

The curmudgeonly, old man wrote slowly on a ripped piece of rough, old paper. He was writing by the white wax of a candle which sat next to him. Suddenly he got a shock as he felt a shiver as he thought he has had his last breath! then as he found him self alive he stopped and remembered about the light going out on top of the lighthouse. he was never so scared. then he remembered he always had a light.

Then as he got up the window flew open which blew out the candle the only light in the tower was a lamp. He cautiously and interestingly shot up the stairs and he checked Quicker than ever but nothing was wrong with the mechanics then it hit him. it was the light its self. he rushed up to it. And it was. then he heard a voice saying "toolbox". So he got it in a flash. then it happened. he heard a boat. he saw people screaming before his very eyes! He was in imminent danger just like the others the boat was very nearly 100000000 splinters!