

EDITOR: SYED OSAMA TAHIR ZAIDI

# The Oblivion

*The Frosty Winter Storms*

**ISSUE 14**



## **The Vacation**

by S.O.T. ZAIDI

As we pulled into the lush green hillside home of my friend Sally, I could feel a chill creeping up my back.

It was a gothic styled building surrounded by overgrowing forests; creeping over the whole place like some disease. We had come here for vacation after a long term of A-level examination.

"Hey Ro! I am so tired," whispered my friend, Sally.

"Yeah," I said, "It has been a long ride."

"I can't wait to hit the hay dear," said Sally.

Soon we were inside the old building in our rooms which were in somewhat better conditions than the others; covered in dust and stench of stale air.

"Its so itchy today, Rosella. Its better if we sleep now. We'll eat the meal later. Need anything just ring the bell and call the butler."

"I got it Sally but are you feeling alright. You look... green," I said.

"No its just the long travel. Tomorrow we are going to hike all to the Raven Village ten miles from here."

"TEN WHAT?!!!!!!"

"SLEEP RO and she closed the lights."

"But..."

"Please Ro let me sleep or I'll leave you here alone."

That certainly closed my mouth shut.

I don't know if I was imagining it...or was my friend really acting weird that day but I knew something was wrong

DEEPLY WRONG for Sally never looked so bored. She had been so excited about this vacation; had made so many plans and here she was looking so sick and bored. I just hoped that she may feel well in the morning; it would be terrible if she fell sick.

My wandered back deep into the memories while Sally snored, thinking about Rick. If only Rick was here I would have felt so comfortable. I wondered if Rick would be thinking about me; thinking about him made me feel all warm. Already I was feeling that spending my vacation at home would have been a better idea. We could have gone to beach and spend the whole vacation there. My mind wandered towards the beach and I could see myself; arms around Rick's tanned neck, lying on the warm beach sand. His silky blond hair flying in the wind. I just hope no other girl was eying him behind me. A pang of jealousy and desperation filled me for a moment, then I closed my eyes pretending to hold Rick's hand and fell asleep quickly.

I opened my eyes to see a full moon shining brightly in the sky, its heavenly light entering the room from the arched window.

"Ahhh," I gasped for my stomach was burning with fire. I scratched my hand and got up to run towards the washroom when I noticed Sally's bed empty.

*Strange... where did she go to?*

Forgetting about the excruciating pain in my belly, I began to search for Sally in the creepy corridors of her ancestral home.

Everywhere... I could feel eyes following me... hungry eyes, planning something...there was something deeply wrong with this house

and I could feel it in my very bones.

*Rosella...*

A voice, old and frail called from the darkness, making me shriek with fright. Who was hiding in this home... who has been watching us, I thought in horror. From the corner of my eyes, even in this darkness, I could feel a creepy shape moving towards me. Adrenaline began to pump through my body as I ran away from the voice calling my name, trying to cajole me.

I ran towards the central hall which was groped in darkness and called Sally a few times but no answer came and as I turned to leave, the door shut itself with a bang making me jump several centimetres with fright.

Someone had entered the room and closed it behind my back.

I heard a low growl and in a panicked voice called out, "Whose there?"

There was no answer.

Instead a shadow began to descend out of the darkness; I could feel it sniffing out the air. It was coming to get me... perhaps it had even got Sally; sickening thoughts began to fill my mind. I quickly fell down on floor and rolled behind a table.

*ROSELLA...*

A wild voice rang through the air. The figure was near me and I could feel a blast of chilly air sweep through me making goose bumps rise all over my body. The inhumanly presence had passed away in the darkness. I got up and taking a lot of daring strength, called out "Whose there."

At that time, a wave of nausea swept over me as I bent down due to the excruciating pain in my stomach.

The lights came up.

I turned around and saw him,

*A WERE WOLF*

I howled in fear as I gazed at the were-wolf looking at me with its blood red eyes. Its dirty paws stretched towards me, while I could do nothing but scratch my belly and cry in pain and fear. I knew my death was upon me and I will never see Rick again.

*Rick Oh Rick .*

The lights went out again...

There was a growl and then a laughing sound.

There was a sudden cry of pure horror.

Lights came up!

A huge man shaped wolf fed on Sally who was dressed in a shaggy wolf costume, a look of horror on her face, an ugly mask lay beside her head, blood pouring from it.

