

# Hook Head Lighthouse

Da storm raged outside, thunder cracked in da distance. Peerie Jimmy peeped oot da window tae see whit wis going on. Da waves crashed up agenst da banks - it felt cosy in da hoose, bit something caught his eye. Hit wis a light dat flickered on end aff. Jimmy wis curious tae whit da light wis so he tocht he wid go on a adventure da moarne tae figure oot whit it wis.

Da storm haed calmed doon da sun was beaming troo da windoo, dir wis a peerie breeze dat bloo da girs, hit wis a boney day, eespically fir an adventure. He went doon and got his breakfist. He haed grool fir his breakfast - It wis his favrit breakfast. He shot oot da door lik a bullet. Da girs brushed his legs. He ran we all his might tae fin da light. He sat nixt tae a tree fir shade, he wis dat hit fae a da runnin. He sa his friend, his nim wis John, he kem ovr tae spik "We were lipnin you " said john. Dae spoke fir a meenit bit Jimmy haed tae carry on we his adventure. He kem alang dis big bush. It wis lik a waa. He peered troo, and saa a white end red, tall buildin. He toucht how he had nivir seen

da lehk in his life. Jimmy sat in aww, looking at dis humungous structure. He haed tae go inside tae fin oot whit it wis. Da staircase was in a spiral shape it looked lik it went on for ages. Jimmy climed da staircase right tae da very tap. As he reached closer tae da tap it looked lik dir wis an opening. His ligs wir burning fae climbing da steps. Dir wis a big lightbulb at da tap. He touched it and dir wis a zappy soond. It was flashing just lik da wan da idder night. He climed back doon da spiral staircase. Bit whin he got tae whar da bodom should be it wisna dare, it joost kept on goin. Somethin wisna right. He didna spare a meenit, he ran doon da stairs at light speed. Swit wis drippin aff his head, whane he reached a room.. a room dat wisna dare afore, it wisna da entrnace. It wis a musty old room made o' stane. Dir wis a weird door at da end o da room, he slowly opened it. Da door wis big end ald lik da wens you see in fairy tales. Light flooded da dark room. The smell o blooming flooers filt his nostrils. It wis a whole different world. Birds sinigng, bees buzzing, it wis lik a fairytale. Da fish wir jumping oot da pond, da water wis as clear as crystal. The most amazin thing wis da waterfall, you could hear da water crashin intae da pool below.

Jimmy wis in shock, he thocht he wis in a dream, it wis paradise. Until a thocht popped in tae his head, how im I goin tae git back him, whit will I do? He started tae worry. He ran oot and back up da staircase. Tae da light bulb, he touched it end again a zap sound kem oot it. He ran back doon da stairs. Bit den dis time it wis normal again. Da door wis dare he opened it end he wis back ootside nixt tae da banks. Da saty air filled his lungs again. He wis relived bit he wanted tae kain whit end why yun wis yundroo. He went and telt his Mam whit heed seen. His Mam said dat he wis lying bit he knew whit hed seen. He ran back bit da lighthouse wis geen. He wis sure it wis here. Bit whar it used tae be dir wis instaid dir wis a board dat haed a mythical story on it aboot a old lighthouse dat used tae be dare, dat haed a secret door tae a new world . Da nim o da lighthouse wis Hook Head Lighthouse. On da story it said just whit da boy sa, a new world, lush we life, but it wis gone. Da boy didna keen why. It said only true hearted folk could touch da lightbulb and see da lush green world.