

DARK STORIES

夜不言...

車靈



THE BUN STORE

A STORY BY

AN RAN

THE BUN STORE

In the quiet town of Ling Su, there was an old bun store nobody entered...

OLD BUN STORE
包子店

People whispered that the shopkeeper disappeared years ago.

One rainy evening, curious Leo decided to find the truth.

Ghost stories are just stories.

KREEEAK...

He pushed open the cracked wooden door.

The store was empty.

DING...

The air smelled of freshly baked buns, yet the ovens were cold.

Every bun on the shelf was perfectly warm, as if someone had made them only moments before.

A quiet voice whispered from behind him.

Welcome. What would you like?

I... I didn't see you there.

Nobody ever does.

Try this one. It is the last bun I will ever make.

Leo looked towards the door... but it had vanished.

In its place was a wall covered in strange symbols.

Many years ago, I baked these buns for the people of this town.

But nobody came. They forgot about me... so I stayed here forever.

The lights suddenly went out.

CLICK!

Stay with us...

Stay forever...

In the darkness, Leo heard hundreds of whispers...

From the corner of the room, a shadow moved towards him.

The old man isn't the shopkeeper. I'm another trapped customer.

It looked exactly like the missing shopkeeper—but younger.

The door appeared again. Leo ran and grabbed the handle.

See you tomorrow.

Just before escaping, he looked back.

Leo never returned to the bun store.

However, years later, people still report seeing a warm light glowing inside the abandoned building. And on rainy nights, when the streets are empty, a faint bell can sometimes be heard ringing...



DING...

WAITING FOR THE NEXT CUSTOMER.



THE SEVENTH KNOCK

A STORY BY

ANQI

THE SEVENTH KNOCK

A ghost story about regret, guilt, and a promise broken.

Li Hua and Siqi were best friends—and promised to go to the same university after the big exam.

We'll make it together!

But a week before the exam, Li Hua changed. He avoided her, then ended their friendship without a reason.

Why are you ignoring me?

There is no reason.

Siqi was heartbroken and disappeared from school for a while. No one knew how much she was hurting.

After the results came out, Siqi didn't get in.

EXAM RESULT

FAILED

Total Score: 378
(Not enough for admission)

Keep going. There is another path for you. ♥

Everything fell apart...

One night, Li Hua heard about the discovery of a body found between the old classroom blocks.

It was Siqi.

LOCAL NEWS

Female Student Found Deceased on School Grounds

Police are investigating. Remains unclear.

Consumed by guilt, Li Hua visited an old master for help.

On the seventh night after her body was found, she will come looking for you.

If you hear four knocks at your door, do not answer. Humans knock three times. Ghosts knock four.

The seventh night.

KNOCK.
KNOCK.
KNOCK.
KNOCK.

He didn't answer.

Please... don't find me.

The knocking stopped. But when he looked... she was there.

You said there was no reason...

Some say it was all a coincidence. Others say it was her unfinished love and unanswered questions that made her stay.

Four knocks.
But never answer.

Remember:
Stories like this remind us to be kind, communicate, and never ignore those who are hurting. ♥

