

# The motel room

As soon as I laid on the antiquated bed my hold body started to itch; it felt as if every centimeter of my body was covered in red ants. A repulsive stink mixed with smoke and feet scent enveloped the room.

All that I could concentrate on was the irritant cry of the baby next room and the noise of trucks and cars passing through.

BOOM! A drowned scream was heard next door. Silence. All silence for a second. What had that been? A gun... I had to find out.

The echo of the mysterious sound was still present in my head like a CD reproducing all over again. My first thought was to grab my revolver to protect myself; so, immediately I got the weapon from the bottom of my black leather handbag. Cautiously my left hand reached the door handle. When I unlocked the old wooden door, I found with the ghostly corridor which looked like a black hole without destination.

Quiet. Everything had gone calm, as if the devil had passed. I was on my own; or that's what I thought. The ajar door, from where a dim yellow light came out was the only thing my eyes could notice. I carefully knocked; hoping everything was a story made up in my head. No response. Nothing.

I opened the door, having now a whole vision of the scenario. I couldn't stop, a tear from travelling through my face. My unsteady legs took a step forward from the doors margin. It was... Bonnie! How did she end like this? My head was bombed with a million questions more.

BANG! Suddenly the bathroom door slammed abruptly against the wall. "Damon! What is this?" I asked.

This wasn't real, my cousin could not have done this; although, could he? "I can explain...", he whispered.