

The Rumour

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

That old house has been here for years, since 1852. The paints coming off, some of the roof has fallen down, it's dilapidated. My friend Mitchell would not expect me to go in there would he? No way.

The reason is a lot of people think the house is haunted. There is a rumour going around about an old lady.

The vermillion, luminous light shone over the horizon. My hand juddered. I guess this leaves me with a peremptory choice. Mitchell was tantalising me with my favourite food. 'If you ever don't come out alive, I will be the scapegoat.' Did Mitchell mean that as a joke or does he really know what happened to the old lady? The speculation is confusing. I took a few steps toward the house. My decision is made, I'm going in...

The house was chaotic. Mitchell made me go in, he was thwarting me. I guess this is the end.