"Cut," the director shouted, "Perfect take! Bravo!."

However there was no cry from Sally and the wolf kept on feeding.

"Lo! I guess it is time for dinner."

The whole crew began to descend towards what remained of Sally scratching their bellies.

The full moon shone bright and high while the night rang with screams and sounds of ripping flesh and wolfish howls....

THE END

## ASSASSIN'S CREED

A series inspired by the novel *Alamut* by Slovenian writer *Vladimir Bartol*. *Assassin's Creed* is an historical action-adventure open-world stealth video game which is regarded as one of the best series to be introduced on the modern gaming systems by Ubisoft Montreal. *Assassin's Creed* through the years has become a strongly established franchise; with the games receiving bombastic reviews and scores from critics, great response from fans, and a very large number of sales with *Assassin's Creed 2* and *Brotherhood* each selling approximately 9.5 million games. The series yet consists of 5 main games and some additional material. Though there are future plans for more *Assassin's Creed* games, Desmond's storyline has come to an end with *Assassin's Creed 3*.

### Premise

In 2012, **Desmond Miles**, a descendant from several lines of prominent Assassins, is kidnapped by Abstergo Industries and forced to use a device named, "*Animus*" which allows him to experience his ancestral memories. Abstergo run by the Templars, the main enemies of Assassins seek to locate "Pieces of Eden" that hold power to control mankind and alter its fate. While using *Animus*, some skills of his assassin's are genetically leaked in Desmond but at a cost; Desmond has to live with multiple set of memories and personalities in his mind.

Within *Animus*, Desmond experiences the memories of *Altair ibn-La' Ahad* at the time of third Crusade. *Ezio Auditore da Firenze*, during late 15th and early 16th centuries of Renaissance. *Conner*, half-Mohawk half-British Assassin during the American Revolution. During this time Desmond learns of a solar flare that threatened to wipe out the Earth and its up to Desmond to locate the Pieces of Eden and save the world using its power.

The bulk of game is played as memories of Ancestors in the *Animus* in third person view. The player has to control the player and use his variety of skills to Assassinate the targets while running through a fluent and enticing storyline. There are side missions as well. The game has two modes, *Passive Vs. Active*. In *Active* mode, the guards can be alerted and so player has to either fight them or break their line of site and hide. If the player tries to perform something too unusual, the sync with *Animus* will break and memory would have to be restarted from an earlier checkpoint. The Assassin is equipped with weapons and a hidden blade to perform Assassinations and survive.

Player can also fund cities, refurbish or repair the Assassin's headquarters, search for relics and ancestral information in the worlds created by the *Animus*. At points player will also lead groups of Assassin's and robbers to lay siege at a place or distract enemies making everything feel real and alluring.

**Assassin's Creed 1** : Desmond abducted by Abstergo Industries has to use Animus to experience the memories of his ancestor Altair ibn La' Ahad, when he is demoted to novice after he breaks all three tenants of Assassin's law. To regain his former status, Al-Mualim, his leader, tasks him to assassinate 9 Templars. Altair travels through Jerusalem, Damascus and Acre; his quest finally leading him to King Richard One where he must reveal the Templar Robert De Sable's plan and learn the truth about Al-Mualim and the peace of Eden possessed by him. The first Assassin's Creed introduced many features that became staple to the series. It was rewarded with a score of 83% rating by Game Ranking's and a wide appraise by critics.

**Assasin's Creed 2:** Desmond is recued by Lucy, a mole of Assasin's working in Abstergo and taken to Shawn and Rebecca , the Assasin's historian and Technical Support at an Assasin Safe House. Here Desmond witnesses the memories of Ezio de Auditore through an improved version of the Animus called *Animus 2.0*. Ezio's journey takes him from Florence to San Gimignano, Assasin's head quarters, Tuscan Countryside, Forli, Venice and Rome. Assasin's Creed 2 received a wide critical acclaim and is considered the best Assasin's game uptill now. It received a score of 91.71% by Game Rankings. It sold about 9 Million Copies.

