THE LAST LIGHTHOUSE

A small light can bring everyone home.





Every evening, Mira lit the way home. Until the night the light went out.



Beyond the reef, something was waiting for a signal.



In the old workshop, she found an unlikely helper.



Pip remembered the missing piece. And where to find it.



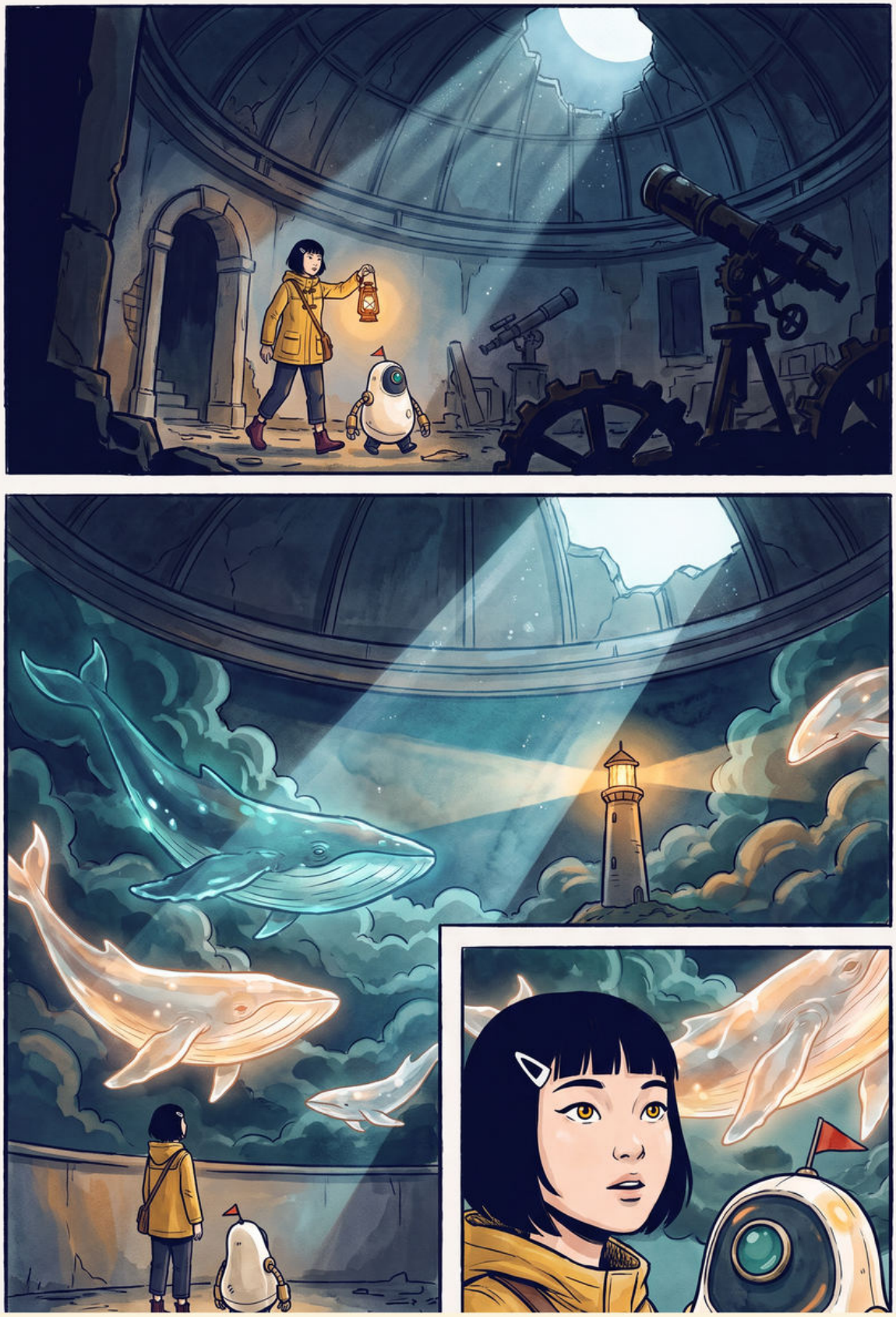
The storm was coming. There was only one path.



