Silas and the Guiding Light

# The Keeper of the Light

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# The Fog Rolls In

One night, a thick fog rolled in, silencing the familiar rhythm of the waves. A small fishing boat, caught unaware, sent out a desperate signal.

# A Duty to Fulfill

Silas, though his bones ached with age, knew what he had to do. He climbed the winding stairs, his lamp his only companion in the swirling gray. He ignited the powerful beam, its light cutting through the oppressive fog like a knife. For hours, he kept the light steady, a beacon of hope in the darkness.

# Dawn and Gratitude

Finally, as dawn painted the sky, the fog began to lift. A grateful fisherman's voice crackled over the radio, thanking the unwavering light that had guided him home. Silas smiled, a quiet satisfaction warming his heart. The sea could be cruel, but the light, he knew, was always a promise.

# Repetition of the Story

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