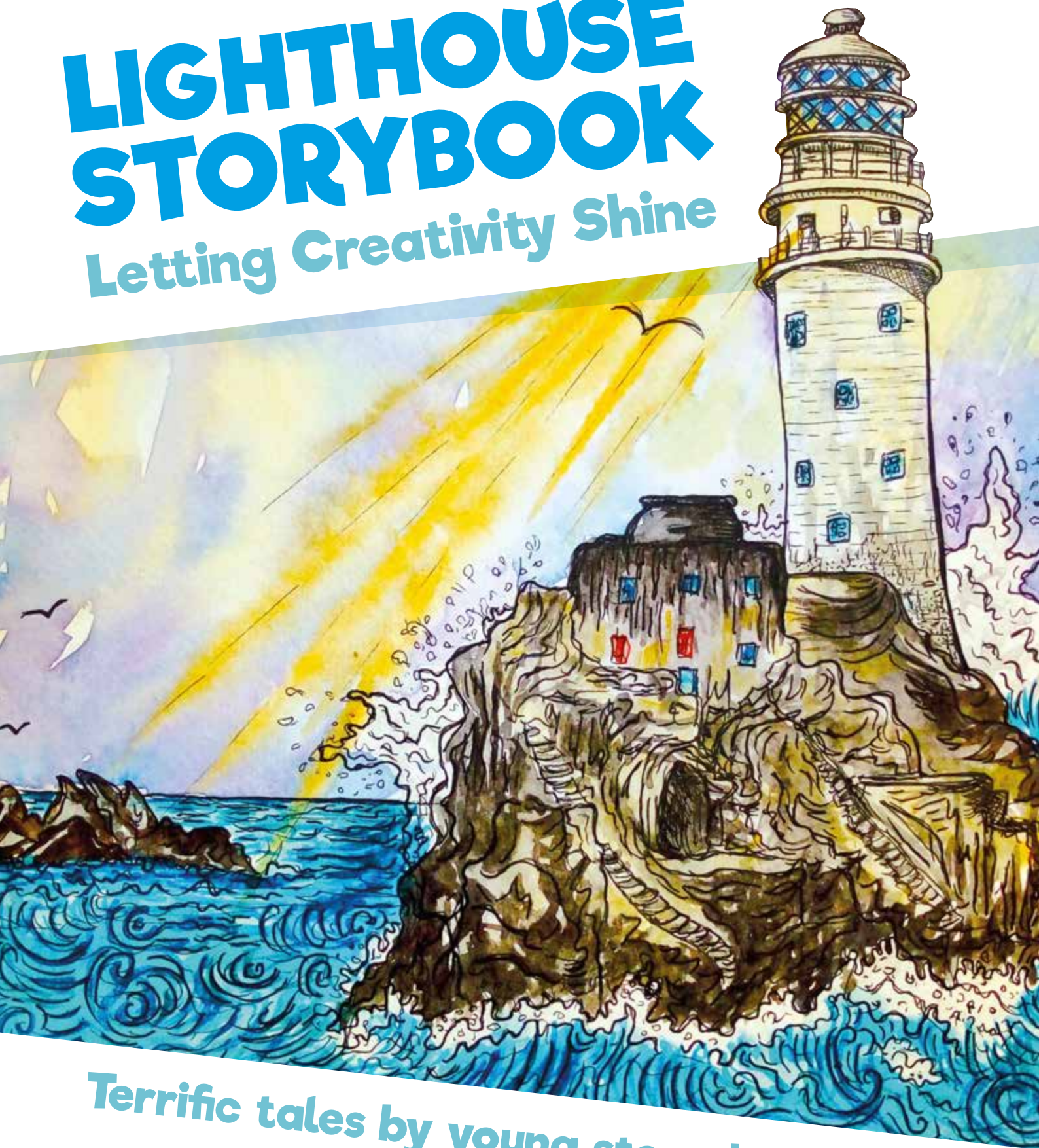


# LIGHTHOUSE STORYBOOK

Letting Creativity Shine



Terrific tales by young story-keepers



Commissioners of  
**IRISH LIGHTS**

Navigation  
and Maritime  
Services

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO CHARITY

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# Introduction

I love this wonderful storybook which is a selection from many original stories, poems and illustrations that were submitted by young writers aged 7 – 12 years as part of the Young Storykeepers programme from every corner of the island of Ireland and beyond!

The Commissioners of Irish Lights partnered with Great Lighthouses of Ireland and Fighting Words, the creative writing organisation, to run the programme. Young Storykeepers were invited to get creative and to imagine an original story inspired by a lighthouse.

Launched in May as part of *Cruinniú na nÓg's* 2020 programme, over 1,500 imaginative tales were submitted, from swashbuckling stories to stop-motion animation, poems, illustrations and even a song or two. Their efforts have been incredible. The full collection and much more is showcased on both the Great Lighthouses of Ireland ([www.greatlighthouses.com](http://www.greatlighthouses.com)) and Fighting Words websites.

Lighthouses are symbols of strength standing out against waves and winds and storms. They are evocative, powerful and heroic, saving ships and their passengers and crews from rocks and hazards. From the distant past to the present day, lighthouses are vital for safety at sea. Along with buoys and electronic aids, they are an important part of an interconnected system of aids to navigation keeping our coasts safe and providing safe passage for local and international maritime traffic. The way this has been captured with imagination and creativity by the stories within this book is inspirational.

That is why I am pleased that all proceeds from its sales will go to support the excellent work of two charities Children in Hospital Ireland ([www.childreninhospital.ie](http://www.childreninhospital.ie)), a non-profit organisation who are committed to promoting and ensuring the welfare of all children in hospital and Northern Ireland Hospice, a charity offering specialist respite, symptom management and end of life palliative care to children and adults each year across Northern Ireland. ([www.nihospice.org](http://www.nihospice.org))

For hundreds of years lighthouses have kept seafarers safe, helping them find their way with a guiding light and safe journey so it is right that we support this wonderful organisation who help children navigate through their time in hospital.

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## Kieran Crowley

Chairman  
Commissioners of Irish Lights



# Star of the sea

Flashing, flashing, towering over  
electronic wizard from man took over.

Watching, watching restless sprays,  
Circulating waters and roaring waves.

