

Contents

1 The Beginning

1

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In the beginning, there was a door. It was neither a large door, nor a small one, but rather an instrument of special necessity, sometimes referred to as a *Steak Special*. As far as the door could tell¹, life was a good and beautiful thing. Its masters were kindly — kind by any means for a comfortable and — and so the door enjoyed what love and peace a door can know.

Was this door one of the anthropomorphic variety, it would perhaps have been surprised that Sebastian Boliver did not much care for entryways and portions. Naturally, such a degree of uninterest may be met at all around in the *Common Man*², but on the subject of doors, Sebastian had established a deep and full-bodied philosophy. While many people might exclaim that “life is an open door,” usually they would be speaking in a decidedly figurative sense. Sebastian held no such misconceptions. People in his line of work often fell into a rather introspective frame of mind, and so this was not altogether surprising. Sebastian truly believed in the doors of life; he simply tended to close them.

Of course, other individuals have similar tendencies, and Sebastian was by no means an absolute exception. Doors, after all, are very easily closed, and if only by rule of entropy, a great many people close them. Nonetheless,

¹Not very far.

²A common misconception — the common man makes the doors.