

GEORGINA TALBOT - STEAMPUNK PRINCESS



THE SECRET LIFE OF AN EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEWOMAN

BY MONSIEUR H. G. VERNE

EPISODE TWENTY-FOUR - THE COMING OF THE MARTIANS¹

WEBSITE: WWW.SPACEVIXENSFROMMARS.COM

¹ C'est un adventure 'crossover' avec 'Renardes L'Espace De Mars - 25E de l'épisode: "Vent Divin: Horswell Commun »' (L'Auteur) Translated into English by Mr G. Oogle. (Ed.)

The Story So Far...

It is 1880 – and in a freak accident Bournemouth gentlewoman Georgina Talbot has inherited the special power of electrical projection, whilst her sister, Marianne, has become bride to vampire Lord Winton.

Having feigned death the sisters have continued their philanthropic work – yet a new and terrifying chapter is drawing near...

I

“Oh no – not again!” Sita Desai moaned as all seven Space Vixens fell two feet from nowhere onto a patch of rough heathland, a copse of trees in the near distance the only foreseeable cover.

“Where we are this time?” collecting herself Shona M’Benga wondered.

“Smells and feels like Earth” Marie-Clare Lacroix exclaimed surprise as they all scrambled to their feet.

“Looks deserted?” leader Melody Jackson noted the sound of light artillery on the horizon. “But someone’s around – and in combat?”

“The question is, ‘when’ and ‘where’?” Hannah Windsor adjusted her straw hat.

“Judging by these dresses and – ouch! - corsets”, observed Yoko Kurosawa, “sometime in the 1800’s...”

“Maybe the same universe as when we were on Victorian Mars?”

“We need to find out where and when – and quickly!” Helga Von Schliecher was concerned as – from behind some trees – a walking tripod ambled past – its ‘heat-ray’ spewing plasma in the general direction of Woking.

“Get down!” Melody shouted louder than a East European in a Seventies disco.

Just in time too! With a whine of Doppler-shift – a ‘whizzbang’ - an explosive shell came hurtling in to strike the unearthly machine a death-blow, to explode and fragment; to cause the three-legged device to topple and crash like a pole-axed android.

“*Sacre bleu!*” Marie exclaimed as the Vixens brushed dust from themselves.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this”, Shona searched her dress for a weapon.

“Oh dear!” Hannah felt her knees go weak as she fell to the ground. “I think I’m having another one of my *visions*...”

Indeed she was! As her friends faded from view patron saint – St Kylie of Mars - appeared before her.

“Hail Hannah, mother of Arthur, once and future King of Earth!” the haga greeted. “Blessed are you amongst women! This time you and your friends must ensure the Martian assault is checked at Manor Farm², so that all you have achieved in this timeline’s future may rightfully unfold”.

“Isn’t that an illogical order?” Han questioned.

“The Supreme Being moves in mysterious ways”, the saint cryptically responded. “There will be an answer, let it be – for all things must pass if we are to give peace a chance! Once again you must fix a hole where the rain gets in...”³



² Scheduled to be taken over by its genetically modified animals in 1917 (Ed.)

³ Text to here taken from the original article. By now you’ve all guessed this is Wells’ ‘War Of The Worlds’. Well, it is Jim, but not as we know it. This is an alternative, alternate, 1880 - and the Martian invasion is not all-powerful; it is the last throw of the dice by a dying race of cephalods, the once dominant species on the Red Planet who can no longer maintain their tech. It sets in train a sequence of events that will lead - within nine years - to a vast acquisition of high-technology by humans, to a reverse colonisation of Mars by Earth’s great powers, and to an unholy alliance between the cephalods and the French (see also *SVfM ‘Episode 25A Divine Wind: Mars Alterum’*).(Ed.)

II

Whilst the decisive battle raged upon Horswell Common commotion raged throughout the kingdom, civilians fleeing hither and when, the railways overloaded with refugees heading for Hatfield and the North, or making for the coast, the aim of the better heeled to cross *la Manche* for the safety of the continent.

