

DEADLY LIGHTHOUSE

I am lucky! The weather is very nice for a boat trip. I have been saving up for this day for several years. I am so eager to discover the beauty of this lighthouse which is one of the oldest in the world. According to our guide, it would have been built in 1791, then it was abandoned, which I found a pity. According to an old legend, it would be haunted, there would even be ghosts and what else? Let's hope I won't meet my mother there!

Anyway, I see the lighthouse in the distance, I am impressed. I have been dreaming of seeing it since I was a child. In our group of 15 people, they are all taking pictures of the lighthouse with their cameras. Bad luck! I forgot mine on the table before leaving. But it is not going to spoil this beautiful day for me. I am quite discreet, I don't talk with the people on the boat. So what? I don't know them and I am not going to see them again in my whole life.

After landing on the island, each one of us went their own way. So, I found myself all alone, but loneliness did not touch me. I felt like I was with people who would be able to photograph a plant! The guide gave us 30 minutes to visit the place, the time for me to contemplate this beauty. I quickly noticed a woman who was quite pretty, she was sitting on a bench facing the sea and watching the sunset. I didn't understand how I hadn't seen her on the boat! I could tell she was looking at me out of the corner of her eye. So, I decided to go talk to her. By the bye, my self-confidence had taken over my shyness. We talked together until we noticed dark clouds in the sky approaching us. The guide had warned us that a storm was coming. Once we all got together, we could go back and visit the lighthouse. It was white with rust on the wall. Inside there were cobwebs and a lot of dust. The place was very dark and there was no light. The guide gave us each a candle to see better. The stairs that led up were rusty, you shouldn't put your hands on them because your fingers could get stuck there. There was an odour of stale melted caramel mingling with the scent of dead rats. When we got to the top, droplets of water came in through the broken windows, the sea started to rage and the wind rushed in, which made our candle flames extinguish. Only the light of the full moon allowed us to see. The guide then told us that we had to get back down to get back to the boat before it was too late. He had a trembling voice, I think it was the first time he had seen such a storm.

We decided to split our group in two. The first group went with the guide to help them remove the anchor from the boat. The second group remained inside the lighthouse waiting for their return. I was definitely not going to help them! So, I sat down on a staircase next to Iodé, the pretty

girl from earlier. She was all shaking, she was cold and hungry. She began to have tears running down her cheeks. I tried to reassure her then, but she seemed reluctant towards me. We all heard mysterious noises like falling iron bars. After a long wait, we heard someone from outside trying to open the door. We discovered a man covered in blood with clothes all torn and pus which came out of his eye. You could see his guts coming out of his stomach. He was dragging his gut as if he was holding a dog on a leash. His arm was torn off. What a nightmare! He then told us these words, "This is the guide!" And then he fell on the ground. Through the broken windows, we noticed that the boat had crashed into the rocks at the bottom of the lighthouse. What had happened? Panic took hold of the group. I tried to calm them down, we had to discuss calmly. I knew something terrible was going on outside, but I kept it to myself. Part of the group that had stayed with me in the lighthouse decided to go outside to see what was going on. I tried to hold them back but they didn't want to hear anything. We heard nothing for a few moments except the storm. An icy silence set in. After closing the door, we went up to the top of the lighthouse to try to observe them. We couldn't see anything because it was so dark. This is when we realized that the stairs had disappeared and that there were only two of us: Iodé and me. She was still so cold and scared. So, I passed her my jacket so she could warm up. But my jacket fell on the ground and fell as if the floor was non-existent. Is the legend true? Iodé had also disappeared! I don't really remember anymore but ... Had she ever existed? By the way, why is my jacket on the floor?