

TIME MACHINE 20

This book is a time machine. Travel back 200 years and sail the South Pacific with Captain Cook.



**BOUND FOR
AUSTRALIA**

**This book is
your passport
into time.**



**Can you survive
the voyage to
Australia?
Turn the page to
find out.**



Bound for Australia

by Nancy Bailey

illustrated by Julek Heller



A Byron Preiss Book

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ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a moment you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

YOUR MISSION

Your mission is to travel back to the Australian wilderness in the eighteenth century and find the first westerner able to survive on his own in this harsh land.

Located on the other side of the world, the land of Australia was concealed from western eyes for many centuries.

Captain James Cook changed all that. In 1768 he left England and set sail for the South Pacific. He carried with him a secret packet of instructions ordering him to explore the uncharted waters of the South Pacific in search of the fabled *Terra Australis*.

What Cook discovered confounded all expectations. Australia was a land of startling contrasts and was also so inhospitable it seemed no transplanted westerner would ever be able to live there.

Yet some survived—and eventually the new country of Australia was born. Who were these first settlers? In order to find out, you must travel with Captain Cook and discover a new continent.



To activate the Time Machine, **click here.**

**TIME TRAVEL
ACTIVATED.
Stand by for Equipment.**



[Click Here](#)

EQUIPMENT

You will be dressed in the clothes of a typical eighteenth-century sailor: knee-breeches, a jacket, and sturdy shoes. In addition, you may choose two of the following items:

- 1) A knife
- 2) A bag of toffees
- 3) A needle and thread



To begin your mission now, [click here](#).



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, [click here](#).

DATA BANK

1) Until the eighteenth century, very little was known in Europe about the South Pacific. Most European geologists believed that a huge land mass—traditionally known as *Terra Australis*, or Southern Land—existed somewhere in the southern hemisphere, but no one had found it. Australia and New Zealand had been discovered but never explored in depth. No one was sure whether Australia, which was called New Holland at the time, was the largest body of land in the South Pacific.

2) James Cook was born on October 27, 1728, the son of a Yorkshire farmer. On June 17, 1755, at the age of twenty-seven, Cook decided to join the British Royal Navy as a common seaman. It was immediately clear to his superiors that Cook was a man of genius, and he was promoted several times. Outside the Navy, however, few people had ever heard of him.

3) Early in the eighteenth century, astronomer Edmund Halley suggested that it would be possible to determine the distance of the earth from the sun by observing the planet Venus in 1769, when it passed across the face of the sun. The Royal Society of Astronomers determined that one of the best places to observe the transit would be somewhere in the South Pacific. King George III agreed to furnish the Royal Society with a ship for a South Pacific expedition.

4) James Cook was selected to be the captain of the Royal Society's expedition. His orders were to sail to Tahiti and observe Venus from there, but he also carried a sealed set of orders to be opened only at sea. These orders instructed him to sail south, then west, from Tahiti in search of the legendary *Terra Australis*, and to prove once and for all whether it existed.

5) The ship Cook selected for the voyage was the *Endeavor*. He set sail on May 27, 1768.

6) The Royal Society picked a civilian scientific team to accom-

pany Cook on the *Endeavor*. The team's botanist was Joseph Banks, a wellborn and wealthy twenty-five-year-old. As far as the Royal Society—and the public—was concerned, Banks, not Cook, was the most important person on board the *Endeavor*.

7) Cook's voyage in the *Endeavor* took three years. On this trip he charted the eastern coast of "New Holland" and claimed it for England. On a second voyage, he proved that there was no such landmass as *Terra Australis*. The myth of the huge continent disappeared, but its name survived when New Holland began to be called Australia.

8) Conditions aboard most eighteenth-century ships were appalling. Poor diet, filthy living conditions, and disease—especially scurvy—killed so many sailors that it was customary to pack a ship with far more men than it needed. Moreover, many eighteenth-century captains were viciously cruel. Captain Cook, however, was very concerned with protecting the health and well-being of his sailors.

9) Ashore, the British legal system was equally harsh. Men, women, and children could be hanged, flogged to death, or transported—banished from the country—for the most trivial crimes.

10) Until the American Revolution, Great Britain transported many of its criminals to the American colonies. After the Americans won the war, this was no longer possible. British jails became so crowded that many convicts were housed on old, anchored ships known as hulks. Conditions aboard the hulks were even worse than in the prisons of the time.

11) In 1779 Joseph Banks suggested to the House of Commons that Australia might be a good place to establish a penal colony—a new settlement made up of transported convicts. His proposal was debated for several years, and in 1787 the British government finally decided to start a prison colony in Botany Bay, Australia.

12) Captain Arthur Phillip was chosen to command the first fleet of convict ships to Australia. On the fleet's arrival in Australia, he became governor to the new colony. Like Captain Cook, he was an unusually tolerant and humane man for the times.



13) The first fleet set sail on May 13, 1787, and arrived in Botany Bay on January 18, 1788. There were eleven ships in the fleet; they carried four companies of marines, 443 sailors, and about 800 convicts.

14) The first fleet ran into tremendous difficulties. They had brought no botanists or geologists and had no one to advise them on how to farm their new land. They faced rock-hard soil and long droughts. The livestock they had brought wandered away or died, and supplies ran out quickly. Soon after the fleet's arrival, it became clear that unless they raised crops within eighteen months, they would starve.

DATA BANK COMPLETED.
CLICK HERE TO BEGIN
YOUR MISSION.



**Don't forget, when you see this symbol,
you can click it to check the Data File for
a hint.**





No!”

A fist thuds down onto a table—a table you’re sitting under! You look around cautiously, but except for a forest of legs surrounding the table, you can’t see much.

“That popinjay!” a man shouts—presumably the same one who pounded his fist. “That blithering, simpering idiot of a dunderhead—why, Alexander Dalrymple’s no fitter to command a ship than you are, sir! As First Lord Admiral, I think I have the right—”

Another, calmer voice interrupts him.

“My lord, I am well aware of your view on Mr. Dalrymple. But may I remind you that he is a member of the Royal Society of Astronomers and *we* think very highly of him? He’s quite an able navigator and surveyor, as well as being a first-class botanist—”

“Aye, and knows he is, too! A more conceited ape never walked the earth!” shouts the first man.

You’re starting to feel cramped under here. You shift your weight as quietly as you can.

The first man continues shouting. “I tell you again: If we at the Royal Navy are to provide the ship for this South Seas expedition, then by God we will provide the captain, too!”

He stamps his foot emphatically, just missing your hand. “*If* the Great Southern Continent exists—and I’m none too sure of that!—then the British Navy should find it first and *claim* it first. And there’s only one man I’d trust to sail into those uncharted waters: Captain James Cook.”

Captain Cook! That’s the man whose expedition you are supposed

to join. Maybe you'll learn something about him here. Now the second man is raising his voice. "Captain Cook! The son of a laborer! He's not fit for this job! Why, he was born in a mud cottage!"

"What of it?" asks the lord admiral impatiently. "A greater navigator never walked the earth—or sailed it, I should say." He chuckles at his own joke.

"But he's no scientist, sir! You're interested in finding the Great Southern Continent—but we at the Royal Society are more concerned with science. In 1769 Venus is going to pass across the face of the sun. The best place to observe it will be Tahiti—and we want a captain who will know what to look for."

"Pshaw! Anyone can watch a star," says the lord admiral.

"*Planet!*" objects the other man.

"Planet, then. Anyway, that's two years from now." At least now you know the date—1767. "You'll have plenty of time to teach him what to look for."

"Well, yes, but Mr. Dalrymple—"

"And the last time the Royal Society picked a scientist to command a voyage—that blockhead Edmund Halley—the men mutinied. Staring up at the stars all day is no training for running a ship! Let the Navy decide this, I say—and I say Cook's the man!"

This may go on forever. You *know* they're going to end up picking Captain Cook, so it probably makes more sense for you to get started with your mission. What's the best way to get to Australia? Should you jump onto a ship leaving for the South Seas or jump to meet someone who can introduce you to Captain Cook himself?



Jump onto a ship leaving for the South Seas. [Click here.](#)



Find someone who can introduce you to Captain Cook. [Click here.](#)



It's August 6, 1768. You're walking toward the docks in Deptford, where Captain Cook's ship, the *Endeavor*, is moored.

The ship's due to sail at the end of the month, and for the past several days you've been helping Joseph Banks bring his supplies aboard. Struggling along behind him now, you're laden down with all kinds of things: magnifying glasses, butterfly boxes, dissecting instruments, tins to hold specimens, and an assortment of science books—all of them about to fall out of your arms at any second.

"Cook!" Banks calls, striding briskly forward. "I've been wanting to talk to you."

Captain Cook is here! You hurry along as best you can. At last you reach the dock, where a dark-haired man who must be Cook is talking earnestly to the first lieutenant, Zachary Hicks.

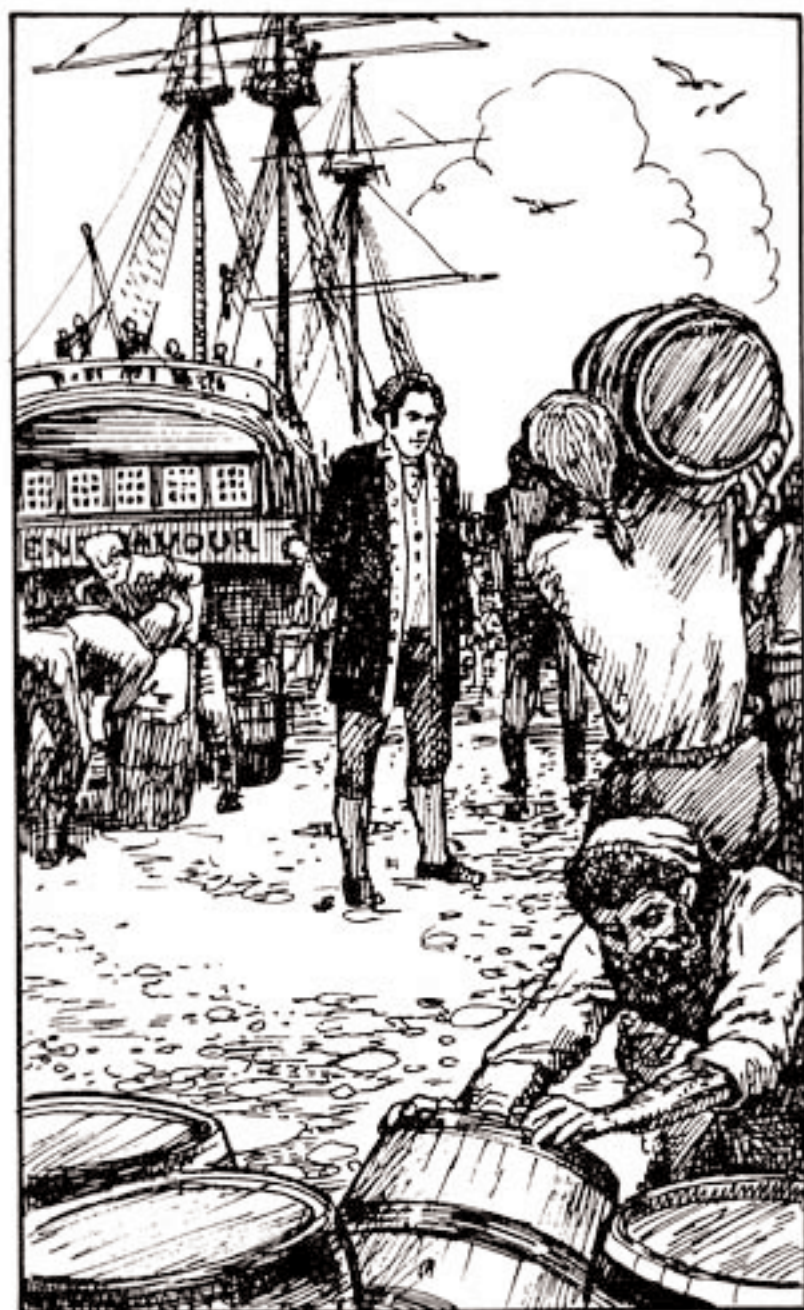
You and Banks have had a few run-ins with Hicks already. He can't seem to understand why a botanist needs to take so many supplies aboard, and he never remembers which of Banks's boxes are fragile. Now he's arguing with the captain—and his words sound familiar.

