

Grace Darling

It was a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had crashed onto a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had been washed away. The other half still lay on the rock, and the crew was clinging to it. But the waves were dashing over it, and, in a little while, it too would be carried to the bottom of the sea.

Could anyone save the poor, wet men who were there?

On one of the islands was a light-house, and there, all through that stormy night, Grace Darling had listened to the storm.

Grace was the daughter of the light-house keeper, and she had lived by the sea as long as she could remember.

In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she heard screams and wild cries.

When daylight came, she could see the wreck a mile away with the angry waters all around it. She could see the men clinging to the masts.

·We must try to save them!· she cried.

·Let us go out in the boat at once!·