


 STEAMPUNK ADVENTURES

Welcome to Issue 3!

Wherein old things are new again, and new adventures await.



Hello all and welcome to a new issue of Steampunk Adventures!

In this issue there is a photo feature of the darkly Victorian (and medieval) region of Winterfell's mission to 'save second base' via the BoobieThon, as well as a feature on the Consulate of Europa Wulfenbach and a bit of an interview with the Baron himself.

For November, the theme is 'autumn' - so this gives you time to

send in those submissions and suggestions!

For December, the theme is 'home and travel', as many are traveling during the end of year holidays.

Please send any submissions, suggestions, etc. to Kitsuko Pelazzi (or email: kit.pelazzi@gmail.com)

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If you want to participate in the makings of the magazine, please contact Onyx Plutonian and Kitsuko Pelazzi for suggestions.

A NOTE CONCERNING STEAMPUNK ADVENTURES

As Chief Editor of Steampunk Adventures, I would like to take this time to inform you that this publication will continue, even though the initial store in Winterfell Anodyne (as pictured above) has closed.

We plan on opening a magazine office in the new sim of Steelhead Nevermoor, a gothic nouveau themed sim in the region of Steelhead.

So now's the time! If you wish to submit creative work or ideas for where we should feature next, please contact us!

WINTERFELL - A PHOTO ADVENTURE

In the month of October, which is Breast Cancer Awareness Month, Winterfell has been holding the BoobieThon; a marathon of donations, shopping, and awareness events to raise funds for breast cancer research, with the Boobie Ball dance being the highlight of the sequence.

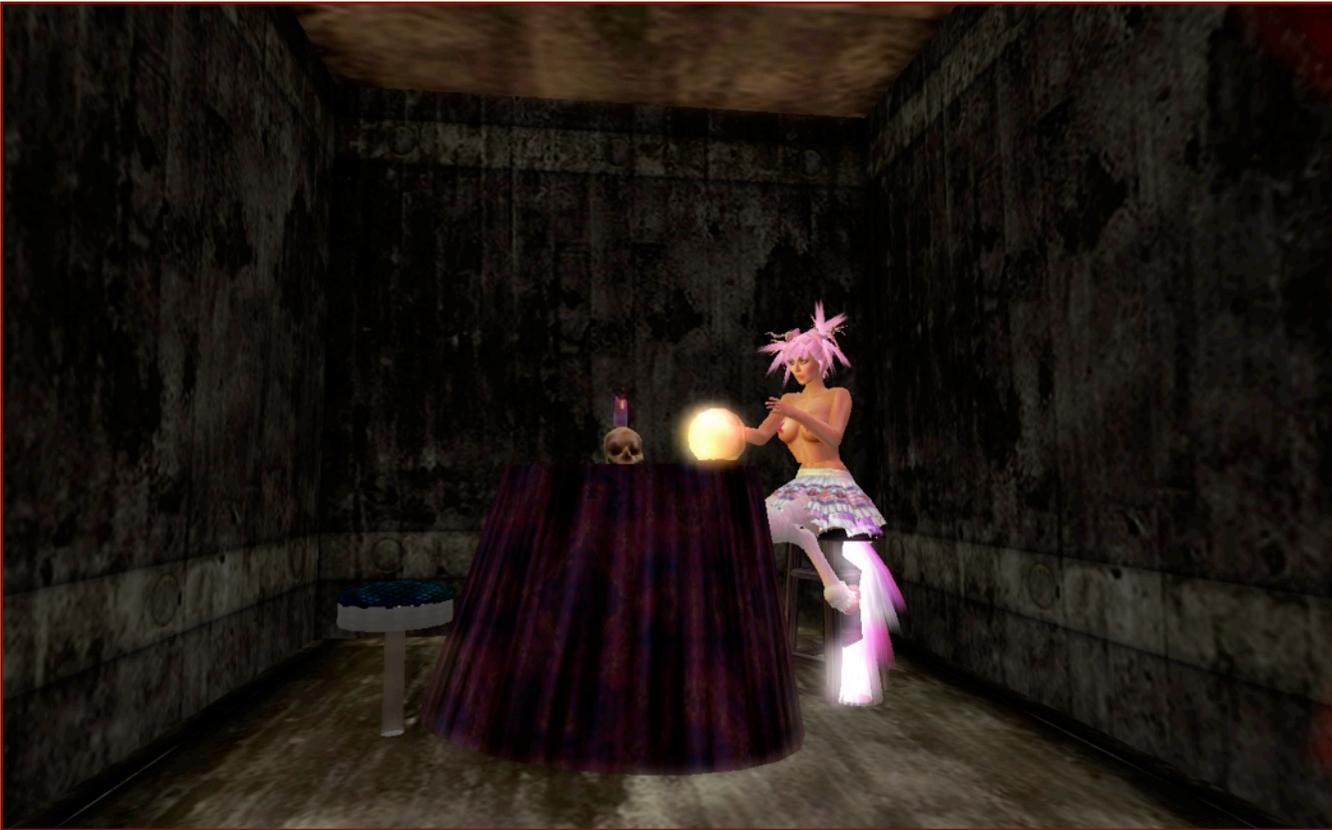
Our intrepid former publisher, CathyWyo1 Haystack, had compiled some photographs of the BoobieThon events - such as the booths and the art auction - for us, which we proudly bring to you!

