



# DOORS

Beau & Zanna Lotto



This is a fable about FOMO.

A girl of great curiosity and openness is empowered by possibility.. by so many doors!  
But with each door comes anxiety. The anxiety of loss not gain. FOMO's curse!

When we live life trying to keep doors open for fear of missing out, doors will close.  
If you truly want to live life beautifully, you need to make choices. Not with certainty,  
but with uncertainty. Not with confidence, but with courage.

True courage is to choose to step forward across the threshold without knowing where  
your steps will lead on the other side. But how? How can you escape FOMO's curse?

Beau's mum and Zanna's grandmother has the answer. Her 13 words to live by: "Life is  
a series of choices and the essence of life is love". In a time of increasing anxiety,  
this fable is an essential reminder of the power of choosing to choose to live life  
beautifully: with love and consequence.

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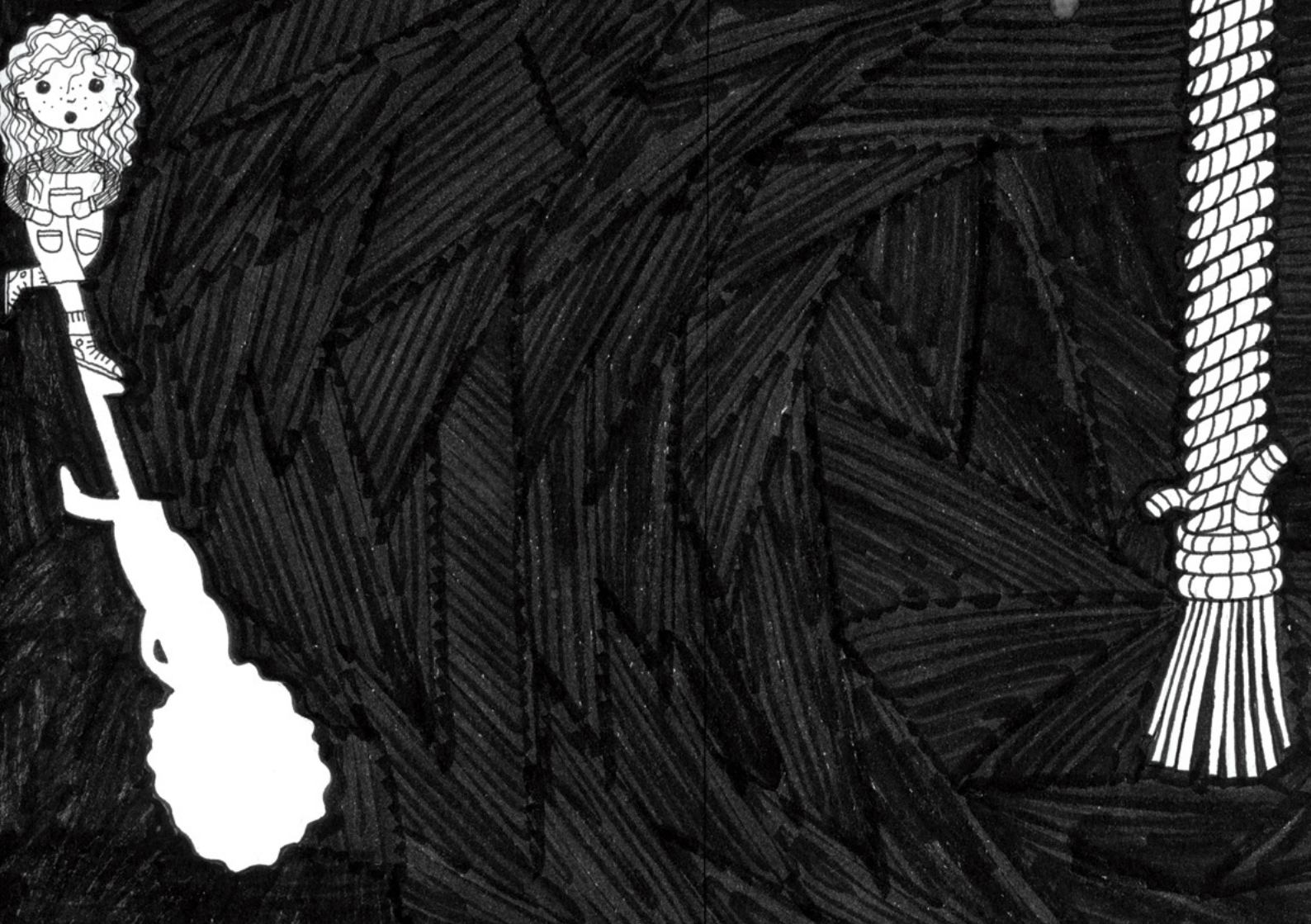
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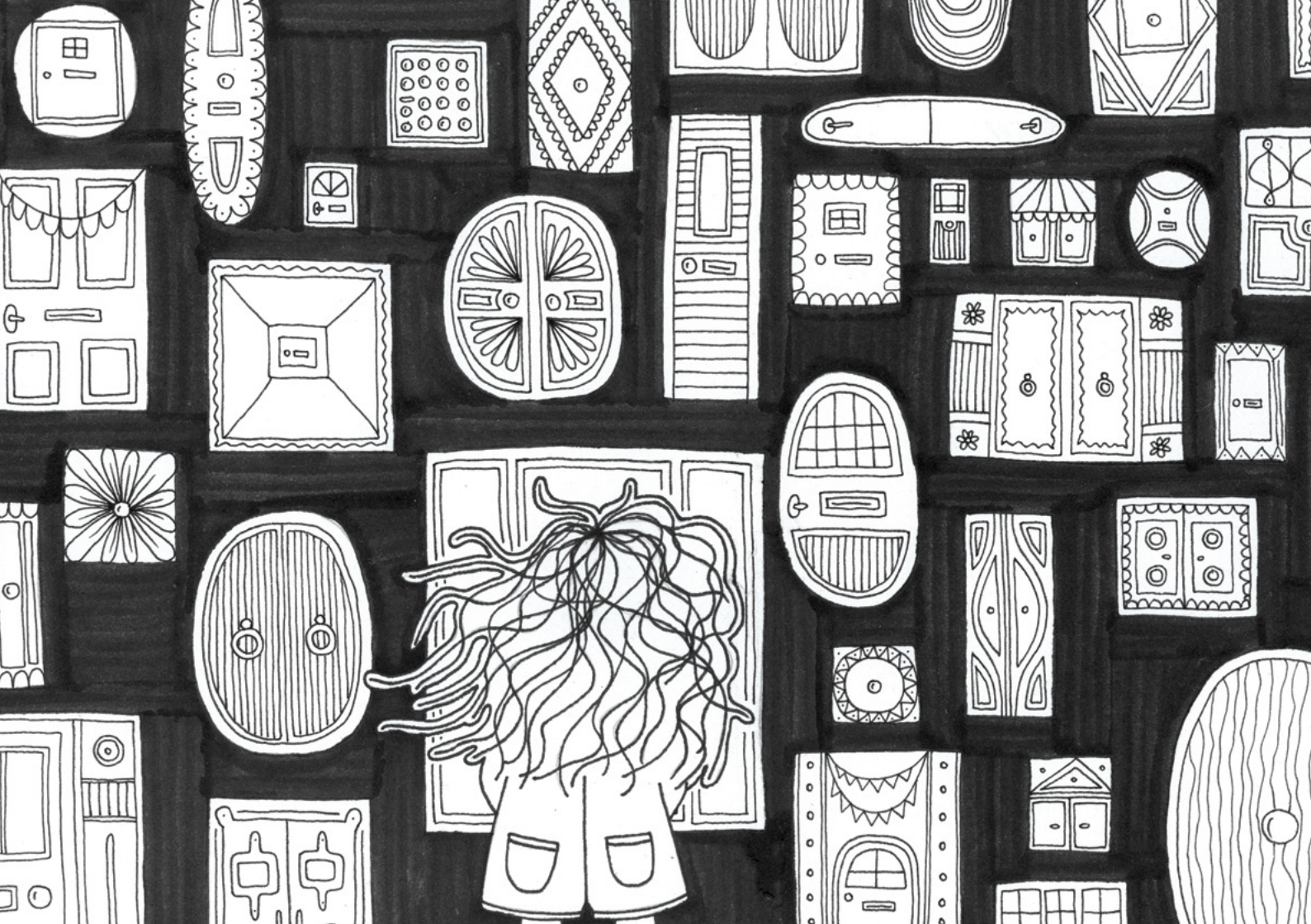
# DOORS

Words by Beau Lotto  
Illustrations by Zanna Lotto




Groping in the darkness that is all around,  
nothing felt, nothing found.  
She ventures to the middle,  
tentatively, and only just a little.

There she finds  
a rope of kinds,  
with hope and fear  
she pulls, and all is made clear.



