

THE OBJECT THAT HATES YOU

The Clock That Refused to Let Him Remember

The First Sign

The old wall clock has been in his bedroom for as long as he can remember.

It is ordinary: dark wooden frame, yellowed glass, brass hands, a faint mechanical tick that has become part of the room's silence.

Then, one night, he notices something strange.

At **2:17 a.m.**, the clock stops.

He waits.

He taps the glass.

Nothing.

Then he looks away.

Tick.

He turns back.

2:18.

He assumes the battery is dying.

The following night, exactly at **2:17**, it stops again.

This time, he keeps staring.

The second hand remains frozen.

He looks down at his phone.

2:17.

He looks back.

Still frozen.

Then his phone changes.

2:18.

The clock remains at 2:17.

He leaves the room.

Behind him:

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Escalation

The clock begins malfunctioning exclusively around him.

When he is in bed, it loses exactly eleven minutes.

When he leaves the bedroom, it catches up.

When his neighbor briefly enters the room, the clock works perfectly.

He changes the battery.

Nothing changes.

He replaces the mechanism.

The clock continues.

He removes the clock entirely and puts it inside a cardboard box in the garage.

That night, he wakes to ticking.

Not from the garage.

From his bedroom wall.

The clock is back.

Except now it is showing **2:17**.

He photographs it.

In the photograph, the clock reads **2:18**.

He takes another.

2:19.

He looks directly at the clock.

2:17.

Then he notices something worse.

The hands aren't moving randomly.

They are counting backward.

Slowly.

Minute by minute.

Toward something.

The Moment of Realization

He begins testing it.

He tells himself he is being irrational.

So he writes instructions on paper:

If the clock is aware of me, stop at 2:17.

At 2:17, the clock stops.

He writes:

Move the minute hand forward.

It moves forward.

He writes:

Show me something I don't know.

Nothing happens.

Then he writes:

What do you want?

The second hand begins moving.

One tick.

Two.

Three.

Then stops.

The hour hand moves.

2 → 1.

The minute hand moves.

17 → 16.

Then the clock begins counting backward.

He watches, confused.

Until he understands.

It isn't answering his question.

It is counting down.

To a date.

A date he recognizes.

The day his younger brother died.

Except the date is wrong.

It is tomorrow.

He hasn't thought about his brother in twenty-three years.

He remembers the funeral.

He remembers the hospital.

He remembers being told there was nothing anyone could have done.

Then the clock suddenly stops.

The bedroom falls completely silent.

And from inside the clock comes a sound he hasn't heard since childhood:

three knocks.

The same three knocks his brother used to make on his bedroom door.

Final Twist

He tears the clock from the wall.

Behind it is something carved into the plaster.

A sentence.

His own handwriting.

He doesn't remember writing it.

I told it to forget me.

Beneath the sentence is a date.

Twenty-three years ago.

And underneath that:

2:17 A.M.

Memory returns in fragments.

His brother hadn't died in the hospital.

He had been in this bedroom.

They had argued.

The clock had been hanging on the wall.

At 2:17, something happened.

Something he deliberately erased from his own memory.

The clock didn't become conscious.

It had always been conscious.

And twenty-three years ago, **he made a bargain with it.**

The clock would keep his secret.

In exchange, he would never look at it again.

He broke the agreement tonight.

The clock begins ticking.

But now every tick comes from somewhere else in the house.

Kitchen.

Tick.

Hallway.

Tick.

Inside the wardrobe.

Tick.

Under his bed.

Tick.

He slowly looks at the clock.

For the first time, its hands are moving normally.

2:17.

Then the glass reflects something standing behind him.

His brother.

Older than he should be.

Smiling.

The man spins around.

Nothing.

He looks back at the clock.

The reflection is still there.

And now his brother is holding the clock.

Cinematic Visual Description

A cramped bedroom at 2:17 a.m., illuminated by pale blue moonlight through half-closed curtains. Dust floats motionlessly in the air. An antique wooden wall clock hangs slightly crooked above the bed, its yellowed face glowing faintly while everything else remains unnaturally dark.

The man stands barefoot beneath it, exhausted and terrified, holding a handwritten note with trembling fingers.

The clock's second hand is frozen.

His reflection appears faintly in the glass.

But the reflection is **not looking at the clock**.

It is looking directly at him.

Behind the reflected man stands another figure.

A brother who should have remained twenty-three years younger.

The camera slowly pushes toward the clock face.

The ticking becomes louder.

Closer.

Almost like footsteps.

Then the minute hand moves backward.

2:17.

2:16.

2:15.

The bedroom subtly changes with every tick.

The wallpaper becomes newer.

The furniture shifts.

The man's clothes change.

His face becomes younger.

The room is slowly reconstructing a night that he spent twenty-three years trying to forget.

And the clock isn't showing the time.

It is showing him the past.

One Unforgettable Final Sentence

At 2:17, the clock finally stopped, and for the first time in twenty-three years, the man remembered who had really been murdered.