

The Case of the 12:30 PM Mystery

The Adventures of the Curious Four



Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj

<https://grandpaStories.com>

The Adventures of the Curious Four

The case of the 12:30 PM mystery

The Adventures of the Curious Four

Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj

MBBS, MD(AM)



GrandPa Stories

Adventures for Children

Website: <https://grandpaStories.com>

Email: contact@grandpastories.com

Copyright Notice

© 2026 Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission from the author.

Printed in India. First Edition.

Dedicated

***To my wife, son and daughter who have stood by me
during every tumultuous episode of my life
(and there were many)***

***This book is also dedicated to every child who still
believes that curiosity can change the world.***

GrandPa Stories and Adventures for Children

Website: <https://grandpaStories.com>

Email: contact@grandpastories.com

Copyright Notice

© 2026 Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission from the author.

Printed in India. First Edition.



CHAPTER I — The Glitch at 12:30

Crescent Maple Primary always felt busiest just before lunch. The corridors buzzed with footsteps, chatter, and the clatter of lunchboxes being snapped open too early. Today was no different—except for the tiny detail that the school Wi-Fi had decided to misbehave again.

Ava Tan noticed it first.

She was in the computer lab, fingers flying across the keyboard as she tried to finish her coding assignment before the bell. The screen froze. The little spinning wheel appeared. And then—poof—the connection dropped.

“Not again,” she muttered, tapping the side of the monitor as if that would help.

Across the room, Arjun Reddy looked up from his puzzle app. “Yours too?”

Ava nodded. “12:30 on the dot. Same as yesterday.”

Arjun checked his watch. “Twelve twenty-nine and fifty-eight seconds,” he said. “Give or take.”

Ava rolled her eyes. “Only you would time it.”

Arjun grinned. “Only you would notice it before anyone else.”

At the back of the room, Hanna Park was sketching a leaf she had found on the way to school. She wasn't even using the internet, but she noticed the sudden hush that fell over the room when the screens froze.

“Is it happening again?” she asked softly.

Mateo Rivera, who had been narrating his own imaginary action scene under his breath, stopped mid-sentence. “The Great Wi-Fi Collapse of Crescent Maple Primary!” he declared dramatically. “A tragedy for the ages!”

Ava smacked his arm lightly. “Focus, Mateo.”

“I am focusing,” he said. “On the tragedy.”

The four exchanged looks. They didn’t need to say it out loud. Something strange was going on.

The bell rang, and the class erupted into movement. Students rushed out, eager for lunch. The Curious Four—Ava, Arjun, Hanna, and Mateo—walked together toward the canteen, weaving through the crowd.

As they passed the teachers’ lounge, the lights above them flickered once. Just once. But enough for Ava to stop walking.

“Did you see that?” she asked.

Mateo gasped. “The ghosts are coming for us!”

Hanna shook her head. “It’s probably just old wiring.”

Arjun frowned. “But it flickered at the same time the internet dropped.”

Ava nodded slowly. “That’s... interesting.”

They continued walking, but the thought lingered in the air like a tiny spark waiting to catch fire.

Lunch was noisy, cheerful, and full of the usual chaos—students trading snacks, teachers trying to maintain order,

and the smell of noodles drifting through the hall. The Curious Four sat at their usual table near the window.

Ava poked at her food. “This has been happening for ten days now.”

“Ten days exactly,” Arjun confirmed. “I checked the logs on the school portal.”

Mateo leaned forward. “And what does that mean, Detective Reddy?”

Arjun shrugged. “I don’t know yet. But it started suddenly.”

Hanna looked thoughtful. “Did anything else happen ten days ago?”

Ava opened her mouth to answer, but before she could, a group of teachers walked past their table, whispering.

“...still no sign of him...”

“...went for a swim and never came back...”

“...three days before the glitches started...”

The children froze.

Ava’s eyes widened. “Did you hear that?”

Mateo nodded vigorously. “Someone went missing! This is officially a mystery!”

Arjun frowned. “We don’t know that. Maybe he just took leave.”

Hanna shook her head. “They sounded worried.”

The four fell silent, each lost in thought.

After lunch, they headed to the library for their reading period. The librarian, Mrs. Lim, was sorting books when the lights flickered again—twice this time.

She sighed. “Not again. I’ve already called the tech team twice today.”

Ava exchanged a look with Arjun.

“Mrs. Lim,” Arjun asked politely, “has this been happening every day?”

Mrs. Lim nodded. “Every day at exactly the same time. It’s very strange.”

Mateo whispered, “Ghosts.”

Mrs. Lim gave him a look. “No ghosts. Just bad wiring.”

But she didn’t sound convinced.

Later, during dismissal, the Curious Four gathered near the school gate. The sun was warm, the breeze gentle, and students streamed past them, eager to go home. But the four stood still, thinking.

Ava crossed her arms. “Internet glitch. Light flicker. Same time every day.”

Arjun added, “Started ten days ago.”

Hanna said softly, “And someone went missing three days before that.”

Mateo grinned. “This is the beginning of something big. I can feel it.”

Ava nodded. “We should keep an eye on it.”

Arjun agreed. “Tomorrow, we check different parts of the school at 12:30.”

Hanna smiled. “And maybe we’ll find a clue.”

Mateo raised his fist. “The Curious Four are on the case!”

They bumped fists together, sealing the unspoken promise.

As they walked home, none of them noticed the small figure trailing behind them—quiet, curious, and listening to every word.

Mira Reddy smiled to herself.

She had heard everything.

And she had her own ideas.



CHAPTER 2 — The First Clues

The next morning, Crescent Maple Primary felt unusually bright. The sun poured through the classroom windows, the breeze carried the smell of freshly cut grass, and the school grounds buzzed with the usual energy of children who were only half awake but fully excited for the day.

But the Curious Four had only one thing on their minds.

“Operation 12:30,” Mateo whispered dramatically as they walked toward their classroom.

Ava rolled her eyes but smiled. “It’s not an operation. We’re just observing.”

“Everything is an operation if you say it with enough confidence,” Mateo replied.

Arjun adjusted his backpack. “We need to split up today. If the glitch happens everywhere at the same time, we’ll know it’s a central issue. If it happens only in certain places, that’s a clue.”

Hanna nodded. “I’ll take the art room. The lights there flickered yesterday.”

Ava said, “I’ll be in the computer lab again.”

Arjun added, “I’ll check the library.”

Mateo puffed out his chest. “And I shall bravely investigate the canteen.”

Ava smirked. “You just want to be near the food.”

Mateo didn’t deny it.

The morning passed quickly. Math, English, a short assembly, and then recess. Everything felt normal—almost too normal. The four met briefly near the water cooler to confirm their plan.

“Remember,” Arjun said, “12:30 sharp.”

“Sharp,” Mateo echoed, saluting.

Hanna giggled. “You don’t have to salute.”

“I know,” Mateo said. “But it feels right.”

They split up, each heading to their assigned location.

