

The House of Hell

If he thinks I am going into that old house he has got rocks in his head!

The house was dilapidated as the sun shone over the gargantuan trees. It was a chaotic sight I looked back and Charlie was gone, I could not believe it my scapegoat was gone all he left was a vermilion coloured vase. As I started to walk closer my hand started to judder I did not want to go in but the door handle was tantalising me. I speculated the house until I realised it was 5:00pm on the way home I saw in the distant a luminous light once I walked closer I saw Charlie holding a lamp. From the look of his eyes I knew it was peremptory to go back to the house. He thwarted with me to go back it was hopeless there was no way that he would let me go back.

In the end thought that I would never go near that house again or will I...