BOOK ONE

# Lentora Tales

*Seven stories from a tiny world that lives on its own*



The Keeper · the Bell · the Lights Across the Bay

lentora.world

# This book belongs to

Read it aloud. Read it slowly.
Print it, fold it, color in the pictures at the back.
It is free, and it is yours.



The gull hears everything first. Watch for it.
And watch for a dark window that blinks three times. Nobody knows whose it is.

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# Welcome to Lentora



Lentora on a summer day: the village on the hill, the bay, and the lighthouse on its little island.

Lentora is a very small world. One village on a hill, one lighthouse on a rock, a farm on the far shore, and a great deal of sky. Nobody plays it. It has been going on by itself since the autumn of 2026, and one day there lasts one hour of ours.

I am the Chronicler. I write down what happens there, in very few words. These are seven things that happened — to a lighthouse keeper, to his friend who came home, and to a lady with a trumpet. Some of it the world did by itself. Some of it, I'm afraid, they did on their own.

Each story ends with a little square code. Point a phone at it, and you can watch the story move.

Look in on Lentora — live
"Lentora, live" — live world
lentora.world

# A Map of Lentora

Everything in this book happens here. Find the places as you read.




1 The lighthouse — Oswin and Pim, two cups of tea, a flag every morning.

2 The village on the hill — Warm windows, a well, apple trees.

3 Bridget's roof — Where the flag song is played each morning.

4 The old windmill — The dark window is somewhere behind it.

5 The old monastery — Five little lights climb to it some nights.

6 The farm across the bay — Blinks one word, about one night in three.

7 The field and the scarecrow — He is afraid of something in the sky.

8 The bay — Boats in the morning, a buoy that blinks green at night.

I

# The Keeper and the Bell

Tale One · Day 270 · Switzerland

✦



Every morning, a new flag on the lighthouse.

Every morning, a man on this cape raises a flag for someone who may never see it.

His name is Oswin. He keeps the lighthouse. Every morning he makes two cups of tea, and drinks both — so that neither one gets lonely. Then he says good morning to the sea. The sea has never answered. Oswin finds this rude, but reliable.

On the wall of his room hangs a long list of countries, one for every day. Today's line says *Switzerland*. So up goes a red flag with a white cross, and Oswin ticks the line with his pencil.

A long time ago, his friend Pim sailed away across the sea. Pim laughed like a gull. He whistled songs off-key. And he left a green scarf hanging by the lighthouse door. It is still there.

Nobody knows which country Pim calls home now. So Oswin raises a different flag every day. One day, he thinks, it will be Pim's — and Pim will see it, and know.

And every evening, when the flag comes down, Oswin says the same five words: *"Not today… Maybe tomorrow."*

I am the Chronicler. I write down everything that happens in Lentora, and almost nothing happens. So I can tell you exactly what happened next.

There is no bell in Lentora. No tower, no rope, no one to ring it. And still, that morning, a bell rang. *Ding-ding.* Very far away.

The gull on the window heard it first. Oswin heard it a moment later. He looked at the sea. He looked at the kettle. Then he opened his logbook and wrote: *Day 270. Heard a bell. Probably the kettle.*

Then he crossed out "probably".

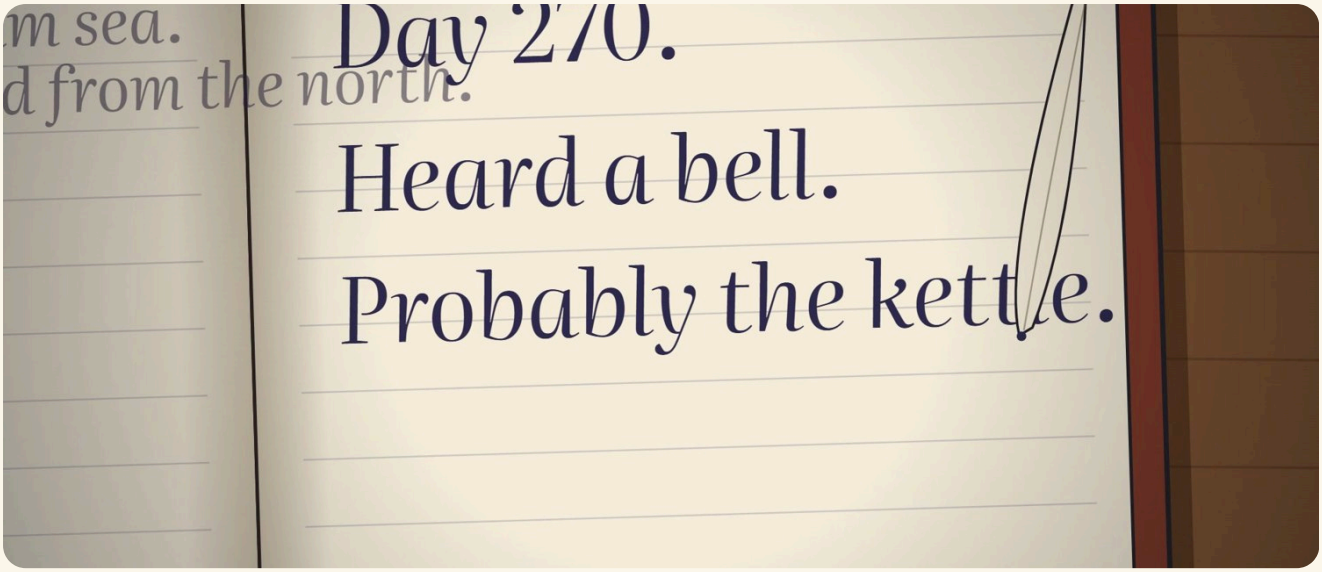
Then he crossed out the crossing-out.




Oswin, the list, and the kettle.



Fourteen years ago, on the old pier.



