

Story is translated from Esperanto to English

LAURELS

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The statue of Zamenhof

Content

1. The Time Vehicle
2. The Remote Viewer
3. The Speech of Alexander Romanof
4. The Fulfilment
5. Footnotes

1. The Time Vehicle

Professor Green Star has just finished his writing.

Tomorrow he will give a talk on Esperanto in front of the Literary Club, of which he is a member. Of late he works, writing an eloquent thesis, as he intends to convince his audience that above all the beloved language will spread the beauties of literature throughout the world, give the kings of fiction more faithful than they ever had before, and, in a more or less long time, will give birth to a race of geniuses in comparison with whom, the dead writers will appear pygmy, weak and witty. It is important that his speech be successful in gaining the approval of the scholars at the University of Camponto, where Professor Stelverdo is engaged.

There will be the head of the university, Dr. Dry Dust, a sleepy conservative who dislikes everything new. He even married an old lady. Well, a lot of old things are to be liked — for example, good wine, books read to the heart, dear friends — but before I bring a gray-haired bone to the wedding altar, I ... well, I would humbly apologize, or prefer exile. in Barbaregujo. But despite his fantasies and love of antiquities, Dr. Dust is a scholar who has a lot of influence among scientists. If only Professor Green Star could convince him that Zamenhof had only followed the principles of Bacon, or rather of Pythagoras, all would be well.

The lamp in the professor's room lit up dimly; the fire burned red-hot, still scattering, before it was extinguished, a comfortable warmth. At that midnight hour the silence, common in the room where the professor lived, was more observable than usual. He got up from the desk and dropped into an armchair in front of the fireplace, pondering his subject to fix it well in his memory. On the mantelpiece the clock pendulum tapped rhythmically, rhythmically, rhythmically. Its sound, mechanically constant, soothed his tired brain; the upholstered chair gave its members a sweet rest; the dark light shed church peace, and in the sleepy heat of the coal fire the professor's muscles relaxed.

No passer-by through the square garden square, on which the windows of the college buildings looked out, awoke from its stillness the stillness of the night; no breeze swayed the last leaf on the branch, and even the striped clouds barred the rays of the moon riding serenely in the black-blue sky, as if to prevent any critical influence.

It seems as if everything would like to fall asleep sympathetically; even the clock continued its ticking more quietly, but always rhythmically, rhythmically, rhythmically. The professor unconsciously adapted to its monotonous sound words, words, words; without utterance and in a low voice he uttered the well-known hymn of Hope:

Walls of millennia stand strong
Among the divided peoples;
But the stubborn barriers will break down
By the holy love crushed.
Our diligent colleagues
In peaceful work you will not get tired
Until the beautiful dream of mankind
For everlasting good will come to pass.

"Then you speak Esperanto," says a voice from behind the swaying head of the professor.

Surprised, the professor turns around to see who is speaking, and immediately his surprise turns to astonishment. Where does the speaker come from? Who is he? What does he want? A thief? The professor remains speechless with astonishment, for he has never seen such a man before.

"I heard Esperanto, and so I stopped," explained the newcomer. "Do not be surprised, do not be afraid, do not attack me," he added quickly, for the professor jumped up and suddenly caught fire. "Have patience, and I will explain everything."

The professor, a little ashamed of his momentary lack of courage, and thinking that it is impossible for an Esperantist to have bad intentions, replies:

"This is an unforgivable imposition." How did you get into my private room, and why don't I have to kick you out right away?

"Lord, I beseech you not to act too hastily." Please listen to me. The explanation I will gladly give you will be long and difficult, but, I assure you, you will regret neither the time nor the tolerance I ask you to give me.