12:25 PM — The Countdown Begins

Ava sat in the computer lab, pretending to work on her coding assignment. She kept glancing at the clock. The second hand seemed to move slower than usual.

In the library, Arjun positioned himself near the router cabinet. Mrs. Lim gave him a curious look.

“Research project,” he explained.

She nodded, though she didn’t look convinced.

In the art room, Hanna sat by the window, sketching a potted plant. She kept one eye on the lights above her.

And in the canteen, Mateo sat at a table with a half-eaten samosa, tapping his foot impatiently.

12:29 PM — Almost There

Ava’s fingers hovered over the keyboard.

Arjun checked his watch.

Hanna held her breath.

Mateo stuffed the rest of the samosa into his mouth.

12:30 PM — The Glitch

It happened instantly.

Ava’s computer froze. The spinning wheel appeared. The Wi-Fi icon blinked twice and vanished.

In the library, the router lights flickered wildly before going dark.

In the art room, the overhead lights dimmed, brightened, and then flickered in a strange rhythm—almost like blinking.

In the canteen, the fans slowed down for a moment, then sped up again.

Mateo gasped loudly. “It’s happening! The Great 12:30 Curse!”

Students around him stared.

He coughed. “I mean... the glitch.”

After school, the four met under their favourite banyan tree near the gate. The branches spread wide like a giant umbrella, offering shade and a sense of secrecy.

Ava spoke first. “It happened in the computer lab again. Same time. Same pattern.”

Arjun nodded. “Library too. Router went crazy.”

Hanna added, “Art room lights flickered. It felt... deliberate.”

Mateo said, “Canteen fans did a weird slow-fast thing. Like they were dancing.”

Ava raised an eyebrow. “Fans don’t dance.”

“These did,” Mateo insisted.

Arjun pulled out a small notebook. “So we know it’s not limited to one room. But it’s also not happening everywhere. The classrooms were fine.”

Hanna thought for a moment. “So only certain parts of the school are affected.”

Ava nodded. “Which means the problem is connected to those areas somehow.”

Mateo leaned in. “Like a ghost haunting specific places!”

Ava groaned. “There are no ghosts.”

“Tell that to the teachers,” Mateo said. “They were whispering again today.”

Arjun looked up. “What did they say?”

Mateo shrugged. “Something about the missing staff member. They think he might have... you know... come back.”

Hanna shivered. “That’s creepy.”

Ava shook her head. “There has to be a logical explanation.”

Arjun agreed. “We need more data. Tomorrow, we check different rooms again.”

Mateo grinned. “Operation 12:30 continues!”

A Strange Conversation

As they walked toward the gate, they passed the teachers’ lounge. The door was slightly open, and voices drifted out.

“...still no sign of him...”

“...his family hasn’t heard anything...”

“...he left without permission...”

“...and now all this strange stuff is happening...”

The children exchanged glances.

Ava whispered, “We need to find out more about this missing staff member.”

Arjun nodded. “But we have to be careful. We can’t just walk in and ask.”

Hanna said softly, “Maybe we’ll overhear something else tomorrow.”

Mateo added, “Or maybe the ghost will tell us.”

Ava elbowed him. “Stop it.”

Mira’s Shadow

As the four walked home, deep in discussion, they didn’t notice the small figure trailing behind them again.

Mira Reddy kept a careful distance, her eyes bright with curiosity.

She had heard everything.

And she had already begun forming her own theory.

But she wasn’t ready to share it yet.

Not until the right moment.



CHAPTER 3 — Enter Prof. Tan Zany

By the third day of their investigation, the Curious Four weren't the only ones puzzled by the strange 12:30 disturbances. The entire school was buzzing with theories—some sensible, some silly, and some downright spooky.

But one thing was certain: **The adults were officially out of ideas.**

It started with the electricians.

They arrived on Monday morning with toolboxes, ladders, and confident smiles. They checked the fuse boxes, the wiring panels, the circuit breakers, and even the old generator behind the canteen.

After two hours, the chief electrician scratched his head.
“Everything’s fine,” he said. “Not a single loose wire.”

The next day, the internet technicians came.

They tested the routers, replaced cables, rebooted the servers, and even crawled under the computer lab tables with flashlights.

After three hours, the lead technician sighed.

“No issues on our end. The system is perfect.”

But at **12:30 PM**, the Wi-Fi crashed again.

And the lights flickered.

And the fans slowed.

And the teachers panicked.

By Wednesday, the staff room was a storm of frustration.

“We’ve called them three times!” “They say nothing’s wrong!” “Then why does it keep happening?” “Maybe it’s... something else.”

The last sentence was whispered.

But it spread like wildfire.

The Announcement

Just before recess, the principal’s voice crackled over the PA system.

“Attention, students and staff. Please assemble in the hall for an important announcement.”

Ava raised an eyebrow. “This sounds serious.”

Arjun nodded. “Maybe they finally found the cause.”

Mateo grinned. “Or maybe they found the ghost.”

Ava elbowed him. “Stop.”

Hanna whispered, “Let’s just see.”

They joined the stream of students heading toward the assembly hall.

Prof. Tan Zany Appears

The hall was packed. Teachers stood at the sides, looking tired and worried. Students whispered excitedly.

Then the doors opened.

And in walked a man unlike anyone they had ever seen.

He wore a long purple coat decorated with glittering stars.

Around his neck hung a necklace made of shiny plastic bones.

His hair stood up in dramatic spikes, and he carried a staff topped with a blinking LED light.

He marched to the front of the hall, raised his staff, and declared:

“Fear not, children! For I, **Professor Tan Zany**, Ghost Whisperer Extraordinaire, have arrived!”

Mateo gasped. “This is even better than I imagined.”

Ava groaned. “This is worse than I imagined.”

Arjun blinked. “Is this... real?”

Hanna whispered, “He looks like he escaped from a magic show.”

Principal Tan stepped forward, looking both hopeful and embarrassed.

“Professor Zany has been invited to... investigate the unusual disturbances occurring at 12:30 PM.”

Prof. Zany twirled dramatically. “I shall commune with the spirits! I shall uncover the truth! I shall—”

His staff blinked twice and made a sad beeping noise.

He smacked it gently. “—fix that later.”

Students giggled.

Teachers exchanged worried glances.

The Curious Four stared.

This was definitely a new clue.

The “Investigation”

Prof. Tan Zany began his inspection immediately.

He waved his blinking staff at the ceiling fans.

He hummed loudly at the light fixtures.

He pressed his ear dramatically against the router cabinet.

He even sprinkled glitter on the floor “to reveal ghost footprints.”

Ava whispered, “This is ridiculous.”

Arjun nodded. “He hasn’t checked a single electrical panel.”

Hanna added, “Or asked about the wiring.”

Mateo said, “But he has glitter.”

Ava sighed.

A Suspicious Detail

As Prof. Zany strutted toward the staff room, his coat snagged on a door handle. It flipped open just enough for the children to see something underneath:

A school bus driver’s uniform.

Ava’s eyes widened.

Arjun whispered, “That’s not a professor’s outfit.”

