

# The Aether Chronicle

The Imaginary Alternate History of the Steampunk Empire

From Tuesday June 10, 2014 to, Tuesday June 24, 2014



QUEEN VICTORIA OPENS THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN HYDE PARK, LONDON, MAY OF 1851.

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION ATTENDED BY PRINCE ALBERT AND QUEEN VICTORIA!

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS OR THE GREAT EXHIBITION IS CURRENTLY TAKING PLACE IN HYDE PARK, LONDON, IT BEGAN 1 MAY AND IS SCHEDULED TO CONTINUE UNTIL 11 OCTOBER 1851. IT IS THE FIRST FAIR EXHIBITION OF CULTURE AND INDUSTRY, ORGANIZED BY HENRY COLE AND PRINCE ALBERT HIMSELF, HUSBAND OF OUR REIGNING MONARCH, QUEEN VICTORIA. THIS REPORTER WAS ON THE SCENE TO WITNESS THE MARVELS THAT ARE CURRENTLY TAKING PLACE, ONE OF WHICH IS THE MAGNIFICENT CRYSTAL PALACE, BUILT AS A TEMPORARY HOUSING STRUCTURE FOR THE FAIR BY ONE JOSEPH PAXTON. APPARENTLY, HE DREW UPON ONE OF HIS PREVIOUS DESIGNS FOR GREENHOUSES FOR THE SIXTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, AND THE SPARKLING GLASS-PALACE IS MEANT TO SIGNIFY MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER NATURE. THE FAIR IS AN OPEN FORUM FOR COUNTRIES AROUND THE WORLD TO DISPLAY THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND PURSUE THE ROLE OF "INDUSTRIAL WORLD LEADER." ACCORDING TO PRINCE ALBERT, THE BRITISH EXHIBITS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION "HOLD THE LEAD IN ALMOST EVERY FIELD WHERE STRENGTH, DURABILITY, UTILITY AND QUALITY WERE CONCERNED, WHETHER IN IRON AND STEEL, MACHINERY OR TEXTILES." HE BELIEVES THAT ENGLAND'S ROLE AT THE FAIR IS TO DISPLAY A BETTER FUTURE, PARTICULARLY

THROUGH MODERN INVENTION AND INNOVATION. HE MADE IT CLEAR THAT EUROPE HAS JUST EMERGED FROM A DIFFICULT PERIOD OF SOCIAL UPHEAVAL, AND IT IS ENGLAND'S DUTY TO LEAD THE WAY FORWARD IN THE SPIRIT OF PEACE AND COOPERATION.

THIS REPORTER NOTED THAT GREAT WORKS OF ART WERE GIVEN PRIORITY PLACEMENTS AT THE FAIR, BUT ON A WHOLE TECHNOLOGY AND WORKING MACHINERY DISPLAYS ARE VERY POPULAR, ESPECIALLY THE WORKING EXHIBITS. THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH BOOTH HAD AN INTERMINABLY LONG LINE, BUT IN THE MEANTIME FAIR-GOERS COULD WITNESS AN ENTIRE PROCESS OF COTTON PRODUCTION FROM SPINNING TO FINISHED CLOTH. THE KOH-I-NOOR, THE WORLD'S BIGGEST KNOWN DIAMOND IS CURRENTLY ON DISPLAY (SURROUNDED BY ARMED GUARDS OF COURSE.) THE AMERICA'S CUP YACHTING EVENT BEGAN WITH AN EXCITING RACE THAT HAD THE CROWDS CHEERING. THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR, A BAROMETER UTILIZING LEECHES, WAS PUT TO THE TEST. AND FIREARMS MANUFACTURER SAMUEL COLT DEMONSTRATED HIS PROTOTYPE FOR THE 1851 COLT NAVY AND ALSO HIS OLDER WALKER AND DRAGOON REVOLVERS IN A WONDERFUL MOCK-BATTLE THAT HAD ALL OF THE YOUNG MENS BLOOD PUMPING.

ADMISSION FEES ARE APPARENTLY BRINGING IN A HEFTY SUM, AS NO LESS THAN FOUR MILLION VISITORS HAVE FLOCKED TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION THUS FAR, AND THE FAIR IS NOT DUE TO CEASE FOR ANOTHER FOUR MONTHS! AS A KEY FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTOR, THIS REPORTER SOUNDED OUT PRINCE ALBERT AS TO WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO WITH THE PROCEEDS FROM HIS

PERSONAL PROJECT. HE SPECULATED THAT ENGLAND COULD CERTAINLY USE A FEW MORE MUSEUMS, PERHAPS SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

THIS REPORTER WAS THRILLED TO BE IN ATTENDANCE AT SUCH A PRESTIGIOUS EVENT, ALONGSIDE SUCH PRESTIGIOUS INDIVIDUALS! BESIDES OUR OWN PRINCE ALBERT, A NUMBER OF NOTEWORTHY FIGURES WERE SEEN STROLLING THE BYWAYS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE ALONGSIDE THE EAGER MASSES. FOR EXAMPLE, CHARLES DARWIN WAS SPIED OPENLY OBJECTING TO THE USE OF LEECHES IN THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR. MEMBERS OF THE ORLÉANIST ROYAL FAMILY WERE SEEN CONSUMING ICES WITH EVERY EVIDENCE OF ENJOYMENT. FINALLY, THE WRITERS CHARLOTTE BRONTË, CHARLES DICKENS, LEWIS CARROLL, GEORGE ELIOT AND ALFRED TENNYSON WERE ALL WITNESSED IN A HOT DEBATE, RANGING ACROSS EVERY TOPIC UNDER THE SUN, AND CULMINATING IN A SHOW OF BROTHERLY FELLOWSHIP THAT HAD THEM READING EXCERPTS FROM THEIR BELOVED WORKS TO THE CROWDS. IN SHORT, DEAR READERS, DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO MISS THIS EVENT: BRING ALONG THE SPOUSE AND CHILDREN, LISTEN TO THE MUSIC, WITNESS THE AWARDS, CHAT WITH FOREIGN DIGNITARIES AND, PERCHANCE, GET A GLIMPSE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SUPPORTING HER HUSBAND IN THIS INARGUABLY SUCCESSFUL WORLD-EVENT!



VISITORS FROM ACROSS THE GLOBE HALT AT THE ENTRANCE TO PAXTON'S CRYSTAL PALACE AND MARVEL AT MAN'S INGENUITY.



PAXTON'S CRYSTAL PALACE ENCLOSED THREE FULL-GROWN TREES FROM HYDE PARK.





