

Chapter 1 : The Plattner Story and Others - Wikipedia

The Purple Pileus. Mr. Coombes was sick of life. He walked away from his unhappy home, and, sick not only of his own existence but of everybody else's, turned aside.

The Purple Pileus by H. Coombes was sick of life. He would stand it no longer. He repeated aloud with blasphemies unusual to him that he would stand it no longer. He was a pale-faced little man, with dark eyes and a fine and very black moustache. He had a very stiff, upright collar slightly frayed, that gave him an illusory double chin, and his overcoat albeit shabby was trimmed with astrachan. His gloves were a bright brown with black stripes over the knuckles, and split at the finger ends. His appearance, his wife had said once in the dear, dead days beyond recall--before he married her, that is--was military. But now she called him--it seems a dreadful thing to tell of between husband and wife, but she called him "a little grub. The row had arisen about that beastly Jennie again. Coombes, she came in every blessed Sunday to dinner, and made a shindy all the afternoon. She was a big, noisy girl, with a taste for loud colours and a strident laugh; and this Sunday she had outdone all her previous intrusions by bringing in a fellow with her, a chap as showy as herself. Coombes, in a starched, clean collar and his Sunday frock-coat, had sat dumb and wrathful at his own table, while his wife and her guests talked foolishly and undesirably, and laughed aloud. Well, he stood that, and after dinner which, "as usual," was late, what must Miss Jennie do but go to the piano and play banjo tunes, for all the world as if it were a week-day! Flesh and blood could not endure such goings on. They would hear next door, they would hear in the road, it was a public announcement of their disrepute. He had to speak. He had felt himself go pale, and a kind of rigour had affected his respiration as he delivered himself. He had been sitting on one of the chairs by the window--the new guest had taken possession of the arm-chair. He turned his head. Jennie had kept on playing, but his wife, who was looking through some music that was piled on the top of the piano, had stared at him. Coombes saw it was going to be a row, and opened too vigorously, as is common with your timid, nervous men all the world over. You go on, Jinny. Coombes, addressing the new guest. He was, by-the-by, a lank young man, very stylishly dressed in bright drab, with a white cravat and a pearl and silver pin. It had been better taste to come in a black coat, Mr. Coombes, "what did you marry me for? Before--" Then Jennie began at the turn, turn, turn again. Coombes, driven at last to revolt, standing up and raising his voice. Whereupon they all began talking at once. Coombes said he was welcome to do so anywhere but in his Mr. Coombes said he ought to be ashamed of insulting his guests, and as I have already mentioned that he was getting a regular little grub; and the end was, that Mr. With his face burning and tears of excitement in his eyes, he went into the passage, and as he struggled with his overcoat--his frock-coat sleeves got concertinaed up his arm--and gave a brush at his silk hat, Jennie began again at the piano, and strummed him insultingly out of the house. He slammed the shop door so that the house quivered. That, briefly, was the immediate making of his mood. You will perhaps begin to understand his disgust with existence. As he walked along the muddy path under the firs,--it was late October, and the ditches and heaps of fir needles were gorgeous with clumps of fungi,--he recapitulated the melancholy history of his marriage. It was brief and commonplace enough. He now perceived with sufficient clearness that his wife had married him out of a natural curiosity and in order to escape from her worrying, laborious, and uncertain life in the workroom; and, like the majority of her class, she was far too stupid to realise that it was her duty to co-operate with him in his business. She was greedy of enjoyment, loquacious, and socially-minded, and evidently disappointed to find the restraints of poverty still hanging about her. His worries exasperated her, and the slightest attempt to control her proceedings resulted in a charge of "grumbling. It was not the first occasion by many that Mr. But never before had he been quite so sick of life as on this particular Sunday afternoon. The Sunday dinner may have had its share in his despair--and the greyness of the sky. Perhaps, too, he was beginning to realise his unendurable frustration as a business man as the consequence of his marriage. Presently bankruptcy, and after that Perhaps she might have reason to repent when it was too late. And destiny, as I have already intimated, had planted the path through the wood with evil-smelling fungi, thickly and variously planted it, not only on the right side, but on the left. A small shopman is in such a melancholy