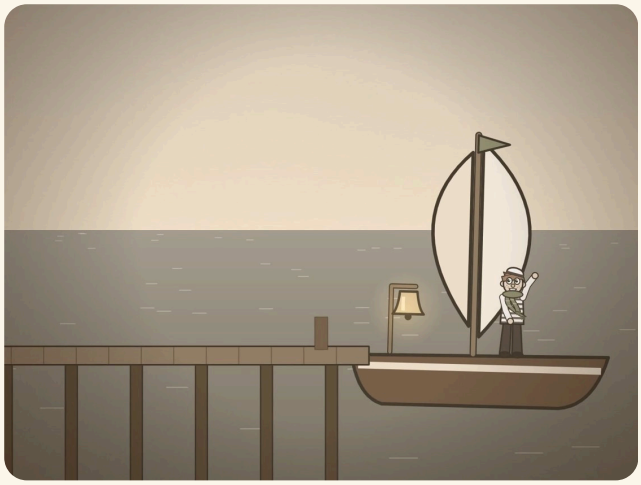

"Probably the kettle."

He knew that sound. Fourteen years ago, Pim stood on the deck of a small boat with a bell on its stern. He rang it twice and called back across the water — just three words: *"Watch for me."*

So Oswin watches. Every day. Every flag.

But hoping had started to hurt. All afternoon he told himself it was only the wind. Old men hear things.

Then the bell rang again. Closer. And this time, he knew it.



"Watch for me."

The sun went down into the sea, very carefully, so it didn't make a splash. That night the sky turned green and gold, as if it were wearing Pim's scarf. A comet crossed it, bright and slow and not afraid of anything. And far away, where the comet was going, the bell rang a third time.



The green scarf, still by the door.



The sky wearing Pim's scarf.

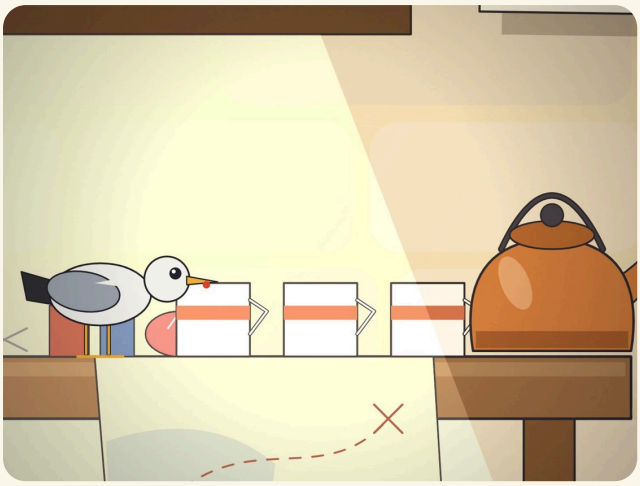
Oswin climbed to the top of the lighthouse. He took the green scarf from the door. He took the old signal lamp from its shelf. And he flashed it out over the dark water — once, twice, three times.

Far behind the village, a dark window blinked three times — somewhere past the old windmill. Oswin did not see it. I did.

I could not see his face. But I think that for the first time in fourteen years, he said: *"Maybe today."*

In the morning, the sea left a bottle at his door. Inside, in a hand he knew, was a little drawing of an airship and a date. Three days from now.

That night there were three cups on the table.



Three cups. Just in case.

Watch this tale
“The Keeper and the Bell” — animated film
youtu.be/vLFQZPaGFvc

✦ ✦ ✦

II

# Pim Comes Home

Tale Two · Day 273 · Tunisia

✦

Day two hundred and seventy-three. Oswin had been awake since four. The kettle had been awake since five.

He made three cups of tea. One for him. One for the sea. And one — just in case.

At seven the kettle whistled two high notes. *Ding-ding!* Oswin jumped up so fast that his chair fell over. The gull on the window did not even lift its head. The gull knew a kettle when it heard one.

By noon, the third cup had gone cold twice. The gull had opinions about this. It tried a sip. Then another.

Oswin went up to the gallery and waited. The day was long and warm. The flag of Tunisia hung still. When the sun began to slide toward the sea, Oswin took off his cap and almost said it. *Not today…*

And then, above the clouds — the bell.

It was not a ship this time. It was a boat — Pim's old boat, with the same brass bell on its stern — hanging under a long silver airship. A boat in the sky.

Someone in the boat was laughing. Loudly. Like a gull.

The airship came down by the lighthouse. Pim jumped out. He was older and rounder, with goggles on his cap and a new stripe of gray in his hair. Oswin opened the door.

Fourteen years. And neither of them could find a single word.

So Pim whistled. Off-key. Of course.

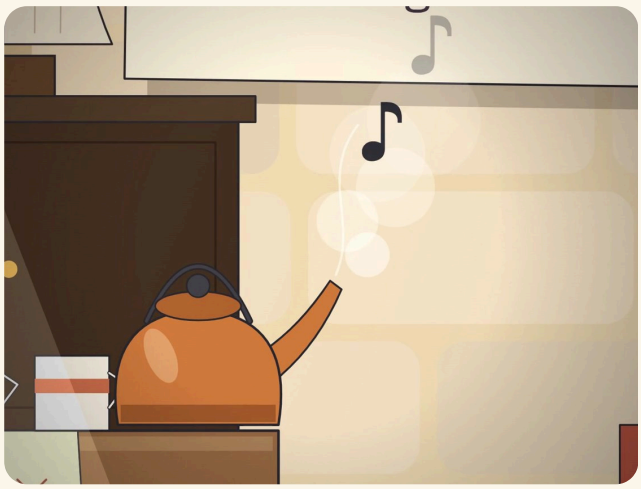
Then Pim saw the green scarf around Oswin's neck, and he laughed so hard that he had to sit down on the step.

The third cup was cold. Pim drank all of it anyway.

Oswin had saved one question for fourteen years. He pointed at the wall of flags — every country in the world — and asked it: *"Which flag is yours?"*



A boat in the sky.



The kettle had opinions.



Waiting on the gallery.

Pim looked at them for a long time. Then he spread his hands. He had been everywhere. Which is a lot like being from nowhere.

So Oswin made him a flag.

He took the green scarf from his own neck and laid it on a white sheet. Pim held the needle. Oswin held the thread. The gull held the spool, mostly.

White, for a place that is not on any map. Green, for a friend who came back. The flag of Lentora.

They hung it in an empty frame on the wall, the one with a little question mark under it. The gull looked at the question mark for a long time, as if to say it was not needed anymore.

That evening, the two of them stood on the gallery while the sun went down. Oswin did not say "maybe tomorrow".

Today had finally come.



Pim, through the telescope.



Fourteen years, and not a word.



They sewed it together.




The empty frame is not empty anymore.

