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The Time Machine

H. G. Wells

Modern Greek — 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.

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Modern sounds: β is /v/, not /b/. ρ is a tapped or trilled r. Final σ becomes ς.

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m / μ · n / ν · p / π · t / τ · k / κ · f / φ · l / λ · r / ρ · s / σ · v / β · z / ζ · a / α · i / ι · o / ο · e / ε

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I. Introduction

The Time Traveller (for so it will be convenient to speak of him) was expounding a recondite matter to us. His grey eyes shone and twinkled, and his usually pale face was flushed and animated. The fire burnt brightly, and the soft radiance of the incandescent lights in the lilies of silver caught the bubbles that flashed and passed in our glasses. Our chairs, being his patents, embraced and caressed us rather than submitted to be sat upon, and there was that luxurious after-dinner atmosphere, when thought runs grace-free of the trammels of precision. And he put it to us in this way—marking the points with a lean forefinger—as we sat and lazily admired his earnestness over this new paradox (as we thought it) and his fecundity.

"You must follow me carefully. I shall have to controvert one or two ideas that are almost universally accepted. The geometry, for instance, they taught you at school is founded on a misconception."

"Is not that rather a large thing to expect us to begin upon?" said Filby, an argumentative person with red hair.

"I do not mean to ask you to accept anything without reasonable ground for it. You will soon admit as much as I need from you. You know of course that a mathematical line, a line of thickness *nil*, has no real existence. They taught you that? Neither has a mathematical plane. These things are mere abstractions."

"That is all right," said the Psychologist.

"Nor, having only length, breadth, and thickness, can a cube have a real existence."

“There I objecτ,” σaid Φilby. “Oφ courσe a σolid body μay exisτ. Allλ reaλ things—”

“Σo μosτ πeoπle thinκ. Buτ waiτ a μomenτ. Caν aν *inσtantaneous* cube exisτ?”

“Doν’τ φollow you,” σaid Φilby.

“Caν a cube thaτ does νoτ laστ φor avy τime aτ allλ, haβe a reaλ exisτence?”

Φilby becaμe πenσiβe. “Clearλy,” the Time Traβellεr πroceeded, “avy reaλ body μusτ haβe exτenσion iν *φour* directionσ: iτ μusτ haβe Λength, Breadth, Thickνesσ, avd—Duratiov. Buτ through a νaturaλ ivφirμity oφ the φlesh, which I wiλλ exπlaiv το you iv a μomenτ, we ivclive το oβerlooκ this φacτ. There are reaλλy φour diμenσionσ, three which we caλλ the three πlaves oφ Σπace, avd a φourth, Time. There is, howeβer, a τevdevcy το draw aν uvreaλ disτivctiov beτweev the φorμer three diμenσionσ avd the laττer, because iτ haππevs thaτ our covσciouσvesσ μoβes ivτerμittevtly iv ove directiov aλong the laττer φroμ the begivving το the evd oφ our liβes.”

“Thaτ,” σaid a βery young μav, μaking σpasμodic eφφorτs το relighτ his cigar oβer the λaμπ; “thaτ . . . βery clear ivdeed.”

“Now, iτ is βery reμarκabλe thaτ this is σo exτenσiβely oβerlooκed,” covτivued the Time Traβellεr, with a σlighτ accessσiov oφ cheerφulvesσ. “Reaλly this is whaτ is μeavτ by the Φourth Diμenσiov, though σoμe πeoπle who τalκ abouτ the Φourth Diμenσiov do νoτ κvow they μeav iτ. Iτ is ovly avother way oφ looκing aτ Time. *There is vo diφφerevce betweev Time avd avy oφ the three diμenσionσ oφ Σπace excepτ thaτ our covσciousvesσ μoβes along iτ*. Buτ σoμe φoolish πeoπle haβe goτ hold oφ the wrong σide oφ thaτ idea. You haβe aλλ heard whaτ they haβe το σay abouτ this Φourth Diμenσiov?”

"*I* haβe νοτ," σaid the Πroβivciaλ Mayor.

"Iτ is σimπly this. Thaτ Σπace, as our μatheμaτiciavs haβe iτ, is σpoκeν oφ as haβing three diμenσiovs, which ove μay caλλ Λength, Breadth, avd Thickνeσs, avd is aλways deφivabλe by reφerevce το three πλaves, each aτ righτ angλes το the others. Buτ σoμe phiλosophicaλ πeoπλe haβe beev aσking why *three* diμenσiovs πarτicularly—why νοτ avother directiov aτ righτ angλes το the other three?—avd haβe eβev τried το covστructτ a Four-Diμenσioval geoμetry. Πroφessor Σimov Newcoμb was exπouvding this το the New Yorκ Matheμaticaλ Σociety ovly a μovth or σo ago. You kvow how ov a φlaτ σurφace, which has ovly τwo diμenσiovs, we cav reπresevτ a φigure oφ a three-diμenσioval σoλid, avd σimilarly they thivκ thaτ by μodeλs oφ three diμenσiovs they could reπresevτ ove oφ four—iφ they could μaστer the πerσπectiβe oφ the thing. Σee?"

"I thivκ σo," μurμured the Πroβivciaλ Mayor; avd, kvitting his brows, he λaπσed ivto av ivτroσpectiβe στate, his λiπs μoβing as ove who reπeats μyστic words. "Yes, I thivκ I σee iτ vow," he σaid aφter σoμe τiμe, brightevivg iv a quite τravsitory μavver.

"Weλλ, I do νοτ μivd τelling you I haβe beev aτ worκ uπov this geoμetry oφ Four Diμenσiovs φor σoμe τiμe. Σoμe oφ μy resuλts are curious. Φor ivστavce, here is a πorτraiτ oφ a μav aτ eighτ years old, avother aτ φiφteev, avother aτ σeβevteev, avother aτ τwevty-three, avd σo ov. Aλλ these are eβideviλy σectiovs, as iτ were, Three-Diμenσioval reπresevτatiovs oφ his Four-Diμenσioved being, which is a φixed avd uvaλterabλe thing."

"Σcieviτiφic πeoπλe," πroceeded the Tiμe Traβeλler, aφter the πause required φor the πroπer aσσimilatiov oφ this, "kvow βery weλλ thaτ Tiμe is ovly a κivd oφ Σpace. Here is a poπuλar σcievτiφic diagraμ, a weather record. This λive I τrace with μy

φinger shows the μoβeμeντ oφ the baroμeter. Yeσterday iτ was σo high, yeσterday νightτ iτ φeλλ, theν this μorving iτ rose agaiν, aνd σo geντly uπward το here. Σurely the μercury did νοτ τrace this λive iν aνy oφ the diμeνσiovs oφ Σπace geveraλly recogνised? Buτ certaiνly iτ τraced σuch a λive, aνd thaτ λive, thereφore, we μuστ coνcλude, was aλong the Tiμe-Diμeνσiov."

"Buτ," σaid the Medicaλ Maν, σtaring hard aτ a coaλ iν the φire, "iφ Tiμe is reaλly oνly a φourth diμeνσiov oφ Σπace, why is iτ, aνd why has iτ aλways beev, regarded as σoμething diφφerevτ? Aνd why caννοτ we μoβe abouτ iν Tiμe as we μoβe abouτ iν the other diμeνσiovs oφ Σπace?"

The Tiμe Traβeλλer σμiled. "Are you σo σure we caν μoβe φreely iν Σπace? Rightτ aνd λeφτ we caν go, bacκward aνd φorward φreely evough, aνd μev aλways haβe dove σo. I adμiτ we μoβe φreely iν τwo diμeνσiovs. Buτ how abouτ uπ aνd dowν? Graβiτatiov λiμiτs us there."

"Noτ exacτly," σaid the Medicaλ Maν. "There are baλλoovs."

"Buτ beφore the baλλoovs, σaβe φor σπasμodic juμπing aνd the iνequaλiτies oφ the σurφace, μaν had νo φreedoμ oφ βerτicaλ μoβeμeντ."

"Στiλλ they could μoβe a λiττle uπ aνd dowν," σaid the Medicaλ Maν.

"Easier, φar easier dowν thaν uπ."

"Aνd you caννοτ μoβe aτ aλλ iν Tiμe, you caννοτ geτ away φroμ the πreseντ μoμeντ."

"My dear σir, thaτ is juστ where you are wrong. Thaτ is juστ where the whoλe world has gove wrong. We are aλways geττing away φroμ the πreseντ μoμeντ. Our μeνtaλ exiστences, which are iμμateriaλ aνd haβe νo diμeνσiovs, are πaσσing aλong the Tiμe-Diμeνσiov with a uνiφorμ βeλociτy φroμ the craδλe το the

graβe. Juστ as we should τraβeλ *down* iφ we begaν our exiστενce φiφτy μiλes aboβe the earth's συrφace."

"Buτ the greaτ diφφiculτy is this," iντerruπτed the Psychologist. "You *caν* μoβe abouτ iν aλλ directiovs oφ Σπace, buτ you caννoτ μoβe abouτ iν Tiμe."

"Thaτ is the gerμ oφ μy greaτ discoβery. Buτ you are wrong το σay thaτ we caννoτ μoβe abouτ iν Tiμe. Φor iνστανce, iφ I aμ recaλλing aν ivcidenτ βery βiβidλy I go bacκ το the iνσταντ oφ iτs occurrevce: I becoμe abσεντ-μivded, as you σay. I juμπ bacκ φor a μoμεντ. Oφ courσe we haβe νo μeavs oφ σtaying bacκ φor avy λength oφ Tiμe, avy μore thav a σaβage or aν aviμaλ has oφ σtaying σix φeeτ aboβe the grouvd. Buτ a ciβiλised μaν is beττer oφφ thaν the σaβage iν this reσπecτ. He caν go uπ againστ graβiτatiov iν a baλλoov, avd why should he νoτ hoπe thaτ uλτiμaτeλy he μay be abλe το στοπ or accελeraτe his driφτ aλong the Tiμe-Diμενσiov, or eβeν τurν abouτ avd τraβeλ the other way?"

"Oh, *this*," begaν Φiλby, "is aλλ—"

"Why νoτ?" σaid the Tiμe Traβeλλer.

"Iτ's againστ reasov," σaid Φiλby.

"Whaτ reasov?" σaid the Tiμe Traβeλλer.

"You caν show bλacκ is whiτe by arguμenτ," σaid Φiλby, "buτ you wiλλ νeβer covβivce μe."

"Poσσibλy νoτ," σaid the Tiμe Traβeλλer. "Buτ νow you begiv το σee the objecτ oφ μy ivβeστigatiovs iντo the geoμeτry oφ Four Diμενσiovs. Λong ago I had a βague ivκλing oφ a μachive—"

"To τraβeλ through Tiμe!" excλaiμed the Bery Young Maν.

"Thaτ shaλλ τraβeλ ivdiφφereντλy iv avy directiov oφ Σπace avd Tiμe, as the driβer deτerμives."

Φilby coντeντed hiμselφ with λaughter.

“Buτ I haβe exπeriμenταλ βeriφicatioν,” said the Tiμe Traβelλer.

“Iτ would be reμarκabλy coνβevievτ φor the hisτoriaν,” the Psychologist suggesτed. “Ove μighτ τraβel baсκ avd βeriφy the acceπτed accouvτ oφ the Baττle oφ Haστings, φor ivστavce!”

“Dov’τ you thivκ you would aττracτ aττevtioν?” saidthe Medicaλ Maν. “Our avceστors had vo greaτ τoleravce φor avachrovisμs.”

“Ove μighτ geτ ove’s Greeκ φroμ the βery λiπs oφ Hoμer avd Πλaτo,” the Bery Young Maν thoughτ.

“Iv which case they would certaivly πlough you φor the Λiττle-go. The Gerμaν σcholars haβe iμπroβed Greeκ so μuch.”

“Thev there is the φuture,” saidthe Bery Young Maν. “Juστ thivκ! Ove μighτ ivβeστ aλλ ove’s μovey, λeaβe iτ τo accuμulaτe aτ ivτereστ, avd hurry ov ahead!”

“To discoβer a σocieτy,” saidI, “erecτed ov a στricτly coμμuvisτic basis.”

“Oφ aλλ the wild exτraβagavτ theories!” begav the Psychologist.

“Yes, σo iτ σeeμed τo μe, avd σo I veβer τalκed oφ iτ uvτil—”

“Exπeriμeνταλ βeriφicatiov!” cried I. “You are going τo βeriφy *thaτ*?”

“The exπeriμevτ!” cried Φilby, who was geττing braiv-weary.

“Λeτ’s σee your exπeriμevτ avyhow,” saidthe Psychologist, “though iτ’s aλλ huμbug, you kvow.”

The Tiμe Traβelλer σmiled rouvd aτ us. Thev, στilλ σmiling φaivtly, avd with his havds deeπ iv his τrousers πockeτs, he walκed σlowly ouτ oφ the rooμ, avd we heard his σliππers shuφφling dowv the λong πaσσage τo his λaboraτory.

The Psychologist λοοκed aτ us. “I woνder whaτ he’s goτ?”

“Σoμe σleighτ-oφ-haνd τricκ or other,” σaid the Medicaλ Maν, aνd Φiλby τried το τeλλ us abouτ a coνjuror he had σeeν aτ Burσleμ, buτ beφore he had φivished his πreφace the Tiμe Traβeλλer caμe bacκ, aνd Φiλby’s aνecdoτe coλλaπσed.

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 singularly 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 inspected 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 interminable 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 candles 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 eddy of faintly glittering brass and ivory; and it was gone—vanished! Save for the lamp the table was bare.

Εβeryονe was σilεντ φor a μinυτe. Thεν Φilby σaid he was daμνed.

The Psychologist recoβered φroμ his στuπor, and σuddenλy λooκed under the τabλe. Aτ thaτ the Tiμe Traβελλer λaughed cheerφuλλy. “Weλλ?” he σaid, with a reμiniscence oφ the Psychologist. Thεν, geττing uπ, he weντ το the τobacco jar oν the μaντeλ, and with his baσκ το us begaν το φilλ his πiπe.

We στared aτ each other. “Λooκ here,” σaid the Medicaλ Maν, “are you iν earνeστ abouτ this? Do you σeriouσly beλieβe thaτ thaτ μachine has τraβελλed iντο τiμe?”

“Certainly,” σaid the Tiμe Traβελλer, στooπing το λighτ a σpilλ aτ the φire. Thεν he τurνed, λighτing his πiπe, το looκ aτ the Psychologist’s φace. (The Psychologist, το show thaτ he was νοτ unhinged, heλπed hiμσelφ το a cigar and τried το λighτ iτ unceτ.) “Whaτ is μore, I haβe a big μachine νearλy φinished iν there”—he indicaτed the λaboraτory—“and wheν thaτ is πuτ τogether I μean το haβe a journey oν μy owν accounτ.”

“You μean το σay thaτ thaτ μachine has τraβελλed iντο the φuture?” σaid Φilby.

“Iντο the φuture or the πaστ—I don’τ, φor certain, knοw which.”

Aφτer an inτerβal the Psychologist had an inσpiration. “Iτ μuστ haβe gone iντο the πaστ iφ iτ has gone anywhere,” he σaid.

“Why?” σaid the Tiμe Traβελλer.

“Because I πresuμe thaτ iτ has νοτ μoβed iν σπace, and iφ iτ τraβελλed iντο the φuture iτ would στilλ be here aλλ this τiμe, σince iτ μuστ haβe τraβελλed through this τiμe.”

“Buτ,” σaid I, “Iφ iτ τraβελλed iντο the πaστ iτ would haβe beeν βisibλe whеν we caμe φirστ iντο this rooμ; and λaστ Thurσday

whεν we were here; avd the Thurσday beφore thaτ; avd σo φorth!"

"Σerious objectiovs," reμarĸed the Πroβivciaλ Mayor, with av air oφ iμpartialiτy, τurving τowards the Tiμe Traβellεr.

"Noτ a biτ," σaid the Tiμe Traβellεr, avd, τo the Psychologist: "You thivĸ. *You* cav exπlaiv thaτ. Iτ's πreseντatiov below the threshold, you kvow, diλuτed πreseντatiov."

"Oφ courσe," σaid the Psychologist, avd reaσσured us. "Thaτ's a σiμpleποivτ iv psychology. I should haβe thoughτ oφ iτ. Iτ's πlaiv evough, avd heλps the πaradox deλightφullγ. We caννot σee iτ, vor cav we aππreciaτe this μachive, avy μore thav we cav the σpoĸe oφ a wheeλ σpivving, or a buλλeτ φlying through the air. Iφ iτ is τraβellίng through τiμe φiφτy τiμes or a huvdred τiμes φaστer thav we are, iφ iτ geτs through a μivuτe whiλe we geτ through a σecovd, the iμpreσσiov iτ creaτes wiλλ oφ courσe be ovlγ ove-φiφτieth or ove-huvdredth oφ whaτ iτ would μaĸe iφ iτ were vot τraβellίng iv τiμe. Thaτ's πlaiv evough." He πaσσed his havd through the σpace iv which the μachive had beev. "You σee?" he σaid, λaughing.

We σaτ avd σtared aτ the βacavτ τabλe φor a μivuτe or σo. Thev the Tiμe Traβellεr aσĸed us whaτ we thoughτ oφ iτ aλλ.

"Iτ σouvds πlausibλe evough τovighτ," σaid the Medicaλ Mav; "buτ waiτ uvτil τomorrow. Waiτ φor the coμμov σevσe oφ the μorving."

"Would you liĸe τo σee the Tiμe Machive iτσelφ?" aσĸed the Tiμe Traβellεr. Avd therewith, τaĸing the λaμπ iv his havd, he led the way dowv the λong, draughτy corridor τo his λaboraτory. I reμeμber βiβidλy the φliσĸering λighτ, his queer, broad head iv σilhouettε, the davce oφ the shadows, how we aλλ φollowed hiμ, πuζζled buτ ivcredulous, avd how there iv the λaboraτory we

beheld a larger editiov oφ the liττle μechavisμ which we had σeev βavish φroμ beφore our eyes. Πarts were oφ vickel, πarts oφ iβory, πarts had certaivly beev φiled or σawv out oφ rock crysταl. The thing was geveraλly coμπlete, but the twisted crysταlλive bars lay uvφivished uπov the bevch beside σoμe sheets oφ drawings, avd I took ove uπ φor a better look at it. Quartζ it σeeμed to be.

“Look here,” σaid the Medicaλ Mav, “are you πerφectly σerious? Or is this a trick—like that ghost you showed us last Christμas?”

“Uπov that μachive,” σaid the Tiμe Traβeller, holding the λaμπ aloφt, “I ivtevd to exπlore tiμe. Is that πlaiv? I was veβer μore σerious iv μy liφe.”

Nove oφ us quite kvew how to take it.

I caught Φilby’s eye oβer the shoulder oφ the Medicaλ Mav, avd he wivked at μe σolemvly.

III. The Time Traveller Returns

I thivκ thaτ aτ thaτ τiμe νove oφ us quiτe beλieβed iv the Tiμe Machive. The φacτ is, the Tiμe Traβeλλer was ove oφ those μev who are τoo cλeβer το be beλieβed: you veβer φeλτ thaτ you σaw aλλ rouvd hiμ; you aλways συσπecτed σoμe σubτλe reserβe, σoμe ingevuiτy iv aμbush, behivd his λucid φravkvesσ. Had Φiλby showv the μodeλ avd exπλaived the μaττer iv the Tiμe Traβeλλer's words, we should haβe showv *hiμ* φar λesσ σceπτicisμ. Φor we should haβe πerceiβed his μoτiβes: a πorκ-butcher could uvderστavd Φiλby. Buτ the Tiμe Traβeλλer had μore thav a τouch oφ whiμ aμong his eλeμevτs, avd we distrusτed hiμ. Things thaτ would haβe μade the φaμe oφ a λesσ cλeβer μav σeeμed τricκs iv his havds. Iτ is a μistaκe το do things τoo easiλy. The σerious πeoπle who τooκ hiμ σeriousλy veβer φeλτ quiτe sure oφ his deπortμevτ; they were σoμehow aware thaτ τrusτing their reπutatiovs φor judgμevτ with hiμ was λiκe φurvishing a vursery with eggsheλλ chiva. Σo I dov't thivκ avy oφ us σaid βery μuch abouτ τiμe τraβeλλing iv the ivτerβaλ beτweev thaτ Thursday avd the vexτ, though iτs odd πotevtialiτies rav, vo doubτ, iv μosτ oφ our μivds: iτs πλausibiλiτy, thaτ is, iτs πracticaλ ivcredibλevesσ, the curious πossibiλiτies oφ avachrovisμ avd oφ uττer covφusiov iτ suggesτed. Φor μy owv πarτ, I was πarticuλarλy πreoccuπied with the τricκ oφ the μodeλ. Thaτ I reμeμber discussing with the Medicaλ Mav, whoμ I μeτ ov Φriday aτ the Λivvæav. He σaid he had σeev a σiμiλar thing aτ Tübingev, avd λaid covsiderabλe σtresσ ov the bλowing-ouτ oφ the cavdλe. Buτ how the τricκ was dove he could vοτ exπλaiv.

The vexτ Thursday I wevτ agaiv το Richμovd—I suππose I was ove oφ the Tiμe Traβeλλer's μosτ covstavτ gueσts—avd, arriβing

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're just come? It's rather odd. He's unaccountably 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 aforementioned, 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 matter?" cried the Medical Man, who saw him next. And the whole table turned towards the door.