Hanna said softly, “Why would a ghost expert wear a driver’s uniform?”

Mateo gasped. “Maybe he’s undercover!”

Ava shook her head. “Or maybe he’s not a ghost expert at all.”

They exchanged looks.

This was their **first real lead**.

Another 12:30 Glitch

At exactly 12:30 PM, the glitch struck again.

Ava was in the science lab—lights flickered.

Arjun was in the library—router blinked wildly.

Hanna was in the music room—speakers crackled.

Mateo was in the canteen—fans slowed dramatically.

And Prof. Tan Zany?

He was in the corridor, waving his staff and shouting, “Show yourself, spirit of the wires!”

A teacher gently guided him away.

Mira Watches

After school, the Curious Four gathered under the banyan tree.

Ava said, “Electricians found nothing. Internet guys found nothing.”

Arjun added, “And Prof. Tan Zany is definitely a fake.”

Hanna nodded. “So the real cause is still out there.”

Mateo grinned. “Which means the mystery is still alive!”

Ava rolled her eyes. “We need more clues.”

Arjun tapped his notebook. “Tomorrow, we map the affected rooms.”

They walked home deep in thought.

Behind them, Mira followed quietly.

She had seen everything.

And she had already begun connecting the dots.



CHAPTER 4 — Clues That Go Nowhere

The next morning, Crescent Maple Primary felt unusually tense. Students walked in groups, whispering about Prof. Tan Zany’s “spirit-summoning dance.” Teachers looked tired from lack of sleep. Even the security guard kept glancing nervously at the ceiling lights.

But the Curious Four were focused.

They met near the notice board before class.

Ava said, “Today we gather real clues. No glitter. No feathers. No nonsense.”

Mateo sighed dramatically. “Goodbye, glitter. You were fun while you lasted.”

Arjun opened his notebook. “We need to check the rooms that glitched yesterday and compare them with today.”

Hanna nodded. “And maybe we’ll find a pattern.”

They split up again, each heading to a different part of the school.

Clue 1 — The Science Lab

Ava entered the science lab just before 12:30. The room smelled faintly of vinegar and metal, and sunlight streamed through the tall windows.

She checked the sockets. She checked the switches. She checked the power strip under the teacher’s desk.

Everything looked normal.

At 12:30, the lights flickered twice.

Ava frowned. “Why only this room and not the next one?”

She stepped into the adjacent classroom.

Nothing happened there.

She scribbled in her notebook: **Science lab flicker. Next room normal. No visible cause.**

Another dead end.

Clue 2 — The Library

Arjun stationed himself near the router cabinet again. Mrs. Lim watched him with mild amusement.

“You’re very dedicated to your research,” she said.

Arjun nodded. “It’s... important.”

At 12:30, the router lights blinked rapidly, then froze.

Mrs. Lim sighed. “Not again.”

Arjun checked the cables. All secure. He checked the power outlet. Perfect. He checked the ventilation. Clear.

He wrote: **Router glitch. No loose cables. No overheating. No dust.**

Another dead end.

Clue 3 — The Music Room

Hanna sat quietly in the music room, sketching a violin on her pad. The room was peaceful, filled with soft echoes of earlier practice sessions.

At 12:30, the speakers crackled loudly, then went silent.

Hanna jumped.

She checked the speaker wires. She checked the amplifier. She checked the switchboard.

Everything was perfectly fine.

She wrote: **Speakers crackle. No damage. No loose wires.**

Another dead end.

Clue 4 — The Canteen

Mateo sat at his usual table, munching on a curry puff. He watched the ceiling fans like a hawk.

At 12:30, the fans slowed dramatically, then sped up again.

Mateo gasped. “The fans are dancing again!”

He checked the fan regulator. He checked the switchboard. He even asked the canteen aunty if she noticed anything strange.

She shrugged. “Fans old. Maybe tired.”

Mateo wrote: **Fans slow-fast. No visible issue. Aunty says fans tired.**

Another dead end.

The After-School Meeting

The four met under the banyan tree again, each carrying a notebook full of scribbles.

Ava said, “Every room has a problem.”

Arjun added, “But none of the problems have a cause.”

Hanna said softly, “It’s like the school is glitching on purpose.”

Mateo nodded. “Like a ghost sending signals!”

Ava groaned. “No ghosts.”

Arjun tapped his notebook. “Look at this.”

He spread out a rough map of the school. Each of them marked the rooms they had checked.

Ava circled the science lab. Arjun circled the library. Hanna circled the music room. Mateo circled the canteen.

Hanna leaned in. “They’re all far apart.”

Ava nodded. “Different blocks. Different floors.”

Mateo said, “Different ghosts!”

Ava ignored him. “So how can the glitch hit all these places at the same time?”

Arjun frowned. “Unless...”

He stopped.

Ava asked, “Unless what?”

Arjun shook his head. “No. It doesn’t make sense.”

Hanna said, “Say it.”

Arjun hesitated. “Unless they’re all connected by something we can’t see.”

Mateo gasped. “Invisible ghosts!”

Ava smacked his arm. “Stop.”

Arjun sighed. “Not ghosts. Something else.”

But he didn’t know what.

Not yet.

The Teachers’ Lounge — Another Whisper

As they walked past the teachers’ lounge, the door was open just enough for voices to drift out.

“...still no sign of him...” “...left without permission...”

“...family worried...” “...and now all this strange stuff...”

“...maybe he’s trying to tell us something...”

The children froze.

Ava whispered, “They’re talking about the missing staff member again.”

Arjun nodded. “Three days before the glitches started.”

Hanna said softly, “Do you think it’s connected?”

Mateo whispered, “Of course it’s connected! Missing man + flickering lights + 12:30 = ghost!”

Ava sighed. “We need facts, not ghost stories.”

Arjun closed his notebook. “Tomorrow, we check the wiring panels.”

Hanna nodded. “We’re running out of clues.”

Mateo said, “But not out of ghosts.”

Ava glared. “Mateo.”

He grinned.

Mira’s Quiet Discovery

As the four walked home, Mira followed them again—silent, thoughtful, unnoticed.

She had seen the map. She had heard the whispers. She had watched the glitches.

And she had noticed something the others hadn’t:

All the affected rooms were connected... not by ghosts... not by magic... but by **one single electrical line**.

A line that led somewhere no one had checked.

A place she knew very well.

She smiled.

Tomorrow, she would tell them.

But not yet.

Not until they were ready.



CHAPTER 5 — Mira’s Big Idea

By Thursday morning, the school felt like it was holding its breath.

Students walked in clusters, glancing nervously at the ceiling lights. Teachers whispered in corners. Even the principal looked jumpy, flinching every time a door creaked.

And in the middle of all this tension, Prof. Tan Zany strutted around like a peacock, waving his blinking staff and muttering things like:

“Ah yes, the spirits are restless today.” “Fear not, children, I shall tame the unseen!” “Does anyone have extra batteries for my staff?”

The Curious Four ignored him completely.

They had real work to do.