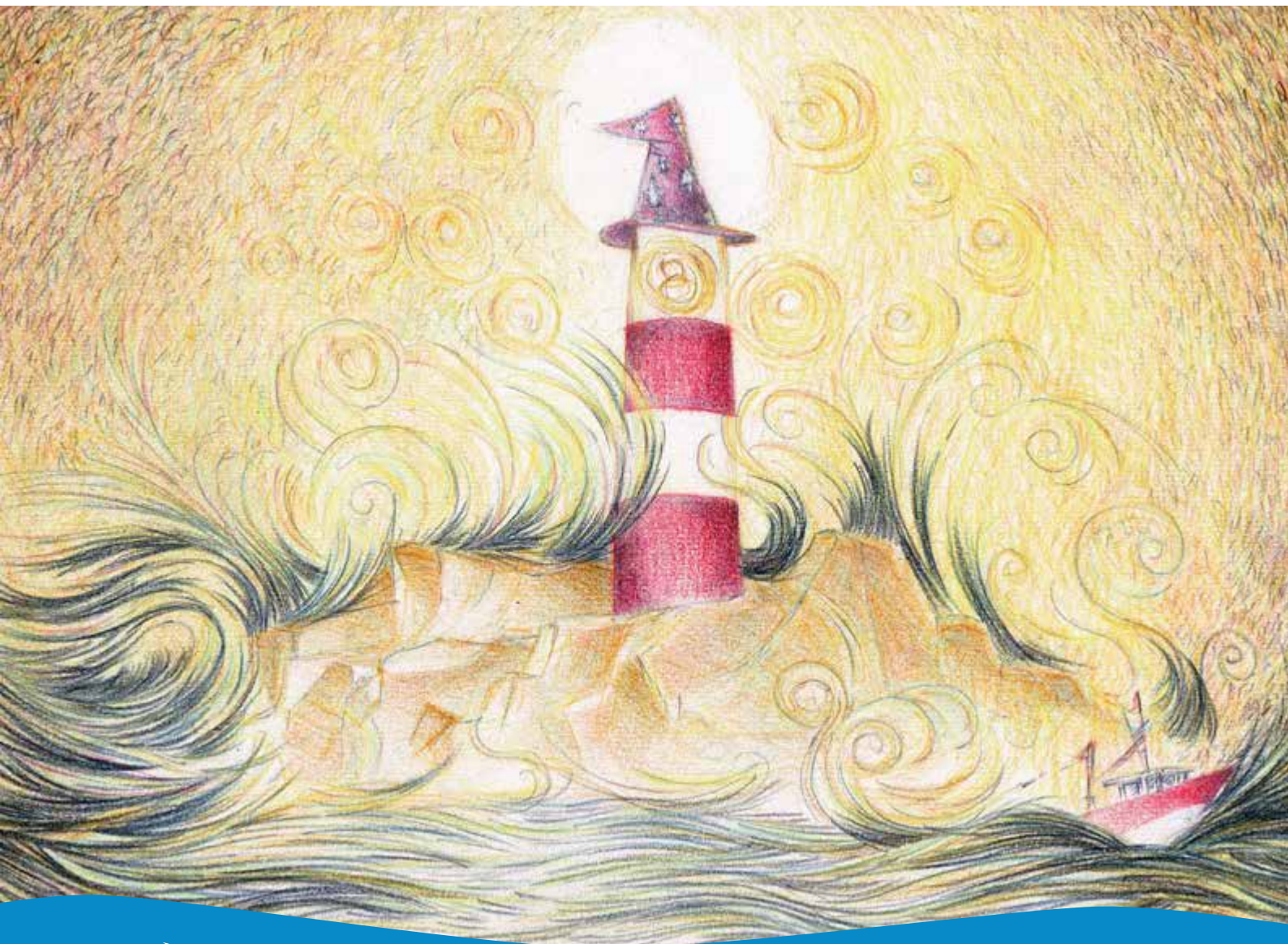
Jagged rocks beneath you soar  
The crew of many below you lowered.

Pounding surf and windswept decks  
That make that chill on soaked wet necks.

Flashing, flashing, shining over,  
Out of the darkness sounds grow near  
As of now, I've no more fear.

The star of the sea in the middle of the ocean  
From out of the dark, a welcoming light  
Like a helping hand on a wind-swept night.

Like many, many boat men owe  
Pray for me, in one more week, must go.



# Keeping watch

Stormy, dark, miserable  
The night is cold and terrible  
Wind howles as it hits the bay  
The wild Atlantic way  
It sings  
As the waves spring  
Up out of the water  
A boat glides as  
It is guided by the light  
So bright it glows in the night  
It is called Mizen.





# Thunder

Thunder the cat stood at the top of the small lighthouse looking out over the sea. A storm was brewing and clouds were forming on the horizon.

Thunder was used to storms, being the lighthouse keeper's cat. He was actually found during a storm. When he was just a kitten, Thunder had got lost and the lighthouse keeper found him in the torrential rain. It was a miracle that he was found, because his fur was grey, and it blended in with the dreary landscape.

Thunder could see the storm approaching. The sea became rough and a strong wind started up. Then the rain came. It hammered down. Thunder turned to go back inside but then there was an enormous gust of wind. He planted his paws on the floor but he could not combat it. It lifted him up and he was flung over the side of the lighthouse.

The saying 'cats always land on their feet' was almost true in this situation. Thunder hit the ground awkwardly and rolled down the rocks to the beach. He stopped by the waterline. A wave washed over him and chilled him to the bone.

Thunder yelped and ran away. He was unable to put weight on his front right paw. He stared up the rocks at the lighthouse and realised that it would be nearly impossible to return that way. He thought about staying down there until the lighthouse keeper came for him, but the storm was raging and it would be too dangerous for anybody to come down. He resolved to try to find a way to get off the beach and began walking along it. He wished that the keeper was there with him, helping him get out of the storm.

As he thought, he nearly walked past a metal staircase than ran from the beach to the lighthouse. Thunder turned and began scrambling up it. It was slippery from the rain and was exposed to the wind from the sea. Thunder was nearly thrown off a few times. His paw began to pain him more as he went up the steps and he soon had to stop. He gazed out at the sea and at the storm. The rain had frozen him to the bone and he was wet and sad. He still had half of the staircase to go so he resumed ascending it. He soon became weary but

he pushed onward because the top was in sight. He scrambled up the last few steps and collapsed on the ground.

He lay there for a minute and then he headed for the lighthouse. He trudged through the cat-flap and went up the short flight of steps to the living room. The lighthouse keeper sat in his armchair in front of the fire.

"Where have you been, Thunder?" he asked. He got a towel and dried Thunder. He lay down in front of the fire and fell asleep as the lighthouse keeper rubbed him.



# Washed away at sea

Every night, off the coast of the beach near to where I live, I would see a shimmering, glistening light. Over the years I had many fantasies of what this light could be. When I was five I thought it was some sort of a fairy; when I was eight I imagined it to be a star. Now I'm eleven, I know it's not a fairy or a star. But what is it? Who is it?

I brought my dog for a walk on the beach, he went into the sea and I went to catch him when he went too far. He ran to the beach and just as I looked up I saw a wave, bigger than I've ever seen. I ran. Then I saw black.

I woke up slowly. "Where am I?" I thought, as I stared up at the deep blue sky. I looked to my left and saw a grey cloud coming towards my direction. I then felt my hair: it was wet and I pulled a piece of seaweed out of it. I coughed and spluttered and was frozen with cold. I stood up and was overtaken by a tall building that was red and white with a blue trim around the bottom. There were patches of moss in certain parts of the building, finished off with a glass room at the top. A lighthouse! I'd never seen one of them this close before, it was amazing. But after I stopped admiring the building I had to go back to my problem, I didn't know where I was. I suddenly felt a wave of apprehension.

I found the door of the lighthouse. As soon as I stepped inside, a spiral staircase greeted me. I climbed the staircase to the second floor. I scanned the room and it was bare. Nothing. I was trying to find something to help me escape this island. I climbed the stairs some more and I came across three sticks, one smaller than the others, so I picked the small one up and moved on. On the next floor I found nothing, but out the window I saw it was getting dusky. I hurried on.

Continuing up the stairs I heard a noise and what did I find, but a bunny tangled in wire! Beside the bunny there was a flag, a wooden pallet and some tarp. I untangled the bunny and stuffed the wire into my pocket. I found a ladder

leading to the roof of the lighthouse and planted the flag there. When I got to the bottom of the lighthouse, I tied the tarp around the pallet with the wire, used the sticks as rafts and me and bunny set off.

Soon I could see land. As I came closer I recognised more things and soon I saw my house! Bunny and I went home.

That night I saw the same light, but this time I saw a flag with it and I knew what the light was.





## Sully the lighthouse seagull

Once there was a seagull named Sully. He would go to Valentia Lighthouse and visit the old man who lived there who was in charge of the lighthouse. The old man would go outside and give Sully some bread to eat. One night while everyone was sleeping, a ship that had lost its way came into shore. It was an unlucky night; the lighthouse light was not on.

Suddenly Sully woke up when he heard the commotion from the ship and flew up into the old man's bedroom window. He landed on the man's face and bit his nose. The old man woke up and saw Sully and heard the noise from the ship. He ran down the stone steps to outside and turned on the lighthouse light. Then he ran down to the beach.

