

# Story Writing



Level 6

## Light in the Darkness

I, Richard Wellington, a scrawny, intelligent, determined man of twenty-six years, woke up in a wet dingy prison cell. I realize that two years has passed since 1632, when I had been thrown into Halfstone Prison in London, England, for heresy. The Church of England had accused me of speaking lies about the Bible, because I held Puritan views and believed the Church needed reform. I sat up, disgusted by the filth in which I had been living. Looking around and thinking about how to pass time, I noticed a man in the corner of my cell. A devious smile played upon his face. At first I thought he seemed possessed! He was a small, gaunt man covered in filth, but something about the frantic look in his eyes intrigued me. Then I remembered that my mind often played tricks on me in this dark and gloomy place. So, I approached him and introduced myself. He told me his name was Lewis, and immediately he began to tell me of a plan he had concocted to escape. However, he told me he would need help.

Lewis began to reveal his plan which involved luring the guard into the cell. After this, Lewis would strike the guard unconscious, and I would swap clothes with the guard. Lewis reckoned that when the guard revived, he would start screaming and demanding to be set free. The other guards, seeing him dressed in prison clothes, would then take him away to solitary confinement thinking he was insane. Meanwhile, I would use my disguise as a guard to set Lewis free, and we would escape together.

The more I thought about this plan, the more I perceived that it would not work. Neither of us was the same size as the guard. He was a giant of a man, and I would look like a mere child in his clothes. I also knew it was wrong for many reasons. I believed that my being in prison was part of my life that God had ordained for me, and, like the apostle Paul, I must wait patiently for Him to deliver me. I believed it would be wrong to injure an innocent guard who was just doing his job, and it would be lying to deceive the other guards. Finally, I would be aiding in the escape of an accused murderer. No, I could not be a part of this. When I informed Lewis about my convictions, he was so enraged that he would have struck me if it had not been for the presence of the guard who was just walking into the cell.



The guard asked which one of us was Richard Wellington. At that moment, I knew God had saved me from Lewis and his evil plan. The guard led me out of the prison cell and told me that I had been released from my sentence. In order to be free, I had to agree to sail to Massachusetts to help strengthen a feeble settlement. Maybe God would use me to bring His Word to the natives! I felt delighted!

To my amazement, Lewis showed a sudden change of heart and called out to me asking how his sins could be forgiven. I turned to face him and said, “God will forgive you of all your sins, as long as you ask His forgiveness and trust in His Son, Jesus.” Then I walked out into the warm, golden light of day. I noticed how the dazzling brilliance of the sun drove its light into every corner, lighting even the shadows. Instantly, I realized that the light of God had been shining even in the gloom of Half-stone Prison.