Graham slipped his bony wrist from the heavy manacles that had grown loose on him long ago and slunk up the stone steps into the blinding daylight of the early morning sunlight, and began to run along the empty corridor to one of the three doors, quickly but quietly flinging it open to almost have a heart attack as he came face to face with the very solemn looking young boy standing directly behind the door.

“You're not supposed to be in the kitchen at this time of day.” Said the boy, promptly bursting into tears.

"Vell, Zen, Vhy are you standing zere yourself zen, hmm, Vot is vong vis you?” Asked Graham.

“What's wrong with your voice, Mr. Man?” asked the boy. "You talk funny."

"Vell, Zo do you, leetle Engliz boy,” Said Graham.

“No I don’t!” The little boy scowled, “I speak properly, you have a foreign accent. Why?”

"Vell, becauz I do, now move pleaze, leetle boy.”

"Waaach! I hate you!” Screamed the brown haired child, as an older man popped around the top of the stairs.
"Oh, ok then," Said the old woman to the children sitting on the bed across the room from her armchair. "How about a fairy tale?"

"Fairy tales aren't real stories! We want a real story!"

"Well, ok then, I'll tell you a real story about your great great great great uncle..."

"...Once upon a time, before this building became a flat, it was a school."

"Really?"

"Yes, really, before television or phones, or anything, even clean water, it was a school, built above a prison for hi-security prisoners, who were demons, and murderers, and people who were insane, there was one named Youko, and another, Juugo, who used to rip apart live people, and Cecil, who called himself Wire, because he was a master at killing people with them, Charlie, who was as dangerous as he didn't look, and Graham, who was an evil cannibal, and De, short for Demon, because that was the only name he ever knew, who was an albino, with hair and skin as pale as death, one eye stained forever pink with the blood of the devil, and the other as black as the abyss..."
"Heard people talking about plans for a school above the DeathPit today."

"I know," the Wire scowled, not uncharacteristically, "I was there."

"It's gonna be one of those posh new ones."

"I know."

"Well, what do you think about it?"

"About what?" The Wire scowled even harder, But De couldn't see because he was blind.

"The school... And the opportunities... It could bring..."

"I think I'm hungry"

"I know"

"Shut up." Wire grinned his sadistic grin, although it was hard to distinguish, as it was permanently etched onto his face, along with a powerful glare, as he smashed his chained fist into De's thin stomach.

"Arrg! What the hell was that for? You son of a bloody-mother!"
"Well of course he did! And he's still living in this very flat!"
"Was Uncle a student then, Nanna?"
"Uncle Juugo? No! He was a cannibal, and he's here waiting for you to get ripe so he can eat you up!"

One year later-ish

The children filed into the wooden classroom, groaning at the thought of another few hours of studying.

"Students, please open up your books to page 447, and we will begin by reading the passage on the bottom right of the page."

The room was filled with the rustle of 1000 pages as children struggled to turn to the correct page.

"Hey Sammy!"

Sammy turned around to look at Rock Lee.

"Miss Gertrude got Cliven's dad pregnant!"

Cliven turned around to glare at them.

"Shut up about my Dad, asshole!"

*Snort.* "Yeah, and they say that there used to be a prison underneath the school and it's still being used."

"Aaaaaaw, no way, that could never happen! This school is way too expensive for them to put us atop criminals!"

"They would to! They say they're proper criminals, murderers and demons, say you can..."

Students, please open your books to page 447, and we will begin by reading the passage on the bottom right of the page."
"Hey, the ceiling boards are damp," said Youko, slipping his hands out of the manacles to grope at the damp wood.

"Well, I'm not one to miss an opportunity." Growled Wire, smashing his fist up into the softened material and making a large crack through which flooded the evening sun.

20 minutes later they were all sitting on top of the bricks of the school as water gushed down the Thames and filled London with 25ft of water.

"Lucky we got out," said Youko, as they turned their heads to the young boy emerging from the upper window.

"I got them," grinned Aida as he opened the tin, only to find a soggy mush in the bottom of the jar.

"Noooooo!"

"We could squat here," said Juugo, lying back on the roof tiles.

"Yeah, and we could do it up and rent it out. Food too." Agreed D.

Chapter 4

"Why are you giving us that shit?" Juugo growled chucking the hunk of bread across the room.

"Juugo, don't do that, that's your food" scolded D.

"Are you kidding me?! We may only have one candle in here, but even then you can see it's inedible!"

"Oh," said D, emptying his mouth of the greenish, half-chewed bread, "I couldn't tell."
Chapter 6

"Hey! Come down here look at this! The school has a cellar!" shouted Jimbob.

"A cellar?" asked Rock Lee, quickly adjusting "What kind of cellar?"

Chapter 7

"Almost completely." replied De, his pale hands "Haha, wimp! You're just scared! Nunu!"

Chapter 8

"Mr. Croft! I'm hunnyyyy..!" Whined the boy.

"Aida! You only have 2 hours before breakfast!"

Chapter 10

"Duh! Mr. Croft! I'm hungryyy..!"

"Are you ready?" asked Jimbob.

"Ok, give me a sec!"

"I dunno. Where? Come down with me and find..."

"Almost have a heart attack as he came face to face of the stairs.

"Mr. Croft?" Said a boys voice "You asked me to come see you..?"

"Ahem, yez, I did, could you please come to ze back of ze room" said Youko, imitating Grahams accent perfectly.

"Ah yes sir.." stuttered the boy.

Now here's the question, if you leave a young boy in a room with five mentally ill prisoners, and apart from them, there's no one to hear it, does he make a sound...

Hehehe.. Of course he does.. but the outcome is obvious.
A pink eye gazed up from the darkness. "Come here, boys..." Rock Lee stood, rooted to the spot, staring at the pink orb which blinked at him, detached and unfocused, almost unseeing, as Jimbob took a few shaky steps forward, putting his hands out in front of him as he left the light of Rock Lees candle.

Lee forced his eyes from the other's when Jimbob let out a choking scream as he was grabbed by the neck by Juugo, who pulled him forcefully through the bars, crushing his skull with a sickening crunch, spraying blood across the room. Rock Lee screamed, dropping the candle and running from the jail, as the wooden part of the room dissolved in flames which stopped at the edge of the cells.

Chapter 9

Chapter 7