horse by rail by land by sea our journey starts
roped as one for safety through the long descent
Two men incensed by one man's journey from the past.
in to the crater of volcanic rock they went.
in Iceland where the mountain stood with pride. They
Look up from our telescopic lair.

set off with their guide to reach the mountain side
star for us to share, we continue our prayer
Cry-tals of o-paque quartz stud-ded lim-pid tears...
forming magic chandeliers

lighting blistered galleries
Narration 1.

Admiring shades of lava which imperceptibly passed from reddish brown to bright yellow, their way lit by crystals appearing as lighted globes, they continued through the lava gallery, which gently sloped until they reached the intersection of two roads. Without hesitation Professor Lidenbrook chose the eastern tunnel. And the journey continued through a succession of arches, appearing before them as if they were the aisles of a gothic cathedral; the walls were enhanced with impressions of

Rock weeds and mosses from the Silurian epoch
Narration 2.

The Eastern route they had taken had come to a dead end. With three days' walk back to the fork to find Arne Saknussemm's original route, they found their water rations were limited to one day. Knowing their only chance of finding water was on that route, they set off for the fork and there finally they fell almost lifeless on the third day. After sleep, they continued down the other tunnel in their quest for water, and whilst searching on his own, Hans, the guide, heard the sound of water thundering behind a granite wall, and, with a pick axe, attacked the wall so as to allow a stream of boiling water to enter and cool in their tunnel. Not only had they found life in the water but they had also found a flowing guide to the Centre of the Earth. They called the stream the Hansbach.
Narration 3.

Replenished with the water the journey continued with haste, but somehow they find themselves separated. Professor Lidenbrook's nephew Axel found himself alone. His mind was seized with unparalleled fear and he saw memories of home flashing before him. His fiancée Grauben, his house and friends in Hamburg. He saw hallucinations of all the incidents of the journey. And, unworthy as he felt, he knelt in fervent prayer and then, in panic, he ran blindly through a tunnel only to reach a dead end, where he fell panting for breath. In the darkness he cried... voices... voices... voices.... He heard voices. He heard his uncle's voice. Due to the shape of the gallery and the conducting power of the rocks, his uncle's voice was uncannily travelling around the walls. By means of their chronometers they discovered they were four miles apart, so Axel set about the task of rejoining the Professor and their guide.
mem'ries of a life on earth go flash-ing past of
pain and fear des-troy the beau-ty I have seen of

home of Grau-ben
cav-erns where no friends of whom he'd seen his last
other man has ever been

con-tem-plating what's his life been worth, while trapped be-neath the
- lu-rian e-poch hosts me as my grave my fin-al bow. I

earth wave an em-bry-o at birth
a life too late to save

crystals of o-paque quartz stud-ded
limpid tears forming magic chandeliers

lighting blistered galleries

Suddenly the ground

Repeat under narration
Narration 4.
Suddenly the ground disappeared from beneath his feet. He fell down a vertical shaft, his head hitting a sharp rock. He lost consciousness. On opening his eyes, he found himself with the Professor and the guide, and, looking around him, he saw an ocean stretching as far as the eye could see, a giant forest of mushrooms, a line of huge cliffs, and strange clouds hung overhead, as he lay on a deeply indented shore of golden sand strewn with shells. For a moment, he thought he was back on the surface of the earth, but soon realised that they had reached a world within a world.

But soon realised etc. . . . . . . . . . . . . world
Narration 5.

Having made a raft from wood taken from the giant mushroom forest, with rigging consisting of a mast made of two staves lashed together, a yard made of a third, and a sail borrowed from their stock of rugs, they set sail from the harbour - Port Grauben, named after Axel's fiancée. With a north-westerly wind propelling them along at about three miles an hour, silvery beams of light, reflected here and there by drops of spray, produced luminous points in the eddy created by the raft. Soon all land was lost to view. Five days out to sea, they witnessed a terrifying battle between two sea monsters. One having the snout of a porpoise, the head of a lizard, and teeth of a crocodile - an Ichthyosaurus. And the other, the mortal enemy of the first, a serpent with a turtle's shell, the Plesiosaurus.
Part 3  THE BATTLE

