NARRATIVE WRITING – TOP GRADE

The residents of the lighthouse would have been woken by the explosive noise of the sea outside their windows, if they had slept at all. The storm had been raging since the previous day and, instead of dying down like they had hoped it would, it only grew, like a snowball rolled down a hill. But the bottom of the hill seems to be nowhere in sight.

At first, there was nought but a light dripping of rain on the thin lighthouse windows. But, stepping outside momentarily to light a cigarette, the guard was shocked to find: nothing. There was no rain. Besides the stronger than average wind, the weather seemed perfect. What was hitting the windows…..were splashes of seawater. For a while, the guard stood with mouth agape wondering how such mild weather could produce such huge waves as to jump over the sheer cliff between him and the shore.

The next morning, that very same guard came to lament his use of the word 'huge' to describe the waves he saw. The storm had escalated since then, slowly enough to be unnoticeable while it was happening. The winds threatened to pull the slates from the roof, but no-one noticed. Their focus was directed elsewhere, or rather, dragged elsewhere.

The sea.

It stood like a mountain if mountains could walk, black and vicious like tar, not a drop of water in it. The once light tapping on the windows became a cacophony of relentless attacks, cracks visibly growing in the single glazing.

Waves broke on the doorstep of the lighthouse, mockingly ringing the doorbell. The three men that worked there stared through he cracks in the windows, eyes wide, pupils narrow. What had they done to invoke God's wrath? They had not the luxury of knowing. They had decided long ago to stay in the lighthouse. Despite its smallness and frailness; there was nowhere safer that they could reach. So they stood still. Silent. Watching. Then…

Three days later, a boat visited the island to deliver replacement lifeguards and supplies, as well as return guards who had finished their duty to the mainland. They were shocked to find the lighthouse empty. The only trace of the three guards left on the island was a journal which detailed a huge storm three days prior. The new guards found this strange; there had been no recorded storms in that area for months, after all. The last entry in the journal read 'A light shines down on us now, much brighter than the sun. It calls to us.