

**H.G.WELL'S**

**WAR OF THE  
WORLDS**



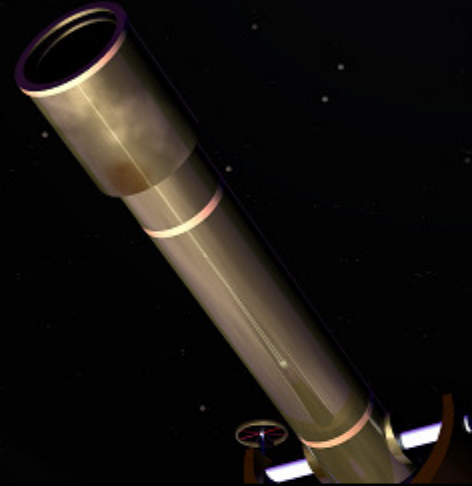
*Illustrated and  
adapted by  
Lee Krystek*

# THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

## CHAPTER ONE

NO ONE WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THAT THIS WORLD WAS BEING WATCHED KEENLY BY INTELLIGENCES GREATER THAN MAN'S. AS MEN BUSTLED THEMSELVES ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS CONCERNS THEY WERE BEING STUDIED, PERHAPS AS ONE WITH A MICROSCOPE MIGHT SCRUTINIZE THE CREATURES THAT SWARM AND MULTIPLY IN A DROP OF WATER. NO ONE GAVE A THOUGHT TO THE OLDER WORLDS OF SPACE AS SOURCES OF HUMAN DANGER, YET ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE, INTELLECTS VAST AND COOL AND UNSYMPATHETIC, REGARDED THIS EARTH WITH ENVIOUS EYES, AND SLOWLY AND SURELY DREW THEIR PLANS AGAINST US.

DURING THE YEAR 1898 ASTRONOMERS AT THEIR TELESCOPES SAW AN ASTOUNDING SIGHT. AS MARS APPROACHED OPPOSITION, THE WIRES OF THE ASTRONOMICAL EXCHANGE CAME ALIVE WITH THE AMAZING STORY OF A HUGE OUTBREAK OF BRILLIANT GAS, CHIEFLY HYDROGEN, UPON THE PLANET. ONE ASTRONOMER COMPARED IT TO A COLOSSAL PUFF OF FLAME SUDDENLY AND VIOLENTLY SQUIRTING OUT OF THE PLANET, "JUST LIKE FLAMING GASES RUSHING OUT OF A GUN."



I MIGHT NEVER HAVE HEARD OF THE ERUPTION AT ALL HAD I NOT MET OGILBY, THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER. HE WAS IMMENSELY EXCITED AT THE NEWS, AND INVITED ME TO COME UP THAT NIGHT TO THE OBSERVATORY AND TAKE TURNS WITH HIM IN LOOKING AT THE RED PLANET THROUGH THE BIG TELESCOPE.

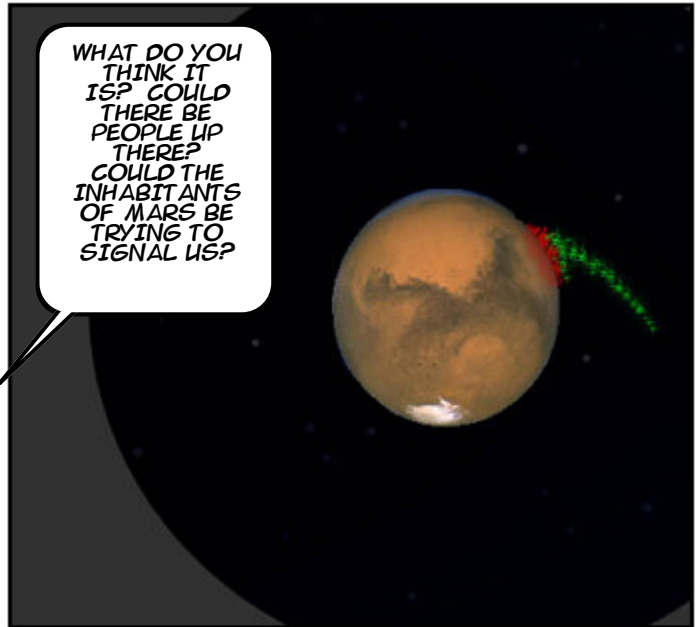






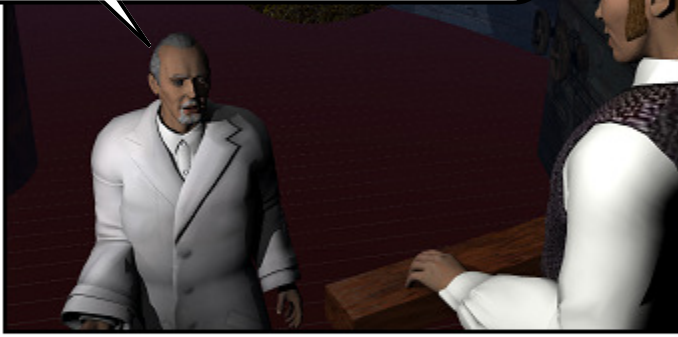
THAT'S AMAZING PROFESSOR!

YES, IT IS! A SECOND BURST OF GAS, ONLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER THE FIRST. NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER BEEN OBSERVED BEFORE ON THE PLANET MARS.



WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS? COULD THERE BE PEOPLE UP THERE? COULD THE INHABITANTS OF MARS BE TRYING TO SIGNAL US?

OH, NO! IT IS PURELY A NATURAL PHENOMENON, I ASSURE YOU. IT MIGHT BE THAT METEORITES ARE FALLING IN A HEAVY SHOWER UPON THE PLANET, OR A HUGE VOLCANIC EXPLOSION IS IN PROGRESS. IT IS UNLIKELY EVOLUTION HAS TAKEN THE SAME DIRECTION ON TWO ADJACENT PLANETS. THE CHANCE OF ANYTHING MAN-LIKE ON MARS IS A MILLION TO ONE.

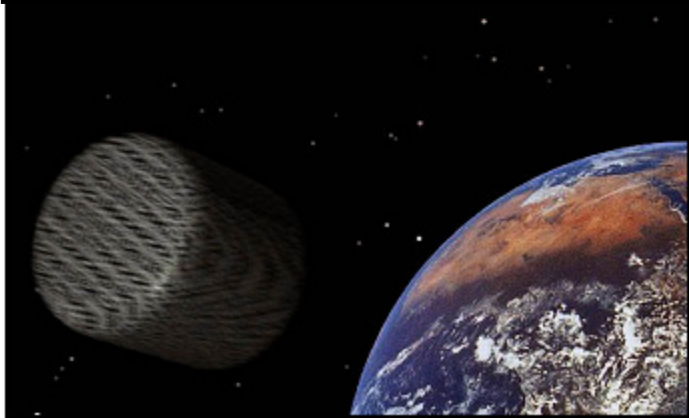


SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER I WENT FOR A WALK WITH MY WIFE. FROM THE RAILWAY STATION IN THE DISTANCE CAME THE SOUND OF SHUNTING TRAINS, RINGING AND RUMBLING, SOFTENED ALMOST INTO MELODY BY THE DISTANCE. IT SEEMED SO SAFE AND TRANQUIL.