In the premier seaside resort of Bournemouth, as in other places, they were met by reception committees, screened for lice and other infestations, and parcelled out to soup-kitchens and tented accommodation upon Kings' Park by administrative officials and well-intentioned volunteers from the clergy and gentry. One such, imbued by the healing spirit of celebrated Crimea heroine Miss Florence Nightingale, was retired schoolmistress, Miss Harriet Potter.

An alias for the incomparable Miss Georgina Talbot⁴...

"Sanitation would appear to be the most pressing need", the issue of a potential public health disaster most concerned the conveniently vacationing Dr John Watson.

"Mr Tuck!" 'Harriet' called for her faithful retainer, Richard, rescued by her long ago from a life of drudgery in respect to his grandfather, a man she had once loved.

"Ma'am?"

"Be so good as to ensure adequate latrines are dug at the good doctor's discretion".

"Very good, Ma'am".

"I am intrigued, Madam", Watson's inscrutable companion with the deerstalker hat and hooked nose questioned. "How a lady on the meagre pension of a schoolmistress can afford such a team of retainers?"

"Oh", Watson apologised upon his companion's behalf for such an impertinent interjection. "May I introduce my associate, Mr Sherlock Holmes".

"The famous consulting detective?"

'Harriet' quickly placed him.

"The same", he drew his pipe, filled it with tobacco and a pinch of cocaine. "I deduce, Madam, you are not all you seem?"

"Holmes!" Watson was almost outraged.



⁴ Most necessary given her 'superpower' of electrical projection, Georgina having faked her death in 1870 - see *Episode Thirteen - 'Death Becomes Her'* (Ed.)

If the game was afoot - it may yet now be also 'up'. "Please, Doctor", Georgina elected to retain her poise. "It is of no matter. Mr Holmes, I shall confide in you and you *alone*, knowing you a gentleman of honour and discretion".

"Of course", the great detective lent for her to whisper in his ear, listened intently. "Ah! I see! That indeed explains *everything*".

"Then I bid you gentlemen good day", deciding it was time to assist the refugees Georgina moved to depart.

"How did you know she had a disquieting secret, Holmes?" the good doctor wondered.

"Elementary, my dear Watson..."

At that very moment - around Manor Farm - the tide turned at Horswell Common - thanks to the prompt arrival of top-secret naval guns, ingeniously fitted by skilled artisans to converted railway trucks.

"Hurrah for the Navy!" Captain Blair of the 24th remarked to his trusty Sergeant, Marmaduke Blunkett. "The Martians seem to be in full retreat".

"Gawd bless the Admiralty, Sir", he willingly agreed. "But I ain't never seen no cannon likes that before".

"Private Hopkins!" the captain called out.

"Sir!" the cheerful cockney 'Tommy' from Essex duly reported with a victorious salute.

"Hopkins. You were talking to the Tars. What manner of new gun is that? Did you inveigle the secret from them?"

"Indeed I did Sir. Brand new it is, bless my soul. The Imperial Mk II Radium Cannon they calls it. Blow me down the Jacks say it can shoot a heat-ray up to five miles. Don't think Johnny Martian was expecting us to have summin' that, and no mistake".

"Quite so", Blair allowed himself a chuckle at the invaders' unpleasant surprise.

"Manufactured at the Imperial Arsenal at Woolwich, I should imagine Sir" (in the finest traditions of Victoria's realm Blunkett was widely read, most keen upon self-improvement).

"Most probably", now the battle was won Blair checked his revolver his thoughts turning to the safety of the mysterious St. Glenmoor's 'old



girls' who had so fortuitously intervened. "Tidy up the mess, Blunkett. I must see to the security of those ladies..."

But try as he might he could find them nowhere - nor any trace of to whence they may have departed...

It took no time at all for news of the victory at Horswell Common to telegraph around the globe. The Earth was saved. Though not a few feared the report but a false dawn, it was soon confirmed as truth.

"Soon", 'Harriet' comforted a refugee woman, "you will be able to return to your home".

"Beggin' you pardon Ma'am, but this tent be a better place to live than my room in Wapping".

