

Knock Knock

If he thinks I'm going into that old house he's got rocks in his head. The bright vermilion flowers have withered away into grey ashes lost in the thick unwieldy grass. The sun's luminous rays reflecting off the grass making a sea of blinding strong light. My body felt peremptory as I slowly judder up the ancient dilapidated steps, creaking with every next movement.

I stood in front of the disfigured door, its chaotic fashion disturbing. I speculated about the owner's demise at the jaws of fate. I looked into the cracked dusty window, a few dollars sat on the gritty mantel piece, tantalising me. I slipped through the cracked wooden door.

Our plan was abruptly thwarted by the thing with the saggy and wrinkly face and gravelly voice. "What do you want?" his voice menacing and loud.

"He forced me to," I pointed out the door at Jack but he had ran away. I have lost my scapegoat! He grabbed me by the shoulder and growled, " I'll teach you!"