Mira had always worked alone. Tonight, she held on.



A small repair. A new kind of trust.



The lighthouse had never been built for ships.



It was a promise to travelers from the sky.



One traveler had not made it home.



They could hurry home. Or they could stop to help.

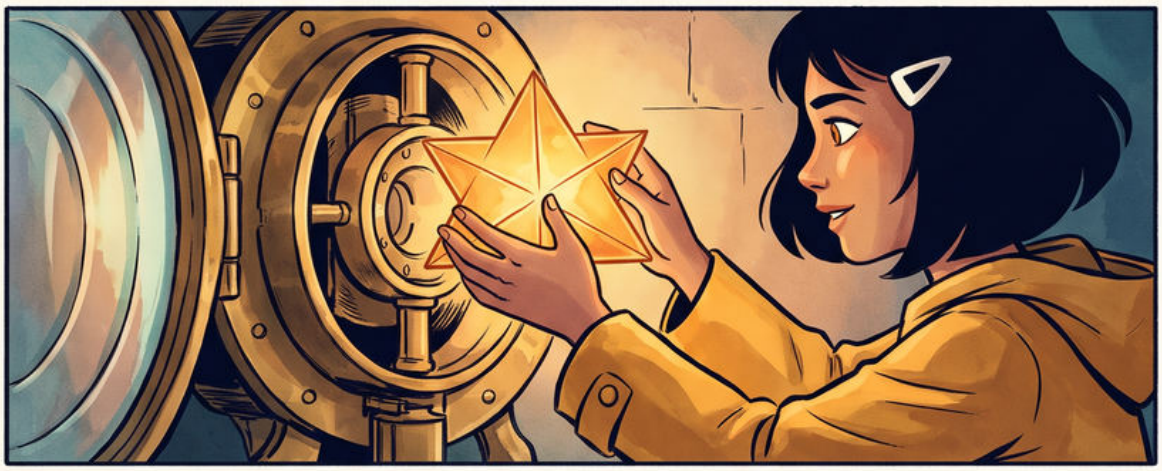


Kindness found them a different way back.



