

Chapter 3: The night of the storm

The wind had been rising since noon. By the time the lamp was lit, the sea was breaking white over the outer rocks, and the tower hummed like a struck bell.

This book page is **B5** with margins written as in CSS, clockwise from the top: margin: 24mm 18mm 26mm 30mm. The left edge is the widest, for the binding.

margin:	Top	Right	Bottom	Left
20mm	20	20	20	20
20mm 15mm	20	15	20	15
20mm 15mm 30mm	20	15	30	15
24mm 18mm 26mm 30mm	24	18	26	30

Values in millimeters, as in this book; cm, in and pt work too, and a number alone is in points.

Martha climbed the ninety-six steps twice that night. On the second climb she counted them aloud, the way her father had, so the storm would have to wait its turn.

A light that goes out is worse than no light at all, he used to say. Ships learn to trust it.

At four in the morning the glass in the lantern room cracked from top to bottom. She taped it, wiped the salt from the lens, and wound the clockwork again. The beam swept on, steady, every ten seconds, out over the white water.

When the sky turned grey in the east, a fishing boat came round the point with her nets still aboard. The skipper raised one hand toward the tower, and Martha raised hers back.