

Dear diary,

More days have passed yet still no sign of life. The worries turn to certainties, however they couldn't have just vanished into thin air. In the distance, I spot the Flannan Isle, I warn the crew and take our equipment. Soon after we depart. On arrival, it is slim to impossible to climb the naked height. Haze lurks around us making it harder to see yet we turn our torches on in hope for more vision. The brightness of the torches led us to another path to climb the isle.

As eve becomes night, the thunder gets worse, we have turned over every stone yet still no sight of them. We then turned to the lighthouse. Bashing down the door, we find a neatly laid out meal, set ready. Confused, we ascended up the stairs in hope for more clues but the rain just kept raining harder and harder. All the rooms were empty...

Losing hope, we gathered our stuff we attempted to leave but the ferocious wind kept us in. It roared through the night. Still not a peep in the lighthouse. But before dozing off I activated the light of the lighthouse in hope sailors will use it to be guided. Early next morning, we set off again with the guiltiness of not being able to help a fellow comrade. The journey back was laborious as it was hard to keep the boat under control but we managed to get back to shore. It will and should haunt me to this day. But the answers of the mystery will stay buried deep within Flannan isl. No one knows what happened and how they disappeared.

Joseph Moore

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