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Percy’s eyes fluttered open and he stared in wonder at the pale blue sky.

*Am I in Heaven?*

Two misshapen moons hung just above the horizon and rough red stones rose up from the sandy ground like jagged teeth. Nearby, a four-eyed lizard blinked at him for a moment before scurrying away on its hind legs.

No, not Heaven.

Sitting up slowly, Percy braced himself for the pain and nausea that had been tormenting him for the past fortnight. When nothing happened, he took a deep breath and felt his forehead. His lungs were clear and there was no sign of a fever.

*I haven’t felt this good since I left London*, he thought.

Gaius Percival Chatham had never let his small stature or weak constitution prevent him from trying to live up to the family name, even though he was bedridden for much of his childhood. The long years of being cooped up with his mother’s worry and his father’s disappointment only intensified his thirst for adventure. At his first taste of adulthood and freedom from university, he leaped at the chance to board the *HMS Intrepid* and embark on a perilous expedition to the Amazon.

At just a week into the trip, they were engulfed in a fierce squall and the ship foundered. The rest of the crew was lost at sea, but Percy was small and light enough to clamber onto a piece of wreckage. He eventually washed ashore on a desert island. Despite his relative good fortune, the ordeal proved to be more than his frail body could handle. Sickness twisted in his gut and burned in his blood. Tired, hungry, and dehydrated, the last thing he remembered was crawling into a cave to find a safe place to rest. Or die, he thought.

How, then, had he arrived here, so far from the oppressive heat and the endless ocean? Perhaps this was a fever dream, a hallucination.

He felt the sandy grit beneath his palm, and scooped up a handful to observe it more closely. With a start, he gaped at his hand, letting the grit spill through his fingers. He had changed: his skin had darkened to a ruddy bronze, and his hand had longer fingers and a broader palm, thick with the promise of power. When he squeezed his hand into a fist, thick cords of muscle bunched and coiled beneath the skin of his arm. He used to dream of being strong when he was sick or after he got hurt playing rugby with his chums, but somehow he knew this wasn’t a dream. He was in another body.

*How is this possible?* Percy marveled as he rolled to his feet. Despite the bulk of his new form, he felt nimble and surefooted, as if gravity itself were his ally. Before he could test his new capabilities, an angry roar erupted from the other side of a rocky outcropping, followed by the sound of ripping cloth and shattering pottery.
Instantly, he tensed and found himself crouching low like a panther, ready to strike in any direction. He hadn’t done it consciously, and yet he was as sure of where to place his hands and feet as he was of anything he had studied at Cambridge. It was like a lost childhood memory or the knowledge from a half-understood dream.

Percy crept stealthily to the rocks and peered around the side. His jaw dropped at the sight of a towering, reptilian creature in a loin cloth, walking on two legs like a human. It was also wearing a bandolier with a scabbard, and was gripping the hilt of a massive sword with three of its four hands. The monster had just dumped the contents of a saddle bag onto the ground and had turned to bark angrily in a strange, guttural language at a man lying on the ground. The hulking beast blocked most of his view, but Percy could see dark bloodstains on the ground and knew the man must be grievously injured and unable to defend himself.

A bloody trail led from the wounded man to the body of a human dressed like the reptilian creature with a single, clean puncture wound in his chest. Broken pots and ripped sacks also littered the ground, and in the red dirt nearby lay a broken sword, its thin blade snapped in half like it was a toy. Further away, three gigantic horse-like lizards stood by with moody indifference, each pawing the ground with their six legs.

An angry roar snapped Percy’s attention back to the giant reptile-man. Enraged, it raised its sword, preparing to deliver the death blow to the wounded man.

Percy dove out to snatch the broken sword from the ground as he tucked and rolled back to his feet, and leapt at the creature. His new legs propelled him forward with astonishing force, launching him in a high arc toward his unsuspecting adversary. As he came down, he drove the broken sword up to the hilt into the creature’s unprotected back, wedging it deep between the upper shoulder blades.

