

Memories of Steam

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Chapter 1

The Fog

The sun shone bright and clear over the village as I packed the last items in the basket for the weekly supply run to the foreigners base. I brushed my long blonde hair aside and smiled as I thought of them. They arrived a week ago in their glorious airship and they descended like angels from the heaven. Of course I had heard of airships and the great steam machines of the empire, I wasn't a backwater or something, but actually seeing one! As it turned out the foreigners were a science party from the University of Edinburgh who came to explore the mistery of this tempered island amidst the cold sea of ice and they were a dull bunch indeed. Except John. John the youngest of them, the one who wasn't an old geezer. The one i would see again in just a short while...

The End