

THE GOSSAMER DOORWAY

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AIMEE BAKER

ECW2841-O DEVELOPING NEW WORLDS: ENVIRONMENT AND HISTORICAL
RESEARCH

FULL SAIL UNIVERSITY

MARCH 26, 2021

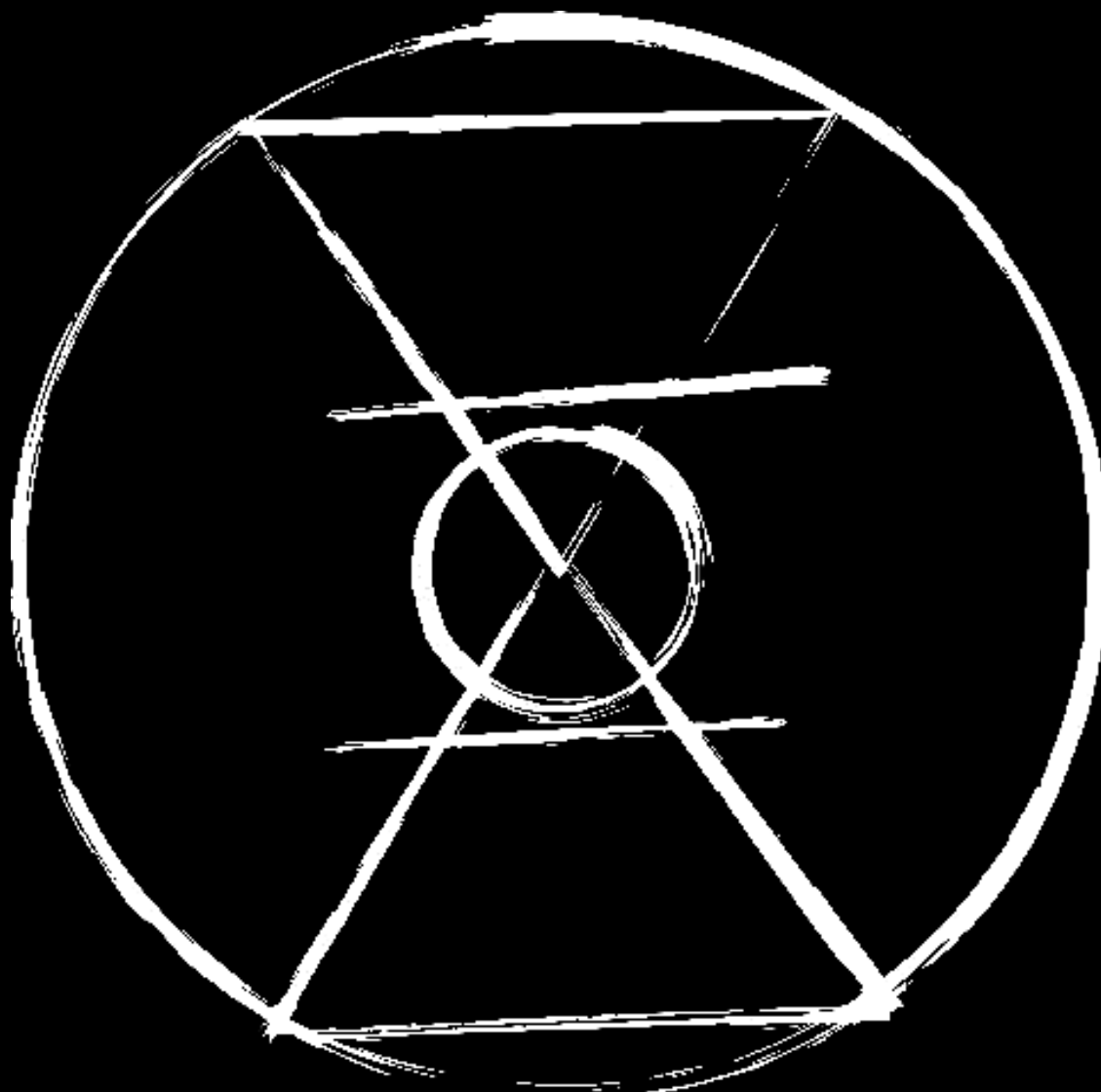
BETHANY DUVALL-FRANCISCO

TITLE IMAGE CREATED IN ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR AND PHOTOSHOP USING PERSONAL ART

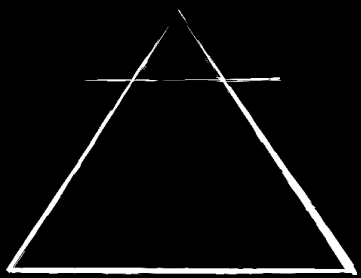
THE DOORWAYS BETWEEN THE WORLDS ARE OPENING,
FALLING TO TIME AND CEASELESS BEATING OF FATED
HANDS. WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CROWNS HAS EITHER
FLED INTO HIDING OR MET THEIR END ON AN ASSASSIN'S
BLADE, LEAVING THE THRONES VACANT FOR THE FIRST
TIME SINCE BEFORE HISTORY WAS RECORDED.

