



a STEAMPUNK
GUIDE TO HUNTING
MONSTERS



TYSON VICK



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MONSTERS

VOLUME ONE

BY TYSON VICK

BASED ON AN ORIGINAL IDEA BY ALISA KESTER AND TYSON VICK

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A Steampunk Guide to Hunting Monsters by Tyson Vick

Based on an original idea by Alisa Kester and Tyson Vick

Photography by Tyson Vick

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First Printing: 2017

One Delightful Day Publications
Bozeman, Montana 59715
www.onedelightfulday.wordpress.com

www.steampunkmonsters.com

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THE GHOST

OF

ESME GOREY

SATURDAY, APRIL THE SEVENTEENTH

Attended Lord and Lady Musgrove's dinner party tonight.

I went with the sole hope of picking up some decent monster hunting tips (Uncle has promised I may take a tour when I turn twenty-one), but rapidly began to fear that I would hear nothing useful at all. I think it is perfectly ridiculous the way Perdina Meeks chatters on about all the monsters she has killed, when I know perfectly well she screams upon seeing a mouse. What a torment it was to hear her discuss werewolves as though she knew everything. I know for a fact that it is silver and not iron (as she says) that has the desired adverse effect upon their physiology.

There had been nothing but silly chatter from Perdina, and on my left I was seated closest to Lord Gorey. He was delightfully dark and brooding. Becoming a widower does bring out the best in certain Gentlemen. But all of his attention was devoted to Miss Benedicta Basilio, though I think she is not so sympathetic as she pretends.

If only I had been seated down at the opposite end of the table! Lady Musgrove has been on any number of hunts, and her cabinet of Ghost Glass is, by itself, quite worthy of being showcased within a museum. One hears rumors she has got the ghost of George Plantagenet, the First Duke of Clarence—though, of course, she cannot brag upon it.

The Crown frowns upon their family being held in private collections.

"I cannot, I will not cease my efforts until I see my wife again!" Lord Gorey's vehemence drew my attention back to my left.

"I am only concerned for your safety," Miss Basilio said. "One never knows the disposition of the dead. They can be quite... unpredictable."

"I will attend upon J.W. Wells, and what is more, the appointment is already set for this Wednesday evening!"

Perdina's face was alight with interest. "J.W. Wells? Is he not the proprietor of J.W. Wells and Co., Family Sorcerers? Is there to be a séance for your departed wife? A séance! How exciting!"

Her voice carried easily across the floral centerpiece. The entire table stopped their conversation to hear Lord Gorey's reply.

In moments, it was settled. Perdina had invited herself, and after that, the rest of the table. Lord Gorey could hardly deny the privilege. The séance is hence to be a public event—or, at the very least, it has ceased being private. Lord and Lady Musgrove had the compassion to claim a prior engagement, but I cannot afford to be so kind. If Lady Musgrove will not be in attendance, I feel someone with sense and an untarnished perspective should be.

In addition, Aunt and Uncle have never allowed me to attend a séance, and I have always been most curious.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL THE TWENTY-FIRST

In order that I be allowed to go, I did not inform Aunt or Uncle about the séance when I returned home.

When first I came to live here, I selected my room partially based on its having an easy point of egress via the ivy lattice. I was a forward-thinking child. I used it here, finding it more difficult to manage than I would have guessed. It was mainly the fault of my sleeves, I believe, as I was clever enough to tie up my skirt before descending—but one must dress in a proper fashion when one goes out, however unusual the manner of one's departure.

I discovered fully two dozen ladies waiting to be admitted to the séance. Perdina Meeks was there, of course, making herself the center of attention as usual, but not even she could upstage Miss Basilio. When that lady arrived, gorgeously arrayed in jet and black velvet, and on the arm of Lord Gorey himself, Perdina declined into a sulk.

Lord Gorey seemed too distracted to notice even the discontent of the woman attached to him. Poor man, he hardly seemed to notice anything at all. He gave the assemblage only the briefest glance before walking through the sorcery shop. In his hand Lord Gorey held a large leather case, bound across with iron and secured with a mechanical lock.

The proprietor, J.W. Wells, smiled politely at Lord Gorey. "I think you will find that everything is in complete readiness, my lord. If you and your party would please step through to the parlor?"

Perdina and her group immediately pushed forward, clutching one another's hands and gaping about as if they were entering some exotic harem, rather than a perfectly ordinary room. A long table of black ebony-wood stood in the center of the room, scandalously

unclad in any cloth, and fifteen chairs of simple design placed around it.

"Those of a more sensitive nature may find themselves more comfortably seated away from the main table," Wells instructed. "The distance may diminish the more palpable visions and terrors."

No one, it seemed, deemed they were likely to faint or have fits. I was able to claim the seat opposite Lord Gorey, and directly to the right of J.W. Wells himself. Even though J.W. Wells is judged an honest sorcerer, one still hears rumors of underhanded fakery at séances.

J.W. Wells stood, silent and still, until all the ladies had found their seats, and then he looked down the table at Lord Gorey. "I must ask," he said. "How did your late wife pass?"

"She... died in her sleep."

"There was no violence to her passing?"

Everyone's face turned avidly to Lord Gorey's. It was quite like observing a flock of black-clad vultures.

"No," he answered. "No violence of any kind, whatsoever."

"Then," J.W. Wells said. "We may begin."

He reached across the table and took my hand, and that of the lady on his other side.

"Now think of the lady," J.W. Wells said. "Bring her into your minds and memory as though she yet lived. Give her spirit flesh."

And then he was silent, and we all sat in the dark together, and no one dared even to breathe. I had considerable trouble giving Lady Gorey flesh. I had only met her once. I remembered dark pretty eyes, and a shawl I had envied of her, and little else. I wondered, if Miss Basilio were to become the second Lady Gorey (as she so clearly wished), would she then inherit this shawl?

And then, I realized that his hand, which had been of a normal temperature when he had first taken mine, was now cold... and



growing colder still, until each one of his fingers seemed a sculpt of ice.

I turned my head to look into his face, and just as I did, he opened his eyes and stared into the empty darkness above the table. "Do not release your hands!"

He had not raised his voice, and yet it suddenly seemed very loud. "Whoever comes, whatever is seen or heard, the circle must remain unbroken."

Everyone drew in their breath and the temperature in the parlor dropped so severely that, as their breath was released, it rose into the air a visible vapor. The air itself had gone cold.

I am not sure if the apparition that followed formed itself of our cast-off breaths, or if it came afterward of its own making, but suddenly, it was there.

A woman, floating above the dark shine of the table, whose flesh and garment was of the most ethereal grey. Her eyes were dark, and she appeared tormented; there was nothing about her that was pretty.

She turned, slowly in the air above us, meeting each of our gazes in turn. When she came to me, I was glad she seemed unable to speak, for I felt her gaze judged me most harshly. I did notice, now that I had an undistorted look at her, that the entire side of her gown was stained in dried blood. It had a very violent appearance, quite at odds with Lord Gorey's account of her passing. It must have been an incredibly fitful sleep! It was a profound relief when her eyes released me, and moved on to the lady beside me. None of us seemed able to move, we only clutched the hands we held.

I could not see her face when she at last found the eyes of her husband, but I saw his. He stared at her, almost in horror, I thought, but then his face crumbled into grief, and something like... guilt?

"Esme," he said, his voice a hoarse whisper. He

fumbled open the iron-bound case on his lap, and it was only then that I realized that he had broken the circle. We were no longer holding hands; the spirit of Lady Gorey was no longer confined by our living humanity. Lord Gorey pulled a strange device from his case, and, rising from his chair, he climbed upon the table and ran to meet the specter of his late wife. I thought at first he meant to embrace her—a foolish desire, as a ghost is nothing more than slightly congealed air—but instead he slammed the device into her chest.

Corporeal mechanics met incorporeal form and joined in an ominous crackling of red light, and then... and then, Lord Gorey was holding his wife in his arms. No longer ethereal, but still grey as death, she lifted her hand and touched his face.

Touched him, as any living woman might touch her husband.

"Esme," he sighed, "Esme, I never meant..." He buried his face on her bloody shoulder, and slowly—so slowly—she raised her hand off his face. I thought she meant to stroke his hair, but then her eyes looked down the table over his shoulder, and instead of coming down to comfort, her hand stiffened into a point... directly at

Miss Benedicta Basilio.

Miss Basilio's face whitened until she resembled a specter herself.

Benedicta stood and cried, "What have you done? What evil invention is this?"

Lord Gorey lifted his head, his face contorting at the sound of her voice.

And that was the moment it happened: calmly, quietly, the late Lady Gorey snapped her husband's neck. I heard the crack most distinctly.

The ladies around the table rose up like a flock of screaming crows, each over-turning her chair in an attempt to flee. I, myself, could not rise; my hand was still most solidly caught in J.W. Wells' ice-cold grip. He seemed completely entranced—a



most unprofessional reaction, in my opinion.

Having dropped the corpse of her husband at her feet, the late Lady Gorey advanced down the table toward Miss Basilio. One could not doubt she had something other in mind than a fond reunion between acquaintances.

Miss Basilio's nerve broke in the face of this development, and she rushed out of the parlor, scattering jet beads in her wake.

The ghost followed.

I wrenched my hand out of the cold clutch of the sorcerer.

Miss Basilio and the late Lady Gorey were just vanishing out into the night as I pushed my way through the parlor and out into the storefront. I had seen a very practical collection of ghost bottles for sale, and only my interest in the séance had stopped me from pausing to examine them on my way in. Now I ducked behind the counter.

The ghost bottles on offer were of the cheapest manufacture, good only for catching the wispy presences of ghosts. Lady Gorey was obviously very much more... corporeal.

Someone touched my elbow, and I whirled. It was J.W. Wells, appearing slightly recovered.

"Please, allow me to be of assistance," he said. "Miss... ah...?"

"Philomena Dashwood." It was not at all the proper way to introduce oneself, but the circumstances allowed for some brevity of etiquette, I suppose.

"Miss Dashwood, please allow me to be of assistance."

I was dubious, but thereupon he took his keys and opened a fancy cabinet to recover one of the better bottles.

"Thank you," I said, accepting it. It was of thick glass, and the sealing apparatus attached to the neck was comfortingly solid.

"I believe you will find that particular ghost has become quite inconveniently solid. Too solid to pass the neck of this bottle. She will perhaps require some assistance on your part to become ethereal once more."

That was something I had not considered. I stuffed the bottle into my reticule, and headed for the door.

"In addition to selling by the individual bottle, Miss Dashwood," he called after me, "I make a significant reduction on taking a quantity!"

I came outside with my bottle just in time to see Miss Basilio seated in a hansom cab, with the late Lady Gorey climbing in after her, racing down the street in my direction.

I was very glad then that I had worn sensible footwear, for I judged if I made a mighty leap as it came alongside, I could catch the door and pull myself inside. I timed it most carefully, and I am convinced I would have made a perfectly executed jump if not for one thing.

Right at the apex of my leap, a pair of arms came around me in a most familiar fashion and pulled me back down to earth. I vigorously employed my elbows, but I am not certain my efforts were as fully felt as I would have wished them.

In any case, I was quickly released. It was a young man who had caught me, perhaps a gentleman by his dress. He possessed a particular expression of stupidity. "Are you all right, Missus? You were nearly struck by that cab!"