"Sir, there just isn't room for anything more. I know how you value the health of the men, but we have too much food already!"

"I know I am asking a great deal of you, Mr. Hicks," says Captain Cook quietly. "But I also know that we'll lose fewer men if we feed them better."

"But sir—carrot marmalade? Salted cabbage? Insippated juice of wort—whatever that is? The men won't even eat this stuff!"

"They will if they know what it's for," says the captain. "These



foods will help prevent scurvy. And as long as we're on the subject, let me inform you that I've decided we should pack extra clothes. The men will work better and stay healthier if they can change out of wet clothing more often."

Lieutenant Hicks looks even more put upon, but he mutters, "Aye, aye, sir," and walks gloomily up the gangway.

You've been trying to stand as quietly as possible through all this, but suddenly everything slides out of your arms and crashes to the dock.

Banks grins wryly. "An inauspicious time to introduce my new assistant, Cook," he says. "But the brat's learning fast."

Captain Cook turns to you with a smile—which turns to a look of dismay when he notices the huge pile at your feet. "In Heaven's name, what *is* all that stuff?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Captain," says Banks. "Hicks just can't seem to find room for my supplies. I was wondering if you could have a word with him."

The captain's smile broadens. "*Another* word with him? Poor Hicks! Between your butterfly boxes and my carrot marmalade, there won't be room aboard to swing a cat!" Then he shakes your hand warmly.

"Welcome to the *Endeavor*," he says. "I'm sure you'll learn a great deal with Mr. Banks. Now let's try to find a place for all this stuff."

As the three of you walk up the gangway, the captain turns to Banks. "You've told the youngster what to expect, I hope?" he asks.

Banks smiles. "Yes. Work, work, and more work. Catching fish and preserving them in alcohol. Drying the specimens we find. Cleaning my artists' paintbrushes. Pinning bugs onto cards. Pressing plants and storing their seeds in wax—"

"Stop, stop!" says the captain, laughing. "You make me tired just listening."

But you can't wait to set sail.



[Click here.](#)



You're in the dark—a stifling, foul-smelling dark filled with the moans of men in agony. “What is this place?” you exclaim out loud.

“You’re in sick bay,” answers a weak voice. “Have you just come to?”

“I—I suppose so,” you answer. “But where am I? What year is this?”

“You must really be sick! It’s 1739. This is Commodore Anson’s ship, on our way to the South Seas—if anyone’s still alive when we get there.” He coughs feebly. “We’re losing five or six men a day now. I’m probably next.”

Now your eyes are becoming accustomed to the dark, and the sight is horrifying. Dozens of sick men are scattered around you. Your companion is a boy only a little older than you, sweating and tossing on a pile of dirty straw. You take your hat and begin fanning his face. “Thank you,” he whispers. “My name is Henry Stillman, by the way—cabin boy.”

You tell him your name and then ask, “But why are so many of you sick?”

Henry laughs a little. “You *are* new at this, aren’t you? Don’t you know that on most ships more than half the sailors die? That’s why a ship always carries more men than it needs. Of course it didn’t help much that they filled this ship with old-age pensioners instead of able-bodied seamen.” He coughs again. “At least we can breathe a little better now, though. The captain finally cut some air scuttles down here when the men in sick bay started suffocating.”

You have the feeling this ship isn’t going to reach its destination.



Even if it did, how could any of these sick and frail passengers survive to colonize a new land? You crawl into a corner and jump out of here.



Click here.



It's January 1769. You've been aboard the *Endeavor* for almost five months, and life at sea has come to seem as if that's all there is.

Mr. Banks wasn't joking when he said he'd keep you busy. You do everything he said you'd do and more—including walking the two exuberant greyhounds he's brought with him. And for the past few weeks you've spent most of your time wishing there were no such thing as an albatross.

Albatrosses—huge white seabirds—are Bank's latest interest. He dissected the first one he shot—after he'd had you pluck it. The skeleton of the second one was pinned over your berth for Banks to study someday when he has the time. Then you made a suggestion you regret now. "Wouldn't these be good to eat, Mr. Banks?" you asked.

Actually, albatross does taste okay—once it's been soaked in salt water for hours, boiled in more salt water, and boiled again in fresh water. It's just that you've had to eat it every day since then.

Albatross isn't the only strange thing you've eaten on this trip. You've also had cuttlefish soup, made from a mangled cuttlefish Banks found floating in the water. And you've had all kinds of food Captain Cook brought to prevent scurvy.

At first the sailors were even more suspicious of the captain's new foods than you were. They wanted to eat what they were used to—salt beef, salt pork, and hardtack, over and over and over again. But the captain had a trick up his sleeve.

"I just make sure any new food is served at the Captain's table

every day,” he tells you privately. “The men have the choice of eating it or not—but when they see the other officers and me having it, they always end up wanting some for themselves.” He’s right! Some of the things the men hated most at first—such as sauerkraut—have to be rationed now. And there hasn’t been a single case of scurvy yet.

But it *is* getting colder and colder. Cook orders the warm clothes he brought to be unpacked. Everyone on board is given a pair of wool pants and a thick wool jacket—a fear-nought, it’s called. They help some, but your twentieth-century body can’t get used to how cold and damp an eighteenth-century ship can be.

“Cheer up,” Cook says when he sees you shivering. “It’s only a few more months before we reach Tahiti!”

But you don’t want to wait a few more months. It’s time to go somewhere warmer for awhile. Maybe you should jump ahead to the time the ship reaches Tahiti. Or maybe you should take a short-cut and jump even farther—to Australia, a hundred years from now. You might be able to wrap up your mission early!

Better take off your fearnought before you go, though.



Jump to Tahiti with the ship. [Click here.](#)



**Jump to Australia a century from now.
[Click here.](#)**



Dusk is falling rapidly in a little clearing surrounded by scrub and a few gnarled old trees. The last rays of the sun have turned the nearby water hole to gold, and a flock of white cockatoos are wheeling and screeching in the air above you as they begin to settle for the night.

You're staring at some kind of camp—or what used to be a camp. You can see the ashes of burnt-out fires, some broken crockery, and a stockade made of saplings—but no other signs of life. Where are you?

As you're trying to decide what to do, you hear someone approaching. You turn and see three men limping toward you—three men so thin, so ragged, and so desperate-looking that you take an involuntary step back.

"There's no one here!" one of the men says, gasping. "I—I suppose they must have moved to some other part of the creek."

You step forward, wondering what to do. "Uh—hi," you say awkwardly.

"Oh, thank God!" exclaims the man. "Where's the rest of the party? Go and tell them Burke and Wills and King are back! We made it! We reached the Gulf!"

"I—I just got here," you say. "Who should I go and tell?"

The man looks confused. "Aren't you with Brahe's expedition?" he asks.

"No, I'm alone," you say, thinking fast. "I got separated from my own expedition." It's true, in a way. "Who's Brahe?"

"William Brahe's the man I left in charge of the camp. I'm

Robert Burke. I'm the leader of the expedition to cross the continent from south to north—you *must* have heard of us. We did it—we did it! But where's Brahe? He was supposed to wait for us here at Cooper's Creek! We have no more food. One of our men died a few days ago, and all but two of our camels are dead. We can't survive without the rest of the expedition!"

"Burke! King! Look at this!" one of the other men—it must be Wills—interjects. He's pointing at a tree behind you. A piece of bark's been carved off it, and there's writing on the gash left in the trunk. The three men hobble toward the tree. You follow.

The message is simple.

DIG
3 FT. N. W.
APR. 21 1861

"April twenty-first! That's today!" Burke says.

"If they'd just moved to another part of the creek," Wills says grimly, "they wouldn't have left this message."

Burke sags to the ground with a groan of despair. Wills and King walk slowly to the freshly dug spot three feet away and uncover a leather pack. Inside are some provisions and a bottle with a message in it. King pulls out the message and silently hands it to Burke.

Burke skims the message quickly. "Brahe's party left camp this morning. They decided not to wait any longer," he says in a trembling voice. "They're heading southeast. We missed them by one day—the day we spent digging a grave for Charley Gray. We're going to die out here."

There's a little silence. A lone cockatoo screams in the dark.

You clear your throat. "Well, can't you go after them?" you ask.

"No," Burke says emphatically. "We will *not* go after them. We'll head southwest instead, toward Mount Hopeless. It's the closest settlement—only about a hundred miles from here."

"But if they've just left," you say, "wouldn't it be easier to try and catch up with them?"



But Burke's mind seems made up. "I'll leave a message in the bottle in case someone comes through here"—he's already fumbling with a piece of paper and a stub of lead pencil—"but I won't wait for that wretch," he growls. "Can't even keep his word. Didn't even hear us coming. Couldn't even—" His words trail off into incoherent muttering.

It may make more sense to follow Brahe. It seems more likely that his party will be able to survive and can't have gotten very far. But you're worried about these men. Should you go along with them instead?



Follow Burke, Wills, and King.
Click here.



Jump To Brahe's expedition. Click here.



It's May 17, 1768, and you're standing in a dusty back hallway of the British Museum. You're outside a closed door, but the man inside is speaking so energetically that you have no trouble hearing him.

"Every blockhead goes to Europe after university. *My Grand Tour* shall be around the world! I can't imagine a better life than being a ship's botanist. What's more, Cook has already promised that I can bring along my own team of assistants."

This must be your passage onto Captain Cook's ship! Without thinking, you knock on the door and walk inside. "Cook?" you ask, stepping in front of the man to whom Cook is talking. "You're talking about Captain Cook, aren't you?"

Sitting in a wing chair—and looking startled—is the tallest, most muscular man you've ever seen. He looks about twenty-five, and he's dressed according to the fashion of the time—but there's a snakeskin tucked into his pockets, and several fossils are hanging from his watch-chain. And his office smells terrible. "Yes, Captain Cook," he says. "And I'm Joseph Banks. But who the devil are you?"

You tell him your name and add, "I couldn't help overhearing you—and I wondered if you'd consider hiring me as one of your assistants. I've always wanted to sail the South Seas."

Banks shows his companion out the door, then returns to his chair. "So you want to go to the South Seas!" he says teasingly. "May I ask exactly how you could assist me?"

"Well," you say, "I know you're a scientist. Maybe I could help



with specimens—”

Banks stands up and brings you a basin from the windowsill. Inside is a half-rotten fish. *That’s* why the room smells so strange!

“What’s your observation on *this* specimen?” he asks.

“It—it seems to have been dead a long time, sir.”

