

If he thinks I am going into that old house, he has rocks in his head!! The deathly silence made my bones judder. There was no touch of vermillion anywhere at all. There was not a single bright colour in sight. The chaotic veranda rustled in the ominous wind. All but one luminous light from a sacred crack in a window. He told me the dilapidated wall should move for a slight entrance to that. It is sort of peremptory because I think my diamond starfish model is in this old, abandoned junk pile. It is so tantalising seeing a lolly on the ground. It isn't quite speculation yet. I don't know for certain. I'm acting quite scapegoat. I think someone or something is a thwart. I'd better get going...