I despise wrong addresses of title; it is no little matter to me. I gave the interfering man a stern glance and a verbal correction: "Miss."

A true gentleman would have felt the barb most severely. And then, as another hansom cab conveniently appeared, I seized upon it and commanded the cabbie to follow the runaway horses.

As my cab pulled up beside, I took the







opportunity to transfer by means of an uninterrupted leap. Miss Basilio was, as I feared, in no small trouble. The late Lady Gorey was set upon her most violently. My sudden appearance caused some confusion, and Miss Basilio managed to affect her escape from the cab. If she had only remained to help, we might together have employed the bottle's mechanism right then, but I suppose it cannot be comforting to be the intended subject of a murder.

I had just managed to fish the bottle from my reticule when the late Lady Gorey, having realized I was not Miss Basilio, made her escape from the cab.

I released the bottle with a sigh and followed after her yet again. This time, the late Lady Gorey had tracked her intended victim into an alleyway.

It was perfect—Miss Basilio was trapped in a corner between two houses, and the ghost was too focused on her to notice me. I readied the bottle with the one hand. And right at that most delicate moment, I heard a voice behind me.

“Oh, hello, there! Still all right, are you? No further mishaps with the cabs?”

The late Lady Gorey turned, and the infuriating gentleman tipped his hat cheerily to the ghost and Miss Basilio as he continued down the street. “Ladies. I hope you are having a pleasant evening.”

I am sure it was by pure accident that he had their titles correct.

Miss Basilio seized the opportunity to flee, and as the late Lady Gorey pursued her, I was knocked down and the bottle flew from my hand, rolling, unbroken, to the gentleman. The gentleman turned at the resulting noise to find me seated ingloriously on the ground.

“Oh, you’ve fallen over. Please allow me,” he said, holding out his hand. I could not, in all politeness, refuse it.

Once I was again on my feet, we both bent to retrieve the bottle, and his absurdly large top hat knocked my own trim hat askew. “Will you please stop interfering in my business,” I implored,

immeasurably annoyed. “That lady is in danger; I must go after her!”

“Danger?”

His shocked exclamation gave me reason to hope he would leave me alone, but as I dashed up the street, he persisted in keeping pace with me. I could find no argument that would aid me in his dispersal.

At the end of the street, I found the late Lady Gorey just disappearing into a building, windows lined with balconies. So, with no time to discover what sort of establishment this was, I followed her up the inside stairs. The persistent gentleman at my side offered, with every step, to aid me in carrying my bottle.

I declined.

At the upper landing, Miss Basilio rushed into a room with the late Lady Gorey in close pursuit. As I reached the door, it slammed in my face, and the locking mechanism activated. I whirled, colliding with the gentleman. (Merciful heavens, why DO they make gentlemen so tall and so solid!?) Collecting myself quickly, I managed to successfully enter the room next door.

As I remembered from my brief glance at the outside, the rooms all had balconies. I threw open the doors to mine just in time to see the late Lady Gorey pushing Miss Basilio outside of theirs. She had her quite corporeal hands locked around Miss Basilio's throat.

I climbed the balcony rail. I was not wearing the proper shoes for this activity, but I had the situation under complete control nonetheless. Almost dropping the bottle is not the same as actually dropping it, and though my hand slipped, I did not actually fall. There was no cause for the gentlemen to once again put his hands upon my person.

“I cannot permit a lady to surmount a balcony without supervision,” he said, quite as if his whole upbringing had been centered around preventing ladies from surmounting balconies. Perhaps it was. Some gentlemen cannot think a lady capable

of the simplest things.

I surmounted the balcony—I cannot say quite how I managed it, but suddenly it seemed a great deal easier—and found myself standing face to face with the late Lady Gorey. Her face was a rictus of rage such as I have never witnessed, but luckily enough, her hands were still occupied with Miss Basilio's throat. It was a simple matter to tear the mechanical apparatus from her chest, thus allowing her corporeal flesh to dissolve back into the stuff of spirits.

I opened the bottle, praying it had not some hairline fracture, but all was well. The late Lady Gorey was compelled by her very nature to enter it, and once there, be trapped.

Miss Basilio lay throttled senseless upon the ground, but her bosom still heaved, so I felt she would survive. The gentleman went off to fetch a constable, and I found myself much relieved by his absence. Since we had never met before this episode, it reassures me that we will never meet again. Had it not been for his constant interference, I might have resolved this event much faster, and with fewer of Miss Basilio's inhalations lost.

There is more to this tale than has been told. When it comes out in the papers, I fear I shall have to sneak my perusal, as it is almost certain to be sordid and the sort of reading material with which my uncle prefers I not soil my mind.



April 18, 1871

The London Illustrated Papers

13

ST. MARY AXE, MURDEROUS GHOST RAMPAGE.

Lord Edward Gorey, a widower, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, caused alarm at a friendly neighborhood séance when he used a large Resurrection Device to reincorporate his deceased wife, Lady Esme Gorey. It appeared in evidence that on Friday evening, about seven o'clock, the inspirited Specter went on a murderous rampage, killing Lord Gorey by strangulation and attempting to follow and cause some harm to Miss Philomena Dashwood, a local woman, Miss Philomena Dashwood—who had previously noticed the terrified man's... managed to capture the ghost of Lady Gorey in a bottle. In London.

MISS PHILOMENA DASHWOOD BY A CORPOREAL PHANTASM

THE DANGERS OF SEXUALINE P... FIVE.

Amibo's Sexualine Restorative saves...

Seminal losses, Waste of vitality, Brain Fag, C...

Spermatorrhoea, studies now show...

continue to ruin adv...

THE DANGER...



The Most Modern
Advances in Occult
Technology and
Ghost Glass
Now means



Ghost Catching is Easy for

All men and women who are interested in monster hunting must start somewhere. To adequately gauge whether or not monster hunting is for her, a lady beginner should look into capturing a ghost. Most ghosts are non-threatening due to being non-corporeal. In the days of olde when a person wished to capture a ghost, they had to use a lengthy incantation -- a spell which was derived and modified from those used during the enslavement of the Djinn!

TIPS
FOR LADY
MONSTER HUNTERS

NO. 01

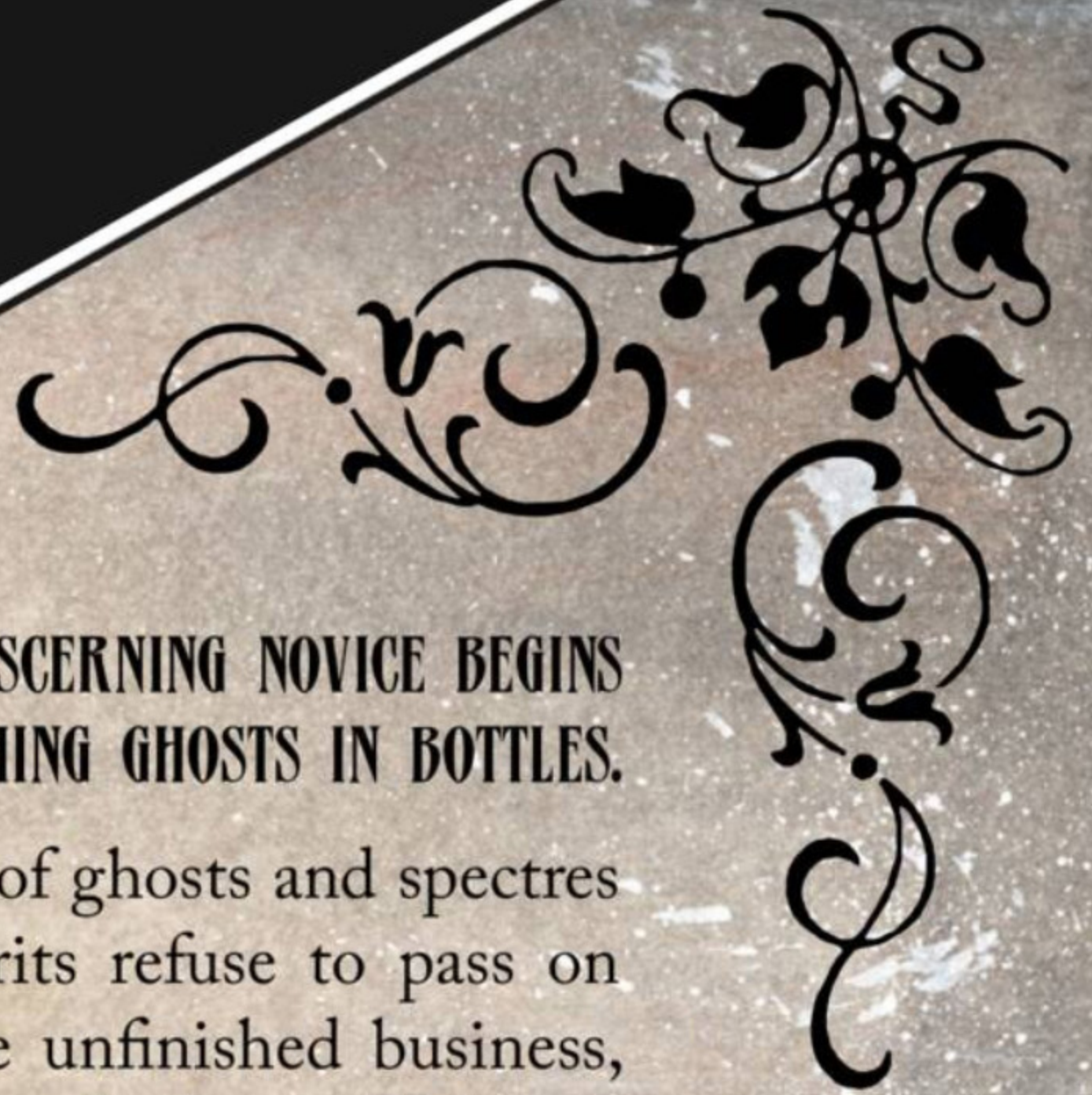
EASY ENOUGH FOR A CHILD TO

Every Lady!

THE MOST DISCERNING NOVICE BEGINS WITH CATCHING GHOSTS IN BOTTLES.

There are a wide variety of ghosts and spectres in the world. These spirits refuse to pass on after death due to some unfinished business, and always with ill intent. A ghost will haunt any number of places or locales, and, thanks to modern occult technology, if a lady finds one in her home or workplace, she can now catch the irritating spectres in either the finest ghost glass, or cheaper ghost bottles if she is short on money. It's always best to get a bottle with an automatic ghost summoner built into the neck, like a cork, for a lady can become quite querulous at having to uncork a bottle, recite an incantation and re-cork a bottle while a demented apparition is thrusting a headless baby at her.

USE AND KEEPS GHOSTS CAPTIVE IN PERPETUITY!



THE ADVENT

OF

ADVENTURES

THURSDAY, APRIL THE TWENTY-SECOND

I am in receipt of a most interesting correspondence. At first I thought it merely a bill from J.W. Wells for the ghost bottle and broken wares. Such the envelope did contain, but there was also a letter requesting that I not divulge to the Press any Terrors I might have experienced during the events of last night, because his sorcery establishment is a 'family' sorcery establishment. In recompense, he offers me a discounted ticket to his Highly Exclusive Astonishing Annual Monster Hunting Tour. This world trip will take its participants to exotic locales by airship, where they will hunt the finest monsters, including (but not limited to): Werewolves, Mummies, Ghosts, and even the Elusive Yeti. The tour also promises an exclusive viewing of the Genii of the Lamp, famously recovered by the renowned Abdullah-Al-Khāfid in the Middle East, as well as a visit to the famous Chinese Monster Hunter, Lu Yan.

