

Solitude

I felt **alone** in the room and looked up, and there, grey and dim, was the bandaged head and huge blue lenses staring fixedly, with a mist of green spots drifting in front of them.

I should judge the hunchback had been **alone** in the house for some time.

invisible too?

The world has become aware of its **invisible** citizen.

Don't be a **lone** wolf.

An **invisible** man is a man of power.

The **invisible** rag and pillow came to hand and I opened the window and pitched them out on to the cistern cover. I'm **invisible**.

I turned down the gas again, stepped out of the window on the cistern cover, very softly lowered the sash, and sat down, secure and **invisible**, but quivering with anger, to watch events.

The fact is, I'm all here--head, hands, legs, and all the rest of it, but it happens I'm **invisible**.

In all my great moments I have been **alone**. **I** half guessed--I might ha' known. There were the things **I** knew and loved. **I** was wandering, mad with rage, naked, impotent. **I** did not know how long it would be before I should become visible from that cause also. My mind was still on this research, and **I** did not lift a finger to save his character. **I** thought I was killing myself and I did not care. Then socks, a thick comforter, and then **I** went to the clothing place and got trousers, a lounge jacket, an overcoat and a slouch hat--a clerical sort of hat with the brim turned down. Thud, thud, thud, came the drum with a vibrating resonance, and for the moment **I** did not notice two urchins stopping at the railings by me. This running warmed me to a certain extent, and **I** went on with a better courage through the maze of less frequented roads that runs hereabouts. Then **I** slipped up again with a box of matches, fired my heap of paper and rubbish, put the chairs and bedding thereby, led the gas to the affair, by means of an india-rubber tube, and waving a farewell to the room left it for the last time. In a flash **I** saw my course. **I** found it hard to sleep. For a minute **I** did not know what to do. I could scarcely believe **I** had done it. , when **I** heard a clashing concussion and was hit violently behind, and turning saw a man carrying a basket of soda-water syphons, and looking in amazement at his burden. **I** have wasted strength, time, opportunities. And **I** beheld, unclouded by doubt, a magnificent vision of all that invisibility might mean to a man--the mystery, the power, the freedom. **I** clean lost my temper, the fools! There was, **I** am afraid, some savage kicking. Twice **I** doubled round corners, thrice I crossed the road and came back upon my tracks, and then, as my feet grew hot and dry, the damp impressions began to fade. Drawbacks **I** saw none. Although the blow had really hurt me, **I** found something so irresistible in his astonishment that I laughed aloud. What was **I** doing? Fool that **I** am! but **I** can imagine it. Then, **I** thought, there's something odd in that. Then, while they were trying to explain the smash, **I** dodged out of the room and went softly downstairs. **I** found sleeping was hopeless, and, locking my door after me, wandered out into the morning streets. She came in, purring--the poor beast was starving--and **I** gave her some milk. **I** looked down and saw at once the dim suggestion of their outline sketched in splashes of mud. But this is the insanest thing **I** ever was in, in my life! **I** never thought of that before. It's cruel, **I** know. Upstairs was a refreshment department, and there **I** got cold meat. **I** heard a magnified account of my depredations, and other speculations as to my whereabouts. **I** saw in time a blind man approaching me, and fled limping, for I feared his subtle intuitions. **I** could find no underclothing, but that I could buy subsequently, and for the time I swathed myself in calico dominoes and some white cashmere scarfs. **I** turned with spots of colour swimming before my eyes to the shadowy fixtures behind me. But **I** decided to inspect the clothes before I did anything further, and my first attempt brought down a pile from an upper shelf. When **I** choose. **I** appreciated my loss of sympathy, but I put it down to the general inanity of things. 'The devil's in the basket,' **I** said, and suddenly twisted it out of his hand.

Multitude

I should not **ask** it of you if I did not think you a quite exceptional woman.

The girl has sworn that as he **spoke** she noticed the corner of the little paper packet protruding from his closed hand.

He had hardly **spoken** before there rushed into the room one of the most lovely young women that I have ever seen in my life.

You **spoke** to my coachman, then?

And now to-night you at last know all, and I **ask** you what is to become of us, my child and me?

I **asked**, for his manner suggested that it was some strange creature which he had caged up in my room.

And about his quarrel with his father, I am sure that the reason why he would not **speak** about it to the coroner was because I was concerned in it.

If I might **ask** you to wait here for an instant, I have a question which I should like to put to the maid.

It is quite a three pipe problem, and I beg that you won't **speak** to me for fifty minutes.

I had already noticed the peculiarities of the typewriter, and I wrote to the man himself at his business address **asking** him if he would come here.

You **speak** to your mate upon the left to-night, and see if he is to be trusted.

Keep your forgiveness for those who **ask** for it,' he answered, turning away from me with a sneer.

The public not unnaturally goes on the principle that he who would heal others must himself be whole, and looks **askance** at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his drugs.

I should very much like to **ask** you one or two plain questions, to which I beg that you will give a plain answer.

She spoke a few words in a foreign tongue in a tone as though **asking** a question, and when my companion

answered in a gruff monosyllable she gave such a start that the lamp nearly fell from her hand. She tried to **speak** boldly, but she was still deadly pale and could hardly get her words out for the trembling of her lips.