The professor, in the course of this speech, observed that his visitor was sitting on some machine, an intricate mass of metal wheels — small wheels, green and purple with massive peripheries. How it got there through a closed door, so suddenly, so quietly, he could not guess. The dark lamplight did not enable the professor to examine the details, but it was evident at first sight that he had an extraordinary opportunity. The voice heard is extremely sonorous, and the manner of the speaker very polite, as if he wished to create a good impression yet entirely without over-service. The professor's anger, which followed his first astonishment, died away; his curiosity is aroused; this is a problem to be solved. But how to start its solution is not easy to guess. Here's a human-riding machine coming into a locked room at night! A bodily person speaking Esperanto, together with a metal machine visible, touchable! That is neither a dream nor a ghost. Even Flammarion [1] himself could not explain this. It transcends theosophy, spiritualism and Flammarionism combined! Many antagonistic feelings clash in the professor's brain: confusion, amazement, fear, admiration, doubt, ignorance; however, above all, there is a conviction that someone who speaks Esperanto is friendly and trustworthy. Yes! he will no longer doubt; he will trust in himself; «The house of an Englishman is his castle, he will fear neither a ghost nor a devil, much less an Esperantist, even if he appears from the grave itself!

Strengthened by such thoughts, the professor puts down the iron; he will arm himself with rational argument instead of with an iron bat. If necessary, he will break the intruder's head with scholastic reasoning, rather than with a vulgar kitchen tool.

"Lord," said he coldly, "more than an explanation would be necessary if this were merely an uninvited intrusion, but as it seems an incomprehensible mystery, I will wait patiently until thou dispel the darkness of my understanding."

"By these words I acknowledge thy professor's courtesy and learning." You experience something, you don't know what; you call it a mystery you don't understand, and at the same time you don't want to prejudge it. I don't want to, I don't ask for more. Without further ado, just thanking you for your kindness, I will jump off the saddle and immediately delve into my topic. Conforming the move to the intention, the newly discovered Esperantist advances.

"That machine," he says, "is a test." I am inventing a machine to be improved, and in the meantime I have made a first attempt to make sure that it is suitable. It works pretty well, but I think I'll be able to improve it after my first experiment. You see this dial, (how dark the room is!) It lets me know that we are in the year 1906. Is that verifiable?

"Yes," answered the professor, with questioning eyes.

"Good!" When I set out I said to myself: I will go back to about 1900, because before that year, say our historians, there were not many Esperantists, and, apart from English, I do not know any other language.

- I, too, am English (I am too English), - interrupted the professor, - Pray, let us continue our conversation in our mother-tongue. (Please let us continue our conversation in our mother tongue.)

"Ha!" Ha! "You use the literary language of the Victorian age," replied the visitor, laughing, "which I scarcely understand." I am a metallurgist and mechanic, and I have not dealt at all with literary matters. Our ordinary, contemporary language is very different from the language of Carlisle and Spencer. [2] Due to the general acceptance of Esperanto, one would find the language you speak only in the books of literature students. As for the word, the letter, and the pronunciation, our language has long since changed greatly, for, first, the Americans [3] have reformed the spelling according to the pronunciation, and, second, the words used by the bourgeoisie at that time with their pronunciation are common. assumed. So, with your permission, I will continue in Esperanto.

"When I saw, then," continued the obstinate Esperantist, "that the pointer of my machine was approaching the appointed date, and I heard a speech in my usual language, I thought it wise to stop at that opportune occasion." That's what I did, and here I am, in your room, unexpectedly, uninvited, and, 'he adds with a smile,' as you please, to be expelled.

Barely half-understood, the professor asked himself: "What kind of man is this?" A lunatic? According to his conduct, no; according to his absurdities about the English language, probably yes. I'll make him talk about his machine, and then find out what to do. "

"Sir," says the professor, "hospitality forbids me to expel you." I am single and alone; so your presence will please me. I'm interested in your machine. Tell me, please, what it is like, for to me it is utterly strange.

