

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

PARISIAN PARADE!

VICTORIA VANE'S VERSAILLES VACAY

MY EARL WAS AN ALIEN

COUNTDOWN TO AN OTHERWORLDLY REGENCY ROM-COM

INTERSTELLAR INTERVIEW

TOUGH CHOICE FOR A CLOUDY CHAP IN A WINDY WORLD

IT'S TATTLE TIME

THEY'RE THE LADIES WITH THE LATEST CHAT

LOVE A HARVEST MOON

Interview

No time for ROMANCE?

JUST WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECTED IT, LOVE CHANGED EVERYTHING

ALSO INSIDE:

- FUN & GAMES: WE HAVE LIFT-OFF!
- TO SPACE & BEYOND: TOP TWENTY TUNES FOR SCI-FI LOVERS

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Issue 23 Sept 2023

AUTHOR'S DESK

FULL STEAM AHEAD!

I have three stories out before the end of the year - two in anthologies plus a novella. The first is 'The Quiet Heart' in the Bluestocking Belles with Friends collection 'Under the Harvest Moon'. That's out on October 10. The novella 'My Earl was an Alien' is out for Halloween on October 31. And the spicy 'Christmas in Cumbria' anthology comes out on November 1 including my story 'The Designing Duchess'.

All three are now available for pre-order on Amazon and other platforms, and both anthologies feature a host of bestselling authors. What's not to love?

'My Earl was an Alien' and 'Under the Harvest Moon' feature heavily in this edition of Love's Great Adventure. You can learn about both and read extracts from them inside.

'My Earl was an Alien' is something rather new from me and something different too - the former in that it's a writing collaboration with my husband who is not only a book editor, but also a talented writer himself. The latter - something different - arises from the way it mixes Regency romance with a humorous dip into science fiction. I hope you'll read it and get a laugh (and a few swooning sighs!) from it. You can find out what inspired it inside the magazine too.

Just as Under the Harvest Moon is an anthology with other authors, so too is 'Christmas in Cumbria'. Its November 1 release date is to start getting you in the festive mood early, as well as introducing a little 'heat' in the lead-up to the Northern Hemisphere's winter.

Among the other features in this edition, I can't recommend highly enough Victoria Vane's photos from the remarkable Fetes Galants at the Palace of Versailles just outside Paris. This wonderful costumed event truly is, as Victoria calls it, just like time travel. I only wish we'd had more space in the magazine to feature more photos!

Elizabeth Ellen Carter



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LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine
from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

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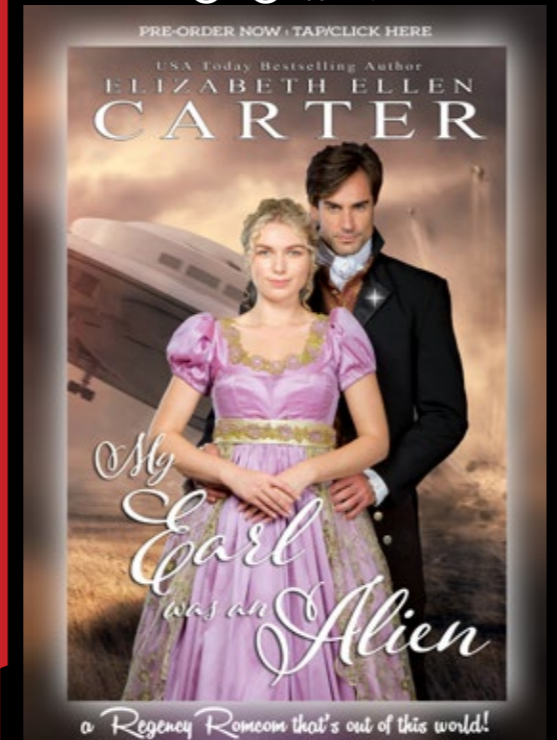
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Out October 31



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THALIAN IS THE ORIGINAL MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

“ I CAN'T BLAME CELESTE FOR BEING A LITTLE PUT-OFF BY SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES JASPER WENT IN FOR. ”

It's often difficult to pin down an interview subject, but none more than this particular... person? Thalian is undoubtedly a living being – and a very intelligent one at that – but he's not a human being. To paraphrase a wise man's words – his situation is life, but not as we know it..

Thalian is a traveler who hails from a windless planet orbiting one of the stars in the constellation of Ursa Major. He has no physical form to speak of. In fact, he's a cloud of gas. Unfortunately, he had an accident and crashed his craft on Earth near the home of the Earl of Holcombe. A windy world is a risky place for a cloudy chap who might blow away in a breeze, so how did he survive?

Our special correspondent asked some space probing questions and Thalian proved very willing to share his thoughts.

by A Special Correspondent

Don't ask me how I managed to land this interview. I don't know. I can't remember. It must have happened because I have the recording. I just don't recall making it. It's as if my memory has been erased.

I contacted the recently wed Jasper Farley, Earl of Holcombe, and his wife, the former Lady Celeste Belmont, who are mentioned on the tape to see if they could jog my memory. They, however, declined to comment and denied all knowledge of any such, er, person as Thalian.

What follows is simply a transcript of the recording.

LGA: *Where on earth are you from?*

Thalian: I'm not from Earth, but I understand the meaning of your phrase. I learned quite a few from my good friend Jasper Farley. He has quite an amusing catalogue of colloquialisms – I very much enjoyed them. To answer your question, I'm from what you call Ursa Major. It's a constellation of stars.

Continued on page 7

HE'S A STAR MAN

AN EXCERPT FROM MY EARL WAS AN ALIEN

With a sharp snap of the reins, Jasper Farley, Earl of Holcombe, urged his beautiful grey horses faster through an inside line that had opened up on the sweeping road before them.

It was a risky manoeuvre to be sure, but worth it to get one up on Benedict Hussey.

The horses seemed to love the competition as much as he did, because they found extra speed, missing the back corner of the curricule in front by mere inches.

By the time he'd reached the apex of the turn, Jasper was level with Hussey. He turned and gave his eyes-wide friend a broad grin before shouting to his horses to 'forward-ho!'

The creatures responded, throwing him further back into his seat. Jasper braced himself as the left curricule wheel lost contact with the ground, the right side bearing the full weight around the corner.

"You're a bloody lunatic, Holcombe!" Hussey yelled at him.

That he might be, but his horses had just pulled in front of Hussey's bays as they passed the mile marker that was the agreed finish, and Jasper was twenty pounds richer. He looked forward to collecting over a pint of ale at The Plough Inn...

"I demand a rematch," said Hussey, slapping Jasper across the back.

"Done!" he answered. "This time next week?"

"Can't. The old man has something on next weekend. Then we're in town for a few weeks after that."

One of the party, Lawrence Burton, raised his head. "Don't forget the Fotheringham's ball next month as well. They always have it on the Saturday after the Summer Solstice. My parents have insisted on my attendance, if only to keep the wolves away from my younger sister."

"I had forgotten about that," exclaimed Winston Hugh-Fraser. "I have to say there are a couple of fillies I have my eye on, including that neighbor of yours, Jasper. Lady Celeste Belmont is as heavenly as her namesake."

Jasper shook his head at Winston's suddenly dreamy expression. Celeste and Jasper had known each other since they were children. She was far too young and far too sensible to take up with any one of them.

An unsettling thought went through him, as though there was something important regarding Celeste that he'd forgotten.

Her birthday? No, that was in April. Her father's birthday? No...

His father's birthday.

Jasper leapt to his feet.

"Hell and damnation!"

The Plough fell silent. Thirty pairs of eyes looked up at him. He ignored them and turned to his friends.

"I'm sorry chaps, I've got to dash."

Jasper dropped handful of coins on the table, then rushed to the stable and helped the grooms set his horses back into the curricule.

Somewhere in the distance was the rumble of thunder. Jasper looked about. The sun was on its way down, and it was difficult to know where the sound had come from.

