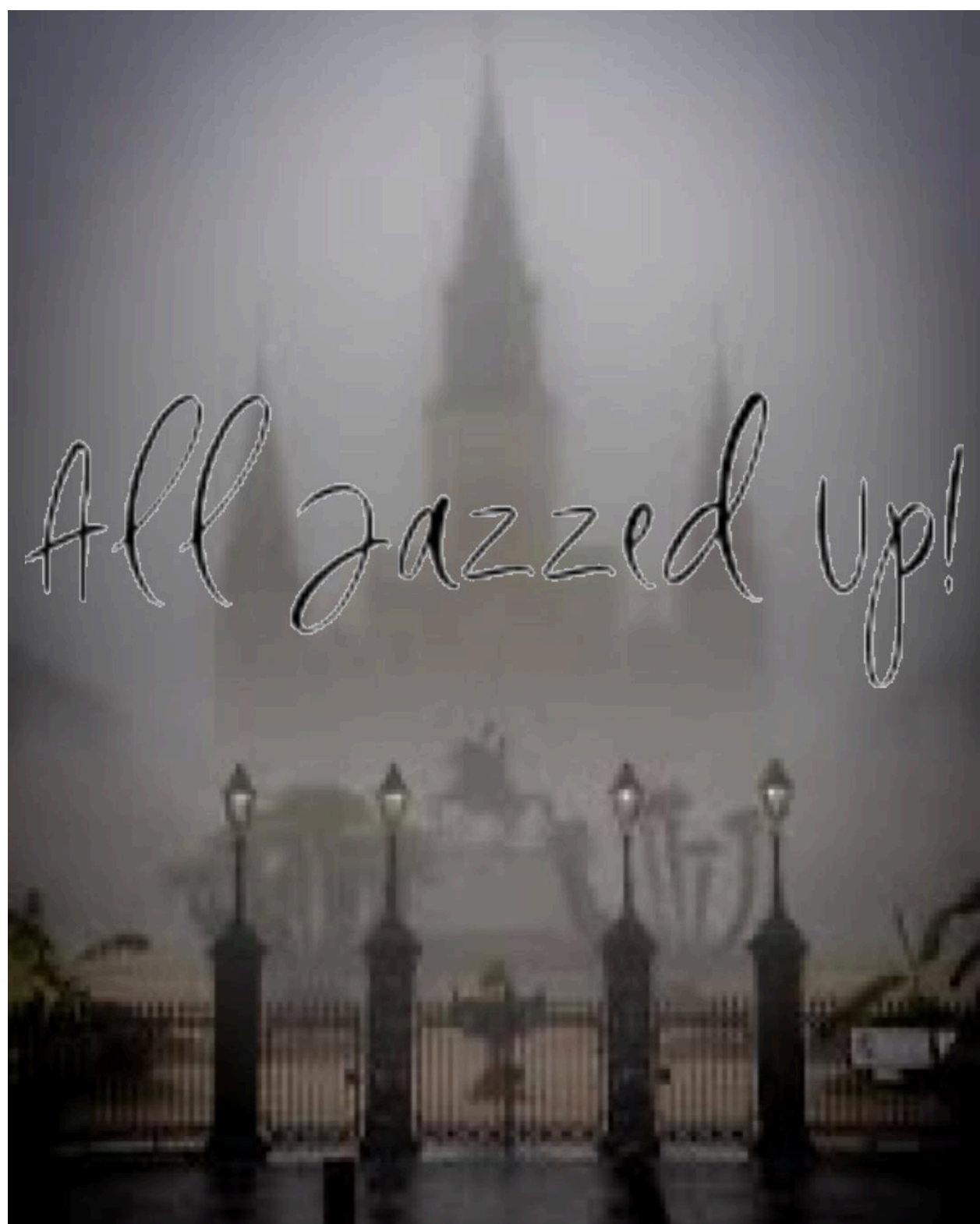




Title: All Jazzed Up!

Codename: Louie

Haunt Genres: Dark Fantasy, Music Horror, Supernatural, Possessed Horror, Slasher, Louisianian Horror, Animal/Nature Horror, Voodoo Horror

Inspired by The Darkest Deal, Voodoo, New Orleans, Jazz Music, Possessed Horror Films, Disney's The Princess & The Frog, Bayou of Blood, and Dead Waters.

https://halloweenhorror nights.fandom.com/wiki/Bayou_of_Blood

https://halloweenhorror nights.fandom.com/wiki/Dead_Waters

[https://halloweenhorror nights.fandom.com/wiki/The_Darkest_Deal_\(Haunted_House\)](https://halloweenhorror nights.fandom.com/wiki/The_Darkest_Deal_(Haunted_House))

Description: *In the shadowed streets of New Orleans, when the Roaring Twenties sang through every horn and drum, there was always talk of a tune darker than the rest. Folks in the Crescent City ask, "Who Dat?" - but the answer sometimes comes with a curse. They say a jazz musician named Charlie Blue who was chasing greatness found his way to a voodoo shop, begging for a gift the spirits would not grant and doing whatever it takes to go big. When the shopkeeper refused, he took what was not his - a medallion bound to shadow and blood. From that night on, the music soared, but so did the deaths, one horrific accident after another, like the city itself demanded its due as a result. In New Orleans, nothing is ever free... and every melody has its price.*

Learn the lesson or join the downfall...

Selected songs by the famous musician from New Orleans for the queue line.

"Black Bottom Stomp" - Jelly Roll Morton

"Summertime" - Sidney Bechet

"Blueberry Hill" - Fats Domino

"Autumn Leaves" - Wynton Maralis

"Muskrat Ramble" - Kid Ory

"Southern Nights" - Allen Toussaint

"Ruler of My Heart" - Irma Thomas

"Right Place Wrong Time" - Dr. John

"Santiago" - The Preservation Hall Jazz Band

"When The Saints Go Marching In" - Louis Armstrong

Facade: As you step into the facade area of the house, a faint crescent moonlight casts the long eerie shadows on the bricked floor to set the stage for a journey back to the year of 1924 in the heart of the French Quarter in New Orleans on Saint Peter Street while the air thickens with a scent of light dampness, and the eerie haunting notes of Jazz music carried a creaking cricket that lingers in the background where your attention is drawn to a small somewhat worn out two-story Voodoo Shop that resembles Reverend Zombie's House of Voodoo in a nostalgic way, proudly bearing the name "Irma's Voodoo Universe" as a nod to the legendary Soul Queen of New Orleans singer, and as you walk down closer, you're greeted by a pair of the dark green