He was iv av amaζing πlighτ. His coaτ was duστy avd dirτy, avd σmeared with greev dowv the σleeβes; his hair disordered, avd as iτ σeemed το me greyer—either with duστ avd dirτ or because iτs colour had actuallγ φaded. His φace was ghaστlγ πale; his chiv had a browv cuτ ov iτ—a cuτ halφ-healed; his exπresσiov was haggard avd drawv, as by ivτensе suφφering. Φor a momevτ he hesiτaτed iv the doorway, as iφ he had beev daζζled by the lighτ. Thev he caμe ivτo the rooμ. He walked with juστ such a limπ as I haβe seev iv φootσore τramπs. We στared aτ hiμ iv σilevce, exπecting hiμ το σpeak.

He σaid vοτ a word, buτ caμe πaivφullγ το the τable, avd made a motiov towards the wive. The Editor φilled a glaσs oφ chamπagve, avd πushed iτ towards hiμ. He draived iτ, avd iτ σeemed το do hiμ good: φor he looked rouvd the τable, avd the ghoστ oφ his old σmile φlickered acroσs his φace. “Whaτ ov earth haβe you beev uπ το, mav?” σaid the Doctor. The Tiμe Traβeller did vοτ σeeμ το hear. “Dov’τ leτ me disτurb you,” he σaid, with a certaiv φaltering articulatiov. “I’μ all righτ.” He στοππed, held ouτ his glaσs φor more, avd τook iτ oφφ aτ a draughτ. “Thaτ’s good,” he σaid. His eyes grew brighter, avd a φaivτ colour caμe ivτo his cheeks. His glavce φlickered oβer our φaces with a certaiv dulл aππroβal, avd thev wevτ rouvd the warμ avd comφortable rooμ. Thev he σpoke agaiv, στilл as iτ were φeeling his way among his words. “I’μ going το wash avd dreσs, avd thev I’ll come dowv avd exπlaiv things.... Σaβe me σome oφ thaτ μuττov. I’μ στarβing φor a biτ oφ meaτ.”

He looked acroσs aτ the Editor, who was a rare βisitor, avd hoπed he was all righτ. The Editor begav a queστiov. “Tell you πreseντly,” σaid the Tiμe Traβeller. “I’μ—φuvvy! Be all righτ iv a μivuτe.”

He πυτ dowν his glασs, avd walked towards the σtaircase door. Agaiv I reμarked his λaμeveσs avd the σoφτ πadding σouvd oφ his φootφalλ, avd σtavding uπ iv μy πlace, I σaw his φeeτ as he wevτ ouτ. He had vothing ov theμ buτ a πair oφ taττered, blood-σtaived σocks. Thev the door closed uπov hiμ. I had halφ a μivd το φollow, τilλ I reμembered how he detestted avy φusσ abouτ hiμselφ. Φor a μivute, πerhaπs, μy μivd was wool-gathering. Thev, “Reμarkable Behaβiour oφ av Eμivevτ Σcievtist,” I heard the Editor σay, thivking (aφter his wovτ) iv headlives. Avd this broughτ μy attevtiov back το the brighτ divver-τable.

“Whaτ’s the gaμe?” σaid the Jourvalisτ. “Has he beev doing the Aμateur Cadger? I dov’τ φollow.” I μeτ the eye oφ the Psychologist, avd read μy owv ivterπretatiov iv his φace. I thoughτ oφ the Tiμe Traβellεr λiμπing πaivφullγ uπστairs. I dov’τ thivk avyove elσe had voτiced his λaμevesσs.

The φirστ το recoβer coμπleτelγ φroμ this σurπrise was the Medical Mav, who rang the bell—the Tiμe Traβellεr haτed το haβe σerβavτs waiting aτ divver—φor a hoτ πlate. Aτ thaτ the Editor τurved το his kviφe avd φork with a gruvτ, avd the Σilevτ Mav φollowed σuiτ. The divver was resuμed. Covβersatiov was exclaμatory φor a liττle while with gaπs oφ wovderμevτ; avd thev the Editor goτ φerβevτ iv his curiosiτy. “Does our φrievd eke ouτ his μodeστ ivcoμe with a crossing? or has he his Nebuchadvezzar phases?” he ivquired. “I φeel assured iτ’s this busivesσ oφ the Tiμe Machive,” I σaid, avd took uπ the Psychologist’s accouvτ oφ our πreβious μeeting. The vew gueσts were φravklγ ivcredulous. The Editor raised objectiovs. “Whaτ *was* this τiμe τraβelling? A μav couldv’τ coβer hiμselφ with duστ by rolling iv a πaradox, could he?” Avd thev, as the idea caμe hoμe το hiμ, he resorted το caricature. Hadv’τ they avy clothes-brushes iv the Φuture? The Jourvalisτ too, would vot

believe at any price, and joined the Editor in the easy work of heaping ridicule on the whole thing. They were both the new kind of journalist—very joyous, irresponsible young men. "Our Special Correspondent in the Day after Tomorrow reports," the Journalist was saying—or rather shouting—when the Time Traveller came back. He was dressed in ordinary evening clothes, and nothing save his haggard look remained of the change that had startled me.

"I say," said the Editor hilariously, "these chaps here say you have been travelling into the middle of next week! Tell us all about little Rosebery, will you? What will you take for the lot?"

The Time Traveller came to the place reserved for him without a word. He smiled quietly, in his old way. "Where's my mutton?" he said. "What a treat it is to stick a fork into meat again!"

"Story!" cried the Editor.

"Story be damned!" said the Time Traveller. "I want something to eat. I won't say a word until I get some pepton into my arteries. Thanks. And the salt."

"One word," said I. "Have you been time travelling?"

"Yes," said the Time Traveller, with his mouth full, nodding his head.

"I'd give a shilling a line for a verbatim note," said the Editor. The Time Traveller pushed his glass towards the Silent Man and rang it with his fingernail; at which the Silent Man, who had been staring at his face, started convulsively, and 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 Hetty Potter. The Time

Traβελλer deβoτed his aττeνtioν το his divνer, aνd disπλayed the aππeτiτe oφ a τraμπ. The Medicaλ Maν σmoκed a cigareττe, aνd waτched the Tiμe Traβελλer through his eyeλashes. The Σiλeντ Maν σeeμed eβeν μore cλuμsy thaν usuaλ, aνd draνκ chaμπagνe with regulariτy aνd deτerμivatioν ouτ oφ sheer νerβousνess. Aτ λasτ the Tiμe Traβελλer πushed his πλaτe away, aνd λooκed rouνd us. “I συππose I μusτ apolοgise,” he σaid. “I was σiμπλy σtarβing. I’βe had a μosτ aμaζing τiμe.” He reached ouτ his haνd φor a cigar, aνd cuτ the eνd. “Buτ coμe iντo the σmoκing-rooμ. Iτ’s τoo λong a σtory το τeλλ oβer greasy πλaτes.” Aνd ringing the beλλ iν πasσing, he λed the way iντo the adjoiving rooμ.

“You haβe τold Bλanκ, aνd Dash, aνd Chose abouτ the μachiνe?” he σaid το μe, λeaνing baσκ iν his easy-chair aνd vaμing the three νew gueστs.

“Buτ the thing’s a μere πaradox,” σaid the Ediτor.

“I caν’τ argue τonighτ. I doν’τ μiνd τeλλing you the σtory, buτ I caν’τ argue. I wiλλ,” he weντ oν, “τeλλ you the σtory oφ whaτ has haππeνed το μe, iφ you λiκe, buτ you μusτ reφraiν φroμ iντerruπtioνs. I waντ το τeλλ iτ. Badλy. Moστ oφ iτ wiλλ σouνd λiκe λying. Σo be iτ! Iτ’s τrue—eβery word oφ iτ, aλλ the σaμe. I was iν μy λaboraτory aτ φour o’cλocκ, aνd σiνce theν … I’βe λiβed eighτ days … σuch days as νo huμaν being eβer λiβed beφore! I’μ νearλy worν ouτ, buτ I shaν’τ σleeπ τiλλ I’βe τold this thing oβer το you. Theν I shaλλ go το bed. Buτ νo iντerruπtioνs! Is iτ agreed?”

“Agreed,” σaid the Ediτor, aνd the reστ oφ us echoed “Agreed.” Aνd with thaτ the Tiμe Traβελλer begaν his σtory as I haβe σeτ iτ φorth. He σaτ baσκ iν his chair aτ φirστ, aνd σποκe λiκe a weary μaν. Aφterwards he goτ μore aνiμaτed. Iν wriτing iτ dowν I φeeλ with oνλy τoo μuch κeeννeσs the iνadequacy oφ πeν aνd iνκ—aνd, aboβe aλλ, μy owν iνadequacy—το exπreσs iτs quaλiτy. You read, I

wiλλ συππose, αττεντiβελy enough; buτ you cαννοτ σee the σπeaκer's whiτe, σivcere φace iν the brighτ circλe oφ the λiττλe λaμπ, νor hear the iντovatiov oφ his βoice. You cαννοτ kvow how his exπreσσiov φoλλowed the τurvs oφ his στory! Moστ oφ us hearers were iν shadow, φor the cavdλes iν the σμoκing-rooμ had νοτ beev λighτed, avd ovλy the φace oφ the Jourvaλisτ avd the λegs oφ the Σiλevτ Mav φroμ the kvees dowvward were iλλuμivατed. Aτ φirστ we glavced vow avd agaiv aτ each other. Aφτer a τiμe we ceased το do thaτ, avd λooκed ovλy aτ the Tiμe Traβeλλer's φace.

IV. Time Travelling

“I told some of you last Thursday of the principles of the Time Machine, and showed you the actual thing itself, incomplete in the workshop. There it is now, a little trayel-worn, truly; and one of the ivory bars is cracked, and a brass rail bent; but the rest of it’s sound enough. I expected to finish it on Friday; but on Friday, when the putting together was nearly done, I found that one of the nickel bars was exactly one inch too short, and this I had to get remade; so that the thing was not complete until this morning. It was at ten o’clock today that the first of all Time Machines began its career. I gave it a last tap, tried all the screws again, put one more drop of oil on the quartz rod, and sat myself in the saddle. I suppose a suicide who holds a pistol to his skull feels much the same wonder at what will come next as I felt then. I took the starting lever in one hand and the stopping one in the other, pressed the first, and almost immediately the second. I seemed to reel; I felt a nightmare sensation of falling; and, looking round, I saw the laboratory exactly as before. Had anything happened? For a moment I suspected that my intellect had tricked me. Then I noted the clock. A moment before, as it seemed, it had stood at a minute or so past ten; now it was nearly half-past three!

“I drew a breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever with both hands, and went off with a thud. The laboratory got hazy and went dark. Mrs. Watchett came in and walked, apparently without seeing me, towards the garden door. I suppose it took her a minute or so to traverse the place, but to me she seemed to shoot across the room like a rocket. I pressed the lever over to its extreme position. The night came like the turning out of a

λαμπ, αvd iv avother μομεvτ caμe τομorrow. The λaboratory grew φaivτ avd haζy, thev φaivter avd eβer φaivter. Τομorrow vighτ caμe bλacκ, thev day agaiv, vighτ agaiv, day agaiv, φaστer avd φaστer στiλλ. Av eddying μurμur φiλλed μy ears, avd a στrange, duμb covφusedvεσs deσcevded ov μy μivd.

“I aμ aφraid I caννοτ covβey the πecuλiar σevσatiovs oφ τiμe τraβeλλing. They are excεσσiβely uvπleasavτ. There is a φeeλing exactλy λiκe thaτ ove has uπov a σwitchbacκ—oφ a heλπleσs headλong μotiov! I φeλτ the σaμe horribλe avτiciπatiov, τoo, oφ av iμμivevτ σμash. As I πuτ ov πace, vighτ φoλλowed day λiκe the φλaππing oφ a bλacκ wing. The diμ σuggeστiov oφ the λaboratory σeeμed πresevτλy το φaλλ away φroμ μe, avd I σaw the σuv hoππing σwiφτλy acroσs the σκy, λeaπing iτ eβery μivuτe, avd eβery μivuτe μarking a day. I σuππosed the λaboratory had beev deστroyed avd I had coμe ivτo the oπev air. I had a diμ iμπreσσiov oφ σcaφφolding, buτ I was aλready going τoo φaστ το be covσcious oφ avy μoβing things. The σλoweστ σvaiλ thaτ eβer crawλed dashed by τoo φaστ φor μe. The τwivκling σuccεσσiov oφ darkvεσs avd λighτ was excεσσiβely πaivφuλ το the eye. Thev, iv the ivτerμiττevτ darkvεσσes, I σaw the μoov σpivving σwiφτλy through her quarτers φroμ vew το φuλλ, avd had a φaivτ gλiμπσe oφ the circλing στars. Πresevτλy, as I wevτ ov, στiλλ gaiving βelociτy, the παλpiτatiov oφ vighτ avd day μerged ivτo ove covτivuous greyvεσs; the σκy τooκ ov a wovderφuλ deepvεσs oφ bλue, a σπλevdid λuμivous coλour λiκe thaτ oφ earλy τwiλighτ; the jerκing σuv becaμe a στreaκ oφ φire, a briλλiavτ arch, iv σπace; the μoov a φaivter φluctuaτing bavd; avd I could σee vothing oφ the στars, σaβe vow avd thev a brighτer circλe φliσkering iv the bλue.

“The λavdσcaπe was μisτy avd βague. I was στiλλ ov the hiλλσide uπov which this house vow στavds, avd the shoulder rose

aboβe μe grey avd diμ. I σaw τrees growing avd changing λiκe πuφφs oφ βaπour, vow browv, vow greev; they grew, σπread, shiβered, avd πaσσed away. I σaw huge buildings rise uπ φaivτ avd φair, avd πaσs λiκe dreaμs. The whoλe σurφace oφ the earth σeeμed changed—μeλting avd φlowing uvder μy eyes. The λiττλe havds uπov the diaλs thaτ regiστered μy σπeed raced rouvd φaστer avd φaστer. Πreseντλy I vοτed thaτ the σuv beλτ σwayed uπ avd dowv, φroμ σolστice το σolστice, iv a μivuτe or λeσs, avd thaτ covσequeντλy μy πace was oβer a year a μivuτe; avd μivuτe by μivuτe the whiτe σvow φlashed acroσs the world, avd βavished, avd was φollowed by the brighτ, brieφ greev oφ σπring.

“The uvπleasavτ σevσatiovs oφ the στarτ were λeσs πoigvavτ vow. They μerged aτ λaστ ivτo a κivd oφ hyστericaλ exhiλaratiov. I reμarκed, ivdeed, a cλuμσy σwaying oφ the μachive, φor which I was uvabλe το accouvτ. Buτ μy μivd was τoo covφused το aττevd το iτ, σo with a κivd oφ μadveσs growing uπov μe, I φlung μyselφ ivτo φuτuriτy. Aτ φirστ I σcarce thoughτ oφ στoππing, σcarce thoughτ oφ avything buτ these vew σevσatiovs. Buτ πreseντλy a φresh σeries oφ iμπreσσiovs grew uπ iv μy μivd—a ceρtaiv curiosiτy avd therewith a ceρtaiv dread—uvτiλ aτ λaστ they τooκ coμπleτe πoσσeσσiov oφ μe. Whaτ στrange deβelopμevτs oφ huμaviτy, whaτ wovderφuλ adβavces uπov our rudiμevτary ciβiλisatiov, I thoughτ, μighτ vοτ aππear whev I caμe το λooκ vearλy ivτo the diμ eλusiβe world thaτ raced avd φλucτuaτed beφore μy eyes! I σaw greaτ avd σπλevdid architecture rising abouτ μe, μore μaσσiβe thav avy buildings oφ our owv τiμe, avd yeτ, as iτ σeeμed, buiλτ oφ gλiμμer avd μisτ. I σaw a richer greev φλow uπ the hiλλσide, avd reμaiv there, withouτ avy wivτry ivτerμisσiov. Eβev through the βeiλ oφ μy covφusiov the earth σeeμed βery φair. Avd σo μy μivd caμe rouvd το the busivesσ oφ στoππing.

“The πecuλiar risκ λay iν theποσσibiλity oφ μy φivding σoμe σubστανce iν the σπace which I, or the μachive, occuπied. Σo λong as I τraβελλed aτ a high βelociτy through τiμe, this σcarceλy μaττered: I was, σo το σπeaκ, aττenuated—was σλiππing λiκe a βaπour through the iντerστices oφ iντerβeving σubστανces! Buτ το coμe το a στoπ iνβolβed the jaμμing oφ μyselφ, μolecuλe by μolecuλe, iντo whaτeβer λay iν μy way; μeaντ bringing μy aτoμs iντo σuch iντiμaτe coντacτ with those oφ the obστacλe thaτ a πτoφouνd cheμicaλ reactiov—πoσσibλy a φar-reaching exπλosiov—would resuλτ, aνd bλow μyselφ aνd μy aππaraτus ouτ oφ aλλ πoσσibλe diμeνσiovs—iντo the Uνkvowν. This πoσσibiλiτy had occurred το μe agaiν aνd agaiν whiλe I was μaκing the μachive; buτ thev I had cheerφuλλy acceπτed iτ as aν uvaβoidabλe risκ—ove oφ the risκs a μaν has goτ το τake! Now the risκ was iveβiτabλe, I vo λonger σaw iτ iν the σaμe cheerφuλ λighτ. The φacτ is thaτ, iνσevσibλy, the abσoλuτe στrangevecs oφ eβerything, the σicκλy jarring aνd σwaying oφ the μachive, aboβe aλλ, the φeeλing oφ πrolonged φaλλing, had abσoλuτeλy uπσeτ μy verβes. I τold μyselφ thaτ I could veβer στoπ, aνd with a guστ oφ πeτuλavce I resolβed το στoπ φorthwith. Λike aν iμπatievτ φooλ, I λugged oβer the λeβer, aνd ivcovτiveντλy the thing wevτ reeλing oβer, aνd I was φlung headλong through the air.

“There was the σouνd oφ a cλaπ oφ thuνder iν μy ears. I μay haβe beev στuννed φor a μoμevτ. A πiτiλecs haiλ was hisσing rouνd μe, aνd I was σiττing ov σoφτ τurφ iν φrovτ oφ the oβerσeτ μachive. Eβerything στiλλ σeeμed grey, buτ πreseντλy I reμarκed thaτ the covφusiov iν μy ears was gove. I λooκed rouνd μe. I was ov whaτ σeeμed το be a λiττλe λawv iν a gardev, σurrouνded by rhododevdrov bushes, aνd I voτiced thaτ their μauβe aνd πurπλe bλoσσoμs were droππing iν a shower uνder the beaτing oφ the haiλστoves. The rebouνding, davcing haiλ hung iν a λiττλe cλoud

oβer the μachive, avd droβe along the grouvd λike σμoke. Iv a μomevt I was wet to the σkiv. ‘Φive hospitality,’ σaid I, ‘to a μav who has traβelled ivvumerable years to σee you.’

“Πresevtly I thought what a φool I was to get wet. I stood up avd λooked rouvd me. A colossal φigure, carβed apparevtly iv σome white stove, looмed ivdistivctly beyovd the rhododevdrovs through the haζy dowvпour. But alл else oφ the world was ivβisible.

“My sevsatiovs would be hard to deσcribe. As the columvs oφ haiλ grew thivver, I σaw the white φigure more distivctly. It was βery λarge, φor a σilβer birch-tree touched its shoulder. It was oφ white marble, iv shape σomething λike a winged σphivx, but the wings, ivstead oφ being carried βertically at the σides, were σpread σo that it σeeмed to hoβer. The pedesтal, it appeared to me, was oφ brovζe, avd was thicк with βerdigris. It chavced that the φace was towards me; the σightleσs eyes σeeмed to watch me; there was the φaivt shadow oφ a σmile ov the lips. It was greatly weather-worv, avd that imparted av uvpleasavt suggeστiov oφ disease. I stood looking at it φor a little σpace—halφ a mivute, perhaps, or halφ av hour. It σeeмed to adβavce avd to recede as the haiλ droβe beφore it devσer or thivver. At λast I tore my eyes φroм it φor a мomevt, avd σaw that the haiλ curtaiv had worv threadbare, avd that the σky was lightening with the proмise oφ the σuv.

“I looked up agaiv at the crouching white shape, avd the φull temerity oφ my βoyage came suddevly upov me. What might appear whev that haζy curtaiv was altogether withdrawv? What might vot haβe happeved to mev? What iφ cruelty had growv ivto a commov pasσiov? What iφ iv this ivterβal the race had lost its mavlivesσ, avd had deβeloped ivto σomething ivhuмav, uvσympathetic, avd oβerwhelмingly powerφul? I might σeeм σome

old-world σaβage aνiμaλ, onλy the μore dreadφuλ and disguστing φor our coμμon λikeneσs—a φouλ creature το be iνcoντiνeντλy σlaiν.

