

On the first night of our seven-night stay, Jim fell asleep earlier than me. Out of habit I turned off the light before going to bed.



When I woke up the next morning, Jim made me a coffee and sat down.

“You won't believe what happened last night while you were sleeping,” he murmured.



“What?”



“I got locked out of the room.”

I paused, cup mid-air.



Then he said, “That's not all. Oh, Babe. There's so much more you don't know.”



“What happened?”



“Well, I woke up in the middle of the night to pee. But there were no lights. You didn't leave a light on.”



I looked at the menacing little light that I'd turned off...



The villain! Our MACq 01 Hotel room light looks like a trouble maker, right?

"I'm sorry. I didn't think."



"When we're in new place, leave a light on, okay? It was pitch black."



I nodded.



"Anyway, I was still asleep," continued Jim. "So, I went out the front door thinking that it was the toilet door."





No, THIS is the toilet door. Superior Waterfront Room amenities with lights ON!

“Oh, no,” I exclaimed.



“Then I realised I’d walked out into the floor lobby. You know how it’s so wide and the long rows of rooms either side all have doors with weird faces on them? I thought I was having a strange dream. The lobby was dimly lit and I was in my jocks, alone with all these faces.”



“Then what happened?”

"I turned to go back to our room, but I couldn't remember which face was on our door..."



Which face is ours?

"It's Cocky, remember?" I said.



"I remember now," replied Jim.



"Anyway, so I went to a face and pushed the door...



...and it opened! I went in, felt my way to the bathroom, then to the toilet, and peed."



"So, it worked out okay," I said.



"No. It didn't.



"When I came out of the bathroom to go back to bed a light turned on...but it wasn't you."



"Who was it?" I gasped.

"An Asian man."

"What?"



“Yes, an Asian man. That's when I became fully awake - conscious - instantly, like **BANG!**



“We stared at each other.



Then he cried *how did you get in here?*



‘I don't know,’ I said. *‘Very sorry. Very, very sorry.’*



I got out of there fast. In my jocks, I had to get into the lift and go downstairs to reception to get another key to our room.”



“But the whole thing's impossible,” I exclaimed. “How could you get into someone else's hotel room by accident without a key? They're new state-of-the-art, automatic self-closing doors.”



“I don't know!”