MEANWHILE, WILDER PARK JUST WANTS A BREAK FROM
THE GRIND. A NICE WALK IN THE PARK WITH HIS BEST
FRIEND AFTER WORK, A QUICK ESCAPE FROM THE CITY.

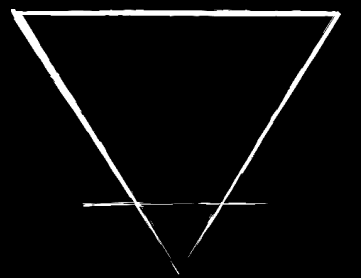
THEY MAY BE MADE OF GOSSAMER MAGIC, BUT EVERY
DOOR HAS A LOCK, AND WILDER HAS THE KEY.



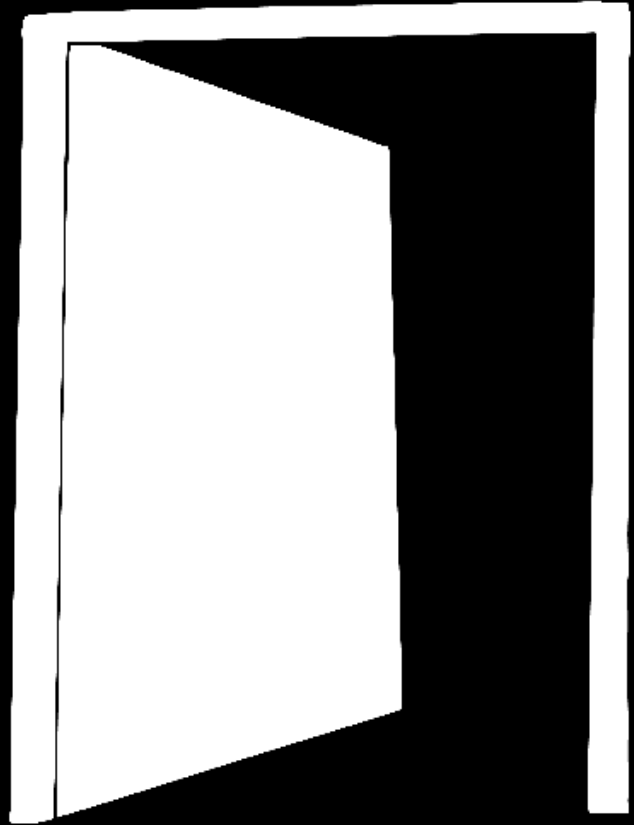
HE JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT YET.



IN THE BEGINNING...

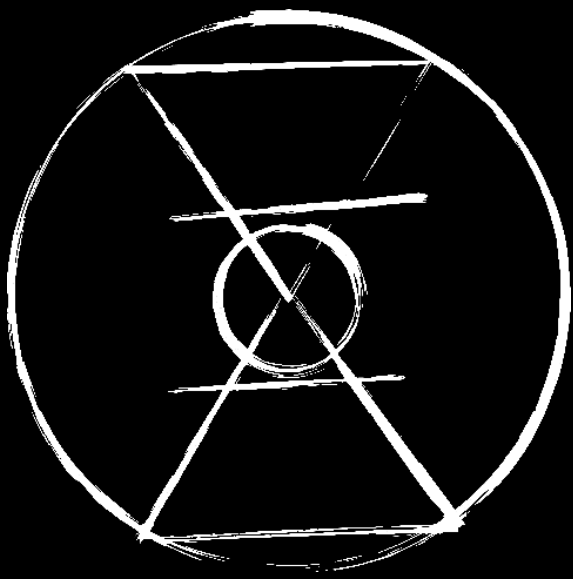


...BEFORE THE GATES CLOSED, BEFORE ALL THE KEYS WERE LOST OR TOSSED ASIDE, OUR EARTH AND THAT OF THE OTHER SIDE WERE AS EASILY ACCESSED AS ONE WOULD GO VISIT A NEIGHBOR; THAT IS, IF SAID NEIGHBOR COULD BE REACHED BY WAY OF LIMINAL DOORWAYS ALONG THE LEY LINES MAPPED OUT ALL OVER THE PLANET. THAT WAS OF COURSE BEFORE THE GREAT WAR, WHEN OUR MEN AND THEIRS COULD PEACEFULLY COEXIST AND EXCHANGE TEACHINGS IN A CIVIL WAY. BEFORE THE CHILDREN STARTED TO GO MISSING, BEFORE THE CROPS DIED OFF AND WHISPERED WORDS GREW INTO BRANDISHED SWORDS AND BURNING VILLAGES.



