

A haunted lighthouse

When I was 9 years old, I spent a week in a lighthouse with my parents and my grandmother. It was a real lighthouse in the Adriatic sea not far from Venice.

The place had been transformed into a hotel and was no longer occupied by the lighthouse keeper and his family.

It was summer but we had no luck, it was raining almost every day. The atmosphere was rather spooky.

Since it was impossible to spend time on the beach swimming, I was strolling around the little island with my umbrella.

One afternoon I stumbled upon a wooden cross with a name on it, an Italian name: Marcella . The grave was very small and after having calculated the difference between the years of birth and death, I came to the conclusion that the person buried was a child, 9 years old, just like me at the time. It gave me goosebumps.

I felt sad discovering that a child died here 50 years ago. It must have been the lighthouse keeper's daughter.



When I went to sleep in the evening I had the impression that the place was haunted. I could see the face of the little girl everywhere around. Impossible to fall asleep. Moreover, there was lightning in the distance and the noise of a thunderstorm. It made my flesh creep. I didn't tell anybody about it, not even my granny. It was my secret. The little grave was there alone next to a pine tree and wild flowers, nothing to do with an eerie graveyard.

I visited the place every day, "she" became to me like a friend that died a long time ago.

The last day, as we were boarding the boat, I looked at the miniature island for the last time and saw a little girl waving her tiny hand to me.

I said to my parents and to my grandmother to do the same but none of them saw the girl.