

## The Sock and The Boot



„Once upon a time, there lived a sock and a boot. They lived together because they worked together in the same place.“

„What crazy story are you telling me now,“ Marilyn laughed.

„But you wanted it!“ the Sandman was a bit hurt. „I am just doing the best I can.“

„All right,“ Marilyn softened, „please continue!“

„Well, so the sock and the boot lived together and they worked well together. But on one morning, the boot started to pick on the sock:

„Hey sock, do you ever wash yourself? You already smell of old cheese!“

„You smell yourself!“ retorted the sock. „If you start picking on me, I will tell on you to the foot!“

„Pshaw!“ made boot and squeaked quietly on its own:

„You have always been such a suck up! I hope you will get a hole in your heel!“

The sock was a little offended and because it had a small hole at the heel, it shut up for a while.

„Hey,“ the boot had an idea, „we will start making cheese between the toes!“



It was as though the sock woke from sleep.

„Good idea!“ thought the sock and so they made cheese between the toes all day.

And well, in the evening when coming home from work and the sock and the boot were taken off, the family favourite — a big yellow cat — just passed out. Fell on its side with the eyes inside out.“

„Fainted because of the smell?“ Marilyn

asked just in case.

„Yes, fainted, you know,“ nodded the Sandman and made a sreious face. „At least in this story.“

„Continue!“ Marilyn demanded, „what happened next?“

„Next it was so that the sock thrown into the garbage bin. There, it became stiff and stood sadly, head full of dark thoughts. At some point, it tried to scream that it is a tough guy but no one cared about it any more. The boot, however, was laughing with shadenfreude in the corner and showed its worn out tongue in the direction of the garbage bin.

In the morning the sock was taken to the garbage dump in a big truck. There it lied for a long time in wind, rain and the Sun. It looked at the clouds and listened to other thrown-out things missing their homes. Sometimes someone with a walking stick and in rags came and poked it among other things. Once an older lady even picked it up but once she had smelt the sock, she also fell on her side with her eyes inside out.

So the sock spent almost a month on the garbage dump until one morning it heard the usual truck sound.

Once the garbage truck had emptied, someone started to squeak familiarly next to the sock:

„Oh, look the company that I have found!“

„Boot! My dear boot!“ the sock recognised the sound of the boot and its heart was filled with joy. „We are together again!“

„Together yes, see...“ the boot mumbled trying to hide its joy.

From this time the saying „together like sock and boot“ comes from,“ the Sandman finished his short story.

„And if they haven't died then they live happily ever after.“

The Sandman blushed a bit:

„I have never made up a more ridiculous story, you know!“

Marilyn, however, was already deep asleep. She only opened her mouth a couple of times in her sleep and then turned her back to the Sandman. The Sandman looked at the sand that he still had in his palm and sprinkled it back in his bag.

„Waste not want not. I could get rich like this, you know!“ he said in a half-whisper and went to mind his business.