

Themed Attraction Proposal



Fig. 0.94 - A proposal which contains, amongst many oddities, a tale of the Emmisary and the Headless One

"Something wicked this way comes. Ha! Something wicked this way lives."
-Charles Motestor, Chief of Police, misquoting Shakespeare distilled via Bradbury.



Fig. 84.2 - Death, contemplating Tuesday's outfit



Fig. 18.

An Introduction

Between August Street and Elpharam Avenue on Cocytus Drive was a small home, oft overlooked for its miniature frame and small demeanor. A family lived there once, but that was many years ago. Left alone and forgotten, it fell into dereliction.

But there have been mutterings winding through the streets on windways of the small house. It exudes a...presence. It's almost as if it has awoken from slumber. A black miasma pours from the roof, the same jet-stained color as the windows on the façade. Animals do not come near it. The neighbors on either side have vacated their premises, citing odd noises and shrieks and a general feeling of dread. Even the factory near it has closed the doors, having lost its business to stronger trade companies in a neighboring region. The workers though...they blame the house for their woes. Behind the house was once a well-manicured garden grove; it is now harshly overgrown with thorns and vine. Before they left their once-cherished homes, the people living to either side of the blighted house spoke of one thing in hushed terms: At 3 am, the hour at which man is closest to death, a single candelabra would shine brightly in the upstairs right window, followed by afterimages of a young girl screaming a silent scream.

The police have tried to investigate the home after numerous complaints from the denizens of the small suburban division it is located in. Even after sending in their lead detectives and best researchers they are unable to attain rhyme or reason as to the house's constant sense of dread and the black miasma issuing from it.

Hoping to avoid a panic from his city, newly elected Mayor Dullahan has called for able-bodied investigators from nearby regions to come to the city of Aurelia and try to solve this puzzling house and its dark depths. The police thought better of this, yet still the investigators come into Aurelia looking to test their skills. The only questions they ask before the investigators enter the house: Do you dare to enter? And if so, how will you return?

Fig. 18.—Restoration of *Hesperornis regalis*,

"Aye, ye can go in there if ye like, but I'll not be stepping into that ruddy house again."
-Corporal Elliot Muster, telling it like it is.



An Overview

Drawing upon modern technology, Victorian supernaturalism and deep storytelling, The Blight House is a themed attraction for the ages. Under mysterious circumstances, the rider is drawn to a home, teeming with ghostly qualities and unknown depth, in hopes of discovering the secrets contained within. Alternate pathways create a desire to multiple rides and flesh the storyline out with each new section discovered. The Blight House creates suspenseful climate with supernatural encounters to create a one-of-a-kind experience.

An Inspiration



Madeline Usher
-Leilani Joy, artist

"What are you doing here?! It is almost done. Go-no, it is too late."

-A strange woman, ethereal and vaporous, urgency on her voice.

A Pathway

It is not often that the Aurelian Police Department asks for help. But here you are now, summoned to help solve the mystery of what the Police are calling "The Blight House," all the same. You enter through the police department, taking the queue line through the ins-and-outs of the station, noticing boards and walls splayed with pictures and write-ups on the case and others like it...of which there are none like this. Lines of yarn trace their way across photos from the scene as you try to make out what exactly is going on with this house...and find yourself unable to answer that thought. More than one desk has been left piled high with case folders, disheveled from apparent turmoil in the department as more than one investigator has been at a loss on the case. You hear messages play from phones saying just that and the occasional overhead explaining the situation (and issuing its own warnings). Newly-elected Mayor Dullahan can be heard from radios and small tvs on desks, cautioning the populace and urging them to remain calm, that the police have everything under control. You know otherwise.

You reach the alternate exit to board your...vehicle? Once again, the police are at a loss. A strange, black carriage, inlaid with gothic motifs and studded with candelabras has shown up, horseless and waiting. A few eye-witnesses have approached, saying the carriage drove from the house, rolling of its own accord. The police scratch their head, but go with it. They haven't gotten far in this mystery and decide that maybe they should just let things happen by chance in hopes of a resolution.