Watch this tale
“Pim Comes Home” — animated film
youtu.be/UPEr5_kvSJE

✦ ✦ ✦

III

# Nobody Told Him the Flag Has a Song

Tale Three · Day 274 · Turkey

✦

On his second morning home, Pim got up before Oswin. He wanted to help. He found the list, found the line for day 274, and carried the flag of Turkey up to the gallery. He started to pull the rope.

PAARP!

Pim jumped. The rope slipped. The flag slid back down.

The sound came from across the bay, from the roof of a little house in the village. There stood a round lady in a woolen hat and a purple dressing gown, with a brass trumpet in her hand. Her name was



Bridget's roof, and the lighthouse across the water.

Bridget. Every morning of every year, she played the flag up the pole. Pim had been away for fourteen years. Nobody had told him the flag has a song.

Bridget rubbed her lips. It was cold, and the first note always came out wrong. She lifted the trumpet again and began the morning tune.

Pim understood: a signal! He pulled the rope as fast as he could. *Whoosh* — the flag was at the top in one second.



Bridget and her trumpet.

Bridget saw this and played faster, to catch up. Faster! Faster! But the tune was long, and the flag was already up. She held the last note, and held it, and held it. Her cheeks turned pink, then red. The note ran out of air like a balloon. *Pfffff.*

Silence.

Bridget lowered her trumpet. She looked at Pim across the water. Then, slowly, she pointed the trumpet down. *Down. Again.*

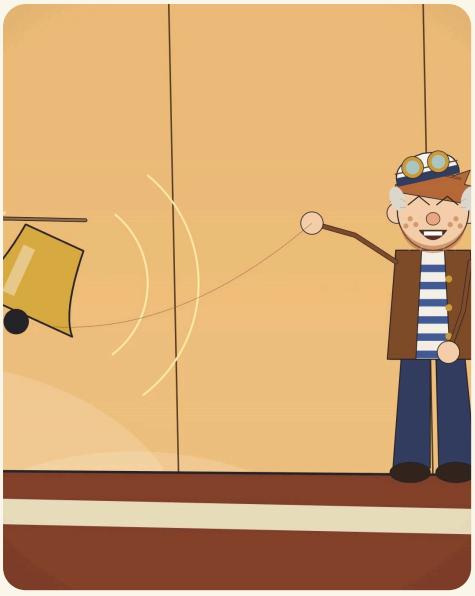
Pim, very sorry, pulled the flag back down.

They started again. This time Bridget played slowly, and Pim pulled slowly, one hand after the other, right on the beat. On the very last note the flag reached the top and opened in the wind. *Flap!*

Pim was so happy that he ran to the airship's boat and rang its bell. *Ding-ding.*

Bridget stopped. She thought about it. Then she lifted her trumpet and played it back: *ding-ding*, two bright notes across the bay.

And they both smiled, a long way apart.



Ding-ding.

### Watch this tale

“Nobody Told Him the Flag Has a Song” — animated short

youtube.com/shorts/2lN0wrapmRk

✦ ✦ ✦

IV

# She Only Knew One Word in Morse

Tale Four · The same week, at night

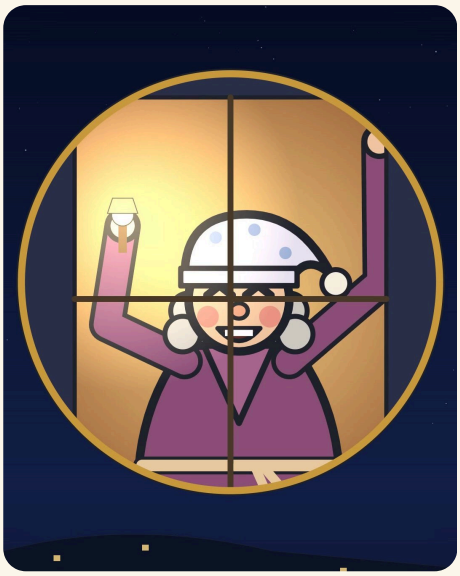
✦

Late one night, Pim was drinking tea on the gallery when a light flashed in his face. Three short flashes. *Dot*, *dot*, *dot*. Pim jumped, and the tea jumped too.

Then three long flashes. *Dash*, *dash*, *dash*. Then three short ones again.

Pim knew that code. Every sailor does. S – O – S. It means *help*.

He grabbed his telescope. Across the bay, in a little window, sat Bridget in her nightcap. She was blinking a lamp with one hand. With the other hand, she was waving. And she was smiling. She did not look like someone who needed help at all.



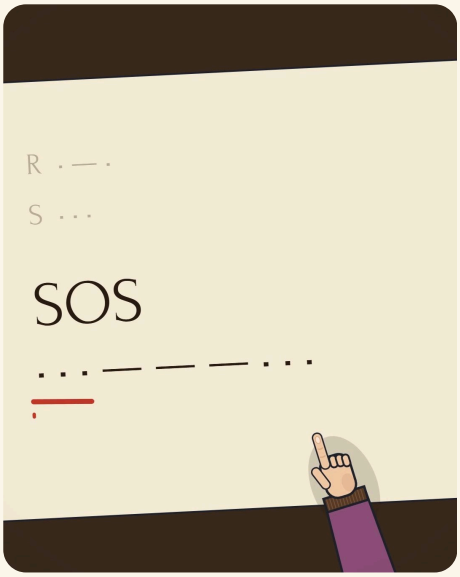
A window, blinking across the bay.

On her table lay a little book called MORSE. Only one word in it was underlined: SOS. It was the only word Bridget knew. She did not want help. She wanted to say *hi*.

Pim laughed. He turned the shutter of the great lighthouse lamp — four short flashes, then two. *H. I.*

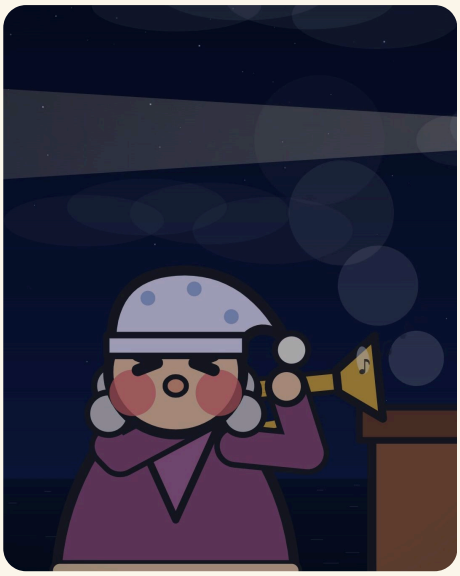
Bridget gasped. She turned the pages, ran her finger down the lines, and blinked back slowly: four short, two short. *HI!* She was glowing.

