

THE MONSTERS OF THE CLOSET DOOR

by
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Jan was a sloppy child. He didn't take good care of his things at all. Blocks and cars were lying around on the floor, the Teddy Bear was hanging on the doorknob by a string and the corners of picture books were curled. mother scolded Jan all the time:

“How come you're so sloppy! good children always clean up the mess after playing.”



Sometimes Jan tried to be a good child and pick up his things, but already the next day he left everything lying around.

One evening, when Jan was in bed, he looked at the wooden pattern on the closet door and started imagining all sorts of things. It seemed to him that one long zig-zag stripe is a river and the darker

patches next to it are bushes. After he looked a little bit longer, he already pictured imaginary mountains in the distance and some sort of strange town. This was more like a cave town.



Jan kept on looking and looking and finally something very strange happened. It seemed as though somebody had moved in one of the caves. Jan strained his eyes and indeed – long shadows moved around in other caves as well.

Jan got scared and pulled the blanket over his head. When he peeked out from under the blanket again, there was silence in the caves. Jan kept on looking and suddenly long moving shadows showed up in the caves again. The shadows looked like big

monsters who kept bumping into one another while bustling back and forth.

Finally, Jan started to feel as if the monsters were headed towards him. They got bigger and bigger and Jan backed off with the bed away from them. The room stretched and became very, very big. So big that the window from which the street lamp could be seen, shrunk to a tiny spot in the distance.

Together with the room, Jan's fear also grew. The bed in which he lay turned into a wagon and the Rocking Horse that had otherwise been lying on its side in the corner, was now hitched to Jan's bed and looked to be the size of a real horse.



The monsters on the closet door had already grown so big that they didn't fit on the closet door

anymore and climbed off it. They stamped their ugly hoofs and swung their long hands with three fingers at Jan.

“Gee up!” Jan shouted at the Rocking Horse and it started galloping head over heels. The opposite side of the room had to be somewhere far on the horizon and they headed in that direction.

“What am I going to do now?” Jan wondered. The horrible clip-clop of monsters could be heard in the distance and they were followed by a whirling cloud of dust.

One particularly big monster spouted fire out of its nostrils and bellowed in an awful voice.

“I need help!” Jan thought. “Where are my tanks and tin soldiers? Where are my blocks for building a fortress?”



The Rocking Horse was coming to the door that led to the corridor. The door was so big and high that Jan had to push his head backwards to see the end of it. Up there, Jan's Teddy Bear was hanging on a string. The Teddy Bear had also grown a lot and now seemed many times bigger than Jan.

"Whoa!" said Jan and the Rocking Horse stopped. "We have to get him down from there! He would protect us from the monsters!"

"He is so high up!" shouted the Rocking Horse. "We need a fire truck ladder!"

"We don't have any time!" Jan thought and looked in the direction of the monsters. Those, however, kept getting closer and closer with the whirling cloud of dust.

"Let's find the soldiers!" shouted Jan to the horse and their ride continued along the side of the wall. After a few minutes of speeding, they noticed a tin soldier who was sitting on the floor with his back against the wall and peacefully puffing his pipe.

"Trouble is coming!" Jan shouted from afar already. "Big monsters! lots of monsters!"

The old tin soldier got himself up and looked at the horizon. The cloud of dust that the monsters were whirling could already be clearly seen.

"Where are the rest of the soldiers?" Jan asked.

"Where did you leave them?" the tin soldier asked in return. Now suddenly Jan was very angry with himself.

“The armchair!” came to his mind. “The last time I pushed them out of the way under the armchair, so that mother wouldn’t see and I wouldn’t have to clean up.”



The tin soldier jumped on the wagon and galloping, they headed towards the armchair that was as high as a mountain in the distance. When they got there, they saw twenty soldiers carelessly deep in slumber on the ground. Some snored so heavily that the carpet hairs swayed.

“Trouble!” shouted Jan. “Big trouble!”

One officer sat up and looked at Jan drowsily.

“It was you that left us here lying down under the armchair!”

“I’m sorry!” mumbled Jan and his cheeks turned red.

“Wake up!” shouted the officer and the soldiers jumped up one after another. Then the officer commanded:

“Dress! Attention!”



