



Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

The Time Machine

H. G. WELLS



The Time Machine

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Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM



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Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*TM, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™ was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*™, you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics™*. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



H. G. Wells

Herbert George Wells, an English novelist, historian, journalist, and author of science-fiction stories, was born in 1866. His father was a shopkeeper, and his mother worked occasionally as a housekeeper. After completing his early formal schooling, Wells worked as a teacher. He later received a scholarship to study at a school with a special focus on the sciences.

His training as a scientist is shown in his imaginative science-fiction stories. Wells described trips in airplanes and submarines when such modes of transportation had not yet been invented. *The Time Machine* describes a trip into the future, and *The War of the Worlds* is an account of an invasion from Mars. Several of his science fiction works have been the basis of popular movies.

Though he is best-known for his science fiction stories, Wells wrote a variety of other works. He was a strong believer in education and wrote three lengthy books in which he tried to bring important ideas in history and science to the general public. His numerous books, articles, and essays also show his bold support of social change.

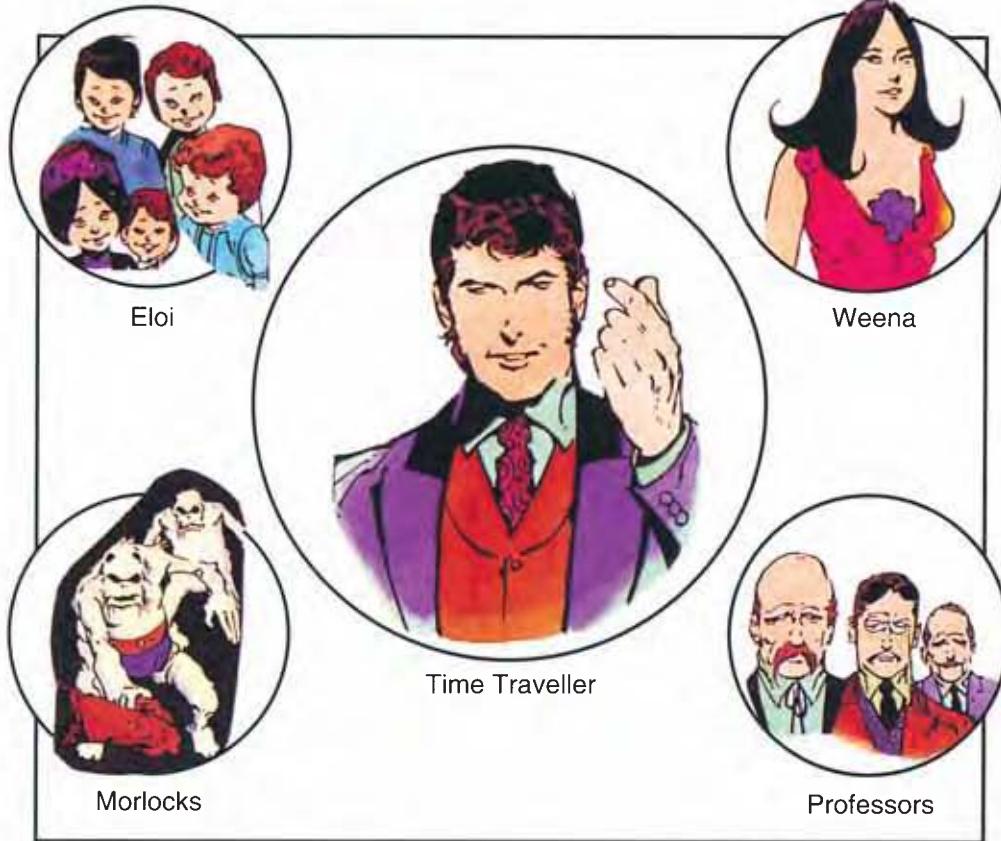
H. G. Wells died in 1946.

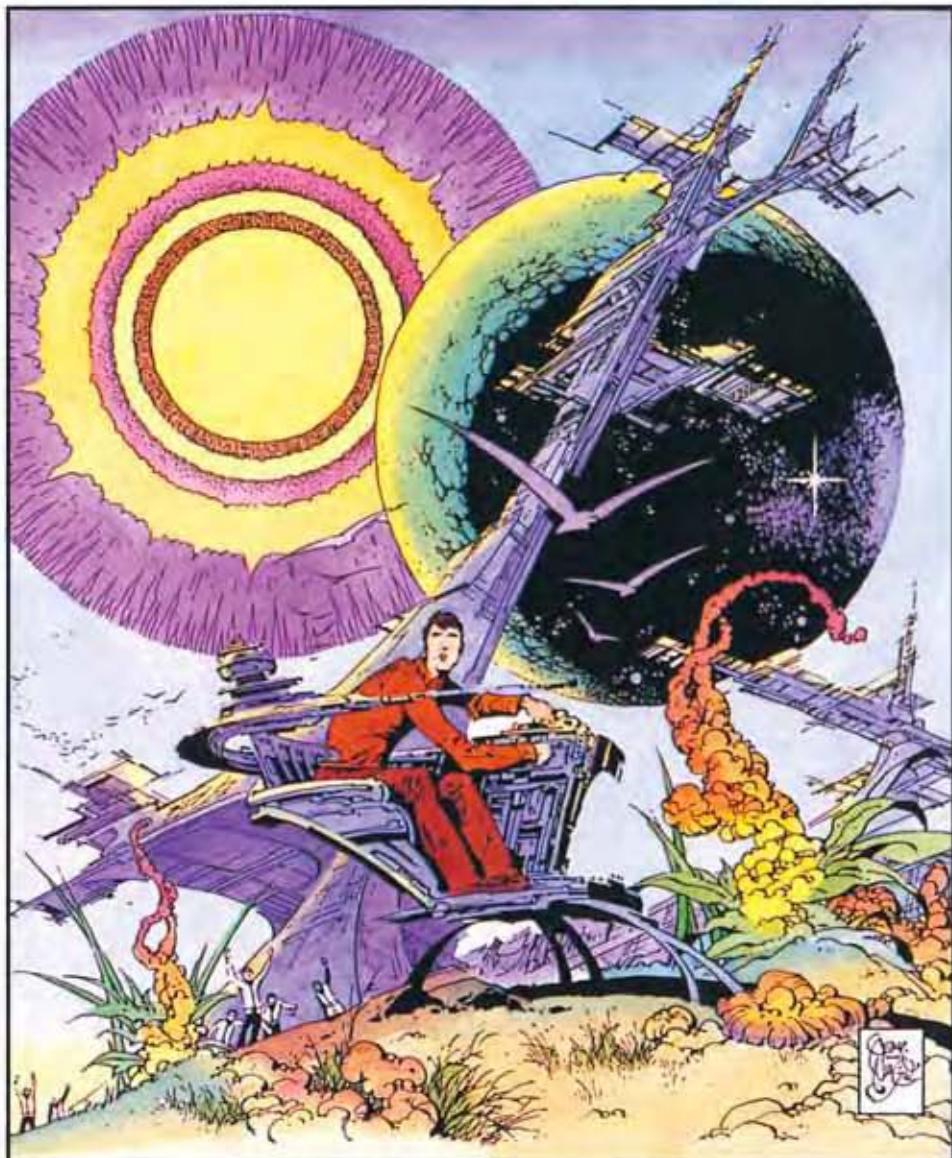
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The Time Machine

H. G. WELLS

THE MAIN CHARACTERS

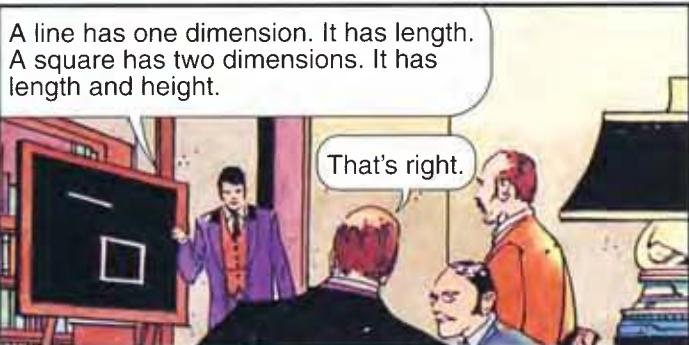




My invention had worked. Here I am in the world of the future. I wondered what it would be like. My Time Machine had carried me thousands of years beyond the time in which I lived. I am going to explore the world and its people in the year 802,701 A.D.



Just call me the Time Traveller. The year is 1896. I have the most unbelievable story to tell, yet every word is true. I am an inventor and one night I invited some friends over to make an important announcement. But first I had to explain something....



A line has one dimension. It has length. A square has two dimensions. It has length and height.

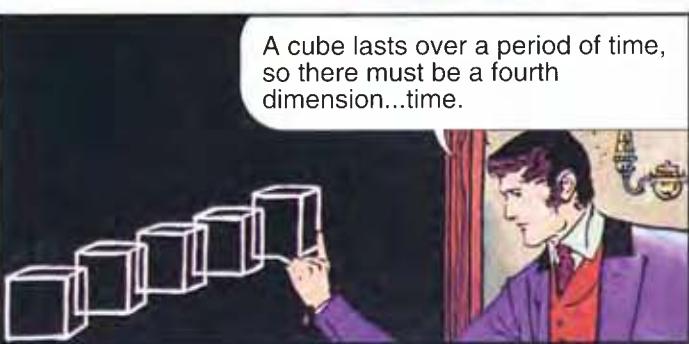
That's right.

It's solid, you can hold it.



A cube has three dimensions. It has length, height, and thickness.

It's solid, you can hold it.

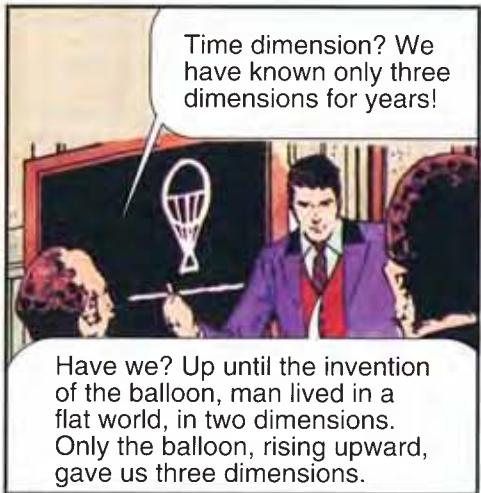


A cube lasts over a period of time, so there must be a fourth dimension...time.

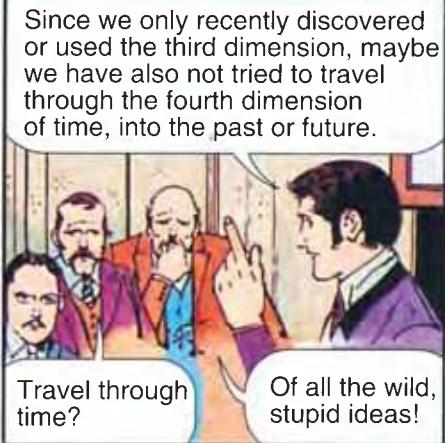


Let me show this another way. Here is a boy of eight...then fifteen...then a man of thirty, and a man of fifty. They are the same person but they don't live at the same time. They follow one another along the time dimension!





Then came my shocking tale.



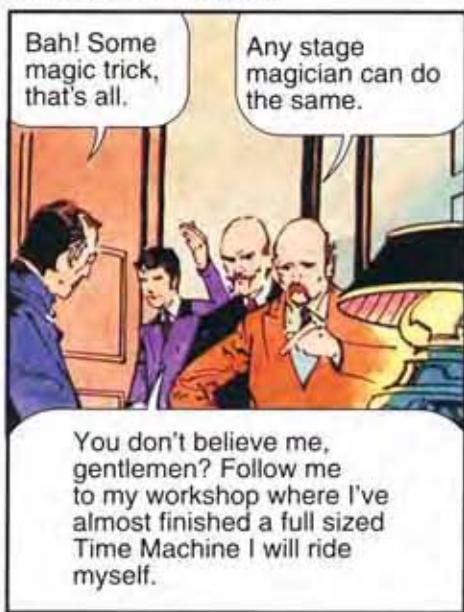
But I was prepared to back up my idea.



I asked one of them to come forward and....



I wasn't surprised when they didn't seem to believe it.



Look here! Are you perfectly serious?



I knew they wouldn't believe me but I invited them to return in one week.