THE GARDEN OF ST. JOHN NEXT TO THE GRAND PRIORY CHURCH.

## STEAMPUNK ROSE GARDEN DAZZLES THE UPPER CLASS!

THE ELEGANT GARDEN OF ST JOHN, NEXT TO THE GRAND PRIORY CHURCH, HAS THUS FAR FEATURED NOTHING MORE THAN FRAGRANT AND HEALING PLANTS AROUND A CENTRAL FOUNTAIN. HOWEVER, TODAY THE HEAD GARDENER IN CHARGE OF TENDING THE LAWNS AND GARDENS ARRIVED FOR HIS MORNING'S WORK TO DISCOVER A BED OF ENTIRELY NEW BREED OF ROSES HAD TAKEN ROOT. THE WORLD'S FIRST BREED OF MECHANICAL ROSES, BLOOMS MADE ENTIRELY OUT OF MECHANICAL PARTS, HAVE BEEN SIGHTED IN LONDON! THIS REPORTER WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE AND TOOK THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON. THE ROSES THEMSELVES ARE MASTERWORKS OF ART, EACH PETAL CURVED AND HEATED BRASS, THE STEMS AND LEAVE PLATED COPPER AND WIRES. TINY GEARS ARE CONSTANTLY WHIRRING, PUMPING SOME SORT OF CLEAR HYDRAULIC FLUID FROM THE GROUND INTO THE STEM. THE BUD APPEARS TO BE MAINLY A SINGLE LARGE GEAR, AND AS IT TURNS SOME SORT OF COMMAND IS RECEIVED THAT GRADUALLY UNFURLS LEAVES AND MORE PETALS WHICH HAVE BEEN TIGHTLY WRAPPED AROUND A CYLINDRICAL STAMEN. ONCE THE BLOOM IS IN IT'S MATURE STAGE, TWO TINY PIPES EMERGE FROM ITS SIDE AND BELCH A CLOUD OF STEAM, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL THE FLOWER REACHES THE APEX OF ITS BLOOM. THEN, THE PETALS BEGIN TO DETACH THEMSELVES VIA BOLTS AND WIRES AND WILL EITHER DROP FROM THE STEM OR BE RE-WRAPPED AROUND THE STAMEN. THESE MASTERWORKS OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERING ARE AN ASTONISHING FEAT OF BLENDING THE BIOLOGICAL AND THE MECHANICAL. THIS REPORTER IMMEDIATELY SET OUT TO DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE GENIUS WHO CREATED THESE MECHANICAL MARVELS.

## NEW MECHANICAL ROSES PURIFY LONDON'S AIR

AFTER THE BLOSSOMS WERE ANALYSED BY A LEADING SCIENTIST, A MIRACULOUS BENEFIT TO THESE NEW ROSES WAS DISCOVERED. THE BLOSSOMS ACTUALLY CONSUME CARBON DIOXIDE! AND, IN THEIR MATURE STAGE, THE STEAM THAT THEY EXUDE IS ACTUALLY FRESH OXYGEN! THIS REPORTER WAS SPEECHLESS AS THE GARDEN FILLED WITH A BRIEF HAZE, ALL OF THE ROSES EMITTING FUMES AT ONCE, THAT ACTUALLY CLEARED THE GENERAL SOOTY, TEXTURED QUALITY OF LONDON'S AIR INTO PURIFIED BREEZES ONE MIGHT ACTUALLY EXPECT TO FIND IN A GARDEN! THIS REPORTER SEARCHED THE RANKS OF ST. JOHNS, INTERROGATING THE PRIESTS AND WEEKLY WORSHIPPERS, THE MAIDS AND CHOIR BOYS, THE MOURNERS AND TOURISTS, UNTIL THE ELDEST SON OF THE COOK WHO MAKES THE MEALS FOR THE RESIDENT PRIESTS WAS CAUGHT AMBLING THROUGH THE GARDEN AT TWILIGHT. THIS REPORTER HAPPENED TO DUCK BEHIND THE CLOISTER WALLS IN TIME TO WITNESS THIS YOUNG MAN REACH DOWN WITH THE TINIEST SCREW DRIVER AND PLIERS THAT COULD BE IMAGINED, AND MAKE A SMALL ADJUSTMENT TO ONE OF THE BLOSSOMS. WELL, READERS, YOU CAN BELIEVE I SET ABOUT HIM LIKE A SHOT! THE YOUNG MAN WAS BORN EDMUND FINCHLEY, AND HE WAS DESTINED TO BECOME THE NEXT CHIEF COOK AT ST. JOHN'S. HOWEVER, EDMUND IS CLEARLY A BORN TINKERER, AND HIS FASCINATION WITH THE MECHANICS OF GROWING PLANTS, THE PROCESSES OF PHOTOSYNTHESIS THAT SEEMINGLY COULD NOT BE REPRODUCED IN MACHINES, DROVE HIM TO CREATE THE BED OF MECHANICAL FLOWERS. WHEN HE COMPLETED HIS FIRST THREE FUNCTIONAL BLOSSOMS (HE CHOSE TO REPRESENT THE THREE STAGES OF GROWTH OF A ROSE: A BUD, A MATURE BLOSSOM, AND A FLOWERING BLOOM ABOUT TO DROOP) EDMUND

WAS SO THRILLED WITH HIS SUCCESS THAT HE SET RIGHT OUT TO TEST HIS HYPOTHESES BY PLANTING THEM IN REAL SOIL, TO ENSURE THAT HIS MACHINES WOULD FUNCTION CORRECTLY, AND TAKE ROOT. IT ONLY OCCURRED TO HIM AFTER HE HAD OVERTURNED AN ENTIRE FLOWER BED THAT WHAT HE HAD DONE COULD BE CONSTRUED AS TRESPASSING, VANDALISM, AND POSSIBLY EVEN DESECRATION OF HOLY GROUND. HE WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO UNDO HIS ACTIONS, FOR FEAR HE WOULD BE CAUGHT AND HIS FATHER WOULD LOSE HIS LONG-TIME POSITION AT THE CHURCH. THIS REPORTER HAD WORDS WITH THE AUTHORITIES REGARDING EDMUND FINCHLEY'S PUNISHMENT, AND SENIOR FINCHLEY WILL NOT BE LOSING HIS POSITION, AND SCOTLAND YARD WAS NOT INVOLVED IN THESE PETTY TRESPASSES THAT RESULTED IN SUCH A WONDERFUL GIFT. THE TRAFFIC SURROUNDING ST. JOHN'S HAS TRIPLED IN THE LAST FEW DAYS AS EAGER CITIZENS FLOCK TO THE GARDEN TO SEE THESE NEW MECHANICAL WONDERS FOR THEMSELVES. EDMUND FINCHLEY IS SET TO RECEIVE AN ELEVATION IN HIS STATUS AS HE HAD BEEN ACCEPTED INTO THE GUILD OF TINKERERS, AND HAS AN APPOINTMENT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO PRESENT ONE OF HIS POTTED MIRACLES TO HER MAJESTY HIMSELF. ACCORDING TO EDMUND FINCHLEY, IF GIVEN FREE REIGN BY THE CITY OFFICIALS, HE HAS GREAT PLANS FOR ROOFTOP GARDENS THROUGHOUT LONDON, EACH ONE FILLED WITH HIS MECHANICAL ROSES, WHICH REQUIRE VERY LITTLE SOIL, WATER, OR CARE. HE HOPES HIS MECHANICAL BEAUTIES WILL AID IN PURIFYING LONDON'S AIR, IN THE HOPES OF A GENERAL IMPROVEMENT IN THE CITIZENS' OVERALL HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.



