

## The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch

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

Mr Grinling was a most industrious lighthouse keeper. Come rain or shine he tended his light.

Sometimes at night, as Mr Grinling lay sleeping in his warm bed, the ships would toot to tell him that his light was shining brightly and clearly out to sea. Each morning, while Mr Grinling polished the light Mrs Grinling worked in the kitchen of the little white cottage on the cliffs concocting a delicious lunch for him.

Once she had prepared the lunch she packed it into a special basket and clipped it on to the wire that ran from the little white cottage to the lighthouse on the rocks.

Suddenly one Monday something terrible happened. Mrs Grinling had prepared a particularly appetising lunch. She had made a mixed seafood salad, a lighthouse sandwich and a peach surprise. She put the lunch in the basket as usual and sent it down the wire.

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

"Clear off, you varmint," 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. "Of course, my dear," agreed Mr Grinling, "a sound plan."

"They will have to try harder this to stop us" squawked the seagulls

On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Grinling racked their brains for another plan.

"They are a brazen lot those seagulls," said Mr Grinling.

"Brazen indeed," said Mrs Grinling, "what shall we do?"

"Our cat Hamish is an accomplished seagull chaser."

"Of course," exclaimed Mrs Grinling, "tomorrow Hamish can guard the lunch."

"A most ingenious plan," agreed Mr Grinling.