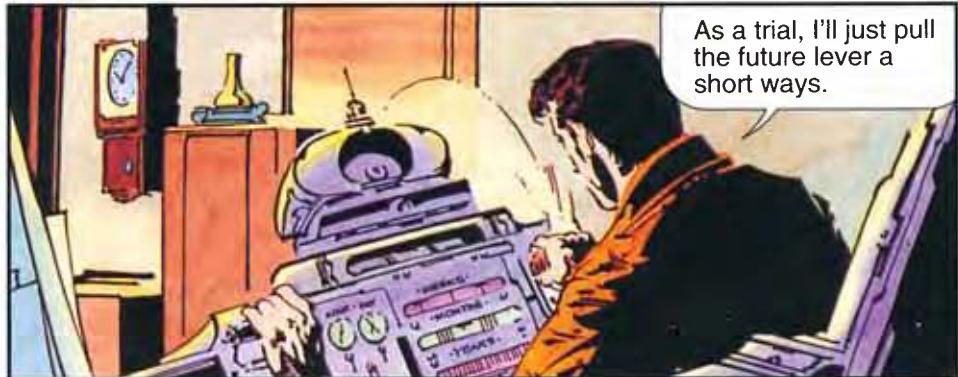


The next morning, I busily tuned up the machine, oiled it carefully, and set the dials for zero. But I must say I was worried.

Even though the model disappeared how do I know it really followed the time dimension into the future. Well, I'll soon find out!



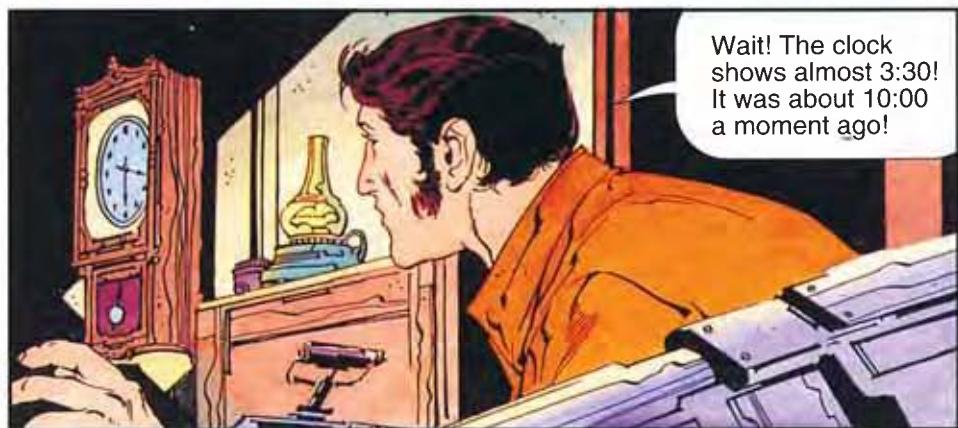
Trembling in excitement, I sat in the machine.



A moment of dizziness
....of spinning
around....



Everything straightened out, but I was disappointed.



Then I did travel into the future for...five and a half hours! All so quickly. It works!



Eagerly, I turned the future dial again for a longer trip, and I saw a strange thing happen!



My housekeeper came in and went out the back door, moving like a rocket! That means time is passing at high speed for me!

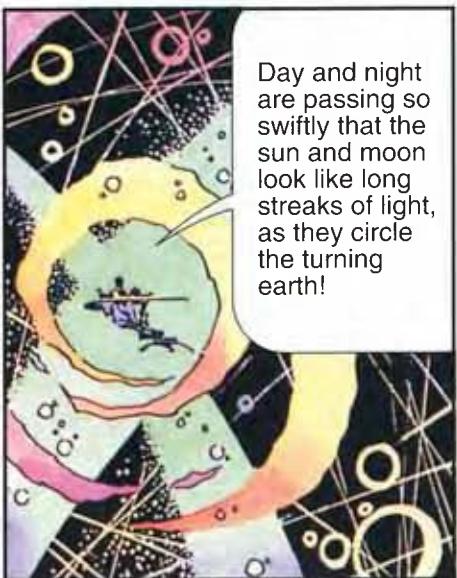
Then everything around me changed, and I could hardly believe what I saw.



But then I got hold of my nerves and came out of my dizzy spell.



Able to see around now, I saw still more unbelievable things as the days spun by at greater and greater speed.



It looks like the land the house stood on was turned into a park. Trees are growing up as fast as weeds; the years are spinning by now!



Now I see a future city with beautiful towers around me! But it's fading away quickly as I keep moving into the time zones ahead!



How could I ever tell about all the great cities of the future I saw so quickly, each better than the last? But there were also terrible happenings as the calendar went far beyond my nineteenth century.



In my "sight-seeing" tour of the future, I forgot my time dials and when I thought of stopping....



They're spinning too fast for me to read them! How far have I gone into the future? I must stop now. But wait!

I didn't move in space, only time. What if some building or big rock sits on my former workshop? Two solid objects can't be in the same space! I've got to stop. But will I smash up?



Suddenly I was flying through space.



I'm being flung off my seat. What?

So that's it! I happened to land during some future thunderstorm! My Time Machine tipped over but it's built well and looks fine. Thank heaven!



Pouring rain, and hailing, too! A fine greeting to a man who has travelled years to see this future time!



As the rain and hail began to clear, I stared at something strange nearby.



I see other giant buildings through the rain! How do I know who lives in them? I don't belong here in the far future!



...turned it upright.

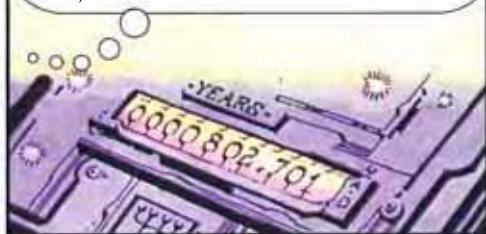
Got to leave this strange future time I know nothing about!



Yes, fear took hold of me at this strange changing scene! I ran to my Time Machine, and....

It was then I looked at the dial readings and received the shock of my life!

Great heavens! I had gone much further into the future than I planned, more than eight hundred thousand years! It's the year 802,701 A.D.

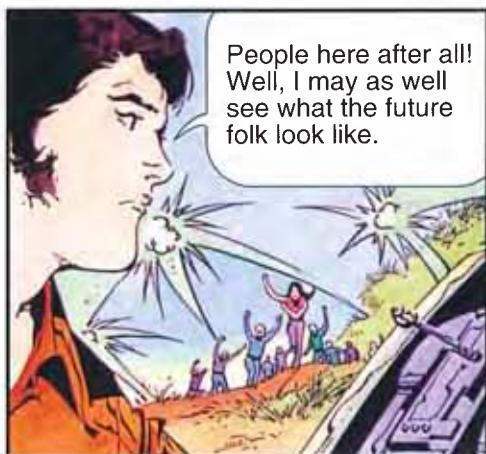


I had all the more reason for wanting to leave quickly.



But I stopped for a moment when I heard strange musical voices.

People here after all! Well, I may as well see what the future folk look like.



Why, they're only four feet tall. They must be teenagers, not adults. They act gay and happy. No weapons, so I'm in no danger.



And at sight of these friendly creatures, I suddenly lost my fears and took my hands from the controls.

They speak in a strange, sweet musical language. Hmm, now they're feeling me all over wondering whether I'm real!



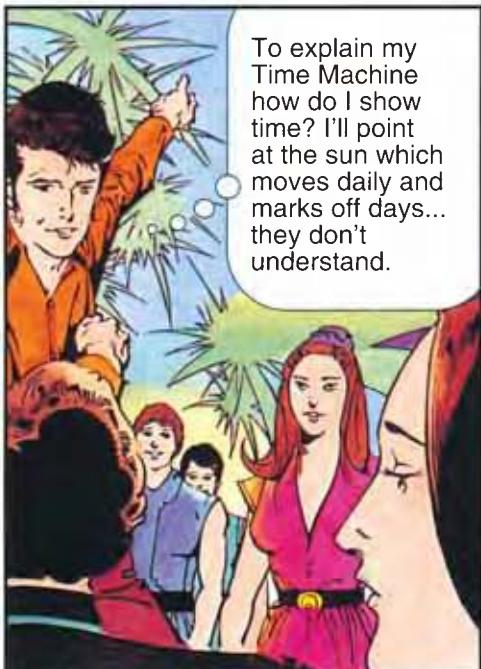
But I made a sudden motion to warn them when I saw their little hands feeling the Time Machine.



Then I carefully looked at their faces more closely.



I decided to try talking with them by using my hands.



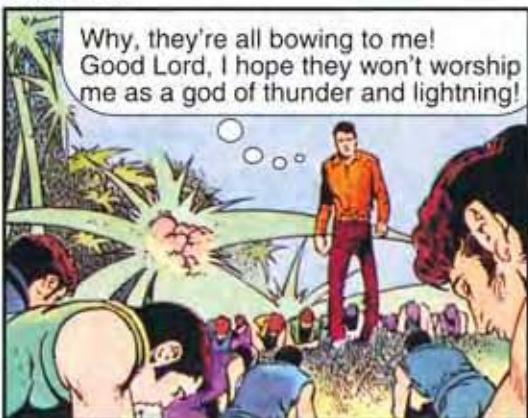
One little girl then repeated my movements and at the same time....



Can it be that they are not very smart and that they ask me a childish question? Did I come from the sun in a thunderstorm?



I nodded helplessly and then, to my surprise....



But then they were all running to and fro for flowers, and cheerfully throwing them upon me until I was almost covered with blossoms.



They are just like children. They change from game to game at a moment's notice.

And they next led me to a large grey building of rough stone, and into a large hallway with a strangely carved ceiling.



The big doorway opened into a big hall, filled with long, low, stone tables on which rested big bowls of fruit.



Seems they are all vegetarians.* Odd fruits but they're delicious.

I tried to figure out why they were vegetarians.

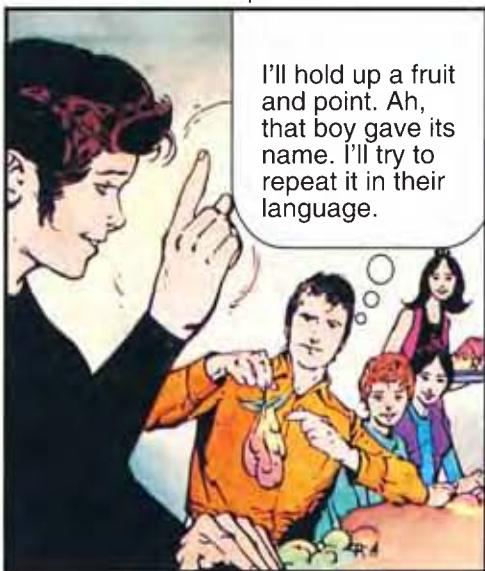


I bet that most or all animals are extinct today. Even in my time, man's hunting wiped out whole kinds of animals.



*Vegetarians are people who eat no meat—only fruit and vegetables.

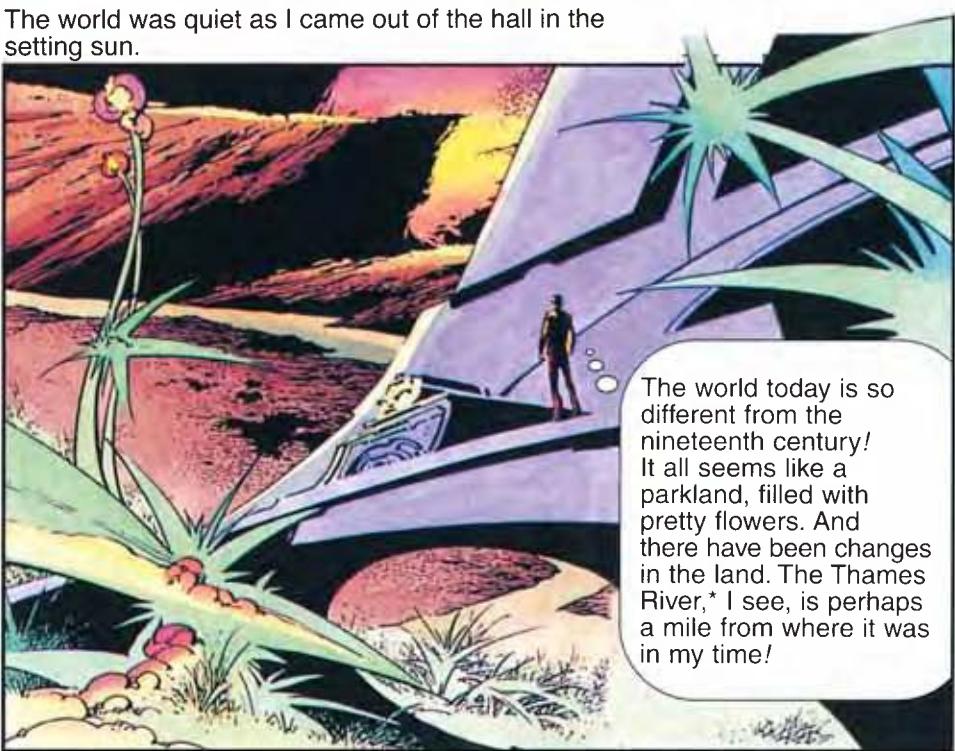
After my hunger had disappeared, I tried to learn their speech.



