Parking Lot

The lot stretches across an open field, its gravel crunching under arriving cars. Temporary floodlights and the carnival's colorful glow light the area, with distant laughter, music, and the hum of rides.

Cars park haphazardly, guided by makeshift signs and fluttering flags. Families and strollers and blankets, chatter mixing with varied sounds. Some linger in vehicles, steeling themselves for the chilly evening.

Shadows of encroaching trees are dark pockets pierced only by occasional flashlights. At the entrance, an attendant collects fees in a weathered booth, coins jingling as they come to rest inside a cash box.

Puddles from recent rain shimmer, while patches of mud cling to heedless shoes. At the far end, RVs and trailers are quiet. Occupants watching the Ferris wheel gondolas pirouette, cutting the dying sky.

Alive with anticipation, the carpark border acts as a border with its little rivers fed by the canyons made with tire treads. The mundanity marking the many lives represented in its patrons does not arrive with them. In their crossing, a spell is cast.

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The lot stretches across an open field, gravel crunching under the tires of arriving cars. Floodlights and the carnival's colorful glow light the area, accompanied by distant laughter, music, and the hum of rides.

Cars park haphazardly, guided by makeshift signs and fluttering flags. Families and visitors mingle, some lingering in vehicles, preparing for the chilly evening ahead. Shadows from encroaching trees are pierced by the occasional flash of a flashlight. At the entrance, an attendant collects fees in a weathered booth, coins jingling in a cash box.

Puddles from recent rain shimmer under the lights, while patches of mud cling to shoes. In the distance, RVs and trailers sit quietly, their occupants watching the Ferris wheel turn against the evening sky. The lot serves as a boundary, marking the transition between the mundane and the magical world inside the carnival.

Ticket Booth

Ticketing stands square at the entrance’s curved maw, a claustrophobic booth painted in garish red and yellow stripes and once bold letters declaring "Tickets!" Twinkling lights outline the edges, its arrhythmic blinking drawing all eyes.

A lonely window serves, the grinning cashier dispenses colorful tickets from neatly arranged rolls into each customer’s waiting hand. Beside the tickets, a cash drawer jingles change is counted, musical and nostalgic. A digital payment system glows faintly for modern convenience, shoved into the corner. Sidelined as it looks, there’s no sign warning of a fee.

Too bad you don't have a debit card.

To the right, a large signboard with ticket prices below stylistic illustrations of rides. Pennant flags flutter atop the sloping roof, a festive and charged atmosphere infesting all corners. With the sweet smell of popcorn, pretzels, and grease cloying as funerary lilies.

The worn ground around is beaten down with furrows of eager feet. Families, couples, and friends buzzing in a elliptical line, their excitement a fever climbing, on approach. Embarking on the first step of some unknown pilgrimage.

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The ticket booth stands at the entrance, painted in bright red and yellow stripes, with flickering lights drawing attention. A grinning cashier hands out tickets, while the cash drawer jingles. A digital payment system sits unused in the corner. Too bad you don’t have a debit card.

To the right, a signboard displays ticket prices alongside illustrations of the rides. Pennant flags flutter, adding to the festive atmosphere. The air is filled with the scent of popcorn, pretzels, and grease.

The ground is worn from the steps of families, couples, and friends, eagerly waiting in line, excitement building as they approach the carnival.

Show Facade

Heading West through the midway, bright lights fade to mere fingers of washed out color, framing your approach to a tent. A sign declares "Little Egypt Show - A Journey Into the Mysterious and Exotic!" The rotund yet silent barker, complete with fez and a dazzling smile, gestures beside him to an additional board that says "Little Egypt - Dime Admission." The Ticket Kiosk is back the way you came.

There is a stage in front of the tent. The Barker continues to gesture in wide, sweeping motions encouraging you to step up and enjoy.

The barker cries:

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, gather 'round!

Step right up and witness the spectacle that's taken the world by storm!

She walks, she talks, she crawls on her belly like a reptile.

Behold the one, the only Little Egypt, performing her legendary Dance of the Pyramids - a dazzling display of mystery, grace, and exotic allure!

For just a dime, a mere one tenth of a dollar, prepare to be transported to the sands of Cairo, where enchantment and wonder await!

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As you walk west through the midway, the lights fade to a soft glow, leading you to a tent. A sign reads "Little Egypt Show - A Journey Into the Mysterious and Unknown!" The barker, wearing a fez and smiling, points to another sign: "Little Egypt - Dime Admission." The ticket kiosk is behind you.

In front of the tent, the barker gestures excitedly, calling out:

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, gather 'round!

Step right up and witness the spectacle that's taken the world by storm!

She walks, she talks, she crawls on her belly like a reptile.

Behold the one, the only Little Egypt, performing her legendary Dance of the Pyramids - a dazzling display of mystery, grace, and exotic allure!

For just a dime, a mere one tenth of a dollar, prepare to be transported to the sands of Cairo, where enchantment and wonder await!

Show Tent

You are inside the Little Egypt Show. The attraction's facade is to the East. There are folding chairs standing vigil in neat in rows. The show should start soon.

>z

Time passes.

The tent is dimly lit, the stage is fully decorated an emulation of some exotic Middle Eastern market or palace, featuring rich, colorful fabrics, brass ornaments, and lanterns casting a warm, flickering glow. Heady incense wafting through the air, softening everything around the edges, enhancing the mystique. The backdrop displays painted scenes of pyramids, desert landscapes, and domed structures. The colorful onion topped buildings and jewel tones set to the sepia drenched landscape have you transported far away.

>z

Time passes.

Little Egypt emerges, draped in flowing silken veils. Skillfully she twirls and undulates, using them as part of the dance. A sparkling, sequined bodice opens into a gauze skirt, adorned with jingling coin belts and jewelry that accentuate her dance.

>z

Time passes.

The performance begins with slow, undulating movements, drawing you into the rhythm of the music. Traditional instruments like the oud, darbuka, or zurna an accompanying chorus. As the tempo builds, her hips, torso, and hands twisting in an intricate, mesmerizing pattern. Little Egypt demonstrates remarkable control and fluidity. She dramatically spins, drops, and shimmies, often punctuating the beat with a quick jingle of her coin belt.

