

Double Life

DAY -2

When I arrived here, I immediately felt uncomfortable. This lodging frightened me because this rainy place lost under the mountains did not inspire much confidence. This place was melancholy and sorrowful. I found this job as a receptionist and despite not remembering much about myself as usual, I thought I had to do something with my life. This lodging was in a remote corner and it was easy for me to be hired there because they only had a butler, and a cook working during the day only and the boss who was often absent. So, I was hired in the morning. The butler, Mr. Higgins, showed me around. The lodging was one of those old dilapidated buildings, quite large but above all very dark. You'd think you could hear lonely souls wandering around the building, Mr Higgins told me. This butler seemed nice to me but also strange and fascinated by the paranormal... It was then that he pointed out to me that there was a trapdoor hidden under the carpet of the employees' room, not far from his own room. We took the stairs and found ourselves in a sort of underground room. The latter was appallingly creepy, full of spiders and rats. It was bleak and disquieting. A bat even escaped from the room. It was then that we came across a standing knight suit of armor, which Mr. Higgins mistook for a real human. He came up quickly, screaming. Traumatized, he didn't say a word. We met the boss in the hallway. He asked us coldly why Mr. Higgins was shaking and not looking well. We then told him the truth. He got into a rage and forbade us to return. He explained to us that this room was once an extra room for the staff, but that last year one of the employees had committed suicide there. He added that he no longer went there because the trauma was still present and that this knight suit of armor was an old decoration. Mr. Higgins then said that he would rather forget this story and never go in this room again. In the evening, we welcomed a client, a young woman on a hike who had come to spend the night at the lodging. The boss informed us that a problem at his other job was forcing him to leave the area and that he would be back in a few days. It was a busy day. It is now 11:30 p.m., it is time for me to sleep ...

NIGHT -2

I think a thought just woke me up. Yes, that's it. Where am I? I'll go downstairs to see. I am no longer at the asylum. "Welcome to Clinton Lodging". A lodging? It doesn't matter. In fact no, that means that I have found a job. But I still have to do my duty. But discreetly. Otherwise, I will be sent back to the asylum. At the end of the hall, there is a bedroom. It is open. But before coming in, I look through the lock. There is a young woman sleeping. I have to punish her. If I don't, I'm going to feel bad. I observe her little head which moves from time to time from right to left. I want to twist it. But that could be noisy. I'm certainly not alone here. They might send me back to the asylum. It has been a long time since I last killed. This goes back to before the asylum. There, I was locked up. I couldn't do my duty. I was in pain. But now it's over. I go into the room. I hide under her bed. I hear her breath. It disturbs me. She must stop. So, I grab a pillow and quickly quickly quickly ... I put it on her face. She struggles. She tries to scream. I block her hands and press harder. She stops. Here, she hasn't unpacked her suitcase. I'm going to hide it with her body because otherwise it will seem suspicious. I take care of the body first. She is very frail. And now her face is pale. I do this very slowly. It should not be damaged. I see a door with the inscription "Employee room". I enter. There is a carpet slowing me down. I move it. I notice a trapdoor. I open it. There are stairs. They lead me to a room. It is dark, the floor creaks and there are monkeys on the lamp. I descend slowly so as not to damage the body. I notice some sort of knight suit of armor, probably divine punishment. I remove the helmet and slide the girl into the body. We must always hide the corpses. Once I didn't and ended up in the asylum. I go back to return to the final place, where madness made me start. Then I feel that sleep is coming ...

DAY -1

Today, I woke up shortly after six o'clock to go to the reception desk. A client, a man, arrived at the end of the afternoon to book a room. It was then that the boss arrived. He explained to me coldly that he would stay for the night. He asked me where yesterday's client was. How could I have known? I said she might have been scared of the building, given its scary appearance. He got angry and told me my story was shady. This day was not incredible. Hope the next one is better.

NIGHT -1

A terrible noise came from the claws of death. Bats and rats feast on the ground and devour my soul. When I heard these sounds for the first time, I wasted my time trying to stop them. When these voices speak to me, I must listen to them. Why do I hear a man talking to himself? I am in pain! I am suffering! My heart is ripping out! I'm being broken in two! Oh, it's getting better. This door creaks too much, a bit like in the asylum. If I was crazy, I wouldn't know. If I take life away, it's for a reason. And the reason is, they deserved it. I think I have been here before. I go down the stairs. They squeak. So, I stop the noise ... gently ... as if I was taking their souls. So, they stop... very slowly. Then resume. I see light. A man is pouring himself a coffee. So, doesn't he know that coffee is good for dogs? Or for the swallows? He must be sanctioned. Suddenly I feel confused. But now is not the time to falter. I grab a pan. The man does not move. I lift the pan and hit his head with all my might. He does not get up. I see a kitchen knife. I use it to cut off his head with glee. My jacket is stained with that idiot's blood. I remove it and place it on the fool. Why? Because I am not a monster. He could catch a cold. I take his body and put it in the oven, to warm up. Or for it to be eaten. Considering the number of spiders and tigers present here, that wouldn't surprise me. The storm is raging outside. It's sad. I'm coming back to the same place as earlier because I think I need it. In any case, I can, since I have been told. I am very weird.

FINAL DAY

At around 5:15 am, Mr. Higgins woke me up. Customers were waiting at the reception. Shortly after, he asked me if I had seen the boss. I told him no. He pointed out to me that he had left all of his things, which was extremely weird. At around 10 a.m., he came to see me, running. He said he had just found a bloodstained knife in the kitchen. I decided to call the police right away. On the spot, the police did not take long to find a corpse. Mr. Higgins and I were horrified. Poor Mr. Clinton had his head cut off, and that's what traumatized us the most. His eyes were protruding. Immediately we noticed, me and the police, the odd behavior of the butler. Perhaps in a panic, he told a cop "laughing" that if he had wanted to kill someone, it would have been his mother-in-law. In addition, they discovered blood on his shirt sleeve. In fact, he had injured himself while trying to cut a sausage. The police took me, Mr. Higgins and the client who had spent the night at the lodging at the police station to question us. I was asked if his version for blood was true and I answered yes. Then I was asked what I was doing on the night of the murder. I said I was sleeping. From what I was told, the customer confirmed my version because he got up at 11.58pm to go to the bathroom and also at 00.20am to drop the phone off at the reception. He had heard me snore every time he walked by. Police had confirmation that what the client was saying was true as he phoned his wife from 11:30 p.m. to 00:20 a.m. and autopsies revealed the death occurred shortly after midnight but before 00:20 a.m. I was quickly cleared, as the evidence against Mr. Higgins was mounting. I myself was sure he was the culprit. On the one hand, I was horrified, and on the other hand, I was glad I was still alive. If I had known I was living with a psychopath! At the same time, the gloomy atmosphere of this large lodging could not improve things. Around 11 p.m., an investigator accompanied by police asked me to follow him to return to the scene of the crime to make a sort of reconstruction, which I accepted.

And this is how this day will end. I have just arrived at the lodging, and it is almost midnight. It has been a terrible day, but I feel revived. Maybe this

event will help me build a better life. It's midnight in five seconds on the clock. But suddenly I do not feel well ...

FINAL NIGHT

A man asks me if I'm okay. I don't see who he is. Yes, I recognize his costume. At the asylum, men sometimes wore the same. He is carrying a gun. I tear it away. I shoot this evil man. Another points his gun and shoots.