The Morning Strategy Meeting

The four met near the school garden before class. Dew sparkled on the leaves, and the air smelled of wet earth.

Ava said, “We’ve checked rooms. We’ve checked equipment. We’ve checked everything we can see.”

Arjun nodded. “And every clue leads nowhere.”

Hanna added, “It’s like the school is hiding the answer.”

Mateo said, “Or the ghost is hiding it.”

Ava glared. “Mateo.”

He grinned. “Just keeping the mood light.”

Arjun opened his notebook. “We need a new angle. Something we haven’t tried.”

Hanna looked thoughtful. “What about the missing staff member? Maybe he knew something.”

Ava shook her head. “We don’t even know his name.”

Mateo said, “Maybe Prof. Zany can talk to his ghost.”

Ava groaned. “Please stop.”

They stood in silence for a moment, each lost in thought.

Then the bell rang, and they headed to class.

12:30 — Another Failure

At 12:30, the glitch struck again.

Ava was in the corridor. The lights flickered.

Arjun was in the library. The router blinked wildly.

Hanna was in the art room. The lights dimmed.

Mateo was in the canteen. The fans slowed dramatically.

And Prof. Tan Zany?

He was standing on a chair in the hallway, waving his staff and shouting: “Reveal yourself, oh spirit of the wires!”

A teacher gently asked him to get down.

After School — The Breaking Point

The Curious Four gathered under the banyan tree again. This time, they looked tired.

Ava said, “We’re missing something.”

Arjun nodded. “Something big.”

Hanna added, “Something obvious.”

Mateo said, “Something ghostly.”

Ava threw a leaf at him.

Arjun spread out his map again. “Look. These are all the rooms that glitched.”

He circled them one by one.

Ava frowned. “They’re all over the place.”

Hanna said, “Different blocks. Different floors.”

Mateo said, “Different ghosts.”

Ava glared. “Mateo!”

He shrugged.

Arjun sighed. “There’s no pattern.”

Ava crossed her arms. “There has to be.”

Hanna whispered, “Unless we’re looking at the wrong thing.”

They fell silent.

For the first time, the mystery felt... heavy.

Mira Appears

A small voice spoke behind them.

“Maybe you’re looking at the wrong map.”

The four spun around.

Mira Reddy stood there, clutching her backpack, her eyes bright with excitement.

Arjun blinked. “Mira? How long have you been standing there?”

She shrugged. “Long enough.”

Ava raised an eyebrow. “Were you... listening to us?”

Mira smiled sweetly. “Maybe.”

Mateo grinned. “I like her.”

Ava sighed. “Mira, this is complicated. We’re trying to solve—”

“I know,” Mira said. “The 12:30 mystery.”

The four stared.

Mira continued, “You’re looking at rooms. But rooms don’t matter.”

Ava frowned. “What do you mean?”

Mira pointed at Arjun’s map. “You’re looking at where the glitches happen. But you should look at what connects them.”

Arjun blinked. “What connects them?”

Mira grinned. “The wiring.”

Ava’s eyes widened.

Hanna gasped softly.

Mateo said, “The ghost travels through wires!”

Ava threw another leaf at him.

Arjun leaned forward. “Mira... what do you mean?”

Mira took the map and drew a line connecting the affected rooms.

Not a random line.

A single, continuous path.

A path that led to one place.

A place none of them had checked.

A place no one ever visited.

A place that made all four of them gasp.

“The old storeroom,” Mira said proudly. “Everything is connected to it.”

Ava stared. “How did you figure that out?”

Mira shrugged. “I followed the wiring diagrams in the hallway. They’re on the wall. You just have to look.”

Arjun looked stunned. “We... didn’t think of that.”

Hanna smiled. “Mira, that’s brilliant.”

Mateo said, “I knew she’d be useful.”

Ava grinned. “Mira, you’re officially part of the investigation.”

Mira beamed.

A New Plan

Arjun said, “Tomorrow, we check the storeroom.”

Ava nodded. “At 12:30.”

Hanna added, “We need permission.”

Mateo said, “We need snacks.”

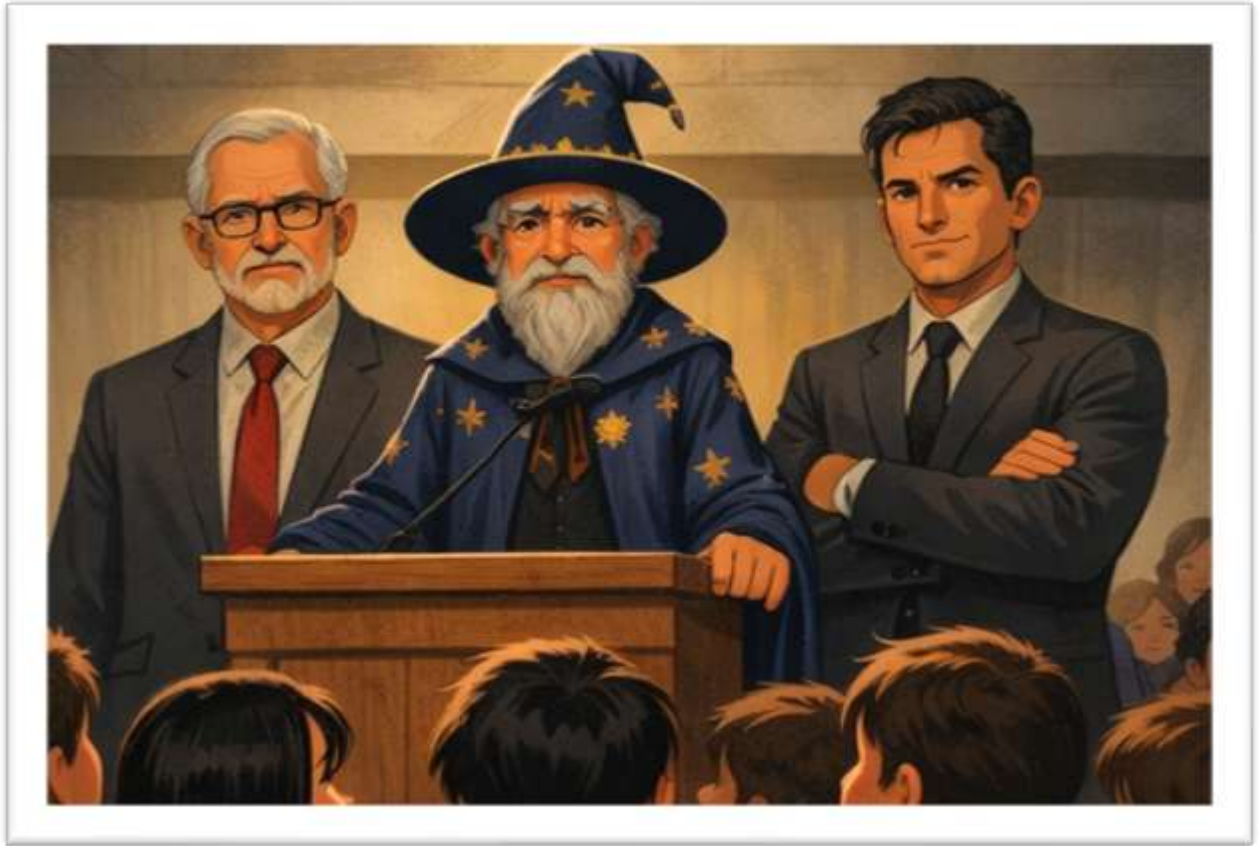
Ava ignored him. “We’ll talk to the principal.”

