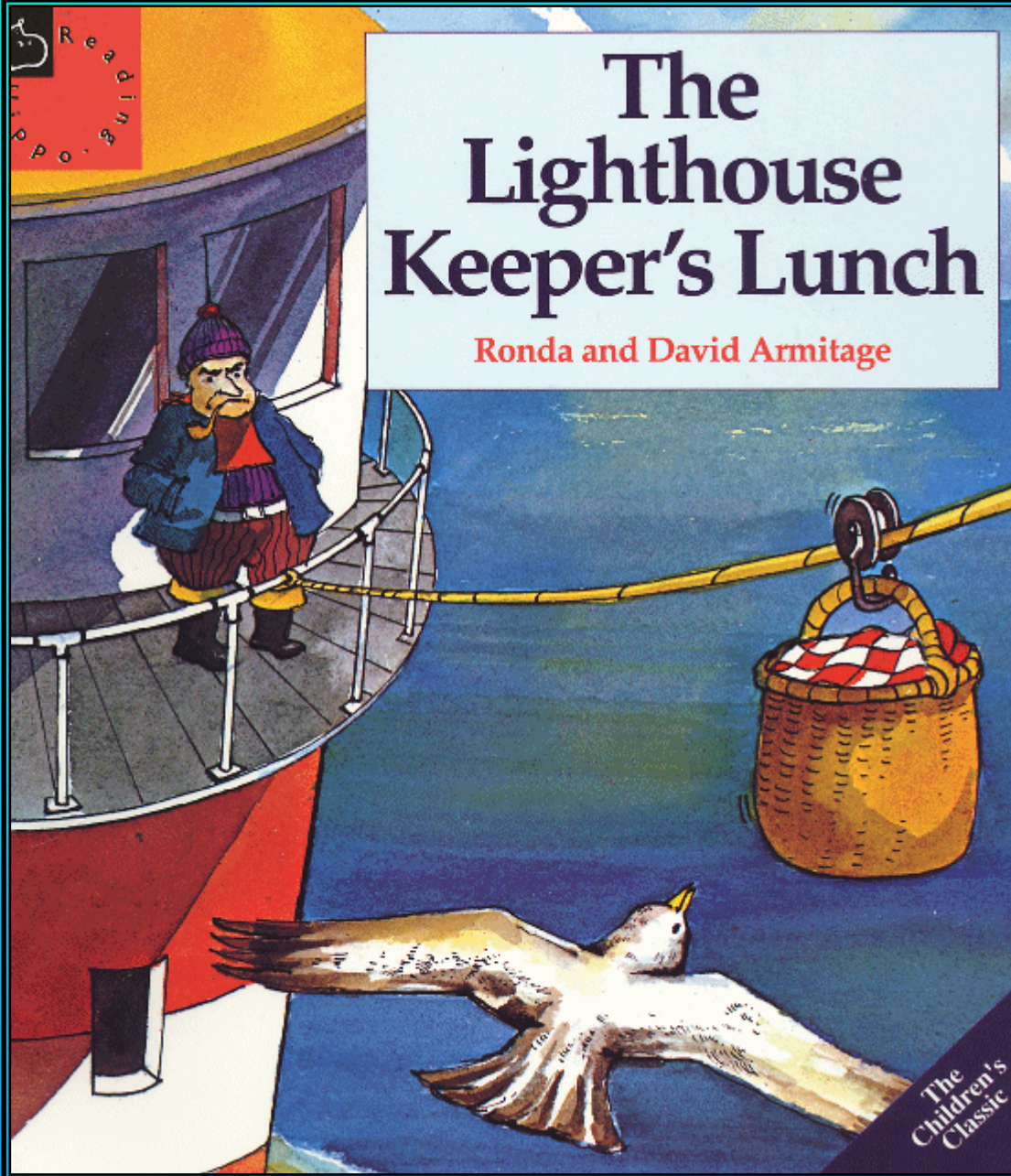




The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch

Ronda and David Armitage

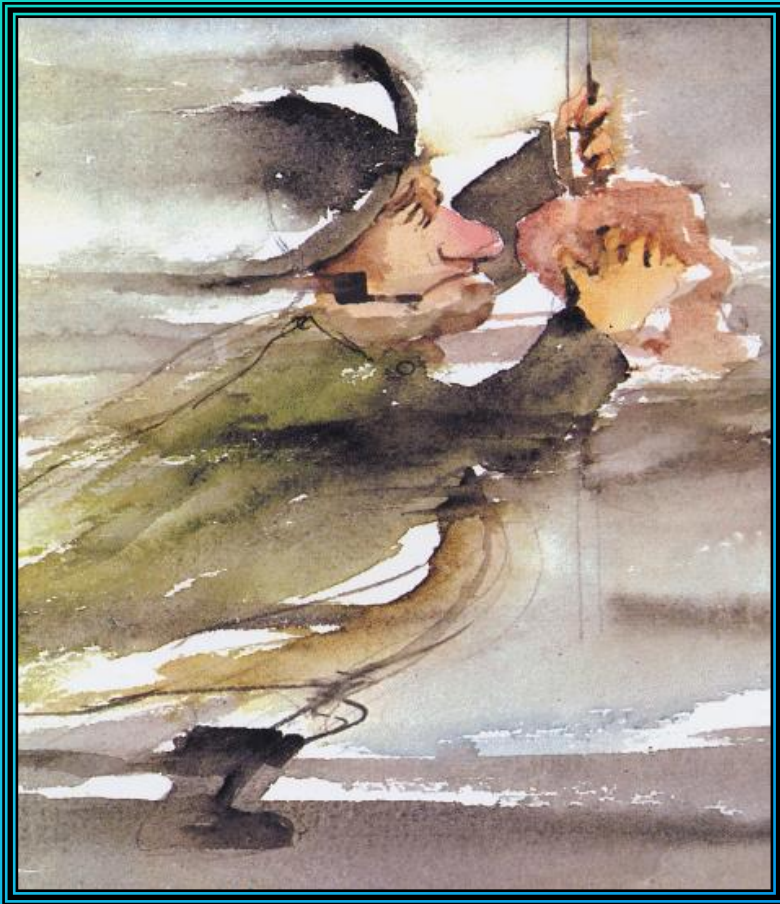


The Children's Classic

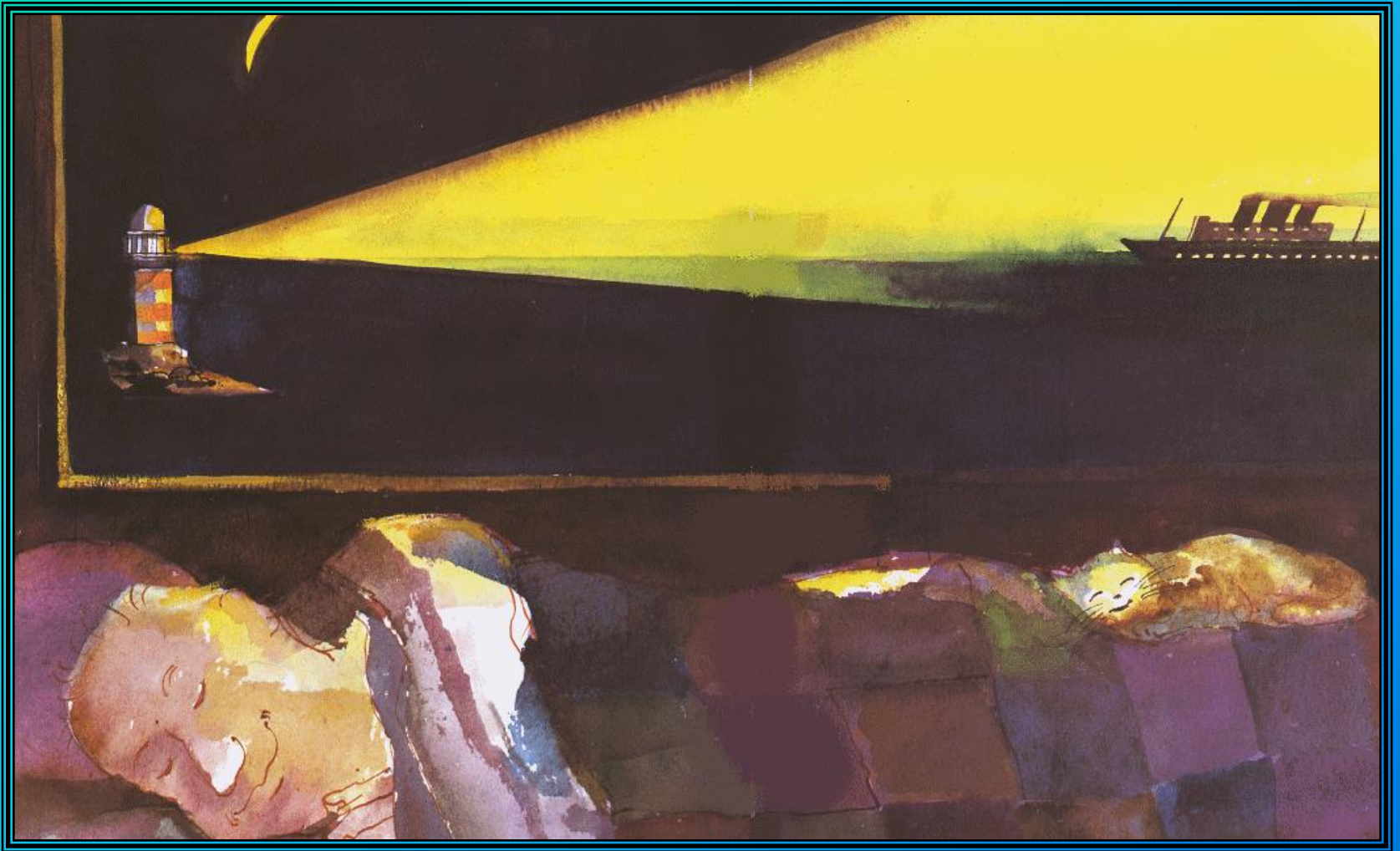


Once there was a lighthouse keeper called Mr Grinling. At night time he lived in a small white cottage perched high on the cliffs. In the day time he rowed out to the lighthouse on the rocks to clean and polish the light.

