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Have I aroused your curiosity yet
Karl. You must be wondering what
could have happened to me at
camp that I dont even say hi
before launching into ~~my~~ my
expenance. Ok I'll fill you in
and yeah ~~ok~~ by the time I'm
finished you'll realize why I am
so late in writing to you when I
was supposed to be back from
camp a week ago... believe me

a lot has happened. to this
clever genius & seventeen year
old.

Ok so you know our camp was
at the Cliffligher Island in
the woods behind the old
Nightingale Inn and Bar place.
The four of us - me your best bud Mike
plus Cheryl, Prudence and you
remember Jake. from our arrival
worry wart Prudence started her
nagging about getting bad vibes
about the whole idea but from
the events of the past few days
I think I might have to consult
her about lottery numbers or
something - she's pretty much a
psychic in my eyes.

OK Get this do you remember the 50 year old couple that ~~run~~ ran the B inn they own the whole island or ~~summat~~ something, the old lady was murdered. On the third night of our 'expedition' I was lying in a secluded spot near a cliff and I heard this ~~unusual~~ piercing scream I was getting sleepy but this definitely woke me up; at first I thought it was a bird or something but a gun shot confirmed my suspicions. I thought it had come from the inn and seeing a car the only car speeding down the driveway got the better of my unrous nature forcing me to descend towards the now ghostly like run down mansion. It was a ~~sun~~ dark and dreary night even though the moon was out



illuminating shadows and basically making me jump all the way - seriously I've never been that nervous of what might await on the other side of a door as I was standing before the main door leading to the library & the only room in the mansion that produced light. Opening the door presented to my eyes a very horrid scene - Mr Hatcabbage the owner was propped on the chair at the main desk his eyes open but he was very dead - dead empty and cold eyes looked back at me.

I didn't know what to do. for the first time in my life I wasn't as composed as I thought I would be at any situation.



I ran outside to our camp site and woke the guys up. We called the police from the library back at the ~~1st~~ inn.

The next two days was so cool my fear evaporated as soon as the cops and forensic people came over to get this for once within 2 hours since we called.

I got ~~so~~ acquainted with Detective Cronov - Jack Cronov. After they turned the place upside down looking for the usual clues and stuff I was questioned and after the fourth round I realized how amazing it was that I remembered in such a great detail the events of the night.



You know I told you my fear evaporated well it came straight back when I heard that the killer was still on the island apparently there had been a harbour patrol the whole night because of some ~~was~~ drug dealing or deals that the police believed was going to take place on the night.

Oh yeah I forgot to mention guess who the 1st suspect is Mr Hatcabbage's wife Carly Hatcabbage can you imagine that poor lost soul being suspected of murder - if you can then let me say you are right.

It so happened Mrs Hatcabbage was involved with a very

dangerous little group - see 4