Brotherhood and Revelation: Both in *BROTHERHOOD AND REVELATIONS*, the Ezio storyline continues. Most of the Brother hood takes place in Rome. In Revelations we visit Masyaf, the main head quarters of the ancestral Assasin's and was under Altair's control until his death. From there Ezio travels to Ottoman era Istanbul. Brotherhood sold to close to a nine million copies receiving a score of 91% by Game rankings. Revelations was also well praised with a score of 80.55%.

**Assassin's Creed 3:** The end of Desmond's storyline. Here Desmond experiences the memories of Conner, who is trained by a Master Assassin Achilles Davenport and shown a Piece of Eden. Conner is tasked to stop many Templar plans and Assassination attempt against George Washington. His journey leaves Conner finally to face his Templar Father. Taking place during American Revolution, AC3 offered the world of Colonial Boston and New York. Apart from that it gave the player a multitude of action moves and the use of multiple guns not provided in the previous AC games. AC3 was well met and got a critical praise of 85.77% by Game Rankings.

Recently the fourth Assassin's Creed named Black Water has been confirmed for a 2014 release. The game will have an exclusive port on the upcoming PS4 and will be released on the current gen consoles as well. Further more the Director of the AC has been considering the future games to be based in the British Raj, the time before partition of India and Pakistan but yet the upcoming Black Water is related to Pirates and Sea Wars. How much will AC franchise change through time let's wait and watch.

# FARE WELL TO PS2

2013 has certainly proved to be eventful as finally we can say our goodbye's to the long running 6th Gen of Gaming consoles now that Sony has confirmed to stop the production of PS2, released on 4th March 2000, while it proceeds to release its gaming console for the 8th Generation.

The PlayStation 2 is the best-selling video game console of all time to date, having sold over 150 million units as of January 31, 2011. Sony stated in 2011 that 1.52 billion PS2 titles have been sold since launch. With 3,857 games, the PlayStation 2 also has the largest library of games than any other console. On January 4, 2013, Sony announced the discontinuation of the PlayStation 2, after 13 years of production, and with the PlayStation 4 expected to be unveiled later that year. Outside of Japan, the PlayStation 2 is the second-longest lived console of all time with a hardware lifespan of 12 years and 10 months, just behind the Atari 2600's record of 14 years and 3 months (Oct.1977-1992).

In its last week of availability in Japan (December 24 to December 30, 2012), the PlayStation 2 sold 2,078 units in the country - up from 928 units the week before. Remarkably, the PlayStation 2 managed to sell better in Japan that week than the Xbox 360 (1,986 units), as well as the Nintendo DS (704 units).

The specifications of the PlayStation 2 console are as follows, with hardware revisions:

CPU: 64-bit "Emotion Engine" clocked at 294.912 MHz (299 MHz on newer versions), 10.5 million transistors

System memory: 32 MB Direct Rambus or RDRAM

Memory bus Bandwidth: 3.2 gigabytes per second

Video output resolution: variable from 256×224 to 1920×1080 (HD res) pixels

Output: Dolby Digital 5.1 Surround sound, DTS (Full motion video only), later games achieved ana-5.1 surround during gameplay through Dolby Pro Logic II

For about a decade, the games released on PS2 became the defining games for most established Genres and their style continues to run now that the world proceeds to the 8th Generation of Gaming. It is fair to say that PS2 has been one of the establishing consoles for modern games having one hell of a large library for games of which most have been monumental. Here we have made a list of important games that were released on the stubborn old PlayStation 2 which were important in their themes and importance to the gaming world.

**GTA: SAN ANDREAS:** Without doubt the first on every list is GTA:SA which is the highest selling game of PS2. The open world game was huge and is famous for having one of the largest audio staff ever. It is notable that it was pS2 on which open world games became a reality.

**God of War 2:** Though 1 was good but this was uncomparable. At the final quarter of PS2's reign, Sony surprised the developers with its PS2 exclusive game by showing the length to which PS2 could still be pushed. With its huge wars, graphics and style, this game stands undaunted.

**Resident Evil 4:** Not on the list due to any personal liking but because this was the game that marked the turning point for Survival Horror when the genre's style had begun to get stale. Resident Evil 4 stands as the game which revolutionized the whole system of Third Person Gaming.

**Silent Hill 2 (2000):** At the beginning the PS2 was run by the heart pumping survival horror games; a phenomenon that had carried down from PS1 due to the famous Resident Evil series. Silent Hill 2 one of the first game on PS2 to receive fantastic ratings and reviews due to the themes it represented, its strong storyline and the deep symbolism which became possible due to the powerful system of PS2. It is considered one of the most scariest game and the one which touched the highest number of taboo topics in a very mature way and the iconic monster Pyramid Head is still considered frightening.