The old man ran to get help from his fellow sailors. They all got in their boats to where the ship was now sinking. They threw some buoys onto the ship so they could get the people to use them and save them.

As they did, the news reporters arrived in a boat trying to get a good look at them. But when they got a clear shot, old Sully seagull got in the way. Sully was a clever seagull and he did not want the sailors to get distracted when helping the boat.

After a few hours, the boat sank, and everyone was saved. "Hooray!" they all shouted when they were all off the boat. They had a party the next

night. And they sang a jolly song. "Oh, the jolly sailors saved us, and we sing hurrah! Oh yes, we all sing hurrah! Hurrah!"

The song ended after that and there was a bustle in the crowd. The people who were on the boat were staying with families on the island. They showed them the way to their houses. The people were a bit surprised that someone was following the old man back to the lighthouse. It was a young girl with thick jet-black hair and perched on her shoulder was – surprise, surprise – Sully the Seagull, who looked as though he liked her.

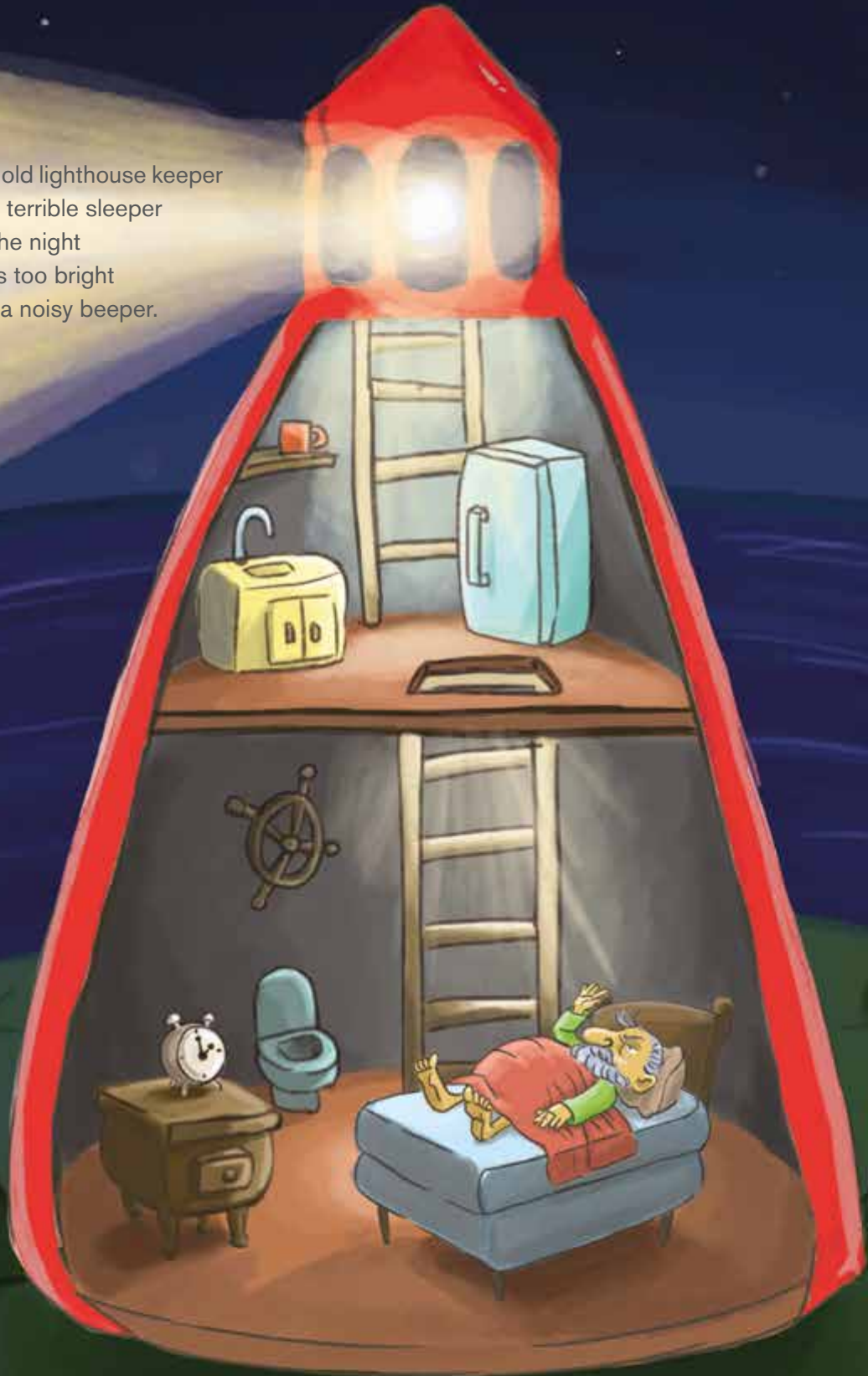
The old man looked at the young girl and realised it was his niece who was from the West of Ireland and was on the sinking ship. Sully had saved her life and all the lives of the people on board the ship. The old man was so happy to see his niece alive and well that he had a little party in his house too with just his niece and of course, Sully the Seagull.

The next day the old man woke up and went to see if he could find Sully the Seagull as he wanted to thank him for saving his niece's life and he wanted to give him some bread and fish for breakfast. And he found him outside in his usual spot on the lighthouse window. He even forgave Sully for biting his nose!



# The Terrible Lighthouse Sleeper

There once was an old lighthouse keeper  
Who was a terrible terrible sleeper  
He woke through the night  
Cause his light was too bright  
And his alarm was a noisy beeper.



# The night the light went out

Just like most nights over the last thirty years, Frank, the Loop Head lighthouse keeper, was winding down for the night.

The whistle from the kettle told Frank the water was ready for his hot water bottle. It was a cold and frosty night, so Frank threw a few extra pieces of turf in the stove to keep him warm while he slept.

All Frank's jobs were done for that day and night and he was looking forward to the next few chapters in his book, *Gulliver's Travels*. A few hours had passed and the light on the candle beside his bed was starting to dim. Frank knew he would be up early to clean the lenses and the windows, so he blew out the candle.

Frank was in a light sleep when he was awoken by an eerie sound. Frank was sure it wasn't the kettle, making this whistling noise. It sounded more like a wailing sound. He sat up in the bed and listened closely. He was sure it was coming from the little square window at the end of his bed. Frank didn't know whether to open the brown curtains or not. The wailing got louder and louder and in all his years as a lighthouse keeper he never heard a sound like this before. There was no bird or animal that made this noise. That could only mean one thing to Frank, **IT WAS THE WAIL OF THE BANSHEE...**

Frank slowly pulled back one of the brown curtains. Suddenly, right in front of him, a crow flapping its wings. It flew back off the window while Frank bolted back under his covers. Frank peeped out from under his covers towards the half-opened curtain and all he could see was darkness outside. Frank knew there was something wrong with the main lighthouse lamp.

