

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1



MicMac

The Chessmen Of Mars

Edgar Rice Burroughs



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

A2



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

OS HOMENS-XADREZ DE MARTE

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **A2** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

The Chessmen Of Mars

Edgar Rice Burroughs

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875–1950)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 — Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

Como usar o glossário

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link [Back to B1](#) retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

Sobre este livro

Em *O Homem de Marte*, quinto romance da série *Barsoom* de Edgar Rice Burroughs, a história segue Tara, filha de John Carter e Dejah Thoris, em uma jornada perigosa pelo Planeta Vermelho. Durante uma tempestade, Tara é levada por seu flier para uma região remota e cai na terra de Okar, um território congelado perto do polo norte. Lá, ela encontra os Kaldanes, uma raça de seres que evoluíram para cabeças desencarnadas com intelectos poderosos, e seus servos, os Rykors, corpos sem cabeça controlados pelos Kaldanes. Tara é capturada pelos Kaldanes e levada para sua cidade, onde encontra Gahan, o jeddak de Gathol, que a procurava. Juntos, eles devem navegar pelo perigoso jogo de Jetan, um jogo marciano semelhante ao xadrez, jogado com peças vivas, que os Kaldanes usam para determinar o destino dos prisioneiros. O conflito central gira em torno da luta de Tara para sobreviver e escapar, enquanto resiste às tentativas dos Kaldanes de transferir sua consciência para seu corpo. A história progride através de uma série de aventuras, incluindo batalhas com os temíveis homens-planta e a

descoberta da cidade perdida de Gathol. O tom é aventureiro e imaginativo, misturando ação de espada e planeta com elementos de ficção científica e fantasia. Burroughs explora temas de identidade, evolução e a natureza da consciência, tudo ambientado no rico cenário de Barsoom.

Nota editorial

A tradução para o português e a versão Reading Comprehension B1 foram geradas com apoio de inteligência artificial e submetidas a revisão editorial.

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JOHN CARTER COMES TO EARTH

Pt/En Shea had won our chess game, as usual. I joked that this showed his mind was getting weaker. I mentioned a theory that good chess players are either very young children, old people over 72, or people with mental problems. I only remembered this theory when I lost. Shea went to bed, but I stayed in the library, looking at the chess table and smoking. I should have gone to bed too, because we always ride horses early in the morning.

Pt/En While I was sitting there, I heard the east door open and someone come in. I thought it was Shea, but when I looked up, I saw a tall, tanned man in the doorway. He wore a harness covered in jewels. A sword hung on one side and a strange pistol on the other. He had black hair, brave gray eyes, and a noble face. I knew him immediately. I stood up and walked towards him with my hand out.

Pt/En I called out his name, "John Carter! Is that really you?"

Pt/En He answered, "Yes, it is me, my son." He took my hand with one hand and put his other hand on my shoulder.

Pt/En I asked him what he was doing there. I said it had been many years since he last visited Earth, and he had never worn Martian clothes before. I told him it was wonderful to see him and that he looked exactly the same as when he used to carry me as a child. I asked John Carter, the Warlord of Mars, how he explained this, or if he even tried to explain it.

Pt/En The man explained that he could not explain the inexplicable. He said he was very old and did not know his exact age. He remembered always being the same, even when the listener was a child. He noted that the listener had aged, but not as much as most people because they shared the same blood. He, however, had not aged at all. He mentioned discussing this with a Martian scientist, but the theories were not yet proven. He was happy with the fact that he never aged and enjoyed life and youth.

Pt/En He then explained why he was back on Earth and wearing strange clothes. He said it was thanks to Kar Komak, a Bowman. Kar Komak gave him an idea he had been working on successfully. He had

always been able to send his spirit across space, but never before could he move objects. Now, he said, the listener could see him as Martians saw him, with his short-sword, his armor showing his rank and the devices of Helium, and the pistol given to him by Tars Tarkas, the Jeddak of Thark.

Pt/En He stated that his main reason for being there was to see the listener. He also wanted to confirm that he could move inanimate things from Mars to Earth, and could also move living things if he wished. He felt Earth was not for him. All his interests were on Barsoom, including his wife, children, and work. He planned to spend a quiet evening with the listener before returning to the world he loved more than life itself.

Pt/En As he finished speaking, he sat down in the chair opposite the chess table.

Pt/En The listener asked if he had more children than Carthoris.

Pt/En John Carter said he had a daughter. Her name was Tara. She was almost as young as Carthoris. He said she was the most beautiful person on Mars, except for her mother, Dejah Thoris.

Pt/En John Carter played with chess pieces. He explained that people on Mars played a game like chess. This game was called jetan. They played it with real people and swords. The board was like a chess board but had 100 squares and 20 pieces for each side. He said he always thought of Tara of Helium when he saw the game. He asked if the listener wanted to hear her story.

Pt/En The narrator agreed to hear the story. He would tell it in his own words, but in the third person. He said that if there were any mistakes, it was his fault because his memory was not perfect. He described the story as strange and very typical of Mars.

CHAPTER I — TARA IN A TANTRUM

Pt/En Tara of Helium got up from a comfortable place made of soft materials. She walked to the middle of the room. Above a large table, a metal disc hung from the ceiling. She looked *healthy* and moved perfectly. A light scarf was wrapped around her. Her black hair was *styled* up. She lightly tapped the metal disc with a stick. A slave girl came into the room smiling. Tara greeted her.

Pt/En The princess asked if her father's guests were arriving.

Pt/En A slave told Tara of Helium that important visitors had arrived. She mentioned Kantos Kan, Prince Soran of Ptarth, and Djor Kantos, who was Kantos Kan's son. The slave looked at Tara with a *playful* smile when she said Djor Kantos' name. She added that many other people had also come.

Pt/En Tara asked her slave, Uthia, to prepare a bath. Tara then asked Uthia why she looked and smiled in a certain way when she mentioned Djor Kantos' name.

Pt/En The slave girl laughed *happily* and replied that it was very clear to everyone that Djor Kantos admired Tara.

Pt/En Tara said that she did not see it clearly. She explained that Djor Kantos was a friend of her brother, Carthoris, and that was why he visited often. Tara believed he came to see Carthoris, not her, and that his friendship with Carthoris was the reason for his *frequent* visits to her father's palace.

Pt/En Uthia reminded Tara that Carthoris was currently hunting in the north with Talu, the Jeddak (leader) of Okar.

Pt/En Tara of Helium asked for her bath and told Uthia that her talking might cause trouble.

Pt/En Uthia told Tara the bath was ready. The bath was in a beautiful room with scented water in a marble pool. Sunlight came through a glass dome, and the walls were decorated with gold *fish*.

Pt/En Tara got into the warm water and swam. Afterwards, Uthia rubbed her with a scented oil. After rinsing and drying, Tara's hair

was styled and her clothes were put on. Her bath was simple and elegant, showing her status.

Pt/En As Tara left her rooms to meet guests, two guards followed her. They were a reminder that danger from assassins was always present on Barsoom, where people lived for a very long time.

Pt/En As Tara approached the garden, another woman, Dejah Thoris, also guarded, came towards them. Tara greeted her with a smile. The guards showed great respect for Dejah Thoris, whom the people of Helium loved like a goddess.

Pt/En The mother and daughter greeted each other with a kiss. Then they went into the garden where the guests were. A big warrior hit his metal shield with his sword. The loud sound was heard over the talking and laughing.

Pt/En A warrior announced that the Princess, Dejah Thoris, and Tara of Helium were coming. Everyone stood up. The guests bowed, guards moved aside, and nobles came forward to greet them. Dejah Thoris and her daughter then walked among the guests. People on Mars are judged by their actions and bravery, not just their family name.

Pt/En Tara looked at the guests and saw someone she was looking for. She might have been unhappy or just bothered by the sun. She was expected to marry Djor Kantos, the son of her father's friend. This was what her father and another important man wanted. Tara and Djor Kantos had talked about it as something that would happen later. They never talked about love, which made Tara wonder about it. She liked Djor Kantos a lot, and they enjoyed spending time together because they liked the same things. She could not imagine marrying anyone else.

Pt/En Tara thought the sun might be why her eyebrows moved. She saw Djor Kantos talking with Olvia Marthis, the daughter of the Jed of Hastor. Djor Kantos should have greeted Dejah Thoris and Tara first, but he did not. Tara looked at Olvia Marthis and saw that she was very beautiful, even among the other beautiful women. Tara felt confused. She liked Olvia and was not angry with her. She was also not angry with Djor Kantos. She was surprised that he seemed more interested in Olvia than in her. Just as she was about to go to them, she heard her father's voice.

Pt/En Her father called her name. She turned and saw him walking with a strange warrior. The stranger's *clothes* and weapons were very unusual and decorated with platinum and diamonds. He looked very impressive, almost like a god, as he walked in the sunlight.

Pt/En John Carter introduced Gahan, the Jed of Gathol, to Tara of Helium, following the simple Barsoomian custom of presentation.

Pt/En Tara of Helium greeted Gahan, the Jed of Gathol.

Pt/En The young chieftain told Tara of Helium that his sword was at her feet, showing respect.

Pt/En The Warlord left them, and the two sat down on a bench made of ersite under a large sorapus tree.

Pt/En Tara thought about Gathol, saying that she always connected it with mystery, romance, and old stories. She found it hard to imagine Gathol existing today, especially since she had never met a person from Gathol before.

Pt/En Gahan explained that Gathol was far from Helium and was a small city. He said that Gathol was proud because they thought it was the oldest city on Barsoom. It was also a free city with very rich diamond mines that seemed to have no end.

Pt/En The girl asked Gahan to tell her about Gathol, saying she was very interested. Gahan's good looks may have made Gathol seem even more exciting to her.

Pt/En Gahan was happy to talk more with the girl. He looked at her beautiful face, her chest, her shoulder, and her arm decorated with many bracelets.

Pt/En Gahan told her that Gathol was built on an island in a large ocean. As the ocean dried up, the city spread down the mountain. The mountain itself was full of mine tunnels. A large marsh surrounded Gathol, protecting it from attacks by land. The steep mountain also made it difficult for enemy airships to land.

Pt/En The girl asked if Gathol was also protected by brave warriors.

Pt/En Gahan smiled. He explained that they only talked about certain things with enemies, and when they did, they used strong words, like weapons.

Pt/En Tara of Helium asked how a people protected by nature could learn to fight. She had liked the young man's previous answer, but she wondered if he was too focused on looking good with his fancy clothes and weapons, rather than being a strong fighter.

Pt/En He explained that their natural defenses had saved them many times, but they were still attacked because Gathol had valuable diamonds. This meant they sometimes had to fight. He also said that Gathol was more than just a mountain city; it was a large country with farms where they kept animals.

Pt/En He told Tara that their herdsman had to be warriors to protect their animals from enemies. He also explained that Gatholians did not like working in mines. The law required them to work for the government for one hour each day, but they preferred to pay someone else. Since their own people would not work in the mines, they used slaves, who were captured in fights. The money from selling slaves was shared between the government and the warriors who captured them. People who bought slaves got credit for the work the slaves did. After a year, a good slave could be freed and sent home.

Pt/En Tara asked if he fought using platinum and diamonds, pointing to his fancy clothes and weapons with a smile.

Pt/En Gahan laughed and said that his people were vain and perhaps cared too much about how they looked. He explained that they wore very fancy clothes for normal life but simple leather for fighting. He also said they were proud of their beauty, especially their women. He asked Tara if he could say he hoped she would visit Gathol so his people could see someone truly beautiful.

Pt/En The girl replied that the women of Helium were taught not to like people who said nice things just to please them. However, Gahan, the Jed of Gathol, noticed she was smiling when she said this.

Pt/En A bugle sounded loudly. The young warrior exclaimed that it was time for the Dance of Barsoom and asked Tara of Helium to dance with him.

Pt/En Tara looked towards the bench where she had last seen Djor Kantos, but he was not there. She agreed to dance with the man from Gathol. Slaves began giving guests small, one-stringed musical instruments. These instruments had marks showing the right note and how long to play it. They were made of skeel with a string of gut and were worn strapped to the left forearm. There was also a ring with gut, worn on the index finger of the right hand, which made a single note when moved across the instrument's string.

Pt/En The guests stood up and started walking towards a large, red *grass* area at the south end of the gardens for the dance. Just then, Djor Kantos came quickly towards Tara of Helium. He started to speak, saying he claimed her, but she stopped him with a hand gesture.

Pt/En Tara *pretended* to be angry and told Djor Kantos he was too late. She said that a slow person could not claim her. She also warned him to hurry if he wanted Olivia Marthis, because Olivia did not like to wait to be chosen for a dance.

Pt/En Djor Kantos sadly admitted that he had already lost Olivia Marthis.

Pt/En The girl asked if he had really come for Tara of Helium only after losing Olivia Marthis, still pretending to be unhappy.

Pt/En The young man insisted that Tara knew better. He explained that it was natural for her to expect him, as he had claimed her for the Dance of Barsoom at least twelve times before.

Pt/En She asked if she was supposed to wait for him. She told Djor Kantos that Tara of Helium was not for slow people. Then, she smiled sweetly and walked towards the other dancers with Gahan, the prince of Gathol.

Pt/En The Dance of Barsoom is a very important and beautiful dance on Mars. It is more *complex* than formal dances on Earth. Before young Martians can go to important parties with dancing, they must learn three dances: The Dance of Barsoom, their country's dance, and their city's dance. The dancers make their own music, and the steps have not changed for a very long time. All Barsoomian dances are *elegant*, but The Dance of Barsoom is especially wonderful. It shows grace, beauty, and *purity* for women, and strength, dignity, and loyalty for men.

Pt/En John Carter, the Warlord of Mars, and his wife Dejah Thoris were dancing. A very important man from Gathol and his partner were also dancing and were admired by the guests. While dancing, John Carter held the woman's hand and put his arm around her. The woman, though she had danced many times before, felt the touch of his arm on her skin for the first time. She was surprised by this and looked at him with a questioning look. Their eyes met, and she saw something in his eyes that was different from what she had seen in another man's eyes. As the dance ended, they stopped and looked at each other. The man from Gathol spoke first.

Pt/En The man told Tara of Helium that he loved her.

Pt/En Tara of Helium stood up tall and told the man from Gathol that he was forgetting himself.

Pt/En The man replied that he would forget everything else except her. He held her hand tightly and repeated that he loved her. He asked why she would not listen to his words when her eyes had already seen and answered his feelings.

Pt/En She asked what he meant and if the men from Gathol were rude.

Pt/En He quietly replied that they were not rude or foolish. He explained that they understood when they loved a woman and when she loved them.

Pt/En Tara of Helium stamped her foot angrily. She told him to leave before she had to tell her father about his guest's dishonor.

Pt/En She turned and walked away. The man called out for her to wait and said he had one more word to say.

Pt/En She asked if he wanted to apologize.

Pt/En He said it was about prophecy.

Pt/En Tara of Helium replied that she did not want to hear it. She left him and went back to her room. She stood by a window for a long time, looking out towards the northwest.

Pt/En She turned away from the window angrily and said aloud that she hated him.

Pt/En Uthia asked her whom she hated.

Pt/En Tara of Helium stamped her foot and replied that she hated the rude Jed of Gathol.

Pt/En Uthia raised her *eyebrows*.

Pt/En When Tara stamped her foot, a large animal came from the corner of the room. It went to Tara and looked at her. She put her hand on its head and said that its love was very deep and never caused problems. She wished that people could be like it.

CHAPTER II — AT THE GALE'S MERCY

Pt/En Tara of Helium did not go back to her father's guests. She stayed in her rooms, waiting for Djor Kantos to ask her to return to the gardens. She planned to refuse him proudly. However, Djor Kantos did not ask her. Tara was first angry, then sad, and always confused. She did not understand. Sometimes she thought about the Jed of Gathol and stamped her foot because she was very angry with Gahan. She thought he was too bold. He had suggested that she loved him. She felt very insulted and humiliated. She had never hated a man so much. Suddenly, she turned to Uthia.

Pt/En Tara told Uthia to get her flying leather clothes.

Pt/En The slave girl asked about the guests and said that her father, The Warlord, would expect her to return.

Pt/En Tara of Helium said angrily that someone would be disappointed.

Pt/En The slave paused and told her mistress that someone did not like her flying by herself.

Pt/En The young princess stood up quickly and held the unhappy slave by her shoulders, shaking her. She told Uthia that she was becoming too difficult and that soon she might have to send her to the public slave-market to find a master she liked.

Pt/En The slave girl started to cry. She softly told Tara that she loved her. Tara of Helium softened, took the slave in her arms, and kissed her.

Pt/En Tara told Uthia that she had the nature of a beast and asked for forgiveness. She said she loved her and would do anything for her, and would never harm her. Tara offered Uthia her freedom again, as she had done many times before.

Pt/En Uthia told Tara that she did not want to be free if it meant leaving Tara. She said she was happy with Tara and felt she would die without her.

Pt/En The two girls kissed again. Uthia asked if Tara would fly by herself.

Pt/En Tara of Helium laughed and playfully pinched Uthia, calling her a persistent pest. Tara asked if she would fly, saying that she always did what she wanted.

Pt/En Uthia sadly shook her head. She agreed that Tara was right. She explained that the Warlord of Barsoom was very strong, but he was like soft clay in the hands of Dejah Thoris and Tara of Helium.

Pt/En Tara, who was the mistress, told Uthia to run and get her flying leather, calling her a sweet slave.

Pt/En Tara of Helium flew her fast ship over the ocean floor. She flew towards the northwest without thinking why. She felt excited by the speed and control of the ship. She thought this direction might lead to unknown places with adventure. Gathol was also in that direction, but she did not think about it.

Pt/En She thought about the Jed of Gathol and felt shame and anger. She was very angry with him and felt she would hate him forever. She thought more about Djor Kantos and Olvia Marthis of Hastor. Tara felt jealous of Olvia, which made her angry with Djor Kantos and herself. She was not angry with Olvia, whom she loved. The problem was that Djor Kantos had not come to her as she expected. Gahan, the Jed of Gathol, had seen her alone at an important event and had come to help her. Thinking about this made Tara feel burning shame, then cold rage. She turned her ship around so suddenly that she almost fell off. She arrived home just before dark. The guests had left, and the palace was quiet. Later, she ate dinner with her parents.

Pt/En John Carter told Tara of Helium that she had left them and that this was not expected from his guests.

Pt/En Tara of Helium replied that the guests had not come to see her and she had not invited them.

Pt/En Her father replied that they were her guests nonetheless.

Pt/En The girl stood up, came to him, and put her arms around his neck.

Pt/En She called him her "proper old Virginian" and ruffled his black hair.

Pt/En The man smiled and said that in Virginia, he would be punished by his father.

Pt/En She sat on his lap and kissed him. She said he did not love her anymore and that no one loved her, but she could not stop laughing.

Pt/En He told her that the problem was too many people loved her, and now there was one more.

Pt/En She asked in surprise what he meant.

Pt/En Her father told her that Gahan of Gathol wanted to marry her.

Pt/En The girl sat up straight and refused him, saying she would not marry someone so rich.

Pt/En Her father explained that he had told Gahan that she was already promised to someone else. Gahan was polite but made it clear he wanted her and would likely start another war to get her. He compared her beauty to her mother's, saying he would fight for her too.

Pt/En Dejah Thoris told John Carter that their daughter was too young to worry about marriage. She reminded him that children on Mars live much longer than on Earth, so their daughter was still very young.

Pt/En He asked if the daughters of Barsoom did not sometimes marry when they were twenty years old.

Pt/En She answered that they would still be attractive to men for a very long time. She explained that people on Barsoom do not age and weaken like people on Earth. She said there was no need to hurry, and that Tara of Helium would marry Djor Kantos when the time was right, and they should not think about it anymore.

Pt/En The girl replied that the subject annoyed her. She stated that she would not marry Djor Kantos or anyone else, as she did not plan to get married.

Pt/En Her parents looked at her and smiled. Her father said that Gahan of Gathol might take her away when he returned.

Pt/En The girl asked if Gahan of Gathol had left.

Pt/En John Carter replied that the man's flying ship would leave for Gathol the next morning.

Pt/En Tara of Helium said with a sigh of relief that she would not see him again.

Pt/En John Carter answered that he would see him again.

Pt/En The girl changed the subject. The conversation moved to other things. A letter arrived from Thuvia of Ptarth, who was visiting her father. Her husband, Carthoris, was hunting in Okar. News came that the Tharks and Warhoons were fighting again, or at least had an argument, as they often fought. These two green groups had almost never been at peace. Two new warships were built at Hastor. A small group of religious people tried to bring back an old religion of Issus, saying Issus still communicated with them. There were reports of war from Dusar. A scientist thought he found people living on Mars's second moon. Someone tried to destroy the air machine. Seven people were killed in Greater Helium in the last ten zodes, which is like one Earth day.

Pt/En After eating, Dejah Thoris and The Warlord played jetan, a game like chess on Mars. The game uses a board with one hundred black and orange squares. Each player has twenty pieces, one set black and one set orange. This game might be interesting for readers who like chess. Knowing about jetan will make the story more exciting later.

Pt/En The game pieces are set up on the first two rows of the board, like in chess. The first row has pieces in this order: Warrior, Padwar, Dwar, Flier, Chief, Princess, Flier, Dwar, Padwar, Warrior. The second row has mostly Panthans, with Thoats at the ends. The Thoats are described as mounted warriors.

Pt/En The Panthans, shown as warriors with one feather, can move one space in any direction except backward. The Thoats, mounted warriors with three feathers, can move one space straight or diagonally, and can jump over other pieces. Warriors (foot soldiers with two feathers) move two spaces straight or diagonally. Padwars (lieutenants with two feathers) move two spaces diagonally in any direction or a combination. Dwars (captains with three feathers) move three spaces straight in any direction or a combination. Fliers, shown as propellers, move three spaces in any direction or diagonally, and can jump over pieces. The Chief, marked by a diadem with ten jewels, moves three spaces straight or diagonally. The Princess, with a diadem of one jewel, moves like the Chief but can also jump over pieces.

Pt/En A player wins the game by landing a piece on the same square as the opponent's Princess, or if a Chief captures a Chief. The game is a draw if a Chief is captured by any piece except the opposing Chief. It is also a draw if both players have three or fewer pieces of equal value left, and the game is not finished within ten more moves (five for each player). This is a basic explanation of the game.

Pt/En Dejah Thoris and John Carter were playing this game when Tara of Helium said good night. She went to her room, wishing them good morning. She did not know, and her parents did not know, that they might not see her again.

Pt/En The next morning was cloudy and dark. Tara of Helium looked out her window at the unusual sky, as clouds rarely covered the sky on Barsoom. Instead of her usual ride, she decided to fly her own swift craft. She went to the hangar on the palace roof. She had always wanted to fly through the clouds. It was hard to take off because of the strong wind, but once in the air, the craft flew fast. The wind pushed and pulled the craft, and Tara enjoyed the ride. She flew the small ship skillfully, even though the storm was dangerous for such a light vehicle. She flew higher towards the clouds and soon entered them. Inside the clouds, it was a new, empty, cold, and wet world. She felt lonely and small. She then flew higher until she came out above the clouds into bright sunlight. It was still cold but dry, and the sun made the clouds look like silver. From above, she felt like she was hanging still in the sky, but her instruments showed she was moving very fast. At that moment, she decided to return.

Pt/En The girl tried to fly her craft above the clouds, but the strong wind pushed it back. She flew lower, between the clouds and the ground. The storm made her craft spin and turn uncontrollably, like a toy in fast water. She managed to bring it close to the ground safely. She felt close to death but was not scared because she stayed calm and the craft was strong. She was safe while moving with the storm, but she did not know where it was taking her. She thought about how worried her parents would be when she missed breakfast. They would see her craft was gone and think it was broken on the ground with her dead body. Brave people would then search for her, risking their own lives, which she knew could happen because this storm was the worst she had ever seen on Barsoom.

Pt/En She decided she had to go back to Helium before anyone got hurt trying to find her. She believed flying above the clouds was safer and would give her a better chance to succeed. She flew up again into the cold, windy clouds. The wind was even stronger now. She tried to slow down her craft, but even when she reversed the engine, the wind kept pushing her. At this point, Tara of Helium became angry. She felt that her world always did what she wanted, so why were the winds stopping her? She wanted to show them that the daughter of The Warlord would not be stopped and that even nature could not control her.

Pt/En She pushed the engine forward and turned the steering control hard to the left, trying to fly directly into the wind. But the wind grabbed her craft, flipped it over, and spun it around violently. The engine's propeller spun freely for a moment when it hit an air pocket, and then the storm broke it off. The girl was left helpless in a craft that moved up and down, rolling and tumbling, completely controlled by the wind. Tara was first surprised that she could not get her way. Then she started to worry, not about herself, but about her parents' fear and the danger the searchers would face. She blamed herself for being selfish and putting others at risk. She knew she was in great danger but was still not afraid, as expected from the daughter of Dejah Thoris and John Carter. She thought her craft might float forever, but she had no food or water and was being carried to an unknown part of Barsoom. She considered landing to wait for help, which would make it easier for them to find her. However, when she tried to fly lower, the strong wind made landing too dangerous, so she quickly flew up again.

Pt/En Flying a few hundred feet above the ground, she could see how huge the storm was. She saw dust and plants flying in the air. When the storm carried her over a farm, she saw large trees, stone walls, and buildings being thrown into the air and scattered across the land. She then saw more sights that made her realize she was a very small and powerless person. This hurt her pride. By evening, she felt it might always be this way. The storm did not get weaker, and there was no sign it would. She could not guess how far she had traveled; the numbers on her machine seemed too high to be true, but they were correct. In twelve hours, the storm had carried her about seven thousand haads. Just before dark, she flew over an old, empty city called Torquas, but she did not know its name. If she had, she might have lost all hope, as Torquas is

very far away for the people of Helium. The storm continued to carry her with the same strong fury.

Pt/En All night she *flew* through the dark below the clouds, or sometimes rose to fly in the *bright* sky under the light of Barsoom's two moons. She was cold and hungry and felt very bad, but her brave spirit refused to give up hope, even though she knew the situation was *serious*. She sometimes spoke aloud, remembering her father's strong will when facing impossible danger, and said, "I am still alive!"

Pt/En Gahan, a leader from Gathol, visited The Warlord's palace that morning. He arrived soon after they noticed Tara of Helium was missing. Because everyone was busy, Gahan was not announced. John Carter met Gahan in a large hall. John Carter was hurrying to send ships to look for his daughter.

Pt/En Gahan saw that John Carter looked worried. Gahan said he was sorry if he was *interrupting*. He explained that he had only come to ask for one more day because it was too dangerous to travel by ship in the bad storm.

Pt/En John Carter told Gahan he was welcome to stay. He asked Gahan to forgive them if they seemed not to pay attention. He said this was because they were waiting for his daughter to be found.

Pt/En Gahan was surprised and asked what John Carter meant. He said he did not understand.

Pt/En John Carter explained that his daughter was gone, along with her small flying ship. He said that was all they knew. They thought she might have flown before breakfast and was caught in the storm. John Carter *apologized* for leaving suddenly because he was sending ships to search for her. But Gahan, Jed of Gathol, was already running towards the palace gate. He quickly got on a waiting animal and, with two warriors, rode through the city towards the palace that was prepared for him.

CHAPTER III — THE HEADLESS HUMANS

Pt/En The ship Vanator was *tied* strongly to the palace roof because of a very bad storm. The wind was so strong that the ropes *groaned*. People on the ship and on the roof had to hold on tightly to avoid being blown away. The storm tore off the ship's *flags*. The crew worried the ship might break free. Twelve strong warriors held the ropes with swords. They knew that if one rope broke, they would cut the others. This was their only hope for the ship to survive.

Pt/En One warrior shouted to another that he believed the ropes would hold.

Pt/En Another man on the palace roof replied that if the ropes did not hold, the warriors on the Vanator would be rewarded for their bravery. He also said that they were lucky not to have sailed before the storm, as now they had a chance to live.

Pt/En Tanus agreed, saying he would not want to be on any ship today, even a strong one, in this weather.

Pt/En Then Gahan, the Jed, appeared on the roof with his group and some warriors from Helium. The young chief spoke to his followers.

Pt/En Gahan announced that he would sail immediately on the Vanator. He explained that he was going to search for Tara of Helium, who he believed the storm had carried away in a small flying ship. He warned them that the Vanator had little chance of surviving the storm. He told them that anyone who wished could stay behind without shame, but the others would follow him. Then, he jumped for the rope ladder, which was moving wildly in the strong wind.

Pt/En Tanus was the first person to follow Gahan. When the last person reached the deck of the cruiser, only the twelve warriors of Helium were left on the palace roof. These warriors, with their swords ready, had taken the places of the Gatholians at the ship's moorings.

Pt/En None of the warriors who had stayed on the Vanator wanted to leave it now.

Pt/En Gahan said he had expected this. With help from the men already on deck, he and the others secured themselves safely. The commander of the Vanator shook his head. He cared deeply for his ship, which was the best of its kind in their small navy. He worried that his ship might be broken and ruined on the ground somewhere, and then taken by a savage group. He looked at Gahan.

Pt/En The jed asked if San Tothis was ready.

Pt/En They said that everything was ready.

Pt/En Then, the order was given to cut.

Pt/En The Heliumetic warriors below were told to cut the ropes at the third gun. Twelve swords had to cut three thick ropes at the same time and with the same strength. This was important to prevent the ship, the Vanator, from having problems.

Pt/En A signal gun fired. The sound went through the strong wind to the twelve warriors on the roof. They raised their swords, and twelve sharp blades cut twelve ropes at the same time, very cleanly.

Pt/En The Vanator moved forward quickly with the storm. The strong wind pushed the ship hard, making it stand on its nose, and then it spun like a toy. The twelve men on the roof watched, feeling helpless, and thought the brave warriors on the ship were going to die. People on landing stages and roofs also saw this. But the preparations for another dangerous search continued, showing the courage of the warriors of Barsoom.

Pt/En The ship called the Vanator did not crash near the city. Instead, it moved strangely, turning on its side, upside down, or rolling over. The people watching saw that the ship was being blown away with other flying pieces. They knew that a very strong storm was happening, stronger than any they had ever seen.

Pt/En Suddenly, a tall red tower in Lesser Helium fell down, destroying parts of the city. People were scared and a fire started. The city's help was weak. The Warlord saw the Vanator ship being blown away and knew it was useless to search for Tara of Helium now. He told his men to focus on saving the city from being completely destroyed.

Pt/En After two days, the storm became weaker. Tara of Helium's small flying craft, which had been moving unstably for hours, slowly floated over hills. Tara was very tired from not sleeping, eating, or drinking, and from the scary events. She saw a tower with a dome in the distance. She quickly lowered her craft so it could not be seen. She hoped the tower had water and maybe food. If people lived there, she would need to be careful because she was in a faraway place and might meet enemies. She knew she was far from her home cities, but she did not realize how hopeless her situation was.

Pt/En Tara kept her flying craft low to the ground. The wind carried her to the last hill before the tower she had seen. She landed the craft among small trees and hid it. She had only a small knife, so she knew she had to use her cleverness to avoid being found by enemies. She moved very carefully towards the top of the hill, using bushes and rocks for cover. She looked behind her often to make sure no one was following.

Pt/En At the top of the hill, Tara looked down and saw a beautiful valley with many round towers that had domes. Each tower was inside a stone wall. The valley looked like it was being farmed. She saw a tower and its enclosure near her. The tower was made of strong stone and had a strange picture painted on it. The towers were about forty feet wide and sixty feet tall before the dome. The domes looked like they were covered with many glass pieces that shone in the sun. Tara thought of a man named Gahan of Gathol when she saw the shining domes. She moved forward carefully to see the tower and its area better.

Pt/En Tara of Helium looked down into an area around a tower. She was surprised and then horrified by what she saw. There were about twenty naked human bodies, but they had no heads. For a moment, she could not believe they were alive and moving. She watched them crawl on their hands and knees, searching with their fingers. Some were at troughs, taking food and putting it into the place where their necks should have been. She saw that they were men and women with beautiful bodies, similar to hers but with slightly lighter red skin. At first, she thought they were recently killed, but she realized this was their normal condition. They were eyeless and moved slowly, suggesting they had small brains. Tara wondered how they lived, as she could not imagine these creatures farming the land. Yet, the land was farmed, and they had

food. She questioned who farmed the land and kept these unhappy beings, and for what reason. It was a mystery she could not solve.

Pt/En Seeing the food made Tara remember her own hunger and thirst. She could see food and water inside the enclosure. However, she doubted she would dare to go in, even if she found a way, because the thought of being near these strange creatures made her feel sick.

Pt/En Tara then looked across the valley and saw what looked like a small stream. This was unusual on Barsoom. She hoped it was water, as it would give her a chance to survive. She could get food from the fields at night while hiding in the hills during the day. She was sure that John Carter, the Warlord of Barsoom, and the warriors of Helium would keep searching for her. She knew they would eventually find her if she could stay safe until then.

Pt/En Tara decided she had to wait until dark to go into the valley. In the meantime, she wanted to find a safe place nearby to hide from wild animals. As she was about to leave, she looked back at the enclosure. Two figures came out of the tower. They had bodies like the headless creatures, but they had heads. Tara felt that these heads were not human. They were too far away to see clearly in the dim light, but she thought they looked too large and oddly shaped for their bodies. The figures wore armor and carried swords. They also had thick leather collars around their short necks. Their faces were hard to see, but they looked strange and made Tara feel disgusted.

Pt/En The two figures were carrying a long rope with what looked like light handcuffs attached at intervals. They went among the creatures in the enclosure and put a handcuff on the right wrist of each one. Then, one warrior pulled the rope, trying to move the headless beings toward the tower. The other warrior used a long, light whip to flick them on their bare skin. Slowly, the creatures stood up. Pulled from the front and pushed from behind, the group was finally herded into the tower. Tara of Helium turned away, feeling disturbed. She wondered what kind of beings these were.

Pt/En Night came suddenly to Barsoom. Tara of Helium had not found a safe place. She wished she had a small cabin on her flying craft, but it had no cabin; the inside was used for tanks. She realized she could tie her craft to a tree. Then, it would rise on its rope, and she would

be safe from animals on the deck. In the morning, she could land again before anyone saw her craft.

Pt/En Tara of Helium moved down the hill into the dark valley. The night hid her from anyone in a nearby tower. The moon Cluros was rising. It would set in about nineteen and a half Earth hours. During this time, the other moon, Thuria, would circle the planet twice. Thuria had just set and would not appear again for over three and a half hours. Tara hoped to find food and water during this time and return to the safety of her flier.

Pt/En She walked carefully in the dark, staying far from the tower. The shadows made things look strange, and the moonlight was not bright enough to help much. She did not want more light because it would make her easier to see. She knew she could find a stream by going downhill. She also saw that trees and crops grew in the valley, so there would be food. She decided to risk being seen rather than suffer from thirst and hunger any longer, even though waiting until the next night would have been safer.

Pt/En She passed the first tower and moved quickly, using the shadows of trees for cover. She looked for fruit trees and quickly found one with ripe fruit. The fruit was called usa and was not very tasty unless cooked, but it was nutritious and cheap. It was a common food for poor people and soldiers. Tara ate a little and then filled her pouch with the fruit before continuing.

Pt/En After passing two more towers, she reached a stream. She drank only a little and rinsed her face and hands. The cold Martian night air did not bother her because she felt refreshed. She found some edible berries and roots near the stream, which she added to her pouch. She drank more water occasionally but always carefully. She watched and listened for danger. As the time neared for Thuria the moon to rise, which would bring more light, she knew she had to return to her flier. She wished she had a container to carry water, but she had none and would have to rely on the juices from the fruit and roots.

Pt/En After drinking from a stream, the girl felt worried. She thought she saw something move near a tree in the shadows. She stayed very still and listened. She heard a low sound from the hills where her flying machine was hidden. She knew it was the sound of a hunting banth, a dangerous animal. The banth was on her path. But there was

also another thing hiding nearby, and she did not know what it was. The uncertainty made her feel more afraid. She looked for a safe place in case the hidden thing was dangerous.

Pt/En The moaning sound from the hills came again, and it was closer. Then she heard similar sounds from other directions. She saw a tree nearby and slowly moved towards it, keeping her eyes on the shadows of the other tree. As she moved, a low growl came from where she had been watching, and she heard a large body moving. Suddenly, a creature ran out of the shadows into the moonlight and charged at her. It had its tail up, ears back, and a large mouth full of sharp teeth. It had ten legs and was moving very fast. The creature roared loudly, trying to scare her. It was a banth, a large lion-like animal from Barsoom. Tara of Helium saw it coming and ran to the tree. The banth ran faster to catch her. Its roar echoed, and other banths answered from the valley. It seemed like she was surrounded by many of these dangerous animals.

Pt/En The charging banth was very fast. Luckily, the girl was not too far from the tree. She quickly climbed onto the lower branches. The banth jumped up after her, trying to grab her with its claws. She was saved by luck and her quick movements. A strong branch stopped the banth's claws, but it came very close, and a large arm touched her as she climbed higher.

Pt/En The banth was angry and roared loudly. Other banths heard it and came from all sides, wanting to share the hunt. They circled the tree where the girl was hiding. She looked down at the yellow, wolf-like creatures walking quietly around the tree. She wondered how she had ended up in the valley at night and how she would get back to the hills. She knew it would be dangerous to travel at night because of the banths, and possibly even more dangerous during the day because of other dangers. She realized she could not stay in the valley for food or water because the banths would hunt her at night, and people in towers might stop her during the day. Her only hope was to get back to her flying machine and hope the wind would take her somewhere safe. But she didn't know when she could leave, as the banths were still waiting.

Pt/En Her situation seemed very bad and hopeless.

CHAPTER IV — CAPTURED

Pt/En The spaceship, Thuria, flew into the sky. The night scene changed like magic. It was like being on a different planet. Mars had two moons in the sky, which was always amazing. Shadows changed quickly, making the hills look different. Cluros was a big, slow moon that gave steady light. Thuria was a large, bright moon that moved fast across the dark sky. It looked like it was almost touching the hills. This beautiful sight always amazed the girl.

Pt/En Tara of Helium spoke about Thuria, the moon, and how the land seemed to move. She said everything was moving in a mysterious way while Thuria passed. Then she looked down at the real dangers. A creature called a banth was sitting there, looking at her with hunger. Most of the other banths had gone to find other food, but a few stayed, hoping to attack her.

Pt/En The night continued. Thuria, the moon, left the sky to meet the Sun. But one banth still waited near the tree where Tara of Helium was hiding. The other banths had left, but she could still hear their sounds from far away. She wondered what food they usually found in this valley that made so many of them come there.

Pt/En The night felt very long. Tara of Helium was cold, tired, and weak. She was holding onto the tree and felt she was losing hope because she had almost fallen asleep. She wondered how much more she could handle. After asking herself this, she shook her head bravely and sat up straighter. She said out loud that she was still alive.

Pt/En The banth looked up at her and made a low, angry sound.

Pt/En The sun and both moons were in the sky, making the Martian morning look strange. Tara of Helium looked at the beautiful valley. However, she felt afraid because she remembered the headless bodies hidden inside the towers and walls. She thought about the dangers during the day and at night.

Pt/En As the sun rose, a large lion looked angrily at the girl, growled, and walked away towards the hills. The girl saw that the lion stayed far from the towers, showing it respected them. The area was empty for a moment. The girl wondered if she could try to reach the hills and her

flying machine. She was worried that workers would come to the fields soon. She did not want to see the headless bodies again and thought about whether they would work in the fields. She looked at the nearest tower, but saw no one. The valley was quiet. She slowly got up; her body hurt. After drinking water, she felt better and decided to go towards the hills quickly. She did not try to hide near trees because they did not offer cover. The hills seemed very far away. She realized she had walked further than she thought, and now, passing the towers in daylight, the distance felt much longer.

Pt/En The second tower was on her way to the hills where her flying machine was. She decided not to go around it, as this would only increase her time in danger. She walked straight towards the hill. When she passed the first enclosure, she thought she heard noise inside, but the gate stayed closed, and she felt relieved. Then she reached the second enclosure, which was in her path. As she walked close to its outer wall, she clearly heard sounds and voices from inside. She heard a man giving orders in the Barsoom language, telling people what jobs to do, like picking plants or watering fields, like a foreman managing his workers.

Pt/En Tara of Helium had just reached the gate of the outer wall when it suddenly opened towards her. She saw that the open gate would hide her for a moment. She quickly turned and ran along the wall. She went around the corner of the structure and came to the other side. There, breathing hard from running and fear, she hid in some tall weeds near the wall. She lay there, shaking, not daring to look up. Tara of Helium had never felt such strong fear before. She was upset and angry with herself for being afraid, especially as the daughter of John Carter, a powerful man. She felt ashamed because she knew she would be scared again in a similar situation. It was not the fear of dying, but the thought of the headless bodies and the possibility of them touching her. The idea made her tremble.

Pt/En After some time, she felt calm enough to look around. To her shock, she saw people everywhere, working in the fields or getting ready to work. Workers were coming from other towers, and groups were going to different fields. Some were working only about thirty yards away. There were about ten people in the group nearest to her, both men and women. They had beautiful bodies but strange faces. They wore very

little clothing, which was common for field workers on Mars. They all wore a special high leather collar that covered their necks. They also wore leather to hold a sword and a pouch. The leather was old and worn, showing it had been used a lot. Their heads were covered with gold and jewels, so only their eyes, nose, and mouth could be seen. Their faces looked strange and not quite human, with eyes set far apart, small slits for a nose, and a round mouth. The girl found their heads very unpleasant, and it was hard to believe they belonged to their beautiful bodies.

Pt/En Tara was very interested in some strange creatures. She watched them so much that she did not see one creature looking at her. She tried to stay very still. But the creature saw her and called other creatures. Soon, four or five of them started to walk towards her.

Pt/En Tara knew she could not hide anymore. Her only chance was to run. She hoped to reach the hills and a flying machine before them. She quickly stood up and ran along the base of a wall. The creatures made whistling sounds and began to chase her.

Pt/En Tara did not stop when the creatures shouted at her. She thought she could escape because they were not as fast as her. But then she saw many more creatures ahead, blocking her way. They had been warned by the others. The creatures formed a net to catch her. Tara decided to run towards the center of the net, where there was a gap. She took out her dagger, ready to fight if she had to. She ran towards the widest opening. The creatures on the sides tried to stop her, which made the opening wider. She quickly changed direction and ran away, then back towards the hill. Only one warrior was left in her path. She was sure she could escape if she could get past him quickly. The warrior moved to stop her, like a player in a game trying to prevent a score.