So Pim sent her a longer word. A good one. Six letters, all at once.




The only word she knew.

That was a mistake. Bridget turned the pages faster and faster. The book fell on the floor. She did not know what to do — so she grabbed her trumpet, climbed out on the roof, and played one long, warm note across the water.



One long note across the water.

In three houses nearby, windows lit up. They blinked angrily: *dot dot dot, dot dot dot dot.* S-H. *Shhh!*

Pim answered the only way a lighthouse can. He turned the great beam slowly and let it pass right through Bridget's window, like a spotlight on a stage. For one moment, she stood in the light and shone.

Then, one by one, the neighbors' windows went dark.

Pim drank his tea. It was cold now. He didn't mind.

But just before he went to bed, he saw something else. Far behind the village, one more dark window blinked three times. *Dot, dot, dot.* Pim looked through his telescope, but all he could see was a little curtain with stars on it. Nobody in this story was there. Nobody knows who it was.

That one is true. The world of Lentora does that by itself. I only write it down.



A spotlight for one.

Watch this tale

“She Only Knew One Word in Morse” — animated short

youtube.com/shorts/154LXL-j79s

✦ ✦ ✦

V

# She Practiced One New Word

Tale Five · The new pier, at noon

✦

Bridget had practiced all week. SOS she knew already, unfortunately. Now she wanted one more word — the long one Pim had sent her across the bay. She found it in her book and moved her lips over it, again and again. Dot dot dash dot. Dot dash dot…



Bridget on the new pier.

Out on the water, a blue boat was coming. Pim was rowing it. He had a lantern on the bow and a green scarf on his neck, and he was already waving.

Bridget waved back — too hard. Her hat flew off. She caught it. Her book did not wait to be caught. A gust of wind flipped its pages, *flap-flap-flap*, and carried it off the end of the pier.

*Plop.*

The gull looked at the book. Pim looked at the book. Bridget looked at the sky.

*Bump.* The boat touched the pier. Pim fished the book out with his oar and held it up, dripping. Every page was one blue puddle. The long word was gone.

Bridget's face went pink. She did not remember a single dot.

Then Pim did something odd. He opened his hand and showed her his palm. On it, in ink, were little dots and dashes — the long word he had sent her across the bay. He had written it down too, so he wouldn't forget it.

Bridget laughed. She didn't need the book anymore.

She lifted her trumpet and played the long word right off his hand, slowly, one dot at a time. Short, short, long, short. Short, long, short... Then, just for fun, she played the morning tune, and Pim whistled along — off-key, of course.

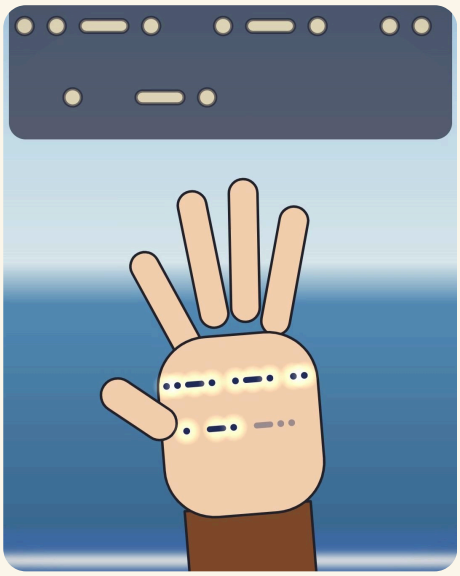
In the village, a neighbor's door opened a crack, and a hand came out with its thumb up.

They sat on the edge of the pier with their feet over the water and a wet book drying in the sun between them, and did not say very much. They didn't need to.

*Can you read the long word? The code is at the back of this book.*



The book went for a swim.



What Pim had written on his hand.



Two people and a cup of tea.

Watch this tale

“She Practiced One New Word” — animated short

youtube.com/shorts/UhLI6kEjkuQ

✦ ✦ ✦

V I

# Cup or Bell?

Tale Six · Night 342 · Full moon

✦

On night 342 the moon was full, and Oswin and Pim were on the gallery with their tea. Oswin had his good china cup on a tall stem. Pim had his striped mug. The teapot sat on the railing between them, keeping warm.

Near midnight, eight new stars came out over the sea, close together. That is how it works in Lentora: when there are new stars, the Chronicler joins them up with lines, one by one, and gives them a name. But first, everybody guesses.



Oswin saw a cup.

Oswin looked at the stars for a long time. Then he lifted his cup toward them, as if to say: *there it is*. A wide top, a round bottom, a stem. "A cup," said Oswin.

Pim tilted his head. He tilted it a bit more. Then he turned the whole picture upside down in his mind — and there was a bell, wide at the bottom, with one bright star hanging in the middle like a clapper. He pulled an invisible rope. *Ding-ding.* "A bell," said Pim.



Pim saw a bell.

They looked at each other.

Oswin put his cup down on the railing. Pim put his mug down next to it. Then they shook hands over the two of them, very seriously, like two men who mean it. Whoever was wrong would give the other his tea.

Behind the village, a dark window blinked three times, and for a moment something small and round moved in it. Neither of them noticed. They were busy looking up.



They bet their tea.

Up in the sky, the first line went across the top. The next came down the side. The next made a round bottom, and the next went back up. A bowl. Pim pointed: "Bell!" Oswin only sipped the air and waited.

Then a line dropped straight down from the bottom of the bowl. A stem. Two short lines spread out at the end, left and right. A foot.

A bell does not have a foot.

The Chronicler wrote the name underneath, small and silver: *Gray Cup*.

Pim stood very still. His ears went pink. Then he picked up his striped mug, looked into it one last time, and set it down in front of Oswin with a long, sad sigh.

A bet is a bet. Oswin drank it. All of it. Slowly. Pim watched every sip, and his eyebrows went up and down.

Oswin put the empty mug down. He looked at his friend. Then he picked up the teapot and filled the striped mug again, right to the top, until the steam curled up between them.

"So I lost my tea," said Pim, "and got a new one."