NOW, THE GATES ARE ONLY OPENED BY MISTAKE, OR SO IT SEEMED. WHILE THE OCCASIONAL ADVENTURER MANAGES TO PASS THROUGH WITH NO HARM, THE INCESSANT POUNDING OF HANDS AGAINST THE GATES ARE WEARING IT DOWN. THE BARRIER GROWS THIN WITH AGE, THE MAGIC LEAKING THROUGH EVERY CRACK IT CAN FIND.

**THE DOORS WILL OPEN, WHETHER WE
WANT THEM TO OR NOT.**



WILDER PARK

NOT EVERYONE LIKES WILDER PARK AS A PERSON, BUT THEY CAN'T DENY THAT HE SEEMS TO TAKE UP THE ENTIRE ROOM WITHOUT EVER TRYING (HE DOESN'T TRY). IT CAN BE A GOOD THING, OR A VERY VERY BAD THING. OR BOTH.

IS IT THE MAP OF HAND DRAWN TATTOOS ACROSS HIS BODY (THEY'RE A TIMELINE OF HIS LIFE IF YOU LOOK CLOSE ENOUGH)? THE RASP OF HIS VOICE WHEN IT GETS TO A CERTAIN OCTAVE (TOO MANY PUNK SHOWS, SCREAMING FROM THE PIT)? HIS QUIET CONFIDENCE (AS IF!)? WHATEVER IT IS, IT GETS HIM INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN IT GETS HIM ANYTHING GOOD, THAT'S FOR SURE.



IF YOU WERE BRAVE ENOUGH TO ASK, HE'D TELL YOU HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING HE WANTED (HE'S IN HIS MID 20S). KEEP UP THAT BRAVERY (DON'T SHY AWAY FROM HIS TOO-SHARP GRIN) AND YOU MAY BE REWARDED WITH MORE INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE. LIKE HIS FAVORITE COLOR (IT'S NOT BLACK), OR HOW HE TAKES HIS COFFEE (WITH CREAM, NO SUGAR).

HELL, BUY HIM A DRINK AND LET HIM BUM A SMOKE, AND HE MAY LET YOU IN ON HIS BEAUTY ROUTINE (IMPORTED FROM KOREA, ONLY THE BEST TO MATCH HIS SKIN).

WHAT HE WON'T TELL YOU (BECAUSE YOU AREN'T EMERIC, OR KNOX), ARE THE IMPORTANT PARTS. THE PART OF HIM THAT STICK OUT OF HIS SOUL LIKE THORNS ON A ROSEBUSH. WILDER WON'T TALK ABOUT THE LAST TIME HE CRIED (IT HAPPENS WHEN HE DREAMS OF KNOX, SITTING IN HIS WINDOWSILL OR ACROSS FROM HIM IN BED, AS IF HE NEVER LEFT), OR WHAT MAKES HIM SMILE ON BAD DAYS (THE SMELL OF FRESH LAUNDRY COMING FROM THE HALLWAY, PASSING EMERIC FOLDING SOCKS INTO NEAT LITTLE PILES, SINGING SOME JINGLE THAT'S STUCK IN HIS HEAD).

WILDER PARK IS A LOT OF THINGS, MOST OF THEM A LIE. ESPECIALLY THE ONES HE STILL BELIEVES TO BE TRUE.

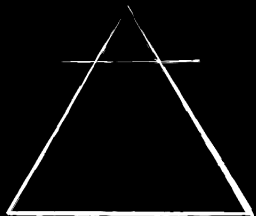
WILDER PARK WILL TELL YOU HE WAS BORN SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST (NOT OUR COAST), THAT HE WAS ABANDONED ALONG THE SIDE OF A TINY HOSPITAL THERE WHEN HE WAS ONLY A FEW HOURS OLD (NOT ENTIRELY UNTRUE), THAT HE CAN'T REMEMBER A GOOD CHUNK OF HIS CHILDHOOD BECAUSE OF THE TRAUMA (THERE WAS A LOT OF THAT).

WILDER PARK WILL TELL YOU HE'S GROWN INTO A PRETTY SUBSTANDARD PERSON (LIE), THAT HE'S ALRIGHT WHERE HE IS (LIE) AND WITH HOW HIS LIFE IS GOING SO FAR (LIE), THAT HOME IS A PLACE HE'S BUILT FOR HIMSELF (LIAR).

