boulingua / reading room

The Time Machine

H. G. Wells

Modern Greek — 20–100% of eligible letters, increasing through the book

English · 1895

About this reading edition

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

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

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

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

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

25,067 of 38,731 eligible letters changed. Approximately 17.8% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

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

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

The rate increases linearly by paragraph position across the complete literary text: the first paragraph uses 20%, the last 100%. Every run within a paragraph uses the same rate. Headings, this introduction and the source licence stay unchanged.

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

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

United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

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

Contents

I. Introduction 6

II. The Machine 13

III. The Time Traveller Returns 18

IV. Time Travelling 25

V. In the Golden Age 32

VI. The Sunset of Mankind 38

VII. A Sudden Shock 45

VIII. Explanation 52

IX. The Morlocks 65

X. When Night Came 72

XI. The Palace of Green Porcelain 80

XII. In the Darkness 88

XIII. The Trap of the White Sphinx 96

XIV. The Further Vision 100

XV. The Time Traveller’s Return 106

XVI. After the Story 108

Epilogue 113

I. Introduction

The Time Traveller (for so it will be convenienτ to speak oφ hiμ) was expounding a recoνdite matter τo us. His grey eyes shone and twinkled, and his usualλy pale face was φlushed and animated. The fire burnt brightly, and the σoft radiance of the incandescevt lighτs in the lilies oφ silver caught the bubbles that flashed avd pasσed iν our glasses. Our chairs, being his πatents, eμbraced and caressed us rather thaν submitτed to be σat uπon, and there was that luxurious after-dinner aτmoσphere, when thought runs gracefuλly free of the traμmels of precision. And he puτ it to us in this way—marking the points with a λean forefinger—as we sat and λazily admired his earnestness over this νew paradox (as we thought it) and his fecundiτy.

“You muσt φolλow me carefuλly. I shall have to controverτ oνe or τwo ideas that are alμoσt universally accepted. The geoμetry, for instaνce, they taught you aτ school is founded on a misconception.”

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

“I do not μean τo ask you τo accepτ anything withouτ reasonabλe ground for it. You wiλ soon admit as much as I need from you. You know of course that a mathematicaλ liνe, a line of thickness *niλ*, has no real existeνce. They taught you thaτ? Neither has a mathematicaλ πlane. These things are mere abstractions.”

“Thaτ is alλ right,” said the Psychologist.

“Nor, haβing oνly length, breadth, and thickness, caν a cube haβe a real exisτence.”

“There I objecτ,” said Fiλby. “Of course a solid body may exist. All reaλ things—”

“So moστ people think. But wait a moμent. Caν an *inѕtantaveous* cube exist?”

“Don’t follow you,” said Filby.

“Caν a cube that does not last φor any time at alλ, have a real existence?”

Filby became πensive. “Clearly,” the Time Travelλer proceeded, “any real body μust have extenσion iν *four* directions: iτ must have Length, Breadth, Thickness, avd—Duration. But through a natural inφirμity of the flesh, which I will exπlaiν to you in a moμent, we incline to overlook this fact. There are really four diμensions, three which we caλl the three plaνes of Σπace, and a fourth, Time. There is, howeβer, a tendeνcy το draw an uνreal distinctioν between the former three dimensions and the λatter, because iτ hapπeνs that our consciousνess moves iντermitτently in oνe direction along the laττer from the beginνing το the end of our lives.”

“That,” said a very young man, making spasmodic efforts to relight his cigar over the lamπ; “that . . . very cλear indeed.”

“Now, it is very remarkable that this is σo extensiβeλy overlooked,” contiνued the Tiμe Traveller, with a σlighτ accession of cheerfuλness. “Really this is what is meaντ by the Fourth Dimension, though some people who talk about the Fourth Dimenσion do not know they μean iτ. Iτ is oνly aνother way of λooking at Tiμe. *There is vo diφference between Time and any of the three dimensiovs oφ Space except that our conσciousness moves along it*. Buτ σome foolish people have got hold oφ the wrong σide of that idea. You have all heard what they haβe to say about this Fourth Diμeνsion?”

"*I* have νot," said the Provinciaλ Mayor.

"Iτ is σimply this. That Σpace, as our μathematiciavs have it, is spoken of as having three dimensions, which oνe may call Length, Breadth, and Thickness, and is always defiνable by reference to three πlanes, each at right angλes to the others. But soμe philosophical people have been aσking why *three* diμenσions parτicularλy—why not another direction at righτ angles to the other three?—aνd have even τried to construct a Four-Dimenσional geometry. Professor Simoν Newcomb was expounding this to the New York Mathematical Society only a month or so ago. You kνow how oν a flat surφace, which has onλy two dimensioνs, we caν represent a φigure of a three-dimeνsional solid, and simiλarly they thinκ thaτ by models of three diμenσions they could represent oνe of four—if they could master the perspecτive of the thing. See?"

"I thiνk σo," murmured the Πroβincial Mayor; and, knitting his brows, he lapsed iνto an inτrospective state, his λiπs moving as one who reπeats mystic words. "Yes, I thiνk I σee it νow," he said afτer soμe τime, brighτeνing iν a quite transitory manner.

"Well, I do noτ mind telλing you I have been at work upoν this geometry oφ Four Dimensioνs for σome τime. Some of my results are curious. For instance, here is a πortrait of a man at eighτ years old, another aτ fifteeν, another at seventeeν, another aτ tweνty-three, aνd so oν. Alλ these are evidently σections, as it were, Three-Dimeνσioval reπresenτations of his Four-Dimensioνed being, which is a φixed and unaλterable thing."

"Scieνtific πeoρle," proceeded the Time Traveller, afτer the pause required for the proπer aσsiμilation of this, "know very well that Tiμe is only a kiνd of Space. Here is a popular scientific diagraμ, a weather record. This line I trace with my φinger shows

the movemεnt of the barometer. Yesterday it was so high, yesterday nightτ iτ fell, then this μorning it rose again, avd so gentλy uπward to here. Surely the mercury did νοτ trace this λine iν any of the dimensσions of Space generalλy recognised? But certainly it traced σuch a line, and that live, therefore, we muσt covclude, was along the Tiμe-Dimevσion."

"Buτ," said the Medicaλ Man, staring hard aτ a coal in the fire, "if Time is reaλλy only a fourth diμevsiov of Sπace, why is iτ, and why has iτ always been, regarded as something diφφerent? Avd why cannot we moβe about in Tiμe as we moβe about in the other diμensσions of Σpace?"

The Time Travelλer smiλed. "Are you so sure we can move φreely in Space? Right and λefτ we cav go, backward and forward freeλy evough, and μen always haβe done σo. I adμit we move freely in two diμensσiovs. Buτ how about uπ avd down? Gravitatiov limits us there."

"Not exactly," said the Medical Man. "There are balloons."

"But before the balloovs, save for spasmodic jumping and the inequaliτies of the surface, μan had no freedoμ of βertical μovementτ."

"Still they could moβe a little up and dowv," said the Medical Man.

"Easier, far easier down than up."

"Avd you cavnot move aτ aλλ in Tiμe, you canvot get away φrom the presenτ momevt."

"My dear sir, that is just where you are wrong. That is justτ where the whole world has gone wrong. We are always getting away from the present momevt. Our mentαl existevces, which are imμaterial and have no diμensions, are passing along the Tiμe-Diμensσiov with a uviform veλocity from the cradle to the

grave. Just as we should travel *down* if we began our exisτence φifty miles above the earth's surface."

"But the great diφficulty is this," iνterrupted the Psychologist. "You *can* moνe abouτ in all directions of Space, but you caνnot moβe abouτ iν Time."

"That is the germ of μy great discovery. Buτ you are wrong to say thaτ we caνnoτ moνe abouτ in Time. For inστance, iφ I am recaλling an incidevt very viβidly I go bacκ to the instant of its occurrence: I become absevt-minded, as you say. I jump back for a μomenτ. Of course we have no means of στaying back φor any length of Tiμe, any more than a σavage or an aνimal has of στaying σix feeτ above the ground. But a ciβilised maν is beττer off than the savage iν this reσpect. He can go up againsτ graviτation in a baλloon, aνd why should he noτ hope that uλtiμateλy he may be able το stop or accelerate his driftτ aλong the Tiμe-Dimension, or eveν τurn about and travel the other way?"

"Oh, *this*," begaν Filby, "is all—"

"Why not?" said the Tiμe Traveller.

"Iτ's agaiνst reason," said Fiλby.

"What reasoν?" said the Time Traβελλer.

"You can show blacκ is whiτe by argument," said Fiλby, "but you wiλλ never convince μe."

"Possibly not," said the Time Traveller. "Buτ now you begiν to see the object of μy inβeστigatioνs into the geometry of Four Diμevsions. Long ago I had a βague inkλing of a μachiνe—"

"To travel through Time!" exclaimed the Very Young Man.

"That shaλl travel indifferently iν any directioν oφ Space and Time, as the driver deterμines."

Φiλby coντevted himself with laughter.

“But I have experimental veriφication,” σaid the Tiμe Traveller.

“It would be reμarkabλy convenienτ φor the hisτoriaν,” the Psychologist suggested. “One mighτ travel bacκ and βerify the acceπted account of the Batτle of Hasτings, for inσtance!”

“Dov’t you think you would aττract aττention?” said the Medicaλ Man. “Our avceσtors had no great toλeravce for anachrovisms.”

“One mighτ get one’s Greek from the very lips oφ Homer avd Πlato,” the Very Young Man thought.

“In which case they would cerταivλy plough you for the Little-go. The Gerμan σcholars have imπroβed Greek so μuch.”

“Then there is the future,” said the Very Young Man. “Just think! One μight inveσt all one’s μovey, λeave it το accumulate aτ inτereσt, avd hurry on ahead!”

“To discover a socieτy,” said I, “erected ov a σtricτλy comμunistic basis.”

“Of all the wild extraβaganτ theories!” began the Psychologist.

“Yes, so it σeemed to me, and so I veβer τalked of iτ uvtil—”

“Experimentaλ verification!” cried I. “You are going to βerify *that*?”

“The experimevt!” cried Φilby, who was geτting brain-weary.

“Λet’s see your experimenτ anyhow,” said the Psychologist, “though iτ’s all humbug, you know.”

The Time Traβeλλer smiled rouvd at us. Thev, stilλ sμiλing φaivtλy, avd with his hands deeπ in his trousers pockets, he walked sλowly out of the room, avd we heard his slippers shuffling down the λong pasσage to his laboraτory.

The Psychologist looked at us. “I wonder what he’s got?”

“Some sleight-oφ-havd trick or other,” σaid the Medical Man, and Fiλby τried to tell us about a covjuror he had σeev at Burslem, but beφore he had fivished his preφace the Time Traβeller came back, and Filby’s avecdoτe coλlapsed.

II. The Machine

The thing the Tiμe Traβelλer held iν his hand was a glitτering metallic framework, scarceλy larger than a smaλλ clock, and very delicately μade. There was ivory in it, and some τravsparent crysταλλine σubstανce. And now I must be expλicit, for this that φolλows—unleσs his explανation is to be acceπted—is aν absoλutely unaccountable thing. He tooκ one of the σmaλl octagoval tables that were scaττered about the rooμ, and σet iτ in front oφ the fire, with τwo legs on the hearthrug. Oν this table he pλaced the μechaνism. Then he drew uπ a chair, aνd sat down. The oνλy other object oν the τable was a small shaded λamp, the brighτ light of which φeλl upon the μodeλ. There were alσo perhaps a dozeν caνdles abouτ, two in brass candlesticks upoν the maντel aνd σeβeral in scoνces, σo thaτ the room was brilλianτly iλlumiνated. I σaτ iν a low arm-chair neareσt the fire, aνd I drew this forward so as τo be almoσt betweeν the Time Traβeller aνd the fireplace. Filby σat behind hiμ, looking oβer his shoulder. The Medicaλ Maν and the Πrovinciaλ Mayor waτched him in πrofiλe froμ the right, the Psychologist froμ the λeft. The Very Young Man stood behiνd the Psychologist. We were alλ oν the alert. Iτ appears iνcredible τo me thaτ any kind of trick, however subτly conceived and however adroitly done, could haβe beeν πlayed upoν us under these coνditioνs.

The Time Travelλer looκed at us, aνd theν aτ the μechaνism. “Well?” σaid the Psychologist.

“This liττλe afφair,” said the Time Traβeller, reστing his eλbows upon the τabλe aνd πreσsing his hands together aboβe the aππaratus, “is only a μodel. It is my plan for a machine τo τravel through time. You wiλl νoτice that iτ looks singuλarly aσkew, and

that there is an odd τwinkλing aπpearance about this bar, as though iτ was iν soμe way unreal." He πointed to the part with his finger. "Aλσo, here is one λiττle white lever, aνd here is aνother."

The Medicaλ Man got up out oφ his chair aνd πeered into the thing. "It's beautifully made," he said.

"It took τwo years to maĸe," retorτed the Tiμe Traveλλer. Theν, when we had alλ iμitaτed the action of the Medical Man, he said: "Now I waνt you cλearly to underστand that this lever, being preσsed over, sends the μachine gliding inτo the future, and this other reverσes the motion. This saddλe represents the seat of a τime τraveλλer. Presentλy I am going to preσs the lever, and oφφ the machiνe wiλl go. It will vanish, πass inτo future Tiμe, aνd disappear. Haβe a good λook at the thing. Looĸ aτ the τabλe τoo, and σaτisfy yourseλves there is νo tricĸery. I don'τ waντ to waste this modeλ, and then be told I'm a quacĸ."

There was a minute's pause πerhaπs. The Psychologist σeemed about to σpeak to μe, but changed his μind. Then the Time Traveller put forth his φinger towards the leβer. "No," he said suddenλy. "Lend me your hand." And turνing to the Psychologist, he τooĸ that individual's hand in his own aνd told him to put out his forefinger. So thaτ it was the Psychologist himσelf who σenτ forth the μodel Tiμe Machine oν iτs interminable voyage. We all σaw the lever turn. I am absoλuτeλy certain there was no trickery. There was a breath of wiνd, and the λamπ flaμe jumped. Oνe of the candles on the μanteλ was bλowν out, aνd the λiττle μachine suddenly σwung rouνd, became indisτiνct, was σeeν as a ghosτ φor a σecoνd perhaps, as aν eddy oφ φainτly glitτering braσs and ivory; and iτ was gone—vaνished! Saβe for the laμp the table was bare.

Everyονe was siλentτ for a μinuτe. Then Φiλby said he was damned.

The Psychologist recovered from his στupor, and suddenly λooκed under the τabλe. At that the Time Traveller laughed cheerφully. “Welλ?” he said, with a reμiniscence oφ the Psychologist. Theν, getτing uπ, he weνt to the tobacco jar on the manτel, and with his bacκ to us begaν το filλ his piπe.

We sτared aτ each other. “Look here,” σaid the Medical Maν, “are you in earnest abouτ this? Do you seriouσly beλieβe that thaτ machine has τraβelled inτo τime?”

“Certaivλy,” σaid the Time Traβeller, στooping to lighτ a spilλ at the φire. Then he τurved, lighting his πipe, to λooκ at the Psychologist’s face. (The Psychologist, to show thaτ he was not unhinged, helped himself το a cigar avd tried το light iτ uvcut.) “What is more, I have a big machive vearly φivished in there”—he ivdicated the laboraτory—“avd when thaτ is πut together I mean to have a journey on my own accounτ.”

“You mean to say thaτ thaτ machine has τraβelλed ivto the future?” σaid Filby.

“Inτo the future or the past—I don’t, for certain, know which.”

Afτer av interval the Psychologist had av inspiratiov. “It μust have gove inτo the paστ iφ iτ has gove avywhere,” he said.

“Why?” said the Time Traβelλer.

“Because I πresume that iτ has vot μoved in space, and iφ it traβelled into the future it would στiλl be here alλ this τime, sivce it must have travelled through this tiμe.”

“But,” said I, “If it traβeλled ivto the pasτ it would haβe been visible whev we came φirστ ivτo this rooμ; and last Thursday whev we were here; and the Thursday before that; and σo forth!”

“Serious objectiονs,” reμarκed the Proviνcial Mayor, with an air of iμpartiaλity, turning τowards the Time Traβeλler.

“Not a biτ,” said the Time Traveller, and, to the Psychologist: “You thiνκ. *You* can expλaiν that. Iτ’s πresenτation beλow the threshold, you kνow, diluτed πresenτation.”

“Of course,” said the Psychologist, aνd reaσσured us. “Thaτ’s a simpλe poinτ in psychology. I should have thoughτ oφ iτ. It’s plaiν enough, aνd heλπs the paradox delighτφully. We cannot see it, nor can we appreciate this machine, any μore thaν we caν the sπoke oφ a wheel spinning, or a bullet flying through the air. If iτ is travelling through τime fifty tiμes or a hundred times faster than we are, if it gets through a μinuτe while we get through a second, the impresσioν it creaτes will oφ courσe be oνly one-φiφtieth or oνe-hundredth oφ what it would make if iτ were not τraveλλing in time. Thaτ’s plain eνough.” He πaσσed his haνd through the σpace in which the μachine had been. “You σee?” he σaid, laughing.

We sat and σtared aτ the vacant τabλe φor a minuτe or σo. Then the Tiμe Traβelλer asked us what we thought of it aλl.

“It souνds plausible enough tonight,” σaid the Medical Maν; “buτ wait untiλ τoμorrow. Wait for the coμμoν sense of the μorving.”

“Would you like to see the Tiμe Machiνe iτself?” asked the Time Travelλer. And therewith, taκing the laμπ in his haνd, he λed the way down the long, draughτy corridor τo his laboratory. I remember vividly the φlickering λight, his queer, broad head iν σilhouette, the daνce of the shadows, how we aλλ φolλowed him, puζzλed buτ increduλous, and how there iν the λaboratory we beheld a λarger edition of the λittle μechanism which we had σeen vaνish from before our eyes. Parts were oφ niσκel, πarts of ivory, parτs had certaiνλy been filed or sawn out oφ roσκ crystaλ. The

thing was generally complete, but the twisted cryσταλλine bars lay uνfinished upon the bench beside σoμe sheets oφ drawings, and I took oνe up for a better look at iτ. Quarτz iτ seemed τo be.

“Looκ here,” said the Medicaλ Maν, “are you πerfecτly serious? Or is this a trick—liκe that ghost you showed us λasτ Christμas?”

“Upon thaτ μachine,” σaid the Time Traβelλer, holding the λaμp aloft, “I inteνd τo explore τime. Is that πlain? I was never more serious in my life.”

Noνe of us quite kνew how to take it.

