# Thuvia, Maid of Mars

Thuvia, Maid of Mars by Edgar Rice Burroughs is a science fiction adventure that follows the brave Thuvia as she becomes entangled in a perilous struggle for survival on Mars, while heroic warriors battle to rescue her and confront the planet’s deadly dangers.

## CHAPTER I - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER I – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins amidst the lush splendor of Ptarth’s royal gardens, where the atmosphere is thick with unspoken tension and looming political consequence. Thuvia, princess of Ptarth, stands firm against Astok, Prince of Dusar, who, emboldened by his station, attempts to claim more than polite affection. Her rejection is immediate and fiery—an assertive reminder that status does not entitle desire. When Astok presses further with a forceful gesture, Thuvia's cry for help pierces the warm Martian air, and it is answered by Carthoris, Prince of Helium, whose sudden arrival halts the confrontation. Swift and unrelenting, Carthoris disarms the situation with the poise of a seasoned warrior and the vulnerability of a man who has long harbored love for the woman he just defended.

The scene swells with quiet tension as guards arrive, removing the urgency of immediate violence but leaving the embers of hostility smoldering between Helium and Dusar. Carthoris, though his heart is exposed, remains dignified, even as Thuvia kindly yet firmly declines his affections. Her betrothal to Kulan Tith, the Jeddak of Kaol, is not borne of personal desire but forged in the fires of diplomacy—a union meant to bind cities, not hearts. Carthoris’s disappointment is palpable, but so too is his honor; he accepts her refusal not as defeat, but as an obligation to her duty, even as it pains

him. This early emotional turbulence sets the tone for a narrative where duty often eclipses personal desire and where political necessity carries the weight of sacrifice.

As the sun lowers over Ptarth, Carthoris presents an offering not of words, but of intellect—a navigational invention that could reshape Martian travel. This automatic guidance device, designed to steer airships safely around obstacles, is more than a gift; it is a symbol of Helium's advancement and willingness to build peaceful ties with Ptarth. Thuvan Dihn, thoughtful and pragmatic, listens with interest. Yet, during the demonstration, a servant interjects with a seemingly innocuous observation about the mechanism's controls. His suggestion that a subtle recalibration might cause dramatic misdirection plants a seed of doubt that Carthoris, in his eagerness, does not immediately recognize. It is a moment loaded with quiet foreshadowing, suggesting that the realm of technology, like diplomacy, is vulnerable to manipulation.

In the days that follow, Carthoris prepares to depart Ptarth, determined to respect Thuvia's decision but unable to quash the ache of unfulfilled love. He carries with him the heavy knowledge that honor demands distance, yet his thoughts circle endlessly around her image—her poise, her defiance, her compassion. As he leaves, the implications of his stay ripple outward: Astok's pride has been bruised, tensions between Dusar and Helium have escalated subtly but significantly, and Thuvia's internal conflict has only deepened, though she keeps it hidden beneath her royal composure.

The chapter's narrative expertly blends themes of romantic restraint, political complexity, and the looming presence of technological wonder. Barsoom, with its dusty deserts and opulent cities, becomes the backdrop for a story as much about interpersonal loyalty as it is about national interest. Every glance and gesture between the characters carries dual meaning—one for the individual, one for their cities. Helium's offer of cooperation through Carthoris's invention seems generous, but in a world so fraught with old grudges and delicate alliances, even goodwill can be a chess move.

Ultimately, this opening chapter sets the stage for conflict that will stretch across the Martian landscape. Carthoris’s silent departure, Thuvia’s unvoiced turmoil, and Astok’s humiliated retreat are the sparks. What follows promises to be a fire fed by ambition, jealousy, and the timeless pull between duty and love. In the shadows of Ptarth’s gardens, war may have been avoided today, but the future of Barsoom lies uncertain beneath its twin moons.

# CHAPTER II - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

CHAPTER II – Thuvia, Maid of Mars sets the stage high above the Martian ground, as a slender flier comes to rest atop the opulent palace of Helium’s nobility. The rooftop landing bustles with ritual, from the crisp salutes of warriors to the jeweled hands of noblewomen who aid their guest with respectful care. Vas Kor, arriving with calculated composure, steps from the craft to face the formal welcome of Kar Komak, the Jed of greater Helium, and is soon enveloped in the ceremonial routines that separate outsider from honored visitor. Every detail—the dignified greeting, the layers of protocol, the careful scrutiny exchanged in brief glances—reflects the deep traditions and political sensitivities that govern Barsoom’s great houses.

In this atmosphere thick with custom and suspicion, Vas Kor seeks an audience with the Jed. He appeals to the ancient laws of hospitality, professing a mission of peace rather than subterfuge, though his words carry a hint of urgency. The conversation unfolds with measured caution; Kar Komak listens in silence, neither quick to trust nor overtly hostile, his manner that of a ruler weighing each word for hidden meaning. Vas Kor, aware of the stakes, frames his presence as one born not from self-interest, but from a desire to avert war and serve the house of Helium. He implores the Jed to believe in his intentions, invoking the hope for peace as a sacred charge.

After a prolonged exchange that touches on matters both open and unspoken, Kar Komak signals for his guest to be shown to quarters deep within the palace’s winding corridors. With the audience concluded, the Jed quietly summons his majordomo and gives careful instructions to ensure Vas Kor’s movements will be closely monitored. The palace, a marvel of Martian engineering, towers with its many guest chambers, each a testament to the planet’s ancient customs and the grandeur of its ruling class. Vas Kor, alone in his assigned room, ponders the uncertain outcome of his mission—caught between the peril of being revealed as a Dusarian noble and the

possible advantage that might come from the Jed’s curiosity or need.

