

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

The house was old and dilapidated and juddered violently if shoved or kicked. The luminous, vermilion light shone brightly down on me as I walked towards the house.

I walked up the steps. My hand trembled as I reached for the door knob. I couldn't do it, who knew what awaited me on the other side of the door. "Go on," said the boy, "I'll be your scapegoat."

"I don't care," I said. "I'm still not going in that house."

"But what if I go in with you" he said. Should I trust him? The speculation of going into that house and coming out again was quite dumb. "Well what are you waiting for, if you don't go into that house you won't find the hidden gold," he said. He was really tantalizing me so I decided to trust him; I took a deep breath and went inside...

