

The clock ticks, the fan hums softly. Ben sits across the psychiatrist, eyes heavy, and begins recounting the incident that changed everything.

Ben's car screeched to a stop late at night on a quiet stretch of NH48 Road. Shocked, he jumped out, heart racing. The road was silent, empty, except for the ticking of the engine. He looked around but saw nothing—no one. Still, he felt like someone had just been there.

Months passed. The memory faded but never left him. One evening, while driving, his phone rang. The screen said "Unknown." He hesitated, then picked up.

"I know what you did. You can't hide," a cold voice said.

Ben's breath caught. He hung up but couldn't shake the fear. When he reached home, the phone rang again.

"There's someone outside your door," the voice warned.

Ben grabbed a metal rod and slowly walked to the door. He looked through the peephole—no one. He opened the door. On the floor were a letter and a photo. The photo showed him by his car that night. In front of the car was a blurry figure.

His stomach dropped. That night, he had heard something and checked, but the road had seemed empty. Or so he thought.

He called the number back.

"No one was hurt," Ben said. "The photos are fake. Stop trying to scare me."

The voice replied, "I'm the one lying dead in that photo."

Ben froze. His face went pale.

"I've been waiting for this moment," the voice continued. "There's a gift in your car."

Ben ran outside. On the passenger seat was a small, wrapped box. Inside was another photo—from the same night. When he returned to his door, another envelope was there.

"You know what really happened," the letter read. "You can lie to others, but not to us."

His hands shook. The voice returned.

"What do you want me to do?" Ben asked.

"Read the letter again," it said.

He flipped the photo. This time it showed his front door. On the back was a message: You remember more than you admit.

Scared and angry, Ben called again.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Meet me where we first met," the voice replied.

That night, Ben went back to NH48 Road. He stood in the dark and called again.

"How does it feel," the voice whispered, "to stand where you killed me?"

Ben's voice shook. "I'm here. What do you want?"

"Now you must choose," the voice said.

"Choose what?"

"To remember me or forget me. Either way... it will haunt you forever."

Later, Ben ended a session early at his psychiatrist's office. The doctor took notes.

"There is no proof his story is real," he wrote. "The letters and photos could be from guilt or stress. He may be hallucinating. His fear is real—but may come from inside his mind."

That night, Ben went to his car. One mirror was folded in. Curious, he walked around and found a folded note near the bumper.

His hands trembled as he opened it.

It read:

Your decision will haunt you forever