Jan stood up and explained to the warriors:

“The monsters of the closet door came out of their caves and now they want to conquer our room. We have to kick them back!” the soldiers looked at the cloud of dust growing in the distance and the oldest of them took the floor:

“Here we would need Teddy Bear’s help and the tanks and the fortress.”

“The Teddy Bear is hanging on the doorknob...”
Jan looked down.

“So,” the officer took over control. “Rocking Horse and tin soldier number 4! you will attract the monsters away from the corridor door. We here will get in touch with the fire truck and try to get the Teddy Bear down from the doorknob.”



The Rocking Horse and the tin soldier number 4 galloped away, heading towards the monsters in order to attract them to the wrong side. The monsters took the bait and stormed head over heels after the Rocking Horse and the tin soldier.

“Tin soldiers number 1, 2, 3 and 5, 6, 7! you will get the dumper truck that is beside the foot of the

desk and find as many blocks as possible. Then you will drive them here and we will build ourselves a fortress. Is that clear?”

The soldiers raised their hands to their hats, said as if coming from one “Yes, sir!” and started to run towards the desk. The rest of the tin soldiers had to find the fire truck, get four tanks and seven armored cars from under the sofa.



The soldiers with the dumper truck were the first to get back to the armchair. They brought a carrier full of blocks and started to build a fortress right away. Jan helped them diligently.

Soon a rumble was heard from the other side and the red fire truck arrived.

“So now we will help the Teddy Bear down from the knob!” shouted Jan and energetically jumped on the car’s running board. Having driven to the door that leads to the corridor at full speed, they quickly rolled up the ladder.



The Teddy Bear was able to put his leg on the upper stick and pulled the string loose from the knob. With a loud thump he jumped on the carpet and looked down on Jan.

“All right!” he put his heavy paw on the boy’s shoulder and added:

“There is no time at the moment to explain how bad it is to be hanging on the knob. Right now we have to drive the monsters of the closet door back to their caves.”

The war machines also arrived soon with a loud rumble – four tanks and seven armored trucks. They lined up in front of the newly built fortress and remained waiting for the enemy.

The tin soldier number 4 had already circled around the other side of the room several times and the monsters were furious because they couldn't keep up with the Rocking Horse. They were panting out loud and bellowing with anger. Suddenly the biggest monster stopped and said in a roaring voice rolling its big red eyes:

“I think they are trying to pull our legs. We have rushed by the mirror closet several times already. They could themselves be on the other side of the room altogether. Let's head in that direction!” the monsters growled ominously and headed towards the opposite side of the room.



“They’re coming!” panted tin soldier number 4 when he got to the others. “They figured out we were cheating them!”

“It’s alright!” said Jan. “We have made all the preparations – we built a fortress of the blocks, saved the Teddy Bear from the knob with the help of the fire truck and we brought the war machines. We are not afraid of monsters when we are all together!”

The cloud of dust was coming closer already and the biggest monster was galloping right in front. Fire spouted from its mouth once more and again he bellowed in an awful voice.



“Set!” shouted the officer and the tin soldiers raised the guns to their shoulders. The war machines started their engines and the Teddy Bear stood next

to the fortress with his hands on his hips. When the monsters had come close enough, the officer commanded:

“Fire!” there was a sound of a powerful salvo and the monsters were entirely buried under the cloud of smoke.

Barely half of them showed up again. The rest of them were injured and lying down.

Now the Teddy Bear stepped forward in all his greatness and walked decisively to meet the chief of the monsters. The soldiers ran after him. Soon the two enemies stood face to face and stared at each other crossly.



“Go back to where you came from!” said the

Teddy Bear in an angry voice.

“There are more of us now and we will beat you anyway!”

The chief of the monsters bellowed angrily again and rolled his eyes.

“Every day you are scattered around the room, how is it that you are all together now?” he asked in a mocking tone of voice and looked at the properly lined up soldiers, the beautifully laid fortress wall and the threatening tank barrels.

“Jan picked us together,” said the Teddy Bear and took a threatening step forward.



The chief of the monsters backed off in front of him and soon the rest of the monsters took to their

heels towards the closet. Their frightening chief loafed behind them unwillingly and soon they were out of sight.

