

The Meow in Room 17

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Inspired by true events

Room 17 at Hillside Hollow Middle School was sealed long ago, and no one asked why. It sat at the end of the east wing, behind an ashen wooden door with no window and a brass knob that stayed cold even in summer. The number above it was faded, barely clinging to the frame like a warning too worn to read.

Teachers said it was forgotten.

Students said it was cursed.

Some whispered about a school incident in Virginia, 1988 about how a second-grade class vanished overnight, leaving only backpacks and silence. Room 17 felt like that. Grim. Forgotten. Wrong.

No one went near it.

Until Theo.

Theo was a seventh grader with more curiosity than caution. He didn't believe in ghost stories. One rainy afternoon, he stayed late to finish a science poster. The halls were empty. The lights buzzed low. As he passed Room 17, he noticed the door was slightly open.

Inside, the air was thick and ancient. Desks lined the walls like tombstones. The floor was coated in dust, yet the center of the room pulsed with a faint green glow.

Then he saw it.

A black cat sat perfectly still. Its fur was untouched by time. Its eyes glowed an unearthly green too bright, too deep, like twin lanterns lit for the dead. It didn't blink. It didn't breathe. It just stared.

Theo stepped forward.

He asked, "are you lost"?

The cat just blinked at him.

Then it meowed.

The sound was soft, but it echoed like a scream buried beneath the floorboards. The walls rippled. The lights snapped. The air twisted.

Theo blinked.

And vanished.

The next morning, Room 17 was sealed again. Theo's backpack lay outside the door. Torn. Damp. No cameras showed anything. No prints. No sound.

Teachers searched.

Students whispered.

Some claimed they saw the cat watching from the window of Room 17, its eyes glowing like beacons in the dark. Others heard the meow echoing through the east wing low, melodic, wrong.

Still waiting.

Still meowing.

The school tried to forget. But the storm always returned. And with it, the sound.

One girl said she heard the meow during detention. She didn't come back the next day. Her locker was still open. Her shoes were still inside.

Another boy said he saw the cat in the library mirror. He screamed then he ran. He never spoke again.

Now, when the halls grow quiet and the storm clouds gather, Room 17 hums with something ancient. Something watching. Something calling.

And if you ever pass that ashen door and hear a sound, a tiny musical meow, don't stop. Don't turn. Don't go inside.

Because the cat doesn't chase.

It calls.

And once you hear its voice...

You're already part of the story.
