Solitude

An **invisible** foot trod on myback, a ghostly patter passed downstairs, I heard the two police officers in the hall shout and run, and the front door of the house slammed violently.

One could make it **invisible**!

There a man might always be **invisible**--and yet live.

But what devilry must happen to make a man **invisible**?

I rarely went abroad by daylight, but at twilight I would go out muffled up invisibly, whether the weather were cold or not, and I chose the **loneliest** paths and those most overshadowed by trees and banks.

I is **invisible!**

I ran with wide strides, and wherever a patch of rough ground intervened, wherever there came a patch of raw flints, or a bit of broken glass shone dazzling, I crossed it and left the bare **invisible** feet that followed to take what line they would.

His throat was gripped by **invisible** fingers, and I left myhold on the handle to defend meself.

All except the pigments--I could be **invisible**!

The **invisible** rag and pillow came to hand and I opened the window and pitched them out on to the cistern cover. Silence came upon the place, and I found myself wandering through the vast and intricate shops, galleries, showrooms of the place, alone. Gathering confidence, I took my looking-glass down into the shop, pulled down the shop blinds, and surveyed myself from every point of view with the help of the cheval glass in the corner. I had a little trouble finding it again. I lapsed into disorderly dreams of all the fantastic things that had happened during the last few days. I remember the shock I had when striking a light--there were just the round eyes shining green--and nothing round them. I had to do my work under frightful disadvantages. I took up the question of pigments to fill up certain gaps. I never saw any more of it. it's not particularly pleasant recalling that I was an ass. He yelled and I bowled him over, rushed past him, turned another corner, and by a happy inspiration threw myself behind a counter. I must get steady a bit. I got nearer and nearer making my formula into an experiment, a reality. I gather it was a secret. I heard more men coming, my cook was lying quiet on the other side of the counter, stunned or scared speechless, and I had to make another dash for it, like a rabbit hunted out of a wood-pile. Upstairs was a refreshment department, and there I got cold meat. 'I said. There were the things I knew and loved. The place was already lit up and agreeably warm, and I decided to remain where I was, keeping a cautious eye on the two or three sets of shopmen and customers who were meandering through the place, until closing time came. The one thought that possessed me was--how was I to get out of the scrape I was in. But I kept it to myself. How the devil was I to know the blessed turning? Some of the door handles were stiff and I was afraid to turn them. I remember myself as a gaunt black figure, going along the slippery, shiny pavement, and the strange sense of detachment I felt from the squalid respectability, the sordid commercialism of the place. What a fool I was! I lay awake thinking weak aimless stuff, going over the experiment over and over again, or dreaming feverishly of things growing misty and vanishing about me, until everything, the ground I stood on, vanished, and so I came to that sickly falling nightmare one gets. My mind was still on this research, and I did not lift a finger to save his character. Foolish as it seems to me now, I had not reckoned that, transparent or not, I was still amenable to the weather and all its consequences. And, as I say, the back part of the eye, tough, iridescent stuff it is, wouldn't go at all. Do I look like an insane person? 'I heard someone shouting. I clean forgot it. I could see right down it. I let the whole down with a smash on the cabman, and then, with shouts and the clatter of feet about me, people coming out of shops, vehicles pulling up, I realised what I had done for myself, and cursing my folly, backed against a shop window and prepared to dodge out of the confusion. If I have much more of it, I shall go wild--I shall start mowing 'em. I rushed among them, went flat, got rid of my vest after infinite wriggling, and stood a free man again, panting and scared, as the policeman and three of the shopmen came round the corner. I proposed to make my way into the house, secrete myself upstairs, watch my opportunity, and when everything was quiet, rummage out a wig, mask, spectacles, and costume, and go into the world, perhaps a grotesque but still a credible figure. I did not go that way, because of the crowd halfway down it opposite to the still smoking ruins of the house I had fired. 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 was like a man emerging from a thicket, and suddenly coming on some unmeaning tragedy. I made no plans in the street. I thought my troubles were over, shall I hide? I'll stop where I am.

Multitude

You will **ask** me why I did not dispose of it?

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

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.

It was not the first time that she had **spoken** to us of her husband's trouble, to me as a doctor, to my wife as an old friend and school companion.

We turned a corner in the lane as he **spoke**, and there was the building close beside us.

He looked suspiciously at us now out of yellow-shot, bilious eyes, and, without $\mathbf{speaking}$ or rising, he waved towards two chairs.

But if you have why, then, how could any gentleman **ask** you to condescend to accept anything under the three figures?

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

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

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.

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.

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

I did as he ordered, and when the lawyer arrived I was asked to step up to the room.