"Not only to you," answered the stranger, "but to everyone." It is newly invented. I call it the time vehicle. I beg you to prepare yourself for a great surprise, for what I will tell you will be astonishing. You live in the year 1906, I live in the year 2059

"Impossible!" Absolutely impossible! "Exclaims the professor. Now he has the key that will reveal the mystery; the gentleman is mad.

"Forgive me," continues So Future, (as I shall call him), "I have asked you to prepare for a great surprise." You think my machine is weird, but before I finish my explanation you will think my story is a hundred times weirder. I urge you, as promised, to postpone your trial to the end.

"Surely thou hast seen," adds So So Future, after a pause, "a step turning so fast that it seems motionless." Moreover, the rays of a rapidly rolling wheel become invisible. Can't you figure out, then, a solid body rotated so fast that it also becomes invisible? Even if, due to a lack of power strong enough, you have not already seen it, you could still imagine it, because you, a scientist, know that under heaven there are many things that philosophers have never dreamed of. What happens, then, to such a solid body spinning so rapidly and invisibly? Does it not pass through the course of time, though it itself seems motionless and invisible? Well, then, pay attention to this (I hope I'm not bothering you), when you're on an express train, you seem to be motionless, and the surroundings run by. The same is true of the solid body already described; if one rode on it one would be invisible and motionless, and the length of time through which one would pass would seem to pass in proportion to the speed of the body's twists. Here are the germs of the basic principles on which I built my machine. But, if I had not discovered two new metals with extraordinary reciprocal properties to produce a rapid motion, (you see them, there in the machine: one is the green; the other, the purple), the invention of my time-vehicle would not have been possible. It so happened that I, a man of the third millennium, can talk to you, who live in the twentieth century.

The professor looked back at the visitor to read in his features his character. He seems kind though domineering, serious, but not without good humour; prudence and intelligence radiate from his massive forehead and bright eyes. He and his time vehicle are equally enigmatic. However, the professor concludes: "No one but a madman can talk such nonsense."

"Lord," continues the Future, "twice in thy thoughts thou hast called me a madman." I forgive you for your inevitable ignorance, 'he adds sweetly, superiorly, but without arrogance,' but let me warn you that in my day psychological science was already advancing to such an extent that I was able to know a little unspoken thoughts. especially when they are intensive. Keep, therefore, your thoughts, just as you pay attention to your words.

Professor Star Green could not digest this news, and was assured that his visitor had fled from some lunatic asylum. He began to find a way to expel this one, who so easily speaks of impossible evil fantasies. The stranger, sensing the new manoeuvre, resumes the attack from another side.

"Lord, I see that thou art not prepared for conviction by theory, but fortunately I have brought with me a concrete thing which will surely justify me." I won't talk about my machine anymore, because I can't allow you to examine it. It's newly invented, and I don't want anyone to anticipate the glory that personally belongs to me. Otherwise, the machine itself, the offspring of my long labour, would prove that I am telling the truth. But I'll show you something else.

So Future turns to the machine, from which he takes out a black box, which he presents to the professor. In it are two glasses for the eyes, and from the sides comes a rubber tube with tuberous ends.

"This device," explains the indelible visitor, "is somewhat like the cinematograph you know." But it is much more convenient, more appropriate; moreover, it not only makes the sight

visible in its natural colour, but also makes the sound audible. With it one can see and hear everything that happens in the world.

"It may even smell," interrupted the professor, ironically.

"No, for because of uselessness man's sense of smell is almost nonexistent." However, we have a tool that enhances odours, just as the microscope magnifies objects.

"But dost thou not say too much about thy apparatus?" How, for example, can you see what is happening at the antipode? That is not possible.

"Lord, that is as possible as you can hear the human voice overseas on the telephone." But let's not discuss the matter, the hour is very late, let's try it. Keep the box before your eyes; look through the glass; what do you see

"I see a city unknown to me." the square is decorated with many flags with a green star in the corner. Hundreds of aircraft swim above the houses; there are people in them. The airplanes are without a balloon and seem perfectly steerable; they are arranged in a circle. There is something covered on the square. What is it? Sorry I didn't believe you.