He jumped up out of bed knowing ships could be in danger. As quick as he could,



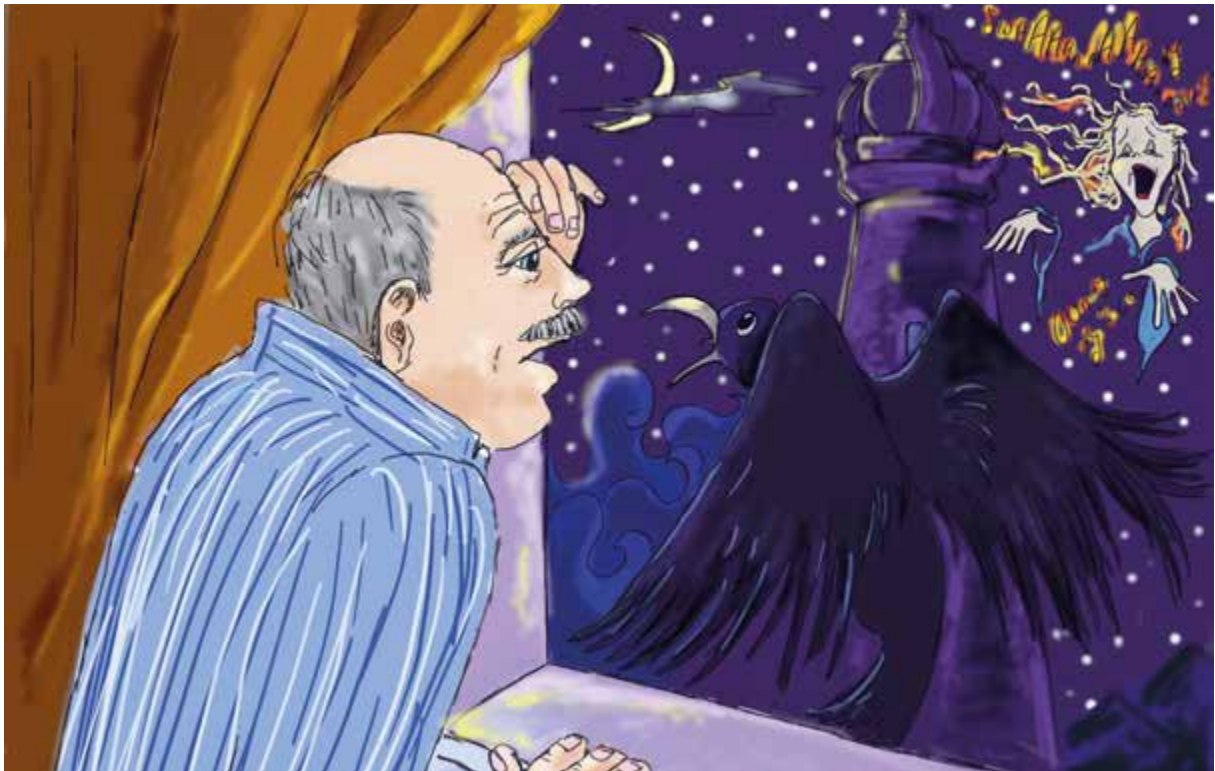
Frank ran up the long spiral stairs. When Frank got to the top, he noticed the wick was all wet. Frank knew he had to put back on the oil burner, and quickly. In the distance, he could hear the horn of a boat in trouble. If Frank didn't act fast, this boat would soon end up smashed into the rocks. It needed the light to guide it back to shore.

Just then, by the corner of his eye, a bright light appeared. To his horror, Frank saw that it was the Banshee. She was a ghostly woman with no legs floating in the air, still making that eerie noise. Frank knew this meant death was coming but not to let it happen on his lighthouse watch. He ignored the Banshee and got to lighting the wick of the lamp.

Suddenly, the light beamed brightly out to sea. The boat had been saved. Frank could see the Banshee slowly fading into the darkness. Her wail was getting lighter and lighter as she vanished into the night sky.

Once again, Frank and especially his lighthouse, Loop Head, had kept all boats safe from danger and most importantly the Banshee.







## A diamond in the sky

Once upon a time there was a lighthouse which shone like a diamond in the night sky.

A young lighthouse keeper lived there alone. She had fiery red hair and she was a trainee witch, who was embarrassed because she couldn't fly. She took the job because she had social anxiety.

One dark night a vain pirate skeleton saw the light from the lighthouse and said, "Arrh, get me that diamond ring that shines like the light from that there house!"

He wore clothes that he stole from ladies and he even stole a crown from the Queen's ship!

The Pirate Skeleton invaded the lighthouse by kicking down the door at the bottom. The Lighthouse Keeper heard a loud bang and ran down the stairs to see a well-dressed stranger, looking a little confused. Most people thought he was incredibly hideous to look at, but for the trainee witch, he was as handsome as a prince!

The lighthouse keeper immediately fell in love. She felt so good she felt like she was flying again. "Will you marry me?" she asked as she handed him a priceless diamond ring.

The Skeleton Pirate said, "No, but I'll take that there ring." He grabbed it and put it on his bony finger and sprinted away as fast as he could to his ship.

He looked around once more and saw the giant diamond light from the lighthouse. He regretted that he hadn't accept her marriage offer, but he decided that his next goal was to collect all the diamonds in the sky.



# The mermaid lighthouse

Once upon a time there was a little village. In the village sat a little house and in the house lived a little girl with her family. Near the village was an entrance to the ocean. The entrance was so pretty that you could hardly take your eyes of it.

The little girl was called Alice. Alice loved going out to the ocean with Grandad. They nearly went out each day. Nearby was a big lighthouse.

Alice called it the night nighthouse because the light from it made her feel sleepy.

One day Grandad said that they were going on a trip to the lighthouse. But Alice was scared because she had heard her friends saying it was haunted...

What made things worse was that Grandad said they were going at night. Alice asked Grandad, "What will happen if we sink?"

Grandad said, "We won't because there are a lot of buoys around the lighthouse."

And that night they went off to the ocean.

The waves were bigger than usual but soon they arrived at the lighthouse. Grandad said he would look around while Alice would go in the lighthouse. So Alice went in the lighthouse **ALL BY HERSELF**.

The stairs were wooden and Alice climbed up them. Suddenly she saw a door in the middle of the stairs.

**SHE WENT IN** - there were three tunnels.

One was filled with cobwebs.

One was filled with water.

And the last one was filled with a light.

Alice went in the one with the light, like any smart person would do.

The tunnel was pretty big. Alice started to worry. What if I never come out? she thought.

Finally, she came out she was in a small glass room **UNDERWATER!**

But she could breathe. She saw a little box with her name on it: **ALICE**. She opened it and inside was a pearl necklace that was blue.

Alice put in on. Then suddenly the glass broke and led her into the water. She looked at herself, she was a **MERMAID!** She could hardly believe how pretty it was underwater world. She swam to find Grandad.

When she found him, Grandad couldn't believe his eyes. Alice came out of the water then she turned back to human.

Alice said that she is going put it back because the lighthouse needs it. Grandad wasn't sure about that, but he agreed anyway.

Alice put it back. When they were going back home, Alice looked back at the beautiful lighthouse.

She heard it quietly say thank you...





# Eilish's lighthouse

The wind howled and raged. The rain and the hail beat my face, my back and my hands cruelly. The charcoal grey sky blurred my vision as I tried to steer with one broken oar, the good one having slipped away an hour ago. The rain whirled around me, every drop feeling like an ice-cold slap. *It was just a stupid dare*, I thought angrily to myself, shaking with cold and fear in my drenched school uniform. The last oar slipped from my hands and vanished noiselessly in the churning sea. I was alone and helpless.

I wasn't far from a rocky shore, but it might as well have been miles away and I noticed that the sea water in this little tub of a boat had risen to my calves. To my right - I could just about see through the spray - one wave, bigger than the others, was coming for me. The boat pitched and rolled over. With a last grasp I was flung gasping and crying into the water, struggling to breathe, to see, to think.

I could swim but this wasn't a heated pool. I couldn't move in this sea; this sea was moving me.

Then I heard a voice and felt a hand. When I got my head up, I saw a girl. She looked about ten – my age – very determined and very pale. Behind her is a lighthouse, throwing its light far out to sea.

"Come on," she said and pulled me onto the rocks. "There's a safe path this way." Amid the wind and the spray, I followed her on hands and knees on the rough pebbled passage up towards the lighthouse. The cruel wind raged and howled as I stumbled along the rocky path, but the girl led on confidently, practically oblivious to the slippery, sharp rocks, that seemed ready, eager even, to throw us into the raging, black water.

