

# The Time Cat Machine

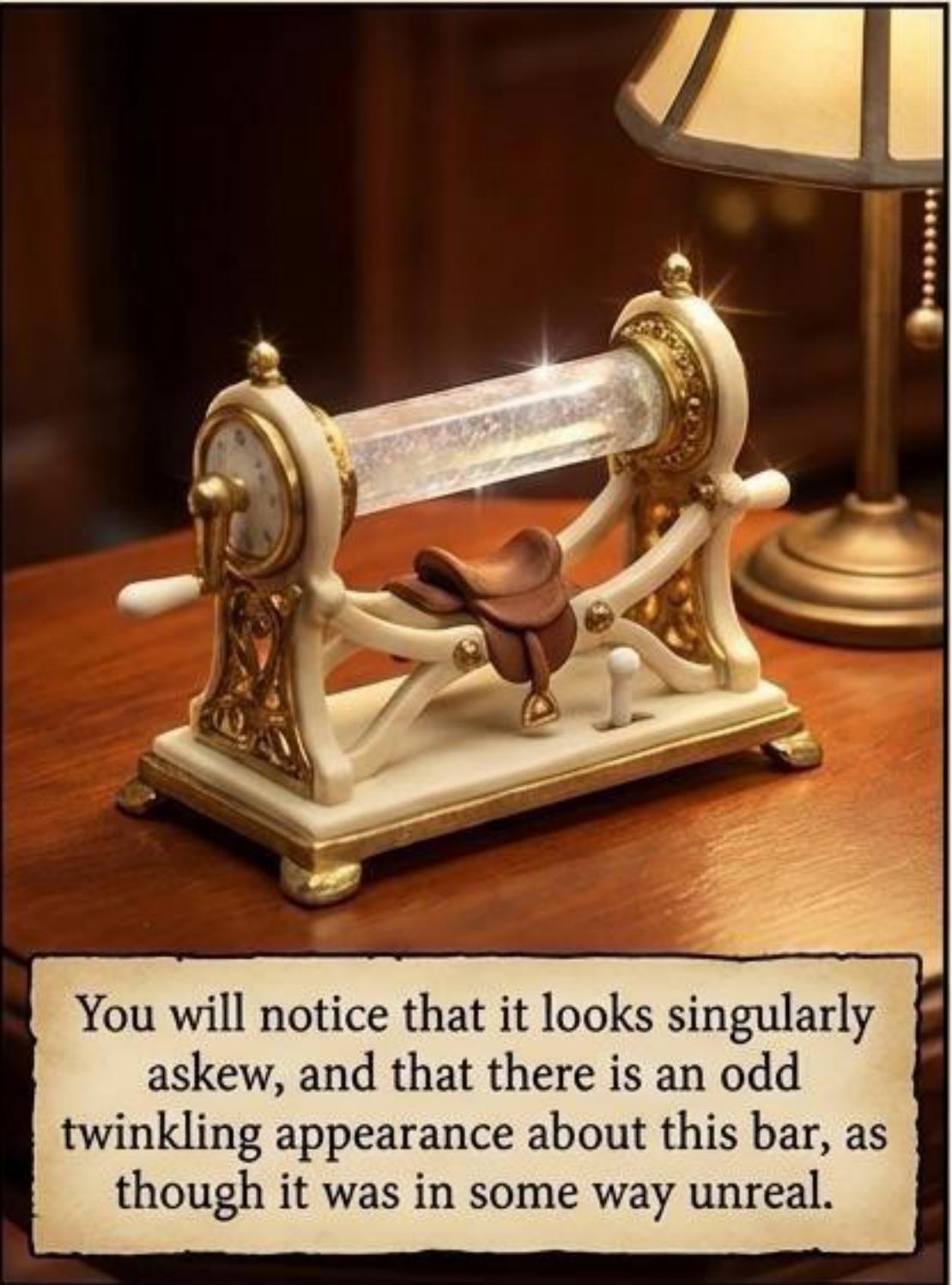


An adaptation of the classic tale by H. G. Wells,  
recounting the astonishing journey of Professor Time Cat.