Suddenly Banks laughs. His laugh, like the rest of him, is huge.

“I think we can find room for you,” he says. “But you’ll have to work hard—and I hope you don’t mind sharing your hammock with my collections!”

As long as they’re not rotten, you don’t mind!



Click here.



It's April 12, 1769. The air is balmy and sweet-smelling. The water is a brilliant turquoise. You're staring over the rail as a fleet of canoes moves swiftly toward the ship.

"Are those Tahitians?" you ask Banks.

"I guess so," he answers. "This is Tahiti, after all."

Are the canoes going to attack? You can tell by the silence aboard that none of the seamen is quite sure what to do. "Shall I fire a warning, Captain?" asks Lieutenant Hicks.

"What on earth for?" answers Captain Cook. "Let's wait and see what they want."

As the canoes get closer, you can see the islanders paddling them—dark-haired, graceful-looking men whose skin is patterned with black tattoos. Their canoes are heaped with green branches, and as they come alongside the ship the natives hold the branches up to you.

"They want us to take them," says the Captain. "It must be a welcoming ceremony. But what should we do with them?"

"Why don't you stick them in the ship's rigging, sir?" you suggest. And he does, festooning the rigging with green. The natives beam their approval.

The sailors are desperate to get ashore, but before anyone can leave Cook calls them all together.

"We're going to be here for some time," he says gravely. "I want to make very sure you treat the natives fairly. We're guests here, remember. We obey their laws—not the laws of King George. If I see any of you trying to cheat the natives, or stealing from them, or

harming them”—he darts a look at Lieutenant Hicks—“you will be flogged.”

“Seems like a lot of fuss over a bunch of dirty heathens,” mutters one of the marines in back of you. But Cook hears him.

“That’s exactly the kind of remark I will not permit on this ship, Gibson!” he says. “You’re confined to quarters for a week.”

Gibson looks crushed. He mutters an apology, but Cook’s no longer paying attention to him.

“All right, sailors,” he says. “Prepare to go ashore!”



Click here.



It's a week after the awful night when Burke, Wills, and King returned to Cooper's Creek and found the camp deserted. For seven days they've been making halting progress southeast, and you've been with them.

Every day is the same. The four of you start out by moonlight, when it's coolest. You walk in single file through the scrub and the gum trees. As the sun rises and the day becomes hot, you try to keep the hordes of flies away from your face. You listen to the screams of birds overhead and try to ignore your blisters and the scratching in your dry throat. And at dusk you collapse, exhausted, for a few hours of sleep before the moon rises again.

On Sunday, April 28, you're taking a break, when you hear the bellow of an animal in trouble. "The camels!" Burke cries. You leap to your feet and run toward the water hole where you left the camels.

One of them—Rajah—is fine. But Landa is trapped up to his neck in the mud.

"We have to get him out!" you say. But he's too heavy, and the mud is too sticky. There's nothing you can do.

Landa seems to have given up. There's almost a peaceful expression on his face—as if he's happier resting in the mud than being forced to walk any farther.

"We'll have to shoot him," says Wills sadly.

With only one camel left, this expedition can't survive. You bid the men a silent farewell and, heavy-hearted, find a secluded place where you can jump away.



Click here.



It's May 8, 1861—and for some reason you're still at the camp on Cooper's Creek. Burke, Wills, and King set off fifteen days ago to find Mount Hopeless. Now you're standing alone, and once again you hear someone approaching. Who is it this time?

You don't have long to wonder, for in a minute two men on horseback come riding into the clearing toward you. They haven't seen you yet, so you silently duck behind a tree. It may be too complicated to explain what you're doing here.

"I don't know, Brahe," says one of the men. So Brahe's come back himself to check on the camp! That must be why your jump to meet him didn't take you away from here. "What about those ashes there? They look like pretty fresh campfires to me. I think Burke must have been through here."

"No, no," says Brahe impatiently. "The natives probably built those fires. I'm sure no one else has been here since we left. Let's head back."

"It looks as though someone's dug up our message, though."

"You're crazy," snaps Brahe. "It's just the way we left it."

But Burke left a message in the bottle for them! They've got to find it! There's still time for them to catch up with him!

"Check the bottle!" you call out impetuously from behind the tree.

The two men gape at each other—and then, looking terrified, they wheel around on their mounts and gallop away.

They must have thought you were a ghost.

Well, you didn't accomplish much here. At least you know that no settlers have reached this desolate spot yet. But you broke one of the rules of time travel by trying to change history.



Click here.



C-r-a-a-a-c-k! With a hideous grinding noise the *Endeavor* smashes to a halt. You slide against the floor until you crash into the wall. When you pick yourself up, you have to climb up the floor to reach the door.

The *Endeavor* set sail from Australia a few nightmarish days ago. The northern coastal waters are so choppy and rock-filled that the ship can only inch along. Cook hasn't slept more than a couple of hours—and neither have most of the crew. But until now the boat's never hit anything.

On deck, the horrified faces of the seamen tell you that there's been a terrible accident. Only Cook looks calm. "Take in the sails," he orders. "We've struck a coral reef."

With a wail, one of the sailors rushes to the rail to pitch himself into the water! Someone grabs him. "Let me go!" he yells. "We're all going to die!"

You edge up to Banks. He is pale. "That sailor is probably right," he says. "Coral is so sharp that it grinds away anything that rubs against it. Every time a wave hits the ship, more of the bottom's being cut away."

For the next twenty-four hours the sailors work without stopping. It's hard to believe how fast the water is pouring in.

You're put to work at one of the pumps bailing out the water. The work is exhausting. When you can't move your arms any longer, you and the other sailors at the pumps rush to the deck and hurl yourselves down for a moment of rest. Then you drag yourselves to your feet and go back.



Through it all, Captain Cook never gives a sign of being scared. He even manages a laugh when a wave slaps him in the face.

A day later the ship is finally lifted off the coral reef—but the leak is so bad that the ship starts to sink. Then one of the midshipmen taps Cook on the shoulder.

“Captain, I’ve seen a way to stop leaks when I was on another ship,” he says. “But we’ll need people who can sew.”

“At this point, we should try anything,” Cook says grimly. “Who knows how to sew? If you do, come forward.”



**If you brought a needle and thread,
[click here.](#)**



**If you didn’t bring a needle and thread,
[click here.](#)**



We commend to Almighty God our brother Samuel Gibson, and we commit his body to the deep; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.”

You’re on another ship. You don’t know which one it is, nor where it is. But the fate of Sam Gibson is all too clear. A group of sailors is standing in front of a wrapped body while their captain reads aloud from his prayer book.

The captain makes the sign of the cross. “Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord,” he says.

The sailors gently lower the body over the side. With a little splash it hits the water.

There’s silence for a moment. “All right, men,” says the captain quietly. “Back to work.”

Gibson died as a sailor, so you know he never returned to Tahiti and the woman he loved. Leave this sad place and return to the *Endeavor*.



Click here.



You're standing in front of a little cottage overlooking a valley. Sheep dot the grassy hills in the distance, and a plowman is at work in the field below you.

You knock on the door, and a cracked voice pipes, "Come in!"

You open the heavy door and peek inside. A fire is crackling in the hearth, and sitting in front of it—wrapped snugly in a blanket—is a very old man.

"I—I wonder if you can tell me where I am," you say.

"Why, you're in Marton, Yorkshire," says the old man. "And I am James Cook."

"Captain Cook?" you ask, confused.

The old man smiles. "No, no! I'm just his father. You've heard of my son?"

"Hasn't everyone?" you ask.

Mr. Cook sighs. "Aye, but it's hard work finding out about him when you can't read. Look at me—almost eighty years old, and still struggling with 'cat' and 'rat'!" He points with a grimace at the worn copybook on his lap.

"But I'm bound and determined to learn," he continues. "I'll read those journals of his before I die."

Journals? "What journals are those, sir?" you ask.

"Why, the records of his voyage to Australia! If you've heard of him, you must know about them."

Maybe they have some information about the first colonists!

"Did he tell you anything about that voyage?" you ask. "Did any of the sailors on his ship decide to stay in Australia?"



“Child, I haven’t seen him in thirty years,” says Mr. Cook. “He never gets a chance to come home—not since he first went to sea. As for your question—well, maybe I can answer it for you once I’ve learned how to read!” And he gives a hearty laugh. You’ll have to answer it for yourself.



Jump back to the *Endeavor* and keep going. [Click here.](#)



You follow Banks through the tall grass, and in a minute you hear him laughing. “Here’s your Devil!” he calls back to you.

When you catch up, you laugh too. Sleeping on the grass, its wings folded, is a very large bat with reddish-brown fur. Next to it is a pile of squashed mangoes. The bat opens a drowsy eye, peers up at you, and goes to sleep again.

“Well, Marks will be glad to know he’s not a dead man after all,” says Banks. “Lets go back and tell him. And then I want to find the captain. I think it’s time to meet some of the natives.”



Click here.



What's that you're eating?"

It's January 17, 1770—about six months since you left Tahiti. You, Cook, Banks, and Tupia, a translator from Tahiti, have been exploring a forest in a New Zealand cove. It's a beautiful spot. Incredible numbers of birds are swooping and diving around you, their calls like chimes. Through the trees you can see the Pacific sparkling in the sun. But in front of you is a less pretty sight. A family of Maoris, as the natives of this island are called is feasting on some kind of raw meat. Their faces are smeared with blood, and bones—*big* bones—lie scattered where they've tossed them.

"What are you eating?" Cook asks again.

At last one man looks up. "Some of our enemies rowed into this cove five days ago," he says, wiping his mouth on his arm. "We killed seven of them and this is the last one."

All four of you gasp. Then Cook clears his throat. "We're supposed to be observing native customs on this expedition," he says. "This *is* only a native custom, after all."

"Yes," says Banks. "We have to remember we're scientists." He gingerly picks up one of the bones. A Maori man grabs it away from him and gnaws at it playfully. You turn away and fix your gaze on a nearby tree.

"Tupia, ask them more about this," orders Cook.

Tupia steps forward. "What do you do with the heads?" he asks.

That does it. They may be scientists, but you're not. "Captain, I think I'll head—I mean go—back to the ship for a while," you mutter.



You hate to think of what might happen to colonists *here*! It's time to jump again, and you still need to find out more about your mission. Should you stay on this expedition or go back to England to do some more research?



Stay with the expedition. [Click here.](#)



**Jump back to England to do research.
[Click here.](#)**



It's July 1769. You've been in Tahiti for three months.

A month ago—June 3—was the day Venus passed across the sun's face. Cook and his men built an observation fort on the beach, and he managed to observe the transit successfully—once he'd found the ship's priceless quadrant, which the natives had stolen from his tent.

Now that the observations are complete, it's time for the *Endeavor* to leave. For the past few days, everyone's been rushing around getting things ready. The carpenters must tear down the observation fort so that they can use the logs for firewood on the ship. Banks and his team must finish collecting specimens. And everyone—on the captain's orders—must collect as much fresh food as the ship will hold. He even orders you to pack grass!

No one wants to leave. The island is so beautiful, the natives so friendly, and the weather so perfect that the ship seems a prison by comparison. Saddest of all the sailors is Sam Gibson—the very man Cook confined to quarters for speaking disrespectfully of the Tahitians the day your ship arrived here.

"I'm in love with one of the girls here," he confides to you mournfully when you're out picking breadfruit. "I don't see how I can leave her."

And he doesn't. A few days before the *Endeavor* is due to set sail, Cook discovers that Gibson and another sailor have deserted.