Grinling was a most industrious lighthouse keeper. Come rain.....



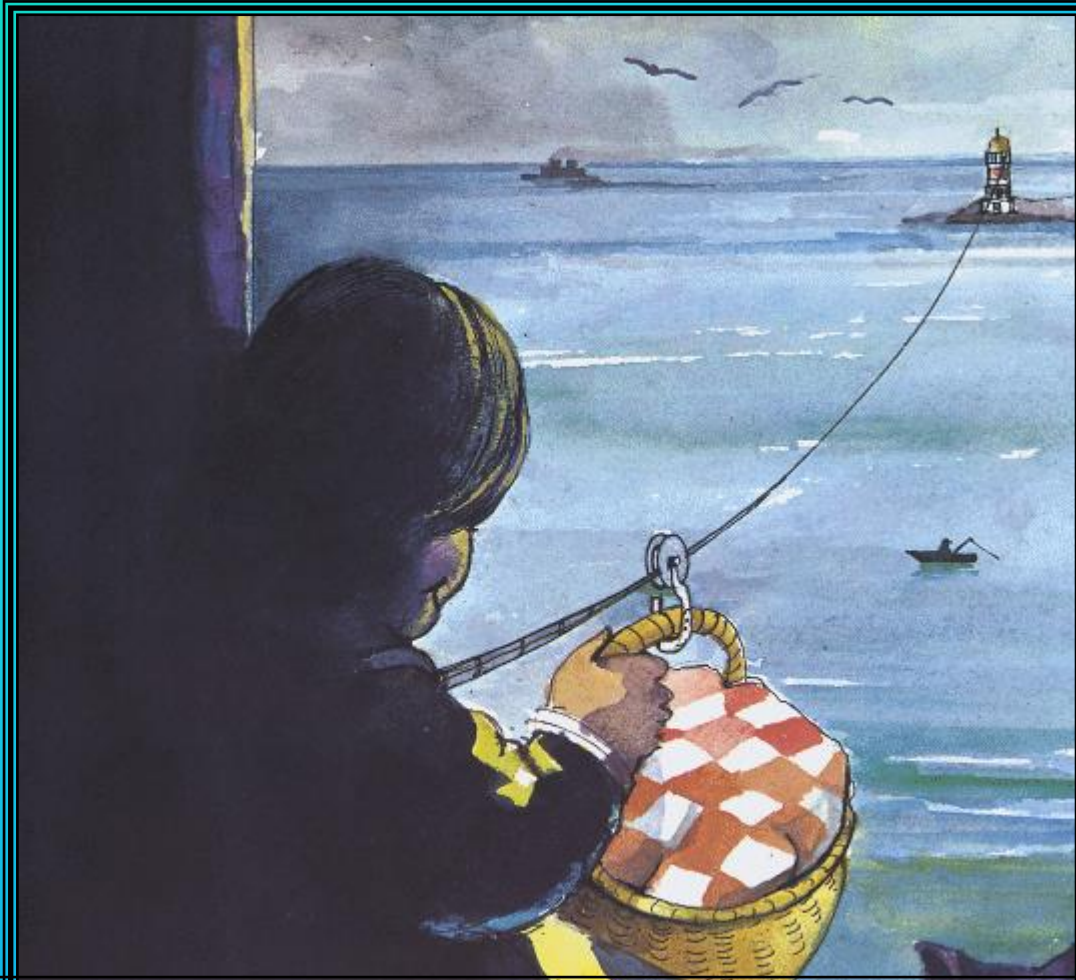
.....or shine, he tended his light.



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 cottage on the cliffs concocting a delicious lunch for him.

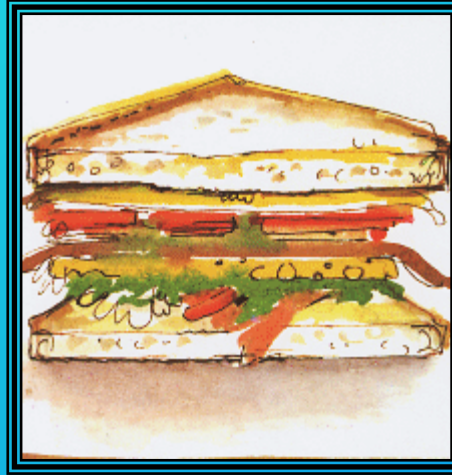


Once she had prepared the lunch she packed it into a special basket and clipped it onto the wire that ran from the little white cottage to the lighthouse on the rocks.

