

THE BLACK

The boy stood, watching the wind fight the waves in a furious battle of foam and misty spray. The lighthouse almost seemed to regard the storm with disdain. He stood a while on the dangerous rocky cliff, shielding himself from the attacking rain drops with his flimsy, broken umbrella. Intrigued with the lighthouse's calm atmosphere, he advanced on the door. Seagulls flapped fearfully round the majestic tower that stood tall, swooping and diving, cutting through the freezing air like thrown knives.

The door moaned loudly as he forced it open and entered a small round room. Immediately, darkness reached out and engulfed him. It was almost as if light did not wish to be here, and had fled the silent scene in fear. Feeling around, he came across some old saucepans and a sink. It had rusted from disuse, with cobwebs covering everything like lacy threads. His eyes slowly began to adjust to the dimly lit room and he sat on a cold metal bed frame in the corner. Deep, depressing thoughts whirled through his head clashing with each other and creating a concept like a jumbled puzzle. What had they done with his mother? How long could he be safe here? What was their purpose? Dripping echoed throughout the tall building and he saw the beginning of a tall winding flight of steps. The cold bit into him and a shiver ran down his spine. The boy decided to explore more of the old lighthouse, as he was certainly not ready to face the torrential rain outside again or the possibility of being found. He stumbled over to the stairs, reaching out with numb fingers for the railing.

The boy felt dizzy. He had surely been climbing for a long time. His bare feet should have a mild case of frost bite by now. Suddenly, a blinding light destroyed his vision. His eyes burned as they strained to adjust. He was in the highest room of the lighthouse. The beacon glowed brightly in front of him. Shattered glass was on the floor in splinters. They must have already searched here before he came. Hopefully they wouldn't be clever enough to come back. A shard of glass cut deep into his foot. A silent scream escaped the boy's lips. Maybe being up here wasn't such a good idea. He made an attempt to hobble to the stairs, but instantly a searing, biting pain shot through his foot. He fell to the ground, tears of pain trickling down his face. Where was his mother? He needed her! A sudden sound transformed his pain into desperation and fear. It had to be the Blacks. They had come back. Tears were pouring freely now, blurring his vision. A figure was looming towards him, reaching out. This had to be the end.... He struggled against reality, trying to wish all of it away. Then a soothing voice called his name.

Mother... is that you?

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