

The Last Light

In a forgotten village, tucked away beneath the shadow of a great mountain, there stood an ancient lighthouse. Though the sea no longer roared at its feet and the skies had long been swallowed by clouds, the lighthouse still stood proud.

Mira had never understood why it remained. The villagers had long stopped sailing, their ships crumbling in the docks, and the beacon atop the tower hadn't lit in decades. Yet every evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, she would see the old man—his back hunched, his hands trembling—climb the narrow spiral stairs to the top.

"Why do you keep it going?" she asked him one day, as she found him at the base of the lighthouse, wiping away the dust of years.

The old man smiled, a flicker of something deep in his eyes. "The light isn't for the sea, child," he said, "It's for the ones who are still looking for home."

Mira didn't understand then, but she kept watching, day after day, as the old man continued his quiet ritual.

One evening, as the first light of dawn touched the horizon, the lighthouse flickered on. For a brief moment, a beam of light shot across the sky—a single ray that pierced through the clouds, brighter than anything the world had seen in years. And in that light, Mira saw something she hadn't expected: ships, distant but real, cutting through the fog. They were still coming.

The old man was gone the next morning, but the light remained, shining steadfast as ever.