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

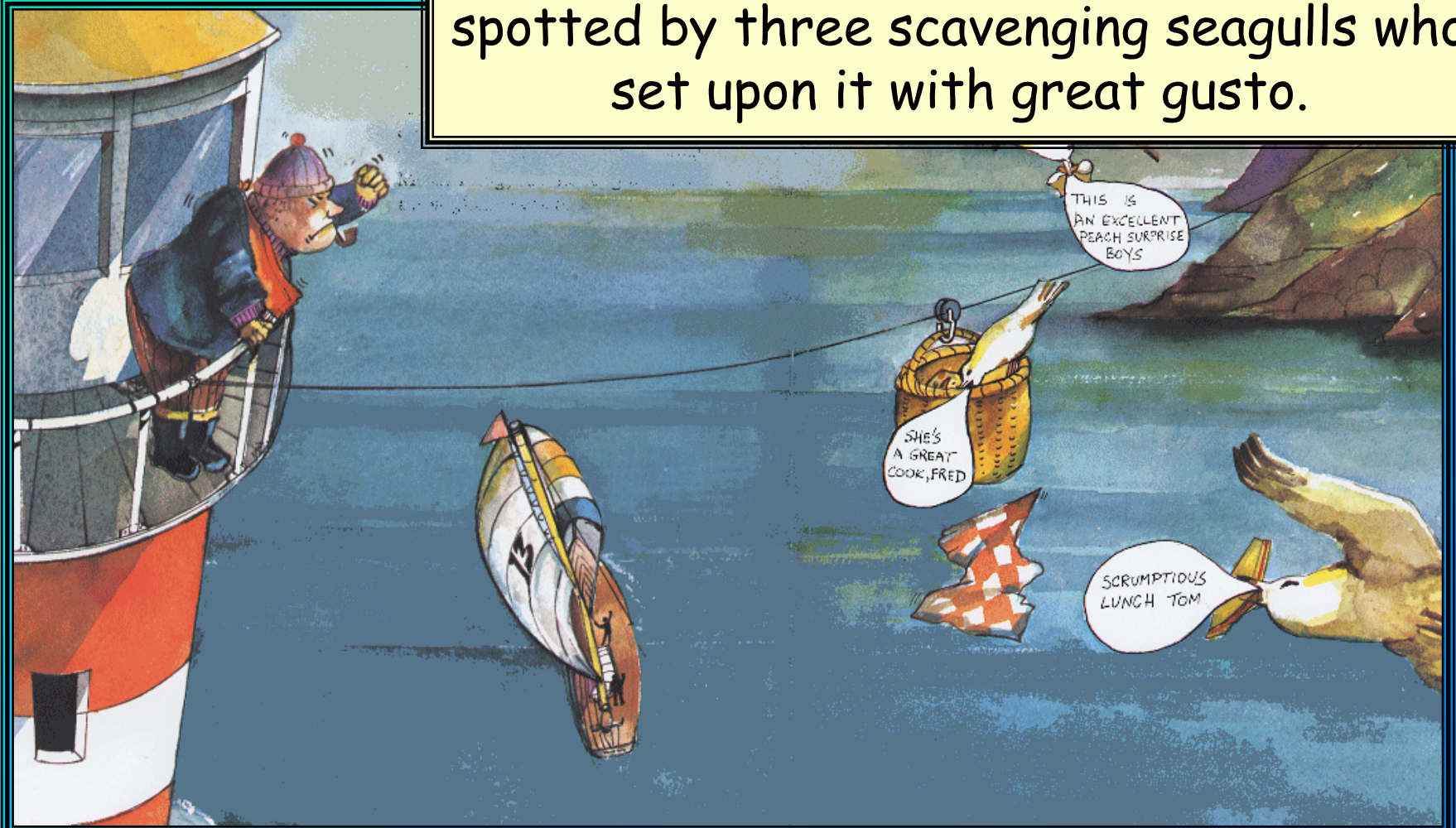


Drinks and
Assorted Fruit

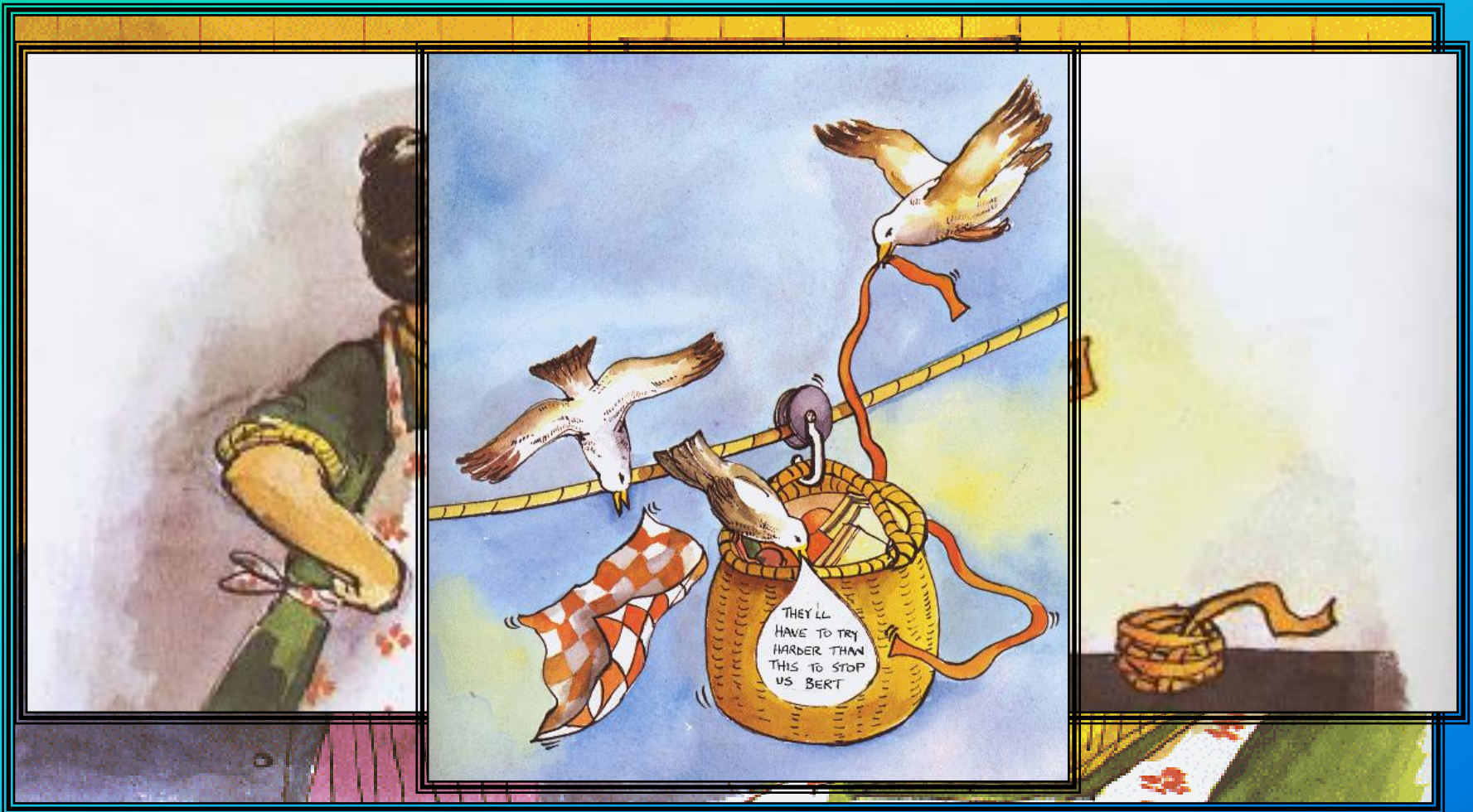


She put the lunch in the basket
as usual and sent it down the
wire.

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



"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 a napkin to the basket," said Mrs Grinling.

