

ELLI PEONIDOU

THE BLUE SOCK AND THE YELLOW GLOVE

No one can imagine how lonely a lone sock can be , I mean a sock that has lost his mate. The abandoned sock feels useless, disregarded, thrown away, hurt, but above all he feels lonely.

The blue sock of our story has been alone for a long time. It all happened at the laundry. The other blue sock, the twin of this, decided to run away.

-I am sick of the routine, said the other blue sock. I am going off to see the world . The last time they saw him was in the dryer.

At first the odd sock did not take it very seriously.

-Well, he will be back, they always do you know, he said to the other socks in the drawer. And the poor lonely sock waited and waited in the darkest corner of the drawer.

Every day, little Anny pushed the poor lonely sock deeper in the drawer. All the other pairs of socks, the pink, the yellow, the violet, the green and the red get out of the drawer one after the other every morning, they go around on Anny's little feet and then they come back freshly washed and smelling so nice. Then , all these socks start telling stories about what they had seen in the marvelous world. Gosh, there are so many things that a pair of socks can see from the feet of a little girl like Anny. But that unfaithful, that selfish and careless other blue sock was not satisfied with all that. He was eager to see the world. But what is there to see for a single sock? Nothing. And there is always the danger that some housewife might clean out the dryer and throw him away

-Oh, the poor lonely sock kept saying, how unlucky I am. I remember all that wonderful time we used to have together , covering Anny's feet. How many games, how many dances, how many jumpings up and down .Oh, how unhappy I am. The winter comes, the wollen socks will be in use, what will become of a single summer sock like me.

- Eh, you, what are you doing here, alone ? It was a voice just next to the blue sock .

- I am talking to you, why don't you get out with the other socks, why do you stay alone in this drawer;

The blue sock got scared. In front of him there was a monster sock, a yellow sock with...five heads.

-Please, don't hurt me, I am all alone in this world, look, I don't take much space, I can even shrivel up and take less space. Please, I beg you don't hurt me.

-Ha, ha, ha, the monster laughed. Don't be afraid, I am not going to hurt you. Look, I am as soft as you are, I don't carry any Knives or scisors to cut you up.

-Yes, that's right, but you...you are different..for a sock you are a bit peculiar.

-Oh, this is funny, it is really funny, the monster laughed once more. My dear, I am not a sock, I am not at all a sock, and I am very glad about it .To be honest, I wouldn't like spending all my life in a shoe. My dear, I am a glove.

- A glove? The blue sock had never seen a glove before. You see he was only a summer sock, and gloves do not usually appear in summer time.

-Oh, yes, I am Anny's right glove. She puts me on every morning before going to school, so that her hand does not get frozen.

-I see...

The blue sock was speachless. Can you imagine? a glove. To make it more simple, a hand's sock. Oh, it is not so bad to be left alone, after all .Here he has met a great celebrity, such a wonderful creature, a real glove. A wonderful, noble, yellow glove. The single blue sock tried to make himself up. he stretshed his wrinkles and he tried to hide a little hole on the front, right on the big toe's spot.

-Oh, please, Fine Lady will you be kind enough to tell me, why are you are paying me this visit ?

-Well, that is a very long, and sad story. You see, that mate of mine, the left glove, was so anxious to see the world. so, she used to hang out of the pocket, looking around. The other day she hung up to far and fell right out .We lost her. Anny loved us both very much, so she did not want to throw me away after I was left alone...

-Oh, how wonderful ,the blue sock said with a deep sigh. And how romantic. Our stories are similar. It must be fate that brought us together.

-Yes indeed, the yellow glove responded. As if someone wanted us to meet. Look, there is a crack of light that is coming in . It must be the moon . How romantic.