

THE DRAWER THAT CLOSED ITSELF

The drawer was open when I arrived, which was concerning because I'm the only one in the Archives with the courage (or stupidity) to open it.

Drawer #47B: the one that hums show tunes when annoyed. When I stepped closer, the humming stopped.

Rude.

Inside the drawer sat a single envelope labeled:
"IF YOU CAN READ THIS, SHUT THE DRAWER."

Naturally, I did not.

I opened the envelope because curiosity has killed more archivists here than rot exposure. Inside was a slip of paper that read:

"THE ANSWER HIDES WHERE YOU'D LEAST EXPECT."

Not helpful.

Very fortune-cookie energy.

Then the lights flickered, and the drawer **slammed shut** on its own like a judgmental grandmother.

The envelope dissolved in my hand — literally dissolved. I had envelope dust embedded in my cuticles for three days.

When I looked at the floor, I realized something weird: all the drawer labels in this aisle had shifted.

The letters rearranged themselves.

Some drawers whispered.

A few rattled.

Lights buzzed violently.

The temperature dropped again.

= SALT

Not ominous at all.

I sprinkled a packet over the metal tracks out of spite.

The drawer hasn't hummed since.