

T.E. MacArthur



Doomsday
Relic
The
Volcano Lady

A Steam Adventure Cliffhanger
Book Nine

ALSO BY T.E. MACARTHUR

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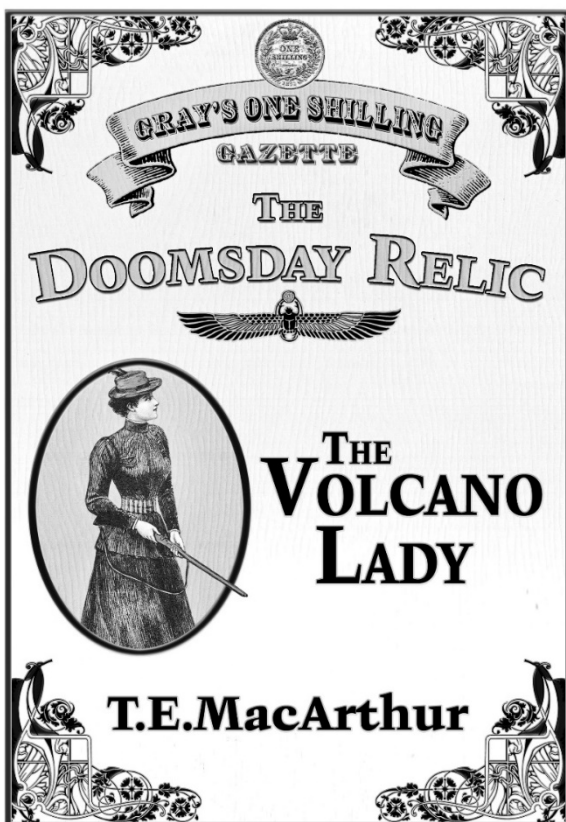
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Indies United Publishing House 2024 Anthology
(release May 2024)



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The Volcano Lady
Doomsday Relic
A Steam Adventure Cliffhanger – Book Nine
By T.E. MacArthur



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*In remembrance of **Patrick James (PJ) Lacy and Bill Christianson**, Cheerleaders Extraordinaire. I miss you both. It's not fair that you are gone.*



New comments as of 2024

Yes, this is another re-release. In the publishing world, it's called, "Reintroducing your backstock." In my reality, I call it a "Second Chance with a book that got whammied by too many factors." In 2017, the economy was starting to dip, I changed format for the book, and I was facing more than just a little burnout personally. After four big books, too much volunteering, a dreadful few years of being a contractor, and U.S. politics in my face every day - well, it's a wonder I made it to 2024. But, here I am. I made it and I plan on being here for quite some time, writing and creating to my heart's content. Yet, the Doomsday Relic made it into few hands as I was not the only one watching every penny as the stock market swung back and forth like the Tacoma Narrows Bridge.

IUPH gave me that second chance to reintroduce Doomsday Relic to you, but not just as a fancy new cover over the original words. This story has been rewritten, re-edited, reformatted, updated, polished and smoothed. I'm far more proud of it now than I was even before. I'm honored that IUPH has chosen to publish this work and thrilled to include the original cover design by Stephen (S.N.) Jacobson just inside the front page. I hope you will enjoy this for what it is: a chance to allow your inner child to play in the Saturday morning cartoons we don't have anymore, to imagine yourself immersed in the weekly serials that inspired George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. May you have a grand time leaving the dull realities behind you!

T.E. MacArthur, April 2024

GRAY'S ONE SHILLING GAZETTE

A PUBLICATION CONTAINING THE NEWS OF
Dr. Lettie Gantry - the Volcano Lady

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Price 5 Shillings

NEWS OF THE DAY - REQUIRED READING
ESPECIALLY FOR OUR NEW READERS

RIOTING CONTINUES IN THE STREETS
OF LONDON, LIVERPOOL, OXFORD, &
IPSWICH.

SO-CALLED PEACEFUL PROTESTS QUICKLY
DEGRADE INTO VIOLENCE.

PROTESTORS from the **Empire Primus Society** have regularly gathered at centers of learning, salons, & public lectures by prominent members of the scientific community to rage against what they call the corruption of youth with fanciful, anti-Christian lies & the destruction of the Empire by villainous scientists.

Scotland Yard, among various police agencies, are

warning members of the public to stay clear of colleges, universities, & popular salons for the time being. Particularly targeted this month is the lecture of **Mr. Charles Darwin**, at the *Guildhall*, in *Bath*, later this week. **Prof. Gantry**, among many other scientists has vowed not to be put off by the threats of **Empire Primus** & insist they will attend the **Darwin** lecture.

