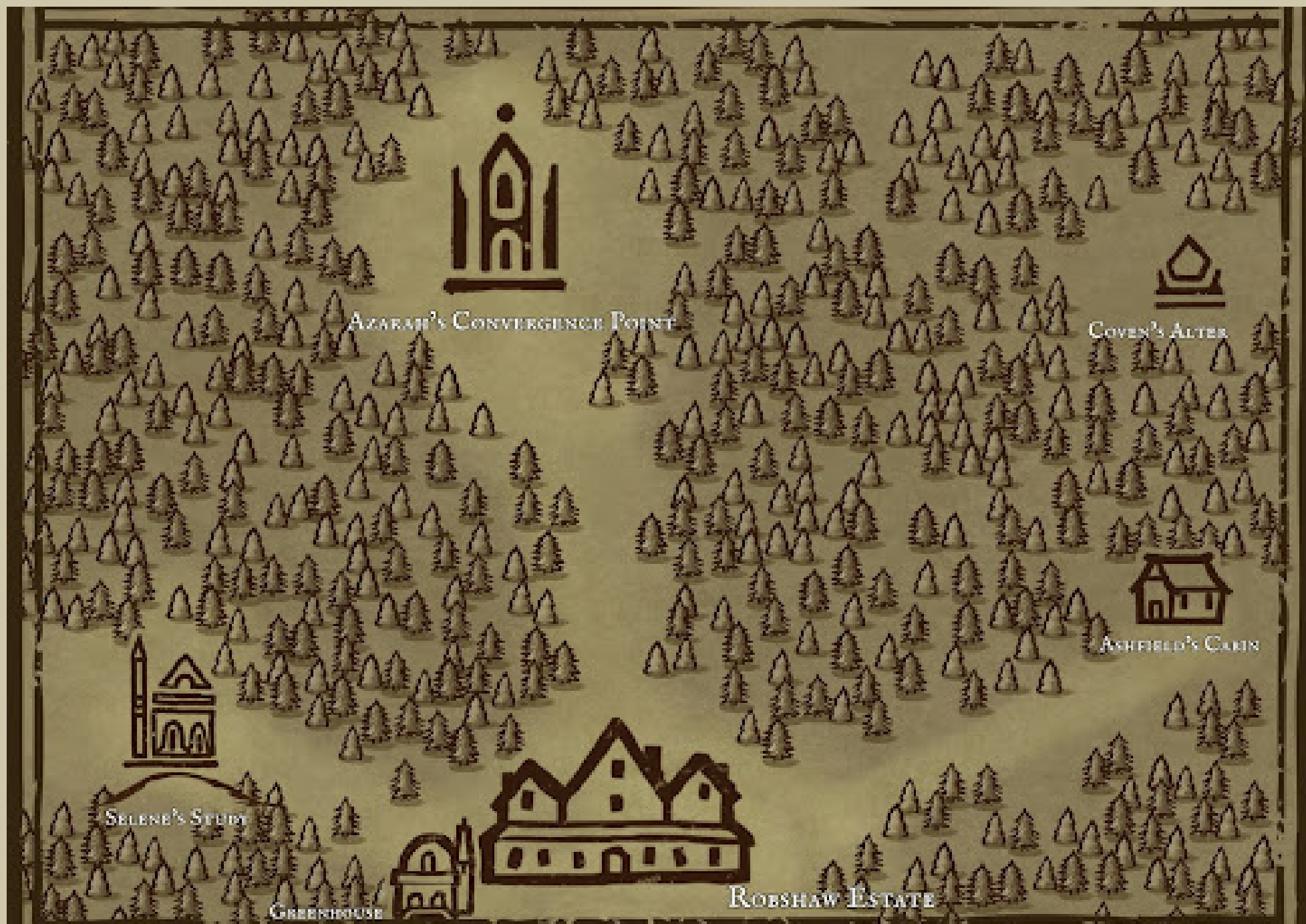


Etheral Convergence

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In collberations with the 2023 Halloween
Production Team



AZARAH'S CONVERGENCE POINT



COVEN'S ALTER



SELENE'S STUDY



GREENHOUSE



ROBshaw ESTATE



ASHFIELD'S CABIN

Dedicated to CalArts Class of 2024
and
Themed Entertainment Practicum

Throughout the history of the world, rumors of a power beyond this universe have circulated throughout many cultures. Whispers of unworldly magic illuminating the cosmos and enhancing those that dared to seek the potential beyond this realm fascinated those that summoned such enchantment. While many have tried to harness the source of said power few have succeeded until now.....