To get home late and caught out in a storm? His parents would have a fit. If he allowed his horses their head, perhaps he could get back before his absence was remarked upon.

Jasper set on the five-mile journey back to Royleston House, contemplating taking a short cut between two farms. It would slash the journey by a mile.

Once more thunder rumbled in the distance. No, if there was bad weather, he might get bogged and that would be worse.

Halfway home, a loud percussive sound nearly set his ears ringing.

Then he saw it, an odd, bright object growing larger in the distance off to his right, descending from the sky and skimming several feet above the ground.

The platter-like object flashed across the lane in front of him faster than the silver serving tray Tuppy Levenshulme had flung as a discus while demonstrating the ancient Greek sport at the St James Club one especially riotous evening.

The matched pair reared, and the speeding curricule was suddenly airborne and upside down, now only haphazardly attached to the horses and, indeed, overtaking and dragging them, topsy turvy, somersaulting into the ditch beside the road.

Jasper was only vaguely aware of the streaking object smashing down the hedgerow mere feet away to his left; rather his attention was fixed on his life flashing before his eyes – a dashed fun one, truth be known, and one he'd rather not quit on quite so soon.

Then all was black.

LGA

PRE-ORDER 'MY EARL WAS AN ALIEN' NOW.
OUT OCTOBER 31 FOR HALLOWEEN. [TAP / CLICK HERE](#)



“THEY'D DETERMINED NOT TO MARRY DESPITE THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THEIR PARENTAL UNITS.”

STARRY NIGHT OVER THE RHONE BY VINCENT VAN GOGH, SHOWING THE URSA MAJOR CONSTELLATION, AKA 'THE PLOUGH'

HE'S A STAR MAN

Continued from page 5

LGA: But you're nothing but gas. How can that be?

Thalian: Well, I'm a bit more than gas. I have intellect and a state of being. And my people have been able to travel among the stars. I was chasing meteors and comets when I experienced an engine failure and crashed upon your planet. I nearly hit Jasper's curricule, and my vessel was damaged beyond repair. Fortunately, Jasper was able to take me in while awaiting rescue.

LGA: Take you in? At Holcombe House?

Thalian: In a way. Your planet is a lovely place, but it's a bit hostile what with the wind and atmospheric conditions. You see, there's no wind where I come from and we hold ourselves together by sheer force of will. I was very grateful to Jasper and Celeste too. I still am. I owe them my life.

LGA: But how did you manage to stay undetected? Surely Lord and Lady Farley were aware of their guest? And what about the servants?

Thalian: I'll let you in on a secret. I hid in Jasper.

LGA: What?!

Thalian: Via the respiratory system. Of course, I was winging

it. It's not been done before. In fact, it's not allowed, and I had to face a Board of Enquiry about it.

LGA: And the Earl knew you were there?

Thalian: Yes. He wasn't well pleased at first and I don't blame him. It must be strange having someone know your thoughts when you're not used to it. But I did try to stay out of the way, and we got on quite famously after a while.

It was quite something trying to convince Lady Celeste I was really there, though. She and Jasper have known each other since they were children, and she thought he was playing a silly joke. I must say I was dismayed that, having grown up together and knowing each other so well, they'd determined not to marry despite the encouragement of their mutual parental units.

LGA: Who?

Thalian: Oops. Sorry – their parents. They thought Jasper and Celeste would make a good match – and so did I. They were made for each other. However, I can't blame Celeste for being a little put-off by some of the activities Jasper went in for.

The carousing with his friends to begin with, though I must say I quite enjoyed champagne. The beer I could have

managed without. And the dangerous games they played. That curricule thing of his was a death trap – oh! I think I just made a pun!

LGA: Yes, but it's a bit of a stretch. So what happened to change their minds about each other?

Thalian: I did, I suppose. Not that I tried to persuade them in any way. The accident I caused nearly killed Jasper, and I think it changed how he looked at life – and Celeste. Anyway..."

LGA: What?

Thalian: I've got to go now, and I think it's best if you don't recall our meeting, so I'm going to erase your memory of it.

LGA: You know that defeats the purpose of giving me the interview, don't you? And besides—

Thalian: I know. Just sit back and have a little nap...

The recording was silent for a minute then light snoring could be heard. My light snoring. And the only voice caught on tape in the preceding minutes was my own...

LGA

UNDER THE HARVEST MOON

As the village of Reabridge in Cheshire prepares for the first Harvest Festival following Waterloo, families are overjoyed to welcome back their loved ones from the war. But excitement quickly turns to mystery when mere weeks before the festival, an orphaned child turns up in the town—a toddler born near Toulouse to an English mother who left clues that tie her to Reabridge.

With two prominent local families feuding for generations, and the central event of the Harvest Moon festival looming, tensions rise, and secrets begin to surface.

Nine award winning and bestselling authors have combined their talents to create a collection of interrelated tales. Under the Harvest Moon promises an unforgettable read for fans of Regency romance.

The authors are:

Collette Cameron with *Moonlight Wishes and Midnight Kisses*

Caroline Warfield with *The Morning Light*

Rue Allen with *A Harvest Blessing*

Mary Lancaster with *Coming Home*

Alina K Field with *Under the Champagne Moon*

Elizabeth Ellen Carter with *A Quiet Heart*

Sherry Ewing with *A Love Beyond Time*

Cerise DeLand with *The Widow's Harvest Hope*

Jude Knight with *Love In Its Season*

Read on for more about the stories and their characters.

Reabridge is a bucolic market town in Cheshire. Spanning the River Rea, it is notable for little beyond the unique traditions associated with its Harvest Festival, a two hundred year feud between two of the town's prominent families, and the plethora of marriages that accompanied the most recent festival.

Some of the pairings were decidedly unusual, and it was in search of the truth about one of these that we found ourselves crossing the bridge into Lower Reabridge to search out the farriery that is now the home of one of the newly wed couples.

Mrs Hughes, we were informed by the maid who answered the door, had taken the portable forge to the nearby estate belonging to the Duke of San Sebastián. Thus, one of the preposterous claims was proven to be true. The farrier was not Mr Hughes, but the man's wife.

"Mr Hughes might be available," the maid offered. If we cared to step inside, she said, the maid would go out to the field behind the house, where Mr Hughes was overseeing a building project, and ask if he was at home to visitors.

We did not want to give the man the opportunity to deny us, so we told the maid we'd ask him ourselves.

"Tis easy to find him," the maid agreed. "Just go round the house, and you can't miss him."

by A Special Correspondent

Continued on page 12

QUESTIONS ANSWERED



COVER STORY

THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO
(DETAIL) BY JOHN HEAVISIDE CLARKE (1771 - 1863)
OIL ON CANVAS, C. 1816.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Continued from page 10

So it proved. Mr Hughes was there, wearing nothing above the waist but some contraption that bound his arm to his torso. Claim number two. Mr Hughes might not be missing an arm as some claimed, but he certainly lacked the use of it. He was doing well with the other, steadying a pole while another man filled in a hole around its base. The long and the short of it is that he agreed to the interview. We got straight to the point.

Mr Hughes, we have been told you were raised as an orphan and entered the army as a drummer boy.

"Call me Jack. Yes, I was, and I did. I'd been in more than twenty years by the time I retired." He indicated his useless arm. "Waterloo. Once it was clear I was going to live, I was invalidated out."

You had a commission by that time. A battlefield commission. (Another of the rumours, but seeing hearing his crisp tones and seeing his confidence,

even half naked as he was, we were certain of its truth.)

"The first one was. Drummer boy to trooper to lance corporal to cornet, all before I was seventeen. After that, a slow climb to captain." He grinned. "Some officers don't appreciate enlisted men invading their preserves." One sardonic eyebrow lifted. "Some troopers don't much like it, either. Patience was required."

Persistence, too, one supposes. After you were released from hospital you came to Reabridge, and wed Mrs Hughes, a young woman with her own successful business. Most fortunate.

