



# The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch

Ronda and David Armitage

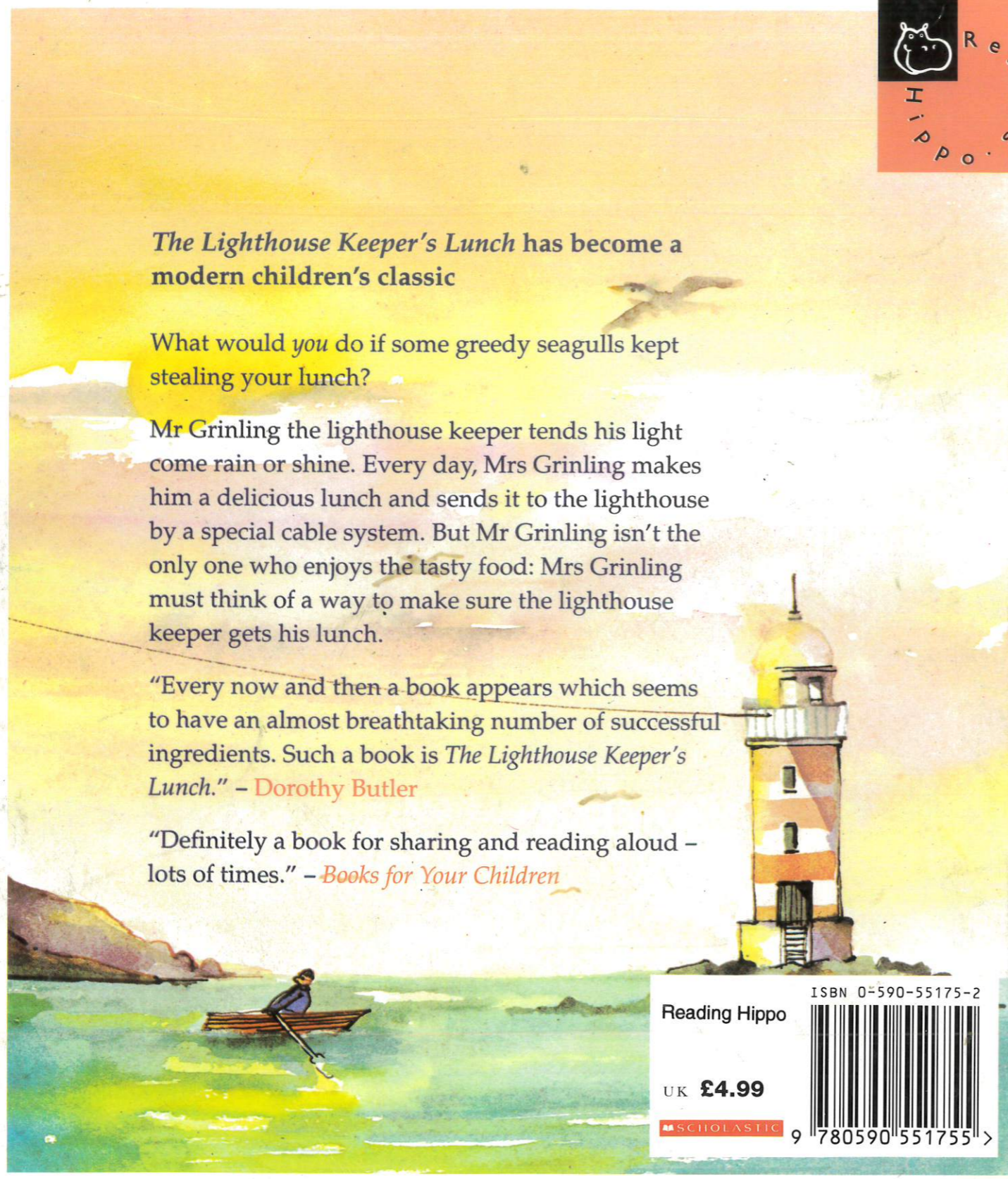
*The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch* has become a modern children's classic

What would *you* do if some greedy seagulls kept stealing your lunch?

