

Well, this seems to be interesting.

I seemed to have been invited to Wellington Wells for a little stay, even though I was staying at a grand old hotel.

Nothin' much, it's just that I have not been in other places than this.

But things started to get weird at that town, really eerie and disturbing things...

So, let me just start at the beginning of how this whole story just started randomly.

I remember I was staying in a grand old hotel, just relaxing and minding my own business in my own chair.

Nothin' much was going on around the whole town, and the restaurants there are expensive since I was saving up a bit and losin' some weight, I just stayed there for a while, thinking of my own thoughts.

Thinkin' about what I could do since I don't have a home to stay in since I already moved out of the other foster home I have.

Besides, I am old enough and could afford a home myself, but... I just don't trust myself alone in a house and in an unknown neighborhood filled with robbers.

...I don't want to start that again...

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door of my motel room, startling me almost to death, as I jumped, almost springing out of my chair I was sitting in.

I was startled that someone randomly knocked on my door, even though the whole room was peacefully stinkin' quiet!

After calming down from my startlement, breathing in and out slowly, the knocking continued to knock against my door, pausing for a few minutes, then resumed, repeating the process for a while.

"J-Just a minute!" I called out to the person, slowly getting up from the chair, before quickly putting on my cameo sweater, just to be a little warm since it is cold out there. "Be patient, please!"

The knocking paused after I had called out to that person, and got over to the door, opening it to see a mailman in front of him, holding a letter in his hand.

"Hello, ma'am!" he greeted, tipping his hat down slightly as I smiled.

"Hello, sir." I greeted back, sighing gently from my anxiety, luckily I have not brought out any of my claws or else things might be over the top, literally. "What could I do for you?"

"Nothin' much," he responded, as I listened, pushing a strand of wire from in front of my face over my ear. "It's just you are beautiful, and people have been complete assholes around you. They just don't understand that you are human then who you are."

"Nah, don't worry about it!" I sighed, gently waving my hand in front of me slightly. "I dealt with bigger assholes than those people! And I am quite flattered."

He chuckled along with me, amused at my personality.

"Anyways, I have a letter from someone that is written for you with your door number on it," he explained, before asking me, asking about my name. "Stephanie, right?"

"Yep!" I happily chirped, while smirking. "Stephanie Allen is me!"

He softly chuckled and handed me the letter, which was perfectly handwritten with neat handwriting, which does not match the writing that my boyfriend has.

If I remember correctly, his handwriting is normal, but this person seems to be shaky, despite the neatness.

It has the room number on the front, but there was no address of where I used to live nor the return address.

It piqued my interest because it was mysterious and unusual, so I was confused but curious at the same time.

"Is there something wrong, Ms. Allen?" the mailman asked, looking confused.

I glanced up at him and shook my head no, answering to his question and lying to him at the same time, "No, nothin's wrong."

"Then, why are you confused?" he asked, mentioning to my confusion.

"Well, I think my friend forgot my name on the letter and maybe was excited to hear from me?" I white lied to him, covering up the curiosity that I have.

He was silent for a moment, as I mentally prayed to myself that he would take the white lie for good.

The mailman shrugged his shoulders after a moment, responding with, "Okay, then, nothin' wrong with that." then tipped his hat towards me.

"Have a nice day, Ms. Allen." He smiled.

"Aw, 'Ms. Allen' was my mother, call me Stephanie." I softly chuckled, as he chuckled.

"Alright then," he chuckled, before tipping his hat once more at me, as a farewell. "I'll see you soon, Stephanie."

I smiled at him for a moment, before he turned around from my door and walked down the hallway to the left as he pulled out another letter, looking at it for a moment, before turning the corner.

I watched him as he turned the corner, my smile disappearing as I went back into my room and closed the door in front of my face.

After closing the door in front of my face, I glanced down at the letter in my hands, thinking to myself for a moment.

I turned back to the living room that I am inside, staring at the letter in my hands for a moment, thinking about who could have written it to me?

Is someone in trouble?

Did someone want to be rescued?

So, I decided to open the letter.

Sitting down on a different chair, which was a wooden one, in front of a desk, as I still had the letter in my hands, still staring at it with a concerned look.

After a moment, I put up my first finger of my metal hand and transformed into a small letter opener for me to open the letter.

Being careful as I could, I inserted the tip of the knife into the side of the letter, trying not to rip the paper inside accidentally.

After I had finished cutting the letter, I moved my finger out from the tears, transforming my finger back to normal, before taking out what was inside.

As soon as I took out a letter, my vision powers kicked in, allowing me to see what was going on before meeting me.