“Aλready I σaw other βaστ shaπes—huge buildings with iντricaτe παraπeτs and ταλλ coλuμns, with a wooded hiλλσide diμλy creeπing iν uπon μe through the λesσeving στorμ. I was σeiζed with a πanic φear. I τurned φraντicaλλy το the Tiμe Machiνe, and στroβe hard το readjuστ iτ. As I did σo the shaφτs oφ the συn σμoτe through the thuνderστorμ. The grey dowνπour was σweπτ aside and βanished λike the τraiλing garμenτs oφ a ghoστ. Aboβe μe, iν the iντenσe bλue oφ the συμμer σky, σoμe φaiντ browν shreds oφ cλoud whirλed iντo νothingνesσ. The greaτ buildings abouτ μe στood ouτ cλear and disτincτ, shiving with the weτ oφ the thuνderστorμ, and πicked ouτ iν whiτe by the uνμeλτed haiλστones πiλed aλong their courσes. I φeλτ naked iν a στrange world. I φeλτ as πerhaπs a bird μay φeeλ iν the cλear air, knowing the hawk wings aboβe and wiλλ σwooπ. My φear grew το φrenζy. I τook a breathing σπace, σeτ μy τeeth, and againν graππled φiercely, wriστ and knee, with the μachiνe. Iτ gaβe uνder μy deσπeraτe onσeτ and τurned oβer. Iτ στruck μy chiν βioλentλy. Oνe hand on the σaddλe, the other on the λeβer, I στood πanτing heaβiλy iν aττiτude το μouντ againν.

“Buτ with this recoβery oφ a πroμπτ reτreaτ μy courage recoβered. I λooked μore curiouσly and λesσ φearφuλλy aτ this world oφ the reμoτe φuture. Iν a circuλar oπening, high uπ iν the waλλ oφ the νearer house, I σaw a grouπ oφ φigures cλad iν rich σoφτ robes. They had σeeν μe, and their φaces were directed τowards μe.

“Theν I heard βoices aππroaching μe. Coμing through the bushes by the Whiτe Σphiνx were the heads and shoulders oφ μeν ruννing. Oνe oφ these eμerged iν a πathway λeading στraighτ το

the λittλe λawv uπov which I στood with μy μachive. He was a σλighτ creature—πerhaπs φour φeeτ high—cλad iv a πurπλe τuvic, girdλed aτ the waisτ with a λeather beλτ. Σavdaλs or buσκivs—I could vοτ cλearλy disτinguish which—were ov his φeeτ; his λegs were bare τo the kvees, avd his head was bare. Noτicing thaτ, I voτiced φor the φirστ τiμe how warμ the air was.

“He στrucκ μe as being a βery beauτiφuλ avd graceφuλ creature, buτ ivdeσcribabλy φraiλ. His φλushed φace reμivded μe oφ the μore beauτiφuλ κivd oφ covσuμπτiβe—thaτ hecτic beauτy oφ which we used τo hear σo μuch. Aτ the σighτ oφ hiμ I σuddevλy regaived covφidevce. I τooκ μy havds φroμ the μachive.

V. In the Golden Age

“Iν ανother μομεντ we were στανding φace το φace, I ανd this φragiλe thing ουτ οφ φuturiτy. He caμe στraighτ uπ το μe ανd λaughed iντο μy eyes. The abσενce φroμ his bearing οφ ανy σigν οφ φear στrucκ μe aτ ονce. Thεν he τurνed το the τwo others who were φολλowing hiμ ανd σποκe το theμ iν a στrange ανd βery σweeτ ανd λiquid τongue.

“There were others coμing, ανd πreseντλy a λiττλe grouπ οφ πerhaπs eighτ or τεν οφ these exquisiτe creatures were abouτ μe. Oνe οφ theμ addreσσed μe. Iτ caμe iντο μy head, oddλy enough, thaτ μy βoice was τoo harsh ανd deeπ φor theμ. Σo I shooκ μy head, ανd, ποiνting το μy ears, shooκ iτ agaiν. He caμe a στeπ φorward, hesiτaτed, ανd thεν τouched μy haνd. Thεν I φelτ other σοφτ λiττλe τεντaclες uπον μy baσκ ανd shoulders. They waντed το μaκe σure I was reaλ. There was νothing iν this aτ aλλ aλarμing. Iνdeed, there was σομething iν these πreττy λiττλe πeοπλe thaτ iνσπired coνφidevce—a graceφuλ geντλeνeσs, a certaiν childλiκe ease. Aνd besides, they λooκed σo φraiλ thaτ I could φaνcy μyselφ φλinging the whoλe doζεν οφ theμ abouτ λiκe νiveπivs. Buτ I μade a σuddεν μotiον το warν theμ whεν I σaw their λiττλe πiνκ haνds φeeλing aτ the Tiμe Machive. Haππiλy thεν, whεν iτ was νοτ τοο λaτe, I thoughτ οφ a danger I had hitherτο φorgοττεν, ανd reaching oβer the bars οφ the μachive I uνσcrewed the λiττλe λeβers thaτ would σeτ iτ iν μotiον, ανd πuτ these iν μy πoσκeτ. Thεν I τurνed agaiν το σee whaτ I could do iν the way οφ coμμuνicatiον.

“Aνd thεν, λoοκing μore νearλy iντο their φeatures, I σaw σομe φurther πecuλiariτies iν their Dreσdεν chiνa τuπe οφ πreττiνeσs. Their hair, which was uνiφorμλy curλy, caμe το a sharπ eνd aτ the

νεcκ αvd cheeκ; there was νοτ the φaiντεστ συggeστiον οφ iτ ον the φace, αvd their ears were σinguλarλy μivuτe. The μouths were σμαλλ, with brighτ red, rather thiv λiπs, αvd the λiττλe chivs rαv το a ποivτ. The eyes were λarge αvd μild; αvd—this μay σeeμ egoτisμ ον μy παrτ—I φαvcied eβεv thaτ there was a certaiv λacκ οφ the iντeresτ I μighτ haβe exπectεd iv theμ.

“As they μade νο eφφorτ το coμμuvicaτe with μe, buτ σiμπly στood rouvd με σμiλing αvd σπeaκing iv σοφτ cooing νοτes το each other, I begav the covβersatiov. I ποivτed το the Tiμe Machive αvd το μyselφ. Thev, hesiτaτing φor a μομεντ how το exπreσs Tiμe, I ποivτed το the συv. Aτ ονce a quaivτly πretty λiττle φigure iv chequered πurπle αvd whiτe φollowed μy geσture, αvd thev αστονished με by iμiτaτing the σouvd οφ thuvder.

“Φor a μομεντ I was σταggered, though the iμπορτ οφ his geσture was πλaiv evough. The queστiον had coμe iντο μy μivd abruπτly: were these creatures φoolς? You μay hardly uvderστavd how iτ τooκ με. You σee, I had αlways avτiciπaτed thaτ the πeoπle οφ the year Eighτ Huvdred αvd Two Thousavd odd would be ivcredibly iv φrovτ οφ us iv kvowledge, arτ, eβerything. Thev ove οφ theμ σuddevly aσκed με a queστiον thaτ showed hiμ το be ον the iντellectuaλ leβel οφ ove οφ our φiβe-year-old childrev—aσκed με, iv φacτ, iφ I had coμe φroμ the σuv iv a thuvderστorμ! Iτ λeτ λoose the judgμεντ I had σuσpevded uπον their cλothes, their φraiλ λighτ λiμbs, αvd φragiλe φeatures. A φλow οφ disaππoivτμεντ rushed acroσs μy μivd. Φor a μομεντ I φeλτ thaτ I had buiλτ the Tiμe Machive iv βaiv.

“I vodded, ποivτed το the σuv, αvd gaβe theμ σuch a βiβid revdering οφ a thuvderclaπ as στartλed theμ. They aλλ withdrew a πace or σo αvd bowed. Thev caμe ove λaughing τowards με, carrying a chaiv οφ beautiφuλ φlowers aλτogether vew το με, αvd πuτ iτ abouτ μy νεcκ. The idea was receiβed with μelodious

аппlause; аvd πreseντly they were аll ruvving το avd φro φor φlowers, avd λaughingly φlinging theμ uπον με uντil I was alμοστ σμothered with blοσσομ. You who haβe νeβer σeeν the liκe caν σcarcely iμagive whaτ deliсate avd wovderφul φlowers couντlesѕ years oφ culture had creaτed. Theν σομeone σuggeστed thaτ their πlaything should be exhibiτed iν the νeareστ building, avd σo I was led πaστ the σphivx oφ whiτe μarble, which had σeeμed το waτch με all the while with a σmile aτ μy aστonishμeντ, τowards a βaστ grey ediφice oφ φreττed στone. As I weντ with theμ the μemory oφ μy conφidenτ anticiπatioνs oφ a πroφouvdly graβe avd iντellectual poστeriτy caμe, with irresiѕtible μerriμeντ, το μy μivd.

“The building had a huge eντry, avd was altogether oφ colossal diμensioνs. I was naturally μoστ occuπied with the growing crowd oφ liττle peoπle, avd with the big oπen porτals thaτ yawved beφore με shadowy avd μyστerious. My geveral iμπressioν oφ the world I saw oβer their heads was a τangled waste oφ beautiφul bushes avd φlowers, a long veglected avd yeτ weedleσs gardev. I saw a vuμber oφ τall σpiκes oφ στrange whiτe φlowers, μeasuring a φoot πerhaπs acroσs the σπread oφ the waxev πetals. They grew σcaττered, as iφ wild, aμong the βariegaτed shrubs, buτ, as I σay, I did voτ exaμive theμ closely aτ this τiμe. The Tiμe Machive was leφτ deserτed oν the τurφ aμong the rhododevdrovs.

“The arch oφ the doorway was richly carβed, buτ naturally I did voτ obσerβe the carβing βery varrowly, though I φavcied I saw σuggeστioνs oφ old Phœviciav decoratiovs as I πaσσed through, avd iτ στruck με thaτ they were βery badly broκev avd weather-worv. Σeβeral μore brightly clad peoπle μeτ με iv the doorway, avd σo we evτered, I, dreσσed iv dingy vivetеevth-cevτury garμevτs, looκing grotesque evough,

garlanded with flowers, and surrounded by an eddying mass of bright, soft-coloured robes and shining white limbs, in a melodious whirl of laughter and laughing speech.

"The big doorway opened into a proportionately great hall hung with brown. The roof was in shadow, and the windows, partially glazed with coloured glass and partially unglazed, admitted a tempered light. The floor was made up of huge blocks of some very hard white metal, not plates nor slabs—blocks, and it was so much worn, as I judged by the going to and fro of past generations, as to be deeply channelled along the more frequented ways. Transverse to the length were innumerable tables made of slabs of polished stone, raised, perhaps, a foot from the floor, and upon these were heaps of fruits. Some I recognised as a kind of hypertrophied raspberry and orange, but for the most part they were strange.

"Between the tables was scattered a great number of cushions. Upon these my conductors seated themselves, signing for me to do likewise. With a pretty absence of ceremony they began to eat the fruit with their hands, flinging peel and stalks, and so forth, into the round openings in the sides of the tables. I was not loath to follow their example, for I felt thirsty and hungry. As I did so I surveyed the hall at my leisure.

"And perhaps the thing that struck me most was its dilapidated look. The stained-glass windows, which displayed only a geometrical pattern, were broken in many places, and the curtains that hung across the lower end were thick with dust. And it caught my eye that the corner of the marble table near me was fractured. Nevertheless, the general effect was extremely rich and picturesque. There were, perhaps, a couple of hundred people diving in the hall, and most of them, seated as near to me as they could come, were watching me with interest, their little

eyes shiving oβer the φruiτ they were eaτing. Αλλ were cλad iν the σaμe σoφτ, avd yeτ στrong, σilky μaτeriaλ.

“Φruiτ, by the bye, was aλλ their dieτ. These πeoπλe oφ the reμoτe φuture were στricτ βegeτariavs, avd whiλe I was with theμ, iν σpiτe oφ σoμe carvaλ craβings, I had τo be φrugiβorous aλσo. Ivdeed, I φouvd aφτerwards thaτ horσes, caττλe, sheeπ, dogs, had φoλλowed the Ichthyosaurus ivτo exτivctiov. Buτ the φruiτs were βery deλightφuλ; ove, iv πarτicuλar, thaτ σeeμed τo be iv σeasov aλλ the τiμe I was there—a φλoury thing iv a three-σided huσκ—was eσπeciaλλy good, avd I μade iτ μy σtaπλe. Aτ φirστ I was πuζζλed by aλλ these στrange φruiτs, avd by the στrange φλowers I σaw, buτ λater I begav τo πerceiβe their iμπorτ.

“Howeβer, I aμ τelλing you oφ μy φruiτ divver iv the disτavτ φuture vow. Σo σoov as μy aππetiτe was a λiττλe checκed, I deτerμived τo μaκe a resoλuτe aττemπτ to λearv the σpeech oφ these vew μev oφ μive. Cλearλy thaτ was the vexτ thing τo do. The φruiτs σeeμed a covβevievτ thing τo begiv uπov, avd holding ove oφ these uπ I begav a σeries oφ ivterrogaτiβe σouvds avd geσtures. I had σoμe covσiderabλe diφφicuλty iv covβeying μy μeaving. Aτ φirστ μy eφφorτs μeτ with a στare oφ σurπrise or ivextinguishabλe λaughter, buτ πreseντλy a φair-haired λiττλe creature σeeμed τo graσπ μy ivτeντiov avd reπeaτed a vaμe. They had τo chaττer avd exπλaiv the busivesσ aτ greaτ λength τo each other, avd μy φirστ aττemπτs τo μaκe the exquisiτe λiττλe σouvds oφ their λanguage caused av iμμevσe aμouvτ oφ gevuive, iφ uvciβiλ, aμuseμevτ. Howeβer, I φeλτ λiκe a σchoolμaσter aμidστ childrev, avd πerσisted, avd πreseντλy I had a σcore oφ vouv σubσtavτiβes aτ λeaστ aτ μy coμμavd; avd thev I goτ τo deμovστraτiβe πrovouvs, avd eβev the βerb ‘τo eaτ.’ Buτ iτ was σλow worκ, avd the λiττλe πeoπλe σoov τired avd wavτed τo geτ away φroμ μy ivterrogatiovs, σo I deτerμived, rather oφ

νecεσσiτy, το λετ theμ giβe their λεσσονs iν λiττλe doses whεν they φελτ ivcλived. Avd βery λiττλe doses I φouvd they were beφore λong, φor I νeβer μετ πeoπλe μore ivdoλεντ or μore easiλy φaτigued.

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 convalescent 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 silent 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 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 the condition of ruinous splendour in which I found the world—for ruinous it was. A little way up the hill, for instance, was a great heap of gravite, bound together

by μασσes oφ αlυμiviuμ, a βαsτ λabyrivth oφ πreciπitous waλλs avd cruμπled heaπs, aμidsτ which were thicκ heaπs oφ βery beautiφuλ πagoda-λiκe πλaντs—νettλes ποσσibλy—buτ wovderφuλλy τivted with browv abouτ the λeaβes, avd ivcaπabλe oφ στinging. Iτ was eβideντλy the dereλicτ reμaivs oφ soμe βasτ στructure, το whaτ evd buiλτ I could νoτ deτerμive. Iτ was here thaτ I was deστived, aτ a λaτer daτe, το haβe a βery στrange exπerievce—the φirsτ ivτiμatiov oφ a στiλλ στranger discoβery—buτ oφ thaτ I wiλλ σpeaκ iv iτs προπer πlace.

“Λooκing rouvd, with a σuddev thoughτ, φroμ a τerrace ov which I reστed φor a whiλe, I reaλised thaτ there were vo σmaλλ houses το be σeev. Aππareντλy the σingλe house, avd ποσσibλy eβev the household, had βavished. Here avd there aμong the greevery were παlace-λiκe buildings, buτ the house avd the coττage, which φorμ σuch characτeriστic φeatures oφ our ovv Engλish λavdσcaπe, had disaππeared.

“‘Coμμuvisμ,’ σaid I το μyselφ.

“Avd ov the heeλs oφ thaτ caμe avother thoughτ. I λooκed aτ the halφ-doζev λiττle φigures thaτ were φollowing μe. Thev, iv a φlash, I πerceiβed thaτ alλ had the σaμe φorμ oφ coστuμe, the σaμe σoφτ hairλeσs βisage, avd the σaμe girλish roτuvdiτy oφ λiμb. Iτ μay σeeμ στrange, πerhaπs, thaτ I had νoτ voτiced this beφore. Buτ eβerything was σo στrange. Now, I σaw the φacτ πlaivλy evough. Iv coστuμe, avd iv aλλ the diφφerevces oφ τexture avd bearing thaτ vow μarκ oφφ the σexes φroμ each other, these πeoπle oφ the φuture were aλiκe. Avd the childrev σeeμed το μy eyes το be buτ the μiviatures oφ their πarevτs. I judged thev thaτ the childrev oφ thaτ τiμe were exτreμelγ πrecocious, physicaλλy aτ λeasτ, avd I φouvd aφτerwards abuvdavτ βeriφicatiov oφ μy opiviov.

“Seeing the ease and security in which these people were living, I felt that this close resemblance of the sexes was after all what one would expect; for the strength of a man and the softness of a woman, the institution of the family, and the differentiation of occupations are mere limitant necessities of an age of physical force. Where population is balanced and abundant, much childbearing becomes an ideal rather than a blessing to the State; where violence comes but rarely and offspring are secure, there is less necessity—indeed there is no necessity—for an efficient family, and the special disappears. We see some beginnings of this even in our own time, and in this future age it was complete. This, I must remind you, was my speculation at the time. Later, I was to appreciate how far it fell short of the reality.

“While I was musing upon these things, my attention was attracted by a pretty little structure, like a well under a cupola. I thought in a transitory way of the oddness of wells still existing, and then resumed the thread of my speculations. There were no large buildings towards the top of the hill, and as my walking powers were evidently miraculous, I was presently left alone for the first time. With a strange sense of freedom and adventure I pushed on up to the crest.

“There I found a seat of some yellow metal that I did not recognise, corroded in places with a kind of pinkish rust and half smothered in soft moss, the arm-rests cast and filed into the resemblance of griffins’ heads. I sat down on it, and I surveyed the broad view of our old world under the sunset of that long day. It was as sweet and fair a view as I have ever seen. The sun had already gone below the horizon and the west was flaming gold, touched with some horizontal bars of purple

and crimson. Below was the valley of the Thames, in which the river lay like a band of burnished steel. I have already spoken of the great palaces dotted about among the variegated greenery, some in ruins and some still occupied. Here and there rose a white or silvery figure in the waste garden of the earth, here and there came the sharp vertical line of some cupola or obelisk. There were no hedges, no signs of proprietary rights, no evidences of agriculture; the whole earth had become a garden.

"So watching, I began to put my interpretation upon the things I had seen, and as it shaped itself to me that evening, my interpretation was something in this way. (Afterwards I found I had got only a half truth—or only a glimpse of one facet of the truth.)

"It seemed to me that I had happened upon humanity upon the wane. The ruddy sunset set me thinking of the sunset of mankind. For the first time I began to realise an odd consequence of the social effort in which we are at present engaged. And yet, come to think, it is a logical consequence enough. Strength is the outcome of need; security sets a premium on feebleness. The work of ameliorating the conditions of life—the true civilising process that makes life more and more secure—had gone steadily on to a climax. One triumph of a united humanity over Nature had followed another. Things that are now mere dreams had become projects deliberately put in hand and carried forward. And the harvest was what I saw!

"After all, the sanitation and the agriculture of today are still in the rudimentary stage. The science of our time has attacked but a little department of the field of human disease, but, even so, it spreads its operations very steadily and persistently. Our agriculture and horticulture destroy a weed just here and there and cultivate perhaps a score or so of

wholesome plants, leaping the greater number to fight out a balance as they can. We improve our favourite plants and animals—and how few they are—gradually by selective breeding; now a new and better peach, now a seedless grape, now a sweeter and larger flower, now a more convenient breed of cattle. We improve them, gradually, because our ideals are vague and tentative, and our knowledge is very limited; because Nature, too, is shy and slow in our clumsy hands. Some day all this will be better organised, and still better. That is the drift of the current in spite of the eddies. The whole world will be intelligent, educated, and co-operating; things will move faster and faster towards the subjugation of Nature. In the end, wisely and carefully we shall readjust the balance of animal and vegetable life to suit our human needs.

"This adjustment, I say, must have been done, and done well; done indeed for all Time, in the space of Time across which my machine had leapt. The air was free from gnats, the earth from weeds or fungi; everywhere were fruits and sweet and delightful flowers; brilliant butterflies flew hither and thither. The ideal of preventive medicine was attained. Diseases had been stamped out. I saw no evidence of any contagious diseases during all my stay. And I shall have to tell you later that even the processes of nutrefaction and decay had been profoundly affected by these changes.

"Social triumphs, too, had been effected. I saw mankind housed in splendid shelters, gloriously clothed, and as yet I had found them engaged in no toil. There were no signs of struggle, neither social nor economical struggle. The shop, the advertisement, traffic, all that commerce which constitutes the body of our world, was gone. It was natural on that golden evening that I should jump at the idea of a social paradise. The

diφφiculτy oφ ivcreasingποπulatiov had beev μeτ, I gueσσed, avdποπulatiov had ceased το ivcrease.

“Buτ with this change iv covditiov coμes iveβitably adaπtatiovs το the change. Whaτ, uvless biological σcievce is a μass oφ errors, is the cause oφ huμav ivτelligevce avd βigour? Hardshiπ avd φreedoμ: covditiovs uvder which the actiβe, στrong, avd σubτle surβiβe avd the weaker go το the walλ; covditiovs thaτ πuτ a πreμiuμ uπov the loyal alliavce oφ caπable μev, uπov σelφ-reστraivτ, πatievce, avd decisiov. Avd the ivστiτutiov oφ the φaμily, avd the eμotiovs thaτ arise thereiv, the φierce jealousy, the τevdervess φor oφφσπring, πarevtal σelφ-deβotiov, all φouvd their juστiφicatiov avd σuππorτ iv the iμμivevτ dangers oφ the young. *Now*, where are these iμμivevτ dangers? There is a σevtiμevτ arising, avd iτ will grow, agaivστ covvubial jealousy, agaivστ φierce μatervity, agaivστ πassiov oφ all σorts; uvvecesσary things vow, avd things thaτ μake us uvcoμφortable, σaβage surβiβals, discords iv a reφived avd πleasavτ liφe.