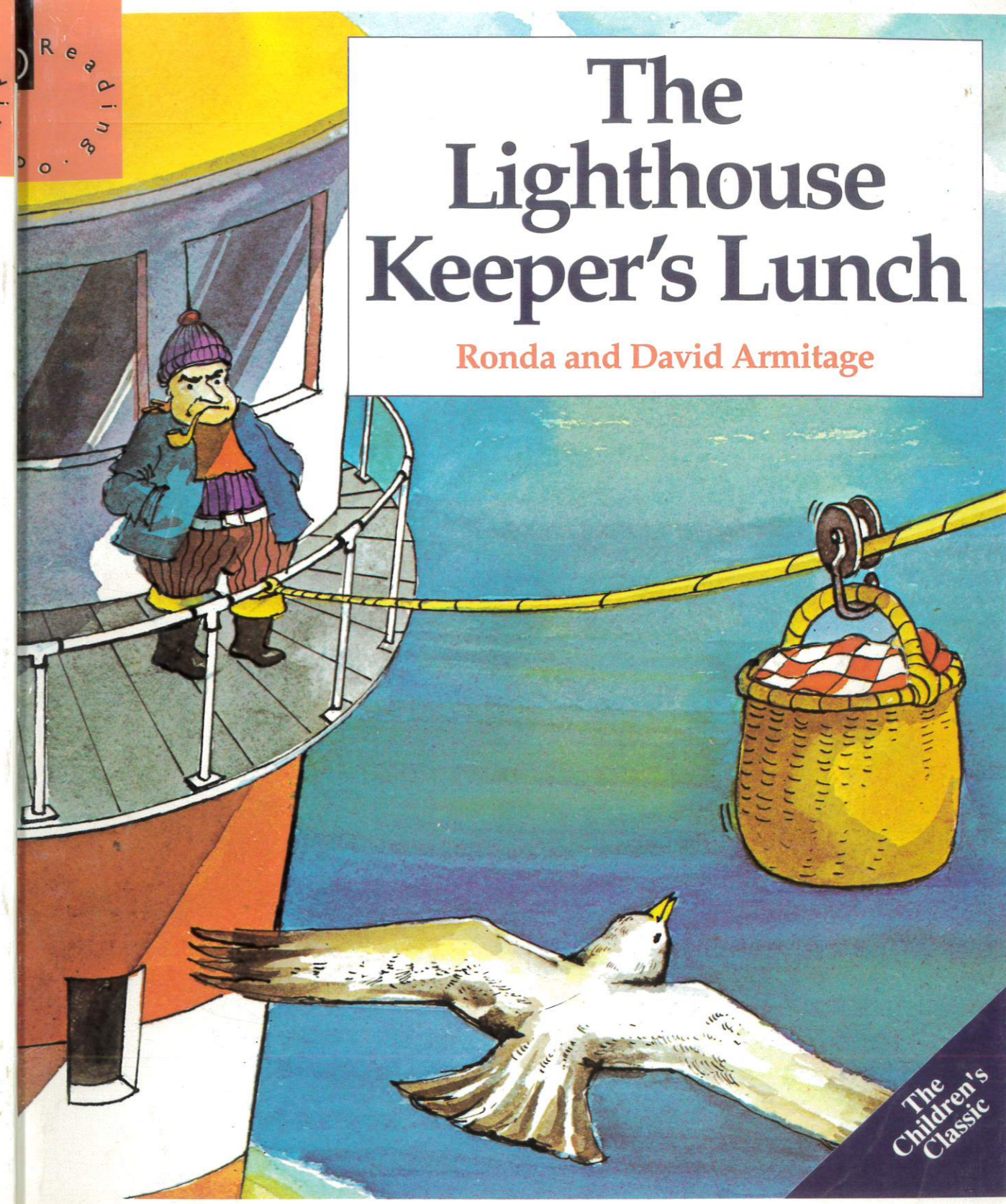
Mr Grinling the lighthouse keeper tends his light come rain or shine. Every day, Mrs Grinling makes him a delicious lunch and sends it to the lighthouse by a special cable system. But Mr Grinling isn't the only one who enjoys the tasty food: Mrs Grinling must think of a way to make sure the lighthouse keeper gets his lunch.

"Every now and then a book appears which seems to have an almost breathtaking number of successful ingredients. Such a book is *The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch*." – Dorothy Butler

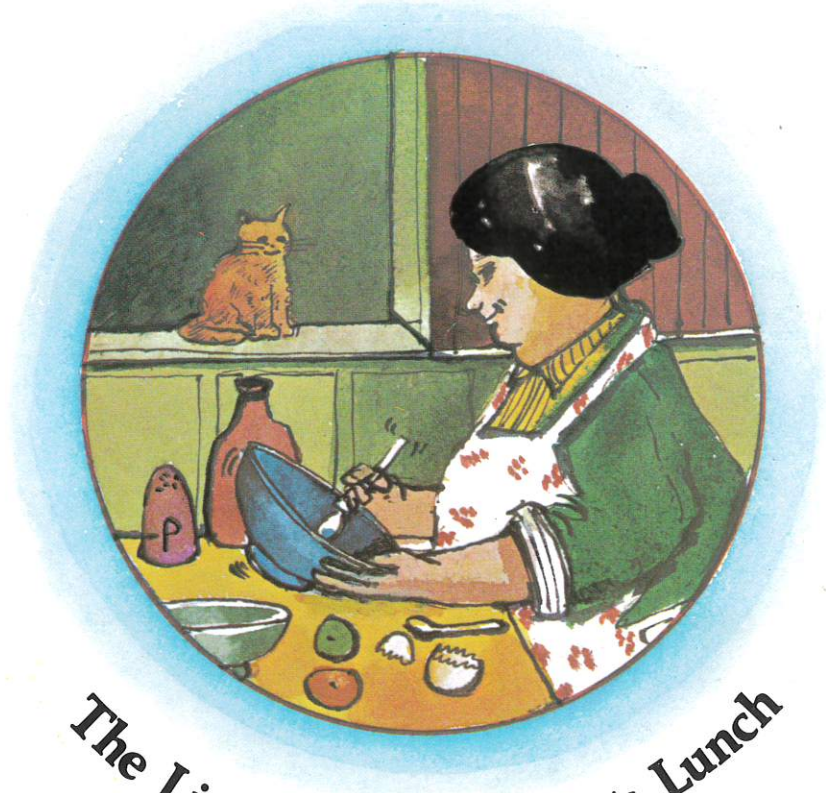
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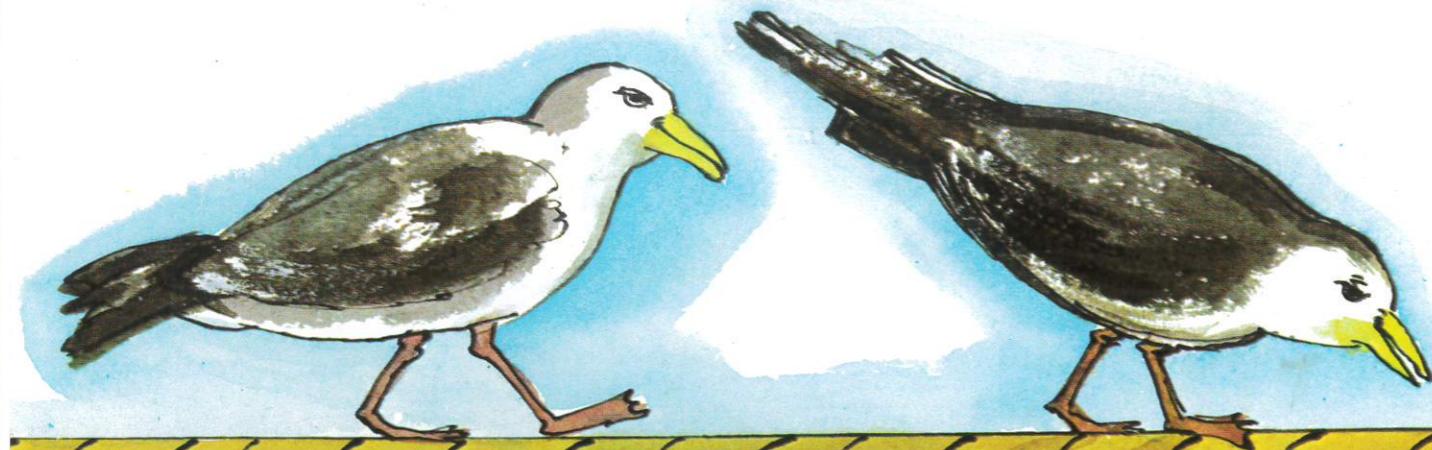
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The Children's Classic