Mr Hughes' grin turned reflective. "Yes, very fortunate. I saw her at her forge and fell in love with her. That she returned the sentiment was well beyond my desserts. A nameless, homeless waif with only one working arm? But she saw something in me, and I will spend the rest of my life trying to deserve her."

AN EXCERPT FROM LOVE IN ITS SEASON

He strolled through the lower town considering ways to approach Miss Hughes without her turning him away.

As the farrier's cottage came into view, there she was. Gwen, his heart said. Stupid heart. What use would a magnificent woman like her have for a broken-down ex-soldier, old before his time, with only one working arm, no job and no idea where he was going or what he would do?

She was harnessing a horse to a little vehicle—something between a cart and a gig, with a gig seat in front and a small cart tray at the back. The frown on her face hastened his steps. She was worried, and he wanted to fix it.

"Good morning, Miss Hughes."

She turned at his greeting, her eyes widening in surprise. "Mr Worth!"

As an ex-cavalry man, he recognised the setup in the cart back of the vehicle—the farriers and blacksmiths in the army had carried larger versions of the little portable forge, and the other boxes undoubtedly carried the tools of Miss Hughe's trade.

"Off to work," he asked, trying to keep the disappointment out of his tone.

"Yes, if..." Relief spread across her face as a boy of about nine raced around the corner of the cottage and skidded to a stop in front of her.

She continued to look in the direction he came, welcome turning to puzzlement. "Is your mother far behind?" she asked the boy.

"Mam can't come," the boy reported. "Said to tell you she's sorry, Miss Hughes, but Susie's dress caught fire and Mam had to take her to the doctor. She's not bad hurt, but Mam can't come."

Miss Hughes paled, her eyes widening. "Can't come?"

"Sorry, miss," the boy repeated, as he backed away and then took off again. Miss Hughes nibbled at her lower lip, her eyes full of worry.

"Anything I can do to help?" Jack asked.

Hope lit her face, followed by rejection. "I do not know you, Mr Worth," she pointed out. True, but Jack was more and more certain that his heart knew hers. Which surely meant that her heart knew his?

He spread his unbound arm, palm facing her. "I am as you see," he assured her. "A worn-out soldier, no longer fit for duty, and at a loose end. I came here with Dr. Wagner because I owed him my life and he needed someone to see him home. He will speak for me, if you ask him. But here I am, with nowhere I need to be and nothing to do, after a lifetime of being busy. Will you not let me help you?"

Her teeth worried at her lower lip again, making it plump and full, and setting his body to riot. Which was not what he was here for. He waited. He had said his piece.

LGA

Turn the page for details of
all nine stories in
Under the Harvest Moon

Moonlight Wishes and Midnight Kisses
by Collette Cameron

A wounded veteran, Cortland Marlow-Westbrook returns to England with nothing but his dignity and the hope of a new beginning. When he unexpectedly encounters Avery Levingtone, the Scottish lass who captured his heart in a small village, he's torn between his past and his future. Although Cortland didn't respond to her letters after he left for war, Avery never forgot the love they shared. Even when Cortland publicly snubs her, she's determined to win back his heart.

“WHAT MIGHT'VE BEEN BETWEEN US IS NO LONGER A POSSIBILITY. I'M NOT INHERITING THE EARLDOM.”

Under the Champagne Moon
by Alina K Field

Orphaned as a child by the French Revolution, Fleur Hardouin's road has not been easy. Homeless again, she seeks an advantageous marriage as a matter of security. But when she crosses paths with a handsome young captain who, years ago, came to her rescue, she must choose between her heart's desire and practicality. Saved from French troops by a French vintner, Gareth Ardleigh promised to find his rescuer's granddaughter, Fleur, for a marriage that will unite two branches of the family business. But when he finds her, he must choose between honoring a promise or pursuing the woman he loves.

Coming Home
by Mary Lancaster

Captain David Buckley comes home from Waterloo at something of a crossroads in his life. Restless yet war-weary, he contemplates settling down near his home in Reabridge - only it's full of painful memories of his late wife and the eternal enmity of her family which goes back hundreds of years.

He is not seeking the added complication of love when the mysterious Lady Lorna falls literally into his arms, though he is happy to retrieve her stolen property and scare off rejected suitors. Only with the harvest moon festival does he understand the true meaning of love and home.

“WOULD I SPOIL THE DAY IF I KISSED YOU?”

The Morning Light
by Caroline Warfield

A physician, Adam Wagner is meant to save lives, not take them, but war called, and the ones he could not save haunt him. His nightmares after Waterloo won't stop and have begun to invade the daytime until he wonders if he's losing his mind. Images of a young girl caught in the crossfire keep him from his daughter. The horror of it keeps him from Meg Barlow. They courted and he was close to proposing before he left. Now he can only protect her by staying away.

Meg lives on the charity of her cousin, Earl Barlow, and serves the community as a midwife. She doesn't understand how Adam could turn his back on her so thoroughly, but she isn't about to let him get away with it.

“LOOK TO THE LIVING, ADAM. YOU HAVE TO LET THE DEAD GO.”

“WHAT SORT OF MAN DO YOU THINK OF WHEN YOU IMAGINE YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND?”

A Harvest Blessing
by Rue Allen

After Waterloo, Captain Thom Owen is uncertain what to do with himself. Then fate casts Charité du Pessac and her aunt in his path. No gentleman would abandon a damsel as brave and kind as Miss du Pessac, but how can he help her? With no clear solution in mind, Thom escorts the ladies home to his father.

Charité's aunt believes her niece and the captain are engaged, and Charité fears the captain's father will not welcome them. She is French after all, and while the captain might not object to her nationality, others—like his father—might disapprove of a marriage between former enemies.

Can the son of an English vicar and the daughter of a French Comte find love despite their differences?



“WHO IS SHE? WHERE IS SHE FROM? WHAT'S HER NAME?”

The Quiet Heart
by Elizabeth Ellen Carter

Widowed at Waterloo, where she also nursed the wounded, Veronica Petersham promised a dying man to bring his effects to a family in Reabridge. She falls ill just short of her goal after taking shelter from a storm in the milking shed of kind and stoic farmer Martin Bromelton.

The bachelor has dedicated himself to his family's farm ever since the death of his father. As the widow convalesces in his home, cared for by Martin's married sister, Martin begins to wonder if there is hope for the future after all, and Veronica senses an opportunity to find love once more.

The Widow's Harvest Hope
by Cerise DeLand

The new Earl Barlow returns home from Waterloo, intending to live by his own rules. The woman he loved and lost years ago visits for the Harvest festival—and he plans to offer the Widow Wright what they both want.

Being an obedient female has brought Vicky only sorrow. But with the need to visit Ford's home to identify a mysterious toddler who may be her deceased sister's son, she questions if a lady who has lived by the rules can throw them all away to seize her last chance for happiness.



“HOW MANY GIRLS FROM THIS TOWN RAN OFF TO THE WARS?”

Love In Its Season
by Jude Knight

The Battle of Waterloo lost Jack Wrath the use of one arm and ended his career in the cavalry. With nothing better to do and nowhere else to go, he sees his doctor home to Reabridge—and stays because of Gwen, the female farrier he rescues from a lustful lord. After all his years of wandering, Gwen's cottage feels like home.

Gwen Hughes is taller and stronger than many men, and runs her own business. Perhaps she intimidates the men of the town, but that is fine with her. She doesn't have time for courtship. She'd be a fool to refuse Jack's offer to help her father, who is in his second childhood, and even more of a fool to read too much into his kindness.

Under the harvest moon, two people who believe romance has passed them finally reach their season for love.

“I WANT TO KISS YOU UNTIL YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING BUT MY NAME”

A Love Beyond Time
by Sherry Ewing

Miss Hannah Pownall fell for a young lord years ago, only to see him leave. After no word from him in eight years, he returns to their small town, wounded and broken. Now, Hannah must reconcile her old feelings with the heartbreak he caused, knowing he plans to stay.

Captain Brandon Worthington returns to the town of Reabridge to recover from the war. He never expected to find the girl he once loved still unwed. Now, he must prove to her that he never forgot her.