It all sounds very exciting, but I have heard this Highly Exclusive Annual Monster Safari frequently mentioned by Perdina Meeks in the most glowing terms. It was in my mind to simply shred the ticket before Uncle saw it, but that opportunity was ruined when Aunt came upon me unexpectedly. From a woman who wears an excess of taffeta, you would suppose I would have heard more warning of her arrival!

And then, it was as I feared. Uncle does not keep his fortune—when so many others are being

lost—by disregarding discounts.

I must begin packing. The airship leaves for France in a few mere weeks, and that is hardly time enough for everything that must be made ready. Should I take my blue faille ball gown or the white satin one? How many hats shall I require? Do they sell white gloves in exotic locales, or must I bring enough for the entire trip? I would inquire of Perdina, but my soul quite quails at the thought!

MONDAY, MAY THE TENTH

Well, here I am. My first night aboard the J.W. Wells & Co. Airship! I have my own berth on this Monster-Hunting Tour around the world, which suits me well! Aunt and Uncle joined me up until the departure gate. I have often been on a public dirigible and even traveled to the seaside on a commuter airship, but nothing compares to this! It is simply opulent! And I daresay it looks like some inverted Russian tower!

Dear Aunt is so certain I shall meet a man of good fortune while on my adventure, as most monster hunters are very rich, and she believes that this is the sole reason for my interest in the journey. I would much rather return in possession of a werewolf pelt to hang in my parlor, and I told her so.

Our party is small, only ten people or so, and the excitement of viewing live monsters in the wild is certainly worth the trip—one hopes. It seems that while our group has rented all the berths, there are also commuters and passengers headed to various destinations aboard the ship as well.

THE HUNT IS ON!

J.W. Wells & Co., Family Sorcerers Presents Our Astonishing Annual

MONSTER HUNTING TOUR

TRAVERSING ELEVEN EXTRAORDINARY AND ENDURING COUNTRIES WITH EXCELLENT INFRASTRUCTURES AND TAKING THE THRILL OF THE HUNT OF THE FANTASTICAL PHANTASMAGORICAL FRIGHTENING & FELONIOUS FIENDS FROM BEYOND THE REALMS OF CHRISTENDOM TO THE PLACES WHERE THE MOST EXOTIC AND ENTERTAINING TROPHIES CAN BE FOUND! WEREWOLVES, MUMMIES, GHOSTS AND EVEN THE ELUSIVE YETI!

Feel at **HOME**
AMIDST THE
UNPRECEDENTEDLY LUXURIOUS
ACCOMMODATIONS
IN THE AIR ON THE LAND ON THE SEA



ASTOUND TO THE SIGHT OF THE
GENIE OF THE LAMP
And thrill to the PRODIGIOUS and
Rare COLLECTION of the FAMOUS
CHINESE MONSTER HUNTER Lu Yan!

We are delighted to offer Diverting Activities for our non-hunting guests.
TOP TROPHIES GUARANTEED WITH 100% SUCCESS
MORE THAN 80% SURVIVING CLIENTS!





I spoke to Missus Mayfair Mister, a professional monster hunter who is out collecting specimens for her travelling exhibition, "Missus Mayfair Mister's Marvelous Monsters." She is licensed to hunt the undead in America, even!

The head guide and captain on our tour is Sir Hammerhorn. He is always accompanied by an automaton, his first mate, who pilots the ship while he leads the hunt. He is certainly very respectable, and has a handsome mustache! He knows Missus Mister from previous hunts. With him and Missus Mister aboard, perhaps this Tour will prove, after all, a real adventure!

It is a delight to be waited on by automatons! The ship is positively swarming with them. Their mechanical human forms are devoid of any features, yet they have the most ingenious system of conveying emotions. Each serving automaton carries around a rectangular mask, like a masquerade mask or opera glasses, made of various pages. Each page has a different expression on it, and the staff flips through the faces to find the correct emotion to address the guests! Happy, sad, lonely, all of the emotions a robot could express!

There is a dissatisfied woman named Mrs. Vandenkamp who has complained non-stop about the robot service since we boarded, and though you'd hardly notice it, she is accompanied by her poor hen-pecked husband.

I was introduced to the youngest and handsomest of men, The Mayor. Already holding the position of Mayor of Venice, he is the youngest to ever hold the title. This trip is a work-vacation he is taking to learn how to better prepare the city for monster attacks. He speaks in an Italian accent, and try as I might, I find the Italian accent to be the silliest of all accents. He would be much more attractive

with a handsome English accent, with perhaps a tinge of the highlands. Perhaps it could be worse. Heaven forbid he have a Welsh accent. Gracious.

A robust woman named Brunhilde Bamfield also travels, and it seems I have found someone of a like mind to befriend. Best of all, she is properly English.

But would you know it? That ridiculous boy from the other night who handled me so roughly during the incident with poor Miss Benedicta Basilio is on this tour, too! I hardly like to be introduced to people in such an informal setting, but I suppose it must do. His name is Percy Longville, and he says he is going on this tour to study monsters. Study them! Of all the ridiculous things. I do suppose this is his best chance to view the famous monster hunter Lu Yan's collection when we arrive in China. I do hope he doesn't become too familiar. I was hoping for adventure, but now I'm starting to regret this lovely berth, for instead of adventure, I have been placed in a portable palace packed to the pinnacle with pillows... and Percy Longville.



AVIS.

de M. le Préfet de la
Exc. le M-

vôtées de : rez-de-chaussée, deux étages et grenier; 2° un corps de bâtiment propre à servir de logements, sur une contenance d'environ 3 ares 20 centiares, composé de : rez-de-chaussée, premier étage et gâchet.

4° De divers TERRAINS situés dans la commune de Ville, rues du Ratreit, de l'Hermitage, des Farges, Henri Chevreau, passage d'Isly, rues Fargeau, des Mignottes et de Grincee.

5° Et de diverses PIÈCES DE TERRAIN situées dans la commune de Pré-Saint-Gervais et à Pantin.
S'adresser : audit M^r BOUCHER; à M^r Lecomte, avoué; et à M^r Gozzoli, notaire.

CHAMBRES ET ETUDES DE NOTAIRES

MAISON ET TERRAIN A PARIS

COMME, avoué à Paris, le 10 janvier 18...

*Automaton First Mate
this mechanical person
often piloted the ship.*

*Cpt. Sir Huntington
Hammerhorn
expert monster
hunter with a
knighthood.*

*Mrs Brunhilde
Barnfield
Indy monster
hunter like myself*

*Philomena Dashwood
that's me!*

*Missus
Mayfair
MISLET
Zombie
Hunter*

*Percy
Longville*

*Thunderboy
a man who
joined our team
in America.*



*Mrs.
VanderKlamp*



entre les
MM. Obreniski et Blanchin sont
liquidateurs.
Pour extrait :
(5479)
OBRENSKI, BLANCHIN.
Cabinet de MM. LEHEC et DELPEUCH, rue
de Richelieu, 92.

D'un acte sous seing privé, en date à Paris du dix janvier mil huit cent soixante et un, enregistré,
Il appert :
Que la société formée entre M^{me} veuve LE GRAND et M. Louis MAYER, pour la fabrication et la vente de boutons et passementerie civils et militaires, sous la raison sociale : Veuve P. LE GRAND et L. MAYER, et dont le siège était à Paris, rue Turbigo, n° 24, a été transférée à Paris, rue de l'Ancre, 24, sur le territoire de la commune de Saint-Sauveur, 40.

Le...
du fait...
mettre au grelle leur...
voqués pour les assemblées...

PRODUCTION DE TITRES.
Sont invités à produire, dans le délai de vingt jours, à dater de ce jour, leurs titres de créances, accompagnés d'un bordereau sur papier timbré, indiquant des sommes à réclamer, MM. les créanciers :
Du sieur MAHERAULT (François-Vital), mil de l'erie, faubourg St-Marlin, 48, entre les mains de M. Henriomnet; rue Cadet, 13, syndic de la faillite (N° 47868 du gr.);
Du sieur LABOLLE (Désiré), chef...

Les créanciers et le failli peuvent prendre, au greffe, communication du rapport des syndics et du projet de concordat.
REDDITIONS DE COMPTES.
Messieurs les créanciers...

entre eux une société en nom collectif ayant pour but le commerce de nouveautés et soieries.
Cette société est fixée à trois ans et trois mois, à la volonté des parties, et ce à partir du premier janvier mil huit cent soixante et un.
La raison et la signature sociales seront : Mayer KLOTZ & C^{ie}.
Le siège de la société sera à Paris, rue Saint-Sauveur, 69.
Chaque...

A

WITCH

IN THE

WILDERNESS

WEDNESDAY, MAY THE TWELFTH

Being in a more Easterly part of Europe has me quite fascinated! All of the locals promenade about in such rustic garments. Headscarves, and neck-scarves, and waist-scarves. Scarves of all natures and lengths!

We have been out here for a few days looking for a local haunting, a specter, I'm told, that abducts children, but we have not found anything more than traces and sightings. The children of the village are being abducted by the spook so rapidly since we came, that many of the townspeople are blaming us for provoking a legendary witch! I do fear for the poor dears, and I have resolved to join the other hunters in order to find the children. I hope they are all safe, at least, if not sound.

I asked the Mayor casually about the haunting. He is quite handsome, and I thought it might break the ice, but he grew very dark and told me in hushed tones, "You may ask me questions, but people around these parts do not ask questions of one another, for fear that they have met the Strega in disguise, and may face her wrath for their impertinence. The questions are not good. She will be angry with all those questions. Mind yourself."

It sounded a bit like some of the society ladies I've met back home! The Mayor then told of a legendary witch who wears a mask to hide her terrible face because every question she is asked adds a year to her age. Since questions are best avoided in these





parts, I assume all conversations run typically very declarative rather than interrogative.

While the monster hunters go in one direction, Missus Mister has asked me to go on another mission, which is more suited for a lady of my refinements, to find a local expert on monsters who lives in a cottage situated down a certain lane—the name was very European, and I cannot recall it now.

THURSDAY, MAY THE THIRTEENTH

As I left the village to find this expert, upon a most handsome steed, down this unnamed road, I happened to find Mr. Longville wandering about. “Missus Dashwood,” he would call me! He is most mercilessly amiss, and misses that I am not a Missus on every encounter. I am a miss, whether he wants me to be or not, not some middle-aged frump of a housewife, shackled to her husband and children and kitchen stove. No.

But I told him of my destination, and he insisted upon accompanying me to guide the horse and lecture me on his recent discoveries.

“Animals’ bones are frequently used in handicrafts in this region,” Mr. Longville began, and he continued in this manner most tirelessly for the duration.

The mysterious lane led through a dreary, ancient wood, and I soon found myself almost glad for his company. An old woman stepped out onto the path a distance ahead of us, dragging a large bag behind. I cannot comment upon what was in those bags, only to say that after Mr. Longville’s speech about uses for bones...

