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Room 101

by Alex Harrison

“Lift doesn’t work” snapped the motel receptionist.

Great I thought. So a broken down car, in a broken down town, and I get to book in to a broken down hotel with a broken down lift.

My room number Room 101. Now you might think this Could be on the 1st Floor. But no. It was the 10th Floor - Room 1!

I decided that I would unpack what I needed and just take up the bare essentials for a nights stay.

I started the tedious climb to my Room. I had asked if there was another room but had been told, in no uncertain terms, that the hotel was fully booked and this was the only room available. “Take it or Leave it” the receptionist had barked at me.

Eventually, hot and sweaty and somewhat out of breath I reached the 10th floor. The corridor was dark and smelt of cabbages. The dark brown threadbare carpet had seen better days – and by the looks probably last century.

I made my way along the corridor Room 130, 129, 128. Yes the numbering was back to front.

Finally I stood outside my room. The paint was peeling off the door and the number 0 was hanging at an angle ready to drop off at any moment.

Deep breath I said to myself. Its one night only. My car will be fixed tomorrow and I can carry on away from this hell hole.

Carefully I opened the door, not quite sure what horrors would meet me inside. I had already imagined the place would be deeply entrenched with stale cigarettes and possibly booze.

The wall paper would be dark and peeling from wall. I made a mental note that I probably would have to forgo a shower. And I was sure that the sheets were not going to be 600 thread count Egyptian cotton. And as for room service, well, thank-god I had brought some cheese and biscuits and a bottle of cheap red to get me through the night!

I put the key in the lock and turned the handle. Slowly I opened the door. Then I opened it some more. The first thing that hit me was the incredible smell. I opened the door fully and stood looking in at what can only be described as the most incredible, room I have ever seen.

I stepped inside not quite believing my eyes. It was vast. An apartment. It was designed with Italian beauty and French style. The smell of fresh jasmine gently wafting around. On the table was a hand written welcome note and a bottle of Dom Perignon. Along with some hand made chocolates. I moved round the room, touching, stroking, feeling. The fabric of the sofa, the depth of the carpet. I moved in to the bedroom. The bed sheets did not have a 600 thread count. They had a 1000. Purest white.

The bathroom – Italian marble, with a sunken bath. Music played gently from the hidden speakers.

I poured a glass of champagne and thought to myself, ‘You can put me in Room 101 any day!’