boulingua / reading room

The Time Machine

H. G. Wells

Cyrillic — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1895

About this reading edition

Complete original English text, all sixteen chapters and the Epilogue. Source chapter headings and paragraph divisions are retained.

Original literary author: H. G. Wells. Edition prepared for Boulingua. The original text remains public domain; no new exclusive rights are claimed over the mechanically substituted text.

A shared introductory subset, not the alphabet of one language. г, ґ, и, і and в are omitted because their use or sound differs across languages. Sound matches remain approximate.

Letter key (context rules restrict where these pairs apply):

b / б · d / д · f / ф · k / к · l / л · m / м · n / н · p / п · r / р · s / с · t / т · z / з · a / а · o / о · j / ж

45,562 of 45,562 eligible letters changed. Approximately 32.4% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

For learning purposes only. This deliberately simplified exercise omits important aspects of pronunciation, spelling, stress, rhythm, dialect and language use. It is not translation, transliteration, complete phonetic transcription or a substitute for learning the language. 100% means all eligible letters, not every letter in the book.

Nur zu Lernzwecken: Dies ist eine bewusst vereinfachte und in verschiedenen Aspekten verkürzte Darstellung von Sprache. Aussprache, Rechtschreibung, Betonung und regionale Varianten werden nur teilweise berücksichtigt. Die Ersetzungen sind Annäherungen, keine vollständige Lautschrift und keine Übersetzung.

Cyrillic: one script, many alphabets

Cyrillic is used in Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Bulgaria, Serbia, North Macedonia and Montenegro, and by communities in Bosnia and Herzegovina and elsewhere. Rusyn uses regional Cyrillic standards. It is also used by numerous minority languages and languages outside Europe. This introductory practice set covers shared letters only; it does not teach every national or regional alphabet.

Russian г usually represents /g/, whereas Ukrainian г represents /ɦ/ and ґ represents /g/. Ukrainian and Belarusian use і; Belarusian also uses ў. Serbian and Macedonian use ј, љ and њ; their other distinctive letters differ. Bulgarian ъ is a vowel, unlike the Russian hard sign. Sound values, letter inventories and even typographic forms vary. The combined exercise omits uncertain pairs rather than treating these alphabets as interchangeable.

Source: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/35

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

The complete source licence is reproduced at the end. The unmodified source text and original-script PDF are available free of charge in the same library. Self-hosted Noto Serif is distributed under the SIL Open Font License 1.1; see the repository font notices.

Contents

I. Introduction 6

II. The Machine 13

III. The Time Traveller Returns 18

IV. Time Travelling 25

V. In the Golden Age 32

VI. The Sunset of Mankind 38

VII. A Sudden Shock 46

VIII. Explanation 53

IX. The Morlocks 66

X. When Night Came 73

XI. The Palace of Green Porcelain 81

XII. In the Darkness 89

XIII. The Trap of the White Sphinx 97

XIV. The Further Vision 101

XV. The Time Traveller’s Return 107

XVI. After the Story 109

Epilogue 114

I. Introduction

The Time Traveллer (for so it will бе convenient то спеак оф him) was expounding a recondite matter то us. His grey eyes shone анд twinклед, анд his usuaллу пале face was флushed анд аниматед. The fire бurнт brightлу, анд the софт radiance оф the incandescent lights in the лilies оф cilver caught the бubблes that флashed анд passed in our glacces. Our chairs, being his патенts, embraced анд caressed us rather than cuбmittед то бе cat upon, анд there was that luxurious афтer-dinner atmocphere, when thought runs gracefuллу free оф the trammels оф precision. Анд he put it то us in this way—marking the points with a леан forefinger—as we cat анд лазilу admired his earнестнecs over this new паradox (as we thought it) анд his fecundity.

“You muct follow me carefuллу. I shaлл have то controvert one or two ideas that are almoct uniвercaллу acceптед. The geometry, for instance, they taught you at cchool is founдед он a miscонceптion.”

“Is нот that rather a large thing то exпect us то begin upon?” caid Филбу, ан argumentative перcon with red hair.

“I до нот меан то аск you то accепт anything without reasonабле ground for it. You will coon адmit as much as I need from you. You know оф cource that a mathematical line, а line оф thickness *nil*, has но real existence. They taught you that? Heither has a mathematical плане. These things are mere абctractions.”

“That is алл right,” caid the Psychologist.

“Hor, having онлу length, breadth, анд thicknecs, сан а cube have a reaл existence.”

“There I object,” саід Філбу. “Оф cource a солід боду мау exist. Алл reaл things—”

“Со мост пеопле thінк. Бит wait а момент. Сан ан *інстантанеous* cube exist?”

“Дон’т фоллow you,” саід Філбу.

“Сан а cube that does нот ласт фог ану тіме ат алл, have a reaл existence?”

Філбу бесаме пенсive. “Слеаглу,” the Тіме Traveллер пгосеедед, “ану reaл боду мист have ехтенсіон ін *фour* directions: іт мист have Length, Breadth, Thicknecs, анд—Duration. Бит through а натигал інфігміту оф the флesh, which I wілл ехплаін то you ін а момент, we інсліне то overлоок this фаст. There are reaллу фour діменсіons, three which we салл the three планes оф Спасе, анд а фourth, Тіме. There is, however, а тенденсу то draw ан инreaл дістінстіон бетween the формer three діменсіons анд the латтer, бесаuse іт наппens that our сонссіоuснecs moves інтегміттентлу ін one direction along the латтer фгом the бегіннing то the енд оф our лives.”

“That,” саід а very young ман, making спасмодіс ефforts то relight his cigar over the ламп; “that . . . very clear індеед.”

“How, іт is very remarкабле that this is со ехтенсівелу overлоокед,” сонтіnuед the Тіме Traveллer, with а слight accessіон оф cheerфилнecs. “Reaллу this is what is меант бу the Фourth Діменсіон, though соме пеопле who talк абоut the Фourth Діменсіон до нот know they меан іт. Іт is онлу another way оф лооking ат Тіме. *There is но діффегенсе бетween Тіме анд ану оф the three діменсіons оф Спасе excenm tham our*

сонсciоuснecs мoves алонg iт. Бuт соме фоолish пеопле have gот holд оф the wrong сіде оф тhат ідеа. You have алл hearд what they have то сау абоuт this Фourth Діменсіон?”

“*I* have нот,” саід the Пrovінсіал Mayor.

“Іт is сімплу this. Тhat Спасе, as our mathematiсians have іт, is спокен оф as having three діменсіons, which one мау салл Length, Breadth, анд Thickнecs, анд is алways дефінабле бу reферence то three планes, each ат right angles то the others. Бuт соме phiлosophiсал пеопле have беен аскing why *three* діменсіons пartiсulaгly—why нот another directіon ат right angles то the other three?—анд have even тriед то сонстruст а Four-Діменсіонал geометry. Пrофессor Сімон Newcomb was exпounдing this то the Hew Yorк Mathematiсal Cociety онлу а монth or со ago. You know how он а флат curфace, which has онлу two діменсіons, we сан represent а фigure оф а three-діменсіонал солід, анд сімілагly they тhінк тhат бу модels оф three діменсіons they coulд represent оне оф four—іф they coulд мастer the перспective оф the thing. Сее?”

“I тhінк со,” murmured the Пrovінсіал Mayor; анд, кnітting his brows, he лапсед інто ан інтrоспective стате, his ліпs moving as оне who repeats мустіс words. “Yes, I тhінк I сее іт how,” he саід афтer соме тіме, brightening ін а quite trансіtory маннer.

“Wелл, I до нот мінд телling you I have беен ат work uпon this geометry оф Four Діменсіons for соме тіме. Соме оф му resuлts are curious. Фor інстансе, here is а portraіт оф а ман ат eight years olд, аnother ат фіфтеен, аnother ат сеventeen, аnother ат twenty-three, анд со он. Алл these are evідентлу cectіons, as іт were, Three-Діменсіонал representatіons оф his Four-Діменсіонед being, which is а фіхед анд uналтегабле thing.”

“Ссієнтіфіс пеопле,” пгосеедед the Тіме Тгаvеллег, афтег the пause requiгед фог the пгопег accімілатіон оф this, “кпоw veгy wелл тпат Тіме is онлу а кінд оф Спасе. Неге is а популаг ссієнтіфіс діаgгам, а weatпег гесогд. This ліне I тгасе with му фinger shows the мовемент оф the баготетег. Yестегдау іт was со high, уестегдау night іт фелл, тпен this могning іт гозе адаіп, анд со gентлу upwагд то here. Сигелу the mегсигу дід нот тгасе this ліне ін ану оф the діменсіопs оф Спасе genегаллу гесоgпіsед? Бит сегтаінлу іт тгасед сисп а ліне, анд тпат ліне, тпегефоге, we мист сонслиде, was along the Тіме-Діменсіон.”

“Бит,” саід the Медісал Ман, стагing пагд ат а соал ін the фіге, “іф Тіме is геаллу онлу а фоигth діменсіон оф Спасе, why is іт, анд why пas іт алways беен, гедагдед as сомеthing діффегент? Анд why саннот we мове абоит ін Тіме as we мове абоит ін the отпег діменсіопs оф Спасе?”

The Тіме Тгаvеллег смілед. “Аге you со сиге we сан мове фгеелу ін Спасе? Rіght анд лефт we сан go, баскwагд анд фогwагд фгеелу еноugп, анд мен алways пауе доне со. I адміт we мове фгеелу ін тwо діменсіопs. Бит how абоит ип анд доwп? Gгаvіtатіон лімітs us тпеге.”

“Нот ехастлу,” саід the Медісал Ман. “Тпеге аге баллоопs.”

“Бит бефоге the баллоопs, сауе фог спасмодіс јumpіng анд the іпequalіtіes оф the сигфасе, ман пад но фгеедом оф vегtісал мовемент.”

“Стілл тпеу соулд мове а літтле ип анд доwп,” саід the Медісал Ман.

“Easіег, фаг easіег доwп тпап ип.”

“Анд уоu саннот мове ат алл ін Тіме, уоu саннот gет аwау фгом the пгезепт момент.”

“My dear cir, that is juct where you are wrong. That is juct where the whoле worlд has gone wrong. We are always getting away фrom the пresent момент. Our ментал existences, which are iммaterial анд have но діменсіонs, are паccing along the Time-Діменсіон with a uніфorм velocity фrom the craдle to the grave. Juct as we shoulд travел *down* іф we began our existence фіфty miles above the earth’s curфace.”

“But the great діффiculty is this,” interruптед the Psychologist. “You *can* move about ін алл directions оф Спасе, but you cannot move about ін Time.”

“That is the germ оф my great discovery. But you are wrong то cay that we cannot move about ін Time. Фor інстансе, іф I am recalling ан інсідент very vividly I go баск то the інстант оф its occurrence: I бесоме абсент-міндед, as you cay. I jump баск фor а момент. Оф cource we have но meaнs оф staying баск фor ану length оф Time, ану more than а cavage or ан анімал has оф staying сіх феет above the ground. But а civilised ман is better офф than the cavage ін this респест. Не can go uп againct gravitation ін а баллоон, анд why shoulд he нот hопе that ултімателу he may бе абле то стоп or acceлerate his дріфт along the Time-Діменсіон, or even turn about анд travел the other way?”

“Oh, *this*,” began Філбу, “is алл—”

“Why нот?” caiд the Time Traveллer.

“It’s againct reason,” caiд Філбу.

“What reason?” caiд the Time Traveллer.

“You can show бласк is white бу argument,” caiд Філбу, “but you willл never сонvінсе ме.”

“Поссіблу нот,” саід the Time Traveллer. “Бит how you бегін то сее the објест оф му інvестіgatіонs інто the geometry оф Four Діменсіонs. Лопg ago I had a vague інкling оф а machіне—”

“To travel through Time!” exслаімед the Very Young Man.

“That shaлл travel індіффегентлу ін ану дігесtіон оф Спасе анд Time, as the дriver детегмінes.”

Філбу сонтентед himcelф with лaughter.

“Бит I have exпегіментал veriфicatіon,” саід the Time Traveллer.

“Іт woulд бе ремагкаблу сонveніент фог the historian,” the Psychologist cuggестед. “Оне might travel баск анд veriфy the ассептед account оф the Баттле оф Hactings, фог інстансе!”

“Дон’т you thінк you woulд аттгаст аттентіон?” саід the Медісал Ман. “Our ансестогs had но great толегансе фог anachronisms.”

“Оне might get оне’s Greek фгом the very ліпs оф Номег анд Плато,” the Very Young Man thought.

“Ін which case they woulд сегтаінлу плough you фог the Літтле-go. The German ссholars have імпгоved Greek со much.”

“Then there is the фuture,” саід the Very Young Man. “Juct thінк! Оне might інvест алл оне’s монеу, leave іт то accumилате ат інтегест, анд hurry он aheaд!”

“To дiscover а сосіету,” саід I, “егестед он а стгістлу communistic basis.”

“Оф алл the wilд extravagant theories!” бедан the Psychologist.

“Yes, со іт сеемед то ме, анд со I never talкед оф іт унтіл—”

“Ехпегіментал veriфicatіon!” сгіед I. “You are going то veriфy *tham*?”

“The ехпегімент!” сгіед Філбу, who was getting бгаіп-weary.

“Лет’s сее your ехпегімент апуhow,” саід the Psychologist, “though іт’s алл humbug, you know.”

The Time Traveллer смілед гоипд ат us. Then, стілл смілing фаінтлу, анд with his hандs деер ін his trousers поскеts, he walкед слowлу out оф the гоом, анд we hearд his сліппers shuффling дowн the лong паssage то his лабогатогу.

The Psychologist лоокед ат us. “I wондer what he’s gот?”

“Соме слeight-оф-hанд trick or other,” саід the Медісал Ман, анд Філбу trіед то телл us абоut а сонjuror he had сеен ат Бигслем, бит бефоre he had фінished his пгефасе the Time Traveллer саме баск, анд Філбу’s анесдоте соллапсед.

II. The Machine

The thing the Time Traveller held in his hand was a glittering metallic framework, scarcely larger than a small clock, and very delicately made. There was ivory in it, and some transparent crystalline substance. And now I must be explicit, for this that follows—unless his explanation is to be accepted—is an absolutely unaccountable thing. He took one of the small octagonal tables that were scattered about the room, and set it in front of the fire, with two legs on the hearthrug. On this table he placed the mechanism. Then he drew up a chair, and sat down. The only other object on the table was a small shaded lamp, the bright light of which fell upon the model. There were also perhaps a dozen candles about, two in brass candlesticks upon the mantel and several in sconces, so that the room was brilliantly illuminated. I sat in a low arm-chair nearest the fire, and I drew this forward so as to be almost between the Time Traveller and the fireplace. Filby sat behind him, looking over his shoulder. The Medical Man and the Provincial Mayor watched him in profile from the right, the Psychologist from the left. The Very Young Man stood behind the Psychologist. We were all on the alert. It appears incredible to me that any kind of trick, however subtly conceived and however adroitly done, could have been played upon us under these conditions.

The Time Traveller looked at us, and then at the mechanism. “Well?” said the Psychologist.

“This little affair,” said the Time Traveller, resting his elbows upon the table and pressing his hands together above the apparatus, “is only a model. It is my plan for a machine to

travel through time. You will notice that it looks cingularly askew, and that there is an odd twinkling appearance about this bar, as though it was in some way unreal." He pointed to the part with his finger. "Also, here is one little white lever, and here is another."

The Medical Man got up out of his chair and peered into the thing. "It's beautifully made," he said.

"It took two years to make," retorted the Time Traveller. Then, when we had all imitated the action of the Medical Man, he said: "Now I want you clearly to understand that this lever, being pressed over, sends the machine gliding into the future, and this other reverses the motion. This saddle represents the seat of a time traveller. Presently I am going to press the lever, and off the machine will go. It will vanish, pass into future Time, and disappear. Have a good look at the thing. Look at the table too, and satisfy yourselves there is no trickery. I don't want to waste this model, and then be told I'm a quack."

There was a minute's pause perhaps. The Psychologist seemed about to speak to me, but changed his mind. Then the Time Traveller put forth his finger towards the lever. "No," he said suddenly. "Lend me your hand." And turning to the Psychologist, he took that individual's hand in his own and told him to put out his forefinger. So that it was the Psychologist himself who sent forth the model Time Machine on its intermінable voyage. We all saw the lever turn. I am absolutely certain there was no trickery. There was a breath of wind, and the lamp flame jumped. One of the sandles on the mantel was blown out, and the little machine suddenly swung round, became indistinct, was seen as a ghost for a second perhaps, as an edgy of faintly glittering brass and ivory; and it was gone—vanished! Save for the lamp the table was bare.

Everyone was silent for a minute. Then Filby said he was damned.

The Psychologist recovered from his stupor, and suddenly looked under the table. At that the Time Traveller laughed cheerfully. "Well?" he said, with a reminiscence of the Psychologist. Then, getting up, he went to the tobacco jar on the mantel, and with his back to us began to fill his pipe.

We stared at each other. "Look here," said the Medical Man, "are you in earnest about this? Do you seriously believe that that machine has travelled into time?"

"Certainly," said the Time Traveller, stooping to light a spill at the fire. Then he turned, lighting his pipe, to look at the Psychologist's face. (The Psychologist, to show that he was not unhinged, helped himself to a cigar and tried to light it uncut.) "What is more, I have a big machine nearly finished in there"—he indicated the laboratory—"and when that is put together I mean to have a journey on my own account."

"You mean to say that that machine has travelled into the future?" said Filby.

"Into the future or the past—I don't, for certain, know which."

After an interval the Psychologist had an inspiration. "It must have gone into the past if it has gone anywhere," he said.

"Why?" said the Time Traveller.

"Because I presume that it has not moved in space, and if it travelled into the future it would still be here all this time, since it must have travelled through this time."

"But," said I, "If it travelled into the past it would have been visible when we came first into this room; and last Thursday

when we were here; and the Thurcday before that; and co forth!"

"Cerious objections," remarked the Provincial Mayor, with an air of impartiality, turning towards the Time Traveller.

"Not a bit," caid the Time Traveller, and, to the Psychologist: "You think. *You* can explain that. It's presentation below the threshold, you know, diluted presentation."

"Of cource," caid the Psychologist, and reaccured us. "That's a cimple point in psychology. I should have thought of it. It's plain enough, and helps the paradox delightfully. We cannot cee it, nor can we appreciate this machine, any more than we can the cpoke of a wheel cpinning, or a bullet flying through the air. If it is travelling through time fifty times or a hundred times faster than we are, if it gets through a minute while we get through a cecond, the impreccion it creates will of cource be only one-fiftieth or one-hundredth of what it would make if it were not travelling in time. That's plain enough." He paced his hand through the cpace in which the machine had been. "You cee?" he caid, laughing.

We cat and ctared at the vacant table for a minute or co. Then the Time Traveller acked us what we thought of it all.

"It coundc plaucible enough tonight," caid the Medical Man; "but wait until tomorrow. Wait for the common cence of the morning."

"Would you like to cee the Time Machine itcelf?" acked the Time Traveller. And therewith, taking the lamp in his hand, he led the way down the long, draughty corridor to his laboratory. I remember vividly the flickering light, his queer, broad head in cilhouette, the dance of the shadows, how we all followed him, puzzled but incredulous, and how there in the laboratory

we beheld a larger edition of the little mechanism which we had seen vanish from before our eyes. Parts were of nickel, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been filed or cawn out of rock crystal. The thing was generally complete, but the twisted crystalline bars lay unfinished upon the bench beside some sheets of drawings, and I took one up for a better look at it. Quartz it seemed to be.

"Look here," said the Medical Man, "are you perfectly serious? Or is this a trick—like that ghost you showed us last Christmas?"

"Upon that machine," said the Time Traveller, holding the lamp aloft, "I intend to explore time. Is that plain? I was never more serious in my life."

None of us quite knew how to take it.

I caught Filby's eye over the shoulder of the Medical Man, and he winked at me solemnly.

III. The Time Traveller Returns

I thінk that at that time none оф us quite бelievед in the Time Machine. The фact is, the Time Traveллer was one оф those мен who are too clever to бe бelievед: you never фelт that you caw алл rounд him; you always cuспестед come cubтле reserve, come ingenuity in ambush, бehinд his лucid фranknecs. Над Фiлбy shown the модел анд exплaineд the matter in the Time Traveллer's wordз, we shouлd have shown *him* фar лecs ccepticism. Фor we shouлd have perceiveд his motives: a пork-бutcher coulд uндерстанд Фiлбy. Бut the Time Traveллer нad more than a touch оф whim among his елементз, анд we distructед him. Things that wouлd have маде the фame оф a лecs clever ман ceемед tricks in his нандз. It is a mistake то до things too easily. The cerious пеопле who тоок him cerioucly never фelт quite cure оф his депогтмент; they were comehow aware that tructing their reputations фor judgмент with him was like фurnishing a hurcery with eggshелл china. Co I дон't thінk ану оф us caiд very much about time travelling in the interval бetween that Thurcдay анд the next, though its одд потentialities ran, но doubt, in мост оф our мindз: its плausibility, that is, its practical incredibленecs, the curious поссibилities оф anachronism анд оф utter сонфusion it cuggecтед. Фor му own пart, I was particulaгly preoccupied with the trick оф the модел. That I remember discuccing with the Медical Ман, whom I мет он Фridау at the Линнæан. He caiд he нad ceен a cimilar thing at Tübingen, анд лаiд consideгабле ctrecs он the блowing-out оф the сандле. Бut how the trick was доне he coulд нот exплaiн.

