

Dia Frampton

"Forever Autumn"

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Journalist: For three days I fought my way along roads packed with refugees, the homeless, burdened with boxes and bundles containing their valuables. All that was of value to me was in London, but by the time I reached their little red brick house, Carrie and her father were gone.

Forever Autumn

The summer sun is fading as the year grows old,
And darker days are drawing near,
The winter winds will be much colder,
Now you're not here

I watch the birds fly south across the Autumn sky,
And one by one they disappear,
I wish that I was flying with them,
Now you're not here

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me,
Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away

Through Autumn's golden gown we used to kick our way,
You always loved this time of year,
Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now,
?Cause you're not here
?Cause you're not here
?Cause you're not here

Journalist: Fire suddenly leapt from house to house, the population panicked and ran ? and I was swept along with them, aimless and lost without Carrie. Finally I headed Eastward for the ocean, and my only hope of survival ? a boat out of London.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me,
Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away

A gentle rain falls softly on my weary eyes,
As if to hide a lonely tear,

My life will be forever Autumn,
?Cause you?re not here
?Cause you?re not here
?Cause you?re not here

Journalist: As I hastened through Covent Garden, Blackfriars and Billingsgate, more and more people joined the painful exodus. Sad, weary woman, their children stumbling and streaked with tears, their men bitter and angry, the rich rubbing shoulder with beggars and outcasts. Dogs snarled and whined, the horses bits were covered with foam?. And here and there were wounded soldiers, as helpless as the rest. We saw tripods wading up the Thames, cutting through bridges as though they were paper ? Waterloo Bridge, Westminster Bridge?. One appeared above Big Ben.

Ulla!

Journalist: Never before in the history of the world had such a mass of human beings moved and suffered together. This was no disciplined march ? it was a stampede ? without order and without a goal, six million people unarmed and unprovisioned, driving headlong. It was the beginning of the rout of civilisation, of the massacre of mankind.

A vast crowd buffeted me toward the already packed steamer. I looked up enviously at those safely onboard ? straight into the eyes of my beloved Carrie! At sight of me she began to fight her way along the packed deck to the gangplank. At that very moment it was raised, and I caught a last glimpse of her despairing face as the crowd swept me away from her.

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Ulla!

Journalist: The steamer began to move slowly away ? but on the landward horizon appeared the silhouette of a fighting machine. Another came, and another,

striding over hills and plunging far out to sea and blocking the exit of the steamer. Between them lay the silent, grey Ironclad ?Thunder Child?. Slowly it moved towards shore; then, with a deafening roar and whoosh of spray, it swung about and drove at full speed towards the waiting Martians.

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