

The Last Lighthouse on Mars

One old keeper, one lost little robot, and a storm that wouldn't wait

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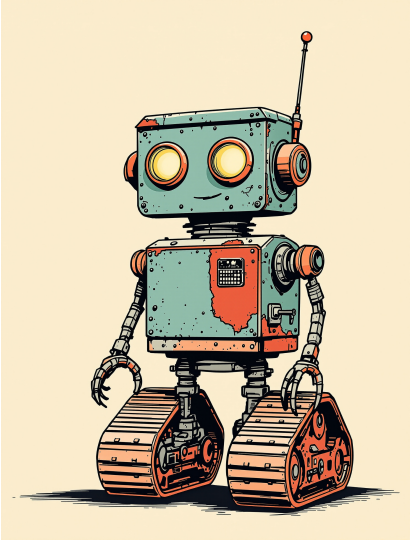
Meet the characters



Old Barnaby Quill



Bolt

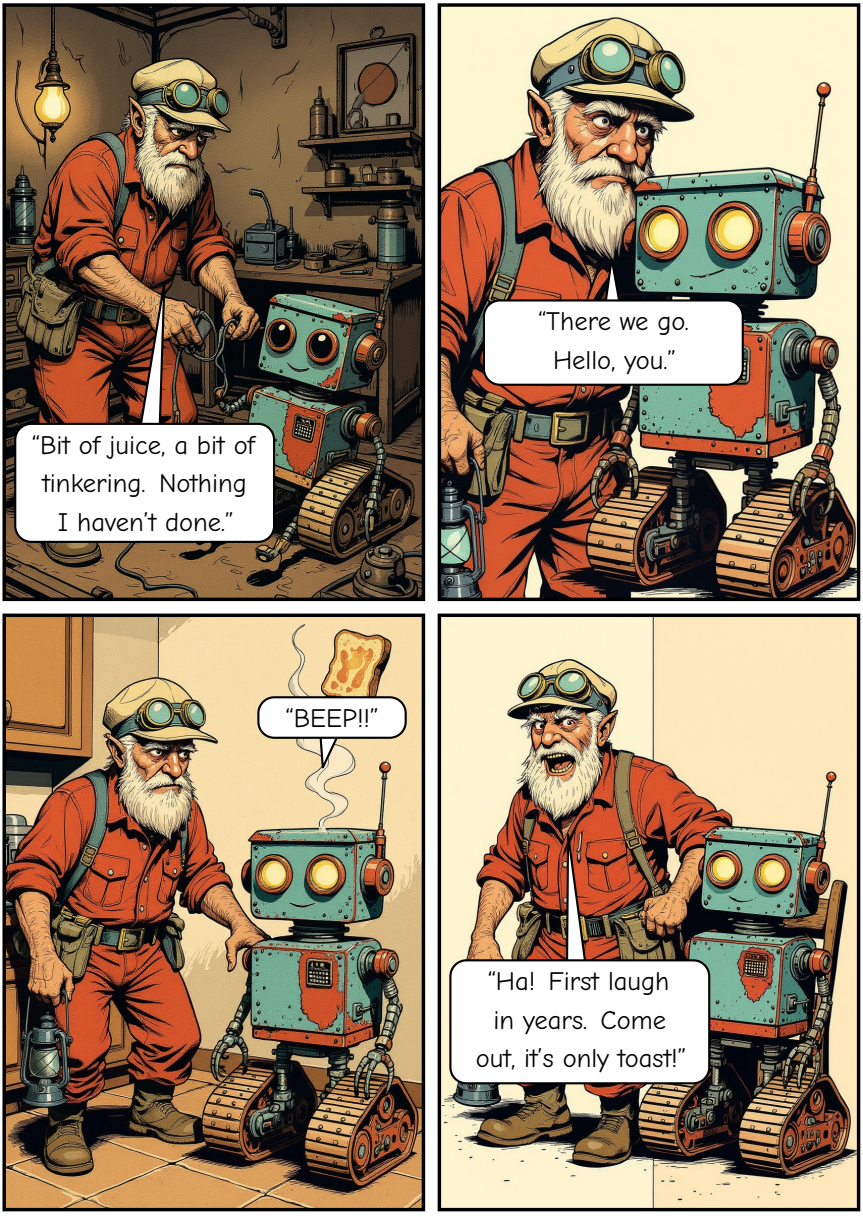
01

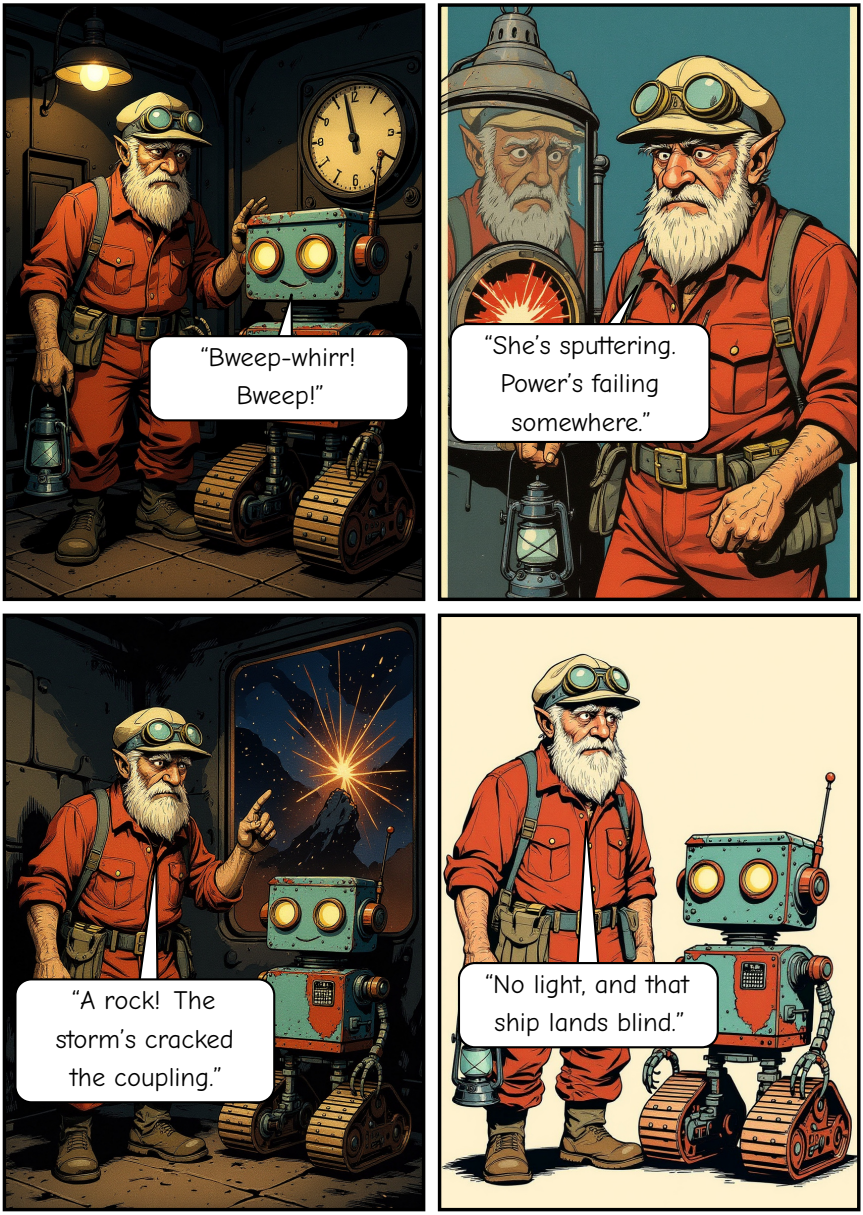
The Light on the Hill

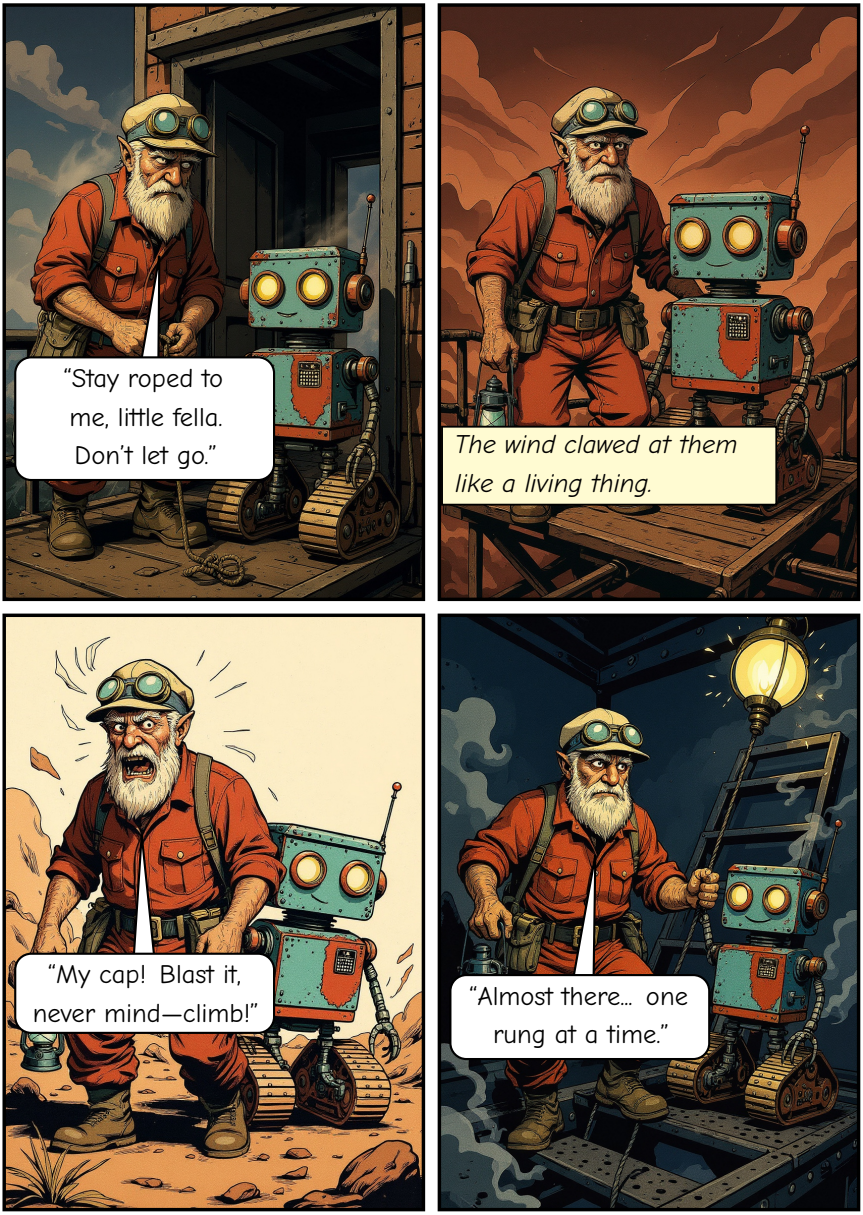