The carriage takes off after your board it, rolling slowly at first before turning onto Cocytus Street, picking up to a gallop. You see a black miasma crawl across the sky as the blighted house comes into view. Jet-colored mist seems to seep from every crack in it. It may have been a figment of your imagination, but you could have sworn you saw a girl in the top right room. But nobody was supposed to be here, right? The carriage keeps going, directly through the front door.



Fig. 1.12 - The Aurelian Police Station, Interior



Fig. 1.27 - The Carriage, candelabras included



The entryway is cavernous, far larger than could possibly be contained by the exterior of the house. It is bigger on the inside. A large checkerboard stairway leads upstairs to a library and several other rooms. There are lower rooms hidden behind the stairway as well: one to the kitchen and two more leading to the exterior, to the garden and the old factory behind the home.

Before you can survey the area more, the candelabras roar to life, spewing a bright blue fire and flicking as a rush of wind approaches. Off to your side a strange girl has appeared. Cloaked in black, skin pale and blonde hair swaying in the air, as if she were underwater.

Left, Fig. 1.31 - The Blight House, exterior

Above, Fig 1.32 - The Blight House, interior, Foyer

"What are you doing here?! You are too late. It is almost done. Go-no, it is nearly finished," she yells, before flying off up the checkerboard ramp. You cannot tell if she is human, ghost or...something else. Your carriage decides the way next.



Fig. 91.43 - Jacoby Shattix, nervous as always

An Option(s)

There are options at this point: the garden, the library, the factory and the painted hallways. Each provide a unique and suspenseful experience. The library and hallways lead to the attic section while the garden and factory lead to an escape from the house down the streets.

The library is calm. At first. You see a suited man fade in and out of existence, muttering a few sentences, speaking about a threshold and how it is almost complete, that soon creation will be his. He disappears, sending a whirlwind of books lying around you, lifting the carriage up as books and torn pages swirl around you. The candelabras roar ferociously as the carriage spins its wheels and thrusts you back down onto the floor, speeding you through the hallways.

The garden is overgrown. Once picturesque and beautifully manicured, vines and weeds have overtaken it and that same miasma fills it. A shudder comes from the house, resulting in a violent tremor. Vines seem to grow at an alarming pace, threatening to engulf you. The carriage speeds off down through hedgerows that tower above you, nearly getting swallowed by the vines at more than one instance. It finds the exit, not far from the house.

The factory is old and long from its days in the throngs of manufacturing. You wind through its many corridors, noticing the machines overladen with dust and cobwebs. It is slow at first, but a few gears turn, then the boilers ignite. Eventually the whole of the factory bursts into life, faster and faster and faster and...too fast. Flames erupt from the boiler, sending flames licking the roof. It is too hot, the carriage wheels you away out onto the streets, narrowly escaping the fire as the doors to the factory shut behind you.

The painted hallways have hundreds, if not thousands of paintings. Each is a person lost to time long ago. They stare at you, eyes following. It is...eerie is the word but the unnerving notion is far stronger than that. They begin muttering, coming to life, asking you to stop this cycle, prevent him from crossing the threshold. The girl appears at the end of the hallway, at an intersection. "Come, there may yet



be a way," she says. The carriage takes off as the portrait figures crawl out of their paintings, but not quick enough. The hall elongates and warps, portraits under you and above now. Your carriage rolls side to side, trying to avoid their grasps. The girl appears above you and clicks her fingers, sending the room back to itself.

The escape, from the garden and the factory, sees the house explode, sending a shockwave splitting the streets and causing the carriage to speed off, making jumps and near misses before arriving back at the station, the girl telling you that your distraction provided the time she needed for the house to fold in on itself.

The attic, from the hallways and library, is the solution to the house's plight. You arrive, seeing a strange portal glowing in the center of the space. In fact, aside from the flaring white edges of the portal, you see out into space of the ovoid shape. The girl appears at your side on the wind. "Thank you for bringing this, I can end the cycle now," she says, before taking the blue flame from the candelabras. "No! Not etherflame! You'll not do this to me!" a voice booms out, revealing Mayor Dullahan from behind old portraits in the attic. The girl tosses the flame into the portal, causing it to fold in on itself and send the house shaking and crumbling. Dullahan screams out about his chance at creation and shows his form, a headless man, giant in stature who fades away, gone from this plane. Your carriage sends itself out of the house, avoiding crumbling staircases and walls, nearly tipping more than once from sharp turns as it leaves the front door only for the house to crumble down to dust behind you. You head off back to the station, your job finished. The girl appears as you near the station, only a smile on her face as she nods her head in a final thanks. Then she is gone.



