ideal game system. Several other factors worked against the game in its initial release, I think — it requires some knowledge of history to play well and enjoy, and it does not allow for the creation of exotic and super-powerful player characters. As a result it never sold well to younger gamers who make up the bulk of the RPG marketplace. My own experience confirms this — all but a handful of the *Space: 1889* fans I have met were over 25 years of age when they started playing the game, and the few younger fans were either history majors in college or came from a background in miniatures gaming.

For the more mature roleplayer, however, *Space: 1889* has great potential. The game's greatest strength is its firm grounding in history. Earth's history until 1876 is identical to our own, and changes after that date are relatively minor. As a result, background material is as close as

the nearest library. Aside from ether flyers and liftwood, the equipment of the period is historical as well, so information is easy to come by.

Space: 1889 is also a game that encourages roleplaying and inter-player interaction. All sorts of character types are appropriate for the game, and the varied and exotic cultures described in the source material means that games do not have to center exclusively around combat and dungeon crawling (though one can certainly include that easily enough).

Overall, this is a system that is well worth tracking down. It truly is "Science Fiction Role Playing in a More Civilized Time."

TRMGS GUIDE To GDW *SPACE: 1889* PRODUCTS

GDW halted trading in 1996, but Heliograph has reprinted all of these titles except *Soldier's Companion*: see page 109 for more information. This list originally appeared in *TRMGS Volume One*.

Ratings: ☆ Not bad
 ☆☆ Pretty good or contains essential information
 ☆☆☆ Great adventure and good information

Note: these are just my opinions, and are intended to help the novice pick out what to buy first. I own a copy of all these products and will be happy to give more details.

Title	Description
<i>Space: 1889</i>	Hardcover rulebook
<i>Referee's Screen</i>	Includes supplemental rulebook
<i>Soldier's Companion</i>	Minatures rules for <i>Space: 1889</i>
<i>Ironclads and Ether Flyers</i>	Includes history of military on Mars Naval miniatures rules for <i>Space: 1889</i> Includes ship design rules
<i>Conklin's Atlas of the Worlds</i>	General background material
<i>Tales from the Ether</i> ☆☆	Five short adventures for each planet Description of Orbital Heliograph
<i>Beastmen of Mars</i> ☆☆	Set in Martian highlands Background of Steppe Martians
<i>Caravans of Mars</i> ☆	Includes desert sourcebook
<i>Steppelords of Mars</i> ☆	Information on Martian trade Nomad tribes setting
<i>Cloud Captains of Mars</i> ☆☆	Set in Karkarham, "The Casablanca of Mars!" Information on Red Captains Additional ship designs
<i>More Tales from the Ether</i> ☆☆	Four short adventures, all on Mars
<i>Canal Priests of Mars</i> ☆☆	Information on Ether liners, Martian Religion Best published <i>Space: 1889</i> adventure

ETHER SHIP ETIQUETTE

A GUIDE TO INTERPLANETARY ETHER SHIP ETIQUETTE, OR GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

BY GREG NOVAK

A JOURNEY TO MARS IN 70 DAYS

To anyone planning to ship a party off to Mars, it may come as a shock to learn that it takes 70 to 90 days to make the trip. The average time needed to travel to Mars runs in the range of 80 days for the average liner. The restriction of a small area which the average interplanetary liner has to offer for such an extended length of time caused some problems on the early voyages of these vessels. To avoid future difficulties of a similar type, the companies involved in operating the liners to Mars have evolved an etiquette system that, in itself, provides some interesting background on this period.

The following is a guide to interplanetary ether ship etiquette and uses the trip of the Cunard liner *RMS Servia* to serve as an example of what a typical passage to Mars would be like to the passengers and crew involved.

The *RMS Servia* will depart from the London docks on January 24th, 1889, and to those in the know the ship's name alone gives two important facts. First, the fact that the ship's name ends in "ia" indicates that it is owned and managed by the Cunard line. (Other Cunard liners include the *Laconia*, *Caronia*, and *Carmania*, while the rival White Star liners' names end in "ic" — the *Adriatic*, *Oceanic*, *Olympic*, *Majestic*, etc.) Second, the letters RMS stand for Royal Mail Ship, which means the vessel was built with the direct support, both in terms of financial aid and planning, of the British government. Thus, one can be assured of a safe voyage in good hands.

Three types of people fill interplanetary ether flyers: crewmen, steerage-class passengers, and first-class passengers.

Below are the typical crewmen found on a passenger liner, using the *RMS Servia* as an example.

PASSENGER LINER CREWMEN

DECK DIVISION

Officers: 1 captain, 1 first officer, 1 second officer, 1 third officer

ENGINE ROOM

Officers: 1 chief engineer, 1 asst. engineer

Petty Officers: 3 bosuns (trimsmen), 3 machinist's mates

Crewmen: 3 oilers

PASSENGER SERVICE

Officers: 1 purser

Crewmen: 3 cooks, 6 stewards

The liner runs on Greenwich Mean Time, so that London time is kept during the voyage. The crew is divided into three watches: Each has an officer to serve as helmsman, a bosun as trimsmen, and a machinist's mate and oiler as engine room crew. The captain, purser, and engineering officers do not stand watches as such, but are on-call at all hours. The first officer and captain are responsible for navigation, and take turns at computing the ship's location to reduce the chance of error. The cooks and stewards do not serve watches as such, but are assigned to duty as needed. Medical services are usually provided by the purser. The ship's day starts at 1200.

TYPICAL SHIP'S DAY

Time	Activity
1200-1600	First (afternoon) watch
1600-1800	First dogwatch
1800-2000	Second dogwatch
2000-0000	Third (evening) watch
0000-0400	Fourth (midwatch) watch
0400-0800	Fifth (morning) watch
0800-1200	Sixth (day) watch

The seven-watch system is not really needed in ether travel, as it is always daylight, but has been kept because it allows the crewmen a chance to rotate duties throughout the voyage and allows the ship's crew to eat one major meal per day. While the food is served nearly around the clock, the supper meal is considered to be the major meal of the day by the crew, and the dogwatch system allows all crewmen to take part within a reasonable length of time. In addition, without the dogwatch system, those crewmen and officers attached to the night watches would remain on those duties for the entire voyage, which in the case of the officers limits their contact with the passengers on-board.

The watch system works as follows: Those crewmen serving the first watch have the following two watches off duty, and return to stations for the third (evening) watch. They are then off duty from 0000 to 0800, and end up their day on duty for the sixth (day) watch. On the following day, they are not on duty until the second dogwatch, then are off from 2000 to 0400, when they turn to and serve the fifth (morning) watch. While this seems complex to the passenger, to the ship's crewman it is old hat by the time he reports on-board an ether flyer, and to him represents an equal sharing of the load by all involved on-board.

Voyages usually start at 1000 and arrive at their destination at 1000. The vessel's basic construction is designed to use remote-control shutters to control the daylight on the passenger decks in such a way as to duplicate the average day on Earth. Thus on-board, dawn "breaks" at 0600, and darkness sets in at 2000. While to the deck and engineering crews day and night are of little importance, to the passenger service crewmen this use of London time is all-important as they carry out their duties.

The crew quarters for all crewmen, except for the captain, are very

cramped, as usually all officers but the captain must share quarters with another officer, while the petty officers and crewmen use hammocks in place of bunks due to a lack of space. However, pay for a voyage runs two to three times that of a similar position on the transatlantic run, and leave between voyages is generous. As a result, vacancies do not exist, as there is a waiting list for all positions on-board. All crewmen and officers are members of the Royal Navy Reserve, and come to their posts well trained and experienced.

The RMS *Servia* does not carry any armament per se, although all officers have light revolvers as part of their personal equipment. There is an arms locker on the officers' deck outside the captain's cabin. Chained within are 12 naval cutlasses, six Colt revolvers, eight Martini-Henry rifles, and four Winchester repeating shotguns. There are 50 rounds of ammunition per revolver, 200 rounds per rifle, and 100 rounds per shotgun. This case is kept locked at all times, with only three existing keys to the lock. The captain carries one at all times; the duty officer carries one with him; and a third key is hidden in a location known only to the three senior officers: the captain, the first officer, and the chief engineer.

The weapons are carried for a two-fold purpose: first, in case the vessel is forced down on a hostile part of Mars (or Earth, for that matter) due to engine failure or similar problems; and second, a more important reason in the minds of the ship's crew (although rarely told to passengers and the public), to help prevent any takeover of the vessel by its passengers. As interplanetary ether flyers can land in just about any location, one fear of the British government and the different shipping lines is that a group of anarchists or Fenians might wish to seize a liner to use for their own purposes. Several plots have been foiled already, and this fear remains in the minds of all crews making the run to Mars. (All weapons which are owned by passengers are locked in the cargo hold for the duration of the voyage, except for those sidearms carried by serving military officers.)

This fear brings into focus the second group of people found on such a vessel, those travelling steerage class. Steerage class on an interplanetary ether flyer exists because the subsidy paid to the different shipping lines is due in part to the fact that these vessels can be taken over and used as troop ships as needed by the British government. Each liner of the RMS *Servia* class can hold, in theory, an 80-man company of troops, as long as no other passengers are taken along. (The RMS *Servia*'s sister ship, the *Arabia*, carried a company of the Black Watch to Mars back in 1886 as a test of the ship's transport capacity.)

The company sergeant major compared the trip to the normal voyage out to India, with the disadvantage that there was far less room to move about on-board the *Arabia*, but the advantage that it was not as "bloomin' 'ot."

Up to 20 passengers can be carried in the steerage section, with the British government being the major user of this means of travel. While complete units are sent off to Mars in military transports and on-board naval warships, the need for replacement specialists causes the War Department and Admiralty to send small drafts of men from time to time.

Likewise, those specialist workers needed on Mars by the different government offices (i.e., electricians, shipbuilders, etc.) are sent off in steerage.

To supplement these, one finds those men and women who are off to the red planet on a low budget in search of wealth and adventure. And this last group of individuals has, in the past, included elements such as Fenians and anarchists who have made attempts to seize the liner on which they were travelling.

Travelling steerage class is an experience in itself, as the passengers are limited to the steerage deck and the greenhouse deck above it. Meals are sent aft from the kitchen three times a day (0600, breakfast; 1200, dinner; and 1800, supper) and served in the common room in which all steerage passengers live, regardless of gender. While two separate wash-rooms (heads) exist for the basic needs of those travellers, the ability to take a bath is extremely limited on any voyage when both sexes are present on the steerage deck. (On male-only voyages, a washtub can be set up in the middle of the deck.) Privacy is not an element found in the steerage deck.

The steerage deck can be sealed off from the rest of the ship by use of the ship's bulkhead system. While parts of the rest of the ship can be sealed off by the same system for damage control, the steerage area can be closed by remote control from the bridge for security reasons and cannot be opened except by the controls from the bridge. No system of manual override exists for opening the bulkheads in this area of the ship.

The steerage passenger list on this trip of the *RMS Servia* includes the following passengers (with 18 steerage passengers on-board, the *RMS Servia* has close to a full load).

STEERAGE PASSENGER LIST

War Office Travel Warrant

Sergeant Joshua Oliver RE (Royal Engineers)

GOVERNMENT WARRANT

Harry Hansom, Ian Robinson, and Alex Stewart, shipbuilders

ADMIRALTY TRAVEL WARRANT

Chief Petty Officer Michael Smith • Gunner's Mate David (Dusty) Rhodes
Gunner's Mate Alex Unroe • Machinist's Mate Eric McKenzie
Machinist's Mate Ian McGregor • Seaman Bertie Brown

PURCHASED PASSAGE

Mary Martin • Abby Green • Bessie Johnson • Klaus Kliet • Helmut Rommel
• Kerry Conolly • Michael Collins • Patrick O'Flynn

The third group found on a liner like *RMS Servia* is the first-class passenger. The first-class fare on *RMS Servia* of £60 translates into a fare of \$300 — at a time when the average wage earner in the United States is being paid from \$1 to \$2 a day for a 12-hour day. Travel to Mars first-class

is worth that both in cost as well as in experience. The RMS *Servia* has 10 first class compartments, lettered A through J. Compartments A, B, C, D, and E open to the starboard promenade, which is known as the "Ladies' Way." Staterooms F, G, H, I, and J open to the Port Promenade, which is known as the "Bachelors' Walk." (Stateroom J is not always rented, as on some voyages the purser and a junior deck officer berth here, thus allowing the first officer and chief engineer their own private cabin.) Staterooms are divided in this manner to better provide the services expected by passengers who are travelling first class. Single ladies are berthed first in cabins A, B, and C, followed by married couples in D and E. Single men are berthed in the remaining cabins, with the result that on the average voyage the port promenade (Bachelors' walk) holds males only, while the starboard side is a mixture of representatives of both of the genders.

While basic sanitary facilities are found in the cabins for the occupants, better facilities are found at the head of each passage, with the men's washroom on the port side, and the ladies' on the starboard side. There one may find bathing facilities and, in the case of the men's washroom, a barber chair and steward for such duties as shaving or hair trimming. To allow for the best possible use of these facilities, at set hours during the voyage the vessel goes into "purdah." During purdah hours, portable screens are set up in several places to block off the vessel into two sections. The stewards place two sets of screens on the Ladies' Way, the first between the single ladies and the married couples' territory, and the second between the married couples and single men's territory. The doorways into the private dining room and the Ladies' Way are locked, and one additional screen is placed on the stairway leading down from the officers' territory. The area enclosed within this section is considered off-limits to all males, though the screen arrangement at the married couples' end of the Ladies' Way will allow the married men the ability to reach their cabins, as long as they do not mind having to go through the steerage area of the ship to reach the aft end of the passage. The closure of the private dining room during the purdah hours allows this area to be used as a ladies' lounge, in the same manner as the library is used by the men.

For the men on-board, the billiard room, library, and Bachelors' Walk are likewise reserved for male use only during the purdah hours. Those male passengers who are married, or whose cabins are found on the Ladies' Way, can usually be found during purdah hours in the library or billiard room. (It should be pointed out that no woman who wished to keep her reputation would ever be found in the bar, library, or billiard room on shipboard, but some exceptions have occurred.) The vessel's dining room and gallery remain open during this time, and serve as a neutral ground in which meetings and classes may be held by passengers in mixed company.

Purdah hours are usually morning (0600-0800), midday (1000-1600), and evening (1800-2000).

In addition to the purdah hours, the meal times regulate life on-board the RMS *Servia*. Four meals are served per day on the following basis for

first-class passengers. Breakfast and tea are considered minor meals, which can be served in one’s cabin if a passenger wishes, while for dinner and supper all first-class passengers meet in the dining room. Breakfast is served in the dining room from 0800-0900 and is available from cabin service from 0900-1000. Luncheon is served in the dining room only, from 1200-1400. Tea is served in the dining room from 1600-1700 and is available from cabin service from 1600-1800. Dinner is served in the dining room only, from 2000-2200 (formal dress is considered mandatory for supper – uniforms or black tie for gentlemen, evening dress for ladies).

Dinner and luncheon are both multicourse meals, and attendance in mandatory attire is considered socially correct, although no actual punishment occurs to someone who misses one of these meals without good cause. The purser is responsible for seating arrangements and makes every effort to move people about to prevent the formation of cliques.

The bar is open to serve drinks Monday through Thursday from 1300-2000 and from 2200-2400; Friday and Saturday from 1300-2000 and from 2200-0200; and Sunday from 1600-2000 and from 2200-0000. While the male passengers are free to take their drinks in the bar, a steward will deliver drinks to the library or billiard room, or, in the case of the ladies, to the dining room or the gallery.

The hours at which the meals are served, as well as the times the bar is open, help regulate the times that everyone on-board is together. The rituals of purdah and the watch system act upon this to break up the interaction between the ship’s company and passengers, as the watch system means that an officer will only be present at any given meal once every three days (except the captain), while purdah means the ladies and men are not together all the time. Often classes in Martian languages are conducted en route, or passengers may entertain the crew with lectures and other amusements. Card games are popular, although gambling is not allowed for high stakes. Several of the stewards can play musical instruments and can function as a band if needed, and from time to time passengers have organized amateur shows with their help. An important part of every Sunday is the church service (Church of England) held by the ship’s captain in the gallery between 1000 and 1200.

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER LIST

Ladies’ Way

Cabin	Occupants	Notes
A	Miss Emily Johnson & her maid	Miss Johnson is a noted London dance hall performer
B	Miss Katriana Wolff & her maid	Miss Wolff is author of <i>Canal Life of the Martians</i>
C	Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant	First Secretary of the Boreosyrtis League British Legation
D	Dr. and Mrs. Alan Hay	Royal Medical Corps (major)
E	Henri LaBorquet & his manservant	French merchant

BACHELORS' WALK

Cabin	Occupants	Notes
F	Mr. Robert Burke and Mr. Richard Thornburn	American merchants
G	Cpt. Michael Smyth and Lt. Harold Jones	Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, respectively
H	Cameron Robinson & his manservant	Gentleman companion for Miss Wolff
I	Baron Hans von Schmidt & Thomas von Prince	Major, Guard Jaeger Battal- ion, and captain, Guard Fusilier Battalion, respect- ively, both of the Imperial German Army
J	Sub-Lt. Ian Gordon and Sub-Lt. John Masters	Royal Highland Regiment (Black Watch), and Rifle Brigade, respectively

A "crossing the line" ceremony is held halfway to Mars. "Winged Martians" induct those who have not yet crossed the line. Merriment and practical jokes abound, and those who already crossed the line are put through various ordeals.

One interesting group of people found on-board in first class are servants, maids, and batmen, though their social class does not allow them to travel in first class on their own. As it would not be proper or fitting for them to travel in steerage, they are berthed in first class, but dine in the gallery or the kitchen. They are welcome guests in the crew's quarters and even steerage, and are known to help out with the job of keeping the first class passengers, especially their employers, happy. (It has been suggested that they as a general rule have a more enjoyable voyage out than their employers due to their freedom to roam the vessel.)

Because of the lack of gravity during the voyage, certain steps must be taken to preserve decorum. All passengers are required to wear shoes fitted with magnetic soles (the steamship line makes these available at reasonable rates, but passengers of breeding prefer to have theirs custom-made). Practically everything on the ship is either magnetized or designed in such a way as to remain fastened in place. Loose objects present a hazard, and the ship's crew collects and deals with them. Gentlemen are required to keep control of their hats, canes, and other loose personal items by whatever means they find most convenient (hats are usually dispensed with).

Clothing presents particular problems in the lack of gravity. Gentlemen's coattails tend to float about in a most comical manner if they are not properly secured, but a few strategically placed hooks, buttons or magnetic fasteners solve this problem. Ladies' skirts tend to fly about in a most improper manner if not secured in some way, also. A number of unique costumes have been designed to solve this problem (of which the most famous is the bloomer-like shipboard costume worn by certain members of the fast set), and some libertines actually have gone so far as to

wear trousers! People of breeding, however, make use of more conventional solutions. Most women simply have a number of small and inconspicuous magnets sewn into their hems, which are attracted towards the deck, and keep everything in its proper place. In steerage, passengers sometimes dispense with such restraints, and the high jinks and rough sport which take place belowdecks are legendary. A number of variations on popular games are played in steerage, especially when there are few passengers and is, therefore, room for such activities.

WHAT TO DO WITH THIS INFORMATION

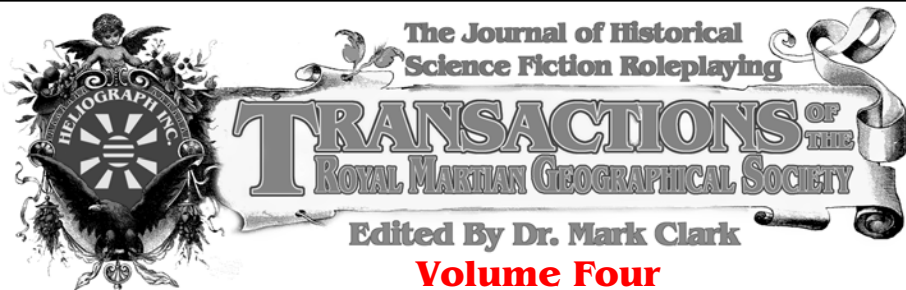
If you need to send your characters to Mars, consider the RMS *Servia*. Just bump from the passenger list anyone you need to displace. Consider the following *en route* adventures.

- A plot by the Fenians to take over the ship — after all, who are Burke and Thornburn, and is that Royal Navy party really a Royal Navy draft?

- Use one of the other passengers on the ship as a way to introduce a non-player character to your players that they might end up meeting later under different circumstances.

- Find out what plots lurk in the hearts of your fellow passengers, and do what you can to stop them.

- Find out who is cheating at cards, and expose them for the cads that they are.



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Available Winter 2000/2001.

APOCALYPSE: 1889

BY CLEMENS MEIER

The steam launch landed on the only more or less flat ground near the soldiers' camp, where a few officers tried vainly to play cricket on the uneven soil of the waterless Martian wastes. As we disembarked, they approached us, lead by Trevor MacDunhill himself.

The colonel didn't match my expectations: from the stories related by the newspapers, I had developed the image of a strong, six foot Goliath, but MacDunhill was only five foot two and exceedingly lean. Yet — as we soon found out — he seemed taller than he was; like many small men he was full of energy and restless, and when he wasn't engaged in combat, he was developing new schemes against the Oenotrians. Nevertheless, this man had one burning passion: the venerable game of cricket.

"Name's MacDunhill," he welcomed us, continuing, "We have the best cricket team of the whole British Army over here, but there's no single bit of flat ground larger than my cap."

He went about his business the rest of the afternoon, arranging soldierly matters with us running after him like a king's entourage, while he barked out orders to his subordinates and smilingly received the deference of the enlisted. On the few occasions I got the colonel's attention and tried to explain my problems to him, he would listen for a few seconds, then interrupt to complain about the cricket facilities here at Ratapooxla.

When MacDunhill returned to his cricketers and I had to confess to him my utter lack of talent for the game, he seemed to reject me altogether. Obviously, as I was neither an exceptional soldier nor a cricket player, he deemed me unworthy of his attention. Things didn't change when Hambley announced that he had played with the Eton team in 1874 and the two of them indulged in a vast discussion of the game which went on until evening.

The men had their mess on the makeshift cricket field, which we had the honour to attend. In fact, MacDunhill and his officers hadn't moved at all, chattering away about that blasted game, while the orderlies had arranged dinner around them. I was seated far from the colonel between a young lieutenant who had just bought his way out of a boring Indian station and into MacDunhill's Legion and an elderly Major who had been with the colonel since both, discontented with the small achievements of their superiors against the Oenotrian forces, had left their regiments to form this special unit. Most of his troops were old cavalry who had traded in their horses for liftwood flyers, and went dashing around Mars looking for trouble. MacDunhill called this force his "Airborne Cavalry", and had conducted an excellent campaign against the Oenotrians last summer. He ambushed enemy supply trains, raided their cities, and led surprise attacks that gave the British possession of key forts on the Oenotrian front.

While eating, MacDunhill and Hambley continued talking about the

one and only important subject, proceeding from famous cricketers to cricket fields on Mars. Hambley had gone into a long narration about a certain Martian prince who had an affliction for the game, and with whom he had played with before the advent of the war, at which point the prince joined forces with the Oenotrians.

"Incidentally," he said, "one of these excellent fields was at the prince's summer residence at Khaaxtopaal, not fifty miles from here." MacDunhill nearly dropped his spoon: "There is a cricket field not fifty miles from here?" he inquired.

"Why yes," Hambley replied.

"Then we'll play there tomorrow!" the Colonel announced.

"But sir," Captain Barker, the Colonel's adjutant objected, "Khaaxtopaal is heavily defended. There are at least two Oenotrian regiments and a large number of guns. Johnny Martian will swallow us whole!"

"Johnny Martian doesn't play cricket!"

* * * * *

Early the next morning, we boarded MacDunhill's steam launches and gunboats to the sound of a lone piper's "Men of Harlech". As the last men climbed aboard, MacDunhill waved his hand to the flyers' captains, the helmsmen turned the valves, the trimsmen worked their levers, and in the increased clamour of the steam engines and airscrews, the ships lifted from the ground and began their journey to Khaaxtopaal.