My first attempts to make the exquisite sounds of their language caused a great amount of laughter!



The world was quiet as I came out of the hall in the setting sun.

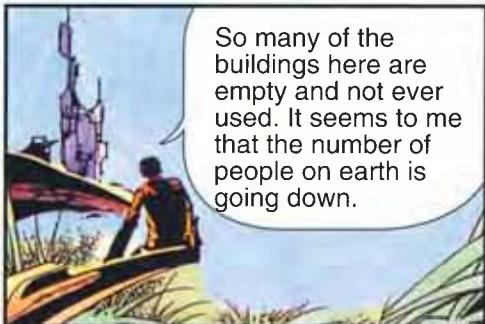


*A famous river in England.

As I walked on, I saw a pretty little building.



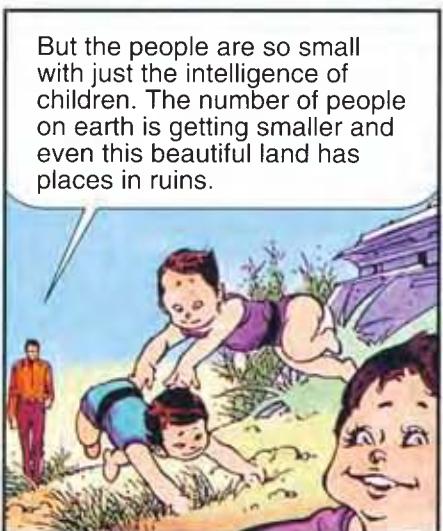
I found a seat of some yellow metal, rusted in places, and I sat and looked at this view of the future world.



The air is free of bugs, the earth is free of weeds. There are fruits and beautiful flowers everywhere. Colorful butterflies fly here and there. A garden world! It's beautiful!



But the people are so small with just the intelligence of children. The number of people on earth is getting smaller and even this beautiful land has places in ruins.



And there are so many less people on earth here in the future. No wars, no sickness, no wild animals to kill them off. They must plan to keep their numbers small.



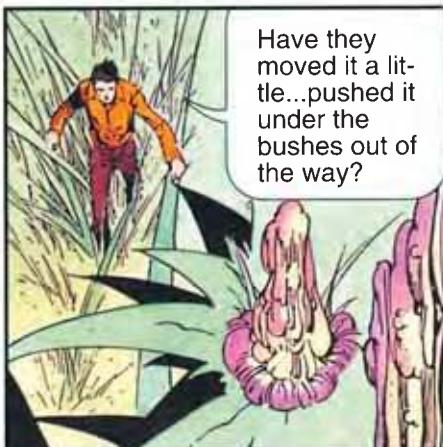
What I thought was possible. But I would later find out I was very wrong!

As I returned to the spot where I had landed, something seemed wrong.

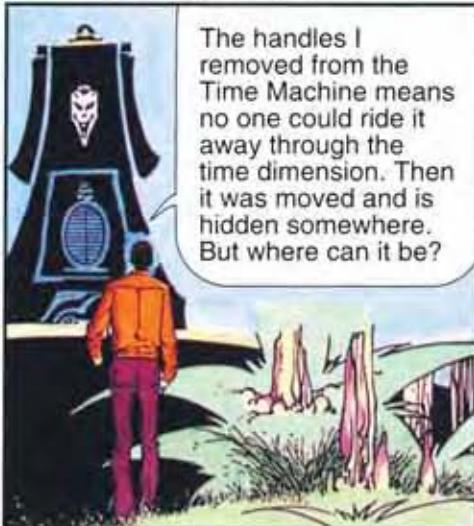
There's the White Sphinx on its base of bronze, the silver birch trees, the bushes, just like before. But is this the right place?



Suddenly I was frightened. Would I be here in the future forever...never able to get back to my own time. I began to hunt for the machine....



Then I stopped short. Above me stood the Sphinx...it seemed to smile and laugh at my fear.



I went wild as night fell, searching the bushes around the Sphinx, crying with anger and sadness.



In my fear, I even ran to the great stone building and found a second big hall where the little people slept. I lit a match in the dark and....



I heard cries of fright behind me as I ran out again into the moonlight.



I felt hopelessly cut off from my own kind...a strange animal in an unknown world.



Then I slept, and when I woke again it was daytime.

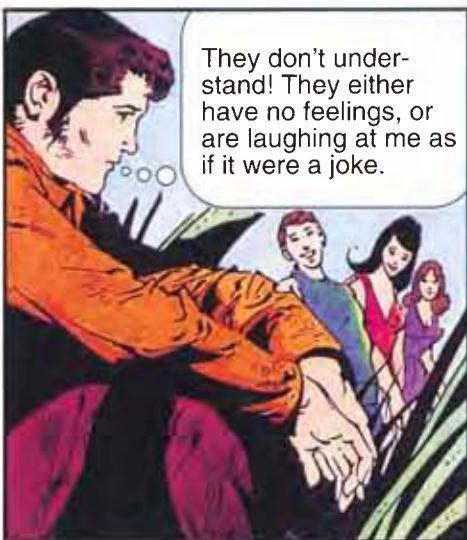


With the daylight, I began to think over my nightmare.

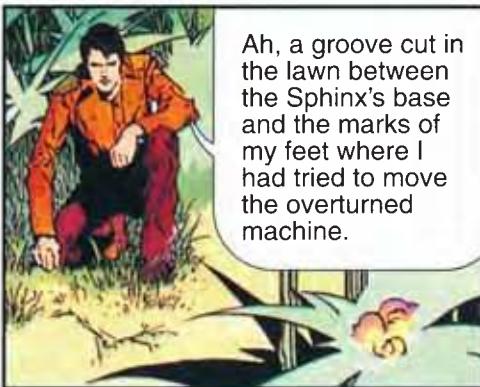
Suppose the worst? Suppose the machine is lost...perhaps destroyed? It is necessary for me to be calm, to learn the way of the people, to get a clear idea of the means of getting materials and tools...so that in the end I can make another Time Machine! Simple as that!



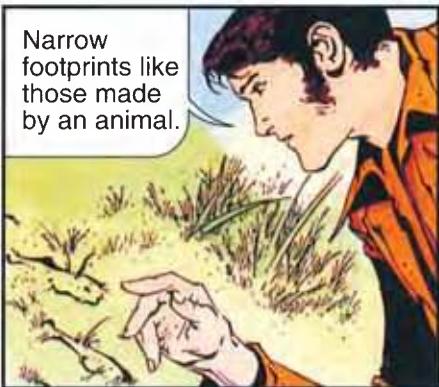
When some of the gay little people came by, I tried to talk to them using my hands.



Then I made a careful examination of the ground, and...



I came upon another strange clue.....



I went to the Sphinx and its bronze base, where the groove and footprints led.



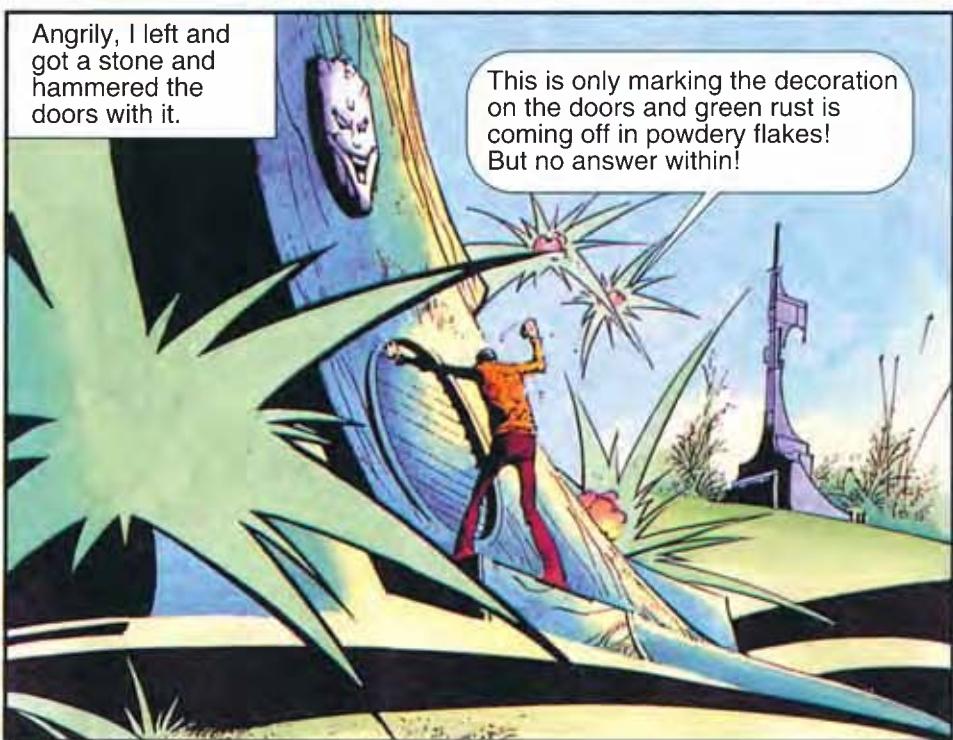
When I tried to explain to the little folk, my wish to open the base doors, they seemed frightened.



As another person turned away as if he didn't care about my problem, my temper got the better of me!



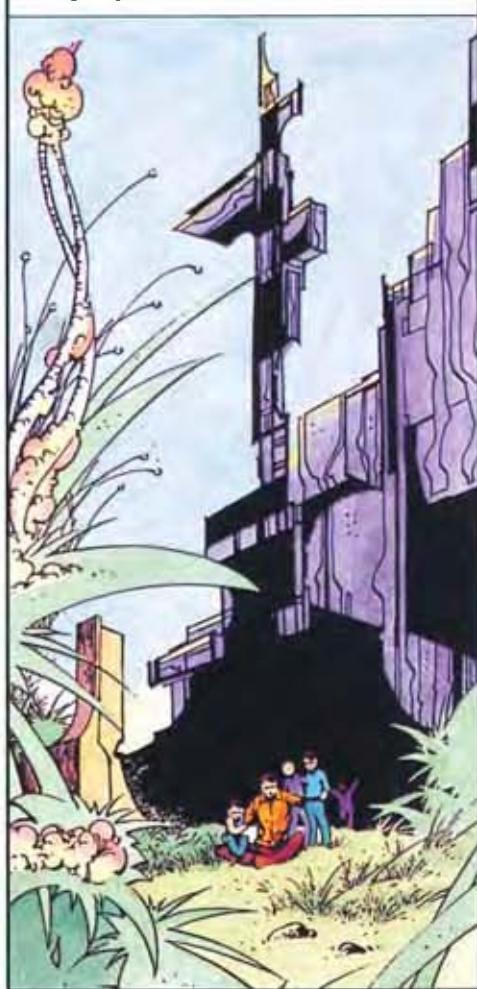
Instead, I returned and banged my fist at the bronze panels.



Then I gave myself a talking to.



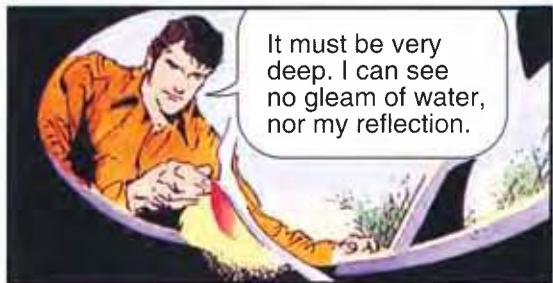
In the following days I learned their language as well as I could....



....and in addition I explored here and there.



There was something strange about all those round wells with covers over them. But when I went to look down into one using a match for light....



But the way the matches act, there is a steady current of air going downward. And I hear a thud, thud, thud...like the beating of a big engine.



After a time, I came to connect these wells with tall towers standing here and there.



This strongly suggests a system of underground ventilation.

