

Day one.

Early start. The Professor's words from last night's final preparations still ringing in my ears. Has a way of making you see his point of view, the Professor.

How we will be going underground, bury ourselves, and then rise again, proper resurrected, as it were.

How New Worlds will be found. Better worlds, where we will become better men, purified by our endeavours, and the nurturing soil that will engulf us. I believe in the Professor. I will follow him.

Bags packed. Pickaxes, camphor oil, tinned salmon, old newspapers, bits of string, drill bits, paraffin, mouth organs, headlamps, bicycle clips, Gentleman's Relish, a Spanish board game with a name I can't pronounce, croquet mallets,



The Professor,
in his youth

Day one, continued.

the remains of last night's steak and kidney pie, sheet music prepared by the Professor to give any cave dwellers or troglodytes that we encounter an idea of some of the popular tunes of the day. Dictionaries from the Professor's own library, containing many peculiar words in ancient languages that might still be spoken in the Forgotten Underworld.
A stuffed badger.

Arrived at the site, still dark outside. The Professor is there, along with the other members of the expedition. Lemuel, Mr Norris, the Viscount. Bill and Bernard. Trevor the dog (breed unknown). Excitement in the air, sort of like before the fireworks on St. Polycarp's eve. The Professor leads the way, through to the back garden and the shed, where the great machine is parked, engine humming quietly in an ominous fashion.

Day one continued...

We climb in silently, just as the first rays of morning sunshine fall on the dirty old houses around us, and the sound of the milkman gently spitting and cursing in the distance greets the new day.

The Professor pushes the button and off we go. Great big lumps of the Professor's lawn go flying through the air as the engine comes to life with a mighty rumble.

Trevor the dog (could he be an Irish celhound?) whimpers pathetically by himself in a corner.

Suddenly the whole cabin tilts forward most alarmingly, and the next moment all is dark around us.



Underground darkness

Same day, much later.

Our remarkable craft has now been digging its way towards the centre of the earth for nearly thirteen hours. The Professor has retired to his quarters, while I have been up trying to make sense of the strange Spanish board game, to which Mr Norris claims to know the rules but is unable to explain them, or else keeping company with Trevor the dog (who is almost certainly a cross between a Yorkshire terrier and a German shepherd). At last, time to retire to my bunk.

Day two.

As the Viscount was taken violently ill when we took off yesterday morning, we have decided to keep him locked up in a cupboard for the time being, as he has taken to making rude noises and whistling in a sly and underhand manner when approached by the other crew members. We take it in turns to feed him with dried fish every three hours, as the Professor thinks it important that he eats plenty of salt. Trevor the dog (I suspect there might be a bit of ferret in there too) watches enviously.

Day three.

Strange noises from outside of the craft. Trevor the dog (who is today looking rather pekinese) seems to grow restless and ill-tempered. Bitten Bill and Bertram in the leg and misbehaved on the floor of the library, as has the Viscount.

Day four.

The Viscount no better, as he is now foaming at the mouth and singing hymns in what Mr Norris claims to be ancient Peruvian. Strange noises continue, now even stranger. Low murmuring, hissing and subdued laughter.

Day four cont'd.

Also the sound of someone playing a stringed instrument terribly out of tune. Trevor the dog (affenpinscher?) looks disapprovingly at the rest of us.

Day five.

The engine suddenly stopped in the middle of the night, and at the same time we started hearing the sound of running water close by.

The Professor seemed upset and confused, but that is just his usual way upon being awakened before eleven o'clock in the morning.

Then the lights went out. All that could be heard was the Viscount snoring and Trevor the dog (most likely of Dutch extraction) chewing on the electrics.

Bill and Bertrand managed to find a lamp and resolutely opened the hatch to have a look around the tunnel. After a few minutes, a loud scream, followed by running footsteps. That was the last we ever heard of Bill and Bertolf.



Mineral sample

Day six.

Feeling faint and light headed. Still stranded in the tunnel. Scratching and gnawing noises all around the craft. Trevor the dog (the bow legged little monster) listens intently. He seems to know more than he is letting on.

Day seven.

Mr Norris says we should venture outside, to find out exactly what we are up against here. The Professor wanders around fiddling with his beard and mumbling to himself.

The Viscount still laid up in his bunk, the useless little tosser.

Trevor the dog - a mongrel of noble standing, upstanding among his peers - perking up no end, on parade the whole day on end.

Oh what larks!

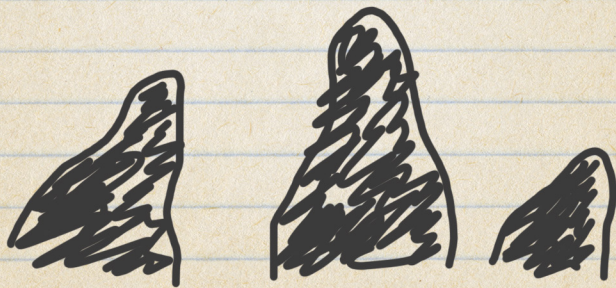
Day eight.

