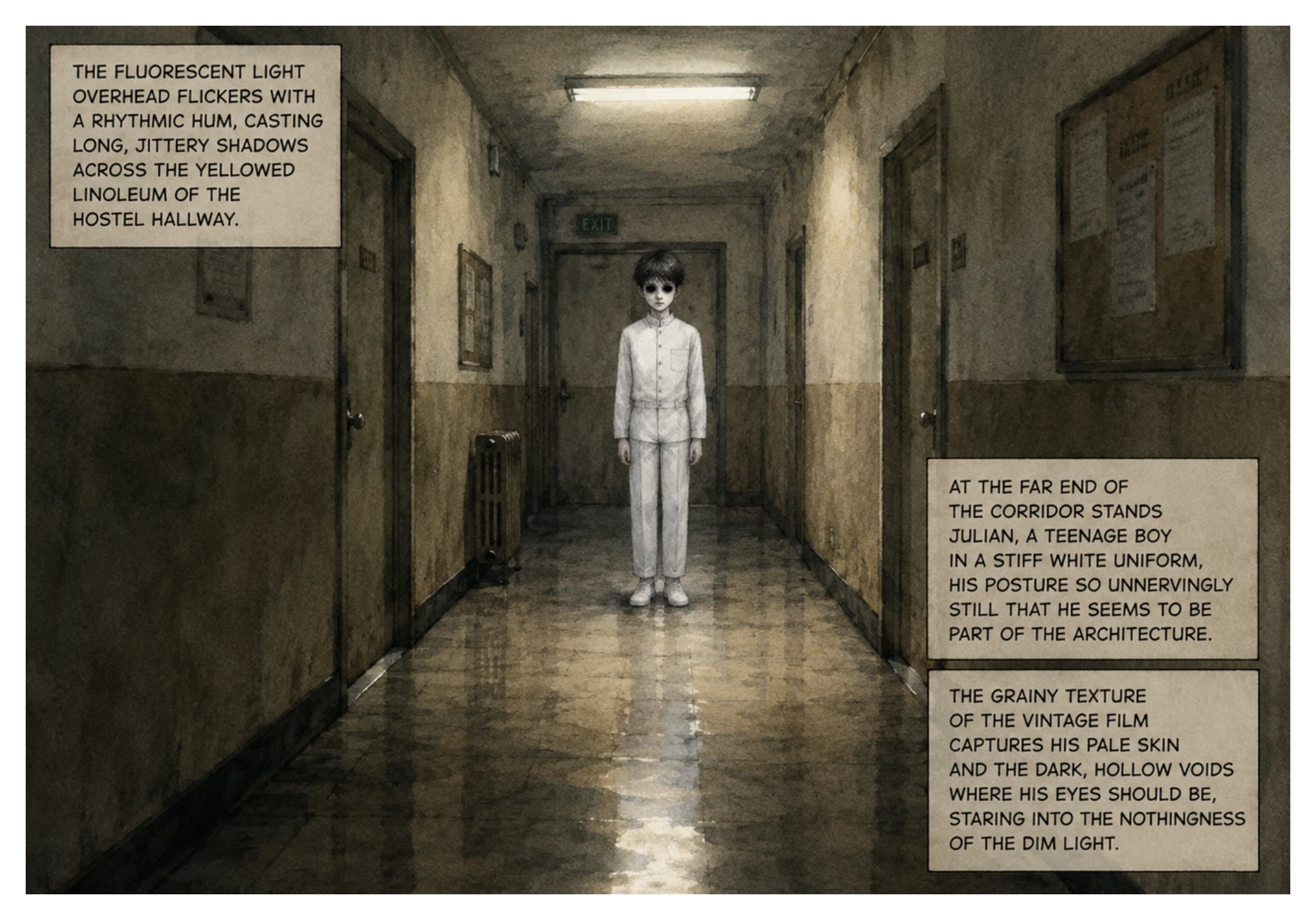




The Boy in Room 302


Devesh More

A vintage film still of a hallway. A young boy in a white uniform stands in the center of the hallway, looking directly at the camera. The hallway is dimly lit by a single fluorescent light fixture overhead. The walls are yellowed and peeling, and the floor is made of linoleum. There are several doors on either side of the hallway, and a bulletin board is visible on the right wall. The overall atmosphere is eerie and unsettling.

THE FLUORESCENT LIGHT
OVERHEAD FLICKERS WITH
A RHYTHMIC HUM, CASTING
LONG, JITTERY SHADOWS
ACROSS THE YELLOWED
LINOLEUM OF THE
HOSTEL HALLWAY.

AT THE FAR END OF
THE CORRIDOR STANDS
JULIAN, A TEENAGE BOY
IN A STIFF WHITE UNIFORM,
HIS POSTURE SO UNNERVINGLY
STILL THAT HE SEEMS TO BE
PART OF THE ARCHITECTURE.

