

As the clock struck midnight there was a loud smash that made the walls of the lighthouse shake. Suddenly, the lighthouse keeper's blood ran cold and his mouth dropped to the floor. As the man rushed up the old, creaky stairs to the top of the lighthouse it was pitch black. As quick as flash, he fell on the floor. He fumbled around in the dark trying to find his bearings. Finally, he clambered upon his feet but he struggled to get the light to work.