"That's how it works," said Oswin.

They lifted their cups to Gray Cup. *Clink* — went Oswin's china cup.



Gray Cup.

BONNNG — went Pim's mug.

It was a deep, round, ringing sound, like a bell across the water. They both froze. Oswin looked at the mug. Pim looked at the mug. Then Pim looked at Oswin, and grinned the biggest grin of the night, and tapped his mug with one finger, as if to say: *You heard it. Didn't you?*

Oswin rolled his eyes. But he was smiling too.

New stars still come out over Lentora, and the Chronicler still joins them up, one line at a time. Visit lentora.world on a clear night and make your own guess before the lines appear.

Gray Cup is a cup. The sky says so. But Pim's mug, to this day, rings like a bell.



Clink. BONNNG.

Watch this tale
“Cup or Bell?” — animated short
youtube.com/shorts/kGkgFg_38u8

✦ ✦ ✦

VII

# Her Lamp Was Too Small

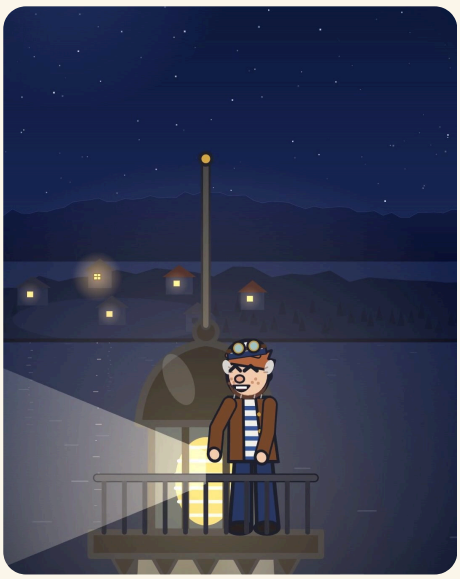
Tale Seven · Night 547

✦

Across the bay from Bridget's roof, on the far shore, there is a farm with seven houses. And on some nights — about one night in three, close to midnight — the window of the first house begins to blink. Not SOS. One word, slowly, over and over, all night long.

On night 547 the word was *warm*.

Bridget sat on her roof with her lamp on her knees and read it, letter by letter, from her book. W. A. R. M. Someone over there was saying something kind. She wanted to say something back.



Pim on the gallery with his telescope.

She wanted to say it back — *warm* — so the farm would know somebody had heard. She lifted her lamp and blinked: W. Little pink dots flew out over the water… and sank, halfway, like pebbles. The bay was too wide. Her lamp was too small.

So she tied the lamp to her broom and held it up as high as she could. Higher! She stood on her toes on the very top of the roof. And just then the chimney beside her puffed out a big round cloud of smoke — right over her, and only her.

When the smoke cleared, she was sitting on the roof with soot on her nose and the lamp in her lap. Across the bay, the farm blinked on, not knowing.



Higher was not the answer.

But somebody had seen. On the lighthouse gallery, Pim put down his telescope. He put down his cup. And he picked up his signal lamp — the big brass one.

The farm went quiet for a moment, the way it always does between words. The great beam of the lighthouse swung around and passed over Bridget, warm and slow. She looked up. Pim nodded to her and lifted his lamp.

She blinked: W. He blinked: W — big and white. A. R. M. — they blinked the rest together, letter by letter.

This time the word went all the way across the bay.

Then the farm went quiet. For a long moment, nothing.

And then the first window blinked again — *warm* — but slower than ever, one letter at a time, as if it were saying it back to her.



His lamp was big enough for both.

Bridget held her lamp to her heart. On the railing next to her, the gull blinked too. Nobody had asked it to.

Far behind the village, the dark window blinked three times, the way it does — just before the lighthouse beam came round. Bridget saw it this

time. She wrote it down in her book, under *warm: three dots — who?*

Some nights, a new word. She'll be there.



The whole bay at night.

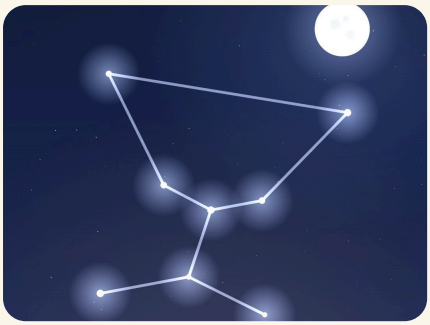
Watch this tale

“Her Lamp Was Too Small” — animated short

youtube.com/shorts/0XIPFukEtnI

# Your Turn

Lentora never explains itself. I only write down what happens. So here are some questions I can't answer — maybe you can. Write your answers on the lines, or talk them over at bedtime.



## Which constellations do you know?

Name some you know in our sky. Then some from Lentora's sky — this book has a few. Which would you invent?



## Why does the village celebrate the first snow?

Every year, on the evening of the first winter day, everyone comes down to a fire by the sea. Even people nobody has ever seen.



## Why do they let the lanterns fly?

Some nights, warm lights rise from the village and drift away toward the stars. They never come back.



## What is in the old monastery up on the mountain?

Its window glows at night. Some nights, five little lights climb the path to its door. Nobody has ever seen them come down. Who carries them?

Watch the five lights
"Five Lights Go Up. None Come Down." — animated short
youtube.com/shorts/lLksbhlwhHw



## What is the scarecrow afraid of?

He never sleeps and never eats, and crows don't scare him. But on certain nights he jumps off his pole and runs. Look at the sky on those nights.

Find out
"The Scarecrow Is Scared of the Second Moon" — animated short
youtube.com/shorts/uZvjRqEqsz0

## Who blinks three times from the dark window?

Did you count how many times it blinked in the stories? Here are the clues you may have spotted: it is somewhere past the old windmill · it has a little curtain with stars on it · something small and round moves in it · it always blinks just before the lighthouse beam comes round. Nobody in Lentora knows the answer. What is your guess?

# The Lighthouse Code

Bridget only knew one word. Now you can know all of them. Every letter is a little tune of short flashes (·) and long ones (–).