**Prince of Persia: Sands of Time trilogy (2003-2006) :** The famous Prince of Persia series were revived and rebooted on PS2 becoming extremely famous with the spectacular skills of the prince and the story line. Of course the series already had a large fan library from the past whose nostalgia pushed its ratings and sales to extreme. Further more it made the time reversal mechanic possible.

**Silent Hill Shattered Memories:** Notably the last game on PS2 to receive lack luster ratings, awards and reviews due to its storyline, design and the psychological profiling feature. The loving Dad, Harry Mason, returns to uncover the mystery of his daughter who disappeared in the town of Silent Hill.

**Ico and Shadow of Colossus:** The graphically rich games are fun to play with its medieval storyline. Both games were PS2 exclusive and received award for their graphics.

**Devil May Cry:** The super doper, gamer favourite action game also debuted on PS2. The first 3 games all received good reviews and had good sales.

**Silent Hill 3:** a sequel to Silent Hill 1; this game had its scary moments and shared great themes of love, forgiveness, desire and evil. The variety of monsters were greater in Silent Hill 3 and more about the cult of Silent Hill was discovered.

Other notable names are :**The legend of Zelda, Grand Turismo, Tomb Raider, Medal of Honour, Need for Speed Underground and Underground 2, Resident Evil: Code Veronica X, Final Fantasy X.**

The last game to release on PS2 was FIFA 13 which was actually the renamed FIFA 2009. Good Bye PS2.

## Mini Sagas By Muhammad Taimoor

Source: XPC community Rutbaza's Short Story Competition Thread

### The Lost Companion

His eyes were wet, his hands shivering, not because of the cold, but because of the fear that began to dwell in his heart. The night turned even darker, the street endless. He felt lost, and defeated, even by his shadow that was limbering ahead of him. "This world is cruel" thoughts gathering inside his little, weak mind. "You'll have to be brave, and nothing can hurt you as long as I'm by your side" he kept hearing these comforting words, and wished it wasn't over for her, that she was still by his side. But, it all happened. Time doesn't wait, and neither did she. She was gone now, far away in the lands from where no one returned, from where no echoes emerged. He was alone now, one against the world. He kept running, and the dark avenue ran with him. It was endless, just like the love she gave him. Her voice, her charm, her warm hug, her everything. He started crying, tears rolling down his soft cheeks, but this time, there was no one to wipe them off, no one to wrap arms around him. He was broken. After all, he had lost his mother.

### Late for Flight

No cabs in sight, an hour late flight, tensed morning, no breakfast and now, rain. His day kept worsening. Heading back inside the passenger lounge, he kept thinking about the package. These drugs are surely giving me a hard time, he thought as he settled on his chair. Act cool, like you have nothing to hide, the dealer said to him. Yeah sure, 6 late flight, no cabs, a rainstorm, and he says Keep your cool! he murmured looking down to the floor. Suddenly, he noticed it. The pin-drop silence. He gazed up to see the cause. Everyone was eyeing him hard. Every single one. "Shit!" his mind raced. He stood up. Every eye followed. Pacing towards the exit, he sensed someone following him. From the corner of his eye, he saw security personnel behind him, moving towards him too. Where did I go wrong? How can I get caught? his thoughts pierced his stamina. It's all over Martin, it's all over. Someone shouted from behind, but his immersion in deep thoughts neglected the call. Weakening legs, slowing pace, and breathlessness contributed to his fall. He went down on the floor, knees first, and throwing the package towards the followers, he shouted, "Here it is, the package, its all yours! I was forced to deliver it! Please, I didn't do anything!" Feeling the cold floor on his knees, he realized that under his suited coat, he was just wearing shorts.