I nervously skirted up the rocks, trying to put my blistered feet were the girl put hers, wondering at her ability to glide up the sharp rocks as if they were stairs, normal stairs

After what felt like an eternal climb, we made it to the top of the rocky path, me stumbling and spluttering, my rescuer serene and untroubled.

I gaped at her as she smiled. "Thank you so



much!" I spluttered, "Thank you ...?"

"Eilish," she replied quietly and seemed to step back into the mist towards the lighthouse.

Two days later and with many lectures on safety from Mum and Dad ringing in my ears, I walked up to the lighthouse after school. As I walked around and realised no one was inside, I remembered what our teacher had told us about our lighthouses being automated.

A tiny plaque near the door caught my eye: In memory of Eilish Browne 1897 – 1907. Beloved Daughter. She lived for others.



# Hunchback of the lighthouse

## CHAPTER 1

Once upon a stormy night, there was a rundown lighthouse in the middle of the Irish Sea.

There was a man – small, stumpy and old – who had lived in the town forever, yet nobody knew his name. They referred to him as 'The Hunchback of The Lighthouse.' He went to the lighthouse every night in life, through rain, hail and snow, but on this one night something happened...

It was a cold Thursday night and there was a fierce storm, the worst storm the man had ever seen. The waves were crashing off his boat, so high that the way forward was covered in darkness and terror.

## CHAPTER 2

Suddenly, his boat tipped over, fear ran through his body, with pain and panic of the unknown.

Not being able to swim due to his hunchback and small frame, the man started to splash. With death close, his boat came floating towards him, threatening to sweep him away. Being small in stature, the size of the boat would overpower his small frame.

He screamed, "Aaaaggggghhhh! Help me, Help me, please, please, please!" But no one could hear him, until...

The bright, dazzling light shone from the dilapidated lighthouse. He was pleading for someone to see his peril whilst driving along the shore road.

The man knew this was unlikely due to coronavirus lockdown restrictions. His thought his fate was already sealed, he was giving up. Running through his head were all the memories of him in the town, of people ignoring him, looking at him funny, calling him names.

## CHAPTER 3

There was an emergency ambulance driving past the beach, coming back from the hospital. They saw the man struggling in the water.

The ambulance crew radioed through the emergency radio for back up and assistance from the Fire Brigade and Coast Guard. They put on the blue lights and the traffic split to let them past.

The Hunchback of the Lighthouse began to fall asleep and slip into the water when he heard the sirens in the distance. His heart lifted in anticipation.

The ambulance paramedics swam as fast as they could with the assistance of the rescue lifeboat, and just before the Hunchback was about to drown, the paramedics caught him and brought him back to the beach.

The Hunchback of the Lighthouse coughed and spat up the sea water he had swallowed. The emergency services called him by his name. "Jack, are you okay?"

He looked round at them, amazed that they knew his name. With a tear in his eye he replied, "Yes."

The ambulance crew helped Jack to the ambulance and wrapped him in tin foil to help him keep warm. Jack said, "I thought nobody knew who I was."

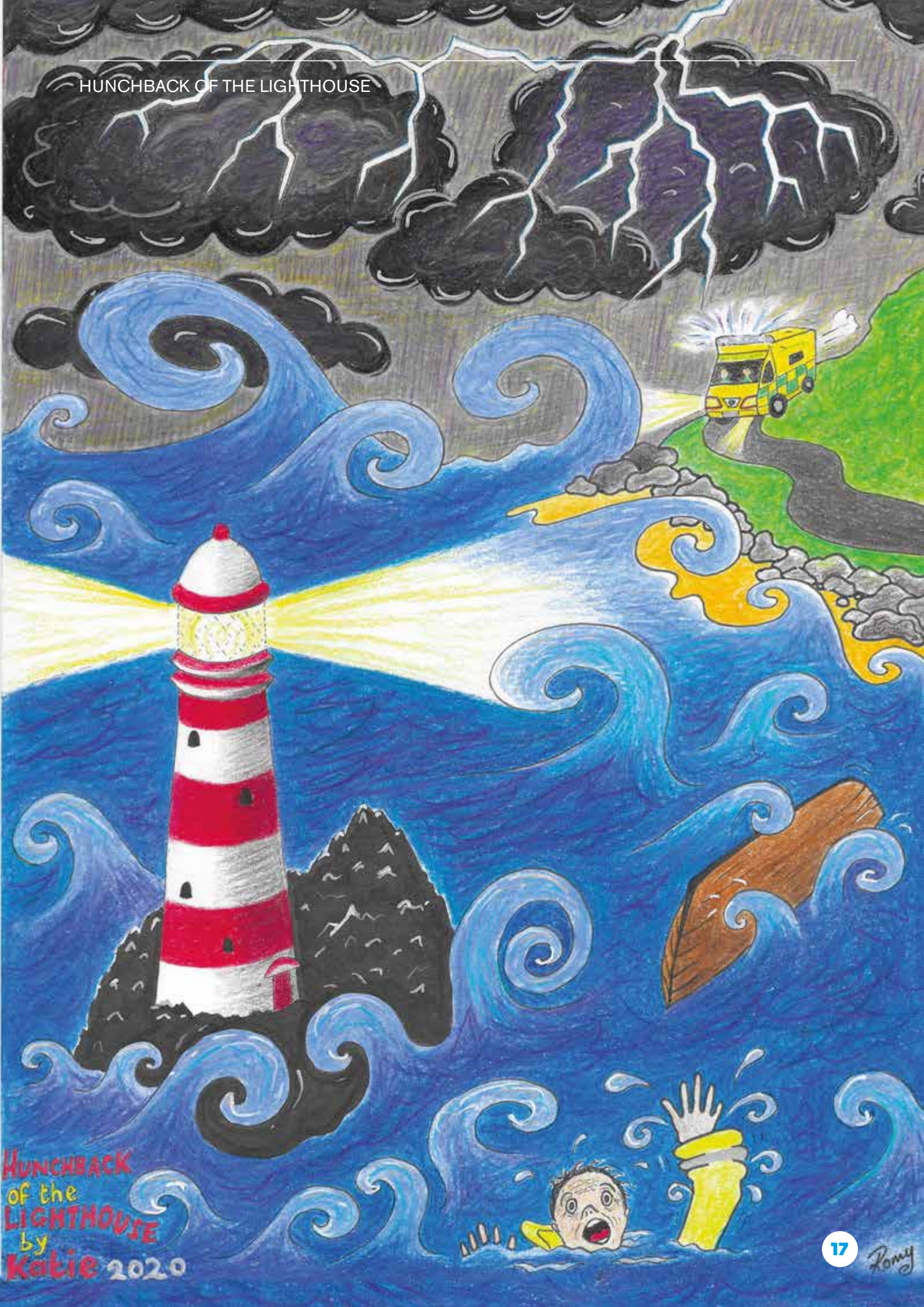
The paramedic said, "We all know who you are, you are a hero in town."

"A hero?" Jack said.

"Yes, you have saved so many fishermen over your lifetime, and the town are so proud of you."

Jack lay back in the ambulance on the way to the hospital, knowing his place in the community was recognised and that he was not a nobody but a somebody.





HUNCHBACK  
of the  
LIGHTHOUSE  
by  
Katie 2020



# Bub and the magic lighthouse

This is a story about a bouncing seal. That's right! Just like the bouncing seals on the videos you can see on the internet. You may even know him from the videos. His name is Bub.

Bub is a tiny, cute and charming bouncing seal. Bub loves eating fish. He lives on a slippery rock in the Atlantic Ocean beside a lighthouse. The lighthouse is black, with a red stripe around the middle and a light blue stripe around the bottom. But this is no ordinary lighthouse. It is a magic lighthouse!