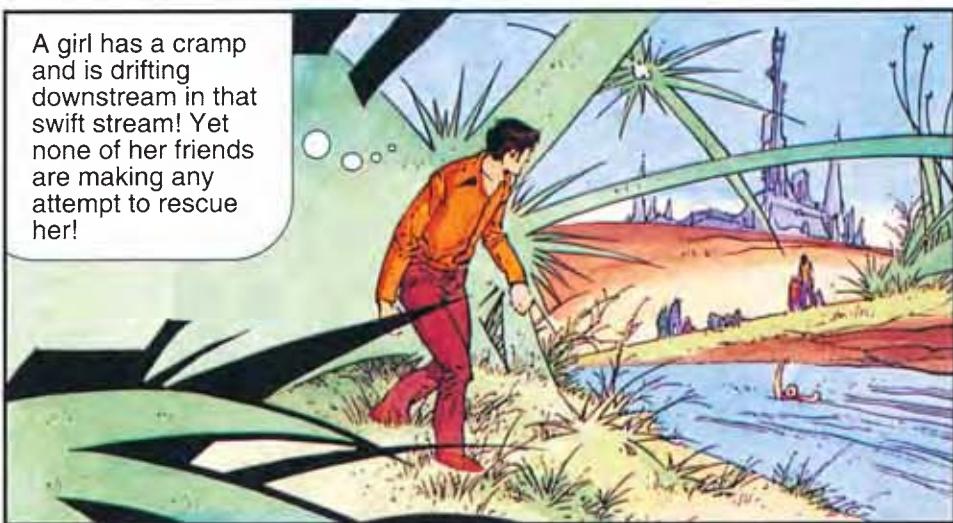
During the walks, I could see no signs of cemeteries nor anything that looked like tombs.



Another puzzle! The several big palaces I've explored were just dining rooms and places for sleeping. I can find no machinery of any kind. Who makes their fine clothes and all other things? There are no signs of workshops.

One day, I was watching some of the little people bathing, when suddenly....

A girl has a cramp and is drifting downstream in that swift stream! Yet none of her friends are making any attempt to rescue her!



I hurriedly took off my clothes.

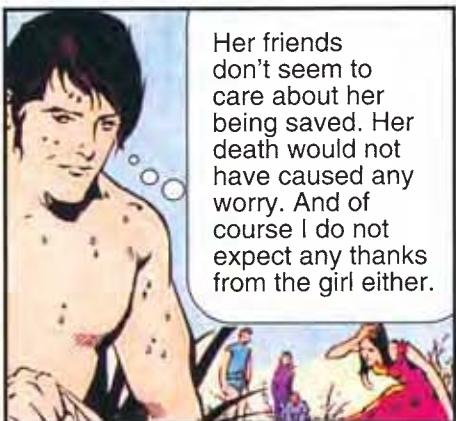
I'll have to save her myself, if no one else will.



I caught the poor little girl before she went under for the last time. I'll bring her safely to land. But all those little people watching don't seem to care. They are not even upset that this girl almost drowned. Hard to believe!



A little rubbing of the arms soon brought her back to normal.



In that, however, I was wrong! In the afternoon, when I returned from my walks, she greeted me with cries of delight, and gave me many flowers.



I tried talking to her and found out her name was Weena.



From then on she tried to follow me all over, like a friendly puppy, trusting me completely. Once, as a test, I made ugly faces at her, but....



But there was one fear she shared with all the others.



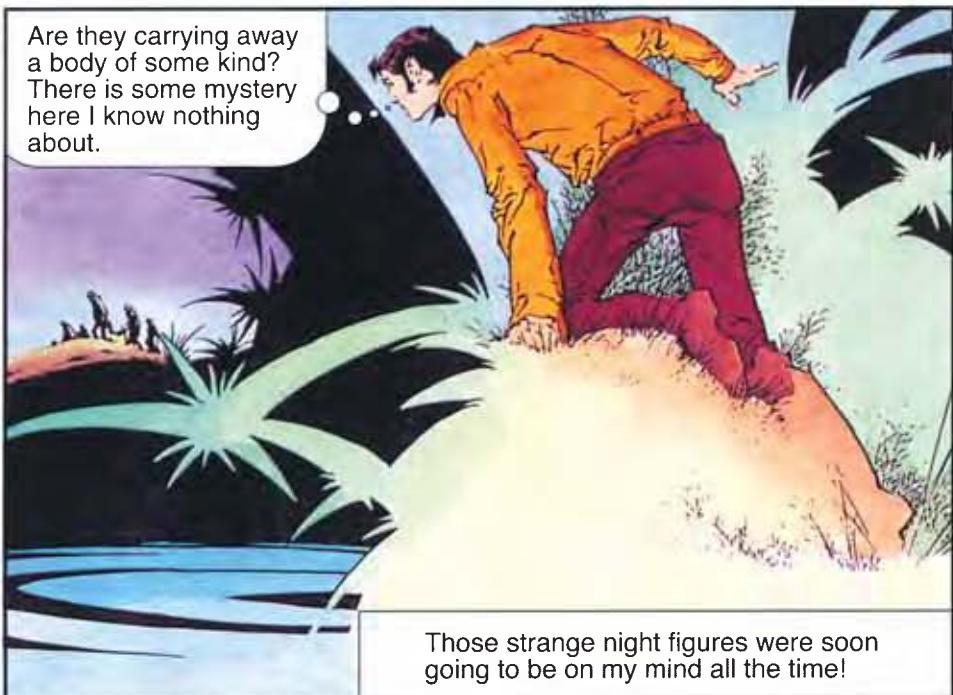
It troubled her greatly, but in the end her love for me won out, and for five of the nights of our friendship, she slept close to me.



I awoke with a start in the middle of the night. Up the hill I thought I could see three ghostly white figures.



Are they carrying away a body of some kind? There is some mystery here I know nothing about.



Those strange night figures were soon going to be on my mind all the time!

The night seemed to be solid blackness. Suddenly I stopped.

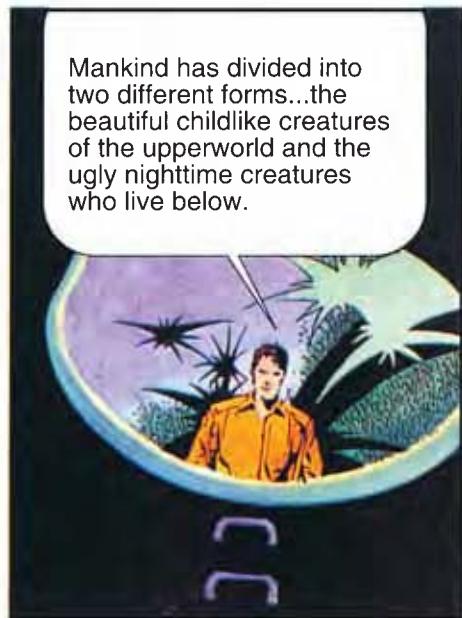


But the creature left me and further on....

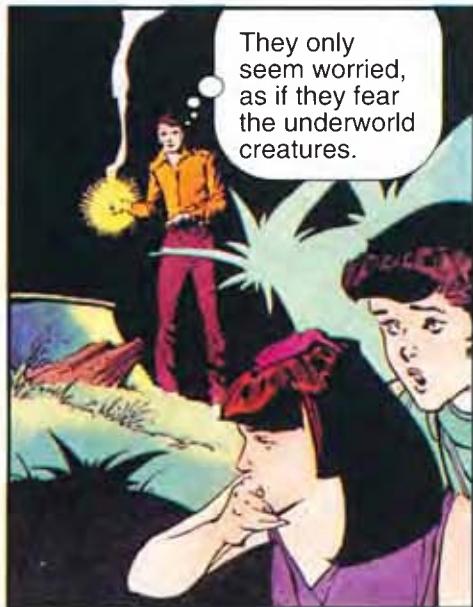




I suddenly realized the truth.



As two of the beautiful
Upperworld people came by,
I pointed at the well and
tried to ask a question about it .



Leaving the ruins, my mind was
filled with wonder.

There must be many tunnels
under this ground where the
new race lives. Those air
shafts and wells along the hills
and everywhere, show the
great number of those
underground tunnels.



From Weena I learned the name of the underground people and of her people.



When I tried to question Weena about the Morlocks, she shivered as if she were frightened, but I kept asking and....

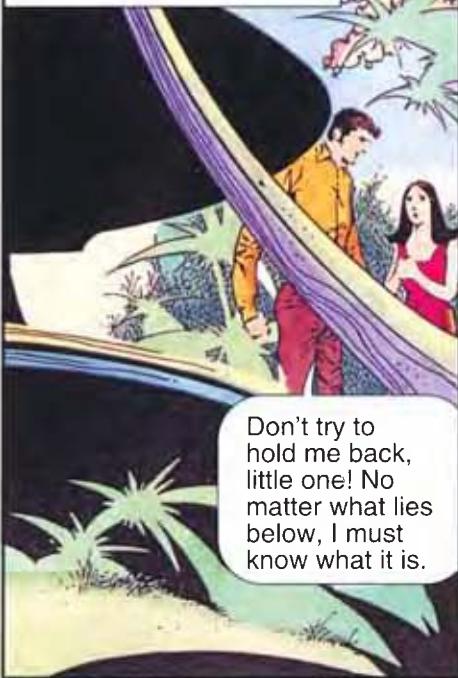


But in the morning, I saw that my interest in the Green Porcelain Palace was a way of putting off what I had to do.

I was just trying to put this off, but I must go down into the underworld.



When Weena saw what I was going to do, she cried out, and....



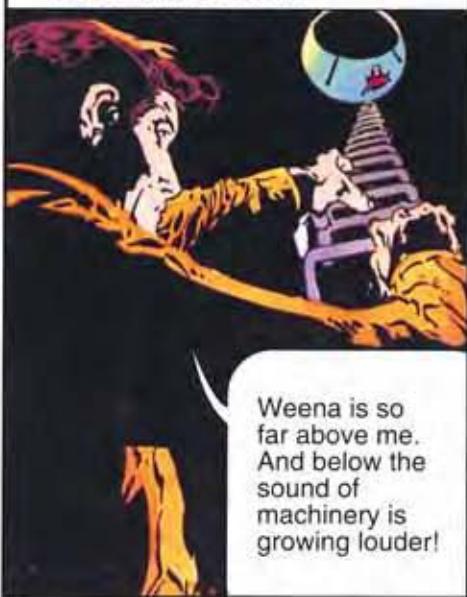
Don't try to hold me back, little one! No matter what lies below, I must know what it is.

As I climbed down the small ladder not made for anyone my size and weight, one of the bars suddenly bent.

I'll be thrown off into the blackness below and have a bad fall!

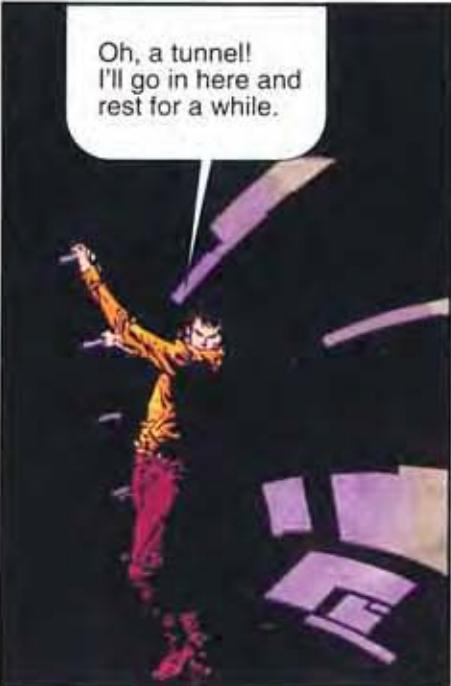


For a minute I hung by one hand but finally got my footing and continued down.

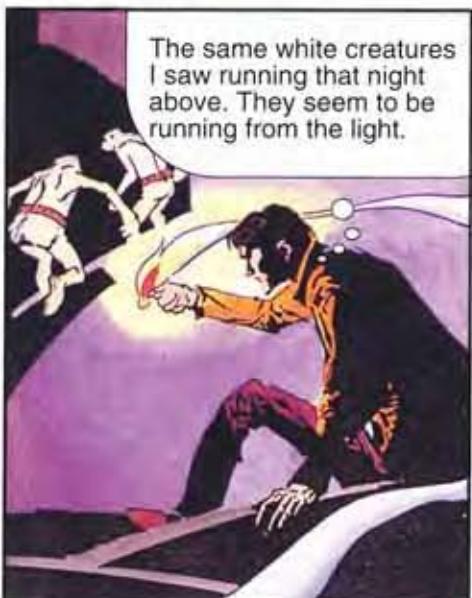


Weena is so far above me.
And below the sound of machinery is growing louder!

Oh, a tunnel!
I'll go in here and rest for a while.



I don't know how long I rested.
I woke up when a soft hand touched my face. I sat up and struck a match.



The same white creatures I saw running that night above. They seem to be running from the light.

I met others as I walked but as soon as I struck a match, they ran.