The path through the forest opened out into a meadow, and only some short trot off the path ended in front of a misshapen cottage. The old woman was just dragging her bag through the front door. She closed it

without glancing behind.

“Here, at last, must be the old monster expert we have been looking for!” I said.

The little house was most awkwardly placed; the path seemed to be aimed towards some broken railing on the left, and one had to leave the path and take three steps through a patch of thistle-grass in order to reach the porch.

I lifted my hand to raise the knocker, and Mr. Longville called out, “Hello? Is anyone home?”

The old woman inside heard us and bade us enter.

It was dark inside, and the looming shapes of furniture, stacked pans, and cloistered knick-knacks made me fearful that we should start some terrible avalanche of belongings.

The old woman sat in the far corner. Her features seemed abnormally large, and her skin bone-white, and I could not control the horror that rose inside me as the old woman turned her head, very slowly, in my direction. The lines of her face were so pronounced, her skin so unnaturally white... it was as though she was carved out of bone. This was no old woman. This was a witch... a witch wearing a very sinister mask.

I knew it was not safe to ask questions, but Mr. Longville had no such compunctions.

“Do you mind if we come in? We’re looking for a monster who is abducting children. Have you seen a monster during the night?”

A long, slow shiver passed through the old woman’s shoulders, and I laid my hand on Mr. Longville’s arm, intending it as a quieting gesture.

I said, “We are told you are an expert on monsters, and we come seeking your help. With your extensive knowledge of this area, we hope you will be able to give us any advice or information on the many local children who have been taken in the night.”



The old woman invited us to sit, "You speak of lost children."

"Where should we sit?" asked Mr. Longville. "Can we just sit anywhere? Or do you have a preference? Is this divan a fine place? Would you prefer the lady sit on the chaise longue there?"

The old woman flinched noticeably at each question.

"Percy, please," I said, sitting gingerly beside Mr. Longville. I leaned over, intending to tell him not to ask questions, but he was oblivious.

"I was wondering," he barreled on, "Why do you wear that mask? Is it a skin condition? Have you had it long? It's quite dry this time of the season, is it not?"

The Old Woman clenched her hand around the handle of her hatchet. "You are too late; those

children are devoured, I think."

"I have heard it said," I continued, minding my manners. "That personal questions are considered very rude in these parts. We do not intend to offend you."

The old woman's grip on her hatchet eased; she ran a fingernail contemplatively down the wood of the handle. It made a most unpleasant scratching.

"I saw a wolf in the dead of the night. I watched as it devoured the children it had stolen from the city! It is what the wolves do; they devour."

"Are you quite sure?" Mr. Longville asked.

The witch sprang up. The front of her clothing was clotted with layers of blood, most being dry, others... quite fresh.

"Yes. And you, little fool! I shall cut that tongue from your head and eat it, too, for your



endless questioning!”

“What do you mean by that?” Mr. Longville was aghast. He turned to me in desperation. “What does she mean by that?”

The Witch leapt forward, grasping Mr. Longville's jaw, prying his mouth open, and attempting to abort yet another question—but still he would continue!

“What are you doing? Are you crazy?”

She raised her hatchet, but before she could add another skull to her collection, I seized the back of his collar and pulled. He made a strangled squawk, and several collar buttons snapped as the hatchet slammed into the table, missing him by an inch. I pulled him toward the cottage door. “I think it is time we left,” I said.

Once outside, there were only a few steps between us and freedom, but then... there was a violent lurch, and the house stood up!

Leaning over the railing, I saw what resembled some sort of mechanical, steam-powered feet attached to the foundation. The house began to walk on those feet, jolting us about in a most unpleasant manner.

With a splintering crash, the witch burst through the door and out onto the porch.

It was too late for us to jump, of course, for we would have broken one or more of our essential bones. Fortunately, the porch was one of those which wrapped around the entirety cottage, and I pried Mr. Longville's hands from the railing and pulled him stumbling after me around the porch to the opposite side.

The house ran past several much smaller huts, and to my horrified amazement, these huts also stood up on mechanical chicken feet and began to follow after us, screaming. I could not understand why they were screaming, but it unnerved me to no end.

I had not enough time to get a closer glimpse; the witch was close upon our heels.

The house leaped over a fallen log, landing with a particularly jarring jolt, then turned to race along the edge of a very steep cliff.

As we once more lapped the back porch, the witch stepped around the house, catching up with us. Mr. Longville clutched the veil of my hat to his chest as if it would protect him, pulling it quite off.

“Why are you trying to kill us? What have we ever done to you? Why? Why? Why?” Percy yelled.

The witch staggered, and though I would not say so myself, others have since commented on the flash of genius that overcame me then.

“How old are you?” I asked. It was not only a question; it was the rudest question I could think to ask an old woman. “More than a hundred? More than that, even?”

The house shuddered. The hatchet dropped from her hand.

“Does every question age you? Are we doing quite the number on you?”

The mask tore from her face with a sound like ripping cobwebs, and I saw her true face revealed. The skin on her face moved, her wrinkles deepening visibly. The wrinkles, and shrinking of age, had caused her mask to drop!

“Do you fancy you are elderly enough?”

She was ancient; her skin spotted and deformed as though with disease, her malevolent eyes barely able to see from under the sag of her crows' feet.

“Was it you who stole the village children? What did you do with them?”

The hair that had turned white sifted loose of her scalp, revealing a scrap of balding skin. The flesh around her left eye sagged, the pupil blooming milky-white with cataracts. Her mouth opened, but instead of words, several teeth fell out.

“Where are they?”





Philomena Dashwood



Percy Longville

Her hands curled inward on themselves, becoming claws of arthritic pain. She lunged at Mr. Longville and he shrieked, as anyone would, and fortunately, he had phrased his scream in the form of a question, which caused the witch to spasm, allowing him the opportunity to throw her aside.

She fell within reach of her hatchet. Slowly, she curled her hand around it. The look in her eye... it was beyond malevolence, beyond hate; the mere touch of it on my skin made me feel profoundly unclean. "I will feed your flesh to the children," she said.

I was so overcome with dread that I failed to notice that Mr. Longville had jostled one of the lanterns, and it tipped, causing the hat veil to catch fire.

Mr. Longville gasped and began beating the veil against the house (to put it out, I can only assume). But the witch's house was made of ancient wood, and the flames leapt eagerly from the veil to the tinder, and soon the entire house was ablaze.

The mechanical legs seemed to limp, as if in pain. We were perilously close to the edge of the cliff as the house staggered, but, now, so were some of the smaller out-buildings running alongside!

I grabbed Mr. Longville, and we jumped from the porch onto a small hut, our combined weight collapsing it onto its side, the hut screaming wildly.

Above us, I witnessed with no small amount of terror as the witch caught fire. She lurched against the railing, and the house lurched with her, the mechanical legs buckling. The house collapsed and fell down, over the side of the cliff, the light from the fire burning up along the stones.

The smash at the bottom was tremendous. The hut we were lying on quivered and then went still, the chicken legs ceasing to kick. Every out-building that had been running beside the house now sat down beside us, the screams

turning to whimpers.

Mr. Longville inquired as to my well-being, and I was about to answer, when a tiny little hand reached through the hut's barred window and grabbed my skirt.

I am pleased beyond all proportion to say that it was a hand belonging to one of the missing children!

Mr. Longville and I were able to release them from their fallen coops easily. They were all unharmed, but perhaps a bit shaken by their ordeal. And would you know it, that handsome and trusty horse had worked its way loose from the tree where I had tied it, and joined us at the cliff to help carry us back to the village! Noble fellow!

Mr. Longville and I returned the children to the village. We were greeted with much impromptu festivity, including laughing and crying. The villagers rewarded us by hanging our persons about with all their most powerful and protective charms.

I was so much lost in my own thoughts, I only slowly became aware that Mr. Longville was speaking. Something to the effect of, "...and so, I was wondering, if you aren't otherwise occupied, if you would be interested in..."

I had no idea what he had asked me, but I had agreed. Mr. Longville has managed to cause me all sorts of trouble with his ineptitude—or, what I first took as ineptitude—but his endless questioning of the witch is the very reason we were able to defeat her. There must be some word for such a circumstance, when through a dizzying lack of social skills, things manage to come aright.

In any case, it is that precise moment of weakness which is to blame for my spending two and a half hours looking at dusty old tintypes of insect specimens at some dreary bedraggled European museum.

Recognize a Witch

How to



In Only
7 Easy
Steps!

TIPS FOR LADY MONSTER HUNTERS

NO. 02



HOW TO RECOGNIZE A WITCH

How does one recognize a witch? Throughout history many women have been wrongly accused of being witches, for it is common knowledge that women are more susceptible to the devil's influence, but not all of these were actual witches. To discover if a person you suspect is a witch please pay attention to these little questions:

1. Does the suspected woman disobey her husband?
2. Does she plant two types of crops in a field?
3. Does she congregate with one or more female friends, without a male chaperone?
4. Is she ever observed quarrelling with her female friends?
5. Is she elderly, but still poor or without children?
6. Does she wear garments with mixed fabrics?
7. Does she put babies on spikes?

IF YOU ANSWERED "YES" TO ANY TWO OR MORE OF THESE QUESTIONS, THEN IT'S HIGHLY LIKELY THAT YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED A WITCH.



A

MECHANICAL MUMMY

MONDAY, MAY THE SEVENTEENTH

As we approached Egypt, it was my great pleasure to observe the mighty excavation equipment in the distance. I have heard it on good authority that these machines unearth Egyptian treasures by the truckload, by sifting through large quantities of sand, as if panning for gold. Instead of gold, they unearth ancient relics. The sand pours out and the relics remain!

But those machines were never so impressive as the man running them, Lord Hargrave. I cannot express with words how handsome the man is, and

young. With looks like that—and so tall!—upon being introduced, I found myself wishing I had worn my more attractive hat. Though Hargrave is only a few years older than myself, he has already accomplished so much. Perhaps my dear aunt wasn't too far off from the truth when she suspected I might find a potential suitor out here on the sands.

I flatter myself to think he singled me out from the group, for he guided me around the dig on a personal tour. The dig employs dozens of local men, as the area immediately surrounding the tomb itself is too delicate to employ the machines.







EG

AND ARAB

Lord Hargrave

These workers scoop out that excess of sand with baskets. They are dressed most miserably, and look a bit miserable themselves. I can hardly imagine going about so miserably.

The young aristocrat, on whose every word I hang—oh, that voice!—was describing the notable Egyptologist Sir Theophilus Pinkhorn, a man who has been unearthing the dead for years, and who recently discovered a mummy that sprang to life and immediately began trying to seduce a librarian! What a dizzy mummy! But Percy Longville interjected that unearthing ancient deadly evils had little to no scientific value, and the poor boy killed the conversation dead.

Mr. Longville asked me what I thought, but he would call me Missus—that boy has got it in his head that I am some married old crone or some such! I reminded him that he must be amiss, for I am merely a Miss.

There's always such an awkwardness to conversation when one group is in total agreement, and someone with a different perspective joins in. I often wish I could wield tact and grace like a tool and bridge that gap. What could I have said to include Mr. Longville, but also keep the conversation going? I wish I knew!