Taking advantage of the privacy, Vas Kor sheds his outer garments, revealing beneath them the unmistakable harness of a lesser Heliumite noble—an emblem that grants both privilege and potential danger depending on the observer’s loyalty. He bathes and prepares himself with the regal trappings of a house guest, careful to display only what is expected. The network of annunciators in the room makes it effortless to summon a servant, reflecting the luxury and discipline that permeate Helium’s upper echelons.

Soon, at Vas Kor’s request, he is brought once again before Kar Komak. The Jed’s summoning is swift and direct, a sign of both authority and intrigue. The interplay between guest and host is a delicate one: the Jed seeks to uncover the real motives behind Vas Kor’s visit, while Vas Kor aims to navigate these suspicions with both candor and strategic ambiguity. The encounter hints at the complex dance of Martian politics, where alliances shift with circumstance and every gesture carries meaning beyond the surface.

This chapter highlights the grandeur and strict formality of Helium’s society, drawing readers deeper into the ceremonial life and subtle tensions of Barsoom’s aristocracy. Through Vas Kor’s perspective, the text captures both the awe inspired by the palace’s achievements and the ever-present risk of political misstep. In this world, identity is as much a mask as a truth, and survival depends on reading the currents of power as skillfully as navigating the skies. The chapter leaves Vas Kor and the Jed poised at the brink of a decision—one that may determine not only the fate of their own houses, but the delicate balance of peace on Mars itself.

# CHAPTER III -Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER III – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** opens with mounting tension as Thuvia's mysterious disappearance ignites political unrest across Barsoom. The abduction casts a shadow over Helium’s prince, Carthoris, whose previous admiration for the princess now threatens to entangle him in accusations of betrayal. Within Helium's royal halls, Tardos Mors and the legendary John Carter convene with urgency, determined to avoid conflict with Ptarth by demonstrating goodwill. Carthoris is entrusted with a delicate mission: to journey to Ptarth and personally affirm Helium’s commitment to justice, bearing both apologies and support for Thuvia’s safe return. Though honored by the task, Carthoris cannot shake the weight of unspoken doubts—wondering whether Thuvia had left willingly with another suitor.

While his preparations are carried out swiftly, an unseen danger slips past his vigilance. A seemingly loyal guard tampers with the directional controls of Carthoris’s flier, subtly altering its compass settings. The prince, momentarily troubled by a strange familiarity in the man’s features, brushes the thought aside and boards his ship. As the sleek craft glides into Barsoom’s thin skies, Carthoris grapples with storming thoughts—of honor, of rivalry, and of Thuvia’s intentions. Exhausted from emotional strain, he falls into uneasy sleep, unaware that the ship veers further from his intended path with every passing haad.

When he awakens, the horizon that greets him is not the green-swept terrain of Ptarth but the somber outline of an abandoned city, ancient and eerie beneath Barsoom’s red sky. Realization strikes with sharp clarity—he has been misled by sabotage. As he wrestles with the implications, a sudden commotion below catches his eye: a green Martian warrior is dragging a red-skinned woman across the sands. Without hesitation, Carthoris descends in pursuit, his sense of duty and desperation interwoven in a swift and dangerous dive. Though uncertain of the woman's identity, his instincts drive him

to protect and confront the chaos unfolding in the ruins below.

The chase that follows takes Carthoris into the heart of a long-forgotten city, its silence thick with memory and menace. The winding streets and crumbling arches offer no answers, only the chill of isolation and the threat of lurking enemies. As he navigates its maze-like ruins, he cannot shake the suspicion that this place was chosen not by accident but by design. In this city of ghosts, he is not merely lost in space, but also thrown into a deeper plot—one that aims not just to derail his mission but to entrap him in a larger conflict. The architecture itself seems to echo treachery, bearing witness to schemes long in motion.

Meanwhile, his mind returns again and again to Thuvia—her sharp words, her elusive gaze, her pride that burns as fiercely as her beauty. He cannot believe she would willingly leave without word, yet the possibility gnaws at him. He is not just chasing down a kidnapped noble; he is confronting the boundaries between love, loyalty, and suspicion. As he searches for signs of either Thuvia or his unknown saboteurs, he reflects on the fragile balance of alliances across Barsoom’s fractured cities—knowing full well that even a whisper of his failure could ignite war.

This chapter seamlessly combines political danger with personal stakes, weaving Carthoris’s emotional uncertainty into the larger game of Martian diplomacy. The unknown city becomes more than a detour; it is a crucible where his character, judgment, and courage must all be tested. The tension between heart and honor, between mistaken appearances and hidden truths, keeps the pace tight and the reader alert. Carthoris's path now veers not just from its course but toward something greater—an uncharted intersection of conspiracy, redemption, and possibly, love rediscovered through peril.

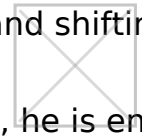
# CHAPTER IV - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER IV – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins with Thuvia awakening aboard a Martian craft, its crew now disguised in the colors of Helium rather than Dusar. Though this shift raises hope that her captor may be Carthoris, the men’s silence and veiled responses offer no real reassurance. The vessel's route ends at a lifeless Martian city—one of many abandoned relics that dot Barsoom’s landscape—suggesting that her arrival is part of a much darker scheme. The crumbling palace where she is confined reveals whispers of ancient greatness, but her confinement carries only unease. Eavesdropping from her chamber, Thuvia learns of the captors’ plot to lure an unknown pursuer, a trap built upon her presence.