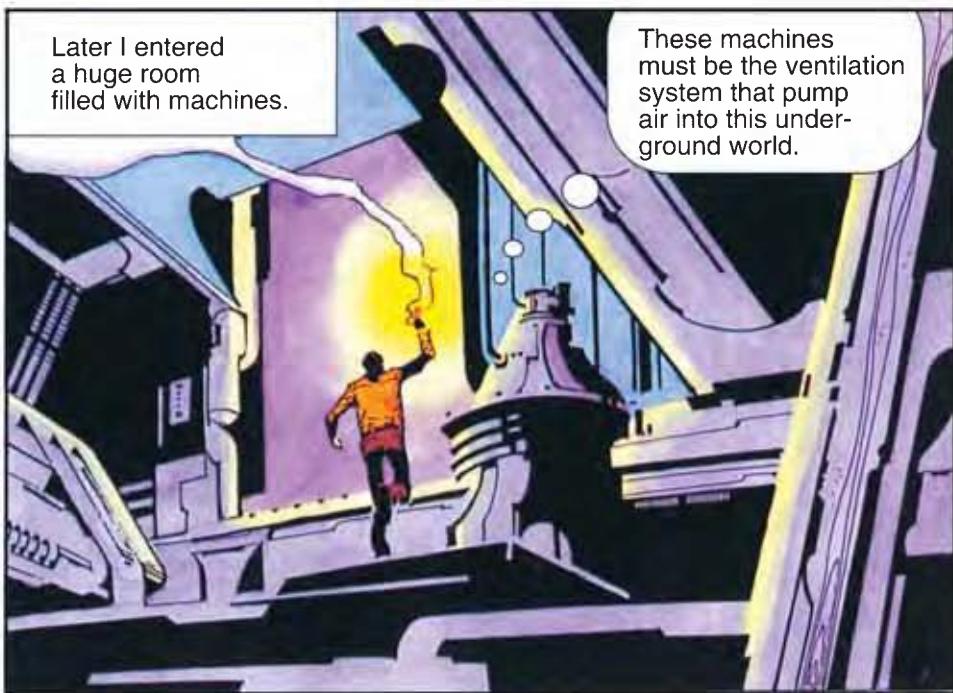


Wait!
Don't run.

No use. They always run off into the darkness of the tunnels.

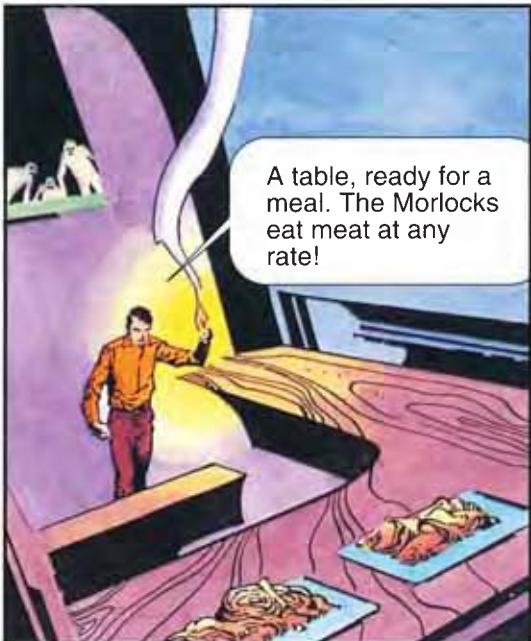
Later I entered a huge room filled with machines.

These machines must be the ventilation system that pump air into this underground world.

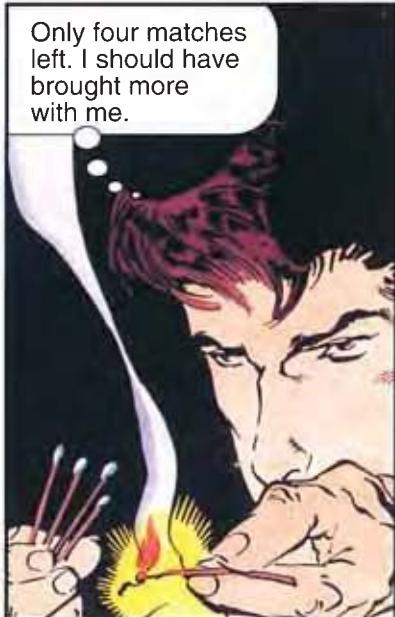


The smell of fresh blood filled the air and then I came upon....

I discovered that my supply of matches had run low.



Only four matches left. I should have brought more with me.



Each time a match had burned out before, the soft hands of the Morlocks had grabbed me. Frightened, I hurried back down the tunnel with the light of one of my matches.



When the first match burned out,
I lit the second, just in time.



I used my third match to reach
the ladder but as it burned out....



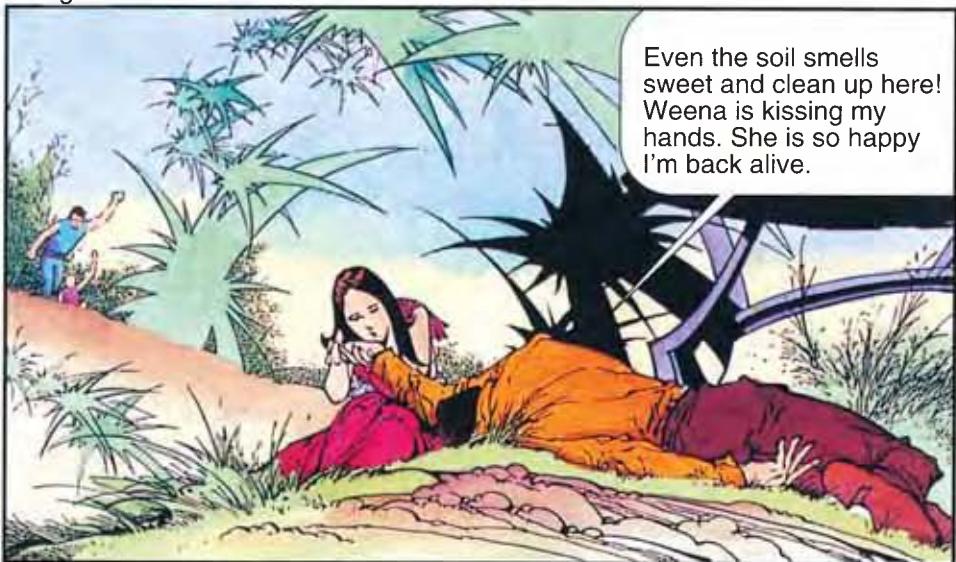
I lit my last match and....



The climb seems endless.
I feel sick...my head is spinning.
I hope I can make it.



I got out of the well somehow and fell out into the blinding sunlight.



Now I understood one important thing about the world of 802,701 A.D.

The Eloi live in the bright Upperworld, while the Morlocks live in the dark Underworld and only come up at night. Both races show the signs of dying out. Both races are sliding downward.



Right away I decided to arm myself and find a place where I might sleep in safety away from the Morlocks!

I think I will explore the Palace of Green Porcelain as a hideaway.



On our way to the Green Palace, Weena picked two flowers and....



Weena! My pockets are not vases for flowers. Oh well, go ahead if it pleases you.

Night came before we reached the Green Palace, and as I looked up in the sky, I thought about what a great amount of time separated me from my nineteenth century.

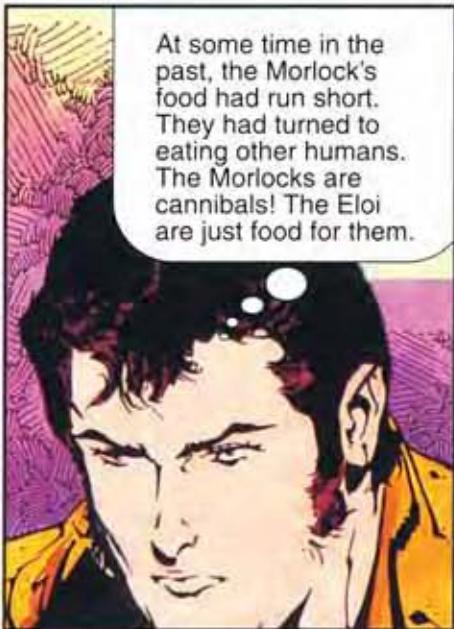
The stars move slowly and all the ones that I knew are gone! The stars have moved themselves in new groupings! Even the Big Dipper is gone!



The next morning we found some fruit for our breakfast.

The Eloi only eat fruits. But I can't help remembering that meat I saw in the Morlock tunnel. Could it mean?

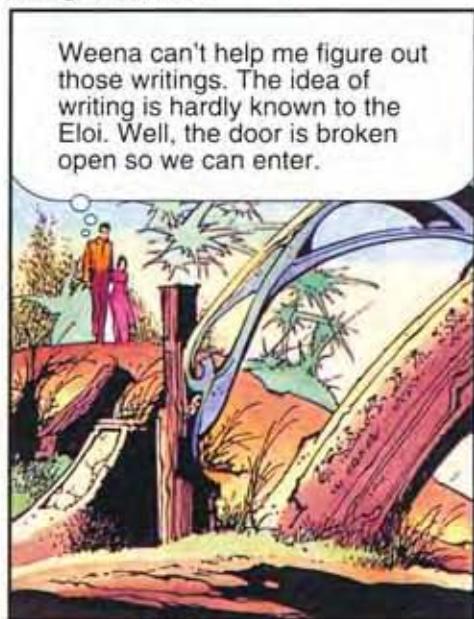




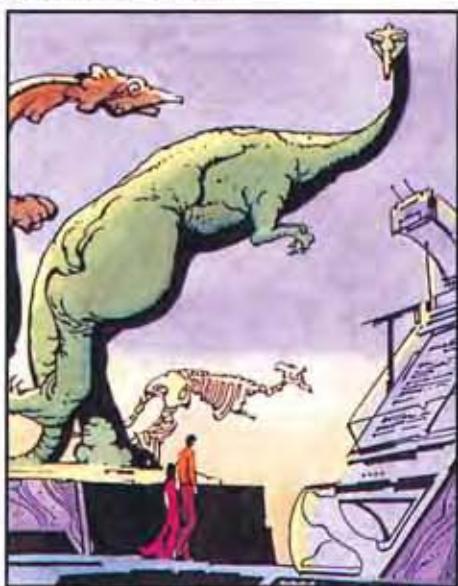
Now it all makes sense! It is the Morlocks who make clothes for the Eloi, and all other things, while the poor Eloi dance and play all day! The Morlocks come up in the dark of night to steal Eloi and drag them below, to use as food.



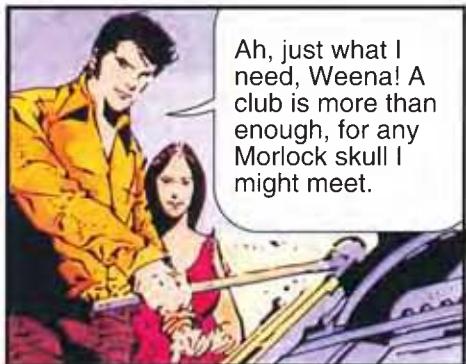
When we found the Palace of Green Porcelain empty and falling into ruin....



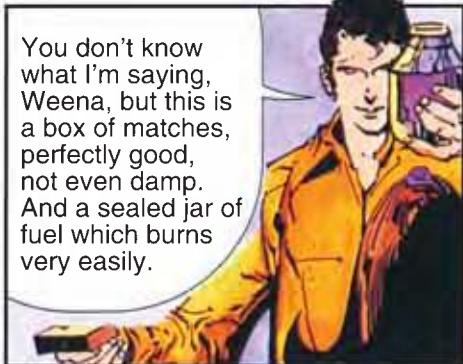
It looked like a museum, with strange displays from ages that followed the nineteenth century, all unknown to me.



I stopped as I saw a machine with a handle sticking out.



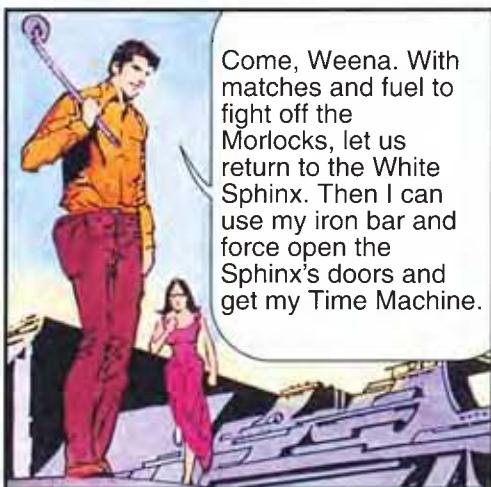
I found two other things of great value to me.



I was very much excited about finding weapons, until I saw their condition.



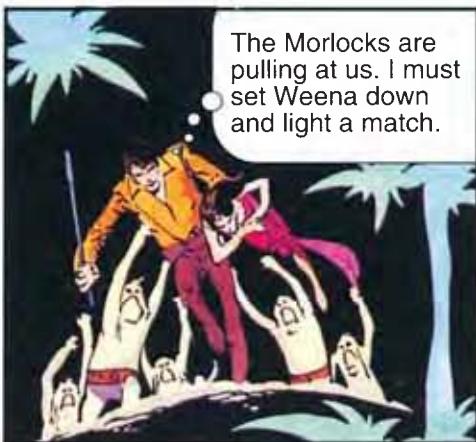
Now, instead of looking for a hideaway, I changed my plans.



