

## Finding Lost Keys (Part 2)

**(Story words: keys, three)**

Franklin was three but still acted like a pup most times. If Bill or Beth were picking up the house, fixing lunch, or getting dressed, Franklin wanted to be in on what was happening. He would nab a dropped sock or rag hoping for a fun game of chase.

When Bill came into the kitchen, Beth said, “I think Franklin made off with my keys for a game.”

“It has now come to this!” Bill joked. “We are now going to suspect a dog for the fact that we cannot find your keys! Let’s not tell anyone this, or they will conclude that we have lost our minds.” Bill lent Beth his keys, and they stopped looking for the day.

The next day, Beth went to get an umbrella from the closet. Just by luck, she looked down and spotted a missing sock and the red and pink ribbon with her keys.

She called Bill over. “I want you to be my witness. I was not by the closet until just now. Unless you hid my keys as a prank or we are living with a ghost, we must admit that Franklin is the culprit.”

Franklin ran over to the closet to see what was happening with Bill and Beth.

Bill said, “Gosh, you will just have to be more careful not to put the ribbon in a spot where Franklin can grab it, and then the problem will be solved.”