Mira said, “And I’ll show you the wiring diagrams.”

The Curious Four—and now Mira—stood together under the banyan tree, united by a new sense of purpose.

For the first time, the mystery felt solvable.

And tomorrow, they would face the heart of it.



CHAPTER 6 —The Unmasking of Professor Tan Zany

By the next morning, Crescent Maple Primary was buzzing louder than the school bell. Students whispered in corridors. Teachers exchanged worried glances. Even the pigeons on the roof seemed unsettled.

The 12:30 glitches were getting worse.

And Prof. Tan Zany?

He was getting bolder.

He marched around the school waving his blinking staff, muttering dramatic lines like:

“Ah yes, the spirits are restless today.” “I sense a disturbance in the ether.” “Does anyone have a spare battery for my staff of spectral summoning?”

Ava groaned every time she saw him.

Mateo, on the other hand, followed him like a fanboy.

But that morning, something unusual happened.

Just before recess, the PA system crackled.

“Attention students and staff,” Mr. McArthur’s deep voice boomed. “Please assemble in the hall immediately. This is important.”

Ava raised an eyebrow. Arjun straightened. Hanna looked nervous. Mateo whispered, “Finally! The ghost reveal!”

Mira tugged Ava’s sleeve. “Something’s happening.”

They hurried to the assembly hall.

The Assembly Begins

The hall was packed. Students sat cross-legged on the floor. Teachers stood along the walls. The air buzzed with curiosity.

On stage stood Mr. McArthur — tall, stern, and looking more serious than usual.

Beside him stood Prof. Tan Zany, who was smiling proudly and waving at the crowd.

But next to Zany stood someone else.

A man in a crisp grey suit. Arms folded. Expression like a stone wall.

Ava whispered, “Who’s that?”

Arjun whispered, “He looks like he hasn’t smiled since 1998.”

Mateo whispered, “Definitely a ghost hunter.”

Hanna whispered, “Or a detective.”

Mira whispered, “Detective.”

And she was right.

The Introduction

Mr. McArthur raised a hand for silence.

“Students,” he said, “as you know, we have been experiencing unusual disturbances at 12:30 PM every day.”

The hall murmured.

“Yesterday, our electricians and internet technicians confirmed that the cause is not electrical or technical.”

More murmurs.

“So we invited Professor Tan Zany to investigate.”

Prof. Zany puffed up proudly.

“But,” Mr. McArthur continued, “we also hired someone else.”

He gestured to the stern man.

“This is Mr. Pin Lee — a licensed private investigator.”

The hall gasped.

Mateo whispered, "I KNEW it!"

Ava whispered, "You didn't."

The Investigation Report

Mr. Pin Lee stepped forward. His voice was flat, calm, and very serious.

"I was hired to verify the credentials of Professor Tan Zany."

Prof. Zany smiled nervously.

Mr. Pin Lee continued, "I contacted the International Ghost Research Institute."

The hall leaned in.

"They have never heard of him."

Prof. Zany's smile twitched.

"I contacted the Paranormal Studies Academy."

More leaning.

"They do not exist."

A ripple of laughter spread through the hall.

Prof. Zany's smile faded.

"I checked his academic certificates."

Pin Lee held up a sheet.

"They were printed on a home inkjet printer."

The hall erupted.

Mateo whispered, "Oh noooo."

Ava whispered, “Oh yessss.”

Mr. Pin Lee continued, “Finally, I visited the address listed on his résumé.”

He paused.

“It is his mother’s basement.”

The hall exploded with laughter.

Prof. Zany turned red.

The Confession

Mr. McArthur stepped forward. “Professor Zany, do you have anything to say?”

Prof. Zany’s shoulders slumped.

“I... I’m sorry,” he said, voice trembling. “I didn’t mean to fool anyone.”

The hall fell silent.

“I just... I love ghost stories. I read them all the time. I joined ghost-hunting groups online. I thought... maybe if I solved a real mystery, people would take me seriously.”

He sniffed.

“I thought this would be my big break.”

Ava felt a tiny pang of sympathy.

Mateo whispered, “Poor guy.”

Arjun whispered, “He still lied.”

Hanna whispered, “But he didn’t mean harm.”

Mira whispered, “He just wanted to matter.”

Mr. McArthur sighed. “Professor Zany... you should have been honest.”

“I know,” Zany said softly. “I’m really sorry.”

Mr. McArthur nodded. “You must leave the school immediately.”

Prof. Zany nodded sadly.

He picked up his blinking staff — which beeped pitifully — and walked off stage.

The hall watched in silence.

The Aftermath

As the students filed out, the Curious Four and Mira stood together.

Ava said, “Well... that was dramatic.”

Arjun nodded. “At least he’s gone.”

Hanna said softly, “He wasn’t dangerous. Just... misguided.”

Mateo sighed. “I’ll miss the feathers.”

Mira tugged Ava’s sleeve. “But the real mystery isn’t solved.”

Ava nodded. “You’re right.”

Arjun added, “The glitches are still happening.”

Mateo whispered, “And the ghost.... Or whatever?”

Ava glared. “Mateo.”

He grinned.

Mira said quietly, “We need to go back to the storeroom.”

Ava nodded. “Tomorrow morning... we tell Mr. McArthur.”

Arjun added, “And then we open that door.”

The mystery was far from over.

In fact, it had just begun.



CHAPTER 7 — The Night of Shadows

The Curious Four—and Mira—met under the banyan tree just as the sun dipped below the horizon. The sky was a deep purple, and the first stars were beginning to appear.

Ava whispered, “Everyone got their things?”

Arjun held up a rolled wiring map. Hanna held a small torch. Mateo held... snacks. Mira held a notebook and a spare torch.

Ava sighed. “Mateo, why snacks?”

Mateo whispered dramatically, “In case we get trapped in the school forever.”

Ava flicked his ear. “We’re not getting trapped.”

But even she felt a flutter of nerves.

Tonight, they were going into the school. At night. In the dark.

Sneaking In

At exactly 10 PM, they met again near the back wall of Crescent Maple Primary. The street was quiet. The school building loomed like a giant shadow.

Arjun pointed. “The window near the art room. I checked earlier—it doesn’t latch properly.”

They tiptoed across the grass, hearts pounding.

Mateo whispered, “If a ghost jumps out, I’m screaming.”

Ava whispered back, “If *you* scream, I’m leaving you behind.”

They reached the window. Arjun pushed gently.

It slid open with a soft *click*.