(I must confess the fortunetelling booths look quite enjoyable, and I hear the art auction was a success - go, Serra Anansi, and all the wonderful people in Winterfell and elsewhere who helped in the efforts!)



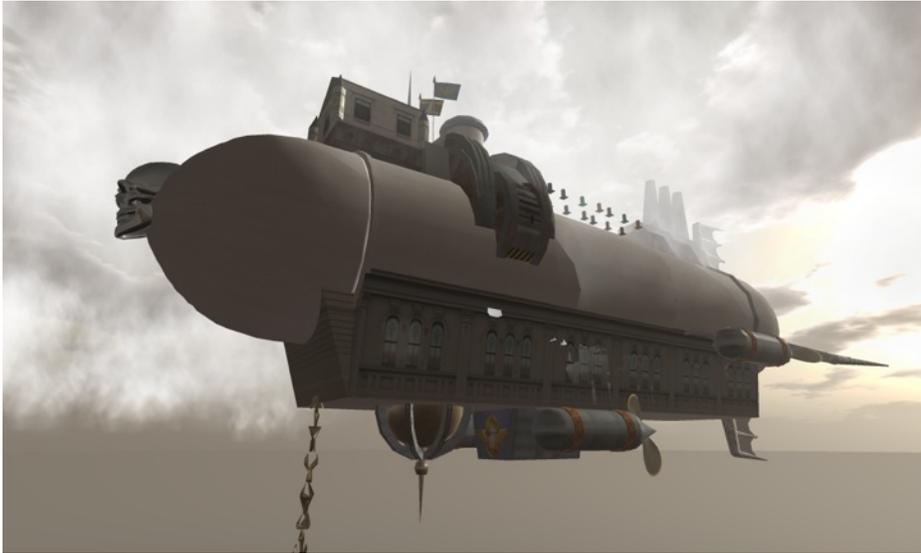


STEAMPUNK ADVENTURES



The Consulate of Europa Wulfenbach

Feature on the Consulate system and activities



In layman's terms:

The Consulate of Europa Wulfenbach is, in layman's terms, a community of Girl Genius fans. There are two communities; the Wulfenbachian Emigres, for general fans, and the Consulate, which is fewer and whose mission is more diplomatic. The Consulate utilizes the gaslamp fantasy idiom to promote goodwill among the Steamland micronations, as you will find out in further detail.

For more detail about the 'histories', and to learn more about Europa and the Wulfenbachs, please visit www.girlgenius.net!

-Kitsuko Pelazzi

Picture above - the Castle Wulfenbach in the sky - taken by Alana Steamweaver at Clos Normand.

"Go. Do. Report."

In one's travels throughout the Steamlands, one may have come across the figures of the Consulate of Europa Wulfenbach - either one of the liaisons, staff members, or perhaps even have had a dance with the Baron Wulfenbach or his laboratory manager Annechen Lowey.

Who are these people? What is the Consulate?

The Consulate of Europa Wulfenbach is not any particular place in the Steamlands; it makes more sense to call it a system, as in addition to the Consulate's property in the wilds of Clos Normand, there are at least five other properties upon last count; Consulates in different areas of the

Steamlands, ranging from Caledon, to Steelhead, to even Antiquity.

Most often these people are diplomats of a sort, with the premier diplomat among them being Baron Wulfenbach himself (Klaus Wulfenbach Outlander); after all, his dignified personage can be seen at a multitude of events in different nations. Other staff members may have more of a focus in their missions, from being the Consulate liaison to a particular region, to being staff artists.

For those wishing to take part in Consulate-sponsored events, there are practices of the Trans-Poly-U Fencing Team in Clos Normand every Tuesday evening (4 SLT), led by Stereo Nacht.

In addition, there is a poetry slam every Thursday evening in Winterfell Absinthe, at das Hut der Jaeger tavern. All are welcome to attend and participate - but please, make sure any ammo is set to temp rez only!

The Consulate also puts on the Shirtless Against Breast Cancer calendars, which can be found at any Consulate center as well; proceeds go to charity, and you get a wonderful photographic calendar derived from submissions! When I checked Clos Normand, I could only see the 2010 calendars, but was assured that the next cycle of calendars would be there soon.

There may be other events scheduled at Clos Normand (at Castle Wulfenbach) in the future - a dance has already been held in the dance hall of the airship, which is a splendid area to be in - I'll have to inquire as to the designer!

I, Kitsuko Pelazzi, sent in a request and some questions for the Baron, and he kindly humoured my request to interview him - and I confess, I am still gaining practice at the art of interviewing! I asked him several questions regarding the Consulate and its mission and activities, and he responded thusly:

The mission of the Consulate is much the same as of any consular mission. We represent Europa in foreign lands, participate in the local community (perhaps more than most), provide services to those daring souls who find themselves on the grid instead of home for whatever reasons they might have, and promote interest in Europa to those who might be otherwise uninformed about much of who and what we are.

