



## The Mirror's Secret at 3:07 AM

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THE 3:07 AM GLITCH



Aarav sat alone in his dimly lit bedroom, the soft glow of his bedside lamp casting long, flickering shadows against the walls. The world outside was silent, wrapped in the heavy stillness of the early morning hours as he scrolled mindlessly through his phone.



Suddenly, at exactly 3:07 AM, his phone vibrated on the nightstand with a sharp, jarring buzz that broke the silence. He picked it up to see a message from an unknown number that simply read: Stop looking at the door.



A cold shiver ran down Aarav's spine as he stared at the screen, his heart hammering against his ribs in the quiet room. He wasn't looking at the door at all; his gaze had been fixed on the large, ornate mirror across from his bed.



With trembling hands, he slowly lifted his eyes from the glowing phone screen to meet his own reflection in the glass. He looked pale and startled, a solitary figure sitting on the edge of a messy bed, surrounded by the deep shadows of the room.



As his eyes adjusted to the reflection, he noticed something that made his breath catch in his throat. In the mirror, the bedroom door behind him was standing wide open, revealing the pitch-black void of the hallway beyond.



He distinctly remembered closing that door and clicking the lock before getting into bed, yet the reflection showed it swinging gently on its hinges. A phantom draft seemed to whistle through the room, though the actual air around him remained perfectly still and heavy.





His phone buzzed again, the screen illuminating his terrified face with a ghostly blue light. The new message was even more chilling than the first, warning him with three simple, terrifying words: Don't turn around.



Paralyzed by fear, Aarav watched the reflection as a pale, slender hand gripped the edge of the doorframe in the mirror. He knew he had to act, his fingers tightening around the heavy brass base of his bedside lamp as he prepared to face the unknown.



In one swift motion, he spun around to face the real door, only to find it firmly shut and locked just as he had left it. When he turned back to the mirror in confusion, the reflected room was completely empty, and his own reflection was nowhere to be seen.