

Once upon a time, on a bleak rock in the middle of the North Sea, there stood a lighthouse. It was a bulky structure, made of stone, bleached white to stand out against the murky grey on the vast expanse of water. It had been built with two goals in mind - to withstand the relentless pounding of the waves, but most of all, to save countless lives. Before the lighthouse was built, there were at least a hundred ships being wrecked on the stack every year. The construction of the lighthouse did cut off the valuable supply of flotsam and wood that the island near it was previously getting, but it meant that the ships precious cargo, and the men on board, would reach their destination safely. James reflected on this as he sat on a plump leather armchair at the peak of the tower. It was his job to keep the lighthouse running - he had a room in the bottom with a gas stove and a hammock, with a tiny, crooked spiral staircase running up the centre of the cramped room, which led to an even smaller room in the very top of the monstrous tower - this housed the light, and it also contained the armchair that he was sitting in.

He liked to come up here to kick back, think back on the day, and sip a glass of whiskey.

He thought back on the stories of old, the stories that made even the toughest of men shiver and quake. Stories that, while most likely the figment of a young boy's imagination, made James ponder his existence, and his livelihood. These stories were of

the 53 men that gave their lives constructing the light house, and the men that worked in the lighthouse, lived and died for their cause. Supposedly, their ghosts survived, trapped in the caves below. He knew for a fact that the caves existed - he had almost gone in, but his nerve failed him. He had whiled away countless nights, while the wind had battered the lighthouse, and the sea spray leaped up, and crawled under his door, wetting his few possessions, thinking. Wondering if the stories were not just the ramblings of a delusional old man. However, he never went in. until today. He swore an oath, and rose from his chair - as he made his way down the stairs, he began to reconsider his choice. He cursed and continued on. When he reached the entrance to the cave, his feet were sodden, and his legs were slimy from the seaweed that hugged the jagged rocks. He took a deep breath, and stepped inside. He was greeted by a rough floor, and jagged sides. As he travelled farther, and it began to get dark, he noticed luminous shapes, sitting in pools of water, and clinging onto the roof. As he looked closer, he noticed that they were in fact crabs, their claws as long as they were wide, with a serrated edge, capable of cutting through shells, and digging into the juicy meat inside. However, no matter how long he studied the crustaceans, he couldn't understand what made them glow - puzzled, he turned away, and continued, deeper into the bowls of the earth.

As he was just about to turn back, he saw a flashlight, lying on the floor. He recognised it as the one he had lost, over a decade ago – “how did you get here”, he muttered to himself. Glancing up, he saw the cave floor was littered with his lost belongings. Confused, he went further, only to find a huge cavern, with an extremely strange phenomenon. It was a replica of the lighthouse! However, it wasn't exactly the same – the door was narrower, and the windows were crooked and misplaced. Perhaps the most mysterious though, was the whole place was glowing green. He cautiously made his way to the door, and pushed it open, with the creak of rotting wood – the bottom room was much the same, and a sickly green light was coming from the lightbulb. He made his way upstairs. Sitting where his armchair should have been, was a spindly wooden chair. With an old man in it. “We've been waiting for you...” the ghostly man whispered.

James spun around, but all he saw was men, some old, some young, all of them whispering ‘We've been waiting for you James....’

Then, in a blink of an eye, the life of James Garrowson, was over.