

THE DARK LIGHTHOUSE

I lay there stunned under the covers, paralysed with fear. I'd had a bad day at school, a really bad day. A kid at Mika Primary had told me one of his ghost stories about the old lighthouse. Drops of rain smashed against the rusty tin roof, pattering on the glass window. I kept thinking it was true. I decided to find out. I slowly, still shaking, got out of bed and slipped on my green gumboots. On the floor the shadow of the jacaranda tree seemed as if it had withered in the shadow from the old window. I crept over to my blue shaggy raincoat, and opened the creaking door and tiptoed to the front brown door and slipped out. I remembered part of the legend. One spin of the flaming flickering light, and one ship crashes- that made me shiver. I stumbled over the hills towards the lighthouse. I saw the light burning, slicing its way through the dark night sky. I looked up at the lighthouse, although I didn't want to. It loomed above the hilltops. Only one house was brave enough to sit next to the creepy tower as rain drops filled the air like misty fog. I saw the man staring through the window, like a snake's eye. Fear slashed across my back like a headless horseman. I was too afraid. I ran back home but over the sound of rain of waves, I heard the smash of wood.

By Thomas Hardwick