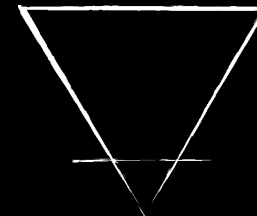
MOST IMPORTANTLY, HE'LL TELL YOU THAT HE'S THE MASTER OF HIS OWN FATE, THAT HIS DESTINY IS IN HIS OWN HANDS.

HE'D BE WRONG.





SUPPORTING CHARACTERS



EMERIC WEAVER

THE FIXER.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT'S BROKEN (OR WHO), EMIC CAN AT LEAST GET IT FUNCTIONAL AGAIN. WHAT HE LACKS IN SOCIAL SKILLS (IT'S A LOT) HE MANAGES TO MAKE UP FOR IN A GOOD HEART AND QUICK THINKING. EM TO HIS FRIENDS (JUST WILDER, REALLY), THE YEARS OF BULLYING OVER HIS SMALL STATURE (HE WASN'T FED OFTEN AS A CHILD) BLESSED HIM WITH A SHARP TONGUE AND VICIOUS MOUTH WHEN HE NEEDS IT.

WHILE NOT A SCEPTIC BY NATURE, EMIC HAS A GOOD HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS, AND ALWAYS TRUSTS HIS GUT INSTINCT OVER ANYTHING ELSE. NO AMOUNT OF FACT, REPUTATION, OR OTHER INTERVENTION (HOLY OR OTHERWISE) CAN CHANGE HIS MIND ONCE HE'S READ A SITUATION (THE DIVINES HAVE TRIED, TRUST ME).

KNOX FREEMAN (RULED BY THE FOOL, BORN UNDER THE CHARIOT, FATED BY THE ACE OF COINS)

TOO TALL, TOO THIN, TOO QUIET, TOO NICE, TOO BROKEN.

KNOX MET WILDER WHEN THEY WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE SAME OVERCROWDED FOSTER HOME AS YOUNG CHILDREN. THEY STAYED TOGETHER, OFTEN SHARING THE SAME BEDROOM (AND BEDS) ALONG WITH THEIR TOYS (AND HOPES FOR THE FUTURE), HOMEWORK (AND NIGHTMARES), CHORES (AND FIRST KISSES), AND PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING ELSE (AND ALL THE THINGS THAT HURT). AT LEAST, THEY DID, UNTIL KNOX LEFT. WHERE ALMOST EVERY KID HAD DREAMS OF RUNNING AWAY FROM THE FOSTER HOMES, ONLY KNOX DID IT.

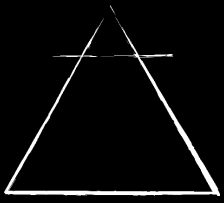
THE LAST TIME HE SAW WILDER WAS A WEEK BEFORE HIS SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY (HE ALREADY LOOKED MUCH OLDER), WHEN HE CRAWLED OUT OF THEIR BEDROOM WINDOW AND WALKED INTO THE FOREST. TEN YEARS HAVE CHANGED HOW HE SEES HIMSELF (NOT TOO BROKEN, NOT ANYMORE) AND HOW HE SEES THE WORLD (THIS ONE AND THE OTHER ONE).

ROWAN (RULED BY THE HIEROPHANT, BORN UNDER THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, FATED BY THE SIX OF WANDS)

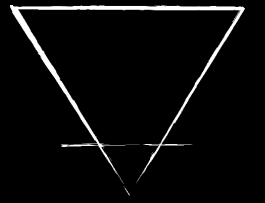
THE CHRONICLER

ROWAN DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS (ANY OF THIS, IF HE'S BEING HONEST). ALL HE WANTED WAS TO LIVE A QUIET LIFE, FULL OF MEANINGFUL WORK CHRONICLING THE LIVES OF THOSE WITHIN PORT CICERO'S WALLS, AVOIDING STARTING ANY TROUBLE. TROUBLE INSTEAD FOUND HIM (THANKS, DIVINES) IN THE FORM OF WILDER PARK AND EMIC WEAVER WALKING THROUGH A SUPPOSEDLY LOCKED DOORWAY (SUPPOSEDLY, THOUGH NO ONE HAD TRIED TO OPEN IT IN AS LONG AS HE HAD RECORDS FOR).