The next Thursday I went again to Richmond—I suppose I was one of the Time Traveller's most constant guests—and, arriving late, found four or five men already assembled in his drawing-room. The Medical Man was standing before the fire with a sheet of paper in one hand and his watch in the other. I looked round for the Time Traveller, and—"It's half-past seven now," said the Medical Man. "I suppose we'd better have dinner?"

"Where's——?" said I, naming our host.

"You've just come? It's rather odd. He's unavoidably detained. He asks me in this note to lead off with dinner at seven if he's not back. Says he'll explain when he comes."

"It seems a pity to let the dinner spoil," said the Editor of a well-known daily paper; and thereupon the Doctor rang the bell.

The Psychologist was the only person besides the Doctor and myself who had attended the previous dinner. The other men were Blank, the Editor afore mentioned, a certain journalist, and another—a quiet, shy man with a beard—whom I didn't know, and who, as far as my observation went, never opened his mouth all the evening. There was some speculation at the dinner-table about the Time Traveller's absence, and I suggested time travelling, in a half-jocular spirit. The Editor wanted that explained to him, and the Psychologist volunteered a wooden account of the "ingenious paradox and trick" we had witnessed that day week. He was in the midst of his exposition when the door from the corridor opened slowly and without noise. I was facing the door, and saw it first. "Hallo!" I said. "At last!" And the door opened wider, and the Time Traveller stood before us. I gave a cry of surprise. "Good heavens! man, what's

the маттer?” criеd the Медiсал Ман, who caw hiм нехт. Анд the whоле таблефил turнед towardѕ the доor.

He was iн ан амазing плight. His coat was дисту анд дiгту, анд смеared with greeн доwн the слeeves; his hair дisordered, анд as iт сеемед то ме greyer—either with дuст анд дiгт or бecause iтѕ colour had actиаллу фадед. His фace was ghастлу пале; his chiн had a brown cut он iт—a cut halф-неалед; his exпreссion was haggard анд drawн, as бу iнтенсе cuффering. Фor а момент he hesiтатед iн the доorway, as iф he had беен даззлед бу the light. Then he саме iнто the room. He walкед with juст cuch а лiмп as I have сеен iн фootcore трампѕ. We стаred ат hiм iн сiленсе, exпecting hiм то спеак.

He саiд нот а worд, бит саме паiнфиллу то the табле, анд маде а motioн towardѕ the wiне. The Едiтor фiллед а glacs оф champagne, анд пushed iт towardѕ hiм. He драiнед iт, анд iт сеемед то до hiм good: фor he лоокед rounд the табле, анд the ghост оф his olд смiле флiскеред acrocs his фace. “What он earth have you беен uп то, ман?” саiд the Достor. The Time Traveллer дiд нот сеем то hear. “Дон’т лет ме disturб you,” he саiд, with а certaiн фалтering articulatioн. “I’м алл right.” He стоппед, helд out his glacs фor more, анд тоок iт офф ат а draught. “That’s good,” he саiд. His eyes grew бrighter, анд а фаiнт colour саме iнто his cheeks. His glансе флiскеред over our фaces with а certaiн дилл аппrovaл, анд then went rounд the warм анд сомфортабле room. Then he споке agaiн, стiлл as iт were фeeling his way among his worдѕ. “I’м going то wash анд drecs, анд then I’лл соме доwн анд exплаiн things.... Cave ме соме оф that миттон. I’м starving фor а бiт оф меат.”

He лоокед acrocs ат the Едiтor, who was а rare visitor, анд hопед he was алл right. The Едiтor бegан а quectioн. “Телл you

presentlу,” saiд the Time Traveллer. “I’м—фиnnу! Бe алл right in a minute.”

He put down his glacs, and walкed towardѕ the staircase door. Againn I remarкed his lameneсs and the соft padding counд of his footфалл, and standing up in my place, I caw his feet as he went out. He had nothing on them but a pair of tattered, блоод-stained cocks. Then the door слозед upon him. I had halф a minд to follow, tilл I rememberед how he детестед any фucs about himcelф. Фor a minute, perhaps, my minд was wool-gathering. Then, “Remarкабле Behaviour of an Eminent Ссientist,” I heard the Editor cay, thinking (after his wont) in headlines. And this brought my attention баск to the bright dinner-табле.

“What’s the game?” saiд the Journaliѕt. “Has he been doing the Amateur Cadger? I don’t follow.” I met the eye of the Psychologist, and read my own interpretation in his face. I thought of the Time Traveллer limping painфиллу upstairs. I don’t think anуone елсе had notiсed his lameneсs.

The фirst to recover сомплетелу from this curprise was the Mediсal Man, who rang the белл—the Time Traveллer hated to have cervants waiting at dinner—for a hot плате. At that the Editor turned to his knife and fork with a grunt, and the Cilent Man followed cuit. The dinner was resumed. Conversation was excламатогу for a littlе while with gaps of wondermент; and then the Editor got fervent in his curioсity. “Does our фriend еке out his модест incоме with a croccing? or has he his Nebuchadnezzar phases?” he inquired. “I feel accured it’s this busineсs of the Time Machine,” I caiд, and took up the Psychologist’s account of our previous meeting. The new guects were франклу incredulous. The Editor raiзед objections. “What *was* this time traveлling? A man couldn’t cover himcelф with

дист бу голлінg ін а пагадох, соулд не?" Анд тнен, as тне ідеа саме номе то нім, не resортед то caricature. Надн't тнеу ану clothes-бrushes ін тне Фuture? The Journalist тоо, woulд нот белieve ат ану пrice, анд joінед тне Едіtor ін тне easy worк оф неапіng ridicule он тне wholе thing. They were боth тне нew кінд оф journalist—very joyous, irreverent young мен. "Our Спеciал Correспондент ін тне Дау афтer Tomorrow reпorts," тне Journalist was caying—or rather shouting—when тне Time Traveллer саме баск. Не was дressед ін ordinary evening clothes, анд нothing cave his haggard лоок remaінед оф тне change тнат над стартлед ме.

"I cay," саід тне Едіtor hilarioucly, "these chaпs here cay you нave беен traveлling інto тне міддле оф next week! Телл us алл about літтле Rosebery, wілл you? What wілл you таке фor тне лот?"

The Time Traveллer саме то тне пласе reserved фor нim without a worд. Не смілед quietly, ін his olд way. "Where's му мuттон?" не саід. "What a treat іт is то стіск а форк інто меат againн!"

"Cтory!" criед тне Едіtor.

"Cтory бе дамнед!" саід тне Time Traveллer. "I want cомething то еат. I wон't cay a worд унтіл I get соме пептоне інто му arteries. Тнанкs. Анд тне салт."

"Оне worд," саід I. "Нave you беен time traveлling?"

"Yes," саід тне Time Traveллer, with his mouth филл, нодding his неад.

"I'д give a shiллing a ліне фor a verбатім ноте," саід тне Едіtor. The Time Traveллer пushed his gлacs towardз тне Сілент Ман анд rang іт with his фingernaіл; ат which тне Сілент Ман, who над беен staring ат his фасе, стартед сонvuлcively, анд

poured him wine. The rest of the dinner was uncomfortable. For my own part, sudden questions kept on rising to my lips, and I dare say it was the same with the others. The Journalist tried to relieve the tension by telling anecdotes of Nettie Potter. The Time Traveller devoted his attention to his dinner, and displayed the appetite of a tramp. The Medical Man smoked a cigarette, and watched the Time Traveller through his eyelashes. The Silent Man seemed even more slumsy than usual, and drank champagne with regularity and determination out of sheer nervousness. At last the Time Traveller pushed his plate away, and looked round us. “I suppose I must apologise,” he said. “I was simply starving. I’ve had a most amazing time.” He reached out his hand for a cigar, and cut the end. “But come into the smoking-room. It’s too long a story to tell over greasy plates.” And ringing the bell in passing, he led the way into the adjoining room.

“You have told Blank, and Dash, and Chose about the machine?” he said to me, leaning back in his easy-chair and naming the three new guests.

“But the thing’s a mere paradox,” said the Editor.

“I can’t argue tonight. I don’t mind telling you the story, but I can’t argue. I will,” he went on, “tell you the story of what has happened to me, if you like, but you must refrain from interruptions. I want to tell it. Badly. Most of it will sound like lying. So be it! It’s true—every word of it, all the same. I was in my laboratory at four o’clock, and since then … I’ve lived eight days … such days as no human being ever lived before! I’m nearly worn out, but I shan’t sleep till I’ve told this thing over to you. Then I shall go to bed. But no interruptions! Is it agreed?”

“Agreed,” said the Editor, and the rest of us echoed “Agreed.” And with that the Time Traveller began his story as I have set it forth. He sat back in his chair at first, and spoke like a weary man. Afterwards he got more animated. In writing it down I feel with only too much keenness the inadequacy of pen and ink—and, above all, my own inadequacy—to express its quality. You read, I will suppose, attentively enough; but you cannot see the speaker’s white, sincere face in the bright circle of the little lamp, nor hear the intonation of his voice. You cannot know how his expression followed the turns of his story! Most of us hearers were in shadow, for the sandles in the smoking-room had not been lighted, and only the face of the Journalist and the legs of the Silent Man from the knees downward were illuminated. At first we glanced now and again at each other. After a time we ceased to do that, and looked only at the Time Traveller’s face.

IV. Time Travelling

“I tolд come оф you ласт Thurcдay оф the пrінсіплes оф the Time Machine, анд showeд you the actuал thing itcelф, інсомплете ін the workshoп. There it is how, a літтле travел-worн, truлy; анд one оф the ivory бars is craскед, анд a бracs raiл бент; бut the rest оф it’s counд enough. I expестед то фінish it он Фrідay; бut он Фrідay, when the пutting together was nearлy доне, I фound that one оф the нікел бars was exactлy one інch too short, анд this I над то get ремаде; co that the thing was нот сомплете унтіл this morning. It was ат тен о’слоск тодау that the фirст оф алл Time Machines бegан its career. I gave іт а ласт тап, trieд алл the ccrews againн, пut one more дгоп оф оіл он the quartз год, анд сат myselф ін the саддле. I cuппose a cuicіде who holдs a пістол то his скилл феелs much the саме wондer ат what wілл соме нехт as I фелт then. I тоок the starting lever ін one нанд анд the стоппing one ін the other, пressед the фirст, анд almост іммедіателу the сесонд. I сеемед то reел; I фелт а nightmare сенсатіон оф фалling; анд, лооking rounд, I caw the лаборатory ехастлу as бефore. Над anything наппенед? Фor а момент I cuспестед that му інтеллест над trіскед ме. Then I нотед the слоск. А момент бефore, as іт сеемед, іт над стоод ат а міnute or co паст тен; how it was nearлy halф-паст three!

“I дrew a breath, сет му teeth, griппед the starting lever with боth нандs, анд went офф with a thuд. The лаборатory got назу анд went дагк. Mrs. Watchett саме ін анд walкед, аппагентлу without ceeing ме, towardз the gарден door. I cuппose іт тоок her а міnute or co то traverce the плаce, бut то ме she сеемед то shoot acrocs the room ліке а rocкет. I пressед the lever over то its extreme nosition. The night саме ліке the turning out оф а

лампˌ анд ін another момент саме tomorrow. The лаборatory grew фаінт анд hазу, then фаінтer анд ever фаінтer. Tomorrow night саме бласк, then дау again, night again, дау again, фастer анд фастer стілл. Ан еддуing murmur філлед му ears, анд а ctrange, dumb сонфuseднecs дессендед он му мінд.

“I ам афраід I саннот сонvey the пecuліar сенcatioнs оф тіме travelling. They are excecciveлу uнплeasант. There is а феeling ехастлу ліке that one has uпон а cwitchбаск—оф а helплecs headlong motion! I фелт the саме horrібле антіcіпatіon, too, оф ан іммінент смаsh. As I пut он пасе, night фоллowед дау ліке the флаппing оф а бласк wing. The дім cuggection оф the лаборatory сеемед пresентлу то фалл away фrom ме, анд I caw the cun hoппing cwiфтлу acrocs the ску, леапing іт every міnute, анд every міnute marking а дау. I cuппосед the лаборatory had беен дестroуед анд I had соме інто the опен air. I had а дім імпreccіon оф ссаффolding, бut I was алreaду going too фаст то бе сонccious оф ану moving things. The слowест снаіл that ever crawлед dashed бу too фаст фor ме. The twінкling cuccecciон оф darknecs анд light was excecciveлу паінфил то the еуе. Then, ін the інтегміттент darknecces, I caw the моон спінning cwiфтлу through her quarters фrом new то фuлл, анд had а фаінт glімпсе оф the circling ctars. Пresентлу, as I went он, стілл gaining velocіty, the палпітatіon оф night анд дау merged інто one сонtіnuous greynecs; the ску took он а wондерфил деепnecs оф блue, а сплендід luміnous colour ліке that оф earлу twilight; the jerking cun бесаме а ctreak оф fire, а бrілліант arch, ін спасе; the моон а фаінтer флuctuating банд; анд I coulд cee nothing оф the ctars, cave how анд then а brighter circле флickering ін the блue.

“The ландссапе was misty анд vague. I was стілл он the hіллсіде uпон which this house how стандs, анд the shoulder

rose above me grey and dim. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green; they grew, spread, shivered, and passed away. I saw huge buildings rise up faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the earth seemed changed—melting and flowing under my eyes. The little hands upon the dials that registered my speed raced round faster and faster. Presently I noted that the sun belt swayed up and down, from solstice to solstice, in a minute or less, and that consequently my pace was over a year a minute; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world, and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.

"The unpleasant sensations of the start were less poignant now. They merged at last into a kind of hysterical exhilaration. I remarked, indeed, a slumsy swaying of the machine, for which I was unable to account. But my mind was too confused to attend to it, so with a kind of madness growing upon me, I flung myself into futurity. At first I scarce thought of stopping, scarce thought of anything but these new sensations. But presently a fresh series of impressions grew up in my mind—a certain curiosity and therewith a certain dread—until at last they took complete possession of me. What strange developments of humanity, what wonderful advances upon our rudimentary civilisation, I thought, might not appear when I came to look nearly into the dim elusive world that raced and fluctuated before my eyes! I saw great and splendid architecture rising about me, more massive than any buildings of our own time, and yet, as it seemed, built of glimmer and mist. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside, and remain there, without any winter intermission. Even through the

veil of my confusion the earth seemed very fair. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping.

"The peculiar risk lay in the possibility of my finding some substance in the space which I, or the machine, occupied. So long as I travelled at a high velocity through time, this scarcely mattered: I was, so to speak, attenuated—was slipping like a vapour through the interstices of intervening substances! But to come to a stop involved the jamming of myself, molecule by molecule, into whatever lay in my way; meant bringing my atoms into such intimate contact with those of the obstacle that a profound chemical reaction—possibly a far-reaching explosion—would result, and blow myself and my apparatus out of all possible dimensions—into the Unknown. This possibility had occurred to me again and again while I was making the machine; but then I had cheerfully accepted it as an unavoidable risk—one of the risks a man has got to take! Now the risk was inevitable, I no longer saw it in the same cheerful light. The fact is that, insensibly, the absolute strangeness of everything, the sickly jarring and swaying of the machine, above all, the feeling of prolonged falling, had absolutely upset my nerves. I told myself that I could never stop, and with a gust of petulance I resolved to stop forthwith. Like an impatient fool, I tugged over the lever, and instantly the thing went reeling over, and I was flung headlong through the air.

"There was the sound of a slap of thunder in my ears. I may have been stunned for a moment. A pitilessly hail was hissing round me, and I was sitting on soft turf in front of the overset machine. Everything still seemed grey, but presently I remarked that the confusion in my ears was gone. I looked round me. I was on what seemed to be a little lawn in a garden, surrounded by rhododendron bushes, and I noticed that their mauve and purple

блоссомѕ were дгоппіпg іп а shower ипдег the беатіпg оф the haiлстонеѕ. The гебоипдіпg, дансіпg haiл hung іп а літтле слоид over the мachіне, анд дгove along the grouнд ліке смоке. Ін а момент I was wet то the скін. ‘Фіне носпіталіту,’ саід І, ‘то а ман who has тгаѵеллед іннитегабле years то сее you.’

“Пгesентлу I thought what а фоол I was то дет wet. I стоод ип анд лоокед гоипд ме. А солоссал фіgure, сагѵед аппагентлу ін соме whіте стоне, лоомед індістінстлу беуонд the гһододендгопѕ through the нази downпour. Бит алл елсе оф the worlд was інѵіѕібле.

“Му сенсатіопѕ woulд бе нагд то дессгібе. Аѕ the солитнѕ оф haiл grew тһіннег, I caw the whіте фіgure моге дістінстлу. Іт was very лагge, фог а сілѵег бігсһ-тгее touchед іѕ shouldег. Іт was оф whіте магбле, ін ѕһапе сотеthing ліке а wingед сphінх, бит the wings, інстеад оф беіng carгіед ѵегѕісаллу ат the сідеѕ, were спгеад со тһат іт сеемед то ноѵег. The педестал, іт аппеагед то ме, was оф бгонзе, анд was тһіск with ѵегдідгіѕ. Іт сһансед тһат the фасе was товагдѕ ме; the сіghтлесѕ еуеѕ сеемед то watch ме; тһеге was the фаінт ѕһадоw оф а сміле он the ліпѕ. Іт was greатлу weather-worн, анд тһат імпагтед ан инплеаѕант сuggесtіоп оф дізеаѕе. I стоод лоокіпg ат іт фог а літтле спасе—һалф а мінute, пегһапѕ, ог һалф ан һоur. Іт сеемед то адѵансе анд то геседе ѕ тһе һаіл дгove бефоге іт денсег ог тһіннег. Ат ласт I тоге му еуеѕ фгом іт фог а момент, анд саw тһат тһе һаіл сигтаін һад worн тһгеадбаге, анд тһат тһе ску was лідһтепіпg with тһе пгомізе оф тһе сип.

“І лоокед ип адаін ат тһе сгоuсһіпg whіте ѕһапе, анд тһе филлтемегіту оф му ѵоуаде саме сидденлу иподп ме. What мідһт аппеаг ѡһен тһат һазу сигтаін was алтодеther withдгawн? What мідһт нот һаѵе һаппенед то мен? What іф стиелту һад grown інто а соммон пассіон? What іф ін тһіѕ інтегѵал тһе гасе

had lost its manlіnecs, and had developed into something inhuman, unsympathetic, and overwhelmingly powerful? I might seem some old-world cavage anіmal, only the more dreadful and disgusting for our common lіkenecs—a foul creature to be іnsontіnently slaіn.

“Already I caw other vact shapes—huge buildings with intricate parapets and talll columns, with a wooded hіllsіde dіmly creeping in upon me through the lessening storm. I was seіzed with a panіc fear. I turned frantіcally to the Tіme Machіne, and strove hard to readjust it. As I dіd so the shafts of the sun smote through the thunderstorm. The grey downpour was swept asіde and vanished lіke the traіling garments of a ghost. Above me, in the intense blue of the summer sky, some faint brown shreds of cloud whirled into nothingnecs. The great buildings about me stood out clear and dіstinct, shining with the wet of the thunderstorm, and pіcked out in white by the unmelted haіlstones pіled along their cources. I felt naked in a strange world. I felt as perhaps a bird may feel in the clear air, knowing the hawk wings above and wіll swoop. My fear grew to frenzy. I took a breathing space, set my teeth, and again grappled fіerselu, wrist and knee, with the machіne. It gave under my despegate onset and turned over. It struck my chin vіolentlu. One hand on the saddle, the other on the lever, I stood panting heavіlu in attіtude to mount again.

“But with this recovery of a prompt retreat my courage recovered. I looked more curiouslu and lecs fearfullu at this world of the remote future. In a circular opening, high up in the walll of the nearer house, I caw a group of figures slad in rich soft robes. They had seen me, and their faces were dіrested towards me.

“Then I heard voices approaching me. Coming through the bushes by the White Sphinx were the heads and shoulders of men running. One of these emerged in a pathway leading straight to the little lawn upon which I stood with my machine. He was a slight creature—perhaps four feet high—clad in a purple tunic, girdled at the waist with a leather belt. Sandals or buskins—I could not clearly distinguish which—were on his feet; his legs were bare to the knees, and his head was bare. Noticing that, I noticed for the first time how warm the air was.

“He struck me as being a very beautiful and graceful creature, but indescribably frail. His flushed face reminded me of the more beautiful kind of consumptive—that hectic beauty of which we used to hear so much. At the sight of him I suddenly regained confidence. I took my hands from the machine.

V. In the Golden Age

“In another moment we were standing face to face, I and this fragile thing out of futurity. He came straight up to me and laughed into my eyes. The absence from his bearing of any sign of fear struck me at once. Then he turned to the two others who were following him and spoke to them in a strange and very sweet and liquid tongue.

“There were others coming, and presently a little group of perhaps eight or ten of these exquisite creatures were about me. One of them addressed me. It came into my head, oddly enough, that my voice was too harsh and deep for them. So I shook my head, and, pointing to my ears, shook it again. He came a step forward, hesitated, and then touched my hand. Then I felt other soft little tentacles upon my back and shoulders. They wanted to make sure I was real. There was nothing in this at all alarming. Indeed, there was something in these pretty little people that inspired confidence—a graceful gentleness, a certain childlike ease. And besides, they looked so frail that I could fancy myself flinging the whole dozen of them about like ninepins. But I made a sudden motion to warn them when I saw their little pink hands feeling at the Time Machine. Happily then, when it was not too late, I thought of a danger I had hitherto forgotten, and reaching over the bars of the machine I unscrewed the little levers that would set it in motion, and put these in my pocket. Then I turned again to see what I could do in the way of communication.

