



Sock Monster

[poem by Beverley McWilliams](#), [illustrated by Cheryl Orsini](#)

A Monster lives inside my house.
I've no idea where.
But when I come to get some socks
there's never *quite* a pair.

There's a stripy one, a spotty one
and one that's red and blue.
There's a fluffy one, a scruffy one
and one that's almost new.

There's one I like to wear in bed
and one that's good for sport.
There's one that stretches up my leg
and one that's really short.

But none that go together.
So I hope Mum never spots
that hiding in my school shoes
are a pair of mismatched socks.

I don't know what he does with them.
Perhaps they're good to eat.
Or maybe he has seven kids
who each have seven feet.

Things were bad enough ...
But now I don't know what I'll do.
That cheeky, sneaky sock monster
has gone and pinched my shoe!