WHERE ONCE ROWAN WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE SIMPLE THINGS (TEA IN THE SUNLIGHT, A GOOD BOOK, THE PEACE AND QUIET OF HIS OFFICE), HIS LIFE IS NOW FULL OF CHAOS; HERE ARE TWO PEOPLE (SUPPOSEDLY) WITH NO RECORD OF THEIR BIRTH READINGS (UNHEARD OF) AND NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE MAGIC THAT THEIR DIVINES MAY HAVE BLESSED (OR CURSED) THEM WITH. GONE ARE THE QUIET TIMES, THE CALM DAYS AND CALMER NIGHTS, THAT ROWAN LOOKED FORWARD TO. OH WELL (SUCH IS FATE).



IMPORTANT LOCATIONS



PORT CICERO


A QUIET PORT CITY ALONG THE BRISEA CHANNEL, ONCE BUSTLING WITH TRADE AND INDUSTRY, NOW A SLEEPY REMNANT OF WHAT ONCE WAS. MANY PEOPLE HAVE LEFT FOR MORE PROSPEROUS PLACES, AND ONLY THE MOST DEDICATED HAVE STAYED (OR THE LAZIEST). THIS CLOSE TO A MAJOR LEY LINE, WITH ONE OF THE ANCIENT DOORWAYS LEFT IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE (UNDISTURBED BY HUMAN HANDS), SCHOLARS OF THE TIMES BEFORE THE GREAT WAR FLOCK TO THE ARCHIVES IN SEARCH OF LOST KNOWLEDGE. THEY'RE OFTEN LEFT DISAPPOINTED (AS INTENDED) WHEN THEY FIND OUT THE ARCHIVES HAVE ALSO BEEN LOCKED BY THE SAME HANDS THAT LOCKED THE DOORWAYS BETWEEN WORLDS. SOME SECRETS ARE BETTER LEFT BURIED, AND THERE ARE A LOT OF SECRETS (AMONG OTHER THINGS) BURIED IN PORT CICERO.

EVERSHADE

NESTLED IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ANCIENT AND UNTAMED FOREST, BUILT BY HANDS THAT NO ONE CAN NAME (EXCEPT THE DIVINES), EVERSHADE IS HOME TO THOSE THAT DESIRE A DEEPER CONNECTION TO THE DIVINES AND FATE ITSELF. THE TOWN (MORE LIKE A HAMLET) IS LOCATED ON AN INTERSECTION OF LEY LINES, AND IS HOME TO ONE OF THE ONLY KNOWN GOSSAMER DOORWAYS STILL LEFT AFTER THE REST OF THE GATES WERE SEALED SHUT. THIS CONNECTION TO THE WEAVE OF WORLDS GOES UNNOTICED BY MOST REGULAR PEOPLE, BUT TO THOSE SENSITIVE TO THE BOUNDARIES (OR THOSE THAT SEEK IT OUT) IT'S A HAVEN OF BOTH INFORMATION AND INTERVENTION.

UNION CITY

SURROUNDED BY THE HIGH PLANES AND BLUFFS OF THE VAST EXPANSE, UNION CITY IS MORE MODERN THAN WE ON THIS SIDE MAY GIVE IT CREDIT FOR; FILLED WITH INDUSTRY AND ADVANCES IN TECHNOLOGY NOT WIDELY SPREAD (YET, GIVE IT TIME), UNION CITY LURES THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST TO ITS HIGH WALLS FILLED WITH METALLURGY WORKSHOPS AND CHEMISTS LABORATORIES. CENTURIES AGO, THIS WAS A FAR-FLUNG MILITARY OUTPOST, PUT IN PLACE TO TRAIN SOLDIERS IN THE BARREN LANDSCAPE. IN CURRENT TIMES, THE FORTRESS STANDS LESS TO KEEP OUT ENEMIES AS IT DOES TO KEEP THE EXPERIMENTS INSIDE. IT IS ALSO A FREQUENT PILGRIMAGE SITE DURING THE TWO SOLSTICE DAYS OF EACH YEAR, AS THE SKY IS VAST AND MAKES FOR VIEWING THE STARS (AND THE DIVINES WHO PUT THEM THERE) A TRANSCENDING EXPERIENCE (BOTH LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY, DEPENDING ON WHO YOU ASK).



“IF FATE WERE DECIDED LIKE THE OUTCOME OF A POKER HAND, THERE WOULD BE TWELVE PLAYERS AT THE TABLE, ALL WITH THEIR EYES ON THE WORLD.”

- KNOX FREEMAN

THE DIVINES

TWELVE BEINGS (A LOOSE DEFINITION) CREATED THE WORLD WE SEE AROUND US, AND IT’S THOSE TWELVE SETS OF HANDS THAT KEEP EVERYTHING MOVING. EVERY BIT OF MAGIC, EVERY FEELING OF INSPIRATION, EACH STEP THEIR HUMANS TAKE IN THEIR LIVES HAS BEEN NUDGED (OR PUSHED) TO THE WILL OF ONE (OR MANY) OF THEM.

