



The Keepers
at the Edge of the
Universe

*Logbook entries from lighthouse
keepers past*



Published by
the Universal Lighthouse Keepers Guild

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Foreward

This is a small collection of excerpts from logbook entries written by the many lighthouse keepers. They have kept the light running strong and bright over thousands of years. Each entry looks at the different aspects of life on the little 'island', as many keepers call it, at the edge of the universe.

We see glimpses into their everyday goings about, as well as into their thoughts and feelings. The lighthouse is a welcome and unexpected companion for some. She has housed the keepers, weathered all the tribulations and still stands strong today.

It is not an easy job to be a lighthouse keeper, but for the keepers though, it was a welcome sanctuary. Unfortunately we don't know the identities of most of the keepers as the information has been lost to time.

- The Universal Lighthouse
Keepers Guild

Keeper 77

Temp: 33 degrees

Obs: Solar storm NNE, 5 small ships, 1 luxury ship

Weather: Hot.

Morning routine completed.

Am finding the every day goings on a bit tedious lately. Weather is calm yet again, a strange week of no weather. Looking through the backwash has made the days more bearable as there is more variation. The island is not surrounded by sea but instead shifting space. Reminds me of a beach on a terra planet, how things 'wash' up.

Many items I have no name for. Most likely everyone and their pets know what it is. Or maybe things have been discontinued and their discarded bodies have just found their way to me.

Haul from the backwash:

- Two mealy carcasses (unknown species)
- A transmitter, possibly from a scuttle ship
- Shards of a thin, shiny metal most likely from a wrecker
- A bashed up tool box, locked (will break open later)
- Large pieces of organic material (unknown species)
- Rocks of all shapes and sizes (will clean to see if any are gemstones/star fragments)

Keeper 851

Temp: 10 degrees

Weather: Meteor shower SE

Obs: the last supply ship

My move has been complete into the Lighthouse. The last ship that dropped off equipment has since left, its loud engines being swallowed up by the silence.

I felt a sense of relief when it left, to finally be away from the busy world. I find - and other keepers I have met say the same - the longer my years of keeping are, the more I feel like a separate species. It feels as I have evolved differently to those in society - I have different mannerisms, prefer the quiet and darkened light. My interests and concerns are nothing like those in the modern world.

Spent the morning orienting myself with the lighthouse and her quirks.

I can see where she has been patched up by past keepers, and can see their marks on her walls.

Against the kitchen wall is a set of hooks which I think is used to clean rubbish out of rivers which had been re-purposed to hang pots. It made me laugh to see it. However I would not be surprised if my years here make me use modern objects in ways they weren't intended.

Keeper 80742

Temp: 23 degrees

Obs: Supply ship, small scuttle ships at night

Weather: N gusty winds

Woke at light break to find a supply drop had landed overnight. Have been getting by with the food I've gathered and can sometimes grow, depending on how generous the solar winds are feeling. Definitely nothing more excellent than seeing a supply drop. They are very rare creatures, food drops.

Tastes have moved away from the weird tasting packet food they put in the supply creates, but when one gets hungry, anything is food.

Most exciting to see a full box of tea!

Have almost run out from last drop and am halving tea bags just to make them last a bit longer. Have been boiling the funny blue leaves that make it to the island, but there is nothing like a good brew of tea.

Other items in the crate today: reports from HQ, newspaper. They leave a paper in each supply for the keepers to keep up with the outside world. Used to read them thoroughly when I was a new keeper at the lighthouse. Now I don't even skim the pages. The world outside brutal and noisy and the newspaper is better used as excellent fire starter.

Keeper 6603

Temp: -15 degrees

Weather: Weird

Obs: ??

Morning tasks tedious as my back is sore from last night's work and old injury. Winds this morning are particularly bad, the worst I've experienced at the lighthouse so far. They must have blown some glitter in from the edge of the universe. The air is shimmery and cloudy and my head has felt dizzy since I got up this morning.

Took a break from tasks in the afternoon as I am falling over unseen things and my headache hasn't gotten better. (Seeing weird spots now with blurry vision) I've been trying to fix the wonky hinge on the door.

I feel as if mishaps are bound to happen frequently on the small rock but today I feel uncertain and shaky and that has made the feeling even more certain.

I hope this passes soon.

Note: After reports of no light in the lighthouse for a few nights, the Guild investigated and found Keeper 6603 had disappeared.

Keeper 9994

Temp: 9 degrees

Weather: Pleasant.

Obs: Meteor shower at 12:11pm

Scrap metal pieces and timber in the backwash this morning. Cleared kitchen and the lantern room.

Found missing book and a glove.

Tasks completed by morning, quiet day ahead. Carved a small figure with the wood found today. Window sill is becoming crowded with them. Checked food and water supplies, all good.

