




THE HOTEL...

Chapter 1

It was dark, damp and I was scared- not a sign of life anywhere. I also felt like I was being watched from somewhere, but it was too dark to see anything. I was struggling to stand up as I felt like my whole body had been shot down by a gun. Suddenly, I heard a strange man saying, "Welcome to Hotel Cove. My name is Damien and I am the manager of this hotel." At first, I was sceptical about this man but the way he said it was relaxing in a way, so I felt like I could trust him. He offered me his hand and I took it and he pulled me up with such care it was like I was flying high above the clouds. He continued to say, "Let me show you to your room, madam." He sounded like a real gentleman. "If you would just follow me," he added so I did. I followed him and he led me into an elevator. The elevator looked so fancy like a rich person had just thrown every piece of gold he had in here and had it all melted. The elevator stopped and the top floor we stepped out onto made my mouth just drop. As I saw the luxurious penthouse, I wondered, "How could I afford this?" I felt like I had died and went to my own personal heaven, but I knew it wasn't my own heaven; it was real. Damien said, "If you ever need anything, just call the lobby, ok." I couldn't even utter the word, "Yeah". I was that shocked at the room, I didn't even remember booking a room in Hotel Cove.

1 hour later

Once I was settled in and used to some weird smells, I picked up the phone in the room and called for some food. I asked for a ham and cheese omelette and a bottle of coke with a glass and some ice. While I was waiting, I noticed that the foul smell was getting more intense. I looked around my room thinking it was coming from within, but I couldn't find anything. I went over to the phone to call down to the lobby, but then I felt something drip on my head. I put my hand on it and saw that it was blood. I looked up and saw that there was a vent right above me. It looked very eerie, but I was too scared to try and open it so I just acted like it was never there. At that moment, I heard a deep voice travel past my door. I rushed to the door thinking that the person had left, but when I got to the door, I flung it open with such strength I had felt like I had ripped the door off its hinges. To my surprise, when I had opened it, there was a strange man in a long, dark trench coat which was covered in water.... He stood there for a while until he looked up with a menacing grin he stared at me with his blank expression then he spoke these words with an eerie voice, "You Emily?" I was quite scared when he knew my name. He looked like one of those creepy janitors you end up seeing in movies who turned out to be the killer and everybody knew that he was. "Ummm.... Yeah," I replied with a shaky voice. I stood there wondering what he wanted, then he uttered the words, "Get out. It's not safe here." I was weirded out by this and wanted to slam my door, but I just couldn't; it was like I was frozen. I tried all I could, but nothing... I couldn't budge, but finally I had the courage to slam the door and take a deep breath because I did not know what to do. I kept peeking out the peep hole to make sure if



he was still there or not, but to my surprise he was standing there with a menacing grin plastered on his face like he was strangely happy that I slammed the door in his face.

I waited for a long time, but nothing happened. He didn't even move or budge one bit. I had the thought to call down to the lobby and ask for security to take this freaky stalker to jail. I picked up the phone and dialled the hotel's lobby number and waited. When I was about to put down the phone, I heard a weird voice say, "Yeah... what do you want?" I didn't know what to say, but then I said in a rough, scratchy voice, "Um... hi there. There is this creepy man standing outside my room and I was wondering could you send security up here?" The man let out a big groan and said, "What is your room number, ma'am?" At first, I was hesitant to give him it because of what the man said, but I gave him it anyway. "Uh, it's Room 609- can you please hurry!" I said with a raspy voice. I went back to the peephole and looked through it with a cautious eye and saw the man still standing there with that dark drench coat, fully soaked through the brim. It took me some time to realise that maybe the man was trying to tell me something or maybe he was trying to help me or kill me. I was very hesitant, but also very worried about the blood up in the vent when I looked up there was no more blood dripping down, all of it was gone like someone was trying to hide something. As I tried to figure out what happened to the blood, my mind started to slip away from the man at the door, but right as it started to fade a loud thump could be heard from the vents above me.

As I grew more scared from the sound I felt as though someone was watching me from somewhere. When I looked up at the grating of the vent I couldn't really see anything so as I frantically searched around my room for a flashlight that I could use, I could hear several thumps moving away from my room with loud and heavy grunts as well...

The Next Day

As the new day grew in, I couldn't help but wonder what was in the vents that night or maybe... WHO?! Throughout the night, I stayed up wanting to see if it would come back or if I would hear a bang at my door from the mystery man...but no - nothing had happened since that night and I just carried on with my holiday and decided to not let a few scary bumps ruin it. On my way walking down to breakfast, I passed a few other guests and said, "Hi", but they did not give me any response; they just stared at me with blank expressions and groaned at me like I had just vandalised their favourite place in the world...