>z

Time passes.

Little Egypt makes eye contact with you and smiles enigmatically. In her performance she balances a fine silver sword on her head and accents her dance with tinkling finger cymbals.

>z

Time passes.

The music oscillates between hauntingly slow melodies and rapid, energetic drum beats, an emotional arc that leaves you entranced. Little Egypt relies on the music's dynamic changes to tell a story with movements reflecting joy, sorrow, seduction, and celebration.

>z

Time passes.

The performance concludes with a dramatic flourish, an energetic shimmy, a bold spin, and Little Egypt casts off her veils. The dancer takes a bow to thunderous applause, leaving you spellbound by the sensual display.

You applaud until your hands are sore. Did she just wink at you?

As she leaves the stage, Little Egypt tosses one of her veils into your stinging hand.

High Striker

This area features a tall, prominent machine adorned with bright, colorful lights, typically red, yellow, and blue. A large sign at the top commanding, "Test Your Strength!" In block lettering. The machine's base is made of dark, polished wood, beveled at the edges and worn smooth. Protruding from the center is a sturdy metal pole, with a large bell hanging at the top, ready to strike a brassy tune for a worthy attempt. Along the length of the pole are markings indicating strength. A smaller, no less bold sign proclaims, "Buy a mallet, strike the bell, win a prize."

Spectators gather, cheering on participants and offering lighthearted jabs and encouragement. The atmosphere is competitive, yet good-natured. The meaty thwack of the mallet hitting the target is followed by the resonant clang of the bell (if struck), against the din of carnival music.

The Ticket Kiosk is to the west. Other games are northeast and southeast of here. The Ferris Wheel lies to the east.

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A tall machine stands with bright red, yellow, and blue lights, a sign at the top reading "Test Your Strength!" The base is dark, polished wood, with a sturdy metal pole and a bell at the top. Markings along the pole indicate strength. A smaller sign says, "Buy a mallet, strike the bell, win a prize." Spectators cheer as the sound of the mallet hitting the target echoes, followed by the clang of the bell and carnival music.

The Ticket Kiosk is to the west. Other games are northeast and southeast of here. The Ferris Wheel lies to the east.

Dime Toss Game

The game booth is vibrantly colored - red-and-white striped awnings, twinkling lights, and arresting signage that reads "TOSS A DIME - WIN A PRIZE!". You can see prizes of all shapes and sizes hanging around the booth, from stuffed animals and novelty toys to shiny trinkets and quirky collectibles. The larger prizes are prominently displayed enticingly. Rows of gleaming plates sparkle under overhead lights, their glass surfaces reflecting the glow.

The distinctive "ping" of dimes hitting plates creates a rhythmic soundtrack, punctuated by the occasional satisfying "plop" when a dime lands perfectly. Victorious shouts mix with playful groans of near-misses, a symphony of excitement. Nearby, the hum of other booths, the music, and distant laughter of children add to the lively backdrop. The booth operator calls out , "Step right up! Test your skill! Win big!" Their fanatic pitch draws in curious onlookers. You thought you caught a flash of something coming from the area of the booth.

You're surprised to see that this game only costs a dime. The exit is to the southwest.

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The booth is brightly colored with red-and-white stripes, twinkling lights, and a sign reading "TOSS A DIME - WIN A PRIZE!" Prizes hang around the booth, from stuffed animals to shiny trinkets. Gleaming plates reflect the light, waiting for dimes. The "ping" of dimes hitting plates is followed by the satisfying "plop" when they land. Shouts of victory and playful groans mix with carnival music and laughter. The operator calls out, drawing in onlookers, as something catches your eye near the booth.

You're surprised to see that this game only costs a dime. The exit is to the southwest.

Pitcher's Mound

The milk bottle ball toss is a classic carnival game combining skill, strength, and more than a bit of luck. A pyramid of garishly colored milk bottles stacked on a sturdy platform - three on the bottom, two in the middle, and one crowning the top. Players stand behind the line and toss baseballs, aiming to knock down as many bottles as possible. Clearing the entire stack wins a prize.

The booth buzzes with energy, its colorful banners and glinting lights drawing a lively throng. The satisfying clatter of falling bottles mixes with cheers and groans from players and spectators. The attendant calls out, "Step right up and test your aim! Three balls for just a dime." Prizes - ranging from small toys to giant stuffed animals - hang prominently, enticing players to take a shot. With every toss, the air is alight with moments of suspense, joy, and fun, a favorite at the carnival.

You're shocked that this game only costs a dime. The High Striker is to the northwest.

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The milk bottle toss is a classic game of skill and luck. A pyramid of colorful bottles sits on a sturdy platform – three on the bottom, two in the middle, and one at the top. Players throw baseballs to knock down the stack and win a prize. The booth is lively, with cheering and the clatter of falling bottles. The attendant calls, "Step right up! Three balls for a dime!" Prizes from toys to stuffed animals hang nearby, adding to the excitement. A carnival favorite, every toss is filled with suspense and joy. [if a dime underlies the Dime Toss booth] You thought you caught a flash of something coming from the area of the booth.[end if]

You're shocked that this game only costs a dime. The High Striker is to the northwest.

Ferris Wheel

The Ferris wheel is the towering centerpiece of the carnival, its vibrant lights and graceful rotations impossible to ignore from any corner of the fairgrounds. The massive steel frame arches high into the sky, an intricate network of beams glinting under the colorful glow of bulbs strung along each massive spoke. Gondolas painted in bright red, yellow, and blue, dangle from the wheel, swaying as it turns.

At night, the Ferris wheel transforms into a dazzling spectacle, with hundreds of synchronized lights creating patterns and ripples pulsing outward like waves. The bulbs flash in bursts of red, green, and white, casting playful reflections on nearby attractions and the surrounding crowd.

The air around the wheel is filled with a mix of excited chatter, the chug of its motor, and the occasional peal of laughter or nervousness from riders high above. The operator, standing in a small booth at the base, keeps a dutiful rhythm of loading and unloading passengers, their voice occasionally calling out, "Step right up! The best view of the carnival awaits!"

