

War of the Worlds

The original is told from the main Character's point of view. How he manages to survive the invasion, and the way humanity changes during this trying time.

The main Character is a Journalist, and through his eyes, we see a war unlike anything we can comprehend. In this story, our Journalist is Heero Yuy.

The Other cast of Characters are as follows:

Journalist: Heero Yuy

Ogilvy the Astronomer is Now Wufei the Astronomer friend to Heero.

Carrie, his Fiancée will now be named Relena.

The Young Artilleryman: Quatre Raberba Winner

Parson Nathaniel is Now Parson Duo

Beth the Parsons wife is Now Hilde.

Not many, I know, but there we not that many characters in the Original. Of the available list of characters, these GW Charas fit best as that roll. You'll see why as we go.

Now, onward we go into the realms of AU. Remember, told from Heero's POV.

PART ONE

Chapter One:

The Eve of the War

No one would have believed, in the last years of the nineteenth century, that human affairs were being watched from the timeless voids of space. No one could have dreamed we were being scrutinized, as someone with a microscope studies creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. Few men even considered the possibility of life on other planets and yet, across the gulf of space, minds immeasurably superior to ours regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely, they drew their plans against us.

At midnight on the twelfth day of August, a huge mass of luminous gas erupted from mars and sped towards Earth. Across two hundred million miles of void, invisibly hurtling towards us, came the first of the missiles that were to bring so much calamity to Earth. As I watched, there was another jet of gas, It was another missile, starting on it's way.

And that's how it was for the next ten nights. A flare, spurting out from Mars, Bright Green, drawing a green mist behind it, a beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight. Wufei, the astronomer, assured me we were in no

danger. He was convinced there could be no living thing on that remote, forbidding planet.

“The Chances of anything coming from Mars are a Million to one” Wufei had said to me.

Then came the night the first missile approached Earth. It was thought to be an ordinary falling star, but next day there was a huge crater in the middle of the Common, and Wufei came to examine what lay there: a cylinder, thirty yards across, glowing hot... and with faint sounds of movement coming from within.

Suddenly the top began moving, rotating, unscrewing, and Wufei feared there was a man inside, trying to escape. He rushed to the cylinder, but the intense heat stopped him before he could burn himself on the metal.

It seems totally incredible to me now that everyone spent that evening as though it were just like any other.

From the railway station came the sound of shunting trains, ringing the rumbling, softened almost into melody by the distance.

It all seemed so safe and tranquil

Chapter Two:

Horsell Common and The Heat Ray

Next morning, a crowd gathered on the Common, hypnotized by the unscrewing of the cylinder. Two feet of shining screw projected when suddenly the lid fell off!

Two luminous, disk-like eyes appeared above the rim. A huge, rounded bulk, larger than a bear, rose up slowly, glistening like wet leather. It's lip-less mouth quivered and slavered-and snake-like tentacles writhed as the clumsy body heaved and pulsed.

Two of my young friends, Trowa and Zechs, and a few others I did not know, crept closer to the pit. A tall funnel rose, then an invisible ray of heat leapt from man to man, and there was a bright glare, as each was instantly turned to fire. Every tree and bush became a mass of flames at the touch of this savage, unearthly Heat Ray.

People clawed their way off the Common, and I ran too. I felt I was being toyed with, that when I was on the very verge of safety, this mysterious death would leap after me and strike me down. At last I reached Maybury Hill and in the dim coolness of my home I wrote an account for m newspaper before I sank into a restless, haunted sleep.

I awoke to alien sounds of hammering from the pit, and hurried to the railway station to buy the paper.

around me, the daily routine of life, working, eating, sleeping, was continuing serenely, as it had for countless years.

On Horsell Common, the Martians continued hammering and stirring, sleepless, indefatigable, at work upon the machines they were making. Now and again a light, like the beam of a warship's searchlight, swept the Common, and the Heat Ray was ready to follow.

In the afternoon, a company of soldiers came through and deployed along the edge of the Common, to form a cordon.

That evening, there was a violent crash and I realized with horror that my home was now within range of the Martian's Heat Ray.

At dawn, a falling star with a trail of green mist landed with a flash like summer lightning. This was the second cylinder.

