

Dear diary,

The mist is covering the sea like a huge grey blanket. This morning, a telegraph comes through from a passing ship that says the light is not shining bright at the lighthouse. I dread to think if something bad has happened to the light or even worse, something has happened to the men. We can't sail until the mist lifts, we don't know why or how this light is not warning ships that are near with its great big bulb. Anxiously, I watched the sea crash against the rocks on Flannan Isle. I can just make out the smell of death from inside my office.

I go to inform the others, their faces tell me that they are scared and curious about what the passing ship has seen. This is how I feel as well. The three men who dwelt on Flannan Isle are either in trouble or they are now dead. Unexpectedly, the light did not shine today. Flannan Isle may be the grave of three men who were free and guiltless.

Dear diary,

We sail, three weeks later, across the deadly sea. The mist has finally lifted. As we sail closer, the scent of death is even stronger now, it burns my nostrils. I have been waiting, waiting for the mist to lift so I could at least see if the men are unharmed. Waves swell as we try to sail across the sea to, hopefully, find our dear lighthouse keepers breathing and alive.

We are getting close. The lighthouse looks deadlier than before, the lighthouse gave me an evil stare with its vicious eyes. We climbed the naked lee of the cliff. It's steep and wet, but we lose no one. As we climbed and helped everyone up three queer birds waddled around but then they soon ran away.

Ahead the black, splintered door was now the entrance to, maybe, a death trap. A foreboding feeling runs down my back and through my veins. One of my crew opens the door to find no deadly ghost of the lighthouse keepers, no blood spread across the walls, just a table covered with untouched food and neatly laid utensils. We stepped in, it was like a step into hell. We also see a wooden overtoppled chair which had been knocked over accidentally as someone was hurrying out the door. Now I knew, something had happened.

There was no sign, no trace of the three lighthouse keepers.

MW