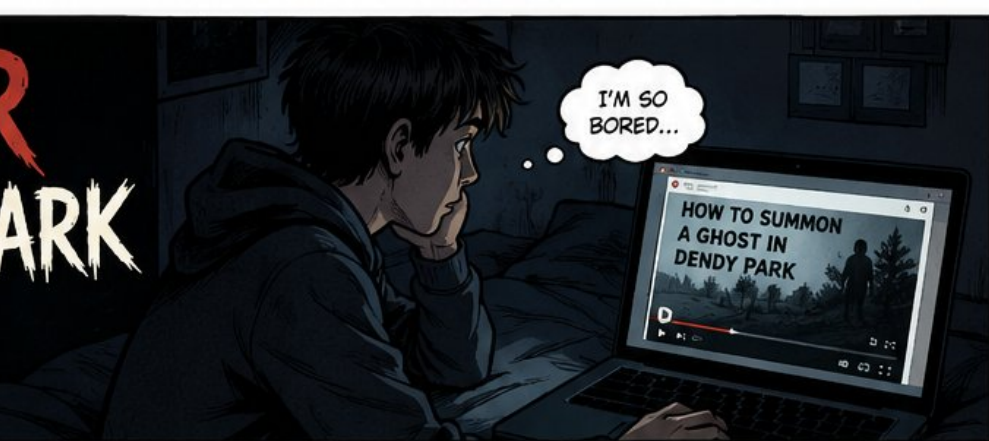
HORROR AT DENDY PARK

A STORY BY

JAYDEN

HORROR AT DENDY PARK

IT ALL BEGAN ON A FREEZING
SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE MIDDLE
OF WINTER...



THE VIDEO SAID IF
YOU GO TO DENDY
PARK AT MIDNIGHT
WITH TWO GREEN
APPLES, ONE RED
APPLE, AND
CANDLES, YOU
CAN SUMMON A
GHOST.

SOUNDS FAKE.



BUT CURIOSITY
WON.

11:30 PM.



THE WIND WAS ICY.
DENDY PARK LOOKED
DIFFERENT AT NIGHT.



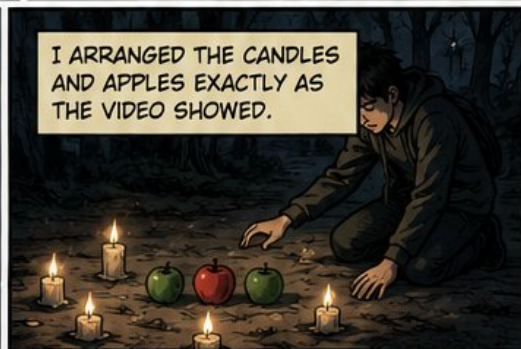
EVERY SHADOW
SEEMED DEEPER.
EVERY SOUND
SEEMED LOUDER.

CRACK!



I SPUN
AROUND.

NOTHING.



I ARRANGED THE CANDLES
AND APPLES EXACTLY AS
THE VIDEO SHOWED.



THE FLAMES FLICKERED.
THE AIR WENT STILL.

NOTHING HAPPENED.



THEN A FREEZING GUST SWEEPED
THROUGH THE CLEARING.

SSHHHHHH...



A SHAPE APPEARED BETWEEN
THE TREES.

PALE. SILENT.
WATCHING.



ITS EYES GLOWED
LIKE SILVER STARS.



I BLINKED.

IT WAS GONE.



I RAN.
I DIDN'T LOOK BACK.



I MADE IT HOME.
I LOCKED THE DOOR
AND TRIED TO
CALM DOWN.



THEN I CHECKED
MY BAG.

THE CANDLES WERE
THERE. THE LIGHTER
WAS THERE.

BUT THE APPLES...



THANK YOU
FOR THE
OFFERING.

THEY WERE GONE.

THE WHISPER WAS REAL.
AND IT WASN'T HUMAN.

PHOTOS

A STORY BY

JETT

PHOTOS

I travelled to Melbourne for work and stayed in a hotel on a quiet street.

That night, a strange chill filled my room.

It's probably just the air conditioner.

Sometime after midnight, I heard a faint sob...

...sob...
...sob...

I opened the door. The crying stopped.

I blinked—and woke up. Just a dream.

To be sure, I left my room again.

There's no ghost.

But the crying returned—from the kitchen.

I found an open window swaying in the wind.

I returned to bed. Then my phone buzzed.

...sob...
...sob...

WHOOOSH HHH...

BZZZ!

I closed it. The sound stopped.

A Snapchat from a stranger.

In one window, a pale woman was standing.

Behind her... was my room.

< New Snap from a stranger

...

