

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

New passenger today. His name is Douglas. He seems a bit harried, but then again, so was I when I first came aboard. We picked him up in New York, which I hardly became acquainted with due to our hasty departure, but if it's anything like the original York in England I doubt I would like it very much anyway. From what I saw, it was loud and overly crowded.

The best thing about Douglas is his silhouette. I must convince him to sit for a portrait; the coat and hat lend a mysterious air that I suspect will transfer wonderfully onto my canvas.

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

We're getting a new passenger! Six days into this stop:

- *A young woman stopped by the Eleventh Hourglass with her charcoal and sketchbook. She introduced herself as Flora.*
- *I sat with her as she drew, and she was soft-spoken but eager to find a commission as a painter.*
- *I offered to commission some paintings for Ellie's interior (because my, staring at those same walls for so long has grown tiresome) and she accepted!*

She returned the next day with an ambitious plan that will take... a while, longer than the twelve days she would have before we left. I don't get my hopes up when people think about joining us – almost nobody truly wants to leave their home behind forever. But she seemed eager to join the Eleventh Hourglass, and she still is. We leave tomorrow, and Flora's moved into one of Ellie's rooms.

I miss almost everywhere we go. But it's always easier to move forward when we find new companions to travel with. We continue to befriend history as we travel. And I'm glad we've got the opportunity to share it with somebody new.

Welcome aboard, Flora!

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

I still can't quite believe any of this is real. I almost feel bad for asking so many questions, but Dan has been taking them in stride. I can't help myself; I've never met anyone from the future before! There are two others besides Dan who have been very helpful to me as well (if anyone reads this, forgive me for not remembering their names at the moment, but I've had a lot to take in recently. I do remember someone calling them a philosopher and a squire. I can hardly imagine how different their lives must have been from mine before Ellie). All three of them are so comfortable with each other, and with this unusual life they lead. They've been on board the longest, though, so I suppose it comes with time. And now, I have all the time in the world.

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

We got a new one today. Some Kind of counselor, Kinda like the Scouts from what I can tell? She's certainly energetic enough for it. Anyways, it's weird having someone so new on board- especially someone so strange. The clothing, the speech, it's all so odd. Though, I guess she's from a whole new world- what with being from a different millennia and all. I don't like thinking about how much things have changed.



Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

As we enter the 20th century, I find myself often remembering the early days of this journey through time. One particular memory I find myself revisiting is the day our resident artist accepted a commission and joined our group of passengers. Moss was very excited to finally have a passenger close to their age on board. But I digress; Penny has suggested that our first stop in this century be Niagara Falls for the sake of our most recent passenger. I am inclined to agree; they had a rather turbulent boarding, and a familiar site may help them adjust.

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

My continuing quest to accrue knowledge about my associates aboard this strange vessel has yielded new fruit. Genie carries many secrets about them. Well, now they carry one less.

I wish I could say it was my expert sleuthing that got the job done, but it actually spilled over a game of cards. After a few too many drinks late in the night, Genie mentioned that they, in fact, used to be based out of Cleveland. Eureka! Explains a lot of the details of their story. Ah, Ohio. You know a lot of stuff changes about the world as we get further away from my old time, but you can always count on Ohio to keep being Ohio (for better or for worse).

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

It's my fifth day here. I've been attempting to learn more about science, as has been suggested to me by some of the crew, who think I should be more "well-rounded." I personally have seen no reason to pay attention to anything other than the arts, but I have rarely regretted any of the new things I have learned while aboard the Eleventh Hourglass, so I decided to give it a try. It has not been going well. Science and maths both confuse me a great deal. There is no room for interpretation or opinion—only hard facts.

The philosopher (whose name escapes me) insists that, in Hemeroskopeion, reason and logic were valued above all else. Moss argued that, where he came from, if one stopped to wonder why the sky was blue or why the birds sing, one might quickly find themselves at the business end of a sword for their inattentiveness. Neither place sounds particularly appealing to me. It's a good thing we won't be going back.

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

Must write quick. Needed paper so grabbed this. Must get back to group setting before people realize I'm gone. But new findings on my compatriots on board! I have come to believe that Ellie's Maintenance Person, as well as the chronically unemployed soul who's aboard, are not from Cleveland. I tried to place a well timed reference to the city into conversation, and notably neither of them seemed particularly accustomed to the lingo.

It seems I've still got it. Maybe my old detective days aren't entirely over? But what am I saying? I'm stuck moving in time. No mysteries to be solved that way. Gotta get back to party now. More notes later.

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

Tonight was maybe the most fun I've had since I got here! Someone got a whole bunch of hair dye, for some reason, and we all kinda went to town with it together. It was actually really sweet! Not to mention that someone's hair is completely rainbow-colored now, which is pretty awesomesauce. It sucks that I'm still struggling with names and faces even though I'm usually kinda good at that. Like, I know that there's someone who said they were from Iowa City, and I know that there's someone else who said they were a "maintenance person" (whatever that means), and there's *another* person who was a bartender back in their time, but I couldn't for the life of me tell you literally anything else about each of those people. I guess I just have to keep working at it. I don't think I can get by forever avoiding people's names when I talk to them.

Eleventh Hourglass: Guestbook

Though it feels as though Anna Jo has been here for ages, she hasn't truly been here very long, has she? And yet we already have a new passenger, so soon after her! It has been lovely getting to know Katrina. I think she and Anna Jo have been getting along, too – perhaps the three of us can spend more time together, to make Katrina feel more welcome? We could have a "movie night," perhaps?

