

Form A (pick one):

- Making a new character.
- Developing a character.**

I will be developing my character, Roy!

Form B:

Fill out your inspirations here (3/4 have to be filled to make your entry legible):

Music: [Eivør - Í Tokuni](#)

Book: The window - H. P. Lovecraft

***Real life inspiration/scene:** Cases of people who were hiding in other people's houses without them noticing. This is legit one of my biggest fears, which was a bigger reason for me to work on Roy.

A visitor

It was a convenient shelter.

Everytime the man who lived in that house left to go to work, and that was the time Roy got out of his hiding place. This was the perfect place for him. His victim lived on his own and had a good and spacious house. Spacious enough for him to hide and find shelter. Of course, even though Roy was never right in his mind, he was quite self aware of how bad it would be if he was found there.

Roy used everything like it was his in the first place. He showered in the stranger's bathroom, ate his food, and watched TV in his living room. Everything wouldn't matter at the end, though. The stranger was marked. Roy just wanted to enjoy a bit more of his shelter before listening to the voices.

While in the bathroom, Roy stopped to look at himself in the mirror. A pale, skinny man standing in front of him, the mirror image reflecting who he was and as far as he was aware, he was still human. His scars were spreading again and this only meant he had to hurry up on his "duty". He washed his face and blood went down the drain and he sighed, sad with the idea of how he would have to leave the place after dealing with the man.

The sound of an old car engine broke Roy's thoughts, and he immediately went back to hiding. Although the man lived alone, his house was big enough to hold a family with two kids. It had plenty of space for him to hide and sneak around. And, of course, get to know a bit about the life of the man that his voices screamed about.

You see, Roy heard things. Since the day he was cursed, several voices screamed in his ear, wanting to "get out". So Roy did just that. The voices pointed at humans to be their host. Every single time, all of the humans were people who were either murderers, rapists, violent people or just simply had dark desires or secrets.

The stranger he was observing, for example. On the outside, the stranger looked like the more serious and quiet neighbor. The kind of person who you would look at in the streets and immediately forget, an overall uninteresting guy. However, people do many weird things when they think they are alone.

Roy used to watch him a lot. It became a hobby between the boredom of him being home and Roy not being able to move freely. He noticed that the man had some issues with talking on his own and kicking things around. He saw him pick up the phone with a happy voice and after the call ended, kick the chair to the floor.

A violent man with violent thoughts. Indeed, he didn't ACTED on it, but the voices knew.

When the night came by Roy was already settled with the idea of having to leave. Of course, not before doing what was asked of him to do. He was already used to the stranger's habits and he knew what time he would be doing what. And of course, like every single night, he found the stranger watching TV.

There's something deeply unsettling about being in your own house and getting visitors when you are not expecting anyone. And it's even more unsettling when you don't know they are already inside your house. The stranger, however, didn't have much time to think about it all because when he least noticed, Roy already had one of his arms around his neck, locking him in. The stranger didn't have time to scream- Roy got his own hand inside of his mouth. Of course, he bit his hand and was surprised to see that Roy didn't react. Not a single word, nor any change of expression.

He felt something going down his throat, a squirm, and a great pain inside of his stomach like he had been stabbed. Roy watched the man pass out, and finally took his hand off of his mouth.

While the man was lying on the same sofa he didn't have a chance to move, Roy looked at his own hand. It was bitten, yes, but his scars were healing. The voices were pleased. Once again, he would be able to feel a bit more human.

Roy didn't feel sorry for the man. He wasn't dead, he would just not be the same. The man now carried a new friend. One of the thousand voices had gone inside of the stranger, and Roy thought it was a great relief for himself.

While he still had time, Roy went through the house one last time. In his bag, he stole everything he thought it was needed and left his former shelter.