The vision showed a blank piece of paper, just lying on a desk, before someone came running into a room, a single large hand landing on the paper, as a shadow of a man glanced side to side frantically.

Then, he glanced down at the paper underneath his hand and glanced around for a pen.

He grabbed a pencil from the side of the desk in a pencil cup and glanced back down at the paper, before writing, while he was shaking from either trauma or from being cold outside.

"Dear reader, my name is not important to remember, but there is something wrong going on in Wellington Wells!" the man wrote on the paper in front of him.

He stopped writing for a moment and glanced around for a moment, checking for anyone coming.

After checking, he went back to writing, continuing, "I need you to come into the town and find me! I'm hiding outside of Wellington Wells! But, if you do find me another way, please do me a favor, don't take any of the Joy! It's poisonous!"

Before he continued writing the letter in front of him, he glanced up from his work when he heard something in the distance, before quickly finishing, "Either way, please, help me!"

After he had written that, he folded the paper up into a square, grabbed an envelope and placed the letter inside, before sealing it and placed it inside a mailbox.

When he placed the letter in the mailbox, he turned to the side, noticing someone was coming and ran, leaving the mail alone for a moment.

Then someone else came than the man that quickly wrote the letter and opened the box, noticing the envelope inside.

The figure reached inside and took it out, noticing the man forgot to write the address on the front.

Without a word, the figure took out a pen instead of a pencil and wrote my room number on it.

After writing my room number on it, the figure placed the letter back into the mailbox, closing the mailbox and left, walking in a different direction than the previous one.

Then, the mailman came and took the mail, before sending it to where I was, handing it to the same mailman that came to my doorstep and gave it to me.

After the vision disappeared, I blinked my eyes for a moment, looking slightly bewildered.

Whoever wrote the letter must have been in deep water for a long time!

I thought to myself for a moment, thinking about the other misadventures I have been in, sometimes getting into trouble, or just getting into another adventure.

Usually, I get dragged into one after meeting someone randomly or just right out of the blue.

'Oh, well,' I shrugged to myself after thinking to myself for a moment as I placed the halfway opened letter down on the desk. 'Looks like I am in another adventure.'

After I had placed the letter down, I stood up from the chair I was sitting in and stretched out a bit before going.

While I was stretching, however, I felt a few of my bones popping out of place, before going back when I stopped.

Then, I collected some items for the adventure and counted my money in case if I needed to buy some food.

I finished collecting the items and some things, before deciding to take the adventure.

Straightening myself and repositioning my sweater, I sighed to myself, knowing this will kill me in the future of the adventure, but what the hell?

I was already bored with being in my room the whole time, so, why the hell not of having another adventure?

So, I am ready for the new adventure!

To begin the adventure, I walked out of my room and closed the door behind my back and locked it with the key I was given with when I came here for the stay.

After locking the door, I walked down the hallway and turned the right corner, heading down to the elevator to go to the service table.

I entered the elevator and pressed the down button, heading to the first floor.

"Wait!" a male's voice cried out to me, as I glanced over to the front. "Wait, hold the door!"

Quickly, I held my hand up to the door and pushed it open, just in time for him to enter, then I moved my hands away from the doors.

The male was a businessman, and he repositioned his tie, before noticing me.

"O-Oh, I suppose you are here to be on ground level?" he asked, stammering a bit.

"Yeah, I am," I responded to him, not even bothered by him staring at me funny.

I always get people staring at me funny, but, when staring started to get a little uneasy, then I'll freak out or start running the other direction.

"Uh, wh-where are you heading to?" he stammered, glancing away from my gaze for a moment, then glanced back at me.

"Well, I am headin' to a town called Wellington Wells because a friend of mine wanted to see me again." I calmly explained to him, lying to him like how I lied to the mailman, except not the same, but almost related.

When we reached the ground, I stepped off and glanced over at him, who was staying in the elevator.

"Are ya comin' with me?" I asked, mentioning the direction of the front desk.

"N-No, I was actually going to the 4th level," he responded, as he pointed up. "I was waiting for you to step off."

"Ah," I understood him. "Okay, I'll see you later then!"

"Y-Yes, later." he sighed, as he pushed the button to the fourth floor.

After pushing the button to go to the floor, I waved goodbye to him with my good right metal hand, as a polite way to say farewell to someone.

He awkwardly waved goodbye back to me with an uneasy look on his face before the elevator's doors closed in front of him.

After the elevator doors closed, I sighed as I glanced away from it, feeling a little pouting.

It seems like I always get that around whenever people interact with me.

Be judgy against me and has any lack of respect.

