

JAN 1 - 1796. THIS DAY  
- MY FIRST ON  
THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

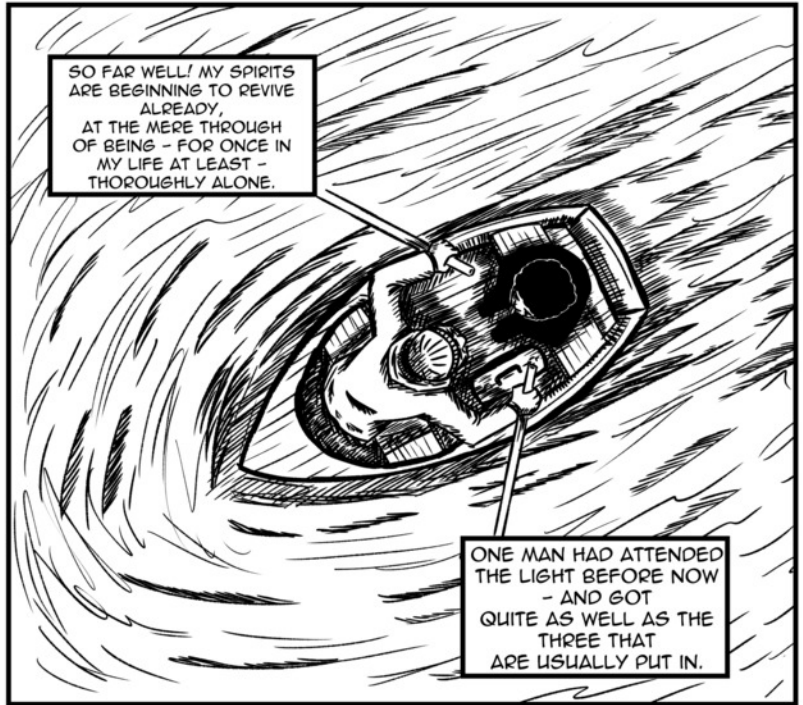
I MAKE THIS ENTRY IN  
MY DIARY, AS AGREED ON WITH  
DE GRAT. AS REGULARLY  
AS I CAN  
KEEP THE JOURNAL, I WILL -

- BUT THERE IS NO  
TELLING WHAT MAY  
HAPPEN TO  
A MAN ALL ALONE AS I AM -

- I MAY GET SICK,  
OR WORSE...



SO FAR WELL! MY SPIRITS  
ARE BEGINNING TO REVIVE  
ALREADY,  
AT THE MERE THROUGH  
OF BEING - FOR ONCE IN  
MY LIFE AT LEAST -  
THOROUGHLY ALONE.



ONE MAN HAD ATTENDED  
THE LIGHT BEFORE NOW  
- AND GOT  
QUITE AS WELL AS THE  
THREE THAT  
ARE USUALLY PUT IN.

IT NEVER WOULD HAVE  
DONE TO LET ORNDOFF ACCOMPANY  
ME. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE MADE ANY  
WAY MY BOOK  
AS LONG AS HE WAS  
WITHIN REACH OF ME.