As night fell and white shapes began to move around in the forest, I gathered firewood and built a fire to cover our escape.



But as the campfire's glow died behind us....



The fuel burned up and again drove the Morlocks back.



But as the fire faded....



When it was dark again and the Morlocks began creeping close, I reached for another match, but....



My matchbox, it's gone! They must have slipped it out of my pocket.

Then I was caught by the neck, by the arms...I felt as if I were in a huge spider's web.

The iron club in my hand gave me new strength and I found my way up, shaking the Morlocks from me.



I must use my club.



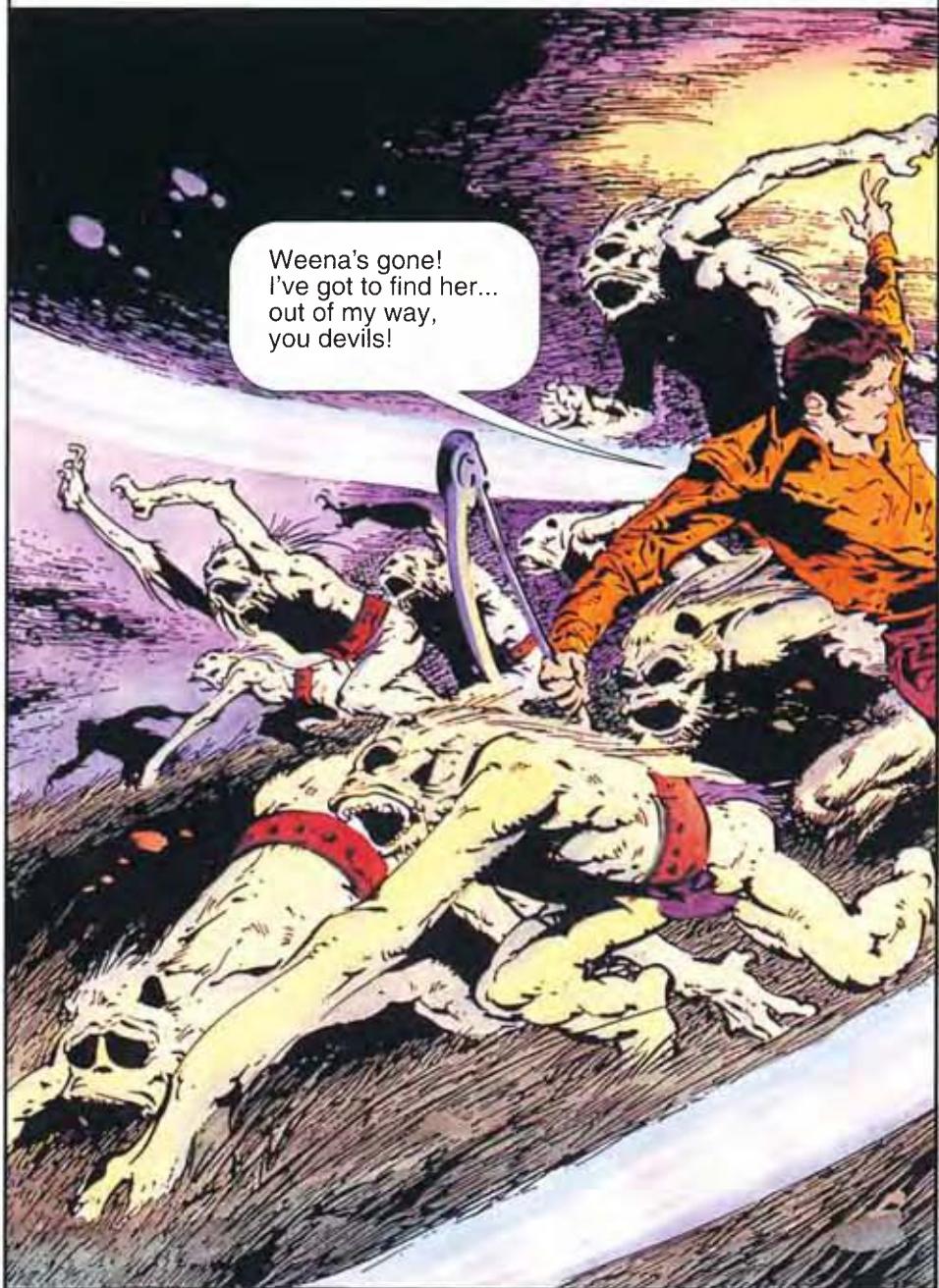
You Morlocks will have to fight harder to get me for your meat!

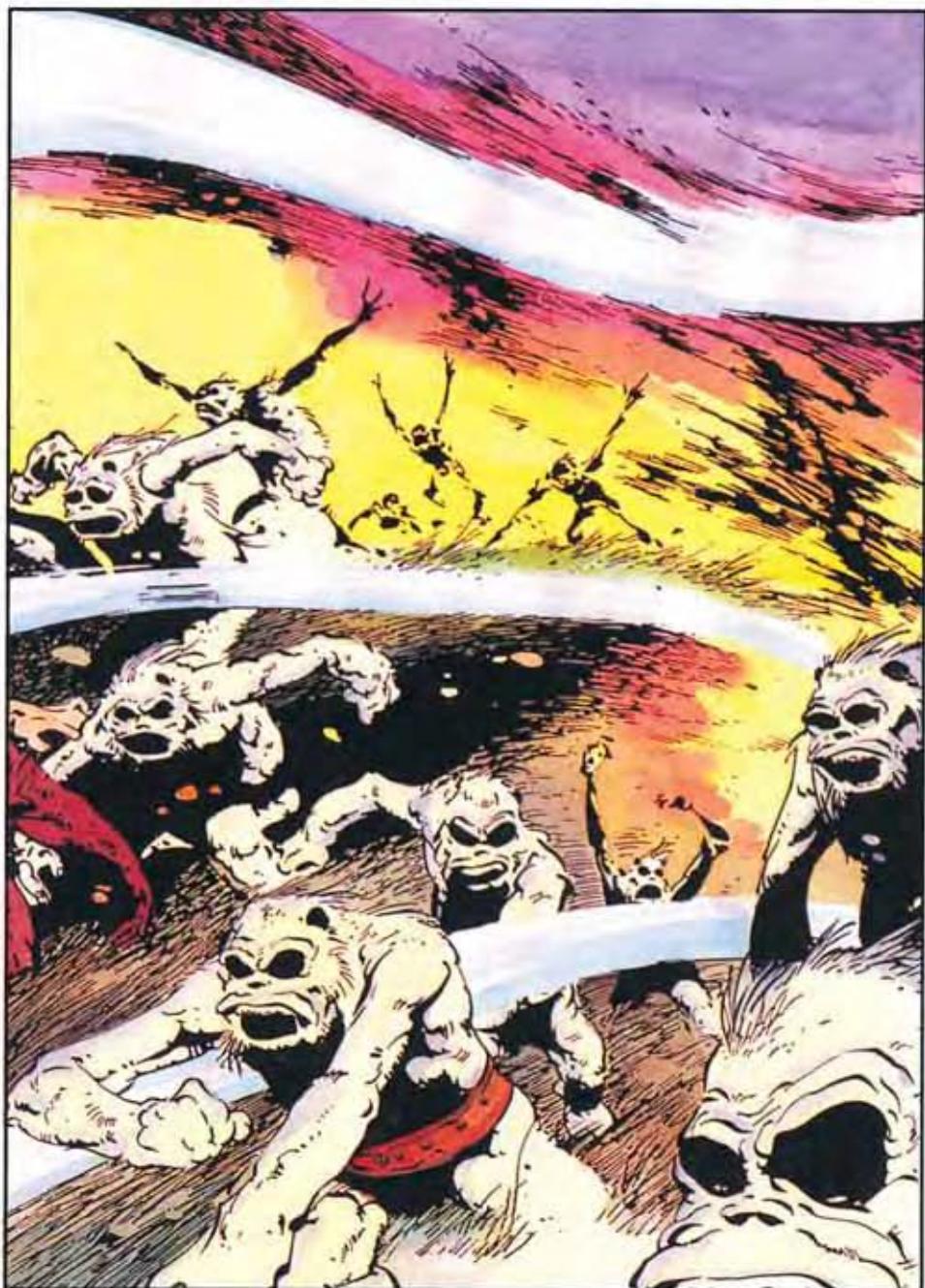
Suddenly, I saw a group of Morlocks running past me from behind....



The forest is on fire! My first fire is coming after me! It must have lit up dry grass and brush and started a big forest fire!

And now, I was afraid not of Morlocks attacking me, but in being run down by a mob of frightened creatures running from the fire. Morlocks kept running into me, and I had to use my club to clear the way as I too ran from the fire behind us.





Though the fire could destroy the Morlocks, it also meant danger for me. And when I could not find Weena, I had to keep running to save myself from death by fire.

I finally stumbled to safety, but I was very upset.



The horrible death of Weena bothered me terribly. It left me alone again in this strange time... and at daybreak as I looked over the scene from a high point....



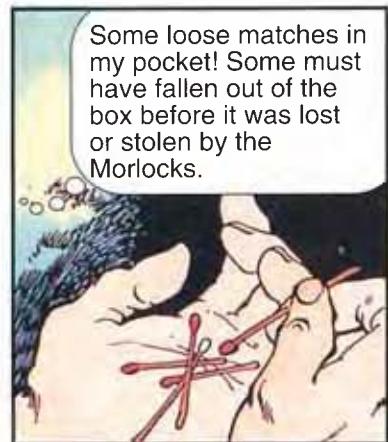
The beauty of the people in the Upperworld covered the real ugliness of this world.



Sweet little Weena is no more! Well, I'm glad that she met her end in the fire...instead of the other way, underground!



I made a welcome discovery on the way.

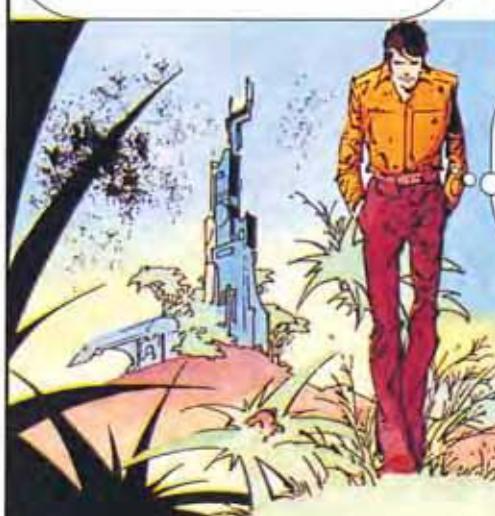




It's sad to see how man stopped improving his mind. All man wanted was peace and comfort. It's as if his brain has died and only his body is still living.



Man must have gotten to feel safe and comfortable because he had no more problems to solve. The earth was quiet and at peace.



When man has no problems his mind isn't used. He doesn't think or plan. His mind just dies from lack of use. Man must use his mind if it is to continue growing.



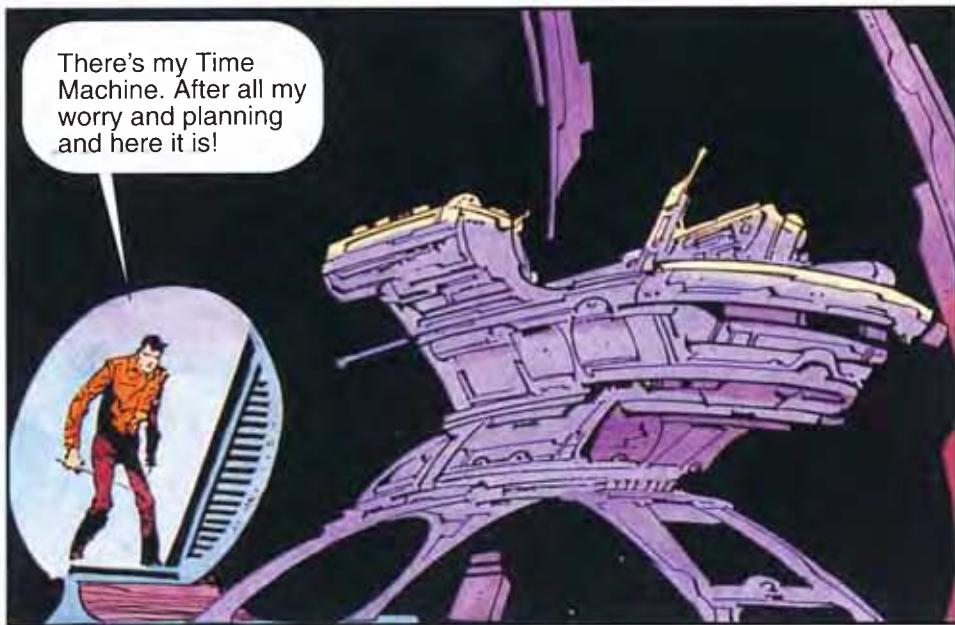
Look at what happened. The people of the Upperworld are pretty but their minds are weak. The people of the Underworld live by stealing and eating their Upperworld neighbors.

