

“ That wasn’t supposed to happen ”

It was supposed to be a normal weekend. Rachel had planned it well, just a couple of days away from the city, a rented cabin near the woods. No distractions. Nothing to worry about. Just her, a book, and some peace. But when she arrived, something was horribly wrong. The cabin was too... perfect. The kind of perfect that made her flesh prickle. The furniture was new but somehow limited, like someone without taste had picked out at random from a catalog. The air was too clean, like it had been scrubbed clean. She shook off the creepy feeling, reminding herself to relax. But that night, when she went to bed, the dreams seemed to start. The same dream. Over and over again. She was standing in front of the cabin, staring at the door, but the door was not there. It was just an empty frame, dark and hollow. Then there was a figure behind her, too close. She could not see its face, but she felt it was there, waiting for something. The dream shattered as a voice said, "You shouldn't have come here." Rachel woke up in a cold sweat, disoriented. Her clock radio read 3:17 AM. She brushed it off as a bad dream. But when she looked at the door, it was...open. She locked the door, double-checked the windows, and climbed back into bed—forcing herself to believe it was just a dream. But the next night, the dream returned. The door was missing. The voice whispered. The presence is closer. And again, she woke at exactly 3:17 AM. From behind her, a voice breathed low and all too real. And that's when she realized “ That wasn’t supposed to happen”.