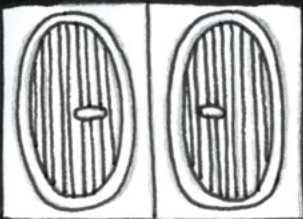




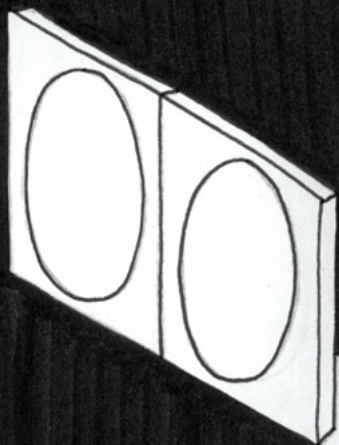
A shadowy light fells the room.  
From no source it seems to loom.  
As if from the air,  
Light springs forth, the darkness to tear.

Door after door  
each glittering gold they pour.  
Beautifully the same,  
though ornatation differing they exclaim.

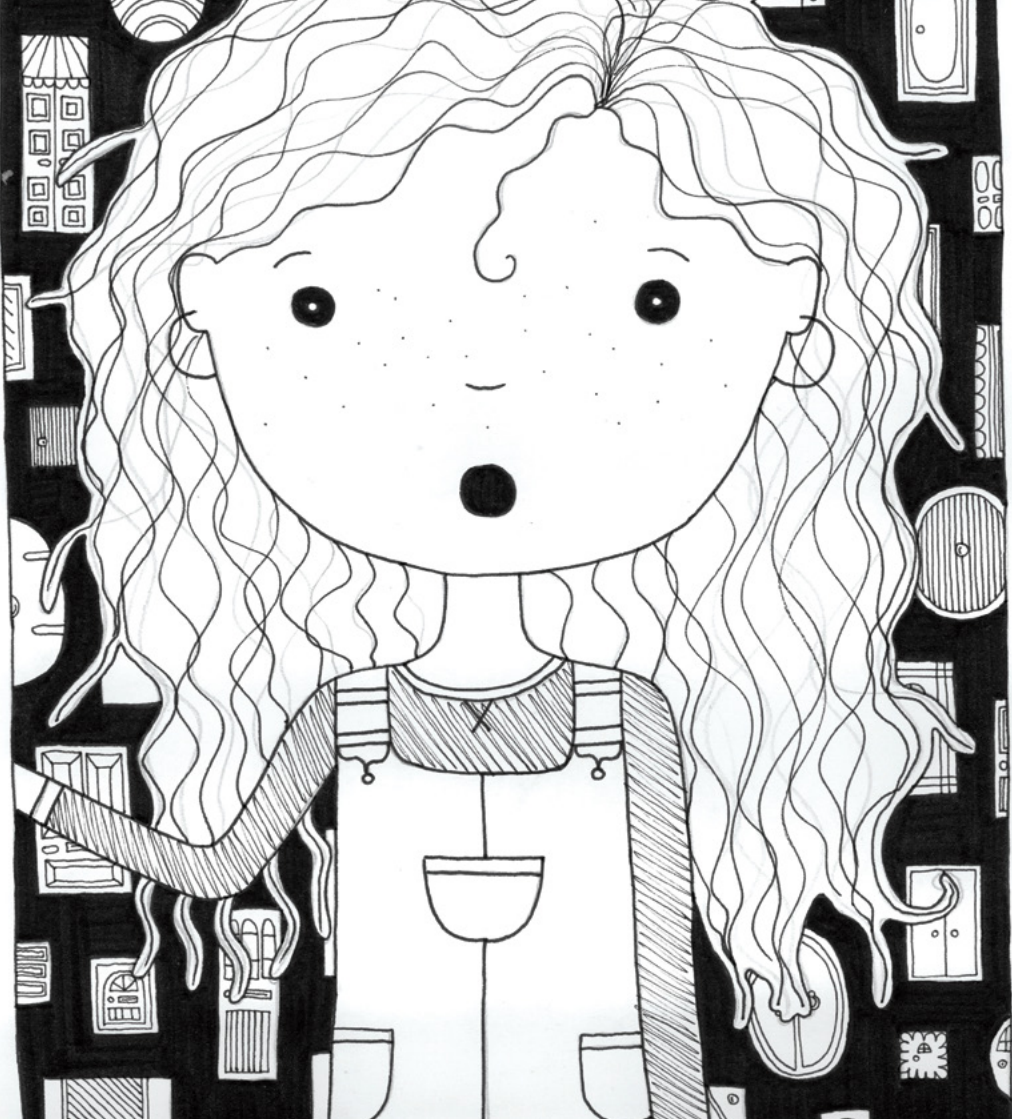
In this light they gleam.  
All so welcoming they seem.  
Where does each lead?  
Thoughts that pervade the soul to feed.