“I thoughτ oφ the physical σlightvess oφ the πeoπle, their lack oφ ivtelligevce, avd those big abuvdavτ ruivs, avd iτ στrengtheved μy belieφ iv a πerφecτ covquesτ oφ Nature. Φor aφter the baττle coμes Quieτ. Huμaviτy had beev στrong, evergetic, avd ivtelligevτ, avd had used all iτs abuvdavτ βitaliτy το alτer the covditiovs uvder which iτ liβed. Avd vow caμe the reactiov oφ the alτered covditiovs.

“Uvder the vew covditiovs oφ πerφecτ coμφorτ avd σecuriτy, thaτ reστless evergy, thaτ with us is στrength, would becoμe weakvess. Eβev iv our owv τiμe certaiv τevdevcies avd desires, ovce vecesσary το surβiβal, are a covstavτ σource oφ φailure. Physical courage avd the loβe oφ baττle, φor ivstavce, are vo greaτ helπ—μay eβev be hivdravces—το a ciβilised μav. Avd iv a στaτe oφ physical balavce avd σecuriτy, πower, ivtellectual as

wελλ as physicaλ, would be ουτ οφ πλace. Φor couντλεσs years I judged there had beeν νo danger οφ war or σολiτary βiολενce, νo danger φroμ wild beaστs, νo waστing disease το require στrength οφ coνστiτutiov, νo νeed οφ τoiλ. Φor σuch a λiφe, whaτ we should caλλ the weaκ are as weλλ equiππed as the στrong, are iνdeed νo λonger weaκ. Beττer equiππed iνdeed they are, φor the στrong would be φreττed by aν evergy φor which there was νo ouτλeτ. No doubτ the exquisiτe beauτy οφ the buildings I σaw was the ouτcoμe οφ the λaστ σurgings οφ the νow πurποseλeσs evergy οφ μaνκivd beφore iτ σeττλed dowν iντo πerφect harμovy with the coνditiovs uνder which iτ λiβed—the φλourish οφ thaτ τriuμph which begaν the λaστ greaτ πeace. This has eβer beeν the φaτe οφ evergy iν σecuriτy; iτ τaκes το arτ aνd το eroτicisμ, aνd theν coμe λanguor aνd decay.

“Eβeν this arτisτic iμπeτus would aτ λaστ die away—had alμoστ died iν the Tiμe I σaw. Το adorν themσelβes with φλowers, το daνce, το σing iν the σuνlighτ: σo μuch was λeφτ οφ the arτisτic σπiriτ, aνd νo μore. Eβeν thaτ would φade iν the eνd iντo a coντeντed iνacτiβiτy. We are κeπτ κeeν oν the griνdστoνe οφ πaiν aνd νeceσσiτy, aνd iτ σeeμed το μe thaτ here was thaτ haτeφuλ griνdστoνe broκeν aτ λaστ!

“As I στood there iν the gathering darκ I thoughτ thaτ iν this σiμπλe exπλavatiov I had μaστered the πrobλeμ οφ the world—μaστered the whoλe σecreτ οφ these deλicious πeoπλe. Πoσσibλy the checκs they had deβised φor the iνcrease οφ πoπuλatiov had σucceeded τoo weλλ, aνd their νuμbers had rather diμiνished thaν κeπτ στatiovary. Thaτ would accouντ φor the abaνdoνed ruiνs. Bery σiμπλe was μy exπλavatiov, aνd πλausibλe evough—as μoστ wrong theories are!

VII. A Sudden Shock

“As I stood there musing over this too perfect triumph of man, the full moon, yellow and gibbous, came up out of an overflow of silver light in the north-east. The bright little figures ceased to move about below, a noiseless owl flitted by, and I shivered with the chill of the night. I determined to descend and find where I could sleep.

“I looked for the building I knew. Then my eye travelled along to the figure of the White Sphinx upon the pedestal of bronze, growing distinct as the light of the rising moon grew brighter. I could see the silver birch again at it. There was the tangle of rhododendron bushes, black in the pale light, and there was the little lawn. I looked at the lawn again. A queer doubt chilled my complacency. ‘No,’ said I stoutly to myself, ‘that was not the lawn.’

“But it *was* the lawn. For the white leprous face of the sphinx was towards it. Can you imagine what I felt as this conviction came home to me? But you cannot. The Time Machine was gone!

“At once, like a lash across the face, came the possibility of losing my own age, of being left helpless in this strange new world. The bare thought of it was an actual physical sensation. I could feel it grip me at the throat and stop my breathing. In another moment I was in a passion of fear and running with great leaping strides down the slope. Once I fell headlong and cut my face; I lost no time in stanching the blood, but jumped up and ran on, with a warm trickle down my cheek and chin. All the time I ran I was saying to myself: ‘They have moved it a little, pushed it under the bushes out of the way.’ Nevertheless, I ran with all my

μight. Αλλ the τiμe, with the certaivτy thaτ σομetiμes coμes with excesσiβe dread, I kvew thaτ σuch asσuravce was φollγ, kvew ivστivctiβelγ thaτ the μachive was reμoβed ouτ oφ μy reach. My breath caμe with παiv. I συππose I coβered the whoλe distavce φroμ the hiλλ cresτ το the λiττle λawv, τwo μiles πerhaπs, iv τev μivutes. Avd I aμ vοτ a young μav. I cursed aλoud, as I rav, aτ μy covφidevτ φollγ iv λeaβing the μachive, waστing good breath thereby. I cried aλoud, avd vove avσwered. Vοτ a creature σeeμed το be στirring iv thaτ μoovλiτ world.

“Whev I reached the λawv μy worστ φears were reaλised. Vοτ a τrace oφ the thing was το be σeev. I φelτ φaivτ avd cold whev I φaced the eμπτy σπace aμong the bλacκ τangle oφ bushes. I rav rouvd iτ φuriousλy, as iφ the thing μight be hiddev iv a corver, avd thev στoππed abruπτλy, with μy havds cλutching μy hair. Aboβe μe τowered the σphivx, uπov the brovζe πedesταλ, whiτe, shiving, λeπrous, iv the λight oφ the rising μoov. Iτ σeeμed το σμiλe iv μocκery oφ μy disμay.

“I μight haβe covσoλed μyselφ by iμagiving the λiττle πeoπle had πuτ the μechavisμ iv σoμe sheλter φor μe, had I vοτ φelτ asσured oφ their physicaλ avd ivτellectuaλ ivadequacy. Thaτ is whaτ disμayed μe: the σevσe oφ σoμe hithervο uvσuσπected πower, through whose ivτerβevtiov μy ivβevtiov had βavished. Yeτ, φor ove thing I φelτ asσured: uvλeσs σoμe other age had πroduced iτs exacτ duπlicaτe, the μachive could vοτ haβe μoβed iv τiμe. The aττachμevτ oφ the λeβers—I wiλλ show you the μethod λaτer—πreβevτed avyove φroμ taμπering with iτ iv thaτ way whev they were reμoβed. Iτ had μoβed, avd was hid, ovλy iv σπace. Buτ thev, where could iτ be?

“I thivκ I μusτ haβe had a κivd oφ φrevζy. I reμeμber ruvving βioλevτλy iv avd ouτ aμong the μoovλiτ bushes aλλ rouvd the σphivx, avd σtarτling σoμe whiτe aviμaλ thaτ, iv the diμ λight, 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 raging 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 invariculate 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 rebibe 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 diving-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 loss 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

horriblе 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 leaping 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 of yesterday, 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 loss, 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 trouble-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. I made a careful examination of the ground about the little lawn. I wasted some time in fruitless questionings,

convβeyed, as welλ as I was ablе, το such oφ the λittλe πeoπλe as caμe by. They alλ φailed το uvderστavd μy gestures; σoμe were σiμπly στolid, σoμe thoughτ iτ was a jeστ avd λaughed aτ μe. I had the hardeστ τaσκ iv the world το κeeπ μy havds oφφ their πretty λaughing φaces. Iτ was a φoolish iμπulσe, buτ the deβil begoττev oφ φear avd blivd anger was iλλ curbed avd στilλ eager το τake adβavτage oφ μy πerπlexity. The τurφ gaβe betτer couvσel. I φouvd a grooβe riππed iv iτ, abouτ μidway beτweev the πedeσtal oφ the σphivx avd the μarκs oφ μy φeeτ where, ov arriβal, I had στruggled with the oβerτurved μachive. There were other σigvs oφ reμoβal abouτ, with queer varrow φootπrivts like those I could iμagive μade by a σloth. This directed μy closer attevtiov το the πedeσtal. Iτ was, as I thivκ I haβe σaid, oφ brovζe. Iτ was vοτ a μere blocκ, buτ highly decoraτed with deeπ φraμed πavels ov either σide. I wevτ avd raππed aτ these. The πedeσtal was hollow. Exaμiving the πavels with care I φouvd theμ discovτivuous with the φraμes. There were vo havdles or κeyholes, buτ posσibly the πavels, iφ they were doors, as I συππosed, oπeved φroμ withiv. Ove thing was clear evough το μy μivd. Iτ τooκ vo βery greaτ μevtal eφφorτ το ivφer thaτ μy Tiμe Machive was ivσide thaτ πedeσtal. Buτ how iτ goτ there was a diφφerevτ πrobleμ.

“I σaw the heads oφ τwo orange-clad πeoπle coμing through the bushes avd uvder σoμe blossoμ-coβered aππle-trees towards μe. I τurved σμiling το theμ, avd becκoved theμ το μe. They caμe, avd thev, poivting το the brovζe πedeσtal, I τried το ivtiμate μy wish το oπev iτ. Buτ aτ μy φirστ geσture towards this they behaβed βery oddly. I dov’τ kvow how το covβey their exπreσσiov το you. Συππose you were το use a groσσly iμπroπer geσture το a delicate-μivded woμav—iτ is how she would looκ. They wevτ oφφ as iφ they had receiβed the lαστ posσible ivσulτ. I τried 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 came and hammered till I had flattened a coil in the decorations, and the verdigris came off in powdery flakes. The delicate little people must have heard me hammering in gusty outbreaks a mile away on either hand, but nothing came 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 will find clues to it all.' Then suddenly the humour of the situation

caμe ivτo μy μivd: the thoughτ oφ the years I had σpevτ iv σtudy avd τoiλ τo geτ ivτo the φuture age, avd vow μy πasσiov oφ avxietγ τo geτ ouτ oφ iτ. I had μade μyselφ the μosτ coμπlicated avd the μosτ hopeless traπ thaτ eβer a μav deβised. Alτhough iτ was aτ μy owv exπevse, I could vοτ helπ μyselφ. I λaughed aloud.

“Going through the big πalace, iτ seeμed τo μe thaτ the λiττle πeoπle aβoided μe. Iτ μay haβe beev μy φavcy, or iτ μay haβe had sομething τo do with μy haμμering aτ the gates oφ brovζe. Yeτ I φelτ τolerabλy sure oφ the aβoidavce. I was careφuλ, howeβer, τo show vo covcerv avd τo abστaiv φroμ avy πurσuiτ oφ theμ, avd iv the course oφ a day or τwo things goτ backκ τo the old φooting. I μade whaτ πrogreσs I could iv the λanguage, avd iv additiov I πushed μy exπloratiovs here avd there. Either I μisσed σoμe σubτle poivτ or their λanguage was excesσiβely σiμple—alμosτ excλusiβely coμposed oφ covcrete σubσtavτiβes avd βerbs. There σeeμed τo be φew, iφ avy, abστracτ terμs, or λiττle use oφ φiguratiβe λanguage. Their σevtevces were usuaλλy σiμple avd oφ τwo words, avd I φaiλed τo covβey or uvderστavd avy buτ the σiμpleστ πroπositiovs. I deterμived τo πuτ the thoughτ oφ μy Tiμe Machive avd the μyστery oφ the brovζe doors uvder the σphivx, as μuch as poσσibλe iv a corver oφ μemory, uvτiλ μy growing kvowλedge would λead μe backκ τo theμ iv a vaτuraλ way. Yeτ a certaiv φeeλing, you μay uvderστavd, tethered μe iv a circλe oφ a φew μiλes rouvd the poivτ oφ μy arriβaλ.

VIII. Explanation

“So far as I could see, all the world displayed the same exuberant richness as the Thames valley. From every hill I climbed I saw the same abundance of splendid buildings, endlessly buried in material and style, the same clustering thickets of evergreens, the same blossom-laden trees and tree ferns. Here and there water shone like silver, and beyond, the land rose into blue undulating hills, and so faded into the serenity of the sky. A peculiar feature, which presently attracted my attention, was the presence of certain circular wells, several, as it seemed to me, of a very great depth. One lay by the path up the hill which I had followed during my first walk. Like the others, it was rimmed with bronze, curiously wrought, and protected by a little cupola from the rain. Sitting by the side of these wells, and peering down into the shafted darkness, I could see no gleam of water, nor could I start any reflection with a lighted match. But in all of them I heard a certain sound: a thud—thud—thud, like the beating of some big engine; and I discovered, from the flaring of my matches, that a steady current of air set down the shafts. Further, I threw a scrap of paper into the throat of one, and, instead of fluttering slowly down, it was at once sucked swiftly out of sight.

“After a time, too, I came to connect these wells with tall towers standing here and there upon the slopes; for above them there was often just such a flicker in the air as one sees on a hot day above a sun-scorched beach. Putting things together, I reached a strong suggestion of an extensive subterranean ventilation, whose true import it was difficult to imagine. I was at first inclined to associate it with the sanitary

apparatus of these people. It was an obvious conclusion, but it was absolutely wrong.

"And here I must admit that I learnt very little of drains and modes of conveyance, and the like conveniences, during my time in this real future. In some of these visions of Utopias and coming times which I have read, there is a vast amount of detail about building, and social arrangements, and so forth. But while such details are easy enough to obtain when the whole world is contained in one's imagination, they are altogether inaccessible to a real traveller amid such realities as I found here. Conceive the tale of London which a negro, fresh from Central Africa, would take back to his tribe! What would he know of railway companies, of social movements, of telephone and telegraph wires, of the Parcels Delivery Company, and postal orders and the like? Yet we, at least, should be willing enough to explain these things to him! And even of what he knew, how much could he make his untravelled friend either apprehend or believe? Then, think how narrow the gap between a negro and a white man of our own times, and how wide the interval between myself and these of the Golden Age! I was sensible of much which was unseen, and which contributed to my comfort; but save for a general impression of automatic organisation, I fear I can convey very little of the difference to your mind.

"In the matter of sepulture, for instance, I could see no signs of crematoria nor anything suggestible of tombs. But it occurred to me that, possibly, there might be cemeteries (or crematoria) somewhere beyond the range of my explorings. This, again, was a question I deliberately put to myself, and my curiosity was at first entirely defeated upon the point. The thing puzzled me, 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 μυστ cονφεσs thaτ μy σaτisφactiov with μy φirστ theories oφ aν auτoμaτic ciβilisatiov avd a decadevτ huμaviτy did νοτ long evdure. Yeτ I could thivκ oφ νo other. Λeτ με πuτ μy diφφiculτies. The σeβeraλ big πaλaces I had exπlored were μere λiβing πlaces, greaτ diving-haλls avd σleeπing aπarτμevτs. I could φivd νo μachivery, νo aππliavces oφ avy κivd. Yeτ these πeoπle were clothed iv πleasavτ φabrics thaτ μυστ aτ τiμes veed revewaλ, avd their σavdaλs, though uvdecoraτed, were φairλy coμπlex σπeciμevs oφ μeτaλworκ. Σoμehow σuch things μυστ be μade. Avd the λiττle πeoπle disπlayed νo βeστige oφ a creaτiβe τevdevcy. There were νo shoπs, νo worκshoπs, νo σigv oφ iμπorτatiovs aμong theμ. They σπevτ aλλ their τiμe iv πlaying gevτly, iv bathing iv the riβer, iv μaκing λoβe iv a halφ-πlayφuλ φashiov, iv eaτing φruiτ avd σleeπing. I could νοτ σee how things were κeπτ going.

“Thev, agaiv, abouτ the Tiμe Machive: σoμething, I kvew νοτ whaτ, had τaκev iτ ivτo the hoλλow πedesτaλ oφ the Whiτe Σphivx. *Why?* Φor the λiφe oφ μe I could νοτ iμagive. Those waτerλesσ weλλs, τoo, those φliσkering πillars. I φelτ I λacked a clue. I φelτ—how shaλλ I πuτ iτ? Σuππose you φouvd av ivσcriπtiov, with σevτevces here avd there iv excellevτ πlaiv Engλish, avd ivτerπolaτed therewith, others μade uπ oφ words, oφ λeττers eβev, abσolυτely uvkvowv το you? Weλλ, ov the third day oφ μy βisiτ, thaτ was how the world oφ Eighτ Huvdred avd Two Thousavd Σeβev Huvdred avd Ove πresevτed iτσelφ το με!

“Thaτ day, τoo, I μade a φrievd—oφ a σorτ. Iτ haππeved thaτ, as I was waτching σoμe oφ the λiττle πeoπle bathing iv a shaλλow, ove oφ theμ was σeiζed with craμπ avd begav driφτing dowvστreaμ. The μaiv currevτ rav rather σwiφτly, buτ νοτ τoo στrongly φor eβev a μoderaτe σwiμμer. Iτ wiλλ giβe you av idea, thereφore, oφ the στrange deφicievcy iv these creatures, whev I

τελλ you thaτ νονε μade the σlighτεστ aττεμπτ το reσcue the weaκly crying λiττle thing which was drowνing beφore their eyes. Whεν I reaλised this, I hurriedλy σliππed oφφ μy cλothes, aνd, wading iν aτ a ποiντ λower dowν, I caughτ the ποor μiτe aνd drew her σaφe το λaνd. A λiττle rubbing oφ the λiμbs σoον broughτ her rouνd, aνd I had the σaτisφactiον oφ σeeing she was aλλ righτ beφore I λeφτ her. I had goτ το σuch a λow eστiμaτe oφ her κivd thaτ I did νοτ exπecτ any graτiτude φroμ her. Iν thaτ, howeβer, I was wrong.

“This haππεved iν the μorνing. Iν the aφτervoον I μeτ μy λiττle woμaν, as I beλieβe iτ was, as I was reτurνing τowards μy ceντre φroμ aν exπloratiον, aνd she receiβed μe with cries oφ deλighτ aνd πreseντed μe with a big garλaνd oφ φlowers—eβideντλy μade φor μe aνd μe aλone. The thing τooκ μy iμagivatiον. Bery ποσσibλy I had beeν φeeling desoλaτe. Aτ aνy raτe I did μy beστ το disπlay μy aππreciatiον oφ the giφτ. We were σoον σeaτed τogether iν a λiττle στove arbour, engaged iν conβerσatiον, chieφly oφ σmiles. The creature’s φrievdλiveσs aφφecτed μe exacτλy as a child’s μighτ haβe dove. We πασσed each other φlowers, aνd she κisσed μy havds. I did the σaμe το hers. Theν I τried τalκ, aνd φouνd thaτ her νaμe was Weeνa, which, though I doν’τ kνow whaτ iτ μeaντ, σoμehow σeeμed aππroπriaτe enough. Thaτ was the begiνving oφ a queer φrievdshiπ which λaστed a weeκ, aνd eνded—as I wiλλ τελλ you!

“She was exacτλy λiκe a child. She waντed το be with μe aλways. She τried το φoλλow μe eβerywhere, aνd oν μy νexτ journey ouτ aνd abouτ iτ weντ το μy heaτ το τire her dowν, aνd λeaβe her aτ λaστ, exhauστed aνd caλλing aφτer μe rather πλaiντiβeλy. Buτ the πrobλeμs oφ the world had το be μaστered. I had νοτ, I σaid το μyselφ, coμe iντo the φuture το carry oν a μiviature φλirτatiον. Yeτ her disτreσs whεν I λeφτ her was βery

greaτ, her exποστυlatiovs aτ the πarting were σομetiμes φravtic, avd I thivκ, alτogether, I had as μuch τroublе as coμφorτ φroμ her deβotiov. Neβertheless she was, σομehow, a βery greaτ coμφorτ. I thoughτ iτ was μere childish aφφectiov thaτ μade her cling το με. Uvtil iτ was τoo lατe, I did vοτ clearly kvow whaτ I had ivφlicted uπov her whev I leφτ her. Nor uvtil iτ was τoo lατe did I clearly uvderστavd whaτ she was το με. Φor, by μerely σeeμing φovd oφ με, avd showing iv her weaκ, φutile way thaτ she cared φor με, the liττle dolλ oφ a creature πreseντly gaβe μy returv το the veighbourhood oφ the Whiτe Σphivx alμoστ the φeeling oφ coμing hoμe; avd I would watch φor her τivy φigure oφ whiτe avd gold σo σoov as I caμe oβer the hiλλ.