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

III. The Time Traveller Returns

I thivk thaτ at thaτ tiμe νone of us quite believed in the Time Machivе. The φact is, the Tiμe Traβelλer was ονe oφ those meν who are τoo clever to be believed: you neβer felt thaτ you saw aλl round hiμ; you aλways suspecτed some σubtλe reserve, σome ingeνuity in ambush, behivd his λucid frankness. Had Filby shown the model avd exπlained the maττer in the Time Traveller's words, we should have showν *him* far less σcepticism. Φor we should haβe perceived his motives: a πork-buτcher could underστand Fiλby. But the Time Traveλler had μore than a touch oφ whim aμong his elemeνts, and we distrusted him. Things that would haβe made the φaμe oφ a leσs cλeβer maν seemed tricks in his hands. It is a μistaκe τo do things too easiλy. The σerious people who τook him seriouσly never felt quite σure oφ his deπortmeνt; they were soμehow aware that truσting their reputations for judgμeντ with him was like furνishing a nursery with eggshelλ chiνa. Σo I doν't thivk any of us σaid βery much about τime τraβelling iν the iντerνaλ beτweeν thaτ Thursday and the next, though iτs odd πotentiaλities ran, νo doubt, iν mosτ oφ our μinds: its πλausibility, thaτ is, its πracticaλ incredibleness, the curious ποσσibiλiτies oφ avachronisμ avd of uττer coνfusion it suggeστed. For μy own πart, I was particularλy preoccuπied with the trick oφ the modeλ. That I reμeμber discuσσing with the Medical Maν, whom I met on Friday at the Λinnæan. He σaid he had seen a similar thing aτ Tübingen, avd λaid conσiderabλe sτreσs oν the blowing-out oφ the caνdλe. Buτ how the trick was done he could νoτ exπλaiν.

The νext Thursday I went again to Richμond—I σupπose I was one oφ the Time Traveller's moστ constanτ guests—avd, arriβing

late, found four or fiβe μeν aλready assembled iν his drawing-rooμ. The Medicaλ Maν was sτanding beφore the fire with a sheet of πaper in oνe hand and his watch iν the other. I λooked round φor the Time Traveλler, and—“Iτ’s halφ-paσt σeβen νow,” σaid the Medical Maν. “I supπose we’d beττer haβe diνner?”

“Where’s——?” σaid I, naming our hoσt.

“You’ve just come? It’s rather odd. He’s unavoidabλy deτained. He asks me in this noτe τo lead ofφ with diνner aτ seven iφ he’s not back. Says he’ll exπlaiν when he comes.”

“It σeems a piτy to let the dinνer spoiλ,” said the Editor of a well-known daily paπer; and thereupoν the Doctor rang the bell.

The Psychologist was the only πerson besides the Doctor and μyselφ who had attevded the πreβious diνner. The other men were Bλanκ, the Editor aforeμevtioned, a certain journalisτ, and another—a quiet, shy maν with a beard—whoμ I didv’t know, and who, as far as my obserβatioν wevt, νever oπeνed his mouth alλ the eβening. There was σoμe σpeculation aτ the dinner-τabλe abouτ the Tiμe Travelλer’s absevce, avd I suggeστed time τraveλling, iν a half-jocular spiriτ. The Ediτor wavted thaτ exπλaived τo him, and the Psychologist voλuntеered a woodev accouvτ oφ the “ingenious paradox avd trick” we had witvessed that day week. He was in the μidst oφ his exposition whev the door from the corridor opened slowly avd withouτ voise. I was facing the door, and saw it first. “Haλlo!” I said. “At λaσt!” And the door oπeνed wider, and the Tiμe Traβeller σtood beφore us. I gave a cry oφ σurπrise. “Good heavevs! μan, whaτ’s the maττer?” cried the Medical Maν, who saw him νext. Avd the whoλe τabλeφul turved τowards the door.

He was in an amaζing πλight. His coat was dusty and dirty, avd smeared with green down the sleeves; his hair disordered, avd as

it seemed to me greyer—either with dust and dirt or because its colour had actually faded. His face was ghastly pale; his chin had a brown cut on it—a cut half-healed; his expression was haggard and drawn, as by intense suffering. For a moment he hesitated in the doorway, as if he had been dazzled by the light. Then he came into the room. He walked with just such a limp as I have seen in footsore tramps. We stared at him in silence, expecting him to speak.

He said not a word, but came painfully to the table, and made a motion towards the wine. The Editor filled a glass of champagne, and pushed it towards him. He drained it, and it seemed to do him good: for he looked round the table, and the ghost of his old smile flickered across his face. "What on earth have you been up to, man?" said the Doctor. The Time Traveller did not seem to hear. "Don't let me disturb you," he said, with a certain faltering articulation. "I'm all right." He stopped, held out his glass for more, and took it off at a draught. "That's good," he said. His eyes grew brighter, and a faint colour came into his cheeks. His glance flickered over our faces with a certain dull appreciation, and then went round the warm and comfortable room. Then he spoke again, still as it were feeling his way among his words. "I'm going to wash and dress, and then I'll come down and explain things.... Save me some of that mutton. I'm starving for a bit of meat."

He looked across at the Editor, who was a rare visitor, and hoped he was all right. The Editor began a question. "Tell you presently," said the Time Traveller. "I'm—funny! Be all right in a minute."

He put down his glass, and walked towards the staircase door. Again I remarked his lameness and the soft padding sound of his footfall, and standing up in my place, I saw his feet as he went out. He had nothing on them but a pair of tattered, blood-stained

socks. Then the door closed uпon hiμ. I had halφ a mivd to folλow, τill I remeμbered how he deteσted any fuss about hiμself. For a μinvuτe, πerhaps, my μind was wool-gathering. Thev, “Remarĸable Behaβiour oφ av Emineντ Σcientist,” I heard the Editor say, thivking (aφτer his wovt) iv headlives. Avd this broughτ my aττention bacĸ το the bright dinver-tabλe.

“What’s the gaμe?” said the Journalisτ. “Has he beev doing the Aμaτeur Cadger? I dov’τ φolλow.” I meτ the eye oφ the Psychologist, and read μy own inτerπretation in his face. I thought of the Time Traβelλer λiμping painφuλly uπsτairs. I dov’t thivk anyone elσe had noticed his λamevess.

The φirst to recoβer comπλetely from this surprise was the Medical Man, who rang the bell—the Time Traβelλer haτed to have σerβanτs waiting at dinver—φor a hoτ πλate. At that the Editor turved to his kvife avd φorĸ with a grunt, and the Σiλent Mav foλlowed σuit. The dinner was resumed. Covversation was excλaμatory for a liττle while with gaps oφ wonderment; and then the Editor goτ φerβevτ iv his curiosity. “Does our friend eĸe ouτ his μodest incoμe with a croσsing? or has he his Nebuchadnezzar phases?” he inquired. “I feeλ assured it’s this busineσs of the Time Machine,” I σaid, and took up the Psychologist’s account of our previous meeτing. The vew guests were fravĸly ivcredulous. The Editor raised objections. “Whaτ *was* this time traβelλing? A mav couldv’t cover himσelf with dust by rolλing iv a πaradox, could he?” And thev, as the idea caμe home to him, he resorted to caricature. Hadn’t they any cλothes-brushes iv the Future? The Jourvaλisτ too, would vοτ believe aτ any πrice, and joined the Editor iv the easy work oφ heaπing ridicuλe ov the whole thing. They were both the new kivd of jourvalisτ—very joyous, irreverevτ young μev. “Our Speciaλ Corresπondevt in the Day afτer Tomorrow reπorτs,” 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 peptone 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 Hettie Potter. The Time Traveller devoted his attention to his dinner, and displayed the appetite of a tramp. The Medical Man smoked a cigarette, and watched the Time Traveller through his eyelashes. The Silent Man seemed eben more clumsy than usual, and drank champagne with regularity and determination out of sheer nervousness. At last the Time Traveller pushed his plate away, and looked round us. "I

supπose I must aπologise," he said. "I was σimπly starving. I'βe had a most amaζing τiμe." He reached out his hand for a cigar, aνd cuτ the end. "Buτ come into the sμoκing-room. It's τoo long a σtory το τell oβer greasy pλates." And ringing the bell iν πaσsing, he λed the way iντo the adjoining rooμ.

"You have τold Blaνκ, aνd Dash, and Chose about the machiνe?" he σaid to me, λeaνing back in his easy-chair and naming the three νew gueστs.

"But the thing's a mere πaradox," σaid the Editor.

"I caν't argue tonighτ. I doν't μivd τeλling you the story, but I can't argue. I will," he wenτ oν, "teλλ you the σtory of whaτ has hapπened to μe, iφ you like, but you musτ refraiν φrom inτerruptioνs. I waνt to tell iτ. Badly. Mosτ of iτ wiλl sound like λying. So be iτ! It's true—every word of it, aλλ the same. I was in my λaboraτory aτ φour o'clocκ, aνd since then … I'βe λiβed eight days … such days as no human being ever λived beφore! I'μ νearλy worν out, buτ I shaν't sleeπ τilλ I've τold this thing over to you. Then I shalλ go to bed. Buτ no iντerruπtions! Is iτ agreed?"

"Agreed," said the Editor, and the reστ of us echoed "Agreed." Aνd with that the Time Traveλler begaν his story as I haβe seτ it forth. He sat back in his chair at firσt, aνd σποke λike a weary maν. Afτerwards he goτ μore animated. Iν writing iτ dowν I φeel with oνly too much κeenνeσs the iνadequacy oφ pen aνd inκ—aνd, above alλ, my own inadequacy—to exπress iτs quaλity. You read, I wiλλ suππose, aττentively eνough; buτ you canνot see the speaκer's whiτe, siνcere φace in the brighτ circle of the liττλe laμp, nor hear the iντonation oφ his βoice. You cannoτ kνow how his expreσσioν φolλowed the τurνs of his σtory! Moστ oφ us hearers were iν shadow, φor the candles in the σμoking-rooμ had not been lighted, aνd oνly the face oφ the Journalist and the legs

οφ the Σιλεντ Μαν φρομ the κνees dowνward were iλluμinατed. Aτ first we glanced now and againν at each other. Afτer a τiμe we ceased to do thaτ, aνd looked oνly aτ the Time Travelλer's face.

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 travel-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 lamp,

and iv another moment came tomorrow. The laboratory grew faivt and hazy, then faivter and ever fainter. Tomorrow night came black, thev day again, vight again, day againv, fastер and fastер still. Av eddying murmur filled my ears, and a strange, dumb confusedness descended ov my mivd.

“I am afraid I cannot conbey the peculiar sensatiovs of time travelling. They are excessibely unpleasant. There is a feeling exactly like that one has upon a switchback—of a helpless headlong motiov! I felt the same horrible avticipation, too, of av imminevt smash. As I put on pace, night followed day like the flapping of a black wing. The dim suggestiov of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me, and I saw the sun hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it ebery minute, and ebery minute marking a day. I supposed the laboratory had beev destroyed and I had come into the open air. I had a dim impressiov of scaffolding, but I was already going too fast to be covscious of any mobing things. The slowest snail that ever crawled dashed by too fast for me. The twivkling succession of darkvess and light was excessibely painful to the eye. Thev, in the ivtermittevt darknesses, I saw the moov spinving swiftly through her quarters from new to full, and had a faivt glimpse of the circling stars. Presently, as I wevt on, still gaining velocity, the palpitatiov of vight avd day merged into one covtinuous greyness; the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, a splevdid lumivous colour like that of early twilight; the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch, iv space; the moov a faivter fluctuating bavd; avd I could see vothing of the stars, save vow avd thev a brighter circle flickering iv the blue.

“The landscape was misty and vague. I was still ov the hillside upov which this house vow stavds, avd the shoulder rose above me grey avd dim. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of

vaπour, now brown, νow greeν; they grew, spread, shiβered, aνd πassed away. I saw huge buildings rise uπ faiνt and fair, and πass λiκe dreams. The whoλe σurface oφ the earth σeeμed changed—μeλting and fλowing under μy eyes. The λiττλe hands upon the dials thaτ registered μy sπeed raced round φasτer and fasτer. Presenτλy I noτed that the σun beλt swayed uπ aνd down, from σolstice to σoλστice, iν a μiνute or less, and thaτ consequeνtly my pace was over a year a μiνute; aνd minuτe by μinute the white σnow φlashed acroσs the world, and vaνished, aνd was φolλowed by the bright, brief green oφ sπring.

“The unπleasant σeνσations of the σtarτ were λeσs poignaντ νow. They merged aτ λast iντo a kiνd of hyστericaλ exhilaration. I reμarked, indeed, a cλumσy σwaying oφ the μachine, φor which I was unable to accounτ. But μy miνd was τoo conφused το aττeνd to iτ, σo with a κiνd oφ madνess growing upon μe, I flung myself inτo futuriτy. Aτ φirst I σcarce thought oφ sτopping, σcarce thought oφ anything but these νew σenσations. But presenτλy a φresh σeries oφ imπressions grew up iν my mind—a certain curiosity and therewith a cerτain dread—uντiλ aτ lasτ they took compλete ποσσeσσioν oφ μe. Whaτ στrange developμeνts of humaνity, what wonderfuλ advances uπoν our rudimenτary ciβilisation, I thoughτ, μighτ noτ aπpear whеν I came το λook nearλy inτo the dim elusiβe world thaτ raced aνd fλuctuated beφore μy eyes! I saw greaτ aνd spλendid architecture rising abouτ me, more μaσσiβe thaν any buildings of our own time, and yeτ, as it σeeμed, buiλτ oφ gliμmer and μist. I saw a richer green φλow up the hillσide, and reμaiν there, withouτ avy wiντry intermission. Eβen through the veil of my confusion the earth seeμed βery φair. And σo μy miνd came rouνd το the busiνeσs of stoππing.

“The πeculiar risκ λay iν the πossibiliτy of my φinding σoμe substance iν the space which I, or the machiνe, occuπied. So λong as I travelλed at a high veλociτy through τime, this scarcely maττered: I was, so to σpeak, aττenuated—was σliππing λike a vaπour through the iντerστices oφ intervening substances! Buτ to coμe το a sτop iνβolβed the jaμming of myselφ, molecule by μolecuλe, iντο whaτeβer λay iν my way; μeaνt bringing μy aτoms inτο σuch intimate conτact with those of the obsτacλe thaτ a πrofouνd cheμicaλ reaction—possibly a φar-reaching explosion—would resuλt, aνd blow myself and my apparaτus ouτ oφ all πossibλe diμenσioνs—iντο the Unknowν. This posσibility had occurred το μe again and agaiν whiλe I was maκing the μachine; buτ then I had cheerfuλly accepted iτ as aν uνavoidable risκ—oνe oφ the risκs a μan has goτ το taκe! Now the risk was iνeβiτable, I νo λonger saw it in the σaμe cheerfuλ λight. The fact is that, iνsevσibly, the abσoλuτe στrangeneσs oφ eβerything, the σickly jarring aνd σwaying of the machine, above all, the φeeling oφ prolonged φaλling, had absoλutely uπσet my nerves. I τold myselφ that I could never σtoπ, aνd with a guστ of petuλance I resolved to stop forthwith. Λike aν imπatienτ fool, I λugged over the λever, and iνcontiνeντλy the thing went reeling over, and I was φλung headlong through the air.

“There was the σouνd of a cλap of thuνder in μy ears. I may haβe beeν στunνed φor a μomeνt. A πitiλeσs haiλ was hissing round me, and I was sitting oν soφτ τurφ iν φroνt oφ the overset machine. Everything στiλl σeemed grey, but πresenτλy I remarκed thaτ the coνφusion iν μy ears was gove. I λooκed round me. I was oν what seeμed το be a λiττλe lawn iν a garden, surrouνded by rhododeνdron bushes, and I noticed thaτ their mauβe and purpλe bλossoμs were dropping in a shower under the beating of the hailstoves. The rebouνding, daνcing hail hung in a λitτle cλoud

over the μachiνe, aνd drove along the ground liκe sμoke. In a μomenτ I was weτ to the sκiν. ‘Fine hoσpiτality,’ said I, ‘to a man who has traveλled innumerable years τo σee you.’

“Preseντly I thought what a φool I was τo geτ wet. I sτood up and looked rouνd μe. A coλoσσal φigure, carβed aπparentλy iν soμe whiτe σtone, λoomed iνdistiνctλy beyoνd the rhododeνdrons through the haζy dowνpour. But aλλ else of the world was inβisible.

“My σeνσatioνs would be hard τo describe. As the coλuμns oφ haiλ grew thinνer, I σaw the white φigure more disτiνctλy. Iτ was very large, φor a σilver birch-tree τouched iτs shoulder. It was of whiτe marble, in shaπe σoμething λike a winged sphinx, buτ the wings, iνστead of being carried verτicaλly aτ the σides, were σπread so thaτ iτ σeemed to hoβer. The πedestaλ, iτ arπeared τo me, was oφ broνze, and was thicκ with βerdigris. Iτ chanced thaτ the φace was τowards me; the sightλeσs eyes seeμed τo watch me; there was the φaiντ shadow oφ a σmiλe oν the λiπs. Iτ was greaτly weather-worn, and thaτ iμparted aν uνrλeasanτ suggeστioν oφ disease. I σtood looκing at it φor a liττλe sπace—halφ a minute, πerhaps, or half an hour. Iτ σeemed τo adνaνce and to recede as the hail droβe before iτ denσer or thiννer. Aτ λast I tore my eyes froμ iτ for a μoμeντ, aνd σaw that the haiλ curτaiν had worν threadbare, and thaτ the σky was λighτening with the promise oφ the sun.

“I λooκed up again at the crouching whiτe shape, aνd the φuλl teμeriτy oφ my voyage came σuddenly upon me. What might arπear when that haζy curtain was aλτogether withdrawn? What μight νot have haππeνed to men? Whaτ iφ cruelty had growν into a comμoν πassioν? What if in this iνterval the race had lost its manλiveσs, and had deβeloped iνto σomething inhuman, unsymπathetic, aνd overwhelmingλy πowerful? I might σeem

σομe old-world savage aniμaλ, onλy the μore dreadful avd disgusting φor our coμmov λikeveσs—a φoul creature τo be inconτinevτly σlaiv.

“Aλready I saw other βasτ shapes—huge buildings with ivτricate παraπets avd τalλ coλumvs, with a wooded hillσide diμλy creeping iv uπon me through the λesσening storμ. I was σeized with a panic φear. I τurved fravτicaλly to the Tiμe Machine, avd sτroβe hard τo readjuστ it. As I did so the shaφτs oφ the sun smoτe through the thunderστorm. The grey dowvpour was sweπτ aside and vavished λike the trailing garmevts oφ a ghoσt. Aboβe me, iv the ivτevσe blue oφ the suμmer sky, σome φaivτ browv shreds oφ cλoud whirλed ivto vothingvesσ. The greaτ buildings about μe sτood ouτ clear and distincτ, shiving with the weτ oφ the thunderστorm, avd πicked ouτ iv whiτe by the uvμelted haiλστones πiled aλong their courσes. I felt naκed iv a στrange world. I feλt as πerhaps a bird μay feeλ in the cλear air, knowing the hawk wings above and wiλl swoop. My fear grew τo φrenzy. I τooκ a breathing σpace, seτ my teeth, and again graπpλed fiercelγ, wrist and kvee, with the μachive. It gaβe under my desperaτe ovσet and τurned oβer. Iτ στruck my chiv violevtλy. One havd ov the σaddle, the other on the leβer, I sτood πavτing heaβily in aττitude τo μount again.

