

Jeff Wayne

"Red Weed, Pt2"

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Brave New World and Dead London

Then, on the ninth day, we saw the Martians eating.
Inside the hood of their new machine they were
drawing the fresh, living blood of men and women and
injecting it into their own veins.

Nathaniel: Aah! It's a sign! I've been given a sign! They
must be cast out, and I have been chosen to do it! I
must confront them now!

Journalist: No, parson, no!

Nathaniel: Those machines are just demons in another
form. I shall destroy them with my prayers. I shall burn
them with my holy cross. I shall...

Journalist: The curious eye of a Martian appeared at the
window slit, and a menacing claw explored the room. I
dragged the parson down to the coal cellar. I heard the
Martian fumbling at the latch. In the darkness I could
see the claw touching things, walls, coal, wood, and
then, it touched my boot. I almost shouted. For a time it
was still, and then, with a click, it gripped something:
the parson! With slow, deliberate movements, his
unconscious body was dragged away, and there was
nothing I could do to prevent it.

I crept to the blocked window slit and peered through
the creeper. The Martians, and all their machinery, had
gone! Trembling, I dug my way out and clambered to
the top of the mound: not a Martian in sight! The day
seemed dazzling bright after my imprisonment and the
sky a glowing blue. Red weed covered every scrap of
ground but a gentle breeze kept it swaying, and oh, the
sweetness of the air.

Again, I was on my way to London through towns and
villages that were blackened ruins, totally silent,
desolated, deserted. Man's empire had passed away,
taken swiftly and without error by these creatures who
were composed entirely of brain. Unhampered by the
complex systems which make up man, they made and
used different bodies according to their needs. They
never tired, never slept, and never suffered, having

long since eliminated from their planet the bacteria
which Â‘cause all fevers and other morbidities.

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