

The Motel Room

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Bunch of friends going on a road trip but their bus brakes down and they have to stay in a motel called The SandMan Inn in a deserted town. One of the motel rooms are haunted by a mysterious terrifying man who really is the Sand Man.

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Prologue

Sarah quietly got out of bed at six o'clock on Monday morning. She stretched and grabbed a bag that was already packed off her chair and pulled on a white tank top and her baggy blue jeans. The 16 year old pulled on her denim converse and walked out of her bedroom to her mother who was already up and making her waffles.

Well, began her mother, today's the day. I can't believe my little girl is going on her first road trip. Don't do anything stupid alright?

Sarah nodded and flipped her short brown hair back out of her face. You know I won't. Charlie will take care of me. she laughed and bit into her chocolate chip waffles. Sarah was 16 years old and a very kind and gentle girl. She was a singer as well as her best friend, and they both are in chorus at the high school. Sarah had always loved animals and since she grew up with six brothers, most of her friends are guys.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door and Sarah got up excitedly and opened the front door. There stood her best friend, Charlie. Peter and Tim were behind him.

Howdy! he said as Sarah embraced him. You ready to go to California?

Charlie was a tall 17 year old with the biggest smile Sarah had ever seen. His hair was light brown and always styled in a messy foxy hawk. He was a very clean cut boy, and the 17 year old was a great singer. Sarah and Charlie had been friends since 1st grade, and they go through everything together.

Sarah nodded and looked at him with her blue almond shaped eyes. Of course, she looked behind him and saw a long yellow school bus. Other kids were in it, all that Sarah knew. The person who was driving the bus was her 6th grade gym teacher, Mr. Donald. Oh my gosh, I am so excited.

Her mother came over and kissed her daughter's forehead. Charlie, watch over my princess, all right?

Don't worry, Mrs. Peterson, I won't let anything happen to Sarah. Charlie nodded and Peter took Sarah's bag and ran off laughing.

Peter! Sarah called out.

No worries, Sarah! I'll put it up for you, he replied as he put the bag in a side door on the bus. He swiped his black hair from his face and smiled, and then he got onto the bus.

Peter was seventeen like Charlie, but Peter was much darker. Peter had creamy white skin and adorable dimples. He had black hair that was swiped across his face and it covered most of his eyes. His bright hazel eyes stood out so much though that you could see them through his dark hair. He was

very protective over his friends since they were the only family he had. His father was still alive, but he treats Peter like trash. Peter stays away from him as much as he can, and stays around his friends all the time. Sometimes Peter even sleeps over at other people's houses for a long period of time, just because of his father.

Tim laughed as he shook his head. Dude, we got to keep quiet. It's six in the morning. He nodded to Mrs. Peterson as he, Sarah and Charlie began walking to the bus. People are still sleeping.

Tim was tall and eighteen years old. He had short brown hair and a five o'clock shadow. He was very proud of his shadow, for he never shaved it. He always wore tight t-shirts to show off his big muscles and baggy jeans and flip flops, no matter what the weather is like. Tim was a very well built and natural man.

With that, the three friends got onto the bus, and it slowly drove off onto the road.
Chapter One

Sarah sat down next to Charlie on the long bus. Katie was in front of her and she turned back and smiled. Are you ready? she laughed.

Sarah nodded and bit her bottom lip as Charlie hung his arm over her shoulder. Yup. I'm pretty excited.

Even though Katie was 16 like Sarah, Katie has been on many more adventures. She was born in China, but once her father got a job here in America, Katie wanted to start going on American adventures with her American friends. She had long black hair and dark brown eyes. She smiled at Peter as he sat down in the seat behind Charlie and Sarah. Peter smiled slightly but then put his hat over his eyes and tried to fall asleep. Katie looked down and turned red.

Then, the bus stopped and Mr. Donald got up. Okay, everyone. Now that we have all of you on the bus we have to figure something out. You guys need partners, with that, all the girls giggled and the guys moaned, I know, I know, but you need someone to protect you and help you. Plus, when we stop for motels you guys need to share a room or bed with someone. He looked down as Tony, a cocky football player, gave out a whistle. Now, don't everyone go to the same person.

Charlie and Sarah sat there smiled at each other. Partners?

Sarah nodded and smiled. Duh, forever.

Katie smiled at the two but then went to Peter. Uh& she began, hey.

Peter looked up and smiled. Hey, Katie became quiet as Peter looked at her. May I help you?