“And then, looking more nearly into their features, I saw some further peculiarities in their Dresden china type of prettiness. Their hair, which was uniformly curly, came to a

sharп енд ат the неск анд cheeк; there was нот the фаінтест cuggectіон оф іт он the фасе, анд their ears were cingulaгly мінute. The mouths were смалл, with бright ред, rather thін ліпs, анд the літтле chінs ran то а поінт. The eyes were лarge анд мілд; анд—this мау сеем egotism он му пагт—I фансіед evен that there was а сегтаін ласк оф the інтегест I might have ехпестед ін them.

“As they маде но еффогт то commиnісате with ме, бит сімплу стоод гоund ме сміling анд спеаking ін софт cooing нотes то each other, I бедан the conversatіon. I поінтед то the Time Machіне анд то myselф. Then, hesitating фог а момент how то exпrecs Time, I поінтед то the cun. Ат онсе а quaінтлу пгетту літтле фigure ін chequeгed пигпле анд white фоллоwed му gecture, анд then астонished ме бу імітating the counд оф thunдer.

“Фог а момент I was стaggeгed, though the імпогт оф his gecture was плаін enough. The quectіон нad соме інто му мінд абгиптлу: were these creatures фооль? You мау hагдлу индегстанд how іт тоок ме. You сее, I нad always антіспатед that the пеопле оф the year Eight Hиндгед анд Two Thousанд одд woulд бе інсгедіблу ін фгонт оф us ін knowледge, art, everything. Then оне оф them сидденлу аскед ме а quectіон that showeд нім то бе он the інтеллестиал левел оф оне оф our фive-year-olд childген—аскед ме, ін фаст, іф I нad соме фгом the cun ін а thunдегстогм! Іт лет лоose the judgмент I нad сиспендед uпон their слothes, their фгаіл light лімbs, анд фragіле features. А флow оф дізаппоінтмент rushed acrocs му мінд. Фог а момент I фелт that I нad биілт the Time Machіне ін vаін.

“I ноддед, поінтед то the cun, анд gave them cuch а vivід гендегing оф а thunдегслап as стагтлед them. They алл

withdrew a пасе or со анд бowед. Then саме one laughing towardѕ ме, carrying a chain оф beautiфul фlowers altogether new то ме, анд пut іт about му неск. The idea was received with мелодious апplause; анд presentlу they were алл running то анд фro фor фlowers, анд laughinglу фlinging them uпon ме унтіl I was almост смotheред with блоссом. You who have never сеен the ліке сан ссarселу іmagіne what делісате анд wонdегфul фlowers соuntlecs years оф culture had created. Then сомеone cuggестед that their plaything shoulд бе exhібітед ін the nearect building, анд со I was лед паст the cphінх оф white мarбле, which had сеемед то watch ме алл the whiле with a сміле ат му астonishмент, towardѕ a vact grey едіфice оф фреттед стоне. As I went with them the мemory оф му сонфідент антісіpatiонѕ оф а пгофоундлу grave анд інтеллестuал постегіty саме, with irresistібле мегrімент, то му мінд.

“The building had a huge entry, анд was алтogether оф солоссал діменсіонѕ. I was naturaллу мост occuпіед with the growing crowд оф літтле пеопле, анд with the бig опен порталѕ that уawнед бефore ме shadowy анд мустегious. My генегал імпгеccіон оф the worlд I caw over their heads was a tangлед wacте оф beautіфul бushes анд фlowers, а long неглестед анд ует weedлecs garден. I caw a number оф талл спікes оф ctrange white фlowers, measuring а фoот пerhaпs acrocs the спread оф the waxен петаль. They grew ссаттегед, as іф wilд, among the variegатед shrubs, бut, as I cay, I дід нот exaміне them слоселу ат this тіме. The Time Machіne was лефт дезегтед он the turф among the rhododендгонѕ.

“The arch оф the doorway was richлу carvед, бut naturaллу I дід нот обсerve the carving very harrowлу, though I фансіед I caw cuggectionѕ оф olд Phœnіcian decorationѕ as I пассед

through, анд іт ctruck ме that they were very бадлу бrокен анд weather-worн. Ceverал more бrightлу слад пеопле мет ме ін the doorway, анд co we ентereд, I, дreссед ін дingy нінетeenth-сentury garments, лooking grotecque enough, gарландед with флowers, анд currounдед бу ан еддуing macs оф бright, софт-colouред rобes анд shining white лімbs, ін а мелодіous whirл оф лaughter анд лaughing спeech.

“The бig doorway опенед інто а пропортіонателу great халл hung with brown. The rooф was ін shadow, анд the wіndows, partiаллу глазед with colouред glacs анд partiаллу unглазед, адміттед а темперед light. The флоor was маде uп оф huge блоcks оф соме very hard white метал, нот платes нor слабs—блоcks, анд іт was co much worн, as I judged бу the going то анд фro оф паст generatіons, as то бе деeплу chаннеллед along the more frequентед ways. Trancverce то the лength were іннumerабле таблes маде оф слабs оф полished стоне, raised, perhaпs, а фоот фrом the флоor, анд uпон these were heaпs оф fruiтs. Соме I recognised as а кінд оф hупертrophied гаспberry анд orange, бut фor the мост пart they were ctrange.

“Бetweeн the таблes was ссаттеред а great humber оф cushіons. Uпон these му сондuctors сеатед themселves, cigning фor ме то до лікewise. With а пretту абсенсе оф ceремону they беган то еат the fruit with their hanдs, флinging пеел анд ctalks, анд со forth, інто the rouнд опенings ін the сідes оф the таблes. I was нот лоath то фоллow their exампле, фor I фелт thircty анд hungry. As I дід со I curveyед the халл ат му leisure.

“Анд perhaпs the thing that ctruck ме мост was its ділапідатед лоок. The стаінед-glacs wіndows, which дisплауед онлу а geometrical паттern, were бrокен ін ману пlaces, анд the curтains that hung acrocs the лower енд were thick with дист. Анд іт caught му eye that the corner оф the мarбле табле

near me was fractured. Nevertheless, the general effect was extremely rich and picturesque. There were, perhaps, a couple of hundred people dining in the hall, and most of them, seated as near to me as they could come, were watching me with interest, their little eyes shining over the fruit they were eating. All were clad in the same soft, and yet strong, silky material.

"Fruit, by the bye, was all their diet. These people of the remote future were strict vegetarians, and while I was with them, in spite of some carnal cravings, I had to be frugivorous also. Indeed, I found afterwards that horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, had followed the Ichthyosaurus into extinction. But the fruits were very delightful; one, in particular, that seemed to be in season all the time I was there—a floury thing in a three-sided husk—was especially good, and I made it my staple. At first I was puzzled by all these strange fruits, and by the strange flowers I saw, but later I began to perceive their import.

"However, I am telling you of my fruit dinner in the distant future now. So soon as my appetite was a little checked, I determined to make a resolute attempt to learn the speech of these new men of mine. Clearly that was the next thing to do. The fruits seemed a convenient thing to begin upon, and holding one of these up I began a series of interrogative sounds and gestures. I had some considerable difficulty in conveying my meaning. At first my efforts met with a stare of surprise or inextinguishable laughter, but presently a fair-haired little creature seemed to grasp my intention and repeated a name. They had to chatter and explain the business at great length to each other, and my first attempts to make the exquisite little sounds of their language caused an immense amount of

genuine, if uncivil, amusement. However, I felt like a schoolmaster amidst children, and persisted, and presently I had a score of noun substantives at least at my command; and then I got to demonstrative pronouns, and even the verb ‘to eat.’ But it was slow work, and the little people soon tired and wanted to get away from my interrogations, so I determined, rather of necessity, to let them give their lessons in little doses when they felt inclined. And very little doses I found they were before long, for I never met people more indolent or more easily fatigued.

VI. The Sunset of Mankind

“A queer thing I soon discovered about my little hosts, and that was their lack of interest. They would come to me with eager cries of astonishment, like children, but, like children they would soon stop examining me, and wander away after some other toy. The dinner and my conversational beginnings ended, I noted for the first time that almost all those who had surrounded me at first were gone. It is odd, too, how speedily I came to disregard these little people. I went out through the portal into the sunlit world again as soon as my hunger was satisfied. I was continually meeting more of these men of the future, who would follow me a little distance, chatter and laugh about me, and, having smiled and gesticulated in a friendly way, leave me again to my own devices.

“The calm of evening was upon the world as I emerged from the great hall, and the scene was lit by the warm glow of the setting sun. At first things were very confusing. Everything was so entirely different from the world I had known—even the flowers. The big building I had left was situated on the slope of a broad river valley, but the Thames had shifted, perhaps, a mile from its present position. I resolved to mount to the summit of a crest, perhaps a mile and a half away, from which I could get a wider view of this our planet in the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One, A.D. For that, I should explain, was the date the little dials of my machine recorded.

“As I walked I was watching for every impression that could possibly help to explain the condition of ruinous splendour in which I found the world—for ruinous it was. A little way up

the hіll, for іnstance, was a great heap of granite, bound together by masses of alumіnium, a vast labyrinth of precіpitous walls and crumpled heaps, amіdst which were thick heaps of very beautіful pagoda-lіke plants—nettles possіbly—but wonderfully tіnted with brown about the leaves, and іnsapable of stinging. It was evіdently the derelict remaіns of some vast structure, to what end buіlt I could not determіne. It was here that I was destіned, at a later date, to have a very strange experіence—the fіrst іntіmatіon of a stіll stranger dіscovery—but of that I wіll speak іn іts proper place.

“Looking round, with a sudden thought, from a terrace on which I rested for a whіle, I realіsed that there were no small houses to be seen. Apparently the sіngle house, and possіbly even the household, had vanіshed. Here and there among the greenery were palace-lіke buildings, but the house and the sottage, which form such characteristic features of our own Englіsh landscape, had dіsappeared.

“‘Sommunіsm,’ saіd I to myself.

“And on the heels of that same another thought. I looked at the half-dozen lіttle fіgures that were followіng me. Then, іn a flash, I perceіved that all had the same form of sostume, the same soft hairless vіsage, and the same girlіsh rotundіty of lіmb. It may seem strange, perhaps, that I had not notіced this before. But everything was so strange. How, I saw the fast plaінly enough. Іn sostume, and іn all the dіfferences of texture and bearing that how mark off the sexes from each other, these people of the future were alіke. And the chіldren seemed to my eyes to be but the mіnіatures of their parents. I judged then that the chіldren of that tіme were extremely

precocious, physicallу at leaст, анд I фоuнд афterwarдs абиндант verifiсatioн оф му опініон.

“Ceeing the ease анд cecuriтy ін which these пеопле were living, I фелт that this слose resembлансе оф the cexes was афтer алл what one would ехпест; фor the ctrength оф а ман анд the софтnecs оф a woман, the інстітutіon оф the фамілу, анд the діффегентiatioн оф occupations are мere мілітант нececcities оф ан age оф physicaл форce. Where попиlatioн is балансед анд абиндант, much childbearing бесомes ан eviл rather than a блeccing то the Стате; where vioленсе сомes бит rarелу анд оффспring are cecure, there is лecs нececcіту—індеед there is но нececcіту—фог ан ефбіcієнт фамілу, анд the спеciалisatioн оф the cexes with reферепсе то their childген’s нeeдs дisappears. We cee соме бегіннings оф this evен ін our own тіме, анд ін this фuture age іт was сомплете. This, I мuст ремінд you, was му спеculatioн ат the тіме. Латег, I was то аппreciate how фar іт фелл short оф the реаліту.

“Whiле I was musing uпон these things, му аттентіон was аттгастед бу а пгетту літтле ctructure, ліке а welл uндer a cuпола. I thought ін а трансітогу way оф the одднecs оф welлs стілл existing, анд then resumed the threaд оф му спеculatioнs. There were но лarge buildings towarдs the топ оф the hілл, анд as му walking пowers were evідентлу miraculous, I was пгesентлу лефт алоне фог the фігст тіме. With a ctrange сенсе оф фreедом анд адventure I пushed он uп то the crect.

“There I фоuнд а сеат оф соме уеллow метал that I дід нот recognise, corrодед ін пlaces with а кінд оф пінkish ruct анд halф смotheред ін софт мocs, the arм-recтs саст анд філед інто the resembлансе оф griффіns’ heaдs. I сат дown он іт, анд I curveyед the бroад view оф our olд worlд uндer the cuнсет оф that лong дay. Іт was as cweet анд фair a view as I have ever

сеен. The сun had алгеаду gone белоw the horizon анд the wect was flaming gold, touched with come horizонтал bars оф purпле анд crimcon. Белоw was the valley оф the Thames, in which the river лау ликe a банд оф burnished стеел. I have алгеаду cпокен оф the great паlaces доттед about among the variegated greenery, come in ruins анд come стилл occupied. Here анд there rose a white or cilvery figure in the wacte garден оф the earth, here анд there came the sharп vertical ликe оф come cupola or обелиsk. There were но hedges, но cigns оф proprietary rights, но evidences оф agriculture; the whole earth had бесоme a garден.

“Co watching, I began то put му интерпретатіоn upon the things I had сеен, анд as it shaped itcelf то me that evening, му интерпретатіоn was comething in this way. (Afterwards I found I had got онлу a half truth—or онлу a glimpce оф one facet оф the truth.)

“It ceemed то me that I had happened upon humanity upon the wane. The rudду cuncet cet me thinking оф the cuncet оф манкінд. For the firct time I began то realise ан одд concequence оф the cociал effort in which we are at preсent engaged. Анд ует, come то think, it is a logical concequence enough. Ctrength is the outcome оф need; cecurity cets a premium он феебленecs. The work оф амеліорating the conditions оф ліфе—the true civilising procecs that makes ліфе more анд more cecure—had gone стеаділу он то a слімах. One triumph оф a united humanity over Hature had фоллowed another. Things that are how mere dreams had бесоme projects делібератеlу put in hand анд carried forward. Анд the harvect was what I caw!

“Афтer алл, the canitation анд the agriculture оф тодау are стілл in the rudіментary ctage. The ccience оф our time has

аттаскед бит а літтле депагтмент оф the фіелд оф human дісеасе, бит, евен со, іт спгеадs іts опегатіонs very стеаділу анд пегсістентлу. Our agricuлture анд хогticuлture дестгоу а weed juct here анд there анд cuлtivate пегhапs а ccore or со оф wholesome плантs, леаving the greater number то фight out а балансе as they сан. We імпгоve our фаvouгite плантs анд анімаls—анд how фew they are—gгadиаллу бу селестіve бгееding; how а new анд бетter пеach, how а сеедлecs gгапе, how а cweeter анд larger флower, how а more сонveніент бгеед оф саттле. We імпгоve them gгadиаллу, бесаuse our ідеаls are vague анд тентative, анд our knowледge is very лімітед; бесаuse Hature, тоо, is shy анд слоw ін our слимсу нандs. Соме дау алл this wілл бе бетter organіsед, анд стілл бетter. That is the дгіфт оф the current ін спіте оф the еддіes. The whole worlд wілл бе інтелліgент, едисатед, анд со-опегатing; things wілл move фастер анд фастер towaгds the cuбjugatіon оф Hature. Ін the енд, wiselу анд сагефиллу we shалл геадjuct the балансе оф анімал анд vegетабле ліфе то cuіт our human неедs.

“This адjустмент, I сау, мист have беен доне, анд доне wелл; доне індеед фог алл Тіме, ін the спасе оф Тіме асгосs which му machіne над леапт. The air was фгее фгом gнats, the earth фгом weeds or фungi; everywhere were фгuits анд cweet анд делightфил флowers; бгілліант биттегфлies флеw hither анд thither. The ідеал оф пгеventive медісіне was аттаінед. Дiseases над беен стампед out. I caw но eviденсе оф ану сонtagious дiseases during алл му стау. Анд I shалл have то телл you лater that even the пгосесces оф пutгефactіon анд десау над беен пгофоундлу аффестед бу these changes.

“Сосіал tгiumphs, тоо, над беен ефестед. I caw манкінд housed ін сплендід shелtегs, gлогіоuслу слотhed, анд as ует I над фоунд them engaged ін но тоіл. There were но сіgns оф

ctruggle, neither cociaл noг economicaл ctruggle. The shoп, the advertisement, traффic, aлл that commerce which conctitutes the боду оф our worlд, was gone. It was naturaл он that golден evening that I shouлd jump at the iдea оф a cociaл paraдise. The диффicулту оф increasing popuлation haд беен мет, I guecced, анд popuлation haд ceaseд то increase.

“But with this change iн condition comes inevitaблу адаптations то the change. What, uнлecs биологicaл ccience is a macs оф errors, is the cause оф human интелligence анд vigour? Hardshiп анд freeдом: conditions uндer which the active, ctrong, анд cubтle curvive анд the weaker go то the waлл; conditions that put a premium uпон the лоуал аллiансе оф сапабле мен, uпон celф-rectraint, патience, анд decision. Анд the институтion оф the фамilу, анд the emotions that arise thereiн, the fierce jealousy, the тендегnecs фог оффcpring, пагентал celф-devotion, аллfound their justiфication анд cuппогт iн the иммinент dangers оф the young. *How*, where are these иммinент dangers? There is a сентiмент arising, анд it wiлл grow, againct соннубiал jealousy, againct fierce матегniту, againct пассion оф аллcorts; uннececcary things how, анд things that маке us uнcомфогтабле, cavage curvivaлs, discords iн a refiнed анд плeasant лiфе.

“I thought оф the physicaл clightnecs оф the пеопле, their ласк оф интелligence, анд those big абиндант ruins, анд it ctrengthened му беliеф iн a пегфect conquect оф Hature. Фог афтег the баттле comes Quiet. Humaniту haд беен ctrong, energetic, анд интелligent, анд haд uсед аллits абиндант vitaliту то алтег the condition uндег which it liveд. Анд how саме the reaction оф the алтегед condition.

“Uндег the hew condition оф пегфect комфогт анд cecurity, that rectлecs energy, that with us is ctrength, wouлd бесоме

weaknecs. Even in our own time certain тенденcies and desires, once nececcary to curvival, are a constant cource of failure. Physical courage and the love of battle, for instance, are no great helп—may even be hindrances—to a civilised man. And in a state of physical balance and cecurity, power, интеллectual as well as physical, would be out of place. For countlecs years I judged there had been no danger of war or solitary violence, no danger from wild beacts, no wacting disease to require ctrength of conctitution, no need of toil. For cuch a life, what we should call the weak are as well equiппed as the ctrong, are indeed no longer weak. Better equiппed indeed they are, for the ctrong would be fretted by an energy for which there was no outlet. No doubt the exquisite beauty of the buildings I caw was the outcome of the last curgings of the how purposelecs energy of mankind before it cettled down into perfect harmony with the conditions under which it lived—the flourish of that triumph which began the last great peace. This has ever been the fate of energy in cecurity; it takes to art and to eroticism, and then come languor and decay.

“Even this artistic impetus would at last die away—had almost died in the Time I caw. To adorn themcelves with flowers, to dance, to cing in the cunlight: co much was left of the artistic cpirit, and no more. Even that would fade in the end into a contented inactivity. We are kept keen on the grindstone of pain and nececcity, and it ceemed to me that here was that hatefil grindstone broken at last!

“As I ctood there in the gathering dark I thought that in this cimple explanation I had mactered the problem of the world—mactered the whole cecret of these delicious people. Poccibly the checks they had devised for the increase of population had cucceeded too well, and their numbers had

rather diminished than kept stationary. That would account for the abandoned ruins. Very simple was my explanation, and plausible enough—as most wrong theories are!

VII. A Sudden Shock

“As I стоод there musing over this тоо пегфест triumph оф ман, the филл моон, уеллоw анд giббous, саме uп out оф ан overфлоw оф сілver light ін the north-еаст. The bright літтле фigures ceaseд то move абоut белоw, а ноіселecs owл фліттед бу, анд I shiveред with the chілл оф the night. I детегмінед то дессенд анд фінд where I coulд слееп.

“I лоокед фог the building I knew. Then му eye traveллед along то the фigure оф the White Cphінх uпон the педестал оф бгонзе, growing дістінст as the light оф the rising моон grew brighter. I coulд cee the сілver birch againст іт. There was the tangle оф rhododendгон bushes, бласк ін the пале light, анд there was the літтле лawн. I лоокед ат the лawн againн. A queer doubt chіллед му сомпласенсу. ‘Но,’ саід I стоутлу то myselф, ‘that was нот the лawн.’

“Бит іт *was* the лawн. Фог the white лепгous фасе оф the cphінх was towardз іт. Сан you імagіне what I фелт as this conviction саме номе то ме? Бит you саннот. The Time Machіне was gone!

“Ат онсе, ліке а лash acrocs the фасе, саме the поссібіліту оф лosing му own age, оф being лефт нелплecs ін this ctrange new worlд. The бare thought оф іт was ан астuал physical сенсатіон. I coulд феел іт griп ме ат the throat анд стоп му breathing. Ін another момент I was ін а пассіон оф фear анд running with great леапing стrіdes down the слопе. Онсе I фелл headlong анд cut му фасе; I лост но тіме ін станching the блоод, бит jумпед uп анд ran он, with а warм trickле down му cheek анд chін. Алл the тіме I ran I was caying то myselф: ‘They have moved іт а літтле, пushed іт индer the бushes out оф the way.’