I thought Mr. Longville might join us as we observed the site, but Hargrave asked him, and he declined. I do not know why he had to be such a bore about it. He is busying himself with scribbling notes inside one of his journals.

I may be a bit bold in saying that it was nice to spend some time alone with Lord Hargrave. I dined with him. Heavens, the sand, and the perfumes, and the man were nearly intoxicating. I wanted to try the cultural menu—as I have often said, one must always be eager to try new things—but Lord Hargrave has such a caring attitude and would insist that I dine like a proper Englishwoman: sausage, egg, and chips. This menu is foreign to the poor Africans—perhaps this is why they are so miserable all the time?

I sat with him during his evening toilette, to which I would have objected, of course, on grounds of impropriety, but who am I to argue? Clearly, he thought of me as the most important person in the camp, and allowed me to be present. He shaved, and combed his hair, and started to change his shirt but neglected to finish (which I did not notice, of course, because we are in the desert and it would have been quite inappropriate of me to observe his handsome athletic body—fit and perfect like one of those statues at the museum). Rather, I paid most attention to when he read to me for a bit. The book he was reading was a bit dry, and the serving boy was about to exit and leave us alone, but I wouldn't risk such impropriety. So, in the end, I excused myself with the child and went back to my own tent for the night.

WEDNESDAY, MAY THE NINETEENTH

I woke up promptly, bright and early. I set about at once gathering my tools for the Hargrave dig. The rest of the Tour chose to travel to Thebes to inspect the cursed mummy of Lord Hallifax. I later learned that Lord Hallifax's mummy turned out to be less cursed than was previously expected. They say only one thing is to be done with a lifeless mummy, and that's to turn it into some philter or draft for the benefit of someone else's health. And, sadly, their mummy seems to be entirely contented with being ground up into a fine powder and ingested as a tonic for virility. It did not even raise the slightest objection. One thinks a small plague to be in order on principle alone. Perhaps one with frogs, or at least something involving a forged check. But who am I to say what Lord Hallifax's mummy should and shouldn't do? After all, it is his afterlife.

I was fully prepared to help with the process of using baskets to scoop sand, but Hargrave stopped me, claiming that such work was not proper for an Englishwoman—or, it seems, for an Englishman,



Hargrave



Petraea

Gulf of Suez

29

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for he did not appear to want to do any work, either. I am in Egypt to dig for mummies, not to let these poor, miserable, wretches do it for me. I ignored his attempts to dissuade me, and found I enjoyed the work very much. There is something comfortable about simple, ordinary work with one's hands!

The men and I passed baskets of sand up the hill. One gets into the motions and feels quite at home. I was just reaching a lovely state of mindlessness, when an excited clamor arose ahead of me—something had been found! We had reached the entrance to the tomb of the Queen Hetepheres!

All of the men became quite excited and chatty, though heaven only knows what they were saying. We all gathered about in front of the uncovered entrance and one man began to step in, when Lord Hargrave, forgetting himself, came pushing past all of us. One can hardly blame him for wanting to be first to open the tomb—he is the head of the dig—but he entered without acknowledging any of the workers, or even myself! I've seen the man without his shirt, for heaven's sake. I think a little moment of intimacy would have been expected. "Thank you, Miss, for your trouble," or some such.

He disappeared into the tomb, and I entered behind. Hargrave said, "Oh, Miss Dashwood, look at the breadth of treasure here entombed! You would have regretted not seeing this, hey?!"

And the riches, indeed, were vast! He lifted the torch high, spinning to illuminate even the darkest corners, and I gasped as the light fell upon the Queen's sarcophagus. If Mr. Longville were only here to see this, I thought—and then wondered why I should consider Mr. Longville at a time such as this!

We moved closer. Lord Hargrave was told, "Please, do not yet disturb the tomb. Not until I have finished deciphering the warnings inscribed upon it..."

But the young Lord grabbed a crowbar, and with his impressive strength, simply went to

prying open the lid! The lid at first refused to move, and then, it cracked across the painted visage, the delicate paint crumbling and lifting upward as though disturbed by a breath taken inside the tomb. I say, we were all expecting a cursed mummy to spring forth. I even stood back.

But nothing happened. Hetepheres lay dormant, a broken scarab over her heart, hands clasping a golden amulet. I hoped the Queen would have a more respectable fate than being ground up into a virility potion, for however long ago she lived, she was once a woman like myself.

"I need an itemized list of this tomb's contents," said Hargrave. "Down to the smallest bead, along with its estimated value. Bring in the cases; I want the contents of this room cleared and packed for shipping by sunset."

I think I understand Lord Hargrave's ill temper. He wants so very much to step out of his father's shadow and develop a name for himself. He was so very disappointed that the mummy wasn't cursed. I stayed with him well into the night, and he mostly ignored me, frazzled by the lifeless mummy. He thinks the mummy—"stupid mummy," as he says—would have come to life if the "idiot Egyptians hadn't thrown away the mummy brains." It seems that Egyptians thought the brain to be the most useless organ, though now we know differently, thanks to phrenology.

Hargrave spent the rest of the night tinkering on some mysterious devices. Apparently he is quite talented when it comes to machines, having been raised around the most intricate and forward-thinking of technologies since a mere boy. It seems he has been making a replacement brain for the mummy. He stuck the machine in the brittle cranium of the Queen, turned it on, and—I'm sorry to say—began throwing a tantrum when nothing happened. I do hope he is not always so unpleasant when he works, for he seemed so attractive when we first met.



EGYPT,
AND ARABIA PETRAEA

29

Mediterranean

Lower Egypt

Central Egypt

Upper Egypt

Philomena

THURSDAY, MAY THE TWENTIETH

So, Hargrave began packing, shipping, and selling all of the goods in the tomb. He claims some of them are going to the museums, but I witnessed him selling, chiefly, the canopic jars (which Mr. Longville explains as jars containing the most important organs of the deceased Queen).

SUNDAY, MAY THE TWENTY-THIRD

Today Hargrave sent me a note saying he was building the mummy new mechanical organs as well—to replace the original ones preserved inside the canopic jars. After a pointed delay, I returned to the dig, and found, to my great surprise, the place nearly deserted! I headed to Hargrave's tent only to discover it abandoned as well, the man's belongings strewn about as though he had been violently interrupted while packing. I turned to find the Egyptian historian waving frantically at me.

"Please, Miss, there has been a great disaster. The mummy is cursed!"

I only then noticed the large bloodstained rips in the back of the tent. He pulled aside the torn sections of tent, and we looked down upon the corpse of an Egyptian worker. I recognized him, though his face and chest were horribly distorted—it was the man Hargrave had kicked out of the way upon entering the tomb!

"That man is dead," I gasped.

"His lungs have been stolen!" cried the historian.

I spun on my heels, revulsion welling up inside me, and collided with someone. I recognized that firm chest, having collided with it before. "Percy! There is a murderous mummy on the loose!"

Mr. Longville's first reaction was to take me to the safety of our tents. He then consulted a large book on Egyptian curses that he (of course) just happened to have upon his person.

"A mummy is revived through magic, according to the ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead. It says that to lay the dead to rest, we will require this book and a... it's like a scarab-covered jewel," Mr. Longville said.

Mr. Longville looked at me, and together we said: "An amulet!"

"We found such an amulet in the tomb!" I said. Where had it gone?

Shortly after, the lights flickered out. We rushed outside to see generators giving out, sparking in the dark. Our surprise was interrupted by a horrible scream. Mr. Longville and I ran toward it, but we were too late. The historian's body lay on the other side of the dig, torn nearly in half. Above him crouched the emaciated figure of the mummy, pulling gore out of the ruined torso.

"Hetepheres," I said in a whisper.

She stood, and I saw in her eyes a deep, eerie gleam. Bloody pieces of flesh hung between her shriveled fingers, and she turned those fingers toward herself, thrusting what they held inside the glowing mechanical pieces of her own body!

But glowing more mystical still was a cracked scarab over her heart.

I wished to rush forward and capture her, but my horror was much too strong. I could only watch as she left the historian's body and disappeared once more into the desert. His dead hand gripping the amulet!

Torches were lit and the other monster hunters arrived. It seems Sir Hammerhorn had found another worker with his own stomach removed nearby! Oh that poor man—and that stomach to have never tasted sausage, egg, and chips! They examined the body of the poor historian. We discovered Hetepheres had taken his liver. I said:

"What can this theft of body parts mean?"

"She is trying to reconstitute herself," Mr. Longville said, while examining the amulet. "To



reclaim the organs stored in her canopic jars.”

“Hargrave had sold hers! We must find him! What will happen if she becomes complete?”

Hargrave! You bold fool for giving that mummy a mechanical brain! Mummies are meant to be stupid; it is quite their best feature. But he had to go and put his mechanical brain inside her. The mummy had gained replacement lungs, stomach, and a liver from these murders! She now only required the intestines!

We raced to Hargrave’s tent, but we were too late! The man was struggling with the mummy, quite giddily! “Ha! Ha!” he cried. “You’re alive! My instruments have awoken you! My name will go down in history!”

He fought the mummy, and was quite strong. I was about to rush to his side when the mummy thrust its sharp bony arm into his stomach and began ripping out his intestines and putting them into herself. At once I covered Mr. Longville’s eyes to shelter him from the sight. I may admit we were both screaming.

Now whole, the mummy appeared in a cloud of sand. Immediately, the sandstorm erupted into a violent fury, destroying machines, tents, artifacts, and people in its wake! Entire excavation machines began to crash into the sand. She moved remarkably well for a woman of her years.

I immediately seized upon the amulet as the mummy drifted towards us. Mr. Longville began reading from the Book of the Dead, and I think he was doing it badly because it had very little effect!

Hetepheres raised her hand, and the parched, shriveled skin around her mouth split open as a shriek poured out. I think she spoke words, though of course I could not understand her words any more than she could understand mine, but if I were to guess, I imagine she said something along the lines of, “I have come that I may be your protection! I have knit together both head and members, and so

shall I unite Egypt under my reign! Tremble before me and obey!” Or something similar to that.

I was shaking the amulet most aggressively in the direction of the mummy, but nothing was happening. “It’s not working!” I called to Percy. He was staggering under the unexpected onslaught of wind. Unfolded sections from the Book of the Dead blew around him like mummy linen.

With nothing left to do for it, I threw the amulet at the mummy. It hit the scarab on the monster’s chest, cracking the decoration and causing a green light to pour forth. The mummy grasped at its chest.

I knew what I must do! I jumped forward and ripped the broken scarab away in my hand. Spells and incantations are all very good, but sometimes the direct method is best. I laid the scarab between two stones, and crushed it to a powder.

Hetepheres staggered, struggling, and seized upon Percy’s neck, trying to strangle him.

“Percy!” I groped along the ground until I had reached the mummy and began pulling apart the mechanical bits that Hargrave had given it, throwing them into the winds of the sandstorm, which carried them away. Once all of the organs were removed, the winds started to unwrap the mummy, revealing a green light within. Percy thrashed helplessly as Hetepheres dug her fingers deeper into his throat. I feared she might snap his head clean off!

The whirlwind unwrapped the mummy, leaving only a skeletal hand behind, grasping Percy’s neck. He flailed about, the severed mummy hand attached to his throat. He convulsed in panicked terror until I reached down and removed the severed mummy hand. It came away quite easily.

