



H. G. WELLS

THE TIME MACHINE

EDITED

BY

H. MUTSCHMANN, M. A., PH. D.

SECOND, REVISED EDITION



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU
1935



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1913

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ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS AND
PROVIDED WITH A VOCABULARY

BY

H. MUTSCHMANN, M. A., PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TARTU

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G. Roht'i trükk, Tartus 1935.

I.

The Machine.

The Time Traveller was explaining a difficult matter to us. His grey eyes shone, and his usually pale face was red and animated.

The thing the Time Traveller held in his hand was a shining metallic framework, scarcely larger than a small clock, and very carefully made. And now I must be exact, for this that follows — unless his explanation is to be accepted — is an absolutely unaccountable thing. He took one of the small tables that were standing about the room, and set it in front of the fire. On this table he placed the mechanism. Then he drew up a chair, and sat down. The only other object on the table was a small shaded lamp, the bright light of which fell full upon the model. There were also perhaps a dozen candles about, so that the room was brilliantly lighted. I sat in a low arm-chair nearest the fire, and I drew this forward so as to be almost between the Time Traveller and the fireplace. Filby sat behind him, looking over his shoulder. The Doctor

watched him from the right, the others from the left. We were all very watchful.

The Time Traveller looked at us, and then at the mechanism. "Well?" said the Doctor.

"This little thing," said the Time Traveller, resting his elbows upon the table and pressing his hands together above the apparatus, "is only a model. It is my plan for a machine to travel through time. You will notice that it looks very funny, and that there is a strange appearance about this part, as though it was in some way unreal." He pointed to the part with his finger. "Also, here is one little white lever, and here is another."

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

"It took two years to make," replied the Time Traveller. Then, he said: "Now I want you clearly to understand that this lever, being pressed over, sends the machine travelling into the future, and this other makes it go in the other direction. This saddle is the seat of a time traveller. Presently I am going to press the lever, and off the machine will go. It will disappear and pass into future time."

There was a minute's pause perhaps. Someone seemed about to speak to me, but changed his mind. Then the Time Traveller put forth his finger towards the lever. "No," he said suddenly. "Lend me your

hand." And turning to me, he took my hand in his own and told me to put out my forefinger. So that it was myself who sent forth the model Time Machine on its journey. We all saw the lever turn. I am absolutely certain there was no trickery. One of the candles was blown out, and the little machine suddenly swung round, became indistinct, was seen as a ghost for a second perhaps — and it was gone! Except for the lamp the table was bare.

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

The others recovered from their amazement, and suddenly looked under the table. At that the Time Traveller laughed cheerfully. "Well?" he said. Then, getting up, he went to the tobacco-box on the large table, and with his back to us began to fill his pipe.

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

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

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

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

We sat and stared at the empty table for a minute or so. Then the Time Traveller asked us what we thought of it all.

“It sounds convincing enough to-night,” I answered; “but wait until to-morrow. Wait for the clear light of the morning.”

“Would you like to see the Time Machine itself?” asked the Time Traveller. And, taking a candle in his hand, he led the way down the long, cold corridor to his laboratory. I remember clearly the trembling light, his strange, broad head in silhouette, the dance of the shadows, how we all followed him, wondering but unbelieving, and how there in the laboratory we saw a larger edition of the little mechanism which we had seen disappear from before our eyes. Parts were of nickel, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been made out of rock crystal. The thing was generally complete, but some small parts lay unfinished on the floor.

“Look here,” said the Doctor, “are you perfectly serious? Or is this a trick — like that ghost you showed us last Christmas?”

“Upon that machine,” said the Time Traveller,

holding the candle high up, "I intend to travel into time. Is that clear? I was never more serious in my life."

None of us quite knew how to take it.

I caught Filby's eye over the shoulder of the Doctor, and he smiled at me as if he believed nothing of all this talk.

II.

The Time Traveller returns.

I think that at that time none of us quite believed in the Time Machine. The fact is, the Time Traveller was one of those men who know too much to be believed.

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

"Where's Mr. Brown?" said I, naming our absent friend.

"You've just come? It's rather strange. He's un-

avoidably absent. He asks me in this note to begin with dinner at seven if he's not back. He says he'll explain when he comes."

"It seems a pity to let the dinner go cold," said the Editor of a wellknown daily paper, which made the Doctor ring the bell.

Filby was the only person besides the Doctor and myself who had attended the former dinner. The other men were the Editor, a certain journalist, and another — a quiet man with a beard — whom I didn't know, and who, as far as I remember never opened his mouth all the evening. Nothing was known about the reasons for the Time Traveller's absence, and I, laughingly, suggested time travelling. The Editor wanted that explained to him, and Filby gave him a wooden account of the "funny paradox and trick" we had watched that day week. He was in the middle of his account when the door from the corridor opened slowly and without noise. I was facing the door, and saw it first. "Hallo!" I said. "At last!" And the door opened wider, and the Time Traveller stood before us. I gave a cry of surprise. "Good heavens! man, what's the matter?" cried the Doctor, who saw him next. And we all turned towards the door.

He was in an amazing state. His coat was dusty and dirty, and covered with green down the front; his hair disordered, and as it seemed to me greyer — either

with dust and dirt, or because its colour had actually changed. His face was deadly pale; his chin had a brown cut on it — a cut half-healed; he looked completely worn out, as by intense suffering. For a moment he hesitated in the doorway, as if he had been blinded by the light. Then he came into the room. We looked at him in silence, expecting him to speak.

He said not a word, but came painfully to the table, and made a movement towards the wine. The Editor filled a glass of champagne, and pushed it towards him. He emptied it, and it seemed to do him good: for he looked round the table, and the ghost of his old smile appeared on his face. "What on earth have you been doing, man?" said the Doctor. The Time Traveller did not seem to hear. "Go on with your dinner," he said, in a trembling voice; "I'm all right." He stopped, held out his glass for more, and drank again. "That's good," he said. His eyes grew brighter, and a faint colour came into his cheeks. His eyes passed over our faces with a certain dull approval, 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 very hungry after my long journey."

He looked across at the Editor and said he hoped he was all right. The Editor began a question. "I shall

tell you presently," said the Time Traveller. "I'm — funny! I shall be all right in a minute."

He put down his glass, and walked slowly towards the staircase door. Standing up in my place, I saw his feet as he went out. He had nothing on them but a pair of torn socks. Then the door closed upon him.

"Where does he come from?" said the Journalist. I thought of the Time Traveller's manner of walking painfully upstairs. I don't think anyone else had noticed how tired he was.

The first to recover completely from this surprise was the Doctor, who rang the bell for a hot plate. At that the Editor turned to his knife and fork making a strange noise, and the silent man did the same. "I feel sure it's this business of the Time Machine," I said, and began to tell about our previous meeting. The new guests clearly did not believe me. The Editor said: "What **was** this time travelling? A man couldn't cover himself with dust by rolling in a paradox, could he?" He treated the matter as a joke. Hadn't they any clothes-brushes in the Future? The Journalist, too, would not believe at any price, and joined the Editor in the easy work of laughing at the whole thing. "Our Special Correspondent in the Day after Tomorrow reports..." the Journalist was saying, when the Time Traveller came back. He was dressed in ordinary

evening clothes, and nothing except his tired look remained of the change that had surprised me.

"I say," said the Editor, cheerfully, "these fellows here say you have been travelling into the middle of next week! Tell us all about it, will you? What will you take for the story?"

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 pleasure 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 food. — Thanks. — And the salt."

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

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

"I should give a shilling a line for an original report," said the Editor. The Time Traveller pushed his glass towards the Silent Man and rang it with his finger nail: at which the Silent Man, who had been looking at his face, started, 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 suppose it was the same with the others. The Journalist tried to save the situation by telling anecdotes of beautiful cinema stars. The Time Traveller

hurriedly ate his dinner with the appetite of a hungry man. The Doctor smoked a cigarette, and watched the Time Traveller very closely. The Silent Man seemed even more funny than usual, and drank champagne out of pure nervousness. At last the Time Traveller pushed his plate away, and looked round us. "I suppose I must beg pardon," he said. "I was simply dying of hunger. I've had a most amazing time." He reached out his hand for a cigar, and cut the end. "But come into the smoking-room. It's too long a story to tell over dirty plates." And ringing the bell in passing, he led the way into the other room.

"You have told all our friends about the machine?" he said to me, leaning back in his easy-chair and naming the three new guests.

"But the thing's a mere paradox," said the Editor.

"I can't explain to-night. I don't mind telling you the story, but I can't give explanations. I will," he went on, "tell you the story of what has happened to me, if you like, but you must not interrupt me. I want to tell it. Most of it will sound like lying. But it's true — every word of it, all the same. I was in my laboratory at four o'clock, and since then... I've lived eight days... such days as no human being ever lived before! I'm nearly worn out, but I shan't sleep till I've told this thing to you from beginning to end.

Then I shall go to bed. But no interruptions! Is it agreed?"

"Agreed," said the Editor, and the rest of us echoed: "Agreed." And with that the Time Traveller began his story as I have put it down. He sat back in his chair at first, and spoke like a tired man. Afterwards he got more lively. In writing it down I feel only too strongly that pen and ink cannot express its quality. You read, I will suppose, attentively enough; but you cannot see the speaker's white, sincere face in the bright circle of the little lamp, nor hear the intonation of his voice. You cannot know how his expression followed the turns of his story! Most of us hearers were in shadow, for the lamps in the smoking-room had not been lighted, and only the face of the Journalist and the legs of the Silent Man from the knees downward were in the light. At first we looked now and again at each other. After a time we stopped doing that, and looked only at the Time Traveller's face.

III.

Time Travelling.

(The Time Traveller tells his amazing story.)

I told some of you last Thursday of the principles of the Time Machine, and showed you the thing itself,

incomplete in the workshop. There it is now, a little travel-worn, it is true; and one of the ivory parts is broken; but the rest of it is 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 levers was exactly one inch too short, and this I had to get re-made; so that the thing was not complete until this morning. It was at ten o'clock to-day that the first of all Time Machines began its journey. I tried all its different pieces again, put one more drop of oil on, and seated myself on it. I took the starting lever in one hand and the stopping one in the other, pressed the first, and went off with a loud noise. The laboratory 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 walk across, but to me she seemed to shoot past like a rocket. I pressed the lever over as far as I could. The night came like the turning out of a lamp, and in another moment came to-morrow. The laboratory grew faint and dark; the walls disappeared before my eyes. To-morrow night came black, then day again, night again, day again, faster and faster still. A disturbing noise filled my ears, and I felt a strange confusion in my mind.

I am afraid I cannot describe the peculiar sensations of time travelling. They are extremely unplea-

sant. As I increased the speed, night followed day like the beating of a black wing. The laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me, and I saw the sun rushing swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I supposed the laboratory had been destroyed, and I had come into the open air. I was already going too fast to notice any moving things. The slowest snail that ever crawled ran past too fast for me.

The landscape was misty and indistinct. I was still on the hillside upon which this house now stands. I saw trees growing and changing like clouds of rain, now brown, now green: they grew, spread, trembled, and passed away. I saw great and splendid architecture rising about me, more massive than any buildings of our own time, and yet, as it seemed, built of shadow and mist. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside, and remain there without any winter. Even through this confusion the earth seemed very beautiful. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping. I told myself that, perhaps, I could never stop, and in my excitement I resolved to stop at once. Like an impatient fool, I pulled over the lever, and immediately the thing fell over, and I was thrown through the air.

There was the sound of a clap of thunder in my ears. I may have been senseless for a moment. A

pitiless hail was beating round me, and I was sitting on soft grass in front of the overturned machine. Everything still seemed grey, but presently I noticed that the confusion in my ears was gone. I looked round me. I was in what seemed to be a little garden, surrounded by rhododendron bushes, and I saw that their mauve and purple blossoms were dropping in a shower under the beating of the hailstones. The dancing hail hung in a little cloud over the machine, and moved along the ground like smoke. In a moment I was wet to the skin. "Fine hospitality," said I, "to a man who has travelled innumerable years to see you."

Presently I thought what a fool I was to get wet. I stood up and looked round me. A colossal figure, cut out of some white stone, was seen indistinctly beyond the rhododendrons through the misty rain. But all else of the world was invisible.

My feelings would be hard to describe. As the columns of hail and rain grew thinner, I saw the white figure more distinctly. It was very large, for a silver birch tree touched its shoulder. It was of white marble, in shape something like a winged sphinx. The pedestal, it appeared to me, was of bronze, and was green with age. I stood looking at it for a little space — half-a-minute, perhaps, or half-an-hour. At last I tore my eyes from it for a moment, and saw that the hail

had stopped, and that the sky was brightening with the promise of the sun.

Already I saw other vast shapes — large buildings with tall columns, with a wooded hillside now more clearly seen through the lessening storm. I was seized with a great fear. I turned wildly to the Time Machine, and tried hard to pull it up. As I did so the light of the sun struck through the thunderstorm. The grey rain was swept aside and disappeared like the garments of a ghost. Above me, in the bright blue of the summer sky, some faint brown bits of cloud moved past slowly. The great buildings about me stood out clear and distinct, shining with the wet of the thunderstorm. I began to look more curiously and less fearfully at this world of the future. In a circular opening, high up in the wall of the nearer house, I saw a group of figures clothed in rich soft garments. They had seen me, and their faces were turned towards me.

Then I heard voices approaching me. Coming through the bushes beside the White Sphinx were the heads and shoulders of men running. One of these appeared in a path leading straight to the little garden in which I stood with my machine. He was a slight creature — perhaps four feet high — clothed in a purple garment, fastened with a leather belt. Sandals were on his feet; his legs were bare to the knees,

and his head was bare. Noticing that, I noticed for the first time how warm the air was.

He struck me as being a very beautiful creature, but indescribably frail. At the sight of him I suddenly regained my former courage. I took my hands from the machine.

IV.

In the Golden Age.

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

There were others coming, and presently a little group of perhaps eight or ten of these frail creatures were about me. One of them spoke to me. It came into my head that my voice was too rough and deep for them. So I shook my head, and pointing to my ears, shook it again. He came a step forward and touched my hand. Then I felt other soft little hands upon my back and shoulders. They wanted to make sure I was real. There was nothing in this to cause me fear. Indeed, there was something in these pretty

little people that gave me confidence — a pleasant gentleness, a certain childlike ease. And besides, they looked so frail that I could have thrown over the whole dozen of them. But I made a sudden motion to warn them when I saw their little pink hands feeling at the Time Machine. Happily then, when it was not too late, I thought of a danger I had until then forgotten, and I took away the little levers that would set it in motion, and put these in my pocket. Then I turned again to see what I could do to make them understand me.

And then, looking more nearly into their faces, I saw some further peculiarities in their Dresden china type of prettiness. Their hair came to a sharp end at the neck and cheek; there was no hair on the face, and their ears were very small. 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 I thought that there was a certain lack of the interest I might have expected them to take in my person.

