

# H. P.

By Basil ([original post](#))

A tall-ish, thin-ish, pale-ish man with a bit of a New England accent. A fan of horror fiction, particularly Pulp-era stuff; he got his nickname (no-one knows his real name—well, the management do, but no-one else has been interested enough to find out) from H. P. Lovecraft, his favorite.

He can recite any of Lovecraft's works from memory, same with Derleth and some others. In fact, he tends to do so, usually as an appropriate remark, but some times the quotes have no clear connection to events.

Basically, he'd be just a bit "off", and only creepy in the context of the rest of the hotel, except for one thing: he seems to need cold. He sweats, heavily, even in 60 degree conditions, keeps his room in the mid 40's, and insists on ice water with every meal—LOTS of ice water.

The strangest thing is he insists that there is no such story as "Cool Air" by Lovecraft.

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