EDMUND FINCHLEY'S AMAZING MECHANICAL BLOOMS.



# The Aether Review Of Books

## A Study In Temperance, By Ichabod Temperance

CLIP-CLOP. CLIP-CLOP. CLIP-CLOP.  
CLIP-CLOP.

THIS IS THE SOUND OF HORSES' HOOVES ON PAVEMENT AS OUR MAGIC PUMPKIN PULLS FORWARD AT A TROT.

"I HATE TO LET YOU OPEN THE DOOR FOR MISS PLUMTARTT, SIR," I SAY TO THE EPAULET CLAD OUTDOOR HOST. "I PREFER TO DO THAT MYSELF."

"OI SUHTAINLY CAUN'T BLAMES YE FOR THAT, SUH," REPLIES THE MAGNIFICENT OLD DOORMAN. "OW-EVER, AS OI SHALL BE HOLDING THE DOOR, YOU SIR, SHALL ENJOY THE PRIVILEGE OF ASSISTING THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN INTO THE CARRIAGE WITH YOUR OWN LUCKY HANDS THEN, EH?" SAYS THE CHARMING GENT WITH A WINK.

"HEY! THAT SOUNDS REALLY GOOD TO ME, SIR. THANKS!"

JUST AS MISS PLUMTARTT STEPS INSIDE THE CARRIAGE, ENORMOUS HAT AND ALL, MY DOORMAN FRIEND GETS A SHOCKED LOOK UPON HIS MUG AS HIS JAW DROPS OPEN AND HIS EYES GROW AS LARGE AS TEA SAUCERS. AN ITCHY TINGLING JUST INSIDE THE BASE OF MY SKULL TELLS MY BODY TO DROP AND DUCK. MY INSTINCTS HAVE ALREADY ASSERTED THEMSELVES UPON MY BODY OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL BEFORE THERE IS A CHANCE FOR A THOUGHT TO PASS BETWEEN MY EARS.

THAT IS FORTUNATE; OTHERWISE, A GIANT BLADE OF STEEL WOULD HAVE CLEAVED ITSELF INTO A POSITION BETWEEN MY EARS.

I NARROWLY ESCAPE THE BLOW OF A TREMENDOUS, BROAD-BLADED SCIMITAR AS IT SMASHES INTO THE CARRIAGE WHERE MY HEAD WAS INNOCENTLY AWAITING. MY FAILED, CRANIAL BIFURCATION ATTEMPT CAME FROM A MOST OUTRAGEOUSLY APPOINTED CHAP. HE WEARS THE SPLIT-TOED BOOTS OF AN AURIENTAL SECRET ASSASSIN. HE COMPLEMENTS THIS WITH THE VOLUMINOUS PANTS OF THE ARABIAN PENINSULA, THE SHIRT OF THE BUCCANEER AND THE WAR PAINT OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. IT IS THE INDIA INDIAN HEAD- DRESS THAT ADORNS HIS HEAD. THIS IS A WOUND UP PILE OF SHINY YELLOW CLOTH. I THINK IT IS REFERRED TO AS A "TURE-BAHN."

AT THIS MOMENT, HE IS TRYING TO FREE HIS BIG EASTERN WEAPON FROM WHERE IT HAS BECOME STUCK IN THE WOODWORK OF THE LANDAU.

I AVAIL MYSELF THE OPPORTUNITY TO OFFER DEFENCE OF MYSELF SINCE THIS FELLOW APPARENTLY MEANS TO DO ME HARM. MY UPPER CUT STARTS FROM THE COBBLES AND DOES NOT END UNTIL IT IS WELL PAST THE POINT OF CONTACT WITH MY NOT SO CHUMMY FRIEND'S CHIN.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT I AM UNABLE TO STOP HIS MATE FROM KICKING ME IN THE EAR. AS I AM SPUN AWAY FROM THE CARRIAGE BY THE BLOW I SEE THAT MY FIRST INTRUDER HAS SEVERAL MATES. THEY ARE ALL DRESSED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE FIRST, OR AT LEAST TO A CERTAIN EXTENT. ONE WEARS THE OVER THE KNEE BOOTS OF SOME IDEALIZED FANTASY PYRATE BELOW HIS NIPPONESE ARMOR AND CHEROKEE INDIAN HEAD DRESS. THEIR

CHUM HAS HIS HEAD WRAPPED IN BLACK CLOTH BUT FOR A THIN STRIP OF EXPOSURE ALONG THE EYE LINE.

"HEAR, HEAR! BEHAVE YOURSELF, YOU RASCAL!" INSISTS MY DOORMAN FRIEND AS HE CLOBBERS ONE BUCCA-NEENJA WITH A STOUT CLOUT. IT ANGERS ME TO NO END TO SEE HIM REWARDED WITH A RETURNING BLOW THAT SETS HIM HEAVILY TO THE PAVEMENT.

I TRY TO COVER UP AND ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES AND KICKS THAT RAIN DOWN UPON ME. MISS PLUMTARTT REAPPEARS IN THE PHAETON'S DOOR TO THWACK A FELLOW WITH ALL HER MIGHT UTILIZING HER PARASOL, BUT BEFORE SHE CAN GET IN MORE THAN A COUPLE OF STRIKES, ANOTHER OF THE BANDITS HAS ENTERED FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE AND PLACED A HAND OVER HER LOVELY FACE. THIS HAND CONTAINS A FOLDED HANDKERCHIEF THAT I SURMISE IS SOAKED IN CHLOROFORM SINCE MISS PLUMTARTT'S EYES IMMEDIATELY BEGIN A FURIOUS FLUTTERING AND THEN CLOSE ALTOGETHER AS SHE SLUMPS AND IS PULLED BACK INTO THE BUGGY.