A hundred years ago, an influential prestige of the age of oil sought out on a journey to expand his riches beyond earth. Known occultist, Ashfield Robshaw, had heard of the century long rumors of a deity that could bring forth his supremacy across the plane thus ascending his dominance among the oil barons. Through his explorations, Robshaw crossed paths with a witch whose interests sparked the same divine nature. A devotee of the spiritual and possessing otherworldly beauty, Selene captured Ashfield's heart. The two remained entwined on their fascination for inexplicable parallels between their world and beyond.

Wondering within an overgrown forest, the patron pair navigated their path to a convergence point between their plane and afar.

Monopolizing on the Robshaw fortune and Selene's astrological studies, the foundation of the Robshaw Estate was built to oversee the oil baron's continued venture towards unprecedented wealth. Expanding upon the wooden acres and Selene's research, the patrons continued their allegiance toward the deity that encompassed the ability to bring forth a fate without limits, Azarah, a mystical planeswalker who harnesses the ability to enhance the blessed.





Developing over the next several years, the Robshaw Estate grew in significance. To magnify her knowledge of the unknown, the creation of a tailored astronomy tower was created for Selene. Inside lay a large telescope, gazing upon the movement of the universe in search of a grasp of synergy from Azarah. Selene spent endless hours engulfed among her studies, searching for her potential in Azarah's eyes.

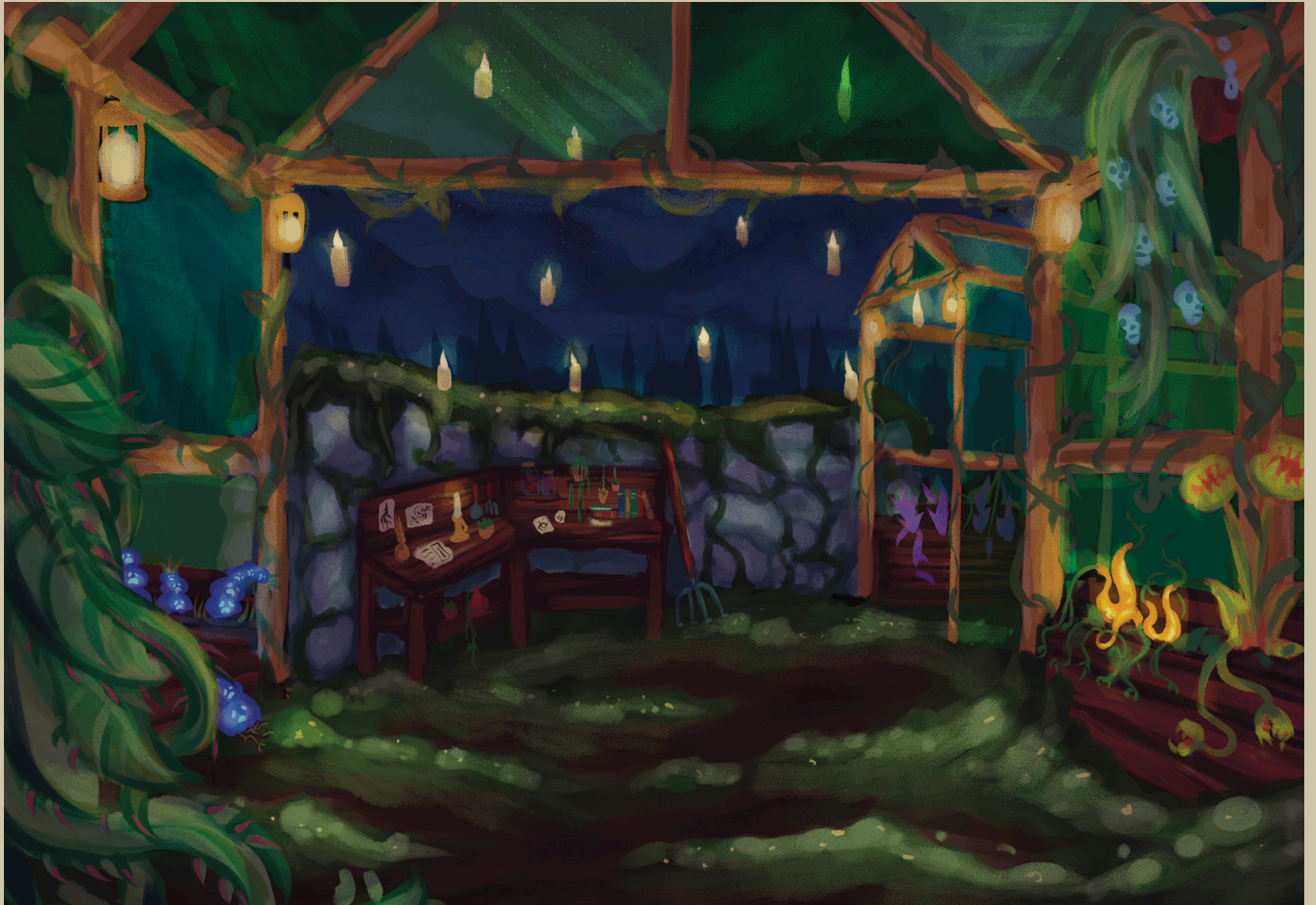
Across the earthen plane, Ashfield's ambition materialized into a lodge of mantled treasures hiding his horde of wealth. Years of collected riches gilded his aspirations for more. Within its walls, stories of Ashfield's greed seeped into the earth below, as Ashfield hid away what he regarded as his and his alone.