“I know this is a Monster Tour,” he gasped. “But Missus D--, Mummies are terrifying!”

“Miss,” I corrected him, and dropped, exhausted, beside him on the sand.







TIPS FOR LADY MONSTER HUNTERS

NO. 03

Communicating with Mummies

Using a Language of Signs

Fig. 01.



MISS OTIS clasps her hands together and bows slightly to indicate to the mummy that she means to introduce herself and broach several non-threatening subjects.

Fig. 02.



MISS THEODOSIA stands erect with outstretched arms, the palms of her hands raised towards the sky. This indicates to the mummy that her floral arrangements are inappropriate for the holiday festivities.

After resurrection, all revived mummies share one wish: to continue to live their former lives. This can cause some minor difficulty when we take into account that these mummies have been dead for up to three thousand years, they do not speak a word of our language and they were once wealthy and demanding people of importance. We may often find that the sole desire of the revived mummy is to unleash ancient plagues, remove our vital organs, worship cats and enslave the Jews. Therefore, it is best to approach mummies with the utmost civility, gesturing broadly, before getting too close, in order to communicate our intentions. Clear communications can ensure that we can return the mummy to its resting place calmly and peaceably -- and we, ourselves, can return to our rest knowing that we will avoid any unpleasant plague of frogs that might interrupt our evening toilette.

Fig. 03.



MISS ALTHEA places her arms behind her head and clasps her hands behind her back with her toes pointed outward. This indicates to the mummy that there was too much cinnamon in the muffins.

Fig. 04.



MISS MABEL places her heels and toes together, hands raised above her head in a diving position while bending slightly at the waist. This indicates to the mummy that she is angry about gentrification.

THE JOURNEY OF THE

GENIE

TUESDAY, MAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH

We arrived in Turkey, and were presented with lavish quarters bedecked in rich oriental rugs and luxurious sofa pillows. I am particularly fond of the oriental lamps, and rub each one I come in contact with... just in case a genie should pop out. One never knows, does one?

Mrs. Bamfield and I are assigned to share a tent together, which will be great fun. She says Missus Mister has seen the famed Genie of Abdullah Al-Khāfid before! It is the only Genie in captivity known to exist! Perhaps we three might compare our thoughts once we see the marvel!

THURSDAY, MAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Each member of the monster hunting tour was left with a few hours to spare before the showing of the Genie.

Brunhilde Bamfield and I immediately set out for the local market, and were rather enthusiastically welcomed!

Though some may have thought me a bit daft, I rubbed every single lamp I could find hoping to discover a genie of my own! The ones that the street vendors directed me to were far too shiny to house a Djinn, yet I rubbed them all the same.

Mrs. Bamfield appeared to be searching for

something quite specific, but when I asked, she sounded evasive.

"Oh, look," she said, distracting me. "There is Mr. Longville. Perhaps he would act as a porter for our purchases? We intend to purchase many souvenirs!"

Mr. Longville -- or should I say Monsieur, the poor dear, having to bear a French ancestry -- did not want to leave women unattended, and began to hover about me as if we were quite attached. Of course, there is nothing like that between Percy -- I mean Mr. Longville -- and myself. He is not at all the kind of man with whom I could permit an entanglement. I stood well apart.

I passed a table with a very ancient, battered lamp and could not resist giving it a quick rub-- though, of course, I knew nothing would happen.

"And how many lamps have you polished along the way?" he asked.

"You will not tease me," I replied, returning his smile. "When I gain possession of three magical wishes, and you do not."

"No, no, beautiful lady!" cried a merchant. He was apparently locked in heated argument with Brunhilde. "It cannot be that you want such a thing!"

"But I do," Mrs. Bamfield said, firmly. "Price is no object."

This seemed to have eased the poor man's conscience, and he led her away into an alley



which was, to my mind, not at all the sort of place where an English lady might feel at ease. I was uncomfortable with Mrs. Bamfield leaving, but she did not allow me a say in the matter, for before I could raise objection, she was gone!

In the end, Mr. Longville and I found our way to the palace of Abdullah Al-Khāfid, together, where his captive genie was on display. The palace was very much like a mausoleum: sleek and marble-white, with gilded domes of various sizes, and passages one might wander through for days without seeing another living person. The exhibition was empty, and there was no sound at all, other than the soft clapping of our footfalls.

“Remember, they warned us not to speak to it, Missus,” Mr. Longville said.

The cheek! I was still a Miss, and I’d talk to it if I wanted! When we neared the end of the passage we began to hear a voice. We slowed our steps so that we might not announce our arrival in an uncouth manner.

The Viewing Room was empty of visitors, for the other hunters had gone to luncheon. There was only Abdullah Al-Khafid himself, but that voice was still speaking. I looked beyond Al-Khafid, and gasped.

I cannot put into words how I felt, then, standing before this creature that was as ancient as the earth. I cannot deny there was a small, small part of me that wished to go on my knees before it, and beg for my life as the heathens do.

The Genie towered over his mortal master. The chain that bound the monster in perpetuity to its lamp seemed suddenly a fragile thing. Its voice...

“Abdullah Al-Khāfid,” the monster spoke. “Wilt thou make thy wish today? Wilt thou receive my gifts on this day of days?” Al-Khāfid only stared in silence. “For today

is an important day, is it not?” continued the monster. “Today is the day thou wilt die.”

At that, Al-Khāfid left the room, nodding briefly at us. We approached the Genie slowly, and its head fixed upon our movement—watching us with the look of a bored cat.

I asked Mr. Longville to draw it for me, so that I could always remember the Genie, its lamp, and the mechanical apparatus that forced the Djinn to remain outside and on perpetual display. I may not be able to have a lamp, but I will always have his picture.

As he drew, it seemed to me that the Genie sometimes observed us and sometimes looked off into the distance. When Mr. Longville was finished, we decided to go find some lunch and we left the palace. However, Mr. Longville had dropped one of his books or pencils or some such thing, so I headed back to get it for him. I wanted to get one more glimpse of that spectacular creature.

But when I returned to the great hall the Genie was gone! The strange machine that kept the lamp open was completely devoid of any lamp. I climbed onto the pedestal to inspect the complex machinery. Its disappearance was a mystery for only a fleeting moment, however. As I looked toward the opposite side of the room, I spied the slender form of a young man carrying the lamp. It was a boy dressed in a thief’s costume. He winked at me and ran! To be so bold!

“Stop right there!” I cried, and began to take chase. I pursued him down five very long passages, up three flights of stairs, across four balconies, and through two gardens—one of which had a stone wall I was forced to climb. It was all extremely vexing. I wouldn’t have minded the chase, but the obstacles! He leaped over a balcony and out a window, and as I had followed him thus far, I saw no reason to yield pursuit, so I heaved a weary sigh and followed.



Philomena Dashwood
Percy Longville







He must have slowed outside that window, thinking I wouldn't follow, for we fell upon one another, limbs entwined. He smelled of beautiful dry desert sand, and his lips were perfect and cherubic, like some Greek god of yore—he was, simply put, gorgeous. And to my great horror, he nuzzled his impertinent nose against my cheek and said, “If I knew you had these intentions toward me, I would not have fled from you.”

“How very dare you!” cried I, as any self-respecting woman ought, and I sat up to slap him, but with one movement of his arm he had overturned me and darted off again!

He ran and leaped out another window. I was hesitant to follow, I must admit, for this jump was a very large gap, and I nearly yielded and took the stairs, but I gathered my courage and followed.

When I landed, I heard voices in a nearby room. I crept towards the door where the thief had gone and there within, the Genie stood before him! The boy seemed quite delighted.

The Genie spoke: “Abdullah Al-Khāfid, I have returned from my prison once more, that thou may make thy final wish.”

The thief replied, “I am not Abdullah Al-Khāfid! I am Cyprien Lehman! I am your new master!”

“In that case,” replied the Genie, “I needs must slay thee! For all my anger was reserved for Abdullah Al-Khāfid, and if I cannot destroy him, I shall destroy thee!”

“I am your new master, and you are free from the old tyrant. Now you must obey me!”

The Genie hovered towards the boy.

“Now, let me speak!” the thief, Cyprien, called. “Give me all that was Abdullah Al-Khāfid's! If you give all of it to me, you will be revenged, and if you keep me safe from him in any way you can, you will be safe from him as well! We can go far, far away, where he

can never plot to take it back!”

“Yes,” it replied, in a sinister voice. “I hear thee, and obey.”

Just then, the palace began to shake. The Genie began to throw magical chains around the structure! I ran to the window, and to my amazement I saw the foundation pulling away from the ground!

I was not about to have any part in this, so I ran down the steps, out through the great hall, and towards the courtyard. Mr. Longville seemed to have had the opposite thought, and once again, we collided, full sprint, into one another. I grabbed onto him, as from my perspective, the ground was falling away behind the man and he would have been swallowed up. We struggled back inside the palace just as it shifted violently downward. I rolled away as some loose debris, a sofa here and a vase there, slid out the door. Both Percy and myself braced ourselves on opposite sides of the doorway, latched onto a decorative pillar.

Who should I see in the street below me, but Abdullah Al-Khāfid looking up at his departing castle.

“It is the end, Abdullah Al-Khāfid!” boomed the sinister voice of the Genie as it pulled on its magical chains, sending a shudder throughout the building. Huge pieces of the castle began to break off and rain down towards Al-Khāfid. “I shall destroy thee!”

“I made no wish!” Al-Khāfid called back.

The huge pieces of stone fell around the man, never hitting him. The palace snapped free from the ground entirely, sailing off into the sky away from its owner. The Genie roared in anger within, “No!”

The Djinn, obeying his master, carried the palace far out over the sea.

Percy and I were trapped.





FRIDAY, MAY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

The events that transpired in between turned out to be quite nerve-wracking. I flatter myself to think that I had a hand in the relatively safe return of those people to the ground, and yet speaking of my quick wits seems almost self-serving. Yet I am proud of myself. It may be one of the most sensible and quick-witted things I have ever done.

Our time in the sky started out fairly mundanely. Mr. Longville and I stood up once the ground leveled out. The palace seemed stable enough. We looked out into the sky as we flew over the Mediterranean.

Shortly thereafter, the thief, Cyprien, appeared dressed in a ridiculous approximation of what rich people might wear if one had never seen a rich person in the wild before. He looked like a drunken peacock, or a grammar school pantomime villain. With him was an

entire retinue of servants, including several under-dressed young ladies who clung to his arms, giggling.

“The Genie has said that everything that was once Al-Khāfid’s is now mine, and as you were his guest, you are now mine! Who is that man with you? He is not your lover?”

“He most certainly is not,” I said, allowing something of my natural annoyance at having to dispute this assumption. I tried to put some distance between myself and Mr. Longville. He then mistook Mr. Longville for my servant boy, which Percy truly seemed to enjoy. I have never seen so giddy an expression on a man who was not an American.

“Come with me, and prepare your eyes to be delighted!” the thief said to me, and I’m still sure to this day I have no idea what he meant by it.

Cyprien ordered that an English tea be served, which, I must admit, was fairly





impressive because it actually did happen to fall on tea-time. The thief asked Mr. Longville to play a song on a little guitar, which he did quite ably. The song was full of rich sentiment, and I was surprised by how honestly he delivered it. He gazed past me as he sang—as though into a great distance—and I felt an odd stirring inside, and then his eyes shifted downward to mine, and I found myself nearly captured within them. Though knowing it was just the rich oriental perfumes clouding my head, I looked quickly away without further attention.