# An Evening of Paradox and Speculation



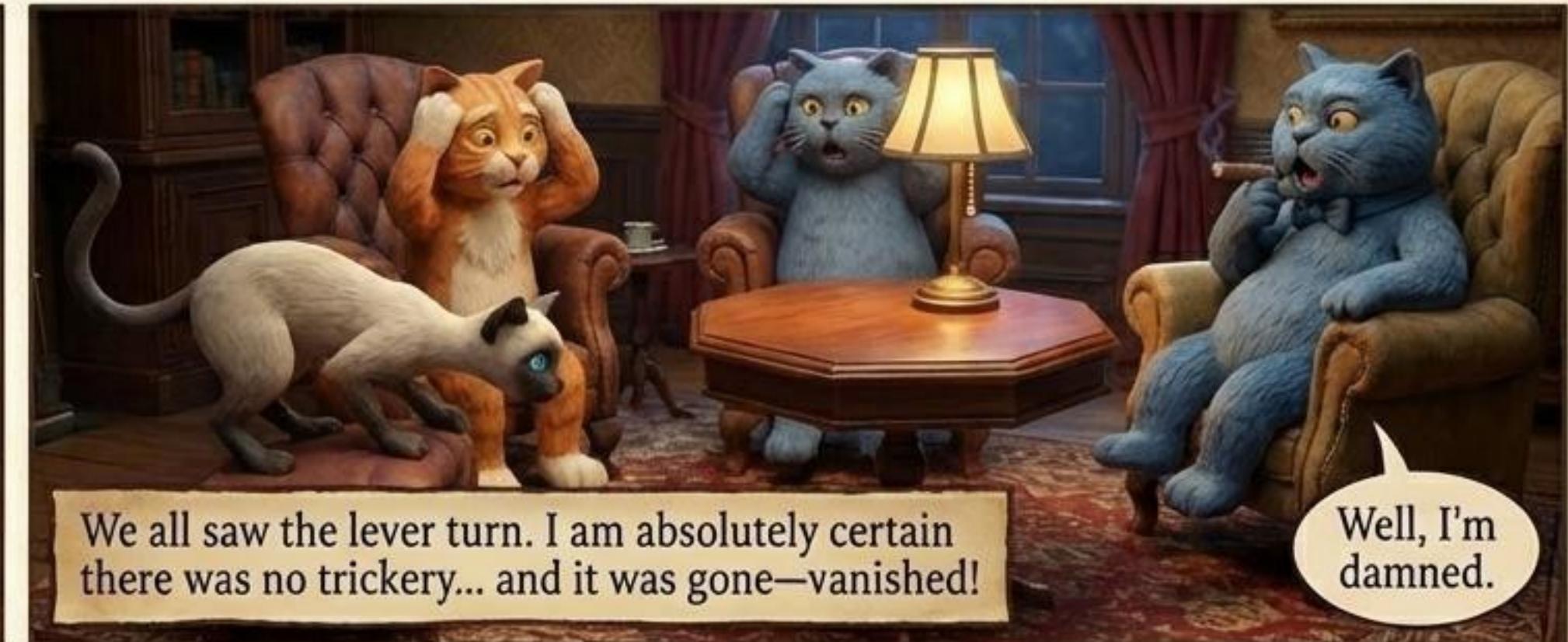
# A Model of a Most Curious Machine



You will notice that it looks singularly askew, and that there is an odd twinkling appearance about this bar, as though it was in some way unreal.



# It Was Gone—Vanished!



# A Week Later, An Unexplained Absence



# He Returned in an Amazing Plight



‘I’ve Lived Eight Days... Such Days as No Human Being Ever Lived Before.’

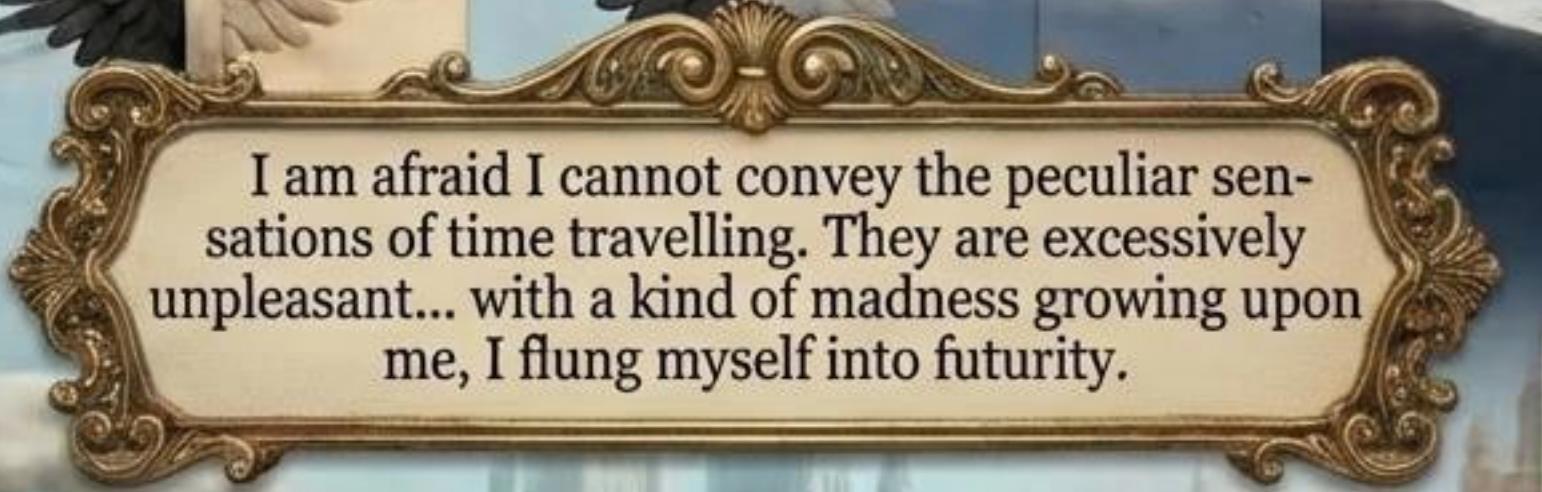


At first we glanced now and again at each other.  
After a time we ceased to do that, and looked only  
at the Time Traveller’s face.

# The First of All Time Machines Began Its Career



I seemed to reel; I felt a nightmare sensation of falling...  
I drew a breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever  
with both hands, and went off with a thud.



I am afraid I cannot convey the peculiar sensations of time travelling. They are excessively unpleasant... with a kind of madness growing upon me, I flung myself into futurity.