Keeper 533

Temp: 5 degrees

Weather: Light rain early morn, clearing in the evening. Light breeze night.

Obs: 3 military ships, a dozen civilian crafts, a single rinaifx

Oiled the door this morning as the weather is finally decent enough to be outside. Looked up to see a smallest creature perched on the balcony. She had lovely long wings and soft markings around her face. She played around the balcony of the lighthouse as I was doing the observations.

Guidebook reckoned she is a rinaifx, native to the Collie system. Not sure where her friends were but she didn't seem like she was missing them.

Left some food out for her as I have to do the lighting. Came back and she was still there, the food gone.

She has stayed with me through the night. Talked to her about the lighthouse. It had been a while since I talked to someone. Went down to bed in the early morning after distinguishing the light. I hope she will stay around.

Keeper 12223

Temp: -12 degrees

Weather: Meteor shower in the morn
with heavy showers. Winds during
night.

Obs: 2 fat pigs, a cloud of those
glowing bugs

Woken up by the creaking of the
lighthouse. I can hear a strong wind
outside and the grit it has carried
hitting the lighthouse. Before
coming here I thought the silence
of the isolation would be welcome
but now in these moments I find
the creaking and settling of the
lighthouse comforting. Both of us
putting our weary bones to rest.
Tonight will be a sleepless night
judging by the winds.

Keeper 7905

Weather: Ice in the morn, clear skies in evening.

Temp: 14 degrees.

Obs: large migrations of solar ducks. Two research ships.

Was woken at crook's rest by a loud sound nearby. Went out to investigate and found a wrecker on the eastern side of the island.

It was an average looking craft, no insignia or identifying numbers could be seen. Sides of craft significantly damaged.

Checked craft for any survivors. One pilot was found, breathing and semi-conscious, no serious injuries to be spotted. I removed them from the craft and contacted the Emergency Extraction Team to come and pick up pilot. ETA was half a day away so had to find

somewhere to keep the pilot for the night. Ended up making a pile in the kitchen for them.

The last person that I had been in contact with had been over a year ago and I found my eyes finding their form every now and then. To see a sleeping body next to me with a living soul in it strangely makes me feel distant.

These beings feel separate from me as a keeper. Maybe I wish to have a conversation with the person but it has been so long since I last conversed with someone that I probably would stumble over the words.

Keeper 0728

Temp: -10 degrees

Weather: Cloudy, clearing in evening

Obs: a UFO, a shoal of star fish

It has been the first clear night for a week. The urge to see something other than the roof of the Lighthouse and the barren island was overwhelming so I bring up the long range telescope from the lantern room. The eye illuminates many passing objects but they are often too far away to see clearly.

I often wonder as I do the duties around the island where the closest soul is to me and what they are doing. Sometimes it feels like it could be galaxies away or maybe as close a thousand light years in a passing ship.

I play a game, I'm sure many keepers past have played, with each ship that passes and guess who is onboard and why.

Keeper 9085

Temp: -1°C

Weather: strong winds

Obs: Large flotilla of military
space crafts

The winds are ferociously
strong today; it feels as if my
clothes are trying to be peeled
from my skin. It's a terrible day
for working, but the debris that
has blown in must be cleared.

The one thing that keeps my
spirit from being low is the
slight of the lighthouse trying to
keep her feet on the rock as well.
It is more tolerable knowing I
am not the only being out here
trying not to get swept away.

Keeper 554

Temp: 29°C

Weather: Clear

Obs: a large floating city early afternoon.

Responded from my personal lantern: Where are you?

Hope to get a response soon.

There is a light NNE that is winking. First noticed it two days ago but hadn't seen it since.

Thought it was just a large floating city in the distance but the light is flashing in a repeating pattern.

From my rusty knowledge of old terra languages, it seems to be morse code. Found an old ripped morse code manual in the desk and managed to decode the message.

[Message received 22:43] The stars are hungry, one dead.

Terminology

backwash - *items and debris found on the island after a storm*

crooks rest - *very early in the morning that even the criminals haven't gotten up.*

eye - *a nickname for the light in the lighthouse*

fat pig - *a lavish luxury ship often filled with the rich of the galaxy*

glitter - *a disorienting space fog*

island - *the rock that the lighthouse lives on.*

light break - *when the night ends and the day begins*

mealy - *a carcass found on the island the keeper will cook up for food*

obs - *short for observations*

scuttle ship - *a small vessel often used for illegal trade and transport.*

wrecker - *a ship that has crashed onto the island*

A collection of logbook excerpts from the keepers
of the Lighthouse at the Edge of the Universe.

A supplement to the RPG zine.

UNIVERSAL
LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPERS
GUILD



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