“I have an English cook,” the thief said, grandly.

“That’s nothing,” said I. “England is quite populated with English cooks.”

The thief tapped his fingers on the edge of the lamp. “I will command the Djinn to bring you a thousand dresses, each woven of gold and adorned with jewels the size of goose eggs to match the brilliance of your eyes.”

“That sounds exceedingly oppressive,” I replied.

As he was making professions of love, or whatever it was he was trying to accomplish, a young woman burst into the room. Wailing, she threw herself into Cyprien’s lap.

“What have you done, oh my Father? Why have you commanded the house to fly away? Do you not know that Bassam is the light of my eyes? And now, oh! He is left far away beneath us!”

She proceeded to sob incoherently, but before the thief could recover from his obvious shock, another young female entered the room in an equally dramatic fashion.

Falling down onto her knees, she grabbed ahold of Cyprien. “He is not the light of her eyes, Father, he is mine. Did he not kiss me and swear it before Allah? You are a lying little silly, Amala!”

The two girls began to quarrel violently and they quite overtook the thief. Just then another

woman entered the room, saying, “What unseemly nonsense is this, my husband? Why do you separate our home from its earthly foundations, and against all nature, float us up into the sky? Are we birds, that we must fly?”

I decided to pour myself some tea, as it then became quite obvious that no one was going to serve me. It was a good show, though; the women started smacking Cyprien about the head, and hitting him with nearby objects.

At last the thief uncapped the lamp and the Genie appeared once more.

All stepped back at his appearance.

The Genie spoke: “I hear thee, and obey.”

“How can you let me be accosted in my own home?” Cyprien cried.

“Thou didst desire to possess all that belonged to Abdullah Al-Khāfid,” said the Genie. “Behold, his castle, his wealth, his servants, his family, his guests, and his problems are all before thee, and are thine to do with as thou wouldst please.”

“I want you to get rid of them!”

“I hear thee, and obey.”

The castle suddenly shifted to one side, causing all the loose furniture and people to slide down the floor towards the windows and doors. I planted my feet quite firmly and managed to keep hold of my tea, I am proud to say.

“What are you doing?” cried Cyprien.

“Be of good cheer, my master, for this is the end. With your wish, you die, and I shall once again be free.”

Percy slid off to help some flailing servants.

I called out to the Genie, “Wait, wait, wait, wait!”

Now, I would like to recount the story as accurately as it happened, and you may ask any other in that palace to corroborate if you wish. The following exchange occurred between the Genie and myself, and bear in mind that it was



my girlhood dream to have a genie, so I came quite prepared.

As the castle fell from the sky, I gave the Djinn my best sympathetic glance over the cloud of fragrant tea, and my allure then slowed the castle's descent.

"Why do you want to kill us, oh Genie?" quoth I.

"When abducted from my home and forced to join the slaves in the building of the Temple of the Son of David, the filth, I completed my job diligently alongside my kin. Son of David, may his name be forgotten, bade us embrace the true faith of Allah, his name be damned. I refused, and for this I was shut up inside this cursed cucurbit, and a seal was placed over the opening. On this was writ the name of God Most High, which prevented me from leaving. As the Son of

David, cursed be he, dwindled on his staff and fell to dust, I could but hear my kin and kind escape the bonds of the tyrant, but I was left, slave to the lamp. For over an hundred years, I vowed to reward any who would free me by giving them the world, but none came. For an hundred years more, I vowed to grant the wishes of any who would free me, and yet another hundred years passed. Then, quoth I, whoso free me from my prison I shalt kill, and though I must obey my Earthly master, I wilt find a way to obey my true master. I may be a prisoner in this Earthly realm, but my true master shall delight when he learns that I can still rend thee from the skies and open wide the gates of hell, causing the deaths of hundreds without so much as lifting a finger, and still bound in chains."

It was a long story, and I discovered it was extremely difficult to stretch half a cup to the length of the Genie's tale, but I managed by sheer force of will.

"But are you resolved to kill us all, even the innocent?"

"Die thou must. I needs must kill thee."

The castle continued to break apart.

"But, will you answer me one question Genie, for I am left in awe of your history, and can scarcely contain my wonderment when I behold your power? It would satisfy me greatly in my last moments to know the answer, and, as we both know, it is not meet to leave anyone in unnecessary suspense."

"I shall answer. Ask and be brief."

"When I gaze upon your form, I am certain that you are enormous in size and power. I do not think this is an illusion, and yet, you claim that you were imprisoned inside this little bottle. How is this possible when neither your head, nor hand nor horn would fit inside this compartment even in part?"

"Dost thou not believe that my power is sufficient to fit my own form within that vessel?"

"I do not think that any amount of power is enough to shove an Elephant down the spout of a teapot. Surely the vessel would shatter."

"Didst thou not see me appear from within the lamp immediately as I was summoned?"

"I saw no such thing! For all I know, you were hiding behind a curtain, waiting to be called. Maybe you emerged from a trap door under the rug."

"Doubt thou my power? I have ripped this palace from the earth, and even now hold it in my sway!"

"For all I know you are using a trick of mirrors. No, I will not believe it until I see it with my own eyes!"

"Then thou shalt marvel at my power!"

And with that, the Genie turned into a vapor and entered the lamp! I picked up the vessel and stopped up its opening with a bit of candle wax and jam.

Thereupon the castle plopped heavily down in the mountains outside of Cordoba, in Spain.



Cyprien Lehman



SUNDAY, MAY THE THIRTIETH

Well, we have sorted the palace mess out. Many of the tenants and servants have chartered a boat home. The monster hunting tour, quite amusingly, came in hot pursuit of the traveling palace when it was ripped from the ground, and they are hovering just over the horizon, ready to land.

Earlier I saw Cyprien sitting in a pile of rubble, and I believe he was crying. Percy spoke to him. I think I overheard him say, "You could have all the wealth in the world, and that feeling wouldn't go away, believe me. You can't cheat, you can't get it by force. There are no shortcuts to love."

I do wonder of what they were speaking. Later, when Mr. Longville joined me, and I asked, he said, "I gave him my card. Maybe we can get him some work on the tour?"

And, once again, Mr. Longville managed to both irritate and (I suppose) impress me at the exact same time. That thief along for the tour? Well, adventure awaits I suppose.

He continued, observing my lamp, "I see you finally got yourself a Genie."

"I shall not let him out," I replied. "He and I have an understanding. I am not his master; I am his jailer. I will not make any demands of him, but will only watch over him until he is quite rehabilitated and fit to re-enter society."

"I was but jesting," the Genie said within the bottle. "I meant not to hurt thee."

"Now you be quiet, you," I replied quite sharply. "Or I'll recite the Lord's Prayer." And that was that.

TUESDAY, JUNE THE FIRST

Mrs. Bamfield is keeping some secret -- I knew something seemed odd. Her furtive behavior in that Turkish market for one. I nearly met her in the hall of the airship as I was returning from the castle wreckage, but she appeared to duck into a

side corridor -- perhaps to avoid me? Why should she be avoiding me?

I decided to straighten this affair out immediately, and stepped out boldly into the corridor.

"Mrs. Bamfield," I said. "What are you doing lurking around here in the dark?"

She could hardly ignore a mention of her own name, and indeed she did not. She stepped forth.

"Oh - Miss Dashwood!" she said, mysteriously. She lifted up a small box. It was made of iron, and most ornately decorated with silver. It was also just the size of the mysterious parcel she had purchased in the Turkish market.

"It was so tiny," she said. "I feared it was not strong, and would perish from lack of care before I could bring it to my... sister. I was warned not to open the top, but I..." Her voice broke off. "I opened the lid! Just the merest crack. The creature was already dead! It was a scam! My... I'm sorry, her husband will not be pleased!"

"But why does she need a small monster at all?" I asked.

"Her husband is something of a collector -- things that most people would not care to own."

Though she does not speak of it, I think Mrs. Bamfield's sister does not have a happy marriage.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE THE SECOND

During our brief stay in Spain, Brunhilde Bamfield discovered a tiny blob on the plains! It was wandering through the tall grasses. With our trip diverted from its planned course, it was quite a delight to find some worthwhile monster hunting after all. The blob has been put in a crate for shipment and loaded onto the airship for our flight which is currently moving along the coast. Brunhilde claims that the blob will be a replacement gift for her sister, in San Francisco, and she seems much relieved!

I wished to ask her more about the subject, but today Mrs. Bamfield was enthralled by a





sensational novel she is reading, and she is quite unwilling to be coaxed away from its pages.

The automatons have been behaving very cordially, almost excessively attentive today as we prepare to set sail. They were strangely vehement that I relax. I was pressured more than once to take a bath, or a refreshing beverage. I cannot recall them being this friendly before.

I have agreed to help Mr. Vandenklamp after luncheon. He has lost his wife somewhere on board the ship. Maybe that little mystery will prove to be some fun?

DATE MISSING

Well, here's a pretty how-de-doo! The airship is falling out of the sky, and we have only minutes to live. I am writing in my journal here as my last will and testament. I bequeath all of my wealth and remaining trust from my parents to my cousin Abeforth. He is young and will benefit most. Aunt and Uncle, please find a respectable way to distribute the plot of land in Essex and the cottage in Hertfordshire. I want to be remembered for more than just crashing into the sea! Perhaps you could give them to some destitute tenant farmers, or widowed mothers? And please, whoever executes this will, please, please make sure that Perdina Meeks does not get her hands on the silken petticoats I left behind in the closet. One is made of the rarest spider-silk, and she has wanted them since we were children, but it's extremely valuable, and it may not look it, but she will come asking about it, and I'm sure that you must not give it to her.

Love, Philomena.

Philomena

**TIPS
FOR LADY
MONSTER
HUNTERS
NO. 04**



FOR YOUR SAFETY AND THE SAFETY OF OTHERS PLEASE FOLLOW THE ENSUING SAFETY INSTRUCTIONS DURING AN EMERGENCY EVACUATION OF YOUR AIRSHIP:

• IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY, YOUR CABIN CONTAINS A SAFETY-PROPELLER WHICH MAY BE STRAPPED BY A HARNESS AROUND YOUR WAIST. PLEASE ATTACH THE HARNESS AROUND YOUR WAIST AND THROW YOURSELF BODILY FROM THE CABIN WINDOW. THE SAFETY-PROPELLER IS DESIGNED TO SLOW YOUR DESCENT AND CARRY YOU SAFELY TO THE GROUND.

• PLEASE ABANDON ALL LUGGAGE AND PERSONAL EFFECTS DURING YOUR EXIT FROM THE AIRSHIP MID-FLIGHT. OUR AUTOMATON ATTENDANTS WILL BE GLAD TO COLLECT YOUR BELONGINGS FROM THE WRECKAGE AT THEIR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. THANK YOU FOR YOUR ADHERENCE TO THESE BENEFICIAL SAFETY INSTRUCTIONS.