Three nights pass in tense captivity, each moment spent among dust-covered ruins and fading murals of long-dead civilizations. On the third night, she is led to the deserted plaza and left alone beneath the stars. The empty expanse, haunted by silence and the memory of lost empires, becomes a stage for her next ordeal. Just as the city seems to sleep, a massive figure emerges from the shadows—Thar Ban, a Green Martian from Torquas, seizes her, mistaking her vulnerability as opportunity. Before she can cry out, she is whisked into the night, just as a second flier descends from the sky. It is Carthoris, tracking her captors with determination and anger burning behind his steady focus.

The prince of Helium opens fire upon the fleeing party, disabling their flier and scattering the false Heliumites. Aboard his own ship, Carthoris is injured in the struggle but undeterred. His pursuit of Thuvia and Thar Ban, though slowed by mechanical damage, becomes more desperate as the terrain grows unforgiving. With his flier failing, he descends into the endless plains on foot, trailing the faint signs of his quarry through dust and forgotten Martian valleys. His only guide becomes a banth—one of Barsoom’s fiercest predators—whose path suggests it, too, follows the same scent.

The chase leads him into rocky highlands, where the red dust of Mars grows thin, and the landscape becomes a maze of stone and silence. The banth suddenly vanishes before a cliffside wall, and Carthoris, sensing something concealed, begins to investigate. Behind a thicket of stone and lichen, he discovers the entrance to a darkened tunnel carved into the cliffs—a place untouched by wind or time. Though uncertain what waits within, the passage feels like the only clue left in a world of vanishing trails and shifting sand.



Inside the tunnel, he is enveloped by shadow and silence, but the air holds the scent of life—faint, distant, and mixed with the wild musk of the banth. Though his injuries slow him, Carthoris moves carefully, his blade ready and heart steady, driven by more than duty. For all Thuvia’s silence and suspicion, he remains convinced of her courage and believes that saving her is worth every peril this labyrinth may hold.

The chapter captures the essence of Barsoom’s allure: a combination of deadly wonder, forgotten cities, and the raw emotions of its heroes. Carthoris’s resolve, even in the face of injury and uncertainty, reflects the legacy of John Carter and the enduring qualities of Helium's warriors. Thuvia, though a prisoner, remains sharp and resilient, embodying more than just the damsel trope. Her calm observation of events and her strategic mind hint that she is far from helpless, despite her situation.

As this chapter closes, the mystery deepens—the ruins hide not only physical threats but the motives of political enemies intent on igniting war through deception. The wilderness of Mars is more than backdrop; it is a living part of the conflict, amplifying tension and isolating heroes in their private battles. Carthoris and Thuvia are now closer to each other in fate, yet the distance of misunderstanding and the designs of enemies still loom. Their separate paths are destined to collide once more—through darkness, dust, and the fire of Barsoom’s burning heart.

# CHAPTER V - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER V – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** opens with Carthoris of Helium cautiously making his way through a dark and winding subterranean tunnel. Behind him lurks a silent but deadly banth, its low growl a chilling reminder of the ever-present danger in Barsoom's wild places. As he emerges from the narrow passage, Carthoris finds himself in a breathtaking valley—lush, sunlit, and seemingly untouched by time. However, this paradise is anything but safe. Almost instantly, he is thrust into a conflict between green Martians and a mysterious group of bowmen accompanied by lion-like beasts. In the heart of this chaos, he spots Thuvia, whose presence jolts him with relief and confusion, only for her to recoil in distrust, still under the impression that he is responsible for her abduction.

Thuvia’s uncertainty weighs heavily on Carthoris, especially as his every gesture is shadowed by the manipulation of events beyond his control. Though his devotion is clear, the doubts planted in her mind continue to cloud her judgment. Their conversation is restrained, emotionally charged, but without resolution. Just as tensions between them begin to mount, the city’s defenders engage in a fierce skirmish against Hortan Gur’s green warriors, interrupting the moment and revealing more about the strange people of this hidden place. Their auburn hair and pale skin distinguish them from other Martian races, hinting at a long-lost lineage tied to Barsoom’s ancient past. The air hums with the energy of ancient traditions clashing with current crises.

Carthoris stands firm amid the confrontation, proving his valor as he aids in repelling the invaders. Even in battle, his mind lingers on Thuvia, though he hides his affection out of respect for her betrothal to Kulan Tith. Thuvia, watching him, begins to question the harshness of her initial judgment, though she says little. The warriors and bowmen fight with near-silent precision, giving the entire battle a surreal quality, while the

banths move like living shadows under their command. The coordination of this defense suggests not only skill but a deeper spiritual or mental bond between these warriors and the creatures they fight beside.

Following the clash, Thuvia and Carthoris are brought to the city by its mysterious inhabitants, who speak little and observe much. Within the city walls, Carthoris senses a deeper enigma—this place is not just a fortress but a remnant of a civilization thought long gone. The bowmen, statuesque and disciplined, bear no insignia of the modern Martian city-states, and their customs evoke an older time. As Carthoris tries to gather intelligence, Thuvia remains reserved, caught between gratitude and lingering suspicion. Still, her eyes linger on him longer than before, and her questions become more pointed, suggesting her internal struggle to reconcile her heart and her duty.

The city itself is silent but not lifeless—filled with signs of order and legacy. Thuvia, drawn by the presence of the banths and their curious obedience to her will, begins to suspect that her mysterious influence over them may be more than coincidence. Carthoris quietly watches her command the beasts with mere thought or glance, wondering if she possesses a gift rooted in Barsoom's forgotten powers. The city's elders hint at ancient lore, implying that Thuvia's gift may hold significance even they don’t fully understand.