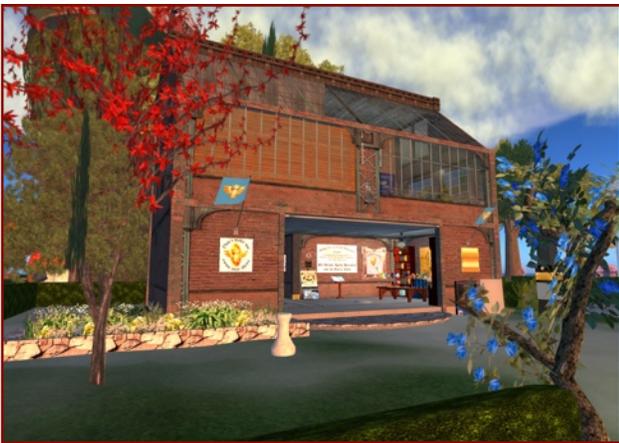
The staff participate in and support various regional or local events - races and balls in Caledon, Steelhead's weekly dances and annual Harvest Festival, Lady Breezy Carver Fabre's monthly balls and building contests in New Babbage just as a sample - but for pan-Steamlands, we have supported and assisted with the Grand Tour on the various occasions it has been held, and of course, Relay For Life. We also share information about events using the display boards at each of our offices. This is an attempt to provide



citizens in each of those lands access to entertainments and festivals which they might miss hearing about otherwise. Regretfully, word does not seem to get

around as well as it used to; I am not sure how many bother to take advantage of what we provide.

I founded the office in Kittiwick Town, Kittiwickshire, Caledon, not long after I discovered the grid. That would have been... ah, ja - not long after the Relay For Life in the Linden year of 2007, that summer. One of the first places I visited - no longer there, sadly - was Fraulein Vanderverre's excellent shop providing various sorts of fashionable and historical garments. Much to my surprise, I found a poster on the wall displaying a drawing of Lady Agatha Heterodyne from when she was in her late teenage years. How did these people know of her, and of my land? As I seemed to be receiving a friendly welcome from this astonishing community, establishing proper diplomatic relations was the next apparent step. Herr Guvnah Shang placed me on a list for land, but while exploring the various townships scattered through Caledon one night, I found an excellent parcel listed for sale, right in the middle of town, and we expanded gradually from that start.



(Above: Picture of the Kittiwick Consulate in Caledon.)

The question of 'how many are affiliated with the Consulate' is a slippery question. There is, of course, myself; the Vice Consul; we have only five Liaison Officers, because recruiting the right person for that role is quite difficult. Most of the rest of those actually on staff serve more irregularly, depending on time, task

and funding. We have a few Steelheaders still included for permissions issues, as I loaned our sandbox this past year to Steelhead's RFL build team. The year before that, it was loaned to Roma, as we have some informal ties there. The Emigres comprise a much larger group - they are those who are either Europeans here for study or on assignment, or those who claim 'honourary' European citizenship. I have not checked the numbers there recently, but it is a good-sized crowd.

Your last question is most interestingly phrased: 'Do you have any opinion as to your apparent role as a sort of diplomat?' My opinion is that I am a diplomat, there is nothing 'sort'ish about it. Although at home I rule, here there is no need for pacification or armies, to my relief. I have never been a frivolous socialite, preferring time in the lab to gadding about; and the adventuring one might do here pales in comparison to what I have done in my youth. Acting as my own Consul was the most practical path to take. Acting occasionally as an informal Ambassador for the lands with whom I have developed relationships has proved useful for them, as they have expanded their horizons beyond just their own borders. I am honoured by the trust and respect given me, but I have worked to earn it as well. A useful characteristic for a diplomat, nein?

At home, the path to a persistent, self-sustaining peace was over the rubble of the war machines of those who were only out for what power they could seize for themselves at any cost. In the Steamlands in specific, and on the grid in general, peace is obtained through communication and cooperation, cherishing our individual cultures while celebrating those aspects we hold in common.

My heartfelt thanks to the Baron Wulfenbach for taking the time to answer!

HER MAJESTY'S MISFORTUNATE MAID

Or, a Dogged Diversion.

A note from A. Jeeves, Head Butler:

I must confess that this time, Miss Jessup may have in fact done something useful.

I will keep this knowledge to myself for now, as I fear her peculiar devices will hardly ever see her raise her unfortunate status as maid and I doubt the Informatics societies will have any useful advice on the matter.

To wit, they usually do not have any useful advice - but when they do...

Violet Jessup of Her Majesty's Exploratory Airship Mungo Park was nothing short of delighted. Ordinarily her life was one of laboring under the disapproval of one Alfred Jeeves, the Head Butler of the Mungo Park. However, of late he'd been rather distracted from his campaign to drive her into giving up any ideas of inventiveness. While others might have complained about the ship's already catastrophic accident rate doubling, she couldn't have been happier with this turn of events.

The cause of her happiness had come in the form of one "Mama Boater." The woman had been one of the acquisitions brought aboard during a recent visit to Brussels. The notable adventurers, scientists, soldiers, and woman-disguised-as-a-cabin-boy had gone there at the Queen's request. Their mission had been to stop the efforts of one "Dr. Garry B. Goode" who was attempting to turn the city's population into bewiskered Christmas trees. The good doctor was admonished soundly by the heroes and took it quite well, promising to no longer attempt to convert people into holiday decorations out of season, then proceeded to invite them all to a dinner of goose, Yorkshire pudding, and Brussels sprouts. Some of the local dignities had been invited as well, and so the notables had been introduced to Mama Boater.

