This book includes descriptions and portrayals of real places, real events, and real people; these may not be presented accurately and with conformity to the real-world nature of these places, people, and events, and are reinterpreted through the lens of the Cthulhu Mythos and the Call of Cthulhu game in general. Unfortunately, the lighthouse’s lamp malfunctioned, causing the ship to steer into the nearby rocks, tearing its hull wide open and causing a small but devastating explosion in the ship’s boiler, after which the ship sank, leaving barely a trace to mark its passing.

George Cassidy, a lighthouse keeper on the island, stumbled Angie’s father was the light house keeper there and his many children led a tumultuous life with little supervision most of the time.

Like · see review. Jan 13, 2018 Julie Hall rated it really liked it. Delightful & well crafted story of the author's childhood on Patos Island in the early 1990's. Patos is a 1 and 1/2 mile island in the San Juan chain, the closest to Canadian waters. Her father was the lighthouse keeper, so her family, including her 13 brothers and sisters, grew up there in the early 1900's. All the kids did, though, was run around killing animals, including baby seals, so it ended This had a request so I had to return it, but I wasn't enjoying it, so I won't check it out again. It's an autobiography of a woman who spent 8 years of her life, from 5 to 13, on Patos Island. The island of Eilean Mor, with the lighthouse in the background. Attribution: Marc Calhoun under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 2.0 Generic license. Once at the lighthouse, Moore noticed something was immediately wrong; the door to the lighthouse was unlocked and in the entrance hall two of the three oil skinned coats were missing.

Moore continued onto the kitchen area where he found half eaten food and an overturned chair, almost as if someone had jumped from their seat in a hurry. To add to this peculiar scene, the kitchen clock had also stopped. Moore continued to search the r Instructions to Light Keepers. By authority of Trinity House and the light-house board. While the subject of the book has never interested me, the inscriptions inside hold a particular fascination: For dear Sarah. So that you might know. Grace and beneath that, written in a different hand, For my darling Matilda. To discover there had been another Matilda in the family had enchanted me. As a child I often imagined her, talking to her in my games of make-believe until she became real. When a great aunt had secretively explained that this other Matilda was my great-great-granny Sarah’s daughter, tragically lost in a shipwreck with her brother, I grieved for her as if she were my sister. In a way, she become the sister I never had, the playmate I never laughed with or whispered secrets to.