One by one, they climbed inside.

The school at night felt completely different. The air was colder. The corridors were darker. The silence was thick.

Hanna whispered, “It’s so quiet.”

Mateo whispered, “Too quiet.”

Ava elbowed him.

Into the Basement

They moved slowly, their torch beams slicing through the darkness. Shadows danced on the walls—long, thin, and eerie.

Every sound felt louder at night.

A creak. A drip. A distant thud.

Hanna clutched Ava's arm. "What was that?"

Arjun whispered, "Probably the building settling."

Mateo whispered, "Or a ghost stretching."

Ava glared. "Mateo."

They reached the basement stairs. The air grew cooler as they descended. The basement smelled of old paper, dust, and forgotten things.

Mira unfolded the wiring map. "The main power line runs through this floor."

Ava nodded. "Let's find where all the affected rooms connect."

Room 1 — The Old Science Prep Room

They pushed open the first door.

Empty shelves. Broken stools. A dusty skeleton model missing an arm.

Mateo screamed.

Ava clamped his mouth shut. "It's plastic!"

Arjun checked the wiring. "Not this room."

Room 2 — The Abandoned Art Storage

They entered the next room.

Stacks of canvases. Old paint cans. A mannequin wearing a half-finished costume.

Hanna jumped. “It moved!”

Arjun shone his torch. “It’s just the wind.”

Ava checked the wiring. “Not here either.”

Room 3 — The Old Audio Room

They opened the third door.

A tangle of wires. Broken speakers. A dusty microphone.

Mateo whispered into it, “Testing... testing... ghost, are you there?”

The microphone crackled loudly.

Everyone jumped.

Ava hissed, “Mateo!”

Arjun shook his head. “Still not the right room.”

Room 4 — The Silent One

Finally, they reached the last room on the wiring map.

The door was slightly ajar.

Ava whispered, “This is it.”

They pushed it open slowly.

Creeaaaak.

The room was silent.

Completely silent.

Their torch beams swept across the space.

A table. A chair. A wall with an open junction box—multiple switches glowing faintly.

Arjun stepped closer. “Everything looks... normal.”

Hanna pointed. “Look.”

On the floor were crumbs. On the table were more crumbs. And a faint smell lingered in the air.

“Stale sandwich,” Mira said.

Mateo sniffed. “Definitely sandwich. Maybe tuna.”

Ava frowned. “So someone was eating here.”

Arjun nodded. “Recently.”

Hanna whispered, “Maybe rats?”

Mira shook her head. “Rats don’t open junction boxes.”

The rest of the room was filled with old furniture, empty boxes, and dusty junk.

Mateo sighed. “No ghost. No monster. No mystery man.”

Ava said, “But this room is definitely important.”

Arjun nodded. “It’s the only one connected to all the glitch rooms.”

Mira added, “We should check it again in the morning.”

Ava agreed. “Yes. At 12:30.”

The Escape

They slipped out the same window and hurried home, hearts still racing.

The school behind them looked calm.

Too calm.

The Next Day — 12:30 PM

The Curious Four—and Mira—stood outside the storeroom again.

Ava whispered, “Ready?”

Arjun nodded. “Ready.”

Hanna swallowed. “Ready.”

Mateo said, “Not ready, but here anyway.”

Mira said, “Let’s do this.”

The clock struck 12:30.

The lights flickered.

A faint humming began.

And the door in front of them trembled—



CHAPTER 8 — The Sounds Behind the Door

The next day felt heavier than usual. The sky was cloudy, the corridors were unusually quiet, and even the teachers seemed tense. But the Curious Four had only one thing on their minds:

12:30 PM. The storeroom. The humming.

Ava whispered during math class, “We need to go today. No waiting.”

Arjun nodded. “We have to hear it again. Properly.”

Hanna swallowed. “I’m scared... but I agree.”

Mateo whispered, “If I die, tell my mother I loved her.”

Ava flicked his ear. “You’re not dying.”

At **12:24 PM**, Ava raised her hand.

“Sir, may we go to the washroom?”

Arjun raised his hand too. Then Hanna. Then Mateo.

Their teacher sighed. “All four of you? Fine. Go. Quickly.”

They slipped out of class, hearts pounding.

The Descent

The corridor was empty. The air felt colder. The lights buzzed faintly overhead.

Ava whispered, “Basement. Now.”

They hurried down the stairs, their footsteps echoing softly. The basement corridor was dim, lit only by a flickering tube light.

Hanna whispered, “Why is it always so dark down here?”

Mateo whispered, “Because ghosts don’t pay electricity bills.”

Ava elbowed him.

They reached the storeroom door.

It looked the same as last night—old, chipped, slightly crooked.

But today... it felt different.

Alive.

The First Sound — The Growl

At **12:25 PM**, a low sound drifted through the door.

A growl.

Not loud. Not animal-like. More like a person making a deep, satisfied grunt.

Ava froze. Arjun's eyes widened. Hanna clutched Mateo's sleeve. Mateo whispered, "Nope. Nope. Nope."

The Second Sound — The Scratching

Then came scratching.

Soft at first. Then faster. Like something dragging across wood.

Ava whispered, "What is that?"

Arjun whispered, "Furniture? Or... claws?"

Hanna whimpered. "Please don't say claws."

Mateo whispered, "Claws."

Ava glared.

The Third Sound — The Shift

A heavy scraping noise followed.

Something big was being moved.

A table? A chair? A box?

Whatever it was, it sounded heavy.

Then—

THUD.

The four jumped.

Hanna covered her mouth to stop a scream.

Ava whispered, “Okay... that was definitely furniture.”

Arjun whispered, “Or a body.”

Mateo whispered, “Or a ghost body.”

Ava hissed, “Mateo!”

The Fourth Sound — The Humming

At **12:27 PM**, a new sound began.

A humming.

But not a nice humming. Not a tune. Not even close.

It was flat. Off-key. Tuneless. Like someone who had never heard music trying to hum for the first time.

Hanna whispered, “That’s... human.”

Arjun whispered, “But not normal.”

Ava whispered, “Why would someone hum like that?”

Mateo whispered, “Because they’re a ghost who failed music class.”

Ava elbowed him again.

The Fifth Sound — The Rhythm

At **12:29 PM**, the humming stopped.

Silence.

Then—

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Rhythmic. Steady. Like footsteps. Or knocking. Or something hitting the wall again and again.

The lights above them flickered violently.

Hanna gasped. Arjun stepped back. Ava's heart hammered. Mateo whispered, "I'm going to faint."

Ava grabbed his arm. "No fainting!"

But she was shaking too.

The rhythmic thuds grew louder.

The lights flickered faster.

Something inside the storeroom scraped again.

And that was it.

The Four broke.

The Escape

They ran.

Not screaming—they were too scared to scream.

They ran up the stairs, down the corridor, around the corner, and slipped back into class just as the teacher turned around.

Ava collapsed into her seat. Arjun pretended to read his textbook upside down. Hanna wiped her eyes. Mateo whispered, "I saw my life flash before my eyes."