WHILE EVERYONE HAS SOMEONE WATCHING OVER THEM (ACTIVELY OR OTHERWISE), IT’S RUMORED THAT CATCHING THE EYE OF ANOTHER DIVINE CAN LEAD TO BLESSINGS (OR CURSES) BEING GIVEN OUTSIDE OF THE ONES THAT FATE WOULD HAVE AT THE FIRST READING.



WHAT GOOD IS KNOWING YOUR FATE IF YOU DON’T DO YOUR BEST TO F— IT UP?

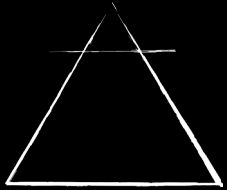
– WILDER PARK (PROBABLY)

THE CARDS

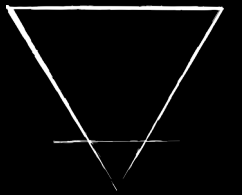
DIVINATION IS A KEY COMPONENT IN SOCIETY, AND IS ONE OF THE CORE COMMONALITIES BETWEEN EVERY NATION KNOWN TO EXIST (AND EVEN THOSE THAT AREN’T KNOWN YET).

WHEN A BABY IS BORN, WITHIN THE FIRST HOURS OF THEIR FIRST BREATHS, A CIRCLE IS CAST AND THE CARDS ARE READ. THIS IS OFTEN DONE BY EITHER AN ELDER FAMILY MEMBER (THE OLDER THEY ARE, THE CLOSER TO THE DIVINES THEY GET) OR A MEMBER OF THE LOCAL TEMPLE (OR COVEN, OR HOUSE OF THEY).

IN SOME CASES, THE CARDS DRAW THEMSELVES. THEY HAVE A HABIT OF FALLING (THROWING THEMSELVES) OFF SHELVES OR TABLES, SPLAYING CARDS OUT AND REVEALING THE FATE OF THE CHILD.



THEIR STORY (AND OURS)



THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, BEFORE BCE BECAME CE, THE DOORWAYS BETWEEN WORLDS WERE UNLOCKED. THEN, THE CHILDREN STARTED TO GO MISSING. INTERROGATIONS TURNED TO MOB MENTALITY, WHICH TURNED INTO SKIRMISHES, AND EVOLVED INTO WHAT IS NOW CALLED THE GREAT WAR. THE DOORS WERE LOCKED BY THEIR HANDS, THE KEYS TOSSED INTO THE WORLD, THEIR PURPOSE AND FORMS LEFT UNSAID TO THE HUMANS BELOW.

KNOWLEDGE WAS LOST WITH TIME, AS IT ALWAYS GOES. OUR WORLD PROGRESSED, WE MINED THE EARTH, STRIPPED IT OF ITS RESOURCES AND CONTINUE TO TAKE WHAT WE THINK IS OURS WITH NO HEED FOR CONSEQUENCES. ON THE OTHER SIDE, THEIRS THRIVES WITHOUT MODERN BURDENS. NO INTERNET, VERY LITTLE ELECTRICITY, FREE OF THE WEIGHT THAT COME WITH ADVANCED TECHNOLOGIES. THE DIVINES RULE THE LANDS, DICTATE GOVERNMENTS AND DECIDE THE FATES OF EVERYONE THAT LIVES THERE.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE CAN ONLY LAST FOR SO LONG. THE KEYS HAVE BEEN FOUND (THEY WEREN'T ENTIRELY MISSING), AND THE BARRIERS ARE GROWING THINNER AND THINNER WITH EACH PASSING DAY. STONE TURNS GOSSAMER AT THE HANDS OF FATE AND TIME, AND WHEN WILDER AND EMERIC WANDER THROUGH ONE BY ACCIDENT, THEY BEGIN A CHAIN REACTION.

MONARCHIES FALL, THE BALANCE OF POWER IS SHIFTED, ALL AT THE HANDS OF TWO MEN WHO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THEIR FATES. THEY'RE JOINED BY KNOX, THOUGHT TO BE LOST TO TIME AND DISTANCE, WHO IS THE FIRST RECORDED HUMAN TO WILLFULLY DECIDE HIS OWN FATE.

THEY WILL SUCCEED IN SOME WAYS. POWER WILL BE RESTORED, THE DIVINES WILL FIND BALANCE, CHILDREN WILL COME HOME. IT WILL COME AT A PRICE.



A PAGE FROM A BOOK...



“MY APOLOGIES, BUT COULD YOU REPEAT THAT ONE MORE TIME?”