NEWS OF THE DAY - CONTINUED

Professor Letticia Gantry, of New College of London, the East Indies' Krakatoa fame, & frequent contributor to this publication's Science Pages, has returned from her exciting trip to Iceland, having interrupted nefarious actions, possibly attributable to the infamous **Earthshaker**, & assisted in creating a diplomatic coup for the Empire. Due to her efforts on behalf of the Icelandic and British people, **Prof. Gantry** is now a celebrity amongst both and has created an environment wherein otherwise testy relations over fishing rights have become more agreeable. The Prof. thanks the people of Iceland for their many gifts & now states for the record she has more than enough dried cod to sustain her through two lifetimes.

Despite the tremendous combined efforts of the **American Federal Police**, Britain's **Scotland Yard** & **Special Branch**, & **Iceland's Police Services**, the

whereabouts of the man once known as the **Earthshaker** remain unknown. The disturbed individual who claimed responsibility for a series of earthquakes in England last year has disappeared as quickly as he appeared on the scene. The public is assured that the investigation will continue.

Attacks in America's heartland continue. According to witnesses, the craft causing such disturbances is rarely seen. **Dr. T. Bendix** of the *University of California*, claims that the vehicle moves at no less than 200 miles per hour, a speed at which no human eye may follow it. **Dr. Bendix** believes the craft to be of "foreign" origin & likely a European power seeking retribution for prior offenses. He went on to suggest that the British Empire was seeking to reclaim lands in North America. **Mr. H. Lowell**, of the *British Foreign Office*, responded absolutely that no official of the Empire was involved with such behavior & suggested that **Dr. Bendix** was not a doctor at all nor was his sanity to be considered trustworthy.

NEWS OF THE DAY - CONTINUED

The Hamburg American Company's new aero-liner *Imperator* will fly on May 7th on her maiden voyage to New York. The *Imperator* is the largest passenger dirigible in the world. She is a floating palace 919 ft. long, with engines of 80,000 horsepower. She can seat fifty passengers. Among other luxuries the *Imperator* is fitted with a theatre, a restaurant, baths, & private sleeping quarters.

His Imperial Highness, Kaiser Wilhelm I, has instituted significant changes within the *Prussian Empire* assuaging fears that Prussia intends to start a war across Europe. He has appointed his son, **Crown Prince Frederick,** as *Vice Chancellor* to the aging **Bismark.** The *Crown Prince* is renowned for his humane behavior in times of war & his progressive ideals, a counterpoint to Bismark. Also appointed was one **Karl Franz Nikolaus von Hagen, Admiral,** as *Chief Minister of the Imperial Prussian Navy.* Admiral Hagen is

well known for a number of reasons, not the least of which is his desire to promote Air to Sea military operations. Each appointment is expected to soothe conservative and liberal nerves in Prussia's unpredictable political environment.

With significant regret, *New College of London* has announced the retirement of one of its most beloved professors. **Prof. Christopher Moore,** of the *Archaeological & Anthropological School,* has decided that this is an excellent opportunity to take up gentlemen's delights, such as fishing & painting, at his ancestral home in Kent. Students expressed great sadness. No further comments were offered by the educational institution.

**GRAY'S ONE SHILLING
STORIES, NOVELS,
& GAZETTES**
Presents to our Readers
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exceptional Quality
COMING SOON
MORE EXCITING NEWS
WORTHY ONLY OF THE MOST
EXCEPTIONAL READER

Doomsday Relic

The First Book in a Series
Chronicling the Exciting Undertakings of a Lady
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A Tale of Love and Shocking Peril
A Thrilling Story of Adventures and Dangers

T. E. MacArthur,

AUTHOR OF "THE SKIN THIEF," "A PLACE OF FOG &
MURDER," "THE GASLIGHT ADVENTURES OF TOM
TURNER," ETC., ETC.

Chapter 1

Yreka Centennial Bank and Loan California, United States of America

They took it!

No. No!

They took it! They took it!

The older gentleman raced out of the vault holding the empty security box. Abject horror twisted his features until he could hardly be recognized as the man who had so politely checked in moments earlier. He dropped the box from shaking fingers, causing already jarred nerves in the room to jump once more. People were staring at him. He glared back, unconcerned about their troubles, all the while searching for the manager. The old man probably thought his report of items stolen was too important for a clerk. “Look what they did!”

The bank manager, Frank, was nursing a sore cheek where he’d been struck and tried to produce an expression of sympathy, though more for himself than for the older gentleman’s plight and found himself shaking his head. “They took everything here, not just your belongings. Nothing’s left.”

“You don’t understand!” He pressed his hand against his chest and gasped in a breath. “This ... it was ... irreplaceable. It was —” His breath was much too labored.

Oh, for Heaven’s sake, Frank thought. *Crazy old coot.* As if he was the only one who lost everything. “Emil, don’t go workin’ yourself into a tizzy. Remember what happened the last time.”