As he **spoke** the door opened and a young lady entered the room.

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.

It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

His father and his mother **asked** me to see you, for the mere mention of the subject is very painful to them.

I **asked**, after we had cordially shaken hands.

Might I ask how you know, and how much you know?

You must **speak** to her in the morning, or I will if you prefer it.

So much the woman was able to tell me, and also that it was a wonder the man lived, seeing how twisted he was, and that he **spoke** in a strange tongue sometimes, and that for the last two nights she had heard him groaning and weeping in his bedroom. 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. Holmes edged his way round the wall and flinging the shutters together, he bolted them securely. I wonder, since you are both maiden ladies, that you do not keep house together. It was easy to see that she was passionately devoted both to her husband and to her little son. In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room. They had one child, but the yellow fever broke out badly in the place, and both husband and child died of it. Let us all go round and have a look at the horse together. Holmes moved the lamp, and we both bent over the sheet of paper, which showed by its ragged edge that it had indeed been torn from a book. The back door was open, and as he came to the foot of the stairs he saw two men wrestling together outside. Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the farther end of the path, **both** leading away from me. You see all these isolated facts, together with many minor ones, all pointed in the same direction. When he was sober he used to be fond of playing backgammon and draughts with me, and he would make me his representative both with the servants and with the tradespeople, so that by the time that I was sixteen I was quite master of the house. The two sat down together in the bow-window of the club. He saw the question in my eyes, and, putting his finger-tips together and his elbows upon his knees, he explained the situation. He seemed quite enthusiastic and rubbed his hands together in the most genial fashion. Then, suddenly springing to his feet, he beat his head against the wall with such force that we **both** rushed upon him and tore him away to the centre of the room. His silence appears to me to cut both ways. Then we shall both come. I wish you were all at the devil together. It really would be a good thing that we should all go over the house together and make certain that this rather erratic burglar did not, after all, carry anything away with him. But they **both** said never to mind about father, but just to tell him afterwards. and mother said she would make it all right with him.

Empathy

I vs She

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

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

I looked for the building I knew.

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

She pointed to the part with her finger.

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

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

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

She reached out her hand for a cigar, and cut the end.

She pointed to the part with her finger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

I looked for the building I knew.

I looked for the building I knew.

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

She reached out her hand for a cigar, and cut $t\boldsymbol{he}$ end.

She reached out her hand for a cigar, and cut the end.

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

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

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.

I looked for the building I knew.

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

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

I or She vs I and She

I should like to look all round me first, if I might and She passed her hand through the space in which the machine had been.

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

I had at that time very vague ideas as to the course I should pursue and She stared round the room.

I had at that time very vague ideas as to the course \mathbf{I} should pursue.

I looked for the building I knew and She reached out her hand for a cigar, and cut the end.

She pointed to the part with her finger.

I fancied even that there was a certain lack of the interest \mathbf{I} might have expected in them and She had a small camera under one arm and a knapsack under the other.

She reached out her hand for a cigar, and cut the end.

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.

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Death

And when I thought that I had prepared only my own death, I hastened that of a far dearer victim.

I never knew either father or mother, so that the dear old man's **death** is a real blow to me.

I have an affection for it, for it was the offspring of happy days, when **death** and grief were but words, which found no true echo in my heart.

But **death** is not all.

The disquisitions upon **death** and suicide were calculated to fill me with wonder.

And mycountenance expressed affection even in **death**.

It moulded my feelings, and allowed me to be calculating and calm, at periods when otherwise delirium or **death** would have been my portion.

And hunt the wretch to myreal **death**.

At the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-like passage, through which came a **deathly**, sickly odour, the odour of old earth newly turned.

I ride to **death** of some one.

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.

Solitude was my only consolation--deep, dark, deathlike solitude.

There I lies, white and cold in **death**.

And you are to give an account of the **death** of a gentleman who was found murdered here last night.

To add to the difficulties and dangers of the time, masses of sea-fog came drifting inland--white, wet clouds, which swept by in ghostly fashion, so dank and damp and cold that it needed but little effort of imagination to think that the spirits of those lost at sea were touching their living brethren with the clammy hands of **death**, and many a one shuddered as the wreaths of sea-mist swept by.

Shall I, in cool blood, set loose upon the earth a daemon, whose delight is in **death** and wretchedness? Do you know all the mystery of life and **death**?

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.

Nature in one of mybeneficent moods has ordained that even **death** has some antidote to its own terrors.

Inured as I was to sick beds and $\mbox{\bf death}$, this suspense grew, and grew upon me.

It is like **death!**

One day, while I was gradually recovering, I was seated in a chair, my eyes half open, and my cheeks livid like those in **death**.

I died.