

Dear Diary,

Ugh! Another dreadful day. Crashing waves surrounded my home, I couldn't concentrate on my jobs. Frustration was building each time a wave bounced off the stony shore or the loud thumps of thunder filled the sky. But that was not the worst of it Diary- Oh no that was just the beginning.

After lunch, I was sitting at my faithful old desk; trying to write my jobs list- as I always do in the afternoon! Those rowdy villagers were at it again! "Hurray, Hurrah!" they shouted, one after another. I am sick of it! I slammed my window shut, trying to make a point. I knew it would not be acknowledged- I was invisible to them.

Later, I tried to pluck up the courage to go down there and give them what for but the more I waited the more I thought about it. Are they really that annoying? Or am I just annoyed that I am not part of it? Oh diary, I feel so lonely here. Sitting in this damp, gloomy tower with my only friend- the reliable lighthouse.

My only hope is that tomorrow will be brighter, tomorrow will be different. But I know deep down, tomorrow will be the same as it has been for the past 20 years. Cold. Remote. Lonely.

Thomas