

THE FORGOTTEN GATE



The Secret of the Whispering Garden

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HANK & BELLA'S CYBERPUNK ADVENTURES



Hank and Bella stood at the edge of the overgrown garden, where the setting sun cast long, twisted shadows across the path. The air grew strangely cold, and the birds suddenly stopped singing as they ventured deeper into the brambles.



Hidden behind a thick curtain of ancient ivy, they discovered a heavy iron door embedded in the hillside. Rust flaked off the handle as Bella reached out to touch the cold metal, feeling a strange vibration beneath her fingers.



With a combined effort, they pushed the creaking door open to reveal a narrow stone staircase descending into a pitch-black void. Hank clicked on his flashlight, its beam dancing nervously over the damp, mossy walls.

CYBERPUNK CONVERGENCE



As they stepped onto the first landing, the heavy iron door behind them swung shut with a deafening boom. They pulled at the handle, but it wouldn't budge, leaving them trapped in the silence of the underground chamber.



The flashlight beam swept across a large room filled with rows of antique porcelain dolls sitting on wooden shelves. Their painted faces were cracked, and their glassy eyes seemed to follow the children's every move.



A rhythmic tapping sound echoed through the room, sounding like tiny fingers drumming against the stone floor. Hank gripped Bella's hand tightly as they realized the sound was coming from the shadows just beyond the light.



Bella gasped when she noticed a doll that was previously on the far shelf was now sitting on a stool right beside them. Every time the flashlight flickered or turned away, the dolls seemed to shift their positions.

FROZEN FEAR



Suddenly, a freezing gust of wind swept through the airless room, extinguishing the flashlight and plunging them into total darkness. The tapping sound grew louder and faster, turning into a frantic scratching against the floorboards.



Hank felt along the wall and his hand brushed against a cold, metallic lever hidden behind a tapestry. He pulled it with all his might just as a pale, porcelain hand reached out from the darkness toward his shoulder.



A secret panel slid open, and the children scrambled through, emerging into the cool night air of the garden. They didn't look back as the iron door locked itself, leaving the whispering dolls and their secrets deep underground.