

So, on the allegedly fateful morning of November first, Mason packed up his investigative supplies and set off for Tanglewood Mansion. It was pretty clear to Mason even before he'd reached the door, that something funky weird was going on in this house. Mason could feel it in his very bones.

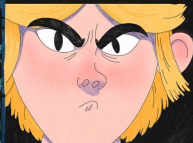


Something funky weird is going on in this house. I can feel it in my very bones.

Just as he stood on the doorstep wondering what secrets this old house might hold, the door flew open.



I can't believe it! Mason Mooney! You really came! I wrote to The Paranormal Society too, but of course I'm sure they're too busy. I heard they've been hunting Banshees in Ireland. Can you imagine? That Trent guy is so fearless.



Let's pause here for a moment. There are many things in life that Mason isn't fond of - like tuna sandwiches with pickles and people who say Bigfoot is an alien - but there is only one thing that Mason totally, completely and utterly despises.

the PARANORMAL society



Grimslbrook's very own team of paranormal investigators, led by heart-throb Trent Reilly, are the hippest kids in town. Originally the cast of a viral video, this group were catapulted into stardom quicker than you could say Loch Ness Monster.

The team now travels the globe seeking out the unknown for their hugely popular TV show, *Trent's Creepy Cases*.



They even have a line of paranormal investigation kits and apparel on the market.



If that wasn't enough, you can pick up Trent's memoir *Sixteen Years: My Life with Ghouls, Gremlins and Acne*. I won't lie, I cried reading it. To see someone so handsome overcome that zit, well it was touching. I mean, I know I'm the narrator and I'm only supposed to narrate, but seriously, this guy has got it.



Anyway, I'm rambling. What I'm trying to say is that Mason didn't exactly like the society. He kind of despised them. So as you can guess, Iris wasn't really making the best first impression.

So Mason, fully prepared for the task, opened up his suitcase filled with supplies while Iris started some investigating of her own.



Mason! Where are you going? Wait for me!

Mason knew at once that this could be his big chance to gather the proof he'd come for. He grabbed his instruments and rushed towards the noise, Iris trailing behind him.

Holy guacamole!