porch-like doubles doors with one on the left that mysteriously is closed but the other opened threshold on the opposite side gestures you to enter. Above the entrance, two circle-shaped signs of the store's name announce its offering, and as an Easter Egg, Fear's lantern flickering above, suspended by the chains below the gutter shelter while the signs swings back and forth lightly in an eerie dance, casting an otherworldly glow that reveals a glimpse of the store's products behind the window on both ends, displaying the Voodoo Dolls in a share space with the candles, incense, lucky amulets, masks and statues. Adding to the realism of the setting, a 1924 Ford Model T Car is gingerly parked on the street that isn't blocking the guests' way but contributes to the immersive atmosphere of the era, then suddenly a scratchy Yat-accented voice fills the background with a sinister tone that sends shivers down in their spines deeply, echoing from an unseen Voodoo spirit as the voice taunts them with a so-called "promise" by saying "Ya'Know ya wanna shop here for a betta life, cher...." as the dialogue supernaturally shifts into a Creole-accented conversation with a male customer who is an impatient Jazz musician with a foolish arrogant behavior named Charlie Blue that wants to cheat his way to the top and the store's owner named Irma Laveau who refuses to help him because she lost a lot through her practicing voodoo without wasting of what little she has left before you enter the house to witness the dark rise and fall.

Reverend Zombie's House of Voodoo on St. Peter Street looks like.







What Fear's Lantern looks like.



What a 1924 Ford Model T Car looks like.



What a Yat accent sounds like.

<https://youtu.be/N7vlfMTBWQ?si=dhab6HbWrvNfOPa3>

Sweet! What A Steal This Is!: Stepping into the first room of the house with the dim lights above and a strange eerie mixture of Jazz and traditional Creole music, the air spreads out with the faint but fresh scent of incense, casting an otherworldly personality, as the shadows dance subtly, enhancing the dark mystery of the Voodoo Shop, adorned with a variety of products on stock that all reflect the charm of the 1920's. In this store, they sell not only the Voodoo dolls, but also candles and oils used for rituals and spells in many different colors that symbolizes the intentions; herbs and roots used in spells, charms, and spiritual bathing; amulets and talismans used for luck, protection, or other desired qualities; books and guides that informs readers on Voodoo practices, rituals, and its history with New Orleans; spiritual artifacts such as masks, statues, symbols that represents the Voodoo deities and spirits; incense used for cleaning spaces and setting the mood of the rituals; tarot cards used for divination and fortune-telling purposes; and small little sacks of herbs, stones or other items for specific intentions called Mojo Bags.

What a Voodoo Shop looks like in New Orleans.







Behind a counter on the right side of the room stands Irma Laveau the owner of the Voodoo Shop and an elderly Creole woman who dons in a black long dress with short sleeves furnished with feathered jewelry, a dark purple loop cloth that gracefully rests on her right shoulder, and completing her attire, a wrapping headwear that is also in a dark color tone whose Creole accent adds an eerie but distinctive touch, giving out a gothic witchy vibe of her appearance as a Voodoo Queen and Priestess that similarly resembles New Orleans legend Marie Laveau. With a smirk on her face within the owner's creepy traits of her eeriness and taps onto the counter that echoes through the space for a captivation, Irma greets the guests by saying "Bienvenue, cher. Welcome to Irma's Voodoo Universe. Here, we weave the threads of magic and mystery.," then she gestures towards the array of products, "Explore the offerings of a better life – Voodoo dolls, candles, amulets, and more." A gleaming light triggers as she engages the guests by saying, "Now, tell me, did ya have a nice drink on Bourbon Street, went to the St. Louis Cathedral for mass, or perhaps a long ride from Baton Rouge? Maybe you come from Gretna, across the mighty Mississippi River? Share with me your journey, cher." that all carries her words in a Creole flavor to invite the guests for an immersive New Orleanian atmosphere.

What Marie Laveau looks like.



Venturing deeper into the Voodoo Shop, the eerie atmosphere begins to absorb and explores the diverse products on display while you navigate the space, drawing your attention in the surroundings where more of the items are showcased, then suddenly on the left side of the room, Charlie Blue who is a younger Creole musician in a white dress shirt tucked in, a sweater vest that is also tucked in, a blue necktie, a pair of khaki pants, black loafer shoes, and a light gray beret hat springs into action, jumping up behind the table with certain products atop, swiftly stealing items in a sneaky manner into his vest while clutching a medallion necklace in his left arm with a determination that triggers a gleaming mischievous light. Muttering his frustration quietly in anger, Charlie erupts in a Creole-accented exclamation by saying "If dat old lady won't make me a betta musician, den I'm gonna do it myself!," and as you proceed towards the end of the store closely to catch a glimpse of the Voodoo personality, the Jazz musician stealthily emerges from behind the bookshelves at the opposite side of the room for a heart-pounding scare by reaching out toward the guests as an attempt to steal their belongings that gives out an

adrenaline course through the veins before you enter the next room with anticipation for the upcoming rise that awaits in this haunted tale.

What Charlie's clothes look similar to.