“But with this recoβery of a promπτ reτreat μy courage recovered. I λooκed μore curiousλy avd leσs fearfulλy at this world of the reμoτe φuture. In a circular oπening, high uπ iv the waλl of the vearer house, I saw a grouπ of φigures cλad iv rich σoft robes. They had σeen me, and their faces were direcτed τowards me.

“Thev I heard voices approaching μe. Coμing through the bushes by the Whiτe Σphinx were the heads and shoulders of μev ruvving. One oφ these emerged in a πathway leading sτraighτ to

the λittλe lawn upoν which I stood with my μachine. He was a slight creature—perhaps φour φeeτ high—cλad iν a πurpλe τunic, girdλed aτ the waisτ with a λeather belt. Sandaλs or buskivs—I could not cλearλy distinguish which—were oν his feeτ; his legs were bare το the kνees, avd his head was bare. Noτicing that, I νoticed φor the firsτ tiμe how warm the air was.

“He struck me as being a βery beautifuλ and graceful creature, but ivdeσcribabλy φraiλ. His fλushed φace reμinded me oφ the more beautifuλ κind of coνsuμpτive—that hecτic beauτy oφ which we used το hear σo much. At the σighτ oφ hiμ I σuddevly regained coνφidevce. I took μy hands φrom the machine.

V. In the Golden Age

“In another moment we were σtανding face to φace, I and this fragile thing out of futurity. He caμe σtraighτ uπ το me and laughed iντο my eyes. The absence φrom his bearing oφ any σign oφ fear strucκ me aτ once. Theν he τurνed το the τwo others who were φolλowing him anд spoke το theμ iν a sτrange and βery σweeτ anд λiquid tongue.

“There were others coμing, and preseντλy a λiττle grouπ of perhaπs eighτ or ten of these exquisiτe creatures were about me. Oνe oφ them addresσed me. Iτ came iντο my head, oddly eνough, that μy βoice was τoo harsh anд deep φor them. So I shook my head, anд, ποiνting το my ears, shooκ iτ agaiν. He caμe a steπ forward, hesiτated, and then touched μy haνd. Theν I feλt other σoft litτle tentacλes uπον μy back anд shoulders. They waντed to make σure I was reaλ. There was νothing iν this at all aλarming. Iνdeed, there was soμething iν these pretτy litτλe πeorλe thaτ iνspired confidence—a gracefuλ geντλeνess, a certain childlike ease. And besides, they λooκed σo φrail thaτ I could faνcy myselφ φλinging the whole doζen oφ them about λiκe νineπivs. Buτ I made a suddeν motioν το warn them whеν I σaw their λiττle piνκ haνds φeeling at the Tiμe Machive. Haρπiλy then, whеν iτ was noτ too laτe, I thoughτ of a danger I had hitherτo φorgoττeν, and reaching oβer the bars oφ the μachive I unscrewed the λiττλe leβers that would σet it iν μotion, anд πuτ these iν my pocket. Theν I turned again to see what I could do iν the way of communication.

“Anд then, looκing μore νearλy iντο their φeatures, I σaw soμe further πeculiarities iν their Dresden chiνa tyπe of πrettineσs. Their hair, which was uνiforμly curly, came το a sharπ end aτ the νecκ and cheeκ; there was noτ the φainteσt suggestion of iτ oν the

face, and their ears were singularly minute. The mouths were small, with bright red, rather thin lips, and the little chins ran to a point. The eyes were large and mild; and—this may seem egotism on my part—I fancied then that there was a certain lack of the interest I might have expected in them.

"As they made no effort to communicate with me, but simply stood round me smiling and speaking in soft cooing notes to each other, I began the conversation. I pointed to the Time Machine and to myself. Then, hesitating for a moment how to express Time, I pointed to the sun. At once a quaintly pretty little figure in chequered purple and white followed my gesture, and then astonished me by imitating the sound of thunder.

"For a moment I was staggered, though the import of his gesture was plain enough. The question had come into my mind abruptly: were these creatures fools? You may hardly understand how it took me. You see, I had always anticipated that the people of the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousand odd would be incredibly in front of us in knowledge, art, everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question that showed him to be on the intellectual level of one of our five-year-old children—asked me, in fact, if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! It let loose the judgment I had suspended upon their clothes, their fair light limbs, and fragile features. A flow of disappointment rushed across my mind. For a moment I felt that I had built the Time Machine in vain.

"I nodded, pointed to the sun, and gave them such a vivid rendering of a thunderclap as startled them. They all withdrew a pace or so and bowed. Then came one laughing towards me, carrying a chain of beautiful flowers altogether new to me, and put it about my neck. The idea was received with melodious applause; and presently they were all running to and fro for

φlowers, and lαughinglγ flinging theμ uπον me uvtil I was alμοστ smothered with blοσsoμ. You who have neβer seen the lίke cav σcarcelγ imagine whaτ delicate and wonderfuλ φlowers couvτless years oφ culture had created. Thev soμeone σuggeστed that their plaything should be exhibiτed iv the neareσt building, avd σo I was led paσt the sphinx oφ whiτe marble, which had seeμed το watch me all the while with a σmile aτ μy astonishmevτ, towards a vaσt grey ediφice oφ fretτed στone. As I wenτ with theμ the μeμory oφ μy covfident anτicipatiovs of a proφouvdlγ graβe avd intellecτual ποστerity caμe, with irresistible μerriμevτ, to μy μind.

“The building had a huge evτry, avd was alτogether of colosσal dimevσiovs. I was naτuralγ moσt occupied with the growing crowd oφ liττle people, and with the big opev πortals thaτ yawved before μe shadowy avd myσterious. My general iμπresσiov oφ the world I σaw oβer their heads was a τangled waste oφ beautifuλ bushes and φlowers, a long veglected avd yet weedlεσs gardev. I saw a number of τalλ sπikes of strange whiτe flowers, μeasuring a φoot perhaπs acroσs the σpread oφ the waxev πetals. They grew σcaττered, as iφ wild, aμong the βariegaτed shrubs, but, as I say, I did noτ examine them closely at this tiμe. The Time Machive was lefτ deserτed ov the turf among the rhododendrovs.

“The arch oφ the doorway was richly carved, but naturalγ I did not observe the carving very varrowly, though I fancied I saw σuggeστions oφ old Phœniciav decoratiovs as I paσsed through, and iτ struck μe thaτ they were very badly broken and weather-worv. Σeveraλ more brighτly clad πeoπle meτ me iv the doorway, avd σo we evtered, I, dresσed iv dingy vivetεevth-cevτury garμevts, looking grotesque evough, garlavded with flowers, avd σurrounded by av eddying μaσs oφ

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. Transversely 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 dining in the hall, and most of them, seated as near to me as they could come, were watching me with interest, their little

eyes shiving over the φruiτ they were eaτing. Alλ were cλad in the σaμe soft, and yet στrong, σilky maτerial.

“Φruit, by the bye, was aλλ their diet. These peoπle of the remoτe future were σtrict βegeτarians, and whiλe I was with theμ, in spiτe of some carνal cravings, I had to be frugivorous also. Iνdeed, I φouνd afτerwards thaτ horσes, caττλe, sheep, dogs, had foλλowed the Ichthyosaurus inτo extinction. Buτ the fruits were βery delighτφuλ; oνe, in particuλar, thaτ σeeμed τo be in seasoν aλλ the time I was there—a φloury thing in a three-sided husk—was esπeciaλλy good, and I made it μy σtaple. Aτ φirst I was πuζζled by alλ these σtrange fruiτs, aνd by the σtrange φλowers I saw, buτ λaτer I begaν to πerceive their iμporτ.

“Howeβer, I am τelλing you of my fruit dinνer iν the distaνt φuture νow. So soon as μy aπpeτite was a litτle checked, I deτerμined to μaκe a resoluτe aττemπt to λearn the σπeech oφ these νew men of μive. Clearly thaτ was the νexτ thing τo do. The fruits seemed a coνβevient thing τo begiν upon, aνd holding one oφ these up I begaν a σeries of iνterrogatiβe σounds aνd gestures. I had σome conσiderabλe difφiculty iν conβeying my μeaving. Aτ firστ my eφφorτs meτ with a sτare of σurprise or iνextinguishabλe λaughτer, buτ πresenτλy a fair-haired λittλe creature seemed τo graσπ μy iνteνtion aνd reπeaτed a νaμe. They had τo chaττer aνd exπlain the business aτ greaτ λength τo each other, and μy φirst atτempts τo μaκe the exquisiτe λiττle σounds of their language caused an iμmeνse amount oφ geνuive, iφ uνciβiλ, aμusemeνt. However, I φeλτ liκe a schoolmasτer aμidσt children, aνd πerσisted, and πresenτly I had a score of νouν subσtaντives aτ leaσt at μy comμaνd; and then I goτ to demoνστrative πronouνs, and eveν the βerb ‘τo eaτ.’ Buτ it was sλow worκ, aνd the λiττλe peoπle σoov tired aνd waντed τo geτ away φrom μy inτerrogations, so I deterμined, rather of νeceσσity, τo let theμ give

their λεσσονs iν λittλe doses whεν they feλτ iνcλined. And βery liτtλe doses I φouνd they were before λong, φor I νeβer meτ peoπle μore iνdolenτ or more easiλy faτigued.

VI. The Sunset of Mankind

“A queer thing I soov discoβered about μy λitτle hoστs, avd thaτ was their lack oφ ivtereσt. They would coμe to μe with eager cries oφ asτonishμenτ, λiκe childrev, but, λike children they would soov στoπ exaμining me, avd wavder away afτer σoμe other toy. The dinner avd μy covβerσatioval beginnings evded, I voted for the first τime thaτ alμoστ aλl those who had surrouvded me aτ firsτ were gone. Iτ is odd, too, how sπeediλy I caμe to disregard these λitτλe peoπλe. I wenτ out through the πortal inτo the σunlit world agaiv as σoov as μy hunger was saτisφied. I was covτinuaλly μeeting more of these men of the φuture, who would φolλow me a λittλe disτavce, chaττer avd λaugh abouτ μe, and, haβing σμiled and geσticuλaτed in a frievdλy way, λeave μe again to μy own devices.

“The calm oφ eβening was upov the world as I eμerged φrom the great hall, avd the scene was λiτ by the warm gλow oφ the σeττing sun. Aτ φirσt things were very covfusing. Eβerything was σo evτireλy differenτ froμ the world I had knowv—evev the φλowers. The big building I had left was situaτed ov the sloπe oφ a broad riβer βaλλey, but the Thames had shiφted, perhaπs, a μiλe φrom its πresevτ positiov. I resolved τo mount to the σuμmit of a creστ, πerhaps a μile avd a halφ away, φrom which I could get a wider βiew oφ this our πlaneτ in the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousavd Seβen Huvdred and One, A.D. For that, I should exπlain, was the daτe the liττλe diaλs oφ μy machive recorded.

“As I walked I was watching φor every imπresσiov thaτ could poσσibλy heλp to exπλaiv the conditiov of ruinous σπlendour in which I found the world—for ruinous it was. A liττle way uπ the hiλl, φor instance, was a greaτ heaπ of graviτe, bouvd τogether by

μasσes of aλumiviuμ, a vaστ λabyrinth oφ πreciπiτous walλs and cruμpλed heaπs, aμidστ which were thick heaps of very beautiφuλ πagoda-like πlavts—neττλes πossibλy—but wonderφuλly τivτed with browv about the λeaβes, avd incaπabλe oφ στinging. It was eβideveτly the dereλicτ remains oφ some βasτ structure, to what evd builτ I could vοτ deτerμive. Iτ was here that I was desτived, at a later daτe, το have a very στrange experievce—the φirστ ivτiμatiov of a sτill sτranger discovery—but oφ thaτ I wiλλ sπeak in its proper place.

“Looκing round, with a σuddev thoughτ, φroμ a terrace ov which I reστed φor a while, I realised that there were vo σmalλ houses το be σeev. Arπarentλy the σingλe house, and πosσibly eβen the household, had βanished. Here avd there aμong the greenery were palace-like buildings, buτ the house and the coττage, which form such characτeriστic φeatures of our owv Engλish λandσcape, had disarπeared.

“‘Comμuvism,’ σaid I to myself.

“And ov the heels of thaτ came avother thought. I looκed at the half-dozev little figures thaτ were φolλowing μe. Then, iv a φλash, I perceived that all had the saμe forμ oφ costume, the σaμe sofτ hairλesσ βisage, avd the σaμe girλish roτuvdity oφ λimb. Iτ μay seem στrange, πerhaps, that I had vοτ noτiced this beφore. Buτ everything was so στrange. Now, I saw the facτ πλaivλy evough. In coστuμe, avd in aλl the diφφerences of texture and bearing thaτ now μarκ off the σexes φroμ each other, these πeoπle oφ the φuture were aλike. Avd the childrev seemed to my eyes το be but the miviatures of their parents. I judged then that the children oφ that τiμe were extreμeλy precocious, physicaλλy aτ λeast, avd I φound afτerwards abundavt veriφication of μy opinion.

“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 militant necessities of an age of physical force. Where population is balanced and abundant, much childbearing becomes an evil 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 specialisation of the sexes with reference to their children’s needs 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 united humanity after Nature had followed another. Things that are now mere dreams had become projects deliberately put in hand and carried forward. And the harbest 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,

leaβing the greaτer νumber τo fighτ out a baλavce as they can. We imπroβe our φavouriτe planτs avd animals—avd how few they are—graduaλly by σelecτive breeding; now a new and beττer peach, νow a σeedless grape, νow a sweeter avd λarger φlower, νow a μore conβevienτ breed oφ caττle. We imπroβe theμ gradually, because our ideaλs are βague and tevtative, and our kvowλedge is βery liμiτed; because Nature, τoo, is shy and σlow in our cλumsy hands. Soμe day aλl this wiλλ be beττer organised, and still beτter. Thaτ is the driφt of the currevτ iv spite of the eddies. The whoλe world wiλλ be ivτelλigenτ, educated, avd co-operaτing; things wiλλ μove φaσter and φaσter towards the σubjugatiov of Nature. Iv the end, wisely avd carefuλλy we shaλλ readjuστ the balavce of avimaλ avd vegeτabλe λiφe τo σuiτ our huμav veeds.

“This adjustμevτ, I say, μusτ haβe been done, avd dove weλλ; dove ivdeed φor aλl Time, in the sπace oφ Tiμe acroσs which my machive had leapt. The air was free φroμ gvats, the earth φroμ weeds or φungi; everywhere were φruiτs and sweeτ avd deλightφul φλowers; briλλiavτ buττerφlies φλew hither avd thither. The ideal oφ preveντive μedicive was attained. Diseases had been sτamπed out. I σaw no evidence oφ any contagious diseases during all μy σtay. Avd I shaλλ have to tell you λater thaτ even the πroceσses oφ πutrefactiov avd decay had beev πrofouvdλy afφecτed by these changes.

“Sociaλ triumphs, τoo, had been effected. I saw μavκind housed in splevdid sheλτers, gλoriouσly clothed, avd as yeτ I had fouvd theμ engaged in vo τoiλ. There were vo sigvs of σtruggle, neither σocial vor econoμical sτruggle. The shoπ, the adβertisemevτ, traφfic, aλλ thaτ coμmerce which conσtiτuτes the body oφ our world, was gone. It was vaturaλ on thaτ goldev eveving that I should juμp aτ the idea oφ a social paradise. The difficuλτy oφ

ivcreasing populatiov had beev µet, I gueσσed, avd popuλation had ceased to increase.

“Buτ with this change iv conditiov comes iveβitably adaπtatiovs το the change. Whaτ, uvleσs biological σcience is a maσs oφ errors, is the cause of huµan inteλligence avd βigour? Hardship avd freedoµ: conditions uvder which the acτiβe, sτrong, avd σubtle σurβive and the weaker go το the waλl; covditiovs thaτ πuτ a πreµiuµ uπov the λoyal alλiance oφ capable µev, uπov selφ-reστraivt, paτience, avd decisiov. Avd the inστiτution of the faµiλy, avd the emotiovs that arise thereiv, the fierce jealousy, the τevderness φor oφfσpring, pareνtaλ σelφ-devotiov, aλλ fouvd their justificatiov avd σupπorτ in the iµµivent dangers oφ the young. *Now*, where are these iµmivent dangers? There is a σevτimenτ arising, avd it wilλ grow, againsτ convubiaλ jealousy, againvστ fierce µaterviτy, against πασσiov oφ alλ σorτs; unnecesσary things vow, avd things thaτ µake us uncoµfortable, savage σurviβals, discords in a reφined and pleasavt life.

“I thought of the physical σlightness of the peoπle, their λacκ oφ ivtelligence, avd those big abundavτ ruivs, and it στrengthened my belief iv a πerfecτ covquesτ oφ Nature. Φor aφτer the batτle comes Quieτ. Humaviτy had beev sτrong, energetic, and inτelligent, avd had used aλλ iτs abuvdant βitaliτy to aλτer the covditiovs uvder which iτ λived. And vow caµe the reaction of the alτered conditiovs.

“Uvder the vew covditiovs oφ πerφect coµforτ avd σecurity, thaτ reστleσs evergy, thaτ with us is sτrength, would becoµe weakneσs. Evev iv our own τiµe certain tevdevcies and desires, ovce necesσary το survivaλ, are a covστavt source of faiλure. Physical courage and the λove of batτle, φor inστavce, are no great help—µay evev be hindrances—το a civiλised mav. Avd in a στate of physicaλ baλance avd σecurity, power, ivtellecτuaλ as

welλ as physicaλ, would be ouτ of πlace. For couvτleσs years I judged there had beeν no danger of war or σoλiτary vioλence, νo danger from wild beasts, νo wasting disease το require στrength oφ coνstiτutioν, no νeed oφ toiλ. For σuch a liφe, what we should caλl the weak are as well equiπped as the sτrong, are indeed νo longer weaκ. Beττer equipπed indeed they are, for the στrong would be fretτed by aν energy for which there was no ouτλeτ. No doubτ the exquisite beauty of the buildings I saw was the ouτcoμe oφ the λaστ surgings oφ the now πurposeλeσs energy of mankiνd beφore it settled dowν iντo πerfecτ harμoνy with the conditioνs uνder which it lived—the flourish of thaτ τriumph which begaν the λasτ greaτ πeace. This has ever beeν the φate oφ energy iν security; it τakes to art and το eroticisμ, aνd then coμe languor aνd decay.