As night falls, the uncertainties grow. The green Martians may regroup and return, and questions about the city's origins and Thuvia’s abilities remain unanswered. Carthoris and Thuvia are safe for now but know that safety on Barsoom is fleeting. This chapter deepens the mystery and emotional complexity of their journey, layering ancient history with emerging affection and shifting loyalties. The shadow of misunderstanding still looms, but the seeds of trust begin to take root—nurtured not just by circumstance, but by the strength of character each reveals under pressure.

# CHAPTER VI - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER VI – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins as Carthoris and Thuvia reach the gates of Lothar, a city hidden for centuries and shrouded in silence. No cries rise from the battlements, no sentries guard its walls, and yet the city remains untouched by war. Just moments before, it had been defended by a phantom army—archers who materialized to repel an advancing force and then vanished without a trace. Thuvia, again demonstrating her unspoken power over banths, secures safe passage for herself and Carthoris. The beasts, known for their savagery, submit to her as if she were one of their own, echoing the bond she once formed in the presence of John Carter.

The mysterious city they now approach seems carved from both stone and illusion. Grand structures rise in the distance, gleaming under Barsoom's light, but not a single sound escapes its gates. Inside, there are signs of opulence: polished corridors, golden ornamentation, and lush chambers that seem too pristine for a place untouched by life. A lone figure appears—Jav, their guide—offering no answers to their immediate questions, only promising an audience with Tario, the city's ruler. As they follow him, Carthoris remains wary, noting that even the ground beneath them feels strange, as though memory and reality have blended into one.

Throughout their journey into the heart of Lothar, Carthoris is unsettled by the city's eerie duality. It is filled with elegance yet echoes like a tomb. When they finally reach Tario's throne room, what awaits them is not a court of dignitaries, but a solitary figure who commands without soldiers or council. Tario welcomes them without suspicion or fear, despite their sudden appearance in a city long believed to be forgotten. His demeanor is calm, but his presence exudes an unnatural control, one not reliant on physical force.

As Carthoris speaks, he senses that Tario is less interested in diplomacy than he is in study—studying them. He seems fascinated by Thuvia, not for her beauty alone, but for her presence, her reality. Carthoris, protective and alert, observes how quickly Tario's interest veers from neutral conversation to a subtle fascination with Thuvia. Meanwhile, Jav offers vague commentary on the city’s strength, suggesting that Lothar’s defenses are born not of steel or numbers, but of thought. They need no armies, for they conjure warriors from will and focus, illusions so potent that they harm as real blades might—if the enemy believes them.

Doubt gnaws at Carthoris. If these illusions only work through belief, then resistance should be simple. But Jav insists otherwise—death can be as real as the mind allows it to be, and Lothar’s enemies have perished on empty plains, impaled by weapons that never touched them. Carthoris finds it hard to accept, yet the very walls surrounding him, their vibrancy and warmth, might be nothing more than dreams shaped by centuries of practice. Lothar is a city of mental mastery, not machinery. Its citizens, reduced in number, have elevated thought into survival.

Thuvia’s silent strength holds firm even under Tario’s scrutinizing gaze. Though unnerved, she refuses to appear weak. She continues to hold Komal—the banth—at bay without words, asserting a dominance even Tario seems to find both intriguing and threatening. The chapter ends with a stillness as tense as the moment before a storm, with Carthoris silently wondering if their arrival in Lothar is salvation—or the beginning of a deeper trap.

The brilliance of this chapter lies in its delicate fusion of mystery, psychological tension, and subtle revelations. It invites readers to question what is real in a world where thought can kill and illusions defend a city better than swords ever could. Thuvia’s bond with creatures and Carthoris’s grounded sense of honor contrast powerfully with Lothar’s intangible defenses, setting up a larger conflict between belief and substance that will shape the trials to come.

# CHAPTER VII - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER VII – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins with Carthoris leaving behind a bewildered Jav, who is left to puzzle over the Heliumite's unanticipated behavior. What Jav failed to realize was that his cryptic remarks had unintentionally armed Carthoris with the exact clues needed to act decisively. Through fragments of dialogue and inferred truths, Carthoris had understood the game being played in Lothar—where illusion was as dangerous as steel, and belief could shape reality.

Inside Tario’s strange and contradictory court, the lines between fantasy and substance blur as Carthoris and Thuvia face a gauntlet of phantom bowmen. His sword passes through their forms without resistance, confirming they are no more than conjured specters born of thought. Tario, clearly enchanted by Thuvia’s presence, attempts to assert dominance through ceremony, demanding they observe Lotharian custom by bowing in submission—an affront to the proud traditions of Helium and Ptarth. Carthoris, standing tall, firmly refuses. His words, though defiant, are dismissed as madness by a culture that has ceased to value the tangible.

Jav, ever the loyal but conflicted servant, follows Tario’s orders while slowly revealing the fragile foundation of Lotharian society. Through his words, Carthoris learns of a world clinging to survival not through physical strength, but by sheer mental will. Food, armies, and servants—all are conjured from the minds of the dwindling inhabitants. Their city, though majestic in appearance, is hollow and fading, sustained only by belief. Carthoris sees that their illusions may offer convenience but cannot replace reality.

Concerned for Thuvia’s safety, Carthoris questions the fate of those deemed “realists”—individuals like himself who reject the idea that thought can sustain life. Jav explains that such thinkers are considered heretical and are often sacrificed to Komal,

a fearsome creature worshipped as the embodiment of material existence. Komal, it is said, devours those who cannot be mentally reshaped, acting as both punishment and purification. Carthoris hears this with rising urgency, aware that Thuvia's very life could be endangered if she too is seen as an outsider.

