SCRIPT

Para 1

You’re standing on the secluded grounds of Cockatoo Island, no doubt seeking an adventure that assures closure upon your distant beliefs of the past and supernatural. I suggest not, as souls have dispersed and many leave this place only with an echo at the back of their minds… no? I see you are courageous. Continue in your hearts wake, if you must.

Para 2

Not many have it in them to take on the fear to step towards these buildings. Even though it has been silent for centuries. People have claimed to have heard horse whinnies and screams of a woman and child. And a constant bang and sawing of timbre from the mill.

Para 3

Let me begin by telling you a story, whether you believe it, it’s entirely up to you. A man lived a content life with his wife and daughter tending to the grounds and animals while he shed perspiration at the mill. Until the most unfortunate event took place right after his daughter’s 13th birthday. Driving the father to the verge of insanity.

Para 4

To your left, looking at the second story, I’m sure you are wondering why there’s a door in the middle of the wall. How do I know? I can read your mind. I know your feelings. Once upon a time the old man intended to complete it with a set of stairs, only forced to stop in the conscience of his wife. You see, for a tragedy took the life of his wife, Lady Anne they called her. This is where he begins to spiral.

Para 5

There were stories from villages that once something of a deceased person is complete, their spirits become evil. Even up until now, the door has been left untouched for many, many years.

Para 6

Let’s just walk a little further.

Para 7

To your left, yes, that’s right. What you hear is fire. You have come before the significant site that caused such trauma and tragedy. What you’re looking at are the old stables of the Anderson’s. Only refurbished when the witnessed haunting subsided, and stopped when Lady Anne returned to swoop upon and cause trouble to those who disturb her resting place.

Para 8

Let’s move on.

Para 9

Lets walk a little towards the fence to your right. The loss of Lady Anne unhinged the man, everyday he would be at the mill. Working.. working.. he lost care for anything else - even his 13 year old daughter. A few months later another regretful incident drove the man completely over the edge. His daughter, Andrea, was tending to the grounds when an unfortunate trip tipped her over the edge of the small cliff. Her spirit have now known to have rekindled with those of her mother. Now whenever anyone draws near the fenced off cliff edge, all they claim to hear is a hollow whooshing sound of the wind. Even on dead quiet nights where no such disturbance exists.

Para 10

Again, the man worked at the mill, only this time nobody ever saw him again. Never again did he leave the sanctuary of his mill. only surviving on the supply of rations that have remained in the mill since the passing of his daughter. Until one night the power went out. He ventured to the powerbox, as you can see to your right. One short circuit fused and exploded. Do you hear sounds from within the mill? Listen carefully.

Para 11

Nobody is in there.

Para 12

The man finally joined his beloved wife and daughter. Now their spirits roam this area.

Para 13

Just incase you were wondering. Look up to the nearest window. His name was Charles.

Para 14

An area they once and still call home, some say their spirits left for good, others believe they’re still around.

Para 15

You might see a family of ducks waddling innocently around. That is them.

After the stables burnt down, villages could hear Annes screams along with frightened horses and their gallop.

(Lady Annes pigpen. Only the father made sure the pigs were slaughtered not long after her death. )