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Crunch!
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"Okay fine fine." The boys' chants were interrupted. "How's about I tell you a true ghost story that happened to Callum's great, great, great, great, great grandfather" Now they'll be satisfied. Thought Callum's father. Well, he was very wrong.

"It's gonna be boring"

"I bet you this won't be scary at all"

"Who wants to hear some crappy, random sad ghost story"

"Quiet or no sweets." The boys shut their traps and miserably climbed into their beds. If the 'ghost' story got too boring, they could easily fall asleep. "Well, now that we are all settled, our story can begin...."

CHAPTER 2

"Oi! Pass those bricks!"

"Here!"

"OOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!! I said PASS not THROW you idiot!"

"Oh, sorry, I didn't hurt you did I? You're not dead are you? Waaaaaaaaaaaaa speak to me I'm

too young to be a murderer!!!!!!"
 "Shut up you dumbass! I'm not dead yet! For
 apple pie's sake would you stop crying!!!"
 "You're alive!"
 "Nah I'm a dead ghost who's come to haunt ya.
 Stop acting like an idiot. I'm already pissed off
 about the fact that we are building this place."
 "Hey do you know why we're building this place in
 the first place?"
 "S'gonna be on a those posh schools. We're
 wasting our time though."
 "Huh? Why?"
 "Don't be dumb. Can't you tell? We can only dig
 so far down. All we need is a good storm to blow
 this place down. They didn't give us enough
 money either. The foundation will've to be made
 of wood won't it."
 "Oh. I thought you were upset because of the
 rumours."
 "Rumours?"
 "They say that there's something down there, or
 maybe someone down there. Not just ordinary

people, bad people. They are down there for their wrong doings, and and-

"Don't be stupid! As if that would happen."

"But-"

"A rumour is just a rumour."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

CHAPTER 3

"Dad, please. I seriously don't want to go to this school. I have a bad feeling about it and it it's well um so posh. It's a school for snobs. I hate rich people and the way they look down on us. I can see them staring and turning their noses up at us right now. Anyway, can you even afford this place?"

"Don't worry Christopher-

"Chris"

"Chris. I haven't been saving up for nothing. Even if it's not enough, you can make a scholarship, easy. I know you can, we know you can. We believe in you, son."

Christopher looked up at his father. Parents really didn't have the ability to listen did they? Anyway, for his family's sake, he would try hard in the entrance exam. For goodness sake, rich people were so annoying.

"Okay. I'll try."

"That's ma boy!" Samson was proud of his son. "You'll make it big Chris," he thought. "I just know you will."

On the other side of the room a posh snobbish boy pushed his spectacles further up his face so that they magnified his eyebrows even more then usual.

"Oh look Delelah. Some middle class peasant is trying to come and see if their child can come to this school."

"Oh you are so right Lee my darling. They think that they can try and pass their son of into this school. Ha! How deluded they are."

"Very well put. They are deluded, Delelah, deluded. One day some one will show them their place!"

"Very well said, but you can't do that can you."

glance at his friend "You're right" he said. He quickly put Clarisse on his back as he ran out of the room and the last he heard as he ran out were petrifying kids screams and gushes of water.

Chapter 9

"Well that's the end of the story kids. Time for bed."

"Is that really what happened dad?" "You're not lying are you?" "What, don't tell me you're scared."

"N-n-n-noo its not that!" The boys yelled as they jumped into their beds. "Hey look Callum I think you have a crack in your floorboards and there is something in it!" "Ohh lets see!" The boys gathered around the crack. "It looks kinda like a closed eye" said one kid. "Oh sorry I forgot to mention that this flat is built on top of the prison in the story." As Callum's dad said this the eye slowly began to open!

"And why not?!"

"Sorry to say this dear brother, but you are crap at sports. Good day. Come on mother if one does not hurry they shall be left behind"

"Sister! What you said was not true! Wait!

Near the corner of the room a young girl called Clarisse was with her friends and her mum checking out their new school.

"Look over there, there's a boy and he's not rich. Why has he come here? Does he even think he'll get into the school."

"I don't know. Maybe he has a valid reason. He looks quite nice. Maybe I should talk to him"

" Clarisse, don't."

Clarisse smiled to her friend as she slowly walked up to the boy but walked past him with a grin on her face.

Chapter 4

A mouse ran by. It was stopped and picked up by Charlie.