As the conversation deepens, Jav shows glimpses of doubt. Though loyal to Tario, he cannot ignore the compelling force of Carthoris's arguments, which question the sustainability of a society that feeds on illusion. The Heliumite's insistence that true nourishment must come from substance—not suggestion—challenges everything Jav has been taught. Their interaction becomes less confrontational and more philosophical, subtly shifting the balance of power as Carthoris continues to assert his beliefs with clarity and confidence.

Throughout, Carthoris remains grounded in his mission—to find and protect Thuvia. His refusal to indulge in the comforts of illusory food or rest underscores his resolve. He represents a culture that values action and honor, not passive dreaming. Even when faced with alien customs and near-magical powers, he remains steadfast in his conviction that reality, not imagination, holds true strength. His character becomes a sharp contrast to the mental fragility of Lothar's leaders, who have sacrificed authenticity for convenience.

This chapter elegantly questions the nature of reality, inviting readers to consider what is truly vital for survival. The Lotharians, though intellectually powerful, appear stagnant and brittle, while Carthoris's physical presence and moral certainty serve as a catalyst for disruption. Thuvia, though absent from much of this chapter, remains at its heart, a symbol of what must be preserved amid illusion and decay.

By the chapter's end, the ideological divide between Carthoris and the Lotharians grows deeper, setting the stage for future conflict. As he makes his next move, guided by instinct and the fragmented clues gleaned from Jav, the reader senses the tension building between two worlds—one rooted in fantasy, the other in truth. In Carthoris's hands lies the potential to unravel or reshape Lothar's fate, not through force of illusion, but through unwavering resolve and a heart anchored in the real.

# CHAPTER VIII -Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER VIII – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins with Thuvia left alone in the company of Tario, the enigmatic and unnerving jeddak of Lothar. Tario, once a figure of aloof command, now reveals a disturbing vulnerability—his growing obsession with Thuvia. He claims she is more than illusion, more than thought made flesh, a real woman unlike the projected figments that populate his realm. Though flattered at first, Thuvia quickly recognizes the danger beneath his fixation. She rejects his suggestion that she become his queen, standing her ground with composed defiance even as his demeanor darkens.

Tario, unable to accept rejection, shifts from persuasion to coercion. He declares that if he cannot have her as his consort, he will take her as a slave—an insult that provokes Thuvia's fierce resistance. In a burst of courage, she strikes him, drawing blood and disrupting the illusion of his invulnerability. Guards appear, summoned as if by magic, but just as quickly fade from view, leaving Thuvia in eerie solitude. The experience shatters any remaining sense of logic about Lothar's laws, deepening her suspicion that much of what surrounds her exists only in the minds of its citizens.

As she braces for the unknown, Carthoris returns, drawn by instinct or fate to Thuvia's side. His entrance is both timely and transformative, immediately altering the balance of power. Carthoris, unwavering in his defense, steps between Thuvia and Tario, challenging the jeddak with words and posture alone. Tario, faced with resistance that doesn't yield to illusion, falters. Thuvia's confidence resurges, her trust in Carthoris growing despite the unspoken complications between them—chiefly her betrothal to Kulan Tith.

Meanwhile, the conflict between Tario and Jav reveals cracks in Lothar's hierarchy. Jav, eager to displace Tario, believes he can exploit the chaos for his own gain. However,

his understanding of Lotharian power—how illusion becomes reality—makes him dangerous in a different way. His allegiance is thin, his ambition sharp. Yet neither Tario nor Jav seems grounded in the real strength Carthoris and Thuvia display: loyalty forged in action, not imagination.

Their brief reprieve is cut short when the Hall of Doom lives up to its name. What was once a majestic chamber begins to shift, walls closing in, ceilings dropping—an elaborate death trap conjured by Tario's will. The pair must escape quickly or perish in the jeddak's collapsing fantasy. Amid this mechanical menace, Thuvia and Carthoris move as one, their escape more than physical—it is emotional, shedding pretense and restraint. Though Thuvia does not voice it, her reliance on Carthoris reflects an unspoken bond, rooted in shared peril and growing admiration.

As they flee, their dialogue reveals much that remains unsaid. Carthoris respects Thuvia's autonomy, never overstepping despite the clear danger she faces. Thuvia, torn between the promise made to Kulan Tith and her instinctive trust in Carthoris, suppresses emotion for duty. Yet in moments of silence between battles and threats, the tension between their hearts and their obligations deepens.

Jav, witnessing all from the shadows, struggles with despair. His illusions fail to sway Thuvia, and his plans falter beside Carthoris's conviction. The contrast between them is stark—Jav clings to fantasy, Carthoris to action. Tario, defeated by his own illusions, is reduced to a shadow of a ruler, incapable of facing a world that doesn't bend to his will.

This chapter weaves together themes of power, illusion, and honor, setting a foundation for the trials ahead. Thuvia's agency and Carthoris's integrity stand in sharp contrast to the hollow dominance of Lothar's rulers. Their alliance, tested by deceit and strengthened by loyalty, carries them forward—into danger, perhaps, but with clarity of purpose. As they exit the Hall of Doom, the ruins behind them symbolize the fall of illusion and the rise of something far more enduring: a bond rooted in courage, truth, and shared resolve.