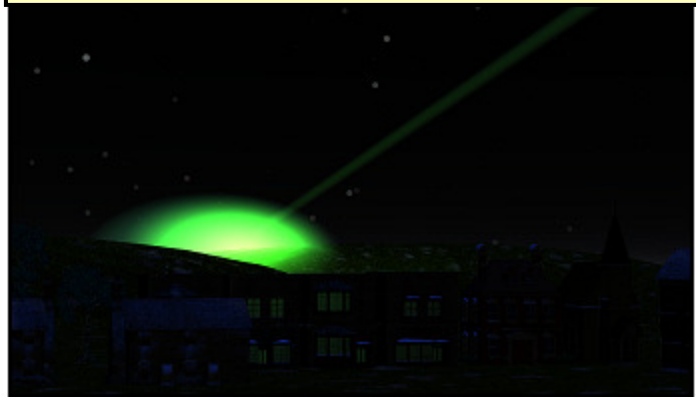
THERE'S WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT IS ABOUT. THAT ORANGE DOT, MARS.



AS WE WATCHED THE SKY, THE FIRST OF THE CYLINDERS THAT WOULD BRING SO MUCH CALAMITY AND DEATH TO THE EARTH WAS ONLY 10,000,000 MILES AWAY. LAUNCHED FROM A GIANT CANNON ON MARS, NO ONE ON EARTH DREAMED OF THESE UNERRING MISSILES FLYING SWIFTLY AND STEADILY TOWARDS OUR PLANET.

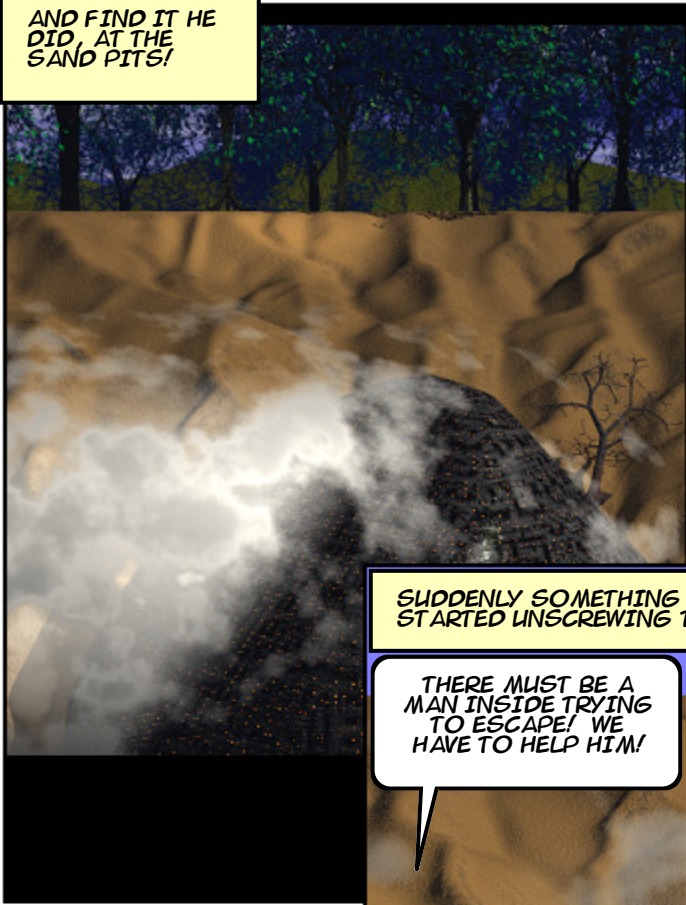


THEN CAME THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST FALLING STAR. HUNDREDS MUST HAVE SEEN IT AND TAKEN IT FOR AN ORDINARY METEORITE. IN THE MORNING OGILVY, WHO HAD SEEN THE SHOOTING STAR AND WHO WAS PERSUADED THAT IT LAY SOMEWHERE ON THE COMMON, ROSE EARLY WITH THE IDEA OF FINDING IT.

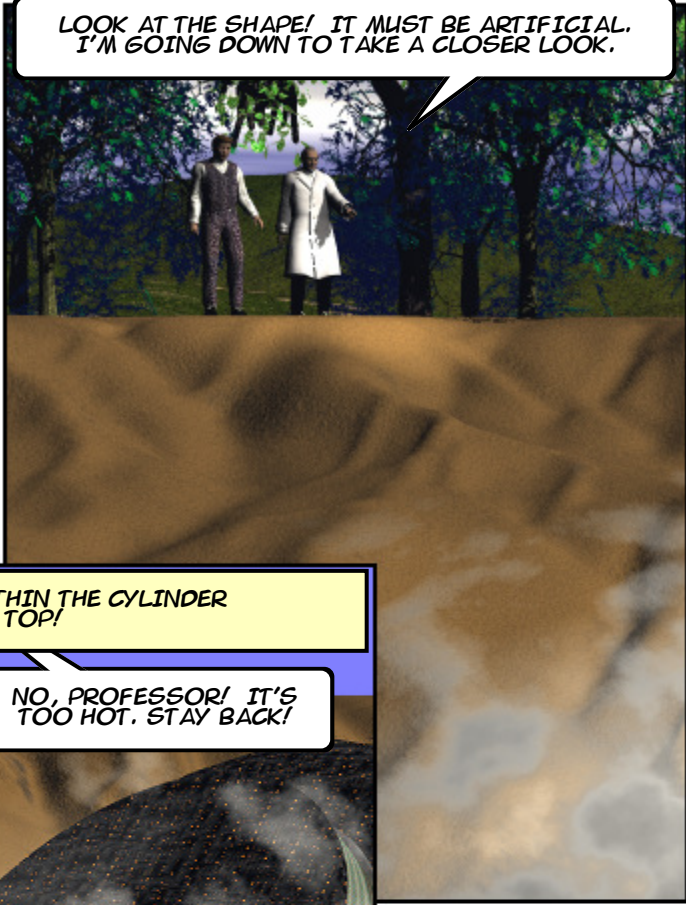




AND FIND IT HE DID, AT THE SAND PITS!