# A Headlong Rush Through Futurity

"The sun a brilliant, fiery orange streak... hopping swiftly across the sky..."

"...rapid palpitation of night and day merging into a continuous greyness... a wonderful deepness of blue..."

Night followed day like the flapping of a black wing.  
An eddying murmur filled my ears, and a strange,  
dumb confusedness descended on my mind.



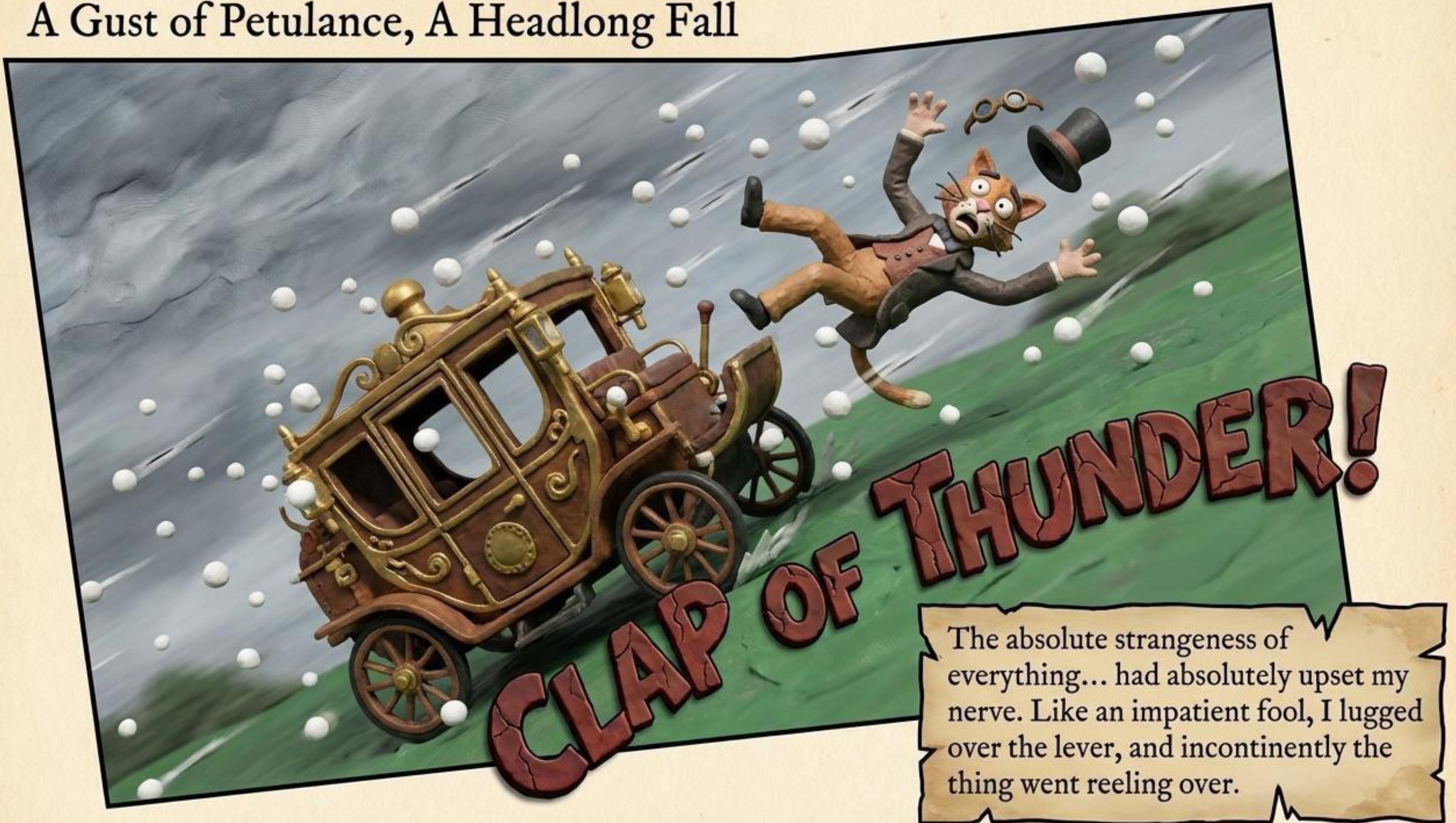
I flung myself into futurity. Night followed day like the flapping of a black wing... until, with the petulance of a fool, I lugged over the lever and was flung headlong through the air.