The monster howled in shock and pain as the force of the blow drove it to its knees and sent its huge sword flying from its grip. A wave of strength and energy coursed through Percy as the beast fell. He had experienced rushes of excitement before, but nothing in his life had been this thrilling. His heart hammered...
steadily in his chest like the pistons of a mighty engine, and his entire being pulsed with boundless power. Percy’s new body was built for battle, of that he was certain.

Suddenly, the scaly creature twisted and lashed out. Realizing too late that he shouldn’t have underestimated his opponent, Percy barely managed to duck as a massive clawed hand whistled through the air a centimeter from his face. Rolling to a crouch a safe distance from the wounded creature, Percy met its furious gaze.

With no viable way to retrieve the broken sword from his foe’s back, Percy scanned the area for another weapon to use as the beast prepared to charge. The only thing within reach was the creature’s massive sword with its big, heavy blade. He nearly dismissed it because he never would have been able to pick it up using his old body. Then, remembering his new strength, he scooped up the sword and swung it with all his might just as the enraged man-beast rushed toward him. The massive blade slammed into the creature’s side, the force of the blow instantly stopping its headlong charge, and cleaved straight through its armored scales, bone, and sinew. The creature took a few faltering steps sideways, its mouth twisted in a bloody snarl, and then collapsed, lifeless, to the ground.

Percy stared at the corpse until a groan nearby brought him back to his senses. He dropped the sword and rushed over to the wounded man, but stopped in shock at the sight of his face. Four eyes gazed out at him from the purple-gray fabric of his skin. If Percy had been harboring any doubt that he’d awoken on another planet, it was completely gone now.

Disconcerting as the extra eyes were, he quickly composed himself. The wounded man was clearly no threat. His loose clothing was soaked through with blood that was still oozing from a deep gash in his stomach, and he fought to take shallow, weakening breaths. All four of the man’s eyes looked up hopefully at his rescuer, and he gestured with a six-fingered hand for Percy to come closer.

He bent down and put his ear close to the man’s mouth. The language the man spoke was unlike anything he’d heard before.

“I’m sorry. I don’t understand,” Percy apologized.

The four-eyed man regarded him with bewilderment, then spoke again, this time in a different language. It was certainly not the King’s English, yet somehow Percy clearly understood it.

“Who are you?” the wounded man rasped.

“My name is…” Percy said, trailing off as he looked at his powerful, blood-covered hands and then up at the two moons hanging in the pale blue sky.

“My name is Gaius Percival Chatham, but you may call me Gaius.”

“Praise Tyrius,” the wounded man exclaimed, wincing in pain.

“Just calm down,” Percy said. “We need to get you to hospital.”

“I prayed and he sent you to save me, Gaius.”

Percy gawked at the man in disbelief. Surely he was not brought to this planet by divine intervention. He stammered in denial, but the man reached out with a trembling, six-fingered hand to grasp his shoulder.

“The codex,” the man went on. “I tried to buy time for the others to escape with it.” He pointed across the sandy plane to a red plume of dust a couple of kilometers distant. Squinting, Percy could see several armed riders galloping away with dust billowing out from behind the feet of their strange lizard-horses. Further away was a smaller dust cloud. They were bandits, no doubt, and they were closing in on their quarry.

“You must save them, Gaius,” the wounded man coughed painfully. Red blood flecked his lips. “Much depends on the codex. You must save it… it is your path. You must…”

The man struggled for breath for a moment and then let out a final sigh. His hand fell lifeless to the crimson sand, his bloody finger still pointing toward the retreating dust cloud.

Percy looked at the four-eyed man, then out at the dust cloud. The bandits had a head start and there might be more four-armed monsters among them. He would not have the element of surprise this time. Saving someone’s life was one thing, but racing headlong into certain death was something else entirely.

Besides, if I was truly the answer to his prayers, I’d have been sent before it was too late, he thought, staring at the man’s dead body.

Percy walked over and picked up the massive sword, slinging it over his shoulder to rest against his back. He also picked up a small pouch and several red metal discs that had been scattered over the ground. Each one was covered with strange markings. Guessing that they were money, and perhaps very valuable, he put them back in the pouch and tied it to his belt. The bandits were sure to return eventually to find out what had happened to
their companions, and even if he wasn’t going to get involved, Percy didn’t want them to profit from killing the four-eyed man.

