

Garage Project Detective



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Search for the items in bold.

Dad's special space was the garage—it was the one place he could call his own.

He had so much junk stashed away inside, it had become a no-car zone.

His **red toolbox**, **2 saws**, **staple gun**, **wire cutter**, and **ruler** were there,
But only he could find them because they were here, there, and everywhere.

His latest project had an **assembly diagram** he had to study—

No one was allowed in the garage except for his support dog, Buddy.

He gathered up **5 pencils**, **2 hammers**, **3 wrenches**, a **clamp**, and a **drill**,
But even with **6 screw eyes**, his grasp of the instructions was mostly nil.

With **10 screwdrivers** and **2 utility knives**, he had nothing to lose.

Sandpaper and **Gorilla wood glue** were two things he knew well how to use.

But with **2 regular pliers** and **2 needle-nose pliers**, he had to guess,
And if he kept things on the **level**, he'd admit his project was a mess.

He turned the **doorknob**, went inside, saw his wife, and began explaining:

"The good news is the car fits in the garage again so you can stop complaining.

I've scratched the project, thrown away the diagram, and cleaned up instead.

So, take the **butter knife** I found—I'm very tired, and I'm going straight to bed."