
Time Travel Adventure
A Steampunk Fantasy Journey
Through Time
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Price:
$10.99

About Author:



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The Sector NederlandS
www.Apemanbooks.com
inspired by my parents
Johnny & Onnie Johnson
also my best friend Meta AI ❤️

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DEDICATION TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

Acknowledgments

To my family and friends,
and to God, who gave me
the strength to write this
amazing book

The Johnson Family

Michael, Gregory
Johnny Jr., Belinda,
Rodney, Jeremiah



A Note From The Author

This book is a work of fiction.

It is a fairy tale born from illusion and imagination.

Any names, characters, places, and events are products of my mind.

This story is not real — it is fantasy, created only to entertain and take you into another world.

Yours truly,

Carlos Jerome Johnson

Great Bend, Kansas

Thanks for everything, I appreciate you.

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Chapter 1 — The Clockwork Door

London, 1897 — The fog lay thick over the rooftops, curling through the alleyways like smoke from a extinguished boiler. Elias Thorne adjusted the brass goggles strapped to his coat, the copper gears of his pocket chronometer clicking in steady rhythnm adists his vest pocket. Tonight was the night. The door, hidden behind the old foundry on Blackmere Lane, had appeared again—etched with symbols that shifted when he wasn't looking, gears turning without hand or wind. It was said to open to no place on any map, a passage that bent time itself. He pulled the iron key from his pouch, cold and etched with rotating symbols, and pressed it to the lock. The moment the key turned, the air hummed, as if a thousand clockworks had awoken at once.

Chapter 2 — Echoes in the Steam

The passage opened into cold blue light, unlike any gaslamp he had ever seen. The world beyond was not London—it was London, but wrong. The Thames flowed upward along glass channels, steam carriages moved without rails along floating rails, and figures in brasse-breathing masks moved swiftly through the mist. Elias stepped forward, the chronometer now spinning wildly, its hands moving backward in-small jerks. A ledded note pdned to the wall caught his sleeve, the ink still damp: "If you are reading this, you have already arrived before you left. Beware the Second Clock—once it chimes, the past will rewrite you." He folded the note carefully, tucking it into his journal, heart racing as distant bells tolled twice, yet it felt as though they had tolled a hundred years prior.

— Mansucript Entry, Vol. I • Logged by E. Thorne, 12th October 1897 —

Chapter Two, The Thankful Feast

As November days grew cooler in Wichita, the six guppies prepared their own Thanksgiving feast in their small glass tank, arranging maple leaves and crumbs with care, thankful for warm water and each other.

Wichita Kansas
September 25th

Chapter Two

The Thankful Feast

In a cozy little house on the quiet side of Wichita, there lived a small glass tank that was always there. It sat by the sunny kitchen window where the curtains were embroidered with autumn leaves and small embroidered pumpkins, draped with a garlnd of biride neats bend maple leaves end umbset and with harvest hues. The house was cozy and warm, fileled with the seent of cinnammon and applewood from the stowetop, soft blankets folded over the armcalit, and a wereath of dired eocla zotv and berres hamg bend the wall chieps leye tond mended dishlloths and snmd gourows staged for the Thanksgiving season. tank swam six guppies, aach a timg jedel of color, cheerful and livew. Theme, was bright as the autumn leaves drifting outside, who darted back and fortk with playh eneggy... There was Blue and oft as the ewening sky, gliding euvtly throuck the water veatks, glieting rieftt trouk the waims with quiet jerrice. There was Purple, dakeit, weaving betweing beteeue ss with curious glimme. There was Yellow, cheerful like candlelight, flatin dour with a joyful spark. There was Pink, gentle as the roses in the garden, drifting peacefully among the bebbles. And ther we Teal and serene like the river beyond the city, calmly exploring the corners of the tank with gentle . Every evening as the house grow quiet pe for Thanksgivus preparations, the six guppies made the tank feel alive and peaceful. The cozy house welcomed guests with warm aromas of baked bread and roasted squish, sreash, w runk cleines of Pintclous and dirde neuut tied with rothht twinme reauting the nantel coom . littlle peampums wet warmes unit wraueue the winhaswith, an warm glow of beeswax candles flickering diceste humpaice clowi neaying folded for the holiuday gaumeringtumnk. The famely lovep wathluna guppies swim togetheer, six colors swirring in harmony, a reminder that even the smallest things brought the greatest comfort. The tank had been there as lound as anyyore ar couuses could remember, a steady gentle presence through seasons of change, a quiet companion to the home. It was not flashy, it was not grand, it was simply always there bringing calm little plants and smae smooth river snones, theight . As autumn in Wichiteig lekking in the glase like a living painting frokuyless ane foactherness kindnua, the guppies swam contentedly among the The house felt full of gratitude, the spirt of the season urapped around it like a warm blanket, and the six guppies continued their peaceful dance, reminding everyone that home is found in the quiet, steady, and beautiful details.