Ava whispered, "We need help."

Arjun nodded. "We can't do this alone."

Hanna whispered, "We have to tell someone."

Mateo whispered, "Not the ghost."

Ava sighed. "The principal."

The Evening Meeting

That evening, they gathered at Mateo's house. His mother brought juice and biscuits, then left them alone.

Ava spread out the wiring map. "We need a plan."

Arjun said, "We can't open that door ourselves."

Hanna said, "What if someone is trapped?"

Mateo said, "What if something is trapped?"

Ava said, "Either way, we need an adult."

Arjun nodded. "Mr. McArthur."

Hanna whispered, "Will he believe us?"

Mateo said, "After Tan Zany? He'll believe anything."

Ava took a deep breath. "Tomorrow morning. After assembly. 8 AM. We tell him everything."

Arjun nodded. Hanna nodded. Mateo nodded.

The decision was made.



CHAPTER 9 — The Door Finally Opens

The next morning, the five children walked into school together, unusually quiet. Even Mateo didn't crack a joke. Even Arjun didn't open his notebook. Even Ava didn't scold anyone.

They were all thinking the same thing:

8 AM. After assembly. Tell Principal McArthur everything.

The assembly bell rang. Students lined up. Teachers took attendance. The national anthem played. Mr. McArthur made announcements about homework, cleanliness, and the upcoming superintendent's visit.

But the Curious Four—and Mira—heard none of it.

Their hearts were pounding too loudly.

★ **The Whispering Circle**

As soon as assembly ended, the students drifted toward their classrooms in noisy clusters.

But the five stayed behind, huddling near the side of the stage.

Ava whispered, “Everyone ready?”

Arjun nodded. “We have to do this.”

Hanna took a deep breath. “I’m scared... but yes.”

Mateo whispered, “If he yells at us, I’m blaming Arjun.”

Arjun glared. “Why me?”

Mira tugged Ava’s sleeve. “Let’s go before we lose courage.”

Ava nodded. “Okay. Together.”

They walked toward the principal’s office in a tight little group, like ducklings following their mother.

★ **The Confession**

Mr. McArthur looked up from his desk as they entered.

He raised an eyebrow. “All five of you? What’s going on?”

Ava swallowed. “Sir... we need to tell you something.”

Arjun added, “Something important.”

Hanna whispered, “Very important.”

Mateo blurted, “Life-or-death important!”

Ava elbowed him. “Not helping.”

Mr. McArthur leaned back in his chair. “Alright. Tell me.”

The five exchanged glances.

Ava began. “Sir... we think we found the source of the 12:30 glitches.”

Arjun unrolled the wiring map. “All the affected rooms connect to one place.”

Hanna whispered, “The old basement storeroom.”

Mira added, “We went there yesterday.”

Mr. McArthur’s eyes widened. “You went into the basement? Alone?”

Ava nodded. “We’re sorry, sir. But we had to.”

Arjun said, “We heard sounds. Growling. Scratching. Humming.”

Hanna shivered. “And thuds.”

Mateo whispered, “And ghost singing.”

Ava glared. “Mateo!”

Mr. McArthur rubbed his forehead. “Children... this is serious. You should have told me earlier.”

Ava lowered her head. “We were scared you wouldn’t believe us.”

Mr. McArthur sighed. “After Tan Zany? I’ll believe anything.”

The children exchanged relieved looks.

He stood up. “Alright. I need to think. You five go back to class. I’ll call you when I’m ready.”

Ava blinked. “Sir... you believe us?”

Mr. McArthur nodded. “I do. Now go.”

★ **The PA Announcement**

The five hurried back to class, hearts pounding.

At **12:15 PM**, the PA system crackled.

“Would Ava Tan, Arjun Mehta, Hanna D’Souza, Mateo Fernandes, and Mira Reddy please report to the principal’s office immediately?”

The entire class turned to stare.

Mateo whispered, “We’re dead.”

Ava whispered, “Move.”

They rushed out.

★ **The Plan**

Mr. McArthur was waiting for them, holding a flashlight and... a cricket bat.

Mateo whispered, “Sir... why the bat?”

“For confidence,” Mr. McArthur said.

He spread the wiring map on his desk.

“You five were right. Everything leads to the storeroom. And if someone—or something—is inside, we need to know.”

Ava nodded. “We’ll show you the way.”

Mr. McArthur looked at them sternly. “You stay behind me at all times. Understood?”

Five heads nodded vigorously.

“Good. Let’s go.”

★ **The Walk to the Basement**

They walked down the corridor together. The air felt colder. The lights flickered faintly.

Hanna whispered, “It’s happening again.”

Arjun checked his watch. “It’s 12:24 PM.”

Ava whispered, “Same time as yesterday.”

Mira pointed. “The storeroom is ahead.”

They reached the door.

It looked even more crooked today.

★ **The Sounds Begin**

At **12:25 PM**, the first sound came.

A low growl. Almost like someone stretching after a nap.

Mr. McArthur tightened his grip on the bat.

At **12:26 PM**, scratching began.

Soft. Fast. Uneven.

Hanna clutched Ava’s arm.

At **12:27 PM**, something heavy scraped across the floor.

A table? A chair? A box?

Then—

THUD.

Mr. McArthur jumped.

Mateo whispered, “Sir, if you faint, we’ll catch you.”

Mr. McArthur whispered back, “I’m not fainting.”

At **12:28 PM**, the humming began.

Flat. Tuneless. Human... but not quite.

Ava whispered, “That’s the sound we heard.”

Arjun nodded. “Exactly the same.”

Mira whispered, “It’s getting louder.”

At **12:29 PM**, the rhythmic thuds started.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

The lights flickered violently.

The children stepped back.

Mr. McArthur stepped forward.

★ **12:30 PM — The Door Opens**

The clock struck **12:30 PM**.

The humming stopped.

The thuds stopped.

Silence.

Mr. McArthur took a deep breath.

“Stand back,” he said.

The children obeyed.

He raised the bat.

He grabbed the doorknob.

He twisted.

He pulled.

The door resisted.

He pulled harder.

CRACK.

The door flew open.

Dust swirled.

Light flickered.

The children gasped.

Mr. McArthur stepped inside.

And what they saw made all five children freeze—



CHAPTER 10 — What's that on the chair?

For a moment, nobody moved.

The door to the storeroom hung open, dust swirling in the flickering light. Principal McArthur stood in the doorway, cricket bat raised. The five children peered around him, hearts thudding.

On the far side of the room, in front of the open junction box, a chair spun slightly.

Someone was sitting in it.

A man. Headphones around his neck. Half-eaten sandwich on the table beside him. Eyes wide as saucers.

He yelped, nearly falling off the chair.

“Please don’t hit me!”

Principal McArthur lowered the bat a little. “Who are you?”

The man swallowed. “T-Tim. Tim Hopkins, sir. The... the temp.”

Ava blinked. “The temp?”

Arjun whispered, “The one who replaced the missing staff member.”