### A Scary Reaction

The night was dark and cold. He felt brave as he sated himself comfortably on the cushion. They think I'm a nerd, I don't do daring things. This'll probably prove them wrong, he thought. It was dead silent, and it had to be, he was camping alone in the graveyard. His friends wanted him to do it, and he certainly was doing it the best way. Ready for your dirty tricks my dear friends, he smiled at the thought. Something cracked behind the tent, catching his attention immediately. Here it goes, he murmured. Picking himself, he went for his grey dark mask to scare them too. Putting the gas lamp off, he sat in the corner, waiting in dead black silence. Something moved outside, then floated in mid air to reach the tent's opening. He could only see a shadow. Cool effects! he smiled in excitement. The figure unzipped the tent, and stepped inside. It glowed with the dark, and he couldn't figure out it's proper shape. It was there and not there at the same time. It's time, he thought. Suddenly jumping up with a quick move, he stood right in front of the thing, with his mask on and screamed hard to scare the hell out of his expected friend. However, all he received was an answer, "Seriously?"

### Thank You Mister

He waited for a chance. I need that Marijuana, and I need money for that, he thought. He looked for easy targets, someone who can put up enough money without resisting much. A couple, no they'll get attention. An old man, no he won't have much. 200 dollars were enough to buy some of the drug for a night, which he did have in his wallet. But he wanted to feel the indulgence, to go through the perfect sensation, and for that, he needed more money. He saw the man. He was moving quickly, probably sneaking, he thought. Maybe he is carrying money, and he's pacing home to make it safe, he thought as he smiled on his exceptional intelligence. He moved forward to intercept him, and stood his way, pointing double handguns straight at his face. The man halted instantly. He looks cunning, i should be cautious he thought. "Give me all you got!" he barked. "I don't have anything" the man replied straight without any hesitation. "I Said, Gimme the money! Or else I'll take it myself!" he shouted again. "Take what you find" the man said, as he opened his arms, inviting him for a search. He leaned forward, checking his jacket for anything. He found a packet, something wrapped in it tightly. He smiled at his victory and said, "And what's this?". The man said nothing. "Thank You Mister" he taunted, as he walked off in the other direction. As he teared the wrapper, a box came out. It said Thank You Mister on a large label. He knew what had happened. His wallet was gone.

### A Terrible Mistake

He held her hand tightly, never wanting to let her go. Her eyes glittered even in the cold grey morning. Her smile, as everlasting and fresh as always, was right on her lips ready to greet him. He never wanted to do this, but money was more important. Gentle morning breeze brushed past her hairs as she turned her head to see the pigeons flying in circles. Her mouth opened with joy at the wonderful scene, and his heart began to soften for her. But his job was superior than his emotions, his vow was more important. I need to do this right now. He looked around for people, the park was empty. Sighing at realizing this was the moment, he took out his gun. His thoughts began to race. He saw the bag at the far end of the street, stuffed with hundred dollar bills, waiting for him to pick them up, only after the job's done. But are they better than this little girl's smile, her shining little eyes, her weak little movements? He tried to his thoughts towards the objective. I need to do it no matter what, he struggled. Pointing the gun out towards her head, he waited for her response. She glanced at the cold steel of the gun, then towards his eyes. She smiled. He shot her, left the silent body there, and headed towards his reward. He did it for nothing. The bag was empty.

# The Bates Hotel

By SOT ZAIDI

The sky was coloured chrome; a disappearing red tinge was partially visible deep in the horizon. The wind bel- lowed loudly and the leaves rustled wildly. The street was hidden with fallen red and gold leaves and with a slight rustle of air, they went on flying in the street blocking the vision of any passer by.

A car screeched to a halt and the door opened and closed with a loud thud. A man stretched out himself and then looked sadly around the street as if waiting to see someone. Eyes spotted a shadow looming not far in the street and the man dressed in a green jacket and blue jeans drove his car towards it entering the area what was supposed to be a pavement; now it was indis- tinguishable under the red-gold carpet spread over it.

The sky thundered and a shiver creeped down the man’s spine as he read the sign:

“Bates Inn”

*No vacancy*

There was no time change the mind, however and the man decided to try. He entered the hotel and found it’s splendor eye shocking; huge crystal chandeliers hung in the hall and a polished reception desk stood in the far corner with a dragon emblazoned on it. A man dressed in black suit stood there and the visitor hurried over to him.

“Welcome to Bates Hotel. We are pleased to welcome you as our honored guest,” said the man in black suit in a robotic voice.

“Thank you. But do you have rooms available?”

The manager nodded.

“Oh sorry my name is Gary. I need a room for one per- son...umm. A simple room for one night.”