Above, Fig. 1.45 - The Blight House, Factory
Spread, Fig 1.46 - The Blight House, The Painted Hallways

Above, Fig. 1.47 - The Blight House, Garden

Fig. 12.53 - Sir Howtrix Gambla,
Purveyor of Fine Goods



A History of Ages

Dullahan, a giant, did not long for immortality. He had that. No, creation was what he sought. The ability to create and destroy worlds, to be a god; that was what he sought. The Goddesses, the Grigael, knew this. They could only send the Emissary, a young one who barely had earned her abilities, to stop him. She could not. They would meet, time and time again, only for the other to gain an upper hand but chance intervene and not be allowed to deal the finishing blow. This cycle repeated itself for eons, causing turmoil in varying planes of existence and worlds, left Dullahan headless and determined, and the Emmisary with one clouded eye, unable to draw the full extent of her abilities without her sight. They would continue to cause their turmoil, the Goddesses long since turning their own powerful eyes to other worlds in need. That is, until the two locked-combatants came across Aurelia.

"Oy, what's that bloody thing? Looks like something Death himself wouldn't even step into."

-Detective Markus Belau, noticing firsthand the...interesting qualities of a newly arrived carriage sans horse.

A Carriage

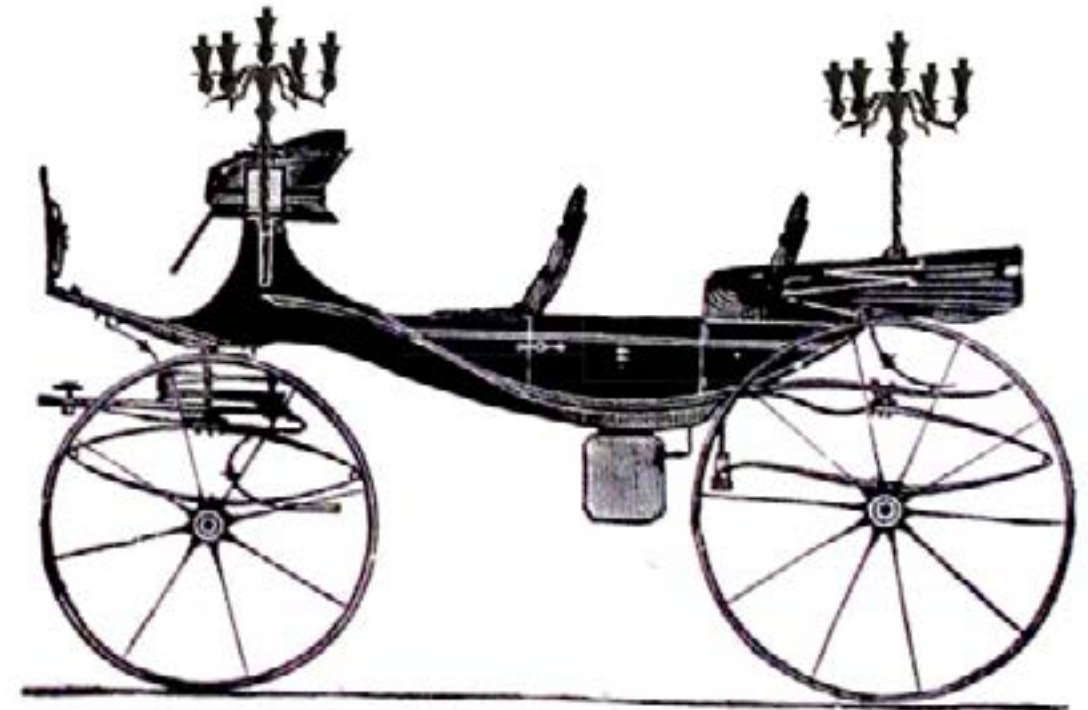
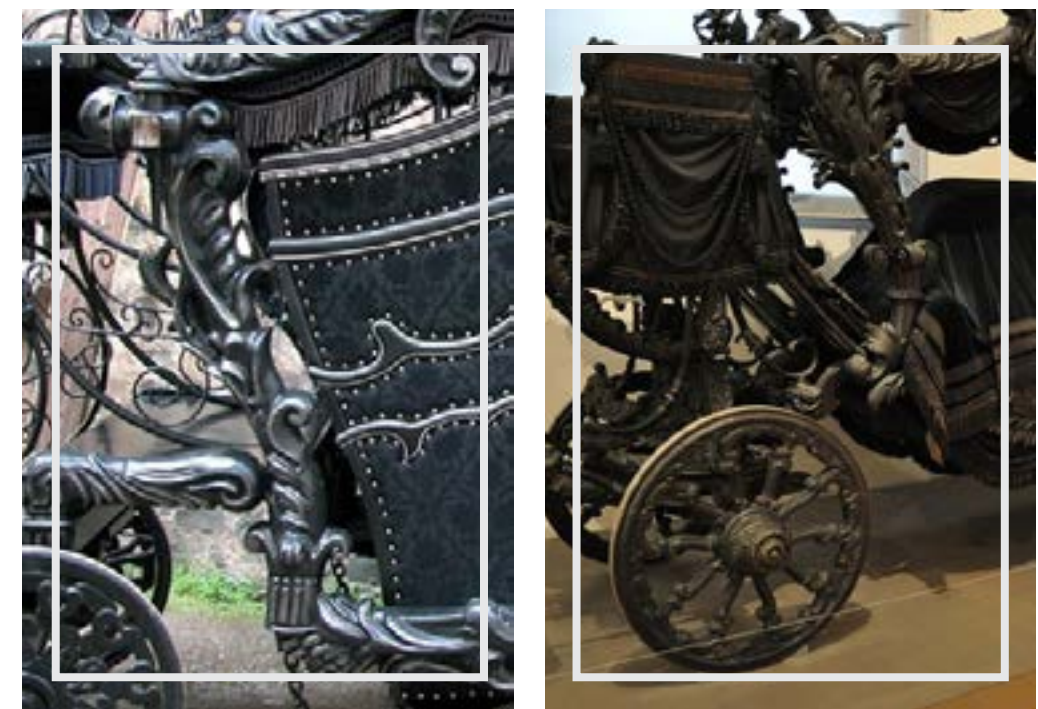