Gone outside. Tunnel. Pitch black. Weirds rustling. Mr Norris calling for his mother.

The Professor nowhere to be seen. Trevor the dog - tail erect, a true credit to his race, whatever it might be - now in charge.

Day nine.

Who are these people? What are these people? Trevor the dog - canine divinity that he undoubtedly is - knows.



Cave interior

Day ten.

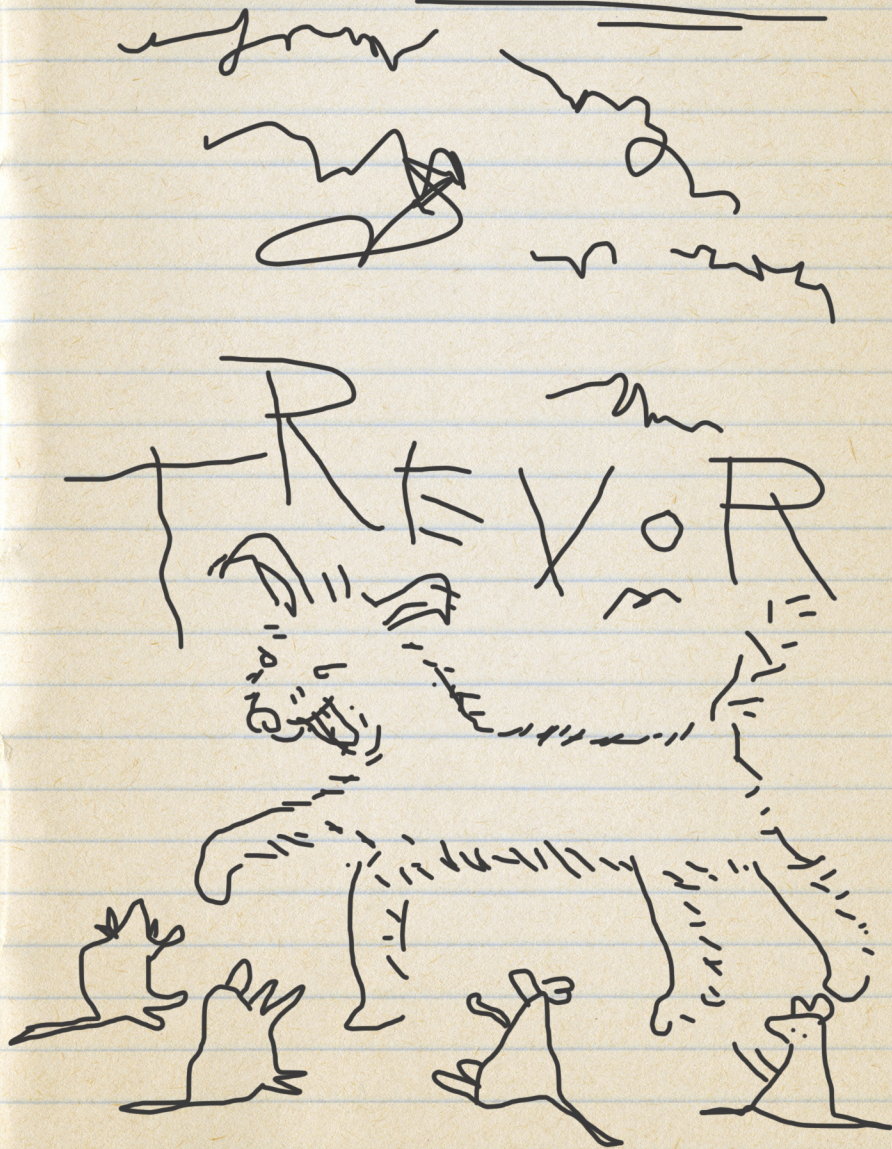
Some of them...

Teeth... Everywhere...
Ears...

The Professor taken...

Trevor the dog
- the eight foot spaniel king -
sits firmly on his throne...

Day eleven.



Day twelve.

Back in the earth craft.
Very tired. Covered in mud.
Smelling of Swiss cheese and
garlic.

The Professor has isolated
himself in his room.

The Viscount keeps asking for
the morning paper.

Trevor the dog - has he become a
size bigger, or is he just in need
of a trim? - barking menacingly
at him.

Day thirteen.

Today we head upwards again.
Towards the surface. A sombre
mood has set in. The Professor
sits at his desk, frantically going
through his notes. The Viscount
trying to befriend Trevor the dog
- part wolf hound, part Canadian
moose? -, who is much changed
after his recent elevation.

Day fourteen.

The resurrection.

Today we have returned to the surface. I cannot yet begin to gather my thoughts, but I must surely have learned much.

The Professor tells me so, at least. He is surely a marvellous scientist, and a great man, with an even greater dog - Trevor, the crowned badminton terrier - at his side.

I must surely be a new man, ready for a new world, or at least a trip to Blackpool for a bit of sea, sun and blue skies. Mustn't forget a bucket and spade.

The End.

Shopping list:

Carrots
Parsnip

Ammunition
Bear Poison
Radishes