
IT WEARS THE TREES
The Face of Eerielhaus



Before the roads had names, the forest had a keeper.



It was not a man. It was not a beast.
It was the wood itself — given a face.



The face was woven from straw and
splintered dark wood,
and it never changed.
Bodies come and go. The face remains.



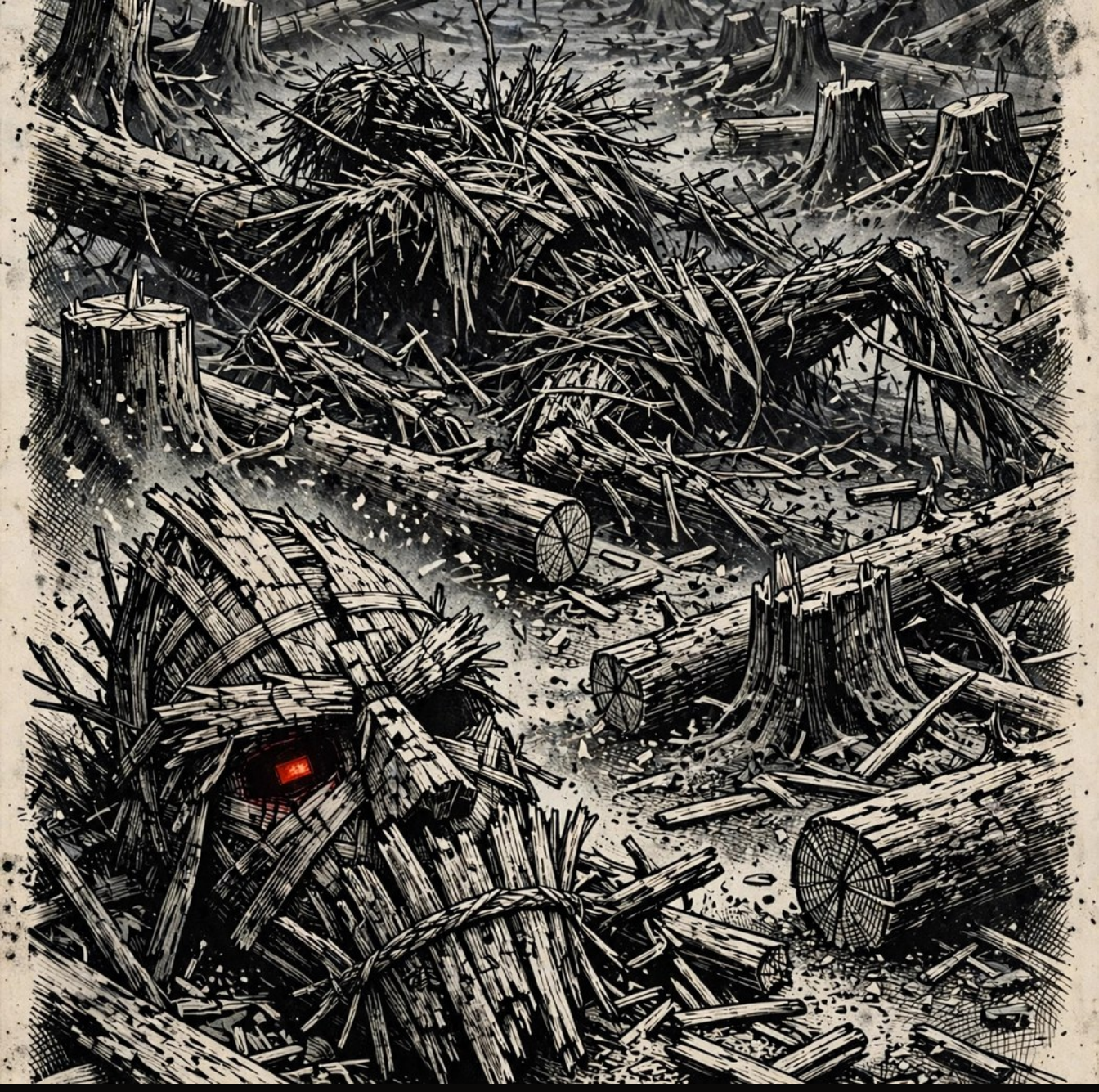
Its mouth was bound shut with crossed stakes and twine.
The things it might say were worse than the things it had done.



In its left eye burned a small red window. They say it is lit from inside. They say something lives behind it.



No one who stared into the window too long
ever spoke of what they saw.



Once, the village cut the forest down to build their houses.
They cut the keeper down with it.



But you cannot kill what the forest is.
It gathered the fallen trees — and wore them.



It rebuilt itself from the wreckage —
stronger than before.


IT NEVER DIES.



So the village built a house at the forest’s edge,
and hung a red lantern in its window —
so the keeper would know it was remembered.



The keeper came to the house.
It wears the trees — but it keeps the stories.


IT ALWAYS RETURNS.


THE FOREST IS ITS BODY.



Now the house is opening its doors.
Bring your stories. It is waiting.

The House Is Opening

Eeriehaus is a streaming home for independent horror — taking shape now, doors opening in early 2027.

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