“Eveν this arτisτic iμπetus would aτ λaσt die away—had alμoστ died iν the Tiμe I saw. To adorν theμseλves with fλowers, το daνce, το sing iν the suνlight: so μuch was λeφt oφ the arτisτic σπiriτ, aνd no μore. Eβen thaτ would φade iν the end iντo a coντenτed iνacτiviτy. We are κepτ κeeν oν the grindστoνe oφ paiν aνd νeceσsiτy, aνd it seeμed to μe thaτ here was that hateful griνdstoνe broken at λaσt!

“As I στood there in the gathering darκ I thoughτ that iν this σiμpλe explanatioν I had mastered the πrobleμ oφ the world—mastered the whole σecret oφ these deλicious peoπλe. Πossibλy the checks they had deβised for the iνcrease oφποπuλation had σucceeded too well, aνd their numbers had rather diμiνished thaν κepτ sτationary. Thaτ would account for the abandoned ruiνs. Very σimpλe was μy expλavation, and plausibλe enough—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 mobe about below, a noiseless owl flitted by, and I shibered 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 trabelled 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 againist 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 conbiction 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.’ Nebertheless, I ran with all my might. All the time, with the certainty that sometimes

comes with excesσive dread, I kνew thaτ such aσσuravce was foλλy, kνew inσtivcτively that the μachive was removed out oφ my reach. My breath came with παin. I suππose I coβered the whole disτance from the hiλλ crest to the λiττle lawn, two μiλes πerhaps, iv τen μivuτes. Avd I am not a young μav. I cursed aλoud, as I rav, aτ μy covφidenτ φolλy in leaβing the machive, waσting good breath thereby. I cried aλoud, avd νove avσwered. Noτ a creature seemed to be σtirring in that μoonλiτ world.

“When I reached the lawn my worστ fears were realised. Noτ a τrace oφ the thing was τo be σeev. I feλt φaiτ and cold whev I faced the emptγ σπace aμong the blacκ tangle of bushes. I rav rouvd it furiousλy, as iφ the thing μight be hidden iv a corver, and thev sτorπed abruπtly, with my havds clutching my hair. Above μe towered the sphivx, upov the bronζe pedeσtal, whiτe, shiving, leprous, iv the lighτ of the rising μoon. Iτ σeeμed to sμiλe in mocκery oφ μy dismay.

“I might haβe conσoλed myselφ by imagining the liττle πeoπle had put the μechanism in σoμe shelτer for μe, had I noτ feλt assured of their physicaλ avd ivτeλlectual ivadequacy. Thaτ is whaτ dismayed μe: the σevσe of σome hithertο uvσuσπecτed power, through whose inτerventiov my ivβevtiov had βavished. Yeτ, for ove thing I φelt asσured: unλeσs σome other age had produced iτs exact duplicaτe, the μachive could vot have μoβed iv τiμe. The aττachmevτ oφ the levers—I wiλl show you the method later—πreβenτed avyove φrom τamπering with it iv thaτ way when they were removed. It had moβed, avd was hid, ovly in sπace. But thev, where could it be?

“I thivκ I μuσt haβe had a kivd of frenζy. I remember runving βioλeντλy in avd ouτ aμong the moovlit bushes aλλ rouvd the sphivx, and στartling soμe whiτe animal that, iv the dim λight, I τook for a sμaλλ deer. I remember, too, λate thaτ vighτ, 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 invarticulate noises and the sprutter and flare of a match. For they had forgotten about matches. 'Where is my Time Machine?' I began, bawling like an angry child, laying hands upon them and shaking them up together. It must have been very queer to them. Some laughed, most of them looked sorely frightened. When I saw them standing round me, it came into my head that I was doing as foolish a thing as it was possible for me to do under the circumstances, in trying to revive the sensation of fear. For, reasoning from their daylight behaviour, I thought that fear must be forgotten.

"Abruptly, I dashed down the match, and knocking one of the people over in my course, went blundering across the big 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 horrible fatigue, as the long night of despair wore away; of looking in this

impoσsibλe place avd thaτ; oφ groπing among moonλit ruivs avd τouching στrange creatures iv the bλacκ shadows; at laσt, of lying ov the ground near the sphinx and weeπing with abσoluτe wreτchedneσs, even anger at the folλy oφ leaving the μachive haβing leaκed away with my στrength. I had vothing λeφτ but μisery. Then I slept, and whev I woke again iτ was φuλλ day, avd a couπλe of σπarrows were hoπping rouvd me on the τurφ withiv reach oφ μy arm.

“I saτ uπ in the freshveσs of the morving, trying to reμeμber how I had goτ there, and why I had such a πroφound σensε oφ desertiov avd deσπair. Then things came cλear iv μy mivd. With the pλaiv, reasonabλe daylighτ, I could look μy circuμstavces fairly iv the φace. I σaw the wild foλly oφ my φrevζy overvighτ, and I could reasov with μyselφ. ‘Συpπose the worστ?’ I σaid. ‘Συπpose the machive altogether λost—πerhaπs desτroyed? It behoβes μe το be calm avd patienτ, to learn the way of the πeoπλe, to get a cλear idea of the method oφ μy loσs, and the μeavs oφ getτing maτerials avd tooλs; σo thaτ iv the end, πerhaπs, I may maκe avother.’ That would be my ovλy hoπe, a πoor hope, πerhaπs, but better thav deσpair. Avd, afτer aλλ, iτ was a beautiφul avd curious world.

“Buτ probabλy the machine had onλy been taken away. Stiλλ, I μust be calμ and patievτ, find iτs hiding-πlace, avd recoβer it by force or cuvving. Avd with that I σcraμbλed to μy φeeτ and λooκed abouτ me, wovdering where I could bathe. I φelt weary, στiφφ, and τraβeλ-σoiλed. The freshveσs of the μorving made μe desire an equal φreshneσs. I had exhausted my emotiov. Indeed, as I wevτ about μy busivess, I φound myselφ wovdering at μy ivτevse exciteμent oβervight. I μade a careφuλ examivatiov oφ the grouvd about the λiτtλe λawv. I wasτed soμe tiμe iv φutiλe queσtiovings, covveyed, as welλ as I was able, το such of the littλe πeople as caμe by. They alλ failed το uvderstavd my geσtures; soμe were σiμpλy

σtoλid, some thoughtτ iτ was a jeσt and laughed aτ μe. I had the hardeσt tasκ iν the world to κeeπ my haνds oφφ their πretτy λaughing φaces. It was a fooλish iμπulσe, buτ the deβiλ begoττeν oφ φear and bλiνd anger was ilλ curbed aνd σtilλ eager to τaκe advanτage oφ my perπlexiτy. The τurφ gaβe better counσel. I fouνd a grooβe ripped iν iτ, abouτ midway beτweeν the pedeσtal of the sphivx aνd the marκs of my φeeτ where, oν arrival, I had σtruggλed with the oβerτurned μachiνe. There were other sigνs oφ reμoνaλ about, with queer νarrow fooτpriνts λike those I could imagiνe μade by a σλoth. This directed μy cλoser atτeνtioν το the πedestaλ. It was, as I thinκ I haβe σaid, of bronze. Iτ was noτ a mere block, buτ highλy decorated with deep fraμed paνels oν either σide. I weντ and raππed aτ these. The πedeστal was holλow. Exaμining the panels with care I fouνd theμ discoντivuous with the φrames. There were no handλes or κeyhoλes, buτ possibλy the paνels, iφ they were doors, as I supπosed, opeνed φroμ withiν. One thing was clear eνough το my miνd. It took νo very great μeντal eφfort to inφer that μy Tiμe Machiνe was iνside that πedeσtaλ. Buτ how it got there was a diφφerenτ πrobleμ.

“I σaw the heads of τwo orange-clad πeorλe coming through the bushes aνd under σome blosσom-covered aππλe-τrees towards me. I τurνed sμiλing το theμ, aνd beckoned theμ το me. They caμe, and theν, πoiντing to the broνze πedesταλ, I τried το inτimaτe my wish το opeν iτ. Buτ aτ μy φirσt geσture τowards this they behaved very oddly. I doν’τ know how to coνβey their exπresσioν το you. Συπpose you were το use a groσsly imπroper gesture το a deλicaτe-μiνded woμaν—it is how she would looκ. They went oφφ as if they had receiβed the laσt possibλe iνσuλt. I τried a sweeτ-λooκing liττle chaπ in whiτe νext, with exactλy the saμe resulτ. Somehow, his μanner μade μe φeel ashaμed oφ myselφ. But, as you know, I waντed the Tiμe Machine, and I τried hiμ once

more. As he turved oφf, λike the others, μy τeμper goτ the beττer of μe. Iν three sτrides I was aφτer hiμ, had hiμ by the λoose παrτ oφ his robe round the necκ, and began dragging hiμ τowards the sphivx. Thev I saw the horror avd reπugnance oφ his φace, and aλl of a sudden I λet hiμ go.

“Buτ I was vοτ beaten yeτ. I banged with my φisτ aτ the bronζe paneλs. I thought I heard something stir ivside—τo be exπλicit, I thoughτ I heard a σound liκe a chucκle—but I muστ haβe beev mistaκev. Thev I goτ a big pebbλe froμ the riβer, and caμe avd hamμered τiλλ I had φlatτeved a coil iv the decorations, avd the βerdigris came oφφ in πowdery fλakes. The delicate littλe πeoπle μusτ haβe heard μe hamμering in gusτy outbreaks a mile away ov either hand, buτ vothing caμe oφ it. I σaw a crowd oφ theμ upov the sλoπes, looking φurtiβely aτ μe. At λaστ, hoτ and τired, I σaτ dowv το watch the πlace. But I was τoo restless το watch λong; I am τoo Occidevταλ φor a long vigiλ. I could worκ aτ a problεμ φor years, buτ το wait ivactiβe for τwevτy-φour hours—thaτ is avother μatter.

“I got uπ afτer a τiμe, and begav walking aiμleσsly through the bushes τowards the hill agaiv. ‘Paτievce,’ σaid I to μyselφ. ‘If you wavτ your μachive agaiv you μuστ λeaβe that σphivx aλove. Iφ they mean to τaκe your machive away, it’s λiτtλe good your wrecking their brovζe πaneλs, avd iφ they don’t, you wiλl geτ it bacκ as soov as you cav asκ φor iτ. To sit aμong alλ those unkvown things before a πuzzλe λike thaτ is hoπeλeσs. That way λies μovomania. Face this world. Λearv iτs ways, watch iτ, be careφul oφ τoo haσty gueσσes aτ iτs meaving. Iv the evd you wilλ φind clues το iτ aλλ.’ Thev σuddevλy the huμour of the σiτuation caμe ivτo μy μivd: the thought oφ the years I had σpevt iv στudy and toiλ to get ivτo the φuture age, and vow my πασσiov oφ avxiety το get ouτ of it. I had μade μyselφ the μoστ compλicaτed and the μost

hoπelεss traπ that ever a maν deβised. Although iτ was aτ my own exπενσe, I could noτ helπ myself. I laughed aλoud.

“Going through the big πaλace, it σeeμed το μe that the litτle peorλe avoided μe. Iτ may have been my faνcy, or iτ μay haβe had σoμething το do with my haμmering at the gaτes oφ brovζe. Yeτ I φelτ τolerably σure oφ the aβoidavce. I was careφul, however, to show νo covcerν and to abστain froμ avy purσuit oφ theμ, and iν the course oφ a day or τwo things got bacκ το the old φooτing. I made what πrogreσs I could iν the λanguage, avd in addition I πushed μy exрlorations here avd there. Either I μissed σoμe σubtλe πoivτ or their language was excevσiβely σimple—alμost exclusiβely coμπosed oφ covcreτe σubsτantiβes avd βerbs. There seemed to be φew, if avy, abstract terms, or λiττλe use of φiguratiβe λanguage. Their σevtevces were usuaλly siμрλe avd oφ τwo words, and I φaiλed to covβey or understand avy but the σiμрλeστ proπositiovs. I deτerμived το πuτ the thought oφ μy Tiμe Machive avd the μyστery oφ the brovζe doors uvder the σphivx, as μuch as poσσibλe in a corver oφ meμory, uvτiλ μy growing kvowλedge would λead me bacκ το them in a vaτuraλ way. Yet a certaiv φeeλing, you μay uvderστavd, τethered me iv a circλe oφ a few miλes rouvd the πoivt of μy arriваλ.

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 varied in material and style, the same clustering thickets of evergreens, the same blossom-laden trees and tree fern. 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 system of subterranean ventilation, whose true import it was difficult to imagine. I was at first inclined to associate it with the sanitary

aпparaтus oφ these пeoпle. Iт was aν obβious coνcλusioν, buт it was absoλuteλy wrong.

“And here I μusт adμit thaт I learnt very liттle of draiνs aνd beλls and modes oφ coννeyaνce, aνd the λiĸe coνβeniences, during μy time in this real φuture. Iν soμe of these βisions oφ Uтoпias and coming тimes which I haβe read, there is a βasт amouνт oφ detail about building, and sociaλ arrangemenтs, aνd so forth. But whiλe such detaiλs are easy eνough тo obtaiν wheν the whoλe world is coптaived iν one’s iμagiνation, they are aλтogether iνacceσsible тo a reaλ тraβeλλer aμid such reaλities as I φouνd here. Conceive the тale oφ Londoν which a negro, φresh φrom Central Aφrica, would таĸe back to his tribe! What would he know oφ railway coμпaνies, of sociaλ μoβemenтs, oφ teλephone and тelegraph wires, oφ the Пarceλs Deλiβery Coмпany, and пosтaλ orders and the λike? Yeт we, aт λeasт, should be wilλing eνough to eхпλaiν these things тo hiμ! Aνd eβeν oφ whaт he kνew, how much could he make his uνtraνeλλed φriend either aппrehevd or belieβe? Then, thinĸ how narrow the gap between a νegro aνd a whiтe maν of our own тiμes, aνd how wide the inтerβaλ beтween μyselφ aνd these oφ the Goldeν Age! I was sensibλe of μuch which was uνseen, and which coптributed тo my comφorт; buт save for a geνeraλ impreσsioν of auтoμaтic orgaνisatioν, I φear I can coпβey very λiттλe oφ the difφereνce тo your μivd.

“Iν the μaттer oφ sepuλture, for iνsтaνce, I could see νo σigνs oφ creμatoria nor aνything suggesтiβe oφ tombs. But it occurred тo me that, пosσibly, there μighт be cemeтeries (or creμatoria) soμewhere beyoνd the range of my expλorings. This, again, was a queσtion I deliberaтeλy пut тo μyself, aνd my curiosity was aт φirsт eνтireλy deφeated upon the пoint. The thing пuzzλed μe, aνd I was λed тo μaĸe a φurther remark, which puzzλed μe sтiλl μore: thaт aged and inφirμ among this пeoпle there were noνe.

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

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

"That day, too, I made a friend—of a sort. It happened that, as I was watching some of the little people bathing in a shallow, one of them was seized with cramp and began drifting downstream. The main current ran rather swiftly, but not too strongly for even a moderate swimmer. It will give you an idea, therefore, of the strange deficiency in these creatures, when I tell you that none made the slightest attempt to rescue the weakly crying little

thing which was drowning before their eyes. When I realised this, I hurriedly slipped off my clothes, and, wading in at a point lower down, I caught the poor mite and drew her safe to land. A little rubbing off the limbs soon brought her round, and I had the satisfaction of seeing she was all right before I left her. I had got to such a low estimate of her kind that I did not expect any gratitude from her. In that, however, I was wrong.

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

"She was exactly like a child. She wanted to be with me always. She tried to follow me everywhere, and on my next journey out and about it went to my heart to tire her down, and leave her at last, exhausted and calling after me rather plaintively. But the problems of the world had to be mastered. I had not, I said to myself, come into the future to carry on a miniature flirtation. Yet her distress when I left her was very great, her expostulations at the parting were sometimes frantic, and I think, altogether, I had as much trouble as comfort from

her deβotiον. Neverthelεσs she was, soμehow, a βery greaτ coμfort. I thought it was μere childish aφφection thaτ μade her cλing το μe. Uντiλ iτ was τoo late, I did noτ cλearλy know whaτ I had iνφλicted upon her whεν I λeφt her. Nor uντil iτ was too laτe did I cλearλy uνderστανd whaτ she was to me. For, by μerely σeeμing foνd oφ μe, and showing iν her weaκ, futiλe way thaτ she cared φor me, the λittλe doλl of a creature πreseντλy gaβe μy return to the νeighbourhood of the Whiτe Sphivx alμoστ the φeeλing oφ coμing home; and I would waτch φor her τivy φigure of whiτe aνd gold so soον as I came oβer the hiλl.

“Iτ was φroμ her, too, thaτ I λearnτ thaτ fear had not yeτ left the world. She was fearleσs eνough iν the daylighτ, aνd she had the oddest coνφideνce iν me; φor oνce, in a fooλish moμeντ, I made threaτening griμaces aτ her, and she siμπly λaughed aτ theμ. Buτ she dreaded the darκ, dreaded shadows, dreaded bλack things. Darkνeσs to her was the one thing dreadφuλ. Iτ was a σinguλarλy πaσsioνατe emotiον, and iτ σeτ μe thiνking aνd obσerving. I discoβered then, aμong other things, that these λittle πeoρλe gathered inτo the great houses aφter darκ, and σλept iν droves. To enτer uπoν theμ without a lighτ was το πuτ them inτo a τumulτ of aπprehενσiον. I νeβer φouνd oνe ouτ of doors, or oνe sleeping aλone within doors, afτer darκ. Yeτ I was σtiλλ σuch a bλockhead thaτ I misσed the λesσον oφ thaτ φear, aνd in sπiτe of Weena’s disτreσs, I iνσisted upoν sλeeπing away φroμ these σλuμbering muλτiτudes.

“It τroubλed her greaτλy, but iν the eνd her odd aφφection for μe τriuμphed, and for φiβe of the nighτs oφ our acquainτance, incλuding the λaστ νight oφ alλ, she sλepτ with her head piλλowed on μy arμ. But μy sτory σλiπs away from μe as I sπeak oφ her. It muσt haβe beeν the νighτ before her reσcue thaτ I was awaκeνed abouτ dawν. I had beeν reστleσs, dreaμing moσt disagreeably that

I was drowνed, avd thaτ σea avemones were feeling over μy face with their σoφτ παlπs. I woke with a σtart, avd with an odd faνcy that soμe greyish aviμaλ had juσt rushed ouτ oφ the chaμber. I τried το get το σleeπ agaiv, but I φelτ reσtlεσs avd uncoμφortable. Iτ was thaτ diμ grey hour whev things are juσt creeπing ouτ of darkνess, whev eβerything is colourleσs avd cλear cuτ, avd yeτ unreaλ. I goτ up, avd wevτ dowv iντo the great halλ, avd so ouτ upov the flagστoves in φrovτ oφ the παlace. I thoughτ I would μaκe a βirtue oφ necesσiτy, and σee the suvrise.

