

MANAGER OF MONSTERS



Behind one unlabeled door,
every workday became a kingdom.

Evan Rook
knew every
shortcut in
the store.



The new door
was not on
the map.



It opened
like any other
problem he was
expected to solve.



At first, it
was only
overstock.



Then the inventory
forgot what stores
were for.



Hours passed before
Evan noticed the door
was gone.



He called
into the shelves.



The answer was
a growl with
Marcy's posture.



Evan remembered
the one threat she
respected: a
double shift.



The monster obeyed.



Every creature was
someone he almost
remembered.



Every memory
was a leash.



Return policy.
Write-up. Double shift.



The storage room bowed
to ordinary words.



Control became
easier than escape.



The store, the mall,
the map, even his own
last name thinned away.



The room gave him
a crown for forgetting.



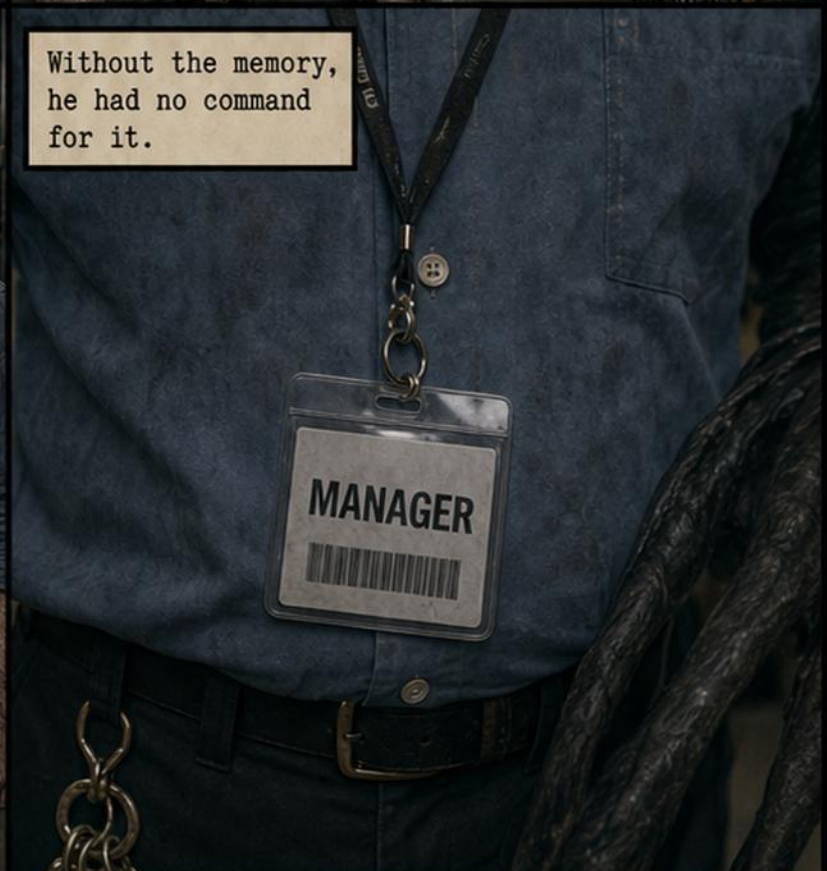
Then the room made
a monster from
Evan himself.



It looked too much
like the life he had
misplaced.



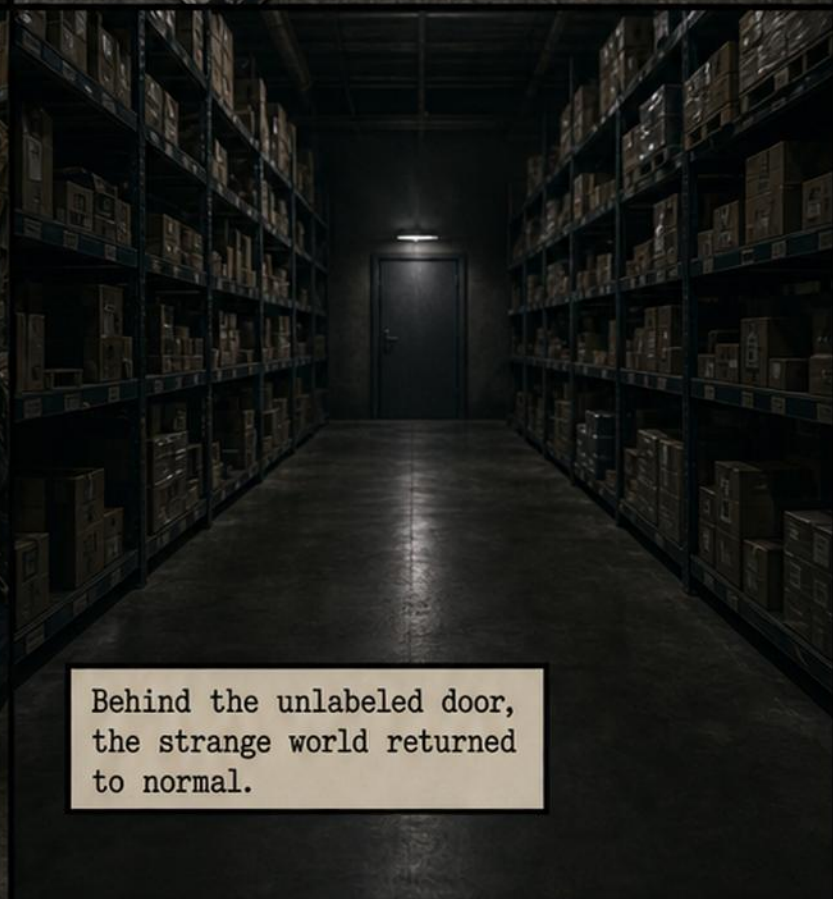
Without the memory,
he had no command
for it.



The king was gone
like a bad shift ending.



His subjects remembered
what he forgot: he was
not one of them.



Behind the unlabeled door,
the strange world returned
to normal.