Oh, uh, yea. I was just wondering if you would like to be partners? Katie became red.

Sure, whatever, was all Peter said. Katie smiled and sat down next to him. Sarah and Charlie looked back at them and smiled. Katie smiled happily and gave them thumbs up, but stopped once Peter looked at her. They all laughed until Tim sat in the seat in front of them.

Guys I don't know who to ask, He eagerly admitted, help me put here.

Sarah shrugged. Well you do you like?

Tim swallowed hard and nodded to a tall girl sitting in a seat by herself. She had long blonde hair and many guys were coming up to her but she kept shaking her head. Jenna caught Tim looking at her so she smiled and continued to read her book.

Just go ask her, Tim. It wasn't hard for me to ask Sarah. Charlie said as he slunk into his seat as Sarah followed.

Duh that's because you've known each other since the 1st grade. Jenna and I just met a couple weeks ago, he loosened the neck of his shirt and became red. Charlie and Sarah raised their eyebrows at Tim and he sighed. Oh alright.

He went over to Jenna as the two friends watched. Her face grew bright as he spoke to her. She nodded and answered, but with all the talking around them Charlie and Sarah couldn't hear, but they could tell what she said. Tim sat down excitedly next to Jenna as they both smiled.

Charlie and Sarah turned back around in their seats as Mr. Donald got up again. Everyone got their partner's? Tony yelled out and Mr. Donald nodded again. Alright. Off to California.

It was half past noon when Peter finally got up. Mr. Donald! he called out. Katie suddenly woke up next to him. I'm hungry. Can we get lunch?

Mr. Donald shook his head. Not yet, Pete. Wait another hour. What about the lunch I told you to pack?

Peter became silent and he cleared his throat. Oh, I didn't &uh pack one.

Charlie turned to him and shook his head. Wow, Pete. Here, he reached into a small backpack he had between his legs and pulled out a turkey sandwich. There you go, buddy. Don't eat it too fast.

Peter nodded and pulled open the sandwich, but right before he bit into it he stopped. Are you sure I can have it?

Of course. My mom packed me like 20 sandwiches for the trip. I'm good. Charlie answered as he turned back to Sarah. She smiled and he cleared his throat. Sarah, I know that we've been friends a long time but I was wondering if you would like to

Charlie, Sarah, could you two come up here for a second? said Mr. Donald as the bus kept going. Logan, a new kid in the group, was at the front with a worried look on his face.

Yes, Mr. Donald? said Sarah as she stumbled to the front. Charlie helped her up and she laughed.

Logan here doesn't have a partner. Can he be with you two? Mr. Donald asked as his eyes were

steady on a dirt road they were on.

Charlie nodded. Well, okay. O-of course. C mon, Logan.

Logan nodded and followed the two to their seats. He sat in the seat in front of them and turned around.

Logan was seventeen also, but he acted young. His hair was dark brown but shaved off into a buzz cut. He also had a five o'clock shadow and he loved to tape things. Where ever he went he brought his video camera, and he also loved to draw. He was very adventurous and different, but the cheerleaders always called him gay. Charlie could always see that Logan had a crush on Sarah.

Thanks for letting me join. Tina and Sherrie kept telling the other ones that I wasn't interested in their kind&aka girls. He sighed and looked at the seat with his green eyes. Then he looked up at Sarah and smiled. I'm not gay though. I like girls. I love them, haha. But, no, I&.oh, never mind.

Don't worry, Logan. I know you're not gay. Sarah said as Charlie leaned against the chair he gave out a groan as Sarah turned to him. Are you okay?

Charlie shook his head. I was riding my bike the other day and hit a huge bump in the road. My side is killing me, he pulled up his shirt, showing a huge bruise on his side. It's nothing big though.

Nothing big? Oh my God, Charlie you always say something is nothing big. You wanna lay down?

Charlie nodded. Sure. You and Logan talk. I'm gonna get some sleep. With that, Sarah got up and sat next to Logan as Charlie lifted his legs up on the seat. Logan smiled at Sarah and Sarah back.

So what have you done so far this summer? Sarah finally asked after Charlie snored loudly.

Logan shrugged. You know, ride my bike, draw, make documentaries

Documentaries? Sarah interrupted. For what?

Well, not really documentaries, but proof that some ghost stories are real. Logan said as he pulled out his video camera from his backpack.

You ever prove any? asked Sarah.