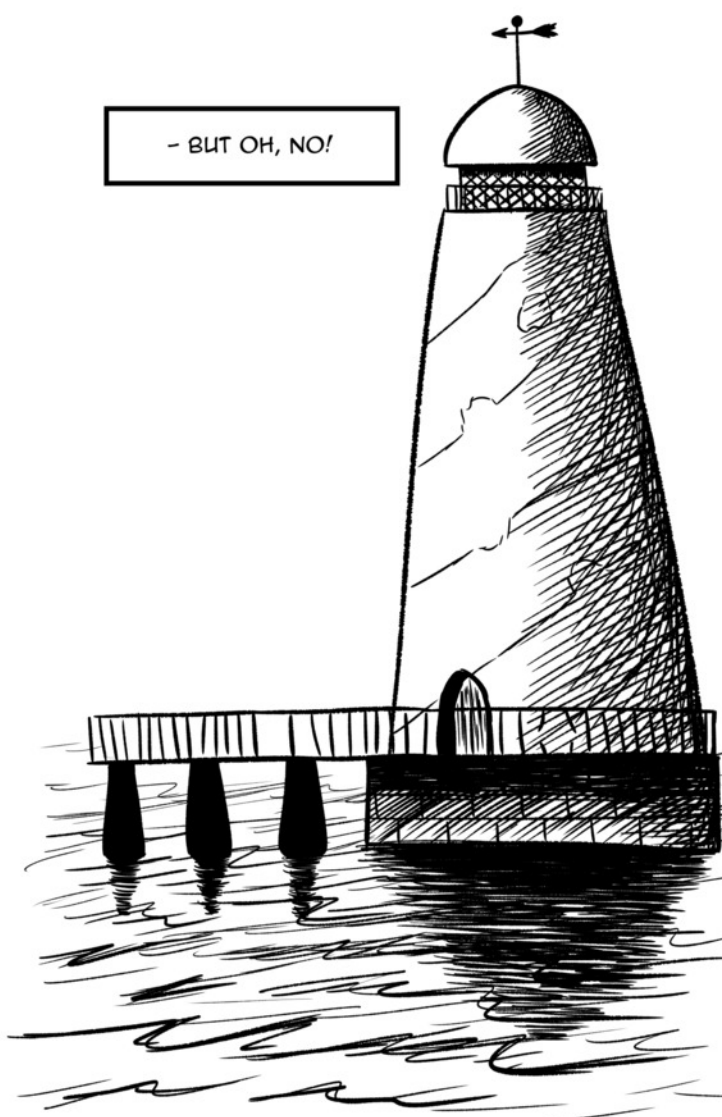
BESIDES, I WISH  
TO BE ALONE...



IT IS STRANGE THAT  
I NEVER OBSERVED, UNTIL  
THIS  
MOMENT, HOW DREARY  
A SOUND THAT  
WORD HAS - "ALONE"!

COULD HALF FANCY  
THERE WAS SOME PECULIARITY  
IN THE ECHO OF THESE  
CYLINDRICAL WALLS -

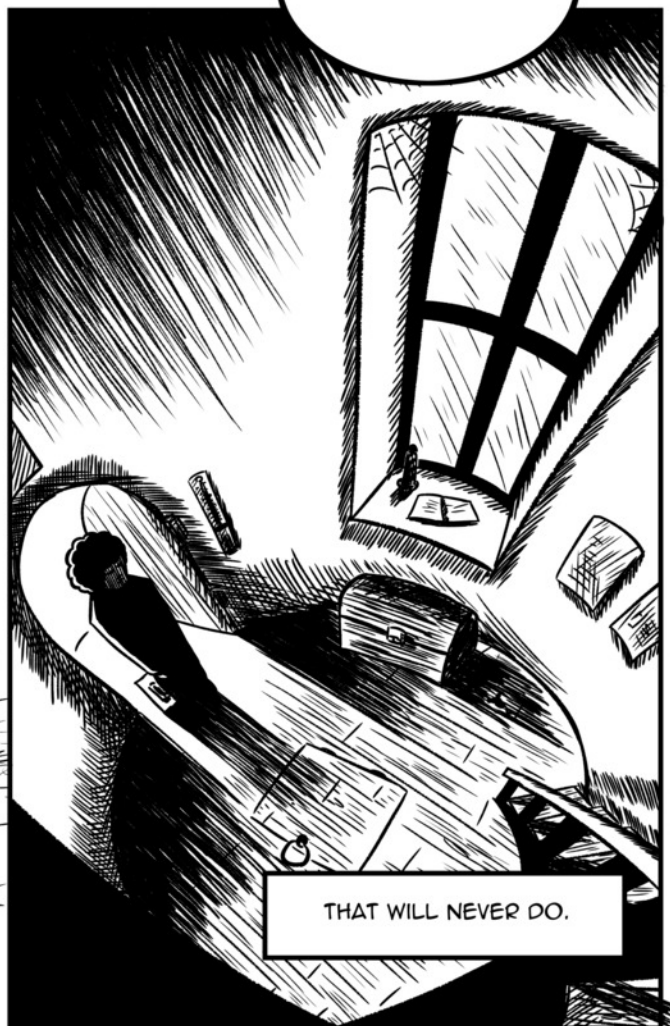
- BUT OH, NO!



I DO BELIEVE I AM  
GOING TO GET NERVOUS  
ABOUT MY INSULATION.



SAILED.



THAT WILL NEVER DO.