None of the Tahitians will tell him where the two sailors are hidden. "They are our people now!" a smiling chief says happily. It's

not until Cook orders some of the chiefs held hostage that the two sailors are found.

“I’m sorry,” Cook tells the men, “but you know you’ll have to be flogged. I can’t let deserters go unpunished.”

At the first crack of the lash the Tahitians who are watching burst into tears. “Stop, stop!” they scream—and they try to drag the two sailors away with them. Finally Cook has to cut the punishment short.

“You know you deserve more,” he says. “But I’m not going to make the natives unhappy over you.” He sighs. “I guess that from now on no one will be permitted to go ashore.”

Your stay on Tahiti’s been fun, but it hasn’t done much for your mission. Maybe, though, Sam Gibson’s desertion holds a clue. He wasn’t able to desert here—but maybe he’ll be more successful another time. Perhaps he’ll try again in Australia and become the first Australian settler! Should you jump ahead to see what becomes of him? Or should you stay with Captain Cook’s expedition?

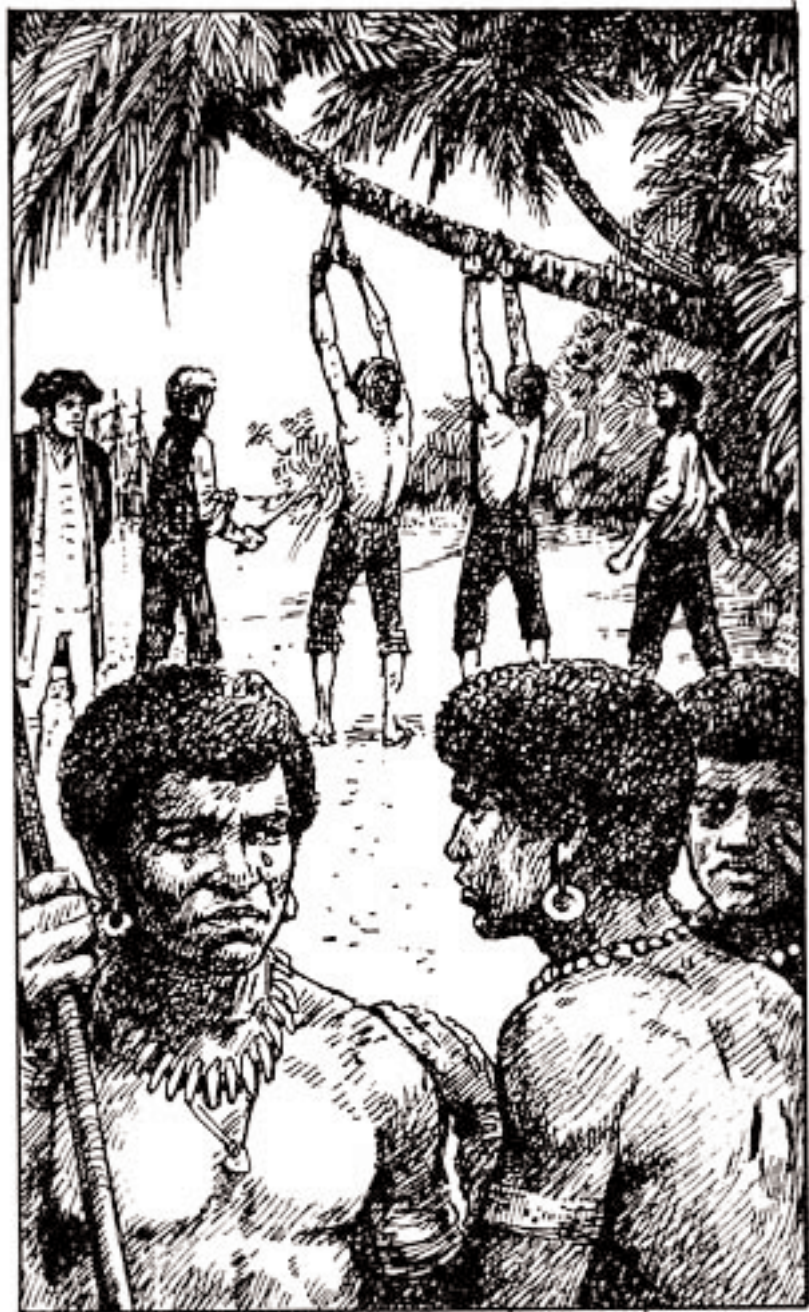


Click here.



Continue on with the expedition.

Click here.





The Endeavor gives another wrenching lurch. “Out of the way!” a sailor yells at you.

He’s right—you’re not helping. You decide to go back below decks.

But as you’re staggering toward the hatchway, the boat lurches again. You try desperately to hold on—but you’re thrown over the rails into the water!

“Help!” you scream, but no one hears you.

Jump to safety before a wave dashes you against the coral!



Click here.



Once again you're in the British Museum, this time in a musty corridor lined with scientific paintings. You're standing in front of a watercolor of a duck-billed platypus—a little stiff-looking, but still recognizable—drinking from a pool of water. The painting's date is 1810, and the painter is a J. W. Lewis.

Hmmm. That's thirty years after Cook's voyage. Lewis sounds like a British name. Have the British colonized Australia yet, or are they still just exploring it?

You don't get a chance to wonder further, because one of the two men standing next to you is gesturing so wildly that you have to keep dodging his elbows.

"It's an outrage!" he shouts. "Here we are in the year 1820, and scientists still seem to think the public are fools. They've nothing better to do than hoax us. Do they really imagine we'll believe there's such a creature as that? Don't they know our Creator has better things to do than to dream up such a misshapen animal?"

"And now I hear they're claiming it lays eggs, too," says his companion. "A mammal that lays eggs! When do you suppose they'll find a mermaid?" Grumbling, the two men walk off.

You know they're wrong, but you want to be there when they're actually *proved* wrong. You could use this chance to ask them about a possible colony, but instead you decide to follow the platypus a little farther.



Click here.



Look out!” Banks says. “You’re about to back into that anthill.”

You turn around hastily. Sure enough, there’s a six-foot anthill behind you—and perched on top of it is a sly-looking blue-tongued lizard. “Catch it!” shouts Banks.

You try, but the lizard darts away. Banks looks reprovably at you. “I didn’t have one of those,” he says.

It’s been two weeks since you first saw Botany Bay. The *Endeavor* has been heading north up the coast, and Banks has taken every possible chance to get ashore. The poor captain’s stateroom is crammed with dried leaves, skeletons, and sketches—there’s no room for his charts anymore. And you’ve spent so much time helping Banks that you’ve had no chance to think about your mission.

Now he’s seen something else. “What’s that? Look! It’s a giant rabbit!” he says. “This continent has everything!”

It’s really a kangaroo, but this time you remember not to let on that you know the name. The kangaroo bounds off into the bush. Banks is about to follow it when one of the sailors, shrieking wildly, suddenly comes running toward you.

“The Devil!” he screams. “I’ve seen the Devil!” He falls sobbing to the ground and covers his head with his hands.

Banks cocks his head. “What did he look like, Marks?” he asks calmly. “He—he’s about a foot tall, with big leathery wings. He’s in the grass over there. I know he put the evil eye on me! I’m a dead man!” Marks jumps to his feet and rushes off in the direction of the ship.



Banks looks at you. “It’s turning into quite an interesting morning,” he says. “I think I’ll go and have a look at this ‘Devil.’ Do you want to come?”

Well, you don’t want to pass up a chance to meet the Devil! On the other hand, this may be a good chance to do some work on your own. Banks has been so kind to you on this voyage that it would be nice to do some research for him—and you might be able to find information that will help with your mission!



Go with Banks. [Click here.](#)



Jump away from here. [Click here.](#)



It's 1884. From the looks of the vegetation—and the hordes of flies that keep getting into your eyes and mouth—you can tell you're back in Australia. You're at the edge of a little river, and about twenty feet away is a man holding a platypus by the tail. He's too excited to notice you. And as you walk toward him, you can see that he's so excited that he doesn't even wonder how you arrived in such a deserted spot.

"I did it! I finally shot a platypus!" he yells, almost dancing with joy.

"Shot it!" you exclaim. "Whatever for?"

The man looks at you in astonishment. "I'm a naturalist!" he says. "What else would I do with it? Now, listen. I want you to stand here while I dissect it. If I'm right, you'll be watching the most important scientific discovery in history!"

He certainly thinks so, anyway. You wait, eyes averted, while he quickly dissects the platypus.

Suddenly he gives a yell of triumph. "An egg! An egg! Platypuses *do* lay eggs! I'm right, and those fools back in England are wrong!"

He turns to you. "Now, memorize what I'm going to say. I want you to send a cable from me. Tell them it's from W. H. Caldwell. The message is, 'Monotreme oviparous, ovum meroblastic.' Got it?"

"No!" you say. "What does it mean?"

"It's so simple! This monotreme—this lowly mammal—lays eggs. And the egg—the ovum—is meroblastic. That means it—wait. Who are you, anyway?"

Uh-oh. "I don't think I'll have time to send this cable for you," you say.



Run behind a gum tree and jump.
Click here.



Three months have passed since you left New Zealand. Now it's April 29, and at last the *Endeavor* has reached her destination—the southeast coast of Australia. The ship is nosing slowly into a sheltered bay as Cook looks for the best place to anchor. You can see the white sand of the beach, gnarled gray-green trees in the background and—

“Look, sir! Those must be some of the natives!” you exclaim. A few people are working on the shore. As you get closer, you can see that they're dark-skinned and painted with thick red and white stripes. They're fishing with spears. And they're not paying a bit of attention to any of you. The ship, a sight none of them has ever seen before, is coming closer and closer to them, ropes flapping and sails gleaming white in the hot sun—and it's as if it's not even there.

It's a strange feeling not to be noticed. “Have we turned invisible?” one of the sailors asks, with a weak laugh. But no one laughs back.

The *Endeavor* glides toward the beach. Four fishermen pass you, haul their canoes ashore, and begin cooking their catch without giving you a glance.

“Well, at least we'll be able to land without any problems,” says Captain Cook. But he's wrong. They must have noticed you after all. The minute the rowboats are lowered from the ship into the water—with you, Cook, and Banks in the first one—the aborigines rush into the woods. Only two men remain on the beach. As your rowboat nears the shore, they stride angrily toward you. One of them is brandishing a huge lance. The other is holding a weapon

that he suddenly hurls at you.

“Duck!” you shout, as it whizzes toward you—and sails back into his outstretched hand.

Cook is staring at him, amazed. “What on earth is that instrument?” he asks.

“Oh, that’s a boomerang, sir,” you say.

Now Cook stares at you. “A what? What did you call it?”

Oops! you forgot that you are in the eighteenth century. No one outside of Australia is supposed to know what a boomerang is!

“I mean, that’s what I’d call it if I had one,” you say quickly. “Doesn’t it just *look* like a boomerang to you?”

“Well, whatever it’s called, we have to get ashore,” Cook says, scanning the beach for a good spot. “I hate to do it, but we’d better fire a musket into the air to scare them off.”

The two men dash into the woods when they hear the shots. “I guess it worked,” Cook says sadly.

A couple of hours later you’re all ashore. The men are wildly enthusiastic—perhaps because they’ve been cooped up for so long. “This soil would be perfect for all the crops we grow in England,” exults the captain. “Anyone would thrive here.”