The manager nodded and said, “We have just the room for you.” He clapped his hand and said, "Richard, escort Mr. Gary Williams to the room 253.”

“But I haven’t registered or payed the advance first!” said Gary startled.

The manager looked at Gary creepily and said smiling in a strange way, “All will be done in time. Enjoy your stay at the Bates Inn”.

The door beside the counter opened and an old man dressed in the waiter’s uniform stepped in the hall.

“Follow me sir,” said the old waiter and began to walk.

*What the hell is wrong with these people, thought Gary.*

Gary began to walk behind him passing through mar- velous corridors and finally stopping to the room. The man named Richard took out a small key and opened the door. Gary immediately liked it; in the thunder and rainfall, the light from the lamps illuminating the room looked exotic. There was a double bed, a table, two sofas and an attached wash room. The room was well kept.

“If you need anything sir?”

“No replied Gary disturbed out of some deep thought, “but I do have a question? Why is the hotel’s sign reading ‘no vacancy’”. Gary stopped abruptly for Richard was gone.

The sky rumbled outside and the rain pattered on the windows. Gary gazed outside in the darkness ponder- ing over his past. His thoughts flared upon the hotel’s no vacancy sign and he wondered what kind of joke was that. He had been too surprised at the manager to ask from him. So far, Gary had felt no presence of any other living in the hotel.

*Even the car park is empty.*

Eventually sleep took Gary and he lay on bed to sleep.

“Gary! Gary! Wake up! Wake up!” said a voice and Gary opened his eyes to find sunshine blinding his eyes.

“Rise and shine honey. It’s a beautiful morning,” re- plied Eva.

“Let me sleep darling.”

"Come on cup cake wake up. Come to the light."

"What?" mumbled Gary.

"Get out of the hotel sir. There is no vacancy here... no vacancy to check out."

The voice had changed and Gary sat up alert at what had happened. Darkness still prevailed in the sky but now it had entered the room as well.

Suddenly a hand, moldy and smelling of rot pressed down on Gary's throat and thrashing wildly Gary tried to get rid of it.

After much struggle, the hold was loosened and whatever it was, was thrown away into the darkness where it began to move. The room filled with a ghoulish sound and a rotten smell. A shadow of a woman blocked Gary's path as he began to run out of the room. Gary screamed at her and pushing her aside with speed he fled out of the room.

*This must be a dream. Oh God, no please no. THIS MUST BE A DREAM.*

Gary fled towards the counter and felt the corridor getting longer and longer, behind him the voices were getting nearer and nearer.

*Gary, please I want to have the baby.*

*No sweet heart. I don't want one yet. Please try to understand. YOU must get an abortion...*

The voices changed.

*No Gary no. Please no... YOU CAN'T. You must not do this. Please Gary.*

*You refuse to listen to me. Now you must...*

The voices stopped and Gary stepped in the reception hall. The lights had been dimmed here making everything look cozy.

Gary felt the pounding in his head replaced by a sweet music. The hall was filled with people dancing and drinking yet their faces had no life in them. Gary searched for the manager but could not find him and then a jolly man began to speak in the mike.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! May I have your attention

## II

please. Our guest of honor has arrived. Let's give him a big hand and welcome him to our party."

Gary began to look at everyone and everyone seemed to be staring at him.

"Let us see what he achieved in his miserable stretch of life."

A screen behind Gary flickered and then a video began to play. Gary began to scream pleading mercy.

*NO for GOD's sake. Please no*

However every one stared at the man in the screen beating his wife with a golf club. He hit her belly hard and then bashed her brains until they flew out every where in the air. Thick blood gurgled from the mouth or what was the mouth. Blood, thick red gory covered everything and yet Gary kept beating his wife to pulp. He was in a terrible fit of rage...uncontrollable. People began to clap.

"Why? Why are you doing this? I want to leave! Let me leave." cried Gary tears running down his eyes.

"Why don't you know sir. There is no vacancy in the check out register. You cannot leave...EVER."

"NO...NO PLEASE JUST GET RID OF ALL THIS..."

"You sinned. Now you must enjoy. The Bates hotel will house you till eternity. You have made the devil happy and you will be rewarded."

"Rewarded in this hell... I cannot live in this hell."