Hannah and Brandon's journey is complicated by their respective pasts, but ultimately, they must decide whether second chances are worth taking a risk. Will they be able to navigate the obstacles thrown their way to find the happily ever after they both deserve?



“TELL ME THE STORY OF YOUR FAMILY LEAVING ISN'T TRUE.”



Out October 10
Pre-order now on
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and Noble.
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Out of this world
since 150AD...

A SHORT HISTORY OF SCI-FI

Science fiction is often thought of as a relatively modern genre going back no later than the Victorian era. But the first science fiction stories were myths told in ancient times, and the first science fiction novel was written around 150AD.

It was satirist Lucian (c.125-c.180) who set the ball rolling with his novel *A True Story*, which begins by declaring that the tale is not at all true and everything in it is a lie. Since he was a satirist and one of Western civilization's earliest novelists, he probably felt the need to set things straight from the start. But then, parodying Homer's *Odyssey* and historian Thucydides, he went on to lay out the themes of voyages to other worlds, extraterrestrials, and interplanetary warfare that are the staples of sci-fi today.

Come the Age of Enlightenment, big names were dipping their toes in the sci-fi pond. Johannes Kepler was a German astronomer, a key player in the Scientific Revolution of the 1600s who set out the laws of planetary motion and lay down the groundwork for Isaac Newton's theory of universal gravitation. In 1608, he wrote *Somnium*, in which a boy and his witch mother visit the moon and describe the view looking back to Earth.

Others who imagined strange worlds and journeys to other planets at that time included Francis Bacon, Cyrano de Bergerac, Jonathan Swift, and Voltaire.

Mary Shelley further defined sci-fi with *Frankenstein* and *The Last Man* in 1818 and 1826 respectively. Jules Verne dove deep into detail and scientific exactness with *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* in 1870. Spanish author Enrique Gaspar y Rimbau brought us the first time machine in 1887, beating HG Wells by eight years.

And in 1925, J.H. Rosny gave us the word 'astronaut' thirty-six years before the first man travelled into space.

Two years later, the man who would be pivotal in the creation of one of the best-knowns sci-fi movies of all time was born in England. Arthur C Clarke wrote the short story *The Sentinel* in 1948 for a BBC competition. It wasn't accepted, but it became the basis for the 1968 movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*. He co-wrote the screenplay and a novel version with film director Stanley Kubrick, although ultimately only Clarke was credited as author of the book. It had sold more than three million copies by the 1990s.

Sci-fi – or SF as its aficionados prefer – has surged on more and more through the 20th and into the 21st century as what was once science fiction has become science fact.

It's frequently used to hold a mirror up to society. While Clarke's *The Sentinel* was being rejected by the BBC – later the producers of *Doctor Who* – George Orwell was in 1948 publishing his cautionary dystopian sci-fi, *1984*.

America's Issac Asimov brought us deep thinking reflections on artificial intelligence back in 1950 with his short story collection *I, Robot* (as did Shelley with *Frankenstein* over 130 years earlier).

Today, feminist science fiction asks questions about social issues such as gender roles and utopian vs dystopian worlds; 'cli-fi' concerns itself with climate change; the film *Avatar* protests against imperialism.

As time passes, sci-fi envelops everything. A bit like *The Blob*, really...



MARY SHELLEY



ARTHUR C CLARKE
ON THE SET OF
2001 IN 1965

A REGENCY ROMANCE WITH ALIENS?

LOVE SCIENCE FICTION

Watch out when you challenge me to write something!

It was movie night at our place one evening last year when my husband and I were still chuckling at the concept behind the film we'd just watched on DVD. It was *Cowboys & Aliens*, the 2011 Jon Favreau-directed action flick that mashes together, well, cowboys and aliens.

We'd thoroughly enjoyed how the cast played it dead straight as an amnesiac outlaw, various other characters, and the people of an 1873 western town battled invading aliens in this unexpected mix of genres.

Then Duncan turned to me and said, "I bet you couldn't combine a Regency romance with aliens."

"Bet I could," I countered instantly. "But it'll be a comedy, and you're going to help me do it."

And now here we are – *My Earl was an Alien*, our first writing collaboration since we were journalists (and film critics!) together, comes out on October 31, apt I thought since it's Halloween, and it tells the tale of an earl who's kind of haunted by a gaseous being from a far-off planet.

It's a romantic comedy featuring Jasper Farley, Earl of Holcombe, and his childhood friend, Lady Celeste Belmont, dealing with an alien possession, parents who are pushing them to marry, and a race against time to make a rescue rendezvous.

My Earl was an Alien is available for pre-order now.

I think it's got just the right mix of laughter and 'the feels'. I hope you think so too!

Elizabeth Ellen Carter

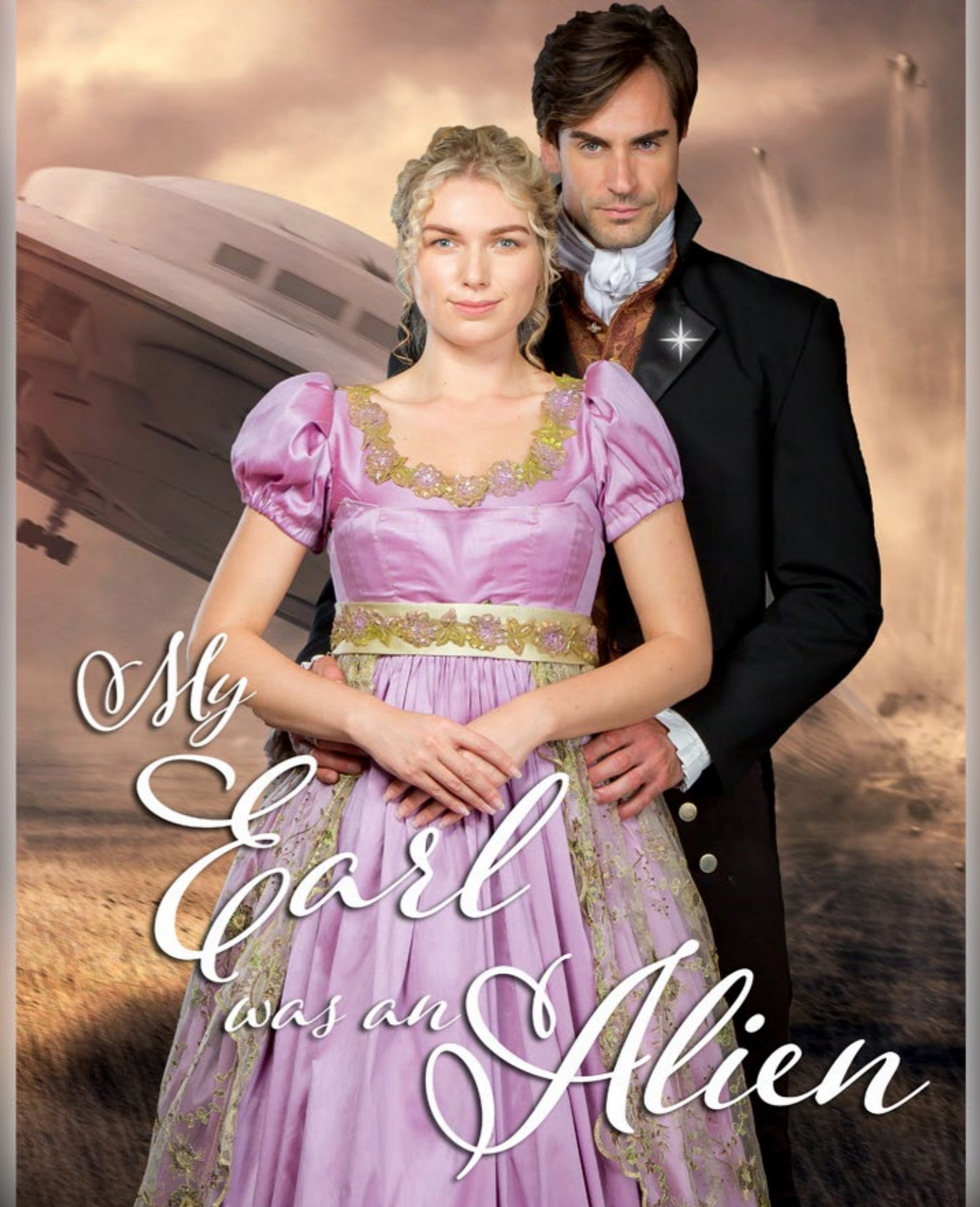


THE CAST AND DIRECTOR OF *COWBOYS & ALIENS* AT THE 2010 SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON INTERNATIONAL. FROM LEFT: HARRISON FORD, JON FAVREAU, DANIEL CRAIG, AND OLIVIA WILDE.

