

## Wayne Hancock

### "Brave New World"

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Artilleryman: Halt! Who goes there?

Journalist: Eh, a friend

Artilleryman: Be on your way, this is my territory!

Journalist: Your territory? What do you mean?

Artilleryman: Wait a minute, it's you! The man from Maybury Hill!

Journalist: Good heavens, the artilleryman. I thought you'd surely burned.

Artilleryman: I thought you'd surely drowned.

Journalist: Have you seen any Martians?

Artilleryman: Everywhere. We're done for all right.

Journalist: We can't just give up.

Artilleryman: 'Course we can't. It's now that we've got to start fighting. Not against them, 'cause we can't win.

Now, we've got to fight for survival. I reckon we can make it. I've got a plan.

Artilleryman: We're gonna build a whole new world for ourselves. Look, they clap eyes on us and we're dead, right? So, we gotta make a new life where they'll never find us. You know where? Underground. You should see it down there, hundreds of miles of drains, sweet and clean now after the rain, dark, quiet, safe. We can build houses and everything, start again from scratch. And what's so bad about living underground, eh? It's 'not been so great living up here, if you want my opinion.

Take a look around you at the world we've come to know

Does it seem to be much more than a crazy circus show  
But maybe from the madness, something beautiful will grow

In a brave new world, with just a handful of men  
We'll start, we'll start all over again!

All over again! All over again! All over again!

We'll build shops and hospitals and barracks, right under their noses, right under their feet. Everything we need: banks, prisons and schools. We'll send scouting parties to collect books and stuff, and men like you

we'll teach the kids. Not poems and rubbish; science,  
so we can get everything working! We'll build villages  
and towns, and, and we'll play each other at cricket!  
Listen, maybe one day we'll capture a fighting  
machine, eh, learn how to make 'em ourselves, and  
then: WALLOP! Our turn to do some wiping out!  
WHOOSH! With our heat ray! Whoosh! And them  
running and dying, beaten at their own game, man on  
top again!

Now our domination of the Earth is fading fast  
And out of the confusion a chance has come at last  
To build a better future from the ashes of the past  
In a brave new world, with just a handful of men  
We'll start all over again!

Look, man is born in freedom, but he soon becomes a  
slave  
In cages of convention from the cradle to the grave  
The weak fall by the wayside but the strong will be  
saved  
In a brave new world, with just a handful of men  
We'll start all over again!

I'm not trying to tell you what to be  
Oh no, oh no, not me  
But if mankind is to survive, the people left alive  
They're gonna have to build this world anew  
And it's going to have to start with me and you, yes

I'm not trying to tell you what to be  
Oh no, oh no, not me  
But if mankind is to survive, the people left alive  
They're gonna have to build this world anew  
Yes and we will have to be the chosen few  
Just think of all the poverty, the hatred and the lies  
And imagine the destruction of all that you despise  
Slowly from the ashes that Phoenix will arise  
In a brave new world, with just a handful of men  
We'll start all over again

Take a look around you at the world you've loved so  
well  
And bid the aging empire of man a last farewell  
It may not sound like heaven but at least it isn't hell  
It's a brave new world with just a handful of men  
We'll start, we'll start all over again  
All over again! All over again! All over again!  
I've got a plan!  
Can't you just see it? Civilization starting all over again!  
A second chance! Heh, we'll even build a railway and

tunnel to the coast, go there for our holidays! Nothing can stop men like us! I've made a start already. Come on down here have a look.

Journalist: In the cellar was a tunnel scarcely ten yards long. It had taken him a week to dig. I could have dug that much in a day, and I suddenly had my first inkling of the gulf between his dreams and his powers.

Artilleryman: It's doing the working and the thinking that wears a fellow out. I'm ready for a bit of a rest. How about a drink, eh? Nothing but champagne now I'm the boss.

Journalist: We drank, and then he insisted upon playing cards. With our species on the edge of extermination, with no prospect but a horrible death, we actually played games.

Later he talked more of his plan, but I saw flames flashing in the deep blue night, red weed glowing, tripod figures moving distantly, and I put down my champagne glass. I felt a traitor to my kind, and I knew I must leave this strange dreamer.

Artilleryman: Take a look around you at the world we've come to know

Does it seem to be much more than a crazy circus show?

Maybe from the madness something beautiful will grow

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