

Hotel California

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** This is a story inspired by and dedicated to The Eagles song of the same name. **

This is the story of a night I spent at a strange Spanish-stlye hotel. I night I will never forget...

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1 - The Spanish Missionary

*** For those of you who have heard of the Eagles, I hope you enjoy this little story that I dedicate to The Eagles. It is a tribute for all their years of hard work and easy songs. ***

I was driving down the highway. The cool wind, blowing in my hair. The warm smell of eucalyptus was rising up through the air.

Up ahead in the distance I saw a shimmering light. I realized I was getting tired, because my head grew heavy and my sight grew dim. I had to stop for the night.

I saw what appeared to be a hotel. The sign out-front was old and rickety. It read:
"Welcome to the Hotel California, traveler's last destination."

I pulled in and parked my car. I looked up at the hotel. It was actually an old Spanish missionary. Complete with bells. There in the doorway I saw a young girl, dressed as a bell-hop. The mission bells started to ring. I started wondering if this was a good idea. A voice in my head said. 'Hey, this could be heaven.' 'Or...' I thought, 'this could be hell.' Either way, I had to stay somewhere, so I pushed my thoughts aside and walked up to meet the girl.

I told her I wanted to stay the night. She just lit up a candle, nodded her head, and showed me the way into the hotel. As we were walking in, I thought I heard voices coming from the corridors. I just thought I was imagining it, but they sounded real. I listened as I heard them say:

" Welcome to the Hotel California."
"Such a lovely place, such a lovely place."
"Such a lovely face."

"There's plenty of room at the Hotel California."
"Anytime of year, anytime of year."
"You can find it here...."

I just ignore it and followed the bellhop to my room.

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I walked out to the courtyard where lunch was to be served. I looked to my right and saw some people dancing. I noticed the girl again, the bellhop. I thought, her mind must be twisted, how she could not be dancing to this song.

I noticed some people hanging around her, mostly a bunch of pretty boys. 'Those are her friends?' I thought as she greeted them with smiles and open arms.

As I sat down, I watched the people dancing as I felt the heat of the day beam down upon us. I sweated a little, but it felt good. I noticed some of the dancers were happy, while others were sad. "I see" I said quietly to my self, "Some dance to remember, while some dance to forget"

I called up the captain, told him to bring me my wine. When he asked what wine I want I told him and he merely laughed. "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969." he said with a slight chuckle. I just frowned and ordered something else to drink.

I remembered something from last night. Those voices I heard last night, I heard them again. They woke me up in the middle of the night, as if just to hear them say:

"Welcome to the Hotel California."

"Such a lovely place, such a lovely place."

"Such a lovely face."

"They're livin' it up at the Hotel California."

"Such a nice surprise, such a nice surprise"

"Bring your alibis"

Later that evening, I took a walk down on of the corridors. There were mirrors on the ceiling, which made me wonder why they would put them there.

I noticed some pink champagne on ice, outside one of the rooms. Then I saw that bellhop again, running down the corridor. She seemed scared.

I stopped her and asked her what's going on. She simply said, "We are all just prisoners here, of are own device." Then she broke from my grip and ran down the hall.

I was thinking, 'what did she mean by that?' I then looked down the corridor where she came from.

I don't know what I was thinking, but I walked down there just to see what could be happening.

I walked until I was a sliver of light coming from one of the doors. I slowly crept up to it and peeked in.

I saw a large shadow of what I'll never know. Then I saw some more shadows, these of people, gather around it. I heard some one say something, and then I saw the silhouette of a knife raise in the air. I watched as the now knives, came down upon the shadow which started moving.

That was it. I just ran as hard as I could. I just had to find the passage back to the place I was before.

I ran words the doors, but stopped apparently as a night man stepped in front of me.

He was tall, lean, and yet old. His face was raised in a dark smile. "Relax," he said in an almost mechanical voice, "We are programmed to receive." Then his smile turned even more wicked. "You can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave."

Then I felt something come painfully crashing upon my head. I fell to the ground completely dazed. I looked up, fading in and out, and saw the night man stood over me, that same smile upon his face. "Good night sir," he said in an almost innocent way.

Than I just faded away, losing all contact with this world.....

\*\* The End \*\*

\*\*\* I hope you enjoyed this story! Instead of adding a new chapter, I just re-edited the story. Until next time!

-T.L.B.O.M \*\*\*