Logan shrugged. A couple. None that important, though. Remember that old run down church on Oak street? Sarah nodded and Logan turned on the camera. Well I learned that it was one time a small hospital and a little girl died there,

Oh my. How did you figure it out? Sarah asked again as she watched the camera.

See for yourself, with that, the camera played a small tape in a dark old church. There was small laughter, and suddenly Logan's voice came up.

Okay, the voice said as the camera searched the church, we are about to prove that a girl named

Emily lives here. She died a while ago& his voice turned into a faint whisper and he was panting hard. The camera turned fast as it faced a door way. It stood there for a while, and suddenly a white figure of a girl slowly limped by. The camera shook and then it went to Logan s face. Well, there you have it! Now I m getting the heck out of here, with that, the camera turned off and Sarah smiled.

Wow, that s cool. Did you do that by your self? she finally asked after a moment of silence.

Logan shrugged. Yea. But a couple of my buddies stayed out side. They were too chicken.

Both Logan and Sarah laughed as Logan pulled out a sketch pad. Sarah leaned her back up against the window and quickly fell asleep.

Chapter Two

It was ten past eleven and there was no light except the one street light on a small dirt road. The bus was stopped and Mr. Donald was inspecting the inside of the hood. His face was dirty and half the bus was asleep when Logan shook her awake.

What s going on? she asked as she rubbed her eyes.

The bus just gave in, Logan replied as he got up, lets go check it out.

Sarah nodded and looked back at Charlie, whose pillow was over his face but he was still snoring heavily. They both got up and walked out of the bus. Hey, Sarah said as she shoved her hands into her pockets. What happened?

Mr. Donald got up and rubbed his face with a dirty white cloth. The engine got to hot. It s out of gas too. You guys want to come with me to see if there s a motel down the road? he sighed and got out his wallet. I see some lights down there. I m sure we re close to one.

Sarah looked around at the dead valley. There were dessert trees and small cactus. There was no sign of grass anywhere. She groaned and stretched. Where are we?

Somewhere in New Mexico. No where near California. We still have Arizona to go. He sighed again and looked at the bus. You guys coming or not? Bring your stuff in case there is a motel. Go get Charlie.

I don t think we should, began Logan as he grabbed his backpack and Sarah s too. He needs his sleep. He was in a bike accident. He passed the pink backpack to Sarah and hooked the green one over his shoulder.

Alright, I ll go tell everyone what we re doing in case anyone else wants to come. Mr. Donald said as he jumped onto the bus. He came back with a laugh. Okay, let s go.

Sarah and Logan both nodded and began walking down the road. It was quiet and Sarah and Logan slowly followed behind Mr. Donald.

After a couple minutes, there was finally a sign that they could see called, The Sand Man Hotel .

Mr. Donald raised his hands and laughed. Oh! I was right. *The Sand Man Hotel* & sounds convenient. He sarcastically said.

Logan and Sarah laughed but became quiet once more. Logan looked at Sarah but quickly looked away when she caught his eyes. They were both tired when they finally reached the doors. Sarah looked around and there was nothing but a couple old houses and a small gas station and old movie theater. She suddenly got a cold shiver down her spine when she looked at the old ghost town.

The man at the front desk was quiet old and he had a sour look on his face when Mr. Donald came up to the counter. Uh, how much are 2 bed rooms?

The old man groaned and looked up at him with his black pebble eyes. Thirty dollars a room.

Mr. Donald sighed and pulled out his wallet. Alrighty then, eight two bed rooms and one single bed room. Mr. Donald paid and got the keys. He threw a key with the number 126 engraved on it to Logan and then gestured them to follow him.

When they got to the room 126 Mr. Donald opened the door next to it. Okay. Here s my room. You guys share a room with Charlie. I ll put my stuff in my room and be back with everyone else. He walked into his room and put his stuff down. I ll be back. He said like the Terminator.

The two laughed as Logan opened their door. The room s walls were painted light blue with dark stains all over them. There were dead moths in the light and the TV was from the 70 s. The bed spreads had pink and orange flowers on them. Logan nodded and put down his suitcase.

Yea, he began as he looked at the dimmed light, *really* convenient.

Sarah laughed and pulled off the covers. They were white and clean, but Sarah still didn t trust them. I don t want any cockroaches crawling up my legs during the night. Good thing I brought my own blanket.

You brought your own blanket? he laughed as he plopped onto the other bed. He looked at it and smiled slightly. This thing is as hard as a rock.

Duh, my own blanket *and* a pillow. We could have been stuck outside for all you know.