Banks is even more excited. “It’s a paradise!” he shouts. “It’s a botanist’s dream.”

Cook smiles at him. “Then we’ll call it Botany Bay,” he says.



Click here.





It's the day after the sailor named Marks spotted the "Devil." Captain Cook and Mr. Banks have decided to spend today visiting the natives of the region, and you're going along to take notes for Banks.

About a mile from the ship you find a few huts made of bark slabs. In front of one of them is a still-smoking fire with some mussels cooking in the coals—but there's no one tending it. Is that someone whispering in the eucalyptus trees? It seems to be, but when you turn to look, the sound dies away.

"Are they watching us?" murmurs Cook. "Let's go look inside one of the huts."

It's a very simple dwelling. A few pots lie on the floor. Stacked up against one wall is a bunch of lances—each about ten feet long, tipped with fishbones and covered with something sticky and green. No one volunteers to find out what it is. In a corner of the hut is a bark shield; in another is a little pile of beads, covered with dust.

"I gave them those beads!" says Cook. He sounds chagrined. "I'll have to find a present they like better next time."

You're watching something else. "What's under that shield?" you ask. "Isn't it moving?"

It is—up and down, up and down. Cook steps forward and lifts up one edge. There, curled up together with their hands over their eyes, are two little aborigine children. They're trembling all over.

"Let's not frighten them," says Cook. He pats one of the children on the shoulder and gently puts the shield down again. Then he

takes a length of bright-colored ribbon out of his pocket and puts it down next to the shield. “Maybe they’ll be able to use it for a game,” he says as the three of you back out of the hut.

Outside, Cook says, “I think we should return to the ship. These natives seem too timid to make friends—at least for now. There’s no point in frightening them unnecessarily. Let’s not *force* them to talk to us!” Since you’re a time traveler, you can speak to the natives without an interpreter. And you can ask them whether they’ve seen any new settlers. Or maybe you should jump to a place where you can talk without being overheard.



Jump to a place where you can speak freely. [Click here.](#)



Return to the ship with Cook and Banks. [Click here.](#)



You didn't bring the candy with you, and it looks as if the boy's too frightened to come near you. His eyes fixed on you, he backs slowly away. Then he turns and runs.

You turn, too—and trip over an anthill. Instantly, stinging ants come pouring out. Get out of here before you're covered!



Click here.



You have landed in the middle of the outback. All around you are reddish sand and rocks—and the sun, beating down from a merciless sky. You have been walking a long time, and you are exhausted. Suddenly you stagger and pitch forward onto your face.

Through a haze, you see a pair of bare feet in front of you. You lift your head and stare up at an aborigine boy.

White paint circles his eyes and stripes his nose, ribcage, and arms. A piece of bone is thrust through his nose. He's staring at you as if you were an alien.

"Help me!" you croak.

The boy backs away, terrified. Is he too frightened to come near you?

If you brought the bag of toffees with you, perhaps you can make friends.



If you didn't bring the candy, **click here.**



If you brought the candy, **click here.**





It's 1792. You're standing in an aborigine village—or what's left of one. All around you are the bodies of natives. Some lie on their faces where they've fallen. Some lean against rocks as if they're exhausted. And some—the saddest of all—sit, their heads resting on their knees, frozen forever in despair. This is a village of death!

You step slowly forward, almost dreading to discover anyone who's still alive.

The huts are silent. A dog slinks toward you, then darts whimpering away. You steel yourself to look closer at one of the bodies. The pitted skin tells you what's the matter.

Smallpox! The whole village has died of smallpox.

That means that colonists have been here—smallpox was a European disease that spread to the colonies. But you won't be able to find out when they visited this place.

Sick at heart, you jump back to the ship.



Click here.





Wait!” you say hoarsely to the boy. “I have a present for you!” And you fumble in your pocket until you find the bag of toffees. He steps forward and takes the bag gingerly. He shakes it, staring at the candy through the plastic, and then looks at you in bewilderment.

“It’s to eat!” you say, “Wait, I’ll show you.” You puncture the plastic bag, peel the paper off a piece of toffee, and hand it back to him.

He takes a tentative bite—and then throws the toffee on the sand. “It’s so sweet it burns my throat!” he says with a grimace.

But at least he doesn’t seem scared of you anymore. Maybe you can ask him some questions—but first you need something to drink. “Do you have any water?” you ask. The boy takes a gourd from a cord around his waist and hands it to you. The water inside is warm and sour-tasting, but nothing has ever seemed more delicious.

“I am Arabanoo,” says the boy. “Are you a visitor from the Sacred Past?”

“You could say that,” you answer. “I’m looking for my people. Have you seen any other people dressed like me around here?” Arabanoo looks around. “No, there’s no one here,” he says.

“No, I don’t mean *here*. I mean, in your country. Are there any people dressed like me living here?”

“I’ve never seen anyone like you before,” answers Arabanoo.

You sigh. He hasn’t seen any Westerners at all. It must be too early.

“Do all your people eat that stuff?” asks the boy.

You smile. If it’s too early for colonists, it’s too early for junk food! “Most of us eat too much of it,” you answer. “I have to be going now, Arabanoo. Thank you for the water.”

You turn and walk away until you come to a place where you can jump. Perhaps you should jump ahead a few years and ask the aborigines the same question then.



Jump to 1792. [Click here.](#)



You're back on the dock in Deptford, England. It's 1772, and once again the dock's bustling with activity. The ship moored nearby looks brand-new. The poor old Endeavor must have been judged too broken-down for the trip.

There are Captain Cook and Banks again! You start toward them eagerly. But the closer you get, the more slowly you walk. You can see that they're having a huge argument.

Banks is doing most of the talking—or shouting.

"What do you mean, she won't sail?" he yells in Cook's face.

"Just what I said, Joseph. The changes you requested made the ship top-heavy. You can't even walk the deck without pitching sideways. All the extra sleeping space you wanted them to add for your team, all that extra storage space—I'm sorry, but it's got to come out."

Now Banks sounds ugly. It's hard to believe he and Cook were ever friends.

"Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Cook. This is *my* voyage. *I'm* the reason it's being made. Haven't you seen the way London's fawning over me? I'm the toast of the town. I tell you, this boat *will* conform to my demands."

"And I tell you it won't. Banks, Banks! Do you really think a South Seas expedition needs to bring along an *orchestra*?"

Banks is beside himself now. Veins are bulging in his forehead. "The orchestra's beside the point! If you're all so determined to thwart me, then by heaven you can sail without me!" And he strides away.



Well! It looks as if they've parted company. The question is, which one of them is more likely to help with your mission?



Follow Cook. [Click here.](#)



Follow Banks. [Click here.](#)



Another museum—but this one’s in Newport, Rhode Island. You’re looking at what’s left of the *Endeavor*: a piece of her stern. “That’s it?” you ask the guide.

“I’m afraid so.” The guide shakes her head. “Think of it! The *Endeavor* was the first ship Captain Cook took to Australia. You’d think they’d have wanted to preserve it better.”

Wait a minute. “The *first* ship?” You say. “You mean, there were other ships?”

“Why, yes. He made a second South Pacific voyage.”

You’d better find out more about this. Cook didn’t leave any sailors behind to colonize Australia on his first voyage; you’ve seen that they were all there when he set sail for the return trip. But maybe some of his sailors stayed behind on his *second* voyage.



Jump to Captain Cook’s second voyage.
[Click here.](#)



January 8, 1776. It's a damp, gray, cold evening. A few drops of rain are already spattering the cobblestones of the Admiralty yard in London, and the wind moans around the corners of the stately building called Admiralty House.

As you jog from foot to foot trying to keep warm, a carriage pulls up with a clatter, and an elegantly dressed man steps out. He's wearing a blue frock coat trimmed with gold, a white satin waistcoat, white breeches, and he's carrying a three-cornered hat in his hand. It's Captain Cook—but how different he looks from the last time you saw him!

"Captain!" you cry. He turns and peers at you through the gloom.

"Why, it's Banks's assistant," he says. "From the *Endeavor*. You haven't changed at all, youngster! But what brings you here tonight?"

"Actually, I was looking for you," you answer. "I wanted to ask you—did you leave any colonists in Australia after your second trip there?"

"Colonists in Australia?" Cook is looking at you strangely. "My friend, England is having enough trouble with her American colonies. The last thing King George wants to think about is starting a new colony halfway around the world! Once we get the troubles in America cleared up . . . well, who knows?"

He claps you on the shoulder. "Now I must excuse myself. I'm dining with the rear admiral tonight. I've got a feeling he's going to ask me to lead another expedition. How'd you like to come and



explore the Northwest Passage?”

“It sounds exciting,” you say. “But I’m on an expedition of my own.”

Well, an Australian colony—and the first settler—is still in the future. You’ll have to look somewhere else.



Click here.



I can help, Captain,” you say.

What the midshipman—Mr. Monkhouse—has suggested is called fothering. With five other sailors you stitch handfuls of wool and hemp to an extra sail. Then you smear sheep dung—there are several sheep aboard, fortunately—and tar over the wool. It’s a filthy task, but at last the sail is covered.

“Now tie ropes all around the edges of the sail, says Monkhouse, “and haul it under the bottom of the ship. Careful! Keep pulling until it reaches the leak—there! God be thanked!”

The sail has been sucked up into the gaping hole. It’s plugging the leak! Slowly, the water turns to a trickle, then stops. The *Endeavor* is safe!

“You worked with the best of them, youngster!” Monkhouse claps you on the shoulder. “She’s a gallant little ship. I wish I knew what will become of her.” Maybe you should find out. Right now you need every clue available to help your mission.



Jump to the present day. [Click here.](#)



It's 1779. You're sitting in the back of an oak-paneled chamber in the House of Commons. All around you, the powdered heads of members of Parliament are gently bobbing and swaying. It's mid-afternoon—and everyone's dozing off!

Not you, though. For the speaker at the front of the chamber is none other than Joseph Banks. He's grown portlier since you saw him last, but he's still talking and gesturing just as excitedly—although he sounds a lot more polite today.

"My lords, I know that once you have considered my proposition you will see its merits. I tell you this: England is being crushed under the weight of its criminal population. Unless we can rid ourselves of the worst elements in our society, British civilization must surely perish!

"What better solution to the problem than to ship the convicts away permanently, so that they will no longer taint British soil? And what better place to ship them than Botany Bay, Australia?"

Convicts to Australia? So *they'll* be the first settlers!

"Thousands of miles away," continues Banks. "So fertile that anyone would thrive there. True, there are natives but they're so weak and cowardly that we could easily overcome them should they attempt an uprising. There's plenty of fish. Long, luxurious grass to feed British sheep and cattle. Plenty of water and timber. And think of the money the convicts would bring in—cheap labor to harvest the riches of a continent bigger than all of Europe!"

He pauses, as if expecting people to break into applause. But the only response is a snore from the man next to you. At last someone

in the front stands up.

“Thank you, Mr. Banks. I’m sure we all agree that it is an interesting suggestion, and one well worth considering.”

But under his breath you hear him mutter, “But King George will never consent to it.” Why wouldn’t the King approve of Bank’s idea? You can jump to Buckingham Palace to find out.



Click here.



S*top, thief!* Stop that little wretch what stole a loaf of my new-baked bread!”

You dart a glance behind you. Yes, they’re catching up—the red-faced peddler and, behind him, a small crowd of people.

It’s June of 1784, and you’re running through the back streets of London. You figured that the easiest way to become a convict was just to steal something and you picked the street peddler whose wares looked the stalest.