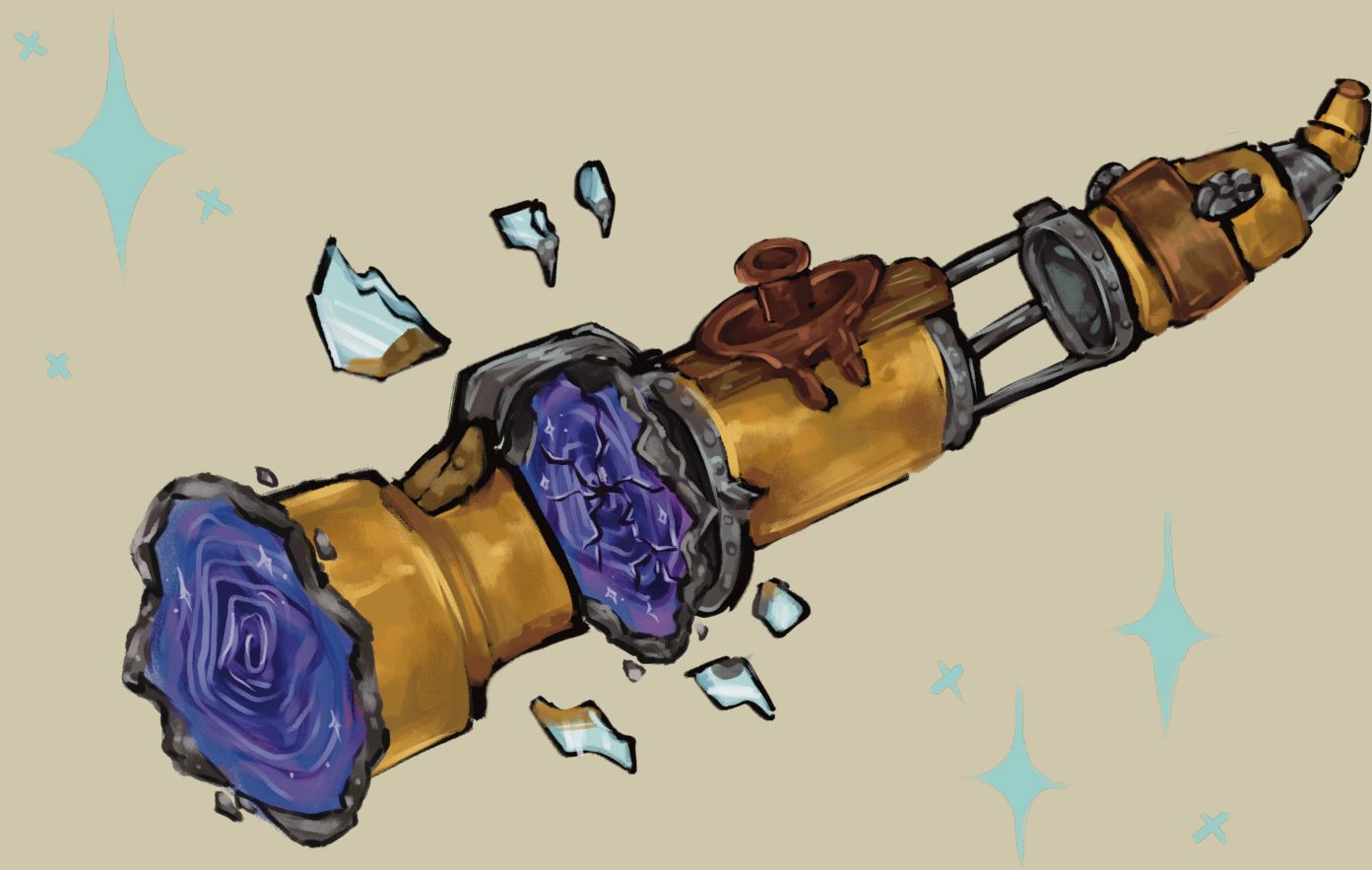




As the patron pair spent more of their time enshrined in their work to bring forth the mysterious deity, the Robshaw Estate became overlooked. The once magnificent spectacle of wealth was now sore to the eye, overrun by the earth it was situated upon. One day, as if gifted by the shadows, an old groundskeeper appeared, determined to restore youth to the Estate. With the one goal of progressing the life of the premises, the groundskeeper, Galwell, spent day and night at the beck and call of Ashfield, mystically appearing when called for.

In the few hours of lull in his day, the reserved man spent his time tending to the life he nurtured within the greenhouse walls. As devoted as Selene and Robshaw were to Azarah, Galwell remained fixated on bettering the Estate, unwittingly cultivating the mystical powers that fed the almighty.

