It was raining out. It always seemed to rain on the weekends. Peach was sitting at her writing desk. Winkie was playing a video game. It wasn’t an easy task for Winkie to operate the controls, he was doing quite well actually. I was surprised.

I watched them both for a bit and continued reading the paper.

Without warning, Peach hobbled over and snatched the paper out of my hands. I fully expected her to shred it to pieces and eat it. Instead she started reading.

A moment later, she gestured to an article with her nose.

Sock was found.