Pt/En Tara first thought she could run past the last warrior. But she realized his friends would catch her if she tried to avoid him. So, she ran straight at him. He was ready to catch her. A voice shouted to take her alive and not hurt her. The warrior put his sword away. Tara attacked him, stabbing him with her dagger. They both fell to the ground. When Tara stood up, she saw the warrior's head crawl away on spider-like legs. The body stopped moving. This fight took too long. Two more creatures grabbed her, and soon she was surrounded by about a hundred of them. She stabbed another one, and its head also crawled away. They overpowered her. At first, she thought they wanted to hurt her

for killing their friends. But she realized they were more curious than angry.

Pt/En One of the creatures holding Tara told her to come. He tried to lead her towards the nearest tower.

Pt/En One man shouted that the person belonged to him and that he had captured her. He said he would take her to Moak's tower.

Pt/En The first man refused, saying she belonged to Luud. He threatened that anyone who stopped him would feel his sword.

Pt/En Someone with authority told them to stop *arguing*. He said that because she was found in Luud's fields, she would go to Luud.

Pt/En The man who claimed her for Moak insisted that she was found in Moak's fields, near Moak's tower.

Pt/En The man representing Luud said that they had heard the Nolach speak and that things would happen as he decided.

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JOHN CARTER COMES TO EARTH

PT Shea had just beaten me at chess, as usual, and, also as usual, I had gleaned what questionable satisfaction I might by twitting him with this indication of failing mentality by calling his attention for the n th time to that theory, propounded by certain scientists, which is based upon the assertion that phenomenal chess players are always found to be from the ranks of children under twelve, adults over seventy-two or the mentally defective -- a theory that is lightly ignored upon those rare occasions that I win. Shea had gone to bed and I should have followed suit, for we are always in the saddle here before sunrise; but instead I sat there before the chess table in the library, idly blowing smoke at the dishonored head of my defeated king.

PT While thus profitably employed I heard the east door of the living-room open and someone enter. I thought it was Shea returning to speak with me on some matter of tomorrow's work; but when I raised my eyes to the doorway that connects the two rooms I saw framed there the figure of a bronzed giant, his otherwise naked body trapped with a jewel-encrusted harness from which there hung at one side an ornate short-sword and at the other a pistol of strange pattern. The black hair, the steel-gray eyes, brave and smiling, the noble features -- I recognized them at once, and leaping to my feet I advanced with outstretched hand.

PT "John Carter!" I cried. "You?"

PT "None other, my son," he replied, taking my hand in one of his and placing the other upon my shoulder.

PT "And what are you doing here?" I asked. "It has been long years since you revisited Earth, and never before in the trappings of Mars. Lord! but it is good to see you -- and not a day older in appearance than when you trotted me on your knee in my babyhood. How do you explain it, John Carter, Warlord of Mars, or do you try to explain it?"

PT "Why attempt to explain the inexplicable?" he replied. "As I have told you before, I am a very old man. I do not know how old I am. I recall no childhood; but recollect only having been always as you see me now and as you saw me first when you were five years old. You, yourself, have aged, though not as much as most men in a corresponding number of years, which may be accounted for by the fact that the same blood

runs in our veins; but I have not aged at all. I have discussed the question with a noted Martian scientist, a friend of mine; but his theories are still only theories. However, I am content with the fact -- I never age, and I love life and the vigor of youth.

PT "And now as to your natural question as to what brings me to Earth again and in this, to earthly eyes, strange habiliment. We may thank Kar Komak, the bowman of Lothar. It was he who gave me the idea upon which I have been experimenting until at last I have achieved success. As you know I have long possessed the power to cross the void in spirit, but never before have I been able to impart to inanimate things a similar power. Now, however, you see me for the first time precisely as my Martian fellows see me -- you see the very short-sword that has tasted the blood of many a savage foeman; the harness with the devices of Helium and the insignia of my rank; the pistol that was presented to me by Tars Tarkas, Jeddak of Thark.

PT "Aside from seeing you, which is my principal reason for being here, and satisfying myself that I can transport inanimate things from Mars to Earth, and therefore animate things if I so desire, I have no purpose. Earth is not for me. My every interest is upon Barsoom -- my wife, my children, my work; all are there. I will spend a quiet evening with you and then back to the world I love even better than I love life."

PT As he spoke he dropped into the chair upon the opposite side of the chess table.

PT "You spoke of children," I said. "Have you more than Carthoris?"

PT "A daughter," he replied, "only a little younger than Carthoris, and, barring one, the fairest thing that ever breathed the thin air of dying Mars. Only Dejah Thoris, her mother, could be more beautiful than Tara of Helium."

PT For a moment he fingered the chessmen idly. "We have a game on Mars similar to chess," he said, "very similar. And there is a race there that plays it grimly with men and naked swords. We call the game jetan. It is played on a board like yours, except that there are a hundred squares and we use twenty pieces on each side. I never see it played without thinking of Tara of Helium and what befell her among the chessmen of Barsoom. Would you like to hear her story?"

PT I said that I would and so he told it to me, and now I shall try to re-tell it for you as nearly in the words of The Warlord of Mars as I can recall them, but in the third person. If there be inconsistencies and errors, let the blame fall not upon John Carter, but rather upon my faulty memory, where it belongs. It is a strange tale and utterly Barsoomian.

CHAPTER I — TARA IN A TANTRUM

PT Tara of Helium rose from the pile of silks and soft furs upon which she had been reclining, stretched her lithe body languidly, and crossed toward the center of the room, where, above a large table, a bronze disc depended from the low ceiling. Her carriage was that of health and physical perfection -- the effortless harmony of faultless coordination. A scarf of silken gossamer crossing over one shoulder was wrapped about her body; her black hair was piled high upon her head. With a wooden stick she tapped upon the bronze disc, lightly, and presently the summons was answered by a slave girl, who entered, smiling, to be greeted similarly by her mistress.

PT "Are my father's guests arriving?" asked the princess.

PT "Yes, Tara of Helium, they come," replied the slave. "I have seen Kantos Kan, Overlord of the Navy, and Prince Soran of Ptarth, and Djor Kantos, son of Kantos Kan," she shot a roguish glance at her mistress as she mentioned Djor Kantos' name, "and -- oh, there were others, many have come."

PT "The bath, then, Uthia," said her mistress. "And why, Uthia," she added, "do you look thus and smile when you mention the name of Djor Kantos?"

PT The slave girl laughed gaily. "It is so plain to all that he worships you," she replied.

PT "It is not plain to me," said Tara of Helium. "He is the friend of my brother, Carthoris, and so he is here much; but not to see me. It is his friendship for Carthoris that brings him thus often to the palace of my father."

PT "But Carthoris is hunting in the north with Talu, Jeddak of Okar," Uthia reminded her.

PT "My bath, Uthia!" cried Tara of Helium. "That tongue of yours will bring you to some misadventure yet."

PT "The bath is ready, Tara of Helium," the girl responded, her eyes still twinkling with merriment, for she well knew that in the heart of her mistress was no anger that could displace the love of the princess for her

slave. Preceding the daughter of The Warlord she opened the door of an adjoining room where lay the bath -- a gleaming pool of scented water in a marble basin. Golden stanchions supported a chain of gold encircling it and leading down into the water on either side of marble steps. A glass dome let in the sun-light, which flooded the interior, glancing from the polished white of the marble walls and the procession of bathers and fishes, which, in conventional design, were inlaid with gold in a broad band that circled the room.

PT Tara of Helium removed the scarf from about her and handed it to the slave. Slowly she descended the steps to the water, the temperature of which she tested with a symmetrical foot, undeformed by tight shoes and high heels -- a lovely foot, as God intended that feet should be and seldom are. Finding the water to her liking, the girl swam leisurely to and fro about the pool. With the silken ease of the seal she swam, now at the surface, now below, her smooth muscles rolling softly beneath her clear skin -- a wordless song of health and happiness and grace. Presently she emerged and gave herself into the hands of the slave girl, who rubbed the body of her mistress with a sweet smelling semi-liquid substance contained in a golden urn, until the glowing skin was covered with a foamy lather, then a quick plunge into the pool, a drying with soft towels, and the bath was over. Typical of the life of the princess was the simple elegance of her bath -- no retinue of useless slaves, no pomp, no idle waste of precious moments. In another half hour her hair was dried and built into the strange, but becoming, coiffure of her station; her leathern trappings, encrusted with gold and jewels, had been adjusted to her figure and she was ready to mingle with the guests that had been bidden to the midday function at the palace of The Warlord.

PT As she left her apartments to make her way to the gardens where the guests were congregating, two warriors, the insignia of the House of the Prince of Helium upon their harness, followed a few paces behind her, grim reminders that the assassin's blade may never be ignored upon Barsoom, where, in a measure, it counterbalances the great natural span of human life, which is estimated at not less than a thousand years.

PT As they neared the entrance to the garden another woman, similarly guarded, approached them from another quarter of the great palace. As she neared them Tara of Helium turned toward her with a smile and a happy greeting, while her guards knelt with bowed heads in

willing and voluntary adoration of the beloved of Helium. Thus always, solely at the command of their own hearts, did the warriors of Helium greet Dejah Thoris, whose deathless beauty had more than once brought them to bloody warfare with other nations of Barsoom. So great was the love of the people of Helium for the mate of John Carter it amounted practically to worship, as though she were indeed the goddess that she looked.

PT The mother and daughter exchanged the gentle, Barsoomian, "kaor" of greeting and kissed. Then together they entered the gardens where the guests were. A huge warrior drew his short-sword and struck his metal shield with the flat of it, the brazen sound ringing out above the laughter and the speech.

PT "The Princess comes!" he cried. "Dejah Thoris! The Princess comes! Tara of Helium!" Thus always is royalty announced. The guests arose; the two women inclined their heads; the guards fell back upon either side of the entrance-way; a number of nobles advanced to pay their respects; the laughing and the talking were resumed and Dejah Thoris and her daughter moved simply and naturally among their guests, no suggestion of differing rank apparent in the bearing of any who were there, though there was more than a single Jeddak and many common warriors whose only title lay in brave deeds, or noble patriotism. Thus it is upon Mars where men are judged upon their own merits rather than upon those of their grandsires, even though pride of lineage be great.

PT Tara of Helium let her slow gaze wander among the throng of guests until presently it halted upon one she sought. Was the faint shadow of a frown that crossed her brow an indication of displeasure at the sight that met her eyes, or did the brilliant rays of the noonday sun distress her? Who may say! She had been reared to believe that one day she should wed Djor Kantos, son of her father's best friend. It had been the dearest wish of Kantos Kan and The Warlord that this should be, and Tara of Helium had accepted it as a matter of all but accomplished fact. Djor Kantos had seemed to accept the matter in the same way. They had spoken of it casually as something that would, as a matter of course, take place in the indefinite future, as, for instance, his promotion in the navy, in which he was now a padwar; or the set functions of the court of her grandfather, Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Helium; or Death. They had never spoken of love and that had puzzled Tara of Helium upon the rare

occasions she gave it thought, for she knew that people who were to wed were usually much occupied with the matter of love and she had all of a woman's curiosity -- she wondered what love was like. She was very fond of Djor Kantos and she knew that he was very fond of her. They liked to be together, for they liked the same things and the same people and the same books and their dancing was a joy, not only to themselves but to those who watched them. She could not imagine wanting to marry anyone other than Djor Kantos.

PT So perhaps it was only the sun that made her brows contract just the tiniest bit at the same instant that she discovered Djor Kantos sitting in earnest conversation with Olivia Marthis, daughter of the Jed of Hastor. It was Djor Kantos' duty immediately to pay his respects to Dejah Thoris and Tara of Helium; but he did not do so and presently the daughter of The Warlord frowned indeed. She looked long at Olivia Marthis, and though she had seen her many times before and knew her well, she looked at her today through new eyes that saw, apparently for the first time, that the girl from Hastor was noticeably beautiful even among those other beautiful women of Helium. Tara of Helium was disturbed. She attempted to analyze her emotions; but found it difficult. Olivia Marthis was her friend -- she was very fond of her and she felt no anger toward her. Was she angry with Djor Kantos? No, she finally decided that she was not. It was merely surprise, then, that she felt -- surprise that Djor Kantos could be more interested in another than in herself. She was about to cross the garden and join them when she heard her father's voice directly behind her.

PT "Tara of Helium!" he called, and she turned to see him approaching with a strange warrior whose harness and metal bore devices with which she was unfamiliar. Even among the gorgeous trappings of the men of Helium and the visitors from distant empires those of the stranger were remarkable for their barbaric splendor. The leather of his harness was completely hidden beneath ornaments of platinum thickly set with brilliant diamonds, as were the scabbards of his swords and the ornate holster that held his long, Martian pistol. Moving through the sunlit garden at the side of the great Warlord, the scintillant rays of his countless gems enveloping him as in an aureole of light imparted to his noble figure a suggestion of godliness.

PT "Tara of Helium, I bring you Gahan, Jed of Gathol," said John Carter, after the simple Barsoomian custom of presentation.

PT "Kaor! Gahan, Jed of Gathol," returned Tara of Helium.

PT "My sword is at your feet, Tara of Helium," said the young chieftain.

PT The Warlord left them and the two seated themselves upon an ersite bench beneath a spreading sorapus tree.

PT "Far Gathol," mused the girl. "Ever in my mind has it been connected with mystery and romance and the half-forgotten lore of the ancients. I cannot think of Gathol as existing today, possibly because I have never before seen a Gatholian."

PT "And perhaps too because of the great distance that separates Helium and Gathol, as well as the comparative insignificance of my little free city, which might easily be lost in one corner of mighty Helium," added Gahan. "But what we lack in power we make up in pride," he continued, laughing. "We believe ours the oldest inhabited city upon Barsoom. It is one of the few that has retained its freedom, and this despite the fact that its ancient diamond mines are the richest known and, unlike practically all the other fields, are today apparently as inexhaustible as ever."

PT "Tell me of Gathol," urged the girl. "The very thought fills me with interest," nor was it likely that the handsome face of the young jed detracted anything from the glamour of far Gathol.

PT Nor did Gahan seem displeased with the excuse for further monopolizing the society of his fair companion. His eyes seemed chained to her exquisite features, from which they moved no further than to a rounded breast, part hid beneath its jeweled covering, a naked shoulder or the symmetry of a perfect arm, resplendent in bracelets of barbaric magnificence.

PT "Your ancient history has doubtless told you that Gathol was built upon an island in Throxheus, mightiest of the five oceans of old Barsoom. As the ocean receded Gathol crept down the sides of the mountain, the summit of which was the island upon which she had been built, until today she covers the slopes from summit to base, while the bowels of the great hill are honeycombed with the galleries of her mines. Entirely surrounding us is a great salt marsh, which protects us from invasion by

land, while the rugged and oftentimes vertical topography of our mountain renders the landing of hostile airships a precarious undertaking."

PT "That, and your brave warriors?" suggested the girl.

PT Gahan smiled. "We do not speak of that except to enemies," he said, "and then with tongues of steel rather than of flesh."

PT "But what practice in the art of war has a people which nature has thus protected from attack?" asked Tara of Helium, who had liked the young jed's answer to her previous question, but yet in whose mind persisted a vague conviction of the possible effeminacy of her companion, induced, doubtless, by the magnificence of his trappings and weapons which carried a suggestion of splendid show rather than grim utility.

PT "Our natural barriers, while they have doubtless saved us from defeat on countless occasions, have not by any means rendered us immune from attack," he explained, "for so great is the wealth of Gathol's diamond treasury that there yet may be found those who will risk almost certain defeat in an effort to loot our unconquered city; so thus we find occasional practice in the exercise of arms; but there is more to Gathol than the mountain city. My country extends from Polodona (Equator) north ten karads and from the tenth karad west of Horz to the twentieth west, including thus a million square haads, the greater proportion of which is fine grazing land where run our great herds of thoats and zitidars.

PT "Surrounded as we are by predatory enemies our herdsmen must indeed be warriors or we should have no herds, and you may be assured they get plenty of fighting. Then there is our constant need of workers in the mines. The Gatholians consider themselves a race of warriors and as such prefer not to labor in the mines. The law is, however, that each male Gatholian shall give an hour a day in labor to the government. That is practically the only tax that is levied upon them. They prefer however, to furnish a substitute to perform this labor, and as our own people will not hire out for labor in the mines it has been necessary to obtain slaves, and I do not need to tell you that slaves are not won without fighting. We sell these slaves in the public market, the proceeds going, half and half, to the government and the warriors who bring them in. The purchasers are credited with the amount of labor performed by their particular slaves. At

the end of a year a good slave will have performed the labor tax of his master for six years, and if slaves are plentiful he is freed and permitted to return to his own people."

PT "You fight in platinum and diamonds?" asked Tara, indicating his gorgeous trappings with a quizzical smile.

PT Gahan laughed. "We are a vain people," he admitted, good-naturedly, "and it is possible that we place too much value on personal appearances. We vie with one another in the splendor of our accoutrements when trapped for the observance of the lighter duties of life, though when we take the field our leather is the plainest I ever have seen worn by fighting men of Barsoom. We pride ourselves, too, upon our physical beauty, and especially upon the beauty of our women. May I dare to say, Tara of Helium, that I am hoping for the day when you will visit Gathol that my people may see one who is really beautiful?"

PT "The women of Helium are taught to frown with displeasure upon the tongue of the flatterer," rejoined the girl, but Gahan, Jed of Gathol, observed that she smiled as she said it.

PT A bugle sounded, clear and sweet, above the laughter and the talk. "The Dance of Barsoom!" exclaimed the young warrior. "I claim you for it, Tara of Helium."

PT The girl glanced in the direction of the bench where she had last seen Djor Kantos. He was not in sight. She inclined her head in assent to the claim of the Gatholian. Slaves were passing among the guests, distributing small musical instruments of a single string. Upon each instrument were characters which indicated the pitch and length of its tone. The instruments were of skeel, the string of gut, and were shaped to fit the left forearm of the dancer, to which it was strapped. There was also a ring wound with gut which was worn between the first and second joints of the index finger of the right hand and which, when passed over the string of the instrument, elicited the single note required of the dancer.

PT The guests had risen and were slowly making their way toward the expanse of scarlet sward at the south end of the gardens where the dance was to be held, when Djor Kantos came hurriedly toward Tara of Helium. "I claim--" he exclaimed as he neared her; but she interrupted him with a gesture.

PT "You are too late, Djor Kantos," she cried in mock anger. "No laggard may claim Tara of Helium; but haste now lest thou lose also Olivia Marthis, whom I have never seen wait long to be claimed for this or any other dance."

PT "I have already lost her," admitted Djor Kantos ruefully.

PT "And you mean to say that you came for Tara of Helium only after having lost Olivia Marthis?" demanded the girl, still simulating displeasure.

PT "Oh, Tara of Helium, you know better than that," insisted the young man. "Was it not natural that I should assume that you would expect me, who alone has claimed you for the Dance of Barsoom for at least twelve times past?"

PT "And sit and play with my thumbs until you saw fit to come for me?" she questioned. "Ah, no, Djor Kantos; Tara of Helium is for no laggard," and she threw him a sweet smile and passed on toward the assembling dancers with Gahan, Jed of far Gathol.

PT The Dance of Barsoom bears a relation similar to the more formal dancing functions of Mars that The Grand March does to ours, though it is infinitely more intricate and more beautiful. Before a Martian youth of either sex may attend an important social function where there is dancing, he must have become proficient in at least three dances -- The Dance of Barsoom, his national dance, and the dance of his city. In these three dances the dancers furnish their own music, which never varies; nor do the steps or figures vary, having been handed down from time immemorial. All Barsoomian dances are stately and beautiful, but The Dance of Barsoom is a wondrous epic of motion and harmony -- there is no grotesque posturing, no vulgar or suggestive movements. It has been described as the interpretation of the highest ideals of a world that aspired to grace and beauty and chastity in woman, and strength and dignity and loyalty in man.

PT Today, John Carter, Warlord of Mars, with Dejah Thoris, his mate, led in the dancing, and if there was another couple that vied with them in possession of the silent admiration of the guests it was the resplendent Jed of Gathol and his beautiful partner. In the ever-changing figures of the dance the man found himself now with the girl's hand in his and again with an arm about the lithe body that the jeweled harness but inadequately covered, and the girl, though she had danced a thousand

dances in the past, realized for the first time the personal contact of a man's arm against her naked flesh. It troubled her that she should notice it, and she looked up questioningly and almost with displeasure at the man as though it was his fault. Their eyes met and she saw in his that which she had never seen in the eyes of Djor Kantos. It was at the very end of the dance and they both stopped suddenly with the music and stood there looking straight into each other's eyes. It was Gahan of Gathol who spoke first.

PT "Tara of Helium, I love you!" he said.

PT The girl drew herself to her full height. "The Jed of Gathol forgets himself," she exclaimed haughtily.

PT "The Jed of Gathol would forget everything but you, Tara of Helium," he replied. Fiercely he pressed the soft hand that he still retained from the last position of the dance. "I love you, Tara of Helium," he repeated. "Why should your ears refuse to hear what your eyes but just now did not refuse to see -- and answer?"

PT "What meanest thou?" she cried. "Are the men of Gathol such boors, then?"

PT "They are neither boors nor fools," he replied, quietly. "They know when they love a woman -- and when she loves them."

PT Tara of Helium stamped her little foot in anger. "Go!" she said, "before it is necessary to acquaint my father with the dishonor of his guest."

PT She turned and walked away. "Wait!" cried the man. "Just another word."

PT "Of apology?" she asked.

PT "Of prophecy," he said.

PT "I do not care to hear it," replied Tara of Helium, and left him standing there. She was strangely unstrung and shortly thereafter returned to her own quarter of the palace, where she stood for a long time by a window looking out beyond the scarlet tower of Greater Helium toward the northwest.

PT Presently she turned angrily away. "I hate him!" she exclaimed aloud.

PT "Whom?" inquired the privileged Uthia.

PT Tara of Helium stamped her foot. "That ill-mannered boor, the Jed of Gathol," she replied.

PT Uthia raised her slim brows.

PT At the stamping of the little foot, a great beast rose from the corner of the room and crossed to Tara of Helium where it stood looking up into her face. She placed her hand upon the ugly head. "Dear old Woola," she said; "no love could be deeper than yours, yet it never offends. Would that men might pattern themselves after you!"

CHAPTER II — AT THE GALE'S MERCY

PT Tara of Helium did not return to her father's guests, but awaited in her own apartments the word from Djor Kantos which she knew must come, begging her to return to the gardens. She would then refuse, haughtily. But no appeal came from Djor Kantos. At first Tara of Helium was angry, then she was hurt, and always she was puzzled. She could not understand. Occasionally she thought of the Jed of Gathol and then she would stamp her foot, for she was very angry indeed with Gahan. The presumption of the man! He had insinuated that he read love for him in her eyes. Never had she been so insulted and humiliated. Never had she so thoroughly hated a man. Suddenly she turned toward Uthia.

PT "My flying leather!" she commanded.

PT "But the guests!" exclaimed the slave girl. "Your father, The Warlord, will expect you to return."

PT "He will be disappointed," snapped Tara of Helium.

PT The slave hesitated. "He does not approve of your flying alone," she reminded her mistress.

PT The young princess sprang to her feet and seized the unhappy slave by the shoulders, shaking her. "You are becoming unbearable, Uthia," she cried. "Soon there will be no alternative than to send you to the public slave-market. Then possibly you will find a master to your liking."

PT Tears came to the soft eyes of the slave girl. "It is because I love you, my princess," she said softly. Tara of Helium melted. She took the slave in her arms and kissed her.

PT "I have the disposition of a thout, Uthia," she said. "Forgive me! I love you and there is nothing that I would not do for you and nothing would I do to harm you. Again, as I have so often in the past, I offer you your freedom."

PT "I do not wish my freedom if it will separate me from you, Tara of Helium," replied Uthia. "I am happy here with you -- I think that I should die without you."

PT Again the girls kissed. "And you will not fly alone, then?" questioned the slave.

PT Tara of Helium laughed and pinched her companion. "You persistent little pest," she cried. "Of course I shall fly -- does not Tara of Helium always do that which pleases her?"

PT Uthia shook her head sorrowfully. "Alas! she does," she admitted. "Iron is the Warlord of Barsoom to the influences of all but two. In the hands of Dejah Thoris and Tara of Helium he is as potters' clay."

PT "Then run and fetch my flying leather like the sweet slave you are," directed the mistress.

PT Far out across the ochre sea-bottoms beyond the twin cities of Helium raced the swift flier of Tara of Helium. Thrilling to the speed and the buoyancy and the obedience of the little craft the girl drove toward the northwest. Why she should choose that direction she did not pause to consider. Perhaps because in that direction lay the least known areas of Barsoom, and, ergo, Romance, Mystery, and Adventure. In that direction also lay far Gathol; but to that fact she gave no conscious thought.

PT She did, however, think occasionally of the jed of that distant kingdom, but the reaction to these thoughts was scarcely pleasurable. They still brought a flush of shame to her cheeks and a surge of angry blood to her heart. She was very angry with the Jed of Gathol, and though she should never see him again she was quite sure that hate of him would remain fresh in her memory forever. Mostly her thoughts revolved about another -- Djor Kantos. And when she thought of him she thought also of Olivia Marthis of Hastor. Tara of Helium thought that she was jealous of the fair Olivia and it made her very angry to think that. She was angry with Djor Kantos and herself, but she was not angry at all with Olivia Marthis, whom she loved, and so of course she was not jealous really. The trouble was, that Tara of Helium had failed for once to have her own way. Djor Kantos had not come running like a willing slave when she had expected him, and, ah, here was the nub of the whole thing! Gahan, Jed of Gathol, a stranger, had been a witness to her humiliation. He had seen her unclaimed at the beginning of a great function and he had had to come to her rescue to save her, as he doubtless thought, from the inglorious fate of a wall-flower. At the recurring thought, Tara of Helium could feel her whole body burning with scarlet shame and then

she went suddenly white and cold with rage; whereupon she turned her flier about so abruptly that she was all but torn from her lashings upon the flat, narrow deck. She reached home just before dark. The guests had departed. Quiet had descended upon the palace. An hour later she joined her father and mother at the evening meal.

PT "You deserted us, Tara of Helium," said John Carter. "It is not what the guests of John Carter should expect."

PT "They did not come to see me," replied Tara of Helium. "I did not ask them."

PT "They were no less your guests," replied her father.

PT The girl rose, and came and stood beside him and put her arms about his neck.

PT "My proper old Virginian," she cried, rumpling his shock of black hair.

PT "In Virginia you would be turned over your father's knee and spanked," said the man, smiling.

PT She crept into his lap and kissed him. "You do not love me any more," she announced. "No one loves me," but she could not compose her features into a pout because bubbling laughter insisted upon breaking through.

PT "The trouble is there are too many who love you," he said. "And now there is another."

PT "Indeed!" she cried. "What do you mean?"

PT "Gahan of Gathol has asked permission to woo you."

PT The girl sat up very straight and tilted her chin in the air. "I would not wed with a walking diamond-mine," she said. "I will not have him."

PT "I told him as much," replied her father, "and that you were as good as betrothed to another. He was very courteous about it; but at the same time he gave me to understand that he was accustomed to getting what he wanted and that he wanted you very much. I suppose it will mean another war. Your mother's beauty kept Helium at war for many years, and -- well, Tara of Helium, if I were a young man I should doubtless be willing to set all Barsoom afire to win you, as I still would to keep your

divine mother," and he smiled across the sorapus table and its golden service at the undimmed beauty of Mars' most beautiful woman.

PT "Our little girl should not yet be troubled with such matters," said Dejah Thoris. "Remember, John Carter, that you are not dealing with an Earth child, whose span of life would be more than half completed before a daughter of Barsoom reached actual maturity."

PT "But do not the daughters of Barsoom sometimes marry as early as twenty?" he insisted.

PT "Yes, but they will still be desirable in the eyes of men after forty generations of Earth folk have returned to dust -- there is no hurry, at least, upon Barsoom. We do not fade and decay here as you tell me those of your planet do, though you, yourself, belie your own words. When the time seems proper Tara of Helium shall wed with Djor Kantos, and until then let us give the matter no further thought."

PT "No," said the girl, "the subject irks me, and I shall not marry Djor Kantos, or another -- I do not intend to wed."

PT Her father and mother looked at her and smiled. "When Gahan of Gathol returns he may carry you off," said the former.

PT "He has gone?" asked the girl.

PT "His flier departs for Gathol in the morning," John Carter replied.

PT "I have seen the last of him then," remarked Tara of Helium with a sigh of relief.

PT "He says not," returned John Carter.

PT The girl dismissed the subject with a shrug and the conversation passed to other topics. A letter had arrived from Thuvia of Ptarth, who was visiting at her father's court while Carthoris, her mate, hunted in Okar. Word had been received that the Tharks and Warhoons were again at war, or rather that there had been an engagement, for war was their habitual state. In the memory of man there had been no peace between these two savage green hordes -- only a single temporary truce. Two new battleships had been launched at Hastor. A little band of holy therns was attempting to revive the ancient and discredited religion of Issus, who they claimed still lived in spirit and had communicated with them. There were rumors of war from Dusar. A scientist claimed to have discovered

human life on the further moon. A madman had attempted to destroy the atmosphere plant. Seven people had been assassinated in Greater Helium during the last ten zodes, (the equivalent of an Earth day).

PT Following the meal Dejah Thoris and The Warlord played at jetan, the Barsoomian game of chess, which is played upon a board of a hundred alternate black and orange squares. One player has twenty black pieces, the other, twenty orange pieces. A brief description of the game may interest those Earth readers who care for chess, and will not be lost upon those who pursue this narrative to its conclusion, since before they are done they will find that a knowledge of jetan will add to the interest and the thrills that are in store for them.

PT The men are placed upon the board as in chess upon the first two rows next the players. In order from left to right on the line of squares nearest the players, the jetan pieces are Warrior, Padwar, Dwar, Flier, Chief, Princess, Flier, Dwar, Padwar, Warrior. In the next line all are Panthans except the end pieces, which are called Thoats, and represent mounted warriors.

PT The Panthans, which are represented as warriors with one feather, may move one space in any direction except backward; the Thoats, mounted warriors with three feathers, may move one straight and one diagonal, and may jump intervening pieces; Warriors, foot soldiers with two feathers, straight in any direction, or diagonally, two spaces; Padwars, lieutenants wearing two feathers, two diagonal in any direction, or combination; Dwars, captains wearing three feathers, three spaces straight in any direction, or combination; Fliers, represented by a propellor with three blades, three spaces in any direction, or combination, diagonally, and may jump intervening pieces; the Chief, indicated by a diadem with ten jewels, three spaces in any direction, straight, or diagonal; Princess, diadem with a single jewel, same as Chief, and can jump intervening pieces.

PT The game is won when a player places any of his pieces on the same square with his opponent's Princess, or when a Chief takes a Chief. It is drawn when a Chief is taken by any opposing piece other than the opposing Chief; or when both sides have been reduced to three pieces, or less, of equal value, and the game is not terminated in the following ten moves, five apiece. This is but a general outline of the game, briefly stated.

PT It was this game that Dejah Thoris and John Carter were playing when Tara of Helium bid them good night, retiring to her own quarters and her sleeping silks and furs. "Until morning, my beloved," she called back to them as she passed from the apartment, nor little did she guess, nor her parents, that this might indeed be the last time that they would ever set eyes upon her.

PT The morning broke dull and gray. Ominous clouds billowed restlessly and low. Beneath them torn fragments scudded toward the northwest. From her window Tara of Helium looked out upon this unusual scene. Dense clouds seldom overcast the Barsoomian sky. At this hour of the day it was her custom to ride one of those small thoats that are the saddle animals of the red Martians, but the sight of the billowing clouds lured her to a new adventure. Uthia still slept and the girl did not disturb her. Instead, she dressed quietly and went to the hangar upon the roof of the palace directly above her quarters where her own swift flier was housed. She had never driven through the clouds. It was an adventure that always she had longed to experience. The wind was strong and it was with difficulty that she maneuvered the craft from the hangar without accident, but once away it raced swiftly out above the twin cities. The buffeting winds caught and tossed it, and the girl laughed aloud in sheer joy of the resultant thrills. She handled the little ship like a veteran, though few veterans would have faced the menace of such a storm in so light a craft. Swiftly she rose toward the clouds, racing with the scudding streamers of the storm-swept fragments, and a moment later she was swallowed by the dense masses billowing above. Here was a new world, a world of chaos unpeopled except for herself; but it was a cold, damp, lonely world and she found it depressing after the novelty of it had been dissipated, by an overpowering sense of the magnitude of the forces surging about her. Suddenly she felt very lonely and very cold and very little. Hurriedly, therefore, she rose until presently her craft broke through into the glorious sunlight that transformed the upper surface of the somber element into rolling masses of burnished silver. Here it was still cold, but without the dampness of the clouds, and in the eye of the brilliant sun her spirits rose with the mounting needle of her altimeter. Gazing at the clouds, now far beneath, the girl experienced the sensation of hanging stationary in mid-heaven; but the whirring of her propellor, the wind beating upon her, the high figures that rose and fell beneath the

glass of her speedometer, these told her that her speed was terrific. It was then that she determined to turn back.

PT The first attempt she made above the clouds, but it was unsuccessful. To her surprise she discovered that she could not even turn against the high wind, which rocked and buffeted the frail craft. Then she dropped swiftly to the dark and wind-swept zone between the hurtling clouds and the gloomy surface of the shadowed ground. Here she tried again to force the nose of the flier back toward Helium, but the tempest seized the frail thing and hurled it remorselessly about, rolling it over and over and tossing it as it were a cork in a cataract. At last the girl succeeded in righting the flier, perilously close to the ground. Never before had she been so close to death, yet she was not terrified. Her coolness had saved her, that and the strength of the deck lashings that held her. Traveling with the storm she was safe, but where was it bearing her? She pictured the apprehension of her father and mother when she failed to appear at the morning meal. They would find her flier missing and they would guess that somewhere in the path of the storm it lay a wrecked and tangled mass upon her dead body, and then brave men would go out in search of her, risking their lives; and that lives would be lost in the search, she knew, for she realized now that never in her life-time had such a tempest raged upon Barsoom.

PT She must turn back! She must reach Helium before her mad lust for thrills had cost the sacrifice of a single courageous life! She determined that greater safety and likelihood of success lay above the clouds, and once again she rose through the chilling, wind-tossed vapor. Her speed again was terrific, for the wind seemed to have increased rather than to have lessened. She sought gradually to check the swift flight of her craft, but though she finally succeeded in reversing her motor the wind but carried her on as it would. Then it was that Tara of Helium lost her temper. Had her world not always bowed in acquiescence to her every wish? What were these elements that they dared to thwart her? She would demonstrate to them that the daughter of The Warlord was not to be denied! They would learn that Tara of Helium might not be ruled even by the forces of nature!

PT And so she drove her motor forward again and then with her firm, white teeth set in grim determination she drove the steering lever far down to port with the intention of forcing the nose of her craft straight into

the teeth of the wind, and the wind seized the frail thing and toppled it over upon its back, and twisted and turned it and hurled it over and over; the propellor raced for an instant in an air pocket and then the tempest seized it again and twisted it from its shaft, leaving the girl helpless upon an unmanageable atom that rose and fell, and rolled and tumbled -- the sport of the elements she had defied. Tara of Helium's first sensation was one of surprise -- that she had failed to have her own way. Then she commenced to feel concern -- not for her own safety but for the anxiety of her parents and the dangers that the inevitable searchers must face. She reproached herself for the thoughtless selfishness that had jeopardized the peace and safety of others. She realized her own grave danger, too; but she was still unterrified, as befitted the daughter of Dejah Thoris and John Carter. She knew that her buoyancy tanks might keep her afloat indefinitely, but she had neither food nor water, and she was being borne toward the least-known area of Barsoom. Perhaps it would be better to land immediately and await the coming of the searchers, rather than to allow herself to be carried still further from Helium, thus greatly reducing the chances of early discovery; but when she dropped toward the ground she discovered that the violence of the wind rendered an attempt to land tantamount to destruction and she rose again, rapidly.

PT Carried along a few hundred feet above the ground she was better able to appreciate the Titanic proportions of the storm than when she had flown in the comparative serenity of the zone above the clouds, for now she could distinctly see the effect of the wind upon the surface of Barsoom. The air was filled with dust and flying bits of vegetation and when the storm carried her across an irrigated area of farm land she saw great trees and stone walls and buildings lifted high in air and scattered broadcast over the devastated country; and then she was carried swiftly on to other sights that forced in upon her consciousness a rapidly growing conviction that after all Tara of Helium was a very small and insignificant and helpless person. It was quite a shock to her self-pride while it lasted, and toward evening she was ready to believe that it was going to last forever. There had been no abatement in the ferocity of the tempest, nor was there indication of any. She could only guess at the distance she had been carried for she could not believe in the correctness of the high figures that had been piled upon the record of her odometer. They seemed unbelievable and yet, had she known it, they were quite true -- in twelve hours she had flown and been carried by the

storm full seven thousand haads. Just before dark she was carried over one of the deserted cities of ancient Mars. It was Torquas, but she did not know it. Had she, she might readily have been forgiven for abandoning the last vestige of hope, for to the people of Helium Torquas seems as remote as do the South Sea Islands to us. And still the tempest, its fury unabated, bore her on.

PT All that night she hurtled through the dark beneath the clouds, or rose to race through the moonlit void beneath the glory of Barsoom's two satellites. She was cold and hungry and altogether miserable, but her brave little spirit refused to admit that her plight was hopeless even though reason proclaimed the truth. Her reply to reason, sometime spoken aloud in sudden defiance, recalled the Spartan stubbornness of her sire in the face of certain annihilation: "I still live!"

PT That morning there had been an early visitor at the palace of The Warlord. It was Gahan, Jed of Gathol. He had arrived shortly after the absence of Tara of Helium had been noted, and in the excitement he had remained unannounced until John Carter had happened upon him in the great reception corridor of the palace as The Warlord was hurrying out to arrange for the dispatch of ships in search of his daughter.

PT Gahan read the concern upon the face of The Warlord. "Forgive me if I intrude, John Carter," he said. "I but came to ask the indulgence of another day since it would be fool-hardy to attempt to navigate a ship in such a storm."

PT "Remain, Gahan, a welcome guest until you choose to leave us," replied The Warlord; "but you must forgive any seeming inattention upon the part of Helium until my daughter is restored to us."

PT "You daughter! Restored! What do you mean?" exclaimed the Gatholian. "I do not understand."

PT "She is gone, together with her light flier. That is all we know. We can only assume that she decided to fly before the morning meal and was caught in the clutches of the tempest. You will pardon me, Gahan, if I leave you abruptly -- I am arranging to send ships in search of her;" but Gahan, Jed of Gathol, was already speeding in the direction of the palace gate. There he leaped upon a waiting thout and followed by two warriors in the metal of Gathol, he dashed through the avenues of Helium toward the palace that had been set aside for his entertainment.

CHAPTER III — THE HEADLESS HUMANS

PT Above the roof of the palace that housed the Jed of Gathol and his entourage, the cruiser Vanator tore at her stout moorings. The groaning tackle bespoke the mad fury of the gale, while the worried faces of those members of the crew whose duties demanded their presence on the straining craft gave corroborative evidence of the gravity of the situation. Only stout lashings prevented these men from being swept from the deck, while those upon the roof below were constantly compelled to cling to rails and stanchions to save themselves from being carried away by each new burst of meteoric fury. Upon the prow of the Vanator was painted the device of Gathol, but no pennants were displayed in the upper works since the storm had carried away several in rapid succession, just as it seemed to the watching men that it must carry away the ship itself. They could not believe that any tackle could withstand for long this Titanic force. To each of the twelve lashings clung a brawny warrior with drawn short-sword. Had but a single mooring given to the power of the tempest eleven short-swords would have cut the others; since, partially moored, the ship was doomed, while free in the tempest it stood at least some slight chance for life.

PT "By the blood of Issus, I believe they will hold!" screamed one warrior to another.

PT "And if they do not hold may the spirits of our ancestors reward the brave warriors upon the Vanator," replied another of those upon the roof of the palace, "for it will not be long from the moment her cables part before her crew dons the leather of the dead; but yet, Tanus, I believe they will hold. Give thanks at least that we did not sail before the tempest fell, since now each of us has a chance to live."

PT "Yes," replied Tanus, "I should hate to be abroad today upon the stoutest ship that sails the Barsoomian sky."

PT It was then that Gahan the Jed appeared upon the roof. With him were the balance of his own party and a dozen warriors of Helium. The young chief turned to his followers.

PT "I sail at once upon the Vanator," he said, "in search of Tara of Helium who is thought to have been carried away upon a one-man flier by the storm. I do not need to explain to you the slender chances the Vanator has to withstand the fury of the tempest, nor will I order you to your deaths. Let those who wish remain behind without dishonor. The others will follow me," and he leaped for the rope ladder that lashed wildly in the gale.

PT The first man to follow him was Tanus and when the last reached the deck of the cruiser there remained upon the palace roof only the twelve warriors of Helium, who, with naked swords, had taken the posts of the Gatholians at the moorings.

PT Not a single warrior who had remained aboard the Vanator would leave her now.

PT "I expected no less," said Gahan, as with the help of those already on the deck he and the others found secure lashings. The commander of the Vanator shook his head. He loved his trim craft, the pride of her class in the little navy of Gathol. It was of her he thought -- not of himself. He saw her lying torn and twisted upon the ochre vegetation of some distant sea-bottom, to be presently overrun and looted by some savage, green horde. He looked at Gahan.

PT "Are you ready, San Tothis?" asked the jed.

PT "All is ready."

PT "Then cut away!"

PT Word was passed across the deck and over the side to the Heliumetic warriors below that at the third gun they were to cut away. Twelve keen swords must strike simultaneously and with equal power, and each must sever completely and instantly three strands of heavy cable that no loose end fouling a block bring immediate disaster upon the Vanator.

PT Boom! The voice of the signal gun rolled down through the screaming wind to the twelve warriors upon the roof. Boom! Twelve swords were raised above twelve brawny shoulders. Boom! Twelve keen edges severed twelve complaining moorings, clean and as one.

PT The Vanator, her propellers whirling, shot forward with the storm. The tempest struck her in the stern as with a mailed fist and stood the great ship upon her nose, and then it caught her and spun her as a child's top spins; and upon the palace roof the twelve men looked on in silent helplessness and prayed for the souls of the brave warriors who were going to their death. And others saw, from Helium's lofty landing stages and from a thousand hangars upon a thousand roofs; but only for an instant did the preparations stop that would send other brave men into the frightful maelstrom of that apparently hopeless search, for such is the courage of the warriors of Barsoom.

PT But the Vanator did not fall to the ground, within sight of the city at least, though as long as the watchers could see her never for an instant did she rest upon an even keel. Sometimes she lay upon one side or the other, or again she hurtled along keel up, or rolled over and over, or stood upon her nose or her tail at the caprice of the great force that carried her along. And the watchers saw that this great ship was merely being blown away with the other bits of debris great and small that filled the sky. Never in the memory of man or the annals of recorded history had such a storm raged across the face of Barsoom.