IMAGE © JAWAAN / COCA-SOLA 2010

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**ELIZABETH ELLEN
CARTER**



a Regency Romance that's out of this world!

LGA

BRITISH

HARVEST

FESTIVALS

In good times and bad, the harvest was a time for rural communities to come together to gather the fruits of their spring planting and summer husbandry. Days might be getting shorter, but autumn was a season of dusk to dawn hard labor, especially before the invention of mechanized reapers.

Cutters scythed, and workers followed behind to gather the grain into sheaves and then into stooks for drying. Itinerant laborers were hired, and women and children helped as needed to bring in the crops that would ensure a family's survival.

Is it any wonder that communities topped off the season with a celebration?

There were harvest suppers, fairs, and church services of Thanksgiving, but many of the traditions have pre-Christian roots:

“As the crops were gathered, it was believed that the domain of the Corn Goddess shrank as each sheaf was cut... So the last sheaf was fashioned into a corn dolly, placed in the cart containing the last load and borne home to much singing, dancing, and no doubt drinking.

– MayflowerMorris.com/traditions

What are corn dollies?

Corn, for American readers, refers to cereal grains such as wheat or barley, and though spirits are involved, the dolly is not a human-shaped creation like a voodoo doll!

Corn dollies are created by weaving stalks of grain, often into hollow spirals, a place where the Corn Spirit could stay during the winter months. When ploughing started, a farmer would place the dolly hosting the Corn Spirit into the first furrow to be ploughed back into the earth to ensure a good growing season.

THE CORN DOLLY HERE WAS MADE AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDINBURGH WIKIPEDIA CONTRIBUTOR RENATA WHO HAS KINDLY RELEASED THE IMAGE INTO THE PUBLIC DOMAIN SO THAT ANYONE CAN USE THE PHOTO FOR ANY PURPOSE. RENATA STARTED THE WIKIPEDIA PAGE ON CORN DOLLIES, AS WELL AS DOZENS OF OTHER PAGES ABOUT UK LOCALITIES, HISTORY, BUILDINGS, AND GARDENS. YOU CAN FIND HER PAGES AT [HTTPS://EN.WIKIPEDIA.ORG/WIKI/USER:RENATA](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/user:renata)

by
ALINA K FIELD



“AUTUMN COMES, THE SUMMER IS PAST,
WINTER WILL COME TOO SOON.
STARS WILL SHINE CLEARER, SKIES SEEM
NEARER, UNDER THE HARVEST MOON.

– 16th Century English folk song

Morris men

In many regions, Morris dancers were part of the celebration of the harvest. Morris dancing is a type of English folk dancing performed by teams of costumed men.

The earliest reference to Morris dancers is 1448. But there are those who believe Morris dancing has pagan roots:

“Morris dancing is an ancient seasonal pagan ritual male custom associated with the bringing of luck, the fertility and regeneration of the soil, and the promotion of the cycle of the seasons... In the dances there'll be much jingling of bells and stick-clashing to frighten away the evil spirits, and high capers will encourage Mother Earth to ensure the crops grow tall in the coming harvest.

– MayflowerMorris.com/Morrisinfo

Under the Harvest Moon

In the small fictional Cheshire town of Reabridge, the harvest festival of 1815 includes a fair with booths providing trinkets, food, and drink, a grand bonfire, and a harvest ball, complete with music, dancing, and a Lord of the Harvest.

And of course, there's romance under the harvest moon!

The editor of The Teatime Tattler, Mr S Clements, kindly shares a round-up of the latest whispers around the world of the Ton and below stairs.

HOT GOSSIP

Will Scandal Prevent the Mistletoe Assembly?

Caution: Attending the Theatre May Be Hazardous!

Rumor has it that the coming season of the Drury Lane Theatre is wracked with drama. Not - as you would hope - with Shakespearean dramas, but rather with drama behind the stage. In fact, there have been so many scandals that one must wonder whether anyone respectable will attend the next production. First, the company ran out of money for repairs. If whispers are to be believed, a woman of ill repute approached an esteemed personage for an investment. Even more shocking,

the aforementioned personage - known to our ears as a duke of extreme eccentricities - put his own money into the theater. One can only guess how the woman persuaded him. Then, there were whispers that a lady of good family wrote the script. While this type of story may be charming in the privacy of a drawing room, it beggars belief that the theater company expects polite society to bring its ladies and daughters to see a play with such shocking origins. <https://bluestockingbelles.net/caution-attending-the-theatre-may-be-hazardous/>

An Ancient Feud

Today we bring you evidence, written in the hand of Lady Aileana MacDonald, that all was not always well between clans MacLeod and MacDonald. My sister-in-law, Lady Brighde, has fallen in love with our clan's gravest enemy, Tormund MacLeod, the Demon of the Seas! A secret she has begged me to keep, for her brother who is my husband, Jamie, would never approve. I just caught them nuzzling each other, except... Tormund wasn't the monster We've always thought, but gentle. They were teasing each other secretly, laughing. The fearsome demon can laugh? Can smile? Now Tormund has stripped his tunic and is lumbering onto the field to compete in the corn cutting, joining Jamie and the other lairds, and sakes, it seems as if the royal seneschal has...paired the two together? Every year enemies are paired to clear the barley fields, in attempts to force them to work together and broker truces betwixt them—for the winners split the harvest to take home to their people. But have there ever been greater enemies than Tormund, the Demon of the Seas and Jamie, the Devil MacDonald? The blood feud betwixt them spans generations! <https://bluestockingbelles.net/evidence-of-an-ancient-fued-between-the-scots/>



Dear Mrs. Pearler, I have heard quite reliably that all the tickets to the Grand Mistletoe Assembly have been sold. I must point out a grave error. I, Lady Agatha Witherspoon, third cousin to Lady Cowper, was unable to procure one! Surely, you can find room for one more person, especially one who is held in high regard by members of the ton and who travels in the best circles. I was so looking forward to attending as I heard from my cook (not that I listen to idle rumors from below stairs, mind you) that you will be serving an array of delicacies only those of us with the most refined palettes will appreciate. A monstrous rumor has also been circulating that tickets have been sold to a female boxer, a woman who was once accused of murdering her husband, and the widow of a philandering artist. I shudder to think these three creatures will be mingling with the crème de la crème of the ton. I suppose you must allow riffraff in when they pay the price of the ticket to a charity ball, but perhaps you'll consider a charity lecture or sermon next time. Yours, Lady Agatha Witherspoon. <https://bluestockingbelles.net/will-scandal-prevent-the-mistletoe-assembly/>

Do Not Listen to Busy-Bodies

As a faithful reader of your publication, I must say, I've never heard such awful drivel in my life as what's come out of Eunice Fillmore's pen! Why, her comments about the gentlemen and ladies visiting Reabridge for the harvest season are dreadful calumny. The French ladies she complained about are as proper as any Englishwoman and a good deal more refined than Eunice. Why one of them is a titled lady-an English lord's widow. Another has taken it upon herself to tend to an orphaned child until the vicar can work out a home for the babe. And the French girl who Eunice says appeared out of nowhere? What poppycock that is, for I myself

remember her as a tiny young girl-another orphan-residing with one of our most prominent families as their ward. Send a reporter, if you will. I'm sure he'll be able to warm the hearts of your readers with a story about the town's efforts to restore a frightened young babe to his family. Otherwise, you'll not find anything more than a group of happy villagers celebrating both the return of their loved ones from war and a very fine harvest. Yours sincerely, *A lady of much better standing in Reabridge than Miss Eunice Fillmore!* <https://bluestockingbelles.net/do-not-listen-to-busy-bodies/>



She is No Proper Lady

There is increased activity at the St. James Square home of Lady Camilla Bowles Attington Carrington Whitby. (How pretentious is she to have buried three wealthy husbands? Any lady of good breeding would have stopped at two and left at least one of them to the rest of us.) Her nephew, Lionel Carrington-Bowles, has had a scandalous reputation for years, he and those friends of his. Captain Atherton, who paints those naughty portraits.

