

## **Rap ... Rap ... Rap**

Shylock Bones was the greatest ghost detective of them all. There wasn't ever a mystery about a ghost that he couldn't solve-including this one. One fine day a lady came into Shylock Bones's office and said, "Help me, Mr. Bones, I am afraid my house is haunted."

Shylock Bones got out his big plaid hat and his big rubber boots and his big magnifying glass that made things look bigger, and off they went to the lady's house in the spookiest part of town. They went inside, and the lady said, "Listen!"

Shylock Bones listened. He heard something very far away in the big old house going,

"Rap ... rap ... rap!" Shylock frowned and said, "it may be a ghost, Ma'am. Never fear, my dear, Shylock Bones is here." And he went to work.

Shylock Bones searched the basement. "Rap ... rap ... rap!" he heard in the distance. He searched the first floor. "Rap ... rap ... rap!" It was a little louder. He went upstairs.

"Rap ... rap ... rap!" He searched all the bedrooms and looked under all the beds. He searched the bathroom and tried to look under the bathtub. He searched all the closets and looked inside all the shoes.

"Rap ... rap ... rap!" It sounded a little bit louder. He searched all the drawers and shook out all the pajamas and looked inside the toy chest. Then he turned to the lady, who had been following him. "Let's search the attic," he said.

They went out in the hall. They heard, "Rap ... rap ... rap!" It sounded louder than downstairs. The lady pulled on a rope and the ladder to the attic came down from the ceiling.

"Rap ... rap... rap!" It was definitely louder. They climbed up into the attic. Shylock got out his flashlight and his magnifying glass. He looked through his magnifying glass. Everything looked bigger, but that didn't help any.

"Rap ... rap ... rap!" It sounded nearby. They started searching the attic. They searched in the trunks and they searched in the old boxes. They searched in the old birdcage and they searched in the pickle barrel. Shylock Bones didn't ask why there was a pickle barrel in her attic.

"Rap ... rap ... rap!" They were getting closer. Shylock shined his flashlight on an old chest-of-drawers.

"Rap ... Rap ... Rap!" He opened the top drawer. Nothing.

"Rap ... Rap ... RAP!" He opened the second drawer. Nothing!

"Rap ... RAP ... RAP!" He opened the third drawer. Still nothing!"

**"RAP ... RAP .. RAP!"** He opened the bottom drawer. And there it was! A sheet of WRAPPING PAPER!