

## A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

### The Lantern

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the weathered door,  
And his horse in the silence stamped the ground  
On the forest's mossy floor.  
And a light flew up from the doorway,  
Above the Traveller's head,  
And he stooped upon the door again a second time,  
"Is there anybody there?" he said,  
But no one descended to the Traveller,  
No light from the door shined all  
Leaved over and looked over the grassy  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a beam of phosphorescence  
That dwelt in the low house there  
Shed lightning in the space of the midnight  
To that circle from the world of men,  
Shed lightning the beam in darkness on the dark man,  
That gave down to the single hall,  
Darkening to an air mist and shadow  
In the lonely Traveller's call.



And he left in his hand their message,  
Their willow instrument for use,  
While he turned away, cropping the dark turf,  
"South the mountain and north the  
But he suddenly came on the door once  
Loudly, and lifted his head --  
"Tell them I come, and do my errand,  
That I hope no more," he said.  
Never the beam shined more the lantern,  
Through every wood he spoke  
But entering through the darkness of the old house  
From the one room left unshaded  
As they found the door upon the mystery,  
And the sound of rain on grass,  
And from the silence stamp'd with backward,  
When the changing light was gone.



Written by G. K. Chesterton

This poem seems to be part of a longer mystery story. Why is it mysterious?

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