Chapter Three:

The Artilleryman and the Fighting Machine

The hammering from the pit and the pounding of guns grew louder. My fear rose at the sound of someone creeping into the house. Then I saw it was a young Artilleryman, weary, streaked with blood and dirt.

"Anyone here?" The young man had asked

"Come in, Drink this" I said handing him my cup of tea. He drank and thanked me with a heavy sigh. "What's happened?" I asked once the youth had stopped shaking.

"They wiped us out. Hundreds dead, maybe thousands." He stuttered from shock. The Heat Ray, again. "The Martians! They were inside the hoods of the machines they'd made. Massive metal things on legs! Giant machines that walked, they attacked us. They Wiped us out!" He cried, on the verge of hysteria. I glanced at his dog tags. Quatre Raberba Winner. Almost a casualty himself. I settled him on my sofa. And poured him another cup of tea before I asked my next question.

"Machines?"

"Fighting Machines! Picking up men and bashing them against trees. Just hunks of metal, but they knew exactly what they were doing" He said, his voice growing wilder by the moment. Shock, and fear driving him towards the realms of madness.

"There was another Cylinder came last night." I said half to myself, half to my guest.

"Yes, It looked bound for London." He replied and my heart stopped.

"London! Relena!" I hadn't dreamed there could be dangers to Relena and her Brother, so many miles away. "I must go to London at once!" I cried, leaping to my feet.

"And me. I've got to report to headquarters, if there's anything left of it." Quatre replied setting the cup down upon the table. His manners, if not his nerves were still intact. We headed out at once.

At Byfleet, we came upon an Inn, but it was deserted. "Is everybody dead?" Quatre had asked and we looked. Not everyone was dead. Six cannons with gunners standing by. "It's bows and arrows against the lightning. They haven't seen the Heat Ray yet." Quatre said as we hurried along the road to Weybridge. Suddenly, there was a heavy explosion. The Ground heaved, windows shattered and gusts of smoke erupted into the air. "Look! There they are! What did I tell you!?" Quatre shouted at me.

Quickly, one after the other, four of the Fighting Machines appeared. Monstrous tripods, higher than the tallest steeple, striding over the pines trees and smashing them. Walking engines of glittering metal. Each carried a huge funnel and I realized with horror that I'd seen this awful thing before.

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

and the ghostly, terrible Heat Ray struck the town.

As it struck, all five Fighting Machines exulted, emitting deafening howls which roared like thunder.

The six guns we had seen now fired simultaneously, decapitating a Fighting Machine. The Martian inside the hood was slain, splashed to the four winds, and the body, nothing now but an intricate device of metal, went whirling to destruction. As the other Monsters advanced, people ran away blindly, Quatre among them, but I jumped into the water and hid until forced up to breathe. Now the guns spoke again, but this time the Heat Ray sent them to oblivion.

With a white flash, the Heat Ray swept across the river. Scalded, half blinded and agonized. I staggered through leaping, hissing water towards the shore. I fell helplessly, in full sight of the Martians, expecting nothing but death. The foot of a Fighting Machine came down close to my head, then lifted again, as the four Martians carried away the debris of their fallen comrade...and I realized that by a miracle, I had escaped.

End of Part One:

PART TWO

Chapter Four:

Forever Autumn and the Thunder Child

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, Relena and her brother were gone.

I stand there for a moment lost. I pick up a small book, a book I had given to Relena. I open the book briefly, the poem I had inscribed inside the cover taking on a whole new meaning as I read it again.

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

Fire suddenly leapt from house to house, the population panicked and ran, and I was swept along with them, aimless and lost without Relena. Finally, I headed eastward for the ocean, and my only hope of survival. A boat out of England.

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

As I hastened through Covent Garden, Blackfriars, and Billingsgate, more and more people joined the painful exodus. Sad weary women, their children stumbling and streaked with tears, their men bitter and angry, the rich rubbing shoulders 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. Howling it's eerie battle cry.

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 un-provisioned driving headlong. It was the beginning of the rout of civilization, of the massacre of mankind.