Man can't grow or improve any more. They will become completely extinct in time. That's the year 802,701 A.D. in a nutshell.

After thinking about what had happened, I spent the night sleeping, then walked toward the Sphinx with my club in one hand while the other hand played with matches in my pocket. I found a surprise



There's my Time Machine. After all my worry and planning and here it is!



I was surprised to find it had been carefully oiled and cleaned. I guessed what the Morlocks had been up to.

The Morlocks probably took it apart while they tried to figure out what it was for.



The thing I had expected suddenly happened. The bronze panels closed and locked me in.



But I was shocked as I tried to strike a match....

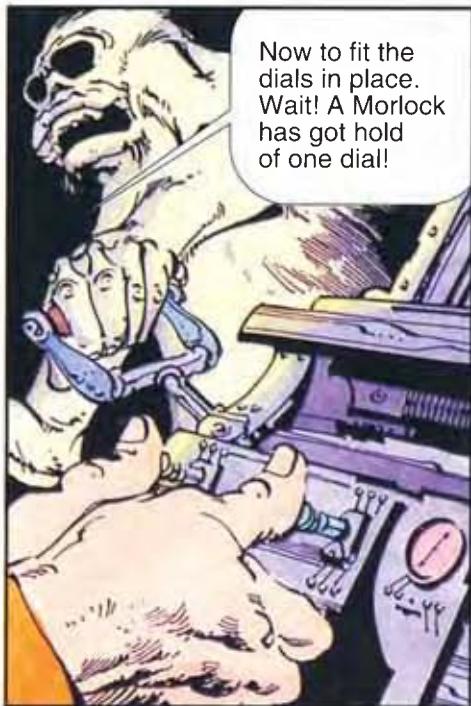


I laughed happily. I could hear their murmuring laughter, in turn, as they came towards me. Very calmly, I took out what they didn't know I still had.

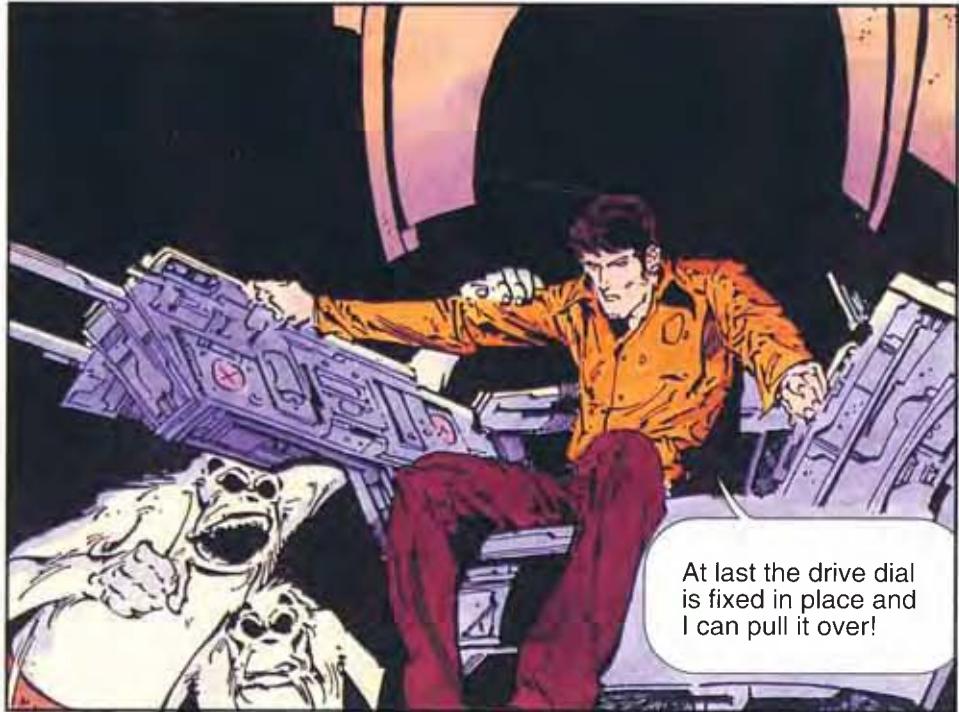


I acted fast, pulling my two drive dials from my pocket and....



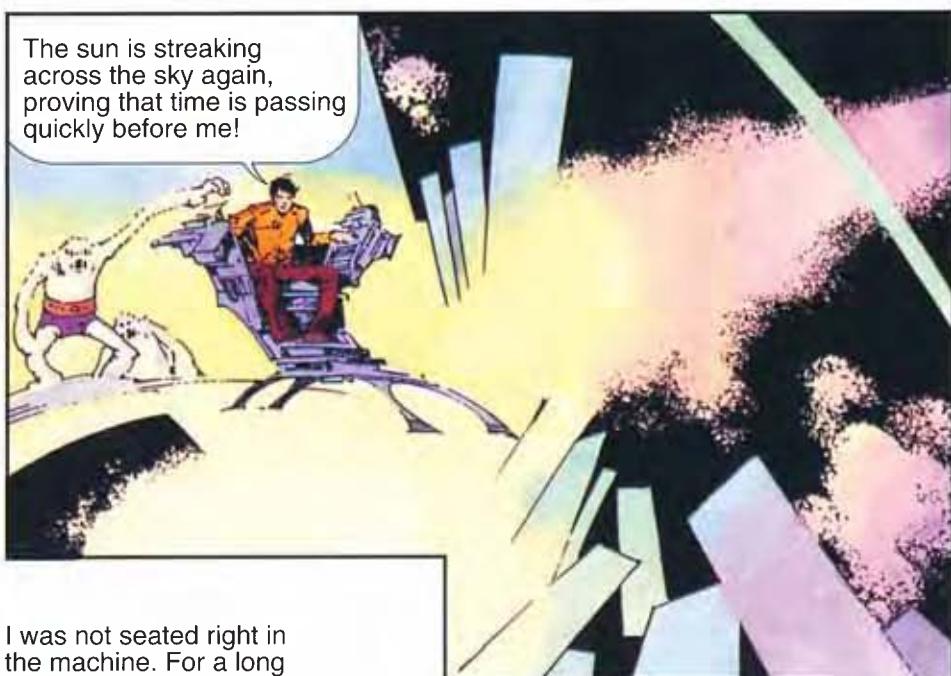


Quickly I punched the Morlock and heard his head crack.



The Morlock hands slipped from me...I was on my way through the time dimension!

The sun is streaking across the sky again, proving that time is passing quickly before me!



I was not seated right in the machine. For a long time I hung on as the machine swayed and shook.

In my excitement, instead of reversing the dials to go back in time, I moved them forward. On the time-meter, thousands of days are sweeping past as fast as the second-hand of a watch... into the future!



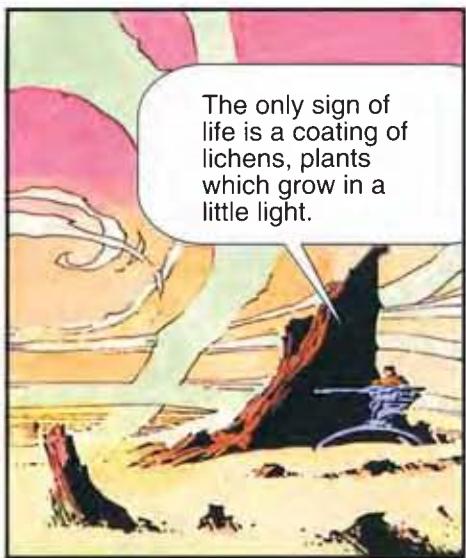
As I drove on, the appearance of things around me changed.

The greyness is growing darker, and it puzzles me. What does it mean?

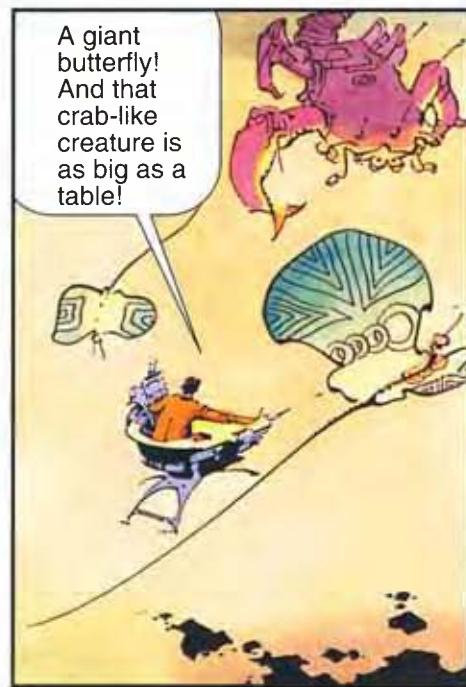




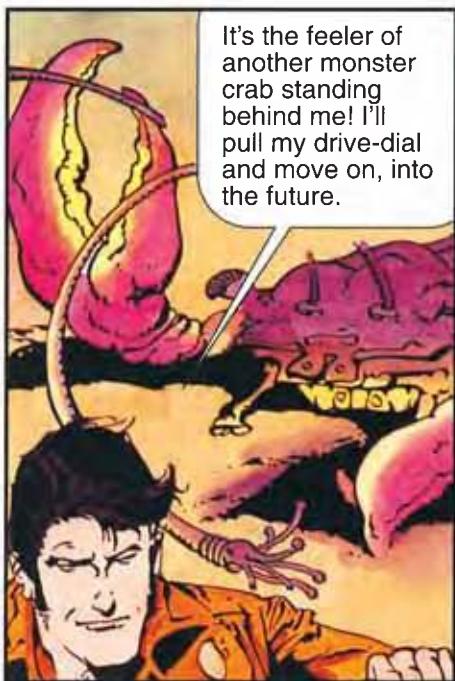
I stopped the Time Machine to look at a strange world. The sky was Indian red. At a beach there were no waves. There was not a breath of wind.



But I was wrong.

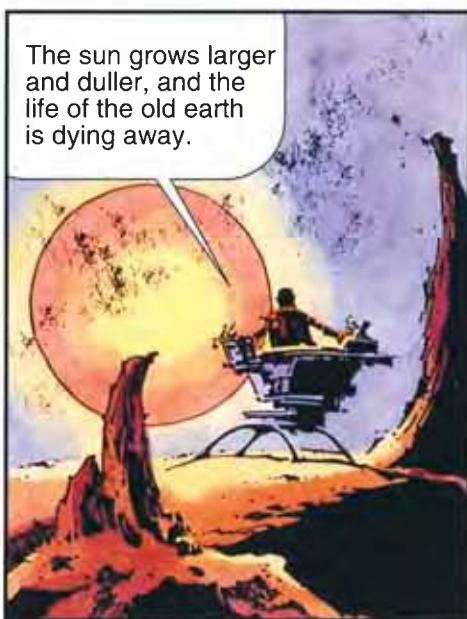


I felt a tickling on my cheek, and when I tried to brush it away....



It's the feeler of another monster crab standing behind me! I'll pull my drive-dial and move on, into the future.

As I travelled on in great leaps of a thousand years or more, I stopped again and again....



The sun grows larger and duller, and the life of the old earth is dying away.



At last, more than thirty million years in the future, the huge red-hot ball of the sun had come to cover nearly a tenth of the sky.

White flakes are whirling down. The sea is full of ice. That green slime on rocks alone proves that life is not yet extinct...but close to it.