As they made no effort to speak with me, but simply stood round me smiling and making soft noises to each other, I began the conversation. I pointed to the Time Machine and to myself. Then, not knowing for a moment how to express Time, I pointed to the sun. At once a pretty little figure in bright purple and white followed my movements, and then astonished me by imitating the sound of thunder.

For a moment I did not know what to think, though his meaning was plain enough. The question had come into my mind suddenly: were these creatures fools? I had always believed that the people of the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousand and something would be very much in front of us in knowledge, art, everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question that showed him to be not more intelligent than one of our five-year-old children — asked me, in fact, if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! I let loose the judgment I had kept back upon their clothes, their frail thin limbs and childlike faces. A flow of disappointment rushed across my mind. For a moment I felt that I had built the Time Machine in vain.

I again pointed to the sun, and gave them such a loud imitation of a thunderclap as made them draw back in fear. Then one came laughing towards me, carrying a chain of beautiful flowers altogether new to me, and put it about my neck. Very soon, they were all running to and fro for flowers, and laughingly throwing them upon me until I was almost covered with blossom. Then I was led past the sphinx of white marble, which had seemed to watch me all the time with a smile at my astonishment, towards a vast grey building of time-worn stone.

The building had a large entrance, and was alto-

gether of colossal dimensions. My general impression of the world I saw over their heads was of an amazing waste of beautiful bushes and flowers, a long-neglected and yet weedless garden. I saw a number of tall strange white flowers, measuring perhaps a foot across. They grew everywhere, as if wild; but, as I say, I did not examine them closely at this time. The Time Machine was left lying on the grass among the rhododendrons.

The stones of the doorway were very badly broken and weather-worn. Several more brightly-dressed people met me in the doorway, and so we entered, I, dressed in dark twentieth-century clothes, looking grotesque enough, covered with flowers, and surrounded by a mass of bright, soft-coloured garments and shining white limbs, in a melodious noise of laughter and laughing speech.

The big doorway opened into an equally great hall hung with brown cloths. The roof was in shadow, and the windows, partially of coloured and partially of white glass, produced an agreeable light. The floor was made of huge blocks of some very hard white metal. Across the length were innumerable tables made of flat pieces of polished stone, raised, perhaps, a foot from the floor, and upon these were heaps of fruits. Some I recognized as a kind of big

raspberry and orange, but for the most part they were strange to me.

Between the tables a great number of cushions were lying. Upon these my new friends seated themselves, signing for me to do likewise. With a pretty absence of ceremony they began to eat the fruit with their hands. I followed their example, for I felt thirsty and hungry. As I did so I examined the hall very carefully.

And perhaps the thing that struck me most was its ruinous state. The windows 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 broken. Nevertheless, the general effect was extremely rich and pleasing. There were, perhaps, a couple of hundred people dining in the hall, and most of them, seated as near to me as they could come, were watching me with interest, their little eyes shining over the fruit they were eating. All were dressed in the same soft, and yet strong, silky material.

Fruit was their only food. These people of the future were strict vegetarians, and while I was with them, in spite of some desire for meat, I had to be an eater of fruit also. Indeed, I found afterwards that horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, had followed the mammoth and died out. But the fruits were very delightful; one,

in particular, that seemed to be in season all the time I was there — a sweet kind of apple — was especially good, and I made it my principal food.

So soon as my appetite was a little satisfied, I determined to make an attempt to learn the speech of these new men. Clearly that was the next thing to do. The fruits seemed an easy thing to begin upon, and holding one of these up I began a series of interrogative sounds and movements. I had some difficulty in expressing my meaning. At first my efforts met with a look of surprise or unending laughter, but presently a fair-haired little creature seemed to understand my intention and repeated a name. They had to explain their business at great length to each other, and my first attempts to make the sweet little sounds of their language caused an immense amount of amusement. However, I felt like a schoolmaster among children, and continued; and presently I had a score of nouns at least at my command; and then I attacked the demonstrative pronouns, and even the verb "to eat". But it was slow work, and the little people soon tired and wanted to get away from my questions; for I never met people more lazy or more easily tired.

The Sunset of Mankind.

A strange thing I soon discovered about my little hosts, and that was their lack of interest. They always came to me with eager cries of astonishment, like children, but they soon stopped examining me, and wandered away after some other toy. When the dinner was over, I discovered that almost all those who had surrounded me at first were gone. It is strange, too, how speedily I came to do as I pleased. I went out through the large door into the sunlit world again as soon as my hunger was satisfied. I was continually meeting more of these men of the future; they followed me a little distance, talked and laughed about me, and, having smiled in a friendly way, they left me again to my own plans.

The quiet of evening was upon the world as I came out from the great hall, and the scene was lit by the warm light of the setting sun. At first things were very confusing. Everything was so entirely different from the world I had known — even the flowers. I decided to climb to the top of a hill, perhaps a mile and a half away, from which I could get a wider view of this our planet in the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One. For that, I should

explain, was the date the little dials of my machine showed.

As I walked, I was watchful for everything that might help to explain the condition of ruinous beauty in which I found the world — for ruinous it was. A little way up the hill, for instance, was a great heap of granite, bound together by masses of aluminium, a vast labyrinth of high walls and broken masses, among which were thick heaps of very beautiful plants. It was clearly the remains of some vast building, to what end built I could not discover.

Looking round, with a sudden thought, from a terrace on which I rested for a time, I discovered that there were no small houses to be seen. Clearly, the single house, and perhaps even the household, had gone. Here and there among the greenery were palace-like buildings, but the house and the cottage, which are so characteristic of our own English landscape, had disappeared.

“Communism,” said I to myself.

I looked at the half dozen little figures that were following me. Then, in a moment I saw that all had the same garments, the same soft hairless face, and the same girlish roundness of limb. It may seem strange, perhaps, that I had not noticed this before. But everything was so strange. Now, I saw the fact plainly enough. In their dress, there was no difference

between men and women. And their children seemed to my eyes not to be very different from their parents.

Soon afterwards, I noticed a pretty little building, like a well under a cupola. It struck me as strange that wells should still exist. There were no large buildings towards the top of the hill, and as I walked much faster than the little people, I was presently left alone for the first time. With a strange sense of freedom and adventure I pushed on up to the top.

There I found a seat of some yellow metal that I did not recognize. I sat down on it, and I looked at this new 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, with some horizontal lines of purple and red. Below was the old valley of the Thames, with its great palaces among the fresh greenery, some in ruins and some still in use. Here and there rose a white or silvery figure in the garden of the earth, here and there came the sharp vertical line of some cupola or obelisk. There were no signs of agriculture; the whole earth had become a garden.

It seemed to me that I had come upon humanity in its decay. The red sunset made me think of the sunset of mankind. For the first time I began to understand a strange effect of our present social system. And yet it is logical enough. Strength is the result of need:

comfort produces feebleness. The work of improving the conditions of life had been steadily going on. One triumph of a united humanity over Nature had followed another. Things that are now mere dreams had been taken in hand and carried forward. And the result was what I saw!

After all, the sanitation and the agriculture of to-day are still in the primitive stage. Our agriculture destroys a weed just here and there, and cultivates perhaps a score or so of useful plants, leaving the greater number to fight for existence as they can. We slowly improve our favourite plants and animals; now a new and better apple, now a seedless orange, now a sweeter and larger flower, now a more useful type of cattle. We improve them slowly, because our knowledge is very limited; because Nature, too, is slow in our weak hands. Some day all this will be better organized, and still better. The whole world will be intelligent; things will move faster and faster towards the more complete conquest of Nature.

This conquest, I say, had been made, and made well: made indeed for all time, in the space of Time across which my machine had leapt. The air was free from mosquitoes, the earth from weeds; everywhere were fruits and sweet and pleasant flowers; brilliant butterflies flew from flower to flower. The ideal of

medicine was fulfilled: There was no more illness in this new-world.

Social triumphs, too, had been effected. I saw mankind living in beautiful houses, well clothed, and as yet I had found them occupied in no work. There were no signs of struggle, neither social nor economical struggle. The shop, the advertisement, railways and motor-cars, all that movement which is the life of our world, was gone. It was natural on that golden evening that I should think I had come into a social paradise.

But with this greater comfort had come other changes. What, unless biology is a mass of errors, is the cause of human intelligence and strength? Hardship and freedom: conditions under which the active, strong, and intelligent may grow and the weaker are pushed aside.

All this had changed. I thought of the weakness of the people, their lack of intelligence, and those big and numerous ruins, and it strengthened my belief in a perfect conquest of Nature. For after the battle comes quiet. Humanity had been strong, energetic, and intelligent, and had used all its strength to change the conditions under which it lived. And now came the reaction of the changed conditions.

Under the new conditions of perfect comfort, that restless energy, that with us is strength, would become

weakness. For countless years, I judged, there had been no danger of war, no danger from beasts, no illnesses to attack the body, no need of hard work. For such a life, what we should call the weak are as fit as the strong, are indeed no longer weak. No doubt the perfect beauty of the buildings I saw was the result of the last efforts of the now purposeless energy of mankind before it settled down into perfect harmony with the conditions under which it lived.

As I stood there in the dark I thought that in this simple explanation I had mastered the problem of the world — mastered the whole secret of these delightful people. My explanation was very simple — as most wrong theories are!

VI.

A Sudden Shock.

As I stood there thinking about this too perfect triumph of man, the full yellow moon came up out of the silver light in the north-east. The bright little figures no longer moved about below; a noiseless bird flew past, and I felt the cold of the night. I decided to go and find where I could sleep.

I looked for the building I knew. Then my eye travelled along to the figure of the White Sphinx upon

the pedestal of bronze as the light of the rising moon on it grew brighter. I could see the silver birch against it. There were the rhododendron-bushes, black in the pale light, and there was the little garden. I looked at the garden again. A strange doubt disturbed me. "No," said I to myself, "that was not the garden."

But it was the garden. For the white face of the sphinx was towards it. — The Time Machine was gone!

At once came the possibility of losing my own age, of being left helpless in this strange new world. The bare thought of it stopped my breathing. The next moment I was running down the hill. Once I fell headlong and cut my face; I lost no time in stopping the flow of the blood, but jumped up and ran on, with the warm blood running down my cheek and chin. All the time I ran I was saying to myself: "They have moved it a little, pushed it under the bushes out of the way." Nevertheless, I ran as fast as I could. All the time I knew that such belief was foolish, knew instinctively that the machine was taken out of my reach. My breath came with pain. I think I covered the whole distance from the top to the little garden, two miles, perhaps, in ten minutes. And I am not a young man. I cried aloud, and none answered. Not a creature seemed to be moving about in that moonlit world.

When I reached the garden my worst fears were

proved true. Not a trace of the thing was to be seen. I felt weak and cold when I saw the empty space, among the black bushes. I ran round it wildly, as if the thing might be hidden in a corner, and then stopped suddenly, with my hands tearing my hair. Above me rose the sphinx, upon the bronze pedestal, white, shining, in the light of the rising moon. It seemed to smile at my despair.

I might have been content to think that the little people had put the mechanism in some safe place for me, had I not felt sure of their physical and intellectual weakness. That is what almost made me give up hope: the sense of some unknown power, through whose action my machine had disappeared. It had moved, and was hidden. But then, where could it be?

I think I must have been in a state of madness. I remember running violently in and out among the moonlit bushes all round the sphinx, where I saw some white animal that, in the faint light, I took for a small deer. I remember, too, late that night, beating the bushes with my fists until they were bleeding from the broken branches. Then, I went down to the great building of stone. The big hall was dark, silent, and empty. I fell over one of the stone 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 strange noises and the light of a match. For they had forgotten about matches. "Where is my Time Machine?" I began, like an angry child, laying hands upon them and shaking them up together. It must have been very strange to them. Some laughed, most of them looked badly frightened.

I threw down the match, and knocking one of the people over, went across the big dining-hall again, out under the moonlight. I heard cries of terror and their little feet running 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 people — a strange animal in an unknown world. I must have run to and fro, crying upon God and Fate. I have a memory of becoming very tired as the long night of despair wore away; of looking in this impossible place and that; of searching among moonlit ruins and touching strange creatures in the black shadows; at last, of lying on the ground near the sphinx, and weeping with complete wretchedness. I had nothing left but despair. Then I slept, and when I woke again it was full day.

I sat up in the freshness of the morning, trying to remember how I had got there, and why I felt such deep despair. Then things came clear in my mind. With the bright daylight, I could look my circumstances in the face. I saw the wild folly of my madness overnight. Suppose the worst, I said. Suppose the machine altogether lost — perhaps destroyed? Yet I must be quiet and patient, to learn the way of the people, to get a clear idea of how the machine was lost, and the means of getting materials and instruments; so that in the end, perhaps, I might make another. That would be my only hope, a poor hope, perhaps, but better than despair. And, after all, it was a beautiful and interesting world.

But probably the machine had only been taken away. Still, I must be patient, find its hiding-place, and get it back by force or intelligence. And with that I rose to my feet and looked about me, wondering where I could bathe. I felt tired, stiff, and travel-soiled. The freshness of the morning made me desire an equal freshness. I was much more quiet now. Indeed, as I went about my business, I found myself wondering at my intense excitement overnight. I made a careful examination of the ground in the little garden. I wasted some time in useless questionings of such of the little people as came near. They all failed to understand me: some thought it was a joke, and laughed at me.

An examination of the ground was more helpful. I found a mark on it, about midway between the pedestal of the sphinx and the marks of my feet where, on arrival, I had tried to pull up the overturned machine. There were other signs about, with narrow footmarks like those made by some strange animal. This directed my closer attention to the pedestal. It was, as I think I have said, of bronze. It was not a mere block, but had doors on either side. I went and knocked at these. The pedestal was hollow. There were no handles or keyholes, but possibly the doors opened from within. One thing was clear enough to my mind. It was now quite clear to me that my Time Machine was inside that pedestal. But how it got there was a different problem.

I saw the heads of two orange-clothed people coming through the bushes and under some blossom-covered apple-trees towards me. I turned smiling to them, and made signs to them to come to me. They came, and then, pointing to the bronze pedestal, I tried to make them understand my wish to open it. But at my first attempt towards this they seemed horribly frightened and ran away. I tried a sweet-looking little fellow in white next, with exactly the same result. But, as you know, I wanted the Time Machine, and I tried him once more. As he turned off, like the others, I became very angry. I ran after him, took him by his

garment and began pulling him towards the sphinx. Then I saw the horror of his face, and let him go.