"Of course, my dear," agreed Mr Grinling, "a sound plan."

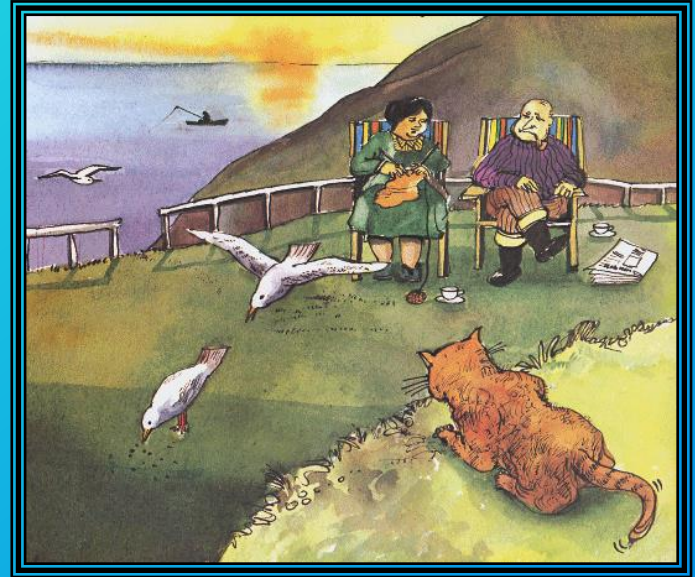
On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Grinling racked their brains for another plan.

"They're a brazen lot, those seagulls," said Mrs Grinling.

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

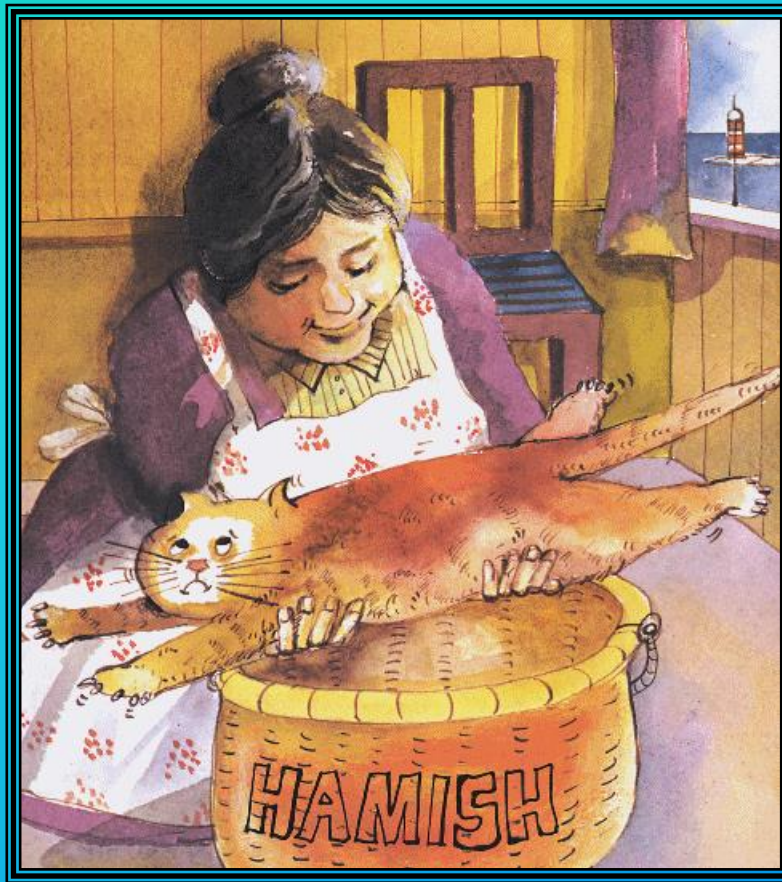
"Our cat does not appear to like seagulls," said Mrs Grinling.