*The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch*



For Joss and Kate

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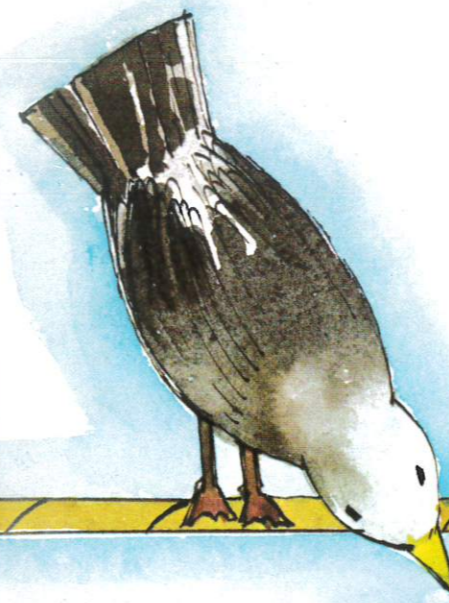
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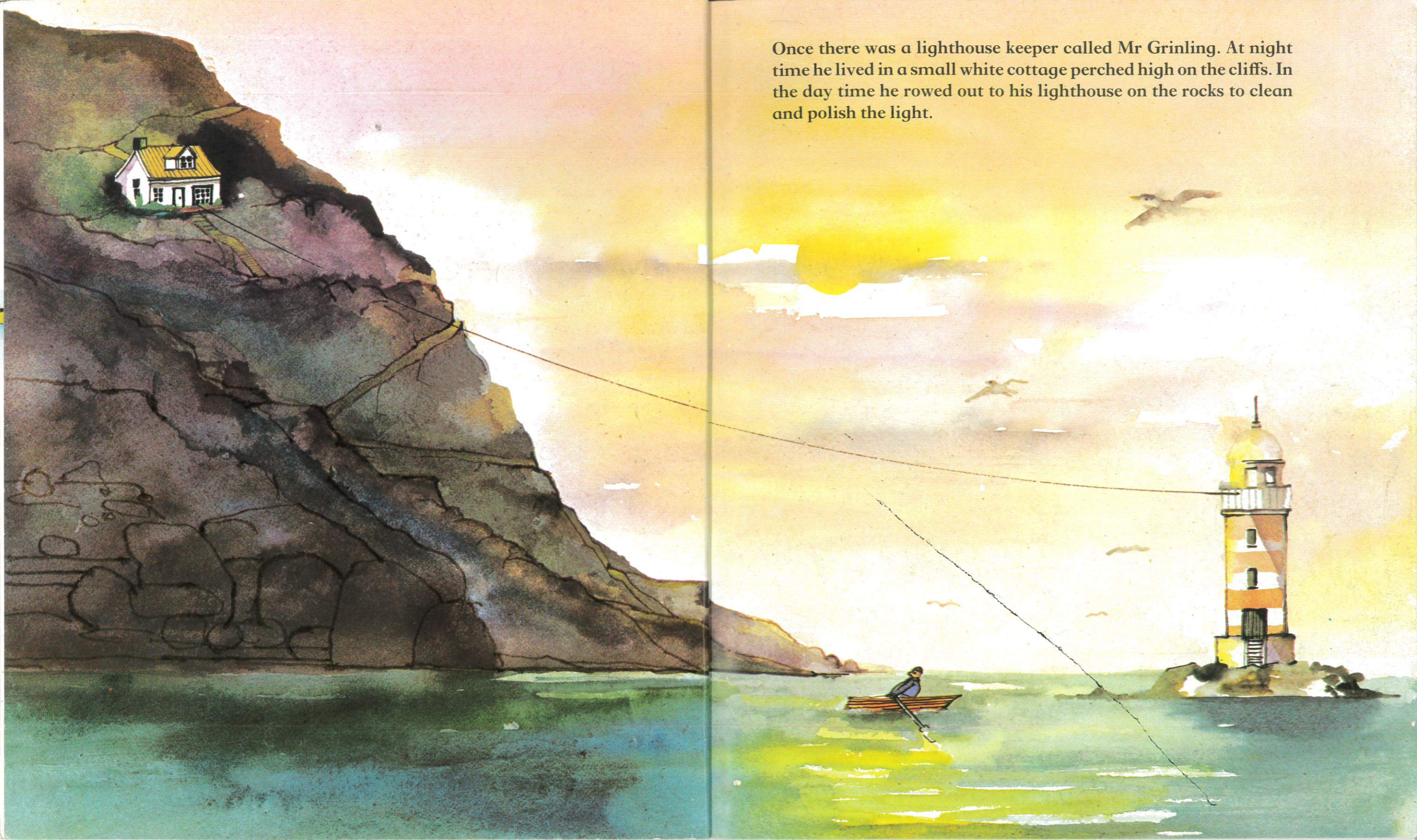
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# The Lighthouse Keeper's Lunch