# The Whole Surface of the Earth Seemed Changed

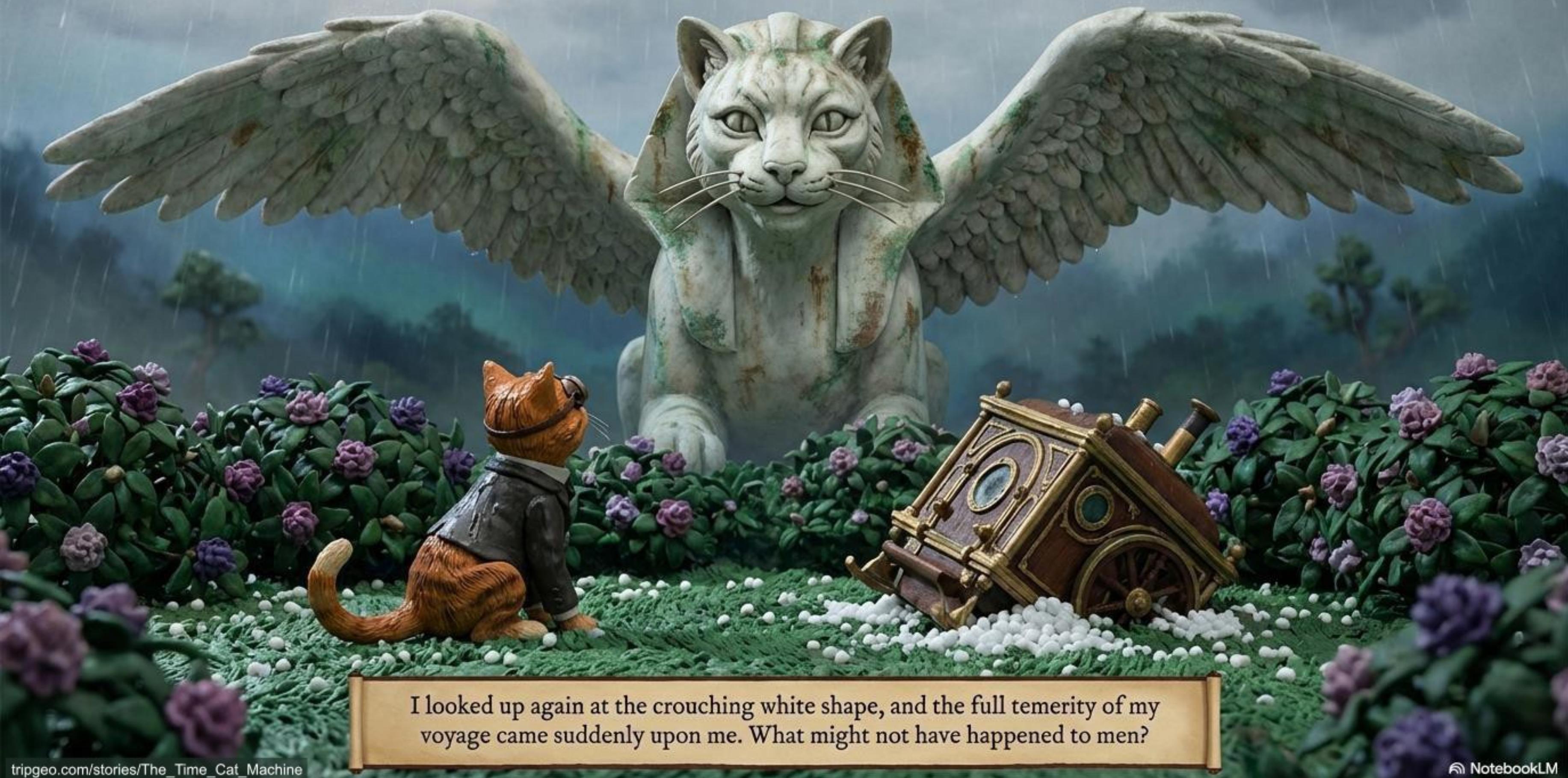


“My pace was over a year a minute; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world, and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.” in IM Fell English