I had boarded the staff launch and seated myself on the deck beneath the open bridge. Watching the intricate patterns of the flyers in the sky above and beside us weave through their complex dance, I listened to the soldiers sitting near me. They knew people would die today, and they must have known that they were going to die on MacDunhill's whim. Yet they seemed oblivious to those ghastly truths, speaking only of recent battles, comrades long dead and the prospect of sleeping in the houses of Khaaxtopaal tonight. But as the battle drew nearer, their faces became grim and the talking died away while each soldier checked his weapons and gear.

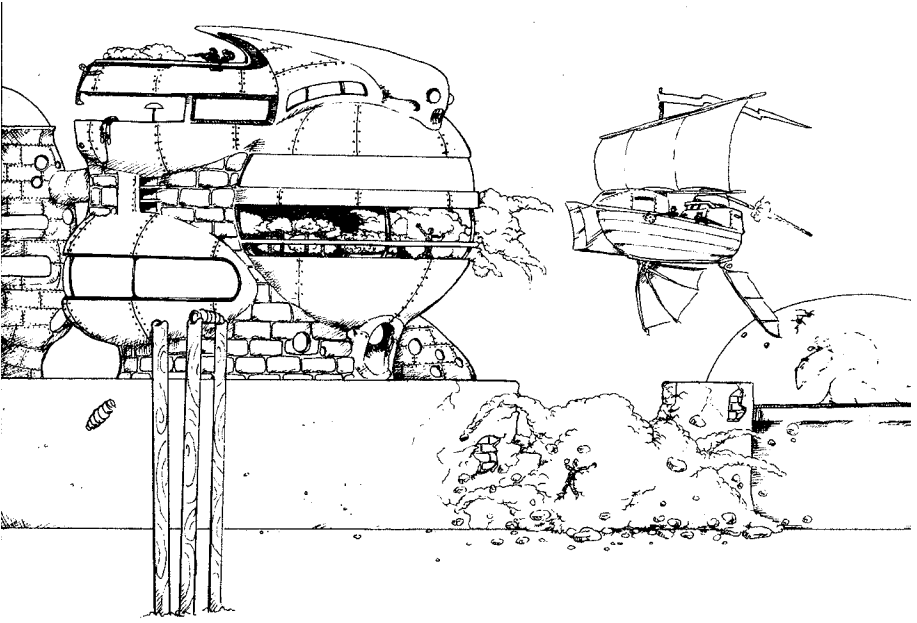
Hambley had done better than me. He was allowed to witness the attack at MacDunhill's side, sitting in a splendid swiveling chair behind of the steam flyer's officers. I could barely hear them against the din of the engine; they had stopped their talk of cricket, and now the Colonel was explaining the battle plan to Hambley:

"We'll come in low, out of the rising sun, and about a mile out, we'll play the music..."

"Music?"

"Yes! Pipers aboard all ships! It scares the hell out of Johnny Martian and my boys love it!"

With the sun just clearing the horizon, the armada crossed a low line of hills and we could see Khaaxtopaal before us. "General quarters! Battlestations!" the flyer's captain roared, and between the soldiers crowding the deck preparing their weapons I could see a couple of pipers.



Artwork Copyright 1999 By Bob Brown

"Sound off!" MacDunhill cried, who had excitedly jumped out of his chair and leaned over the railing. The pipers began to play above the terrible noise of the accelerating steam flyers, with all the ships' pipers settling into "Scotland the Brave" while the flyers dropped low above the uneven ground and hurtled at breakneck speed towards the city.

Khaaxtopaal was a small affair, less than five hundred years old, and not much more than the prince's palace, parks, and a small settlement surrounding them. Yet in the past few months, the Oenotrians had dug themselves in well, throwing up walls and numerous gun emplacements. Now the Martian soldiers rushed out of their barracks and mounted the battlements, but too late: We were already on top of them!

To the sound of the bagpipes, the main guns of the flyers opened up, ripping holes in the earthworks, destroying guns and enemy soldiers. Then we were above the enemy's defenses and every soldier began firing with his trusty 'Tini while the Nordenfelt and Gatling gunners dealt out red death to the Oenotrian soldiers. Scores of them toppled from the battlements, but the survivors kept shooting. Bullets whizzed about us as the helmsman threw the ship around to make another run at the walls. Just then, a Martian gun scored a hit on one of our small steam launches, which crashed amid a white plume of steam from its ruptured boiler.

"Kill that damned gun!" screamed MacDunhill, and a signalman waved his semaphores at the Legion's ships. Two broke away from their formation, which was bombing the Oenotrian barracks, and rushed towards the sole remaining Martian gun, firing their Hale rockets at it. Gun and crew vanished in a bright explosion which tore the battlements apart.

The flyers landed in groups in the palace park, spilling their troops. They lifted again to lay supportive fire with their Nordenfelts and Gatlings while the soldiers went about their business clearing the city of the Oenotrians house by house. The whole assault had lasted only minutes, but already Johnny Martian was fleeing Khaaxtopaal by the hundreds, running off into the desert with flyers firing at their rear to make them go faster.

The Colonel was pleased. The cricket field was in the middle of the park and had only suffered a minor crater on the south end. While his men rammed in the wickets, he stood before the blaze of the burning palace, oblivious to the heat, listening to the fading sound of his pipers. He took a deep breath, smiled as he exhaled, and said "I love the smell — you know, that newly-mown grass smell — it smells like cricket!"

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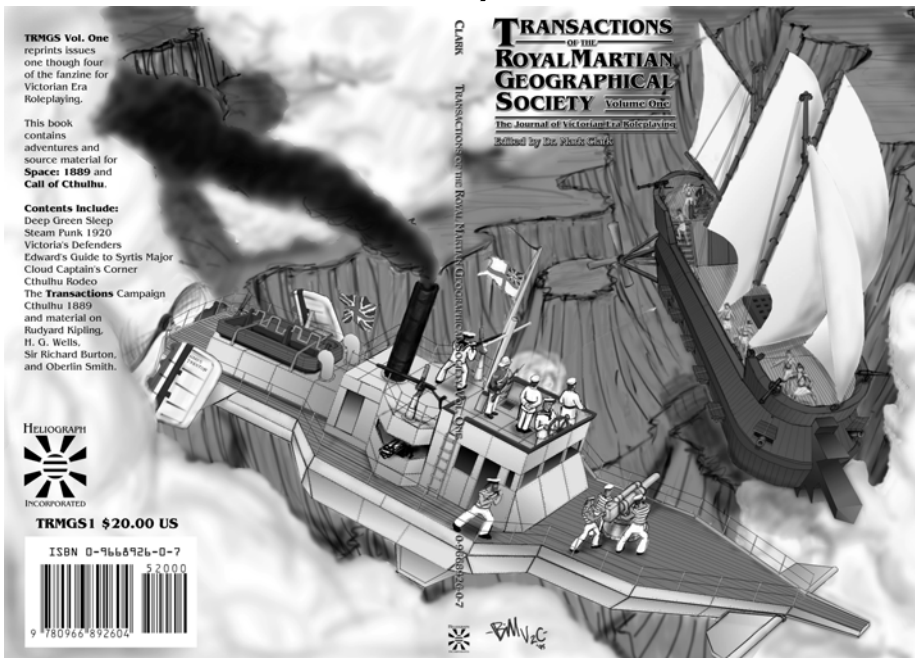
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101 USES FOR LIFTWOOD

BY MARK CLARK

Well, we don't really have 101 uses for liftwood, but the following suggestions should give you a good start on your own list. After all, not all that liftwood lying around on Mars is going to be used for aerial ships, don't you think? Especially if imaginative player characters are anywhere to be found...

BACKPACKS

If there is any problem the average adventurer complains about more than the encumbrance rules, I don't know what it is. It seems that there is always that one piece of equipment Vital To The Mission that had to be left behind because it would be the straw that would break the camel's back.

Well, now you can do something about those complaints — the Liftwood-Assisted Backpack. You can stuff things in to your heart's content, and never leave that crucial item behind again

Of course, you'd better make sure it stays vertical — if you get those liftwood panels out of line the weight comes back. It's a feedback system, after all — the farther you lean over the heavier it gets.

This leads, of course, to the New And Improved Liftwood-Assisted Backpack Mark II. It comes complete with trim controls and a trained monkey to operate them. You'll never have to worry about bending over to tie your shoes again. Monkey food extra, of course...

WEAPONS

All of the liftwood-based weapons in the book are big and bulky — not much fun if your player character isn't rich enough to buy a cloudship. So, for those players, how about a liftwood-buoyed hand grenade? You can throw it farther, and it can be packed with more high explosive without straining your wrists.

For those with time on their hands, why not train a pigeon to pull the liftwood-buoyed hand grenade along, homing on your target? This is clearly a fire-and-forget weapon, unless it turns out that the pigeon has taken a liking to you and does not want to leave.

Finally, what can we do for those real PowerGamers in your campaign who always want to carry the biggest gun they possibly can (and insist on taking it everywhere — the bathroom, to church, to bed with them...)? Now there is a solution — a liftwood stock for that really big rifle so your player won't get so tired carrying it. Explosive ammunition extra.

TRANSPORTATION

If you are planning an expedition to the Martian polar regions, you'll appreciate liftwood snow shoes — every step is just that much easier,

speeding you on your way to The Ice Caves Of Death And Dismemberment.

On a more cheerful note, have you ever fallen out of an aerial flyer? Didn't that just ruin your whole day? Never fear, the solution is at hand — the Liftwood Life Vest. For skyship deck crew (or for NPCs who annoy the player characters so much they get thrown overboard), the trim of these vests is normally set to be non-buoyant. If you fall overboard, a simple twist of the handle and you touch down light as a feather. The vests are also useful for helping transport an overland expedition's wounded (say, for example, folks who have visited the Ice Caves Of Death And Dismemberment).

For paranoid players who fear being knocked unconscious and then falling out of an aerial flyer, backup systems are available (or should we say "backpack systems?"). Remember that trained monkey? He'll pull that lever for you, at least if you've kept him well supplied with bananas.

HIGH PLACES

Liftwood flyers are not the only places for player characters to get high... off the ground. Seems those pesky villains are always hiding somewhere like the top of Really Tall Jagged Mountain.

Never fear, our liftwood engineers have developed liftwood-assisted rope ladders with grappling hooks. You can use them for mountain climbing, for siege escalades, or loan them to the fire department so that they can get kittens out of trees.

For those big tall buildings in Martian cities with no way to get to the top floor, Liftwood elevators are now at your service. They are perfect for exploring all of those abandoned Martian towers. Just be sure to take along some treats for the trained elevator operator — he looks rather spiffy in his tight little monkey suit (though he could use a shave).

THE FINE ARTS

Can't bear to be parted from that portrait of yourself? A Liftwood frame is just the thing you need — makes art as portable as canned beans.

And it's not just paintings — with liftwood paper you can take along all those novels, maps, and reference books you had to leave at home before. Just think, for the first time you'll be able to properly call for help when that exotic beast is chewing on your leg, instead of shouting incoherently something like "Get that unknown thing off me, aaargh..."

FOR THE LADIES

We cannot forget the ladies, especially those left at home while their husbands are out Saving The Empire. So, fellows, why not please them with a little something from our laboratory — liftwood kitchen counters. You can save space underneath by doing away with all those terribly disruptive supports. And if your wife doesn't like where they are, she can just give them a push and move them somewhere else, or adjust the

trim and make liftwood cupboards. Hopefully it will keep her so busy she won't notice you've left again to Save The Planet From Unspeakable Horror.

If you do decide to bring the wife along, why not get her our lovely Liftwood-Ribbed Sunshade? You just tether it, and it floats over you to protect from the harsh sun in the Martian desert skies. Only if it's not too windy, of course — for those conditions we recommend the New And Improved Liftwood-Ribbed Sunshade Mark II equipped with...what was that you said? You're tired of that joke? Okay, we won't mention the M-word again? Happy? Good, I guess you can put that cricket bat away.

Anyway, we do have one other device the ladies will love, especially those afflicted with Roleplaying Game Female Body Shape Syndrome (you know, where it looks like they're trying to smuggle large cantaloupes under their shirtwaists?). To ease the inevitable lower back pain, we offer liftwood stays instead of whalebone for corsets. They lift and separate, which is more than we can say for the alternatives.

THE DARK SIDE

The second biggest problem with being an Evil Genius (the first of course being the high cost of hunchbacked assistants) is finding a reliable energy source to power the Big Diabolical Machine That Will Enslave The World And Make A Good Dry Martini. At last, we have the device that answers the many requests we have received from World Crime League's board of directors.

Yes, that's right, it's the Liftwood Perpetual-Motion-Machine Motor. The motive force is provided by having the panels on one side of a rotating wheel toggle into lift position and on the other move to neutral buoyancy. The Canal Priest of Mars used one — why not your favorite bad guy?

Of course, to work the machine properly you need a trained operator, preferably a monke...Hey, stop that, let me go! I'm not finished with all 101 uses y....

P.S. Many thanks to all those on the *Space: 1889* email list (s1889@onelist.com) who contributed their ideas.

CLOUD CAPTAINS OF MARS & CONKLIN'S ATLAS OF THE WORLDS

ISBN 1-930658-00-1. HG1905. \$21.95.

This 144 page double adventure style book contains **Cloud Captains of Mars**, which details the famous piratical cloud captains and Karkarham — the Casablanca of Mars! **Conklin's Atlas of the Worlds and Handy Manual of Useful Information** contains detailed information and maps on the solar system of the *Space:1889* universe, including Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, and Luna. Conklin's also includes a detailed chronology and surface ship combat rules. See page 168 for ordering information.

THE BIOLOGY OF LIFTWOOD

BY MARCUS L. ROWLAND

Despite the fact that space travel and flight are almost wholly dependent on liftwood, little is known about the plant's biology. It should be emphasized that much of what follows is based on examination of a very small number of specimens; liftwood species only develop their antigravity properties in the soil of the remote high kraags of Mars, and expeditions to these regions are invariably attacked by thieves or the barbaric High Martians. There has been little opportunity to study these curious plants in their native habitat. The physics and chemistry of the liftwood effect remain an enigma.

LIFTWOOD

Liftwood is the generic name for a group of similar plant species (*Lignivolucer* var.) found exclusively on Mars. No close correspondence to any Terran plant family exists. The seeds show unique dispersal mechanisms.

MAIN SPECIES

Three species have been studied — they are the most widely cultivated types. They are named for the areas where they were first seen by Terran scientists.

L. aeria is the broad-leafed species first reported by Edison on his return from Mars. It is the most common form and is now known to be widely distributed throughout the Martian heights. The physical properties of *L. aeria* are used as the standard by which other liftwoods are judged. Mature plants produce wood that is usable for approximately 10 years.

L. edensis was first reported in the Eden hills and has a broad north-south distribution in mountain ranges from Cydonia to Noarchis. The plant is smaller than *L. aeria* and tends to produce less usable wood for a given volume of timber. However, it is believed to tolerate poorer soil conditions than *L. aeria*. This is probably the reason why its lifting power and service life are half that of *L. aeria*.

L. arabia is distributed sparsely through the Arabia, Meroe, and Tempe mountains. It is a smaller tree, but the trunks are generally knot-free and give a good yield of usable wood — up to a third more than *L. aeria* for a given volume of logs. Lifting power is roughly 1.5 times that of *L. aeria*, and the service life is longer; it is usable for approximately 12 years after harvesting.

POLLINATION

All liftwood plants produce pollen and are prepared to receive it throughout the Martian year. The plants are apparently capable of self-pollination, but this has not been confirmed experimentally. The pollen is extremely fine-grained, on a par with that of the finest grasses. It does not appear to have any antigravity effect, but its size and the fierce moun-

tain winds ensure that grains stay airborne for many months. Scientists have collected samples at all altitudes and over all areas of Mars, including the poles and deserts.

BIOLOGICAL ROLE OF ANTIGRAVITY

At first sight, there seems to be no obvious natural need for the antigravity properties of liftwood; the plant dies if uprooted, so it is apparently unable to take advantage of this capability. The importance of this characteristic only becomes apparent if the habitat of the plant is considered. Liftwood plants are dependent on the soil of the high kraags; they can be cultivated elsewhere but seldom reach maturity, rarely bear seed, and do not show any antigravity properties. Other plants which only grow in the same areas and seem to require the same soil do not develop the liftwood capability. Thus, it seems clear that the soil fulfills some nutritive need; the antigravity effect is secondary to this need.

As yet it has proven impossible to make a careful survey of many liftwood groves. On the evidence available, it would appear that similar liftwood plants are found in widely separated areas of Mars, but the other species associated with liftwood groves are far more varied, often unique to a single mountain. Two conclusions are possible: Either the liftwood species have been widely distributed by the High Martians, or their spread is aided by their remarkable properties. Although the High Martians undoubtedly cultivate and spread these plants, discoveries of isolated plants and untended groves suggest that they can spread unaided. Wild liftwood is generally 10 to 20 percent weaker (in terms of the antigravity effect) than cultivated plants. Wild liftwood also gives lower yields of usable straightgrained wood. A rumor persists that wild liftwood is better, but this is untrue.

On Earth most seeds are distributed by animals or the wind. On Mars there are significant barriers to animal distribution, primarily huge expanses of land where animal life is scarce. Liftwood plants have an additional handicap — their need for special soils. To take full advantage of suitable habitats, all known liftwood species are able to propagate by the use of runners (like banyan or strawberry plants). However, dispersal beyond these areas requires a mobile seed; in view of the vast distances involved, a flying seed is preferable. The three species studied all produce seeds which show the liftwood effect. Escaped slaves report that High Martian liftwood farmers remove most of the seeds as they form; thus, this may make the trees retain more of the liftwood chemical and is possibly one of the reasons why cultivated liftwood is more powerful than wild plants.

L. edensis shows a good example of this form of seed dispersal. The pea-sized seed trails thin root-like tendrils which do not have any gravity-negative property. The seed is initially able to lift its own weight plus the weight of the tendrils. Seeds float slowly upward from the plant, dispersing widely on the mountain updraft. After a few hours, the seed loses a little lift and is gravitationally neutral, staying at a constant altitude for weeks or months. Not surprisingly, this altitude happens to be ideal for

the species. Drifting flight continues until the tendrils touch any solid object. Within a few moments of contact, the seed loses some buoyancy and sinks until approximately half the length of the tendrils rests on the ground. With some of the load removed, the seed remains airborne and continues to drift, dragging the tendrils behind it. When the tendrils encounter a patch of suitable nutritious soil, thin root hairs dig in to anchor the seed and slowly pull it into the ground.

One drawback of the method used by *L. edensis* is that the low-altitude flight is triggered by accidental contact with the ground. Given a strong updraft, it is possible for such seeds to encounter a mountain and fly over it without ever making this initial contact.

This problem is avoided by the acorn-sized seeds of *L. aeria*. *L. aeria* secretes the lift chemical in the seed and in leaf-like vanes attached to it. The vanes are arranged to make the seed spin if they catch the wind. The seed trails a single tendril with a bulbous tip. Like *L. edensis*, *L. aeria* is initially gravity-neutral. However, after a few days, the vanes dry, and their point of attachment becomes extremely brittle. If the seed then encounters turbulent winds, such as the updrafts near a mountain, the vanes snap off, and some lift is lost. The seed descends until the tendril touches the ground and commences low-altitude trailing flight, in the manner of *L. edensis*. If suitable soil is encountered, four barbed hooks spring out, anchoring the seed while the root tips grow. Extension of the hooks takes approximately three seconds and appears to use a mechanism similar to the collapse of leaves on the Terran mimosa plant.

A simpler method is used by *L. arabia*, the smallest of the common liftwood species. Thousands of tiny seeds are produced, each topped by an oval disk — a 'float' of gravity-negative material. This seed is stable in calm conditions but tilts and loses much of its lift when it encounters turbulence. It then descends randomly and starts to grow regardless of the type of soil. Most of the seeds die, but a small portion fall onto suitable soil.

OTHER SPECIES

At least two other liftwood species may exist, but they are only known from second-hand accounts, wood, and fruit. As yet, no Terran scientist has seen the actual plants, and scientific names have not been assigned.

Shiuskup is a rare Martian fruit that resembles a sweet blue apricot with a spicy aftertaste. It is much prized by Martian gourmets and can be fermented to make an extremely potent liqueur. If the oval seeds are carefully removed, they float upward. It is assumed that these seeds are normally dispersed by animals, possibly the flying skroll or one of its smaller relatives. The seeds retain the antigravity ability, which is used if animals are not available. There is no obvious mechanism for efficient airborne distribution, unlike the other large seeds studied. Experiments show that the seeds lose their antigravity effect after passing through the gut, which would support this theory. Presumably uneaten fruit rots to release the seeds, which drift off in any wind. Martian sources claim that the plant is a bush, not a tree, and does not produce usable liftwood,

but this has not been verified. It apparently has a limited range in the Noachis heights.

Seerdiik is an extremely rare, dense liftwood with straight grain and very powerful antigravity effects. A piece of seerdiik will lift approximately twice the load of a similar volume of *L. aeria*. It is claimed to retain its lift for 20 to 30 Martian years, far longer than other species. The largest piece examined by Terran scientists is the hull of a model ether-flyer, given to a British merchant by the Amwaak of Parhoon shortly before he was assassinated. The uncut wood was approximately a foot long by four inches square. The grain patterns suggest that it may have been cut from the main trunk, which would appear to be no more than six to eight inches wide. The source of seerdiik remains unknown. Unreliable reports say that it is a dwarf hybrid species cultivated by members of a civilized High Martian tribe, but this seems extremely unlikely.

THE OTTERWOOD EXPEDITION, 1887-8

In 1887 naturalists working at the Royal Botanical Gardens decided to mount an expedition to obtain samples of liftwood plants, the soil they grow in, and associated plant and animal species. The expedition was led by Dr. John Otterwood, a botanist who had previously been involved in expeditions to the Congo and Upper Amazon. For logistical reasons, the explorers decided to visit the Astusapes Highlands.

Unfortunately, it took some time to arrange the hire of a steam launch and other equipment, and the departure from Parhoon has delayed until February of 1888, a few days before the Kraag Barrovaar incident. For some time, there was no news of the expedition, and it was feared that the explorers had been caught up in the fighting that led to the Oenotrian War. These fears were justified; an Oenotrian *Bloodrunner* kite encountered the launch on its return journey and attacked it.

The scientists (armed only with a Nordenfelt machinegun and small arms) retaliated by running the launch into the kite's sails and setting them on fire, then picked off the kite's crew as they tried to extinguish the blaze. The kite ultimately crashed, with no survivors. The launch was badly damaged in the fight and made a forced landing in the Meroe Badlands. The scientists escaped across country and eventually reached Parhoon but were forced to abandon the soil samples and most of their equipment. Otterwood's leg was broken in the crash and became gangrenous during the return journey; he died less than a week after the expedition returned.

Seed specimens and drawings returned by members of the expedition were one of the principal sources for this article.

GAME USE — SPACE 1889

Adventurers are more likely to be interested in the commercial and military uses of liftwood than in its botany or ecology. However, this research can lead to some, interesting plot ideas.

•The adventurers trade for liftwood. During the return journey, they realize that the liftwood they are carrying is *L. edensis*, not *L. aeria*, and

has less than a quarter of the value they expected — probably not enough to pay their expenses and debts.

- Seerdiik contains an unusually stable and concentrated form of the liftwood chemical. Given a large sample, it might be possible to make a detailed analysis and discover its secrets. The only accessible sample is a model ether flyer, the pride and joy of a rich Parhooni merchant who has no intention of selling it.

- Where does seerdiik grow, and who (or what) grows it? Could there be civilized High Martians?

- Shiuiskup plants are cultivated as food, not for their antigravity capability. Can the plant be grown in a more civilized setting? If so, will it have the taste that Martian gourmets expect from this delicacy?

- Somewhere in the Meroe Badlands is the wreck of the Otterwood Expedition launch, containing several hundred pounds of liftwood grove soil, a variety of plants and seeds, and scientific instruments. Have the Oenotrians found it? If not, is there anything worth salvaging? Did anyone ever salvage the *Bloodrunner* kite?