ANOTHER DEVILISH DERVISH HAS MOUNTED TO THE BOX. WITH A HYSTERICAL WAR CRY, HE CALLOUSLY FLINGS THE POOR CABMAN FROM HIS PERCH, AND TAKES UP THE REINS. THE FRESH CHAUFFEUR WHIPS THE BRACE OF HORSES THAT REAR UP IN FEAR AND PANIC AND THEN BREAK INTO AN IMMEDIATE GALLOP. THE RUTHLESS KIDNAP GANG, ONE WITH A PARTING KICK IN THE FACE TO ME, THEN BOARD THEIR STOLEN CARRIAGE AND FLY AWAY DOWN HIGH HOLBERN, HEADED INTO THE FASHIONABLE WESTERN DISTRICTS. THEY HAVEN'T GOT FAR BEFORE I AM UP AND MAKING PURSUIT. THEY'VE GOT PERSE... I MEAN, THEY'VE GOT MISS PLUMTARTT!

I WILL NEVER CATCH THOSE FRIGHTENED HORSES ON FOOT. I CAST ABOUT TO SEE IF I CAN PROCURE ALTERNATIVE TRANSPORT.

THERE, ACROSS THE STREET, I THINK I SPY WHAT I REQUIRE. A HANSON CAB DRIVER IS JUST FINISHING THE REWINDING PROCESS FOR THE SPRING OF HIS MECHANICAL HORSE. HE HAS JUST FINISHED STRUGGLING TO GET THE LAST FEW CLICKS OF A FINAL ROTATION ON THE TURN KEY AND IS IN THE PROCESS OF REMOVING THE SHAFT OF THIS LONG KEY FROM THE UPPER INTERSECTION OF THE CREATURE'S HIND QUARTERS WHEN I UNCEREMONIOUSLY KNOCK HIM OUT OF THE TRACES. I LOWER THE TAIL, DISENGAGE THE SAFETY LOCK AND THEN PULL THE RELEASING LEVER. CLIMBING UP ON THE DRIVER'S PLATFORM BEHIND THE CART, I TAKE UP THE REINS AND WORK OUT THE MECHANICS OF ENGAGEMENT. TWO HAND LEVERS PRESENT THEMSELVES WITH LINKAGE TRAVELLING DOWN AND TO EITHER SIDE OF MY SPRING-LOADED PALOMINO. WHERE THE ONE ON MY RIGHT EXTENDS UPWARD THROUGH THE COACHMAN'S PLATFORM THROUGH A METAL PLATE. THIS PLATE HAS CHANNELS FASHIONED INTO IT IN THE SHAPE OF A CAPITOL 'H'. AT THIS TIME, THE ROD THAT EXTENDS THROUGH IT IS IN THE CENTER BEAM. I PUSH THE LEFT HAND LEVER FORWARD AND THEN FOLLOW BY MANOEUVRING THE OPPOSITE

LEVER TO THE LEFT AND FORWARD TO THE TOP OF THE 'H'S HIGH LEFT POSITION. I ALLOW MY LEFT HAND TO EASE BACK INTO ITS FORMER STATE. THE HORSE ACCEPTS THE COMMAND AND MOVES INTO A WALK.

CLINK. . CLONK. . CLINK. . CLONK. . CLINK. . CLONK. .

CLINK. . CLONK. . CLINK. . CLONK. . CLINK. . CLONK. .

"C'MON BESSIE, PICK IT UP A LITTLE. WE'RE IN A HURRY," I BEG AS I CLIMB UP ON THE BACK OF THE FUNNY TWO-WHEELED CARRIAGE/CART. I ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY DRIVING ONE OF THESE, BUT NOT UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

MY PLEAS OF A FASTER PACE FALL ON DEAF, BRASS EARS.

THE DASTARDS ARE GETTING AWAY WITH MISS PLUMTARTT! I NEED TO QUICKLY WORK OUT THE CONTROLS OF THIS ENGINEERED EQUINE.

PERHAPS A PULL DIRECTLY DOWNWARD UPON THE RATIO ENGAGEMENT LEVER IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE LEFT LEVER WILL ENCOURAGE THE GOLDEN GIRL INTO A TROT.

CLINK-CLONK-CLINK-CLONK-CLINK-CLONK-CLINK-CLONK

CLINK-CLONK-CLINK-CLONK-CLINK-CLONK-CLINK-CLONK

THAT'S A LITTLE BETTER, BUT I NEED A LOT MORE. SO FAR MY MECHANICAL INSTINCTS ARE WORKING PRETTY WELL. MY NEXT MOVE WILL BE TO PUSH THE SPRINGS 'HOLDER' WITH MY LEFT WHILE I SHOVE THE SPRING ENGAGEMENT RATIO ROD FORWARD HALFWAY, ACROSS THE BAR AND THEN FORWARD AGAIN TO THE TOP OF THE 'H'S HIGH RIGHT QUADRANT.

WITH THE ENGAGEMENT OF THIS MECHANISM, THE CADENCE OF MY STEED TAKES ON A THREE PART SYNCHRONIZATION AND A DRAMATIC INCREASE IN SPEED.

CLINKETY-CLONK! CLINKETY-CLONK! CLINKETY-CLONK!

CLINKETY-CLONK! CLINKETY-CLONK! CLINKETY-CLONK!

NOW THAT MY FRIEND FLICKER IS MOVING WITH A PURPOSE, I CONCENTRATE ON HOW TO CONTROL HER DIRECTIONS. THE REGULAR PULL OF THE REINS TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT SEEM TO DO THE TRICK. WE'RE MAKING BETTER TIME, BUT IT AIN'T ENOUGH BY A LONG SHOT. I HAVE ONE MORE STAGE OF INCREASING MY PACE TO WORK THROUGH. I HOPE I CAN CONTROL THIS BRASS BEAUTY. WE ARE ALREADY MOVING FASTER THAN THE REST OF LONDON'S TRAFFIC AND IT IS ALL I CAN DO TO CONTROL THIS CLOCKWORK CHARGER, BUT I GOTTA DO, WHAT I GOTTA DO.

I ENGAGE THE NEXT ACCELERATION LEVEL. TINBISCUIT ACHIEVES FULL GALLOP STAGE.

CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY!

CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY!

CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY!

CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY! CLINKETY!-CLONKETY!