Mama Boater purported to be a psychic. She had contacted a number of spirits during the dinner, discovering that Queen Cleopatra had an annoying laugh, Julius Caesar could tell marvelous jokes, and Genghis Khan had atrocious table manners. Further she had discovered through divination that the ship would suffer far better fortune were she to be brought aboard. This proved to be indisputable evidence, and so the party returned successful, well fed, and accompanied by Mama.

Jeeves, the Head Butler, had taken one look at the woman and her gear and immediately turned up his nose. Well, he hadn't so much turned up his nose as performed his normal duties with a distinct formality that was stiff even for the ever so proper butler. It wouldn't have done for him to actually display any sort of disapproval in the presence of guests. However, down in the servant's deck, he had been heard to distinctly mutter the word "Tosh" just loud enough to be heard three inches away. This indelicate outburst had been the subject of conversation in the laundry for days after.

It seemed that Jeeves was not a believer in psychic powers. So strong was his disapproval that it had become quietly evident to the various maids, boilermen, cooks, musicians, and zoo keepers that Jeeves was distracted. The ship was continuing to run in splendid fashion (after all, the crew was British, and anything less just wouldn't be cricket), but Jeeves was no longer a constant presence criticizing the least detail. In fact, the time he would normally have devoted to keeping Violet Jessup from yet another "infernal engine" was now being spent shadowing Mama.

The strain this was placing on Jeeves could be illustrated by a particular incident. One evening, Violet managed to spill an entire setting of silverware in the hall right outside of the ship's Wireless Informatic Morse Imaging Communication System Room. The spoons hadn't yet struck the thick carpeting with a barely audible "whuff" (I did

mention it was a very thick carpet) when the door had burst open. Jeeves was standing there, outrage written large on his face (to wit, the corner of his mouth had drooped a millimeter downward).

“Miss Jessup! Keep down that racket!”

“I’m terribly sorry, sir!” Violet exclaimed. She ducked down and began picking up the dropped silverware, expecting a long diatribe on proper behavior and reserve and not letting the queen down by being noisy like those silly Americans and... It didn’t materialize. Surprised by the lack of a scolding, she rose from her collecting and peeked in the door. She saw Jeeves seated once more at one of the consoles, hammering away furiously at the morse set, surrounded by a veritable snowdrift of papers. As she watched, the wireless rattled away and began spitting out another paper that Jeeves seized like it was a Government Bond. He read it over, then scowled.

“Whatever are you doing?” she asked.

Jeeves snorted. “I am attempting to trace the movements and history of... our guest. I have been utilizing the ether, drawing on the various collected wisdoms of my fellow skeptics. See here.” He held out one of the papers.

“I say,” Violet read out loud. “You are a rather neophytish individual. Allow me to require tétons ou t’es rien.” Violet’s eyes shot up and she looked to the Head Butler. “What’s that mean?”

“It’s a challenge of honor. Skip that. Mad Boy the Three hundred and twenty sixth is an odious personality similar to the monsters of Norse legend.” Jeeves pinched his nose. “The next missive down.”

Violet looked back down at the paper in her hand. “Regards: Mama Boater. The woman in question was found on the Informatic data pool ‘Psychics full stop Commercial.’ She has been entering responses for two years, however, there are frequent gaps in activity. I would therefore posit that she has been moving

around a great deal. You might cross reference through an informatics search on the pools ‘Arcane under dash Mystery under dash Investigators full stop Commercial and in the archives of the Informatics Morse Library Collection at Crown under dash College under dash Educational solidus Outstanding under dash Warrants under dash Spiritualists solidus. I do hope this helps, old chap. Your mother and I enjoyed conjugal relationships last night.” Violet’s eyebrows rose.

“Ignore that last line,” Jeeves muttered. “It is an Informatics joke of low taste. The important thing is that Madam Boater shows all of the hallmarks of being a fraud.”

“I see,” Violet replied. She handed the sheet back to Jeeves, who immediately began pounding away at the morse set with one hand while reading the sheet. “I suppose I should get to cleaning the silverware I dropped.”

“Indeed,” Jeeves replied.

“And I need to take care of the First Class Linens.”

“You do that,” came the response.

“I may have figured out a way to do both at once,” Violet ventured.

“Splendid.”

“It’s a machine that polishes the silverware with the linen using a special compound I made with Dr. Van Brown’s rocketry fuel.”

“Carry on.”

Violet left the room smiling, an act she had begun to suspect she’d forgotten how to do.

Some time later Violet was accosted while stumbling away from the smoke filled compartment that had once been the laundry on the way to the smoke filled compartment that had once been the cupboard. Her eyes were watering enough that she failed to notice

her room mate, Elizabeth, also a maid, until she had almost collided with the girl.

“Violet! There you are!”

“Elizabeth?” Violet waved some smoke away and gave a small cough. “Whatever is the matter?”