# A Gust of Petulance, A Headlong Fall



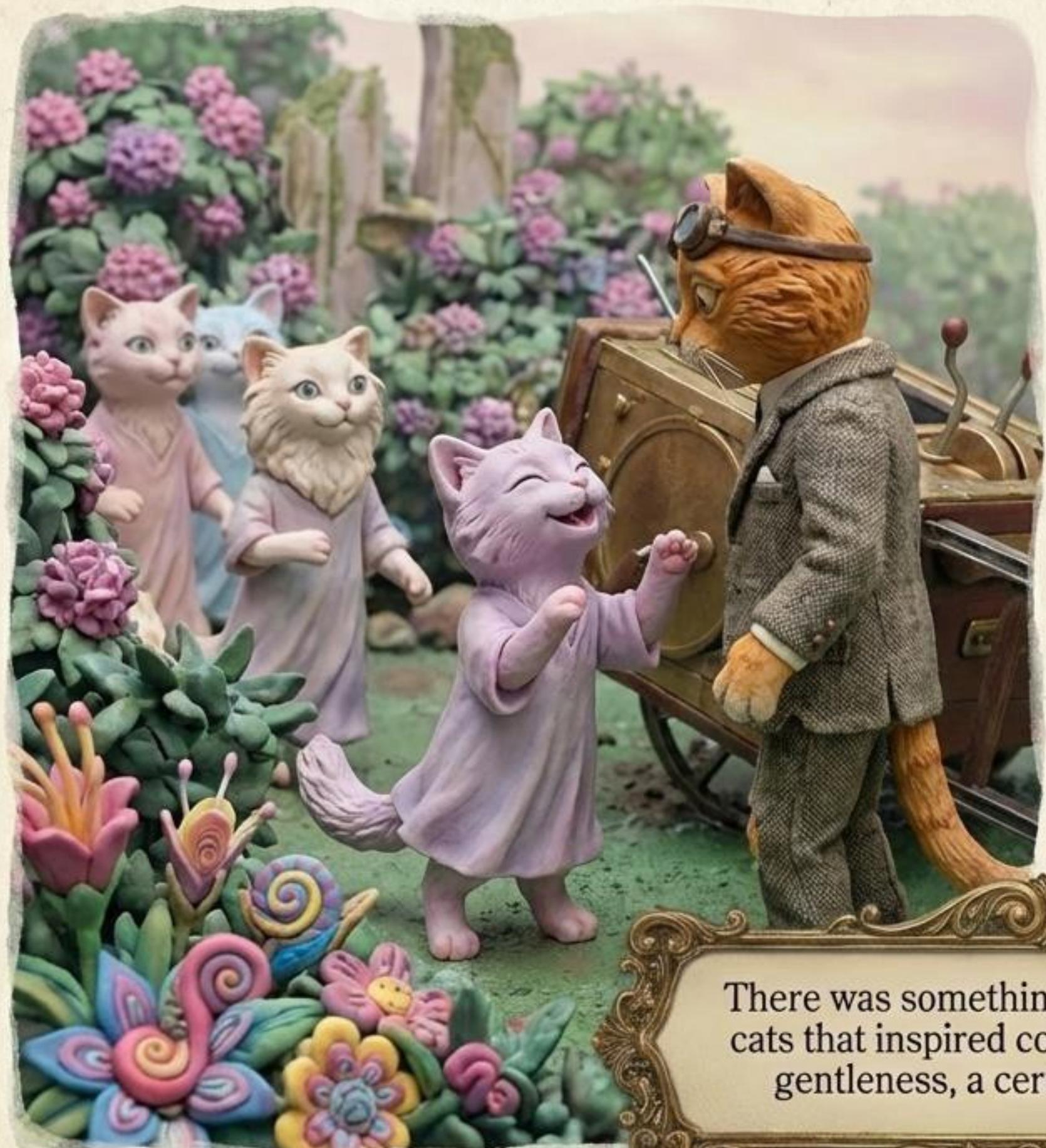
# The Crouching White Shape



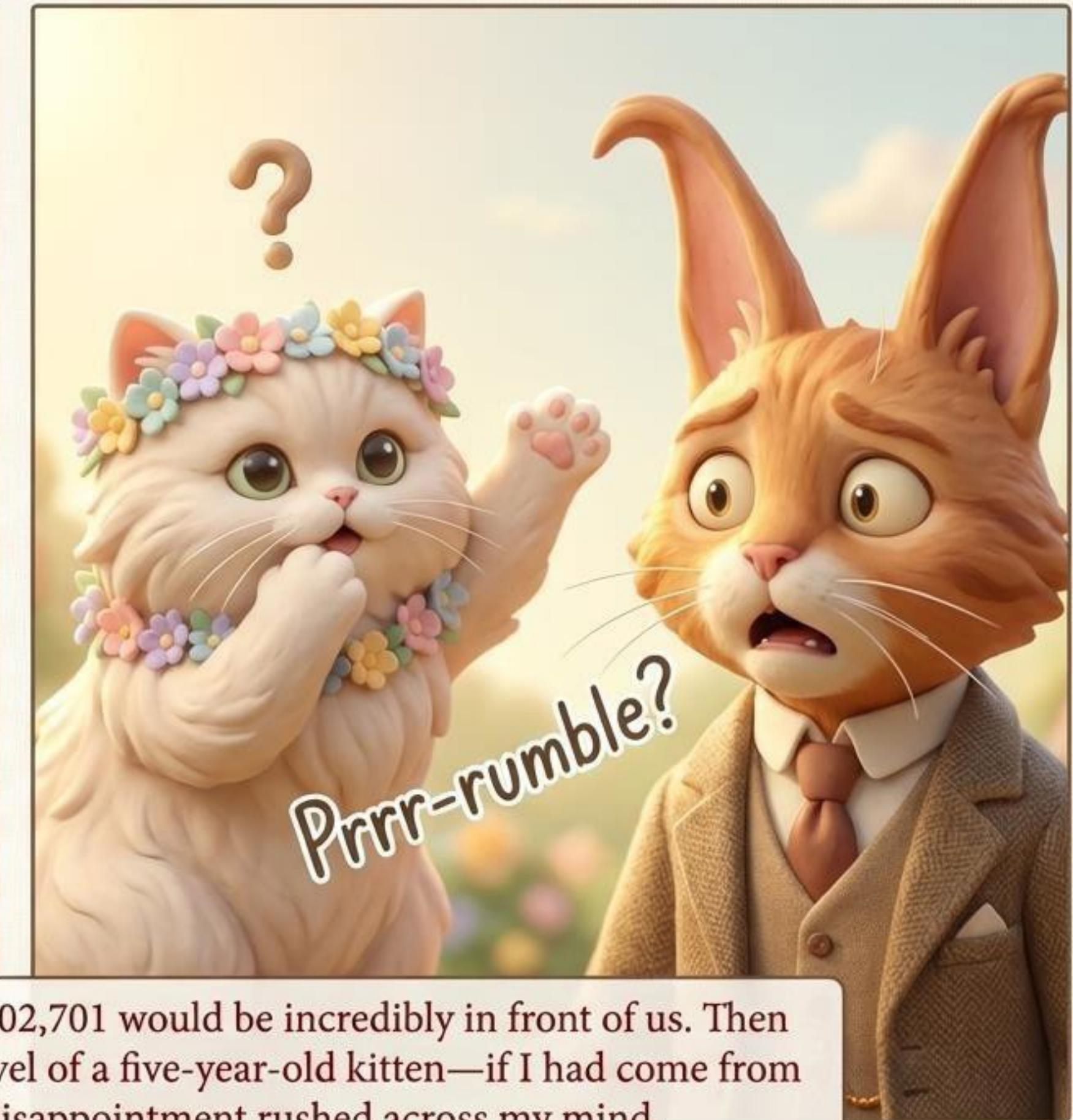
I looked up again at the crouching white shape, and the full temerity of my voyage came suddenly upon me. What might not have happened to men?



