Klooz: After School Ghost Hunter

Before mom left for work, she looked deeply into my eyes. She always
does that when she thinks I'm hiding something from adjective
her. "Do you have a new case, Klooz?" she asked.
I nodded. "It has to do with ghosts."
She laughed. "Well, at least it has nothing to do with crime."
In my closet I had already put together everything that a detective needs for
ghost hunts: a(n), a warm sweater, a key chain with adjective
, and a bottle for plural noun drink
A pack of Carpenter's gum would come along, too. Without my gum I wouldn't even try
to find a missing sock. That gum inspired me!
I packed everything in the pockets of my new vest and started off.
Boss the janitor was over feet tall and as wide as a(n) He could number
carry a piano through the school as if it was light as a(n) feather, yet he
was afraid of ghosts.
"Boss, you have to lock me in the school," I said.
His face turned into a question mark. "Lock you in the school?" he asked.
Sometimes adults don't understand detective work. "Yes! In the school! Where else?"
I asked "I've got to find out who the ghosts are. You can let me out again
after midnight."
"I see. But isn't that too dangerous?" Boss asked.

"There's no such things as ghosts," I said. "What could possibly happen?"

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