



A02

Date: 08/███/20██

Location: Brompton Cemetery - Sector D

Observer ID: [REDACTED]

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I HEARD THEM AGAIN.

The cooing was not random.

But a pattern, like breathing in binary.

It shifts when I think.

It waits when I listen.

I stood by the bench and it paused.

My thoughts are no longer mine.

Every time I try to write, I realize they already wrote it.

In the feathers. In the rustling leaves.

In the electric hum between the trees.

They're calling me to a place.

I know what you're thinking.

"This is madness."

But you're not listening hard enough.

They're speaking.

They're waiting for me at the park.

And I'm going...

I have to go now.

[END OF ENTRY]