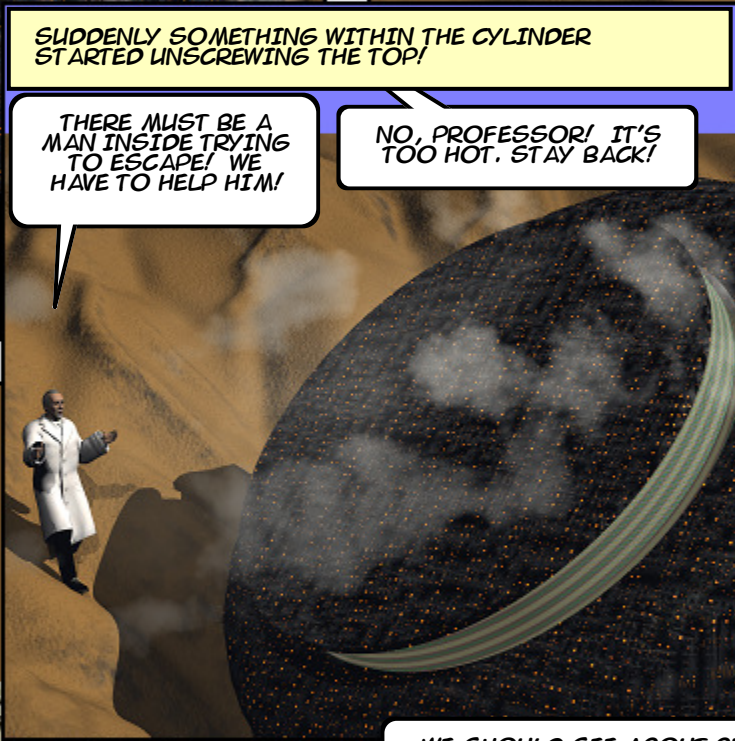
LOOK AT THE SHAPE! IT MUST BE ARTIFICIAL. I'M GOING DOWN TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.



SUDDENLY SOMETHING WITHIN THE CYLINDER STARTED UNSCREWING THE TOP!

THERE MUST BE A MAN INSIDE TRYING TO ESCAPE! WE HAVE TO HELP HIM!

NO, PROFESSOR! IT'S TOO HOT. STAY BACK!



THE STORY WAS SOON ALL OVER BRITAIN. IT TOOK MANY HOURS FOR THE CYLINDER TO OPEN. AS IT DID WE ALL WONDERED, WAS THERE REALLY SOMEBODY ALIVE INSIDE, OR WAS IT JUST AN AUTOMATIC MECHANISM? ONLY TIME WOULD TELL.



BY THE NEXT DAY A CROWD HAD GROWN AROUND THE PIT WATCHING AS THE TOP OF THE CYLINDER UNSCREWED.

WE SHOULD SEE ABOUT BUILDING A FENCE. SOMEONE IS GOING TO FALL IN AND GET HURT.





SUDDENLY THE LID FELL OFF! I THINK EVERYONE EXPECTED TO SEE A MAN EMERGE--POSSIBLY SOMETHING A LITTLE UNLIKE US EARTHMEN, BUT ALL IN ALL SOMETHING HUMAN...

WHAT IS THAT?  
A SNAKE?

TWO BULKY CREATURES WITH TENTACLES APPEARED AND WATCHED US WITH LUMINOUS DISK-LIKE EYES. THE CROWD RETREATED IN FEAR, AND I WENT WITH THEM.

TIME TO GO HOME, TIM!

BUT MUMMY, I WANT TO WATCH THE MARS MEN.

THEY'RE MONSTERS!

NOTHING HAPPENED FOR A WHILE AND PEOPLE BEGAN TO MOVE BACK TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE PIT. THEN A FUNNEL-LIKE OBJECT ON A METAL STALK ROSE INTO THE AIR.

WHAT IS THAT THING?

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A FLASH AND A GHOSTLY BEAM LEAPT TOWARD THE MAN CLOSEST TO THE PIT. HE BURST INTO FLAME!

MAN, ANIMAL AND TREE TURNED TO FLAME AT THE TOUCH OF THIS HORRIBLE HEAT RAY. I RAN AND RAN. I FELT I WAS BEING PLAYED WITH, THAT ON THE VERGE OF SAFETY - THIS MYSTERIOUS DEATH WOULD LEAP AFTER ME FROM THE PIT AND STRIKE ME DOWN.

HEAVENS! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

HELP ME!

EVENTUALLY, I REACHED THE SAFETY OF THE WOODS, BUT IT WAS CLEAR THE WAR WITH MARS HAD BEGUN...



# CHAPTER TWO

I STUMBLED HOME THROUGH THE GATHERING DARKNESS. THE MARTIANS...THE HEAT RAY... COULD I REALLY HAVE SEEN THOSE FANTASTIC THINGS? MY WIFE SAW MY STRICKEN FACE...

DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK TERRIBLE!



I TOLD HER EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED OUT ON THE COMMON THAT DAY.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. ALL THOSE PEOPLE LYING THERE DEAD! WHAT IF THE MARTIANS COME HERE?

DON'T BE CONCERNED. THE GRAVITY HERE ON EARTH IS HIGHER THAN MARS AND THEY CAN HARDLY MOVE. THEY WILL NEVER MAKE IT OUT OF THEIR PIT.



THE NEXT DAY A COMPANY OF SOLDIERS CAME THROUGH TOWN, AND DEPLOYED ALONG THE EDGE OF THE COMMON TO KEEP THE MARTIANS FROM LEAVING THEIR CRATER.

THERE IS A RUMOR THAT THEY ARE ALSO GOING TO SEND SOME MACHINE GUNS AND HEAVY ARTILLERY!



THAT NIGHT ANOTHER CYLINDER LANDED NEAR WOKING. IN THE FIRST PIT THE MARTIANS WERE HAMMERING AND WORKING SLEEPLESSLY UPON MACHINES THEY WERE MAKING. THOSE WHO WERE CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT THEY WERE DOING AND CRAWLED OUT UPON THE COMMON WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN. NOW AND AGAIN A LIGHT, LIKE THE BEAM OF A WARSHIP'S SEARCHLIGHT, SWEEPED THE COMMON, AND THE HEAT RAY WAS READY TO FOLLOW.

THE NEXT MORNING I THOUGHT I WOULD WALK INTO TOWN TO GET THE LATEST NEWS.

I EXPECT THE ARMY WILL MOVE IN AND FINISH THEM TODAY.

IT'S A PITY THEY MAKE THEMSELVES SO UNAPPROACHABLE. IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO KNOW HOW THEY LIVE ON ANOTHER PLANET.







