

# The Lighthouse Keeper's Secret

Old Thomas lived alone in a small house next to the lighthouse. Every night, for fifty years, he went up the stairs to light the lamp, helping ships avoid the dangerous rocks.

One stormy Tuesday, the radio gave an urgent warning: a huge storm was coming. Thomas checked his lamp, which he carefully made ready that afternoon. He knew the light had to work.

That evening, the wind made a loud, scary noise. Thomas began his climb, the strong light cutting through the dark sea. \_\_\_\_\_, halfway up, a powerful wind pushed hard against the tower. \_\_\_\_\_, the whole building shook violently. Thomas fell down a few steps and felt a sharp pain in his ankle.

\_\_\_\_\_, he knew he must continue. The light had to stay on. \_\_\_\_\_, below, a small fishing boat, caught in the storm, was desperately looking for the light. \_\_\_\_\_, the light went weak, then almost went out.

Thomas pulled himself up, one slow, painful step at a time. He reached the lamp room, breathing heavily. He saw immediately what happened: a main electric cable broke because of the wind. He fixed it quickly, just as the light was about to fail completely.

\_\_\_\_\_, the storm ended, leaving behind a clear, calm morning. Thomas walked back to his house, tired but happy. He knew his hard work saved lives once more.

*Made by Google Gemini (10/2025)*