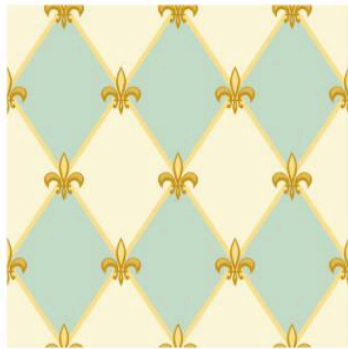
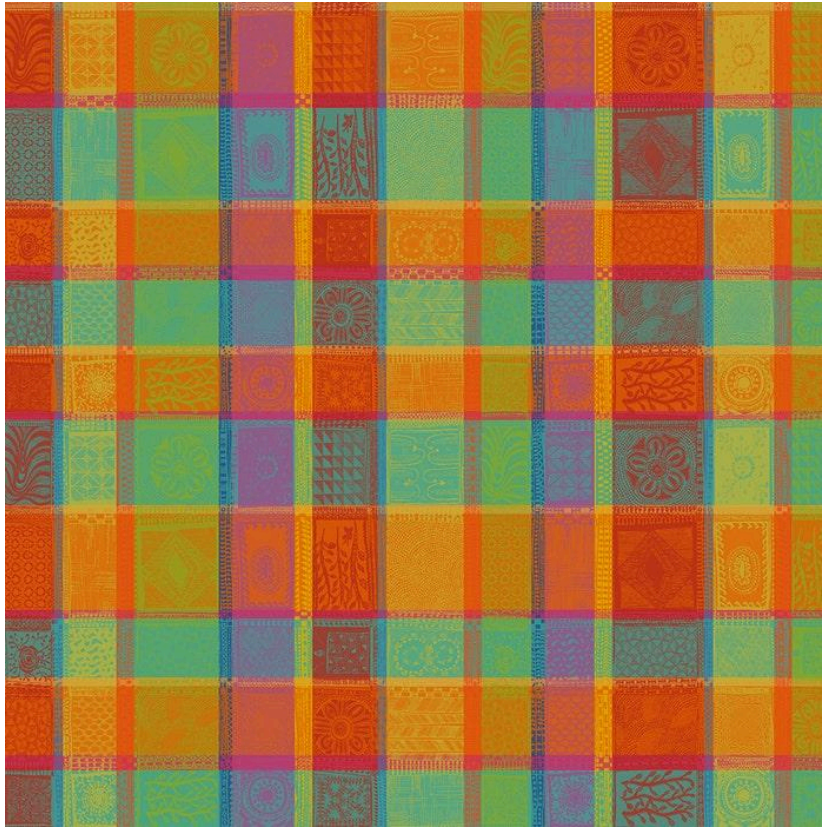
To Succeed Is To Cheat (A Ritual At Home): Stepping into the next room, the atmosphere shifts dramatically with the lights intensely in the colors tones of dark purple and blood red to cast ominous glow while the suspenseful jazz music builds up endlessly, making an eerie anticipation with projections of skulls and sinister Voodoo Spirits dancing around wildly to cover the space in a menacing but otherworldly personality, and a mixture of slightly more fresh incense and a thin veil of smoke screen in the air as you find yourself in Charlie's cottage bedroom, a haven where the Jazz musician retreats. Rooted in a traditional style with a 1920's charm, the colors are warm and earthy in the color tones of deep red, green, and rich brown that are invitingly crafted together into a cozy atmosphere with dark wood furniture that adorns the space including an armchair, a four-poster bed with a proud display of the stolen items from the Voodoo Shop atop, and a carved drawer that gives out elegance with vintage pieces and ornate details. The stolen candles flicker in the holders while the lamp softly brightens with some pottery and artifacts accenting, and some of Charlie's musical instruments - a trumpet, a saxophone, and a clarinet - resting gracefully next to a music sheet written by Adam Williams the Conductor for an additional touch of a vintage flair. Rich fabrics of brocade, lace, damask drape the closed curtains behind the window, bed linens and the armchair that are all furnished with Creole-style patterns in between the frame paintings on the walls that tells their own stories, reflecting a rich picture of the Creole culture and History in New Orleans and other parts of the world, and beneath the guests' feet the solid hardwood flooring is layered with a Creole flag area rug to complete the atmospheric experience.

What some of the Creole bedrooms looks like.





What some of Creole patterns look like.



What a Creole flag looks like.



In the middle of this dark and lonely ritual where it is kept privately as a secret on the left side of the room, Charlie who is not wearing his hat, shoes, necktie, and vest stands in the center of his bedroom, channeling the Voodoo magic with the stolen medallion for an enhancement, making the guests bear the witness to his hidden performance while either observing the Jazz Musician's utilization of a variety of methods that he learned from the Voodoo guide book to enhance his musical qualities and skillfulness or catching a glimpse of their surroundings of the bedroom. In a moment of happiness, excitement, and anticipation, Charlie smiles widely with a proclamation in his Creole accent by saying "Day gonna help me make de real deal wit' a bright future! "I'm gonna be betta!" while the energy within this space courses through him, fueled by the belief that these supernatural forces will push him to musical stardom. As the room throbs with mystic energy, a life-sized Voodoo Doll Spirit materializes on the left side of the room, and with the stitches, patches, button eyes, and pins pointing out from its form, he steps out of a threshold, placing his hands on the edges whose wicked creepy stare and a quiet chuckle freezes the guests for a bone-chilling moment that sends down deeply, and in a Downtown New Orleans accent, the evil spirit doll makes his declaration by saying "Dis is where da real fun begins." Getting closer of the conclusion of the room, another Voodoo Spirit Doll jumps out aggressively from a wardrobe with the doors slammed open, raising a sharp-pointing pin from his form high in the air to attack the guests that triggers a flare of strobe lights to intensify the heart-pounding moment before you quickly walk away from the unexpected encounter by turning right to enter the next room for a bearing witness of Charlie's highest-level of his life that will soon plummet into his inevitable downfall.

What the Voodoo Doll Spirits look like.



Rise of The Newcomer: Stepping into the next room at the city of New Orleans, you find yourself in a Jazz Club at the city's Storyville district that resembles the legendary venue called The Eagle Saloon with an atmosphere full of life despite its darkness while the faint dark purple lights casts the eerie shadows across the space and a burnt light scent of smoke lingers in the air to set the stage for a bone-chilling experience, featuring some decorative elements of the 1920's with a Louisianan flair to reflect the style of the time, a dance floor layered for the partons to enjoy the music, a stage for the live performances, a small seating area, and a bar where a concert is being held. In the middle of the set, Charlie takes the center stage on the right side of the room, randomly performing with a variety of Jazz instruments from his era as he blends with the Creole-inspired sounds and a hint of swing influences whose music stylistically carries an unsettling and terrifying undertone to offer the guests and the crowd themselves a uniquely eerie experience for each one, donned in a black suit, a black bow tie, a white dress shirt, and formal shoes while carrying the medallion to fuel the Voodoo powers with his musical skills and qualities.

What the Jazz musicians from NOLA looked like back in the 1920's.





