

**Chapter 1 : Title: The Truth About Pyecraft**

*"The Truth About Pyecraft" is a British fantasy-comedy short story by H.G. Wells. It was originally published in The Strand Magazine (April), and then included in the Twelve Stories and a Dream story collection, in*

Twelve Stories and a Dream, by H. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye " and usually I catch his eye " it meets me with an expression. It is mainly an imploring look " and yet with suspicion in it. If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell? Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London. He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. That settles it, Pyecraft! And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating? Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said " something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began our talking. He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning. But he only talked about me in order to get to himself. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him. One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandised round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner " almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I MIGHT " that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented. He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake! He came to the actual thing one day. It was like being at an aquarium. I was quite suddenly angry with him. But he warned me. He himself used one " once. But do you think " I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. That evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me " though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation " and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it. Because, you know " I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft " my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened " never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin. He goggled at it. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of a fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in. I ran my eye over the items. Ought it to have been? When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious. By-the-bye, dog here probably means pariah dog. He kept our treaty, but at times he broke the spirit of it by shaking his head despondently. I could have fancied he had desisted, and I saw him one day talking to three new members about his fatness as though he was in search of other recipes. And then, quite unexpectedly, his telegram came. Pyecraft inhabited the upper half of a house in Bloomsbury, and I went there so soon as I had done my coffee and Trappistine. I did not wait to finish my cigar. I rang the

bell at the lattice-door upon the landing. I gave my name and she let me in in a dubious fashion. Left outside, if you please, and me go away. I heard the key turn. Naturally I expected to see Pyecraft. I never had such a shock in my life. There he was right up close to the cornice in the corner by the door, as though some one had glued him to the ceiling. His face was anxious and angry. He panted and gesticulated. He began a struggle to thrust himself away from the ceiling and to clamber down the wall to me. Bump he went against the ceiling, and I knew then why he was all over white on the more salient curves and angles of his person. He tried again more carefully, coming down by way of the mantel. It was really a most extraordinary spectacle, that great, fat, apoplectic-looking man upside down and trying to get from the ceiling to the floor. But you always called it weight. You would call it weight. I quite liked Pyecraft for the time. He kicked about, trying to get a foothold somewhere. It was very like holding a flag on a windy day. I lit a cigar. And then there was another burst of passion, and he kicked out at adjacent chairs and banged the floor. He behaved just as I should have expected a great, fat, self-indulgent man to behave under trying circumstances – that is to say, very badly. He spoke of me and my great-grandmother with an utter want of discretion. And generously disregarding the insults he was putting upon me, I sat down in his armchair and began to talk to him in a sober, friendly fashion. I pointed out to him that this was a trouble he had brought upon himself, and that it had almost an air of poetical justice. He had eaten too much. This he disputed, and for a time we argued the point. He became noisy and violent, so I desisted from this aspect of his lesson. You called it not Fat, which is just and inglorious, but Weight. What was he to DO? I suggested he should adapt himself to his new conditions. So we came to the really sensible part of the business. But that was no great difficulty. It was quite possible, I pointed out, to make a shake-up under a wire mattress, fasten the under things on with tapes, and have a blanket, sheet, and coverlet to button at the side. He would have to confide in his housekeeper, I said; and after some squabbling he agreed to that. Afterwards it was quite delightful to see the beautifully matter-of-fact way with which the good lady took all these amazing inversions. He could have a library ladder in his room, and all his meals could be laid on the top of his bookcase.

Chapter 2 : The Truth about Pyecraft by H.G. Wells

*The Truth about Pyecraft. He sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye--and usually I catch his eye-- it meets me with an expression.*

If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye--and usually I catch his eye-- it meets me with an expression. It is mainly an imploring look--and yet with suspicion in it. If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell? Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London. He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you will be abject, since you will behave as though I was not a man of honour, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down--the plain truth about Pyecraft. And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating? Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said--something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began our talking. He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning. But he only talked about me in order to get to himself. It was dumping talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him. One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandised round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner--almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I might--that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented. He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake! He came to the actual thing one day. It was like being at an aquarium. I was quite suddenly angry with him. I had it--"From Pattison? But he warned me. He himself used one--once. But do you think--? Suppose--suppose there did happen to be one--" "The things are curious documents," I said. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. I had got to that state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, take the risk! Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned-- I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking. That evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me--though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation--and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it. Because, you know-- I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft--my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened--never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin. He goggled at it. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of a fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in. I ran my eye over the items. Ought it to have been? When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing. You got fresh rattlesnake venom. This last item--" "I know a man who--" "Yes. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious.

