



**ROOFTOP HORROR**, a psecret psociety pshort pstory by Mike Bozart (Agent 33), written in December 2014 and titled *Tanked* (rev. in July 2016)

The strangely tragic death of Chinese Canadian Elisa Lam made its way into our chattering office circles this past week. In case you forgot, or never heard, Lam was the 21-year-old female from a Vancouver suburb who ended up dead inside a water tank atop the Cecil Hotel in the Skid Row area of downtown Los Angeles in February of 2013.

This particular hotel is notorious for infamous guests, such as serial killers, [names redacted; we are not in the business of making murders (any more) famous] and for strange events, like a wife's act of defenestration in 1962 that killed a 65-year-old man on the sidewalk below. Talk about a bad day to go for a stroll down Main Street.

Perhaps you remember seeing the über-creepy elevator video (if not, it is still on Youtube as of this write-up). However, Monique (the customary alias for Agent 32) had not heard about this bizarre case until yours truly (Agent 33) informed her. She was very curious to know more, as she's a bigtime *Forensic Files* fanatic. She began reading up on the story on her pink tablet computer.

"The hotel guests reported odd-tasting drinking water with some even describing it as somewhat sweet," Monique recited from a news article. "That's totally effing [sic] gross! Major yuck!"

"I know. What a crazy postmortem situation that was." *Sickening. / So sad.*

Monique then switched from her tablet computer to our laptop. She prefers it for analyzing videos. She watched the elevator video three times in focused silence. Then she spoke. "So, no other person was seen with her at that hotel?"

"No, no one," I answered as I looked around for the crunch bowl.

"And, she was travelling alone?" *I would never travel to downtown L.A. alone. Never. What was this girl thinking? / She must have been a free spirit.*

"Yep, solo, according to all accounts that I've read. She had a history of travelling alone and using public transportation. She had gone to Toronto alone." *Gosh, she was crazy to do that. No way would I do that.*

“Was she visiting anyone in L.A.?” Monique then asked.

“No, not that anyone is aware of. She checked in with her mom daily by phone. That is, up until January 31<sup>st</sup>, when she disappeared, only to be found on February 19<sup>th</sup> in one of the hotel’s four rooftop water tanks by a maintenance worker.”

“That’s crazy! I can tell from this video that she is *buang*.”  
[Cebuano for insane]

“Well, apparently she did suffer from bouts of depression and had been diagnosed with bipolar disorder,” I said as I swatted at a tiny fruit-decomposition gnat.

“But, being bipolar or depressed wouldn’t explain her bizarre behavior in that elevator. Is that hotel haunted?”

“I don’t know about that, 32. Isn’t that kind of stuff in an individual’s head?” *I wonder what’s in his head.*

“I don’t know, Parkaar. [my ailing alias] To me it looks like she saw a *mumo*.” [Cebuano for ghost or phantom]

“Maybe so. And as you were saying, being bipolar is quite different from being or acting schizophrenic. In that elevator video she appears to be hallucinating – severely hallucinating.”

“Yeah, it does appear that she is interacting with things, persons, or who knows what that aren’t really there.”

“It sure does, 32. In fact, it almost looks like she’s on acid.”

Monique looked puzzled. “On acid? What kind of acid?”

“LSD, that strong psychoactive drug,” I replied.

“Oh, right. But, I just wonder how she got up on the roof. Didn’t you tell me that the door to the roof was locked and alarmed?”

“Yes, I did, and it was. But there are three fire escapes that lead to the roof from the ends of the corridors. In her frightened psychotic state of mind, she could have taken one up to the roof without being detected. There wasn’t a roof-cam [*sic*] up there. At least, not at that time.”

“Are you sure that a hotel employee wasn’t involved? A lot of people on the internet seem to think so, 33.” *Always a possibility.*

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