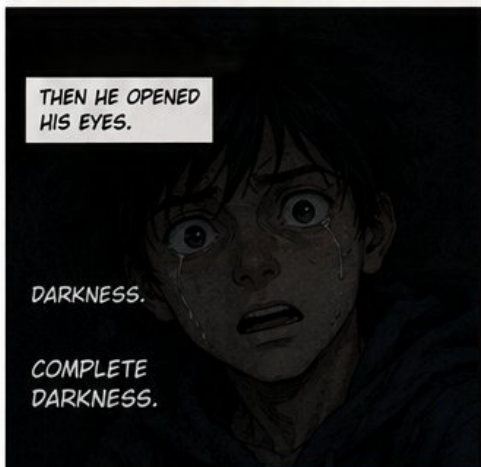
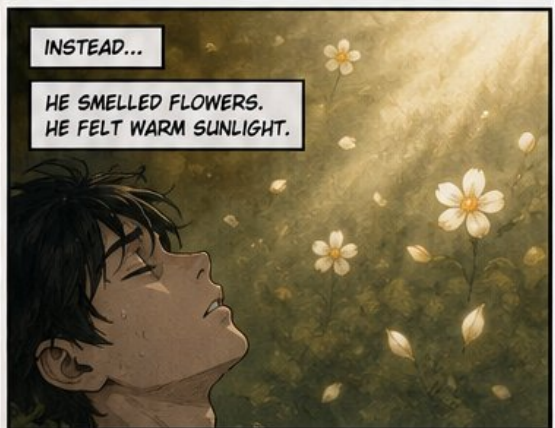
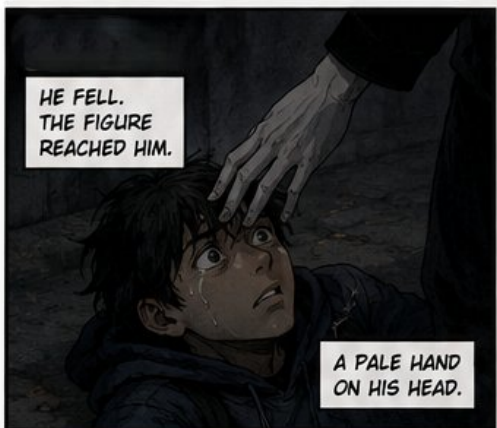
SOME PICTURES ARE BETTER LEFT UNEXPLAINED.

THE STREET

A STORY BY

KEITARO

THE STREET



HE HAD TAKEN THE STREET FOR GRANTED EVERY DAY. BUT SOME STREETS... DON'T JUST TAKE YOU TO SCHOOL. SOME TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE ELSE.

THE MANOR OF WILLIAMSTOWN

A STORY BY

KEVIN F.

THE MANOR OF WILLIAMSTOWN

A month ago, my family and I moved to the historic town of Williamstown.

Quiet. Peaceful. But something felt... wrong.

WILLIAMSTOWN

We met our landlord.

People still talk about Williams.

He built this manor over a century ago.

Who was Williams?

Some stories are better left buried.

The manor was old and beautiful... but it watched us.

Every floorboard groaned, every window seemed to stare.

That night, I woke to a creak.

CREAK...
CREAK...
CREAK...

My door... opening by itself.

Then came the footsteps.

STEP...
STEP...
STEP...

Slow. Deliberate. Getting closer.

The next morning, I searched the attic.

Under dust and time, I found something that shouldn't exist.

MYSTERY SURROUNDS DISAPPEARANCE OF MANOR BUILDER



The photograph showed Williams standing in front of the newly built manor. According to the article, he vanished shortly after its completion and was never seen again.

That night, I left my door open.

At midnight, he appeared.

He pointed upstairs.

In the attic, hidden beneath loose boards...

And I knew... I had to follow.

The truth was buried right under our roof.

The next morning, it was gone.

The skeleton was gone.

The article was gone.

Even the landlord denied ever knowing Williams.