The barrister, Mr. Forsythe, who has had as many lovers as he has won cases before the King's Bench. That frightening Bow Street Runner, Archer Colwyn. I cannot begin to tell you what I have heard about his bedchamber adventures! Speaking of bedchambers, I have it on excellent authority (my own, of course) these four have done something which may create a ripple of scandal throughout London. This impending disaster includes the sinful bookshop run by the Duke of Chelmsford's brother, a lost journal

that names names, the search for said journal, and most frightening, the proprietor of Goodrum's House of Pleasure! Meanwhile, the broadsheets are full of horrific murders that have something to do with chess masters and blood rituals, and Mr. Colwyn of Bow Street has been seen challenging the masked chess mistress in residence at, of all places, Goodrum's. <https://bluestockingbelles.net/no-proper-lady/>

The VEILED FIGURE'S HEAD SLOWLY ROSE. *A* VISAGE MORE SKULL THAN FACE REVEALED ITSELF, AND IT OPENED ITS LIPLESS MOUTH WIDE IN A HIGH-PITCHED, UNEARTHLY SCREAM. *Jemima* FELT THE SOUND GO THROUGH HER. *It* WENT ON AND ON, FILLING HER EARS UNTIL SHE COULD HEAR AND SEE NOTHING BUT THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE HER...

ENGLAND 1867

A chance meeting on a train by travel writer Jemima Douglas and historian Dr. Monty Rhodes is more than fortuitous - it is fated.

Bound for the same small village in Devon, Jemima and Monty discover that an old church and an even more ancient castle are entwined in a mystery that spans centuries: whatever happened to Isabeau de Bois, the Tudor bride who disappeared on the eve of her wedding?

Villagers say the mysterious figure which appears in the castle and the village is the Ghost Bride who beseeches lovers to find her final resting place.*



*Final published as part of the USA Today Bestselling Bookset set 'Spain & Midnight Directly' - October 2021

Enjoy a haunted Halloween with

The Ghost Bride

CLICK/TAP HERE
USA Today Bestselling Author
ELIZABETH ELLEN
CARTER

MY FABULOUS VERSAILLES VACAY!



Victoria Vane takes the time travel trip of a lifetime

MY FABULOUS

by Fashion Correspondent
VICTORIA VANE

VERSAILLES VACAY!



It isn't often that one has the chance to fulfill a bucket list item, let alone time travel! But that's exactly what happened in May of 2023 when I had the once in a -in-a-lifetime opportunity to attend the very exclusive FETES GALANTES at the Palace of Versailles.

For those unfamiliar with the event, for only one evening each year, the famed residence of Louis XIV is opened to a select group of five hundred ticket holders for a celebration like no other!

The gathering is momentous and magical as five hundred elegantly costumed revelers assemble for an evening of music, dancing, and illuminations that recreate the festivities of the famed Sun King.

I had just finished a Victorian fashion show which gave me very little time to prepare, but I was indeed able to whip up a courtly gown of figured silk

(aptly named Versailles red) which I generously embellished with strands of Japanese peals. I topped off my ensemble by re-styling a cheap costume wig which I trimmed with more jewels and ostrich plumes.

I also outfitted one of my traveling companions in a court gown of ivory silk satin which was heavily embroidered with metallic gold thread and then styled a wig to match her natural hair.

We danced, played billiards, toured the private royal apartments, and even posed in the actual throne room! The evening ended at midnight with an incredible illuminations display that we watched from the Hall of Mirrors. The entire evening was well beyond even our wildest fantasies!

Would I go back if I had a chance? In a heartbeat!





MY FABULOUS VERSAILLES VACAY!



MY FABULOUS VERSAILLES VACAY!





IMAGE © GARYSALUS RECORDS / FAREUSE

**Science Fiction
(1983) - Divinyls**

The 1980s were a golden age for Australian popular music and Science Fiction by Divinyls is right up there as part of it. It's regarded as one of the Top 30 Australian songs of all time. Great quirky vocal hooks and delivery from singer Chrissy Amphlett who co-wrote the song with guitarist Mark McEntee.

The pair were in a volatile romantic relationship for 11 years from 1982, and became widely known for mutual physical violence fuelled by alcohol and drug use. I interviewed the couple by phone in the 1980s following an album release. Amphlett was articulate and humorous, but plainly inebriated. She offered the phone to McEntee to add some comments of his own. I said hello and asked a question. He was so incoherent all I could do was politely offer the occasional 'uh-huh' until he passed the phone back to Amphlett. In 2013, she died of breast cancer that had gone only partially treated as she was concurrently suffering from multiple sclerosis.

Enjoy the playlist.



Tap/click here

SPACE AGE

Twenty top tunes for sci-fi lovers

by LGA Associate Editor
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

LOVE SONGS

Starman (1982) – David Bowie



IMAGE © NETHERZONE / COA-SA 40 INTERNATIONAL

David Bowie's 'Starman' was a late inclusion on the tracklist on his 1972 album *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars*. Its release as a single prior to the album's release guaranteed both the 45 and LP a hit. Though regarded as a loosely devised concept album, it wasn't at first. The 'story' told by the songs was made up afterwards.

The album starts with a song predicting the end of the world in an apocalypse five years hence. Several tracks later comes 'Starman', delivering hope to the Earth's youth in

the form of an alien offering salvation while heard on the radio as 'hazy cosmic jive'.

Bowie, who died of cancer in 2016, is rightly regarded as one of the greatest and most influential music artists of the 20th century. His ability to synthesize new forms from pre-existing styles remains without peer.

Science fiction popped up throughout Bowie's musical career and his songs feature four times on this playlist with *Space Oddity*, *Ashes to Ashes*, *Life on Mars*, and, of course, *Starman*.

Fly Me To The Moon – Frank Sinatra

The composer of *Fly Me To The Moon* estimated that by the time Frank Sinatra covered the song in 1964, more than 100 other versions of it had been recorded. Kaye Ballard was the first ten years earlier, followed by others including Johnny Mathis, Eydie Gormé, Peggy Lee, Connie Francis (who recorded it in Spanish and Italian), and Julie London. A bossa nova instrumental by Joe Hartnell was a major US hit.

The song's original title was 'In Other Words', but it rapidly became referred to as *Fly Me To The Moon*, and it was Lee in 1963 who persuaded composer

Bart Howard to officially change the name.

Howard was a cabaret pianist who'd been trying to make it big as a composer for two decades before he penned this tune and lyric. He later said, "It took me 20 years to find out how to write a song in 20 minutes."

When Sinatra got hold of it in 1964, he swung the song backed by Count Basie and his Orchestra, under the guidance of producer Quincy Jones. The result was the definitive version, and five years later it was played on a cassette aboard Apollo 10 and 11 as they orbited the Moon.



Producer Quincy Jones presenting platinum copies of *Fly Me to the Moon* to Senator John Glenn (first American in orbit) and Apollo 11 Commander Neil Armstrong (first man on the Moon) during NASA's 50th anniversary gala in September 2008.