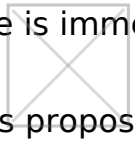
# CHAPTER IX -Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER IX – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins with Carthoris, Thuvia, and Jav emerging from a fall into the depths of Lothar, where they miraculously avoid injury. The chamber they find themselves in is cold and oppressive, and Jav’s fear intensifies upon seeing Komal—a legendary creature believed by his people to be a divine executioner. Yet, where fear dominates Jav, Thuvia steps forward with calm authority, confronting the beast with neither weapon nor panic. Her mysterious ability to control the banth reveals not only her bravery but also her innate connection to Martian life, dispelling the myth of Komal’s godhood and reshaping the group's understanding of the creature as merely an intelligent predator.

Their escape leads them through forgotten corridors into the stark light of a barren plain beyond the city. Here, the truth of Lothar’s decline is laid bare. Once a proud civilization thriving with warriors and power, it now clings to survival through illusion and mental projections, with fewer than a thousand citizens left. The people of Lothar, having abandoned physical labor and martial discipline in favor of thought projection, live among echoes of their history. Jav’s ability to summon illusions of armies and battlefields becomes a metaphor for their decadence—grand in appearance, but hollow in purpose.

As they continue, Jav conjures a vision of Lothar’s ancient might—mighty legions, banners flying, and phantom swords raised in silent fury. But Carthoris sees through the grandeur. These apparitions are pale reflections of a society clinging to its former glory, unable to accept its dwindling reality. While impressive to behold, these mental projections are ineffective in real conflict and serve only as distractions. Jav, blinded by his people's traditions, fails to grasp that no illusion can replace courage and action.

Sensing an opportunity, Jav attempts to use the false army to mislead Tario’s forces, giving Carthoris and Thuvia a chance to escape. The plan unfolds with precision until Jav reveals his ulterior motive. Turning to Thuvia, he propositions her shamelessly, offering safety in exchange for her affection. His transformation from reluctant guide to would-be captor is swift, revealing the rot beneath his civility. He believes that the power to create illusions entitles him to reshape others’ choices and feelings, but Thuvia’s response is immediate and sharp.



She condemns his proposal, standing firm in her values and trust in Carthoris. Her refusal is not fueled by fear, but by an unwavering belief in Carthoris’s honor and bravery. Even in danger, she refuses to sacrifice her dignity or loyalty. Jav, exposed by her words, is left seething—a man of illusions undone by a woman of truth. Thuvia’s poise in rejecting his offer solidifies her as more than a damsel in distress; she becomes a symbol of strength and fidelity in the face of betrayal.

The chapter closes with growing tension. Thuvia and Carthoris are separated once more, and Jav’s illusions begin to unravel under the weight of his desperation. What had seemed a clever escape becomes a web of deception and misplaced ambition. Jav’s actions place not only himself but Thuvia at risk, as his selfishness threatens to undo the fleeting advantage they held. Carthoris, unaware of this treachery, is likely preparing to rejoin the fight, and the collision of illusion and reality now feels inevitable.

This chapter highlights the fading glory of a civilization too reliant on illusion and the resilience of those who hold onto principle in times of peril. Thuvia’s ability to tame Komal and withstand Jav’s coercion reveals her quiet power, while Carthoris remains the embodiment of determination and honor. Their fates are increasingly bound together, and with enemies both physical and psychological gathering, the struggle ahead will test not only their strength but their loyalty to each other and to what is right.

# CHAPTER X -Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER X – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins with Carthoris and Thuvia walking side by side through the shadowed forest, their silence unbroken but filled with unspoken trust. Yet, when Carthoris finally attempts to speak, he discovers Thuvia has vanished. The unsettling truth soon reveals itself—he has been the victim of illusion. Jav, the manipulative Lotharian, had used mental projection to make Carthoris believe Thuvia walked with him, while in reality, she was never released. Racing back in fury, Carthoris finds Jav mortally wounded. In his final moments, Jav confesses his trick and directs Carthoris toward Thuvia's true path.

Pushed by urgency, Carthoris continues across the bleak Martian landscape until he encounters Kar Komak, a phantom bowman made real by thought. Once a product of Lotharian imagination, Kar Komak now exists as flesh and blood, abandoned by his people but filled with a fierce sense of purpose. Carthoris, though cautious, recognizes the value of an ally—especially one born from Lothar's illusions yet loyal enough to fight alongside him. Together, they set their sights on Aaanthor, determined to intercept Thuvia and her fierce guardian banth, Komal, before enemies do.

As the two travel, their path becomes increasingly perilous. Dusarian ships and green Martian warriors are converging, all seeking the same prize—Thuvia. High on a ridge, Carthoris glimpses her form beside Komal, surrounded by danger and unaware of her fast-approaching enemies. There is no time to plan. With Kar Komak weaponless but unshaken, the two men launch themselves toward the coming battle. The loyalty shown by Kar Komak, though newly allied, is immediate and selfless, adding depth to their alliance. The green Martians descend, armed and brutal, forcing Carthoris and his companion to act swiftly and with resolve.

Amid the chaos, Thuvia’s presence anchors Carthoris. Though she has faced deception and isolation, she places her faith in his approach. His courage emboldens her, quieting her fear even as warbands close in. She senses that Carthoris’s arrival is more than chance—it is fate in motion. As Komal growls beside her, ready to defend, Thuvia prepares to stand her ground. Though no words are exchanged, the silent understanding between Carthoris and Thuvia speaks volumes about their connection.

Kar Komak, despite lacking a weapon, charges into the fray with Carthoris, embodying the spirit of a true warrior. His bravery cements their bond and illustrates the depth of Martian honor, even from one created through thought. Together, the two press forward toward the ridge, even as the odds stack against them. Their mission is not simply about survival; it is driven by loyalty, love, and the refusal to surrender Thuvia to treachery.