But I was not beaten yet. I knocked with my fist at the bronze doors. I thought I heard something inside — indeed, I thought I heard a sound like a quiet laugh — but I must have been mistaken. Then I got a big stone from the river, and came and hammered madly at the bronze door. The little people must have heard me hammering a mile away on either hand, but nothing came of it. I saw a crowd of them upon the hillside, looking at me. At last, hot and tired, I sat down to watch the place. But I was too restless to watch long. I could work at a problem for years, but to wait without doing anything for twenty-four hours — that is another matter.

I got up after a time, and began walking aimlessly through the bushes towards the hill again. “Patience,” said I to myself. “If you want your machine again you must leave that sphinx alone. If they mean to take your machine away, it’s little good your destroying their bronze doors; and if they don’t, you will get it back as soon as you can ask for it. To sit among all those unknown things before a problem like that is hopeless. That way lies madness. Face this world. Learn its ways, watch it, be careful of too hasty guesses at its meaning. In the end you will find the explanation.” Then suddenly the funny side of the situation came into

my mind: the thought of the years I had spent in study and hard work to get into the future age, and now my violent desire to get out of it. Although it was at my own expense, I could not help myself. I laughed aloud.

Going through the big palace, it seemed to me that the little people avoided me. It must have had something to do with my hammering at the doors of bronze. I did not question them again, however, and in the course of a day or two things got back to the old position. I learnt as much as I could of the language, and, in addition, I looked for explanations here and there. I determined to put the thought of my Time Machine, and the mystery of the bronze doors under the sphinx, as much as possible in a corner of memory, until my growing knowledge of the new people and their language would lead me back to them in a natural way. Yet a certain feeling, you may understand, kept me in a circle of a few miles round the point of my arrival.

VII.

Explanation.

So far as I could see, all the world showed the same richness as the Thames valley. From every hill I climbed I saw large numbers of splendid buildings, all different in material and style; the same masses of

evergreens, the same blossom-covered trees. Here and there water shone like silver, and beyond, the land rose into blue hills. A peculiar thing, 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 close to the path up the hill, which I had followed during my first walk. Like the others, it was protected by a little cupola from the rain. Sitting by the side of these wells, and looking down into the darkness, I could see no sign of water. But in all of them I heard a certain sound: a knock—knock—knock, like the beating of some big machine, and I discovered that a steady current of air flowed down the shafts. Further, I threw a piece of paper into the throat of one; and, instead of sinking slowly down, it swiftly disappeared from sight.

After a time, too, I came to connect these wells with tall towers standing here and there upon the hillsides; for above them there was often just such a movement in the air as one sees on a hot day above a sunny beach. Putting things together, I came to believe that they pointed to a system of subterranean ventilation, whose true meaning it was difficult to explain. I thought at first that it had to do with the sanitary apparatus of these people. But this was absolutely wrong.

I must confess that my satisfaction with my first

theories of an automatic civilization and a decadent humanity did not last long. Yet I could think of no other. Let me put my difficulties. The several big palaces I had seen were mere living places, great dining-halls and sleeping-rooms. I could find no machinery, no instruments of any kind. Yet these people were clothed in pleasant garments that must at times need renewal, and their sandals, though simple, were of beautiful metal-work. Surely such things must be made. And the little people did not do any work. There were no shops, no workshops, no sign of importations among them. They spent all their time in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half-playful fashion, in eating fruit and sleeping. I could not see how things were kept going.

Then, again, about the Time Machine: something, I knew not what, had taken it into the hollow pedestal of the White Sphinx. Why? For the life of me I could not imagine. Those waterless wells, too, those towers! I felt I lacked an explanation. On the third day of my visit, that was how the world of Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One appeared to me!

That day, too, I made a friend. It happened that, as I was watching some of the little people bathing in the river, one of them was seized with cramp, and was being carried down stream. The current ran rather

swiftly, but not too strongly for even an inexperienced swimmer. It will give you an idea, therefore, of the strange weakness of these creatures, when I tell you that none made the slightest attempt to save the weakly-crying little thing which was drowning before their eyes. When I saw this, I hurriedly took off my clothes, and, entering the water at a point lower down, I caught the poor thing, and drew her safe to land. A little rubbing 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 opinion of these people that I did not expect her to be thankful to me. 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 a long walk: and she received me with cries of pleasure, and presented me with a big chain of flowers — clearly made for me and me alone. I was very pleased indeed. Very possibly I had been feeling lonely. At any rate, I did my best to show my pleasure in the present. The creature's friendliness touched 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 to talk, and found that her name was Weena. That was the beginning of a strange 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 it went to my heart to tire her down, and leave her behind at last. Her sorrow when I left her was very great, and I think, altogether, I had as much trouble as comfort from her love for me. Nevertheless she was a very great comfort. For, by showing in her weak way that she cared for me, the little doll of a creature presently gave my return to the garden of the White Sphinx almost the feeling of coming home; and I would watch for her pretty figure of white and gold as soon as I came over the hill.

It was from her, too, that I learnt that fear had not yet left the world. She was fearless enough in the daylight, but she feared the dark, feared shadows, feared black things. Darkness to her was the one thing dreadful. I discovered, also, among other things, that these little people gathered into the great houses after dark, and slept in crowds. To enter upon them without a light was to put them into an indescribable state of fear. I never found one out of doors, or one sleeping alone within doors, after dark. Yet I was still such a fool that I failed to discover the cause of that fear, and, in spite of Weena's sorrow, I continued to sleep away from these crowds.

It troubled her greatly, but in the end her old love for me triumphed, and for five of the nights of our being

together, including the last night of all, she slept with her head resting on my arm. But to return to my story: It must have been the night before I pulled her out of the water that I was awakened about sunrise. I had been restless, dreaming most disagreeably that I was drowned, and that sea-anemones were feeling over my face with their soft arms. I woke with a start, and with the strange idea that some greyish animal had just ran out of the room. I tried to get to sleep again, but I felt restless and uncomfortable. It was that grey hour when things are just coming out of darkness, when everything is colourless and unreal. I got up, and went into the great hall, and then out upon the flat stones in front of the palace.

The moon was setting, and the dying moonlight and the first signs of sunrise were mingled in a greyish half-light. The bushes were inky black, the ground a dull grey, the sky colourless and unfriendly. And up the hill I thought I could see ghosts. Three several times, as I examined the hillside, I saw white figures. Twice I thought I saw a white, ape-like creature running rather quickly up the hill, and once near the ruins I saw two of them carrying some dark body. I did not see what became of them. It seemed that they disappeared among the bushes. The light was still indistinct, you must understand, and I doubted my eyes.

As the eastern sky grew brighter, and the light of

the day came on and its colouring returned upon the world once more, I looked round on all sides. But I saw no signs of my white figures. They were mere creatures of the half-light. They must have been ghosts, I said; I wondered where they might come from. I connected them in some indefinite way with the white animal I had started in my first mad search for the Time Machine. Yet they were soon to take complete possession of my mind.

I think I have said how much warmer than our own was the weather of this Golden Age. It may be that the sun was hotter, or the earth nearer the sun.

One very hot morning — my fourth, I think — as I had gone from the heat and light into a colossal ruin near the great house where I slept and took food, there happened this strange thing. Climbing among these heaps of stones, I found a narrow corridor, whose end and side windows were darkened by fallen masses of stone. I entered it feeling my way very carefully, for the change from light to blackness made spots of colour swim before me. Suddenly I stopped amazed. A pair of eyes was watching me out of the darkness.

The old instinctive fear of wild animals came upon me. I pulled myself together, however, and looked into the shining eyeballs. I was afraid to turn. Then the thought of the absolute safety in which humanity appeared to be living came to my mind. And then I

remembered that strange terror of the dark. Overcoming my fear, I walked towards the eyes and spoke. But my voice was rough and trembling. I put out my hand and touched something soft. At once the eyes moved sideways, and something white ran past me. I turned with my heart in my mouth (for it was an amazing experience), and saw a strange little ape-like figure, its head held down in a peculiar manner, running across the sunlit space behind me. It knocked against a block of granite, jumped aside, and in a moment was hidden in a black shadow beneath another heap of ruins.

My impression of it is, of course, imperfect; but I know it was a dull white, and had strange large greyish-red eyes; also that there was yellowish-white hair on its head and down its back. But, as I say, it went too fast for me to see distinctly. I cannot even say whether it ran on all fours, or only with its forearms held very low. I followed it into the second heap of ruins. I could not find it at first; but, after a time in the intense darkness, I came upon one of those round well-like openings of which I have told you, half closed by a fallen wall. A sudden thought came to me. Could this Thing have disappeared down the well? I lit a match, and, looking down, I saw a small, white moving creature, with large bright eyes which watched me closely as it climbed down the well, and now I saw

for the first time a number of metal foot- and hand-rests forming a kind of ladder down into the earth. Then the light burned my fingers and fell out of my hand, going out as it dropped, and when I had lit another the horrible creature had disappeared.

I do not know how long I sat looking down that well. It was not for some time that I could succeed in making myself believe that the thing I had seen was human. But, very slowly, the truth came to me: that Man had not remained one species, but had developed into two distinct animals: that those pretty children of the Upper World were not the only descendants of our generation, but that this whitish, horrible Thing, which had ran away from me, was also heir to all the ages.

Clearly, this second species of Man was subterranean. There were three circumstances in particular which made me think that its rare appearance above ground was the result of a long-continued underground habit. In the first place, there was the white colour common in most animals that live largely in the dark. That confusion in the sunshine, that quick flight towards dark shadow, and that peculiar way of holding the head while in the light — all supported the theory of an extreme sensitiveness of the eye.

Beneath my feet, therefore, the earth must be tunnelled enormously, and these tunnellings were the natural home of the New Race. The presence of ven-

tilating-towers and wells along the hills — everywhere, in fact, except in the river valley — showed how large this system must have been. What so natural, then, as to suppose that it was in this artificial Underworld that such work as was necessary to the comfort of the daylight race was done? This idea was so convincing that I at once accepted it, and went on to form a theory of the manner of this splitting of the human species.

At first, starting from the problems of our own age, it seemed clear as daylight to me that the continued widening of the present and social difference between the Capitalist and the Labourer was the key to the whole problem. No doubt it will seem grotesque enough to you — and wildly unbelievable! — and yet even now there are existing circumstances to point that way. There is a tendency to use underground space for the less beautiful purposes of civilization; there is the Underground Railway in London, for instance, there are subways, there are underground workrooms and restaurants, and they increase and become more and more common. Clearly, I thought, this tendency had increased till Industry had at last lost its birthright in the sky. I mean that it had gone deeper and deeper into larger and ever larger underground factories, spending a still-increasing amount of its time there, till, in the end — —!

Again, the desire of richer people to keep away from the poor is already leading to the closing, in their interest, of parts of the open country. About London, for instance, perhaps half the prettier country is shut in. So, in the end, above ground you must have the Haves, living for pleasure and comfort and beauty; and below ground the Have-nots, the Workers getting continually more like the conditions of their labour. In the end they would become as well adapted to the conditions of underground life, and as happy in their way, as the Overworld people were to theirs. As it seemed to me, both the gentle beauty and the paleness caused by the absence of light followed naturally enough.

The great triumph of Humanity over the life of plants and animals I had dreamed of took a different shape in my mind. It had been no such triumph of morality as I had imagined. Instead, I saw a real aristocracy working to a logical conclusion the industrial system of to-day. Its triumph had not been simply a triumph over nature, but a triumph over nature and the fellow-man. This, I must warn you, was my theory at the time. My explanation may be absolutely wrong. I still think it is the most convincing one. But even so the civilization that was at last reached must have long since passed its highest point. The too-perfect comfort of the Overworlders had led them to a slow movement of degeneration with regard

to size, strength, and intelligence. That I could see clearly enough already. What had happened to the Undergrounders I did not yet know; but, from what I had seen of the Morlocks — that was the name by which these creatures were called — I could imagine that the change from the human type was even far more complete than among the Eloi, the beautiful race that I already knew.

Then came troublesome doubts. Why had the Morlocks taken my Time Machine? For I felt sure it was they who had taken it. Why, too, if the Eloi were masters, could they not give back the machine to me? And why were they so terribly afraid of the dark? I tried, as I have said, to question Weena about this Underworld; but here again I was disappointed. At first she would not understand my questions, and presently she refused to answer them. She trembled as if this matter was too painful, and burst into tears. They were the only tears, except my own, I ever saw in that Golden Age.

VIII.

The Morlocks.

It may seem strange to you, but it was two days before I could follow up the new-found explanation. I felt a peculiar fear of those pale bodies. Probably

my fear was largely caused by the influence of the Eloi, whose dislike of the Morlocks I now began to understand.

The next night I did not sleep well. Probably my health was a little disordered. Once or twice I had a feeling of intense fear for which I could discover no good reason. I remember noiselessly creeping into the great hall where the little people were sleeping in the moonlight. I remembered, just 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 might be more frequent. And on both these days I had the restless feeling of one who avoids a duty. I felt sure that the Time Machine was only to be got back by boldly entering these mysteries of underground. Yet I could not face the mystery. If only I had had a companion it would have been different. But I was so horribly alone, and even to climb down into the darkness of the well caused me intense fear. I don't know if you will understand my feeling, but I never felt quite safe at my back.

It was this restlessness, this insecurity, perhaps, that caused me to examine more and more of the country. Going towards the rising hills in the southwest, I observed far off a vast green building, different in character from any I had so far seen. It was larger than

the largest of the palaces or ruins I knew, and its front had an Oriental look: the face of it having the pale-green colour, a kind of bluish-green, of a certain type of Chinese porcelain. This difference in appearance suggested a difference in use, and I intended to push on and discover its meaning. But the day was growing late, and I had come to the place after a long and tiring walk; so I decided to put off the adventure to the following day. But next morning I changed my mind, and, without further waste of time, I started out in the early hours 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 look downward, she seemed strangely excited. "Good-bye, little Weena," I said; and then, putting her down, I began to feel over the low wall for the climbing foot- and hand-rests. At first she watched me in amazement. Then she gave a most sorrowful cry, and, running to me, began to pull at me with her little hands. I shook her off, perhaps a little roughly, and in another moment I was in the throat of the well.

I had to climb down perhaps two hundred yards. Though my arms and back were presently extremely painful, I went on climbing down as quickly as possible. Looking upward, I saw the opening, a small blue piece of sky. The sound of a machine below grew louder

and louder. Everything except that little blue spot above was dark, and when I looked up again Weena had disappeared.

I felt extremely uncomfortable. I had some thought of trying to go up again, and leave the Underworld alone. But, nevertheless, I continued to climb down. At last, I saw coming up, a foot to the right of me, a small hole in the wall. I found it was the entrance to a narrow horizontal tunnel in which I could lie down and rest. It was not too soon. I was tired out and trembling with the fear of a fall. Besides this, the unbroken darkness was very bad for my eyes. The air was full of the noise of machinery pumping air down the well.