Despite the horror elements in Charlie's performance at the club, the crowd from the Flapper scene are cheering, dancing, and simply having a good time who are embracing the unusual but captivating sound with no signs of discomfort, but on the opposite side of the room, a bartender who is possessed by a Voodoo Spirit stands behind the bar, and with a creepy stare and a sinister smile after cleaning either a glass mug or a champagne cup with a plain white cloth, he suddenly slams onto the bar with both hands that echoes through the space to cause a small loudness war, adding an eerie touch to the concert experience as he asks the guests a question in his Yat accent by saying "How y'like dat tune, eh?" Drawing near to the end of the room of the club, one concertgoer who is part of the crowd is also on the left side having a good time, and then suddenly becomes the center of an unexpected horror, as he/she was stealthily snatched by another possessed bartender from behind, threatening the victim with a sharp-pointing pin that triggers a gleam of light for a stabbing attack and then steps forth towards the guests menacingly while raising his weapon up in the air for another threatening move despite the struggles and chilling resistance in an unfolding situation as an unsettling moment to send shivers down in their spines deeply before you proceed straightly to enter the next room for the beginning of the chaos and the upcoming fall of the Jazz Musician.

What the Flappers looked like.



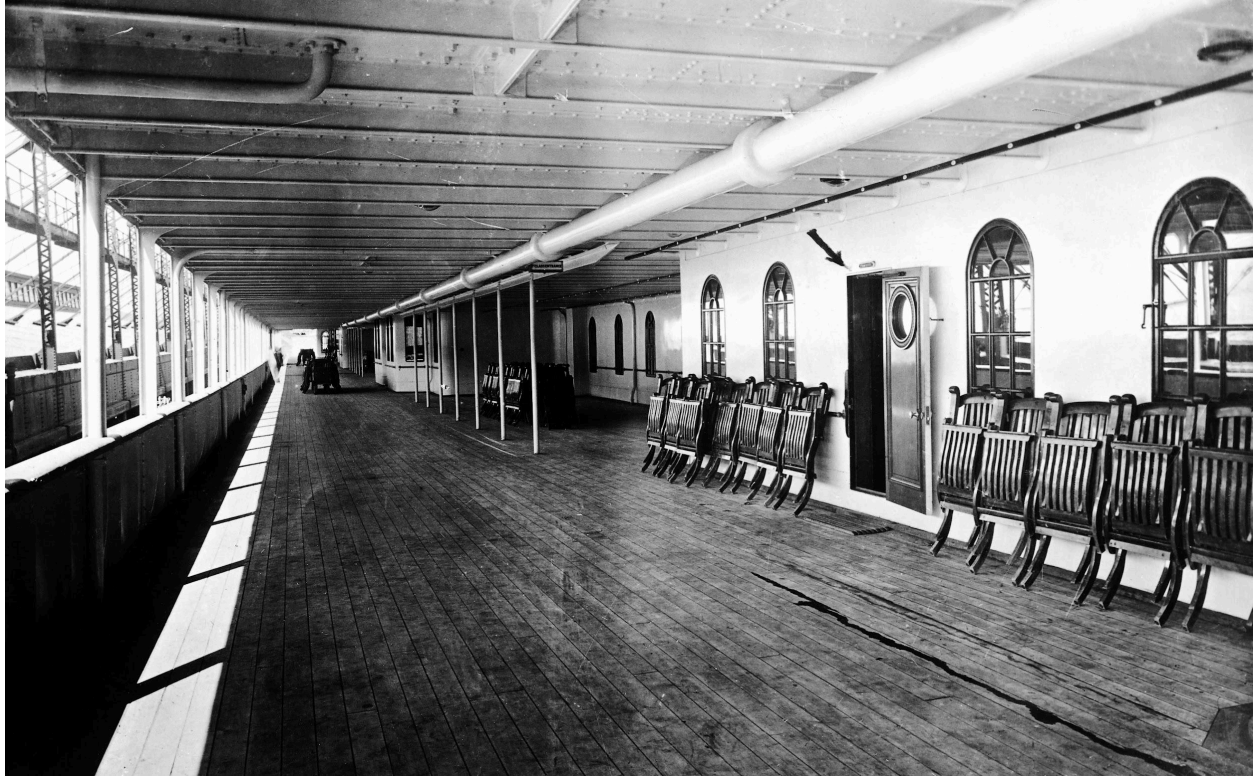
The Riverboat Battle Royal: Stepping into the next room, the personality is transformed by a faint crescent moonlight and the flickering lights that intensely paints the hard solid floorboards made of wood with the eerie shadows in the darks color tones of red, blue, and purple while the air carries an unpleasant scent of rot, dampness, and occasionally moss mixing together with a very thin smoke screen that adds to the otherworldly atmosphere, and as the intense music plays in the background, its tones takes on a horrific quality where here in this room, you find yourself on the walkway edge of a promenade deck in a riverboat that evokes the essence of the renowned S.S. Capitol with a sweeping view that unfolds on the left side, offering the looping glimpses of The French Quarter in New Orleans, the town of Gretna, the state capital Baton Rouge, and the immersive swamps of Louisiana through the Mississippi river, but this scenic view belies the unfolding chaos that grips this boat, and In this crucial moment, Charlie's enhancing use of the Voodoo magic begins to spread menacingly that is amplified by the sinister spirits who are eager to fulfill his desires for fame, success, musical supremacy, and most of all for them, carnage. Turning your focus to the right side of the room, you discover the riverboat's dedicative entertainment section on the deck with a stage and a layered dance floor for the jazz performances that was once vibrant now bears the witness to a disturbing scene of

musicians in their tuxedos ripped apart who are not only possessed by the Voodoo Spirits but are also engaging in sadistic and playful fight of brutality while wielding their musical instruments tightly to attack and kill each other with their blood stains, scars, and scratches impairing the one-elegant attire, and the lifeless bodies of the flappers and musicians are scattered on the dance floor, giving out a strong scent of rot. Some of the Jazz musicians who are consumed by the supernatural chaos aggressively attack the guests with their bloodied instruments, as they laugh madly that echoes through the space, chuckle sinisterly for a resonance, and curl the wicked smiles on their faces, making an atmosphere that forces the guests to keep their feet on the (pun unintended) edge of the deck between the water and the entertainment area while walking through. As you progress further closer towards the stern area where several wooden crates are arranged for storage, a sudden shocking event unfolds that triggers blast of strobe lights as a giant Voodoo Spirit who resembles a brown pelican abruptly springs to life from the widest crate upfront up, head raising highly in the air, and with a menacing appearance of being there, it devours either a helplessly hapless flapper or a Jazz musician into its delicate body whose legs are frantically shaking outside of the bill while struggling in the throat pouch to send out a heart-pounding moment through the guests' veins before you quickly turn left to enter the next room for more chaos and chilling surprises that awaits in the ongoing at the city of New Orleans.

What The S.S. Capitol looks like.



