

*“Ed and Lorraine Warren’s most famous case by far is their investigation of the home which was the subject of The Amityville Horror. The Warrens were 2 of 9 people who investigated the home.” ...*

As the teacher droned on about the story of the Amityville horror case; Ed, Brett, Justin and Michael lost interest, and gazed wearily about the classroom, impatiently awaiting for the lesson, only of interest to the superstitious members of the class, to end.

Minutes passed, and their desires were fulfilled as the shrill of the bell echoed through the corridors, sounding the end of the school day. It wasn’t long before the corridors were filled with ambushes of children, eagerly pushing past one another in an attempt to get home quickly. The four boys raced from their class towards the locker room, where they had arranged to meet Justin’s girlfriend Bridget. Several minutes passed, and tired of waiting they were contemplating leaving, when suddenly Bridget appeared from round the corner holding a pile of books in her arms. As she approached, each boy took a book from her grasp, and led her towards the school exit; they were simply desperate to just get home.

As the group walked along the winding streets that led them home, the boys began discussing amongst themselves about the topics from their last lesson; not one of them believed that such ‘superstitious’ events had happened, and to them it was all a load of rubbish.

“That was such shit that the teacher was talkin’ about in there!” exclaimed Brett somewhat enthusiastically

“I know. What losers must people be to believe in such pathetic things? It’s blatantly all so some random cops with no lives can get publicity” replied Ed, with a grimacing look on his face. The boys began to laugh wearily, when Bridget interrupted.

“Well if you guys think so strongly that it’s all a bunch of nonsense, why don’t you go to *that* house then?” asked Bridget smarmily.

The boys declined such an offer; as eager as they were to prove everyone they believed to be stupid and wrong, wrong, they would rather not test such ideas on the night of all hallows eve.

They continued on their venture homeward bound, but the idea of going into the house lingered in the boys’ minds. Just before they parted, and went down their different streets, Michael whispered “How does tomorrow sound boys?”

They all nodded, smiling inanely. It was a plan.

Ayesha and Charley