"Aren't you going to kill that mouse Charlie. I'm hungry. Pass it!"
De hadn't had food in several days. Charlie however wasn't listening.
"This mouse. Why is it free when we aren't? Why can it run around when we can't? That's not fair. It deserves to be punished. It deserves to suffer. I'll slowly chew off it's tail - a bit at a time. Then I'll start on it's legs. I Gatto. I'll give you some of this mouse but I'm sorry you'll have to wait. If I chop it in half, it'll die too quickly."
De was fed up, fed up of these people. He didn't mind being locked up too much. He just hated the fact he had to share his air his space his time his thoughts with these people. Then he had an idea.
"If you hate this place so much, why don't you go up top? I heard there are loads of fat kids up there - the fatter the better." This way I'll be on my own I won't have to share with anyone life might actually mean something. De didn't share these thoughts with his companions. After all he was an albino. Why would he want to rise to the surface?

"Youko. You promised not to kill everyone until we finished eating them."
"Don't worry Charlie, they're not dead yet." The school children stared in terror at the prisoners and the prisoners stared gleefully at them.
"Time to eat Jugo" said Wire.
"ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku ku" (Jugo's laugh)
"Hmmm, Wire, Charlie, Jugo, I Gatto, huh where's De?"
"He wanted to stay down there. Shame he'll miss out on all the food though."
"His bad luck, let's eat." The kids, who were terrified were too shocked to move, Chris pinched himself. He knew when in shock or frozen that pain was the best way to escape it. Grabbing clarisse's hand he yelled "Everybody run, do you want to die, move your body's and-" Chris stared in shock. His remaining best friend, his only remaining best friend, was being eaten before his eyes. "Come on Chris!" said Clarisse dragging him, "we have to get away" Charlie took one last

Chapter 8

Ten minutes later most of the school had gathered to see the teachers go down.

"Now we won't be long children so behave yourselves until we get back." And one by one the teachers disappeared into the darkness.

The kids waited and waited. It had been ages and the teachers still hadn't returned.

"Okay, me and Fattius are gonna check on the teachers we will be back soon." The boys holding a candle slowly went down the first few steps and held their candle out into the darkness. Their teachers weren't teachers anymore they were torn in pieces and strangely shaped human figures were visible in the darkness. Holding out his candle further, Chris bravely walked down the stairs and he saw the prisoners and the prisoners saw him. "Run! Move it! Move it! Run! They are cannibals! Cannibals!"

Chris and Fattius emerged from the darkness and slammed the door. "Deleelah stand by the door and you too Lee right now! Clarisse! Vanessa! Darius! William! Everybody! Move back right now!" Chris ran to help them hold back the door but two hands burst through and took hold of Deleelah and Lee's necks.

"Good idea" said Youko. It was alarming that Youko was even listening. He only had respect for those twisted and stronger or on the same level as him. " Juugo do you want to go up?"

"Yeeeeeeeeesss fooooooooooddd." A shadowy voice came out from the darkness.

CHAPTER 5

"Christopher! You're not paying attention! Whats 32 times 6?"

"Two hundred and twelve sir." Mr. Clarkson, Chris's teacher flinched in annoyance.

"Well ur fine um then how about -"

BRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!!

Mr. Clarkson was rudely interrupted by the bell that indicated the end of the classes for the day. He was in a bad mood

"Class dismissed. Christopher would you please come up to my desk."

"Hey Chris you're not in trouble are you?" Fattius stared worryingly at his friend. Fattius was skinny it was kind of alarming seeing as he ate a

"But but but sir dwn there I I left my down there I left something downthere I I I um."

"That's enough Fattius, if you left something down there you should only say so. Umm ah Mrs Greenfield, could you please gather the other teachers I need them right now." Mr. Clarkson stared down at Fattius. "Well run along then."

"Fattius!" Shouted Mr. Clarkson "What are you doing there, you know that that area is out of bounds."

After mass on Sunday the boys took some equipment of their own and decided that before lunch they had to get Dacon back. As they crept towards the door a teacher came walking down the corridor. Chris saw him first so pretended to be admiring the brick structure.

"Oh what happened to you, you look like you've seen a fire" said Deleelah smugly.

The boys glared at her as they slowly dragged their exhausted bodies to bed. They swore that what had happened that night would be kept between themselves.

"Hai" Lee and his older sister looked gleefully at Chris "Now you've received what you deserve!"

"What does it look like? He said he was fed up of my cheek and he said he wanted me to remember this for the rest of my life. Guess I will huh."

"W-w-w-what did they do to you?"

"Chris what happened, we were worried about you! What did he do?" Chris slowly took off his uniform and revealed his back to the whole dorm.

"That's it. I'm gonna go look for Chris he hasn't been back in ages." As Dacon reached for the door it was opened and in the hallway stood Chris.

It was around eight and Chris still hadn't returned.

"Don't worry about me it's not like he's gonna whip me or anything."

surprisingly large amount of food. He was short and hadn't grasped the concept of growing yet. A lot like his friend, Dacon. Dacon was also a friend of Chris. He was quite fat, average height and had a scary obsession with dacon.