Coming through the bushes were the heads and shoulders of... cats? They were beautiful and graceful creatures, but indescribably frail. One came straight up to me and laughed into my eyes. The absence of any fear struck me at once.



There was something in these pretty little cats that inspired confidence—a graceful gentleness, a certain childlike ease.



I had always anticipated the cats of the year 802,701 would be incredibly in front of us. Then one asked me a question on the intellectual level of a five-year-old kitten—if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! A flow of disappointment rushed across my mind.



Their world was a long-neglected, yet weedless garden. They lived in splendid shelters, yet I found them engaged in no toil. They spent all their time in playing gently, eating fruit, and sleeping. It was natural on that golden evening that I should jump at the idea of a social paradise.



The Time Machine was gone.





It took no great mental effort to infer that my Time Machine was inside that pedestal. But the Eloi-Cats' reaction dismayed me; they behaved as if they had received the last possible insult. I sensed some hitherto unsuspected power, through whose intervention my invention had vanished.



I discovered certain circular wells, of a very great depth. I could see no gleam of water, but in all of them I heard a certain sound: a thud-thud-thud, like the beating of some big engine. A steady current of air set down the shafts.



None made the slightest attempt to rescue the weakly crying little thing. When I drew her safe to land, I did not expect any gratitude. I was wrong. That was the beginning of a queer friendship which lasted a week.





It was from her that I learned that fear had not yet left the world. She dreaded the dark, dreaded shadows, dreaded black things. Darkness to her was the one thing dreadful. I discovered then that these little people gathered into the great houses after dark, and slept in droves.



