

The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch

Once upon a time there was a lighthouse keeper called Mr Grinling. He lived in a small white cottage perched high on the cliffs. He rowed out to his lighthouse on the rocks to clean and polish the light.

Mr Grinling was a most industrious man. Come rain or shine, he tended to his light. At night the ships would toot to tell him his light was shining brightly and clearly out to sea.

Each morning, Mrs Grinling worked in the kitchen concocting a delicious lunch for him. She packed it into a special basket and clipped it to the wire that ran from the little white cottage to the lighthouse on the rocks.

But, one Monday something terrible happened. Mrs Grinling had prepared a particularly appetising lunch. She had made a mixed seafood salad, a lighthouse sandwich, cold chicken salad, sausages and crisps, peach surprise, iced sea biscuits, drinks and assorted fruit. She put the lunch in the basket and sent it down the wire.

But the lunch did not arrive. It was spotted by three scavenging seagulls who set upon and devoured it.

"Clear off you varmints", shouted Mr Grinling, but the seagulls took not the slightest notice.

That evening Mr and Mrs Grinling decided on a plan to baffle the seagulls. "Tomorrow I shall tie the napkin to the basket" said Mrs Grinling. "A sound plan", agreed Mr Grinling. But unfortunately, the sea gulls still managed to devour the lunch.

On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Grinling racked their brains for another plan. "Hamish the cat can guard the lunch" said Mrs Grinling. "A most ingenious plan" agreed Mr Grinling.

Sadly, flying did not agree with Hamish, he felt much too sick to notice the seagulls. Unfortunately, the seagulls devoured the lunch again.

On Wednesday, Mr and Mrs Grinling racked their brains for a new plan. "Mustard sandwiches" chuckled Mr Grinling.

On Thursday morning Mrs Grinling carefully packed the mustard sandwiches and sent them off down the wire.

"Yuk, Yuk, Yuk!" cried the seagulls.

On Friday, Mrs Grinling repeated the mustard mixture. The seagulls decided to find their lunch elsewhere. A jubilant Mrs Grinling put away the mustard pot before she prepared a scrumptious lunch for Mr Grinling.

The end.

Four leaf clover our story is over.

