

The Rule of Five O'Clock

Jatin



In the quiet, picturesque town, a strict and unsettling law hung in the air: nobody was ever allowed to watch the clouds after five o'clock in the evening. As the afternoon sun began to dip, an eerie silence settled over the streets.



Every day when the clock struck five, loud and mournful sirens echoed through the valley, prompting every resident to rush indoors and pull their heavy curtains shut. Adults spoke in hushed, frightened tones, warning that something terrifying lived in the clouds.



Driven by intense curiosity about the forbidden rule, a newcomer named Steve arrived in the town and decided to investigate its hidden history. He spent hours combing through the dusty shelves of the old library, searching for answers.



Among the decaying volumes, he uncovered a collection of missing persons reports, revealing that people had mysteriously vanished over the years right after watching the evening sky. The chilling pattern could no longer be ignored.



Buried deep beneath a pile of forgotten town records, Steve discovered his late grandfather's personal diary. Paging through the worn leather cover, he found a desperate and terrifying warning written in frantic handwriting that declared the clouds were its hiding place.



That very evening, the bright blue sky rapidly twisted into an unnatural, absolute blackness. At precisely five o'clock, every single light in the town went out simultaneously, plunging the streets into pitch darkness.



Standing alone in his darkened living room, Steve suddenly heard a faint, unearthly whisper calling out his name from the shadows outside. The sound seemed to drift down from the oppressive sky pressing against the windows.



Seeking distraction or connection, he pulled out his mobile phone, only to find the screen glowing with a single, blood-red message that read: IT HAS FOUND YOU.



The next morning, the house was deathly silent and completely devoid of life. Steve's family had vanished without a trace, leaving behind only an empty, echoing home.



On the kitchen table, illuminated by the pale morning light, rested a single, handwritten note addressed to him with a final, chilling command: NEVER LOOK UP AGAIN.