

I feel, I write  
I write, you read  
You read, you feel  
Are we good?

penpaperwrite

## NARRATIVE OF GORDON ARTHUR OF MARS - CHAPTER 2: The H.M.S Minerva

By swindonbloke

Published on Stories Space on 12 Oct 2014

Copyright ©2014 by R.C.Grace  
All other rights reserved

Two teenagers awake on a ship after an accident...

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/science-fiction/narrative-of-gordon-arthur-of-mars-.aspx>

The H.M.S Minerva Flashes of memory: hands pulling me from the wreckage. I dreamed of Queen Victoria floating in her cylinder of luminiferous ether, her black dress billowing slowly in the fluid. The fluid keeping her eternally alive. Her hands pressing against the glass, her mouth moving but her

words made silent by the substantial dimension of the glass. Flashes of memory : distorted faces... When I awoke, I found myself in the cabin of a ship. Edgar was standing over me, with a look of shame on his face. Several rough looking persons, were also present standing near and a brass Automaton stood to the side of my bed. We had been accidentally rammed by the craft which did not see our small vessel until it collided with us. Our tiny vessel no more than a speck among the stars. "Thank Britania that you're awake at last," Edgar sputtered. I had been unconscious for a number of weeks, the ships Automaton had tended my wounds. Having been dragged from the wreckage of our craft with several broken bones and hanging onto life, Edgar feared that I might never regain consciousness and he would be left alone on a strange ship. I had always had a profound dislike for Automaton. These simple brass humans but without the intelligence or the wit. "I hope Sir is well," chirped the brass and wood contraption. Before I could give a reply, the contraption was shoved out of the way by one of the men who was evidently in charge. "Bugger off and be about your duties," he barked to the others loitering in the room. Turning to me he said "Uriah Fleetwood, first mate of this ship" "What ship would that be?" I inquired " The H.M.S Minerva, " he said. "As soon as you're ready to walk Captain Tempest has requested that you visit Her for Tea on the bridge." Several days passed before I was able to sit up unaided and several more before I could leave my bunk. I had not had sight of human beings for what seemed an age. My only company being the Medical Automaton who fussed over me and chattered away in his mono-tone mechanical voice. I was unaware exactly how much time had passed since I first woken in this room. Feeling rested and curious as to why nobody had come to visit me for some time, I decided to find out why everything was silent. Leaving my bunk, I stood with some difficulty and limped towards the door. Having reached the door, I found it locked. Hammering on the door with my fists for sometime and hoping that somebody would open the door. I was greeted only by silence. "Sir, please return to your bed," chirped the Automaton. In my distress, I had failed to notice that the Medical Automaton was now standing behind me. Before I could reply it had grabbed me in its stone-cold brass hands and roughly guided me the few steps back to the bunk. "Unhand me," I shouted as I struggled in vain against its solid grip. "Sir, please cooperate," I felt a sting in my arm and darkness started to overcome me. My only thought was that the Droid had injected me with some substance as I fell limp onto the bunk. Tiredness overcome me and I drifted back towards the drifting inkiness of sleep. I knew then in my soul that something terrible had overcome the ship and its crew.