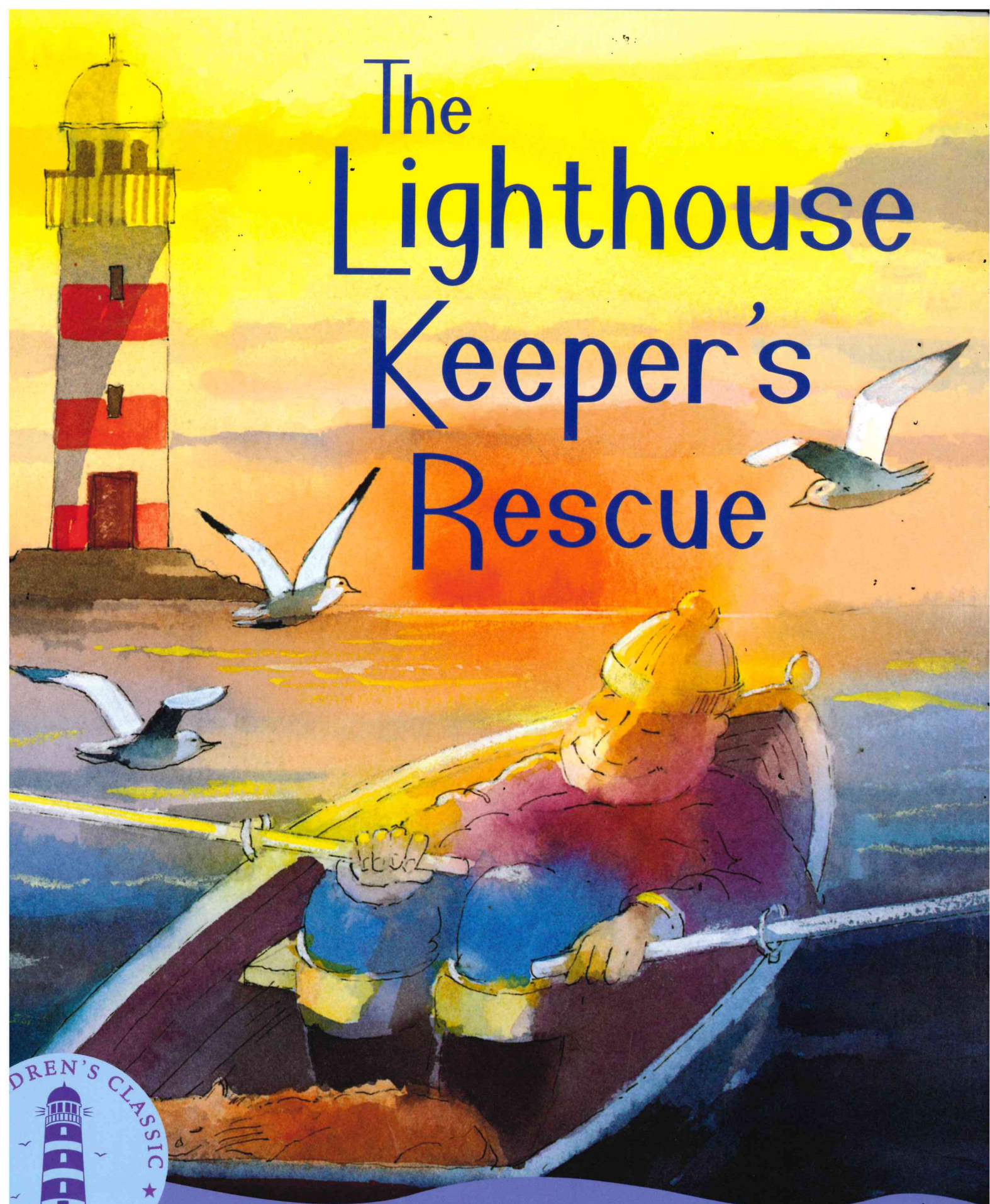


The Lighthouse Keeper's Rescue



Ronda and David Armitage



Once upon a time there was a lighthouse keeper
called Mr Grinling. He lived with Mrs Grinling and their cat,
Jamish, in a little white cottage on the cliffs.

Mr Grinling loved his job. He sang as he polished the light;
he whistled as he cleaned the windows. But he was especially
happy when visitors came.

"I'm a lighthouse keeper from my head to my heels,"
he would tell them cheerfully,
"I always have been,
I always will be."





He was also a lighthouse keeper who was getting old. Sometimes he could hear his bones creaking as he climbed the lighthouse stairs. One day Mrs Grinling found him leaning against the shed, sound asleep. The next day she found him dozing with his head under a heliotrope. Mrs Grinling woke him gently. "What's the matter, Mr G?" She asked anxiously. "Are you ill?" "No, Mrs G," said Mr Grinling, politely. "I'm just having a little snooze in the sun."