IMAGE © MYCELEBRITY / CO BY SA 40

UFO (2006) - Sneaky Sound System

Sneaky Sound System started out in 2001 as a DJ and his flatmate hosting Sunday night dance music parties in Sydney.

They played every week for over a year to 100 people in a Bondi basement, morphing into a band with a fluctuating membership.

Finally settling around singer Connie Mitchell and DJ Angus McDonald, they released *UFO* as their fifth single in 2006. It hit number 11 on the Australian singles chart and went platinum in Australia.

Great vocals, great beat, infectious tune and chorus. Watch the quirky video, and I dare you not to want to get up and dance!

Continued on next page

SPACE AGE LOVE SONGS



IMAGE © TORBEN HANSEN / CG BY 2.0

Andromeda (2021) - Paul Weller

English singer-songwriter and musician Paul Weller rose to fame in the new wave/mod revival band The Jam. He was just 14 years old when he formed the group after seeing pop-rock band Status Quo in concert. His father started booking the group into local working men's clubs and in 1977 they emerged as a top 40 act with their first single.

Weller went on to further success with Style Council in 1983, then in 1989 struck out on his own.

Andromeda is from his album An Orchestrated Songbook, titles from his career reinvented with The BBC Symphony Orchestra under conductor Jules Buckley. Describing it as 'about someone leaving a dying planet', Weller credits David Bowie as one of the inspirations for the song.

The Andromeda spiral galaxy is the most distant celestial object visible to the naked eye.

I Turned into a Martian (1982) - The Misfits

American punk rock band The Misfits founded the horror punk subgenre which blended British punk rock with horror film themes. I Turned into a Martian is a grinding, high speed one minute and 42 seconds of growled vocals and thrashed guitars. Fun if you like punk and over quickly if you don't!

The band, after some break-ups, is still around today but they're more heavy metal now than punk though they have been described as 'punk pop'.



My Alien (2002) - Simple Plan

Simple Plan is a Canadian rock band, formed in 1999. They have been described as everything from power pop to emo and punk. Their record company seems to get it covered best, describing their style as 'classic punk energy and modern pop sonics'.

There's also a touch of Seattle band Presidents of the United States of America about them.

My Alien is a light and breezy fun thrash about an unusual girlfriend and wanting to live on her spaceship.

Twenty top tunes for sci-fi lovers

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Science Fiction – Divinyls | 11 Andromeda – Paul Weller |
| 2 Rapture – Blondie | 12 I Turned into a Martian – The Misfits |
| 3 Starman (2002 Remaster) – David Bowie | 13 Calling Occupants Of Interplanetary Craft – The Carpenters |
| 4 Supersonic Rocket Ship – The Kinks | 14 My Alien – Simple Plan |
| 5 Walking On The Moon – The Police | 15 UFO – Sneaky Sound System |
| 6 Space Oddity (2019 Mix) – David Bowie | 16 Space Age Love Song – A Flock Of Seagulls |
| 7 Fly Me To The Moon (2008 Remaster) – Frank Sinatra | 17 Andy Hunter - Stars |
| 8 Major Tom (Coming Home) – Peter Schilling | 18 Star Trekkin' – The Firm |
| 9 Ashes To Ashes – David Bowie | 19 Life On Mars (2016 Mix) – David Bowie |
| 10 Satellite of Love – Lou Reed | 20 Galaxy Song – Monty Python |

Enjoy the playlist.



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ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER

Jacket Potatoes and Roasted Chestnuts



Here are two favorites of mine that are common at Australian markets and fairs, especially in winter. Both hark back to my family's and my husband's British origins.

The first is what the Brits call a jacket potato. It's a baked potato and they were super popular in the UK as a street food for many years.

Mid-19th century hawkers sold jacket potatoes through autumn and winter and it's believed 10 tons of baked potatoes were sold each day on London streets.

Here in Australia, we often have roast potatoes at Sunday markets in cold weather, topped with grated cheddar cheese or bacon bits. The English even lather them in baked beans, tuna mayonnaise, chili con carne, and chicken.

Sometimes when camping, we have potatoes baked in the campfire. Stab a large spud all over with a fork then wrap it in a couple of layers of aluminium foil and cook in a not too big fire for 30 to 35 minutes. Retrieve from the coals with tongs and unwrap carefully. Slice in half and add butter and salt to taste.

The second street food is roasted chestnuts. They're a fruit, did you know? The street vendor selling chestnuts cooked on a brazier in the street is a popular Victorian image though I daresay such open braziers have disappeared by now.

You can have a go at cooking them over a charcoal grill if you like, or just oven bake them.

Score the tops with a knife, taking care not to cut through to the flesh within. This allows the nut to expand and crack open as they cook. For oven cooking, put them on a tray in an oven heated to 200 degrees C.

Overcooking is your worst enemy – allow 10 minutes for small ones, 15 for large, no more than 20 minutes max. Wrap in a tea towel to hold the moisture, and peel and eat while they're still warm.

Both campfire roast potatoes and roast chestnuts are major nostalgia food for my husband. He grew up in England where baked potatoes were often eaten on Guy Fawkes Night (November 5) each year.

He has fond childhood memories of watching potatoes baking in the glowing embers of bonfires, and recalls sharing a small paper bag of brazier roasted chestnuts bought from a city centre street vendor on a wintry December evening.

FESTIVAL AND STREET FOOD FAVES

Authors from Under the Harvest Moon reveal their favorite festival, show and street eats

SHERRY EWING

Gourmet Caramel Apples

Candy apples are great at carnivals and can be gussied-up as much as you want. How do gourmet caramel apples sound?

INGREDIENTS

- 4 large tart apples
- 1 cup milk chocolate chips
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate chips
- 4-1/2 ounces white candy coating, coarsely chopped
- 1 tsp shortening
- 1 x 11 ounce pack of Kraft caramel bits
- 2 tsp water
- 4 pretzel rods, coarsely crushed
- 1/2 cup Reeces peanut butter candy
- 4 wooden lollipop sticks
- You also need four microwave safe bowls!

METHOD

Line a baking tray/pan with waxed paper and grease the paper. Wash and dry the apples, then insert a lollipop stick into the top of each one. Set them aside while ready the coatings.

Place the two types of chocolate chips in separate microwave bowls. Heat until melted and stir until smooth. In another microwave- bowl, melt candy coating and shortening and stir until smooth. Combine caramels and water in another microwave-safe bowl. Heat until melted, and again stir until smooth.

Dip the apples into the caramel; turning to coat them, then right away press pretzels and Reese's Pieces into the sides before drizzling the melted chocolate and candy coating over the tops of the apples.

Stand each one apple end down on your prepped pan and allow to set.

You can use other candies if you like. As with cupcake toppings, they're limited only by your imagination!



CAROLINE WARFIELD

Funnel Cakes

A carnival favorite of mine, and so easy to make at home! How?

1. You need a large bowl, a deep frying pan, and a large funnel with a 1/2 inch opening, one large enough to hold a cup of batter.
2. Make batter—Flour, plenty of milk and eggs, 1 tsp of baking powder for every two cups of flour, and cinnamon to make a thick but wet mixture.
3. Drizzle a cup of batter into hot oil, coiling it as it goes.
4. Cook until golden brown.
5. Drain the cake on paper towels and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Funnel cakes were one of the first North American fried foods and were originally associated with the Pennsylvania Dutch – German immigrants to Pennsylvania in the 17th and 18th centuries.



ALINA K FIELD

Hot Dog, Chicago-style

I'm a meat and potatoes girl, and the meat in street foods can be iffy. But one street food menu item with meat is a sure thing—an authentic hotdog, Chicago style.

What are the ingredients?

- A poppy seed hotdog bun, fresh of course.
- An all-beef hotdog, preferably the Vienna brand.
- Diced onions
- Sweet green relish
- Mustard
- A dill pickle spear slice
- Thin slices of tomatoes
- Celery salt
- And sport peppers (but hold mine—they're too hot for me!)

