

1.) The time travelers' decision to go back into the future was driven from ambition and intellectual curiosity; however, this was a foolish choice. Towards the end of *The Time Machine*, the narrator suggests numerous possible issues with the time machine. For instance, before the traveler left, the narrator states, "The time traveler put the lamp down on the bench and ran his hand along the damaged rail" (102). The machine seems dilapidated, perhaps even unreliable. When the narrator touches the handle, he states, "The squat substantial-looking mass swayed like a bough shaken by the wind. Its instability startled me extremely" (102). Even when the time traveler leaves, the scene is described differently from when he had traveled initially. There is an indication that something may have gone wrong. The narrator comments, "I knew that something strange had happened, and for the moment could not distinguish what the strange thing might be" (103). The fate of the time traveler is unknown, but it is suggested in the epilogue that perhaps he has gotten stuck or has been killed.

The symbol of the flopping creature is that of life's final form. Upon first look, the time traveler states, "I looked at it, and I judged that my eye had been deceived and that the black object was merely a rock"(95). Rocks have been used as a metaphor to demonstrate idleness in everyday conversation, and here, the time traveler mistakes a creature for being a rock. The creature portraying the qualities of a rock as well as mindlessly hopping shows that life is destined to decay physically and mentally until becoming a rock. The hopping symbolized the last bit of effort from life before turning into a rock. Therefore, the creature represents the most severe point of physical and mental decline. Nevertheless, the significance of the epilogue is that even though this physical and mental decline, "gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in

the heart of man" (105). This ending suggests that even though life has intellectually and physically decayed, it still kept some of the best features.

2.)

August 5th: One of the greatest misfortunes has occurred today. We have been surrounded by ice and will remain stranded until conditions change. But while a few of us were peering out, we saw a sled which had arrived during the night on a piece of ice. To our greatest surprise, there was a man and a single dog alive on the sled. We attempted to persuade him to come aboard, yet he was stubborn. We should have been met with enormous gratitude rather than with resistance. He did not finally come aboard until the captain came out and mentioned our journey to the north pole. I'm not sure why the North Pole was the selling point but never in my life have I seen a man so fatigued and filled with suffering

August 12th: The captain seems to be consumed with his guest. He appeared to be in great need of someone like-minded. The feeling of being trapped aboard such horrid conditions has been bothering me. I've discussed with some of the other sailors the possibility if we were to never break free. Yet It is too soon to be bothered with such pessimism

August 19th: Conditions have not changed, which has only added my worry. The captain seems to be optimistic about our situation. He mentioned that his guest is to begin his story tomorrow. The captain is far too consumed with our guests rather than our escape from the ice.

August 26th: Although I have not been following the tale of our guest, I've recently heard many outbursts coming from the captain's quarters. Sometimes the sailors and I would turn around and look at each other when we would listen to piercing cries coming from the quarters. Still, our conditions have not improved. Thoughts of us never escaping has been eating away at my consciousness. What if this is our destiny? Some of the sailors have mentioned returning home immediately if the path opens up.

September 5th: We discussed, and all agreed that at the immediate and hopeless event that the ice was to break free, we immediately set back home. These dangers are far too much, and progression would only be suicide. Today a dozen of us walked into the captain's quarters and presented him with this undeniable resolution. Disappointment filled his face, and shockingly his guest joined in opposition. He gave a moving and inspiring speech, but we will not budge in our reasoning.

September 11th: The ice has broken free! I have never felt such relief and spontaneous joy consume me. Yet misfortunately it appears the health of our captain's guest is declining rapidly. He has spent more and more time nurturing his guest in the past days.

September 12th: I am not sure what to make of this day. His guest did pass away, which left our captain in a dreary, depressed mood. Yet he described briefly the sight of some creature too horrible for words entering the vessel in response to Frankenstein's death. We did not comment on this delusionary remark. We suspect the stress of the past month, and the passing of his friend has weighed heavily on him.

September 30th: Our captain has shown us the transcript of his dear guest, and we were all speechless. His guest animated life into a non living creature that eventually committed itself to take revenge upon its maker. Our captain is a man of integrity, but the tale he has just summarized seems to be of great fiction.

November 25th: Our arrival home was breathtaking. I could hardly contain myself when witnessing the familiar coastline again. I have not seen my family in over nine months, and I can barely contain myself with the joy I feel. Yet there is the lingering disappointment that comes

from abandoning an ambition. Then again, I cannot pity myself too much as from the captain's story; ambition is what killed his guest.