

Calico Trails Hotel

[For those unfamiliar with Knott's Berry Farm – It was created by Walter Knott, first as a berry stand, then chicken dinner restaurant, next adding Calico Ghost Town to occupy guests while they waited, and grew into the Southern California theme park that it is today, now owned by Cedar Fair (Picture Frontierland and the Golden/Diamond Horseshoe).

Concept for a new themed hotel. [Spellin' and grammar intentional]

Are you lookin' 'bout as sad as a tick-fevered dogie? Maybe feelin' as unhappy as a woodpecker in a petrified forest? Has the extent of yor travelin' been goin' round the coffee pot lookin' for the handle? Well, come on down t' the Calico Trails Hotel at Knott's Berry Farm and set a spell. Tale goes that when Ol' Walter Knott wanted to build hisself a Calico Ghost Town, he had a lot o' left-over pieces that just didn't seem to fit somehow (rumors about ghosts in 'em). Them pieces had been just settin' thar, collectin' dust all these years. Now, it took a might bit o' persuasion, but we finally got them walls to comin' together, and even cleaned up a good bit, much like it woulda looked back in 1850 – the height of the gold rush in them thar parts.

We got ourselves a nice corral out front, ta keep yer Mustang or Bronco safe from the rustlers "puttin' their own brand on it". We won't even charge ya extra for leavin' it thar overnight.

You'll find yerself welcome in the grand lobby, fitted out with tiffany lamps, decorative wallpaper, comfy sofas, and a piano that plays itself, when Sherlotta Twang ain't there, tinklin' on the ivories. We even got a great big chandeeleer hangin' right in the middle. If

you find yerself wanderin' round in the hallways, you'll find all sorts of interestin' things to entertain you, with some nice banjo and fiddlin' music to comfort ya even more. We got ourselves a General Store, where ya can pack up on supplies, enjoy lookin' at some local hand-crafted goods, or get yerself some o' that famous Boysenberry Jelly (and bout anything you can think of with Boysenberry flavorin'), or take a seat by the ol' pot belly and have some coffee so thick, yer spoon'll stand up. Git yerself fit as a fiddle in Jim's Fitness Room. Learn more about the history of the Knott Family, Knott's Berry Farm and theme park, and the town of Calico and minin' in our little Museum.

When you wanna check in, we'll show ya to yer room. We got three stories of rooms here! (Actu'lly, we got lots of stories round here – most of 'em, ghost stories – but are they jest stories?) Yer gonna love the nice, comfy feather beds, with wagon wheel head and foot boards. There's nice, home-made quiltin' on the bed, and gingham on the winduhs. Every room's got its own indoor plumbin' with hot and cold runnin' water – even a big ol' claw footed tub. If yer really feelin' like some of the modern conveniences, like TV and internet, you can find 'em inside the antique armoire. The phone only looks old, but works just fine. Don't worry 'bout those oil lamps. They're sure safe 'nuff. We got scenes o' the old West and minin' crews hangin' on the walls for yer enjoyment, too.

Rested up a bit? Come on back down stairs t' see what we got waitin' for yer family, out back. Hope ya brought yer swimmin' trunks for the swimmin' hole (careful o' the rocks). It's got a rope swing and a dock for jumpin'. Some o' the more rascally local boys turned that ol' laundry line into a Zip Line, with Ol' Jed's long johns and breeches hangin' on both sides. It goes right over the Cemetery, where you can find Jed, who blew out his last lamp, and

Jim, who played his last card right in our own Saloon. Speakin' o' our Saloon, git yerself some o' the best Red Eye, Wild Mare Juice, Brave Maker, Liquid Dynamite, Snake Poison, or Gut Warmer this side o'... well, 'bout anywhere round these parts. The young'uns can have themselves some good ol' Sasparilla back in the General Store if they start to buildin' up a thirst.

'Round high noon, we got some folks that'll put on a good ol' gun fight show. Watch out fer Bart – story goes, he chews up nails and spits out tacks. Betsy ain't much more genteel – some say she shares her plate with a rattler. Gittin' in the way o' them fightin' is more dangerous than kickin' a loaded polecat. Better hope we can find a Deputy in time to keep the rest o' the folks safe. Any volunteers? Or, come on over for a real, live puppet show at the Circus Wagon Theater.

When evenin' starts to settin' in, don't be surprised if ya start hearin' things in the hallway outside yer room. It may just be Sallie Mae, who got killed til she was dead when she fell outa the winda at the end o' the hall after havin' a little too much Conversation Fluid one night. She's friendly 'nuff. Can't say the same fer some o' the others runnin' round these halls. The doors to yer rooms are good solid oak, so they shouldn't be botherin' y'all too much at night.

If'n yer feelin' hungry, we got room service, or you can choose to come on down to Cookie's Place or the Forty-Niner Miner Diner for some fresh vittles on tin plates and cool drinks in mason jars fer wettin' yer whistle. Served family style, you'll git more than ya can eat; just

try ta save room for some o' that Boysenberry Pie. Now, if that still weren't enough, just mosie on over t' Chuck's Wagon for some snacks.

Chuck's waitin' for ya, 'specially after dark, with hot cocoa and marshmallows for roastin' on the fire – even make yerself some s'mores if ya want. Pull up a stump and join the rest of the folks for some fun around the fire with some sangin' and ghost stories.

If yer feelin' like settin' up a spell still, the kids can have fun in the arcade and shootin' gallery while you play some poker in the game room (all for fun, now – no gamblin' allowed – don't need no one just settin' there, puttin' money back inta circulation fer no reason). If ya start to gettin' real relaxed and maybe doin' a little more spoonin' than ya planned on, we got a Chapel down at the end o' the hall where ya' can git yerself hitched. Just tie up yer nag outside (yer hoss, that is).

When it's time to finally settle down fer the night, ya might see some stars lightin' up the ceilin' in yer room. Might even be a little harmonica to help ya relax a bit, and a lone coyote off in the distance. Git some good rest, now – ya got a theme park t' visit tomorrow. We'll take you and the kids over there in a buggy if ya want.

As far as the money, if you got a roll big 'nough to be called Mister, we got some suites available. If'n ya ain't 'xactly been strikin' it rich lately, we still got some nice rooms fer you, too. We're all friends here. Fact is, we'll back ya til the hen gets a toothache; maybe even share a toothpick, if ya need one.

Now, that oughta keep ya from feelin' weary as a tomcat walkin' in mud.