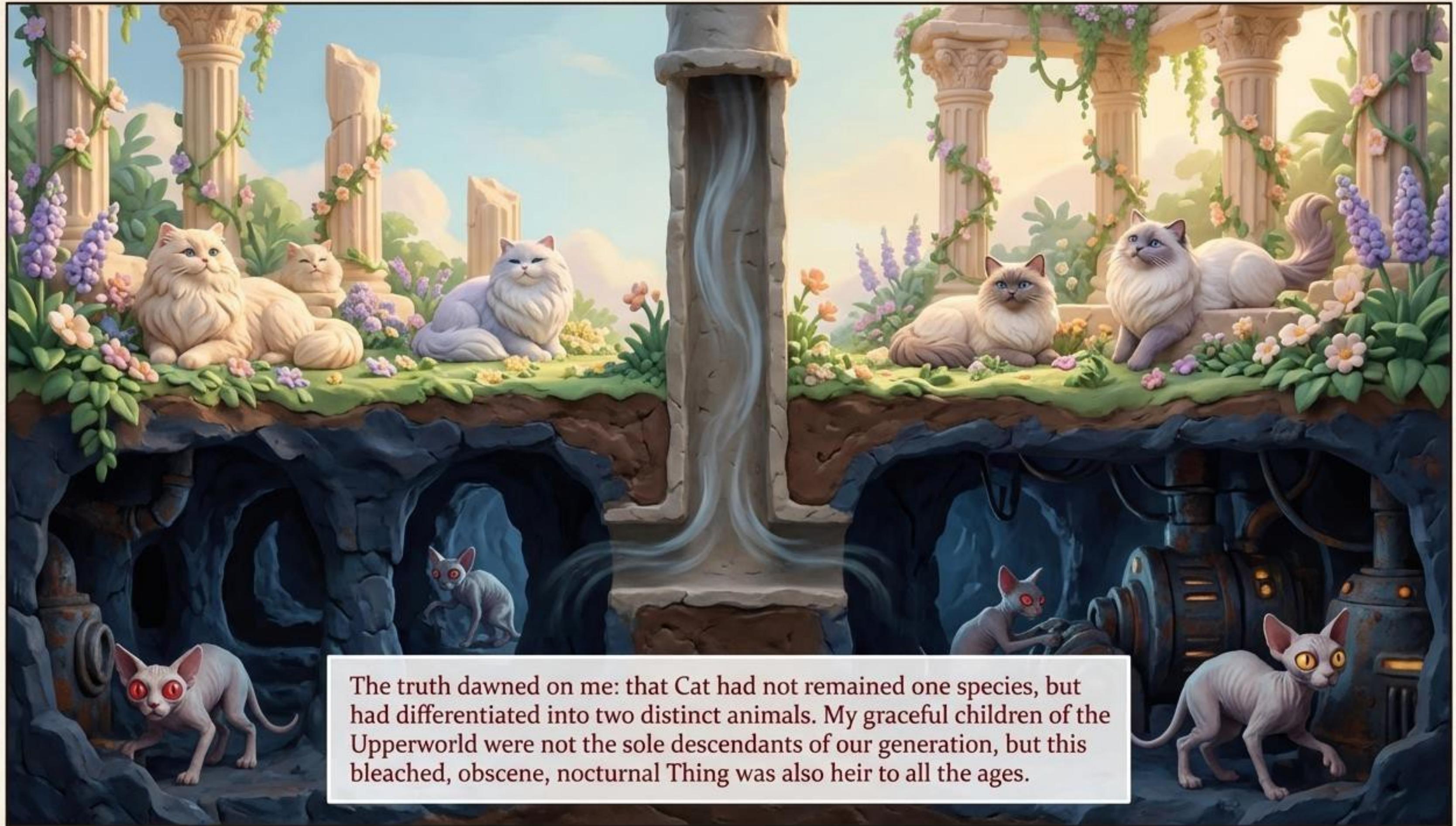


It was that dim grey hour when things are just creeping out of darkness. As I scanned the slope, I saw white figures. Twice I fancied I saw a solitary white, ape-like creature running rather quickly up the hill, and once near the ruins I saw a leash of them carrying some dark body.





Suddenly I halted spellbound. A pair of eyes, luminous by reflection, was watching me. I struck a match... and saw a queer little ape-like figure running across the sunlit space. It was a dull white, and had strange large greyish-red eyes.



The truth dawned on me: that Cat had not remained one species, but had differentiated into two distinct animals. My graceful children of the Upperworld were not the sole descendants of our generation, but this bleached, obscene, nocturnal Thing was also heir to all the ages.

# THE EVOLUTIONARY DIVERGENCE



It seemed clear as daylight. The gradual widening of the social difference between the Capitalist and the Labourer was the key. Above ground, the Haves, pursuing pleasure. Below ground, the Have-Nots, the Workers, getting continually adapted to the conditions of their labour.

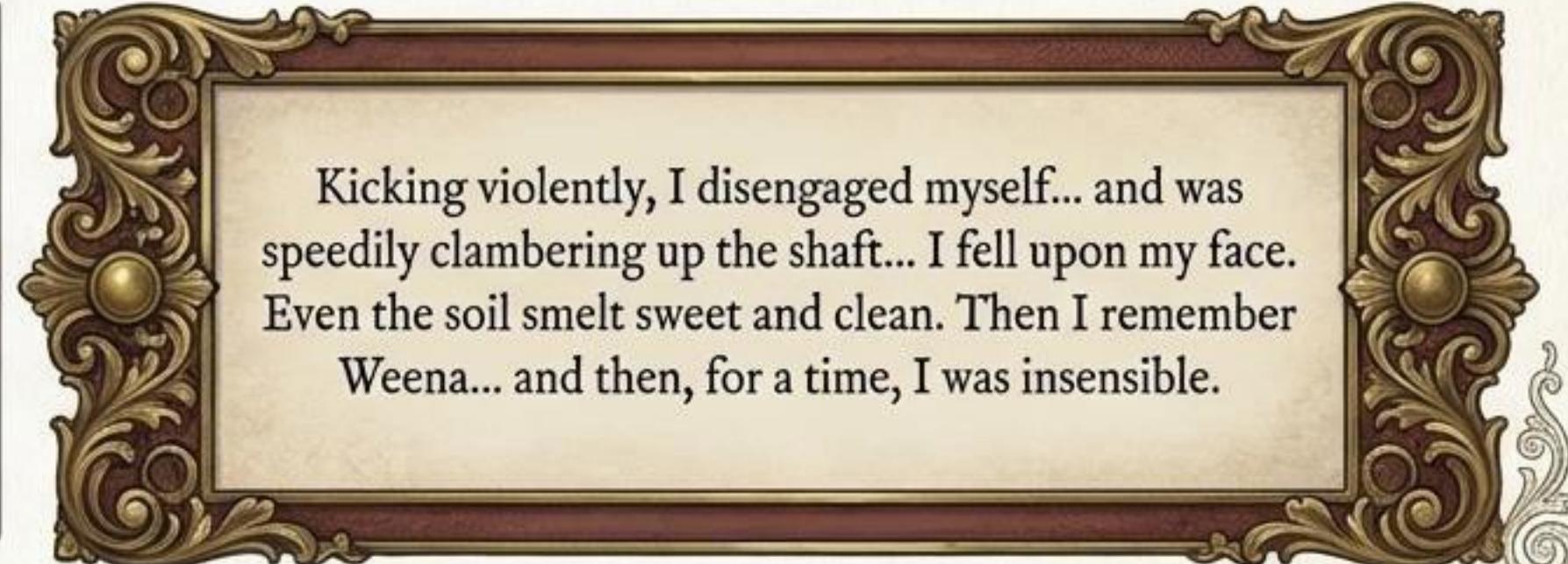
I had entered a vast arched cavern, which stretched into utter darkness beyond the range of my light... The view I had of it was as much as one could see in the burning of a match.



# ESCAPE FROM THE UNDERWORLD



I felt the box of matches in my hand being gently disengaged... The sense of these unseen creatures examining me was indescribably unpleasant.





Then came troublesome doubts. Why had the Morlocks taken my Time Machine? Why were the Eloi so terribly afraid of the dark? My guesses and impressions were slipping and sliding to a new adjustment. I had now a clue... a hint at the meaning of the bronze gates and the fate of the Time Machine.

# THE NEMESIS OF THE DELICATE ONES



The Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the ant-like Morlocks preserved and preyed upon. The enemy I dreaded was the darkness of the new moon. I had to make myself arms and a fastness where I might sleep.

