

The (All-Too-)Handy Man

By Dynamo ([original post](#))

(As an alternative to [the Man in the Cellar](#), or perhaps working for him.)

So introverted he can barely communicate, the hotel handy man speaks only when spoken to. He can be found at any hour of the day fiddling with this or that device or fixture. He sleeps his full daily allotment in his room in the staff section, though at no predictable hours, and obviously spends the time for proper hygiene, but seems to have absolutely no other life. Even his meals are something portable from the hotel kitchen, eaten while working on something.

Oddly enough, nothing EVER seems to be broken. The handy man always catches it before it breaks, malfunctions, or otherwise stops working properly. There also seems to never be a shortage of things to work on, as he is never seen idle, but he always has time to take a look at whatever toy/gadget/device a guest or another employee has that needs attention, which he is always able to fix with a minimum of difficulty, perhaps requiring him to step out for a part or two. From an antique wind-up toy soldier with a jammed mainspring to a bleeding-edge laptop with a virus-infested proprietary-technology harddrive, "It'll just take a moment."

The handy man has that ageless appearance, anywhere from late 20s to early 40s, clean-shaven with short-cropped hair. His blue workman's shirt (sleeves always rolled up) and grey trousers would be at home in any decade of the 20th century, though maybe a little out of place in the 21st.

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