The professor's humility was pathetic. His scepticism was gone. His attitude showed how much he regrets his disbelief. He recognized that before him stood a superior, more educated, more experienced than he; someone whose shoe clip he is unworthy to unhook.

So Future pressed a button on the device; he did not seem to notice the altered behaviour of his host.

"This is only an introduction," said he. "I have stopped the apparatus, and before I put it back, let me explain." When I set off, I knew no one would believe me. So, as I intended to stop around 1900, I took with me a vision of today's event, that is, on December 15, 2059, an event that will be of great interest to early Esperantists. Today the statue of Zamenhof in Bialystok was dismantled. A glimpse of the occasion will surely convince the unbelievers that I am indeed on earth today, December 15, 2059. You will see what happened, and you will also listen to the speech of Alexander Romanopho, who presided at the great ceremony. He was chosen because he is an ancestor of the emperor who reigned in Russia when Zamenhof was born. But it is necessary for me to return immediately to my own time; the hour is very late, and even we in the third millennium need sleep. I'll leave with you the device called the remote viewfinder. I'll teach you how to use it, and I'll be back tomorrow at the same time to hear what you think of the sight.

"Thank you," answered Professor Green Star, "the appointment is very convenient for me." I will be completely free.

With quick movements, So Future touched the various parts of the device, explaining how it works and how to adjust it. Then he jumped on the saddle of his time-vehicle; a few crackles are heard; the wheels turn. The visitor, along with the machine, begins to vibrate and become difficult to see; they look like a shadow, and then disappear. Out of the air cometh the voice of him that goes forth; it has a fading sound, like the whistle of a locomotive entering a tunnel:

"Good-bye, till to-morrow, or so," said he, "and the professor is left alone."

2. The Remote Viewer

Alone? yes, alone, if one can ascribe loneliness to one in whose brain a tumult of intertwined thoughts is being turned.

Dear reader, you have probably seen once the sea, the vast, boundless sea, the blue sea smiling in its summer beauty. It (almost I wrote: she) smiles at you, throwing out of its azure surface a richness of golden lights, as well as glances of love from the eyes of your charming woman; its ripples splashing, as well as smacking kisses, speak of pleasure and full enjoyment without thought of the future; the ozone-filled freshness of its salty breezes is like the perfumed breath of your beloved, giving you new life and strength. Ha! the flirt! it is not always so lovable; like the attractive woman, it has its whims and fashions. But have you ever seen the winter sea in its wildness? Except for those who go down to the sea in boats and see the wonders of the depths, most do not know the sea when a December hurricane lifts the waters into the sky. Then the waves continually throw themselves on the rocky shore, chasing each other, beating and rebuffing, leaping, devouring, swallowing with mutual fury, rolling the stones with a terrible noise, shattering the cliffs, until the water dissolves and evaporates into a spray and foam, only to immediately resume his perpetual fighting.

A similar hurricane moved Professor Green Star's thoughts and emotions to the bottom. Supernatural was equally the entry and exit of the visitor, despite his quasi-scientific explanations. Academic serenity is not accustomed to being upset by such extraordinary things; it is easy to understand, then, that Professor Green Star was over confused.

How often, when one is in the midst of an important and urgent matter, some trifle, some trivial thought imposes, and demands attention. Sir Thomas More, good and just, condemned to death, standing on the scaffold, resting his head on the log, removed his beard from under his neck, saying to the executioner standing with the axe ready for the death blow: "Do not cut my beard; it would be a pity for it to be damaged, because it really didn't offend. Similarly, during our professor's moral upheaval, a sudden thought ran through his head. "Poor thing!" he exclaimed, "Woe to my late English wisdom!" Here is a miraculous visitor from some unknown country, and I have completely forgotten to treat him. I even threatened and insulted him! What will he think of me? That I am a savage? That we in the twentieth century were barbarians ignorant? But ho ve! the regret is useless. I only hope he knows that the extreme strangeness of the meeting confused all my thoughts and deprived me of the most ordinary courtesy. I really don't know if I'm standing on my feet or on my head! When he returns, I will try to prove to him that ...