PT And in another instant was the Vanator forgotten as the lofty, scarlet tower that had marked Lesser Helium for ages crashed to ground, carrying death and demolition upon the city beneath. Panic reigned. A fire broke out in the ruins. The city's every force seemed crippled, and it was then that The Warlord ordered the men that were about to set forth in search of Tara of Helium to devote their energies to the salvation of the city, for he too had witnessed the start of the Vanator and realized the futility of wasting men who were needed sorely if Lesser Helium was to be saved from utter destruction.

PT Shortly after noon of the second day the storm commenced to abate, and before the sun went down, the little craft upon which Tara of Helium had hovered between life and death these many hours drifted slowly before a gentle breeze above a landscape of rolling hills that once had been lofty mountains upon a Martian continent. The girl was exhausted from loss of sleep, from lack of food and drink, and from the nervous reaction consequent to the terrifying experiences through which she had passed. In the near distance, just topping an intervening hill, she caught a momentary glimpse of what appeared to be a dome-capped

tower. Quickly she dropped the flier until the hill shut it off from the view of the possible occupants of the structure she had seen. The tower meant to her the habitation of man, suggesting the presence of water and, perhaps, of food. If the tower was the deserted relic of a bygone age she would scarcely find food there, but there was still a chance that there might be water. If it was inhabited, then must her approach be cautious, for only enemies might be expected to abide in so far distant a land. Tara of Helium knew that she must be far from the twin cities of her grandfather's empire, but had she guessed within even a thousand haads of the reality, she had been stunned by realization of the utter hopelessness of her state.

PT Keeping the craft low, for the buoyancy tanks were still intact, the girl skimmed the ground until the gently-moving wind had carried her to the side of the last hill that intervened between her and the structure she had thought a man-built tower. Here she brought the flier to the ground among some stunted trees, and dragging it beneath one where it might be somewhat hidden from craft passing above, she made it fast and set forth to reconnoiter. Like most women of her class she was armed only with a single slender blade, so that in such an emergency as now confronted her she must depend almost solely upon her cleverness in remaining undiscovered by enemies. With utmost caution she crept warily toward the crest of the hill, taking advantage of every natural screen that the landscape afforded to conceal her approach from possible observers ahead, while momentarily she cast quick glances rearward lest she be taken by surprise from that quarter.

PT She came at last to the summit, where, from the concealment of a low bush, she could see what lay beyond. Beneath her spread a beautiful valley surrounded by low hills. Dotting it were numerous circular towers, dome-capped, and surrounding each tower was a stone wall enclosing several acres of ground. The valley appeared to be in a high state of cultivation. Upon the opposite side of the hill and just beneath her was a tower and enclosure. It was the roof of the former that had first attracted her attention. In all respects it seemed identical in construction with those further out in the valley -- a high, plastered wall of massive construction surrounding a similarly constructed tower, upon whose gray surface was painted in vivid colors a strange device. The towers were about forty sofads in diameter, approximately forty earth-feet, and sixty in height to the base of the dome. To an Earth man they would have immediately

suggested the silos in which dairy farmers store ensilage for their herds; but closer scrutiny, revealing an occasional embrasured opening together with the strange construction of the domes, would have altered such a conclusion. Tara of Helium saw that the domes seemed to be faced with innumerable prisms of glass, those that were exposed to the declining sun scintillating so gorgeously as to remind her suddenly of the magnificent trappings of Gahan of Gathol. As she thought of the man she shook her head angrily, and moved cautiously forward a foot or two that she might get a less obstructed view of the nearer tower and its enclosure.

PT As Tara of Helium looked down into the enclosure surrounding the nearest tower, her brows contracted momentarily in frowning surprise, and then her eyes went wide in an expression of incredulity tinged with horror, for what she saw was a score or two of human bodies -- naked and headless. For a long moment she watched, breathless; unable to believe the evidence of her own eyes -- that these grewsome things moved and had life! She saw them crawling about on hands and knees over and across one another, searching about with their fingers. And she saw some of them at troughs, for which the others seemed to be searching, and those at the troughs were taking something from these receptacles and apparently putting it in a hole where their necks should have been. They were not far beneath her -- she could see them distinctly and she saw that there were the bodies of both men and women, and that they were beautifully proportioned, and that their skin was similar to hers, but of a slightly lighter red. At first she had thought that she was looking upon a shambles and that the bodies, but recently decapitated, were moving under the impulse of muscular reaction; but presently she realized that this was their normal condition. The horror of them fascinated her, so that she could scarce take her eyes from them. It was evident from their groping hands that they were eyeless, and their sluggish movements suggested a rudimentary nervous system and a correspondingly minute brain. The girl wondered how they subsisted for she could not, even by the wildest stretch of imagination, picture these imperfect creatures as intelligent tillers of the soil. Yet that the soil of the valley was tilled was evident and that these things had food was equally so. But who tilled the soil? Who kept and fed these unhappy things, and for what purpose? It was an enigma beyond her powers of deduction.

PT The sight of food aroused again a consciousness of her own gnawing hunger and the thirst that parched her throat. She could see both food and water within the enclosure; but would she dare enter even should she find means of ingress? She doubted it, since the very thought of possible contact with these grewsome creatures sent a shudder through her frame.

PT Then her eyes wandered again out across the valley until presently they picked out what appeared to be a tiny stream winding its way through the center of the farm lands -- a strange sight upon Barsoom. Ah, if it were but water! Then might she hope with a real hope, for the fields would give her sustenance which she could gain by night, while by day she hid among the surrounding hills, and sometime, yes, sometime she knew, the searchers would come, for John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, would never cease to search for his daughter until every square haad of the planet had been combed again and again. She knew him and she knew the warriors of Helium and so she knew that could she but manage to escape harm until they came, they would indeed come at last.

PT She would have to wait until dark before she dare venture into the valley, and in the meantime she thought it well to search out a place of safety nearby where she might be reasonably safe from savage beasts. It was possible that the district was free from carnivora, but one might never be sure in a strange land. As she was about to withdraw behind the brow of the hill her attention was again attracted to the enclosure below. Two figures had emerged from the tower. Their beautiful bodies seemed identical with those of the headless creatures among which they moved, but the newcomers were not headless. Upon their shoulders were heads that seemed human, yet which the girl intuitively sensed were not human. They were just a trifle too far away for her to see them distinctly in the waning light of the dying day, but she knew that they were too large, they were out of proportion to the perfectly proportioned bodies, and they were oblate in form. She could see that the men wore some manner of harness to which were slung the customary long-sword and short-sword of the Barsoomian warrior, and that about their short necks were massive leather collars cut to fit closely over the shoulders and snugly to the lower part of the head. Their features were scarce discernible, but there was a suggestion of grotesqueness about them that carried to her a feeling of revulsion.

PT The two carried a long rope to which were fastened, at intervals of about two sofads, what she later guessed were light manacles, for she saw the warriors passing among the poor creatures in the enclosure and about the right wrist of each they fastened one of the manacles. When all had been thus fastened to the rope one of the warriors commenced to pull and tug at the loose end as though attempting to drag the headless company toward the tower, while the other went among them with a long, light whip with which he flicked them upon the naked skin. Slowly, dully, the creatures rose to their feet and between the tugging of the warrior in front and the lashing of him behind the hopeless band was finally herded within the tower. Tara of Helium shuddered as she turned away. What manner of creatures were these?

PT Suddenly it was night. The Barsoomian day had ended, and then the brief period of twilight that renders the transition from daylight to darkness almost as abrupt as the switching off of an electric light, and Tara of Helium had found no sanctuary. But perhaps there were no beasts to fear, or rather to avoid -- Tara of Helium liked not the word fear. She would have been glad, however, had there been a cabin, even a very tiny cabin, upon her small flier; but there was no cabin. The interior of the hull was completely taken up by the buoyancy tanks. Ah, she had it! How stupid of her not to have thought of it before! She could moor the craft to the tree beneath which it rested and let it rise the length of the rope. Lashed to the deck rings she would then be safe from any roaming beast of prey that chanced along. In the morning she could drop to the ground again before the craft was discovered.

PT As Tara of Helium crept over the brow of the hill down toward the valley, her presence was hidden by the darkness of the night from the sight of any chance observer who might be loitering by a window in the nearby tower. Cluros, the farther moon, was just rising above the horizon to commence his leisurely journey through the heavens. Eight zodes later he would set -- a trifle over nineteen and a half Earth hours -- and during that time Thuria, his vivacious mate, would have circled the planet twice and be more than half way around on her third trip. She had but just set. It would be more than three and a half hours before she shot above the opposite horizon to hurtle, swift and low, across the face of the dying planet. During this temporary absence of the mad moon Tara of Helium hoped to find both food and water, and gain again the safety of her flier's deck.

PT She groped her way through the darkness, giving the tower and its enclosure as wide a berth as possible. Sometimes she stumbled, for in the long shadows cast by the rising Cluros objects were grotesquely distorted though the light from the moon was still not sufficient to be of much assistance to her. Nor, as a matter of fact, did she want light. She could find the stream in the dark, by the simple expedient of going down hill until she walked into it and she had seen that bearing trees and many crops grew throughout the valley, so that she would pass food in plenty ere she reached the stream. If the moon showed her the way more clearly and thus saved her from an occasional fall, he would, too, show her more clearly to the strange denizens of the towers, and that, of course, must not be. Could she have waited until the following night conditions would have been better, since Cluros would not appear in the heavens at all and so, during Thuria's absence, utter darkness would reign; but the pangs of thirst and the gnawing of hunger could be endured no longer with food and drink both in sight, and so she had decided to risk discovery rather than suffer longer.

PT Safely past the nearest tower, she moved as rapidly as she felt consistent with safety, choosing her way wherever possible so that she might take advantage of the shadows of the trees that grew at intervals and at the same time discover those which bore fruit. In this latter she met with almost immediate success, for the very third tree beneath which she halted was heavy with ripe fruit. Never, thought Tara of Helium, had aught so delicious impinged upon her palate, and yet it was naught else than the almost tasteless *usa*, which is considered to be palatable only after having been cooked and highly spiced. It grows easily with little irrigation and the trees bear abundantly. The fruit, which ranks high in food value, is one of the staple foods of the less well-to-do, and because of its cheapness and nutritive value forms one of the principal rations of both armies and navies upon Barsoom, a use which has won for it a Martian sobriquet which, freely translated into English, would be, The Fighting Potato. The girl was wise enough to eat but sparingly, but she filled her pocket-pouch with the fruit before she continued upon her way.

PT Two towers she passed before she came at last to the stream, and here again was she temperate, drinking but little and that very slowly, contenting herself with rinsing her mouth frequently and bathing her face, her hands, and her feet; and even though the night was cold, as Martian nights are, the sensation of refreshment more than compensated for the

physical discomfort of the low temperature. Replacing her sandals she sought among the growing track near the stream for whatever edible berries or tubers might be planted there, and found a couple of varieties that could be eaten raw. With these she replaced some of the usa in her pocket-pouch, not only to insure a variety but because she found them more palatable. Occasionally she returned to the stream to drink, but each time moderately. Always were her eyes and ears alert for the first signs of danger, but she had neither seen nor heard aught to disturb her. And presently the time approached when she felt she must return to her flier lest she be caught in the revealing light of low swinging Thuria. She dreaded leaving the water for she knew that she must become very thirsty before she could hope to come again to the stream. If she only had some little receptacle in which to carry water, even a small amount would tide her over until the following night; but she had nothing and so she must content herself as best she could with the juices of the fruit and tubers she had gathered.

PT After a last drink at the stream, the longest and deepest she had allowed herself, she rose to retrace her steps toward the hills; but even as she did so she became suddenly tense with apprehension. What was that? She could have sworn that she saw something move in the shadows beneath a tree not far away. For a long minute the girl did not move -- she scarce breathed. Her eyes remained fixed upon the dense shadows below the tree, her ears strained through the silence of the night. A low moaning came down from the hills where her flier was hidden. She knew it well -- the weird note of the hunting banth. And the great carnivore lay directly in her path. But he was not so close as this other thing, hiding there in the shadows just a little way off. What was it? It was the strain of uncertainty that weighed heaviest upon her. Had she known the nature of the creature lurking there half its menace would have vanished. She cast quickly about her in search of some haven of refuge should the thing prove dangerous.

PT Again arose the moaning from the hills, but this time closer. Almost immediately it was answered from the opposite side of the valley, behind her, and then from the distance to the right of her, and twice upon her left. Her eyes had found a tree, quite near. Slowly, and without taking her eyes from the shadows of that other tree, she moved toward the overhanging branches that might afford her sanctuary in the event of need, and at her first move a low growl rose from the spot she had been

watching and she heard the sudden moving of a big body. Simultaneously the creature shot into the moonlight in full charge upon her, its tail erect, its tiny ears laid flat, its great mouth with its multiple rows of sharp and powerful fangs already yawning for its prey, its ten legs carrying it forward in great leaps, and now from the beast's throat issued the frightful roar with which it seeks to paralyze its prey. It was a banth -- the great, maned lion of Barsoom. Tara of Helium saw it coming and leaped for the tree toward which she had been moving, and the banth realized her intention and redoubled his speed. As his hideous roar awakened the echoes in the hills, so too it awakened echoes in the valley; but these echoes came from the living throats of others of his kind, until it seemed to the girl that Fate had thrown her into the midst of a countless multitude of these savage beasts.

PT Almost incredibly swift is the speed of a charging banth, and fortunate it was that the girl had not been caught farther in the open. As it was, her margin of safety was next to negligible, for as she swung nimbly to the lower branches the creature in pursuit of her crashed among the foliage almost upon her as it sprang upward to seize her. It was only a combination of good fortune and agility that saved her. A stout branch deflected the raking talons of the carnivore, but so close was the call that a giant forearm brushed her flesh in the instant before she scrambled to the higher branches.

PT Baffled, the banth gave vent to his rage and disappointment in a series of frightful roars that caused the very ground to tremble, and to these were added the roarings and the growlings and the moanings of his fellows as they approached from every direction, in the hope of wresting from him whatever of his kill they could take by craft or prowess. And now he turned snarling upon them as they circled the tree, while the girl, huddled in a crotch above them, looked down upon the gaunt, yellow monsters padding on noiseless feet in a restless circle about her. She wondered now at the strange freak of fate that had permitted her to come down this far into the valley by night unharmed, but even more she wondered how she was to return to the hills. She knew that she would not dare venture it by night and she guessed, too, that by day she might be confronted by even graver perils. To depend upon this valley for sustenance she now saw to be beyond the pale of possibility because of the banths that would keep her from food and water by night, while the dwellers in the towers would doubtless make it equally impossible for her

to forage by day. There was but one solution of her difficulty and that was to return to her flier and pray that the wind would waft her to some less terrible land; but when might she return to the flier? The banths gave little evidence of relinquishing hope of her, and even if they wandered out of sight would she dare risk the attempt? She doubted it.

PT Hopeless indeed seemed her situation -- hopeless it was.

CHAPTER IV — CAPTURED

PT As Thuria, swift racer of the night, shot again into the sky the scene changed. As by magic a new aspect fell athwart the face of Nature. It was as though in the instant one had been transported from one planet to another. It was the age-old miracle of the Martian nights that is always new, even to Martians -- two moons resplendent in the heavens, where one had been but now; conflicting, fast-changing shadows that altered the very hills themselves; far Cluros, stately, majestic, almost stationary, shedding his steady light upon the world below; Thuria, a great and glorious orb, swinging swift across the vaulted dome of the blue-black night, so low that she seemed to graze the hills, a gorgeous spectacle that held the girl now beneath the spell of its enchantment as it always had and always would.

PT "Ah, Thuria, mad queen of heaven!" murmured Tara of Helium. "The hills pass in stately procession, their bosoms rising and falling; the trees move in restless circles; the little grasses describe their little arcs; and all is movement, restless, mysterious movement without sound, while Thuria passes." The girl sighed and let her gaze fall again to the stern realities beneath. There was no mystery in the huge banths. He who had discovered her squatted there looking hungrily up at her. Most of the others had wandered away in search of other prey, but a few remained hoping yet to bury their fangs in that soft body.

PT The night wore on. Again Thuria left the heavens to her lord and master, hurrying on to keep her tryst with the Sun in other skies. But a single banth waited impatiently beneath the tree which harbored Tara of Helium. The others had left, but their roars, and growls, and moans thundered or rumbled, or floated back to her from near and far. What prey found they in this little valley? There must be something that they were accustomed to find here that they should be drawn in so great numbers. The girl wondered what it could be.

PT How long the night! Numb, cold, and exhausted, Tara of Helium clung to the tree in growing desperation, for once she had dozed and almost fallen. Hope was low in her brave little heart. How much more could she endure? She asked herself the question and then, with a brave shake of her head, she squared her shoulders. "I still live!" she said aloud.

PT The banth looked up and growled.

PT Came Thuria again and after awhile the great Sun -- a flaming lover, pursuing his heart's desire. And Cluros, the cold husband, continued his serene way, as placid as before his house had been violated by this hot Lothario. And now the Sun and both Moons rode together in the sky, lending their far mysteries to make weird the Martian dawn. Tara of Helium looked out across the fair valley that spread upon all sides of her. It was rich and beautiful, but even as she looked upon it she shuddered, for to her mind came a picture of the headless things that the towers and the walls hid. Those by day and the banths by night! Ah, was it any wonder that she shuddered?

PT With the coming of the Sun the great Barsoomian lion rose to his feet. He turned angry eyes upon the girl above him, voiced a single ominous growl, and slunk away toward the hills. The girl watched him, and she saw that he gave the towers as wide a berth as possible and that he never took his eyes from one of them while he was passing it. Evidently the inmates had taught these savage creatures to respect them. Presently he passed from sight in a narrow defile, nor in any direction that she could see was there another. Momentarily at least the landscape was deserted. The girl wondered if she dared to attempt to regain the hills and her flier. She dreaded the coming of the workmen to the fields as she was sure they would come. She shrank from again seeing the headless bodies, and found herself wondering if these things would come out into the fields and work. She looked toward the nearest tower. There was no sign of life there. The valley lay quiet now and deserted. She lowered herself stiffly to the ground. Her muscles were cramped and every move brought a twinge of pain. Pausing a moment to drink again at the stream she felt refreshed and then turned without more delay toward the hills. To cover the distance as quickly as possible seemed the only plan to pursue. The trees no longer offered concealment and so she did not go out of her way to be near them. The hills seemed very far away. She had not thought, the night before, that she had traveled so far. Really it had not been far, but now, with the three towers to pass in broad daylight, the distance seemed great indeed.

PT The second tower lay almost directly in her path. To make a detour would not lessen the chance of detection, it would only lengthen the period of her danger, and so she laid her course straight for the hill where

her flier was, regardless of the tower. As she passed the first enclosure she thought that she heard the sound of movement within, but the gate did not open and she breathed more easily when it lay behind her. She came then to the second enclosure, the outer wall of which she must circle, as it lay across her route. As she passed close along it she distinctly heard not only movement within, but voices. In the world-language of Barsoom she heard a man issuing instructions -- so many were to pick up, so many were to irrigate this field, so many to cultivate that, and so on, as a foreman lays out the day's work for his crew.

PT Tara of Helium had just reached the gate in the outer wall. Without warning it swung open toward her. She saw that for a moment it would hide her from those within and in that moment she turned and ran, keeping close to the wall, until, passing out of sight beyond the curve of the structure, she came to the opposite side of the enclosure. Here, panting from her exertion and from the excitement of her narrow escape, she threw herself among some tall weeds that grew close to the foot of the wall. There she lay trembling for some time, not even daring to raise her head and look about. Never before had Tara of Helium felt the paralyzing effects of terror. She was shocked and angry at herself, that she, daughter of John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, should exhibit fear. Not even the fact that there had been none there to witness it lessened her shame and anger, and the worst of it was she knew that under similar circumstances she would again be equally as craven. It was not the fear of death -- she knew that. No, it was the thought of those headless bodies and that she might see them and that they might even touch her -- lay hands upon her -- seize her. She shuddered and trembled at the thought.

PT After a while she gained sufficient command of herself to raise her head and look about. To her horror she discovered that everywhere she looked she saw people working in the fields or preparing to do so. Workmen were coming from other towers. Little bands were passing to this field and that. There were even some already at work within thirty yards of her -- about a hundred yards. There were ten, perhaps, in the party nearest her, both men and women, and all were beautiful of form and grotesque of face. So meager were their trappings that they were practically naked; a fact that was in no way remarkable among the tillers of the fields of Mars. Each wore the peculiar, high leather collar that completely hid the neck, and each wore sufficient other leather to support

a single sword and a pocket-pouch. The leather was very old and worn, showing long, hard service, and was absolutely plain with the exception of a single device upon the left shoulder. The heads, however, were covered with ornaments of precious metals and jewels, so that little more than eyes, nose, and mouth were discernible. These were hideously inhuman and yet grotesquely human at the same time. The eyes were far apart and protruding, the nose scarce more than two small, parallel slits set vertically above a round hole that was the mouth. The heads were peculiarly repulsive -- so much so that it seemed unbelievable to the girl that they formed an integral part of the beautiful bodies below them.

PT So fascinated was Tara of Helium that she could scarce take her eyes from the strange creatures -- a fact that was to prove her undoing, for in order that she might see them she was forced to expose a part of her own head and presently, to her consternation, she saw that one of the creatures had stopped his work and was staring directly at her. She did not dare move, for it was still possible that the thing had not seen her, or at least was only suspicious that some creature lay hid among the weeds. If she could allay this suspicion by remaining motionless the creature might believe that he had been mistaken and return to his work; but, alas, such was not to be the case. She saw the thing call the attention of others to her and almost immediately four or five of them started to move in her direction.

PT It was impossible now to escape discovery. Her only hope lay in flight. If she could elude them and reach the hills and the flier ahead of them she might escape, and that could be accomplished in but one way -- flight, immediate and swift. Leaping to her feet she darted along the base of the wall which she must skirt to the opposite side, beyond which lay the hill that was her goal. Her act was greeted by strange whistling sounds from the things behind her, and casting a glance over her shoulder she saw them all in rapid pursuit.

PT There were also shrill commands that she halt, but to these she paid no attention. Before she had half circled the enclosure she discovered that her chances for successful escape were great, since it was evident to her that her pursuers were not so fleet as she. High indeed then were her hopes as she came in sight of the hill, but they were soon dashed by what lay before her, for there, in the fields that lay between, were fully a hundred creatures similar to those behind her and

all were on the alert, evidently warned by the whistling of their fellows. Instructions and commands were shouted to and fro, with the result that those before her spread roughly into a great half circle to intercept her, and when she turned to the right, hoping to elude the net, she saw others coming from fields beyond, and to the left the same was true. But Tara of Helium would not admit defeat. Without once pausing she turned directly toward the center of the advancing semi-circle, beyond which lay her single chance of escape, and as she ran she drew her long, slim dagger. Like her valiant sire, if die she must, she would die fighting. There were gaps in the thin line confronting her and toward the widest of one of these she directed her course. The things on either side of the opening guessed her intent for they closed in to place themselves in her path. This widened the openings on either side of them and as the girl appeared almost to rush into their arms she turned suddenly at right angles, ran swiftly in the new direction for a few yards, and then dashed quickly toward the hill again. Now only a single warrior, with a wide gap on either side of him, barred her clear way to freedom, though all the others were speeding as rapidly as they could to intercept her. If she could pass this one without too much delay she could escape, of that she was certain. Her every hope hinged on this. The creature before her realized it, too, for he moved cautiously, though swiftly, to intercept her, as a Rugby fullback might maneuver in the realization that he alone stood between the opposing team and a touchdown.

PT At first Tara of Helium had hoped that she might dodge him, for she could not but guess that she was not only more fleet but infinitely more agile than these strange creatures; but soon there came to her the realization that in the time consumed in an attempt to elude his grasp his nearer fellows would be upon her and escape then impossible, so she chose instead to charge straight for him, and when he guessed her decision he stood, half crouching and with outstretched arms, awaiting her. In one hand was his sword, but a voice arose, crying in tones of authority. "Take her alive! Do not harm her!" Instantly the fellow returned his sword to its scabbard and then Tara of Helium was upon him. Straight for that beautiful body she sprang and in the instant that the arms closed to seize her her sharp blade drove deep into the naked chest. The impact hurled them both to the ground and as Tara of Helium sprang to her feet again she saw, to her horror, that the loathsome head had rolled from the body and was now crawling away from her on six short, spider-like legs.

The body struggled spasmodically and lay still. As brief as had been the delay caused by the encounter, it still had been of sufficient duration to undo her, for even as she rose two more of the things fell upon her and instantly thereafter she was surrounded. Her blade sank once more into naked flesh and once more a head rolled free and crawled away. Then they overpowered her and in another moment she was surrounded by fully a hundred of the creatures, all seeking to lay hands upon her. At first she thought that they wished to tear her to pieces in revenge for her having slain two of their fellows, but presently she realized that they were prompted more by curiosity than by any sinister motive.

PT "Come!" said one of her captors, both of whom had retained a hold upon her. As he spoke he tried to lead her away with him toward the nearest tower.

PT "She belongs to me," cried the other. "Did not I capture her? She will come with me to the tower of Moak."

PT "Never!" insisted the first. "She is Luud's. To Luud I will take her, and whosoever interferes may feel the keenness of my sword -- in the head!" He almost shouted the last three words.

PT "Come! Enough of this," cried one who spoke with some show of authority. "She was captured in Luud's fields -- she will go to Luud."

PT "She was discovered in Moak's fields, at the very foot of the tower of Moak," insisted he who had claimed her for Moak.

PT "You have heard the Nolach speak," cried the Luud. "It shall be as he says."

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JOHN CARTER VEM À TERRA

En Depois que Shea me venceu no xadrez, como de costume, tentei salvar meu orgulho provocando-o com uma teoria que afirma que jogadores excepcionais de xadrez são muito jovens, muito velhos ou mentalmente deficientes. Eu só mencionava isso quando perdia. Shea foi para a cama, e eu deveria ter feito o mesmo, já que sempre cavalgamos antes do amanhecer. Em vez disso, fiquei na biblioteca, soprando fumaça para o rei derrubado.

En Enquanto estava sentado lá, ouvi a porta leste se abrir e alguém entrar. Supondo que era Shea voltando para discutir o trabalho do dia seguinte, levantei o olhar — só para ver um gigante de pele bronzeada na porta. Ele usava um arreio cravejado de joias, uma espada curta de um lado e uma pistola estranha do outro. Seu cabelo preto, olhos cinza-azul e traços nobres eram inconfundíveis. Reconheci-o imediatamente e me levantei para cumprimentá-lo.

En Exclamei seu nome, perguntando se era realmente ele.

En Ele confirmou que era realmente ele, chamando-me de filho, e pegou minha mão enquanto colocava a outra no meu ombro.

En Perguntei a ele o que estava fazendo na Terra, observando que já fazia muitos anos desde sua última visita e que ele nunca havia aparecido em trajes marcianos. Comentei como era maravilhoso vê-lo, e que ele estava exatamente como quando eu era criança. Perguntei a John Carter, o Senhor da Guerra de Marte, como ele explicava sua aparência inalterada — se é que tentava explicá-la.

En Ele respondeu que era inútil tentar explicar o inexplicável. Ele repetiu que era muito velho, tão velho que não conseguia lembrar sua idade exata. Não se lembrava de infância, apenas de ser sempre como seu interlocutor o via agora, mesmo quando seu interlocutor tinha cinco anos. Observou que seu interlocutor havia envelhecido, embora menos do que a maioria dos homens porque compartilhavam o mesmo sangue, mas ele próprio não havia envelhecido nada. Ele havia discutido isso com um amigo cientista marciano, mas as teorias permaneciam não comprovadas. No entanto, ele estava satisfeito com o fato de nunca envelhecer e amava a vida e o vigor da juventude.

En Ele então abordou a questão natural de por que havia retornado à Terra e por que estava vestido com roupas estranhas. Ele creditou a Kar Komak, o arqueiro de Lothar, por lhe dar a ideia que levou aos seus experimentos bem-sucedidos. Explicou que há muito possuía a capacidade de viajar em espírito pelo vazio, mas nunca antes conseguiu dar esse poder a objetos inanimados. Agora, pela primeira vez, seu interlocutor podia vê-lo exatamente como seus companheiros marcianos o viam: a espada curta que havia provado muitos inimigos, o arnês com os emblemas de Hélio e as insígnias de sua patente, e a pistola que lhe foi presenteada por Tars Tarkas, Jeddak de Thark.

En Ele afirmou que, além de ver seu interlocutor, que era seu objetivo principal, e confirmar que podia transportar objetos inanimados e potencialmente animados de Marte para a Terra, não tinha outro objetivo. A Terra não o atraía; todos os seus interesses estavam em Barsoom — sua esposa, filhos e trabalho. Ele pretendia passar uma noite tranquila com seu interlocutor e depois retornar ao mundo que amava ainda mais do que a própria vida.

En Enquanto falava, ele sentou-se na cadeira do outro lado da mesa de xadrez.

En Perguntei se ele tinha mais filhos além de Carthoris.

En Ele disse que tinha uma filha, apenas um pouco mais nova que Carthoris, e que, exceto por sua mãe, Dejah Thoris, ela era a criatura mais bela de Marte.

En Ele tocou distraidamente as peças de xadrez e explicou que em Marte jogavam um jogo parecido chamado jetan, mas com cem casas e vinte peças de cada lado, jogado sombriamente com homens vivos e espadas. Acrescentou que sempre pensava em Tara de Hélio ao ver xadrez, e perguntou se o ouvinte gostaria de ouvir sua história.

En O narrador concordou em ouvir a história e prometeu recontá-la em terceira pessoa o melhor que pudesse lembrar das palavras de John Carter. Ele disse que quaisquer erros deveriam ser atribuídos à sua própria memória falha, não ao Senhor da Guerra de Marte, e descreveu o conto como estranho e totalmente barsoomiano.

CAPÍTULO I — TARA NUM ACESSO DE RAIVA

En Tara de Hélio levantou-se de suas almofadas de seda e pele, espreguiçou-se preguiçosamente e caminhou até um disco de bronze pendurado acima de uma grande mesa. Ela o tocou levemente com uma vara de madeira, e logo uma escrava sorridente entrou e foi cumprimentada por sua senhora.

En A princesa perguntou se os convidados de seu pai estavam chegando.

En Tara de Hélio foi informada pela escrava de que os visitantes haviam chegado. A escrava mencionou Kantos Kan, o Senhor da Marinha, o Príncipe Soran de Ptharth, e Djor Kantos, filho de Kantos Kan. Com um olhar brincalhão para sua senhora, a escrava acrescentou que muitos outros também haviam chegado.

En Tara instruiu Uthia a preparar o banho e então perguntou por que ela sorria ao mencionar Djor Kantos.

En A escrava riu e disse que era óbvio para todos que Djor Kantos adorava Tara.

En Tara respondeu que não era óbvio para ela. Ela explicou que Djor Kantos era amigo de seu irmão, Carthoris, e por isso ele visitava com frequência, mas acreditava que ele vinha ver Carthoris, não ela.

En Uthia apontou que Carthoris estava caçando no norte com Talu, o Jeddak de Okar.

En Tara de Hélio exigiu seu banho e advertiu Uthia de que sua natureza tagarela a levaria a problemas.

En A escrava respondeu que o banho estava pronto, seus olhos ainda brilhando de diversão, sabendo bem que a raiva de sua senhora não poderia superar o amor que ela sentia por sua serva. Ela abriu a porta para a câmara de banho adjacente, revelando uma piscina reluzente de água perfumada em uma bacia de mármore, cercada por uma corrente dourada sustentada por suportes. A luz do sol entrava por uma cúpula de vidro, iluminando as paredes de mármore branco e uma faixa decorativa de ouro incrustada com uma procissão de banhistas e peixes.

En Tara de Hélio removeu seu xale e o entregou à escrava. Ela desceu os degraus e testou a água com o pé — um pé natural, não deformado, como deveria ser. Achando agradável, nadou graciosamente, como uma foca, tanto na superfície quanto debaixo d'água. Depois, emergiu, e a escrava a esfregou com um óleo perfumado de uma urna dourada, criando uma espuma, então ela se enxaguou e secou. Seu banho foi simples e elegante, sem excesso de servos ou pompa. Em meia hora, seu cabelo foi seco e penteado no penteado da moda de sua posição, e ela se vestiu com ornamentos de couro incrustados de ouro e joias, pronta para se juntar aos convidados do meio-dia no palácio do Chefe Militar.

En Ao sair de seus aposentos para ir aos jardins onde os convidados se reuniam, dois guerreiros usando a insígnia da Casa do Príncipe de Hélio a seguiram alguns passos atrás. Eles eram um lembrete sombrio de que a ameaça da lâmina de um assassino nunca poderia ser ignorada em Barsoom, onde a expectativa de vida humana média era estimada em não menos de mil anos.

En Ao se aproximarem da entrada do jardim, outra mulher, também escoltada, aproximou-se de outra parte do palácio. Tara de Hélio voltou-se para ela com um sorriso e uma saudação feliz, enquanto seus guardas se ajoelhavam com cabeças inclinadas em adoração voluntária à amada de Hélio. Tal era o amor que o povo de Hélio tinha por Dejah Thoris, a companheira de John Carter, que beirava a adoração, como se ela fosse uma deusa — o que ela aparentava ser.

En A mãe e a filha trocaram o gentil cumprimento barsoomiano conhecido como kaor e se beijaram. Depois, juntas, entraram nos jardins onde os convidados estavam. Um enorme guerreiro desembainhou sua espada curta e bateu com a parte plana dela em seu escudo de metal; o som metálico ressoou acima das risadas e da conversa.

En Um arauto anunciou a chegada da Princesa Dejah Thoris e sua filha Tara de Hélio. Os convidados se levantaram, as duas mulheres inclinaram a cabeça, os guardas recuaram e vários nobres se adiantaram para prestar suas homenagens. Risos e conversas foram retomados enquanto Dejah Thoris e sua filha circulavam naturalmente entre os convidados, sem sinais visíveis de hierarquia, embora estivessem presentes um Jeddak e muitos guerreiros comuns cujas únicas honrarias vinham de atos corajosos ou patriotismo. Isso refletia o

costume marciano de julgar as pessoas por seus próprios méritos, e não pelos de seus ancestrais, apesar do grande orgulho pela linhagem.

En Tara, de Hélio, olhou lentamente para o grupo de convidados até encontrar a pessoa que procurava. Um leve franzir de testa pode ter cruzado seu rosto, mas poderia ter sido o sol. Ela foi criada acreditando que um dia se casaria com Djor Kantos, filho do melhor amigo de seu pai. Tanto Kantos Kan quanto o Senhor da Guerra queriam esse casamento, e Tara o aceitou como quase certo. Djor Kantos parecia sentir o mesmo. Eles haviam falado sobre isso casualmente, como algo que aconteceria no futuro, como sua promoção na marinha, as cerimônias regulares na corte de seu avô, ou até mesmo a morte. Eles nunca haviam falado sobre amor, e isso às vezes intrigava Tara. Ela sabia que pessoas que planejavam se casar geralmente falavam sobre amor, e ela estava curiosa para saber como era. Ela gostava muito de Djor Kantos e sabia que ele gostava dela. Eles gostavam de ficar juntos porque gostavam das mesmas coisas, das mesmas pessoas, dos mesmos livros, e dançavam lindamente. Ela não conseguia imaginar se casar com outra pessoa.

En Talvez tenha sido apenas o sol que fez Tara franzir levemente a testa ao ver Djor Kantos conversando seriamente com Olvia Marthis, filha do Jed de Hastor. Djor Kantos deveria primeiro cumprimentar Dejah Thoris e Tara, mas não o fez. Logo Tara franziu a testa profundamente. Ela olhou para Olvia por um longo tempo e viu, como se fosse a primeira vez, que a garota de Hastor era muito bonita, até mesmo entre as outras belas mulheres de Hélio. Tara sentiu-se perturbada. Ela tentou entender seus sentimentos, mas achou difícil. Olvia era sua amiga e ela não sentia raiva dela. Ela se perguntou se estava com raiva de Djor Kantos, mas decidiu que não. Ela sentiu apenas surpresa por Djor Kantos poder estar mais interessado em outra pessoa. Ela estava prestes a atravessar o jardim para se juntar a eles quando ouviu a voz de seu pai atrás dela.

En Tara de Hélio virou-se quando seu pai a chamou e viu ele se aproximando com um guerreiro desconhecido. O equipamento e as armas do estranho estavam decorados de uma forma extraordinária, com platina e diamantes cobrindo o couro, as bainhas e o coldre. A luz do jardim fez suas joias brilharem ao seu redor, dando-lhe uma aparência divina.

En John Carter, seguindo o simples costume barsoomiano de apresentação, apresentou Gahan, o Jed de Gathol, a Tara de Hélio.

En Tara de Hélio cumprimentou Gahan, o Jed de Gathol, com a saudação tradicional barsoomiana.

En O jovem chefe expressou seu respeito a Tara de Hélio oferecendo sua espada aos pés dela.

En O warlord partiu, deixando os dois para se sentar em um banco de ersita sob uma ampla árvore sorapus.

En Tara refletiu sobre o distante Gathol, dizendo que sempre pensou nele como um lugar de mistério e romance, ligado ao conhecimento antigo, e achou difícil acreditar que ainda existia, especialmente porque nunca havia conhecido um gatholiano antes.

En Gahan acrescentou que a grande distância entre Hélio e Gathol, juntamente com a relativa insignificância de sua cidade livre (que poderia se perder em um canto de Hélio), também poderia explicar o interesse dela. No entanto, ele disse que o que lhes faltava em poder eles compensavam com orgulho. Ele acreditava que Gathol era a cidade habitada mais antiga de Barsoom, uma das poucas que havia mantido sua liberdade. Isso apesar do fato de que suas minas de diamante antigas eram as mais ricas conhecidas e, ao contrário de quase todos os outros campos, ainda pareciam inesgotáveis hoje.

En Ela o instou a contar-lhe sobre Gathol, dizendo que estava muito interessada. Também era provável que o rosto bonito do jovem jed aumentasse a atração pela distante Gathol.

En Gahan parecia satisfeito por ter uma desculpa para continuar aproveitando a companhia dela. Seus olhos estavam fixos em suas feições requintadas, movendo-se do rosto para um seio arredondado parcialmente escondido sob joias, um ombro nu e a simetria de um braço perfeito adornado com braceletes magníficos.

En Ele explicou que, de acordo com a história antiga, Gathol foi construída em uma ilha em Throxheus, o maior dos cinco oceanos do antigo Barsoom. À medida que o oceano recuou, a cidade desceu pelas encostas da montanha até agora cobrir toda a montanha do cume à base. O interior da montanha era cheio de galerias de minas. Um grande pântano salgado os cercava, protegendo-os de invasões por terra,

enquanto a topografia acidentada e frequentemente vertical tornava perigoso o pouso de naves inimigas.

En Ela então sugeriu que a proteção também vinha de seus bravos guerreiros.

En Gahan sorriu e disse que eles só discutiam tais assuntos com inimigos, e quando o faziam, usavam espadas em vez de palavras.

En Tara de Hélio perguntou que experiência em guerra um povo tão protegido pela natureza poderia ter. Ela tinha gostado da resposta anterior do jovem jed, mas ainda suspeitava que seus magníficos adereços e armas fossem mais para exibição do que para uso real, sugerindo uma possível falta de vigor marcial.

En Ele explicou que, embora suas barreiras naturais muitas vezes os tivessem salvado da derrota, não os haviam tornado imunes a ataques, porque a grande riqueza do tesouro de diamantes de Gátol atraía atacantes dispostos a arriscar a derrota. Ele acrescentou que Gátol se estendia muito além da cidade montanhosa, cobrindo uma grande área de pastagens para seus rebanhos.

En Ele continuou dizendo que, por estarem cercados por inimigos, seus pastores tinham que ser guerreiros para proteger os rebanhos. Quanto às minas, os gatholianos se consideravam guerreiros e não gostavam de trabalhar lá, então usavam escravos capturados em guerras. A lei exigia que cada homem desse uma hora de trabalho diário ao governo, mas eles podiam pagar um substituto. Os escravos eram vendidos e os lucros divididos entre o governo e os guerreiros que os capturavam. Depois de um ano, um bom escravo poderia ser libertado.

En Tara perguntou com um sorriso provocador se ele realmente lutava enquanto usava platina e diamantes.

En Gahan riu e reconheceu que seu povo era vaidoso, talvez dando muita importância à aparência pessoal. Eles competiam no esplendor de suas vestimentas para ocasiões sociais, embora em batalha usassem o couro mais simples que já vira entre guerreiros barsoomianos. Também se orgulhavam da beleza física, especialmente a de suas mulheres. Ele ousou dizer que esperava que Tara de Hélio um dia visitasse Gathol para que seu povo pudesse ver alguém verdadeiramente belo.

En A garota respondeu que as mulheres de Hélio eram ensinadas a desaprovar a bajulação, mas Gahan notou que ela sorria ao dizer isso.

En Uma corneta soou clara e docemente acima das risadas e conversas. O jovem guerreiro exclamou que era a Dança de Barsoom e reivindicou Tara de Hélio para a dança.

En Tara olhou para o banco onde vira Djor Kantos pela última vez, mas ele não estava lá. Ela concordou com um aceno para dançar com o gatholiano. Enquanto isso, escravos distribuíaam pequenos instrumentos musicais de corda única entre os convidados. Cada instrumento tinha marcações indicando tom e duração. Feito de skeel com uma corda de tripa, era preso ao antebraço esquerdo. Os dançarinos também usavam um anel enrolado com tripa no dedo indicador da mão direita, que produzia uma única nota quando passado sobre a corda.

En Os convidados se levantaram e se moveram lentamente em direção à extensão de grama escarlate no extremo sul dos jardins, onde a dança seria realizada. Djor Kantos apressou-se em direção a Tara, começando a reivindicá-la, mas ela o impediu com um gesto.

En Tara gritou em falsa raiva que Djor Kantos estava muito atrasado. Ela afirmou que nenhum retardatário poderia reivindicar Tara de Hélio, e o instou a se apressar ou então ele também perderia Olvia Marthis, que, segundo ela, nunca esperava muito para ser reivindicada para uma dança.

En Djor Kantos admitiu com pesar que já havia perdido Olvia.

En Ainda fingindo desagrado, a moça exigiu saber se ele realmente queria dizer que havia vindo para Tara de Hélio somente depois de ter perdido Olvia Marthis.

En O jovem insistiu que Tara sabia disso, argumentando que era natural que ela o esperasse, já que ele sozinho a havia reivindicado para a Dança de Barsoom pelo menos doze vezes anteriormente.