# “The Search for a Fortress”



“Taking Weena like a child upon my shoulder, I went up the hills towards the south-west...contrived to make her understand that we were seeking a refuge there from her Fear.”

# The Palace of Green Porcelain



Clearly we stood among the ruins of some latter-day South Kensington! The place was very silent. The thick dust deadened our footsteps.

# A Most Fortunate Discovery



# “An Atrocious Folly”



It came into my head that I would amaze our friends behind by lighting it... an ingenious move for covering our retreat.



I was to discover the atrocious folly of this proceeding.

# “The Closing In”



You can scarce imagine how nauseatingly inhuman they looked...as they stared in their blindness and bewilderment.

# A Horrible Realization



Stepping out from behind my tree and looking back, I saw... the flames of the burning forest.  
It was my first fire coming after me. With that I looked for Weena, but she was gone.

# The Island of Blind Abominations



I was assured of their absolute helplessness and misery in the glare,  
and I struck no more of them.

# Alone Again



That morning it left me absolutely lonely again—terribly alone. I began to think of this house of mine... and with such thoughts came a longing that was pain.

# The Sphinx's Meek Surrender



So here, after all my elaborate preparations for the siege of the White Sphinx, was a meek surrender... For once, at least, I grasped the mental operations of the Morlocks.

# The Last Scramble



It was a nearer thing than the fight in the forest, I think, this last scramble.

# Into Futurity



The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun... I was drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate,

[tripgeo.com/stories/The\\_Time\\_Cat\\_Machine](http://tripgeo.com/stories/The_Time_Cat_Machine) watching with a strange fascination the sun grow larger and duller... and the life of the old earth ebb aw

NotebookLM

# The Shore of the Dying World



“I cannot convey the sense of abominable desolation that hung over the world...  
All the sounds of man... all that was over.”



He journeyed on, into the vast twilight of the Earth... finding only silence and desolation.



At last, more than thirty million years hence... the stir stir  
that makes the background of our lives—all that was over.

And so I came back.



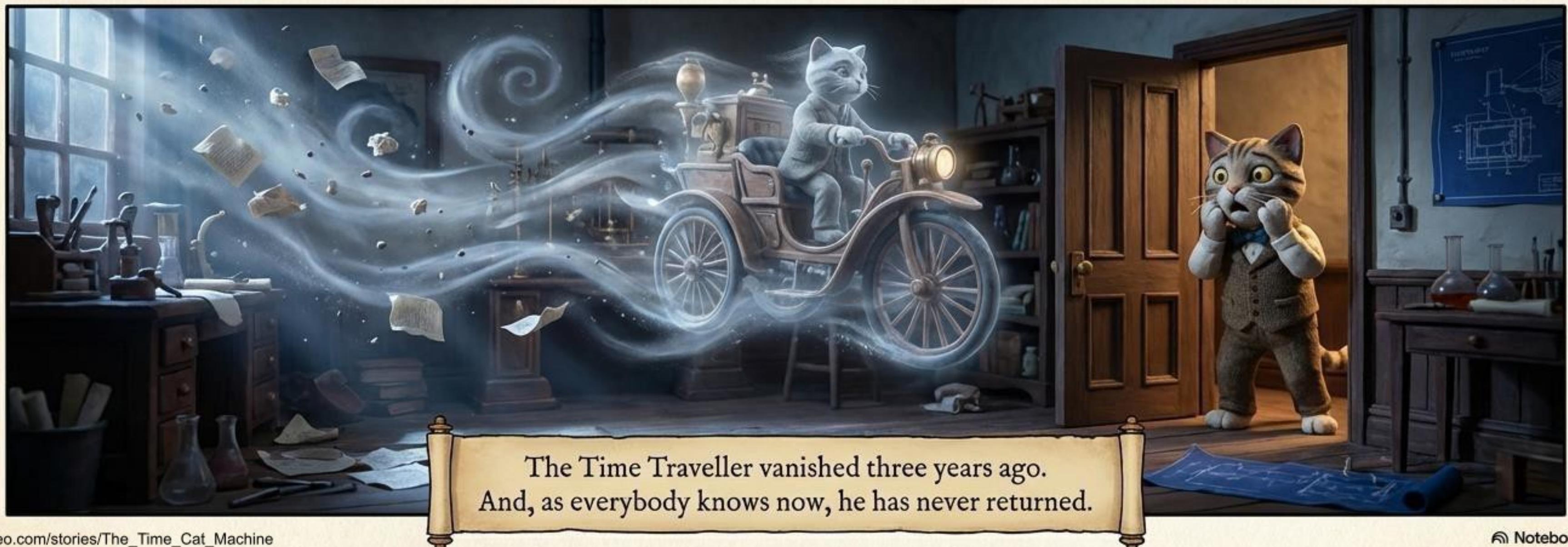
To me, the one incredible thing is that I am here... telling you these strange adventures.



“It’s a curious thing... but I certainly don’t know the natural order of these flowers.” — Medical Man



“Solid to the touch... and with smears upon the ivory...  
the story I told you was true.”



The Time Traveller vanished three years ago.  
And, as everybody knows now, he has never returned.



Will he ever return? ...But I have by me, for my comfort, two strange white flowers... to witness that even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in the heart of the cat.