

Operation WATERMELON CRANKSHAFT

Time to put together an ontological strike team: some poor bastard's figured out how to access higher dimensions again.

Although 'higher' is the wrong term; it implies that the other spatial dimensions (the ones we can't detect or at least model) are somehow 'better' than ours. Honestly? They're not. You could theoretically use them to do things that our perceptual framework would find magical or miraculous or maddening, sure. But the entities in those dimensions would find all the random stuff we do regularly in space-time equally wonderful/amazing/horrifying. It's literally a matter of one's point of view.

What makes this situation more than a mildly interesting opportunity for philosophical musing is that -- with the right kind of mind, and the wrong sort of luck -- one can kind of make *use* of one or more of those additional spatial dimensions. The things you can do with that sort of metaphysical hack are very limited, and mostly good for moving things oddly through space-time (which is less useful than you'd think), but you can also set up limited communications with beings who use those different dimensions. You can even visit those dimensions!

...Assuming you don't mind being instantly killed in the process.

And *there's* the problem. There are some entities out there that are -- well, we're not sure if 'malevolent' is a fair term to use. Perhaps they are shining ethical and moral paragons in their own realities. But by *our* standards, they're nasty creatures that actively encourage humans to use impromptu portals to make one-way trips.

Naturally, they won't stop until somebody shuts down the portals, typically with extreme prejudice. The good news is, those creatures can't survive in our dimension any more than we can in theirs. The bad news is, the longer one a portal exists, the more warped space-time around it gets. That warping will include any lifeforms located around the portals, and the changes to their physiologies or behaviors are neither pretty, nor particularly safe to be around.

Also? For some reason, the aforementioned warping tends to default to tentacles. If you see things like odd tendrils and inky black vines, you might as well light the flamethrower. In *these* dimensions, at least, efficiency is a virtue.