En Ela retrucou, perguntando se deveria ficar sentada ociosamente até que ele decidisse vir buscá-la, e então declarou que Tara de Hélio não era para retardatários. Com um sorriso doce, ela seguiu em direção aos dançarinos que se reuniam com Gahan, o Jed do distante Gathol.

En A Dança de Barsoom é semelhante às funções de dança mais formais na Terra, mas é muito mais complexa e bela. Antes de participar de eventos sociais importantes com dança, os jovens marcianos devem dominar três danças: a Dança de Barsoom, sua dança nacional e a dança de sua cidade. Os dançarinos fornecem sua própria música imutável, e os passos e figuras permanecem os mesmos há séculos. Todas as danças barsoomianas são dignas e graciosas, mas a Dança de Barsoom é um magnífico épico de movimento e harmonia, livre de movimentos grotescos ou vulgares. Ela incorpora os mais altos ideais de graça, beleza e pureza nas mulheres, e força, dignidade e lealdade nos homens.

En No baile de hoje, John Carter, o Warlord de Marte, e sua companheira Dejah Thoris lideravam, mas o resplandecente Jed de Gathol e sua bela parceira eram igualmente admirados. Nas figuras em constante mudança, Gahan se via segurando a mão da garota ou com um braço em volta de seu corpo esbelto, mal coberto por seu arnês joalheiro. Embora ela tivesse dançado muitas vezes antes, agora sentia o braço de um homem contra sua pele nua pela primeira vez. Incomodada, ela olhou para ele com uma expressão questionadora, quase desagradada, como se fosse culpa dele. Seus olhos se encontraram, e ela viu algo em seu olhar que nunca tinha visto no de Djor Kantos. No final da dança, ambos pararam e ficaram olhando nos olhos um do outro. Gahan de Gathol falou primeiro.

En Ele declarou seu amor por Tara de Hélio.

En Tara de Hélio ergueu-se em toda a sua altura e exclamou arrogantemente que o Jed de Gathol estava se esquecendo.

En O Jed de Gathol respondeu que esqueceria tudo menos ela. Ele apertou ferozmente a mão macia que ainda segurava e repetiu seu amor. Perguntou por que seus ouvidos se recusavam a ouvir o que seus olhos acabavam de não se recusar a ver e responder.

En Ela exigiu saber o que ele queria dizer, perguntando se os homens de Gathol eram realmente tão incivilizados.

En Ele respondeu calmamente, dizendo que os homens de Gathol não eram rudes nem tolos; eles reconheciam quando amavam uma mulher e quando esse amor era correspondido.

En Tara de Hélio bateu o pé com raiva e ordenou que ele saísse antes que fosse forçada a informar seu pai sobre o comportamento desonroso de seu hóspede.

En Ela se virou e foi embora, mas o homem a chamou, pedindo que esperasse para dizer mais uma coisa.

En Ela perguntou se ele se referia a um pedido de desculpas.

En Ele disse que se tratava de profecia.

En Tara de Hélio declarou que não desejava ouvi-lo, então o deixou parado sozinho. Sentindo-se estranhamente inquieta, ela logo retornou aos seus próprios aposentos, onde ficou por muito tempo em uma janela, olhando além da torre escarlate da Grande Hélio em direção ao noroeste.

En Ela se virou com raiva da janela e exclamou que o odiava.

En Uthia, que tinha o privilégio de falar livremente, perguntou a quem ela se referia.

En Tara de Hélio bateu o pé e respondeu que se referia ao mal-educado bronco, o Jed de Gathol.

En Uthia ergueu suas sobrancelhas finas.

En Ao pisar forte, uma grande fera se levantou do canto e foi até Tara, olhando para ela. Ela colocou a mão em sua cabeça feia e comentou que nenhum amor poderia ser mais profundo do que o de Woola, pois nunca ofendia. Ela desejou que os homens se espelhassem na fera.

CAPÍTULO II — À MERCÊ DO VENTO

En Tara de Hélio não voltou para os convidados de seu pai. Ela ficou em seus próprios aposentos esperando que Djor Kantos enviasse uma mensagem pedindo que ela voltasse aos jardins, com a intenção de recusar arrogantemente. Mas nenhum pedido chegou. No início ela ficou com raiva, depois magoada, e sempre confusa. Ocasionalmente, pensava no Jed de Gathol e batia o pé com raiva de sua presunção. Ele havia insinuado que lia amor por ele em seus olhos. Ela se sentiu insultada e humilhada, odiando-o profundamente. De repente, ela se virou para Uthia.

En Ela ordenou seu couro de voo.

En A escrava exclamou sobre os convidados e lembrou-a de que seu pai, o Chefe Guerreiro, esperaria seu retorno.

En Tara de Hélio retrucou que ele ficaria desapontado.

En A escrava hesitou e lembrou à sua senhora que ele não aprovava que ela voasse sozinha.

En A jovem princesa levantou-se de um salto, segurou a infeliz escrava pelos ombros e a sacudiu. Ela gritou que Uthia estava se tornando insuportável e que em breve não teria outra escolha senão mandá-la para o mercado público de escravos, onde talvez encontrasse um mestre ao seu gosto.

En Lágrimas encheram os olhos suaves da escrava. Ela disse suavemente que era porque amava sua princesa. Tara de Hélio se derreteu, abraçou a escrava e a beijou.

En Ela disse que tinha o temperamento de um thoot, pediu que Uthia a perdoasse e declarou que a amava e não faria nada para machucá-la. Mais uma vez, como tantas vezes antes, ofereceu a liberdade a Uthia.

En Uthia disse a Tara que não queria sua liberdade se significasse estar separada dela. Ela disse que estava feliz onde estavam e acreditava que morreria sem Tara.

En As garotas se beijaram novamente, e Uthia perguntou se Tara não voaria sozinha.

En Tara riu e beliscou Uthia de brincadeira, chamando-a de peste persistente. Ela declarou que voaria, perguntando se Tara de Hélio não fazia sempre o que queria.

En Uthia balançou a cabeça tristemente e concordou que Tara fazia o que queria. Ela explicou que o Guerreiro de Barsoom era como ferro para todas as influências, exceto duas; nas mãos de Dejah Thoris e Tara, ele era como barro macio.

En Tara instruiu Uthia, chamando-a de doce escrava, a correr e buscar seu equipamento de voo.

En Tara de Helium conduziu seu veleiro rápido para longe, através dos fundos oceânicos cor de ocre, além das cidades gêmeas de Helium. Ela se emocionava com a velocidade e obediência da embarcação, dirigindo-se para noroeste sem considerar o porquê. Talvez porque as áreas menos conhecidas de Barsoom estivessem nessa direção, prometendo romance, mistério e aventura. A distante Gathol também se situava nessa direção, embora ela não tivesse pensado conscientemente nesse fato.

En Ela pensava ocasionalmente no jed daquele reino distante, mas esses pensamentos traziam vergonha e raiva. Ela estava muito zangada com ele e acreditava que o odiaria para sempre. Principalmente pensava em Djor Kantos e Olvia Marthis de Hastor. Tara sentia ciúmes de Olvia, o que a deixava irritada com Djor Kantos e consigo mesma. No entanto, ela não estava zangada com Olvia, a quem amava, então não era verdadeiramente ciumenta. O problema era que Djor Kantos não havia vindo correndo quando ela esperava, e Gahan, o Jed de Gathol, testemunhara sua humilhação. Ele a vira desacompanhada no início de uma grande função e viera em seu socorro, salvando-a de ser uma 'planta de parede'. Com esse pensamento, ela ardia de vergonha, depois ficou branca de raiva. Virou seu veleiro tão abruptamente que quase caiu, e então voou para casa pouco antes do anoitecer. Os convidados haviam partido e o silêncio se instalara no palácio. Uma hora depois, ela se juntou aos pais para o jantar.

En John Carter disse a Tara de Helium que ela os havia abandonado e que tal comportamento não era esperado de seus convidados.

En Tara respondeu que os convidados não tinham vindo vê-la e que ela não os havia convidado.

En Seu pai respondeu que eles eram, no entanto, seus convidados.

En A garota se levantou, aproximou-se dele e envolveu seu pescoço com os braços.

En Ela exclamou, chamando-o de seu velho virginiano, e bagunçou seu cabelo preto e espesso.

En O homem sorriu e comentou que, na Virgínia, tal comportamento lhe renderia uma palmada no colo do pai.

En Ela se aninhou em seu colo e o beijou. Ela declarou que ele não a amava mais e que ninguém a amava, mas não conseguiu manter uma careta porque o riso continuava a brotar.

En Ele respondeu que o problema era que muitas pessoas a amavam, e agora havia outra.

En Ela exclamou surpresa, exigindo saber o que ele queria dizer.

En Ele a informou que Gahan de Gathol havia solicitado permissão para cortejá-la.

En A garota endireitou a postura e ergueu o queixo desafiadoramente, declarando que nunca se casaria com uma mina de diamantes ambulante e que não o aceitaria.

En O pai dela respondeu que havia dito o mesmo a Gahan, acrescentando que ela estava praticamente noiva de outro. Gahan foi educado, mas deixou claro que estava acostumado a conseguir o que queria, e que a queria muito. Ele previu que isso provavelmente levaria a outra guerra. Ele comentou que a beleza da mãe dela manteve Hélio em guerra por anos, e que se ele fosse um jovem, prontamente incendiaria todo Barsoom para conquistá-la, assim como ainda lutaria para manter a mãe dela. Ele sorriu diante da beleza atemporal da mulher mais linda de Marte do outro lado da mesa.

En Dejah Thoris lembrou John Carter de que a filha deles ainda não deveria ser incomodada com tais assuntos. Ela apontou que ele não estava lidando com uma criança da Terra, cuja expectativa de vida estaria mais da metade terminada antes que uma filha marciana atingisse a verdadeira maturidade.

En Ele insistiu em perguntar se as filhas de Barsoom às vezes se casavam já aos vinte anos de idade.

En Ela respondeu que as mulheres barsoomianas ainda seriam desejáveis aos homens muito depois de muitas gerações de terráqueos terem virado pó. Ela observou que não havia pressa em Barsoom, pois eles não envelheciam e decaíam como os terráqueos, embora o próprio homem contradissesse sua própria descrição. Ela afirmou que quando chegasse o momento certo, Tara de Hélio se casaria com Djor Kantos, e até então não deveriam discutir o assunto.

En A garota disse que o assunto a irritava, e que não se casaria com Djor Kantos nem com ninguém, pois não pretendia se casar.

En Seus pais olharam para ela e sorriram. Seu pai comentou que, quando Gahan de Gathol voltasse, ele poderia levá-la embora.

En A garota perguntou se ele tinha ido embora.

En John Carter disse que seu aeronave partiria para Gathol ao amanhecer.

En Tara de Hélio suspirou aliviada, observando que havia visto o último dele.

En John Carter retrucou que o homem afirmava o contrário.

En A garota encolheu os ombros e descartou o assunto. A conversa mudou para outros assuntos: uma carta havia chegado de Thuvia de Ptharth, que estava visitando seu pai enquanto seu companheiro Carthoris caçava em Okar. Chegara notícia de outra batalha entre os Tharks e Warhoons, seu estado de guerra perpétua quebrado apenas por uma única trégua na memória. Dois novos navios de guerra haviam sido lançados de Hastor. Um pequeno bando de therns sagrados buscava reviver a religião desacreditada de Issus, alegando que Issus ainda vivia em espírito e havia se comunicado com eles. Havia sussurros de guerra de Dusar. Um cientista afirmava ter descoberto vida humana na lua mais distante. Um louco tentara destruir a planta de atmosfera. Sete pessoas haviam sido assassinadas na Grande Hélio nos últimos dez zodes, o equivalente a um dia terrestre.

En Após a refeição, Dejah Thoris e o Warlord jogaram jetan, o equivalente barsoomiano do xadrez. O tabuleiro consistia em cem

quadrados alternados em preto e laranja, com cada jogador comandando vinte peças – um conjunto preto, o outro laranja. Uma breve descrição do jogo pode interessar os leitores terrestres que gostam de xadrez, e entender jetan se mostrará valioso mais tarde, pois acrescenta profundidade e emoção à história que se segue.

En As peças são colocadas nas duas primeiras fileiras do tabuleiro, muito parecido com o xadrez. Na fileira mais próxima do jogador, da esquerda para a direita, estão Warrior, Padwar, Dwar, Flier, Chief, Princess, Flier, Dwar, Padwar e Warrior. A próxima fileira consiste principalmente de Panthans, exceto nas extremidades, onde há Thoats, que representam guerreiros montados.

En Panthans, guerreiros com uma única pena, podem mover uma casa em qualquer direção, exceto para trás. Thoats, guerreiros montados com três penas, movem uma reta e uma diagonal e podem saltar sobre outras peças. Guerreiros, soldados de infantaria com duas penas, movem duas casas em linha reta ou diagonalmente. Padwars, tenentes com duas penas, movem duas casas diagonalmente em qualquer direção ou em combinação. Dwars, capitães com três penas, movem três casas em qualquer direção reta ou combinação. Voadores, representados por uma hélice de três lâminas, movem três casas em qualquer direção ou combinação diagonal e podem saltar sobre peças. O Chefe, marcado por um diadema com dez joias, move três casas em qualquer direção reta ou diagonal. A Princesa, com um diadema de uma única joia, move-se como o Chefe, mas também pode saltar sobre peças.

En Um jogador vence ao colocar qualquer peça na mesma casa que a Princesa adversária, ou ao capturar o Chefe adversário com seu próprio Chefe. O jogo é empate se um Chefe for capturado por qualquer peça que não seja o Chefe adversário, ou se ambos os lados forem reduzidos a três peças ou menos de igual valor e o jogo não for decidido nos próximos dez movimentos (cinco para cada jogador). Este é apenas um breve resumo do jogo.

En Dejah Thoris e John Carter estavam envolvidos neste jogo quando Tara de Hélio lhes deu boa noite, retirando-se para seus próprios aposentos. Ao sair, ela gritou desejando-lhes um bom dia. Nem ela nem seus pais perceberam que esta poderia ser a última vez que a veriam.

En A manhã era monótona e cinzenta, com nuvens baixas e inquietas. Tara de Hélio olhou para a paisagem incomum — raramente nuvens cobriam o céu de Barsoom. Em vez de seu passeio matinal habitual em um pequeno thout, ela decidiu por uma nova aventura. Uthia ainda dormia, então Tara vestiu-se silenciosamente e foi ao hangar no telhado do palácio, onde sua própria nave rápida estava guardada. Ela sempre quisera voar através das nuvens. O vento forte dificultou manobrar a nave para fora do hangar, mas uma vez no ar, ela sobrevoou as cidades gêmeas. Os ventos fortes balançavam a pequena nave, e Tara ria de alegria. Ela voava com habilidade, embora poucos veteranos ousariam enfrentar tal tempestade em uma nave tão leve. Ela subiu rapidamente para as nuvens, entrando em um novo mundo caótico. Lá, sentiu frio, umidade e solidão. Para escapar da sensação opressiva, subiu mais alto até irromper na luz solar brilhante acima das nuvens, que agora pareciam prata polida. Daquela altura, apesar do vento e da hélice zumbindo, sentia-se quase parada, mas o velocímetro mostrava que se movia a uma velocidade terrificante. Foi então que decidiu voltar.

En Ela primeiro tentou voar acima das nuvens, mas o vento forte a impediu de virar. Então desceu para a área entre as nuvens e o chão, onde novamente tentou voltar para Helium, mas a tempestade jogou sua nave violentamente. Eventualmente, ela conseguiu endireitá-la perto do chão. Ela não ficou aterrorizada, confiando em sua frieza e na força de suas correias. Percebeu que estava segura enquanto se movia com a tempestade, mas não sabia para onde isso a levava. Imaginou a preocupação de seus pais e sabia que os buscadores arriscariam suas vidas, pois era a pior tempestade que já havia experimentado em Barsoom.

En Ela decidiu que devia retornar a Helium antes que alguém sacrificasse a vida procurando por ela. Acreditava que a área acima das nuvens oferecia mais segurança e chance de sucesso, então subiu novamente através do vapor frio e ventoso. Sua velocidade era imensa, e mesmo depois de reverter o motor, o vento a carregava. Então Tara de Helium perdeu a paciência. Ela se perguntou por que os elementos ousavam se opor a ela, quando seu mundo sempre a obedecera. Resolveu provar que a filha do Comandante-em-Chefe não poderia ser negada, nem mesmo pela natureza.

En Ela acelerou o motor e empurrou a alavanca de direção para baixo e para bombordo, tentando forçar a nave diretamente contra o vento. O vento a agarrou, virou-a e arrancou a hélice, deixando-a indefesa. Sua primeira reação foi de surpresa por não ter conseguido o que queria. Então sentiu preocupação pela ansiedade de seus pais e pelos perigos que os buscadores enfrentariam. Ela se repreendeu por seu egoísmo impensado. Embora percebesse seu próprio perigo, permaneceu sem medo, como convinha à filha de Dejah Thoris e John Carter. Considerou pousar, mas descobriu que o vento tornava isso muito perigoso, então subiu novamente.

En Voando a algumas centenas de pés acima do chão, ela pôde apreciar todo o poder da tempestade. O ar estava cheio de poeira e detritos; árvores, muros e edifícios foram levantados e espalhados pela terra cultivada. Essas visões a forçaram a perceber quão pequena e indefesa era, o que chocou seu orgulho. Ao anoitecer, a tempestade não mostrava sinais de diminuir. O odômetro registrou sete mil haads em doze horas, o que parecia inacreditável, mas era verdade. Pouco antes do anoitecer, ela foi carregada sobre a deserta cidade antiga de Torquas, embora não a reconhecesse. Se soubesse, teria abandonado a esperança, pois Torquas é tão remota para Helium quanto as Ilhas do Mar do Sul são para nós. A tempestade continuou com fúria inabalável.

En Durante toda a noite, ela disparou pela escuridão sob as nuvens, ou subiu para a luz da lua sob as duas luas de Barsoom. Estava com frio, fome e miserável, mas seu espírito corajoso recusou-se a aceitar que sua situação era desesperadora, embora a razão lhe dissesse o contrário. Em desafio, ela às vezes falava em voz alta, lembrando a teimosia de seu pai diante da aniquilação, e declarava que ainda vivia.

En Naquela manhã, o palácio do Senhor da Guerra teve um visitante matinal: Gahan, Jed de Gathol. Ele chegou pouco depois que notaram o desaparecimento de Tara de Hélio. Na confusão, ele não foi anunciado até que John Carter o encontrou no grande corredor de recepção. John Carter estava com pressa para organizar o envio de naves em busca de sua filha.

En Gahan viu a preocupação no rosto do Senhor da Guerra. Ele se desculpou por se intrometer, explicando que só viera pedir um dia extra porque seria imprudente navegar um navio em meio a tal tempestade.

En O Senhor da Guerra garantiu a Gahan que ele era bem-vindo para ficar o tempo que desejasse, mas pediu que desculpasse qualquer aparente negligência de Hélio até que sua filha fosse encontrada.

En O gatoiano exclamou surpreso, perguntando o que John Carter queria dizer com 'encontrada', e disse que não entendia.

En John Carter explicou que sua filha havia partido com seu pequeno flier, e que isso era tudo que sabiam. Eles supunham que ela saiu para um voo matinal e foi pega pela tempestade. Ele se desculpou por sair de repente, pois estava organizando navios para procurá-la. Mas Gahan já se apressava em direção ao portão do palácio. Ele montou em um thoot à espera e, com dois guerreiros com armaduras de Gathol, correu pelas ruas de Hélio até o palácio preparado para ele.

CAPÍTULO III — OS HUMANOS SEM CABEÇA

En O cruzador Vanator estava amarrado acima do telhado do palácio, tensionando ferozmente contra a ventania. A tripulação lutava para permanecer no convés, enquanto os que estavam no telhado abaixo se agarravam aos corrimãos para não serem arrastados. O emblema da nave estava pintado em sua proa, mas nenhuma flâmula voava, pois a tempestade as havia arrancado. Doze guerreiros permaneciam nas amarras com espadas curtas, prontos para cortar as cordas se alguma se rompesse, acreditando que uma nave livre poderia sobreviver melhor à tempestade do que uma parcialmente amarrada.

En Um guerreiro gritou para outro sua crença de que as amarras segurariam.

En Outro homem no telhado respondeu que, se os cabos se partissem, os espíritos de seus ancestrais recompensariam a corajosa tripulação do Vanator, mas ele acreditava que as cordas segurariam. Ele acrescentou que deveriam ser gratos por não terem navegado antes da tempestade, pois agora tinham uma chance de sobreviver.

En Tanus concordou, afirmando que não gostaria de estar em nenhuma nave, por mais resistente que fosse, em meio a tal ventania.

En Naquele momento, Gahan, o Jed, chegou ao telhado, acompanhado pelo restante de seu grupo e uma dúzia de guerreiros de Hélio. O jovem governante então se dirigiu a seus seguidores.

En Gahan anunciou que navegaria imediatamente no Vanator, em busca de Tara de Hélio, que se acreditava ter sido levada por um flier individual durante a tempestade. Ele reconheceu as poucas chances do navio de sobreviver à tempestade e disse que não ordenaria ninguém à morte certa; aqueles que desejassem poderiam ficar sem desonra, enquanto os outros o seguiriam. Então ele saltou para a escada de corda, que balançava violentamente no vendaval.

En O primeiro a segui-lo foi Tanus. Quando a última pessoa alcançou o convés do cruzador, apenas os doze guerreiros de Hélio permaneciam no telhado do palácio. Eles haviam ocupado os postos dos gatólios nas amarras, com as espadas desembainhadas.

En Nenhum dos guerreiros que haviam permanecido no Vanator a deixaria agora.

En Gahan disse que não esperava menos. Com a ajuda dos que já estavam no convés, ele e os outros prenderam as amarras. O comandante do Vanator balançou a cabeça; ele se importava profundamente com seu navio, o orgulho de sua classe na pequena marinha gatólia. Ele não se preocupava consigo mesmo, mas com o navio, imaginando-o rasgado e torcido sobre a vegetação ocre de um fundo marinho distante, prestes a ser invadido e saqueado por uma horda verde selvagem. Ele olhou para Gahan.

En O jed perguntou a San Tothis se ele estava pronto.

En Alguém confirmou que tudo estava pronto.

En Ele ordenou que cortassem as cordas.

En A mensagem foi passada para os guerreiros heliúméticos abaixo para cortarem os cabos ao sinal do terceiro tiro. Doze espadas deveriam golpear juntas, cada uma cortando três fios de cabo pesado limpidamente para evitar um desastre a bordo do Vanator.

En O canhão de sinal disparou três vezes. Ao primeiro som, os doze guerreiros no telhado levantaram suas espadas. Ao terceiro, cortaram as doze cordas de amarração limpa e simultaneamente.

En O Vanator, com suas hélices girando, disparou para frente na tempestade. O vento o atingiu por trás, inclinándolo de nariz para baixo, depois o fez girar como um pião. No telhado do palácio, os doze homens observavam impotentes, rezando pela tripulação. Outros observavam dos patamares de pouso de Hélio, mas os preparativos de busca continuaram sem pausa, demonstrando a coragem dos guerreiros de Barsoom.

En O Vanator não caiu à vista da cidade, pelo menos não imediatamente. Enquanto os observadores continuavam a observar a nave, ela nunca permaneceu estável por um único momento. Inclinava-se para um lado ou para o outro, voava de cabeça para baixo, rolava repetidamente ou ficava de nariz ou de cauda, ao capricho da força poderosa que a carregava. Os espectadores entenderam que esta enorme embarcação estava meramente sendo arrastada junto com os outros detritos, grandes e pequenos, que preenchiam o céu. Nenhuma

tempestade tão violenta quanto esta jamais foi registrada na memória do homem ou na história de Barsoom.

En Um momento depois, o Vanator foi esquecido quando a alta torre escarlate que há muito marcava a Pequena Hélio desabou ao chão, trazendo morte e destruição para a cidade abaixo. O pânico se espalhou e um incêndio começou nas ruínas. Todos os recursos da cidade pareciam enfraquecidos. Foi então que o Chefe de Guerra ordenou que os homens que estavam prestes a partir em busca de Tara de Hélio, em vez disso, focalizassem seus esforços em salvar a cidade. Ele também tinha visto o Vanator partir e percebeu que seria inútil desperdiçar homens que eram desesperadamente necessários se a Pequena Hélio fosse salva da aniquilação completa.

En Pouco depois do meio-dia do segundo dia, a tempestade começou a diminuir. Antes do pôr do sol, a pequena embarcação na qual Tara de Hélio pairara entre a vida e a morte por muitas horas flutuava lentamente ao sabor de uma brisa suave sobre uma paisagem de colinas ondulantes — colinas que outrora foram montanhas imponentes em um continente marciano. A garota estava exausta pela falta de sono, comida e água, bem como pela reação nervosa às experiências aterrorizantes que havia suportado. Na distância próxima, logo acima de uma colina intermediária, ela vislumbrou brevemente o que parecia ser uma torre com cúpula. Ela rapidamente abaixou o aeroplano para que a colina o bloqueasse da vista de possíveis ocupantes da estrutura que havia visto. A torre sugeria habitação humana e, com ela, a promessa de água e talvez comida. Se a torre fosse uma relíquia deserta de uma era passada, ela não encontraria comida lá, mas ainda haveria chance de água. Se fosse habitada, ela precisaria se aproximar com cautela, pois apenas inimigos poderiam ser esperados em uma terra tão distante. Tara de Hélio sabia que estava longe das cidades gêmeas do império de seu avô, mas se soubesse, mesmo dentro de mil haads, o quão longe realmente estava, teria ficado atordoada pela total falta de esperança de sua situação.

En Mantendo a nave baixa, já que os tanques de flutuação ainda estavam intactos, a garota deslizou pelo chão até que o vento suave a levou ao lado da última colina que a separava da estrutura que ela pensava ser uma torre construída por homens. Lá, ela pousou o veículo entre algumas árvores atrofiadas, arrastou-o para debaixo de uma para escondê-lo de aeronaves que passavam, amarrou-o e partiu para

reconhecer o local. Como a maioria das mulheres de sua classe, ela estava armada apenas com uma lâmina fina, então, em uma emergência como essa, ela tinha que confiar quase inteiramente em sua inteligência para permanecer despercebida pelos inimigos. Com o máximo de cautela, ela rastejou cautelosamente em direção ao topo da colina, aproveitando cada tela natural que a paisagem oferecia para ocultar sua aproximação de possíveis observadores à frente, enquanto olhava rapidamente para trás de vez em quando para se proteger contra surpresas vindas daquela direção.

En Finalmente ela chegou ao cume, onde, escondida atrás de um arbusto baixo, podia ver o que havia além. Abaixo dela se estendia um belo vale cercado por colinas baixas. Numerosas torres circulares com tampas em forma de cúpula pontilhavam o vale, cada uma cercada por um muro de pedra que envolvia vários acres de terreno. O vale parecia ser altamente cultivado. No lado oposto da colina, logo abaixo dela, havia uma torre e seu recinto. Foi o telhado desta torre que primeiro chamou sua atenção. Em todos os aspectos, parecia idêntica às mais distantes no vale: um muro maciço e rebocado de construção robusta cercando uma torre construída de forma semelhante, em cuja superfície cinzenta estava pintado um dispositivo estranho em cores vivas. As torres tinham cerca de quarenta metros de diâmetro (aproximadamente quarenta pés terrestres) e sessenta pés de altura até a base da cúpula. Para um homem da Terra, elas poderiam ter sugerido os silos usados por fazendeiros de laticínios para armazenar ração para seus rebanhos, mas uma inspeção mais detalhada, revelando aberturas ocasionais com ameias e a estranha construção das cúpulas, teria mudado essa impressão. Tara de Hélio viu que as cúpulas pareciam ser revestidas com inúmeros prismas de vidro; aqueles expostos ao sol poente cintilavam tão esplendidamente que de repente a lembraram dos magníficos apetrechos de Gahan de Gathol. Ao pensar naquele homem, ela balançou a cabeça com raiva e moveu-se cautelosamente um ou dois pés para frente para obter uma visão menos obstruída da torre mais próxima e de seu recinto.

En Olhando para o recinto ao redor da torre mais próxima, Tara de Hélio viu cerca de vinte corpos humanos nus sem cabeça. A princípio, ela não conseguia acreditar que aquelas coisas terríveis estavam vivas e se movendo. Eles rastejavam sobre mãos e joelhos, estendendo os dedos. Alguns estavam em cochos, pegando comida e colocando no

buraco onde deveriam estar os pescoços. Estavam próximos o suficiente para ela ver claramente: corpos de homens e mulheres, bem proporcionados, com pele ligeiramente mais clara que a dela. Ela percebeu que aquele era o estado normal deles, não resultado de violência recente. Fascinada e horrorizada, observou seus movimentos cegos e lentos, que sugeriam um cérebro primitivo. Ela se perguntou como sobreviviam, pois não conseguia imaginar essas criaturas cultivando, mas o vale era cultivado e as criaturas tinham comida. Ela questionou quem cuidava delas e com que propósito. Era um mistério que ela não conseguia resolver.

En A visão da comida lembrou Tara de sua própria fome e sede. Ela podia ver comida e água dentro do recinto, mas duvidava que ousasse entrar mesmo se encontrasse um caminho. O pensamento de possível contato com essas criaturas horríveis a fez estremecer.

En O olhar de Tara percorreu o vale e se fixou no que parecia um pequeno riacho serpenteando pelas terras agrícolas, uma visão incomum em Barsoom. Se fosse água, ela poderia realmente ter esperança. Ela poderia colher comida dos campos à noite, escondendo-se entre as colinas durante o dia. Ela sabia que John Carter, o Senhor da Guerra de Barsoom, nunca pararia de procurar por sua filha até que cada parte do planeta tivesse sido revistada muitas vezes. Ela confiava nele e nos guerreiros de Hélio, acreditando que, se conseguisse evitar danos até que chegassem, eles a encontrariam eventualmente.

En Ela decidiu esperar até escurecer antes de se aventurar no vale. Enquanto isso, achou prudente encontrar um lugar seguro por perto, possivelmente livre de animais selvagens. Quando estava prestes a recuar, notou duas figuras emergirem da torre. Seus corpos eram idênticos aos das criaturas sem cabeça, mas tinham cabeças. Embora distantes na luz que se apagava, ela sentiu que essas cabeças não eram humanas. Pareciam grandes demais e desproporcionais, com formato oblatado. As figuras usavam cinturões carregando espadas longas e curtas, e em volta de seus pescoços curtos havia grossos colares de couro. Suas características eram indistintas, mas grotescas, enchendo-a de repulsa.

En As duas figuras carregavam uma corda comprida com algemas leves presas em intervalos. Elas se moveram entre as criaturas sem

cabeça, prendendo uma algema em cada pulso direito. Então um guerreiro puxou a corda em direção à torre enquanto o outro usava um chicote longo e leve para chicotear a pele nua delas. Lentamente, as criaturas se levantaram. Com o guerreiro na frente puxando e o atrás açoitando, o bando sem esperança foi conduzido para dentro da torre. Tara de Hélio estremeceu e se virou, perguntando-se que tipo de seres eram aqueles.

En Ela decidiu amarrar sua nave a uma árvore para que subisse pela corda, mantendo-a segura de qualquer predador errante no convés. Pela manhã, ela poderia descer novamente antes que a nave fosse descoberta.

En Enquanto Tara de Hélio se movia para o vale, a noite a escondia. A lua Cluros estava nascendo; ela se poria dezenove horas e meia depois. Enquanto isso, Thuria, a outra lua, havia acabado de se pôr e não retornaria por três horas e meia. Durante esse intervalo, Tara esperava encontrar comida e água e retornar à segurança de sua nave.

En Ela caminhou pela escuridão, mantendo-se longe da torre. O luar distorcia os objetos, mas ela não queria mais luz porque isso a revelaria aos habitantes da torre. Seguindo a encosta morro abaixo, sabia que chegaria ao riacho. Havia comida pelo caminho, mas sabia que esperar até a noite seguinte seria mais seguro. No entanto, sua fome e sede a obrigaram a continuar, arriscando ser descoberta.

En Já passada a torre mais próxima em segurança, ela se moveu cautelosamente, usando as sombras das árvores como cobertura. Logo encontrou uma árvore carregada de frutos maduros — a usa, um alimento básico insosso mas nutritivo de Barsoom. Embora normalmente considerada intragável sem cozimento, para Tara parecia deliciosa. Ela comeu apenas um pouco e encheu sua bolsa de bolso antes de continuar.

En Depois de passar por duas torres, ela chegou a um riacho. Bebeu apenas um pouco, enxaguou a boca e lavou o rosto, as mãos e os pés apesar do frio. Colheu frutas e tubérculos comestíveis por perto, substituindo parte da usa em sua bolsa. Quando se aproximava a hora de Thuria nascer, ela sabia que precisava retornar à sua nave para não ser pega pelo luar. Não tinha recipiente para carregar água e teria que

confiar nos sucos das frutas e tubérculos até poder voltar na noite seguinte.

En Depois de beber do riacho, ela se levantou para voltar em direção às colinas, mas de repente ficou tensa de medo. Ela tinha certeza de ter visto algo se mover nas sombras debaixo de uma árvore próxima. Por um longo momento, ela ficou imóvel, quase sem respirar, olhando fixamente para o ponto escuro e ouvindo. Então, um gemido baixo veio das colinas onde sua aeronave estava escondida. Ela o reconheceu: o chamado de caça de um banth, o grande leão de Barsoom. O banth estava diretamente em seu caminho. Mas o que quer que estivesse escondido nas sombras estava mais perto. Não saber o que era a deixou mais assustada. Se ela soubesse, o perigo teria parecido menor. Ela olhou rapidamente ao redor em busca de um lugar seguro para escapar caso a criatura se mostrasse hostil.

En Novamente o gemido veio das colinas, desta vez mais perto, e logo foi respondido do outro lado do vale, atrás dela, depois da sua direita e duas vezes da sua esquerda. Ela avistou uma árvore próxima e, sem tirar os olhos das sombras, moveu-se em direção aos seus galhos pendentes. Ao primeiro passo, um rosnado baixo veio do local que ela estava observando, e ela ouviu um grande corpo se mexer. De repente, a criatura saltou para o luar, investindo diretamente contra ela. Sua cauda estava ereta, orelhas abaixadas, e sua enorme boca, cheia de fileiras de presas afiadas, já estava aberta para o ataque. Corria sobre dez pernas em grandes saltos, e então rugiu um rugido terrível destinado a paralisar a presa. Era um banth, o leão jubado de Barsoom. Tara de Hélio viu-o vindo e pulou para a árvore. O banth percebeu sua intenção e correu mais rápido. Seu rugido ecoou pelas colinas e foi respondido por outros banths no vale, até que pareceu à garota que ela havia tropeçado no meio de inúmeras feras selvagens.

En Uma banth em carga é incrivelmente rápida, e foi uma sorte que ela não tivesse sido pega longe da árvore. Sua margem de segurança era muito pequena. Enquanto ela pulava agilmente para os galhos mais baixos, a banth colidiu com a folhagem quase em cima dela, saltando para agarrá-la. Ela foi salva por uma combinação de sorte e agilidade. Um galho grosso desviou as garras dilacerantes da besta, mas um enorme antebraço roçou sua pele pouco antes de ela subir para os galhos mais altos.

En O banth frustrado rugiu de raiva e decepção, fazendo o chão tremer. Seus rugidos foram acompanhados pelos rosnados e gemidos de seus companheiros, que se aproximavam de todas as direções, esperando roubar parte da presa. Eles circularam a árvore, rosnando uns para os outros, enquanto a garota, encolhida em uma forquilha acima, olhava para os monstros amarelos e magros que andavam silenciosamente em um círculo inquieto. Ela se perguntou sobre a estranha sorte que lhe permitira chegar tão longe no vale à noite ilesa, mas ainda mais se perguntou como voltaria para as colinas. Ela não ousava descer à noite e imaginava que durante o dia perigos ainda maiores poderiam esperá-la. Dependendo do vale para obter comida e água parecia impossível: os banths a impediriam durante a noite, e os habitantes das torres provavelmente a impediriam de forragear durante o dia. A única solução era voltar ao seu aeronave e esperar que o vento a levasse para uma terra menos terrível. Mas quando ela poderia voltar? Os banths não mostravam sinais de desistir da esperança de pegá-la, e mesmo que se afastassem, ela duvidava que ousaria tentar.

En A situação dela parecia realmente desesperadora e, de fato, era sem esperança.

CAPÍTULO IV — CAPTURADA

En À medida que Thuria, a lua rápida da noite, surgiu novamente, a cena se transformou como por mágica. Um novo aspecto parecia cair sobre a natureza, como se alguém tivesse sido instantaneamente transportado para outro planeta. Era o milagre eterno das noites marcianas, sempre novo mesmo para os marcianos: duas luas brilhando esplendidamente onde apenas uma havia momentos antes, com sombras conflitantes e que mudavam rapidamente, alterando a própria forma das colinas. A distante Cluros, majestosa e quase estacionária, lançava uma luz constante sobre o mundo abaixo. Thuria, um grande e glorioso orbe, cruzava rapidamente o céu azul-escuro tão baixo que parecia roçar as colinas, um espetáculo magnífico que agora prendia a moça sob seu feitiço encantador, como sempre fizera e sempre faria.

En Tara de Hélio murmurou suavemente sobre Thuria, chamando-a de rainha louca do céu. Ela descreveu como as colinas passavam em procissão majestosa, seus seios subindo e descendo; as árvores moviam-se em círculos inquietos; as pequenas gramíneas faziam seus pequenos arcos; e tudo estava em movimento misterioso e silencioso enquanto Thuria passava. Então ela suspirou e baixou o olhar para as duras realidades abaixo. O enorme banth que a havia descoberto ainda estava agachado ali, olhando para cima com fome. A maioria dos outros havia se afastado em busca de outras presas, mas alguns permaneceram, ainda esperando cravar suas presas em seu corpo macio.

En A noite avançava. Thuria novamente deixou os céus para seu senhor e mestre, apressando-se para cumprir seu encontro com o Sol em outros céus. Mas um único banth esperava impacientemente sob a árvore que abrigava Tara de Hélio. Os outros haviam partido, mas seus rugidos, rosnados e gemidos trovejavam, ribombavam ou flutuavam de volta para ela de perto e de longe. Ela se perguntava que presa eles encontravam neste pequeno vale. Devia haver algo que eles estavam acostumados a encontrar ali que os atraía em tão grande número.

En A noite parecia interminável. Entorpecida, fria e exausta, Tara de Hélio se agarrava à árvore com crescente desespero, pois havia cochilado uma vez e quase caído. A esperança estava baixa em seu coração corajoso. Ela se perguntou quanto mais poderia suportar, então

balançou a cabeça corajosamente e ergueu os ombros, declarando em voz alta que ainda vivia.

En O banth olhou para cima e rosnou.

En Thuria e o sol apareceram novamente, e Cluros continuou seu caminho constante, como se não fosse perturbado pela perseguição do sol. Com ambas as luas e o sol no céu, o amanhecer marciano parecia estranho e misterioso. Tara de Hélio olhou para o belo vale, mas estremeceu, lembrando-se dos corpos sem cabeça escondidos pelas torres e muralhas. Os perigos do dia e os banths à noite a enchiam de medo.

En Ao nascer do sol, o grande leão marciano se levantou, olhou com raiva para Tara, rosnou e se esgueirou em direção às colinas. Ela notou que o leão mantinha uma grande distância das torres, como se respeitasse aqueles que estavam dentro. A paisagem ficou momentaneamente vazia, e Tara se perguntou se conseguiria alcançar sua aeronave. Ela temia a chegada dos trabalhadores e a visão dos corpos sem cabeça. Depois de beber água de um riacho, sentiu-se revigorada e correu para as colinas sem buscar cobertura. A distância parecia grande, especialmente com três torres para passar à luz do dia.

En A segunda torre ficava diretamente no caminho de Tara. Ela decidiu não desviar, pois isso só prolongaria seu perigo. Ao passar pelo primeiro recinto, pensou ter ouvido movimento lá dentro, mas o portão permaneceu fechado. No segundo recinto, ela ouviu claramente vozes e um homem dando instruções na língua barsoomiana, atribuindo tarefas como colher frutas e irrigar campos.

En Quando o portão se abriu de repente, Tara correu ao redor da curva do muro e se escondeu entre ervas altas no lado oposto. Tremendo e respirando com dificuldade, sentiu vergonha de seu medo, pois a filha de John Carter deveria ser corajosa. Ela sabia que seu terror não era da morte, mas dos corpos sem cabeça e do pensamento de eles a tocarem.

En Depois de se recompor, Tara olhou ao redor e viu trabalhadores por todos os campos. Eles tinham corpos bonitos, mas cabeças estranhas e repulsivas. Suas roupas eram mínimas, com coleiras altas de couro escondendo os pescoços. Suas cabeças estavam cobertas de ornamentos, revelando apenas olhos protuberantes, narizes em fenda e

bocas redondas. O contraste entre seus corpos adoráveis e cabeças grotescas era perturbador.

En Tara de Hélio estava tão absorta pelas criaturas estranhas que mal conseguia desviar o olhar. Esse fascínio levou à sua descoberta, pois ela teve que expor a cabeça para vê-las. Logo uma criatura a notou e alertou as outras. Ela esperava que ficar imóvel fizesse a criatura pensar que estava enganada, mas em vez disso ela chamou seus companheiros, e quatro ou cinco começaram a se mover em sua direção.

En Era impossível evitar a descoberta agora. A fuga era sua única esperança. Se ela conseguisse correr mais rápido que eles e alcançar as colinas onde o veículo voador a esperava, ela poderia escapar. Ela saltou e correu ao longo da base do muro. As criaturas atrás dela fizeram sons estranhos de assobio e começaram a persegui-la.

En Comandos estridentes ordenaram que ela parasse, mas ela os ignorou. Ela viu que seus perseguidores eram mais lentos que ela, então suas esperanças estavam altas até que ela alcançou o morro e viu mais cem criaturas esperando. Elas formaram um semicírculo para interceptá-la. Tara recusou-se a se render. Ela sacou sua adaga e investiu em direção ao centro da linha. Ela fintou e depois correu em direção a uma brecha. Apenas um guerreiro bloqueava seu caminho para a liberdade, e ele se moveu cautelosamente para detê-la, como um fullback defendendo um touchdown.

En Inicialmente, Tara esperava desviar do guerreiro, mas percebeu que isso levaria muito tempo. Então correu diretamente para ele. Uma voz ordenou que a criatura não a machucasse. O guerreiro embainhou a espada. Tara saltou sobre ele, cravando sua adaga no peito dele. Eles caíram. A cabeça se soltou e rastejou para longe com pernas de aranha. Esse atraso custou caro a ela. Mais duas criaturas a agarraram, e logo ela estava cercada. Ela matou outra, mas a dominaram. Ela pensou que poderiam despedaçá-la por vingança, mas percebeu que estavam mais curiosas do que irritadas.

