

# The Man In The Cellar

By AlHazred ([original post](#))

The hotel has a decently-sized physical plant in the cellar, a place for the incinerator, central heating, central air conditioning, and also incidentally the laundry rooms. One employee, who's responsible for maintaining all that equipment, lives in an alcove off the main incinerator area.

A middle-aged gristly-looking fellow, he lives sparsely, with a hammock, an extra hotel-style dresser, and a large, antique trunk, festooned with stickers from all sorts of odd places. (Tibet, Nepal, and Rangoon are must-haves. What about Innsmouth and Arkham? Averoigne? Hogwarts??) He seems very gregarious, and is a font of information regarding obscure occult/conspiracy subjects.

In fact, he seems to know a little too much. Maybe it's the way he chants, under his breath, when he shovels stuff into the incinerator. Maybe it's the graffiti drawn on the incinerator, that seems to suggest eyes, tentacles, and, around the main hatch, a large fanged mouth. Maybe it's the... reverence... on his face when he looks at the huge pile of metal. Maybe it's the stuff you almost see on those rare occasions when the trunk is open, shortly before he slams it shut. In some ways, he seems to act less like a janitor, and much more like a secret high priest...

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