

THE MYSTERY HOUSE

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

The house looked so dilapidated and chaotic; no one had been in there for years. I thought to myself, for years now I really wanted to know what is in there, I slowly walked to the house. I felt my judder as if I was doing most peremptory thing ever. The house was a dark vermilion colour and the roof was a dark green.

I was so scared he was right behind me; he said if anything bad happens I will be the scapegoat for us. As I turned the handle I discovered it was locked. We tried to unlock it but were thwarted and annoyed. The door handle was tantalising us so much we just gave up. Then he said, let's go out the back and try. When we got out the back he speculated if the person had died in the house. We still went in where a luminous light was on in a little room...