"Quite so", as a philanthropist Georgina readily appreciated much yet needed to be done to improve the lot of the working classes.

"'Cuse me Ma'am", Tuck appeared with a dramatic swish of the tent flap. "Commissioner Gordon would like to speak to you".

"I'll be right there", Georgina knew the police chief was privy to her secret identity, to her so-called 'superpower'. Making deft and elegant egress from the tent she advanced into the sunshine to find the Commissioner striding towards her across the park, with him a grim-faced Mr Holmes.

"Miss Potter", the policeman doffed his hat.

"Mr Holmes is aware of *all*", wishing to expedite affairs Georgina coded.

"Then I shall be brief", Gordon was stern. "It appears a Martian walking machine has escaped the battle and is heading towards us. The Home Office trust you will be able to use your... peculiar talent... to effect an interception. Preferably within the confines of the New Forest?"

"Unquestionably", Georgina consented. "A rampaging alien machine would ruin Bournemouth's reputation as a resort for the cultured classes. We could end up like..."

"Blackpool?" the Commissioner uttered the dread word.

"Indeed. Haunt of the working classes. Possibly northern working class types to boot. People determined to have *fun* with their candy-floss and kiss-me-quick hats and..."

"Saucy postcards?"

"Gosh, no⁵", Georgina alarmed the dread prospect. "I shall do all I can", she consented.

"Watson and I shall of course assist", Holmes too volunteered.

"Hurrah!" the policeman seemed relieved. "Two heroes of the Empire united in a new adventure!"

⁵ Even today Bournemouth seafront is (mostly) free of commercial development (*Ed.*)

III

‘Direct action’ having failed ‘Elder’ Grohl knew it was time to treat with the Earthers. Difficult after a thwarted invasion, but the attempt must yet be made nonetheless. The military landing had been the last throw of the dice for his dying race; maybe even for his world of Barsoom. If *only* the other Elders had listened and elected instead for a conquest of the hot jungle world Venus. But it was too late to consider that now. The terrestrial virus was affecting him badly. Having proven in the battle to be further technologically developed than previously believed he knew, from observations of the planet, the Earthers’ feral nature would seek revenge. And they were not already developing aetherflyers. No doubt they would soon use these to spread their insipient imperialism across the solar system...



“Great Scot!” Dr Watson exclaimed. “But why keep such an incredible device *secret*?”

“For such an eventuality as has occurred, of course”, Holmes was sanguine.

“If no one expected a Martian invasion, Dr Watson”, ‘Miss Potter’ extrapolated, “the threat of French or German intervention is yet very real. They *cannot* be trusted. Both drive on the incorrect side of the road - and whilst one nation willingly eat croissants for breakfast, the other are given to shouting loudly and using long compound words, rather than evolve or sequester new ones. We must be cautious”.

“Miss Potter?” the physician was yet shocked at her intransigence.

“I am not a racist”, Georgina felt the need to clarify. “I merely believe – if it wasn’t for the British Empire - the entire world - and now it seems the solar system - would be run by foreigners and natives”.

“Yet I fail to see how a retired lady such as yourself has come to be in possession of such a weapon?”

“I think, Miss Talbot”, Holmes sucked on his trademark pipe, “it is time to expediently reveal to Watson your secret identity...”

Avoiding the human towns Elder Grohl directed his tripod towards the one place on all Jarsoom remote surveys from Barsoom had indicated a

strange electrical anomaly existed. Evidence, he hoped, of a ‘superior being’, one with whom it would be possible to treat as an equal...

“Great Scot!” Watson exclaimed his revelation. “But that defies all medical science?”

“Yet it is an undisputed medical *fact*”, if admitting her own *ability* Georgina declined to divulge her sister Marianne, the vampira, currently holidaying with her *consort*, Lord Winton, in darkest Transylvania.

“Watson and I will respect your confidence”, Holmes assured. “In the meantime the game’s afoot - we must prepare for this alien menace”.

“Mr Tuck!” Georgina called.

“Ma’am?”

“Assist Doctor Watson and Mr Holmes in preparing an ambush for our alien interloper”.

“Ma’am”.