“Oh, it’s just that the Scullery Maid had a little accident, and so it has fallen to me to take the tea up to Mama Boater. But I can’t do it, because I have to go fluff the pillows in the Gallant Major Lothario’s room.”

“But, we fluffed all the pillows in the First class suites this morning,” Violet objected.

“I HAVE TO FLUFF THE PILLOWS!” Elizabeth exclaimed, thrusting the tea into Violet’s hand and dashing off.

Violet sighed. “Perhaps he took a late nap?” she told herself. Shrugging, she walked down the passageway to deliver the tea.

Inside Mama Boater’s cabin, the air was dark and smelled of a most peculiar incense. The room was centered by a round table, on which a slightly glowing crystal orb sat mounted on a small pedestal. Surrounding the table were several seats filled with various members of the ship’s complement.

“I say,” Dr. Von Brown muttered. “It’s rather about time for another adventure, is it not? I have a new rocket I wish to try that should help dazzle our foes through a burst of persimmon scented blue and green sparkles.”

“I don’t rightly know,” responded Bobby Sands, the esteemed investigator from London. “Perhaps we should ask Major Lothario? He always knows the lay of things.”

“Oh, he’s not here just at the moment,” responded the famed barrister Francis Ham. “He said something about fluffing the chambermaid’s pillows.”

“Oh, I say, is that quite proper?” Dame Ada Babbage looked up from some cards she was stabbing with a macramé needle. “Are we keeping the staff so busy that they don’t have time to fluff their own pillows as well as ours?”

“Ooch, aye!” Angus the pirate responded. “My pillows have na been fluffed since I came aboard!”

“And when was that?” Ham responded.

“Two months ago.” He scowled and muttered about being left behind by Angus. Which Angus we shall never know.

“I see. Terrible. Terrible.”

Violet set the tea down on the table and turned just as Mama Boater walked in, followed shortly by Jeeves. As the woman sat at the remaining empty place at the table, Jeeves stopped in the doorway, glaring in a way that only butlers seem able to glare, all without anyone seeming to be the wiser. Violet shrunk into the corner, figuring it would be better to remain discreet rather than disturbing such a well trained atmosphere of disapproval.

“Someone is missing,” Mama Boater said.

“Well, yes,” Dame Ada said. “It’s...”

“No, don’t tell me,” Mama quietly admonished. She raised her hands. “Oh spirits, reveal the answer to this mystery!”

The crystal ball began to emit a glowing light that reflected onto the ceiling. The room was filled with oohs and aahs (and one disgusted snort) as necks craned to look at the image cast.

“Is that a lemur?” Dr Von Brown asked.

“No, I think it’s Raphael’s ‘Madonna and Child’,” Dame Ada replied.

“It looks like a re-enactment of the Battle of Agincourt,” Barrister Ham offered.

“Oh, the scandal! The scandal!” Mama Boater moaned. “It is Major Lothario! Lured away by the chambermaid!”

“The chambermaid?” Angus responded. The group stretched to look a little closer at the image on the ceiling. Suddenly a chorus of scandalized “Oooooohs” came forth.

“I had no idea the chambermaid had such large pillows,” Dr Von Brown muttered.

“We bought them cheap in Istanbul,” Violet commented.

“Cheap?” Angus muttered.

“My powers have revealed to me that Major Lothario has been kept from our presence!” Mama Boater cried.

“Obviously,” Jeeves muttered, nodding towards the empty chair against the wall.

“Let me consult the cards!” Mama retrieved a deck of cards and rapidly shuffled them. She held them out to Ada, who took the top one and started to poke towards it with her needle. Mama quickly jerked the card away before it could be skewered. “Let me see.”

Dipping her finger into the pot of now cooled tea, she wiped at the grimy card. “Ah. I see...” She lay down the card for all to see the hand holding pair on the face. “The Devil! He’s fallen to the temptation of the chambermaid’s pillows.”

“They’re really nice pillows,” Violet suggested. “Silk with goose down.”

Jeeves darted forward. He snatched Mama Boater’s arm and stared down the sleeve.

“Jeeves!” Barrister Ham sounded shocked. “Whatever are you doing, man?”

Jeeves shook himself. “My pardon. I thought I saw a crumb of cake fall into Madam Boater’s sleeve. I did not wish for it to be rubbed into the elbow of her clothing because of my failing to keep the environment proper.”

“Oh, jolly good,” Dr. Von Brown nodded his approval.

“But I didn’t bring any cake,” Violet mumbled.

“Hush!” the audience said, wishing this story would get on with it.

“Tell us, oh spirits,” the woman called. “Have I divined true?”

The table jumped a little.

“Och... Is that an aye?” Angus asked.

“Of course,” Mama Boater responded. Then she scowled under the table. “Jeeves, whatever are you doing under my table?”

“Checking your knees, Madam,” Jeeves responded.

“For?” Mama’s voice was smooth and slow.

“The tea cozy,” Jeeves replied, standing back up. “It fell off while you were... divining from the card.”

“Oh, thank you Jeeves.”

“Of course, Madam,” Jeeves responded.

