

Rise & Shine Detective



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Search for the items in bold.

“Rise and shine,” my mom would say. “The day’s not getting any younger, son.”
And I would get up and breakfast on oatmeal, **3 oranges**, and a cinnamon bun.
Now I’m grown and living alone, with no one to get me out of bed and on my feet.
My **alarm clock** sounds like a **rooster**, and the snooze button’s on permanent repeat.

With **washcloth**, **body brush**, **soap**, and **towel**, to the shower I do stumble.
I open a **box of razors**, apply **shaving cream** with a **shaving brush**, and grumble.
Then the **comb**, **toothbrush**, **toothpaste**, and **deodorant** are next before I’m done.
This daily routine leaves me feeling exhausted before my workday’s even begun!

There’s no mother-made breakfast waiting on the table—I have to fix it for myself.
I get the Folger’s **coffee**, a **mug**, a **plate**, and a **fork** from my pantry shelf.
I fry an **egg** and **5 pieces of bacon** and spread **butter** on **2 pieces of toast**
And have a laugh while reading the **cartoons** in my newspaper *The Daily Post*.

I check my **pocket watch** and see that I am running late for work again—oh no!
I grab my **keys**, jump in the car, and curse the traffic going way too slow.
Then I see, to my horror, instead of my shoes, I’m wearing **2 slippers** instead!
“I miss you, Mom,” I mutter as I turn the car around and head back to bed.

Happy Valentine’s Day, Mom!