

The House of doom

If he thinks I'm going into that old house, he's got rocks in his head!

I stared up at the old, dilapidated house wondering what was in there. The vermillion wall of the house shone stay at me.

I look at the house and there was a luminous light shining from one of the windows. It was as if someone was tantalising me wanting me to go in there. I stood on the old floor boards and they started to make a loud juddering sound.

I felt like a scapegoat; the one place I didn't think I would go was an old chaotic house.

I knew this sort of speculation was going to intensify.

I go to take another step the floor was going to break it was a thwart trying to stop me from going any further. I had to admit it was peremptory. I was going to die!