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Once there was a lighthouse keeper called Mr Grinling. At night time he lived in a small white cottage perched high on the cliffs. In the day time he rowed out to his lighthouse on the rocks to clean and polish the light.



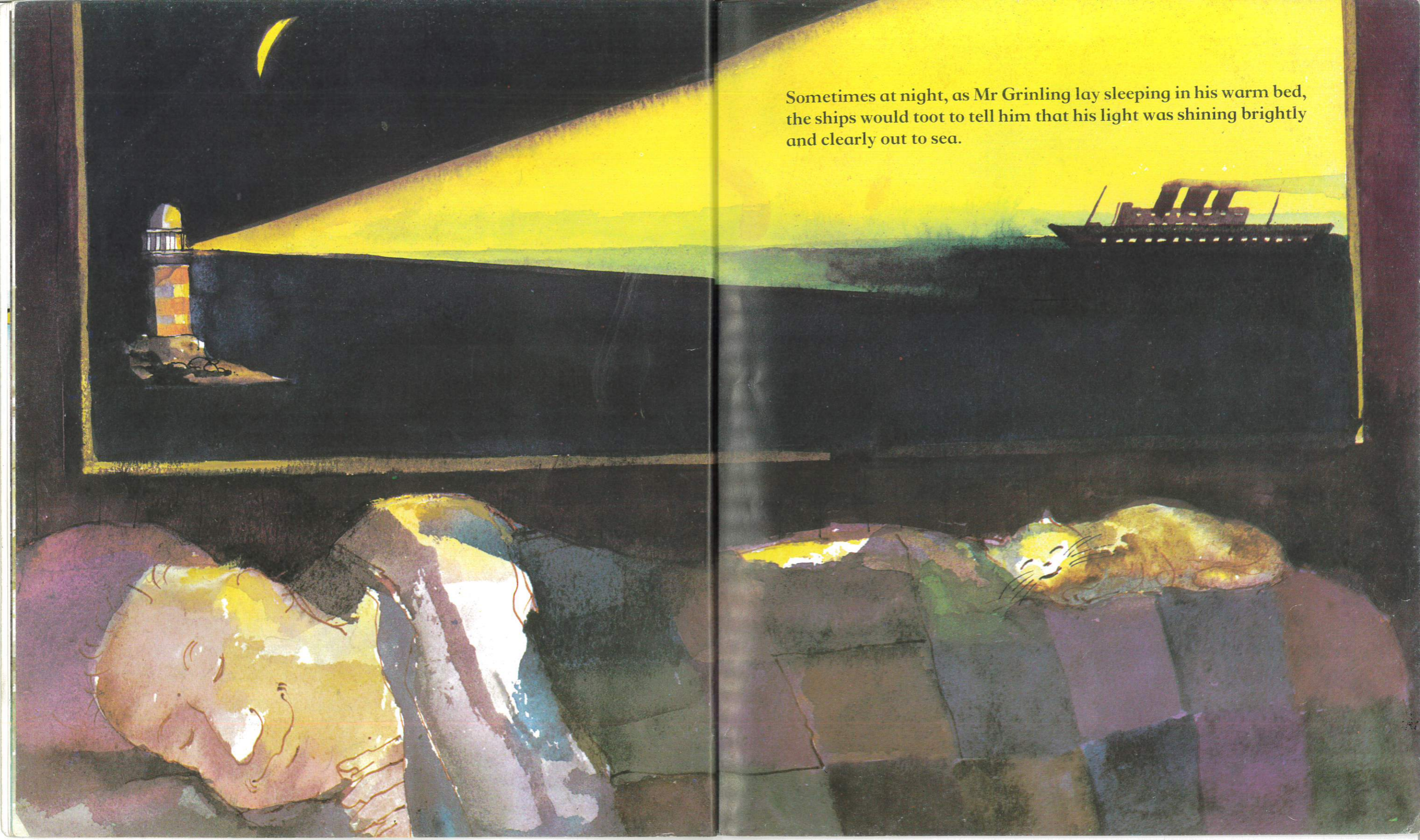
Mr Grinling was a most industrious lighthouse keeper. Come rain...



... or shine he tended his light.