"No, my dear," said Mr Grinling. "Hamish is an accomplished seagull chaser."



"Of course!" exclaimed Mrs Grinling. "Tomorrow Hamish can guard the lunch."

"A most ingenious plan," agreed Mr Grinling.



Hamish did not think the plan was ingenious at all. He spat and hissed as Mrs Grinling secured him in the basket.

"There, there, Hamish," said Mrs Grinling consolingly, "I'll have a tasty piece of herring waiting for you when you arrive home."

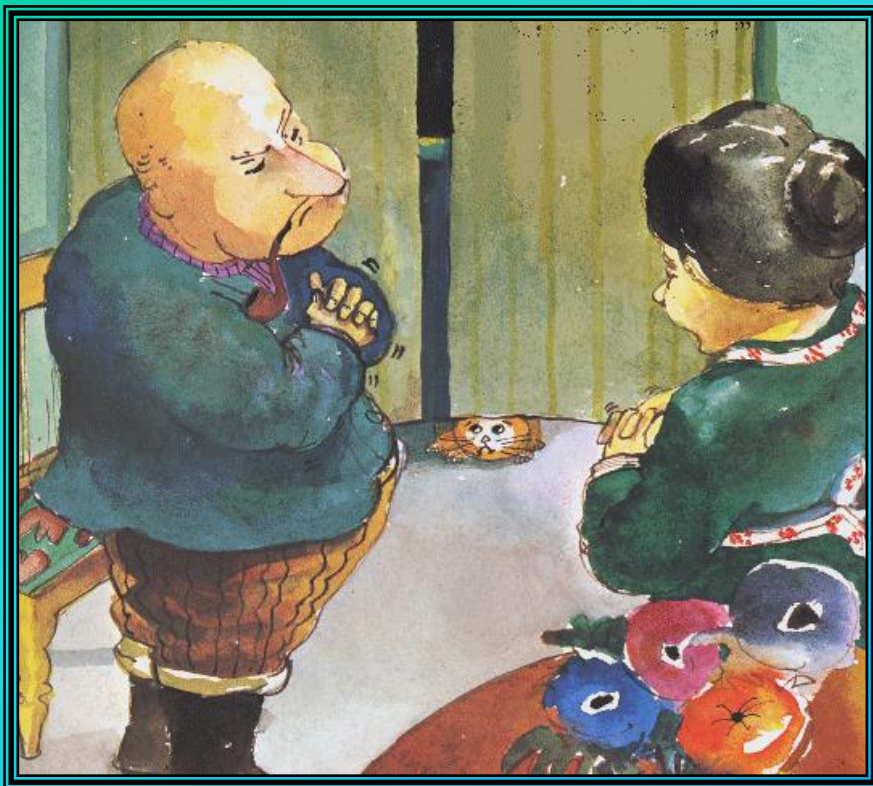


Sadly, flying did not agree with Hamish. His fur stood on end when the basket swayed, his whiskers drooped when he peered down at the wet, blue sea and he felt much too sick even to notice the seagulls, let alone scare them away from the lunch.



"Lackaday, lackaday," said Mr Grinling
sadly.

"Miaow, miaow," agreed Hamish pitifully.



On Wednesday evening Mr and Mrs Grinling racked their brains again for a new plan.

"What shall we do?" said Mr Grinling. Mrs Grinling looked thoughtfully.

