

The keeper's only contact with other people was the boatman providing him with his daily supplies and leaving the lighthouse on Sundays to read the newspapers. But his contentment is soon to be tested.



One day he receives some Polish books. At first he couldn't remember ordering them. Then he remembered many months ago that he had sent some money to a Polish association that was being set up in New York. The books were their way of saying thank you for the donation.



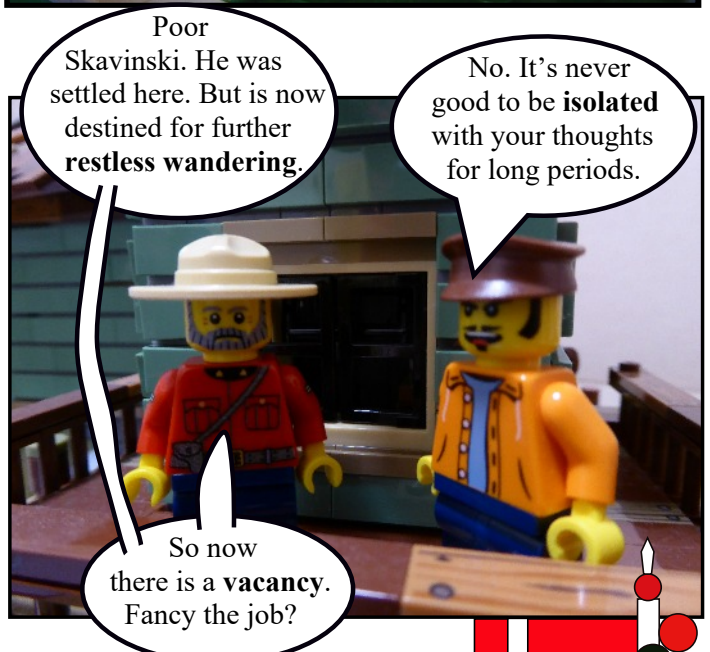
The book he opened was a volume of poetry by a famous Polish poet he had enjoyed reading on his travels. It was with great dignity and respect that the Lighthouse keeper now read the poems of the great poet. And suddenly a great feeling of homesickness overcame him. It had been many years since he had seen his country or heard or spoken in his native language. Dusk descends, but the old man is back in his country, seeing his land, remembering his life there before leaving on his travels. Darkness descends and thick fog rises. But to the keeper, it is mist on the fields of Poland.



Suddenly penetrating Skavinski's dream a voice.



Old man.
You have **neglected** to light the beacon. A ship has floundered on the rocks, overnight. You must **leave your job.**



Poor Skavinski. He was settled here. But is now destined for further **restless wandering.**

No. It's never good to be **isolated** with your thoughts for long periods.

So now there is a **vacancy.** Fancy the job?