

THE ROOM NOBODY CAN REMEMBER

1. THE DISCOVERY

At exactly **3:17 AM**, a night-shift security guard named **Arman** is making his usual rounds through an abandoned hotel.

The hotel has been closed for eleven years.

Arman knows the building well. He has memorized every corridor, every staircase, every locked service door. There are no guests, no functioning elevators, and no electricity beyond the emergency lights he installed himself.

On the fourth floor, he notices something strange.

At the end of a corridor, a dusty wall-mounted mirror reflects **a door**.

Arman turns around.

There is no door.

He looks back at the mirror.

The door is still there.

It is an ordinary hotel door: dark wood, brass handle, room number **417**.

There is no Room 417 on the hotel's floor plan.

Curious, Arman touches the mirror.

His fingers meet cold glass.

Then, from the other side of the reflection, he hears someone knock.

Three times.

He turns.

Nothing.

When he looks at the mirror again, the reflected door is open.

And somehow, he can see a room behind it.

2. THE ROOM

Arman finds the door the next night.

Not in the mirror.

In the actual corridor.

Room **417** is now standing between Rooms 416 and 418.

He checks his flashlight.

The beam falls normally across the door.

He checks the hotel map.

The map says there should be a linen closet there.

He opens the door.

Inside is a perfectly ordinary hotel room.

Old wallpaper.

A double bed.

A wooden desk.

A telephone.

A television covered in dust.

One window overlooking the hotel's courtyard.

Everything feels abandoned but physically real.

Then Arman notices the room's proportions.

From outside, the room should be approximately six meters deep.

Inside, it feels closer to twelve.

He walks to the window.

The courtyard below is visible.

But the abandoned hotel has no courtyard on that side.

There is another detail.

The room contains a mirror.

In the mirror, **Room 417 is visible behind him.**

Arman turns.

The room behind him is exactly the same room.

He looks into the mirror again.

Now the reflection shows him standing in the doorway.

But he is still standing beside the bed.

That is the room's impossible rule:

Anything remembered about the room becomes different from what actually happened.

Not immediately.

Only when he tries to describe it.

3. THE MEMORY GAP

Arman remembers entering Room 417.

He remembers touching the door.

He remembers walking toward the desk.

Then—

Nothing.

He suddenly finds himself back in the security office.

The clock reads **4:02 AM**.

Forty-five minutes have disappeared.

His flashlight is on the desk.

His shoes are wet.

There is dirt beneath his fingernails.

And in his pocket is a brass key marked:

417

Arman has no memory of leaving the room.

He writes everything down before he forgets.

White wallpaper. One bed. Window facing courtyard. Old telephone. Mirror.

The next morning, he reads his notes.

One sentence has changed.

He never wrote it.

There were two beds.

He crosses it out.

Underneath, he writes:

There was one bed.

The ink dries.

A moment later, he realizes there are now **three beds** in the room.

Or at least, that is what he remembers.

4. THE EVIDENCE

Arman begins documenting Room 417.

He photographs it.

Every photograph looks slightly different.

In one, the room contains a television.

In another, there is only a blank wall.

One photograph shows a painting above the bed.

Another shows a window.

A third shows **Arman himself sitting on the bed**.

He does not remember taking that photograph.

He checks the metadata.

Every photograph was taken at exactly:

3:17 AM.

He checks his security camera footage.

The camera shows Arman walking toward Room 417.

He opens the door.

He enters.

The corridor remains empty for forty-five minutes.

Then Arman walks out.

But in the footage, he stops in the doorway before leaving.

He appears to be listening to someone inside.

Then he slowly nods.

As if someone has just answered a question.

Arman watches the footage again.

This time, the figure standing inside the room is visible.

It looks exactly like him.

5. THE ESCALATION

Arman returns at **3:17 AM**.

Room 417 is waiting.

This time, the door is already open.

Inside, the room has changed.

There is one bed.

A desk.

A telephone.

A mirror.

And a framed photograph on the wall.

The photograph shows the hotel's fourth floor.

Arman recognizes the corridor.

Then he notices himself in the photograph.

He is standing outside Room 417.

But the photograph appears to have been taken **before the hotel was abandoned**.

He removes the frame from the wall.

Behind it is another photograph.

Arman is older in this one.

Behind him stands a woman he does not recognize.

He removes that photograph.

Another is underneath.

Then another.

Dozens of photographs.

Each one shows Arman standing in Room 417 at different times.

Some appear to be years old.

In the final photograph, Arman is standing beside the bed.

Behind him is a mirror.

And inside the mirror is a man standing in the doorway.

The man is holding the same photograph.

Arman realizes something is wrong.

He looks at the mirror.

The man inside it is no longer holding the photograph.

He is holding **a security flashlight**.

Arman's flashlight.

Then the telephone rings.

He answers.

His own voice whispers through the receiver:

"Don't describe the room."

The line goes dead.

Arman immediately forgets why he was holding the telephone.

6. THE FINAL REVELATION

The next morning, Arman quits.

Before leaving the hotel forever, he gives the manager his notes, photographs, and security footage.

The manager looks through them.

He becomes confused.

There is no Room 417.

There never has been.

The hotel's fourth floor contains only Rooms 416 and 418.

Arman insists.

He takes the manager upstairs.

At the end of the corridor, there is nothing.

Just a wall.

Arman feels relieved.

Until he notices the wall-mounted mirror.

He looks into it.

There is a door behind him.

Room **417**.

The door is open.

And someone is standing inside.

Arman turns around.

Nobody is there.

He looks back at the mirror.

The figure is still there.

This time, Arman recognizes him.

It is **the security guard who worked the night shift before him**.

The man slowly raises one hand and points toward the room.

Arman suddenly remembers something.

Not what happened inside.

Not who was there.

Only one impossible detail:

He has been working at the abandoned hotel for eleven years.

He was never hired.

There was never a previous security guard.

And the photograph of Room 417 on his desk is dated **tomorrow**.

At the bottom of the photograph, someone has written:

"This is the last time you will remember the room."

Arman looks at the clock.

3:17 AM.

Behind him, somewhere in the empty corridor, a door quietly opens.