

Friday 11th March

Lo: The lighthouse

The 12th of January 1967 is a day I won't forget. It was a dark stormy night and I returned to my work. I have always loved the sea as I would go out fishing with my father. I had learned that the sea could change mood at any moment as my father experienced it, sadly I never saw him again. The sea crashed against the jagged rocks below the lighthouse due to the giant storm. I have always been cautious ever since my dad's dreadful accident.

In between the rocks stood a tall lighthouse. As the dark, angry sea barraged against the jagged rocks below it, the joyful villagers cheered as each beam of light passed over their heads. The lighthouse, which stood on the cliffs, lit up the cloudy, dull sky. Light filled the area. Everyone was happy.

It was late at night and I was working at a table high up in the lighthouse. The repeated rounds of cheering distracted me from my work. Angrily, I slammed the window shut hoping to drown out the sound of the villagers loud cheering. Suddenly, above me, I heard a loud grinding noise soon followed by a loud crash! The light came to a sudden halt. The villagers fell silent. The window flew open and before I could react the candle's flame was extinguished.

I got to my feet and accidentally stumbled over a pile of books by the stairs. Unsteadily I rose to my feet, feeling around for my lantern. I immediately after igniting it I raced upstairs to investigate the cause. My heart sank as I explored the broken machine, it was not going to be an easy fix and in my mind I thought about the dangerous storm brewing at sea. Carefully I examined the cogs and wheels to try and find out what was wrong. With no time to spare, I grabbed my tool kit and ascended the tower. Panick-stricken, I ran to the top of the lighthouse.

I was inspecting the inside of the lantern cover when there was a sudden sound outside. Peering over the rail of the viewing platform the situation had worsened. It was a ship! Time was of the essence. Whilst moving the lantern cover I stepped on the tool box and tumbled over. CRASH!

The huge glass dome, which covered the light, lay in shards of glass on the lighthouse floor. My heartbeat got faster and faster as the boat got closer and closer. A feeling of hopelessness took control of me as I lay down on the floor next to the glass and I suddenly felt very sick.

I heard the horn again. It was near. I sat on the floor trying to think of a solution. What can I do? Waves crashed beneath me endlessly. My breaths were short and endless. In the brief seconds which passed, I glanced out to the village and realised my only hope stood at the bottom of two hundred and fifty three steps.

Awkwardly crawling to my feet, I looked for the door. The spiral staircase felt endless, and with every step I worried more and more about the boat. The door was finally in sight. Heavily breathing I ran towards the door. I flung open the door and as I opened it I gazed in amazement.