position, if his wife turns out a disloyal partner. His capital is all tied up in his business, and to leave her means to join the unemployed in some strange part of the earth. The luxuries of divorce are beyond him altogether. So that the good old tradition of marriage for better or worse holds inexorably for him, and things work up to tragic culminations. Bricklayers kick their wives to death, and dukes betray theirs; but it is among the small clerks and shopkeepers nowadays that it comes most often to a cutting of throats. Under the circumstances it is not so very remarkable--and you must take it as charitably as you can--that the mind of Mr. Coombes ran for a while on some such glorious close to his disappointed hopes, and that he thought of razors, pistols, bread-knives, and touching letters to the coroner denouncing his enemies by name, and praying piously for forgiveness. After a time his fierceness gave way to melancholia. He had been married in this very overcoat, in his first and only frock-coat that was buttoned up beneath it. He began to recall their courting along this very walk, his years of penurious saving to get capital, and the bright hopefulness of his marrying days. For it all to work out like this! Was there no sympathetic ruler anywhere in the world? He reverted to death as a topic. He looked at it mechanically for a moment, and stopped and stooped towards it to pick it up, under the impression that it was some such small leather object as a purse. Then he saw that it was the purple top of a fungus, a peculiarly poisonous-looking purple: He hesitated with his hand an inch or so from it, and the thought of poison crossed his mind. With that he picked the thing, and stood up again with it in his hand. The odour was certainly strong--acid, but by no means disgusting. He broke off a piece, and the fresh surface was a creamy white, that changed like magic in the space of ten seconds to a yellowish-green colour. It was even an inviting-looking change. He broke off two other pieces to see it repeated. They were wonderful things these fungi, thought Mr. Coombes, and all of them the deadliest poisons, as his father had often told him. There is no time like the present for a rash resolve. Why not here and now? He tasted a little piece, a very little piece indeed--a mere crumb. It was so pungent that he almost spat it out again, then merely hot and full-flavoured: He swallowed it in the excitement of the moment. Did he like it or did he not? His mind was curiously careless. He would try another bit. He forgot his troubles in the interest of the immediate moment. Playing with death it was. He took another bite, and then deliberately finished a mouthful. A curious, tingling sensation began in his finger-tips and toes. His pulse began to move faster. The blood in his ears sounded like a mill-race. He turned and looked about him, and found his feet unsteady. He saw, and struggled towards, a little patch of purple a dozen yards away. But he did not eat any more of them. He rolled over and sat up with a look of astonishment on his face. His carefully brushed silk hat had rolled away towards the ditch. He pressed his hand to his brow. Something had happened, but he could not rightly determine what it was. Anyhow, he was no longer dull--he felt bright, cheerful. And his throat was afire. He laughed in the sudden gaiety of his heart. Had he been dull? He did not know; but at any rate he would be dull no longer. He got up and stood unsteadily, regarding the universe with an agreeable smile. He began to remember. He could not remember very well, because of a steam roundabout that was beginning in his head.

Chapter 2 : 'The Nightmare World of HG Wells' review: 'The Moth' and 'The Purple Pileus'

HG Wells was a charming and entertaining writer. His short stories are well worth bringing to the screen. So why did this misguided series feel it was necessary to reimagine a sweet and fanciful story like the Purple Pileus into a dreary and pathetic horror tale?

The guest said he was going to marry Jenny and would protect her. Mr Coombes told him he could protect her anywhere, but not in his house. Mrs Coombes told him he should be ashamed for insulting her guests. She told him he really was an annoying little grub. It all ended with Mr Coombes telling the guests to leave his house. In the end, Mr Coombes left. With his face burning red and tears in his eyes with anger, he went into the hall, put on his overcoat, and brushed his silk hat. Jenny began to play the piano again, over and over again: Mr Coombes slammed the door shut and walked away, angry and frustrated. He walked along the muddy path among the fir trees. It was October; the ground was soft with pine needles and lots of fungi were growing. Mr Coombes thought about his marriage and its history. He now saw that his wife had married him because she had had an uncertain, hard life and wanted a better one with him. She was supposed to help him with his business, but she was too stupid. And they argued about money all the time. She also had a family that annoyed him. They caused trouble for his business and helped his wife to spend his money. It was not the first time he had run from his house in anger and frustration. But never before had he felt like this, so sick of life. So he walked along the path, his head down, breathing in the thick-smelling air. The evil-smelling fungi grew to his left and to his right. A wife that did not really love him and a business that was in trouble. Perhaps that was his destiny, perhaps it was meant to be this way.

Chapter 3 : Title: The Purple Pileus

The Purple Pileus has 27 ratings and 4 reviews. Mr. Coombes was sick of life. He walked away from his unhappy home, and, sick not only of his own existence.

