

If he thinks I'm going into that house, he's got rocks in his head! He said it would be fun but I didn't agree, using me as a **scapegoat** is fun? The **luminous** moon light shone against me and cast a dark shadow. It was also very cold, and I began to **judder**. His plan was dumb and I wish I had the power to **thwart** it in its tracks but I couldn't, when tom makes up his plan he sticks to it very **peremptory**. I walked slowly up to the stairs anticipating my **chaotic** entrance. I could barely make it to the front door, as the stairs were more platforms of **dilapidated** wood left to rot. My **vermillion** blood ran cold as I approached the house. Home seemed **tantalising** by now. Before I could make it to the door a voice behind me said "Don't move" My brain started **speculating** about who it was but as I turned around I knew for sure of what it was.