**CRASH!**

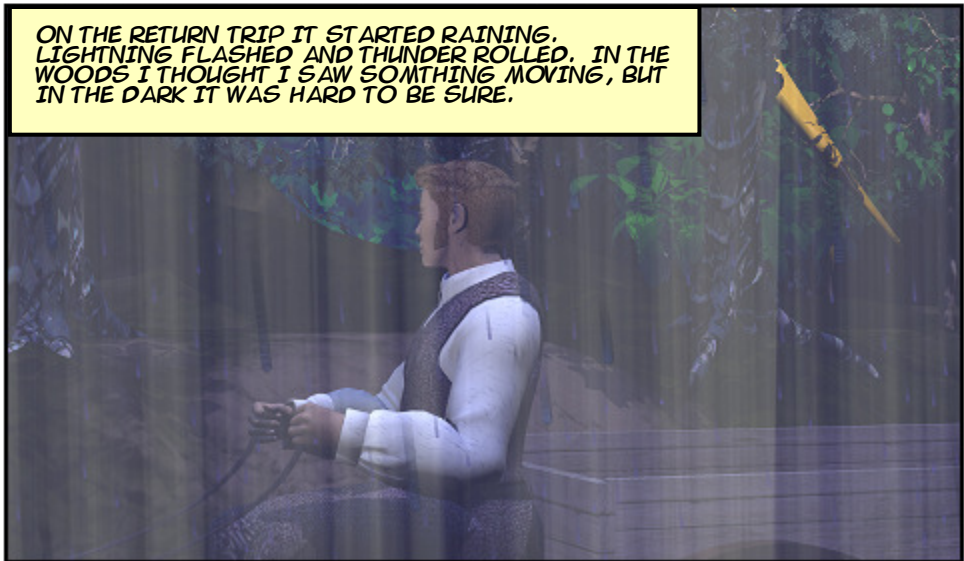
WHAT WAS THAT!?!



WE RAN OUTSIDE. THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY WAS DAMAGED. I REALIZED IN HORROR THAT OUR HOME MUST NOW BE WITHIN RANGE OF THE HEAT RAY!

PACK SOME THINGS. I'M RENTING A HORSE AND WAGON AND TAKING YOU TO YOUR COUSIN'S HOUSE IN LEATHERHEAD!

BY EARLY EVENING WE HAD COVERED THE 12 MILES TO HER COUSIN'S HOME.



ON THE RETURN TRIP IT STARTED RAINING. LIGHTNING FLASHED AND THUNDER ROLLED. IN THE WOODS I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVING, BUT IN THE DARK IT WAS HARD TO BE SURE.

PLEASE STAY. I HAVE AN AWFUL FEELING ABOUT THIS...

DON'T WORRY I'LL BE FINE. I WILL RETURN AS SOON AS I CAN.





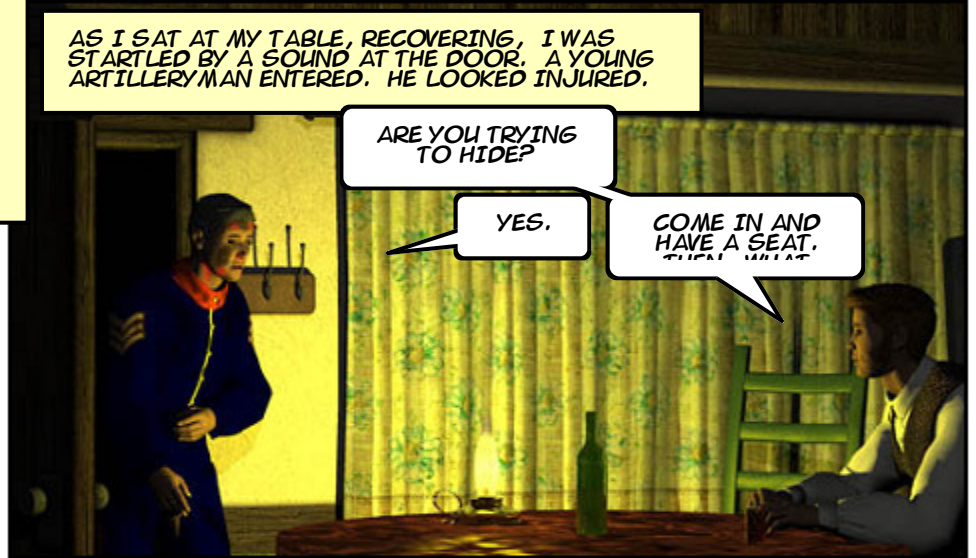
SUDDENLY IT APPEARED BEFORE ME; A MONSTROUS TRIPOD, HIGHER THAN MANY HOUSES, A WALKING ENGINE OF GLITTERING METAL WITH LONG, FLEXIBLE TENTACLES. AT SIGHT OF IT, THE HORSE BOLTED AND THE WAGON OVERTURNED INTO A DITCH. I FELL TO THE GROUND AND ALL WAS DARKNESS.



WHEN I AWOKE THE METAL MONSTER WAS GONE. THE HORSE WAS DEAD, HIS NECK SNAPPED BY THE FALL. I STRUGGLED THROUGH THE POURING RAIN ON FOOT, PASSING DEAD BODIES LYING IN THE LANE UNTIL I REACHED MY HOME. WHAT HAD HAPPENED HERE?



AS I SAT AT MY TABLE, RECOVERING, I WAS STARTLED BY A SOUND AT THE DOOR. A YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN ENTERED. HE LOOKED INJURED.



ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE?

YES.

COME IN AND HAVE A SEAT. PLEASE.

"IT WAS THE MARTIANS," HE TOLD ME. "THEY CAME OUT OF THEIR HOLE IN GIANT ARMORED MACHINES THEY'D BEEN MAKING. THEY WIPED US OUT."





WE CAN'T STAY HERE. TOMORROW MORNING I'M GOING TO TRY TO MAKE MY WAY BACK TO LEATHERHEAD TO GET MY WIFE. THEN, IF WE CAN FIND A SHIP, I INTEND TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.

I'LL GO AS FAR AS STREET COBHAM WITH YOU. THEN I NEED TO HEAD TOWARD LONDON TO SEE IF I CAN REJOIN WHAT IS LEFT OF MY UNIT.



WHEN WE GOT TO WEYBRIDGE WE FOUND A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY WITH GUNNERS AT THE READY.

IT'S BOWS AND ARROWS AGAINST THE LIGHTNING. THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THAT HEAT RAY YET.



SUDDENLY, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THREE OF THE ARMORED MACHINES APPEARED, EACH WITH A MARTIAN IN THE HOOD, STRIDING HURRIEDLY TOWARDS THE RIVER. ALL RAISED THEIR HUGE WEAPONS HIGH IN THE AIR, AND THE GHOSTLY, TERRIBLE HEAT-RAY STRUCK THE VILLAGE.



THE CANNONS FIRED, HITTING ONE OF THE MACHINES IN THE HOOD, KILLING ITS OPERATOR. THE MONSTEROUS TRIPOD, NOW OUT OF CONTROL, STUMBLED BLINDLY ONWARD AND INTO THE RIVER. THE GUNS FIRED AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME THE REMAINING GIANTS' HEAT RAYS DESTROYED THEM.