I do not know how long I lay there. I was awakened by a soft hand touching my face. Jumping up in the darkness I took out my matches and, striking one, I saw three white creatures similar to the one I had seen above ground in the ruin, hastily retreating before the light. Living, as they did, in what appeared to me perfect darkness, their eyes were abnormally large and sensitive, just as are those of the deep-sea fishes. I have no doubt they could see me in that perfect darkness, and they did not seem to have any fear of me but only of the light. But, as soon as I struck a match in order to see them, they fled at once,

disappearing into dark tunnels, from which their eyes looked at me in the strangest manner.

I tried to call to them, but the language they had was clearly different from that of the overworld people. I said to myself: "You cannot run away 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 large subterranean hall. The view I had of it was as much as one could see in the burning of a match.

Great shapes like big machines rose out of the darkness, and produced grotesque black shadows, in which the Morlocks sheltered from the light. The air was very bad, and the smell of blood was in the air. Some way down was a little table of white metal, laid with what seemed a meal. The Morlocks at any rate were flesh-eaters! Even at the time, I remember wondering what large animal could have furnished the red meat I saw. It was all very indistinct: the heavy smell, the big shapes, the strange figures hiding in the shadows, and only waiting for the darkness to come at me again! Then the match burnt down, and burnt my fingers, and fell, a dying red spot in the blackness.

I was afraid to push my way in among all this machinery in the dark, for I had only a few matches

left, as I had wasted almost half the box in astonishing the Overworlders, to whom fire was unknown. Now, as I say, I had only four left, and while I stood in the dark, a hand touched mine, fingers came feeling over my face, and there was a strange unpleasant smell. I thought I heard the breathing of a crowd of those dreadful little beings about me. I felt the box of matches in my hand being gently taken away, and other hands behind me pulling at my clothing. To feel these unseen creatures examining me was most unpleasant. I spoke to them as loudly as I could. They ran away, and then I could feel them coming near me again. They made a strange laughing noise as they came back at me. I was horribly frightened. I determined to strike another match and escape under the protection of its light. I did so, and returned to the narrow tunnel. But I had scarcely entered this when my light was blown out, and in the blackness I could hear the Morlocks — rustling like wind among leaves — as they ran after me.

In a moment I felt how they were trying to pull me back. I struck another light, and held it in their faces. You can hardly imagine how horribly inhuman they looked — those pale, chinless faces and great, pinkish-grey eyes! But I did not stay to look, I can tell 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 well. I lay down on the ground, for the noise of the great pump below made me sick. Then I felt sideways for the hooks, and, as I did so, they took hold of my feet from behind, and I was violently pulled backward. I lit my last match . . . and it at once went out. But I had my hand on the climbing hooks now; I freed myself from the hands of the Morlocks, and was quickly climbing up the well, while they stayed looking up at me.

That climb seemed endless to me. Several times my head swam, and I felt as if I was going to fall down. At last, however, I got over the well-mouth somehow, and ran out of the ruin into the blinding sunlight. I fell upon my face. Even the grass smelt sweet and clean. Then I remember Weena kissing my hands and ears, and the voices of others of the Eloi. Then I knew that I was saved!

IX.

When the Night came.

Now, indeed, I seemed in a worse position than before. So far, except during the night after the loss of the Time Machine, I had felt a strong hope of escape, but that hope was destroyed by these new discoveries. So far I had thought I had only to do with the little people, and with some unknown forces which I had

only to understand to overcome; but there was an altogether new element in the ugly qualities of the Morlocks. Instinctively I hated them. I felt like a beast in a trap, whose enemy would come upon him soon.

The enemy I feared may surprise you. It was the darkness of the new moon. Weena had put this into my head by some remarks about the Dark Nights. It was not now such a very difficult problem to guess what the coming Dark Nights might mean. The moon was growing smaller and smaller: each night there was a longer interval of darkness. And I now understood the reason of the fear of the little upperworld people for the dark. I wondered what evil thing it might be that the Morlocks did under the new moon. I felt pretty sure now that my second theory was all wrong. The upper-world people might once have been the favoured aristocracy, and the Morlocks their mechanical servants; but that had long since passed away. The two species that had resulted from the evolution of man were going down towards, or had already arrived at, an altogether new form of existence. The Eloi were still allowed to possess the earth: as the Morlocks, subterranean for innumerable generations, had come at last to find the daylight surface unbearable. And the Morlocks made their garments, I concluded, and everything else they needed. But clearly, the old order was already changed. Ages ago, thousands of generations

ago, man had pushed his brother man out of the ease and the sunshine. And now that brother was coming back—changed! And suddenly there came into my head the meat I had seen in the under-world. I seemed to know, and yet I could not tell what it was at the time.

Still, however helpless the little people in the presence of their mysterious Fear might be, I was differently made. I came out of this age of ours, this best period of the human race, when Fear and Mystery have lost their terrors. I at least would defend myself. Without further waiting I determined to make myself arms and a safe place where I might sleep during the moonless nights. With their help, I could face this strange world with some of that belief in myself I had lost in discovering what creatures night by night I had to fear. I felt I could never sleep again until my bed was safe from them. I trembled with horror to think how they must already have examined me.

I wandered during the afternoon along the valley of the Thames, but found no place fit for my purpose. All the buildings and trees could easily have been entered or climbed by such good climbers as the Morlocks, to judge by their wells, must be. Then the tall towers of the Palace of Green Porcelain and its high walls came back to my memory; and in the evening,

taking Weena like a child upon my shoulder, I went up the hill towards the south-west.

From the top of the hill I saw a thick wood spreading wide and black before me. I did not like this. I could see no end to it, either to the right or the left. Feeling tired, I carefully lowered Weena from my shoulder and sat down upon the grass. I could no longer see the Palace of Green Porcelain. I looked into the darkness of the wood and thought of what it might hide. Under its branches one would be out of the light of the stars. I was very tired, too, after the excitements of the day; so I decided that I would not face the dangers of the wood, but would pass the night upon the open hill.

Through that long night I avoided to think of the Morlocks as well as I could. The sky kept very clear, except for a small cloud or so. At last there came a weak light in the eastward sky, like some colourless fire, and the old moon rose, thin and white. And close behind, and overflowing it, the light of the rising sun came, pale at first, and then growing pink and warm. No Morlocks had approached us. Indeed, I had seen none upon the hill that night. And in the renewed day it almost seemed to me that my fear had been groundless.

I awakened Weena, and we went down into the wood, now green and pleasant instead of black and

uninviting. We found some fruit on which we breakfasted. We soon met others of the little people, laughing and dancing in the sunlight as if 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 sure now of what it was, and was sorry for poor little Weena and her friends. Clearly, at some time in the Long-Ago of human decay, the Morlocks' food had run short. There being no more animals left to supply them with meat, these inhuman sons of men — —! I tried to look at the thing in a scientific spirit. After all, they were less human than our cannibal ancestors of three or four thousand years ago. But why should I trouble myself? These Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the Morlocks kept and fed on. And there was Weena dancing at my side!

Then I tried to save myself from the horror that was coming upon me, by regarding it as a terrible punishment of human selfishness. Man had been content to live in ease and delight upon the labours of his fellow-man, and now his children were punished for this. And yet it was impossible for me not to be sorry for these beautiful creatures of light.

The Palace of Green Porcelain.

I found the Palace of Green Porcelain, when we approached it about noon, empty and falling into ruin. It lay very high upon a grass-covered hill. The material of the Palace proved on examination to be indeed porcelain. Within we found, instead of the usual hall, a long gallery lit by many side windows. It reminded me of a museum. The floor was thick with dust, and I saw, standing strange and tall in the centre of the room, what was clearly the lower part of a tall skeleton. I recognized by the strange feet that it was some long-dead creature after the fashion of the mammoth.

Clearly we stood among the ruins of some kind of Natural History Museum! The place was very silent. At first I was so much surprised by this monument of an intellectual age, that I gave no thought to the possibilities of finding help in it. Even the Time Machine dropped a little from my mind.

To judge by the size of the place, this Palace of Green Porcelain had a great deal more in it than a gallery of skeletons; possibly historical galleries; it might be, even books! Looking round, I found another short gallery running in the opposite direction. Here I was more in my element, for rising on either side of

me were the tall forms of big machines, all broken down and out of working order.

The end at which I had come in was quite above ground, and was lit by a small number of windows. I went slowly along, wondering about the machines, and had been too much interested in them to notice that the light was becoming less and less, until Weena's increasing dread drew my attention. Then I saw that the gallery ran down at last into a thick darkness. I hesitated, and looked round me. Further away towards the darkness, the dust on the floor appeared to be broken by a number of small narrow footprints. My sense of the presence of the Morlocks awoke at that. I felt that I was wasting my time in this examination of machinery. I called to mind that it was already far advanced in the afternoon, and that I had still no weapon, no place of safety, and no means of making a fire. And then down in the blackness of the gallery I heard the noise of running feet.

I took Weena's hand. Then, struck with a sudden idea, I left her and turned to a machine from which I tore away a lever not unlike those in a signal-box. Taking this lever in my hand, I rejoined Weena with a weapon in my hand more than sufficient, I judged, for any Morlock's head I might meet. And I desired very much to kill a Morlock or two. Very inhuman, you may think, to want to go killing one's own chil-

dren's children! But it was impossible, somehow, to feel any humanity in these horrible creatures. Only my desire not to leave Weena, and the thought that if I began to satisfy my thirst for murder my Time Machine might suffer, kept me from going straight down the gallery and killing the Morlocks I heard.

Then, going up a broad staircase, we came to what may once have been a gallery of chemistry. And here I had not a little hope of useful discoveries. Except at one end where the roof had fallen in, this gallery was well preserved. I went eagerly to every unbroken box, and at last, in one of them I found a box of matches. Very eagerly I tried them. They were perfectly dry and good. I turned to Weena. "Dance," I cried to her in her own tongue. For now I had a weapon indeed against the horrible creatures we feared. And so, in that ruinous museum, upon the thick soft dust, I danced a kind of war dance, singing some Scotch melody as cheerfully as I could.

That this box of matches should have been preserved was a most strange, as for me it was a most happy, thing. Yet, strangely enough, I found a far more useful substance, and that was camphor. I found it in a closed bottle. I thought at first that it was sugar; but when I had broken the glass, the smell of camphor was unmistakable. In the general decay this substance had been preserved, perhaps through many

thousands of centuries. I was about to throw it away, but I remembered that it would burn with a good bright flame — was, in fact, an excellent candle. I put it in my pocket and left that gallery highly pleased.

I cannot tell you all the story of that long afternoon. Towards sunset I began to consider our position. Night was coming upon us, and my safe 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 weapons against the Morlocks — I had matches! I had the camphor in my pocket, too, if a bright light were needed. It seemed to me that the best thing we could do would be to pass the night in the open, protected by a fire. In the morning there would be the getting of the Time Machine. For that purpose, as yet, I had only my iron lever. But now, with my growing knowledge, I felt very differently towards those bronze doors. Up to this, I had not broken them open, largely because of the mystery on the other side. They had never seemed to me very strong, and I hoped to find my new iron weapon not altogether useless for the work.

In the Darkness.

We came out from the Palace while the sun was still above the horizon. I was determined to reach the White Sphinx early the next morning, and before sunset I intended to push through the woods that had stopped me on the day before. My plan was to go as far as possible that night, and then, building a fire, to sleep in the protection of its light. Therefore as we went along I gathered any fallen branches or dried grass I saw, and presently had my arms full. Thus loaded, our journey was slower than I had planned, 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. Weena would have stopped, fearing the darkness before us under the trees; but I paid no attention to her and pushed on. I had been without sleep for a night and two days. I felt sleep coming upon me, and the Morlocks with it.

While we were standing, among the black bushes behind us, I saw three whitish figures. There was long grass all about us, and I did not feel safe from these creatures. The wood, it seemed to me, was rather less than a mile across. If we could get through it to the treeless hillside, there, as it seemed to me, was an altogether safer resting-place: I thought that with my

matches and my camphor I might be able to keep my path lighted through the woods. Yet it was clear that if I was to hold matches with my hands I should have to leave behind my firewood: so, rather unwillingly, I put it down. And then it came into my head that I would amaze our friends behind by lighting it. I was to discover the folly of this action, but it came to my mind as an excellent method for covering our retreat.

I don't know if you have ever thought what a rare thing flame must have been in that civilization of decay. For the art of fire-making had been forgotten on the earth. The red tongues that rose up from my heap of wood were an altogether new and strange thing to Weena.

She wanted to run to it and play with it. I believe she would have thrown herself into it had I not kept her back. But I caught her up, and ran boldly before me into the wood. For a little way the light of my fire lit the path. Looking back presently, I could see, through the trees, that from my heap of dry branches and grass the fire had spread to some bushes close by, and a line of fire was creeping up the grass of the hill. I laughed at that, and turned again to the dark trees before me. It was very black, but there was still enough light for me to avoid the trees. Overhead it was simply black, except where a bit of blue sky shone down upon us here and there. I lit none of

my matches because I had no hands free. Upon my left arm I carried Weena, in my right hand I had my iron weapon.

For some way I heard nothing but the noise of breaking dead branches under my feet, the wind above and my own breathing. Then I seemed to know of running feet about me. I pushed on wildly. These noises grew louder, and then I caught the same strange sounds and voices I had heard in the under-world. There were clearly several of the Morlocks, and they were coming nearer. Indeed, in another minute I felt a pull at my coat, then something at my arm. And Weena trembled 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 felt in my pocket, a fight began in the darkness about my knees, perfectly silent on her part and with the same ugly sounds from the Morlocks. Soft little hands, too, were creeping over my coat and back, touching even my neck. Then the match took fire. I held it burning brightly, and saw the white backs of the Morlocks running away among the trees. I quickly took a piece of camphor from my pocket, and prepared to light it as soon as the match should go out. Then I looked at Weena. She was lying holding my feet, with her face to the ground. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I lit the piece of camphor and threw it to the ground, and as it took

fire and drove back the Morlocks and the shadows, I lifted her. The wood behind seemed full of the sounds of scores of Morlocks!

She seemed to be half-dead. I had to think quickly what to do. I determined to build a fire and to remain where we were. I put Weena down upon the grass, and, as my first bit of camphor burnt out, I began gathering branches and leaves. Here and there out of the darkness round me the Morlocks' eyes shone like red stars.

The camphor died down and went out. It lit a match, and as I did so, two white forms that had been approaching Weena ran quickly away. One was so blinded by the light that he knocked against me, and I felt his bones break under the blow of my fist. He gave a cry of pain, ran a little way, and fell down. I lit another piece of camphor, and went on gathering firewood. Presently I noticed how dry were most of the leaves above me, for since my arrival on the Time Machine, about a week ago, no rain had fallen. So I began pulling down branches. Very soon I had a smoky fire of green wood, and could save my camphor.