Violet watched as the room cleared out, the various guests obviously amazed by the performance. Everyone was all smiles and jabbered excitedly, uttering many a “jolly good,” and “most remarkable,” and “fantastic pillows.” As soon as they left, Violet walked over to retrieve the tea.

“How did she do it?”

“Sir?” Violet turned at Jeeves’ musings.

"I haven't figured any of it out. I was certain she was just bumping the table with her knee for that last trick, but her knee didn't move one bit."

"Perhaps she's genuine?" Violet suggested.

"Poppycock," Jeeves responded, marching out of the room towards the wireless set.

Violet shrugged, then looked closer at the crystal ball. Seeing it was smudged she realized she'd been remiss in cleaning in the room. She whisked away down the passageway headed for the hold. She had just the thing.

It was not long after that various members of the crew were responding to quite the calamity in Mama Boater's quarters. Klaxons were sounding, men were running (as was one woman disguised as a man), and the three eyed fish in one of the labs was singing the Hallelujah Chorus, a sure predictor of trouble. The noise was so great it tore Jeeves away from the wireless set to try to see whatever was the matter.

The matter was, of course, Violet. The maid was standing in the middle of the room, dripping wet. Beside her the table had been upended, the crystal ball smoking but still in its place, defying gravity. Sodden cards were scattered about the compartment. Next to her, and doubtless the cause of this mayhem was a machine. An infernal machine. A diabolical machine.

"It's only a buffer," Violet sighed.

"I didn't ask," Jeeves responded. "Whatever happened? Wait, no... allow me. Noting that this chamber had become somewhat dingy, you took it upon yourself to create a device that would do your work for you. You probably combined a shoe shining kit..."

"It was a floor buffer."

"...with a tank from one of the labs..."

"Actually, it's a coffee pot from the kitchen."

"...added a few cogs and springs from the ship's stores..."

"Well, I added a few cogs an... yes, sir."

"...and unleashed it on our guest."

Violet sighed.

"Miss Jessup," Jeeves chastised. "Doubtless this is my fault. I have been neglectful of my duties in keeping you firmly in check, and I realize that now." Jeeves bent down and picked up one of the soggy cards. "I allowed myself to become so obsessed with determining the explanation behind... our guest that I allowed you to regress to your base foolishness. I will, of course, go to the captain and tender my resi..." Jeeves suddenly cocked his head to the side. "What's this then?"

The card Jeeves was holding was dripping with the water that had been unleashed from the mad cleaning machine. That was not so curious a thing. What was peculiar, however, was that the water dripping away was colored. Jeeves peered closer at the sodden cardstock, then rubbed his thumb across it. "Look at this. There's a different picture under the original. At first it was 'The Devil' but as I rub it changes to 'The Tower'." He dipped his fingers in the tub on the back of the still gyrating machine. "And if I rub even harder... Yes. Now it's 'The Hanged Man'." Jeeves swooped downward, collecting another card. "This one too. It starts as 'The Empress' and becomes 'The Fool'." He ducked down again, collecting a third and rubbing. "And this." A fourth. "This as well."

In the back of the crowd, a certain Mama Boater began attempting to slink away, but was hindered by the growing crowd.

“Yes, yes. I see!” Jeeves eyes sparkled. “She would dip her fingers in her tea or some such, and then wipe the pictured until she got the one she desired. That way it could appear we were drawing the cards randomly and divination was working!”

“But, how does that explain the pictures from the crystal ball?” a crewman asked.

“Hmm...” Jeeves ducked down to pick up the crystal ball, only to have it jerked out of his hands when he tried to lift it more than two inches. Jeeves bent down to look closer, fanning the smoke aside.

“Wires!” he exclaimed. He gripped them and pulled, causing a sproinging sound, followed by two shrieks, one male, one female from down the passageway.

“Why is the light fixture moving?” “I do not know! Quick! Pelt it with pillows!”

Violet slapped her face into her hand, and resolved to speak with Elizabeth about pillow fluffing later.

“Do you mean to tell me that she... uh... she... I don’t get it,” a crewman muttered.

Jeeves sneered. “Obviously she stole one of Dr. Spielenburgers teletransferalmographic devices, and wired it to transmit through the crystal ball.”

“Oh! And then she wired it into... my... quarters...” Violet felt faint.

Mama Boater made even greater effort to escape the crowd, but was hindered by the fact the crew was now crowding forward, probably hoping that the crystal ball had a record feature.

“But that doesn’t explain the table jumping,” Violet exclaimed.

“Yes, that is bothersome. I really don’t know how she accomplished that.” Jeeves glared at the table.

Just at the moment, the dreaded cleaning machine gave a lurch, and smacked into the upended table’s leg. With a sudden and terrifying sound of mayhem

the leg shot out several large springs that jumped about, tearing jackets, lodging in curtains, and slinkyng down a nearby stairway.

“Oh, I see,” Jeeves muttered, fingering a tear in his sleeve. “How terribly simple.”

Mama Boater bolted, but caught her leg in a spring and proceeded to bounce about in a most undignified way.

“So what do we do with her? She tricked us!” one of the crew exclaimed.

“Oh, I have just the thing in mind,” Jeeves replied with a smile. “Miss Jessup!”

Violet flinched and shrunk in on herself. “Yes sir?”

