

On the other side of the island from Falllll House stands another tower made of local stone. We are on Norfolk Island, source of norfolk pine trees where norfolk pine gardens grow. It is a windy island in the south seas. Falllll House faces west, alerting ships blind from their long haul east of nearing land.

Winter house is on the far coast, a nearly endless walk along the water, near the headstone reserve. Chimes at the top of the tower catch the prevailing westerlies and long after the flashes of light fade, after the last ship in the world has sunk, the bells will be heard, clapping in the cold wind like thunder. Light travels faster, lightning hits first and the thunder lingers as boats or their detritus float by.

As their numbers dwindled, the last inhabitants of this island lived between constant storms, and watched the passing ships with envy. On the other hand, the pine trees thrived, and I'm sure are still there even now.