Now, the smoke of the fire beat over towards me, and it must have made me very sleepy. Moreover, the smell of camphor was in the air. My fire would not need attention for an hour or two, so that I thought I might sit down now. I felt very tired, and lay down.

Presently I fell asleep, and when I opened my eyes again, all was dark, and the Morlocks had their hands upon me. Throwing off their fingers I hastily felt in my pocket for the match-box, and — it had gone! Then they attacked me again. In a moment I knew what had happened. I had slept, and my fire had gone out; and the fear of death came over my soul. The air seemed full of the smell of burning wood. I was caught by the neck, by the hair, by the arms, and pulled down. It was indescribably horrible in the darkness to feel all these soft creatures heaped upon me. I was overpowered, and went down. I felt little teeth biting at my neck. I rolled over, and as I did so my hand came against my iron lever. It gave me strength. I rose up, shaking the human rats from me, and, holding my weapon short, I struck where I judged their faces might be. I could feel the flesh and bone under my blows, and for a moment I was free.

The strange joy that so often seems to accompany hard fighting came upon me. I knew that both I and Weena were lost, but I determined to make the Morlocks pay for their meat. I stood with my back to a tree, striking about me with the iron lever. The whole wood was full of their cries. A minute passed. Their voices seemed to rise higher and higher, and their movements grew faster. Yet none came within reach. I stood looking into the blackness. Then suddenly came

hope. What if the Morlocks were afraid? And then came a strange thing. The darkness seemed to give way to light. I began to see the Morlocks about me — three dead at my feet; and then I recognized, with great surprise, that the others were running, in an unending stream, as it seemed, from behind me, and away through the wood in front. And their backs seemed no longer white, but reddish. As I stood, I saw a little red piece of burning wood flying across the starlight between the branches, and disappear. And then I understood the smell of burning wood, the noises that were growing now into a loud confusion, the red light, and the Morlocks' flight.

Coming out from behind my tree and looking back, I saw, through the black forms of the nearer trees, the flames of the burning woods. It was my first fire coming after me. Then I looked for Weena, but she was gone. The loud noise as each fresh tree burst into flame left little time for thinking. My iron weapon still in my hand, I followed in the Morlocks' path, wildly running away from the fire. It was a narrow escape!

At last I sat down on the top of the hill, and watched this strange crowd of blind things running to and fro, and making horrible noises to each other, as the light of the fire beat on them. Clouds of smoke were streaming across the sky, and through the rare openings of that red curtain shone the little stars.

Two or three Morlocks came running into me, and I drove them off with my fists, trembling as I did so. But, at last, above the retreating red of the fire, above the streaming masses of black smoke and the whitening and blackening trees, came the white light of the day.

I searched again for Weena, but she was gone. It was clear that they had left her poor little body in the wood. The hill, as I have said, was a kind of island among the trees. From its top I could now recognize through the smoke the Palace of Green Porcelain, and from that I could get my direction for the White Sphinx. As the day grew clearer, I tied some grass about my feet and walked on across smoking ashes and among blackened trees, towards the hiding-place of the Time Machine. I walked slowly, for I was very tired and my feet hurt. I felt very sorry for the horrible death of little Weena. It left me absolutely lonely again — terribly alone. I began to think of this house of mine at Richmond, of some of you, and with such thoughts came a desire that was pain.

But, as I walked over the smoking ashes under the bright morning sky, I made a discovery. In my trousers pocket were still some matches which must have dropped from the box before it was lost.

The Trap of the White Sphinx.

About eight or nine in the morning I came to the same seat of yellow metal from which I had looked at the world upon the evening of my arrival. I remembered my thoughts on that evening, and laughed bitterly at my confidence. Here was the same beautiful scene, the same rich plant-life, the same beautiful palaces and large ruins, the same silver river running between its pleasant banks. The many-coloured garments of the beautiful people moved to and fro among the trees. Some were bathing in exactly the place where I had saved Weena. And like dark spots upon the landscape rose the cupolas above the ways to the underworld. I understood now what there was behind all the beauty of the over-world people. 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 they never did any work. And their end was the same.

It made me sad to think how short the dream of the human intellect had been. It had caused its own death. It had worked for greater and greater comfort and ease, it had got what it desired — to come to this at last. Once, life must have reached almost absolute safety. The rich man had been sure of his money and comfort, the worker of his life and work. No doubt in

that perfect world there had been no problem of the workless, no social question. And a great quiet had followed.

It is a law of nature that intellectual powers come out of change, danger, and trouble. There is no intelligence where there is no change and no need of change. Only those animals possess intelligence that have to meet many needs and dangers.

So, as I see it, the upper-world man had sunk to this feeble prettiness, and the under-world to mere mechanical industry. As time went on, the feeding of the under-world had become disordered. And when other meat failed them, they turned to what old habit had so far forbidden. This is how I saw it in my last view of the world of Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One. It may be as wrong an explanation as human intellect could invent. It is how the thing appeared to me then, and as that I give it to you.

After the terrors of the past days, this seat and the quiet view and the warm sunlight were very pleasant. I was very tired and sleepy. So I lay down on the grass and had a long and refreshing sleep.

I awoke a little before sunset. I now felt safe against being caught by surprise by the Morlocks. I walked down the hill towards the White Sphinx. I had

my weapon in one hand, and the other hand played with the matches in my pocket.

And now came a most unexpected thing. As I approached the pedestal of the sphinx I found the bronze doors were open.

Noticing this, I stopped short before them, not knowing whether to go in or no.

Inside, on a raised place in the corner was the Time Machine. I had the small levers in my pocket. So here, after all my careful preparations for entering by force, I found the doors wide open. I threw my iron weapon away, almost sorry not to use it.

A sudden thought came into my head as I looked in through the door: now I understood the intentions of the Morlocks. Feeling a strong desire to laugh, I stepped through the bronze frame and up to the Time Machine. I was surprised to find it had been carefully oiled and cleaned. I now believe that the Morlocks had even partially taken it to pieces while trying in their imperfect way to understand its purpose.

Now as I stood and examined it, the thing I had expected happened. The bronze doors suddenly closed and struck the frame with a loud noise. I was in the dark — trapped. So the Morlocks thought.

I could already hear their horrible laughter as they came towards me. I tried to strike a match. I had only to fix on the levers and ride away like a ghost.

But I had overlooked one little thing. The matches were of that kind that light only on the box.

You may imagine how excited I became. The horrible creatures were close upon me. One touched me. I made a powerful blow in the dark at them with the levers, and began to climb into the saddle of the machine. Then came one hand upon me and then another. Then I had simply to fight against their fingers for my levers, and at the same time feel for the places over which these fitted. One, indeed, they almost got away from me. It was a nearer thing than the fight in the wood, I think, this last battle.

But at last the lever was fixed and pulled over. The creatures' hands let me go. The darkness presently fell from my eyes. I found myself in the same grey light and noise I have already described.

XIII.

The Further Vision.

I have already told you of the sickness that comes with time travelling. And this time I was not seated properly in the saddle, but sideways, and I didn't feel safe. For a long time I held on to the machine as it shook and trembled, and when I brought myself to look at the dials again I was amazed to find where I had

arrived. One dial shows days, another thousands of days, another millions of days, and another thousands of millions. Now, instead of turning back the levers, I had pulled them over so as to go forward, and when I came to look at the dials I found that the thousands hand was going round as fast as the seconds hand of a watch — into the future.

As I drove on, a peculiar change crept over the appearance of things. The noisy greyness grew darker. A steady twilight hung over the earth. For the sun had ceased to set — it simply rose and fell in the west, and grew ever broader and more red. All signs of the moon had disappeared. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, stood motionless upon the horizon. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, even as in our own time the moon faces the earth. Very gently I began to slow down my motion. Slower and slower went the circling hands on my dials until the thousands hand seemed motionless, and the daily one was no longer a mere grey shadow upon its dial. Still slower, until the misty outlines of a lonely beach could be recognized.

I stopped very 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. The rocks about me were of a clear reddish colour, and

all the signs of life that I could see at first were the bright green vegetation that covered them. The sea rose into a sharp bright horizon against the pale sky. There were no waves, for there was not a breath of wind.

Far away I saw a thing like a large white butterfly rising up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hills beyond. The sound of its voice was so horrible that I trembled and seated myself more firmly upon the machine. Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock, was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw the thing was really an enormous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as our dinner-table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its long arms waving and feeling? Its evil eyes were looking at me, its mouth was all alive with appetite. In a moment my hand was on the lever, and I had placed a month between myself and this dreadful thing. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw it distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be moving about here and there among the bright green.

I cannot describe the horrible loneliness that hung over the world. The red eastern sky, the northward blackness, the salt Dead Sea, the stony beach all alive with these slow-moving creatures, the evil-looking green of the primitive plants, the thin air that hurts

one's lungs! I moved on a hundred years, and there was the same red sun, the same dying sea, the same cold air, and the same crowd of crabs creeping in and out among the green vegetation and the red rocks. And in the westward sky I saw a circular pale line like a vast new moon.

So I travelled, stopping now and then, in great periods of a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, watching the life of the old earth die away. At last, more than thirty million years from to-day, I stopped once more, for the crabs had disappeared, and the red beach seemed lifeless. A bitter cold attacked me.

The darkness grew quickly. From the edge of the sea came a gentle sound. Except for these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to describe the stillness of it. All the sounds of men and animals, the cries of birds, the noise of insects — all that was over.

At last, I got off the machine. I trembled at the thought of the return journey. As I stood sick and tired, I saw a moving thing upon the beach — there was no mistake that it was a moving thing — against the red water of the sea. It was a round thing, the size of a football perhaps, or, it may be, bigger; it seemed black against the blood-red water, and it was

jumping noiselessly about. A terrible dread of lying helpless in that horrible world gave me strength as I climbed upon the seat of my machine.

XIV.

The Time Traveller's Return.

So I came back. For a long time I must have sat half-dead upon the machine. The quick change of the days and nights began again, the sun got golden again, the sky blue. I breathed with greater freedom. At last I saw again the shadows of houses, the signs of decadent humanity. These, too, changed and passed, and others came. Then, at last, the old walls of the laboratory came round me. Very gently, now, I slowed the mechanism down.

Then I stopped the machine, and saw about me again the old well-known laboratory, my instruments just as I had left them. I got off the thing and sat down upon my chair. Around me was my old workshop again, exactly as it had been. I might have slept there, and the whole thing might have been a dream. —

With this, the Time Traveller ended his story.

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“I know,” he said, after a pause, “that all this will be absolutely unbelievable to you, but to me the one

unbelievable thing is that I am here to-night in this old well-known room, looking into your friendly faces, and telling you all these strange adventures." He looked at the Doctor. "No. I cannot expect you to believe it. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. But taking it as a story, what do you think of it?" The Editor stood up smiling. "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 you wouldn't."

The Time Traveller turned to us. "Where are the matches?" he said. He lit one and spoke over his pipe, smoking. "To tell you the truth . . . I find it difficult to believe it myself . . . And yet . . ." He paused, put his hand into his pocket, and silently placed two strange-looking flowers upon the table.

The Doctor rose, came to the lamp, and examined the flowers. "They look very strange indeed," he said.

"It's a funny thing," he continued; "but I certainly don't know the names of these flowers. May I have them?"

The Time Traveller did not answer at once. Then suddenly: "Certainly not."

"Where did you really get them?" said the Doctor.

The Time Traveller put his hand to his head. "They were put into my pocket by Weena, when I travelled into Time. — It's all right now," he said. "The story I told you was true."

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He came into the hall with us, and helped the Editor on with his coat. The Doctor looked into his face and told him he was suffering from overwork, at which he laughed loudly. I remember him standing in the open doorway, saying good-night.

I shared a taxi with the Editor. He thought the tale a complete lie. For my own part I didn't know what to think. I lay awake most of the night thinking about it. I determined to go next day, and see the Time Traveller again. Being told he was in the laboratory, I went up to him.

But the Time Traveller was not there. I seemed to see a ghostly, indistinct figure sitting in a mass of black and brass for a moment: The Time Machine had gone, and the further end of the laboratory was empty!

I felt an unnatural amazement. I knew that something strange had happened, and for the moment could not think what the strange thing might be. As I stood wondering, the door into the garden opened, and the manservant appeared.

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

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

Then I understood. I stayed on, waiting for the Time Traveller: waiting for the second, perhaps still stranger story, and the plants and photographs he would bring with him. But I am beginning now to fear that I must wait a lifetime. The Time Traveller disappeared three years ago. And, as everybody knows now, he has never returned.

Vocabulary.

A.

- abnormal [æb'nɔ:məl] — ebanormaalne
about, be a. to do — parajasti midagi teha tahtma
absence, -ent ['æbsəns, -ənt] — n. äraolek, puudumine; adj. äraolev, puuduv
absolute ['æbsəlu:t] — absoluutne
accept [æk'sept] — vastu võtma, saama
accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] — kaasas käima, saatma
account [ə'kaunt] — arve; aruanne
action ['ækʃn] — tegevus
active ['æktiv] — tegev; elav
actual(ly) ['æktjuəl(i)] — tõeline
adapt [əd'æpt] — sobitama; kohandama
addition [əd'diʃn] — juurdelisamine, lisandamine
advance [əd'va:ns] — edasi tungima
adventure [əd'ventʃə] — seiklus
advertisement [əd'vɜ:tis-mənt] — kuulutus
after all [a:ftə'rɔ:l] — lõpuks
agree [ə'gri:] — kokku leppima, nõustuma
agriculture ['ægrɪkʌltʃə] — põllutööstus
aim ['eɪm] — eesmärk
alive [ə'laɪv] — elus
alone [ə'loun], leave a. — kedagi rahule jätma
altogether [ɔ:l'tə'geðə] — täiesti
aluminium [ælju'mɪnjəm] — alumiinium
amaze(ment) [ə'meɪz(mənt)] — v. imestama panema; n. ehmatatus
amount [ə'maunt] — hulk
amusement [ə'mju:zmənt] — meelelahutus, lõbustus
ancestor ['ænsɪstə] — esiivanem
anecdote ['ænekdout] — anekdoot

anemone [ə'neməni] —
 anemoon
 angry ['æŋgri] — vihane,
 kuri
 animate ['ænimeit] — elus-
 tama
 ape ['eip] — inim-ahv
 apparatus [æpə'reitəs] —
 aparaat
 apparently [ə'pærəntli] —
 nähtavasti
 appear, -ance [ə'piə, -rəns]
 — v ilmuma; n. nägu
 appetite ['æpitait] — isu
 approach [ə'proutʃ] —
 lähenema
 approval [ə'pru:vəl] —
 heakskiitmine
 architecture ['a:kitektʃə] —
 ehituskunst, arhitektuur
 aristocracy [æris'tɒkrəsi] —
 aadel

arms, pl. ['ɑ:mz] — relvad
 arrive, -al [ə'raiv, -əl] —
 v. saabuma, n. saabu-
 mine
 art, -ificial ['ɑ:t, a:ti'fiʃəl]
 — n. kunst, adj. kunstlik
 ashes, pl. ['æʃiz] — tuhk
 aside [ə'said] — kõrvale
 attack [ə'tæk] — kallale
 tungima
 attempt [ə'tempt] — katse
 attend [ə'tend] — osa
 võtma
 attract [ə'trækt] — külge
 tõmbama
 automatic [ɔ:tə'mætik] —
 automaatne
 avoid [ə'void] — hoiduma
 awaken [ə'weikən] — ära-
 tama

