



The Woman in 4B

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Julian carried the last box of his belongings into apartment 4A on a chilly Tuesday evening. The dim hallway of the old apartment building smelled faintly of worn velvet and dust, promising a quiet and peaceful fresh start.



On Thursday morning at dawn, Julian stepped out for an early run, only to notice the door of 4B slightly cracked open. A woman in her mid-fifties, dressed in a faded gray cardigan, stood in the threshold and raised her hand, offering a polite and silent wave.



No matter the hour, whether it was midnight for groceries or mid-afternoon for mail, she was always there. Her quiet smile and gentle wave greeted Julian every single time he stepped out into the carpeted corridor.



Three weeks later, a sudden storm cut the building power, plunging the entire floor into pitch darkness. Armed only with a narrow flashlight beam, Julian stepped into the quiet hallway to check if anyone else was affected.



The beam of light caught door 4B wide open, revealing the woman standing motionless in the dark without any lights on. She was already facing Julian's door, smiling that same unsettling smile, mid-wave as if she had been waiting for hours.



Terrified by her instant presence in the dark, Julian stammered a nervous sentence and quickly retreated back inside, bolting the lock tight. He sat with his back pressed against the heavy wooden door for twenty minutes, listening to the suffocating silence outside.



The following morning, Julian visited the building manager's office down on the ground floor to ask about the woman across the hall. The manager looked at Julian with genuine confusion, insisting that apartment 4B had been completely vacant for over a year.



To prove his point, the manager pulled up the digital leasing records on his laptop screen. The official documents clearly showed that 4B had been strictly unoccupied since the previous tenant moved out after a tragic passing.



Shaken to his core, Julian spent the next two weeks hastily packing up his life into cardboard boxes, determined to leave. On his final night, he dragged his heavy luggage toward the entryway, eager to leave the apartment complex forever.



Before turning the door handle, Julian took one last glance through the brass peephole into the shadowy hallway. Door 4B stood wide open again, but the woman was no longer waving—she was simply standing frozen in the darkness, staring directly at his door as if she knew he was leaving.