

## Rustic Charm

If he thinks I'm going into that old house he's got rocks in his head! My arm juddered violently as I reached toward the dilapidated old doorknob. It creaked slightly as I stepped onto the worn-down, vermilion carpet.

That old hag! I hate how he used me as a scapegoat. The peremptory man stood just outside of the fence-line, staring at me, waiting for me to plunge into the chaotic darkness. I speculated about my plan as I stood in the damp hallway. A faint dripping sound was thwarting my plans. Before I could complain, I spied a luminous object in a near bedroom, tantalising me with its comforting rays; I reached out to touch it, but the ground collapsed beneath me... Down I go.