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Haunted Hotel: Poop Version

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Myself

Logan, Utah

November 20th, 2018

“Haunted Hotel Log Story”

Legend

Informant:

I grew up in Boise, Idaho. I am currently twenty seven years of age, and I am a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I am a Psychology major with a minor in statistics. I enjoy movies, music and folklore and nerd culture.

When I was younger, I didn't really associate with many girl's my age, or girls in general other than my mom. I was an only child too, so my social skills with other kids weren't up to par with everyone else's. I was extremely comfortable with adults, and spending time with them.

When I did spend time with kids my age it was usually boys because the only kids in the neighborhood were boys, and the only cousins I had around my age were also boys. So I was very much a tomboy. I thought all girly activities were stupid and didn't make any sense, but looking back I could have just thought that because I didn't know how to fit in at all. All growing up I've had primarily guy friends with the exception of a few girlfriends here and there.

When I did have friends that were girl's, I often played the boy characters in most of our made up games because they were strong and could go on cool adventures, and weren't always needing to be saved.

I still gravitate towards the more 'boy associated' activities, with the exception of sports, to this day. I associate as female with male tendencies, and am very, very straight. I also have no idea why I felt the need to share this information with his particular story at all.

However, I remember particularly loving when they would share or make up scary stories, because Halloween was a big deal in my family, and scary stories were encouraged and enjoyed.

Context:

I grew up in a mostly republican city in a suburban neighborhood. I remember people, being your typical republican suburban 90's people, and kids enjoyed more of the simpler things back then, like playing at the park, climbing trees and playing in the mud.

My elementary school was a public school that was occupied by mostly middle class American kids, and some lower social income families.

I was a tomboy and mostly spent time with boys in my classes, and for some reason I distinctly remember whenever I spent time with the girls, we always ended up for some reason or another talking about scary stories. I believe I was around 9-12 years old when I first heard this story, and during that time remember several different versions of this story circulating around the school.

I seem to remember it being produced early October, right before it started to get real cold, and right around the rainy season of October. This a variant to the haunted hotel monkey booger story, and is my favorite variant.

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Text:

There once was a man driving on the highway home from a business trip. It was getting late and the man was getting really, really tired.

So he decided he would pull of and stay at the next hotel he came across. He drove down a dark dirt road and came open a very old hotel with no light on except for the bottom floor. He parked the car and walked up to the reception desk and rang the bell.

An old woman came from the back room and asked him,

"What do you want?" [insert raspy scary voice]

"I'm very tired and would like a room to stay for the night"

"There's only one room....but I don't think you'll last the night...it's haunted on the haunted floor in this haunted hotel."

"Well I'm desperate and I'll take it."

"Here's the key! Good luck!"

And the old woman disappeared into thin air.

The man took the key and climbed the haunted stairs up to the third floor. [it always alternated between the third floor and the sixth floor since six is the devil's number.] He walked down the haunted hallway and unlocked the haunted room and climbed into the haunted bed and went to sleep.

In the middle of the night the man heard voices coming from somewhere in the room.

"When the log rolls over, we will die! We will die! When the log rolls over we will die!"

The man was frightened but was determined to find out where the voices were coming from. He opened the closet and looked inside. Nothing was there, but heard the voices a little louder.

"When the log rolls over, we will die! We will die! When the log rolls over we will die!"

He opened up the bathroom and looked inside. He couldn't see anything but he could hear the voices a little louder. [Sometimes it was contest so see how many more places you could think of for the man to look inside the room before he finds the source of the voices.]

"When the log rolls over, we will die! We will die! When the log rolls over we will die!"

He opened the shower curtain and looked inside the shower, but couldn't see anything, but he heard the voices a little louder, he realized the voices were coming from the toilet.

"WHEN THE LOG ROLLS OVER WE WILL DIE WE WILL DIE! WHEN THE LOG ROLLS OVER WE WILL DIE!"
[you always yell louder when you get closer to the toilet.]

The man lifted up the toilet seat....and inside he found...A POOP! AND ON THE POOP WERE A BUNCH OF ANTS! AND THEY WERE SAYING!

"WHEN THE LOG ROLLS OVER WE WILL DIE WE WILL DIE! WHEN THE LOG ROLLS OVER WE WILL DIE!!!" [I remember that it was tradition that if you were in the circle and you already knew the story you had to chant with who ever told the story so there was more than one ant.]

Texture:

Since this story was a tad less scary than the other versions that were floating around my school and we always could never keep from laughing when we told this particular version.

We weren't as scared of people getting mad or getting in trouble by the teachers or by the recess attendant, so we didn't try as hard to hide or be secretive when we told it at recess, unlike the other variations that were scarier.

We would all giggle mercilessly so the mood and vibe of the circle of kids we told it in, was always light hearted.

I think I heard this version from a younger kid at our school, he was maybe like a grade or two younger than me. Only a younger kid could have come up with something so amazingly juvenile.

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Sierra Mackelprang

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ACCEPTED and AGREED

Participant Signature Sierra Mackelprang Date 11/29/18

Printed Name of Participant Sierra Mackelprang

Parent/Guardian Signature (if participant is a minor) _____ Date _____

Printed Name of Parent/Guardian _____

Interviewer Signature Sierra Mackelprang Date 11/29/18

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Restrictions: None