The Ferris wheel offers an ever-changing perspective of the carnival below. From its peak, riders can see the entire fairground: the spinning lights of the rides, the colorful stripes of game booths, and the winding paths of visitors navigating the midway. Beyond, the view stretches to the horizon, with city lights dotting its curvature, mystical as a faraway kingdom.

The Ferris wheel is a paragon. Whether a romantic ride for couples, a thrilling adventure for friends, or a calming retreat for families, it’s arms encompass every desire and heart, shadows long and spider like across the whole of the carnival.

>give Ferris wheel ticket to attendant

You give the Ferris Wheel ticket to the Ferris Wheel Attendant.

As you step into the gently swaying gondola, a faint creak accompanies the safety bar locking into place. The Ferris wheel begins its slow ascent, the hum of its machinery blending with, then overtaking the sounds of carnival games and laughter below. A soft breeze brushes against your face as the gondola rises higher, offering an ever-expanding view.

With each rotation, the world transforms. At the peak, the carnival sprawls beneath you like a miniature village, its vibrant lights twinkling against the twilight sky. The sounds fade into a soft murmur, replaced by the serene quiet of being high above the bustling crowd. Beyond, the horizon stretches endlessly, framed by the glow of distant city lights.

The gondola sways, adding a hint of thrill to the tranquil ride. You exchange smiles with your companions, pointing out tiny figures darting between booths and the dizzying motion of other rides below. The wheel begins its descent, and the lively carnival sounds grow louder, bringing you back into the beating heart of the festivities.

Whether you're seeking a moment of calm, a romantic view, or the sheer wonderment of seeing the world from above, the Ferris wheel is unforgettable, a ride that captures the magic of the carnival.

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The Ferris wheel dominates the carnival, its bright lights and rotations visible from every corner. Its massive steel frame arches high, with colorful gondolas swaying as it turns. At night, the wheel dazzles with synchronized lights, flashing in bursts of red, green, and white. The air buzzes with chatter, laughter, and the hum of the motor. The operator calls, "Step right up! The best view of the carnival awaits!" From its peak, riders get a panoramic view of the fairgrounds, with city lights stretching to the horizon. The Ferris wheel offers a magical experience for all.

As you enter the gondola, the safety bar clicks into place, and the Ferris wheel begins its slow ascent. The sounds of the carnival fade, replaced by the hum of machinery and a soft breeze. At the peak, the carnival sprawls below, its lights twinkling against the twilight sky. The world falls quiet, and the horizon stretches endlessly. The gondola sways gently, adding excitement to the serene view. From the top you can see something to the west of the Concession Stand. As you descend, the lively sounds of the carnival return, bringing you back to the action. The Ferris wheel offers a unique, unforgettable perspective of the carnival.

Carousel

The carousel is a timeless, quaintly radiating charm and nostalgia with its brightly painted horses, lights, and cheery music. The circular platform is adorned with a canopy of swirling colors, faded gold trim, and decorative mirrors that reflect the flickering bulbs lining its edges.

Rows of hand-carved animals, most often horses with flowing manes, are arranged in a circle. Each is painted in vividly and detailed with golden saddles and ribbons. Many exotic creatures like lions, tigers, and sea dragons, prowl alongside the herd. Their pearly painted teeth and carven maws proud. The animals rise and fall gently as the carousel spins, galloping or stalking as each beast is fit.

The carousel's warm, playful tunes drift across the midway, inviting riders of all ages to enjoy the simple delight. Children laugh as they choose their favorite animals, while adults savor the nostalgia. As it rotates, the carousel becomes a moving work of art, blending motion, color, and music into an enchanting centerpiece of the carnival. The Ticket Kiosk is back to the southwest; the way you came.

>give ticket

(the Carousel ticket to the Carousel Attendant)

You give the Carousel ticket to the Carousel Attendant.

Stepping onto the carousel's spinning platform, you're taken by a kaleidoscope of color - brightly painted beasts, glittering lights, and extravagantly carved corbels . The cheerful melody of calliope music is deafening. What will you choose as your mount, perhaps a galloping horse with a flowing mane, a majestic and snarling lion, or a giraffe midstride with one spindly limb out before it. Gripping the polished pole, you settle onto the saddle, feeling the smooth rise and fall as the carousel begins to turn.

As the ride picks up speed, the world beyond becomes a blur of swirling colors. The gentle up-and-down motion mimics a playful gallop, and the rhythmic whir of the carousel's machinery adds a soothing purr. Laughter and the sound of children's chatter mix with the music, and cacophony of nostalgia and joy.

You're transported into a magical world, the worries of the day fading with each rotation. Whether you're enjoying the ride alone, with friends, or sharing a special moment with family, the carousel's timeless blend of whimsy and wonder are inescapable. As it slows, then stops, you step off smiling the music lingering in your ears as you rejoin the bustling commotion.

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The carousel radiates charm with its brightly painted horses, lights, and cheerful music. The platform features a canopy of swirling colors and decorative mirrors, reflecting the flickering bulbs. Hand-carved animals, including horses, lions, tigers, and sea dragons, circle as the carousel spins. The animals rise and fall gently, adding to the motion's charm. The warm, playful tunes drift across the midway, inviting riders of all ages to enjoy the simple joy of the ride. It's a delightful, nostalgic centerpiece of the carnival.

Stepping onto the carousel, you're surrounded by colorful beasts, glittering lights, and carved details. The cheerful calliope music fills the air as you choose your mount – a galloping horse, a snarling lion, or a graceful giraffe. Gripping the pole, you settle into the saddle as the carousel begins to spin.

As it speeds up, the world blurs in a swirl of colors, and the gentle rise and fall mimics a playful gallop. Laughter and chatter mix with the music, creating a nostalgic atmosphere.

Each rotation transports you into a whimsical, carefree world. As the ride slows, you step off smiling, the music still echoing in your ears, and return to the bustling carnival.

Fortune Teller

**Approaching the fortune teller's booth, drawn in by its mysterious allure and inky softness. Draped in deep purple curtains adorned with golden moons and stars, the booth is lit only with the flickering of candles. The air is heavy with the scent of incense, mingling, then overpowering the ever-present sugary odor of treats. A sign sways slightly in the evening breeze.**

You can see Esmerelda the Mysterious here.

