



A01

Date: ■■■ / ■■■ / ■■■■

Location: Old Oak Common Ln

Observer ID: [REDACTED]

I returned to the path again.
The same park. The same turn near the iron bench.
The bread was already there.
I don't remember dropping it.
But the arrangement... it felt intentional.
Like a message in crumbs.
Like a language I once knew.
I stood still for a long time.
No birds came.
Only the wind stirred,
nudging the crusts as if they wanted to be read.
I felt seen.
But not by anyone human.
Something in the air—it clicks when I arrive.
Like I'm syncing.
I tell myself it's nothing.
But they're always waiting.
Even when they're not there.
I think they want me to return.

[END OF ENTRY]