Five days out on an in-fin-ite sea they prayed for calm on an oc-ean free but the
(at D.S.) Ser-pents' fight went on for hours two mon-sters soaring up like tow-ers and

sur-face of the wat-er was in-dic-at-ing some dis-turb-ance
div-ing down to the depths in a sing-ble mo-tion

The

raft was hurled by an un-seen source two hun-dred feet with a fright'ning force and a
Ris-ing out of an an-gry sea tow-ered the creature's en-e-my and
(at D.S.) Sudd-ly the ser-pent's head shot out of the wat-er bathed in red and the

dark mass ri-sing showed to be a gi-ant por-poise
so the two sea mon-sters closed for bat-tle
ser-pen-tine form lay life less on the o-ccean

No repeat on D.S.
Croc-o-dile teeth  liz-ards head  Blood shot eye  stained  o-cean red

battle won a  vic-tors pride  the three men thanked the Lord and cried

save praise  me  God  save praise

save praise  me  God  save praise  me  God

save praise  me  God  save praise  me  God

save praise  me  God
Narration 6.

Cumulus clouds formed heavily in the south, like huge wool packs heaped up in picturesque disorder. Under the influence of the breezes they merged together, growing darker, forming a single menacing mass. The raft lay motionless on the sluggish waveless sea and in silence they waited for the storm.
Narration 7.
For four days the storm had raged as they clung to the mast of their raft for safety. Finally, with their raft wrecked after being bashed against the reefs, they lay sheltered from the pouring rain beneath a few overhanging rocks where they ate and slept. The next day all trace of the storm had disappeared and what remained of their stock seemed intact. Checking the compass brought only heartbreak as it showed that a change of wind during the storm had returned them to just a few miles north of Port Grauben. So, deciding to try and find the original route they advanced with difficulty over granite fragments mingled with flint, quartz, and alluvial deposits, eventually reaching a plain covered with bones, like a huge cemetery. A mile further on, they reached the edge of a huge forest made up of vegetation of the Tertiary period. Tall palms were linked by a network of inextricable creepers, a carpet of moss covering the ground and the leaves were colourless, everything having a brownish hue. Exploring the forest they discovered a herd of gigantic animals, Mastadons, which were being marshalled by a primitive human being, a Proteus. He stood over twelve foot high and brandished an enormous bough, a crook worthy of this antediluvian shepherd.
Part 4 THE FOREST

Journey on through ages gone to the centre of the earth past

rocks of quartz and granite which gave Mother Nature birth

Burial ground of ancient man his life no more is seen a

journey through his time unknown I wonder where he's been

wonder where he's been wonder where he's been
wonder where he's been

shore now gone behind the hills a forest in our sight

Rocks and distant mountains bathed in waves of blinding light

Forests from a far gone time no living man has seen a

private prehistoric world for you and I a dream
Brown-ish hue dictates my eyes—no colour hides their fear

flowers faded dull and cold now bleached by atmosphere

creatures twisting under trees huge monsters soaked with rage

hidden deep below our earth a frightening by-gone age. Their
shepherd came now long extinct a huge primeval man the
three men filled with disbelief just turned as one and ran

Narration 8.
Dumb with astonishment and amazement which bordered on stupefaction, they fled the forest. Instinctively, they made towards the Lidenbrook Sea. Discovering a rusty dagger on the beach, and the carved initials of the explorer before them on a slab of granite, they realised that they were once again treading the route of Arne Saksnessem. Following a short sea journey around a cape, they came ashore where a dark tunnel plunged deep into rock. Venturing down, their progress was halted by a piece of rock blocking their way. After deciding to blow their way through, and setting the charge, they put out to sea for safety. With the explosion, the rocks before them opened like a curtain, and a bottomless pit appeared in the shore. The explosion had caused an earthquake, the abyss had opened up, and the sea was pouring into it. Down and down they plunged into the huge gallery, but on regaining their senses found their raft rising at tremendous speed. Trapped in the shaft of an active volcano they rose through the ages of man to be finally expelled out on a mountain-side riddled with tiny lava streams. Their journey was completed and they found themselves 3000 miles from their original starting point in Iceland. They had entered by one volcano and they had come out by another. With the blue mountains of Calabria in the east they walked away from the mountain that had returned them. The frightening Mount Etna.
Journey to the centre of the earth

(R.H.)