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## Prologue

ON A WARM SUMMER afternoon, construction workers wiped the sweat from their brows as they sat on self-made benches of five-gallon paint cans to take their last break. The main crew had already left for the day, and a lack of supervision gave them some flexibility. Adding an extension to the old Ward Melville High School was a big job and hard work. Dust and dirt filled the air as they watched Warren manipulate the backhoe's huge scoop. None of the men were particularly anxious to finish any too quickly. Heavy concrete forms had to be moved into place before the day was done, and they were already tired.

The backhoe stopped, and conversation ceased momentarily to see why. Warren hung his body out the window, his neck stretched forward as he clung to the door.

"What's up, man?" Joe hollered. "Something in your way?"

"Yeah, there's something in my way all right. I've uncovered a pile of bones."

"Bones? What kind of bones?"

"Bones, human bones with a skull."

"Oh, my God!" the workers yelled in unison as they scrambled off their paint buckets and slid down the embankment of the hole Warren was peering into.

"Should we move them?" Joe asked.

"Well, I can't dig with them there," was all Warren could muster.

Trevor picked up a long tree root and nudged the skull. It rolled over, and empty sockets stared back, vacant and weathered by time. The backhoe had cast the rest of the bones adrift in the dirt. They were a strange dirty tan color, and the hinges of the arms and legs were bulbous. He leaned down to investigate them more closely.

Several hundred years and the right soil conditions for the fungus that had settled in the buried bones propagated a walking terror. Trevor was chosen as the new host for that terror. What was left of the other workers' bodies was disposed of, and darkness fell.