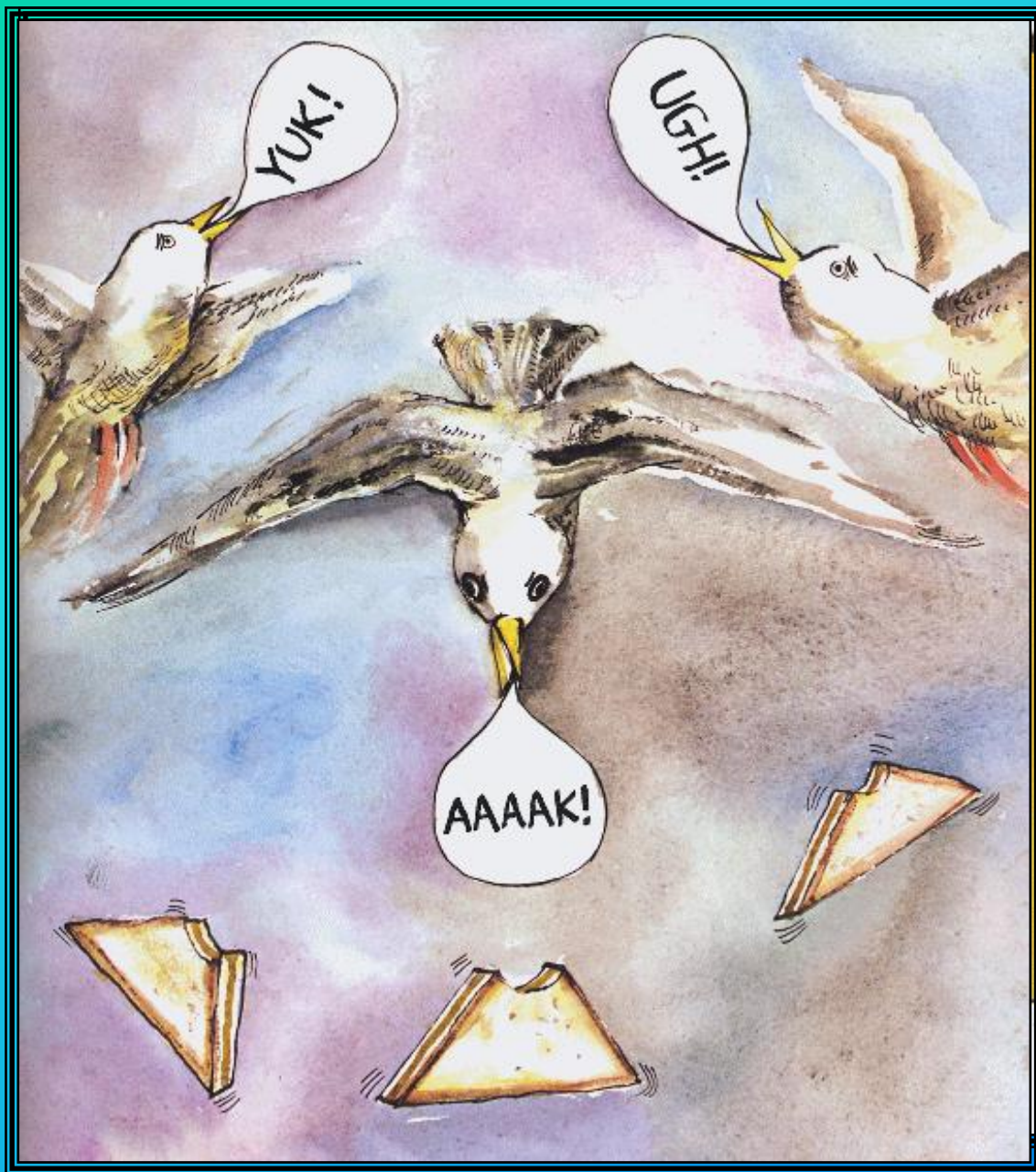
"I have it!" she exclaimed, "just the mixture for hungry seagulls."

"Indeed my dear!" said Mr Grinling, "What have you in mind?"

"Wait and see," said Mrs Grinling, "just wait and see."



"Mustard sandwiches!" chuckled Mr Grinling. "A truly superb plan, my dear, truly superb."



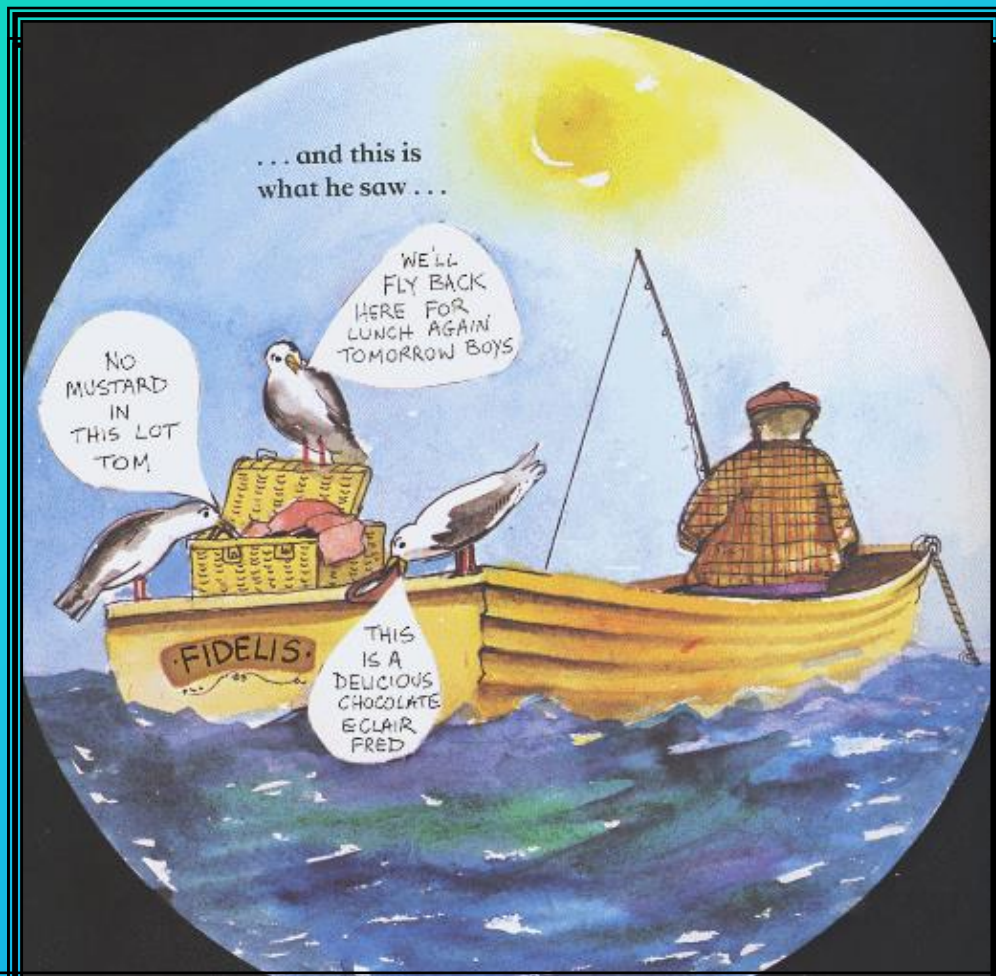
On Thursday morning Mrs Grinling carefully packed the mustard sandwiches and sent them off down the wire to the seagulls.



