



What is this book about ?

The ghost detectives have to find clues to solve the mystery in their grandmother's garden. Lina and Max are the main characters. The message is that discovery and adventure can lead to new experiences. There is also a connection to the past.

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Chapter 1: The Shadow in the Old House

It was a gloomy afternoon when Lina and her little brother Max entered their grandmother's old house. The air was cool, and the shadows danced on the walls as they closed the creaking door behind them. Dusty furniture stood in the corner, as if they had been waiting a long time for visitors.

A gleam of light fell through the broken window, and something shining attracted Lina's attention. She stepped closer. It was a silver medallion that shimmered softly to itself. She had hardly touched it when a soft giggle echoed through the room.

"Max, did you hear that?" She whispered and looked around. Her brother nodded nervously. A cold wind blew through the cracks of the windows.

Lina felt a tingling sensation in her stomach. Something was here, and it wasn't alone.

Suddenly, a shadowy creature shot across the hallway. Lina and Max flinched. Was it a ghost?

They followed the shadow that led them into the kitchen. There was a small piece of paper on the table, with a scrawled handwriting: "If you stay here, you will always be surprised!"

The siblings looked at each other. What did that mean?

It was a gloomy afternoon when Lina and her little brother Max entered their grandmother's old house. The air was cool, and the shadows danced on the walls as they closed the creaking door behind them. Dusty furniture stood in the corner, as if they had been waiting a long time for visitors. Everywhere there was the smell of old books and yellowed paper.

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A cold wind blew through the cracks of the windows, bringing with it the scent of freshly baked bread, a familiar smell that brought back memories of her grandmother.

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"Come on, let's see!" Max shouted and crept cautiously after him.

They followed the shade into the kitchen. There was a small piece of paper on the table, with a scrawled handwriting: "If you stay here, you will always be surprised!"

Lina and Max looked at each other. What did that mean?

The kitchen was like a treasure trove full of mysterious things.

An old cookbook lay open on the table, its pages yellow and fringed.

On the wall hung a picture of a smiling wife of her grandmother. Her eyes seemed to sparkle as if she could watch the two of them.

"Let's look at the book," Max suggested, pointing to the page, which was full of magical recipes. "Maybe we can conjure up something delicious!"

But just as they opened the book, there was a soft giggle, and a small breeze whirled the pages around. Lina held her heart when she noticed the fleeting movements. A sparkling beam of light broke through the room and formed a friendly face – the face of her grandmother!

"Don't worry, my dears! I'm here to help you!" cried the mischievous spirit happily. "I love to surprise you!"

Lina was amazed. "Grandmother? Is that really you?"

"Yes, yes, it's really me!" She laughed, and the giggle echoed through the walls. "I'm not completely gone. Sometimes I'm just a little prankster. If you stay here, it will never be boring!"

Max grinned. "What adventures await us?"

"Oh, far too many to tell them all!" replied the grandmother with a wink.

"But first, you must help me unravel the mystery of this house. Each room has its own story!"

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A glimmer of light fell through the broken window, illuminating a small table on which lay a silver locket.

It sparkled mysteriously and magically attracted Lina, and as soon as she touched it, a soft giggle sounded that echoed through the room, like the bell of an old clock.

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In the middle stood a large table on which lay various small objects: an

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"There are no wrong decisions," the grandmother reassured her. "Every election will teach you something, and every story has its own value."

After a short moment of thought, Lina closed her eyes and put a hand on the music box. "I want to take the music box!"

Max nodded enthusiastically. "That sounds good! Let's see what she can do!"

As they wound up the music box, a soft melody sounded that meandered through the room like a gentle wind. The notes danced in the air and turned into bright colors that jumped onto the walls. The images seemed to come alive, and the stories of fairies and dragons began to wind around them.

"Wow! Do you see that?" Max shouted. "It's like a dream!"

Lina smiled and suddenly felt more courageous. "Where will the music take us?"

"Let's see where the melody takes us!" cried the grandmother, and her spirit hovered with them as the music grew louder and the space around them blurred.

With one last look at the other two objects, Lina knew that they had made the right choice. The adventure had only just begun, and the secrets of the old house were just waiting to be discovered.

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As the colors became more intense, Lina and Max felt their feet leave the

ground. It was as if they were being pulled into another room, another time. The melody became more cheerful, and the children found themselves in a beautiful garden, full of bright flowers and gently babbling fountains.

"Where are we?" Max marveled and ran enthusiastically between the colorful flowers. "That looks like a fairy tale!"

