

The Black Door at the End of the White Hallway

*This report is a collected description of excerpts and detailed analysis of the undated journal of one Mr. Martin Maxwell. Currently in possession of [REDACTED] Police Department, held under suspicion of connection to Case [REDACTED]-[REDACTED]. Document is not to be released to the general public without written permission of Commanding Officer [REDACTED] or a person(s) of higher authority. Report made by lead investigator Robert [REDACTED] on September 14th, [REDACTED]. Should a potential inconsistency be spotted, contact Anthony [REDACTED] at ([REDACTED]) [REDACTED]-[REDACTED] for immediate clarification.*

**Begin Logue.**

“If you are reading this, then- well, I’m not sure. Anything could have happened to me if I truly saw what I saw. I could be anywhere. Let me say this first. No, I’m not crazy. It might seem like it, trust me, I’ve considered the possibility, but I. am. not. crazy.”

Item #1: The above text is a transcribed recreation of writing found on a scrap piece of paper taped onto a 200 page silver journal belonging to Martin Maxwell, whether it was taped to the journal before or after the below recordings were written is unclear. The note suggests Maxwell intended these journals be found and read by someone. Who he intended to read them is not clear, as there is no address to his family or any one person.

“Sometimes there is a black door at the end of my hallway. I know this is impossible. Due to the orientation of the house, a door in that space on the second floor would lead directly to a 30 foot drop and a fastpass to heaven (~~or hell~~). However, a month or so back I swear I could see it hanging in that contrasted, snow white space, silently towering over my relaxed, tired body and encompassing my whole vision.

I have only seen it a couple times since then, it is always in the same position. Closed, and judging by the bolt, locked. It has never caused an issue, there are no ghosts or ominous feelings. Just a door that is sometimes there and sometimes not. Still, I feel a form of curiosity

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looking at the impossible entrance, not only because of the spacial abnormality, but also because it appears to be positioned with it's back to me, as if it was made to enter into *my* home."

Item #2: A transcription of the page labeled as "1" in the margins of the silver notebook owned by Maxwell. It appears to be his first account of the doorway. The document calls into question the sanity of Maxwell, as the event described is impossible to have occurred as he states. He seems to be aware of the unfeasible nature of the black door, yet still entertains it as if it were reality.

"I write this in the dead of a relaxed, snowy night. I believe I may have seen something I shouldn't have. The door was open, just a crack. Even at this quiet hour, I couldn't resist knowing something I had no right to know. I crept forth silently from my bedroom on all fours and peeked into that tantalizing crevice of wonders. Through the crack in the door I could see it in all it's strange, horrid beauty. *The Forest*. For a moment, I merely sat there, mouth agape, staring at the impossibility. The sky was a fiery purple, and the clumped collection of trees the door was in the middle of were a cool light blue. As I was attempting to comprehend the insanity of the sight, I saw something most men couldn't even imagine.

A creature skittered into view. It was a bipedal, monkey-like animal with no fur and smooth, muscly skin the same color as the trees (I presume for camouflage purposes). It's arms and legs were thick and muscly. Jutting from it's head was a large snout that looked almost like a stiff elephant trunk. Then, it gazed at me curiously, turning its head slightly. The creature's eyes were red, a beautiful ruby red. It lumbered on for a moment, before losing interest and disappearing peacefully through the trees. Before I could gain a better look, the door shut suddenly, leaving me in eerie, cold blackness. I sat there in my newfound darkness for what felt like hours, before gathering enough composure to write this entry. Words cannot describe my horror, fascination, and confusion at this black irregularity. I am as frightened by it as I am

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compelled to it. There is one thing my mind keeps returning to, no matter how much I try to forget. Those *eyes*. Those beautiful, *red eyes*.”

Item #3: Another transcription from the silver notebook, this time labeled “4” in the margins. Despite the implications of the numbering, investigation of both Maxwell's house and various tests on the notebook revealed no trace of Entries 2 and 3. Maxwell's medical records show no sign of a mental condition. Practicing psychologist Dr. Emile Corenthal rates a psychotic break as most plausible.

