

Finding Lost Keys (Part 1)

(Story word: keys)

It is often the case that when it is time to go somewhere, Beth cannot find her handbag, glasses, or keys. Her key ring is the smallest thing, so it gets lost the most.

Sometimes, after a long time hunting, Beth will find her keys at the bottom of her handbag. They had not been lost after all.

Her husband Bill was getting tired of the constant hunt for keys. At a cute shop, he saw a long ribbon for keys that Beth could use to put her keys around her neck. The ribbon had red and pink zig-zag stripes. He hoped that Beth would like it.

Beth was not insulted by this gift. She was tired of all the lost time spent looking for things too. And the ribbon did help. But, when it was time for Beth to go out on Sunday, she could not find her keys. They were not in her bag.

She went into the kitchen and looked at the bench where she often put her bags, backpack, or the ribbon with the keys. The backpack was there but not the keys.

She then looked over at Franklin, her dog. Franklin was sitting on the soft rug by the sink licking his red plastic bone.