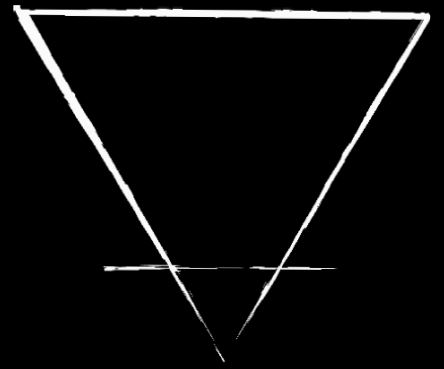
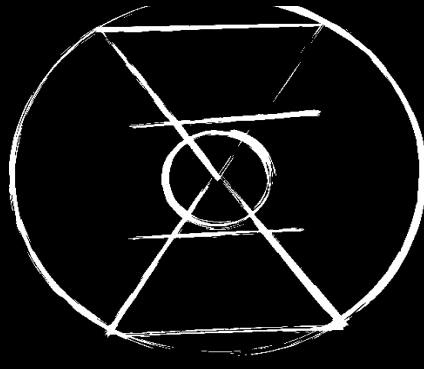
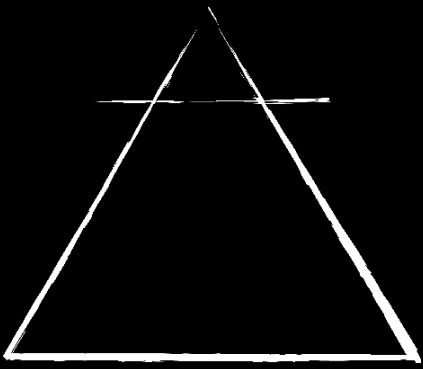
THE OFFICE WAS DIMLY LIT, CANDLES THAT DANCED IN BLUE AND ORANGE FLAME FLICKERED WITHIN THEIR GLASS PRISONS, CASTING HARSH SHADOWS ACROSS THE DESK. PAPERS WERE NEATLY STACKED TO ONE SIDE, THE QUILL DRIPPING INK INTO THE POT AS ROWAN HELD IT SLIGHTLY ALOFT. THE CHRONICLER AND ARCHIVIST IN TRAINING LOOKED UP FROM HIS PAPERS, LOOKING OVER THE NEWCOMER ACROSS FROM HIM AS IF HE WERE SOME COMPLEX MATH PROBLEM IN NEED OF SOLVING.

“I DON’T KNOW WHAT YOU’RE ASKING ME FOR, LIKE DO YOU NEED MY STAR SIGN?” WILDER’S BROWS WERE PINCHED TOGETHER, MATCHED ROWAN’S OWN LOOK OF PERPLEXITY. ALTHOUGH THEY WERE SPEAKING THE SAME LANGUAGE, A BARRIER WAS SLOWLY ERECTING ITSELF BETWEEN THEM.

“YOUR WHAT?” ROWAN COULDN’T HIDE THE CONFUSION ON HIS FACE. “I ASKED WHAT YOUR FATE WAS, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS A STAR SIGN?” IT WAS LIKE SPEAKING TO A CHILD, EXCEPT THAT WILDER WAS EQUAL HIS AGE AND HALF A HEAD TALLER.

“DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT THEIR FATE IS?” INCREDULOUS IMPATIENCE BROKE INTO WILDER’S TONE, AND AS MUCH AS HE TRIED TO KEEP A LEVEL HEAD ABOUT THE ENTIRE SITUATION, HOURS OF INTERROGATIONS AND CONFUSION LEFT HIM MORE THAN TESTY. WHAT HE WOULDN’T GIVE FOR A SMOKE BREAK.

“EVERYONE KNOWS IT. IT’S DRAWN WHEN YOU’RE BORN.” ROWAN KEPT HIS TONE NEUTRAL IN CONTRAST, ALMOST DEADPAN, AS IF HE COULDN’T BEGIN TO DEVOTE EMOTIONAL SPACE TO WHAT WAS UNFOLDING IN FRONT OF HIM. WHAT PERSON DIDN’T KNOW THEIR FATE? WHO LIVED THEIR LIVES DEVOID OF THAT BLESSING, OF THE BURDEN AND WEIGHT OF IT?



FOLDING HIS ARMS ACROSS HIS CHEST, WILDER WIDENED HIS LEGS, SLUMPED IN THE CHAIR LIKE THIS WAS HIS OFFICE BACK HOME.

“OKAY WELL THERE’S OUR FIRST ISSUE, I WAS ABANDONED AS A NEW-BORN IN A GARBAGE CAN.”