>give ticket

(the Fortune Teller ticket to Esmerelda the Mysterious)

You give the Fortune Teller ticket to Esmerelda the Mysterious.

Stepping inside, you're greeted by the fortune teller, cloaked in flowing robes crowned by a jeweled headpiece. Each facet of the gem capturing the flickering light. Their piercing eyes seem to look right through you as they gesture for you to sit at a small round table covered in an ornate cloth. At its center rests a glowing crystal ball, surrounded by tarot cards and mysterious trinkets.

Esmerelda's voice is low and melodic, weaving an air of intrigue as they tell you to focus on a question and offer your palm for a reading. The room shrinks, the bustling carnival outside fading into the nothingness as they reveal your fate. Each card turned and line traced on your palm feels significant, unlocking a secret you didn't know you carried.

As the reading concludes, the Esmerelda gazes into your eyes with a cryptic smile and delivers their final words of wisdom: "You need fuses." Whether you leave with a sense of wonder, excitement, or unease, the encounter lingers with you - a touch of true magic amid the carnival's curated chaos, as if you've glimpsed something beyond the ordinary.

Bumper Cars

The bumper cars are a bustling hub of excitement and laughter, set beneath a canopy of frenetic flashing lights and colorful decorations. The rectangular arena is built of thick padded barriers, safe yet thrilling for riders. The floor, slick with patina, allows the cars - painted in worn and chipped shades of red, blue, yellow, and green - to glide effortlessly in all directions.

Each car is equipped with a sturdy steering wheel and a padded bumper, to absorb the impact of collisions. As the ride begins, drivers of all ages eagerly maneuver their cars, aiming for friends, family, or strangers with manic grins. The air is filled with the sound of bumpers colliding, laughter, and the occasional yelp of surprise.

Overhead, the web of electric poles connects the cars to the ceiling, sparking faintly like shooting stars colliding. The ride operator watches from a booth, ensuring chaos and safety. Surrounding the bumper cars are cheering onlookers, made larger than life from the lights at their back.

The bumper cars perfectly capture the playful spirit, offering a mix of harmless competition, shared laughter, and nostalgic fun for all ages. The Ticket Kiosk is southeast of here.

>give ticket

(the Bumper Cars ticket to the Bumper Cars Attendant)

You give the Bumper Cars ticket to the Bumper Cars Attendant.

Sliding into the bucket seat of the car, your hands grip the steering wheel, adrenaline buzzing in the air. Around you, the arena is alive with flashing lights, barks of laughter, and the hum of electric currents running through the overhead poles. A quick glance shows other riders locking eyes, playful grins spreading as everyone braces for the chaos about to unfold.

As the ride starts, your car jolts forward, and you steer into the fray. The slick metal floor beneath makes every turn feel smooth yet unpredictable. Suddenly, bam! - another car collides into you from the side, sending your car into a spin. You laugh, recovering to aim your vehicle at a friend across the arena.

The thrill of the bumper cars is in the collisions - every thud and jolt accompanied by squeals of delight or mock indignation. The impact is cushioned by the padded bumpers, safe but exhilarating. You swerve, dodge, and sometimes reverse in a desperate attempt to avoid being cornered, all while plotting your next playful fender-bender.

The ride is a whirlwind of laughter and competition. As the music fades and the cars slow to a stop, you climb out with a grin so wide your cheeks ache, already looking forward to your next turn in the driver's seat.

The bumper cars are a lively scene, full of flashing lights and vibrant decorations. The arena is surrounded by padded barriers, ensuring safe collisions. Cars in faded reds, blues, yellows, and greens glide across the slick floor, each equipped with a steering wheel and padded bumper. Riders maneuver their cars with gleeful intensity, creating a cacophony of bumps and laughter. Overhead, electric poles hum with energy. The ride operator ensures both chaos and safety, while onlookers cheer from the sidelines. The bumper cars offer playful competition and nostalgic fun for all. The Ticket Kiosk is to the southeast.

You hand your ticket to the attendant and slide into the bucket seat, gripping the wheel as the arena comes alive with flashing lights, laughter, and the hum of electric currents. Riders lock eyes, eager for the chaos to begin.

The car jolts forward, and you steer into the fray. A sudden crash spins you around, but you recover and aim for a friend. Each collision is met with laughs, and the padded bumpers make the impact thrilling yet safe. You dodge, swerve, and plot your next move in the chaos.

Concession Stand

The concession stand, perched along the midway, is colorful and bustling. Bright reds, blues, and yellows, stripe along its body. Bold lettering announcing "SODA! POPCORN! CANDY APPLES!" Strings of twinkling lights frame the stand, making it a glowing beacon amid the carnival excitement.

Behind the counter, a popcorn machine churns out golden kernels, filling the air with a buttery aroma. Candy apples gleam, gem like under the lights, and cotton candy machines spin fluffy clouds of pink and blue. Warm pretzels sit under a heat lamp, their salt crystals nestled in twisted arms. A cooler holds sodas, their colorful, sweating labels visible through the frosted glass.

The counter is crowded with stacks of paper bags, napkins, and cups of cheese and sugar sprinkles. A handwritten chalkboard menu lists prices in swooping lettering. Workers in colorful aprons quickly hand out snacks, their movements efficient amid the chaos.

In front of the stand, kids tug at their parents, teens share pretzels, and the crowd buzzes with renewed energy. More than just a snack stop, the stand is a sensory delight.

There is a menu to the right of the window. You can see the treats inside the stand. There is an exit to the northeast.

You can see a Concession Attendant, a menu, a Drink of Cola, some Bubblegum, a Bucket of Popcorn, a Candy Apple, Cotton Candy, and a Soft Pretzel here.

The concession stand is a vibrant hub along the midway, with bright red, blue, and yellow stripes. Twinkling lights frame the stand, making it glow amid the carnival's buzz.

Behind the counter, popcorn churns in the machine, candy apples gleam, and cotton candy spins in clouds. Warm pretzels sit under a heat lamp, while sodas chill in a frosted cooler. The counter is cluttered with bags, napkins, and sprinkled cups.