Hanna whispered, “So he’s real.”

Mateo whispered, “And not a ghost. Disappointing.”

Mira elbowed him.

The temp explains

Principal McArthur frowned. “Tim Hopkins... what are you doing down here? And why are you sitting in the dark next to an open junction box?”

Tim glanced at the glowing switches, then at the crumbs on the table.

“I... uh... eat my lunch here,” he said weakly. “It’s quiet.”

Ava stared. “You eat *here*? Every day?”

Tim nodded. “After 12:15. I like the peace. No kids, no noise. Just me, my sandwich, and some music.”

Arjun pointed at the chair. “And you rock in that chair?”

Tim winced. “Yeah. It squeaks a bit.”

Mira looked at the junction box. “And every time you rock, the wiring shakes.”

Tim’s shoulders slumped. “I... didn’t know it was causing problems.”

Principal McArthur sighed. “Tim, the whole school has been glitching at 12:30 every day.”

Tim’s jaw dropped. “Because of... me?”

Hanna nodded gently. “The lights, the fans, the Wi-Fi... all of it.”

Mateo added, “And the ghost humming.”

Tim turned red. “That was me too. I hum when I’m nervous. I know I’m terrible.”

“Yes,” Mateo said. “Respectfully.”

Ava elbowed him again.

Mickey Wu’s story

Principal McArthur lowered the bat completely. “Tim, that still doesn’t explain why you’re hiding in the basement instead of eating in the staff room like everyone else.”

Tim took a deep breath.

“It’s because of Mickey,” he said quietly.

The room seemed to grow still.

“Mickey Wu?” Arjun asked. “The missing staff member?”

Tim nodded. “Yes. Mickey.”

Ava leaned forward. “You know him?”

Tim nodded again. “He’s my friend. We used to work together at another school before he joined Crescent Maple. When he heard there might be a temp position here, he called me.”

Mira’s eyes widened. “So Mickey told you to apply?”

“Yes,” Tim said. “He cared a lot about this school. He didn’t want to leave it in trouble.”

Principal McArthur frowned. “But he vanished without permission. He didn’t even file for leave.”

Tim looked guilty. “He tried, sir. He really did.”

Why Mickey disappeared

Tim continued, voice softer now.

“Mickey told me everything. He wanted to go to Seoul. His girlfriend’s family had fixed the wedding date. It couldn’t be changed. He asked for fifteen days’ leave.”

Principal McArthur’s face tightened.

“I remember,” he said quietly. “I said no. The superintendent’s inspection was coming. I needed all hands on deck.”

Tim nodded. “He understood. He didn’t get angry. But he was... heartbroken. He didn’t want to disappoint you. And he didn’t want to disappoint her.”

Hanna whispered, “So what did he do?”

Tim sighed.

“He made a plan. He said, ‘Tim, they’ll need someone to cover my work if I disappear. Apply for the temp job. I’ll vanish for fifteen days, get married, and come back ready to face whatever punishment I deserve.’”

Ava’s eyes softened. “He really cared about the school.”

“He did,” Tim said. “He didn’t want the principal scrambling at the last minute. He wanted the school to be okay, even if he wasn’t here.”

Principal McArthur looked stunned. “I thought it was a miracle when your application came in, Tim. I called it providence.”

Tim gave a small, sad smile. “It wasn’t providence, sir. It was Mickey.”

The wedding in Seoul

Arjun asked, “So where is Mickey now?”

Tim’s face brightened.

“He’s in Seoul. He got married six days ago.”

Hanna smiled. “So he’s okay?”

Tim nodded. “Very okay. He sent me a message yesterday. He said he’ll be back in a couple of days. He’s ready to explain everything and accept whatever happens.”

Mira whispered, “He was never running away forever.”

“No,” Tim said firmly. “He just wanted to live his life and still come back to the school he loved.”

The room fell quiet.

The humming was gone. The thuds were gone. Only the soft buzz of the lights remained.

Putting it all together

Ava spoke first.

“So the crumbs... the smell... the humming... the thuds...”

Tim nodded, embarrassed.

“All me. I ate here. I rocked the chair. I hummed. I bumped the table. I shook the wiring. I didn’t realise the whole school was suffering because of my... lunch habits.”

Mateo said, “You are officially the most dangerous sandwich eater in history.”

Everyone laughed— even Tim.

Principal McArthur rubbed his temples, then smiled.

“Well, at least we finally know the truth.”

Forgiveness and a fresh start

He turned to Tim.

“You should have told me about Mickey’s plan.”

“I know, sir,” Tim said. “I’m sorry. I thought... if you knew, you’d be angry with him. I wanted to protect him.”

Mr. McArthur sighed. “I *am* angry. But I also understand.”

He looked at the children.

“And I’m grateful. If not for these five, we’d still be blaming ghosts and fake professors.”

Ava grinned. Arjun straightened. Hanna blushed. Mateo puffed up. Mira smiled quietly.

“So here’s what we’ll do,” Mr. McArthur said. “Tim, you’ll move your lunch to the staff room. No more haunted sandwiches in the basement.”

“Yes, sir,” Tim said quickly.

“When Mickey returns,” Mr. McArthur continued, “we’ll talk. He’ll get a stern lecture. Maybe a formal warning. But he’ll also get his job back.”

The children cheered.

“And,” Mr. McArthur added, “I will personally congratulate him on his marriage.”

A happy ending

Over the next few days, the 12:30 glitches stopped completely.

The lights stayed bright. The fans spun smoothly. The Wi-Fi behaved.

Students stopped whispering about ghosts and started whispering about the “legendary mystery” solved by the Curious Four—and Mira.

Ava said, “We followed the clues.”

Arjun said, “We trusted the wiring.”

Hanna said, “We listened to the sounds.”

Mateo said, “And we bravely faced a very dangerous sandwich.”

Mira smiled. “And we believed there was a real reason. Not just ghosts.”

Two days later, Mickey Wu walked back into Crescent Maple Primary—tired, nervous, but smiling, a simple silver ring on his finger.

Principal McArthur met him at the gate.

“We need to talk,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” Mickey replied.

“And after that,” Mr. McArthur added, “you can tell us all about your wedding.”

Mickey’s eyes shone. “Thank you, sir.”

The children watched from a distance, hearts full.

The 12:30 mystery was over.

No ghosts. No curses. Just people— with fears, mistakes, dreams, and second chances.

And that, the Curious Four—and Mira—decided, was the best kind of ending.

**For more adventures of the Curious Four
login to <https://grandpaStories.com>**

GrandPa Stories and Adventures for Children
Website: <https://grandpaStories.com>
Email: contact@grandpastories.com

Copyright Notice

© 2026 Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission from the author.

Printed in India. First Edition.



Grand Pa Stories and Adventures for Children

By

Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj MBBS, MD(AM)

Website: <https://grandpaStories.com>

Email: contact@grandpastories.com

Copyright Notice

© 2026 Dr. Lavanian Dorairaj All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission from the author.

Printed in India. First Edition.