SUDDENLY THE WHITE FLASHES OF THE HEAT RAY  
CAME LEAPING TOWARDS US. THE  
ARTILLERY MAN WAS LOST IN THE SMOKE WHILE I  
JUMPED INTO THE RIVER. I STAYED UNDER UNTIL  
I FELT MY LUNGS MIGHT BURST AND WAS  
FORCED UP FOR AIR.

**HISSSS!**



THE HEAT RAY HAD BROUGHT THE RIVER NEAR THE  
BOILING POINT. I STAGGERED THROUGH THE  
LEAPING, HISSING WATER TOWARDS THE  
SHORE AND FELL HELPLESSLY IN FULL SIGHT  
OF THE MARTIANS, EXPECTING NOTHING BUT  
DEATH.



THE FOOT OF A FIGHTING MACHINE CAME DOWN NEAR ME, THEN LIFTED AWAY AS THE  
SURVIVING TWO CARRIED AWAY THE REMAINS OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADE. SUDDENLY I  
REALIZED THAT THROUGH A MIRACLE I HAD ESCAPED.





## CHAPTER THREE

MY YOUNGER BROTHER WAS IN LONDON WHEN THE MARTIANS ATTACKED. THE NEWS ELECTRIFIED THE CITY. THE NEWSPAPERS SAID THERE WAS FIGHTING AT WEYBRIDGE AND THAT DEFENSIVE PREPARATIONS WERE BEING MADE TO REPULSE THE INVADERS SHOULD THEY APPROACH LONDON.



THE MARTIANS HAD LEARNED FROM LOSING A FIGHTING MACHINE AT WEYBRIDGE TO CANNON FIRE. NOW THEY LAUNCHED ROCKETS THAT RELEASED A THICK, BLACK, SMOKE THAT CLUNG TO THE GROUND. THIS BLACK GAS CHOKED THE GUNNERS EVEN BEFORE THE MARTIANS CAME WITHIN CANNON RANGE.



RUMORS OF THE MARTIAN'S APPROACH RUSHED THROUGH THE CITY. MY BROTHER, GATHERING ALL THE MONEY HE HAD IN HIS ROOM, DECIDED TO LEAVE LONDON AND JOINED THE SWELLING CROWD IN THE STREET.



THEN CAME REPORTS THAT THE MARTIANS HAD BEEN SEEN MOVING UP THE THAMES RIVER, CUTTING THROUGH BRIDGE AFTER BRIDGE WHILE BLANKETING THE SURROUNDING AREA WITH THEIR DEADLY, BLACK SMOKE.

WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THAT NEWS, PEOPLE Poured INTO THE CITY STREETS BY THE THOUSANDS LOADED WITH THEIR BELONGINGS IN BOXES AND BAGS, THEY JAMMED THE ROADS LEAVING LONDON. THE RICH FOUND THEMSELVES RUBBING ELBOWS WITH BEGGERS, AND ALL WERE FILLED WITH FEAR.







MY BROTHER ESCAPED FROM THE CROWDS DOWN A QUIET LANE. SOME DISTANCE OUT OF THE CITY HE CAME ACROSS TWO WOMEN BEING WAYLAID BY A PAIR OF RUFFIANS.

LET GO OF ME!

I'M TELLIN' YOU, LADY. WE'RE TAKIN' THE HORSE AND CARRIAGE. GET OUT!

LEAVE THEM ALONE, YOU BLACKHEARTS!

MY BROTHER WAS AN EXPERT BOXER IN COLLEGE AND GAVE ONE OF THE RUFFIANS A RIGHT CROSS.



WHY YOU-

**CRACK!**

SERVES YOU RIGHT!

WITH TWO AGAINST ONE, MY BROTHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN SERIOUS TROUBLE IF THE YOUNGER WOMAN, HER HANDS NOW FREE, HAD NOT PRODUCED A PISTOL.



GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I PUT THE NEXT ONE THROUGH YOU!

**BANG!**

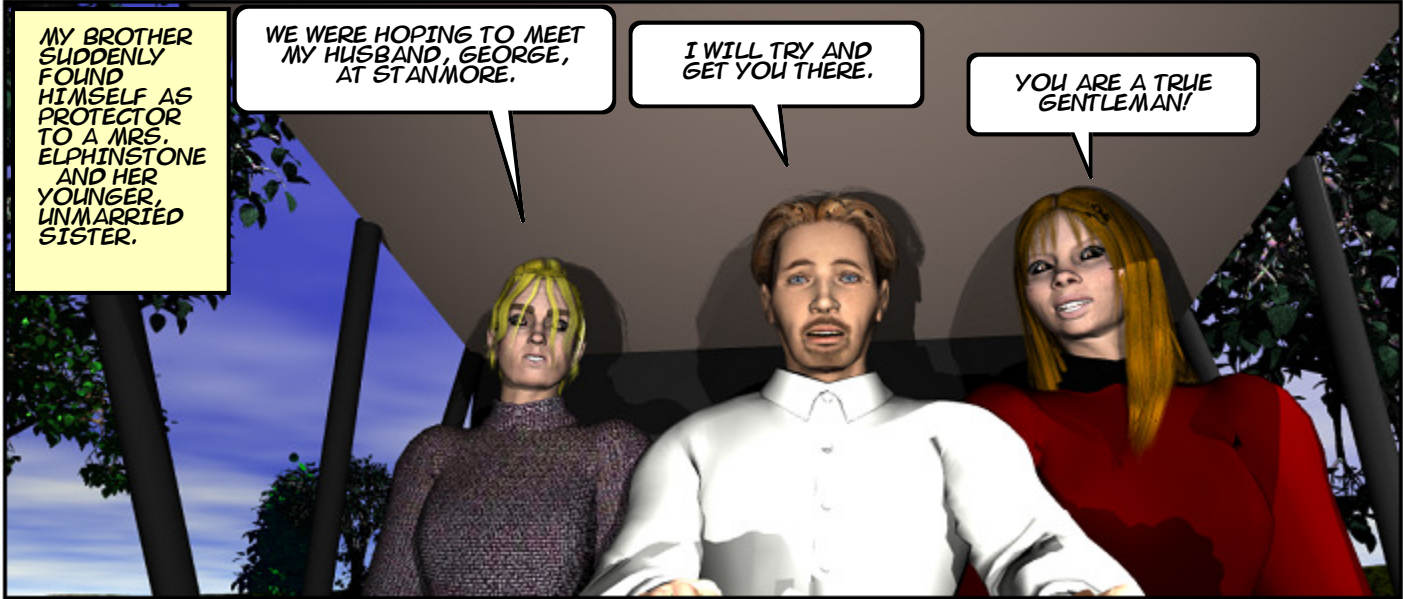
BLIMEY, SHE'S GOT A GUN. LET'S GO!