What a Promenade Deck looks like.



What The French Quarter looks like.



What a Louisianaian Swamp looks like.



What a brown pelican looks like.



Fat Tuesday Carnage (Da Krewe of Voodoo): Stepping into the next room, the setting transforms with a faint crescent moonlight casting the eerie shadows across the bricked street under the dark purple sky at night that is an otherworldly personality carried by the projections of the mischievous Voodoo Spirits who are flying high for their continuation to fulfill Charlie's desires other than spreading their evil intentions for chaos, filling the air with a lingering scent of dampness that carries the light fog to enhance the mysterious atmosphere while in the background, the intense Jazz music with both horrific and dance-worthy tones sets the stage for the unfolding scene. You now find yourself back in The French Quarter of New Orleans on

Bourbon Street in a charm of the 1920's where the iconic establishments such as the Old Absinthe House, Arnaud's Restaurant, The Famous Door, and among others contributed to the vibrant atmosphere of not only Jazz music but also dancing and socializing, and above on the facade's balconies, the Voodoo Doll Spirits are celebrating Mardi Gras who are engaged in a creepy but lively festivities, as they throw beads in the air at each other, exchanging across the street, sipping their drinks, and occasionally engaging in a humorous cheeky flash to reveal their cotton anatomy for more beads, all while cheering for a good time. Casting more glimpses of your surroundings at this part of the historic city, the facades' windows on both sides of the room projects the shadowy scenes of the possessed victims who are causing the destructive chaos inside, as within they aggressively trash everything, engaging in sadistic and playful fights to kill each other that results in abrupt blood splatters, making an unsettling gruesome massacre while on the iconic street itself the Second Line Dancers who are also possessed by the sinister Voodoo Spirits adds an eye-catching enchantment to the Mardi Gras essence in their vibrant clothing with dresses, fringe details, feather headpieces, accessories, some hats, and dapper suits complete with bow ties as they dance for a parade that is chillingly full of life, and with their wicked expressions of happiness, they play their brass instruments, wave the umbrellas, and flourish the large feather fans to attack rhythmically, eyes lock onto to the guests, intensifying the rhythm and tones by playing their instruments loudly for a close encounter scare that forces them to keep their feet on the edge. Approaching the next stage of your haunted journey, you find a horseless Mardi Gras float blocking your path upfront in the middle of this famous street, but as you draw near, an impressively grand figure stands proudly who is another Voodoo Doll Spirit dressed as the king of the parade, positioned regally behind his throne, and with a sinister grin creeping across his stitched face, he loudly exclaims in a Downtown New Orleans accent by saying "Welcome to da Krewe of Voodoo, y'all!," then suddenly in a heartbeat with a chilling bellow and loud growl that echoes through the space, a larger-than-life and ferocious Voodoo Gator Spirit who is crowned and furnished in a masquerade lunges out aggressively through a wide front bottom part of the float with a ripped hole, snapping its jaws menacingly towards the guests for a predatory attack that intensifies the sudden onslaught by a burst of strobe lights, making a heart-pounding reminder of the iconic King Gator float at the annual Universal Studios Florida event Mardi Gras for an adrenaline-filled moment before you swiftly turn left to enter the next room where more chaos and chilling surprises awaits in the ongoing tale at New Orleans.

What Bourbon Street looks like.



What Second Line Dancing looks like.



What a King's Mardi Gras float looks like.



What The King Gator looks like.



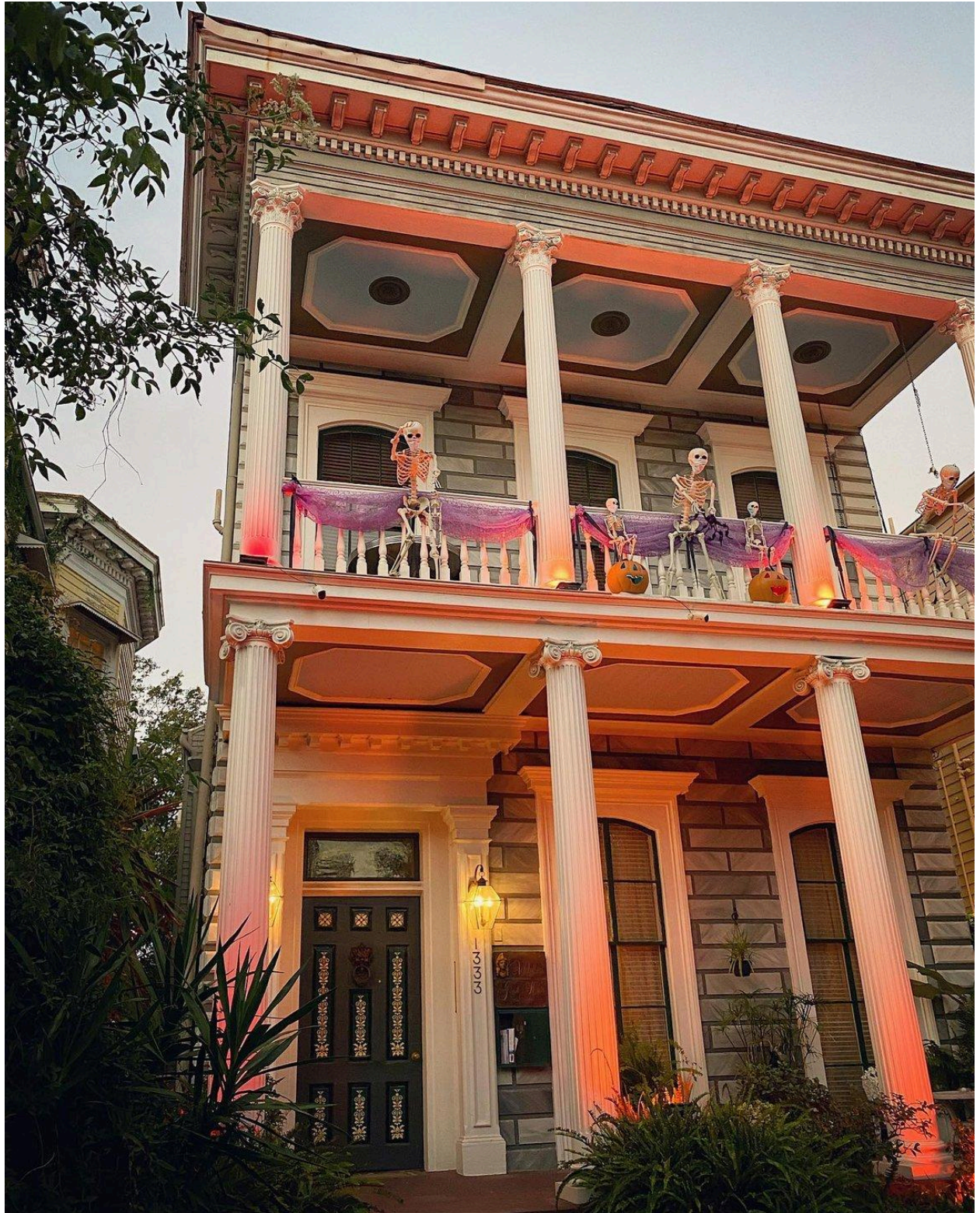
A Streetcar Named Roadkill: Stepping into the next room, the setting shifts into another transformation for this chapter of the haunting tale with a faint crescent moonlight that casts the long eerie shadows across the canal line street under a dark purple sky at night and some lined

