



TIME IS A CLOSET

Art and Story by Mei Fujimatsu





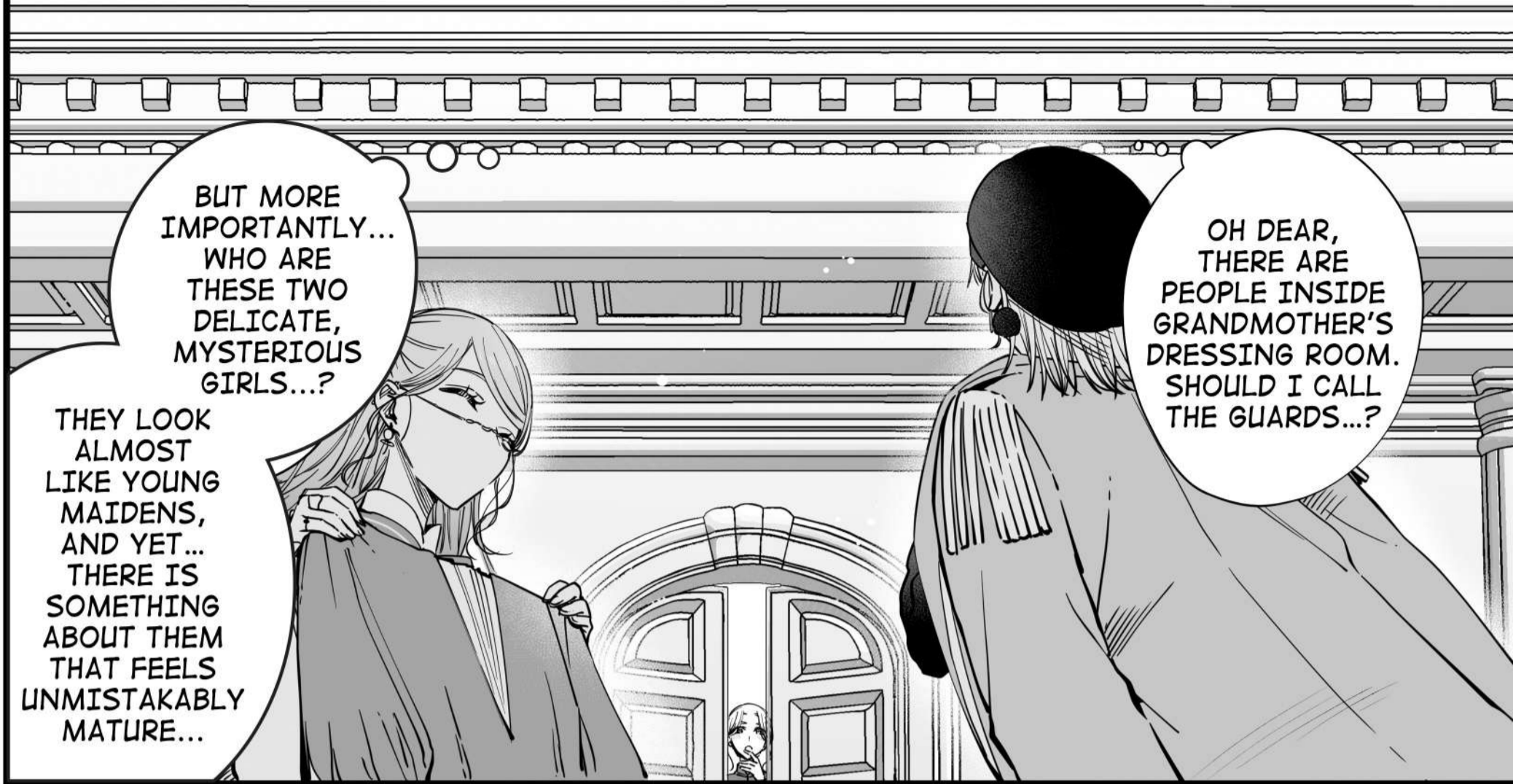
IT WAS
ALWAYS
KEPT
LOCKED.

EVEN I,
HER OWN
GRAND-
DAUGHTER,
WAS NEVER
ALLOWED
TO ENTER
WITHOUT
PERMISSION.