MY BROTHER SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF AS PROTECTOR TO A MRS. ELPHINSTONE AND HER YOUNGER, UNMARRIED SISTER.

WE WERE HOPING TO MEET MY HUSBAND, GEORGE, AT STANMORE.

I WILL TRY AND GET YOU THERE.

YOU ARE A TRUE GENTLEMAN!





WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT ST ANMORE, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF MR. ELPHINSTONE.

I'M SORRY. WE'VE CHECKED EVERYWHERE. WE MUST GO ON. THE MARTAINS ARE COMING. I THINK WE SHOULD HEAD FOR HARWICH AND SEE IF WE CAN GET ON A SHIP OUT OF ENGLAND.

I WON'T GO WITHOUT GEORGE!

GEORGE WOULD NOT WANT YOU TO STAY HERE WITH THE MARTAINS COMING. YOU KNOW THAT!



AT CHELMSFORD THE PONY AND CARRIAGE WAS SEIZED BY A SELF-APPOINTED GROUP CALLING THEMSELVES THE "COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SUPPLY." MY BROTHER AND HIS COMPANIONS PRESSED ON BY FOOT, REACHING THE BAY NEAR HARWICH LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THE NEXT DAY.

LOOK AT ALL THE SHIPS!

THAT ONE BOARDING AT THE DOCK SEEMS READY TO LEAVE. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN PURCHASE TICKETS.



THEY CHARGED AN EXHORBITANT PRICE, BUT I GOT US PASSAGE TO OSTEND. WE HAVE TO GET ON BOARD IMMEDIATELY. THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO CAST OFF. HE'S HEARD REPORTS OF MARTIAN FIGHTING MACHINES HEADED THIS WAY.

NO SOONER DID THE SHIP GET UNDERWAY WHEN FOUR FIGHTING MACHINES APPEARED AND MADE THEIR WAY OUT ALONG THE HEADLAND.

THEY'RE GIGANTIC! BUT WHAT CAN THEY DO? WE ARE ALREADY AT SEA!





THE INVADER'S INTENSIONS BECAME CLEAR WHEN THE GIANT TRIPOD FIGURES WADED OUT INTO THE WATER TO SEAL OFF THE ENTRANCE OF THE BAY. THE SHIPS WITH THEIR DESPERATE PASSENGERS WERE TRAPPED.



SUDDENLY THE DECK SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS AN IRON BULK, LIKE THE BLADE OF A PLOUGH, TORE THROUGH THE WATER NEARBY, ROCKING THE SMALL STEAMER WITH HUGE WAVES OF FOAM.

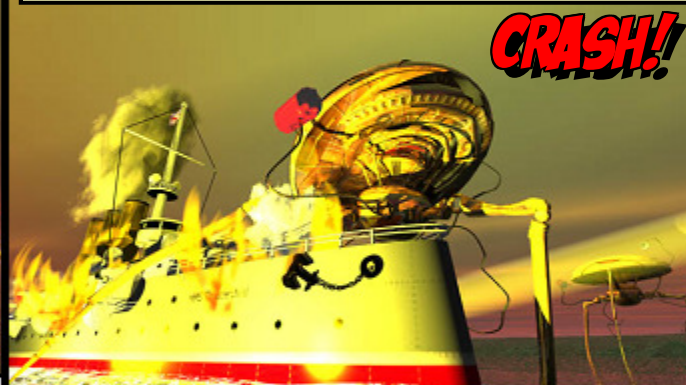
IT'S THE WARSHIP THUNDERCHILD!



THE MARTIANS LAUNCHED A CANNISTER OF THEIR BLACK SMOKE, BUT IT FELL USELESSLY INTO THE SEA. NEXT THEY FOCUSED THEIR HEAT RAYS ONTO THE IRONCLAD VESSEL AND THE WOODEN DECK BURST INTO FLAME, BUT STILL THE SHIP SPED ONWARD.



THE THUNDERCHILD SLAMMED INTO ONE OF THE MARTIAN FIGHTING MACHINES. THE MONSTER REELED, STAGGERED AND FINALLY TOPPLED INTO THE BAY. A CHEER WENT UP FROM THE CROWD ON THE DECK OF THE LITTLE STEAMER.



WITH FLAMES STREAMING FROM HER, THE SHIP NOW TURNED TOWARD THE REMAINING MARTIANS. GUNS BLAZING, THE WARSHIP BORE DOWN ON THEM, OBLIVIOUS TO THE HEAT RAYS THAT RAVISHED HER. SUDDENLY THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION AND THE SCENE DISAPPEARED IN A WALL OF SMOKE.



IN THE CONFUSION, THE PASSENGER SHIPS MADE IT SAFELY OUT TO SEA. AS THE SMOKE CLEARED, MY BROTHER COULD MAKE OUT THE AFT OF THE IRONCLAD SINKING INTO THE BAY AMID THE REMAINS OF THE FALLEN MARTIANS. IN THE SKY, ANOTHER CYLINDER FELL TO EARTH. WHAT WAS PERHAPS MAN'S MIGHTIEST WEAPON WAS GONE NOW, AND THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO STOP THE INVADERS.





# CHAPTER FOUR

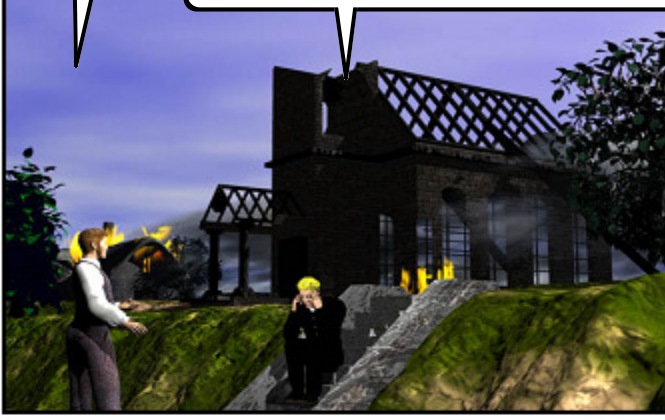
IN THE VILLAGE OF WEYBRIDGE I CAME ACROSS A CURATE IN FRONT OF THE RUINS OF HIS CHAPEL.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

ALL THE WORK WE DID - THE CHURCH! WE REBUILT IT ONLY THREE YEARS AGO. LOOK AT IT NOW!

WHY ARE THESE THINGS PERMITTED? WHAT SINS HAVE WE DONE? WHAT ARE THESE MONSTERS? HAS THE EARTH BEEN GIVEN OVER TO THEM?

THEY ARE MARTIANS AND THEY WILL BE BACK SOON. YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME.



WE WALKED FOR MANY HOURS BEFORE WE CAME TO AN ABANDONED INN.

WE NEED SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT. WE SHOULD STOP HERE. WITH ANY LUCK WE MAY FIND SOME FOOD.