Ooooof! You were so busy looking behind you that you didn’t notice the iron lamp post in front of you. With a *clunk!* you crash into it and fall to the muddy ground. In a second they’ve caught up to you.

This is a mess. You can’t jump here, in front of all these people. Finally the peddler grabs you and pulls you to your feet.

“So, you thought you’d help yourself, eh?” he jeers. “I hope you enjoy your new home in jail, you little thief!”



Click here.





The year is 1783. You've landed behind some itchy velvet curtains, and you're trying to keep from sneezing! About five feet away from you, you can hear the clip-clop of someone pacing back and forth. Then that someone speaks.

"Read back my letter to Lord North, Billings. What have I said so far?"

"Sire," replies the invisible Billings, "your last sentence reads as follows: 'Undoubtedly, the Americans cannot expect nor will ever receive any favor from me, but permitting them to obtain men unworthy to remain in this island I shall certainly consent to.'"

The king is speaking again.

"D'you think it's clear enough?"

"I do, Your Majesty. You are saying that America will never receive any favor from you, but that you are still willing to permit our convicts to be shipped there. But, Your Majesty—what if America refuses to take our convicts in? If it is indeed a new country, will it *want* criminals from England?"

Now the king sounds furious. "They should get down on their knees and thank us for sending them *anything*!"

He's storming back and forth across the floor. "As soon as we win this dratted War of Independence, we'll send them every murderer and pickpocket we have!"

As soon as England wins the War of Independence? That's one war they're not going to win! King George doesn't know it now, but he's not going to be transporting any more convicts to the United States.

This problem of British convicts must hold part of the answer to your mission. Now, what's the best way to find out more?

Well, Joseph Banks gave his speech in the House of Commons four years ago. Four years, and nothing much has happened since. Maybe the best thing to do would be to jump ahead a few more years and see if the British government's any closer to a solution.

Or you could take a more daring step—and try to become a convict yourself.



Become a convict. [Click here.](#)



Jump ahead a few years. [Click here.](#)



It's January 1787. You're standing in Portsmouth, England. It's late afternoon, and an icy wind is blowing. The streets seem strangely deserted. Where is everyone? In the harbor is a fleet of ships—for the convicts, you guess—but the water looks so cold and gray that you don't feel like venturing off dry land yet. Instead, you turn to look for a shop or pub where you can warm up. There's one—a cozy little coffeehouse. You start toward it.

Slam! The shutters of the coffeehouse swing closed as you approach. Maybe they're closing for the day. There's an apothecary shop next door you could try—but as you draw near, its shutters slam closed, too. What's going on here?

Bewildered, you stop in the street. Coming toward you is a woman carrying a basket of folded laundry. When she sees you, she backs slowly away. But she trips, and all the laundry spills out onto the stones.

"Oh, Lord, help me!" she whispers, and frantically begins scrambling the clothes back into the basket. You walk toward her to help. With a panicky look she cries, "Oh, no—no, thank you kindly! 'Tis—'tis good of you, but I can do it! Indeed I can!"

"What's the matter?" you ask. "I only want to help! Why is everyone avoiding me?"

"You're not—not one of them?" the woman asks.

"One of whom? I just got here!"

The woman heaves a sigh of relief. "Forgive me, then. You don't know about the beastly convicts here?"



You decide you'd better play dumb. "Convicts?"

"Those ships out in the harbor! They're filled with filthy criminals on their way to Australia to start a new colony! They've been here for weeks. No one in Portsmouth is safe! We don't trust strangers anymore," the laundress explains. "This isn't a safe place—not until those animals are gone for good. You should be off the streets, child. Don't you have someplace to go?"

Well, do you? You could jump to the ships—when your new friend isn't watching, of course—and try to meet some of the convicts. Maybe one of them will become the first settler! Or maybe you should jump to meet the commander of the fleet instead, and see what he can tell you about the convicts.



Visit the convict ships in the harbor.

[Click here.](#)



Meet the commander of the fleet.

[Click here.](#)



Once again you're aboard a ship. But this one's not going anywhere.

For stealing a loaf of bread you've been imprisoned in a hulk—a huge, rotting old warship moored on the Thames. There's not enough room in England to keep all the convicts in real jails, so the overflow are locked up in the hulks.

Yours is the grimmest place you've ever seen. During the day, you and the other convicts dredge mud in the harbors. At night you return, dirty and shivering, to sleep in your clothes on a pile of moldy straw aboard the hulk.

All kinds of prisoners are housed together here, from the vilest murderers to debtors who owe only a few pounds. Sickness and exposure can fells dozens of people a day. The violence aboard is terrifying. And there are several prisoners who are even younger than you are.

You can't stick this out much longer. It's not helping you with your mission, and there's a good chance you'll become sick, yourself, before too long.

One night, lying awake in the dark, you decide to leave. Maybe the British government has made up its mind about whether to ship convicts to Australia. There are two ways to find out. You can jump to a courthouse to watch the sentencing. Or you can put your life of crime behind you and start over.



Jump to a courthouse. [Click here.](#)



Start over again. [Click here.](#)



This is worse than the hulks!” you exclaim.

James Ruse has just led you below the deck. It’s horrible to think that the people imprisoned down here are going to live like this for so long.

Near the hatchway—the ladder up to the deck—is a little strip of floor about eight feet wide. Along with the passage between the bunks, it’s the only place the convicts have for eating or walking around. The rest of the space is taken up by bunks so low that the prisoners inside can never stand up straight. And the smell! You have to hold your hands over your face to keep from gagging.

“That’s bilge water you smell,” says Ruse. “It’s just seawater—but it gets so stale that the smell makes people sick. The officers’ buttons tarnish whenever they come down here. They burn tar to clear the air, but it doesn’t help much.”

As you’re looking around, hands suddenly dart through the bars and grab your shirt.

“Down here to stare at the animals?” a voice growls in your ear.

You wrench yourself away and turn to face a lean, wolflike man who stares fiercely at you through the bars of his cell.

“I’m just looking for someone,” you say. But you don’t have the heart to meet any more convicts. One of them may be the settler you’re looking for, but there’s no way to tell. The boat’s still anchored in England, and these men are too wretched to give you any idea what kind of colonists they’ll become. You’ll have to find them again in Australia.



The wolflike man begins to sing.

“I’ll kill them tyrants one by one
And shoot the floggers down,
I’ll give the law a little shock—
Remember what I say:
They’ll yet regret they sent Tom Shrike
In chains to Botany Bay.”

Suddenly the ship lurches, and a wave of water crashes through one of the portholes. It knocks you off your feet and washes several of the prisoners right out of their bunks. In all the confusion and cursing, no one’s paying attention to you.



Jump to Botany Bay. [Click here.](#)



It's August 1786. You've jumped to a London courthouse. The room is packed—criminals in front of the judge, spectators jamming the benches. It's stiflingly hot and smelly. You find space at the end of one of the benches and sit down.

It's almost like watching a play. A man who looks to be in his twenties is groveling on the floor before the judge. Tears are rolling down his face, and he holds up his hands imploringly.

"It's true, it's true," he moans. "I did stab Bill Simpkins. And as God is my witness, I repent! May the Lord pardon me at the gates of Heaven! I know no good can come of me here. I only deserve to hang—and I hope you *will* hang me, Your Honor. It's the only way I'll see my Creator face-to-face!"

The judge is obviously moved. He clears his throat. "Yes, the deed you have done is foul," he says. "But you seem to have true repentance in your heart. I sentence you to two years' hard labor."

"Pretty light sentence," mutters the man next to you. "Only a few years ago, an eleven-year-old girl was banished from the country for dressing up as a boy!"

The man who's just been sentenced is led away. His hands are folded in prayer, but you think you see a gleam of triumph in his eye. Now another man is brought before the bench.

"Oh, Your Honor, you can't punish me no worse than what I'm doing to myself," he says. "Every day I wake up and pray for the Lord's mercy!" He bursts into stagy sobs.

"What have you done, my fellow?" asks the judge kindly.



"I burned down my neighbor's house."

"What had he done to deserve it?"

"He winked at my wife. But oh, Your Honor, even though I was only thinking of the Ten Commandments, I know that I acted wrong!"

You can't believe the judge will be lenient a second time—but he is! This man, too, gets off with a light sentence. As he leaves the courtroom, he shakes his fist exultantly in the air. Luckily for him, the judge doesn't notice. The judge's attention is now on a third young man.

This man looks different from the others. He's neatly dressed and dignified-looking and he stares the judge right in the eye.

"What's your crime?" asks the judge.

"I am accused of stealing a kettle, sir."

"And how do you plead?"

"Innocent."

"Innocent!" The judge looks astonished—and angry.

"Your Honor, I *am* innocent. Should I confess to a crime I didn't commit?"

"You should have the grace to face up to your sins, young man! Are you too cowardly to admit a wrongdoing?"

"But Your Honor—"

"I can't listen to this anymore! It's obvious you're guilty! And stealing is a transportable offense. I sentence you to be banished to Australia. For life!"

"Transportation!" the man cries. "You're punishing me for not acting guilty!"

"Get out of my sight!" says the judge in a very nasty voice.

The man sitting next to you whistles under his breath. "Transportation! He'll be one of the first to go to Botany Bay—and all for being innocent."

Well, it's clear that the British government has begun banishing convicts to Australia. You've found out what you wanted to know—and you've witnessed a side of justice you wish you'd never seen.

You set out to find a place from which you can jump. If the convicts are leaving for Australia soon, the first settler may be among them!



Jump to find the first convicts to leave for Australia. [Click here.](#)



All you that's in
England,
And live at home at ease,
Be warned by us poor lads,
That are forced to cross the seas,
That are forced to cross the seas,
Among the savages to go,
To leave friends and relations
To work at the hoe."

The singer is a man sitting about ten feet away from you. "That's a nice song," you say, crawling out from behind a lifeboat.

The man jumps. "It's a kid!" he exclaims. He looks more closely at you. "Not one of us, either. What are you doing here? Looking for your dad?"

You seize at the suggestion gratefully. "Yes, I am," you say. "His name is—his name is—uh, Babe Ruth." It's the first thing that pops into your head!

"Babe Ruth? Never heard of him."

He stands up, wincing, and for the first time you notice the fetters around his ankles. "Poor kid, losing your father to Botany Bay—no wonder you want to see him one last time. I'll take you around the ship to look for him. But stick close to me! You're lucky I'm the one you asked—some of the others around here don't much like visitors." You shudder. "By the way, my name's James Ruse," he continues.

You'd like to ask him what he's done to be transported, but it doesn't seem polite.

Ruse takes you around the deck, but of course he doesn't find your "father." He's being allowed on deck, he tells you, because of good behavior. "Below decks are the people you don't want to meet," he says. "Are you sure you want to keep looking?"

You're not at all sure—but the more convicts you can meet, the better.



Go below decks with Ruse. [Click here.](#)



Find the commander of this fleet, instead. [Click here.](#)



Hip, hip, HOORAY!”

All around you, caps are being flung into the air and people are hugging each other. A midshipman hoists a drummer boy onto his shoulders and struts around the deck. He is whooping with joy. The fleet of convict ships has arrived in Botany Bay at last!

It’s January 20, 1788. You’ve jumped to Commander—now Governor—Phillip’s flagship, the *Supply*. Eight months and fifteen thousand miles have passed since the fleet set sail. The sky is clear and the weather mild. Everyone’s in the mood to celebrate.