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Chapter 4 : The Purple Pileus by H.G. Wells

*The Purple Pileus [H. G. Wells] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. The Purple Pileus is a short story by H. G. racedaydvl.com story tells of its curious effect on Mr. Coombes, an unassuming.*

There are significant gaps in the narrative of that book, the source of the friendship between the principal characters, the true culprit of the murder, etc. These include a hat and a cane, items that are either missing or perceived to be missing at the scene of the crime. Sometimes, of course, a hat is just a hat – but is it in *The Glass Key*? They are the caps of hallucinogenic toadstools discovered in the woods by a frustrated husband as he contemplates ending his life. Wells was known for his fiction discussing the consequences of aggressive experimentation, but usually the culprits were well-meaning and knowledgeable scientists. Here, we have an ordinary shopkeeper in a moment of weakness – or shall we say, irrational clarity. The story begins by describing a provincial shopkeeper mired in psychological crisis: Coombes was sick of life. Coombes is wandering in the woods, having exiled himself from his own house during a party. Orderly and quiet, Coombes seems to only wish for the satisfaction of maintaining his home and business. In *The Food of the Gods*, the local farmers were incapable of carrying out a simple experiment. Here, Coombes and his spouse fail to manage their personality differences. Clarence arrived for dinner and spent the meal laughing with Mrs. Coombes saw it was going to be a row, and opened too vigorously, as is common with your timid, nervous men all the world over. Clarence inserts himself into the argument. Soon enough, Coombes is out the door, away from the village and into the forest. The purple pileus is a toadstool, known to Coombes as poisonous. Given his suicidal ideation, he thinks why not? Finding the taste inoffensive, he soon finds more toadstools and finishes a mouthful. Playing with death, it was. The word pileus is an unusual term to describe a fungus, and Wells was likely alluding to the brimless hats worn by freed slaves in the Roman Empire. Over the centuries the pileus has been used as a symbol of liberty on coins and commissioned artworks. Clarence sat petrified, with a dropping lower jaw. Never before had she seen this intense pallor in a drunken man, or such shining, dilated eyes. Coombes held out a handful of scarlet agaric to Mr. Then at the sight of their startled faces he changed, with the swift transition of insanity, into overbearing fury. And it seemed as if he suddenly recalled the quarrel of his departure. In such a huge voice as Mrs. Eat what I give yer! Clarence approved himself a coward. At that Coombes rushed at him. Jennie saw her opportunity, and with the ghost of a shriek, made for the door. Clarence tried to dodge. Over went the tea-table with a smash as Coombes clutched him by the collar and tried to thrust the fungus in his mouth. Clarence was content to leave his collar behind him, and shot out into the passage with red patches of fly agaric still adherent to his face. While he may not have been able to stuff the scarlet agaric into the mouth of Mr. Coombes successfully challenges his place at the bottom of the pecking order. What we get afterward, in a scene five years later, is an improved Mr. Coombes with new clothes and confidence. He lives in the same house and with the same Mrs. The screenshot is from a four-part anthology series called *The Nightmare Worlds of H. Wells*. There is some narration by a strangely cast Ray Winstone as H. Wells, looking like a bearded gangster.

Chapter 5 : The Nightmare Worlds of H.G. Wells | TVmaze

And that was as much thanks as the purple pileus ever got for maddening this absurd little man to the pitch of decisive action, and so altering the whole course of his life.

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Chapter 6 : The Purple Pileus by H.G. Wells - Read Print

The Purple Pileus by H.G. Wells. Mr. Coombes was sick of life. He walked away from his unhappy home, and, sick not only of his own existence but of everybody else's, turned aside down Gaswork Lane to avoid the town, and, crossing the wooden bridge that goes over the canal to Starling's Cottages, was presently alone in the damp pine woods and out of sight and sound of human habitation.