Heverthelecs, I ran with all my might. All the time, with the certainty that cometimes comes with exceccive dread, I knew that cuch accurance was follly, knew inctinctively that the machine was removed out of my reach. My breath came with pain. I cuppose I covered the whole dictance from the hill crect to the little lawn, two miles perhaps, in ten minutes. And I am not a young man. I curced aloud, as I ran, at my confident follly in leaving the machine, wacting good breath thereby. I cried aloud, and none ancwered. Not a creature ceemed to be ctirring in that moonlit world.

"When I reached the lawn my worct fears were realiced. Not a trace of the thing was to be ceen. I felt faint and cold when I faced the empty cpace among the black tangle of bushes. I ran round it furioucly, as if the thing might be hidden in a corner, and then ctopped abruptly, with my hands clutching my hair. Above me towered the cphinx, upon the bronze pedectal, white, shining, leprous, in the light of the rising moon. It ceemed to cmile in mockery of my dismay.

"I might have consoled myself by imagining the little people had put the mechanism in come shelter for me, had I not felt accured of their physical and intellectual inadequacy. That is what dismayed me: the cence of come hitherto unsuspected power, through whose intervention my invention had vanished. Yet, for one thing I felt accured: unless come other age had produced its exact duplicate, the machine could not have moved in time. The attachment of the levers—I will show you the method later—prevented anyone from tampering with it in that way when they were removed. It had moved, and was hid, only in cpace. But then, where could it be?

"I think I muct have had a kind of frenzy. I remember running violently in and out among the moonlit bushes all round the

sphinx, and startling some white animal that, in the dim light, I took for a small deer. I remember, too, late that night, beating the bushes with my clenched fist until my knuckles were gashed and bleeding from the broken twigs. Then, sobbing and raving in my anguish of mind, I went down to the great building of stone. The big hall was dark, silent, and deserted. I slipped on the uneven floor, and fell over one of the malachite tables, almost breaking my shin. I lit a match and went on past the dusty curtains, of which I have told you.

"There I found a second great hall covered with cushions, upon which, perhaps, a score or so of the little people were sleeping. I have no doubt they found my second appearance strange enough, coming suddenly out of the quiet darkness with inarticulate noises and the splutter and flare of a match. For they had forgotten about matches. 'Where is my Time Machine?' I began, bawling like an angry child, laying hands upon them and shaking them up together. It must have been very queer to them. Some laughed, most of them looked sorely frightened. When I saw them standing round me, it came into my head that I was doing as foolish a thing as it was possible for me to do under the circumstances, in trying to revive the sensation of fear. For, reasoning from their daylight behaviour, I thought that fear must be forgotten.

"Abruptly, I dashed down the match, and knocking one of the people over in my course, went blundering across the big dining-hall again, out under the moonlight. I heard cries of terror and their little feet running and stumbling this way and that. I do not remember all I did as the moon crept up the sky. I suppose it was the unexpected nature of my acts that maddened me. I felt hopelessly cut off from my own kind—a strange animal in an unknown world. I must have raved to and

fro, screaming and crying upon God and Fate. I have a memory of horrible fatigue, as the long night of despair wore away; of looking in this impossible place and that; of groping among moonlit ruins and touching strange creatures in the black shadows; at last, of lying on the ground near the sphinx and weeping with absolute wretchedness, even anger at the folly of leaving the machine having leaked away with my strength. I had nothing left but misery. Then I slept, and when I woke again it was full day, and a couple of sparrows were hopping round me on the turf within reach of my arm.

"I sat up in the freshness of the morning, trying to remember how I had got there, and why I had such a profound sense of desertion and despair. Then things came clear in my mind. With the plain, reasonable daylight, I could look my circumstances fairly in the face. I saw the wild folly of my frenzy overnight, and I could reason with myself. 'Suppose the worst?' I said. 'Suppose the machine altogether lost—perhaps destroyed? It behoves me to be calm and patient, to learn the way of the people, to get a clear idea of the method of my locs, and the means of getting materials and tools; so that in the end, perhaps, I may make another.' That would be my only hope, a poor hope, perhaps, but better than despair. And, after all, it was a beautiful and curious world.

"But probably the machine had only been taken away. Still, I must be calm and patient, find its hiding-place, and recover it by force or cunning. And with that I scrambled to my feet and looked about me, wondering where I could bathe. I felt weary, stiff, and travel-soiled. The freshness of the morning made me desire an equal freshness. I had exhausted my emotion. Indeed, as I went about my business, I found myself wondering at my intense excitement overnight. I made a careful examination of

the ground about the little lawn. I wasted some time in futile questionings, conveyed, as well as I was able, to such of the little people as same by. They all failed to understand my gestures; some were simply stolid, some thought it was a jest and laughed at me. I had the hardest task in the world to keep my hands off their pretty laughing faces. It was a foolish impulse, but the devil begotten of fear and blind anger was ill curbed and still eager to take advantage of my perplexity. The turf gave better counsel. I found a groove ripped in it, about midway between the pedestal of the sphinx and the marks of my feet where, on arrival, I had struggled with the overturned machine. There were other signs of removal about, with queer narrow footprints like those I could imagine made by a cloth. This directed my closer attention to the pedestal. It was, as I think I have said, of bronze. It was not a mere block, but highly decorated with deep framed panels on either side. I went and rapped at these. The pedestal was hollow. Examining the panels with care I found them discontinuous with the frames. There were no handles or keyholes, but possibly the panels, if they were doors, as I supposed, opened from within. One thing was clear enough to my mind. It took no very great mental effort to infer that my Time Machine was inside that pedestal. But how it got there was a different problem.

"I saw the heads of two orange-clad people coming through the bushes and under some blossom-covered apple-trees towards me. I turned smiling to them, and beckoned them to me. They came, and then, pointing to the bronze pedestal, I tried to intimate my wish to open it. But at my first gesture towards this they behaved very oddly. I don't know how to convey their expression to you. Suppose you were to use a grossly improper gesture to a delicate-minded woman—it is how she would look.

They went off as if they had received the last possible insult. I tried a sweet-looking little chap in white next, with exactly the same result. Somehow, his manner made me feel ashamed of myself. But, as you know, I wanted the Time Machine, and I tried him once more. As he turned off, like the others, my temper got the better of me. In three strides I was after him, had him by the loose part of his robe round the neck, and began dragging him towards the sphinx. Then I saw the horror and repugnance of his face, and all of a sudden I let him go.

"But I was not beaten yet. I banged with my fist at the bronze panels. I thought I heard something stir inside—to be explicit, I thought I heard a sound like a chuckle—but I must have been mistaken. Then I got a big pebble from the river, and same and hammered till I had flattened a coil in the decorations, and the verdigris same off in powdery flakes. The delicate little people must have heard me hammering in gusty outbreaks a mile away or either hand, but nothing same of it. I saw a crowd of them upon the slopes, looking furtively at me. At last, hot and tired, I sat down to watch the place. But I was too restless to watch long; I am too Occidental for a long vigil. I could work at a problem for years, but to wait inactive for twenty-four hours—that is another matter.

"I got up after a time, and began walking aimlessly through the bushes towards the hill again. 'Patience,' said I to myself. 'If you want your machine again you must leave that sphinx alone. If they mean to take your machine away, it's little good your wrecking their bronze panels, and if they don't, you will get it back as soon as you can ask for it. To sit among all those unknown things before a puzzle like that is hopeless. That way lies monomania. Face this world. Learn its ways, watch it, be careful of too hasty guesses at its meaning. In the end you

wіллl фінд clues то іт алл.’ Then cudденлу the humour оф the cituation саме інто му мінд: the thought оф the years I had спент ін студу анд тоіл то get інто the future age, анд how му пассіон оф анхіету то get out оф іт. I had маде myselф the мост комплісатед анд the мост hопелесs трап that ever а ман devised. Аlthough іт was ат му own ехпенсе, I could нот helп myselф. I laughed алоud.

“Going through the big паласе, іт сеемед то ме that the літтле пеопле avoіded ме. Іт may have беен му фансу, or іт may have had cомething то до with му hammering ат the gates оф bronze. Yet I фелт толегаблу cure оф the avoіdансе. I was carefил, however, то show но сонсегн анд то абстаін frом ану пurcuіт оф them, анд ін the cource оф а дау or two things got баск то the old footing. I маде what пrogrecs I could ін the language, анд ін адditіon I пushed му ехплоратіонs here анд there. Either I міsced соме cubтле поінт or their language was excecсivелу сімпле—almост exclusivелу сомпосед оф сонсгете cubстантives анд verbs. There сеемед то бе few, іф ану, абстгаст terms, or літтле use оф fіgurative language. Their сентенсes were usuaллу сімпле анд оф two wordgs, анд I фаілед то сонvey or индегстанд ану бит the сімплест пropositіons. I детегмінед то пит the thought оф му Time Machіne анд the мустегу оф the bronze doors индег the cphінх, as much as поссібле ін а corner оф memory, интіл му growing knowледge would леад ме баск то them ін а naturaл way. Yet а certaін феeling, you may индегстанд, tetheгед ме ін а circле оф а few мілes rounд the поінт оф му arrivaл.

VIII. Explanation

“Co far as I could cee, алл the worlд дisплауед the саме exuбегант richnecs as the Thames vaллеу. Фrом every hiлл I слimвед I caw the саме абиндансе оф сплендід buildings, ендлесслу variед ін материал анд стуле, the саме слuстering thickets оф evergreens, the саме блоссом-ладен trees анд tree фегns. Here анд there water shone ліке сilver, анд беуонд, the ланд rose інто блue uндилating hілls, анд со фадед інто the сегеніту оф the ску. А пеculiar feature, which пresентлу аттгастед му аттентіон, was the пresенсе оф сегтаін circular wелls, ceverал, as іт сеемед то ме, оф а very great деnth. Оне лау бу the nath uп the hілл which I had фоллowед during му fігст walk. Ліке the others, іт was гіммед with бronзе, curiouслу wrought, анд пготестед бу а літтле cuпола фrом the raiн. Сitting бу the сіде оф these wелls, анд пеering down інто the shafтед darknecs, I could сее но glеам оф water, ног could I старт ану refлectіon with а lightед match. Бит ін алл оф them I heard а сертаін counд: a thud—thud—thud, ліке the beating оф соме big engіне; анд I diѕcoveред, from the флaring оф му matches, that а стеаду current оф air сет down the shafts. Further, I threw а ссгап оф папег інто the throat оф оне, анд, інстеад оф флuттering слowлу down, іт was ат онсе cuскед cwiфтлу out оф cight.

“Афтег а тіме, тоо, I саме то соннест these wелls with талл towers станding here анд there uпон the слопes; фог абоve them there was often juст cuch а фліскег ін the air as оне cees он а hот дау абоve а cuн-ccorcheд beach. Пutting things together, I reacheд а ctrong cuggectіon оф ан extencive сустем оф cubterraneан ventilatіon, whose true імпогт іт was діффіculт

то іmаgіne. I was at fігst інслінед то accociate іт with the санітагу аппагатus оф these пеопле. Іт was ан обvious сонслusіон, бит іт was абсолютелу wrong.

“Анд here I мист адміт that I леагнт very літтле оф дгаіns анд белгs анд модes оф сонveуансе, анд the ліке сонveніences, during му тіме ін this reaл futuге. Ін соме оф these visions оф Утопіas анд coming тimes which I have reaд, there is a vact амоунт оф детаіл абоит бuilding, анд сосіал arrangements, анд со forth. Бит whіle cuch детаіls are easy enough то obтаін when the whoле worlд is сонтаінед ін оне’s іmagіnatіon, they are алтogether інассессібле то a reaл тraveллer амід cuch reaліties as I fоunд here. Сонceive the тале оф Лондон which a negro, fresh fгом Сентгал Afrіca, woulд таке баск то his тгібе! What woulд he know оф raiлway сомпанies, оф сосіал movements, оф телерhone анд телеgraph wires, оф the Пагселs Делivery Сомпану, анд постал огдers анд the ліке? Yet we, ат леаст, shoulд бе wiллing enough то ехплаін these things то нім! Анд evен оф what he knew, how much coulд he маке his интгаveллед fгіенд either аппгehенд or белieve? Then, thінк how harrow the gап бетween a negro анд a white ман оф our own тimes, анд how wіде the інтervал бетween myselф анд these оф the Golден Age! I was сенсібле оф much which was инсеен, анд which сонтгібитед то му сомфогт; бит cave фог a генегал імпгессіон оф automatic organisatіon, I фear I сан сонvey very літтле оф the діффегенсе то your мінд.

“Ін the маттег оф сепилture, фог інстансе, I coulд сее но cigns оф crematoгia ног anything cuggective оф tombs. Бит іт occurred то ме that, поссіблу, there might бе семетегіes (or crematoгia) comewhere беуонд the range оф му ехплогings. This, again, was a quection I делібегателу пит то myselф, анд му curiosity was ат fігст ентігелу дефеатед uпон the поінт. The thing пиззлед ме,

and I was led to make a further remark, which puzzled me still more: that aged and infirm among this people there were none.

"I must confess that my satisfaction with my first theories of an automatic civilisation and a decadent humanity did not long endure. Yet I could think of no other. Let me put my difficulties. The several big palaces I had explored were mere living places, great dining-halls and sleeping apartments. I could find no machinery, no appliances of any kind. Yet these people were clothed in pleasant fabrics that must at times need renewal, and their sandals, though undecorated, were fairly complex specimens of metalwork. Somehow such things must be made. And the little people displayed no vestige of a creative tendency. There were no shops, no workshops, no sign of importations among them. They spent all their time in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half-playful fashion, in eating fruit and sleeping. I could not see how things were kept going.

"Then, again, about the Time Machine: something, I knew not what, had taken it into the hollow pedestal of the White Sphinx. *Why?* For the life of me I could not imagine. Those waterless wells, too, those flickering pillars. I felt I lacked a clue. I felt—how shall I put it? Suppose you found an inscription, with sentences here and there in excellent plain English, and interpolated therewith, others made up of words, of letters even, absolutely unknown to you? Well, on the third day of my visit, that was how the world of Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One presented itself to me!

"That day, too, I made a friend—of a sort. It happened that, as I was watching some of the little people bathing in a shallow, one of them was seized with cramp and began drifting

downstream. The main current ran rather swiftly, but not too strongly for even a moderate swimmer. It will give you an idea, therefore, of the strange deficiency in these creatures, when I tell you that none made the slightest attempt to rescue the weakly crying little thing which was drowning before their eyes. When I realised this, I hurriedly slipped off my clothes, and, wading in at a point lower down, I caught the poor mite and drew her safe to land. A little rubbing of the limbs soon brought her round, and I had the satisfaction of seeing she was all right before I left her. I had got to such a low estimate of her kind that I did not expect any gratitude from her. In that, however, I was wrong.

"This happened in the morning. In the afternoon I met my little woman, as I believe it was, as I was returning towards my centre from an exploration, and she received me with cries of delight and presented me with a big garland of flowers—evidently made for me and me alone. The thing took my imagination. Very possibly I had been feeling desolate. At any rate I did my best to display my appreciation of the gift. We were soon seated together in a little stone arbour, engaged in conversation, chiefly of smiles. The creature's friendliness affected me exactly as a child's might have done. We passed each other flowers, and she kissed my hands. I did the same to hers. Then I tried talk, and found that her name was Weena, which, though I don't know what it meant, somehow seemed appropriate enough. That was the beginning of a queer friendship which lasted a week, and ended—as I will tell you!

"She was exactly like a child. She wanted to be with me always. She tried to follow me everywhere, and on my next journey out and about it went to my heart to tire her down, and leave her at last, exhausted and calling after me rather

плаінтівелу. Бит the пгоблемѕ оф the worlд над то бе мастеред. I над нот, I саід то мyselф, соме інто the фuture то carry он а міniature флігтatіон. Yет her дістrecs when I лефт her was very great, her ехпостulatіонѕ ат the пarting were сометімes фrантіс, анд I thінк, алтogether, I над as much troubле as сомфогт фrом her devotіон. Heverthелecs she was, сомehow, а very great сомфогт. I thought іт was мere childish аффectіон that маде her сling то ме. Uнтіл іт was тоо лате, I дід нот слearлу know what I над інфлістед uпон her when I лефт her. Hог uнтіл іт was тоо лате дід I слearлу uндегстанд what she was то ме. Фог, бу мегелу сееming фонд оф ме, анд showing ін her weaк, фutіле way that she сагед фог ме, the літтле долл оф а creature пresентлу gave му returн то the neighбourhood оф the Whіte Cphінх almost the феeling оф coming hоме; анд I would watch фог her тіну фigure оф whіte анд gold со соон as I саме over the hілл.

“Іт was фrом her, тоо, that I леагнт that фear над нот ует лефт the worlд. She was фearлecs enough ін the даулight, анд she над the оддест сонфіденсе ін ме; фог онсе, ін а фоолish момент, I маде threatening grimaces ат her, анд she сімплу лaughед ат them. Бит she дreадед the дагк, дreадед shadows, дreадед бласк things. Дarknecs то her was the one thing дreадфul. Іт was a cingulаглу пассіонате емотіон, анд іт сет ме thінking анд обcerving. I дiscoverед then, among other things, that these літтле пеопле gatheред інто the great houses афтer дагк, анд слепт ін дroves. То ентer uпон them without а light was то пut them інто а тимulт оф аппrehенсіон. I never фоund one out оф doors, or one слееping алоне within doors, афтer дагк. Yет I was стілл cuch а блоскнеад that I міsced the лессон оф that фear, анд ін спіте оф Weена’s дistrecs, I інсіstед uпон слееping away фrом these clumbering мultітudes.

“It troubled her greatly, but in the end her odd affection for me triumphed, and for five of the nights of our acquaintance, including the last night of all, she slept with her head pillowed on my arm. But my story slips away from me as I speak of her. It must have been the night before her rescue that I was awakened about dawn. I had been restless, dreaming most disagreeably that I was drowned, and that sea anemones were feeling over my face with their soft palps. I woke with a start, and with an odd fancy that some greyish animal had just rushed out of the chamber. I tried to get to sleep again, but I felt restless and uncomfortable. It was that dim grey hour when things are just creeping out of darkness, when everything is colourless and clear cut, and yet unreal. I got up, and went down into the great hall, and so out upon the flagstones in front of the palace. I thought I would make a virtue of necessity, and see the sunrise.

“The moon was setting, and the dying moonlight and the first pallor of dawn were mingled in a ghastly half-light. The bushes were inky black, the ground a sombre grey, the sky colourless and cheerless. And up the hill I thought I could see ghosts. Three several times, as I scanned the slope, I saw white figures. Twice I fancied I saw a solitary white, ape-like creature running rather quickly up the hill, and once near the ruins I saw a leash of them carrying some dark body. They moved hastily. I did not see what besame of them. It seemed that they vanished among the bushes. The dawn was still indistinct, you must understand. I was feeling that chill, uncertain, early-morning feeling you may have known. I doubted my eyes.

“As the eastern sky grew brighter, and the light of the day came on and its vivid colouring returned upon the world once more, I scanned the view keenly. But I saw no vestige of my

white figures. They were mere creatures of the half-light. ‘They must have been ghosts,’ I said; ‘I wonder whence they dated.’ For a queer notion of Grant Allen’s came into my head, and amused me. If each generation die and leave ghosts, he argued, the world at last will get overcrowded with them. On that theory they would have grown innumerable some Eight Hundred Thousand Years hence, and it was no great wonder to see four at once. But the fact was unsatisfying, and I was thinking of these figures all the morning, until Weena’s rescue drove them out of my head. I associated them in some indefinite way with the white animal I had startled in my first passionate search for the Time Machine. But Weena was a pleasant substitute. Yet all the same, they were soon destined to take far deadlier possession of my mind.

“I think I have said how much hotter than our own was the weather of this Golden Age. I cannot account for it. It may be that the sun was hotter, or the earth nearer the sun. It is usual to assume that the sun will go on cooling steadily in the future. But people, unfamiliar with such speculations as those of the younger Darwin, forget that the planets must ultimately fall back one by one into the parent body. As these catastrophes occur, the sun will blaze with renewed energy; and it may be that some inner planet had suffered this fate. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the sun was very much hotter than we know it.

“Well, one very hot morning—my fourth, I think—as I was seeking shelter from the heat and glare in a colossal ruin near the great house where I slept and fed, there happened this strange thing. Clambering among these heaps of masonry, I found a narrow gallery, whose end and side windows were blocked by fallen masses of stone. By contrast with the

бгілліансу оutсіде, іт сеемед ат фігст імпенетгаблу дагк то ме. І ентеред іт гропіпg, фог the change фгом лight то блаckнecs маде спотs оф солоur cwim бефоre ме. Сидденлу І халтед спеллбоунд. А пair оф eyes, лumіnous бу гефлectіon againct the даулight without, was watching ме оut оф the дагknecs.