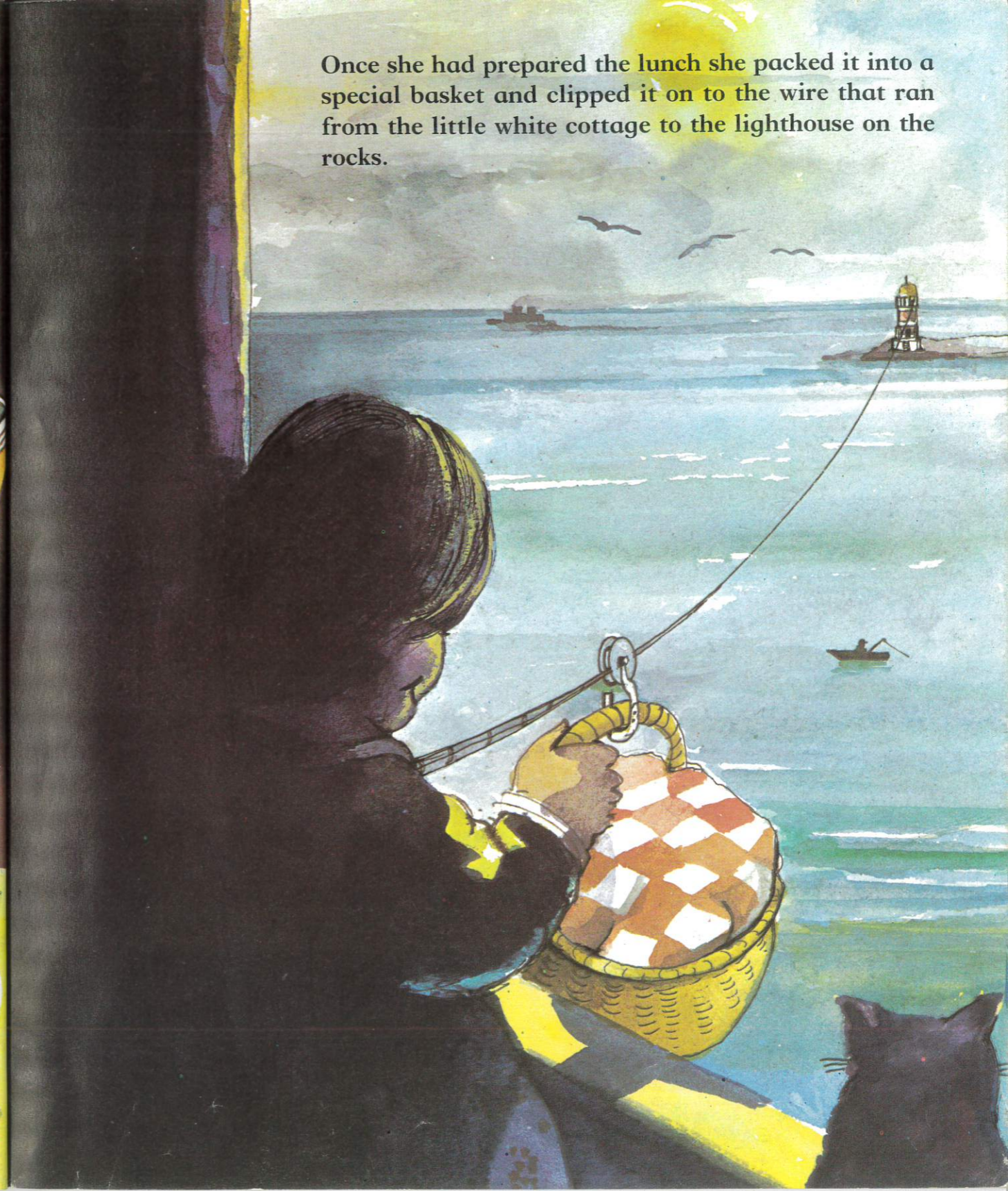
Sometimes at night, as Mr Grinling lay sleeping in his warm bed, the ships would toot to tell him that his light was shining brightly and clearly out to sea.



Each morning while Mr Grinling polished the light Mrs Grinling worked in the kitchen of the little white cottage on the cliffs concocting a delicious lunch for him.



Once she had prepared the lunch she packed it into a special basket and clipped it on to the wire that ran from the little white cottage to the lighthouse on the rocks.



But one Monday something terrible happened.  
Mrs Grinling had prepared a particularly appetising lunch.  
She had made ...



A Mixed Seafood Salad



A Lighthouse Sandwich



Peach Surprise



Iced Sea Biscuits



Cold Chicken Garni



Sausages and Crisps



Drinks and Assorted Fruit



She put the lunch in the basket  
as usual and sent it down the wire.