“When I travel through the Empire, Mr Holmes, I sometimes meet people, Hun and heathen, who do not understand the respect due to an English lady, such as myself. But I am sure that - now the cat is out of the bag so to speak - as soon as I deploy my Imperial Mk II Radium Cannon, with its exquisite decoration and unparalleled capability to exterminate any uncivil beings at up to a range of five miles, I shall find all such potential misunderstandings will soon - quiet literally - *evaporate*...”



IV

The detector on Elder Grohl's console grew bright. He was at last nearing the source of the electrical anomaly - and better still the Earthers were giving him a wide berth. Were they too now ready to avoid a military confrontation? Had he simply evaded their military forces?

Or did their *fear* remain?

"*Me?*" Georgina was incredulous as the great detective's latest assertion. "What makes you think that, Mr Holmes?"

"Elementary, my dear Miss Talbot. When one has eliminated the impossible, one is but left with the possible. Ask yourself this. Why of all the places in the kingdom it could venture is the alien tripod making for Bournemouth? If they are capable of observing our world across the gulf of space, would they not likewise have been monitoring our technology for some years? Would that not have detected your... unnatural electrical discharges?"

"Perhaps", Georgina didn't like the thought that she was now but bait in a trap.

"You're in danger, Ma'am", grasping the import of this deduction Richard alarmed. "I must insist you withdraw for your own safety. We have the radium cannon. We can do the job".

"Quite so", Dr Watson agreed. "It is not right a lady be placed in danger".

"Even one as immortal as I, Dr Watson?" Georgina amused.

"Miss Talbot..." John's sense of honour insisted he yet press for her immediate retirement. "I believe your safety is in peril".

"The Doctor's right, Ma'am", Richard too pressed.

They seemed convinced? "No", she at length declared. "This is the last of the Martian tripods. I would be failing in my duty to Queen and country were we not to do all we could to prevent its progress toward civilian habitation".

"But..."

"No *Richard!*" she insisted - and as she spoke stretched out her arm to shoot a sheet of electrically charged plasma towards an isolated tree, thereby scattering a knot of the New Forest's infamous feral ponies. Enveloped the tree promptly burst into flames



of biblical proportions.

“Well... *That* will gain the alien’s attention and no mistake”, Holmes was wry.

“Then, gentlemen, we are decided”, Georgina asserted. “There has been an answer, we shall let it be”, she punned scripture. “Here at Standing Hat clay pit we shall make our stand...”

The explosion of plasma was slightly to the left of route, but it was an undoubted marker. Grohl’s cardio-vascular muscle skipped a beat in excitement the superior intelligence was guiding him in. An indication there was at last, even at this fourteenth hour, an opportunity to give peace a chance?

Accordingly he steered the tripod in the revised direction...

“Dr Watson simply does not understand”, Richard Tuck complained to Sherlock Holmes. “It is quite *normal* for Miss Talbot to be somewhat fatigued after a discharge of her superpower. Within minutes she will recover her full range of abilities”.

“Mm”, Holmes sucked on his pipe to inhale his favourite blend of tobacco and Indian hemp. “Yet indulge Watson, if you will Sir. He needs to feel he is *useful*. Sidekicks frequently do”.

“If you say so, Mr Holmes”, concerned at the outcome of the forthcoming battle with the Martians Richard watched the Doctor’s ministrations with care, from a discreet distance at the other side of the barn.

“I deduce, Mr Tuck”, Holmes continued in a whisper, “there is more to your relationship with Miss Talbot than simply that of mistress and servant”.

“Mr Holmes!” Richard turned, clenched his often too ready fists. “If you continue to make such aspersions upon Miss Talbot’s honour - I shall have to ask you to step outside!”

“Then I shall not”, the man had, by his prompt move to anger, fully answered Holmes’ question. “I withdraw the suggestion, and tender my full and unequivocal apologies for the utterance and any inconvenience it may have caused...”

*



Nearly there? ‘Ullah! Ullah!’ Grohl had his tripod call-out to the waiting superior being. Yet there was no answer. ‘Ullah! Ullah!’ he repeated, but again there was no response...

