

“Lisa had better get back soon,” Scott said. “She has to turn on the foghorn. That fog is coming in awfully fast.”

Within a very few minutes, the onrushing fog had wrapped itself around Scott and his grandmother. It blocked out the sun and turned the world grey.

“This fog is really bad,” said Scott. “I can’t even see my hand in front of my face.”

“I can’t see either,” said Grandma. “This fog is thick enough to cut with a knife.”

Just then they heard Lisa’s voice.

“Mrs. Glen! Mrs. Glen!” Lisa called. “Are you there?”

“I’m over here at the edge of the rocks,” replied Grandma. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” said Lisa. “But the ships out in the bay are in danger. I have to turn on the foghorn.”

“You’d be a fool to walk across the rocks in this fog,” Grandma said.

“I’m afraid you’re right,” said Lisa. “I don’t even know which direction to go. I’ve never seen the fog this bad.”

“I’ll go,” said Scott’s voice from out of the fog. “I’m familiar with the way to the lighthouse. I’ve

been over these rocks hundreds of times.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” said Grandma.

“But we can’t let the ships run aground,” said Scott.

“You’re not to go,” Grandma said. “Do you understand?”

Grandma waited for a reply from Scott but none came. He had already started across the rocks to the lighthouse tower.

“Scott!” shouted Grandma, but there was no reply. Only the waves pounding against the rocks answered back.

While Grandma and Lisa waited, Scott picked his way along the slippery rocks. He couldn’t see, but he knew the rocks so well it didn’t matter. After a few minutes, he reached the lighthouse tower. Without wasting a second, he climbed to the top and quickly flipped the foghorn switch. At

