

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 please, leetle boy."

"Waaach! I hate you!" Screamed the brown haired child, as an older man popped around the top of the stairs.



Chapter 8

~dbdbdbdbdbdbdbdbdbdbdb~

"I heard you swearing."

said Wire.

"How did you know? You're blind, remember?"

.....

"Yeah Nanna, we want a story!"

"Nanna, please tell us a story!"

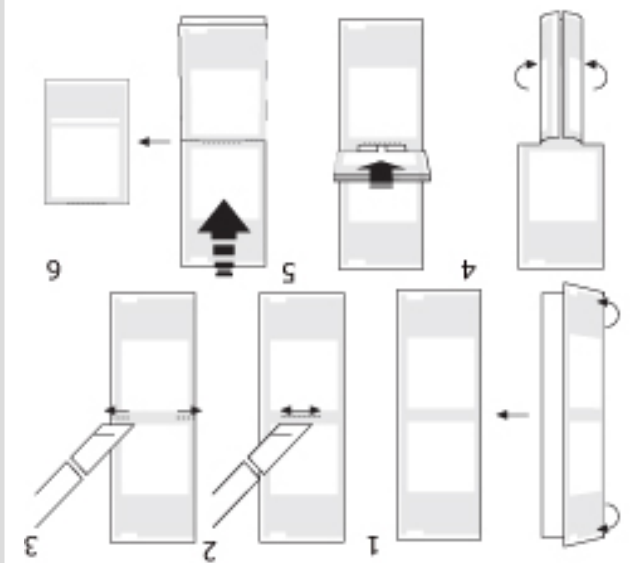
4th July 1956, London

Chapter 1



KCT--Grandma's Story

Youssii



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KCT--Grandma's Story Yousii

"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."

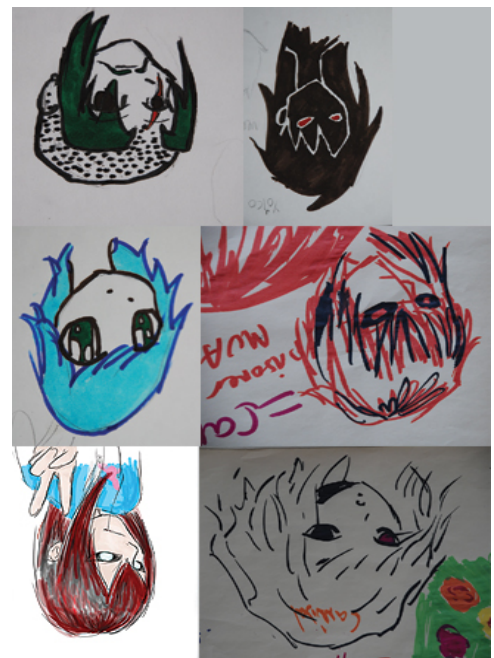
"Really?"

"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..."

De leant back against the cold stone walls dimly lit by the single candle placed just out of reach of the cell, pulling his chains up to pile around his

2nd August 1756

Chapter 2





Chapter 3



"Why am I, actually, and since when have I needed a reason to hit you? And on the subject yes, I was thinking that the school above the prison could provide us with the perfect opportunity to escape."

"Oi, you two, shut up!" grunted Juugo. "It's the middle of the night!"

"It's always the middle of the night here!"

feet,

"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!"

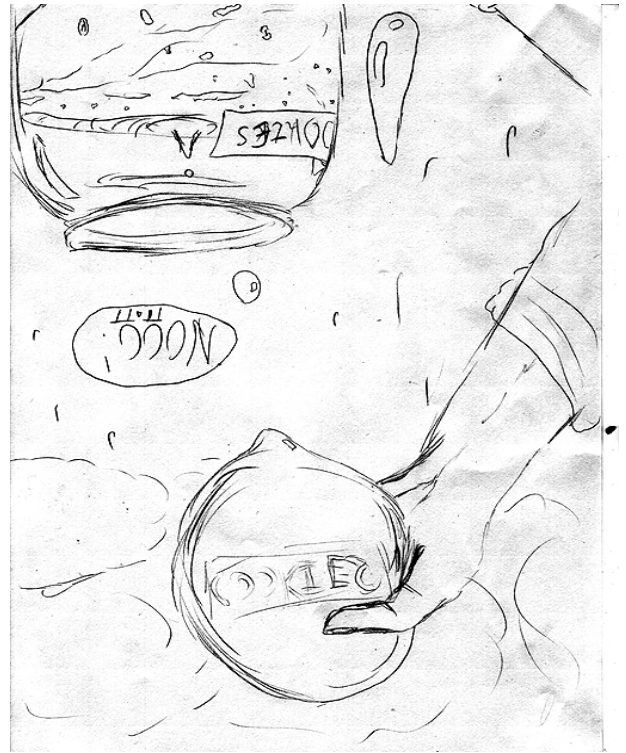
"Well of course he did! And he's still living in this very flat!"

