

A Mystery in the Night

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“Whoo-hoo!” said Lewis as he kayaked around Lake Tahoe with his mom and dad. His dad grinned. Lewis and his family came to Lake Tahoe for a vacation for a week, and today was his fifth day.

They finished kayaking and they headed home because they rented a house that was close enough to walk to the lake. Then they all got ready for bed. But just as he was about to fall asleep, he heard something. It was a strange thudding noise, like something heavy being dropped. Then came the sound of some small crashes. He jumped up from his bed.

It's nothing. Mom probably just dropped something in the kitchen. Then he had a horrible realization that his parents were in their bedroom, probably sleeping as he stayed up longer than they did by reading an exciting book. All the lights were out in his house.

He could hear his heart thudding. He convinced himself that his dad probably woke up and was going to the bathroom when he knocked over something in the dark. Or so he hoped. He walked over to his desk, took out a flashlight, and then slowly opened the door to his bedroom so that it wouldn't creak. He imagined all sorts of things that could have created the noises that he heard. *A ghost? A monster? A BEAR?!*

CRASH!

He jumped again, clicked on his flashlight, then very slowly poked his head out.

He didn't see anything unusual, just his kitchen and a door that led to the living room. He cautiously and slowly walked to the kitchen and checked everything, even under the table. He walked into the living room and did the same. After making sure everything was alright, he was going to go back to bed, thinking that it was probably a sound outside, but then—

HOO, HOO-HOO, HOO!

What was that?! Okay, be calm, don't panic, and just use your brain. It sounded close but muffled. What could that have been?

If it was close, the only place close other than the kitchen was the garage! There was a door to the garage through the living room! Lewis slowly opened the door a crack and pointed his flashlight inside. What he saw made him alert again.

There were boxes knocked down and tools on the floor, and then he saw it. A great horned owl, sitting on a shelf.

“MOM! DAD! There's an owl in the garage!” He yelled, then closed the door so that the owl wouldn't fly around the house. His dad came running with Mom, saw what happened in the garage, and then walked outside and opened the garage door so that the owl could fly out. The great-horned hooted gratefully and flew out. Phew! Mystery solved!