

Once a favored spatula in an unassuming kitchenette, this artifact now drives all those who dare look upon it into a fevered madness. For the last three years it's been locked away in a lead-lined case, and while no one is sure that the lead is necessary, there's been a collective decision not to push anyone's luck on this one.

To look at it, one might assume this were nothing more than a tube of lipstick, but if you make the mistake of even brushing against it, the slightest touch will send you spiraling into a dimension of fire and pain from which you will emerge careening through the air hundreds of feet above your destination.

To look at it, this thin sliver might appear to be a splinter of wood, but its edges catch a light you cannot see. The closer you attempt to look, the deeper you'll gaze into a world not quite your own, some purple shore and the wreckage of a ship unlike anything in your wildest dream.

An empty candle holder, made of glass and rimmed with old wax. You can feel your childhood within it, a sensation you couldn't possibly describe in any other words. Somehow this candle is youth, is inexperience, is the clawing nostalgia that tells you how much better things used to be. Handle with care.

A mug of old, dried tea. The scent claws at the nose and imbeds within your mind an image of a better time, an image you had forgotten how to feel. It seems like nothing more important than a dirty cup, and yet to hold it you realize the insignificance of everything else.

A rusted old sword that is oddly warm to the touch. You once heard someone say that if you brought this blade into the forest under the light of a full moon, you'd be confronted with the shadow of an angel who once wielded this mighty weapon. Who can say if the strength of either the warrior or the weapon would reignite if the two were joined again?

A book. Bound in the traditional way, it holds nothing but pages and pages of the kind of light that blinds those who would look at it unprepared. Pages which are banned by those who refuse to accept that they might be expected to grow. Pages which, if left unchecked, might just change the world... or even more impressively: a mind.