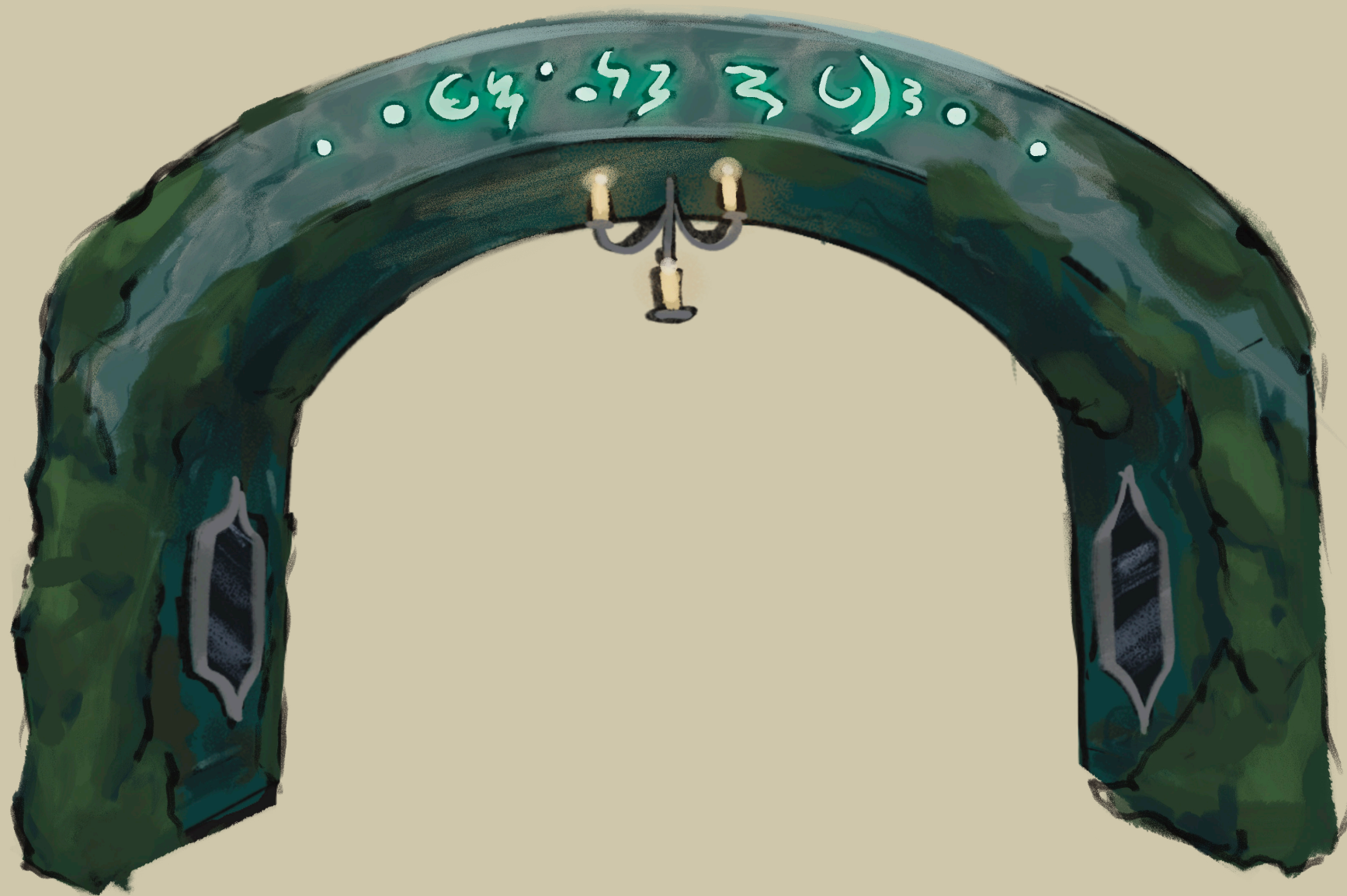




By and by, Ashfield succumbed to the ever growing hunt for control and the rage that fueled it. An anger budded within him as the days passed with no undertaking advancing his cause to ultimate supremacy. Subsequently, his anger grew uncontrollable until it broke both inside and out to the point of no return. There in Selene's safe haven, amongst her writings and astrological chartings, the curtains were drawn as Ashfield's impatience ended the patron pair's connection. As Selene lay doomed in the place that once was her refuge, Ashfield seized her work in a final despair to appease his appetite for Azarah's promises.

What once stood as a compass of hope and change, quickly was overcome with horror and despair as Ashfield's greed darkened the soil of Azarah's wooded sanctum. The demented titan banished all who dared to step foot across his land leery of their intentions and ravenous for Azarah's complete gratification. An unfamiliar coven of witches attracted to the arcane magic that radiated from within the land, curiously roamed the grounds of the estate only to be met by carnage and despair from the baron's malice. The few souls that survived his wrath fled yet remained tucked away amongst the divine forest.