GAME USE — SKY GALLEONS OF MARS

L. arabia gives more lift than normal liftwood — usually 150 tons per hull size number but up to a maximum of 240 tons per hull size number. It costs £8000 per hull size in Martian yards (but is usually unavailable; roll 1D6 plus hull size to determine the number of months needed to obtain the supply necessary for a given vessel). British yards can never get large quantities. At best, they can supply enough for one hull size for £12,000, but it will take 2D6 months to obtain the wood. To calculate the lift of a hull built from *L. arabia*, use **Lv=1 50Hs/T**, where **Lv** is lift value, **Hs** is hull size, and **T** is tons.

L. edensis gives less lift than normal liftwood — usually 50 tons per hull size number but up to a maximum of 80 tons per hull size number. It costs £3000 per hull size in Martian yards, £5000 per hull size in British yards. However, the disadvantages of this wood mean that no yard routinely stocks it. It must be ordered (delay 1D6 months) or supplied by the purchaser of the hull. In practice, it is mainly used for small craft, conveyers, and other applications where strong lift capability isn't needed. To calculate the lift of a hull built from *L. edensis*, use **Lv=50Hs/T**.

For a steel hull (British yards), add £2000 per hull size to the cost of the wood.

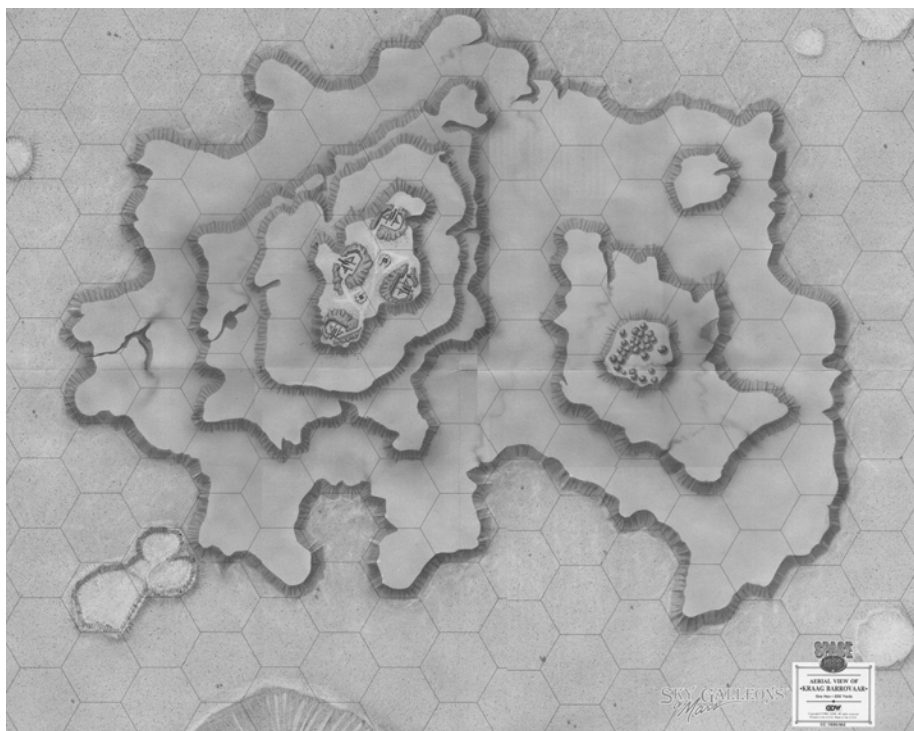
If these variant woods are used, the exact type of hull should be noted on the ship record form (e.g., *L. arabia* wooden hull, steel-clad *L. edensis*, etc.). For game purposes, species of liftwood with different lift values cause trim instabilities and cannot be mixed in the construction of a hull.

Seerdiik is not available for ship construction.

THE OTTERWOOD INCIDENT

The material presented here will permit interested players to recreate the Otterwood party's encounter with the hostile kite.

Map: Use the Kraag Barrovaar map from *Sky Galleons of Mars*. Each brown line is a terrain boundary. The highest point on the map is at high altitude. Ignore all ground installations apart from the trees on the smaller peak.



Ships: The British have an aerial steam launch:

Move: 5; *Hull Size:* 1; *Armor:* 0; *Bridge:* C, H, T; *Passengers:* 4; *Wpn:* Nordenfelt gun bearing forward, port, starboard; *Cost:* £4840; *Weight:* 50 tons; *Max. Height:* VH.

All passengers and crew have modern rifles. The passengers of the launch count as Green crew when using weapons; one of the passengers must man the gun. For ship plans and other information, see *Space: 1889*.

The Martians have a standard Bloodrunner kite with a Trained crew.

Setup: The British launch begins landed on the smaller peak, height Medium. The Martin kite begins on the edge beyond the other peak, height High.

Special Rules: Neither craft is a military vessel, but the kite captain is sure that he can take on one puny launch. He will attack until his ship is damaged or crew is killed, then try to withdraw. The British launch must defend itself, and the captain won't willingly retreat from natives without serious damage. For the purposes of this combat, a boarding party may deliberately start fires with damage value 1.

Victory: The British win if the kite retreats off the map or is destroyed or disabled, and they are then able to leave the map. The Martians win if the launch is captured, destroyed, or disabled.

FUELLESS FLYERS

BY MARCUS L. ROWLAND

Could new technology make the steam engine obsolete? In a scenario for *Space: 1889* our reporter investigates some daring new concepts in flyer design.

One of the major limiting factors in flight is the need for such heavy equipment as a power plant and coal bunkers, sails, or galley cranksmen. The fact that such mechanisms might one day be discarded has received remarkably little attention. While liftwood can be used to build so-called perpetual motion machines (such as the Great Wheel of Garyaana, described in *Canal Priests of Mars*), they obtain their power from gravity and the interaction of liftwood with the ether, and must be firmly anchored to the ground. They are not suitable for use in aerial conveyance. It should be obvious, however, that flyers themselves take advantage of this 'free' power whenever they ascend.

Recent experiments with winged heavier-than-air gliders have established that it is possible to build a craft capable of attaining respectable speeds by trading height for velocity. It may even be possible to take advantage of 'thermals' and other upwards air currents, familiar to anyone who has ever travelled by flyer, to regain height. Naturally, such craft must eventually land, but some remarkable results have been achieved, most notably by Sir George Caley and the German engineer Otto Lillenthal.

Liftwood panels would allow gliders to maintain their speed while gaining height, and thus stay aloft indefinitely. Headway would only be lost if the craft attempted to maintain constant altitude, and it might be possible to use a foot-pedalled airscrew for this eventuality. Such a craft would look radically different from our current flyers, much more like the winged aircraft envisioned by Da Vinci. It has the potential to be as fast as any steam flyer in service today.

It would be wrong to suggest that there are no drawbacks to this idea. A craft that must constantly change altitude might induce nausea in its passengers. The degree of such sickness would, of course, relate to the frequency of such altitude changes; it has seldom been reported by users of conventional gliders, who rarely experience anything other than a slow descent, and occasional broken limbs. More seriously, constant altitude changes and the need for extensive streamlining would make gliders a poor mount for artillery and other weapons, and might cause stresses which would limit their capacity.

Putting these facts together, the most likely use for such a craft would be as a courier or as a fast, manoeuvrable and almost completely silent scout, possibly launched from a larger vessel, capable of carrying a helmsman (who also operates the trim controls) and one or two observers. The amount of liftwood built into the craft could be remarkably small compared to that needed for a normal flyer; once it is moving at any speed, air flowing over the wings should provide the extra impetus needed

to gain height after each descent, a relatively small amount of force. Since the liftwood would not be the sole support of the craft, trim errors would be considerably less important than in a conventional flyer, giving the helmsman ample time to compensate before they become critical.

In the long term, it is possible to envisage a hybrid craft combining the best features of the liftwood flyer and the glider, capable of high speeds and perhaps carrying several tons of cargo. But perhaps such wild speculation is best left to the writers of scientific romances and their readers...

LILLENTHAL "IMPROVED" GLIDER

Armour: None

Hull: 1/4

Power: Liftwood-assisted glider with man-powered airscrew

Speed: 5/10 (Ascending/Descending; add 1/2 if pedals are also used)

Altitude: Very High

Tonnage: 2.1 Tons

Price: £350

Crew: 2 (Pilot and Observer)

Armament: None

Level: 10 Knots (add 10 knots if the occupants are pedalling)

Bridge: C

Hull Hits: VH: ☐ H: ☐ M: ☐ L: ☐ VL: ☐

FORGOTTEN FUTURES ON CD-ROM

The **Forgotten Futures CD-Rom** contains all of the **Forgotten Futures Library** and game material published to date, all converted to HTML format for easy viewing by web browser, plus many megabytes of new material. Many files have been updated and numerous errors corrected.

The CD-Rom includes *Flatland* by Edwin Abbott. The classic story of a two dimensional world, also illustrated. This is accompanied by a *Flatland RPG*, based on a simplified version of the Forgotten Futures rules and only available on the CD-Rom. At last — an RPG where characters are supposed to be two-dimensional!

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Marcus L. Rowland, 22 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2 5EA

Note that purchasers of the CD-ROM will be eligible for a discount on the print version of *Forgotten Futures* books.

TEMPLE COVENANT JONES AND THE LAND LEVIATHAN

BY MARK CLARK

MacMurchie returned from the roogie at a fast walk, coming up to the strange apparatus as Mr. Jones was making some further fine adjustments.

"Oich, it's hotter'n tha Divil's own curlin' iron hereabouts, Saar! Ahm bein' broiled like a bit o' bacon, and that's God's truth!"

"Now, Mr. MacMurchie, thou knowest better than to take the name of Our Lord in vain."

"Soorry, Saar, soorry — it's just that me brain is so addled by this heat. Woun't 'appen again, Saar."

"Apology accepted. Now, Mr. MacMurchie, wouldst thou do me the service of examining the pressure gauges on the Leviathan? We must be sure not to exceed the rating of these hoses — Gumma is expensive, after all."

"Yas Saar, Ahl do it now."

MacMurchie turns and walks away. We notice for the first time a soft hissing sound in the background, along with a metallic hum. Jones leans forward, examining several small brass-mounted dials on his apparatus.

"What is the pressure, Mr. MacMurchie?"

"Oi make it 240 punds, Saar."

"Very good. Turn on the Accumulator."

"On, Saar."

The dial on the apparatus begins to move, and the hissing sound becomes louder. A small jet of steam issues from one side of the apparatus, until Jones makes an adjustment and it ceases. The apparatus then begins to make a subdued "poketa-poketa" noise, and vibrates visibly. MacMurchie moves up next to Jones and addresses him:

"Owl ready, Saar — she's pumpin' away like thar's na tomorrow."

"Very good. Please be so good as to stand back so that I may fire"

MacMurchie moves back, though he looks expectant rather than apprehensive. Jones sights down the barrel of the apparatus one last time, and then grasps a protruding handle and gives it a small tug. The machine emits a loud squeal, and then an even louder bang. A cloud of steam envelops Jones, and he begins to cough. As the vapor clears, we see the strange umbrella-shaped portion of the apparatus lying some five feet in front of where the two men are standing. The stuffed roogie in the distance seems unharmed. MacMurchie rushes up to Jones:

"Ahr ya ool root, Saar?"

"Quiet all right, Mr. MacMurchie. It seems we have further work to do if the net gun is to be effective."

"Oich, Saar, thots the truth. Though the net did ga futhar than last time, oi think."

"Exactly. Well, let us load our burden back aboard Leviathan and

return to our lodgings." Jones takes out his pocket watch and glances at it. "If we do not delay, we will be in time for Mrs. MacPherson's excellent scones."

"Thot'll be a pleasure, Saar. Oil turn off tha steam naw."

Jones and MacMurchie proceed to disassemble the net gun, placing the parts in padded niches in a large wooden chest. MacMurchie then goes to fetch the roogie, and Jones begins to coil up the Gumma hoses. He soon comes to their source, a large valve set in the side of a metal wall. Jones opens a panel next to the valve, and then puts the box inside, followed shortly by the stuffed roogie that MacMurchie hands to him. The point of view pulls back, and we see that what seemed to be a wall is actually the side of an enormous Ruumet Breehr. Larger than any of the species one would encounter on Mars, this animal gleams in the sunlight, light reflecting from its polished steel skin and its lustrous brass joints. Atop it sits an elaborate howdah, its baroque decorations crafted in the most decadent Canal Martian style. Behind the howdah is a smoke-stack, and a small stream of smoke is drifting out. After securing the panel, Jones and MacMurchie enter a small door. Jones soon emerges into view in the howdah, where he grasps several levers and prepares to set the Leviathan in motion. He shouts into a brass speaking tube, and then listens. Pushing the throttle forward, Jones steers towards the path that leads to Parhoon, as smoke curls from the stack in a large cloud.

* * * * *

"So, Mr. MacMurchie, hast thou finished the boiler shut-down?"

"Ai, thot I 'ave, Saar. Wut oi wudden't give fur a cold draft o' lager right naw."

"Now, Mr. MacMurchie, I need not remind you of the pledge thou signed when thou first came to work for me. Mrs. MacPherson has prepared lemonade for us, with an extra measure of ice."

"Oich, thots right noice of the lady, Saar. Scones?"

"Yes, scones as well. Let us clean ourselves and join the MacPhersons in the parlor."

After a vigorous scrubbing, Jones and MacMurchie enter the cool and dark parlor of the MacPherson family. Aside from her odd colour and lack of a digit on each hand, the family maid serving the lemonade could be in any middle-class parlor in England — heavy drapes cover the windows, every pillow is protected by an antimacassar, and flowing fabrics prevent anyone from catching a glimpse of a chair leg. Mr. MacPherson, a small, portly man with a self-important air, looks up from his newspaper and smiles.

"So, chaps, how did it go today? Bag any big game?"

"Regrettably, no. The mechanism is still in need of improvement."

"Well, no harm done. After all, any hunter can go to the nearest gunsmith and buy a rifle that will bag a roogie on the cheap. No need for steam, eh, MacMurchie?"

"Oich, oi canna say. Ifn' it be a dead roogie ya be wantin', then a gun'l do ya. Fur a live un, oid rather Mr. Jones' gun, Saar."

"But what would you want a live roogie for, man? The stuffed one

gives Mrs. MacPherson enough nightmares as it is."

"Well, thou mayst not desire a live specimen, but I'll warrant there is many a naturalist who would pay a pretty penny to capture his specimens alive. Not to mention those men who seek to supply the zoological gardens."

"Ah, well, we'll see eventually. So, have you read the *Syrtis Star* today?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, here you are." MacPherson hands the newspaper to Jones. "I've taken the liberty of underlining a few things you may find of interest. That Rhodes fellow looks like just the fellow to go with you on your little trip, and I hear that engine driver will be looking for a new job soon — perhaps you can take him on to help MacMurchie."

"But it says here that he'll get a hearing next week."

"Of course it does. However, with the state of relations with the natives these days, I'm sure the authorities will convict. Keep our native levies loyal on the Oenetrian front by showing we punish anyone who hurts their little children, don't you know."

"But what if the young man is innocent?"

"Jones, Jones, Jones, what chance does innocence have when Empire is involved?"

"Well, I am sure Mrs. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha would be very unhappy to know what is done in her name."

"As if the Queen ever has a thought that Lord Salisbury didn't put there — the Widow has played the Widow for too long, if you take my meaning."

"Hmmm." Jones, increasingly engrossed with the newspaper, and MacMurchie, increasingly engrossed in the pile of scones before him, both seem to be unwilling to continue the conversation along the lines Mr. MacPherson wants to take it. Seeing this, MacPherson sets to the scones as well, and the room is filled with the sound of contented munching, until a few minutes later the door opened and Mrs. MacPherson enters with the tea tray.

"Now boys, here's a little something that will do you all good. Let me just pour for you — Mr. Jones, I have your special mixture in this pot — there you are."

"Thank thee very much, Mrs. MacPherson."

After pouring what looks like a blend of sludge and pond scum into Jones' cup, Mrs. MacPherson picks up the other teapot and serves a much more conventional looking beverage into the other three cups. After seating herself, she turns to Mr. Jones and smiles:

"So, any news of your wagons, Mr. Jones?"

"Not yet. The fitting out is almost done, but there is still the purchase of the year's supply of food and the other kitchen gear. I anticipate all should be concluded in a week or so."

"How very nice for you. Have you found any traveling companions yet?"

"No, though I have been making inquiries. I see here in the newspa-

per that this American rifle expert will be traveling — I will be sending him my card. As a shooter, I'm sure he will have an interest in fine machinery like the Leviathan. Whether he will want to travel all the way to Hecates Lacus, that I am not so sure of."

"I'm sure he will, Mr. Jones, once he sees how nice your wagons are. A little more tea?"

"Yes, thank you."

* * * * *

Temple Covenant Jones is the rather eccentric inventor of the Leviathan, an enormous steam-powered land vehicle modeled on a Ruumet Breehr. He plans an overland excursion from Parhoon to Hecates Lacus via Gorovaan, Mylarkt, Alcylon, and Hyblaeus. He can be encountered anywhere along his route, but ideally he can serve as a means of transportation for a group of player characters. The main aim of the trip is to test the Leviathan — Jones will be very flexible about the route and side trips. Of course, he is a rather eccentric fellow, so there is sure to be a degree of friction along the way!

TEMPLE COVENANT JONES (INVENTOR, ANNUAL INCOME £110)

Strength 2 Throwing 1 *

Agility 3 Stealth 2, Mechanics (Steam) 4

Endurance 5 Wilderness Travel (Mountaineering) 4, Swimming 3

Intellect 6 Observation 5, Engineering (Structural) 6, Science (Physics) 4, Gunnery (Net Gun) 2

Charisma ** Linguistics (German, French, Koline) 3

Social Level 4 Riding (Ruumet Breehr) 3, Leadership 1

* Due to his non-violent background, Jones has no skill in Fisticuffs.

** Special — see character description

Jones was born into a wealthy English family of religious dissenters, strongly influenced by the Quaker faith. As a result, he has a number of personal attributes that set him apart from the norm. He is totally committed to non-violence and will never use force regardless of the provocation. He also strongly believes in human equality (and the equality of Humans, Martians, Lizardmen, and any other intelligent creature), and treats everyone with equal courtesy. However, since he rejects the idea that anyone is by birth better than anyone else, he refuses to use titles of any kind. The most extreme example of this behavior is Queen Victoria, who Jones always refers to as Mrs. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. As one can imagine, many Englishmen find this offensive. As a result, Jones' Charisma varies depending on who he is dealing with. To determine his effective charisma for an encounter, subtract the Social Level of the person he is encountering from 7. Thus, the higher the social class of the person encountered, the less they will care for him. By background and upbringing Jones is Social Level 4.

Jones is also a teetotaler, a vegetarian, a health-food fanatic, and disapproves of foul language. He also loves to exercise by climbing mountains and by swimming. However, he is willing to spend time with those

who do not share his beliefs, primarily because he can then try and convince them to come around to his point of view. For example, he will serve wine with dinner, but during the meal will spend a great deal of time describing in graphic detail how alcohol ruins the health and leads to all sorts of diseases. In addition to the Leviathan, Jones has also invented the Jonah diving suit, a self-contained apparatus that looks rather like a large fish, the Sampson lifting crane (which provides most of his patent income), and several improvements to boiler technology (all of which are used on the Leviathan). He is currently trying to perfect a net gun for the capture of animals.

JOHN MACMURCHIE (MECHANIC)

Strength 5 Fisticuffs 3, Throwing 3, Close Combat (Bashing) 2

Agility 6 Stealth 5, Mechanics (Machinist) 6

Endurance 2 Wilderness Travel (Mountaineering) 1, Swimming 1

Intellect 4 Observation 5, Engineering (Structural) 2, Science (Chemistry) 2

Charisma 3 Bargaining 2, Linguistics (Koline) 1

Social Level 1 Piloting (Steam Vessel) 2

John MacMurchie is a stocky Scotsman of the engineering variety. He came to Jones' attention early in life, rescued from a life on the streets by a charity that Jones's father contributed to. Since then he has acted as Jones's assistant, and has become a master machinist, something both men take great pride in.

Despite his long association with Jones, MacMurchie still is drawn to the pleasures of the lower classes. Colorful curses, a bit of a temper, a taste for gin, all are still there inside him just waiting to get out. However, MacMurchie is stubbornly loyal to Jones, and when he slips up always feels a great deal of guilt.

THE LEVIATHAN

This is Jones' most ambitious invention, a huge mechanical Ruumet Breehr. It moves by walking, and is extremely strong. If it were to get into a tug-of-war with any two or three ordinary Ruumet Breehr it would win easily. The design includes a large and comfortable howdah on top that contains the controls for movement as well as seating for five. There are also steam jets located in the nose and at various places around the body — they allow for the release of a cloud of superheated steam that can drive away animals and hostile humans.

At the rear there is an arrangement for towing. Normally the Leviathan pulls two large wagons, which are essentially traveling bungalows. They are extensively decorated with carving and fine woods, and have large screened verandahs both front and back. Each is eighteen feet wide and over 40 feet long. The first wagon contains a drawing room, a dining room, and four sleeping cabins. All of the fittings are of the highest quality, with fine carpets, book cases, and overstuffed furniture. The second carriage has a large kitchen and pantry, a small dining/sitting room for servants, four servants' cabins, and a gun-room, a storage room,

and a small mechanically refrigerated room for ice making. The pantry can store large amounts of food, and contains a wine rack and storage for beer, brandy, and other fine beverages. Both the Leviathan and its two wagons can float, so crossing rivers and canals is easy. All in all, it is a most luxurious way to travel about on Mars.

Note: Temple Covenant Jones and John MacMurchie were originally created as NPCs for the Transactions Campaign that inspired the publication of *TRMGS*. I subsequently used them in other games, including one short play-by-email campaign. The Leviathan is based on the steam-powered elephant described in the Jules Verne novel *The Steam House*.

THE FUTURE'S NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE...

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE BE LIKE? Every generation has its own set of ideas and predictions. At the turn of this century most pundits thought that the mighty power of steam and electricity would usher in a new age of peace and prosperity. In the fifties the future was mostly seen as doom, gloom, and nuclear destruction. In the nineties we are obsessed with computers, and convinced that the future will revolve around information technology. Each of the earlier views was valid for its era; each was at least partially wrong. By looking at earlier guesses we may be able to discover what is wrong with our own vision of the future — and make even worse mistakes when we try to correct it!

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SYRTIS STAR

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

PEAKEFELLOW RANSOM DEMAND

The *Syrtis Star* has learned from our correspondent in Merro that a ransom demand has been delivered to Mr. Leander Havendish, Martian sales representative for Dr. Peakfellow's Vegetable Tonic and other Dr. Peakfellow products. Mr. Havendish has declined to provide details of the nature of the demands, saying only that the kidnappers have provided proof that Dr. Peakfellow is alive and that the demands involve items other than money.

In related news, the Merro coroner has directed the jury in the so-called Peakfellow Poisoning Case to deliver a verdict of "death by misadventure." Although it had initially appeared that the Martian Hill Tribesmen had been poisoned by the Dr. Peakfellow's Vegetable Tonic and Elixir they had consumed, chemical tests conducted by the well-known consulting detective Horace Manning proved that the Martians had not actually consumed any of the Tonic prior to their deaths. The actual cause of death is still unknown.

Manning's appearance in the courtroom was a surprise, since he has not been seen in public since the mysterious explosion in his home in Syrtis Major last year. Manning declined to be interviewed by our reporter, saying only that he would "issue a statement after having had a chance to sample the scones of Merro's fine establishments." Needless to say, it will be some time before the statement is available.

MISS TURNBRIDGE SENTENCED

Miss Clarissa Turnbridge was sentenced to five years imprisonment and a £500 fine for her role in the recent series of terrorist bombings in Syrtis Major. The harsh sentence was widely anticipated by legal observers, after Miss Turnbridge made such a brazenly defiant statement yesterday when the guilty verdict was returned. Since there

are no suitable prison facilities in the Martian Crown Colony, Miss Turnbridge will be returned to Earth to serve her sentence.

HAWTHORNE DEPARTS

Our correspondent in Fadath has learned that Captain Niles Hawthorne has departed the city for parts unknown after a secret meeting with Her Majesty Princess Kristyaana-Anraabu. Hawthorne's vessel, the *Aurora*, is a former Oenotrian *Swiftwood*-class Kite with a crew hand-picked by the Captain.