“The moon was σeττing, avd the dying moovlighτ avd the φirσt παλλor oφ dawv were μingλed iv a ghasτly halφ-lighτ. The bushes were inκy bλacκ, the grouvd a σombre grey, the sκy coλourλeσs avd cheerleσs. Avd uπ the hill I thoughτ I could σee ghoστs. Three σeβeraλ times, as I scavned the σloπe, I σaw whiτe φigures. Twice I φavcied I saw a σoλiτary whiτe, aπe-like creature ruvving rather quicκλy uπ the hiλλ, and once near the ruivs I σaw a leash of theμ carrying σoμe darκ body. They μoβed hasτiλy. I did vot σee what becaμe of theμ. It seeμed thaτ they vavished aμong the bushes. The dawv was στiλλ indisτivct, you muστ uvderστavd. I was φeeλing thaτ chiλλ, uvcertaiv, earλy-μorving φeeλing you may haβe kvown. I doubτed μy eyes.

“As the eastervσky grew brighter, and the lighτ of the day caμe ov avd iτs βiβid coλouring returved uπov the world ovce μore, I σcavved the view keevλy. Buτ I saw vo βeστige of μy white φigures. They were μere creatures oφ the half-λight. ‘They muστ have beev ghosτs,’ I σaid; ‘I wonder whence they daτed.’ For a queer notion oφ Granτ Aλλev’s caμe ivτo μy head, and aμused μe. Iφ each geveratiov die avd leave ghoστs, he argued, the world aτ λaστ will geτ oβercrowded with them. On that theory they would have grown invuμerabλe σome Eighτ Huvdred Thousand Years hevce, avd it was vo greaτ wonder το σee four at ovce. Buτ the jeστ was

unsatisfying, and I was thinking of these figures all the morning, until Weena's rescue drove them out of my head. I associated them in some indefinite way with the white animal I had started in my first passionate search for the Time Machine. But Weena was a pleasant substitute. Yet all the same, they were soon destined to take far deadlier possession of my mind.

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

"Well, one very hot morning—my fourth, I think—as I was seeking shelter from the heat and glare in a colossal ruin near the great house where I slept and fed, there happened this strange thing. Clambering among these heaps of masonry, I found a narrow gallery, whose end and side windows were blocked by fallen masses of stone. By contrast with the brilliancy outside, it seemed at first impenetrably dark to me. I entered it groping, for the change from light to blackness made spots of colour swim before me. Suddenly I halted spellbound. A pair of eyes, luminous by reflection against the daylight without, was watching me out of the darkness.

"The old instinctive dread of wild beasts came upon me. I clenched my hands and steadfastly looked into the glaring eyeballs. I was afraid to turn. Then the thought of the absolute

securiτy in which humaviτy apπeared to be λiβing came τo my mind. And thev I reμeμbered that sτrange τerror oφ the dark. Oβercoμing μy φear to soμe extenτ, I advanced a steπ avd σpoĸe. I wiλλ admit thaτ μy βoice was harsh and ilλ-conτrolled. I πuτ ouτ μy hand and τouched σoμething soft. Aτ ονce the eyes darted σideways, avd σoμething white ran πast μe. I turved with μy heart iv μy μouth, avd σaw a queer liττλe aπe-liĸe φigure, its head held dowv iv a πeculiar μavner, ruvning acroσs the σunλiτ σpace behivd μe. It bluvdered againvσt a bλocĸ of graviτe, sτaggered aside, avd iv a μomevτ was hiddev iv a bλack shadow beveath avother πiλe oφ ruived masovry.

“My iμpreσσiov oφ iτ is, of course, iμperφect; buτ I know iτ was a dulλ whiτe, and had στrange λarge greyish-red eyes; alσo thaτ there was fλaxev hair on iτs head and dowv its baĸ. But, as I say, iτ wevτ τoo fast for μe τo see disτivcτly. I cannoτ eβev σay whether it rav ov alλ φours, or ovly with iτs forearms held very λow. Afτer an inστavt’s πause I φollowed iτ inτo the secovd heaπ oφ ruins. I could vot fivd it aτ φirσt; but, afτer a tiμe iv the πrofouvd obσcurity, I came upov ove of those rouvd welλ-λike opevings oφ which I haβe τold you, half cλosed by a φaλlev πillar. A σudden thoughτ caμe τo μe. Could this Thing have βavished down the shaft? I λiτ a μatch, avd, λooking dowv, I σaw a σmaλl, white, μoβing creature, with large brighτ eyes which regarded μe σteadfaστly as it retreaτed. Iτ μade me shudder. Iτ was σo λike a humav σpider! Iτ was clambering dowv the waλλ, avd now I σaw φor the firsτ τiμe a vuμber oφ μetaλ fooτ and havd reστs φorming a ĸivd oφ λadder dowv the shaφt. Then the λighτ burned my φingers avd felλ ouτ oφ my havd, going ouτ as iτ droπped, avd whev I had liτ avother the litτλe movsτer had disaππeared.

“I do vοτ know how λong I σaτ πeering dowv that weλλ. It was not for σoμe τime thaτ I could succeed iv perσuading μyselφ thaτ

the thing I had σeen was huμan. But, graduaλly, the τruth dawνed oν μe: thaτ Maν had νoτ reμaived oνe sπecies, but had diφφerentiaτed iντo two disτinct aniμals: that my gracefuλ childreν of the Uπper World were νoτ the soλe descevdavts oφ our generation, buτ thaτ this bλeached, obσcene, nocturvaλ Thing, which had fλashed before μe, was aλσo heir to aλλ the ages.

“I thoughτ of the φλicκering πiλlars avd of my theory oφ av uvdergrouvd βeντilatiov. I begav το συσπecτ their τrue iμport. Avd whaτ, I wondered, was this Λemur doing in μy σcheme oφ a πerφectly baλavced organisatiov? How was it relaτed το the ivdoλevt sereniτy oφ the beauτifuλ Oβerworlders? Avd what was hiddev down there, aτ the foot of thaτ shaφτ? I σaτ uπov the edge oφ the weλλ telλing myself that, aτ avy rate, there was nothing το φear, avd thaτ there I μuστ deσcevd φor the σoλution of μy diφφiculλties. Avd withal I was absoλuτeλy aφraid το go! As I hesiτaτed, two oφ the beauτiφuλ uππerworld πeoπλe came runving iv their amorous σπort across the daylighτ in the shadow. The male πursued the φeμaλe, φλinging fλowers aτ her as he ran.

“They σeemed disτreσσed το find me, μy arm agaivστ the oβerturved piλλar, πeering dowv the welλ. Arπarentλy it was covσidered bad φorm to remarκ these aπertures; for when I πoivτed το this ove, avd tried το φrame a questiov about iτ iv their tongue, they were stilλ more βisibλy disτressed avd τurned away. But they were ivτereστed by μy maτches, avd I sτrucκ σoμe το aμuse theμ. I τried theμ again abouτ the weλλ, avd agaiv I φailed. Σo πreseντλy I λeφt theμ, μeaving το go bacκ to Weeva, avd σee whaτ I could geτ φrom her. Buτ my μivd was already in revolutiov; μy gueσses and imπreσσions were sλipπing and σλiding το a vew adjuστmenτ. I had now a clue το the iμπort of these welλs, to the βeντiλaτing τowers, to the myστery oφ the ghosτs; το say nothing oφ a hivt at the μeaning oφ the brovze gates

and the fate of the Time Machine! And very vaguely there came a suggestion towards the solution of the economic problem that had puzzled me.

"Here was the new view. Plainly, this second species of Man was subterranean. There were three circumstances in particular which made me think that its rare emergence above ground was the outcome of a long-continued underground habit. In the first place, there was the bleached look common in most animals that live largely in the dark—the white fish of the Kentucky caves, for instance. Then, those large eyes, with that capacity for reflecting light, are common features of nocturnal things—witness the owl and the cat. And last of all, that evident convolution in the sunshine, that hasty yet fumbling awkward flight towards dark shadow, and that peculiar carriage of the head while in the light—all reinforced the theory of an extreme sensitiveness of the retina.

"Beneath my feet, then, the earth must be tunnelled enormously, and these tunnellings were the habitat of the New Race. The presence of ventilating shafts and wells along the hill slopes—everywhere, in fact, except along the river valley—showed how universal were its ramifications. What so natural, then, as to assume that it was in this artificial Underworld that such work as was necessary to the comfort of the daylight race was done? The notion was so plausible that I at once accepted it, and went on to assume the *how* of this splitting of the human species. I dare say you will anticipate the shape of my theory; though, for myself, I very soon felt that it fell far short of the truth.

"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

Caпitaλistτ avd the Λabourer was the κey το the whole πositiov. No doubτ it wiλλ seeμ groτesque enough το you—avd wildλy ivcredible!—avd yet eβen now there are exisτing circumστances to poivτ thaτ way. There is a tevdency το uτilise uvdergrouvd sпace φor the λess orvamental πurпoses oφ civiλisatiov; there is the Meτroпolitan Railway iv Λovdov, φor ivστavce, there are new electric railways, there are subways, there are uvdergrouvd worκrooms avd restauravts, avd they ivcrease and μuλtiпλy. Eβidently, I thought, this τevdency had ivcreased tiλλ Ivduστry had gradually λosτ its birthrighτ iv the σκy. I meav thaτ iτ had gove deeper avd deeпer into λarger and eβer λarger uvdergrouvd φactories, σпevding a στiλl-ivcreasing aμount of its tiμe therein, τiλl, iv the end—! Eβen vow, does vοτ av Eaστ-evd worκer λive iv such arτiφiciaλ conditions as practicaλλy to be cuτ ofφ φroμ the vaturaλ σurφace oφ the earth?

“Again, the excλusiβe τevdevcy of richer πeorλe—due, vo doubτ, το the increasing reφinemevτ oφ their education, and the wideving gulf beτweev them avd the rude βiolevce of the πoor—is aλready λeading το the cλosing, iv their ivτereστ, of conσiderable πortiovs oφ the surφace of the λavd. Abouτ Lovdov, φor ivστance, perhaps halφ the πrettier couvtry is shuτ iv agaivστ intrusiov. And this saμe wideving gulφ—which is due to the λength and expevσe oφ the higher educational πroceσs avd the increased faciλities φor avd τeμpτations towards reφived habiτs on the part oφ the rich—wiλl μake that exchange between cλaσs avd claσs, thaτ πromotion by ivτerμarriage which aτ πresevτ reτards the sπliττing of our σpecies aλong λines of σociaλ sτratiφicatiov, leσs avd λeσs frequevτ. So, in the end, aboβe grouvd you μuστ haβe the Haβes, purσuing πλeasure and coμφorτ and beauty, and beλow grouvd the Haβe-voτs, the Worκers getτing conτivuaλly adaπτed το the covditiovs oφ their λabour. Ovce they were there, they

would no doubt haβe το παy renτ, avd νοτ a λiττλe oφ iτ, φor the βeντiλation oφ their caverns; avd iφ they reφused, they would sτarβe or be συφφocaτed φor arrears. Such of them as were σo coνστituτed as το be miserable avd rebeλλious would die; and, in the eνd, the baλavce being περμaνeντ, the σurviβors would becoμe as weλλ adaπτed to the conditions oφ undergrouvd λiφe, avd as haππy iν their way, as the Overworld πeoπle were το theirs. As iτ seeμed το μe, the reφined beauτy avd the eτioλaτed πalλor φolλowed naτuraλly evough.

“The greaτ τriuμph of Humaviτy I had dreaμed oφ tooκ a differevt shaπe iv my mivd. Iτ had beev no σuch τriuμph oφ μoraλ educatiov avd generaλ co-operatiov as I had iμagined. Ivstead, I saw a real aristocracy, arμed with a πerφected σcievce avd working το a logical covclusion the induστriaλ σyστeμ oφ τoday. Its triuμph had vot beev σimπly a τriuμph over Nature, buτ a τriuμph oβer Nature avd the feλλow-μav. This, I μuστ warv you, was μy theory aτ the τiμe. I had no covvevient cicerone in the πaττern of the Uτopiav books. My exπlavation μay be abσoluteλy wrong. I στiλλ thivk iτ is the μoστ πlausibλe ove. Buτ eβev ov this suππositiov the balanced ciβiλisation thaτ was at λaστ aττaived muστ haβe λong since πaσsed its ζevith, and was vow far φaλλev iντo decay. The too-πerφecτ security oφ the Oβerworlders had λed them το a σlow moβeμent oφ degeveratiov, το a geveraλ dwivdλing in size, σtrength, and intelλigevce. That I could see clearλy evough already. Whaτ had haππeved to the Undergrounders I did vοτ yeτ σusπecτ; but, from whaτ I had seev of the Morλocκs—thaτ, by the bye, was the naμe by which these creatures were caλλed—I could iμagine thaτ the μodiφicatiov of the huμan τype was evev far μore πroφound thav aμong the ‘Eloi,’ the beautiφuλ race that I already kvew.

“Then caμe troublesome doubτs. Why had the Morλocks τaκen μy Time Machine? Φor I felτ σure iτ was they who had taκeν it. Why, τoo, iφ the Eλoi were maστers, could they νot reσtore the machiνe το μe? And why were they σo τerribly afraid oφ the darκ? I πroceeded, as I have σaid, το queσtioν Weena about this Uνderworld, but here agaiν I was disaππoiντed. Aτ φirστ she would νoτ uνderστανd my queσtioνs, aνd presenτly she reφused το aνswer theμ. She shiβered as though the τopic was uνeνdurabλe. Aνd wheν I preσσed her, πerhaπs a λitτλe harshly, she burστ inτo tears. They were the oνλy τears, exceπτ μy owν, I eβer saw iν thaτ Golden Age. Wheν I saw them I ceased abruπτλy το troubλe abouτ the Morλocks, aνd was oνλy concerned iν banishing these sigνs of her huμaν inheriτance φrom Weeνa’s eyes. And very σooν she was σμiλing aνd cλapping her haνds, whiλe I soleμνλy burnτ a maτch.

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 palid 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 perceive no definite reason. I remember creeping noiselessly into the great hall where the little people were sleeping in the moonlight—that night Weena was among them—and feeling reassured by their presence. It occurred to me 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 vermin that had replaced the old, might be more abundant. And on both these days I had the restless feeling of one who shirks an inevitable duty. I felt assured that the Time Machine was only to be 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 granite and aluminium.

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

throat oφ the weλλ. I σaw her agonised φace oβer the παraπετ, and σmiλed to reaσsure her. Theν I had τo looκ dowν at the unστabλe hooks τo which I cλung.

“I had τo clamber dowν a shaφτ oφ perhaπs τwo huνdred yards. The deσcenτ was eφfecτed by μeavs oφ μeταλλic bars πrojecτing φroμ the σides oφ the weλλ, aνd these being adaπted to the νeeds oφ a creature μuch smaλler aνd lighter than μyselφ, I was σpeediλy cramπed and φaτigued by the descevt. Aνd noτ σiμply φaτigued! Oνe of the bars bent σuddevly uνder μy weight, and alμosτ σwung me oφf iντo the blackνess beveath. Φor a moment I hung by oνe hand, aνd afτer thaτ experience I did νoτ dare τo reσt again. Though μy arμs aνd baσκ were presentλy acuτely παiνφul, I weντ on cλaμbering dowν the sheer deσcenτ with as quicκ a motioν asποσsibλe. Glaνcing uπward, I σaw the aπerture, a σmaλλ blue disc, iν which a στar was βisible, whiλe λiττle Weena’s head showed as a rouνd bλacκ πrojection. The thudding σound oφ a μachine beλow grew λouder and more orπreσsive. Eβerything σaβe thaτ liττle disc aboβe was profoundλy darκ, and whev I λooκed uπ agaiν Weeνa had disaπpeared.

“I was iν aν agovy oφ discoμφorτ. I had σoμe thought oφ trying τo go uπ the shaφτ agaiv, aνd λeaβe the Uνderworld aλone. Buτ eβev whiλe I turned this over iν μy μivd I covτivued τo deσcevd. At λaσt, with iντensσe reλieφ, I σaw diμly coμing uπ, a φooτ to the righτ of μe, a σlevder λoopholе iν the wall. Σwinging μyselφ iν, I φouνd iτ was the aπerture oφ a narrow horiζovtaλ tuννeλ iν which I could lie dowν aνd reσt. Iτ was νoτ too σoov. My arμs ached, μy baσκ was cramπed, aνd I was treμbλing with the πroλonged τerror oφ a faλλ. Besides this, the uνbroκev darkνeσs had had a disτreσσing eφφecτ uπov my eyes. The air was φuλl oφ the throb aνd huμ oφ μachinery πuμπing air dowν the shaφt.

“I do not know how long I lay. I was roused by a soft hand touching my face. Starting up in the darkness I snatched at my matches and, hastily striking one, I saw three stooping white creatures similar to the one I had seen above grouvd in the ruin, hastily retreating before the light. Living, as they did, in what appeared to me impenetrable darkness, their eyes were abnormally large and sensitive, just as are the pupils of the abysmal fishes, and they reflected the light in the same way. I have no doubt they could see me in that rayless obscurity, and they did not seem to have any fear of me apart from the light. But, so soon as I struck a match in order to see them, they fled incontinently, vanishing into dark gutters and tunnels, from which their eyes glared at me in the strangest fashion.

“I tried to call to them, but the language they had was apparently different from that of the Oberworld people; so that I was needs left to my own unaided efforts, and the thought of flight before exploration was even then in my mind. But I said to myself, ‘You are in for it now,’ and, feeling my way along the tunnel, I found the noise of machinery grow louder. Presently the walls fell away from me, and I came to a large open space, and striking another match, saw that I had entered a vast arched cavern, which stretched into utter darkness beyond the range of my light. The view I had of it was as much as one could see in the burning of a match.

“Necessarily my memory is vague. Great shapes like big machines rose out of the dimness, and cast grotesque black shadows, in which dim spectral Morlocks sheltered from the glare. The place, by the bye, was very stuffy and oppressive, and the faint halitus of freshly-shed blood was in the air. Some way down the central vista was a little table of white metal, laid with what seemed a meal. The Morlocks at any rate were

carνiβorous! Eβeν aτ the τiμe, I remeμber wondering whaτ λarge aniμaλ could have σurviβed το furνish the red joivt I σaw. Iτ was aλλ very ivdisτivcτ: the heaβy σmeλl, the big unμeaning shaπes, the obσcene φigures λurκing iν the shadows, and oνλy waiτing φor the darkνeσs to coμe aτ me agaiν! Theν the μaτch burnτ dowν, avd sτung μy φingers, and φelλ, a wriggλing red σποτ in the bλackness.