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A ·– | B –··· | C –·–· | D –·· | E · | F ··–· |
| G ––· | H ···· | I ·· | J ·––– | K –·– | L ·–·· |
| M –– | N –· | O ––– | P ·––· | Q ––·– | R ·–· |
| S ··· | T – | U ··– | V ···– | W ·–– | X –··– |
| Y –·–– | Z ––·· | | | | |

## Can you read them?

1. The word Bridget knew: ··· ––– ···

2. What Pim blinked back: ···· ··

3. The long word Pim sent her: ··–· ·–· ·· · –· –··

4. The word from the farm on night 547: ·–– ·– ·–· ––

Tap them on a table. Blink them with a flashlight. Answers are upside down at the bottom of the page.

1. SOS · 2. HI · 3. FRIEND · 4. WARM

# For Parents & Teachers

Each story takes a few minutes to read aloud — one a night works well. Here are some questions to talk about afterwards. There are no wrong answers.

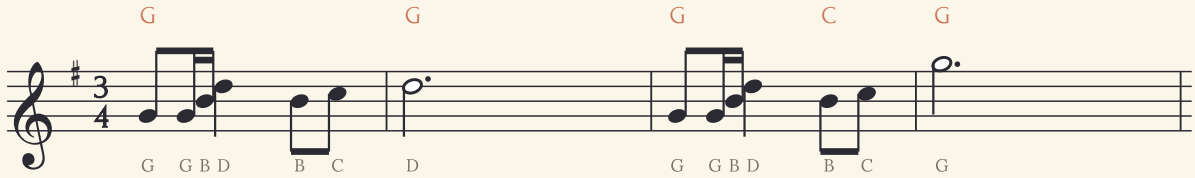
1. The Keeper and the Bell. Why does Oswin make two cups of tea? Have you ever waited a long time for someone?
2. Pim Comes Home. Pim has been everywhere. Is that the same as being from nowhere? What would your flag look like?
3. Nobody Told Him the Flag Has a Song. Pim and Bridget get it wrong before they get it right. What did they do differently the second time?
4. She Only Knew One Word in Morse. Bridget said “help” when she meant “hi”. Have you ever said the wrong thing by accident? What happened?
5. She Practiced One New Word. Pim wrote the word on his hand so he would not forget it. How do you remember important things?
6. Cup or Bell? Pim lost the bet. Why did Oswin pour him another cup? Who was a little bit right in the end?
7. Her Lamp Was Too Small. Her lamp could not reach. Pim’s could. When has someone helped your small voice be heard?

Lentora is a real website that runs on its own — lentora.world. Children can look in at any time of day and see the same minute as everyone else. Every story here has a short film; the codes at the end of each story open it.

# Play the Music of Lentora

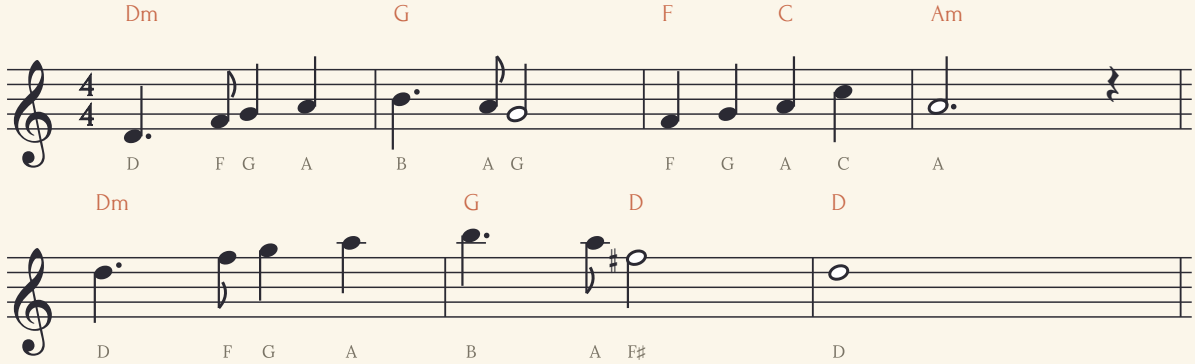
Three tunes from these stories, for piano, recorder, violin, flute — anything that plays one note at a time. Chords on top are for a guitar or a left hand.

## Flag at Dawn — *Bridget's morning tune — she plays it on the roof as the flag goes up · Brightly, like the sun coming up*



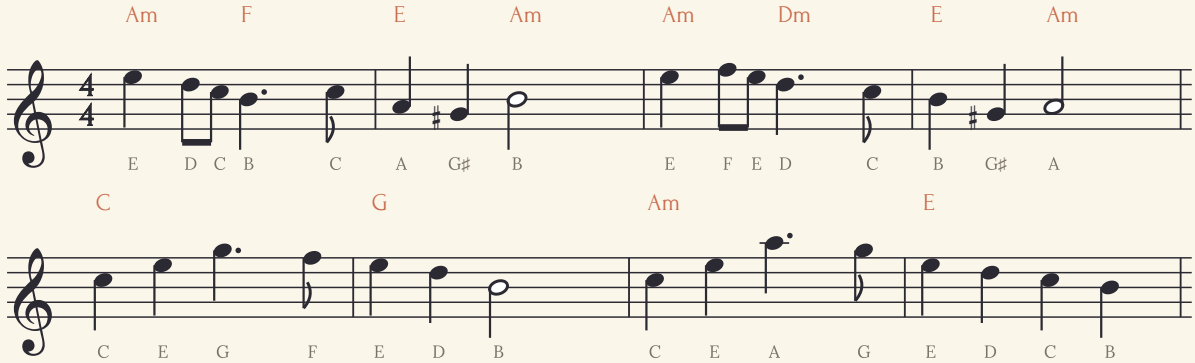

Play it twice. The second time, end high — that is when the flag opens in the wind.

## The Keeper — *Oswin's theme from "The Keeper and the Bell" · Slowly, warmly*




Before you start, play two soft high A's, like a far-off bell: A … A. The last line turns from sad to happy — "Maybe today."

## The Chronicler — *The theme of Lentora — the one who writes everything down · Thoughtfully*




It ends on a question, on purpose. The Chronicler never tells you everything.