He cautiously approached one of the reptilian riding beasts and found it to be tame. A quick tug on the saddle proved it secure, so he swung himself up onto the mount. He felt a pang of guilt at abandoning the four-eyed man’s body—not to mention his dying wish to protect the codex, whatever that was. Still, this planet seemed like the kind of place where harsh practicality triumphed over formal niceties and foolish gambles.

“I’m sorry, my friend,” Percy said aloud, and said a silent prayer for his soul.

When he was done, he looked up to see that the bandits’ dust cloud was almost out of sight, and he imagined the distant sounds of battle rolling to him over the sands. His palms itched to hold the sword again, to feel the impact as he slashed through enemies during righteous combat. *Madness*, he thought, shaking his head. He was only one man, after all, and getting killed wasn’t the order of the day. Leaving quickly would be prudent. It was, he told himself, the only reasonable thing to do.

As he turned his mount away from the dust cloud, his head swam, forcing him to clutch the saddle to stay on. Nausea and vertigo rushed through him, and as he blinked to clear his mind, everything changed. For a moment, he lay on his face in the island cave, listening to the surf and the squawking of jungle birds. He abruptly felt as though someone had stabbed him in the stomach with a rusty knife and was twisting it. He tried to draw breath, but his lungs were clogged with phlegm and all he could do was wheeze faintly. He started to feel like it was all slipping away…

*No!* He clenched his eyes shut in terror. When he opened them, he was astride his strange mount once more, facing the distant dust cloud. Somehow, during his momentary delirium, he had pulled the reins to bring his mount around. Percy focused his gaze at the dust cloud on the horizon. The bandits would soon be upon their prey, and his choice was now clear: return to his frail, Earthbound body or charge forward and win glory.

“Get the lead out, Gaius. There are people who need saving,” he said.

Without further hesitation, Percy slapped his feet against his mount’s side and snapped the reins. As the creature charged off in pursuit of the bandits, he felt a surge of purpose and, with it, strength.
Revelations of Mars is a sourcebook for the Hollow Earth Expedition roleplaying game that expands the setting to include the dying and dangerous Red Planet. Explore a desolate world filled with strange aliens, bizarre creatures, and ancient artifacts buried beneath its shifting sands. Discover xenophobic nomads roaming the wastelands, sky pirates prowling the air in their great flying vessels, and power-hungry warlords fighting over dwindling resources. Take shelter within one of the great walled city-states, and rub shoulders with haughty nobles, devout priests, and greedy merchants who plot and scheme therein.

With Revelations of Mars, you can enjoy sword-and-planet-style pulp adventures set in the Hollow Earth Expedition universe, or you can use information within this book to create your own worlds to explore. No matter where your adventures take you, within these pages you will find everything you need to give your games an unusual twist: guidelines to create robot and alien player characters; new and expanded psychic powers; unearthly bestiary and equipment lists; plus a whole lot more!

**How to Use this Book**

Revelations of Mars is conveniently divided into chapters, each dedicated to a different aspect of the game.

**Chapter 1: Characters** provides additional material for creating out-of-this-world characters, including robots and aliens.

**Sample Characters** features eight new extraterrestrial characters.

**Chapter 2: Supernatural Powers** includes rules for new psychic abilities and more advanced options for existing powers.

**Chapter 3: Equipment** details Martian weapons, gear, and vehicles.

**Chapter 4: Air and Space Combat** includes rules for ship-to-ship combat high above the terrain of Mars.

**Chapter 5: Martian Natives** outlines the most prominent Martian races and cultures.

**Chapter 6: The Red Planet** details some of the most intriguing Martian locations.

**Chapter 7: Atlanteans** describes the most powerful surviving Atlanteans on Mars.

**Chapter 8: Friends and Enemies** lists some of the individuals and groups that may help or hinder your character.

**Chapter 9: Bestiary** describes many (but not all) of the plants and animals native to the Red Planet.

**Sample Adventure** takes the characters on an epic adventure set on Mars.

And now, without further ado, we invite you to explore the perishing and precarious Red Planet, and discover the Revelations of Mars…