

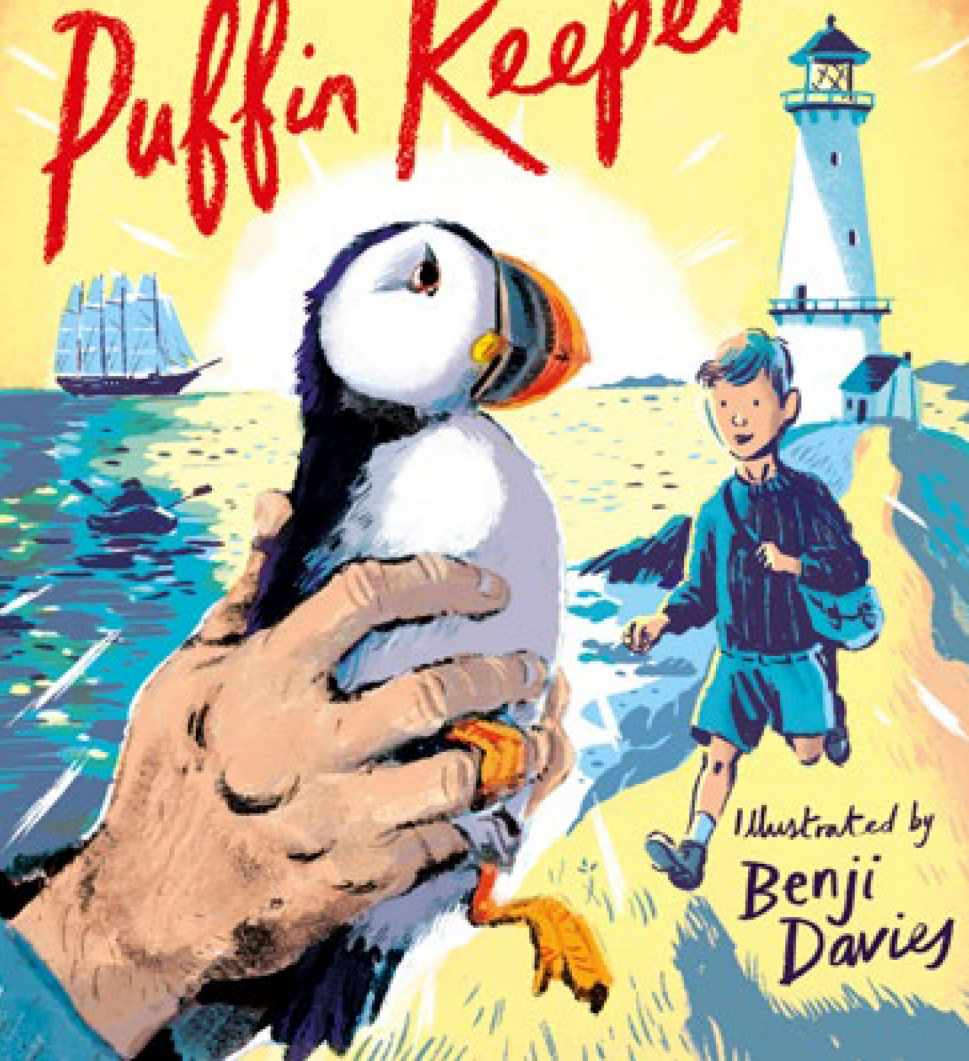
Penguin



Readers

MICHAEL
MORPURGO

*The
Puffin Keeper*



Illustrated by
**Benji
Davies**

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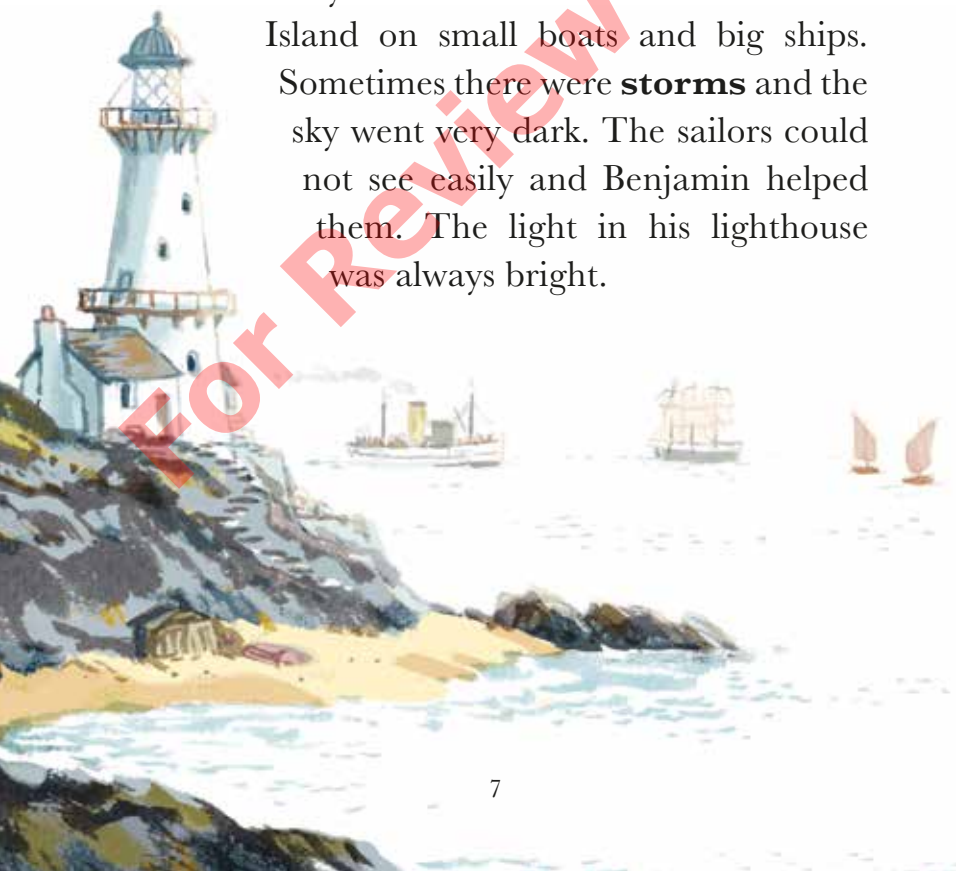
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I meet Benjamin Postlethwaite