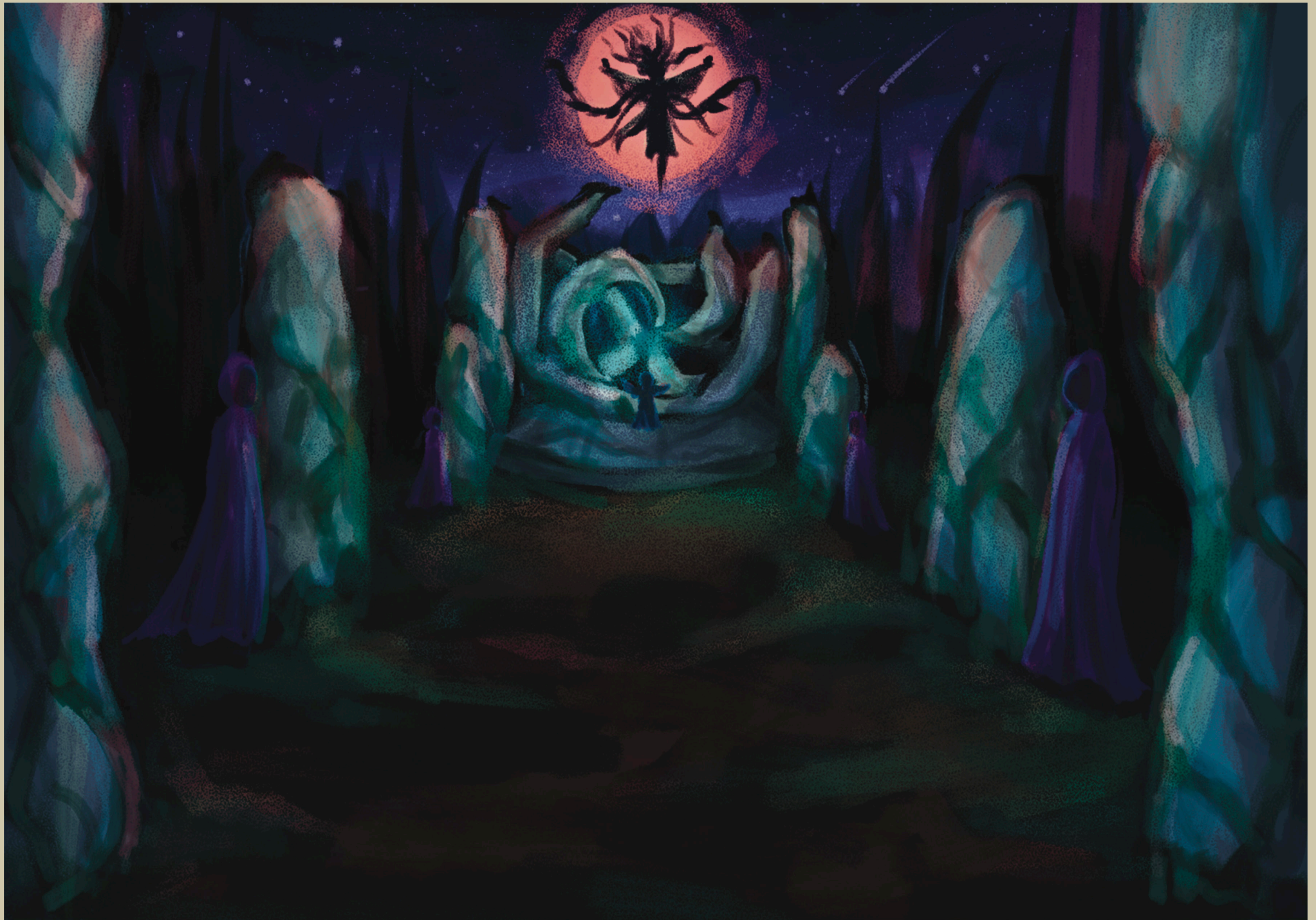




Ashfield's anger and agony boiled, growing greater as his mortal body grew feeble. As a last-grasp to carry on his legacy before parting this plane, Robshaw urged that his children search for Azarah's fleeting connection in his name. The man was left a shell of the powerhouse he once was, now trapped as an incoherent bloke fixated on what could have been, denying to relinquish any affection to those outside of Azarah. For a century the once prestigious Estate lay abandoned until the inheritance of Cosmina Robshaw, the great granddaughter of Ashfield, stepped foot on the diminished sanctuary.

Cosmina Robshaw was curious as to what continuously drew her great grandfather to this land. After obtaining the deed, Cosmina spent her time combing through the many journals, drawings, and astrological findings that consumed Ashfield's vitality. Assisted by the obscure groundskeeper, who seemed to almost haunt the land, Cosmina uncovered the mystical maps that her great grandfather credited his life to. Aligning the charts with the stars of today, Cosmina began to unearth the secrets of the land passed down to her while a curiosity within her kept calling her to the clearing where the patron Robshaw stood countless times before. His legacy lay there as her resolutions would prevail.





The continuous strive of Cosmina's uncoverings radiated a synergy that captured the attention of the once uprooted coven. Having journeyed upon the land over a century ago, their generational following still felt pulled to the same wooden expanse that Cosmina puzzled over. Together with Cosmina at the helm, the mythical collective calculated an alignment of stars that emitted cosmic radiation on the night of the Lunar Eclipse. This astronomical occurrence would create a divergence between this earth and the scape Azarah wondered.

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