



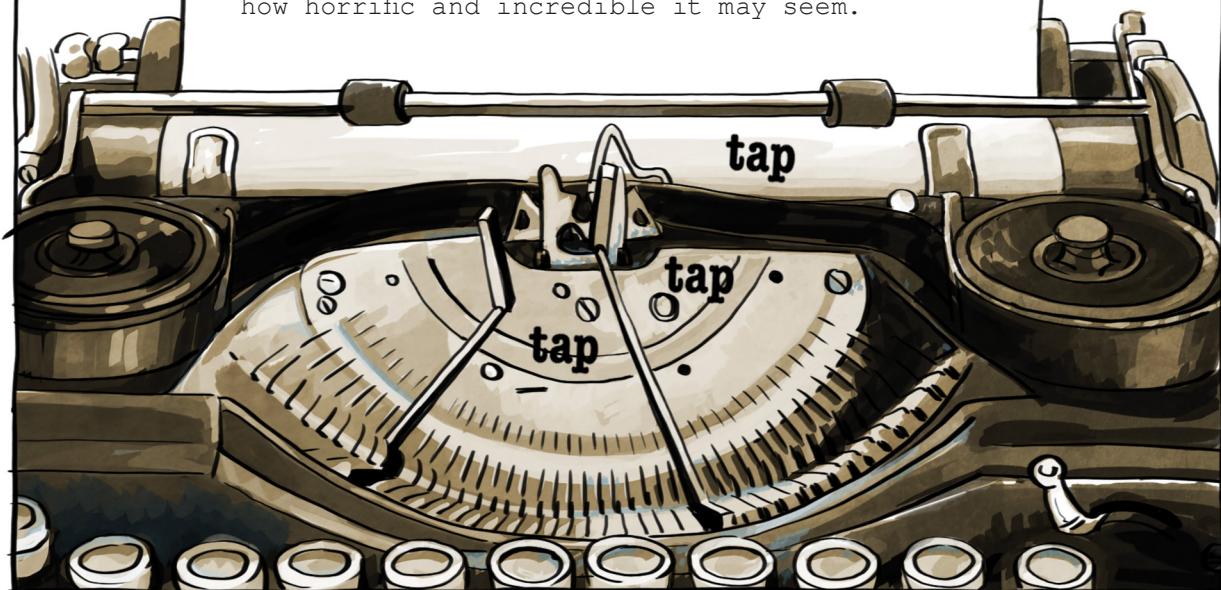
No one will believe this story. It is, simply put, entirely improbable and unrealistic. If I hadn't seen it all with my own eyes and felt it on my own body, I would have point-blank dismissed the event as utter nonsense.

As time goes by, I sometimes wonder whether it was just a nightmare, a bad dream, or even my imagination playing tricks on me and getting mixed up with my actual memories.



But when I look in the mirror, all doubt vanishes like dew before the sun. The sight that greets me speaks loud and clear. The reflection shows an older man with white hair and deep wrinkles that underline tired eyes, even though I as of yet still am a young man in his late-thirties.

Have no doubt. This is a true story; no matter how horrific and incredible it may seem.





I had, or so I thought, found an ideal job for the Christmas break. A job where the only requirement was my presence. As such, I would have both the time and tranquillity to study.

I was a young lad at the time, thirsty for life. And I had spent the entire autumn term trying to quench this thirst.





Countless parties and Friday night drinks had resulted in me falling quite a bit behind in my studies - now was the time to get caught back up.

That's why I took the job as an attendant at Kalvø Lighthouse.