‘Ullah! Ullah!’ The call was not only unnatural to the New Forest - it was also totally *unearthly*.

“My God!” Watson exclaimed. “It’s enormous!”

“The bigger they are the harder they fall, Watson”, Holmes *sang froid* admonished as he, Tuck and the wheezing physician rolled the freshly primed Mark II Radium Cannon out of the barn, and into the open.

“Are you ready, Ma’am?” Richard’s primary concern, however, remained for Georgina’s safety.

“Indeed Mr Tuck”, she proceeded to steel herself for action as only an Englishwoman can; inhaled rapidly to hyperventilate with an almost indecent heave of her bosom.

‘Crash!’ a brace of deer ran past, seeking by instinct to avoid the oncoming tripod which appeared above the tree-line and suddenly halted. Sinisterly it turned its hood, appeared to be looking for something...

“Time to fix its attention I think, Miss Talbot”, Sherlock suggested.

“Indeed Mr Holmes” Georgina raised her arm - and shot a ball of lightening towards the open ground around the long abandoned kilns...

‘Yes!’ Grohl considered. ‘The creature appears by be trying to communicate’. In an attempt to understand its message he turned the cowling of the tripod, the armoured carapace itself, towards the energy pattern. Yet as he did so...

“Fire now!” Tuck urged - and brushing the inept Watson aside pulled the cannon’s lanyard. Instantly a sheet of flame shot forward - mankind’s very own ‘heart-ray’ - to strike the Martian machine square on the vulnerable joint between its tripod’s legs and its turret. ‘Boom!’ An explosion rent the air...

... ‘Boom!’ An explosion rent the air. “No!” Grohl screamed into the universal translator. “No! I come in peace - not shoot to kill!”

“You lying alien bastard!” Tuck swore as - arms both outstretched - his mistress too discharged her superpower - then fell to her knees at the sheer physical effort of the days combat.

And the Martian tripod fell. As Holmes and Watson sought to avoid its death fall Richard Tuck raced to gather Georgina into his arms and whisk her away to safety.

The enemy burned. The so-called ‘War of the Worlds’ was over...

V

The Royal Commission was most thorough in its enquiry into the Martian invasion. Holmes, Watson, Tuck and ‘Miss Potter’ were all called as witnesses. All - with official sanction - lied copiously under oath.

“Had the Martians known of our new radium cannon and aetherflyers I think it most unlikely they would have dared invade”, Georgina remarked as she awaited a cab to take her and Tuck to Waterloo Station for the 18:55 ‘Bournemouth Belle’; Holmes and Watson one to return them to 221B, Baker Street.

“Perhaps”, the great detective was doubtful. “But wheels within wheels. Maybe their attack was simply pre-emptive of ours?”

“We British are no aggressors, Holmes!” as a veteran of several Imperial campaigns to punish Afghanistan Watson was outraged at such a dark suggestion.

“The good doctor is quite correct”, a genial bear of a man appeared to doff his hat to the lady.

“Miss Potter. My brother, Mycroft”, Holmes promptly introduced.

“Charmed”, he was polite, if distant. Did he know who she really was? Georgina guessed he probably did.

“So Mycroft?” Sherlock questioned. “Were these weapons being developed for an attack upon Mars?”

“Certainly not!” the elder Holmes was (almost) outraged. “They’ve been developed for the colonisation of Venus”.

“That’s alright then”, Watson was relieved.

“Can’t have the French and Germans helping themselves, can we? Good day to you”, the man on Her Majesty’s Secret Service ambled off...



“Thoughtful, Ma’am?” secure in a private compartment on the train home Tuck questioned his mistress.

“Indeed Richard”, she confided with a sigh. “I fear we must journey to Mars to avenge this outrage. To seek out new life and new civilisations”.

“You sure Ma’am?” he checked her intention was genuine.

“I am. We *must*. Upon our return to Bournemouth be so good as to enquire the cost of hiring and outfitting one of these new aetherflyers...”

TO BE CONTINUED...

