

Galapoghost!  
By Kaira Chang

As I tiptoed into Room Ten, I heard ghostly noises in the bathroom. "Show yourself!" I commanded. "Booooooooooooo" was the reply. I shut the door, and watched through the peephole as a white robed figure jumped on the bed.

Okay. We were solving a mystery. Not any ordinary mystery, but a ghost mystery. I could be standing on a haunted ship, stranded in the middle of the Pacific Ocean! My school friends and I were on a small boat in the Galapagos Islands. Each family occupied one room, with an extra room left: Room Ten. Kids said a ghost haunted the room. I didn't believe it. Somebody was behind it, I was sure.

On Friday night, we had planned a party in Room Ten. But everybody was too scared to go. I was absolutely not going to let some white-robed person spoil all my vacation fun. I would do everything I could to stop anybody else from believing there was a ghost in Room Ten by inviting them to a mission: Galapoghost. Everyday, we would go into the room, investigate, and find the "ghost."

I picked three people to go inside Room Ten: Erin, who could break any lock. Benjamin, who would interview suspects. And me, who would run the operation and put all the clues together. I picked a time between activities when we would have time to investigate and go over the facts. Erin picked the lock (adults locked it because little kids insisted on trapping the ghost inside so it couldn't come out). We went inside, and we got to our jobs. Meanwhile, Benjamin was preparing to interview suspects. We all came out of the room, our hands full of clues. I found ketchup fingerprints on the ground, so every kid would be fingerprinted. Only problem: we didn't have any real devices for fingerprinting, so we covered the suspects' hands with red marker, and stamped them on paper. After that, we needed to take the ketchup smudges. (Impossible to do!)

Finally, I collected all of the clues into an interview. Did you eat ketchup? Would you like to confess anything? As Benjamin asked questions, I thought: who would be able to open a locked door? Then I remembered. The adults had locked the door because younger kids were scared. The person who was able to go inside would need to be able to open the door. There was only one person who could do that: Erin! Suddenly everything clicked into place. The "ketchup" on the floor wasn't ketchup, it was Erin's spaghetti sauce. I asked Erin if it was her. She said yes, and apologized to us. Erin hadn't been afraid of the ghost because she WAS the ghost and was pretending to solve the mystery. Even if Erin gave us a scare, it was still fun to solve. I will always remember solving the Galapoghost mystery.