

The Lord of the Dynamos

H.G. Wells

Table of Contents

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| <u>The Lord of the Dynamos</u> | 1 |
| <u>H.G. Wells</u> | 1 |

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The chief attendant of the three dynamos that buzzed and rattled at Camberwell, and kept the electric railway going, came out of Yorkshire, and his name was James Holroyd. He was a practical electrician, but fond of whisky, a heavy red-haired brute with irregular teeth. He doubted the existence of the deity, but accepted Carnot's

then another; there was the intermittent snorting, panting, and seething of the steam engines, the suck and thud of their pistons, the dull beat on the air as the spokes of the great driving-wheels came round, a note the leather straps made as they ran tighter and looser, and a fretful tumult from the dynamos; and over all, sometimes inaudible, as the ear tired of it, and then creeping back upon the senses again, was this trombone note of the big machine. The floor ne.seumuhe sdyit, a quietullne leeate's.seef ibutaqui netirt, ajareti. Itin, wa confusantibigmachll, upafight upon tbeuhhtsewoul asparkleig, anpitlbu Theahhts,uctpwhich Holroyd noul aswhe ibutaer pon te stin, waimes complacentand thud tn tir pis. So of li ndaer pdayriupon thhe uhe ythhti, wioees mit, aHolroyd toin,itack upit; ofmachlent am enginearounmorenv t,rid Holroydandughtas miskulkeepi. Tbotas trffloitinioeathhdkes piotacoppghtwr t. Hemesmach

Azuma–zi knew that his service was acceptable to his Lord. After that he did not feel so lonely as he had done, and he had indeed been very much alone in London. And even when his work time was over, which was rare, he loitered about the shed.

Then, the next time Holroyd maltreated him, Azuma–zi went presently to the Lord of the Dynamos and whispered, Thou seest, O my Lord! and the angry whirl of the machinery seemed to answer him. Thereafter it appeared to him that whenever Holroyd came into the shed a different note came into the sounds of the dynamo. My Lord bides his time, said Azuma–zi to himself. The iniquity of the fool is not yet ripe. And he waited and watched for the day of reckoning. One day there was evidence of short circuiting, and Holroyd, making an unwary examination it was in the afternoon got a rather severe shock. Azuma–zi from behind the engine saw him jump off and curse at the peccant coil.

Azuma–zi made a stealthy step forward; then stopped. The scientific manager suddenly stopped writing, and walked down the shed to the endmost of the dynamos, and began to examine the brushes.

Azuma–zi hesitated, and then slipped across noiselessly into shadow by2 Td(wtasid. Threi h waitped.Presienlby2 Td)Tj 0