"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!"

Chapter 11

"Oh no, Nanna, did Uncle escape?"



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



"Haha, wimpi! You're just scared! Nunu!"

Sammy grinned.

"Oh, shut it!"

The bell rang.

hear them howling on the stormy night! With the wolves and the witches and the vampires!"

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

A hand-drawn sketch of a character with long, wavy hair and a headband. The character has large, expressive eyes and a small, dark mouth. The word "Cassidy" is written in red cursive above the character's head. The background features green foliage and a red apple.

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

"If you're blind, how did you know I threw my

bringing to his own mouth, and then attempting to dodge his hand as he wiped the saliva on his hair.

The dungeon was silent for a while, until suddenly, they looked up to the sound of someone coming down 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.

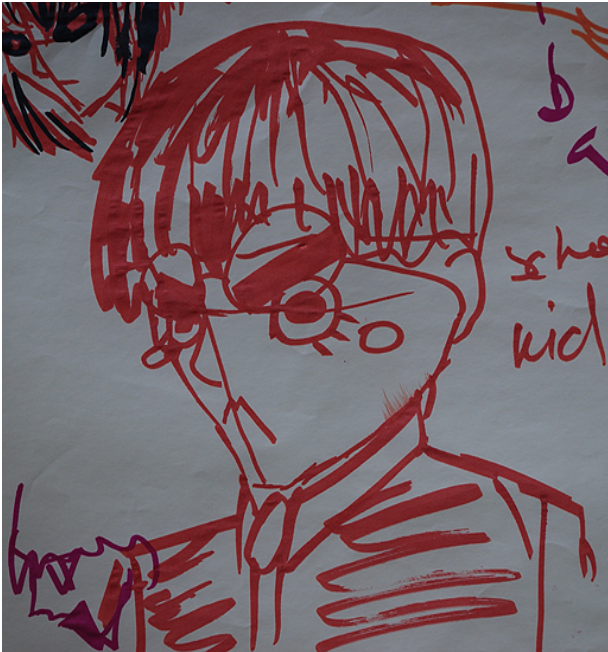
Now here's the question, if you leave a young boy in a room with five mentally ill prisoners, and apart from them, there's no one to hear it, does he make a sound...

Hehehe.. Of course he does.. but the outcome is obvious.



"It's been a while since we heard from Graham, he'd better not have run off.." Said Wire, gnawing on Jimbobs spare ribs. (Well, its not like he needed them anymore..)
 "Mmm. Oh well. Not like we can do anything about it." Grunted Juugo phlegmy voice as he intercepted a piece of meat Wire had been

Chapter 6



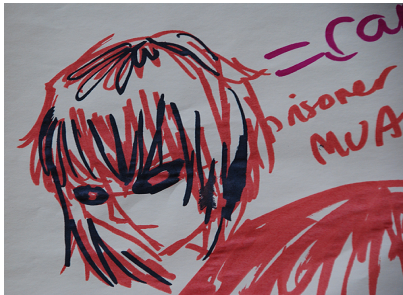
"Hey! Come down here look at this! The school has a cellar!" shouted Jimbob.

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

"I dunno. Wine? Come down with me and find out!"
 "Ok, give me a sec!!!..."
 "Are you ready?" asked Jimbob.
 "Yeah", said Rock Lee, looking down into the black of the dark cellar. "I got me a candle for us!"
 "Good. We'll need it." Said Jimbob as he shivered in the cold coming from the dark cellar as they began to walk down, their feet flapping too loudly on the stone steps.
 As they reached the bottom stairs, the shocking and sickening stench of human waste reached their nostrils, and as they stepped out of the light and their eyes adjusted to the light of the candle, a gritty, rasping voice spoke up from the silence.
 "Hello boys." rasped Juugo, coughing. The boys tensed at the sound of the voice that had been death, felt the terror of being chased in the dark and the thrill of of warm human blood dripping down from a body down another to the floor.
 "Have you come to see us?"



Chapter 9



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.

"Aah, you must be Mr. Croft, Mr. Fenn's replacement?" Asked the man, his bushy grey moustache bobbing up and down as he spoke. "Err.." "Come, I'll show you to your room don't mind him by the way, he's a little.. weird.."

"Mr. Croft! Im huunngrryyy.." "Whined the boy. "Aida! You only have 2 hours before breakfast!" Scolded the man.

"Here, eat zis," Said Graham handing the boy his remaining piece of guard's leg, grinning as the boy ripped some off and ate it.

"Interesting pyjamas, Mr. Croft."

"Uh, yes, zey are from Bariz, uh, a latest fashion zere.."

"I see, well, you'd better come this way then.."

Graham took a bite of his crispy guard as he inspected the damage done to the iron door from the fire, finding that when he pushed it hard enough, it flew open with a bang. Charlie looked up from his meat, startled.

"Oh my God! Your door came open! You've got to find the keys to let us out!"

"No good. The keys were destroyed in the fire," said De. "the best we could do is find food down here."

