



“Hey, my Christmas lights are gone! Somebody swiped my lights.”

These weren't just any old Christmas lights. They were sparkly special. They flashed and twinkled. Best of all, my lights were shaped like yummy candy canes, the best candy in the world.





Now they were gone! Who would swipe them, right out from under my nose? Well, *over* my nose, I thought, as I looked up.

The thief must be small. He must be slick. He stole my lights, quick as a flick!

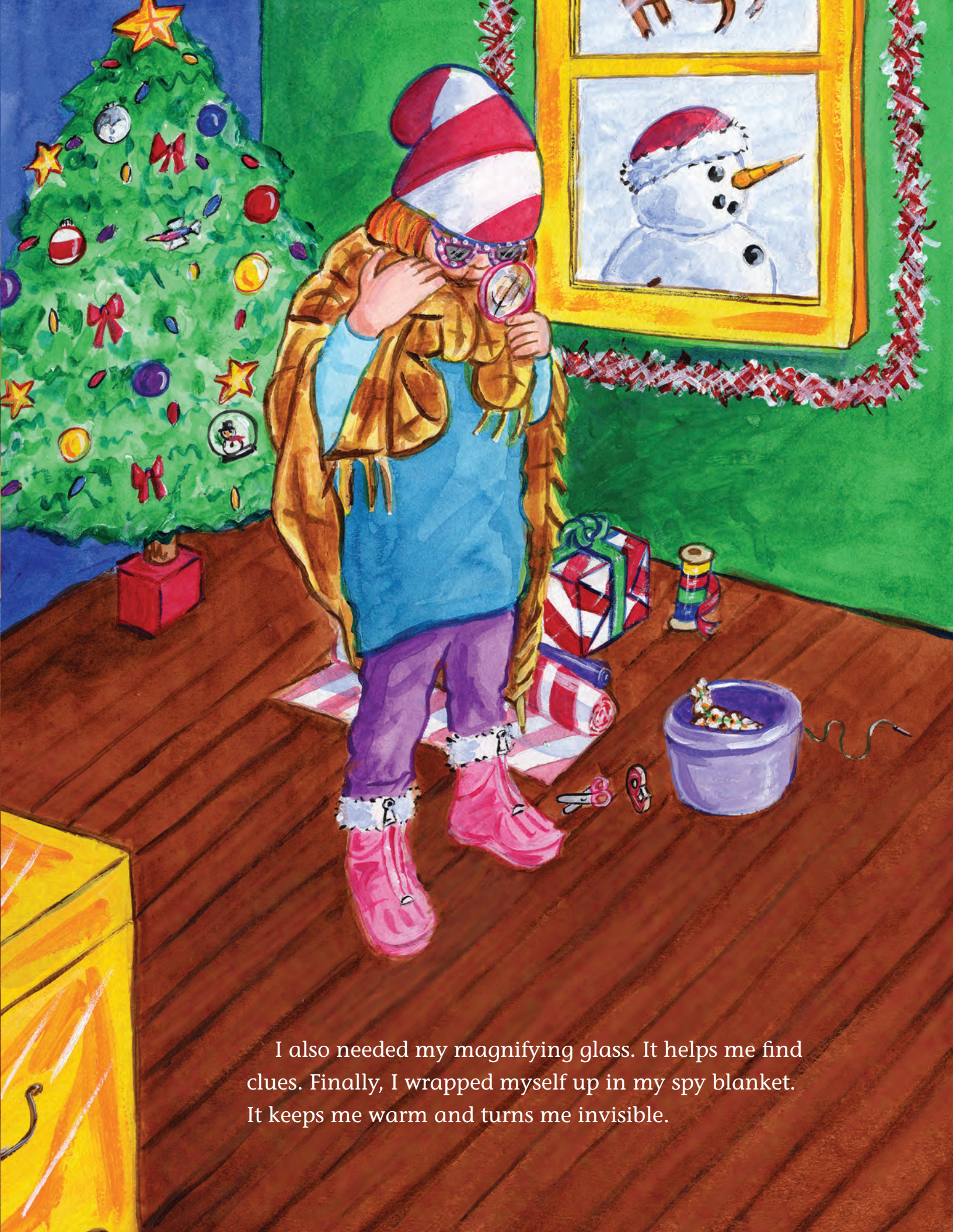
“I’ll find out who stole my candy-cane Christmas lights. First, I need my spy disguise.”





Back inside my playhouse, I rummaged through my golden trunk. I found my ski hat. It even had a candy-cane shape—perfect! And nobody would recognize me behind my pink sunglasses, dotted with *real* diamonds.





I also needed my magnifying glass. It helps me find clues. Finally, I wrapped myself up in my spy blanket. It keeps me warm and turns me invisible.



I tiptoed into our big house to see if my lights were there. Wait! A spy definitely needs a Christmas cookie for energy. In the kitchen, I sniffed for the warm cookie scent. *Aha!* Six gingerbread cookies, freshly frosted, rested on the counter, waiting to be gobbled up. I grabbed one and sank my teeth into the icing. *Mmmm.* It felt warm and yummy in my tummy.





Mommy never saw me! The blanket worked. *Heehee!*  
I looked around. No candy-cane Christmas lights here.

