Thunder was crashing down. Waves of rain came beating upon the house swarming around the coastal island where the hermit lived. The house had been fortified over the years due to the in climate weather. It could handle a beating unlike the other houses on the island. Some which were hanging onto the cliffs for dear life. Others fell into the ocean. A loss never to be restored or returned.

Trees were being ripped out of the ground by category five hurricane force winds. Death was knocking on the door. Those who stayed behind were only too stupid to answer its call.

Unfortunately the hermit was one of the stupid ones that allowed Death to knock on his door. He had lived on the island for ten years. The hermit was a simple man. He only wanted the best for himself and his many pets.