This chapter not only introduces a powerful new ally in Kar Komak but also expands the world of Barsoom, blending mystical Lotharian invention with raw Martian valor. Carthoris, always driven by duty and heart, emerges as a leader whose instincts never waver, even when betrayed or outnumbered. His ability to inspire loyalty in others and act decisively in the face of danger is a reflection of his lineage, yet it is his personal courage and compassion that set him apart.

Thuvia’s trust, Komal’s protection, and Kar Komak’s fierce loyalty converge in this moment, forging a triad of courage against the chaos closing in. This chapter blends high-stakes pursuit with introspective loyalty, and as Carthoris and his allies race toward the ruins of Aaanthor, the reader is left with a sense of mounting tension. The outcome remains uncertain, but the conviction of those willing to risk everything for one another shines through. Against the political deception and looming war, this chapter underscores what remains constant: valor, faith, and the unyielding pursuit of justice.

# CHAPTER XI -Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER XI – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** opens with Carthoris awakening on a blood-soaked battlefield, left unconscious amid the lifeless bodies of fallen foes. Disoriented and weak, he finds Thuvia and Kar Komak gone, with no sign of where or how they vanished. Though wounded and drained, Carthoris rises with unwavering resolve, setting his course for Aaanthor, where water and possible clues await, his thoughts consumed by Thuvia's safety.

Reaching the crumbling city of Aaanthor, Carthoris encounters a haunting silence that cloaks the ruins, relics of a civilization now abandoned. As he explores its shadowy corridors, he's attacked by savage green Martians and ambushed by towering white apes, whose ferocity pushes him to his limit. Overpowered, he is captured and thrown into a lightless cell deep beneath the city, uncertain of what fate might await him in the bowels of this forgotten place.

In the pitch-black depths, a familiar voice cuts through the silence—Kar Komak has returned. The Lotharian warrior uses the mental prowess of his people, conjuring spectral bowmen with terrifying precision to combat their captors. The illusion proves so lifelike that panic sweeps through their enemies, allowing Carthoris and Kar Komak to fight their way to freedom amid the confusion and fear wrought by this otherworldly force.

Once free of the city's ruins, the pair presses on across the rugged terrain of Barsoom, knowing that their mission is far from over. Without the safety of an airship, they travel on foot, making slow but deliberate progress, all the while remaining wary of enemies who might still pursue them. To avoid drawing attention, they assume the roles of common travelers, concealing their true identities as they seek shelter and support.

Their journey takes them into the fringes of cultivated land, where the border between wilderness and civilization is sharply drawn. Here, fortified compounds are maintained to guard against threats from green Martians and predatory beasts that still roam Mars. Carthoris and Kar Komak are welcomed into one such compound by Hal Vas, a young noble who offers them rest without realizing the status of his guests.

Though grateful for the hospitality, Carthoris remains cautious, knowing political tensions across Barsoom are fragile and one misstep could jeopardize their plans. Hal Vas unknowingly belongs to a faction unfriendly to Helium, forcing Carthoris to hide not only his identity but also the urgency of his quest. Their conversations are layered with subtle tension, each word measured carefully to maintain the illusion of neutrality while gleaning whatever information they can.

Throughout these trials, Carthoris demonstrates unwavering dedication and inherited strategic brilliance. Whether navigating the ruins of war-torn cities or exchanging guarded pleasantries in enemy territory, he never loses sight of his goal—to find Thuvia and protect her from the dangerous schemes that threaten not only her but the peace of Barsoom. Every choice he makes is calculated, revealing the strength of his character and the depth of his love.

Kar Komak, too, emerges as more than just a companion. His loyalty, courage, and rare abilities enrich the journey, offering Carthoris not just support, but a reminder of the power of belief and brotherhood. Together, they form a formidable partnership, their alliance a testament to the unexpected friendships forged in the fire of shared trials.

This chapter deepens the story’s themes of perseverance, sacrifice, and loyalty. Set against the backdrop of a world teetering between the ruins of its past and the conflicts of its present, Carthoris’s mission reflects the enduring struggle between duty and love. As they move forward, each mile brings new peril, but also the unshakable hope that their courage will be enough to rescue Thuvia and alter the course of Barsoom’s destiny.

# CHAPTER XIII -Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER XIII – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** begins with Carthoris assuming the identity of Turjun, a panthan serving Dusar, as a strategic response to the political quagmire caused by a brewing war between Helium and Dusar. The conflict, born of manipulation and hidden agendas, has placed Carthoris in the midst of his enemies, where revealing his true identity would lead to capture—or worse. Adopting this new role allows him to move unseen through the ranks of Dusarian forces, keeping him close to key conspirators while he plans to protect Helium's interests and rescue Thuvia.

The chapter intensifies as Carthoris observes the interplay between Vas Kor and Astok, whose ambition and cowardice blend into a dangerous scheme. They speak openly of Thuvia's abduction and the planned deception meant to ignite war while eliminating her as a political obstacle. Carthoris realizes that if he does not intervene soon, Thuvia may fall victim to a crime designed to plunge Barsoom into chaos, a crime that would dishonor Helium and endanger peace across several cities.

With quiet resolve, Carthoris uses his cover to gain closer access to the "Thuria," the airship chosen for the plot's final stage. He's joined by Kar Komak, a spirited and loyal warrior displaced from the mental cities of Lothar, whose illusions can manifest into formidable weaponry. Their alliance, built on shared purpose and mutual trust, becomes a formidable asset as they plot from within. Onboard the Thuria, Carthoris keeps his intentions hidden while watching every move Vas Kor and Astok make, all while working out how best to disrupt their treachery without alerting the crew.

