

NOTHING I COULD DO...

If he thinks I'm going into that house he's got rocks in his head! It was made of wood that was rotting and dilapidated, like an old beast too tired to continue. I didn't want to be the scapegoat but they were being peremptory.

My wavy coffee coloured locks fell in front of my murky green eyes as my body juddered in the below average temperature. The luminous vermillion ball was speeding towards us in a huge mess of flame and death.

I couldn't thwart the plan, it was a physical impossibility. My muscles were aching beyond belief. I had undergone excruciating pain that no words could do it justice. It was tantalising me, just out of reach.

What would fix it, or wreck it?

My speculation of the problem created possibilities that generated more endless ideas. But time was running out, and I couldn't do anything...