The Volcano Lady: Doomsday Relic

“It was my life’s work.”

“And we’ve contacted the Marshall. He’ll recover your ... whatever it was you kept in there. Don’t worry. It’ll be all right.”

“What if the Marshall doesn’t find them? What then?”

“You’re always digging around down at the mountain. Always coming up with trinkets and stuff. You’ll find more.”

“Not like this. Not like this! It means the end of the world. Do you want to become an automaton? Do you!”

“A what?” Honestly, the old teacher exasperated him at times. The throbbing in his temples was pushing him to the edge of his patience. “Emil, people lost their savings today. I need to work with the Marshall or we won’t get nothin’ back. You’re all worked up over nothing.”

Emil Hertford couldn’t catch his breath. He rubbed his left arm with vigor.

Frank was distracted with assuring other bank customers that everything would be done to recover their savings. He had no idea what was going to happen now? It wasn’t as if banks were insured or safeguarded. The likelihood that their money was long gone and never to be found was a painful reality.

Hertford knew what was coming. “Frank! For the love of God, I have to tell you —”

“Tell me what, Emil?” He didn’t bother to look at the older gentleman. If he did, he might snap.

“My dig site.”

“Mount Shasta, yes, I am aware.”

“No, you don’t. You need to know. Someone ... needs to ... to know ...”

Frank the manager assisted an almost hysterical woman out the front door. What else would she be?

She'd been held at gun point, robbed of her personal possessions, and then had her entire savings taken away. What would she live on? How would she survive?

"Alright, Emil." Frank locked the door after he shoed the last man out. "Doomsday. End of the World. God Almighty coming down from on high. And your mysterious dig site. Emil?"

The older gentleman, teacher and scientist, lay on the floor. Unmoving.

Frank crouched down and placed his hand on Emil's still chest.

The old man's heart had given out at last.

Damn shame. Emil was crazy but at least he was polite. Sometimes entertaining. He would be missed. And, he never did say where his dig site was; where he got all the bizarre trinkets and things Frank rarely saw up close. Emil would tell him all about his latest find, and Frank would pretend to listen.

A knock on the door meant the Marshall and his men were here. So soon?

That was fast.

Frank stood up and went to the door.

At least twenty men entered. Far more than a small town bank robbery required. He looked outside, astonished by the looming presence of two transport airships, bearing Federal seals on their enormous balloons, floating over the Marshall's office.

He suddenly remembered that he'd need to explain to them that Emil was not entirely a victim of the robbery, though perhaps the crazy old man wouldn't have died if they hadn't been robbed. Well, that would raise the bounty on the robbers. They should add murder to the charge, even though none of them shot anyone. Emil deserved that much.

Doomsday? End of the World?

The Volcano Lady: Doomsday Relic

As the multitude of Federal policemen started a remarkable investigation into the robbery, as thorough as Frank ever imagined, he stood by the door, answering questions tossed at him. Did someone say, “*New Confederacy?*” Not exactly Doomsday but irritating all the same. Good Lord, what next. A New Confederacy? Another War between the States?

Some mystery aershship was attacking towns on the East Coast. Rumors of trains that traveled without tracks. He read it all in the papers, and if it was in print, well, it must be true. What was the world coming to?

None of the Federal policemen acted as though they recognized or cared who Emil was. Perhaps the crazy old man’s trinkets from Mount Shasta weren’t what they were looking for. As mutterings about their general concerns over conspiracies and enemies, *maybe*, Frank thought, *they should be*.

COMING SOON

Read the New Serial

Automatons of Thebes

Professor Gantry to the Rescue

From T. E. MacArthur

Do Not Miss It

COMING SOON



About the Author

I'm an award-winning author, artist, historian, amateur cat whisperer, and parapsychologist wannabe living in the San Francisco Bay Area with my cat and far too many books. Can one have too many books? I'm

researching that.

In the meantime, I've written for several specialized publications, anthologies, and was even an accidental sports reporter for Reuters News. High heels, business skirt, chasing Barry Bonds down an inside corridor at PacBell Park to get a quote ... with 200 of my closest, journalist friends ... yeah, that's a story on its own.

Now my storytelling has dramatically shifted direction from Sci-Fi to embrace the Paranormal, one of my lifelong obsessions. I've published in the Steampunk, Dieselpunk, Historical, and Paranormal subgenres of Mystery and Thrillers. I love them all. Dress me up and take me out dancing - darn near any era will do.

Want to talk ghosts, Raymond Chandler slang, steam locomotives, and Elizabethan insults? I'm your girl.

You can find me on Facebook, Goodreads, Instagram, or at <https://www.TEMacArthur.com>