GRAND-
MOTHER'S
DRESSING
ROOM, WHICH
HAD REMAINED
SHUT EVER
SINCE HER
PASSING,
WAS OPEN.



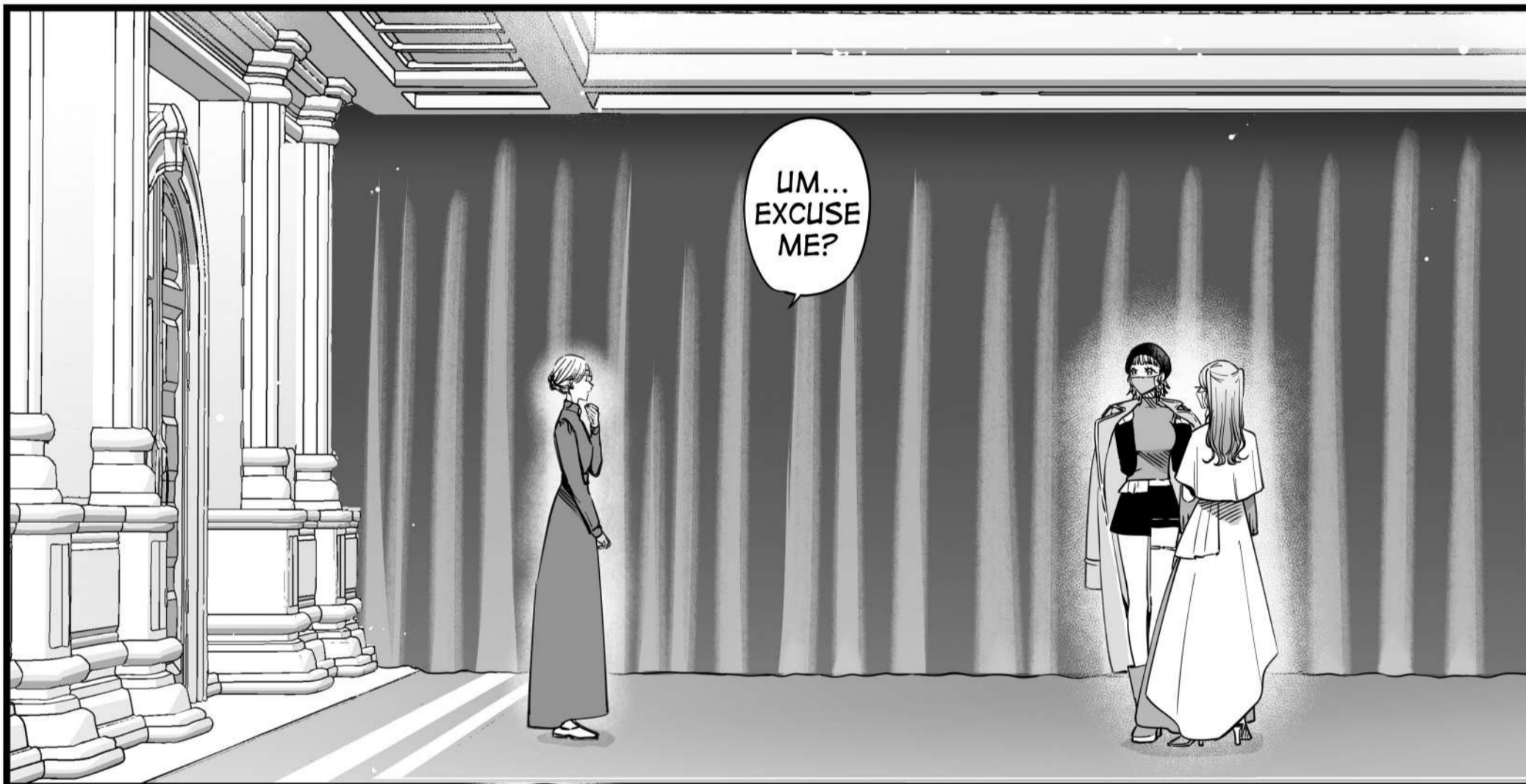
**GRANDMOTHER'S
PRECIOUS
DRESSING
ROOM...**



