MR. SKUNKY LUKE: NIGHTLIFE DRAGOCAT EPISODE #10

The Lantern Keeper

July 23, 2026

The storm had passed, but the city felt strangely quiet.

Perched atop the old lighthouse overlooking Lantern Harbor, Dragocat scanned the streets below. His ancient compass spun slowly while the silver key around his neck remained unusually warm.

Then...

Every light in the harbor went out.

The lighthouse.

The docks.

The streets.

Even the moon seemed to fade behind an unnatural veil of darkness.

Only one light remained.

A single glowing lantern drifted through the fog without anyone carrying it.

The compass pulsed.

Once.

Twice.

It was leading him toward the lantern.

Dragocat glided silently across the rooftops, following the mysterious glow until it reached an abandoned pier. There, an elderly red fox known only as The Lantern Keeper stood waiting.

"I've been expecting you, Guardian," the fox said softly.

Before Skunky could respond, the water beneath the dock exploded.

Shadow creatures burst from the harbor, climbing onto the pier as black mist swallowed the shoreline. Ancient runes ignited across Dragocat's fur while blue moonfire danced beneath his paws.

The Lantern Keeper raised his glowing lantern high into the air.

"This light keeps the darkness asleep," he warned. "If it goes out... the sea will remember what was buried beneath it."

The shadow creatures attacked.

Dragocat launched into the night, his wings spreading wide as magical chains erupted from the darkness, binding the creatures one by one. Lightning flashed overhead while the silver key glowed brighter than ever before.

Just as the last shadow fell, the fog began to lift.

The lantern's warm golden light returned to the harbor.

The stars reappeared.

The old fox smiled.

"You have protected more than a city tonight," he said. "You've protected its hope."

Before Dragocat could reply, the Lantern Keeper faded into the mist, leaving only the glowing lantern behind.

By sunrise, the harbor was peaceful once more.

The fishermen claimed the storm had simply passed.

The townsfolk never knew how close the darkness had come.

But high above the harbor, a black-winged guardian watched the first rays of dawn touch the water.

Because legends are rarely seen...

Yet they are always there when the light begins to fade.

End of Nightlife Adventure #10: The Lantern Keeper.