Kids tug at parents, teens share pretzels, and the crowd buzzes with energy. More than just a snack stop, the stand is a sensory delight.

Ride Entrance

The cars that will take you into the fearsome Hell Ride stop here for you to board. Moving forward, the safety bar locks in place, as the entrance to Hell Ride looms ahead - a grotesque facade of twisted metal and carved wood, illuminated by flickering blood-red lights. The air carries a faint sulfuric tang mixing with the sweet aroma of carnival popcorn.

A towering archway of flames, spikes, and grinning skulls frames the entrance, crowned by flickering letters, "HELL RIDE" that pulse like a heartbeat. Below, crouching demon sculptures extend clawed hands in a sinister invitation. Wooden doors cover the entrance, through which whispering and faint, menacing chuckles. Distorted organ music grows louder, punctuated by shrieks and grinding machinery.

Inside, near-total darkness is broken only by flashes of sickly green light revealing twisted paths and grotesque shapes. Beyond the threshold lies only uncertainty and terror. To one side, the darkness looks a little bit darker than the rest of the room.

You can see a Hell Ride car (empty) here.

The cars for Hell Ride stop here, and you board as the safety bar clicks into place. Ahead, the grotesque entrance looms—a twisted metal archway adorned with spikes, skulls, and flickering blood-red lights. A faint sulfuric smell mixes with the scent of popcorn.

The "HELL RIDE" sign pulses above the door, while demon statues with clawed hands seem to beckon. The entrance is shrouded in darkness, broken only by eerie green flashes, revealing twisted paths. Faint whispers and distant organ music grow louder, mixing with unsettling noises. To one side, the darkness looks a little bit darker than the rest of the room.

Stocks Room (in the Hell Ride car)

The public square is a cobblestone expanse bordered by weathered timber-framed and stooped buildings. The air carries the mingling odors of chimney smoke, damp earth, and the faint tang of a nearby smithy. At its center, crude wooden stocks stand as a grim focal point, beams weathered and splintered from years of use. Iron clasps lock captives in degrading postures, their tattered clothing offering little protection from the biting wind.

The animatronics and wax figures are extremely life like. Hell Ride sure lives up to its name.

The punished individuals hang their heads in shame, their faces etched with despair. Around them, the crowd revels in cruelty - a wiry man spits insults with gleeful laughter, while a stout woman throws overripe vegetables, each impact punctuated by jeers. Even children join, pointing and mocking with devilish delight.

The square hums with noise: the crowd's taunts, the crack of objects hitting wood, and the quiet murmurs of the suffering captives. Overhead, a gray sky threatens rain, indifferent to the spectacle below. The jeering mob ignores its ominous weight, too engrossed in their shared cruelty to notice.

The public square is a cobblestone stretch surrounded by weathered buildings. The air smells of smoke, damp earth, and a nearby smithy. At the center, old stocks stand with iron clasps holding captives in shameful positions. Their tattered clothes offer little against the cold wind.

The animatronics are lifelike, enhancing the grim atmosphere. The crowd mocks the prisoners, hurling insults and rotten food, their laughter mixed with jeers. The square hums with noise, the sky darkening as the spectacle continues, unnoticed by the crowd.

Gallows Room (in the Hell Ride car)

The public square, slick with morning drizzle, lies under a brooding, overcast sky. At its center looms the gallows, a weathered wooden platform with thick ropes swaying ominously. The crowd stands in somber silence, broken by the shuffle of feet or faint murmurs, their eyes fixed on the grim scene.

A hooded executioner, cloaked in black, adjusts the frayed noose with practiced precision, his cold presence exuding purpose. Before him stands the condemned, pale and trembling, his hands bound behind him. Beads of sweat mix with rain on his haunted face as his darting eyes search the indifferent crowd. Each shallow breath forms a cloud in the chilly air - a fragile reminder of his fleeting life.

Vendors hawk bread and cider, while children strain for a better view. An old man clutches a rosary, whispering prayers, as others smirk and place bets. Above, the bell tower tolls, its mournful chime marking the passage of the man's final moments. A shaggy raven perches on the gallows beam, its gaze fixed on the scene below.

As the executioner adjusts the noose around the man's neck, the crowd is silent, the air thick. Distant thunder rumbles, as if the heavens themselves await the inevitable.

The public square, wet from morning drizzle, lies under a dark sky. At its center, the gallows loom, ropes swaying. The crowd stands in silence, their eyes fixed on the scene.

A hooded executioner, cold and focused, adjusts the noose. The condemned man, pale and bound, trembles, his eyes darting around the crowd. Sweat and rain mix on his face as he breathes shallowly.

Vendors shout, children push forward, and an old man whispers prayers. Above, the bell tolls, marking the man’s final moments. A raven watches from the gallows beam. The air is heavy as distant thunder rumbles.

Stake Room (in the Hell Ride car)

The public square is steeped in grim silence, broken only by the crackling of flames. At its center, three wooden stakes rise from a pyre of logs and kindling, darkened by smoke from past executions. Bound to the stakes are three women, their faces reflecting defiance, resignation, and terror.

A crowd encircles the scene, expressions ranging from morbid fascination to righteous fury. Children cling to their mothers, while elders nod solemnly. Some jeer and throw stones; others murmur prayers or avert their gaze.

The executioner, hooded and clad in a leather apron, steps forward, torch blazing in hand, igniting the pyre in a sudden roar. Flames climb rapidly as thick smoke coils upward. The condemned cry out, their voices rising with the blaze. The oppressive heat radiates outward, pressing against the silent, uneasy crowd.

Gray clouds loom overhead, a somber backdrop to the grim spectacle. A raven caws from the bell tower as slow church bells peal out each strike punctuating the tragedy. As the pyre burns, some onlookers remain transfixed while others quietly slip away, the square heavy with ash, smoke, and the echoes of the condemned.

The public square is silent, broken only by crackling flames. At its center, three women are bound to wooden stakes, their faces showing defiance, resignation, and terror.

A crowd watches, some jeering, others praying or looking away. The executioner steps forward, torch in hand, igniting the pyre. Flames roar as the women cry out, their voices lost in the heat.