En Um de seus captores falou, dizendo-lhe para vir, e tentou levá-la em direção à torre mais próxima.

En O outro homem afirmou que a mulher lhe pertencia porque ele a havia capturado, e anunciou que a levaria para a torre de Moak.

En O primeiro homem insistiu que a mulher pertencia a Luud e que a levaria para Luud. Ele ameaçou que qualquer um que interferisse sentiria sua espada, enfatizando as palavras finais.

En Um homem com autoridade ordenou que parassem de discutir, afirmando que, já que ela havia sido capturada nos campos de Luud, ela iria para Luud.

En O homem que a havia reivindicado para Moak insistiu que ela havia sido descoberta nos campos de Moak, diretamente na base de sua torre.

En O homem representando Luud declarou que eles tinham ouvido o Nolach falar e que sua decisão seria seguida.

JOHN CARTER COMES TO EARTH

Pt/En

Português

Depois que Shea me venceu no xadrez, como de costume, tentei salvar meu orgulho provocando-o com uma teoria que afirma que jogadores excepcionais de xadrez são muito jovens, muito velhos ou mentalmente deficientes. Eu só mencionava isso quando perdia. Shea foi para a cama, e eu deveria ter feito o mesmo, já que sempre cavalgamos antes do amanhecer. Em vez disso, fiquei na biblioteca, soprando fumaça para o rei derrubado.

Original English

Shea had just beaten me at chess, as usual, and, also as usual, I had gleaned what questionable satisfaction I might by twitting him with this indication of failing mentality by calling his attention for the n th time to that theory, propounded by certain scientists, which is based upon the assertion that phenomenal chess players are always found to be from the ranks of children under twelve, adults over seventy-two or the mentally defective -- a theory that is lightly ignored upon those rare occasions that I win. Shea had gone to bed and I should have followed suit, for we are always in the saddle here before sunrise; but instead I sat there before the chess table in the library, idly blowing smoke at the dishonored head of my defeated king.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto estava sentado lá, ouvi a porta leste se abrir e alguém entrar. Supondo que era Shea voltando para discutir o trabalho do dia seguinte, levantei o olhar — só para ver um gigante de pele bronzeada na porta. Ele usava um arreio cravejado de joias, uma espada curta de um lado e uma pistola estranha do outro. Seu cabelo preto, olhos cinza-azó e traços nobres eram inconfundíveis. Reconheci-o imediatamente e me levantei para cumprimentá-lo.

Original English

While thus profitably employed I heard the east door of the living-room open and someone enter. I thought it was Shea returning to speak with me on some matter of tomorrow's work; but when I raised my eyes to the

doorway that connects the two rooms I saw framed there the figure of a bronzed giant, his otherwise naked body trapped with a jewel-encrusted harness from which there hung at one side an ornate short-sword and at the other a pistol of strange pattern. The black hair, the steel-gray eyes, brave and smiling, the noble features -- I recognized them at once, and leaping to my feet I advanced with outstretched hand.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Exclamei seu nome, perguntando se era realmente ele.

Original English

"John Carter!" I cried. "You?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele confirmou que era realmente ele, chamando-me de filho, e pegou minha mão enquanto colocava a outra no meu ombro.

Original English

"None other, my son," he replied, taking my hand in one of his and placing the other upon my shoulder.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Perguntei a ele o que estava fazendo na Terra, observando que já fazia muitos anos desde sua última visita e que ele nunca havia aparecido em trajes marcianos. Comentei como era maravilhoso vê-lo, e que ele estava exatamente como quando eu era criança. Perguntei a John Carter, o Senhor da Guerra de Marte, como ele explicava sua aparência inalterada — se é que tentava explicá-la.

Original English

"And what are you doing here?" I asked. "It has been long years since you revisited Earth, and never before in the trappings of Mars. Lord! but it is

good to see you -- and not a day older in appearance than when you trotted me on your knee in my babyhood. How do you explain it, John Carter, Warlord of Mars, or do you try to explain it?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que era inútil tentar explicar o inexplicável. Ele repetiu que era muito velho, tão velho que não conseguia lembrar sua idade exata. Não se lembrava de infância, apenas de ser sempre como seu interlocutor o via agora, mesmo quando seu interlocutor tinha cinco anos. Observou que seu interlocutor havia envelhecido, embora menos do que a maioria dos homens porque compartilhavam o mesmo sangue, mas ele próprio não havia envelhecido nada. Ele havia discutido isso com um amigo cientista marciano, mas as teorias permaneciam não comprovadas. No entanto, ele estava satisfeito com o fato de nunca envelhecer e amava a vida e o vigor da juventude.

Original English

"Why attempt to explain the inexplicable?" he replied. "As I have told you before, I am a very old man. I do not know how old I am. I recall no childhood; but recollect only having been always as you see me now and as you saw me first when you were five years old. You, yourself, have aged, though not as much as most men in a corresponding number of years, which may be accounted for by the fact that the same blood runs in our veins; but I have not aged at all. I have discussed the question with a noted Martian scientist, a friend of mine; but his theories are still only theories. However, I am content with the fact -- I never age, and I love life and the vigor of youth.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele então abordou a questão natural de por que havia retornado à Terra e por que estava vestido com roupas estranhas. Ele creditou a Kar Komak, o arqueiro de Lothar, por lhe dar a ideia que levou aos seus experimentos bem-sucedidos. Explicou que há muito possuía a capacidade de viajar em espírito pelo vazio, mas nunca antes conseguiu dar esse poder a objetos inanimados. Agora, pela primeira vez, seu interlocutor podia vê-lo

exatamente como seus companheiros marcianos o viam: a espada curta que havia provado muitos inimigos, o arnês com os emblemas de Hélio e as insígnias de sua patente, e a pistola que lhe foi presenteadada por Tars Tarkas, Jeddak de Thark.

Original English

"And now as to your natural question as to what brings me to Earth again and in this, to earthly eyes, strange habiliment. We may thank Kar Komak, the Bowman of Lothar. It was he who gave me the idea upon which I have been experimenting until at last I have achieved success. As you know I have long possessed the power to cross the void in spirit, but never before have I been able to impart to inanimate things a similar power. Now, however, you see me for the first time precisely as my Martian fellows see me -- you see the very short-sword that has tasted the blood of many a savage foeman; the harness with the devices of Helium and the insignia of my rank; the pistol that was presented to me by Tars Tarkas, Jeddak of Thark.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele afirmou que, além de ver seu interlocutor, que era seu objetivo principal, e confirmar que podia transportar objetos inanimados e potencialmente animados de Marte para a Terra, não tinha outro objetivo. A Terra não o atraía; todos os seus interesses estavam em Barsoom — sua esposa, filhos e trabalho. Ele pretendia passar uma noite tranquila com seu interlocutor e depois retornar ao mundo que amava ainda mais do que a própria vida.

Original English

"Aside from seeing you, which is my principal reason for being here, and satisfying myself that I can transport inanimate things from Mars to Earth, and therefore animate things if I so desire, I have no purpose. Earth is not for me. My every interest is upon Barsoom -- my wife, my children, my work; all are there. I will spend a quiet evening with you and then back to the world I love even better than I love life."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Enquanto falava, ele sentou-se na cadeira do outro lado da mesa de xadrez.

Original English

As he spoke he dropped into the chair upon the opposite side of the chess table.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Perguntei se ele tinha mais filhos além de Carthoris.

Original English

"You spoke of children," I said. "Have you more than Carthoris?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele disse que tinha uma filha, apenas um pouco mais nova que Carthoris, e que, exceto por sua mãe, Dejah Thoris, ela era a criatura mais bela de Marte.

Original English

"A daughter," he replied, "only a little younger than Carthoris, and, barring one, the fairest thing that ever breathed the thin air of dying Mars. Only Dejah Thoris, her mother, could be more beautiful than Tara of Helium."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele tocou distraidamente as peças de xadrez e explicou que em Marte jogavam um jogo parecido chamado jetan, mas com cem casas e vinte peças de cada lado, jogado sombriamente com homens vivos e espadas. Acrescentou que sempre pensava em Tara de Hélio ao ver xadrez, e perguntou se o ouvinte gostaria de ouvir sua história.

Original English

For a moment he fingered the chessmen idly. "We have a game on Mars similar to chess," he said, "very similar. And there is a race there that plays it grimly with men and naked swords. We call the game jetan. It is played on a board like yours, except that there are a hundred squares and we use twenty pieces on each side. I never see it played without thinking of Tara of Helium and what befell her among the chessmen of Barsoom. Would you like to hear her story?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O narrador concordou em ouvir a história e prometeu recontá-la em terceira pessoa o melhor que pudesse lembrar das palavras de John Carter. Ele disse que quaisquer erros deveriam ser atribuídos à sua própria memória falha, não ao Senhor da Guerra de Marte, e descreveu o conto como estranho e totalmente barsoomiano.

Original English

I said that I would and so he told it to me, and now I shall try to re-tell it for you as nearly in the words of The Warlord of Mars as I can recall them, but in the third person. If there be inconsistencies and errors, let the blame fall not upon John Carter, but rather upon my faulty memory, where it belongs. It is a strange tale and utterly Barsoomian.

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CHAPTER I — TARA IN A TANTRUM

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio levantou-se de suas almofadas de seda e pele, espreguiçou-se preguiçosamente e caminhou até um disco de bronze pendurado acima de uma grande mesa. Ela o tocou levemente com uma vara de madeira, e logo uma escrava sorridente entrou e foi cumprimentada por sua senhora.

Original English

Tara of Helium rose from the pile of silks and soft furs upon which she had been reclining, stretched her lithe body languidly, and crossed toward the center of the room, where, above a large table, a bronze disc depended

from the low ceiling. Her carriage was that of health and physical perfection -- the effortless harmony of faultless coordination. A scarf of silken gossamer crossing over one shoulder was wrapped about her body; her black hair was piled high upon her head. With a wooden stick she tapped upon the bronze disc, lightly, and presently the summons was answered by a slave girl, who entered, smiling, to be greeted similarly by her mistress.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A princesa perguntou se os convidados de seu pai estavam chegando.

Original English

"Are my father's guests arriving?" asked the princess.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio foi informada pela escrava de que os visitantes haviam chegado. A escrava mencionou Kantos Kan, o Senhor da Marinha, o Príncipe Soran de Ptharth, e Djor Kantos, filho de Kantos Kan. Com um olhar brincalhão para sua senhora, a escrava acrescentou que muitos outros também haviam chegado.

Original English

"Yes, Tara of Helium, they come," replied the slave. "I have seen Kantos Kan, Overlord of the Navy, and Prince Soran of Ptharth, and Djor Kantos, son of Kantos Kan," she shot a roguish glance at her mistress as she mentioned Djor Kantos' name, "and -- oh, there were others, many have come."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara instruiu Uthia a preparar o banho e então perguntou por que ela sorria ao mencionar Djor Kantos.

Original English

"The bath, then, Uthia," said her mistress. "And why, Uthia," she added, "do you look thus and smile when you mention the name of Djor Kantos?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A escrava riu e disse que era óbvio para todos que Djor Kantos adorava Tara.

Original English

The slave girl laughed gaily. "It is so plain to all that he worships you," she replied.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara respondeu que não era óbvio para ela. Ela explicou que Djor Kantos era amigo de seu irmão, Carthoris, e por isso ele visitava com frequência, mas acreditava que ele vinha ver Carthoris, não ela.

Original English

"It is not plain to me," said Tara of Helium. "He is the friend of my brother, Carthoris, and so he is here much; but not to see me. It is his friendship for Carthoris that brings him thus often to the palace of my father."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uthia apontou que Carthoris estava caçando no norte com Talu, o Jeddak de Okar.

Original English

"But Carthoris is hunting in the north with Talu, Jeddak of Okar," Uthia reminded her.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio exigiu seu banho e advertiu Uthia de que sua natureza tagarela a levaria a problemas.

Original English

"My bath, Uthia!" cried Tara of Helium. "That tongue of yours will bring you to some misadventure yet."

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Pt/En

Português

A escrava respondeu que o banho estava pronto, seus olhos ainda brilhando de diversão, sabendo bem que a raiva de sua senhora não poderia superar o amor que ela sentia por sua serva. Ela abriu a porta para a câmara de banho adjacente, revelando uma piscina reluzente de água perfumada em uma bacia de mármore, cercada por uma corrente dourada sustentada por suportes. A luz do sol entrava por uma cúpula de vidro, iluminando as paredes de mármore branco e uma faixa decorativa de ouro incrustada com uma procissão de banhistas e peixes.

Original English

"The bath is ready, Tara of Helium," the girl responded, her eyes still twinkling with merriment, for she well knew that in the heart of her mistress was no anger that could displace the love of the princess for her slave. Preceding the daughter of The Warlord she opened the door of an adjoining room where lay the bath -- a gleaming pool of scented water in a marble basin. Golden stanchions supported a chain of gold encircling it and leading down into the water on either side of marble steps. A glass dome

let in the sun-light, which flooded the interior, glancing from the polished white of the marble walls and the procession of bathers and fishes, which, in conventional design, were inlaid with gold in a broad band that circled the room.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio removeu seu xale e o entregou à escrava. Ela desceu os degraus e testou a água com o pé — um pé natural, não deformado, como deveria ser. Achando agradável, nadou graciosamente, como uma foca, tanto na superfície quanto debaixo d'água. Depois, emergiu, e a escrava a esfregou com um óleo perfumado de uma urna dourada, criando uma espuma, então ela se enxaguou e secou. Seu banho foi simples e elegante, sem excesso de servos ou pompa. Em meia hora, seu cabelo foi seco e penteado no penteado da moda de sua posição, e ela se vestiu com ornamentos de couro incrustados de ouro e joias, pronta para se juntar aos convidados do meio-dia no palácio do Chefe Militar.

Original English

Tara of Helium removed the scarf from about her and handed it to the slave. Slowly she descended the steps to the water, the temperature of which she tested with a symmetrical foot, undeformed by tight shoes and high heels -- a lovely foot, as God intended that feet should be and seldom are. Finding the water to her liking, the girl swam leisurely to and fro about the pool. With the silken ease of the seal she swam, now at the surface, now below, her smooth muscles rolling softly beneath her clear skin -- a wordless song of health and happiness and grace. Presently she emerged and gave herself into the hands of the slave girl, who rubbed the body of her mistress with a sweet smelling semi-liquid substance contained in a golden urn, until the glowing skin was covered with a foamy lather, then a quick plunge into the pool, a drying with soft towels, and the bath was over. Typical of the life of the princess was the simple elegance of her bath -- no retinue of useless slaves, no pomp, no idle waste of precious moments. In another half hour her hair was dried and built into the strange, but becoming, coiffure of her station; her leathern trappings, encrusted with gold and jewels, had been adjusted to her figure and she was ready to mingle with the guests that had been bidden to the midday function at the palace of The Warlord.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao sair de seus aposentos para ir aos jardins onde os convidados se reuniam, dois guerreiros usando a insígnia da Casa do Príncipe de Hélio a seguiram alguns passos atrás. Eles eram um lembrete sombrio de que a ameaça da lâmina de um assassino nunca poderia ser ignorada em Barsoom, onde a expectativa de vida humana média era estimada em não menos de mil anos.

Original English

As she left her apartments to make her way to the gardens where the guests were congregating, two warriors, the insignia of the House of the Prince of Helium upon their harness, followed a few paces behind her, grim reminders that the assassin's blade may never be ignored upon Barsoom, where, in a measure, it counterbalances the great natural span of human life, which is estimated at not less than a thousand years.

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Pt/En

Português

Ao se aproximarem da entrada do jardim, outra mulher, também escoltada, aproximou-se de outra parte do palácio. Tara de Hélio voltou-se para ela com um sorriso e uma saudação feliz, enquanto seus guardas se ajoelhavam com cabeças inclinadas em adoração voluntária à amada de Hélio. Tal era o amor que o povo de Hélio tinha por Dejah Thoris, a companheira de John Carter, que beirava a adoração, como se ela fosse uma deusa — o que ela aparentava ser.

Original English

As they neared the entrance to the garden another woman, similarly guarded, approached them from another quarter of the great palace. As she neared them Tara of Helium turned toward her with a smile and a happy greeting, while her guards knelt with bowed heads in willing and voluntary adoration of the beloved of Helium. Thus always, solely at the command of their own hearts, did the warriors of Helium greet Dejah Thoris, whose deathless beauty had more than once brought them to bloody warfare with other nations of Barsoom. So great was the love of the people of Helium for the mate of John Carter it amounted practically to worship, as though she were indeed the goddess that she looked.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A mãe e a filha trocaram o gentil cumprimento barsoomiano conhecido como kaor e se beijaram. Depois, juntas, entraram nos jardins onde os convidados estavam. Um enorme guerreiro desembainhou sua espada curta e bateu com a parte plana dela em seu escudo de metal; o som metálico ressoou acima das risadas e da conversa.

Original English

The mother and daughter exchanged the gentle, Barsoomian, "kaor" of greeting and kissed. Then together they entered the gardens where the guests were. A huge warrior drew his short-sword and struck his metal shield with the flat of it, the brazen sound ringing out above the laughter and the speech.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Um arauto anunciou a chegada da Princesa Dejah Thoris e sua filha Tara de Hélio. Os convidados se levantaram, as duas mulheres inclinaram a cabeça, os guardas recuaram e vários nobres se adiantaram para prestar suas homenagens. Risos e conversas foram retomados enquanto Dejah Thoris e sua filha circulavam naturalmente entre os convidados, sem sinais visíveis de hierarquia, embora estivessem presentes um Jeddak e muitos guerreiros comuns cujas únicas honrarias vinham de atos corajosos ou patriotismo. Isso refletia o costume marciano de julgar as pessoas por seus próprios méritos, e não pelos de seus ancestrais, apesar do grande orgulho pela linhagem.

Original English

"The Princess comes!" he cried. "Dejah Thoris! The Princess comes! Tara of Helium!" Thus always is royalty announced. The guests arose; the two women inclined their heads; the guards fell back upon either side of the entrance-way; a number of nobles advanced to pay their respects; the laughing and the talking were resumed and Dejah Thoris and her daughter moved simply and naturally among their guests, no suggestion of differing rank apparent in the bearing of any who were there, though there was more than a single Jeddak and many common warriors whose only title lay in

brave deeds, or noble patriotism. Thus it is upon Mars where men are judged upon their own merits rather than upon those of their grandsires, even though pride of lineage be great.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara, de Hélio, olhou lentamente para o grupo de convidados até encontrar a pessoa que procurava. Um leve franzir de testa pode ter cruzado seu rosto, mas poderia ter sido o sol. Ela foi criada acreditando que um dia se casaria com Djor Kantos, filho do melhor amigo de seu pai. Tanto Kantos Kan quanto o Senhor da Guerra queriam esse casamento, e Tara o aceitou como quase certo. Djor Kantos parecia sentir o mesmo. Eles haviam falado sobre isso casualmente, como algo que aconteceria no futuro, como sua promoção na marinha, as cerimônias regulares na corte de seu avô, ou até mesmo a morte. Eles nunca haviam falado sobre amor, e isso às vezes intrigava Tara. Ela sabia que pessoas que planejavam se casar geralmente falavam sobre amor, e ela estava curiosa para saber como era. Ela gostava muito de Djor Kantos e sabia que ele gostava dela. Eles gostavam de ficar juntos porque gostavam das mesmas coisas, das mesmas pessoas, dos mesmos livros, e dançavam lindamente. Ela não conseguia imaginar se casar com outra pessoa.

Original English

Tara of Helium let her slow gaze wander among the throng of guests until presently it halted upon one she sought. Was the faint shadow of a frown that crossed her brow an indication of displeasure at the sight that met her eyes, or did the brilliant rays of the noonday sun distress her? Who may say! She had been reared to believe that one day she should wed Djor Kantos, son of her father's best friend. It had been the dearest wish of Kantos Kan and The Warlord that this should be, and Tara of Helium had accepted it as a matter of all but accomplished fact. Djor Kantos had seemed to accept the matter in the same way. They had spoken of it casually as something that would, as a matter of course, take place in the indefinite future, as, for instance, his promotion in the navy, in which he was now a padwar; or the set functions of the court of her grandfather, Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Helium; or Death. They had never spoken of love and that had puzzled Tara of Helium upon the rare occasions she gave it thought, for she knew that people who were to wed were usually much occupied with the matter of love and she had all of a woman's curiosity -- she wondered what love was like. She was very fond of Djor Kantos and

she knew that he was very fond of her. They liked to be together, for they liked the same things and the same people and the same books and their dancing was a joy, not only to themselves but to those who watched them. She could not imagine wanting to marry anyone other than Djor Kantos.

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Pt/En

Português

Talvez tenha sido apenas o sol que fez Tara franzir levemente a testa ao ver Djor Kantos conversando seriamente com Olvia Marthis, filha do Jed de Hastor. Djor Kantos deveria primeiro cumprimentar Dejah Thoris e Tara, mas não o fez. Logo Tara franziu a testa profundamente. Ela olhou para Olvia por um longo tempo e viu, como se fosse a primeira vez, que a garota de Hastor era muito bonita, até mesmo entre as outras belas mulheres de Hélium. Tara sentiu-se perturbada. Ela tentou entender seus sentimentos, mas achou difícil. Olvia era sua amiga e ela não sentia raiva dela. Ela se perguntou se estava com raiva de Djor Kantos, mas decidiu que não. Ela sentiu apenas surpresa por Djor Kantos poder estar mais interessado em outra pessoa. Ela estava prestes a atravessar o jardim para se juntar a eles quando ouviu a voz de seu pai atrás dela.

Original English

So perhaps it was only the sun that made her brows contract just the tiniest bit at the same instant that she discovered Djor Kantos sitting in earnest conversation with Olvia Marthis, daughter of the Jed of Hastor. It was Djor Kantos' duty immediately to pay his respects to Dejah Thoris and Tara of Helium; but he did not do so and presently the daughter of The Warlord frowned indeed. She looked long at Olvia Marthis, and though she had seen her many times before and knew her well, she looked at her today through new eyes that saw, apparently for the first time, that the girl from Hastor was noticeably beautiful even among those other beautiful women of Helium. Tara of Helium was disturbed. She attempted to analyze her emotions; but found it difficult. Olvia Marthis was her friend -- she was very fond of her and she felt no anger toward her. Was she angry with Djor Kantos? No, she finally decided that she was not. It was merely surprise, then, that she felt -- surprise that Djor Kantos could be more interested in another than in herself. She was about to cross the garden and join them when she heard her father's voice directly behind her.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio virou-se quando seu pai a chamou e viu ele se aproximando com um guerreiro desconhecido. O equipamento e as armas do estranho estavam decorados de uma forma extraordinária, com platina e diamantes cobrindo o couro, as bainhas e o coldre. A luz do jardim fez suas joias brilharem ao seu redor, dando-lhe uma aparência divina.

Original English

"Tara of Helium!" he called, and she turned to see him approaching with a strange warrior whose harness and metal bore devices with which she was unfamiliar. Even among the gorgeous trappings of the men of Helium and the visitors from distant empires those of the stranger were remarkable for their barbaric splendor. The leather of his harness was completely hidden beneath ornaments of platinum thickly set with brilliant diamonds, as were the scabbards of his swords and the ornate holster that held his long, Martian pistol. Moving through the sunlit garden at the side of the great Warlord, the scintillant rays of his countless gems enveloping him as in an aureole of light imparted to his noble figure a suggestion of godliness.

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Pt/En

Português

John Carter, seguindo o simples costume barsoomiano de apresentação, apresentou Gahan, o Jed de Gathol, a Tara de Hélio.

Original English

"Tara of Helium, I bring you Gahan, Jed of Gathol," said John Carter, after the simple Barsoomian custom of presentation.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio cumprimentou Gahan, o Jed de Gathol, com a saudação tradicional barsoomiana.

Original English

"Kaor! Gahan, Jed of Gathol," returned Tara of Helium.

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Pt/En

Português

O jovem chefe expressou seu respeito a Tara de Hélio oferecendo sua espada aos pés dela.

Original English

"My sword is at your feet, Tara of Helium," said the young chieftain.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O warlord partiu, deixando os dois para se sentar em um banco de ersita sob uma ampla árvore sorapus.

Original English

The Warlord left them and the two seated themselves upon an ersite bench beneath a spreading sorapus tree.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara refletiu sobre o distante Gathol, dizendo que sempre pensou nele como um lugar de mistério e romance, ligado ao conhecimento antigo, e achou difícil acreditar que ainda existia, especialmente porque nunca havia conhecido um gatholiano antes.

Original English

"Far Gathol," mused the girl. "Ever in my mind has it been connected with mystery and romance and the half-forgotten lore of the ancients. I cannot think of Gathol as existing today, possibly because I have never before seen a Gatholian."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gahan acrescentou que a grande distância entre Hélio e Gathol, juntamente com a relativa insignificância de sua cidade livre (que poderia se perder em um canto de Hélio), também poderia explicar o interesse dela. No entanto, ele disse que o que lhes faltava em poder eles compensavam com orgulho. Ele acreditava que Gathol era a cidade habitada mais antiga de Barsoom, uma das poucas que havia mantido sua liberdade. Isso apesar do fato de que suas minas de diamante antigas eram as mais ricas conhecidas e, ao contrário de quase todos os outros campos, ainda pareciam inesgotáveis hoje.

Original English

"And perhaps too because of the great distance that separates Helium and Gathol, as well as the comparative insignificance of my little free city, which might easily be lost in one corner of mighty Helium," added Gahan. "But what we lack in power we make up in pride," he continued, laughing. "We believe ours the oldest inhabited city upon Barsoom. It is one of the few that has retained its freedom, and this despite the fact that its ancient diamond mines are the richest known and, unlike practically all the other fields, are today apparently as inexhaustible as ever."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela o instou a contar-lhe sobre Gathol, dizendo que estava muito interessada. Também era provável que o rosto bonito do jovem jed aumentasse a atração pela distante Gathol.

Original English

"Tell me of Gathol," urged the girl. "The very thought fills me with interest," nor was it likely that the handsome face of the young jed detracted anything from the glamour of far Gathol.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gahan parecia satisfeito por ter uma desculpa para continuar aproveitando a companhia dela. Seus olhos estavam fixos em suas feições requintadas, movendo-se do rosto para um seio arredondado parcialmente escondido sob joias, um ombro nu e a simetria de um braço perfeito adornado com braceletes magníficos.

Original English

Nor did Gahan seem displeased with the excuse for further monopolizing the society of his fair companion. His eyes seemed chained to her exquisite features, from which they moved no further than to a rounded breast, part hid beneath its jeweled covering, a naked shoulder or the symmetry of a perfect arm, resplendent in bracelets of barbaric magnificence.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele explicou que, de acordo com a história antiga, Gathol foi construída em uma ilha em Throxheus, o maior dos cinco oceanos do antigo Barsoom. À medida que o oceano recuou, a cidade desceu pelas encostas da montanha até agora cobrir toda a montanha do cume à base. O interior da montanha era cheio de galerias de minas. Um grande pântano salgado os cercava, protegendo-os de invasões por terra, enquanto a topografia acidentada e frequentemente vertical tornava perigoso o pouso de naves inimigas.

Original English

"Your ancient history has doubtless told you that Gathol was built upon an island in Throxheus, mightiest of the five oceans of old Barsoom. As the ocean receded Gathol crept down the sides of the mountain, the summit of which was the island upon which she had been built, until today she covers the slopes from summit to base, while the bowels of the great hill are honeycombed with the galleries of her mines. Entirely surrounding us is a great salt marsh, which protects us from invasion by land, while the rugged and oftentimes vertical topography of our mountain renders the landing of hostile airships a precarious undertaking."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela então sugeriu que a proteção também vinha de seus bravos guerreiros.

Original English

"That, and your brave warriors?" suggested the girl.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gahan sorriu e disse que eles só discutiam tais assuntos com inimigos, e quando o faziam, usavam espadas em vez de palavras.

Original English

Gahan smiled. "We do not speak of that except to enemies," he said, "and then with tongues of steel rather than of flesh."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio perguntou que experiência em guerra um povo tão protegido pela natureza poderia ter. Ela tinha gostado da resposta anterior do jovem jed, mas ainda suspeitava que seus magníficos adereços e armas fossem mais para exibição do que para uso real, sugerindo uma possível falta de vigor marcial.

Original English

"But what practice in the art of war has a people which nature has thus protected from attack?" asked Tara of Helium, who had liked the young jed's answer to her previous question, but yet in whose mind persisted a vague conviction of the possible effeminacy of her companion, induced, doubtless, by the magnificence of his trappings and weapons which carried a suggestion of splendid show rather than grim utility.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele explicou que, embora suas barreiras naturais muitas vezes os tivessem salvado da derrota, não os haviam tornado imunes a ataques, porque a grande riqueza do tesouro de diamantes de Gátol atraía atacantes dispostos a arriscar a derrota. Ele acrescentou que Gátol se estendia muito além da cidade montanhosa, cobrindo uma grande área de pastagens para seus rebanhos.

Original English

"Our natural barriers, while they have doubtless saved us from defeat on countless occasions, have not by any means rendered us immune from attack," he explained, "for so great is the wealth of Gathol's diamond treasury that there yet may be found those who will risk almost certain defeat in an effort to loot our unconquered city; so thus we find occasional practice in the exercise of arms; but there is more to Gathol than the mountain city. My country extends from Polodona (Equator) north ten karads and from the tenth karad west of Horz to the twentieth west, including thus a million square haads, the greater proportion of which is fine grazing land where run our great herds of thoats and zitidars.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele continuou dizendo que, por estarem cercados por inimigos, seus pastores tinham que ser guerreiros para proteger os rebanhos. Quanto às minas, os gatholianos se consideravam guerreiros e não gostavam de trabalhar lá, então usavam escravos capturados em guerras. A lei exigia que cada homem desse uma hora de trabalho diário ao governo, mas eles podiam pagar um substituto. Os escravos eram vendidos e os lucros divididos entre o governo e os guerreiros que os capturavam. Depois de um ano, um bom escravo poderia ser libertado.

Original English

"Surrounded as we are by predatory enemies our herdsmen must indeed be warriors or we should have no herds, and you may be assured they get plenty of fighting. Then there is our constant need of workers in the mines. The Gatholians consider themselves a race of warriors and as such prefer not to labor in the mines. The law is, however, that each male Gatholian shall give an hour a day in labor to the government. That is practically the

only tax that is levied upon them. They prefer however, to furnish a substitute to perform this labor, and as our own people will not hire out for labor in the mines it has been necessary to obtain slaves, and I do not need to tell you that slaves are not won without fighting. We sell these slaves in the public market, the proceeds going, half and half, to the government and the warriors who bring them in. The purchasers are credited with the amount of labor performed by their particular slaves. At the end of a year a good slave will have performed the labor tax of his master for six years, and if slaves are plentiful he is freed and permitted to return to his own people."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara perguntou com um sorriso provocador se ele realmente lutava enquanto usava platina e diamantes.

Original English

"You fight in platinum and diamonds?" asked Tara, indicating his gorgeous trappings with a quizzical smile.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Gahan riu e reconheceu que seu povo era vaidoso, talvez dando muita importância à aparência pessoal. Eles competiam no esplendor de suas vestimentas para ocasiões sociais, embora em batalha usassem o couro mais simples que já vira entre guerreiros barsoomianos. Também se orgulhavam da beleza física, especialmente a de suas mulheres. Ele ousou dizer que esperava que Tara de Hélio um dia visitasse Gathol para que seu povo pudesse ver alguém verdadeiramente belo.

Original English

Gahan laughed. "We are a vain people," he admitted, good-naturedly, "and it is possible that we place too much value on personal appearances. We vie with one another in the splendor of our accoutrements when trapped for the observance of the lighter duties of life, though when we take the field our leather is the plainest I ever have seen worn by fighting men of Barsoom. We pride ourselves, too, upon our physical beauty, and especially upon the beauty of our women. May I dare to say, Tara of

Helium, that I am hoping for the day when you will visit Gathol that my people may see one who is really beautiful?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A garota respondeu que as mulheres de Hélio eram ensinadas a desaprovar a bajulação, mas Gahan notou que ela sorria ao dizer isso.

Original English

"The women of Helium are taught to frown with displeasure upon the tongue of the flatterer," rejoined the girl, but Gahan, Jed of Gathol, observed that she smiled as she said it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uma corneta soou clara e docemente acima das risadas e conversas. O jovem guerreiro exclamou que era a Dança de Barsoom e reivindicou Tara de Hélio para a dança.

Original English

A bugle sounded, clear and sweet, above the laughter and the talk. "The Dance of Barsoom!" exclaimed the young warrior. "I claim you for it, Tara of Helium."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara olhou para o banco onde vira Djour Kantos pela última vez, mas ele não estava lá. Ela concordou com um aceno para dançar com o gatholiano. Enquanto isso, escravos distribuíam pequenos instrumentos musicais de corda única entre os convidados. Cada instrumento tinha marcações indicando tom e duração. Feito de skeel com uma corda de tripa, era preso ao antebraço esquerdo. Os dançarinos também usavam um anel enrolado com tripa no dedo indicador da mão direita, que produzia uma única nota quando passado sobre a corda.

Original English

The girl glanced in the direction of the bench where she had last seen Djor Kantos. He was not in sight. She inclined her head in assent to the claim of the Gatholian. Slaves were passing among the guests, distributing small musical instruments of a single string. Upon each instrument were characters which indicated the pitch and length of its tone. The instruments were of skeel, the string of gut, and were shaped to fit the left forearm of the dancer, to which it was strapped. There was also a ring wound with gut which was worn between the first and second joints of the index finger of the right hand and which, when passed over the string of the instrument, elicited the single note required of the dancer.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Os convidados se levantaram e se moveram lentamente em direção à extensão de grama escarlate no extremo sul dos jardins, onde a dança seria realizada. Djor Kantos apressou-se em direção a Tara, começando a reivindicá-la, mas ela o impediu com um gesto.

Original English

The guests had risen and were slowly making their way toward the expanse of scarlet sward at the south end of the gardens where the dance was to be held, when Djor Kantos came hurriedly toward Tara of Helium. "I claim--" he exclaimed as he neared her; but she interrupted him with a gesture.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara gritou em falsa raiva que Djor Kantos estava muito atrasado. Ela afirmou que nenhum retardatário poderia reivindicar Tara de Hélio, e o instou a se apressar ou então ele também perderia Olvia Marthis, que, segundo ela, nunca esperava muito para ser reivindicada para uma dança.

Original English

"You are too late, Djor Kantos," she cried in mock anger. "No laggard may claim Tara of Helium; but haste now lest thou lose also Olvia Marthis, whom I have never seen wait long to be claimed for this or any other dance."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Djor Kantos admitiu com pesar que já havia perdido Olvia.

Original English

"I have already lost her," admitted Djor Kantos ruefully.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ainda fingindo desagrado, a moça exigiu saber se ele realmente queria dizer que havia vindo para Tara de Hélio somente depois de ter perdido Olvia Marthis.

Original English

"And you mean to say that you came for Tara of Helium only after having lost Olvia Marthis?" demanded the girl, still simulating displeasure.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O jovem insistiu que Tara sabia disso, argumentando que era natural que ela o esperasse, já que ele sozinho a havia reivindicado para a Dança de Barsoom pelo menos doze vezes anteriormente.

Original English

"Oh, Tara of Helium, you know better than that," insisted the young man. "Was it not natural that I should assume that you would expect me, who alone has claimed you for the Dance of Barsoom for at least twelve times past?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela retrucou, perguntando se deveria ficar sentada ociosamente até que ele decidisse vir buscá-la, e então declarou que Tara de Hélio não era para retardatários. Com um sorriso doce, ela seguiu em direção aos dançarinos que se reuniam com Gahan, o Jed do distante Gathol.

Original English

"And sit and play with my thumbs until you saw fit to come for me?" she questioned. "Ah, no, Djor Kantos; Tara of Helium is for no laggard," and she threw him a sweet smile and passed on toward the assembling dancers with Gahan, Jed of far Gathol.

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Pt/En

Português

A Dança de Barsoom é semelhante às funções de dança mais formais na Terra, mas é muito mais complexa e bela. Antes de participar de eventos sociais importantes com dança, os jovens marcianos devem dominar três danças: a Dança de Barsoom, sua dança nacional e a dança de sua cidade. Os dançarinos fornecem sua própria música imutável, e os passos e figuras permanecem os mesmos há séculos. Todas as danças barsoomianas são dignas e graciosas, mas a Dança de Barsoom é um magnífico épico de movimento e harmonia, livre de movimentos grotescos ou vulgares. Ela incorpora os mais altos ideais de graça, beleza e pureza nas mulheres, e força, dignidade e lealdade nos homens.

Original English

The Dance of Barsoom bears a relation similar to the more formal dancing functions of Mars that The Grand March does to ours, though it is infinitely more intricate and more beautiful. Before a Martian youth of either sex may attend an important social function where there is dancing, he must have become proficient in at least three dances -- The Dance of Barsoom, his national dance, and the dance of his city. In these three dances the dancers furnish their own music, which never varies; nor do the steps or figures vary, having been handed down from time immemorial. All Barsoomian dances are stately and beautiful, but The Dance of Barsoom is a wondrous epic of motion and harmony -- there is no grotesque posturing, no vulgar or suggestive movements. It has been described as the interpretation of the highest ideals of a world that aspired to grace and

beauty and chastity in woman, and strength and dignity and loyalty in man.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

No baile de hoje, John Carter, o Warlord de Marte, e sua companheira Dejah Thoris lideravam, mas o resplandecente Jed de Gathol e sua bela parceira eram igualmente admirados. Nas figuras em constante mudança, Gahan se via segurando a mão da garota ou com um braço em volta de seu corpo esbelto, mal coberto por seu arnês joalheiro. Embora ela tivesse dançado muitas vezes antes, agora sentia o braço de um homem contra sua pele nua pela primeira vez. Incomodada, ela olhou para ele com uma expressão questionadora, quase desagradada, como se fosse culpa dele. Seus olhos se encontraram, e ela viu algo em seu olhar que nunca tinha visto no de Djor Kantos. No final da dança, ambos pararam e ficaram olhando nos olhos um do outro. Gahan de Gathol falou primeiro.

Original English

Today, John Carter, Warlord of Mars, with Dejah Thoris, his mate, led in the dancing, and if there was another couple that vied with them in possession of the silent admiration of the guests it was the resplendent Jed of Gathol and his beautiful partner. In the ever-changing figures of the dance the man found himself now with the girl's hand in his and again with an arm about the lithe body that the jeweled harness but inadequately covered, and the girl, though she had danced a thousand dances in the past, realized for the first time the personal contact of a man's arm against her naked flesh. It troubled her that she should notice it, and she looked up questioningly and almost with displeasure at the man as though it was his fault. Their eyes met and she saw in his that which she had never seen in the eyes of Djor Kantos. It was at the very end of the dance and they both stopped suddenly with the music and stood there looking straight into each other's eyes. It was Gahan of Gathol who spoke first.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele declarou seu amor por Tara de Hélio.

Original English

"Tara of Helium, I love you!" he said.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio ergueu-se em toda a sua altura e exclamou arrogantemente que o Jed de Gathol estava se esquecendo.

Original English

The girl drew herself to her full height. "The Jed of Gathol forgets himself," she exclaimed haughtily.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Jed de Gathol respondeu que esqueceria tudo menos ela. Ele apertou ferozmente a mão macia que ainda segurava e repetiu seu amor. Perguntou por que seus ouvidos se recusavam a ouvir o que seus olhos acabavam de não se recusar a ver e responder.

Original English

"The Jed of Gathol would forget everything but you, Tara of Helium," he replied. Fiercely he pressed the soft hand that he still retained from the last position of the dance. "I love you, Tara of Helium," he repeated. "Why should your ears refuse to hear what your eyes but just now did not refuse to see -- and answer?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela exigiu saber o que ele queria dizer, perguntando se os homens de Gathol eram realmente tão incivilizados.

Original English

"What meanest thou?" she cried. "Are the men of Gathol such boors, then?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu calmamente, dizendo que os homens de Gathol não eram rudes nem tolos; eles reconheciam quando amavam uma mulher e quando esse amor era correspondido.

Original English

"They are neither boors nor fools," he replied, quietly. "They know when they love a woman -- and when she loves them."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio bateu o pé com raiva e ordenou que ele saísse antes que fosse forçada a informar seu pai sobre o comportamento desonroso de seu hóspede.

Original English

Tara of Helium stamped her little foot in anger. "Go!" she said, "before it is necessary to acquaint my father with the dishonor of his guest."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela se virou e foi embora, mas o homem a chamou, pedindo que esperasse para dizer mais uma coisa.

Original English

She turned and walked away. "Wait!" cried the man. "Just another word."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou se ele se referia a um pedido de desculpas.

Original English

"Of apology?" she asked.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele disse que se tratava de profecia.

Original English

"Of prophecy," he said.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio declarou que não desejava ouvi-lo, então o deixou parado sozinho. Sentindo-se estranhamente inquieta, ela logo retornou aos seus próprios aposentos, onde ficou por muito tempo em uma janela, olhando além da torre escarlate da Grande Hélio em direção ao noroeste.

Original English

"I do not care to hear it," replied Tara of Helium, and left him standing there. She was strangely unstrung and shortly thereafter returned to her own quarter of the palace, where she stood for a long time by a window looking out beyond the scarlet tower of Greater Helium toward the northwest.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela se virou com raiva da janela e exclamou que o odiava.

Original English

Presently she turned angrily away. "I hate him!" she exclaimed aloud.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uthia, que tinha o privilégio de falar livremente, perguntou a quem ela se referia.

Original English

"Whom?" inquired the privileged Uthia.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio bateu o pé e respondeu que se referia ao mal-educado bronco, o Jed de Gathol.

Original English

Tara of Helium stamped her foot. "That ill-mannered boor, the Jed of Gathol," she replied.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uthia ergueu suas sobrancelhas finas.

Original English

Uthia raised her slim brows.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ao pisar forte, uma grande fera se levantou do canto e foi até Tara, olhando para ela. Ela colocou a mão em sua cabeça feia e comentou que nenhum amor poderia ser mais profundo do que o de Woola, pois nunca ofendia. Ela desejou que os homens se espelhassem na fera.

Original English

At the stamping of the little foot, a great beast rose from the corner of the room and crossed to Tara of Helium where it stood looking up into her face. She placed her hand upon the ugly head. "Dear old Woola," she said; "no love could be deeper than yours, yet it never offends. Would that men might pattern themselves after you!"