Try it for yourself! This delicious treat was introduced by Emil Reichl and Samuel Ladany, two Austrian-Hungarian immigrants, at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893.





GAME PLAY ▶

Heroes and Villains WORD SEARCH

R	A	R	O	D	O	H	N	I	B	O	R	H	
K	I	T	H	A	R	D	A	C	R	E	E	I	V
H	A	C	R	U	E	L	L	A	D	E	V	I	L
D	H	A	L	D	E	L	I	A	S	N	A	S	H
A	A	I	A	R	T	O	D	E	A	U	A	E	N
R	N	T	R	C	A	N	A	M	T	A	B	A	L
T	S	B	A	L	N	B	B	R	I	P	L	E	Y
H	G	A	C	T	K	D	I	F	I	U	K	S	I
V	R	L	R	O	G	D	E	A	M	I	B	R	A
A	U	V	O	C	I	E	O	I	R	L	M	M	T
D	B	I	F	R	R	R	A	D	R	E	F	A	N
E	E	A	T	T	L	N	H	A	N	S	O	L	O
R	R	I	R	U	O	D	D	A	K	N	O	A	E
A	S	E	N	O	J	A	N	A	I	D	N	I	H

- RABIA
- BATMAN
- CRUELLEDEVIL
- HANSGRUBER
- INDIANA JONES
- KADDOURI
- ROBINHOOD
- LARACROFT
- TANKGIRL
- DREFAN
- DARTH VADER
- MULAN
- KITHARDACRE
- ELIASNASH
- HANSOLO
- RIPLEY

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/5638931/>



Jigsaw Time

Piece this picture together at Jigsaw Planet. Tap or click: <https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=2497de005b10>

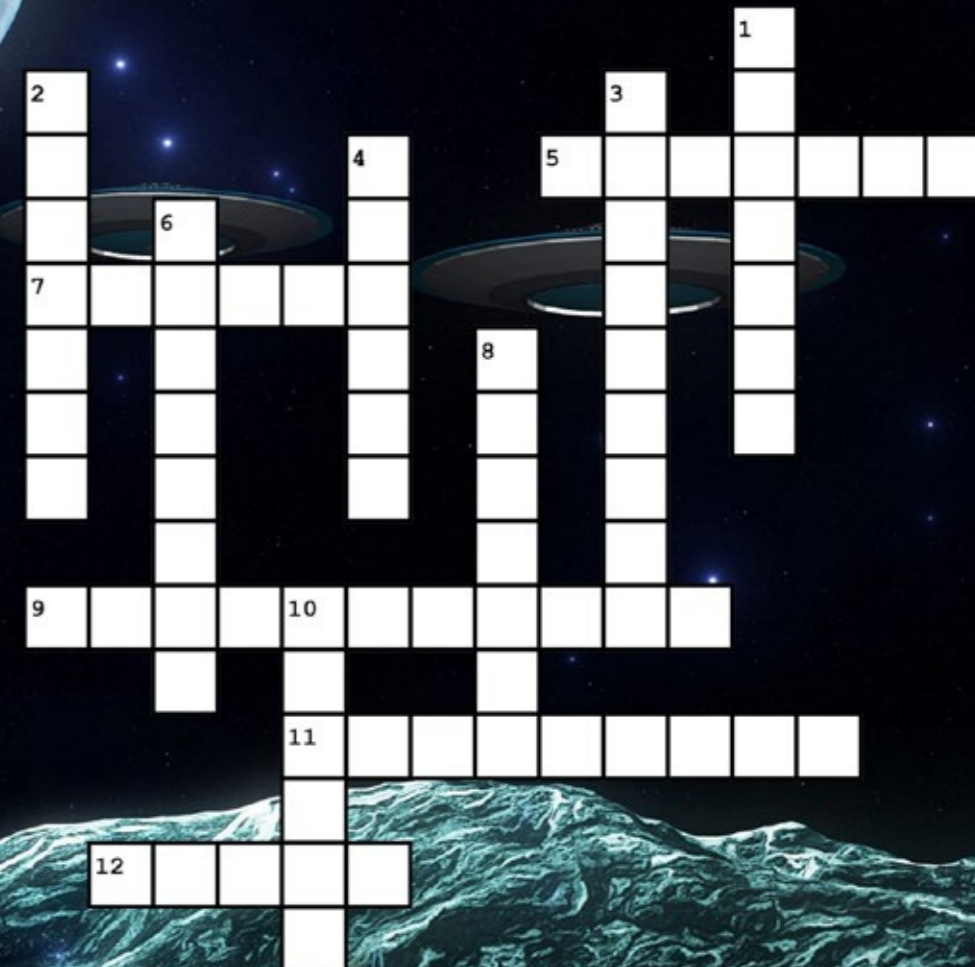
Spaced Out Crossword

ACROSS

- 5. First man in space Yuri
- 7. Creator of John Carter of Mars also invented this character
- 9. She wrote Frankenstein
- 11. First man on the moon
- 12. Paranoia-laden TV series, The X _____

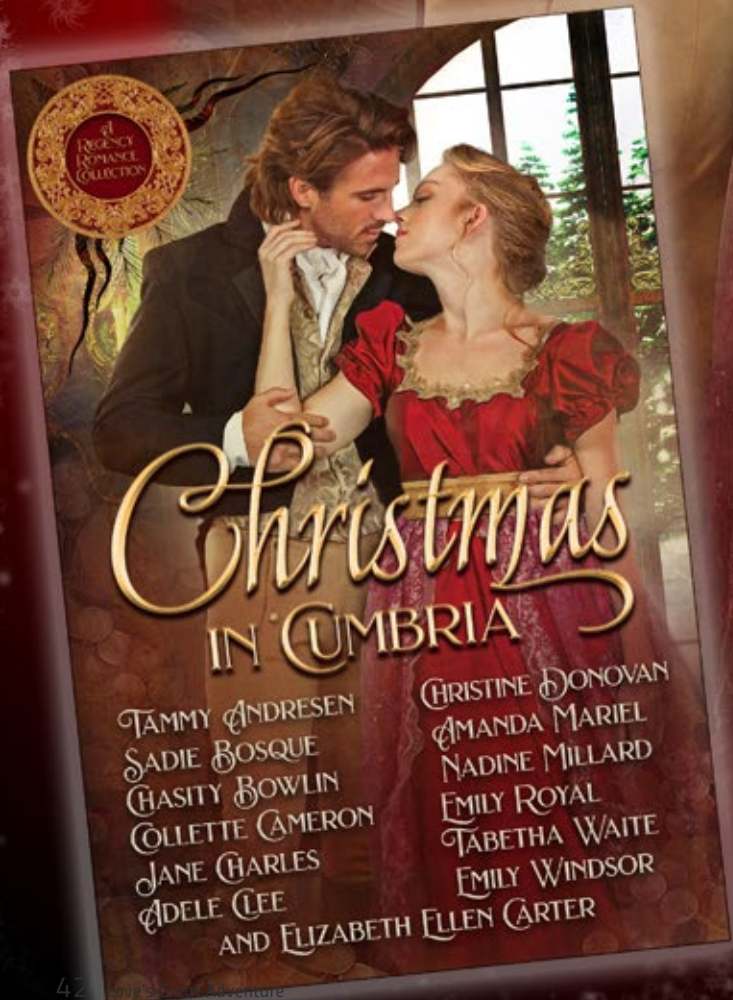
DOWN

- 1. Song by David Bowie; also the title of a movie
- 2. First artificial satellite
- 3. What the moon is to the Earth
- 4. Sci-fi noir movie with Harrison Ford, Blade _____
- 6. Robert A. Heinlein's Starship _____
- 8. He wrote The Time Machine
- 10. Elon Musk's rocket company



ACROSS 5. GAGARIN 7. TARZAN 9. MARYSHELLEY 11. ARMSTRONG 12. FILES
DOWN 1. STARMAN 2. SPUTNIK 3. SATELLITE 4. RUNNER 6. TROOPERS 8. HEWELLS 10. SPACE

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