Fig. 1.52 - Side View of Carriage (mechanical undercarriage not shown)



Fig. 76.38 - A Cavalcade of Strange and Very Odd Characters

Upon first glance, the carriage resembles something pulled directly from the 1800s. With its black color scheme and towering candelabras, it would not be out of place in a procession in the Victorian Age. However, the modern updates to it allow it to do much more. It sits up on an undercarriage mechanical drive that allows it to lift, pivot, spin, cantilever and tilt in order to react to the demanding conditions of the attraction. The carriage itself is gyroscopic and allows the wheels to freely move up steep vertical inclines. Dual rows of seating allow for six guests to enter and belt restraints provide necessary safety measures.

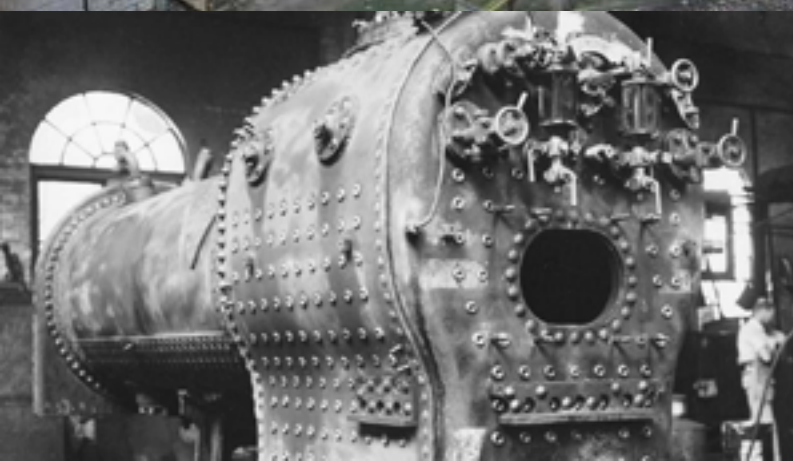
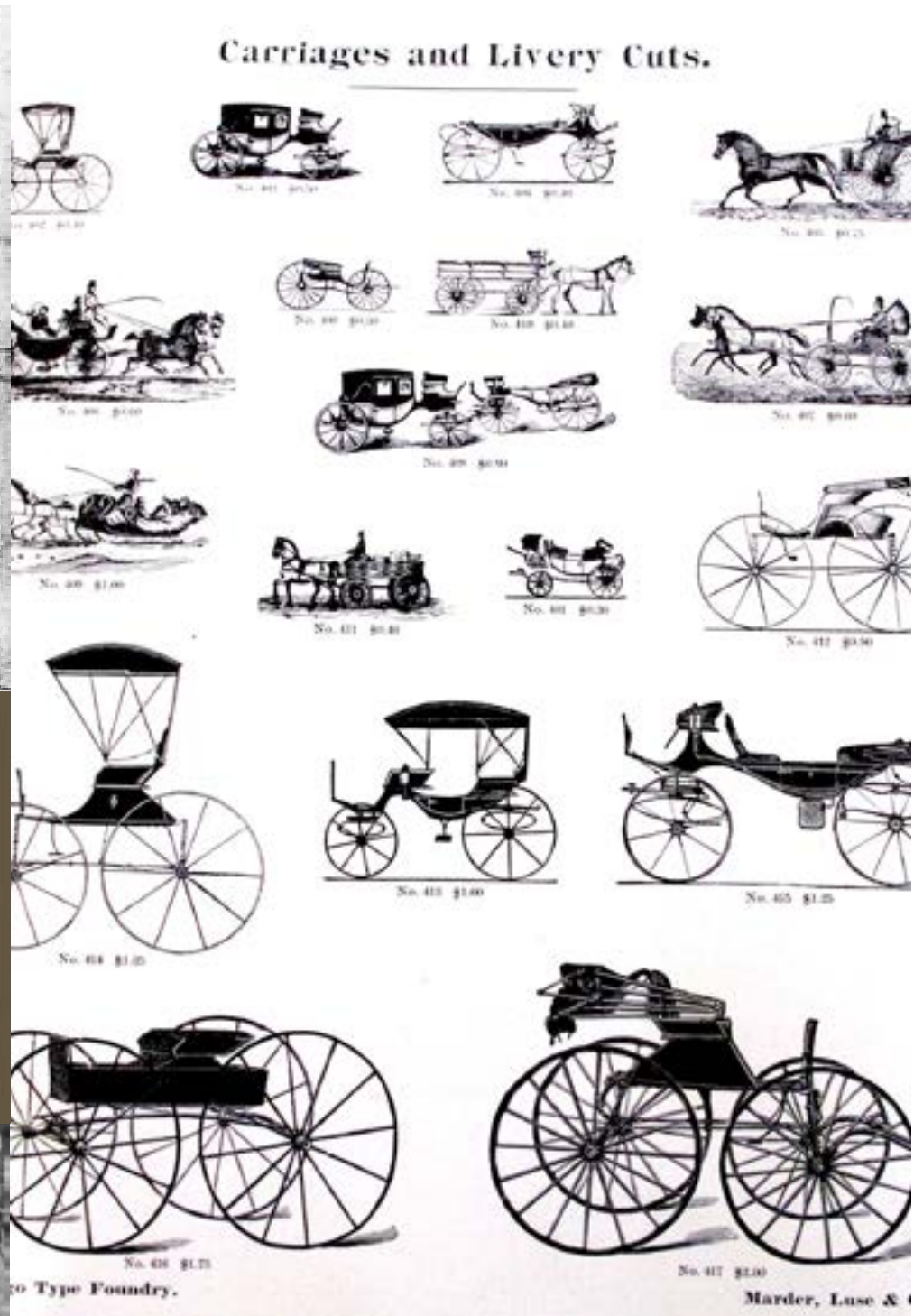
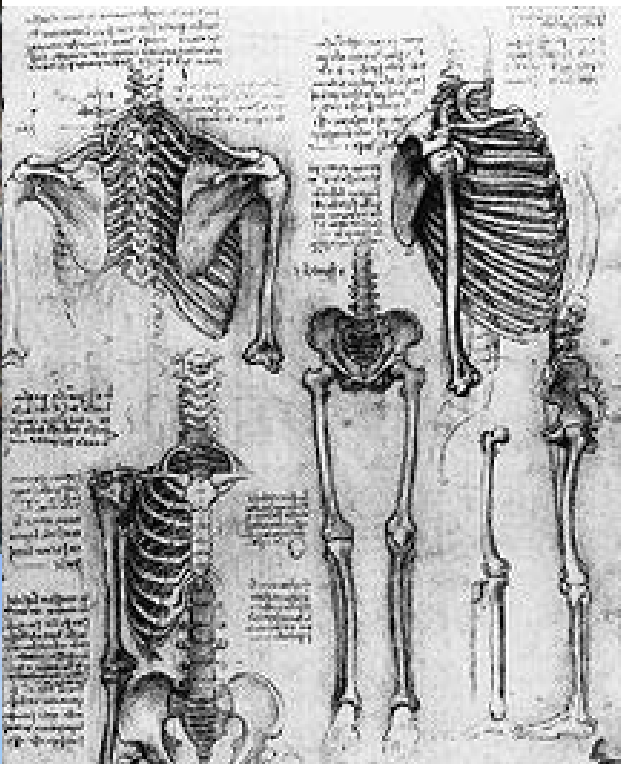


