

# THE HOUSE

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

The light on the dilapidated house was so luminous in the dark night. I walk to the house door. I grab the vermilion handle on the door and then I knock.

I hear a judder in the house. I look back at the man and say to him. "What if someone comes out and gets all grumpy?"

"If that happens, I'll be the scapegoat," said the man.

I have a peremptory moment and look back at the man, then back at the house and sighed. I thwart to knock again but I do. I speculate about the house. Who or whatever is in this house is tantalising me. Then at that moment the door opens and it's staring at me. It's so chaotic.