His gaze fell back on the far-sighted man he still carried in his hand, and curiosity overcame regret. "At least this will restore my faith," he said, "or vice versa." I'll try it.

He put the rubber tubes to his ears, looked through the glass, and started the device in such a way that it went a little slow. This is what he observed.

The whole city is visible to the naked eye. It is as if the observer were standing on a hill or perhaps on a tower. Ha! now we can guess where we were located; certainly, on an aerial vehicle, looking at the city from above and at a convenient proximity. But what a city! Such a Zamenhof himself had never seen; he would not recognize his hometown, the place where he spent his boyhood years; where he stood silently, motionless, apart from his classmates, not taking part in their games, yet longing for fellowship with them, pains and hopes fighting in his heart, tormented by a great idea forming in his brain. No, he would not recognize this city, because it has no Russian character at all. One would not know whether one was in Paris or Baghdad or Valparaiso; the houses are built of no existing type. They are beautiful, even magnificent; grace and endurance, art and durability come together in harmonious proportions. Colour, shape, and material, all equally perfect, blend together to make a charming exterior; of course the architects made sure that his excellent buildings were as decorative and appropriate on the inside as they were aesthetic on the outside. Happy are those who live there!

Under the rays of the northern sun, in the clear icy air, everything shines brightly. The snow-covered streets almost blind us, they are so white! The sunlight shines from myriads of ice crystals, like a multitude of sparks.

The cold freshness of the atmosphere leaps the blood into the veins, communicating to each one feelings of pleasure and happiness. In the wide streets, located regularly but for a beautiful effect, one sees a multitude of people whose cheerful faces exhibit the joy in the heart. Speedboats are everywhere. Ha! they are without horses; through the streets they rush, many of them in one direction. Travellers look with keen eyes at the street names, written in Polish and Esperanto on the houses. This is Zamenhof Street! Is it possible that the Master once lived in that street? Ha! yes, of course! see this tablet:

He was born here, on December 15, 1859,
Lazarus Luis Zamenhof, author of the language Esperanto.
Enmity of the nations fall, fall; it's time.

The real pilgrimage site! It is almost impossible to pass it, to leave it, so it attracts adoration. But we can't stop there; a move through the streets to some central point pulls us with it. Let's follow it! Pedestrians, sledges, air vehicles, even a few horse riders and horse-drawn carriages (these seem to be curious survivors from antiquity) congregate towards the square. A signal is heard! Hurry up, hurry up, we'll be too late!

Everything is activity, acceleration, excitement, confusion! Listen! A loud voice sounds like a trumpet; someone shouts short orders, clearly and definitely. Immediately the chaos becomes order. The square itself is filled with the crowd; on each balcony stand many waiters; every niche where one could find a place is occupied. In the air huge vehicles spread their wings; a hundredfold they arrange themselves in such a way that everyone can see the spectacle.

Then one of them goes down. The herald shouts; see, he uses a kind of megaphone. Everyone in that crowd hears his voice perfectly. He announces that Alexander Romanoff, whose ancestors ruled in this part of the globe when Zamenhof voluntarily sacrificed the best years of his life for Esperanto, is specially delegated to speak the eulogy.

Nothing, neither uniform nor sign of office, distinguishes the speaker from the rest of those present; there he stands, a simple man whose merits or demerits depend solely on himself, on his ability or lack of ability. He will be judged according to his deeds. Into the front of the airship he comes, and grabbing a megaphone, he begins to speak.

3. The Speech of Alexander Romanopho

Today we celebrate the birth of one of humanity's elect. Two hundred years ago, on December 15, 1859, Lazarus Ludwig Zamenhof was born in this city, whose statue I will soon unearth.