Figs. 1.57 & 1.58 - Examples of detailing that would be added to the sides and front of carriage

A Collective Theme







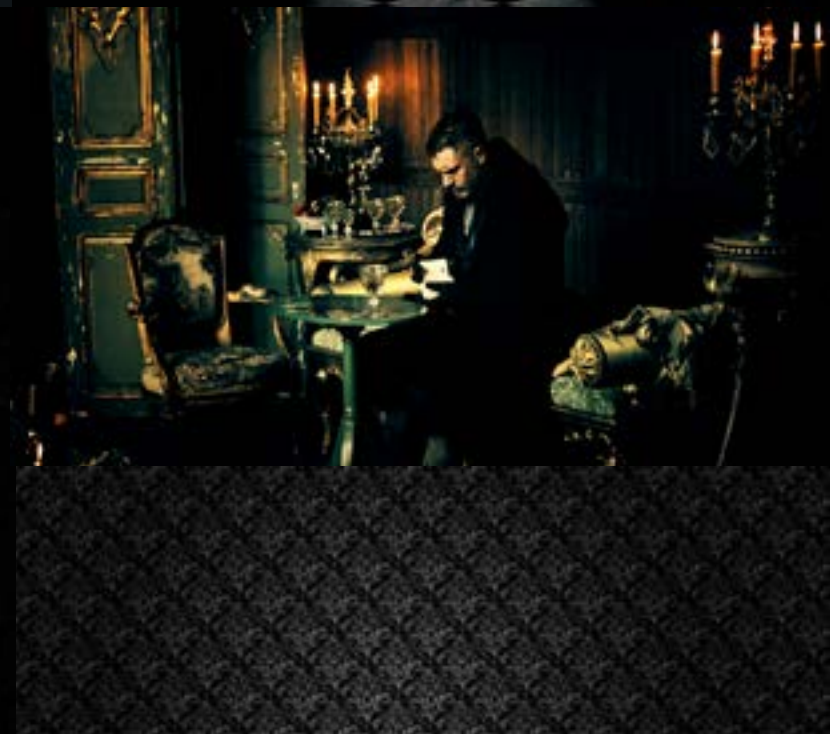
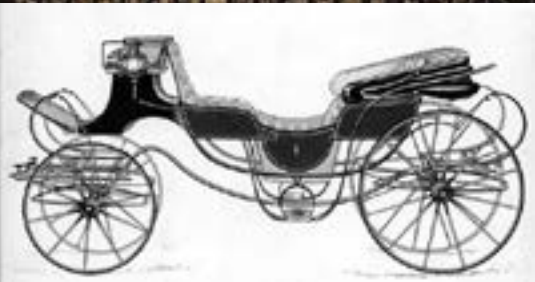




Fig. 84.3 - Death's Younger Brother,
realizing he needs more style