A vast crowd buffered me towards the already packed steamer. I looked up enviously at those safely on board, straight into the eyes of my beloved Relena! 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.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me

Like a leaf on the 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

Another deafening cry from the Martian's rocked the pier. 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 the hills and trees, 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.

There were ships of shapes and sizes, scattered out along the bay. And I thought I heard her calling as the steamer pulled away. The invaders must have seen them, as across the coast the filed. Standing firm between them, there lay "Thunder Child".

Moving swiftly through the waters, cannons blazing as she came. Brought a mighty Metal Warlord, crashing down in sheets of flame. Sensing victory was nearing, thinking fortune must have smiled, people started cheering "Come on Thunder Child!"

The Martians release their black smoke, but the ship sped on, cutting down on of the tripod figures. Instantly, the others raised their Heat Rays and melted the "Thunder Child's" valiant Heart.

Lashing ropes and smashing timbers, flashing Heat Ray's pierced the deck. Dashing hopes for our deliverance as we watched the sinking wreck. With the smoke of battle clearing, over graves in waves defiled, slowly disappearing. Farewell "Thunder Child".

When the smoke cleared, the little steamer had reached the misty horizon, and Relena was safe. But the "Thunder Child" had vanished forever, taking with her man's last hope of victory. the leaden sky was lit by green flashes, cylinder following cylinder, and no one and nothing was left now to fight them. The Earth belonged to the Martians.

Chapter Five:

The Red Weed and Parson Duo Maxwell

Next day, the dawn was a brilliant, fiery red and I wandered through the weird and lurid landscape of another planet; for the vegetation which gives Mars it's red appearance had taken root on Earth. As Man had succumbed to the Martians, so our land now succumbed to the Red Weed.

Wherever there was a stream, the Red Weed clung and grew with frightening voraciousness, it's claw-like fronds choking the movement of the water. And then it began to creep like a slimy red animal across the land, covering field and ditch and tree and hedgerow with living scarlet feelers, crawling! Crawling!

I suddenly noticed the body of a Parson, lying on the ground in a ruined churchyard. I felt unable to leave him to the mercy of the Red Weed and decided to bury him decently. When I heard a woman's voice calling out "Duo! Duo!" She cried. The Parson's eyes flickered open. He was Alive!

"Duo! I saw the church burst into flame! All you all right?" She had asked him and he jerked to life.

“Don’t touch me!” He said, his eyes were wild.

“But, it’s me Duo. Hilde. Your wife.” She said her voice trembling. I watched the scene detached. My heart not allowing anymore pain in at the moment.

“No. You’re one of them, a Devil!” He said, his eyes darting here and there like a caged beast. Hilde turned to me and her weary eyes looked deeply into my own.

“He’s delirious” was all she said and I nodded.

“Lies! I saw the devil’s sign!” The parson cried out pushing Hilde away from him.

“What are you saying?” She pleaded with him for clarification and understanding. She refused to believe the madness in her heart.

“The green flash in the sky. His demons were here all along! In our hearts and souls! Just waiting for a sign from him! And now they’re destroying our world!” Duo preached, fire and brimstone, and even in his madness there was some truth.

“But they’re not devil’s my love. They’re Martians!” Hilde said and in my mind I thought was there little difference?

“We must leave” I finally spoke up and Hilde’s eyes pleaded with me for help.

“Look! A house still standing! Come Duo quickly.” She said and I helped her drag a protesting Parson Duo into the house.

We took shelter in a cottage and black smoke spread, hemming us in. Then a Fighting Machine came across the fields, spraying jets of steam that turned the smoke into thick, black dust.

“Dear God, Help us.” Hilde whimpered terrified. I held her hand.

“The voice of the devil is heard in our land!” Duo preached on and I squeezed Beth’s hand to offer what comfort in the darkness I could.

Chapter Six:

The Spirit of Man

“Listen do you hear them drawing near in their search for sinners? Feeding on the power of our fear and the evil within us. Incarnation of Satan’s creation of all that we dread. When the demons arrive, those alive would be better off dead!” He spouted and Hilde jumped to her feet to look at her husband.