I wanted to be annoyed at them for the lack, but I do not blame them, it's not their fault that they do not understand much, but... it's their choice, not mine.

Although I do not seem to be that angry at them that much.

It looks like I went through what has happened so far...

But... I do not know if I am clearly ready to face the... path I was forced to take.

I paused for a moment, thinking to myself for a moment, before shaking my head for a moment, forcing the random thoughts away from my mind.

...Come on, Steph!

Stop talkin' like that!

You know better than that!

Let's... just get this over with and find that guy in Wellington Wells.

Nothin' bad could happen in that town,... right?

After gathering myself for a moment and gently sighing through my nose, I walked to the front of the desk, forcing a smile on my face to the manager to not show that I was a little sad.

"Ah, welcome back!" he smiled at me, as I smiled back to him. "What could I do for you?"

"Nothin', I was coming here to sign out." I sighed, pushing a strand of hair out of my face.

"Thank god..." Someone sighed from in the distance, as I overheard it because of her left metal ear, but I chose not to make a ruckus, as I was calm. "And I thought that it wouldn't leave already."

I ignored the voice behind me and patiently waited for the manager to flip the pages to the page that I had written my name on before.

After the manager flipped to the page, he took out a pen and gave it to me.

"Here you go," he smiled, as I smiled back. "Now, just write your name here."

He pointed to a third column that reads, "Sign Out" and I rewrote my name on that column, on the same line where my other name was when I first came here.

After signing my name, I also wrote the date to the side.

"Thank you!" He smiled, as I smirked a bit. "I hope you had a nice stay here!"

I nodded my head once and turned around, walking towards the front doors of the hotel, ready to start the adventure.

Once I stepped outside of the building, I went straight to the train station, to get a ticket to go to Wellington Wells.

When I reached the ticket booth, I bought a ticket to the town, although I was feeling a bit uneasy about it.

But, I had confidence that there might be something there.

So, I bought the ticket and waited for the train to come back.

But while waiting for the train, I absentmindedly made a little paper crane for someone else to find it and read what could be written inside.

After I made the paper crane, I placed it in the bushes right next to the bench that I am sitting on, just in the spot where the sitter would see where it is.

I had to clean up some garbage that was hidden in the bushes after placing the paper crane inside and put it in the trash can, that was on the other side of the bench.

Then, the train appeared after a few more hours has passed and quickly boarded it, before noticing that someone sat down on the bench that I was sitting on.

Mentally, I hoped that person would notice the paper crane that is hidden in the bushes.

After hoping for a moment, I sat down on an empty seat and waited for the train to reach Wellington Wells, as I was thinking to myself again.

Maybe I was trying too hard to be happy?

Or maybe I was just too over the top?

I absentmindedly shook my head to myself, pushing the insecurity out of my mind.

I gotta stop myself from thinking that.

I watched as the scenery passed the windows, as I stared out of my window, not even bothering to look at who is either going to sit by me or just coming in without warning.

I watched trees, people, buildings, and other objects passed by, not even moving from my spot on the seat or falling asleep.

Usually, I do fall asleep on long trips to other places, but this time I have not fallen asleep.

I instead sadly watched as the scenery passed, feeling a bit down, even though I wanted to cheer myself up, I seemed to be sad still.

After a few hours or more has passed, I finally reached Wellington Wells, and I stood up from my seat, although a little sore from sitting too long.

But, I ignored the feeling and went off the train, heading towards the front of the town.

When I reached the front of the town, a nervous feeling sat in my stomach, as I stared up at the gate, wondering to myself of what could be inside.

Before I could enter, someone called over to me, "Oi!"

I immediately froze, as I glanced over to the voice, seeing that voice came from a police officer, as I felt more nervous about what he could be thinking about.

The police officer that called over to me walked up in front of me, as I felt weirded out by how he is wearing that white mask over his face.

"Who are you?" he asked, cocking his head to the side slightly.

"Uh, I'm, uh, I'm just here to visit an old friend of mine, sir." I stammered, pushing my glasses into place with my right hand. "I'm not doing anything wrong; I-I just want to come in the city."

He paused for a moment as I mentally chuckled to myself nervously, looking disturbed by both the white mask he is wearing and the creepily smiling expression on his face.

"Could I see your passport, then?" he asked, holding his hand out for the passport I used to go through the gates.

I blinked once, and noticed what he asked, feeling a bit embarrassed, while stammering, as I rummaged through the pockets of my blue jeans, "Huh? O-Oh! S-Sorry!"

After a moment of rummaging through the pockets, I pulled out the passport and gave it to him, as he took it and looked at the picture for a moment.