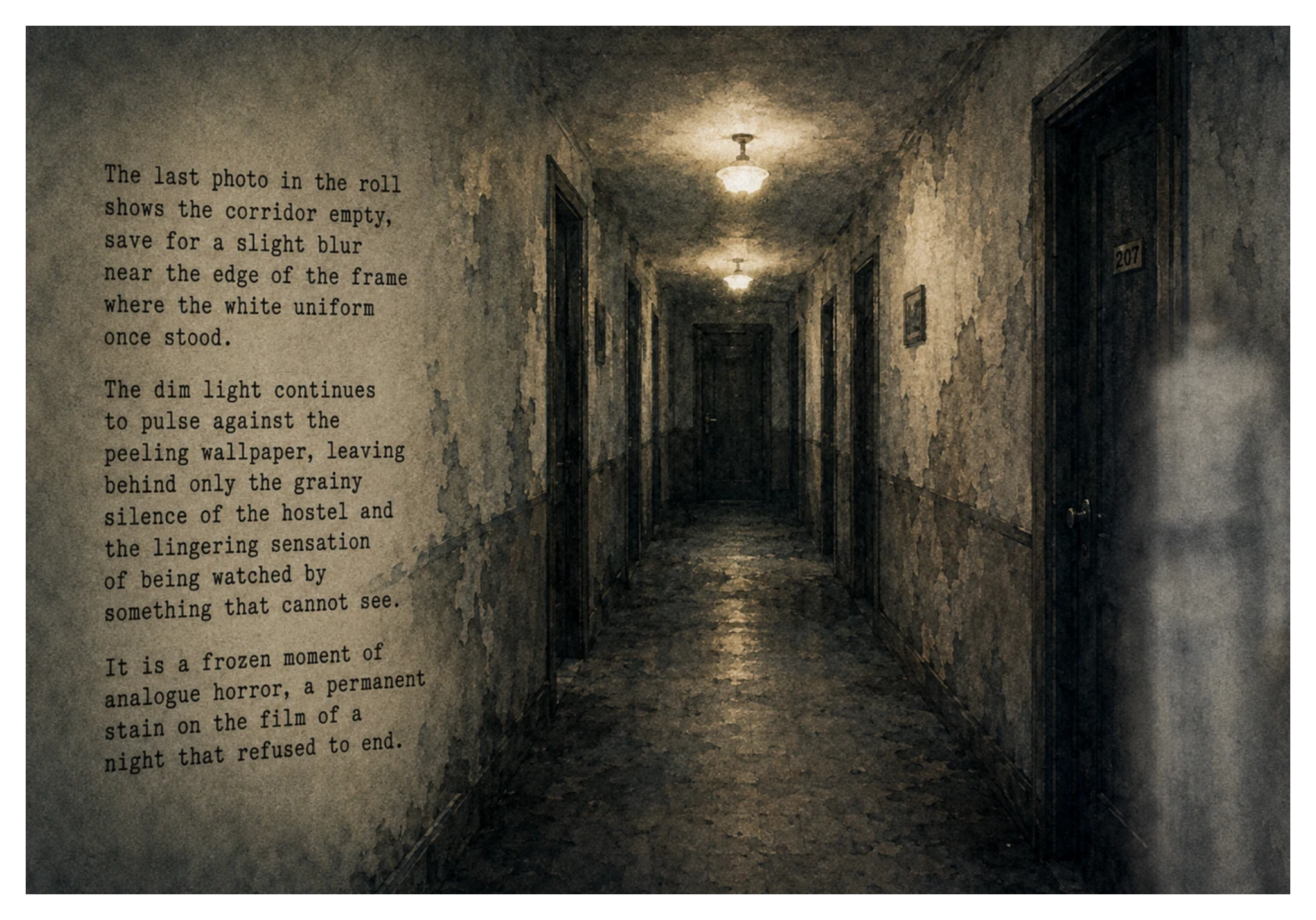
THE GRAINY TEXTURE
OF THE VINTAGE FILM
CAPTURES HIS PALE SKIN
AND THE DARK, HOLLOW VOIDS
WHERE HIS EYES SHOULD BE,
STARING INTO THE NOTHINGNESS
OF THE DIM LIGHT.



THE FLASH CUTS
THROUGH THE DARK.

FOR A SPLIT SECOND,
EVERYTHING IS
OVEREXPOSED—

AND I SEE IT.



The last photo in the roll shows the corridor empty, save for a slight blur near the edge of the frame where the white uniform once stood.

The dim light continues to pulse against the peeling wallpaper, leaving behind only the grainy silence of the hostel and the lingering sensation of being watched by something that cannot see.

It is a frozen moment of analogue horror, a permanent stain on the film of a night that refused to end.