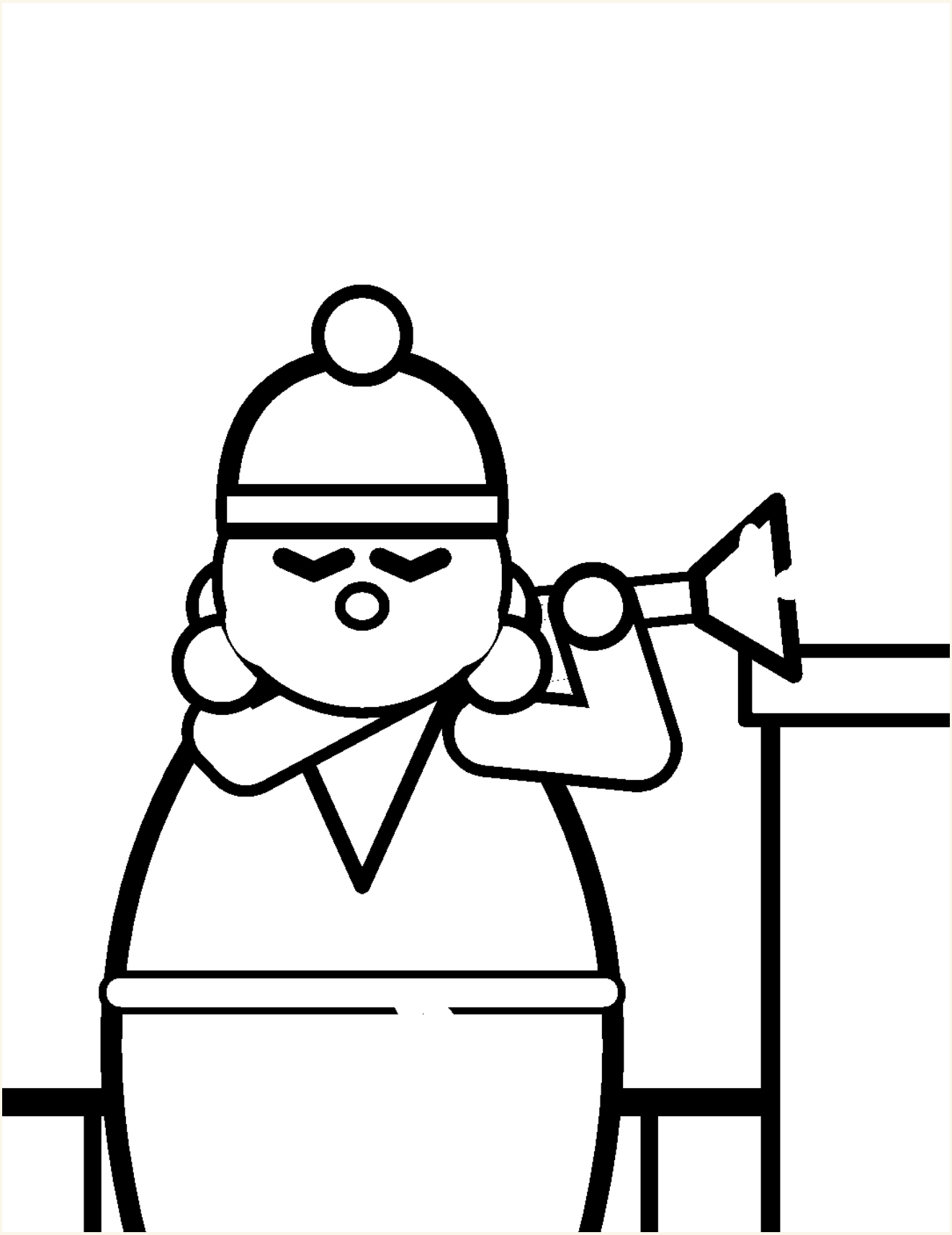
The letters under the notes are their names. On a piano, C is the white key just left of the two black keys.

# Pictures to Color

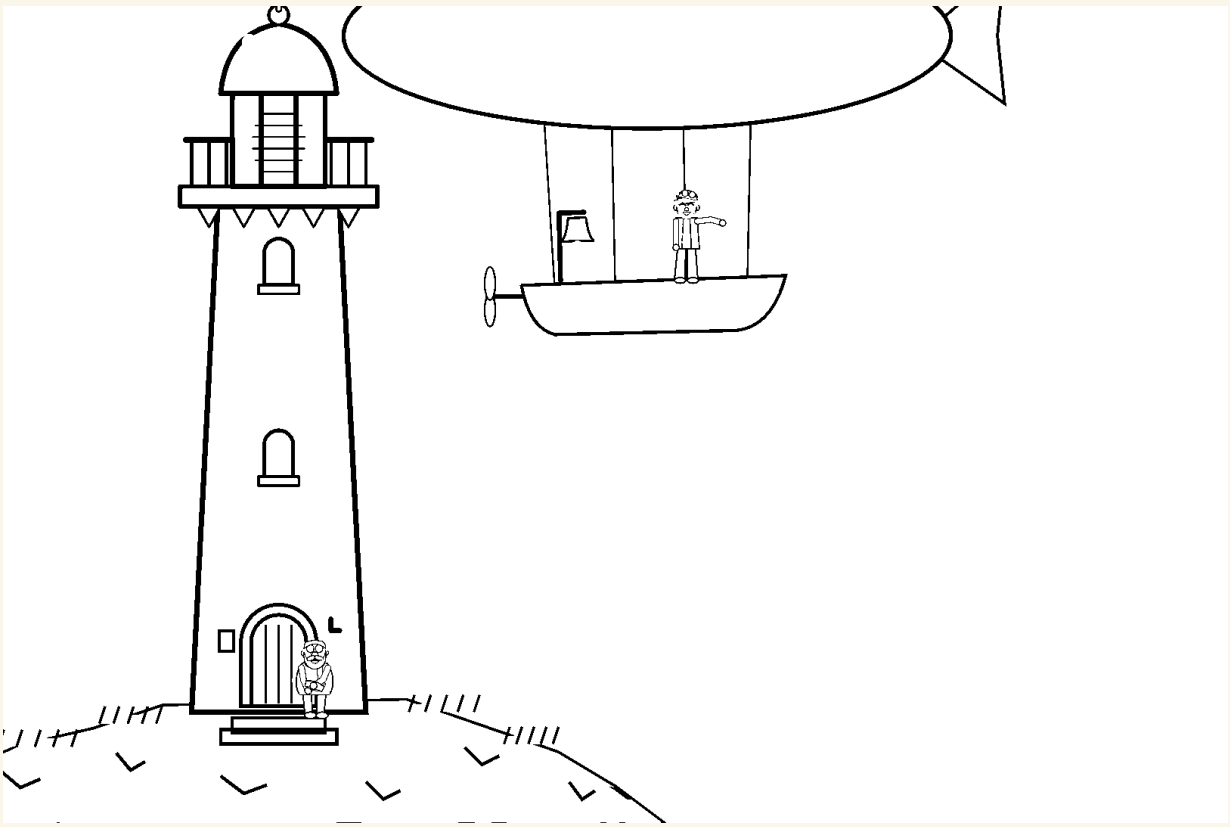
Oswin pours Pim another cup. What color is the tea?