"This must be a part of the story!" cried Lina, looking at the bright colors around her. "I can almost see the fairies!"

In the distance, they discovered a small table at which a group of colorful little creatures were sitting. They had shining wings and laughed merrily. As the siblings approached, the creatures noticed the two and waved to them.

"Come here, friends!" one of the fairies called out in a ringing voice.

"We're having a party!"

Lina and Max looked at each other, their eyes shining with excitement.

"That sounds like an adventure!" cried Lina.

But before they could start walking, a soft giggle sounded behind them.

"Remember, dear children! There are many secrets to discover in this garden!" cried the grandmother, hovering gently beside them.

"What secrets?" Max asked curiously.

"Oh, you'll find out," the ghost replied with a mischievous smile. "But be careful, not everything is as it seems."

The siblings nodded and ran in the direction of the fairies. As they walked along the colorful path, a feeling of joy and wonder flooded their hearts. They were ready to explore the secrets of the garden and discover their grandmother's magic.

It was a gloomy afternoon when Lina and her little brother Max entered their grandmother's old house.

The air was cool and smelled of dust and memories, and the shadows danced on the walls as they closed the creaking door behind them. Dusty furniture stood in the corner, as if they had been waiting a long time for visitors.

There were traces of days gone by everywhere: crumpled envelopes, an

old toy and a scrapbook with faded photos.

A glimmer of light fell through the broken window, illuminating a small table on which lay a silver locket. It sparkled mysteriously and magically attracted Lina, and as soon as she touched it, a soft giggle sounded that echoed through the room, like the bell of an old clock.

"Max, did you hear that?" she whispered as she looked around. Her brother, who hid a little behind her, nodded nervously and pushed himself further into the room. A cold wind blew through the cracks of the windows, bringing with it the scent of freshly baked bread – a familiar smell that brought back memories of her grandmother.

Lina felt a tingling sensation in her stomach. Something was here, and it wasn't alone.

Suddenly, a shadowy creature darted across the hallway, and Lina and Max flinched. Was it a ghost?

The shadow seemed to be looking directly at her, his eyes sparkled with mischievousness. Lina held her breath as she looked after the creature that disappeared through the kitchen.

"Come on, let's see!" Max shouted and crept cautiously after him.

They followed the shade into the kitchen. There was a small piece of paper on the table, with a scrawled handwriting: "If you stay here, you will always be surprised!"

Lina and Max looked at each other, their eyes wide open. What did that mean?

The kitchen was like a treasure trove full of mysterious things. An old cookbook lay open on the table, its pages yellow and fringed. On the wall hung a picture of a smiling wife of her grandmother. Her eyes seemed to sparkle as if she could watch the two of them.

"Let's look at the book," Max suggested, pointing to the page, which was

full of magical recipes. "Maybe we can conjure up something delicious!" Just as they opened the book, there was a soft giggle, and a little breeze whirled the pages around. Lina held her heart when she noticed the fleeting movements. A sparkling beam of light broke through the room and formed into a friendly face: her grandmother's face!

"Don't worry, my dears! I'm here to help you!" cried the mischievous spirit happily. "I love to surprise you!"

Lina was amazed. "Grandmother? Is that really you?"

"Yes, yes, it's really me!" She laughed, and the giggle echoed through the walls. "I'm not completely gone. Sometimes I'm just a little prankster. If you stay here, it will never be boring!"

Max grinned. "What adventures await us?"

"Oh, far too many to tell them all!" replied the grandmother with a wink.

"But first, you must help me unravel the mystery of this house. Each room has its own story!"

The siblings looked at each other, full of excitement and curiosity. What secrets could the old house be hiding?

And what kind of adventures would they experience?

Suddenly, Lina's eyes fell on an old picture hanging on the wall. It showed a cheerful family sitting together around a large table. "It looks like it was taken many years ago," she murmured. "Where are all the people now?"

"We'll find out," Max whispered and gently pulled her into the next corner of the kitchen. There they discovered a small wooden cabinet with a peeling varnish. "Maybe there's something in there!"

When they opened the door, a soft glow of light filled the room, and the children looked inside. Suddenly, a soft laugh began to sound, and the room filled with a warm glow. Lina and Max stepped closer, their curiosity winning over fear.

"It's time for our adventure!" cried the grandmother, and the shadow that had followed them came to life. "Are you ready?"

The children nodded enthusiastically. The shadow led them to a secret room behind the kitchen that they had never noticed before.