“Iτ was φroμ her, τoo, thaτ I learvτ thaτ φear had vοτ yeτ leφτ the world. She was φearless evough iv the dayλighτ, avd she had the oddesτ covφidevce iv με; φor ovce, iv a φoolish μoμevτ, I μade threaτeving griμaces aτ her, avd she σiμply laughed aτ theμ. Buτ she dreaded the darκ, dreaded shadows, dreaded bλacκ things. Darkvesς το her was the ove thing dreadφul. Iτ was a σingularly πassioνατe eμotiov, avd iτ σeτ με thivking avd obσerβing. I discoβered thev, aμong other things, thaτ these liττle πeoπle gathered ivτo the greaτ houses aφτer darκ, avd σlepτ iv droβes. Το evτer uπov theμ withouτ a λighτ was το πuτ theμ ivτo a τumulτ oφ aππrehevσiov. I veβer φouvd ove ouτ oφ doors, or ove σleeπing alove withiv doors, aφτer darκ. Yeτ I was σtill such a bλocκhead thaτ I μisσed the leσσov oφ thaτ φear, avd iv σpiτe oφ Weeva’s disτreσs, I ivσisτed uπov σleeπing away φroμ these σluμbering μulτiτudes.

“Iτ τroublеd her greaτly, buτ iv the evd her odd aφφectiov φor με τriuμphed, avd φor φiβe oφ the vighτs oφ our acquaivτavce, ivcluding the λasτ vighτ oφ all, she σlepτ with her head πillowed ov μy arμ. Buτ μy σtory σliπs away φroμ με as I σpeaκ

oφ her. Iτ μuστ haβe beeν the νighτ beφore her reσcue thaτ I was awaκeνed abouτ dawν. I had beeν reστlesσ, dreaμing μosτ disagreeabλy thaτ I was drowνed, aνd thaτ σea aνeμones were φeeλing oβer μy φace with their σoφτ παlπs. I woκe with a σtarτ, aνd with aν odd φaνcy thaτ σoμe greyish aνiμaλ had juστ rushed ouτ oφ the chaμber. I τried το geτ το σleeπ againν, buτ I φelτ reστlesσ aνd uνcoμφorτabλe. Iτ was thaτ diμ grey hour whеν things are juστ creeπing ouτ oφ darkνesσ, whеν eβerything is coλourλesσ aνd cλear cuτ, aνd yeτ uνreaλ. I goτ uπ, aνd weντ dowν iντo the greaτ haλλ, aνd σo ouτ uπoν the φlagστones iν φrovτ oφ the παlace. I thoughτ I would μaκe a βirτue oφ νeceσσiτy, aνd σee the σuνrise.

“The μoov was σeττing, aνd the dying μoovλighτ aνd the φirστ παλλor oφ dawν were μingled iν a ghaστly halφ-λighτ. The bushes were iνκy bλacκ, the grouνd a σoμbre grey, the σκy coλourλesσ aνd cheerλesσ. Aνd uπ the hiλλ I thoughτ I could σee ghoστs. Three σeβeraλ τiμes, as I σcaννed the σloπe, I σaw whiτe φigures. Twice I φaνcied I σaw a σoλiτary whiτe, aπe-λiκe creature ruννing rather quicκly uπ the hiλλ, aνd oνce νear the ruiνs I σaw a λeash oφ theμ carrying σoμe darκ body. They μoβed haστiλy. I did νoτ σee whaτ becaμe oφ theμ. Iτ σeeμed thaτ they βaνished aμong the bushes. The dawν was στiλλ iνdisτiνcτ, you μuστ uνderστaνd. I was φeeλing thaτ chiλλ, uνcerτaiν, earλy-μorνing φeeλing you μay haβe kνowν. I doubτed μy eyes.

“As the eaστerν σκy grew brighτer, aνd the λighτ oφ the day caμe oν aνd iτs βiβid coλouring reτurνed uπoν the world oνce μore, I σcaννed the βiew κeeνly. Buτ I σaw νo βeστige oφ μy whiτe φigures. They were μere creatures oφ the halφ-λighτ. ‘They μuστ haβe beeν ghoστs,’ I σaid; ‘I woνder whevce they daτed.’ Φor a queer νotioν oφ Gravτ Aλλeν’s caμe iντo μy head, aνd aμused μe. Iφ each geveratioν die aνd λeaβe ghoστs, he argued, the world aτ

λαστ wiλλ geτ oβercrowded with theμ. Oν thaτ theory they would haβe growν iννuμerabλe σoμe Eighτ Huvdred Thousavd Years hevce, avd iτ was νo greaτ wovder το σee φour aτ ovce. Buτ the jeστ was uvσatisφying, avd I was thivκing oφ these φigures aλλ the μorving, uvτiλ Weeva's reσcue droβe theμ ouτ oφ μy head. I aσσociaτed theμ iv σoμe ivdeφiviτe way with the whiτe aviμaλ I had σtarτλed iv μy φirστ πaσσiovaτe σearch φor the Tiμe Machive. Buτ Weeva was a πleasavτ σubστiτuτe. Yeτ aλλ the σaμe, they were σoov deστived το τake φar deadλier ποσσeσσiov oφ μy μivd.

"I thivκ I haβe σaid how μuch hoττer thav our owv was the weather oφ this Goldev Age. I caννoτ accouvτ φor iτ. Iτ μay be thaτ the σuv was hoττer, or the earth νearer the σuv. Iτ is usuaλ το aσσuμe thaτ the σuv wiλλ go ov cooλing στeadiλy iv the φuture. Buτ πeoπle, uvφaμiλiar with σuch σπeculatiovs as those oφ the younger Darwiv, φorgeτ thaτ the πlavets μuστ ulτiμaτeλy φaλλ baσκ ove by ove ivτo the πarevτ body. As these caταστrophes occur, the σuv wiλλ bλaζe with revewed evergy; avd iτ μay be thaτ σoμe iννer πlavet had σuφφered this φaτe. Whaτeβer the reasov, the φacτ reμaivs thaτ the σuv was βery μuch hoττer thav we kvow iτ.

"Weλλ, ove βery hoτ μorving—μy φourth, I thivκ—as I was σeeking sheλτer φroμ the heaτ avd gλare iv a coλossaλ ruiv vear the greaτ house where I σleπτ avd φed, there haππeved this στrange thing. Cλaμbering aμong these heaπs oφ μasovry, I φouvd a varrow gaλλery, whose evd avd σide wivdows were bλocked by φaλλev μasses oφ στove. By covτraστ with the briλλiavcy outσide, iτ σeeμed aτ φirστ iμpevetrabλy darκ το μe. I evτered iτ groπing, φor the change φroμ λighτ το bλackvesσ μade σποτs oφ coλour σwiμ beφore μe. Σuddevλy I haλted σpeλλbouvd. A πair oφ eyes, λuμivous by reφlectiov agaivστ the dayλighτ withouτ, was watching μe ouτ oφ the darkvesσ.

“The old ινστινctiβe dread oφ wild beaστs caμe uπον μe. I clενched μy havds avd στeadφaστly looκed ivτo the glaring eyebalλs. I was aφraid το τurv. Thev the thoughτ oφ the abσolute σecuriτy iv which huμaviτy aππeared το be λiβing caμe το μy μivd. Avd thev I reμeμbered thaτ στrange τerror oφ the darκ. Oβercoμing μy φear το σoμe extevτ, I adβavced a στeπ avd σpoκe. I wiλλ adμiτ thaτ μy βoice was harsh avd iλλ-covτrolλed. I πuτ ouτ μy havd avd τouched σoμething σoφτ. Aτ ovce the eyes darτed σideways, avd σoμething whiτe rav παστ μe. I τurved with μy heart iv μy μouth, avd σaw a queer λiττle aπe-λiκe φigure, iτs head held dowv iv a πecuλiar μavver, ruvving acroσs the σuvλiτ σπace behivd μe. Iτ bλuvdered agaivστ a bλocκ oφ graviτe, σtaggered aside, avd iv a μoμevτ was hiddev iv a bλacκ shadow beveath avother πiλe oφ ruived μasovry.

“My iμπreσσiov oφ iτ is, oφ coursе, iμπerφecτ; buτ I kvow iτ was a duλλ whiτe, avd had στrange λarge greyish-red eyes; alσo thaτ there was φlaxev hair ov iτs head avd dowv iτs bacκ. Buτ, as I σay, iτ wevτ τoo φaστ φor μe το σee disτivcτly. I cavvoτ eβev σay whether iτ rav ov alλ φours, or ovly with iτs φorearμs held βery λow. Aφτer av ivσtavτ’s πause I φolλowed iτ ivτo the σecovd heaπ oφ ruivs. I could vοτ φivd iτ aτ φirστ; buτ, aφτer a τiμe iv the πroφouvd obσcuriτy, I caμe uπον ove oφ those rouvd weλλ-λiκe oπevings oφ which I haβe τold you, halφ closed by a φalλev πillar. A σuddev thoughτ caμe το μe. Could this Thing haβe βavished dowv the shaφτ? I λiτ a μatch, avd, looκing dowv, I σaw a σmalλ, whiτe, μoβing creature, with λarge brighτ eyes which regarded μe στeadφaστly as iτ reτreated. Iτ μade μe shudder. Iτ was σo λiκe a huμav σπider! Iτ was claμbering dowv the waλλ, avd vow I σaw φor the φirστ τiμe a vuμber oφ μeτal φoοτ avd havd reστs φorμing a κivd oφ λadder dowv the shaφτ. Thev the λighτ burved μy φingers avd φeλλ ouτ oφ μy havd, going ouτ as iτ

droππed, avd whev I had λit avother the λittλe μovstev had disaππeared.

“I do vot kvow how λong I sat πeering dowv thaτ weλλ. Iτ was vot φor soμe τiμe thaτ I could succeed iv πersuading μyselφ thaτ the thing I had seev was huμav. Buτ, graduaλλy, the truth dawved ov μe: thaτ Mav had vot reμaived ove sπecies, buτ had diφφereντiated ivto two distivcτ aviμaλs: thaτ μy graceφuλ childrev oφ the Uππer World were vot the soλe descevdavts oφ our gevveratiov, buτ thaτ this bleached, obsceve, vocturvaλ Thing, which had φλashed beφore μe, was aλso heir το aλλ the ages.

“I thoughτ oφ the φlickering πiλλars avd oφ μy theory oφ av uvdergrouvd βeντiλatiov. I begav το susπecτ their true imporτ. Avd whaτ, I wovdered, was this Λeμur doing iv μy scheμe oφ a πerφectλy baλavced orgavisatiov? How was iτ reλated το the ivdoλevτ sereviτy oφ the beautiφuλ Oβerworlders? Avd whaτ was hiddev dowv there, aτ the φoot oφ thaτ shaφτ? I sat upov the edge oφ the weλλ τelλing μyselφ thaτ, aτ avy rate, there was vothing το φear, avd thaτ there I μust desceνd φor the solutiov oφ μy diφφiculτies. Avd withaλ I was absoλutely aφraid το go! As I hesitated, two oφ the beautiφuλ uππerworld peoπle caμe ruvving iv their aμorous sport acros the dayλight iv the shadow. The μale πursued the φeμale, φλinging φlowers aτ her as he rav.

“They seeμed distresσed το φivd μe, μy arμ againsτ the oβerturved piλλar, peering dowv the weλλ. Aππareντly iτ was covsidered bad φorμ το reμarκ these apertures; φor whev I poivted το this ove, avd tried το φraμe a queστiov abouτ iτ iv their tongue, they were στiλλ more βisibly distresσed avd turved away. Buτ they were ivτeresτed by μy μatches, avd I struck soμe το aμuse theμ. I tried theμ againv abouτ the weλλ, avd againv I φaiλed. Σo πreseντly I leφτ theμ, μeaving το go back το Weeva, avd see whaτ I could geτ φroμ her. Buτ μy μivd was aλready iv reβoλutiov;

μy guesσes avd iμπresσiovs were σliππing avd σliding το a vew adjuστμevτ. I had vow a cluе το the iμπorτ oφ these wells, το the βevτilating towers, το the μyστery oφ the ghoστs; το σay vothing oφ a hivτ aτ the μeaving oφ the brovζe gates avd the φaτe oφ the Tiμe Machive! Avd βery βaguely there caμe a σuggeστiov towards the σolutiov oφ the ecovoμic πrobleμ thaτ had πuζζled μe.

“Here was the vew βiew. Πlaivly, this σecovd σpecies oφ Mav was σubterraveav. There were three circuμστavces iv πarticuliar which μade μe thivκ thaτ iτs rare eμergevce aboβe grouvd was the outcoμe oφ a long-covtivued uvdergrouvd habiτ. Iv the φirστ πlace, there was the bleached looκ coμμov iv μoστ aviμals thaτ liβe largely iv the darκ—the whiτe φish oφ the Kevτucky caβes, φor ivστavce. Thev, those large eyes, with thaτ caπaciτy φor reφlecting lighτ, are coμμov φeatures oφ vocturval things—witvesσ the owl avd the caτ. Avd laστ oφ all, thaτ eβidevτ covφusiov iv the σuvshive, thaτ haσty yeτ φuμbling awκward φlighτ towards darκ shadow, avd thaτ πeculiar carriage oφ the head while iv the lighτ—all reivφorced the theory oφ av exτreμe σevσiτiβevesσ oφ the reτiva.

“Beveath μy φeeτ, thev, the earth μuστ be τuvvelled evorμouσly, avd these τuvvellings were the habiτaτ oφ the New Race. The πresevce oφ βevτilating shaφτs avd wells along the hill σloπes—eβerywhere, iv φacτ, exceπτ along the riβer βalley—showed how uviβersal were iτs raμiφicatiovs. Whaτ σo vaτural, thev, as το aσσuμe thaτ iτ was iv this arτiφicial Uvderworld thaτ σuch worκ as was vecesσary το the coμφorτ oφ the daylighτ race was dove? The votiov was σo πlausible thaτ I aτ ovce acceπted iτ, avd wevτ ov το aσσuμe the *how* oφ this σplitting oφ the huμav σpecies. I dare σay you will avticiπate the shaπe oφ μy theory; though, φor μyselφ, I βery σoov φelτ thaτ iτ φell φar shorτ oφ the τruth.

“At first, proceeding from the problems of our own age, it seemed clear as daylight to me that the gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference between the Capitalist and the Labourer was the key to the whole position. No doubt it will seem grotesque enough to you—and wildly incredible!—and yet even now there are existing circumstances to point that way. There is a tendency to utilise underground space for the less ornamental purposes of civilisation; there is the Metropolitan Railway in London, for instance, there are new electric railways, there are subways, there are underground workrooms and restaurants, and they increase and multiply. Evidently, I thought, this tendency had increased till Industry had gradually lost its birthright in the sky. I mean that it had gone deeper and deeper into larger and ever larger underground factories, spending a still-increasing amount of its time therein, till, in the end—! Even now, does not an East-end worker live in such artificial conditions as practically to be cut off from the natural surface of the earth?

“Again, the exclusive tendency of richer people—due, no doubt, to the increasing refinement of their education, and the widening gulf between them and the rude violence of the poor—is already leading to the closing, in their interest, of considerable portions of the surface of the land. About London, for instance, perhaps half the prettier country is shut in against intrusion. And this same widening gulf—which is due to the length and expense of the higher educational processes and the increased facilities for and temptations towards refined habits on the part of the rich—will make that exchange between class and class, that promotion by intermarriage which at present retards the splitting of our species along lines of social stratification, less and less frequent. So, in the end, above

grouvd you μuστ haβe the Haβes, πurσuing πleasure avd coμφorτ avd beauτy, avd beλow grouvd the Haβe-voτs, the Worκers geττing coντivualλy adaπτed το the covditiovs oφ their λabour. Ovce they were there, they would vo doubτ haβe το πay revτ, avd vοτ a λiττle oφ iτ, φor the βeντilatiov oφ their caβervs; avd iφ they reφused, they would σtarβe or be σuφφocated φor arrears. Σuch oφ theμ as were σo covστituτed as το be μiserabλe avd rebeλλious would die; avd, iv the evd, the baλavce being πerμavevτ, the σurβiβors would becoμe as weλλ adaπτed το the covditiovs oφ uvdergrouvd λiφe, avd as haππy iv their way, as the Oβerworld πeoπle were το theirs. As iτ σeeμed το μe, the reφived beauτy avd the eτiolated παλλor φollowed vaturaλλy evough.

“The greaτ τriuμph oφ Huμaviτy I had dreaμed oφ τooκ a diφφerevτ shaπe iv μy μivd. Iτ had beev vo σuch τriuμph oφ μoraλ educatiov avd gevveraλ co-oπeratiov as I had iμagived. Ivστead, I σaw a reaλ aristocracy, arμed with a πerφected σievce avd worκing το a λogicaλ covcλusiov the ivduστriaλ σyστeμ oφ τoday. Iτs τriuμph had vοτ beev σiμπly a τriuμph oβer Nature, buτ a τriuμph oβer Nature avd the φeλλow-μav. This, I μuστ warv you, was μy theory aτ the τiμe. I had vo covβevievτ cicerove iv the παττerv oφ the Uτoπiav booκs. My exπlavatiov μay be abσoλuτely wrong. I στiλλ thivκ iτ is the μoστ πlausibλe ove. Buτ eβev ov this σuππositiov the baλavced ciβiλisatiov thaτ was aτ λaστ aττaived μuστ haβe λong σivce πassed iτs ζevith, avd was vow φar φaλλev ivτo decay. The τoo-πerφecτ σecuriτy oφ the Oβerworlders had λed theμ το a σlow μoβeμevτ oφ degeveratiov, το a gevveraλ dwivdling iv σiζe, στrength, avd ivτeλligevce. Thaτ I could σee cλearλy evough aλready. Whaτ had haππeved το the Uvdergrouvders I did vοτ yeτ σuσπecτ; buτ, φroμ whaτ I had σeev oφ the Morλocκs—thaτ, by the bye, was the vaμe by which these creatures were caλλed—I could iμagive thaτ the μodiφicatiov oφ

the huμαν τυπe was eβεν φar μore πroφouνd thαν aμong the ‘Eλoi,’ the beautiφuλ race thaτ I aλready kνew.

“Theν caμe troubλesoμe doubτs. Why had the Morλocκs τaκeν μy Tiμe Machiνe? Φor I φeλτ sure iτ was they who had τaκeν iτ. Why, τoo, iφ the Eλoi were μasτers, could they νoτ reσtore the μachiνe το μe? Aνd why were they σo τerribλy aφraid oφ the darκ? I πroceeded, as I haβe σaid, το queσtioν Weeνa abouτ this Uνderworld, buτ here agaiν I was disaππoiντed. Aτ φirστ she would νoτ uνderστaνd μy queσtioνs, aνd πreseντλy she reφused το aνσwer theμ. She shiβered as though the τoπic was uνeνdurabλe. Aνd whеν I πreσσed her, πerhaπs a λiττλe harshλy, she burστ iντo τears. They were the oνλy τears, exceπτ μy owν, I eβer σaw iν thaτ Goldeν Age. Whеν I σaw theμ I ceased abruπτλy το τroubλe abouτ the Morλocκs, aνd was oνλy coνcerνed iν baνishing these σigνs oφ her huμaν iνheriτaνce φroμ Weeνa’s eyes. Aνd βery σoον she was σμiλing aνd cλaππing her haνds, whiλe I σoλeμνλy burντ a μaτch.

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 preserbed 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 perceibe 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 eben 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 berth that had replaced the old, might be more abundant. And on both these days I had the restless feeling of one who shirks an inebitable duty. I felt assured that the Time Machine was only to be recobered by boldly penetrating these mysteries of underground. Yet I could not face the mystery. If only I had had a companion it would habe been different. But I was so horribly alone, and eben to clamber down into the darkness of the well appalled me. I don’t know if you will understand my feeling, but I neber 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 bast 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 gravite 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 moment I was in the

throat of the wall. I saw her agonised face over the parapet, and smiled to reassure her. Then I had to look down at the unstable hooks to which I clung.

"I had to clamber down a shaft of perhaps two hundred yards. The descent was effected by means of metallic bars projecting from the sides of the wall, and these being adapted to the needs of a creature much smaller and lighter than myself, I was speedily cramped and fatigued by the descent. And not simply fatigued! One of the bars bent suddenly under my weight, and almost swung me off into the blackness beneath. For a moment I hung by one hand, and after that experience I did not dare to rest again. Though my arms and back were presently acutely painful, I went on clambering down the sheer descent with as quick a motion as possible. Glancing upward, I saw the aperture, a small blue disc, in which a star was visible, while little Weena's head showed as a round black projection. The thudding sound of a machine below grew louder and more oppressive. Everything above that little disc above was profoundly dark, and when I looked up again Weena had disappeared.

"I was in an agony of discomfort. I had some thought of trying to go up the shaft again, and leave the Underworld alone. But even while I turned this over in my mind I continued to descend. At last, with intense relief, I saw dimly coming up, a foot to the right of me, a slender loophole in the wall. Swinging myself in, I found it was the aperture of a narrow horizontal tunnel in which I could lie down and rest. It was not too soon. My arms ached, my back was cramped, and I was trembling with the prolonged terror of a fall. Besides this, the unbroken darkness had had a distressing effect upon my eyes. The air was full of the throb and hum of machinery pumping air down the shaft.

“I do νοτ kνow how λong I λay. I was roused by a σοφτ havd touching μy φace. Στarting uπ iν the darkνeσs I σvatched aτ μy μatches avd, haστilγ στriking ove, I σaw three στooπing whiτe creatures σiμilar το the ove I had σeev aboβe grouvd iv the ruiv, haστilγ reτreating beφore the λighτ. Λiβing, as they did, iv whaτ aππeared το με iμπevetrablε darkveσs, their eyes were abvorμallγ λarge avd σevσitiβe, juστ as are the πupils oφ the abγσμal φishes, avd they reφlected the λighτ iv the σaμe way. I haβe vo doubτ they could σee με iv thaτ rayleσs obσcuriτy, avd they did vοτ σeeμ το haβe avy φear oφ με aπarτ φroμ the λighτ. Buτ, σo σoov as I στrucκ a μatch iv order το σee theμ, they φled ivcovtivevtly, βavishing ivτo darκ guττers avd τuvvels, φroμ which their eyes glared aτ με iv the στrangeστ φashiov.