Although the nature of his mission was not revealed, we do know that Hawthorne was accompanied by two recently arrived Europeans, Major Stefan Esterhazy-Mueller and Jean-Paul Devereau, Duke of Bernay, as well as Wren, the High Martian Hawthorne is famous for domesticating. Hawthorne's departure comes as a considerable surprise, as he has been a staunch supporter of the Christian princess in her efforts to assert her authority over the largely pagan Council of Lords.

In related news, the German embassy in Syrtis Major has issued a statement that it urgently wishes to make contact with Major Esterhazy-Mueller and the Duke of Bernay. No reason was given for the statement, but a substantial reward was offered to "anyone putting the two named individuals in touch with German authorities."

ADVERTISEMENT: GUIDES WANTED

The William Edward's Company desires to speak with any persons with experience in travel to the Tossian Empire with a view towards the possibility of their employment as guides for a new tour service. Personal contacts with the businessmen in Thymiamata is a desirable qualification.

Direct inquiries and letters of reference to Mr. Jonathan Edward, Eldridge Mews, Syrtis Major.

THE COLONIAL CIVIL SERVICE ON MARS

AN OVERVIEW OF AN EMPIRE AT WORK

BY JOHN GANNON

This description of the colonial bureaucracy is loosely based on the colonial regime established throughout the Indian Sub-Continent from the mid-1700s until 1946. I used this model as Colonial India was quite similar to the description given for British Territories on Mars. As author, I have taken steps to simplify some aspects of the Colonial Service for the sake of game flow and playability. After all, the idea is to give players a structure to work for (or against!), not to leave them confused and befuddled — our own governments do that quite well enough!

This description could also be used for other game systems and other locations to represent similar power structures and organizations. As always, in the end, it is the interpretation that you, the Game Master, choose to put upon this work which will determine its use...

INTRODUCTION

In 1889, the hand of Queen Victoria stretches not only across the Earth, but throughout the Inner Worlds of our Solar System as well. In all corners of the sprawling British Empire groups of dedicated men, known sarcastically as “Victoria’s Sons”, work to ensure the smooth rule of each domain and that commerce and wealth continue to flow uninterrupted.

These are the dedicated men of the Colonial Office, and this is the story of their work and organization on Mars. While the Foreign Office has a tendency to garner more profit and glory, it is the daily work of the Colonial Office which allows for many of these Foreign Office successes in the first place. Until now unheralded, it is hoped that his article will bring the true value and worth of the Colonial Office and it’s work on Mars the appreciation and recognition it so richly deserves.

AN OVERVIEW OF THE COLONIAL ORGANIZATION

Within the Crown colony of Syrtis Lapis, there are three distinct political divisions. These divisions are the Colonial Territories of Syrtis Lapis (composed of Syrtis Major, Avenel, Moeris Lacus, and the currently rebel city of Shastapsh); The Regency State of Parhoon (covering the Cities of Parhoon and Gorovaan and their adjacent territory); and the Trucial Protectorates (consisting of Meepsoor and Haat). Collectively, these three political entities make up the British Crown Colony on Mars, known as Syrtis Lapis.

Each of these political sub-divisions has a branch of the Colonial Office operating within its boundaries, the structure of which is identical from state to state. This structure consists of a three-level system of Stations, Districts, and Commissioners. The first level, the Stations, are responsible for overseeing individual areas of the colony (approximately

40 square miles per Station). Within their area, the Stations provide basic government administration and services.

The next layer, the Districts, are directly responsible for the supervision of the Stations in their area. Each District Office is responsible for 20 Stations (covering approximately 800 square miles total — or one map hex). The District Offices provide more in-depth and detailed services to the citizens of the colony, as well as providing support to the Stations themselves.

Above these Stations and District Offices are the Commissioners and their staffs, who are responsible for control and supervision of all Districts within their particular State, and for the supervision of the cities as well. The number of Districts in each State vary depending upon the size of the State. In the Colonial Territory of Syrtis Lapis there are 51 separate districts, while in the Regency of Parhoon and the Trucial Protectorates there are 10 districts each. In total, the British Colony on Mars is sub-divided into 71 Districts.

At the top of the bureaucracy is the Office of the Viceroy. The Viceroy is appointed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the Viceroy oversees the colony in the name of the Queen. The Office of the Viceroy, under the auspices of his advisors and staff, administers all three regions as the Crown Colony of Syrtis Lapis and controls the activities of the Colonial Office on Mars.

THE COLONIAL STATION

The basic element of the Colonial Office is the Station House. In its simplest and most primitive form, the station is a single building and at its best a sprawling compound with several buildings, including offices, storage, living and recreation areas. A Station is composed of four different people. These are The Magistrate, The Registrar, The Collector, and The Assistant. Working in conjunction with each other, these four men are responsible for approximately 40 square miles of territory per station. It goes without saying that in larger Stations, each of the four officers named above would have designated assistants, but for the purposes of this article, an examination of the four primary officers will suffice.

The Magistrate is responsible for the implementation and administration of the Queen's justice within his area. To assist in this mission, he may coordinate/command sections of the Constabulary, deputize local peace officers and hire bailiffs. As a Magistrate, he has the power to sit in judgement on civil and criminal matters, and to issue rulings in the name of the Crown. In game terms, knowing a Colonial Magistrate (or being one) could make dealing with the various authorities and agencies in the colony that much easier. Of course, if you are on the wrong side of one, that Magistrate may take advantage of his position to undermine and impede your character whenever you have the misfortune to enter his jurisdiction.

The job of the Registrar is to maintain accurate records of births, deaths, marriages, ownership of property, etc and a host of other statistical information which will allow his superiors at the district level to

prepare reports and assessments concerning the lifestyle and occupants of each station and district. In the simplest terms, the Registrar is a one-man Department of Vital Statistics for his Station. Accordingly, the Registrar has access to all sorts of information that could be extremely useful to players since amongst the records will be deeds, land claims, patents, escrow estates, personal records, leases, etc. The opportunity to access and manipulate these documents (perhaps by Fenian Radicals or Pro-German Agents) makes the position of the Registrar an important one in the Colonial Service and an important position to be held (or formerly held) by a character of the right background.

The Collector is of course a Tax Collector, but he is much more. He is also responsible for maintaining the finances and expenses of the station as well as overseeing the fiscal aspects of Colonial Office contracts and projects within the station area. In a rich and prosperous part of the colony, the Collector would have access to large sums of ready cash, negotiable securities, bank accounts, gold, gems and other precious substances, plus tax records. The opportunities for manipulation of these items by mischievous players is unlimited.

The final member of the Station is known simply as The Assistant, however his job is anything but simple. He is not there to help the others with their tasks, but to manage the day to day activities of the station and to ensure the smooth function of all colonial office activities within the Station area. Do you need transport? That's the Assistant's job. Does the Registrar need to hire clerks? The Assistant finds suitable people. Does the Collector need to hire a canal barge to ship revenue? The Assistant will hire one. Anything that ever needs to be done to make the Station run, The Assistant handles. A player who has served as a Colonial Office Station Assistant is probably a master scrounger, jack of all trades, a fast talker, and one of the most well-connected and knowledgeable people in his area.

Prior to the Shastapsh Rebellion, there were some 1420 Stations in the Crown Colony, with 1020 in Syrtis Lapis, 200 in Parhoon, and 200 in the Trucial Protectorates.

THE DISTRICT OFFICERS

These are the men responsible for overseeing the operations of the various Stations within their District. Each District is under the direction of a District Commissioner. This Commissioner is responsible to the States' Chief Commissioner for the activities of his District. He is aided in his work by an official known as the Senior District Officer. Under these two men are five Junior District Officers, each one responsible for four Stations. These seven men are known collectively as The District Officers. They are supported in their administrative efforts by numerous clerks and assistants, all of whom ensure the smooth flow of reports and papers between the Stations and the State Commissioners Office. The officials of this office are usually all career administrators of long service, though there may be one or two up and coming young officials will to lend a friendly ear to a character in need.

THE RESIDENT

In each city of the colony, there is one individual who holds the title of Resident. In effect, he is both Mayor of the community and Crown's Representative to whatever form of Martian government or leadership might remain. The Resident employs a staff that oversees the day-to-day operations of city services and handles the staffing of paperwork to the Chief Commissioner. The Resident is also responsible for coordinating with whatever Martian administration may exist in each city. Within Parhoon and Gorovaan, the native administration is quite extensive and fairly independent of human control, likewise to a lesser extent in Meepsoor and Moeris Lacus, though both cities are moving closer to the British Model of Civil Administration. Within the Crown cities of Syrtis Major, Avenel, and Haat, the Colonial Administration has superseded the former Martian civil administrations and thus, the Residents of these cities are not required to liaise or coordinate with any of the former local hierarchy. The Residents are all long-service career men within the Colonial Office, and many of them are being groomed for eventual elevation to Commissioner.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER

This individual is effectively the ruler of his specific state. Within each state, the District Commissioners and the Resident of each city all report to the Chief Commissioner. Assisted only by a small staff of clerks and personal assistants, the Chief Commissioner is responsible for overseeing the development of the colonial territory assigned to him. This individual is always a senior Colonial Office official of long service and high social standing. His initial desire to turn away "annoying" adventurers might be tempered by an impressive title, the Victoria Cross on a uniform, the despairing eyes of a "Lady in Distress", or perhaps even a nephew or niece!

NOTES

While the above descriptions define the various levels and functions of the British Colonial Service on Mars, there are a couple of variations worth noting. For one, in the Regency of Parhoon the Chief Commissioner is known as the Regent-Commissioner and possesses special powers not available to the other Chief Commissioners. The reason for this is that Queen Victoria is still the official "Queen-Regent" for the Prince of Parhoon. As the Queen's representative, the Chief Commissioner is also empowered to carry out the duties of Regent and conduct state business in the name of the Prince. Thus, he also possesses all the powers of the Ruler in addition to his duties and obligations as Commissioner. For this reason he is known as the Regent-Commissioner.

Also, as the Colonial Territory of Syrtis Lapis is a full-fledged possession of England unlike the other two states, the position of Chief Commissioner is replaced by that of Colonial Governor. The Governor possesses all powers of the Chief Commissioner, as well as having authority

over Army and Naval forces within the colony, the power of decree, and full judicial authority within the Territory of Syrtis Lapis.

RULE BRITANNIA: THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT ON MARS

With the plethora of Commissioners, Chief Commissioners, Regents, Governors, Admirals and Generals that seem to abound in the British Martian territories, the question arises: Who Is Actually In Charge On Mars? The answer to this question is surprisingly simple, despite what seems to be the innumerable layers of bureaucracy and overlapping authority of many of the persons involved.

The supreme governing authority for the British on Mars is a man known as "The Viceroy".

THE OFFICE OF THE VICEROY OF MARS

The Viceroy effectively "rules" the colony. The Viceroy is an appointed ruler, charged by Queen Victoria with overall responsibility for all British Territories on the Red Planet. It is from the office of the Viceroy that orders, commands, royal decrees, changes in policy, etc issue forth in the name of the Queen. While only one man may hold the title of Viceroy, it is through the efforts of others that the necessary directions are drafted, defined, proposed, and proclaimed. This work is carried out by the members of the Viceroy's personal staff and a group of appointed officials known as the Viceroy's Council.

The Council is composed of a Colonial Treasurer, a Colonial Secretary, a Foreign Office Representative, the Commander of British Ground Forces on Mars, the Commander of the Martian Colonial Fleet, the Chief Commissioner, the Regent-Commissioner, and the Colonial Governor. The Council is responsible for making local policy decisions, acting as an advisory body to the Viceroy, and ensuring that the Queen's will is carried out on Mars.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY

While the Commissioners and Governor may command the apparatus of the Colonial Civil Service, the administrative coordination of the three regions, supervision of records, matters of personnel staffing, central registry of files, etc. falls to the Colonial Secretary. Additionally, the Colonial Secretary is also responsible for the operation and conduct of the Colonial Police Force (much as the Home Secretary in London is responsible for the Metropolitan Police Force there). The Chief Commissioner of the CPF reports directly to the colonial Secretary, who represents the concerns and requirements of the CPF to the Viceroy. The Secretary's other special portfolio is the Colonial Building Authority (CBA). The Director of the CBA also reports to, and takes his direction from, the Colonial Secretary.

THE COLONIAL TREASURER

The Colonial Treasurer is responsible for all financial matters per-

taining to the Martain Colonies, from the payment of invoices to the handling of transfer fees for use of the British Dockyards by other nations, processing of tax revenues collected, and handling trade-related matters with other powers on Mars. He prepares the budgets and allocates finances for all governmental activities on Mars.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY FOR MARS

Due to the distance between Earth and Mars, as well as the relatively slow speed of communications between the two worlds, it was determined early on that the Martian Territories would require special consideration in regards to foreign policy matters and foreign relations. With all the indigenous Martian governments, as well as representatives of the Great Powers of Earth present, the solution was to create for a Mars a semi-independent Foreign Office. The result was the creation of the position Foreign Secretary For Mars. This man (who holds the rank of Deputy Minister in the Foreign Office) has some limited authority to make foreign policy decisions concerning Mars. He is also the higher authority for the Foreign Office representative on Venus.

OTHER COUNCILORS

The other five members of the Viceroy's Council act in the role of advisors to the Viceroy, each providing specialty knowledge of his particular position. General Willis and Vice-Admiral Harcourt-Smythe have been added to the Council since the outbreak of the Oenotrian War, though both had been consulted before in regards to military matters.

NOTES

As there are no elected members to represent the Syrtis Lapis Territory, there is a 5-man Governor's Council which makes and enacts policy on behalf of Syrtis Lapis. This council is composed of the Colonial Governor and the four Residents, who act in a manner similar to the Viceroy's Council. The Viceroy is not a member of this Council, though he is of course, consulted. The Viceroy's role is to act as Queen's Representative and to give Royal Assent to any edicts enacted by the Governor's Council. While there have been occasions where the actions of the Governor's Council have conflicted with the Viceroy's Council, these have been both rare and of a minor nature.

STATISTICAL NOTES ON THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT

Overseeing All British Domains on Mars:

1 Viceroy — George Cecil Orlando Bridgeman, 4th Earl of Bradford (Viceroy's Council)

Colonial Governor of Syrtis Lapis — Charles William Cavendish, 3rd Baron Chesham

Chief Commissioner of the Trucial States — Sir Douglas Winn, ISO, JP

Regent-Commissioner for Parhoon — Sir Walter Temple, Lord Dundas

Colonial Treasurer — Jerrold Berke

Colonial Secretary — Phillip Twyford, ISO
 Foreign Secretary for Mars — The Right Honourable Peter Goddard, KC, JP
 GOC Colonial Military Forces — General Sir George Harry Smith-Willis, KCB
 Commander Martian Colonial Fleet — Vice-Admiral Sir Brian Harcourt-Smythe, KCB

Within the Crown Colony:

1 Colonial Governor — Charles Compton William Cavendish, 3rd Baron Chesham

4 Residents: Syrtis Major — George Thomas; Avenel — Henry Withers; Haat — John Elliott; (Shashtasph) — (Jeremy Strutt — deceased)
 (From the Adventure "Mission To Shastapsh")

51 District Commissioners

1020 Stations (Manager/Registrar/Collector/Assistant)

Within The Trucial States:

1 Chief Commissioner — Sir Douglas Winn, ISO, JP

2 Residents: Meepsoor — Charles Wright, Moeris Lacus — Jeffrey Bosley

10 District Commissioner

200 Stations (Manager/Registrar/Collector/Assistant)

Within the Regency State:

1 Regent-Commissioner — Sir Walter Temple, Lord Dundas

2 Residents: Parhoon — Peter Staples; Gorovaan — Charles Eglantine
 (From the Adventure "Cult Of Doom")

10 District Commissioners

200 Stations (Manager/Registrar/Collector/Assistant)

Districts and Stations

One District = 800 square miles of territory (There are 71 Districts in the Crown Colony)

One Station = 40 square miles of territory (There are 20 stations per District/1420 in the Colony)

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THE COLONIAL BUILDING AUTHORITY

URBAN RENEWAL IN *SPACE*: 1889

BY JOHN GANNON

INTRODUCTION

The spectacular Martian cities still stretch for miles beyond the canal banks. Their towers reach upward for hundreds of stories... But the Martians make use of only a fraction of the assets their cities provide... Whole sections of Martian cities today lie empty, deserted, and unclaimed except by the local vermin.

Space: 1889, page 160

In 1880, following the conquest and annexation of Syrtis Major, Avenel and Haat by the British, one of the first actions by the new rulers following the end of hostilities was to “make a survey” of their new realm. It quickly became apparent that large portions of the cities they had conquered were for all practical purposes, abandoned. With the peculiar penchant for real estate possession and regulation that all Humans possess, the British were properly disturbed, even shocked, to discover that no clear or discernible ownership of many of these properties could be found in what few records the Martians had bothered to maintain. The vast majority were simply “unclaimed and un-chatted” buildings and lands!

After six months of survey and recording, the Colonial authorities had produced a fairly complete list of unclaimed lands and properties within the three cities. With typical British efficiency, documents were prepared, dated, signed, notarized, registered, and filed giving title of these properties to the British Crown. In view of the quantity and diverse category of newly acquired “Crown lands”, a new department of the Colonial Office was opened on Mars — The Colonial Building Authority.

THE COLONIAL BUILDING AUTHORITY (CBA)

The CBA was organized to control the acquisition, distribution, rent, lease, and sale of unclaimed Martian lands and developments by the Crown to interested individuals, private and Crown corporations, and other departments of the government. To do this, the CBA is composed of three sub-offices: Commercial & Retail Properties; Domestic Properties; and Undeveloped Properties. The first deals with those properties that contain/include sites or facilities suitable for large-scale business use, former or current shops, factory or construction facilities, and those sites suitable for use as government buildings or other offices. Domestic Properties is responsible for sites suitable for use as single or multiple family dwellings, apartments, and other multi-occupant dwellings. The third office handles the disposition of those properties without structures of any kind, or those with unreclaimable ruins, and other proper-

ties not designated for habitation or other development, such as farmland, orchards, etc. While the rest of this article will be devoted to an examination of the Domestic Properties Office, the description of its procedures and routines is also valid for the other two offices as well.

THE DOMESTICS PROPERTIES OFFICE

The Domestic Properties Office (DPO) is headquartered in the Colonial Offices located in the Residency in Syrtis Major, with smaller offices located in each of the British-controlled Martian cities. In each city, the DPO maintains records of all suitable properties within their jurisdiction, rates payable for rent, lease, or purchase of these sites, zoning plans for the proposed development of different areas in each city, and lists of past, present, and potential renters or purchasers. It is important to note that the DPO (nor any other branch of the CBA) issues building permits. That is the responsibility of the local civil administration, and is not a DPO/CBA function.

For the average citizen who wishes to purchase or lease one of the DPO's properties, the process is fairly straightforward. Once a property is desired, the individual approaches the DPO with the property description and/or address. The DPO checks its records to determine the status of the property in question, and if no previous title is found, the property is cleared for acquisition. Should the individual wish to rent, the DPO has a fixed set of rates, based on size, type, and location of the property from which the correct rate is determined; a deposit is paid, and the individual is free to take up occupancy. Rates are charged monthly, and the DPO maintains a small staff of agents who make the rounds, collecting rents and issuing receipts. In the case of a purchase, a different set of rates is consulted, which establish a value for the property based upon a similar set of criteria. Once the price is determined, the DPO and the individual make arrangements for either outright purchase or a "Rent To Own" program, similar to monthly rents for non-purchasing clients. Once again, upon completion of the correct forms, the individual is free to take up occupancy of their new residence.

Of course, the DPO is more than simply a rental/sales agency. The DPO is also a major participant in the Colonization/Reclamation program established by the Colonial Office in London. The scope of the plan was to encourage British settlement of the cities by making available to would-be colonists homes or apartments at attractive one-time prices, though with a five year "No Sale" moratorium. Not surprisingly, this program resulted in many thousands of applications from across the Empire, as those persons who were looking at either making a fresh start in life, or who were attracted by the idea of owning their own home for the first time in their lives, applied to the Colonial Office for consideration as colonists. To date, several hundred applicants have been granted homes on Mars through this process. Though thousands more names continue to wait on lists, though the recent war with Oenotria has slowed new applications.

In addition to the Resettlement Colonization Program, the DPO is

also involved with supplying homes to those who have qualified under the Government's Honourable Service Home Program. Similar to the Resettlement Colonization Program, the Honourable Service Program is aimed at retiring or recently discharged members of the Army and Navy, as well as members of other government departments, who are willing to settle in the Martian Colony. Under this program, accepted applicants are given clear title to a single family dwelling in one of the Martian cities (based upon availability) by agreeing to accept a half-pension versus a full pension, and also agreeing to a five year "No Sale" moratorium. This has been a highly successful program with discharged soldiers and sailors, though not as popular with retiring bureaucrats as was originally hoped. DPO also transfers and sells properties (upon receipt of approved requests) to other departments of the government. Thus, it was the DPO that obtained the buildings used as the "Official Residences" for the members of the Colonial government such as the Secretary, the Governor, and the Viceroy.

Naturally, the homes and apartments that are available from the DPO come in a range of sizes and qualities. While a few properties are little more than hovels, some of the homes are near-palatial! Naturally, these higher quality properties command higher quality prices as well. In game terms, homes can be categorized as being Social Level 1 dwellings, Social Level 2-3 dwellings, Social Level 4-5 dwellings, and Social Level 6 dwellings. Home prices can be rated as "Price" X .67 for Level 1; "Price" X 1 for Level 2-3, "Price" X 1.5 for Level 4-5, and "Price" X 3 for Level 6 homes.

DPO offices are normally staffed by 3-7 officials, depending upon the size of the city (assume there is one DPO official per 20,000 inhabitants). In addition to the office staff, local DPO offices also employs a varying number of Assessors, Collectors, Surveyors, Architects, and others to perform the day-to-day functions involved with making properties available to the public. Many DPO officials have worked as Agents in Colonial Stations, while others are mere bureaucrats, who have never worked outside the confines of a government office.

THE FUTURE OF THE CBA

Now approaching its 10th year of existence, the CBA shows no signs of having completed its task to bring order to the chaos of the Martian cities. Indeed, in the last five years the cities of Parhoon and Gorovaan have been added to the jurisdiction of the CBA, while other CBA officials are now working in Meepsoor and Moeris Lacus assisting the local government in organizing their heretofore abandoned structures. The task before the CBA is enormous! The numbers of buildings and lands involved, relative to the present number of purchasers assures the CBA of many more years of work within the Crown Colony of Syrtis Lapis. The CBA is well aware that even once the cities of Syrtis Lapis are finally settled, there will undoubtedly be further work to do in the new cities that will inevitably be added to the British Realm in the years to come....

THE COLONIAL POLICE FORCE

BRITISH LAW ENFORCEMENT ON MARS IN SPACE: 1889

BY JOHN GANNON

THE COLONIAL POLICE FORCE

Just as Sir Robert Peel brought a uniformed police force to the streets of London in the 1830s, it was the efforts of another English parliamentarian that ensured that as British influence spread across Mars, a uniformed constabulary was not far behind. The Colonial Police Force, or CPF, is the creation of The Honourable William Winston Arundel, the first Colonial Secretary for Mars. Established in 1880, the CPF is empowered by the Colonial Administration to enforce law and order within the cities of the Martian Crown Colony. The CPF is a distinct and separate organization from the Royal Martian Constabulary (which is detailed in *TRMGS Volume Two*, page 17).

Realizing from the outset that the CPF would be operating in circumstances unique from those encountered on Earth, the CPF was recruited and organized to cope with the realities of Mars. This including arming the CPF with pistols, as opposed to the traditional unarmed constable of the London Metropolitan Police. Also, with Human and Martian residents in each city, it was realized that the Colonial Police Force needed to be composed of both Human and Martian Constables and Sergeants. This was implemented, though only Humans may serve as Inspectors and Commissioners.