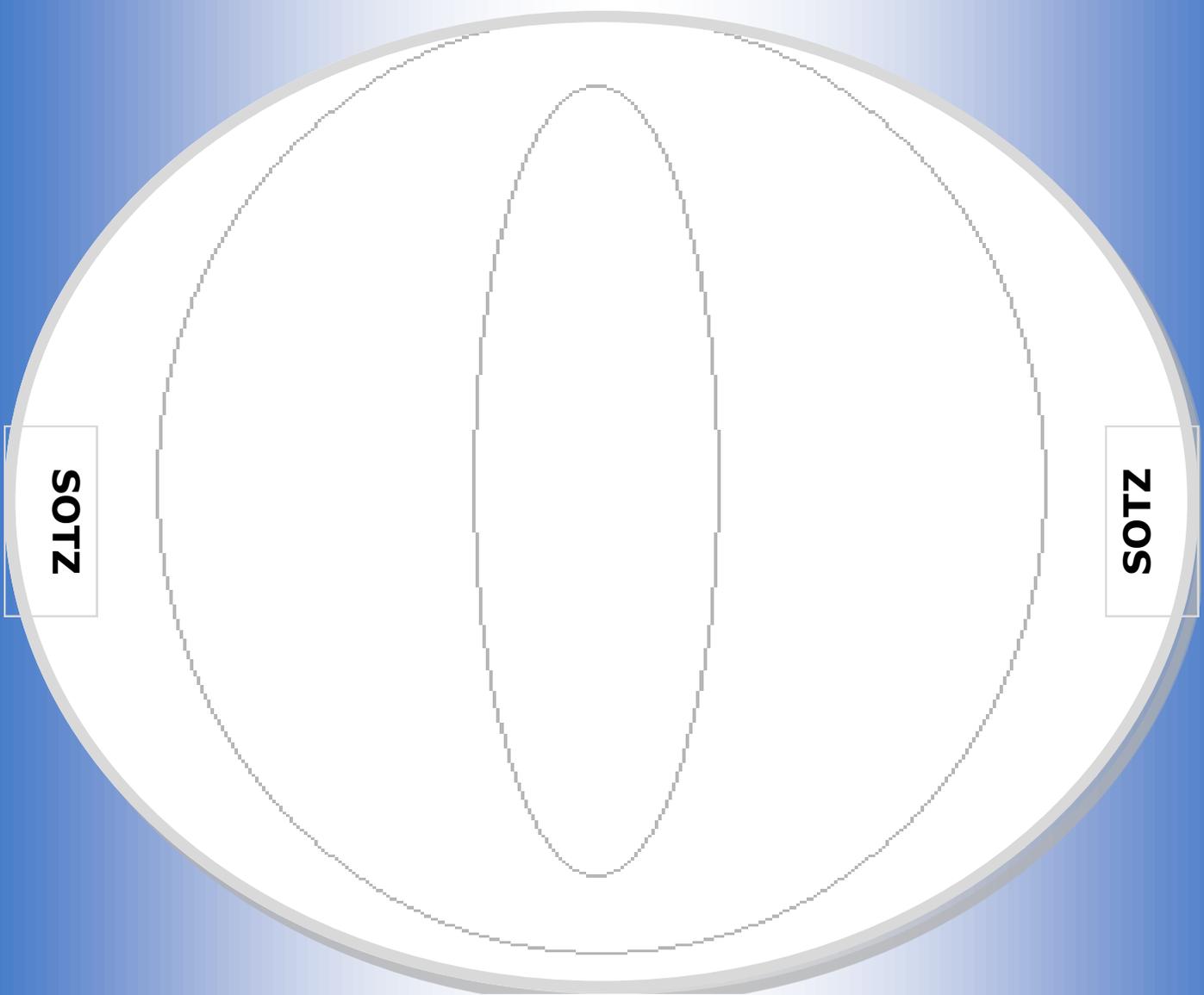
People began to laugh around Gary and the manager said stepping out of the crowd, "Ironic isn't it. You made your hell for you self. If you want it then so be it."

The door of the hall opened again and a woman began to step towards Gary. Screams filled the hall.

The manager's table was occupied by a new bearer and as a new customer stepped in, the manager smiled and replied. "Welcome to the Bates Hotel. I am Gary, the manager....

**The end**

Contact at: [osama\\_nafees@hotmail.com](mailto:osama_nafees@hotmail.com)



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