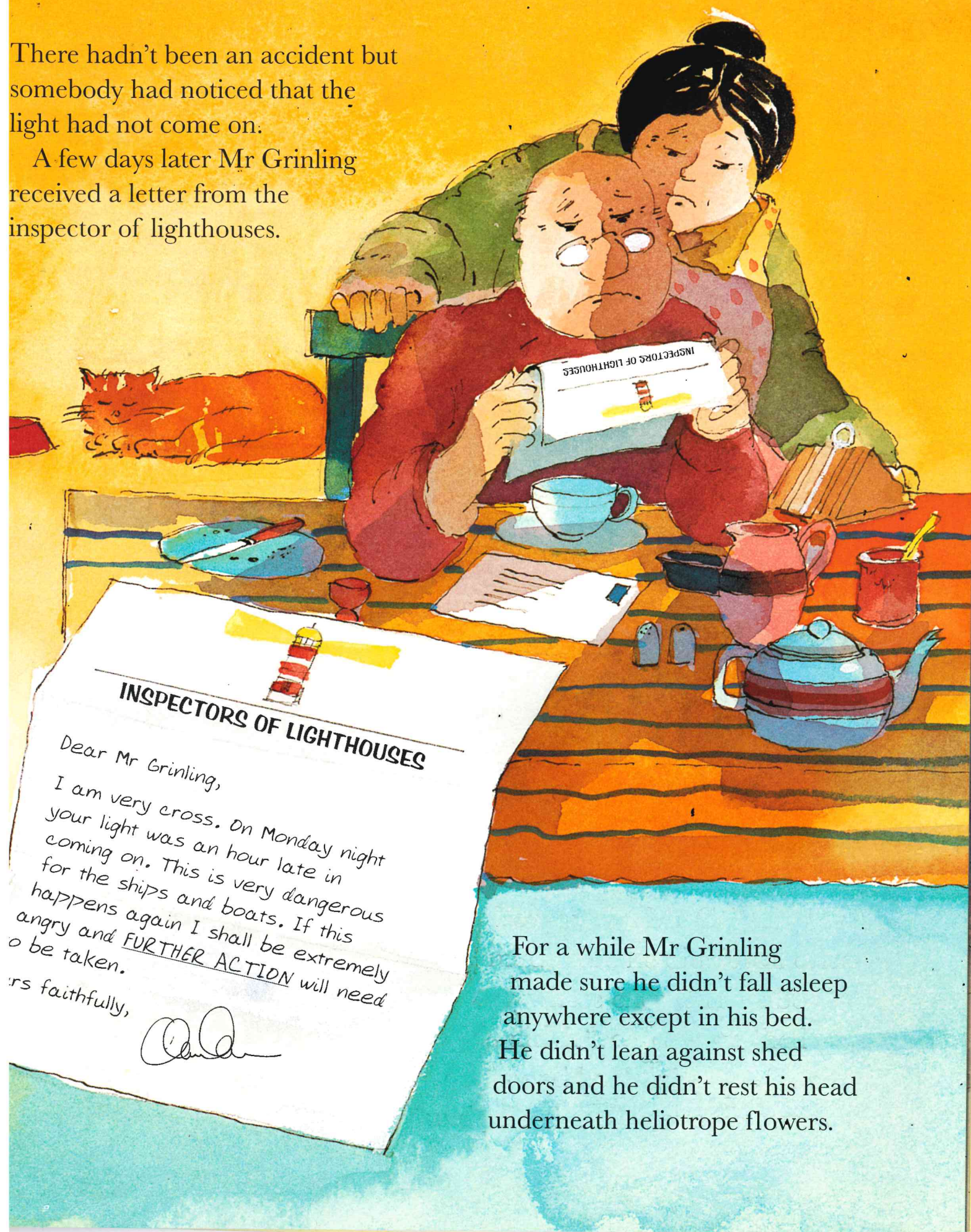
But all was not well. One afternoon Mr Grinling and Hamish rowed out to the lighthouse to prepare the night light.

Mr Grinling was rather tired after rowing the dinghy so he decided to have a nap. When he awoke it was quite dark.

"Oh those poor boats!" he exclaimed as he rushed into the lighthouse. "I do hope there hasn't been an accident," and he peered anxiously into the darkness.

There hadn't been an accident but somebody had noticed that the light had not come on.

A few days later Mr Grinling received a letter from the inspector of lighthouses.



For a while Mr Grinling made sure he didn't fall asleep anywhere except in his bed. He didn't lean against shed doors and he didn't rest his head underneath heliotrope flowers.



Buzz off, Bert!!
That's my fish!

You greedy gull!!



One sunny afternoon as he was on his way to the lighthouse, Mr Grinling stopped to watch three squabbling seagulls.

The dinghy rocked gently up and down. Mr Grinling closed his eyes, leaned back and soon fell fast asleep. The dinghy dipped gently in and out of the waves until it was far beyond the lighthouse.

When the light didn't come on, Mrs Grinling began to worry. She rang the coastguard.

"Don't fret, love," he shouted down the phone, "I'll send the launch out straight away. We'll soon find him. He's probably gone to sleep again."