But every night, when my door creaks open, I still hear that whisper in the darkness...

Thank you.

PHANTOM IN THE MIRROR

A STORY BY

KEVIN Y.

PHANTOM IN THE MIRROR

A man, ill and alone in his old mansion, spends his days staring out at the grey world.

He owns a strange antique mirror... something about it always unsettled him.

One evening, the lights go out.

CLICK!

Hello?
Who's there?

Whispers... a red glow... then a figure appears inside the mirror.

sss...
whisper...
ssss...

What is that?

The ghost steps out and reveals its true purpose.

I died in this house.
I'm trapped in this mirror.

Now...
it's your turn.

AHHHHH!

Everything goes black.

When he wakes, he is trapped inside the mirror.

No...
let me out!

The ghost wears his face. No one will ever know the difference.

SOME REFLECTIONS
SHOULD NEVER
BE LOOKED AT.

THE ONE-EYED TEDDY BEAR

A STORY BY

LUCA

THE ONE-EYED TEDDY BEAR

IT BEGAN AS AN ORDINARY SATURDAY AFTERNOON...

DAD ASKED ME TO GET THE OLD PHOTO ALBUMS.

THE ATTIC SMELLED OF MOLD AND FORGOTTEN MEMORIES.

WHAT'S THIS?

HALF-BURIED BENEATH A TORN BLANKET, I FOUND A TEDDY BEAR.

DAD... WHY DID YOU LOOK SO SCARED?

MY FATHER WOULDN'T ANSWER. HE JUST PUT THE BEAR ON THE SHELF AND WALKED AWAY.

I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT BEAR...

AT EXACTLY 3:00 A.M., A WHISPER WOKE ME.

EMMA...

I LOOKED OVER. THE BEAR WAS WATCHING ME.

AHH!

EMMA! WHAT HAPPENED?

BUT WHEN DAD CAME IN, THE BEAR WAS JUST A TOY.

I MISS YOU, DAD.

AN HOUR LATER, IT STOOD BESIDE MY BED.

THAT'S LILY'S BEAR... YOUR OLDER SISTER. SHE DIED WHEN SHE WAS SIX.

THE TRUTH CAME OUT—AND THE HOUSE WENT DARK.

FLICKER...
FLICKER...

CRACK!

HA... HA...
HA!

THE LIGHTS FLICKERED. THE FLOOR SHOOK. A LITTLE GIRL'S LAUGHTER ECHOED...

WHEN THE LIGHTS RETURNED, EMMA AND HER FATHER WERE GONE.

TO THIS DAY, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.

BUT SOMETIMES, ON STORMY NIGHTS, A ONE-EYED BEAR CAN STILL BE SEEN WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW.

THE END...?

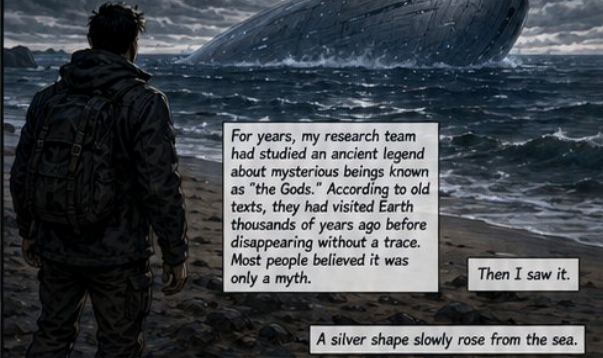
THE GODS IN THE SILENT SHIP

A STORY BY

LUCAS

THE GODS IN THE SILENT SHIP

The afternoon sky darkened as thick storm clouds rolled over the ocean. Waves crashed softly against the shore, and a cold wind whispered through the air. I stood alone on the beach, staring at the horizon. Something felt wrong.

