Who Made the Lamps Blink?

It was the best **night** of all. Beams of **light** shot up **high, painting** the dark sky gold. Ben rode **high** on Dad's back, waved a small flag, and smiled so wide his cheeks hurt. 'Best **night** ever!' he yelled. People held up phones and waved flags of their **own.** A **shadow** stayed at the edge, grumbling in the dark.

From **high** above, the streets glowed with hundreds of tiny lights. **Light** flowed from every home, every shop, every **window.** Up in a dark corner of the sky, one **fellow** was not happy. 'Look at them!' said The Dark. 'Lights on every **street!** The **night** is just for me!'

The Dark crept into one little home and switched off the lights. Just like that.

Sam sat at the table and blinked. He could not **see** his dinner. He felt his **way** in the dark, bumping into things. Then he dived under his sheets and pulled them **tight.**

'Who turned off the lights?' he whispered.

The Dark slid from home to home, switching off **each** bulb. A mum and her children had to huddle by a single candle just to **see each** other. A child **tried** to **read** a book by the tiny flame. Two children went to bed because there was nothing to do. Even the cat looked grumpy. 'This,' said The Dark, 'is what the **night** should be.'

But **below,** the **street** still blazed. Streetlights and traffic lights blinked and glowed. Cars and buses rolled along, safe on the **road.** People walked across with **ease.** A kid sat on the curb with a tiny dog, looking at it all. The Dark groaned. 'Come on. More lights?!'

Click. The Dark switched off every streetlight and traffic **light** at once. Cars crashed into buses. Trucks tangled together in the middle of the **road.** People stumbled **between** the cars, waving their arms. 'Who turned off the lights?!' they yelled. But The Dark just smirked and moved on.

The carnival was next, and it was dazzling. Children squealed on **bright,** twirling rides, lit up by golden bulbs. The ferris **wheel** twinkled against the **night** sky. People strolled past snack stalls and game stands, and every ride was spinning, glowing, alive. The Dark gave one look and its eyes twitched. 'That,' it hissed, 'is the brightest thing I have ever **seen.'**

Click. The ferris **wheel** groaned to a stop. The ride went still and silent. A child at the bottom looked up, **afraid.** Two kids **below** stared at nothing. No music, no fun, just dark. 'Who turned off the lights?' one said. No one smiled.

On the water, one **light** still burned. A tall red and white **light** swept its **beam** across the dark **sea, keeping** ships safe. A big ship and a little **rowboat sailed** close, safe in the **glow.** The Dark eyed it from the shore and snarled. 'That,' it said, 'is the last one.'

The Dark ate the **beam.** A big ship churned the dark **sea,** heading **straight** for the little **rowboat.** The kid inside held on **tight** and screamed. On the shore, the tall **light** went dark. No **beam.** No **glow.** The Dark felt something it had never felt before. A twist in its belly. A chill. 'No, no,' it whispered. 'What have I done?'

The Dark did not think. It let go. The tall **light** blazed back, the big ship turned **away,** and the kid was safe. Every **light** came back at once. Cars rolled along the roads, homes glowed, and the distant carnival sparkled. All the streets shone, alive, but The Dark drifted back alone, feeling very small.

Then four children came into the **night.** One waved a glowing star stick. One beamed inside a tangle of **bright** string lights. **Jay** held a little lantern, and the last twirled a **green glow** stick up **high.** They were not chasing The Dark **away.** They were **playing** in it. 'Stars **gleam** best in the dark,' called **Jay.** The Dark blinked. Then, for the first time, it smiled.

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Who Made the Lamps Blink?

A boy watches the festival lights blaze bright across the night sky, until a jealous shadow starts sneaking from house to house, switching off every bulb it can find. Streets go dark, cars crash, and a lonely rowboat drifts out to sea, guided only by a lighthouse beam. Can anyone convince The Dark that light and night might get along after all? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 88: Vowel Teams Review 1), this book practises words like 'light', 'night', 'beam', 'gleam', and 'sea'.

Phonics Focus: Vowel Teams Review 1

afraid, away, beam, below, between, bright, cheek, each, ease, feel, fellow, flow, gleam, glow, green, groan, high, jay, keeping, light, night, own, painting, playing, read, road, rowboat, sailed, scream, sea, see, seen, shadow, sheet, squeal, stay, straight, street, tight, tried, way, wheel, window

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