At the top of a narrow and jagged cliff, a towering, red and white lighthouse with a vivid light that beamed around the sky watched out across the dark, treacherous sea to warn the ships of the dangers ahead. Crashing and howling, the storm struck around the village as the wild waves hurtled dangerously across the sea floor and onto the sharp rocks. From inside of the ancient lighthouse, an elderly lighthouse keeper called Chris sat still. Hearing the cheering coming from outside his open window, Chris moved angrily in his antique wooden chair, writing furiously in his leather diary. He should be there, celebrating with the villagers for their wedding anniversary, he thought to himself. Didn’t they know that he couldn’t be there because he had work to do? He had to make the sure the cruise ship full of visitors arrived safely to the party. Why couldn’t they have changed the time so he could have joined in?

Suddenly, Chris knocked his heaving diary onto the wooden floor in frustration. As he did this, the candle that was next to the window shot across the table and set fire to another piece of paper that was next to it. The flames began to lick it rapidly. The scorching, flaming fire with black smoke rose up while the sand-coloured paper turned to ashes. Immediately, Chris grabbed a glass flowerpot and forcefully launched the water within it onto the fire.

SMASH! Without warning, an enormous crash filled the room, echoing everywhere. Chris crumbled in fear onto the floor. In the blink of an eye, the night abruptly filled with darkness and it was pitch-black.

“The light!” exclaimed Chris. Racing up the stairs, he knew he had to quickly fix it before a boat came and the night turned into a disaster. In his panic, adrenaline racing through his body, he tripped and went flying, headfirst, into the stairs. Without missing a beat, he got right back up and sprinted up to the middle floor.

His heart racing in fear, Chris ran as fast as he could to grab his toolkit. He saw it sitting in the middle of the engineering room and he snatched it before bolting up to the final floor. There was only one thing on his mind- he had to fix the light fitting and save the boats! As soon as he got there, he threw himself onto the dusty, creaky floor and tried to figure out a way to place the new lantern into position. However, the glowing lantern with a short metal handle wouldn’t connect into the fitting, no matter how hard he pushed and twisted.

Determined not to fail, he picked up his tools to force the light into place. Suddenly, he dropped them straight onto the glistening glass and the light immediately shattered. Battling to clear up the shards so as not to get hurt, Chris felt his heart beating ten times faster than it ever had before. He wondered to himself about why he had chosen to be a lighthouse keeper. Why hadn’t he choose to be a carpenter or a footballer?!

HONK! An ear-splitting sound came roaring out of the fog. Chris’s heart instantly dropped into his stomach and he felt sick. It was the visitors! Panicking, Chris realized that unless the luxury cruise ship was stopped, it would hit the sharp rocks.

Keeping on trying and refusing to give up, Chris tried desperately to push his last spare lightbulb in to fix the light. Ten seconds later, an unexpected stomping sound, a knock and a very strange crackling sound caught his attention. Listening carefully, he paused for a minute as he heard footsteps climbing the steep staircase. The villagers opened the door to the third floor and the lighthouse keeper was shocked. Chris jumped and beamed in delight as the villagers spilled into the room and separated themselves into two groups. Half of them rushed outside to the balcony with their vibrant, glowing lanterns whilst the other half marched straight to the middle of the room, where the broken fitting lay. Helping kindly, the village people outside used their bright lanterns to show the majestic cruise ship the safe route to dock, so everyone could join in the party. As it turned away from the danger, a sigh of relief passed audibly through the crowds. When the ship safely arrived, everyone cheered so loudly that they could almost hear it from Brazil! After Chris turned around, he noticed that the other half of the villagers had made the light electrical and added a backup generator.

“Let’s have fun and join the party!” shouted Chris and the villagers. They all streamed down the spiral staircase and made their way down to the bar. As Chris passed through his door, a kind face appeared and handed him his diary with a smile. A friendship had been made.