

PROLOGUE

An ancient story tells us that hundreds of years ago, Rory O'Connor, the last king of Ireland, was assassinated by the Vikings of Scandinavia outside his castle in Tara. The story said that the Vikings threw him down into the deepest pits of his castle. To honour him, his servants built a well over him and it is told that if this well is ever drunk from, the earth will open to reveal a dark crater which leads down to the fiery depths of hell itself. Luckily nobody has stumbled across the well, until now!!

CHAPTER 1

Joe Hill was a mischievous who was always getting himself into trouble at home and in school. He was the tallest in his class by some distance and he stared down at the rest of his year over his long crooked nose. He had a Jack Russell dog named Yama. He loved to bring his dog for a walk around the castle or up out to the top of the pier. Occasionally he would meet a girl from his year in school named Sheila.

Sheila had dark hair and was the smallest in their year. She also had a dog named Chewbacca and it was through this that she and Joe became great friends. They would always meet at the top of Green Hills Road and from there they would make their way to either the pier or to the old castle that stood on top of the hill. On this particular day the two of them met in their usual place and they made their way up to the castle. The ground had turned into a quagmire since the last time they were here and they found it hard to walk in the wet marshy ground. They slogged on through the quagmire to where they knew they would meet Jim bob. Jim Bob was 37 years old. He was homeless and would spend most of his days in and around the castle. Sheila and Joe would often bring food to him and he was very grateful for this. They entered the castle through the weathered arch and called out his name, they heard no reply so they went to where he usually was but he wasn't there either.

"Where is he?" Sheila asked nervously.

"I wish I knew" Joe answered.

"Let's look in the room where the well is" Sheila suggested hopefully.

Chapter 2

They made their way into the room and found Jim Bob lying asleep on the damp floor beside the well. They ran over to him, relieved to see him, and shook him awake. "Hmm..... Oh it's just you, I thought it was some of those teenagers that are always trying to make my life a misery, as if my life aint a misery already" he said with a big yawn as he woke up.

"We thought you had moved without telling us" Sheila said.

"I wouldn't move to another abandoned house and if I did you'll be the first to know, girlie" he replied honestly.

They sat around and talked about the latest gossip and were only stopped when the two dogs suddenly ran off through a hole in the wall.

"I think we should go after them" Joe said worryingly.

"Ye" Sheila replied.

"Do you know where they're gone?" Joe asked.

"Haven't the faintest," Jim Bob replied.

They squeezed through the gap and came into a tunnel that had been carved out of the rock. On either side of them, symbols and strange words were painted with what looked like blood. They followed the paw prints that the dogs had made deeper into the underground tunnel until they came to a vast cavern that could be exited through at least ten different tunnels.

"Which way do you think we should go" Sheila asked as the two dogs came thundering out of the tunnel to their right. They ran ecstatically towards the dogs and threw themselves on top of them.

"Yama, never do that again you silly dog, you scared me."

In their hurry to catch the dogs they had forgotten which tunnel they had entered through.