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**Chapter 3 : THE TRUTH ABOUT PYECRAFT | Syllable**

*The Truth About Pyecraft has 51 ratings and 6 reviews. John said: It's actually a pretty humorous story about a fat man who attempts to lose weight by or.*

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**Chapter 4 : The Truth About Pyecraft - Infogalactic: the planetary knowledge core**

*"H'm," said I, and to tell the truth I was so pleased at the rehabilitation of my great grandmother's reputation this evidently promised that I made a most excellent lunch. I got Pyecraft's address from the hall porter.*

When he gives Pyecraft the recipe for loss of weight, what does Formalyn make him promise? What is the speaker referring to? Pyecraft is the speaker of these words. The recipe had gone wrong because one of the ingredients, the egg, was not added. The things are curious documents. Mention two ingredients of the recipe to justify that they were curious documents. What did they believe had happened to him? Pyecraft had not ventured out of his house for two days. They believed he was ill. He discovers Pyecraft suspended by the close to the cornice in the corner by the door. He looked as though someone had glued him to the ceiling. Only on closer inspection does Formalyn realise that Pyecraft was in fact, floating on the ceiling. What does the narrator compare the weightless Pyecraft to? The narrator, Formalyn compares the weightless Pyecraft to a captive balloon. What does Formalyn give Pyecraft a cure for? What did he actually need a cure for? Formalyn gave Pyecraft a recipe for Loss of Weight. Pyecraft actually needed a cure for fatness. What was the sin that Pyecraft had committed? Explain how Formalyn suggests that Pyecraft should adapt to his new conditions. Formalyn suggested to Pyecraft that he must try to adapt himself to his new conditions. He said it would not be difficult to learn to walk on the ceiling with his hands. When Pyecraft complained that he could not sleep, Formalyn reassures him that it will not be impossible. He could suspend a wire mattress from the ceiling, fasten the sheets on with tapes and have a blanket, sheet and coverlet buttoned at the side. To allow him to get to the floor whenever he wanted, Pyecraft simply had to hold onto a volume of the British Encyclopaedia and drift down. Formalyn also told Pyecraft that there could be iron staples fitted along the walls, for him to hold on to when he wanted to move around on the lower level. All this is totally unnecessary. What idea had struck Formalyn? All the planning and preparation to help Pyecraft adapt to his new condition, the inverted bed, the refitting of all his electric lights to face upwards rather than down was totally unnecessary. Formalyn had thought of using lead underclothing to help Pyecraft remain earthbound and not float in the air. Why would Pyecraft never need to fear a shipwreck? By using lead underclothing to remain firmly on the ground, Pyecraft would never need to fear a shipwreck. All he needed to do if he was ever shipwrecked in the middle of the sea, would be to slip off some or all of his clothes and float up into the air. He is a mere mass of matter, mere clouds in clothing.

**Chapter 5 : The Truth About Pyecraft - Wikipedia**

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He sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye--and usually I catch his eye-- it meets me with an expression. It is mainly an imploring look--and yet with suspicion in it. If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell? Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London. He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you will be abject, since you will behave as though I was not a man of honour, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down--the plain truth about Pyecraft. And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating? Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking- room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said--something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has. But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began our talking. He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning. But he only talked about me in order to get to himself. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him. One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandised round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner--almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I might--that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented. He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake! He came to the actual thing one day. It was like being at an aquarium. I was quite suddenly angry with him. I had it--" "From Pattison? But he warned me. He himself used one--once. But do you think--? Suppose--suppose there did happen to be one--" "The things are curious documents," I said. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. I had got to that state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, take the risk! Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned-- I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking. That evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me--though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation--and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it. Because, you know-- I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft--my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened--never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin. He goggled at it. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of a fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in. I ran my eye over the items. Ought it to have been? When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing. You got fresh rattlesnake venom. This last item--" "I know a man who--" "Yes. So far as I know the language, the

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## Chapter 6 : The Truth about Pyecraft

*The Truth About Pyecraft is a short story by H. G. Wells. Herbert George "H. G." Wells (21 September - 13 August ) was an English writer, now best known for his work in the science fiction genre.*

## Chapter 7 : H.G. Wells - IMDb

*The Truth about Pyecraft by H.G. Wells. He sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye--and usually I catch his eye-- it meets me with an expression.*

## Chapter 8 : The Truth About Pyecraft by H.G. Wells

*The Truth about Pyecraft H. G. Wells This is a Librivox recording. All Librivox recordings are in the public domain. For more information or to volunteer, please visit [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com)*

## Chapter 9 : Twelve Stories and a Dream, by H. G. Wells : The Truth About Pyecraft

*THE TRUTH ABOUT PYECRAFT. H.G. Wells Read the story The Truth About Pyecraft here. STUDY QUESTIONS How had Pyecraft heard about Formalyn's 'little secret'? What was Formalyn's 'little secret'?*