Everyone, that is, except Governor Phillip. He’s standing a little apart from all the jubilation and gazing critically at the bay in front of him.

“Lieutenant-Governor Ross!” he calls to a young man nearby. “Would you step over here for a minute?”

“What is it, sir?” asks Ross.

“I don’t like the looks of this place,” Phillip says in a low voice. “The bay’s too shallow and unprotected. It’ll be impossible for ships to anchor here safely. And see how marshy the countryside looks! How can we farm this land?”

“What do you want to do, sir?” asks Ross, also speaking quietly. “It would be a shame to dampen everyone’s spirits now.”

“Let’s not mention anything for the moment. I want a search party sent out to look for a better spot. Until then, we’ll remain here.”

Then he catches sight of you. “What are you doing here?” he asks angrily.

"I was on another ship in the fleet," you say hastily. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop."

Then you realize that you may be able to help him out. After all, you've been to Australia before! You remember a harbor a few miles from here that Cook named Port Jackson. It might be what the governor's looking for.

"Sir, the ship I was on blew off-course before we caught up to you," you say, thinking quickly. "I noticed that the countryside north of here looks perfect for a settlement. You could try sailing a few miles up the coast."

"To the north? It seems as good an idea as any," says Phillip. "Why don't you come along with us?"

"I'd like nothing better, Governor," you reply.

Two days after that, he sends out a scouting party. The spot you mentioned is ringed with magnificent cliffs and is just what Phillip was hoping for. "This is the finest harbor in the world!" he exclaims. "We'll call it Sydney, after Lord Sydney. He's the secretary of Colonial Affairs. Maybe he'll pay more attention to *our* colony if he knows it's named for him."

By January 26 all the boats in the fleet have been brought to the new harbor—and the festivities have started all over again. "Let's drink a toast to the new settlement!" shouts the governor. "To Sydney! And to January twenty-sixth—Australia Day!"

Boom! They're firing a cannon volley.

As the cheers rise again, you slip away.

The new settlement's underway, but you won't be able to find the first settler for a while. It's going to take a long time just to unpack the ships, let alone build a new colony. How long should it take?



Jump ahead five months. [Click here.](#)



**Jump ahead two and a half years.
[Click here.](#)**



Jump ahead to 1825. [Click here.](#)



It's February 4, 1787. You're standing at the open doorway of what looks like an office of some kind. Bent over a desk is a slight, gray-haired man who's writing so busily that he hasn't seen you arrive. As you hesitate at the door, a coal in the fireplace grate suddenly rolls out onto the floor and showers sparks onto the hearth rug. You hurry forward and kick it back into the fire, and the man at the desks looks up.

"Are you the messenger for Captain Arthur Phillip?" he asks.

"I—yes, I am, sir," you answer.

"Good. I'm Captain Phillip. I'm almost finished with this. Sit down in front of the fire and warm yourself while you wait."

It's a chilly day, and the fire is very comforting. You stretch your hands out to it and rub the numbness from your fingers.

After scribbling a few more lines, Captain Phillip looks up again. "This may take me a little longer than I thought. I'm trying to be as forceful as I can without losing my temper!"

"What's the letter about, sir?" you ask.

"I'm petitioning the British Home Office to give me some more warm clothing for the poor convicts and to increase their rations. *And* to send along some medicines, *and* to try and ease the overcrowding on the boats a bit." He sighs. "My superiors seem to think that convicts are worse than animals."

"These are the convicts bound for Australia, sir?"

"That's right. I'm the commander for the first fleet. And I'm going to be the governor of the new colony—if we ever arrive there."

“Have you met the convicts, Captain? Do they seem as if they’ll be good colonists?”

“It’s hard to tell,” says Phillip. “Sitting in irons in Portsmouth Harbor is not the best way for a person to demonstrate character. I know that some of them are looking forward to starting a new life—but most of them lost hope long ago.”

“Are there any in particular who seem ready to become settlers?” you persist.

“I’d say the ones who have been farmers are the best prepared,” Phillip answers. “But I haven’t talked to many of the convicts individually. There are a lot of them, you know—more than seven hundred. And I’m responsible for them all.”

He sighs again, then bends back to his letter and reads the last sentence aloud: “ ‘If you don’t do what I ask, at least let the world know I was asking.’ Well, that’s the best I can do. Poor wretches! I have to look out for them as best I can—no one else is going to do it.”

He hands you the letter. “Take this back to the Home Office,” he tells you. “And here’s something for your trouble.” He holds out a shilling.

“That’s all right, Captain. Keep it for the convicts,” you say.

Once you’re outside, you stop for a minute. You’d better jump to the Home Office to drop off the letter. Then it’s off to Australia!



Jump to the day the fleet arrives in Botany Bay. [Click here.](#)



What a change! It's 1825, and you're at the back door of an elegant Regency house with a domed roof. Through the door you can see beautifully dressed men and women dancing.

"Are you the extra help?" asks a harried-looking butler, grabbing your arm. "Welcome to Henrietta Villa. And now get over here and start drying these glasses!"

You do as you're told. It's a good chance to watch the party.

One foppish-looking young man is dancing so affectedly you can't help grinning. But his crimson-taffeta'd partner looks at him with adoring eyes. In fact, all the girls on the dance floor are mooning over him!

"That's young Forbes, visiting from England," says the butler behind you. "In London he's just a rich tailor's son—but out here he's the most sought-after guest in the country."

Now all the guests are trying not to laugh at him. Forbes can't see it, but an aborigine is standing behind him and copying every dip and sway that he makes!

"And *that's* Bidgee-bidgee." The butler chuckles. "He's one of the locals. Wonderful mimic, isn't he?"

Suddenly Forbes's partner catches sight of what's going on. Redder than her dress, she rushes off the floor right up to where you're standing.

A girl in pink silk minces up to her. "Too bad," she says. "That's what you get for flirting with an *exclusive*."

"Look who's talking!" retorts Red Taffeta. "You're no exclusive,



either. Your father is an emancipist, just like mine.”

An “emancipist”? That must mean someone who was freed—an ex-convict!

“Yes, but *my* family’s been here *much* longer than yours,” says Pink Silk snidely. “*We* came over on the first fleet.”

“The first fleet?” you interrupt. “You’re descended from the first fleet?” That means the little colony must have survived!

“My father was one of the first government farmers.” Pink Silk hisses. “One of the first emancipist settlers!”

“But not *the* first,” says Red Taffeta.

You leave them to their fight. It’s time to jump back to the colony again. You need to find out about these government farmers.



Find a quiet spot. **Click here.**



It's late June of 1788. All around you, the land curves down to meet the ocean. The slopes are covered with eucalyptus trees, their greenish-gray leaves shining in the sun. They're beautiful trees. But they're slowly destroying the new colony at Sydney.

The trees are so hard that the colonists' axes can't cut through them. You're helping twelve men who are struggling to uproot a single medium-sized tree. They've been at it for a week!

"Maybe we could manage better if the Home Office had sent along decent tools," says one of the men bitterly. "But they sent us the cheapest stuff they could find. And this wood just laughs at our axes."

He throws down his axe. "They can't make me do any more," he says, and strides off.

The rest of you watch him in silence. He's right. The Home Office didn't send anyone to supervise the convicts—and the sailors who came over on the voyage won't do it. Most of the convicts are refusing to do any work at all.

There's one good thing about that, though. The colony needs help so desperately that no one asks you too many questions about where you're from. People just assume you came over on a different ship from theirs!

You wipe the sweat off your forehead. "I'm going to find the governor," you say. You find him watching some ramshackle huts being built of cabbage wood—the only wood around here that's easy to cut.

Governor Phillips looks twenty years older. He's sagging with exhaustion, and he's much thinner. But he greets you politely.

"Governor, I was wondering if you could spare any of the oxen to help uproot the trees," you say. "I think the people doing it are about to give out."

"Where have you been?" The governor is looking at you strangely. "The cattle have all wandered off! I left them in the care of three of the convicts—and the men fell asleep. Oh well, maybe it won't make any difference in the long run," he reasons. "If they'd stayed here, they probably would have been eaten before long. I'm going to announce today that the rations are being cut by two-thirds.

"Is that really necessary?" you ask.

"Yes, it is!" he snaps. "I just found out that all the wheat we brought got overheated on the way here. It's good for nothing, now. And the rice is full of weevils. It's no wonder everyone's teeth are falling out from scurvy."

"But what will you—we—do?"

Phillip shakes his head. "I just don't know. I've been begging England for supplies, and I haven't heard a thing. They're going to be sending out a store ship called the *Guardian*, but she hasn't arrived yet. I'm beginning to think they've forgotten us."

Have they? Jump to the *Guardian* to find out.



Click here.



It's 1819. You've jumped aboard another convict ship on its way to Australia—and you're standing in the dark corner of a dining hall. Rows of neatly uniformed women are eating at long wooden tables. The menu appears to be plum pudding and pea soup—and there's plenty of it. It certainly looks as if transportation conditions have improved since 1790!

You walk forward and tap the shoulder of one of the women. "Excuse me. I'm with the Colonial Home Office," you improvise. "I'm supposed to make sure you're being well treated."

She gives a hearty laugh. "Of course we are! Don't you know that the government just started paying a bonus to the shipping contractors for every convict delivered alive?"

Well, that's probably the best way to make sure the passengers stay healthy! At least you're sure it will keep horrors like the second fleet from happening again.



Go back to 1789. [Click here.](#)



It's hot for February—109 degrees in the shade. The colony dogs are standing up to their necks in water; the few remaining chickens are lying limply under the dusty trees. More than two years have passed since the first fleet landed—and there's been nothing but hardship for all of you.

You've organized a search for food to fight the scurvy that's devastating so many of the colonists. All the notes you took for Banks have come in very handy—especially since he was so careful to jot down descriptions of edible plants. But the heat wave has killed almost every green thing.

Whump! Whump! Something's hitting you on the head. You look up—and jump back in horror. Parakeets are falling dead out of the sky! The heat must have been too much for them.

"Let's take a break," you say. "People shouldn't have to work while dead birds are falling on them."

You find what little shade you can and slump to the ground. You are so tired you barely notice the first drop of water hitting your nose. Then you feel another on your hand . . . and another . . . and another. . . .

You look up. It's raining! The drought is finally over!

Through the sudden downpour you catch sight of a glint on the horizon. Can it be—? Yes! It's a ship!

"A sail! A sail!" you shout. "Run up the flag!"

The second fleet is here—with provisions! "*And* more convicts," says Governor Phillip distractedly. "I wanted more help—not more people to look after!"

But it's worse than he could have imagined. You and the other colonists stand aghast as the passengers in the second fleet begin to disembark in the drenching rain.

They're too weak to walk. Some of them can manage to crawl onto the gangplank, but the others have to be carried. And dozens of bodies are being tossed into the harbor—the bodies of passengers whose deaths weren't discovered en route.

After a moment of shock, you rush up to help the victims to the shore. One woman collapses as you try to lift her to her feet. You have to carry her—but it's all too easy to do. She's as thin as a skeleton.

"What happened?" you ask.

Her voice is so low you have to bend over to hear.

"The Home Office . . . hired private—contractors to bring us here," she says breathlessly. "They picked the ones who . . . did it the cheapest. . . . They saved money by starving us. . . . I've been below decks for seven months."

Her voice trails off. She's unconscious.

Is anyone going to survive in this new colony?