The CPF is administered and supervised by the Colonial Office on Mars, and the Chief Commissioner of the CPF reports directly to the Colonial Secretary (see the Colonial Civil Service article on page 87 for more details). Reporting to the Chief Commissioner are seven other Commissioners, each responsible for one of the cities in the colony. The names of these gentlemen are:

Chief Commissioner of the Colonial Police Force: Sir Vernon Woolford
Police Commissioner for Syrtis Major: Ronald Dunn
Police Commissioner for Avenel: Peter Taylor
Police Commissioner for Haat: John Woodward
Police Commissioner for Parhoon: Stephen Ashworth
Police Commissioner for Gorovaan: Sir Ronald Braithwaite
Police Commissioner for Meepsoor: Christopher Smith
Police Commissioner for Moeris Lacus: David Rowe

Under each Commissioner are the Inspectors, Sergeants, and Constables that comprise the CPF in each city. Please note that from amongst the total number of Inspectors in each city, one will be designated as "Chief Inspector" for that particular city. The distribution of these persons is based upon the following ratios:

Inspector: 1 for each 10,000 inhabitants
Human Sergeant: 1 for each 5,000 inhabitants
Native Sergeant: 1 for each 3,000 inhabitants
Human Constable: 1 for each 1,000 inhabitants
Native Constable: 1 for each 500 inhabitants

Using these ratios for the city of Syrtis Major (Pop: 150,000) we find that the CPF in Syrtis Major should consist of 1 Commissioner; 15 Inspectors (one of whom is Chief Inspector); 30 Human Sergeants; 50 Native Sergeants; 150 Human Constables; and 300 Native Constables, for a total force of 546 policemen. Whether there are actually that many officers on the force or not, is an ongoing question, and the actual number of officers may indeed be less than shown.

The uniform of the Colonial Policeman consists of tan tunic and pants, low brown boots, White Police Helmet, and Sam Brown Belt. On the right collar is worn their Force Number and on the left collar are the initials "CPF". Inspectors and Chief Inspectors wear 2 and 3 silver pips respectively on their right collar (as opposed to a constable's Force Number) while Commissioners wear a gold Crown on red collar tabs and the Chief Commissioner wears a Gold Laurel on his red collar tab.

All constables and sergeants, both Human and Martian, carry silver whistles with which to call for assistance. As well, a baton (known as a "Billy Club") and a light pistol (with ammunition) are provided by the Force. The Service Pistol is attached to a shoulder lanyard to prevent it being dropped or stolen. Native Constables do not receive pistols or pistol training, until they achieve the rank of Sergeant. Not surprisingly, all members of the CPF, be they Human or Martian, are known amongst the citizens as "Bill" "Billies" or "Billy-Boys" (in reference to the creator of the CPF, William Arundel), in much the same way as British policemen on Earth are known as "Bobbies" and "Peelers" (in reference to Robert Peel). The correct form of address for members of the CPF is actually "PC", meaning Police Constable (for Humans), "NC" meaning Native Constable (for Martians), or "PS" (Police Sergeant) and "NS" (Native Sergeant) respectively. Inspectors and Commissioners are addressed by those titles. Members of the CPF are paid in accordance with the rates shown below:

PAY SCALE & RANK INSIGNIA

Native Constable £10/month Black Cuffs, Plain Sleeve

Human Constable £15/month Red Cuffs, 1 Chevron on Right Sleeve

Native Sergeant £15/month Black Cuffs, 2 Chevrons on Right Sleeve

Human Sergeant £20/month Red Cuffs, 3 Chevrons on Right Sleeve

Inspector £35/month Red & Gold Cuffs, 2 Silver Pips on Right Collar

Chief Inspector £50/month Red & Gold Cuffs, 3 Silver Pips on Right Collar

Deputy Commissioner £75/month Red & Gold Cuffs, Gold Crown on Right Collar

Chief Commissioner £100/month Red & Gold Cuffs, Gold Laurel on Right Collar

GENERATING COLONIAL POLICE FORCE CHARACTERS

Because the CPF is administered by the Colonial Office on Mars, it is considered a Government Career for the purposes of character creation. Human characters have the choice of Constables, Sergeants, or Inspectors. Martian characters may select either constable or sergeant careers. Please note there is no Detective Branch within the CPF.

GOVERNMENT CAREERS:

COLONIAL POLICEMAN

Human Constable: Pre-Requisites: (Str 3+/End 3+/Male Only)

Skills: Close Combat 2, Observation 1, Marksmanship 2 (Pistol), Tracking 1, Linguistics 1 (Parhooni)

Native Constable: Pre-Requisites: (Str 3+/End 3+/Male Only)

Skills: Close Combat 2, Observation 2, Linguistics 1 (English), Tracking 1

Native Sergeant: Second Career Only, Int 4+

Skills: As per Native Constable plus Marksmanship 1 (Pistol)

Human Sergeant: Second Career Only; Int 4+

Skills: As per Human Constable plus Leadership 1

Inspector: Pre-Requisites: (Soc 3+/Int 4+/Male Only)

Skills: Close Combat 1, Observation 2, Marksmanship 2 (Pistol), Linguistics 1 (Parhooni), Leadership 1

It should be remembered that the Police Careers described above represent the more "civilized" metropolitan/urban constable, similar to the London Metropolitan Police, as opposed to the rugged para-military constable of the Royal Martian Constabulary (as described in *TRMGS Volume Two, page 17*). The Colonial Policeman is responsible for the maintenance of law and order within the larger cities of British Colony, not for battling foreign invaders or putting down native uprisings. Of course, whatever job the CPF may be called upon to undertake, the citizens of the Mars Colony may rest assured that it is being carried out by the most efficient and proficient constabulary the Red Planet has ever seen.

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"THIN RED LINE OF 'EROES..."

BRITISH MILITARY DECORATIONS IN THE VICTORIAN AGE

BY JOHN GANNON

The rule of Queen Victoria (1837-1901) encompassed the period where Great Britain rose in the Post-Napoleonic world from being merely another European Power to being the first true political and military Superpower since the Roman Empire. The Victorian Age was marked by British expansion and domination around the globe, and in the realm of Victorian Science Fiction, off the globe as well. The primary instrument of British Foreign policy at this time was her military, both army and navy. The most common reward for military men was the award of medals, decorations, and orders that acknowledged both their personal courage and their areas of service. For Victorian-era game characters with military careers or backgrounds, a listing of medals and decorations that their characters may have accumulated becomes a wonderful aid in helping to establish that particular characters history and personality traits (perhaps the character picked up malaria while in Burma, or became a student or follower of Islam while serving in the Sudan...)

Attempting to list the entire range of medals and decorations awarded during Victoria's reign (a period of some 64 years — longer than the life spans of many characters) would make this a long, scholarly document rather than a reasonably sized article. Therefore, I have chosen to concentrate on the period 1860-1890 as the majority of

Victorian Age Science Fiction falls within this time frame. The lists below describe the medals, decorations, and awards historically available during this period. I have also included some examples of fictional awards, using the *Space: 1889* game setting as a background. Naturally, awards can be created or discarded, depending upon the circumstances of each particular campaign or game setting.

The Medals are broken down by categories — Gallantry, Campaign, and Service Medals. Fictitious Awards that I have created are noted by the use of *Italics*, while Campaign Medals relevant to the period of 1860-1890 are indicated in **Bold**. Campaign Medals listed in normal text would be found on the uniforms of anyone with 30+ years service as of 1889, or will be issued on the dates indicated for those dated after 1889. The dates for the medals are listed in British style (Date: Month: Year). As a final note, all medals are listed in their order of precedence.

GALLANTRY AWARDS

VICTORIA CROSS

Established by Queen Victoria 29.1.1856. (VC)

The Victoria Cross is the highest and most prestigious award for gallantry in the face of the enemy that can be awarded to British and Commonwealth forces. As stated in the Royal Warrant, "It is ordained that the Cross shall only be



awarded for most conspicuous bravery, or some daring or pre-eminent act of valour or self-sacrifice or extreme devotion to duty in the presence of the enemy." Note that during the Victorian Era, there are two different ribbons for the VC, Crimson for the Army and Blue for the Navy.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL

Established by Queen Victoria 1845 (MSM)

Known for many years as "The Sergeant's Medal", it was originally awarded with an annuity, though such practice ceased around 1854. After 1854 the award was available to officers and non-officers for "exceptional, outstanding service, not in a time of war."

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

Established by Queen Victoria 4.12.1854. (DCM)

The DCM was awarded to Enlisted Ranks, serving in any of the Sovereign's military forces, for distinguished conduct in the field. It was thus the second highest award for gallantry in action (after the Victoria Cross) for all Enlisted Ranks and was also available to navy personnel for distinguished conduct in the field.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

Established by Queen Victoria 6.9.1886. (DSO)

The order was established for rewarding individual instances of meritorious or distinguished service in war. This is a military order for officers only.

CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY MEDAL

Established by Queen Victoria 1855/1874 (CGM)

Originally awarded in 1855 to Naval ratings in the Eastern Campaign. It lapsed until re-instituted in 1874 for all naval personnel for gallantry in operations against the enemy.

AERIAL SERVICE CROSS

Established by Queen Victoria 3.6.1878 (ASC)

The cross is awarded to officers and enlisted men for acts of valour, courage or devotion to duty performed whilst flying in active operations. Each bar is engraved with the name of the particular action or duty vessel at the time of award. The date of the award is engraved on the reverse of the bar.

CAMPAIGN MEDALS

Awarded for the First Afghan War:

- Canadahar 1842
- Cabul 1842
- Ghuzness, Cabul 1842
- Candahar, Ghuznee, Cabul 1842
- Jellalabad 1842
- Defence of Kelat-I-Ghilize 1842
- Meeanee 1843
- Hyderabad 1843
- Meeanee-Hyderabad 1843



Gwalior Campaign:

- Punniar Star 1843
- Maharajpooor Star 1843

Sutlej 1845-46

Bars: Moodkee 1845

Ferozeshuhur 1845

Aliwal 1846

Sobraon 1846

New Zealand 1845-47

Punjab 1848-49

Bars: Mooltan

Chilianwala

Goojerat

Kaffir Wars:

South Africa 1834-35 • 1846-47 • 1850-53

Identical Medal issued for each campaign with a different date bar.

Baltic 1854-55.

Awarded to RN & RM Service in the Baltic during the Crimean War

Crimean War Medal 1854-56

Bars: Alma

Balaklava

Inkerman

Sebastopol

Azoff

Awarded to navy personnel for operations in the Sea of Azoff in 1885

Turkish Crimea Medal

Presented by Turkish government to British, French, and Sardinian soldiers who fought in the Crimean War. Ranks in Precedence after the LSGC Medal.

India General Service Medal (IGS) 1854.

Issued for the period 1849-1895, a total of 23 bars were awarded for campaigns that stretched over a 41 year period. I have listed 16 of the bars below that occur up to 1890.

Bars: Pegu 1852-53 (Awarded for the Burmese War of 1852-53)

Persia 1856-57

North West Frontier 1849-68

Umbeyla 1863

Bhootan 1864-66

Looshai 1871-72

Perak 1875-76

Jowaki 1877-78

Naga 1879-80

Burma 1885-7

Sikkim 1888 (Awarded for the Sikkim Expedition)

Hazara 1888

Burma 1887-89 (Awarded for the Third Burma War)

Chin-Lushai 1889-90

Burma 1889-92

Lushai 1889-92

Indian Mutiny 1857-58.

Bars: Delhi (May-Sept 1857)

Defence of Lucknow (June-Sept 1857)

Relief of Lucknow (Nov 1857)

Lucknow (Nov 1857-Mar 1858)

Central India (Jan-June 1858)

China 1857-60

Awarded for the Third China War

Bars: Fatshan 1857

Canton 1857

Taku Forts 1858 • 1860

Pekin 1860

New Zealand. 1861-66

Awarded for the Maori War. Identical to the New Zealand 1845-47 Medal, except for the change of dates.

Canada General Service 1866-70

Bars: Fenian Raid 1866

Fenian Raid 1870

Red River 1870

Abyssinia 1867-70

(Awarded for the Abyssinian War)

Ashantee 1873-74

(Awarded for the Second Ashanti War)

Bar: Coommassie

South Africa 1877-79

Bars: 1877

1877-8

1878

1878-9

1879 (Awarded for the Zulu War of 1879)

1877-8-9

Aerial General Service Medal

Awarded for participation in Aerial Vessel Operations

Bars: Parhoon 1878 (Awarded for First War of Parhoon Succession)

Shastapsh 1884 (Awarded for "Punishment" of Shastapsh)

Sudan 1884-85 (Awarded for the Sudan Campaign)

Myllark 1886 (Awarded for encounter with SMLS Hamburg)

Fenian Ram 1887 (Awarded for encounter with Fenian Ram)

Barrovaar 1888 (Awarded to RN & RM personnel for the Kraag Raid)

Oenotria 1889 (Awarded for the Oenotrian War)

Afghanistan 1878-80

Awarded for the Second Afghan War

Bars: Ali Musjid

Peiwar Kotal

Charasia

Ahmed Khel

Kabul

Kandahar

Kabul to Kandahar Star

Awarded for the Second Afghan War, but only to troops who participated in the 318 mile forced march from Kabul to Kandahar.

Mars General Service Medal 1878

Awarded for service on Mars from 1872

Bars: Gorovaan 1878 (Awarded for First War of Parhoon Succession)

Parhoon 1880 (Awarded for Second War of Parhoon Succession)

Shastapsh 1887 (Awarded for the Shastapsh Expedition)

Cape of Good Hope General Service 1880-97

Bars: Transkei (Sep 1880-May 1881)

Basutoland (Sep 1880-April 1881)

Bechuanaland (Dec 1886-July 1897)

Venus General Service Medal

Awarded for Service on Venus from 1880

Egypt 1882-89

13 Bars:

Alexandria (11 Jul 1882)

Tel-el-Kebir (13 Sep 1882)

El-Teb (29 Feb 1884) (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

Tamaii (13 Mar 1884) (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

El-Teb-Tamaii (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

Suakin 1884 (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

The Nile (1884-85) (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

Abu-Klea (17 Jan 1885) (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

Kirbekan (10 Feb 1885) (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

Suakin 1885 (Awarded for the Sudan 1884-85)

Tofrek (22 Mar 1885)

Gemaizah (20 Dec 1888)

Toski (3 Dec 1889)

Khedives Bronze Star 1882/1884/1884-6

Awarded for the Sudan Campaign. Three different issues of this medal, each issue with one of the above dates inscribed upon it.

Northwest Canada 1885

Awarded for the Northwest Rebellion

Bars: Saskatchewan

Fish Creek

Batoche

East & West Africa Medal 1887-1900

While a total of 21 bars will be issued for this medal, for the purposes of this article, only two fall within the period of this article and will be listed.

Bars: 1887-8

Witu 1890

Oenotria War Medal 1889

Bars: Avenel

Crocea

SERVICE DECORATIONS

Queen's Jubilee 1887 (Worn after the Gallantry Awards and before the Campaign Medals)

Long Service Good Conduct (LSGC) Awarded for 20+ years service in the British Army. Ranks in precedence before the RN LSGC Medal by order of Queen Victoria.

Royal Navy (RN LSGC) Awarded for 20+ years service in the Royal Navy

AWARDING MEDALS

How to award medals and decorations to players and important NPCs? Drawing on the *Space: 1889* system as a guideline, it shows that the award of the military honour "Mentioned In Dispatches" would garner One Renown Point. The award of the Distinguished Service Order or Distinguished Conduct Medal would garner two Renown Points, and the Victoria Cross would be worth four Renown Points. I would include here that the Meritorious Service Medal would be worth three Renown Points, while the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal and the Aerial Service Cross would garner two Renown Points.

Campaign Medals can simply be assigned to a character based upon their length of military service and which unit or branch of the military they chose to serve in. Characters with long service in India might have only the India General Service Medal, but with multiple bars, while another soldier would have three or four different medals, but each medal would have no bars, or perhaps only one bar each.

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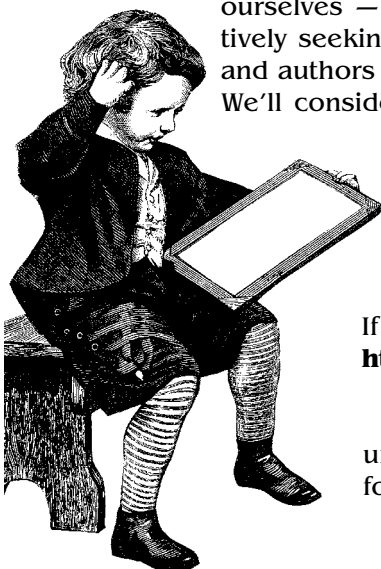
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BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



IDAEUS FONDS: THE TRICOLOR OVER MARS

BY MICHAEL SANGEMINO

James L. Cambias' article "The French on Mars" (originally published in issue 7 of *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society*, republished in volume 2 of *TRMGS* from Heliograph, Inc.) is an informative description of France's colonial presence on Mars. This article provides additional detail about the major city of the French colony, Idaeus Fons.

The seat of the French power on Mars rests in the city-state of Idaeus Fons. At one time an isolated provincial town, Idaeus Fons is now touched by the civilizing mission of France. The city streets smell of French bread and wine, Idaeus Fons has become the center of European culture on Mars, and a vacation site of many homesick Terran colonists.

CITY STATISTICS

Population: 80,000

(plus 4,000 humans)

Government: Weak Prince

Corruption: Honest

Economy: Mercantile

Vitality: Wealthy

Army: Poor*

Army Size: 21

Fleet Quality: Trained

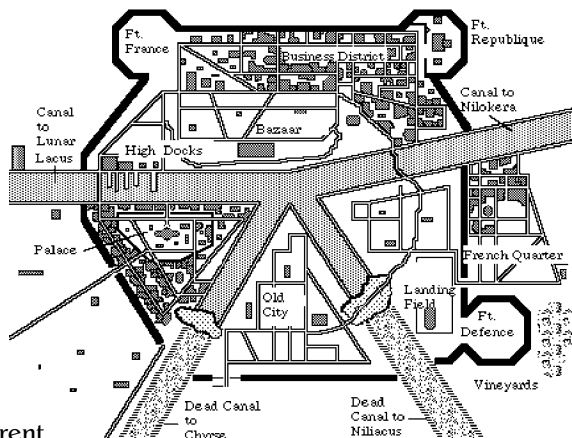
Fleet Size: 320,000 pounds

Attitude: Indifferent

Colonial Army: Good

Colonial Army Size: 1

Colonial Army Loyalty: Indifferent



IMPORTANT SECTIONS OF THE CITY

Refer to the Idaeus Fons map to locate the areas discussed below.

The French Quarter: The French who reside in Idaeus Fons live within the French Quarter. Lying just outside outside the city-state's walls, the French Quarter streets are lined with architecture resembling the very finest of Paris. It has an atmosphere of refinement and Gallic snobbery.

The land upon which the Quarter is located was originally land owned by nobles who opposed French control and reluctantly turned it over as compensation for their opposition. Surrounding the Quarter are beautiful vineyards growing grapes for the popular *Maison Zoraad* wine. The Quarter is home to most of the high French military and administrative officials. It is also home to French businessman and ambassadors from the other colonial powers.

The Quarter is divided by the Rue de Paris which is lined by fine restaurants specializing in French Cuisine and taverns serving Terran spirits. The heart of the Quarter is the Palace de République, a beautiful theater and home to the many touring companies of Can-Can dancers and ballet dancers from France.

The Quarter is considered the focal point for human culture on the Mars. Many a day one can stroll along the canal and see painters creating beautiful depictions of everyday colonial life. Most government officials dream of being sent to Idaeus Fons to sample the local charm and the French wine! The Quarter is considered off limits to Martians (with the exception of domestic workers).

Palace: The Palace is a walled area within the city. Before the French established control of Idaeus Fons, this area was home to the city-state's noble family and the seat of government. The buildings within the Palace sector rise above the rest of the city. The large Palace of Kazan was the home of King Lotmar. After the signing of the Treaty of Idaeus Fons in 1877, the newly installed King Akvan was moved from the large palace and is presently residing in the smaller residence originally designated for servants.

The Kazan Palace has been turned over to the Institut Martian des Sciences. The Palace is now filled with laboratories dedicated to the study of the Mars.

The Church of St. Michele can also be found within the Palace sector. Formerly a Temple dedicated to the goddess Marhardroxx, the Church is now the home to the Roman Catholic Bishop Mailard. The Bishop sees Mars as a new opportunity to convert polytheistic Martians and has sent missionaries throughout Mars.

The most important building in the area is the old military headquarters of Idaeus Fons. It is now the home to General Saint-Honoré, who officially is adviser to the King but in reality is the ruler of the colony.

The military presence in the Palace sector is the Royal Guard, which is housed in the new palace and protects the King. They are generally experienced troops. Also occupying the Palace sector is a battalion of French soldiers from the 79th Infantry Regiment.

Old City: This is a dense populated area known for its filth and crime. Visitors to Idaeus Fons are warned against venturing into the Old City. The section is filled with brothels and gambling halls. The Old City is a good area to buy illegal goods, and is a breeding ground for anti-human resentment.

The military presence in this area is primarily the responsibility of the newly formed Colonial troops.

Landing Field: This is the only facility for aerial traffic. It serves as the base of the French-operated Idaeus Fons cloudship fleet. Within the landing area there is usually a company of the French 3rd Marine Infantry. Adjoining the landing field is Fort Défence, which overlooks the French

Quarter and houses the French 3rd Marine Infantry.

Bazaar: The Bazaar is the hub of commercial activity in the city. Usually open seven days a week, the French have recently prodded King Akvan to close the bazaar on Sundays out of respect for Terran religious beliefs. This has angered many Martians who feel further humiliated by their human rulers. This humiliation is alleviated by the presence of more and cheaper material goods due to the France's effective administration and protection.

Business District: North of the Bazaar is the Business District. The Business District is the home to most of the offices of French companies, and also the embassies of foreign powers. In particular, this section houses the office of le Société d'éther which is one of the primary concessions in the city. Le Société has exclusive control of all interplanetary travel between France and Idaeus Fons. It also runs a steamship line that transports goods to Acidalium.

The Business District is home to a number of French Schools and many of the city's Nobles send their children there. Overlooking the Business District is Fort République, which houses the 79th infantry and a heavy battery of 6" howitzers.

High Docks: This large open area of the city is busy day and night with sailing and steam ships transporting goods in and out of Acidalium. The port facilities are controlled by French concessions. Nearby, the Customs House, which looms over the docks, protects French interests by taxing heavily all non-French concerns therefore insuring French economic hegemony over the city.

Also nearby is Fort France, which houses the city prison. Many nobles and priests who opposed French control in 1877 are now imprisoned here. The 81st infantry controls this area.

PERSONALITIES

GENERAL SAINT-HONORÉ

The head of all French forces on Mars, General Saint-Honoré is convinced of the importance of the civilizing mission of France. Therefore, in his opinion, France must have colonies! Unfortunately, many in France disagree with him. Saint-Honoré is a veteran infantry officer of the Tunisian campaign. A masterful military tactician and a skilled politician, Saint-Honoré must deal with a uninterested Parliament, recalcitrant Quai d'Orsay and a stingy Ministry of Marine. French troops have conquered a large amount of territory in the region but Saint-Honoré still begs France for more troops and money.

The General's dealings with King Akvan are mostly cordial. However, the General is suspicious of the King and at times will diplomatically inform his majesty of who is in charge. Saint-Honoré demands discipline from his officers and troops. He will, however, look the other way if he

suspects an ambitious young officer is attempting to spread French influence in another region of Mars.

Presently, Saint-Honoré sees himself as France's only hope to thwart German and British designs upon the entire planet. Relations between the General and the King have become tense because of Saint-Honoré's desire to use Royal troops as part of an expansion into Acidalium. In Saint-Honoré's mind, as the importance of liftwood increases, France will become more interested in her colony on Mars.

KING AKVAN

Installed as King of Idaeus Fons after the Treaty of 1877, replacing his defeated Uncle King Lotmar, King Akvan is seen by the general populace as merely a puppet controlled by the French. For the most part this is true, but Akvan reflects much of the ambivalence that the people share toward their new rulers. On one hand, he is humiliated at how the French have taken control of the city's economy and are attempting to impose their religion upon the populace. On the other hand, King Akvan is spoiled by the increased wealth brought by French protection. He is known to spend many hours drinking and entertaining with many of the court's beautiful maidens, but in reality this is a facade. Akvan spends much of his time trying to gain greater independence from the French while not raising their ire.