Tentatively,  
almost reluctantly,  
she moves towards one closet  
but then doubt manifest.

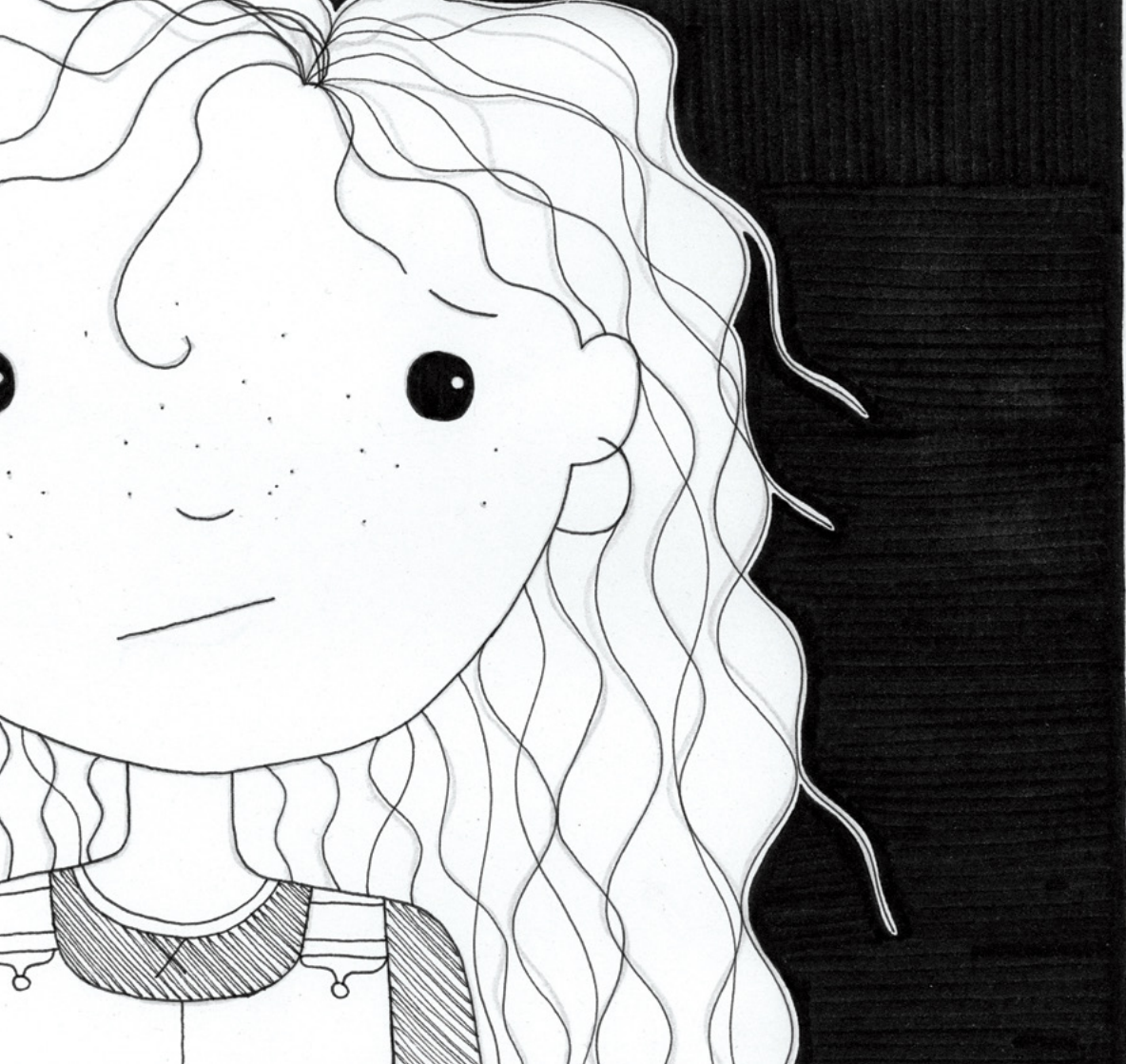


Locked it may be,  
ah, but no, it is free,  
And surprisingly light,  
it opens with little fight.



She opens it slowly and strains to see  
what beyond might be.