FORTUNATELY THE INN WAS STOCKED WITH FOOD. WE WERE JUST SITTING DOWN TO EAT WHEN A TERRIFIC CRASH SHOOK THE BUILDING AND THE ROOF COLLAPSED ON US.

WHEN I AWOKE I FOUND MYSELF IN THE BASEMENT OF THE RUINED INN. THE CURATE WAS SITTING NEXT TO ME.

HEAVENS!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT TIME IS IT?

SHHH! YOU'VE BEEN OUT MOST OF THE DAY. A CYLINDER LANDED NEXT TO BUILDING. THE MARTIANS ARE JUST OUTSIDE.





I PEEKED OUT THROUGH A BREAK IN THE WALL. HE WAS RIGHT. THE COLLAPSED INN LAY IN THE CRATER MADE BY THE CYLINDER. THE MARTIANS HAD ALREADY EMERGED AND A FIGHTING MACHINE STOOD GUARD OVER THE PIT.



DAY AFTER DAY WENT BY WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT REMAIN SILENT AND WATCH THE MARTIANS WORKING OUT IN THE PIT. FORTUNATELY WE HAD ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER TO SUSTAIN US.

WHAT ARE THEY MAKING OUT THERE, SOME KIND OF NEW MACHINE? TAKE A LOOK!

I DON'T CARE WHAT THOSE DEVILS ARE DOING. I JUST KNOW I CAN'T STAND BEING SHUT IN HERE MUCH LONGER!



THE MARTIANS WERE BUILDING FLYING MACHINES! CLEARLY THEIR TECHNOLOGY WAS VASTLY SUPERIOR TO OURS.



A WEEK WENT BY. THE ENFORCED IMPRISONMENT WAS HARD ON MY COMPANION.

WHY HAVE THESE DEMONS COME? WE HAVE SINNED, WE HAVE FALLEN SHORT.

THEY SHOULD BE CAST OUT BY A HOLY MAN!

QUIET! THEY'LL HEAR YOU!



THEN CAME THE DAY WE FIRST SAW THE MARTIANS FEEDING. A FIGHTING MACHINE ARRIVED WITH A CAGE STRAPPED TO ITS BACK. FROM THIS, TERRIFIED CAPTIVES WERE REMOVED.





THESE PEOPLE WERE TIED DOWN, THEN THEIR BLOOD WAS COMPLETELY DRAINED FROM THEM.

THIS IS THE DEVIL'S WORK! THE MARTIANS ARE INJECTING THE BLOOD INTO THEIR OWN VEINS!

THAT'S WHY THEY WANT US. THEY LIVE OFF THE BLOOD OF OTHERS, LIKE VAMPIRES!



THIS SEEMED TO PUSH THE CURATE OVER THE EDGE INTO INSANITY.

IT IS MY DUTY TO CONFRONT THEM! WOE LINTO THESE DEMONS! WOE! WOE! WOE! WOE! THE WORD OF TRUTH WILL DESTROY THE DEVIL'S WORK!

BE STILL! THEY'LL HEAR YOU!



IN FEAR I GRABBED A PIECE OF WOOD AND SWUNG IT AT HIM, KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS AS A MARTIAN MACHINE'S TENTACLE SLID THROUGH THE OPENING.

NAY! I SHALL SPEAK! THE WORD OF TRUTH IS UPON- OUF!

SHUT UP!



I DRAGGED THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN AS FAR TO THE REAR OF THE INN AS I COULD, WHILE THE TENTACLE SEARCHED THE RUINS OF THE BUILDING.





I HID THE CURATE AS BEST I COULD AND CLAMBERED INTO THE COAL CELLAR, BURYING MYSELF WITH THE COAL NUGGETS. THE TENTACLE CAME WITHIN INCHES OF MY FACE. IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP FROM SCREAMING.



THE TENTACLE RETREATED FROM THE COAL CELLAR AND THEN I HEARD IT GRAB SOMETHING - THE BODY OF THE CURATE! IT DRAGGED THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN TOWARD THE OPENING IN THE WALL AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO ABOUT IT.



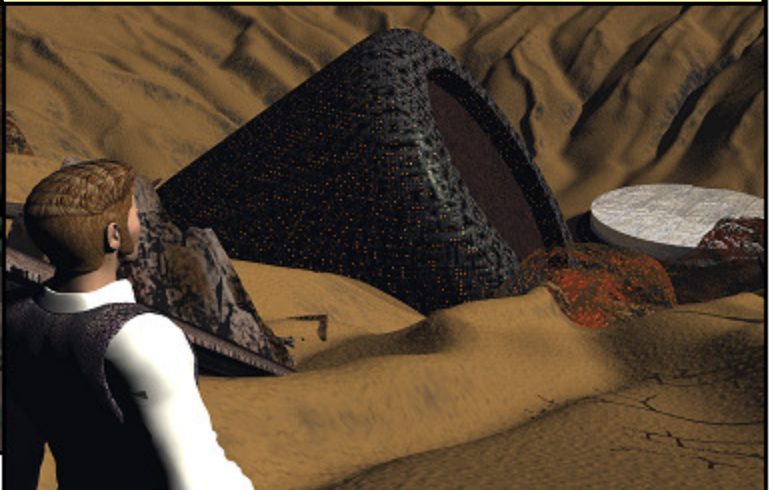
I LAY UNMOVING IN THE COAL FOR A DAY. AFTER THAT I EMERGED JUST TO GET FOOD OR WATER, THEN WENT BACK, FEARFUL THE MARTIAN TENTACLE WOULD RETURN. ONE DAY I AWOKE WITH A START TO FIND A DOG SNIFFING ME.



I GOT THE HALF-STARVED CREATURE SOME FOOD. THEN IT OCCURED TO ME THAT IF THE DOG HAD GOTTEN SAFELY IN, PERHAPS I COULD GET OUT. BEYOND THE INN WAS ABSOLITE SILENCE.



OUTSIDE THE MARTIANS AND ALL THEIR MACHINES HAD GONE. AFTER FIFTEEN DAYS I WAS FINALLY A FREE MAN AND THE AIR OUTSIDE HAD NEVER SMELLED SO SWEET.





# CHAPTER FIVE

AFTER MY ESCAPE, I MADE MY WAY TOWARD PUTNEY HILL. THERE A MAN CALLED OUT TO ME.

STAY AWAY! THIS IS MY COUNTRY FROM HERE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL!

I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH TO FIND MY WIFE AT LEATHERHEAD.

YOU'RE THE MAN FROM WOKING! YOU DIDN'T DROWN IN THE RIVER?

HEAVENS! THE ARTILLERY MAN!



YES, IT WAS THE MAN WHO HAD SOUGHT SHELTER IN MY HOUSE A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO WEEKS AGO ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE WAR. HAVING RECOGNIZED ME, HE INVITED ME IN TO EAT. AFTERWARD HE DESCRIBED HIS VISION OF A BRAVE NEW WORLD TO ME.

