Dear Citizens of the UK,

I would like to extend my most sincere apologies to you all for creating the tragic situation that occurred last week. After reading so many accounts of people being injured, I feel that coming forward and confessing is the moral thing to do. So many of you have been asking questions regarding how the world has become permanently dark and I hope that this letter can answer some of them.

As you all know, the winter weather was beautiful last week; waking up to a blanket of fresh snow inspired me to go for a walk to the local park. Although the air was so icy that it felt like it was biting me, I continued up to one of my favourite lookout points. What happened next was unbelievable. In fact, if somebody was telling me this story, I would not believe it myself. Up ahead of me – swaying gently in the light breeze – was a rope dangling from the sky. This was not a cheap rope that you would normally find on a boat or a building site – it was royal red with a brass stopper and tassels on the end (like the ones you find in theatres). My brain was racing at a thousand miles an hour, should I pull it or not? In the end, **curiosity** conquered my fear and I gave it a tug. All around me, the world was plunged into darkness. I pulled it again. The world became light. As I look back now, I know I should not have pulled it but what would you have done in that situation?

With each pull, I felt more and more **powerful**. The whole world was at the mercy of my rope and I. What was I thinking? I should have stopped the second my curiosity was fulfilled. But no, I had to keep on pulling. Eventually, the rope snapped and it plummeted to the ground and coiled itself up like some sort of scarlet serpent. This is why the lights have not come back on for a week. It is all my fault. As the days have passed by, I have heard stories of people being injured in all sorts of ways. If I could turn back the clock, I would. If I could turn back time, I would inform the police about the rope instead of tugging at it so thoughtlessly.

Yesterday, I decided that the right thing to do was go to the police station and turn myself in. Since then, I have been sitting in a small, cold cell with nothing but a pen and paper. I don’t even know what crime I am going to be charged with – there is no law which states that you cannot pull a rope dangling from the sky. I am pleading with you for forgiveness and hope that you can find it in your hearts. I know it seems like I am an ignorant and foolish man but I have taken the responsible path and handed myself over to the police. Imagine it is you sitting in my position right now, ask yourself - could you have resisted the temptation?

Yours Sincerely

Mr Jones