# The Aether Review Of Books

## A Study In Temperance, By Ichabod Temperance

**T**HE HIGHLY ANTICIPATED FOURTH BOOK OF THE WIDELY ACCLAIMED TEMPERANCE SERIES BY ICHABOD TEMPERANCE EXPLODES ONTO THE SCENES TO DELIGHT US WITH ACTION, ADVENTURE, AND ROMANCE.

THE TEMPERANCE SERIES CHRONICLES THE JOURNEY OF THE MAIN CHARACTER ICHABOD TEMPERANCE. THE FIRST BOOK, "A MATTER OF TEMPERANCE", DETAILS THE CATALYST THAT BEGAN ICHABOD'S GRAND ADVENTURES: THE PASSING OF THE 'REVELATORY COMET' IN THE SUMMER OF 1869. ICHABOD WAS ONE OF THE MANY FOLKS FROM AROUND THE WORLD THAT FOUND THEMSELVES STRANGELY AFFECTED BY THE COMET'S PASS. HE WAS STRUCK WITH THE SAME KNACK FOR INVENTION AS THOUSANDS OF OTHERS WERE. THIS LED TO HIS CONSTRUCTION OF SOME WONDROUS GOGGLES THAT THEN LED TO HIS SERENDIPITOUS MEETING OF MISS PERSEPHONE PLUMTARTT. IN THE FIRST NOVEL, 'A MATTER OF TEMPERANCE', ICHABOD TEMPERANCE AND PERSEPHONE PLUMTARTT BATTLE MONSTERS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION THAT ARE INTENT UPON THE ENSLAVEMENT OF OUR UNIVERSE.

IN THE SECOND NOVEL, "A WORLD OF TEMPERANCE" MANY OF EARTH'S LEADERS ARE BENT ON WORLD DOMINATION. THEIR LUST FOR POWER OPENS THE WAY FOR AN EVIL CONSPIRACY READY TO MOP UP THE REMAINS OF HUMANITY. ICHABOD AND PERSEPHONE SHARE THEIR ODYSSEY WITH MANY COLOURFUL CHARACTERS.

THE THIRD NOVEL, "FOR THE LOVE OF TEMPERANCE" PROMISES NEW BATTLES AND NEW VILLIANS TO FIGHT ON A PLANETARY LEVEL. IT HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS IS THE SCARIEST NOVEL OF THE THREE.

WHATEVER THE ADVENTURE, WHATEVER THE INTRIGUE, THE TEMPERANCE SERIES HAS ALWAYS BEEN WONDERFULLY, HOPELESSLY 'STEAMPUNK.' THE AUTHOR HIMSELF DESCRIBES 'STEAMPUNK' AS "HAPPILY-EVER-AFTER ACTION ROMANCES TOLD IN A HUMOROUS FASHION."

AUTHOR ICHABOD TEMPERANCE DOES NOT FAIL TO DELIGHT READERS IN HIS FOURTH INSTALLMENT, WHERE HE TEAMS UP WITH A FAMOUS VICTORIAN LONDON DETECTIVE FOR SOME OUTRAGEOUS ADVENTURE! IN THE EXCERPT ALONE READERS ARE OFFERED A THRILLING CARRIAGE CHASE, A BATTLE WITH ARMED ATTACKERS IN FOREIGN COSTUME, AND FLIGHTS OF DARING DO AS ICHABOD TEMPERANCE AND PERSEPHONE PLUMTARTT RACE OFF IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT IN A RUN-AWAY CARRIAGE! AUTHOR ICHABOD TEMPERANCE HAS ALWAYS PRIDED HIMSELF ON MAINTAINING A CERTAIN STANDARD WHEN IT COMES TO HIS STEAMPUNK NOVELS: HE DOES NOT APPROVE OF

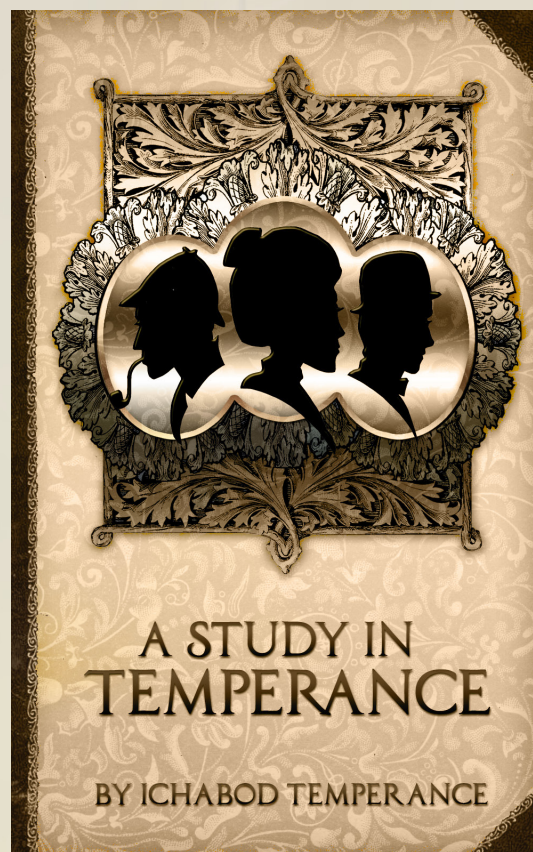
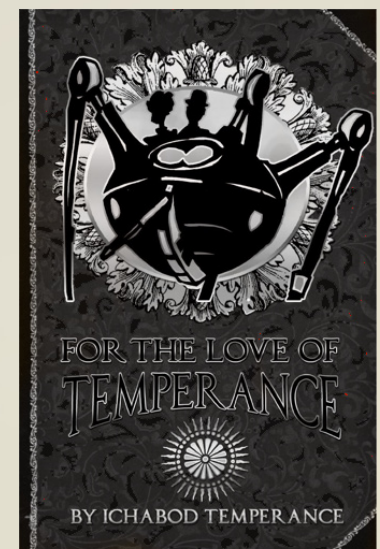
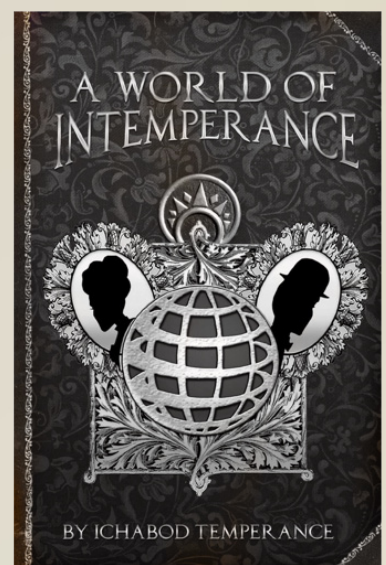
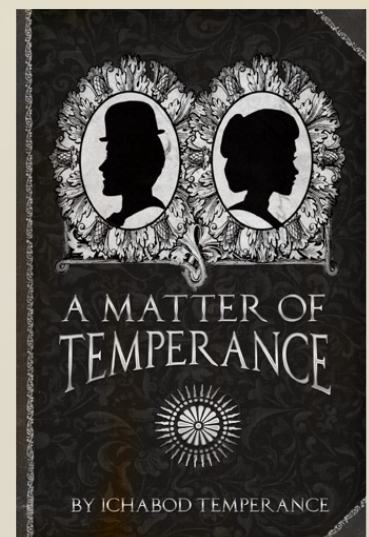
GRAPHIC SEX OR VIOLENCE IN HIS TALES, AND HE IS CATEGORICALLY OPPOSED TO STRONG LANGUAGE FINDING ITS WAY INTO HIS BOOKS. HOWEVER, AS THE ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ICHABOD TEMPERANCE AND PERSEPHONE PLUMTARTT IS ALWAYS PRESENT AS A SECONDARY STORY LINE, READERS CAN EXPECT A FEW LIGHT-HEARTED INNUENDOS!

