

If he thinks I'm going into that house he's got rocks in his head. The house was obviously dilapidated. The old vermillion door was tantalising, teasing me of what lay beyond. "I'll come with you," he said. "I'll be the scapegoat."

"Well what are you waiting for?" he urges.

"I'm speculation," I explain.

"You mean speculating," he corrected. We entered the old house. Immediately, luminous chaotic light came streaming from above the stairs. The ceiling started to judder. With a peremptory movement Jeremy grabbed my hand and pulled me up the stairs I was thwarted. How could he do this? We had no idea what could be up there but once we got up there we realised we'd never know...