Sock tiptoed out the door and quietly shut it behind her. Being a sock puppet was never an easy task, always having to go wherever the wind flung her about. Today was a little different, she had managed to find a way to use her arms to tiptoe around, quietly of course for she was a sock.

As she tiptoed down the front walkway, she saw the mailman... sock loved the mailman, it was a secret crush that she never dare tell anyone about. She remembered the first day that she saw him delivering mail... of course it was the same day that she had been shoved in a box and sent to New York... but that's another story for another time.

Sock had hoped she would see her original mail man someday... but was never certain when that day would be.

Making her way to the mailbox, Sock peered inside to find it full of letters. Taking one out with her mouth, she looked it over... it was addressed to Santa...

Oh no! She thought. They're sending the letters to the wrong address! Sock looked around, she was certain it wasn't the north pole... at least as far as she could tell it wasn't the north pole. Hopping down from the mailbox, she started to follow the mail truck wondering if she would ever catch up with it...