SPACE VIXENS FROM MARS - EPISODE 25E - DIVINE

WIND: HORSWELL COMMON

(Bonus - the original wargame scenario previously published in 'The Ancible #5' magazine and in 'Space Vixens From Mars - Book 8' - Ed.)

TIME PERIOD: 1880 (allegedly). SET-UP: The terrain should be an area of open countryside, with the odd isolated tree and scrub to represent Horswell Common, and with Manor Farm at one end (see Picture 1 for example terrain). NO UMPIRE NEEDED.

BRITISH SIT-REP.

Read attached episode text - defeat the Martians and defend Manor Farm.

MARTIAN SIT-REP.

Read attached episode text - defeat the humans and steal their planet to replace your dying world.



Picture 1

SPECIAL RULES: To become a playable conflict the British forces must be able to fight back against the 'heat rays' and 'black smoke' of the Martians. A) Give all rifles a range of 12" (pistols 6") compared with the Martian's hand 'heat-rays' which have a range of 8". All heavy weapons (e.g. cannon and heavy heat-rays) should have a standard range of 24". B) The Martians will be suffering from the adverse effect of terrestrial gravity so will suffer -5 IPs deduction each turn. C) Modify weapon accuracy and damage points as follows: deduct '3' from any accuracy dice score (as well as the usual modifications), plus a rifle or revolver will cause a base 2 damage points, a hand-held heat ray 3 damage points; a heavy heat ray or artillery piece 8 damage points *and* affect all within a 2" burst area of impact.

FORCES

BRITISH ALL SEVEN INCOGNITO SPACE VIXENS:-

Posing as a group of adventurous gentlewomen - graduates of the prestigious St. Glenmoor's Finishing School - they have offered their assistance to the beleaguered garrison. Their VSF cover identities are:-

MISS MELODY JACKSON, AMERICAN STEEL HEIRESS

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Revolver. SCIENCE. 10 pts. HERO.
Melody will play the 'bluff frontierswoman' for all its worth.

MARQUISE YOKO KUROSAWA, NIECE OF H.I.M. THE MIKADO OF JAPAN

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Revolver. HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.
10 pts. HERO.

Yoko will play the inscrutable oriental lady.

COUNTESS HELGA VON SCHLIECHER, COUSIN TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN KAISER

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Revolver. TECHNOLOGY. 10 pts. HERO.
Helga will play the tough Teutonic *Valkyrie*.

MADEMOISELLE MARIE-CLARE, COMTESS DE LACROIX, SISTER OF THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Revolver. PILOTING AND DRIVING,
HEALER. 10 pts. HERO.

With the Bonapartes in exile from the French Republic - and with the Prince Imperial dying in 1879 whilst in British service in Zululand, Marie-Clare's guise will elicit sympathy, rather than suspicion, from the British.

H.E. SITA, THE RANI OF DESAI

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Shotgun. COMBAT. 10 pts. HERO.
Sita will play the assertively superior Brahmin princess in this Bollywood epic.

PRINCESS SHONA M'BENGA, NIECE OF KING CETCHEWAYO

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Shotgun. COMBAT. 10 pts. HERO.
Shona will play the non-nonsense Zulu warrior maiden.

LADY HANNAH SMITH

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Revolver. DIPLOMACY, ETTIQUETTE.
7 pts. MAIN CHARACTER.
Hannah will play herself - the Victorian-moralised English gentlewoman!

THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN GARRISONING MANOR FARM:-

CAPTAIN RUPERT BLAIR, 24TH FOOT

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Revolver, binoculars, sword. 10 pts.
HERO.

Having participated in 'seeing off' the Zulus at Rorke's Drift Blair has a decided sense of *déjà vu* defending Manor Farm against the Martians. This group of adventurous gentlewomen are clearly not the 'damsels in distress' they would first appear - yet your honour as a British officer and gentleman demands you protect them from defilement by alien creatures. You yourself attended their brother academy, St. Winton's, so feel a personal obligation...

SGT. BLUNKETT, 24TH FOOT

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Bolt action rifle, bayonet. 9 pts. HERO.
'Martians Sir, to the south-east. Tens of 'em!'