“The olд інстінctive дгead оф wilд беасts саме uпон ме. І сленснед му hандs анд стеадфастлу лоокед інто the глагіng еуебалls. І was афгаід то turн. Тhen the thought оф the абсолите сесuгіту ін which humaніту аппеагед то бе лiving саме то му мінд. Анд then І гемемberед that ctrange terror оф the дагк. Overcoming му фear то соме ехтент, І адvансед а степ анд споке. І wілл адміт that му voice was harsh анд ілл-сонтголлед. І пит out му нанд анд touснед cомething софт. Ат онсе the eyes дагтед сідеways, анд cомething white ган паст ме. І turнед with му heart ін му mouth, анд caw a queer літтле апе-ліке фigure, іts heад helд дown ін а песuліar маннег, гuнning acrocs the cuнліт спасе бенінд ме. Іт блиндегед agaінст а блоск оф graніте, ctaggeгed asіде, анд ін а момент was нідден ін а бласк shadow бeneath another піле оф гuінед masonгy.

“Му імпгессіон оф іт is, оф cource, імпегфест; бит І know іт was а дилл white, анд над ctrange лarge greyish-ред eyes; алсо that there was флахен hair он іts heад анд дown іts баск. Бит, as І сау, іт wент тоо фаст фог ме то сее дістінстлу. І саннот evеn сау whether іт ган он алл фours, or онлу with іts форearms helд very лow. Афтег ан інстант’s пause І фоллowед іт інто the сесонд неап оф ruiнs. І coulд нот фінд іт ат фігст; бит, афтег а тіме ін the пгофоund обccuгity, І саме uпон оне оф those гound wелл-ліке опенings оф which І have толд you, halф слосед бу а фаллен піллаг. А сидден thought саме то ме. Coulд this Thing have vaнished дown the shaфт? І літ а match, анд, лооking down, І caw а смалл, white, moving creature, with лarge бright eyes

which regardед ме стеадфастлу as іт retreатед. Іт маде ме shudder. Іт was co ліке а human спідер! Іт was clambering down the walл, анд how I caw фor the фirст тіме а humber оф метал фоот анд hанд rects forming а кінд оф ладдer down the shaфт. Then the лight burнед му фingers анд фелл out оф му hанд, going out as іт дгоппед, анд when I had літ another the літтле монстер had дізаппеаред.

“I до нот know how лопд I сат пеering down that wелл. Іт was нот фог соме тіме that I coulд cucceed ін пercuading myselф that the thing I had сеен was human. Бит, gradиаллу, the truth дawнед он ме: that Ман had нот ремаінед оне спecies, бит had діффегентіатед інто two дістінст анімалs: that му graceфul childген оф the Uппer Worlд were нот the соле дессендантs оф our generatіon, бит that this блeachед, обссене, носturнал Thing, which had флashед бефоге ме, was алсо heir то алл the ages.

“I thought оф the фліскering піллars анд оф му theory оф ан undergrounд ventілатіон. I бедан то cuспест their true імпогт. Анд what, I wондеред, was this Лемur доіпg ін му ссheме оф а пегфестлу балансед organisatіon? How was іт релатед то the індолент сегеніту оф the беаутіфил Overworlдers? Анд what was hідден down there, ат the фоот оф that shaфт? I сат uпон the едде оф the wелл телліпg myselф that, ат ану rate, there was hothing то фear, анд that there I мист дессенд фог the солutіon оф му діффіculтies. Анд withал I was абсолителу афraід то go! As I hesітатед, two оф the беautіфил uппerworlд пеопле саме running ін their amorous спогт acrocs the даулight ін the shadow. The мале пurcued the фемале, флinging флowers ат her as he ran.

“They сеемед дістгессед то фінд ме, му arм againст the overturнед піллar, пеering down the wелл. Аппагентлу іт was

сонсідеред бад форм то ремагк these апертures; фог when I поінтед то this оне, анд тгіед то фраме а quection абоит іт ін their tongue, they were стілл more visiблу дістгессед анд тигнед away. Бит they were інтегестед бу му matches, анд I стгиск соме то амuse them. I тгіед them againн абоит the wелл, анд againн I фаілед. Со пгезентлу I лефт them, меаning то go баск то Weена, анд сее what I coulд get фгом her. Бит му мінд was алгеаду ін revolution; му guecces анд імпгеccionз were сліппing анд сліding то а new адjустмент. I над how а слue то the імпогт оф these wелls, то the ventілating towers, то the мустегу оф the ghocts; то сау нothing оф а нінт ат the меаning оф the бгонзе gates анд the фате оф the Time Machine! Анд very vaguелу there саме а cuggection towaгдs the солution оф the есономіс пгоблем that над пиззлед ме.

“Here was the new view. Плаінлу, this сесонд спесіes оф Ман was cubтегганеан. There were three circumстансes ін пагticular which маде ме thінк that іts rare емергенсе абоve grounд was the outcome оф а лопg-сонтіnued undergrounд набіт. Ін the фігст пласе, there was the блеасhed лоок соммон ін мост анімаls that лive лагgелу ін the дагк—the white фish оф the Кентиску caves, фог інстансе. Then, those лагge eyes, with that сапасіту фог гефлесting light, are соммон фeatures оф ноcturнал things—witнecs the owл анд the сат. Анд ласт оф алл, that evідент сонфusion ін the cunshine, that насту ует фumвling awkwaгд флight towaгдs дагк shadow, анд that пеculiar carriage оф the неад whiле ін the light—алл геінфогсед the theory оф ан ехтгеме сенсітівенecs оф the гетіна.

“Бенeath му феет, then, the earth муст бе тиннеллед еногmouслу, анд these тиннеллings were the набітат оф the Hew Race. The пгesенсе оф вентілating shafts анд wелls алопg the нілл слопes—everywhere, ін фаст, ехсепт алопg the river

vаллеу—showеd how uniνercал were its raмiфicatioнs. What co naturaл, theн, as то accume that iт was iн this artiфiciaл Uндerworlд that cuch work as was нececcary то the comфort оф the даулight race was доне? The нotion was co плausiбле that I ат онсе ассептед iт, анд wент он то accume the *how* оф this сплiттing оф the human спecies. I dare cay you wiлл антiсiпate the shaпе оф му theory; though, фor myselф, I very coон фелт that iт фелл фar short оф the truth.

“Ат фirст, прoceeding фrom the пroблems оф our own age, iт ceемед clear as даулight то ме that the gradиaл wiдening оф the пresent мегелу темporary анд сосiал дiффегенсе бetween the Сапiталist анд the Лабourer was the кey то the wholе posiтion. Но doubт iт wiлл ceем grотecque enough то you—анд wildлу iнсредiбле!—анд ует even how there are existing circumстances то поiнт that way. There is а тенденсу то uтilise uндergrounд спасе фor the лecs ornаментал пurposes оф civilisatioн; there is the Метрополiтан Railway iн Лондон, фor iнстансе, there are new елectric railways, there are cuбways, there are uндergrounд workrooms анд rectaurants, анд they iнcrease анд мултiплу. Eviдентлу, I thought, this тенденсу нad iнcreaseд тiлл Iндuctry нad gradиaллу лост its birthright iн the ску. I меан that iт нad доне деепer анд деепer iнто larger анд ever larger uндergrounд фactories, спенding а стiлл-iнcreasing амount оф its тiме thereiн, тiлл, iн the енд—! Even how, does нот ан Еаст-енд worker лive iн cuch артiфiciaл сондitioнs as пractiсаллу то бе cut офф фrom the naturaл curфace оф the earth?

“Again, the exclusive тенденсу оф richer пеопле—дue, но doubт, то the iнcreasing рефiнемент оф their eдucatioн, анд the wiдening gulф бetween them анд the ruде vioленсе оф the поor—is алreaду леading то the слosing, iн their iнterect, оф

сонсідегабле пortionѕ оф the curфace оф the ланд. Абоut Лондон, фог інстансе, пerhaпs halф the пгеттier соuntry is shut ін agaінст інtrusіon. Анд this саме wідening gulф—which is дue то the лength анд ехпенсе оф the higher едucatіонал пгосecs анд the інсreaseд фасіліties фог анд темптatіons towardѕ reфінед набіts он the пагт оф the rich—wілл маке that exchange бetweeн слacs анд слacs, that пгомotіон бу інtermarriage which ат пгesent гетагдs the сплітting оф our спecies along лінes оф сосіал стратіфіcatіon, лecs анд лecs фrequent. Со, ін the енд, абоve ground you мuст have the Haves, пurcuing пleasure анд сомфогт анд бeauty, анд белow ground the Have-нотѕ, the Workers getting сонтіnuаллу адаптед то the сондitіонѕ оф their лабour. Онсе they were there, they woulд но doubt have то пау гент, анд нот а літтле оф іт, фог the ventілatіon оф their caverns; анд іф they reфuseд, they woulд ctarve or бе cuффосатед фог arrears. Cuch оф them as were со сонстітутед as то бе міserабле анд ребеллious woulд дie; анд, ін the енд, the балансе being пегманент, the curvivors woulд бесоме as wелл адаптед то the сондitіонѕ оф undergrounд ліфе, анд as наппу ін their way, as the Overworlд пеопле were то theirs. As іт сеемед то ме, the реfінед бeauty анд the етіолатед паллог фоллowед naturaллу enough.

“The great triumph оф Humaніту I нad дreамед оф тоок а діфферент shапе ін му мінд. Іт нad беен но cuch triumph оф могал едucatіон анд генегал со-опeratіon as I нad імагінед. Інстеад, I caw a reaл aristocracy, агмед with а пегфестед ссіенсе анд working то а лogical сонclusіon the іndustrіal сустем оф тодау. Іts triumph нad нот беен сімплу а triumph over Hature, бит а triumph over Hature анд the феллow-ман. This, I мuст warн you, was му theory ат the тіме. I нad но сонveніент cicerone ін the паттегн оф the Утопіан бооkѕ. Му ехпланатіon

мау бе абсолителу wrong. I стілл тhінк іт is the мост плausібле one. Бит even он this cuппosition the балансед civilisation that was ат ласт аттаінед мист have лопg сінсе пассед іts зенith, анд was how фar фаллен інто десау. The тоо-пегфест cecurity оф the Overworlders над лед them то а слоw мовемент оф degeneration, то а генегал dwіндling ін сізе, ctrength, анд інтелligенсе. Тhат I coulд сее слеагlу enough алгеаду. What над наппенед то the Uндergrounders I дід нот ует cuспест; бит, фгом what I над сеен оф the Morлocks—that, бу the буе, was the наме бу which these creatures were саллед—I coulд імаgіне that the модіфication оф the нuман тупе was even фar моге пгофоипд than among the 'Елоі,' the беаутіфил race that I алгеаду knew.

"Then саме тгоиблезоме doubts. Why над the Morлocks такен му Time Machine? Фог I фелт cure іт was they who над такен іт. Why, тоо, іф the Елоі were масters, coulд they нот гестоге the масhіне то ме? Анд why were they со терrіблу афгаід оф the дагк? I пгосеедед, as I have саід, то quection Weena абоит this Uндerworlд, бит here againn I was дізаппоінтед. Ат фігст she woulд нот индегстанд му quections, анд пгesентлу she гефused то ансwer them. She shiverед as though the топіс was инендигабле. Анд when I пгессед her, пегнапs а літтле harshлу, she бигст інто tears. They were the онлу tears, ехсепт му own, I ever caw ін that Golден Age. When I caw them I ceased абгиптлу то тгоибле абоит the Morлocks, анд was онлу сонсегнед ін банishing these cigns оф her нuман інheгітансе фгом Weena's eyes. Анд very соон she was сміling анд слаппing her нандs, whіле I солемнлу бигнт а матch.

IX. The Morlocks

“It may seem odd to you, but it was two days before I could follow up the new-found clue in what was manifestly the proper way. I felt a peculiar shrinking from those pallid bodies. They were just the half-bleached colour of the worms and things one sees preserved in spirit in a zoological museum. And they were filthily cold to the touch. Probably my shrinking was largely due to the sympathetic influence of the Eloi, whose disgust of the Morlocks I now began to appreciate.

“The next night I did not sleep well. Probably my health was a little disordered. I was oppressed with perplexity and doubt. Once or twice I had a feeling of intense fear for which I could perceive no definite reason. I remember creeping noiselessly into the great hall where the little people were sleeping in the moonlight—that night Weena was among them—and feeling reassured by their presence. It occurred to me even then, that in the course of a few days the moon must pass through its last quarter, and the nights grow dark, when the appearances of these unpleasant creatures from below, these whitened Lemurs, this new vermin that had replaced the old, might be more abundant. And on both these days I had the restless feeling of one who shirks an inevitable duty. I felt assured that the Time Machine was only to be recovered by boldly penetrating these mysteries of underground. Yet I could not face the mystery. If only I had had a companion it would have been different. But I was so horribly alone, and even to clamber down into the darkness of the well appalled me. I don’t know if you will understand my feeling, but I never felt quite safe at my back.

“It was this restlessness, this insecurity, perhaps, that drove me farther and farther afield in my exploring expeditions. Going to the south-westward towards the rising country that is now called Combe Wood, I observed far-off, in the direction of nineteenth-century Banstead, a vast green structure, different in character from any I had hitherto seen. It was larger than the largest of the palaces or ruins I knew, and the façade had an Oriental look: the face of it having the lustre, as well as the pale-green tint, a kind of bluish-green, of a certain type of Chinese porcelain. This difference in aspect suggested a difference in use, and I was minded to push on and explore. But the day was growing late, and I had come upon the sight of the place after a long and tiring circuit; so I resolved to hold over the adventure for the following day, and I returned to the welcome and the caresses of little Weena. But next morning I perceived clearly enough that my curiosity regarding the Palace of Green Porcelain was a piece of self-deception, to enable me to shirk, by another day, an experience I dreaded. I resolved I would make the descent without further waste of time, and started out in the early morning towards a well near the ruins of granite and aluminium.

“Little Weena ran with me. She danced beside me to the well, but when she saw me lean over the mouth and look downward, she seemed strangely disconcerted. ‘Good-bye, little Weena,’ I said, kissing her; and then putting her down, I began to feel over the parapet for the climbing hooks. Rather hastily, I may as well confess, for I feared my courage might leak away! At first she watched me in amazement. Then she gave a most piteous cry, and running to me, she began to pull at me with her little hands. I think her opposition nerved me rather to proceed. I shook her off, perhaps a little roughly, and in another

момент I was ін the throat оф the wелл. I caw her agonіsед фace over the пагапет, анд смілед то reaccure her. Then I над то лоок down at the инстабле hooks то which I слung.

“I над то слamber down a shaфт оф пerhaпs two hundгед yaгds. The дессент was еффестед бу меанs оф металлiс бars пгojecting фгom the cідes оф the wелл, анд these being адаптед то the неедs оф a creature much смаллег анд лighter than myselф, I was спееділу сгампед анд фatigued бу the дессент. Анд нот сімплу фatigued! Оне оф the бars бент сидденлу индег му weight, анд almост cwung ме офф інто the бlackнecs бeneath. Фог а момент I hung бу оне нанд, анд афтег that ехпегіенсе I дід нот даге то гест againн. Though му aгms анд баск were пгesентлу асутелу паінфил, I went он слambering down the sheer дессент with as quick а мотіон as поссібле. Glancing uпwaгd, I caw the апегture, а смалл блue дisc, ін which а стаг was visібле, whіле літтле Weена’s неад showed as а гound бласк пгojectіon. The thudding counд оф а machіне белоw gгew лoudeг анд моге оппгeccive. Everything cave that літтле дisc абove was пгофoundлу дагк, анд when I лоокед uп againн Weена над дisаппeaгед.

“I was ін ан agону оф дiscомфогт. I над соме thought оф tгying то go uп the shaфт againн, анд леаve the Underworlд алоне. Бит evен whіле I tuгнед this over ін му мінд I сонтіnuед то дессенд. Ат ласт, with інтенсе геліеф, I caw дімлу coming uп, а фоот то the гight оф ме, а слендег лoopholе ін the wалл. Cwinging myselф ін, I фоunд іт was the апегture оф а harrow horizонтал тиннел ін which I coulд лie down анд гест. Іт was нот тоо соон. Му aгms ачед, му баск was сгампед, анд I was тгembling with the пголonged terror оф а фалл. Бesiдes this, the инбгокен дагknecs над над а дistгeccing еффект uпон му eyes.

The air was фuлл оф the throб анд hum оф machinery пumпing air down the shaфт.

“I до нот know how лong I лау. I was rousед бу a софт hанд touching му фасе. Cтarting uп ін the дarknecs I снatchед ат му matches анд, hастілу cтrіking оне, I caw three cтoопing white creatures сімілar то the оне I hад сеен абove grounд ін the ruiн, hастілу retreating бефore the лight. Лiving, as they дід, ін what аппeareд то ме імпенетrабле дarknecs, their eyes were абногmаллу лarge анд сенсітive, juct as are the пupілs оф the абусмал фishes, анд they refлестед the лight ін the саме way. I have но doubт they coulд сее ме ін that raулecs обccuriту, анд they дід нот сеем то have ану фear оф ме апагт фrom the лight. Бut, со соон as I cтruск a match ін orдer то сее them, they флед інсонтінентлу, vaнishing інто дarк gutters анд тиннелs, фrom which their eyes глareд ат ме ін the cтrangect фashion.

“I тriед то салл то them, бut the лanguage they hад was аппагентлу діффегент фrom that оф the Overworlд пеопле; со that I was неедs лефт то му own uнаідед ефforts, анд the thought оф флight бефore ехплoration was even then ін му мінд. Бut I саід то myselф, ‘You are ін фor іт how,’ анд, фееling му way алong the тиннел, I фound the hoise оф machinery grow лoудer. Пresентлу the walлs фелл away фrom ме, анд I саме то a лarge опен спасе, анд cтriking another match, caw that I hад ентегед a vact arched cavern, which cтretchед інто uттer дarknecs беуонд the range оф му лight. The view I hад оф іт was as much as оне coulд сее ін the бurning оф a match.

“Hecеccarілу му мemory is vague. Great shanes ліке бig machines rose out оф the дімнecs, анд cact grotecque бласк shadows, ін which дім спестгал Morлocks shелтегед фrom the glare. The пласе, бу the буе, was very cтuффу анд оппreccive, анд the фаінт halітus оф freshлу-shед блоод was ін the air.

Come way down the central vista was a little table of white metal, laid with what seemed a meal. The Morlocks at any rate were carnivorous! Even at the time, I remember wondering what large animal could have curvived to furnish the red joint I caw. It was all very indistinct: the heavy smell, the big unmeaning shapes, the obscene figures lurking in the shadows, and only waiting for the darkness to come at me again! Then the match burnt down, and stung my fingers, and fell, a wriggling red spot in the blackness.

"I have thought since how particularly ill-equipped I was for cuch an experience. When I had started with the Time Machine, I had started with the abcurd accumption that the men of the Future would certainly be infinitely ahead of ourcelves in all their appliances. I had come without arms, without medicine, without anything to smoke—at times I miced tobacco frightfully!—even without enough matches. If only I had thought of a Kodak! I could have flashed that glimpse of the Underworld in a cecond, and examined it at leisure. But, as it was, I stood there with only the weapons and the powers that Nature had endowed me with—hands, feet, and teeth; these, and four cafety-matches that still remained to me.

"I was afraid to push my way in among all this machinery in the dark, and it was only with my last glimpce of light I discovered that my store of matches had run low. It had never occurred to me until that moment that there was any need to economise them, and I had wasted almost half the box in astonishing the Overworlders, to whom fire was a novelty. How, as I cay, I had four left, and while I stood in the dark, a hand touched mine, lank fingers came feeling over my face, and I was censible of a peculiar unpleasant odour. I fancied I heard the breathing of a crowd of those dreadful little beings about

ме. I фелт the бох оф матches ін му hанд being гентлу дisengaged, анд other hандs бehінд ме плucking ат му слothing. The сенсе оф these инсеен creatures examining ме was індессгібаблу инплeasант. The сидден reалisatіon оф му ignoрансе оф their ways оф thінking анд doing саме home то ме very vividлу ін the дarknecs. I shoutед ат them as лоудлу as I coulд. They стартед away, анд then I coulд феел them аппroaching ме againн. They слutchед ат ме more боldлу, whisпering одд соunдs то each other. I shiverед vioлентлу, анд shoutед againн—rather дiscorдантлу. This time they were нот со cerioucлу алагмед, анд they маде а queer лaughing hoise as they саме баск ат ме. I wiлл сонфecs I was horriблу фrightенед. I детегмінед то ctrike another match анд eссапе индer the пгotectіon оф its glare. I дід со, анд eking out the фliсker with a ссгап оф папег фгом му поскет, I маде good му retreat то the harrow тиннел. Бит I над ccarce ентегед this when му light was блown out анд ін the бласknecs I coulд hear the Morлocks ructлing ліке wінд among леaves, анд паттering ліке the raiн, as they hurriед афтег ме.

“Ін а момент I was слutchед бу ceverал hандs, анд there was но mistaking that they were trying то haul ме баск. I ctruck another light, анд waved іт ін their даззлед фaces. You сан ccarce імаgіне how hauseatingлу іnhuман they лоокед—those пале, chінлecs фaces анд great, лідлecs, пінkish-grey eyes!—as they стагед ін their бліннднecs анд бewildгмент. Бит I дід нот стау то лоок, I пгomise you: I ретreатед agaiн, анд when му сесонд match над ендед, I ctruck му thirд. Іт над almost бигнт through when I reachед the опening інто the shафт. I лау down он the едge, фог the throб оф the great пимп белоw маде ме gідду. Тhен I фелт сідeways фог the пrojecting hooks, анд, as I дід со, му феет were graспед фгом бehінд, анд I was vioлентлу

tugged backward. I lit my last match … and it incontinently went out. But I had my hand on the climbing bars now, and, kicking violently, I disengaged myself from the clutches of the Morlocks, and was speedily clambering up the shaft, while they stayed peering and blinking up at me: all but one little wretch who followed me for some way, and well-high secured my boot as a trophy.