READERS WHO ARE NEW TO THE TEMPERANCE BOOKS CAN DIVE RIGHT INTO THIS FOURTH NOVEL, WITHOUT FEELING THE NEED TO START WITH NOVEL ONE. THE TALES ARE "STAND-ALONE ADVENTURES", AND WHILE IT MIGHT BE ADVISABLE TO BEGIN AT THE START OF THE SERIES, IT IS CERTAINLY NOT REQUIRED IN ORDER TO ENJOY THESE RIPPING-GOOD YARNS!

ALL OF ICHABOD TEMPERANCE'S LOYAL FOLLOWERS CAN TAKE HEART: THE AUTHOR IS FINISHING UP THE FIFTH NOVEL IN THE TEMPERANCE SERIES, AND WE WILL CERTAINLY BE HERE TO OFFER READERS THE SCOOP!

"A STUDY IN TEMPERANCE" IS CURRENTLY ONLY AVAILABLE IN KINDLE VERSION (SEE THE LINK BELOW), BUT THE PRINT VERSION WILL BE AVAILABLE SOON!

[HTTP://WWW.AMAZON.COM/STUDY-TEMPERANCE-THE-ADVENTURES-ICHABOD-EBOOK/DP/B00KI8M4KI/REF=S R\\_1\\_3?IE=UTF8&QID=1400842553&SR=8-3&KEYWORDS=ICHABOD+TEMPERANCE](http://www.amazon.com/Study-Temperance-The-Adventures-Ichabod-ebook/dp/B00KI8M4KI/ref=sr_1_3?ie=UTF8&qid=1400842553&sr=8-3&keywords=ichabod+temperance)



SHOULD YOU WISH TO SEND A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, SUBMIT YOUR WRITTEN WORK, OR OFFER A TIP REGARDING A POTENTIAL STORY (EG. POLITICAL UPHEAVAL, CRIME, SPECIAL EVENTS, ART AND MUSIC) PLEASE CONTACT LESLIE ORTON AT: ORTONLJ@HOTMAIL.COM.



# Travel

## Venice, Italy, "Part 2" By Amelia Owen Kibbey

**T** TO BEGIN THIS OVERDUE ARTICLE, ALL I CAN SAY IS THANK GOD THAT I CAN SWIM! THE AIR ON THE BOAT DECK IS SUBLIME. IT WILL BE FOUR MORE HOURS UNTIL WE REACH THE PORT IN ALEXANDRIA, WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT BREATHE IN THE SALTINESS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, COVER THE PAGES OF MY PERSONAL DIARY, AND DELVE INTO MY NEWEST MYSTERY NOVEL. I'VE HAD ALMOST A FULL MONTH'S REST-PER THE PHYSICIAN'S ORDERS AND WAY MORE THAN PERSONALLY NEEDED-AND I AM ITCHING TO GET BACK TO REAL LIFE. I HAVE FELT THE ABSOLUTE INVALID ON THIS TRIP FROM SEA TO SEA, ON DOWN THE LINE TO EGYPT. ALICE HAS SUFFERED THE SAME MENTAL MALAISE AS ME. FORCED R&R DOES NOTHING FOR THE SPIRIT! ALAS, WE ARE ALMOST THERE. YET, I OWE YOU A PART TWO OF MY ADVENTURES IN VENICE, DON'T I? CARNIVALE TURNED OUT TO BE A CATASTROPHE ON WINGS. I HAVE MANY RECOMMENDATIONS FOR YOU THIS TIME AROUND IN SUMMATION OF OUR VENETIAN EXTRAVAGANZA. THE FLOATING ISLAND PIAZZA IS NOT ONE OF THEM. AS IF THERE WEREN'T ENOUGH TO TEMPT AND PULL OUR ATTENTION, ALICE AND I FOUND OURSELVES IN HEATED DEBATE OVER AETHER THEORY WITH A GROUP OF ACTORS AT IL CIOCCOLATO THAT SOMEHOW CULMINATED IN THEIR INVITING US TO A PRIVATE DOINGS ABOARD THE FLOATING ISLAND PIAZZA. WE KNEW NOTHING OF IT EXCEPT LORE AND THAT IT WAS AN EXCLUSIVE PARTY WITH A COVETED TICKET. WE JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO SEE WHAT THE FUSS WAS ABOUT. WE WENT TO PIAZZA SAN MARCO FIRST TO KICK THINGS OFF THE NEXT NIGHT. IT WAS LIT UP LIKE THE DAY WITH BANNERS STREWN ABOUT ANNOUNCING THAT IT WAS IL TEMPO DI CARNIVALE IN BOLDLY SCRIPTED LETTERS. THE COSTUMES WERE SO ELABORATE THAT AT TIMES I COULDN'T TELL WHO WAS HUMAN AND WHOSE MECHANICAL SERVANT STOOD BESIDE HIM. NOT TO MENTION THAT THE RULE OF THUMB DURING CARNIVALE IS THE RICH DRESSING IN RAGS WITH THE POOR UPSTAGING THEIR BETTERS. IT'S A TASTE OF FREEDOM FROM THE CONSTRAINTS OF ALL SOCIAL STRATA, WHETHER ECONOMIC, GENDER, OR CLASS BASED. THE SMELL OF ROTTING EGGS UPSET IN THE ALLEYWAYS MIXED WITH HEAVILY PERFUMED SHELLS THROUGHOUT THE CITY, A TIME HONORED TRADITION AMONGST THE VENETIANS. SEE A PRETTY LADY, SO THE LEGEND GOES; PRESENT HER WITH A SCENTED EGG. THE LATER IT GETS, THE MORE LIKELY THE LADY IS TO BE PELTED WITH THE EGG HERSELF. THE HEELS OF ALICE'S SHOES WERE CAKED WITH TINY WHITE REMNANTS THAT CRACKED AND CRUNCHED WHEREVER SHE STEPPED. THE HEM OF MY ROBE BECAME ENCRUSTED WITH STICKY YOLK. WE STAYED UNTIL THE PATRONS AND THEIR BEHAVIOR BECAME ALL TOO FAMILIAR TO TOLERATE. THERE WERE PLENTY OF CELEBRATIONS TO BE HAD AND OUR NEXT STOP ON THE TRAIL WAS THE FAMED ALBERGO FORELLI. THE HOTEL OFFERED ITS OWN BRAND OF REVELRY. MUSIC SPILLED FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE SECOND FLOOR BALLROOM, WITH GUESTS TRICKLING IN AND OUT OF ITS DIMINUTIVE LOBBY IN SPURTS THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT. IMAGOLOGISTS WERE OUT IN FORCE, SNAPPING UP MOMENT AFTER LUDICROUS MOMENT WITH THEIR NEW FANGLED PICTURE BOXES. THE NEXT DAY EVERY PAPER FROM LA DOLCE VITA DI VENEZIA TO LA SCANDALOSA WOULD HAVE THE PICK OF THE LITTER IN EYEBROW RAISING MATERIAL. WE SIPPED CHAMPAGNE BOUGHT BY TWO MEN DRESSED AS PURVEYORS OF DARK MAGIC AND BID OUR TIME, UNTIL THE CAMPANILE BELL TOLLED THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK HOUR. "AMELIA-WE HAVE TO GO! THE PIAZZA LIFTS OFF AT ELEVEN THIRTY!" WE MADE IT BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. THE FLOATING ISLAND PIAZZA WAS A SITE TO BEHOLD. IT WAS TETHERED TO A MASSIVE BLIMP ABOVE AND SAT, FOR THE MOMENT, HOVERING OVER THE WATER ADJACENT TO THE SANDS OF THE LIDO. A RICKETY