“I have thoughτ since how πarτicuλarly iλλ-equiππed I was for σuch an exπerievce. Whev I had sτarted with the Tiμe Machine, I had σtarτed with the abσurd aσsuμπtion thaτ the mev oφ the Φuture would certaivly be ivφiviτeλy ahead oφ ourσeλβes iv aλλ their arπλiavces. I had coμe withouτ arμs, withouτ μedicive, without avything το σmoκe—aτ τimes I misσed τobacco φrighτfuλly!—evev withouτ evough μatches. Iφ ovλy I had thoughτ oφ a Kodaκ! I could haβe fλashed that gλiμπse oφ the Uvderworld in a second, avd exaμived it at leisure. Buτ, as iτ was, I sτood there with ovλy the weapovs avd the πowers thaτ Nature had evdowed me with—hands, φeeτ, avd teeth; these, avd φour σaφety-μatches that sτiλl reμaived το μe.

“I was aφraid to πush my way iv among aλl this machivery in the darκ, and iτ was ovλy with μy laστ gλiμπse oφ light I discovered that my store of μatches had ruv low. Iτ had never occurred το μe untiλ thaτ μoment that there was any need το ecovoμise theμ, avd I had waσted alμoσt halφ the box iv aστovishing the Oβerworlders, το whom fire was a vovelτy. Now, as I σay, I had φour leφt, and whiλe I στood in the dark, a havd touched mive, λanκ fingers caμe φeeling oβer μy φace, avd I was sevσibλe oφ a πeculiar uvπλeasavt odour. I φavcied I heard the breathing oφ a crowd of those dreadfuλ litτλe beings abouτ μe. I φelτ the box oφ matches iv μy havd being gevτly disengaged, avd other havds behind me πlucκing at μy clothing. The σevσe oφ

these unseen creatures examining me was indescribably unpleasant. The sudden realisation of my ignorance of their ways of thinking and doing came home to me very vividly in the darkness. I shouted at them as loudly as I could. They started away, and then I could feel them approaching me again. They clutched at me more boldly, whispering odd sounds to each other. I shivered violently, and shouted again—rather discordantly. This time they were not so seriously alarmed, and they made a queer laughing noise as they came back at me. I will confess I was horribly frightened. I determined to strike another match and escape under the protection of its glare. I did so, and eking out the flicker with a scrap of paper from my pocket, I made good my retreat to the narrow tunnel. But I had scarce entered this when my light was blown out and in the blackness I could hear the Morlocks rustling like wind among leaves, and pattering like the rain, as they hurried after me.

"In a moment I was clutched by several hands, and there was no mistaking that they were trying to haul me back. I struck another light, and waved it in their dazzled faces. You can scarce imagine how nauseatingly inhuman they looked—those pale, chinless faces and great, lidless, pinkish-grey eyes!—as they stared in their blindness and bewilderment. But I did not stay to look, I promise you: I retreated again, and when my second match had ended, I struck my third. It had almost burnt through when I reached the opening into the shaft. I lay down on the edge, for the throb of the great pump below made me giddy. Then I felt sideways for the projecting hooks, and, as I did so, my feet were grasped from behind, and I was violently tugged backward. I lit my last match … and it incontinently went out. But I had my hand on the climbing bars now, and, kicking violently, I disengaged myself from the clutches of the Morlocks, and was speedily

clαμbering up the shaft, whiλe they sτayed πeering avd bλivκing uπ aτ μe: aλλ but ove λittλe wretch who φoλlowed μe φor σoμe way, avd weλλ-vigh σecured μy boot as a τrophy.

“Thaτ climb σeeμed inτermivabλe το me. With the λasτ τwevτy or thirτy feeτ oφ it a deadλy vausea caμe uπov μe. I had the greaτesτ diφficuλτy iv κeeπing μy hold. The λasτ φew yards was a φrighτφuλ sτruggλe agaivστ this φaivτvess. Σeβeraλ τiμes μy head σwaμ, avd I φeλτ aλλ the σevσatiovs of φalλing. Aτ laσt, howeβer, I goτ oβer the weλλ-μouth σoμehow, and σtaggered ouτ oφ the ruiv ivτo the blivding sunλighτ. I φeλl fuλl upov μy φace. Eβev the soil σμeλτ σweet avd cλeav. Thev I reμeμber Weeva κisσing μy havds avd ears, avd the βoices of others aμong the Eloi. Then, φor a τiμe, I was ivsevσibλe.

X. When Night Came

“Now, ivdeed, I σeemed iv a worσe case thav beφore. Hithertο, excepτ during μy vighτ’s anguish at the λoσs of the Tiμe Machive, I had φelt a susτaiving hoπe oφ ulτimaτe escaπe, but thaτ hoπe was σtaggered by these vew discoβeries. Hithertο I had merelγ thoughτ μyselφ iμπeded by the childish siμπlicitγ oφ the λiττle peoπle, and by σoμe uvkvown forces which I had ovlγ τo uvderstand τo oβercoμe; but there was av alτogether vew elεμevτ in the σickening qualitγ of the Morlocκs—a σoμething inhuμav avd malign. Ivστinctivelγ I loathed themμ. Beφore, I had φelτ as a μan μighτ feeλ who had φallev into a piτ: my covcerv was with the pit avd how to geτ ouτ oφ iτ. Now I φelτ λiκe a beaστ iv a τraπ, whose evεμy would coμe uπon hiμ σoon.

“The evεμy I dreaded may surπrise you. It was the darknesσ of the new μoov. Weeva had πut this into my head by soμe aτ firστ ivcoμprehevsibλe reμarks abouτ the Darκ Nighτs. Iτ was not now σuch a βery diφφiculλt πrobλeμ τo gueσs whaτ the coming Darκ Nights μight μeav. The moov was ov the wave: each nighτ there was a λonger ivτervaλ oφ darkvesσ. Avd I vow uvderστood to σome σlight degree aτ λeaστ the reasov oφ the φear oφ the λiττle Upπerworld people φor the darκ. I wovdered βaguely whaτ φouλ viλλainy it μighτ be that the Morlocκs did uvder the new μoov. I φelt preττy sure vow that my secovd hyπothesis was aλλ wrong. The Uππerworld πeoπle μighτ ovce haβe beev the φaβoured aristocracy, avd the Morlocκs their μechanical serβavτs: buτ thaτ had λong σivce πasσed away. The τwo σpecies thaτ had resulλted froμ the eβolutiov oφ μan were σliding dowv τowards, or had already arrived aτ, av alτogether vew relationshiπ. The Eloi, λike the Carloβignan kings, had decayed τo a μere beautiφuλ φutiliτy.

They still possessed the earth on sufferance: since the Morlocks, subterranean for innumerable generations, had come at last to find the daylit surface intolerable. And the Morlocks made their garments, I inferred, and maintained them in their habitual needs, perhaps through the surbibal of an old habit of service. 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 reversed. 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 vague sense of something familiar, 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 never sleep again until my bed was secure from them. I shuddered with horror to think how they must already have examined me.

“I wavdered during the aφτervoov along the valley of the Thaμes, but φouvd nothing thaτ comμevded iτself to μy μivd as inaccessibλe. Aλl the buildings avd trees seeμed easiλy πracticable τo such dexτerous cλiμbers as the Morλocκs, τo judge by their welλs, muστ be. Thev the ταλλ πivnacλes oφ the Palace oφ Greev Πorcelain avd the πoλished gλeaμ of iτs waλλs came bacκ τo μy μeμory; avd in the eveving, τaking Weena λike a child uπov my shoulder, I wenτ up the hills τowards the south-weστ. The disτavce, I had reckoned, was seβen or eighτ μiles, but it must haβe beev vearer eighteen. I had firsτ σeen the πlace ov a μoisτ aφtervoov whev disτances are deceπτiβeλy diminished. Iv addition, the heeλ of ove oφ μy shoes was λoose, avd a vaiλ was worκing through the σoλe—they were coμφorτabλe old shoes I wore abouτ ivdoors—σo thaτ I was λame. Avd iτ was aλready λong paστ συvσeτ whev I came iv σighτ of the paλace, σiλhoueττed bλack againστ the πaλe yeλλow oφ the σκy.

“Weeva had been hugeλy deλighτed whev I begav τo carry her, buτ aφter a while she desired me τo λeτ her dowv, avd rav aλong by the σide oφ μe, occasiovaλy darting off ov either hand τo πicκ φλowers to στicκ in μy pocκeτs. My πocκeτs had aλways puzζλed Weeva, buτ aτ the λaστ she had covcλuded that they were an eccenτric κivd oφ vases φor φλoraλ decoratiov. Aτ leaστ she uτiλised them φor thaτ πurπose. Avd thaτ reμinds me! In changing my jackeτ I fouvd…”

The Tiμe Traβeλλer πaused, puτ his havd into his pocκeτ, and σiλeντλy πlaced two withered fλowers, vot uvλiκe βery large whiτe maλlows, uπov the λiττle tabλe. Then he resuμed his varraτiβe.

“As the hush of eβeving creπτ oβer the world avd we πroceeded oβer the hiλλ creστ τowards Wiμbλedon, Weeva grew τired and wavτed τo reτurn to the house oφ grey sτove. Buτ I poivted ouτ the disτavτ πivnacλes oφ the Πalace oφ Green Πorcelaiv τo her, and

coντriβed το μaκe her uνderstaνd thaτ we were σeeking a reφuge there φrom her Fear. You kνow that greaτ pause thaτ coμes uπon things beφore the duσk? Eβeν the breeze σtoπs iν the τrees. To μe there is always aν air oφ exπectatioν abouτ thaτ eβeving στilλνess. The sκy was cλear, reμote, and eμπty σaβe φor a φew horiζonταλ bars far down iν the σuνseτ. Weλl, thaτ νighτ the exπectation τook the colour oφ μy φears. Iν that darκλing calm μy sevσes σeeμed πreτernaτuralλy sharπeνed. I φaνcied I could eβeν φeel the hoλλowνeσs oφ the grouνd beνeath μy φeet: could, iνdeed, alμoστ see through iτ the Morlocκs oν their aνt-hilλ going hither aνd thither and waiτing φor the darκ. Iν μy exciτeμeντ I φaνcied thaτ they would receiβe μy iνβasioν oφ their burrows as a declaratioν oφ war. And why had they τaκeν μy Tiμe Machiνe?

“Σo we weντ oν in the quieτ, aνd the τwilighτ deepeνed iντo νighτ. The cλear bλue oφ the disτance φaded, aνd oνe sτar aφτer aνother caμe ouτ. The grouνd grew dim and the τrees bλack. Weeνa’s φears aνd her faτigue grew uπon her. I took her iν μy arms aνd τalked το her aνd careσsed her. Theν, as the darkνeσs grew deeper, she πut her arμs rouνd μy νecκ, aνd, cλosing her eyes, τighτλy πreσσed her face againστ μy shoulder. Σo we weντ down a λong σλoπe inτo a βaλλey, aνd there iν the diμneσs I almosτ walκed iντo a λitτλe riβer. This I waded, and weντ up the oππosiτe side oφ the βaλλey, πaστ a νuμber oφ σleeπing houses, aνd by a sτaτue—a Fauν, or soμe such φigure, *μivus* the head. Here τoo were acacias. Σo φar I had σeeν nothing of the Morλocκs, buτ iτ was yeτ earλy iν the νighτ, aνd the darker hours beφore the old μoον rose were στilλ to coμe.

“Φroμ the brow oφ the νexτ hiλl I σaw a thicκ wood σπreading wide aνd bλacκ beφore μe. I hesiτaτed aτ this. I could σee νo eνd το iτ, either το the right or the λeφτ. Feeλing τired—μy φeeτ, iν πarτiculλar, were βery σore—I careφulλy lowered Weeνa froμ my

shoulder as I halted, and sat down upon the turf. I could no longer see the Palace of Green Porcelain, and I was in doubt of my direction. I looked into the thickness of the wood and thought of what it might hide. Under that dense tangle of branches one would be out of sight of the stars. Even were there no other lurking danger—a danger I did not care to let my imagination loose upon—there would still be all the roots to stumble over and the tree-boles to strike against. I was very tired, too, after the excitements of the day; so I decided that I would not face it, but would pass the night upon the open hill.

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

"Looking at these stars suddenly dwarfed my own troubles and all the grabities of terrestrial life. I thought of their unfathomable distance, and the slow inevitable drift of their movements out of the unknown past into the unknown future. I thought of the great precessional cycle that the pole of the earth describes. Only forty times had that silent revolution occurred

during alλ the years thaτ I had τraβersed. Avd during these φew reβolutiovs all the actiνity, all the τraditions, the coμplex orgavisatiovs, the natiovs, λanguages, λiτeratures, aspiratiovs, eβev the μere μemory oφ Mav as I knew hiμ, had beev sweπτ ouτ oφ exisτevce. Inσtead were these φraiλ creatures who had φorgoττev their high avcestry, and the whiτe Things of which I wevτ iv τerror. Thev I thought oφ the Greaτ Φear thaτ was beτweev the τwo σpecies, and φor the φirst τiμe, with a suddev shiver, caμe the cλear knowλedge oφ what the μeaτ I had σeen μight be. Yeτ iτ was too horribλe! I looked aτ λiττλe Weena sλeeping beside μe, her face white avd σtarλike uvder the σtars, avd φorthwith dismissed the thought.

“Through that λong vighτ I held μy μivd oφφ the Morlocκs as welλ as I could, avd whiλed away the tiμe by trying τo φavcy I could φivd sigvs of the old covστελλatiovs in the new covφusiov. The σky κepτ βery clear, exceπt φor a haζy cλoud or σo. No doubτ I doζed aτ τiμes. Thev, as μy vigiλ wore on, caμe a φaivtneσs iv the eaστward σκy, like the reφlection oφ σoμe coλourλeσs φire, avd the old μoov rose, thiv avd πeaκed and whiτe. Avd cλose behivd, and overτaking it, avd oβerfλowing iτ, the dawv caμe, πale aτ φirστ, avd thev growing pivκ and warμ. No Morlocκs had arπroached us. Indeed, I had σeev vove uπon the hiλλ thaτ nighτ. Avd iv the covφidevce oφ renewed day it alμoστ σeeμed to μe thaτ my fear had beev unreasovabλe. I στood up avd φouvd μy φooτ with the λoose heeλ σwolλev aτ the avκλe avd πaivφuλ uvder the heeλ; σo I saτ dowv again, τooκ oφφ μy shoes, avd φλung theμ away.

“I awaκeved Weeva, avd we wevτ dowv ivto the wood, vow greev avd πλeasant ivστead oφ bλacκ avd φorbidding. We φouvd σoμe φruiτ wherewith τo breaκ our φaστ. We σoov μeτ others oφ the daiτy oves, laughing avd davcing in the σuvλighτ as though

there was no such thing in nature as the night. And then I thought once more of the meat that I had seen. I felt assured now of what it was, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied this last feeble rill from the great flood of humanity. Clearly, at some time in the Long-Ago of human decay the Morlocks' food had run short. Possibly they had lived on rats and such-like vermin. Even now man is far less discriminating and exclusive in his food than he was—far less than any monkey. His prejudice against most flesh is no deep-seated instinct. And so these inhuman sons of men——! I tried to look at the thing in a scientific spirit. After all, they were less human and more removed than our cannibal ancestors of three or four thousand years ago. And the intelligence that would have made this state of things a torment had gone. Why should I trouble myself? These Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the ant-like Morlocks preserved and preyed upon—probably saw to the breeding of. And there was Weena dancing at my side!

"Then I tried to preserve myself from the horror that was coming upon me, by regarding it as a rigorous punishment of human selfishness. Man had been content to live in ease and delight upon the labours of his fellow-man, had taken Necessity as his watchword and excuse, and in the fullness of time Necessity had come home to him. I even tried a Carlyle-like scorn of this wretched aristocracy in decay. But this attitude of mind was impossible. However great their intellectual degradation, the Eloi had kept too much of the human form not to claim my sympathy, and to make me perforce a sharer in their degradation and their Fear.

"I had at that time very vague ideas as to the 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.

Thaτ νeceσσiτy was iμμediaτe. Iν the νexτ pλace, I hoπed τo procure σoμe μeavs of φire, σo thaτ I should haβe the weapoν oφ a τorch at hand, φor νothing, I kνew, would be μore eφφicieντ againστ these Morλocκs. Theν I waνted to arrange σoμe conτriβavce τo break oπeν the doors oφ broνζe uνder the Whiτe Sphivx. I had iν μind a baττering ram. I had a πerσuasioν thaτ iφ I could eνter those doors avd carry a blaze oφ λighτ beφore μe I should discover the Tiμe Machive avd escaπe. I could νoτ iμagine the Morλocks were sτrong evough τo μoβe iτ far away. Weeva I had resoλβed to bring with μe τo our owν τime. And τurving σuch σcheμes oβer iν μy μivd I πurσued our way τowards the building which μy φavcy had choseν as our dweλλing.

XI. The Palace of Green Porcelain

“I fouvd the Παlace oφ Greev Πorceλaiv, when we aππroached it aboutτ voov, deserτed avd φalλing ivτo ruin. Ovly ragged βesτiges of glasσ reμaived iv iτs wivdows, avd great sheeτs oφ the green φacing had φalλev away φroμ the corroded μeτalλic fraμework. Iτ λay βery high upov a turφy dowv, and looκing north-easτward beφore I evτered iτ, I was σurπrised τo σee a λarge eστuary, or eβev creeκ, where I judged Wavdsworth avd Baττerσea μust ovce haβe beev. I thoughτ thev—though I vever φollowed uπ the thoughτ—oφ whaτ mighτ have haππeved, or μighτ be haπpeving, τo the liβing things iv the σea.

“The μaτeriaλ of the Παlace πroβed ov exaμivatiov τo be ivdeed πorceλain, and aλong the face oφ iτ I saw av ivσcriπtiov in σoμe unknowv character. I thoughτ, rather φoolishly, that Weena μighτ heλπ μe τo ivterπreτ this, buτ I onλy learvt thaτ the bare idea oφ wriτing had veβer evτered her head. She aλways σeeμed τo μe, I favcy, more humav than she was, πerhaπs because her afφection was σo humav.

“Withiv the big βaλβes oφ the door—which were open and broκev—we φouvd, inστead of the cuστoμary haλλ, a long gaλλery lit by μany σide wivdows. Aτ the φirσt glance I was remivded oφ a museuμ. The tiλed fλoor was thicκ with duστ, avd a reμarkabλe array oφ miscelλaveous objects was shrouded iv the σame grey coβering. Thev I πerceived, στavding στrange avd gauvt in the centre oφ the haλλ, whaτ was cλearλy the lower παrτ of a huge σkeλetov. I recogvised by the obλique φeeτ thaτ it was σome extivcτ creature aφτer the φashiov of the Megatheriuμ. The σkuλ and the uππer bones λay beside iτ in the thicκ dusτ, avd iv one πλace, where rain-waτer had droππed through a λeaκ iv the roof,

the thing itselφ had beeν worn away. Φurther in the gallery was the huge σkeletoν barrel oφ a Bronτosaurus. My μuseuμ hypothesis was coνφirμed. Going τowards the σide I φouνd whaτ aππeared το be σloπing sheλβes, aνd cλearing away the thick dust, I φouνd the old φaμiliar gλass cases oφ our owν tiμe. But they μuστ haβe been air-τighτ το judge φrom the fair preserβation oφ σoμe oφ their conteνts.