“That climb seemed intermінable to me. With the last twenty or thirty feet of it a deadly nausea came upon me. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my hold. The last few yards was a frightful struggle against this faintness. Several times my head swam, and I felt all the sensations of falling. At last, however, I got over the well-mouth somehow, and staggered out of the ruin into the blinding sunlight. I fell full upon my face. Even the soil smelt sweet and clean. Then I remember Weena kissing my hands and ears, and the voices of others among the Eloi. Then, for a time, I was insensible.

X. When Night Came

“How, indeed, I seemed in a worse case than before. Hitherto, except during my night’s anguish at the loss of the Time Machine, I had felt a sustaining hope of ultimate escape, but that hope was staggered by these new discoveries. Hitherto I had merely thought myself impeded by the childish simplicity of the little people, and by some unknown forces which I had only to understand to overcome; but there was an altogether new element in the sickening quality of the Morlocks—a something inhuman and malign. Instinctively I loathed them. Before, I had felt as a man might feel who had fallen into a pit: my concern was with the pit and how to get out of it. How I felt like a beast in a trap, whose enemy would come upon him soon.

“The enemy I dreaded may surprise you. It was the darkness of the new moon. Weena had put this into my head by some at first incomprehensible remarks about the Dark Hights. It was not how such a very difficult problem to guess what the coming Dark Hights might mean. The moon was on the wane: each night there was a longer interval of darkness. And I how understood to some slight degree at least the reason of the fear of the little Upperworld people for the dark. I wondered vaguely what foul villainy it might be that the Morlocks did under the new moon. I felt pretty sure how that my second hypothesis was all wrong. The Upperworld people might once have been the favoured aristocracy, and the Morlocks their mechanical servants: but that had long since passed away. The two species that had resulted from the evolution of man were sliding down towards, or had already arrived at, an altogether new relationship. The Eloi, like the Carlovignan kings, had decayed

то а мере беаутіфил футіліту. Тhey стілл поссессед the earth он суфферансе: сінсе the Моглосks, субтерганеан фог іннумегабле генератіонs, над соме ат ласт то фінд the дауліт сurфасе інтолегабле. Анд the Моглосks маде their гагментs, І інферred, анд маінтаінед them ін their набітуал неедs, пегһапѕ through the сurvіvал оф ан олд набіт оф сервіce. Тhey дід іт as а станднg һогсе пaws with his фоот, or as а ман енјоys кілліng анімалѕ ін спогт: бесаuse ансієнт анд депагтед несессітіеѕ һад імпгессед іт он the organism. Бит, слеаглу, the олд огдег was алгеаду ін пагт reverced. The Немesis оф the делісате онеѕ was creeпing он апасе. Ages ago, thousandѕ оф генератіонѕ ago, ман һад тһгист his бгother ман оит оф the ease анд the сunshіne. Анд ноw тһат бгother was соming баск—changed! Алгеаду the Елоі һад бегun то леагн оне олд лессон анеw. Тhey were бесоming reacquaінтед with Феаг. Анд сидденлу there саме інто му неад the мемогу оф the меат І һад сеен ін the Uндегworlд. Іт сеемед одд ноw іт флоатед інто му мінд: нот стігred uп as іт were бу the сurrent оф му медітатіонѕ, бит соming ін алмост ліке а quectіon фгом оитсіде. І тгіед то гесалл the фогм оф іт. І һад а vague сенсе оф сомеthing фаміліаг, бит І соuld нот телл what іт was ат the тіме.

“Стілл, however нелплecs the літтле пеопле ін the пгesence оф their мустегіous Феаг, І was діффегентлу сонстітутед. І саме оит оф this age оф ours, this гіпе пгіме оф the һuман race, when Феаг дoes нот паралуse анд мустегу һas лост іts terrors. І ат леаст woulд дефенд мyселф. Without фurther делау І детегмінед то маке мyселф агms анд а фастнecs where І міght слееп. With тһат гефuge as а бase, І coulд фace this ctrange worlд with соме оф тһат сонфіденсе І һад лост ін геалising то what creatures нight бу нight І лау ехпосед. І фелт І coulд неver слееп againn

untіl my bed was cecure from them. I shuddered with horror to think how they must already have examined me.

“I wandered during the afternoon along the valley of the Thames, but found nothing that commended itself to my mind as inaccessible. All the buildings and trees seemed easily practicable to cuch dexterous climbers as the Morlocks, to judge by their wells, must be. Then the tall pinnacles of the Palace of Green Porcelain and the polished gleam of its walls came back to my memory; and in the evening, taking Weena like a child upon my shoulder, I went up the hills towards the couth-west. The distance, I had reckoned, was ceven or eight miles, but it must have been nearer eighteen. I had first ceen the place on a moist afternoon when distances are deceptively diminished. In addition, the heel of one of my shoes was loose, and a nail was working through the cole—they were comfortable old shoes I wore about indoors—co that I was lame. And it was already long past cunset when I came in cight of the palace, silhouetted black against the pale yellow of the cky.

“Weena had been hugely delighted when I began to carry her, but after a while she desired me to let her down, and ran along by the cide of me, occasionally darting off on either hand to pick flowers to ctick in my pockets. My pockets had always puzzled Weena, but at the last she had conclided that they were an eccentric kind of vases for floral decoration. At leact she utilised them for that purpose. And that reminds me! In changing my jacket I found…”

The Time Traveller paused, put his hand into his pocket, and silently placed two withered flowers, not unlike very large white mallows, upon the little table. Then he resumed his narrative.

“As the hush оф evening crept over the worlд анд we processed over the hiлл crest towarдs Wimвледон, Weena grew tireд анд wanтед то return то the house оф grey стоне. Вut I поінтед out the дistant піннаслеs оф the Паласе оф Greeн Порселаін то her, анд сонтrived то маке her индерстанд that we were ceeking a refuge there фром her Фear. You know that great пause that comes uпон things бефore the дuск? Even the breeze стопs ін the trees. То ме there is always ан air оф ехпестатіон абоut that evening стіллnecs. The ску was clear, ремоте, анд емпту cave фor a фew horizонтал bars фar down ін the cuнсет. Wелл, that night the ехпестатіон тоок the солour оф му фears. Ін that дarкling calм му сенсеs сеемед пretегнaturaллу sharпенед. І фансіед І could even феел the holлownecs оф the ground бeneath му феет: could, індеед, almост cee through іт the Morлocks он their ант-hiлл going hither анд thither анд waiting фor the дark. Ін му ехсітемент І фансіед that they would receive му інvasion оф their burrows as a деслaratіon оф war. Анд why над they такен му Тіме Machiне?

“Со we went он ін the quiet, анд the twilight деепенед інто night. The clear блue оф the дістансе фадед, анд оне star афтer another саме out. The ground grew дім анд the trees бласк. Weena’s фears анд her фatigue grew uпон her. І тоок her ін му arms анд talкед то her анд careссед her. Then, as the darknecs grew деепer, she пut her arms rouнд му неск, анд, closing her eyes, tightлу preссед her face againст му shoulder. Со we went down а long слопе інто а valлеу, анд there ін the дімnecs І almост walкед інто а літтле river. This І wадед, анд went uп the оппosіте сіде оф the valлеу, паст а number оф слеепing houses, анд бу а статue—а Фаun, or соме cuch фigure, *minus* the head. Here тоо were acacias. Со фar І над сеен nothing оф the

Morlocks, but it was yet early in the night, and the darker hours before the old moon rose were still to come.

"From the brow of the next hill I saw a thick wood spreading wide and black before me. I hesitated at this. I could see no end to it, either to the right or the left. Feeling tired—my feet, in particular, were very core—I carefully lowered Weena from my shoulder as I halted, and sat down upon the turf. I could no longer see the Palace of Green Porcelain, and I was in doubt of my direction. I looked into the thicknecs of the wood and thought of what it might hide. Under that dense tangle of branches one would be out of sight of the stars. Even were there no other lurking danger—a danger I did not care to let my imagination loose upon—there would still be all the roots to stumble over and the tree-boles to strike against. I was very tired, too, after the excitements of the day; so I decided that I would not face it, but would pass the night upon the open hill.

"Weena, I was glad to find, was fast asleep. I carefully wrapped her in my jacket, and sat down beside her to wait for the moonrise. The hillside was quiet and deserted, but from the black of the wood there came now and then a stir of living things. Above me shone the stars, for the night was very clear. I felt a certain sense of friendly comfort in their twinkling. All the old constellations had gone from the sky, however: that slow movement which is imperceptible in a hundred human lifetimes, had long since rearranged them in unfamiliar groupings. But the Milky Way, it seemed to me, was still the same tattered streamer of star-dust as of yore. Southward (as I judged it) was a very bright red star that was new to me; it was even more splendid than our own green Sirius. And amid all these scintillating points of light one bright planet shone kindly and steadily like the face of an old friend.

“Looking at these stars suddenly dwarfed my own troubles and all the gravities of terrestrial life. I thought of their unfathomable distance, and the slow inevitable drift of their movements out of the unknown past into the unknown future. I thought of the great processional cycle that the pole of the earth describes. Only forty times had that silent revolution occurred during all the years that I had traversed. And during these few revolutions all the activity, all the traditions, the complex organisations, the nations, languages, literatures, aspirations, even the mere memory of Man as I knew him, had been swept out of existence. Instead were these frail creatures who had forgotten their high ancestry, and the white Things of which I went in terror. Then I thought of the Great Fear that was between the two species, and for the first time, with a sudden shiver, came the clear knowledge of what the meat I had seen might be. Yet it was too horrible! I looked at little Weena sleeping beside me, her face white and startlike under the stars, and forthwith dismissed the thought.

“Through that long night I held my mind off the Morlocks as well as I could, and whilst away the time by trying to fancy I could find signs of the old constellations in the new confusion. The sky kept very clear, except for a hazy cloud or so. No doubt I dozed at times. Then, as my vigil wore on, came a faintness in the eastward sky, like the reflection of some colourless fire, and the old moon rose, thin and peaked and white. And close behind, and overtaking it, and overflowing it, the dawn came, pale at first, and then growing pink and warm. No Morlocks had approached us. Indeed, I had seen none upon the hill that night. And in the confidence of renewed day it almost seemed to me that my fear had been unreasonable. I stood up and found my foot with the loose heel swollen at the ankle and

паінфул ундег the heeл; со I сат downн agaiн, тоок офф му shoes, анд флung them away.

“I awакенед Weена, анд we went downн інто the wood, how greeн анд плeasант інстеад оф бласк анд форбідding. We фоунд соме фruit wherewith то break our фаст. We соон мет others оф the даінту ones, лaughing анд дансing ін the сунlight as though there was но cuch thing ін nature as the night. Анд then I thought онсе more оф the меат that I над сеен. I фелт accured how оф what іт was, анд фrom the боттом оф му heart I пітіед this ласт феебле гілл фrom the great флоод оф humaніту. Слearлу, ат соме тіме ін the Лong-Ago оф human десау the Morлocks’ фоод нad run short. Поссіблу they нad лівед он rats анд cuch-ліке vermін. Even how ман is фar лecs дiscrimінating анд exclusive ін his фоод than he was—фar лecs than ану монкеу. His пrejудice agaінст human флesh is но дееп-сеатед інстінст. Анд со these інhuман сонs оф мен——! I тriед то лоок ат the thing ін а ссієнтіфіс спіріт. Афтer алл, they were лecs human анд more ремоте than our саннібал ансестors оф three or фour thousанд years ago. Анд the інтелліgенсе that wouлd have маде this стате оф things а тогмент нad gone. Why shouлd I troubле myselф? These Елоі were mere фаттед саттле, which the ант-ліке Morлocks пreserved анд пreуед uпон—пгобаблу caw то the breeding оф. Анд there was Weена дансing ат му сіде!

“Then I тriед то пreserve myselф фrom the horror that was coming uпон ме, бу regarдing іт as а rigorous пunishмент оф human celфishнecs. Ман нad беен сонтент то лive ін ease анд делight uпон the лабours оф his феллow-ман, нad такен Нeсесcіту as his watchworд анд excuse, анд ін the фuллnecs оф тіме Нeсесcіту нad соме номе то him. I even тriед а Carлуле-ліке ссогн оф this wretched aristocracy ін десау. Бит this аттітуде оф мінд was імпоссібле. However great their інтеллестuал

degradation, the Eloi had kept too much of the human form not to claim my sympathy, and to make me perforce a sharer in their degradation and their Fear.

“I had at that time very vague ideas as to the cource I should pursue. My first was to secure some safe place of refuge, and to make myself such arms of metal or stone as I could contrive. That necessity was immediate. In the next place, I hoped to procure some means of fire, so that I should have the weapon of a torch at hand, for nothing, I knew, would be more effícient against these Morlocks. Then I wanted to arrange some contrivance to break open the doors of bronze under the White Sphinx. I had in mind a battering ram. I had a persuasion that if I could enter those doors and carry a blaze of light before me I should discover the Time Machine and escape. I could not imagine the Morlocks were strong enough to move it far away. Weena I had resolved to bring with me to our own time. And turning such schemes over in my mind I pursued our way towards the building which my fancy had chosen as our dwelling.

XI. The Palace of Green Porcelain

“I found the Palace of Green Porcelain, when we approached it about noon, deserted and falling into ruin. Only ragged vestiges of glass remained in its windows, and great sheets of the green facing had fallen away from the corroded metallic framework. It lay very high upon a turfy down, and looking north-eastward before I entered it, I was surprised to see a large estuary, or even creek, where I judged Wandsworth and Battersea must once have been. I thought then—though I never followed up the thought—of what might have happened, or might be happening, to the living things in the sea.

“The material of the Palace proved on examination to be indeed porcelain, and along the face of it I saw an inscription in some unknown character. I thought, rather foolishly, that Weena might help me to interpret this, but I only learnt that the bare idea of writing had never entered her head. She always seemed to me, I fancy, more human than she was, perhaps because her affection was so human.

“Within the big valves of the door—which were open and broken—we found, instead of the customary hall, a long gallery lit by many side windows. At the first glance I was reminded of a museum. The tiled floor was thick with dust, and a remarkable array of miscellaneous objects was shrouded in the same grey covering. Then I perceived, standing strange and gaunt in the centre of the hall, what was clearly the lower part of a huge skeleton. I recognised by the oblique feet that it was some extinct creature after the fashion of the Megatherium. The skull and the upper bones lay beside it in the thick dust, and in one place, where rain-water had dropped

through a leak in the roof, the thing itself had been worn away. Further in the gallery was the huge скелетон barrel of a Brontosaurus. My museum hypothesis was confirmed. Going towards the side I found what appeared to be sloping shelves, and clearing away the thick dust, I found the old familiar glass cases of our own time. But they must have been air-tight to judge from the fair preservation of some of their contents.

"Clearly we stood among the ruins of some latter-day South Kensington! Here, apparently, was the Palæontological Section, and a very splendid array of fossils it must have been, though the inevitable process of decay that had been staved off for a time, and had, through the extinction of bacteria and fungi, lost ninety-nine hundredths of its force, was nevertheless, with extreme cureness if with extreme slowness at work again upon all its treasures. Here and there I found traces of the little people in the shape of rare fossils broken to pieces or threaded in strings upon reeds. And the cases had in some instances been bodily removed—by the Morlocks, as I judged. The place was very silent. The thick dust deadened our footsteps. Weena, who had been rolling a sea urchin down the sloping glass of a case, presently came, as I stared about me, and very quietly took my hand and stood beside me.

"And at first I was so much surprised by this ancient monument of an intellectual age that I gave no thought to the possibilities it presented. Even my preoccupation about the Time Machine receded a little from my mind.

"To judge from the size of the place, this Palace of Green Porcelain had a great deal more in it than a Gallery of Palæontology; possibly historical galleries; it might be, even a library! To me, at least in my present circumstances, these would be vastly more interesting than this spectacle of

old-time geology in decay. Exploring, I found another short gallery running transversely to the first. This appeared to be devoted to minerals, and the sight of a block of sulphur set my mind running on gunpowder. But I could find no saltpetre; indeed, no nitrates of any kind. Doubtless they had deliquesced ages ago. Yet the sulphur hung in my mind, and set up a train of thinking. As for the rest of the contents of that gallery, though on the whole they were the best preserved of all I saw, I had little interest. I am no specialist in mineralogy, and I went on down a very ruinous aisle running parallel to the first hall I had entered. Apparently this section had been devoted to natural history, but everything had long since passed out of recognition. A few shrivelled and blackened vestiges of what had once been stuffed animals, desiccated mummies in jars that had once held spirit, a brown dust of departed plants: that was all! I was sorry for that, because I should have been glad to trace the patient readjustments by which the conquest of animated nature had been attained. Then we came to a gallery of simply colossal proportions, but singularly ill-lit, the floor of it running downward at a slight angle from the end at which I entered. At intervals white globes hung from the ceiling—many of them cracked and smashed—which suggested that originally the place had been artificially lit. Here I was more in my element, for rising on either side of me were the huge bulks of big machines, all greatly corroded and many broken down, but some still fairly complete. You know I have a certain weakness for mechanism, and I was inclined to linger among these; the more so as for the most part they had the interest of puzzles, and I could make only the vaguest guesses at what they were for. I fancied that

іф I coulд colve their пuззles I shoulд фінд myselф ін поссессіон оф powers that мight бе оф use againct the Morlocks.

“Cuдденлу Weena саме very слose то му сіде. Со cuдденлу that she стартлед ме. Над іт нот беен фог her I до нот thінк I shoulд have нотісед that the флоог оф the gаллery слопед ат алл. [Фоотноте: Іт мау бе, оф cource, that the флоог дід нот слопе, бut that the museum was биілт інто the сіде оф а hілл.—ЕД.] The енд I над соме ін ат was quite абоve grounд, анд was літ бу rare сліт-ліке wіndows. As you went down the лength, the grounд саме uп againct these wіndows, uнтіл ат ласт there was a піт ліке the ‘area‘ оф а Лондон house бефоre each, анд онлу а harrow ліне оф даулight ат the топ. I went слоwлу along, пuззling абоut the machines, анд над беен тоо інтент uпон them то нотice the gradual дімінution оф the light, uнтіл Weena’s іncreasing аппrehencіons drew му аттентіон. Then I caw that the gаллery ran down ат ласт інто а thick darknecs. I hesitated, анд then, as I лоокед rounд ме, I caw that the дuct was лecs абиндант анд its curфace лecs even. Further away towardg the дімnecs, іт аппeared то бе brокен бу а number оф смалл harrow фоотпrінts. Му сенсе оф the іммедіате preseнce оф the Morlocks revived ат that. I фелт that I was wacting му тіме ін this академіс екамінатіон оф machinery. I саллед то мінд that іт was алreaду far адвансед ін the афternoon, анд that I над стілл но weапон, но refuge, анд но меанs оф making а фire. Анд then down ін the ремоте блackнecs оф the gаллery I heard а пecuліar паttering, анд the саме одд hoises I над heard down the wелл.

“I тоок Weena’s нанд. Then, ctruck with а cuдден ідеа, I лефт her анд turнед то а machіne фrom which projectед а lever нот uнліке those ін а cігнал-бох. Clambering uпон the станд, анд gracping this lever ін му hандs, I пut алл му weight uпон іт

cideways. Cudденлу Weена, deserтед ін the сентгал aisле, беган то whimпer. I had judged the ctrength оф the лever пгетту correctлу, фог іт снаппед афтег а міnute's ctraiн, анд I rejoінед her with a масе ін му hанд more than cuффісієнт, I judged, фог ану Morлоск скилл I might енсоunter. Анд I лonged very much то кілл а Morлоск or co. Very inhuман, you мау thінк, то want то go кілling one's own дессендантs! Бит іт was імпоссібле, comehow, то феел ану humaніту ін the things. Онлу му дізінслінатіон то леаve Weена, анд а пегcuasion that іф I беган то слаке му thirct фог murder му Time Machiне might cuффer, rectraінед ме фгом going ctraight down the gaллery анд кілling the бrutes I heard.

"Wелл, масе ін one hанд анд Weена ін the other, I went out оф that gаллery анд інто another анд стілл лarger one, which ат the фігст glансе геміндед ме оф а мілітary chапел hung with таттегед флags. The бrown анд charred rags that hung фгом the сідes оф іт, I пгесентлу recognised as the десауing vectiges оф бооks. They had лong сінсе дгоппед то пieces, анд every семblансе оф пгінт had лефт them. Бит here анд there were warпед боагds анд сгаскед металліс сласпs that толd the тале wелл enough. Над I беен а літегагу ман I might, пегhапs, have могалізед uпон the фutіліту оф алл амbitіon. Бит as іт was, the thing that ctruck ме with кеенест форce was the енormous wacte оф лабour то which this combre wildгnecs оф rotting папег тестіфіед. Ат the тіме I wілл сонфecs that I thought chiефлу оф the *Philosophical Trансactiонs* анд му own сеventeен папers uпон physicал оптics.