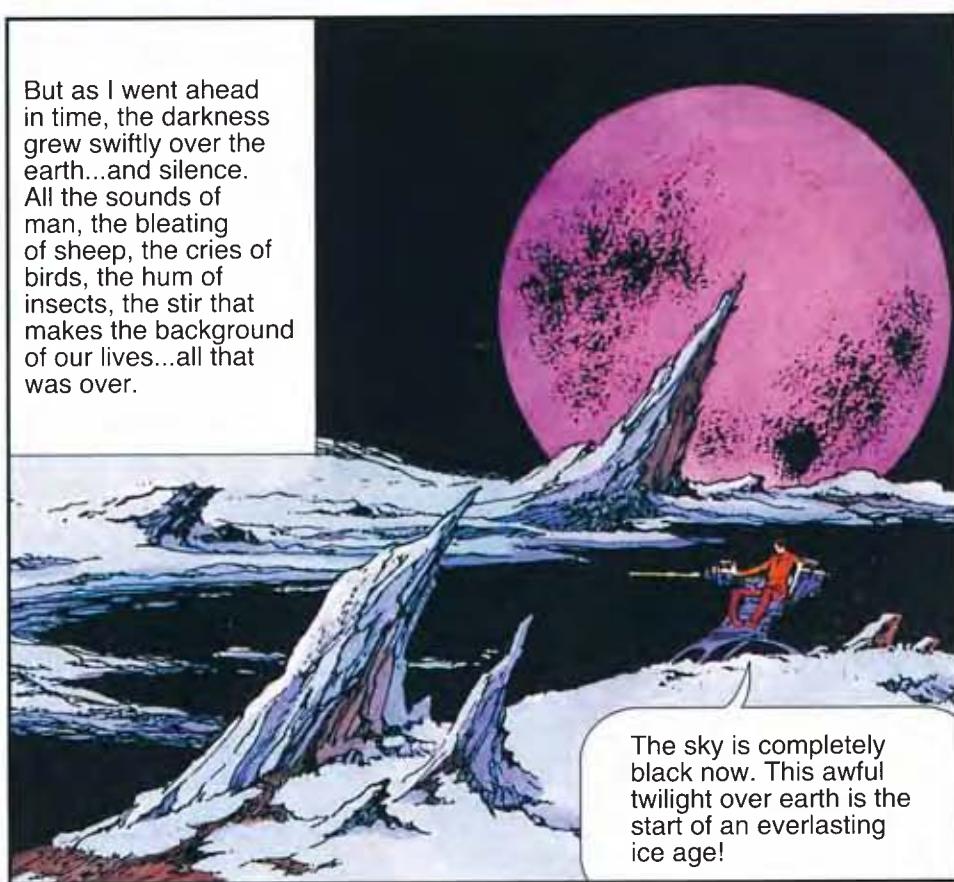
Suddenly I noticed an eclipse of the large sun was beginning...*

Either there is a new moon, or else the planet Mercury is passing in front of the sun.



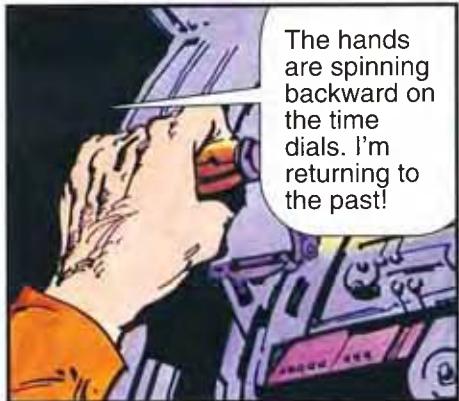
But as I went ahead in time, the darkness grew swiftly over the earth...and silence. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives...all that was over.

The sky is completely black now. This awful twilight over earth is the start of an everlasting ice age!

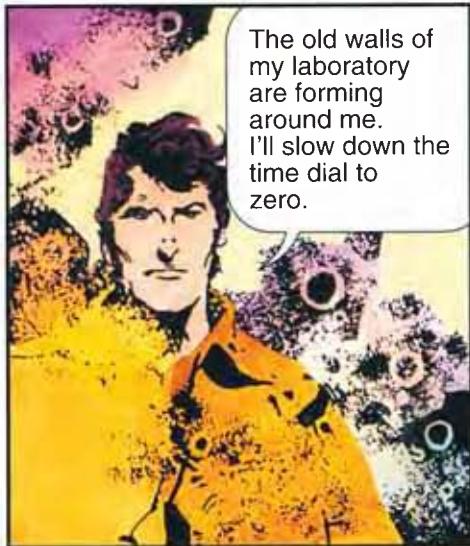


*A time when the sun is blocked from sight.

I could stand it no more and now turned my dials in the other direction.



I'm almost back. I see our own nineteenth century's narrow and familiar buildings.



I saw an odd thing, then....

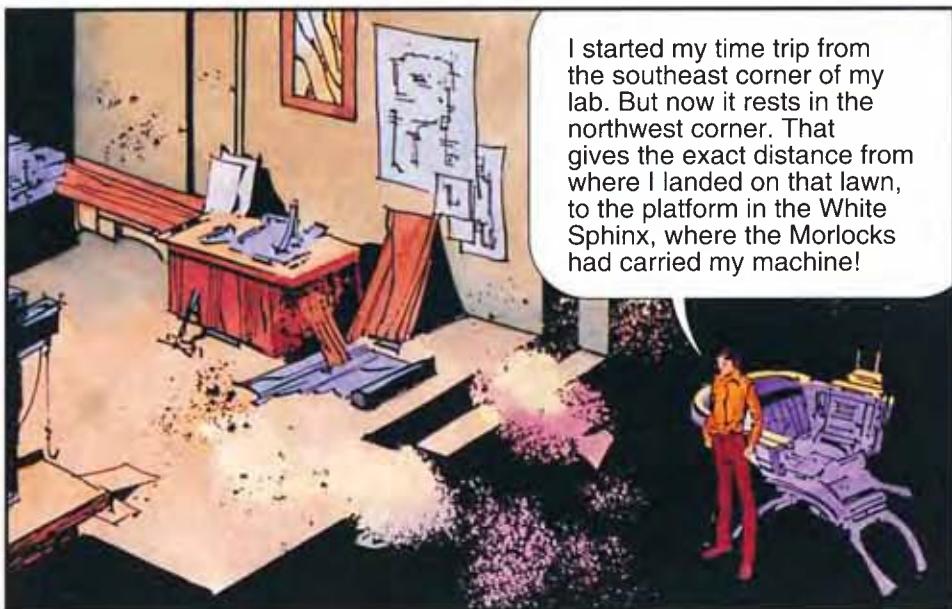


I'm passing again across that minute when my house-keeper crossed the laboratory. But now her every move is the exact opposite of her earlier ones.

As I finally stopped the machine, my old workshop was around me again. I might have slept and dreamed my whole adventure!



My tools, just as I left them.
No, wait... something is different.



I started my time trip from the southeast corner of my lab. But now it rests in the northwest corner. That gives the exact distance from where I landed on that lawn, to the platform in the White Sphinx, where the Morlocks had carried my machine!

In the hallway, I saw the date on Pall Mall's Gazette.



Exactly a week since I told my friends about going on a time trip. I hear their voices and the clatter of plates. They are here as I invited them, for Thursday dinner.

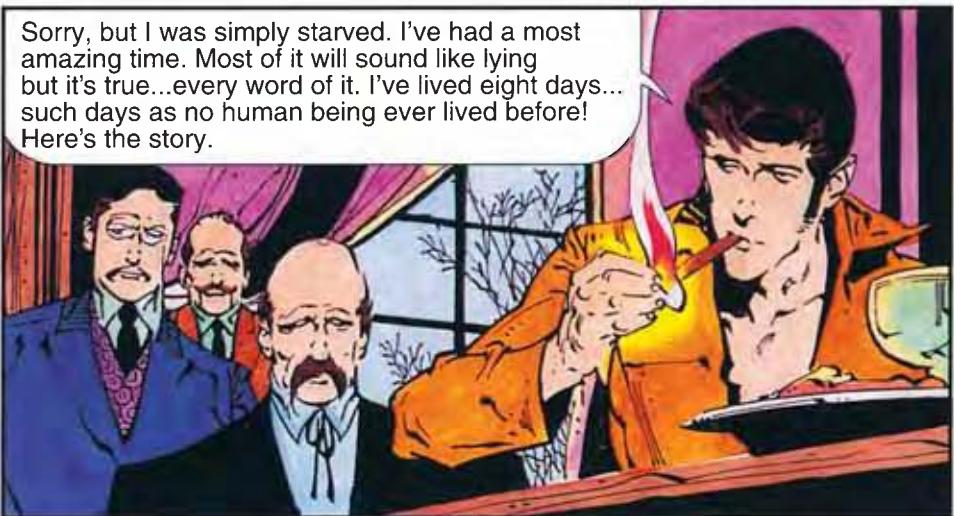
When I appeared in the doorway where my guests were dining....



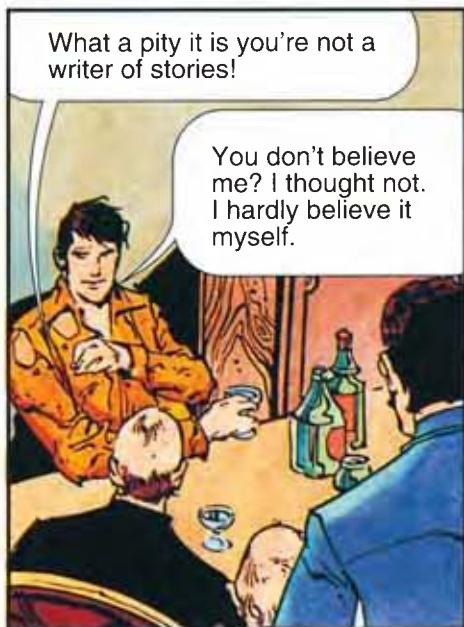
What on earth have you been up to, man?

Ah, good champagne! Let me drink and eat before I tell my tale. And save me some of that lamb. I'm starving for a bit of meat.

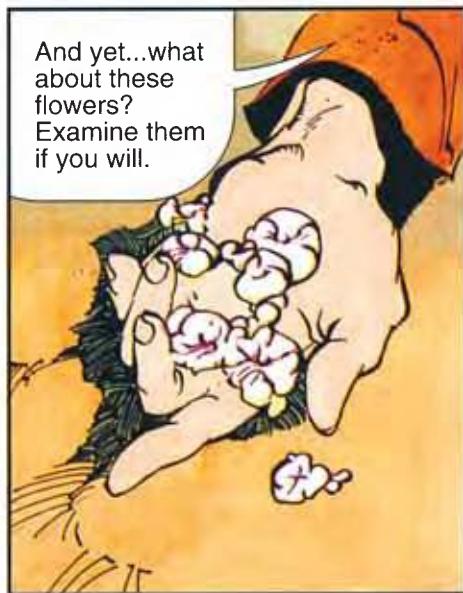
Sorry, but I was simply starved. I've had a most amazing time. Most of it will sound like lying but it's true...every word of it. I've lived eight days... such days as no human being ever lived before! Here's the story.



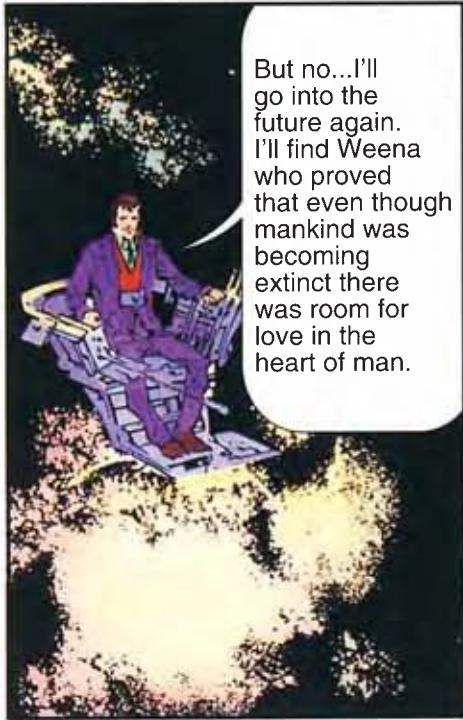
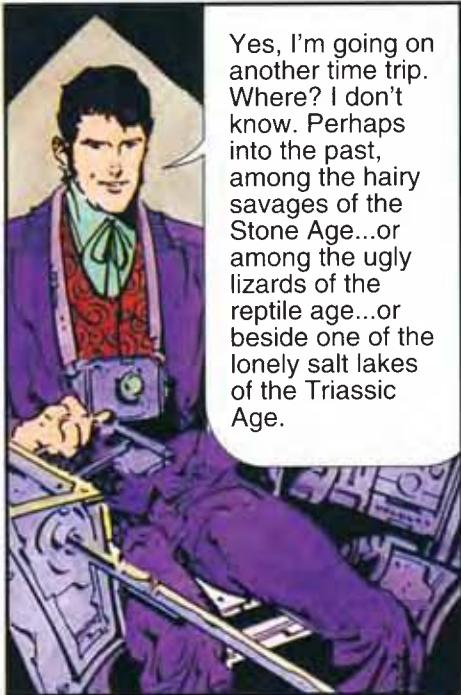
When I had finished, there was silence for a long moment, then....



But then I drew the dying white flowers from my pocket and put them on the table.



They say life is a dream, a poor dream at times...I went back to my workshop after my guests left.



The Time Machine

What would it be like to travel thousands of years into the future? How would Earth have changed?
Would people have changed too?

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