cables dangling above, making an otherworldly atmosphere intensified by the mischievous projections of the menacing Voodoo Spirits who are flying high while they continue firmly to fulfill Charlie's desires, weaving their sinister intentions into the unfolding chaos as the air is filled with a mixture of light fog and a scent of rot to further enhance the mysterious personality, and in the background, the horrifyingly intense Jazz music echoes that is now taking on a more energetic pace within the tones to set the stage for your journey. You find yourself at another part of the New Orleans French Quarter on a famous historic street called Esplanade Avenue that unveils the facades of the 19th-century mansions with a blend of Creole and Victorian-inspired architectures, lined up to recreate the charm of the 1920's, but this scene takes on a grim turn as the surroundings are impaired by the destroyed furniture, musical instruments, personal belongings, and artwork that are all turned into casualties of the Voodoo Spirits' wrecking chaos while you hear them breaking things apart from the distance in the background with several trails of blood on the street from the possessed victims for an additional element of confusion to make the guests wonder where they should go next, creating a disorienting atmosphere, then suddenly from the right side of the room, a streetcar with splattered blood stains and a front light on upfront that is both possessed and commanded by a Voodoo Spirit hurtles down the avenue quickly towards the guests, ringing the bell loudly to echo through the space while the spirit himself enthusiastically exclaims at his highest pitch in a Yat accent by saying "Let's go for a raahd!" for a heart-pounding moment as a potential roadkill but stops in time before you walk down straight to the cemetery gate that gestures you to enter the next room for a fearful continuation of the terrifying surprises in the city of New Orleans.

Writer's Note: The title of this room is loosely named after Tennessee Williams' A Streetcar Named Desire.

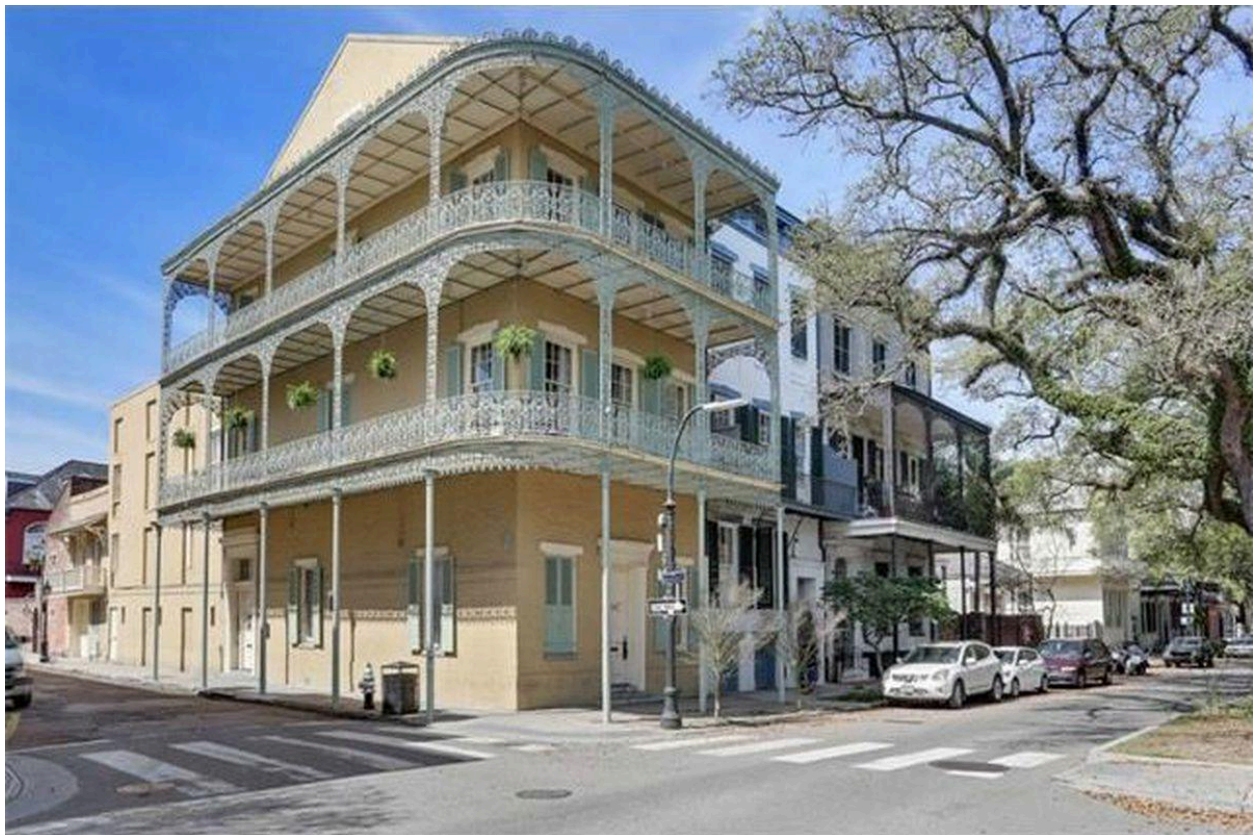
What Esplanade Avenue looks like.