“You are no longer on grease trap duty.”

“S... Sir? Thank you sir!”

“As for that contraption of yours,” Jeeves gestured.

Violet bent down and switched the machine off, picking it up. “I know, sir. Throw it overboard.”

“No no,” Jeeves shook his head. “I shall dispose of this one personally. I know you would simply stash it away.” He snatched the thing out of her hands. “You will straighten this mess out. It’s disgraceful, the mess you’ve made. This is a Queen’s ship and I expect it to be exemplary!”

Violet sighed, looking at the mess. “Yes, sir.”

Jeeves turned to the crewmen. He gestured imperiously to Mama Boater. “To the grease traps with her!”

The woman’s long, drawn out cry of “Noooooo!” could be heard throughout the vessel as she was eagerly drug away by two strong boilermen.

“As for you,” Jeeves addressed the now dormant machine that had unmasked everything. He turned and walked down the passageway, and into his

quarters. He placed the machine on a shelf and gave it a little pat.

He turned to those of you who are reading this story and gave a little wink. “Shh.”

More adventures are planned for Violet Jessup, so keep watching for Steampunk Adventures to deliver you the butler's notes and the fascinating chronicles of her and her clever devices!

If you want to help in the adventures, and are of an artistic bent, please submit art based on these adventures to steampunkadventurers@gmail.com! We look forward to them.

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POETRY CORNER

We have two submissions this month! The first is from Stereo Nacht, and the second from one Zaxus Neox of Winterfell Laudanum.

This mad recipe was found on the æthernet then turned into mad science poetry by Stereo Nacht.

Mad Science Recipe

The mad scientist is laughing in his deep lair
Trying to get new life from death; so with much care

He washes his picked subject with clear, fresh water

(Contamination turns creation to slaughter!)

He skillfully opens it in halves, with its hide
Then scoops out all the unneeded organs aside.
This one step will make the next ones easier:
Puts the pieces into a large steamer

He checks, and when the flesh is all softened up
He rips it from its skin into measuring cup
To cool it down and exude its extra water,
He lets it rest half an hour on the counter.

In the mean time he starts prepping the skin to be

Animal fats from different sources (two or three;
Half a part total - you may better draw a graph)
Cut into ground triticum (A part and a half)

One hundred twenty-five thousandths of dihalose

(Though he could have, if he wanted, used sucralose)

To that he adds one hundredth of sodium chloride,

Quarter water; mixes, spread, forms and put aside.

Deep into madness, truly blows weak minds away:

He proceeds to turn the cooled flesh into purée!

Then adds into it, by volume, this proportion:

A half of heat-reduced cow's udder secretion

A third of cristallized extract from Saccharum

Three percent of bark from Cinnamomum Verum

Two percent of buds from Pimenta Dioica

And same: Eugenia Caryophyllata

One percent: Zingiber's tuber, eight tenths as well

Taken from female gallus reproductive cells

He mixes madly, pour it into his mold

Then to the heater, the settings are as told:

Four ninety-one Kelvin, a quarter hour;

Down to four-fifty he lowers the power

Until a probe put into it comes out dry

And he rejoices: a perfect pumpkin pie!

POETRY CORNER, CONTINUED

Beneath That Tree

From my first moment in that town
Beneath that tree -- her starlit gown
Enchanted me -- I had forgot
That silly hat upon my head did not
Enhance my savoir-faire -- she paused
To think of what to say -- which caused
My mind to wonder -- does she see
The captive man her heart could free?

Calm was the water on this shore
Beneath that tree -- another bore
To pester me -- a nerd perhaps --
His silly hat and purple wraps --
But those blue eyes and fine black hair
Pierce through my veil and lay me bare --
I'll speak to him -- perhaps to find
A soulmate for my heart and mind.

My heart was racing as she spoke --
Her timid words -- his answer broke
The visage I'd expected would appear --
His selfless kindness -- enrapt ear --
She is so young and shy and yet
Betrays a hidden confidence that's set
My heart on course with destiny --
I've found a friend -- beneath this watchful tree.

=

Submitted by Zaxus Neox, whose story is below.



This issue's second poem ("Beneath that Tree", above) has a bit of a story to it; when I received the email, I was pleasantly introduced to one Zaxus Neox of Winterfell Laudanum, who related thus:

"Son of a blacksmith, without noble title or claim, I seek to understand the world around me by directly experiencing all it has to offer, thereby broadening my perspective and expanding my grasp of what it means to exist.

Only a few days into my second life experience, I happened to meet a girl who, also into her first few second life days, has become a marvelous friend. This poem describes our first meeting under a tree at 10 Siddal Street in Laudanum, Winterfell. I ended up

renting the property and now we live there."

What a wonderful story behind the poem! May lag be always minimal around you and your new friend, good sir!

WE TAKE SUBMISSIONS!

If you wish to submit to Steampunk Adventures magazine, please email either kit.pelazzi@gmail.com directly (Kitsuko Pelazzi) or steampunkadventurers@gmail.com (general Steampunk Adventures email). Please be aware that we reserve the right to edit for space and punctuation errors.

