

Diary Entry: Room 204, The Night Before

Found among the belongings of journalist Daniel Moore. Dated: March 27, 2024

I have been at the Riverside Guest House for two nights. From the outside it looks recently painted, but the walls seem to breathe when the wind moves. A low vibration runs under the floorboards, steady and rhythmic, as if something mechanical or alive moves beneath the rooms. The caretaker says it is the heating system, but the air stays cold.

I locked the door tonight. The handle shook once after midnight, a small rattle, like someone testing it from the other side. I told myself it was the building settling, yet the sound stopped the moment I held my breath. The river outside no longer flows. It pulses. Each pulse matches the flicker of the hallway light under the door.

The laptop froze again. The document I wrote last night had disappeared and a single line filled the screen: No signal. I deleted it three times. It returned each time until the screen went black. My reflection in the dark surface did not look like me. It was still and pale, waiting for me to move first.

There is soot on the inside of the window, shaped like fingerprints dragged upward. The glass feels cold in the center but warm near the edges, as if someone had been standing outside and breathing on it. I found a wire in my jacket pocket, thin and bent at one end. I have never seen it before. The clock beside the bed stopped again at 2:17 a.m., although I did not unplug it.

The caretaker has not been seen since yesterday. I hear footsteps in the hallway every hour. They stop outside my door, pause, and then fade backward down the hall. I called out once. The air vibrated in response, but no one answered.

If anyone finds this, check the USB inside the remote. That is where the real story is. I will leave the lamp on tonight. If the light goes out again, I will open the window and see what is trying to get in.