

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

He pushes me towards the dilapidated door. He tantalises me and throws my bag up onto the balcony. "Hurry up and go get it before I toss you up there too!" Jackson yells. The tone of his voice is peremptory. I open the door and walk across the creaky floorboards. I speculate if I should keep going. I see a luminous light shining through the window. I'll just run up there and grab my bag before the place collapses.

I run upstairs and see a chaotic mess all over the floor, and tiptoe to the balcony, trying to avoid it. I see my vermillion coat hanging out of my backpack. I grab the bag in relief.

Suddenly the balcony starts to judder. I thwart when I see Jackson running, leaving me the scapegoat. And all of a sudden the balcony collapses.