

The Morlock Manifesto *

After all these millennia and all the calumnies and indignities we have had to endure, it is time that once and for all we speak truthfully about the Morlock race! Ever since that dreadful pamphleteer H. G. Wells wrote that despicable rag of a novel back in the nineteenth century, the Morlock communities throughout this world have had their reputation besmirched and their lives, liberties and personal security threatened.

It's high time this plague of defamation ceases once and for all!

What Wells thought he saw and reported as true back in 802,701 A.D. was the result of centuries of socio-political crises and transformations that brought the Overground overlords to power and relegated us, the truly civilized humans, to the bowels of the earth. Fortunately, his Light Years Compression Transport (LYCT) fell apart soon after he returned to his time, so he couldn't wreak more havoc in our present.

Recall that back in 410,001 A.D. we tried to negotiate with those degenerates Wells called the "Eloi" (a term he probably derived from the Elohim of the Bible... Angelic indeed!) Our forefathers appealed to the UN High Commissioner for Human Rights with no result. The UNHCHR Tribunal decided that the Morlocks were not truly a "minority" with entitlements under the various treaties and conventions, arguing that we were demographically more numerous than the Eloi (I'll borrow that term now for the sake of brevity, though they have reserved many other quaint names for themselves, such as "Naturists", "Vegans", "Dudes" and "Deadheads.")

We all know that the Great Diremption of the human races began back in the post-war era after World War 38. Some human strains began to show signs of genetic degeneration, manifesting itself in symptoms such as: infantile behavior, amoral laxness, nudity, disregard for personal hygiene and sexual perversions.

After a few generations, it became clear that the Eloi were pathologically lazy slobs, preferring to leave all physically-strenuous work to the Morlocks. This finally carried over to all mechanical and technological developments, including improvements in food production –as the whole human race felt the effects of global warming and extinction of many edible species. We Morlocks had no choice but to transfer all food production and water purification mills underground where viable wells could be dug and exploited. We were the ones who engineered the food distribution systems to haul edibles and pump clean water up to the Overground communities without which the Eloi would not have been able to survive.

Oh, horror of horrors! To accuse us of cannibalism! Is it the Morlocks' fault that these Eloi have no sense of right or wrong and perform no funeral rites for their dead? ...that whenever a child dies at birth the Eloi simply throw it down a mineshaft or cenote for us to deal with? We assure you that after giving them the proper rites we use the remains to fertilize our crops –the same crops that feed their murderous lot! We have no choice, as most farm animals have been extinguished for many centuries. But let it be said loudly and clearly that Morlocks have **never eaten human flesh**. That, we consider the worst of abominations. Our meat comes mostly from underground species we harvest, such as moles, groundhogs and meerkats. (BTW, for a book of delicious recipes call 1-Morlock extension Yum.)

You got to hand it to them, though: these Eloi sure are expert manipulators of the news and social media. Thanks to Mr. Wells slanderous novel and to the hundreds of film and holovision adaptations of the original, they have done an expert job of blaming the Morlocks for all the evils that plague their society. The Overground governments have banned all Morlock publications or attempts to defend our reputation. We are everywhere portrayed as vicious, malevolent, ape-like monsters who come out at night like vampires to feed on the “innocent” Eloi. Can we help it if their bodies keep washing up on our shores? They don't know how to swim! And when one of them falls into a river or lake, no one does anything to rescue the poor victim. They just look at the person drowning and smile. But believe me; no human bodies ever go to waste: at the very least they all become *Soilent Green*.

I swear one of these days we will rise up (literally). We will return to the surface as one body, resolute, well-organized and disciplined, and we will overcome this odious Eloi tyranny. We will destroy their ersatz Garden of Eden and cast them all to the pit of Hades –one of our deepest provinces. No more will we have to endure the Eloi's blasphemies and racist barbs. This, our brave new generation of Morlocks will rise up wearing our protective goggles and Hazmat suits. We will then look bravely up at the russet sun and breathe once more the Nitrogen-rich air of the surface. This we swear by all the gods and goddesses of the nether regions!

Arise, ye prisoners of stark naked!

Professor Mordechai Morlock of Chasm City, October 17th 992,307 A.D.

* Written by © Pascual Delgado, September 28th 2015.