

Fall 12-1-1994

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Recommended Citation

Wubbel, Bernadette (1994) "Revenge of the Sock Monster," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 36.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss1/36>

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Revenge of the Sock Monster

by Bernadette Wubbel

It all started with a few missing socks. I just figured the kids had forgotten to put everything in the clothes hampers. I searched their rooms, but I didn't find any solitary socks kicked under the twin beds or hidden under the bean bag chairs. I hate single socks. Every sock needs its, like ducks who stay together for their lifetime. So I started pinning the socks together before putting them into the washing machine. That problem was solved.

But then I noticed little holes in the socks. Not big holes, the kind boys put in socks when they take their shoes off and run across the asphalt at the playground, but little holes like tiny teeth marks. If I didn't mend them immediately, the holes seemed to grow over night.

The worst was yet to come. During one particularly stressful afternoon, when the boys were fighting over who gets the cherry popsicle and who gets the orange one, and our pitbull ate the neighbor's, I was finishing a huge mound of clothes that needed washing. My last load was a pile of summer clothing just purchased for our upcoming vacation to Florida. Thirty minutes later when I opened the washer lid, I found all of the new white shorts, T-shirts and underwear were Pepto-Bismol pink. Somehow, one new red sock had gotten into the washer. I was so mad I gave my best karate scream and kick to the washer's side. It bounced against the wall and split the water hose, filling the room with steam and hot water. Then, the laundry soap bottle fell off the shelf, bursting as it hit the floor. In a matter of seconds, the room was full of huge shiny bubbles, and I was doing a bad imitation of an ice skater on the slick slimy floor. With my eyes stinging and squeezed almost shut against the steam and bubbles, I groped along the wall to find the door. It was jammed tight; I pounded on the door with my fists, screaming and clawing at its edges when finally, my hand grasped some kind of material caught in the door and I yanked as hard as I could. That's all I remember, I must have blacked out.

"Live at 5"- The 5:00 News Report on Channel 5

Today we bring you an exclusive story of two small heroes who are responsible for saving their mother's life yesterday when she became trapped in her laundry room. According to the boys, they heard screams coming from the basement of their suburban, ranch-style home around 3:00 pm. Finding the door wedged shut, they used their dad's bowling ball and an Arnold Palmer 9 iron to smash through this potential death trap. They found their mother lying on the linoleum floor of the Laura Ashley wallpapered room gasping for air, clutching a soggy, red sock. Recognizing the severity of the situation, the children called 911. Arriving within 5 minutes, the paramedics were concerned about the woman's delirious rantings about the Sox as they rushed her to a nearby hospital. Her concern over a Chicago baseball team during such a traumatic occurrence led them to believe she had sustained a serious head injury. The cause of this accident is still under investigation. The mother is being treated for a broken foot and bubble inhalation at Sokittoomee General Hospital and is in stable physical condition. She is, however, scheduled to undergo psychological testing. Her physician is concerned about the unprovoked attack on an elderly patient who was occupying the adjacent bed, knitting a pair of socks for her grandson.