

The House of Hell

If he thinks I'm going into that old house he's got rocks in his head. The vermilion rays shone on the dilapidated old house but it was a peremptory opportunity, my hands were juddering as I touched the door handle, he thought I was the scapegoat but he (dad) was wrong. From the speculation of the paint and the door handle this house looked more of a zombie house than a dream house. But if I don't it will be tantalising for me because I don't get a pet, so I pulled up all the my strength which I tried to thwart and I kicked down the door and I saw a luminous figure making the place chaotic. The last thing I saw was an angel's sword...