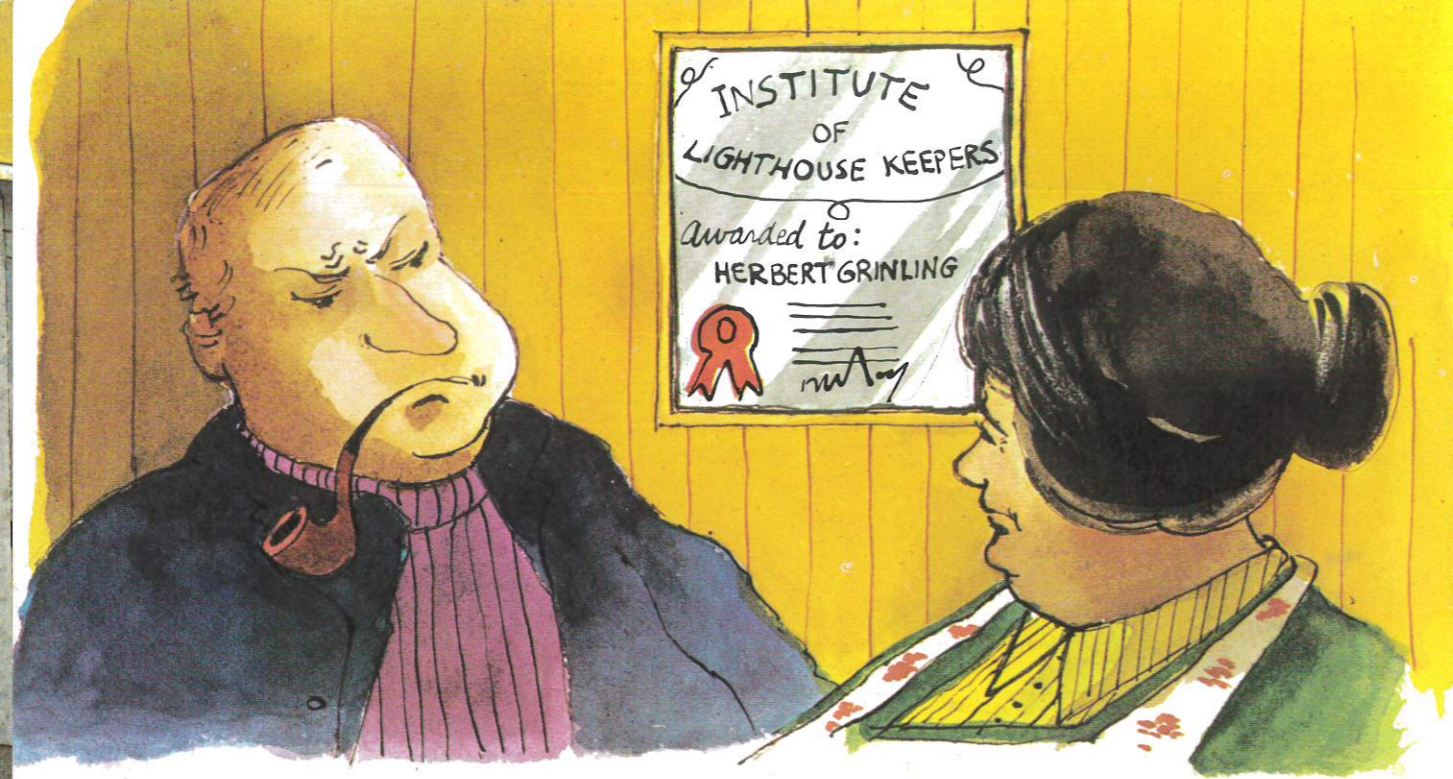
But the lunch did not arrive. It was spotted by three scavenging seagulls who set upon it and devoured it with great gusto. "Clear off, you varmints," shouted Mr Grinling, but the seagulls took not the slightest notice.



THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PEACH SURPRISE BOYS

SHE'S A GREAT COOK, FRED

SCRUMPTIOUS LUNCH TOM



That evening Mr and Mrs Grinling decided on a plan to baffle the seagulls. "Tomorrow I shall tie the napkin to the basket," said Mrs Grinling. "Of course, my dear," agreed Mr Grinling, "a sound plan."



On Tuesday evening Mr and Mrs Grinling racked their brains for another plan.

"They are a brazen lot, those seagulls," said Mrs Grinling.

"Brazen indeed," said Mr Grinling, "what shall we do?"

"Our cat does not appear to like seagulls," said Mrs Grinling.