Darkness at first.  
Her curiosity begins to thirst.  
It seems a scene at red dawn  
of a house and a lawn.

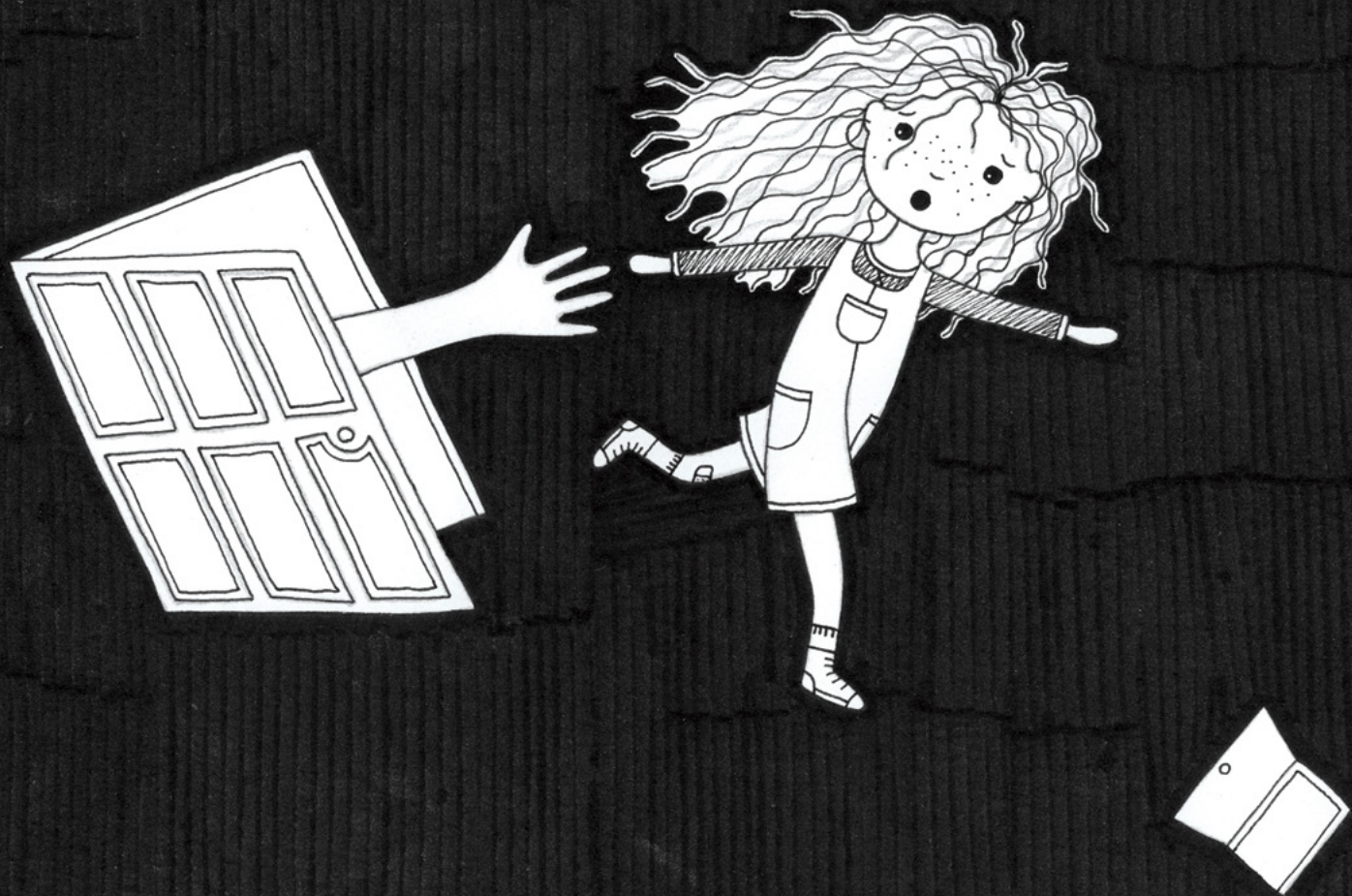




She is tempted, but not sure.  
Maybe deception there is pure.  
Before it becomes completely clear, another door  
throws open in fear.

From the first she turns her gaze  
to see where this other lays.  
Across the room  
it does loom.

It occurs... why enter the first,  
when it might be well versed  
in luring the proportion  
who too easily choose the first distortion?



