

The Quiet Lighthouse

On a narrow cliff above a calm sea, a small lighthouse kept its watch. The keeper arrived every evening with a thermos of tea and a notebook full of sketches. The waves moved in steady lines, and the air smelled of salt and pine.

One night, the fog rolled in without warning. The beam cut through the gray curtain, slow and patient. Boats answered with distant horns, and the keeper smiled. The light was doing its job.

By morning, the fog lifted. The sea returned to its soft blue, and the notebook gained a new sketch. Small moments, done well, can guide others through the dark.