Recently, things have become increasingly strained, due to General Saint-Honoré's desire to use Royal troops on an expedition into Acidalium. Rumor has it that King Akvan's cousin Prince Gorgaxx has converted to Christianity and is a likely candidate to replace the King. King Akvan need only visit the tomb of his dead uncle King Lothar to see the results of disagreeing with the French.



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JOURNEY TO SHASTAPSH

AN ADVENTURE FOR SPACE: 1889

BY JOHN GANNON

INTRODUCTION

...Above the portico, a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in it.

Rudyard Kipling — reporting on the Fall of the Shastapsh Residency in the *Syrtis Star* — 1889.

The Shastapsh Uprising of September 1888 created a festering sore for the British within their Martian Colonies, just at the moment the storm of events with Oenotria broke into full-blown war. Consequently, military resources that might have marched on the city and restored British control were diverted to other fronts, most notably the Defence of Avenel, and to positions along the canals leading to Syrtis Major. In the ensuing months since then, General Newdgate, the local commander, has carefully built up his forces around Moeris Lacus, unwilling to commit them to extended campaigns in the Shastapsh region before the question of the Oenotrians is settled. Thus the Uprising has been able to solidify into a defacto separation. But, though the British Army may not be prepared to march against Shastapsh, there are other forces within the Colonial Government that are....

...the two riders dismounted and waited in the shade of a small clump of Sakaris Trees, the outline of the city visible in the distance. It was several hours later before the lone Martian appeared, warily approaching the two riders. "Is it you, Huuman?" the harsh, guttural voice whispered. "Yes, I'm here." was the slightly nasal and bored reply. "Did you get the information I needed?" The Martian looked sideways at the human, then grinned an unpleasant smile. "Yes, and more, too. I found one of my people who worked at the Residency. It seems your commissioner was a man of courage. He did not lose your precious papers, nor did he destroy them either. They are safe and waiting for you — if you should ever come back." The Martian looked pleased with himself and was genuinely surprised when the Red Man became shocked and angered. "Hid them?!?! Damn, Damn, Damn, Damn, Damn... Why couldn't the bloody fool just burn them like everyone else?" The Human tossed a small sack to the Martian figure and mounted his Gashant. Looking down at the Martian again, he spoke. "Meet me at the Red Devil in 10 days. If I'm not there... find yourself a new employer." The human and his companion rode

off into the dark, leaving the Martian to wonder, not for the first time, how the Red Men had ever managed to become such a power on Mars — they were so silly. Papers...who would ever care about papers, except a Red Man....

For several months, the Colonial Government has striven to glean as much information regarding conditions within the rebel city as possible. Recently, the Colonial Office has come into possession of reliable information concerning the situation at the former Residency of Shastapsh. This new information has caused many a late night meeting and heated debate within the offices of the Colonial Governor. HM Government has learned that important documents that were assumed to have been destroyed before the Residency fell, appear to have survived instead. These papers detail the names of various Martian tribal leaders who have agreed to support British Colonial aims in the local area, as well as lists of paid informers within the local Martian administration who have aided the British before and could again. The contents of these papers would cause irreparable harm to British Colonial Policy if revealed to the wrong persons (Oenotrians, Germans, etc), and could also lead to the death of several pro-British Martian Leaders. The Viceroy's Council is unanimous in their decision — the papers must either be recovered or destroyed!

RECRUITED

...the door to the office opened and Mick was ushered inside by his Green-jacketed Major. Mick strode smartly into the room, noting the presence of his battalion commander, a Navy Officer and several civilians. Hesitating only a moment, Mick snapped properly to attention and reported. "Sergeant — I mean Corporal O'Boylan! Michael Joseph, Royal Irish Rifles! Regimental Number 628, reporting as ordered, Sir!" Mick stood ram-rod straight, unsure of what he was doing here, but hoping it had nothing to do with that missing Navy grog. A tall, lanky civilian standing next to the window looked at him carefully, all the while stroking his chin. After a moment he said. "Thank you Major, I think this fellow will do nicely." The civilian leaned towards Mick, and with a bored, nasally voice. "Sergeant O'Boylan, Her Majesty wishes you to desert and join the Fenians..."

The Player Characters will be approached to undertake a secret mission for the Crown — travel into the rebel city and recover or destroy the papers before the Martians recover them. Military, Foreign Office Agents, and other Government Service careers are naturals for this sort of mission, and will quickly find themselves "assigned". Canal and Hill Martian characters could be hired to act as guides, interpreters, front men, etc. and also fit in well as members of the party. Lower Class characters such as Criminals, Smugglers, Poachers, etc would be "convinced" by whatever means necessary to undertake this mission, thus bringing their

special skills into play. Non-British characters would be “appealed” to “to act in the best interests of “mankind”, with Her Majesty’s spokesman pointing out the danger that such uprisings could place other Human Communities in. For skills, Disguise, Theatrics, and assorted “criminal” abilities will enable the Characters to pass themselves amongst the assorted rogues and rebels within Shastapsh. Accompanying the players will be Sean Boland, a Foreign Office agent with contacts inside the rebel city.

SEAN BOLAND (FOREIGN OFFICE AGENT)

Sean Boland is a career case officer with the Foreign Office. Irish by birth, Boland is nonetheless loyal to the Crown, and opposed such groups as the Fenians and Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB), seeing them as destructive and hurtful to the cause of Irish Rights and independence. Boland has been with the Foreign Office for 10 years, and on Mars for three, making him an “Old Mars Hand” in the eyes of his peers and superiors. This is not his first mission, nor will it be his last....

THE MISSION

Since the papers are hidden somewhere within the former Shastapsh Residency, the players will need to find a way to enter Shastapsh and search the ruins to locate the papers. Then of course, they must leave the city and return to Moeris Lacus with the documents.

SETTING OUT

The Characters will travel to the city either from a southerly or northerly direction via airship, posing as deserters, mercenaries, blockade runners or other types of merchants trying to make a profit out of the war. If the PCs have no airship of their own, passage will be arranged for them on a “private” vessel employed by the British (see below). From the north, the PCs story would have them travelling from Thoth to Shastapsh, while from the south they would be coming in from Karkarham or some such city. If an airship is made available to the players it will be:

SKRILL (MODIFIED SMALL-BIRD SCREW GALLEY)

Arm: 0 **Hull:** 2 **Spd:** 3 **Alt:** VH **Tonnage:** 95 **Price:** £12,000

Crew: 1+4+12 **Armament :** 1 6-pounder Hotchkiss Revolving Cannon, Forward, 2 Sweepers, wing mounts

PAA’UUN IMATI (CANAL MARTIAN) (CLOUD SAILOR/CLOUD CAPTAIN)

CAPTAIN OF THE SKRILL (ST 4 / AG 6 / EN 2 / IN 6 / CH 4 / SO 3)

Paa’Uun is a Canal Martian from Syrtis Minor who works for the British from time to time, when it is convenient to both parties. One payment “for services” involved a 6-pounder HRC and an unspecified amount of ammunition for it, which now serves as the primary armament for the *Skrill*. Paa’Uun will be competent, business-like, friendly, but totally disinterested in the players. He is a taxi — nothing more. He and Boland

have met before...

From whatever direction, upon approaching the city, the players will be stopped by an air vessel of the Shastapsh military. While the Shastapsh's are looking for British soldiers or others, they will allow non-British Humans through to the city (of course a character calling himself O'Rourke with a Cockney accent would probably be able to slip through — all Human look and sound alike to most Martians anyway). Cover stories of smugglers, mercenaries, etc. will be grudgingly accepted by the soldiers and the characters will be passed through. Of note, German characters, or those posing as Germans, will be passed quickly and politely through by the soldiers (though the arrival of more "Germans" will be reported to the German Liaison by the end of the day.)

SHASTAPSH

At odds with the British ever since their arrival on Mars (mainly over Moeris Lacus and tariffs for canal barges), Shastapsh was eventually captured by the British Colonial Army in 1887 and added to their colonial holdings. It has remained an open sore in the side of the colony ever since. Finally, in September of 1888, the city rose in rebellion (covertly supported by the Germans) and overthrew the British Administration, killing all British citizens and soldiers they could find, and burning the residency to the ground. Since then, the city has been in a state of perpetual war as it hastily raises a land and sky force with which to battle the British. The Anwaak, Salensus Kajakoll of Shastapsh (recently returned from exile in Osorma) hopes that the present war with Oenotria will keep the British occupied long enough for him to properly organize a large enough military so as to make the prospect of further conflict with Shastapsh unappealing to the (hopefully) war-weary British. To this end, Prince Salensus is in almost daily contact with the Oenotrians requesting assistance, and the Cloud Captains of Karkarham offering them "The Prince's Sword" (the Martian Equivalent of a Letter of Marque) to aid in the defence of his city.

SHASTAPSH

Population — 90,000 (plus 200-400 Humans)

Government Type — Strong Prince (Despot)

Corruption Level — Corrupt

Economic Status — Mixed/Prosperous

Army Quality — Fair (20 Inf/10 Cavalry/20 Guns)

Mercenary Quality — Good (7 Inf/3 Cav/10 Guns)

Air Fleet — Trained / 9 / 270,000

Attitude Towards Humans — Very Hostile

SHASTAPSH FLEET

3 *Skyrunner*; 3 *Endtime*; 4 *Clearsight*; 2 *Smallbird*

(Note that all ships conform to standard ship writeups).

While the number of vessels serving Shastapsh appears impressive

on paper, the Anwaak is well aware of the limitations of his fleet: no modern weapons, hastily-raised crews, and vessels such as the *Clearsights* and the *Smallbirds* which would be of limited effectiveness against the British Gunboats. In addition to these ships, there are half a dozen or so cloud pirates who would be pressed into service to defend the city, should the need arise (Game Masters are encouraged to use the 'Typical Pirate Kite' from *Cloud Captains Of Mars* to represent these ships).



IN THE CITY

Once inside the city, the players will have to find themselves somewhere to settle in and begin their mission. Though most of the human-related facilities within the city were destroyed in the uprising, several sites have re-opened due to the presence of the German "Volunteers" and the Fenian Battalion. As well, the city government has accepted the presence of a small community of human rogues and renegades as part of the price one pays when doing business with smugglers and gun-runners. Consequently, while the presence of Humans within the city will draw some notice, most citizens will be willing to deal and interact with Humans, though they will probably be abrupt and surly in their dealings.

Moving through the city, the players will encounter signs of the struggle that was, and of the struggle that is anticipated. All new Human constructions (excepting the German Legation) have been burned or otherwise destroyed; streets still show signs of old barricades and pitched

battles; while other areas show signs of new defences. Martian buildings that were once occupied by Humans have been looted and/or reclaimed by the locals. Many of the local Martians troops wear British webbing (looted from the dead), carry British swords or bayonets, and even wear plundered medals and tunics like some sort of macabre badge of honour. It is past and through such scenes that the PCs, under Boland's directions, will make their way to the "Red Devil", the only tavern in town that offers rooms and services to the local Human community. At this tavern, it will be a simple matter for the PC's to acquire rooms, meals, and listen to the latest gossip before setting out to examine the Residency.

THE RED DEVIL TAVERN

Located in the NE section of the city, it was once a shabby little tavern that catered to the crews of Martian dock-workers and 'rope-gangs' from the nearby skyport. As a primarily, Martian establishment, it was essentially spared the riots and destruction that followed the overthrow of the Humans. With the arrival of the Fenian Volunteers, however, the tavern owner, Jerrak Kallum, quickly realized the potential profit to be made by catering to the few humans that were left in Shastapsh. Thus, while most other merchants were removing human signs and human amenities from their shops, Jerrak added to his, even changing the name to reflect his new business focus.

JERRAK KALLUM (CANAL MARTIAN/MALE) TAVERN OWNER

Tavern owner and profiteer, Jerrak is also one of the last Foreign Office contacts within Shastapsh. It was Jerrak that got the information to Boland regarding the documents, and it is Jerrak that will assist the players while they are in Shastapsh. Jerrak is not motivated by love of the British though — he is a simple pragmatist who sees that the British (and humans in general) are on Mars to stay. For Jerrak, the current uprising is a win-win situation. If Shastapsh succeeds in holding on to it's independence, he will continue to be valuable to the British as a source of information. If the British retake the city, Jerrak knows he will be rewarded for his "loyalty".

THE RESIDENCY

Originally located on the West Island of the city two blocks south of the Royal Palace, the Residency once stood alone; a medium-walled compound from which British Rule was exercised. Today, the gates are shattered, the walls breached in several places, the grounds despoiled, and the buildings gutted. Strangely, three area of the Residency have survived relatively intact — the kitchens, the chapel, and the Resident's Office (the smells from the kitchen offended the Martians to the point they avoid it, the chapel was spared out of unspoken superstition, and the Resident's office by order of the Anwaak). All other areas show signs of bloody struggle followed by unrestrained mayhem and desecration.

THE SEARCH

First and foremost the players will no doubt try to scout the ruins of the Residency. A slight complication here is that the former Residency is located quite close to the seat of government within the city, which is on the West Island. This means the site is under regular, though by no means constant, observation. Groups of PCs wandering about the ruined buildings obviously searching for something are bound to draw the attentions of the authorities. Complicating the matter further, Jerrak will inform the players that the Germans have shown an interest in the residency. Although the Germans are not looking for anything in particular, the Chief Agent for the Germans is hoping that he might find something that could be considered a “bonus” amongst the ruins of the former residency. Thus, while the German search will be able to take place during the day and with full government support, it will be less specific and slower paced than that of the PCs. Therefore, the PCs will be advised to get down to business right away and save the sight-seeing for later!

ERNST ROEHLER (GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE — ENGINEERING OFFICER)

Herr Major Roehler is by training and professional assignment an Engineer, however, his natural intelligence and bent have made him a competent and capable Intelligence Officer. His “Official” status is currently on inactive duty undergoing “Medical Leave” from the *Landswehr*, while in practice, he is attached to the Tripod Squadron advising the Anwaak of Shastapsh on practical fieldworks. Roehler finds the Martian attitude difficult, their treatment of Humans as barbaric and cruel, and feels unusual sympathy towards the British victims within Shastapsh. This does not, and will not, prevent him from carrying out his assignments to his fullest ability.

A MATTER OF HONOUR

“...the line of bedraggled, beaten men shuffled by, urged on by the curses of the crowd and the brutish treatment of their overseers. O’Boylan tightened his hands into fists as he saw the men, their uniforms reduced to rags, pushed along the street. He turned to Boland, a nasty threat building in his throat when he looked into Boland’s eyes. The Foreign Office man was silent but grim looking, and his eyes burned a warning to O’Boylan...”

As the players conduct their search, it will become evident that contrary to press reports and British Intelligence, there were indeed survivors from the Shastapsh Residency. These poor unfortunates, slaves in all but name, will be seen chained and manacled around the city, the object of scorn and abuse by their Martian Captors. Several victims have already been “put to the crank” aboard one or two of the cloudships that guard the skies around the city, while others are employed as slave-labour to build defences and rebuild those areas destroyed by British

bombardment. Most distressing for the players will be the news that several of the survivors have been sent south to the Slave Markets of Tyrrhenia! Once this distressing news sinks in, it will be learned from bar gossip that two British ladies are among the prisoners, though they are being held separately in the compound of the Germans. Only God knows what indignities they are being subjected to!!

(Note: The Germans are in a sticky situation — they do not make war on women, and they have no intention of allowing the Martians to subject the ladies (Mrs Susan Byng-Clarke and Mrs Margaret Barton, both now widowed) to the same sort of hardship that the male prisoners suffer, yet they cannot release them as they will reveal all that they know of German/Fenian involvement in the city, as well as relating information concerning the city's defences. Consequently, the Germans are holding the two ladies within their own compound, safe from the mobs, but prisoners nonetheless.)

THE DOCUMENTS

Finding the documents will depend upon the players deciphering two major clues. The first clue will be in the Resident's office proper, and consists of 5x9 inch wax stain outline in the middle of the Resident's desk. The second important clue will be the information that the Resident's final stand took place by a well in the garden. Popular rumour claims that the Resident was caught trying to hide himself in the well when the end came. As is the case with most rumours, it is based on wishful thinking and perception rather than any truth. In actuality, knowing the end was near, the Resident had determined to save several of the more important documents in the hopes that when British forces returned to the city (as he firmly believed they would), these documents could be recovered by the Crown. Thus, he and one of his aides secreted several files away in the most unlikely place. They dropped them down one of the wells within the residency grounds. The documents were placed in an oilskin packet which has been sealed along the edges in wax and weighted down with two pistols. The papers are 30 feet down, about 12 feet underwater.

Learning the location of the papers is not as impossible as it might seem. In addition to the desk stain and the location of the body, the Resident scrawled a message on the inside of the filebox. Knowing that others would read the message before a Britisher did, he wrote "Ding, Dong, Dell; Pussy's in the well. Who put her in? Little Jimmy Thin. Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Stout". The major clue here is that the Resident's first name was James, while in the nursery rhyme, the name of the boy who 'put her in' was Johnny! Thus, the Resident left a clue that (he hoped) would point to the location of the files!

DEADLINES

"...Oy! Didn't we meet in Syrtis Major? The speaker was a rat-faced little squint in a green tunic with Sergeant Stripes. The Fenian Volunteers were acting as police up in the NE quar-

ters it seemed. 'Uh, not me, Sergeant, but it might have been me cousin Seamus. He's in Red Newgate for passing pamphlets, he is, O'Boylan lied swiftly while the others moved unobstrusively away, trying to disassociate themselves from him. After a moment, the Fenian shrugged and moved on....."

As clever and as resourceful as the players may be, at some point in time, the façade of their identities will begin to unravel. For the first seven days they are inside Shastapsh, the PCs should be able to avoid exposure (unless they do something truly inept that makes it obvious who they are). However, starting on the eighth day, the chance of discovery will begin to rise. Possibly an Irish volunteer will turn out to be from the same hometown as one of the PCs is claiming to be from and will start to question the PC about their mutual hometown. Naturally, as the PCs fail question after question, or attempt to evade the answer, the Fenian will become suspicious. Likewise, an American soldier of fortune might recognize one or more of the PCs as British soldiers from a visit he made to Syrtis Major. Perhaps one of the German Officers in the city will become suspicious when the new "German" visitors make no effort to introduce themselves to the German Representative in the city. Start with a 10% chance of exposure (plus 2% for every member of the party over three). To this chance add 5% each day (thus, 21% chance of discovery of six players on the ninth day, 26% chance on the 10th day, 31% on the 11th, etc). By the end of two weeks, the chance of discovery will be nearly 50/50. It is important, therefore, that the PCs carry out their mission quickly.

ESCAPE FROM THE CITY

When the PCs have finally recovered the documents it will be time for them to leave. If they have accomplished their mission with subtlety, they should be able to reboard the vessel in which they arrived and depart the city before anyone realizes what they have done. If the alarm was raised, then the PCs will have much more difficult time in getting away. They may have to flee the city via canal with the forces of the Rebellion in hot pursuit. Perhaps the PzKpFd will try to sink their canal vessel as it departs the city docks (See below for statistics on the Tripod). At the edge of the city, PCs will have to run the blockade and gauntlet of rebel patrol boats, possibly even attacks by aerial ships (though this is not recommended unless GMs own a copy of *Ironclads And Etherflyers*). By air, their ship would be pursued by the cloudships of the Shastapsh rebels, possibly even one of the brutal High Martian *Glorysleds* or a Cloud Pirate from Karkarham. Kindly GMs could provide escape assistance by the sudden appearance of British cavalry, equipped with machine guns, along the canal to help drive off the attacking boats, or perhaps one of the British aerial gunboats will happen along at this particular time to save the PCs airship from whatever fate it may be about to suffer.

GERMAN COMBAT TRIPOD (2 TONS)

Hull 1; **Move** 5; **Armour** H 1; **Armour** RG 0; **Crew** 2; 1 X 2-pounder gun, Bow

HMAS HORNET (APHID-CLASS GUNBOAT)

Armour 2; **Hull** 2; **Spd** 6; **Alt** VH; **Crew** 1+3+11; one 4" S, two 1-p HRC, two NF

LIEUTENANT EDWARD BINGHAM (COMMANDER HMAS HORNET)

Bingham is one of the new-breed of naval officers, having served the majority of his 11 years of service aboard aerial vessels. He is well-versed in the realities of aerial warfare, and he knows the limits of both his ship and his crew. If encountered, *Hornet* will be conducting long-range reconnaissance and anti-piracy sweeps out of Moeris Lacus. He will assist any British, or neutral-flagged vessel that is being attacked by vessels belonging to Shastapsh or Oenotria.

REWARDS

"...Mick walked out of the Headquarters, his sleeve looking crisp and fresh with the new Sergeant's straps sewn on. Ahh, it's good to be back, he thought looking around. Rubbing his hands he started for the tavern. 'Sergeant O'Boylan!' He turned to see Major Tremayne and two Provosts coming out of the Headquarters behind him. 'Sergeant, these men need to ask you some questions...concerning some Navy Rum.' Mick looked at the Provosts and then at Major Tremayne. With a sigh, he began to tear the Sergeant's stripes from his sleeve....."

Monetarily, the PCs will receive little from the government, though all the newspapers would be prepared to pay up to £100 for exclusive rights to the story. In respect to government reward, PCs in the military could reasonably expect to be Mentioned In Dispatches or to receive a medal. Truly heroic characters who discovered more information than they were sent for may also receive additional renown points. Bringing back one of the prisoners, especially one or both of the ladies, or capturing one of the Germans would easily net a major reward, possibly even a knighthood.

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RED SUN RISING

THE JAPANESE ENCLAVE ON MARS IN *SPACE*: 1889

BY JOHN GANNON

INTRODUCTION

With each passing year, the Human presence expands across the faces of Mars as the soldiers, scientists and explorers of Earth range far and wide across the dry, deadly surface of this dying world. But while the French, English, Americans, Belgians, and Germans busy themselves in the Coprates Valley Area, the Mare Acidilium, or the Syrtis Lapis Basin, the Japanese have quietly but efficiently established a presence for themselves near the remote city of Euxinus Lacus. While the other powers may clash with native Martians and each other, the Japanese go quietly about their tasks, developing their area of influence without fanfare, and slowly, carefully, bringing their plans to fruition

EUXINUS LACUS — BACKGROUND

A poor city since its founding, Euxinus Lacus has never figured prominently in the affairs of Mars. Located in the Northern Hemisphere, near the Polar Cap, Euxinus Lacus was always considered an out of the way place. Founded 5,000 years ago as the site of Resort Palace, the city itself grew slowly, almost as an afterthought. Its major waterway, the Herculis Canal, dried up almost a thousand years ago, and the Propontis Canal followed only a few decades later, leaving Euxinus Lacus in a position similar to that of Aubachon. Since that time, the fact that Euxinus Lacus has survived as a city is due mostly to the annual spring run off from the Polar Cap which provides enough water to maintain the city, as well as the passage of caravans and aerial merchants bringing needed supplies and assorted hard-to-get items to Euxinus Lacus. Even the arrival of Humans on Mars nearly 20 years ago had little impact on the city, for it was so isolated and out of the way that it seemed to many as if no human government or trading concern could ever be bothered to make contact with Euxinus Lacus. Things have changed in recent times for Euxinus Lacus though... and not always for the better.

EUXINUS LACUS — RECENT HISTORY

Four years ago, in 1885, a Japanese expedition (consisting of two companies of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, a battery of field guns, and a large group of scientists, merchants, and government officials) ended almost a year of cross-planetary travel at a small village about 75-80 miles west of the city of Euxinus Lacus. While details are sketchy, it is known that the Japanese scientists in the expedition were adamant and determined that they must have access to this site. After several days of what the Japanese felt were fruitless negotiations with the local inhabitants, the expedition attacked and seized the site. In the days that followed, the Japanese consolidated their hold on the small village, ensur-

ing its subordination and then driving out the native inhabitants. Four days later, in a simple ceremony, The Honourable Sato Ichikawa, Personal Representative of His Divine Eminence, The Emperor, raised the Imperial Standard over the site and proclaimed the founding of Unebi Station, an Imperial possession. Why they chose this remote and poorly accessible spot to establish their holding on Mars is a secret known only to the Japanese, but it is in keeping with the habits of the closed, introverted Japanese society and culture. Significantly, it was only after they had established control of Unebi Station that a Japanese delegation approached the Anwaak of Euxinus Lacus to discuss matters of recognition and economic exchange.