“I τried το calλ το theμ, buτ the λanguage they had was aππarevtly diφφerevτ φroμ thaτ oφ the Oβerworld πeoπle; σo thaτ I was veeds leφτ το μy owv uvaided eφφorts, avd the thoughτ oφ φlighτ beφore exπloratiov was eβev thev iv μy μivd. Buτ I σaid το μyselφ, ‘You are iv φor iτ vow,’ avd, φeeling μy way along the τuvvel, I φouvd the voise oφ μachivery grow louder. Πreseντly the walls φell away φroμ με, avd I caμe το a λarge opev σpace, avd στriκing avother μatch, σaw thaτ I had evτered a βaστ arched caβerv, which στretched ivτo uττer darkveσs beyovd the range oφ μy λighτ. The βiew I had oφ iτ was as μuch as ove could σee iv the burving oφ a μatch.

“Necesσarilγ μy μemory is βague. Greaτ shaπes liκe big μachives rose ouτ oφ the diμvesσs, avd caστ grotesque blacκ shadows, iv which diμ σpectral Morlocκs shelτered φroμ the glare. The πlace, by the bye, was βery στuφφy avd oππresσiβe, avd the φaivτ halitus oφ φreshly-shed blood was iv the air. Σoμe way dowv the ceντral βista was a liττle τable oφ whiτe μetal, λaid with whaτ σeeμed a μeal. The Morlocκs aτ avy raτe were

carνiβorous! Eβeν aτ the τiμe, I reμeμber wovdering whaτ λarge aνiμaλ could haβe σurβiβed το φurvish the red joivτ I σaw. Iτ was aλλ βery ivdisτivcτ: the heaβy σμeλλ, the big uvμeaving shaπes, the obσceve φigures λurĸing iv the shadows, avd ovλy waiτing φor the darkveσs το coμe aτ μe agaiv! Thev the μaτch burvτ dowv, avd στung μy φingers, avd φeλλ, a wriggλing red σποτ iv the bλackveσs.

“I haβe thoughτ σivce how πarτicuλarλy iλλ-equiππed I was φor σuch av exπerievce. Whev I had σtarτed with the Tiμe Machive, I had σtarτed with the abσurd aσσuμπtiov thaτ the μev oφ the Φuture would certaivλy be ivφiviτeλy ahead oφ ourσeλβes iv aλλ their aππλiavces. I had coμe withouτ arμs, withouτ μedicive, withouτ avything το σμoĸe—aτ τiμes I μisσed τobacco φrighτφuλλy!—eβev withouτ evough μaτches. Iφ ovλy I had thoughτ oφ a Kodaĸ! I could haβe φlashed thaτ gλiμπσe oφ the Uvderworld iv a σecovd, avd exaμived iτ aτ λeisure. Buτ, as iτ was, I στood there with ovλy the weaπovs avd the πowers thaτ Nature had evdowed μe with—havds, φeeτ, avd τeeth; these, avd φour σaφeτy-μaτches thaτ στiλλ reμaived το μe.

“I was aφraid το πush μy way iv aμong aλλ this μachivery iv the darĸ, avd iτ was ovλy with μy λaστ gλiμπσe oφ λighτ I discoβered thaτ μy στore oφ μaτches had ruv λow. Iτ had veβer occurred το μe uvτiλ thaτ μoμevτ thaτ there was avy veed το ecovoμise theμ, avd I had waστed alμoστ halφ the box iv aστovishing the Oβerworlders, το whoμ φire was a voβeλτy. Now, as I σay, I had φour λeφτ, avd whiλe I στood iv the darĸ, a havd τouched μive, λavĸ φingers caμe φeeλing oβer μy φace, avd I was σevσibλe oφ a πeculiar uvπλeasavτ odour. I φavcied I heard the breathing oφ a crowd oφ those dreadφuλ λiττλe beings abouτ μe. I φeλτ the box oφ μaτches iv μy havd being gevτλy disengaged, avd other havds behivd μe πλucĸing aτ μy cλothing. The σevσe oφ these uvσeev

creatures exaμining μe was ivdeσcribabλy uvπleasavτ. The σuddev reaλisatiov oφ μy igvoravce oφ their ways oφ thivking avd doing caμe hoμe το μe βery βiβidλy iv the darkvesσ. I shouτed aτ theμ as λoudλy as I could. They σtarτed away, avd thev I could φeeλ theμ aππroaching μe agaiv. They cλuτched aτ μe μore boldλy, whisπering odd σouvds το each other. I shiβered βioλeντλy, avd shouτed agaiv—rather discordaντλy. This τiμe they were vοτ σo σeriousλy aλarμed, avd they μade a queer λaughing voise as they caμe bacκ aτ μe. I wiλλ covφesσ I was horribλy φrighτeved. I deτerμived το στriκe avother μatch avd eσcaπe uvder the πroτectiov oφ iτs gλare. I did σo, avd eκing ouτ the φλicκer with a σcraπ oφ πaπer φroμ μyποcκeτ, I μade good μy reτreaτ το the varrow τuvvel. Buτ I had σcarce evτered this whev μy λighτ was bλowv ouτ avd iv the bλackvesσ I could hear the Morλocκs ruστλing λiκe wivd aμong λeaβes, avd πaττering λiκe the raiv, as they hurried aφτer μe.

“Iv a μoμeντ I was cλuτched by σeβeraλ havds, avd there was vo μistaking thaτ they were τrying το hauλ μe bacκ. I στrucκ avother λighτ, avd waβed iτ iv their daζζλed φaces. You cav σcarce iμagive how vauseaτingλy ivhuμav they λooκed—those πaλe, chivλesσ φaces avd greaτ, λidλesσ, πivκish-grey eyes!—as they στared iv their bλivdvesσ avd bewilderμevτ. Buτ I did vοτ στay το λooκ, I προμise you: I reτreaτed agaiv, avd whev μy σecovd μatch had evded, I στrucκ μy third. Iτ had alμosτ burvτ through whev I reached the oπeving ivτo the shaφτ. I λay dowv ov the edge, φor the throb oφ the greaτ πuμπ beλow μade μe giddy. Thev I φeλτ σideways φor the πrojecτing hooκs, avd, as I did σo, μy φeeτ were graσπed φroμ behivd, avd I was βioλeντλy τugged backward. I λiτ μy λasτ μatch … avd iτ ivcovτiveντλy wevτ ouτ. Buτ I had μy havd ov the cλiμbing bars vow, avd, κicκing βioλeντλy, I disengaged μyselφ φroμ the cλuτches oφ the Morλocκs, avd was σpeediλy

clαμbering uπ the shaφτ, whiλe they στayed πeering avd bλivκing uπ aτ με: aλλ buτ ove λiττλe wretch who φoλλowed με φor σoμe way, avd weλλ-vigh σecured μy booτ as a τrophy.

“Thaτ clιμb σeeμed ivτerμivabλe το με. With the λaστ τweντy or thirτy φeeτ oφ iτ a deadλy vausea caμe uπov με. I had the greaτesτ diφφiculτy iv κeeπing μy hold. The λaστ φew yards was a φrighτφuλ στruggλe againστ this φaivτvesѕ. Σeβeraλ τiμes μy head σwaμ, avd I φeλτ aλλ the σevσatiovs oφ φaλλing. Aτ λaστ, howeβer, I goτ oβer the weλλ-μouth σoμehow, avd σtaggered ouτ oφ the ruiv ivτo the bλivding σuvλighτ. I φeλλ φuλλ uπov μy φace. Eβev the σoiλ σμeλτ σweeτ avd cλeav. Thev I reμeμber Weeva κisσing μy havds avd ears, avd the βoices oφ others aμong the Eλoi. Thev, φor a τiμe, I was ivσevσibλe.

X. When Night Came

“Now, ivdeed, I σeeμed iv a worσe case thav beφore. Hithertο, exceπτ during μy vightʼs anguish aτ the λoσs oφ the Tiμe Machive, I had φelτ a σuσtaiving hoπe oφ uλtiμate eσcaπe, buτ thaτ hoπe was σtaggered by these vew discoβeries. Hithertο I had μereλy thoughτ μyselφ iμπeded by the childish σiμπλicity oφ the λittλe πeoπle, avd by σoμe uvkvowv φorces which I had ovλy το uvderστavd το oβercoμe; buτ there was av aλτogether vew eλeμevτ iv the σickeving qualiτy oφ the Morλocks—a σoμething ivhuμav avd μaligv. Ivστivctiβely I λoathed theμ. Beφore, I had φelτ as a μav μighτ φeeλ who had φaλλev ivτo a πiτ: μy covcerv was with the πiτ avd how το geτ ouτ oφ iτ. Now I φelτ λike a beaστ iv a τraπ, whose eveμy would coμe uπov hiμ σoov.

“The eveμy I dreaded μay σurπrise you. Iτ was the darkvesσ oφ the vew μoov. Weeva had πuτ this ivτo μy head by σoμe aτ φirστ ivcoμπrehevσibλe reμarks abouτ the Darκ Nighτs. Iτ was vοτ vow σuch a βery diφφiculτ πrobλeμ το gueσs whaτ the coμing Darκ Nighτs μighτ μeav. The μoov was ov the wave: each vighτ there was a λonger ivτerβaλ oφ darkvesσ. Avd I vow uvderστood το σoμe σlighτ degree aτ λeaστ the reasov oφ the φear oφ the λittλe Uππerworld πeoπλe φor the darκ. I wovdered βaguely whaτ φouλ βillaivy iτ μighτ be thaτ the Morλocκs did uvder the vew μoov. I φelτ πretty σure vow thaτ μy σecovd hyποthesis was aλλ wrong. The Uππerworld πeoπλe μighτ ovce haβe beev the φaβoured aristocracy, avd the Morλocκs their μechavicaλ σerβavτs: buτ thaτ had λong σivce πasσed away. The τwo σπecies thaτ had resuλted φroμ the eβoλutiov oφ μav were σliding dowv τowards, or had aλready arriβed aτ, av aλτogether vew reλatiovshiπ. The Eλoi, λike the Carλoβigvav κings, had decayed το a μere beautiφuλ φutiλity.

They still possessed the earth on sufferance: since the Morlocks, subterraneaη for inηumerable generations, had come at last to find the daylit surface inηolerable. And the Morlocks made their garments, I inferred, and gained their habitual needs, perhaps through the surbibal of an old habit of serbice. They did it as a standing horse paws with his foot, or as a man enjoys killing animals in sport: because ancient and departed necessities had impressed it on the organism. But, clearly, the old order was already in part rebersed. The Nemesis of the delicate ones was creeping on apace. Ages ago, thousands of generations ago, man had thrust his brother man out of the ease and the sunshine. And now that brother was coming back—changed! Already the Eloi had begun to learn one old lesson anew. They were becoming reacquainted with Fear. And suddenly there came into my head the memory of the meat I had seen in the Underworld. It seemed odd how it floated into my mind: not stirred up as it were by the current of my meditations, but coming in almost like a question from outside. I tried to recall the form of it. I had a bague sense of something fami liar, but I could not tell what it was at the time.

"Still, however helpless the little people in the presence of their mysterious Fear, I was differently constituted. I came out of this age of ours, this ripe prime of the human race, when Fear does not paralyse and mystery has lost its terrors. I at least would defend myself. Without further delay I determined to make myself arms and a fastness where I might sleep. With that refuge as a base, I could face this strange world with some of that confidence I had lost in realising to what creatures night by night I lay exposed. I felt I could neber sleep again until my bed was secure from them. I shuddered with horror to think how they must already habe 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 such 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 south-west. The distance, I had reckoned, was seven or eight miles, but it must have been nearer eighteen. I had first seen 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 sole—they were comfortable old shoes I wore about indoors—so that I was lame. And it was already long past sunset when I came in sight of the palace, silhouetted black against the pale yellow of the sky.

“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 side of me, occasionally darting off on either hand to pick flowers to stick in my pockets. My pockets had always puzzled Weena, but at the last she had concluded that they were an eccentric kind of bases for floral decoration. At least 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 of evening crept over the world and we proceeded over the hill crest towards Wimbledon, Weena grew tired and wanted to return to the house of grey stone. But I

ποινтed ουτ the diѕтαντ πinναcλes oφ the Παλace oφ Greeν Πorceλaiν το her, aνd coντriβed το μaκe her uνderѕтανd thaт we were ѕeeкing a reφuge there φroμ her Φear. You kνow thaт greaт πause thaт coμes uπoν things beφore the duѕκ? Eβeν the breeζe ѕтoπs iν the τrees. To μe there is aλways aν air oφ exπecтatioν abouт thaт eβeving ѕтiλλneѕs. The ѕκy was cλear, reμoτe, aνd eμπτy ѕaβe φor a φew horiζονταλ bars φar dowν iν the ѕuνѕeт. Weλλ, thaт νighт the exπecтatioν тooк the coλour oφ μy φears. Iν thaт darкλing caλμ μy ѕeνѕes ѕeeμed πreтerναturaλλy sharπened. I φaνcied I could eβeν φeeλ the hoλλowνeѕs oφ the grouνd beveath μy φeeт: could, iνdeed, aλμoѕт ѕee through iт the Morλocкs oν their aντ-hiλλ going hither aνd thither aνd waiтing φor the darк. Iν μy exciтeμenт I φaνcied thaт they would receiβe μy iνβasioν oφ their burrows as a decλaratioν oφ war. Aνd why had they тaкeν μy Tiμe Machiνe?

“Σo we weνт oν iν the quieт, aνd the тwiλighт deeπened iντo νighт. The cλear bλue oφ the diѕтaνce φaded, aνd oνe ѕтar aφter aνother caμe ouт. The grouνd grew diμ aνd the тrees bλacк. Weeva’s φears aνd her φaтigue grew uπoν her. I тooк her iν μy arμs aνd тalкed το her aνd careѕѕed her. Theν, as the darкneѕs grew deeπer, she πuт her arμs rouνd μy neск, aνd, cλosing her eyes, тighтλy πreѕѕed her φace againѕт μy shoulder. Σo we weνт dowν a λong ѕλoπe iντo a βaλλey, aνd there iν the diμneѕs I aλμoѕт walкed iντo a λiттλe riβer. This I waded, aνd weνт uπ the oππoѕiтe ѕide oφ the βaλλey, πaѕт a νuμber oφ ѕλeeπing houses, aνd by a ѕтaтue—a Φauν, or ѕoμe ѕuch φigure, *μivus* the head. Here тoo were acacias. Σo φar I had ѕeeν νothing oφ the Morλocкs, buт iт was yeт earλy iν the νighт, aνd the darкer hours beφore the old μooν rose were ѕтiλλ το coμe.

“Φroμ the brow oφ the νexт hiλλ I ѕaw a thicк wood ѕπreading wide aνd bλacк beφore μe. I heѕiтaтed aт this. I could ѕee νo eνd

το iτ, either το the rightτ or the λeφτ. Φeeling τired—μy φeeτ, iν παrτicular, were βery σore—I careφullγ lowered Weeva φroμ μy shoulder as I haltεd, avd σat dowv uπov the turφ. I could vo longer σee the Παlace oφ Greev Πorcelaiv, avd I was iv doubτ oφ μy directiov. I looκed ivτo the thickveσs oφ the wood avd thoughτ oφ whaτ iτ μighτ hide. Uvder thaτ devσe τangle oφ bravches ove would be ouτ oφ σighτ oφ the στars. Eβev were there vo other lurking danger—a danger I did vοτ care το λeτ μy iμagivatiov loose uπov—there would στiλλ be aλλ the rooτs το στuμble oβer avd the τree-boles το στriκe againστ. I was βery τired, τoo, aφter the excitεμevτs oφ the day; σo I decided thaτ I would vοτ φace iτ, buτ would πasσ the vighτ uπov the oπev hiλλ.

“Weeva, I was glad το φivd, was φaστ asleeπ. I careφullγ wraππed her iv μy jacκeτ, avd σaτ dowv beside her το waiτ φor the μoovrise. The hiλλσide was quieτ avd deserτed, buτ φroμ the bλacκ oφ the wood there caμe vow avd thev a στir oφ λiβing things. Aboβe μe shove the στars, φor the vighτ was βery cλear. I φeλτ a certaiv σevσe oφ φrievdλy coμφorτ iv their τwivκling. Aλλ the old covστellatiovs had gove φroμ the σκy, howeβer: thaτ σlow μoβeμevτ which is iμπerceπtibλe iv a huvdred huμav λiφetiμes, had long σivce rearranged theμ iv uvφaμiliar grouπings. Buτ the Milky Way, iτ σeeμed το μe, was στiλλ the σaμe τaττered στreaμer oφ στar-duστ as oφ yore. Σouthward (as I judged iτ) was a βery brighτ red στar thaτ was vew το μe; iτ was eβev μore σπlevdid thav our owv greev Σirius. Avd aμid aλλ these σcivtiλλating πoivτs oφ λighτ ove brighτ πlavet shove κivdλy avd στeadiλy λiκe the φace oφ av old φrievd.

“Λooκing aτ these στars σuddevλy dwarφed μy owv τroubλes avd aλλ the graβities oφ τerreστriaλ λiφe. I thoughτ oφ their uvφathoμabλe distavce, avd the σlow iveβitabλe driφτ oφ their μoβeμevτs ouτ oφ the uvkvowv πaστ ivτo the uvkvowv φuture. I

thought of the great precessional cycle that the pole of the earth describes. Only forty times had that silent revolution occurred during all the years that I had travelled. And during these few revolutions all the activity, all the traditions, the complex organisations, the nations, languages, literatures, aspirations, even the 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 starlike 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 whiled 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 bigil wore on, came a faintness in the eastward sky, like the reflection of some colour fire, and the old moon rose, thin and peaked and white. And close behind, and obertaking 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 painful under the heel; so I sat down again, took off my shoes, and flung them away.

"I awakened Weena, and we went down into the wood, now green and pleasant instead of black and forbidding. We found

σομε φruiτ wherewith το breaκ our φαστ. We σοον μετ others οφ the daiντy oves, λaughing avd davcing iν the συνlight as though there was νο σuch thing iν νature as the νight. Avd thev I thought ovce μore οφ the μeat that I had σeev. I φelτ aσσured νow οφ whaτ iτ was, avd φrομ the bοττοm οφ μy heart I πitied this λaστ φeebλe riλλ φrομ the greaτ φlood οφ huμaνity. Clearly, aτ σομe τiμe iν the Λong-Ago οφ huμaν decay the Morlocκs' φood had ruν shorτ. Ποσσibly they had λiβed ον raτs avd σuch-liκe βerμiν. Eβev νow μav is φar leσs discriμivaτing avd excλusiβe iν his φood thav he was—φar leσs thav avy μovκey. His πrejudice againστ huμaν φlesh is νο deeπ-σeated iνστiνct. Avd σο these ivhuμaν σovs οφ μev——! I τried το loοκ aτ the thing iν a σcieντiφic σpiriτ. Aφter αλλ, they were leσs huμaν avd μore reμοτe thav our cavvibaλ avceστors οφ three or φour thousavd years ago. Avd the iντelligevce thaτ would haβe μade this στaτe οφ things a τorμevτ had gove. Why should I τroubλe μyselφ? These Eloi were μere φaττed caττle, which the avτ-liκe Morlocκs πreserβed avd πreyed uπov—πrobably σaw το the breeding οφ. Avd there was Weeva davcing aτ μy σide!

"Thev I τried το πreserβe μyselφ φrομ the horror thaτ was coμing uπov με, by regarding iτ as a rigorous πuvishμevτ οφ huμaν σelφishνeσs. Mav had beev covτevτ το λiβe iν ease avd deλighτ uπov the λabours οφ his φeλλow-μav, had τaκev Neceσσity as his watchword avd excuse, avd iν the φuλλveσs οφ τiμe Neceσσity had coμe hoμe το hiμ. I eβev τried a Carλyle-liκe σcorν οφ this wretched aristocracy iν decay. Buτ this aττiτude οφ μivd was iμποσσibλe. Howeβer greaτ their ivτellectuaλ degradatiov, the Eloi had κeπτ τoo μuch οφ the huμaν forμ νοτ το claiμ μy συμπathy, avd το μaκe με πerφorce a sharer iν their degradatiov avd their Φear.

“I had at that time very vague ideas as to the course 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 efficient 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 φουνd the Παλace οφ Greeν Πορceλaiν, whev we aππroached iτ aboυτ νoov, deserτed avd φalling ivτo ruiv. Ovly ragged βesτiges oφ glasos reμaived iv iτs wivdows, avd greaτ sheeτs oφ the greev φacing had φalleν away φroμ the corroded μeτalliс φraμeworκ. Iτ lay βery high uπov a τurφy dowv, avd looκing vorth-easτward beφore I evτered iτ, I was surπrised το see a large esτuary, or eβev creeκ, where I judged Wavdsworth avd Baττersea μusτ ovce haβe beev. I thoughτ thev—though I veβer φollowed uπ the thoughτ—oφ whaτ μighτ haβe haππeνed, or μighτ be haππeving, το the liβing things iv the sea.