Despite being surrounded by enemies, Carthoris remains calm, knowing one wrong move could expose him. His mind constantly scans for opportunities to strike while also weighing the consequences of miscalculation. His dedication to Thuvia isn't

portrayed solely as romantic yearning but as a noble obligation to protect someone innocent from being used as a pawn in a greater war. This sense of purpose gives him clarity and direction in a situation designed to disorient.

Kar Komak's background as a man once bound by illusions yet now acting as a flesh-and-blood ally mirrors the deceptive circumstances they find themselves navigating. His skills in combat and his unique understanding of Lotharian mind control offer an edge that conventional warriors lack. Carthoris relies on this partnership, and their coordination proves vital as they learn more about where Thuvia is being held and how the assassination plot will unfold.

The deeper theme of honor amid espionage surfaces as Carthoris reflects on his position. Though he wears the armor of his enemies, his actions remain deeply loyal to Helium and its ideals. He is disgusted by the deceit he witnesses among the Dusarian nobles, and yet he understands that sometimes subterfuge is the only way to prevent greater bloodshed. His sense of justice fuels his desire to protect Thuvia, not for glory but to preserve peace and prevent innocent blood from becoming a justification for war.

As the Thuria glides through Barsoom’s sky, tension builds. Carthoris and Kar Komak edge closer to a point of action, planning to intercept Thuvia’s captors before the final blow can be struck. With each overheard conversation and veiled threat, the urgency to act increases. The stakes grow higher—not only Thuvia’s life but the fate of Ptarth, Helium, and Dusar hang in the balance.

The chapter concludes on a precipice, with Carthoris’s dual identity giving him an edge but also placing him in extreme peril. His mind and blade are ready, but the danger is mounting, and time is running out. This installment reveals not only the complexities of Martian diplomacy but the personal trials endured by those who must act in silence to prevent war. Through clever maneuvering, unwavering loyalty, and the quiet courage of a man in disguise, the chapter sets the tone for a high-stakes rescue mission that could determine the future of Barsoom.

# CHAPTER XIV - Thuvia, Maid of Mars

**CHAPTER XIV – Thuvia, Maid of Mars** continues with Thuvia imprisoned in the bleak tower of Astok, where her resolve is tested by fear and isolation. Each passing moment reveals how little regard Astok has for honor, and Thuvia, despite her circumstances, refuses to be cowed by his presence. Without a weapon or ally nearby, she relies on her mental strength, recalling the courage of men like Kulan Tith and Carthoris of Helium to anchor her spirit and sharpen her will to resist.

Astok, blinded by obsession and insecurity, hopes to break Thuvia’s defiance, but she meets his threats with scorn. Her imprisonment is not merely physical—it is an emotional test that further highlights her resilience. Even in confinement, she clings to dignity, choosing silence over submission when faced with Astok’s demands, her mind constantly searching for a path to freedom, however impossible it seems.

The stakes rise when Vas Kor arrives, pressing for Thuvia’s death to eliminate complications in Dusarian politics. As tension builds, Carthoris appears like a shadow reborn, seizing the moment with strategic precision. His arrival turns fear into action, and within moments, he challenges Astok’s authority, defeating the guards with calm brutality and calculated skill, his blade clearing a path through danger as they attempt to flee.

Thuvia, though initially stunned, does not hesitate to follow, her trust in Carthoris as much a reflection of his valor as it is of her intuition. Their escape aboard the Thuria is a perilous gamble, one complicated by their need to evade Astok’s soldiers who swarm the landing platform. Carthoris maneuvers the ship with practiced hands, his focus split between defending their lives and navigating their course to safety in the Martian skies above.

As they soar away from Dusar, a new challenge emerges when a Kaolian warship is spotted below, under siege by green Martians. Carthoris immediately recognizes the vessel and learns that Kulan Tith, a friend and ruler of Kaol, is trapped aboard. Without hesitation, he alters their route, not to save himself or Thuvia, but to honor a bond between kingdoms—choosing duty even at great personal risk.

This decision earns Thuvia's unspoken admiration. Carthoris, already distinguished by his prowess, now reveals a selflessness that places others above his own desires, even when the consequences might mean capture or death. It is in this moment that his heroism transcends skill and becomes a matter of character, revealing why Helium's warriors are both feared and revered across Barsoom.

The assault on the green warriors is swift and efficient. Carthoris and Thuvia, alongside a handful of Kaolian survivors, repel the enemy long enough to rescue the imperiled crew. In the chaos, the partnership between Thuvia and Carthoris deepens—not just romantically, but in mutual respect forged through shared peril. Their actions rescue more than men; they restore trust between their peoples.

By the chapter's end, the skies are quiet again, though the cost of the battle is not small. The damaged warship drifts silently, a symbol of sacrifice and solidarity. Carthoris's choice to intervene, when escape had been within reach, signals that his loyalty to honor will always outweigh personal gain—a trait that defines him and distinguishes him from the self-serving nobles of Barsoom's fractured alliances.

This chapter serves as both a climax and a compass for the story's trajectory. It merges romantic tension, Martian politics, and relentless action into a seamless arc that elevates both Thuvia and Carthoris as central figures not just in survival, but in shaping the fate of their world. Their escape is more than physical—it is symbolic of a deeper awakening, one where personal courage must confront a planet gripped by war, betrayal, and divided loyalties.