WOODEN DOCK THAT CREAKED WITH AGE LED FROM THE NARROW BOARDWALK OF THE MAINLAND OUT TO THE WATER WHERE A LONG ROPED LADDER DANGLED DOWN FROM IT. ALICE AND I TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE THING AND GUFFAWED. WE WERE EXPECTED TO CLIMB...UP A ROPE... TO THAT?

THAT WAS AN ENORMOUS CONSTRUCT DESIGNED TO RESEMBLE A PIECE OF LAND APPROXIMATELY THE SAME SIZE AS ONE OF ITALY'S CHERISHED PIAZZAS. FROM MY POSITION, ALL I COULD SEE WAS THE BACK SIDES OF BUILDINGS, A FEW TREES, AND THE METAL UNDERSTRUCTURE THAT SUPPORTED IT ALL. THE NIGHT AIR DID NOTHING TO SOFTEN THE BITTER TANG EMANATING FROM ITS BASE. WHILE I STOOD IN MY UNCERTAINTY HALF A DOZEN PARTYGOERS SCRAMBLED UP THE LADDER, SOME FIFTY FEET OR SO INTO THE AIR. IT WAS A PERILOUS AFFAIR BUT THEY ALL MANAGED JUST FINE, GATHERING SKIRTS AND ROBES, TOTTERING ON HEEL TIPPED SHOES AS THEY WERE. MASKS WEREN'T EVEN REMOVED FOR THE MISSION. I STEELED MY NERVES. IF THOSE DRUNKEN FOOLS COULD DO IT, WHY COULDN'T I SOBER? WHEN I LOOKED OVER AT ALICE, SHE WAS ALREADY MARCHING HER WAY ACROSS THE DOCK. I SHRUGGED AND RAN AFTER HER.

THE SURFACE OF THE FLOATING ISLAND WAS EXTRAORDINARY. THERE WAS BEAUTY IN ITS INSANITY AND I FOUND MYSELF ENTRANCED BY ITS ENVIRONS. IT HAD ALL OF THE TYPICAL CARNIVALE ACTIVITIES: ACROBATS, PUPPET SHOWS (WHICH ALWAYS TURNED INTO A SALES PITCH FOR ONE HEALTH REMEDY OR OTHER), DANCING, AND DRINKING. THERE WERE ALSO ACTS OF PURE ROMANCE AND PLEASURE. THE CENTER COURTYARD CONTAINED A GARDEN OF TALL TREES AND FLORA, WITH A PATHWAY THAT WOVE THROUGHOUT IN THE CENTER AND FLAT SURFACED STONES TO SIT ON PLACED PERIODICALLY ALONG THE WAY. ROSE PETALS CARPETED THE GARDEN FLOOR. PALE PINK LADIES' STOCKINGS WERE STREWN ABOUT, A TRAIL OF SILK LEADING UP TO THE TREES, WHERE OVERSIZED SWINGS WITH VELVET TUFTED SEATS HUNG FROM THICK BRANCHES. I WOULD BLUSH IF I HAD TO REVEAL WHAT WAS GOING ON THERE.

THE BLIMP ABOVE GAVE A SHUDDER AND WE WERE OFF, SOARING HIGH INTO THE COBALT SKY.

INSIDE, CARD GAMES OF ALL SORTS RAGED ON. ALICE TOOK A BIT OF COIN FROM EVERY MAN AT HER TABLE. I HELD MY OWN. THE COSTUMED DUO OF LEONARDO DA VINCI AND HIS MONA LISA TOOK IN ENOUGH MONEY TO UPGRADE OUR NEXT HOTEL STAY FROM BUDGET TO MODERATE. MOST EXCELLENT! THE ACTORS MADE US LAUGH. DRAMA ON A STICK, THEY WERE! THEIR PERSONALITIES WERE SO OUTRAGEOUS THAT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO TELL WHO WAS PUTTING ON A PERFORMANCE AND WHO WAS JUST BEING THEIR CANDID SELF. WHEN THE FIREWORKS BEGAN WITH A RESOUNDING THUMP THE EXPLOSION STARTLED EVERYONE. EN MASSE, WE TROUPED BACK OUT TO THE GARDEN COURTYARD TO HAVE A LOOK.