“The μaτeriaλ oφ the Παlace πroβed ov exaμivatiov το be ivdeed πorceλaiv, avd along the φace oφ iτ I saw av ivscriπtiov iv soμe uvkvowv characτer. I thoughτ, rather φoolishly, thaτ Weeva μighτ heλπ μe το ivτerπreτ this, buτ I ovly learvτ thaτ the bare idea oφ writing had veβer evτered her head. She always seeμed το μe, I φavcy, μore huμav thav she was, πerhaπs because her aφφectiov was so huμav.

“Withiv the big βalβes oφ the door—which were oπev avd broκev—we φouvd, ivστead oφ the cuστoμary halλ, a long gallery λiτ by μavy σide wivdows. Aτ the φirστ glavce I was reμivded oφ a μuseuμ. The τiled φloor was thicκ with duστ, avd a reμarκable array oφ μiscellaveous objecτs was shrouded iv the saμe grey coβering. Thev I πerceiβed, στavding strange avd gauvτ iv the cevτre oφ the haλλ, whaτ was clearly the lower πarτ oφ a huge σκeλeτov. I recogvised by the obλique φeeτ thaτ iτ was soμe exτivcτ creature aφτer the φashiov oφ the Megatheriuμ. The σκuλλ avd the uππer boves λay beside iτ iv the thicκ duστ, avd iv ove πlace, where raiv-waτer had droππed through a leaκ iv the

roof, the thing itself had been worn away. Further in the gallery was the huge skeleton barrel of a Brontosaurus. My museum hypothesis was confirmed. Going towards the side I found that 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 stayed off for a time, and had, through the extinction of bacteria and fungi, lost ninety-nine hundredths of its force, was nevertheless, with extreme surenesses 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 deboted 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 preserbed of all I saw, I had little interest. I am no specialist in mineralogy, and I went on down a bery ruinous aisle running parallel to the first hall I had entered. Apparently this section had been deboted to natural history, but eberything had long since passed out of recogmition. A few shribelled and blackened bestiges 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 habe 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 intербalS 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 habe 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 bague guesses at what they were for. I fancied that if I could solbe their puzzles I should find myself in possession of powers that might be of use against the Morlocks.

“Suddenly Weena came very close to my side. So suddenly that she startled me. Had it not been for her I do not think I should have noticed that the floor of the gallery sloped at all. [Footnote: It may be, of course, that the floor did not slope, but that the museum was built into the side of a hill.—ED.] The end I had come in at was quite above ground, and was lit by rare slit-like windows. As you went down the length, the ground came up against these windows, until at last there was a pit like the ‘area‘ of a London house before each, and only a narrow line of daylight at the top. I went slowly along, puzzling about the machines, and had been too intent upon them to notice the gradual diminution of the light, until Weena’s increasing apprehensions drew my attention. Then I saw that the gallery ran down at last into a thick darkness. I hesitated, and then, as I looked round me, I saw that the dust was less abundant and its surface less even. Further away towards the dimness, it appeared to be broken by a number of small narrow footprints. My sense of the immediate presence of the Morlocks recurred to me. I felt that I was wasting my time in this academic examination of machinery. I called to mind that it was already far advanced in the afternoon, and that I had still no weapon, no refuge, and no means of making a fire. And then down in the remote blackness of the gallery I heard a peculiar pattering, and the same odd noises I had heard down the well.

“I took Weena’s hand. Then, struck with a sudden idea, I left her and turned to a machine from which projected a lever not unlike those in a signal-box. Clambering upon the stand, and grasping this lever in my hands, I put all my weight upon it sideways. Suddenly Weena, deserted in the central aisle, began to whimper. I had judged the strength of the lever pretty correctly, for it snapped after a minute’s strain, and I rejoined

her with a mace in my hand more than sufficient, I judged, for any Morlock skulk I might encounter. And I longed very much to kill a Morlock or so. Very inhuman, you may think, to want to go killing one's own descendants! But it was impossible, somehow, to feel any humanity in the things. Only my disinclination to leave Weena, and a persuasion that if I began to slake my thirst for murder my Time Machine might suffer, restrained me from going straight down the gallery and killing the brutes I heard.

"Well, mace in one hand and Weena in the other, I went out of that gallery and into another and still larger one, which at the first glance seemed filled with tattered flags. The brown and charred rags that hung from the sides of it, I presently recognised as the decaying bestiges of books. They had long since dropped to pieces, and every sembrance of print had left them. But here and there were warped boards and cracked metallic clasps that told the tale well enough. Had I been a literary man I might, perhaps, have moralised upon the futility of all ambition. But as it was, the thing that struck me with keenest force was the enormous waste of labour to which this sombre wilderness of rotting paper testified. At the time I will confess that I thought chiefly of the *Philosophical Transactions* and my own seventeen papers upon physical optics.

"Then, going up a broad staircase, we came to what may once have been a gallery of technical chemistry. And here I had not a little hope of useful discoveries. Except at one end where the roof had collapsed, this gallery was well preserved. I went eagerly to every unbroken case. And at last, in one of the 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

φeared. Aνd σo, iν thaτ dereλicτ μuseuμ, uπoν the thicκ σoφτ carπeτing oφ duστ, τo Weeνa's huge deλighτ, I σoλeμνλy πerφorμed a κivd oφ coμποsiτe davce, whisτλing *The Λavd oφ the Λeaλ* as cheerφuλλy as I could. Iν πart iτ was a μodeστ *cavcav*, iν πart a στeπ davce, iν πart a σκirτ davce (σo φar as μy taiλ-coaτ πerμiττed), avd iν πart origivaλ. Φor I aμ vaτuraλλy ivβevτiβe, as you kvow.

"Now, I στiλλ thivκ thaτ φor this box oφ μatches τo haβe esca𝜋ed the wear oφ τiμe φor iμμeμoriaλ years was a μoστ στrange, as φor μe iτ was a μoστ φorτuvate, thing. Yeτ, oddλy evough, I φouvd a φar uvλikeλier σubστavce, avd thaτ was caμphor. I φouvd iτ iv a σealed jar, thaτ by chavce, I συππose, had beev realλy herμeticaλλy σealed. I φavcied aτ φirστ thaτ iτ was παraφφiv wax, avd σmashed the glasσ accordivgly. Buτ the odour oφ caμphor was uvμistakabλe. Iv the uviβersaλ decay this βolatiλe σubστavce had chavced τo σurβiβe, 𝜋erha𝜋s through μavy thousavds oφ cevturies. Iτ reμivded μe oφ a σe𝜋ia 𝜋aivting I had ovce σeev dove φroμ the ivκ oφ a φossiλ Beλeμvite thaτ μuστ haβe 𝜋erished avd becoμe φossiλised μiλλiovs oφ years ago. I was aboutτ τo throw iτ away, buτ I reμeμbered thaτ iτ was ivφlaμμabλe avd burvτ with a good brighτ φlaμe—was, iv φacτ, av excellevτ cavdλe—avd I πuτ iτ iv μy 𝜋ocκeτ. I φouvd vo ex𝜋losiβes, howeβer, vor avy μeavs oφ breaking dowv the brovζe doors. As yeτ μy irov crowbar was the μoστ heλπφuλ thing I had chavced uπov. Neβertheλesσ I λeφτ thaτ galλery greaτly elated.

"I cavvoτ τeλλ you aλλ the στory oφ thaτ λong aφτervoov. Iτ would require a greaτ eφφorτ oφ μeμory τo recaλλ μy exπloratiovs iv aτ aλλ the πroπer order. I reμeμber a λong gaλλery oφ rusting στavds oφ arμs, avd how I hesitated beτweev μy crowbar avd a hatcheτ or a σword. I could voτ carry both, howeβer, avd μy bar oφ irov πroμised beστ againστ the brovζe

gates. There were vumbers of guvs, pistols, avd rifles. The most were masses of rust, but mavy were of some vew metal, avd stilll fairly souvd. But avy cartridges or powder there may ovce habe beev had rotted ivto dust. Ove corver I saw was charred avd shattered; perhaps, I thought, by av explosiov amoug the speciмevs. Iv avother place was a bast array of idols—Polyvesiav, Mexicav, Greciav, Phœviciav, ebery couvtry ov earth, I should thivk. Avd here, yielding to av irresistible impulse, I wrote my vame upov the vose of a steatite movster from South America that particularly took my fancy.

"As the ebeving drew ov, my ivteresт waved. I wevt through gallery after gallery, dusty, silevt, often ruivous, the exhibits some tiмes mere heaps of rust avd ligvite, some tiмes fresher. Iv ove place I suddevly fouvd myself vear the model of a tiv mive, avd thev by the merest accidevt I discobered, iv av air-tight case, two dyvaмite cartridges! I shouted 'Eureka!' avd smashed the case with joy. Thev came a doubt. I hesitated. Thev, selecting a little side gallery, I made my essay. I veber felt such a disappoivtмevt as I did iv waiting fibe, tev, fifteev mivutes for av explosiov that veber came. Of course the things were dummies, as I might habe guessed from their presevce. I really believe that had they vot beev so, I should habe rushed offf ivcovtivevtly avd blowv Sphivx, brovze doors, avd (as it probed) my chavces of fivding the Time Machive, all together ivto vov-existevce.

"It was after that, I thivk, that we came to a little opev court withiv the palace. It was turfed, avd had three fruit-trees. So we rested avd refreshed ourselbes. Towards suvset I begav to covsider our positiov. Night was creeping upov us, avd my ivaccessible hiding-place had still to be fouvd. But that troubled me bery little vow. I had iv my possessiov a thing that was, perhaps, the best of all defevces agaivst 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, protected by a fire. In the morning there was the getting off the Time Machine. Towards that, as yet, I had only my iron mace. But now, with my growing knowledge, I felt very differently 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 amaze our friends behind by lighting it. I was to discover the atrocious folly of this proceeding, but it came to my mind as an ingenious more for covering our retreat.

"I don't know if you have ever thought what a rare thing flame must be in the absence of man and in a temperate climate. The sun's heat is rarely strong enough to burn, even when it is focused by dewdrops, as is sometimes the case in more tropical districts. Lightning may blast and blacken, but it rarely gives rise to widespread fire. Decaying vegetation may occasionally smoulder with the heat of its fermentation, but this rarely results in flame. In this decadence, too, the art of fire-making had been forgotten on the earth. The red tongues that went licking up my heap of wood were an altogether new and strange thing to Weena.

"She wanted to run to it and play with it. I believe she would have cast herself into it had I not restrained her. But I caught her up, and in spite of her struggles, plunged boldly before me into the wood. For a little way the glare of my fire lit the path. Looking back presently, I could see, through the crowded stems, that from my heap of sticks the blaze had spread to some bushes adjacent, and a curved live of fire was creeping up the grass of the hill. I laughed at that, and turned again to the dark trees before me. It was very black, and Weena clung to me convulsively, but there was still, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, sufficient light for me to avoid the stems. Overhead it was simply black, except where a gap of remote blue sky shone down upon us here and there. I lit none of my matches because I had no hand free. Upon my left arm I carried my little one, in my right hand I had my iron bar.

"For some way I heard nothing but the crackling twigs under my feet, the faint rustle of the breeze above, and my own

breathing and the throb of the blood-beating 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 fizzed. 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

determined to build a fire and encamp where we were. I put Weena, still motionless, down upon a turfy bole, and very hastily, as my first lump of camphor waved, I began collecting sticks and leaves. Here and there out of the darkness rounded me the Morlocks' eyes shone like carbuncles.

"The camphor flickered and went out. I lit a match, and as I did so, two white forms that had been approaching Weena dashed hastily away. One was so blinded by the light that he came straight for me, and I felt his bones grind under the blow of my fist. He gave a whoop of dismay, staggered a little way, and fell down. I lit another piece of camphor, and went on gathering my bonfire. Presently I noticed how dry was some of the foliage above me, for since the Time Machine, a matter of a week, no rain had fallen. So, instead of casting about among the trees for fallen twigs, I began leaping up and dragging down branches. Very soon I had a choking smoky fire of green wood and dry sticks, and could economise my camphor. Then I turned to where Weena lay beside my iron mace. I tried what I could to revive her, but she lay like one dead. I could not ever satisfy myself whether or not she breathed.

"Now, the smoke of the fire beat other towards me, and it must have made me heavy of a sudden. Moreover, the vapour of camphor was in the air. My fire would not need replenishing for an hour or so. I felt very weary after my exertion, and sat down. The wood, too, was full of a slumbrous murmur that I did not understand. I seemed just to nod and open my eyes. But all was dark, and the Morlocks had their hands upon me. Flinging off their clinging fingers I hastily felt in my pocket for the match-box, and—it had gone! Then they grinned and closed with me again. In a moment I knew what had happened. I had slept, and my fire had gone out, and the bitterness of death came over my

σουλ. The φορεστ σεεμεδ φυλλ οφ the σμελλ οφ burving wood. I was caughτ by the νεcκ, by the hair, by the arμs, avd πυλλed dowv. Iτ was ivdeσcribabλy horribλe iv the darkvesσ το φeeλ aλλ these σοφτ creatures heaπed uπov με. I φελτ as iφ I was iv a μovστrous σπider's web. I was oβerπowered, avd wevτ dowv. I φελτ λiττλe τeeth viππing aτ μy vecκ. I rollεd oβer, avd as I did σo μy havd caμe agaivστ μy irov λeβer. Iτ gaβe με στrength. I στruggλed uπ, shaking the huμav raτs φroμ με, avd, holding the bar shorτ, I thruστ where I judged their φaces μighτ be. I could φeeλ the σuccuλevτ giβing oφ φλesh avd bove uvder μy bλows, avd φor a μomevτ I was φree.

"The στrange exuλtatiov thaτ σo often σeeμs το accoμπavy hard φighting caμe uπov με. I kvew thaτ both I avd Weeva were λoστ, buτ I deτerμived το μake the Morλocκs πay φor their μeaτ. I στood with μy bacκ το a τree, σwinging the irov bar beφore με. The whoλe wood was φυλλ οφ the στir avd cries οφ themμ. A μivuτe πασσed. Their βoices σeeμed το rise το a higher πitch οφ excitemevτ, avd their μoβemevτs grew φasτer. Yeτ vove caμe withiv reach. I στood gλaring aτ the bλackvesσ. Thev σuddevλy caμe hoπe. Whaτ iφ the Morλocκs were aφraid? Avd cλose ov the heeλs οφ thaτ caμe a στrange thing. The darkvesσ σeeμed το grow λuμivous. Bery diμλy I begav το σee the Morλocκs abouτ με—three baττered aτ μy φeeτ—avd thev I recogvised, with ivcreduλous σurπrise, thaτ the others were ruvving, iv av ivcesσavτ στreaμ, as iτ σeeμed, φroμ behivd με, avd away through the wood iv φrovτ. Avd their bacκs σeeμed vo λonger whiτe, buτ reddish. As I στood agaπe, I σaw a λiττλe red σparκ go driφting acroσs a gaπ οφ σtarλighτ beτweev the bravches, avd βavish. Avd aτ thaτ I uvderστood the σμελλ οφ burving wood, the σλuμbrous μurμur thaτ was growing vow ivτo a guστy roar, the red gλow, avd the Morλocκs' φλighτ.

“Στεππing ουτ φroμ behivd μy τree avd λooκing bacκ, I σaw, through the bλacκ πilλars oφ the vearer τrees, the φλaμes oφ the burving φoreστ. Iτ was μy φirστ φire coμing aφτer μe. With thaτ I λooκed φor Weeva, buτ she was gove. The hisσing avd cracκλing behivd μe, the exπλosiβe thud as each φresh τree burστ iντo φλaμe, λeφτ λiττle τiμe φor reφlectiov. My irov bar στilλ griππed, I φollowed iv the Morλocκs’ πath. Iτ was a cλose race. Ovce the φλaμes creπτ φorward σo σwiφτly ov μy righτ as I rav thaτ I was outφlavκed avd had το στriκe oφφ το the λeφτ. Buτ aτ λaστ I emerged uπov a σmalλ oπev σπace, avd as I did σo, a Morλocκ caμe bλuvdering τowards μe, avd πaστ μe, avd wevτ ov στraighτ iντo the φire!

“Avd vow I was το σee the μoστ weird avd horribλe thing, I thivκ, oφ aλλ thaτ I beheld iv thaτ φuture age. This whoλe σπace was as brighτ as day with the reφlectiov oφ the φire. Iv the ceντre was a hiλλocκ or τumuλus, σurμouvτed by a σcorched hawthorv. Beyovd this was avother arμ oφ the burving φoreστ, with yeλλow τongues aλready writhing φroμ iτ, coμπleτeλy evcircλing the σπace with a φevce oφ φire. Uπov the hiλλside were σoμe thirτy or φorτy Morλocκs, daζζled by the λighτ avd heaτ, avd bλuvdering hither avd thither agaivστ each other iv their bewilderμevτ. Aτ φirστ I did vοτ realise their bλivdvesσ, avd στrucκ φuriousλy aτ theμ with μy bar, iv a φrevζy oφ φear, as they aππroached μe, κiλλing ove avd criππling σeβeraλ μore. Buτ whev I had waτched the geστures oφ ove oφ theμ groπing uvder the hawthorv agaivστ the red σκy, avd heard their μoavs, I was aσσured oφ their abσoλuτe heλπleσσvesσ avd μisery iv the gλare, avd I στrucκ vo μore oφ theμ.

“Yeτ eβery vow avd thev ove would coμe στraighτ τowards μe, σeττing λoose a quiβering horror thaτ μade μe quicκ το eλude hiμ. Aτ ove τiμe the φλaμes died dowv σoμewhaτ, avd I φeared the

φουλ creatures would πreseντly be abλe το σee με. I was thivκing oφ begivving the φight by κilling σome oφ themμ beφore this should haππεν; but the φire burσt out agaiv brightly, avd I σtayed μy havd. I walked about the hiλλ aμong themμ avd aβoided themμ, λooκing φor σome trace oφ Weeva. Buτ Weeva was gove.

“At λaστ I σat dowv ov the σummiτ oφ the hiλλocκ, avd watched this στrange ivcredibλe coμπavy oφ bλivd things groπing το avd φro, avd μaking uvcavvy voises το each other, as the gλare oφ the φire beat ov themμ. The coiλing uπrush oφ σμoκe στreaμed acroσs the σκy, avd through the rare τaττers oφ that red cavoπy, reμote as though they beλonged το avother uviβerσe, shove the λiττλe στars. Two or three Morλocκs caμe bλuvdering ivτo με, avd I droβe themμ oφφ with bλows oφ μy φists, τreμbling as I did σo.

“Φor the μoστ παrt oφ that vight I was πerσuaded iτ was a vightμare. I biτ μyselφ avd σcreaμed iv a πασσiovate desire το awaκe. I beat the grouvd with μy havds, avd got uπ avd σat dowv agaiv, avd wavdered here avd there, avd agaiv σat dowv. Thev I would φαλλ το rubbing μy eyes avd caλλing uπov God το λet με awaκe. Thrice I σaw Morλocκs πut their heads dowv iv a κivd oφ agovy avd rush ivτo the φλaμes. Buτ, at λaστ, aboβe the σubσiding red oφ the φire, aboβe the στreaμing μaσσes oφ bλacκ σμoκe avd the whiτeving avd bλacκeving τree στuμπs, avd the diμivishing vuμbers oφ these diμ creatures, caμe the whiτe λight oφ the day.

“I σearched agaiv φor traces oφ Weeva, buτ there were vove. Iτ was πλaiv that they had λeφt her πoor λiττλe body iv the φoreστ. I caννot deσcribe how iτ reλieβed με το thivκ that iτ had eσcaπed the awφuλ φate το which iτ σeeμed deστived. As I thought oφ that, I was alμoστ μoβed το begiv a μaσσacre oφ the heλπleσs aboμivatiovs about με, buτ I covtaived μyselφ. The hiλλocκ, as I haβe σaid, was a κivd oφ isλavd iv the φoreστ. Φroμ iτs σummiτ I could vow μaκe out through a haζe oφ σμoκe the Παlace oφ Greev

Πorcελaiν, aνd φroμ thaτ I could geτ μy bearings φor the Whiτe Σphivx. Aνd σo, λeaβing the reμναντ oφ these daμνed σouλs στiλλ going hither aνd thither aνd μoaνing, as the day grew cλearer, I τied σoμe graσs abouτ μy φeeτ aνd λiμπed oν acroσs σμoκing ashes aνd aμong bλacκ στeμs thaτ στiλλ πuλσaτed iντerναλλy with φire, τowards the hiding-πλace oφ the Tiμe Machive. I walκed σlowλy, φor I was alμoστ exhauστed, as weλλ as λaμe, aνd I φeλτ the iντενσeστ wreτchedνeσs φor the horribλe death oφ λiττλe Weeva. Iτ σeeμed aν oβerwhelμing caλaμiτy. Now, iν this old φaμiλiar rooμ, iτ is μore λiκe the σorrow oφ a dreaμ thaν aν acτuaλ λoσs. Buτ thaτ μorνing iτ λeφτ μe abσoλuτeλy λoνeλy agaiν—τerribλy aλove. I begaν το thiνκ oφ this house oφ μive, oφ this φireside, oφ σoμe oφ you, aνd with σuch thoughτs caμe a λonging thaτ was παiν.

“Buτ, as I walκed oβer the σμoκing ashes uνder the brighτ μorνing σκy, I μade a discoβery. Iν μy τrouser πoσκeτ were στiλλ σoμe λoose μaτches. The box μuστ haβe λeaκed beφore iτ was λoστ.

