

## A Walk on the Beach

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A flock of seagulls passed overhead. Another passed behind it. Then another and another and another. Or perhaps it was always the same one, churning air, land and sea in endless white excursions.

The man had been walking half an hour.

“I’ll go down to the beach and come right back,” he had said on leaving the hotel. It was the last day of his vacation and he wanted to take advantage until the last minute.

But instead of going down to the beach, he had started walking on the path that ran parallel to the shore and, without realizing it, had reached the lighthouse.