

If he thinks I'm going into that old house, he's got rocks in his head. It was all run down and dilapidated; a vermilion glow reflected off the windows making the lawn luminous. Something was trying to thwart me; but it was peremptory, and I couldn't leave any speculation as I had told everyone at school I'd do it. I looked up to the front steps, "Hurry up," he groaned. It was now or never. I'll come in with you too." I slowly trudged up to the door, even thinking about it made me judder. But if I went in there everyone would respect me at school for once. It was tantalising, I had to do it, but if we got found he would make me the scapegoat, I slowly took a step inside; the place looked chaotic, I kept walking further. I looked behind me, wanting to grab him and get out of here; but he wasn't there