Gray clouds loom above as a raven caws. Church bells toll, marking the tragedy. Some onlookers stay, others quietly leave, the square heavy with smoke and ash.

Dungeon (in the Hell Ride car)

The dungeon is dark and suffocating, a chamber carven from earth, stone walls slick with moisture and grime. The air reeks of sweat, blood, mildew, and burning oil from flickering lanterns mounted on rusted sconces. Shadows twist on the walls, creating grotesque, unsettling shapes in the dim light.

Chains hang from walls and ceilings, their faint clinking and rattling blending with the moans and occasional screams of prisoners. Water drips rhythmically from a cracked ceiling, pooling on the floor dark as spilled blood.

The room is littered with instruments of torment: a splintered rack, a glowing brazier holding bloodstained tools, and a spiked chair gleaming faintly in the light. Prisoners endure - one stretched on the rack, another hanging limply from manacles, and a third gasping weakly, twitching in the spiked chair.

The hooded torturer moves with detached precision, their leather apron stained with the evidence of countless victims. They work silently, indifferent to the agony.

Above, rats cavort in the shadows of the rafters, and the low ceiling presses down a palpable weight of despair. This is a realm of suffering and hopelessness, where life and death blur, and torment is the only certainty.

The dungeon is dark and damp, the air thick with sweat, blood, and mildew. Lanterns flicker on rusted sconces, casting twisted shadows.

Chains rattle, mixed with distant moans and screams. Water drips from a cracked ceiling, pooling on the blood-dark floor.

Instruments of torture clutter the room: a broken rack, a brazier with bloodstained tools, and a spiked chair. Prisoners endure, bound or writhing in agony.

The torturer moves with cold precision, ignoring the suffering. Above, rats scurry in the shadows, and the heavy, oppressive air thickens with despair.

Guillotine Room (in the Hell Ride car)

The public square vibrates with anticipation, a crowd gathered under gray skies that leech color from the cobblestones. A stark wooden platform looms in the center, its purpose grim and unavoidable.

A lone figure stands on the scaffold, bound hands behind their back and head bowed low, avoiding the crowd's eyes. Their tattered clothing, once well tailored and fine, lays bare the conspicuous gilded path that led here.

The crowd circles the platform, vulture like while jeers and curses sound high and sharp. Others are silent, grim in their voyeurism. Children sit on shoulders, their curious eyes wide to the event's gravity. Near the edge of the platform, the town crier rages the crime: "High treason against the crown. Let this be a warning to all who defy the realm!"

The condemned flinches but remains silent, the robed executioner – black as a night, stands ready beside the guillotine. The blade gleams faintly in the dim light. The remaining murmurs of the crowd fall to silence at the executioner's signal, leaving only the moan of wind and the creaking scaffold.

The condemned approaches the guillotine, a crow rasps sharply from a nearby roof. Its complaint echoing through the square. The crowd pitches forward, breath held, until justice and mortality converge on the scene.

There is a problem: the mechanism to raise and subsequently lower the guillotine. It appears that the timing of the guillotine is off and it is being lowered onto the cars instead of between them. If one were to be in a car as it passed under the guillotine, they will be decapitated. The blade raises anew, mis-timed and ill aimed for the intended. Just right for one unlucky passenger.

Looks like your goose is cooked. Say "Goodnight, Gracie!"

You are stupefied, frozen with terror, watching the guillotine rise and fall, dropping like a stone on the cars in front of you. The safety bar a manacle over your tense legs. As your turn comes, your hands raise feebly attempting to stop the inevitable.

The public square hums with tension under gray skies. A wooden platform stands at the center, a grim focal point.

A lone figure, hands bound and head bowed, stands on the scaffold. Their tattered clothes reveal a once-gilded past.

The crowd jeers, some grimly silent, while children watch wide-eyed. The town crier proclaims, “High treason against the crown!”

The condemned remains silent as the executioner, robed in black, stands beside the guillotine. The blade gleams in the dim light. The crowd’s murmurs die, replaced by silence.

As the condemned approaches, the guillotine’s timing falters. Instead of falling on the scaffold, the blade swings over the cars, threatening any unlucky passenger who passes beneath.

Ride Exit

The exit of Hell Ride leaves you with lingering unease. Emerging from a dark corridor with peeling black and red-streaked walls, flickering lights cast erratic and dizzying shadows on the sloping floor. The air is cold and damp with a metallic tang rich in the air, while incomprehensible whispers and distant screams echo softly in the background.

There is a small courtyard enclosed by jagged, rusted fence draped with cobwebs and plastic bones. Overhead, a weathered sign reads, "You've Survived? For Now." Nearby, carnival workers in tattered costumes appraise silently, only muttering the cryptic remark, "Not everyone makes it out."

A gift shop display glows red. Beyond, the carnival lights and sounds feel jarring, compared to the ride's oppressive atmosphere.

The Hell Ride isn't just an experience - it lingers, blurring between thrill and fear.

The price list leans next to the cash register. An attendant is here to assist you with your purchases. The stands offerings odd and unique; a single aqua colored fuse, plastic bones, devil horns on a headband, key chains, and T-shirts for sale.

The exit of Hell Ride leaves you unsettled. You emerge from a dark corridor, the walls peeling and streaked with black and red. Flickering lights cast shifting shadows on the sloped floor, and the air is damp with a metallic tang. Whispers and distant screams echo softly in the background.

In a small courtyard, a rusted fence draped with cobwebs and plastic bones encloses the area. A worn sign reads, "You’ve Survived? For Now." Nearby, carnival workers in tattered costumes watch quietly, muttering, “Not everyone makes it out.”

The nearby gift shop glows red, offering odd items: an aqua fuse, plastic bones, devil horns, key chains, and T-shirts. The bright lights and sounds of the carnival feel distant and jarring after the oppressive atmosphere of the ride.

Control Room

The backstage control room is a plain, utilitarian hub where the carnival's rides, lights, and attractions are managed. Gray walls, scuffed and greasy, surround a large monitor streaming live feeds. Beneath them, control panels with labeled dials, colored buttons, and lights oversee the systems scattered about the room. The control panels you can see are curiously dark.