The soldiers, Jan, the Teddy Bear and even the Rocking Horse raised a victory cry and stamped their feet together in a circle.



When they got tired, Jan said:

“So now we will go home all together – to the toy box. It is time for us to rest. Agree?”

“Yeah!” everybody shouted simultaneously and Jan climbed on the wagon behind the Rocking Horse which, after all, was really his bed.

Near the toy box Jan waved to everybody and wished them good night. The Teddy Bear put his

paw on Jan's shoulder for the last time and said:

“Good night, Jan! you were a good boy!”

When everybody was gone, Jan laid down in the wagon and it turned into a bed again. The room around him slowly shrunk and the Rocking Horse was faithfully standing at the foot of his bed without saying a word.



Jan looked at the closet door and didn't see a move in the caves anymore. Soon he fell into a deep sleep and the last thing he remembered was the rain shower behind the window and a rainbow-colored circle around the bulb of the street lamp.

The next day, when they were sitting around the table with the family and eating, mother said to the

father in a sly voice:

“It’s interesting, when I went to Jan’s room this morning, I didn’t step on any toys anymore. I wonder who picked them together so nicely?”

Jan picked on his egg dish with the fork and didn’t know what to say. Nobody would have believed him anyway. But since that time, Jan always gathers his toys together nicely after playing.

The Master of the Closet Door Monsters – Closet Monsty



People also call him the observer. He is an otherwise perfectly kind and tidy monster who only appears when the mess in the child's bedroom gets too big.

Then he comes down from the closet door and starts putting things away where he pleases. Afterwards nothing is where it's supposed to be any more and some things are impossible to find at all.

Closet Monsty has many eyes – there is an eye for each thing that's been left lying around.

Dusty



A monster with huge horns and a beard that reaches to the floor. Once the layer of dust has become thick enough, Dusty comes down from the closet door and starts swirling the dust around with his beard.

He is especially fond of the surfaces underneath the bed and the closet. You can also see Dusty on TV-screens that haven't been cleaned.

He is usually of the size of a fly and moves quickly, in zigzag motion. The thicker the layer of dust is the larger Dusty grows.

Rumor has it that once a humanized Dusty was seen in an old abandoned house.

Tell-tale Monsty



This monster keeps an eye on the things that the children are not allowed to have or others' things that the children have accidentally got hold of.

Forbidden things can mostly be found on Daddy's work desk and in its drawers, in the kitchen and in Mummy's purse.

Sometimes they are also on the dressing table, and in the closet, in Mummy and Daddy's coat pockets. If these things end up among children's toys for some reason, then the Tell-tale Monsty goes and whispers quietly in Mummy and Daddy's ear that these things are in the child's room.

Sometimes it causes a lot of trouble – it is said that some children have even been punished with a birch rod.

Shoe Monsty



His head looks like a trainer that has been soaking in the water and then dried and become all crinkled.

He loves shoes that have been thrown sloppily in the corner, under the bed or left lying in the middle of the room.

His favorite pastime is stealing shoe laces and tying them into knots that are impossible to untie.

According to unknown sources, in one family Shoe Monsty once tied twenty pairs of shoes together and hung them to a ceiling lamp.

Messy



Messy's job is messing around, turning messes into even bigger messes and provoking others.

He loves wallowing in unmade beds, throwing the sheet and the blanket to the floor and plucking feathers from the pillow.

Once the room is all nice and messy, and the Closet Door Monsters go about their everyday business, the Messy tramples around the room and agitates other monsters. Sometimes he gives longish agitating speeches about how to turn things into an even bigger mess.

Once he has nothing else left to say, he messes around, poking others with the pricks growing out of his head.

Totally Pointless Sack



Even the other Closet Door Monsters call him like that. The Totally Pointless Sack got his name from the fact that nobody needed him – and still doesn't.

He is full of old pointless rugs and he is being thrown around to get him out of the way. His main activity is being scary and sometimes he also goes mildewing in the pantry, in the basement and in the attic.

A long time ago, when he was still needed, someone even sewed a patch on him. The Totally Pointless Sack is always telling about it with pride and in length.

The End