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CHAPTER II — AT THE GALE'S MERCY

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio não voltou para os convidados de seu pai. Ela ficou em seus próprios aposentos esperando que Djor Kantos enviasse uma mensagem pedindo que ela voltasse aos jardins, com a intenção de recusar arrogantemente. Mas nenhum pedido chegou. No início ela ficou com raiva, depois magoada, e sempre confusa. Ocasionalmente, pensava no Jed de Gathol e batia o pé com raiva de sua presunção. Ele havia insinuado que lia amor por ele em seus olhos. Ela se sentiu insultada e humilhada, odiando-o profundamente. De repente, ela se virou para Uthia.

Original English

Tara of Helium did not return to her father's guests, but awaited in her own apartments the word from Djor Kantos which she knew must come, begging her to return to the gardens. She would then refuse, haughtily. But no appeal came from Djor Kantos. At first Tara of Helium was angry, then she was hurt, and always she was puzzled. She could not understand. Occasionally she thought of the Jed of Gathol and then she would stamp her foot, for she was very angry indeed with Gahan. The presumption of the man! He had insinuated that he read love for him in her eyes. Never had she been so insulted and humiliated. Never had she so thoroughly hated a man. Suddenly she turned toward Uthia.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela ordenou seu couro de voo.

Original English

"My flying leather!" she commanded.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A escrava exclamou sobre os convidados e lembrou-a de que seu pai, o Chefe Guerreiro, esperaria seu retorno.

Original English

"But the guests!" exclaimed the slave girl. "Your father, The Warlord, will expect you to return."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio retrucou que ele ficaria desapontado.

Original English

"He will be disappointed," snapped Tara of Helium.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A escrava hesitou e lembrou à sua senhora que ele não aprovava que ela voasse sozinha.

Original English

The slave hesitated. "He does not approve of your flying alone," she reminded her mistress.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A jovem princesa levantou-se de um salto, segurou a infeliz escrava pelos ombros e a sacudiu. Ela gritou que Uthia estava se tornando insuportável e que em breve não teria outra escolha senão mandá-la para o mercado público de escravos, onde talvez encontrasse um mestre ao seu gosto.

Original English

The young princess sprang to her feet and seized the unhappy slave by the shoulders, shaking her. "You are becoming unbearable, Uthia," she cried. "Soon there will be no alternative than to send you to the public slave-market. Then possibly you will find a master to your liking."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lágrimas encheram os olhos suaves da escrava. Ela disse suavemente que era porque amava sua princesa. Tara de Hélio se derreteu, abraçou a escrava e a beijou.

Original English

Tears came to the soft eyes of the slave girl. "It is because I love you, my princess," she said softly. Tara of Helium melted. She took the slave in her arms and kissed her.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela disse que tinha o temperamento de um toat, pediu que Uthia a perdoasse e declarou que a amava e não faria nada para machucá-la. Mais uma vez, como tantas vezes antes, ofereceu a liberdade a Uthia.

Original English

"I have the disposition of a toat, Uthia," she said. "Forgive me! I love you and there is nothing that I would not do for you and nothing would I do to harm you. Again, as I have so often in the past, I offer you your freedom."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uthia disse a Tara que não queria sua liberdade se significasse estar separada dela. Ela disse que estava feliz onde estavam e acreditava que morreria sem Tara.

Original English

"I do not wish my freedom if it will separate me from you, Tara of Helium," replied Uthia. "I am happy here with you -- I think that I should die without you."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

As garotas se beijaram novamente, e Uthia perguntou se Tara não voaria sozinha.

Original English

Again the girls kissed. "And you will not fly alone, then?" questioned the slave.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara riu e beliscou Uthia de brincadeira, chamando-a de peste persistente. Ela declarou que voaria, perguntando se Tara de Hélio não fazia sempre o que queria.

Original English

Tara of Helium laughed and pinched her companion. "You persistent little pest," she cried. "Of course I shall fly -- does not Tara of Helium always do that which pleases her?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Uthia balançou a cabeça tristemente e concordou que Tara fazia o que queria. Ela explicou que o Guerreiro de Barsoom era como ferro para todas as influências, exceto duas; nas mãos de Dejah Thoris e Tara, ele era como barro macio.

Original English

Uthia shook her head sorrowfully. "Alas! she does," she admitted. "Iron is the Warlord of Barsoom to the influences of all but two. In the hands of Dejah Thoris and Tara of Helium he is as potters' clay."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara instruiu Uthia, chamando-a de doce escrava, a correr e buscar seu equipamento de voo.

Original English

"Then run and fetch my flying leather like the sweet slave you are," directed the mistress.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Helium conduziu seu veleiro rápido para longe, através dos fundos oceânicos cor de ocre, além das cidades gêmeas de Helium. Ela se emocionava com a velocidade e obediência da embarcação, dirigindo-se para noroeste sem considerar o porquê. Talvez porque as áreas menos conhecidas de Barsoom estivessem nessa direção, prometendo romance, mistério e aventura. A distante Gathol também se situava nessa direção, embora ela não tivesse pensado conscientemente nesse fato.

Original English

Far out across the ochre sea-bottoms beyond the twin cities of Helium raced the swift flier of Tara of Helium. Thrilling to the speed and the buoyancy and the obedience of the little craft the girl drove toward the northwest. Why she should choose that direction she did not pause to consider. Perhaps because in that direction lay the least known areas of

Barsoom, and, ergo, Romance, Mystery, and Adventure. In that direction also lay far Gathol; but to that fact she gave no conscious thought.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela pensava ocasionalmente no jed daquele reino distante, mas esses pensamentos traziam vergonha e raiva. Ela estava muito zangada com ele e acreditava que o odiaria para sempre. Principalmente pensava em Djor Kantos e Olvia Marthis de Hastor. Tara sentia ciúmes de Olvia, o que a deixava irritada com Djor Kantos e consigo mesma. No entanto, ela não estava zangada com Olvia, a quem amava, então não era verdadeiramente ciumenta. O problema era que Djor Kantos não havia vindo correndo quando ela esperava, e Gahan, o Jed de Gathol, testemunhara sua humilhação. Ele a vira desacompanhada no início de uma grande função e viera em seu socorro, salvando-a de ser uma 'planta de parede'. Com esse pensamento, ela ardia de vergonha, depois ficou branca de raiva. Virou seu veleiro tão abruptamente que quase caiu, e então voou para casa pouco antes do anoitecer. Os convidados haviam partido e o silêncio se instalara no palácio. Uma hora depois, ela se juntou aos pais para o jantar.

Original English

She did, however, think occasionally of the jed of that distant kingdom, but the reaction to these thoughts was scarcely pleasurable. They still brought a flush of shame to her cheeks and a surge of angry blood to her heart. She was very angry with the Jed of Gathol, and though she should never see him again she was quite sure that hate of him would remain fresh in her memory forever. Mostly her thoughts revolved about another -- Djor Kantos. And when she thought of him she thought also of Olvia Marthis of Hastor. Tara of Helium thought that she was jealous of the fair Olvia and it made her very angry to think that. She was angry with Djor Kantos and herself, but she was not angry at all with Olvia Marthis, whom she loved, and so of course she was not jealous really. The trouble was, that Tara of Helium had failed for once to have her own way. Djor Kantos had not come running like a willing slave when she had expected him, and, ah, here was the nub of the whole thing! Gahan, Jed of Gathol, a stranger, had been a witness to her humiliation. He had seen her unclaimed at the beginning of a great function and he had had to come to her rescue to save her, as he doubtless thought, from the inglorious fate of a wall-flower. At the recurring thought, Tara of Helium could feel her whole body burning with scarlet

shame and then she went suddenly white and cold with rage; whereupon she turned her flier about so abruptly that she was all but torn from her lashings upon the flat, narrow deck. She reached home just before dark. The guests had departed. Quiet had descended upon the palace. An hour later she joined her father and mother at the evening meal.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

John Carter disse a Tara de Helium que ela os havia abandonado e que tal comportamento não era esperado de seus convidados.

Original English

"You deserted us, Tara of Helium," said John Carter. "It is not what the guests of John Carter should expect."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara respondeu que os convidados não tinham vindo vê-la e que ela não os havia convidado.

Original English

"They did not come to see me," replied Tara of Helium. "I did not ask them."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Seu pai respondeu que eles eram, no entanto, seus convidados.

Original English

"They were no less your guests," replied her father.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A garota se levantou, aproximou-se dele e envolveu seu pescoço com os braços.

Original English

The girl rose, and came and stood beside him and put her arms about his neck.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela exclamou, chamando-o de seu velho virginiano, e bagunçou seu cabelo preto e espesso.

Original English

"My proper old Virginian," she cried, rumpling his shock of black hair.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O homem sorriu e comentou que, na Virgínia, tal comportamento lhe renderia uma palmada no colo do pai.

Original English

"In Virginia you would be turned over your father's knee and spanked," said the man, smiling.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela se aninhou em seu colo e o beijou. Ela declarou que ele não a amava mais e que ninguém a amava, mas não conseguiu manter uma careta porque o riso continuava a brotar.

Original English

She crept into his lap and kissed him. "You do not love me any more," she announced. "No one loves me," but she could not compose her features

into a pout because bubbling laughter insisted upon breaking through.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que o problema era que muitas pessoas a amavam, e agora havia outra.

Original English

"The trouble is there are too many who love you," he said. "And now there is another."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ela exclamou surpresa, exigindo saber o que ele queria dizer.

Original English

"Indeed!" she cried. "What do you mean?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele a informou que Gahan de Gathol havia solicitado permissão para cortejá-la.

Original English

"Gahan of Gathol has asked permission to woo you."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A garota endireitou a postura e ergueu o queixo desafiadoramente, declarando que nunca se casaria com uma mina de diamantes ambulante e que não o aceitaria.

Original English

The girl sat up very straight and tilted her chin in the air. "I would not wed with a walking diamond-mine," she said. "I will not have him."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O pai dela respondeu que havia dito o mesmo a Gahan, acrescentando que ela estava praticamente noiva de outro. Gahan foi educado, mas deixou claro que estava acostumado a conseguir o que queria, e que a queria muito. Ele previu que isso provavelmente levaria a outra guerra. Ele comentou que a beleza da mãe dela manteve Hélio em guerra por anos, e que se ele fosse um jovem, prontamente incendiaria todo Barsoom para conquistá-la, assim como ainda lutaria para manter a mãe dela. Ele sorriu diante da beleza atemporal da mulher mais linda de Marte do outro lado da mesa.

Original English

"I told him as much," replied her father, "and that you were as good as betrothed to another. He was very courteous about it; but at the same time he gave me to understand that he was accustomed to getting what he wanted and that he wanted you very much. I suppose it will mean another war. Your mother's beauty kept Helium at war for many years, and -- well, Tara of Helium, if I were a young man I should doubtless be willing to set all Barsoom afire to win you, as I still would to keep your divine mother," and he smiled across the sorapus table and its golden service at the undimmed beauty of Mars' most beautiful woman.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Dejah Thoris lembrou John Carter de que a filha deles ainda não deveria ser incomodada com tais assuntos. Ela apontou que ele não estava lidando com uma criança da Terra, cuja expectativa de vida estaria mais da metade terminada antes que uma filha marciana atingisse a verdadeira maturidade.

Original English

"Our little girl should not yet be troubled with such matters," said Dejah Thoris. "Remember, John Carter, that you are not dealing with an Earth child, whose span of life would be more than half completed before a

daughter of Barsoom reached actual maturity."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele insistiu em perguntar se as filhas de Barsoom às vezes se casavam já aos vinte anos de idade.

Original English

"But do not the daughters of Barsoom sometimes marry as early as twenty?" he insisted.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela respondeu que as mulheres barsoomianas ainda seriam desejáveis aos homens muito depois de muitas gerações de terráqueos terem virado pó. Ela observou que não havia pressa em Barsoom, pois eles não envelheciam e decaíam como os terráqueos, embora o próprio homem contradissesse sua própria descrição. Ela afirmou que quando chegasse o momento certo, Tara de Hélio se casaria com Djor Kantos, e até então não deveriam discutir o assunto.

Original English

"Yes, but they will still be desirable in the eyes of men after forty generations of Earth folk have returned to dust -- there is no hurry, at least, upon Barsoom. We do not fade and decay here as you tell me those of your planet do, though you, yourself, belie your own words. When the time seems proper Tara of Helium shall wed with Djor Kantos, and until then let us give the matter no further thought."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A garota disse que o assunto a irritava, e que não se casaria com Djor Kantos nem com ninguém, pois não pretendia se casar.

Original English

"No," said the girl, "the subject irks me, and I shall not marry Djor Kantos, or another -- I do not intend to wed."

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Pt/En

Português

Seus pais olharam para ela e sorriram. Seu pai comentou que, quando Gahan de Gathol voltasse, ele poderia levá-la embora.

Original English

Her father and mother looked at her and smiled. "When Gahan of Gathol returns he may carry you off," said the former.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A garota perguntou se ele tinha ido embora.

Original English

"He has gone?" asked the girl.

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Pt/En

Português

John Carter disse que seu aeronave partiria para Gathol ao amanhecer.

Original English

"His flier departs for Gathol in the morning," John Carter replied.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio suspirou aliviada, observando que havia visto o último dele.

Original English

"I have seen the last of him then," remarked Tara of Helium with a sigh of relief.

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Pt/En

Português

John Carter retrucou que o homem afirmava o contrário.

Original English

"He says not," returned John Carter.

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Pt/En

Português

A garota encolheu os ombros e descartou o assunto. A conversa mudou para outros assuntos: uma carta havia chegado de Thuvia de Ptarth, que estava visitando seu pai enquanto seu companheiro Carthoris caçava em Okar. Chegara notícia de outra batalha entre os Tharks e Warhoons, seu estado de guerra perpétua quebrado apenas por uma única trégua na memória. Dois novos navios de guerra haviam sido lançados de Hastor. Um pequeno bando de therns sagrados buscava reviver a religião desacreditada de Issus, alegando que Issus ainda vivia em espírito e havia se comunicado com eles. Havia sussurros de guerra de Dusar. Um cientista afirmava ter descoberto vida humana na lua mais distante. Um louco tentara destruir a planta de atmosfera. Sete pessoas haviam sido assassinadas na Grande Hélio nos últimos dez zodes, o equivalente a um dia terrestre.

Original English

The girl dismissed the subject with a shrug and the conversation passed to other topics. A letter had arrived from Thuvia of Ptarth, who was visiting at her father's court while Carthoris, her mate, hunted in Okar. Word had been received that the Tharks and Warhoons were again at war, or rather that there had been an engagement, for war was their habitual state. In the

memory of man there had been no peace between these two savage green hordes -- only a single temporary truce. Two new battleships had been launched at Hastor. A little band of holy therns was attempting to revive the ancient and discredited religion of Issus, who they claimed still lived in spirit and had communicated with them. There were rumors of war from Dusar. A scientist claimed to have discovered human life on the further moon. A madman had attempted to destroy the atmosphere plant. Seven people had been assassinated in Greater Helium during the last ten zodes, (the equivalent of an Earth day).

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Pt/En

Português

Após a refeição, Dejah Thoris e o Warlord jogaram jetan, o equivalente barsoomiano do xadrez. O tabuleiro consistia em cem quadrados alternados em preto e laranja, com cada jogador comandando vinte peças – um conjunto preto, o outro laranja. Uma breve descrição do jogo pode interessar os leitores terrestres que gostam de xadrez, e entender jetan se mostrará valioso mais tarde, pois acrescenta profundidade e emoção à história que se segue.

Original English

Following the meal Dejah Thoris and The Warlord played at jetan, the Barsoomian game of chess, which is played upon a board of a hundred alternate black and orange squares. One player has twenty black pieces, the other, twenty orange pieces. A brief description of the game may interest those Earth readers who care for chess, and will not be lost upon those who pursue this narrative to its conclusion, since before they are done they will find that a knowledge of jetan will add to the interest and the thrills that are in store for them.

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Pt/En

Português

As peças são colocadas nas duas primeiras fileiras do tabuleiro, muito parecido com o xadrez. Na fileira mais próxima do jogador, da esquerda para a direita, estão Warrior, Padwar, Dwar, Flier, Chief, Princess, Flier, Dwar, Padwar e Warrior. A próxima fileira consiste principalmente de Panthans, exceto nas extremidades, onde há Thoats, que representam

guerreiros montados.

Original English

The men are placed upon the board as in chess upon the first two rows next the players. In order from left to right on the line of squares nearest the players, the jetan pieces are Warrior, Padwar, Dwar, Flier, Chief, Princess, Flier, Dwar, Padwar, Warrior. In the next line all are Panthans except the end pieces, which are called Thoats, and represent mounted warriors.

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Pt/En

Português

Panthans, guerreiros com uma única pena, podem mover uma casa em qualquer direção, exceto para trás. Thoats, guerreiros montados com três penas, movem uma reta e uma diagonal e podem saltar sobre outras peças. Guerreiros, soldados de infantaria com duas penas, movem duas casas em linha reta ou diagonalmente. Padwars, tenentes com duas penas, movem duas casas diagonalmente em qualquer direção ou em combinação. Dwars, capitães com três penas, movem três casas em qualquer direção reta ou combinação. Voadores, representados por uma hélice de três lâminas, movem três casas em qualquer direção ou combinação diagonal e podem saltar sobre peças. O Chefe, marcado por um diadema com dez joias, move três casas em qualquer direção reta ou diagonal. A Princesa, com um diadema de uma única joia, move-se como o Chefe, mas também pode saltar sobre peças.

Original English

The Panthans, which are represented as warriors with one feather, may move one space in any direction except backward; the Thoats, mounted warriors with three feathers, may move one straight and one diagonal, and may jump intervening pieces; Warriors, foot soldiers with two feathers, straight in any direction, or diagonally, two spaces; Padwars, lieutenants wearing two feathers, two diagonal in any direction, or combination; Dwars, captains wearing three feathers, three spaces straight in any direction, or combination; Fliers, represented by a propellor with three blades, three spaces in any direction, or combination, diagonally, and may jump intervening pieces; the Chief, indicated by a diadem with ten jewels, three spaces in any direction, straight, or diagonal; Princess, diadem with a single jewel, same as Chief, and can jump intervening pieces.

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Pt/En

Português

Um jogador vence ao colocar qualquer peça na mesma casa que a Princesa adversária, ou ao capturar o Chefe adversário com seu próprio Chefe. O jogo é empate se um Chefe for capturado por qualquer peça que não seja o Chefe adversário, ou se ambos os lados forem reduzidos a três peças ou menos de igual valor e o jogo não for decidido nos próximos dez movimentos (cinco para cada jogador). Este é apenas um breve resumo do jogo.

Original English

The game is won when a player places any of his pieces on the same square with his opponent's Princess, or when a Chief takes a Chief. It is drawn when a Chief is taken by any opposing piece other than the opposing Chief; or when both sides have been reduced to three pieces, or less, of equal value, and the game is not terminated in the following ten moves, five apiece. This is but a general outline of the game, briefly stated.

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Pt/En

Português

Dejah Thoris e John Carter estavam envolvidos neste jogo quando Tara de Hélio lhes deu boa noite, retirando-se para seus próprios aposentos. Ao sair, ela gritou desejando-lhes um bom dia. Nem ela nem seus pais perceberam que esta poderia ser a última vez que a veriam.

Original English

It was this game that Dejah Thoris and John Carter were playing when Tara of Helium bid them good night, retiring to her own quarters and her sleeping silks and furs. "Until morning, my beloved," she called back to them as she passed from the apartment, nor little did she guess, nor her parents, that this might indeed be the last time that they would ever set eyes upon her.

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Pt/En

Português

A manhã era monótona e cinzenta, com nuvens baixas e inquietas. Tara de Hélio olhou para a paisagem incomum — raramente nuvens cobriam o céu de Barsoom. Em vez de seu passeio matinal habitual em um pequeno thoat, ela decidiu por uma nova aventura. Uthia ainda dormia, então Tara vestiu-se silenciosamente e foi ao hangar no telhado do palácio, onde sua própria nave rápida estava guardada. Ela sempre quisera voar através das nuvens. O vento forte dificultou manobrar a nave para fora do hangar, mas uma vez no ar, ela sobrevoou as cidades gêmeas. Os ventos fortes balançavam a pequena nave, e Tara ria de alegria. Ela voava com habilidade, embora poucos veteranos ousariam enfrentar tal tempestade em uma nave tão leve. Ela subiu rapidamente para as nuvens, entrando em um novo mundo caótico. Lá, sentiu frio, umidade e solidão. Para escapar da sensação opressiva, subiu mais alto até irromper na luz solar brilhante acima das nuvens, que agora pareciam prata polida. Daquela altura, apesar do vento e da hélice zumbindo, sentia-se quase parada, mas o velocímetro mostrava que se movia a uma velocidade terrificante. Foi então que decidiu voltar.

Original English

The morning broke dull and gray. Ominous clouds billowed restlessly and low. Beneath them torn fragments scudded toward the northwest. From her window Tara of Helium looked out upon this unusual scene. Dense clouds seldom overcast the Barsoomian sky. At this hour of the day it was her custom to ride one of those small thoats that are the saddle animals of the red Martians, but the sight of the billowing clouds lured her to a new adventure. Uthia still slept and the girl did not disturb her. Instead, she dressed quietly and went to the hangar upon the roof of the palace directly above her quarters where her own swift flier was housed. She had never driven through the clouds. It was an adventure that always she had longed to experience. The wind was strong and it was with difficulty that she maneuvered the craft from the hangar without accident, but once away it raced swiftly out above the twin cities. The buffeting winds caught and tossed it, and the girl laughed aloud in sheer joy of the resultant thrills. She handled the little ship like a veteran, though few veterans would have faced the menace of such a storm in so light a craft. Swiftly she rose toward the clouds, racing with the scudding streamers of the storm-swept fragments, and a moment later she was swallowed by the dense masses billowing above. Here was a new world, a world of chaos unpeopled except for herself; but it was a cold, damp, lonely world and she found it depressing

after the novelty of it had been dissipated, by an overpowering sense of the magnitude of the forces surging about her. Suddenly she felt very lonely and very cold and very little. Hurriedly, therefore, she rose until presently her craft broke through into the glorious sunlight that transformed the upper surface of the somber element into rolling masses of burnished silver. Here it was still cold, but without the dampness of the clouds, and in the eye of the brilliant sun her spirits rose with the mounting needle of her altimeter. Gazing at the clouds, now far beneath, the girl experienced the sensation of hanging stationary in mid-heaven; but the whirring of her propellor, the wind beating upon her, the high figures that rose and fell beneath the glass of her speedometer, these told her that her speed was terrific. It was then that she determined to turn back.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela primeiro tentou voar acima das nuvens, mas o vento forte a impediu de virar. Então desceu para a área entre as nuvens e o chão, onde novamente tentou voltar para Helium, mas a tempestade jogou sua nave violentamente. Eventualmente, ela conseguiu endireitá-la perto do chão. Ela não ficou aterrorizada, confiando em sua frieza e na força de suas correias. Percebeu que estava segura enquanto se movia com a tempestade, mas não sabia para onde isso a levava. Imaginou a preocupação de seus pais e sabia que os buscadores arriscariam suas vidas, pois era a pior tempestade que já havia experimentado em Barsoom.

Original English

The first attempt she made above the clouds, but it was unsuccessful. To her surprise she discovered that she could not even turn against the high wind, which rocked and buffeted the frail craft. Then she dropped swiftly to the dark and wind-swept zone between the hurtling clouds and the gloomy surface of the shadowed ground. Here she tried again to force the nose of the flier back toward Helium, but the tempest seized the frail thing and hurled it remorselessly about, rolling it over and over and tossing it as it were a cork in a cataract. At last the girl succeeded in righting the flier, perilously close to the ground. Never before had she been so close to death, yet she was not terrified. Her coolness had saved her, that and the strength of the deck lashings that held her. Traveling with the storm she was safe, but where was it bearing her? She pictured the apprehension of her father and mother when she failed to appear at the morning meal. They

would find her flier missing and they would guess that somewhere in the path of the storm it lay a wrecked and tangled mass upon her dead body, and then brave men would go out in search of her, risking their lives; and that lives would be lost in the search, she knew, for she realized now that never in her life-time had such a tempest raged upon Barsoom.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela decidiu que devia retornar a Helium antes que alguém sacrificasse a vida procurando por ela. Acreditava que a área acima das nuvens oferecia mais segurança e chance de sucesso, então subiu novamente através do vapor frio e ventoso. Sua velocidade era imensa, e mesmo depois de reverter o motor, o vento a carregava. Então Tara de Helium perdeu a paciência. Ela se perguntou por que os elementos ousavam se opor a ela, quando seu mundo sempre a obedecera. Resolveu provar que a filha do Comandante-em-Chefe não poderia ser negada, nem mesmo pela natureza.

Original English

She must turn back! She must reach Helium before her mad lust for thrills had cost the sacrifice of a single courageous life! She determined that greater safety and likelihood of success lay above the clouds, and once again she rose through the chilling, wind-tossed vapor. Her speed again was terrific, for the wind seemed to have increased rather than to have lessened. She sought gradually to check the swift flight of her craft, but though she finally succeeded in reversing her motor the wind but carried her on as it would. Then it was that Tara of Helium lost her temper. Had her world not always bowed in acquiescence to her every wish? What were these elements that they dared to thwart her? She would demonstrate to them that the daughter of The Warlord was not to be denied! They would learn that Tara of Helium might not be ruled even by the forces of nature!

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Pt/En

Português

Ela acelerou o motor e empurrou a alavanca de direção para baixo e para bombordo, tentando forçar a nave diretamente contra o vento. O vento a agarrou, virou-a e arrancou a hélice, deixando-a indefesa. Sua primeira reação foi de surpresa por não ter conseguido o que queria. Então sentiu preocupação pela ansiedade de seus pais e pelos perigos que os buscadores enfrentariam. Ela se repreendeu por seu egoísmo impensado. Embora percebesse seu próprio perigo, permaneceu sem medo, como convinha à filha de Dejah Thoris e John Carter. Considerou pousar, mas descobriu que o vento tornava isso muito perigoso, então subiu novamente.

Original English

And so she drove her motor forward again and then with her firm, white teeth set in grim determination she drove the steering lever far down to port with the intention of forcing the nose of her craft straight into the teeth of the wind, and the wind seized the frail thing and toppled it over upon its back, and twisted and turned it and hurled it over and over; the propellor raced for an instant in an air pocket and then the tempest seized it again and twisted it from its shaft, leaving the girl helpless upon an unmanageable atom that rose and fell, and rolled and tumbled -- the sport of the elements she had defied. Tara of Helium's first sensation was one of surprise -- that she had failed to have her own way. Then she commenced to feel concern -- not for her own safety but for the anxiety of her parents and the dangers that the inevitable searchers must face. She reproached herself for the thoughtless selfishness that had jeopardized the peace and safety of others. She realized her own grave danger, too; but she was still unterrified, as befitted the daughter of Dejah Thoris and John Carter. She knew that her buoyancy tanks might keep her afloat indefinitely, but she had neither food nor water, and she was being borne toward the least-known area of Barsoom. Perhaps it would be better to land immediately and await the coming of the searchers, rather than to allow herself to be carried still further from Helium, thus greatly reducing the chances of early discovery; but when she dropped toward the ground she discovered that the violence of the wind rendered an attempt to land tantamount to destruction and she rose again, rapidly.

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Pt/En

Português

Voando a algumas centenas de pés acima do chão, ela pôde apreciar todo o poder da tempestade. O ar estava cheio de poeira e detritos; árvores, muros e edifícios foram levantados e espalhados pela terra cultivada. Essas visões a forçaram a perceber quão pequena e indefesa era, o que chocou seu orgulho. Ao anoitecer, a tempestade não mostrava sinais de diminuir. O odômetro registrou sete mil haads em doze horas, o que parecia inacreditável, mas era verdade. Pouco antes do anoitecer, ela foi carregada sobre a deserta cidade antiga de Torquas, embora não a reconhecesse. Se soubesse, teria abandonado a esperança, pois Torquas é tão remota para Helium quanto as Ilhas do Mar do Sul são para nós. A tempestade continuou com fúria inabalável.

Original English

Carried along a few hundred feet above the ground she was better able to appreciate the Titanic proportions of the storm than when she had flown in the comparative serenity of the zone above the clouds, for now she could distinctly see the effect of the wind upon the surface of Barsoom. The air was filled with dust and flying bits of vegetation and when the storm carried her across an irrigated area of farm land she saw great trees and stone walls and buildings lifted high in air and scattered broadcast over the devastated country; and then she was carried swiftly on to other sights that forced in upon her consciousness a rapidly growing conviction that after all Tara of Helium was a very small and insignificant and helpless person. It was quite a shock to her self-pride while it lasted, and toward evening she was ready to believe that it was going to last forever. There had been no abatement in the ferocity of the tempest, nor was there indication of any. She could only guess at the distance she had been carried for she could not believe in the correctness of the high figures that had been piled upon the record of her odometer. They seemed unbelievable and yet, had she known it, they were quite true -- in twelve hours she had flown and been carried by the storm full seven thousand haads. Just before dark she was carried over one of the deserted cities of ancient Mars. It was Torquas, but she did not know it. Had she, she might readily have been forgiven for abandoning the last vestige of hope, for to the people of Helium Torquas seems as remote as do the South Sea Islands to us. And still the tempest, its fury unabated, bore her on.

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Pt/En

Português

Durante toda a noite, ela disparou pela escuridão sob as nuvens, ou subiu para a luz da lua sob as duas luas de Barsoom. Estava com frio, fome e miserável, mas seu espírito corajoso recusou-se a aceitar que sua situação era desesperadora, embora a razão lhe dissesse o contrário. Em desafio, ela às vezes falava em voz alta, lembrando a teimosia de seu pai diante da aniquilação, e declarava que ainda vivia.

Original English

All that night she hurtled through the dark beneath the clouds, or rose to race through the moonlit void beneath the glory of Barsoom's two satellites. She was cold and hungry and altogether miserable, but her brave little spirit refused to admit that her plight was hopeless even though reason proclaimed the truth. Her reply to reason, sometime spoken aloud in sudden defiance, recalled the Spartan stubbornness of her sire in the face of certain annihilation: "I still live!"

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Pt/En

Português

Naquela manhã, o palácio do Senhor da Guerra teve um visitante matinal: Gahan, Jed de Gathol. Ele chegou pouco depois que notaram o desaparecimento de Tara de Hélio. Na confusão, ele não foi anunciado até que John Carter o encontrou no grande corredor de recepção. John Carter estava com pressa para organizar o envio de naves em busca de sua filha.

Original English

That morning there had been an early visitor at the palace of The Warlord. It was Gahan, Jed of Gathol. He had arrived shortly after the absence of Tara of Helium had been noted, and in the excitement he had remained unannounced until John Carter had happened upon him in the great reception corridor of the palace as The Warlord was hurrying out to arrange for the dispatch of ships in search of his daughter.

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Pt/En

Português

Gahan viu a preocupação no rosto do Senhor da Guerra. Ele se desculpou por se intrometer, explicando que só viera pedir um dia extra porque seria imprudente navegar um navio em meio a tal tempestade.

Original English

Gahan read the concern upon the face of The Warlord. "Forgive me if I intrude, John Carter," he said. "I but came to ask the indulgence of another day since it would be fool-hardy to attempt to navigate a ship in such a storm."

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Pt/En

Português

O Senhor da Guerra garantiu a Gahan que ele era bem-vindo para ficar o tempo que desejasse, mas pediu que desculpasse qualquer aparente negligência de Hélio até que sua filha fosse encontrada.

Original English

"Remain, Gahan, a welcome guest until you choose to leave us," replied The Warlord; "but you must forgive any seeming inattention upon the part of Helium until my daughter is restored to us."

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Pt/En

Português

O gatoiano exclamou surpreso, perguntando o que John Carter queria dizer com 'encontrada', e disse que não entendia.

Original English

"You daughter! Restored! What do you mean?" exclaimed the Gatholian. "I do not understand."

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Pt/En

Português

John Carter explicou que sua filha havia partido com seu pequeno flier, e que isso era tudo que sabiam. Eles supunham que ela saiu para um voo matinal e foi pega pela tempestade. Ele se desculpou por sair de repente, pois estava organizando navios para procurá-la. Mas Gahan já se apressava em direção ao portão do palácio. Ele montou em um thoat à espera e, com dois guerreiros com armaduras de Gathol, correu pelas ruas de Hélio até o palácio preparado para ele.

Original English

"She is gone, together with her light flier. That is all we know. We can only assume that she decided to fly before the morning meal and was caught in the clutches of the tempest. You will pardon me, Gahan, if I leave you abruptly -- I am arranging to send ships in search of her;" but Gahan, Jed of Gathol, was already speeding in the direction of the palace gate. There he leaped upon a waiting thoat and followed by two warriors in the metal of Gathol, he dashed through the avenues of Helium toward the palace that had been set aside for his entertainment.

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CHAPTER III — THE HEADLESS HUMANS

Pt/En

Português

O cruzador Vanator estava amarrado acima do telhado do palácio, tensionando ferozmente contra a ventania. A tripulação lutava para permanecer no convés, enquanto os que estavam no telhado abaixo se agarravam aos corrimãos para não serem arrastados. O emblema da nave estava pintado em sua proa, mas nenhuma flâmula voava, pois a tempestade as havia arrancado. Doze guerreiros permaneciam nas amarras com espadas curtas, prontos para cortar as cordas se alguma se rompesse, acreditando que uma nave livre poderia sobreviver melhor à tempestade do que uma parcialmente amarrada.

Original English

Above the roof of the palace that housed the Jed of Gathol and his entourage, the cruiser Vanator tore at her stout moorings. The groaning

tackle bespoke the mad fury of the gale, while the worried faces of those members of the crew whose duties demanded their presence on the straining craft gave corroborative evidence of the gravity of the situation. Only stout lashings prevented these men from being swept from the deck, while those upon the roof below were constantly compelled to cling to rails and stanchions to save themselves from being carried away by each new burst of meteoric fury. Upon the prow of the Vanator was painted the device of Gathol, but no pennants were displayed in the upper works since the storm had carried away several in rapid succession, just as it seemed to the watching men that it must carry away the ship itself. They could not believe that any tackle could withstand for long this Titanic force. To each of the twelve lashings clung a brawny warrior with drawn short-sword. Had but a single mooring given to the power of the tempest eleven short-swords would have cut the others; since, partially moored, the ship was doomed, while free in the tempest it stood at least some slight chance for life.

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Pt/En

Português

Um guerreiro gritou para outro sua crença de que as amarras segurariam.

Original English

"By the blood of Issus, I believe they will hold!" screamed one warrior to another.

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Pt/En

Português

Outro homem no telhado respondeu que, se os cabos se partissem, os espíritos de seus ancestrais recompensariam a corajosa tripulação do Vanator, mas ele acreditava que as cordas segurariam. Ele acrescentou que deveriam ser gratos por não terem navegado antes da tempestade, pois agora tinham uma chance de sobreviver.

Original English

"And if they do not hold may the spirits of our ancestors reward the brave warriors upon the Vanator," replied another of those upon the roof of the palace, "for it will not be long from the moment her cables part before her crew dons the leather of the dead; but yet, Tanus, I believe they will hold. Give thanks at least that we did not sail before the tempest fell, since now

each of us has a chance to live."

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Pt/En

Português

Tanus concordou, afirmando que não gostaria de estar em nenhuma nave, por mais resistente que fosse, em meio a tal ventania.

Original English

"Yes," replied Tanus, "I should hate to be abroad today upon the stoutest ship that sails the Barsoomian sky."

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Pt/En

Português

Naquele momento, Gahan, o Jed, chegou ao telhado, acompanhado pelo restante de seu grupo e uma dúzia de guerreiros de Hélio. O jovem governante então se dirigiu a seus seguidores.

Original English

It was then that Gahan the Jed appeared upon the roof. With him were the balance of his own party and a dozen warriors of Helium. The young chief turned to his followers.

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Pt/En

Português

Gahan anunciou que navegaria imediatamente no Vanator, em busca de Tara de Hélio, que se acreditava ter sido levada por um flier individual durante a tempestade. Ele reconheceu as poucas chances do navio de sobreviver à tempestade e disse que não ordenaria ninguém à morte certa; aqueles que desejassem poderiam ficar sem desonra, enquanto os outros o seguiriam. Então ele saltou para a escada de corda, que balançava violentamente no vendaval.

Original English

"I sail at once upon the Vanator," he said, "in search of Tara of Helium who is thought to have been carried away upon a one-man flier by the storm. I

do not need to explain to you the slender chances the Vanator has to withstand the fury of the tempest, nor will I order you to your deaths. Let those who wish remain behind without dishonor. The others will follow me," and he leaped for the rope ladder that lashed wildly in the gale.

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Pt/En

Português

O primeiro a segui-lo foi Tanus. Quando a última pessoa alcançou o convés do cruzador, apenas os doze guerreiros de Hélio permaneciam no telhado do palácio. Eles haviam ocupado os postos dos gatólios nas amarras, com as espadas desembainhadas.

Original English

The first man to follow him was Tanus and when the last reached the deck of the cruiser there remained upon the palace roof only the twelve warriors of Helium, who, with naked swords, had taken the posts of the Gatholians at the moorings.

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Pt/En

Português

Nenhum dos guerreiros que haviam permanecido no Vanator a deixaria agora.

Original English

Not a single warrior who had remained aboard the Vanator would leave her now.

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Pt/En

Português

Gahan disse que não esperava menos. Com a ajuda dos que já estavam no convés, ele e os outros prenderam as amarras. O comandante do Vanator balançou a cabeça; ele se importava profundamente com seu navio, o orgulho de sua classe na pequena marinha gatólia. Ele não se preocupava consigo mesmo, mas com o navio, imaginando-o rasgado e torcido sobre a vegetação ocre de um fundo marinho distante, prestes a

ser invadido e saqueado por uma horda verde selvagem. Ele olhou para Gahan.

Original English

"I expected no less," said Gahan, as with the help of those already on the deck he and the others found secure lashings. The commander of the Vanator shook his head. He loved his trim craft, the pride of her class in the little navy of Gathol. It was of her he thought -- not of himself. He saw her lying torn and twisted upon the ochre vegetation of some distant sea-bottom, to be presently overrun and looted by some savage, green horde. He looked at Gahan.

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Pt/En

Português

O jed perguntou a San Tothis se ele estava pronto.

Original English

"Are you ready, San Tothis?" asked the jed.

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Pt/En

Português

Alguém confirmou que tudo estava pronto.

Original English

"All is ready."

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Pt/En

Português

Ele ordenou que cortassem as cordas.

Original English

"Then cut away!"

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Pt/En

Português

A mensagem foi passada para os guerreiros heliunéticos abaixo para cortarem os cabos ao sinal do terceiro tiro. Doze espadas deveriam golpear juntas, cada uma cortando três fios de cabo pesado limpidamente para evitar um desastre a bordo do Vanator.

Original English

Word was passed across the deck and over the side to the Heliumetic warriors below that at the third gun they were to cut away. Twelve keen swords must strike simultaneously and with equal power, and each must sever completely and instantly three strands of heavy cable that no loose end fouling a block bring immediate disaster upon the Vanator.

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Pt/En

Português

O canhão de sinal disparou três vezes. Ao primeiro som, os doze guerreiros no telhado levantaram suas espadas. Ao terceiro, cortaram as doze cordas de amarração limpa e simultaneamente.

Original English

Boom! The voice of the signal gun rolled down through the screaming wind to the twelve warriors upon the roof. Boom! Twelve swords were raised above twelve brawny shoulders. Boom! Twelve keen edges severed twelve complaining moorings, clean and as one.

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Pt/En

Português

O Vanator, com suas hélices girando, disparou para frente na tempestade. O vento o atingiu por trás, inclinando-o de nariz para baixo, depois o fez girar como um pião. No telhado do palácio, os doze homens observavam impotentes, rezando pela tripulação. Outros observavam dos patamares de pouso de Hélio, mas os preparativos de busca continuaram sem pausa, demonstrando a coragem dos guerreiros de Barsoom.

Original English

The Vanator, her propellers whirling, shot forward with the storm. The tempest struck her in the stern as with a mailed fist and stood the great ship upon her nose, and then it caught her and spun her as a child's top spins; and upon the palace roof the twelve men looked on in silent helplessness and prayed for the souls of the brave warriors who were going to their death. And others saw, from Helium's lofty landing stages and from a thousand hangars upon a thousand roofs; but only for an instant did the preparations stop that would send other brave men into the frightful maelstrom of that apparently hopeless search, for such is the courage of the warriors of Barsoom.

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Pt/En

Português

O Vanator não caiu à vista da cidade, pelo menos não imediatamente. Enquanto os observadores continuavam a observar a nave, ela nunca permaneceu estável por um único momento. Inclina-se para um lado ou para o outro, voava de cabeça para baixo, rolava repetidamente ou ficava de nariz ou de cauda, ao capricho da força poderosa que a carregava. Os espectadores entenderam que esta enorme embarcação estava meramente sendo arrastada junto com os outros detritos, grandes e pequenos, que preenchiam o céu. Nenhuma tempestade tão violenta quanto esta jamais foi registrada na memória do homem ou na história de Barsoom.

Original English

But the Vanator did not fall to the ground, within sight of the city at least, though as long as the watchers could see her never for an instant did she rest upon an even keel. Sometimes she lay upon one side or the other, or again she hurtled along keel up, or rolled over and over, or stood upon her nose or her tail at the caprice of the great force that carried her along. And the watchers saw that this great ship was merely being blown away with the other bits of debris great and small that filled the sky. Never in the memory of man or the annals of recorded history had such a storm raged across the face of Barsoom.

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Pt/En

Português

Um momento depois, o Vanator foi esquecido quando a alta torre escarlate que há muito marcava a Pequena Hélio desabou ao chão, trazendo morte e destruição para a cidade abaixo. O pânico se espalhou e um incêndio começou nas ruínas. Todos os recursos da cidade pareciam enfraquecidos. Foi então que o Chefe de Guerra ordenou que os homens que estavam prestes a partir em busca de Tara de Hélio, em vez disso, focalizassem seus esforços em salvar a cidade. Ele também tinha visto o Vanator partir e percebeu que seria inútil desperdiçar homens que eram desesperadamente necessários se a Pequena Hélio fosse salva da aniquilação completa.

Original English

And in another instant was the Vanator forgotten as the lofty, scarlet tower that had marked Lesser Helium for ages crashed to ground, carrying death and demolition upon the city beneath. Panic reigned. A fire broke out in the ruins. The city's every force seemed crippled, and it was then that The Warlord ordered the men that were about to set forth in search of Tara of Helium to devote their energies to the salvation of the city, for he too had witnessed the start of the Vanator and realized the futility of wasting men who were needed sorely if Lesser Helium was to be saved from utter destruction.