The hum of electronics fills the air, punctuated by the crackle of a radio: "Maintenance to Bumper Cars - wrench needed!" The worn floor is littered with papers, tools, and paper coffee cups. A cluttered desk holds logs and schedules, while a cork board above displays charts and red-marked notes, one reads "Check Zipper circuit breakers."

A single light casts cold shadows as the smell of lubricant and burnt wires feuds with dampness. Inglorious, this hidden space ensures the carnival's magic runs seamlessly. On one wall is a large switch with blue and white sparks arcing out with snaps and sizzles.

The backstage control room is a functional space with gray, scuffed walls. A large monitor shows live feeds while control panels with dials, buttons, and lights manage the rides and systems. Some panels remain oddly dark.

The hum of electronics is interrupted by a crackling radio: "Maintenance to Bumper Cars - wrench needed!" Papers, tools, and coffee cups clutter the floor. A desk holds logs and schedules, and a corkboard displays charts and red-marked notes, including one that says "Check Zipper circuit breakers."

A single light casts harsh shadows, and the air smells of lubricant and burnt wires, mingling with dampness. The room is hidden but vital, keeping the carnival running. On one wall, a switch sparks with blue and white arcs.

Maintenance Office

The maintenance office, hidden behind the carnival's bright facade, is a dim and cluttered space reeking of grease, sweat, and faint traces of popcorn from the midway. The air hangs heavy with oil and stirred-up dust.

The walls are lined with shelves holding tools and parts in disarray - screws and mismatched containers with faded labels. Paint cans and grease jars clutter the workbenches, many half-open. At the center, a battered desk is strewn with wires, gears, and springs, there is a bent piece of metal held in a vise. Overhead, a single flickering fluorescent light struggles to illuminate the room.

In one corner, a disassembled ride mechanism lies exposed, chains and pulleys dangle from hooks above, clinking with the vibrations of the rides. A grease-stained manual and a half-drained mug of sludge thick coffee sit abandoned on a nearby stool.

The walls bear faded safety posters, a cork board with maintenance schedules and notes, and a grainy, worn photo of the carnival in its prime. A clock ticks faintly, its hands out of sync with reality. The floor is gritty with dust and scattered nails.

Despite the mess, the room is a beating heart with a purpose - where the carnival's magic is sustained through sweat, ingenuity, and the twist of a wrench.

The maintenance office is a dim, cluttered space, filled with the smells of grease, sweat, and popcorn. Shelves are lined with disorganized tools and parts, while paint cans and grease jars clutter the workbenches. A battered desk holds wires, gears, and springs, with a bent piece of metal in a vise.

A flickering fluorescent light barely brightens the room. In one corner, a disassembled ride mechanism hangs with chains and pulleys. A greasy manual and a half-empty coffee mug sit on a nearby stool.

Faded safety posters and a worn photo of the carnival decorate the walls, along with a corkboard full of schedules and notes. The floor is gritty with dust and scattered nails. Despite the mess, the room keeps the carnival running, fueled by sweat and ingenuity.

Crawl Space

The crawl space beneath the carnival ride is a tight, claustrophobic tunnel shrouded in darkness and filled with the deafening hum of machinery above. The air is stale and heavy, carrying the taste of oil and the sharpness of rust. Every sound is amplified in the confined space - the groaning of steel beams, the clanking of chains, and the rhythmic thrum of motors driving the ride above. The din is almost unbearable.

The ground is pitted, a mix of packed dirt and loose gravel scattered with forgotten tools, scraps of metal, and tangled wires. Overhead, a network of pipes cage in the space, some wrapped in fraying insulation that crackles faintly as you crawl past. Small puddles of murky water collect in dips on the floor, their surfaces textured and rippling with vibrations from the ride's movement.

The crawl space beneath the ride is cramped and dark, filled with the hum of machinery above. The air is thick with oil and rust. Sounds echo—groaning steel, clanking chains, and the rhythmic thrum of motors.

The ground is uneven, a mix of dirt, gravel, and scattered tools. Pipes overhead are wrapped in fraying insulation, crackling as you move. Small puddles of murky water collect in dips, rippling with the ride's vibrations.

Mechanical Room North

The north mechanical room is compact, housing only auxiliary systems that keep the ride running smoothly. A subdued hum of capacitors and relays fills the space, its quiet rhythm broken only by the occasional hiss of hydraulic fluid.

Circuit breaker panels line the walls all labeled for functions, "Lighting Controls" and "Brake Systems". Smaller cables and conduits snake along the walls, linking these systems to the main hub. In one corner, a hydraulic pump and reservoir manage lifting arms and rotating platforms, their gauges flickering.

A small workbench against the eastern wall is cluttered with more cast off parts and refuse, while shelves above hold neatly labeled spare parts - cables, and hydraulic tubing. A faded ride diagram pinned nearby is marked with red annotations from past repairs.

Dimly lit by a single hanging bulb, the room feels cooler and slightly damp, with a hint of mildew. Though quieter and less prominent than the south mechanical room, this space is vital in supporting the ride's operation and ensuring its emergency systems are always prepared.

The north mechanical room is compact, housing auxiliary systems for the ride. A soft hum of capacitors and relays fills the space, interrupted only by occasional hissing hydraulic fluid.

Circuit breaker panels line the walls, labeled for different functions. Cables and conduits connect the systems to the main hub. A hydraulic pump in the corner manages lifting arms and platforms, with flickering gauges.

A small workbench is cluttered with parts, while shelves above hold spare parts like cables and hydraulic tubing. A faded ride diagram with red annotations is pinned nearby. Dimly lit, the room feels cool and damp, essential to the ride's operation.

Mechanical Room South

The south mechanical room is the operational core of the carnival ride, dominated by a massive motor. Its steady purr driving the thick belts, pulleys, and gears that work in perfect unison to power the ride.

Heavy-duty electrical panels line the walls, warning of "High Voltage" and blinking indicator lights in an endless array of colors. Overhead, labeled conduits and wires wind across the ceiling, connecting systems with meticulous precision.

A cluttered table holds tools and spare parts - bolts and lubricants - alongside open maintenance logs smeared with greasy fingerprints. The air is thick with the smell of oil, metal, and a faint trace of ozone.