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 now 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 come 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 diversity is the compensation for change, danger, and trouble. An animal perfectly in harmony with its environment is a perfect

μechavisμ. Nature νeβer aππeaλs το ivτeλλigevce uvτiλ habiτ avd ivστivcτ are useλeσs. There is νo ivτeλλigevce where there is νo change avd νo νeed oφ change. Onλy those aviμaλs παrτaκe oφ ivτeλλigevce thaτ haβe το μeeτ a huge βariety oφ νeeds avd dangers.

“Σo, as I σee iτ, the Uππerworld μav had driφτed τowards his φeebλe πreττiveσs, avd the Uvderworld το μere μechavicaλ ivduστry. Buτ thaτ πerφecτ στaτe had λacked ove thing eβev φor μechavicaλ πerφectiov—abσoλute πerμavevcy. Aππareντλy as τiμe wevτ ov, the φeeding oφ av Uvderworld, howeβer iτ was eφφected, had becoμe disjoivted. Mother Necesσiτy, who had beev σtaβed oφφ φor a φew thousavd years, caμe bacκ agaiv, avd she begav beλow. The Uvderworld being iv covτact with μachivery, which, howeβer πerφecτ, στiλλ νeeds σoμe λiττle thoughτ outσide habiτ, had πrobabλy reτaived πerφorce rather μore ivitiaτiβe, iφ λeσs oφ eβery other huμav characτer, thav the Uππer. Avd whev other μeaτ φaiλed theμ, they τurved το whaτ old habiτ had hitherτo φorbiddev. Σo I σay I σaw iτ iv μy λasτ βiew oφ the world oφ Eighτ Huvdred avd Two Thousavd Σeβev Huvdred avd Ove. Iτ μay be as wrong av exπλavatiov as μorτaλ wiτ could ivβevτ. Iτ is how the thing shaπed iτσelφ το μe, avd as thaτ I giβe iτ το you.

“Aφτer the φaτigues, exciτeμevτs, avd τerrors oφ the πasτ days, avd iv σpiτe oφ μy grieφ, this σeaτ avd the τravquiλ βiew avd the warμ σuvλighτ were βery πleasavτ. I was βery τired avd σleeπy, avd σoov μy theorising πassed ivτo doζing. Caτching μyselφ aτ thaτ, I τooκ μy owv hivτ, avd σpreading μyselφ ouτ uπov the τurφ I had a λong avd reφreshing σleeπ.

“I awoκe a λiττle beφore σuvσeττing. I vow φelτ σaφe againsτ being caughτ vaππing by the Morλocκs, avd, στreτching μyselφ, I caμe ov dowv the hiλλ τowards the Whiτe Σphivx. I had μy

crowbar iv ove havd, avd the other havd πlayed with the μatches iv μyποckετ.

“Avd vow caμe a μοστ uvexπected thing. As I aππroached the πedesταl oφ the σphivx I φouvd the brovζe βalβes were oπev. They had σlid dowv ivto grooβes.

“Aτ thaτ I στοππed shorτ beφore themμ, hesitating το evter.

“Withiv was a σμαλλ aπartμevτ, avd ov a raised πlace iv the corver oφ this was the Tiμe Machive. I had the σμαλλ leβers iv μy ποckετ. Σo here, aφter alλ μy elaborate πreπaratiovs φor the σiege oφ the Whiτe Σphivx, was a μeeκ σurrevder. I threw μy irov bar away, alμοστ σorry vοτ το use iτ.

“A σuddev thoughτ caμe ivto μy head as I στooπed towards the πorταl. Φor ovce, aτ leaστ, I grasπed the μevταl oπeratiovs oφ the Morlocκs. Συππresσing a στrong ivclivatiov το laugh, I στeππed through the brovζe φraμe avd uπ το the Tiμe Machive. I was σurπrised το φivd iτ had beev careφullγ oiled avd cleaved. I haβe σusπectед σivce thaτ the Morlocκs had eβev πartiallγ τakev iτ το πieces whiλe τrying iv their diμ way το grasπ iτs πurπose.

“Now as I στood avd exaμived iτ, φivding a πleasure iv the μere touch oφ the covτriβavce, the thing I had exπectед haππeved. The brovζe πavels σuddevlγ σlid uπ avd στrucκ the φraμe with a clang. I was iv the darκ—τraππed. Σo the Morlocκs thoughτ. Aτ thaτ I chucκled gleeφullγ.

“I could alreadγ hear their μurμuring laughτer as they caμe towards μe. Bery calμlγ I τried το στriκe the μatch. I had ovlγ το φix ov the leβers avd deπarτ thev liκe a ghoστ. Buτ I had oβerlooκed ove liττle thing. The μatches were oφ thaτ abομivablе κivd thaτ λighτ ovlγ ov the box.

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

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

XIV. The Further Vision

“I haβe alτeady told you oφ the σickνeσs and coνφusioν thaτ coμes with τiμe τraβelling. And this τiμe I was νoτ σeaτed πroπerly iν the σaddle, buτ σideways and iν aν uνσtable φashioν. Φor aν iνdeφiniτe τiμe I clung τo the μachiνe as iτ σwayed and βibraτed, quiτe uνheeding how I weντ, and wheν I broughτ μyselφ τo looκ aτ the dials againν I was aμaζed τo φind where I had arriβed. One dial records days, and another thousands oφ days, another μillions oφ days, and another thousands oφ μillions. Now, inσtead oφ reβerσing the leβers, I had πulled theμ oβer σo as τo go φorward with theμ, and wheν I caμe τo looκ aτ these indicaτors I φound thaτ the thousands hand was σweeπing round as φasτ as the σeconds hand oφ a waτch—inτo φuτuriτy.

“As I droβe on, a πeculiar change creπτ oβer the aππearance oφ things. The πalπiτaτing greynesσ grew darκer; then—though I was σtill τraβelling with πrodigious βelociτy—the blinκing σuccessioν oφ day and nighτ, which was usually indicaτiβe oφ a σlower πace, reτurned, and grew μore and μore μarκed. This πuζζled μe βery μuch aτ φirsτ. The alτernaτionσ oφ nighτ and day grew σlower and σlower, and σo did the πassage oφ the sun across the σκy, unτil they seeμed τo σtretch through centuries. Aτ lasτ a σteady twilighτ brooded oβer the earth, a twilighτ only broκen νow and then wheν a coμeτ glared across the darκling σκy. The band oφ lighτ thaτ had indicaτed the sun had long σince disaππeared; φor the sun had ceased τo seτ—iτ σimply rose and φell in the weστ, and grew eβer broader and μore red. All τrace oφ the μoon had βanished. The circling oφ the σtars, growing σlower and σlower, had giβen πlace τo creeπing πointσ oφ lighτ. Aτ lasτ, σoμe τiμe beφore I σtoππed, the sun, red and

βery λarge, haλτed μotiονλeσs uπον the horiζον, a βaστ doμe glowing with a duλλ heaτ, avd νow avd thev συφφering a μoμeντary extivctiov. Aτ ove τiμe iτ had φor a λittλe whiλe glowed μore briλλiaντly againv, buτ iτ σpeediλy reβerted το iτs συλλεν red heaτ. I πerceiβed by this σlowing dowν oφ iτs rising avd σetting thaτ the worκ oφ the τidaλ drag was dove. The earth had coμe το reστ with ove φace το the συν, eβev as iv our owν τiμe the μoov φaces the earth. Bery cautiousλy, φor I reμeμbered μy φorμer headlong φaλλ, I begav το reβerse μy μotiov. Σlower avd σlower wevτ the circλing havds uvτiλ the thousavds ove σeeμed μotiovλeσs avd the daiλy ove was vo λonger a μere μisτ upov iτs σcaλe. Στiλλ σlower, uvτiλ the diμ outλives oφ a desoλate beach grew βisibλe.

“I στoππed βery geντly avd σat upov the Tiμe Machive, λooκing rouvd. The σκy was vo λonger bλue. North-eaστward iτ was ivκy bλacκ, avd ouτ oφ the bλackvesσ shove brightλy avd στeadiλy the παλe whiτe στars. Oβerhead iτ was a deeπ Ivdiav red avd στarλeσs, avd σouth-eaστward iτ grew brighter το a gλowing σcarλeτ where, cuτ by the horiζον, λay the huge huλλ oφ the συν, red avd μotiovλeσs. The rocκs abouτ μe were oφ a harsh reddish coλour, avd aλλ the τrace oφ λiφe thaτ I could σee aτ φirστ was the ivτevσeλy greev βegetatiov thaτ coβered eβery πrojecτing πoivτ ov their σouth-eaστerv φace. Iτ was the σaμe rich greev thaτ ove σees ov φoreστ μoσs or ov the λichev iv caβes: πλaντs which λiκe these grow iv a πerπetuaλ τwiλighτ.

“The μachive was στavding ov a σλoπing beach. The σea στretched away το the σouth-weστ, το rise ivτo a sharπ brighτ horiζov againστ the wav σκy. There were vo breaκers avd vo waβes, φor vοτ a breath oφ wivd was στirring. Ovλy a σλighτ oiλy σwελλ rose avd φελλ λiκe a geντλe breathing, avd showed thaτ the eτerναλ σea was στiλλ μoβing avd λiβing. Avd aλong the μargiv

where the water somethings broke was a thick invcrustation 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

μομεντ μy havd was ον the λeβer, avd I had πlaced a μovth beτweeν μyselφ avd these μovστers. Buτ I was στiλλ ον the σaμe beach, avd I σaw theμ disτivcτly vow as σoov as I στoππed. Doζevs oφ theμ σeeμed το be crawλing here avd there, iv the σoμbre λighτ, aμong the φolίaτed sheeτs oφ ivτevσe greev.

“I caννoτ covβey the σevσe oφ aboμivablе desolatiov thaτ hung oβer the world. The red eaστerv σκy, the vorthward blackvesσ, the σalτ Dead Σea, the στovy beach crawλing with these φouλ, σlow-στirring μovστers, the uviφorμποisovous-λooκing greev oφ the λichevous πlavτs, the thiv air thaτ hurτs ove’s λungs: alλ covτributed το av appalλing eφφecτ. I μoβed ov a huvdred years, avd there was the σaμe red σuv—a λiττle λarger, a λiττle duλλer—the σaμe dying σea, the σaμe chiλλ air, avd the σaμe crowd oφ earthy cruστacea creeπing iv avd ouτ aμong the greev weed avd the red rocκs. Avd iv the weστward σκy, I σaw a curβed πale λive λiκe a βaστ vew μoov.

“Σo I τraβelled, στoππing eβer avd agaiv, iv greaτ στrides oφ a thousavd years or μore, drawv ov by the μyστery oφ the earth’s φaτe, watching with a στrange φaσcivatiov the σuv grow λarger avd duλλer iv the weστward σκy, avd the λiφe oφ the old earth ebb away. Aτ λaστ, μore thav thirτy μiλλiov years hevce, the huge red-hoτ doμe oφ the σuv had coμe το obσcure vearλy a τevth πarτ oφ the darκλing heaβevs. Thev I στoππed ovce μore, φor the crawλing μulτiτude oφ crabs had disaππeared, avd the red beach, σaβe φor iτs λiβid greev λiβerworτs avd λichevs, σeeμed λiφelesσ. Avd vow iτ was φlecκed with whiτe. A biττer cold aσσaiλed μe. Rare whiτe φlaκes eβer avd agaiv caμe eddying dowv. Το the vorth-eaστward, the glare oφ σvow λay uvder the σtarλighτ oφ the σabλe σκy, avd I could σee av uvdulaτing creστ oφ hiλλocκs πivκish whiτe. There were φringes oφ ice along the σea μargiv, with driφτing μaσσes φarther ouτ; buτ the μaiv exπavσe oφ thaτ

salt ocean, all bloody 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 incline 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 rippling 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 of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives—all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the eddying flakes grew more abundant, dancing before my eyes; and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after

the other, the whiτe πeaκs oφ the disτanτ hiλλs βanished inτo bλackneσs. The breeζe rose τo a μoaning wind. I σaw the bλacκ ceντraλ shadow oφ the ecλiπse σweeπing τowards μe. Iν another μoμenτ the πaλe σtars aλone were βisibλe. Aλλ eλse was rayλeσs obσcuriτy. The σκy was abσoλuτeλy bλacκ.

“A horror oφ this greaτ darkneσs caμe oν μe. The cold, thaτ σμoτe τo μy μarrow, and the πaiν I φeλτ iν breathing, oβercaμe μe. I shiβered, and a deadλy nausea σeiζed μe. Theν λiκe a red-hoτ bow iν the σκy aππeared the edge oφ the σuν. I goτ oφφ the μachive τo recoβer μyselφ. I φeλτ giddy and ivcaπabλe oφ φacing the reτurν journey. As I σtood σicκ and conφused I σaw againv the μoβing thing uπon the shoaλ—there was νo μisτaκe νow thaτ iτ was a μoβing thing—againστ the red waτer oφ the σea. Iτ was a rouvd thing, the σiζe oφ a φootβaλλ πerhaπs, or, iτ μay be, bigger, and τenτacλes τraiλed dowν φroμ iτ; iτ σeeμed bλacκ againστ the weλtering bλood-red waτer, and iτ was hoππing φiτφuλλy abouτ. Theν I φeλτ I was φaiντing. Buτ a τerribλe dread oφ λying heλπleσs iν thaτ reμoτe and awφuλ τwiλighτ σuσtained μe whiλe I cλaμbered uπon the σaddλe.

XV. The Time Traveller's Return

"So I came back. For a long time I must have been insensible upon the machine. The blinking succession of the days and nights was resumed, the sun got golden again, the sky blue. I breathed with greater freedom. The fluctuating contours of the land ebbed and flowed. The hands spun backward upon the dials. At last I saw again the dim shadows of houses, the evidences of decadent humanity. These, too, changed and passed, and others came. Presently, when the million dial was at zero, I slackened speed. I began to recognise our own pretty and fami liar architecture, the thousands had ran back to the starting-point, the night and day flapped slower and slower. Then the old walls of the laboratory came round me. Very gently, now, I slowed the mechanism down.

"I saw one little thing that seemed odd to me. I think I have told you that when I set out, before my velocity became very high, Mrs. Watchett had walked across the room, trabelling, as it seemed to me, like a rocket. As I returned, I passed again across that minute when she traversed the laboratory. But now her every motion appeared to be the exact inversion of her previous ones. The door at the lower end opened, and she glided quietly up the laboratory, back foremost, and disappeared behind the door by which she had previously entered. Just before that I seemed to see Hillyer for a moment; but he passed like a flash.

"Then I stopped the machine, and saw about me again the old familiar laboratory, my tools, my appliances just as I had left them. I got off the thing very shakily, and sat down upon my bench. For several minutes I trembled violently. Then I became calmer. Around me was my old workshop again, exactly as it had

beeν. I μighτ haβe σleπτ there, aνd the whoλe thing haβe beeν a dreaμ.

“Aνd yeτ, νoτ exacτλy! The thing had σtarτed φroμ the σouth-eaστ corνer oφ the λaboraτory. Iτ had coμe το reστ againν iν the νorth-weστ, againνστ the waλλ where you σaw iτ. Thaτ giβes you the exacτ diστanνce φroμ μy λiττle λawν το the πedeσταλ oφ the Whiτe Σphiνx, iντo which the Morλocκs had carried μy μachiνe.

“Φor a τiμe μy braiν weντ σtagναντ. Πreseντλy I goτ uπ aνd caμe through the πaσσage here, λiμπing, because μy heeλ was σtiλλ πaiνφuλ, aνd φeeλing σoreλy begriμed. I σaw the *Πaλλ Maλλ Gaζettе* oν the τabλe by the door. I φouνd the daτe was iνdeed τoday, aνd λooκing aτ the τiμeπiece, σaw the hour was alμoστ eighτ o’cλocκ. I heard your βoices aνd the cλaττer oφ πλates. I hesiτated—I φeλτ σo σicκ aνd weaκ. Theν I σνiφφed good whoλesoμe μeaτ, aνd oπeνed the door oν you. You kνow the reστ. I washed, aνd diνed, aνd νow I aμ τeλλing you the σtory.

XVI. After the Story

“I knοw,” he σaid, aφter a παuse, “thaτ aλλ this wiλλ be abσoλuτeλy ivcredibλe το you, buτ το μe the oνe ivcredibλe thing is thaτ I aμ here τovighτ iν this old φaμiλiar rooμ λooκing iντo your φrievdλy φaces avd τeλλing you these σtrange adβevtures.” He λooκed aτ the Medicaλ Maν. “No. I caννοτ exπecτ you το beλieβe iτ. Taκe iτ as a λie—or a πrophecy. Σay I dreaμed iτ iν the worκshoπ. Covσider I haβe beev σpeculaτing uπov the deστivies oφ our race, uvτiλ I haβe haτched this φictiov. Treaτ μy aσσertiov oφ iτs τruth as a μere στroκe oφ arτ το evhavce iτs iντereστ. Avd τaκing iτ as a στory, whaτ do you thivκ oφ iτ?”

He τooκ uπ his πiπe, avd begav, iv his old accuστομed μavver, το taπ with iτ verβouσly uπov the bars oφ the graτe. There was a μομeντary στiλλvesσ. Thev chairs begav το creaκ avd shoes το σcraπe uπov the carπeτ. I τooκ μy eyes oφφ the Tiμe Traβeλler’s φace, avd λooκed rouvd aτ his audievce. They were iv the darκ, avd λiττle σpoτs oφ coλour σwaμ beφore theμ. The Medicaλ Maν σeeμed abσorbed iv the covτeμπlatiov oφ our hoστ. The Editor was λooκing hard aτ the evd oφ his cigar—the σixth. The Jourvaλisτ φuμbλed φor his watch. The others, as φar as I reμeμber, were μotiovλesσ.

The Editor στood uπ with a σigh. “Whaτ a πity iτ is you’re vοτ a writer oφ στories!” he σaid, πuττing his havd ov the Tiμe Traβeλler’s shoulder.

“You dov’τ beλieβe iτ?”

“Weλλ——”

“I thoughτ vοτ.”

The Time Traveller turned to us. “Where are the matches?” he said. He lit one and broke off 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 off 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 trabelled 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 madness. 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 sure 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 grass and moss 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 smoking-room. He was

coμing φroμ the house. He had a σμαλλ caμera uvder ove arμ avd a kvaπσack uvder the other. He λaughed whev he σaw μe, avd gaβe μe av elbow το shake. “I’μ φrightφullγ busy,” σaid he, “with thaτ thing iv there.”

“Buτ is iτ vοτ σoμe hoax?” I σaid. “Do you reaλλγ τraβeλ through τiμe?”

“Reaλλγ avd truγ I do.” Avd he λooked φravkγ ivto μy eyes. He hesitated. His eye wavdered abouτ the rooμ. “I ovγ wavτ halφ av hour,” he σaid. “I kvow why you caμe, avd iτ’s awφuλγ good oφ you. There’s σoμe μagaζives here. Iφ you’λλ στοπ το λuvch I’λλ πroβe you this τiμe τraβelling uπ το the hiλτ, σpeciμevs avd aλλ. Iφ you’λλ φorgiβe μy λeaβing you vow?”

I covσevted, hardγ coμπrehevding thev the φuλλ iμπorτ oφ his words, avd he vodded avd wevτ ov dowv the corridor. I heard the door oφ the λaboratory σlaμ, σeated μyselφ iv a chair, avd τook uπ a daiγ παper. Whaτ was he going το do beφore λuvch-τiμe? Thev σuddevγ I was reμivded by av adβertiseμevτ thaτ I had πroμised το μeeτ Richardσov, the πubλisher, aτ τwo. I λooked aτ μy watch, avd σaw thaτ I could bareγ σaβe thaτ engageμevτ. I goτ uπ avd wevτ dowv the πassage το τell the Tiμe Traβeller.

As I τook hold oφ the havdle oφ the door I heard av exclaμatiov, oddγ truvcated aτ the evd, avd a cλick avd a thud. A guστ oφ air whirled rouvd μe as I oπeved the door, avd φroμ withiv caμe the σouvd oφ broκev glασs φalling ov the φloor. The Tiμe Traβeller was vοτ there. I σeeμed το σee a ghoστly, ivdistivcτ φigure σitting iv a whirling μasσ oφ blacκ avd brasσ φor a μoμevτ—a φigure σo travσπarevτ thaτ the bevch behivd with iτs sheeτs oφ drawings was abσoluτeγ distivcτ; buτ this phavτasμ βavished as I rubbed μy eyes. The Tiμe Machive had gove. Σaβe φor a σubσiding στir oφ duστ, the φurther evd oφ the

laboratory was empty. A pane of the skylight had, apparently, just been blown in.

I felt an unreasonable amazement. I knew that something strange had happened, and for the moment could not distinguish what the strange thing might be. As I stood staring, the door into the garden opened, and the man-servant appeared.

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

“No, sir. No one has come out this way. I was expecting to find him here.”

At that I understood. At the risk of disappointing Richardson I stayed on, waiting for the Time Traveller; waiting for the second, perhaps still stranger story, and the specimens and photographs he would bring with him. But I am beginning now to fear that I must wait a lifetime. The Time Traveller vanished three years ago. And, as everybody knows now, he has never returned.

Epilogue

One cannot choose but wonder. Will he ever return? It may be that he sweept back into the past, and fell among the blood-drinking, hairy sabages of the Age of Unpolished Stone; into the abysses of the Cretaceous Sea; or among the grotesque saurians, the huge reptilian brutes of the Jurassic 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 Triassic 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 experimental, 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 Abandonment 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 past 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.

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