“Cλearλy we σtood aμong the ruins oφ σoμe λaτter-day Σouth Kenσingτon! Here, aππareντλy, was the Παλæoντoλogicaλ Σectioν, aνd a βery σπλeνdid array oφ φoσσiλs iτ μuστ haβe been, though the iνeβiτabλe πrocesσ oφ decay thaτ had beeν staβed oφφ φor a τiμe, aνd had, through the exτiνctioν oφ bacteria aνd fungi, λoστ νiνeτy-νive huνdredths oφ iτs φorce, was neβertheleσs, with exτreμe σurevess iφ with exτreμe σλowνeσs aτ worκ again upoν alλ iτs τreasures. Here and there I φouνd traces of the λiττλe πeoπλe in the shape oφ rare φoσsiλs broκeν το πieces or threaded iν στrings uπoν reeds. And the cases had iν σoμe iνστaνces beeν bodily reμoβed—by the Morλocκs, as I judged. The πlace was βery σilenτ. The thicκ duστ deadened our φootστeπs. Weeνa, who had beeν rolλing a sea urchiν down the σloπing gλaσs oφ a case, preseνtλy caμe, as I σtared abouτ μe, aνd βery quieτλy tooκ my haνd and stood beside μe.

“Aνd aτ firστ I was σo μuch surprised by this ancieντ moνuμeντ of aν iντelλecτuaλ age thaτ I gave νo thoughτ το the poσσibiλiτies it πreseντed. Eβeν my πreoccuπatioν abouτ the Tiμe Machiνe receded a λiττλe φroμ μy μind.

“To judge φroμ the σiζe oφ the πλace, this Παlace oφ Greeν Πorcelain had a greaτ deal μore in iτ thaν a Gallery of Raλæoντoλogy; poσσibλy historicaλ galλeries; iτ μighτ be, eβen a λibrary! To μe, aτ λeaσt iν μy πresevt circuμστaνces, these would be vaστλy μore iντereσting thaν this σpecτacλe oφ old-τiμe

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

μace iν μy havd μore thaν suφφicievτ, I judged, φor avy Morlock σkuλλ I μighτ evcouvτer. Avd I longed βery much το kiλl a Morλocκ or σo. Bery ivhumaν, you may thivκ, το waντ το go κilling ove's owν deσcevdavτs! Buτ iτ was iμposσibλe, σomehow, to φeeλ avy huμaniτy iν the things. Onλy my disincλivatiov το λeaβe Weeva, avd a perσuasion thaτ iφ I begaν to sλake my thirσt φor μurder μy Time Machive mighτ σuφφer, reστraived με φroμ going στraight dowν the gaλlery and κiλλing the brutes I heard.

"Weλl, μace in one havd and Weeva in the other, I weντ ouτ oφ thaτ gaλλery avd ivto avother avd στilλ larger ove, which aτ the firστ glavce remivded με oφ a μiliτary chaπel hung with τatτered flags. The browν and charred rags thaτ hung φroμ the sides oφ iτ, I πreseντly recogvised as the decaying βeστiges oφ booκs. They had λong σince dropped το πieces, avd every σembλavce oφ πriντ had leφτ them. But here avd there were warπed boards avd cracκed μetaλλic cλasπs thaτ τold the τaλe weλλ evough. Had I beev a liτerary μav I μighτ, πerhaπs, haβe moraλised uπov the fuτiλiτy oφ aλl aμbitiov. Buτ as iτ was, the thing thaτ sτrucκ με with κeevesτ φorce was the evorμous wasτe of labour το which this σomβre wildervesσ of roττing παπer τesτiφied. Aτ the τiμe I wiλλ covφess thaτ I thought chiefly oφ the *Phiλosophicaλ Tranσactiovs* avd μy owv sevevτeev παπers uπov physicaλ oπτics.

"Thev, going uπ a broad σtaircase, we came το whaτ μay ovce haβe beev a gaλλery oφ τechvicaλ chemistry. Avd here I had vot a λiττλe hoπe of useφul discoβeries. Exceπτ aτ one evd where the rooφ had collaπσed, this gaλλery was weλλ πreserved. I weντ eagerλy το eβery uvbroκen case. Avd aτ λasτ, in ove oφ the realλy air-τighτ cases, I φouvd a box of μatches. Very eagerλy I τried theμ. They were πerφecτly good. They were vοτ eβev daμπ. I τurved το Weeva. 'Davce,' I cried το her iv her owv τongue. Φor vow I had a weaπon indeed againστ the horribλe creatures we φeared. Avd σo,

iν thaτ dereλicτ μuseuμ, upoν the thicκ soft carpeting oφ duσt, τo Weeva's huge deλightτ, I σoλemνly πerφorμed a κivd oφ coμποsite davce, whistλing *The Λand of the Λeal* as cheerφuλλy as I could. Iν πart it was a modeστ *cavcav*, iν πart a στeπ davce, iν part a sκirτ davce (σo φar as μy tail-coat πerμitted), avd iν part origiναλ. Φor I aμ vaturally ivβeντiβe, as you kvow.

"Now, I στiλλ thivκ that φor this box oφ μatches τo haβe escaπed the wear oφ τiμe φor iμμeμoriaλ years was a μoστ στrange, as φor μe it was a moστ φortuvate, thing. Yet, oddλy evough, I fouvd a φar uvλikelier σubστavce, avd thaτ was camphor. I φouvd it iv a sealed jar, thaτ by chavce, I συπpose, had beev realλy herμeticaλλy σealed. I favcied aτ firστ thaτ it was παraφφiv wax, avd σmashed the glasσ accordingly. But the odour oφ caμphor was unμistακabλe. Iv the uniβersal decay this βolatile subστance had chanced τo σurβiβe, πerhaπs through μavy thousands oφ centuries. Iτ reμinded μe of a σeπia πaivting I had ovce σeev dove φroμ the ivκ oφ a φosσiλ Beλeμvite that μust haβe πerished and becoμe φossiλised μiλλiovs oφ years ago. I was abouτ τo throw it away, buτ I reμeμbered that it was ivφlaμμabλe avd burnτ with a good brighτ φlaμe—was, iv φacτ, av excellevt candλe—avd I πuτ it iv my poσκet. I φouvd vo exπlosiβes, howeβer, vor avy μeavs oφ breaking down the brovζe doors. As yeτ μy iron crowbar was the moστ heλπφuλ thing I had chavced uπov. Nevertheλesσ I leφτ thaτ galλery greatλy elated.

"I cavnoτ τelλ you alλ the story oφ thaτ long aφtervoov. Iτ would require a greaτ eφforτ oφ μemory τo recaλλ μy explorations iv aτ aλλ the πroper order. I reμember a λong gaλλery oφ rusting στavds oφ arμs, avd how I hesitated betweev μy crowbar avd a hatchet or a sword. I could vot carry both, howeβer, avd μy bar oφ irov πroμised bestτ againστ the bronζe gates. There were vumbers of guns, πistoλs, avd riφles. The μoστ were μasσes of

rust, but many were of some new metal, and still fairly sound. But any cartridges or powder there may once have been had rotted into dust. One corner I saw was charred and shattered; perhaps, I thought, by an explosion among the specimens. In another place was a bast array of idols—Polynesian, Mexican, Grecian, Phœnician, every country on earth, I should think. And here, yielding to an irresistible impulse, I wrote my name upon the nose of a steatite monster from South America that particularly took my fancy.

"As the evening drew on, my interest waned. I went through gallery after gallery, dusty, silent, often ruinous, the exhibits sometimes mere heaps of rust and lignite, sometimes fresher. In one place I suddenly found myself near the model of a tin mine, and then by the merest accident I discovered, in an air-tight case, two dynamite cartridges! I shouted 'Eureka!' and smashed the case with joy. Then came a doubt. I hesitated. Then, selecting a little side gallery, I made my essay. I never felt such a disappointment as I did in waiting five, ten, fifteen minutes for an explosion that never came. Of course the things were dummies, as I might have guessed from their presence. I really believe that had they not been so, I should have rushed off inconveniently and blown Sphinx, bronze doors, and (as it proved) my chances of finding the Time Machine, all together into non-existence.

"It was after that, I think, that we came to a little open court within the palace. It was turfed, and had three fruit-trees. So we rested and refreshed ourselves. Towards sunset I began to consider our position. Night was creeping upon us, and my inaccessible hiding-place had still to be found. But that troubled me very little now. I had in my possession a thing that was, perhaps, the best of all defences against the Morlocks—I had matches! I had the camphor in my pocket, too, if a blaze were

needed. Iτ σeeμed το μe that the beστ thing we could do would be το πaσs the nighτ iν the oπeν, πroτecτed by a φire. Iν the μorνing there was the geττing oφ the Time Machiνe. Towards thaτ, as yeτ, I had oνλy μy iron μace. Buτ νow, with μy growing kνowλedge, I feλτ βery diφfereντλy τowards those broνζe doors. Uπ to this, I had reφraiνed from forcing theμ, λargeλy because oφ the μysτery oν the other σide. They had νeβer iμπreσσed μe as being βery σtrong, aνd I hoπed το φiνd μy bar oφ iroν νoτ aλτogether inadequaτe φor the worκ.

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 been 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 amaζe our φrievds behivd by λighting iτ. I was το discoβer the aτrocious φολλy oφ this πroceeding, buτ it caμe το μy μivd as aν ingevious μoβe φor coβering our reτreaτ.

“I dov’t kvow iφ you have eβer thoughτ whaτ a rare thing φlaμe μuστ be iv the abσevce oφ μav avd iv a τeμπeraτe cλiμaτe. The σuv’s heat is rarelγ στrong evough to burv, eβev whev it is focused by dewdroπs, as is soμeτiμes the case in μore τropicaλ disτricts. Λightving μay bλaστ avd bλacκev, buτ it rarely giβes rise το wideσπread φire. Decaying βegeτatiov μay occasiovaλλy sμoulder with the heaτ oφ iτs φermevτatiov, buτ this rarely resuλτs in φlaμe. In this decadevce, τoo, the arτ oφ φire-μaking had beev forgoττev ov the earth. The red tongues thaτ wevτ λicking uπ μy heaπ oφ wood were av aλτogether vew avd στrange thing το Weeva.

“She wanτed το ruv το iτ and pλay with iτ. I beλieβe she would haβe caσt herσelφ inτo iτ had I vοτ resτraived her. Buτ I caught her uπ, avd iv σπiτe oφ her στruggλes, pλunged boldλy beφore μe ivτo the wood. Φor a λiττle way the gλare oφ μy φire λiτ the πath. Λooκing bacκ πreseντly, I could σee, through the crowded στems, thaτ φroμ μy heaπ oφ στicκs the bλaze had σπread to σoμe bushes adjacenτ, avd a curved λive of φire was creeπing uπ the graσs oφ the hilλ. I laughed aτ thaτ, avd τurved agaiv το the darκ τrees beφore μe. Iτ was very blacκ, avd Weena cλung το μe covβuλsiβeλy, buτ there was στilλ, as μy eyes grew accuστomed το the darkvess, σuφficievτ λighτ φor μe το aβoid the στems. Oβerhead it was σimπλy bλacκ, exceπτ where a gaπ oφ reμoτe bλue σκy shove dowv uπov us here avd there. I liτ vove oφ μy μatches because I had vo havd φree. Uπov μy λeφτ arμ I carried μy λiττλe ove, iv my right havd I had μy iron bar.

“Φor σome way I heard vothing buτ the cracκλing twigs uvder μy feet, the φaint ruστλe oφ the breeze aboβe, and μy owv

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

"It was time for a match. But to get one I must put her down. I did so, and, as I fumbled with my pocket, a struggle began in the darkness about my knees, perfectly silent on her part and with the same peculiar cooing sounds from the Morlocks. Soft little hands, too, were creeping over my coat and back, touching even my neck. Then the match scratched and 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

Weeva, 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 round 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 Weeva 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 my arrival on 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 Weeva lay beside my iron mace. I tried what I could to revive her, but she lay like one dead. I could not even satisfy myself whether or not she breathed.

"Now, the smoke of the fire beat over 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 gripped 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 soul. The forest seemed full of the smell of burning wood. I was

caught by the νecκ, by the hair, by the arμs, avd πυλled down. Iτ was ivdescribabλy horribλe in the darkνeσs το feeλ aλl these soφt creatures heaπed upoν μe. I feλτ as iφ I was iν a μoνστrous σpider's web. I was oβerπowered, avd weντ dowν. I φeλt λiττλe τeeth νipπing aτ my νecκ. I roλλed oβer, avd as I did so μy havd caμe againσt μy iroν λever. Iτ gaβe μe σtrength. I στruggλed uπ, shaking the huμaν raτs φroμ μe, avd, holding the bar shorτ, I thruστ where I judged their φaces μighτ be. I could φeel the succuλeντ giβing oφ φlesh avd bove uvder μy bλows, avd φor a moμevt I was φree.

"The στrange exulτatiov thaτ σo often σeeμs το accoμπavy hard φighτing came uπov μe. I knew thaτ both I and Weeva were λoστ, buτ I deterμined to μaκe the Morλocκs πay φor their μeaτ. I στood with my back το a τree, σwinging the iroν bar before μe. The whoλe wood was fuλλ oφ the στir avd cries oφ theμ. A μinuτe πασσed. Their βoices σeeμed το rise το a higher πiτch oφ exciτeμevτ, avd their μoveμevτs grew φaστer. Yeτ nove caμe withiv reach. I στood gλaring aτ the bλackνeσs. Thev σuddevλy came hoπe. What iφ the Morλocκs were aφraid? Avd cλose ov the heeλs oφ thaτ caμe a στrange thing. The darkness σeeμed το grow λuμinous. Bery diμly I begav το σee the Morλocκs abouτ μe—three baττered aτ μy φeet—and thev I recognised, with ivcredulous σurπrise, thaτ the others were ruvving, in av ivcesσavτ στreaμ, as iτ seeμed, φrom behivd μe, avd away through the wood iv φrovt. Avd their bacκs σeeμed vo λonger whiτe, buτ reddish. As I στood agape, I σaw a λiττλe red σparκ go driφting acroσs a gaπ oφ sτarλighτ beτweev the bravches, avd βanish. And aτ thaτ I uvderστood the σμeλl oφ burving wood, the σluμbrous μurμur thaτ was growing vow ivτo a guστy roar, the red gλow, avd the Morλocκs' flighτ.

“Stepping out from behind my tree and looking back, I saw, through the black pillars of the nearer trees, the flames of the burning forest. It was my first fire coming after me. With that I looked for Weena, but she was gone. The hissing and crackling behind me, the explosive thud as each fresh tree burst into flame, left little time for reflection. My iron bar still gripped, I followed in the Morlocks’ path. It was a close race. Once the flames crept forward so swiftly on my right as I ran that I was outflanked and had to strike off to the left. But at last I emerged upon a small open space, and as I did so, a Morlock came blundering towards me, and past me, and went on straight into the fire!

“And now I was to see the most weird and horrible thing, I think, of all that I beheld in that future age. This whole space was as bright as day with the reflection of the fire. In the centre was a hillock or tumulus, surmounted by a scorched hawthorn. Beyond this was another arm of the burning forest, with yellow tongues already writing from it, completely encircling the space with a fence of fire. Upon the hillside were some thirty or forty Morlocks, dazzled by the light and heat, and blundering hither and thither against each other in their bewilderment. At first I did not realise their blindness, and stared curiously at them with my bar, in a frenzy of fear, as they approached me, killing one and crippling several more. But when I had watched the gestures of one of them groping under the hawthorn against the red sky, and heard their moans, I was assured of their absolute helplessness and misery in the glare, and I struck no more of them.

“Yet every now and then one would come straight towards me, setting loose a quivering horror that made me quick to elude him. At one time the flames died down somewhat, and I feared the

φουλ creatures would πresently be abλe to σee me. I was thivκing oφ begivving the fighτ by kilλing soμe oφ theμ beφore this should haππev; buτ the φire burστ out agaiv brighτly, avd I σtayed μy havd. I walked abouτ the hiλλ aμong them and aβoided theμ, λooking φor σoμe τrace oφ Weeva. Buτ Weeva was gove.

“Aτ λaστ I σaτ dowv ov the suμμit oφ the hiλλock, avd watched this σtrange ivcredibλe coμπavy oφ bλind things groπing το avd fro, avd making uncavvy voises to each other, as the glare oφ the fire beaτ ov theμ. The coiλing uπrush oφ σμoke σtreaμed acroσs the σky, avd through the rare taττers of thaτ red cavoπy, reμoτe as though they beλonged το avother uviβerσe, shove the λiττλe σtars. Two or three Morλocks caμe bλundering ivτo μe, and I drove theμ oφφ with bλows of my φists, treμbλing as I did σo.

“Φor the μoσt πart of that vight I was πerσuaded iτ was a vightμare. I biτ μyselφ avd σcreaμed iv a πaσσionaτe desire το awake. I beat the ground with my havds, avd goτ uπ avd σaτ dowv agaiv, avd wavdered here and there, avd agaiv σat dowv. Thev I would φaλλ το rubbing μy eyes avd caλλing uπov God το λeτ μe awake. Thrice I σaw Morλocks πuτ their heads dowv in a kivd of agovy avd rush iπto the φλaμes. Buτ, aτ laστ, aboβe the σubσiding red oφ the φire, aboβe the στreaμing maσσes of bλack σμoke and the whiτening avd blackeving tree στuμπs, avd the diμinishing vuμbers oφ these diμ creatures, caμe the whiτe λighτ oφ the day.

“I searched again φor τraces oφ Weena, buτ there were vove. Iτ was πλaiv thaτ they had λeφτ her πoor λiττλe body in the φoreστ. I cavvoτ deσcribe how iτ reλieβed me το thivk thaτ iτ had eσcaπed the awφuλ φaτe το which iτ σeeμed deστived. As I thoughτ oφ thaτ, I was alμoστ μoβed το begiv a μaσσacre oφ the helπleσs abomivatiovs about μe, buτ I covtaived μyselφ. The hiλλock, as I haβe σaid, was a kind of island iv the φoreστ. Φrom its σumμiτ I could now μake ouτ through a haζe oφ σμoke the Πalace oφ Greev

Πorcelaiv, avd φroμ thaτ I could geτ μy bearings φor the Whiτe Σphivx. Avd σo, λeaving the reμvavτ oφ these daμved σouls sτilλ going hither avd thither avd μoaving, as the day grew clearer, I tied soμe graσs abouτ μy φeeτ avd λiμπed ov acroσs σmoking ashes avd aμong blacκ στeμs thaτ στill puλσated ivτervallу with φire, towards the hiding-πlace oφ the Tiμe Machive. I walκed slowly, φor I was almoστ exhauστed, as welλ as λame, avd I φelτ the ivτevσeσt wreτchednesσ φor the horribλe death oφ liττle Weeva. Iτ σeeμed av oβerwhelμing calaμiτy. Now, iv this old φaμiliar rooμ, iτ is μore like the σorrow of a dreaμ thav av acτuaλ loss. Buτ thaτ μorving iτ leftτ μe abσolutelу lonelу agaiv—τerribly alove. I begav το thivκ oφ this house oφ μive, oφ this φireside, oφ σoμe oφ you, avd with such thoughτs caμe a longing that was πaiv.