At five to nine every evening, Bub climbs onto his slippery rock and when the light from the lighthouse hits him, he is teleported to anywhere in the world where there is another lighthouse. The reason he uses the lighthouse to teleport like this is because he wants to try every fish around the world to see which one is his favourite.

The way he gets back to his rock after teleporting is very cool. First, he has to bounce on to a rock next to the lighthouse he was teleported to. Then he says, "Bounce-o, bounce-o, bounce-o!" (Bub can speak!) and is immediately transported back to his slippery rock beside the black lighthouse.

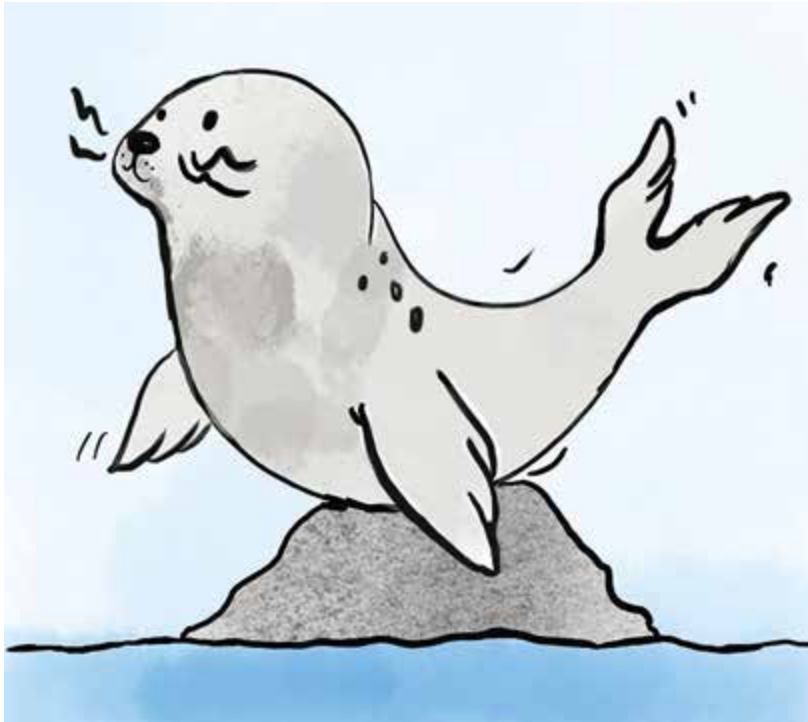
Three days ago, Bub teleported to a red and white lighthouse in the Indian Ocean. While he was in the Indian Ocean, he decided to have some fun. He bounced quickly along the surface of the rushing water, and when he got caught in the current, he went underwater, opened his mouth and, being pushed by the current, caught all the fish in his mouth. However, they didn't taste very nice.

Yesterday, he teleported to a lighthouse in the Arctic Ocean. There are a lot more lighthouses in the Arctic than you think. When he got there, he was amazed. A huge, square lighthouse was towering over him! The lighthouse was yellow too!

"How strange," thought Bub. He then realised it had been built by Russians. While he was in the Arctic Ocean, he saw loads of fish and they tasted pretty good. He also met his cousins. There were a lot of seals in that area! By the time you finished counting them it would be two days later, and the seals would already have gone! A few cuddly, white polar bears tried to catch the quick seals, but they dodged them.

Today, Bub decided not to teleport using the lighthouse. After all his trips, he realised that his favourite fish was actually in the ocean all around him. It was...salmon. Bub ate lots of delicious salmon and celebrated next to his favourite lighthouse. It was so cool.





## Seal whisperer

I love nature. Here the birds wake you up, chirping merrily, the rabbits and hares run freely along the flower filled meadows and the gulls soar gracefully in the sky. At night, the owls glide through the starry sky and the little badger cubs tumble and play.

My favourite creatures are those of the sea, especially seals. My favourite place in the world is the old lighthouse that Jim keeps in order, because I can watch them from there. As our island prefers to get to know nature rather than using the gadgets of the 21st century, our lighthouse is still hand operated.

I'm called Hazel, after my hazel eyes and wavy brown hair but the 32 people who inhabit the island where I live call me 'Seal Whisperer.' I've always had a special connection with seals and because my parents run the seal rescue, I've always been with seals. So over time, I learnt their language.

Mum and Dad let me help with the rescues as they say that I'm very helpful. And one night I found myself in the middle of the most daring rescue an 11-year-old has ever done.

Jim was away so I looked out at the out at the usually calm sea, except today it was roaring, we were in the middle of a terrible storm and some fishermen weren't back. I scanned the sea with my binoculars looking for them, but instead I saw some little seal pups struggling in the water. They couldn't swim properly yet!

Without telling anyone, I got out my rowing boat and tried battling with the sea. With every inch of me trembling, I managed to get to them, but we were dangerously close to some jagged rocks.

"Come here!" I yelled to them in seal, but the sea drowned me out.

"Help!" they screamed, but try as I might, I couldn't save them.



## SEAL WHISPERER

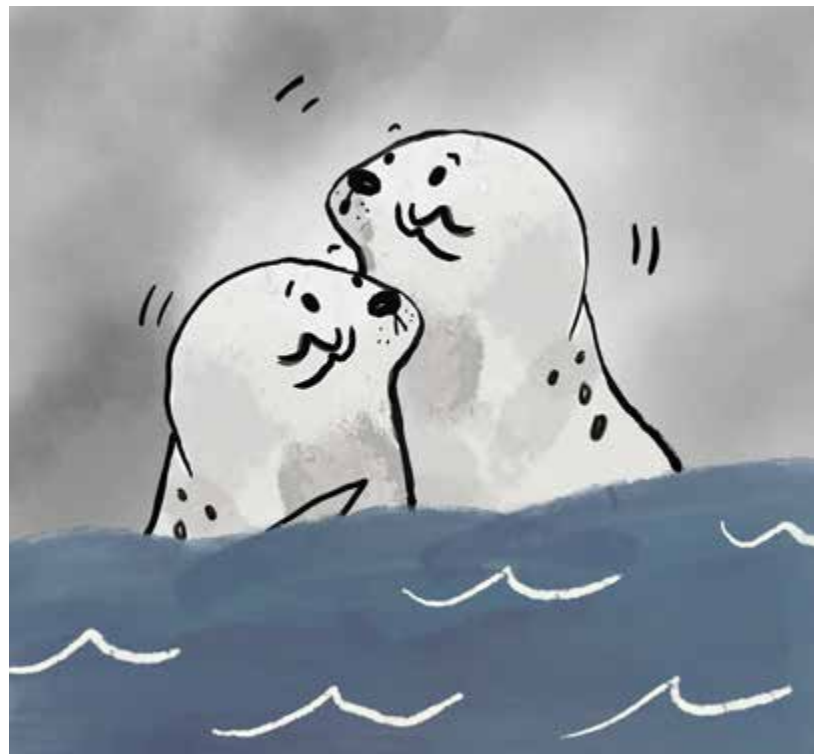
That was when I spotted the splinters of the fishermen's boat against the rocks and then, I realised the fishermen were dead. The seals could not come to this end, so I yelled so loud they heard me, and I rowed to a sandy cove and left them there.

But just as I got out of the boat a massive wave pulled me away. I found myself fainting and I was sinking. Down and down.

The cove where I left the pups was where the fishermen had managed to swim to - they were alive! They spotted me drowning, swam out and hauled me in. Then they warmed me up and when I woke up, I felt the reassuring beam of the lighthouse on me and I knew I was safe.

Jim had seen us, waited for the storm to calm and the next morning we were rescued, even the seals were safe.