Coombes was sick of life. He would stand it no longer. He repeated aloud with blasphemies unusual to him that he would stand it no longer. He was a pale-faced little man, with dark eyes and a fine and very black moustache. He had a very stiff, upright collar slightly frayed, that gave him an illusory double chin, and his overcoat albeit shabby was trimmed with astrachan. His gloves were a bright brown with black stripes over the knuckles, and split at the finger ends. His appearance, his wife had said once in the dear, dead days beyond recall--before he married her, that is--was military. But now she called him--it seems a dreadful thing to tell of between husband and wife, but she called him "a little grub. The row had arisen about that beastly Jennie again. Coombes, she came in every blessed Sunday to dinner, and made a shindy all the afternoon. She was a big, noisy girl, with a taste for loud colours and a strident laugh; and this Sunday she had outdone all her previous intrusions by bringing in a fellow with her, a chap as showy as herself. Coombes, in a starchy, clean collar and his Sunday frock-coat, had sat dumb and wrathful at his own table, while his wife and her guests talked foolishly and undesirably, and laughed aloud. Well, he stood that, and after dinner which, "as usual," was late, what must Miss Jennie do but go to the piano and play banjo tunes, for all the world as if it were a week-day! Flesh and blood could not endure such goings on. They would hear next door, they would hear in the road, it was a public announcement of their disrepute. He had to speak. He had felt himself go pale, and a kind of rigour had affected his respiration as he delivered himself. He had been sitting on one of the chairs by the window--the new guest had taken possession of the arm-chair. He turned his head. Jennie had kept on playing, but his wife, who was looking through some music that was piled on the top of the piano, had stared at him. Coombes saw it was going to be a row, and opened too vigorously, as is common with your timid, nervous men all the world over. You go on, Jinny. Coombes, addressing the new guest. He was, by-the-by, a lank young man, very stylishly dressed in bright drab, with a white cravat and a pearl and silver pin. It had been better taste to come in a black coat, Mr. Coombes, "what did you marry me for? Before--" Then Jennie began at the turn, turn, turn again. Coombes, driven at last to revolt, standing up and raising his voice. Whereupon they all began talking at once. Coombes said he was welcome to do so anywhere but in his Mr. Coombes said he ought to be ashamed of insulting his guests, and as I have already mentioned that he was getting a regular little grub; and the end was, that Mr. With his face burning and tears of excitement in his eyes, he went into the passage, and as he struggled with his overcoat--his frock-coat sleeves got concertinaed up his arm--and gave a brush at his silk hat, Jennie began again at the piano, and strummed him insultingly out of the house. He slammed the shop door so that the house quivered. That, briefly, was the immediate making of his mood. You will perhaps begin to understand his disgust with existence. As he walked along the muddy path under the firs,--it was late October, and the ditches and heaps of fir needles were gorgeous with clumps of fungi,--he recapitulated the melancholy history of his marriage. It was brief and commonplace enough. He now perceived with sufficient clearness that his wife had married him out of a natural curiosity and in order to escape from her worrying, laborious, and uncertain life in the workroom; and, like the majority of her class, she was far too stupid to realise that it was her duty to co-operate with him in his business. She was greedy of enjoyment, loquacious, and socially-minded, and evidently disappointed to find the restraints of poverty still hanging about her. His worries exasperated her, and the slightest attempt to control her proceedings resulted in a charge of "grumbling. It was not the first occasion by many that Mr. But never before had he been quite so sick of life as on this particular Sunday afternoon. The Sunday dinner may have had its share in his despair--and the greyness of the sky. Perhaps, too, he was beginning to realise his unendurable frustration as a business man as the consequence of his marriage. Presently bankruptcy, and after that Perhaps she might have reason to repent when it was too late. And destiny, as I have already intimated, had planted the path through