“There must be something worth living for. there must be something worth trying for! Even some things worth dying for. And if just one man can stand tall, there will be hope for us all. Somewhere in the spirit of Man! Duo please.” She said gripping his shoulders and he threw her off. I moved to help her, but she was determined, so I stood back and watched. Praying she could find away through the madness that claimed her husband’s soul. This was her fight, I was just an observer this time around.

“Once there was a time when I believed without hesitation. That the power of love and truth could conquer all in the name of salvation. Tell me what kind of weapon is love when it comes to the fight? And just how

much protection is truth against all of Satan's might?" Duo's sermon went on, and Hilde stood once more to face the demon within the man she loved.

"People loved you and trusted you, came to you for help!" Hilde cried and Duo almost sneered.

"Didn't I warn them this would happen?! be on guard I said. For the Evil One never rests. I said exorcise the devil. But no, they wouldn't listen. The demons inside them grew and grew until Satan gave his signal and destroyed the world we knew!" He cried and Hilde wept.

"No! Duo. Oh No Duo! there must be more to life, there has to be a way that we can restore to life the love we used to know! Duo no! There must be more! there has to be a way. We can restore to life the light we have lost!" She pleaded and again her words failed to move the man before her. They did however reach a target. Me. Her passion and conviction moved me, she was right. So I stayed and prayed that her words would prevail in this fight for her husband's soul.

"Now darkness has descended on our land and all your prayers cannot save us! Like fools we've let the devil take command of the souls that God gave us. To the altar of evil like lambs to the slaughter we're led. When the demons arrive, the survivors will envy the dead!" He preached and Hilde argued back. Back and forth back and forth they went when a large crash ended the sermon and the prayers for salvation. The floor heaved and I fell. In the black I heard the Parson's voice. "Dear God! A cylinder's landed on the house! And we're underneath it in the pit!" Duo cried his eye wide with horror.

The Martian's spent the night making a new machine. It was a squat, metallic spider with huge articulated claws, but it too, had a hood in which a Martian sat. I watched it pursuing some people across a field. It caught them nimbly and tossed them into a great metal basket upon its back. Duo had spent the evening looking for Hilde. He came back looking exhausted, tired, and the edge of madness in his eyes, was more intense than ever.

"Hilde. She's dead. Buried under the rubble." He said dejectedly, then wailed towards the heavens. "Why?! Satan! Why did you take one of your own?" He called out and I shook my head. Nay, one of the angels she was, not one of them. Never one. I cried silently for her loss. And for the loss of what was probably once a very good man. Whose circumstances and beliefs had led him down the paths of insanity when tried past his limits of endurance. I pitied him.

As time passed in our dark and dusty prison, the parson wrestled endlessly with his doubts. His outcries invited death for us both, and yet I pitied him.

Then, on the ninth day, we saw the Martians eating. Inside the hood of their new machine, they were draining the fresh, living blood of men and women and injecting it into their own veins! "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!" Duo said and I leapt to stop him. "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..." He was cut short.

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! Duo! 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 Martian's 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 the 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, desolate, 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 cause all fevers and other morbidity's.

Then a voice I recognized shouted at me. "Halt! Who goes there?!"

I replied "Friend".

"Be one your way. This is MY Territory"

"Your Territory? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Wait a minute-it's YOU! The man from Maybury Hill!"

"Good Heaven's! The Artilleryman! Quatre! I thought you surely burned!" I cried shaking his hand.

"I thought you drowned." Quatre replied smiling at me. but again, the eyes, they troubled me.

"Have you seen any Martians?"

"Everywhere. We're done for all right." He said with a sigh

"We can't just give up" I rallied back

"Course we can't. It's now we've got to start fighting. but not against them 'cos we can't win. Now we've got to fight for survival, and I reckon we can make it. I've got a plan." he said and I involuntarily shuddered.

Chapter Eight:

Brave new World and Dead London

"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!" he beamed, and his eyes sparkled of Madness. Another lost to the ravages of war. but I listened, I had nothing else better to do. And Insane company was better than no company.

"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." Quatre said as we walked.

"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'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! 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!" My heart broke. He had it all planned, his little utopia. It was his hope. I had not the heart to tell him it wouldn't work. He was smiling, he was happy in his vision. Even a madman deserved happiness. There was precious little in the world left to inspire such joy. So if a delusion did the job, who was I to shatter his hope? We walked on.