I forced a smile with my lips when he glanced up at me, trying to copy the picture they took of me back when I had to get one to aboard planes.

After a minute of looking back at the picture and back up at me, the police officer gave the passport back to me, as I took it from him.

"Uh, thank you." I thanked, as he reached up to his hat and tipped it slightly.

"You're welcome, miss." He granted, still smiling as I felt more creeped out. "Have a nice stay at Wellington Wells!"

After that, he turned around and entered the small room that he was inside that has a window in the front to see who approached the gate.

At first, I thought he was going to relax in that small room and force me to wait for another hour, to make me annoyed.

But, he instead pressed a button on the control panel and the gate opened, allowing me to enter the city.

I hesitated for a moment, but gathered my courage and slowly entered the town, and as soon as I stepped onto concrete, the gate behind me closed, sealing me inside.

After the gates closed behind my back, I felt really nervous about this idea, immediately regretting it mentally in my head.

But, I calmed myself down from my nervousness and assured myself that nothing wrong is gunna happen.

After I had assured myself that nothing dangerous is going to happen as soon as I just stepped away from the gate, my nervousness came back to me, when I noticed that everyone in the whole town, was weirdly smiling and wearing those white masks like the one I saw with the police officer.

My stomach twists as I walked through the town, nervously glancing around at the people, watching as they sometimes pop in a pink pill into their mouth, brighten up a bit, and continue with what they were doing.

I did not want to know what that pill is that they are swallowing.

Just as I reached the middle of the town, a small group of excited people stopped me in my tracks, as one of them noticed something off about me, as I looked completely nervous, freaked out, and forcing a smile on my face.

"You're off your Joy." she softly spoke, before reaching into her pocket and pulled out the same pill that they use. "Take mine."

I didn't take the pill in her hand and instead stepped back.

"Oh, my god!" she covered her mouth with her other hand as she dropped the pill, as some people started to panic. "You're a Downer!"

Immediately, I went into panic mode, as some women fainted from me being a 'Downer' and the men started to take out their weapons.

"Call the police!" she shouted, as I immediately turned around and went down where I came from earlier.

Just before I could reach the gate, the police came and blocked my way, as they were holding batons in their hands.

I made a hard stop and turned the other way, heading away from the gate and down the side, running as fast as I can.

"Get back over here, you Downer bitch!" one of them called to me, who I decided not to turn around to attack, but continue running down the side of the stone brick wall.

Just as I was running, I ran into someone who ran out from an alley, tumbled down the pavement and stopped, as I was on top of the person.

There was a slight ting of pain, but it was not too much to make me wanna cry out or whine about it.

"Ow, bloody 'ell." A male's voice grunted as the body I was laying on started to get up slowly.

Confused, I placed my hands down on the sides of the body, as we both went face to face with each other, as he looked startled, and I was puzzled.

"There she is!" a voice yelled from behind me, as I glanced over my shoulder, seeing one of the police officers had caught up with me from the other side.

A whistle loudly tweeted from the left side of where we were in the distance, making me gasp softly.

So, I glanced over from looking over my shoulder, gazing down the alley next to us.

Down that alley, there were more of the police officers.

"Oh, shit." the man I was on top of cursed, as they noticed him.

"There he is!" one of them pointed.

"Get him!" another yelled.

I glanced down at him and noticed he was not wearing those creepy masks that creep me out, feeling a bit curious about him.

I absentmindedly noticed the mask was off too, inches away from us in the distance.

But there was no time to ask 100 questions right now!

So, I quickly repositioned my hands from being on his chest and moved my legs to my feet, while wrapping my arms around his body.

"What are you-?" he asked, before I picked him up from the ground, as quickly as I can and ran as fast as I can.

A startled yelp came from him as he moved his right hand from my back, as I guessed he might have grabbed his glasses from falling off, as he also wrapped his legs around my bottom half, tightly gripping onto me, as I ran through the side of the town.

The police were following us from behind, acting like dogs nipping at our heels as I ran, faster, and faster, getting away from them and carrying who I went into was tightly holding onto me.

I ran over to the other side of town, before moving towards the forest in the distance.

I noticed a brick wall was blocking my way towards the forest, that only reaches up to both of me and the person I went into's chest.

At first, I felt unsure I might not jump over it since I am carrying someone, but I decided to take the chance.

So, I ran over the brick wall, as the police officers were slowing down a bit from losing too much strength.

When I was at the right time to jump, I leap, as the person tightened his grip around me a bit, so that he wouldn't fall off from me.

I landed safely on the other side of the wall and quickly ran into the woods, as the police officers were not following us anymore.