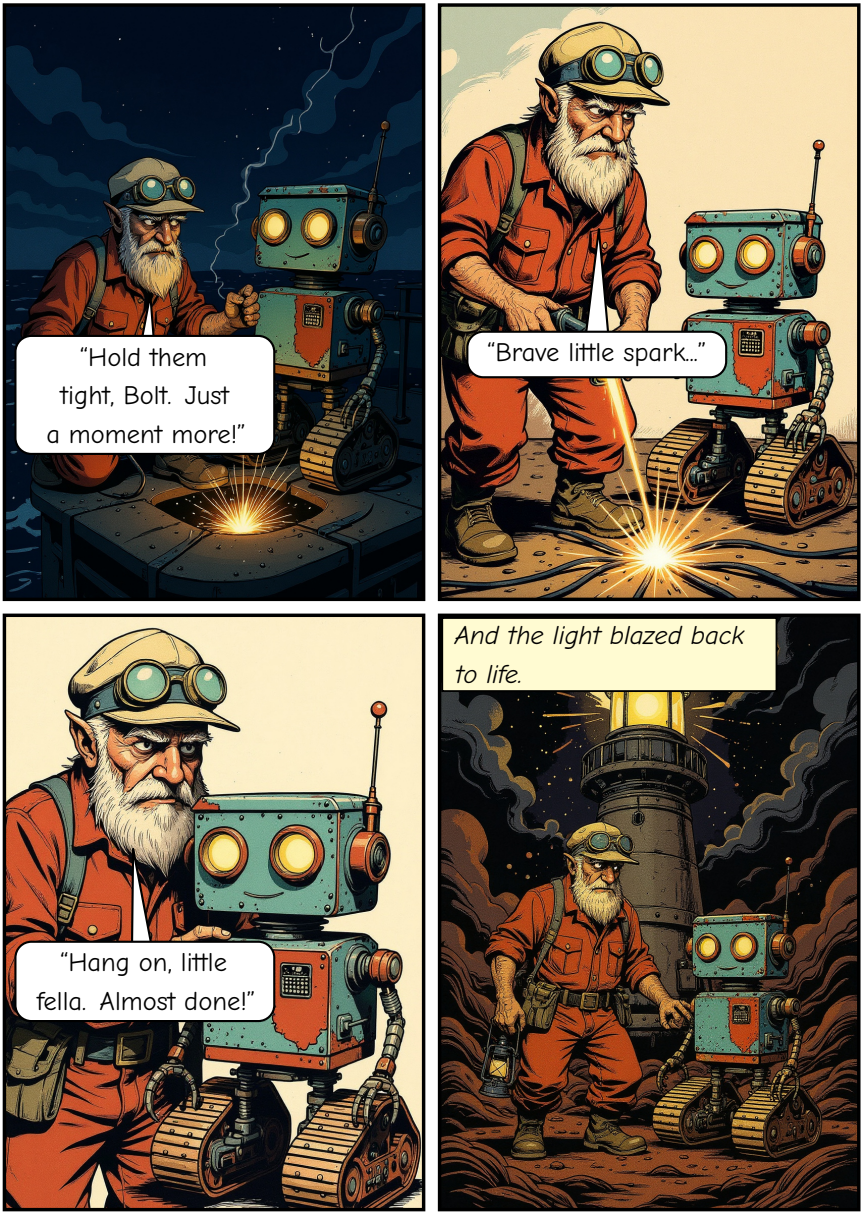

"Supply ship's due tonight. Of all nights."
"Wind's rising. That sky's gone the colour of old rust."
"Hold fast, you stubborn hinge!"
And then the storm swallowed the hill.


"Wind's got a funny voice tonight..."
"Was that... a knock?"
"Well, I'll be a Martian's uncle!"
"Easy, little fella. Easy now."


"Bit of juice, a bit of tinkering. Nothing I haven't done."
"There we go. Hello, you."
"BEEP!!"
"Ha! First laugh in years. Come out, it's only toast!"


"Bweep-whirr! Bweep!"
"She's sputtering. Power's failing somewhere."
"A rock! The storm's cracked the coupling."
"No light, and that ship lands blind."


"Stay roped to me, little fella. Don't let go."
The wind clawed at them like a living thing.
"My cap! Blast it, never mind—climb!"
"Almost there... one rung at a time."


"Hold them tight, Bolt. Just a moment more!"
"Brave little spark..."
"Hang on, little fella. Almost done!"
And the light blazed back to life.


Right on schedule, the supply ship found its way home.
"Welcome home, you big lumbering beauty!"
"Stay as long as you like, Bolt. This light needs two keepers."