A STRANGE PICTURE

I was walking on a stretch of sand near Desert Island, when a sudden noise of great excitement attracted my attention. It was the sound of a distant gun, followed by a loud shout. I looked around, but saw no one. The sound seemed to come from the sea, and I thought it might be a whaler. I sat down to rest, feeling the sun on my face, when I noticed that the sound was not an ordinary gun, but a loud noise that continued for some time. It was like the sound of a falling tree, and I thought it was extraordinary. I listened intently, but could not hear anything else. After a few minutes, the noise died down, and I continued my walk. I thought it was a strange experience, and I wondered what it was all about.