

TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present

Volume 2023
Issue 1 *TYGR 2023*

Article 18

2023

Knock Knock

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Recommended Citation

Walters, Tate J. (2023) "Knock Knock," *TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present*. Vol. 2023: Iss. 1, Article 18.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2023/iss1/18>

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Knock Knock

I stood, bracing myself against the hotel door as multiple loud bangs shook it, filling the room with noise. My ears rang as I locked the door and grabbed a nearby chair to barricade the room. I moved, holding my head in pain, towards the center of the room. I looked into the mirror at the man behind me, breathing heavily and nervously wiping my damp palms on my denim pants. The man was wearing a black, professional-looking suit with an American flag tie.

“Why is this happening to me?” I asked him.

“You’re too important. They can’t keep you alive. You’re too much of a danger to them. You know too much.”

I let out a long, sustained groan of frustration as the knocking on my hotel door kept getting louder. I put my head in my hands because the pressure relieved some of the pain from my throbbing head. I ran over, looking through the peephole to again find no one.

“They’re messing with me. They want me to think I am going crazy so that nobody believes me. They’re hiding out there.”

“They’ll kill you if you leave the room.” The man said, loading his pistol. “You have to defend yourself.” He pointed towards the assault rifle on the hotel bed.

I walked towards the bed, grabbing the weapon. I knew what I had to do. As I walked to the door I knew that I had to defend myself against those who meant me harm. By this time, the knocking had stopped. I looked back to make sure that the man was with me.

There was no man. Only me.

I nudged the door open slowly, pressing the cold metal against my cheek. I knew what I could do to make the knocking stop.