A cooling fan spins fruitlessly in the corner, barely cutting through the room's warmth. The hum of machinery is occasionally punctuated by clinking chains and the sharp hiss of hydraulics. The floor a patchwork of metal grates and worn concrete, reflecting the years.

Bright fluorescent lights in wire cages illuminate the space, highlighting the intricate systems at work. The south mechanical room is a powerhouse, where every movement is controlled with precision to deliver.

The south mechanical room is the heart of the ride, with a massive motor powering the thick belts, pulleys, and gears. Electrical panels line the walls, flashing "High Voltage" and colorful indicator lights.

Conduits and wires snake across the ceiling, connecting systems. A cluttered table holds tools, spare parts, and maintenance logs stained with grease. The air smells of oil, metal, and ozone.

A cooling fan struggles to cut the warmth as the hum of machinery mixes with the hiss of hydraulics and clinking chains. The floor is a patchwork of metal grates and worn concrete. Fluorescent lights illuminate the room, where every movement is precise and controlled.

Generator Room

The generator room is a compact, utilitarian space where the lifeblood of the carnival's power is produced. Its reinforced concrete walls bear grime, oil streaks, and faint graffiti. The air carries a mix of diesel, hot metal, ozone, and damp earth.

At the center, the main generator hums steadily, its scuffed steel chassis worn by years of service. Thick rubberized cables extend from it vein like and connecting to junction boxes and circuit breakers along the walls. A large panel nearby is cluttered with buttons, switches, and gauges, many with faded labels like "Fuel Intake" and "Emergency Shutoff." A flickering display screen shows power levels and load distribution.

The rough concrete floor is uneven and cracked, marked by small puddles. Shelves along the walls hold spare parts - filters, spark plugs, and wire coils - while a work area sits beside a grease canister and a worn stack of maintenance manuals.

A single industrial bulb in a protective cage casts deep shadows across the machinery. In the corner, a vent fan whirs faintly, struggling to cool the warm, vibrating air. A row of diesel canisters gleams beneath a safety sign, "Fuel Safely - No Open Flames!"

Though isolated and utilitarian, the generator room is the carnival's lifeblood, powering its lights, rides, and sounds. Its somber separation from the carnival's chaos is a reminder of the machinery driving the magic.

The generator room is small, with concrete walls stained by oil and grime. The air smells of diesel, metal, and damp earth.

The main generator hums, connected by thick cables to circuit breakers and a cluttered panel with switches and gauges. A flickering display shows power levels.

The cracked floor is littered with puddles. Shelves hold spare parts and manuals, and a workbench sits next to a grease canister. A faintly whirring fan and diesel canisters add to the atmosphere.

The room is the carnival's power source, hidden but essential.

Electrical Room

The electrical room is a small, hidden behind the carnival's bright attractions. Stale air carrying the acrid scent of overheated wires and metal. Panels line the walls, some polished, others worn and scratched.

This room is eerily quiet, missing the ever-present buzz of electricity.

A central breaker panel, labeled with destinations like "Ferris Wheel Lights" and "Carousel Motors," dominates one wall. Colored indicator lights blink intermittently, reflecting off steel surfaces. Overhead, thick cable bundles hang from the ceiling, connecting to the carnival's power network.

In a corner, an open junction box spills wires onto the wall, while a workbench holds scattered tools and a smudged wiring diagram pinned above. The dirt floor bears scratches, oil stains, and wire clippings. A faint vibration, carried from the generator or nearby rides, pulses in the air.

An emergency shutdown panel painted bright red stands near a dented fire extinguisher. A small fan on the workbench oscillates weakly. Flickering fluorescent tubes overhead cast harsh, shifting shadows.

The electrical room is raw and bare-bones, revealing the fragile systems behind the carnival's magic - a humbling reminder of the regulation the midway's powerful enchantment.

There are exits in all directions.

The electrical room is small, hidden behind the carnival’s attractions. The air smells of overheated wires and metal.

A central breaker panel dominates one wall, with labels like "Ferris Wheel Lights" and "Carousel Motors." Indicator lights blink intermittently. Thick cables hang from the ceiling, connected to the carnival’s power network.

A junction box spills wires, and a workbench holds tools and a smudged wiring diagram. The floor is scratched and stained. A faint vibration pulses in the air.

An emergency shutdown panel and fire extinguisher sit nearby. Fluorescent lights cast shifting shadows. The room is raw and essential, a behind-the-scenes look at the carnival’s power.

Storage Room

The carnival storage room is a cramped and tucked away from the bustling grounds. Its rusted metal and peeling wooden walls marked by of years of abuse, while the air hangs heavy with dust, damp canvas, and a faint trace of stale popcorn.

Shelves overflow with supplies - boxes of light bulbs, spools of wire, and out of date ride parts - piled without order. Tangled flags and strings of lights dangle from hooks, crates labeled "GAME PRIZES" and "RIDE PARTS" spill over with stuffed animals and plastic toys. Folded tarps and tent poles loom in one corner.

The room's center is dominated by larger objects: spare ride seats, unassembled booths, and a splintered, aging carousel horse, all hidden beneath protective tarps.

Near the entrance, a battered desk is cluttered with schedules and empty coffee cups. Above it, a bulletin board brims with old flyers. A flickering fluorescent bulb casts eerie and uneven shadows.

The floor, is concrete, is littered with nuts and wire scraps sunk into a fine layer of dirt. In the dim rats cobwebs move restlessly.

Chaotic, this forgotten space preserves the carnival's magic. Past glories waiting to become serviceable, to live anew.

The storage room is cramped and hidden, with rusted walls and peeling wood. The air smells of dust, damp canvas, and stale popcorn.

Shelves are packed with light bulbs, wire, and old ride parts. Flags, lights, and crates of toys clutter the space. In one corner, tarps and tent poles are stacked.

Spare ride seats and an old carousel horse sit under tarps in the center. A cluttered desk holds schedules and coffee cups, with a bulletin board full of flyers. A flickering bulb casts uneven shadows.

The concrete floor is littered with scraps and dirt. Rats scurry and cobwebs move. This forgotten room stores the remnants of the carnival, waiting to be revived.