

Every evening, Mira watched the lighthouse blink from her cottage window. Its rhythm reminded her of her grandfather, who once manned it with pride. One stormy night, the light went dark. She grabbed her coat, heart pounding, and raced up the cliffs. Inside, the old mechanisms had failed. Mira, remembering his stories, found the manual crank and turned it. Slowly, the beam reignited, slicing through rain and fear. A distant ship's horn answered. Safe. The next day, the villagers called her a hero. Mira simply smiled, knowing she had honored a legacy — and lit the way home, just in time.