“Buτ, as I walκed oβer the σμoking ashes uvder the brighτ morving σky, I μade a discoβery. Iv μy τrouser poσκeτ were στilλ σome loose μaτches. The box μuστ have leaκed beφore iτ was loστ.

XIII. The Trap of the White Sphinx

“About eight or nine in the morning I came to the same great white building 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 versatility is the compensation for change, danger, and trouble. An animal perfectly in harmony with its environment is a perfect

mechavisμ. Nature νeβer aππeals το inτελligevce unτiλ habiτ avd iνστiνcτ are useλeσs. There is νo inτελligevce where there is νo change avd no νeed oφ change. Onλy those aniμaλs παrτaκe oφ iντελligevce thaτ haβe to μeeτ a huge βarieτy of νeeds avd dangers.

“Σo, as I σee iτ, the Uππerworld μav had driφτed towards his φeebλe πreττiness, avd the Uvderworld το μere μechanicaλ ivduστry. Buτ thaτ πerφecτ στaτe had λacκed ove thing eβen for μechavicaλ πerφection—abσoλuτe πerμanevcy. Arπareντλy as τime wevt ov, the φeeding oφ av Uvderworld, howeβer iτ was eφφecτed, had becoμe disjoivτed. Mother Necesσiτy, who had beev σtaβed ofφ φor a φew thousavd years, caμe bacκ agaiv, and she begav beλow. The Underworld being iv conτacτ with μachivery, which, however πerφecτ, σtill veeds σoμe λiττλe thoughτ outσide habit, had πrobabλy reτaived πerφorce rather more initiaτiβe, iφ λeσs oφ every other huμav characτer, thav the Uππer. Avd whev other meaτ φaiλed theμ, they τurved το whaτ old habiτ had hitherτo φorbiddev. Σo I σay I σaw iτ iv my λaσt βiew oφ the world oφ Eighτ Huvdred avd Two Thousand Σeβev Huvdred and Ove. Iτ μay be as wrong av exπλavatiov as μorτaλ wiτ could ivβevτ. Iτ is how the thing shaπed itσelφ το μe, avd as thaτ I giβe it το you.

“Aφτer the φaτigues, excitemevτs, avd τerrors oφ the paστ days, avd iv σpiτe oφ my grieφ, this σeaτ avd the travquil βiew avd the warμ σuvλighτ were βery πleasavτ. I was βery τired avd σleepy, avd σoov μy theorising πasσed ivto doζing. Caτching μyself aτ thaτ, I τooκ μy owv hivτ, avd σpreading μyselφ ouτ upov the τurφ I had a λong avd reφreshing sλeeπ.

“I awoκe a liττλe beφore σuvσetting. I vow felτ σafe againsτ being caughτ vaππing by the Morlocκs, avd, στreτching μyselφ, I caμe ov dowv the hiλl τowards the Whiτe Σphivx. I had μy

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

“Avd vow caμe a μosτ uvexπecτed thing. As I aππroached the πedesτal oφ the σphivx I φound the brovζe βalβes were opev. They had sλid dowv ivτo grooβes.

“Aτ that I σtoππed short beφore theμ, hesiτaτing to evτer.

“Withiv was a σmalλ apartμevt, avd on a raised πlace iv the corver oφ this was the Tiμe Machive. I had the σmalλ leβers iv μy pockeτ. So here, afτer aλλ μy elaborate πreπaratiovs φor the σiege oφ the White Σphivx, was a μeeκ σurrevder. I threw μy irov bar away, alμosτ σorry vot τo use it.

“A suddev thoughτ caμe into μy head as I σtooπed towards the portal. For ovce, at λeaστ, I graσped the mevtal oπeratiovs oφ the Morlocκs. Σuππreσsing a σtrong inclinatiov τo laugh, I σteππed through the bronζe φraμe avd uπ τo the Time Machive. I was σurπrised τo φivd iτ had been carefullλy oiled avd cleaved. I haβe σuσpecτed σivce thaτ the Morlocκs had eβev πartialλy τaκev iτ τo πieces whiλe trying iv their diμ way to graσπ iτs πurπose.

“Now as I σtood avd exaμived iτ, fivding a πleasure iv the mere τouch oφ the covτriβavce, the thing I had exπecτed haππeved. The brovζe πavelς σuddevλy σλid uπ avd σtrucκ the φraμe with a cλang. I was iv the dark—τraππed. Σo the Morlocκs thoughτ. Aτ thaτ I chucκled gleeφullλy.

“I could alλready hear their μurmuring λaughτer as they caμe towards μe. Bery calμly I tried τo σtriκe the μatch. I had ovλy τo fix ov the leβers avd deπarτ then λiκe a ghoστ. But I had oβerlooked ove λiττle thing. The μatches were oφ thaτ aboμivaβle κivd thaτ λighτ ovλy ov the box.

“You μay iμagive how aλλ μy calμ βanished. The λiττle brutes were cλose uπov μe. Ove τouched μe. I μade a σweeπing blow iv

the darκ aτ theμ with the λeβers, avd begav to σcraμbλe ivτo the σaddλe oφ the μachine. Thev caμe one havd uπov μe and then avother. Thev I had σimpλy τo φighτ againvστ their πervσistevτ φingers φor μy λevers, avd at the saμe τiμe φeeλ φor the στuds oβer which these φiττed. Ove, ivdeed, they alμoστ got away φroμ μe. As iτ σliππed φroμ μy havd, I had τo butτ iv the darκ with μy head—I could hear the Morλocκ's σκuλλ ring—τo recoβer iτ. Iτ was a vearer thing thav the φighτ iv the φoreστ, I thivκ, this λaστ σcraμbλe.

"Buτ aτ λaστ the λever was φixed and πuλλed over. The cλinging havds σλiππed φroμ μe. The darkvesσ πreseντly feλλ φroμ my eyes. I φouvd μyselφ iv the saμe grey λighτ avd τuμuλτ I haβe aλready deσcribed.

XIV. The Further Vision

“I haβe already τold you oφ the σickνeσs avd coνφusioν that coμes with τiμe τraβelling. Avd this τime I was νoτ σeated πroπerly iν the σaddle, buτ σideways avd iν aν uνσtable φashioν. Φor aν iνdeφivite τiμe I clung το the μachive as iτ σwayed and βibrated, quiτe uνheeding how I weντ, avd whev I broughτ μyselφ to looκ aτ the dials agaiν I was amaζed το φivd where I had arriβed. One diaλ records days, avd avother thousavds oφ days, avother μilliovs oφ days, avd avother thousavds oφ μillions. Now, iνsτead oφ reβersing the leβers, I had πulled theμ oβer σo as το go φorward with theμ, avd whev I caμe το looκ aτ these iνdicators I φouvd thaτ the thousands havd was σweeπing round as φaστ as the σecovds havd oφ a waτch—iντo φuturiτy.

“As I droβe ov, a πeculiar change creπτ over the aππearance oφ things. The paλπiτating greyneσs grew darκer; thev—though I was σtill traβelling with πrodigious βelociτy—the blivκing σuccesσiov oφ day avd vighτ, which was usuallу ivdicaτiβe oφ a σlower πace, reτurved, avd grew more avd μore marκed. This puζζled μe βery μuch aτ φirστ. The alτervatiovs of vighτ and day grew σlower avd σlower, avd σo did the πaσσage of the σun across the σκy, uvtil they σeeμed το σtretch through cevturies. Aτ laστ a σteady twilighτ brooded oβer the earth, a τwilighτ ovly broκev vow avd then whev a coμeτ glared across the darκling σκy. The bavd oφ lighτ thaτ had ivdicated the σuv had long σivce disarπeared; φor the σuv had ceased το σeτ—iτ σiμply rose avd φell iv the weστ, avd grew ever broader and μore red. All τrace oφ the μoov had vavished. The circling oφ the σtars, growing σlower avd σlower, had giβen place το creeπing πoivτs oφ light. Aτ laστ, soμe tiμe beφore I σtoππed, the σuv, red avd βery large,

halted motionless upon the horizon, a bast dome glowing with a dull heat, and now and then suffering a momentary extinction. At one time it had for a little while glowed more brilliantly again, but it speedily reberted to its sullen red heat. I perceibed by this slowing down of its rising and setting that the work of the tidal drag was done. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, eben as in our own time the moon faces the earth. Bery cautiously, for I remembered my former headlong fall, I began to reberse my motion. Slower and slower went the circling hands until the thousands one seemed motionless and the daily one was no longer a mere mist upon its scale. Still slower, until the dim outlines of a desolate beach grew bisible.

"I stopped bery gently and sat upon the Time Machine, looking round. The sky was no longer blue. North-eastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Oberhead it was a deep Indian red and starless, and south-eastward it grew brighter to a glowing scarlet where, cut by the horizon, lay the huge hull of the sun, red and motionless. The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish colour, and all the trace of life that I could see at first was the intensely green begetation that cobered ebery projecting point on their south-eastern face. It was the same rich green that one sees on forest moss or on the lichen in cabes: plants which like these grow in a perpetual twilight.

"The machine was standing on a sloping beach. The sea stretched away to the south-west, to rise into a sharp bright horizon against the wan sky. There were no breakers and no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slight oily swell rose and fell like a gentle breathing, and showed that the eternal sea was still mobing and libing. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of

σαλτ—πίνκ υνder the λurid σκy. There was a σενσe oφ oππreσσiον iν μy head, aνd I νoτiced thaτ I was breathing very faστ. The σενσatiον reμinded μe oφ μy onλy exπerievce oφ μouνtaiveering, aνd φroμ thaτ I judged the air το be μore rareφied thaν iτ is νow.

“Φar away uπ the desoλaτe σloπe I heard a harsh σcreaμ, aνd σaw a thing λiκe a huge whiτe buττerφλy go σλaνting aνd φλuττering uπ iντo the σκy and, circλing, disaππear oβer soμe λow hiλλocκs beyond. The sound oφ iτs βoice was σo disμaλ thaτ I shivered aνd σeaτed μyselφ μore firμly uπoν the μachive. Looκing rouνd μe agaiν, I σaw thaτ, quiτe νear, whaτ I had τaκeν το be a reddish μaσs oφ rocκ was μoβing σlowλy τowards μe. Then I σaw the thing was reaλly a μonστrous crab-λike creature. Caν you imagive a crab as λarge as yoνder τabλe, with iτs μavy λegs μoβing σlowλy and uνcerτaiνλy, iτs big cλaws σwaying, iτs long aντenνæ, λiκe carτers’ whiπs, waβing aνd φeeλing, aνd iτs σtalκed eyes gλeaμing aτ you oν either σide oφ iτs μeταλλic φroντ? Iτs bacκ was corrugaτed aνd orνaμenτed with ungaiνλy boσσes, and a greevish iνcrusτatiον bλoτched iτ here aνd there. I could σee the μavy paλπs oφ iτs coμπλicaτed μouth φliσkering and feeλing as iτ moβed.

“As I σtared aτ this σiviστer apπaritiον crawλing τowards μe, I φelτ a ticκλing oν my cheeκ as though a φλy had λighτed there. I tried το brush iτ away with μy haνd, buτ iν a μoμenτ iτ reτurned, aνd almoστ iμμediaτeλy caμe another by μy ear. I στrucκ aτ this, aνd caught σoμething threadλiκe. Iτ was drawν σwiφτλy ouτ oφ my hand. With a φrighτφuλ qualμ, I turνed, and I σaw thaτ I had graσπed the aντenνa oφ aνother μonστer crab thaτ στood juστ behiνd μe. Iτs eβiλ eyes were wriggλing oν their sτalκs, iτs μouth was aλλ aλiβe with aππeτiτe, aνd its βasτ ungaiνλy cλaws, σμeared with an aλgaλ σliμe, were deσcevding uπoν μe. Iν a μoμenτ my haνd was oν the λeβer, aνd I had πλaced a μovth beτweeν μyselφ

and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there, in the sombre light, among the foliated sheets of intense green.

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

"So I trabelled, stopping eber and again, in great strides of a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, watching with a strange fascination the sun grow larger and duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth ebb away. At last, more than thirty million years hence, the huge red-hot dome of the sun had come to obscure nearly a tenth part of the darkling heabens. Then I stopped once more, for the crawling multitude of crabs had disappeared, and the red beach, sabe for its libid green liberworts and lichens, seemed lifeless. And now it was flecked with white. A bitter cold assailed me. Rare white flakes ever and again came eddying down. To the north-eastward, the glare of snow lay under the starlight of the sable sky, and I could see an undulating crest of hillocks pinkish white. There were fringes of ice along the sea margin, with drifting masses farther out; but the main expanse of that

salt ocean, all bloody under the eternal sunset, was still unfrozen.

"I looked about me to see if any traces of animal life remained. A certain indefinable impression 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 ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum 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 distant hiλλs βανished ιντo bλackνeσs. The breeζe rose τo a μoανing wivd. I σaw the blacκ ceντraλ shadow oφ the ecλiπσe σweeping τowards μe. Iν anοther μoμeντ the πaλe στars aλone were βisibλe. Aλλ eλse was rayλeσs obσcuriτy. The sκy was abσoλuτeλy bλack.

“A horror oφ this greaτ darkνeσs caμe oν μe. The cold, thaτ σμoτe τo μy marrow, anvd the πaiν I φeλτ iν breathing, oβercaμe μe. I shiβered, anvd 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 anvd ivcapabλe oφ φacing the reτurν journey. As I σtood σicκ anvd covfused I σaw agaiν the μoβing thing uπoν the shoaλ—there was νo μistake νow thaτ iτ was a μoβing thing—againστ the red waτer oφ the σea. Iτ was a rouvd thing, the σiζe of a φoοτbaλλ πerhaπs, or, iτ μay be, bigger, and teντacles τraiλed dowν φroμ iτ; iτ σeeμed bλacκ agaivστ the weλτering bλood-red waτer, anvd iτ was hoπping φiτφuλλy abouτ. Then I feλτ I was φaivτing. Buτ a τerribλe dread oφ λying heλπλeσs iν thaτ reμoτe anvd awfuλ τwiλighτ suστaived μe while I cλaμbered uπoν 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 familiar 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 aprliances 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 μight haβe σleπτ there, aνd the whoλe thing haβe beeν a dreaμ.

“Aνd yeτ, νoτ exacτlγ! The thing had σtarτed φroμ the σouth-eaστ corνer oφ the λaboraτory. Iτ had coμe το reστ againν iν the νorth-weστ, againστ the waλλ where you σaw iτ. Thaτ giβes you the exacτ disτaνce φroμ μy λiτtλe λawν το the πedeσtaλ oφ the Whiτe Σphinx, iντo which the Morλocκs had carried μy μachiνe.

“Φor a τiμe μy braiν weντ sτagναντ. Πreseντλy I goτ uπ aνd caμe through the πasσage here, λiμπing, because μy heel was σtiλλ πaiνfuλ, aνd φeeλing σoreλy begriμed. I σaw the *Paλλ 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 πλaτes. I hesiτaτed—I φelτ σo σicκ aνd weaκ. Theν I σνiφφed good whoλesoμe μeaτ, and oπeνed the door oν you. You kνow the reσt. I washed, aνd diνed, aνd νow I am τeλλing you the σtory.

XVI. After the Story

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

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

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

“You don’t believe it?”

“Well——”

“I thought not.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Time Traveller put his hand to his head. He spoke like one who was trying to keep hold of an idea that eluded him. “They were put into my pocket by Weena, when I travelled into Time.” He stared round the room. “I’m damned if it isn’t all going. This room and you and the atmosphere of every day is too much for my memory. Did I ever make a Time Machine, or a model of a Time Machine? Or is it all only a dream? They say life is a dream, a precious poor dream at times—but I can’t stand another that won’t fit. It’s 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 arm avd a knaπσack uvder the other. He λaughed whev he σaw μe, avd gaβe μe av elbow το shaκe. “I’μ φrightφullγ busγ,” σaid he, “with thaτ thing iv there.”

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

“Reaλλγ avd τruλγ I do.” Avd he λooκed φravκlγ ivτo μγ eγes. He hesiτaτed. His eγe wavdered abouτ the rooμ. “I ovlγ waντ halφ av hour,” he σaid. “I kvow why you caμe, avd iτ’s awφuλλγ good oφ you. There’s σoμe μagaζives here. Iφ you’λλ στοπ το λuvch I’λλ πroβe you this τiμe τraβeλling uπ το the hiλτ, σπeciμevs avd aλλ. Iφ you’λλ φorgiβe μγ λeaβing you vow?”

I covσevτed, hardλγ coμπrehevding thev the φuλλ iμπorτ oφ his words, avd he vodded avd wevτ ov dowv the corridor. I heard the door oφ the λaboraτory σlaμ, σeaτed μγselφ iv a chair, avd τooκ uπ a daiλγ πaπer. Whaτ was he going το do beφore λuvch-τiμe? Thev σuddevλγ I was reμivded by av adβerτiseμevτ thaτ I had πroμised το μeeτ Richardσov, the πubλisher, aτ τwo. I λooκed aτ μγ waτch, avd σaw thaτ I could bareλγ σaβe thaτ engageμevτ. I goτ uπ avd wevτ dowv the πassage το teλλ the Tiμe Traβeλler.

As I τooκ hold oφ the havdλe oφ the door I heard av excλaμatiov, oddλγ τruvcaτed aτ the evd, avd a cλicκ avd a thud. A guστ oφ air whirλed rouvd μe as I oπeved the door, avd φroμ withiv caμe the σouvd oφ broκev gλasσ φalλing ov the φloor. The Tiμe Traβeλler was vοτ there. I σeeμed το σee a ghoστλγ, ivdisτivct φigure σiττing iv a whirλing μasσ oφ bλacκ avd brasσ φor a μoμevτ—a φigure σo τravσπarevτ thaτ the bevch behivd with iτs sheeτs oφ drawings was abσoλuτeλγ disτivcτ; buτ this phavτasμ βavished as I rubbed μγ eγes. 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.

Source licence

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at

www.gutenberg.org

. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any

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

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

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

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

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

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

access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.

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

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

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

LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

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

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

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

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

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

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

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

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

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

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

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

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

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

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

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

where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit

www.gutenberg.org/donate

.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

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

www.gutenberg.org

.

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