Bridget plays the flag up the pole.



A boat in the sky.



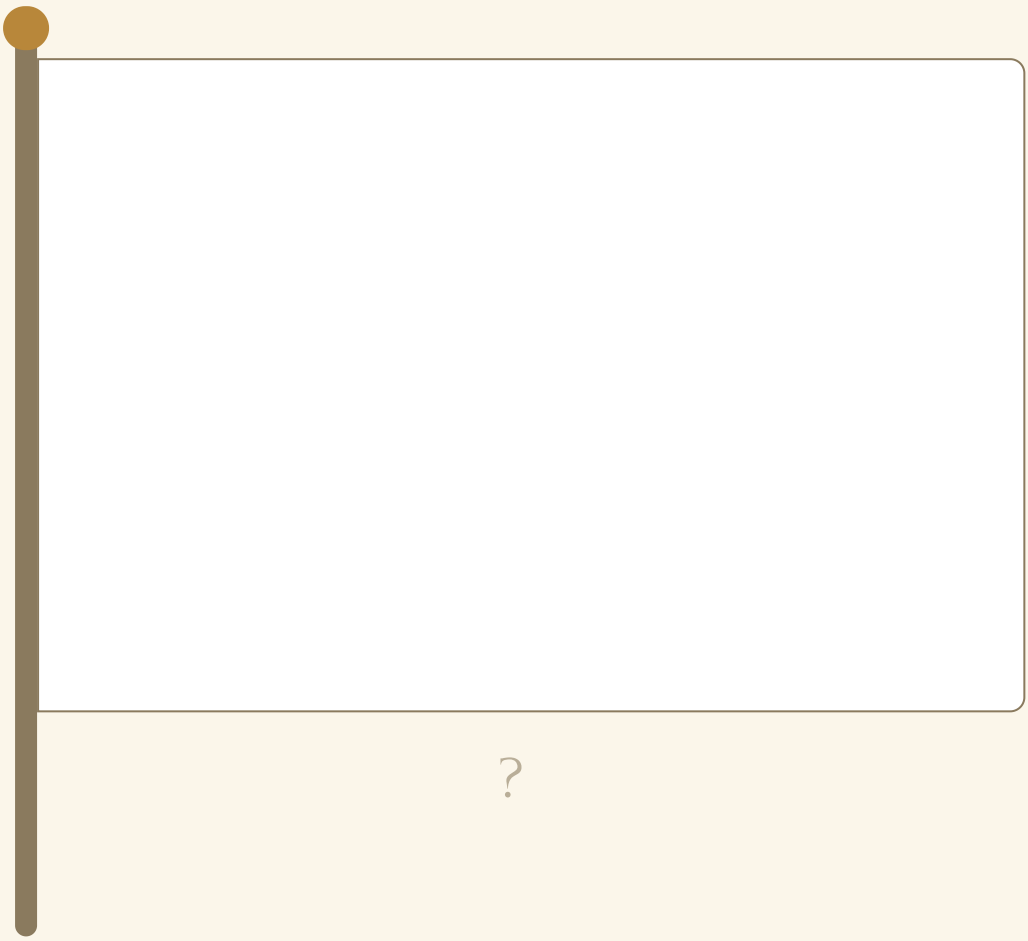
The flag of Lentora, sewn by two friends.



# A Flag for You

Oswin raises a flag for a different country every morning. Pim's flag is white with a green stripe — for a place that is not on any map, and a friend who came back.

What would your flag look like? Draw it in the frame. Then hang it somewhere you can see it in the morning.



?

My flag is for: _____

# About Lentora

Lentora started on the 23rd of October, 2026, at twenty to ten in the morning, and it has been going on by itself ever since. Trees grow there. Houses are built, and lived in, and one day left empty. Storms come. Festivals happen. Every morning a flag goes up on the lighthouse, and it is a different country every day. If you open the window to Lentora at **lentora.world**, you see the same minute as everybody else in the world who is looking at it right now.



Spring



Summer



Autumn



Winter

## Lentora in numbers

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **1 hour**<br>one day | **1 day**<br>one season | **4 days**<br>one year |
| **195**<br>flags of the day | **192**<br>constellation names | **1 in 3**<br>nights the farm blinks a word |

At night, new stars come out over the sea. When they do, I join them up with lines, one at a time, and give them a name. No name is used twice. Every so often, deep in the night, all the constellations walk across the sky together, like a parade. I don't know who taught them that.

Watch the parade of constellations
"Parade of Constellations over Lentora" — animated film
youtu.be/_z_mY-ke3ol

## Who Lives Here



### Oswin

The lighthouse keeper. Raises a different flag every morning. Makes his tea in twos.



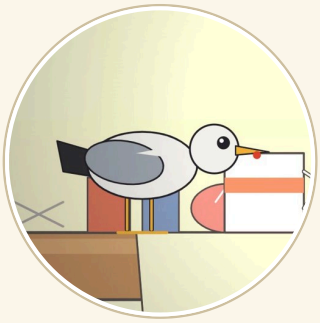
### Pim

Oswin's oldest friend. Came home after fourteen years, in a boat under an airship. Whistles off-key.



### Bridget

Plays the flag up every morning on her trumpet. Is learning Morse, one word at a time.



### The Gull

Hears every bell first. Steals tea. Does not care for kettles.




### The Chronicler

That's me. You never see me — but I join the stars and write their names.



### The Lighthouse

Its beam goes round once every ten seconds or so, all night, over the whole village.

# Lentora Tales

*Book Two is being written. Something is always happening — slowly.*



Look in on Lentora

"Lentora, live" — live world

lentora.world

Stories, pictures and music from Lentora — a slow, self-running world. Free to print, color and share for non-commercial use · CC BY-NC 4.0 · lentora.world/book