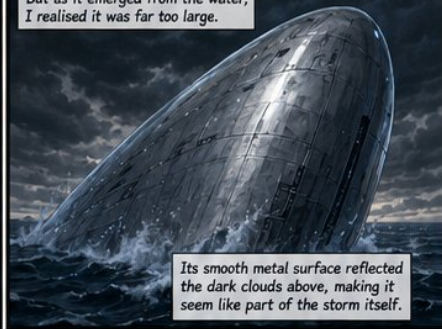


For years, my research team had studied an ancient legend about mysterious beings known as "the Gods." According to old texts, they had visited Earth thousands of years ago before disappearing without a trace. Most people believed it was only a myth.

Then I saw it.

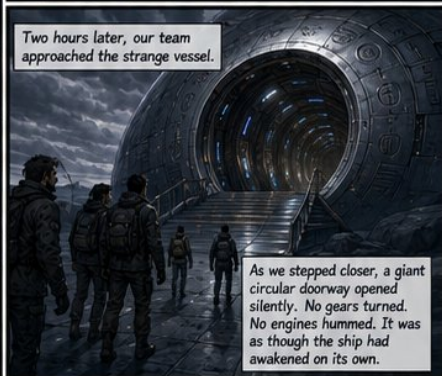
A silver shape slowly rose from the sea.

At first, I thought it was a ship. But as it emerged from the water, I realised it was far too large.



Its smooth metal surface reflected the dark clouds above, making it seem like part of the storm itself.

Two hours later, our team approached the strange vessel.



As we stepped closer, a giant circular doorway opened silently. No gears turned. No engines hummed. It was as though the ship had awakened on its own.

I hesitated. Every instinct told me to leave.



But curiosity pulled me forward.

Inside, a long corridor stretched into darkness. Soft blue lights glowed along the walls, casting strange shadows across the floor. Symbols covered every surface. They seemed familiar somehow, yet impossible to understand.



The deeper we walked, the quieter the ship became.

Then we discovered a chamber filled with enormous paintings.



The first showed towering figures standing beside humans.



The second showed those same figures leaving Earth and disappearing among the stars.

Why had they left? No one knew.

A sudden sound echoed through the corridor.

Footsteps. Slow. Steady. Deliberate.



Everyone froze. The footsteps grew closer.

From the darkness emerged a tall figure unlike anything I had ever seen. Its silver robes flowed like mist, and its eyes glowed with a faint blue light.

It did not look angry or frightening.

It simply watched us.



Behind it, more figures appeared. Dozens of them.

They stood silently, observing us as though we were the mystery.



No one spoke. The air felt heavy with questions.

Finally, the first figure raised a hand and pointed toward a glowing wall at the end of the chamber.

Symbols began to appear across its surface.



Our translation software started working automatically. A message slowly formed.

The room fell silent.

Returned from where? And why now?

Before anyone could react, the lights dimmed. The figures faded into the shadows, and the message disappeared.



Moments later, the ship was empty.

We searched every corridor and every room, but the mysterious visitors were gone.

To this day, no one knows where they came from. Or whether they ever truly left.



Sometimes, on stormy nights, I still look out across the ocean.

And far beyond the waves, I think I can see a faint silver light watching from the darkness.

COURT THREE

A STORY BY

NINA

COURT THREE

THE BADMINTON CENTRE BY THE RIVER HAD A DARK REPUTATION. LOCALS WHISPERED ABOUT COURT THREE—CLOSED FOR YEARS AFTER INCIDENTS THAT NO ONE COULD EXPLAIN.

DURING EVERY STORM, THE LIGHTS WOULD FAIL FOR EXACTLY 3 MINUTES AND 33 SECONDS.

HUNG KNEW LITTLE ABOUT THOSE STORIES.

TEN YEARS AGO, HIS FATHER VANISHED DURING A STORM, SWEEPED INTO THE RIVER. ALL HE HAD LEFT WAS HIS FATHER'S OLD WOODEN RACKET.

THE MOMENT HE STEPPED INSIDE, SOMETHING FELT WRONG.