I must really **ask** you to be a little more quiet!

In case he wished to **ask** any questions.

I did as he **asked**, and he put the paper in his pocket.

As he **spoke** he opened a door and showed the way into a room which appeared to be very richly furnished, but again the only light was afforded by a single lamp half-turned down.

It was only a line **asking** me to join him when he made the sign to me to do so.

Latimer, a very fashionably dressed young man, came up to my rooms and **asked** me to accompany him in a cab which was waiting at the door. Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the farther end of the path, **both** leading away from me. Again, **both** father and son agreed as to the place where the man escaped into the road. He wants us all four to go up to the house **together**. Surprise and satisfaction were **both** for an instant to be read upon his eager face, though when she glanced round to find out the cause of his silence he had become as demure as ever. He was a man of little culture, but with a considerable amount of rude strength, **both** physically and mentally. He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands **together**. They had one child, but the yellow fever broke out badly in the place, and **both** husband and child died of it. But the two coming **together**, and in so frightful a form, have been enough to shake my very soul. It is evident, therefore, that if **both** girls had married, this beauty would have had a mere pittance, while even one of them would cripple him to a very serious extent. You have forced me, against my own judgment, to tell you, and now we must **both** make the best of it. The state-room was next the cabin, and we flocked in there and flopped down on the settees, all speaking **together**, for we were just mad with the feeling that we were free once more. We then went upstairs **together**, and having entered the room and seen the dressing-gown hanging up behind the door, I contrived, by upsetting a table, to engage their attention for the moment, and slipped back to examine the pockets. One winter's night, as we sat **together** by the fire, I ventured to suggest to him that, as he had finished pasting extracts into his common-place book, he might employ the next two hours in making our room a little more habitable. The small boy brought round a small thin volume and a great greasy-backed one, laying them out **together** beneath the hanging lamp. They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and **together** they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. His silence appears to me to cut **both** ways. His bed had not been slept in, he had been seen by no one since he had retired to his room the night before, and yet it was difficult to see how he could have left the house, as **both** windows and doors were found to be fastened in the morning. You see me now when my name has become known far and wide, and when I am generally recognised **both** by the public and by the official force as being a final court of appeal in doubtful cases. He looked her over in his searching fashion, and then composed himself, with his lids drooping and his finger-tips **together**, to listen to her story. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have **both** seen and observed. I wish you **both** to be there as witnesses.

Empathy

I vs She

She said not a word, but came painfully to **the** table, and made a motion towards the wine.

I had at that time very vague ideas as to the course **I** should pursue.

She pointed to **the** part with her finger.

I should like to look all round me first, if **I** might.

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I fancied even that there was a certain lack of the interest **I** might have expected in them.

I looked for the building **I** knew.

She unfastened it as **he** spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and she hung it carefully on a tree.

She stared round **the** room.

She laughed when **he** saw me, and gave me an elbow to shake.

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She raised her hands in some excitement as **he** said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle, and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

She had a small camera under one arm and a knapsack under **the** other.

She passed her hand through **the** space in which the machine had been.

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Death

Let any obstructing cause, no matter what, be removed in any way--even by **death**--and we fly back to first principles of hope and enjoyment.
At the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-like passage, through which came a **deathly**, sickly odour, the odour of old earth newly turned.
And when I thought that I had prepared only my own **death**, I hastened that of a far dearer victim.
But if you refuse, I will glut the maw of **death**, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends.
I will endeavour to resign myself cheerfully to **death**, and will indulge a hope of meeting you in another world.
Here was a poor girl putting aside the terrors which I naturally had of **death** to go watch alone by the bier of the mistress whom I loved, so that the poor clay might not be lonely till laid to eternal rest.
But I learned that there was but one means to overcome the sensation of pain, and that was **death**--a state which I feared yet did not understand.
I was overcome by gloom and misery, and often reflected I had better seek **death** than desire to remain in a world which to me was replete with wretchedness.
I was **deathly** pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look which I knew too well.
It moulded my feelings, and allowed me to be calculating and calm, at periods when otherwise delirium or **death** would have been my portion.
Were **death**, or the fear of death, the only thing that stood in the way I would not shrink to die here, now, amidst the friends who love me.
And oh, my dear, if it is to be that I must meet **death** at any hand, let it be at the hand of me that loves me best.
Inured as I was to sick beds and **death**, this suspense grew, and grew upon me.
The poor victim, who on the morrow was to pass the awful boundary between life and **death**, felt not as I did, such deep and bitter agony.
Your names adored, as belonging to brave men who encountered **death** for honour, and the benefit of mankind.
Again do I devote thee, miserable fiend, to torture and **death**.
I have strangled the innocent as they slept, and grasped to **death** my throat who never injured me or any other living thing.
It is like **death**!
And my countenance expressed affection even in **death**.
Yet still the words of the fiend rung in my ears like a **death**-knell, they appeared like a dream, yet distinct and oppressive as a reality.
And hunt the wretch to my real **death**.
I knew--as I knew--that it was a stand-up fight with **death**, and in a pause told me so.
I died.