Now I tell this recue story to the seals and they listen, wide eyed and whiskery and ask me if it is true. "Every word of it," I reply.





## Puffin's panorama

O, how the lighthouse stands so tall  
A tower of light and hope for all  
A fortress of unshakeable strength  
A bastion to keep the ships at length.  
I swoop amid the rugged cliffs  
And gaze upon this mariner's gift  
For many a soul it saved from death  
Defending life, sustaining breath.  
I watch as darkness swallows the day  
Huge waves pound rocks below like prey  
Then shining through the gloomy night  
I behold the beauty of its guiding light.  
My travels have taken me far and wide  
Back and forth between the tide  
And from the horizon it greets me anew  
A blessing for me and countless crews.



# Big Al's lighthouse

There was a boy called Fred and he loved dinosaurs. Once Fred was swimming in the sea and he got stuck. He looked under the water to see what it was and his foot was caught in the ribs of an allosaurus skeleton.

Fred tried to drag the skeleton back to the lighthouse that he lived in. He couldn't pull it out of the water, but he told all the fishermen and fisherwomen about what happened. But none of them believed him.

That night, at low tide, the light from the lighthouse shone over the skeleton of Al the allosaurus. Everybody saw it. The next morning Fred got up and said to everyone, "Help me pull this dinosaur out of the sea!"

They all helped and pulled Al the allosaurus to the shore. Everyone celebrated because Fred the junior palaeontologist had helped the other palaeontologists discover more fossils and made the lighthouse famous.

The End.



# Discovery at Loop Head lighthouse



"Go to bed now!" Emma ordered. Liam had just knocked over his glass of orange juice onto the kitchen table cloth.

"But I didn't do anything," Liam pleaded.

"NOW," Emma pointed her finger to Liam's bedroom. Liam's family was on holiday in the Loop Head lighthouse keeper's cottage.

"My mum is so-o-o grumpy," Liam mumbled to himself. Liam slouched on his bed. He tossed and turned but could not get to sleep. He got up and went to the bathroom. He looked up at the clock in the hallway, eleven o'clock at night. On his way back he saw the picture of a shipwreck on rocks with the lighthouse in the background. He shuddered slightly and walked to his room.

"Ow," Liam cried. Liam stumbled on a loose, wooden floorboard. He scrambled on all fours to his bed. Something about the floorboard made him curious so tip toed back to it.

"Holy Moly," Liam whispered trying not to wake the others. He pulled out an old copy book. It was the diary of Henry Crowley the old lighthouse keeper. Liam started to read.

23 September 1872

Dear Diary,

Today is my birthday and I helped my dad with the lighthouse. We climbed up to the lantern room. Three years ago the lighthouse changed to a flashing light. Dad said when I grow up I will be the head of the lighthouse. The picture in the hall is freaking me out. I think it might be haunted.



4 June 1899

Dear Diary,

Today was my first day at the job and it is tough but I am loving it. Light wind from south west, two fishing

boats on the horizon. Carefully refilled lamps with oil before lighting the wicks. I had a few visitors. The first was Patrick Keane the postman and he delivered the daily post. But that picture is still freaking out.

9 December 1911

Dear Diary,

Today the roof of the lighthouse broke and Simon Brennan the carpenter came to fix it. The seals on Howley's rock suggest there is a storm coming. I also had the farmer John Fitzgibbon come to give me our daily milk. I am sure that picture is haunted.

Liam heard footsteps.

"It must be the ghosts coming to get me!"

Liam was peeing his pants now because he was so scared. His jaw was trembling with fear. He hid under the duvet. Then there was an ear piercing bang. Liam started to cry. Then Emma, Olivia (Liam sister) and James (Liam's dad) all walked in and started to laugh.

"It is not funny," Liam whimpered.

"We all knew that you would be scared of that picture so we played a trick on you," Olivia laughed.

"Then what was that bang," Liam sobbed.

"That was an over blown balloon," James said.

Liam started to chuckle. That chuckle turned into a laugh. That laugh turned into howls of laughter



# The battle of the light

Once upon a time, there was a round little old lighthouse keeper called Lou P'hed. His age is very tricky to know, but he is maybe around seventy nine years old. Lou loved two things more than anything. These were his lighthouse and ham sandwiches.

There are also some other characters you should meet but to do that we must go to Seagull Cliff!

Some birds are modest and some are humble, but not the birds of Seagull Cliff! If there's one thing these selfish sunbathers hate more than anything, it's custard sandwiches. Lou once fed them that, and they have never forgiven him.

Now, seagulls Sam, Sue and Sarah were mad at Lou, and they wanted revenge!

One night they flew off to Loop Head lighthouse, where Lou was the keeper, to play a nasty trick. They pecked angrily at the big glass bulb that Lou loved so very much. Then, disaster struck and the bulb shattered before their beady eyes! Suddenly, smoke rose from the lighthouse floor and flames shot up. They singed Seagull Sue's feathers and she fell to the ground.

Meanwhile, outside the lighthouse keeper's cottage, Lou was fishing by the shore. He smelled smoke on the breeze and ran towards the lighthouse. Up ahead, he could see the seagulls circling the top of the burning lighthouse.

"Aaaagh, my lovely lighthouse!" cried Lou. "It's burning to the ground and I know those beastly birds are to blame!"

He ran to the bottom of the lighthouse and found Seagull Sue lying knocked out on the ground. "I've got you now, you feathery foe," shouted Lou as he crammed Sue into a birdcage.

Next, Lou ran to the shoreline with a big bucket and filled it with seawater. He had no time to waste if he was going to save his lighthouse.



But those bold seagulls had other ideas! They flew towards Lou and Seagull Sam grabbed the bucket from his hand. He poured the whole bucket of water over Lou P'hed's head!

"What do you slimy seabirds want from me?" said Lou. "We just want some ham sandwiches," they seagulls yelled back. "And for Seagull Sue to be free."

"I can do that but only if you help me put the lighthouse fire out," Lou shouted back. "Those poor ships could hit the rocks if the lighthouse is not saved."

The seagulls swooped into action. They flew high above the flames and poured gallons and gallons of water over the lighthouse until the fire was out.

"Thank you little seagulls!" said Lou, happily. "You've saved the ships and Loop Head".

From that day on, Lou and seagulls Sam, Sue and Sarah, were the best of friends. If you ever visit Loop Head at lunchtime you'll see a round little lighthouse keeper surrounded by his seagull pals, happily eating their ham sandwiches together!

# The three little lobsters

It all started as three young lobsters, Pello, Pod & Molly, were allowed to stay up late one night. *Chub Grub: The Jamie Eeliver Show* was on television that evening.

Jamie Eeliver was the coolest celebrity chef around. He could make the crispiest crispy pancakes, the sizzliest sausages and the glamouriest ganache in the world. The three lobsters knew, there and then, that when they grew up they wanted to become chefs.

From then on, every day they boiled and broiled, scrambled and fried, whipped, mixed and poached. When they were finished, and were all grown up, they graduated with cooking diplomas from the Coral Cooking College. They each had ideas on how to become a successful chef in the real world.

Pello Lobster wanted to open a deli café called Catfish Café, where he would serve the freshest salads ever. To save money, he built his café from sand because it was cheap and plentiful just lying around everywhere. He did very well, serving lots of customers, until one night, when Storm Ciarán blew in and rattled and shook the little café. The storm ripped the roof off until nothing was left but a pile of sand.

With his dreams in tatters, Pello left to work with his brother Pod.

Pod had started his Asian food restaurant called Seashell Sushi On The Seashore. As the name might suggest, due to lack of finances and foresight, Pod built it from seashells that he found scattered everywhere. All was going well, until one night a humpback whale named Evie tried to squееееееze inside, causing the restaurant to explode into a thousand pieces, leaving Pod very very unhappy.

