

THE CHOICE

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

The old dilapidated mansion loomed over the town sending a judder down my spine. "Oh come on it's not that dangerous, at least if you die or get injured I'll be the scapegoat," Joe said in a jolly laugh. I laughed but I didn't smile back. I was starting to think I shouldn't have accepted that dare Joe gave me to go into the house. The vermillion sun was setting. "It's time," Joe said, "or are you too chicken?" A surge of uncontrollable rage consumed me, now one thing was was peremptory, he had thwarted me.

As I opened the dilapidated rusty gate and walked into the destroyed garden a tantalising felling overcame me "what if it was dangerous in there, what if I had I very bad injury, what if the worst happened? At this point in time my mind was utterly



chaotic.