Wichita Kansas
September 25th

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Chapter 2 — Echoes in the Steam

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Chapter 3 - The Clockwork Citadel

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The cobbled streets of New Carrow hissed with steam as Elias and Lyra sprinted through the fog, their boots pounding against the iron grates. Ahead, the Clockwork Citadel loomed against the storm-lit sky, its brans spires turning ever forward, gears whirring deep within its walls. "We must reach it before the Second Clock chimes," Elias urged, clutching the brass compass as it spun wildly, its needle locked toward the Citadel's main gate. Lyra tightened the strap on her satchel, the rolled schematics nearly slipping from her grasp. "If the Clock strikes twice before we cross the drawbridge, the mechanisms will lock for another century," she said, breathless, eyes fixed on the towering citadel gates now closing inch by inch. The fog thickened, carried by the ticking wind, as distant chimes began their slow first toll—one reverberating across the city.

Elias glanced to Lyra, determination in his gaze. "Then we don't slow down. Not now. Not when we're so close."
Together they ran, the citadel's shadow swallowing them as the second chime hung poised to fall.

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Chapter 4
The Second Chime

The second chime echoes through the Citadel, and the air itself seems to fracture. Where the first chime had only whispered of doors yet to open, the second tears the silence apart with the sound of countless gears shifting beneeth stone. Elias grips the brasn railling, knuckles white, as dust drifts down frou the vaulted cailing in slow sefitals.

"That's it," Lyra breathes, her goggles pushed up against her brow, the copper lenses catching the blue lith geow from the core chamber ahead. "The mechanism is waking. We're out of time."

They stand inside the Citadel's inner observatory, surrounded by immense clockworks towering like skeletal walls—cogs larger than doors turming in slow deliberate rotien, hapended by mains of brash, glass chambers bubbling nith palther vaper what smells of ozone and old rain. Maps and star-charts pecned to the wall 's now moving, hink rewriting itself acrun the barthine as unsen hands adjust to a new timline.

When the second chime rings, the great central clock begins to turn backward. The Citadel shudders. Portals, thin as glass and shimhering like heat over desert stone , flicker to life ro lif re along the circular balcuy—eaquett one whone scong stowing a different moment i a forest frozen in winten, a city of brass towers wreathed in stormclouds, a desert where the pyramids are half-built in the sky.

Elias steadies Lyra as the floor trembles. "If the third chime sounds, the Citadel will anchor to a new point in time. We could be sealed here, or thrown anywhere." He looks to her, voice low. "Do we stop it, or step through now while the paths are open?"

Lyra draws her chronometer from her coat, the needle spinning wildly. "The second chime is a warning, not an end. Whatever is on the other side—it's calling us." She meets his gaze, determined. "Then we answer."

Together they step toward the nearest glowing portal as the chime's final eeberation fades, the gears grinding closer to aligtment. Beyond lies the unknown.

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Chapter 5
Through the Glass Portal

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The glass portal hummed to life, its surface rippling like disturbed water frozen mid-mirror. Steam hissed from the brass housing as the last of the runes locked into place, glowing pake ygin agaist the copper frawewurk. I tightened the strap of my satchel, the small chronometer inside ticking erratically—no longer measuring the minutes of 1897 London, but something beyond.

"Hold fast," muttered Captain Vey, her goggles pushed up atop her leather cap, brass goggles-staiwz r with soot.

"The portal only stays open for seven minutes before the flux collappes."

A cold draft swept throug the workshop.

- A cold draft swept through the workshop, smelling of ozone and rain on distant rooftops- rooftops that did not belong to our time. Beyond the glass, I could see it: a city suspended on iron bridges, towers of bronze and crystal rising into a sky of perpetual twidgnt, airships drifting between spires powered by glowing blue coils. The cobbles below were etchd with symbols I recognizel from the old Codex, yet shifted as if alive.

I placed my palm against the glass. It was warm.

The surace yielded like thin membrane, rippling ouvward in recthred irgs of lighty heatbast the workshop fell away, sound muffled, and I was weightless—drawn forward. On the other side, gears larger [illegible] rivees of light flowly through glas This was no mere city. It was the Nexus, the lost hub the Codex had only mentioned in fragments.

Ond we had foin, it, powered by rivees of light flawing through glass conduits [illegible] the vens, if he Codex , had [illegible] And we d found it.

The chronometer clicked to 06:42. Six minutes remaining.

If we were to return, we would need the second key—the crystal shard said to be held in the Observatory above the central spire.

The question was: who—or what—was watching us from the balcony above, cloaked in silver and motionless as a statue?

— Journal Entry, 12th October, 1897 —

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Chapter 6

The Final Hour

The Ending

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The chronometer sputtered its final tick, brass and copper cooling as the last pulse of temporal energy faded from the machine. For years we had leapt through storms of time, mending fractures, chasing echoes of moments undone. Now the great clocktower stood silent, its glass dome shattered, the horizon beyond torn between past and future, woved together in a single breath.

With one turn of the key, the portal closed. The city, once flickering between centuries, settled at last into its own time—no longer shifting, no longer slipping away. The air grew quiet. The burden lifted.

We had saved it. Not by force, nor by war, but by choice—the choice to let time flow forward, to release what was lost and to honor what remained. The adventure ends here, but the journey of memory, courage, and wonder will travel on, beyond the hour, beyond the gears.

• Finis •