

Wayne Jeff, Dead London

Dead London

Journalist: There were a dozen dead bodies in the Euston road, their bodies softened by the black

Ulla!

I stopped, staring toward to sound. It seemed as if that mighty desert of house had found a voice for

Ulla!

The desolating cry worked upon my mind. The wailing took possession of me. I was intensely wear

Ulla!

I saw, over the trees on Primrose hill, the Fighting Machine from which the howling came. I crossed

Ulla! UI-!

Abruptly, the sound ceased. Suddenly, the desolation, the solitude, became unendurable. While the
I looked up and saw a third machine. It was erect and motionless, like the others. An inane resolve
Directly the invaders arrived and drank and fed, our microscopic allies attacked them. From that mo

The torment was ended. The people scattered over the country, desperate, leaderless, starved.. TH
As life returns to normal, the question of another attack from Mars causes universal concern. Is our