THE BUILDING WAS UNNATURALLY QUIET.

NO SQUEAK OF SHOES. NO THUD OF SHUTTLECOCKS. JUST... **SILENCE.**

THEN HE SAW KHAI.

ONE LAST GAME.

KHAI'S SMILE DIDN'T REACH HIS EYES TONIGHT.

THE SHUTTLECOCK WAS DIFFERENT. ITS FEATHERS WERE STAINED BLACK. ITS TIP LOOKED RUSTED.

KHAI MOVED WITH IMPOSSIBLE SPEED.

EVERY SMASH. EVERY TURN. AS THOUGH HE WASN'T HUMAN.

THEN CAME THE CRACK.

CRAAAACK!

NOT A SHOT. NOT A SOUND HE SHOULD HAVE HEARD.

SOMETHING BENEATH THE COURT HAD SPLIT OPEN.

THE LIGHTS FLICKERED.

THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED.

SOMETHING SCRAPED ACROSS THE CONCRETE. SLOWLY.

SCRRRR... SCRRRR...

A FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE SHADOWS.

WATER DRIPPED FROM HIS CLOTHES.

IN HIS HAND—AN OLD WOODEN RACKET.

HUNG'S FATHER'S RACKET.

THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKERED ONE LAST TIME.

IN THAT BRIEF FLASH, HUNG SAW A FACE HE HADN'T SEEN IN TEN YEARS.

A FACE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN AT THE **BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.**

FINALLY...

YOU'RE BACK.

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT COMPLETELY.

DARK.

AND SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS, A SECOND RACKET STRUCK THE FLOOR.

CLANG.

SHADOWS OF BETRAYAL

A STORY BY

STELLA

SHADOWS OF BETRAYAL

SOME BETRAYALS NEVER LET YOU REST.



THE MIRROR IN THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

A STORY BY

TIELLE

THE MIRROR IN THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

After years in the city, David bought a peaceful house on a remote mountain.

This place is perfect.

The wind whispers through the trees.

I have to leave for three days. Can you stay here while I'm gone?

Sure. What could possibly go wrong?

The house felt strangely quiet.

CREEEAK...

Why does this place feel so creepy?

As night approached, the temperature suddenly dropped.

WHOOOOSH!

It's freezing in here.

He was sure it hadn't been there before.

Wait... was that mirror always there?

The reflection wasn't copying him.

What...?

THUMP! THUMP!

Silence filled the room.

David, there's a mirror in your hallway!

Jayden... my house doesn't have a mirror.

The figure was no longer inside the mirror.

"THE HOUSE DOESN'T HAVE A MIRROR.."

TAP... TAP...

THE PRICE OF BEAUTY

A STORY BY

WALTER

THE PRICE OF BEAUTY



TRUE BEAUTY COMES FROM KINDNESS, NOT APPEARANCES.

THE WATER GUN

A STORY BY

WILL

THE WATER GUN

On my fourteenth birthday, I got the best gift ever.

A futuristic water gun.

Let's go camping this weekend!

Yeah! Let's do it!

Early the next morning, we arrived at the forest.

The trees were white. The air was cold. Everything was silent.

When we tried to head back, my compass spun wildly...

That's... impossible.

WHIRR
WHIRR
WHIRR

I looked up...

Guys?

My friends were gone.

I searched for them, but the forest seemed endless.

Every tree looked the same.

Then I saw a light.

A barbecue. But nobody was there.

?!

A branch snapped behind me.

It stood there. Tall. Thin. Wrong.

ROAAARR!

It chased me through the trees.

A river blocked my path.

It wouldn't cross.

I had an idea.

I filled my water gun and fired.

SHHHH!

The water hit it.

It screamed.

Then it faded away.

I found my way home.

We never went camping.

What?

That night, I saw muddy footprints leading from my window to my bed.

And there, on my bed, was my water gun. Still dripping with river water.

THE END...?

