

Where Are My Blankets?

By Breanna Rath

4th Grade

I got up Saturday morning and I was freezing cold. I had no blankets on my bed, which was silly because I remember having them last night. Looks like I have to be a detective again.

I looked under my bed. (Because sometimes they would fall off.) But they were not there! I went across the hall to see if my brother Josh had them, but he wasn't in his room. I thought he was downstairs.

Mom was making pancakes and I asked her if she'd seen my blankets. She said, "Why do you need to know?" So I told her the whole story. She said she wasn't sure. I found Josh and he said he wasn't sure either.

Brenlynn was still sleeping so I knew she didn't have them. I tried calling my dad but his phone was dead. After a few minutes my best friend Sidney called. I asked her if she wanted to be a detective with me. She said sure.

Mom said after a while that it was Sunday. That was kind of a clue. Then my dad called and asked what I needed, so I told him the whole story. He said it was laundry day. I ran to the washing machine and sure enough they were in there. "Another mystery solved!"