

# Old Habits Die Hard

*By: batchloo1*

It was a dark and stormy night when an old run down car parked into the same parking space it always parked in. It had parked in front of a building with a flashing neon sign, including three characters looking down at the parking lot. A man exited out from the car, and looked up at the sign. He sighed, and slammed his car door shut with a loud bang. He quickly walked towards the building for cover from the unrelenting rain seeping into his clothes.

He stopped before the front doors, taking relief from the small roof that protected him from the onslaught of rain. He turned around and took a long glance at the parking lot. Bullets of rain fell right in front of him at alarming speeds, hitting the ground without stop. A clash of thunder lit the parking lot for a split second, revealing everything there was to see. He would later remember seeing a person watching him from a distance. He turned back around to enter the old pizzeria he is familiar with.

He entered the kitchen, the smell of overcooked pizza filling his nostrils. He entered the closet to get cleaning supplies and tools a janitor would use. He exited the kitchen, and began performing his job as a janitor. Slowly, he began pondering over old memories of this pizzeria chain. He remembered it fondly from his youth, and had taken any job position he could to stay with this chain. He recalled the memories of children laughing, an animatronic repeating the same lines to amuse the children, and even the security guard joining in on the fun too.

He was dragged out of his thoughts by a loud clang in front of him. He had been deep in thought enough to not realize that he knocked over a chair on accident. Glancing around, he was faced with a bear. A bear named Freddy, to be exact. His heart was quickly filled fear before realizing it was on the stage unmoving, as if frozen in time. He sighed, releasing all the stress from inside him. The janitor fixed the chair, then continued cleaning.

He heard the door open as he finished cleaning up. He turned to see the new night guard walk in. He raised his hand in form of a greeting, and started putting away the cleaning supplies. The night guard walked over, oblivious of the night he would face. The janitor and the night guard walked to the kitchen, and put away the cleaning supplies. "Thank you, uhh... Mike, was it?" the janitor asked him while scratching his chin, "Sorry, I have a poor memory for names."

"No worries, you got it right." Mike, the night guard, soothed him. They left the kitchen and returned to the main room of the pizzeria. "So how's it like after dark here?"

"Way more quiet," he replied, "the kids make a ruckus when they're excited for Freddy Fazbear, or Bonnie the bunny." The janitor looked at the animatronics on

the stage, and smirked. "Hell, I used to get excited for them as well...until I realized what was inside of them."

"And what's that?" Mike questioned while taking suspicious looks at the characters. A flash of lightning made him jump and hide behind the janitor. "Their endoskeleton, of course. It looks like a demon if you're not used to it."

"O-oh, of course. I thought it would be something else." Mike laughed quietly.

"I guess you know some of the history to this place then, right?" The janitor took a quick glance up at the security cameras, and pulled down on his hat.

"What? No!"

"Don't worry, these suits are new. Nothing of the sort has happened to them." The janitor looked outside the front doors, and turned to ask, "Mind if we go outside for a bit?"

"Sure." Mike said, and followed the janitor outside.

Mike and the janitor hid, under the roof, from the rain. The janitor took out a cigarette and lit it. He took a drag, and blew it out into the rain.

"Stop that, you're going to kill yourself with that." Mike told off the janitor, wagging his finger in front of his face.

"Don't you think I realize?" The janitor bit back at Mike, "There's a saying that I'm acquainted with, and that is 'Old habits die hard'.". He took another drag from it, and let the smoke swirl around in his lungs for a bit before blowing it out.

"Anyway, I wasn't planning to get told off by a greenhorn today, if that's what you're thinking."

"Sorry, sir." Mike backed down quickly.

"Pushover, that'll get you killed here."

"Wh-what?! I might get killed here?!" Mike certainly didn't seem to like the idea of that.

"Yep, the animatronics are possessed by spirits who look for revenge." The janitor took relish in the fear that Mike radiated, "They'll kill you by stuffing you into a suit, y'know."

"...heh, nice joke there. For a second, I actually believed you." Mike calmed down extensively after 'realizing' it was a joke.

"Think whatever you want. Your shift should be starting soon, it's eleven fifty."

"Oh, thanks... umm, what's your name?"

The janitor, shocked by the sudden question, told him his name.

"Thanks! I'll see you tomorrow then." the night guard walked back into the pizzeria, unaware that the janitor had been telling the truth about the animatronics.

The janitor looked after the night guard until the doors closed. He turned to the parking lot, marveling at the downpour. He took in another drag, and slowly blew it out. He felt a craving in the pit of his stomach. A familiar craving...

"Hmmp, Old habits do die hard." The janitor remarked to himself, finishing

off his cigarette.

He walked back to his car, jacket slung over his shoulder. He mulled over his favorite memories of the pizzeria. The sound of the front doors opening broke him out of his remembering and Mike called out to him.

"Hey, Fritz. Have a nice night."

"You too Mike."

He entered his car, and recalled a memory from the pizzeria. As he turned on the car, he remembered their faces as he killed them, their screams of pain and despair. He laughed as he drove out of the parking lot, and on the road to his home.

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