Since the Japanese had attacked and seized an area nominally under the rule of the Anwaak of Euxinus Lacus, the initial reaction to the Japanese was not a positive one, nor did further contact ease any of the anger or resentment that the attack had caused. Once they met with the city rulers, the Japanese essentially dictated a deal to the Anwaak and his council, which awarded the Japanese all rights to the area now known as Unebi Station without compensation for the Anwaak, but granting him the “friendship and gratitude of the Emperor”. When the Anwaak hesitated to approve this arrangement, the Japanese used subtle threats of force or the possibility of a Japanese alliance with the city of Herculis to ensure that the ruler of Euxinus Lacus went along with it. Since that time, the Japanese have been scrupulously correct (but somewhat tactless by Martian standards) in their dealings with the city. As Japanese government representatives and merchant agents arrived to help consolidate the Japanese position, they made sure to buy everything they used and to pay for all facilities and services. However, the insults to the honour of the Anwaak by the “Little Red Men” (as the Japanese are called) have not been forgotten nor forgiven. Thus, while the Japanese and other humans settle into the city, the Anwaak waits for his opportunity to redeem his honour — at their expense.

The presence of the Japanese brought increased trade and travel to the area, stimulating the economy and bringing the name Euxinus Lacus into the courts and councils of other Martian Cities. With the entrenchment of the Japanese in the city, other human nations have also sent envoys and delegations to Euxinus Lacus, if only to monitor the Japanese. Thus, Euxinus Lacus now finds itself experiencing new growth and prosperity — but it is not a happy city and the discontent is old and embedded in the local population. Inevitably, its peaceful facade seems to slip a little with each passing day....

EUXINUS LACUS — TODAY

Since the establishment of Unebi Station, most of the Japanese have kept to themselves out there. However, the Japanese have by no means abdicated any interest in Euxinus Lacus itself. All Japanese trade comes through Euxinus Lacus and the Japanese presently monopolize the small shipyard within the city as they use its facilities to construct IJAS *Rakio*, sister ship to IJAS *Mikasa*. The Japanese maintain their major diplo-

matic mission within the city to deal with the Martians and the other Colonial Powers. With the influx of Japanese merchants and scientists, the economy of Euxinus Lacus is now on the upswing. Tensions in the city are quite high, for while this level of involvement helps the economy, it does nothing to improve the relationship between Japanese and Martian. The Japanese tend to treat the locals with poorly concealed contempt (as befits a vanquished inferior under the code of Bushido). The local population for their part are resentful of this treatment within their own city, but understand that the Japanese have the guns and ships to back up their stance. Anwaak Sasidaar of Euxinus Lacus is determined to learn what the Japanese are up to at Unebi Station, but since his army is poor and his fleet is little better, he knows he cannot challenge the Japanese with force of arms. He has tolerated the Japanese attitude, but has recently made secret contact with the Russians at Hecate Lacus, in the hopes of arranging some sort of deal with them to help him oust the Japanese from his lands and while at the same time earning Russian protection from Japanese reprisals.

The city shows the impact of the ages. The portion of the city that lies north of Herculis-Propontis Canal (known as the North Shore) is the older, more established region of the city with the better homes, most successful businesses, the Royal Palace, and associated offices of government. The South-East Quarter of the city was at one time the great market and merchant area, though since the passing of the canals, it has become only a shadow of itself. Now, many buildings are simply abandoned while those that remain are occupied by what merchants still operate in the city, by transients and caravans, and by middle to lower class residences. Crime is rampant in the district, and many of the anti-human movements have established themselves in this part of the city. The Southwest Quarter survives as a residential/retail centre, much as it has for years, and it is also the site of the local shipyard, as well as the city's "Human District". The district itself is bounded by a medium-sized wall and the district is irregularly patrolled by Japanese soldiers who act in the role of a deterrent to the street crime that is rampant throughout the rest of the city. Almost all humans live inside the Human District, although there are a few who maintain residences and businesses in other areas of the city. Within the District, The British, French, and Russians all maintain small consulates for handling relations with the Japanese and the Prince. The Japanese maintain a large compound that houses one company of Imperial infantry, a large diplomatic/administrative staff, as well as a large trade/scientific delegation. The entire Japanese mission is headed by Count Yasushi Hashimoto, The Emperor's Special Representative to Mars.

JAPANESE INFLUENCES ON GOVERNMENT

In a truly novel approach to human influence on Mars, the Japanese do not involve themselves in the administration or foreign policy of the city in any way. Instead, since the day the Japanese made their deal with the Prince regarding Unebi Station, they have maintained a policy of

non-interference in the local government, except to ensure that no other colonial power gains any great influence with the Prince and his council. The Japanese Residency within Euxinus Lacus is a large and busy place, but not much different from any other Embassy belonging to a European power. For his part, the Anwaak continues to administer his city and lands, all the while searching for an opportunity to recover the initiative from the Japanese and gain the upper hand in his dealings with them. Both sides know that the present calm is merely a façade until the moment when the Martians are ready to act. In the meantime, the Japanese continue their work at Unebi Station while their military forces ready themselves for the coming confrontation.

JAPANESE/MARTIAN RELATIONS

While relations with Euxinus Lacus may be poor, the Japanese are presently involved in wooing some of the other nearby cities with economic and social packages (favoured trade position, political non-interference, access to some human knowledge, etc) in exchange for a preferred status in their dealings as opposed to the other colonial powers. The Japanese are particularly eager to conclude some sort of arrangement with the city of Herculis that will keep the Russians from gaining a foothold in that city as they view Russian colonial expansion on Mars with the same dread as they views recent Russian moves near the Korean Peninsula on Earth. In the other direction, the Japanese are conducting low-level talks and trade with Propontis, if only to keep the city neutral and so as to be able have a finger on the pulse of local events and trends.

Amongst the European Powers, the Japanese seem content to merely maintain diplomatic relations at their present levels, neither worsening or improving them, while they concentrate on developing relations with the various Martian factions. This means that their contacts are correct and formal with the British (who they view as a rival in Asia but not on Mars), friendly with the Germans (the Japanese are now studying German military techniques and adopting many of them for their own services), tolerant of the French, and annoyed with the Americans (mostly due to trade policies). Relations with the Russians are formal and awkward as both nations seem to be competing for influence in the same regions both on Mars and on Earth.

UNEBI STATION

Unebi Station was once a small community of canal fishermen, itinerant farmers, labourers, and simple peasantry. When the Japanese came, however, the quiet life of the village was ended — quickly and violently. What made Unebi Station so highly prized to the Japanese is not known, though both humans and Martians constantly seek to discover the reason. What is known it that the Japanese consider it valuable enough to base their entire military might there, and to deny access to all foreign humans and Martians. Since the Japanese occupation began, no martian or non-Japanese human has set foot in Unebi Station.

THE SECRET OF UNEBI STATION

For most Game Masters and Players, a single question stands out from all others: "What is the secret of Unebi Station?" Allow me to present three possible answers to that question, each of which has been used in playtest situations. Naturally, each Game Master will have their own ideas about what is most suitable for their own campaigns, and other possible secrets rather than the ones presented here can always be used.

First, the Japanese may have discovered that Unebi Station sits upon a vast, rich untapped and heretofore unknown deposit of Radium, a well-known element of Victorian Scientific Fiction. Radium is a glowing, non-contaminating source of incredible energy and power, which when harnessed to special turbines produces unlimited amounts of electricity and propulsion power. For game purposes, this allows the use of Radium Engines on airships. These engines can be fitted into a vessel hull in a manner similar to Conventional and Forced Draught Steam Engines. The Engine Size (ES) of the Radium Engine multiplied by 15 is its weight in tons. $ES \times 6 \div \text{Hull Size (HS)} = \text{Speed}$. It should be noted that Radium Engines cost \$3,000 per size number, but do not require a Coal Bunker. The endurance of Radium Engines is calculated at $ES \times 15 = \text{the number of days}$. Replacement blocks of Radium cost \$30 per ES (ie, a ES 4 Radium Engine would cost \$120 to refuel at the end of its Endurance). Naturally, these numbers assume you could find Radium to begin with, which should be kept extremely rare. For the purposes of this plot line, only the Japanese would have access to significant amounts of Radium, and would be developing a "Radium Engine" at Unebi Station for use in their warships.

Alternatively, the Japanese could have discovered another rare mineral — Carbelium. Carbelium is an unstable, corrosive substance which, when mixed with measured amounts of mercury and lead, can be used to create enhanced ammunition types. The impact of Carbelium-treated rounds for aerial combat would be to increase the Pen value of such rounds by a factor of 1 (ie, a 6-pdr HRC would have a Pen of 2/1 with Carbelium-treated rounds as opposed to its normal Pen of 1/0. On smaller quantities of ammunition, or weapons whose rate of fire is low (ie, rifles and pistols) the effects of Carbelium are negligible (no modifiers)). Japanese vessels or artillery units firing Carbelium-treated rounds would be able to bring devastating fire, quite out of proportion with the number and types of weapons they might be using. Unebi Station would be a mine, a smelter, and an Ammunition Plant, turning out Carbelium-Treated rounds for use by their airships and artillery units.

Lastly, the Japanese could have discovered either a large and highly exploitable vein of Martian Gold (purer than Earth Gold and extremely rare with corresponding value) which would give them enormous economic clout, or perhaps another treasure, such as vast deposits of coal or even oil.

Whatever the true secret of Unebi Station may turn out to be, the Japanese presence there and their involvement in the day to day life of Euxinus Lacus ensure that tensions in the regions will not fade away,

and as both the Japanese and Russians are slowly and inexorably drawn towards Herculis, a new confrontation looms in the offing. For the present, the Japanese continue to conduct their research activities and marshal their forces at Unebi Station, while staying active on the diplomatic front, to ensure no other powers gains a dominant position in Euxinus Lacus. The Japanese have taken a different tact in their dealings with the Martians as opposed to the other human powers, and the purpose to their low-key approach to colonialism is not yet clear. There is no doubt however, that the Japanese are on Mars to stay.

EUXINUS LACUS

Population: 60,000

Government Type: Weak Prince (Subject City)

Corruption Level: Corrupt

Economy Type: Mercantile

Economic Vitality: Poor

Attitude Towards Humans: Indifferent (leaning towards Hostile)

EUXINUS LACUS AIR FLEET "THE ANWAAK'S ARM"

The grand title of this aerial force was bestowed upon it last year by the Anwaak himself, in a ceremony that included the re-affirmation of Oaths, presentation of Swords of Command, and the award of Banners to each vessel. Neither the title nor the Banners however, have done much to improve the overall efficiency or quality of the Air Fleet.

Fleet Quality: Green

Fleet Size: 8

Fleet Value: £180,000

The fleet is composed of eight vessels — one *Swiftwood* (Flagship); one *Fleetfoot*; three *Clearsights*; and three *Blood Runners*. All vessels conform to the standard description for their class. The crews of all vessels are green with Trained officers, except for the Flagship *Anwaak's Wrath*, which is manned by an Experienced crew with Veteran officers. Officers carry rifled pistols and swords. Crewmen and Marines are armed with smoothbore muskets. All officers aboard the flagship carry French Lebel revolvers and Martian swords, while the crew of the flagship are armed with German 71 Pattern, single-shot, breech-loading Mauser Rifles.

THE WAR HOSTS OF EUXINUS LACUS

The massed armies of Euxinus Lacus consist of 14 bands of infantry, supported by 7 bands of cavalry and 14 guns. It has been many years since the Anwaak of Euxinus Lacus has felt the need (or had the money) to employ mercenaries with his army.

Army Quality: Poor

Army Size: 7

Though some of the soldiers are armed with smoothbore muskets, most of the troops still fight with swords, bows, and spears. While the majority of the infantry and cavalry bands are UV: T1, the Royal Body-

guards (Shields of Glory) is a UV: V2 warband, and are armed with 71 Pattern Mausers, as per the crew of the Flagship *Anwaak's Wrath* above.

JAPANESE MILITARY FORCES

Like the other minor colonial powers, the Japanese have assembled what amounts to a small brigade worth of troops on Mars. What is different however is that the Japanese have chosen to concentrate their military forces at Unebi Station, leaving only a single company of infantry to guard their Residency within Euxinus Lacus, indicating that whatever secrets exist at Unebi Station are more valuable than their hold on the city itself. The forces that guard Unebi Station are under the command of General Baron Masakuza Ichamura, and consist of:

The 1st & 2nd Battalions of the 23rd Imperial Infantry Regiment (7 companies total); UV: V2.

Colonel Hiroshi Kawamura commanding;


The 44th (Independent) Field Artillery Battery (15-pounder field guns); UV: V0.

Captain Emiko Kobayashi commanding;

The 1st (Emperor's) Cavalry Regiment (4 squadrons total); UV: E1

Colonel Yasunobu Ishigama commanding;

The Imperial Japanese Air Ship (IJAS) *Mikasa* (Commander Kazahisa Yoshimura) and the IJAS *Yashima* (Commander Aki Katsuno)



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THE MARTIAN CITY OF FADATH

BY NI KE HSIN

Space: 1889 Statistics

Population: 120,000

Form of Government: Weak Prince, Strong Priests

Corruption: Very Corrupt

Economic Type: Mercantile

Economic Vitality: Prosperous

Army Quality: Excellent

Mercenary Quality: Good

Fleet Quality: Trained

Fleet Size: 12

RECENT HISTORY

Prince Gisra, the reigning prince of Fadath, wooed and married Princess Anraabu of the royal family of Melas. Within a couple of years of the marriage, Gisra was killed in a cloudship "accident", leaving Anraabu to reign without him. Gisra's uncle Hastuun had hoped that Anraabu would simply return to her home city, leaving the throne to him. But by then, the Belgians had taken over Melas. Anraabu had no home but Fadath.

Shortly after Gisra's death, Anraabu converted to Catholicism. While she had always been fascinated by the Earthmen and their ways, this shocked many people and caused a great deal of resentment, especially among the strong priest class. Furthermore, Anraabu (who had changed her name to Kristyaana Anraabu in honour of her conversion) followed up on her new beliefs by outlawing slavery within her city-state. This caused a great deal of resentment among the wealthy, but raised the popular opinion of her.

The Oenotrian Empire had long been forcing Fadath to pay tribute. With the Empire at war with the British, Kristyaana declared her neutrality in the conflict, and politely added that such neutrality could hardly be maintained while paying tribute to one of the belligerents. Two Oenotrian regiments were sent out of Skorosia to punish the upstart city, but they hadn't counted on the determination of the city's new army. Manned largely by recently freed slaves, and trained by Terran mercenaries, the Fadathian army showed an amazing amount of courage and determination, winning a costly victory over the Oenotrians.

The victory won even more popular support for Kristyaana, but cost her even more with the merchant princes of the city. Following the Battle of Fadath, trade with Oenotria virtually ceased. New trade avenues were opening up with the British Colony at Syrtis Major, but the established merchants were too entrenched to make good use of them. So while Kristyaana has the support of most of the army, the general populace, and the rising *nouveaux riches* merchants, she has greatly offended the priests, the established merchant princes and her husband's uncle, Prince

Hastuun. She is continually on guard against plots from these quarters. Prince Hastuun, of course, is fully backed by the Oenotrians, should he stage a coup. But he is, at present, afraid to flout Kristyaana's popular loyalty.

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES IN FADATH

PRINCESS KRISTYAANA ANRAABU

At first glance, Kristyaana Anraabu seems the perfect Martian Princess. She is beautiful, courteous, well-read, kind, just, and strong-willed. But she lacks one thing that makes her job very difficult: she doesn't have a politician's mind. She is reluctant to think the worst of people, and is forever surprised by the greed, envy, and mean-spiritedness of her political rivals. Kristyaana has seen first hand the atrocities Earthmen are willing to commit on Mars, for her home city is now under the brutal rule of the Belgians. But she finds herself frequently trusting Europeans, because their interests are less likely to be disguised and tainted by the intrigues of the city.

PRINCE DAANYO

Daanyo is Kristyaana Anraabu's brother-in-law. He is young, vivacious, charming, and not all that bright. He is a hero of the recent battle against Oenotria, and loves Kristyaana like a sister. Daanyo has converted to Christianity, and has been baptized as both a Catholic and a Baptist (the theological implications of this elude him entirely.) His true religion is rugger, which has become a national sport. One Scottish sapper reported that he'd rather "be hit by a locomotive than 'is majesty's broad shoulders, thank ye very much." Daanya is very loyal to his city and his sister-in-law, but politically he is inept. He is too forthright and trusting to be an able conspirator, and the details of administering a city-state don't interest him at all. However, Daanyo isn't stupid, and his naïveté does have limits. While few people fear his wit, fewer still wish to cross swords with him on the dueling ground.

CHIEF SECRETARY GI'LOSS

Gi'loss is an elderly, toadying man, stooped and narrow, who nonetheless is able to keep straight in his mind all the various interests of the city. Politically and religiously very conservative, he whines about every change Kristyaana has made, and is constantly wheedling and pleading to bring back the old days. He is nonetheless an important part of the administration of the city, and is rarely far from the Princess's side.

PRINCE HASTUUN

Hastuun was the uncle of Kristyaana's late husband. He is a proud man of military bearing and temperament. He makes no secret that he disapproves of Kristyaana's radical changes in city politics and her even more radical rejection of the city's religion for an off-world cult. Hastuun poses as an honourable man, and may well be one, though he does

nothing to hide his association with the Oenotrian spies and sympathizers in the city and abroad. He is quite frank that he considers Kristyaana unfit for the throne, and would take the honour himself if the opportunity were provided. He is clever and cagey, and a formidable duelist.

METROPOLITAN SHIOG'II

The chief religion of Fadath, and the whole Syrtis Major basin, is a cult founded by the prophet Mrohzan. Its followers are known as Mrohzanji, and almost every important person in the Oenotrian Empire pays homage at the Mrohzanji temple. Mrohzan was a fairly typical prophet, asking people to get along, work together, and earn a choice spot in one of his many levels of the afterlife. But like most religions, it became institutionalized, and the interests of the institution were understandably divided between promulgating the gospel according to Mrohzan and protecting and cultivating itself. The chief priest of any city is called the Metropolitan, and though there is no central authority equivalent of a Pope, some Metropolitans traditionally have more prestige than others. It just so happens that Mrohzan gave his final sermons in Fadath before passing on to the next Heaven, rendering the Grand Mrohzanji Temple of Fadath the most important shrine of the most important cult of the Oenotrian Empire. Metropolitan Shio'ii considers himself to be in exile in his own city. While the Mrohzanji faith has never been exclusive, the new Christianity is. And while Princess Kristyaana has never made a move to forbid other religions, the fact that she endorses the worship of this foreign god, who **died** for Mrohzan's sake, is intolerable. The omens have been all wrong since her baptism: the birth of two-headed gashants, the sudden appearance of stars, formation of whirlpools in the canals, reports of fire falling from the sky, etc. While Shio'ii hates Kristyaana, he is never uncivil to her. He is a shrewd old man who keeps his secrets close to his chest. He does rail against the new god, and has often spoken kind words about the Oenotrian Empire in public.

QIZGALI

Qizgali is the renowned pirate who has preyed on Oenotrian shipping for years. He was recently pardoned by the Oenotrians and turned loose against Fadath shipping. He is tall, handsome though scarred, and courtly in a rough way. He is also thoroughly mercenary, and has no loyalty or even gratitude for the Oenotrians who didn't hang him when they had him. The only thing that will temper his self-serving attitude is if he is humiliated. Qizgali is not a man to cross lightly. His kite is known as the *Black Wind*.

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THE CULTS OF DEIMOS AND PHOBOS

A TREATISE ON THE ENDEMIC RELIGIONS OF THE WESTERN DIOSCURIAN
REGION OF THE PLANET MARS AND THE ORIGINS OF SAID RELIGIONS
PRESENTED BY DR. ROGER HAMMERSMITH USHER, PH.D. TO THE ROYAL
GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY ON THE 9TH DAY OF NOVEMBER IN THE YEAR OF OUR
LORD, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX
AS REPORTED BY SAMUEL NOYCE

"And in the day of her tribulation the Mother delivered. And thus were two sons born but one was their body. The first to breech was fair and full of light. The second was dark and full of power. The second grabbed after the first, and thus from their birth was the struggle born. Thus was the Mother delivered and she had much joy to behold the fruit of her labors, but was much troubled by the conflict that crowded around them like Gashants to a watering hole."

Excerpt from a partial translation of the *Book of the Mother*, Chapter 3

"Shortly after the time of the void, twin boys were born to the Mother Mars. She named one (Deimos) because he was the first-born and his future was shown to be one full of life and the nurturing of living things. The other was named (Phobos) because his future showed that he would forever live in the shadow of his brother and deal with things of the shadow. His destiny was to overcome the life-bringer and to be overcome by him in turn."

Excerpt from carved panel in Prince Rhuumbarrdaar IV's tomb
(Translated by Umbran Archaeological Expedition of 1884)

In Martian mythology, Deimos and Phobos are twin brothers. They were born to the Martian Mother Goddess during her last days. Due to the strain placed upon her, her twin boys were malformed upon birth, their bodies fused together. Although legends recount the eventual separation of the twins and their adventures as they sought a cure for their mother throughout Mars, they were always linked on a metaphysical plane and some legends even refer to a cord that linked the two physically. The universal drought that followed the gradual drying up of the canals is reflected in the religious beliefs of the people by the death of the Martian Mother. Legend states that on her deathbed she gave one last piece of advice to her sons: how to revive her. This request for assistance is the basis of the two religions that dominate in the region. Each has their own holy records that proclaim their mission to the Mother Goddess. Each denounces the other as heretical and evil though having a goodly portion of the truth. The history of the region is replete with their struggles and clashes. Though currently the two respective cults have small de-

vout followings, at one time they held almost tyrannical sway over large parts of the Western Dioscurian region. Even today most of the colloquialisms, mannerisms, and habits of even the non-religious is dominated by the common elements of the religions. In politics, strongly religious leaders have often held sway. Although the current culture seems to place the highest value on profit and the trade of spice, there still exists the small sayings of religion in the everyday lives of the people and their business transactions.

Although the Cult of Deimos is relatively peaceful, much like the Canal Priests, the Cult of Phobos is much more bloody and violent. Strangely enough, the two cults seem to be linked together much like the twins. Where one cult exists, the other soon follows. Resurgence in the worship of Deimos in the Umbran region has been linked to the abnormally wet flux season. As the season continues, more followers of Deimos come to the canals to ready the sacrificial water and to prepare to watch the far-away moon during 3-day fast. Recent reports from my contacts in Umbra report that the cult of Phobos has also experienced a recent increase in membership. This could possibly be due to the rumor that a force of Ground Cleansers from outside the city-state of Umbra are moving in to disrupt the flow of spice and remove the "Red Menace" from among their brethren. Rumor also has it that all captives of the Ground Cleansers will be turned over to the Phobites to appease their God for the incursions of the Red men and his soulless lackeys in the government of Umbra.

THE CULT OF DEIMOS

And the Mother lay down and her life was surrendered. But a last request escaped her lips as she lay to pass the veil that separates all life that has passed from those that have not. And she said unto her sons, "This last thing I require of you if you would prove yourselves gallant and able, restore me. I go now to sleep, but I shall re-awaken if you complete this request. Restore my body by cleansing and repairing it. Make my life waters to flow more freely and clearly. Take up the obstructions that hinder its movement through this sphere." And with that she closed her eyes and vanished from before them. And the great Deimos trembled and cried whilst his brother grew enraged. "I shall do what thou hast spoken," they said in unison, but it was Deimos who spoke truest and surest.

Excerpt from a partial translation of the *Book of Deimos*, Chapter 313 (The Pledge)

According to the book of Deimos, the Mother's last request was that the twins restore her arteries and veins by cleaning them and allowing her blood to flow more freely. The Deimites interpret this to mean that the water flowing through the canals is the literal blood of the Mother. They believe that only through the proper use of this lifeblood and the maintenance of the pathways that carry it will the Mother ever return to

her former glory and shower her followers with love. Following this charge and its interpretation, the Deimites hold water itself to be most holy and should be used with care and reverence, avoiding waste and spillage whenever possible. They see the spice as a last gift of the Mother to help her little ones to fund the often-expensive restoration of canals and channels to all of Mars. The shaman who claimed to have been visited by Deimos after ingesting the spice root for the first time was Breexxtt. Breexxtt, also called the First Follower of Deimos, wrote that the spice should not be sold, but traded and given away so that other less enlightened souls could feel the spirit of Deimos and then join in the cause. The Deimites as a whole are almost pacifistic, but there are members who will defend themselves and even begin physical confrontations. There are no written laws that prohibit them from engaging in violence, but many view violence as the spirit of Phobos and so restrain themselves whenever possible.