MAN IS FINISHED ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH. THIS ISN'T A WAR ANY MORE THAN THERE CAN BE A WAR BETWEEN MEN AND ANTS. IF THEY SEE US WE'RE DEAD! OUR ONLY CHANCE TO PRESERVE HUMANITY IS TO GO UNDERGROUND!

UNDERGROUND?



"YES! THINK OF THOSE MILES AND MILES OF DRAINS UNDER LONDON LEADING EVERYWHERE. THE RAIN WILL HAVE LEFT THEM SWEET AND CLEAN. I'VE ALREADY MADE A START ON A TUNNEL FROM THE HOUSE HERE DOWN TO THE STREET. ONCE THAT IS DONE WE'LL BE ABLE TO GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT THE MARTIANS SEEING US!"



"IT WILL BE A SECURE PLACE WHERE WE CAN MAKE OUR HOMES AND RAISE OUR CHILDREN. WE'LL RAID THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR BOOKS AND SET UP SCHOOLS. WE'LL TEACH OUR CHILDREN SCIENCE!"





"WE'LL SPY ON THE MARTIANS. MAYBE CAPTURE A FIGHTING MACHINE, LEARN HOW TO BUILD THEM OURSELVES, THEN IT WILL BE THEM THAT DOES THE RUNNING AND DYING!"



HE THEN TOOK ME INTO THE CELLAR TO SHOW ME THE TUNNEL HE'D BEEN MAKING. IT WAS THEN I BEGAN TO SEE THE GAP BETWEEN HIS DREAMS AND HIS POWERS. THE TUNNEL, WHICH WAS ONLY A FEW YARDS LONG, HAD TAKEN HIM A WEEK. I COULD HAVE DUG THAT MUCH IN A DAY!



THE NEXT MORNING I DECIDED TO LEAVE THIS MAN TO HIS IMPOSSIBLE DREAMS. I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE HUMAN RACE, SO I DECIDED TO GO TO THE GREAT CITY OF LONDON. SOMETHING TOLD ME I WOULD FIND MY ANSWERS THERE.



SUDDENLY A FIGHTING MACHINE APPEARED. FROM THE HOOD CAME A WAIL OF "ULLA, ULLA, ULLA, ULLA, ULLA!" THE MONSTER STAGGERED AFTER ME AND I RAN FOR MY LIFE.

WHEN I GOT THERE I FOUND THE CITY DEATHLY STILL AND EMPTY. NOTHING MOVED. WHY WAS I WANDERING ALONE IN THIS CITY OF THE DEAD? WHY WAS I ALIVE WHEN ALL LONDON WAS LYING IN STATE IN ITS BLACK SHROUD? I FELT SO VERY ALONE.





THEN JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO CATCH ME, THE MACHINE STUMBLER. WITH AN ENORMOUS CRASH AND CLANG THE TRIPOD LEGS WENT OUT FROM UNDERNEATH IT AND IT HIT THE STREET.



THE MACHINE MADE NO ATTEMPT TO RISE. AS I APPROACHED IT THE MARTIAN OPERATOR PULLED HIMSELF OUT FROM BEHIND THE MONSTER'S CONTROLS. HE LOOKED UP AT ME WITH HUGE, GLASSY EYES, THEN SLUMPED OVER. HE WAS DEAD.



WHAT DID THIS MEAN? I RAGED INTO THE NEXT STREET. AT THE TOP OF PRIMROSE HILL STOOD ANOTHER TRIPOD FIGURE. AROUND THE TOP FLEW A FLOCK OF RAVENS, OUT OF THE HOOD HUNG LANK SHREDS OF BROWN, AT WHICH THE HUNGRY BIRDS PECKED AND TORE.



SUDDENLY FEARLESS, I RAN TO THE TOP OF THE HILL. HERE THE MARTIANS HAD BUILT A MIGHTY FORT. I LOOKED DOWN ON IT AND SAW BODIES OF MARTIANS AND THEIR WRECKED MACHINES. THEY WERE DEAD. THEY WERE ALL DEAD!



IN THE END THE MARTIANS WERE SLAIN BY THE SMALLEST OF EARTH'S CREATURES: BACTERIA. THE MARTIANS HAD LONG AGO ELIMINATED DISEASE-CAUSING GERMS FROM THEIR PLANET AND HAD NO RESISTANCE TO OUR MICROSCOPIC ALLIES. AS SOON AS THEY CAME TO OUR PLANET AND DRANK THE WATER, THEY WERE DOOMED.





QUICKLY THE WORD SPREAD AND SLOWLY PEOPLE STARTED RETURNING TO THAT GREAT MOTHER OF CITIES. IT WAS AGAIN ALIVE AND WITH EACH NEW DAY ITS HEARTBEAT GREW STRONGER.



WITH THE GOVERNMENT RESTORED, SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS WERE QUICKLY EMPLOYED TO DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF THE MACHINES THE INVADERS HAD LEFT BEHIND.



AS FOR THE MARTIANS THEMSELVES, WHAT LITTLE REMAINED AFTER WILD DOGS HAD THEIR WAY WAS CAREFULLY EXAMINED. ONE OF THE BEST-PRESERVED SPECIMENS CAN BE FOUND AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM WHERE IT REMAINS A POPULAR EXHIBIT.



AS FOR MYSELF I RETURNED HOME TO FIND MY WIFE WAITING. AFTER THE MANY DAYS THAT HAD PASSED IT SEEMED SO STRANGE TO HOLD HER AGAIN IN MY ARMS. WE HAD EACH COUNTED THE OTHER AMONG THE MANY DEAD.

IS THE NIGHT MARE REALLY OVER, DARLING?

YES, I THINK IT FINALLY IS.



A QUESTION OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST IS THE POSSIBILITY OF ANOTHER ATTACK FROM THE MARTIANS. CURRENTLY THEIR PLANET IS AT ITS FURTHEST DISTANCE IN ITS ORBIT FROM US. WHEN IT SWINGS NEAR AGAIN WILL WE BE READY? HAVE THEY GIVEN UP THEIR DESIGNS ON EARTH OR WILL THEY RENEW THEIR ADVENTURES?

AT ANY RATE, WHETHER WE EXPECT ANOTHER INVASION OR NOT, OUR VIEWS OF THE HUMAN FUTURE MUST BE GREATLY MODIFIED BY THESE EVENTS. WE HAVE LEARNED THAT WE CAN NO LONGER REGARD THIS PLANET AS BEING A FENCED IN AND A SECURE ABIDING PLACE FOR MAN; WE MUST BE FOREVER ON OUR GUARD FOR THE UNSEEN GOOD OR EVIL THAT MAY COME UPON US SUDDENLY OUT OF SPACE.

**THE END**