

January 7th

Winter has been harsh this year. The woods have been covered in snow since October. Didn't think it'd get that cold that early; my lack of prep has been kicking my ass. Didn't cut nearly enough firewood which means going out to the axe yard to cut what I can before I have to go back inside. Feels like it's been snowing for a straight two weeks now. I can hardly tell when it's day and when it's night, the storm puts the cabin in a constant twilight. Ok. I'm gonna turn over for the night.

January 10th

I swear it's been snowing non-stop and yet the snow on the ground seems to have stopped building up at around a foot deep. At this rate the cabin should have been engulfed in snow. Not sure why it's not deeper but I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Got two rabbits in the traps today. That'll last me a bit, let's hope I can keep my luck up until the snow finally lets up. In other news I have now read every book in this cabin at least twice. I like literature as much as the next guy but there's only so much juice I can get out of these things. Unfortunately the road back to town is still snowed off so I ain't going to the library any time soon.

January 12th

I think someone is outside. Something definitely walked by my window. When I went out to check it out there were no footprints but for all I know the snow covered them up as soon as they were put down. I know there was something out there. Time to start making sure I keep the deadbolt on the door locked.

January 13th

It happened again. Something stood at my window. I couldn't see what it was. Just a black shape. It knocked on the door but I knew better than to answer. There shouldn't be anyone for miles out here. And if it was some lost hiker, he definitely wouldn't have knocked as slow and deliberately as whatever that was. I'm going to start nailing the door shut.

January 14th

I have started bringing this journal with me when I go out. I don't really know why. Guess it's so if I come across anything else off I can write it in the moment so I know I didn't imagine it. Average day at the axe yard. The woods seemed darker than normal but at this point that isn't even worth fretting over.

January 15th

There is a dog in the axe yard. Looks like a husky but it's so large it could practically pass for a wolf. It's staring at me now. Something in its eyes seems almost knowing. It just stayed on the edge of the woods, watching me cut the firewood. Fuckin weird.

January 18th

I haven't had the "visitor" come by since I started nailing the door shut. But that dog is waiting for me every day at the axe yard. And every day, it scurries off into the woods when I'm done cutting. Well enough is enough, I'm packing a bag and seeing where that dog goes.

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Sure enough, the dog was waiting for me at the axe yard again today. I approached it for the first time and it kept an eye on me as it walked right into the woods. Let's see how far the rabbit hole takes me.

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Been following this dog for what seems like forever. I can't seem to get close to it. Every time I think I'm catching up it's suddenly several yards further ahead of me. But what's weird is it never looks like it's running. It's somehow outpacing me while keeping a walking pace. What the hell?

I feel like I'm hearing whispers while I walk. It is just barely too quiet to hear over the snow crunching beneath my feet, but every time I stop walking, the whispers stop too. I feel like this dog and I aren't the only ones walking through this forest.

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Stopped to grab some jerky out of my bag and the dog stopped in unison. Offered it some but of course it didn't get closer. Why would it? Whatever. I feel like it should have gotten dark by now but we've been in a sort of dusk for a while. Of course this is the day my watch decides to stop working so I have no idea how long I've actually been following this fucking dog.

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Found footprints in the snow. Not the dog's nor mine, but footprints nonetheless. Presumably from whatever the fuck I keep hearing.

I'm not getting tired anymore for some reason. I'm in too deep to turn back now. This dog has to stop at some point.

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LEAVE THE DOG

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I lost my journal a little while back. Obviously it has once again come into my possession. How this happened I have no clue, as I could have sworn we've been walking in a straight line this whole time. But this is undoubtedly my journal. I have no idea when the last entry was written.

January ???

What the fuck. I. I've been following this dog in a straight line for maybe hours. And just now, we popped out of the woods into... the axe yard. There's no way we could've turned around right? I would've noticed. The sun has been to the left of us this whole time, unmoving, constantly setting. And yet somehow I've come back to where I started.

The dog just walked right back into the woods. Yeah fuck you to pal. Fuck this I'm going back to the cabin, weirdo dog be damned.

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The door is locked? I used my key but it's not budging. Maybe it's frozen? I went to check the window but couldn't really get a good view inside. I could almost swear that same shadow from before was now *in* my cabin.

The snow has once again made it impossible to tell how much time has passed. I tried knocking on the door but there was no response.

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I must've fallen asleep against the cabin but when I woke up I saw a trail leading to the axe yard. Let's see who the fuck cozied themselves up in my cabin.

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I got to the axe yard just in time to see him walk into the woods after that same fucking dog. I went in after them yelling for them to stop but every time I do it seems like he can barely hear me. I'm yelling at the top of my lungs now and he barely noticed. Why can't he hear me? He's dropped something in the snow.

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It's a journal.