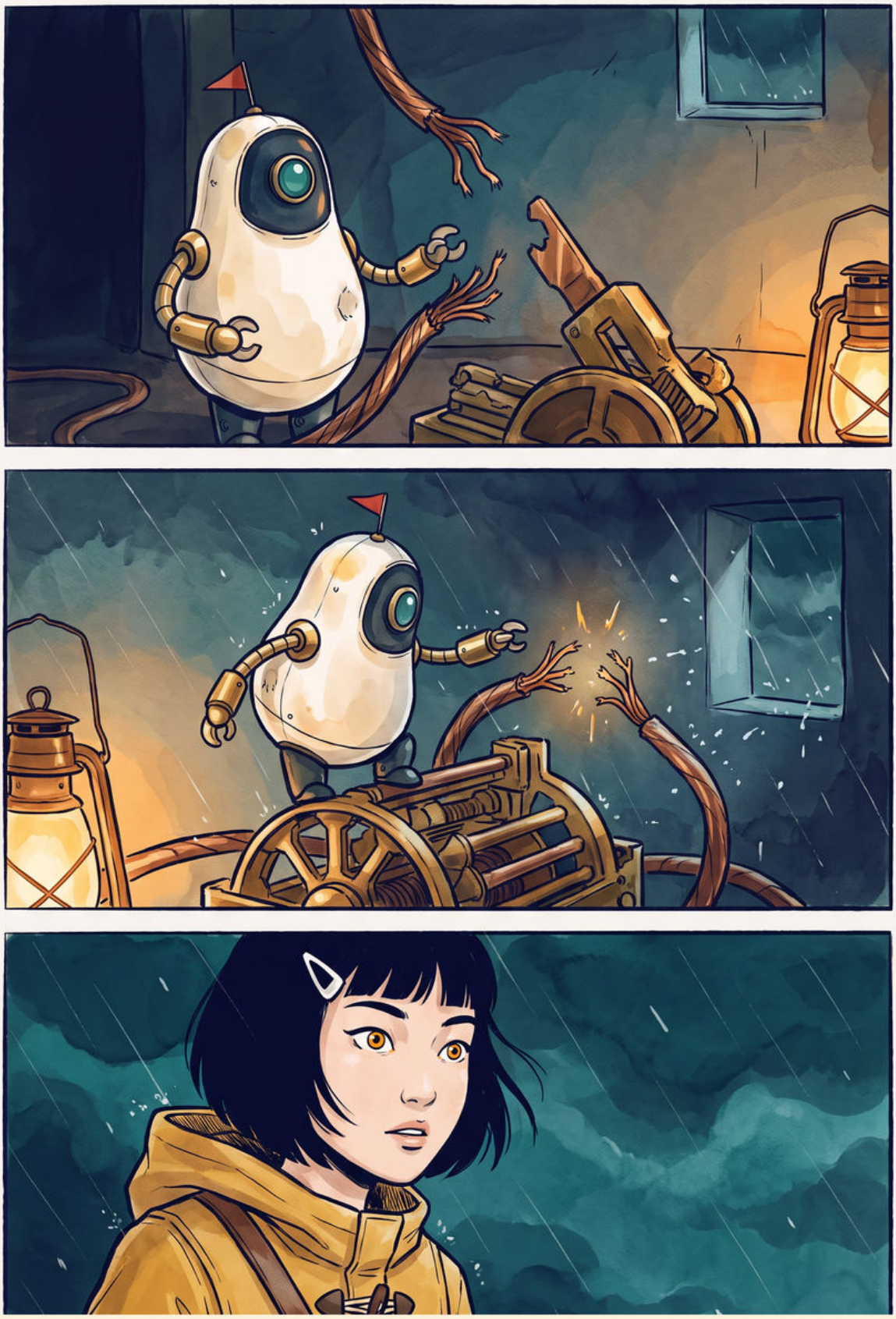
Then the storm reached the tower.







The missing piece was home. The circuit was still broken.



Pip knew one more repair.