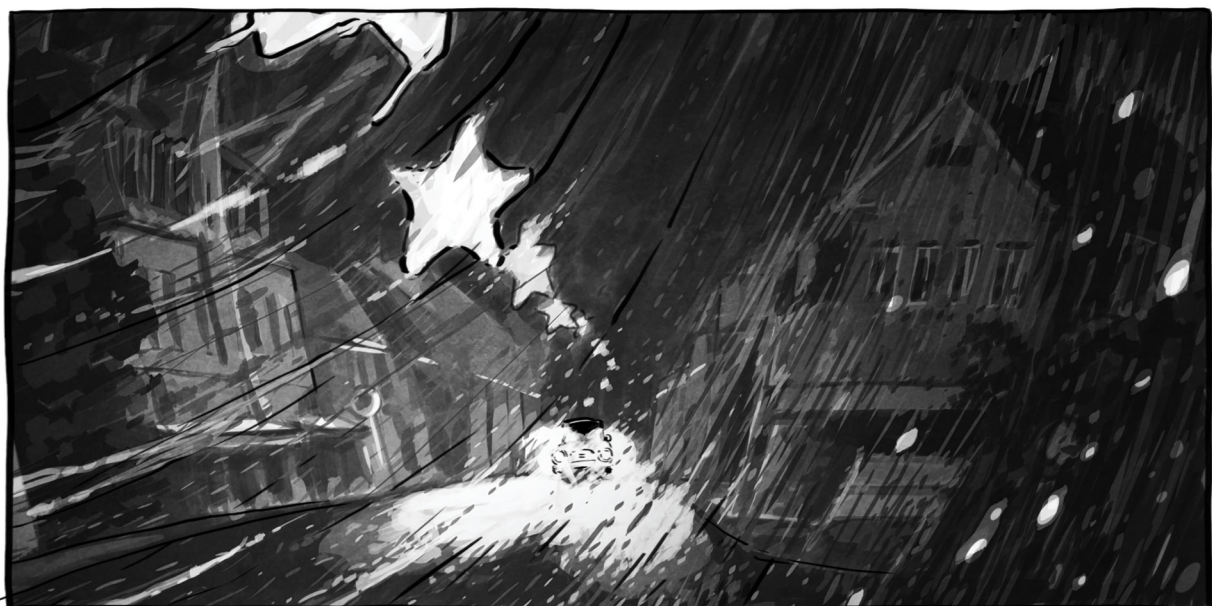
Kalvø Lighthouse was located at the tip of an isthmus on southern Funen. It was far away from everything. Only a narrow three-kilometre long sunken road lead the way from the nearest town, Kalvø Beach, to the lighthouse. The road passed through marshland and tidal meadows eventually reaching the isthmus and the lighthouse.








Kalvo Beach was the kind of holiday town where the rich folk from Assens would spend their summer. At this time of year, it was a sad and, pretty much, deserted ghost town.



A black and white illustration depicting a dramatic scene. In the foreground, a man in a dark trench coat stands with his back to the viewer, looking up at a towering lighthouse. He is holding a briefcase. To his right is a vintage car, a Morris Minor, with the license plate 'SF 29 917'. The car is parked on a dark, wet surface. The lighthouse is a tall, slender tower with a small lantern room at the top, which is illuminated. The background is a dark, stormy sky with heavy rain falling diagonally across the frame. The overall mood is somber and atmospheric.

It was the 23rd of December 1997. I arrived in the afternoon in my old Morris Mascot. It had been a long drive from Copenhagen. The traffic had been heavy across Zealand, and I had to wait for over two hours in Korsør to catch a ferry.





The rain pelted down on a grey landscape and the wind shook the naked black trees. It was proper Danish Christmas weather like in the "good old days".





The lighthouse superintendent was a small grey man called Karlsen. He greeted me in his residence which was placed in the bottom part of the tower.

His old suitcase was packed and he had on his coat and scarf. He was visibly annoyed that I hadn't arrived until now.

I got a quick tour of the place and instructions on my work duties. Very few things needed to be done. All I had to do was make sure the lighthouse was operating correctly.

Should any problems arise, I was to call the local maritime safety administration, and they would handle the rest.







The residence was made up of an office, a living room, a kitchen and a bedroom. The living room was cosily furnished, included a fireplace, and had floor to ceiling bookshelves. There was a big worn armchair, a small table, and an old black and white TV complete with roll-up cabinet doors.

Karlsen, the superintendent, left swiftly with his suitcase without looking back even once. His tail lights vanished quickly in the rain, and I was left all alone.





I snooped around for a bit. This was where I was going to spend the holidays alone. Under no circumstances was I to leave the area. The lighthouse was to be under constant observation. This would sadly turn out to be a much larger challenge than I originally supposed...