B.

bare ['bæə] — paljas
 bathe ['beid] — suplema
 battle ['bætl] — lahing
 beach ['bi:tʃ] — rand
 beard ['biəd] — habe
 beast ['bi:st], wild — mets-
 loom
 become [bi'kʌm] — saama,
 muutuma
 being ['bi:ɪŋ] — olend
 believe, -f [bi'li:v, -f] —
 v. uskuma, n. usk
 bell ['bel] — kell

belt ['belt] — vöö
 beneath [bi'ni:ə] — all,
 allpool
 besides [bi'saidz] — peale
 beyond [bi'jɒnd] — teisel
 pool
 biology [bai'ɒlədʒi] —
 bioloogia
 birch ['bɜ:tʃ] — kask
 birthright ['bɜ:ərait] —
 sünnioigus
 bit ['bit] — raasuke

bitter(ly) ['bitə(li)] — adj.
 kibe, adv. kibedasti
 blacken ['blækən] — mus-
 tama
 bleed ['bli:d] — verd
 jooksmä
 block ['blɒk] — plokk
 blossom ['blɒsəm] — õis;
 blossom covered — õites
 blow ['blou] — v. puhuma;
 n. löök
 bold(ly) ['bould(li)] —
 adj. julge, adv. julgesti
 brass ['brɑ:s] — vask
 breath ['breə] — hingeõhk

breathe ['bri:d] — hingama
 bright(ly) ['braɪt(li)] —
 adj. särav, adv. säravalt
 brilliant(ly) ['brɪljənt(li)] —
 adj. hiilgav, adv. hiilgavalt
 bring round [brɪŋ'raʊnd] —
 toibutama
 bronze ['brɒnz] — pronks
 building ['bildɪŋ] — ehitis;
 ehitus
 burst ['bɜ:st] — purskama
 business ['biznis] — hõiva-
 mine
 butterfly ['bʌtəflaɪ] — libli-
 kas

C.

camphor ['kæmfə] — kam-
 per (kampver)
 candle ['kændl] — küünel
 cannibal ['kænɪbəl] — kan-
 nibal, inimesõõja
 care ['keə] — hool, mure
 care for ['keə fɔ:] — kal-
 liks pidama; hoolima
 careful(ly) ['keəful(i)] —
 adj. hoolas, adv. hoolikalt
 capitalist ['kæpɪtəlɪst] —
 kapitalist
 catch, caught ['kætʃ, 'kɔ:t]
 — silma torkama; nägema
 cattle ['kætl] — kari
 cause ['kɔ:z] — n. põhjus,
 v. põhjustama
 cease ['si:s] — lakkama
 centre ['sentə] — keskkoh
 century ['sentʃuri] — sajand

ceremony ['seriməni] —
 tseremoonia, pidulikkus
 certain ['sə:tɪn] — kindel,
 teatav
 chain ['tʃeɪn] — kett
 champagne [ʃæm'peɪn]
 change ['tʃeɪndʒ] —
 v. muutma, n. muudatus
 characteristic ['kærɪktə,
 kærɪktə'ristɪk] — n. ise-
 loom, adj. iseloomustav
 cheerful ['tʃiəfʊl] — rõõmus
 chemistry ['kemɪstri] —
 keemia
 chinless ['tʃɪnlɪs] — lõuata,
 lõuatu
 china ['tʃaɪnə] — portselan
 Chinese ['tʃaɪ'ni:z] — hiina
 Christmas ['krɪsmə] —
 jõulud

cigar [si'gɑ:] — sigar
cigarette [sigə'ret] — pabeross
cinema star ['sinəmə stɑ:]
— kinotäht
circle ['sɑ:kl] — ring
circular ['sɑ:kjulə] — üm-
margune
circumstance ['sɑ:kəmstəns]
— olukord
civilization [sivilai'zeiʃən]
— tsivilisatsioon
clap ['klæp] — kärgatus
close(ly) ['kloʊs(li)] —
1. adj. kitsas; 2. adv.
ligistikku
cloth(s) ['kləʊ(s)] — riie
clothe ['klaʊð] — rõivas-
tuma
clothes ['klaʊðz] — rõivad;
clothes-brush [-brʌʃ] —
rõivahari
colossal [kə'lɒsəl] — kolos-
saalne, hiigelsuur
colour(less) ['kʌlə(lis)] —
n. värv, adj. värvitu
column ['kɒləm] — sammas
comfort(able) ['kʌmfət(əbl)]
— n. mugavus; lohutus;
adj. mugav
command [kə'mɑ:nd] —
käsk; at my c. — minu
käsutuses
common ['kɒmən] — harilik
communism ['kɒmjunizəm]
— kommunism
companion [kəm'pænjən]
— kaaslane

complete(ly) [kəm'pli:t(li)]
adj. täielik, adv. täie-
likult
conclusion [kən'klu:ʒən] —
otsus, lõpptulemus
condition [kən'diʃən] —
seisukord
confess [kən'fes] — tunnis-
tama
confidence ['kɒnfiðəns] —
usaldus
confuse, -ion [kən'fju:z,
-fju:ʒən] — v. segaseks
tegema, n. segadus
connect [kə'nekt] — ühen-
dama
conquest ['kɒŋkwest] —
vallutamine, allabeitmine
constant ['kɒnstənt] —
alaline
content [kən'tent] — rahul
continual(ly) [kən'tinjʊəl(i)]
— kestvalt, alati
continue [kən'tinjʊ:] —
jätkama
convince [kən'vins] —
veer(a)ma
corner ['kɔ:nə] — nurk
correspondent [kɒris'pɒn-
dənt] — vastav
corridor ['kɒrɪdɔ:] — koridor
cottage ['kɒtɪdʒ] — onn
countless ['kauntlis] —
loendamatu
couple ['kʌpl] — paar
couple of — kaks, paar
courage ['kʌrɪdʒ] — julgus

course ['kɔ:s] — käik;
in the c. of two days —
kahe päeva jooksul;
of c. — muidugi
crab ['kræb] — vähk
cramp ['kræmp] — kramp
crawl ['krɔ:l] — roomama
creature ['kri:tʃə] — olend
creep, crept ['kri:p, 'krept]
— roomama

crowd ['kraud] — rahva-
hulk
cultivate ['kʌltiveit] — kas-
vatama
cupola ['kju:pələ] — kuppel
curious ['kjuəriəs] — 1. ime-
lik; 2. uudishimulik
current ['kʌrənt] — vool
curtain ['kə:tɪn] — eesriie
cushion, ['kʊʃɪn] — padi

D.

damned ['dæmd] — neetud
danger ['deɪndʒə] — häda-
oht
dark(ness) ['da:k(nɪs)] —
adj. pime, n. pimedus
darken ['da:kən] — pime-
nema
date ['deɪt] — kuupäev
deadly ['dedli] — (nagu)
surnu
decadent ['deɪdənt] —
väljasurev
decay [di'keɪ] — hääbumine;
kõdunemine
deer ['diə] — hirv
defend [di'fend] — kaitsema
degeneration [dɪdʒənə-
'reɪʃən]
delight(ful) [di'lait(ful)] —
n. lõbu; adj. ülitore
demonstrative pronoun
[di'mɒnstrətɪv'prəʊnaʊn]
— näitav asesõna
depth ['depə] — sügavus

descendant [di'sendənt] —
järeltulija
despair [dis'peə] — meele-
heide
destroy [dis'trɔɪ] — hävi-
tama
determine [di'tə:mɪn] —
otsustama
develop [di'veləp] — are-
nema
dial ['daɪəl] — kella
numbrilaud
die (out) ['daɪ ('aʊt)] —
surema; välja surema
different, -nce ['dɪfrənt, -ns]
— adj. erinev, n. erinevus
difficult(y) ['dɪfɪkəlt(i)] —
adj. raske, n. raskus
dimension [di'menʃən] —
mõõde [-tme]
direct [di'rekt] — suunama
direction [di'rekʃən] —
suund

disagreeable [disə'griəbl] —
 ebameeldiv
 disappear [disə'piə] —
 kaduma
 disappoint(ment) [disə-
 'pɔɪnt(mənt)] — v. pet-
 tuma, n. pettumus
 discover(y) [dis'kʌvə(ri)] —
 v. avastama, n. avastus
 dislike [dis'laɪk] — v. mitte
 meeldima; n. vastu-
 meelsus
 disorder(ed) [dis'ɔ:də(d)] —
 n. korratus, adj. korratu

distance [dis'təns] —
 kaugus
 distinct [dis'tɪŋkt] — selge
 disturb [dis'tə:b] — eksitama
 dozen ['dʌzn] — tosin
 dreadful ['dred(ful)] —
 n. hirm, adj. hirmus
 dream ['dri:m] — v. und
 nägema, n. unenägu
 Dresden ['drezdən]
 drown ['draun] — uppuma;
 uputama
 dull ['dʌl] — tuhm
 duty ['dju:ti] — kohus(tus)

E.

eager(ly) ['i:gə(li)] — adj.
 agar, adv. agaralt
 earnest ['ə:nɪst] — tõsi;
 in e. — tõsiselt
 ease ['i:z] — kergus;
 mõnu
 echo ['ekou] — n. kaja,
 v. kajastuma
 economic(al) [i:kə-
 'nɒmɪk(əl)] — adj. kokku-
 hoidlik; adj. majanduslik
 edge ['edʒ] — äär
 edition [i'diʃən] — välja-
 andmine; väljaanne
 editor ['editə] — kirjastaja
 effect [i'fekt] — n. mõju,
 v. mõjutama
 effort ['efət] — pingutus
 elbow ['elbou] — küünar-
 nukk

element ['elimənt] — ele-
 ment
 Eloi ['i:lɔɪ]
 energetic [enə'dʒetɪk] —
 energiline
 energy ['enədʒi] — energia
 enormous [i'nɔ:məs] —
 tohutu, määratu
 enter ['entə] — sisse astuma
 entirely [ɪn'taɪəli] — täiesti
 entrance ['entrəns] —
 sissekäik
 equally ['i:kwəl(i)] —
 adj. võrdne, adv. võrdselt
 error ['erə] — eksimus;
 eksitus
 escape [is'keɪp] — pääsema
 especially [ɪs'peʃəli] — eriti
 even [i:vən] — isegi

evening clothes ['i:vniŋ
 klouðz] — õhtuülikond
 evergreen ['evəgrɪ:n] —
 igihaljas
 evil [i:'vil] — adj. kuri;
 evillooking — kurja väli-
 musega
 evolution [evə'lu:ʃən] —
 arenemine
 exact(ly) [ig'zækt(li)] —
 adj. täpne, adv. täpselt
 examine [ig'zæmin] —
 uurima
 example [ig'zɑ:mpl] —
 näide
 except [ik'sept] — välja
 arvatud
 excitement [ik'saitmənt] —
 erutus

exist(ence) [ig'zɪst(əns)] —
 v. olemas olema, n. ole-
 masolu
 expect [iks'pekt] — lootma,
 ootama
 expense [iks'pens] — kulu
 explain [iks'pleɪn] — sele-
 tama
 explanation [eksplə'neɪʃən]
 — seletus
 express [iks'pres] — väl-
 jendama
 expression [iks'preʃən] —
 väljendus; väljend
 extreme(ly) [iks'tri:m(li)] —
 adj. äärmine, adv. äär-
 miselt

F.

face [feɪs] — vastu astuma;
 näoga millegi poole
 pöörduma
 fact [fækt] — tõsiasi;
 in f. — tõeliselt
 factory ['fæktəri] — vabrik
 fail [feɪl] — äparduma,
 ebaõnnestuma
 faint [feɪnt] — nõrk
 fair [feə] — ilus
 fair-haired [feə'hæd] —
 heledajuukseline
 fashion [fæʃən] — komme,
 viis
 fasten ['fa:sn] — kinnitama
 fate [feɪt] — saatus

fatten ['fætn] — nuumama
 favour ['feɪvə] — soodus-
 tama
 favourite ['feɪvərɪt] —
 lemmik
 fearful ['fiəfʊl] — kartlik
 fearless ['fiəlɪs] — kartuseta
 feeble(ness) ['fi:bl(nɪs)] —
 adj. nõrk, n. nõrkus
 feed [fi:d] — toitma
 fellow ['felou] — kaaslane;
 mees; poiss
 Filby ['fɪlbi]
 firm(ly) ['fɜ:m(li)] — adj.
 kindel, adv. kindlasti
 fist [fɪst] — rusikas

fit [ˈfit] — adj. sobib, v. sobitama; sobima
 fix [ˈfiks] — kinnitama
 flame [ˈfleim] — leek
 flat [ˈflæt] — lame
 flight [ˈflait] — põgenemine
 flow [ˈflou] — v. voogama, n. voog; valang
 follow up [ˈfɒləʊʌp] — jälgima
 folly [ˈfɒli] — narrus, lollus
 food [ˈfu:d] — toit
 fool(ish) [ˈfu:l(iʃ)] — n. narr; adj. lollisti
 foot [ˈfʊt] (measure of length) = 30,5 cm
 footprint [ˈfʊtprɪnt] — jalajälg
 forbid, -bade, -bidden [fəˈbɪd, -ˈbæd, -ˈbɪdn] — keelama
 force [ˈfɔ:s] — jõud
 forefinger [ˈfɔ:ʃɪŋgə] — esimene sõrm
 fork [ˈfɔ:k] — kahvel

form [ˈfɔ:m] — n. vorm, kuju, v. moodustama, kujundama
 forth [ˈfɔ:θ] — ära
 frail [ˈfreɪl] — habras
 frame(-work) [ˈfreɪm(-wə:k)] — raam, raamistik
 free [ˈfri:] — vabastama
 freedom [ˈfri:dəm] — vabadus
 frequent [ˈfri:kwənt] — sageli korduv, frekventne
 fresh(ness) [ˈfref(ɪ)nis] — adj. värsk, n. värskus
 frighten [ˈfraɪn] — hirmutama
 front [ˈfrʌnt] — esikülge; in f. of — ees
 fruit [ˈfru:t] — 1. vili; 2. puuvili
 furnish [ˈfə:nɪʃ] — varustama
 further [ˈfɜ:ðə] — eemal, kaugel olev

G.

