



PIXEL LIGHTHOUSE

J.L. TROUT

Graphic Art

The crumbling hermit sat standing by the old alabaster lighthouse, watching the sun descend upon the horizon. He thought about his life stuck on the island and wondered if he ever made a difference.

He gazed back at the giant white beacon and realized that he helped many husbands return to their wives, children to their parents, and provided a way for goods to reach his little island to improve quality of life.

He shrugged, took another smoke, and headed back inside to start another long night in his work alone.

Dedicated to those who don't realize how much of an impact they make.