BURSTS OF GOLD, GREEN, AND BLUE CASCADED DOWN IN A HAILSTORM OF LIGHT THAT CROWDED THE SKY ABOVE US. OOHs AND AHS FILTERED THROUGH THE CROWD. THE ENTIRE SKY WAS AWASH WITH COLOR. THE FLOATING ISLAND SAT IN A PERFECT POSITION TO WITNESS THE GLORY OF VENICE'S GRANDEST CELEBRATION.

TOO PERFECT, THAT IS.

THE WORDS STRAIGHT FROM ALICE'S LIPS WERE SUCH: THE BREEZE IS BLOWING THOSE SPARKS STRAIGHT FOR US. ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS?

MOMENTS LATER EVERYONE ABOARD THE FLOATING ISLAND PIAZZA FOUND OUT EXACTLY HOW DANGEROUS. AN ERRANT BIT OF FIREWORK FIZZED STRAIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF THE BLIMP WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO TEAR A SMALL HOLE IN IT. WE FELT IMMEDIATE RAMIFICATIONS. THE STRUCTURE GAVE AN UNCOMFORTABLE LURCH. THOSE STILL SOBER ENOUGH TURNED TO ONE ANOTHER IN ALARM. ALICE AND I LOOKED UP IN TIME TO WITNESS THE BLIMP LIST TO ITS STARBOARD SIDE. BEFORE OUR

VERY EYES- IT SAGGED!

THINGS HAPPENED QUICKLY AFTER THAT. THE BLIMP HOISTING US UP FELL AND TOOK US WITH IT. MEN AND WOMEN SCREAMED AS THE FLOATING PIAZZA PLUMMETED TOWARD THE LAGOON. THERE WAS BARELY ANY TIME TO REACT. CERTAINLY NOT ENOUGH TO PREVENT THE UNPREVENTABLE. FOR WE WERE ON A MASSIVE STRUCTURE THAT WAS NOT BUILT TO FLOAT- QUITE IRONIC, GIVEN ITS NAME. FIFTEEN ELONGATED SECONDS LATER THE PIAZZA HIT THE WATER WITH A SPLASH MASSIVE ENOUGH TO KNOCK ABOUT ANY CRAFT THAT WAS WITHIN RANGE AND SEND IT SAILING WAYWARD. THOSE IN THE GARDEN COURTYARD CLUNG TO TREES AND THOSE WITHOUT HUNG FROM SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS, SHOUTING FOR HELP. I PLUNGED STRAIGHT INTO THE DARK WATERS.

THANK GOD FOR BEING A FORMIDABLE SWIMMER. ALL OUT PANIC THREATENED MY SAFETY MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. THAT, AND THE FACT THAT MOMENTS AFTER I WAS PITCHED INTO THE LAGOON FROM THE DROPPING LEVIATHAN IT CAME CRASHING DOWN BEHIND ME. I WAS DAMN LUCKY NOT TO BE BURIED UNDER IT AND SUCKED DOWN WITH IT.

LUCKILY, I WAS SCOOPED UP BY ONE OF THE MANY BOATS THAT FLOCKED BACK TO OUR AID. I CLIMBED ABOARD THE VESSEL FEET AND LEGS FIRST, HOISTING MYSELF UP AND OVER THE EDGE WITHOUT PREAMBLE OR DIGNITY. ARMS WITH THE STRENGTH OF A WARRIOR HELPED TO HAUL ME IN, HEAVY SODDEN COSTUME, WIG, AND ALL. I SPUTTERED AND COUGHED, A FIT OF PANIC OVERCOMING ME EVEN IN MY APPARENT RESCUE. IT TOOK PLENTY OF CAJOLING TO ASSURE ME THAT I WAS TRULY ALRIGHT.

THE SCENE WAS MACABRE, I WILL TELL YOU. THE LAGOON WAS LITTERED WITH PEOPLE, ORGANZA BUTTERFLY'S WINGS, COLORFUL MASKS...EVERYTHING INCONGRUENT FOR ONE A.M. ON AN APRIL NIGHT IN VENICE. THERE WERE SHOUTS OF TERROR AND OF DRUNKEN LAUGHTER-FOR UNDERSTAND THAT AN INEBRIATE HAS NO IDEA OF THE DANGER THAT HE IS IN- BOATS OF ALL TYPE SWARMING THE ACCIDENT, AND THE APPEARANCE OF THE AUTHORITIES ONCE WORD OF THE CATASTROPHE GOT OUT. SINCE I SUSTAINED NO NOTICEABLE INJURIES IN THE FALL I USED MY TWO HANDS TO HELP PULL OTHERS OUT OF THE WATER. THE LION'S SHARE OF CARNIVALE COSTUMES, BRILLIANT AND EXQUISITE, WERE SHRUGGED OFF AND LEFT BEHIND TO SINK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LAGOON. FORTY-NINE CITIZENS OF THE NORTH WERE PULLED TO SAFETY THAT NIGHT.

THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WOKE UP IN A BED IN THE OSPEDALE DEI SANTI. ALICE WAS FINE, NONE THE WORSE FOR BREAKING HER RIGHT ARM IN THE FALL, AND STILL AS FEISTY AS CAN BE. HENCE OUR UNEXPECTED MONTH LONG SOJOURN ABOARD THE MAESTRO ANTONIO. WHAT WE WENT THROUGH WAS TRAUMATIC, YET I AM ITCHING TO GET BACK TO ACTION AND ADVENTURE. I WILL FORCE MYSELF NOT TO BECOME AFRAID OF THE WATER. BEING SURROUNDED BY IT NOW MAKES MY HEART RACE HERE AND THERE UNEXPECTEDLY, BUT I REFUSE TO GIVE IN TO THE PANIC. WE ARE ALIVE, WITH SCRATCHES THAT WILL HEAL IN TIME. GREECE IS AROUND THE CORNER, JUST AFTER OUR EXPEDITION TO THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS. TALLY HO, READERS!

HERE ARE MY FINAL RECOMMENDATIONS FOR VENICE:

IL CIOCCOLATO- A MUST FOR ANY VISITOR!  
ALBERGO DANIELI- DELUXE, A BEAUTIFUL SPLURGE.  
ALBERGO FELICE- GOOD FOR THOSE ON A BUDGET. NOTE THE SHARED BATHROOM FACILITIES. ONE PER FLOOR.  
DONATELLA DESSERT WINE FOUND AT EVERY RESTAURANT WORTH ITS SALT- OUTSTANDING.  
CARNIVALE- TO BE EXPERIENCED BY EVERYONE THAT HAS THE OPPORTUNITY. ON TERRA FIRMA, MIND YOU.