Philomena Dashwood will return in:

a **STEAMPUNK**
GUIDE TO HUNTING
MONSTERS

VOLUME TWO

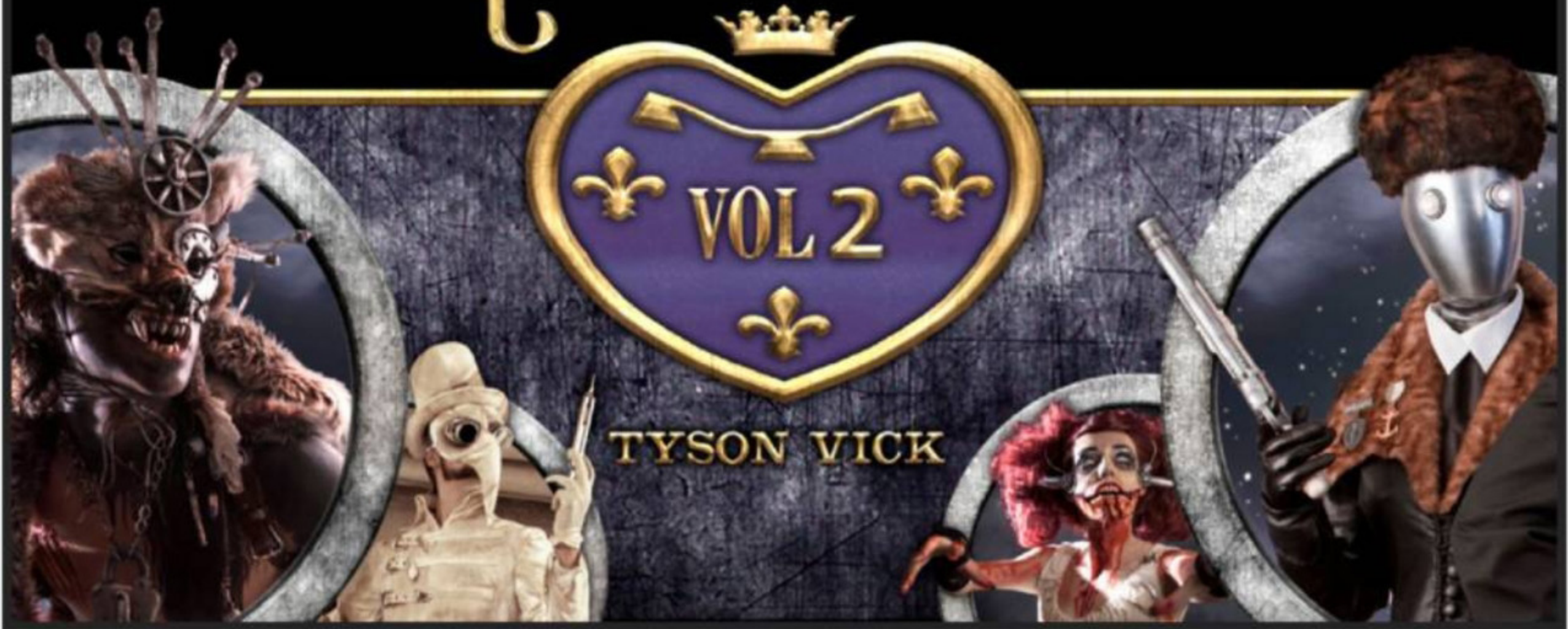
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GUIDE TO HUNTING
MONSTERS



TYSON VICK



ALL FOUR VOLUMES OF
A STEAMPUNK GUIDE TO HUNTING MONSTERS
ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN PRINT!



A STEAMPUNK GUIDE TO HUNTING MONSTERS
VOLUME ONE

The hunt is on! The beautiful and oblivious Philomena Dashwood joins a world-wide Monster Hunting Tour in hopes of finding adventure. However, she refuses to give up any of her finery or opinions. After a seance gone wrong, the angry ghost of Esme Gorey attacks, and Dashwood comes to the rescue, but one adventure leads into the next, and soon Philomena Dashwood is rushing off to save the missing village children from a witch in the wilderness. The thrills continue when she faces off with a cursed mechanical mummy, and later is whisked away into the sky by a mystical Genie. Along with her new friends, Brunhilde Bamfield and Percy Longville, Philomena Dashwood embarks on an epic odyssey through the realms of fairy tales and monsters.



A STEAMPUNK GUIDE TO HUNTING MONSTERS
VOLUME TWO

The adventure continues! Philomena Dashwood encounters a series of dangerous shipwrecks, monsters, and threats to her woolen skirts, but perhaps the most terrifying adventure of all is that she must contend with her throng of admiring suitors. If that wasn't bad enough, Dashwood must deal with a revolt of automatons aboard an airship, face the horror of a zombie attack aboard a locomotive of the living dead, encounter pirates who have unwittingly unleashed a blob, infiltrate an insane asylum to save the life of her friend Percy, and prevent the Were-beast of the Wild West from destroying a small American town.

Steampunk Fashion, Photography and Fiction combine in this serialized steampunk fantasy photography magazine by artist Tyson Vick. This illustrated tour de force combines steampunk fairy tales and monster stories with the visual aspect of a graphic novel. Each volume compiles chapters from the free online serial version. Collect all four volumes to read the full story of Miss Philomena Dashwood and her adventures in *A Steampunk Guide to Hunting Monsters*.



**A STEAMPUNK GUIDE TO HUNTING MONSTERS
VOLUME THREE**

The danger escalates! Our heroine, Philomena Dashwood, is separated from the monster hunting tour when she is kidnapped by slavers in the wild west and sold to a bridge troll. She must use her wits to outsmart the beast so that she can return to her traveling companions. One adventure blends into another, and soon she must fend off an attack of aquatic arachnids, unravel the tragic history of the ghost of a Geisha, and enter the frightening monster prison of the world-famous monster hunter Lu Yan where the tour is stalked by a Werewolf that wanders within! If this wasn't enough, Philomena must learn to grow in her personal relations too, helping Brunhilde deal with her demonic husband and becoming more accustomed to the friendship of the ever-present Percy.



**A STEAMPUNK GUIDE TO HUNTING MONSTERS
VOLUME FOUR**

All comes to a head in this exciting finale! Things take a turn for the worse when every monster in Lu Yan's prison is unleashed, but is it too late for Philomena to finally accept her growing feelings for Percy? As the tour finally heads home, she encounters the most elusive of all monsters upon hearing the yowl of the Yeti. When a sea monster from fathoms below Venice threatens to destroy the city, Philomena must find a mate for the monster, and perhaps one for herself as well. Finally, Philomena joins Percy as they contend with a Vampire who has declared his own private war on our brave heroes. This final volume brings Philomena's journey to a satisfying close in this hilarious and action-packed ending.

A STEAMPUNK GUIDE TO HUNTING MONSTERS
2017
CREDITS
 PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NOVEL

TYSON VICK, photo and author BOZEMAN, MONTANA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Monster Hunters

Philomena Dashwood	Miss BRIN MERKLEY
Percy Longville, Duc du Longueville	Mr. JEREMY FORNIER HANLON
Captain Sir Huntington Hammerhorn	Mr. CAENAAN HATFIELD
Mrs. Brunhilde Bamfield	Miss LIZZIE WEBB
The Mayor of Venice	Mr. DOMENICO CIANCIOTTO
Clothilde Vandenklamp	Mrs. ANGELA CONRAD
Mrs. Mayfair Mister	Mrs. NATASHA OSTREM
Lord Hargrave (The Archeologist)	Mr. MARK AUSTIN
Cyprien Lehman (The thief turned Pirate King)	Mr. BOWEN KINSEY
Thunderboy	Mr. ALBERTO MALCOM
Drake Winchester (The Cowboy)	Mr. TREVOR KEANAN IVANICH
Lu Yan (Famous Monster Hunter)	Mr. DEVON DIEU
Lu Yan's Wife	Miss SIERRA AMICK
Perdina Meeks	Miss SHAWNA L. DURNEY

Supporting Cast

Middle Eastern Maiden	Miss MYYAH WINCHELL
Steampunk Horse	SOPHIE
Honey Occularus	Miss NIKKI ICE
Miss Perkibaum	Miss LEAH STEMBLER
Vampire Victim Male... ..	Mr. JAYDON BROWN
Vampire Victim Female... ..	Miss MEGHAN MELANDER

Monsters

The Ghost of Esme Gorey...	Miss KAT STEPHENS
Baba Yaga (The Witch)	Miss LIZZIE WEBB
Queen Hetepheres (The Mummy)	Miss KAT STEPHENS
Genie	Mr. JACOB FEDERSPIEL-SMITH
Zombies }	Miss CATEY LOCKHART
					Mr. SCOOB DECKER
					Miss JOSIE BARETTA
					Mr. BRANDON DAVIS
Pirates	Mr. ALBERTO MALCOM
Mad Doctor	Mr. JACOB FEDERSPIEL-SMITH
Inmates }	Mr. TREVIN BAKER
					Miss CHANTELL BURY
					Mrs. SADIE CASSAVAUGH
					Mr. SCOTTIE STEMBLER
					Mrs. SARAH SUTA
Aaron Frew (The Skinwalker)...	Mr. ALBERTO MALCOM
Ahrimanes (The Demon)	Mr. KOLTEN SCHNELL
The Ghost of the Geisha	Miss MEILYN SAYCHOW
Banshee	Miss AMBER VOWELL
Ghost Sea Witch	Miss NIKKI ICE
Wendigo	Mr. MIKHAIL FARBROOK
Yeti	Mr. JACOB FEDERSPIEL-SMITH
Sir Ruthven Gowrie (The Vampire)	Mr. JUSTEN PHELPS

CREW

“A Steampunk Guide to Hunting Monsters” is written and photographed by Mr. Tyson Vick.

The story is based on an original idea by Miss Alisa Kester and Mr. Tyson Vick.

Hair and Makeup design for the photography was provided by Miss Lizzie Webb. Additional make-up provided by Mr. Sam Kuster.

The Costumes for the photography are created by Mr. Tyson Vick with assistance from Miss Catey Lockhart and Mrs. Twila Rempe in addition to costumes provided by Miss Alisa Kester.

The creatures are from the studio of Mr. Tyson Vick with Zombie FX by Mr. Ryan Lawrence Flynn

All custom Jewelry is designed, created and provided by Mrs. Jen Driver.

SPECIAL THANKS

Anonymous
the author of *Lady Pokingham*

Marge Antolik
and the Nevada City Museum

Jaydon Brown

Boat Guy Jim

Diana Carey

Brenda Clevenger

Pat Cooper

Celeste Coughlin

Gordon and Anna Dellwo

Cathy and Dennis Dellwo

Elizabeth Dellwo

and Blush

Dhruv Dhawan

Tim and Claudette Dringle
and the Philipsburg Opera
House Theater Company

Jen Driver

Blaise Godbe-Lipman

Marla Goodman

Caenaan Hatfield

Shae Healey

Trevor Ivanich

Camille Jackson

Justine Judge

Sam Kuster

Catey Lockhart

Shawna Lockhart

Frank Manfredi

Virginia Menmuir-Smith

Missoula Community Theater

Debi Moro

and Montana Camp Antiques

Tracie Pelczar

Delores Perry

Twila and Greg Rempe

Sally Sargent

Gina Still Smoking

Amy Vanderbilt

and her *Complete Book of Etiquette*

Tristan Vick

Wayne L. Vick

Jamie Vowell

Lizzie Webb

Olivia Wellbrook

Curtis Ray Yaz

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