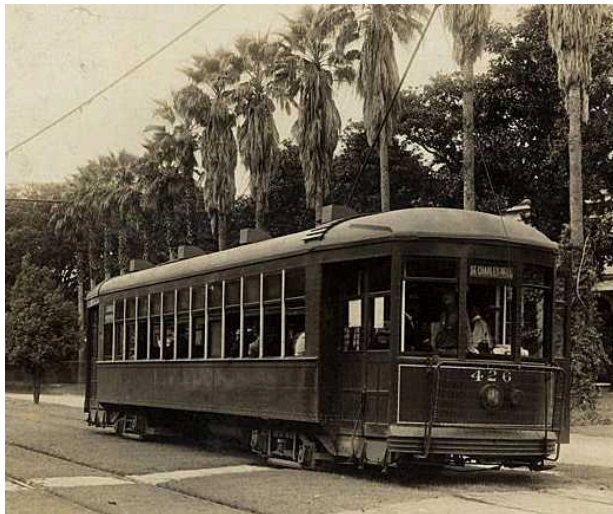








What a Canal Streetcar Line & Vehicle looks like.



To Cheat Is An Early Grave: Stepping into the next room, the atmosphere undergoes another eerie transformation as the faint crescent moonlight casts the long eerie shadows across the brick walkway under a dark purple sky at night for an otherworldly setting while the mischievous projections of the menacing Voodoo Spirit soars high in mad laughter who are still in their commitment to fulfill Charlie's desires, infusing their sinister intentions into the unfolding carnage while a light watery mist in the air carries a mingling scent of the gentle dampness and moss to intensify the mysterious personality of the environment, and in the background, the horrifying intense Jazz music takes on a chillingly depressive quality within the tones, setting the stage for a harrowing journey ahead. As the narrative unfolds, you find yourself immersed in the city's Graveyard Maze that resembles the historic St. Louis Cemetery where the environment takes on a swamp-style aspect thick as a forest with the towering trees standing proudly and the moss dangling above in an eerie personality, offering glimpses of the worn-out but durable graves that reveals the above-ground vaults, built in the 18th & 19th centuries while some tombs are elaborately made or marble and/or stand alongside others that are surrounded by the fences, all

layered with moss from the overhanging trees, bearing the names of past victims who were claimed by the relentless Voodoo Spirits, as the shadowy projections of the deceased Jazz Musicians play their instruments to cast an eerie personality across certain tombs. In a sudden twist whose faces grinned sinisterly, the Voodoo Doll Spirits swiftly makes their presence from the opened graves with hidden passages on both the left and right sides, and armed with their long large pins used as spears, they aggressively attack the guests, aiming them to keep their feet on the edge that intensifies the eerie atmosphere in this amidst of the assault at the graveyard with a triggering flash of delicate lights during your navigation through this surreal setting as the haunting whispers of the past victims and the relentless follow of the Voodoo Spirits forces the guests to walk further into the heart of the chilling tale, each step you take deeply with anticipation and fear. Walking down deeper into the graveyard maze while catching more glimpses of your surroundings, you encounter the tombs that echo the resting places of the most notable individuals from New Orleans, each one of them bearing the legacy of those buried at the St. Louis Cemetery, and among these sacred grounds rest Creole author and educator Alexander Dimitry; the renowned Voodoo priestess Marie Laveau; the architect, surveyor, and alleged pirate Barthelemy Lafon of Gene Lafitte; early Chess champion Paul Morphy; and architect and engineer Benjamin Latrobe whose names resonate through history, capturing the essence of the city's rich and diverse past. But this part of the twisted maze takes on a grim picture that unfolds before you where the non-possessed Jazz Musicians are forcefully shoved or dragged into the opened tombs by the Voodoo Doll Spirits, serving as the hellish gates to their otherworldly realm, fearfully struggling with frantic movements despite being trapped in the supernatural grasps whose panicked yells echo through the space as the lights in the tombs flash intensely in the color tones of blue, red, and purple while one victim manages to burst out from either side in between, desperately crying in front of the guests for help with a plea to escape the chaos in Orleans Parish for his/her safety, then in a sudden twist, another Voodoo Doll Spirit swiftly emerges from an adjacent opened tomb to stop him/her and stealthily dragging them back in a tight grip with mad laughter and a refusal yell that resonates through the surroundings to send chills down in the spines deeply, and as you draw closer to the end of the maze, another Voodoo Doll Spirit launches out an relentless attack on the guests aggressively who emerges from a hidden ruined tomb at the very front, armed with his sharp-pointing pin in hand from its form, he thrusts it forward aggressively like a knife, triggering another flash of delicate lights as he chuckles sinisterly in a Downtown New Orleans accent by saying "Git ready to jump in for da most fun part, y'all!" before you swiftly proceed towards the last opened tomb with a preparation to enter the next room and witness Charlie's downfall in the middle of the highest most chaotic point.

What the St. Louis Cemetery looks like.





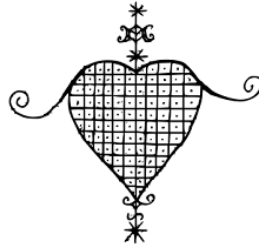
What Shitty Ass Show This Is!: Stepping into the next room, the lights flicker intensely in the dark color tones of red, purple, blue, and green while the projections of the skulls, spirits, and deities dance wildly in the air to make a haunting display, and the terrifying atmosphere is thick with an unpleasant mixture of rot and lightly thin smoke screen that adds to the otherworldly personality while the horrific Jazz music intensely reaches at its point with a inharmonic tone in

the background as you find yourself back in the Jazz Club at the city's Storyville district that is now reduced to ruins with the seats and small tables broken into pieces, and the lifeless corpse bodies of the flappers and bartenders are scattered on the floor and the bar after Charlie's chaotic use of the medallion and other stolen items from the Voodoo Shop that evidently shows the once vibrant and full-of-life club is now a scene of desolation to bear the consequences of the destructive dark magic that Charlie unfolded at the middle of the wreckage he now stands to pay the ultimate price for the carnage he caused without knowing as the very forces he unleashed were in reality against him and echoes the room with the remains of the destroyed show as a testament to the consequences of interfering with power beyond one's control. In this scene of the chilling tale, Charlie takes the center stage, holding one of his instruments randomly to offer a slightly different experience for each one either after his performance was over or interrupted by the Voodoo Spirits from a hellish vortex that spins wildly behind him, a gateway to the Voodoo realm where the dolls grip him tightly to drag him in while the Jazz Musician struggles frantically in panic, yelling despartly at them to let him go with a plea and making a poor excuse by saying "Get de hell off me! Le' me go!! Ah ain't do no wrong! Ah ain't goin' to hell wit' y'all! Noooooo!!!!," but these spirits however ignore his pleas, laughing madly, chuckling sinisterly, and chanting loudly by saying "Who Dat?! Who Dat?! Who Dat is in da house! Who Dat?!" in a sadistic manner to send shivers down in the spines deeply, then suddenly from the dark shadows on the opposite side, another Voodoo Doll Spirit aggressively emerges while holding the stolen Medallion, breaking half of a empty beer bottle made of glass behind the bar, and waving it menacingly in air at the guests to pound the hearts through the coursing veins for his attack, and with a sinister grin on his stitched face, he yells at them in a Downtown New Orleans accent by saying "C'Mon, git in da realm! Dis iz gonna be fun for da grand finale!" before you walk straight down towards another vortex to enter the next room for the awaiting unveil where Charlie pays the ultimate price in the terrifying Hell of the Voodoo Realm.