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Pt/En

Português

Pouco depois do meio-dia do segundo dia, a tempestade começou a diminuir. Antes do pôr do sol, a pequena embarcação na qual Tara de Hélio pairara entre a vida e a morte por muitas horas flutuava lentamente ao sabor de uma brisa suave sobre uma paisagem de colinas ondulantes — colinas que outrora foram montanhas imponentes em um continente marciano. A garota estava exausta pela falta de sono, comida e água, bem como pela reação nervosa às experiências aterrorizantes que havia suportado. Na distância próxima, logo acima de uma colina intermediária, ela vislumbrou brevemente o que parecia ser uma torre com cúpula. Ela rapidamente abaixou o aeroplano para que a colina o bloqueasse da vista de possíveis ocupantes da estrutura que havia visto. A torre sugeria habitação humana e, com ela, a promessa de água e talvez comida. Se a torre fosse uma relíquia deserta de uma era passada, ela não encontraria

comida lá, mas ainda haveria chance de água. Se fosse habitada, ela precisaria se aproximar com cautela, pois apenas inimigos poderiam ser esperados em uma terra tão distante. Tara de Hélio sabia que estava longe das cidades gêmeas do império de seu avô, mas se soubesse, mesmo dentro de mil haads, o quão longe realmente estava, teria ficado atordoada pela total falta de esperança de sua situação.

Original English

Shortly after noon of the second day the storm commenced to abate, and before the sun went down, the little craft upon which Tara of Helium had hovered between life and death these many hours drifted slowly before a gentle breeze above a landscape of rolling hills that once had been lofty mountains upon a Martian continent. The girl was exhausted from loss of sleep, from lack of food and drink, and from the nervous reaction consequent to the terrifying experiences through which she had passed. In the near distance, just topping an intervening hill, she caught a momentary glimpse of what appeared to be a dome-capped tower. Quickly she dropped the flier until the hill shut it off from the view of the possible occupants of the structure she had seen. The tower meant to her the habitation of man, suggesting the presence of water and, perhaps, of food. If the tower was the deserted relic of a bygone age she would scarcely find food there, but there was still a chance that there might be water. If it was inhabited, then must her approach be cautious, for only enemies might be expected to abide in so far distant a land. Tara of Helium knew that she must be far from the twin cities of her grandfather's empire, but had she guessed within even a thousand haads of the reality, she had been stunned by realization of the utter hopelessness of her state.

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Pt/En

Português

Mantendo a nave baixa, já que os tanques de flutuação ainda estavam intactos, a garota deslizou pelo chão até que o vento suave a levou ao lado da última colina que a separava da estrutura que ela pensava ser uma torre construída por homens. Lá, ela pousou o veículo entre algumas árvores atrofiadas, arrastou-o para debaixo de uma para escondê-lo de aeronaves que passavam, amarrou-o e partiu para reconhecer o local. Como a maioria das mulheres de sua classe, ela estava armada apenas com uma lâmina fina, então, em uma emergência como essa, ela tinha que confiar quase inteiramente em sua inteligência para permanecer despercebida pelos inimigos. Com o máximo de cautela, ela rastejou

cautelosamente em direção ao topo da colina, aproveitando cada tela natural que a paisagem oferecia para ocultar sua aproximação de possíveis observadores à frente, enquanto olhava rapidamente para trás de vez em quando para se proteger contra surpresas vindas daquela direção.

Original English

Keeping the craft low, for the buoyancy tanks were still intact, the girl skimmed the ground until the gently-moving wind had carried her to the side of the last hill that intervened between her and the structure she had thought a man-built tower. Here she brought the flier to the ground among some stunted trees, and dragging it beneath one where it might be somewhat hidden from craft passing above, she made it fast and set forth to reconnoiter. Like most women of her class she was armed only with a single slender blade, so that in such an emergency as now confronted her she must depend almost solely upon her cleverness in remaining undiscovered by enemies. With utmost caution she crept warily toward the crest of the hill, taking advantage of every natural screen that the landscape afforded to conceal her approach from possible observers ahead, while momentarily she cast quick glances rearward lest she be taken by surprise from that quarter.

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Pt/En

Português

Finalmente ela chegou ao cume, onde, escondida atrás de um arbusto baixo, podia ver o que havia além. Abaixo dela se estendia um belo vale cercado por colinas baixas. Numerosas torres circulares com tampas em forma de cúpula pontilhavam o vale, cada uma cercada por um muro de pedra que envolvia vários acres de terreno. O vale parecia ser altamente cultivado. No lado oposto da colina, logo abaixo dela, havia uma torre e seu recinto. Foi o telhado desta torre que primeiro chamou sua atenção. Em todos os aspectos, parecia idêntica às mais distantes no vale: um muro maciço e rebocado de construção robusta cercando uma torre construída de forma semelhante, em cuja superfície cinzenta estava pintado um dispositivo estranho em cores vivas. As torres tinham cerca de quarenta metros de diâmetro (aproximadamente quarenta pés terrestres) e sessenta pés de altura até a base da cúpula. Para um homem da Terra, elas poderiam ter sugerido os silos usados por fazendeiros de laticínios para armazenar ração para seus rebanhos, mas uma inspeção mais detalhada, revelando aberturas ocasionais com ameias e a estranha construção das

cúpulas, teria mudado essa impressão. Tara de Hélio viu que as cúpulas pareciam ser revestidas com inúmeros prismas de vidro; aqueles expostos ao sol poente cintilavam tão esplendidamente que de repente a lembraram dos magníficos apetrechos de Gahan de Gathol. Ao pensar naquele homem, ela balançou a cabeça com raiva e moveu-se cautelosamente um ou dois pés para frente para obter uma visão menos obstruída da torre mais próxima e de seu recinto.

Original English

She came at last to the summit, where, from the concealment of a low bush, she could see what lay beyond. Beneath her spread a beautiful valley surrounded by low hills. Dotting it were numerous circular towers, dome-capped, and surrounding each tower was a stone wall enclosing several acres of ground. The valley appeared to be in a high state of cultivation. Upon the opposite side of the hill and just beneath her was a tower and enclosure. It was the roof of the former that had first attracted her attention. In all respects it seemed identical in construction with those further out in the valley -- a high, plastered wall of massive construction surrounding a similarly constructed tower, upon whose gray surface was painted in vivid colors a strange device. The towers were about forty fathoms in diameter, approximately forty earth-feet, and sixty in height to the base of the dome. To an Earth man they would have immediately suggested the silos in which dairy farmers store ensilage for their herds; but closer scrutiny, revealing an occasional embrasured opening together with the strange construction of the domes, would have altered such a conclusion. Tara of Helium saw that the domes seemed to be faced with innumerable prisms of glass, those that were exposed to the declining sun scintillating so gorgeously as to remind her suddenly of the magnificent trappings of Gahan of Gathol. As she thought of the man she shook her head angrily, and moved cautiously forward a foot or two that she might get a less obstructed view of the nearer tower and its enclosure.

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Pt/En

Português

Olhando para o recinto ao redor da torre mais próxima, Tara de Hélio viu cerca de vinte corpos humanos nus sem cabeça. A princípio, ela não conseguia acreditar que aquelas coisas terríveis estavam vivas e se movendo. Eles rastejavam sobre mãos e joelhos, estendendo os dedos. Alguns estavam em cochos, pegando comida e colocando no buraco onde deveriam estar os pescoços. Estavam próximos o suficiente para ela ver

claramente: corpos de homens e mulheres, bem proporcionados, com pele ligeiramente mais clara que a dela. Ela percebeu que aquele era o estado normal deles, não resultado de violência recente. Fascinada e horrorizada, observou seus movimentos cegos e lentos, que sugeriam um cérebro primitivo. Ela se perguntou como sobreviviam, pois não conseguia imaginar essas criaturas cultivando, mas o vale era cultivado e as criaturas tinham comida. Ela questionou quem cuidava delas e com que propósito. Era um mistério que ela não conseguia resolver.

Original English

As Tara of Helium looked down into the enclosure surrounding the nearest tower, her brows contracted momentarily in frowning surprise, and then her eyes went wide in an expression of incredulity tinged with horror, for what she saw was a score or two of human bodies -- naked and headless. For a long moment she watched, breathless; unable to believe the evidence of her own eyes -- that these grewsome things moved and had life! She saw them crawling about on hands and knees over and across one another, searching about with their fingers. And she saw some of them at troughs, for which the others seemed to be searching, and those at the troughs were taking something from these receptacles and apparently putting it in a hole where their necks should have been. They were not far beneath her -- she could see them distinctly and she saw that there were the bodies of both men and women, and that they were beautifully proportioned, and that their skin was similar to hers, but of a slightly lighter red. At first she had thought that she was looking upon a shambles and that the bodies, but recently decapitated, were moving under the impulse of muscular reaction; but presently she realized that this was their normal condition. The horror of them fascinated her, so that she could scarce take her eyes from them. It was evident from their groping hands that they were eyeless, and their sluggish movements suggested a rudimentary nervous system and a correspondingly minute brain. The girl wondered how they subsisted for she could not, even by the wildest stretch of imagination, picture these imperfect creatures as intelligent tillers of the soil. Yet that the soil of the valley was tilled was evident and that these things had food was equally so. But who tilled the soil? Who kept and fed these unhappy things, and for what purpose? It was an enigma beyond her powers of deduction.

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Pt/En

Português

A visão da comida lembrou Tara de sua própria fome e sede. Ela podia ver comida e água dentro do recinto, mas duvidava que ousasse entrar mesmo se encontrasse um caminho. O pensamento de possível contato com essas criaturas horríveis a fez estremecer.

Original English

The sight of food aroused again a consciousness of her own gnawing hunger and the thirst that parched her throat. She could see both food and water within the enclosure; but would she dare enter even should she find means of ingress? She doubted it, since the very thought of possible contact with these grewsome creatures sent a shudder through her frame.

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Pt/En

Português

O olhar de Tara percorreu o vale e se fixou no que parecia um pequeno riacho serpenteando pelas terras agrícolas, uma visão incomum em Barsoom. Se fosse água, ela poderia realmente ter esperança. Ela poderia colher comida dos campos à noite, escondendo-se entre as colinas durante o dia. Ela sabia que John Carter, o Senhor da Guerra de Barsoom, nunca pararia de procurar por sua filha até que cada parte do planeta tivesse sido revistada muitas vezes. Ela confiava nele e nos guerreiros de Hélio, acreditando que, se conseguisse evitar danos até que chegassem, eles a encontrariam eventualmente.

Original English

Then her eyes wandered again out across the valley until presently they picked out what appeared to be a tiny stream winding its way through the center of the farm lands -- a strange sight upon Barsoom. Ah, if it were but water! Then might she hope with a real hope, for the fields would give her sustenance which she could gain by night, while by day she hid among the surrounding hills, and sometime, yes, sometime she knew, the searchers would come, for John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, would never cease to search for his daughter until every square haad of the planet had been combed again and again. She knew him and she knew the warriors of Helium and so she knew that could she but manage to escape harm until they came, they would indeed come at last.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela decidiu esperar até escurecer antes de se aventurar no vale. Enquanto isso, achou prudente encontrar um lugar seguro por perto, possivelmente livre de animais selvagens. Quando estava prestes a recuar, notou duas figuras emergirem da torre. Seus corpos eram idênticos aos das criaturas sem cabeça, mas tinham cabeças. Embora distantes na luz que se apagava, ela sentiu que essas cabeças não eram humanas. Pareciam grandes demais e desproporcionais, com formato oblatado. As figuras usavam cinturões carregando espadas longas e curtas, e em volta de seus pescoços curtos havia grossos colares de couro. Suas características eram indistintas, mas grotescas, enchendo-a de repulsa.

Original English

She would have to wait until dark before she dare venture into the valley, and in the meantime she thought it well to search out a place of safety nearby where she might be reasonably safe from savage beasts. It was possible that the district was free from carnivora, but one might never be sure in a strange land. As she was about to withdraw behind the brow of the hill her attention was again attracted to the enclosure below. Two figures had emerged from the tower. Their beautiful bodies seemed identical with those of the headless creatures among which they moved, but the newcomers were not headless. Upon their shoulders were heads that seemed human, yet which the girl intuitively sensed were not human. They were just a trifle too far away for her to see them distinctly in the waning light of the dying day, but she knew that they were too large, they were out of proportion to the perfectly proportioned bodies, and they were oblate in form. She could see that the men wore some manner of harness to which were slung the customary long-sword and short-sword of the Barsoomian warrior, and that about their short necks were massive leather collars cut to fit closely over the shoulders and snugly to the lower part of the head. Their features were scarce discernible, but there was a suggestion of grotesqueness about them that carried to her a feeling of revulsion.

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Pt/En

Português

As duas figuras carregavam uma corda comprida com algemas leves presas em intervalos. Elas se moveram entre as criaturas sem cabeça, prendendo uma aljava em cada pulso direito. Então um guerreiro puxou a corda em direção à torre enquanto o outro usava um chicote longo e leve para chicotear a pele nua delas. Lentamente, as criaturas se levantaram. Com o guerreiro na frente puxando e o atrás açoitando, o bando sem esperança foi conduzido para dentro da torre. Tara de Hélio estremeceu e se virou, perguntando-se que tipo de seres eram aqueles.

Original English

The two carried a long rope to which were fastened, at intervals of about two fathoms, what she later guessed were light manacles, for she saw the warriors passing among the poor creatures in the enclosure and about the right wrist of each they fastened one of the manacles. When all had been thus fastened to the rope one of the warriors commenced to pull and tug at the loose end as though attempting to drag the headless company toward the tower, while the other went among them with a long, light whip with which he flicked them upon the naked skin. Slowly, dully, the creatures rose to their feet and between the tugging of the warrior in front and the lashing of him behind the hopeless band was finally herded within the tower. Tara of Helium shuddered as she turned away. What manner of creatures were these?

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Pt/En

Português

Ela decidiu amarrar sua nave a uma árvore para que subisse pela corda, mantendo-a segura de qualquer predador errante no convés. Pela manhã, ela poderia descer novamente antes que a nave fosse descoberta.

Original English

Suddenly it was night. The Barsoomian day had ended, and then the brief period of twilight that renders the transition from daylight to darkness almost as abrupt as the switching off of an electric light, and Tara of Helium had found no sanctuary. But perhaps there were no beasts to fear, or rather to avoid -- Tara of Helium liked not the word fear. She would have been glad, however, had there been a cabin, even a very tiny cabin, upon her small flier; but there was no cabin. The interior of the hull was

completely taken up by the buoyancy tanks. Ah, she had it! How stupid of her not to have thought of it before! She could moor the craft to the tree beneath which it rested and let it rise the length of the rope. Lashed to the deck rings she would then be safe from any roaming beast of prey that chanced along. In the morning she could drop to the ground again before the craft was discovered.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto Tara de Hélio se movia para o vale, a noite a escondia. A lua Cluros estava nascendo; ela se poria dezenove horas e meia depois. Enquanto isso, Thuria, a outra lua, havia acabado de se pôr e não retornaria por três horas e meia. Durante esse intervalo, Tara esperava encontrar comida e água e retornar à segurança de sua nave.

Original English

As Tara of Helium crept over the brow of the hill down toward the valley, her presence was hidden by the darkness of the night from the sight of any chance observer who might be loitering by a window in the nearby tower. Cluros, the farther moon, was just rising above the horizon to commence his leisurely journey through the heavens. Eight zodes later he would set -- a trifle over nineteen and a half Earth hours -- and during that time Thuria, his vivacious mate, would have circled the planet twice and be more than half way around on her third trip. She had but just set. It would be more than three and a half hours before she shot above the opposite horizon to hurtle, swift and low, across the face of the dying planet. During this temporary absence of the mad moon Tara of Helium hoped to find both food and water, and gain again the safety of her flier's deck.

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Pt/En

Português

Ela caminhou pela escuridão, mantendo-se longe da torre. O luar distorcia os objetos, mas ela não queria mais luz porque isso a revelaria aos habitantes da torre. Seguindo a encosta morro abaixo, sabia que chegaria ao riacho. Havia comida pelo caminho, mas sabia que esperar até a noite seguinte seria mais seguro. No entanto, sua fome e sede a obrigaram a continuar, arriscando ser descoberta.

Original English

She groped her way through the darkness, giving the tower and its enclosure as wide a berth as possible. Sometimes she stumbled, for in the long shadows cast by the rising Cluros objects were grotesquely distorted though the light from the moon was still not sufficient to be of much assistance to her. Nor, as a matter of fact, did she want light. She could find the stream in the dark, by the simple expedient of going down hill until she walked into it and she had seen that bearing trees and many crops grew throughout the valley, so that she would pass food in plenty ere she reached the stream. If the moon showed her the way more clearly and thus saved her from an occasional fall, he would, too, show her more clearly to the strange denizens of the towers, and that, of course, must not be. Could she have waited until the following night conditions would have been better, since Cluros would not appear in the heavens at all and so, during Thuria's absence, utter darkness would reign; but the pangs of thirst and the gnawing of hunger could be endured no longer with food and drink both in sight, and so she had decided to risk discovery rather than suffer longer.

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Pt/En

Português

Já passada a torre mais próxima em segurança, ela se moveu cautelosamente, usando as sombras das árvores como cobertura. Logo encontrou uma árvore carregada de frutos maduros — a usa, um alimento básico inosso mas nutritivo de Barsoom. Embora normalmente considerada intragável sem cozimento, para Tara parecia deliciosa. Ela comeu apenas um pouco e encheu sua bolsa de bolso antes de continuar.

Original English

Safely past the nearest tower, she moved as rapidly as she felt consistent with safety, choosing her way wherever possible so that she might take advantage of the shadows of the trees that grew at intervals and at the same time discover those which bore fruit. In this latter she met with almost immediate success, for the very third tree beneath which she halted was heavy with ripe fruit. Never, thought Tara of Helium, had aught so delicious impinged upon her palate, and yet it was naught else than the almost tasteless usa, which is considered to be palatable only after having been cooked and highly spiced. It grows easily with little irrigation and the trees bear abundantly. The fruit, which ranks high in food value, is one of the staple foods of the less well-to-do, and because of its cheapness and

nutritive value forms one of the principal rations of both armies and navies upon Barsoom, a use which has won for it a Martian sobriquet which, freely translated into English, would be, The Fighting Potato. The girl was wise enough to eat but sparingly, but she filled her pocket-pouch with the fruit before she continued upon her way.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois de passar por duas torres, ela chegou a um riacho. Bebeu apenas um pouco, enxaguou a boca e lavou o rosto, as mãos e os pés apesar do frio. Colheu frutas e tubérculos comestíveis por perto, substituindo parte da usa em sua bolsa. Quando se aproximava a hora de Thuria nascer, ela sabia que precisava retornar à sua nave para não ser pega pelo luar. Não tinha recipiente para carregar água e teria que confiar nos sucos das frutas e tubérculos até poder voltar na noite seguinte.

Original English

Two towers she passed before she came at last to the stream, and here again was she temperate, drinking but little and that very slowly, contenting herself with rinsing her mouth frequently and bathing her face, her hands, and her feet; and even though the night was cold, as Martian nights are, the sensation of refreshment more than compensated for the physical discomfort of the low temperature. Replacing her sandals she sought among the growing track near the stream for whatever edible berries or tubers might be planted there, and found a couple of varieties that could be eaten raw. With these she replaced some of the usa in her pocket-pouch, not only to insure a variety but because she found them more palatable. Occasionally she returned to the stream to drink, but each time moderately. Always were her eyes and ears alert for the first signs of danger, but she had neither seen nor heard aught to disturb her. And presently the time approached when she felt she must return to her flier lest she be caught in the revealing light of low swinging Thuria. She dreaded leaving the water for she knew that she must become very thirsty before she could hope to come again to the stream. If she only had some little receptacle in which to carry water, even a small amount would tide her over until the following night; but she had nothing and so she must content herself as best she could with the juices of the fruit and tubers she had gathered.

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Pt/En

Português

Depois de beber do riacho, ela se levantou para voltar em direção às colinas, mas de repente ficou tensa de medo. Ela tinha certeza de ter visto algo se mover nas sombras debaixo de uma árvore próxima. Por um longo momento, ela ficou imóvel, quase sem respirar, olhando fixamente para o ponto escuro e ouvindo. Então, um gemido baixo veio das colinas onde sua aeronave estava escondida. Ela o reconheceu: o chamado de caça de um banth, o grande leão de Barsoom. O banth estava diretamente em seu caminho. Mas o que quer que estivesse escondido nas sombras estava mais perto. Não saber o que era a deixou mais assustada. Se ela soubesse, o perigo teria parecido menor. Ela olhou rapidamente ao redor em busca de um lugar seguro para escapar caso a criatura se mostrasse hostil.

Original English

After a last drink at the stream, the longest and deepest she had allowed herself, she rose to retrace her steps toward the hills; but even as she did so she became suddenly tense with apprehension. What was that? She could have sworn that she saw something move in the shadows beneath a tree not far away. For a long minute the girl did not move -- she scarce breathed. Her eyes remained fixed upon the dense shadows below the tree, her ears strained through the silence of the night. A low moaning came down from the hills where her flier was hidden. She knew it well -- the weird note of the hunting banth. And the great carnivore lay directly in her path. But he was not so close as this other thing, hiding there in the shadows just a little way off. What was it? It was the strain of uncertainty that weighed heaviest upon her. Had she known the nature of the creature lurking there half its menace would have vanished. She cast quickly about her in search of some haven of refuge should the thing prove dangerous.

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Pt/En

Português

Novamente o gemido veio das colinas, desta vez mais perto, e logo foi respondido do outro lado do vale, atrás dela, depois da sua direita e duas vezes da sua esquerda. Ela avistou uma árvore próxima e, sem tirar os olhos das sombras, moveu-se em direção aos seus galhos pendentes. Ao primeiro passo, um rosnado baixo veio do local que ela estava observando, e ela ouviu um grande corpo se mexer. De repente, a criatura

saltou para o luar, investindo diretamente contra ela. Sua cauda estava ereta, orelhas abaixadas, e sua enorme boca, cheia de fileiras de presas afiadas, já estava aberta para o ataque. Corria sobre dez pernas em grandes saltos, e então rugiu um rugido terrível destinado a paralisar a presa. Era um banth, o leão jubado de Barsoom. Tara de Hélio viu-o vindo e pulou para a árvore. O banth percebeu sua intenção e correu mais rápido. Seu rugido ecoou pelas colinas e foi respondido por outros banths no vale, até que pareceu à garota que ela havia tropeçado no meio de inúmeras feras selvagens.

Original English

Again arose the moaning from the hills, but this time closer. Almost immediately it was answered from the opposite side of the valley, behind her, and then from the distance to the right of her, and twice upon her left. Her eyes had found a tree, quite near. Slowly, and without taking her eyes from the shadows of that other tree, she moved toward the overhanging branches that might afford her sanctuary in the event of need, and at her first move a low growl rose from the spot she had been watching and she heard the sudden moving of a big body. Simultaneously the creature shot into the moonlight in full charge upon her, its tail erect, its tiny ears laid flat, its great mouth with its multiple rows of sharp and powerful fangs already yawning for its prey, its ten legs carrying it forward in great leaps, and now from the beast's throat issued the frightful roar with which it seeks to paralyze its prey. It was a banth -- the great, maned lion of Barsoom. Tara of Helium saw it coming and leaped for the tree toward which she had been moving, and the banth realized her intention and redoubled his speed. As his hideous roar awakened the echoes in the hills, so too it awakened echoes in the valley; but these echoes came from the living throats of others of his kind, until it seemed to the girl that Fate had thrown her into the midst of a countless multitude of these savage beasts.

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Pt/En

Português

Uma banth em carga é incrivelmente rápida, e foi uma sorte que ela não tivesse sido pega longe da árvore. Sua margem de segurança era muito pequena. Enquanto ela pulava agilmente para os galhos mais baixos, a banth colidiu com a folhagem quase em cima dela, saltando para agarrá-la. Ela foi salva por uma combinação de sorte e agilidade. Um galho grosso desviou as garras dilacerantes da besta, mas um enorme antebraço roçou sua pele pouco antes de ela subir para os galhos mais altos.

Original English

Almost incredibly swift is the speed of a charging banth, and fortunate it was that the girl had not been caught farther in the open. As it was, her margin of safety was next to negligible, for as she swung nimbly to the lower branches the creature in pursuit of her crashed among the foliage almost upon her as it sprang upward to seize her. It was only a combination of good fortune and agility that saved her. A stout branch deflected the raking talons of the carnivore, but so close was the call that a giant forearm brushed her flesh in the instant before she scrambled to the higher branches.

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Pt/En

Português

O banth frustrado rugiu de raiva e decepção, fazendo o chão tremer. Seus rugidos foram acompanhados pelos rosnados e gemidos de seus companheiros, que se aproximavam de todas as direções, esperando roubar parte da presa. Eles circularam a árvore, rosnando uns para os outros, enquanto a garota, encolhida em uma forquilha acima, olhava para os monstros amarelos e magros que andavam silenciosamente em um círculo inquieto. Ela se perguntou sobre a estranha sorte que lhe permitira chegar tão longe no vale à noite ileso, mas ainda mais se perguntou como voltaria para as colinas. Ela não ousava descer à noite e imaginava que durante o dia perigos ainda maiores poderiam esperá-la. Dependendo do vale para obter comida e água parecia impossível: os banths a impediriam durante a noite, e os habitantes das torres provavelmente a impediriam de forragear durante o dia. A única solução era voltar ao seu aeronave e esperar que o vento a levasse para uma terra menos terrível. Mas quando ela poderia voltar? Os banths não mostravam sinais de desistir da esperança de pegá-la, e mesmo que se afastassem, ela duvidava que ousaria tentar.

Original English

Baffled, the banth gave vent to his rage and disappointment in a series of frightful roars that caused the very ground to tremble, and to these were added the roarings and the growlings and the moanings of his fellows as they approached from every direction, in the hope of wresting from him whatever of his kill they could take by craft or prowess. And now he turned snarling upon them as they circled the tree, while the girl, huddled in a crotch above them, looked down upon the gaunt, yellow monsters padding

on noiseless feet in a restless circle about her. She wondered now at the strange freak of fate that had permitted her to come down this far into the valley by night unharmed, but even more she wondered how she was to return to the hills. She knew that she would not dare venture it by night and she guessed, too, that by day she might be confronted by even graver perils. To depend upon this valley for sustenance she now saw to be beyond the pale of possibility because of the banths that would keep her from food and water by night, while the dwellers in the towers would doubtless make it equally impossible for her to forage by day. There was but one solution of her difficulty and that was to return to her flier and pray that the wind would waft her to some less terrible land; but when might she return to the flier? The banths gave little evidence of relinquishing hope of her, and even if they wandered out of sight would she dare risk the attempt? She doubted it.

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Pt/En

Português

A situação dela parecia realmente desesperadora e, de fato, era sem esperança.

Original English

Hopeless indeed seemed her situation -- hopeless it was.

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CHAPTER IV — CAPTURED

Pt/En

Português

À medida que Thuria, a lua rápida da noite, surgiu novamente, a cena se transformou como por mágica. Um novo aspecto parecia cair sobre a natureza, como se alguém tivesse sido instantaneamente transportado para outro planeta. Era o milagre eterno das noites marcianas, sempre novo mesmo para os marcianos: duas luas brilhando esplendidamente onde apenas uma havia momentos antes, com sombras conflitantes e que mudavam rapidamente, alterando a própria forma das colinas. A distante Cluros, majestosa e quase estacionária, lançava uma luz constante sobre o mundo abaixo. Thuria, um grande e glorioso orbe, cruzava rapidamente o céu azul-escuro tão baixo que parecia roçar as colinas, um espetáculo

magnífico que agora prendia a moça sob seu feitiço encantador, como sempre fizera e sempre faria.

Original English

As Thuria, swift racer of the night, shot again into the sky the scene changed. As by magic a new aspect fell athwart the face of Nature. It was as though in the instant one had been transported from one planet to another. It was the age-old miracle of the Martian nights that is always new, even to Martians -- two moons resplendent in the heavens, where one had been but now; conflicting, fast-changing shadows that altered the very hills themselves; far Cluros, stately, majestic, almost stationary, shedding his steady light upon the world below; Thuria, a great and glorious orb, swinging swift across the vaulted dome of the blue-black night, so low that she seemed to graze the hills, a gorgeous spectacle that held the girl now beneath the spell of its enchantment as it always had and always would.

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Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio murmurou suavemente sobre Thuria, chamando-a de rainha louca do céu. Ela descreveu como as colinas passavam em procissão majestosa, seus seios subindo e descendo; as árvores moviam-se em círculos inquietos; as pequenas gramíneas faziam seus pequenos arcos; e tudo estava em movimento misterioso e silencioso enquanto Thuria passava. Então ela suspirou e baixou o olhar para as duras realidades abaixo. O enorme banth que a havia descoberto ainda estava agachado ali, olhando para cima com fome. A maioria dos outros havia se afastado em busca de outras presas, mas alguns permaneceram, ainda esperando cravar suas presas em seu corpo macio.

Original English

"Ah, Thuria, mad queen of heaven!" murmured Tara of Helium. "The hills pass in stately procession, their bosoms rising and falling; the trees move in restless circles; the little grasses describe their little arcs; and all is movement, restless, mysterious movement without sound, while Thuria passes." The girl sighed and let her gaze fall again to the stern realities beneath. There was no mystery in the huge banths. He who had discovered her squatted there looking hungrily up at her. Most of the others had wandered away in search of other prey, but a few remained hoping yet to bury their fangs in that soft body.

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Pt/En

Português

A noite avançava. Thuria novamente deixou os céus para seu senhor e mestre, apressando-se para cumprir seu encontro com o Sol em outros céus. Mas um único banth esperava impacientemente sob a árvore que abrigava Tara de Hélio. Os outros haviam partido, mas seus rugidos, rosnados e gemidos trovejavam, ribombavam ou flutuavam de volta para ela de perto e de longe. Ela se perguntava que presa eles encontravam neste pequeno vale. Devia haver algo que eles estavam acostumados a encontrar ali que os atraía em tão grande número.

Original English

The night wore on. Again Thuria left the heavens to her lord and master, hurrying on to keep her tryst with the Sun in other skies. But a single banth waited impatiently beneath the tree which harbored Tara of Helium. The others had left, but their roars, and growls, and moans thundered or rumbled, or floated back to her from near and far. What prey found they in this little valley? There must be something that they were accustomed to find here that they should be drawn in so great numbers. The girl wondered what it could be.

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Pt/En

Português

A noite parecia interminável. Entorpecida, fria e exausta, Tara de Hélio se agarrava à árvore com crescente desespero, pois havia cochilado uma vez e quase caído. A esperança estava baixa em seu coração corajoso. Ela se perguntou quanto mais poderia suportar, então balançou a cabeça corajosamente e ergueu os ombros, declarando em voz alta que ainda vivia.

Original English

How long the night! Numb, cold, and exhausted, Tara of Helium clung to the tree in growing desperation, for once she had dozed and almost fallen. Hope was low in her brave little heart. How much more could she endure? She asked herself the question and then, with a brave shake of her head, she squared her shoulders. "I still live!" she said aloud.

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Pt/En

Português

O banth olhou para cima e rosnou.

Original English

The banth looked up and growled.

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Pt/En

Português

Thuria e o sol apareceram novamente, e Cluros continuou seu caminho constante, como se não fosse perturbado pela perseguição do sol. Com ambas as luas e o sol no céu, o amanhecer marciano parecia estranho e misterioso. Tara de Hélio olhou para o belo vale, mas estremeceu, lembrando-se dos corpos sem cabeça escondidos pelas torres e muralhas. Os perigos do dia e os banths à noite a enchiam de medo.

Original English

Came Thuria again and after awhile the great Sun -- a flaming lover, pursuing his heart's desire. And Cluros, the cold husband, continued his serene way, as placid as before his house had been violated by this hot Lothario. And now the Sun and both Moons rode together in the sky, lending their far mysteries to make weird the Martian dawn. Tara of Helium looked out across the fair valley that spread upon all sides of her. It was rich and beautiful, but even as she looked upon it she shuddered, for to her mind came a picture of the headless things that the towers and the walls hid. Those by day and the banths by night! Ah, was it any wonder that she shuddered?

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ao nascer do sol, o grande leão marciano se levantou, olhou com raiva para Tara, rosou e se esgueirou em direção às colinas. Ela notou que o leão mantinha uma grande distância das torres, como se respeitasse aqueles que estavam dentro. A paisagem ficou momentaneamente vazia, e Tara se perguntou se conseguiria alcançar sua aeronave. Ela temia a chegada dos trabalhadores e a visão dos corpos sem cabeça. Depois de beber água de um riacho, sentiu-se revigorada e correu para as colinas

sem buscar cobertura. A distância parecia grande, especialmente com três torres para passar à luz do dia.

Original English

With the coming of the Sun the great Barsoomian lion rose to his feet. He turned angry eyes upon the girl above him, voiced a single ominous growl, and slunk away toward the hills. The girl watched him, and she saw that he gave the towers as wide a berth as possible and that he never took his eyes from one of them while he was passing it. Evidently the inmates had taught these savage creatures to respect them. Presently he passed from sight in a narrow defile, nor in any direction that she could see was there another. Momentarily at least the landscape was deserted. The girl wondered if she dared to attempt to regain the hills and her flier. She dreaded the coming of the workmen to the fields as she was sure they would come. She shrank from again seeing the headless bodies, and found herself wondering if these things would come out into the fields and work. She looked toward the nearest tower. There was no sign of life there. The valley lay quiet now and deserted. She lowered herself stiffly to the ground. Her muscles were cramped and every move brought a twinge of pain. Pausing a moment to drink again at the stream she felt refreshed and then turned without more delay toward the hills. To cover the distance as quickly as possible seemed the only plan to pursue. The trees no longer offered concealment and so she did not go out of her way to be near them. The hills seemed very far away. She had not thought, the night before, that she had traveled so far. Really it had not been far, but now, with the three towers to pass in broad daylight, the distance seemed great indeed.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A segunda torre ficava diretamente no caminho de Tara. Ela decidiu não desviar, pois isso só prolongaria seu perigo. Ao passar pelo primeiro recinto, pensou ter ouvido movimento lá dentro, mas o portão permaneceu fechado. No segundo recinto, ela ouviu claramente vozes e um homem dando instruções na língua barsoomiana, atribuindo tarefas como colher frutas e irrigar campos.

Original English

The second tower lay almost directly in her path. To make a detour would not lessen the chance of detection, it would only lengthen the period of her danger, and so she laid her course straight for the hill where her flier was,

regardless of the tower. As she passed the first enclosure she thought that she heard the sound of movement within, but the gate did not open and she breathed more easily when it lay behind her. She came then to the second enclosure, the outer wall of which she must circle, as it lay across her route. As she passed close along it she distinctly heard not only movement within, but voices. In the world-language of Barsoom she heard a man issuing instructions -- so many were to pick us, so many were to irrigate this field, so many to cultivate that, and so on, as a foreman lays out the day's work for his crew.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quando o portão se abriu de repente, Tara correu ao redor da curva do muro e se escondeu entre ervas altas no lado oposto. Tremendo e respirando com dificuldade, sentiu vergonha de seu medo, pois a filha de John Carter deveria ser corajosa. Ela sabia que seu terror não era da morte, mas dos corpos sem cabeça e do pensamento de eles a tocarem.

Original English

Tara of Helium had just reached the gate in the outer wall. Without warning it swung open toward her. She saw that for a moment it would hide her from those within and in that moment she turned and ran, keeping close to the wall, until, passing out of sight beyond the curve of the structure, she came to the opposite side of the enclosure. Here, panting from her exertion and from the excitement of her narrow escape, she threw herself among some tall weeds that grew close to the foot of the wall. There she lay trembling for some time, not even daring to raise her head and look about. Never before had Tara of Helium felt the paralyzing effects of terror. She was shocked and angry at herself, that she, daughter of John Carter, Warlord of Barsoom, should exhibit fear. Not even the fact that there had been none there to witness it lessened her shame and anger, and the worst of it was she knew that under similar circumstances she would again be equally as craven. It was not the fear of death -- she knew that. No, it was the thought of those headless bodies and that she might see them and that they might even touch her -- lay hands upon her -- seize her. She shuddered and trembled at the thought.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois de se recompor, Tara olhou ao redor e viu trabalhadores por todos os campos. Eles tinham corpos bonitos, mas cabeças estranhas e repulsivas. Suas roupas eram mínimas, com coleiras altas de couro escondendo os pescoços. Suas cabeças estavam cobertas de ornamentos, revelando apenas olhos protuberantes, narizes em fenda e bocas redondas. O contraste entre seus corpos adoráveis e cabeças grotescas era perturbador.

Original English

After a while she gained sufficient command of herself to raise her head and look about. To her horror she discovered that everywhere she looked she saw people working in the fields or preparing to do so. Workmen were coming from other towers. Little bands were passing to this field and that. There were even some already at work within thirty ads of her -- about a hundred yards. There were ten, perhaps, in the party nearest her, both men and women, and all were beautiful of form and grotesque of face. So meager were their trappings that they were practically naked; a fact that was in no way remarkable among the tillers of the fields of Mars. Each wore the peculiar, high leather collar that completely hid the neck, and each wore sufficient other leather to support a single sword and a pocket-pouch. The leather was very old and worn, showing long, hard service, and was absolutely plain with the exception of a single device upon the left shoulder. The heads, however, were covered with ornaments of precious metals and jewels, so that little more than eyes, nose, and mouth were discernible. These were hideously inhuman and yet grotesquely human at the same time. The eyes were far apart and protruding, the nose scarce more than two small, parallel slits set vertically above a round hole that was the mouth. The heads were peculiarly repulsive -- so much so that it seemed unbelievable to the girl that they formed an integral part of the beautiful bodies below them.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tara de Hélio estava tão absorta pelas criaturas estranhas que mal conseguia desviar o olhar. Esse fascínio levou à sua descoberta, pois ela teve que expor a cabeça para vê-las. Logo uma criatura a notou e alertou as outras. Ela esperava que ficar imóvel fizesse a criatura pensar que estava enganada, mas em vez disso ela chamou seus companheiros, e quatro ou cinco começaram a se mover em sua direção.

Original English

So fascinated was Tara of Helium that she could scarce take her eyes from the strange creatures -- a fact that was to prove her undoing, for in order that she might see them she was forced to expose a part of her own head and presently, to her consternation, she saw that one of the creatures had stopped his work and was staring directly at her. She did not dare move, for it was still possible that the thing had not seen her, or at least was only suspicious that some creature lay hid among the weeds. If she could allay this suspicion by remaining motionless the creature might believe that he had been mistaken and return to his work; but, alas, such was not to be the case. She saw the thing call the attention of others to her and almost immediately four or five of them started to move in her direction.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Era impossível evitar a descoberta agora. A fuga era sua única esperança. Se ela conseguisse correr mais rápido que eles e alcançar as colinas onde o veículo voador a esperava, ela poderia escapar. Ela saltou e correu ao longo da base do muro. As criaturas atrás dela fizeram sons estranhos de assobio e começaram a persegui-la.

Original English

It was impossible now to escape discovery. Her only hope lay in flight. If she could elude them and reach the hills and the flier ahead of them she might escape, and that could be accomplished in but one way -- flight, immediate and swift. Leaping to her feet she darted along the base of the wall which she must skirt to the opposite side, beyond which lay the hill that was her goal. Her act was greeted by strange whistling sounds from the things behind her, and casting a glance over her shoulder she saw them all in rapid pursuit.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Comandos estridentes ordenaram que ela parasse, mas ela os ignorou. Ela viu que seus perseguidores eram mais lentos que ela, então suas esperanças estavam altas até que ela alcançou o morro e viu mais cem criaturas esperando. Elas formaram um semicírculo para interceptá-la. Tara recusou-se a se render. Ela sacou sua adaga e investiu em direção ao centro da linha. Ela fintou e depois correu em direção a uma brecha. Apenas um guerreiro bloqueava seu caminho para a liberdade, e ele se moveu cautelosamente para detê-la, como um fullback defendendo um touchdown.

Original English

There were also shrill commands that she halt, but to these she paid no attention. Before she had half circled the enclosure she discovered that her chances for successful escape were great, since it was evident to her that her pursuers were not so fleet as she. High indeed then were her hopes as she came in sight of the hill, but they were soon dashed by what lay before her, for there, in the fields that lay between, were fully a hundred creatures similar to those behind her and all were on the alert, evidently warned by the whistling of their fellows. Instructions and commands were shouted to and fro, with the result that those before her spread roughly into a great half circle to intercept her, and when she turned to the right, hoping to elude the net, she saw others coming from fields beyond, and to the left the same was true. But Tara of Helium would not admit defeat. Without once pausing she turned directly toward the center of the advancing semi-circle, beyond which lay her single chance of escape, and as she ran she drew her long, slim dagger. Like her valiant sire, if die she must, she would die fighting. There were gaps in the thin line confronting her and toward the widest of one of these she directed her course. The things on either side of the opening guessed her intent for they closed in to place themselves in her path. This widened the openings on either side of them and as the girl appeared almost to rush into their arms she turned suddenly at right angles, ran swiftly in the new direction for a few yards, and then dashed quickly toward the hill again. Now only a single warrior, with a wide gap on either side of him, barred her clear way to freedom, though all the others were speeding as rapidly as they could to intercept her. If she could pass this one without too much delay she could escape, of that she was certain. Her every hope hinged on this. The creature before her realized it, too, for

he moved cautiously, though swiftly, to intercept her, as a Rugby fullback might maneuver in the realization that he alone stood between the opposing team and a touchdown.

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Pt/En

Português

Inicialmente, Tara esperava desviar do guerreiro, mas percebeu que isso levaria muito tempo. Então correu diretamente para ele. Uma voz ordenou que a criatura não a machucasse. O guerreiro embainhou a espada. Tara saltou sobre ele, cravando sua adaga no peito dele. Eles caíram. A cabeça se soltou e rastejou para longe com pernas de aranha. Esse atraso custou caro a ela. Mais duas criaturas a agarraram, e logo ela estava cercada. Ela matou outra, mas a dominaram. Ela pensou que poderiam despedaçá-la por vingança, mas percebeu que estavam mais curiosas do que irritadas.

Original English

At first Tara of Helium had hoped that she might dodge him, for she could not but guess that she was not only more fleet but infinitely more agile than these strange creatures; but soon there came to her the realization that in the time consumed in an attempt to elude his grasp his nearer fellows would be upon her and escape then impossible, so she chose instead to charge straight for him, and when he guessed her decision he stood, half crouching and with outstretched arms, awaiting her. In one hand was his sword, but a voice arose, crying in tones of authority. "Take her alive! Do not harm her!" Instantly the fellow returned his sword to its scabbard and then Tara of Helium was upon him. Straight for that beautiful body she sprang and in the instant that the arms closed to seize her her sharp blade drove deep into the naked chest. The impact hurled them both to the ground and as Tara of Helium sprang to her feet again she saw, to her horror, that the loathsome head had rolled from the body and was now crawling away from her on six short, spider-like legs. The body struggled spasmodically and lay still. As brief as had been the delay caused by the encounter, it still had been of sufficient duration to undo her, for even as she rose two more of the things fell upon her and instantly thereafter she was surrounded. Her blade sank once more into naked flesh and once more a head rolled free and crawled away. Then they overpowered her and in another moment she was surrounded by fully a hundred of the creatures, all seeking to lay hands upon her. At first she thought that they wished to tear her to pieces in revenge for her having slain two of their fellows, but presently she realized that they were prompted more by curiosity than by

any sinister motive.