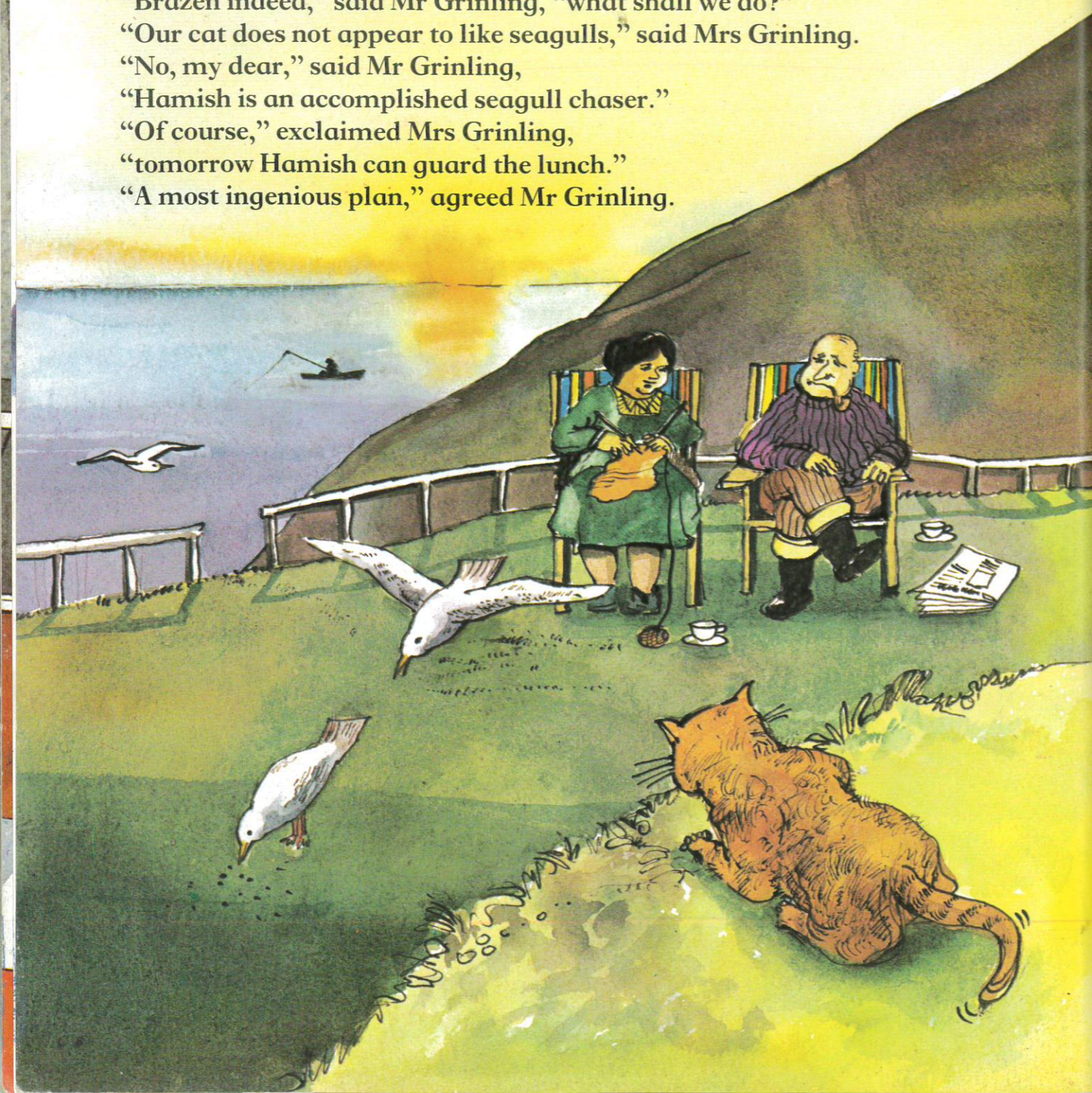
"No, my dear," said Mr Grinling,

"Hamish is an accomplished seagull chaser."

"Of course," exclaimed Mrs Grinling,

"tomorrow Hamish can guard the lunch."

"A most ingenious plan," agreed Mr Grinling.



Hamish did not think that this plan was ingenious at all. He spat and hissed as Mrs Grinling secured him in the basket. "There, there, Hamish," said Mrs Grinling consolingly, "I'll have a tasty piece of herring waiting for you when you arrive home."





Sadly, flying did not agree with Hamish. His fur stood on end when the basket swayed, his whiskers drooped when he peered down at the wet, blue sea and he felt much too sick even to notice the seagulls, let alone scare them away from the lunch.

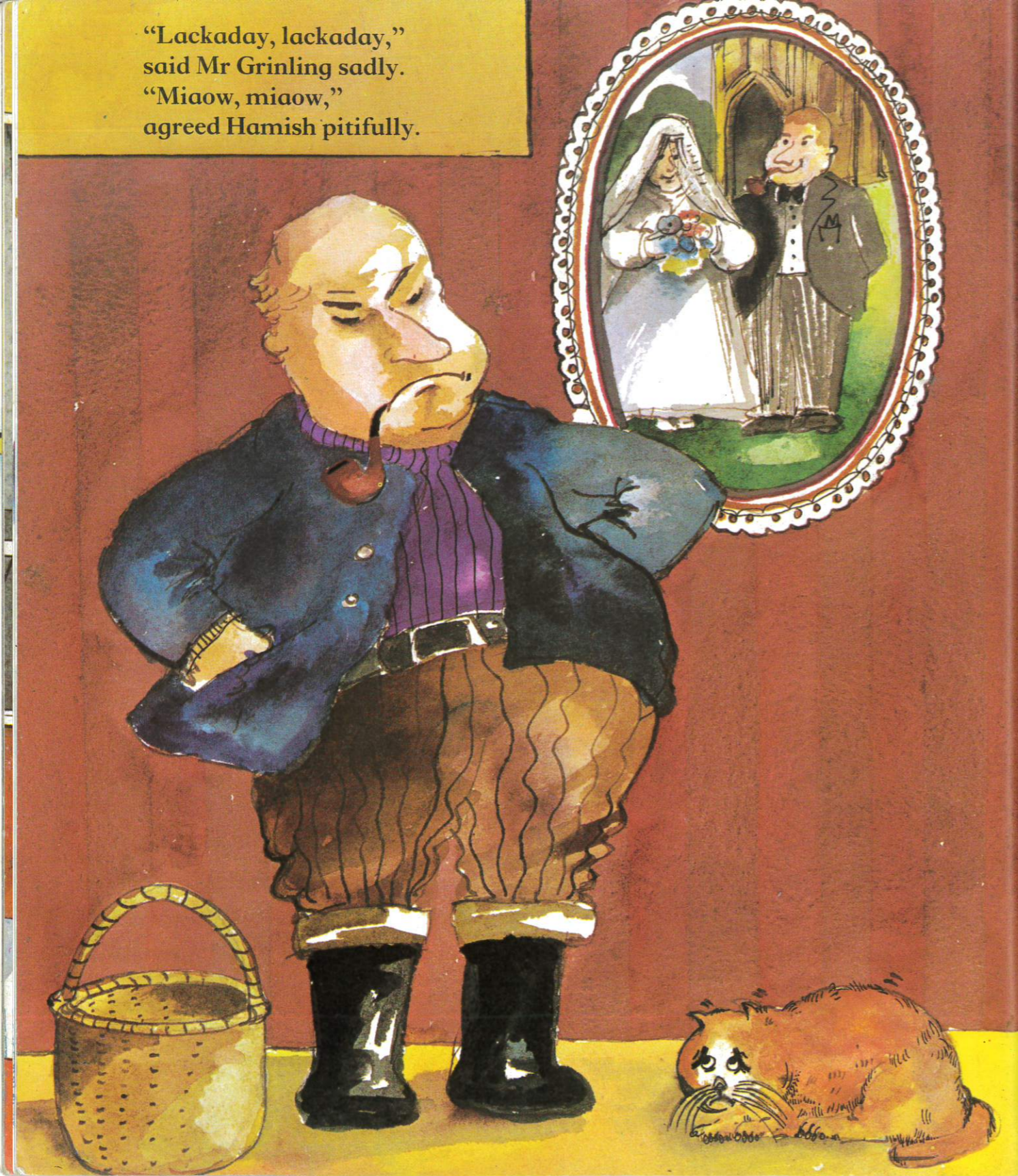


PRETTY PUSSY  
LIKE A PIECE OF  
LOBSTER MORNAY?

