After the boy had taken a walk with his dear - deceased - Grandmother, his feet were somehow led to a small, ancient church, wich was giving quite an imposing grandeur. Partially sunken in the morass if the marshland all foggy and chronically overcast... the ancient house was waiting.

The haunted house lies waiting.

Clockwise the stone flight is spiralling upwards, but soon the passage becomes too small to get on...- even though the boy's now crawling.

Anxiously he attempts to restrain, but his way back semms to be obstructed:

Gelatinous hearts are linded-up along the walls, each of them inseminated - or defiled - by a black tadpole.

A stone lion promises to be the boy's rescue...but only, if he eventually...stops running away...from him...