gallery [ˈgæləri] — galerii, sammaskäik
 garment [ˈgɑ:mənt] — rõivas
 gather [ˈgæðə] — koguma; kogunema
 generally [ˈdʒenərəl(i)] — adj. üldine, adv. üldiselt
 generation [dʒenəˈreiʃn] — inim põlv

gentle(ness) [ˈdʒentl(ɪ)nis] — adj. õrn, mahe, n. õrnus, mahedus
 ghost(ly) [ˈgəʊst(ɪ)] — n. vaim, tont, adj. tontlik
 granite [ˈgræni:t] — graniit, raudkivi
 greenery [ˈgri:nəri], among the greenery — roheline

grotesque [grou'tesk] —
groteskne, veider
groundless ['groundlis] —
põhjatu

group ['gru:p] — grupp
guess ['ges] — ära arvama
guest ['gest] — külaline

H.

habit ['hæbit] — harjumus
hail ['heil] — rahe
hairless ['hælis] — karvutu
hall ['hɔ:l] — saal; esik
hallo! [hə'lou] — halloo!
hammer ['hæmə] — n. vasar;
v. taguma
hand ['hænd] — kella osuti
handle ['hændl] — käepide
hang, hung, hung ['hæŋ, ʌ]
— riputama; kaunistama
hard(ship) ['hɑ:d(fɪp)] —
adj. raske, n. raskus; vaev
harmony ['hɑ:məni] —
harmonia, kokkukõla
hasty, -ily ['heisti(li)] —
adj. kiire, adv. kiiresti
hate ['heit] — vihkama
have-nots ['hæv-nɔts] —
vaesed
haves ['hævz] — rikkad
headlong ['hedlɔŋ] — ette-
vaatamatu
heal ['hi:l] — kand
health ['helə] — tervis
heap ['hi:p] — n. hunnik;
v. kuhjama
heavens ['hevnz], good h. !
— jumala pärast!
heir [ɛə] — pärija
help ['help], h. oneself to
— ette võtma

helpful ['helpful] — ab-
valmis
helpless ['helplis] — abitu
hesitate ['heziteit] — viivi-
tama; kõhklema
hide, hid, hidden ['haid,
'hid, 'hidn] — peitma
hiding-place ['haidiŋ-pleis]
— peidupaik
hill(side) ['hil(said)] —
mäeküngas; mäekünka
külg
hollow ['hɔlou] — õõnes
horizon [hɔ'raizn] — hori-
sont, vaatepiir
horizontal [hɔri'zɔntl] —
horisontaalne
horrible ['hɔribl] — kohutav
horror ['hɔrə] — pöörane
hirm
hospitality [hɔspi'tælitɪ] —
võõrustuslahkus
host ['houst] — peremees
household ['haushould] —
pere
human ['hju:mən] —
inimlik
humanity [hju:'mæniti] —
inimkond
hurried(ly) ['hʌrid(li)] —
adj. kiire, adv. kiiresti

I.

- ideal [ai'diəl] — n. ideaal,
adj. ideaalne
- illness ['ilnis] — haigus
- imagine [i'mædʒin] — ette
kujutama
- imitate ['imiteit] — järele
aimama, imiteerima
- imitation [imi'teifən] —
imitatsioon
- immediately [i'mi:dʒətli] —
otsekohe
- immense [i'mens] — tohutu
- impatient [im'peifənt] —
kannatamatu
- imperfect [im'pə:fikt] —
puudulik
- importation [impɔ:'teifən]
— sissevedu
- impossible [im'pɔ:sibl] —
võimatu
- impression [im'preʃən] —
mulje
- improve [im'pru:v] —
parandama
- inch ['intʃ] (measure of
length) = 2.54 cm, toll
- include [in'klu:d] — kaasa
arvama
- incomplete [inkəm'pli:t] —
puudulik, lõpetamatu
- increase [in'kri:s] — kas-
vama, tõusma
- indeed [in'di:d] — tõe-
poolest
- indescribable [indis'krai-
bəbl] — kirjeldamatu
- indistinct [indis'tiŋkt] —
ebaselge
- industrial [in'dʌstriəl] —
tööstuslik
- industry ['indəstri] —
tööstus
- inexperienced [iniks-
'piəriənst] — vilumatu,
kogematu
- influence ['influəns] —
n. mõju, v. mõjutama
- inhuman [in'hju:mən] —
ebainimlik
- inky ['iŋki] — tindine
- innumerable [i'nju:mərəbl]
— loendamatu
- insect ['insekt] — putukas
- insecurity [ins'ikjuəri'ti] —
ebakindlus, oht
- instance ['instəns] — näide;
for i. — näiteks
- instead (of) [in'sted (əv)] —
kellegi, millegi eest,
asemel
- instinctive [ins'tiŋktiv] —
instinktiivne
- instrument ['instrumənt] —
tööriist, instrument
- intellectual [inti'lektjuəl] —
intellektuaalne
- intelligence [in'telidʒəns]
— intelligents, arukus
- intelligent [in'telidʒənt] —
intelligentne
- intend [in'tend] — kavat-
sema

intense [in'tens] — intensiivne, jõune	interval ['intəvəl] — vaheaeg
intention [in'tenʃən] — kavatsus	intonation [intou'neifən] — intonatsioon
interesting ['intristiŋ] — huvitav	invent [in'vent] — leiutama
interrogative [intə'rɒgətiv] — küsiv	invisible [in'vizibl] — nähtamatu
interrupt [intə'rʌpt] — katkestama	iron ['aiən] — raud
	island ['aɪlənd] — saar, laid
	ivory ['aivəri] — elevandiluu

J.

join ['dʒɔɪn] — ühinema	judge ['dʒʌdʒ] — otsustama; hindama
joke ['dʒoʊk] — nali	judg(e)ment ['dʒʌdʒmənt] — otsus
journalist ['dʒɜ:nəlist] — ajakirjanik	
journey ['dʒɜ:ni] — teekond	

K.

keep, kept on [ki:p, kept 'ɒn] — jätkama	kill ['kil] — tapma
keyhole ['ki:həʊl] — võtmeauk	knock ['nɒk] — koputama
	knowledge ['nɒlɪdʒ] — teadmine

L.

laboratory ['læbərətəri] — töökoda, lab'ratoorium	landscape ['lænskeɪp] — maastik
labour(er) ['leɪbə(rə)] — töö, vaev; tööline	largely ['la:dʒli] — enamasti
abyrith ['læbɪrɪnə] — keerdkäik, labürint	last ['la:st] — kestma
lack ['læk] — puudus	law ['lɔ:] — seadus
ladder ['lædə] — redel	lead, led ['li:d, 'led] — juhtima

lean ['li:n] — nõjatuma
 leap, leapt (leaped) ['li:p,
 'lept ('li:pt)] — hüppama
 leather ['leðə] — nahk
 leave, left ['li:v, 'left] —
 jätma; lahkuma; l. alone
 — rahule jätma
 lend, lent ['lend, -t] —
 laenama
 length ['leŋθ] — pikkus
 lessen ['lesn] — vähendama
 lever ['li:və] — kang
 lie, lying ['lai, -iŋ] —
 v. valetama, n. valetamine
 lift ['lift] — tõstma
 light, lit ['lait, lit] lighted —
 süütama; valgustama

likewise ['laikwaiz] —
 samuti
 limb ['lim] — liige
 limit ['limit] — piirama
 line ['lain] — joon
 lively ['laivli] — elav
 load ['loud] — koormama
 logical ['lɒdʒikəl] — loogi-
 line
 lonely ['lounli] — üksik
 look for ['luk fɔ:] —
 otsima
 loose ['lu:s] — vabastama
 loss ['lɒs] — kaotus
 lower ['louə] — alla laskma,
 maha panema
 lungs, pl. ['lʌŋz] — kopsud

M.

machine, -ery [mə'ʃi:n, -əri]
 — masin; masinavärk
 mad(ness) ['mædnis] —
 adj. hull, n. hullumeelsus
 madden ['mædn] — hul-
 luma
 mammoth ['mæməθ] —
 mammut
 manner ['mænə] — komme,
 viis
 mankind [mæn'kaɪnd] —
 inimsugu
 manservant ['mænsə:vənt]
 — (mees)teenija
 marble ['mɑ:bl] — marmor
 mass ['mæs] — mass
 massive ['mæsɪv] — mas-
 siivne

master ['ma:stə] — valdama
 match ['mætʃ] — tuletikk
 material [mə'tiəriəl] —
 materjal
 matter ['mætə] — aine; asi
 mauve ['mouv] — lilla
 mean (to do) ['mi:n] —
 v. kavatsema
 means, pl. ['mi:nz] —
 vahend, abinõu
 measure ['meʒə] — n. mõõt,
 v. mõõtma
 meat ['mi:t] — liha (söö-
 miseks)
 mechanical [mi'kænikəl]
 — mehaaniline
 mechanism ['mekənɪzəm] —
 mehhanism

medicine [ˈmed(i)sɪn] —
arstiteadus; arstim
meet (with) [ˈmi:t (wɪd)] —
kohtama, kokku juhtuma
melodious [miˈləʊdʒəs] —
kõlav
melody [ˈmelədi] — viis
memory [ˈmeməri] — mälu
mere [ˈmiə] — ainult, paljas
metal [ˈmeɪl] — metall
metallic [miˈtælik] —
metalliline
midway [ˈmɪdˈwei] —
poolteed
mile [ˈmaɪl] (measure of
length) = 1.609 km, miil
mind [ˈmaɪnd] — mõistus;
süda; hing
mingle [ˈmɪŋɡl] — segu-
nema
mist(y) [ˈmɪst(i)] — n. udu,
adj. udune
mistaken [mɪsˈteɪkən], to
be m. — eksinud olema
model [ˈmɒdl] — mudel

monument [ˈmɒnjumənt] —
monument
moonlit [ˈmu:nlɪt] — kuu-
paisteline
morality [məˈrælɪti] —
moraaliõpetus
Morlock [ˈmɔ:lɒk]
mosquito [məˈski:tou] —
moskiito, soojamaine
säask
motion(less) [ˈmouʃən(lɪs)]
— n. liigutus, adv. liiku-
matult
motor-car [ˈmoutə-kɑ:] —
auto
move(ment) [ˈmu:v(mənt)]
— v. liikuma, n. liikumine
murder [ˈmɜ:də] — mõrt-
sukatöö
mutton [ˈmʌtn] — lamba-
liha
mysterious [mɪsˈtɪəriəs] —
müstiline
mystery [ˈmɪstəri] — müs-
teerium

N.

nail [ˈneɪl] — küüs
narrow [ˈnærəʊ] — kitsas
natural [ˈnætʃərəl] — loo-
mulik; n. history [ˈhɪstəri]
— looduslugu
nature [ˈneɪtʃə] — loodus;
loomus
necessary [ˈnesɪsəri] —
vajalik
need [ˈni:d] — v. vajama,
n. vajadus

neglect [nɪˈɡlekt] — hoo-
letusse jätma
nevertheless [nevəðəˈles]
— siiski
nickel [ˈnɪkl] — nikkel
note [ˈnəʊt] — sedel
notice [ˈnəʊtɪs] — märkama
numerous [ˈnju:mərəs] —
arvukas

O.

obelisk [ˈɔbəlisk] — obelisk	original [ˈɔːrɪdʒɪnəl] —
object [ˈɔbdʒekt] — objekt	algupärane
occupy [ˈɔkjupai] — ame-	outcome [ˈaʊtkʌm] —
tis olema	tulemus
off [ˈɔf] — ära	overcome [ˌoʊvəˈkʌm] —
oil [ˈɔil] — n. õli, v. õli-	jagu saama
tama	overflow [ˌoʊvəˈflou] —
opinion [əˈpiɲən] — arva-	üle ujutama
mine, arvamus	overlook [ˌoʊvəˈlu:k] — üle
opposite [ˈɔpəzɪt], — vas-	vaatama
tupidine	overnight [ˈoʊvəˈnaɪt] —
orange [ˈɔrɪndʒ] — apelsin	eelmise õhtu
order [ˈɔːdə] — n. kord;	overpower [ˌoʊvəˈpaʊə] —
v. käskima; in order to	vallutama
— et	overturn [ˌoʊvəˈtɜːn] —
organize [ˈɔːgənaɪz] —	ümber viskama
organiseerima	
oriental [ɔːriˈentl] — ida-	
maine	

P.

pain(ful) [ˈpeɪn(ful)] —	partially [ˈpaːʃəli] — osa-
n. piin, adj. piinarikas	liselt
pair [ˈpeə] — paar	particular [pəˈtɪkjʊlə] —
palace(-like) [ˈpælis(-laɪk)]	eriline; in p. — eriti
— n. palu, adj. palu-	pass [ˈpaːs] — mööduma;
sarnane	veetma; andma; ulatuma
pale(ness) [ˈpeɪl(nɪs)] —	path [ˈpaːθ] — teerada
adj. kahvatu, n. kahvatus	patience [ˈpeɪʃəns] —
paradise [ˈpærədəɪs] —	kannatus
paradiis	patient [ˈpeɪʃənt] — kan-
paradox [ˈpærədɒks] —	natus
paradoks	pause [ˈpɔːz] — n. paus,
part [ˈpaːt] — osa; for	v. peatuma
my p. — mis minusse	
puutub	

pay attention to [ˈpeɪ
əˈtɛnʃən tu] — tähele-
panu pühendama, tähele
panema
peculiar [piˈkjuːljə] —
kummaline
peculiarity [pikjuːliˈæriti
— kummalisus
pedestal [ˈpedistl]
perfect(ly) [ˈpɜːfɪkt(li)] —
adj. täiuslik, adv. täius-
likult
period [ˈpiəriəd] — periood
photograph [ˈfotəɡrɑːf] —
ülesvõte, päevapilt
physical [ˈfɪzɪkəl] — füüsi-
line
pink(ish) [ˈpɪŋk(ɪʃ)] —
(hele)punane; punakas
pitiless [ˈpɪtɪlɪs] — halasta-
matu
pity [ˈpɪti] — halastus;
it is a p. — kahju
plain(ly) [ˈpleɪn(li)] — sile;
lihtne; selge
planet [ˈplænɪt] — planeet
point [ˈpɔɪnt] — n. terav
ots; v. näitama
polish [ˈpɒlɪʃ] — poleerima
porcelain [ˈpɔːslɪn] — port-
selan
positi n [pəˈzɪʃən] —
seisukoht
possess [pəˈzɛs] — omama
possession [pəˈzɛʃən] —
omandus
possibility [pɒsiˈbɪlɪti] —
võimalus

possible, -y [ˈpɒsɪbl,-i] —
võimalik
pour [ˈpɔː] — valama
power(ful) [ˈpaʊəˌfʊl] —
n. võim, adj. võimas
preparation [prɪpəˈreɪʃən]
— ettevalmistus
prepare [prɪˈpeə] — ette
valmistama
presence [ˈprezəns] —
kohal-olek
present [ˈpreznt] — adj.
praegune
present [ˈpreznt] — n.
kingitus
present (with) [prɪˈzent
(wɪð)] — kinkima kelle-
legi midagi
presently [ˈprezntli] —
kohe
preserve [prɪˈzɜːv] — alal
hoidma, säilitama
previous [ˈpriːvjəs] —
eelmine
primitive [ˈprɪmɪtɪv] —
algeline, primitiivne
principal [ˈprɪnsɪpəl] —
peamine
principle [ˈprɪnsɪpəl] —
printsip
probable, -y [ˈprɒbəbl(i)] —
adj. arvatav, adv. arva-
tavasti
problem [ˈprɒbləm] —
probleem
produce [prəˈdjuːs] —
tootma, valmistama

promise ['prɒmɪs] —
v. tõotama, n. tõotus
protect [prə'tekt] — kaitsema
protection [prə'tekʃən] —
kaitse (soodustav)
prove ['pru:v] — 1. tõendada;
2. osutama
pump ['pʌmp] — n. pump,
v. pumpama

punish(ment) ['pʌnɪʃ-
(mənt)] — v. karistama,
n. karistus
pure ['pjʊə] — puhas,
selge
purple ['pɜ:pl] — lilla
purpose(less) ['pɜ:pəs(lɪs)]
— n. siht, eesmärk; adj.
sihitu

