

The House

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

It was completely run down and dilapidated. A luminous vermilion light was coming from the top left window while the front porch juddered slightly. I turned towards him with a face of utter terror.

"The house looks haunted!" I squealed.

"I know right! Don't worry though if you die I'll be the scapegoat!"

I looked at him wondering if he was being serious or not. He raised his right eyebrow and nodded his head towards the house then walked back to the car. He was being peremptory.

I began to thwart his plan, it was too chaotic and dangerous. I was speculating what would happen.. Would it be terrifying or just empty and boring?

I sat down on the pale grass, tantalised by the house. I stood up, walked forward and open the door.