The walls were decorated with colorful pictures that told stories of fairies and dragons. In the middle stood a large table on which lay various small objects: an old music box, a strange firefly jar and a dusty book with blank pages.

"Here's the first clue!" said the ghost with a mischievous smile. "Each of these objects has its own story. Choose wisely!"

Lina and Max looked at the objects.

"What could the music box do?" Max asked, carefully picking up the glittering object. It was made in the shape of a small swan and seemed to have not been played for a long time.

"Maybe she'll play a melody that will lead us to a memory," Lina thought and imagined the notes flying through the room.

The firefly jar was another fascinating object.

It was filled with a soft, golden substance that seemed to glow in the dark. "This could contain magic light!" exclaimed Max. "Maybe we can use it to find our way around dark corners of the house!"

Finally, there was the dusty book with the blank pages. Lina felt attracted to him. "What if it's a kind of diary? Maybe we can fill it as we go on our adventures!"

The grandmother smiled. "Every election leads to a new adventure. Remember, the stories you experience are also your stories. Whatever you choose will accompany you in the next chapters."

The siblings looked at each other with a deep breath, full of anticipation and excitement. Lina couldn't hold back the questions: "What if we make the wrong choice?"

"There are no wrong decisions," the grandmother reassured her. "Every election will teach you something, and every story has its own value."

After a short moment of thought, Lina closed her eyes and put a hand on the music box. "I want to take the music box!"

Max nodded enthusiastically. "That sounds good! Let's see what she can do!"

As they wound up the music box, a soft melody sounded that meandered through the room like a gentle wind. The notes danced in the air and turned into bright colors that jumped onto the walls. The images seemed to come alive, and the stories of fairies and dragons began to wind around them.

"Wow! Do you see that?" Max shouted. "It's like a dream!"

Lina smiled and suddenly felt more courageous. "Where will the music take us?"

"Let's see where the melody takes us!" cried the grandmother, and her spirit hovered with them as the music grew louder and the space around them blurred.

As the colors became more intense, Lina and Max felt their feet leave the

ground.

It was as if they were being pulled into another room, another time.

The melody became more cheerful, and the children found themselves in a beautiful garden, full of bright flowers and gently babbling fountains.

"Where are we?" Max marveled and ran enthusiastically between the colorful flowers. "That looks like a fairy tale!"

"This must be a part of the story!" cried Lina, looking at the bright colors around her. "I can almost see the fairies!"

In the distance, they discovered a small table at which a group of colorful little creatures were sitting. They had shining wings and laughed merrily. As the siblings approached, the creatures noticed the two and waved to them.

"Come here, friends!" one of the fairies called out in a ringing voice.

"We're having a party!"

Lina and Max looked at each other, their eyes shining with excitement.

"That sounds like an adventure!" cried Lina.

But before they could start walking, a soft giggle sounded behind them.

"Remember, dear children! There are many secrets to discover in this garden!" cried the grandmother, hovering gently beside them.

"What secrets?" Max asked curiously.

"Oh, you'll find out," the ghost replied with a mischievous smile. "But be careful, not everything is as it seems."

The siblings nodded and ran in the direction of the fairies. As they walked along the colorful path, a feeling of joy and wonder flooded their hearts. They were ready to explore the secrets of the garden and discover their grandmother's magic.

But just as they reached the happy voices of the fairies, they heard a cool whisper behind them. "Don't forget that not everyone who smiles is friendly..."

A shiver ran down Lina's spine. They turned around and saw another shadow pushing out of the depths of the garden.

He was much taller than the first and had an eerie sparkle in his eyes. It was as if the shadow was watching her, and a sense of anxiety spread through her hearts.

"That's..." Max began, but Lina shook his hand and let him fall silent. They knew they were on an adventure they never thought possible.

The laughter of the fairies stopped, and the colors around them began to fade.

"Lina, what should we do?" whispered Max, his voice trembling.

"We have to be strong," she answered, and a look into the eyes of her grandmother's ghost gave her the courage she needed. But the threat was there, and they knew that the next decision would be decisive.

Would they face the uninvited visitor or avoid him? Whatever happened, it was clear: the adventure had only just begun.

Now it's up to you: What should Lina and Max do next?

Will they face the sinister shadow or try to retreat and find another way?

Chapter 2: An Uninvited Visitor

Lina and Max stood motionless, the shadow in front of them seemed to thicken and take on a clearer form.

It was a large, dark outline that swallowed up the bright colors of the garden.