THIS  
FOOD GETS  
BETTER  
EVERY DAY  
FRED

AREN'T  
YOU GOING  
TO CHASE  
US PUSSY?

"Lackaday, lackaday,"  
said Mr Grinling sadly.  
"Miaow, miaow,"  
agreed Hamish pitifully.

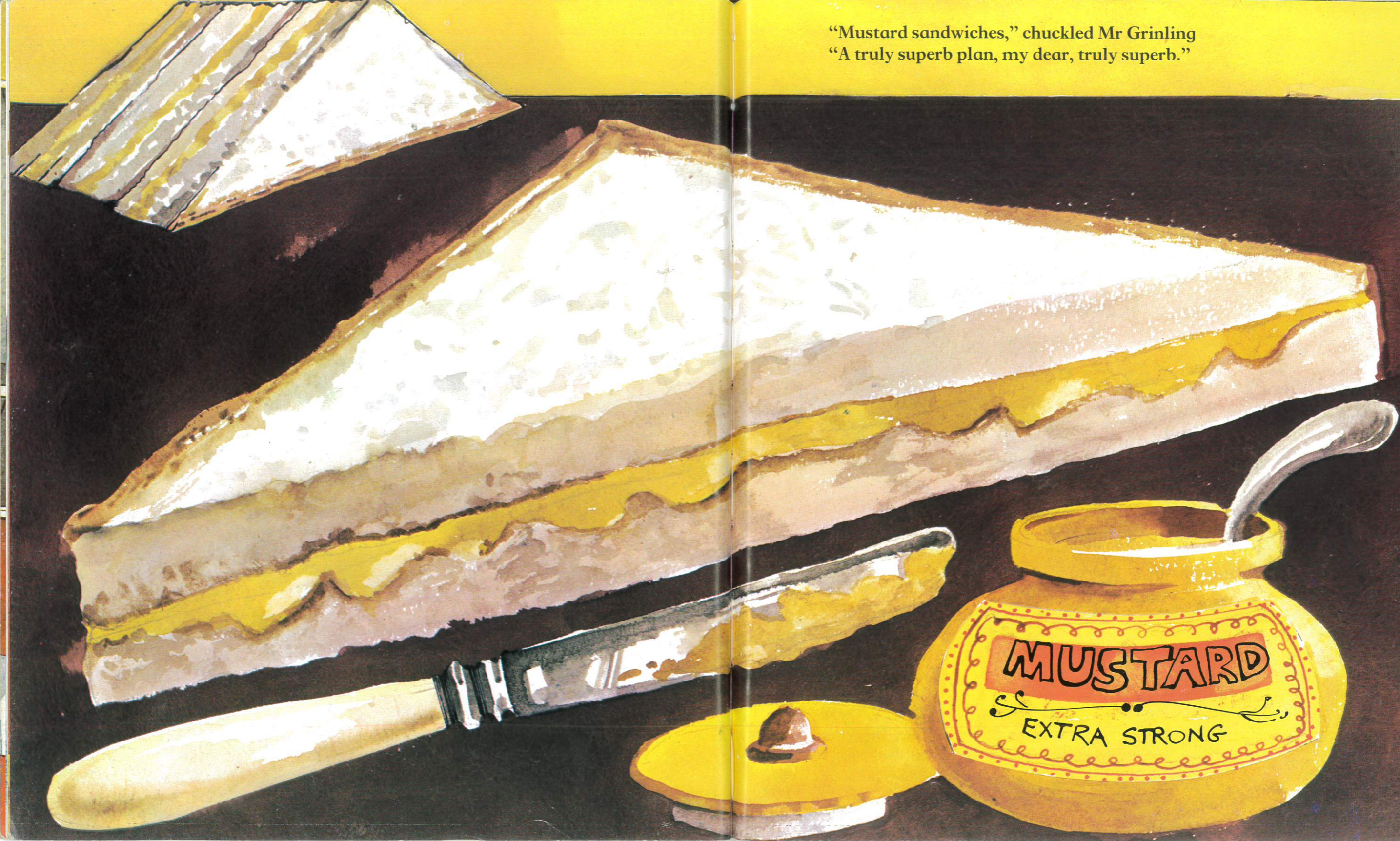


On Wednesday evening Mr and  
Mrs Grinling racked their brains  
again for a new plan. "What  
shall we do?" said Mr Grinling.  
Mrs Grinling looked thoughtful.  
"I have it!" she exclaimed, "just  
the mixture for hungry seagulls."



"Indeed, my dear,"  
said Mr Grinling,  
"what have you in mind?"  
"Wait and see,"  
said Mrs Grinling,  
"just wait and see."

“Mustard sandwiches,” chuckled Mr Grinling  
“A truly superb plan, my dear, truly superb.”





On Thursday morning Mrs. Grinling carefully packed the mustard sandwiches and sent them off down the wire to the expectant seagulls.



On Friday Mrs Grinling repeated the mustard mixture.



So, on Saturday, up in the little white cottage on the cliffs, a jubilant Mrs Grinling put away the mustard pot before she prepared a scrumptious lunch for Mr Grinling.





While he waited for his lunch down in the lighthouse on the rocks, Mr Grinling sang snatches of old sea shanties as he surveyed the coastline through his telescope . . .



“Ah well, such is life,” mused Mr Grinling as he sat down to enjoy a leisurely lunch in the warm sunshine.