SILENCE PERMEATED THE WELL-OILED WOOD DESK, SEEPED INTO THE PAGES OF EVERY BOOK THAT LINED THE SHELVES AROUND THEM. AFTER IT HAD STEEPED IN THE ROOM LONG ENOUGH TO ALMOST GROW BITTER, ROWAN LET OUT A SIGH THAT SEEMED TO WEIGH HALF AS MUCH AS HE DID, PUT THE QUILL BACK INTO THE POT, AND LET HIS HEAD FALL INTO HIS PALMS.

“SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHERE OR WHEN YOU WERE BORN, NO INFORMATION ON IF YOUR PARENTS DID A READING FOR YOU, AND YET YOU WERE ABLE TO JUST OPEN A GATE THAT’S BEEN SEALED SHUT FOR MILLENNIA?” ROWAN MISSED WILDER SHRUG HIS SHOULDERS, DARK EYES RIMMED IN SHADOW.

“PRETTY MUCH, YEAH.” MAYBE IT WAS THE BLASÉ WAY HE ANSWERED THE QUESTION, OR THAT HE CONFIRMED WHAT ROWAN MUST HAVE BEEN DREADING, BUT WILDER BASKED IN THE DEFEATED SLUMP OF THE OTHER MAN’S SHOULDERS.

“I...WELL, TO BE QUITE HONEST WITH YOU, I DON’T KNOW HOW TO PROCEED. IF YOU DON’T KNOW WHICH OF THE DIVINES WAS THERE FOR YOUR BIRTH, I MEAN, IT’S UNPRECEDENTED TO SAY THE LEAST!” THE ALMOST-SMILE THAT HAD BEEN LINGERING ON WILDER’S FACE BROKE FREE OF ITS CONFINES, SPREAD WIDE AND SHARP ACROSS HIS FACE.

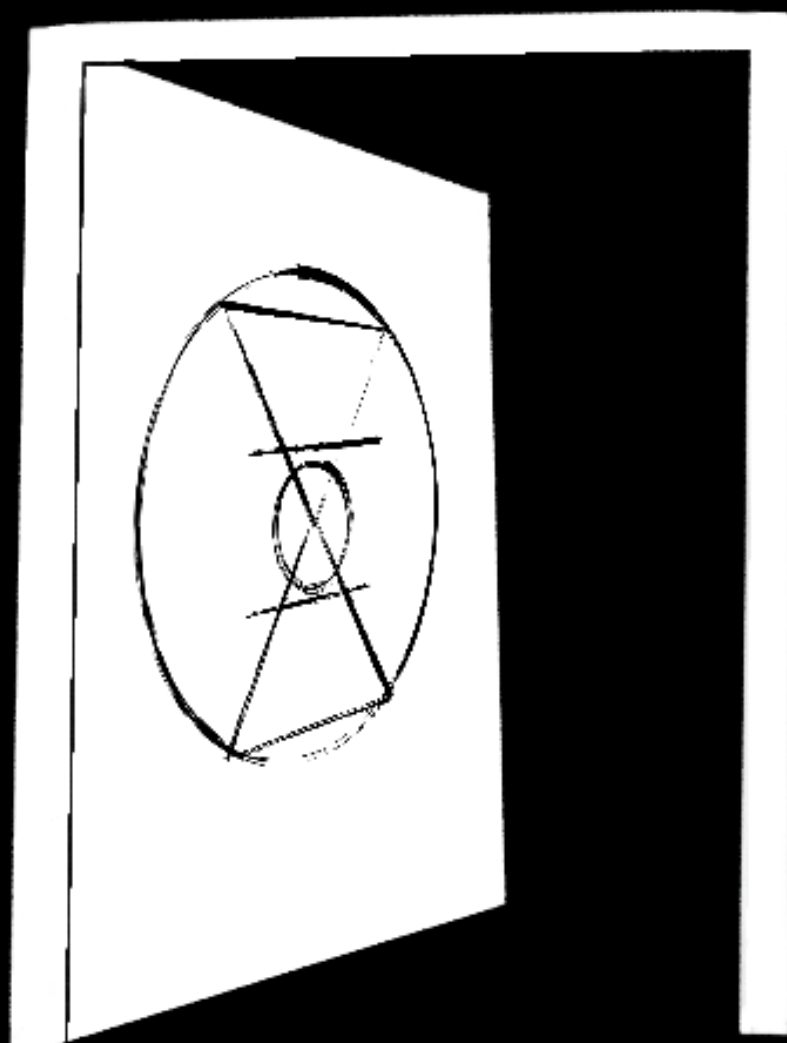
“FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING, I GUESS.”

REFERENCES

ALL OTHER ART FEATURED IN THIS
PROJECT ARE PERSONAL AND BELONG
TO THE STUDENT (AIMEE BAKER)

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