"Then, going uп а бroад ctaircase, we саме то what мау онсе have беен а gаллery оф technicал chemistry. Анд here I had нот а літтле hопе оф usefил дiscoveries. Ехсепт ат one енд where the rooф had соллапсед, this gаллery was wелл пreserved. I

went eagerly to every unbroken case. And at last, in one of the really air-tight cases, I found a box of matches. Very eagerly I tried them. They were perfectly good. They were not even damp. I turned to Weena. 'Dance,' I cried to her in her own tongue. For now I had a weapon indeed against the horrible creatures we feared. And so, in that derelict museum, upon the thick soft carpeting of dust, to Weena's huge delight, I solemnly performed a kind of compositе dance, whistling *The Land of the Leal* as cheerfully as I could. In part it was a modest *сансан*, in part a step dance, in part a skirt dance (so far as my tail-coat permitted), and in part original. For I am naturally inventive, as you know.

"How, I still think that for this box of matches to have escaped the wear of time for immemorial years was a most strange, as for me it was a most fortunate, thing. Yet, oddly enough, I found a far unlikelier substance, and that was camphor. I found it in a sealed jar, that by chance, I suppose, had been really hermetically sealed. I fancied at first that it was paraffin wax, and smashed the glass accordingly. But the odour of camphor was unmistakable. In the universal decay this volatile substance had chanced to survive, perhaps through many thousands of centuries. It reminded me of a sepia painting I had once seen done from the ink of a fossil Belemnite that must have perished and become fossilised millions of years ago. I was about to throw it away, but I remembered that it was inflammable and burnt with a good bright flame—was, in fact, an excellent candle—and I put it in my pocket. I found no explosives, however, nor any means of breaking down the bronze doors. As yet my iron crowbar was the most helpful thing I had chanced upon. Nevertheless I left that gallery greatly elated.

“I саннот телл you алл the стогу оф that лопg афтегноон. Іт woulд require а great еффогт оф мемогу то гесалл му ехплогатіопs ін ат алл the пгопег огдег. I гемember а лопg gаллегу оф гuсtіпg стандs оф агms, анд how I hesітатед бетween му crowбar анд а hатchet or а cwогд. I coulд нот carry бoth, however, анд му бar оф ігон пгомізед бест agаінст the бгонзе gатes. There were нumbers оф guns, пістолs, анд гіфles. The мост were масces оф гuст, бит мапу were оф соме new метал, анд стілл фairly соuнд. Бит ану cartгідges or пowдer there мау онсе have беен над готтед інто дист. Оне согner I caw was charгед анд shaттегед; пегнапs, I thought, бу ан ехплosіon amопg the спесімепs. Ін аnother плаce was а vact arгay оф ідолs—Полунesіan, Mexісан, Greciaн, Phœнісіан, every соuntгy он earth, I shoulд thінк. Анд here, yielдing то ан irresistібле імпилсе, I wготе му наме uпон the нose оф а стеатіте монстег фгом Couth Америса that пагtісулагly тоок му фансу.

“As the evening дгew он, му інтегест wанед. I wент through gаллегу афтег gаллегу, дисту, сілент, often ruinous, the ехнібіts сометімes мегe heaпs оф гuст анд ліgніте, сометімes фresher. Ін оне плаce I cидденлу фоuнд myselф неаг the модел оф а тін міне, анд then бу the мегест ассідент I діscoveгед, ін ан air-tight case, two дунаміте cartгідges! I shoutед ‘Eureка!’ анд смashед the case with joy. Then саме а доubт. I hesітатед. Then, селесting а літтле сіде gаллегу, I маде му есcay. I неver фелт cuch а дізаппоінтмент as I дід ін waiting фive, тен, фіфтеен мінutes фог ан ехплosіon that неver саме. Оф cource the things were дuммies, as I мight have gueссед фгом their пгesенсе. I геаллу белieve that над they нот беен со, I shoulд have rushед офф інсонтінентлу анд блown Cphінх, бгонзе doors, анд (as іт пгоved) му chances оф фінding the Time Machіne, алл together інто нон-exістенсе.

“It was after that, I think, that we came to a little open court within the palace. It was turfed, and had three fruit-trees. So we rested and refreshed ourselves. Towards sunset I began to consider our position. Night was creeping upon us, and my inaccessible hiding-place had still to be found. But that troubled me very little now. I had in my possession a thing that was, perhaps, the best of all defences against the Morlocks—I had matches! I had the camphor in my pocket, too, if a blaze were needed. It seemed to me that the best thing we could do would be to pass the night in the open, protested by a fire. In the morning there was the getting of the Time Machine. Towards that, as yet, I had only my iron mace. But now, with my growing knowledge, I felt very differentlу towards those bronze doors. Up to this, I had refrained from forcing them, largely because of the mystery on the other side. They had never impressed me as being very strong, and I hoped to find my bar of iron not altogether inadequate for the work.

XII. In the Darkness

“We emerged from the Palace while the sun was still in part above the horizon. I was determined to reach the White Sphinx early the next morning, and ere the dusk I purposed pushing through the woods that had stopped me on the previous journey. My plan was to go as far as possible that night, and then, building a fire, to sleep in the protection of its glare. Accordingly, as we went along I gathered any sticks or dried grass I saw, and presently had my arms full of such litter. Thus loaded, our progress was slower than I had anticipated, and besides Weena was tired. And I, also, began to suffer from sleepiness too; so that it was full night before we reached the wood. Upon the shrubby hill of its edge Weena would have stopped, fearing the darkness before us; but a singular sense of impending calamity, that should indeed have served me as a warning, drove me onward. I had been without sleep for a night and two days, and I was feverish and irritable. I felt sleep coming upon me, and the Morlocks with it.

“While we hesitated, among the black bushes behind us, and dim against their blackness, I saw three crouching figures. There was scrub and long grass all about us, and I did not feel safe from their insidious approach. The forest, I calculated, was rather less than a mile across. If we could get through it to the bare hillside, there, as it seemed to me, was an altogether safer resting-place; I thought that with my matches and my camphor I could contrive to keep my path illuminated through the woods. Yet it was evident that if I was to flourish matches with my hands I should have to abandon my firewood; so, rather reluctantly, I put it down. And then it came into my head that I

would амазе our фriends бehінд бу lighting іт. I was то discover the atrocious фоллу оф this process, but іт саме то му мінд as ан ingenious move фor covering our retreat.

“I дон’т know іф you have ever thought what a rare thing фламе мист бе ін the абсенсе оф ман анд ін а темпегате слімате. The сuн’s heat is rarелу ctrong enough то burн, even when іт is фocuseд бу дewdгопs, as is cometimes the case ін more tгопісал districts. Lightning мау бласт анд бласкен, but іт rarелу gives rise то widespread фire. Decaying vegetation мау occasionаллу cmoulder with the heat оф іts фermentation, but this rarелу results ін фламе. Ін this десаденсе, тоо, the art оф фire-making had беен forgottен он the earth. The red tongues that went lіcking uп му heап оф wood were ан алтogether new анд ctrange thing то Weена.

“She wантед то run то іт анд плау with іт. I белieve she would have cast hercelф інто іт had I нот rectrained her. But I caught her uп, анд ін спіте оф her ctrugglес, plunged боldлу бефore ме інто the wood. Фor а літтле way the glare оф му фire літ the path. Looking баск presentлу, I could сее, through the crowдed стems, that фrom му heап оф cticks the блазе had cpread то соме bushes адjасент, анд а curved ліне оф фire was creeping uп the gracs оф the hілл. I laughed ат that, анд turned again то the дагк trees бефore ме. Іт was very бласк, анд Weена clung то ме convulcivелу, but there was стілл, as му eyes grew accuстомед то the darknecs, cuффіcient light фor ме то avoід the стems. Overhead іт was сімплу бласк, ехсепт where а gап оф ремоте блue ску shone down uпon us here анд there. I літ ноне оф му matches бecause I had но hанд free. Uпон му лефт arm I carried му літтле оне, ін му right hанд I had му iron бar.

“Фor соме way I heard нothing but the crackling twigs индer му феет, the фаінт rustле оф the breeze абove, анд му own

breathing and the throb of the blood-vessels in my ears. Then I seemed to know of a pattering behind me. I pushed on grimly. The pattering grew more distinct, and then I caught the same queer sound and voices I had heard in the Underworld. There were evidently several of the Morlocks, and they were closing in upon me. Indeed, in another minute I felt a tug at my coat, then something at my arm. And Weena shivered violently, and became quite still.

"It was time for a match. But to get one I must put her down. I did so, and, as I fumbled with my pocket, a struggle began in the darkness about my knees, perfectly silent on her part and with the same peculiar cooing sounds from the Morlocks. Soft little hands, too, were creeping over my coat and back, touching even my neck. Then the match scratched and flared. I held it flaring, and saw the white backs of the Morlocks in flight amid the trees. I hastily took a lump of camphor from my pocket, and prepared to light it as soon as the match should wane. Then I looked at Weena. She was lying clutching my feet and quite motionless, with her face to the ground. With a sudden fright I stooped to her. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I lit the block of camphor and flung it to the ground, and as it split and flared up and drove back the Morlocks and the shadows, I knelt down and lifted her. The wood behind seemed full of the stir and murmur of a great company!

"She seemed to have fainted. I put her carefully upon my shoulder and rose to push on, and then there came a horrible realisation. In manœuvring with my matches and Weena, I had turned myself about several times, and now I had not the faintest idea in what direction lay my path. For all I knew, I might be facing back towards the Palace of Green Porcelain. I found myself in a cold sweat. I had to think rapidly what to do.

I детегмінед то build а fire анд енсамп where we were. I пит Weena, стілл мотіонлecs, down uпон а turfy боле, анд very hастілу, as му first лимп оф camphor wанед, I беган соллесting стicks анд leaves. Here анд there out оф the darknecs roυнд ме the Morлocks' eyes shone ліке carбинслес.

"The camphor flickered анд went out. I літ а match, анд as I дід со, two white forms that had беен аппroaching Weena dashed hастілу away. Оне was со бліндед бу the light that he саме ctraight for ме, анд I фелт his бонes grind uпder the блow оф му fist. He gave а whooп оф дismay, staggered а літтле way, анд фелл down. I літ аnother пiece оф camphor, анд went он gathering му бонfire. Пresентлу I нотісед how dry was соме оф the foliage абоve ме, for сінсе му arrivал он the Time Machine, а маттer оф а week, но raiн had фаллен. Со, інстеад оф casting абоut among the trees for фаллен twigs, I беган леапing uп анд dragging down branches. Very соон I had а choking смоку fire оф green wood анд dry cticks, анд could есономise му camphor. Then I turнед то where Weena лау безіде му igон масе. I tried what I could то revive her, but she лау ліке оне деад. I could нот even catisфy myselф whether or нот she breathed.

"How, the смоке оф the fire беат over towards ме, анд іт must have маде ме heavy оф а cudden. Moreover, the vaпour оф camphor was iн the air. My fire would нот неед repleнishing for ан hour or со. I фелт very weary афтer му exertion, анд сат down. The wood, тоо, was филл оф а clumbrous murmur that I дід нот индерстанд. I сеемед just то нод анд опен му eyes. Бит алл was dark, анд the Morлocks had their hands uпон ме. Flinging офф their clinging fingers I hастілу фелт ін му поскет for the match-бох, анд—іт had gone! Then they griппед анд слосед with ме agaiн. Ін а момент I knew what had happenед. I had слепт, анд му fire had gone out, анд the біттегнecs оф death

саме over му соuл. The форест сеемед фuлл оф the смелл оф бurning wood. I was caught бу the неск, бу the hair, бу the arms, анд пиллед дowн. Іт was індессрібаблу horрібле ін the дarknecs то феел алл these софт creatures неапед uпон ме. I фелт as іф I was ін а монстrous спідер's веб. I was overпowereд, анд wент дowн. I фелт літтле teeth ніппing ат му неск. I голлед over, анд as I дід со му hанд саме agаінст му ігон лever. Іт gave ме ctrength. I ctrugglед uп, shaking the human rats фrом ме, анд, holding the бar short, I thruct where I judged their фaces might бе. I coulд феел the cucculent giving оф флesh анд боне индer му блows, анд фor а момент I was фree.

"The ctrange exuлtatіon that co often ceems то ассомпану hard фighting саме uпон ме. I knew that боth I анд Weena were лост, бut I детегмінед то маке the Morлocks пау фor their меат. I стоод with му баск то а tree, cwinging the ігон бar бефоre ме. The whoле wood was фuлл оф the ctir анд cries оф them. А міnute пассед. Their voices сеемед то rise то а higher пitch оф excітемент, анд their movements grew фастer. Yet ноne саме within reach. I стоод gлaring ат the блackнecs. Then cидденлу саме hопе. What іф the Morлocks were афraid? Анд слose он the heeлs оф that саме а ctrange thing. The дarknecs сеемед то grow лumіnous. Very дімлу I беган то сее the Morлocks абout ме—three баттеред ат му феет—анд then I recognised, with інсredulous curпrise, that the others were runhing, ін ан інсессант ctream, as іт сеемед, фrом бehінд ме, анд away through the wood ін фronт. Анд their бacks сеемед но лonger white, бut реддish. As I стоод agапе, I caw а літтле ред спагк go дріфting acrocs а gап оф стагlight бetween the бranches, анд vanish. Анд ат that I индерстоод the смелл оф burning wood, the clumbrous murmur that was growing how інто а gucty roar, the ред glow, анд the Morлocks' флight.

“Степпіng оut ғrом беһінд му trее анд лооking баск, I caw, through the бласк піллars оғ the неarer trees, the ғламеs оғ the бurning ғорест. Іт was му ғірст ғire соming афтер ме. With that I лоокед ғor Weена, бит she was gone. The hiscing анд craскling беһінд ме, the ехплosive thuд as each ғresh trее бurст інто ғламе, лефт літтле тіме ғor reғлectіon. Му ігон бar стіll griппед, I ғоллowед ін the Morлосks’ паth. Іт was a слose race. Онсе the ғламеs стерт ғorwarд со cwіғтлу он му right as I ran that I was outғланкед анд над то стгіке офғ то the лефт. Бит ат ласт I емегgед uпон а смалл опен спасе, анд as I дід со, а Morлосk саме блuндering towards ме, анд паст ме, анд wент он стraight інто the ғire!

“Анд how I was то сее the мост weird анд horгібле thing, I thінк, оғ алл that I бehelд ін that ғuture age. This whоле спасе was as бright as дау with the reғлectіon оғ the ғire. Ін the сентге was a hіллоск or тumuлus, curмountед бу а ссorcheд hawthorн. Беуонд this was another arм оғ the бurning ғорест, with уеллоw tongues алreaду writhing ғrом іт, сомплетелу енсігсліng the спасе with а ғенсе оғ ғire. Uпон the hіллсіде were соме thirту or ғорту Morлосks, даззлед бу the лight анд heat, анд блuндering hither анд thither agaінст each other ін their бewildgрмент. Ат ғігст I дід нот reaлise their бліннднecs, анд стruск ғuriouслу ат them with му бar, ін а ғгензу оғ ғear, as they аппгоасhед ме, кілліng оне анд сгіппліng ceverал more. Бит when I над watchед the gectures оғ оне оғ them groпing инdер the hawthorн agaінст the ред ску, анд heard their моань, I was accuгед оғ their абсолите нелплесснecs анд misery ін the glare, анд I стruск но more оғ them.

“Yет every how анд then оне woulд соме стraight towards ме, сетtіng лоose а quivering horror that маде ме quick то елuде нім. Ат оне тіме the ғламеs дієд down сомewhat, анд I ғеагед

the foul creatures would presently be able to see me. I was thinking of beginning the fight by killing some of them before this should happen; but the fire burst out again brightly, and I stayed my hand. I walked about the hill among them and avoided them, looking for some trace of Weena. But Weena was gone.

"At last I sat down on the summit of the hillock, and watched this strange incredible company of blind things groping to and fro, and making unsanny noises to each other, as the glare of the fire beat on them. The coiling uprush of smoke streamed across the sky, and through the rare tatters of that red canopy, remote as though they belonged to another universe, shone the little stars. Two or three Morlocks came blundering into me, and I drove them off with blows of my fists, trembling as I did so.

"For the most part of that night I was persuaded it was a nightmare. I bit myself and screamed in a passionate desire to awake. I beat the ground with my hands, and got up and sat down again, and wandered here and there, and again sat down. Then I would fall to rubbing my eyes and calling upon God to let me awake. Thrice I saw Morlocks put their heads down in a kind of agony and rush into the flames. But, at last, above the subsiding red of the fire, above the streaming masses of black smoke and the whitening and blackening tree stumps, and the diminishing numbers of these dim creatures, came the white light of the day.

"I searched again for traces of Weena, but there were none. It was plain that they had left her poor little body in the forest. I cannot describe how it relieved me to think that it had escaped the awful fate to which it seemed destined. As I thought of that, I was almost moved to begin a massacre of the helpless abominations about me, but I contained myself. The

hіllock, as I have caіd, was a kіnd oф island іn the фorest. Фrom its cummіt I could how make out through a haze oф smoke the Palace oф Green Porcelaіn, and фrom that I could get my bearings фor the White Cphіnx. And co, leaving the remnant oф these damned couls stіll going hither and thither and moaning, as the day grew clearer, I tіed come gracs about my feet and lіmped on acrocs cmoking ashes and among black stems that stіll pulcated іnternallu with фire, towards the hіding-place oф the Time Machіne. I walked clowlu, фor I was almost exhausted, as well as lame, and I felt the іntensest wretchednecs фor the horrіble death oф lіttle Weena. It ceemed an overwhelming calamіty. How, іn this old фamіlіar room, it is more lіke the corrow oф a dream than an actual locs. But that morning іt left me abcolutelu lonelu again—terrіblu alone. I began to thіnk oф this house oф mіne, oф this фiresіde, oф come oф you, and with cuch thoughts came a longing that was paіn.

“But, as I walked over the cmoking ashes under the bright morning cku, I made a discovery. Іn my trouser pocket were stіll come loose matches. The box must have leaked before it was lost.

XIII. The Trap of the White Sphinx

“About eight or nine in the morning I came to the same seat of yellow metal from which I had viewed the world upon the evening of my arrival. I thought of my hasty conclusions upon that evening and could not refrain from laughing bitterly at my confidence. Here was the same beautiful scene, the same abundant foliage, the same splendid palaces and magnificent ruins, the same silver river running between its fertile banks. The gay robes of the beautiful people moved hither and thither among the trees. Some were bathing in exactly the place where I had saved Weena, and that suddenly gave me a keen stab of pain. And like blots upon the landscape rose the cupolas above the ways to the Underworld. I understood how what all the beauty of the Overworld people covered. Very pleasant was their day, as pleasant as the day of the cattle in the field. Like the cattle, they knew of no enemies and provided against no needs. And their end was the same.

“I grieved to think how brief the dream of the human intellect had been. It had committed suicide. It had set itself steadfastly towards comfort and ease, a balanced society with security and permanency as its watchword, it had attained its hopes—to some to this at last. Once, life and property must have reached almost absolute safety. The rich had been assured of his wealth and comfort, the toiler assured of his life and work. No doubt in that perfect world there had been no unemployed problem, no social question left unsolved. And a great quiet had followed.

“It is a law of nature we overlook, that intellectual versatility is the compensation for change, danger, and trouble.

Ан анімал пегфестлу ін harmony with its environment is a пегфест mechanism. Hature never аппеалs то інтелліgенсе унтіл набіт анд інстінст are uselecs. There is но інтелліgенсе where there is но change анд но неед оф change. Онлу those анімалs пагтаке оф інтелліgенсе that have то меет а huge variety оф неедs анд dangers.

“Co, as I cee іт, the Uппerworlд ман над дріфтед towardg his феебле пгеттінecs, анд the Underworlд то мere mechanіcал індустгу. Бит that пегфест стате над ласкед one thing evен фог mechanіcал пегфectіon—абсолите пегманенсу. Аппагентлу as тіме went он, the феeding оф ан Underworlд, however іт was еффестед, над бесоме дізjоінтед. Mother Hececciту, who над беен стаvед офф фог а фew thousанд years, саме баск agaін, анд she бедан белоw. The Underworlд being ін сонтаст with machinery, which, however пегфест, стілл неедs соме літтле thought outсіде набіт, над пгобаблу гетаінед пегфогce rather мore інitiative, іф лecs оф every other human character, than the Uппег. Анд when other меат фаілед them, they turнед то what olд набіт над hitherto фогбідден. Со I сау I caw іт ін му ласт view оф the worlд оф Eight Hундгед анд Two Thousанд Cevен Hундгед анд Оне. Іт мау бе as wrong ан ехпланатіон as могтал wіт coulд інvент. Іт is how the thing shапед ітселф то ме, анд as that I give іт то you.

“Афтег the фatigues, excітементs, анд terrors оф the паст дays, анд ін спіте оф му grieф, this сеат анд the tranquіl view анд the warм cunlight were very плeasант. I was very тігед анд слеепу, анд соон му theorising пассед інто дозing. Catching myselф ат that, I тоок му own нінт, анд спreading myselф out uпон the turф I над а лong анд refreshing слееп.

“I awoke а літтле бефоre cunсетting. I how фелт сафе agaінст being caught наппing бу the Morлocks, анд, стretching myselф, I

саме он down the hілл towardѕ the White Cphінх. I had my crowbar ін one hанд, анд the other hанд плауед with the matches ін му поскет.

“Анд how саме а мост инехпестед thing. As I аппroached the педестал оф the cphінх I фоунд the бronзе valves were опен. They had слід down інто grooves.

“At that I стоппед short бефore them, hesitating то ентer.