To him we owe an incalculable debt; from him we received a priceless gift; through him the abilities of mankind have been invaluablely multiplied.

The world needed him very much; however, when he introduced himself, that same world blindly ignored him.

Yes, the world needed him very much. During the century before he was born, the spiritual, moral, material, human-to-human relationships had already multiplied. The railroads spun a web on the map; a multitude of steamers slid on the freeway of the ocean; the telegraph put a belt around the globe, faster than a lady puts hers on her waist. Scientists have delved into the mysteries of Nature, and awakened a new intelligence.

Everywhere and everywhere a questioning spirit breathed upon the human soul. Enlightenment has become a common achievement. The ordinary man was no longer a dumb animal, content if only he was fed; he demanded food for his intellect, and, without it, he refused to be satisfied.

However, there was a barrier. In Europe alone more than 250 languages were spoken. One linguist did not understand the words of another linguist. As is the case with the rogue, in the Central African forest, in the vicinity of the Tibetan mountains, so it was throughout the world when Zamenhof was born. Language, whether spoken or written, was at that time the only tool for transmitting thought, but then it did not have the ability to transport itself across narrow borders except with difficulty and with the help of translators. Thus every nation lived in isolation, and the thinking remained narrow, poor, imprisoned, and sick.

Imagine such a state of affairs, and compare it with the present.

Then a spark appeared. In 1887, Zamenhof published his first pamphlet, "Dr. Esperanto: An International Language." He seemed to throw his child into the unsympathetic world, saying: "If my language is right, it will be accepted; if not, it will perish". Courage Sparta! But the newborn neither deceived his confidence nor betrayed his glorious purpose. When Volta began to create his electric spark, a timeless light resembling the sparkle of a damp match, he did not foresee the grave results flowing from his discovery; but to Zamenhof belongs the ever-praiseworthy merit that he did know, even before he published his booklet, that he was lighting a spark that would ignite, first the learned world, and then all mankind. He was not the only inventor; he was a prophet who never doubted that his prediction would inevitably come true. "The time will come," he said without boasting, "when Esperanto becomes the property of all mankind."

But Esperanto did not conquer the world at the first blow. Long fighting followed against ignorance, inertia and apathy. By its merit alone, Esperanto attracted one adherent after another; it surpassed the borders of its homeland; it crossed over the seas. Step by step, it reached the crowd; to his surprise, the simple ruler found that he was not only a national, but a humanist. The eyes of understanding opened. Soon, the masses in one country united with their companions in the others, and, as Esperanto had already educated them, had already raised their morale, they did not unite for evil purposes. This the national leaders noted; the influence of the awakened peoples was felt before the throne, at the pulpit, in the parliament. Esperanto had already entered the schools, and soon education became uniform; a central, international board of education was founded, which took special care of the most intelligent students of all countries. With that, science was advancing by leaps and bounds. The efficiency of the long-invented cordless phone has grown greatly with the remote viewfinder; the air vehicle was improved, and it became a practical and fast transport. Due to the common rapprochement of the nations, it turned out that the laws of the various countries were similar; for this, central international governance was needed. The need gave birth to the remedy. Consequently, the army and navy became useless. Meanwhile those whom the Europeans contemptuously called blacks, yellows, imitated the good example; many of them, always peaceful, if not provoked, outnumbered the whites, and willingly laid down their arms they pursued peaceful pursuits.

This acceleration of human thinking has caused a natural but side effect. Opinions have grown that acquiring property is not the main human goal, that the most desirable reward to work is not its material result, but the awareness of a duty duly fulfilled. Governments have taken care of the real comfort of the subjects; no one lacked food, clothing, or shelter: each received a proper education in proportion to his natural ability. A high or rich fool no longer sucked the fruits of the labour of the poor and the unfortunate. The state valued the value of everyone's services and jobs; it initiated an account in the name of each subject, debiting the

cost of the maintenance to that account, and crediting the assessed services. Thus money, often the root of evil, lost much of its power, and greed and greed hid under contempt.