Take a detour to find out what happened to future convict fleets. [Click here.](#)





You're standing on an iceberg!

There's no sign of civilization for miles around—but the water is littered with debris. And little fruit trees, their roots in burlap, floating sadly among the chunks of ice. And corpses. And the crumpled hull of a ship, its name nailed on in wooden letters: G ARDIAN.

The supply ship Governor Phillip was waiting for must have struck the iceberg you're standing on!

The colony's having so much trouble that you may not find Australia's first settler unless you go back and give them a hand. Should you return to the colony? Or should you jump ahead in time, just to make sure that the first fleet will survive?



Jump head in time. [Click here.](#)



**Return to the colony and help out.
[Click here.](#)**



I wish I could offer you something to drink,” says Governor Phillip wryly. “But—as you may have noticed—we’re a little short on supplies right now.”

“I don’t mind, Governor,” says Ruse. “It’s a pleasure just to be able to rest for a while.”

Two hours have passed since you saw Ruse in the fight. Now the two of you are sitting in the governor’s tent, waiting to hear whatever he has to say.

Phillip is twisting a pen in his hands. “I know this will sound mad,” he says abruptly, “but I’m going to do a little experiment. I’ve decided to start another settlement—a farming settlement. A government farm, you might say. I found a site about fifteen miles from here that looks just right.”

“But we’re starving to death at *this* settlement!” you protest. “How can you be thinking about starting another one?”

“It’s a beautiful site,” the governor continues, as if he hasn’t heard you. “I’ve named it Rose Hill. I think it will be perfect for us. Well, what about it?” he says briskly, tossing the pen aside. “Will the two of you go out there and start it up?”

You and Ruse look at each other.

“Mind you, I can’t promise you any help,” the governor adds. “Only convict labor—and you know what that’s like. They’ll rob you blind the minute you turn your backs.”

Ruse is having trouble speaking. “But Governor I—I’m a convict myself,” he says huskily. “Why are you treating me like this?”

“Out here we’ve all been given the chance to start fresh,” says

Phillip gently. “I’m not going to judge you by your past, my friend.”

Ruse rubs a hand roughly across his eyes. “Of course I’ll go,” he mutters.

The governor turns to you. “What about you? Will you help your friend?”

It’s hard to tell which will help your mission more. The colony at Sydney’s in such trouble that it’s hard to believe a new settlement will ever survive. If Ruse’s farm fails, you will have wasted a lot of time—and labor. Should you take the risk and go with him, or keep working here in Sydney?



Stay here in Sydney. [Click here.](#)



Go to Rose Hill. [Click here.](#)



Fight! Fight!”

You’ve jumped back to Sydney in the middle of some kind of struggle. Three men are warily circling a fourth, who’s wiping a trickle of blood from his lip. One of them aims a punch at his jaw. He blocks it—but then takes a punch in the stomach and doubles over.

Three against one? That’s not fair! You’ve got to do something.

“Fire!” you scream. It’s an old trick, but it works. The three assailants turn, confused—and that gives their victim time to struggle to his feet. Your scream has also alerted Governor Phillip, who comes running. At the sight of him, the three men slink away.

“I’m sorry, Governor,” you say sheepishly. “It was all I could think of.”

“Well, I thank you for it,” says the man. “Wait!” he cries. “Haven’t we met?”

Before you can answer, he says, “No. I guess it’s impossible. Anyway, thanks for helping me out.”

“No problem, Mr.—”

“Ruse. James Ruse,” he answers.

“What was the fight about, Ruse?” asks the Governor.

Ruse’s countenance darkens. “I don’t want to tell tales, Governor.”

“It’s all right,” says Phillip. “I know those three. You can’t tell me much that I couldn’t guess for myself.”

“They were trying to keep me from working, sir. You know some of the men here don’t see the sense in doing the work, since they



didn't choose to come here. They even throw the tools away when they get the chance. And they say we should all stick together."

"Stick together and starve, hmm?" says the governor. "Well, I'm glad to see you've the guts to stand up to them—and I'm glad our friend here had the wits to help you out. Come and visit me when you've cleaned yourself up, Ruse, and I'll see if I can do anything for you." He turns to you. "And you, too," he says.

What is he going to say?



Click here.



Ruse wipes the sweat from his brow with a weary hand. “All right, let’s stop for now,” he gasps, throwing his hoe to the ground.

You, Ruse, and the six convicts helping you sit down right where you are. For the past four hours—since dawn—you’ve been struggling to break up the sun-baked earth so it will be soft enough for planting. Governor Phillip gave you and Ruse some wheat seed, but it won’t be much use if you can’t get it into the ground! You turn to see what progress you’ve made, and sigh. The earth’s surface looks barely scratched.

“We’ve got a way to go,” you say.

Ruse nods. “It would certainly be easier if we had a plow. These hoes don’t do much—hey! Where are you going?”

One of the convicts is walking rapidly away, holding his ragged jacket close around him. But it’s scorching out! How can he be cold?

“Bring that spade back!” Ruse bellows, rushing after the man and grabbing his shoulder.

The convict whirls around, grabs the spade from under his jacket—and brings it down hard on Ruse’s head.

Ruse collapses. With an evil laugh, the convict runs out of sight.

You run up to your friend. He’s sitting up dizzily, a dazed look on his face. “Are you all right?” you ask.

“I—I think so. He got away?”

“Yes.” You look around for a second. “The others are gone, too.”

“And their tools with them, I’ll wager.” Ruse grimaces. “They’ll

use 'em for trading with the natives. Well, that's the last we'll see of *that* bunch. I'll ask the governor to assign us more helpers."

"You know, I hate to suggest this," you say, "but why don't you see if he can spare a musket or two? We'll never get anything done if we can't hold onto our stuff. If we were armed, at least they wouldn't try to steal things right out from under our noses."

"I guess you're right. Hate to do it, though—arm myself against my own countrymen."

"Well, you want this farm to succeed, don't you?" you point out.

"Yes," Ruse says shortly, standing up. "So let's get back to work."



Click here.



Six hundred ninety-nine . . . seven hundred!”

Seven hundred bushels of wheat! It’s November 1789, and the final harvest is in from the government farm at Rose Hill. You and James Ruse are beaming with pride—and so is Governor Phillip.

“Fifteen miles west of here, in Sydney, your fellow convicts are starving,” he says to Ruse. “Now I know that there’s a chance for them. I also know that your sentence is almost up. And I want to tell you about another experiment I have in mind. I’d like to see how long it would take a farmer to become self-supporting here. If I give you an acre of land and the means to farm it, would you like to try being that first settler?”

Ruse seizes the governor’s hand. He tries to speak, but he can only nod. His eyes are shining with tears.

“Well, well! Consider it done,” Phillip says quickly. “We’ll talk about it later. Oh, and if you *can* make it work, I’ll give you thirty acres of your own. For keeps.”

“What will you call your settlement?” you ask.

Ruse smiles. “Experiment Farm, of course!”

It looks as if you’ve found Australia’s first settler at last. Now jump ahead to find out whether he’ll make it.



Click here.



It's midnight, September 15, 1789. You're dozing fitfully at the edge of a wheat field, a musket across your knees. Will they come tonight?

To everyone's surprise, the new government farm at Rose Hill is finally flourishing. In a few days it will be harvest time—and that's why you have the musket. Convicts have already stolen most of the tools on the farm. You've got to keep them from stealing the wheat!

Suddenly you sit bolt upright. You've heard a whisper in the darkness. Have they seen you? You slump over and begin to snore.

The whispering's nearer now. "Yes, that's the farm. Wait, there's someone—no, the brat's asleep. Can you get the musket?"

Stealthy footsteps are coming closer and closer. You can hear someone breathing—you can *feel* someone breathing—now someone's hand brushes the musket. *Now!*

You grab the musket and fire it into the air. "Get out of here!" you yell at the top of your lungs.

James Ruse comes rushing out of his hut. The thieves go crashing off through the underbrush—but one of them trips and falls. In an instant Ruse has caught up to him. He seizes the man by the collar and twists him up so that they're eye to eye.

"Now, you listen to me—and listen *once*," he hisses. "My time is almost up. I have the chance to make something of myself here, and no one—*no one*—is going to get in my way! Do you understand me?"

"Y-Yes," stammers the thief.

"Good. Now get out of here. If I ever see you again, you're a



dead man.”

The thief picks himself up and stumbles off after his companions.

“Do you always use such flowery language?” you ask with a shaky laugh.

James Ruse is still staring in the direction the thieves ran. “I meant it,” he says quietly. “This country spits in my face, my own cellmates try to ruin me—but no one’s going to keep me from succeeding now.”

“I believe you,” you say.



Jump ahead to the harvest. [Click here.](#)



You've been through a lot on this trip. But you never expected that your survival would come to be so dependent on manure.

When the cattle escaped from the colony at Sydney, they took away the town's main source of fertilizer with them. No fertilizer, no crops!

So they're trying to improvise. "Would you please follow the chickens around today and—well—see what you can find?" one of the lieutenants asks you.

"Sure," you say glumly. But after a few minutes you decide you might prefer to be doing something else.

You should have gone to Rose Hill with James Ruse. Things just aren't working out for you here in Sydney.



Head over to Rose Hill. [Click here.](#)



A year and a half have passed since James Ruse was given his one-acre plot of land. Dawn is breaking as you walk up the path toward his farm.

His home is only a thatched hut, but it's clean and trim-looking. Every inch of ground around it has been cultivated. Ruse isn't letting any of his acre go to waste!

You knock at the door, but there's no answer. Finally you walk around to the field in back of the house. Yes, there he is, hard at work already. He catches sight of you and springs up to shake your hand.

"It's been so long since I've seen you!" he says. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've been here and there," you answer. "I just wanted to stop in and say good-bye before I left."

"Leaving? But then you won't be here to see my new farm!" exclaims Ruse.

"You mean—"

"Yes, the governor has promised me my thirty acres," he says proudly. "By the end of the year I'll be living in my new home—with my new wife."

"Congratulations!" you say. "How does it feel to be Australia's first settler?"

Ruse smiles. "It feels as if I have a lot of work to do. I'd better get back to it." He shakes your hand again, then turns and goes back to the field.

You watch him as he trudges away. It's hard to believe that your



task is finally over. All the thousands of miles you've traveled, the dozens of people you've met, the experiences you've lived through—all of them converge on this one man with his tiny parcel of land.

James Ruse doesn't know how much history is tied up in his little farm. And he doesn't know that he's the symbol of a brand-new civilization. But you do.

The sun is just rising as you prepare to jump home.

MISSION COMPLETED.

DATA FILE

Page 2: Are you ready for what you'll find on a typical eighteenth-century ship?

Page 10: Tropical breezes are supposed to be very beneficial.

Page 36: What was the fate of many sailors in this time period?

Page 42: Is it your mission to help Banks?

Page 49: A good time traveler knows the value of being consistent.

Page 59: An insider's look at the British Government might be helpful here.

Page 70: Is this a good time to be a criminal?

Page 99: Hard work never hurt anyone.

About the Contributors

NANCY BAILEY is a writer and editor. She has written several children's books as well as a variety of adult nonfiction. Married and with two children, she lives in New York City.

JULEK HELLER was born in Poland and has lived and worked in England for many years. After studying at the Royal Academy in London, he has worked as a painter, textile designer, and illustrator. He is the illustrator of several books of fantasy, including *Giants* and *Knights*. He is married and has two children.