Q.

quality ['kwɒlɪti] — kvaliteet
quarter ['kwɔ:tə] — veerand
question ['kwɛstʃən] —
n. küsimus, v. küsitama

quiet ['kwaɪət] — adj. rahulik,
n. rahu
quite ['kwaɪt] — üsna, päris

R.

race [reɪs] — rass
railway ['reɪlweɪ] — raudtee
raise [reɪz] — tõstma
rare [rɛə] — haruldane
raspberry ['rɑ:zbəri] —
vaarikas
rate [reɪt], at any r. — igal juhtumil
reach [ri:tʃ] — saabuma;
ulatuma
reaction [ri'ækʃən] — reaktsioon
real [ri:əl] — tõeline
reason [ri:zn] — 1. mõistus;
2. põhjus
recognize ['rekəɡnaɪz] —
ära tundma

recover [ri'kʌvə] — 1. tagasi saama;
2. toibuma
refresh [ri'frefʃ] — värskendada
refuse [ri'fju:z] — keelduma
regain [ri'geɪn] — tagasi võitma
regard [ri'gɑ:d] — silmitsema
rejoin [ri'dʒɔɪn] — vastama
remain [ri'meɪn] — jääma;
remains, pl. — jäänused
remind (of) [ri'maɪnd (əv)]
— meelde tuletagem
renewal [ri'nju:(əl)] —
v. uuendama, n. uuendus
report [ri'pɔ:t] — teade

reserve [ri'zə:v] — reser-
 veerima, säilitama
 resolve [ri'zɒlv] — otsus-
 tama
 restless [ˈrestlis] — rahutu,
 kärsitu
 restaurant [ˈrestərənt] —
 restoran
 result [ri'zʌlt] — resultaat
 retreat [ri'tri:t] — v. taga-
 nema, n. taganemine
 rhododendron [rɒdə'den-
 drən] — rododendron,
 alpiroos
 Richmond [ˈritʃmænd] —
 (near London, on the
 Thames)

ring, rang, rung [ˈriŋ, æ, ʌ]
 — helistama
 rock [ˈrɒk] — kalju; r.-crystal
 [ˈkrɪstl] — kristall
 rocket [ˈrɒkɪt] — rakett
 roll [ˈroul] — veerema;
 r. over — ümberkukkuma
 rough [ˈrʌf] — kare, karm
 roundness [ˈraʊndnis] —
 ümmarus
 ruin [ˈru:ɪn] — varem
 ruinous [ˈru:ɪnəs] — lagu-
 nenud, varemetes
 run short of [ˈrʌn ʃɔ:t əv]
 — otsa saama, lõpule
 jõudma
 rush [ˈrʌʃ] — tormama

S.

saddle [ˈsædl] — sadul
 safe(ty) [ˈseɪf(ti)] — adj.
 kindel, julge, n. julge-
 olek
 salt [ˈsɔ:lt] — sool
 same [ˈseɪm], all the s. —
 ükskõik
 sandal [ˈsændl] — sandaal
 sanitary [ˈsænɪtəri] — ter-
 vishoiu . . .
 sanitation [sæni'teɪʃən] —
 rahvatervishoid, -hügieen
 satisfaction [sætɪs'fækʃən]
 — rahuldus
 satisfy [ˈsætɪsfaɪ] — rahul-
 dama
 save [ˈseɪv] — 1. päästma;
 2. hoidma

scene [ˈsi:n] — maastik
 scientific [saɪən'tɪfɪk] —
 teaduslik
 score [ˈskɔ:] — paarkümmend
 sea-anemone, see anemone
 search [ˈsɜ:tʃ] — otsima
 season [ˈsi:zn] — aastaaeg;
 in s. — õigel ajal
 seat [ˈsi:t] — v. istuma,
 n. iste
 secret [ˈsi:kri:t] — adj. sala-
 duslik, n. saladus
 seed(less) [ˈsi:d(lɪs)] —
 n. seeme; adj. seemnetu
 seize [ˈsi:z] — haarama;
 be -d with — haaratud
 selfishness [ˈselfɪʃnɪs] —
 isekus

sensation [sen'seɪʃən] —
kõmu
sense [sens] — tunne;
aistimisvõime
senseless [senslis] — mõt-
tetu
sensitive(ness) [sensitiv
(-nis)] — adj. tundlik,
n. tundlikkus
series [sɪəri:z] — seeria
serious [sɪəriəs] — tõsine
set, set, set [set] — asetama
settle down [setl 'daʊn] —
asuma
shade(d) [ʃeɪd(id)] —
n. vari, adj. varjustatud
(varjuga varustatud)
shake, shook, shaken [ʃeɪk,
'ʃʊk, 'ʃeɪkən] — raputama
shape [ʃeɪp] — kuju
share [ʃɛə] — jagama
shelter [ʃeltə] — varjama
shin [ʃɪn] — pindluu
shock [ʃɒk] — vapustus
shoot [ʃu:t] — (püssi) lask-
ma; ruttu minema
shower [ʃaʊə] — valang
sick(ness) [sɪk(nɪs)] — adj.
süda paha, n. (südame-)
pööritus
sideways [saɪdweɪz] — viltu
sign [saɪn] — n. märgu-
anne; märk, v. märku
andma
signal-box [sɪgnəl-bɒks] —
semafor, signaalipost
silhouette [sɪlu:'et] — siluett

similar (to) [sɪmɪlə (tu)] —
sarnane
sincere [sɪn'sɪə] — otsekohe
single [sɪŋɡl] — üksik
sink, sank, sunk [sɪŋk, æ, ʌ]
— vajuma
situation [sɪtʃu'eɪʃən] —
seisukord
size [saɪz] — suurus
skeleton [ˈskelɪtn] — skelett
skin [skɪn] — nahk
sleepiness [sli:pɪnɪs] —
unine olek
slight [slaɪt] — kerge
slow [sləʊ] — adj. aeglane;
s. down — aeglaseks
muutma
snail [sneɪl] — tigu
social [səʊʃəl] — sotsiaalne
sock [sɒk] — sokk
soft [sɒft] — pehme; tasane
somehow [sʌmhəʊ] —
kuidagi
soul [səʊl] — hing
sound [saʊnd] — v. kõlama,
n. heli, adj. terve
space [speɪs] — ruum
species [spi:ʃi:z] sg., pl. —
liik
speech [spi:tʃ] — kõne
speed(y) [spi:d(i)] —
n. kiirus; adj. kiire
spend, spent [spend, -t] —
veetma
spite [spaɪt], in s. of — hooli-
mata (millestki)
splendid [splendɪd] — tore

split, split, split ['split] —
killustama
spot ['spɒt] — täpp
spread ['spred] — levima;
levitama
stage ['steɪdʒ] — järk
start ['stɑ:t] — v. kohu-
tama, n. kohkumine
state ['steɪt] — seisukord
steady, -ily ['stedi(li)] —
adj. oluline, kindel; adv.
alaliselt; kindlasti
stick ['stɪk] — 1. kleepima;
2. millegi juurde jääma
stiff ['stɪf] — kange
straight ['streɪt] — otse;
sirge
stream ['stri:m] — n. vool,
v. voolama
strength(en) ['streŋθ(ən)] —
n. tugevus, v. tugev-
nema
strict ['strikt] — vali; täpne
strike, struck, struck
['straɪk, ʌ, ʌ] — 1. löö-
ma; 2. tikku süütama;
3. hämmastama
struggle ['strʌɡl] — v. võit-
lema, n. võitlus, rabelus

substance ['sʌbstəns] —
aine
subterranean [sʌbtə'reɪnjən]
— maaalune
subway ['sʌbwei] — maa-
alune tee
succeed(in doing) [sək'si:d
in 'du:ɪŋ] — edenema,
edu olema
sudden(ly) ['sʌdn(li)] —
adj. järsk, adv. järsku
suffer(ing) ['sʌfə(rɪŋ)] —
v. kannatama, n. kanna-
tamine
sufficient [sə'fɪʃənt] —
küllaldane, rahuldav
suggest [sə'dʒest] — ette
panema; sisendama
supply(with) [sə'plai(wɪð)]
— varustama
support [sə'pɔ:t] — toe-
tama
suppoze [sə'pouz] — ole-
tama
surface ['sə:fɪs] — pind
surround [sə'raʊnd] —
ümbritsema
sweep, swept ['swi:p, 'swept]
— pühkima
swing, u, u ['swɪŋ, ʌ, ʌ] —
kõikuma

T.

taxi ['tæksi] — taksi(auto)
tear, tore, torn ['tiə, 'tɔ:,
'tɔ:n] — kiskuma, rebima
tear ['tiə] — pisar

tendency [tendənsi] —
tendents, kalduvus
terrible, -y ['terɪbl(i)] —
adj. kole, adv. koledasti

terror [ˈterə] — hirm
Thames [ˈtemz]
theory [ˈθiəri] — teooria
thirst(y) [ˈθɜːst(i)] — n. janu,
adj. janune
though [ðəʊ] — olgugi,
ehkki
throat [ˈθroʊt] — kurk [-gu]
throw, threw, thrown [ˈθrou,
-uː, -oun] — viskama
thunderstorm [ˈθʌndəstɔːm]
— äike
tie [ˈtaɪ] — siduma
time-traveller [ˈtaɪm-trævlə]
— one who travels into
time
time-worn [ˈtaɪm-wɔːn] —
ajahamba näritud, kõdu-
nev
to and fro [ˈtuː ən ˈfrou] —
edasi-tagasi
touch [ˈtʌtʃ] — puudutama;
liigutama

tower [ˈtauə] — torn
toy [ˈtɔɪ] — mängukann
trace [ˈtreɪs] — jälg
trap [ˈtræp] — v. püüdma,
n. lõks
travel-soiled [ˈtrævl-sɔɪld]
— määrdinud (reisul)
travel-worn [ˈtrævl-wɔːn] —
kulunud (reisul)
tremble [ˈtreɪbl] — väri-
sema
trick(ery) [ˈtrɪk(əri)] — trikk
triumph [ˈtraɪəmf] — n. võit,
v. võitma
trouble [ˈtrʌbl] — tülitama
troublesome [ˈtrʌblsəm] —
tülitav
trousers, pl. [ˈtrauzəz] —
püksid
tunnel [ˈtʌnəl] — n. tunnel;
v. läbi kaevama
type [ˈtaɪp] — tüüp

U.

unaccountable [ˈʌnəˈkaʊn-
təbl] — seletamatu
unavoidable [ˈʌnəˈvɔɪdəbl]
— möödapääsematu
unbearable [ˈʌnˈbeərəbl] —
väljakannatamatu
unbelievable [ˈʌnbɪˈliːvəbl]
— uskumatu
uncertain [ˈʌnˈsɜːtɪn] — eba-
kindel
uncomfortable [ˈʌnˈkʌmfə-
təbl] — ebamugav

unexpected [ˈʌnɪksˈpektɪd]
— ootamatu
uninviting [ˈʌnɪnˈvaɪtɪŋ] —
ebasõbralik, mittemeeli-
tav
unite [ˈjuːnaɪt] — ühendama
unless [ˈʌnles] — kui mitte
unmistakable [ˈʌnmɪs-
ˈteɪkəbl] — eksimatu
unreal [ˈʌnriəl] — eba-
reaalne

use, n. ['ju:s] — kasu,
kasutamine

use, v. ['ju:z] — tarvitama,
kasutama

V.

vain ['vein] — tühine;
in v. — asjatult
valley ['væli] — org
vast ['va:st] — suur; avar
vegetarian [vedzi'teəriən]
— taimetoitlane
vegetation [vedzi'teifən] —
taimekasv

ventilate ['ventileit] —
õhku puhastama
view ['vju:] — vaade
violent ['vaiələnt] — äge
vision ['vi:ʒən] — nägemus
visit ['vizi:t] — v. külas-
tama, n. külastus
voice ['vɔis] — hää

W.

wake, woke, woken ['weik,
-ou-, 'woukən] — ärkama
war ['wɔ:] — sõda
warn ['wɔ:n] — hoiatama
waste ['weist] — v. rais-
kama; n. tühi maa
watch ['wɔ:tʃ] — v. vaatlema,
valvama; n. taskukell
Watchett ['wɔ:tʃit] (the
housekeeper)
watchful ['wɔ:tʃful] — valvas
wave ['weiv] — n. laine,
v. lainetama; lehitama
weakness) ['wi:k(nis)] —
adj. nõrk, n. nõrkus
weapon ['wepən] — relv
wear, wore, worn ['weə, ɔ:,
ɔ:n] — kandma; w. out,
— väsitama; w. away —
mööduma
weather-worn ['weðə-wɔ:n]
— kulunud, lagunened

weed(less) ['wid(lis)] — n.
umbrohi, adj. umbrohutu
Weena ['wi:nə]
weep, wept ['wi:p, 'wept]
— nutma
well ['wel] — kaev
wide ['waid] — lai, avar
widen ['waidn] — laienema
wing ['wiŋ] — tiib
winged ['wiŋd] — tiivuline,
tiibadega varustatud
wonder ['wʌndə] — teada
tahtma
wooded ['wudid] — metsane
wooden ['wudn] — puust
workshop ['wɔ:kʃɒp] — töö-
koda
wretched(ness) ['retʃid(nis)]
— adj. vilets, õnnetu;
n. õnnetus

Y.

yard ['ja:d] — jard = 91,4 cm | yet [jet] — ometi; veel