On Friday morning Mrs Grinling repeated the mustard mixture

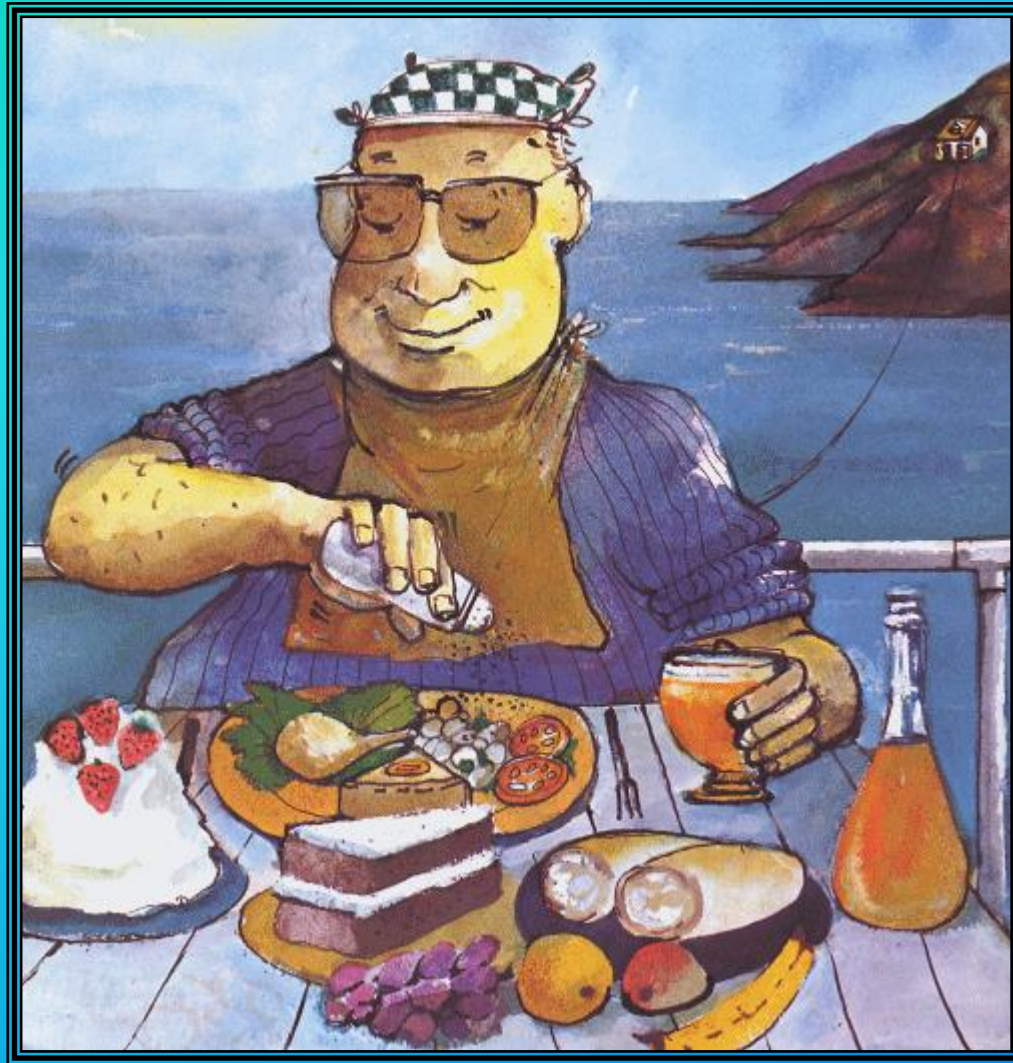


So, on Saturday,
up in the little
white cottage on
the cliffs, a
jubilant Mrs
Grinling put away
the mustard pot
before she
prepared a
scrumptious lunch
for Mr Grinling.



... and this is what he saw...

While he waited for his lunch down in the lighthouse on the rocks, Mr Grinling sang snatches of old sea shanties as he surveyed the coastline through his telescope...



"Ah well, such is life," mused Mr Grinling as he sat down to enjoy a leisurely lunch in the warm sunshine



Book published by Scholastic Books, 1977