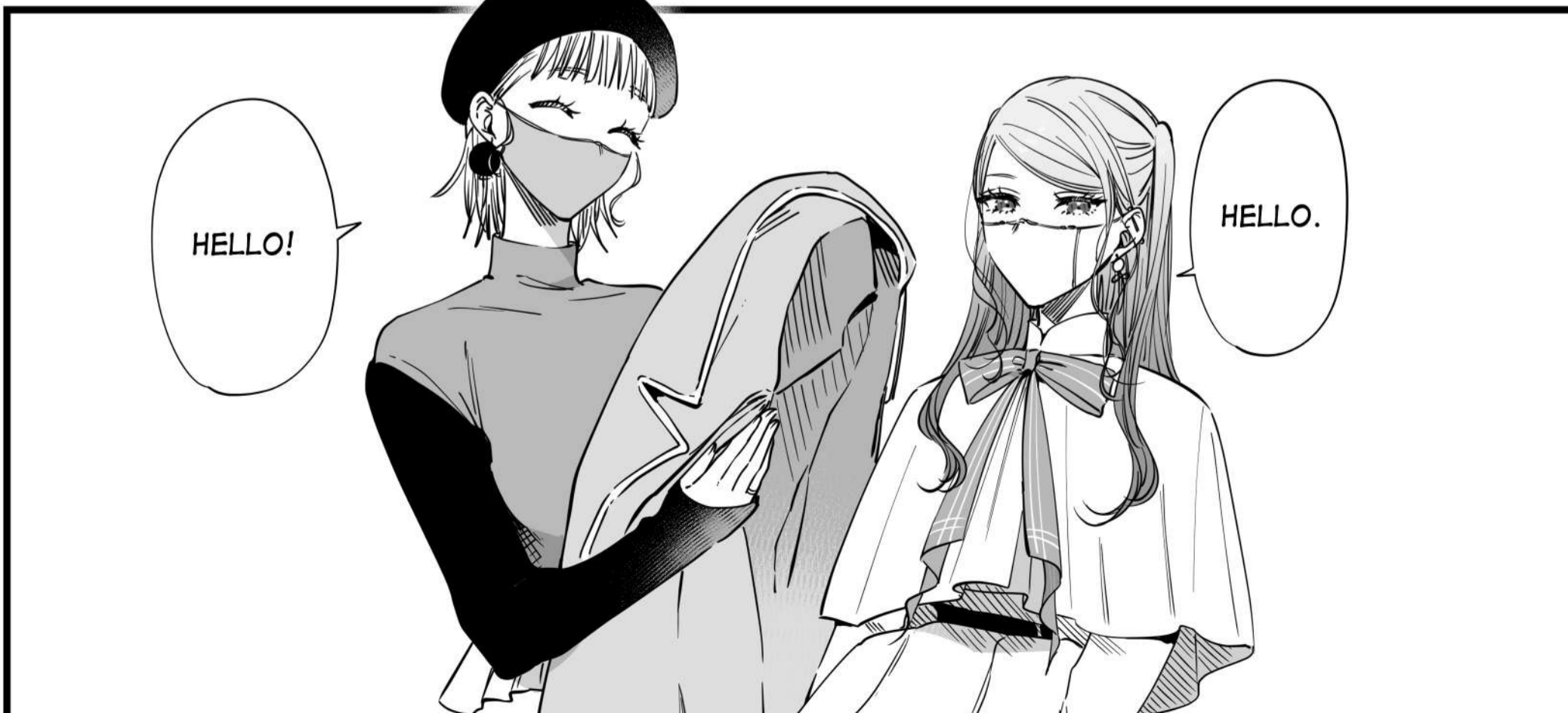
BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY... WHO ARE THESE TWO DELICATE, MYSTERIOUS GIRLS...?

THEY LOOK ALMOST LIKE YOUNG MAIDENS, AND YET... THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THEM THAT FEELS UNMISTAKABLY MATURE...

OH DEAR, THERE ARE PEOPLE INSIDE GRANDMOTHER'S DRESSING ROOM. SHOULD I CALL THE GUARDS...?



UM... EXCUSE ME?



HELLO!

HELLO.