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## Beyond the Closet Door

Posted by Ehzoterik - 2007/09/22 06:12

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Mysterious fliers have begun to spring up all over town! Plastered on telephone poles, light posts, building walls and so much more. Everywhere! They look a lot like this:

<http://www.mutualendeavors.org/images/fbfiles/images/ehzflier.JPG>

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## Re:Beyond the Closet Door

Posted by Ehzoterik - 2007/09/30 21:39

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And then it came to pass...

It was as though a million monkeys all cried out at once, and then ... were silenced.\* Except the voices didn't belong to monkeys. In fact, most of them belonged to small children who were very accustomed to monsters living in their closets. The strange occurrences that shook the multiverse in the early hours of the first day in October startled many of them from their beds in a shrieking fright.

No door was safe -- except perhaps those magically warded or otherwise barred. Closets and cupboards and storage rooms. Anything with a door which opened out and revealed a space for putting things flung themselves open at a stroke of twelve chimes after midnight. The very moment that Ehzoterik VonArcanum Tempestas turned her key.

Some bore witness. Some bonked their heads. Some were bowled over by the shockwave of energy because of the simple misfortune of standing there with the door already open when the gates snapped wide open. Some slept through the chaos without even so much as twitching an eyelid awake from their dreams.

But for those who were curious enough to investigate further, there was something very strange about their closet doors hanging wide open. There was a deep and distant sound that came from the way back depths of the rear closet wall. A constant pulse of a bass beat no louder than the thump of a heart. A sound that steadily got louder the deeper in one dared to step. Becoming the loudest only when touching against the back wall and learning the miraculous truth that the wall itself was naught but an illusion and could be passed through like air.

Beyond the closet door was something spectacular, and chances were that some of the brave few would find themselves tumbling into dust. For there beyond awaits the barren wasteland known as Limbo. And there before your very eyes stands the House That Limbo Built. Which is where the music is coming from.

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## Re:Beyond the Closet Door

Posted by Ehzoterik - 2007/09/30 22:17

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Billy Bumbridge was a brave little boy. Just the sort of curious boy to have found it very strange to see thousands of mysterious fliers plastered all about town. He took one down and marveled at the mystery of it for a week's worth of many long hours. He had traced the multi-colored crayon craftsmanship of the letters several times over, until he'd rubbed them nearly completely off. Then came the day.

When his parents put him to bed, he had pretended to fall asleep. He listened with ears and eyes wide open. Watched the lights of his house flicker on and off through the crack under his bedroom door. Heard the creaks and moans of the floorboards until they were no more. Stared at his clock and listened to the hollow echo of the minutes ticking by. Until he saw the numbers creep closer and closer to midnight.

He sat up in his bed slowly and peered expectantly at the closet door across the way. He pulled the curious flier out from under his pillow and clutched it to his lap. At twelve ticking tocks after midnight, his closet door flung itself open and smacked against the wall. It gave him such a fright that he leaped clear from his bed, but did not stop there. The amazing uncertainty of this single warned-about moment sent him tumbling into the hall beyond his room, flinging his paper high and shouting to the entire dreaming household: "It's real! It's real! It's really, really real!"

None had chance to ask him precisely what he was screaming about in his buzzing excitement, and Billy Bumbridge didn't rightly know himself. Only two long hours later did his parents finally find him, still racing through the city streets and shouting his revelation to the stars. It is believed he was hauled back to his bed by his ear and scolded soundly for waking the neighbors.