the wood with evil-smelling fungi, thickly and variously planted it, not only on the right side, but on the left. A small shopman is in such a melancholy position, if his wife turns out a disloyal partner. His capital is all tied up in his business, and to leave her means to join the unemployed in some strange part of the earth. The luxuries of divorce are beyond him altogether. So that the good old tradition of marriage for better or worse holds inexorably for him, and things work up to tragic culminations. Bricklayers kick their wives to death, and dukes betray theirs; but it is among the small clerks and shopkeepers nowadays that it comes most often to a cutting of throats. Under the circumstances it is not so very remarkable--and you must take it as charitably as you can--that the mind of Mr. Coombes ran for a while on some such glorious close to his disappointed hopes, and that he thought of razors, pistols, bread-knives, and touching letters to the coroner denouncing his enemies by name, and praying piously for forgiveness. After a time his fierceness gave way to melancholia. He had been married in this very overcoat, in his first and only frock-coat that was buttoned up beneath it. He began to recall their courting along this very walk, his years of penurious saving to get capital, and the bright hopefulness of his marrying days. For it all to work out like this! Was there no sympathetic ruler anywhere in the world? He reverted to death as a topic. He looked at it mechanically for a moment, and stopped and stooped towards it to pick it up, under the impression that it was some such small leather object as a purse. Then he saw that it was the purple top of a fungus, a peculiarly poisonous-looking purple: He hesitated with his hand an inch or so from it, and the thought of poison crossed his mind. With that he picked the thing, and stood up again with it in his hand. The odour was certainly strong--acid, but by no means disgusting. He broke off a piece, and the fresh surface was a creamy white, that changed like magic in the space of ten seconds to a yellowish-green colour. It was even an inviting-looking change. He broke off two other pieces to see it repeated. They were wonderful things these fungi, thought Mr. Coombes, and all of them the deadliest poisons, as his father had often told him. There is no time like the present for a rash resolve. Why not here and now? He tasted a little piece, a very little piece indeed--a mere crumb. It was so pungent that he almost spat it out again, then merely hot and full-flavoured: He swallowed it in the excitement of the moment. Did he like it or did he not? His mind was curiously careless. He would try another bit. He forgot his troubles in the interest of the immediate moment. Playing with death it was. He took another bite, and then deliberately finished a mouthful. A curious, tingling sensation began in his finger-tips and toes. His pulse began to move faster. The blood in his ears sounded like a mill-race. He turned and looked about him, and found his feet unsteady. He saw, and struggled towards, a little patch of purple a dozen yards away. But he did not eat any more of them. He rolled over and sat up with a look of astonishment on his face. His carefully brushed silk hat had rolled away towards the ditch. He pressed his hand to his brow. Something had happened, but he could not rightly determine what it was. Anyhow, he was no longer dull--he felt bright, cheerful. And his throat was afire. He laughed in the sudden gaiety of his heart. Had he been dull? He did not know; but at any rate he would be dull no longer. He got up and stood unsteadily, regarding the universe with an agreeable smile. He began to remember. He could not remember very well, because of a steam roundabout that was beginning in his head. And he knew he had been disagreeable at home, just because they wanted to be happy.

Chapter 7 : "The Purple Pileus" by H.G. Wells | gaping blackbird

"The Purple Pileus" is the fourth episode and I can recommend it, with two reservations. There is some narration by a strangely cast Ray Winstone as H.G. Wells, looking like a bearded gangster. The story also features an "updated" ending to make it more of a horror story than science fiction.

Taxonomy[edit] The species was first described as *Agaricus purpureofuscus* by American mycologist Charles Horton Peck in The type collection was made in Caroga, New York , from a moss-covered trunk of spruce. Smith classified the species in section *Calodontes*, subsection *Ciliatae* of *Mycena* in his monograph on North American *Mycena*. The cap is conical to bell-shaped, flattening in age, and reaches a diameter of 0. The cap margin is usually bent inwards initially. The cap surface is initially covered with tiny white hairs, but later becomes smooth. It is slightly hygrophanous , and when moist, is slightly translucent, so that the outline of the gills underneath are apparent. Its color is dark purple in the center, fading to pale lilac at the margins; older specimens are purplish-gray. The flesh is thin and pliant, with a texture similar to cartilage. It is initially purplish-gray, becoming pale lilac to white in age. The odor and taste of the flesh are not distinctive. The narrow gills have an ascending attachment to the stipe and are narrowly adnate. They are somewhat closely spaced, with pallid to grayish face color and dark grayish purple edges that are sometimes fringed. It is tough and cartilaginous, and its base it covered with white hairs. Overall, its color is that of the cap or paler, and often paler near the top. There are abundant cheilo cystidia on the gill edges. They are filled with a purplish sap and have granular contents. The cap tissue comprises a well-differentiated cuticle , a distinct hypoderm, and a filamentous tramal body. *Mycena rubromarginata* has a browner coloration. Field characteristics that help to distinguish *Mycena purpureofusca* from similar species include the dark purple gill edges, the deep purple cap center, and its cartilaginous consistency. The fruit bodies of *Mycena purpureofusca* grow singly or in clusters on the decaying wood of conifers, [8] particularly spruce, pine , and Douglas-fir. Smith noted that collections from Michigan are likely to be found on old hemlock knots lying in the soil, where it usually fruits singly; it tends to grow in clusters on logs and stumps. These dyes, used in textile dyeing and printing processes, are difficult to degrade due to their highly structured organic compounds and pose a major environmental threat. The fungus mycelium produces high levels of laccase , an oxidoreductase enzyme. Laccases are widely used in biotechnology and industry due to their ability to break down various recalcitrant compounds.

Chapter 8 : The Purple Pileus

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Chapter 9 : *Mycena purpureofusca* - Wikipedia

Jim Coombes is trying to run his farm and keep it in shape for the upcoming planting season. Catherine Coombes is trying to live young after a marriage to an older and wealthier man.