“Cant you just see it? Civilization starting all over again, a second chance. 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 and have a look.”

In the cellar was a tunnel scarcely ten yards long, that 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. “It’s doing the workin’ and the thinking that wears a man out. I’m read for a bit of a rest. How about a drink eh? Nothing but champagne, now I’m the boss.” He said.

We drank and then he insisted upon playing cards. With our species on the edge of extermination, with no prospect but 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.

There were a dozen dead bodies in the Euston Road, their outlines softened by the Black Dust. All was still, houses locked and empty, shops closed, but looters had helped themselves to wine and food, and outside a jewelers some gold chains and a watch were scattered on the pavement. An alien cry echoed into the night.

I stopped, staring towards the sound. It seemed as if that mighty desert of houses had found a voice for it’s fear and solitude. Again the cry assaulted the sky.

The desolating cry worked upon my mind. the wailing took possession of me. I was intensely weary, footsore, hungry and thirsty. Why was I wandering alone in this city of the dead? Why was I alive, when London was lying in state in it’s black shroud? I felt intolerably lonely, drifting from street to empty street, drawn inexorably towards that cry.

I saw, over the trees on Primrose Hill, the Fighting Machine from which the howling came. I crossed Regents Canal. There stood a second Machine, upright, but as still as the first. The cries, to mournful, sickening wails of the Martians, a siren’s song to my ears.

Abruptly, the sound ceased. Suddenly, the desolation, the solitude, became unendurable. While that voice sounded, London had still seemed alive. Now, suddenly, there was a change, the passing of something, and all that remained was this gaunt quiet.

I looked up and saw a third Machine. It was erect and motionless, like the others. An insane resolve possessed me. I would give my life to the Martian’s, here and now. I marched recklessly towards the titan and saw that a multitude of black birds was circling and clustering about the hood. I began running along the road. I felt no fear, only a wild, trembling exultation, as I ran up the hill towards the motionless monster. Out of the hoods hung red shreds, at which the hungry birds now pecked and tore.

I scrambled up to the crest of Primrose Hill, and the Martian’s camp was below me. A mighty space it was, and scattered about it, in their overturned machines, were the Martian’s-DEAD... Slain. After all of man’s devices had failed, by the humblest things upon the Earth, Bacteria, Minute, invisible, bacteria.

Directly the Invaders arrived and drank and fed, our microscopic allies attacked them. From that moment, they were doomed.

The torment was ended. The People scattered over the country, desperate, leaderless, starved... the thousands who had fled by sea, including the one most dear to me, all would return. The pulse of life, growing stronger and stronger, would beat again.

As life returns to normal, the question of another attack from Mars causes universal concern. Is our planet safe, or is this time of peace merely a reprieve? It may be that, across the immensity of space, they have learned their lessons and even now await their opportunity. Perhaps the future belongs not to us, but to the Martians?

Epilogue

AC 205

“It’s looking good. It’s going good. We’re getting great pictured here on Terra formation satellite one” Noin’s voice spoke to the ship that held her Lover. “The landing craft touched down on Mars 28 kilometers from the aim point. We’re looking at a remarkable landscape, littered with different kinds of rocks. Red, purple... How bout you Zechs?”

“Fantastic! Look at the dune field!” he replied back to the ship Noin was piloting.

“Zechs wait. I’m getting a no-go signal. Now I’m losing one of the craft. Zechs, you getting it?”

“No, I lost contact. There’s a lot of dust blowing up there” Zechs replied fiddling with his instruments.

“Now I’ve lost the second craft. We got problems.” Noin said frustrated.

“All contact lost, Noin. Maybe the antenna’s....” Zechs began before the signal became static.

“What’s that flare? See it? A green flare, coming from Mars, kind of a green mist behinds it. It’s getting closer. Do you see it Zechs? Come in Zechs! Headquarters Come in! What’s going on? tracking station 43, Zechs Come in! Zechs! tracking station 43 can you hear me? Can anybody hear me? Come in! Come in....” Then there was naught but static to answer her.

THE END