“6 hours, I was through that accursed door for 6 hours at that point. The tiny room they gave me only felt smaller overtime, I could see the streets outside go from populated and teeming with the bustling movement of my peers to a barren set of concrete walkways. I would've prayed for god, but I knew this was beyond even the most omnipotents grasp. My cell was a repurposed business room, with about twelve empty chairs strewn around the large table in the center, making what would be a regular sized room into a cramped space that only further served to fuel my anxiety. That maddening doorway contains places we as a species could never hope to fully understand. In the center of the front wall was a clock, it was almost at the height of the ceiling, *ticking*. I didn't even notice it at first, but after 3 hours I could feel it's noise traveling through me more than my own heartbeat. Nobody spoke to me for the first few hours, I merely sat in silence and waited for someone to address me. *tick*. Eventually, the head came and spoke to me, informing me that I would be there longer than expected. I thought that meant I would be out in 2 hours, not 6. *tick*. They left me there for another 3 hours before a concerned friend came and spoke to me. She brought me a plastic cup of water and a small quiche, it was cold. I didn't mind though, it was the best meal I've ever eaten. *tick*. She had to leave, and I was stuck again for what felt like eternity. Somewhere around the 3rd or 4th hour a mosquito began flying around the room, it was fast, I didn't even bother to try and catch it, even when it would hover over me hungrily. *tick*. I could hear a voice echo loudly across the empty grounds, it said something clearly, I don't remember what, only that it was something I had said. They were

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replacing me. *tick*. I couldn't blame them, they had to do something to cover me. Still, I jumped out of my seat and began to pace, my knees frequently knocking into the strewn about chairs as my mind raced and made up all sorts of scenarios of varying degrees of satisfaction. I was talking to myself, and knew I was going crazy. I sat down and stayed still, trying to do anything to keep my composure. I kept telling myself to relax, and keep my nerve. If I could do that, keep my nerve, I could do this. The mosquito got close to my face and buzzed lightly in my ear. *tick*.

I smacked it before it could dodge, and was out of my seat in an instant. It was writhing on the floor, trying to get off it's back. I brought down my foot heel first, I wasn't even thinking. I can still hear the explosion of sound made when my boot connected with the floor. It was almost like a clapping noise, filled with such violence, misery, and hate that the thought alone still keeps me up at night. I put my foot up and looked at the mosquito. Normally, they go flat, with a few stray parts of the body twitching or sticking up grotesquely. That wasn't the case here; you couldn't even tell it was once a living creature, it was in such small pieces that it could've been confused for grains of dirt. I looked at the remains of the mosquito a little longer, and sat back down silently. *tick*."

Item #4: A transcription of the final page in Martin Maxwell's notebook. The page was labeled "7" in the margins and was signed at the bottom as "From the Foreign Inhabitant of the town in Grey Shades." Similar to earlier, no traces of Entries 5 and 6 were found. Who Maxwell's friend, peers, and captors are is unknown. Maxwell has been missing for over 4 months at the date of writing and all attempts at contact have failed. Case is to be considered closed on [REDACTED] and will be filed as unresolved unless further evidence comes to light.

***End Logue.***

Lead investigator Robert Attenborough stared at his old brick of a computer. Light reflected off the green words "End Logue" lamely and illuminated the room around him. The dust in the air was dense and visible through the rays. He didn't buy the story. He simply couldn't believe such

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a normal and elegant man like Maxwell would snap and lose his marbles just like that, and even if he did, that still didn't explain where Maxwell was. There was nothing to be done though.

Robert couldn't magic up an explanation for all the hocus pocus Maxwell wrote, and despite his best efforts, couldn't even find Maxwell himself.

Robert rose from his seat, put on his brown hat, and moved to leave. He paused at the doorway, teetering on one foot, the blood in his skin running colder than the dead as grey thoughts swam through his mind. Out of the corner of his eye he could faintly see it. The outline of a thin, black door, sitting complacently in a space which Robert knew was just a wall. He blinked while turning back, and when he opened his eyes it was gone. Time stretched for hours across those moments while he sat staring at the vacant space on the wall. His racing thoughts were interrupted by a sound that pierced his ears like an icepick to the brain, it was a grey clock hanging on the wall behind him, *ticking*. Robert took a deep breath, turned one final time, and walked away.