For many years, Benjamin Postlethwaite had one important job. He was a lighthouse **keeper** on Puffin Island. He also lived in the lighthouse.

Many **sailors** travelled near Puffin Island on small boats and big ships.

Sometimes there were **storms** and the sky went very dark. The sailors could not see easily and Benjamin helped them. The light in his lighthouse was always bright.



The sailors out at sea saw the light and travelled away from the **island**. They were very **thankful** to have Benjamin's help. But sometimes the storms were too big, and Benjamin could not help every ship.

One night, there was a very bad storm. A ship – the *Pelican* – sailed near Puffin Island. The wind was very strong and the sea pushed the *Pelican* near the **rocks**. Thirty people were on the *Pelican* and they were not **safe**.



Benjamin Postlethwaite was in his lighthouse. He saw the *Pelican* and he wanted to help the people on the ship. But he needed to do it very quickly.

My name is Allen Williams and I was a child on the *Pelican* that night. I was five years old, and I was with my mother. The *Pelican* hit the rocks and started to go under the water. We were very, very frightened. It was difficult, but everyone left the ship. Then we all stood on one of the rocks.



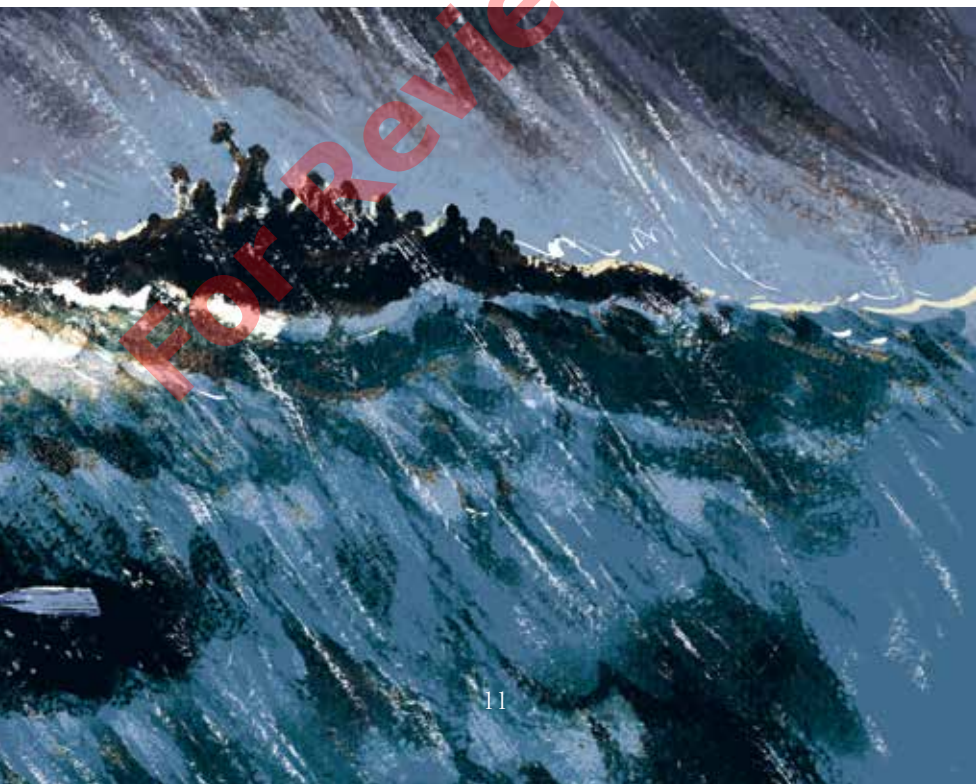
Then we saw a very small boat through the wind and the rain. It was Benjamin Postlethwaite and we were very happy to see him. Benjamin helped some people into his little boat and slowly rowed them to Puffin Island. He rowed from the rock to the island five times. Nobody died that night in the black sea because Benjamin helped us.

Benjamin took us into his lighthouse. He gave us hot sweet tea and biscuits. The storm was very bad, but we were safe and warm by his fire inside the lighthouse.



Everyone was very thankful. I watched Benjamin. He did not smile often, but I smiled at him. Then he smiled at me too.

There were many beautiful **paintings** of different ships and boats on the walls of the lighthouse. My favourite picture was a painting of a big boat and a lighthouse. “That boat is the *Pelican*,” I thought. I looked at it for a long time. The pictures were all Benjamin’s work. He was a very good painter.



The next day, I was **surprised** because Benjamin gave me the painting of the ship. Then he walked quickly back to his lighthouse. I tried to say “thank you” to him but he did not wait. The sun was bright and there was no storm. A boat came and took the people from the *Pelican* away from Puffin Island.

I did not see Benjamin Postlethwaite, or Puffin Island, for a long time, but I never forgot him. I often thought about the night of the storm. I always kept his beautiful painting with me.