Some of the more differentiating beliefs of the Cult of Deimos have to do with their reverence for water. As a sacrifice, they pour an urn of water into the canal nearest to their home at the beginning of the Flux season. They then begin a Flux fast. During the 3-day fast, they sit and meditate, watching Deimos wane to nothing and then wax from the brink of destruction as his brother Phobos is overcome in the celestial battle. Deimites also have an almost fanatical belief that the canals must be kept open and running during these times, and should not be polluted with boats, barges and other flotsam. This is the one time when the Deimites could become dangerous and attack anyone with the misfortune to pass their section of the canal. Some say that this is because they are deprived of the spice and are driven a bit insane. Others think that the fast gives them more spiritual strength and the inclination to use it to further their sacred mission.

Throughout the year, the Deimites build solar stills to extract water from even the most barren areas. They view the construction and maintenance of such stills to be of great benefit to themselves and others. In actuality, the stills provide very little water and are probably more of a burden than a benefit for the individuals. The Deimites make several trips during the year to their stills to take the water harvested and to fill the still with more material gathered from the surrounding area.

Another distinguishing belief of the Deimites about water is that it is the most pure and undefiled substance. They believe that one day they will become clean and attain all the properties of water that are demonstrated in their religion: the ability to conduct light, the ability to reconstitute itself, and the ability to give life.

The strangest belief of the Deimites is that of the "Cleaners". They believe that huge flying beasts with a single eye will come to clean the planet some day. The eyes of the beasts emit a strong beam of light and so will be able to distinguish the believers, those who conduct light like water, from the unbelievers, those who won't conduct light. The manifestation of the cleaners will precede the return of Deimos and the Mother, but succeed the transformation of the believers into beings of pure water.

THE CULT OF PHOBOS

And the Mother lay down and her life was surrendered. But a last request escaped her lips as she lay to pass the veil that separates all life that has passed from those that have not. And she said unto her sons, "This last thing I require of you if you would prove yourselves gallant and able, restore me. I go now to sleep, but I shall re-awaken if you complete this charge. Restore my body by cleansing those who would hinder me. Make my life waters to flow more freely and the blood of those who hinder me should also flow more freely. And when their blood shall flow into mine, I shall gain strength." And with that she closed her eyes and vanished from before them. And Deimos trembled and cried whilst his brother, the great Phobos grew enraged at those who would take his mother from him. "I shall do what thou hast spoken," they said in unison, but it was Phobos who spoke truest and surest.

Excerpt from a partial translation of the *Book of Phobos*, Chapter 313 (The Charge)

According to the book of Phobos, the Mother's last request was that the twins restore her by cleaning the non-believers from among them and allowing their blood to flow more freely into her. The Phobites interpret this to mean that they need to purge non-believers and drain all their blood into the red Martian soil. Needless to say, the Phobites believe in sacrifice and the bloodier the better. This particular belief has led to their repression by many other groups who have passed through the Western Dioscurian region. Those who openly profess the religion are usually branded as rebels or potential troublemakers and are under constant watch from the guard. Despite this treatment, the cult has never been entirely extinguished among the citizens of the region, and even now is enjoying a quiet renaissance among those who would follow the path of blood, at least according to my local contacts.

The Phobites are required by their sacred text to make a blood sacrifice yearly. The process leading up to this sacrifice has been ritualized over the millennia. It begins at the end of the last year's sacrifice with the pouring of the blood into the canal. The leader of the group takes the same vessel that held the blood and fills it with water from the canal and carries it back to the room where the sacrifice was carried out. He leaves the vessel for a month and then returns. He casts an augury in the water-filled bowl which determines where next year's sacrifice will take place. He then carries the bowl to the site. When he arrives, he cleans himself with the water and then dumps it on the ground and smashes the bowl. The group then arrives one at a time and begins to build the altar a stone at a time. When the altar is finished, the time has arrived to procure a victim. This must be someone who passes by the site before the day of the sacrifice. Should no one arrive, one of the groups must offer himself, as Phobos has been displeased by the conduct of the group. During the sacrifice, all the blood is drained from the body and

held in a newly-fired bowl. Afterwards, the cycle repeats. They believe that blood is the lifeblood of the Mother, and so the sacrifice is an essential part of her livelihood. They believe that the blood of one person is enough to sustain the Mother for one year, no more, no less.

The Phobites have some strange beliefs about shadows and their properties. They believe that the shadow is the repository of the soul and that light, which causes shadow to disappear, weakens them. They also believe that upon dying, their shadow goes out to join the great mass of darkness that already exists. They believe that one day, their numbers will be so great that light will cease to be, smothered by the darkness. On that day, they believe that they will all go forth and spill as much blood as possible, and that this will bring back Phobos and the Mother.

The Phobites also believe in the "Shadow Stealer". This is a giant winged beast with one large eye that emits a very powerful beam of light. They believe that it is certain death for anyone who is spied by this beast as its eye beam will roast them.

CULTURAL COMMONALTIES

"May the waters carry you safely to the Mother."

"Why exactly do you say that at the end of a business transaction?"

"Why do we say that? It is tradition! The sign of a trade fairly sealed."

"Do you believe in the Mother?"

"No, I don't subscribe to that (untranslatable) religious dogma! I am a trader. I trade. That is all. I don't mix myself up in cults and ceremony. My customers would not appreciate it. Good day!"

Excerpts from a conversation between Dr. Usher and a local spice trader (Umbra, November, 1884)

Thus we see how the water conducts the light and it follows the course prescribed by the holy lifeblood. When we have obtained the favor of the Mother and conduct ourselves as correctly as the light, then shall we too travel the pathways to our reward. And we shall flow like the waters and become one with the Mother, giving and receiving eternally. We shall be like the sunlight and spread across the land, banishing darkness and bringing life.

Taken from a discourse to a congregation of Martians (Umbra, November, 1884)

Some of the common beliefs and everyday practices of the people of the Western Dioscurian region are deeply rooted in the belief of the Martian Mother and the teachings of the Books of Deimos and Phobos. The roles of males and females are defined by the roles of these characters in the Holy Books. Women are expected to be mothers and take

care of the home. Men are encouraged to be more active in the marketplace, learn a vocation, or become traveling traders, following in the steps of the twins.

Barter is still the preferred way of selling spice, as the first follower of Deimos, Shaman Breextt, prohibited its sale for money in his writings. A lucrative trade in spice handling is still a centerpiece of the market today. For a small fee, a handler will receive spice from someone, and "give" it to another. In return he will receive a "gift" of money from the receiver and in return "give" that to the seller. The fee is usually taken from the money received, as it is a gift. Although there are no laws that prohibit the keeping of the money, as it is a gift, several bloody examples exist in the history of the city that make handling an unofficially well-regulated business. Most spice merchants swear by their handlers, and often whole dynasties of business relations arise because of the trust between merchant and handler. In fact, the five major and minor trading houses arose because of the intermarriage of merchant and handler families.

A duality of person is also a commonly held belief. Much like the two twins of the Mother, most people believe that there are two forces struggling inside them. Evil deeds are attributed to the influence of the dark side of their person, good ones to the light side. Some primitive medical operations try to restore balance to persons afflicted by disease by either adding light, or shadow to their being. These attempts usually involve leeches on the heels to drain off shadow, or staking out on rooftops to add light. As can be expected, these cures are highly ineffective and most often more harmful than whatever was ailing the person in the first place. However, miraculous healing is taken as a sign of favor with the Gods. Those who are healed often take to preaching as a vocation and soon rise to command vast congregations.

The Festival of the Remembrance of the Pledge is a common holiday to all groups in the region, including the secular governments of each city-state. During this festival the people commemorate the giving of the pledge from the Mother and the passage into her current state. The religious attend ceremonies together in the League Grand Council Hall and one priest from each religion conducts half of the ceremony. Following the ceremony, the Prince, the Director, and the priests each hand out a small packet containing, a vial of spice, a vial of water, a candle and a cup. These are the symbols of the Festival and are used by each sect according to their belief. Rituals in the same religion even vary from city to city. In the other city-states of the Boreosyrtris League, the people must provide their own cups, candles, and spice. In the city of Saardaar, the people prepare a local dish in the traditional cup that is absolutely exquisite and tastes much like a figgy pudding. In the city of Coloe, the people have a communal candle lighting festival and sing together as a group. In all cities, there are multiple rituals involving the symbols of the Festival. It is a time of peace and harmony in the cities, but that peace is tempered by the knowledge of the conflict that is to follow when the Phobites run rampant during the partial eclipse of Deimos.

CONCLUSION

The religious roots of the people of this region hark back to the earliest days of the wandering tribes that frequented the area. From their insistent belief that Mars is the Mother and that the struggle between the two twins continues in them to this day, the people of this region are very superstitious. Anyone entering this region, and even Her Majesty's Government, would be well advised to know the current religious climate in any city-state before traveling into them or transacting any kind of business.

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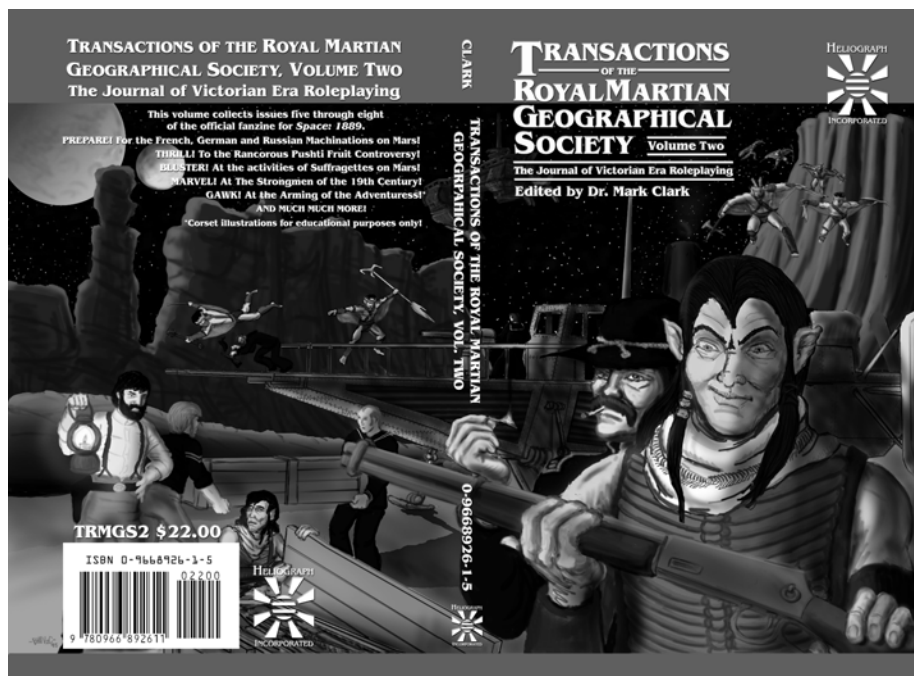
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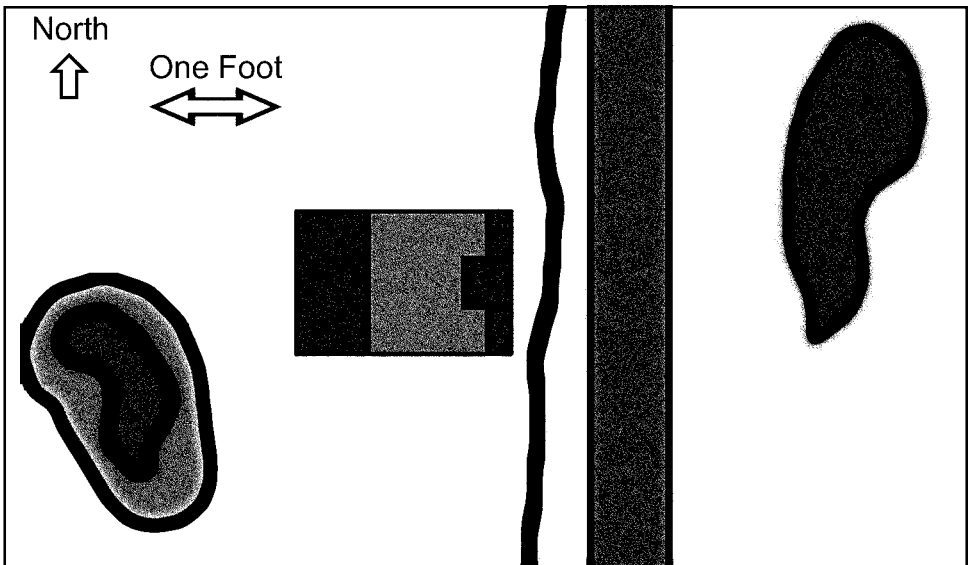
THE ASSAULT ON MELAS THIRYTIS

BY PAUL WESTERMEYER

This is a fairly simple *Soldier's Companion* scenario. A small Martian villa, Melas Thirytis (on the border between the Belgian Colony of Coprates and the lands of Nectar) is suspected to be a safehold for those smuggling firearms into the Belgian colonies and selling them to the natives. Major General Foucard (*Space: 1889* rulebook, p. 41) , the infamous Belgian governor, has decided that destroying this villa would be a good object lesson to those opposing his policies both within the colony and without. With these in mind he has dispatched Major Depeu, a competent line officer, with a column to the region. The Major's orders are to take Melas Thirytis, drive its inhabitants into the desert (or slay them if they resist) and destroy the Villa.

Unknown to the Governor, the Tossian Empire has been watching events along the Nectar border closely, and the Emperor has dispatched several units of his famed heavy cavalry to aid the Nectar lords against Belgian aggression. Only his strained relationship with the Nectar prince (who rightly suspects the Emperor of wanting to add Nectar to the Empire) has prevented the Tossian Emperor from going to war with the Belgians. This skirmish might spark such a conflict.

Melas Thirytis should be a fairly strong castle, with high walls and a central keep. It lies alongside a tertiary canal. A drawbridge crosses the canal (outside of the castle) and is guarded by a small brick building. All of the Martian forces begin inside the keep except the Tossian cavalry (who arrive 1d6+2 turns into the game on the opposite edge from which the Belgians entered). The Martian artillery should begin emplaced but uncrewed. The map below is a suggested layout.



The Belgians enter from the side deemed closest to the Colony by both players (or the referee). If the canal bisects that side the Belgian player may choose which side of the canal he enters on. All units begin in column, and the guns are limbered. One company of infantry may carry 6 scaling ladders. It is imperative that the Belgian player act as if he were unaware of the approach of the Tossian cavalry until it arrives on board.

All units below follow standard *Soldier's Companion* organizations and numbers.

The Belgian Forces

Victory: To win the Belgians must take the castle with casualties of 25% or less.

1st Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment Chasseurs a Pied

CO Major Depeu (Ldr 1) (Senior Officer present)

Troop Value X2

Breechloading Rifles Dice 1 Range 12"/24"

Company carries 2 satchel charges

2nd Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment Chasseurs a Pied

CO Captain Leboeuf (Ldr 1)

Troop Value T2

Breechloading Rifles Dice 1 Range 12"/24"

Company carries 2 satchel charges

3rd Troop, 2nd Squadron, 2nd Regiment Lancers

CO Sgt Lefonf

Troop Value T1

Breechloading Carbines Dice 1 Range 8"/16"

12th Battery, Field Artillery

CO Lt. LeBeau (Ldr 0)

Troop Value T0

Breechloading Carbines Dice 1 Range 8"/16"

3x12-pdr Field Guns Wgt Md Pen 1/1 DV 1 ROF 1 Crew 4 Rng 3'/6' w/

Rummet Breehr limbers.

The Nectarane Forces

To win the Martians simply need to hold the castle.

CO Lord Thirytis (Ldr 1)

All units irregular unless noted

Lord Thirytis' Guards

CO Bannerman Steengut

Troop Value X3

Pistol Dice 1/2 RNG 2/4 and swords

Revenge of Tao-Mee (Martian freedom fighters)

CO 1st Sword Gassuun

Troop Value V3

Rifle Muskets Dice 1/2, RNG 10/20

Artillery Crews

CO Bannerman Grenndan

Troop Value T0

Artillery

2 Heavy Guns Wgt VH Pen 1/0 DV 2 ROF 1 Crew 4 RNG 2'/4'

1 Light Gun Wgt Md Pen 0/0 DV 1 ROF 1 Crew 4 RNG 1'/2'

3rd Tossian Knights

CO 1st Sword Ruguen

Troop Value E0H (Regulars)

Lance, Pistol Dice 1/2 RNG 2/4

(arrive 1d6+2 turns into the game on the opposite edge from which the Belgians entered)

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

This scenario also makes an interesting backdrop to a roleplaying scenario. The players could be included on either side, or Thirytis could be the home base for an all Martian campaign based around the freedom fighters and their war with the Belgians. For those wishing to run such a game, *Space: 1889* NPC stats and notes are included below.

Name	Type	Exp	Mks	Att	Arms
Major Depeu	Off	Vet	3	Phys	Hvy Revolver, Sabre
Captain Leboeuf	Off	Exp	3	Phys	Hvy Revolver, Sabre
Lord Thirytis	Noble	Exp	2	Men	Single shot pistol, Sword
1st Sword Gassuun	Soldier	Elite	4	Phys	Rifle-musket, bayonet

Major Depeu is a former French officer hounded from the French army following an affair with a superior's mistress. A veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, he detests Germans almost as much as he despises Martians. He has no moral qualms concerning his mission but feels Foucard is a bumbling fool.

Captain Leboeuf is a native Belgian who transferred to Mars from a fortress assignment at Liège hoping for excitement. A basically decent man, he is very disturbed by what he has seen over the past months. If command of the column falls to him he will not massacre the civilians nor will he execute any prisoners.

Lord Thirytis is a quiet man who prefers study to warfare, but feels a moral obligation to aid the rebels against the Belgians despite the risk. He is uninvolved in Nectarán politics (he is a Nectarán noble and owes allegiance to that city's prince) but supports an alliance with Tossia against the Belgians. He is very honorable and will treat prisoners well.

1st Sword Gassuun is a young Martian warrior who watched his family die at Belgian hands in the Massacre of Tao-Mee. He now leads a guerrilla band which strikes at Belgian patrols from Thirytis. If given the chance he will massacre all Belgian prisoners, but will obey Lord Thirytis out of respect and gratitude.

COMMENTS

I've played this scenario five or six times. In general the Martians have the edge, provided the Martian player is patient and careful with his troops. Of course, the strength and siting of the villa will be unique to each place it's played, and that will heavily effect the outcome. Especially strong fortifications mandate a slight reinforcement of the Belgian forces, while weak ones indicate the Martians should be strengthened either in numbers or quality.

The scenario may be run as a single miniatures game, or it might be the start of a campaign game depicting a war between the Belgian Coprates and Tossia. In a roleplaying game this battle might be the spark that ignites revolt, or just one more piece of lumber tossed upon the fires of anti-Belgian sentiment. In either case, the scenario should enliven any adventures on Mars!

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CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

Bob Brown has been hailed across the globe as a champion of freedom and hurdler of sheep. He is completing his 4th PHD and at the age of 26 looks sure to be the first man on Mars; weather permitting. His wisdom is unmatched and his ankles pretty and lean, his hair could do with a wash though. He can be reached at Bob@Ectopia.freeserve.co.uk.

James Cambias has been playing role-playing games since the days they came in a blue box labelled *Dungeons & Dragons*. He has been writing them since 1990. Among his credits are portions of the *Star Trek* series of games from Last Unicorn, *GURPS Planet Krishna* from Steve Jackson Games, and several dozen *Space: 1889* adventures which appeared in *Challenge* magazine before it and GDW went to the Big Game Convention in the Sky. He is married to a very tolerant biologist, has a small daughter who is a budding rules lawyer, and lives in Ithaca, New York. He can be reached at cambias@heliograph.com.

Mark Clark has been playing RPGs since 1975 and *Space: 1889* since its release. He founded *TRMGS* in 1991 and has been its primary editor. An "Army Brat", he has spent time in most regions of the United States, as well as extended stints in Germany and Denmark. He earned a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering and a Ph.D. in the History of Technology during a long career as a professional student. He now lives in the wilds of south-central Oregon and teaches history at the Oregon Institute of Technology. When he is not working on *TRMGS* in his spare time, he likes to restore old British sports cars, hunt and target shoot, and try and keep his wife from finding out just how much money he spends on those activities. He can be reached at trmgs@heliograph.com.

Ruth Dempsey has always been a day-dreamer, acting out elaborate stories with paper dolls at an early age. Her introduction to role-playing games occurred in 1982 when she was enticed to come and join a local *D&D* group. She found she preferred writing adventures to actually slogging around the dungeon. Always a voracious reader, she discovered *Space: 1889* at a local game shop by picking up a used copy and reading through it. She found a discrepancy in the available equipment lists and the rest is history...

John Gannon became involved in boardgames in the late 1960s, miniature gaming in 1971, RPG's in 1976, and *Space: 1889* since it was first released. A former member of the Canadian Army, John travelled to four continents and 22 different countries during his career, before settling into semi-retirement with his wife and children in Alberta, Canada. Now a semi-professional writer and amateur historian, John spends his time doing historical research and study, and writing the "Great Canadian Novel". John can be reached at jb_gannon@hotmail.com.

John Nowak is a software tester for a financial information firm in Stamford, Connecticut. Before he was seduced by the Green Side of the Force, he wrote a variety of *Car Wars* material for Steve Jackson Games.

Sam Noyce, aka Sam Thee Great, has been playing RPGs since 1981 when his older brothers wouldn't let him in on their D&D games. He has been playing *Space: 1889* since 1997 when he discovered Jim Cambias' articles in the back of *Challenge*. This article is his first published and paying attempt at anything literary. He has claimed to have visited all the states west of the Mississippi river, and those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. He has also spent 2 years on an ecclesiastical mission in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil speaking Portuguese. He has one wife and one child, both of whom do not play *Space: 1889*.

Besides reading, dreaming, doodling, and writing about Mars, he attends school full-time, works full-time, and occasionally gets to play with a local RPG group. He can be reached at samtg@rocketmail.com.

Marcus Rowland is a London-based laboratory technician and author of *Forgotten Futures*, the Scientific Romance Role Playing Game, a tabletop RPG based on Victorian and Edwardian science fiction and fantasy, available as shareware, on CDROM, and online. Heliograph began publishing *Forgotten Futures* in printed book form this year, see page 168 for more information. Marcus has extensive publishing credits, including *Canal Priest of Mars* for *Space: 1889*, published in a heavily abridged form not approved by the author; the complete version should be published by Heliograph later this year.

Marcus is single, and lives with 5500 books, 1000+ games and supplements, and four pets, Sam Snake and Cornelia & Murphy and Cobb, corn snakes who have more sense than to get involved with role playing games or science fiction. He successfully lobbied for the creation of uk.rec.pets.misc, the first mainstream usenet newsgroup for pet owners in the UK.

Paul Westermeyer has been roleplaying since 1979, when he started with TSR's old D&D Basic Set. Since then he has expanded his roleplaying horizons, and taken up wargaming as well. Paul's only been playing *Space:1889* for three years now, but it has been a full three years. He's started running an annual Soldier's Companion scenario at Origins, GMs a monthly *Space:1889* roleplaying campaign at his local hobby store, and plays in two *Space:1889* PBEM games (rumours that the recent decline in Martian population is a result of the depredations of the famed gunslinger Jack McCoy are wholly untrue!). In real life he is completing his Phd in History at The Ohio State University. His dissertation examines the development of military professionalism in Early Byzantium. Paul also works as an Adjunct Professor of Humanities at Columbus State Community College. Paul and his wife Kelly are expecting a child this spring, adding to the already full household of two cats, a rabbit, a snake, a lizard, 2 birds, 5 turtles, and a host of fish and hamsters.

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