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Pt/En

Português

Um de seus captores falou, dizendo-lhe para vir, e tentou levá-la em direção à torre mais próxima.

Original English

"Come!" said one of her captors, both of whom had retained a hold upon her. As he spoke he tried to lead her away with him toward the nearest tower.

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Pt/En

Português

O outro homem afirmou que a mulher lhe pertencia porque ele a havia capturado, e anunciou que a levaria para a torre de Moak.

Original English

"She belongs to me," cried the other. "Did not I capture her? She will come with me to the tower of Moak."

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Pt/En

Português

O primeiro homem insistiu que a mulher pertencia a Luud e que a levaria para Luud. Ele ameaçou que qualquer um que interferisse sentiria sua espada, enfatizando as palavras finais.

Original English

"Never!" insisted the first. "She is Luud's. To Luud I will take her, and whosoever interferes may feel the keenness of my sword -- in the head!" He almost shouted the last three words.

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Pt/En

Português

Um homem com autoridade ordenou que parassem de discutir, afirmando que, já que ela havia sido capturada nos campos de Luud, ela iria para Luud.

Original English

"Come! Enough of this," cried one who spoke with some show of authority. "She was captured in Luud's fields -- she will go to Luud."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O homem que a havia reivindicado para Moak insistiu que ela havia sido descoberta nos campos de Moak, diretamente na base de sua torre.

Original English

"She was discovered in Moak's fields, at the very foot of the tower of Moak," insisted he who had claimed her for Moak.

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Pt/En

Português

O homem representando Luud declarou que eles tinham ouvido o Nolach falar e que sua decisão seria seguida.

Original English

"You have heard the Nolach speak," cried the Luud. "It shall be as he says."

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Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

annoyed /əˈnoɪd/ (2 occurrences)

Português: irritado; chateado; aborrecido

Simple English: Feeling slightly angry or irritated about something at times.

Example: *I was annoyed when my friend canceled our plans at the last minute.*

Uses in this book:

1. The girl replied that the subject annoyed her. [Back to B1](#)
2. Gahan was annoyed that he couldn't find a propeller, but realized the craft could still work for his plan if her captors did not have ships, which he believed they didn't based on their buildings.

anymore ˌɛniˈmɔːr (4 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said he did not love her anymore and that no one loved her, but she could not stop laughing. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said there was no need to hurry, and that Tara of Helium would marry Djor Kantos when the time was right, and they should not think about it anymore. [Back to B1](#)
3. Tara knew she could not hide anymore. [Back to B1](#)
4. He would not have many servants anymore, and if his only servant died, he would be helpless.

apologize /ə'pɒlədʒaɪz/ (1 occurrence)

Português: pedir desculpas; me desculpar; desculpa

Simple English: To say you are sorry for doing something wrong.

Example: *I want to apologize for my mistake last week.*

Uses in this book:

1. She asked if he wanted to apologize. [Back to B1](#)

apologized ə'pɒlədʒaɪzd (1 occurrence)

Português: pediu desculpas

Simple English: Said sorry for a mistake.

Example: *He apologized for being late.*

Uses in this book:

1. John Carter apologized for leaving suddenly because he was sending ships to search for her. [Back to B1](#)

arguing 'ɑ:rgju:ɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: discutindo

Simple English: Talking angrily because of different opinions.

Example: *They were arguing about the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. Someone with authority told them to stop arguing. [Back to B1](#)

armor 'ɑ:mə (20 occurrences)

Português: armadura

Simple English: Protective metal clothing for soldiers.

Example: *The knight wore shiny armor.*

Uses in this book:

1. Now, he said, the listener could see him as Martians saw him, with his short-sword, his armor showing his rank and the devices of Helium, and the pistol given to him by Tars Tarkas, the Jeddak of Thark. [Back to B1](#)
2. The figures wore armor and carried swords. [Back to B1](#)
3. Around the floor were several headless bodies wearing armor.

4. They stood up, adjusted their collars and armor, and then walked towards Tara.

5. She noticed their armor was more decorated than others she had seen, so she guessed they were more important.

Ashamed /ə'ʃeɪmd/ (4 occurrences)

Português: envergonhado; vergonha; humilhado

Simple English: Feeling embarrassed or guilty about personal actions.

Example: *She felt ashamed for forgetting her friend's birthday party.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt ashamed because she knew she would be scared again in a similar situation. [Back to B1](#)
2. A creature named Ghek, who used to be a foreman, was feeling angry and ashamed.
3. He looked directly at her, and he did not seem to feel ashamed or regretful.
4. The three warriors left, feeling ashamed, to look for O-Tar's dagger.

attractive ə'træktɪv (1 occurrence)

Português: atraente

Simple English: Nice or good looking, causing interest.

Example: *The promises were attractive to young men.*

Uses in this book:

1. She answered that they would still be attractive to men for a very long time. [Back to B1](#)

basic /'beɪsɪk/ (1 occurrence)

Português: Basic; base; fundamentais

Simple English: Forming the necessary foundation on which other things build.

Example: *Understanding basic math is essential for solving more complex problems later.*

Uses in this book:

1. This is a basic explanation of the game. [Back to B1](#)

bothered 'bɒðəd (2 occurrences)

Português: incomodado

Simple English: to feel worried or upset

Example: *He was not bothered by the noise outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. She might have been unhappy or just bothered by the sun. [Back to B1](#)
2. He asked if they had heard any news, not bothered by their cold reaction, which he was used to.

bright braɪt (11 occurrences)

Português: brilhante

Simple English: Giving or full of light; clear and strong.

Example: *The lion had bright, angry eyes.*

Uses in this book:

1. She then flew higher until she came out above the clouds into bright sunlight. [Back to B1](#)
2. All night she flew through the dark below the clouds, or sometimes rose to fly in the bright sky under the light of Barsoom's two moons. [Back to B1](#)
3. The shadows made things look strange, and the moonlight was not bright enough to help much. [Back to B1](#)
4. Thuria was a large, bright moon that moved fast across the dark sky. [Back to B1](#)
5. The court was bright, explaining the glass domes.

calm /kɑ:m/ (4 occurrences)

Português: calma; acalmar; tranquilo

Simple English: Weather without wind, storm, or turbulent atmospheric conditions.

Example: *The sea was calm, making it perfect for sailing.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt close to death but was not scared because she stayed calm and the craft was strong. [Back to B1](#)
2. After some time, she felt calm enough to look around. [Back to B1](#)
3. During a short calm, one man tried to go to his room after untying himself.

4. O-Tar wanted to calm I-Gos because he knew I-Gos had a bad temper and a sharp tongue.

careful *ˈkɛərʃəl* (4 occurrences)

Português: cuidadoso

Simple English: Being cautious to avoid problems or danger.

Example: *Be careful when crossing the street.*

Uses in this book:

1. If people lived there, she would need to be careful because she was in a faraway place and might meet enemies. [Back to B1](#)
2. They might be far from friends, so Turan had to be very careful.
3. He told A-Kor to be careful with what he said from now on, as well as with his towers.
4. He watched Gahan closely to see his reaction and noticed a quick, but careful, look of understanding on Gahan's face.

chase *tʃeɪs* (1 occurrence)

Português: perseguir

Simple English: to run after someone or something to catch them

Example: *The dog chases the cat in the garden.*

Uses in this book:

1. The creatures made whistling sounds and began to chase her. [Back to B1](#)

cheap *tʃi:p* (1 occurrence)

Português: barato

Simple English: not expensive or low quality

Example: *Levi and Lorenzo were very cheap.*

Uses in this book:

1. The fruit was called *usa* and was not very tasty unless cooked, but it was nutritious and cheap. [Back to B1](#)

claws *klɔːz* (8 occurrences)

Português: garras

Simple English: Sharp nails on animals' feet or hands.

Example: *The cat used its claws to climb the tree.*

Uses in this book:

1. The banth jumped up after her, trying to grab her with its claws. [Back to B1](#)
2. A strong branch stopped the banth's claws, but it came very close, and a large arm touched her as she climbed higher. [Back to B1](#)
3. They were tearing at the woman's flesh with their claws and eating it.
4. Then, a pair of large claws appeared in the opening.
5. She saw its claws move back and forth as it went through a round hole in the wall.

clothes *klouðz* (26 occurrences)

Português: roupas

Simple English: Items you wear like shirts and pants.

Example: *He put on clean clothes for the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. I said it had been many years since he last visited Earth, and he had never worn Martian clothes before. [Back to B1](#)
2. He then explained why he was back on Earth and wearing strange clothes. [Back to B1](#)
3. After rinsing and drying, Tara's hair was styled and her clothes were put on. [Back to B1](#)
4. The stranger's clothes and weapons were very unusual and decorated with platinum and diamonds. [Back to B1](#)
5. She had liked the young man's previous answer, but she wondered if he was too focused on looking good with his fancy clothes and weapons, rather than being a strong fighter. [Back to B1](#)

clothing 'kloʊðɪŋ (5 occurrences)

Português: roupas

Simple English: things you wear, such as shirts and pants

Example: *She found a piece of her clothing on the chair.*

Uses in this book:

1. They wore very little clothing, which was common for field workers on Mars. [Back to B1](#)
2. The girl noticed that many of these people had more decorative metal and clothing than the workers above.
3. As they came closer, he was sure that the clothing or equipment of one was not the same as its friend's or the others working in the fields.
4. Tara locked the door from the inside and put the key in a hidden pocket in her clothing.
5. His clothing and mask followed the customs for a royal groom in Manator.

cloudy 'klaʊdi (1 occurrence)

Português: nublado

Simple English: With many clouds in the sky.

Example: *It was a cloudy day with no sun.*

Uses in this book:

1. The next morning was cloudy and dark. [Back to B1](#)

complex /'kɒmpleks/ (1 occurrence)

Português: complexo

Simple English: Having several interconnected parts that make understanding difficult overall.

Example: *The complex instructions made it hard to assemble the furniture correctly.*

Uses in this book:

1. It is more complex than formal dances on Earth. [Back to B1](#)

confirm /kən'fɜ:rm/ (1 occurrence)

Português: confirmar

Simple English: To show something is true by providing proof clearly.

Example: *Can you confirm the time for our appointment tomorrow?*

Uses in this book:

1. He also wanted to confirm that he could move inanimate things from Mars to Earth, and could also move living things if he wished. [Back to B1](#)

confused /kən'fju:zd/ (11 occurrences)

Português: confuso; confundido; baralhado

Simple English: Feeling uncertain because something is unclear or hard understand.

Example: *He felt confused after reading the instructions multiple times without clarity.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara felt confused. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tara was first angry, then sad, and always confused. [Back to B1](#)
3. She looked a little confused because his smile seemed familiar.
4. Seeing that Tara still looked confused, the girl explained that Tara was a prisoner in The Towers of Jetan in the city of Manator.
5. The officer was confused because the men of Mars rarely lied.

Container /kən'teɪnər/ (1 occurrence)

Português: contêiner; recipiente; reservatório

Simple English: Any object used to hold or store substances inside.

Example: *I bought a plastic container to store the leftovers safely.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wished she had a container to carry water, but she had none and would have to rely on the juices from the fruit and roots. [Back to B1](#)

correct *kə'rekt* (4 occurrences)

Português: correto

Simple English: right or true

Example: *He found the correct way to open the door.*

Uses in this book:

1. She could not guess how far she had traveled; the numbers on her machine seemed too high to be true, but they were correct. [Back to B1](#)
2. Ghek replied that this was not correct.
3. Turan was worried because they were not wearing the correct clothes or symbols from Manator, and he thought the old man might notice.
4. He looked exactly like a warrior from Manator, wearing all the correct armor and decorations.

crash */kræʃ/* (2 occurrences)

Português: acidente; bater; queda

Simple English: Accident in which a vehicle collides with something.

Example: *The crash caused a major traffic jam on the highway this morning.*

Uses in this book:

1. The ship called the Vanator did not crash near the city. [Back to B1](#)
2. He expected to crash, but instead, he was gently placed on the soft, brown moss of a dry seabed.

didn't *'dɪdnt* (6 occurrences)

Português: não

Simple English: did not do something

Example: *He didn't go to school yesterday.*

Uses in this book:

1. But she didn't know when she could leave, as the banths were still waiting. [Back to B1](#)
2. Gahan was annoyed that he couldn't find a propeller, but realized the craft could still work for his plan if her captors did not have ships, which he believed they didn't based on their buildings.
3. He hurried because he didn't know what was happening to Tara.
4. If they didn't find anything, they could look around in the daytime.

5. But Gahan realized the Manatorian probably didn't know he was being chased because he didn't see Gahan get a horse or think Gahan would follow so fast.

dinner *'dɪnər* (1 occurrence)

Português: jantar

Simple English: the main meal in the evening

Example: *They ate dinner at 7 p.m.*

Uses in this book:

1. Later, she ate dinner with her parents. [Back to B1](#)

downhill *'daʊnˌhɪl* (1 occurrence)

Português: descida

Simple English: moving from a higher to a lower place

Example: *We went downhill quickly on our bikes.*

Uses in this book:

1. She knew she could find a stream by going downhill. [Back to B1](#)

dry *draɪ* (4 occurrences)

Português: seco

Simple English: not wet or moist

Example: *The flower had an old, dry covering.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was still cold but dry, and the sun made the clouds look like silver. [Back to B1](#)

2. He expected to crash, but instead, he was gently placed on the soft, brown moss of a dry seabed.

3. A young woman was kneeling beside her, giving her a cool drink because her lips were dry.

4. It was old but not damaged by weather because Mars is dry.

easier 'i:ziə (2 occurrences)

Português: mais fácil

Simple English: Not difficult or needing less effort.

Example: *This method is easier than the old one.*

Uses in this book:

1. She considered landing to wait for help, which would make it easier for them to find her. [Back to B1](#)
2. She did not want more light because it would make her easier to see. [Back to B1](#)

elegant 'ɛlɪgənt (2 occurrences)

Português: elegante

Simple English: Beautiful and graceful in appearance or style.

Example: *He watched Jane Porter's kind face and elegant body.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her bath was simple and elegant, showing her status. [Back to B1](#)
2. All Barsoomian dances are elegant, but The Dance of Barsoom is especially wonderful. [Back to B1](#)

engine 'ɛndʒɪn (3 occurrences)

Português: motor

Simple English: A machine that uses energy to make something move.

Example: *The car's engine is very powerful.*

Forms in this book: engine, engine's

Uses in this book:

1. She tried to slow down her craft, but even when she reversed the engine, the wind kept pushing her. [Back to B1](#)
2. She pushed the engine forward and turned the steering control hard to the left, trying to fly directly into the wind. [Back to B1](#)
3. The engine's propeller spun freely for a moment when it hit an air pocket, and then the storm broke it off. [Back to B1](#)

excited *ɪk 'saɪtɪd* (2 occurrences)

Português: animada

Simple English: feeling very happy and energetic

Example: *She was excited about her new school.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt excited by the speed and control of the ship. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt excited and strong.

eyebrows *'aɪ, braʊzɪz* (2 occurrences)

Português: sobrancelhas

Simple English: The lines of hair above your eyes.

Example: *His eyes shone from under thick eyebrows.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara thought the sun might be why her eyebrows moved. [Back to B1](#)
2. Uthia raised her eyebrows. [Back to B1](#)

family *'fæməli* (7 occurrences)

Português: família

Simple English: a group of related people

Example: *She lives with her family in a big house.*

Uses in this book:

1. People on Mars are judged by their actions and bravery, not just their family name. [Back to B1](#)
2. She explained she was a princess from Helium, with important family members, and that her father was a Warlord.
3. This showed his strong will, but he did not notice it, and neither did Tara, who came from a family of warriors.
4. Sometimes bad jeddaks were removed, but usually another member of the royal family took their place, even though the law allowed jedds to choose anyone.
5. Turan studied his companion, seeing many signs that he looked like his mother's family.

fancy 'fænsi (3 occurrences)

Português: chique

Simple English: nice and expensive in style

Example: *They arrived at a fancy house with a decorated gate.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had liked the young man's previous answer, but she wondered if he was too focused on looking good with his fancy clothes and weapons, rather than being a strong fighter. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tara asked if he fought using platinum and diamonds, pointing to his fancy clothes and weapons with a smile. [Back to B1](#)
3. He explained that they wore very fancy clothes for normal life but simple leather for fighting. [Back to B1](#)

faraway 'fɑ:rə,weɪ (1 occurrence)

Português: distante

Simple English: A long distance away in space or time.

Example: *He lives in a faraway village.*

Uses in this book:

1. If people lived there, she would need to be careful because she was in a faraway place and might meet enemies. [Back to B1](#)

fish fɪʃ (1 occurrence)

Português: peixes

Simple English: animals that live in water and can swim

Example: *There are many fish in the lake.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sunlight came through a glass dome, and the walls were decorated with gold fish. [Back to B1](#)

flags *flægz* (5 occurrences)

Português: bandeiras

Simple English: Cloths used as symbols or signals.

Example: *The team carried flags during the parade.*

Uses in this book:

1. The storm tore off the ship's flags. [Back to B1](#)
2. Flags were flying from many poles.
3. The soldiers' long spears had flags, and the foot soldiers walked quietly on the stone path.
4. There were no colorful flags, no shouts of welcome, and no gifts thrown, which would happen if a friendly group entered her home cities.
5. Flags of the fighting chiefs were shown.

flew *flu:* (15 occurrences)

Português: voaram

Simple English: moved through the air

Example: *Many birds flew in the trees above.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara of Helium flew her fast ship over the ocean floor. [Back to B1](#)
2. She flew towards the northwest without thinking why. [Back to B1](#)
3. It was hard to take off because of the strong wind, but once in the air, the craft flew fast. [Back to B1](#)
4. She flew the small ship skillfully, even though the storm was dangerous for such a light vehicle. [Back to B1](#)
5. She flew higher towards the clouds and soon entered them. [Back to B1](#)

flick *flzk* (1 occurrence)

Português: bater levemente

Simple English: to hit something quickly and lightly

Example: *He used his finger to flick the paper off the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. The other warrior used a long, light whip to flick them on their bare skin. [Back to B1](#)

flipped *flɪpt* (1 occurrence)

Português: virado

Simple English: turned over suddenly

Example: *The boat flipped in the stormy sea.*

Uses in this book:

1. But the wind grabbed her craft, flipped it over, and spun it around violently.

[Back to B1](#)

float */flaʊt/* (1 occurrence)

Português: flutuar; flutuador; bóia

Simple English: To move slowly on water or in the air.

Example: *The boat began to float gently on the calm lake.*

Uses in this book:

1. She thought her craft might float forever, but she had no food or water and was being carried to an unknown part of Barsoom. [Back to B1](#)

focus *'foukəs* (2 occurrences)

Português: focar

Simple English: To pay attention to one thing.

Example: *He wanted to focus on their safety first.*

Uses in this book:

1. He told his men to focus on saving the city from being completely destroyed.

[Back to B1](#)

2. Because she did not look, she did not see Luud turn and focus its gaze on the large, headless body near the wall.

focused *'foukəst* (6 occurrences)

Português: concentrados

Simple English: giving full attention to something

Example: *She was focused on her homework.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had liked the young man's previous answer, but she wondered if he was too focused on looking good with his fancy clothes and weapons, rather than being a strong fighter. [Back to B1](#)

2. During this difficult time for her, Ghek watched her with his eyes focused on her.
3. This future kaldane would be a great brain, deaf, dumb, and blind, living in a vault deep underground, focused only on eternal thought.
4. She agreed with Gahan that, like the rykors, their development was not balanced because they focused too much on one area.
5. These people can understand everyone without being too focused on themselves.

frequent *'fri:kwənt* (1 occurrence)

Português: frequente

Simple English: Happening often.

Example: *Bigger tournaments were less frequent.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara believed he came to see Carthoris, not her, and that his friendship with Carthoris was the reason for his frequent visits to her father's palace. [Back to B1](#)

grab */græb/* (4 occurrences)

Português: agarrar; pegar; pegar

Simple English: To take someone or something suddenly or violently.

Example: *She decided to grab her bag and leave quickly.*

Uses in this book:

1. The banth jumped up after her, trying to grab her with its claws. [Back to B1](#)
2. He tried to grab one of these hooks to secure himself until the storm calmed down so he could climb back to the ship.
3. The banth tried to stand up to grab him, but the man jumped to the other side of the deck.
4. He managed this until he could grab the creature's throat.

grabbed 'græbd (15 occurrences)

Português: agarrou

Simple English: took hold of something quickly

Example: *He grabbed the book from the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. But the wind grabbed her craft, flipped it over, and spun it around violently. [Back to B1](#)
2. Two more creatures grabbed her, and soon she was surrounded by about a hundred of them. [Back to B1](#)
3. The head fell off, and the body wandered around until another creature grabbed it.
4. As she was almost through into the next room, a heavy hand grabbed her ankle.
5. Suddenly, a strong part of the storm grabbed the ship and rolled it over.

grass græs (2 occurrences)

Português: grama

Simple English: Green plants that grow close to the ground.

Example: *The children played on the grass.*

Uses in this book:

1. The guests stood up and started walking towards a large, red grass area at the south end of the gardens for the dance. [Back to B1](#)
2. Their horses' feet made no sound on the grass.

groaned ground (1 occurrence)

Português: gemeu

Simple English: Made a long, deep sound because of pain or tiredness

Example: *He groaned when he hurt his leg.*

Uses in this book:

1. The wind was so strong that the ropes groaned. [Back to B1](#)

handle /'hændl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: lidar com; identificador; manipular

Simple English: To deal with a situation or problem successfully.

Example: *It is important to handle conflicts with care and understanding.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wondered how much more she could handle. [Back to B1](#)

happily 'hæpɪli (3 occurrences)

Português: felizmente

Simple English: in a happy way

Example: *She smiled happily at the good news.*

Uses in this book:

1. The slave girl laughed happily and replied that it was very clear to everyone that Djor Kantos admired Tara. [Back to B1](#)
2. The keeper happily agreed and asked what he could do for O-Zar's friend.
3. She laughed happily at her lover.

healthy 'hɛlθi (2 occurrences)

Português: saudável

Simple English: in good physical condition

Example: *The slaves became strong and healthy.*

Uses in this book:

1. She looked healthy and moved perfectly. [Back to B1](#)
2. She asked if she could go outside to walk every day when the sun was shining, because she was sure she would become healthy again.

horses 'hɔ:rsɪz (10 occurrences)

Português: cavalos

Simple English: large animals that people ride or use for work

Example: *Some jumped off their horses and knelt.*

Uses in this book:

1. I should have gone to bed too, because we always ride horses early in the morning. [Back to B1](#)

2. The men were red, like them, and rode small horses.
3. As they rode fast on their horses, they looked both wild and beautiful.
4. Their horses' feet made no sound on the grass.
5. But when U-Dor led them to the third floor, she saw rooms with many horses waiting.

interrupting *ˌɪntəˈrʌptɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: interrompendo

Simple English: Stopping someone while they are speaking or doing something.

Example: *Interrupting was not a good way to meet people.*

Uses in this book:

1. Gahan said he was sorry if he was interrupting. [Back to B1](#)

jobs *dʒɒbz* (1 occurrence)

Português: empregos

Simple English: Work or tasks someone does to earn money.

Example: *He saw this as a step to more important jobs.*

Uses in this book:

1. She heard a man giving orders in the Barsoom language, telling people what jobs to do, like picking plants or watering fields, like a foreman managing his workers. [Back to B1](#)

knife *naɪf* (8 occurrences)

Português: faca

Simple English: a small sharp tool used for cutting

Example: *He carried a knife for safety.*

Uses in this book:

1. She had only a small knife, so she knew she had to use her cleverness to avoid being found by enemies. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tara held a long, thin knife.
3. Tara then wiped her knife on his armor.
4. He also mentioned the slave Tara, who had tried to stab him with a knife.

5. I-Gos said that if the knife had gone a little deeper, his old body would now be with a tanner.

Luckily 'lʌkɪli (2 occurrences)

Português: felizmente

Simple English: fortunately, by good chance

Example: *Luckily, no one was hurt.*

Uses in this book:

1. Luckily, the girl was not too far from the tree. [Back to B1](#)
2. Luckily for Tara, the wound that killed E-Med the dwarf had not bled.

machine's mə'ʃi:nz (21 occurrences)

Português: da máquina

Simple English: Belonging to the machine.

Example: *The machine's engine is very powerful.*

Uses in this book:

1. Someone tried to destroy the air machine. [Back to B1](#)
2. She could not guess how far she had traveled; the numbers on her machine seemed too high to be true, but they were correct. [Back to B1](#)
3. She heard a low sound from the hills where her flying machine was hidden. [Back to B1](#)
4. Her only hope was to get back to her flying machine and hope the wind would take her somewhere safe. [Back to B1](#)
5. The girl wondered if she could try to reach the hills and her flying machine. [Back to B1](#)

narrator 'nærətər (1 occurrence)

Português: narrador

Simple English: The person who tells a story.

Example: *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator agreed to hear the story. [Back to B1](#)

nonetheless ,nʌnðə'les (1 occurrence)

Português: no entanto

Simple English: in spite of that; still

Example: *They were her guests nonetheless.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her father replied that they were her guests nonetheless. [Back to B1](#)

nutritious nu'trɪfəs (1 occurrence)

Português: nutritivo

Simple English: healthy and good to eat

Example: *The fruit was not tasty but very nutritious.*

Uses in this book:

1. The fruit was called usa and was not very tasty unless cooked, but it was nutritious and cheap. [Back to B1](#)

oddly 'ɒdli (1 occurrence)

Português: estranhamente

Simple English: in a strange or unusual way

Example: *They looked oddly shaped for their bodies.*

Uses in this book:

1. They were too far away to see clearly in the dim light, but she thought they looked too large and oddly shaped for their bodies. [Back to B1](#)

playful 'pleɪfəl (1 occurrence)

Português: brincalhão

Simple English: Full of fun and games.

Example: *The puppy was very playful with the children.*

Uses in this book:

1. The slave looked at Tara with a playful smile when she said Djor Kantos' name. [Back to B1](#)

playfully *'pleɪfəli* (1 occurrence)

Português: brincando

Simple English: In a fun and friendly way.

Example: *She playfully asked him a question.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara of Helium laughed and playfully pinched Uthia, calling her a persistent pest. [Back to B1](#)

polite *pə'laɪt* (2 occurrences)

Português: educado

Simple English: showing good manners

Example: *She is always polite to strangers.*

Uses in this book:

1. Gahan was polite but made it clear he wanted her and would likely start another war to get her. [Back to B1](#)

2. She realized Gahan was a strong warrior, not used to polite ways, but he was brave and loyal.

pretended *prɪ'tendɪd* (2 occurrences)

Português: fingiu

Simple English: Acted as if something is true when it is not.

Example: *He pretended to be sick to stay home.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara pretended to be angry and told Djor Kantos he was too late. [Back to B1](#)

2. E-That heard that some people were planning against him, but he pretended not to listen.

problem *'prɑːbləm* (4 occurrences)

Português: problema

Simple English: something difficult or wrong

Example: *He had a problem with the new rule.*

Uses in this book:

1. The problem was that Djor Kantos had not come to her as she expected.

[Back to B1](#)

2. He told her that the problem was too many people loved her, and now there was one more. [Back to B1](#)

3. The girl smiled and said they had solved a big problem, but they were still hungry.

4. Lan-O said that sometimes, when two warriors had a problem with each other, O-Tar made them solve it in the arena.

propeller *prə'pɛlər* (6 occurrences)

Português: hélice

Simple English: A device that makes a ship or plane move by turning quickly.

Example: *The boat's propeller moves it through water.*

Uses in this book:

1. The engine's propeller spun freely for a moment when it hit an air pocket, and then the storm broke it off. [Back to B1](#)

2. She had probably landed to find food and water because her craft was missing a propeller and could not fly far.

3. The ship was mostly fine, but the missing propeller and signs of long use, like dust and leaves, showed she had been there for some time.

4. It only needed a propeller to fly to Helium.

5. Gahan was annoyed that he couldn't find a propeller, but realized the craft could still work for his plan if her captors did not have ships, which he believed they didn't based on their buildings.

propellers *prə'pɛlərz* (1 occurrence)

Português: hélices

Simple English: parts that spin to make a vehicle move in the air or water

Example: *The flyers are shown as propellers on the board.*

Uses in this book:

1. Fliers, shown as propellers, move three spaces in any direction or diagonally, and can jump over pieces. [Back to B1](#)

proven ˈpruːvən (1 occurrence)

Português: comprovado

Simple English: Shown to be true or correct.

Example: *The scientist has proven the new theory.*

Uses in this book:

1. He mentioned discussing this with a Martian scientist, but the theories were not yet proven. [Back to B1](#)

purity ˈpjʊrɪti (1 occurrence)

Português: pureza

Simple English: being clean or free from bad things

Example: *The symbol shows purity for women.*

Uses in this book:

1. It shows grace, beauty, and purity for women, and strength, dignity, and loyalty for men. [Back to B1](#)

Religious /rɪˈlɪdʒəs/ (1 occurrence)

Português: religiosa

Simple English: Related to religion or strong devotion to spiritual belief.

Example: *Her religious beliefs influence how she lives her daily life and interacts with others.*

Uses in this book:

1. A small group of religious people tried to bring back an old religion of Issus, saying Issus still communicated with them. [Back to B1](#)

rely /rɪˈlaɪ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: confiar; contar; baseiam

Simple English: To depend completely on someone or something for support.

Example: *I can always rely on my friends to help me when I'm in trouble.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wished she had a container to carry water, but she had none and would have to rely on the juices from the fruit and roots. [Back to B1](#)

reversed *ri'vɜrst* (1 occurrence)

Português: inverteu

Simple English: moved backward or changed direction

Example: *She reversed the engine to slow down.*

Uses in this book:

1. She tried to slow down her craft, but even when she reversed the engine, the wind kept pushing her. [Back to B1](#)

rinsed *ri:nt* (1 occurrence)

Português: enxaguou

Simple English: to wash something quickly with water

Example: *She rinsed her face and hands with water.*

Uses in this book:

1. She drank only a little and rinsed her face and hands. [Back to B1](#)

roots *ru:ts* (3 occurrences)

Português: raízes

Simple English: the parts of plants under the ground

Example: *Some people ate fruit and roots.*

Uses in this book:

1. She found some edible berries and roots near the stream, which she added to her pouch. [Back to B1](#)

2. She wished she had a container to carry water, but she had none and would have to rely on the juices from the fruit and roots. [Back to B1](#)

3. They walked towards workers who were digging roots from the ground.

ruffled *'rʌfld* (1 occurrence)

Português: bagunçou

Simple English: to touch and move hair in a playful or gentle way

Example: *She ruffled his hair gently.*

Uses in this book:

1. She called him her "proper old Virginian" and ruffled his black hair. [Back to B1](#)

ruined 'ru:ɪnd (1 occurrence)

Português: arruinado

Simple English: damaged badly or completely spoiled

Example: *The storm ruined their holiday plans.*

Uses in this book:

1. He worried that his ship might be broken and ruined on the ground somewhere, and then taken by a savage group. [Back to B1](#)

sad sæd (13 occurrences)

Português: triste

Simple English: feeling unhappy or sorrowful

Example: *She was sad after hearing the bad news.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara was first angry, then sad, and always confused. [Back to B1](#)
2. Tara of Helium had sad thoughts as she waited for Luud to call her.
3. From far away, he could see that the prisoner looked sad and hopeless.
4. Tara felt sad and disgusted as she walked past the dead creatures towards their flying ship.
5. Turan knew the girl was suffering, even though she did not complain, and he felt sad.

scare skɛər (1 occurrence)

Português: assustar

Simple English: To make someone feel afraid.

Example: *Because Kerchak was their leader, they could scare other tribes away from their jungle area.*

Uses in this book:

1. The creature roared loudly, trying to scare her. [Back to B1](#)

scared *skɛərd* (15 occurrences)

Português: com medo

Simple English: Feeling afraid or frightened.

Example: *The man felt scared and helpless when he thought about their serious situation.*

Uses in this book:

1. She felt close to death but was not scared because she stayed calm and the craft was strong. [Back to B1](#)
2. People were scared and a fire started. [Back to B1](#)
3. She felt ashamed because she knew she would be scared again in a similar situation. [Back to B1](#)
4. Tara of Helium felt scared by the horrible creatures and her situation as a prisoner.
5. The girl looked very scared.

scary *'skɛri* (1 occurrence)

Português: assustador

Simple English: Causing fear or fright.

Example: *A scary panther's cry came from the jungle.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara was very tired from not sleeping, eating, or drinking, and from the scary events. [Back to B1](#)

selfish *'sɛlfɪʃ* (1 occurrence)

Português: egoísta

Simple English: Caring only about yourself, not others.

Example: *He was selfish and did not share his food.*

Uses in this book:

1. She blamed herself for being selfish and putting others at risk. [Back to B1](#)

serious 'sɪrɪəs (7 occurrences)

Português: sério

Simple English: not smiling or laughing; thoughtful or important

Example: *His face looked very serious and powerful.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was cold and hungry and felt very bad, but her brave spirit refused to give up hope, even though she knew the situation was serious. [Back to B1](#)
2. They were dressed in fine clothes and sat very still and serious on both sides of the main path, going all the way to the far walls.
3. He saw only serious warriors with no kindness in their expressions.
4. He then rang a gong to call back his chiefs, whose faces looked serious because they were still thinking about whether their jeddak was brave.
5. Warriors and leaders looked serious and talked in small groups with angry expressions.

skillfully 'skɪlfəli (1 occurrence)

Português: habilmente

Simple English: in a clever or expert way

Example: *She skillfully cooked a delicious meal.*

Uses in this book:

1. She flew the small ship skillfully, even though the storm was dangerous for such a light vehicle. [Back to B1](#)

spaceship 'speɪsʃɪp (1 occurrence)

Português: nave espacial

Simple English: A vehicle made to travel in outer space.

Example: *The spaceship flew to the moon.*

Uses in this book:

1. The spaceship, Thuria, flew into the sky. [Back to B1](#)

special 'spɛʃəl (10 occurrences)

Português: especial

Simple English: different and better than usual

Example: *Teeka was beautiful in a special way.*

Uses in this book:

1. They all wore a special high leather collar that covered their necks. [Back to B1](#)
2. She thought about his voice; it sounded like the voices of her grandfather and father when they gave orders, but Gahan's voice had a special, familiar quality she could not quite name.
3. Then, he put it into a special red liquid in a well.
4. He kept them in a special room for his wives, going back to the first one.
5. He acted like he had special permission, which he did.

spin spɪn (1 occurrence)

Português: girar

Simple English: move around quickly in circles

Example: *It made their heads spin sometimes, but it was not bad.*

Uses in this book:

1. The storm made her craft spin and turn uncontrollably, like a toy in fast water. [Back to B1](#)

stabbed stæbd (4 occurrences)

Português: esfaqueado

Simple English: pushed a sharp object into something

Example: *She stabbed the knife into the box.*

Uses in this book:

1. She stabbed another one, and its head also crawled away. [Back to B1](#)
2. As the banth fell sideways, the man stabbed it through its heart.
3. Then, the Black Odwar quickly blocked a strong attack, moved forward into the opening, and stabbed the Orange Odwar through the heart with his sword.
4. He stood up tall and stabbed himself with it.

stabbing 'stæbɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: esfaqueando

Simple English: to push a knife or sharp object into someone

Example: *He was arrested for stabbing another man.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara attacked him, stabbing him with her dagger. [Back to B1](#)

status 'steɪtəs (2 occurrences)

Português: status

Simple English: position or rank in society or a group

Example: *He has a high status in the company.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her bath was simple and elegant, showing her status. [Back to B1](#)
2. She mentioned her high status as a granddaughter and daughter of jeddaks, and asked for the same treatment her people would give to visitors.

styled stɑɪld (3 occurrences)

Português: estilizado

Simple English: to arrange something in a particular way

Example: *Her hair was styled with mud and wire.*

Uses in this book:

1. Her black hair was styled up. [Back to B1](#)
2. After rinsing and drying, Tara's hair was styled and her clothes were put on. [Back to B1](#)
3. Her dark hair was styled beautifully and decorated with diamond pins.

tanned tænd (1 occurrence)

Português: bronzeado

Simple English: having darker skin from the sun

Example: *He had a tanned face after the beach trip.*

Uses in this book:

1. I thought it was Shea, but when I looked up, I saw a tall, tanned man in the doorway. [Back to B1](#)

tasty *'teisti* (1 occurrence)

Português: saboroso

Simple English: Having a good flavor.

Example: *He wanted the tasty part of the animal.*

Uses in this book:

1. The fruit was called usa and was not very tasty unless cooked, but it was nutritious and cheap. [Back to B1](#)

tie *taɪ* (1 occurrence)

Português: amarrar

Simple English: To fasten something with a string or rope.

Example: *Please tie your shoes before running.*

Uses in this book:

1. She realized she could tie her craft to a tree. [Back to B1](#)

tied *taɪd* (7 occurrences)

Português: amarrado

Simple English: To fasten with a rope or string.

Example: *They tied his hands and feet.*

Uses in this book:

1. The ship Vanator was tied strongly to the palace roof because of a very bad storm. [Back to B1](#)

2. They were thrown around and hit by the storm while tied down, until they were very tired.

3. He quickly tied up the flying ship, got back on it, and landed it on the floor inside the area.

4. Ghek had tied his small flying machine safely to the deck.

5. He got out and tied the ship to a tree.

toy *tɔɪ* (2 occurrences)

Português: brinquedo

Simple English: An object children play with.

Example: *The child played with her favorite toy.*

Uses in this book:

1. The storm made her craft spin and turn uncontrollably, like a toy in fast water. [Back to B1](#)
2. The strong wind pushed the ship hard, making it stand on its nose, and then it spun like a toy. [Back to B1](#)

uncontrollably *ˌʌnkən'trɒləbli* (1 occurrence)

Português: incontrolavelmente

Simple English: in a way that cannot be stopped or controlled

Example: *She laughed uncontrollably at the joke.*

Uses in this book:

1. The storm made her craft spin and turn uncontrollably, like a toy in fast water. [Back to B1](#)

unpleasant *ʌn'plezənt* (7 occurrences)

Português: desagradável

Simple English: Causing discomfort or dislike.

Example: *The smell was very unpleasant.*

Uses in this book:

1. The girl found their heads very unpleasant, and it was hard to believe they belonged to their beautiful bodies. [Back to B1](#)
2. Although they were strange and unpleasant, she decided she could ignore their appearance if they did not harm her.
3. The girl found them very unpleasant.
4. These were strange, headless creatures that looked both unpleasant and ugly, yet also beautiful.
5. Its skin looked unpleasant.

unstable ʌn'steɪbli (1 occurrence)

Português: instavelmente

Simple English: in an unstable or unsteady way

Example: *The boat moved unstably on the water.*

Uses in this book:

1. Tara of Helium's small flying craft, which had been moving unstably for hours, slowly floated over hills. [Back to B1](#)

upset ʌp'set/ (5 occurrences)

Português: chateado; aborrecido; transtornado

Simple English: To make someone feel unhappy or disturbed emotionally.

Example: *He was upset when he lost his favorite toy during the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. She was upset and angry with herself for being afraid, especially as the daughter of John Carter, a powerful man. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, he whispered in her ear that he liked her singing and would warn her not to upset the kaldanes, who were very strong and whom Luud obeyed.
3. He decided they would not see that he was very upset.
4. E-That said this to upset his enemies and then went to tell others in the palace.
5. The warriors with O-Tar were surprised and upset.

upside ʌp'saɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: lado de cima

Simple English: The top part or surface of something

Example: *He turned the box upside down to find the note.*

Uses in this book:

1. Instead, it moved strangely, turning on its side, upside down, or rolling over. [Back to B1](#)

valuable /'væljuəbəl/ (3 occurrences)

Português: valioso; precioso

Simple English: Worth a lot of money or importance significantly.

Example: *Her advice was very valuable for my career development.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that their natural defenses had saved them many times, but they were still attacked because Gathol had valuable diamonds. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said the rykor was not important, less valuable than harness or jewels because it was easy to make more.
3. He saw many valuable treasures.

vehicle 'vi:ɪkəl (1 occurrence)

Português: veículo

Simple English: A machine used to carry people or goods.

Example: *They arrived in a large vehicle.*

Uses in this book:

1. She flew the small ship skillfully, even though the storm was dangerous for such a light vehicle. [Back to B1](#)

weaken 'wi:kən (1 occurrence)

Português: enfraquecer

Simple English: to become less strong

Example: *The illness began to weaken him.*

Uses in this book:

1. She explained that people on Barsoom do not age and weaken like people on Earth. [Back to B1](#)

wet wɛt (1 occurrence)

Português: molhado

Simple English: covered with water or another liquid

Example: *My clothes were wet after the rain.*

Uses in this book:

1. Inside the clouds, it was a new, empty, cold, and wet world. [Back to B1](#)

wild *wáild* (6 occurrences)

Português: selvagem

Simple English: living in nature, not controlled by people

Example: *There are many wild animals in the forest.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the meantime, she wanted to find a safe place nearby to hide from wild animals. [Back to B1](#)
2. Wild animals called banths scared her into a tree.
3. They wore beautiful, wild clothes with many feathers, like people in the past.
4. As they rode fast on their horses, they looked both wild and beautiful.
5. Tara admired this strong, wild chief who seemed to represent the old warrior spirit.

windy *'windi* (1 occurrence)

Português: ventoso

Simple English: Having a lot of wind.

Example: *It was a windy day at the beach.*

Uses in this book:

1. She flew up again into the cold, windy clouds. [Back to B1](#)

wolf *wúlf* (1 occurrence)

Português: lobo

Simple English: a wild animal like a big dog

Example: *The wolf howled in the forest at night.*

Uses in this book:

1. She looked down at the yellow, wolf-like creatures walking quietly around the tree. [Back to B1](#)

worry /'wʌri/ (11 occurrences)

Português: se preocupe; te preocupes; preocupar

Simple English: To feel anxious about something.

Example: *Do not worry about it.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dejah Thoris told John Carter that their daughter was too young to worry about marriage. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then she started to worry, not about herself, but about her parents' fear and the danger the searchers would face. [Back to B1](#)
3. He thought about his warriors and his ship but did not worry much about his own dangerous situation.
4. Gahan smiled and told them not to worry about the banths.
5. He started to worry about his future.