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(I galazia kaltsa kai to kitrino ganti) The blue sock and the yellow glove

No-one can possibly imagine how lonely a sock feels, when she is all by herself, having lost her partner. She feels useless, discarded, neglected and, above all, alone.

The blue sock of our story had been alone for some time. During a clothes wash, the second blue sock – her matching partner – decided to sneak off.

"I'm sick and tired of doing the same old thing," she said. "I'm off to see the world." And before anyone could stop her – neither the first blue sock hanging to her left nor Antonis's underpants hanging to her right – she had jumped off the terrace and onto the third floor balcony and from there to the next block of flats. After that she wasn't seen again.

At first, the remaining blue sock didn't take it seriously.

"Where's she going to go? She'll come back," she said and she waited in the depths of the drawer. Every day Antonis's sister Annoulla would push her further back into the drawer. In turn, all the other socks – the white ones, the red, the pink and even the beige ones – would be taken out as a matching pair, they would go out and later be returned to the drawer, freshly-washed and beautifully folded, and they would talk about everything they had seen. And a pair of socks on the feet of a girl like Annoulla has so much to see and so many places to go to! And yet that unfaithful, superficial second blue sock was not satisfied with all that. Oh no, she said she wanted to see the world! Tell me then: what can a single sock possibly see? At best she might lurk like a thief outside some window, creased and crumpled like an old rag. And if the lady of the house catches sight of her, she'll be thrown into the dustbin like a piece of rubbish... She didn't give a thought to her partner with whom she had spent her whole life but left her all alone in that dark drawer which was already starting to smell of mothballs, a sign that the winter clothes were coming out of the trunk.

"Oh dear," sighed the poor lone sock. And as she found herself being pushed deeper and deeper into the wardrobe, she let herself sink deeper and deeper into her memories of the lovely days spent on Annoulla's foot. Hopscotch, hide and seek, football, swinging... she had played all these games and she had never had any complaints.

"Pssst! Pssst! What are you doing in here all alone?"

A voice beside her made her jump and woke her from her daydream.

"Why don't you go out with the other socks? Oh, I get it. Yes, I can see now. You're a summer sock."

The blue sock was frightened. She was being spoken to by a monster sock, yellow in colour and with...five heads!

"Please don't hurt me! I'm all alone in the world! See, I don't take up much room... I can squeeze myself into a ball and become really tiny," she said. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" said the monster. "Don't be scared. I'm not going to hurt you. Anyway, I'm soft like you. I don't have any scissors or needles to rip a hole in you."

"Yes but... you're different... I mean, how can I put it? You're a bit odd, Mr. Sock."

"Oh that's a good one! Now that's really funny!" the monster laughed again. "I'm not a sock. I'm not a sock at all, thank goodness. I wouldn't want to spend my life stuck inside a shoe. I'm a glove."

"A glove?" said the blue sock, who had never seen gloves since she was a summer sock.

"Yes, a glove. Annoulla wears me on her right hand so that it doesn't get cold when she carries her schoolbag."

"Ah!"

The blue sock was so full of admiration, she was speechless. Imagine that... a glove! In other words, a sock worn on the hand instead of the foot. Her silly partner who had so foolishly disappeared would never believe that she, the blue sock, had met a real glove! A wonderful, proud yellow glove! The blue sock tried to make herself look as good as possible. She stretched, straightened out a few creases and hid a tiny hole at the front, where Annoulla's big toe rubs against the inside of her shoe.

"So tell me, Mr...Glove, why are you here in the drawer since it's winter and the weather's cold?"

"Hmmm...it's a long story...Well, that stupid partner of mine...I told him not to hang so far out of the coat pocket! He wouldn't listen...always wanting to see what was going on in the world. And in the end, what I was scared of happened to him. He fell from Annoulla's coat pocket onto the road and how can anyone find him now? We went back, we looked everywhere but there was no sign of him. It's good that Annoulla feels for others and instead of throwing me in the dustbin she put me here in the drawer..."

"Oh, how fortunate!" said the blue sock and she gave a sigh. "How romantic... You know something? Our story is the same... It's as if fate has brought us together..."

"At least we'll have all the time in the world to talk about different things," said the yellow glove, being more practical-minded. "Yes, you will tell me all about all the walking, jumping, running up and down and sliding that you've done..."

"...And you will tell me about all the things you've held: dolls, toys, books, flowers and fruit. Oh, life can be so nice. Life really is very nice..."