Gradually, the central government absorbed the national governments; except for a few isolated and barren parts, the whole globe has become a unification of nations no longer fighting. In a word, the whole plateau of human intellect has risen. In the early days of civilization, the family first organized itself; then the people; Finally, through Esperanto, humanity adopted the words "one for all, all for one" for its motto, and instead of the pride "civis romanus sum" , it was said with equal pride "I am a man" .

Religious thought became completely free, and all sects soon found a common foundation, namely, the eternal principles of Love and Duty.

Compassion and truth did meet; justice and peace did kiss each other.

All of these are historical facts that you do know; but look at the conclusion. All this Esperanto made possible, because it, and nothing else, destroyed the barrier. That is the debt we owe to Esperanto; that is the inexpressible merit of its genius inventor. He succeeded where everyone else failed. He found a passage between a mountain range hitherto insurmountable; he has found the way by which we, his descendants, go quietly to the ultimate goal.

But I know the character of this modest glorious man, if Zamenhof himself could be present with us today, this is what he would say: "Do not exaggerate my part in the progress of the world." I am only an element in the chain of the development of humanity; a chain that began before history; a chain whose extension is infinite and indefinable. A period may come when my invention wears out. Even now there is no shortage of signs of this. Even now some of you can convey and receive thoughts without language, without speech. Everything perishes and passes away. The common destiny will fall on Esperanto. So why exaggerate my role?

Enlarge? It is not possible to exaggerate his role; for that words are missing. But we glorify his name, and our descendants in this will approve of our action forever because — one can almost quote the words he himself wrote — we glorify his name because he has brought a new feeling into the world; he hath brought down the enemies of the heathen; he strengthened the love of brotherhood and justice among all peoples, and the peoples became one great family circle; he made the world happy.

He made the world happy! Mankind's beautiful dream for eternal good has come true!

He made the world happy! You will immediately see these words indelibly carved in the indestructible bronze of the pedestal of this statue. In the nineteenth century Doctor Esperanto wrote "we will make the world happy"; today, so that humanity may not forget its debt, its monument, for its everlasting glory, proclaims: "He made the world happy."

4. The Execution

The speech ended and at once a mysterious music was heard; a heavenly choir began to sing; an enchanting melody floated through the air. Slowly, gently, the linings fell off and a quasi-surviving statue of the Master appeared. Not of cold white marble, not of hard cruel bronze; there seemed to be the very man whom every good Esperantist loves, whose features he faithfully preserves in his memory, whose words he treasures in his heart. The teacher, prophet, priest and friend!

Then the tone of the music changed; at first, low and mournful, like the sigh of a lost soul; then, struggling and struggling, it represents a fierce war against a supernumerary enemy; here a note of victory echoes, repeats itself, repeats itself, grows, grows, until it becomes an aria of accomplished triumph, and finally explodes in a resounding, joyful tumult of harmonious sounds.

No applause, no shouting, no outward sign of emotion; silence, more eloquent than any expression, followed. Deep in the heart, deep in the hiding place of the soul, a trembling emotion agitated those present.

Though obscured by the mechanical apparatus that Professor Green Star used, the sensation of that scene struck him, struck him dumb. He will never see a similar apotheosis again. Until the day of his death that memory will live on forever.

Out of his hands he let go of the distant viewfinder; on the floor it fell. He did not notice that; his whole thoughts were concentrated on the scene just seen. As if dreaming, he fell back into the armchair, saying almost inaudibly: "Now I can die peacefully; I did see the fulfilment."

John Ellis.

5. Footnotes

[1] A well-known astronomer who collected information about "the unknown world".

[2] Glorious English writers who flourished during the reign of Victoria.

[3] The members of the United States in North America.