PRIVATES #1 THROUGH #10, 24TH FOOT

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Bolt action rifle, bayonet. 4 pts.
'Strewth Chalky. This is a tough one and no mistake'.

1 X RIFLEBORE BREECHLOADING GUN, ROYAL ARTILLERY

STRENGTH: 8. INTELLIGENCE: N/A. ACTIONS: N/A. MOVE: N/A.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: 75mm. 10 pts. Needs 4 X crew to port, 2 X Crew to fire.
Rushed into service - the new experimental Duckworth-Lewis quick-fire recoil gun.

GUNNERS #1 THROUGH #5 ROYAL ARTILLERY

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Bolt action rifle, bayonet. 4 pts.
'You got the instruction manual for this new gun, then?'

TROOPERS #1 THROUGH #5, 17TH LANCERS

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Bolt action rifle, lance. 8 pts.
They don't like it up 'em, them Martians.

HORSES #1 THROUGH #5

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 1. ACTIONS: 1. MOVE: Fast.

EQUIPMENT/SPECIAL SKILLS: N/A. Carries 1 rider. 2 pts.

BLUEJACKETS #1 THROUGH #5, ROYAL NAVY

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Bolt action rifle, bayonet. 4 pts.

'Don't worry you Pongos - the Navy's here!' A landing party from *HMS Thunderchild*.

1 X RIFLEBORE BREECHLOADING GUN, ROYAL NAVY

STRENGTH: 10. INTELLIGENCE: N/A. ACTIONS: N/A. MOVE: N/A.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: 90mm. 15 pts. Positioned in sandbags, can't be moved, 3 X Crew to fire.

Heavy gun. Goes bang and lobs big shells.

GUNNERS #1 THROUGH #4 ROYAL NAVY

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: 2. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Bolt action rifle, bayonet. 4 pts.

'We got one tripod - let's get another!'



MARTIAN SUNDRY FORCES AS BELOW:-

CEPHOLOD 'ELDERS' #1 THROUGH #5

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 3. MOVE: Medium.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Heat Ray gun (counts as blaster carbine). 9 pts. HERO

The 'big ones'. The one's in charge of the charge that will shatter the Earthling's with 'shock and awe'.

1 X TRIPOD WALKER

STRENGTH: 15. INTELLIGENCE: N/A. ACTIONS: N/A. MOVE:

Medium. EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: 1 X Heat Ray Cannon (counts as blaster cannon). 50 pts.

1 X TRIPOD WALKER CREW

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: None. 3 pts.

1 X BLACK SMOKE GENERATOR

STRENGTH: 3. INTELLIGENCE: N/A. ACTIONS: N/A. MOVE: Fast.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: 1 X Black Smoke Generator (range 16" - counts as standard chemical weapon burst range 2" - all within burst must roll a '6' to survive). 30 pts.

1 X BLACK SMOKE GENERATOR CREW

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: None. 3 pts.

1 X MOBILE HEAT RAY

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Fast.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: 1 X Heavy Heat Ray (counts as heavy blaster). 10 pts.

1 X MOBILE HEAT RAY CREW

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.

EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: None. 3 pts.

CEPHOLOD 'TROOPERS' #1 THROUGH #10

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 3. ACTIONS: 2. MOVE: Medium.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Heat Ray gun (counts as blaster carbine). 9 pts. HERO
The 'small ones'. The grunts doing the fighting.

OCTASAURS #1 THROUGH #5

STRENGTH: 2. INTELLIGENCE: 1. ACTIONS: 1. MOVE: Fast.
EQUIPMENT/ SPECIAL SKILLS: Can carry 1 X rider. 2 pts.
Martian 'horse' - allocate as required.

VICTORY CONDITIONS: BRITISH: Defeat and rout

Martians.

MARTIAN: Defeat and rout British.

VARIATIONS

a) Omit the incognito Space Vixens and double British force.

HISTORICAL NOTE: An event in a 'parallel universe',

dismissed by experts as 'psychic delusions caused by reaction to passing through a spatial anomaly' (they *a/ways* say that!).



