

always a giant mother ship with inexhaustible power, plus long-range and versatile landing craft. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Somehow we weren't doing this "by the book." We should go back [REDACTED] and reequip. But home base was destroyed and we were "dead" and "the book" [REDACTED] thrown away. We had no choice but to face ^{the} unknown ^{with what we had} [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] I trudged ahead. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] While trying to scan that hill ahead, I tangled my feet in [REDACTED] ground cover, tripped, and did a short, brilliant pas-a-seul that would have fetched applause to ^a [REDACTED] clown in an ice show. Instead I applauded myself.

Hilda's voice answered, "Why, Cap³tan Zebbie! Such language."

"Pipe down," I answered ^{gumpily} [REDACTED]. Thereafter I watched ^{sach} [REDACTED] step ^{fifty} [REDACTED] for [REDACTED] paces, stopped, searched ahead a second--and repeat. Endlessly.

During one such eyes-down interval I felt the ground tremble, [REDACTED] felt it despite the spongy turf. Earthquake? Marsquake? Barsoomquake? I stopped ^{to look} [REDACTED].

Around the shoulder of that hill was charging at me a many-legged ^{monster} [REDACTED] midway between a dinosaur and a rhinoceros that's ^{had} [REDACTED] too many vitamins; [REDACTED] astride this nightmare was a green giant twice as tall as I am and much uglier. His face had a built-in unfriendly look not improved ^{by} eye teeth that were [REDACTED] tusks curling up almost to his eyebrows, [REDACTED].

Couched at the ready in his two right hands was a telephone pole sharp on one end-- [REDACTED] (end that) was aimed at my belly button. He was brandishing a big rifle [REDACTED] in his upper ^{left} [REDACTED] hand but [REDACTED] [REDACTED] His attention was fixed on making shishkebab [#] ^a [REDACTED] of me.