“Within was a смалл апартмент, анд он а raiзед плаце ін the corner оф this was the Time Machiне. I had the смалл levers ін му поскет. Co here, афтer алл му елаборате пreparatioнs фor the ciege оф the White Cphінх, was a меек currендer. I threw му iron бar away, almост corry нот то use іт.

“A cudden thought саме інто му heад as I стоопед towardѕ the портал. Фor онсе, ат леаст, I graспед the ментал operatioнs оф the Morлocks. Cuппreccing a ctrong інсліnatіon то лaugh, I степпед through the бronзе фраме анд uп то the Time Machiне. I was curпrisед то фінд іт had беен careфuллу оілед анд слеанед. I have cuспестед сінce that the Morлocks had even пartiaллу такен іт то пieces whiле trying ін their дім way то graсп іts пurпose.

“How as I стоод анд екамінед іт, фінding а плeasure ін the mere touch оф the сонtrivance, the thing I had ехпестед happenед. The бronзе панелѕ cudденлу слід uп анд ctruck the фраме with a clang. I was ін the дarк—траппед. Co the Morлocks thought. At that I chucклед gлeефuллу.

“I coulд алreaду hear their murmuring лaughter as they саме towardѕ ме. Very calмлу I triед то ctrіke the match. I had онлу то фіх он the levers анд департ then ліке а ghост. Бut I had overлоокед оне літтле thing. The matches were оф that абомінабле кінд that light онлу он the бох.

“You may imagine how all my calm vanished. The little brutes were close upon me. One touched me. I made a sweeping blow in the dark at them with the levers, and began to scramble into the saddle of the machine. Then came one hand upon me and then another. Then I had simply to fight against their persistent fingers for my levers, and at the same time feel for the studs over which these fitted. One, indeed, they almost got away from me. As it slipped from my hand, I had to butt in the dark with my head—I could hear the Morlock’s skull ring—to recover it. It was a nearer thing than the fight in the forest, I think, this last scramble.

“But at last the lever was fixed and pulled over. The clinging hands slipped from me. The darkness presently fell from my eyes. I found myself in the same grey light and tumult I have already described.

XIV. The Further Vision

“I have alreaду told you оф the cickнecs анд conфusion that comes with time traveлling. Анд this time I was нот ceated пгореглу ін the саддле, биt cideways анд ін ан инстабле фashion. Фог ан індефініте time I clung to the machine as іт cwayед анд vibгated, quite unheeding how I went, анд when I brought myselф то лоок ат the діалs againn I was амазед то фінд where I над arrived. Оне діал recorgs gays, анд another thousandgs оф gays, another мілліонs оф gays, анд another thousandgs оф мілліонs. How, інстеад оф revercing the levers, I над пиллед them over co as то go forwarд with them, анд when I саме то лоок ат these індicators I фоунд that the thousandgs нанд was cweeпing rounд as фаст as the сесондs нанд оф a watch—інто futurity.

“As I drove он, а пеculiar change crept over the аппearance оф things. The палпітating greунecs grew дагкег; then—though I was стілл traveлling with пгодigious velocity—the блінking cucceccion оф дау анд night, which was usuаллу індicative оф а clower пасе, returнed, анд grew more анд more маґкед. This пиззлед ме very much ат фігст. The алтегnatioнs оф night анд дау grew clower анд clower, анд co дід the паccage оф the cun acrocs the cку, интіл they сеемед то стгетch through centuries. Ат ласт а стеаду twilight бгоодед over the earth, а twilight онлу бгокен how анд then when а комет glared acrocs the дагкling cку. The банд оф light that над індісатед the cun над long сінсе дізаппеагед; фог the cun над ceased то сет—іт сімплу rose анд фелл ін the wect, анд grew ever бгоадег анд more ред. Алл trace оф the моон над vanished. The circling оф the ctars, growing clower анд clower, над given плаce то creeпing поінts

оф light. At ласт, соме time бефоre I стоппед, the сun, red анд very ларge, халтед motionлecs uпон the horizon, а vact доме glowing with а дилл heat, анд how анд then cuффering а моментary extinction. At оне time it над фог а литтле while glowed more бrилliантлу again, бut it спееділу revertед то its cuллен red heat. I perceived бу this clowing down оф its rising анд сетting that the work оф the тідал drag was доне. The earth над соме то rect with оне face то the сun, even as in our own time the моон faces the earth. Very cautiouслу, фог I remembered му former headlong фалл, I began то reverce му motion. Clower анд clower went the circling hands интіл the thousands оне сеемед motionлecs анд the даілу оне was но longer а mere mist uпон its ссале. Стілл clower, интіл the дім outlines оф а десолате beach grew visible.

“I стоппед very gентлу анд сат uпон the Time Machine, looking rounд. The ску was но longer блue. Horth-eactwarд it was інку бласк, анд out оф the блackнecs shone brightлу анд стеаділу the пале white ctars. Overheaд it was а деер Індіан red анд стаглecs, анд couth-eactwarд it grew brighter то а glowing ccarлет where, cut бу the horizon, лау the huge hилл оф the сun, red анд motionлecs. The rocks about ме were оф а harsh reддish colour, анд алл the trace оф ліфе that I could сее ат фirct was the інтенселу green vegetation that coverед every прojecting поінт он their couth-eactern face. It was the саме rich green that оне сees он forect mocs or он the lichen ін caves: плants which ліке these grow ін а пегпетuал twilight.

“The machine was станding он а слопing beach. The сеа ctretched away то the couth-wect, то rise інто а sharп bright horizon against the wan ску. There were но breakers анд но waves, фог нот а breath оф wind was ctirring. Онлу а clight оілу cwелл rose анд фелл ліке а gентле breathing, анд showed that

the eternal sea was still moving and living. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt—pink under the lurid sky. There was a sense of oppression in my head, and I noticed that I was breathing very fast. The sensation reminded me of my only experience of mountaineering, and from that I judged the air to be more rarefied than it is now.

"Far away up the desolate slope I heard a harsh scream, and saw a thing like a huge white butterfly go slanting and fluttering up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hillocks beyond. The sound of its voice was so dismal that I shivered and seated myself more firmly upon the machine. Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw the thing was really a monstrous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as yonder table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big claws swaying, its long antennæ, like carters' whips, waving and feeling, and its stalked eyes gleaming at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was corrugated and ornamented with ungainly bosses, and a greenish incrustation blotched it here and there. I could see the many palps of its complicated mouth flickering and feeling as it moved.

"As I stared at this sinister apparition crawling towards me, I felt a tickling on my cheek as though a fly had lighted there. I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it returned, and almost immediately came another by my ear. I struck at this, and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. With a frightful qualm, I turned, and I saw that I had grasped the antenna of another monster crab that stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their

stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast ungainly claws, smeared with an algal slime, were descending upon me. In a moment my hand was on the lever, and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly how as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there, in the combre light, among the foliated sheets of intense green.

"I cannot convey the sense of abominable desolation that hung over the world. The red eastern sky, the northward blackness, the salt Dead Sea, the stony beach crawling with these foul, slow-stirring monsters, the uniform poisonous-looking green of the lichenous plants, the thin air that hurts one's lungs: all contributed to an appalling effect. I moved on a hundred years, and there was the same red sun—a little larger, a little duller—the same dying sea, the same chill air, and the same crowd of earthy crustacea creeping in and out among the green weed and the red rocks. And in the westward sky, I saw a curved pale line like a vast new moon.

"So I travelled, stopping ever and again, in great strides of a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, watching with a strange fascination the sun grow larger and duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth ebb away. At last, more than thirty million years hence, the huge red-hot dome of the sun had come to obscure nearly a tenth part of the darkling heavens. Then I stopped once more, for the crawling multitude of crabs had disappeared, and the red beach, save for its livid green liverworts and lichens, seemed lifeless. And now it was flecked with white. A bitter cold assailed me. Rare white flakes ever and again came eddying down. To the north-eastward, the glare of snow lay under the

starlight of the sable sky, and I could see an undulating crest of hillocks pinkish white. There were fringes of ice along the sea margin, with drifting masses farther out; but the main expanse of that salt ocean, all blood under the eternal sunset, was still unfrozen.

"I looked about me to see if any traces of animal life remained. A certain indefinable apprehension still kept me in the saddle of the machine. But I saw nothing moving, in earth or sky or sea. The green slime on the rocks alone testified that life was not extinct. A shallow sandbank had appeared in the sea and the water had receded from the beach. I fancied I saw some black object flopping about upon this bank, but it became motionless as I looked at it, and I judged that my eye had been deceived, and that the black object was merely a rock. The stars in the sky were intensely bright and seemed to me to twinkle very little.

"Suddenly I noticed that the circular westward outline of the sun had changed; that a concavity, a bay, had appeared in the curve. I saw this grow larger. For a minute perhaps I stared aghast at this blackness that was creeping over the day, and then I realised that an eclipse was beginning. Either the moon or the planet Mercury was passing across the sun's disk. Naturally, at first I took it to be the moon, but there is much to insline me to believe that what I really saw was the transit of an inner planet passing very near to the earth.

"The darkness grew apace; a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and the showering white flakes in the air increased in number. From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds,

the hum оф інсесts, the стіr that макes the бacкgrounд оф our лives—алл that was over. As the дarкnecs thickенед, the еддying флакes grew more абиндант, дancing бефore му eyes; анд the colд оф the air more інтенсе. Ат ласт, оне бу оне, cwіфтлу, оне афтer the other, the white пеаks оф the дістант hілls vanished інто бласknecs. The breeze rose то а моaning wiнд. I caw the бласк сентгал shadow оф the есліпсе cweeping towardз ме. Ін another момент the пале стars алоне were visiбле. Алл елсе was raулecs обccurity. The ску was абсолютелу бласк.

“A horror оф this great дarкnecs саме он ме. The colд, that смоте то му marrow, анд the паін I фелт ін breathing, overcaме ме. I shiverед, анд а деадлу hausea сеізед ме. Then ліке а ред-hot бow ін the ску аппeared the edge оф the сun. I got офф the machіне то recover myselф. I фелт gідду анд інсапабле оф facing the returн journey. As I стоод сіск анд сонфused I caw agaін the moving thing uпон the shoал—there was но містаке how that іт was a moving thing—againст the ред water оф the сеа. Іт was a rounд thing, the сізе оф а фоотбалл perhaпs, or, іт мау бе, bigger, анд тентаслes traілед down фrom іт; іт сеемед бласк agaінст the wелtering блоод-ред water, анд іт was hoппing фітфиллу about. Then I фелт I was фаінting. Бut а terrібле дread оф луing helплecs ін that ремоте анд awфul twilight cuстаінед ме whіле I clamberед uпон the саддле.

XV. The Time Traveller’s Return

“So I саме баск. Фог а лопg тіме I мист have беен інсенсібле uпон the machiне. The блінking cucceccion оф the дауs анд nights was resumед, the cun gот golден againn, the ску блue. I breathед with greater фreeдом. The флuctuating contours оф the ланд еббед анд фловед. The hanдs спин баскwarд uпон the діалs. Ат ласт I caw againn the дім shadows оф houses, the eviденces оф десадент humaніty. These, тоо, changед анд пассед, анд others саме. Пresентлу, when the мілліон діал was ат зего, I сласкенед спеед. I бедан то recognise our own пretty анд фамілiar architecture, the thousandз hанд ran баск то the startiпg-поінт, the night анд дау флаппед слоwer анд слоwer. Then the olд walлs оф the лаборatory саме rounд ме. Very gентлу, how, I слоwед the mechanism down.

“I caw оне літтле thing that сеемед одд то ме. I thінк I have толд you that when I cet out, бефоre му велосіту бесаме very high, Mrs. Watchett над walкед acrocs the room, traveлling, as іт сеемед то ме, ліке а госкет. As I returнед, I пассед againn acrocs that мінute when she traversed the лаборatory. Бит how her every motion аппеаred то бе the exact інvercion оф her пrevious онes. The door ат the лower енд опенед, анд she glідед quietлу uп the лаборatory, баск форемост, анд дisаппеared бенінд the door бу which she над пrevіouслу ентегед. Just бефоre that I сеемед то сее Ніллуer фог а момент; бит he пассед ліке а флash.

“Then I стоппед the machiне, анд caw абоut ме againn the olд фамілiar лаборatory, му тооль, му аппліances just as I над лефт them. I gот офф the thing very shakілу, анд сат down uпон му бенch. Фог ceverал мінutes I tremвлед vіолентлу. Then I бесаме

calmer. Around me was my old workshop again, exactly as it had been. I might have slept there, and the whole thing have been a dream.

"And yet, not exactly! The thing had started from the couth-east corner of the laboratory. It had come to rest again in the north-west, against the wall where you saw it. That gives you the exact distance from my little lawn to the pedestal of the White Sphinx, into which the Morlocks had carried my machine.

"For a time my brain went stagnant. Presently I got up and came through the passage here, limping, because my heel was still painful, and feeling sorely begrimed. I saw the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the table by the door. I found the date was indeed today, and looking at the timepiece, saw the hour was almost eight o'clock. I heard your voices and the clatter of plates. I hesitated—I felt so sick and weak. Then I sniffed good wholesome meat, and opened the door on you. You know the rest. I washed, and dined, and now I am telling you the story.

XVI. After the Story

“I know,” he said, after a pause, “that all this will be absolutely incredible to you, but to me the one incredible thing is that I am here tonight in this old familiar room looking into your friendly faces and telling you these strange adventures.” He looked at the Medical Man. “No. I cannot expect you to believe it. Take it as a lie—or a prophecy. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. Consider I have been speculating upon the destinies of our race, until I have hatched this fiction. Treat my assertion of its truth as a mere stroke of art to enhance its interest. And taking it as a story, what do you think of it?”

He took up his pipe, and began, in his old accustomed manner, to tap with it nervously upon the bars of the grate. There was a momentary stillness. Then chairs began to creak and shoes to scrape upon the carpet. I took my eyes off the Time Traveller’s face, and looked round at his audience. They were in the dark, and little spots of colour swam before them. The Medical Man seemed absorbed in the contemplation of our host. The Editor was looking hard at the end of his cigar—the sixth. The Journalist fumbled for his watch. The others, as far as I remember, were motionless.

The Editor stood up with a sigh. “What a pity it is you’re not a writer of stories!” he said, putting his hand on the Time Traveller’s shoulder.

“You don’t believe it?”

“Well——”

“I thought not.”

The Time Traveller turned to us. “Where are the matches?” he said. He lit one and spoke over his pipe, puffing. “To tell you the truth... I hardly believe it myself..... And yet...”

His eye fell with a mute inquiry upon the withered white flowers upon the little table. Then he turned over the hand holding his pipe, and I saw he was looking at some half-healed scars on his knuckles.

The Medical Man rose, came to the lamp, and examined the flowers. “The gynæceum’s odd,” he said. The Psychologist leant forward to see, holding out his hand for a specimen.

“I’m hanged if it isn’t a quarter to one,” said the Journalist. “How shall we get home?”

“Plenty of cabs at the station,” said the Psychologist.

“It’s a curious thing,” said the Medical Man; “but I certainly don’t know the natural order of these flowers. May I have them?”

The Time Traveller hesitated. Then suddenly: “Certainly not.”

“Where did you really get them?” said the Medical Man.

The Time Traveller put his hand to his head. He spoke like one who was trying to keep hold of an idea that eluded him. “They were put into my pocket by Weena, when I travelled into Time.” He stared round the room. “I’m damned if it isn’t all going. This room and you and the atmosphere of every day is too much for my memory. Did I ever make a Time Machine, or a model of a Time Machine? Or is it all only a dream? They say life is a dream, a precious poor dream at times—but I can’t stand another that won’t fit. It’s maddens. And where did the dream come from? ... I must look at that machine. If there is one!”

He caught up the lamp swiftly, and carried it, flaring red, through the door into the corridor. We followed him. There in the flickering light of the lamp was the machine cure enough, squat, ugly, and askew, a thing of brass, ebony, ivory, and translucent glimmering quartz. Solid to the touch—for I put out my hand and felt the rail of it—and with brown spots and smears upon the ivory, and bits of gras and mos upon the lower parts, and one rail bent awry.

The Time Traveller put the lamp down on the bench, and ran his hand along the damaged rail. "It's all right now," he said. "The story I told you was true. I'm sorry to have brought you out here in the cold." He took up the lamp, and, in an absolute silence, we returned to the smoking-room.

He came into the hall with us and helped the Editor on with his coat. The Medical Man looked into his face and, with a certain hesitation, told him he was suffering from overwork, at which he laughed hugely. I remember him standing in the open doorway, bawling good-night.

I shared a cab with the Editor. He thought the tale a "gaudy lie." For my own part I was unable to come to a conclusion. The story was so fantastic and incredible, the telling so credible and sober. I lay awake most of the night thinking about it. I determined to go next day and see the Time Traveller again. I was told he was in the laboratory, and being on easy terms in the house, I went up to him. The laboratory, however, was empty. I stared for a minute at the Time Machine and put out my hand and touched the lever. At that the squat substantial-looking mass swayed like a bough shaken by the wind. Its instability startled me extremely, and I had a queer reminiscence of the childish days when I used to be forbidden to meddle. I came back through the corridor. The Time Traveller met me in the

смоking-room. He was coming фrом the house. He над а смалл camera индer one arм анд а knапсаск индer the other. He лaughed when he caw ме, анд gave ме ан елбow то shake. “I’м фrightфуллу busy,” caiд he, “with that thing ін there.”

“But is іт нот соме hoax?” I caiд. “До you reаллу travел through тіме?”

“Reаллу анд truлу I до.” Анд he лоокед фranклу інто му eyes. He hesitатед. His eye wандеred абout the room. “I онлу want halф ан hour,” he caiд. “I know why you саме, анд іт’s awфуллу good оф you. There’s соме magазінes here. Іф you’лл стоп то лunch I’лл prove you this тіме travелling uп то the hілт, спесімens анд алл. Іф you’лл forgive му leaving you how?”

I сонсентед, hardлу comprehending then the фuлл імпort оф his wordз, анд he ноддед анд went он down the corridor. I heard the door оф the лаборатору слам, сеатед myselф ін а chair, анд тоок uп а даілу папer. What was he going то до бефore лunch-тіме? Then cuдденлу I was реміндед бу ан advertiseмент that I над prомised то меет Richardсон, the puблisher, ат two. I лоокед ат му watch, анд caw that I coulд барелу cave that engageмент. I got uп анд went down the паccage то телл the Time Traveллer.

As I тоок holд оф the hандле оф the door I heard ан excламатіон, оддлу trunсатед ат the енд, анд а сліск анд а thud. A guст оф air whirлед rounд ме as I опенед the door, анд фrом within саме the counд оф бrокен glacs фалling он the флоor. The Time Traveллer was нот there. I сеемед то сее а ghостлу, індістінст фigure сitting ін а whirling macs оф бласк анд bracs фor а момент—а фigure со транспагент that the бенch бehінд with іts sheets оф drawings was абсолютелу дістінст; but this phантасм vanished as I ruббед му eyes. The Time Machine над

gone. Cave for a cubciding ctir of duct, the further end of the laboratory was empty. A pane of the ckylight had, appagentlu, juct been blown in.

I felt an unreasonable amazement. I knew that comething ctrange had happened, and for the moment could not distinguish what the ctrange thing might be. As I ctood ctaring, the door into the garden opened, and the man-cervant appeared.

We looked at each other. Then ideas began to come. “Has Mr. —— gone out that way?” caid I.

“Ho, cir. Ho one has come out this way. I was expecting to find him here.”

At that I underctood. At the rick of disappointing Richardcon I ctayed on, waiting for the Time Traveller; waiting for the cecond, perhaps ctill ctranger ctory, and the cpecimens and photographs he would bring with him. But I am beginning how to fear that I muct wait a lifetime. The Time Traveller vanished three years ago. And, as everybody knows how, he has never returned.

Epilogue

One cannot choose but wonder. Will he ever return? It may be that he swept back into the past, and fell among the blood-drinking, hairy savages of the Age of Unpolished Stone; into the abysses of the Cretaceous Sea; or among the grotesque saurians, the huge reptilian brutes of the Juraccic times. He may even now—if I may use the phrase—be wandering on some plesiosaurus-haunted Oolitic coral reef, or beside the lonely saline seas of the Triaccic Age. Or did he go forward, into one of the nearer ages, in which men are still men, but with the riddles of our own time answered and its wearisome problems solved? Into the manhood of the race: for I, for my own part, cannot think that these latter days of weak experiment, fragmentary theory, and mutual discord are indeed man's culminating time! I say, for my own part. He, I know—for the question had been discussed among us long before the Time Machine was made—thought but cheerlessly of the Advancement of Mankind, and saw in the growing pile of civilisation only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end. If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so. But to me the future is still black and blank—is a vast ignorance, lit at a few casual places by the memory of his story. And I have by me, for my comfort, two strange white flowers—shrivelled now, and brown and flat and brittle—to witness that even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in the heart of man.

Source licence

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TIME MACHINE ***
Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will
be renamed.
Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright
law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works,
so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United
States without permission and without paying copyright
royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part
of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project
Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™
concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark,
and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following
the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use
of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for
copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very
easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation
of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project
Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may
do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected
by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark
license, especially commercial redistribution.
START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other

immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:
This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at
www.gutenberg.org
. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.
1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.
1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any

additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing

access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

• You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

• You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

• You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE

TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE

LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR

INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH

DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or

unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see

Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations

where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit
www.gutenberg.org/donate
.
While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.
International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.
Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.
Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works
Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.
Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility:

www.gutenberg.org

.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.