

The cold hard rain pelted the roof of the old wooden cabin. Under a small hole in the roof was a bucket. The only noise heard was the faint sound of an old radio and the tapping. Tap, tap, tap. The only resident stood at his work desk. Looking down he saw all of the words he had written, all of the spells drawn right, yet he felt something was off.

Something was off. He couldn't figure out what this feeling was. He still felt it. It never went away, and it plagued his thoughts. The only trace of what was right and what was wrong could solely be founded by his eyes. He resumed his work, ignoring the noise and his thoughts as the sun began to rise...