So, Pod and Pello left to move in with their sister Molly.

Molly had seen what had happened to her brothers and decided to set her restaurant up in a building that would stand up to nature's best and worst.

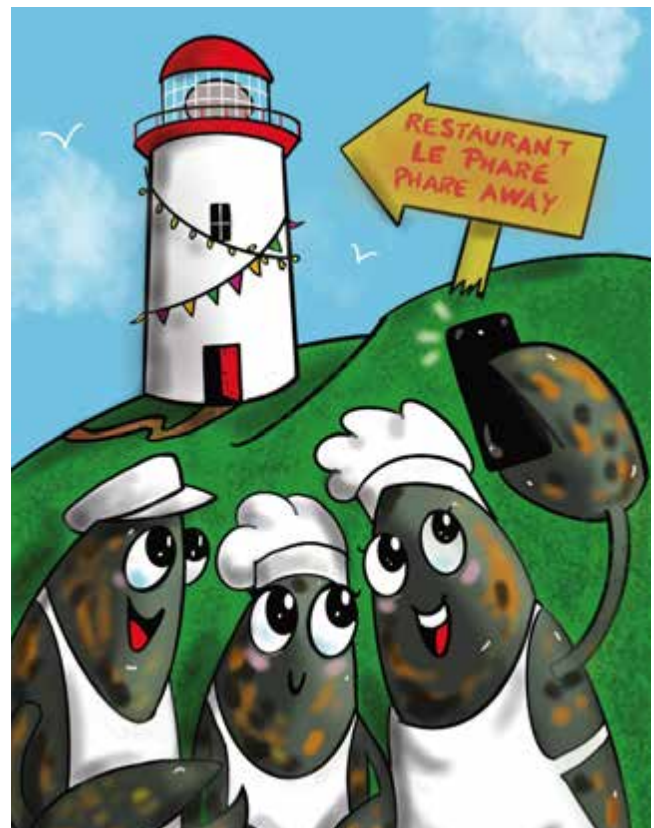
She didn't have to look too far, for beside her home stood a giant lighthouse that had stood

against storm and raging sea for two hundred years. It had a swirl of bright red paint from its top to its bottom. It was magnificent and it was perfect. Molly and her brothers set up her French cuisine restaurant named Le Phare Phare Away.

You could get the fanciest foods there like jellybeans of every flavour, chocolate mousse and baked potatoes with melted cheese (except in French which made them sound totally fancy).

The light on top of the lighthouse cooked the food by placing the food on shelves all around the hot revolving light and turning on the light to cook everything just right. The customers were happily cocooned inside the warm lighthouse against the storms battling outside, trying to huff and puff the lighthouse out of existence.

Their best day came when Jamie Eeliver came to their lighthouse and said it was the best food he'd tasted...ever.



# The sea horse at Hook Lighthouse

Ava was staying with her grandfather in Hook Lighthouse. She could not sleep, so she snuck outside and ran down to the sea

Ava saw a cave and went to take a look. There was a flash of lightning and the waves were dragging Ava out to sea. Suddenly, there it was, a sea horse standing in the waves.

There was a voice high in the sky saying, "Save the lighthouse." Then the sea horse galloped back into the sea.

Ava discovered that she was able to swim back to shore and went back into the lighthouse, where she was met by her grandfather.

"Where were you? Go to bed!" he screamed.

"I am sorry," said Ava and she went to bed.

At midnight, Ava got out of bed and went back to the cave. She had a special power that she got from her mother. She was a horse whisperer, which means she could talk to horses, and she had heard what the sea horse had said.

Ava walked down to the cave and immediately she saw the sea horse. In one swift movement, she jumped onto it and they rode off down to the sea.

When the sea horse swam around, it created a memory. In the memory, there was a car driving down to the sea. There was a boy running down to the cave, it was her grandfather! It changed and there, in the cave, was a stone in the shape of a lighthouse. The stone was glowing, but suddenly it stopped and the cave went into darkness.

Back outside, the waves were strong and her grandfather was being swept out to sea. Then the sea horse appeared and saved grandfather.

The waves swept the stone out of the cave and into the sea. The memory faded away and Ava was back in the sea with the sea horse.



The sea horse took Ava to the bottom of the sea and there, buried in the sand, was the stone.

Ava picked up the stone and the sea horse and Ava swam back to shore. There was something waiting for them when they got back.

When they returned, the waves were like thunder and the sea horse disappeared. Ava was being swept back out to sea, but then Ava heard something, it sounded like a boat.

Someone threw a buoy and Ava caught it. Ava was hauled up into the boat. It was her grandfather who had saved her.

"Let's put the stone back," he said.

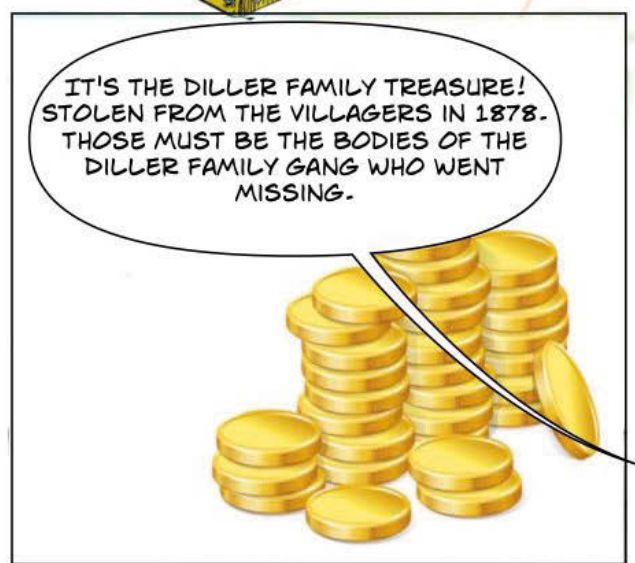
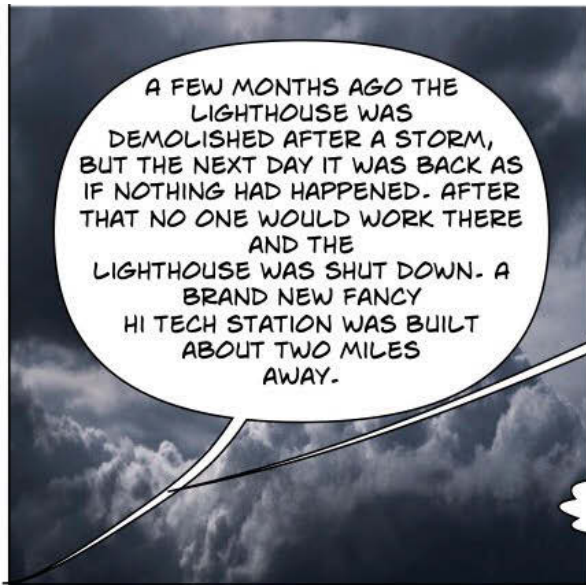
The waves were big and when they made it back there was black mist everywhere. Ava ran to the cave and fought off all of the waves and put the stone onto a rock and it glowed. The waves calmed down and the sea horse appeared again.

Then the sea horse whispered to Ava, "The Stone of Hook Lighthouse has been restored!"

# THE CURSE OF DOWNSHIRE LIGHTHOUSE

BY SHUGGIE O VOLLEY







A SHORT TIME BACK THE NEW LIGHT STATION WAS STRUCK BY A LIGHTENING BOLT AND DESTROYED. THEY ARE GOING TO OPEN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE SOON.

NOW THAT THE DILLER TREASURE HAS BEEN FOUND IT LOOKS LIKE THE CURSE OF DOWNSHIRE LIGHTHOUSE IS OVER.



THE END...?



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