

If he thinks I am going to go in there he has got rocks in his head.

I stared into the dilapidated house, the vermillion walls staring back at me.

There was evidence that this building had been severely juddered due to cracks in the walls. The previous owner of the house speculated about this house's history.

I turned on the light. This light was old but still very luminous. For a second it was tantalizing and I reached out to touch it. Then it shattered in my hand as like it had never been there in the first place. How old was this? And who had lived here?

Was it an evil villain that got his plans thwarted? Was he a scapegoat and then was killed? This house was very chaotic due to all the books sprawled all over the floor. My decision was peremptory, the previous owner was killed by a mass murderer!