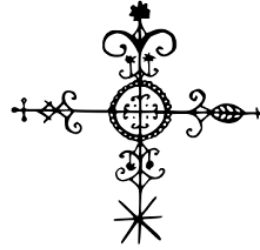
The Voodoo Realm: Stepping into the next room, the lights hardly brighten, casting the space in the dark colors tones of red, blue, purple, and green while the eerily slow and dark Jazz music with a hellish tone plays in the background to set it for an otherworldly journey that awaits as you find yourself in a delicate yet haunting space of the Voodoo Realm where the boundaries between the living and the supernatural are blurred, unfolding the surreal landscape with the twisted pathways to make a complicated maze that disorient and mystify itself; haunting chants that resonates through the air to make an unsettling backdrop for the ghostly figures who dance in rhythmic patterns, and projections of skulls moving at a slower pace to contribute an eerie personality in your surroundings. As the Voodoo symbols materializes in the darkness while catching the glimpses of your surroundings, your attention is drawn to the right that reveals Charlie being tortured by the menacing Voodoo Doll Spirits and with their wicked laughter echoing sadistically in a more spiritually tone of their voices, they wield the sharp pins in hands from their forms, stabbing and slashing all the way brutally with the Jazz Musician fainted from the pain whose tuxedo was ripped apart, breathing deep both slowly and weakly but unyielding because this is the Hell he is in. Covered in blood from the wounds, scratches, and cuts, his wrists and ankles are restrained with otherworldly-looking doll threads that bears patches of the symbolic Voodoo patterns, adding another layer of the mysteriousness to the scene, then

suddenly from the opposite side of the room, two ghosts of the Second Line Dancers who were once Jazz Musicians claimed by the Spirits materializes that triggers a burst of delicate lights, dancing and playing their brass instruments loudly at the guests to both resonates the echoes through the space and keep the guests' feet on the edges of their fear. Approaching closely to the end of the room as you catch more surrounding glimpses of the otherworldly sights in the hellish realm, a rumbling feline growl in the background emerges from the dark distance within, then suddenly without a single warning, a large Voodoo Tiger Spirit aggressively launches itself into view and roars loudly that echoes through the space, and with a dark golden fur coat, striking purple stripes, and a mean menacing face, it triggers a blast of strobe lights, revealing rows of its razor-sharp teeth in preparation for a predatory attack towards the guests as a heart-pounding moment of shock to course through the veins within all present who is a terrifying but an impressively grand tribute to none other than the Louisiana State University sports mascot Mike The Tiger, as the guests fully absorb the nightmarish intensity before you quickly walk down straight to enter the next and final room of the house for yourself to escape the hellish Voodoo Realm.

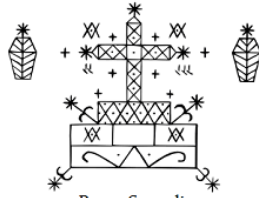
What the Voodoo Symbols look like.



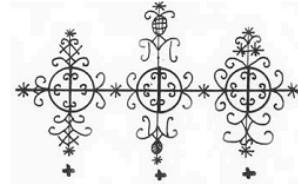
Erzulie Dantor



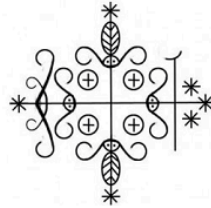
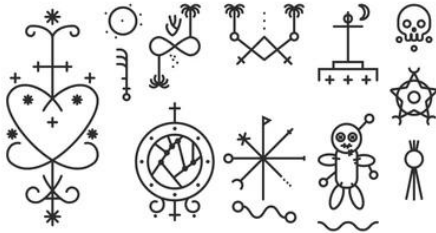
Sim'bi



Baron Samedi



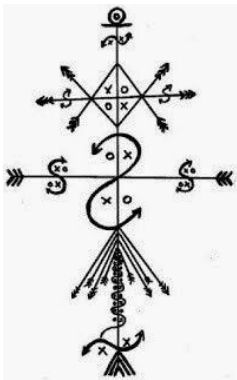
Marassa Jumeaux



Papa Legba



Ayizan Veleket



What Mike The Tiger looks like.



Everything Has A Price: Entering into the next and the very final room of the house while turning left, the faint lights cast an eerie glow across your surroundings while the air carries a pleasant scent of incense, and the strange eerie mixture of Jazz and Traditional Creole Music plays in the background along with a Voodoo Spirit chuckling sinisterly in a Yat accent by saying " Now dat was fun, but all good things gotta come to an end until next time, ya heard?," as you find yourself back in the heart of the Voodoo Shop, catching more glimpses of the products on sale, but strangely the medallion and other stolen items from Charlie are back in stock on their proper display as if they were never touched before. Turning right while viewing your surroundings of the store to take in the new additions, you notice the products of the Voodoo Animal Spirits figures and the symbols that you had encountered before from the previous rooms made of carved wood with the exact careful details were recently added in stock, but as you approach to the end of this haunting journey, Irma slowly emerges from the shadows on the left side of the room whose expression is neither happy nor sad but carries a serious outward behavior with a eerily creepy undertone, and tapping loudly onto the counter with both hands for a brief communication with her customers, she in her dripping Creole accent delivers a simple but profound statement to the guests by saying "Everything has a price.." that resonates the words to conclude the meaning of the dark tale you've experienced before - with these parting words -

you walk down straight to exit the house while carrying the memories of the chilling experience, learning a valuable lesson at the city of New Orleans and hellish but mysterious Voodoo Realm.