FASHION THAT TOGGLES
THE GOGGLES - SPECIALTY
ON HATPINS!

by Dakk McDunnough

In today's fashion forward intellectual society, one must protect as well as decorate the capitulum. To this end, I went to visit Hatpins hoping to find Ms. Straaf several times there but I always seemed to miss her. She is a very hard person to catch up with sometimes, but in those few visits to her store I had time to look around and purchase a few things!

I landed myself two beautiful dresses – one named Lady Effie that was on sale for 69L and the Lady Effie Hat shown here. Notice the intricate and delicate feather plumes.



The earrings and cameo necklace are also part of the package and you have your choice of the full skirt shown here and a bustle skirt. The second dress and hat I purchased was Lady Kate Charcoals. This outfit was very feminine and had wonderful movement and detail.

This is one of my favorite hats! Lady Susan, Tricolor Purple. It has a wonderful resize script built in! (Do you think maybe I made the Hat a size or two too big – just in case this article makes my head swell up with pride? Me? No way!)



When I did have a chance to speak with Ms. Straaf, I asked her when she was going to release a new gown and she said she didn't think she would as she was not fond of seamstress work. She much preferred being a Milliner. She was in a hurry with a rush order that day, so we had to postpone that chat over tea, but I did leave her with some questions. Not the usual questions that are usually asked in an interview, per her request.

Q1. What kind of breakfast do you like to eat and do you think it helps you in your design process?

A. Normally, I start my day off with a couple of hard boiled eggs, and a big cup of coffee (sugared and creamed). I don't think it helps the design process much, but if I ever create a hat with eggs

or coffee on it, I will have to take that back.

Q2. What color makes you feel nauseous?

A. None. Colours are all very alive to me, and each is beautiful. Some colour combinations, on the other hand, can really bother me if they grate against each other in a disharmonious way.

Q3. Who is the most interesting person you feel you have sold and/or made a hat for?

A. The customers I have enjoyed conversations with are interesting, and very nice. I've even found some friends through my hats! But I confess to a special thrill of delight whenever I see a Linden make a purchase.

Q4. What do you like to do when you are not designing top quality hats?

A. In all honesty? I retreat to another world, turn myself into a sturdy orc with pigtailed (just the pigtailed, she's bald on top), get out my bows and arrow, whistle for my faithful pet chimera, Awonannatu, and go on a murderous rampage slaying beasts and humans so I can loot their corpses for silver and cool things. For the Horde!

Q5. What is the difference between a Milliner and a Haberdasher?

A. In Britain and Australia, a haberdasher is someone who deals in sewing notions, like buttons and beads, lace, trim, whatnot. In Canada and the USA, it is someone who deals in men's clothing and accessories, like suits and hats.

A milliner is also a hat maker, but in the 19th and 20th centuries, milliners would be called upon to turn a pile of hand-me-downs into a brand new, stylish wardrobe, including hats and caps. A milliner, like a haberdasher, can be any gender.

That'd be the difference. :)

Q6. How many licks DOES it take to get to the Tootsie Roll center of a Tootsie Pop?

A. I've never been able to learn that answer. As soon as the candy outside can be crunched through without ruining the delicious Tootsie Roll centre (I love Tootsie Rolls), I crunch!

Q7. Where do you see yourself and/or your designs/brand in the next couple years?

A. That's a tough question. If I keep creating things that are not hats, I'm going to be having something like a department store soon. Hats, pocket watches, hatpins, earrings, wreaths, boutonnières, wedding bouquets, spectacles, wigs, dresses, furniture, textures... really, I don't know where my muse will take my shop and my brand. I'm having fun, though.

Q8. Anything else you would like to add?

A. Mew.

There you have it folks! Straight from the Mad Milliner herself! For quality in women's and men's hats as well as pocket watches, fobs, glasses, and a few dresses and some whimsy like the steam powered mouse toy for your favorite kitty or neko – you haven't far to look, Just take your horseless carriage to Hatpins today!



STAFF SPOTLIGHT - KITSUKO PELAZZI

Kitsuko Pelazzi first was a tarot reader in the region of Caledon Oxbridge Village, after having been introduced to the world of Second Life through Caledon's community gateway in May of 2009.

Since then, she has lived in various places in Caledon and in Winterfell, has participated in other magazines such as La Vie d'Innocent (which covers Japanese style lolita fashion) and has tried her hand at DJing. She was tenant and Duchess of Caledon Perenelle as well for some time, so she can be addressed as "Lady" or "Duchess".

Halloween is her favorite holiday and she looks forward to spending the first days of November setting up in the new Steelhead sim of Steelhead Nevermoor.

She still reads tarot, but now she is settling into doing the occasional event coordination and being Chief Editor of the Steampunk Adventures magazine.



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There are also special rates if you purchase multiple ads.

Please contact us for further details or if you have any questions regarding the pricing structure. In some cases vendors may have previously agreed to the reduced rates; these previous agreements will still be honored.

If you have any questions please feel free to contact steampunkadventurers@gmail.com.



CHIEF EDITOR SIGNOFF

I hope you have all enjoyed this issue and we look forward to bringing you the fourth issue of Steampunk Adventures soon. I can be reached at kit.pelazzi@gmail.com if anything urgent comes up.
