

The end of the book.

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

I shut the dilapidated book, the once vermilion cover now a faded red. I close my eyes and let my chaotic thoughts run their course. No one can end a book like that! The speculation of what might happen after the end of book is killing me. A judder ran through me at the thought of all the hardship the protagonist had gone through in order to thwart the villain's plan.

"Michael?! What are you doing? You better not be reading that damned book again!" I could see her silhouette behind the luminous cracks in the door. I knew she hated me, it was obvious in the way that she used me as her scapegoat whenever anything went wrong. Her voice was peremptory, leaving no room for refusal. I knew she was tantalising me with the idea of freedom. But that's the moral of the story, no matter how hard you try, some stories just don't have happy endings.