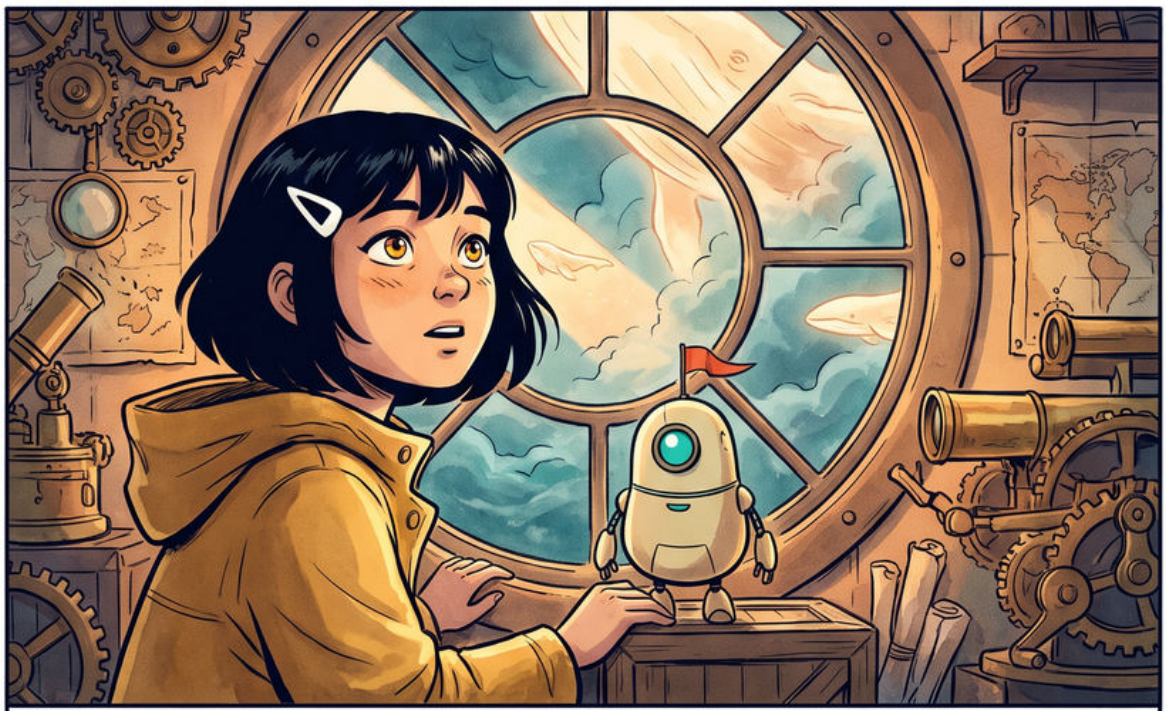


This time, neither of them had to do it alone.



The smallest repair brought back the greatest light.

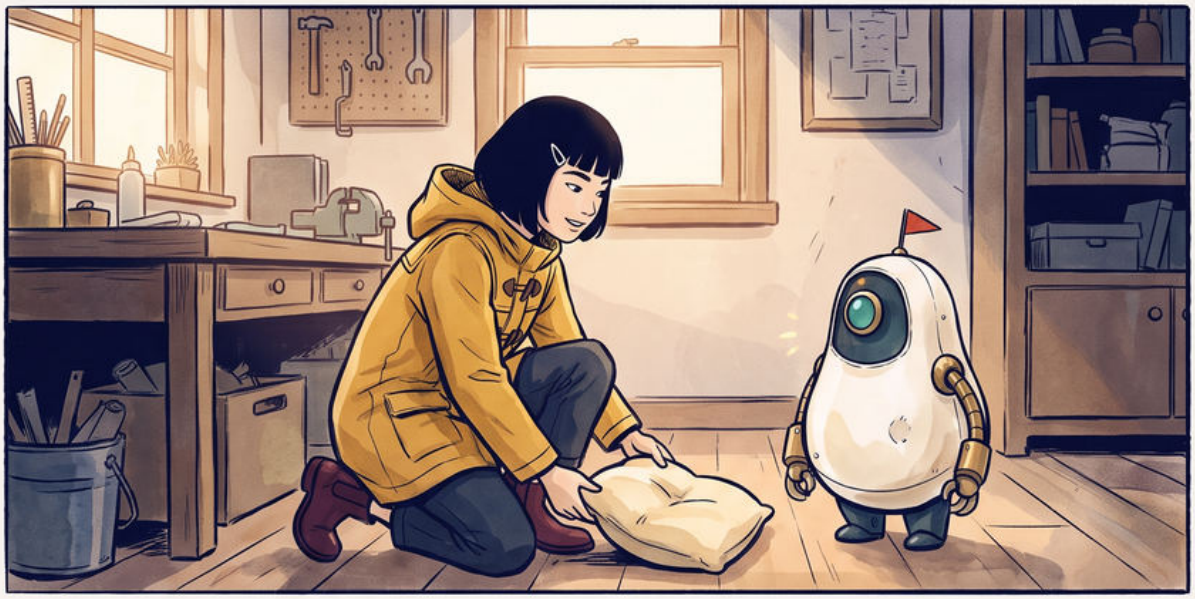




And the sky remembered its way home.



Some travelers stay only long enough to say thank you.







Some find a home. Every evening, they lit the way together.