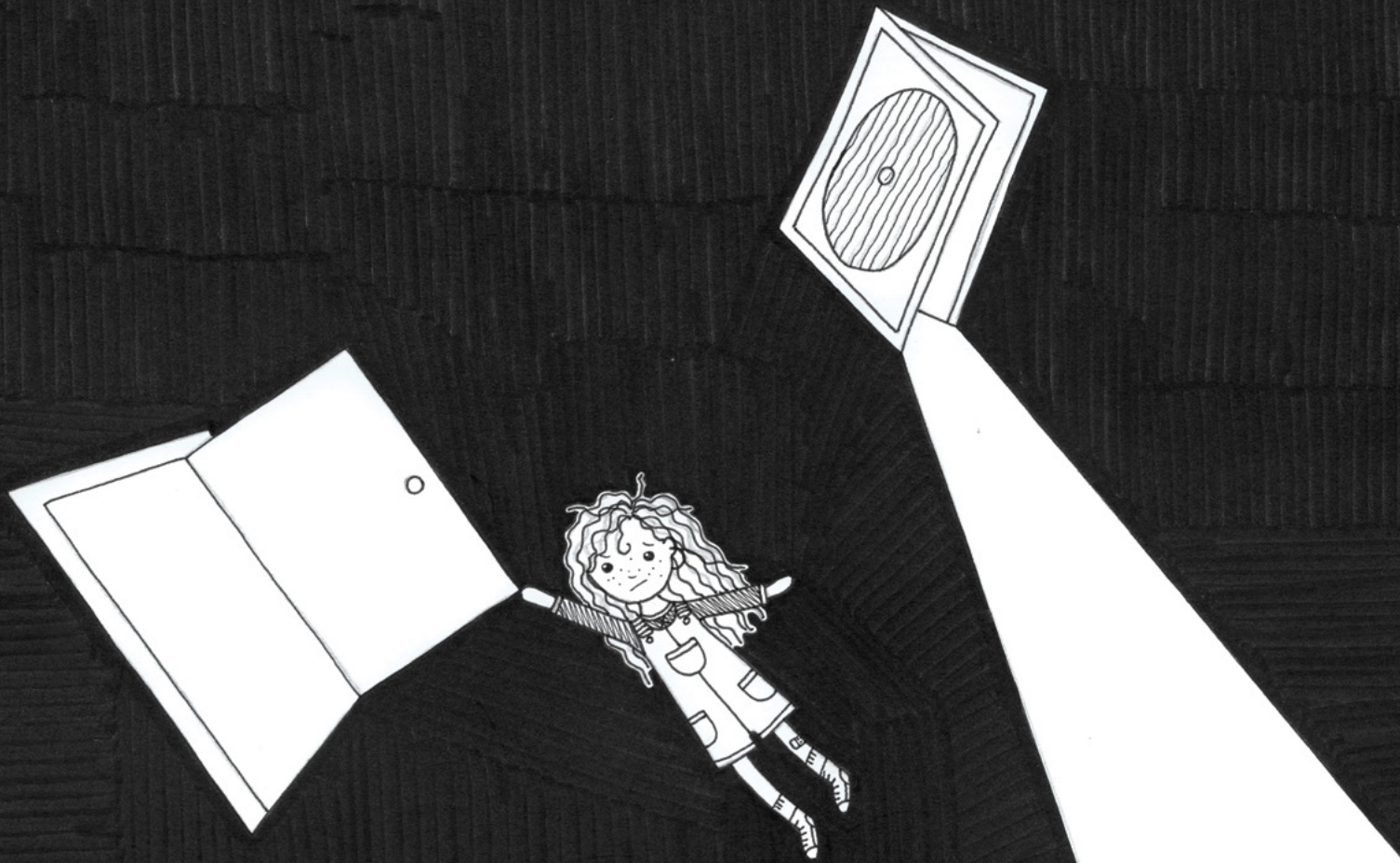
Well, the first she tries to leave  
but darkness catches her sleeve,  
for the door began to close in retort  
to her leaving... Why? It exhorts.

Fear begins to thread  
creating the dread  
that beyond the other  
maybe something better undercover.

Once shut  
locked I'll be,  
and you without  
my key.



Once shut locked I'll be  
and you without my key.



She looks in haste  
for anything to chaste  
the closing of this door,  
for the other is closing across the floor.







The book you're holding was created by the love between a father and daughter both of whom in their 20s... thirty years apart. The words were penned by Beau when he was 24 years old. Exactly thirty years later Zanna penned the illustrations also at 24 years old. Beauty finds its place with the grace of time.