

The Girl in The Lighthouse

Nervously soaring through the air against the blue sky like a plane, the tiny puffin looked happily towards the great cliffs. Desperately seeking peace, he plunged towards the chalky, rocky, towering cliff. After a frantic encounter with such a bully of a seagull, the petrified puffin looked down on the oddly quiet beach, ensuring there could be no chance of meeting intimidating creatures. Curiously scanning the ground from the safe cliffs, he noticed a very displeased looking family of four; a father, a mother, a daughter and a son who dragged his feet. Within seconds, the puffin's wings were whirring at an intense rate. He raced towards the distance...

Sat in the sand as snug as a bug in a rug was a damp, dirty, dull yellow pencil case. Despite being a badly ruined mess on the outside, everything remained intact on the inside. Walking lazily behind his family, a young boy scrunched his small feet against the wet sand, getting it all stuck between his ten toes and all over his two feet. Something slightly rough touched his skin... It was the pencil case, which was clearly craving attention! Confused as to how the pencil case washed up on the beach, he bent down to take a closer look. Very, very, very baffled but also very, very, very excited, he slowly picked the pencil case up. Convinced there would be no unexpected surprises, the boy began to unzip the horrendous looking pencil case. "Aahh!"

Suddenly, the boy heard a piercing scream. However, within a second everything just went silent... Did his crazy imagination just make the scream up? His family didn't appear to be shocked or concerned by any noises. Trying his best to ignore all his wild and crazy thoughts about the scream that had sent shivers down his spine, he continued to unzip the beyond ugly pencil case. Finally, the pencil case was opened. A pair of scissors... Nothing else... To say he was disappointed would be an understatement. Once again, the boy was interrupted by the exact same scream that had been coming from the lighthouse, one of the most uninviting places he knew of. Whilst the beach could be fantastic fun on a sunny day, the lighthouse was miserable rain or shine. Persuaded he had to do something; the boy set off towards the lighthouse... Forgetting his family.

Swimming playfully through the air, the puffin had forgotten about his worries and had returned to the beach. This time the bird wasn't alone, another smaller puffin had joined the quest to find an enjoyable, harmonious, relaxing place where they could catch fish and relax without disruption unlike the busy town. The two puffins circled the beach excitedly but elegantly, resembling choreography. From their view they could see the head of a boy who was hurriedly running for his life. Their wings were a flurry of motion.

Exhausted, the boy took a deep breath. Inside the lighthouse was as dark as night. "Clank!". Pushing his extreme fear aside, the boy slowly moved closer and closer towards the mysterious sound, hoping that someone or something wouldn't pop up right in front of him. Someone, a girl, was tied up! Her messy blonde hair flowed in all directions as a strong gust of wind came through the opened door and her brown eyes filled with tears. She looked like an angel despite being so sad. What could the boy do to help? Quickly thinking, he took out the scissors from the old yellow pencil case and cut through the thick brown rope. Expecting praise, the boy was more than

surprised when the girl ran as fast as a cheetah through the lighthouse door. Fastly, he left too.

“Where have you been?!” Shouted his mother in floods of tears. Shocked at being greeted in such a worried manner, the boy explained what had happened to his family. Obnoxiously, his family laughed at what they thought was just a stupid story, not believing one word of what the boy had said. Too tired to argue, the boy remained silent as his parents went on and on and on about the importance of staying close to them and not telling lies. Puzzled, the boy could only think about the girl. Who was she? Why was she tied up? Still, he knew he would never know the answers to his many questions. “At least the pencil case came in handy...” Said the boy to himself.

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