

Wayne Jeff, Artilleryman And The Fighting Machine

The Artillery Man And The Fighting Machine

Journalist: The hammering from the pit and the pounding of guns grew louder. My fear rose at the s

Artilleryman: Anyone here?

Journalist: Come in. Here drink this.

Artilleryman: Thank you.

Journalist: What's happened?

Artilleryman: They wiped us out. Hundreds dead maybe thousands.

Journalist: The heat ray?

Artilleryman: The Martians! They were inside the hoods of machines they'd made massive metal th

Journalist: Machines?

Artilleryman: Fighting machines! Picking up men and bashing 'em against trees. Just hunks of meta

Journalist: Mmm. There was another cylinder came last night.

Artilleryman: Yes. It looked bound for London.

Journalist: London! Carrie! I hadn't dreamed there could be danger to Carrie and her father, so mar

Artilleryman: And me. Got to report to headquarters if there's anything left of it.

Journalist: At Byfleet we came upon an inn, but it was deserted.

Artilleryman: Is everybody dead?

Journalist: Not everybody. Look! Six cannons with gunners standing by.

Artilleryman: It's bows and arrows against the lightning. They haven't seen the heat ray yet.

Journalist: We hurried along the road to Weybridge. Suddenly, there was a heavy explosion. The g

Artilleryman: Look! There they are! What did I tell you?

Journalist: Quickly, one after the other, four of the fighting machines appeared. Monstrous tripods,

A fifth machine appeared on the far bank. It raised itself to full height, flourished the funnel high in t

Ulla! Ulla!

Journalist: The six guns we had seen now fired simultaneously, decapitating a fighting machine. TH

Ulla!

Journalist: With a white flash, the heat ray swept across the river. Scalded, half-blinded and agoniz